

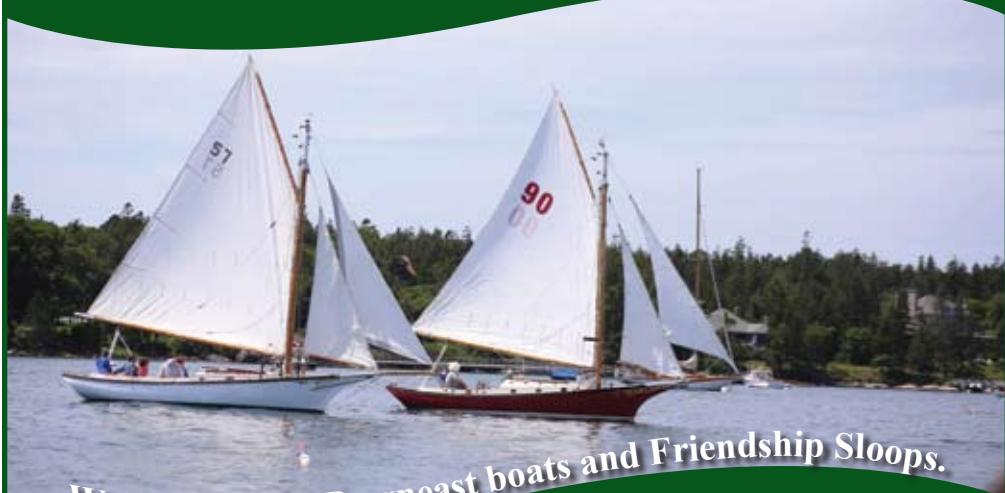
FRIENDSHIP SLOOPS



SAILING NEW ENGLAND
2019

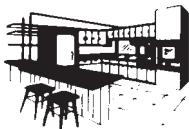
~ *YEARBOOK AND GUIDE* ~

Newman Marine Brokerage



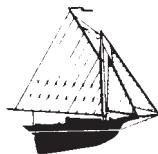
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MAILING:

164 Sturbridge Road, Charlton, MA 01507

2019 Homecoming Rendezvous and Races

Schedule of Events in Rockland

Wednesday July 17

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

Thursday July 18

11:00 AM	Skippers Meeting
1:00 PM	Race starts off the breakwater
4:00 PM	Sloops on display at town dock
4:00 PM	Heaving line contest
5:00 PM	Rowboat races off the town dock Open to the public, all ages welcome to participate!
6:00 PM	BYO Barbecue under the tent

Friday July 19

11:00 AM	Skippers Meeting
1:00 PM	Race starts off the breakwater
5:00 PM	Scavenger Hunt starting under the tent All ages welcome!
6:00 PM	Barbecue under the tent

Saturday July 20

10:00 AM	Skippers Meeting
11:00 AM	Parade of Sail at the Rockland waterfront, viewing from the breakwater and the town dock
12 Noon	Race starts off the breakwater
5:30 PM	Dinner and Awards Ceremony under the tent

Sunday July 21

Sloops depart Rockland for Homeports or continue cruising along the New England coast

Cover: Friendship Sloop #95 *Westwind*, Tall Ships Parade, Boston,
ca. 1980. Photo: Diane Fassak

Photographs of the races and Friendship Sloop Society activities courtesy of Bill Finch unless otherwise noted. All others by individual article authors.

Friendship Sloop Society Officers 2019

Commodore	Diane Fassak	31 Lantern Lane, Mansfield MA 02048
Vice-Commodore	Vic & Nancy Goulding	6 Highland Ave., Holyoke, MA 01040
Treasurer	Greg Merrill	P.O. Box 166, Butler, MD 21023
Recording Secretary	Nancy Toppan	26 Thomas Clapp Rd., Scituate, MA 02066
Membership Secretary	Carole Wojcik	347 Lincoln St., Norwell, MA 02061
Newsletter Editor	Laurie Raymond	31 Davis Road, Falmouth, MA 02540
Webmaster	John Wojcik	347 Lincoln St., Norwell, MA 02061
Yearbook Editor	George Hagerty	646 Central Street, Stoughton, MA 02072
Yearbook Advertising	Peter Toppan	26 Thomas Clapp Rd., Scituate, MA 02066
Registrar	John Wojcik	347 Lincoln St., Norwell, MA 02061
Pendleton Scholarship Fund	Philip Pratt	P.O. Box 129, Friendship, ME 04547
Rockland Race Committee Chair	David Graham	7 Batchelder Rd., Marblehead, MA 01945
Southwest Harbor Rendezvous	Caroline Phillips	164 Sturbridge Rd., Charlton, MA 01507
Chandlery	Caroline Phillips	164 Sturbridge Rd., Charlton, MA 01507
Rockland Trophy Chairperson	Marcia Morang	18 Commodore Drive, Sanford, ME 04073
Original Sloops Chairperson	Harold Burnham	141 Main St., Essex, MA 01929
Historian	Ralph Stanley	P.O. Box 1094, Southwest Hbr., ME 04679
Handicapper	Dick Salter	P.O. Box 132, Manchester, MA 01944
Auctioneer	Bill Whitney	75 Kingsbury St., Needham, MA 02492
Cannoneer	Richard Campbell	

Honorary Members: David Graham, Marcia Morang, Jack Cronin, Bill and Caroline Zuber

Visit our Web Page at www.FSS.org

Who We Are, Our Sloops, 2019 Schedule of Events, Yearbooks and Newsletters,
Our Advertisers, The Chandlery ... and more



L to R: Inherit the Wind, Hegira, Banshee and Queequeg before the start.

Honorary Members, Past Presidents & Commodores

Honorary President:	Bernard MacKenzie *	1964
Honorary Secretary:	Betty Roberts *	1978

Honorary Members

1964 Howard Chapelle *	1974 Lincoln Ridgeway *	1988 Carlton Simmons *
1964 William Danforth *	1974 Albert Roberts *	David Graham
1964 John Gould *	1974 Betty Roberts *	2003 Roger Duncan *
1964 Cyrus Hamlin *	1982 Dorothy Gould *	Mary Duncan *
1964 Governor John Reed *	1982 Ernst Wiegble *	2013 Jack Cronin &
1964 A.K."Dick" Watson *	1985 Bruce Morang *	Mary Cronin *
1969 Herald Jones *	1985 Marcia Morang	2014 Bill & Caroline Zuber

Presidents and Commodores

1961-1963	Bernard MacKenzie *	VOYAGER
1964	Richard Swanson *	JOLLY BUCCANEER
1965,1968	Roger Duncan *	EASTWARD
1966-1967	Robert Lash *	GYPSY
1969-1970	George B. Morrill , Jr *	SAZERAC
1971-1972	William H. Pendleton *	BLACKJACK
1973-1974	Frederick S. (Ted) Brown *	VIDA MIA
1975-1976	Henry O. White *	SARAH MEAD
1977-1978	John D. Cronin	TANNIS
1979-1980	Donald Huston *	EAGLE
1981-1982	Alfred E. Beck *	PHOENIX
1983-1984	William K. Hadlock *	HERITAGE
1985-1986	Richard H. Salter	LIBERTY
1987-1988	William H. Zuber	GLADIATOR
1989-1990	John M. Wojcik	BANSHEE
1991-1992	William M. Rand, Jr. *	WILLIAM M. RAND
1993-1994	James & Andrea Wilson	OLD BALDY
1995-1996	Rich & Beth Langton	CONTENT
1997-1998	Larry & Debbie Plumer	DESIREE
1999-2000	Tad Beck	PHOENIX
2001-2002	Paul Haley	TERN
2003-2004	John Rand	WILLIAM M.RAND
2005-2006	Charles Burnham	RESOLUTE
2007-2008	Roger Lee	SAZERAC
2009-2010	Wayne & Kirsten Cronin	RIGHTS OF MAN
2011-2012	Peter & Nancy Toppan	COMPROMISE
2013-2014	Bill & Kathy Whitney	GAIVOTA
2015-2016	Noel & Laurie March	CONTENT
2017-2018	Jeff Cronin	TANNIS
2019-2020	Diane Fassak	WESTWIND

* Deceased

Commodore's Welcome

There is a sign in downtown Friendship, Maine – the birthplace of many fine Friendship Sloops which reads: *Friendship is Here!*

When we visited Friendship this past winter on a cold snowy day...it provided us with a warm welcome. It stands on a corner directly across the street from the newly renovated Friendship Museum. The sign is like the Society's North Star for those who have come before and for those who will follow. The Friendship Sloop Society is embedded in the traditions of the people who began our sailing group in 1961. Those traditions of promoting, maintaining and sailing Friendship Sloops continue through the good works of our members. Each year, skippers and their families and friends bring their sloops from all over the New England Coast for sailing, camaraderie and fun.

Friendships grow and endure and we continue to make progress in building awareness of our history and our future. Go to our website www.fss.org and from there you can follow the links to our Facebook page and our Instagram account. Along with our Registrar, Membership Committee, Newsletter Editor, Yearbook Committee and Executive Committee we are dedicated to making sure the needs of our members are met. Thanks to all of you who put so many volunteer hours into moving the FSS forward. Your energy is what keeps the Society sailing along. *Friendship is Here!*

The Friendship Sloop Society welcomes you to our 59th Annual Friendship Sloop Regatta in Rockland, Maine. Wherever you spot the distinctive lines of a Friendship Sloop, feel free to stop, ask questions and learn what you can about our traditions. The members of the Friendship Sloop Society are more than willing to talk about their boats.

Although through the years the destination has changed the message remains the same: *Friendship is Here!*

Join us as we gather to sail together and celebrate these beautiful sloops and their stewards. Join us as we visit and talk about these historical institutions of the Maine Coast.

"There are good ships and wood ships that sail the sea.
But the best ships are friendships...may they always be."
Irish Proverb

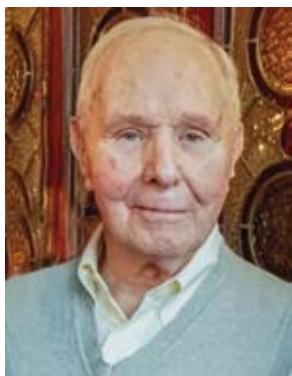
Wishing you fair winds and a following sea,

Diane Fassak,
Commodore
#95 Westwind



We Dedicate Our 2019 Yearbook of the Friendship Sloop Society to —

by David W. Graham



In writing an article that is intended to dedicate a publication on behalf of an individual, it can almost always prove to be an interesting “trip” as the writer delves into that individual’s background. Such is the case regarding the person to whom we dedicate our 2019 yearbook: our very own **Robert B. Rex**.

Born on August 28, 1924 in Reading, Massachusetts, it wasn’t long before Bob began to develop a keen interest in sailing and in wooden boats of all sizes and descriptions. With that interest in hand, Bob began sailing at a very tender age upon the waters of Boston Harbor from the Cottage Park Yacht Club in Winthrop, Massachusetts. However, that

interest didn’t fully blossom until shortly after Bob had joined the United States Marine Corps at a time when our country was preparing for World War II. It was only upon being sent to the Marine Corps Boot Camp at Paris Island as a raw recruit that Bob took an interest in, with what little spare time he had, teaching the fine art of sailing to other Marines – at of all places, the Paris Island Recruit Depot and in of all things – the wonderful 16 ½ foot wooden Town Class sailboat!

That pursuit was to be somewhat short-lived as it was to be interrupted by a war that was already raging in the far Western Pacific. It wasn’t very long before Bob Rex and his Marine Corps buddies found themselves heavily engaged in the now infamous battles involving the Guadalcanal Campaign and then later in the Solomon Islands, Saipan, Guam, Okinawa and finally Iwo Jima.

With the conclusion of World War II Bob returned home; to school and to his growing family and ultimately to his life-long work running the Department of Engineering and Applied Physics at Harvard University for more than thirty-five years. Meanwhile, Bob’s deep-rooted interest in sailing began to blossom all over again. Weekends and many a summer’s evening found Bob back at Winthrop where he became the co-owner of an Indian Class sailboat and established a winning record. During this period of time Bob began sailing a US One class boat out of Marblehead where he also established a winning record.

With his growing family and the extra demands on his time, Bob joined the nearby Quannapowitt Yacht Club in Wakefield, MA where he remains a member. In time, race committee work grabbed Bob’s interest to a high degree and to the point where Bob eventually became the Chairman of the Quannapowitt Yacht Club Race Committee as well as a multi-year Commodore of the club.

As time moved on, Bob and fellow QYC-RC member Bruce Morang grew into a life-long friendship and it was not too many years later in 1982 when Bruce found himself sitting as the newly installed Chairman of our Society’s Race Committee. Following along as a member of our Race Committee to work side-by-side with

Continued p. 14

In Memoriam

Mary C. Cronin, 87, of Sturbridge, MA, passed away peacefully on Friday, October 26, 2018, surrounded by her loving family. Mary was the matriarch of the Cronin family, Secretary for the FSS for many years, and a warm, supportive and welcoming presence everywhere she went.

Mary grew up in Walpole, MA and in high school met Jack, who would become her husband for 65 years. They moved to Sturbridge in 1960. After dealing with clients every weekend in his growing construction business, Jack decided he needed an activity to get his family away on weekends. In 1968 they purchased the *Tannis*, a 37-foot Friendship sloop, and began a 50-year love affair with the sea.

Mary worked side by side with Jack in the building business and then managed the office of Cronin Cabinets for many years until her retirement. She was a constant within in the Friendship Sloop Society for decades: attending Homecomings and serving as Secretary, role model, decision maker, manager, friend, and mom to all. In spite of health challenges Mary continued making the trip to Rockland annually and it was not unusual to see a steady stream of people walking down the dock to visit and spend time with her aboard the *Effie M*, the family's rebuilt lobster boat.

Sailing, crafts, cooking, baking, reading, flowers and working in her garden were great pleasures for Mary. Her first love, however, was always Jack, her husband of 65 years, their children and the extended family she welcomed with open arms and a kind and generous heart. Mary danced at 3 weddings this year – grandson Matthew Phillip's in May, son Jeffrey's in August, and grandson Andrew's in October, just two weeks before her passing.

Mary will be greatly missed by her husband Jack, her 8 children, 18 grandchildren, 6 great grandchildren, and by all who had the privilege and good fortune to meet Mary and spend time with her.

Memorial contributions may be made to Friendship Sloop Society, c/o Treasurer Greg Merrill, P.O. Box 166, Butler, MD 21023, or Overlook Hospice, 88 Masonic Home Road, Charlton, MA 01507.



Tannis, FSS #7

2019 Schedule of Events

Friendship Sloop Society

Fleet departure for Maine

Red Brook Harbor, Buzzards Bay, MA – Monday, July 1st
Scituate Harbor Rendezvous – Tuesday, July 2nd
Cape Ann Rendezvous – Wednesday, July 3rd
Linekin Bay Rendezvous – Monday, July 8th
Phone Contact: 617-571-5824

Southwest Harbor Rendezvous, Race and Potluck

Saturday, July 13th

Contact: Caroline Phillips cphillips0503@charter.net
or phone: 774-200-0506

Pulpit Harbor (North Haven) Rendezvous

Tuesday, July 16th

59th Homecoming, Rendezvous & Races at Rockland

Rockland Town Landing, ME

Thursday-Saturday July 18th – 20th

Races on Thursday & Friday: Start time 1pm

Skippers meetings & crew call daily, 11am under the tent

Race on Saturday: Start time 12 Noon

Skippers meetings & crew call, 10 am under the tent

Parade of Sail: Saturday 11am, waterfront and breakwater

Awards Banquet: Saturday night, 5:30pm, Public Landing

Under the tent with **live music!**

Contact: Diane Fassak Commodore@fss.org

FSS Annual Meeting

Saturday, November 23rd

(Note Change of Date from November 16th)

Best Western Merry Manor Inn, South Portland, ME

Contact: Diane Fassak Commodore@fss.org

***Sloop Society Webpage:** www.FSS.org*

Sailing New England Waters 2019

Annual Wooden Boat Show

June 28th-30th, Mystic Seaport, CT

www.thewoodenboatshow.com

Windjammer Days

June 23rd – 29th, Boothbay Harbor, ME

www.boothbayharborwindjammerdays.org

Casco Bay Gaffers Race

June 24th, Portland, ME

tevakesalingcharters@hotmail.com or 207-841-9125

Camden Classics Cup

July 25th-27th, Camden, ME

www.camdenclassicscup.com

Annual Chowder Cup Race

August 3rd, Friendship Harbor, ME

Contacts: Charlie Witherell cwitherell@roadrunner.com
or Bill Shaughnessy [william_shaughnessy@comcast.net](mailto:wiliam_shaughnessy@comcast.net)

Eggemoggin Reach Regatta

August 3rd, Brooklin, ME

www.erregrattha.com

Sweet Chariot Music Festival

August 6-8th, Swan's Island, ME

www.sweetchariotmusicfestival.com

Corinthian Classic Yacht Regatta

August 10th - 11th, Marblehead, MA

Contact: David Graham, Phone 781-631-6680 or www.corinthianclassic.org

Antique and Classic Boat Festival

August 24th – 25th , Salem, MA

Contact: Pat Wells, patwells@earthlink.net or

Frank Conahan, 978-448-6757; cubshaw@gmail.com OR www.boatfestival.org

35th Annual Gloucester Schooner Festival

August 30th – September 2nd, Harbor Waterfront

www.glocesterschoonerpestival.net

Presenting the 2018 Winners

Southwest Harbor Rendezvous

First Place: *Hegira*

Second Place: *Surprise*

Third Place: *Gladiator*

Rockland Homecoming Rendezvous

Regatta Racing Trophies

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

Division I (<27')

1st Place - Herald Jones Trophy – *Eden*

2nd Place - Bruno & Stillman Trophy – *Salatia*

3rd Place - Lash Brothers Trophy – *Celebration*

1st Pemaquid Sloop - Jarvis Newman Trophy – *Eden*

Division II (>27')

1st Place - Commodore's Trophy – *Tannis*

2nd Place - Gordon Winslow Trophy – *Lady M.*

3rd Place - Rockland Trophy – *Rights of Man*
Liberty Trophy (1st Bald-Headed) – *Rights of Man*

Class A (Original Sloops Built before 1920)

1st Place - Wilbur Morse Trophy – *Gladiator*

Rum Line Trophy – *Gladiator*

The Tannis Award (7th Overall) – *Celebration*

The Danforth Award (Middle of the Fleet) - *Celebration*



State of Maine winner Scott Martin and Crew of *Eden* celebrate their big win

Special Homecoming | Non-Racing Trophies

Post Office Trophy: For “*Outstanding Technique*” in boat handling under sail during the regatta.

3-way Tie: **John Wojick, Capt. Andy Zuber, Dick Salter**

The Stanley Cup: Awarded to persons who add an additional touch of pleasure to the regatta making it enjoyable for all. **Scott Martin & Caroline Cronin**

Owner-Builder Trophy: Presented to a new owner-builder or restorer who sails sloop to the rendezvous. **Jim Thoen of *Adagio* (*ex Desiree*)**

Gladiator Trophy: Awarded to the skipper of the sloop that sails the furthest distance to the rendezvous. **Bill Whitney**

Cy Hamlin Award: Awarded to the skipper who returns to the Homecoming after several years’ absence. **Not awarded in 2018**

Chrissy Trophy: Presented to the woman who keeps sloop, family and crew together. **Cindy Pendleton**

Nickerson Trophy: Presented to the youngest crew member sailing on a Friendship sloop during the regatta. **Levi Sullivan** (11 months) aboard *Gladiator*

Spirit of Friendship Award: Presented to the skipper who best exemplifies the “FSS” spirit. **Dick & Suzi Guckel** for *Cerca Trova*

Ray of Hope Award: Awarded to the Society member who overcomes personal adversity. **Caroline Cronin** in honor of **Mary Cronin**

Omaha Award: Awarded to the person/persons who exemplify friendship, seamanship, and comradery within the Society. **Mary Cronin**

Bancroft Award: Presented for unusual contribution to the FSS tradition, or a new or restored sloop. **Bill Whitney**

Donald Huston Award: For the safe sailing, seamanship, family participation, society support & appreciation of the Maine coast. **Wayne Cronin**

Bruce Morang Award: Presented for outstanding article in the Yearbook. **Eric Turner** on *Wenonah*

Messing About Award: In recognition of contributions to the society and the New England world of sailing. **Stacy Spaulding & Rayned Wiles** in *Genevieve*

Special Appreciation Recognitions (in order of support given to the FSS Race Committee): **Dick and Suzie Guckel** for *Circa Trova*; **Mike Heath and Dick Salter** for *Serendipity*; **Jack Cronin** for *Effie M.*; **Bill Whitney** for wiring repairs to the Race Committee Boat on Friday.

Best Wishes for Great Racing During 2019

At

Rockland Harbor

Your 2019 FSS Race Committee

Dave Graham, Chairman

Dick Campbell

Fred Lincoln

Marcia Morang - Trophies

Phil Pratt

Bob Rex, Chairman Emeritus

Penny Richards - Trophies

Dick Salter

Ralph Stanley

Bill Whitney

Bill Zuber

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Please Return with Remittance to:

Carole Wojcik
Friendship Sloop Society
347 Lincoln Street
Norwell, MA 02061

I/We Hereby apply for Membership:

Name(s) _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (Home) (____) _____

Phone (Work) (____) _____

Seasonal Address:

Dates mail to be sent: _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone (Home) (____) _____

Date of Application: _____

E-Mail Address: _____

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:\$ _____

A FULL MEMBERSHIP SUPPORTS YOUR SOCIETY

Each Membership Receives:

- All Society Mailings
- Annual Yearbook
- Membership Card
- One Membership Decal
- Entry rights for participation in the Society Regattas and functions.

FULL MEMBERSHIP - \$35

Sloop owners and other interested parties and/or persons. A family-type membership. Full voting privileges, including husband and wife.

COOPERATIVE MEMBER - \$25

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 \$28 for the small size and \$30 for the large size.

FRIENDSHIP MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP FUND (FREN)

Post Office Box 129, Friendship, Maine 04547-0129
A Component Fund of the Maine Community Foundation

2018 ANNUAL REPORT to the FSS

THE TRUSTEES OF THE FREN THANK EVERYONE FOR YOUR SUPPORT!!!

Scholarships: The Trustees of the Friendship Memorial Scholarship Fund awarded \$3,500 each to two high school seniors pursuing a post-secondary education, and \$1,800 to each of four high school graduates continuing their post-secondary educations totaling \$14,200.

Graduates:

Cassidy E. Benner	Northern Maine Community College	\$3,500
Abigail F. Barter	Southern Maine Community College	\$3,500

Continuing Education:

Sierra S. Weeks	University of Southern Maine	\$1,800
Duncan K. MacLeod	University of Maine, Orono	\$1,800
Molly MacLeod	University of Maine	\$1,800
Alexis N. Hilt	University of Maine, Orono	\$1,800

These awards were sent by the Maine Community Foundation, 245 Main Street, Ellsworth, ME 04605 to the students in December 2018 for second semester expenses.

Gifts: In 2018 the FREN received 4 Gifts "In Memory Of" Winfield & Barbara Lash, Mary Cronin, Albert Simmons, Elbert & Connie Pratt, and 4 Gifts "In Honor of" Bill & Caroline Zuber, Robert Kirshner, Hunter Ficke & Dolly Bellhouse.

Significant Events:

FRIENDSHIP SLOOP HALF HULL RAFFLE. The Trustees of the FREN want to extend a huge "Thank You" to Irv Lash!! Irv donated a mounted half hull of a 37' Friendship Sloop to the FREN that was raffled off at the Friendship Sloop Races in Rockland in 2018. The raffle was a huge success bringing in \$550 in support of the FREN!! These dollars will be used for scholarships, stationery & supplies at the discretion of the Trustees. The winner of the raffle was: Liam Zuber, a valued crewmember on *Gladiator*. His assigned position is the Jumbo Jib Sheet Tender and he loves every minute of it. Congratulations Liam!!!



Did You Know:

*In 2018 the scholarship awards to seniors, and continuing education students were the largest individual scholarships ever awarded by the FREN!!

*Your generous Gifts made to the Maine Community Foundation and directed to the FREN is tax deductible!!

*Scholarships are awarded to High School Graduates from Friendship to advance their educations in preparation for certificates as well as degrees!!

*For more information about the FREN (Gifts, qualifications to receive a scholarship, etc.) Contact Phil Pratt: 207-832-4335, P.O. Box 129, Friendship, Maine 04547, davisloop100@gmail.com

AND NOW LAST, BUT BY NO MEANS

LEAST...

I want to extend a personal thank you to all those, past and present, who have taken the time and exerted the energy to step up to the plate, join the Board of Trustees of the Friendship Memorial Scholarship Fund and to make it what it is today! Thank you all for a job well done!!!

Respectfully Submitted, Philip C. Pratt II, Chairman; Betty Wotton (Treasurer); Rit Roberts (Secretary); Alice Benner; Fay Bragan; Stephen Burns; Joanne Burns; Liga Jahnke; Karin Pratt; Peggy Simmons; Beth Simmons; Bill Zuber; Caroline Zuber.

**GAMBELL & HUNTER
SAILMAKERS**

16 Limerock St. Camden, Maine 04843
(207) 236-3561
www.gambellandhunter.net

Dedication continued from p. 5

Bruce became “a natural” for Bob.

As the years moved further along it became another “natural” for our Bob Rex to fill the vacancy created by the unfortunate passing of Bruce Morang. Indeed, Bob assumed the chairmanship of the Society’s Race Committee in a lengthy term that lasted from 1993 through the year 2000. In all that time, right up until today, Bob has remained a steadfast member of the Friendship Sloop Society Race Committee for which we are all eternally grateful!



Well done, Bob!!! Winning sailor, United States Marine, Commodore, Race Committee Chairman - - - you’ve done it all extraordinarily well! Bravo/Zulu, Bob!!!



Banshee tight on the heels of Gaiota



The chaos (and fun!) of Handicap Alley...



**307 Bayview Street – Yarmouth, ME 04096
207-846-9577**

A Tale of Friendships

by John Fassak

Discovery

It was the best of times...it was the worst of times...it was a really big sneaker...it was a really wet sneaker...attached to a man's leg in the darkness...compressing my ear into my brain and my head into the cockpit sole of *Eagle*.

What was going through my mind just then? It was Ronnie Crocker's foot! Like a hydraulic press it was, given that Ronnie is a substantial man. Even though it was as dead as four o'clock in Friendship Harbor, probably because it was almost four o'clock, Ronnie and his crew were actively looking for a remedy to the leaking that persisted after a day of sailing in the Friendship Sloop races.

I screamed in pain, which removed the sneaker yet brought the rest of Ronnie down on me like a sack of hammers. After a brief exchange of "Jeez's" and other salutations worthy of Marines and, in fairness, recognizing that no one expects a body to be lying in the cockpit of a sloop overnight, Ronnie asked "What are you doing down there?" I muttered something incomprehensible, knowing I was sleeping in the cockpit on a summer night with light air flowing over the harbor, having escaped the dungeon thick cigar smoke in the cabin berths below. (If you know *Eagle* you know Don Huston so you know what I am talking about).

"Is Don Huston aboard?" Ronnie asked. "He's below," I said...and we proceeded to wake Don up, making sure we didn't disturb the cigar pursed between his lips. Now while Don was tough as a pine knot, he would give you the shirt off his back if he felt he was in a position to help and, if you really needed help. Waking Don up in the middle of a night of fitful sleeping didn't put you on his Christmas list. Yet when Ronnie explained the *Westwind* was leaking steadily we offered help immediately, scouring the cabin and lazarettes for pumps and buckets.

We gave Ronnie a hand pump and a couple of 5-gallon buckets – the ultimate bilge pump (when Don once asked a fisherman: "What's the most effective bilge pump going?" He replied: "A scared woman and a five-gallon bucket."). And we started planning for grounding out on the morning tide so daylight could reveal which seams to reef and caulk. We offered to row over and help bail if needed. Ronnie said he was "good to bail" so as he returned to *Westwind* we stood watch over him until daybreak. *Westwind* was anchored just south of *Eagle*, in the harbor west of Friendship Long Island.

We had sailed near *Westwind* the day before in the races...saw her beautiful lines sail down Handicap Alley...past buoy 11...and then some. Her waterline length gave her the highest distance handicap in the fleet. I think the buoy was placed just about to Bangor and once she got there, I believe the racing instructions were to 'pick a quart of blueberries' and then return to the head of the alley to complete her assigned handicap.

The next morning with Ronnie still on my mind, *Westwind* made plans to ground out with the high tide. We helped her come in from the anchorage and the Crocker's careened and tied her to the town wharf at Friendship. The tide turned and started running out. At about slack tide a sharp and short-lived sound of wood splintering and compressing rang out and then, silence, as the piling *Westwind* was tied to let go. She rolled against the wharf, compressing one of her beam end topside planks and cracking *Continued p. 16*

a few amidships frames. That would leave her with a unique starboard “beauty mark” for the foreseeable future.

Despite the excitement the leaking seams were raked, revealing the old time and authentic caulking of the early 1900’s: oakum strands braided in a rope of three twisted threads in never ending lengths, or so it seemed. We removed the oakum, caulked the seams using new cotton and *Westwind* floated on the coming tide. As the tide lifted her up and out Ronnie told us she was seaworthy enough to make the trip home to Massachusetts.

It was the best of times...an outstanding sailing and racing vacation that year...my first cruise Down East with Don and *Eagle*...logging over 400 miles round trip from *Eagle*’s home port of Nahant, MA. While my head was still feeling the effects of my friend Ronnie’s foot, what wasn’t in my mind was that this would be just our first encounter with *Westwind*.

Restoration

It was the best of times...a few years later...this time on land...we recognized the distinctive shape of a Friendship sloop from the road...in a boatyard along Route 1...in Newburyport as Diane and I were travelling along the Massachusetts coast. Curious, and wanting to confirm our sighting, we followed the advice of ‘Captain Ron’ and “pulled in somewhere and asked for directions.”

We entered the yard and found the boat. It was *Westwind*, sadly, uncovered and filled with freshwater and algae halfway up her bilges after two seasons of storage. Responding perhaps to the brain damage from that nighttime introduction to Ronnie, what was in our mind now was “...this was a beautiful boat...we should fix this and make her right.”



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In hindsight what was missing at that moment was a devil on one shoulder and an angel on the other. Or, rather than devil and angel, a ‘best of times’ challenging a ‘worst of times.’ We needed an advocate for buying fiberglass challenging an advocate for restoring an old wooden boat. Fiberglass was big money all at once – like taking on a second mortgage – while restoration seemed like it could be stretched out over time. Restoration it was.

Through the yard we contacted Herb Crocker, *Westwind*’s owner, and offered to buy her. As part of that process, we had Giffy Full, marine surveyor then based around Marblehead, do a survey. Giffy did, sent us a bill, and told us “She’s a tired old boat...you should burn her...she’s not worth restoring.” Often motivated by being told “That can’t be done...” and, perhaps with residual brain damage from Ronnie’s foot, the challenge was on.

Continued p. 17

We bought the boat in 1982. I was working and living in Ohio, Diane in Massachusetts. I called Herb. He then called Don Huston and said: "There's a kid from Ohio who says he wants to buy my boat. Knows your daughter. Know anything about that?" Don said 'Yes.' So we got things started by sending Herb a check written against my checking account with a large, then-national bank. Herb didn't know what to do with a check from my bank. He wanted a check from a local Massachusetts bank that he recognized. Since I lived in Ohio, my local bank was in Ohio. What to do? Call Diane. Diane talks with father Donald Huston who advises his (sainted and infinitely supportive) wife Dorothy to "Hold the mortgage check this month, Dot" ...'cause we're 'messing with boats.'" So, Donald writes the check to Herb and is the new owner of the *Westwind*. I then write Don a check in the same amount, send it to Diane for deposit to Don and Dot's account and all done in time to pay Don and Dot's mortgage for their home in Nahant.

Now what's in our minds? "Moving the boat out of its yard and closer to where we can work on it." 'We' becomes Diane. Don told her to "Call Clayton" ...so Clayton and Andrew went to Newburyport...and moved the boat south...at speeds that set the land speed mark for *Westwind*...to Lynn, Massachusetts...to an industrial facility where Don Huston knew the owner. Soon, *Eagle* moved in next to *Westwind*.

We started reconstruction by cutting out the garboard plank and beginning the archeological expedition of finding and freeing up original oak frames that were buried in a foot of tar and cement: two timeless materials used by fishermen to keep frames in place and help stop leaks along the keel rabbet. Next out was the backbone, keel and then stem and sternpost. We renewed those quickly, knowing we couldn't move the boat without these key timbers and a few key frames in place. Taking a break from the immediate restoration work, Diane and I got engaged and then romantically thought we'd finish the restoration for our honeymoon in 1984.

At the same time...with other parts of life calling...we got married...realized the boat wasn't coming on the honeymoon...went to grad school and work in NY state...graduated and moved to MA...continued working...started a family...and worked on the boat "when we had both time and the money." How often do parents have both?

We raised our family, moving the boat nine times across Massachusetts, across Maine, and a few times around Mount Desert Island. Our most productive move was finding a comfortable spot with Ralph and Richard Stanley in Ralph's shop on Southwest Harbor in the middle of the 2008 recession. The Stanley's were glad for the work and we were glad for their skills. *Westwind* was reframed and replanked *Continued p. 18*



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and redecked and reborn there and holds a place in both SW Harbor waterfront and Stanley family history as the last boat to leave Ralph's shop. Only fitting that the boat was a Friendship sloop.

From there it was adding a lead keel, new engine (the 39 hp Westerbeke that ran the generator on the Boston pilot boat *Roseway* that Don had salvaged in Nahant) gave way to a Yanmar (we still have the Westerbeke...just in case). Still balancing time and money, we moved *Westwind* into storage for a bit – anticipating launching in 2018 or 2019. Life goes on. 2018 didn't happen.

During the reconstruction and subsequent time we redoubled our efforts researching the boat's history. The Crocker's helped us find a fellow named Robert Tirrochi...who remembered sailing on the boat in Gloucester when she was named "Velocity"...which led us to the Matheson family...who reportedly sailed the boat for two generations out of Gloucester. We've been in touch with the current generations of Matheson's and hope to reunite with them at some point in time.

Thirty-seven years later, 2019 and we've been married for 35 of them. Which is amazingly good since boat ownership can sometimes separate a family fast; faster than a speeding bullet; faster than the fight that starts with the third martini in a seaman's bar; faster than poop through a goose. Pressing on regardless, we're now planning for a 2019 launching.

People

It was the best of times...our rebuilding experience has been a gift...and the people and friends we've met along the way...and who are helping us get to a launching this year...are a treasure. Having worked in international business for years and having flown around the globe extensively, sometimes twice around in the same month, I've learned about the "Journey" and the "Destination."

Some people love the journey. The process, people, and experiences of the "getting there." Some people love the destination. They just want to "get there" and don't care much about the "how." We like both.

The flights are fun, if you make them so, but you do indeed want to land at your destination – that's why you set out in the first place. What you learn logging millions of miles by air and land as a traveler, besides "eat when you can/sleep when you can/use the head when you can..." is that you rarely get anywhere by yourself. When you look up field you see them: the people who make it all happen. On the planes there are the pilots, and you can tell their branch of service experience by how they land; the flight attendants and ground crews; people serving food in the airport; others fueling the plane and, lest we forget, air traffic control.

Same with restoring a *Continued p. 19*



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There are disciples...true believers...and there are saboteurs. We looked for and found the disciples. Disciples put the wind at your back. Sharing a skill, tools or technique that make a seemingly impossible task possible. Disciples shorten the distance between theory and getting things done. They know how to put a reef point in ambitious projects so you can break the work down into manageable chunks and keep moving forward. They can get you from "See that there? That's what you don't want..." to "Now that looks right: 'Shipshape and Bristol Fashion'."

Disciples are action oriented and truly helpful. They come out in all weather and seas. Like helping you move a pile of rough lumber for planking...over and over again...even when it's under two feet of snow...because the last yard foreman who said "It's ok to stack it here" either didn't know "where 'ok' was" or, realized they needed 'your' space. In other words, disciples are as crazy as you are. And as optimistic – even if they don't know they are.

One of our most uplifting afternoons was during a summer day in Lynn. We had the boat ripped apart along the keel and in a moment of inspiration – perhaps to avoid having the project condemned by a wayward inspector and trying to feel like we were accomplishing something – we painted the topsides with some found *Continued p. 20*



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white paint. A man in a truck who worked nearby, and who drove past the fence that contained the yard with the boat every day for a number of seasons, stopped on his way home and shouted: “Wow...you guys are really making good progress!” HE was an optimist and a disciple and his kind words fueled our rebuilding energies and psyche for weeks.

Our experience has gifted us with a long list of disciples and friends. We have half-a-lifetime of stories from our own discoveries and by working with the many great people we’ve met and worked with in getting *Westwind* this far along. We started remembering and then counting them last winter in front of the fire. They number in the hundreds – too many name here – but here are some of our favorites:

My best friend Diane. Girlfriend, spouse and restoration partner who is forever supportive and yet now asks, “Is that *another* project for us?” when we traverse boatyards and shorelines along the New England coast.

Our children, Laura and John, who grew up with *Westwind* and thought it perfectly normal to have a boat, lumber pile, and various band saws and work benches in their yard. Lifting hockey pucks from the driveway onto the foredeck helps build “top shelf” shooting skills.

Don and Dot Huston, owners of FSS *Eagle* #53, parents of Diane, who provided years of building, boatyard alchemy, marlinspike seamanship/sailing support and lobster pot navigation wisdom.

The sawyers, not the family name, but the profession in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine who skillfully supplied our timbers, framing stock, and planking. All knew not only how to ‘box the heart’ of an oak for our stem, 33’ keel and sternpost timbers, but who also knew where the trees were standing that contained these timbers and offered to take us to meet them.

The boat haulers, Clayton and Andrew, who started their business moving *Westwind* for Diane and who gave us a break on the cost of the fine when they and *Westwind* were pulled over by the Massachusetts State Police for not having an “Oversize Load” banner on the trailer. And boat hauler Ben of (?) MDI, son of LJ, a long-time family friend on Swans and Mount Desert Islands who helped us out of a jam in being able to move the boat with expert skill and care on very short notice with his young daughter, who agreed to take the few hours ride in the cab with her Dad while doing some school work.

Yard owner Bill...who found us a safe and comfortable place near the end of the sailing season, again, on short notice. The boatyard laborer, a guy who “knew a guy” and that second guy, “who also knew a guy”, that led us to a third guy...who actually had some old-school bedding compound on a shelf, over a work bench with a two-foot-high pile of cigarette butts next to it, in a shed of a paint shop in a North-of-Boston shipyard. What a treasure trove for wooden boat builders! Realize that we’re being deliberately vague here – since this compound trades among wooden boat builders with more secrecy than uranium brokers use.

The foundry, which on our initial meeting at their facility mistook me for an OSHA inspector instead of a customer and kept walking away, who did an absolutely stellar job transforming recycled battery plates into a perfectly formed keel. The diesel mechanics that championed removing the *Westwind*’s gasoline powered big-block engine for a diesel and who restored the pilot boat’s Westerbeke; ultimately installing a *Continued p. 21*

newer diesel to provide a properly sized power plant.

Marine surveyor Giffy, whom we met in Maine repairing his boat in 2008 and we reminded him of his “Burn her” assessment of *Westwind*. We had a great reunion. He was thrilled for our effort and success but we all agreed, looking at the world with 25+ years of hindsight, that “He might have been closer to right.”

Richard and Ralph Stanley, whose building skills redefined and transformed “restoration” to “resurrection.”

The Cronin family. Who have generously invited us to join them in many a race and cruising adventure and through their great knowledge in building, sailing, and racing have helped us immeasurably – be it through instruction, wisdom, or ridicule but always with good intentions! Especially Jack and Mary who have been inspiring to us, and for their exceptional effort and camaraderie in joining us as the rebuilt hull came down the ways at Ralph’s shop in Southwest Harbor.

Our family friends Len, Joan, Johnny N and Rita, Shelley and Joe who have shared treasures from their own family’s boats with us to incorporate into *Westwind*...binnacle, compass, chart kits, an authentic Little Captain knotmeter, knot log and sounding lead, hand drawn T-shirts for the Captain and Mates and oil lanterns for cabin illumination (a prescient wedding gift!).

It was the best of times...we think the “best” are still to come. We anticipate launching #95 *Westwind* this year (2019), so if and when we do and you make it to the 59th annual Friendship Sloop Days rendezvous in Rockland, Maine in July – please visit with us. We’re sure to have a boatload of new experiences by then.

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You Can Do It!

by Scott Martin

Eighteen years ago I brought *Eden* over to Southwest Harbor to reunite her with her FSS sisters and play in some Friendship Sloop Games (sung to the tune of “Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer”). I was very nervous because my boat was less than perfect and I had never been in a regatta as crew, let alone as a captain. I knew there were lots of rules and protocols but knew none of them. “I can do this!” I thought to myself.

As I rounded Greenings Island I saw the fleet of Friendships – so majestic and graceful as they zipped and zagged. They looked like moths circling a porch light on a summer eve. The light bulb in this case was the Friendship Sloop *Salatia*, which glistened like a red ruby of perfection. Miff was handing out charts and instructions for the day’s race. One by one the boats came along side *Salatia*’s transom, pointing into the wind and then gently falling off. “I can do this!” I again thought to myself. I nervously approached *Salatia* and was passed my chart and as I back-winded my jib to leave, Miff said, “Keep markers to port going counter-clockwise out to the lighthouse, then up the sound to finish.”



Thinking I needed to keep the lighthouse to port, I found myself on the leeward side dodging boulder after boulder. I thought, “These are some crazy folks I’m racing against, but I can do this!” When I arrived at the finish line there was not a marker or a committee boat to be found. It was in the local newspaper that the regatta results were posted stating that *Eden* came in 15 minutes behind the fleet. Grabbing the newspaper in one hand and bringing a fist in the air, I channeled my best Scarlett O’Hara and shouted, “I will never be last again! I will never be last again!” For the next few years the Sloop

Peregrine and *Eden* would battle out who would be last. With Miff tweaking *Eden*’s rigging to be “Turbo-*Eden*,” she has yet to be last again.

It was during these years that the spirit of “I can do this” showed up time after time. The time when Floyd encouraged me to sail us all the way up the *Continued p. 24*

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cove on Vinal Haven, passing yacht after yacht, and getting a standing ovation from our anchored audience shouting “You got this!” The time we took *Eden* into the Basin again on Vinal Haven, following Miff past boulder after boulder, using a chart he made when he was 17 years old and looked like a child’s treasure map. “When the church steeple is directly over the large boulder, hard turn port,” the whole time I prayed, “I can do this!” The time I sailed solo from Rockland with a double reef listening on the marine radio to lobster boats and pleasure boats alike calling “May Day! May Day! “I can do this! I prayed.

When *Eden*’s mast broke and I looked down at one of the Lash twins, his orange life vest framing his face. He said, “I’m a Boy Scout and I know how to tie knots. I can help.” It was in that second I knew, “I can do this!” When Sazarac’s bowsprit pierced *Eden*’s main sail and dragged her for a bit, and a child looked up from *Eden*’s deck and said, “Captain Scott, you said the ‘F’ word three times.” Yet again I knew in a second, “I can do this!” When Caroline and her boys joined *Eden*’s crew she would slap me up side of the head and tell me to point the boat higher. “Don’t let them overtake us, you’ve got this!” When approaching a packed handicap alley on a blustery day, watching the Friendships enter the alley by doing flying jibe after flying jibe, booms slamming over and keels jumping out of the water, Caroline would whisper in my ear, “You got this!”

The final day of racing in 2017 found *Eden* to have won the first two days, putting her not only first in her division but first in the fleet and, on track to finally be able to raise a broom up the halyard declaring a “Clean Sweep.” I was leaving the “Crew Call” under the tent when Miff came up to me and said, “You really need to screw up big time not to get this one, buddy!” stopping and shaking my hand, “You got this!” A chill ran up my spine because anyone who has left the dock or pulled up the anchor knows that anything can happen at sea.

Eden’s crew were all present. Capt. Monarch, a.k.a. Scott. Head Slapping Mother Caroline. Tom Cronin was Master of the Bow while Jake the Titan of the Transom manned the main sheet with Caroline. The Airman Adam and Rail Goddesses Alyssa and Sarah sheeted in and out the jibs. *Eden*’s own wonder woman *Continued p. 25*

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and Captain Scott's Third Hand, Master of Cooler and Tick of the Tock of the Clock, the Eye of the Camera Lens Melissa. Will of *Celebration* was making his *Eden* debut to sing a chantey or two. The blast of the cannon marked 10 minutes to start for the large boats and then the minute warning for the *Pemaquid* sloops. It was then that the unthinkable happened. The block that fed the halyard to the peak of the gaff came free from the mast. The main sail folded like an envelope – to the shock and horror of the crew below. As I stood there confused and bewildered, the cannon blasted. The large sloops were starting and our starting time was in five minutes. The crew of *Eden* thought quickly and knew that we needed to get that block attached again. We chose Adam to go up the mast in the bosun's chair because he was so athletic. But he could not do it. Next we chose Tom Cronin for he was the oldest and had the most experience. He could not reach it. Then the cannon blasted again and our division started the race. I knew that if I did not get in the chair we would be out of the race. "I can do this!" Will, his first time on *Eden*, found himself with the tiller in his hand and made his way to the starting line using the headsails. I got in the chair and the rest of the crew tugged on the halyard to lift me two or three feet off the deck. I yelled out "I can't do this!" only to have the crew respond "Yes you can!" If you look closely at *Eden*'s mast today you can see my claw marks as the crew hoisted me up while I kept saying, "I can't do this" while my crew below said, louder and with more confidence each time, "Yes you can!" Once up the mast as far as the halyard would take me, I went about the work needed to get the block secured once again to the mast.

It was at this time that the Cronin lobster boast arrived to see what was wrong. Mary and Jack always have an eye on *Eden*. On any given day, *Eden* (small as she is) could have more Cronins on it than *Effie M* and *Tannis* put together. Never has a child with a bucket of water balloons been left on the dock, nor an adult left under the tent after crew call. *Eden* can be full to the brim. An extra life jacket or two is all that is needed. The answer is always "We got room!" Jack was giving me unsolicited advice as I was doing my best to secure the block to the mast. Big surprise. Then again the unthinkable happened. Someone onboard *Effie M* hit the throttle from neutral to reverse. With that *Effie M* slammed into *Eden*'s toerail sending

Continued p. 26

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me tilting and swinging, perpendicular to *Eden*'s deck and the water below, screaming horror until both *Eden* and I settled down. You could see the worry in Mary's eyes for me but then a grin came over her face as Caroline gave permission to bring me down. "He did it!" Once I was down on deck the main sail went up. Will had taken *Eden* over the starting line using just the headsails. The fleet had a huge head start with *Tannis* not even in sight, and *Eden*'s division approaching (if not past) the first marker.

With my crew's calculation, we needed to be fourth or better. That meant passing at least three boats in our division. The winds were light but *Eden* glided across the water – I swear on the prayers and hopes of the crew. Closer and closer *Eden* got to her sisters and as we passed the race committee for the first time on the two-lap race, the feeling and belief was: "We can do this." We passed one boat before getting to the committee boat in the first lap. That meant we only needed to pass two more boats. Then off in the distance the rumbling of thunder could be heard and we saw dark clouds forming on the horizon. It was then that not one but two Friendships in our division dropped out of the race. This left three boats in our division and secured *Eden* and her crew first in the division and fleet at the end of all race calculations. Then, again, the unthinkable happened. The race committee called the race because of the incoming thunderstorm; having the boats positioned as they passed the finish line and the first time being the race's final standings.

Eden's crew's hearts dropped like an anchor being thrown from the deck. Like the thunder building on the horizon, the rumbling of "could have" and "should have" started to rumble across the deck. "That sloop rounded the marker the wrong way!" "If they dropped out of the race before it was called, then they are out!" It was then that I took command of *Eden*'s crews' sinking attitude and thoughts. I assured them that the memory of the seamanship, the experience, the power of "Yes we can!" would be more valuable than the trophies that grow dust on the shelves of many a sailor. We need to get back to the dock and congratulate our competitors. I also needed to inform Jack that *Eden*'s balance due for all the tows, the ice, shower tokens, phone charging was even. Not only that, but there would be no charges in the future.

When 2018 came along and *Eden* found herself in the same number one position, one of the crew was in need of emotional and physical support a good hour's drive away. I left my crew with the addition of more Cronins – John Cronin and Ally and Haileigh Chase – to sail while I went and stood by Zach who needed a good dose of "You can do this!" I'm so pleased that not only did *Eden*'s crew win the race that day, but also Zack won his day in court.

In life we come up against challenges not only with racing our sloops, but in our daily lives. We can get the strength to defeat those challenges through prayers that can be answered by God sending one of his crewmembers with an encouraging hand or word. We don't need to do it alone, but together, to meet those challenges.



Little Juniper's Splash Day

by Wes Balda



Little Juniper perched on her rickety old trailer through a long cold Maine winter. One of the smallest of Maine's famed Friendship sloops, she showed off her proud heritage from bowsprit to high stern, topped off with a quite clever gaff rig (she thought, somewhat privately). Juniper was over fifty years old but still felt she cut a dashing figure.

With a large heavy canvas tarp draped over her small hull and a miniature electric heater cycling away in her cabin, her friend worked away through the snow and ice of winter: until the snow changed to rain and the icy path through the snow banks to her snug corner of the farm melted into water.

The spring thaw had begun. The frame of her rickety old trailer peeked through the lowering hummocks of snow as day-by-day familiar bushes and trees came slowly into sight around her, shedding their winter coats with steady dripping. One day some grass popped up, poking through the wet snow. Green was coming. And so was Splash Day.

Splash Day was launch day. On Splash Day boats went back in the water where they belonged, after long winters spent propped up in boatyards and farms *Continued p. 38*

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The 2018 Rockland Regatta

A photographic essay by William Finch

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Banshee, Hegira and Queequeg getting ready to cross the line.



Lady M. closing at the Mark!



Salatia with a bone in her teeth...and hot on the heels of Banshee!



Celebration in fine form.



Banshee and Gaivota in the hunt.



Salatia closing the gap.

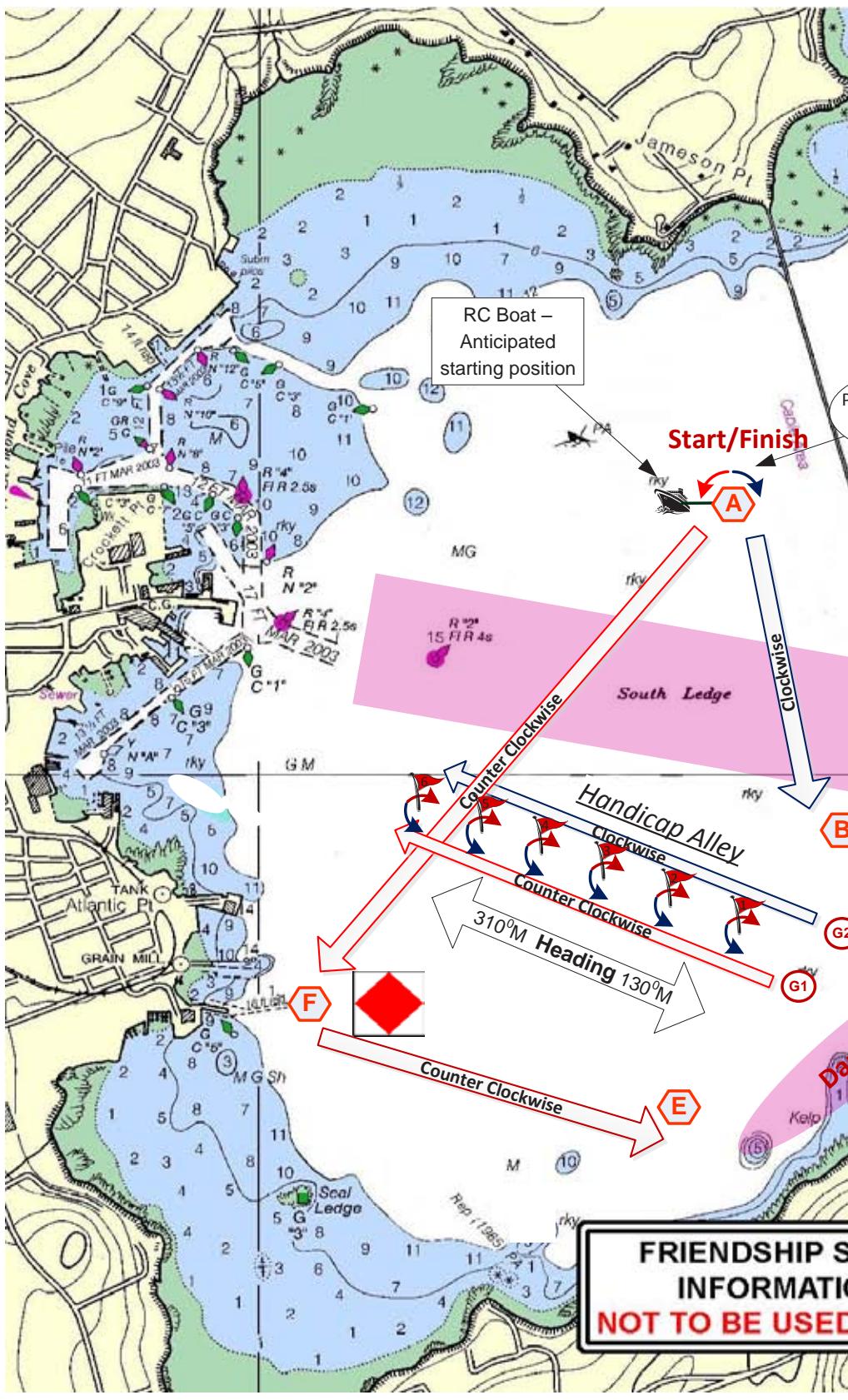


The chaos of Handicap Alley - L to R: Salatia, Queequeg, Eden et al.



Queequeg striving to break ahead.

Photographic essay continues on page 34



fly

Note: It is anticipated that the course will be twice around. Therefore, mark "A" (if starting there) must be properly rounded before commencing the second circuit. The approximate positions of the marks are listed below. Actual positions will vary with wind and tide.

Mark	Latitude	Longitude
A	44° 06.45'N	069° 04.95'W
B	44° 05.87'N	069° 04.72'W
C	44° 05.83'N	069° 03.76'W
D	44° 05.70'N	069° 04.55'W
E	44° 05.47'N	069° 05.13'W
F	44° 05.63'N	069° 05.94'W
G1	44° 05.65'N	069° 04.76'W
G2	44° 05.70'N	069° 04.72'W

Proceed on second
circuit

ROCKLAND HBR BREAKWATER
Fl 5s 39ft 17M HORN

M



Clockwise

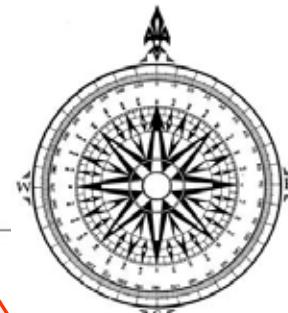


Clockwise

Spears Rock

Danger

SLOOP SOCIETY
REGIONAL CHART
DO FOR NAVIGATION



BROAD COVE

47

54

Owls

Hole

Rev 24



Hegira in all her glory.



Eden says 'Hello' to Salatia as the race advances.



Gladiator just cruising along.



Gladiator's three generations of able-bodied seamen.



Freedom strutting her stuff.



Banshee: picture perfect trim.



Rights of Man: *elegance in all white.*



Celebration, Hegira and Banshee in a tight run back to the finish.

all over Maine. Bobbing buoys spread across the sparkling water, filling Belfast Harbor from the boatyards to the lobster pound and from the footbridge to the sea. Many of the buoys and mooring gear had been pulled up on the beach and were now being systematically plopped back into the bay, waiting for their boats. Each mooring was numbered and each boat knew her number. Rolling down to the sea on little trailers and big trucks, little boats and big boats soon began to fill up Belfast Harbor.

Juniper was number 30 and “30” was painted prominently on her buoy. Her buoy was in a special place for the small fry, sheltered just off the dock of the lobster pound, where the lunching tourists could watch the little boats bobbing at their moorings in the dappling sunshine. However, Juniper was not yet moored at her summer home, buoy number 30. A few small repairs would make her seaworthy and these needed to be finished at the farm, before Splash Day.

Her friend’s grand children, June-bug and little Ed, thought working on Juniper was great fun and Juniper agreed that small persons should also be friends with small boats like herself. A missing open chock on her starboard bow and a new cleat waited in their wrappings. A new main sheet was threaded through shiny new blocks and the boom for the main sail received a cleverly constructed gooseneck, complete with a sheepskin collar and fresh parrel beads, made by her friend and his daughter Jo. For a little gaffer like Juniper, nice goosenecks were important.

Finally, all was ready. Mast, boom and gaff, strapped to the rack on her friend’s bright red truck, lines gaily thrumming and slapping in the wind, announced

Continued p. 39



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the journey through the Maine countryside to the sea. Juniper herself rode pertly and proudly on her rickety old trailer, bumping and creaking down the rural winter-worn roads, towed by her friend's bright red truck. Juniper was quite proud of the shiny new brass chock on her starboard bow, though her friends thought it looked a little like a gold tooth in a lopsided old grin. The new main sheet flapping on the racked boom before her on her friend's bright red truck also pleased her, in a slightly vain sort of way. Not every boat in the bay could boast a main sheet as fine and clean as her new one. The bright red truck and the rickety old trailer floated and bumped into the warm sunny streets of Belfast and down to the harbor. Juniper, feeling somewhat regal, was sure of the admiring glances that followed the little procession down the main street.

Family and friends were waiting at the ramp for the grand splash, probably one of the last of the season, because of final repairs and preparations that Juniper had needed. It was mid-August by now and buoy number 30 bobbed out by the lobster pound, prepared to care for Juniper. Her friend carefully backed the rickety old trailer slowly down the ramp, while Kate the Harbormaster watched approvingly from her post at the top of the ramp. Juniper's friends Jo and June-bug sorted mooring lines, fenders and a bow painter to guide Juniper against the pier and make her fast once the Splash had happened. Once snug against the pier, her mast would need to be stepped and rigging, shrouds, and stays fastened to chain plates, padeyes, and her bowsprit.

The warm summer afternoon had drawn tourists to the waterfront like bees to honey. Straining the metaphor a bit more, Juniper thought they looked a little like crows lined up on a telephone wire as more wandered over to the rail on the pier and looked down on the pending grand Splash. Juniper enjoyed the attention and thought her new brass chock quite attractive in the sunlight. Two men, done with lunch and looking for fun, sauntered over and offered to help step the mast when the time came. Her friends Janis and Brie held baby Brigid and little Ed up on the hill. (Some said later that Janis was saying a quick prayer for the grand event, but mainly hoping that her friend would not make a fool of himself.) Soon the rickety old trailer dipped into the salty coolness of the bay. The salt water was an old friend and Juniper settled lightly into the harbor, eager for her mast.

Continued p. 40

On land or at sea

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Jo, June-bug and son Sam took lines to hand and snugged Juniper up to the pier while the crows lined up at the rail above smiled excitedly down at Juniper, nestled with her fenders, waiting for that new main sheet, her starboard bow chock still glinting in the sun. Jo and June-bug jumped onto her stern, tying off lines and glancing into her cabin. Her friend, watching proudly on the ramp, called out jokingly, "So how's that water in the bilge? Any leaking?" Always a good thing to check when splashing, her friend felt pretty secure that the winter of gentle repairs and careful care, would result in a happy, watertight little craft pleased to be back in her natural element.

"Actually..." Jo began, "there seems to be quite a bit of water in the bilge!"...she finished. This was not good news. Her friend jumped quickly into the cabin and found an open seacock, which he closed smartly. June-bug jumped in after him, grabbing the hand bilge pump and began pumping. A murmur of concern rippled among the crows on the rail, Harbormaster Kate came to observe, and Juniper cringed. This is embarrassing, she thought. My Splash day is not going very well. Jo climbed into the cabin also, and helped with the pumping. Her friend, relieved now that the leaking had stopped, clambered back on the pier to help Sam with the mast and gaff, and especially with her boom and that new main sheet – the sight of which should help lower the murmuring of the crows. Maybe the Splash Day would turn out okay after all. But this was not to be. "Actually... Jo began again, "there's a lot more water coming in here!"...she finished...again.

Splash Day appeared to be spiraling (or sinking) out of control. Juniper, settling deeper into the bay with the water rushing in, began to worry a little. Cute little Friendship sloops like me are not supposed to sink in the harbor on Splash Day, she mused. This was supposed to be a happy day; she sniffed, now beginning to feel a little sorry for herself. But my friend will help me she concluded, hopefully. At this point her friend was starting to worry. Actually...he was starting to worry a lot. Also...the crows were murmuring again. It would not do at all to sink in Belfast Harbor on Splash Day.

As she had hoped and trusted, her friend sprang into action in fact, a formidable accomplishment for a man of his advancing age. Jo and June-bug pumped ferociously down in her cabin, becoming more exhausted as Juniper settled into the bay even more deeply. If a little Friendship sloop could have a rising sense of panic, because of a rising tide of water in her bilge, this was the time. Help, she squeaked. Her friend was thinking furiously. Jo was now up to her neck in the bay, trying to pull the sluggish little gaffer around by her bowline. Sam backed the old rickety trailer attached to

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the bright red truck down the ramp but it couldn't go deep enough to get sodden little Juniper up on the rickety old trailer.

Her friend had an idea. The only way to save little Juniper would be to get the trailer under Juniper. But the bright red truck could go no deeper. Juniper's friend jumped into the water. The murmuring of the crows grew to a raucous chatter. The show was getting better, the crows nodded to each other knowingly. Harbormaster Kate looked down with concern. Juniper's friend then skillfully grabbed a rope while swimming, tied it to the hitch of the rickety old trailer, unhitched the trailer from the bright red truck and then quickly lashed the other end of the rope to the bright red truck, releasing the line slowly to let the rickety old trailer creep deeper into the bay. He swam back to Juniper, now sinking steadily and very afraid, and pulled her on to the rickety old trailer as it slowly glided under a very worried little gaffer. She settled on to the familiar and comfortable rickety old trailer with a sigh, now at least secure, but the water continued to pour in.

Crow chatter became a gaggle of crow cheering, as hope lived anew. Sam slowly pulled the rope attached to the bright red truck, tugging at the rickety old trailer and Juniper left the sea, perhaps for the last time. As her tired hull cleared the harbor, her shiny chock still glistened in the sun. As she emerged, her friend spied a small hole low on her hull near her keel with water pouring out. Somehow, through the long months of winter, spring, and early summer, her friend had never seen this drain hole, probably bored at the Islesboro shipyard to empty bilge water when she came out the previous December. This explained everything. Jo and June-bug climbed out of the cabin, tired and relieved, heroic bilge pumping now at an end and no longer needed. The crows began to wander away. The show was over. The next day Juniper arrived at Cap'n Dan's

Continued p. 42

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boat hospital on the rickety old trailer, pulled by the bright red truck.

"Hmmm...." said Cap 'n Dan. "We'll have to see what we can do." Her friend was very sad, because he missed the drain hole and almost lost his little gaffer. But Juniper was happy because she felt safe at the boat hospital surrounded by the big boats. Only one small drain hole remained between Cap'n Dan's boat hospital and Penobscot Bay. Life was good. And the crows were gone.



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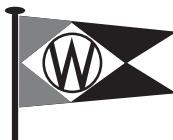
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A Milestone for Ralph Stanley

This past winter on February 16, 2019, Ralph Stanley celebrated his 90th birthday. Ralph is the official FSS historian and has encyclopedic knowledge of the history of many of the sloops built in New England over the years. His boat building company, Ralph W. Stanley, Inc. of Southwest Harbor, ME, built many wooden boats, including 12 new Friendship sloops, starting with *Hieronymus* #67 in 1962, with Ralph's son Richard more involved in the building of the later sloops. The shop also rebuilt five older Friendships. The celebration included family and friends and, of course, music. Ralph is a fiddler, and he was joined by about 10 other musicians on guitar, fiddle, banjo, mandolin and accordion, including his daughter Nadine Goodwin on one of the fiddles. Singers participated as well. Ralph continues to travel to Brewer, ME most weekends to play in country or bluegrass jams. To recognize this momentous feat, Dave Graham arranged to have a pewter tray presented to Ralph from the Friendship Sloop Society containing the following inscription:

**PRESENTED TO
RALPH STANLEY
UPON REACHING HIS 90TH BIRTHDAY.
WITH GRATEFUL APPRECIATION
FROM HIS MANY FRIENDS
WITHIN THE
FRIENDSHIP SLOOP SOCIETY
FEBRUARY 16, 2019**

Congratulations, Ralph, and remember, it's the first 90 that are the toughest!



The Return of Summer Joy (FSS #273)

by Rodney Flora

Summer Joy is a Stanley 19: a 19 ft. gaff rigged sloop designed and built by Ralph Stanley of Southwest Harbor on Friendship Sloop lines but with a spoon bow and a short bowsprit. The first Stanley 19 was built in 1986 for the then teenaged Alex Forbes who had summered for many years with his family on nearby Greenings Island and were friends and repeat customers of Ralph's, having had a couple of other boats built by him over the years. That first Stanley 19, *Bucephalus*, was designed and built with the intention that Alex could sail her single-handed with ease, and given that teenagers don't always exercise the utmost caution or judgment, would be a stable and steady boat that wouldn't be easily overwhelmed. Hope Herman Wurmfeld nicely documents the story of *Bucephalus* in the book *Boatbuilder*.

Ralph built, in all, 5 boats to this design. One smaller, one bigger, and three more or less to the original design but all of them with modifications of one sort or another to suit their owners' requirements. *Summer Joy* is the third Stanley 19 and was built in 1989.

Summer Joy was built for a gentleman named Steve Kleinschmidt. He was a Harvard trained engineer who, as his retirement occupation, ran a small hydro-electric generating plant at his house on Green Lake in Ellsworth Falls, Maine. He was truly multi-talented and was a very capable electrical engineer and a talented machinist. One of the very special things about *Summer Joy* was that he had Ralph modify the design to accommodate an electric propulsion system that Steve had designed himself. Steve Kleinschmidt was a good friend of ours and on a number of occasions in his later years we worked on machining some custom bronze boat hardware together. So we already had several important connections with *Summer Joy*, having become friends with both her builder and her original owner during the years we lived in Southwest Harbor.

Now for a bit of our story. My wife Jill and I owned a 30 ft. Friendship Sloop named *Wings of the Morning* (FSS #70) for over 20 years. We brought her (and just a few years later, ourselves) to Southwest Harbor so that Ralph Stanley *Continued p. 45*



could restore and look after her. Needless to say we loved that boat dearly. But as so often happens, we found that she was a lot of boat to maintain and sail as we got older, especially because by then we were tending to do more day sails than long trips. So, reluctantly, we sold her a few years ago. We went a whole month or two without a boat before we decided that maybe a catboat would be for us. So we found and purchased a Herreshoff America catboat, an 18 ft. boat with a fiberglass hull and aluminum spars. We thought she would be easy to maintain and fun to sail and she probably would have been just the right boat for somebody else, but for some reason we never really suited each other. I guess she was our “rebound” boat, perhaps doomed from the start to never completely own our affections. It seems that we are wooden boat people and Friendship Sloop people after all. One day I was idly perusing (as one does) the sloops for sale on the Friendship Sloop Society webpage. I said to Jill “*Summer Joy* is for sale, maybe we should look into it.” So we contacted the broker and in due course “*Summer Joy*” was our new boat.

Summer Joy had been just south of New England for several years and had suffered because of it: sitting too many days on dry land in the hot sun. She had a couple of sprung planks so we have refastened her below the waterline, which it was clearly time for anyway. But she had no serious structural issues and the general consensus was that we got her just in time.

Summer Joy’s original color scheme was deep green on the hull with red bottom paint; varnished rails and other trim; white on the sides of the cabin and coaming, and decks painted a traditional buff. Since she left Maine her hull had been painted a kind of turquoise with black bottom paint, which might be fine somewhere else but just doesn’t look right in Down East Maine and besides, she didn’t start out that way.

The varnished rails and other brightwork had been so badly sun-blistered and the oak trim so discolored that bringing it back was impractical. Since we generally prefer more of a workboat look than a “yachty” one we decided that, except for the spars which would remain varnished, the brightwork would be painted from now on. The trim on our first Friendship “Wings” was painted Grand Banks Beige and we Continued p. 46



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always thought that looked pretty good so we traded the buff for beige on *Summer Joy*, returned the hull to her original deep green, and did the sides of the coaming and insides of the cockpit and cuddy in white.

The work has been beautifully done at Ocean House Boat Storage in Southwest Harbor where Ryan Donahue has assembled an amazing wooden boat crew headed up by Tim Goodwin – who was on the team that originally built *Summer Joy*. Most of the Friendships around Mount Desert Island spend their winters there. It's been great fun and a bit of a “family affair” to have her brought back to life and brought back to Downeast Maine where she was born and truly belongs.

Now it is April and *Summer Joy* is looking beautiful again. All the repairs have been made and she is back to looking like new. She is getting new batteries and a new electric motor over the next few weeks and along with replacing all the running rigging she should be back in the water around mid-June. We can't wait to sail her around and see how she feels, and to try out the electric propulsion. I'm looking forward to motor sailing silently when the wind dies to nothing and having other sailors wonder how we're doing that. And of course we're keeping the name “*Summer Joy*.” Can't think of a better one! We'll let you know how it goes.



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Advice on Docking

by Ted Walsh

Sooner or later most of us find ourselves in the situation where we need to pull up to a dock that was never designed for a Friendship sloop. Modern dockages are designed for modern vessels, ones with no overhangs, have bow thrusters, enough engine-thrust to power a small village and can be maneuvered with a joystick. Contrast these design parameters with our sloop, which although only 35 feet on deck, has a sparred length of 52 feet. To further complicate things, we draw six feet, our propeller is mounted off center and we displace just under eleven tons – not a typical modern recreational craft. Still, we traditional sailors sometimes need to use the facilities that were not, alas, designed with our lovely vessels in mind.

Perhaps one of the most nerve-racking aspects of this situation is that when one of our sloops approaches a crowded or complex docking situation, something strange happens to the people on the docks; they feel compelled to shout advice.

Much in the way that mass hysteria can affect a crowd, seemingly everyone within earshot has some absolute and definitive opinion as to what exactly you should do as you try to bring your elegant craft into a docking situation. In my experience this behavior is not limited to the professional dock waif, or marina rat, but includes people nearby who have never stepped onto a vessel of any kind. Were this behavior limited to experienced dock masters, there would be no problem (well, I can think of a few cases where that could still be a problem, but perhaps that is a topic for another time...).

So if you find yourself trying to maneuver your sloop into a dock space that is challenging your seamanship to the extreme, while total strangers are bombarding you with advice that, while well meaning (mostly), is woefully inappropriate, often contradictory, and quite often, just plain wrong. What should you do?

Let me share some tips that we have learned in eighteen years of docking in unusual situations.

Number one: Shout random pieces of information as though they matter.

“We have three anchors.”

“Red Right Returning.”

“End work zones.”

“No ice on Block Island.”

These are all good examples of things to shout; the fact that they bear no real relationship to the matter seems to have a quieting effect.

Number two: Hand signals.

It is best if these look impressive but are as vague as possible. The pause, as your audience tries to figure out what on earth you are signaling, may be enough to actually dock without further distraction.

Swinging your arm *Continued p. 50*

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<p>Gladiator was 117 years old March 28th We checked her blood pressure, etc. She will outlive us all!!!! Bill and Caroline Zuber former owners, Gladiator</p>	<p>Messing About will return in 2019! Dick Salter</p>
<p>Friendships Add Richness And Worth To Life Crew of Banshee # 180</p>	<p>Fair Winds and Following Seas David Graham Corinthian Yacht Club</p>
<p>Wind is Blowing, Let's Get Going! Crew of Hegira # 230</p>	<p>Looking Forward to Seeing Everyone in Rockland Kirsten and Wayne Cronin Rights of Man</p>
<p>Queequeg keeps sailing, all the best from the Langton family Richard, Beth, Ruth and Robert Langton</p>	
<p>Hail to All from Wickford, RI! Echo # 54 George Hagerty & Jacki Elgar</p>	
<p>Always sailing with Friend...ships Gaivota and Crew</p>	<p><i>Hiking out on a Friendship Sloop!</i></p>

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Sail on Natanya #197 Kevin Rathbone 914-815-4453	Fair Winds My Friend M, P, T & K
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A bad day sailing is 100 times better than a good day at work. May you enjoy your 2019 sailing! Old Baldy # 57 Dan & Kathe Walton	Thanks for Making Our First Year With Freedom An Awesome Experience! Richard & Karen Schwartz
Celebrate good times in Rockland! Crew of Celebration #227	Fair winds and following seas from Ted and Judy and the Black Star



A grand day out!

around in a dramatic wheeling motion, while being careful not to point at anything specific, is a good example.

Number three: Reply in Italian.

Actually any romance language will do. The blank looks and the silence that descends when another language is spoken may afford an opportunity to dock without further interference. (*Caveat*) In the event someone on the dock can speak Italian, French, or whatever language you have chosen, the conversation will probably turn to food and no longer involve docking.

Number four:

Point to the masthead and keep pointing at it. With any luck everyone will be looking up to see what you are pointing at and you can dock in peace.

Number five:

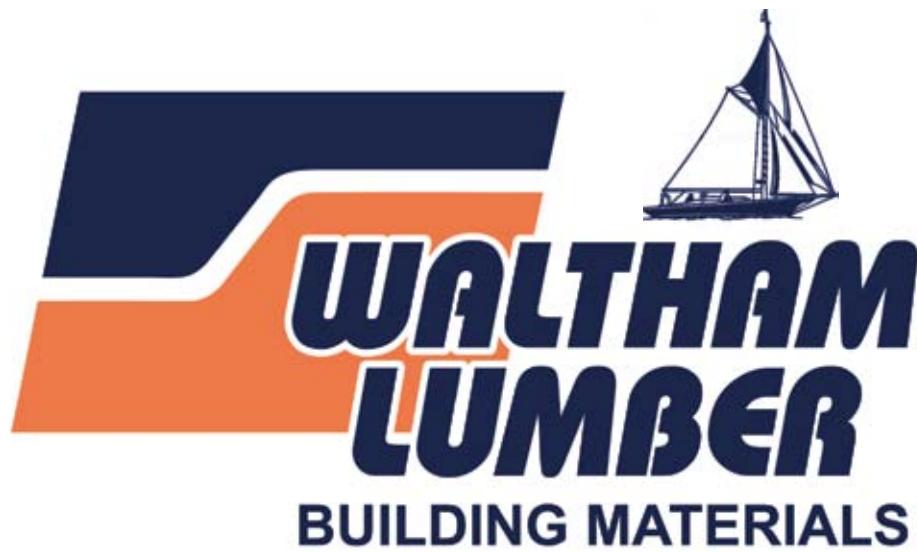
Ask for someone specific.

“Is John Gould available?”

As in the example above, it is better if the person you are asking for is deceased. As people try and process this request, you might be able to check her way and tie up.

It is worth remembering that the person who has the most experience docking your sloop, even if you are a relatively new owner, is probably you. For what it is worth, and in all sincerity, keep it slow, make sure you have a clear line of sight, have your fenders and lines ready, and don’t let anyone distract you.

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Younger Folks on Smaller Ships

by Bill Zuber

July 10, 2015 and Friendship sloop *Gladiator* was bound from Friendship Harbor, Maine to Southwest Harbor for the Rendezvous and race. Aboard were Capt. Andrew, the “boat boy” (me) and our two grandsons who had brought along their electronics. Shortly after getting underway they both disappeared below to raid the Oreo supply and dive into their social media. For most of the voyage the older one stayed captive to the digital world. The younger grandson soon decided that there were less important things to do on deck and came and sat down next to me amidships on the windward side.

We were both watching the water moving more and more slowly alongside. My young shipmate said, “Grandad! We are really slowing down a lot!” “I think they are too busy yapping, and not paying enough attention!” “Maybe they are pointing too high,” says he. “The GPS is right there in front them. That should give them a clue!” he said, adding “They could feel the difference if they weren’t so busy talking!”

“Do you know how we could we be sure how fast we were going if we didn’t have the GPS?” I asked. “I don’t think just looking at the water would be too accurate, Grandad.” “Go look under the bridge deck in the box labeled ‘Nav stuff’ and find that piece of wood with a lot of line wrapped around it, and bring it up on deck.” I instructed.

“This is what is called a ‘Dutch Log’ and it was used many years ago by sailors to tell how fast they were going, and by using it every hour they would know how far they had traveled – or how many miles they had ‘logged’ for that day. That was all recorded along with any course changes in the ‘LOG BOOK.’” I intoned. “OK, let’s set this up and see if it works and we can check it against the GPS!”

Later in the day both boys had forsaken their electronic devices and were having a lively competition to see how close they could match the GPS with the stick and some line! They also let the crew in the cockpit know that they should pay a little more attention to their sailing skills if they didn’t want to miss the race at the Southwest Harbor rendezvous!

There isn’t any better place for a family to get closer together, experience the real world, or just have a whole bunch of fun than aboard a Friendship sloop on a beautiful summer day!



Hurricane Island, 1974



Capt. Andy Zuber at the helm



“Hanging’ out” on the main boom

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A dutch log can be made up with a length of light line, and a piece of wood.

A piece of pine 3/4"x 2" W x 10" L with a 3/8" hole in one end attached to a piece of braided nylon "Heading twine" works well.

The line should be a total of about 70ft long. the distance from the head end of the pine to a knot large enough to see easily should be exactly 60 ft. use the extra length to secure the whole business to the boat, so you don,t have to make a new one for each use!

Directions for use:

1. Trail the the attached pine stick overboard until the length of line is all out straight.
2. haul the line back in till the stick is retreaved, leaving the line trailing out behind in a loop.
3. Pull a little slack toward you from the line that is trailing, then throw throw the stick ahead a little so that when the stick passes the knot it is floating dead in the water that is passing by the knot.
4. Time it!! When it is just even with knot, and then take the time as it flips over when it comes to the end of the 60 feet of line.

It's a lot easier then it sounds once you practice a few times.

Photo reprint courtesy of William Zuber

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Fiberglass Friendship

By Jarvis Newman

Kathe Newman Walton of Newman Marine writes: "This year is the 50th anniversary of Salatia's maiden launching, September 30, 1969. Her introduction to the FSS was as a spectator at that year's July regatta. The following article is a reprint from the 1969 Yearbook." It is with pleasure that this editor republishes the original article about such important milestones in the history of Friendship sloops, their builders and construction.

[ORIGINAL] EDITOR'S NOTE: We asked Jarvis Newman and Jim Rockefeller to write us an article on fiberglass Friendships, thinking we would add a note by way of introduction or explanation. None is needed. HERE ARE THE PRODUCTS OF THEIR LABORS.

Who ever heard or wanted to hear of a "Plastic Friendship"? This has been a major discussion point among Friendship Sloop members. It looks as though the doubts are about to be resolved because by summer, 1969, the first fiberglass Friendship Sloop will be launched in Penobscot Bay.

The question is why – why build a plastic Friendship? It all started many years ago by my having an interest in handsome boats of character. Once a person has been stung by the bee of a Friendship, he has had it because one cannot erase it. The Friendship is in a class all its own, especially with its history and popularity since the late 1800's. Its proven design for durability, stability and maneuverability, along with its unsurpassed character, is why I decided to initiate such a task of building them out of fiberglass. With the ever increasing costs of labor and materials these days and the maintenance cost, it became apparent that fiberglass had to enter the picture. For the past three years I have been building traditional fiberglass rowing tenders built from the lines of Arthur Spurling's model of Cranberry Island which is noted for its fine rowing and towing characteristics. Then I had the urge to go on to something larger.

I discussed my interest with Dr. Mahlon Hoagland, owner of "Old Baldy" in July of 1968 and negotiated to use his hull as a form to build a fiberglass mold. The idea was also talked over with James Rockefeller of Bald Mountain Boat Works who built "Old Baldy" in 1965.

Just prior to Labor Day, the Hoaglands sailed their little vessel to Southwest Harbor where we hauled her to my shop and started the long task of removing all her exterior hardware, mahogany, oak trim, and paint. I had the assistance of my father, Laurence Newman, as well as a daily visit from my grandfather, Lyle Newman, age 92. They questioned how a boat could be built out of fiberglass. By laying "Old Baldy" down on her side the hull mold was made, one half at a time.

The next step was the deck mold. I rebuilt the cockpit, making it 6" longer than "Old Baldy" and added 18" on the cabin so to have the option of sleeping four below deck. The cockpit area is now over 8' in length with a bridge deck and is self-bailing. The cabin house length is approximately 8' long and is only 3/8" higher than "Old Baldy," keeping the same low profile and graceful sheer.

With a few basic ideas in mind, I had Ernest Brierley, a naval architect from Southwest Boat Corp., design a unique interior incorporating two main berths, two quarter berths under the cockpit seats, a hanging locker, two-burner alcohol stove, ice box, sink, head, pedestal table and chart table. The interior can be altered to fit the individual's liking.

The first hull was built in December, 1968, using the same laminates as a 35' Hinckley Pilot with a minimum of W of fiberglass throughout, and from two to five inches of fiberglass in the keel area. Net weight of the hull is 1700 lbs. The first deck was completed in early February, same W thickness without using any sandwich construction, net weight, 900 lbs.

In mid February the hull and deck were shipped to Bald Mountain Boat Works where Jim and his crew will complete her for early summer delivery. As of this writing the 2000 pound lead keel is installed and bonded. The floor stringers are secured to the hull and the engine mounts are built to handle the 15 HP Volvo two-cylinder diesel.

My experience in the fiberglass business started in 1964 when I was employed by the H. R. Hinckley Company in the fiberglass department where I helped build over *Continued p. 54*

100 sailboats ranging from 30 to 48 feet. Hinckley boats speak for themselves regarding the high quality of workmanship and construction techniques, and I am very grateful to have been able to serve my apprenticeship there.

On Friendship Sloop Construction
By Old Baldy

Time and tide wait for no man, not even the devil, so when OLD BALDY'S Mahlon Hoagland hailed me on Al Robert's wharf and asked if I knew a guy called Jarvis Newman the plot was patently apparent.

"Jarvis of the lovely glass dingys? Fine Fellow!" I enthused. "Good eye for the traditional. Marvelous craftsman in his material. His father-in- law is Raymond Bunker – one of the best wooden boat builders on the coast. Teases Jarvis ---."

The good doctor cut me short. "He's offered me a proposition."

From the corner of my eye I watched Phil Nichols tack SURPRISE\ up the harbor, thinking how of all the Friendships here she looked the most authentic, right down to the builder-owner.

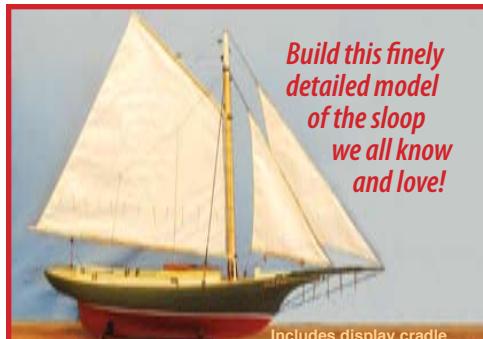
"I said he's offered me a proposition." Mahlon glanced furtively up and down the dock and lowered his voice. "He wants to use OLD BALDY to make a mold for a glass one."

"Fiberglass Friendship!" The balloon was loosed. Heads swiveled. A venerable member of The Society reeled, crossed himself, making the sign of the gaff, and glared in our direction.

Hoagland hustled me around back of the bait house. "See!" he said, laying into my shins. "People are going to get the wild hair up. A glass Pemaquid – its like renouncing God, Motherhood, BAKED BEANS! Do you think they'd kick me out of the society?"

"Dammit!" I said, rubbing my leg. "Take in a little sail. The important thing about Friendship Sloops isn't in how they are put together. The magic is in their past utility, their pleasing lines, the people who sail them. Construction-wise, the originals are nothing to found a tradition on. Take one with a little age on her and all you've got is trailboards, dry rot, and a damn good pump. Wilbur Morse was a marvelous business man, not a patron saint of wood boat construction."

OLD BALDY'S owner looked nervous. I pressed on, "Boats are for fun. What *Continued p. 55*



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difference if they are built of wood, cement, glass, melted down old chocolate-covered rubber heels, long as the material is used well and honestly and the result is pleasing to the eye and it does the job!"

"Whose side are you on, anyhow? I thought you were a wooden boat man?"

"The side of magic," I replied. "Whispering breezes, raging gales, and the gaff rig even though it's a bitch for chafe."

"Don't get frivolous. This is serious. Newman would put OLD BALDY in his shop this winter – sand her topsides mirror smooth. She'd come out looking a lot better than when you built her."

"Golly! Wouldn't that puff the old girl up," I said, ignoring the slur. "The chance to found a dynasty isn't offered to just any old Friendship wallowing in the gunk hole. Good stock there, Hoagland. Fine background. Breeding always shows!"

"I hope Jarvis can fix those cracks in the deck," he said. "They look awful."

Out in the harbor Phil Nichols brought SURPRISE into the wind. His nephew, Bruce Cunningham, the fine boatbuilder from Round Pond, went forward and let go the hook. I knew Bruce was working on a 42' fiberglass hull in his modern shop, while across the cove Nichols, with no power tools, was building another wooden Friendship a little smaller than SURPRISE.

Glass and wood, the materials change but the people don't. I was happy Jarvis was going to make a glass PEMQUID. I knew he would do a first rate job for he was a craftsman and he was building it for the right reasons. He was nuts about Friendship Sloops. His burning ambition was to own one. Later on 1 others, no doubt, would jump in to catch the bandwagon with tasteless imitations. But this first fiberglass one by Jarvis, I knew it would be right.

And I couldn't help but muse what Friendships meant to me. It was Betty and Al Roberts giving unstintingly of their time. It was Jane and Skip Bracy sailing off across the bay in WINDWARD on their honeymoon. It was John Gould carving SAZERAC'S trailboards on the wrong side; the friendly rivalry between Malcolm Barter and Roger Duncan, George Merrill's bald head, Phil Nichols working on a new Friendship in the dead of winter in his unheated shop with his shirt open, and when asked why he did it at his age, replying, "Better than looking at TV." It's the sight of all those gaff rigs coming into harbor the last three days in July against a background of spruces and rock. It's a thousand little things – a magic brew of people, place, and time – and 'just messin' around in boats.'

Dr. Hoagland interrupted my thoughts. "If you were going to build another Friendship for yourself what would you use?" I answered without hesitation, "Old chocolate-covered rubber heels."

(Editor's Note – Word is out that a ferro cement Friendship is being built in Detroit.)



Salatia, Friendship Harbor, 1969. Photo from
Kathe Newman Walton, Newman Marine.



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A Whale of a Tale "Petunia"

by Carolyn Zuber

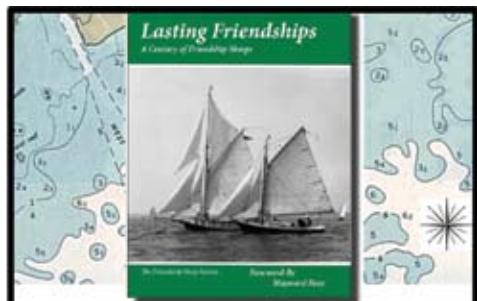
It was a 4th of July tradition to take our kids and some of their school friends out for a cruise on Muscongus Bay during the day, and then anchor up that evening in a prime spot to see all the fireworks displayed from all the nearby coastal towns.

On the first year of these traditional excursions, while cruising just north of Harbor Island, we were closely followed by a whale for about 30 minutes. The animal seemed to be quite curious as to this other object that was quietly swimming along at about 4 knots in its back yard. The water was quite clear and we were excited to be able to get a good look at what appeared to be a Minke whale of approximately 40 feet in length.

Fast forward to the following year, 4th of July weekend. Position: about 1/2 mile west of whale encounter last year. "Thar she blows!" Just off the starboard quarter. The whale stayed right alongside, just long enough to do a thorough check out, to see if we were the same folks and say "Hi." We weren't too sure about this friendly relationship between *Gladiator* and this whale, but the next 4th of July – same time, same place – it happened once again! This time there were two whales! One was the same 40-foot animal we have been meeting each year, but the other was about 12 to 14 feet long and staying real close to the big one.

Congratulations Mom! We thought we should give her a flower, or at least a pretty name, so we named her "Petunia."

Friendships are great!



"*Lasting Friendships*" is the story of a family of boats, the Friendship sloop and how they weathered more than a century of change and transition.

Forward by renowned maritime historian and technical editor, Maynard Bray, with 336 photographs, plus line drawings and original illustrations, "*Lasting Friendships*" is a must have for any lover of traditional sailing vessels and Maine history.

Available in hardcover from the Friendship Sloop Society for \$45 (includes shipping). Go to www.fss.org to order the hardcover edition.



Friendships Connect Us

by Ann Hall Lane

Back in the 1960s, Essex County, Massachusetts was a hot bed of Friendship sloop building by the likes of Don Huston (*Eagle* #53); Jack Chase (*Noah's Ark* #131); Charlie Burnham (*Maria* #127; *Resolute* #123); Bob Gardner (*Red Jacket* #138); and Jim Hall (*Lucy Anne* #68; *Renaissance* #141).

Our son, John Lane, grew up as a toddler sailing on his grandfather Jim Hall's Friendships. Fifty years later, nostalgia brought John to find a Friendship sloop in San Diego where he now lives. *Liberty* #157, once owned by Dick Salter and now run as a charter by Capt. Phillip Schutt in San Diego Bay (www.sailliberty.com), was our Friendship sloop sail in November of 2018. The photo of the happy great-grandkids of Jim Hall tells the rest of the story. Friendship Sloops forever connect us all and make us happy.



*L to R: John Lane,
Capt. Phillip Schutt of Liberty,
Harry Lane in San Diego Bay*

*Great-grandchildren of
John Lane: Molly, Max,
& Claire*



The Ellsworth American.

July 16, 2018 by Liz Graves on News, News-Featured, Waterfront

ROCKLAND — The Friendship sloop *Blackjack*, originally built in 1900 by Wilbur Morse, was launched July 7 the same way it was rebuilt over the last three years: with teamwork.

A team of four oxen pulled the boat on a large wooden cradle several hundred feet from beside the Sail, Power and Steam Museum building on Mechanic Street to the public boat ramp — 10 feet or so at a time. Each time the cradle advanced off the rear roller, handlers of the oxen directed them to stop pulling and volunteers brought the roller around to the front. A few times they put long pry bars to use raising the cradle back up on the rollers when it fell.

Many of the helpers at the launching were the same people who worked to rebuild the boat. The shipwrights from Lincolnville-based Clark & Eisele Traditional Boatbuilding were hired to direct the effort, which involved replacing everything except the transom and half of the stem.

Thought to be the oldest surviving Friendship sloop built by Wilbur Morse, considered by many to be the “father” of the design, the 33-foot *Blackjack* is a familiar sight to longtime Mount Desert Island boaters. The boat was the first traditional wooden Friendship sloop to take passengers on sailing trips in Northeast Harbor, beginning in the late 1970s. It was owned by Wilson and Alison Fletcher of Bar Harbor.

The Douglas fir mast the boat had before the restoration dated back to two owners before the Fletchers, Wilson Fletcher told the *Mount Desert Islander* in 2014. In the 1930s, so the story goes, Arthur Jackson, the boat’s owner, bought the mast for \$800, more than he paid to put his son through college.

“After that,” Fletcher said, “he referred to the mast as ‘my son Douglas.’”

The Fletchers sold *Blackjack* to Kelly and Diane Magee of Rhode Island in 2010. When the Magees decided in 2014 they wouldn’t be able to afford the needed restoration,

they contacted the Friendship Sloop Society. FSS Commodore Noel March convinced them to donate the boat to the Rockland museum.

“The last time the Friendship Sloop Society came to visit, I invited them to make our museum their permanent home,” Museum Director Captain Jim Sharp said at the time. “At the same time, the *Blackjack* came up for sale. Our volunteers looked it over and decided it would be a feather in our cap to be able to restore it. The owners donated it to the museum under the watchful eye of the FSS.”



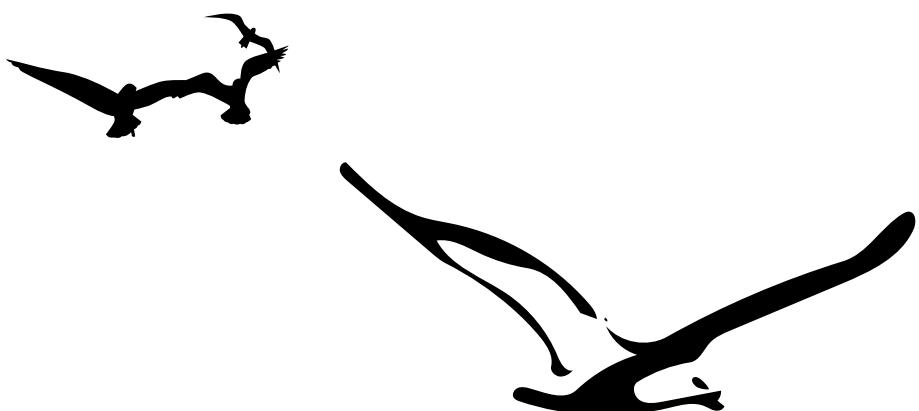
Oxen pull the newly restored Friendship sloop Blackjack from the Sail, Power and Steam Museum to its launching in Rockland Harbor earlier this month. ELLSWORTH AMERICAN PHOTO BY LIZ GRAVES. Reprinted with kind permission of The Ellsworth American and Liz Graves.



Echo in a fresh breeze. Photo courtesy of Stephen Major.

“...What storms she had known, what rocks had grazed her keel, the strange inanimate determination of her tight-lipped planking that had kept her afloat for fifty years of hard usage, I would never know. But there she was, tossing her pretty little tail in the teeth of havoc, all unscathed. There was something beyond my ken in this, something about the will of man, endlessly resurgent, beating back the inexorable persistence of Nature - something to think about...”

Richards, Joe. *Princess - New York: A man’s affair with a boat*,
The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., Indianapolis-New York, 1952, pg. 35.



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	Dexter Cooper, Hartland, VT	Rebuilding	VT
2	DICATOR	31'	Robert E. McLain	1904	Peter M. Chesney, Atlanta, GA	Deer Isle	ME
5	CONTENT	25'	Stuart M. Ford	1961	Mike Johnson, York, PA	Annapolis	MD
6	EASTWARD	32'	James Chadwick	1956	Doug Riley, Essex Junction, VT	Shelburne	VT
7	TANNIS	38'	W. Scott Carter	1937	Jack Cronin, Sturbridge, MA	Salem Willows	MA
9	AMITY	30'	Wilbur A. Morse	1901	Patrick Reilly, Belfast, ME	Belfast	ME
10	MARY ANNE	31'	Lash Brothers	1958	Dr. Joseph Griffin, Damariscotta, ME	Damariscotta	ME
13	EASTING	29'	Charles A. Morse	1920	Jerry & Vicki Sawyer, Union, ME	Rockland	ME
14	SADIE M.	30'	Wilbur Morse 2nd	1946	Richard & Lorraine Stanley, Bass Harbor, ME	Bass Harbor	ME
15	VIDA MIA	31'	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	CHRISSEY	29'	Charles A. Morse	1912	Downeast Windjammer Cruises, Cherryfield	Bar Harbor	ME
19	BLACKJACK	33'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1900	Sail, Power & Steam Museum, Rockland, ME	Rockland	ME
22	ELLIE T.	25'	John G Thorpe	1961	Gregory & Daneen Roth, New London, CT	Rebuilding	CT
23	ALICE E	33'	Unknown	1899	Karl Brunner, Southwest Harbor, ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
24	TERN	25'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1900	Jaxon Vibber, Waterford, CT	New London	CT
25	SEA DUCK	35'	Charles A. Morse?	c1901	Matinicus Island	Matinicus	ME
31	WHITE EAGLE	28'	Wilbur A. Morse	1915	William Cronin & Cynthia Pendleton, Charlton, MA	Rebuilding	MA
32	NOMAD	33'	Wilbur A. Morse	1906	Tom Ash, Gloucester, MA	Rebuilding	MA
34	PAL-O-MINE	27'	W. Prescott Gannett	1947	Douglas Lane, Millersville, MD	Essex	MA
35	JUNIPER	20'	Nathaniel D. Clapp	1962	Wes & Janis Balda, Thorndike, ME	Belfast	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	Christopher James Eckelt, Carlisle, PA	Brooklin	ME
40	COMESIN	32'	J. Ervin Jones	1962	John & Linda Livingston, Jacksonville, FL	Jacksonville	FL
42	SELKIE	26'	C. Simmons & J. Hennings	1963	Russell & Linda Stone, Ivoryton, CT	Essex	CT
43	GYPSY	23'	Judson Crouse	1939	Holly Taylor-Lash, Orland, ME	Bucks Harbor	ME
44	SAZERAC	35'	Wilbur A. Morse	1913	Stephen, Seth, Adrienne & Sarah Major, Putney, VT	Friendship	ME
45	FLYING JIB	30'	W. Scott Carter	1936	Ryan Graham, Jefferson, ME	Rebuilding	ME
46	MOMENTUM	30'	Lash Brothers	1964	Ron Esser, Blawnox, 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	Bar Harbor	ME
50	HERITAGE	29'	Elmer Collemer	1962	Jeff Beck, Camden, ME	Camden	ME
52	RIGHTS OF MAN	30'	Lash Brothers	1965	Wayne & Kirsten Cronin, Thomaston, ME	Rockland	ME
54	ECHO	22'	Lee Boatyard	1965	George Hagerty, Stoughton, MA	Wickford	RI
57	OLD BALDY	25'	James S. Rockefeller	1965	Dan & Kathe Walton, Salsbury Cove, ME	Southwest Harbor	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 Jones, Westport Island, ME	Boothbay Harbor	ME
61	WINDWARD	25'	James S. Rockefeller	1966	Doug Parsons, Gloucester, MA	Rebuilding	MA
62	COLUMBIA	23'	Lester Chadbourne	c1950	John & Kimberly Bundza, Barrington, NH	Great Bay	NH
64	AMICITIA	33'	Lash Brothers	1965	Jeff Pontiff, New Bedford, MA	New Bedford	MA
65	GALLANT LADY	33'	Morse	1907	James Smith, Picton, Ontario Canada	Prinry Cove	Ontario
66	VENTURE	26'	Wilber A. Morse	1912	Zachary Teal, West Newbury, MA	Essex	MA
67	HIERONYMUS	33'	Ralph W. Stanley	1962	Albert P. Neilson, Topsham, ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
69	COAST O' MAINE	30'	Vernell Smith	1967	William & Shawn Poole, Fulton, NY	Fairhaven	NY
70	SAILIN SHOES	30'	Roger Morse	1967	David Dick, Harpswell, ME	Harpswell	ME
71	GLADIATOR	32'	Alexander McLain	1902	Andy Zuber, Brandon, VT	Friendship	ME
73	WEST INDIAN	26'	Pamet Harbor Boat	1951	Christoff Skocylas, Kenora, Ontario	Kenora	Ontario
74	PATIENCE	30'	Malcom Brewer	1965	Chris Gerardi, Whitefield, ME	Rebuilding	ME
75	OMAHA	35'	Norris Carter	1901	Adrian & Pamela Hooydonk, Spruce Head	Spruce Head Island	ME
80	DOWN EAST	35'	Fred Buck & "Skip" Adams	1941	William Anderson & Donna Grant, Pomfret Ctr, CT	Edgewood YC	RI
82	MORNING STAR	28'	Albion F. Morse	1912	Tery McClinch, Fairfield, CT	Southport	ME
83	PERSEVERANCE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (01)	1969	Rick Foote	Unknown	
84	PHILIA	22'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1969	Betty & Al Whitenour, St. Augustine, FL	Cotuit	MA
85	HEIDI LEE	38'	Jeremy D. Maxwell	1974	Matthew & Heidi Gabrilowitz, Cranston, RI	Dutch Harbor	RI
86	ALLEGIANCE	24'	Albert M. Harding	1970	Hale Whitehouse, Ocean Park, 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	Alex Norton, Middleboro, MA	Charlestown	MA
89	ERDA	22'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1970	Alexandra West, Cambridge, MA	Vineyard Haven	MA
90	SALATIA	25'	Newman (P02)/Newman	1969	Miff Lauria & Marge Russakoff, SW Hbr	Southwest Harbor	ME
91	PHOENIX	30'	Bruno & Stillman (04)	1970	Tad Beck, Vinalhaven, ME	Carvers Harbor	ME
92	JOYCE ELAINE	25'	James Rockefeller/Basil Day	1970	Charles Geis, Perryville, MD	Harve de Grace	MD
93	ANNA R.	25'	Kenneth Rich	1970	Aaron Paolino, Thomaston, ME	Rockland	ME
94	EUPHORIA	25'	Newman (P03)/Rockefeller	1971	Victor Trodella, Yarmouth, ME	S. Freeport	ME
95	WESTWIND	40'	Charles A. Morse	1902	John & Diane Fassak, Mansfield, MA	Sedgwick	ME
96	VOYAGER	32'	Lash Brothers	1965	Ruth Perrone, Plymouth, MA	Plymouth	MA
97	INTEGRITY	27'	Wilbur A. Morse	1903	William Levandowski, Falmouth, ME	Falmouth	ME
98	DEFIANCE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (06)	1970	Bob Smith	Rio Dulce	Guatemala

Sail	Name of Sloop	L.O.D.	Builder(s)	Launched	Owner(s) & Winter Address	Homeport	State
99	BUCCANEER	29'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1911	Tirocchi Family, Johnston, RI	Johnston	RI
100	CAPTAIN TOM	26'	Bernard Backman	1970	Matthew Vandevelde, Monroe, MI	La Salle	MI
101	GOOD HOPE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (07)	1970	Barta & Lee Hathaway, Ipswich, MA	Ipswich	MA
102	TODDY	35'	Lubbe Vosz (Germany)	1972	Mary L. Morden, Bad Axe, MI	Caseville	MI
103	SOLASTER	25'	Newman (P04)/Newman	1970	Chris Davis, Harborside, ME	Cape Rosier	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	Forrest Richards, Chestertown, MD	Chestertown	MD
106	HOLD TIGHT	25'	Newman (P05)/Newman	1970	Alan & Chris Watkins, Weston, MA	Gloucester	MA
107	MAGIC	22'	Passamaquoddy(1)/Johnston	1970	Eric Applegarth, Clairborne, MD	Rebuilding	MD
109	PETREL	31'	G. Cooper	1933	Colin D. Pears, Orono, ME	Rebuilding	ME
112	SECRET	27'	Philip J. Nichols	1971	Edward & Lauren Good, Princeton, MA	Salem Willows	MA
113	YANKEE PRIDE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (14)	1971	James J. & Margaret E. Craig, Colts Neck, NJ	Keyport	NJ
114	ELEANOR HAWKES	30'	Bruno & Stillman (08)	1971	Ian Glass, Portland, ME	Portland	ME
115	CELERITY	30'	Bruno & Stillman (12)	1971	Anthony Cordasco & Julie Gerow, Stockton, NJ	Chamberlain	ME
117	LEADING LIGHT	30'	Bruno & Stillman (10)	1971	John Crumpton, Oxford, ME	South Freeport	ME
118	WENONAH	30'	Bruno & Stillman (16)	1971	Eric Turner, Salem, MA	Salem	MA
119	VALHALLA	30'	Bruno & Stillman (15)	1971	Matthew Badams, Erie, PA	Erie	PA
120	PERSISTENCE	28'	C. Simmons/J. Lichman	2014	Sail, Power & Steam Museum, Rockland, ME	Rockland	ME
122	EDEN	25'	Francis Nash & Ed Coffin	1971	Scott Martin, Bass Harbor, ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
123	RESOLUTE	28'	Charles A. Burnham	1973	Thomas Jarvis, Gloucester, MA	Gloucester	MA
124	CALLIPYGOUS	30'	Bruno & Stillman (17)	1971	John Ferrone, Port Isabel, TX	South Padre Island	TX
126	WHIM	20'	Chester Spear	1939	John & Polly Rand, Cornish Flat, NH	TBD	
127	MARIA	21'	Charles A. Burnham	1971	Alden Burnham, Allston, MA	Essex	MA
128	SCHOOLIC	31'	E. Collemer/B. Lanning	1973	David & Nancy Schandall, Lunnenberg, NS	Lunnenberg, Nova Scotia	
129	GISELA R.	25'	Andrew P. Schafer	1969	James O'Hear, Sag Harbor, NY	Noyack	NY
130	NARWHAL	25'	Newman (P06)/Newman	1972	Mike Dulien, Las Vegas, NV	Newport Beach	CA
131	NOAH'SARK	29'	John Chase	1972	Paul Werner, Old Orchard Beach, ME	Cape Porpoise	ME
133	INDEPENDENCE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (21)	1973	Ruth Schwarzmahn, Ponte Verda Beach, FL	Rockport	ME
134	VOYAGER	22'	Passamaquoddy/Collins	1973	Charles Meyer, Hingham, MA	Hingham Harbor	MA
137	AYESHA	35'	Wilbur A. Morse	1906	Larry Thomas, Jefferson, LA	Lake Ponchartrain	LA
138	GYPSY SONG	31'	Robert P. Gardner	1973	Shaw & Donna Teague, Harpswell, ME	Portland	ME
139	OSPREY	25'	Newman (P08)/Morris	1973	Steve & Kate Hughes, Mission Hills, KS	Southwest Harbor	ME
141	SEA DOG	25'	James H. Hall	1974	Walter M. Hines, Rolling Prairie, IN	Michigan City	MI
142	AUDREY II	21'	Peter Archibald	1976	John Moran, Tiverton, RI	Tiverton	RI
143	FAIR AMERICAN	25'	Newman (P10)/Morris	1974	Jim Light, Redondo Beach, CA	Redondo Beach	CA
144	PETREL	25'	Newman (P09)/Morris	1974	Bill Lundquist, West Falmouth, MA	Cataumet	MA
145	SABRINA	31'	Newman (D02)/Lanning	1974	Ned Kelley, North Fayston, VT	South Portland	ME
146	FIDDLEHEAD	25'	Newman (P01)/C.Chase	1970	Gregory & Daneen Roth, New London, CT	New London	CT
147	MARA E.	31'	Newman (D01)/Jones	1974	Barrie & Mara Abrams, Mamaroneck, NY	Satans Toe	NY
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, Eastham, MA	Unfinished	
151	DEPARTURE	15'	W. Prescott Gannett	1936	Classic Yacht Restoration Guild, Earleville, MD	Rebuilding	MD
153	SENILITY	22'	Passamaquoddy/Collins	1975	Al Kent, Pocasset, MA	Pocasset	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	INHERIT THE WIND	31'	Newman (D03)/Morris	1975	Victor & Nancy Goulding, Holyoke, MA	Lincolnville	ME
157	LIBERTY	31'	Newman (D04)/Salter	1980	Philip Schutt, La Mesa, CA	San Diego	CA
159	PACIFIC CHILD	30'	Bruno & Stillman (03)	1969	The DH Farm	South Colby	WA
160	DEFIANCE	22'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1973	Morgan L. Hendry, Wilmington, DE	Chamberlain	ME
161	JENNY	22'	Sam Guild & Bill Cannell	1976	Tim Clark, Rockport, ME	Rockport	ME
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	SCHOOLIC	25'	Concordia Company	1967	Phineas & Joanna Sprague, Jr., Portland, ME	Portland	ME
167	FREEDOM	28'	Ralph W. Stanley	1976	Richard & Karen Schwartz, Woolwich, ME	Boothbay Harbor	ME
168	LOON	30'	Newbert & Wallace/Jacob	1974	Bruce Brown, Brewer, ME	Rebuilding	
169	NIKA	22'	Eric Dow	1976	Tyler Grace, Boston, MA	Fishers Island	NY
170	LADY OF THE WIND	31'	Newman (D05)/Morris	1976	Karl Brunner, Southwest Harbor, ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
171	RESOLUTE	31'	Newman (D06)/Morris	1976	Alan Leibovitz, Bilerica, MA	Marblehead	MA
172	AMNESTY	25'	Jim Drake	1982	Jim & Brooke Drake, Mt. Airy, MD	Baltimore	MD
174	PAUL REVERE	31'	Newman (D07)/Pease	TBL	Dan Pease, Camden, ME	Camden	ME
177	LIBERTY	19'	Ahern (B5) Hoffman	1974	Tom Mehl, Santa Clarita, CA	Saugus	CA
178	NESARU	25'	Newman (P13)/C. Chase	1977	Arieych & Barbara Austin, Leavenworth, KS	U.S. Military	
180	BANSHEE	25'	Newman (P12)/Wojcik	1978	John & Carole Wojcik, Norwell, MA	Mattapoisett	MA
181	AURORA	19'	Ahern (B3)/Brownie	1975	Dale Young, Warren, ME	Deer Isle	ME
182	MUSCONGUS	22'	Apprenticeshop	1977	Donald Verrecchia, Wayland, MA	Shelter Island	NY
183	SERENITY	25'	Newman(P14)/Morris	1978	E. Richard Stanley, New York, NY	City Island	NY
184	PERSEVERANCE	27'	Simms Yachts	1963	Denis & Kathie Paluch, Chicago, IL	Chicago	IL
185	OCEAN ROAR	27'	J. Philip Ham	1978	Les Taylor, Union, ME	Union	ME
186	RAGTIME ANNIE	27'	Nick Apollonio	1975	Hubertus V. Sulkowski, Phippsburg, ME	Phippsburg	ME
187	PEREGRINE	27'	Ralph W. Stanley	1977	Paul & Carol Lidstrom, Whitefield, NH	Southwest Harbor	ME
189	JABBERWOCKY	31'	Newman (D09)/Nehrbass	1981	Craig Snider, Narberth, PA	Center Harbor	ME
191	ANNABELLE	22'	Apprenticeshop	1978	Freeland Eckert	Rockland	ME
192	KERVIN RIGGS	22'	McKie W. Roth	1977	Bill Joyner, Nantucket, MA	Nantucket	MA
193	LADY M.	32'	Harvey Gamage	1978	Martin Thomas, East Boothbay, ME	South Bristol	ME

Sail	Name of Sloop	L.O.D.	Builder(s)	Launched	Owner(s) & Winter Address	Homeport	State
194	HUCKLEBERRY BELLE	25'	Clifford G. Niederer	1977	Brian & Mary Clare, Gloucester, VA	Gloucester	VA
196	ENDEAVOR	25'	Ralph W. Stanley	1979	Betsey Holtzman, Southwest Harbor, ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
197	NATANYA	31'	Newman (D11)/Davis	1978	Kevin Rathbone, Larchmont, NY	Larchmont	NY
198	BAY LADY	31'	Newman (D12)/Lanning	1979	Captain Bill Campbell, Boothbay Harbor, ME	Boothbay Harbor	ME
199	WILD ROSE	31'	Newman (D13)/Liberation	1979	Mathias Dublier, Burlington, VT	Burlington	VT
200	ESTELLA A.	34'	Robert E. McLain	1904	Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT	Mystic Seaport	CT
201	ENDEAVOR	31'	Newman (D08)/Genthner	1979	Jim & Sue Genther, Nantucket, MA	Nantucket	MA
202	ARRIVAL	31'	Newman (D14)/Niedrach	1981	John & Carole Wojcik, Norwell, MA	Rebuilding	MA
204	MARIE ANNE	27'	Jason Davidson, Echeverria	1977	Diana Echeverria, Seattle, WA	Seattle	WA
205	DAYSTAR	28'	Richard E. Mosher	1989	Rich & Sally Mosher, The Villages, FL	South Haven	MI
206	KUMATAGE	31'	Newman (D15)/Chase	1979	Jesse Archer, Lewiston, ME	Falmouth	ME
208	TUPELO HONEY31'	Newman (D16)/Lanning	1981	Donald Benoit, Foxboro, MA	Boston	MA	
209	FRIEND SHIP	31'	Newman (D17)/Pettigrew	1981	Hannah Langsdale, Whistling Man Schooner Co, Winooski, VT	Burlington	VT
210	THE SLOOP JOHN B22'	Passamaquoddy/Oliva	1974	Russ Perrin, Canandaigua, NY	Canandaigua Lake	NY	
211	ANSA	22'	James D. Hamilton	1982	George Lupien, Waldoboro, ME	Rockland	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)/Pettigrew	1982	Bill & Kathy Whitney, Needham, MA	Cataumet	MA
215	ELLEN ANNE	22'	Passamaquoddy Yachts	1968	Unknown		
216	AMITY	39'	W. Scott Carter	1941	John F. Nichols, Takely by Stortford, Herts, Eng.	Ipswich	UK
217	ADDY CLAIRE	33'	Shoreline Boats	1972	Shane & Paula Dowsland, SW Harbor, ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
218	WILLIAM M. RAND	22'	John B. Rand	1982	John & Lori Rand, Raymond, ME	Cundys Harbor	ME
219	YANKEE BELLE	23'	Paul G. Edwards	1983	Myron & Peg Hartford, North Falmouth, MA	North Falmouth	MA
220	SORCERESS	31'	Newman (D20)/Pettigrew	1984	Ruy & Tamara Gutierrez, Phippsburg, ME	Phippsburg	ME
221	SEAL	22'	Ahern (01)/Zink	1984	John & Debby Kerr, Milton, MA	Squirrel Island	ME
222	ELSPETH MACEWAN	16'	Richard L. McInnes	1982	Robert Tupper, Standish, ME	Sebago Lake	ME
223	CORREGIDOR	25'	Newman (P17)/P. Chase	1981	Brian Flynn, Wilton, CT	Salem Bay	CT
224	DAYLIGHT	19'	James Eyre Wainwright	1983	James Eyre Wainwright, Gig Harbor, WA	Gig Harbor	WA
225	PHILLIP J. NICHOLS	27'	Philip J. Nichols	1981	Unknown		
226	ADAGIO	31'	Chris Sparrow/Larry Plumer	1993	James & Janice Thoen, Rowley, MA	Ipswich	MA
227	CELEBRATION	25'	Newman (P15)/Hodgdon	1980	Greg & Annette Merrill, Butler, MD	Bayville	ME
228	MERMAID	22'	Ahern(10)/Fitzgerald	1990	Unknown	Boothbay Harbor	ME
229	CAPT'N GEORGE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (09)	1970	Ken Shear, Mystic, CT	Mystic	CT
230	HEGIRA	25'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1980	Laurie Raymond, Falmouth, MA	Woods Hole	MA
231	SOLOMON GUNDY22'	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	Ed Glaser, Rockland, ME	Rockland	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	Melissa Terry, Belfast, ME	Belfast	ME
241	BLUE SANDS	34'	Boston Boat Company	1986	Walt Disney Theme Park, Japan		Japan
242	TECUMSEH	36'	Charles A. Morse	1902	David Frid, Gananoque, Ontario Canada	Port Credit	Ontario
243	ERIN	22'	Ahern (05)/Hersey	1979	Robert Norwood/Anne Del Borgo, Orr's Island	Orr's Island	ME
244	WINDEMERE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (18)	1971	Steve & Ginny Kell, Lucedale, MS	Lucedale	MS
245	LA PALOMA	25'	Unknown (BC, Canada)	1969	John J. Caldbeck, Seattle, WA	Seattle	WA
246	DAME-MARISCOTTA19'	Ahern (B6)/Shelley	1983	Unknown			
247	BLACK STAR	35'	Apprenticeshop	1989	Ted Walsh & Jeff Wilson-Charles, Conway, NH	West Boothbay	ME
248	TIMBER	22'	Rick Conant/Greg Fisher	1979	Greg Hickey, West Hartford, CT	South Lyme	CT
249	BABY BLUE	25'	Newman (P18)/Pettigrew	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	26'	W. McCarthy & G. Richards	1989	William L. McCarthy, Riegelsville, PA	Bucks County	PA
254	NORTHERN LADY22'	Passamaquoddy (02)/Corea	1972	Unknown			
255	GENEVIEVE	25'	Emmet Jones	1982	Stacy Spaulding & Rayned Wiles, Baltimore	Baltimore	MD
257	SALTY DOG	28'	Dave Westphal	1992	Jonathan Wsley King	Dunedin	FL
258	KIM	22'	Harold Burnham	1992	Steve Goldman, Milton, Ontario	Osbourne Hbr	NS
259	DUCHESS	28'	Steve Merrill/R. Shepard	1992	Christopher & Cheryl Preston, Wellesley Hills, MA	Boston	MA
260	NIMBLE	25'	Nelson Cutler/Kim Smith	1994	Christopher Zimmer, Halifax, Nova Scotia	Halifax	Nova Scotia
261	BLUENOSE	19'	David Holmes	1974	Charly Holmes, Annapolis, MD	Annapolis	MD
262	I GOT WINGS	22'	Ahern (04)/Almedia	1980	Daniel Gordon	Far Rockaway	NY
263	RALPH W. STANLEY	21'	Ralph Stanley	1995	Anne Franchetti, Seal Cove, ME		ME
264	JOLLY	24'	Dave & Loretta Westphal	1998	Stuart Conway, Basking Ridge, NJ	Perth Amboy	NJ
265	MARIA EMILIA	25'	Rafael Prohens	1998	Rafael Prohens, Ovalle, Chile	Ovalle	Chile
266	MALISA ANN	22'	Ahern/Hilburn	c1992	Steve & Melisa Blessington, Harpswell, ME	Winterport	ME
267	TRISTAN	25'	Joeshop Bernier	1980	Rick & Debbie Smith, Seal Cove, ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
268	PRYDWYN OF LAMORNA	25'	Unknown	1977	Brian & Judy Cross, Lemming, Australia	Fremantle	Australia
269	ACADIA	28'	Ralph Stanley	1998	Adrian Edmondson, Richmond Surrey, Eng.	Dartmouth	UK
270	JOSEPHINE	25'	Nelson Cutter	1985	Ron Wisner, Marion, MA	Marion	MA

Sail	Name of Sloop	L.O.D.	Builder(s)	Launched	Owner(s) & Winter Address	Homeport	State
271	JASMINE	18'6"	Peter Donahoe	1985	Patrick McMahon, Airdrie, Alberta Canada	Sylvan Lake	Alberta
272	NOEL	36'	Ralph Stanley	2003	Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, CT	Mystic	CT
273	SUMMER JOY	19'	Ralph Stanley	1989	Rodney Flora & Jill Schoof, Castine, ME	Castine	ME
274	REMEDY	25'	James Lyons	1977	Todd Uecker, Port Townsend, WA	Port Townsend	WA
275	VIKING	28'	Wilbur A. Morse	1908	Cordell Hutchins, Cape Porpoise, ME	Cape Porpoise	ME
276	LUCY BELL	38'	Peter Sellers	1983	Jamie Carter, Yarmouth, ME	Mt. Desert	ME
278	CYGNUS	32'	John Elfrey	1976	Joe Maslan, Seattle, WA	Seattle	WA
279	HAND OF FRIENDSHIP	22'	Tom Whitfield	1990	Michael & Phillip Morris Edithvale, Victoria	Mordialloc	Australia
280	RETTA	24' 4"	David Westphal	2008	David & Loretta Westphal, Key Largo, FL	Key Largo	FL
281	SUSIE B	22'	Robert Barker	2008	Robert Barker, Easton, PA	East Hampton	NY
282	GHOTI	22'	Passamaquoddy/Murray	1970	Anne-Marie Chouinard, Medfield, MA	Boston	MA
283	ARAPALA	26'	Unknown	1955	Collin & Ginnie Bibby, Victoria, Australia	Sorrento, Victoria	Australia
284	ELYSIUM	22'	Steven T. Erskine	2016	Steven E. Irskine, Wiscasset, ME	Wiscasset	ME
285	SWAN'S ISLE	22'	Unknown	Unknown	Greg Ross, Bonshaw, Prince Edward Island	Charlottetown	PEI

"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 Caribbean
110	AMISTAD	25'	R.T. White/R.E. Lee	1977	Sold in Galveston Bay TX area c1979 to unknown parties
121	CLARA (Etta May)	27'	Elmer Collemer	1960	Sold March 1988 to unidentified Anacortes WA parties
125	TIGER LILY (Billy Bud)	25'	Al Paquette	1969	Last known in Mattapoisett, MA
140	BRANDYWINE	??	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1968	Last known in South San Francisco Bay in mid 1970s
163	RWARD	25'	William A Green	1975	Last known to be in Isleton CA in 1980s; UOP student living aboard
176	TRUMPETER	28'	Charles A. Morse	OLD	Last known to be in the Galveston TX area late 1970s
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
277	SARALEE	21'	Craig Gleason	2005	Lake Pleasant, Mesa, AZ

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
21	WILBUR A. MORSE	30'	Carlton Simmons	1946	Broken Up at Port Townsend, WA c1998
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. Prescott 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
33	SMUGGLER	28'	Philip J. Nichols	1942	
36	MARGIN	25'	Unknown	OLD	Destroyed c1985 at Waldoboro ME
48	CHANNEL FEVER	33'	F.A. Provener	1939	Destroyed Oct. 1985 at Rockport ME
53	EAGLE	32'	Wilbur A. Morse	1915	Destroyed at Rockland, ME, February, 2012
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
68	ROBIN L	25'	James H Hall	1967	Destroyed in a fire - reported December, 2010
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. Cheneault III	1954	Destroyed c1979 at Slidell LA after Hurricanes Camille & Betsy
108	LOON	35'	Charles A. Morse	c1907	Destroyed in 1972 at Standford CT
111	AMOS SWAN	26'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1910	Blown ashore Nov. 1980, Camden ME
116	TINQUA	30'	Bruno & Stillman	1971	Lost Rudder & Wrecked 1977 on Whaleback Ledge ME
132	VOGEL FREI	28'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1910	Wrecked west coast of Senegal, West Africa 1974
135	HATSEY	25'	Newman (P07)/Morris	1973	Demolished while filming The Truman Show in Hollywood CA
136	SQUIRREL	28'	Charles A Morse	1920	Destroyed in a storm c1995
148	SLOOP OUT OF WATER	38'	Norris Carter	1905	Broken Up c2001
158	EVA R.	33'	Edward Robinson	1906	Sunk Hur. David 1979; destroyed c1983 at Port Chester NY
162	IRENE	38'	Charles A. Morse	1917	Destroyed 2010 at Essex, MA
173	MEDUSA	25'	Ron Nowell	1979	Blown ashore in 45 knot gale c 1982/83 at Marshall CA
175	EDELWEISS	15'	David Major	1975	Broken up in Friendship, ME
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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