

THE HELM



Summer/Fall, 2014 - Vol. 31, No. 2

Elf, past and future



President's Message Off to the Races!

... by Rick Carrion

As usual, it was a very busy spring season getting ready to sail in the Fourth Annual ELF Classic. The harsh and prolonged winter seemed to move everyone's schedules back, including vessels at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (CBMM). The State of Maryland's buoy tender experienced delays and was over a month behind schedule, causing it to still be at CBMM. We had to rig and step ELF's mast in the morning while the tender was out setting buoys. We just finished as they were coming back to CBMM's only slip available for stepping the mast. After the mast was set up, we put her booms on and bent on the mainsail. Then we got all the running rigging sorted out and set up the jibs, leaving very little time to repair/replace some storm damage to the rubrail, caprail, and bulwarks. The next day we departed for the fourth ELF Classic without any shake-down sail. Fortunately, all the lines, (over a mile of them) were correctly run.

Race day was such a fantastic time, though a little more breeze would have been helpful. You will really enjoy Craig Ligibel's story on page 3, which also is a feature article in the July issue of SpinSheet Magazine. ELF did place second in class well behind Silent Maid. We were also awarded First Underway. Somehow, the other dingy lines were tied in knots. Who would do such a thing? Not me. I was giving an interview for the documentary being filmed, complete with camera drones.

The documentary will feature all participating vessels. It will include boarding each, and interviewing captains and crew while sailing with the drones circling

overhead. I am like a small child waiting to see a Sesame Street special being made and then waiting for the finished show. It will feature yachting at its finest with so many interesting Classic vessels. We look forward to posting it on our web site soon.

In the 1880's, the race was referred to as the true gentleman's race with its origin at Marblehead, MA. In the day, the yachtsmen worked half a day on Saturday in Boston, taking the noontime train to Marblehead. The race started as soon as they arrived and the train doors opened. The yachtsmen had to move quickly to the water's edge, row to their yachts, get aboard, stand on deck and tip their hats before the anchor and sails could go up. Then they would sail to the destination and drop sail and anchor before the captain rowed ashore to sign in which finished the race.

On another note, we are making a serious and renewed effort to find better ways to keep you our members informed and invite you aboard to sail. One possibility is through our website, we will soon have a new webmaster, John Vogel. As John acclimates, we are open to ideas from our membership, so please let us know your thoughts on ways to improve the website.

I want to express sincere thanks to Deborah Albers and Bill Sonntag for creating and maintaining our website to date. Well done!

Another means of disseminating information is Facebook. If you have any additional ideas of ways to help improve communications with members, please let me know. However, I must admit to being somewhat of a dinosaur when it comes to technology, and I can get only dial up internet service at home... SLOW! I do though have an I Phone 5s, but need to learn new operation techniques.

We also have new database managers, Bob & Judy Hurd, who have been working hard to update all data fields of membership information. They have made a number of corrections and changes as our members move, change E-mail addresses and/or phone numbers. So please keep us informed of any changes

you may have made, or anticipate making. Bob & Judy will also be sending out membership renewal notices sometime soon, so please bear with us if in fact you are current please disregard the note, otherwise know that your renewed support helps to maintain a true National Maritime Treasure.

I am looking forward to seeing you at the crab feast, barbecue, and silent auction fundraiser on October 11 (rain date: October 12) at Cherry Grove Farm Waterfront.

Thank you!

Star Spangled Sailabration

... by Emilie Knud-Hansen

The hours ELF was under full sail in Baltimore on that glorious Sunday morning pales in comparison to the hours spent tied up at Browns Wharf over the 6-day Star Spangled Sailabration. It became quickly obvious ELF was a big attraction, as hundreds of people came by land and water taxi to visit us and three other classic yachts in our little harbor. Oh, and there was that monstrous British Navy destroyer taking up the entire Fells Point side; very nice officers and sailors, but the ship's generator emitted a high-pitched sound 24 hours a day; a few of us had ringing in our ears for a few days after!!

Back to those many hours at the dock, it was apparent Capt. Rick had very wisely divided his crew into real sailors who can handle the heavy work, and those of us who love ELF and are willing to talk about her at any given moment! So that's what we did, and the response was marvelous. More than 3,000 visitors passed by

ELF over 6-days, stopping to take photos, ask questions of the captain and crew and for many of them, a chance to step onboard history and visit down below. Rick was such an enthusiastic host we often had to pry him from one group so another group could hear the history and admire the beautiful woodwork.

It would be hard to describe our visitors as just boating and/or history enthusiasts, as they seemed to represent all walks of life, multi-cultural locals and tourists. We saw them all, but took particular pride in three separate wedding parties that asked and were granted permission to have photos taken on board. ELF definitely will be part of their wedding day memories forever!

The donations jar made its appearance a bit late, but generous visitors contributed an average of \$10. per family, adding a few hundred dollars to the coffers. And we distributed nearly the entire supply of CYRG Brochures, which already has led to an increase in membership. It also was a good opportunity to promote ELF's summer home, the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St. Michaels, MD.

Because we spent so much time with ELF, some of us



didn't get a chance to really visit the entire sailabration venue. I mentioned this to a woman who had just taken a photo of ELF and her response was: "Oh, don't worry about the other boats. I have visited every single one in 2 days and this boat (ELF) is by far the most beautiful boat on display."



And with the loudest crew, it should be noted! On that beautiful Sunday morning sail amongst many other historic vessels, it occurred to us that the Pride of Baltimore was to fire a gun salute when we sailed by and we had no gun to answer back. There was only one thing to do: "okay everybody, let's go one, two, three BOOM" and so all 22 of us on board did, eventually saluting all the yachts in a similar way. Delighted to report we were heard loud and clear!

Elf Classic Yacht Race Delivers Thrills and Spills

... by Craig Ligibel

Ka...Boooooom. Off went the cannon right in the middle of the Skipper's briefing. At the blast, 15 not-so-fleet-of-foot sailors immediately jettisoned their coffee cups and half-eaten donuts and made a mad dash to Eastport Yacht Club's dinghy dock...there to board their tenders for a frenetic row out to their classic sailboats anchored just off shore.

It was an exciting Le Mans-style start to a fun day of racing on the Bay as the Fourth Annual *Elf* Classic Yacht Race, Annapolis to St. Michael's, Race got under way under blue skies and a building breeze on Saturday, May 17.

This style of start harkens back to the early days of racing at the Corinthian Yacht Club in Marblehead, Massachusetts in the waning years of the 19 Century. Then, boat owners raced from their seats on the arriving trains and rowed to the start from their mooring or anchorage.

History is a little foggy on exactly how a starting position was established and there was no doubt some bit of skull duggery involved in getting off first.

Our start was clean... if not comical. There was *Elf* Captain Rick Carrion getting his patented "running start" accomplished by jumping into the sole of his tender head-first...and dunking his cell phone in the process.

Yachtsman and major race sponsor Peter Kellogg was rowed out to his 67-foot entry, *Blackwatch*, reading the weekend edition of the *Wall Street Journal*. And smiling from ear to ear.

The rest of us sprinted down the dock; quickly untied our dinghies and rowed like mad in an effort to be the "first away" in this challenging 20-mile race across the Bay.

Webster's offers several definitions of the word classic. The one that best fits the boats in the *Elf* Classic Yacht Race uses words like "enduring...timeless...traditional...simple lines...standard of excellence."

Apt descriptors for the competitors in the race my companions and I found ourselves in.

The fleet was a veritable floating armada of maritime history. Rick Carrion estimated the value of the fleet in excess of \$20 million...as if one could place a value on a combined 970 years of nautical heritage.

There was *Elf*, a beautifully-restored 1888 fifty-eight foot long Lawley gaff topsail cutter. *Elf* is the oldest acting racing yacht in America. The Classic Yacht Race was started by *Elf* captain Rick Carrion as a way to bring together similar vessels and to raise awareness...and some money...for continued restoration of classic vessels like *Elf*. She carries about 2300 square feet of sail and sports over a mile of line to make everything go.

Another 100-year-old sailing vessel was the 54-foot long 1895 Tilghman Island log canoe, *Persistence*. She was "found" abandoned in a horse pasture over two decades ago and has undergone a complete restoration at the hands of the craftsmen at the Philadelphia Maritime museum. Skipper Brad Johnson claims that this voyage of *Persistence* is the first time a log canoe has ventured into the center of the Bay in over 70 years. Normally, these top-heavy craft prefer to ply the more sedate waters of the rivers of the Eastern Shore.

Six pristine Hinckleys were registered as well...including *Huntress*, a more than half-century old, Bill Tripp-designed, Hinckley-built yawl. *Huntress* was hull Number One of the popular Bermuda 40 design. There were less than 230 of these classic yachts built over a 30-year period.

The *Bull* and The *Bear*, new renditions of the classic 1860's



Peter Kellogg makes his way to *Blackwatch*

Photo by Dan Phelps

work-boat design commonly called Sandbaggers, are sailed out of the National Sailing Hall of Fame and have been fierce competitors in the *Elf* Classic Race since its inception.

One of the jewels of the fleet was *Silent Maid*, a 2009 edition of the original 33-foot long Bay Head New Jersey catboat by the same name. She was built using traditional techniques but with significantly upgraded modern technology including a carbon-

fiber reinforced mast. She carries over 1200 square feet of sail with a boom extending well over her transom.

The smallest boat in the fleet was the 15-foot long Uffa Fox Albacore, *Exotic Material*. Her refinished hull and topsides glistened in the morning sun.

My little catboat, *Mystic Wind*, a forty-year-old 20-foot Peter Legnos designed Mystic 20, was a late entry to the race. Crew member John Coyle of Beach Haven, New Jersey had run into Peter Kellogg at a boat christening in New Jersey. Peter asked John, a noted Barnegat Bay boat restorer in his own right, if he was sailing in the race. John called me and asked if my boat was in the water yet. He and co-conspirator Jimmy Doherty already had their bags...and the rum...packed for the trip before I could call John back with an affirmative reply.

We had no illusions about our ability to win the race. With only 250 square feet of sail, our hull speed under ideal conditions maxes out around 6 knots. But it seemed like a good time could be had...and we thought we would be okay getting off our anchor ahead of the other, more complex boats. With a only two halyards to deal with, one for the gaff and one for the main, we figured to be quick off the start if I didn't capsize the dinghy on

the way out to the anchorage.

As predicted, the start was a good one.

With cries of “ set that kite now...” “shake out that reef” and “heave, boys, heave” the fleet got underway like an old man getting out of bed, with lots of fits and starts and not a few creaks and groans. We were the second boat off...*Elf* having set sail a few seconds earlier, thanks, in part, to Rick Carrion’s unorthodox “flying gainer” entry into his dinghy.

As my wife Colleen watched John pilot *Mystic Wind* through the fleet with apprehension close to panic, her only thought was “ I hope our insurance is paid up...one wrong move and those boys would be creasing the hull of several million dollars of nautical history.”

We watched in amazement as the rest of the fleet got under way in a northerly 8-10 knot breeze. For one fleeting, golden moment, we were in the lead...and all the following yachts could see of little *Mystic Wind* was her classic wine glass transom and the glint of the morning’s sun off her brightly-varnished spars. John, Jimmy and I were grinning from ear to ear. Here we were...the least of all the boats in the race...enjoying a start for the ages!

All good things must come to an end, however, and soon we were far behind most boats as they took advantage of their superior sail plans to run towards Thomas Point Light under ideal conditions.

The race had a time limit of six hours. And for the first half of the battle, all seemed in order. Then, as the lead boats rounded Bloody Point and pointed down the Miles River, the wind gave out.

That’s when we decided to head home to the South River and drive over to St. Michael’s to catch the finish from the safety of dry land and with a cold beer in our hands.

Others in the fleet persevered...and made their way haltingly towards St. Michael’s.

Brad Johnson’s log canoe was waked by a passing power boat as he made the turn...which sent the 10-man and woman crew scampering on the hiking boards to try to prevent the inevitable...a swim in the 65-degree Bay water.

“With this rig,” Johnson recalled, “once she goes over, we have to unrig the sails while she is on her side; take the masts off and secure them to the boat, then we can right her...and bail her out. It was a cold, wet process...but not something we had not anticipated. This was a great race for us. I think we could have caught *Silent Maid* on the run down the Miles...but the wind giving out made it tough for

us to stay upright!”

At 3 pm, the race was called...with only a couple of boats within sight of the finish line.

After driving across the Bay Bridge and making our way to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, we proudly signed the log as the first boat to check in...highlighted with a bold asterisk for a big assist by a motorized four wheel vehicle!

Soon after, *Silent Maid* passed the Museum’s docks...healing gently into the tranquil water and putting on a good show for the spectators.

Other boats began to filter in...some under sail power. Most with the help of their “iron jenny’s”.

The last boat to arrive was the little *Albacore*, after a sail of over 7 hours. “We don’t have an engine...so had to sail her all the way,” said skipper Barney Harris. “We had a nice run for a while. Even when the wind played out, we were able to catch some zephyrs and move right along. Before

the race was called, we had passed every boat in the fleet except *Silent Maid*. Right at the end, a final gust put *Bear* ahead of us. We’ll take that. Next year, with steady wind, we’ll be right in there.”

In the Cruising Class, *Silent Maid* was declared the winner.

In the Day Boat Class, *Bear* came away with the first-place honors.

Elf was accorded the trophy for the “first off the line.”

Persistence won the Captain’s Choice Award.

Mystic Wind brought home some hardware as well, winning the award for “Best Dressed Yacht”...although John, Jimmy and I had a hard time believing that our little craft qualified for the “yacht” designation.

According to organizer Bill Sonntag, the event was an unqualified success. He modestly gives all the credit for its smooth running to his wife, Deborah Albers.

“We raised a little money for the Classic Yacht Restoration Guild and the Maritime Museum. We treated participants and spectators to the sight of some glorious yachts under sail. And we had a good time to boot. Not a bad way to spend a Spring Day on the Bay.”

For information about next year’s *Elf* Classic Yacht Race, contact Bill at wsontag@verizon.net or visit: www.cyrg.org.

Silent Maid gets underway

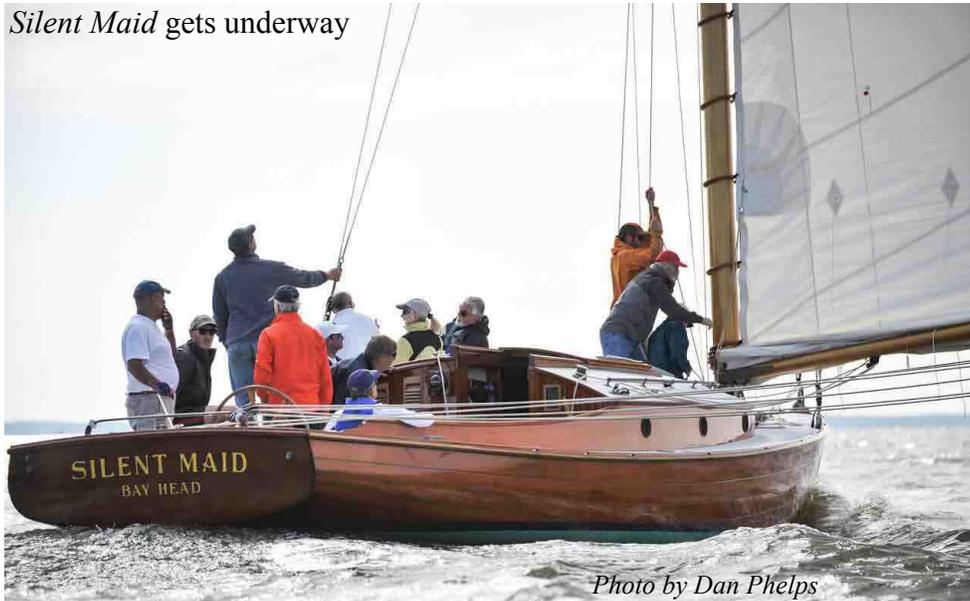


Photo by Dan Phelps



Guidelines for HELM Article Submission

Articles for HELM are invited. They should be submitted, preferably in Word with .doc appended so they may be edited, if necessary. They may also be sent as a text file. Photographs are also encouraged, if available, as a jpg. Please send to Rick Carrion at elf1888@earthlink.net

WE WERE THERE!

STAR SPANGLED SAILABRATION - The 200th Anniversary of the Star Spangled Banner Baltimore; September 10 through 16, 2014

... by Steven Remillard

The ELF looks on the small side when tucked in amongst all those tall ships.

We are also of somewhat modest financial means – and can't afford a cannon.

This did not deter our hardy crew of twenty-one from providing a proper salute to Fort McHenry dignitaries on the beautiful morning of Sunday, September 14th, exactly two hundred years after Francis Scott Key witnessed what we saw at dawn's early light.

You know the words, "Oh say can you see . . ." We celebrated the raising of the giant flag over the fort proclaiming victory.

Wow!

But back to the cannons (or lack thereof). After some other vessels fired their salute, it was our turn in the sail-by parade. Our innovative captain counted down: three, two, one.....BOOM! the crew shouted at the top of our lungs! A true twenty-one salute if there ever was one!

The flag raising ceremony was one of many events hosted by Sail Baltimore and the Star Spangled Sailabration. Music, pageantry, speeches, air shows, and spectacular fireworks were part of a magnificent week hosting ships and sailors in Charm City.

Over five hundred folks visited the Elf. Even though there were massive battleships from all over the world, visitors were fascinated by the appearance and history of our vessel.

The Honorable Stephanie Rawlings-Blake, the mayor of Baltimore, presented each vessel with a flag which has been flown over Fort McHenry. Not to be out done, the mayor was given an Elf cap and burgee. Also, she is invited to our Crab Feast on October 11th!

Brown's Wharf is in Fell's Point, an old time maritime neighborhood in Baltimore. Fell's Point is known for having more drinking establishments within one mile than anywhere else in America.

The Elf was tied up at Brown's Warf! Coincidence? Perhaps.

One clever idea the event organizers promoted was a Sailabration Passport for kids (and some adults) to have stamped from each ship as well as certain land-based venues such as Fort McHenry. This turned out to be a wonderful introduction facilitator and got many youngsters and their parents to see America's oldest active racing yacht. In addition to answering questions about the Elf and the Classic Yacht Restoration Guild, the Elf crew would stamp passports as ambassadors of maritime history.

On the grounds of Fort McHenry there were over two hundred re-enactors, both military and "camp followers". For one solid week they lived in small tents, cooked over open fires, slept in uncomfortable beds, wore the same clothing, endured the weather and peed in a pot. They are dedicated historians who "walk the walk". They had to get along with their business, all the time thousands of tourists from all over the world were coming by to ask questions and craft fellowship. Fascinating and rewarding.

Come to think of it.....that's just what Captain Rick, Board member John Carraway and some of the hardest crew members did too! Kudos to them for sailing to Baltimore and standing watch over our craft and for the return sail to the Eastern Shore.

When under sail, most of the time sailing is quiet and peaceful. The soft sound of the waves slapping at the hull can be soothing and contemplative. That's the idealized version.

What a contrast to Sailabration activities! In addition to the cacophony of one million visitors, there were many noisy hours of "speechifying", Blue Angels, professional sports, and fireworks. Oh those fireworks!

"The bombs bursting in air...". In addition to several rooftop displays, there were six big barges anchored in the Inner Harbor. If you can imagine the "finale" of every pyrotechnic display, picture that level of intensity for twenty-five minutes. Now try to imagine six times as much! Beautiful, loud, and inspiring. Fabulous!

The Navy exhibition of the Blue Angels was the highlight of the Sailabration Air Show. There were helicopters and aerial water rescue demonstrations and fly-bys of many aircraft. In addition to official shows on Saturday and Sunday, the Blue Angels practiced on Thursday and Friday. Two feet apart and flying 500 miles per hour. Again, noisy, but wonderful!

Lotsa' dignitaries. President. Vice President. Governor O'Malley, and dozens more from the US and the UK.

We were entertained by the Royal Scots Guard from HMS ARGYLL also berthed at Brown's Wharf. There is much controversy about those bagpipes. Folks seem to love 'em or hate 'em. There were large crowds gathered, therefore the pipes were much appreciated. Pomp and circumstance. Wonderful, and adding to the Elf experience at one of the largest events in Chesapeake history.

We were there!



Summer Haul-out and Hull Maintenance

... by Rick Carrion

Each year we move up the Bay to my favorite river, the Sassafras, and Georgetown Yacht Basin, Inc. (GYB). We wait for the best time and weather window to haul ELF out, power clean the bottom, and put her in the shade to start the work. Jack Schrodel, the travel lift operator treats ELF with the greatest respect, and does a stellar job moving her and blocking her up for the work parties to do their magic. Dylan Hanson, Jack's right hand man also did a fine job with setting up ELF for the work parties.

First order of business was to sand from deck down. Prime, fill, prime some more, and of course, sand some more. Tape the waterline, paint the topsides, tape the rails, paint the rails, and cut in the bow art, and the list goes on. The efforts of so many dedicated members made ELF shine upon the re-launch, and I thank you each for your invaluable efforts. Some say that it takes a village to raise a child, and I say ELF needs all our valued members to campaign her, share her, and make nautical history simply come alive.

Photo by Jay Aigeltinger



During the haul out, I decided to repack the propeller shaft stuffing box, a necessary evil to minimize water coming into ELF. The shaft couplers were installed with iron bolts and were rusted into new shapes. It took fifteen (15) hours in the small bilge area to cut away and pound out those bolts. When the last bolt was driven out, the engine fell to starboard a bit. (Not a good thing!)

Upon close inspection using mirrors in such a cramped space, it was determined that the aft starboard engine mount was broken. Due to the configuration of the engine beds, we had to have all four (4) replaced. Emil Kiss, one of our CYRG board of directors, and old friend, came to the rescue. Emil owns a metal fabricating shop, Paco Winders, in Philadelphia. His

shop produced all four and two extras of the engine mounts in stainless steel. Precision work was necessary to make them fit so well. Thank you Emil Kiss and Paco Winders for such a fine job.

Next, we had to install the engine mounts and realign the engine to the propeller shaft. We had to lift the 380-pound engine before we could install the mounts. Another good friend and past CYRG board member, Jay Aigeltinger, worked long hours with me to get the jobs done. Lifting the engine, installing the new stainless steel mounts and realignment of the engine to the propeller shaft took quite a lot of volunteer hours. Once all was done, we got back

underway after an unplanned six-week delay. Ivan Wade and staff at GYB were very helpful getting us out to ELF on the mooring. Thanks to all the help from C Y R G volunteers and GYB staff, ELF got underway and I am happy to tell you that we recently won FIRST place in the National

Sailing Hall Of Fame, Classic boat race September 21, 2014. Now, ELF is on display at her summer home, the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum. Please visit and possibly go sailing soon!

"Lawley Built"



www.cyr.org

34th Annual Crab Feast, BBQ, & Silent Auction

Saturday, October 11 (Rain Date – October 12)

Guest Registration Form (Please send by October 7)

Name _____ Number attending (adults) _____ (children _____)

<p>Members: _____ @ \$45 Non-Members: _____ @ \$55 Total amount for Crab Feast: _____ Children under 12 years old admitted free.</p>

If you miss the deadline, it may not be too late. Call 410-275-2819. Leave a message if Rick is not available. Your call will be returned as soon as possible.

Please include or renew my membership to the Classic Yacht Restoration Guild.

(Check the CYRG website www.cyr.org and click on "Membership" for details about membership levels.)

Name _____ Date _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Phone (home) _____ Phone (other) _____ Email _____

Mail in this form along with your check payable to the:

Classic Yacht Restoration Guild
 PO Box 237
 687 Pond Neck Road
 Earleville, MD 21919

Membership levels (check one)

Basic _____ \$25
 Crew _____ \$65
 Bosun/family _____ \$125
 Navigator _____ \$250
 Voyager _____ \$500
 Additional Contribution \$ _____

The CYRG is a registered 501(C) 3 nonprofit institution. The membership portion of your payment is tax-deductable to the full extent of the law.

<p>Total amount for Crab Feast \$ _____ Additional membership \$ _____ Total amount due \$ _____</p>

34th ANNUAL CYRG CRAB FEAST – DIRECTIONS TO CHERRY GROVE FARM WATERFRONT

From the North —

Take I 95 or US 40 to Elkton. Then take 213 South. Cross the second major bridge (Bohemia River). Take immediate right on Glebe Road, then see below*.

From the South —

Cross the Bay Bridge at US 50 & 301split. Take 301 North for about 25 miles. Take left on Maryland 313 toward Galena (continue straight through the traffic light) where 313 becomes Maryland 213 North in Galena. Follow until just before Bohemia River Bridge (second major bridge). Take a left before bridge on Glebe Road.

* Follow Glebe Road for about 1.5 miles to Cherry Grove Road. Turn Right. Follow for about 1.7 miles and turn right again onto a dirt road. This will be marked for the Crab Feast. Follow straight for about 1.2 miles to the beach.

Father's Day 2014 Aboard Elf

... By Heather Carrion

Father's Day this year provided wonderful weather, great for sailing and spending time with family and friends. Aboard Elf we had Captain Rick, of course, as well as Peter, Cassidy, Anne, Lynn Porter and me. The sky was mostly clear, there was a light breeze and the water was warm. The day turned into a successful lesson in sailing for Peter and me, as well as a day to relax; it was a great combination. I managed to steer ELF successfully out of Georgetown Yacht Basin all the way to the bay with great guidance from the Captain (and help from the engine as we were going against the wind.) He taught me how to deal with wake, so I've now learned how to make it more comfortable for ELF, by steering her into the wake at a 45-degree angle and riding it out. I learned etiquette, regarding passing other boats and whether one should pass on the port side or starboard side (generally port side to port side). I understand the red and green markers delineating the path, though I couldn't necessarily see them when Rick would point them out. It turns out after 43 years sailing that particular route he just knows where they are even if they're not in view yet. I also learned a little about the instruments (GPS, the depth finder, etc.) and managed to use them successfully while guiding her out. On our way, we were passed by Surprise, a Cape Dory sailboat, with Bill and Debra aboard along with their dog.

During the relaxation time between motoring out and getting the sails up, we had delicious sandwiches made by Rick. After lunch, Cassidy and Peter went for a swim, floating along with the boat using a rope and fender balls. We took some really good photos.

Peter then helped put the sails up to head back to Georgetown, though we did not use the main sail because there wasn't quite enough breeze to justify it. The Captain was at the helm for the most of the trip back, but I took over for a little bit while he and Peter put the sails back down. Rick wanted to pull our tender, Vida, out for a little work. Peter and I rowed her back to shore (honestly, Peter rowed and I sat there for emotional support). We got her out of the water and back to the farm where we ended the day with a nice Father's Day dinner. All in all, it was a lovely day.

Photo by Susan Shin



Elf, past and future



The Classic Yacht Restoration Guild, Inc.

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