



*MEMORIES
OF THE
SCHOONER
LOTUS*

*REMINISCENCES OF SOME OF
THOSE WHO HAVE SAILED ON
THE GOOD SCHOONER LOTUS
OF SODUS POINT*

PRIVATELY PRINTED, NEWARK, N. Y., 1939



WHENCE CAME LOTUS

DESIGNER: *Wm. Hand, Jr., N. A., New Bedford, Mass.*

BUILT *at Rocky River, Ohio, 1918, by T. B. Van Dorn*

CHRISTENED *"Miss Gloucester"*

MEASUREMENTS: *48' 8" overall*

34' waterline

12' 11" beam

4' 9" draft

PURCHASED *by Stephen E. Comstock September 9, 1922, and sailed to her new home, Sodus Point, Lake Ontario, September 11, 1922.*

NAME CHANGED TO LOTUS: *Application made September 22, 1922; application granted 110 days later (See "What's in a Name? Three Months and \$19," by C. P. H. Vary in YACHTING, May, 1924)*

"Her name was chosen, not because it is short and pretty, but because Great Sodus Bay, one of the finest harbors on The Great Lakes, is also one of the very few places on this continent where the Lotus Flower grows in wild luxuriance. What more fitting name could be found for a dream ship hailing from the home of the dream flower?"

(From "Loafing on Lotus," by C. P. H. Vary—YACHTING, June, 1924)

WHITHER WENT LOTUS

LOTUS was sold October 3, 1938, to Richard (DICK) Todd and Kenneth (KEN) Cooley—two young men who had long dreamed of owning a sizeable yacht.

Long ago they had even named their dream ship; and had, year by year, been adding to a fund which should eventually buy her. Her name should be DICKENS—just as their fund had been called the "Dickens Foundation"—typifying not only joint ownership but also the close-knit friendship between Dick and Ken.

When their dream came true—when they were making their first cruise on DICKENS *nee* LOTUS—they sent this wire from Deseronto, Ont.:

STEPHEN E COMSTOCK

OCT 14 1938

NEWARK N Y

SHIP WEATHER AND CREW PERFECT CONDITION ABOARD

LOTUS DICKENS. INITIAL TOAST TO YOU. YOUR

KINDNESSES ARE HELPING TO MAKE THIS MAIDEN

VOYAGE ONE WHICH WILL BE DIFFICULT TO IMPROVE

UPON. LOTUS MORE THAN WE EVER HOPED FOR.

WE SALUTE YOU.

DICK AND KEN

It maligns her not, then, to say

LOTUS has gone to the DICKENS!

WHENCE CAME THIS BOOK

CAPTAIN COMSTOCK has not divulged the date or the source of the idea which inspired the production of this book. But we who have sailed with him will recognize the book as a product of "S. E. C.'s" desire to prolong the pleasure of his guests—help them re-live some of the old enjoyments.

Compiling the material and preparing it for printing have been a pleasant task. Response to the Captain's invitation for contributions was prompt and hearty. Myriads of memories must have leaped to the minds of "invitees" at the mere mention of Lotus.

Contributors expressed keen pleasure in "remembering when," as well as very high esteem for the Captain. So profuse, in fact, were the compliments and expressions of personal regard that they have been largely deleted, to prevent possible embarrassment which their presence might cause in a book designed for presentation to friends.

As a matter of record, the Letter of Invitation is recorded here:

Newark, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1938

Sixteen years ago the good Schooner Lorus became a member of the Comstock family, and, by transfer of title a couple of weeks ago, she now passes to a new owner.

While she will no longer fly my private signal, we shall always highly prize her for the many happy memories which she has brought to all of us.

With the aid of our good and long-time friend, "Charlie" Clark, I have in mind to develop a little "Memory Book"—a sort of testimonial to the happy days and experiences which Lotus has given us, and I should be very happy to have you represented.

Among your Lotus memories there must be many which should be included in such a booklet; and, at your fairly early convenience, please drop a line either to me or to "Charlie" Clark, describing one or more outstanding items which you would like to see in the "Memory Book." If you can furnish the dates, please do so; and if you have a photo to illustrate it, send that along too (better put your name on back of photo to insure its return if desired).

Don't fuss too much over literary excellence—just "Remember-the-time-when" stuff will be OK.

Many thanks and good wishes,

Sincerely yours,

S. E. COMSTOCK

Gratefully acknowledged are not only all contributions, but also the co-operative spirit back of them. A composite of all letters received from contributors would run something like the following:

"Enclosed is my contribution to Lotus Memory Book. Please cut it down

or stretch it out or rewrite it or do anything it needs to make it suitable for the purpose you have in mind. My thought is to express my lasting gratitude to the Captain for the experiences which are now so fondly remembered, my joy in recording those memories, and my tribute to the Good Schooner Lotus."

The free-rein permission to revise, so generously extended, was highly appreciated.

CHARLES R. CLARK

SALUTE!

FOR sixteen years Lotus has been a member of our family—a contributing member, too. She has given us happy hours, relaxation and peace of mind. She has carried us on morning breezes soft with the breath of fresh water; on wrathful winds and rolling waves; through fog and rain; down a ribbon of moonlight over smooth, black water. Always she has done her part valiantly and well.

With her we have rested at calm anchorage, watched twilights come and go. And on soft summer nights we have looked up at the silver stars shining steadfastly in the evening sky, and felt ourselves blessed indeed.

Lotus has been one of us!

Passed now to other hands, Lotus will become part of another family's life. We bid her HAIL AND FAREWELL!—treasuring always what she has given us.

We asked you, our friends who have enjoyed Lotus with us, to contribute to a Memory Book, not for filing away in our records, but to perpetuate for you and for us our Lotus memories.

To you, our friends, this book is lovingly presented.

THE COMSTOCK FAMILY

LAKE ONTARIO

C. P. H. VARY

The deep-sea sailors seem to think it takes
No brains to sail America's Great Lakes.
In their belief, the lakes are merely pools
Where all men sail in safety—even fools.

There are no tides, of course, to ebb and flow
Along the shores of Lake Ontario;
But there are reefs and shoals and ugly seas—
Not every wind is just a summer breeze.

And yet, there is no finer place to go
Than past the shores of Lake Ontario.
To view the charming islands, inlets, bays,
Provides a cruise of many happy days.

The shore-line teems with scenery which charms;
With summer homes, with forests and with farms;
Attractive cities, scattered here and there;
A friendly population everywhere.

The dear old lake has history galore.
Historic spots abound on every shore,
Where pioneers had many fierce affrays
With hostile forces in the early days.

But if you finally decide to take
A cruise around this grand, historic lake,
You should be sure, before you start your trip,
That you have found a staunch, seaworthy ship.

L'envoi

Seaworthiness comes first in point of need.
Then follows comfort. After that comes speed.
Add hospitality unto the three,
And there you have the Lorus to a T.

Memories

ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY

BY NAMES OF

CONTRIBUTORS

IT IS a privilege to have the opportunity to contribute to the Memory Log of the Lorus.

My clearest recollections go back to about 1933-34, when on my first cruise I was introduced to the eye-opening virtues of the Lorus Cocktail. The sun never shone more brightly than then. And, when followed by Harry's wheatcakes—that was the start of a real day!

On another occasion, however, that of a regatta at Charlotte, I recall, too well, quite different results for me from Harry's galley. Then, the sun was not shining, nor was the sea as flat as must need be for my type of landlubber. Leaving hastily a delightful luncheon in the cabin, I sat in the scuppers in concerned silence until my violent and vicious promptings were lulled by the amused but kindly solicitousness of the skipper, and by the ever remedial ration of seagoing rum.

But above all is the undimmed remembrance of my host's genuine sharing of his guest's enjoyment. The Lorus will be missed, but it is my hope that it will be the good fortune of the new owner to have transferred with the title some small part of the spirit of friendship and hospitality with which that good ship has been imbued for so many years.

Lorus, Ave atque vale!

Bill

GEORGE OLNEY BAILEY
124 CORWIN ROAD
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

I STILL remember looking forward to my first cruise on the Lotus. I had my bag packed at least a week before sailing time. I believe that this was the cruise on which Dick and I had sweet revenge on the cabin boy, Art. We had come from the Main Duck to off of Fairhaven and were headed for Sodus Bay when a storm hit us, and being nearly dark, the three of us were below in the main cabin, Dick and I holding down the bunks and our lunch, while Art proceeded to tell us what poor sailors we were. However, Dick and I held down the bunks and lunch into the home port while Art let go of both.

And that reminds me of "Doc" feeding the fish over the lee rail all the way from Charlotte to Toronto on the cruise of August 8 to 12, 1927.

On this same cruise the cards were running against me, for we had a card shark aboard, and what could one do but take it.

And do you remember the mermaids (?) at the Kingston Yacht Club in July, 1925, the fishermen on the Main Duck, and how good the fish tasted after being cared for by Harry, the buffalo on the Island and wondering how they got there, the sand dunes and the Lake on the Mount near Picton and the old fort at Kingston?

Turning to food, I'll bet that if the enclosed picture of Harry, taken in July, 1925, were shown to any one of the members of the crews of the Lotus their mouths would water even now in anticipation of events to follow—a chicken dinner with boiled potatoes and lots of butter as prepared by Harry.

George

GEORGE C. BEBB
270 WASHINGTON AVE.
ALBANY, N. Y.

MEMORIES of Lotus and Capt. Steve?

Dozens of 'em! Hundreds of 'em!

There's one incident that stands out like Gibraltar, besides dozens of noteworthy trips and hundreds of ordinary departures, arrivals, and daily doings of boat and skipper.

Human nature being what it is, my No. 1 memory is of the time when I "got even" with Steve. It took two years of eagle-eyed watching and waiting—years punctuated with discouragement and near-despair—but success came at last. 'Twas like this:

We, of the Vega, were leaving Kingston harbor just as Lotus was entering. From Lotus came the hearty megaphoned Comstock voice, saying, "By the way, Captain, can you tell me where the owner of Vega is? I see she's flying the Absent flag!"

Was my face red! Captain and crew of Vega had forgotten to take in the Absent flag! All I could do was hope that sometime, somewhere, I could catch Lotus in similar plight—a very forlorn hope!

Two years later it happened, during races at Sodus Point! Seeing Lotus in the distance, I could hardly believe my eyes; that couldn't be "owner absent" flying at her masthead! Full speed ahead! I must get nearer, quickly, and make sure! It *was*! How I gloated as I shouted to Steve, "By the way, Captain, can you tell me where the owner of Lotus is? I see she's flying the Absent flag!"

Then, there are dozens of happy memories of days when I was one of the crew to help (?) bring Lotus to Sodus Bay from her winter quarters at Rochester in the Spring, and take her back in the Fall.

And hundreds of other days when we'd say, "There's Lotus at her buoy," "Lotus is out; wonder where and who's aboard," "There goes Lotus," "Here comes Lotus," Etc., Etc. Old Sodus Bay will not seem quite normal without her.

Sherm

R. A. S. BLOOMER
NEWARK, N. Y.

THERE certainly are many happy memories of good times on the Lorus.

Remember-the-time-when the "Whisper" was tied off the stern of the Lorus in the evening, at Sodus, "Lym" Stuart advancing reasons as to why we should make a night crossing. Later on there was every good reason to wonder why we had sailed, as the "Whisper" seemed to be making a survey of the entire eastern end of the lake, while the Lorus stood by trying to get her on her way, and "Cot" Smith slept peacefully lashed to the Lorus cabin trunk.

It was a welcome tow-line which came aboard in the morning and took her out of a heavy dead swell into Kingston, a call on Mr. Rigney, then sleep.

Kingston, Main Duck Island, Prinyer's Cove, Presque Isle, and, on Long Island Sound, Manhasset Bay, Glen Cove, Port Jefferson, and others—not to mention the many happy hours reaching these harbors—bring back many never-to-be-forgotten memories.

Perhaps there are some events which would better be forgotten, but it doesn't seem as though the Lorus memory book would be complete without mention of the evening when she was so rudely boarded and her guests denuded of their pajamas. To commemorate this occasion, and make some small apology, these pajamas are inclosed.

Bill

WILSON BLOOMER

NEWARK, N. Y.

(The "pajamas" which Bill enclosed are of light-blue silk, beautifully made; are 5 inches around the chest, 4 inches around the waist, and have an inside leg-seam of 2¾ inches. —Editor.)

I SHALL always cherish the memories of my cruises aboard the Lorus. For me to single out any outstanding event is difficult, as every cruise was packed full of real enjoyment.

My memories are many:

The Bay of Quinte with its beautiful shore lines.

Pulling up the anchor on that dark night in Presque Isle Bay.

Prinyer's Cove with all its beauty and quietness at evening time, except for the songs of the crew after one of those luxurious dinners which the Lorus only could produce.

Picton and the Sand Banks.

Main Duck with its fishermen (and buffaloes).

Fishing off Waupoos and Timber Islands.

Cobourg and the Pirates.

Charlie Clark demonstrating the sinking qualities of his new Canadian pipe.

The sail from Toronto to Presque Isle Bay with the little bird aboard.

Crossing the lake and anxiously awaiting the time when the Captain announces the sun is over the yardarm.

Those delicious noon lunches after a hard morning's work which were so generously nibbled by the crew.

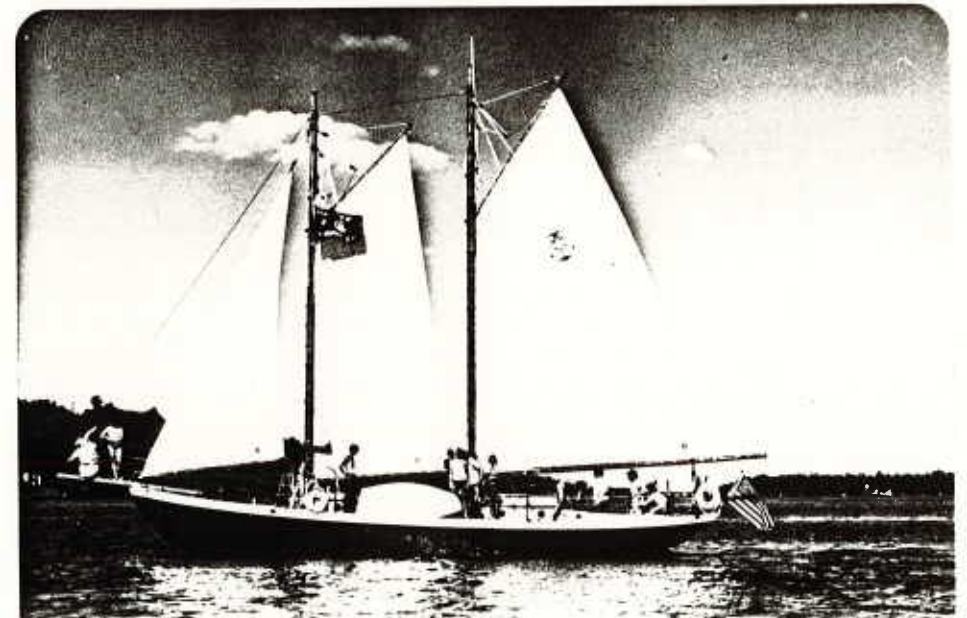
All of these and many more have their association with events which make it a real joy about which to reminisce.

The good ship Lorus, spick and span, beautiful, sturdy, and dependable, and with the Skipper at the wheel, will ever hold many and pleasant memories for all the crew.

Duane

DUANE H. BROWN

NEWARK, N. Y.



DO I remember? I'll never forget it. That was the time the Captain invited Dr. Jewett, David Jewett, Jut Emerson, my father and me, to come aboard the LOTUS on a Thursday night for a week-end sail. Three days of perfection resulted which too soon became very pleasant memories.

Friday's sail to Kingston found pure pleasure the order of the day with an occasional "Help the glassblowers" from the Captain. We turned in early that night, for there was fishing to be done in the morning. When you were aboard the LOTUS you didn't want to miss a minute, so you sort of wished you could sleep afterward. But after one of those delicious LOTUS dinners, with potatoes swimming in butter—well, there it was, morning.

Those were fine fish, but dear, which we caught the next day, and there was no love lost between us and a certain mahogany cruiser that hailed us.

There's only one Captain who could have made me think that I had done him a favor when I said farewell by diving down the companionway into the middle of the dinner table; and that's what the Captain did!

Harold

HAROLD BUSH
265 S. 38TH ST.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE good schooner LOTUS—a ship which has been true and faithful to all who have enjoyed her comforts and services! At sea, whether before breakfast, passing lighthouses, icebergs or barges, her services were never-failing—"Help the glassblowers"—"When the sun is over the yardarm"—"Stop that coughing; I know what you mean!"

The LOTUS was a most unusual lady. Time, place, or even bad weather seemed to make no difference to her. When clumsy landlubbers came aboard, she greeted them with a smile, made them feel at home and welcome to all she possessed, ignoring the certainty of their becoming a menace to her progress.

From hundreds of memories, none stands out more clearly than "Oswego to New York City, July, 1929." Assisted by a few memoranda made at or near the spots, a log of that trip's highlights goes something like this:

To Oswego by auto, to find Harry Bonnell with LOTUS ready—spars lashed to the deck, since the canal-run must be all by power. Cleared Port Oswego 4:20 p.m., Friday, July 26—then Fulton—Phoenix—darkness falling—range lights picked up and helm turned over to ABS Bush—a piece of smooth going—then a bit of a jar on the ship's bottom, port side (someone must have moved that range light)—no further thought about the wee bump—tied up at Three Rivers for the night.

Retired 9:30—slept alone in main cabin (special privilege to heavy snoring sailor), clothes neatly piled on floor of cabin—3 a.m. a SHOUT from the Captain, "ALL HANDS ON DECK!"—stepped out of bunk into six inches of cool water, clothes floating around cabin—(No humor in that situation—imaginary remarks by Captain: "Fine helmsman you proved to be! Better pack up and go home, if you can't steer a course that's all marked for you with colored lights!")

Leak repaired by boat-builder Cole at Three Rivers, and under way again at 2 p.m.—tied up for the night at Rome. Meditated on the beauties of the natural, winding stream which is the Barge Canal below Three Rivers, wooded banks only slightly changed from pioneer days of 1790, and 21 miles of buoyed channel through beautiful Oncida Lake, as compared with same Barge Canal as previously seen from roads and bridges between Buffalo and Clyde.

Rome astern at 9 a.m. Sunday, the 28th—locks and locks and obliging lock-tenders—Little Falls—Canajoharie—night lay-over at Fonda—Amsterdam—Schenectady. Nearing Waterford and passage into Hudson River, the entry is: "Lock No. 3, 5:10 p.m.—'Passed out.'" (Doubtless referring to the fact that we passed out of the lock.)

Heading for Troy and its large Government dock—standing on forward

deck, as lookout, warned the Captain of swimmers crossing our bow—course changed towards middle of river, Lorus sliding easily and quietly upon a submerged island, in about 3 feet of water. Stuck, hard and fast! Said Capt. Steve, from his comfortable chair in the cockpit, "Ross, I'm tired; get me a nice nurse to rub my head." With an "Aye, Aye, Sir!" the dinghy being lowered and Troy in the near offing, I rowed away to do the Captain's bidding; and brought back a nurse by the name of Capt. Beaudine who brought his tug and pulled Lorus off the mud and towed us back to Waterford for the night.

Next day, to Troy without mishap—laid in stores and stayed the night at Albany. Then, early next morning, down the Hudson—Kingston for gasoline—welcomed heartily to Newburgh Yacht Club basin, and easily persuaded to tie up for the night—off at 5:30 next morning—West Point—Tarrytown—Irvington—Harlem River—Long Island Sound—City Island at 3 p.m. (Where else more beautiful scenery than on the Hudson River between Albany and New York, especially those early morning starts!)

Sad the farewells from Capt. Steve, Harry and Lorus, and tame the train-ride back home; but happy the memories of one of the most interesting and enjoyable trips I have ever taken!

Ross

ROSCOE S. BUSH
MARION, N. Y.



WHAT a fine, up-standing, happy and motley progeny blessed the union of S. E. Comstock and G. S. Lotus:—Father-and-Son Cruises, Fishing Expeditions, Voyages of Exploration, Office Excursions, Following-the-Yacht-Races, Business Jaunts, Convoying Jobs, Importation Trips, and, believe it or not, a *Golfing Cruise!*

Remember, Captain, playing at Niagara-on-the-Lake—you and Dave Jewett and The World's Worst Golfer? And at Hamilton Country Club's beautiful Rocky-Mountain-Goat course at Ancaster, and at Toronto's Royal York course, where convivial Messrs. Crocker and Wheeler came to our rescue in the locker room when we found we couldn't buy a drink? Remember, too, how that same cruise was a semi-father-and-son affair, with Dave's son, David, and my adopted-for-the-trip son, Jut Emerson?

And, shall I ever forget the cruise with my twin sufferer, Cale? Deaf and blind with despair though we were, we could see Dick Hayden grasping our belts to keep us from falling overboard as we hung weakly and "heaved" strongly over the rail of the rolling, pitching ship; and could hear the Captain shouting, "I'm proud of *you*, Dick!" (This being the first cruise of the summer on which Dick had *not* been sick.) I can still feel my thumb being feebly lifted to nose at the frequent offerings of beer and sandwiches.

There's another unforgettable cruise: with Harry Stuart and Charlie Brinser (rest his soul); but, fortunately, I've forgotten the song!

No use trying to express my appreciation of Lotus and her Captain—a grand ship—a perfect host—a precious friend!

Charlie

CHARLES R. CLARK
NEWARK, N. Y.

ABOARD Lorus, with Martha, Stephen, and Charles, to follow LYRA races off Sodus Point! Strong wind and heavy seas—rather violent exercise, just to stay reasonably “put”—stomach only fair!

Back into the Bay, after the races, to anchor in the lea of Eagle Island for lunch! What heavenly calm! What a grand lunch! Stomach perfect!

Thanks for the experience which makes this fond recollection possible; and thanks for the opportunity of saying it among “Lorus Memories”!

Maudie

MRS. CHARLES R. CLARK
NEWARK, N. Y.

IF Lorus comes no more to see us, we sure shall miss her; so I hope she will continue to come. It will be a pleasure to welcome her and her new Skipper.

It was always a pleasure to hear Captain Comstock's cheery greeting, and to have the Lorus and her crew in our little harbor. They were always ready to help and make everything pleasant at all times.

I can't believe Captain Comstock will be happy without a boat, and he can be sure of a hearty welcome here with a new one. We hope, and expect, to see him as usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Cole

CAPE VINCENT, N. Y.

THE Saguenay Loaves: Remember the stores we ordered at Tadoussac? Harry ordered a dozen loaves of bread among other items. When the stores were delivered, I wondered what in the world was in the burlap bags. So did Harry, until we opened them and found—a dozen loaves. The dimensions could be given in feet rather than in inches. Just a dainty size—two loaves to the bag.

Writing on the stupidity of cabin boys—this happened on my first cruise. The Captain, on one hot afternoon, began a long dissertation on the merits of a certain type of tonic—a mineral water of unnatural origin from the far North (Lachine) named after the patron saint of the region, the Black Horse—which had strangely curative powers for fatigue, sunstroke, etc. He then suggested that I provide some for, I believe, Mr. Clark and himself. I will never forget the, not pitiful, but pitying expression on his face when I proudly returned with two tall glasses and two opened bottles of sparkling burgundy.

This one has never before been told, and could be entitled, "Self-instructions in watch-making at sea." One day, while I was acting as ship's keeper in Sodus, and engaged in routine work about the vessel, I noticed the ship's clock had stopped. I wound it, set the hands a few hours ahead, and went about my work. At eleven thirty the clock struck two bells. This alarmed me, as I felt responsible. I realized that in setting the clock I had not let the bells strike as the half hours had been reached. Being mechanically inclined, I decided to correct the trouble, so I started twirling the hands. My first method was to attempt to jump over the proper number of hours until the correct bells would strike. The clock, however, did not respond to my reasoning. After an hour or so of furious cranking, the correct bell sounded. I was very much relieved, in fact, extremely so. Now all I had to do was to set it to the correct time. To my alarm and surprise, the next half hour reponse was seven bells instead of one. Somehow, I had reversed the sequence. Then I became truly excited. Having exhausted all means of external remedy, the only thing I could do was to operate. My better judgment told me to give up, but I was still stubborn in those days. Well—a long time elapsed while I was diligently learning the inner workings of a ship's bell clock, which, by the way, I found to be slightly more complicated than an alarm clock. However, the thing finally worked—and worked correctly. For the next month my heart skipped a few beats whenever that clock struck.

These and scores of other "Lotus Memories" will ever remain among the happiest of my life.

Pierre

LIEUT. PETER V. COLMAR
U. S. COAST GUARD
NEW LONDON, CONN.

PRE-ABS DAYS

I LEARNED how to tack, some of the language, and got lots of thrills sailing a Lark. It was on the Lotus, though, that charts, parallel rules and dividers came to have meaning in laying a course. It was also on Lotus that I learned the courtesy which makes yachting so grand a sport. Others learned it too.

Dad was taking four of us boys about sixteen to Fair Haven. Rog and I were the old hands, and we had a fine time teaching Oliver Proseus about scuppers, halyards, davits, that a rope is a line, that the Club Burgee and the private signal came in at sundown. At sundown we were at sea. Ollie was told to climb the mast and bring in the private signal, while Rog would go up the other spar to get the Club Burgee. Of course, they no sooner started than the flags were taken in by their own halyards.

Peter Colmar, nicknamed "Pierre" by the Captain, started his splendid seafaring career on Lotus. The night of his first trip we were at our home buoy. It rained, stormed and blew, and Pete was so sick that if he could have gotten ashore he never would have taken that cruise, or any other, or wound up so splendidly in Coast Guard Service.

George Bebb, Charlie Klefeker, Dick Hayden, George Johnson, Rog Williams, Carl Robinson and lots of other able seamen, began their sea career on Lotus, eating hard tack and black coffee with Captain Steve to guide them.

That was one of the swellest things about Lotus—she has given many boys and young men a lot of fun. She has widened their world, their appreciation and their capacity for enjoying life. A lot of us are indebted to her seaworthy, sturdy lines, her slick, trim, ship-shape appearance, her grand hospitality, and to her Captain.

TADOUSSAC

We sailed down the St. Lawrence bound for Tadoussac and the Saguenay River. With the help of Captain Harbottle, we shot a couple of rapids. It was so easy, we shot a few more without the Captain. Going around some of the rapids gave us a chance to see the Canadian canals and deep locks. The engine "petered out" at Tadoussac. We dropped hook at this little hamlet at the mouth of the Saguenay and turned in. At 5:00 a.m. next morning Rog, David Jewett and I were awakened by the damndest noise. Dad was talking double dutch to several jabbering Frenchmen on a tug boat. The tide had risen some eighteen feet and dragged our anchor, tangling us up with these "foreigners." David felt the icy air and the cold decks, so went back to his bunk.

Hours later, after breakfast, Rog and I were sent to find a blacksmith. We

were "smart" prep-school students, and with our two or three years of textbook French finally pieced out "*Où pouvons-nous trouver un forgeron.*" We sprung our French on a native. She looked puzzled. We repeated, and then she went for us with a torrent of words. Finally she pointed instead of talking and, like Frank Buck, we brought back the blacksmith.

ON THE LAKE AND DOWN THE RIVER

It was always fun to swim naked in the middle of the lake and to trail off the stern of the ship on a line. It was fun climbing up to see the lake-on-the-mountain, to hear Commodore Miller of Picton swear, and to visit with Captain Kerr at Belleville.

Rog and I took our tennis rackets once and played our first game on grass courts at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club at Toronto. Main Duck Island was a favorite haunt with its tall and powerful lighthouse, its buffaloes, its Canadian fishermen natives, and its deep clear water with great slabs of rock on the bottom. Harry Bonnell used to brag about his one-egg cakes and his never empty cookie jar. As we grew older, the Lorus cocktail welcomed us at dinner time and, later, even before breakfast.

Down the River we ran out of alcohol for the galley-stove and could buy none. So, when the Captain picked up some fresh-caught salmon, Harry went ashore and built a homemade fireplace. The taste of that salmon still lingers, and I wonder if it will ever taste as good again.

Farther down the river, Rog, young Dave and I got a tremendous thrill from seeing porpoises and the small white whale. Rog had his twenty-two rifle. Hours on end we could bang away, often hitting, but never hurting the prey. It was good sport, but sometimes I have wondered if Dad and some of his older guests did not wish we had dropped the rifle overboard.

In Quebec I learned a lesson. Rog, Pierre, young Dave and I set forth together to see the town. We wandered about for awhile looking at the funny narrow cobblestone streets, the Chateau Frontenac and the other sights. Somehow Rog, Pierre and I became separated from young Dave, but we thought little of it and in due time the three of us went back to the ship. The older men were all concerned, and I shall never forget father's forcefulness in explaining that we should have stuck together. Young Dave did not show up. We were getting ready to start out after him, with everybody pretty grim, when a horse-drawn calèche came down the quay with David proudly arriving like royalty.

It was not all fair-weather sailing. George Bebb will remember one crossing when the lake was rolling. The wind and storm drove the younger folks

down below. Of course, we made port safely, but only after ripping one of the dinghy davits through the deck.

Something which meant more to me than her other guests could appreciate were the family cruises. Dad and mother and the three of us kids never missed at least one and sometimes two cruises every summer. I well remember holding the girls' heads and I hope they will never know that land felt pretty good to me too. Nearly every year our Newark office girls and boys all took a sail, usually a swim, and certainly a drink aboard Lorus. Perhaps some of them will remember with as much pleasure as do I the singing of old favorites in the evening.

One summer Lorus called to me from City Island, in Long Island Sound. I went at once and cruised around Manhasset, Oyster Bay, Larchmont, and some of the other Long Island Sound cruising grounds. The salt water, the marvelous fresh lobster, refuse to be forgotten. The Lorus could hold her own in the richest ports in the country. I was proud of her down there. In fact, I have always been proud of her.

Dick

RICHARD W. COMSTOCK
NEWARK, N. Y.

ANCHORED among my childhood recollections is a chain of cruises on the *Lorus*, the fairest flower of Ontario's waters.

Perhaps the most vivid voyage in my memory was our return from Picton to Sodus Point in the summer of '26. We had cruised to the Main Duck Island, explored the lighthouse, watched the great nets being dried and mended, and enjoyed an unusual beverage—"Duck's milk."

From the Main Duck, we left for Kingston where the family group visited historic sites, swam about the Yacht Club, and enjoyed the gardens and parks. After bidding farewell to Commodore Richardson, we set sail for Picton where we dropped hook for the night. The following morning, which was the Fourth of July, was spent shopping for blankets and visiting the local points of interest. In my innocence, I recall questioning the Canadians' lack of patriotism on Independence Day. Even my dog "Skippy," who is fearful of every sound, would have basked in the restful quiet atmosphere where no firecrackers marred silence in the little village.

We left Picton behind us about noon-time, and set sail for Sodus Bay. In the early afternoon, clouds gathered, and preparations were rapidly made for a storm. As I remember, quite definite instructions were given which were highly unsuited for my unskilled hands and feet. Let me hasten to state that I was passing through a most irritating age. I was clumsy, helpless, awkward, and immune to nautical terms. Life revolved around continual day dreams, interrupted only by adventures such as this. These adventures were handled by others in a capable way while I watched with careless breath. As I recall this, I marvel at the patience of a parent, so well-versed in the art of navigation, with his ten-year-old child who was neither interested in his ability nor inclined to learn.

In fact, the whole experience of being snug and all together while bells rang, dishes broke, and water raced about the cockpit was quite a lark. Others perhaps were more profoundly grateful when we landed at Oswego. So for me, it had been a most exciting trip.

Later in life, when plunging about the Atlantic aboard a great ocean liner, I felt far less safe than when we were close to the sea with father at the helm returning from Picton on July 4, 1926.

In more recent years, the *Lorus* will long be remembered for pleasant afternoons around the Islands of Sodus Bay, for following the "Robin" races, for the bounteous meals prepared for my friends and guests, and best of all for its welcome when the summer vacations beckoned!

MARTHA COMSTOCK
NEWARK, N. Y.

Patty

MY FIRST view of the *Lorus*, after she became a member of our family, was as she lay at her home buoy—calm, serene, competent.

Three excited young children and I hastily put forth in the old *Nokomis*, faithful tender to us all for many years, and were quickly set aboard the new ship.

"Where is the railing?" I enquired, as eager young feet dashed around the deck, which seemed very narrow and dangerously high above the surface of the water. "Oh, railings are for motor yachts, never for schooners," was the reply, and I subsided into the cockpit, where I fervently hoped to keep small *Patty* with me.

After I had duly admired the "house-keeping" equipment, with its full complement of linen, blankets, china and glass, and had received several stunning blows on my head as I went from after-cabin to main-cabin and back, forgetful of "low bridge," we left the buoy for a short sail.

The waters of Sodus Bay are heavy and choppy in late September, and I rocked giddily to and fro in my straight stiff-backed chair until I decided that I might possibly be a trifle more comfortable if I sat flat upon the deck of the cockpit. When the Skipper found me in this position, he promptly restored me to my chair, just in time to escape a fine flow of water from the scupper.

"Isn't it wonderful, mother?" "Don't you love it, darling?" I cast an anxious eye on the children on the slippery deck, hung on to my hat desperately. "Yes," I answered bravely, with what I fear was a somewhat watery smile.

The Main Duck Island, lying in Canadian waters, had long been determined upon as the object of our first cruise. It was the favorite port of our oldest son who had sailed there in a smaller, older *Lorus*, and had since embarked on his last voyage to a fairer and more blessed country.

I think I have seldom seen a spot so unspoiled as the Main Duck Island! Here are about one thousand acres of rough farm and woodland—small, unpainted wooden cabins of fishermen, with their great reels outside where the nets are dried and then mended—the tall lighthouse, the largest on Lake Ontario, keeping watch over the shallow, rocky shore, and a few buffalo lumbering heavily over the stony pasture land.

The fish house supplied us with delicious food, and Harry even procured milk for *Patty*. When she complained, "It's warm!" he explained that it was from the Main Duck, whereupon she declared that she didn't like "Duck's milk."

One other precious memory of the Main Duck remains with me—It was of a late Sunday afternoon when the Skipper and I, quite alone, sailed from

Cape Vincent, following the setting sun, and later by starlight and moonlight, he brought us skillfully through the narrow channel to the Main Duck Harbor.

But my mother didn't raise her girl to be a sailor, and so, in spite of the constant and devoted efforts of the Skipper to keep me in sight of land, to keep the wind "quartering aft," and to have "restoratives" always at hand, lake crossings for me were abandoned.

From that moment dates my real personal enjoyment of Lotus. What delightful cruises we had down the noble Saint Lawrence River! There was one to Montreal with Jane and Harry—the Saguenay trip with Ed, Emma and Caroline, and many pleasant restful excursions with congenial friends, to the Islands, anchoring off the Thousand Island Country Club, following the Canadian Channel to the hospitable Kingston Yacht Club, and short sails on the Bay of Quinte. Such blue waters by day! Such nights of stars!

Now the three children who first set restless feet aboard the Lotus, more than sixteen years ago, have set out upon careers of their own choosing, and it is my fond hope that, in the years to come, the children of the new owners of Lotus may learn to love her white sails and to lay a straight course.

Martha

MRS. S. E. COMSTOCK
NEWARK, N. Y.



1922 and 1923

I AM afraid I am letting you down. I may be an "able-bodied seaman," but I am certainly no author. I find that my memories of *Lorus* days are not focused on any one incident or experience, but rather on just lazy, care-free days, filled with good fellowship, and the warm hospitality of the owner.

That three-day's cruise in early June, 1931, is a good example. I don't know when I have so thoroughly enjoyed a cruise before or since, with the best of cruise companions, yourself, Ross Bush, Paul Emerson. That was the time you planned a joint cruise with the *Acoma*. We went on board the *Lorus* at the Rochester Yacht Club in the evening before dinner, scheduled for an early morning departure the next day. The dinner was fine, and we were soon all very well acquainted and if, in the poker game that followed, you did win all the chips, nobody begrudged you them, especially as at the end, you swept them all off the table and wouldn't count them.

And then when we went out on deck at midnight, you decided it was too fine a night to spend at the dock so we put off without any further delay, arranging to meet the *Acoma* in Cobourg the following morning. I remember I shared the first watch with Ross Bush from midnight to four o'clock in the morning. It was cold and clear, and you thoughtfully provided us with a (hot water) bottle to help us keep off the night chills. I had a wonderful night that night. Ross may be a stony-eyed banker at his desk, but out in the middle of the lake at night he is one of the best, and I still remember his hunting, fishing, and sailing yarns. I also remember how surprised you all were when you came up for the next watch to find us right on our course with Cobourg just ahead.

Then followed those three wonderful days, all business forgotten, and we just enjoyed ourselves, with the Skipper always seeing to it that there was never a dull moment. Of course, we were busy. There were supplies to get on board at Cobourg, for those were days of prohibition and repression in the United States, and occasionally someone hauled on a sheet, but, for the most part, we just enjoyed ourselves.

And do you remember how warmly we were welcomed that first afternoon when we sailed out to meet the *Acoma*? There had been a dry crossing and aboard were Harry Stevenson, Lyell Hallett, Tom Dwyer, and John Murray, all with good appetites, for it was their first Canadian cruise that year and their supplies were very low. I thought that Lyell was going to jump overboard and swim out to us, but you soon fixed them up.

That night at Cobourg we held a joint singing contest and the crew of the *Lorus* outsang and finally put the crew of the *Acoma* to bed. As I recall, we were all awakened the next morning by the Skipper with his morning

pick-up, but he was not so welcome nor appreciated aboard the Acoma that morning. I guess they just couldn't take it. And then that day's sail down along the Canadian shore—It didn't take us long to find where the sun was, and if, during the day, we did help the glass blowers, it was all in and with good spirits, and we anchored off Presque Isle that evening without the thought of a care. The following day, Sunday, found us on the return trip across the lake for Rochester, a perfect day, the two boats staying close together all the way over, and we arrived in Rochester happy and most appreciative of the Lotus and her warm-hearted Skipper. May he have many more such trips!

Harold

HAROLD D. DESHON
HILTON, N. Y.

IT IS fun to remember the happy days the Lotus and her genial Captain gave to me.

I am thinking of my first cruise in 1927, recalling the thrill of a swim in the middle of the lake, and then a grand tow on and on into blue space.

I remember all the fun of another cruise in 1928. There were Mary, "Connie," "Dottie," and I. Memories of the Fourth of July at Oswego—a mighty breeze and a glorious wet sail for all of us on some friendly "wee Scots" and the aftermath—my expert conception of "mal de mer."

Lazy, happy times. Thank you, Captain Comstock, for sharing your good ship, Lotus.

May she sail on with happiness at the helm!

Betty

MRS. JOHN T. EADS
3115 W. COULTER ST.
GERMANTOWN, PA.

RECOLLECTIONS of a *two* weeks' cruise to Quebec aboard the *Lotus* in July, 1926, which made the other fifty weeks of the year seem tame. Not that it was so *wild*, but so interestingly pleasant and different. "Connie," the fifth member of the party, never proved an extra spoke in the wheel.

With all aboard we reported everything stowed away and ready to start to which Captain, in characteristic phrase, replied "Very good," and gave the signal to cast off.

Sodus Point light
Was still in sight
When Captain told this story:

"A boy quite small
Was asked to recall
How much are two and two by gorrry?

He replied just four,
And not any more,
So why should anyone worry?

'Very good,' said his teacher,
A phrase meant to please
Her quick witted little tory.

'Hell! It's perfect,'
Came back like a flash
Which made the teacher sorry."

Every day was so perfect as to weather and pleasure, none seemed to outstand the others.

But—Do you remember taking on Capt. Harbottle at Cornwall and shooting the Rapids?

Seeing the priest at Three Rivers strolling in his garden and reciting his Aves?

Marveling at the beautiful black and gold schooners Prince Albert and Princess Jean coming into the basin at Quebec, and to which we were later moored in the tidal basin?

How thrilled we were to learn they were provisioning to go to Hudson Bay and Arctic regions?

Do you remember the evening when Capt. Steve invited Capt. Robinson

and Mr. King of the Schooner Jean aboard, and how for hours they interested the men below with pictures and accounts of their travels to the Arctic region?

How meanwhile the women of the party sat on deck, wrapped in blankets, taking turns with the hot water bottle to keep warm and really experiencing what seemed like Arctic weather?

Getting up at 4:30 a.m. and standing in rain on dock for hours waiting for steamer to take us to the Saguenay?

But how worth-while it seemed when we saw its grandeur; seeing the white porpoise at play off Murray Bay?

The visit to the old church in Tadoussac?

The joy of our return to the *Lotus*?

Coming into Montreal Harbor at night with the gold cross aglow on Mt. Royal?

Watching Connie peeking down the forward hatch waiting for a chance to have Harry pass up an eccle to her?

The brisk following wind on the way home across the lake so we literally blew into Sodus Bay with all sails set?

Then safe home at last from a trip that was not only "Very good";
"Hell! It was perfect!"

Ed and Emma

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD B. ELLIOTT
NEWARK, N. Y.

MEMORIES come crowding up; one of the happiest, and one which I had on several occasions, was swimming from the Lorus in mid-lake, on fine breezy days when we were crossing under sail. To dive from the bow; to watch from water-level as that beautiful white hull slipped past; finally to catch the line trailing astern and be snapped along in the wake at what seemed from that position a pretty good clip; that was something to do!

Along about the summer of 1929, I remember a certain stay in Kingston, Ontario. After dinner was out of the way, the Capt'n announced that he would blow the boys (for this was a "Father and Son" cruise) to tickets to a circus which happened to be in town. I seem to remember a lion which escaped, great excitement on the part of the boys, and even greater indignation when, at a late hour that night, the fathers refused (or pretended to refuse) to believe a word of the incident. Of course the morning papers carried the full story, but we never had the satisfaction of hearing anyone admit that we had been right after all.

Unpleasant at the time, but fun to remember, is a night in Cobourg. The lake was calm, the barometer promised no particular excitement, and the Lotus was tied up to the south (?) or seaward side of the breakwater. The crew was sleeping peacefully when peculiar grinding about five a.m. brought the Capt'n out of his slumbers and on deck like a shot. The wind had risen, and the ship's starboard dinghy was in imminent danger of being stove in, to say nothing of the Lotus' own side. Everything is a blur now, of cold, and wet and sleepiness and excited shouts (I guess it probably was at the time, too), but somehow we got her around into the basin and tied up to the rocky bank. Men were on the shore and anxious to help (why they should have been at that hour, I never knew); one stands out in my memory, a repellent creature with stumps instead of legs.

I am afraid that I have filled up too much space already, but so many happy occasions come to mind. The time we dragged anchor at dawn in Sodus Bay; the woman in Belleville who wandered onto the deck "to borrow some hot water"; the small mudhook lost in Presque Isle; beating down Adolphus Reach in a terrific sea, only to find the Yacht Club Dock in Kingston under water; tying up that same afternoon to the coal trestle.

We, all of us who have sailed on the Lorus, have much to remember. To her Captain, we give grateful thanks for the past which he made possible.

Just

JUSTIN V. EMERSON
THE MIDDLEBURY INN
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

OF THE happy days and nights which I have had on the good Schooner Lotus during the past sixteen years, many happy memories come crowding back.

First, the bounties furnished by her genial host and Captain: Such wonderful meals and drinks! To be awakened in the morning by the Captain's call for a little lemon and then the wonderful Bacardi cocktail! What breakfasts! Was breakfast, lunch or dinner the best? Each, at the time, perfect; and yet, the next meal always just a little better and more enjoyable!

Next are the shipmates! The fathers' and sons' cruises with Dr. Dave Jewett, his son David and my son Justin! To see boys start in as little fellows and develop year after year into young men and reasonably good sailors—what an inspiration!

My first introduction to Lotus in the Welland Canal where Tom Elliott and Skipper Wilson did me dirt! Where the Captain needed a rubber tube to use as a siphon and a fountain syringe was located at the drug store in Port Dalhousie! My first night on Lake Ontario and our course the North Star but apparently we could not quite reach it!

The never-to-be-forgotten early cruises with Bill Jaquith and Charlie Park; the hymn singing contest across Lake Ontario; Bill's fall from the deck to the stone dock at the Main Duck and my trying to "bring him to" with a dose of Epsom Salts when he asked for Bicarbonate of Soda!

What a joy the trips with Ross Bush as mate! But Ross usually got me into trouble, particularly at the Rochester Yacht Club, on a Sunday afternoon, with pretty girls on every side, only to have the Captain order us below!

Again, one evening in the Summerville Basin after a bounteous repast; Ves Van Duser had called on the Captain; the crew, Harold Deshon, Cale Scutt and Stuart Farrar, with "Yours Truly" as cabin boy; after Ves had said "Good-bye," we tried to settle down to sleep but the light of the stars seemed to bother the cabin boy; Cale Scutt suggested the novel remedy of several more drinks to try to put out the stars. It was no use, so we finally persuaded the Captain to start across the lake and Harold amused us by trying to climb the spar at five minute intervals!

The good ship Lotus may have passed to new ownership, but the memories of her Captain and shipmates will grow fonder as the years pass.

Long live Captain Steve and Lotus!

Paul

PAUL E. EMERSON
NEWARK, N. Y.

YOUR humble servant's most vivid Lorus memory is of his first cruise aboard her, in the summer of 1932, when he was fresh from the navy and had an idea that he could handle himself on a night ashore in almost any port from Shanghai to Port Said.

We had made Cobourg after a fine sail across the lake; and, after a very splendid dinner, preceded and followed by assorted beverages, all hands were in fine spirits and ready for an evening of relaxation.

About that time, the schooner *Acoma* tied up to the opposite side of the pier; and, as I had met none of her people, I decided to stroll uptown and see a movie. I could see the action all right by closing one eye, a trick I had learned from many a liberty in oriental ports. But the chances for diversion after nine o'clock in a small Canadian port being somewhat limited, I headed back for the ship on as straight a course as was possible.

On the road leading down to the dock, I was attracted by the lights of a small but comfortable looking hotel; and, thinking that the cabin on the *Lorus* might be noisy until a pretty late hour, I engaged a room at the inn, turned in, and slept until morning.

Your naval hero had no more than set foot on deck about breakfast time when Hell broke loose on his head. He was informed that he had no business staying away all night, that all hands were worried and on the point of notifying the chief of police and the harbor master.

Stunned and taken aback by this reception, I began to see that a private yacht is not a battleship, that I was not only guilty of a social error, but had actually caused anxiety among my shipmates. I was no longer in the navy!

Skipper Steve was most sympathetic and understanding, but insisted on inquiring about the siren who had lured "our hero" to stay all night ashore.

Phil

LIEUT. PHILIP L. EMERSON
NEWARK, N. Y.



I HAVE very happy memories of a delightful afternoon and evening spent aboard the Lotus with Martha.

S. E., always the gracious host, welcomed us with open arms.

We enjoyed a most delicious dinner and George served, among other things, whitefish that were cooked *à merveille*, then up on deck for coffee and cordial.

While the sun was setting on beautiful Sodus Harbor, S. E. took us for a sail.

We had a wonderful time, one I know I will never forget and this is typical of many happy experiences I had on the good schooner Lotus.

Frances

FRANCES ENGLAND

228 AYCRIGG AVE.

PASSAIC, N. J.

"WELCOME boys—Oh Harree-ee-ee—Stow your dunnage later—Ross, you take your usual bunk—yes, you can use that lower drawer for your clothes—part of the starboard closet aft for your suits, and that drawer under companion ladder for your shoes—I thought you 'six footers' would remember that the deck beams in the cabin are harder than your head—Yes, we may do some fishing—Stow your tackle in the port dinghy—Yes, Harry—not any more... Ross get that anchor up and stand by for we'll put the canvas on her as soon as we clear the breakwater—

"Make that halyard taut—flatten up that peak—What the— Put more beef into making those lines taut—Oh Harree-ee-ee—You take the wheel, head nor' nor' east—Help the glass blowers... I love a lassie... my Scotch highball—There comes a night... the day returns... We may get a bit of weather yet—Oh Harree-ee-ee—help the glass blowers... get my harmonica from my cabin... There's a long, long trail a-winding... Harrie, those sandwiches seem dry, how about some Canada Bud—that's fine—help the glass blowers... That's Main Duck to port—no fishing there, no—We should pull Kingston by nightfall if this wind holds—No, Ross, your bottle is in that lower locker—Ease those buffers overside—make that bow line fast—that's it—now all hands furl sail—

"Who wants to call with me on the Commissioner?... Thanks, that's a fine list... come down for dinner with us, Commissioner... Yes, Harry *is* a good cook... Pass that Snider Chili Sauce... pass over for another helping... Captain, I'm all in a 'glow'... No, I just can't work after that big dinner 'til it digests... Shore liberty for those who want it... No, Ross is free, white, and twenty-one—he will find his way back—

"Did we wake you up, Cap'n, when we came aboard so early last night?... Whoever invented a 'Pink Lady' ought to go to heaven... the day returns, etc... Oh Harree-ee-ee—help the glass blowers... Nothing better than that Canada Bud—Cast off the lines... power today with no wind—look alive and stow that gear... coil those lines ship shape... I think it is, but can't make her out from here... Cap'n, isn't there *any* work I can do to earn my keep?... Sure, I'll help fill the water tank... How far to Henderson Harbour? About 3 knots—Oh Harree-ee-ee... help the glass blowers... he's the answer to a maiden's prayer when he's asleep isn't he?... Stand by that anchor—ready, let go—who wants a swim? All hands stand by—put that ladder overside—It's not cold—Pin your towel over that dinghy stay to dry—

"What, is that ice all gone and none ashore?... Ross, you and I. W. go look—this is terrible!... As I live and breathe where did you get it all?... Oh Harree-ee-ee—Yes, stow the rest on deck... how about some Canada Bud?

... Cap'n, I feel all in a rosy glow... Sounds of ice against metal—Cap'n, how *do* you make these 'Pink Ladies'?... Whenever you're ready, Harry—That's your napkin with your initials on the clothes pin... Cap'n, this is my third helping... God, look at all those stars!... This Cointreau *is* wonderful... I'll bet no one else could get a cigar like this for a nickel—don't make so much noise forward, some people *do* want to sleep."

And so "each day returns" bringing happiness and surcease from worldly cares for that was all banished when the Cap'n's friends "signed up" for a cruise on the good ship Lotus.

May those who from now on spread her white sails have half the unalloyed pleasures that were the lot of those who in former days served as crews under that genial host, true friend and able seamen—*The Cap'n!*

"I. W."

I. W. ENGLAND
228 AYCRIGG AVE.
PASSAIC, N. J.

I AM happy, indeed, to have an opportunity to submit a few recollections for the "Good Ship Lorus's Memory Book," but to pick out one or more of the outstanding memories is difficult, so many crowd forward for attention!

A book could be written on the birth of such noble songs as "I Love A Lassie" and "Oh! We're Out Of Gasoline." Reams would be required to describe the annual icy dives of Paul, clothes, watch and all; the spicy and, of times, narcotic (or is the word alcoholic) stories by Ray; the persistence of Cale to feed hats to the fish (he just loved to see the other fellow's hat floating on the waves); to say nothing of good old Duane's singing or his fight with the anchor and sheets.

Hours could be spent telling of the fishing and swimming trips, describing a certain barren isle where, when nature suddenly called a group of hardy sailors, nary a blade of grass could be found; and the time when a dipper did double duty!

Well, I understand the Lorus has passed to a new owner. This is going to be tough on the glass blowers, but bring joy to the fish back in Prinyer's Cove.

While the material Lorus has left the Comstock family, the memories will live forever, vivid in retrospect with the Captain and his crews. And I can close my eyes and see good old Herb Ovenshire and Myron Shirtz, sitting by the venerable St. Peter this minute, telling of the time, as I recall in 1924, when Captain Comstock, Herb, Myron, Paul and the writer set sail for Canada. A short time out, the ever-watchful eye of the Captain noted a sudden and decidedly unusual drop in the barometer. It had been none too calm, in fact Herb stayed in his bunk almost from the time we left the home buoy, yes plain seasick. We turned about and headed for Oswego. It grew cold and dark, very dark. The wind blew in hurricane proportions, but the Lorus never wavered; and did Oswego Harbor look good! Even here the waves ran high but we found good anchorage. A cockle shell, double-end punt, took us ashore. It was exciting. The Captain called Cale at Red Creek, who took us to the Larkspur at Sodus where we spent the night, listening to the tales of the natives describing the vast amount of damage done by the wind and extraordinary tidal wave. We had been safely aboard the Lorus! What a boat! And What a Captain!!

There may be a bigger, but never a better, Lorus.

With millions of happy memories!

STUART K. FARRAR
NEWARK, N. Y.

Stuart

WITH the passing of Lorus into other hands, I just want to express the hope that she may find her way into her old home port occasionally. It won't seem like Sodus Bay without her. Her trim and sturdy lines were always a real credit, not only to the good judgment of her owner, but also to the port from which she hailed.

The shore sailors will miss her contribution to the Sodus seascape and those of us who have enjoyed some days aboard are going to be sorry when we see her in other hands.

I recall clearly one wonderful cruise on Lorus. It was in 1930 or '31 and I was shanghaied to "work" (?) with your crew of Tom, Cal and Hank. I will never forget the night sail to Kingston. We cleared Sodus light in full moon at about ten o'clock, and sailed wing-and-wing all night, hitting Main Duck light on the nose. It was the most beautiful night I ever spent on Lake Ontario. We sailed on through to Presque Isle and made record time home to Sodus. Perhaps you will remember we were almost boarded by a submarine!

Even though we will all miss Lorus, Steve, I for one am glad to have some happy memories of her.

Paul

PAUL V. FORTMILLER
NEWARK, N. Y.

LEFT Boston, Mass., April, 1938, where I was Captain on board a 96-ft. fishing Schooner, New Dawn.

I had an interview with Mr. Comstock, owner of the Schooner Lotus; he didn't think I would be satisfied working on this type of boat, after navigating on larger boats. However, I want to state that I had one of the best seasons I ever had in yachting, with many trips over to Canada, fishing, etc. The Schooner Lotus surely could stand rough seas.

One trip which stands out in memory is the trip down the St. Lawrence River with the owner, Mr. Comstock, Mrs. Comstock, Mr. and Mrs. Olney, as guests.

I signed for duty on the Lotus May 1st, 1938; left the Lotus on September 30, 1938.

Returned to my native land, Norway, for a visit, December 3, 1938.

CAPTAIN ALFRED FREDRIKSEN
SKODENES, NORWAY

IN AN article I wrote for The Compass in 1926, I said that the other cruises of my lifetime, all combined, could not compare with our cruise to the Saguenay in the Summer of 1924.

Today, perhaps I should modify that statement a bit, in view of all later cruises; but the fact remains that no other cruise, nay, not all of them put together, can furnish any outstanding "Memory" to compare with that one!

"Fathers (Steve, Dave, Jim and Harry) and Sons (Dick, David, Roger and Pierce) Cruise" it was, sailing from Sodus Point, Saturday, June 21, 1924, at 1:00 P.M., anchored at Main Duck 8:00 P.M. Sunday morning the short run to Cape Vincent and Captain Peo's welcome; cruising through the Thousand Islands and tying up at Alexandria Bay 6:00 P.M. Monday to Prescott, to take on a river Pilot; through the Rapids to Cornwall, tying up there in the canal for the night, the excitement of all of us as we ran the Rapids, compared with the Pilot's boating-on-a-mill-pond demeanor. Tuesday, Lake St. Francis and the Saulanges Canal with its bunch of locks at its lower end, from the first one of which there is such a fine view of Lake St. Louis. At anchor in Lachine Harbor at 6:30 P.M. and sight-seeing in Montreal next day via automobile; then the run through Lachine Canal, to tie up at Montreal 8:00 P.M.; anchor-weighing on the morning of the 26th at 5:45 A.M., and 1:45 P.M. found us at Three Rivers, where Dick and Roger tried out their High School French on the natives, with *minus* results. Next day's 7:30-to-1:30 run brought us to a wharf near the Quebec Harbor Commissioner's office and presentation of the letter of introduction with which foresighted Capt. Comstock was armed and the resulting "Freedom of land and sea thereabouts." The seafaring man who strolled our way, to engage in casual conversation which revealed him to be an English-and-French-speaking river pilot looking for a job—Capt. Coult! And a worthy member of our crew he became! Three full days of sight-seeing while our motor was being overhauled. The false start next morning, when the sputtering and coughing motor barely got us back to the dock—and the day was July 1st., a Canadian Holiday! The search for one of the mechanics to come back and diagnose our engine trouble! His confession that he had a "feeling last night" that a small but mighty set-screw had been misplaced in the final repair work! Finally away from Quebec at 2:00 P.M. and dock at St. Francois 5:00 P.M. at low tide, to find the floor of the dock only a couple of feet below the top of our main mast! Murray Bay next forenoon! The schools of porpoise around the boat as we went down the river! And Tadoussac at the mouth of the Saguenay 6:00 P.M. where we anchored in the hospitable and apparently safe harbor at 7:45. But, alas! A strong wind showed us at 4:00 A.M. how

poor our anchorage had been. The shrill whistle of a boatswain pipe had awakened the Capt. and his "All hands on deck" awakened the rest of us to two hours of hard work disentangling Lorus from a wrecking scow against which we had been blown! What a mixture of bitter and sweet when, in the cold and dark and heart-breaking work, we all wished we were home, and then daylight and warmth and one of Harry's wonderful breakfasts, and we were rarin' to go on!

The unusual experience of having to *purchase* fresh water! The start up the Saguenay against the swift current! Arrival at St. Jean where the tributary and shallow-looking creek was so deep that double-length lead line found no bottom until we got so close to the bank that a biscuit could have been tossed ashore! The six loaves of French bread which resisted all Harry's efforts at slicing! Cape Trinity next day, the end of our outbound journey, and the homeward start!

Monotony in traversing the same route on the return trip? Not a moment of it! Every foot of it was like new! What countless high spots! The shore dinner of fresh caught salmon, when no alcohol for the galley stove could be had! The meeting with Sherm Bloomer and party aboard his "VEGA"! The mermaids!

Happy memories! Yea, verily!

Jim

JAMES H. L. GALLAGHER
PINE BLUFF, N. C.

A "MEMORY BOOK" to that old name Lorus would indeed be fitting, and I hasten to subscribe with my brother sailors to the good old times we have all experienced while on board.

As to the outstanding items which should be recorded in any "Memory Book" to the old Lorus, one is really at a loss to record anything especially outstanding—hell, they were *all* outstanding!

After a peaceful evening spent on board, followed by music furnished by our old sail-mate, Ross Bush, should one really care to listen, what could be more welcome than the rising sun of the next day? I don't know which was the most welcome, the greeting of old Sol himself or the shining face of George, one trying to outdo the other; or our genial Captain giving us the order of the day. And who would ever forget those happy moments, every twenty-six minutes, to be exact, from sun-up to the setting thereof, when there was a nice long Johnny Walker always within reach? And that all brings us around to another evening, and, should we be tied up in some friendly port, with Captain's leave given for all ashore, may Ross not be required to get in any earlier from his duties off ship.

Happy memories indeed to any fortunate enough to have enjoyed the hospitality of the good old Lorus and her Captain! More power to those same memories!

Sincerely,

Sax

SAXON B. GAVITT
LYONS, N. Y.

The Lotus lay
In Manhasset Bay
And well she rode her anchor.
The captain cried
"Hello inside—
The drinks are getting ranker."

"No more ice!"
"No more soda!"
"No more support"—
"My hospitality's afailling;
I guess we'll have to heave her up
And really go out sailing!"

And so they heaved;
They pulled and puffed,
The outlook getting darker;
When Cookie saved the speeding day
With a bottle from the locker.

So the stormy winds may blow,
The waves come tumbling after,
Lotus lay
In Manhasset Bay
Amid the cheerful laughter.

Lloyd

LLOYD GEORGESON
24 BROAD ST.
NEW YORK

"A NAUTICAL CONFERENCE"

It was in the Summer of thirty-three
Aboard the good ship Lotus.
A conference we held you see
My plans on which to focus.

Comstock it was who planned the trip
And the boys all gladly agreed
That this was a time quite proper and fit
To relax and enjoy a feed.

So we gathered together ready to talk
On the dock and then on the boat.
I reasoned with glee now they can't take a walk
For at last we'll all be afloat.

Then we all settled down in comfortable chairs
And relaxed 'neath the skipper's eye.
So I thought to myself now I'll push my affairs
But Comstock smiled and I wondered why.

As the ship glided on the brilliant blue lake
I started outlining my scheme.
They listened intently and my ideas seemed to take
So everything went like a dream.

Liquid cheer then arrived from the briny deep
And all relaxed just more and more.
Still we continued to talk 'spite desire to sleep
'Til a couple of guys started to snore.

Then I concentrated on the skipper in spite of his smile
And lined up fact after fact.
But his expression did change when he said in a while
"Let's eat, then continue the act."

"Let's eat" awoke the gang for it was now after three
So we all gathered aft round the table.
Through the delicious repast the thought came to me
I must continue my plans—if able.

When the cook took the dishes and brought us a smoke
 Then the stories began to get hot.
 At this magical moment sales talk seemed a joke
 And I knew I'd be put on the spot.

But I cornered our host who in defense said "Let's swim"
 And soon several dived off the boat.
 They can't swim long and before long I'll win
 Yet after all I forgot they could float.

Soon the situation reacted on me.
 And the conference idea passed on its way.
 On such a delightful occasion I must set myself free
 To only remember this day.

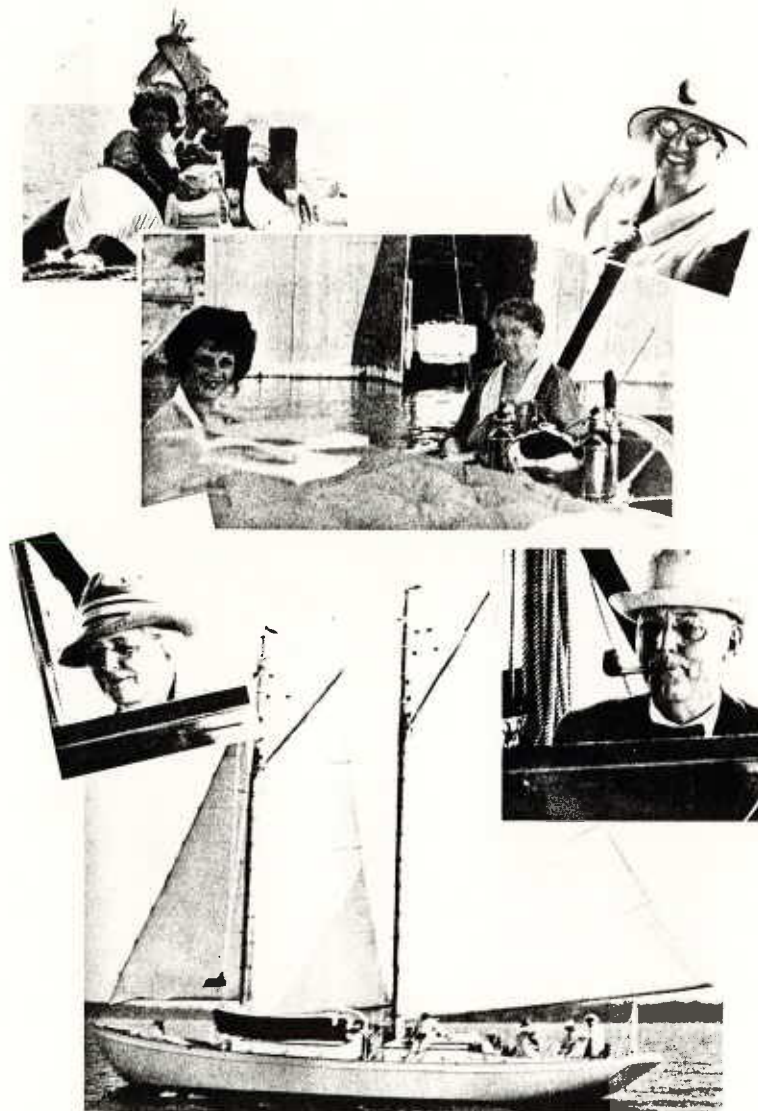
Our host climbed aboard from his splash in the lake
 Refreshed and vibrant with charm.
 In a most gracious manner he opened the path I could take
 Yet I felt no good would come—rather harm.

So in silent consent the gang forgot the whole thing
 And finished the trip with delight.
 The cause of good fellowship had such a true ring
 Deep discussions did not seem just right.

So the good ship Lotus with Comstock in command
 Sailed merrily on 'til dusk did fall.
 Yet there was nary a man who could not raise his hand
 And swear there was no conference at all.

*Fred
 Hank*

FRED GIEG
 CROWN CAN CO.
 60 E. 42D ST.
 NEW YORK, N. Y.
and
 DR. HENRY S. AYERS
 CROWN CAN CO.
 ERIE AVE. AT H. ST.
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.



TO KNOW that the Lorus will no longer be swinging at her anchorage off the Yacht Club is indeed a shock to all lovers of yachting on Sodus Bay; and how we shall all miss her, not only for the ship herself but for her active participation in all sailing activities of the Club.

I think my fondest memory of Lorus will be of a staunch and able yacht actively enjoyed and seeming almost herself to enjoy the activity.

Though my cruising experience on Lorus was limited, I well remember a cruise about the season of 1932 to Kingston and the Main Duck. We lost one member of the crew at Kingston (of course not because of seasickness) leaving the Skipper and Cot Smith and me to carry on. At Kingston we entertained one evening an elderly gentleman, a member of the Rochester Yacht Club, and his niece who, seeing our Burgee, had come aboard. This gentleman's enthusiasm exceeded his judgment and, after he and his niece had left to return to their hotel, the Skipper thought it best that Cot and I see that the return trip was successful. We trailed the somewhat "in ballast" gentleman, overtaking him and his niece just as they reached their hotel, and we of course were obliged to accept their invitation to come in for a night-cap. The night-cap turned out to be several bottles of champagne and by the time we returned to the ship, Cot and I were slightly the worse for wear. However, we did not leave before an acceptance by our hosts of a very cordial invitation extended by us to come down to the ship in the morning for a sail.

The next morning early, we cast off for the Main Duck. Imagine our chagrin!

The Skipper never knew this before this writing.

Cheerio!

Lew

LEWIS A. GILBERT
NEWARK, N. Y.

S stands for schooner, Lotus a leader,
 Comstock, good owner, provider and feeder,
 H hospitality, open-handed,
 Offered on board and after we landed.
 O for Ontario, where mostly she sailed,
 Now, in new ports, where her coming is hailed,
 Eager we'll be for a sight of her hull
 Recalling old days, our heartaches to dull.

Long may she sail
 On lake, bay or sound,
 Though we'll miss her, and wish she still was around,
 Useless regretting, though, now that she's gone;
 So sail on with others; O, Lotus, sail on!

Henry

HENRY EVANS GRAY
 1010 FIFTH AVE.
 NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

WHAT does a fellow do when he is down to his last yacht, or haven't you quite reached that point? I am sorry, however, to learn that the Lotus does not any longer fly your colors.

I do have many pleasant memories of the hours spent on your boat, and, in spite of the fact there were so many hours, they never became tiresome—there was always something going on.

Possibly one or two unusual things that happened may be worthy of a place in the Memory Book. I recall your sounding the horn for a request for the opening of a bridge—a highway bridge—which opened none too soon to let us through; and, we had no more than passed through the open water under the bridge, before a truck loaded with sand flopped into the water behind us, and it seemed to me it just missed our stern!

Gordon, Cady and I were on that trip with you, and I remember the first night when we were assigned to our bunks and I succeeded in convincing Cady and Gordon that, due to my having athlete's foot, it was most desirable that I occupy a bunk by myself on the one side of the cabin, while they occupied the other side. It wasn't a very nice thing to do, but it worked.

I take this opportunity to again thank you for the many pleasant hours on the Lotus, your never failing kind hospitality.

Lyell

LYELL T. HALLETT
 1237 MAIN STREET E.
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE Memory Book is certainly a fine idea, and will no doubt bring valuable memories back to you. For the privilege of adding my bit I certainly am grateful.

The first time I ever sailed a boat alone I was seven years old and from then on I was just at the mercy of the seas and love it I always will. The thrill I got when you first let me take the wheel of the *Lorus* is something I will never forget. I can honestly say that my two salt water adventures, although packed with the romance you read about, will never live in my memory like the real sails we had and Harry's lamb and potatoes.

The most exciting incident was that crossing we made from the Ducks to Oswego July 4, 1928. We boiled across in very fast time and when the dinghies scuff the water when they are hoisted you're sailing in no uncertain fashion. I was sick as a dog and it was not the first time, as a good many will remember. (The training was good though; it helped me learn to take it a little.) When we arrived in Oswego we learned that the freighters had been held in port by their insurance companies. The *Lorus* was in her glory and I can still see you bringing her in, in grand fashion under full sail. It was a swell Sou' Wester.

I will miss seeing that ship and she was always clean and beautiful except for a few minutes when I would miss a spot and then you would tell me about it very quickly. Your eyes, Captain, could really see.

Four fellows, the seven seas and the *Lorus*, that's the ship she is!

Dick

RICHARD C. HAYDEN
NEWARK, N. Y.

Here's to the *Lorus*, the Queen of the water,
She's changed hands but she hadn't oughter.
She'll rue the day she left the Comstock clan
And wish more'n once she were back on homeland.

'Twas down at Sodus in the summer of thirty
That I shipped the *Lorus*, trim and sturdy
As a second mate or lieutenant commander
With Dick and his father aboard to explain her
Intricate ways to an ignorant landlubber
Who could barely tell perch from a piece of whale blubber.
Before we sailed, the yarns that they spun
Would make even the least gullible one
Believe them in all their entirety—
That the cabin would enjoy my society
Because the waves of Lake Ontario fair
Would doubtless give me mal-de-mer—
That hearty meals would surely lack—
They hoped I'd like coffee and lots of hard tack—
That the day before I'd better eat hearty
For the voyage would be no gourmet's party.
Midst shouts and cries we sailed next morning
As soon as we'd heard the crack of dawnring.
The lake was rough, but it could not compare
To Dick and Charlie's horseplay, which I must say was rare.
I acquired my sea legs at the time we set sail,
And not once on the voyage did their master they fail.
We traveled afar and touched foreign strands
And at every port awaited the bands
To welcome the *Lorus* and her crew
(Alas and alack the bands were few).
But lack of bands did not dampen our jollity;
In Mr. Comstock's suitcase was cause for frivolity.
The meals were stupendous and rivalled the Waldorf Astoria
And cooked to perfection—thus no need for Castoria.

With deepest apologies to Ogden Nash

Clint

CLINTON HOLMES
ORCHARD PARK, N. Y.

I AM very sorry to hear of your transferring of Lorus to a new owner. I hope to see her coming to this port many times yet. I will hope to see you in this port with a Comstock private house flag on a larger schooner in the years to come. Your mooring will be left in the same old place till you obtain your new yacht (if you are getting one).

I have a couple of things to mention for your little book. One, your birthday of 1937. There were many of your friends present; among them, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Slater, Mr. and Mrs. W. Austin Peters, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Stever and a man and his wife and son of Montreal on their motor yacht Nautilus. You had two friends and your son Dick.

Most of the vocal accompaniment was supplied by the younger junior members who sang (yelled) at the top of their voices plus the crew of the cutter "Tradewind" under the command of young Art Goodyear of Youngstown.

We will always remember my trips to the candy drawer (second from the top of the port locker in the main cabin) of the good ship Lorus.

There was another party we will always remember till the day we die. It was the day of the summer of 1938 when we brought the good old organ out on the dock and again our junior vocal choir came out in full dress uniform to accompany Mrs. M. D. Stever. Any time we are needed by you for vocal accompaniment just call on us any time. I wish I had a picture of the old Lorus. If you have an old one lying around I would appreciate it if you would send it to me. It would be something if you put the picture of Lorus on the front cover with the Kingston Yacht Club Burgee on one side crossed with your own signal flag. I hope I will be of some assistance to the making of the "Memory Book." Will be using my temper to keep control of my friends till you sail into the port of Kingston again. I will be expecting to hear how the book is getting on.

Doug

DOUGLAS HORA
13 MAITLAND ST.
KINGSTON, ONT.

IT WAS in the summer of 1928 that I first remember Lorus and her arrival in Oswego Harbor. Your daughter, Connie, and several of her schoolmates were aboard with their Skipper. Stan Cherick and I sailed around Lorus in our Wee Scots and admired the complete ensemble no end. We finally got up nerve enough to ask any who would dare to go sailing with us, there being a strong N.W. wind.

To our surprise and pleasure the invitation was accepted and each Wee Scot had two more in its crew for a fast sail outside the breakwater. The girls insisted on getting as wet as they could, which did not take long that day in a Wee Scot.

Connie, in my boat, insisted on ducking the nose under each and every sea that came anywhere near, so that by the time we put about it was voted a dripping good time.

On our return to the Lorus we were offered hospitality in the true Lorusian fashion and when it came sailing time, there were four kids left in Oswego Harbor who found things pretty flat for a while.

The next spring, it was my good fortune to be invited on a week-end cruise in Lorus as she was sailing from Charlotte to Oswego enroute to the Sound. This was the first time I had ever sailed in a ship as large as this and landing on board was to me like starting out on a grand banker. The cruise down turned out to be all that one could ask for except that it ended too soon.

In the summer of 1933 I happened to be in summer school at Queens in Kingston. Bob Sparks and I were walking down to the Yacht Club one evening and found Lorus filling up the anchorage in a grandiose style. After stepping aboard for a convivial greeting, some one of the crew suggested a slight party. This was not vetoed by anyone, as I remember.

There followed a short period of preparation in which we outdid ourselves and rounded up ten women in less than an hour; despite the fact that we needed only six. After this the banker with the heart of gold took charge and gladdened the Canadian hearts in such a promising manner that they thought they were arm in arm with Morgan the Magnificent.

It was certainly one grand party and a perfect way to remember Lorus and her hospitable Skipper.

Art

ARTHUR R. HUNT
100 GIBBS ST.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE one outstanding "memory" which seems to stick with me took place, as I recall it, about six years ago when the Schooner Lorus was tied up to an old dock at Main Duck Island.

After an exciting evening at poker, the stakes being a twenty-five cent limit, the boys finally decided to turn in. The weather being very hot, Cap'n Steve slept on the hatch. Able-bodied Seaman Jaquith curled up on deck in a pair of flannel trousers only six years old, used for fishing and sailing, principally on the waters of Lake Ontario, and which, by the way, had never been cleaned. Jaquith, as usual, developed indigestion in the wee hours of the morning and made a bee line for the cabin to partake of his favorite drink, Bicarbonate of Soda and water. In the darkness, he, being a little groggy, mistook a slab of concrete three feet below the deck for the deck of the Lotus and proceeded to try to break this with his leg. Groaning with pain, he pulled himself up out of the water on the deck and between groans called for Bicarb. Cap'n Steve, in the excitement, and also being a little groggy, anxious to help, as usual, landed on his head in the cockpit. Paul Emerson also wanting to be helpful grabbed a tin box in the darkness of the cabin and gave Jaquith his dose which turned out to be Epsom Salts instead of Bicarb. This had a surprisingly quick effect upon him and actually did the trick.

WILLIAM H. JAQUITH
ONE HUNDRED TWENTY BROADWAY
NEW YORK

Bill

WHAT vivid memories of happy experiences! These, for instance:

Stuart, with his new fishing equipment, landing the largest bass ever caught off Waupoos Island.

Cale Scutt, endeavoring to cope with yours truly by bringing in the largest bass when fishing down the reach, and I won by the length of a tail, notwithstanding my handicap by his having the universal tin dipper used for drinking, dipping up bait and various other purposes.

That hot afternoon, when we all swam around the boat for several hours while drifting idly along, not obliged to wear the burdensome bathing suit, and my shoes, with Cale's help, were discovered on top of the mast.

The delightful entertainment aboard the Virginia E in Prinzer's Cove.

The writing of a song one hot afternoon, coming down from Kingston, to the tune of "I Love a Lassie." The words, while never published, will always remain vivid in the minds of sailors there.

Did the Dominion of Canada open up the Murray Canal to pass the good schooner Lorus prior to its formal opening early one May morning? I'll say they did!

Duane Brown and the writer turned over every stone on Presque Isle one hot Sunday anticipating some fishing, when, upon returning to the boat for tackle, the Captain ordered, "All aboard, cast off lines." We were then en-route to Cobourg, leaving the bait on the dock.

That quiet night in Cobourg, when we were attacked by some wild Indians and all our nightclothes torn from our bodies.

On our last trip from Toronto even a little bird, as Noah's Dove, singled out our good Captain and his ship, Lotus, as a refuge, accompanying us all the way to Presque Isle.

And, always, the wonderful food and drink! Even Cale Scutt and Charlie Clark, after their serious attacks and relapses of seasickness—when the mere sight of food caused them to grasp the ship's rail, to see who could shoot the farthest (always a tie)—cheated us out of our anticipated funeral at sea; and were the first to reach the table to partake of that bountiful dinner, at anchor in Kingston harbor!

And, always, too, memories of our genial, generous, keen, kind, considerate Kaptain! Kind? "Who took off those stops?" "Put on those stops!" Interval of several minutes. "Take off those stops!"

What a hard life, our life as sailors aboard Lotus, and how we loved it!

Ray

R. W. JESSUP
NEWARK, N. Y.

TO KNOW that the Lorus no longer carries the pennant of our dear friend Steve Comstock will bring sadness to many; especially to old Dave and young David. But we still have the pleasantest of memories associated with the Lorus. These memories start with the little Lotus, the progenitor of the Lotus we knew later. Such good times, such rambling and garrulous conversation, even an occasional headache—all these seem important, now that we know they are things of the past and are only happy memories.

During these years since 1921 young David grew up. On our first cruise his principal beverage was milk; but, by the end, his principal beverage had changed to Scotch. During these same years old Dave grew old; and, conversely, while he first confined himself to Scotch, at the end of these long years he found milk was preferable.

It is hard to recollect the pleasantest incident of these years. The best dinner was without question that prepared by Harry on a Sunday morning on the Island of Orleans near the little town of St. Jean. The best drink I recall was one on an early morning after the yacht had dragged its anchor off Tadoussac. The most thrilling moment was awakening in the middle of the night when the Lorus had gone adrift in the canal near Cornwall and, as she ambled aimlessly down the canal, a vessel looking as large in that early morning as the Empire State Building seemed to have just missed our stern by an inch. The Lorus, a yacht whose manners usually were perfect, would have a propensity for wandering about nites. You could never depend on her staying tethered to her moorings. This always added a zest to life, and the crew could regularly be expected to be called on deck during the night to bring the Lorus back from her wild wanderings to some quiet and safe haven.

The pleasantest part of all the Lorus memories, however, is associated with the people—the captain, our delightful and thoughtful host, whose only thought was in caring for our every comfort, and then with Charlie and Paul, and among the younger set with Dick and Roger and Justin and many others whose names even now are deserting me.

Life is certainly a success if one has such pleasant memories as these, and old Dave and young David are indeed thankful that they were privileged to have had so many delightful associations with the good ship Lorus.

Dave and David

DAVID B. JEWETT, M.D.
and
DAVID B. JEWETT, JR.
219 ALEXANDER ST.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



FRIDAY, June 26, 1925. The log states that we were only thirty-five minutes driving to Sodus Point from Newark. The Capt. was at the "helm" and the roads in those days were not what they are now.

Crew: Cal Vary, Dick, George (Bastick) Bebb and George Johnson. Peter Colmar and Harry Bonnell, on the Lotus, had everything in readiness to leave.

Left Sodus at 12:30 P.M. and arrived at Prinyer's Cove about 7:00 P.M., with a strong south wind and the Lotus under full sail all the way across. As we neared the Canadian side "conditions" became a great deal "ruffer." A landlubber named Johnson "flashed his hash" over the lee rail while the Capt. held onto his belt with one hand and the wheel with the other. This greatly amused everyone else who proved to have stronger stomachs. However, it was noticed that George Bebb and Dick were a bit green around the gills at times. Also, Pete Colmar didn't care to stay below.

About the time we picked up the False Ducks things were really whistling. While Cal Vary was serving his trick at the wheel he managed to bring a big wave over the stern which soaked Dick and Pete very nicely. It was remarked at the time that this was the first time that the feat had been accomplished on that particular boat.

After anchoring in Prinyer's Cove a very, very cold swim was enjoyed which sparked the appetites for one of Harry's masterpieces.

The next day, the Lotus arrived at the Kingston Yacht Club during a dinghy race in which there were many upsets. After a short stay we waved goodbye to the beautiful mermaids sunning themselves on the clubhouse dock and headed for Cape Vincent; tied up here for the night. The Capt. visited an old friend, Mr. Peo, and the crew staged a Cornell-Hackley Track Meet on the dock. The loose boards made this sort of an obstacle race.

On Sunday the Lotus sailed to Chaumont Bay and tied up at the Crescent Yacht Club Dock. There was another dinghy race in progress here and a large R boat tipped over not far from the Lotus. This was the port where George Bebb cleaned up at chess.

On Monday we left Chaumont for Sodus under power against a head wind. The lake was not very "ruff" but there were just enough long swells to cause the landlubber to lose a very fine breakfast which he cherished a good deal. The writer firmly believes that this would not have occurred if Dick and George Bebb had not kept him below playing hearts. They knew well that the moving of the cabin walls would soon bring things up.

On August 11, 1926 (Wednesday), the following party sailed from Sodus Point aboard the Lotus: The Captain, Harry Bonnell, Don Briesh, Dick, Rog,

Geo. Bebb and Geo. Johnson. Left the Bay around three P.M. but hadn't gone far before "generator trouble" developed, much to the Captain's ire. Put into Fair Haven and Vern Gridley was summoned by phone to come to the rescue, which he very promptly did.

In the meantime all hands enjoyed some fine swimming and later Harry's very excellent cooking.

Remained at anchor next day, awaiting the generator's return from the repair shop. There was a great deal of swimming, reading and card playing on the part of the crew.

On Friday, difficulties over, the Lorus sailed to Kingston by the way of the Main Duck. It was a glorious day but the wind couldn't decide which way to blow from. The log states that the sails went up and down about "forty times" which was very good training for the crew.

That evening the Captain took all hands to a movie at the Capital Theatre in Kingston. The Canadian custom of singing "God Save the King" at the end of the movie was encountered for the first time by some of the party with great interest.

The next day the crew went into Kingston again and purchased numerous ties, wool socks, pipes, etc. The Lorus then sailed back to Fair Haven. Everyone was busily engaged making rings out of Canadian money and matching big Canadian pennies.

On Sunday, August 15, 1926, the Lorus went home to Sodus under full sail. It was a grand day and the Lake was very, very beautiful. No seasickness on the whole cruise!

Happy memories, too, of a Fourth-of-July Cruise in 1931! Kingston, Adolphus Reach, Bay of Quinte, Murray Canal at sundown, with its flower-lined banks, and the Captain passing out cigars to bridge-tenders and other ruddy-faced Canadians with red noses, Presque Isle after dark, returning to Rochester next day on a very rough lake!

Happy memories, indeed!

GEORGE JOHNSON
NEWARK, N. Y.

George

Ease off "Bill" on them foresheets and then let go the main;
"There's a little spot on Nellie" that will never be the same,
And "Gordie" port your helm a bit, then "studdy as she goes,"
For "feeling am the naked truth" as every AB knows.

Then Harry bring a can of beer and Harry fetch a glass,
And "Cliffie" raise your voice in song about your Sally lass.
The Skipper's chuckling to himself—I think he's been below,—
Oh! Cady port your helm a point, then "studdy as ye go."

So it's Harry squeeze a lime or two, and Harry bring some ice,
Bacardi, Gin, some Grenadine, Scotch, Cointreau will suffice;
'Tis a most obnoxious habit before breakfast, doctors say,
But here's to "Lorus Cocktails" just about the break o'day!

Then it's melon, eggs and bacon, gobs of butter with the toast,
For it's "keep your insides oiled" when Stephen plays the host.
When the sun is o'er the yardarm, then you'll hear the AB's say
"Aint it funny we don't feel our drinks in the old peculiar way."

So it's Harry bring a highball—one for Cady, maybe so;
Well, alright, bring one for Cliffie—Mr. Jaquith looks quite low;
Too bad old "Gordie's" gone to sleep, tho' it really doesn't matter,
In forty winks he'll be right back with his everlasting chatter.

About a wagon painted red, and Lord Percival returning
From a Riviera honeymoon, with unabated yearning,
Great strength of character, m'Lord, a rugged scion of Cholmondeley
Enjoyed immensely, Harriet says, although 'twas done quite dumbly.

So I hear the ship's bell chiming and it's there that I would be,
On the white-winged schooner Lorus sailing lazy out to sea,
Where the glass is always climbing and the fairest breezes blow,
When good fellows get together and the songs are sweet and low.

Gordie

GORDON H. KELLOG
230 PARK AVE.
NEW YORK

I DON'T see much of Sodus Bay any more. (I wish that the Creator and William Penn could have arranged to put Philadelphia about where Geneva is now.) However, I know that the good ship Lorus has become pretty much a part of the Bay. Like the old Lighthouse it's always been a pleasant, familiar sight. The sunset—the Lorus easing through the channel—the Lighthouse and the Lake in the background—it's really been a lovely sight from Charlie Point. I'm positive that everyone will regret the "passing" of the Lorus.

Memories? Yes Sir. Many of them. All pleasant save one. (You know—your salutation "Dear Sailors" tickled me very much for I definitely know that I'm not one.) I shall not forget that first day out—a good sea running—the Lorus—sails furled—bow biting dead into the wind—rising high, smashing hard—and Charlie trying his damndest (with the questionable aid of a green grin) to hide the nausea that kept his stomach in the vicinity of his Adam's Apple. That's the only unpleasant memory I have. Others? Mr. "Ed" Elliot enjoying a mid-afternoon nap above the after cabin and our filling his pockets with chips of ice. Very, very funny at the time but just a plain "nasty" trick now. Very, very well taken by "Uncle Ed." Swimming "bearast" in mid-Ontario. Lunches of Harry Bonnell's many and assorted sandwiches (edges trimmed) flushed down with gulps of foamy beer or ale (wonder if my present fondness for the malted brew had it's beginnings in the cockpit of the Lorus ten years or so ago). Learning that a rope wasn't a rope but was a line and that a line coiled flat, neat and tight upon the deck was a "sailorsazzole." Elevation from the rank of Scullion. A gentle, pink colored cocktail prepared personally by the Captain to swell already overwhelming appetites for breakfast.

This could become very, very lengthy since the more I write the more I remember—and the slower I write—since I like to sit and remember. They tell us that we mustn't think too much of the past—dream—but must always be thinking ahead. That if we do this we'll surely go forward. But it is fun to mull over pleasant memories and I've just had fun mulling over these. Thank you for the opportunity!

Charlie

CHARLES F. KLEFEKER
6602 WOODCREST AVE.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

IT WILL indeed seem strange to see the Lorus flying any other colors than those of the house of Comstock.

Her new owners are very fortunate to obtain title to a ship possessing the qualities of the Lorus.

There may be faster and larger boats but none more capable or seaworthy.

Her ability to go places under any weather conditions afforded all on board a sense of perfect security not always experienced on every sailing craft.

In passing I wish to note the uncanny faculty of swinging her yardarm in a position, day or night, for the sun to cross.

It would be difficult for me to select any outstanding cruise from the many most enjoyable occasions when I have been included as a member of the "pirate" crew.

A finer aggregation never trod the deck of any ship!

"Long may they live and prosper!"

Fred

F. C. LEDYARD
PULTNEYVILLE, N. Y.

SIR, I am very sorry to hear that the Lotus has left the family, but I hope that we will see the Schooner Lorus III coming down the river next summer, with Grandma and Grandpa aboard.

Remember the time when you had your birthday in Kingston at the Club with the little organ doing its stuff and the gang singing with the song books, July 18, 193-? Do you know, sir, we always had such darn good times when you came in that it is quite a job to think of anything special.

Remember the time when you came to Kingston at 6:00 P.M. with a broken boom and you said you had to have a new one and be ready to leave by 9:00 A.M. the next morning?

Hope that this will help a little bit for your book. If you put all of your happy memories in it, I am afraid that, instead of being a "little Memory Book," it will be a very big one.

Bob

BOB LUCK, STEWARD
KINGSTON YACHT CLUB
KINGSTON, ONT.

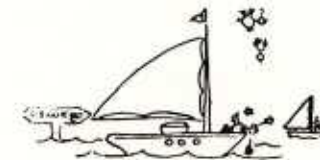
'LOTUS AND US GALS'
AS REMEMBERED
BY
MARY HARGRAVE MARKS · !!



'MOVIE MAGIC'



'DOWN THE HATCH'



'WHAT A MESS FOR FISHES'



'HAYDEN AND THE MILDEN'



'UPS - 4 - GRISY'



'LOTUS COCKTAILS'



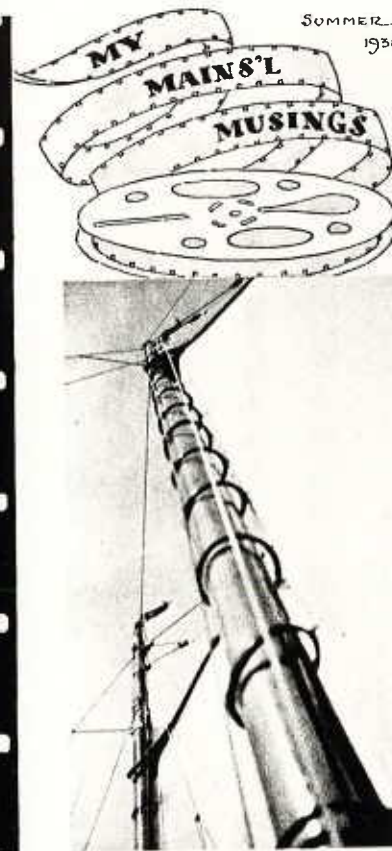
'HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU'

MRS. WILLIAM A. MARKS
NEWARK, N. Y.

— Mary



E. ELLIOTT MARSH
NEWARK, N. Y.



Produced by
CAPT'N COMSTOCK

Cast of Characters
"ROG" WILLIAMS "ED" REYNOLDS
"BILL" PARKS "ROSS" BUSH
"RED" MARSH



— Red

MY Memories of the Lotus
... a swell guy at the helm
... cocktails before breakfast
... George's bald head appearing through the hatch
... wonderful meals
... the three "R's"—Ross, Rog, Red
... Stanley on a rough sea "acrobating" on the bow
... glass mugs of Canada Bud
... swimming in the middle of a very calm Lake Ontario
... luffing 'er
... rescues off the stern—just a chair
... at the helm all alone!
... a very nice Norwegian
... what a trip to Main Duck
... sails being hoisted
... able commands by an able captain
... songs of Sodus accompanied on a seagoing organ
... WHAT A LIFE!!!
I am very grateful for these and other fine memories.

Bill

WILLIAM A. MARKS
NEWARK, N. Y.

When I'm alone in my office
Some forty floors from the street,
I gaze through the open window
At the white-winged river fleet.

I dream I see the Lorus
Bonny and bright and gay,
Gliding along on the water
Bound for the distant bay.

My thoughts are sailing with her
Filled with memories clear
Of many happy hours
And best of friendships dear.

For there is Captain Comstock,
One hand on the good ship's wheel,
And in his other digits
A tankard of foaming "Piel."

"Abaft, my hearty seaman,"
I hear the Captain shout
And "Gordie, watch the mainsail"
As Lorus comes about!

"We're sailing up the Hudson
To waters farther north
Where Kingston's on the starboard
And Presque Isle hard a'port."

There's Bill the trusty banker,
With golden heart and voice,
A-sleeping with an echo
That makes our ears rejoice.

And Cady with his camera
All poised for dirty work
When Bill goes in the water
Without his undershirt.

But Cady has his "troubles"
And handsome lad is he,
The ladies' hearts will flutter,
Some port we'll have to flee!

It's Clif who is so steady,
And always on the job,
A-tightening up the halyards,
A tried and ready "gob"???

The ship will ring with music
When daylight starts to fade
And Gordie plays the organ
Beneath the stars' parade.

It's "Sally in our Alley"
And good "Sweet Adeline,"
We'll all join in the chorus
And hold those chords so fine.

And on we'll sing 'til midnight
When time to go below,
Side-sore from hearty laughter
And just a "proper glow."

At sun-up we'll go swimming
In Erie's water blue,
A Lorus cocktail waiting
To start the day anew.

And what a mighty breakfast
We always have on board,
Our gracious host and captain
Presiding o'er the hoard.

Perhaps we'll do some fishing
With "Lame Duck" as our base
For Gordie has his bass rod
And Man, it is the place!

Alas my dream is fading
 And Lotus staunch is gone
 But fellowships and memories
 Forever will live on!

So let us pick up anchor
 And sail for ports unknown
 With memories for our compass
 And "Steve" for chaperone.

CLIFTON M. MILLER
 20 EXCHANGE PLACE
 NEW YORK

Clif



Ship—Lorus. Skipper and Host, Stephen E. Comstock

Guests—Ross Bush, Paul Emerson, Myself.

Crew—Harry Bonnell and "Vesta" (think his last name is Vassar). Both good men.

THE STORY

WE LEFT Sodus Bay in the morning, arriving at the Port of Kingston early in the evening. The weather was fine and the "SPIRITS" of all on board were high.

I think that Commodore Comstock must have a "drag" with the weather man, as the whole trip was characterized by fine weather and ideal conditions on the Lake. We were all able to enjoy to the utmost the good things in life which our host so amply provided.

One morning Ross Bush came over to Paul Emerson and me, proposing that we three each put on a piece of paper the time at which we thought the Captain would come to anchor at the end of the day's run. This looked like a fair proposition, as, like Roosevelt, none of us knew where we were going or how long it would take to get there.

We made our calculations and each put one dollar in the pool, which was to go to the man nearest the mark.

At first it looked as though Paul Emerson would win, in fact it was a sure thing until the Captain decided to stop the ship and fill the water tanks, which took about twenty minutes and gave Ross the money, as the anchor went down at exactly the time he had on his paper. Now Paul Emerson and I think we know just why Ross Bush was so friendly with the Captain, after lunch that day.

Like all good things, our voyage came to an end and I am sure we are all sorry that the Lorus has left Sodus Bay for new adventures in other waters.

Paul

PAUL D. NEWTON
NEWARK, N. Y.

THERE is only one way to commence a story and that is at the beginning, so it is that I ask if you remember the nice letters you used to send out awhile before you were ready to go cruising. Those letters reached me every year and it has taken me all of this time to really analyze them. That they were misleading I can now see. You called these letters Sailing Orders. They always said:

“To Ablebodied Seamen:
Clif Miller
Gordie Kellogg
Bill Jaquith
Cady Olney.”

Then they said: “You are hereby directed, instructed and expected to report for sea duty.” Then every time you would say: “Bring a moderate thirst and one tooth brush, if you like.” Now, these letters may have been all right according to seagoing practices; but let’s see just how beside the point they were. In the first place you should have said “Fullbodied,” not “Able-bodied.” The Seamen part was all right. Now, you always asked for the crew to report. I cannot recall one occasion when that crew reported. I don’t think you can point out a time that they did. Every time that Clif Miller, Bill Jaquith and Gordie Kellogg boarded the Lorus, they yelled and they kept yelling until they had five Lorus cocktails. If you call this reporting, Sir, we have entirely different ideas. Why, Captain, did you always ask the crew to bring tooth brushes? No one ever used them. We always had cocktails instead, you will recall. There was a lot of talk about hardtack. The letters sometimes spoke about it. I never had one piece of hardtack. This was also true about moderate thirst. Nothing like that was ever seen on board.

When I left steam for sail I thought there would be no trouble; that you were fooling when you said that a sailor’s life was a hard life. How right you were! I will say for myself that the only thing I ever learned was how to handle the wind scoops. The Captain certainly had whims about scoops. Some of the fellows learned about sheets. I should add right here that each of the crew, regardless of his rating, was each morning forced to take the sheets off the berths. I think Gordie learned about halyards. Bill Jaquith turned out to be a smart sailor. He took charge of the standing rigging and you could count on him anytime that he was not below. In storms you would always find him below. Clif Miller did nothing but sing and tell very unusual stories. You can see from this that the Captain did all the work excepting when it was wind-scooping time. He paid the crew and kept the ship painted;

furnished all of the liquor and the food too. He had an organ and had to get someone to play it while he sang. He also had to get other people to sing. He never got me on this one but I enjoyed it very much.

It is worth while to discuss the main cabin. There appeared a phenomenon of the first water. Commencing with morning cocktails thru to after-dinner mints, every moment spent in the main cabin was highly pleasurable. With the coming of nightfall the personality and character of the cabin and its inhabitants altered. The same comfortable cabin, the same delightful friends, changed. The metamorphosis was unbelievably complete. Nattily attired crew became misshapen and in some instances very odd figures. All snored.

To those who think that sailing with Captain Comstock is not hard work, I now address this next remark. ALL WATCHES WERE PIPED UP ON THE MEREST PRETEXT. The Captain was always up and I guess he wanted to keep us up, too.

The Lorus, too, was somewhat exacting although she had but few objectionable traits. One which I especially remember was that she was allergic to trucks. We were proceeding thru a lift bridge into the Bay of Quinte. Right then a he-truck, plainly attracted by Lorus’ lines, boomed down through the open bridge and bounded at the Lorus, missing her stern by a few scant inches. We knew right then that Lorus had something. The Captain said he’s never seen the like of it in his whole long life as a sailor. She never to my knowledge did any truck-chasing herself. But then she was a coy, maidenly craft whose stays must have quivered a lot when one recalls the stories that our crew told so many times. The one that I especially remember was about the daisy which Lord Cholmondeley seized while riding around with Nellie in a little old red wagon which he got at the firehouse at Fairport.

There is a place in Canada called “Pressed Steel.” Clif Miller cannot go back there. It also is shown on the chart as “Presque Isle.” As I said to Clif, I guess perhaps Gordie Kellogg and Bill Jaquith also won’t try that place again. The Captain and I could go back there anytime, if the Captain gets himself a new ship, and we just go alone and say that we didn’t know those other fellows.

The Captain had a friend who was also a Captain. He lived in Canada on the north shore. His name was Captain Kerr. He drove the crew in his automobile out for fun one night and left the road because it was too crowded, and after awhile hit a bridge hard on the port bow. Do you remember how Kellogg yelled when we gave him first-aid? He had two feet of glass in his

hip pocket and it broke his flask. When he found out about that he yelled even more.

We had many a good time at the Main Duck. Here you fish and sing and meet people. The Island was built for the Lorus. I suppose that when the Lorus was sold, the Island went with her.

Gordie was a great hand for making friends. One night he and the Captain and some of the crew got shore liberty, and the Captain thought it would be best to have a swim before turning in. They found a fine beach. It belonged to somebody but Gordie walked right over to the man in uniform and pretty soon he had him singing and drinking. He made a great friend of him and asked him to drive back to town with the crew. The lad said: "Sure I will, sailor, I'm your taxi driver."

Speaking about the hard life of a sailor, I so well remember one morning when the Captain went ashore after breakfast and the crew stayed for a few extra, choice cups of coffee. That was the time that we said if cognac is good in after-dinner coffee, it would be many times better in breakfast coffee because there would be more coffee to use in the cognac. Clif Miller and Gordie Kellogg did a quartet by joining up with two other fellows in the mirror.

I presume that I am the one to speak about the food served on the Lorus. I always had more than anyone else and always helped do the shopping in Kingston at Mr. Cook's store. There we got Oka cheese and things like that. I always understood that the chickens and almost everything else were raised especially for the Lorus by Fred who works on the Captain's place back in Newark. I think that the wines were especially mulled for the Schooner Lorus. Everything that went on the table was first-class and we had service hot off the stove by a steward dressed in white. Seamen Jaquith, Kellogg and I will always show these good victuals. Seaman Miller had to go on a North Cape cruise and take baths, to look the way he does.

One last thing about life on the Lorus. You could get ale anytime but to get a highball you had to go in swimming or go up and down the swim ladder as though you had. This of course was part of the formal life on Lorus and indispensable to discipline. I never did learn how you got just plain water but I never really asked.

Just one more item. The crew always had to sing "And She Lives Down in Our Alley." If you didn't know this sea chantey by heart, you couldn't stay very long.

One year the Captain decided that what his crew needed was more work and lots of it, so we sailed all night and the next morning there we were in Canada. We spent three delightful days with Canadians, visiting their houses,

making trouble and singing for them, and then somebody said, "Well, it's train time"; so up anchor and away. Just around the point there was the home buoy and Larkspur. It just goes to show, as the Captain said: "It isn't where you are, it's who you're with," and this is the reason why the days on the Lorus are such grand memories.

I for one have a feeling of acute nostalgia upon realizing that all of this was yesterday and not tomorrow. I do not think it true that anticipation is the best of all. Perhaps because the years for me are marching on, I can sense a greater satisfaction in happy recollections; and for the days with you and the Lorus I will always thank you.

Cady

P. S.—The other name for the Lorus, lest you forget, was F,F,F,F,F. This means the best of Friends, Fair weather, lots of Fun, plenty of Foolin', grand Food, good Fishing.

BURT CADY OLNEY
193 CORWIN ROAD
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

OF COURSE the first thing one remembers about Lotus is that she was beautiful. She floated so gracefully, and yet so competently, upon the water, her sails sometimes tranquil and dream-like, sometimes all life and motion. No matter what was going on, at least, when ladies were on board, she was immaculate and shining all the time. It may be that when she was engaged in serious masculine business and really went to work, she may have ruffled herself up a bit.

Can it be that after thoughts of such a poetic nature, one is obliged to say that holding second place among one's memories is the happy recollection of good food? But who, having tasted George's fish freshly caught and lovingly transformed by him into a creation of golden perfection, could say that food is not poetic too? And whoever tasted vegetables anywhere cooked more deliciously than by George in his little cubbyhole? Finally where else than on Lotus, could one, after breakfast at the Country Club, eat a second breakfast nobly made up of ham and eggs, toast and jam (lots of toast!) and quantities of berries produced possibly from a kind of marine berry bush?

Lotus took one places, too. How enriched the board, how adorned the costume after returning from a shopping trip in Canada!

There are very happy memories, made possible by Captain Steve and Martha. We are grateful for them, and are sure that whoever puts a foot upon Lotus, no matter what her name may be, will feel the influence of many gracious yesterdays and be impressed by the enduring and affectionate care of her old owners.

Edith

MRS. BURT CADY OLNEY
193 CORWIN ROAD
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

UNFORTUNATELY, the memory of the Lotus which "stays" above all others has to do with a very unpleasant hour which I had in Kingston. The particulars, as you may recall, ran something as follows:

Bill and I were met at Newark by you and Paul, and, in one of the most hair-raising, nerve-racking drives I ever experienced, reached Sodus Point and embarked *pronto* on the good ship Lotus. Breakfast was heralded by several "Lotus Cocktails" and, as we headed No' East by No', the sun appeared over the yardarm with remarkable regularity and clarity. Between intervals of song, stories and cats, prohibition was discussed and the apparent ease with which you, a U. S. citizen, were able to get all the liquor you wished in Canada by purporting to reside in Presque Isle—a place I had never before heard of.

As I remember it, the day was hot and breathless—the sky clear—and our libations to the god Neptune potent and frequent. So that, as we approached the Canadian shores, supplies and crew were both somewhat damaged.

You may remember turning to Paul and me saying, "You fellows look to me to be the soberest members of this party! So, just as soon as we land, I want you to jump into a fleet of taxis, run up to the Commissioner's office, and bring back these supplies!"—and you presented us each with a list of requisites as long as your arm.

As you know, I had never before done business with the Canadian Liquor Commission; had no idea of what information, if any, I should be called upon to give; and, hence, had made no plan-of-action. Further be it said in extenuation of the mistakes which I was unwittingly about to make, that national Prohibition in the U. S. had trained its nationals in subterfuge—we had grown to feel that we were expected to resort to concealments and misrepresentations whenever procurement of liquor was involved.

When I presented myself at a window in the Commissioner's Office, I was asked:

"What is your name?"

Correctly answered by me!

"Where do you live?"

Even to this day I pride myself on the quickness of mind and retentive memory which prompted me to respond "Presque Isle"!

"What is your business?"

"Banker!"

"What bank?"

"Royal Bank of Canada!"

I passed over \$2.00, received half-a-dozen requisition blanks to fill out,

and was told my license would be ready when I returned. But, alas! something had gone wrong! The atmosphere was chilly. The Commissioner sternly informed me that Presque Isle had no bank, was a pleasure resort purely, and boasted but an Hotel! I was a "smart Aleck" trying to "put over a fast one" on the Commissioner and the Canadian Government. I was grilled by a Royal Mounted and a local bobby, who had appeared from somewhere.

In my desperation, I mentioned that I'd like to speak to my life-long friend, Paul, who was in the outer office. You can imagine my horror when the cops returned and stated that he denied he knew me and had refused even to speak to me! The Commissioner came in a moment later; requested my word of honor not to leave Kingston until I had heard further from him, saying that he must report the matter to Ottawa. I definitely faced spending the next six months breaking stone on the roads of Northern Ontario.

Disillusioned and disheartened, I found my way back to the Royal Yacht Club, to find that you and Paul had fled! But, as luck would have it, found Bryant Woods and his wife taking a swim. She was a native; her father was Mayor, and a close friend of the Commissioner! We jumped a taxi, bearded the Mayor in his den, and, in the nick of time, he explained matters to the Commissioner and prevented the damning report of my perfidy from reaching Ottawa's ears.

Soon thereafter, on meeting the Commissioner in your presence on the Yacht Club dock (and the return, by him, of my \$2.00), I got the impression that I could, in future, register from the Moon if I wished—so great was the Commissioner's regard for you!—and learned that all the trouble could have been avoided by a little ordinary truth-telling on my part in the beginning!

Sic finis est!

Charlie

CHARLES PARK
120 BROADWAY
NEW YORK



1929-1932

WHEN I hear the name Lorus, I always see myself back on Sodus Bay paddling my canoe past Charlie Point and heading for the Bootjack. It's always a bright, hot, summer day, and the Bay lies as smooth as glass. A few people are swimming off the Charlie Point Dock, several people are starting their motor boats up around the shore preparatory to a trip to the White Bakery, and Gus Hoffman starts back from Helfer's standing up in his boat. I drift awhile, just to take it all in. . .

And then, from around the other side of Sand Point, comes the Lorus. She slides along evenly and smoothly with her white hull reflecting the sun and her stern leaving a lazy, wedge-shaped swell behind her. She turns, her short foremast points toward the channel, and she eases past my bow. And generally somebody waves. Then is the Bay as she ought to be.

The highwater mark of my own Lorus experience concerns Dave Jewett, Jut Emerson, Dick Hayden and myself, the "sons" part of the Father-and-Sons Cruise of '30, aboard the Schooner Lorus out of Sodus Point. At Kingston, before heading back across the lake, the Captain had given us a half-day's shore leave to attend the Circus we heard was playing there, and we arrived on the Circus grounds with a full twenty minutes to spare before the Big Top's show started.

"What about seeing the side show first? We've got time," someone suggested. Which was very lucky.

The first exhibit on our right was the Lion-Headed Lady, and, though it was obvious that both parts of her title were groundless rumors, we gravitated in her direction.

"This amazing monstrosity, ladees and genelmen, is a genyouwine Lion-Headed Lady," her professional admirer began; but he never got any farther, for—the manager of the Circus came rushing in the front entrance, shouting. "EVERYBODY STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE," he screamed, "TWO LIONS HAVE JUST ESCAPED FROM THEIR CAGES OUTSIDE AND WE'RE TRYING TO CATCH THEM."

Several hundred people were racing down the hill that fell away from the side of the Midway and heading toward some fields of high grass in the distance; and, as we could see the Circus men far ahead of the crowd with guns and nets, we went along to see the excitement.

Down the hill we boiled—but not very far. For as soon as we'd got nicely started, word came back that the lions had turned and were coming back up the hill.

And then came the anti-climax. It was all a false alarm. The lions hadn't turned back up the hill but were still hiding in the tall grass at the bottom.

But it wasn't a holiday for everyone concerned. For just then two men came slowly up the hill supporting a third man between them, and when they got a little closer we saw it was one of the Circus roustabouts who'd been pretty badly hurt.

On the way back from the Circus grounds we didn't talk much. We were pretty well shaken—despite what we may say now—and the sight of the roustabout who had his side and shoulder laid open had sobered us some.

Just before we got back to the *Lotus*, we happened by the municipal swimming pool in the little park down by the harbor's edge. It wasn't such a bad swimming pool, but I guess it was pent up emotion that prompted me to criticize so bitterly what few things I saw about it that I didn't like. Captain Comstock, Mr. Emerson and Dr. Jewett were sitting on the after deck, with a tall, dark-complexioned stranger with them.

"Holy mackerel, Captain," I said. "You ought to see the condition Canada keeps its swimming pools in. We just saw that one over there, and of all the run-down, unsanitary, boggy wallos masquerading under the name of a municipal swimming pool I've ever seen, that one takes the wreath. Whoever has charge of the parks in Kingston certainly did a job on that."

I was just going to draw a comparison with the Black Hole of Calcutta when Captain Comstock finally shut me off. "Er. . . John. . . just a minute. . . I'd like you to meet our guest here. This is Mr. Cunningham. . . he's. . . ah. . . he's the Commissioner of Parks here in Kingston. How was the Circus?"

John

JOHN S. S. PEIRSON
333 E. 42D ST.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE good ship *Lotus*, with her high bow and plenty of freeboard, was always impressive as she entered our harbor here at Cape Vincent, N. Y. However, the aft deck, where I have enjoyed many good dinners with the genial skipper and his friends, was always the most impressive section of the ship to me.

Her annual stop at our little village, where the lake and river meet, and a visit at our home by the Comstock family has been an event of a good many years. My wife, daughter and I will always cherish the pleasant memories of the Schooner *Lotus* appearing in our harbor.

Our fondest hope is that this good ship will be replaced by the birth of a new ship suitable to become a member of the Comstock family.

Sincerely yours,

Leon L. Peo

LEON L. PEO
CAPE VINCENT, N. Y.

YOUR letter of the 24th rather surprises me because I just can't quite visualize you as other than the owner of the Lorus. Yachting has been so much a part of your real life in the summers, these many years, that I can only assume that there must be a Lorus III hovering somewhere in the background—of your mind if not yet in reality.

Believe I never had the pleasure of more than one cruise with you. You were kind enough to ask me on one or two other occasions but some other matters interfered and prevented my accepting.

The one trip that I did make with you was across the lake to the Bay of Quinte. We went across at night—in bright moonlight. Much to my pleasure and gratification, I was entrusted with the tiller a major part of the way. I turned it over to you when we neared the other side and shortly after I did we ran slam-bang on a shoal. By quick work on your part, it was a case of "On ag'in, off ag'in," and, I am glad to say, with no damage resulting. At the time I felt pretty glad that I *had* turned the tiller over to you when I did but I later came to the conclusion that it was really more my fault than yours. I fear that the Lorus' weather helm had made me let her eat up into the wind most of the way across and I was a little to the westerly of the course that I should have kept. I never was too good at keeping a true course, you know.

Homer Crothers and Frank Willson were the other members of the party. I knew Homer fairly well, and had known "Doc" casually most of my life but I never had really got acquainted with him as I did on that trip. I had had no idea, before, what a lovable man he was, God rest him.

You had a nice young Italian lad as deck man—I can't remember his name—but he hadn't been on the water so very much and was seasick now and then. I remember that, when the trip ended, I gave him something in appreciation of his kindly attentions, and was mean enough to suggest that he buy some "Mothersill's" with it. However, he didn't know what "Mothersill's" was until you explained it to him. Also, I can still remember my astonishment at the marvelous quality of food which "Harry" turned out from that little pint-size galley. Sorry to say I can't identify the date of this cruise at all accurately, nor have I any photographs of it.

Well, fair winds and pleasant harbors, old man!

George

GEORGE C. PERKINS
2415 RIVERSIDE DRIVE
SANTA ANA, CALIF.

WHAT a jolt I get, to learn that the Lotus will no longer be a Comstock! What a rush of associations this news brings to this feeble memory of mine!

The prize cruise seems to be the one to Kingston and the Main Duck, July 4, 1930—how you tried to get Lym Stuart's crew into a poker game, so we wouldn't leave Sodus Point at night on a fair breeze that *we* didn't know would shift to a Northeaster—how we ate our meager rations after Bill Bloomer had slept on them (all but the canned beans) so they were pretty flat—how we were too proud to take a tow around Timber Island when the swell rolled all the headway away from us (and we finally had to take in our pride or stay there forever)—the astonishing capacity for Scotch of Captain Cole at the Main Duck—the hours you and I sat on a fish crate on the Cole dock, and the innumerable visits from Harry to assist our session of reminiscence—the payoff when Captain Cole wrote me, via you, to buy a "Decil" engine.

The Memorial Day cruise in 1931, when John Timmons was completely bored until the nice new Grey motor failed and he had a chance to show Harry how to fix it.

They don't build many people like those of the Lotus's Captain and varying crews, and it is one of the few great honors of my life that I have been included with them occasionally.

Stu

STUART PERKINS
315 CHESTNUT ST.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

IT HAS not been an easy matter to crowd all of the reminiscences which have tried to force themselves on paper when thinking of the Cruise of the Lotus to Waupoos Island on August 11, 1938.

One of the things I will never forget about this cruise is that at the start I had an idea that a Waupoos was a cross between a water buffalo and a papoose, and I expected that we would have some difficulty in trapping one to bring back to civilization. The second thing that I will never forget about this cruise is the wind—"Listen, the Wind." In fact, we went aboard in the afternoon and never did leave the mooring until the following morning, when the cruise was well along. By the time we left the mooring and headed out the channel, we knew that we were really in for a rough passage. With the wind scoops well under control, and thanks to the watchful services of Al and, particularly, George, and also ABS Ross Bush, Chief Scullion "Rog" Williams and First Assistant Scullion's Mate, "Red" Marsh, we soon sighted Salmon Point light and headed around between Point Traverse and the Island to make Waupoos Island. As soon as we rounded the Point, the wind suddenly went down, or at least we expected that it would. As we neared anchorage, we were fortunate in getting over the reef and headed upstream to drop anchor. This was Friday, the 12th.

I never knew that a Saturday could start so early. Our Chief Scullion, "Rog" Williams, was up long before daybreak, practicing. By sun-up we were out getting oriented on the reef. Not much luck Saturday morning, but in the afternoon—"WOW"! I never knew that bass could grow so big. On Sunday morning, the 14th, we weighed anchor and headed for Clayton. A beautiful day with a grand following breeze. Never did find out how George grew his vegetables. They say that folks come for miles around to fish among these Islands. And so did we.

A grand Skipper—a great crew—and last but certainly not least—Lotus, here's to you!

Ed

E. S. REYNOLDS
183 MAIN ST. E.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BOAT ARRIVALS

THE good ship Lotus is in port again in command of its genial Skipper Captain Stephen Comstock.

For those who have had the pleasure of meeting him, Dame Fortune has been good to them, but for those who have been fortunate enough to have enjoyed his ready wit and basked in his sunny smile all I can say is, "they're lucky."

Claiming to be one of the latter, I do hope that the parting with the Lotus will not be the means of severing "memory" ties in Kingston but only the cementing of a closer friendship, which matured and mellowed through years of contact with the gallant Captain.

Jim

JAMES W. RIGNEY
KINGSTON, ONT.

SO THE good old Lorus has gone, spread canvas and sailed away to another port. We who have known her these many years and who have so often enjoyed the hospitality of her Skipper are going to miss her sadly.

It will hardly seem the same Sodus Bay without the Lorus riding anchor in her accustomed spot. She may have left the home port but in our thoughts she still rides at the old home buoy.

Turning back the pages of time, there come to mind the many occasions on which I have been privileged to be a guest of the Skipper. I recall the time when the Lorus and the Acoma chanced to meet off Timber Island, the crew of the latter in merry, merry mood. Our converging courses soon brought the two craft abreast and we sailed side-by-side in a nice rap of breeze, swapping yarns the while.

So neighborly were the two, a member of the Acoma party conceived the idea of making a personal call on the Lorus via dinghies swinging out-board from the davits of both craft and with a nice lump of sea rolling them about a bit. Those who have sailed the deep will appreciate the fact that the feat of the young man on the flying trapeze fades into insignificance compared with that proposed by our visitor. With a running start on the deck of his craft he landed in its out-swinging dinghy, from that to our dinghy, similarly swinging, and then to the deck of the Lorus, landing right side up with no fractured cartilage. The "hand" he received was enthusiastic and he was given the customary reward for bravery at sea, hastily concocted by Harry.

There was the time when the Skipper telephoned and suggested that I take the night boat out of Charlotte and join him at the Kingston Yacht Club, to which suggestion I acceded without demur, delay or hesitancy.

Arriving at the Kingston wharf at an early morning hour, I quickly espied our good friend, Harry, in full regalia, among those on the wharf watching the operation of warping the "Queen Mary" into her pier. He was first up the gangplank to take my bags (contents, one razor—one tooth brush) and I followed him to a shining limousine, the last word in General Motors accomplishment. To that moment I had been an unnoticed passenger. I now became conscious of awed and whispered conjecture as to the identity of the eminent stranger and I immediately took myself sternly in hand, lest some remark or gesture betray my true origin.

Reaching the Yacht Club, I was greeted by the Captain, in natty array, as is his custom. A moment later there emerged from the depths of the Lorus, one in spotless white from chef's cap atop his bean, with coat and trousers of the same virgin white and shoes, ditto. Nor did this end the procession. Soon there emerged another, garbed and bespangled as a Captain

of the "Queen's Navee." Bewildered, I turned to the Skipper to ask if the Prince were in town. Hastily gathering my "bags" I rushed below in frantic endeavor to present myself as best I could to fit the picture.

What a cruise that was and what service! Three (count 'em) to serve two! To push a button or voice a desire, brought pandemonium with bruised and battered servitors, each in an endeavor to be first to serve.

On another cruise, I recall that we put in at the tiny hamlet of Bath and another of our party and I were commissioned to do some shopping at Napanee, some eight miles distant.

Going ashore we sought a taxi, and were directed to an old fellow who trotted (?) out a nag and buggy of not at all uncertain age for our approval.

Noting that Spark Plug appeared to be "missing" alternately on his rear supports, we turned thumbs down, fearing that we too might be missing in a wild and foreign country.

Our commission by the Skipper having been in the nature of "Must" legislation, we felt that it would never do to fail him and we continued our quest for transportation. We were finally directed to one who was the proud possessor of an ancient Model T and after a bit of dickering, the deal was closed for the round trip.

Reaching our destination, we presented our little books to the Major General in charge and made our wants known. To our consternation we were told that recent purchases (on the previous day, in fact) precluded the acquisition of additional merchandise for the nonce. To all of our pleas, the M.G. was adamant and we were about to sue for peace and depart, when my companion chanced to catch the eye of one of more kindly mien in the background, who, until then had shown no interest in our adventure in international commerce. He now came forward and after a whispered conference with the enemy, we were told that concession would be made in this instance but that we must sin no more.

With our purchases safely stowed in the bowels of Henry, the return trip was consummated in due time.

There also comes to mind the trip to Fair Haven at the time of the Yacht Racing Association meet there. Also many trips to Rochester, either to bring the Lorus to Sodus at the opening of the season or to take her there at its close, and the many "browses" about our own Sodus Bay.

To say we will miss the Lorus is superfluous, but we say it just the same.

Good-bye, Old Pal!

Hank

HENRY B. ROGERS
NEWARK, N. Y.

IT CERTAINLY is a pleasure to "remember" that cruise with Captain Comstock on his good ship Lotus, "Tom" Elliott, "Hank" Rogers, "Jim" Smith, and myself.

We weighed anchor at Sodus Bay about 8:00 A.M. on the Friday before Labor Day. It was a wet and foggy morning; but the weather cleared and we had wonderful weather for the remainder of the cruise, just a nice sailing breeze most of the time. We arrived at the Kingston Yacht Club about two o'clock that afternoon and the "Skipper" made it his business to see that we were royally entertained at all times. This afternoon he arranged for us to see by taxi the high spots of Kingston, including the historic fort. Upon returning to the Lotus we indulged in a little appetite sharpener and settled down to a most delectable dinner prepared by Harry (this goes for all the meals on board the Lotus), after which we played cards for the rest of the evening and then crawled into our bunks for a good night's rest.

The following day (Saturday) we set sail for Main Duck Island and arrived shortly after noontime. "Tom" Elliott and I appropriated the dinghy and enjoyed some good black bass fishing while the "Skipper" and the rest of our crew explored the Island. At the dinner table that evening, they told us some quite hair-raising stories about what they had seen on the Island. Some of it was a little hard to swallow but it is unbecoming for a fisherman to doubt another's tales.

The following day (Sunday) we enjoyed a very pleasant sail across the lake to Fair Haven and dropped anchor for the night. The next morning after a delicious breakfast, we set sail for Sodus Bay, arriving about noontime and disembarked about 2:00 P.M. with pleasant memories of the "Skipper" and the good ship Lotus which I am sure none of us aboard will ever forget.

I hope the new owner of the Lotus will enjoy as much pleasure from this good ship as I am sure Captain Comstock has enjoyed.

Curt

CURTIS C. SCOFIELD
NEWARK, N. Y.



PLEASURES aboard the good Schooner Lotus during sixteen years! The last cruise has always seemed the best!

My first trip (hence, my greatest thrill) was when Lotus convoyed the "Nokomis" from Sodus to Oswego.

Then, my first trip across the lake! Learning the difference between a rope and a line; and, after arriving at Presque Isle, learning how to pull an anchor! (This was after Paul and I had made several unsuccessful tries and were afterwards shown how it should be done by Harry Bonnell and Duane Brown.)

Stuart's efforts to teach Ray and Duane to sing!

The night at Prinyer's Cove when Ray, Stuart, Duane and I spent considerable time aboard the "Virginia II" and, after returning to the Lotus, the trouble we had convincing Ray that lying across the hatchway was not the place to sleep! A very pleasant evening for us all!

My careless bet with Ray (\$5.00) that I could catch the *largest* fish! Ray's fish a half-inch longer perhaps; but mine certainly heavier; but—over-ruled, I had to pay the bet! Paul teasing me into betting him that he did not dare to swim ashore when we were going through the Murray Canal (and, afterwards, admitting that, the way he felt, he intended to swim ashore anyway)!

Meeting a bunch at Cobourg who, after we had retired, came aboard and tore off our pajamas and upset practically everything they could before leaving us very much in the nude. (This episode made it a little difficult for me to explain to my wife why I did not have any pajamas when I returned home.)

The most beautiful trips through the Bay of Quinte—never complete without tying up at old Captain Kerr's dock! The bargain sausages Lym Stuart and I bought—four pounds for a quarter!

Main Duck Island! Meeting Captain Cole, and talking with the native fishermen who inhabited the Island during the summer months!

Accompanying the racing-yachts to Toronto—watching their sails throughout the night!

The cruises I have enjoyed on the Lotus with you, Captain, are high-spots of my life. I have lived them over many times—their excellent food, plenty of liquid refreshments, grand companionship!

May *you*, Captain, get as much pleasure out of your next yacht as *I* have had on Lotus!

Cale

CALEB C. SCUTT
RED CREEK, N. Y.

ALTHOUGH I was a member of your crew for a very short time, I will always remember her and the experiences I had. There was one time I remember with chagrin.

We had been to Kingston and Alexandria Bay and were docking at Cape Vincent. I was told to jump ashore and make fast a line. Well, I jumped, and when I landed on the dock I discovered the other end of the line I had was loose. So I jumped back to fasten the loose end. About that time the Captain was beginning to concentrate on my behavior and ordered me ashore again. Like the dutiful cabin boy I was, I jumped ashore again. As I remember, Harry Bonnell saved the day by making fast the stern and then grabbing that loose end.

O. B. S.

O. B. SHAFER
OWEGO, N. Y.

DO YOU remember that beautiful night in June way back in 1930 or 1931 when we acted as convoy for Lym. Stuart, Stu. Perkins and Bill Bloomer, while sailing the "Whisper" across to Kingston? Do you remember how useless was our combined tact and diplomacy in trying to sell Lym. on waiting until morning to start!

I can still hear our Captain's voice as we worked out into the Lake, calling at regular intervals—"Keep her up—Keep her up."

Moments of anxiety, as we occasionally lost sight of that small boat for which we felt so responsible. Pleasant, yes, hilarious, hours all through the night. In the wee, small hours, do you remember who were left on deck? The Captain, and—Smith!

In the morning, choppy seas and a strong wind from the South. And did those boys hate to take a tow! But they finally did, and were they glad to get into Kingston!

Do you remember that Bill Bloomer, Frank Coates, Stu. Perkins and I toured the city of Kingston that evening, returning to the Lotus quite late? And do you recall the temerity, yes—perhaps we should say audacity—with which we woke you from a sound and well earned sleep, so that you could join the party!

Then, a beautiful sail to the Main Duck. Gaspé Salmon for dinner, but Smith's portion missing because of his unwillingness to tear himself away from the source of supply from which issued those delicious cocktails. A long, pleasant and profitable evening spent with Captain Cole and his son. And, Oh yes, I almost forgot the enforced swim in the cold waters of the Bay—but Lym. and Stu. went in with me, even though they didn't want to!

Heavy fog as we neared the American Shore. Cabin Boy, Dick Hayden, posted forward as we neared Sodus Harbor.

A sudden shout from Dick—"Rocks ahead." Engines reversed, orders shouted, and just in time! Do you remember that we had missed the entrance, because of the heavy fog, by not over fifty feet, and just missed piling up on the rocks just east of the harbor entrance!

And do you remember the time on another one of those wonderful cruises when our good old friend, Doc. Williams, was forced to leave us at Kingston because of an uncertain feeling in the pit of his stomach which might have been cantaloupe and which also might have been just a touch of "Mal-de-Mer"!

Cot

C. F. SMITH
NEWARK, N. Y.

IT IS a great pleasure for me to "remember" one instance that happened on one of the cruises on which I was invited to sail. That happy occasion included in the crew, Tom Elliott, Hank Rogers, Curt Scofield, The Skipper and Yours Truly. If my memory serves me correctly, we left Sodus Point on a misty Friday morning with Kingston our first objective. I also remember the solicitude which our dear Skipper showed for Scofield and myself, to show us the Fort and all the main parts of interest of Kingston by taxicab.

The next day, we set sail for Main Duck Island where we arrived about 2:30 P.M. The next thing on the program was entertainment, and this is the spot where the incident occurred.

Inasmuch as Tom Elliott and Curt Scofield appropriated the Dinghy to entice some of the elusive Black Bass, there was nothing left but for the Skipper to provide entertainment for his remaining guests.

After looking in the Almanac on Page 13, "Skipper" decided that it would be fine for him and his two remaining guests to tramp up the shore, "distance not mentioned," and investigate a famous Lighthouse of which various legends had been handed down but not confirmed. Everyone being agreeable, we started out. After proceeding what seemed to be a marathon distance, interrupted with various excuses to look for butterflies and mushroomrooms, we finally arrived at the far-famed "Lighthouse."

After inspecting same from "top to bottom" and deciding that it was all that it was represented to be, the question was, how we were going to get back.

Due to the solicitude of our Skipper, who I believe appreciated the exhausted condition of his guests, he commandeered the Lighthouse attendant and his boat to take us back to the home port on the opposite side of the Island, where we arrived in time for one of the Skipper's good dinners. Enough said. The next morning, which turned out to be a beautiful sunshiny day with a full-sail breeze, we started for "Somewhere," and, after getting under way, decided that Fair Haven would be our port, which we made in the early shades of the evening after a beautiful day's trip. Dinner at night, a few stories, a good sleep and the return trip to Sodus Point. After arriving and partaking of one of the Skipper's bounteous menus, he bade us a kind farewell and a Godspeed and we all returned home with a very pleasant and lasting memory of the hospitality of our good friend, Steve, Skipper of the LOTUS.

R. A. SMITH
NEWARK, N. Y.

MEMORIES OF LOTUS.

Memories—rare—unique—found among friends,
Presided over by a choice spirit.
The spirit that brings out one's best—
In thought—in action—in wit—in song.
Yes—wit and song—those rare levellers of
The craft of the spirit.
Generosity—personal attention to the least of one's
Wants and the greatest of one's aspirations.
Kindness with command.
Dignity with companionship.
The comradeship of the frosted glass.
The homelike snore of a contented company at rest.
The spacious skies above and the stars at night.
Wind in the whistling wires.
The clean tap of waves against the side.
Burley song bursting from hearty breasts.
Talk that tells where the heart lies.
Here's to the CAPTAIN!

"Doc" Steever

MILLER D. STEEVER
DEPT. OF GOV'T AND LAW
LAFAYETTE COLLEGE
BASTON, PA.

Ern

WE HAVE stopped at Cape Vincent, on our way home, and taken the short sail to the Main Duck, and are tied to the more-or-less dilapidated dock here. Too short for the Lorus, the breast lines are carried fore and aft beside the boat. All secure. We have only to eat our dinner and, after the usual hilarity always present at that time of the night, go to bed.

I have the inside bunk; the Commodore keeps guard on the one next the companionway. I must have gone to sleep at once, for the scene changed abruptly. There seemed to be a disagreement with the Commodore. Why must I get up? But, is it the Commodore who is calling? Why is he in our house and what does he say? Must be serious! I get up and stumble over something hard—Who left an engine in my room anyway? The wind must be blowing pretty hard to rock the house so. There is the call again! I step toward the sound and fall "up" the companionway steps and realize I am on the Lorus and that the wind has shifted and is blowing half a gale. The Commodore needs help—mostly to get the top of his pajamas down from about his face.

The wind, from the northeast, is blowing across the stern, and, to keep the heavy boat from pulling the dock apart, it is necessary to turn it about. It's a job for an engineer and almost too much for a sleepy guest and the crew, all in their nightclothes. Fortunately, it is not cold, that is, not so very cold, say 55° above zero.

By this time the ladies are awake. If it were not pitch dark, we could see their lips moving, but we hear no sound above the wind. A flash tells us they are there and want, very much, to know what it is all about.

The Commodore orders the aft line and the breast line off. With a long pike the stern is swung out, the wind catches it and the boat starts to come about. A bow line is brought forward from the winch and made fast to the windward cleat on the dock. All hands take a hand. Even with the help of the winch the wind is too strong to bring the bow up. By this time we have all got the idea, which is to bring the ship about with her bow to the wind, then, if needed, we can start the motor and head straight out.

The stern drifts quickly about. We change the fenders, but the dock is not long enough to make them useful unless we can bring the bow forward. Our pajamas give us a doubtful protection from the spray now blowing across ship. The stern drifting a little farther, spray comes over the bow; then the ship, offering less resistance to the wind, can be inched forward. All hands, and the cook, now awake, and pulling their best, the ship is soon securely fastened.

Then we have time to explain the manoeuver to the ladies, who are still standing in the companionway, and this the Commodore is making a good

job of when—well you know how the wind behaves even in the lee of the deck. Those damned pajamas simply will not stay down, especially when wet, and someone is always turning on the flash at the wrong moment. Well, anyway, it was the top—not the bottom.

God bless the good ship Lorus! May she always turn up an adventure at the right time. And, above all else, God bless Steve, the Commodore, and Martha his wife and help them to retain, all their life, their pleasure in being the good host and hostess that they are.

Harry

Date of above incident

August 8, 1923

C. H. STUART

NEWARK, N. Y.

THE first I knew that the grand ship *Lorus* had gone into new hands was when I saw her sail out of the harbor in Rochester a short time ago with the "Dickens" across her stern.

As I stood there on the dock watching her make sail, all of the many wonderful memories of happy times aboard her, as a guest of the most perfect host and skipper, came drifting past.

I reached out and caught:

That night—my first cruise—when the seas were high and our wonderful girls were afraid they wouldn't die—when Harry, that master steward, rushed into the cabin and told them all was well—three lights ahead.

That was the start of my love for night sailing—such happy memories!

Then too, when the Commodore said "no, boys, you can't sail to Kingston alone, I am going to 'mother ship' you over and back."

That sounded rather "sissy" to us at first but oh, that tow line,—the most blessed piece of line I ever saw (until you tied a bottle of water to it and let it drift back to us). Without you, our Commodore, we would have been out in the lake yet—you knew, you had the judgment.

And my friend Cale—Belleville—the purchase of a pop-corn wagon—the sausages for the Skipper—a glorious time and with a skipper who knows how to have fun.

The time Bill and I landed you in Huntington Harbor instead of Oyster Bay, while you enjoyed a nice quiet sleep on the cabin top, if you had slept a little longer you would have been in Montauk Point—the lobsters—I chuckle every time I think of Harry when we dumped the lobsters in the galley.

And the time Ross and I chased hookers all over the lake; again, while you slept. Those are happy memories. The kind of memories that never leave you.

Lym—

LYMAN K. STUART
NEWARK, N. Y.

HOW terribly nice to hear from you!—But how I hate to hear that the *Lorus* has left the Comstock ménage. It doesn't seem right—but she ought to bring her new owner lots of happiness because she is such a lovely thing in herself and because her decks, masts, and sails must be rather thoroughly impregnated with the joy of the countless groups who have had the good fortune to go on cruises or shorter trips with you.

I remember many happy occasions when we took trips out on the lake and your insurpassable hospitality meant that all sorts of surprises came up from the galley at the most propitious moment. Your code of signals with Harry and Harry's dry sense of humor are not forgotten. But most of all, I shall always cherish the remembrance of the sheer beauty of the *Lorus* in action under sail, perfectly combined with the superlative companionship of my dear friends, the Comstocks. Even that day we took the *Lorus* to Somerset and I had an infected foot and it became permanently freckled as a result of the trip—even that day stands out as a very happy occasion! And I know it was the combination listed above that made it so.

I don't feel I can add much to your "Memory Book" in the way of long concrete accounts but in the "Memory Book" in my mind and heart, those occasions occupy a very warm and real place and *that* I have tried to intimate.

Taffy

MARGARET TAFT
C/O MISS D. CLARK
OLIVER HALL
MC CALLUM ST.
GERMANTOWN, PA.

ASSOCIATION with the Lotus, and those who have been privileged to sail aboard her, all bring back the happiest of memories; and it is difficult to select any one instance which stands out above others.

One unforgettable evening, Lotus was tied up in the basin at Charlotte, the Captain being Comstock, the crew being Cal Vary, Hank Rogers and myself. After feasting on one of Harry's incomparable dinners, late in the evening Hank and I decided to play leap-frog and did so. Someone sensed the situation and joined us; but who it was I do not know. Methinks someone was slightly inebriated!

Another very happy memory takes Captain Comstock, Homer Crothers, Hank Rogers and me back to an anchorage in Fair Haven Bay; and never has the "pink one" tasted better than it did that next morning.

Happy days those (and nights)! Remembering them helps remove the sadness which all Lotus sailors feel to know that the Comstock private signal no longer flies at her masthead.

Harold

HAROLD J. TORREY
NEWARK, N. Y.



Some think that every Lotus is a flower;
But they are misinformed, for it is not.
We are convinced, by many a happy hour,
The only worth-while Lotus is a yacht.

Some topers think a schooner is a mug
Invented for imbibing beers and ales.
We think the finest schooner, trim and snug,
Is Lotus with her snowy spars and sails.

Some think a shroud is only for the dead.
They ought to see a shroud uphold its mast
When winds are strong and Lotus roars ahead.
Her shrouds have been life-savers in the past.

Let's overlook the flowers, mugs and shrouds;
Remember Lotus and the lakes and bays
We rambled through in sunshine and in clouds,
And thank her skipper for those happy days!

Cal

C. P. H. VARY
NEWARK, N. Y.

YES, I do have fond memories of the Lorus but if it hadn't been for the Comstock family, they wouldn't have been so grand.

In the summer of 1931, I visited you folks and had a lovely week-end on the Lorus. You, Connie, Rog, Dick and I went and I remember how hard you tried to teach me how to tell time by the bells. Sorry to say, I have no pictures but I will always remember the great fun we had.

Georgia

GEORGIA BROWN WARDER
108 S. MASON AVE.
CHICAGO, ILL.

I CAN hardly remember when we didn't have the Lorus in the family. It's as much a part of my life and background as father's ivory-backed hair brush—which is saying a good deal.

And as I rack my brains to select particular cruises or special highlights to write about, I find that no one incident or cruise stands out from the others. I discover that all the material in my cerebral pigeonhole marked Lorus is blended into a sort of glorious story—composed mainly of happy, sunburned people, good food, good "Bud," Montreal harbor at night, Main Duck Island any time, Harry, Vesta, Al, George, schoolgirls, bankers, canners, friends, father.

Some of my most valuable lessons were learned aboard Lorus, under father's interesting guidance. And, may I say, many lessons not found in the curriculum of Miss Soandso's select school for young ladies!

For example, father's course in the art of changing windscoops. Now, time was when I didn't know a windscoop when I saw one. But father did—and, in time, I did too. Then the question of the straight "wake," as against the crooked or "snake's-back" wake. Of course, in father's mind there *was* no question about this. And, eventually, after a good deal of rebellion on my part, and infinite patience on his, I saw the light; and now there is no question in my mind either.

I could enumerate stacks of these memories, and I wouldn't part with one of them. The lessons in patience, obedience and courage, that father taught me on the Lorus are as clear in my mind and as important in my life as the memories of fun and laughter.

"Them halykon days!" Just those three words contain worlds of meaning. They are certainly the most appropriate expression of all the fun, happiness, gala days and nights I've enjoyed on the Lorus. It's no use trying to put into words those carefree hours—the marvelous sails by sunlight and moonlight, the laughter, and the singing. Happy, wonderful, "halykon" days!

The Lorus, as we knew her, has sailed away—into other hands and surely into other hearts. Others will learn her ways and the sea's way on her decks and under her white wings. And, no doubt, others will learn to change the windscoops—but not as I learned. Others will learn to "steer her full and by"—but not as I learned, with joy and excitement, and my father standing beside me. Others will accumulate happy memories; but they won't be the same as mine—because, to me, the Lorus without father is simply "The Dickens."

Caroline

MRS. ROGER P. WILLIAMS
NEWARK, N. Y.

LOTUS is the grandest ship that ever sailed Lake Ontario or adjoining waters—or any waters. Every moment aboard her, every sight of her, and every thought of her have been a real and deep pleasure for me.

To put in writing some of my recollections about *Lorus* is like opening a flood-gate, because they all come tumbling out without order or sequence. But, here goes, and may someone be able to supply the dates and proper order.

Dad could not go, so I adopted Jim Gallagher as my "Dad" on my first cruise. That paired up the crew properly with the Captain, and Dick, Dr. and Dave Jewett, Harry and Pete, and Jim and me. We all went aboard for dinner one June (?) evening, and was it an evening! We played snap-the-whip with the buoy, Pete hanging on to the tail and since this was his very first experience on any boat, had he been able to get ashore, it undoubtedly would have been his last.

Next morning we left Sodus Bay for the St. Lawrence and after a lunch of potato salad with sour cream dressing, some of us chewed gum heartily and sat quietly in the cockpit. Others went below and enjoyed the long swell down there. The Main Duck always was a swell place, and after a good sleep that night, Dick and Dave went scouting for the famous buffalo but found only some sheep to shoot with their cameras.

Coasting down the St. Lawrence, we shot some of the rapids, dropped through canal locks that let us down 16 feet at a crack, and conquered Montreal for one day. Harry knew all the girls along the way, so we all felt quite at home. All bridge and lock tenders were introduced to "Lottie Lee," a veritable Sesame for the return trip.

The weather was splendid all the way down to Tadoussac at the mouth of the Saguenay River. In that vicinity, we saw big game—porpoise or a small specie of whale—and a seal or two—which were excellent targets for my "22." We scored many hits (?) but, as their hide is pretty tough, have no trophies to show.

Dick's superior French came in handy at Tadoussac, because we had some engine trouble and the only mechanic available was the local smithy. We lay there for the night and at 4 A.M. the Captain's shout "All hands on deck" was our introduction to a regular ocean-going tide of 12 or 14 feet. As I recall, we must have dropped anchor at high tide, and with the ebb during the night had drifted down on two large scows, badly fouling our anchors on their cables. Bare feet on ice-cold decks was no joke—likewise fending off the *Lorus* with willowy pike poles against that tide. But, the donkey engine on the barge hauled in the cable, we untangled, and went up the Saguenay.

At Cape Trinity, where we sailed through a slight shower, a lovely and very unusual sight greeted us—a triple rainbow arching over the cape. Anchorage that night proved very difficult to find. The hook went down once within reasonable distance from shore, but no bottom. Up anchor and we went a little closer. Down she went again and Harry seemingly grabbed the last link on the chain just in time—no bottom. So we pulled in I don't know how many fathoms of chain again and tried once more, this time within spittin' distance of shore. She reached that time with a few feet to spare. At St. Johns, Harry foraged for bread and meat, returning with the best fresh salmon in Quebec Province, and the largest round loaves of bread—one to a bushel.

At Three Rivers on the return trip we again encountered the tide. Lying along the dock that night, Pete and I slept on deck to tend the lines, letting them out every half hour with the ebb and battling lusty Canadian mosquitoes that put the New Jersey type to shame. At Quebec, young Dave covered himself with glory, seeing the sights of the town by himself, regally ensconced in a two-horse calèche.

No trip or cruise has ever meant quite so much to me. It is not just because of these happy and interesting experiences, or because of the several jib-booms that Dave and I broke, or because I was promoted to "hand-before-the-mast" on this cruise, but because we had a grand crew, the best captain, and were aboard *Lorus*.

Now that I'm an ABS, I can speak more freely about subsequent cruises. One time out with the Captain, Dick, George Bebb, Art Bebb, Charlie Kelf, we had a tow into Kingston. Harry had fed part of the carburetor to the fishes and Charlie and I rowed two miles ashore for a tow. We must have rowed five miles back to the *Lorus* although there wasn't any breeze. Finally, a fishing launch came alongside. We lashed her there, full steam ahead, and coasted into Kingston with a case of ale on the stern of the launch to hold the propeller under water—Charlie and I held the case.

George Johnson has the best pair of eyes that were ever on the *Lorus*. His first time aboard, the general direction of Fair Haven was indicated as we came past Sodus Lighthouse. George spotted Fair Haven light right off, but I have a hunch that Dick encouraged him a little, as well as sending Ollie *Proseus* shinneying up the main mast to bring down the pennant when we made colors that night. Well, the Cap'n always allowed that *Lorus* was a cast iron ship when that gang was aboard. Red Marsh, Bill Marks and I had a swell time fixing up the new lines and running rigging for *Lorus* last winter. Al must have had a better time doing the splices over again so that they

would come within a couple of feet of the blocks.

Our night trip across to Presque Isle was a real adventure, and personally, I bless the engine for getting overheated so we could hoist sail and take our time finding Pt. Peter light, which we must admit, though we hate to, that the Captain saw first. And, Bill Marks did a swell job bringing us into port, with the help of his highball, Red's highball and my highball. With everyone else below, Bill is probably the only living person who could convert the 50-ft. two-masted schooner Lorus into a "single-hander."

Doc Steever came aboard to pay a call at Kingston. During the inspection below, we all had a chance to admire the Lorus' sturdy build, her excellent appointments, and everything that went to make her the ship that she is. Studying the heavy planking, the solid carlings, and secure bolts at every point, Red allowed as how "she didn't rack much." Doc stayed around for a while and led us in song on the Yacht Club Dock, with Mrs. Steever outdoing herself at the ship's organ. Incidentally, did Bob Luck ever find out who brought the starting cannon aboard when we were all in our bunks asleep, and set it up in the cockpit pointing down the after companionway? Now that's a real mystery.

No crew ever had as thrilling a sail as we had this last summer, crossing over to South Bay and Waupoos Island. A fair breeze, the sea rolling, and the lee rail under—Ed Reynolds and Ross Bush aboard for ballast—the Captain and Al to get us there—George to keep us warm—and Red Marsh and me to tend the minnows—Boy! that was fun. And remember the quiet waters that we met in Great South Bay! They came head on, six feet high and three feet apart, one after the other. It's marvelous how dry you can keep on a good shot of bourbon.

The fishing at Waupoos couldn't have been better. About three dozen in all, small mouth bass from those delicious pounders to the big 4-lb. fighters. Ed took the prize, talking them right into the landing net after the strike. For an "amachoor" sailor, that fellow has real class to his language.

Next day we boiled down the lake on a fair reach logging seven and eight knots. That was certainly a grand sail to Cape Vincent, where we were most reluctant to disembark, yet glad to know that Lorus would continue her journey down the St. Lawrence carrying her rightful crew, the Captain and Mrs. Comstock.

Many, many thanks, Cap'n, for these very happy days aboard Lorus!

Rog

ROGER P. WILLIAMS
NEWARK, N. Y.

IT IS very difficult to put into just a few words the many happy hours both Sloat and I have spent on the Lotus.

Was it a hot, sultry August day when we left Newark? It seems impossible now. We are on the Lotus somewhere off the Sodus shore on Lake Ontario. The breeze is cool and refreshing. We have just had a delicious dinner and a full moon sends its reflection in a path to the boat.

This is fairy-land! Why go back? Why not stay here forever?

I am sending just a reflection from a warm summer afternoon.

Sloat and Elizabeth

DR. AND MRS. S. F. WILLIAMS
NEWARK, N. Y.

INCLOSED you will find a picture taken of me in the season of 1937 on the good old Schooner Lorus.

There are a few things in my memory that I shall always cherish.

In the season of 1936, Mr. Olney was a guest on the Yacht Lorus. We left Sodus Point for a trip to Kingston, Ont. We ran into a big storm, breaking our main boom; we were all wet and cold, but I managed to get down to the galley to get a bowl of hot soup which came in handy at the right time. I did not forget the Scotch and Soda, and, believe me, weren't we a happy family when we arrived at Kingston, tired, cold and wet; but we all stuck to the ship!

A fond remembrance of 1937: Tied up at the dock in Kingston; was the Captain's birthday party, which was planned by Mrs. Comstock and myself. I did not count the candles but you can use your own judgment. After the dinner party, we put the organ on the dock and "a good time was had by all"; many happy returns of the day, Captain!

Remembrance of the 1938 season, on a fishing cruise with Rod, Red and Bill Marks; plenty of bass for breakfast, lunch and dinner; Oh! boy, bring on the macaroni and a bottle of Bud!

I could write more, Captain, but I think this will be enough for my part.

Best of luck,

George

GEORGE WOODS
1044 BISCAYNE BLVD.
MIAMI, FLA.

CHARLES T. BLOOMER

HOMER A. CROTHERS

THOMAS E. ELLIOTT

SAMUEL H. HUNT

HERBERT C. OVENSHERE

OLIVER J. PROSEUS

MYRON H. SHIRTZ

DR. FRANK L. WILLSON

IN HARBOR

Epilogue

Dear Shipmates:

This is your book. I am grateful to you for having made it possible; for the time and effort you have spent in writing these memories of days when you shared with me the "tough life"; and, most of all, for your comradeship and friendship, which I shall cherish till the time when I shall make the long cruise.

CAP'N STEVE

NEWARK, N. Y.

JULY 20, 1939