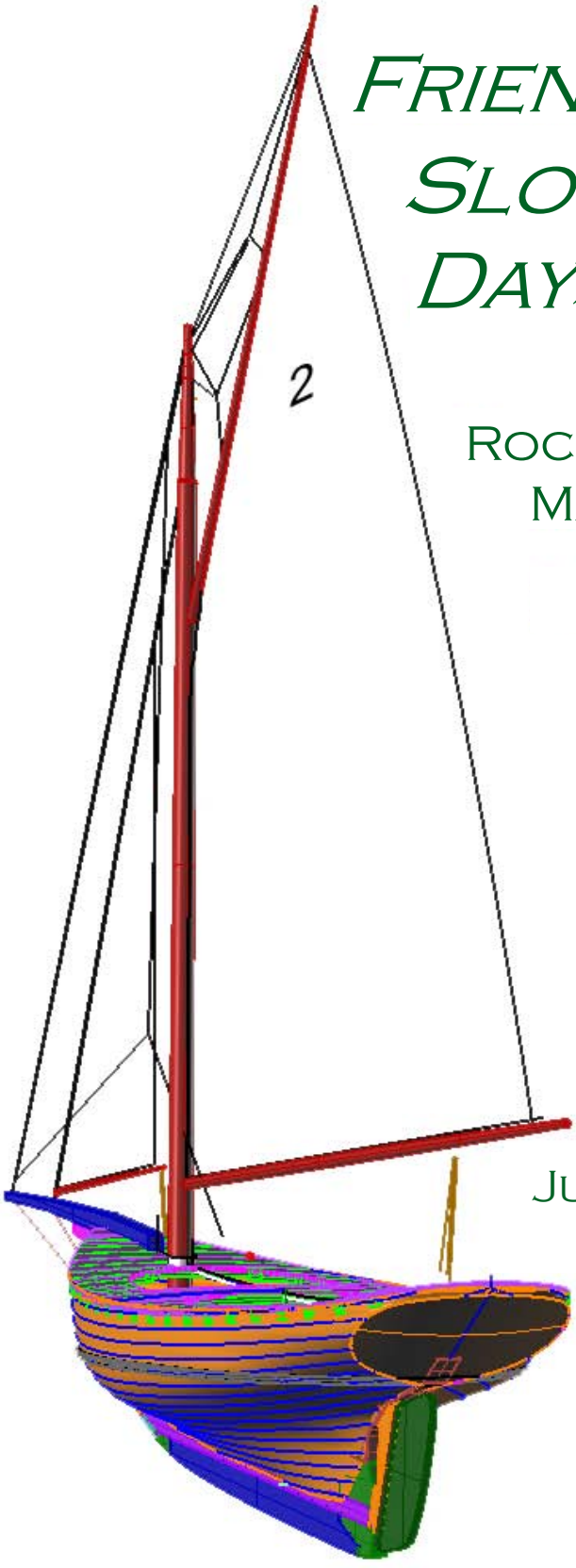
Friendship Sloop Days

Rockland, Maine



July 17 - 19
2008

PENOBSCOT BAY
Regional Chamber of Commerce

WELCOMES
THE FRIENDSHIP SLOOP SOCIETY
TO ROCKLAND, MAINE
July 17-19

Join the Friendship Sloop Society members for their 48th annual homecoming. The public is welcome to attend breakfasts and skippers' meetings each morning, and visit sloops dockside at the Public Landing. There will be races each day, and a parade of sloops on Saturday just off the Rockland Breakwater (see next page for full schedule).

OTHER SUMMER EVENTS

July 4
Thomaston 4th of July
www.thomaston4thofjuly.com

July 12-13
North Atlantic Blues Festival
www.northatlanticbluesfestival.com

July 30 - August 3
Maine Lobster Festival
www.mainelobsterfestival.com

For more information on the area, contact the
Penobscot Bay Regional Chamber of Commerce
P.O. Box 508 • One Park Drive • Rockland, ME 04841
1-800-562-2529 or 207-596-0376
info@therealmaine.com • www.therealmaine.com

2008 Homecoming and Rendezvous Schedule of Events in Rockland

Wednesday July 16
Sloops arrive in Rockland Harbor and tie up at the Public Landing (no charge). Moorings will probably be available on Tuesday afternoon at $20 per night. Call the Harbormaster on Channel 9. Tent, chairs and barbecue will be set up.

Thursday July 17

9:00 AM	Skippers Meeting, with coffee and donuts under the tent
Noon	Race starts off the breakwater
4:30 PM	Rowboat races - all ages welcome to participate
5:30 PM	BYO Barbecue under the tent

Friday July 18

9:00 AM	Skippers Meeting, with coffee and donuts under the tent
Noon	Races starts off the breakwater
4:00 PM	Sloops on public display at the dock
5:30 PM	BYO Barbecue under the tent

Saturday July 19

9:00 AM	Skippers' Meeting, with coffee and donuts under the tent
11:30 AM	Parade of Sloops
Noon	Race starts off breakwater
5:00 PM	Awards Ceremony and Dinner under the tent

Cover: A 3-D view of *Dictator* (Sail # 2), an original wooden Friendship Sloop in her 101st year. *Dictator* has been a member of the Chesney family for three generations and is currently owned by Peter Chesney. Peter is in the middle of Dictator's 6th, or 7th, major restoration. During a decade with Jarvis Newman she gave birth to the popular fiberglass *Dictator* Hull design. See the 2007 yearbook for her 100th birthday story.

Friendship Sloop Society Officers 2008
(Also on the web at www.FSS.org)

Commodore	Roger Lee & Gail O'Donnell	26 Park Street, Belfast, ME 04915
Vice-Commodore	Wayne & Kirsten Cronin	525 Main St., Thomaston, ME 04861
Secretary	Caroline Phillips	164 Sturbridge Rd. Charlton, MA 01507
Treasurer	Greg Merrill	P.O. Box 166, Butler, MD 21023
Newsletter Editor & Webmaster	John Wojcik	347 Lincoln St., Norwell, MA 02061
Registrar	John Wojcik	347 Lincoln St., Norwell, MA 02061
Yearbook Editor	Rich & Beth Langton	868 Cross Pt. Rd., Edgecomb, ME 04556
Yearbook Editor Emeritus	Roger Duncan	P.O. Box 66, East Boothbay, ME 04554
Membership Chairman	Penny Richards	15 Leland Road, North Reading MA 01864
Scholarship Chairman	Bill Zuber	P.O. Box 279, Friendship, ME 04547
Race Committee Chairman & Marblehead Regatta Chairman	David Graham	7 Batchelder Rd., Marblehead, MA 01945
New London Race Chairman	Greg Roth	510 Montauk Ave., New London, CT 06320
Southwest Harbor Race Chairman	Miff Lauriat	47 East Ridge Rd., Southwest Hbr., ME 04679
Chandlery Chairpersons	Bill & Kathy Whitney	75 Kingsbury St., Needham, MA 02492
Rockland Trophy Chairman	Marcia Morang	18 Commodore Drive, Sanford, ME 04073
Original Sloops Chairman	Harold Burnham	141 Main St., Essex, MA 01929
Measurer	Dick Salter	151 Bridge St., Manchester, MA 01944
Inspector of Mast Wedges	Bill Whitney	75 Kingsbury St., Needham, MA 02492
Cannoneer	Richard Campbell	
Piper	Donald Duncan	Southport, ME 04576
Commodore, Motor Boat Squadron	Jack Cronin	164 Sturbridge Rd., Charlton, MA 01507

Honorary Members: Roger and Mary Duncan, David Graham, Cyrus Hamlin, Marcia Morang

Commodore's Message

This year's Friendship Sloop Days promises to be among the best ever. It's the 48th annual celebration of that quintessential Maine sailing vessel, the Friendship Sloop. The sloops arrive in Rockland on Wednesday, July 16. That afternoon, and over the next three days, July 17, 18, and 19, you can see the boats tied up at the Public Landing, and watch them race from the breakwater. Races begin at Noon each day, and the start and finish are just inside the breakwater (see map at middle of Guide). A Parade of Sloops will take place at the Breakwater Lighthouse at 11:30 am on Saturday, July 19. From Route 1, turn east on Waldo Ave at the Samoset Resort entrance, and then right on Samoset Road to reach the parking lot. From there, it's about a mile walk out to the lighthouse.

Ned Lightner of Insight Productions will be filming this year's events for use in a documentary he is preparing on Friendship Sloops and the Society. DVD copies should be available at the Annual Meeting.

Friendship Sloop Days will conclude with an Awards Dinner under the tent on Saturday evening. Our thanks to Kirsten Cronin, Caroline Phillips, and Gail O'Donnell who organized this wonderful dinner last year, and have agreed to do it again.

Special thanks go to our Yearbook Editors, Rich & Beth Langton, and our Vice Commodore team, Wayne & Kirsten Cronin, who sold the ads to make the Yearbook possible. And our warm thanks to the Rockland Harbor Master and his crew, who continue to be such gracious hosts to our fleet. Finally, a big thank you to our advertisers (listed in the index at the back). Their contributions help support the work of our Society. Please support them.

See you in Rockland,

Roger Lee & Gail O'Donnell





Sazerac

2008 Events of the Friendship Sloop Society

July 12th Southwest Harbor Regatta

Southwest Harbor, ME

Followed by a 4-day cruise to Rockland

Contact: Miff Lauriat, 47 East Ridge Rd., Southwest Harbor, ME 04679 – 207-244-4313

July 15th Pulpit Harbor Rendezvous

July 17th – 19th Homecoming Rendezvous and Regatta

Rockland, ME

Contact: Roger Lee, 26 Park Street, Belfast, ME 04915 – 207-338-6837
or Wayne Cronin, 525 Main Street, Thomaston, ME 04861 – 207-354-0467

August 10th Marblehead Regatta

Marblehead, MA

Contact: David Graham, 7 Batchelder Rd., Marblehead, MA 01945 – 781-631-6680

August 30th Gloucester Schooner Festival

Gloucester, MA

Contact: Gloucester Harbormaster

November 15th Annual Meeting

Best Western Merry Manor Inn

700 Main Street, South Portland, Maine

Contact: Caroline Phillips, Secretary
164 Sturbridge Rd., Charlton, MA 01507
508-867-0503

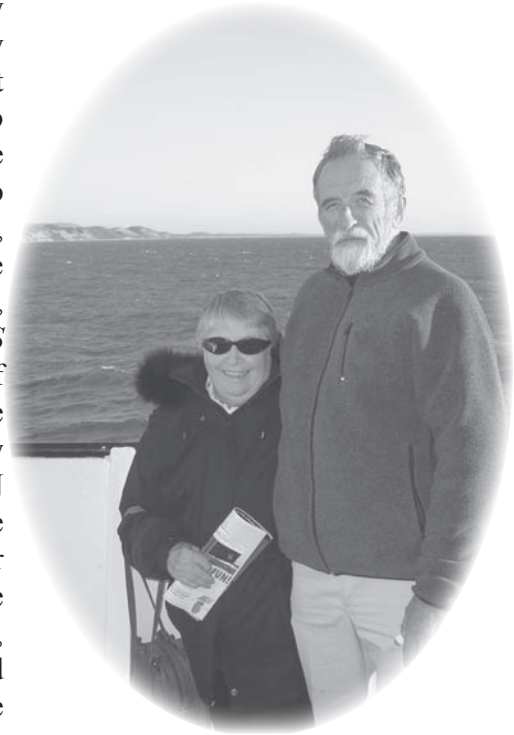
Sloop Society Webpage:

www.FSS.org

- - - We Dedicate This Yearbook - - -

It is an honor to dedicate the 2008 yearbook to Jack and Mary Cronin……and the entire Cronin family……. that have all contributed so much to the Friendship Sloop Society.

In 1968, Jack and Mary Cronin embarked on a life's journey completely foreign to them. When I say foreign, I mean that neither of them had ever sailed a boat bigger than a Sunfish let alone sail a BIG boat on the ocean. However, in the Spring of 1968, Jack fell in love again – this time with what would be considered a new family member. Her name was *TANNIS*. She was an old wooden boat, but Jack just knew that this was the boat. How right he was, as *TANNIS* has changed the Cronin Family forever.



That same year, Jack and Mary joined the Friendship Sloop Society which, at the time, was 8 years young. It took a couple of years, and attempts, to make it to Friendship, ME. to participate in the annual regatta, but to those who have just purchased a Friendship Sloop, you know that the first couple of years are never easy – just ask the Cronins. But, since those early adventures, *TANNIS* and the Cronins have not missed a year of racing. Jack and Mary have instilled the value of family time within their family and this meant that nothing – I MEAN NOTHING – was to interfere with the two weeks vacation to Maine each year at the end of July. Jack and Mary have packed the *TANNIS*, taken their 8 children, grandchildren, various friends, and sailed to Maine each and every year for the past 38 years. They have also made the commitment over the years to be present at Marblehead, Gloucester, Tall ships, and the Friendship Sloop Society annual meeting. Jack and Mary love their boat, the Friendship Sloop Society and all its members and their dedication and has been demonstrated again and again.

Jack served as Commodore (back then it was called President in 1977-1978). Mary served as Secretary for many years after Caroline Zuber. She then turned over the secretary's position to her daughter, Caroline in 1989. But it didn't stop there. Jack and Mary felt that everyone should have the opportunity to race or sail, and therefore never left anyone ashore. That was apparent each and every year

Continued p. 6

as *TANNIS* seemed to always have 20-30 people aboard every race. *TANNIS* has become known as the "City Block" to many of its returning crew. Jack and Mary were also willing to give up their kids as crew on other boats in hopes of instilling the love of the Sloops and Society in these new members. Bill sailed many years aboard *Chance* with the Maritime Museum. When a new member, Tom Miller, arrived with *Gannett*, Bill then showed Tom the ways of racing. He has continued to teach new-comers how to sail. Wayne jumped ship and sailed with *Rights of Man* and eventually purchased her for his own. Tom, Cindy, Caroline, and Jeff jumped ship over the years on several different boats. John, however, has remained *TANNIS'* faithful helmsman for 35+ years. Shelley also stayed faithful to *TANNIS* as her sail trimmer for the many years that she sailed.

After 38 years of racing, Jack and Mary have retired to a lobster boat named *Effie M*, but that did not stop them from being an active part of the society. They have granted the use of *Effie M* to the race committee for whatever capacity is needed. Since the membership wanted handicap alley race format back, Jack and kids volunteered to set the alley each year for the race committee. They both feel that the Friendship Sloop Society has become a second family to the Cronins and the entire family has cherished each and every moment with the Society.

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Presenting the 2007 Winners…

Southwest Harbor Rendezvous July 15th

First of 12 to Finish: *Phoenix* Second: *Alice E* Third: *Gladiator*

Rockland Homecoming Rendezvous and Regatta July 20th – 22nd

1st All Divisions - State of Maine Trophy – *Tannis*

Division I (<25')

1st Place-Herald Jones Trophy – *Salatia*
2nd Place-Bruno &Stillman Trophy – *Echo*
3rd Place-Lash Brothers Trophy – *Celebration*
1st Pemaquid Sloop-Jarvis Newman Trophy - *Salatia*

Division II (>25")

1st Place-Commodore's Trophy – *Tannis*
2nd Place-Gordon Winslow Trophy – *Rights of Man*
3rd Place - Rockland Trophy – *Phoenix*
Liberty Trophy - *Sazerac*

Class A (Original Sloops Built before 1920)

1st Place - Wilbur Morse Trophy – *Sazerac*
2nd Place - Charles Morse Trophy - *Gladiator*
3rd Place - Alex McLain Trophy – Not Awarded
Rum Line Trophy- *Gladiator*

Special Homecoming Trophies

Nickerson Trophy - youngest crew member – Arnica Spencer
Chrissy Trophy - woman who keeps sloop, crew, and family together – Kathy Whitney
Cy Hamlin Award - Skipper's homecoming – Tad Beck
Gladiator Trophy - Sloop sailed the furthest – *Sazerac*
Danforth Trophy - Sloop that finishes in the middle of the fleet – *Echo*
Stanley Cup – *Black Star*
Owner/Builder/Restorer of Sloop – Nate Jones – *Sarah Mead*
Tannis Award - 7th overall in fleet – *Echo*
Liberty Trophy - First Bald Headed Sloop – *Sazerac*
Spirit of Friendship Award – in the spirit of friendship – Wayne and Kirsten Cronin

Marblehead Regatta - August 13th & 14th

Friendship Sloop Division Winner
Ridgeway Trophy – *Tannis*

Morang Award
Scott Martin was presented this year's Morang Award for his contribution "In Memory of a Friend, Lynn Thompson" that was published in the 2007 yearbook. This award is given in memory of Bruce Morang, helmsman, yearbook editor and Race Committee Chairman. Ashore, he was editor of the Reading, Mass. Newspaper and a discriminating writer. The award is given for the best article submitted for publication in the yearbook.

Omaha Award
David Graham received this award in 2007, from Wayne and Kirsten Cronin who were recipients in 2006. The award is made in recognition of the sloop *Omaha*, built in 1901 by Norris Carter.

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at

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Dick Campbell
Leo Campbell
Gene Costanza
Roger Duncan, Member Emeritus
Marcia Morang
Bob Rex, Chairman Emeritus
Penny Richards
Jerry Ross
Dick Salter
Oddvar Solstad
Hugh Verry
Bill Zuber

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Please Return with Remittance to:
Penny Richards
Friendship Sloop Society
15 Leland Road
North Reading, MA 01864

I/We Hereby apply for Membership:

Name(s)_____

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City_____ State_____ Zip ____

Phone (Home) (____) _____

Phone (Work) (____) _____

Seasonal Address:

Dates Mail to be sent: _____

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Date of Application: _____

E-Mail Address: _____

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FULL MEMBERSHIP - $30
Sloop owners and other interested parties and/or persons. A family-type membership. Full voting privileges, including husbands and wives.

COOPERATIVE MEMBER - $20
Trades people, interested people, etc. No voting privileges. Names carried on the mailing list.

Extra Membership Decals are available at $2 each.

Society Burgees are available at $20 for the small size and $25 for the large size.

Affiliation with Friendship Sloops:

☐ Owner(s) ☐ Former Owners ☐ Crew ☐ Family

☐ Friend(s) of Friendship Sloops ☐ Other (list) _____

Affiliated Friendship Sloop (if applicable)_____ Sail No. _____

Optional Contribution to the FSS General Fund: $ _____

Signature:_____Date: _____

Total Amount Enclosed:$ _____

Pendleton Memorial Scholarship Fund
Named in memory of Commodore Bill Pendleton and his wife Beatrice, the Fund was established in 1967 when Friendship sloops were racing in the town Friendship. In 1983 the Friendship Sloop Society turned the fund into a trust, with townspeople being named as trustees. The income of the trust is to be used for the "residents of the Town of Friendship, Maine, in the form of a scholarship for those who are seeking to further their post high school education." It has provided scholarship assistance for 38 years to over 120 individuals, several of whom have received multiple year scholarships. The young people of the town of Friendship need your support. Tax deductible donations in any amount should be sent to the Pendleton Memorial Scholarship Fund, P.O. Box 279, Friendship, ME 04547

Hadlock Award
In 2007 this award was presented to Miff Lauriat, in memory of Bill Hadlock, skipper of *Heritage* and Past Commodore, the award is presented at the Annual Meeting to a member of the Society who has promoted safe sailing by evidence of sound seamanship in conjunction with an abiding love and respect for the sea, nurtured and promoted family participation in the Society's activities, shown a strong willingness to share knowledge and help others, has enthusiastically promoted the goals and aims of the Society, and has been a strong advocate of the beauty, charm and splendor of the Maine Coast.

Bancroft Award
This year the Bancroft award goes to Steve Dunipace. It is made in memory of Winthrop Bancroft, owner of *Elicia III* and an early and enthusiastic member of our Society. The award might also recognize an unusual voyage, the building of a sloop, a model, a poem a painting - some contribution to the Friendship tradition. In this case it was awarded for Steve's efforts to restore *Heritage*.

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Tannis and Family

By
Mary Cronin

When our oldest son, John, turned twelve years old, we decided we needed an activity to keep our family together. We lived in the country on a pond where our children fished, swam and skated. Our girls had horses – our boys had trail bikes – so we knew we had to come up with something that would be exciting, challenging and interesting. We decided on ocean sailing. We knew NOTHING about any kind of sailing so that winter we joined boating safety classes and read every book and magazine that we could get our hands on.

Come June, 1968, we were blessed by four major events: the arrival of our sixth child, daughter Caroline; we became care-takers of the 1937 Friendship Sloop *Tannis*; we became members of Salem Willows Yacht Club and members of the Friendship Sloop Society. WOW! That was a busy learning summer. But we all survived!! After the *Tannis* was hauled in October, we had time to catch our breath and reminisce. What great memories!

The members of the Friendship Sloop Society were very helpful and we needed plenty of help that first year. We had to learn to sail, to raise that heavy canvas main sail, to avoid the innumerable water balloons, to learn navigation and how to sail a gaff rig. Navigation was a challenge on Muscongus Bay and the winds in Friendship hid behind the islands and unexpectedly caught us with a no reef in our sail. Hearing the cannon when you entered Friendship Harbor was very welcoming. Walking a mile for groceries in Friendship was a real challenge!

Moving the races to Boothbay Harbor was very different. One year in Boothbay, Maine, we were racing very close to an island and the Captain questioned whether or not we should bear off a bit. The tactician, our son, Bill, said "We're fine, I know where we are, trust me Dad". A loud thump and we sailed up the side of a huge boulder, paused a moment on top, and with the next wave slid off and continued sailing. When we arrived back in Salem that summer, there on the Salem Willows Yacht Club porch was a big sign, "TRUST ME DAD".



Scuppers at the helm

No family is complete without a dog and *Tannis* had two. "Puppy" was a small black mongrel who participated in all boating activities…..enjoyed sailing and being rowed ashore. "Scuppers" was a shepherd sized mongrel who loved the water and kept the seagulls away. He enjoyed the water balloons and was a joy to have aboard.

We have memories of sailing to Friendship in pea-soup fog, so thick you could not see the water, waiting all week for the fog to clear (no races that year) and sailing home in the fog, seeing the sun only as we approached Gloucester, MA. Another year we lost our top mast on Thursday and our main mast on Friday. We sailed home looking pretty disheveled and jury rigged.

Each of our children seemed to develop an aptitude for some phase of sailing. John preferred helming. Shelley adapted well to trimming sails from the end of the bowsprit. Cindy had an affinity for straightening out all the lines for the main topsail as it went to the top of the topmast, over to the end of the gaff and down to the boom. Tom could smell shallows and rocks a half mile away. Bill, owner of the Friendship Sloop, *White Eagle*, enjoyed navigation and most phases of sailing. Caroline took care of the dogs we had on board, loved rowing, and is now

Continued p. 12

busy teaching her three sons to enjoy sailing. Jeff enjoys being Captain of the *Tannis* when she races now. Wayne, owner of the Friendship Sloop *Rights o' Man* lives in Thomaston, Maine, and is enjoying the great sailing in his area.

We are all enjoying the get-togethers in Rockland, seeing so many old friends and acquaintances, and meeting new boating enthusiasts.

Jack and I now have down-sized to a 32' lobster-style boat, *Effie M*, built by Arno Day, which has been completely over-hauled. Boating is a lot of hard work and maintaining our fleet requires a phenomenal amount of stripping, sanding, painting, varnishing, and many hours of our spring, fall and winter weekends.

It is particularly gratifying when our boats are hidden in a little cove somewhere watching a colorful sunset, and the teenager on board, heading for a bunk below, states "Don't forget to wake me for the sunrise". I guess we have done something right! And we thank the Friendship Sloop Society for the years of lasting friendships and pleasing experiences…and wish for many more!

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GOOD READING FOR A FOGGY DAY

By Roger Duncan

- **EASTWARD**
  Down East in a Friendship Sloop
- **COASTAL MAINE**
  A maritime history
- **DOROTHY ELIZABETH**
  The joys of building a wooden schooner
- **AFLOAT AND ASHORE** - A miscellany
- **THE RELUCTANT PATRIOT**
  A Maine novel of the Revolution

Chance Meeting and the Power of Friendships

By
Kirsten Cronin

I often wonder how many know the story of how Wayne and I met. It's a story I've thought of writing before and haven't found the time. Now, you're probably wondering why I would choose to write about it here, in the Friendship Sloop Society Annual Yearbook. I ask that you be patient and read on.

The problem of where to start is a big one – I can go back since before Wayne or I were even born. But, because most of you know the Cronins and many have known Wayne since he was just a baby, I will start with my family.

My grandparents, Kenneth and Robert Axelson have had a few boats in their day. In the mid-seventies they had a vacation home in Waldoboro. I have always remembered my visits there with fondness, but as I was only a few years old there are a lot of details that I don't remember. One boat, however, always stood out in my mind. She was a 25 foot Pemaquid, at that time known as *Puffin*. That's right, they owned a Friendship Sloop.

Back in the 70's, as you may recall or have heard, gatherings were in Friendship and they were quite large with many boats and many families. So, it is not really a surprise that you may not recognize the last name "Axelson" as a sloop family. However, Wayne and I have pictures from those years where many of you (or your family members) are receiving racing instructions. As you would see some of you had a little more, or less, hair then!! It's funny to think of my grandfather and uncle standing so close to my future father-in-law, without them even knowing each other. We don't see Wayne in the pictures but he was somewhere toddling or running around.

As my grandparents got out of sailing Friendships, the Cronin's got more and more involved. Granted there were a few years that Wayne wasn't so interested, but ultimately I think that sailing was in his blood. You see, by his mid-20's Wayne was thinking about buying his own boat. In 1996, when he was 25, Wayne bought *Rights of Man*, and boy did she need some work. With the help of his family, especially Jack, Bill, Jeff and Cindy he rebuilt her. With passion, conviction and hard work he was able to put her in the water the following year in 1997 and brought her up to Rockland – granted she had no interior, but that was ok with Wayne!

By this point my grandparents had moved to Maine on a full time basis and were living in Rockland overlooking the harbor and the breakwater. I had been coming to Maine on my vacations for over 25 years.

In October of 1997 I was living in Southbridge, Mass – the town next to Wayne and the Cronins, Sturbridge. Alec was then 2 ½ and my divorce from his father was pending. I was invited

Continued p. 14

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to a gathering at the home of my mother's cousin, Dr. Robert Lebow, who lived in Sturbridge. They had decided to have his side of the family over for a visit and Bob and Marge thought it would be nice for their three children, John, Matt and Katie to invite some friends as well. That evening a number of us were sitting around talking and I overheard someone asking how the boat was coming along. Since I have been around boats in some capacity since I was pretty young I chimed in and asked what kind of boat he had. Being in central Massachusetts most people don't know a whole lot about sailboats, so when Wayne responded that it was a sailboat and I expressed some knowledge and interest he was a little surprised.

We introduced ourselves and started to talk more about his boat, *Rights of Man*. When he told me it was a Friendship it only allowed our conversation to expand. I think he was shocked to find out that not only did I know what a Friendship Sloop was, but had sailed on one before and that my grandparents used to own one! Anyway, we now had this in common and conversation continued as to where he kept his boat at the time, which was at the Salem Willows in Salem, Mass. Imagine his surprise to find out that not only had I heard of the Willows, but had been there often. My aunt lives in Marblehead and we used to visit there quite often.

By this point I was smitten. I thought this was such a great guy and it seemed like we had so much in common already. We started to talk about how we spent our summers. Imagine the surprise when we found out that we both spent time in Maine. Not just anywhere, but in Rockland. Needless to say we spent the remainder of the evening talking. Now, you're all saying how sweet, what a wonderful story of how Wayne and Kirsten met and really it's all around Friendship Sloops. I would love to say that this was the start of something wonderful, but alas, it was not. We did not see or talk to each other for a year after that! We had forgotten to exchange numbers or last names!!! ….To be continued in the 2009 FSS Annual Yearbook.



The saga of Nesaru in Perry Lake, Kansas

By
Arieyeh & Barbara Austin

Nesaru, which translates, "Wind Spirit", was originally named *The Dolphin*, and was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, of E. Falmouth, MA. She was built in 1977 by Jarvis Newman and Chase, and is 25 foot Pemaquid, with sail number 178. Since *Nesaru* had graciously selected us to be her new skippers in 2002, we had moved her from the East Coast to the Puget Sound in the Pacific North West. There we had braved rough seas, felt the wind upon our faces and tasted the sweet embrace of the salt upon our lips while sailing from Olympia, WA, to north of the San Juan Islands and back again. We had grown to love *Nesaru*, and our children were learning of an environment that most can only imagine while reading tales of buccaneers and buried gold.

In 2006 we received orders to report to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in order to complete further training for the secondary part of our lives, service to our Country. *Nesaru* was a member of our family, and so arrangements were made to transport her again. This time, however, we would be leaving the fair seas of the Pacific for the brown waters of Perry Lake, Kansas! Her movement provided us an opportunity to conduct some much needed repairs and maintenance, including new sails, and as the 2006 winter in Kansas slowly melted away we looked forward to the spring with great anticipation.

We launched *Nesaru*, the first Friendship Sloop I am aware of ever being in Kansas, in early March. This would be our first time out on the water, and we were anxious to see what she could do on the lake. Being keenly aware that with our complete overhaul something may not go as planned, especially with the new sails. I therefore decided to leave Barb behind with the children. In their place I had brought two "able bodied seamen," Kevin and Greg. Although both were virgin deckhands, they had worked with me throughout the winter, and seemed more then ready to see what sailing was all about. Upon reflection I regret my decision to bring novice, albeit physically fit and eager, cabin boys. If something was to happen, how could two non-boating companions be any more capable than my wife, who had spent the majority of her time at sea working feverishly on our 13 H.P. Westerbeak during our adventures in the North West?

On our arrival at the marina we were greeted with 15 knot winds, and I immediately elected to reef the mainsail. My intent was to test the boat's engine and lines, and not to push *Nesaru* to any extremes. My companions, however, immediately placed a vote of no confidence in my decision. Stating bluntly, "We did not come down here to only ½ sail, ya scallywag!" so I was eventually convinced that reefing was not required. The engine hummed with pride as we cast off the lines. As I began to swing the bow out of the slip I yelled for Kevin, who had thrown the port bow line off and was still standing on the dock, to get on the boat. He stood, as rigid as a Roman column, with a sudden expression of intense internal strife. As I continued to gage the momentum of *Nesaru* out of the slip, I yelled again for him to step onto the boat. Greg moved from the cockpit to the bow and extended his arm to grab Kevin, but nothing in the state of Kansas was going to move him from that dock. It was as if, after all the speeches and rhetoric, he had suddenly realized that we were actually going to go sailing and he was not interested on being away from land! One final yell of "jump" still could not break his consternation. Finally, in a muffled and confused screech, he exclaimed, "But it is moving!"

Fifteen minutes later, with all safely on board, we were cruising at a comfortable 4 knots to the north end of Perry Lake. As we slipped by the two buoys marking the marinas "channel" I began to relax. My companions immediately began to mix drinks, which they had brought with them. This was, of course, another decision I would grow to regret. By the time we reached the north end I was comfortable that the engine had survived the journey from Seattle to Kansas.

Continued p. 16

Now, slightly inebriated, we waved at the cows on the north shore and brought *Nesaru* about into the wind, preparing to raise the mainsail and test her rigging with the wind still out of the west at 15 knots. For those of us, which included me at the time, who have not sailed in Kansas, I should take a brief moment to explain the phenomenon we describe here as, "the hand of G-d." Not being a meteorologist, I can not truly explain why the winds in Kansas act as they do. However, I can with sincere honesty tell you that, with almost no warning, 15 knots can become 50 knots. There is generally no warning to these gusts as no one here monitors their VHF radios, and channel 16 is a mute issue. Barb and I used to listen to the coast guard weather reports every time we took *Nesaru* out, but here, we are limited to channel 5, cable, before we leave the house! Long live the cable weather channel.

The main went up without a hitch as the crew and I gasped in admiration of a friendship sloop slicing through the water. The staysail and jib followed, and as we fell off of the wind and headed home, a sense of calm overcame me. The engine had worked, the sails seemed to be fine, and my inexperienced crew was trimming the sails nicely. I turned the wheel over to Kevin and began to instruct them on the proper procedures of tacking and jibing. It was not until my forth glass of bourbon that I noticed the breeze on my face had stiffened rather abruptly. The breeze had easily increased to 20 knots and Kevin was having problems with the weather helm. I elected to lower the sails and bring her in the rest of the way under power. It was here, if I have to identify the exact moment, that everything started to unravel. As I took the wheel and began to instruct Kevin on what he was to do, as we turned into irons in order to lower the sails, he listened with a slightly glaze eyed interest. I eventually picked up on this, particularly as he continued to look over my left shoulder out into the water. I stopped for a moment, at which time he politely informed me, "I think Greg fell overboard!" Having never lost someone overboard, I didn't believe him. I looked over my shoulder just in time to see Greg's flailing arms above

Continued p. 17

Helly Hansen - Dubarry - Barbour

--- The Tradition Continues ---

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the water line! It turns out that as I took the wheel, Greg's Corona swelled bladder needed to be purged, and the best place to perform this function, in his mind, was over the transom. While reflecting on his life and staring out over the water, he lost his balance, fell on the flag post, slipped, and took both it and himself over the side! We immediately heaved too and threw life vests for him. I went forward to lower the sails. The wind was continuing to increase at this point. I would tell you it was 50 knots, but I know it would be the bourbon speaking, which was just now beginning to hit the really wrong spots.

Several years previously my wife had bestowed upon me a magical hat which had survived all of our adventures. It was so important to her that, at one point in a near panic, she had actually gone over the side intentionally in the Straits of Juan De Fuca to retrieve it after it had blown off of my head. Since that time the hat has held a special place of awe in our family legends. It was at this moment, with one man in the water and me on the bow that my hat blew away. Fear gripped my very soul as I made the only decision possible, to get Greg out of the water and forget the hat. A few moments passed as we secured our lost baggage and secured the sails to the deck. The alcohol was beginning to wear off now, and we had all had more then enough of the wind. We cranked the engine on and headed home. Twenty seconds later, the engine sputtered dead… umm, yaa….

Surveying the situation did not leave me with a warm feeling. There were no other boats on the water, and there are no harbor assists in Kansas. Also, the marina here seldom monitors their phone or radio. I therefore elected to secure *Nesaru* before I began to work on the engine. I retrieved the anchor and handed it to Kevin instructing him to throw it in the water, as I climbed down into the engine compartment. Kevin and Greg looked very uncomfortable on the rocking lake as I checked the fuel lines, pump, and fuel filter, as well as bled the lines for air. The engine seemed to be fine. The impeller, oil, and fuel were all in working order. I admitted to being more

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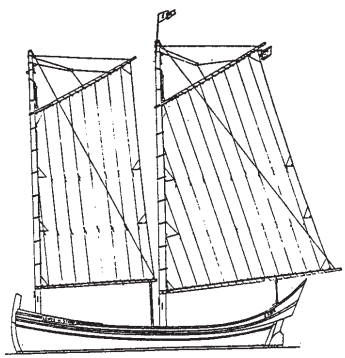
Alan Drinkwater



than perplexed, and crawled out of the compartment to think about my situation. It was then that I noticed we were only 50 yards off shore! Hysterical, I turned to Kevin and asked if he had thrown the anchor in the water. He immediately replied that he had, and I turned to the bow to see if we were dragging. Unable to locate the anchor line, I turned back to Kevin and ask the obvious, "Kevin, when you threw the anchor in the water, was it tied to anything?" His silence, as well as the same look he had given to me at the dock, was the only answer I needed.

Throughout a skipper's life there are certain things one tries to avoid, such as venereal diseases, poor rum, failed engines, running aground and men overboard. At this point I had failed in avoiding at least two of these, all in less then 4 hours. With no anchor and 20 knot winds pushing *Nesaru* into the lee shore of Perry Lake, I decided that it was time to avoid the third. Despite his rather loud and obvious objections, Kevin was sacrificed to Davy Jones Locker, serving in my mind as the next best thing to the anchor he had already lost. There we were, a Friendship sloop in all her prime prepared for the new season, precariously near the lee shore of this little lake in monstrous winds, being held off shore by, perhaps, the second most unhappy and cold man in Kansas. The first place winner of that dubious title, the skipper, was standing amidships screeching at the top of his lungs until we were rescued by a fisherman late that afternoon.

Several weeks later on *Nesaru*, safely in her slip, I was tending to several small tasks and repairs from our little exploit. I had my family with me this time, including my wife, Barb, who knows far more about engines than I do. She determined that the primary fuel pump had failed and would need to be replaced. I was beginning to close up the boat for the day when Barb tapped me on the shoulder. I turned to face a most unpleasant expression. She pointed to the shore of the marina and asked me to explain why my "magic hat", which she had spent so much effort to retrieve from the Straits of Juan De Fuca, was adrift near the shore, war torn, sun beaten, and eaten through with holes. Until that moment I had not told her of my humiliating exploit, and she had not noticed that the hat was missing, I found myself in for a long day…



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Captain, My Captain

By
Bob Zuber

Because my younger brother Andy was away last summer, I got to sail *Gladiator* in the annual Friendship Sloop Races. Andy had taken over captaining the races years ago because he had helped Father charter the boat. I'm not bitter you understand but, because of Andy's hours clocked at sea under close supervision, it was surmised that he knew the boat and how to sail her. I, on the other hand, could not be trusted captaining what our family's life had revolved around for the past forty years. At first I thought it was because I sang opera. But my older brother Bill had sung in an operetta, and he was trusted with the boat. Then again, the opera he starred in was the *Pirates of Penzance*.

I readily admit I was wary about being called Captain for the sloop races. I had done it before, when in high school, and I was fairly certain that the crew, the boat and I would live. But it was Father who wanted to make sure, so he accompanied me on the first race. Well I should say, advised me, the Captain.

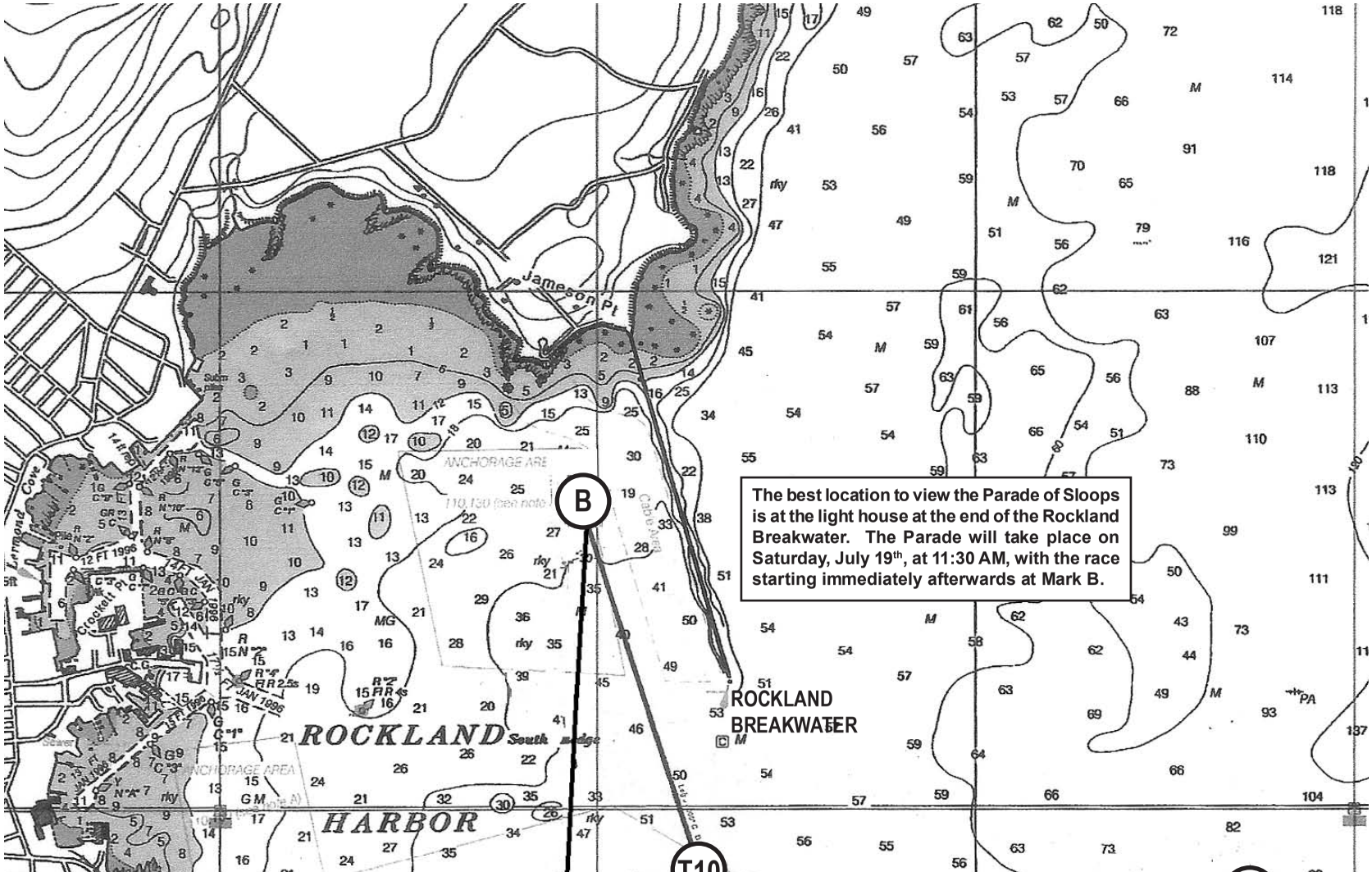
After the skippers' meeting I was mulling over the family's sailing history as I stood by our boat. I stared through the mist at the same boats I had grown up with. I seemed to hear my Uncle Stu singing pieces of songs as he walked down the ramp, even though he had not attended the races for decades. Then I started to think of what had happened to me since the last race I had captained. I gazed through the fog into the past when a gentleman from England interrupted me. He was sailing around the world with his wife and their boat was docked across the float. He was interested in the sloops and wanted to know more about them, so I convinced him that my father was probably as knowledgeable a man as you would find on the subject. I invited him to join us for the day, promising he would have the experience of sailing one of the oldest boats in the fleet, hear the sloops' complete history and discuss how Father had rebuilt *Gladiator*. He accepted.

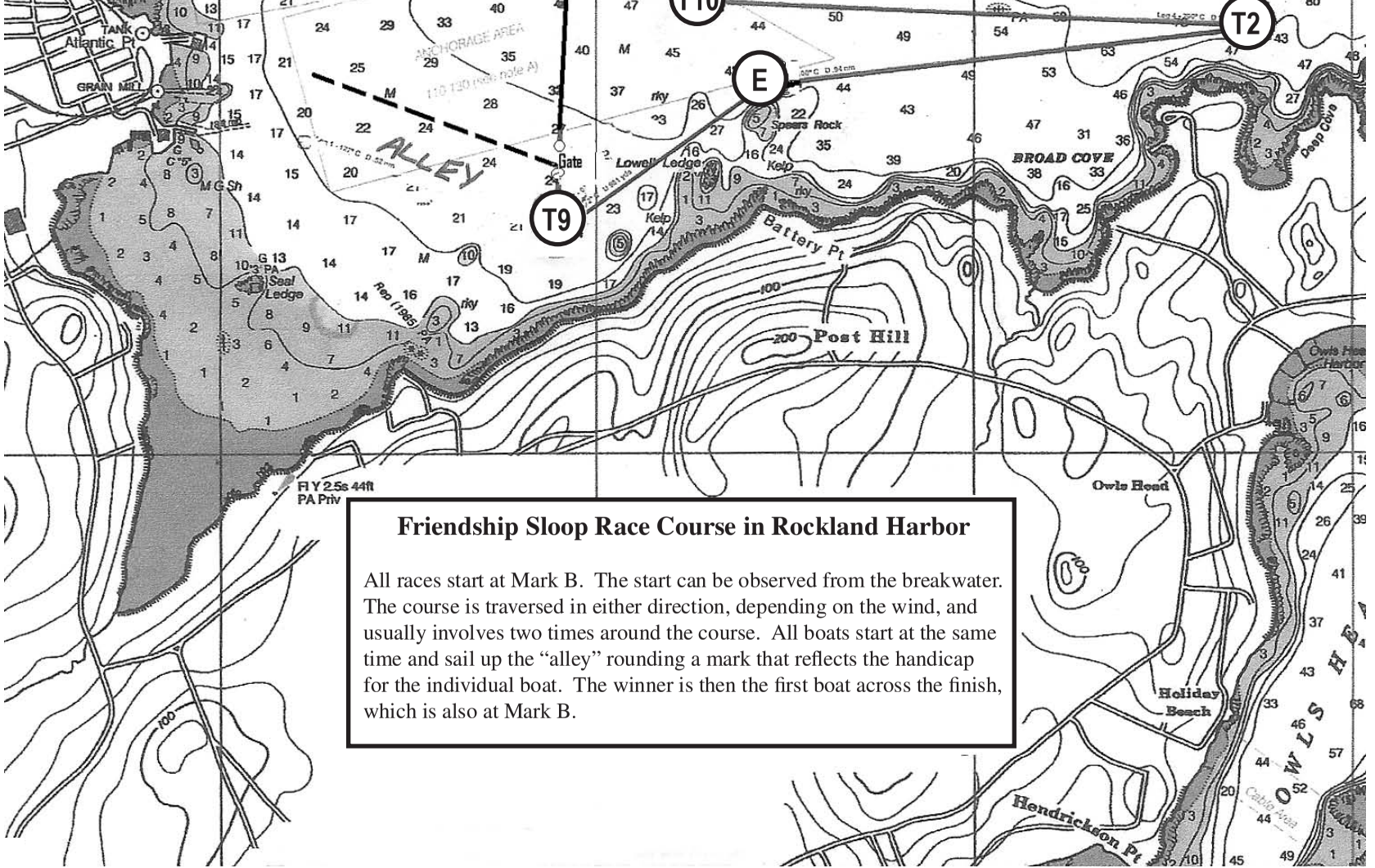
After introductions we set out for the starting line. Father felt more comfortable taking *Gladiator* through the anchorage, so we headed out the channel with Father at the helm. I took my new crew to the mast, regaling our visitor with my father's background while we prepared to hoist the main. I knew Father would be too modest to talk about how long he had been on the water, how many people knew him in boatyards on both coasts, or speak of the research that he and my mother had done on the history of *Gladiator*, so I spoke in his stead as we passed directly in front of the Coast Guard Station and started to raise the main. Father got preoccupied with the question of whether or not I had loosened the topping lift when we hit the massive channel buoy. And I mean hit it hard. The buoy rolled down the whisker stays of the bowsprit for a direct hit, eleven o'clock on the port side. The jolt of the collision made us lose our footing, causing my new circumnavigational friend to shoot me a look I will never forget. I immediately stopped in mid-sentence of presenting my father's impressive resume to shout, "What the hell are you doing?" to which my father responded, "Who the hell put that there?"

In Father's defense, the buoy was new. The Coast Guard had just added the unnecessarily large buoy to the traditional arrangement of cans and nuns that had been there since Neptune held the first Lobster Festival. But it was also a big enough navigational aid to wonder how it could be missed in the cross hairs of the bowsprit, even if you were worried about the topping lift. That being said, it was true I had not posted a lookout and it was probably difficult for Father to see through the four middle-aged spreads gathered round the mast.

My credibility had been lost, along with our footing, while Father managed to salvage his

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Jameson Pt
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The best location to view the Parade of Sloops is at the light house at the end of the Rockland Breakwater. The Parade will take place on Saturday, July 19th, at 11:30 AM, with the race starting immediately afterwards at Mark B.



Friendship Sloop Race Course in Rockland Harbor

All races start at Mark B. The start can be observed from the breakwater. The course is traversed in either direction, depending on the wind, and usually involves two times around the course. All boats start at the same time and sail up the "alley" rounding a mark that reflects the handicap for the individual boat. The winner is then the first boat across the finish, which is also at Mark B.

reputation over the course of the day, and I soon realized the full implications of the accident. Once at helm, it was assumed I had caused the four square inches of raw hull to be exposed, and rightfully so; I was Captain. Naturally, out of concern, the fraternal order of sloop captains politely inquired about our bilge levels as we tacked behind the starting line. I, of course, accepted their condolences and graciously reassured all concerned of our sea-worthiness, patiently waiting for my first starting gun in twenty years.

The second day went better. We had no wind so Father felt more comfortable with me at the helm. By the afternoon the tide drifted us far up into the corner of Rockland Harbor when we caught a breeze coming over the ridge. We caught several boats and were dead on to round the mark off Owl's Head Light. It was then that I noticed the rest of the fleet tacking to leave the Spears Rock buoy to starboard. Father didn't seem to notice, so I asked for his insight on the matter. He said there was plenty of water and therefore saw no reason for this odd behavior. I figured since he was a prominent member of the race committee he would know, so I held course without question. We had rounded the Owl's Head mark by the time the loud radio discussion ended deciding our foul. I knew we didn't have enough wind to remedy the error and make it back in time to get Father's favorite parking space on the float, so I continued the race. Again, my fault, Captains really should read the race rules. And this incident made me think that perhaps I should start paying more attention to what I was doing rather than how I compared to the famous Captain Andy. The truth is I missed him.

The third day Father had to run one of the race committee boats. With brother Bill's help I sailed the race without incident and we placed well. Over all, we were disqualified for the second day's race so technically, by my calculations anyway, my record as Captain was still in good standing. We placed second out of two boats in our old-as-dirt division, which I thought was honorable. As usual, we had the great distinction to bring home 'our' award, the one made of a huge cleat that we affectionately call 'The Toe-Stubber'. I suppose the smell of victory is sweet, and I believe I did get a whiff of it as we were sitting next to the *Tannis* table during the awards ceremony. But I was happy to follow tradition and was content to have a good story to tell. But, if the truth be known, on that third day Bill and I did have a shining moment. We had stiff breeze on a broad reach ready to come up hard into the entrance of handicap alley. *Sazerac* was barreling out, headed on a textbook collision course. Just as my yellow crew was about to abandon ship, I turned the old girl on a dime, rounding the buoy while Bill hauled the main. *Gladiator* went up on her ear and swung around so fast that *Sazerac's* cockpit didn't so much as think about ducking our bowsprit. Good thing Father didn't see.

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Messing About Trophy

Bill and Caroline Zuber were presented this trophy by Dick Salter, Captain of *Messing About*, in honor of their contribution to the Friendship Sloop Society and the New England world of sailing

The Land of Fog

By
Ted Walsh

A few years ago, we had decided to sail into Canadian waters and use our mooring at Deer Island, NB as our base of operations for summer cruises. The last leg of the journey into the Bay of Fundy is a funnel-shaped section of water called the Grand Manan Channel. One side of the channel is composed of the easternmost coast of Maine and the Canadian island of Campobello. The other side of the channel is defined by the bold western shore of the Canadian island of Grand Manan. In good conditions, running with wind and tide into the Bay usually means a fast passage, because the funnel shape of the channel helps to accelerate the flood tide.

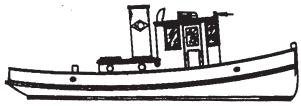
Our last stop in the U.S. was the harbor village of Cutler. After a quiet night, we set out with the flood tide and a light South wind. The forecast claimed that the winds would stay light and out of the south for the remainder of the day. For the first three hours, the forecast held true. Unfortunately, we had made about half the passage when the winds backed into the north and it

Continued p. 24

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began to blow quite hard. We were now in a rather uncomfortable position. The wind was now blowing against the tide making for steep seas through which we could make no headway, yet to reverse course meant running against the tide, which can run to six knots at the full flood. We decided that we could make some headway under close-reefed canvas by cutting diagonally across the seas towards Grand Manan. That's when we hit the fog.

We now found ourselves beating into steep seas with visibility that was generally less than one hundred feet. Our diagonal track across the seas made some forward motion possible and reduced the violent plunging motion of the boat; however, we were still occasionally harpooning oncoming waves with the bowsprit. When this happened, it was becoming apparent that the force of the green water coming over the bow was breaking out the jib, which had been secured with gaskets to the bowsprit. I fought my way forward and re-secured the jib. When I returned aft I found that the chart that covers Grand Manan Channel had come adrift below, had gotten thoroughly soaked, and now bore a striking resemblance to oatmeal. We knew where we were, I knew the position of Grand Manan, but not being able to refer to a chart caused a certain unease.

Fortunately, as we brought her about onto a new tack that, I hoped, would clear the north end of Campobello Island, the wind and seas eased a bit. By the time we began to close with the Island, our biggest concern was the lack of visibility.

We rounded East Quoddy Head without ever seeing it, aided by the horn of the Head Harbour light and the ship's wolf, who tends, guided by smell, to point like a weathervane towards the nearest land. We groped our way into Lords Cove, on Deer Island to meet with a Canadian Customs officer. The passage had taken three hours longer than our previous longest transit of this body of water and we were worn out from being tossed about by steep seas and the strain of keeping watch in the fog. As we waited at the dock, I reflected on the appropriateness of the name of a local band: The Fog Bank Boys.

The customs official eventually appeared, and since we had no firearms, firewood,

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potatoes, an allowable amount of alcohol, and since our documentation and the papers for the ship's wolf were all in order, we made ready to depart and feel our way into North West Harbour, and our mooring. As we prepared to cast off, I asked the Customs officer how long it had been fogged in like this. He thought for a moment, and then allowed that this was the twenty-seventh day.

Although we had many other adventures that season, including a somewhat surreal experience with U.S. Border Protection while trying to re-enter U.S. waters, none was quite as taxing as our arrival in the land of fog.

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May the FOG MACHINE stay away!	*Fair Breezes and* *Calm Seas* *Mara E.*





***DUFFER* (#144)**

Owned by Jack and Gerna St. John and homeported in Boothbay Harbor. She is named after a Wilbur Morse built sloop that was owned by Gerna's uncle, Clark Saville of Wollaston. Massachusetts. In July of 1931, Mr. Saville's sloop was stolen from the Quincy Yacht Club, sailed across the Atlantic, caught in a North Sea gale and wrecked on the Netherlands' coast. The story is recounted in chapter 10 of Roger Duncan's "Friendship Sloops". As an aside, a newspaper article at the time mentions another Friendship sloop, named GLADIATOR and owned by Captain William Kemp, which was also moored at the Quincy Yacht Club.

What is a Friendship Sloop?

Betty Roberts, who served as the honorary secretary for the Friendship Sloop Society until her passing in 2006, wrote the following, which is abstracted from a more complete article that can be found on the Society website at www.FSS.

The Friendship Sloop had no real birth, but was gradually developed around 1880 from the fishing and lobstering needs of the men of Muscongus Bay on the Maine coast. It is certain some of these fishermen had seen a Gloucester fishing boat, and impressed with its lines, had incorporated some of its features into their own hull designs. These men did not build a "class boat" where every hull is the same length. From existing records we find that the original builders constructed sloops varying in length of 21' - 50'. Probably the average length would be about 30' - 40'. The basic design was scaled up or down depending on length, and followed a pre-set formula. They all had an elliptical stern, and most of them a clipper bow, and were gaffed rigged. The pre-set formula included such measurements as: the beam equaled one third the overall length, and the length of the mast should equal the length overall plus half the draft, etc.

Boat shops dotted the coastline of Bremen, Bremen Long Island, Morse Island, Cushing, Thomaston, and Friendship. In 1903 there were 22 sloops being built on the shores of Bremen Long Island alone. Many of the men went into the woods to cut their own wood, and hauled it to the saw mill with horses. The island builders floated their sawed planks (25'-36') suspended over two dories to get it to their offshore boat houses. Each builder had some little secret innovation which in his estimation made his model better than the others.

The usual procedure was for the fisherman to spend his winter building the sloop, fish with it all summer, sell her in the fall and start the process over again come winter. She was sold for what the builder had in it, usually $350 - $500. This schedule enabled him to have a boat to work from and something to keep him busy all winter.

There are many names that are remembered as builders: Carters, McLains, Collomores, Winchenbachs, Morses and others, but Wilbur Morse's name comes up as father of the Friendship Sloop because of the large number that come from his shop. It is said a sloop was launched every two or three months. Because of Wilbur's mass production and his shop being in Friendship, this great sloop acquired the name of the town he was building in.

The advent of motors and modern equipment around 1915 almost relegated this great craft to extinction, but her fine lines, her seaworthiness, and her great record have added "yachting" to her long list of uses. Many a yachtsman has been awed by the graceful lines of this sloop. Bernard MacKenzie of Scituate was one such sailor. He sailed his beautiful *Voyager* in a Boston Power Squadron race in 1960, and in the strong winds, won the race. This inspired him to have a Homecoming Race in Friendship. In 1961 fourteen Sloops sailed in a regatta, and the Friendship Sloop Society was born.

Navigating the Worldwide Web

Although our sloops are a design from the early 20th century, the Sloop Society has been using the 21st century technology of the Internet to keep our members and the interested public informed about our history, schedule of events, rendezvous results, a sloop registry with pictures, links to our yearbook advertisers and member websites as well as other interesting facts regarding the Sloop Society.

Our website also contains the newly revamped Scuttlebutt Forum where you may enter questions, seek advice on a particular sloop-related problem, or enter your comments regarding a particular subject about the Society and our sloops.

Come visit our site at www.FSS.ORG.

Thank You, Mom and Dad

By
The Cronin Kids

It all began in 1968 when, you, Dad, came up with the brilliant idea of buying a BIG sailboat. What were you thinking?? We all know now – 40 years later!

You and Mom wanted something that would keep the family together and out of trouble. It sure worked as we are still really close. Some ask how we can live, eat, work and vacation together all these years and all we can say is that we just thought that was the way a family was supposed to be. Because of your unselfishness and dedication to your children, we have had quite an adventure over the past 40 years aboard *Tannis*. Here are just a few glimpses into the memories:

When *Tannis* first joined the family we all had to go sailing every weekend. Shelley and Cindy, and eventually Caroline, had horses and we always had to find someone to take care of them for the weekend and the two weeks during the sloop races in Maine. No questions asked and no exceptions. To Mom and Dad, this was family time and nothing was to interfere with this venture. You would pack all 8 of us, a dog, clothes, and food in a station wagon each and every weekend and go to Salem. That meant 10 people in the car, box on the roof rack, etc. What a sight that must have been! Now imagine all this stuff on *Tannis*, but Mom had a way of stowing stuff away to make the boat look neat. She could pack a boat!! When 10 people and a dog need to sleep and eat and live in close quarters every weekend, not to mention two weeks going to Maine, you learn to get ALONG! We would put the boat in the water in May and did not stop sailing until late October. Remember the survival jackets, gloves, layers of clothing, and that wonderful pot-belly stove which seemed to be lit more than it was not, and all the

Continued p. 30

YOUR SLOOP

looks beautiful on a reach, close hauled, or even just swinging on her mooring.

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Schooner Heritage Beats Home oil on canvas 40" x 24"

fights over who got to sit next to it? *Tannis*, in the early years, was launched so early from the Hingham shipyards that there would be many passages to Salem Willows in snow squalls! We often wondered "Is this supposed to be fun??"

People that have sailed with us more recently have sometimes commented on how we make sailing look so easy. Well, we started just like everyone else, but probably a little bit more handicapped. You need to remember that none of us knew anything about sailboats let alone a Friendship sloop. It took two years before we could sail out between Baker's Island and Misery Island (which by the way is about a mile wide). We probably hit every buoy in Salem Bay trying to get to the open waters. Something like Murphy's Law – what can be hit, will get hit! With the sail plan we had when we bought *Tannis*. (something meant for, maybe, a 25 ft sloop) we were lucky we made it to Friendship at all.

Struggles have a way of challenging you – remember the passage from Maine to home in slow, large swells at the end of a storm? No wind; an engine that never seemed to work when needed; with the old small rig, heavy canvas, undersized sails and slowly drifting towards the rocks – with no way to escape! We even made plans for abandonment, but Dad finally managed to get a short enough boost from the engine to push us safely past the rocks. That winter, *Tannis* got new "clothes". Never again would we be stuck at the mercy of light winds. Some may have thought it was strictly to improve our racing record (we always finished dead last or near to it), but the new sails were a way to offset an unreliable, smelly, smoky, noisy engine!! We were, after all, sailors.

But with new sails came a little cockiness. Shelley remembers that she used to relay instructions for foresail trimming. One race, when the winds were strong, *Tannis* was sailing downwind on the final leg (definitely going faster than she has ever gone before) and Captain Jack ordered everyone back in the cockpit so we could jibe. (Yeah, we know, jibe in heavy winds, what were we thinking?? Remember, we were still learning) When we jibed, there was a loud crack and all the rigging came down, maybe the only time Captain Jack was speechless. Everyone should lose their mast at least once!!

Speaking of struggles, how about all the times trying to anchor and later finding that we were dragging?? Too many times to count, but we always managed to escape injury and damage. Dad allows he had a sense that we were either dragging or another boat had dragged and was almost upon us!

Speaking of races, how about the time in Muscongus Bay when we were racing and trying to catch the sloop a head of us while coming very close to rocks. Dad yelled back to Bill "think we might be to close to the rock" to which Bill replied after looking at the chart "No we're good. Trust me, Dad". Just then *Tannis* hit hard, stayed on the rock for what seemed forever, just 1-2 seconds, and came off the other side.

How about all those race starts, jibes (where the MOST IMPORTANT things were the back stays), the protests, near collisions and collisions, the fabulous finishes, and just the joy of competition and being out with boats like *Tannis*??

How about Joe meeting Dad for the first time while the *Tannis* was wintered in Hingham? This was when Dad had a full beard, longer hair – maybe it was just more hair. As Joe and I walked toward the *Tannis*, Joe noticed a man walking toward us with a beard, boots, raincoat and Joe thought to himself "Boy, there's some old salt". Little did Joe know that that "old salt" would become his father-in-law in a few years.

Long before GPS, people used to have to read charts, plot courses, follow compass bearings, etc. But in the Maine fog, your ears were your most valuable asset. This used to scare us to death… listening for breaking water or oncoming vessels thinking "Dad, don't you know where we are? Remember sailing home for Shelley's wedding (which was in August so as not to interfere with THE two weeks). We were sailing straight through from Friendship, ME to Salem Willows, MA.

Continued p. 31

It was a spectacularly clear night for sailing. And as we had always done, we were timing the lighthouse beacons as checkpoints to confirm where we were. For a while we were doing well, but soon the crew grew weary, mentally and physically. What we thought was Portsmouth light was actually Isles of Shoals and what we thought was Isles of Shoal was actually Cape Ann. We set course for the next light which, in our minds, was Cape Ann. By daylight we were confused by not seeing land that resembled Cape Ann (Dad tried to make out that what we saw was Cape Ann, but it wasn't). By 8 AM we realized we made a HUGE error. The light we were headed for was Cape Cod light. We were more than 40 miles off course. Only 15 more hours of sailing!!!

How about that time when we had to sail into Wells Harbor because of the nasty weather? We always seemed to have to sail home from Maine in those "smoky southwesters" and in fog. In the early years, the Cronins set sail in just about any kind of weather because we had to get home for work. On this trip we rode the breaking surf into Wells Harbor between the breakwaters – flying into the harbor. The kids now know that we were totally unaware that one false move at the helm, and *Tannis* could have hit bottom and broken apart. Exhausted, we anchored just inside the breakwater to sleep for the night. We woke up the next morning having rolled out of our bunks. Apparently it was an extreme high tide – we anchored in about 12 feet of water. By low tide, *Tannis* was high and dry with hardly a drop of water underneath her. Well, we were secure for the time being, which meant a few more hours of sleep!

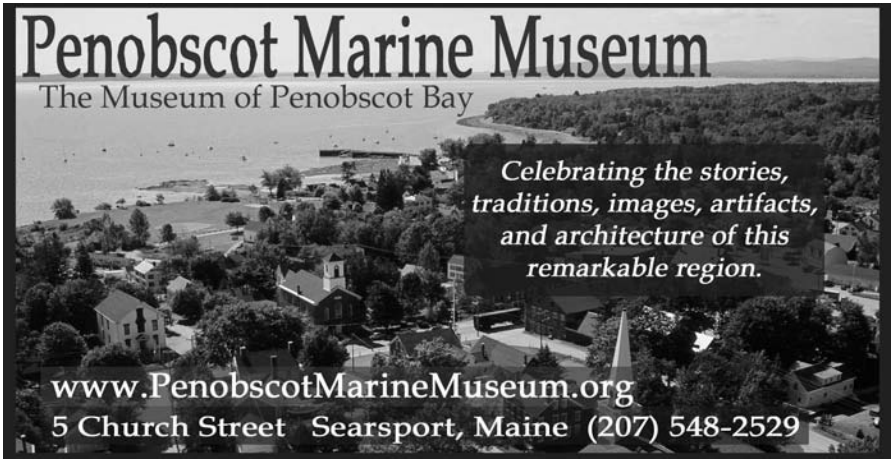
How about those overnight sails to Maine? We learned to go to sleep quickly with 2 hours on and 4 hours off. We had some scary moments like when Laurie was not paying attention and jibed –in the middle of the night—you can imagine how fast Captain Jack got on deck!! Or the times when it was foggy and dark and the huge tankers came out of no where?? How about the time we left Rockport MA, under power, to do an overnight passage? We were following Tom Miller on *Gannet* while Wayne (Cronin), on *Rights of Man*, was behind *Tannis*. Jeff, who was on *Rights of Man*, woke up and saw that *Tannis* was now a mile behind *Rights of Man*. Apparently *Tannis* had done a huge loop while grandson, Andrew was asleep at the wheel!!

How many years did we sail to and from Maine and never saw the coastline? Got to love that FOG!

How about the year sailing to Maine when Caroline thought "Puppy was dead". Dad, you were planning a burial at sea and it was not until you picked the dog up that she lazily woke up. Imagine if you threw her overboard.

Since we never missed a year of the Friendship Sloop Society rendezvous, we made friends all up and down the coast and aboard other friendships. To this day, we still maintain many of those friendships. This became a blessing on a typical foggy Maine morning (that's how you

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know you are in Maine) in Camden, ME. A couple of us were up on deck and Mom was getting ready to make breakfast. The whole boat shook with a loud bang. There had been a propane explosion in the galley. Mom was shaken up and obviously hurt. Her hair was singed and her foot got smashed by the face frame of the cabinet. We told her that if she really wanted a new galley, she just needed to ask! By the way, you do not want Captain Jack any where there is blood, especially if it is Mom's, because he is useless. When we called ashore for emergency assistance, a long time friend from Friendship days, Amy, was running the dock and boatyard. Amy arranged to have a launch sent to the *Tannis* and then transportation to the local hospital.

How about our annual tradition, for many years, of celebrating Garrett's birthday on board *Tannis* with story telling with an animal hand puppet? This included telling a story that everyone had to participate in. Garrett would begin the story and pass the puppet around and each person had to continue the story. "Brownie" the groundhog was probably the best story teller, but we had a number of animal narrators including a sea turtle, lady bug and a monkey.

How about the time when it was an extremely hot day at anchor in Castine. Your grandson, Jason, decided he was going to be the first person to jump in and enjoy the water. We suggested the dory entrance method, which is just slipping into the water gradually, but Jason would not have any part of that. He jumped right off the side of *Tannis*. Jumping into bone-chilling 55 degree water has a way of bringing someone to their senses fast... no one ever got out of the water faster than he did that day!! Speaking of Jason, Mom, how about the time you asked him to dump the coffee grinds over the side? Jason dumped them alright – but you forgot to tell him to save the insides of the coffee pot. There was no more coffee until we got to shore to buy another coffee pot. It was a lesson on being specific! Mom, you would think after 8 children, you might have learned that lesson already.

How about those cruises with the Burnhams, Murphys, Becks, and others, coming back

Continued p. 33

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from Maine?? The many nights in Jewel Island and Biddeford Pool with cook outs, walks, and lots of story telling. But many good times seem to have some bad aspects – Dad, remember at Jewel Island when you attempted to jump from *Resolute* to the *Tannis*, but missed! You landed on your ribs and bruised them pretty bad. We had to make a make-shift bed between a bunk and the table which is where you stayed until we got back to Salem, while the kids sailed the boat home. Those damn 6 oz cans of Bud!!

Remember the weekends that we would meet our friends at the Isles of Shoals (never did catch that goat!!) and the time we had 6-7 kids in the dory and decided to row to the lighthouse across choppy waters with about 4 inches of free board and no life jackets, only to be met by a Coast Guardsman at the lighthouse!! (Mom, we now realize how stupid that was as we watch our kids rowing around and worrying about them.)

All the water balloon fights, times we fell off the boat after you told us to stop messing around, all the fish we caught even though dad hated fish on board, all the times the halyards got rats nest especially in storms when it needed to come down immediately (how many lessons we had on coiling without figure eights!!), and all the fun times we had each and every weekend and in Maine!

If you have managed to get through all of these stories, and I am sure the Cronin's could fill several volumes – it is our hope that a common thread has become apparent. FAMILY... family ties, family time, family struggles, family sharing, all of which seems to be taking a "hit" now with the "me-focused" culture, was very much the common denominator for the Cronins. *Tannis* helped to expand our family to include many others and she represents "HOME" to so many of our "honorary family" members. She truly has been the mother ship to us all. But this humble working boat also speaks of the vision of two people—Mom and Dad – who have made the commitment and sacrifices that the word "family" demands. (Hey, they bought an old wooden boat not even knowing how to sail). I have a sign in my kitchen which simply states "ALL BECAUSE TWO PEOPLE FELL IN LOVE" and I could add this line "AND STAYED IN LOVE" Thanks, Mom and Dad (from your #1 daughter) (Shelley)

THANK YOU Mom and Dad for letting me helm the *Tannis* all these years. (John)

THANK YOU Mom and Dad for bringing us up as a family and keeping us close to home, in more ways than one. We have written down a few stories and memories about our *Tannis* adventures, but there are so many more that I think it would take a book to capture them all. Everyone who knows our family and *Tannis* have their own stories and memories. (Cindy)

What can I say about all the years of sailing and meeting different people? Thank you just does not seem to be the right words. We even went to Maine the year I had my 1st knee surgery (full leg cast and a wheel chair) because that was what we did the last two weeks of July. Thank You can not say enough!! (Tom)

THANK YOU Mom and Dad for 40 years of sailing and caring for *Tannis*. Some of my fondest memories, in addition to the above,

Continued p. 34



Charter the Commodore's Friendship Sloop Sazerac, built 1913



Roger Lee
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http://gailandroger.com/sazerac

were the years we used to winter *Tannis* at the Old Hingham Shipyard. I loved traveling every weekend to Hingham with you, Dad. In those days (70's) there were all kinds of boats along with a lot of "colorful" characters. There were many older wooden boats and it seemed there was always some sort of project, whether major or minor, going on. There was also no shortage of opinions or expertise on how to tackle whatever problem we had with *Tannis*. The new owners have "cleaned up" the yard and I hardly recognize the place these days. However, the memories will be forever! *Tannis* is such a huge part of our family's life that I can't think of what I would be doing if you had not bought her. I hope to have many more years of sailing *Tannis* with my own children. (Bill)

THANK YOU just does not seem to do justice for all you have done for us all. Two years ago you brought *Effie M*. up to Rockland and became part of the race committee in Rockland. I remember standing on *Tannis* as you both cast off her lines from the dock and I saw sadness in Dad's eyes. This would be the first time he has not raced aboard *Tannis*. I remember thinking that I needed and wanted to say THANK YOU for all the years of sailing and for the past 38 years. Well, two years later and I still have not found the words to describe my utmost appreciation. How do you say THANK YOU for buying the most beautiful boat (yes, you can say it now, Dad) 40 years ago and changing my life and the lives of the Cronin family forever? How do you say THANK YOU for making a commitment to sail each and ever weekend in the spring, summer, and fall and packing 8 kids and for many years, a dog each and every weekend (Friday night – home Sunday night)? How do you say THANK YOU for teaching us "the ways of the road" so to speak and doing it in a way that made us want to learn more? You have made sailing a part of my life to the point where I am not sure I can go without it. I looked forward to Friendship, then Boothbay and now Rockland. Well, Mom and Dad, I know that it was your love for each other and your love for your family that made this possible. We have all learned about commitment and dedication. THANK YOU!! (Caroline)

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Mom and Dad: You have always thought about other people and made sure everyone that who wanted to go sailing, but did not have a boat, was welcomed aboard *Tannis*. You taught us not to think about the racing aspect and about ourselves, but made us think of how it would feel if we were the ones left on the dock. Because of this, we have made many new friends over the years and will continue to make new friends in the years to come. THANK YOU! (Jeff)

THANK YOU Mom and Dad for making sailing a part of my life and for all you have done for the family. (Wayne)

Continued p. 35

Every summer when I head up north to go sailing on *Tannis*, it is a little journey in life, a little chapter that begins in Salem and ends at the end of the Rockland races. Each year I meet new people and experiences crop up where ever I go. These trips mean more than I can put down in words as they are a time for me to unwind and relax from the busy life in JOYSEE aka New Jersey. When grandpa purchased *Tannis*, he was a man that knew absolutely nothing about sailing and I could only imagine what was going through my grandmother's mind at the time when he told her. I imagine it was something like "what did I get myself into with this man and what are we going to do with this bundle of logs held together by some caulking?" My grandmother, the decorator, probably went to work making the boat a little friendlier to the eye and more livable (she can pack a boat) while grandpa learned to sail from scratch. I can say that all my uncles and aunts have taken to sailing, which is understandable because they grew up around it. Now, it is my turn to learn the fine art of sailing. Thank you, Grandma and Grandpa, for making my summers memorable and fun and teaching me that everything really does taste better on the boat including "Spam". (Garrett)

Expressing my heartfelt appreciation for all that you do is nearly impossible. The list is endless. What stands out the most for me, of course, is your youngest son, Wayne. You have brought your children up with a constant dose of love and understanding. You brought the kids up learning how to sail while you were just learning yourselves. By doing this, you taught them patience and perseverance and taught them the importance of sticking with things. You gave them the love of the ocean, sailing, and the love of Friendships. For Wayne, you gave him a love that has given him strength, independence and confidence. Because of this, I now have a wonderful husband and the children have a wonderful father. It is also through all of your love and support that I am blessed to have the best sister-in-laws, brother-in-laws, nieces, and nephews. But more importantly, I am blessed to have the best mother-in-law and yes, Jack, the best father-in-law. I cannot thank you enough! (Kirsten)

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FRIENDSHIP SLOOPS REGISTERED WITH FRIENDSHIP SLOOP SOCIETY

Sloops are classified Class "A"= Originals built prior to 1920: Class "B"= "Replicas" & "Near Replicas" built after 1920; Length On Deck (L.O.D.) rounded to nearest foot; TBL= To Be Launched; OLD= Built before WWII; c = circa; Builder names separated by "&" built together; Separated by "/" built sequentially Alphanumeric in "Builder(s)" column is builder's model & hull (number if known)

Sail	Name of Sloop	L.O.D.	Builder(s)	Launched	Owner(s) & Winter Address	Homeport	State
1	VOYAGER	30'	Charles A. Morse	1906	Jim Salafia, Warren ME	Rebuilding	ME
2	DICTATOR	31'	Robert E. McLain	1904	Peter M. Chesney, Burbank CA	Deer Isle	ME
5	CONTENT	25'	Stuart M. Ford	1961	Noel March, Hampden ME	Rockland	ME
6	EASTWARD	32'	James Chadwick	1956	Robert C. Duncan, Concord MA	Boothbay Harbor	ME
7	TANNIS	38'	W. Scott Carter	1937	Jack & Mary Cronin, Sturbridge MA	Salem Willows	MA
9	AMITY	30'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1900	Stephen & Diane O'Connell, Bucksport ME	Belfast	ME
10	MARY ANNE	31'	Lash Brothers	1958	Dr. Joseph Griffin, Damariscotta ME	Damariscotta	ME
13	EASTING	29'	Charles A. Morse	1920	Brian Clogh & Mary Ufutt, Little Deer Isle ME	Rockland Harbor	ME
14	SADIE M.	30'	Wilbur Morse 2nd	1946	Nick & Eunice Kingsbury, Kennebunkport ME	Rockland	ME
15	VIDA MIA	30'	Edward L. Stevens	1942	George & Cindy Loos, Cape May Courthouse	Cape May	NJ
16	RETRIEVER	22'	W. Prescott Gannett	1942	Phil Rotondo & Susan Franklin, Scituate MA	Florida Keys	FL
18	CHRISSY	30'	Charles A. Morse	1912	Harold Burnham, Essex MA	Essex	MA
19	BLACKJACK	33'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1900	Wilson Fletcher, Bar Harbor ME	Northeast Harbor	ME
21	WILBUR A. MORSE	30'	Carlton A. Simmons	1946	Richard Brown, Port Townsend WA	Port Townsend	WA
22	ELLIE T.	25'	John G Thorp	1961	Gregory Roth, New London CT	New London	CT
23	ALICE E	30'	Unknown	1899	Karl Brunner & Kristen Ramos, SW Hrbr ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
24	TERN	25'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1900	Leo & Kelly Greene, Andover MA	Marblehead	MA
25	SEA DUCK	35'	Charles A. Morse?	c1901	Matinicus Island, July 95'	Matinicus	ME
31	WHITE EAGLE	28'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1914	William A. Cronin, Spencer MA	Rebuilding	MA
32	NOMAD	33'	Wilbur A. Morse	1906	Tom Ash, North Weymouth MA	Rebuilding	MA
33	SMUGGLER	28'	Philip J. Nichols	1942	Mike Mulrooney, West Kingston RI	Rebuilding	
34	PAL O' MINE	27'	W. Prescott Gannett	1947	James B.L. Lane, West Newbury MA	Essex	MA
35	MARY C.	20'	Nathaniel D. Clapp	1962	Roger Burke, Ipswich MA	Islesboro	ME
37	CHANCE	31'	Wilbur A. Morse	1916	Maine Maritime Museum, Bath ME	Bath	ME
38	ELEAZAR	38'	W. Scott Carter	1938	David B. Schuler, Rochester NY	Rochester	NY
39	GOBLIN	30'	Lash Brothers	1963	Dr. Brad Wilkinson, Durham, CT	Center Harbor	ME
40	COMESIN	32'	J. Ervin Jones	1962	John & Linda Livingston, Jacksonville FL	Jacksonville	FL
42	SELKIE	26'	C. Simmons & J. Hennings	1963	Russell Stone, Ivoryton CT	Ivoryton	CT
43	GYPSY	23'	Judson Crouse	1939	Holly Taylor-Lash, Orland, ME	Bucks Harbor	ME
44	SAZERAC	35'	Wilbur A. Morse	1913	Roger Lee, Belfast ME	Belfast	ME
45	FLYING JIB	30'	W. Scott Carter	1936	Sara Beck, Topsfield MA	Salem Harbor	MA
46	MOMENTUM	30'	Lash Brothers	1964	Bayfront Center For Martime Studies, Erie PA	Erie	PA
47	GALATEA	30'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1964	Don Murray, Sausalito CA	Sausalito	CA
49	SURPRISE	33'	Phillip J. Nichols	1964	Downeast Sailing Adventures, Bar Harbor ME	Bar Harbor	ME
50	HERITAGE	29'	Elmer Collemer	1962	Steve & Dee Dunipace, Brownsburg IN	Friendship	ME
52	RIGHTS OF MAN	30'	Lash Brothers	1965	Wayne Cronin, Thomaston ME	Rockland	ME
53	EAGLE	32'	Wilbur A. Morse	1915	Richard Rapalyea, Thomaston ME	Spruce Head Island	ME
54	ECHO	22'	Lee Boatyard	1965	Stephen Major & Family	DeLand Cove	ME
57	OLD BALDY	25'	James S. Rockefeller	1965	Andrea Wilson, Rye NH	Kittery	ME
58	CATHY	21'	Jeremy D. Maxwell	1969	Ted & Cathy Chase, New Harbor ME	New Harbor	ME
59	SARAH MEAD	30'	Newbert & Wallace	1963	Nate & Randy Jones, N. Berwick, ME	Muscongus Harbor	ME
61	WINDWARD	25'	James S. Rockefeller	1966	Tim Sullivan, Gloucester MA	Gloucester	MA
62	COLUMBIA	23'	Lester Chadbourne	c1950	John & Kimberly Bundza, Barrington, NH	Great Bay	NH
64	AMICITA	33'	Lash Brothers	1965	Jeff Pontiff, New Bedford MA	New Bedford	MA
65	GALLANT LADY	33'	Morse	1907	James Smith, Picton Ontario Canada	Prinyer Cove	Ontario
66	VENTURE	26'	Wilber A. Morse	1912	Bill Finch & Carrol Rose, Beverly MA	Beverly	MA
67	HIERONYMUS	33'	Ralph W. Stanley	1962	Albert P. Neilson, Topsham ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
68	ROBIN L	25'	James H Hall	1967	Bill Cummings, Bristol, ME	Rebuilding	
69	COAST O' MAINE	30'	Vernell Smith	1967	William & Shawn Poole, Fulton NY	Fairhaven	NY
70	WINGS OF THE MORNING	30'	Roger Morse	1967	Rodney Flora & Jill Schoof, SW Harbor ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
71	GLADIATOR	32'	Alexander McLain	1902	Bill & Caroline Zuber, Friendship ME	Friendship	ME
73	WEST INDIAN	26'	Pamet Harbor Boat	1951	Christoff Skoczylas, Kenora Ontario	Kenora	Ontario
74	PATIENCE	30'	Malcom Brewer	1965	Rev. John Arens, Needham MA	Cataumet	MA
75	OMAHA	35'	Norris Carter	1901	Adrian Hooydonk, Spruce Head ME	Spruce Head Island	ME
80	DOWN EAST	35'	Fred Buck & "Skip" Adams	1941	William Anderson & Mary Aquith, Pomfret Ctr CT	Edgewood YC, RI	RI
82	MORNING STAR	28'	Albion F. Morse	1912	Paul Milani, Ashfield MA	Sandy Point	ME
83	PERSEVERANCE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (01)	1969	David & Lauren Niebuhr, Bradenton, FL	Bradenton	FL
84	PHILIA	22'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1969	Betty & Al Whritenour, St. Augustine FL	Cotuit	MA
85	HEIDI LEE	38'	Jeremy D. Maxwell	1974	Matthew & Heidi Gabrilowitz, Cranston RI	Wickford	RI
86	ALLEGIANCE	24'	Albert M. Harding	1970	Hale Whitehouse, Cape Porpoise ME	Cape Porpoise	ME
87	STELLA MARIS	22'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1969	Capt. James Russell, Scituate MA `	Scituate	MA
88	APOGEE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (02)	1969	Paul & Libby Collet, Freeport ME	South Freeport	ME
89	ERDA	22'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1970	Alexandra West, Vineyard Haven MA	Vineyard Haven	MA
90	SALATIA	25'	Newman (P02)/Newman	1969	Miff Lauriat, Southwest Harbor ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
91	PHOENIX	30'	Bruno & Stillman (04)	1970	Tad Beck, Los Angeles CA	Carvers Harbor	ME
92	PRISCILLA	25'	James Rockefeller/Basil Day	1975	Norman M. Sulock, Baldwinsville NY	Oneida Lake	NY
93	ANNA R.	25'	Kenneth Rich	1970	Stuart L. Rich, Tenants Harbor ME	Rebuilding	ME

Sail	Name of Sloop	L.O.D.	Builder(s)	Launched	Owner(s) & Winter Address	Homeport	State
94	Euphoria	25'	Newman (P03)/Rockefeller	1971	Victor Trodella & Rebecca Brown, Freeport ME	S. Freeport	ME
95	WESTWIND	40'	Charles A. Morse	1902	John & Diane Fassak, Mansfield MA	Rebuilding	MA
96	VOYAGER	32'	Lash Brothers	1965	Capt. Fred Perrone, Plymouth MA	Plymouth	MA
97	INTEGRITY	27'	Wilbur A. Morse	1903	Brian & Christine Wedge, Harpswell ME	Harpswell	ME
98	DEFIANCE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (06)	1970	Bob Smith	Rio Dulce	Guatemala
99	BUCCANEER	29'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1911	Tirocchi Family, Johnston RI	Johnston	RI
100	CAPTAIN TOM	26'	Bernard Backman	1970	John Sandusky, Rocky Point NY	Mt. Sinai Harbor	NY
101	GOOD HOPE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (07)	1971	Barta & Lee Hathaway, Ipswich MA	Ipswich	MA
102	TODDY	35'	Lubbe Vob (Germany)	1972	Mary L. Morden, Bad Axe MI	Caseville	MI
103	SOLASTER	25'	Newman (P04)/Newman	1970	Chris Davis, Harborside, ME	Cranberry Isle	ME
104	COCKLE	28'	Elmer Collemer	1950	Rupert & Regina Hopkins, Miller Place NY	Mt. Sinai Harbor	NY
105	LADY E	30'	Bruno & Stillman (05)	1971	Mike Johnson, York, PA	Annapolis	MD
106	HOLD TIGHT	25'	Newman (P05)/Newman	1970	Alan Watkins, Weston MA	Gloucester	MA
107	MAGIC	22'	Passamaquoddy (1)	1970	Eric Applegarth, Clairborne MD	Rebuilding	
109	PETREL	31'	G. Cooper	1933	Colin D. Pears, Kennebunkport ME	Rebuilding	
112	SECRET	27'	Philip J. Nichols	1971	Edward Good, S. Lancaster MA	Salem Willows	MA
113	YANKEE PRIDE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (14)	1971	James J. & Margaret E. Graig, Keyport NJ	Keyport	NJ
114	HELEN BROOKS	30'	Bruno & Stillman (08)	1971	Khristyn Ramos & Karl Brunner, SW Hrbr ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
115	GOOD FRIEND	30'	Bruno & Stillman (12)	1971	Harvey & Lee Goodfriend, Simsbury CT	Groton	CT
117	LEADING LIGHT	30'	Bruno & Stillman (10)	1971	John & Eve Crumpton , Oxford ME	South Freeport	ME
118	WENONAH	30'	Bruno & Stillman (16)	1971	Thomas L. Berry, Pasadena MD	Pasadena	MD
119	VALHALLA	30'	Bruno & Stillman (15)	1971	Paul & Sally Wolfe, Pittsburge PA	Ben Avon	PA
120	PERSISTENCE	30'	C. Simmons/J. Lichtman	TBL	John Lichtman, Friendship ME	Building	
122	EDEN	25'	Francis Nash & Ed Coffin	1971	Scott Martin, Bar Harbor ME	Bar Harbor	ME
123	RESOLUTE	28'	Charles A. Burnham	1973	Charles A. Burnham, Essex MA	Essex	MA
124	CALLIPYGOUS	30'	Bruno & Stillman (17)	1971	Richard & Tina Sharabura, Toronto Ontario	Toronto	Ontario
125	TIGER LILY	25'	Al Paquette	1969	Holbrook Family, Rochester MA	Mattapoisett	MA
126	WHIM	20'	Chester Spear	1939	Jack Manley Northville NY	Rebuilding	
127	MARIA	21'	Charles A. Burnham	1971	Alden & Perry Burnham, Essex, MA	Essex	MA
128	SCHOODIC	31'	E. Collemer/B. Lanning	1973	David & Nancy Schandall, Lunnenbrg Nova Scotia	Lunnenberg	NS
129	GISELA R.	25'	Andrew P. Schafer	1969	James O'Hear, Sag Harbor NY	Noyack	NY
130	NARWHAL	25'	Newman (P06)/Newman	1972	James Rosenbaum, Milwaukee WI	Milwaukee	WI
131	NOAHSARK	29'	John Chase	1972	Paul Werner, Old Orchard Beach ME	Unknown	ME
133	INDEPENDENCE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (21)	1973	Frederick G. Schwarzmann, Ponte Verda Beach, FL	Oxford	MD
134	BEAR	22'	Passamaquoddy/Collins	1973	Jim Horigan, Reading MA	Swampscott	MA
136	SQUIRREL	28'	Charles A. Morse	1920	Larry & Stephanie Moxon, Mystic CT	Mystic	CT
137	AYSEHA	35'	McLain?	OLD	Larry Thomas, New Orleans LA	Lake Ponchartrain	LA
138	PUA NOA II	31'	Robert P. Gardner	1973	Francis L. Higginson, Islesboro ME	Islesboro	ME
139	OSPREY	25'	Newman (P08)/ Morris	1973	Steve Hughes, Kansas City MO	Southwest Harbor	ME
141	SEA DOG	25'	James H. Hall	1974	Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster NY	Buffalo	NY
142	AUDREY II	21'	Peter Archibold	1976	John Moran, Tiverton RI	Tiverton	RI
143	FAIR AMERICAN	25'	Newman (P10)/Morris	1974	Mike Dulien, Costa Mesa CA	Gloucester	MA
144	DUFFER	25'	Newman (P09)/Morris	1974	Jack & Gerna St. John, Brunswick ME	Boothbay Harbor	ME
145	YANKEE LADY	31'	Newman (D02)/Lanning	1974	John Ash, White Stone VA		
146	FIDDLEHEAD	25'	Newman (P01)/C.Chase	1970	Gregory Roth, New London, CT	New London	CT
147	MARA E.	31'	Newman (D01)/Jones	1974	Barrie Abrams, Mamaroneck NY	Satans Toe	NY
148	SLOOP OUT OF WATER	38'	Norris Carter	1905	Joe Vinciguerra, Andover MA	Patio Gazebo	MA
149	FIDDLER'S GREEN	25'	Roy O. Jenkins	1978	Dick Leighton, Bowdoinham ME	Yarmouth	ME
150	WOODCHIPS	25'	Deschenes & Willet/et al	TBL	Neil Allen, Orleans MA	Unfinished	
151	DEPARTURE	15'	W. Prescott Gannett	1936	Dr. Llewellyn Bigelow, Alexandria VA	Alexandria	VA
152	MURPHY'S LAW	32'	Kent F. Murphy	1977	Aaron Snider, Gloucester MA		MA
153	ANGELUS	22'	Passamaquoddy/Collins	1975	Jim & Elaine Carter, Everett MA	Bass River	MA
154	MUSCONGUS	28'	Albion F. Morse	1909	Captain's Cove Seaport, Bridgeport CT	Bridgeport	CT
155	QUEEQUEG	25'	Newman (P11)/Morris	1975	Rich & Beth Langton, Edgecomb ME	Boothbay Harbor	ME
156	NAMASTE	31'	Newman (D03)/Morris	1975	Jerry & Penny Kriegel, Duxsbury, MA	South Dartmouth	MA
157	LIBERTY	31'	Newman (D04)/Salter	1980	Inland Seas Education Foundation, Suttons Bay	Suttons Bay	MI
159	PACIFIC CHILD	30'	Bruno & Stillman (03)	1969	Catherine Randak, Salt Lake City UT	San Diego	CA
160	DEFIANCE	22'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1973	Morgan L. Hendry, Wilmington DE	Round Pond	ME
161	SUMMERWIND	22'	Sam Guild & Bill Cannell	1976	Laurel MacNeil Mannix, Sherborn MA	Falmouth	MA
162	IRENE	38'	Charles A. Morse	1917	Harold Burnham, Essex MA	Rebuilding	MA
164	VERA JEAN	30'	Charles A. Morse	1906	Dennis Mayhew, Niceville FL	Choctawhatchee Bay	FL
165	REUNION	25'	Clifford G. Niederer	1975	Mason E. "Ric" Stober III, Concord CA	Oakland	CA
166	SCHOODIC	25'	Concordia Company	1967	Bob & Maria Barth/John Mayer	Kittery Point	ME
167	FREEDOM	28'	Ralph W. Stanley	1976	Richard Dudman, Ellsworth ME	Isleford	ME
168	LOON	30'	Newbert & Wallace/Jacob	1974	Mark Warner, Newcastle, ME	Rebuilding	
169	DEFIANCE	22'	Eric Dow	1976	Fran Daley, West Newton MA	Winthrop	MA
170	LADY OF THE WIND	31'	Newman (D05)//Morris	1976	Karl Brunner & Kristen Ramos, SW Hrbr ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
171	RESOLUTE	31'	Newman (D06)//Morris	1976	Alan Leibouitz, Bilerica MA	Marblehead	MA
172	AMNESTY	25'	Jim Drake	1982	Jim Lartin-Drake, Carlisle PA	Baltimore	MD
174	JOSIE	31'	Newman (D07)	2004	Mike Dulien, Costa Mesa CA	Gloucester	MA
175	EDEL WEISS	15'	David Major	1975	David Major, Putney VT	Friendship	ME
177	LIBERTY	19'	Ahern)B5) Hoffman	1974	Tom Mehl, Saugus CA	Saugus	CA

Sail	Name of Sloop	L.O.D.	Builder(s)	Launched	Owner(s) & Winter Address	Homeport	State
178	NESARU	25'	Newman (P13)/C. Chase	1977	Arieyeh Austin, Leavenworth KS	Olympia	WA
180	BANSHEE	25'	Newman (P12)/Wojcik	1978	John & Carole Wojcik, Norwell MA	Mattapoisett	MA
181	AURORA	19'	Ahern (B3)/Brownie	1975	Dale Young, Deer Isle ME	Deer Isle	ME
182	MUSCONGUS	22'	Apprenticeshop	1977	Harry Oakley Jr., Old Lyme CT	Shelter Island	NY
183	TARA ANNE	25'	Newman(P14)Morris	1978	Michael Florio, Greenwich CT	unknown	
184	PERSEVERANCE	27'	Simms Yachts	1963	Denis & Kathy Paluch, Chicago IL	Chicago	IL
185	OCEAN ROAR	27'	J. Philip Ham	1978	Les Taylor, Warren ME	Boothbay Harbor	ME
186	RAGTIME ANNIE	27'	Nick Apollonio	1975	Bartlett H. Stoodley Jr., Unity ME	Camden	ME
187	PEREGRINE	27'	Ralph W. Stanley	1977	Paul & Carol Lidstrom, Whitefield NH	Southwest Harbor	ME
189	JABBER WOLKY	31'	Newman (D09)/Nehrbass	1981	Dr. Brad Wilkinson, Center Harbor, ME	Center Harbor	ME
191	ANNABELLE	22'	Apprenticeshop	1978	South Street Seaport, New York City NY	Museum Display	NY
192	KERVIN RIGGS	22'	Williams & Bouchard	1977	Bill Joyner, Nantucket, MA	Nantucket	MA
193	LADY M.	32'	Harvey Gamage	1978	Thomas Martin, South Bristol ME	South Bristol	ME
194	HUCKLEBERRY BEL	25'	Clifford G. Niederer	1977	Brian & Mary Clare, Gloucester VA	Gloucester	VA
196	ENDEAVOR	25'	Ralph W. Stanley	1979	Betsey Holtzmann, Southwest Harbor ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
197	NATANYA	31'	Newman (D11)/Davis	1978	Joe Hliva, Greenwich CT	Greenwich	CT
198	BAY LADY	31'	Newman (D12)/Lanning	1978	Captain Bill Campbell, Boothbay Harbor ME	Boothbay Harbor	ME
199	WILD ROSE	31'	Newman (D13)/Liberation	1979	James Peck, Waverly PA	Sargentville	ME
200	ESTELLA A.	34'	Robert E. McLain	1904	Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic CT	Mystic Seaport	CT
201	ENDEAVOR	31'	Newman (D08)/Genthner	1979	James Genthner, Nantucket MA	Nantucket	MA
202	ARRIVAL	31'	Newman (D14)/Niedrach	1981	John & Carole Wojcik, Norwell MA	Rebuilding	MA
204	MARIE ANNE	27'	Jason Davidson	1977	Diana Echeverria, Seattle WA	Severn River	MD
205	DAYSTAR	28'	Richard E. Mosher	1989	Rich & Sally Mosher, The Villages FL	Kalamazoo	MI
206	KUMATAGE	31'	Newman (D15)/ Chase	1979	James Salmon, Center Conway, NH	Falmouth	ME
208	LISA K	31'	Newman (D16)/Lanning	1981	Jeff Cohen, Madison CT	Noank	CT
209	FRIEND SHIP	31'	Newman (D17)/Pettegrow	1981	Whistling Man Schoner Co. Burlington,VT	Burlington	VT
210	THE SLOOP JOHN B	22'	Passamaquoddy/Oliva	1974	Al Perrin, Canandaigua NY	Canandaigua Lake	NY
211	WAKEAG	22'	James D. Hamilton	1982	Dean & Robin Parker, Belfast, ME	Islesboro	ME
212	ACHATES	22'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1980	Richard C. Leigh, Nashville TN	Charleston	SC
213	AMIE	25'	Bob Holcomb (Alaska)	1978	Harvey & C.R. Nobe, Newcastle WA	Seattle	WA
214	GAIVOTA	31'	Newman/(D19)/Pettegrow	1982	Bill & Kathy Whitney, Needham MA	Cataumet	MA
215	ELLEN ANNE	22'	Passamaquoddy Yachts	1968	David Colinan, Lincoln RI	East Greenwich	RI
216	AMITY	39'	W. Scott Carter	1941	John F. Nichols, Takely by Stortford, Herts., Eng.	Ipswich	UK
217	OPHELIA'S ODYSSEY	33'	Shoreline Boats	1972	Capt. Thomas Searles, So Portland ME	South Portland	ME
218	WILLIAM M. RAND	22'	John B. Rand	1982	John B. Rand, Raymond ME	Cundys Harbor	ME
219	YANKEE BELLE	23'	Paul G. Edwards	1983	Jeffrey Sander, Sag Harbor	Sag Harbor	NY
220	SORCERESS	31'	Newman (D20)/ Pettegrow	1984	Ruy Gutierrez, Auburn ME	Phippsburg	ME
221	SEAL	22'	Ahern (01)/Zink	1984	John & Debby Kerr, Milton MA	Squirrel Island	ME
222	LADY JEANNE	16'	Richard L. McInnes	1982	Joe Dupere, Orono ME	Unknown	
223	CORREGIDOR	25'	Newman (P17)/P. Chase	1981	Brian Flynn, Brooklyn Heights NY		
224	DAYLIGHT	19'	James Eyre Wainwright	1983			
225	PHILLIP J. NICHOLS	27'	Philip J. Nichols	1981	Bob & Dave Monk, N Reading MA	Salem	MA
226	DESIREE	31'	Chris Sparrow/Larry Plumer	1993	Larry Plumer, Newbury MA	Newburyport	MA
227	CELEBRATION	25'	Newman (P15)/Hodgdon	1980	Greg & Annette Merrill, Butler MD	Bayville	ME
228	MERMAID	22'	Ahern(10)/Fitzgerald	1990	Al & Louise Doucette, Mattapoisett MA	Mattapoisett	MA
229	CAPT'N GEORGE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (09)	1970	Robb Darula Mystic CT	Mystic	CT
230	HEGIRA	25'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1980	Laurie Raymond, Falmouth MA	Woods Hole	MA
231	SOLOMON GUNDY	22'	M.W. Roth Jr/W.C. Butcher	1984	William C. Butcher, Suffield CT	Branford	CT
232	COMPROMISE	22'	Ahern (08)/White	1979	Peter & Nancy Toppan, Scituate MA	Scituate	MA
233	PRINCESS PAT	22'	Harry Armstrong	1987	Harry & Pat Armstrong, Winter Park FL	Titusville	FL
234	BEATRICE MORSE	22'	M.W. Roth Jr/D.W. Owens	1985	D. William Owens III, Branford CT	Stony Creek	CT
235	FINEST KIND	22'	Sam Guild & Geoff Heath	1981	Mike & Karen Looram, Langley, WA	Whidbey Island	WA
237	CHRISTINE	19'	Ahern (B1)/Patten	1975	Vance Home, Topsham ME	Center Harbor	ME
238	VIKING	22'	Ahern/Ulwick	1980	Steve Ulwick, Wakefield MA	Lynn	MA
239	CHEBACCO	30'	Bruno & Stillman(22)/Ginn	1987	Mike & Jayne Ginn, Jupiter FL	Jupiter	FL
240	RAVEN	26'	Rodney Reed	1965	Jeffrey C. Richards, Rockland ME	Rockland	ME
241	BLUE SANDS	34'	Boston Boat Company	TBL	Walt Disney Theme Park, Japan	Ashore	Japan
242	TECUMSEH	36'	Charles A. Morse	1902	David Frid, Oakville Ontario Canada	Oakville	Ontario
243	ERIN	22'	Ahern (05)/ Hersey	1979	Anne Del Borgo, Boothbay Harbor ME	Boothbay Harbor	ME
244	REBECCA AMES	30'	Bruno & Stillman (18)	1971	John & Karla Ayer, Miami FL	Boca Raton	FL
245	LA PALOMA	25'	Unknown (BC, Canada)	1969	John J. Caldbick, Seattle WA	Seattle	WA
246	DAME-MARISCOTTA	19'	Ahern (B6)/Shelley	1983	Rose & Hans-Peter Sinn, Huntington NY	East Boothbay	ME
247	BLACK STAR	35'	Apprenticeshop	1989	Ted Walsh & Jeff Wilson-Charles, Conway NH	Portsmouth	NH
248	TIMBER	22'	Rick Conant/Greg Fisher	1979	Greg Hickey, West Hartford CT	South Lyme	CT
249	BABY BLUE	25'	Newman (P18)/Pettegrow	1983	Scott & Sally Johnson, Waterville VT	Burlington	VT
250	BELFORD GRAY	29'	WoodenBoat School	1992	WoodenBoat School, Brooklin ME	Brooklin	ME
251	BUCEPHALUS	19'	Ralph W. Stanley	1986	Alex Forbes, Felton CA	Rubicon Bay	CA
252	-NONE-	30'	Harry Quick/J.R. Sherman	TBL	Jeff Prosser, Gouldsboro, ME	Building	
253	IOLAR	25'	W. McCarthy & G. Richards	1989	William L. McCarthy, Riegelsville PA	Georgetown	MD
254	QUINTESSENCE	22'	Passamaquoddy (02)/Core	1972	Gary & Debbie Crowel, Pine Beach NJ	Toms River	NJ
255	GENEVIEVE	25'	Emmet Jones	1982	LaMonte Krause & Stacy Patterson, La Jolla CA	San Diego	CA
257	TODDY B.	28'	Dave Westphal	1992	Sam Nickerson	Lake Lanier	GA
258	KIM	22'	Harold Burnham	1992	Steve Goldman, Milton, Ontario	Osbourne Harbor	NS
259	SPARTAN	28'	Steve Merrill/R. Shepard	1992	Roland Shepard, Brunswick ME	Harpswell	ME

Sail	Name of Sloop	L.O.D.	Builder(s)	Launched	Owner(s) & Winter Address	Homeport	State
260	NIMBLE	25'	Nelson Cutler/Kim Smith	1994	Christopher Zimmer, Halifax NS	Halifax	NS
261	BLUENOSE	19'	David Holmes	1974	David & Charley Holmes, Annapolis MD	Annapolis	MD
262	I GOT WINGS	22'	Ahern (04)/Almedia	1980	James "Binnacle" Wright, Preston CT	Stoneington	CT
263	RALPH W. STANLEY	19'	Ralph Stanley	1995	Anne Franchetti, Seal Cove ME	Olbia, Sardinia	Italy
264	MARGRET F	24'	Dave & Loretta Westphal	1998	Roy & Shelagh McCauly, Wayland MA	Gloucester	MA
265	MARIA EMILIA	25'	Rafael Prohens	2000	Rafael Prohens, Ovalle Chile	Launched Unknown	
266	MALISA*ANN	22'	Ahern/Hilburn	c1992	Steve & Melisa Blessington, Bangor ME	Winterport	ME
267	TRISTAN	25'	Joeseph Bernier	1980	David Cain, Jamestown RI	Shelburn	VT
268	PRYDWYN OF LAMORNA	25'	Ralph Stanley	1977	Brian & Judy Cross, Lemming Australia	Fremantle	Australia
269	ACADIA	28'	Ralph Stanley	1998	Adrian Edmondson, Richmond Surrey Eng.	Dartmouth	GB
270	JOSEPHINE	25'	Nelson Cutter	1985	Ron Wisner, Marion MA	Marion	MA
271	JASMINE	18'6"	Peter Donahoe	1985	Patrick McMahon, Airdrie Alberta Canada	Sylvan Lake	Alberta
272	TAMARA	36'	Ralph Stanley	2003	Sean & Tamara McCarthy, East Hampton NY	Coecles Harbor	NY
273	SUMMERJOY	19'	Ralph Stanley	1989	Bob and Cindy Robertson, Holden MA	Northeast Harbor	ME
274	SELKIE	25'	James Lyons	1977	Brad Clinefelter, Nordland WA	Port Townsend	WA
275	VIKING	28'	Wibur A. Morse	1908	Cordell Hutchins, Cape Porpoise ME	Cape Porpoise	ME
277	SARALEE	21'	Craig Gleason	2005	Craig & Saralee Gleason, Phoenix AZ	Shalimar	FL
278	CYGNUS	32'	John Elfrey	1976	Joe Maslan, Seattle WA	Seattle	WA
279	HAND OF FRIENDSHIP	22'	Tom Whitfield	1990	Michael & Phillip Morris Chelsea Victoria Aust.	Mordialloc	Australia
280	RETTA	24'4"	David Westphal	2008	David & Loretta Westphal	Key Largo	FL

"LOST" REGISTERED SLOOPS (UNKNOWN STATUS AND/OR LOCATION)

If reader has ANY INFORMATION regarding any of these sloops, please contact the Society

Sail	Name(Former Name)	LOD	Builder	Launched	Comments
12	FRIENDSHIP	29'	Wilbur A. Morse	1902	Last Seen c1983 at Little Compton RI, ashore since 1968
30	KIDNAPPED (Fly-A-Way)	21'	Unknown	1921	Sunk off Hull MA in August 1965 squall, salvage confirmed
41	SNAFU	35'			Disposition Unknown
51	#NAME?	32'	Wilber A. Morse	c1915	No information since NJ registration with Society in 1965
56	IOCASTE	33'	Charles A. Morse	c1907	Sold in 1992 to unidentified parties
63	KHOCHAB	28'	Speers	1953	Sold to Unknown Parties c1998
77	BEAGLE (SEA QUEEN)	28'	Charles A. Morse	1905	Sold May 1970 to an unnamed Staten Island party
81	REGARDLESS (Friendship)	39'	Fred Dion	1963	Repaired 1979 at Manatee Pocket FL enroute to Carribean
110	AMISTEAD	25'	R.T. White/R.E. Lee	1977	Sold in Galveston Bat TX area c1979 to unknown parties
121	CLARA (ETTA MAY)	27'	Elmer Collemer	1960	Sold March 1988 to unidentified Anacortes WA parties
132	VOGEL FREI	30'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1910	In Mediterranean in 1977, rumored as wrecked in West Africa
140	BRANDYWINE	??	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1968	Last known in South San Francisco Bay in mid 1970's
163	REWARD	25'	William A Green	1975	Last known to be in Isleton CA in 1980's; UOP student living aboard
176	TRUMPETER	28'	Charles A. Morse	OLD	Last known to be in the Galveston TX area late 1970's
179	CELENE	22'	Unknown	OLD	Sold c1979 from Canada to unknown (Detroit area?) parties
236	AUNTY POOLE	25'	Harry Bryant	1970	Sold to Unknown Parties from Lebanon, ME

REGISTERED SLOOPS NO LONGER IN EXISTENCE: "GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN"

Sail	Name(Former Name)	LOD	Builder	Launched	Comments
3	FINNETTE	40'	Wilbur A. Morse	1915	Destroyed C1968 at Norwich CT
4	GOLDEN EAGLE (QUEEQUEG)	26'	Albion F. Morse	c1910	Destroyed c1980 at Lynn MA
8	BANSHEE	30'	Wilbur A. Morse	OLD	Destroyed c1980 at New Bedford MA
11	SHULAMITE	24,	W. Prescott Gannet	1938	Went ashore in Rockland, ME, disposition unknown
17	JOLLY BUCCANEER	45'	Eugene McLain	1906	Sunk 1972 at Melborne FL, destroyed c1978
20	MURRE (MOSES SWANN)	30'	Morse	c1910	Wrecked Oct. 1974 at Guilford CT, Destroyed c1978
26	VIRGINNA M. (SWAN)	28'	Morse	1917	Destroyed c1982 at Waterford CT
27	SARAH E.	25'	Bob McKean & Sid Carter	1939	Lost in roof cave-in at Havre de Grace MD
28	BOUNTY	22'	W. Prescot Gannet	1932	Destroyed Spring 1984 at Noank CT
29	SUSAN (OCEAN BELLE)	41'	Charles A. Morse	1902	Wrecked Christmas Eve 1977 at Hillsboro Inlet Fl
36	MARGIN	25'	Unknown	OLD	Destroyed c1985 at Waldoboro ME
48	CHANNEL FEVER	33'	F.A. Provener	1939	Destroyed Oct. 1985 at Rockport ME
55	RIGHT BOWER	47'	Wilbur A. Morse	1915	Destroyed c1968 at Stonington, CT
60	OLD SALT	32'	Robert A. McLain & Son	1902	Broken up in CT, 2004
72	TEMPTRESS (RESULT)	33'	Phillip J. Nichols	1934	Destroyed Fall 1987 at Westerly RI
76	PACKET	26'	Charles A. Morse	1925	Destroyed Fall 1980 at Vineyard Haven MA
78	EMMIE B.	37'	Reginald Wilcox	1958	Burned 1974 at Southport ME
79	NIMBUS	30'	A.T. Chenault III	1954	Destroyed c1979 at Slidell LA after Hurricane. Camille & Betsy
108	LOON	35'	Charles A. Morse	c1907	Destroyed at 1972 at Standford CT
111	AMOS SWAN	26'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1910	Blown ashore Nov. 1980 at Camden ME
116	TINQUA	30'	Bruno & Stillman	1971	Lost Rudder & Wrecked 1977 on Whaleback Ledge ME
135	HATSEY	25'	Newman(P07)Morris	1973	Demolished while filming The Truman Show in Hollywood CA
158	EVA R.	33'	Edward Robinson	1906	Sunk Hur. David 1979; destroyed c1983 at Port Chester NY
173	MEDUSA	25'	Ron Nowell	1979	Blown ashore in 45 knot gale c 1982/83 at marshall CA
188	MAUDE	32'	Harvey Gamage	1939	Burned in barn fire at Salisbury MA while being rebuilt
190	AIKANE	31'	Newman(D10) /Chase	1978	Burned in Feb. 1983 boatyard fire at Stonnington, ME
195	PRINCESS	26'	Wilbur A. Morse	1908	Broken up in the Bradenton, FL area
203	AURORA (LUCY S.)	26'	Unknown	c1898	Destroyed Fall 1993 at Ipswich MA
207	SAFE HOME (LANNETTE M)	31'	Herbert Melquist	1980	Blown ashore in Hurricane Bob 1991 at Beverly MA
256	OCTOBER 4th (FRIENDSHIP)	22'	Edgar Knowles	1985	Sunk in squall Sept 1993 on Oneida Lake NY

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Penobscot Bay Regional Chamber	Rockland, ME	Inside Front



Alex Hiam watercolor

Ship's log:

7:01:02 a.m. *Waiting for fog to lift. Good holding ground. Must bring kids here on next cruise.*

10:07:05 a.m. *Wind picking up, 33 knots. Rocking motion beneath hull. Shadowy figures emerging from mist to leeward.*

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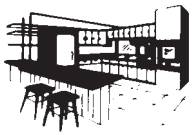
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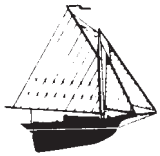
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