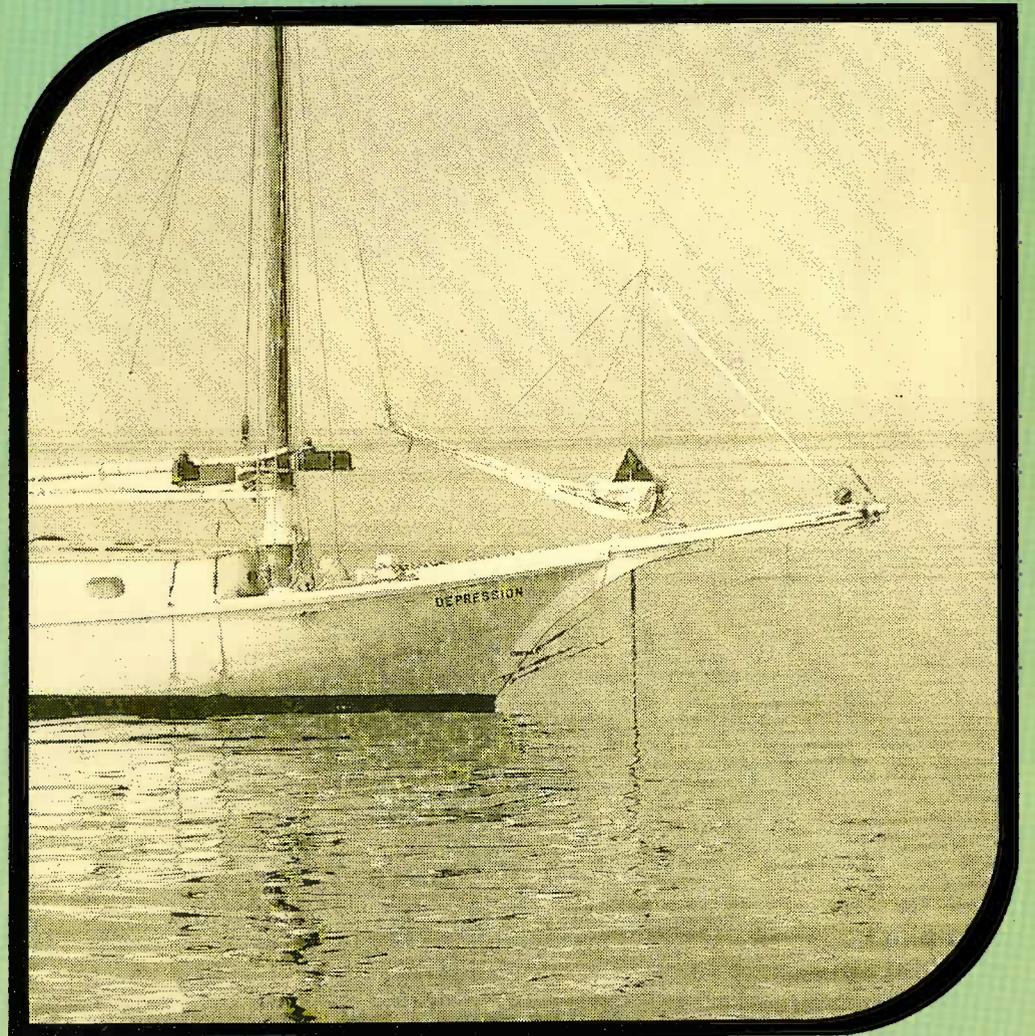


Friendship Sloop Days

July 25, 26, 27 • 1974



The Friendship Sloop "Dictator"

In Fiberglass



DIKTATOR — 31'x26'x11'x5' - Draft 5,300 - Lead Keel
 17,500 Displacement - Sail Area 761
PEMAQUID — 25'x21'x8' 8"x4' - Draft 2,000 - Lead Keel
 7,000 Displacement - Sail Area 432

HULLS AVAILABLE

25'
\$4,200.

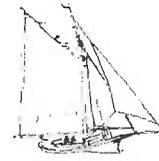
31'
\$6,400.



JARVIS NEWMAN, *Builder*

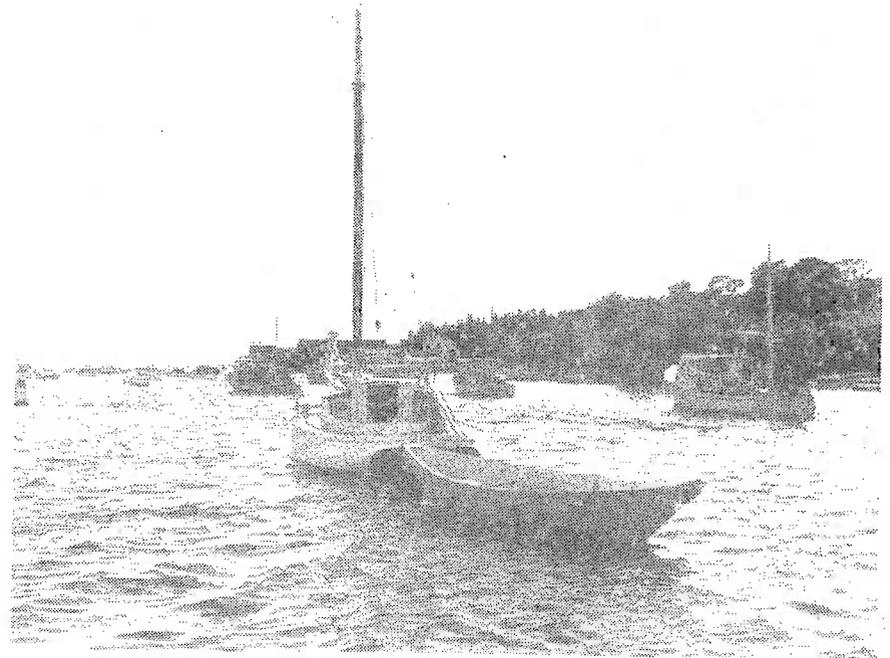
Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679

(207) 244-3860



Dedication

Doctor Myron H. Hahn, long time owner of the oldest Friendship Sloop ever to race in our regatta, passed away this winter. Known simply as "Doc," Myron had spent most of his summers sailing in Muscongus Bay for fifty years. He was our Vice President in 1966 and '67.



FRIENDSHIP SLOOP SOCIETY

PRESIDENT

Frederick Brown (owner of Vida Mia)

VICE PRESIDENT

Dr. Henry O. White (owner of Sarah Mead)

SECRETARY

Betty Roberts — Friendship, Maine

TREASURER

Ernst Wiegleb (owner of Chrissy)

ASSISTANT TREASURER

Carlton Simmons — Friendship, Maine

HISTORIAN

Carlton Simmons — Friendship, Maine

HONORARY PRESIDENT

Bernard MacKenzie

HONORARY MEMBERS

Howard Chapelle, Cyrus Hamlin, William Danforth, John Gould,
A. K. Watson, Herald Jones, Albert Roberts, Betty Roberts

1974 Committees

RACE COMMITTEE

William Danforth, Chairman
Connie Pratt, Elbert Pratt
Randy Danforth

SCHOLARSHIP FUND

William Pendleton

OFFICIAL HANDICAPPER

Cyrus Hamlin

TOWN COMMITTEE

Douglas Lash, Chairman
Everyone in town willing to help

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Al Roberts, Chairman
William Thissell, William Pendleton

ASSISTANT SECRETARIES

Nancy Penniman, Dot Gould,
Linda Nelson

MASSACHUSETTS BAY RACES

Lincoln Ridgeway — Race Committee Chairman

OFFICIAL PIPER

Donald Duncan

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Bill Olson

OFFICIAL CANNONEER

Al Roberts

Welcome

WELCOME:

to Friendship for the fourteenth year. When the whole thing started, no one foresaw the possibility that the Friendship Sloop races would evolve into a three-day regatta that would attract thousands of people and see 50 sloops competing.

Eating and sleeping facilities are scarce, but we have provided what we can. The free taxi service will be operating, so park your car and leave it parked — we'll be happy to take you around town. The Museum is open for your pleasure. On Saturday there will be a spectator boat if you're interested in being out where the sloops are racing. Our loud speaker and radio system will keep the landlubbers informed of what is going on. The information booth will answer your questions, and the V.F.W. and others will supply you with snacks and lobster meals. The list of events in this booklet will give you a lot of pertinent information and the center fold, while not as attractive as some, will show you where the sloops will be sailing so you can keep out of their way while watching from a safe distance. Don't forget that the wake from your boat can upset the skipper of a sloop considerably.

We have an ambulance on stand-by. Please help us make it unnecessary to use it.

Accolades

Everyone who works for the Friendship Sloop Society receives the same salary, and every year their pay is doubled, but once in a while in the past we have paid special attention to the work done by a particular officer or member.

Bill Danforth, our race committee chairman, and Cy Hamlin, our official handicapper, are two of our workers to whom we cannot say "thank you" often enough. Without them we could not survive. We've said it in the past, and we say it once more — "Thanks — and well done" to them both.

FOLLOW THE RACES ON THE GOOD TIME

CAPT. BOB FISH

lv. 11:30 a. m. and

lv. 1:45 p. m.

Fares — \$3.50





Past Regatta Winners

- 1961
Governor's Trophy — VOYAGER (one race)
- 1962
Governor's Trophy — EASTWARD
Eda Lawry Trophy — AMITY
Lash Bros. Trophy — EASTWARD
- 1963
Governor's Trophy — DOWNEASTER
Eda Lawry Trophy — JOLLY BUCCANEER
Lash Bros. Trophy — EASTWARD
- 1964
Governor's Trophy — EASTWARD
Eda Lawry Trophy — CHRISSY
Lash Bros. Trophy — EASTWARD
Palawan Trophy — MARGIN
- 1965
Governor's Trophy — DIRIGO
Eda Lawry Trophy — CHRISSY
Lash Bros. Trophy — DIRIGO
Palawan Trophy — HERITAGE
Wonalancet Trophy — HERITAGE
- 1966
Governor's Trophy — EASTWARD
Eda Lawry Trophy — CHRISSY
Lash Bros. Trophy — EASTWARD
Palawan Trophy — CHANNEL FEVER
George Morrill Trophy — CHANNEL FEVER
Jonah D. Morse Trophy — CHRISSY
- 1967
Governor's Trophy — DIRIGO
Eda Lawry Trophy — not awarded, race called for fog
Lash Bros. Trophy — not awarded, race called for fog
Palawan Trophy — CHANNEL FEVER
Morrill Trophy — EASTWARD (presented for finishing in fog)
Jonah D. Morse Trophy — BLACKJACK
- 1968
Governor's Trophy — RIGHTS OF MAN
Eda Lawry Trophy — CHRISSY
Lash Bros. Trophy — RIGHTS OF MAN
Palawan Trophy — HERITAGE
Morrill Trophy — CHANNEL FEVER
Jonah D. Morse Trophy — CHRISSY

- 1969
Governor's Trophy — EAGLE
Eda Lawry Trophy — EAGLE
Lash Bros. Trophy — ECHO
Palawan Trophy — CHANNEL FEVER
Morrill Trophy — CHANNEL FEVER
Jonah Morse Trophy — EAGLE
Anjacao Trophy — FRIENDSHIP
Seiler Trophy — CHANCE

- 1970
Governor's Trophy — EASTWARD
Eda Lawry Trophy — GLADIATOR
Lash Bros. Trophy — RIGHTS OF MAN
Morrill Trophy — COCKLE
Bruno & Stillman — PHOENIX
Jonah Morse Trophy — BLACKJACK
Anjacao Trophy — EASTWARD
Palawan Trophy — COCKLE
Jarvis Newman Trophy — PHOENIX
Seiler Trophy — TANNIS
Gould Grandfather Trophy — GLADIATOR

- 1971
All three races cancelled because of fog and lack of wind.
Gladiator Trophy — SEPOY
Seiler Trophy — VIDA MIA
Nickerson Trophy — SARAH MEAD

- 1972
Governor's Trophy — ELLIE T
Eda Lawry Trophy — CHRISSY
Lash Bros. Trophy — TANNIS
Morrill Trophy — CHANNEL FEVER
Bruno & Stillman — SALATIA
Jonah Morse Trophy — CHRISSY
Anjacao Trophy — ELLIE T
Palawan Trophy — CHANNEL FEVER
Class D Overall — PHOENIX
Jarvis Newman Trophy — ELLIE T
Seiler Trophy — SARAH MEAD
Gould Grandfather Trophy — TANNIS
Gladiator Trophy — VOGEL FREI
Nickerson Trophy — VOYAGER

- 1973
Governor's Trophy — SARAH MEAD
Eda Lawry Trophy — DICTATOR
Lash Bros. Trophy — PATIENCE
Morrill Trophy — CHANNEL FEVER
Bruno & Stillman Trophy — MAGI
Jonah Morse Trophy — CHANCE
Anjacao Trophy — SARAH MEAD
Palawan Trophy — CHANNEL FEVER
Class D Overall — CALLIPYGOS
Jarvis Newman Trophy — SALATIA
Seiler Trophy — GYPSY
Gould Grandfather Trophy — Kim Newman (DICTATOR)
Gladiator Trophy — SEPOY
Nickerson Trophy — Kip Files (CHANCE)

Trophies

Following is a list of the trophies presented each year and what they are presented for:

- Governor's Trophy — to overall winner in Classes A & B
- Eda Lawry Trophy — to Class A winner of Saturday race
- Lash Bros. Trophy — to Class B winner of Saturday race
- Morrill Trophy — to Class C winner of Saturday race
- Bruno & Stillman Trophy — to Class D winner of Saturday race
- Jonah Morse Trophy — to Class A overall winner
- Anjacao Trophy — to Class B overall winner
- Palawan Trophy — to Class C overall winner
- Jarvis Newman — to winning 25' Pemaquid design Friendship
- Seiler Trophy — to the friendliest Friendship
- Gould Grandfather Trophy — to the winning sloop with the youngest crew member.
- Gladiator Trophy — to the sloop coming the greatest distance
- Nickerson Trophy — to the sloop with the youngest skipper that actually was in command during the races
- Burns Trophy — last boat in on Saturday, presented by the Burns family this year in memory of Dr. Hahn

President's Message

It has been a wonderful year. The 1973 regatta was great fun. Thanks again to the workers who made it so. Thanks to the response to my request for ideas which would enhance the sloop society and its activities. Many of the suggestions will be used. You will see them as you go along and participate in the next regatta.

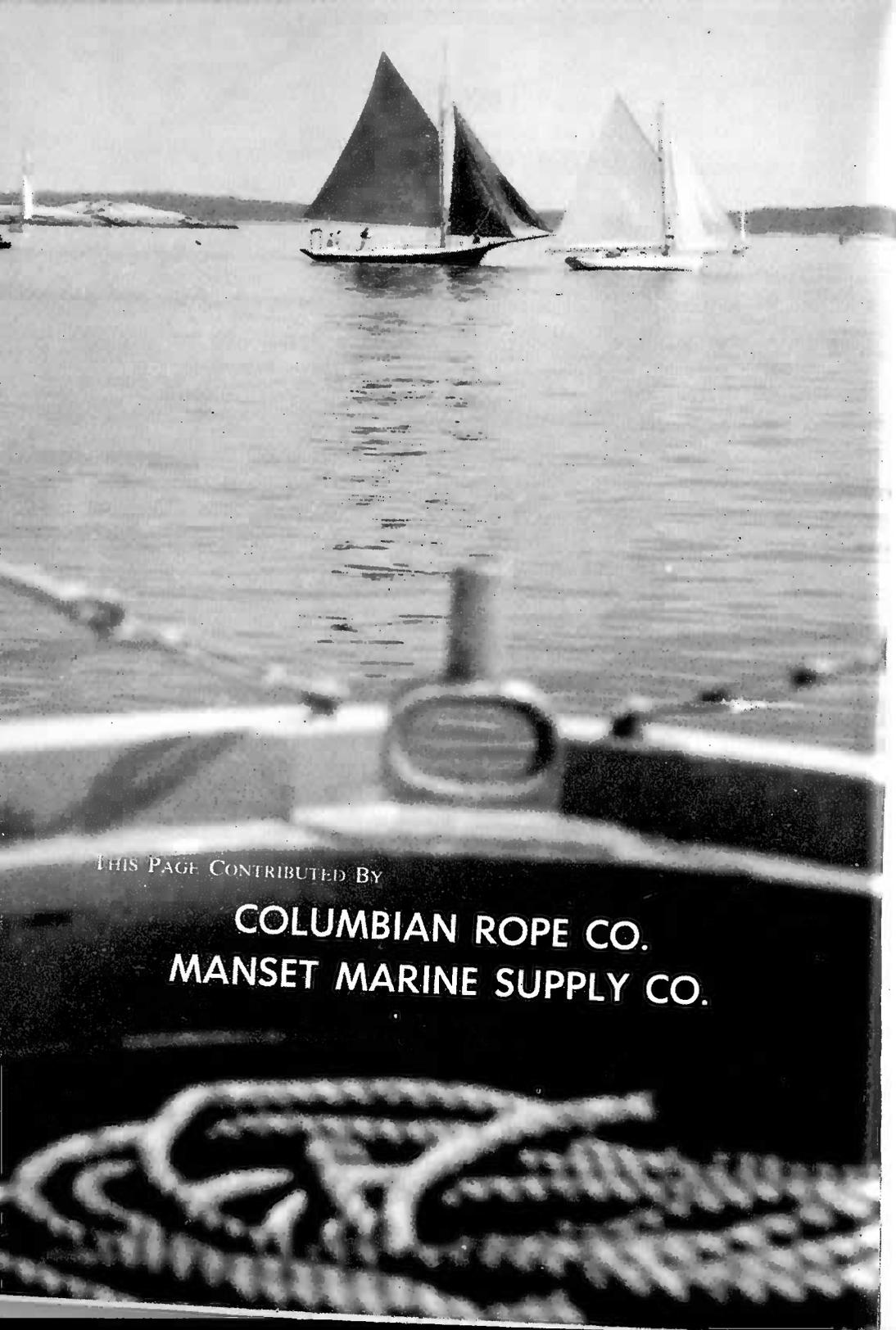
We are going to have the 1974 Regatta for all who can make it come hell or high water or an energy crisis.

Al Roberts edited the book "Enduring Friendships." He, Betty, and Bill Danforth, and others have over these many years made the Sloop Society a wonderful organization. Not only by their work but by their attitude of Friendship, cooperation, and love. They have made this the "Enduring Friendship Sloop Society." Because of this and what the Sloop Society means to so many, it is absolutely essential that steps be taken which will guarantee that the Society will endure like the sloops themselves. It is just too great to let anything happen to it. Therefore I am proposing that a means such as a board of trustees be established for the purpose of developing a program that will make the Society one that will continue forever.

I thank everyone for the excellent cooperation et al during the past year. Let's go on in the same way, and have many more years of this wonderful experience.

Ted Brown, President

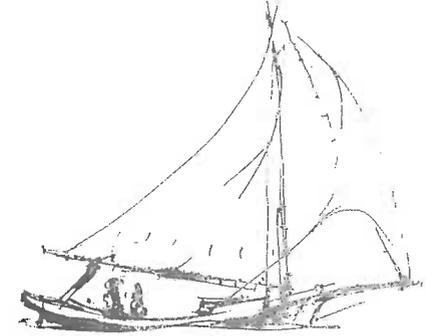




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List of Events



FIRST RACE THURSDAY, JULY 25

- 9:30 A. M. Skippers' Meeting
12:00 Noon Starting Time of First Race
"Gam Night" for Skippers & Sloops
-

SECOND RACE FRIDAY, JULY 26

- 9:30 A. M. Skippers' Meeting
12:00 Noon Starting Time of Second Race
6:00 P. M. Chicken Barbecue
6:30 P. M. Water Events for Youngsters
Harbor Lights - at dusk
-

THIRD RACE SATURDAY, JULY 27

- 9:00 A. M. Skippers' Meeting
10:30 A. M. Parade of Sloops
12:00 Noon Start of Third Race
12:00 Noon Lobster meal served continuously until 6:00 P. M. on hillside facing the Harbor.
Snacks and lobster meals served in several places.
Information Booth will give full particulars.
Open House at Boat Shops and Museum.
Please make use of the free "Village Shuttle" to see these points of interest.
1:30 - 2:30 Field Events for Children at Harborside.
7:30 P. M. Awards Banquet served in the Town Hall by reservation only.

(MASSACHUSETTS BAY RACES — Aug. 24 & 25)
Corinthian Yacht Club — Marblehead, Mass.

CHANGES OR ADDITIONS TO THE PROGRAM WILL BE NOTED
AT THE INFORMATION BOOTH AND ON THE WHARVES.

About The Old Friendship Sloops . . .

A tourist arrived in Friendship about 3:30 P. M. on August 25, 1973. He stopped his car in the neighborhood of one of our Senior Citizens, stuck his head out the window, and in a deep Rebel accent he said, "I was wondering if anybody around here remembers anything about the old Friendship Sloops?"

Our Senior Citizen assumed that some joker was having his idea of fun, so he made answer, "Why, yes, I guess so."

So this tourist from Down South went into a fairly long-winded harangue which, separated from its Dixieland peculiarities, went as follows: "You see, sir, I happen to own a fairly good-sized sailing boat, so I know something about such things. Now, along in the 20's and 30's, there was a man here in Friendship who made what we sailing people call a Friendship Sloop, and I was hoping somebody might still be around who remembers."

Then this tourist took on a confidential expression, and he said, "I'd like to own a real Friendship Sloop if I could find somebody who could build one for me!"

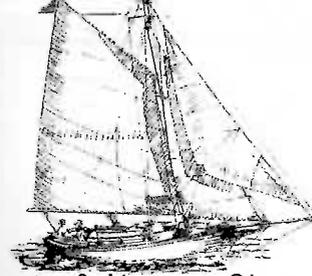
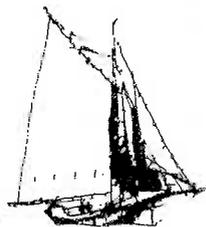
By this time our Senior Citizen wasn't sure if his leg was getting a yank, or if this tourist fellow was simply ignorant of the Friendship Sloop Society, so our Senior Citizen played the middle of the road, and he said, "How big a sloop did you have in mind?"

The truth is, as further conversation brought out, that this tourist had come here in complete innocence. He had never heard of the Friendship Sloop Society, and didn't know any of the original Friendship Sloops are afloat. He was alone, on his way to the Maritimes for a vacation, and his coming to Friendship had been on a sudden impulse. He did know about Friendship Sloops, and for many years had admired pictures of them in books and magazines, and he knew that they originated in this area. He supposed that the whole subject was extinct, but he hoped to find some very old man in these parts who could remember well enough to build one. The man was visibly astonished when our Senior Citizen said, "You should-a been here in July, we had about fifty of 'em in the hah-b'h for a week."

"You did?"

"Eyah, come from all ov-ver."

The upshot was arm-waving directions to get to the Lash Boat Yard and Kindling Wood Factory, and the Southerner started out the Martin Point Road looking for Winnie. He said he had in mind something about 30 feet, and if our Sloop Society membership some day includes a skipper whose conversation is a cross 'twixt Uncle Remus and General Robert E. Lee, suh, you'll know how it came about.



List of Friendship Sloops

No. & Name	Class	Built By	Length	Present Owner
1. Voyager	A	Charles Morse	30'	John Kippin Ipswich, Mass.
2. Dictator	A	Robert McLain 1915	31'	Jarvis Newman Southwest Harbor, Me.
3. Finette	A	Wilbur Morse 1915	47'	Frank Smith Westfield, Conn.
4. Golden Eagle	A	A. F. Morse 1910	26'	William Haskell Marblehead, Mass.
5. Content	B	S. M. Ford 1961	25'	Robert Edwards Montclair, N. J.
6. Eastward	B	James Chadwick 1956	32'	Roger Duncan West Concord, Mass. & East Boothbay, Me.
7. Tannis	B	W. S. Carter 1937	38'	John D. Cronin Sturbridge, Mass.
8. Banshee	A	Morse	30'	Benjamin Waterworth New Bedford, Mass.
9. Amity	A	Wilbur Morse 1900	30'	James R. Wiggins Brooklin, Me.
10. Mary Ann	B	Lash Bros. 1958	31'	Dr. Joe Griffin Damariscotta, Me.
11. Shulamite	B	S. Gannett 1938	24'	James & Pauline Doolittle Five Islands, Me.
12. Friendship	A	Wilbur Morse 1902	29'	Robert Cavanaugh Compton, R. I.
13. Easting	B	C. A. Morse 1920	29'	James R. Pierpont Milford, Conn.
14. Vigor	B	Morse (Thomaston) 1946	30'	Robert K. Emerson Hancock Point, Me.
15. Vida Mia	C	E. L. Stevens 1942	30'	Frederick S. Brown Kittery, Me.
16. Retriever	B	Gannett 1942	22'	John W. Rice Scituate, Mass.
17. Jolly Buccaneer	A	McLain 1909		
18. Chrissy	A	Charles Morse 1912	30'	Ernst Wiegleb Pleasant Point, Me.
19. BlackJack	A	Wilbur Morse 1900	33'	William Pendleton Searsport, Me.
20. Moses Swann	A	Morse 1910	30'	Roland Barth Alna, Me.
21. Wilbur Morse	B	Carlton Simmons 1947	30'	C. Wilfred Brann Gardiner & Friendship, Me.

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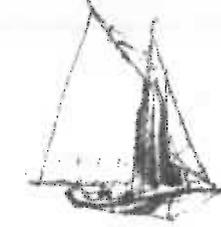
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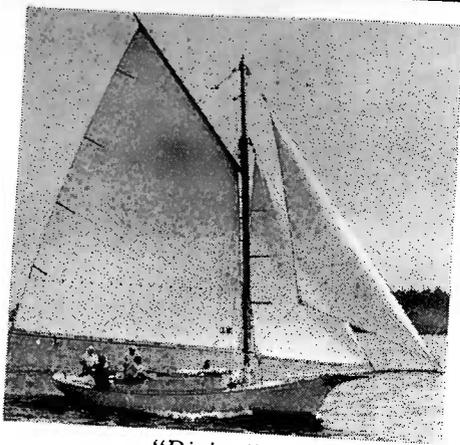
Telephone 443-4018

Woolwich, Maine 04579



List of Sloops -

22. Ellie T	B	John Thorpe 1961	26' John Thorpe Woolwich, Me.
23. Depression	A	1899	32' Melvin & Louise Burns Friendship, Me.
24. Ancient Mariner	A	Wilbur Morse	25' H. C. Vibber Waterford, Conn.
25. Sea Duck		Morse Boatyard (ketch rig)	25' Laurence Bershad Marblehead, Mass.
26. Virginia M	A	Wilbur Morse 1910	28' Jaxon Vibber Waterford, Conn.
27. Red Coat	B	Bob McKean Sid Carter	28' Eric W. Osborn Bristol, R. I.
28. Bounty	B	Gannett 1932	22' Richard Bailey Peekskill, N.Y.
29. Susan	A	Wilbur Morse 1902	41' N. Bradford Mack South Miami, Fla. Restored
30. Kidnapped			
31. White Eagle	A	Wilbur Morse	28'
32. Nomad	A	Wilbur Morse 1906	33' Ray Gold Newtown, Conn.
33. Smuggler	B	Philip Nichols 1942	28. Sinclair Kenney Edgewood, R. I.
34. Pal-O-Mine	B	Gannet 1947	27. James B. L. Lane Winchester, Mass.
35. Mary C		N. D. Clapp (Marconi rig)	20' Nathaniel Clapp Prides Crossing, Mass.
36. MarGin	C		25' Wm. Blodgett Waldoboro, Me.
37. Chance	A	Wilbur Morse 1916	32' Dr. Thomas Files Ellsworth, Me.
38. Eleazar	B	W. S. Carter 1938	38' Capt. David Smith No. Bergen, N. J.
39. Downeaster	B	Lash Bros. 1963	30' Virginia Grew Dover, Mass.
40. Comesin		Ervin Jones 1962	32' Carlton Wilder Jacksonville, Fla.
41. Snafu			35' Alfred Gastonguay Beverly, Mass.
42. Pam	C	Carlton Simmons J. P. Hennings 1963	26' Kenneth Billings Manchester, Mass.
43. Gypsy	C	Judson Crouse 1939	23' Robert Lash Orland, Me.



"Dirigo"

LASH BROTHERS

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Friendship Academy of Folklore

(Back Side Campus)

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* * * * *

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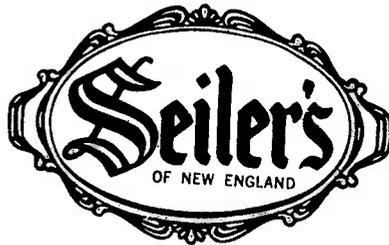
1. **Newt Hinckley Visits With John Gould At Friendship Back River**

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Friendship Academy of Folklore

Friendship, Maine 04547



"Happy Friendship"

List of Sloops -

44. Sazerac	A	Wilbur Morse 1913	35' Roland Barth Snyder Aitken Alna, Me.
45. Flying Jib	B	W. S. Carter 1936	30' Newton & Judy Hinckley Sudbury, Mass.
46. Dirigo	B	Lash Bros. 1964	30' Ernest Sprowl Searsmont, Me.
47. Galatea		McKie Roth 1964	30' John Kapelowitz Mt. View, Calif.
48. Channel Fever	C	F. A. Provener 1939	33' Gordon Winslow Southport, Me.
49. Surprise	B	Philip Nichols 1964	33' Bill Payne Monhegan, Me.
50. Heritage	C	Elmer Collemer Murray Peterson 1962	29' W. K. Hadlock South Freeport, Me.
51.		W. A. Morse	32' Robert Morrison Metuchin, N. J.
52. Rights of Man	B	Lash Bros. 1965	30' Philip Cronin Cambridge, Mass.
53. Eagle	A	Wilbur Morse 1915	31' Donald Huston Nahant, Mass.
54. Echo	B	Lee Boat Shop Rockland 1965	22' William Thon Port Clyde, Me.
55. Right Bower			
56. Iocaste	A	1912	33' Charles B. Currier, Jr. Silver Spring, Md.
57. Old Baldy	B	J. S. Rockefeller 1965	25' Richard Salter Manchester, Mass.
58. Tern	B	Jerry Maxwell 1969	21' Franklin Perkins Lancaster, Mass.
59. Sarah Mead	B	Newbert & Wallace 1965	30' Dr. Henry O. White Camden, Me.
60. Old Salt	A	Rob McLain & Son 1902	32' Leon Knorr Rowayton, Conn.
61. Windward	B	J. S. Rockefeller 1966	25' George Dowling Syracuse, N. Y.
62. Columbia	C	Lester Chadbourne	23' Fran & Lee Green Tonawanda, N. Y.
63. Kochab	B	Speers 1953	28' Ted Charles City Island, N. Y.
64. Amicitia	B	Lash Bros. 1965	33' Emerson Stone Greenwich, Conn.
65. Gallant Lady	A	Morse 1907	33' Anthony Menkel, Jr. Birmingham, Mich.
66. Venture	A	Morse 1912	27' John Porteous Prouts Neck, Me.
67. Hieronymus	B	Ralph Stanley 1962	33' Albert Neilson Avondale, Pa.
68. Lucy Anne	B	James Hall 1967	25' Otis Maxfield Louds Island, Me.

C. R. de Rochemont, Realtor

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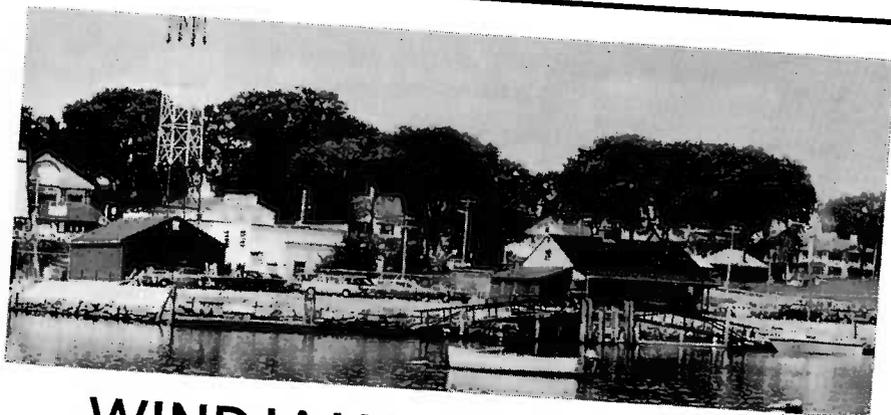
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If God had intended man to have fibreglass boats He would have created fibreglass trees!

List of Sloops -

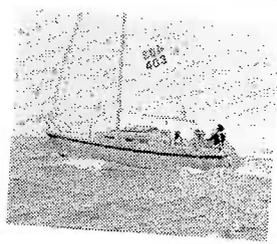
69.	Coast O Maine	B	Vernell Smith 1966	30'	John Rutledge Westwood, Mass.
70.	Margaret Motte		Morse Boatyard 1967	30'	Michael Grove Sharon, Mass.
71.	Gladiator	A	McLain 1902	32'	William Zuber. Friendship, Me. Stuart Hancock Manasquan, N. J.
72.	Temptress		Philip Nichols 1934	33'	Sea Scout Ship,, "Admiral Dunn" Westerly, R. I.
73.	Dauphine		Pamet Harbor Camden, 1951	26'	Philip C. Morse, Jr. Naples, Fla.
74.	Patience	B	Malcolm Brewer 1965	30'	Philip Peterson Worcester, Mass.
75.	Omaha		Morse 1901	35'	C. F. Hansel, Jr. Cranford, N. J.
76.	Packet	C	C. Morse 1925	26'	Matthew & Ed Spaulding Woodstock, N. H.
77.	Beagle		C. A. Morse 1905	28'	Mrs. John Glenn Centre Island, N. Y.
78.	Enmie B	B	Reginald Wilcox 1958	37'	Reginald Wilcox Boothbay Harbor, Me.
79.	Nimbus			32'	Fred Swigart New Orleans, La.
80.	Sepoy	B	F. Buck & E. L. Adams 1941	35'	Robert Fairbanks Riverside, Conn.
81.	Regardless	B	Fred Dion 1963	38'	Wm. Williams Swansea, Mass.
82.	Morning Star		A. Morse 1912 (ketch rig)	28'	Robert Wolff Cambridge, N. Y.
83.	Perseverance	D	Bruno & Stillman 1969	30'	John Lasuer, Jr. Hampton, N. H.
84.	Philia		Kennebec Yacht, Inc. 1969	22'	Bruce Myers Yarmouth, Me.
85.	Anne Francis		J. D. Maxwell 1974	21'	Jeremy D. Maxwell Spruce Head, Me.
86.	Allegiance	B	Albert M. Harding 1970	24'	Albert M. Harding Kennebunkport, Me.
87.	Eagle		McKie Roth, Jr. 1969	22'	Henry S. Goodwin Avon, Conn.
88.	Apogee	D	Bruno & Stillman 1969	30'	H. M. Landemare Toms River, N. J.
89.	Avior	B	McKie Roth, Jr. 1970	22'	Julia & Bertha Chittenden Edgartown, Mass.



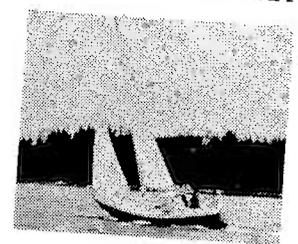
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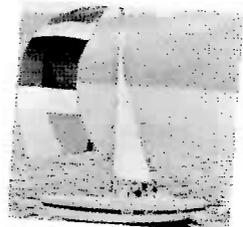
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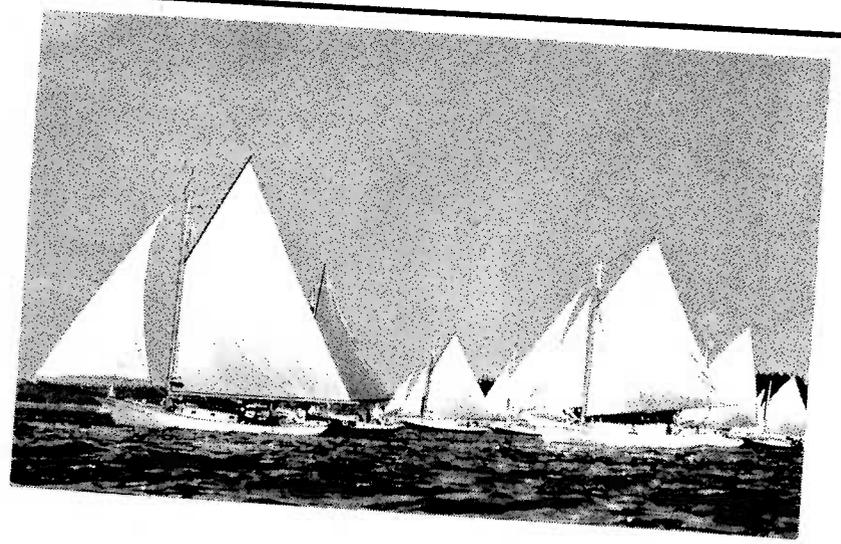
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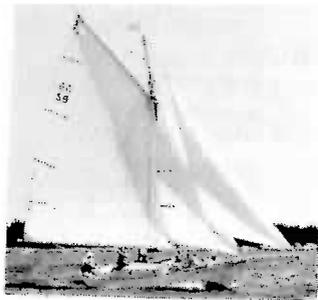
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List of Sloops -

90. Salatia	D	Jarvis Newman 1969	25'	Cyrus, Jed, & Philip Lauriat Southwest Harbor, Me.
91. Pacific Child	D	Bruno & Stillman 1970	30'	Arthur Cox Coronado, Calif.
92. Puffin		James S. Rockefeller 1970	25'	K. S. Axelson Waldoboro, Me.
93. Anna R	B	Kenneth Rich 1970	25'	Kenneth Rich New London, N. H.
94. Diana	D	Jarvis Newman & James Rockefeller 1970	25'	Ebenezar Gay Hingham, Mass.
95. Westwind	A	Morse	40'	Frank & Marcelle Savoy Beverly, Mass.
96. Voyager	B	Lash Bros. 1965	32'	Bernard MacKenzie Scituate, Mass.
97. Gay Gamble				Francis P. Hardy Nashua, N. H.
98. Down East	D	Bruno & Stillman 1970	30'	Edward Dodd St. Clair, Mich.
99. Buccancer	A	Wilbur Morse 1890	27'	Eugene Tirocchi Johnston, R. I.
100. Morning Watch		Backman's Boatyard 1970	26'	Donald Starr Boston, Mass.
101. Inverary	D	Bruno & Stillman 1970	30'	Norman MacNeil W. Newton, Mass.
102. Augustus		Tim Bliss	37'	Tim Bliss Coconut Grove, Fla.
103. Solaster	D	Jarvis Newman 1970	25'	Dr. Curtis Ruff Butler, Pa.
104. Cockle	C	Elmer Collemer 1950	28'	Widgery Thomas, Jr. Portland, Me.
105. At Last	D	Bruno & Stillman 1970	30'	Dr. Thomas Risley Beverly, Mass.
106. Hold Tight	D	Jarvis Newman 1970	25'	John Cassidy Bangor, Me.
107. Magi	D	Passamaquoddy 1970	22'	Bill Johnston Southwest Harbor, Me.
108. Loon		Newbert & Wallace	37'	Hugh & Ruth Jacobs Darien, Conn.
109. Petrel		G. Cooper 1933	31'	Earl White Spencerport, N. Y.
110. Amistad		Robert White 1971	23'	Robert White League City, Texas
111. Amos Swann	A	W. A. Morse	26'	Edward Kaelber Northeast Harbor, Me.
112. Secret	B	Philip Nichols 1971	27'	Philip Nichols Round Pond, Me.
113. Yankee Pride	D	Bruno & Stillman 1971	30'	James Craig Sea Bright, N. J.
114. Solaster	D	Bruno & Stillman 1971	30'	Mrs. John Chadwick Old Lyme, Conn.
115. Kittiwake	D	Bruno & Stillman 1971	30'	George D. Jackson Quincy, Mass.

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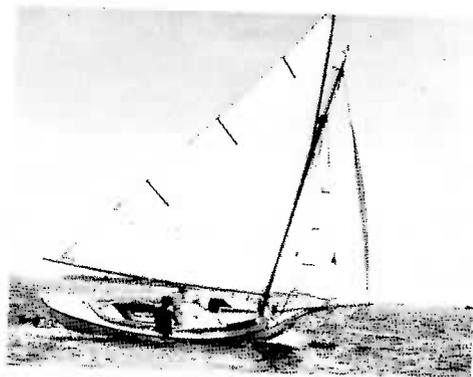
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116.	Tinqua	D	Bruno & Stillman 1971	30'	Warren A. Locke Milton, Mass.
117.	Leading Light	D	Bruno & Stillman 1971	30'	George Shaw Durham, N. H.
118.	Wenonah	D	Bruno & Stillman 1971	30'	Richard Sonderegger Marquette, Mich.
119.	Valhalla	D	Bruno & Stillman 1971	30'	Paul D. Wolfe Pittsburgh, Pa.
120.	Reserved		-----		-----
121.	Island Trader		Elmer Collemer 1960	27'	Robert Mosher San Diego, Calif.
122.	Ray of Hope	B	Francis Nash & Ed Coffin, 1971	25'	Ed Coffin Owls Head, Me.
123.	Resolute		Charles Burnham	28'	Charles Burnham South Essex, Mass.
124.	Callipygous	D	Bruno & Stillman 1971	30'	
125.	Jacataqua		Al Paquette 1969	25'	Edward Lewis Falmouth, Mass.
126.	Whim		Chester Spear 1939	20'	Wm. A. Flanders Abington, Mass.
127.	Lucy S		1890s	28'	Jonathan Smith Concord, Mass.
128.	Schoodic		Collemer & Lanning 1972	31'	Bruce Lanning Winter Harbor, Me.
129.	Gisela R		A. P. Schafer 1969	25'	Andrew P. Schafer Rosedale, L. I., N. Y.
130.	Narwhal		Jarvis Newman 1972	25'	Jim Rosenbaum Milwaukee, Wis.
131.	Noahsark	B	John Chase 1972	30'	John Chase Lynnfield, Mass.
132.	Vogel Frei	B	Wilbur Morse	30'	Herman Samitsch Miami, Fla.
133.	Independence	D	Bruno & Stillman 1973	30'	Frederick Schwarzman Far Hills, N. J.
134.	Angelus		Charles Collins 1973	22'	Charles Collins Bass River, Mass.
135.	Green Pepper	D	Jarvis Newman Tom Morris 1973	25'	James Wilmerding Huntington, N.Y.
136.	Squirrel	A	Charles Morse 1920		John E. Harrington, Jr. Moody, Me. Peter M. Camplin Kennebunk, Me.
137.	Wild Dutchman	A	Wilbur Morse 1906	46'	William Van Zee Miami, Fla.
138.	Red Jacket	B	R. P. Gardner 1973		R. P. Gardner Rowley, Mass.
139.	Tremolino		Jarvis Newman Tom Morris 1973	25'	Helen & John Jurkowski Kingston, N.Y.

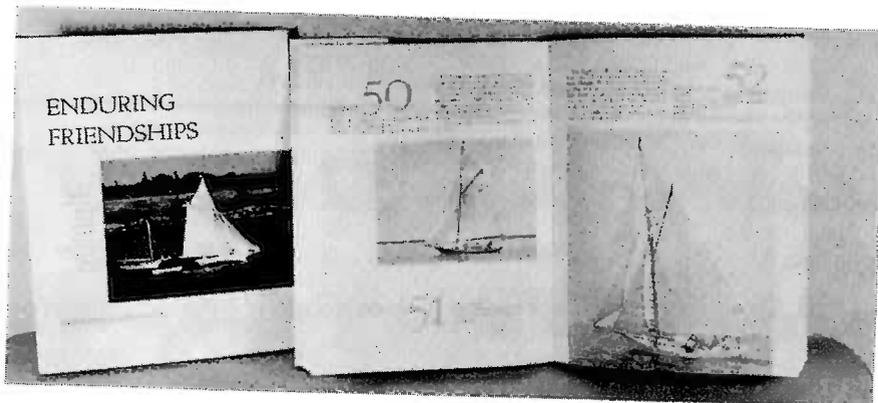
Listings in Italics are member boats that do not exist any more.
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edited by Al Roberts



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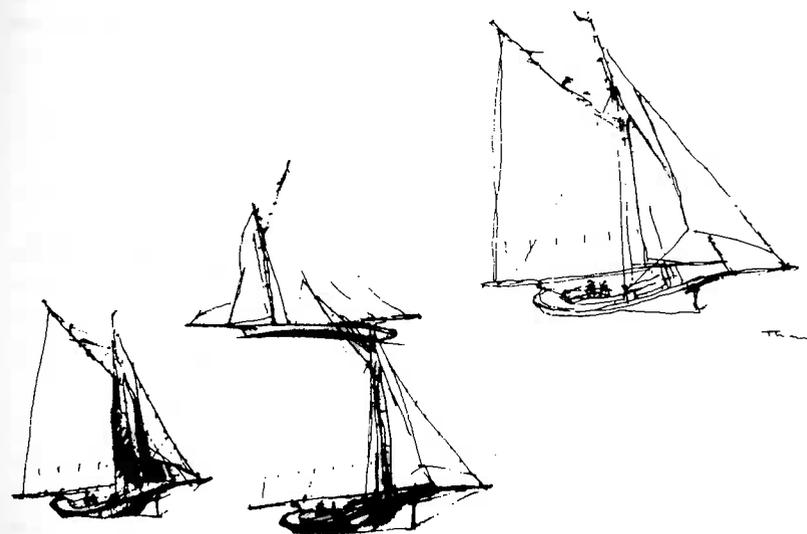
City & State _____ Zip Code _____

List of Sloops -

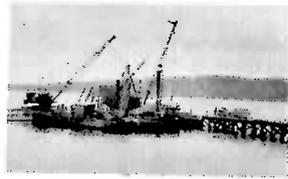
140. Brandywine	McKie Roth 1968	Paul & Fraley Johnson Mark, Dave, Chris Campbell, Calif.
141. Recovery	Jim Hall 1974	James Hall Rowley, Mass.
142. Psyche		21' Peter Archbold Pittsford, N.Y.
143. Matelot	D Tom Morris 1974	25' Gerard Miller Perrysburg, Ohio
144. Ribbit	D Tom Morris 1974	25 W. Mark Murphy Buffalo, N.Y.

Non-Members

<i>Name</i>	<i>Built by</i>	<i>Present Owner</i>
Amity		Benjamin Plotkin, Norwalk, Conn.
Amity Poole	W. S. Carter	Burlington, Vt.
Angus	(ferro-cement)	Elio P. Oliva, Centerville, Mass.
Aurara		Richard Steele, Rockport, Me.
Carolyn		A. J. Rousseau, Warwick, R. I.
Dottie G	Simms, Scituate	H. Reese Mitchell, Houghton, Mich.
Duchess	Simms, Scituate	Gene Peltier, Wilmington, Calif.
El Yanqui	Wilbur Morse	Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Conn.
Estelle A.		Warren Huguley Fair Haven, N. J.
Irene	McLain	Stanley Gratt, Chicago, Ill.
Jesse May	C. Morse	
Maria	Charles Burnham	
Nor Easter	Wilbur Morse	Robert Synnestvedt, Jenkintown, Pa.
Pemaquid III		George McKinnon, Sillery, Que., Canada
Princess		Joe Richards, Key Biscayne, Fla.
Red Wing	Wilbur Morse	Marjorie DeBoid, Middletown, Conn.
Sea Gull	W. S. Carter	Mike Dolan, Hollywood, Fla.
Spirit of Joshua		James Tazelaar, McLean, Va.
Spoondrift		Harold Tweedy, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Surprise		Peter Boback, Fairfield, Conn.
Tecumseh	W. Morse	Ralph Robinson, Miami, Fla.
Volunteer	Gannet	Brian Neri, Buffalo, N.Y.
Wild Wind		Robert Standen, Manhattan Beach, Calif.
Black Witch	K. Rider	Donald Davis, Newport Beach, San Francisco, Calif.
Yankee Trader	Albion Morse 1909	Robert Wydler



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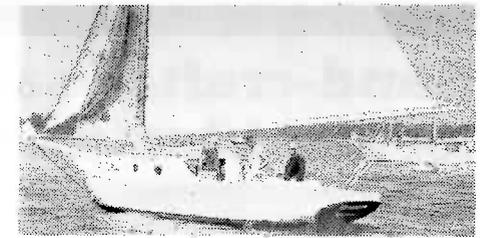
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Depression

By A.J.R.



Depression, (presh un), n. dejection of spirits, dullness of trade. So says Webster. To a member of the Friendship Sloop Society DEPRESSION is far from a state of mind, but rather the name of an era for which one of the sloops was named. DEPRESSION was sold for \$15.00 during the infamous depression in the early thirties, thereby acquiring the name she has been known by for forty years.

Born on Matinicus in 1899, DEPRESSION is the oldest sloop ever to race in our annual regatta, and she has always had the oldest owner and skipper aboard. Dr. Myron Hahn of Boston, Mass., and Friendship, Maine, passed away this winter, but on more than one occasion he had been heard to say — “I’m as old as she is, and if she ever starts for the bottom, I’ll go below, lie down, and go with her.” The Doctor and his beloved DEPRESSION were a familiar sight in Muscongus Bay from May to October for “lo these many years.” “Doc” was an inveterate mackerel fisherman, so as soon as the first lobster fisherman reported he could smell the mackerel coming around Pemaquid Point, until the last one had been caught in September or October, Doc was down the bay, trolling for mackerel from the cockpit of the DEPRESSION. Perennially the last one to cross the finish line each year, Doc spent much time on the way in trolling. After the Awards Banquet in ’72, when he had just won the trophy for finishing last on Saturday, Doc was asked, “How’s the mackerelling this year?” Without a moment’s hesitation, Doc replied, “Well — I’ve caught 1356 so far this year, and 52 of those I caught this afternoon on the way in.”

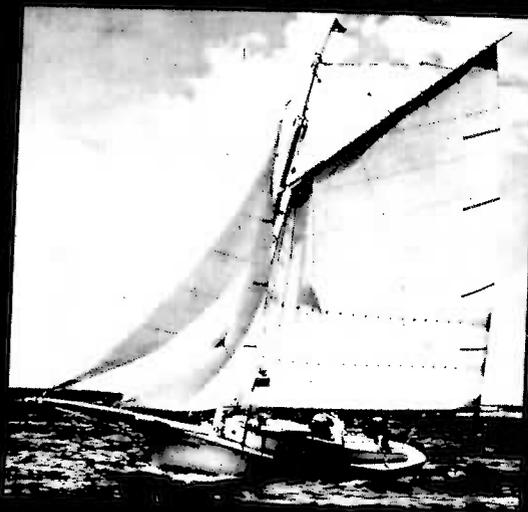
Now that Doc has left us we wonder what will become of his DEPRESSION. For years Mel Burns, a Friendship lobsterman, has taken care of her — painting, scraping, pumping, working on her himself and hiring others to make major repairs. She was hauled out during World War II in Waldoboro for replanking and some retimbering and in ’72 she was hauled to have her transom replaced. The rest of her last 40 years have been spent afloat. To avoid the treacherous ice prevalent in Friendship Harbor during many of our winters, Mel always arranged to have her taken to Pleasant Point for wet winter storage.

Shortly before his death, Doc gave DEPRESSION to Mel. Some thought that was a wonderful thing for Doc to do, while others facetiously wondered what Mel had ever done to Doc to deserve such treatment. Mel and Louise are still her proud owners. Mel’s grandson Jason plans to race her in this year’s regatta, and at this writing has her hauled out in Newcastle at Paul Bryant’s boatyard for an overhaul.

So look out — she may break her own record, and not come in last this year. To continue Doc’s tradition, Louise and Mel (in memory of Dr. Hahn) are offering a trophy this year — a painting on slate of a Friendship under sail, done by Jason’s mother — and you guessed it! It goes to the last sloop in on Saturday.

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German Sailing Vessels . . .

By John Gould

When a Friendship Sloop passes on the horizon, knowledgeable folks have little trouble identifying her for what she is. There haven't been too many vessels in the history of navigation this unique. The *Ark* and the *Thomas W. Lawson*, of course, and a few others. Even the famous clippers could be confused, at a distance, with down-easters and other variations on the theme. In 1904 the *Ruth E. Merrill* was launched at Bath. She had six masts, but she was not the only six-sticker. In 1890 the Sewall Company at Bath had launched the *Rappahannock*, first of four over-size sailing vessels which were dubbed "shipentine," and she was unique enough until the other three were launched. With this series, Sewall said that wooden construction had gone as far as it could with big ships, and in 1894 they launched our first steel sailing vessel, the *Dirigo*. She was a four-masted bark, and was unique briefly.

German shipyards brought the steel sailing vessel to perfection in the next few years, and in 1902 turned out the *Preussen* — the only five-masted sailing vessel square-rigged on all five masts. Nobody had any trouble naming her when she passed. She did have a sort of a sister ship, the *Potosi*, but the *Potosi* was a bark. The two vessels made about the same speed at sea, but the *Preussen* was the one you could spot for sure.

Sloop sailors will find some of the *Preussen's* specs interesting. She was registered at Lloyds at gross 5081 tons; net 4788 tons; displacement 11,150 tons. LOA 433 feet; registered length 407-8 feet; extreme breadth 53-6 feet; moulded depth 32-6 feet; loaded draft 8-23 meters. She spread 48 sails in all, a total of 59,000 square feet. Her middle mast, the tallest, was 68 feet from keel to truck. Her lower yards were 31-2 meters, the royal yards 16 meters. How would you like to handle her in Handicap Alley?

All masts, yards, and spars were of steel. Standing rigging was of wire, and running rigging mostly flexible wire, with a minimum of hemp. Halyards and braces ran to main deck capstans and gypsyheads, with steam power. On her maiden voyage, in the nitrate trade, the *Preussen* arrived in Iquique 65 days out, but averaged 62 days in later voyages, Hamburg to Iquique. Her fastest sailing was done on the port tack running up the West Coast, when she'd do almost 400 miles noon to noon. She frequently averaged 17 knots for days at a time.

After ten voyages in the nitrate trade, the *Preussen* was leased to Standard Oil (1908) to take oil cargo to Japan. She thus made her first voyage to the United States, Cuxhaven to New York, arriving April 13, 1908, 33 days out. Leaving New York she arrived Yokohama, 112 days out. Which, of course, are magnificent performances for a full-built modern steel square-rigger. On the Pacific voyage she clocked off 3019 miles in 11 days.

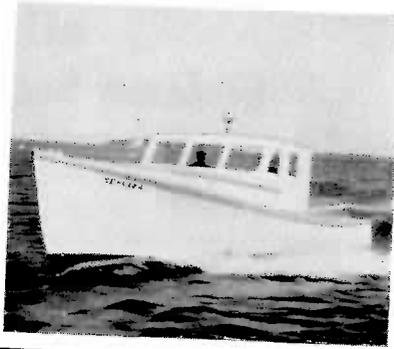
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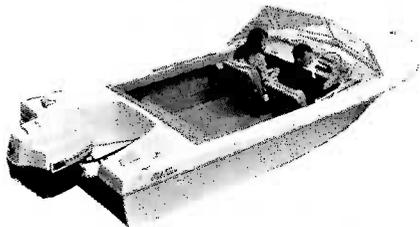
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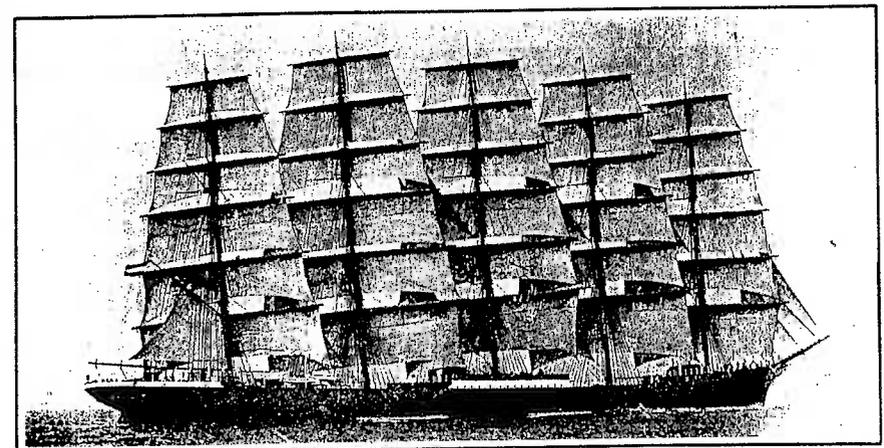
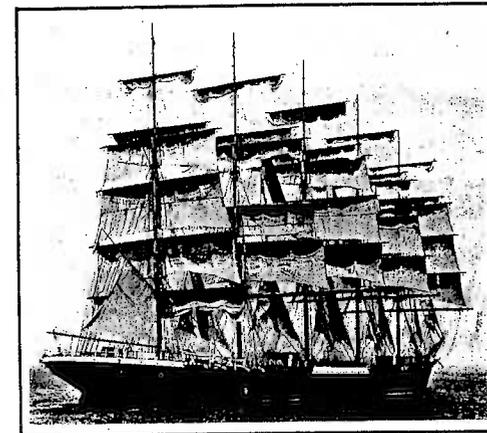
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Damariscotta, Maine

Her speed was her undoing. On her 14th voyage she was "butting down the Channel" on a mad November day, 1910. Hazy night, dropping glass, freshening southerly. A passenger vessel headed from Dover to Dieppe, the *Brighton*, should have dropped astern, but the master misjudged the speed of the *Preussen* and crossed her bow. The clipper bow of the *Preussen* shot over the decks of the *Brighton* and did above-water damage. The *Preussen* was holed forward and her bowsprit carried away. It was the making storm, and not so much the damage, that cost the *Preussen*. By the time tugs arrived, and several did, the sea was violent. The *Preussen* drifted onto the English shore near Dover, and finally broke in two. One half disappeared shortly and the other remained until well after World War.

The crew was rescued, and the ship and cargo were systematically salvaged. The cargo is interesting: furnace coke, cement, wall-paper, wood, wax, earthenware, glassware, enamel ware, barbed wire, brown paper, string, school slates, lamps, ornaments, and over 100 German-made pianos — these last were all saved. No gold moldores and no cheap tin trays!

So the *Preussen*, the only five-masted, square-rigged sailing vessel, came to her bitter end. She had one little thing in common with our distinctive Sloops. You knew what she was when she went by.



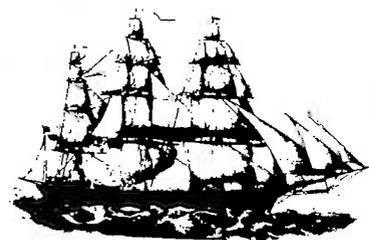
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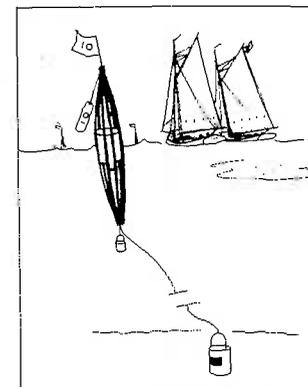
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Handicapping

The unique system of handicapping the Friendship Sloop Races has proved to be an excellent one. From its inception, the idea of picking up a lobster buoy just as the original sloops did, was an intriguing one. The setting of the buoys and retying the small buoy to the large one each day was a lot of work, but added to the spirit of the races.

Last year we had over fifty sloops racing and in order to get all the buoys stretched out to accommodate this huge fleet, we thought we were going to have to move Muscongus Island about a half mile. To circumvent this, our able Race Committee Chairman and Handicapper came up with the idea of halving the distance of the handicap buoys and then having each sloop run the handicap leg twice. This solution also makes it possible to shorten the race course by half its distance in the eventuality of fog offshore or some other unforeseen difficulty — thus making the handicaps still equitable for every sloop. So there will still be a numbered flag for every sloop, each set at a proper distance for that particular sloop's capabilities. However, each sloop will merely round the buoy with the proper number on it, and will not have to pick up a small buoy. With 50 sloops bearing down on you as you attempted to pick up a lobster buoy from the water, this was getting to be a hazardous moment, and more than one was missed. Occasionally an over zealous deck hand found himself swimming a couple of miles offshore, and dodging not only ice cakes, but competing sloops, as well. There's an old saying that "discretion is the better part of valor" or something like that. Anyway — we've modified our handicapping system.



How To Buy A Cannon

When the annual meeting authorized Al Roberts to acquire a saluting gun so home-coming sloops might be traditionally and properly welcomed (the old gun having given up) a letter went to a company down south in Dixie — a reasonable overture since this company makes and sells cannons.

Back came a reply (not too promptly). The company wrote, "We are out of stock of all cannons at this time. Please order our catalog at \$2 as it will show our complete line and prices."



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Maine Fisheries

We started something two years ago, that we feel must be continued. In 1972 we asked the Department of Sea and Shore Fisheries to write us a couple of articles for this program. We suggested one about lobsters, and one about shrimp. The Department was happy to oblige and we ran both articles. They were so well received we asked for two more in 1973. These two were about herring and alewives. Once more the response to the articles was enthusiastic, so this year we're continuing with articles about clams and scallops. We hope you enjoy them as you become an expert on the Maine fisheries.

ED.

The Soft-Shell Clam

by

Dan Kelly

Maine Department of Marine Resources

The soft-shell clam, *Mya arenaria*, is found from Labrador to North Carolina on the East Coast and in a number of scattered locations on the West Coast. The East Coast has two centers of abundance: Maine to Massachusetts in the north and Chesapeake Bay in the south. In the north, most populations are intertidal, although some are subtidal. In Chesapeake Bay, nearly the entire resource is subtidal.

In New England, the soft-shell clam has been used for food or ground fish bait since colonial days, although the first white settlers made use of the clam resource for food mostly in time of dire need. Elder Brewster of the Plymouth Colony wrote that during the winter of 1620-21 he often had only clams to eat. Northern New England settlers appear to have considered the clam as a last resort food item. The unfortunate association of hard times and privation with the clam resource appears to have retarded early commercial development of the species — an attitude which today's gourmets may find difficult to understand. Large finds of clam shells in kitchen middens bear eloquent testimony that the Indian, long before the European appearance, had long held the soft-shell clam in high esteem as a food resource.

For purposes of historical summary, the dominant commercial use of soft-shell clams and the periods of such uses are as follows:

Dominant Use	Years
Salt bait	1850-1875
Steamers (small clams steamed in shells)	1875-1900
Canned	1900-1940
Fresh market (shucked)	1940 - to date

Although these dates should not be considered as exact, they indicate the shift from one major use of the resource to another.

While soft-shell clams were a source of food and of bait until 1850, no one bought or sold them commercially.

The Maine clam fishery is a hand-labor industry. Clams are dug with four-tined short-handled hoes or forks from the intertidal areas of coves, bays, and estuaries when the flats are exposed at ebb-tide.

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Soft-shell clams live in sediments varying from compacted marine blue clay to coarse sand-cobble mixtures, in a zone extending from below extreme low water nearly to mean high water. The term "flat" applies to that part of ocean bottom exposed during low tide, and which may extend seaward a mile or more, depending on the slope of the bottom and the range of the tide.

In Maine, soft-shell clams are known simply as "clams." Elsewhere they are known as soft-shell clams, long-necked clams, maninose, and steamer clams or simply "steamers."

Soft-shell clams live all along the Maine coast. They are found in tidal river systems and on the flats of islands miles at sea.

The body of the clam is encased in two elongated valves or shells, hinged by an interlocking projection and ligament.

Retractable siphons, consisting of two muscular tubes, are extended to the surface of the flats during feeding. Food and oxygen-bearing water are drawn in through the larger tube and water and waste are expelled through the smaller tube or through the opening around the foot.

The foot at the lower end of the clam is a burrowing organ. Clams less than an inch in diameter use this foot to move about over the flats and to burrow into their holes by jetting water from around the foot opening. Generally, clams burrow approximately two and one-half times their longest diameter.

The rate of growth of the clam is shown by the width between the concentric growth-interruption lines of the shell. These interruption lines are normally caused by winter growth cessation. A fast-growing shell will have wide bands between the lines, but in a slow-growing clam the interruption lines may be fused or run together. If clams are disturbed by being dug, washed, or otherwise moved out of their burrows, they may cease to grow for a short period of time. When this happens, a false annual ring develops in the shell.

Clams are male or female, and their sex can be determined by microscopic examination to distinguish the eggs of the female from the sperm of the male. A 2½-inch female may spawn about three million eggs a year, and a male of the same size produces sperm numbering in the billions.

Spawning occurs primarily from June to September, when water temperatures are most favorable and conducive. Although favorable water temperatures affect spawning, clams spawn spasmodically — and in some years live larvae are present in Maine waters nearly year around.

Fertilized eggs develop into larvae which drift or swim and grow in the water for several weeks. At the end of the free-swimming period, the clam larva has undergone many physical changes, including the formation of the shell. Without magnification, it is still too small to be seen by the naked eye and under the microscope somewhat resembles a small quahog. At this stage, the swimming organ begins to degenerate and the larva goes to the bottom to crawl about with its foot. It then attaches itself to some object by means of its byssus, a thread-like substance which looks very much like the silken thread spun by certain moths and butterflies to attach their cocoons to twigs or leaves. As a rule the young clam is permanently established in its burrow before it is an inch long. Meanwhile it may be carried by water currents unknown distances.

In addition to clam diggers and pollution, both natural and man-caused, there are a number of other factors which contribute to the mortal-

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ity figure of the soft-shell clam. Some of these include the green crab, the clam's greatest predator, the moonshell, starfish, horseshoe crabs, sand-worms, ground fish, sea crows, ducks, and gulls.

The Maine Department of Marine Resources Laws and Regulations under Commercial License state, "It is unlawful for any person to dig or take any clams, quahogs, oysters or mussels from the flats, shores or coastal waters of the State without having a current written license from the Commissioner . . . "

In addition, coastal municipalities may acquire certain privileges and obligations in regard to their shellfish resources, as detailed in Maine Department of Marine Resources Laws and Regulations.

Municipalities may pass specific ordinances governing the taking of shellfish from the flats and waters of the town.

Municipal ordinances currently in force may be changed at regular or special town meetings. Also, additional towns may take advantage of State regulations. Therefore, it is wise to consult with local authorities and local Marine Resources wardens before digging shellfish in Maine coastal communities.

There are also areas along the coast closed, by the State, because of pollution or cooperative town-state shellfish management programs. Boundaries of such areas are changed on occasion because of varying sanitary conditions as well as management practices. Local and State fisheries officers can inform one on closure boundaries in specific areas.

There are forty-three Maine municipalities that currently have local ordinances affecting shellfish.

From its lowly beginnings with the first white settlers, the Maine soft-shell clam has risen to splendid epicurean heights and is now acclaimed, not alone in Maine, but also world wide, as a taste delight unexcelled in versatility. Soft-shell clams are popular steamed, deep-fried, in chowders, clam cakes, and similar processed forms as well as in traditional Maine clambakes.

Preliminary figures indicate that 1973 Maine landings of soft-shell clams are 7,260,488 pounds for an estimated value of \$5,701,697 — which is sure to make a lot of people happy as a clam.





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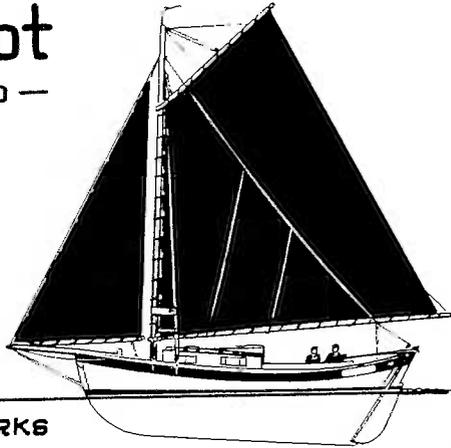
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The Sea Scallop

by

Dan Kelly

Maine Department of Marine Resources

Among the many varieties of shellfish which have found favor with seafood gourmets, perhaps one of the best known and most widely sought after is the sea scallop. It has long been consumed in a great variety of forms — deep-fried scallops being one that can be found on restaurant menus everywhere — as its tender sweet-flavored meat is popular with gastronomical experts and novices alike.

The sea scallop is marketed as both fresh and frozen meats. In the United States only the adductor muscle is eaten.

The sea scallop fishery had its beginning in Maine waters where populations occur discretely in major estuaries and embayments from the Piscataqua River to the St. Croix River. The greatest known sea scallop grounds are reported to have been found between the 20- and the 50-fathom curves on Georges Bank.

Populations of this largest American scallop — sea scallop or Atlantic deep sea scallop (*Placopecten magellanicus*) — occur from Labrador to New Jersey.

The sea scallop is fan-shaped, nearly circular, with valves almost flat to slightly convex. The interior of the shell is flaky white. The exterior color is yellowish gray to purplish gray or dirty white. The scallop has 30 to 40 eyes around the edge of the mantle and is capable of swimming by jet propulsion.

Individual animals with an estimated age of 18-20 years and a diameter of nearly 9 inches (225mm in height and 210mm in width) have been recorded in Maine.

Vertical distribution of the scallop in Maine ranges from mean low water in some areas to depths of several hundred feet in others. Concentrations of commercial importance are generally limited to the area from Penobscot Bay eastward. Commercial fishing has also been carried on sporadically in western Maine waters. Frequently scuba divers are able to gather scallops in commercial quantities from rocky bottoms that are impossible to drag with conventional scallop gear.

The Maine scallop fishery appears to have had its beginning about 1880 but records of landings are extant only since 1887, and then with several gaps, principally in the 1890's and between the end of World War I and the 1930's.

Biological research on the scallop, in addition to the commercial fishery, also had its beginning in Maine with the Department of Marine Resources (formerly the Department of Sea and Shore Fisheries). Although the research in Maine has been intermittent, the location of the inshore populations and relatively easy access to growing areas has generally made it possible to obtain biological information not easily attainable elsewhere.

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In Maine inshore waters, sea scallops grow rapidly. Attained sizes at various ages have been determined by Baird as follows:

<i>Growing season</i>	<i>Age</i>	<i>Size</i>
1	½ yr.	2mm
2	1½ yrs.	5-12mm
3	2½ yrs.	2.2 in.
4	3½ yrs.	2.9 in.
5	4½ yrs.	3.5 in.
6	5½ yrs.	4.1 in.
7	6½ yrs.	4.4 in.
8	7½ yrs.	4.7 in.
9	8½ yrs.	4.9 in.
10	9½ yrs.	5.1 in.

The habit young scallops have of attaching themselves to shells and other anchors by means of their byssus has led commercial fishermen to return shucked shells to the grounds whence they came. Since the very small scallops apparently attach themselves to bryozoa at some time during the larval period, it would appear that this process may be an essential part of the scallop's early life history.

Observations made on scallops held at the Marine Resources research laboratory in Boothbay Harbor indicate that scallops up to about three inches in diameter are active for about six months each year; except during the spawning season (August-October) and during the winter (January-March). As the spawning season approached, they attached themselves to the bottom of the holding tanks by means of their byssus.

The only data that indicate why abundance fluctuations have taken place are records of seawater temperature taken at Boothbay Harbor by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service or its predecessor agencies since March 1905. Since the offspring of any year's spawning — August-October — becomes of major importance to the fishery six years later, it appears from a study of temperature and production records that an association exists between sea water temperature six years earlier and highs and lows of scallop landings.

Inshore scallop populations in Maine declined steadily after 1950, and by 1960 had reached the lowest population on record since 1899. During the period 1947-1950, annual landings from the inshore grounds had averaged 500,000 pounds. A consistent decline occurred after 1950, and in 1960 the catch was only 72,000 pounds.

Landings of scallops in Maine in recent years have been on the rise again, and the preliminary figures for 1973 show landings of 803,573 pounds for an estimated value to the fishermen of \$1,472,120.



Maiden Voyage

June 21, 1956

By Roger Duncan

No one knows what a new boat will do. Calculations are made, plans drawn, the boat lofted, timbered, and planked; but until she is launched, no one knows how she will float until she is actually underway; no one knows how she will sail.

No boat ever had fairer prospects for success than EASTWARD. She had been designed by Murray Peterson, artist and engineer. She had been built by Jimmy Chadwick, who put a cabinet-maker's care into every joint in heavy oak timbers and awkward knees. She had been launched in May and lay alongside the wharf in Pemaquid Harbor, fitting out.

The work was done in a fever of haste, principally because we just could not wait to see how she would sail after a year and a half of working on her and waiting for her.

We ballasted her in a hurry, passing down from the wharf sash weights, sections of street-car rails, pieces of iron castings from an old piano, plates from a retired boiler, engine heads, whatever had come to hand in the past year. If it did not all fit in very compactly, we did the best we could, chocking off the big ugly pieces with jagged bits and hoping she wouldn't prove so tender as to roll the whole cargo to leeward in a puff.

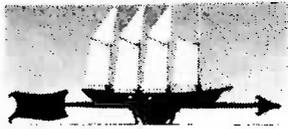
We picked up the mast bodily at low water, slid it over the edge of the wharf, and hung it from an "Armstrong h'ister" designed for lifting lobster crates. As the heavy spar hung creaking, poised over the mast hole, one of the boys rushed up just in time with the mast hoops, steamed and riveted the summer before, and slipped them over the butt. Before the spar settled into its step, Mary shoved under it a little horeshoe good luck charm and a new dime. We had no time for the traditional gold piece.

The upper ends of the wire rigging we had spliced the summer before. We had slipped them over the top of the spar as it lay on the wharf. The lower ends we seized up around the dead-eyes as they hung. We set up lanyards of manila rope, for we had been able to find no Russian hemp. The manila would hold until we got home.

I climbed the mast with a block in my teeth and shackled it to the throat halyard band. Wouldn't it have been easier to do it before the mast was stepped? Of course it would, but we were in too much of a hurry and forgot it. Our fourteen-year-old twins hoisted me aloft in a bosun's chair and passed up to me on a line, the headstays, peak and jib halyard blocks and ends of halyards to be rove off. Meanwhile, on deck, Mary, our son John, and my brother bent mainsail, staysail and jib and stretched them to the spars.

We had our lunch in a tangle of manila and marline, of new canvas and wire rigging; but by mid-afternoon, order became discernible. We weren't really ready to go to sea. Rigging was seized up instead of spliced. Halyards were new and kinky, two sheets were belayed on the same cleat, the main sheet had a half twist in it for lack of an extra shackle. The mast was wedged with rough rectangular wedges ripped out in a hurry on the band saw, and there was as yet no canvas mast coat. The engine was entirely out of action, its base half full of water and its future much in doubt. Nevertheless, halyards were spliced in and led fair. Hooks and shackles aloft were tight and well moused with marline. Sails were properly bent, and we had a fair wind home.

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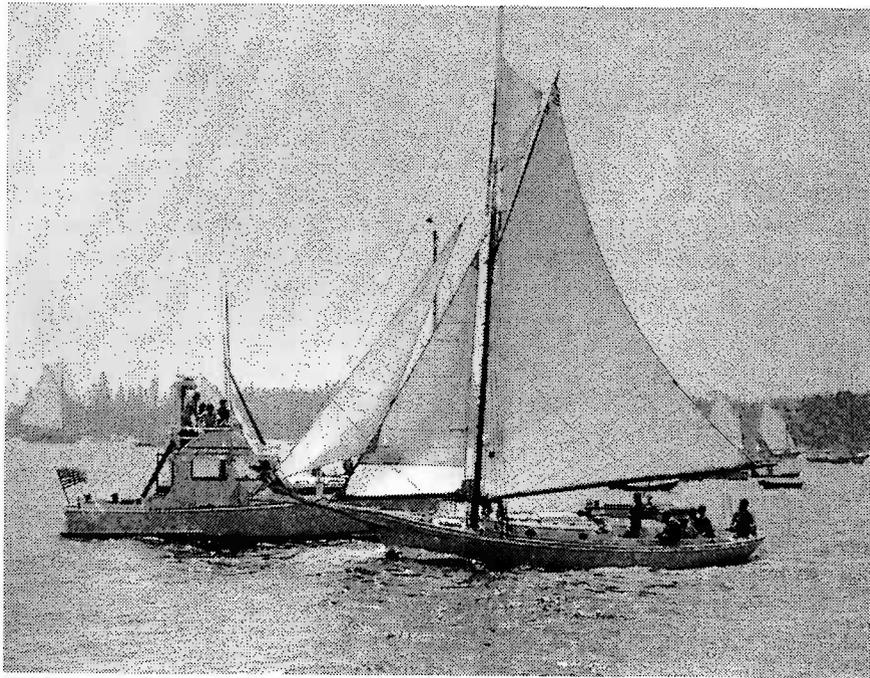
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EASTWARD lay, stern to the wind, in the narrow channel between the wharf and the rocky little island opposite. I could turn her at the wharf, set the staysail, and swing her off before the wind, but I had no idea how short she would turn or even if she would swing off at all with that great mainsail holding her bow to the wind. So I ran out an anchor to leeward of the island, cast off from the wharf, and lay head to the wind with room to swing either way.

Then we set the mainsail for the first time. It seemed the size of a circus tent, swinging the boom about over my head, flapping heavily in the brisk easterly. When the boys finally got the peak up, though, and the slack came out of it, it hung quietly enough, the reef points pattering.

With my brother ready on the anchor line, one boy on the staysail halyard, another on the jib, Mary and John in the cockpit to tend sheets, I paused for a long look around.

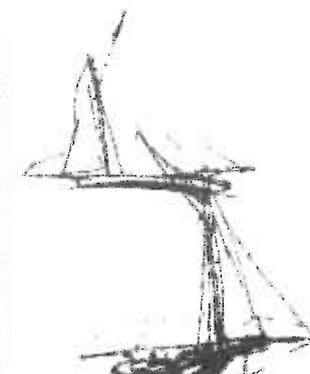
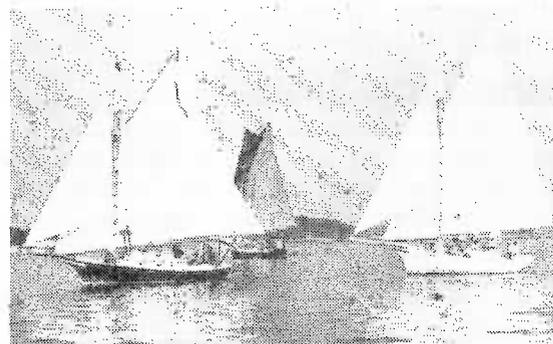
Suppose she didn't swing away from the wind but just sagged sideways into the end of the island? Suppose she proved to be so tender that she just lay down and drifted ignominiously to leeward? Suppose unsuspected horrors. Well, we could always anchor again if we had to. Anyway, standing at the wheel and looking at it wouldn't help.

"Got the anchor."

My brother hauled steadily and EASTWARD moved slowly ahead. As she came up on the anchor, I rolled the wheel to port, hoping to cast her bow that way. Even with the little way she had, she answered the helm. The anchor broke out. The staysail sizzled up the stay. Mary sheeted it home and it filled to port. Up went the jib. I had the wheel hard over, the main sheet slack in my hand.

EASTWARD turned with dignity, the mainsail filled, she began to move ahead at once, turned more quickly and was under way as if she did it every day. We gybed her over and started down Pemaquid Harbor.

She did not feel like a small boat at all but like a vessel. She was not bouncy; she did not roll up on her side when she gybed but shoved her lee side down into the Atlantic and took a solid hold on it. When she met the first little chop, she brushed through it, scattering it to each side, business-like. To the first swell she lifted her clipper bow as if to look over the top of the next one. The water closed smoothly astern, leaving no long scar and dragging no ugly quarter-wave. Unready as she was, ragged as to rigging and helpless as to engine, we felt she was a vessel to be proud of. With the wave of one arm as we swept around the point I tried to express to Murray and Jimmy on the wharf my overpowering admiration for the beauty, strength, and grace they had created.

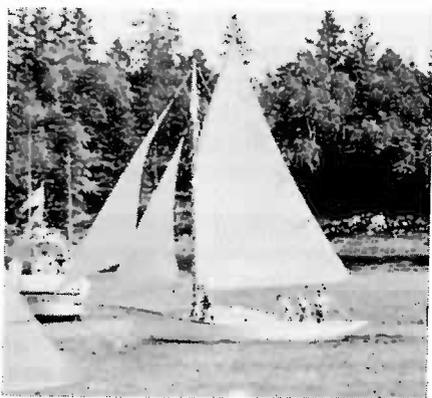


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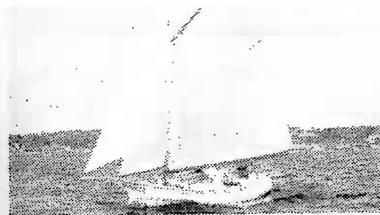
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Together of Cruising In A 14-Footer

by Franklin H. Perkins, Jr.

What! Cruise in a 14-foot boat! Well, 14' 10", to be exact, but it's a Friendship which answers a lot of questions. There is only one sloop that fits this description, *Departure*, the smallest sloop in the Society.

For the past ten years, our family has sailed over 1500 miles out of Perkins Cove, Maine, in this little rig and have never come up wanting (except for more room to stretch). In 1967, my oldest son and I sailed to the Friendship regatta and in 1969 my other son and I sailed down. My wife Kathy, after spending 20 years on the beach, decided to give it a try, so last year we went to the Marblehead regatta. We left Perkins Cove in 30-35 mph westerly winds under reefed main and stays'l. For the next four hours we boiled down the coast taking water into the cockpit twice until finally coming to the lee at the mouth of the Piscataqua River. A great way to break your wife in to cruising!

Since *Departure* only sleeps 1½, we sleep ashore so it pays to have friends a good day's sail apart down the coast. However, down East there are plenty of islands to camp on. We cook breakfast and dinner aboard under way, and supper ashore at our campfire. When going off for two weeks, space is at a premium and loading becomes a problem in logistics. With the pile of gear on the dock, each article finds its place from the forepeak to the lazaret and *Departure* settles below her waterline. The important thing from here on is to put it back where it came from, otherwise you will soon need a shovel to find anything.

After the trip to Marblehead, Kathy was still game to make the trip to Friendship. The weather was perfect for the three days it took to get down and she wondered why she hadn't come before. I let her enjoy it knowing that on the Maine coast it couldn't last.

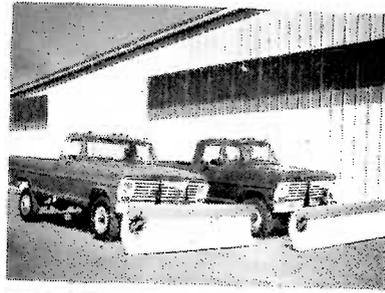
At the regatta in Friendship, we had two good races with lots of wind and sea. Several sloops had spars go by the board and it was a real thrill to be in our little sloop thrashing to windward with the big ones. Most of the sloops run around 30' and the next largest to our 14' 10" was 20' 10".

The day to head home dawned (I think) in peasoup fog. Five of us got together and headed South with the *Eastward* in the lead like a duck and her chicks. The next day leaving Boothbay, there were only two of us, *Angelus* heading for Cape Cod, and *Departure*. Using the compass, sounding lead, and chip log to navigate, we made our way to the shelter of Jewell Island in Casco Bay for the night. Supper on the beach of fresh caught pollock, steamed clams, and good companions will never be forgotten. *Angelus* left us in the fog the next day to put into Biddeford Pool while we pushed on alone. After having been out of sight of land since early morning, it was a relief to see the jetties at Kennebunkport show up where they should have been. It is difficult to describe the feeling upon returning from a voyage. Your vessel has been your home but more than that she has protected you and worked hard through wind and wave to get your back safely.

Cruise in a 14' boat? You bet, if she's a Friendship!

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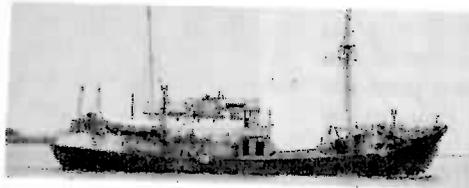
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Boatbuilding, Etc.

My longtime friend, Merrill Young of Matinicus and Camden, is a boatbuilder of quite some reputation and a lobsterman when the spirit moves. Merrill has taught me a good deal in the last thirty years and most of it managed to stick. I don't really remember how many times I have worked for him or he has worked for me, and it doesn't really matter anyway. Up this way we are much more likely to work with someone than for someone, so I guess we've worked together off and on for quite a while. Perhaps my most vivid memory with Merrill is the winter I was occasionally helping him with a new 36 ft. lobster boat and he decided I didn't know how to lay down the lines of a transom properly and extend them. Well, it took him all winter and involved a good deal of geometry that neither of us knew much about except what we had learned from building boats. When spring finally came along he had decided that people brought up in Nova Scotia were slightly thick at times; and I had decided that anyone who was brought up on Matinicus had to be stubborn just to survive.

Now all of this is a pretty long introduction to the point of the essay — which is that I was going to tell you my two favorite stories, which came from Merrill, which are, of course, true and as far as I know have never appeared in print before. The first one has a good deal to do with navigation and the second one doesn't.

Back in the old coasting schooner days, and well before such modern navigational aids as cans, nuns and gongs and so on, most buoys were spars. These were simply good cedar or pine logs, properly weighted at one end and anchored on bottom in shallow water, either painted red or black as the case required. Now, as the story goes, along in the late eighteen hundreds the small kilnwood schooner was working up through the Mussel Ridges in that kind of a fog found only in the Mussel Ridges. Skipper at the wheel; crew, one grandson. Sight of land had been just a memory all that day as an occasional buoy ghosted by. Owl's Head was not far away and then Rockland and anchor and night. The old man had taken his course from where Whitehead should have been and had about run out his time when he said, "Boy, go for'd and you should see the loom of a spar dead ahead." The lad started for the bow when there was a sudden crack. The course was right on. The schooner had rammed the spar up though the hawsepipe and broken it off short!

The second story has nothing to do with good navigation and took place over a half century later. It seems that in the early nineteen fifties, a few of the boys from Matinicus had made up a good load of herring and decided to take it over to Port Clyde and sell. The afternoon was beautiful, flat calm, even more than flat calm and called by a term found only in Maine as glassyarse calm, which is one degree flatter than flatarse calm. All in good time they reached Port Clyde, took out the fish, settled accounts, and proceeded in an orderly fashion back towards Matinicus. At about this time, and approaching Green Ledges, they spotted a large flock of sea ducks on the water ahead, obviously feeding on the shallow bottom. Skipper called for his shotgun — which, to the uneducated, would lead one to think that direct mayhem was intended for the birds. No so, a sea duck can only be killed by devious methods, never by frontal attack. Anyhow, the boat



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proceeded and the ducks fed. At about two hundred yards the skipper fired both barrels into the air and jammed the throttle wide open. This sudden turn of events disturbed the flock no end, whereupon most of them dove and the skipper reloaded. In a few moments the boat was where the ducks had been and suddenly ducks were coming to the surface everywhere, at which point both barrels were fired again and "away dory boys" was given. Which they did, and gathered up one hundred and sixty-seven ducks and all of them had choked to death. You see, when the ducks were frightened and dove the first time they had been feeding on mussels and went down to get another one, when they came up to swallow the gun went off again; they had to dive before swallowing and they all choked to death!

And if you are wondering what all that has to do with boatbuilding, it has been my observation that more true stories are heard in a boat shop in the early morning when the barrel stove is working the frost off the planking, than anywhere else on earth.

Charles E. MacMullen

BURGEE: Swallow-tailed or long triangular flag flown on merchant vessels and yachts.

The burgee is flown to denote ownership. A freighter would fly the pennant of the owning line and a yacht flies the Yacht Club flag. Each club or line has its own distinguishing burgee.

Every year we hear someone ask what the flag is at the masthead of the sloops. That is the burgee of the Friendship Sloop Society. At its inception the Society adopted the burgee designed by our founder, Bernard MacKenzie. It is a white pennant with a red border and a black vine running down the middle. The vine is copied from the trailboards of the original Friendship Sloops. Though we have no knowledge of why the vine was used, we know it is artistic, and when part of a burgee means Friendship Sloop Society, friends, and a wonderful group of people.

No one could comprehend what he was hearing one evening during the 1973 regatta. Your first reaction was — "that sound has to be the wind in the rigging," but it couldn't be, it was flat calm. It really sounded like a Scottish bagpipe, but disbelief flooded everyone's mind — but there it was again!

It really was a bagpipe pouring forth its delightful tunes and sounds under the very capable direction of Donald Duncan.

Donald is no newcomer to the regatta. He helps brother Roger sail the EASTWARD, and entertains all after the race with his bagpipe, and you may notice on one of the front pages that Donald has been unanimously elected Official Piper for the Friendship Sloop Society.

This year we are planning to renew the Harbor Lights ceremony we had the first couple of years. All the boats will have lights and the shore will be lit up also. At this time you may also hear the strains of "Annie Laurie" or "Loch Lomond" floating around the fleet as the official piper holds forth.



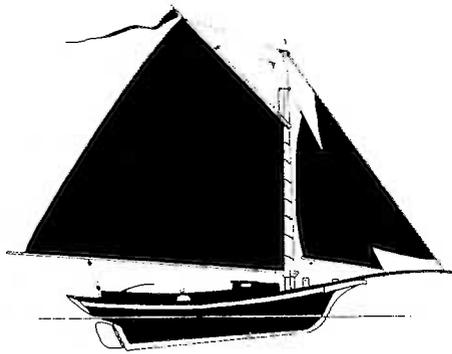
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Friendship Sloops In Retired Skippers' Race

by J. Malcolm Barter

On the third Saturday in August, historic Castine at the head of Penobscot Bay becomes the scene of a unique sailing contest — the Maine Retired Skippers' Race, now in its 23rd year. Old salts, 65 years of age or older and born in the State of Maine, take the helms of modern sloops and yawls and engage in an afternoon of competition as keen as that in any yacht race staged in Maine. The Town of Castine, the Castine Yacht Club, the Maine Maritime Academy, the U. S. Coast Guard Auxiliary, and the National Council of Senior Citizens, all join to make the event a pleasant outing for skippers, crews and spectators.

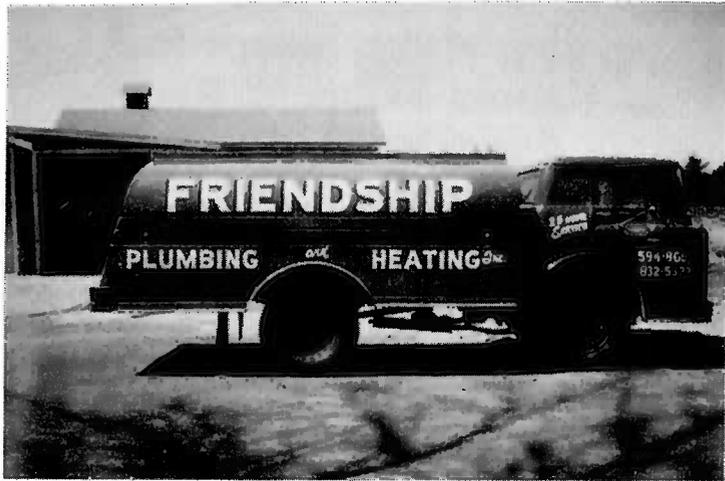
Time handicaps applied at the start near the lighthouse on Dice's head send the fleet of some two dozen entries off at intervals of between five and 15 minutes, with the biggest boat last over the line. Although all working sails are allowed on the windward leg, spinnakers cannot be used on the downwind run. Top prize is the Henry Whitney Challenge Cup, presented by Francis W. Hatch of Castine. So far, several skippers have won two legs on the trophy, but none has scored three wins for permanent possession. There are other prizes, including a cup awarded the skipper who, in the opinion on his fellow competitors, has demonstrated outstanding seamanship in getting the best performance out of his yacht.

The Friendship Sloop *Dirigo*, owned by Ernest O. Sprowl of Searsmont, has participated three times in the Maine Retired Skippers' Race, as has William Pendleton's *BlackJack* from Searsport. The two gaff-riggers are a rare sight in a fleet of fancy mahogany that includes such ocean racers as the 56-foot Maine Maritime Academy sloop *Omega*, the former *Palawan*, which used to patrol the Friendship Sloop Races a few years ago.

Dirigo had had two distinctions at Castine. She's been the only topsail sloop in the fleet, much to the delight of photographers, and the only boat sailed by the person who owns her. Every other yacht has had a man other than the owner at the wheel or tiller. Most Retired Skippers are former yacht captains or one-time skippers of Maine coasting schooners. The late Les Young of Cushing, a familiar figure in years past at the Friendship Sloop Races, sailed at Castine when in his nineties — and won.

Except in an emergency, the Retired Skipper is commander of his vessel throughout the race. He is allowed an occasional brief respite from the helm, but must take the boat over the starting and finishing lines. On *Dirigo*, Skipper Sprowl stands a full trick at the tiller for the entire course.

A Friendship Sloop may appear to be at a disadvantage against modern racers slanting upwind with their big genoa jibs, but the gaff-rigger has the odds in her favor on the downwind run. There her big, barn door of a mainsail swung out on one side, and her jib topsail pulling like a horse on the other, send her bowling for home; while other yachts, losing drive in their tall, skinny mainsails and spilling wind from genoas held out with whisker poles, watch in wonder as a boat designed at the turn of the century goes by like a train of cars.

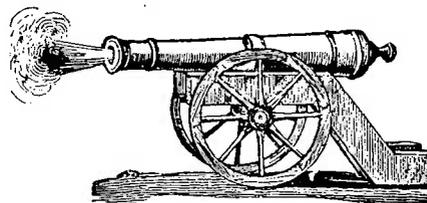


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Talk about an organization having everything — would you believe the Friendship Sloop Society has a dog that counts? Well, it does! Bill Danforth's dog PAT is always on deck to help Bill start a race, finish a race, haul an anchor, anything. Now Pat knows that the start and finish of a Sloop race is the firing of the cannon. This loud explosion bothers his sensitive ears, so he strenuously objects. Pat also knows that a count down precedes this firing.

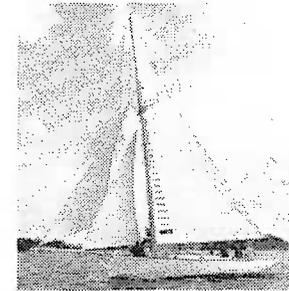
So — last year at the skippers meeting all were synchronizing watches. Bill states: "In three minutes it will be 9:45," — pause — everyone standing ready to set his watch at the word "now." Three seconds before the time Bill starts, "Three, two, o----." Pat exploded and was all over Bill — he thought the cannon was going to go off, and he could stop it by barking, jumping, and pushing Bill. He really should learn to count up, not down though.



In her first appearance at Castine in 1971, *Dirigo* passed more than a dozen yachts on the home stretch to take eighth place. In 1972 she captured ninth, and Skipper Sprowl was awarded the seamanship cup. Last year *Dirigo* placed farther back in the fleet but had an exciting race. And in all three races *BlackJack* was a close competitor on the homeward run.

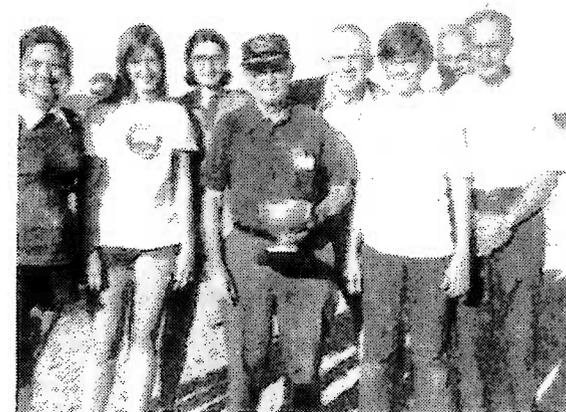
More Friendship Sloops, particularly those based in Maine, ought to go to Castine in August to keep company with *BlackJack* and *Dirigo*. Last year *Rights of Man* almost made it. There should be no difficulty in finding a State o' Mainer to be skipper, for most men over sixty-five born here and experienced in the ways of the sea probably learned to sail in a gaff-rigged sloop.

The date this year is Saturday, August 17. In case of bad weather on that day, the race will be sailed on Sunday, the 18th. Entries should be made soon to the secretary of the Maine Retired Skippers' Race so that measurements can be made for determining handicaps. The race secretary is a good friend in court; none other than our own Bill Pendleton, former president of the Friendship Sloop Society and present chairman of its Scholarship Committee. Though Bill wasn't born in the State of Maine and therefore can't skipper *BlackJack* at Castine, he now lives year-round at Searsport.



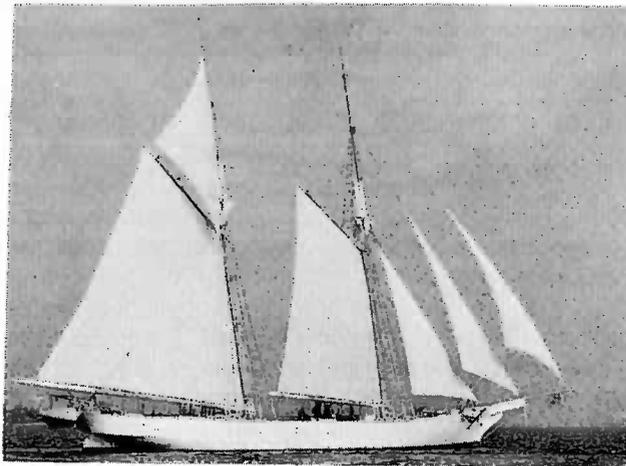
Friendship Sloop *Dirigo* at Castine

Photo by Nona Marsh



FORE AND AFTERGUARD OF THE SLOOP *Dirigo*.
 Left to right: Mimi Marsh, Joanne Lash, Nancy Lash, Skipper Ernest Sprowl with seamanship cup (1972), Malcolm Barter, Noel Marsh, Douglas Lash and Harold Lash.

Photo by Helen Barter



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From dim beginnin's, long ago,
When caravels first plumbed the Bay.
A transient few, then soon a flow
Of fishermen made bold their stay;
On every isle their stages lay;
Their shelter-huts marked dale and fen;
And hardship nurtured, day by day,
The valiance of Muscongus men.

Surviving tomahawk and bow,
They cleared the massive pines away,
And tilled with mattock, spade, and hoe
New stubborn fields of mould and clay.
Their shallops rode the combers gray,
And battled northeast storm-clouds when
It seemed stark Nature might gainsay
The valiance of Muscongus men.

Their skill made skiff and pinnace grow
To storm-tight craft that dared assay
To set their trawls in winter snow;
By mark and leadline find their prey,
And swing to killick, not to weigh,
Till codfish, cramming cockpit pen,
Let mains'ls, sheeted home, display
The valiance of Muscongus men.

Bright gilded sloops, with pennons gay,
Bethink you twice — and honor then,
In all your brave, unscarred array,
The valiance of Muscongus men!

P. M. Woodwell

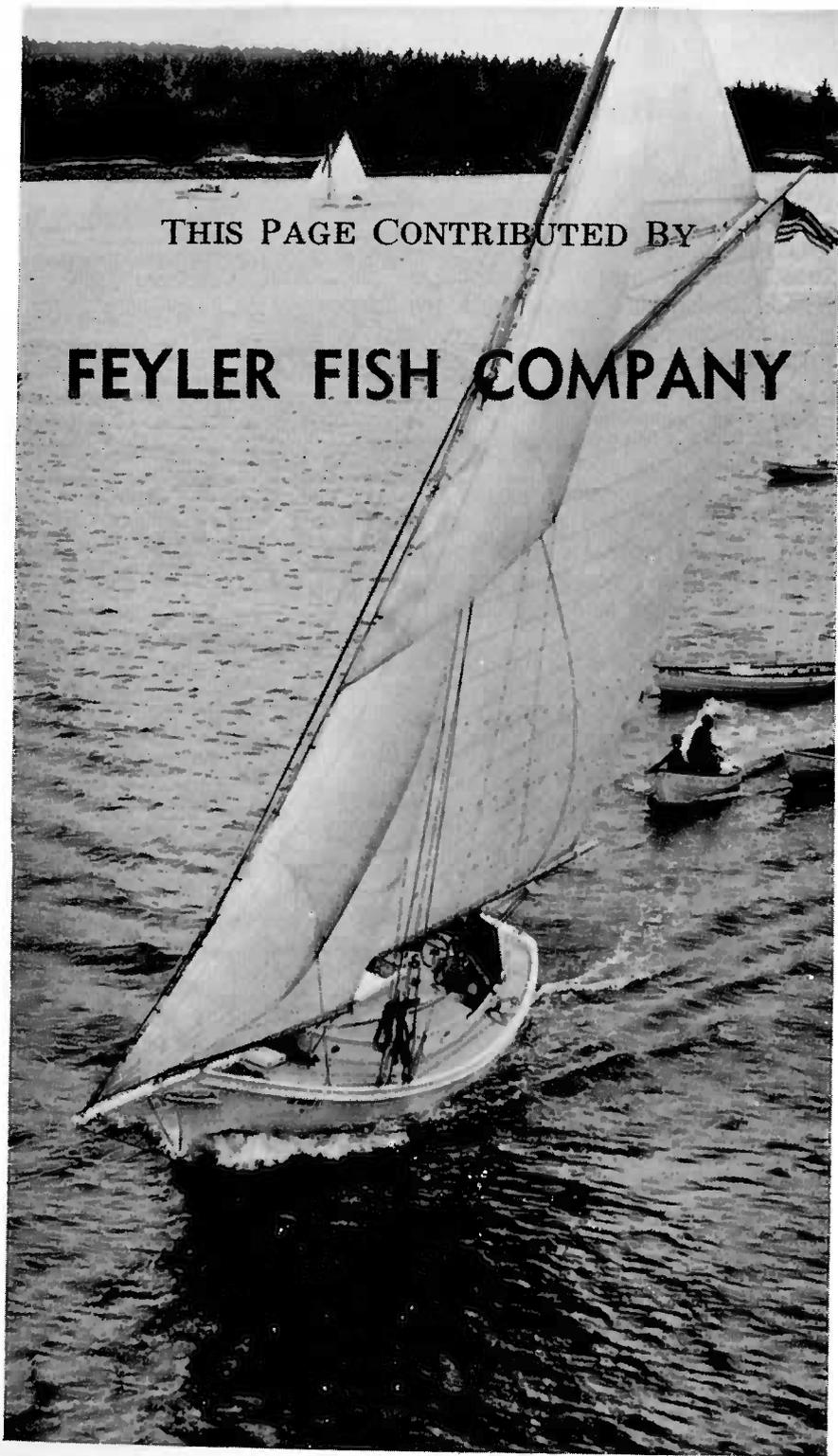
Friendship Sloop Days — 1973 — after first race — conditions windy — conversation overheard:

Bob Lash: "I have renamed my sloop today. Instead of GYPSY it is now TUNA."

Al Roberts: "How Come?"

Bob Lash: "It was so windy when we started the race, today, that I contemplated reefing the main and renaming the sloop to TUNA because I felt I would be called chicken of the sea."

Al Roberts: "You deserve 40 lashes for that pun."



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Round-Bow Friendships

By Bruce White

In April 1908 *Harvey A*, a forty-foot Friendship slid down the ways of the Charles Morse boatshop in Friendship. At that time such launchings were a common occurrence in Friendship, yet something set this launching apart from the rest. This sloop was a knockabout Friendship, that is, she had a rounded bow with no bowsprit. She was the first in a series of such boats built by Charles Morse.

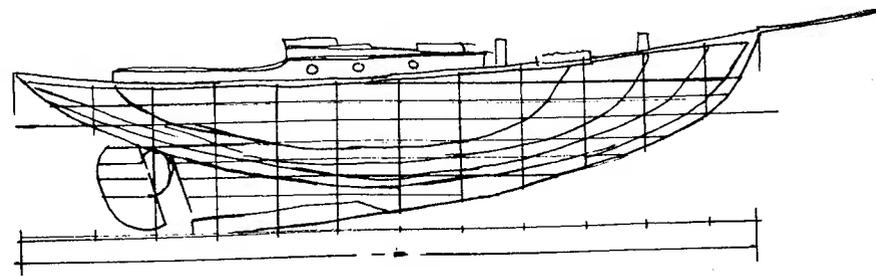
It seems that a Vinalhaven fisherman had come to Charles requesting a Friendship in the style of the knockabout schooners appearing on the Grand Bank at that time. Charles agreed to build the sloop and carved out the model in collaboration with the fisherman.

In the resulting vessel, the characteristic transom, sweeping sheer, and hard bilges were retained; however, the round bow gave way to a shallower forefoot and a more sloping keel than found in the clipper-bowed model. Also the garboards were not as hollow as in the clipper-bow Friendships. Because of these differences, it was claimed by some that the round-bow or Cape Ann model Friendship, was slightly superior in performance to its clipper-bowed sisters.

It is said that Charles built about one of this type each year in the years 1910-1917. Each of these sloops measured forty feet overall or thereabouts, and was similar to *Harvey A* in design. Fred Dion bought up some of these sloops in the twenties and converted them into cruising yachts, most of them as schooners. Two of these, *Lizzie M* and *Pennessewassee*, distinguished themselves in ocean racing in Massachusetts Bay in the late twenties and early thirties.

Wilbur Morse also built a couple round-bow sloops, the *Right Bower* and the *Georgie C. Bowden*. The former was listed as a Class A sloop with the Friendship Sloop Society until she was dismantled a few years ago. The *Georgie C. Bowden* was a big 48-footer well known on the Maine coast for her speed. Under Capt. Ernest Darling she fished for 26 years and eventually ended her days as a yacht. Unlike Charles' round-bow sloops, Wilbur's were fitted out with a bowsprit.

These vessels were a step in development between the clipper-bowed Friendship and the fisherman-style yachts of the twenties, of which Charles Morse built a number including the early *Malabars*. It is possible that these sloops had some influence on yacht design in the fisherman-style period.



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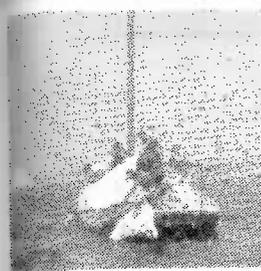
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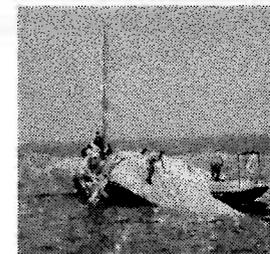
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Shades Of Dixie Bull

By A.J.R.



The State of Maine's best known and most infamous pirate was Dixie Bull, and 'tho this writer isn't up on the history of piracy it is common knowledge that Dixie ravaged this part of the coast of Maine for many years when piracy was a way of life. Pemaquid seemed to be his favorite bailiwick, and the museum there is replete with accounts of his exploits. However, I digress — the purpose of this piece is not to record the history of Dixie Bull, but rather to acquaint you with the facts of piratical behavior during the Friendship Sloop Races of 1973.

Jack Cronin and his wife and all eight of their offspring (at least the count was eight last time I looked) were the victims of a dastardly attack during the first race in '73. The attacking vessel shall remain anonymous, but it was skippered by a man whose initials are Roland Barth, and who has since, with his co-owners Donald Aitken and Robert Snyder, sold the MOSES SWANN and bought SAZARAC from George Morrill. The MOSES SWANN has an inconspicuous gap in her coaming which on occasion harbors a small cannon that her owner claims shoots blank cartridges — Don't try to tell that to Jack! As Jack's TANNIS pulled abreast of MOSES SWANN in Thursday's race, and the skippers exchanged pleasantries, Jack didn't notice the lanyard held surreptitiously in Roland's hand. Therefore Jack and several members of his crew nearly jumped overboard when the cannon boomed at point blank range. Before the confusion subsided and some semblance of order was restored, the pirate who shall still remain anonymous, was heard to shout above the reverberations, "There goes your topmast!" Visibly shaken, but quick to recover, Jack went back to the business at hand, which was to win the Race. Only a very few moments had passed (reports vary) when the topmast of TANNIS came tumbling down, missing everyone of the crew of a dozen or so, and winding up in the waters of Muscongus Bay. All the sloops near at hand offered assistance, but Jack waved them all off, and gathered together the bits and pieces and headed for Friendship Harbor.

We had no race on Friday because of unfavorable weather conditions, and Saturday's race was eagerly awaited by the crew of TANNIS — albeit with no topmast. The same situation prevailed in this race. TANNIS slowly overtook MOSES SWANN again and the same cannon made its appearance once more. As Jack pulled alongside he shouted, "You don't scare me twice. I'm waiting for you this time," — and with a great flourish, a huge puff of smoke, and much good natured shouting back and forth, TANNIS edged by MOSES SWANN once more and a voice was heard to say, "I'll get your mainmast this time." Of course you know by now that TANNIS lost her main mast a few minutes later. Coincidence you say? Perhaps!

More coincidence — Could it be that Massachusetts has a pirate, too? TANNIS raced in the Mass. Bay Races and lost her bowsprit. Hm-m-m-m-m.

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Highlanders

By A.J.R.

There is an old story about the man from the city who moved to the country, and became tired of hearing about how early his new neighbor got out of bed every morning. On successive mornings he went next door earlier and earlier hoping to catch his farmer neighbor abed, but no matter how early he arrived, the farmer's house always showed a light. In desperation, he finally roused himself one morning at 3 A. M., hurried next door, and so no light. He banged on the door, thinking 'A ha!', at last I've found the so and so in bed.' A sleepy head appeared in the window overhead demanding to know the cause of the alarm, but it was the farmer's wife. "Where's your husband?" the newcomer shouted.

"I don't know, I haven't seen him since early this morning."

Everything is relative. Time is no exception. The above story was re-enacted in Friendship last fall. We have a new highlander resident here, a writer, author, man of letters, but also a self-styled farmer. John spent some of his boyhood years on a farm, and more in the Maine seacoast. He could never be called a sailor in spite of his boyhood years in Freeport, and his thirteen-year association with the Friendship Sloopers, and his years in the city never made him an urbanite. So while he is a gentleman and a scholar, he is also a farmer by nature and self proclamation — a local authority on things agrarian due to his long years on the farm in Lisbon Falls.

The incident of last fall heretofore referred to, came about because John is also an ardent flycasting fisherman, and he offered to take Harold Jameson on a fishing trip into the back country. Harold was agreeable, so a date was set for departure. In response to Harold's inquiry as to what time John would like to leave, John thought 3 o'clock would be O.K. That was O.K. with Harold, too, so it was settled. Right on the dot of three, Harold pulled into John's yard, but there was no light on in the house. Thinking John had overslept, and not wanting to wake Dot up, Harold patiently waited in his truck, turning the motor on occasionally in spite of the energy crisis, in order to keep warm. By the time the sun poked up over the hill in East Friendship, Harold's patience was exhausted, his gas supply dwindling, and his toes were cold, so he muttered, "To Hell with this" and went back home for a "mug-up."

Harold, used to getting up at 2 or 2:30 to "go to haul" naturally assumed that 3 o'clock meant 3 A. M. After all, 3 p. m. is pretty close to supper time, and no time to be starting out on a fishing trip. John and Harold are still speaking, and yes, they did make their trip, but it's a safe bet they'll never get their time signals crossed again.



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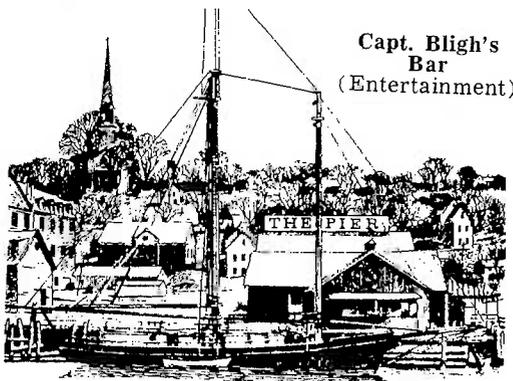
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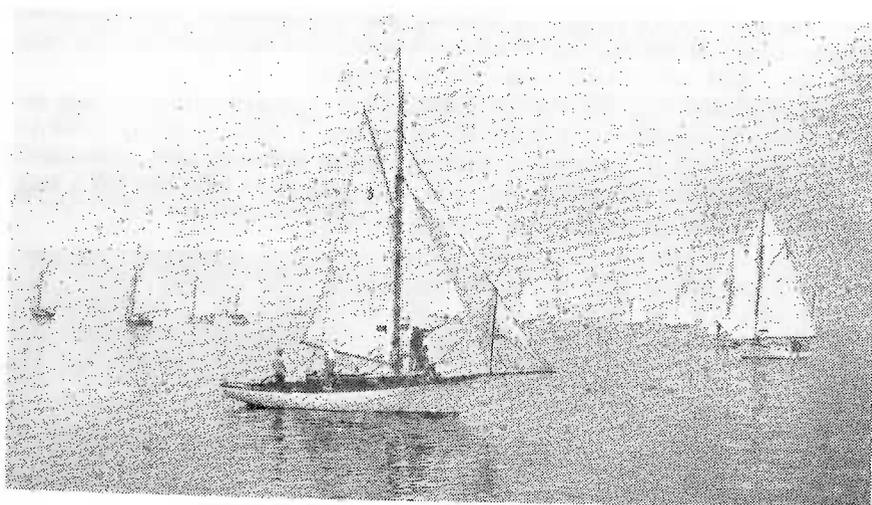
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"The Wind Commands Me Away . . ."

In memory of Bob Gardner -

Skipper of "Red Jacket"

by Ruth S. Gardner

Although he was a modest man who might now prefer anonymity we feel a desire to share with those who knew him some of the experiences that grew from Bob's love for Maine, for old time sailing vessels, for the sea, and for the Friendship Sloop in particular. He built three boats: a catboat called the "First Endeavor"; a Whitehall rowing boat of which he was immensely proud; and a Friendship Sloop, the "Red Jacket." These beautiful boats remain his legacy and a reminder of his skill and deep interest.

When his Whitehall, tender for his sloop, was completed in 1968 we wrote a two-part article which was published. His told of his adventure in actually building the boat, while mine was written in a more flippant vein of the project "from the wife's point of view." A friend said, during construction of the Friendship, that he hoped we were planning another joint article. If today the builder were putting his experiences on paper he would include information about construction problems and how he solved them, materials used, methods of fitting a particular piece, how he figured the weight of a poured keel, and so on. However, the only article that can be written is that "from the wife's point of view" in his memory. After completing the "Red Jacket," and sailing in the 1973 Regatta, he passed away on September 30, 1973, at the age of 53. I will attempt to tell his story for him. It will not contain the technical detail of building a sloop. I hope there are not too many flaws in nautical language.

In 1961 Bob read of the first get-together of the sloops at Friendship, and we went down the coast by car from Stockton Springs to have a look. He fell in love with the boats and decided then that he would some day own one of those beautiful sloops!

Within a few years a Rowley friend, Jim Hall, who is a man of similar talents and interests, was laying a keel for a Friendship in the lower part of his large barn. Bob had the opportunity to work with Jim from time to time on the "Lucy Anne," and was proud to be asked to fashion her spars. He also had a hand in the rigging of her. In 1967 Bob sailed with Jim from Newburyport, Mass., to Friendship (in the fog) on "Lucy Anne's" maiden voyage. Thus he experienced a Regatta as a participant. What a wonderful time he had!

In 1968 Bob was able to obtain with great pleasure a set of plans from Phil Nichols which he could adapt for his own boat. And so, right away, he set out to obtain the necessary materials to begin, and the lines for the molds were laid out in Jim's barn during the winter months until his boat shed could be erected in the spring. And so the start of many visits to lumber yards, sawmills, and marine hardware stores! From April, 1969 to April, 1973, in what became known in Rowley as Bob's Greenhouse (so named because it was constructed using old storm windows for sides to let in maximum sunshine for light and warmth) he crafted his vessel. Most of the work was done during evening hours and on weekends.

Each piece of wood was carefully cut and fitted, sometimes only put in place after several hours of steaming. And he progressed from sturdy oak keel to beautiful transom; on to frames; and planking her gracefully curved hull. Many hours of painstaking work went into fitting narrow strips of oak for her deck. There was careful planning for a roomy cockpit to allow for the comfort of a large number of passengers. Together we discussed the cozy cabin which would have three good sized bunks and one small one. When the time came for work to be done in the cabin I at last found a way to take part in the project. I was consulted about location of the galley, storage lockers, and the head. Soon I was stitching up curtains, bunk bed covers, and planning how we would live in our cabin. But I never did succeed in convincing him that, in my opinion, to be able to stand up straight in the cabin was more important than maintaining a certain appearance in the profile of the sloop! Authentic lines were of utmost concern to him, and so although it would have been a matter of only two inches, the proper lines were kept, and no one over five feet tall can stand without stooping in the cabin. He was right of course, but he also admitted it was not very comfortable when cruising!

When the weather was too cold to allow working in the unheated Greenhouse there was still much to be accomplished indoors. A sail plan must be drawn to specifications and sent off to a carefully chosen sailmaker; a detailed order was made up for numerous blocks, deadeyes, bronze fittings, screws, and shackles; a propeller and steering wheel were ordered; and the amount of line was figured for the complex rigging. Many letters were exchanged between Bob and his brother Dick in Lincolnville, who not only designed and made "Red Jacket's" steering mechanism, but who also gave counsel on a number of construction problems.

Eventually exciting packages began their arrival. One, a huge wooden box from Canada containing beautiful smooth blocks and deadeyes — each was examined and found flawless. Then came delivery of five big orange bags in which the sails were neatly packed. No place in the house was large enough to permit opening them out, but from what he could see they would be very satisfactory. However, he was puzzled as to why there were no battens! Later on came a very heavy box — inside a steering wheel of appropriate design. I well remember the day we watched for a long trailer truck which would be carrying the sticks from Maine. When it came we wondered how it would back into the yard. It looked as though Bob would have a very tall mast!

And so bit by bit all necessary equipment was accumulating. Gifts for Bob at Christmas during those years were no problem! A band-saw, a galley stove, life jackets and cushions, binoculars, and finally a compass! Daughter Louise made for him a red jacket, especially for the Friendship Sloop Regatta.

As events moved along Bob became acquainted with others in our area who were involved in a similar task, all as enthusiastic and dedicated as he. And so it happened that one day at the lumber yard he met Charlie Burnham of Essex, builder of the "Maria"; and John Chase of Lynnfield, constructing "Noah's Ark," heard of the Rowley project and stopped by. The four sloop builders, Jim Hall, Charlie, John and Bob thereafter were often together for inspections, consultations, advice on one problem or another. An evening of work on one of the boats was usually followed by a late discussion over a pot of coffee.

Each man applied his special skill, and so they helped each other over the rough spots. As Bob's daughter commented, "There is part of Daddy in all three boats — "Lucy Anne," "Noah's Ark," and "Maria." And in turn each of the others contributed to "Red Jacket." Charlie was "official caulker"; John was able to supply particular fittings and was also helpful installing the engine. John was on hand to assist Bob with some of the hull planing and sanding toward the end of construction. Jim was always willing to help when needed, and Bob was especially pleased with the fine job he did painting the Friendship twined Ivy on "Red Jacket's" trailboards.

Bob's special interest was with rigging. Making spars, and understanding the intricate arrangement of lines, blocks, splices, and turnbuckles came easily to him. Examples of his know-how are to be found on "Lucy Anne," "Noah's Ark," as well as his own "Red Jacket."

There were others too who were ready with a pair of helping hands, encouragement, and advice. Among these who gave of their time and talents are Don Huston, skipper of the "Eagle"; Phil Nichols, an experienced builder; Bob's father-in-law, Harold Stevens; his son-in-law, Tom Keene; and a friend in time of need, Ray Cooke of Rowley.

In July, 1972, Bob sailed from Manchester, Mass., to Friendship with John Chase in "Noah's Ark" — this time with ideal weather conditions. The trip was a beautiful experience. His own launching, originally planned for that year, had had to be postponed.

Bob had discovered, to his dismay, he could not work at the pace he had set for himself, and found he had to have assistance with the more strenuous aspects of the job still to be done. With so much at stake, he decided to continue, but made up his mind the sloop would be launched a year later than originally planned.

And so during the winter and spring of 1973 he carved (with pride) the name "Red Jacket" in the sloop's beautiful transom; he applied the green paint he had long ago planned for her smooth hull; he dressed the roomy cockpit and cabin in gleaming white; and he shaped the lengthy sticks into perfectly rounded and tapered mast, boom, and gaff. The top-mast was fixed in place, and details of rigging were prepared so that after launch all would be ready to attach to the mast! The long bowsprit was made and added so that it nosed its way well beyond the confines of the boat shed.

The first of the big days was April 5 when friends Jim, John, and Charlie worked together to ease "Red Jacket" from her Greenhouse. This event was followed soon by Launching Day! This occasion was marked by a celebration attended by friends and relatives, marred only by concern for Bob who showed signs of illness and strain. However, after I christened the "Red Jacket," he was soon elated to see his sloop riding the waves of Parker River that afternoon!

It seemed suddenly as if the work had just begun, however, as the weeks that followed launching were filled with things to be done! There was much of the rigging to be attached to the mast before it was stepped; and when the mast towered in place the complicated rigging was to be finished. Under normal circumstances this would not have been difficult, but because of a combination of a spell of nasty, cold, wet May weather together with a period for Bob of increased health problems, he found the job before him filled with difficulties and time consuming delays. It was then that once again I could be directly involved with the project. Though my skill and know-how about rigging a Friendship were limited, neverthe-

less I could row, and so taxied Bob to and from the sloop in the Whitehall. I could hold lines taught while he measured; guide a stiff and obstinate strand of wire into a splice; thread line through deadeyes; fetch tools from the cabin; and in many ways be an extra pair of hands while he worked with determination to complete the work. He was still looking to the day he would raise the mainsail and see how she handled!

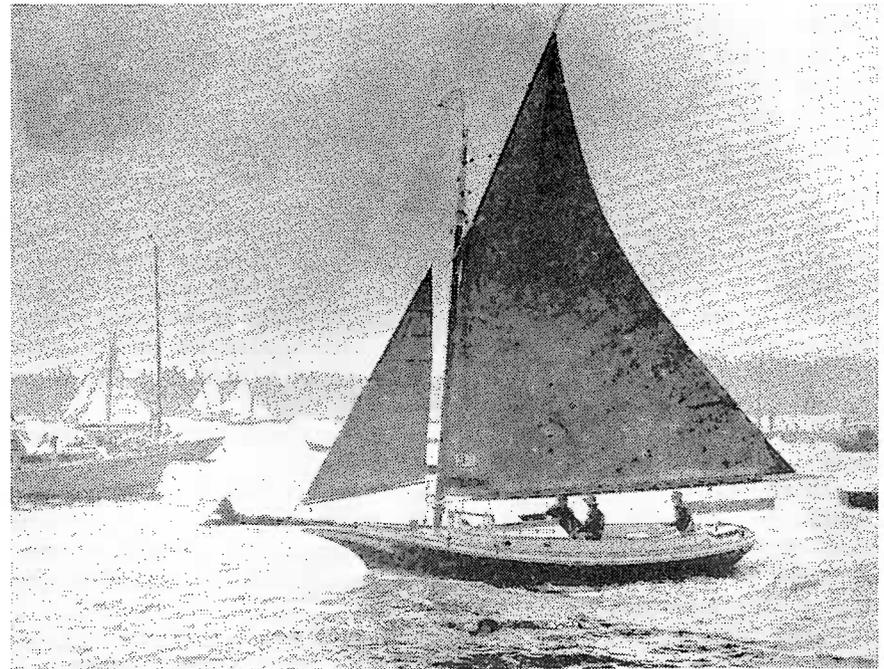
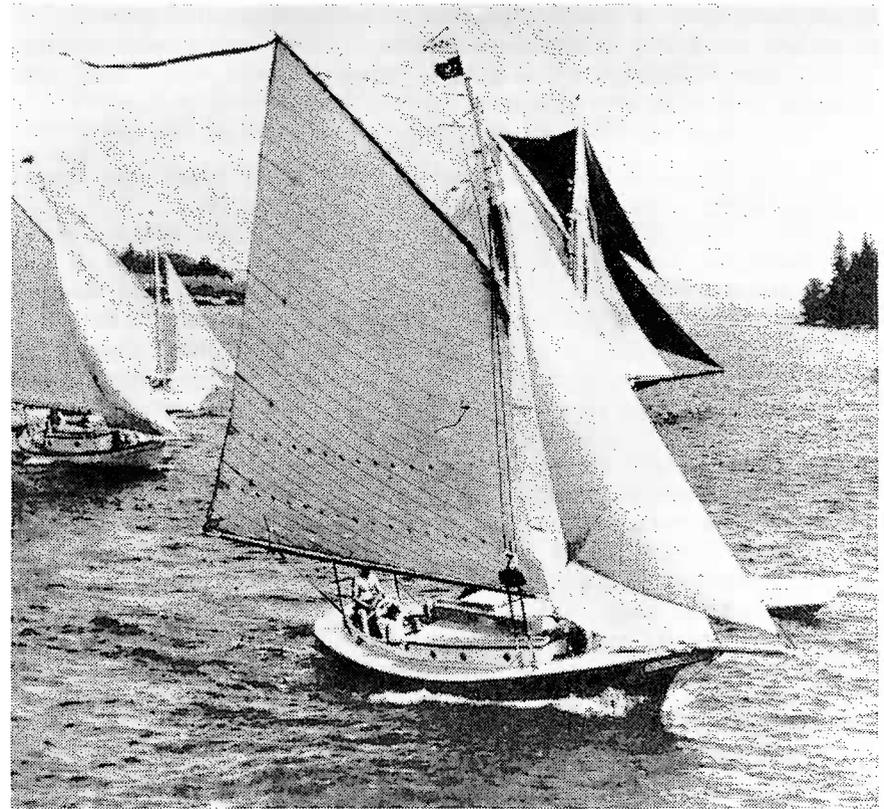
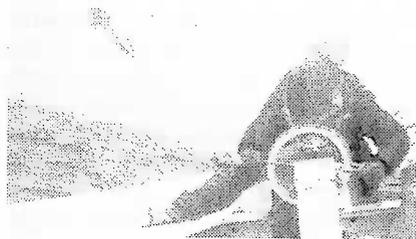
During early June he readied the vessel for the voyage to Maine where she was to be permanently moored. He felt the need of additional inside ballast and so several hundreds pounds of lead were stowed away. Daughter Judy and I volunteered for this hoping to lighten his load. Finally, with the sails bent, the water and gas tanks filled, the cabin outfitted the day came for departure. Unknowingly the trip was scheduled for what proved to be the worst possible week for really bad weather of the entire spring. But after a disappointing and difficult passage, the mooring in Belfast was finally reached. Now at last he could look forward to some fine sailing in beautiful Penobscot Bay! Realization of a dream! Hopefully now he could put behind him the frustrations of the past two months.

Favored by a respite from physical discomfort, and carried along by anticipation of the long awaited event, Bob proceeded with preparations for the cruise to Friendship the last week of July. The day before leaving, the entire boat (above the water line) received a fresh coat of paint! Perfect Maine weather made a pleasant trip down the coast possible. He had a young enthusiastic crew aboard and all went well. On Saturday of the race his roomy cockpit carried ten of family and close friends, while from the deck of the "Goodtime" were others watching who had seen the sloop grow from the laying of the keel to this glorious day! She looked beautiful! A proud day for all of us, but especially for Bob. His greatest thrill came, as he recorded it in the log, "Passed 'Rights of Man' in alley!" The fog lifted for Bob that day.

Looking back we feel the week of Friendship was a gift of time for him. There are those who have said to us that a man is fortunate indeed if he can accomplish a goal during his lifetime. Yes, Bob planned, built, and sailed his sloop. His last entry in the log reads, "And so ends first cruise to Friendship." I feel he envisioned many others.

There was to be one more grand sail for Bob. This was in August when he took "Red Jacket" to Castine to see the boats at the Retired Skippers' Race. We did not know it then, but it was to be the skipper's last time aboard. During the weeks that followed he was in and out of the hospital and struggled against heavy odds. On his last day his thoughts and concern were for his sloop as he waited for a phone call from Maine that would inform him the sails were off, the cradle built, and plans made for hauling her out the next weekend. He was thus assured that all was well with his Friendship.

A flag flew at half mast above her deck during the days that followed.



Friendships Still Work

By Bill Thon

It does not seem likely that many of that hardy breed who started hauling lobster traps with a sloop would still be active.

Ernest Maloney of Port Clyde, now in his eighties, not only is a working lobsterman, but can still roundly cuss the price and quality of trap stock. His daughter, who is our postmaster, once told me that the first time she was on a sloop was when she was carried aboard in a basket.

I may as well admit to an inordinate interest in anything about boats in general and working craft in particular. So it was not long after putting ECHO in commission that I began pestering Ernest with questions about how the fishing was managed, and how a sloop behaved while hauling traps. It seemed best talking about it on winter afternoons in the little fish house on the wharf with the odor of oak, cedar, rope, paint, and burning wood from the stove, with now and then a whiff of bait when you got too loo'rd of it. Ernest would sit in a beat-up old Morris chair, one arm missing and the stuffing half out of the rest, I would find a stool or capsize a bucket and fire away. Ernest would recall how often the sloops had to be rowed out of the harbor in the flat calm of early dawn. Perhaps about sun-up there would be a bit of wind so the big sweep could be lain aside. "Well Sir, you come up on your buoy and cast off the stays'l sheet and give the mains'l about half of the sheet," etc., etc.

The following summer one fine day Ernest and I were headed out of the harbor for an afternoon sail. We had rounded the Brothers and were standing toward Burnt Island, all the while passing many pot buoys, and it occurred to me to say to Ernest, "If one of these was yours how would you handle the boat?"

He looked at me with a kind of twinkle in his eye and said, "You want to haul a lobster trap?" I guess I didn't waste any time in saying "Yes." Here it was — not talk or reading about it in books, this was a real live lobsterman going to haul traps in a Friendship Sloop.

"First," he said, "take in that jib." This left us with the stays'l and the main and we were in business.

We were about a mile off the southeast side of Magee Island where he had some traps. Fortunately I had a camera on board and went forward and stood by the mast while I watched the clock turn back more than a half century. Ernest with a gaff in one hand and the tiller in the other rounding up to snag the buoys, handling sheets, knee against the tiller to keep her up in the wind, bringing the trap in, hand over hand, (ECHO is not equipped with any hauling gear).

He was able to bring in the heavy trap without scratching my paint-work.

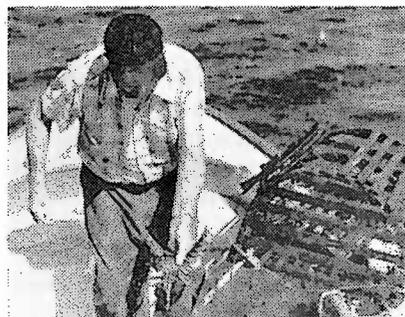
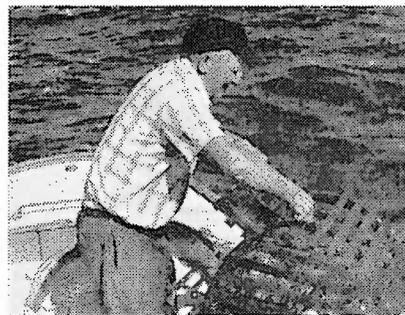
ECHO has always been nimble, she will come about nearly in her own length, old timers would say she is handy, and it was a joy to watch Ernest work with her and see how well she performed her intended purpose.

After we had a good lobster I was satisfied but Ernest insisted on getting a "few more for Mrs. Thon."

Later when we picked up our mooring there were a half dozen prime, unplugged counters crawling about under the seats in the cockpit.

Rowing back to the wharf in the dinghy I was, as usual, admiring the tumble home around ECHO's stern when Ernest looked at her and smiled and said, "You know I haven't done that for more than fifty years."

There is something heroic about these men and when they are gone, something will be missing from this area, for their like is not soon to be found.



From The Cape To Kittery Or With The Angel Through The Graveyard

by
James A. Brickett

(This is the story of the first leg of what turned out to be a six-week saga. The author, Jim Brickett, is a man of many talents. He flies his own plane, is an accomplished musician, a raconteur par excellence, and most important of all for this junket, he is an expert offshore navigator. He guided the tiny ANGELUS, all 22 feet of her, from misty Bass River on Nantucket Sound out through Pollack Rip into the Atlantic "Graveyard of Ships" and then north through 35 knot winds and waves off Provincetown, through a black night storm off Cape Ann, and through a classic pea souper off Portsmouth into the harbor at Kittery, Maine, just in time for the beer bust at Ted Brown's famous Oar House. — Let's listen to him tell it: Chuck Collins, Skipper.)

We sailed with the tide. It was 4 a. m. and misty. The land faded from sight for the first time in ANGELUS' brief career, and the beautifully detailed and finished little sloop slipped along in an easy southwester on a course for the back side of Handkerchief Shoal, and, ultimately, Friendship. Jim, always happy to sail anything anywhere, and a Friendship sloop enthusiast since trying one of the old Morse boats in 1937, now stood in the hatch with a case of the Navigational Grumbles:

"Do you have to yaw like that? Ought to see that damn buoy pretty quick. Have you swung ship so we know the deviation? Be a little embarrassing if we fetch up in Nantucket. Breakfast time, too. Where's the beer?"

"YOU FORGOT THE BEER? WHAT KIND OF A HELL SHIP IS THIS? Don't you understand a captain's responsibilities? I tell you, Captain, you got a problem with the Seamen's Union right now! Steer the blasted boat straight, will ya? Forgot the beer, forsooth!"

ANGELUS' entry in the 1973 Friendship Sloop Regatta had been fore-ordained. When Jim heard that there was a man down on South Street building a Friendship, he hustled right around to Bass River Shipways and popped the question:

"Are you going down to the Regatta?"

Chuck scratched under his chin in a characteristic let's-think-it-over gesture. "I thought if we got finished I might trailer her down. She's only twenty-two feet, you know."

"You wouldn't!"

"Well, one problem is where I'd find some nut to sail with me. That's what you could call a small boat."

"I think I could find you a sucker — gimme twenty seconds."

In these formalities was born a cruise, a regatta contestant, and, may we say, a Friendship.

Chuck Collins had created a beautiful sloop from a naked fiberglass hull. She excited comment. The local paper had written up her ceremonial launching, and every sailor in the harbor, and 120% of the landlubbers had said something to Chuck in awed tones as they hurried out to sea or to ground on the bar, as the case might be. But how would she sail?

Chuck admitted to being a superb craftsman, but he had made some studied guesses on her rig, and had never tried this sort of thing before; his experience was pretty much the power boat thing on Chesapeake Bay.

Jim, on the other hand, didn't know a thing about design or building, but he had sailed everything he could find wherever he could find it since he was five. How many guys do you know who have coasted New Guinea in a Snipe? But that's another story.

Inevitable. It was written, as the Arabs say. Two white-haired idiots, old enough to avoid these discomforts, headed for the Handkerchief in an untried boat on a foggy morning.

As it comes out, the Nantucket Sound sailor was dazzled by the ability of a genius to plan and build a craft, first crack out of the cannon, which balanced perfectly, was ballasted perfectly, and sailed perfectly, while the Chesapeake sailor considered the doubtful sanity of his new-found friend in tackling Pollock Rip Slue. (They just don't have a Pollock Rip Slue in the Chesapeake.)

Inside of Bearse Shoal, scotting up past the wreck, and banging along the Atlantic side of Cape Cod at six knots and better, we shook her down. The breeze freshened, until finally, under Highland light, we stood in to the lee under the bluffs, tucked in a reef, and doused the jib. Bearing off for Peaked Hill Bar buoy we debated putting in to P'town. It was blowing nigh on to 35 knots. But Provincetown's a hard beat in a sou'wester from off Peaked Hill Bar, and it seemed easier to run across to Cape Ann in the failing visibility and gathering night.

By dark, the man in the hatch could see seas that were breaking well above the helmsman's head, and the bowsprit was dipping in the rising wave ahead. But she steered superbly, and she drove on.

Jim began to get cranky around nine o'clock. Show me a navigator who doesn't make his landfall on schedule and I'll show you a cranky man. And you know Thatcher's Island has got some kind of a light on it — that one you can see for more than thirty feet on a clear night. Unfortunately, it wasn't clear. And the more clear it wasn't the crankier Jim got. Had we been set offshore? Were our speed estimates correct? Chuck stayed loose. All guts, this one. He hung in the hatch on his elbows and laughed at Jim's fuming. "Nine-twenty," he said easily. "Nine-twenty, we'll pick her up."

You won't believe it, but at nine-twenty, God picked up the corner of the blanket and gave us a peak. We timed it. Thatcher's Island!

"Take the wheel!" Jim yelled, forgetting the respect due his captain, and ducked below to plot a line of position with a heartfelt "Thanks, God," as he went. Two points on the bow. Now let's see . . .

"Holy smoke," says Chuck at the wheel. "We must be making knots. Do you know, the light's abeam already!"

"JIBE!" screams Jim. "Good God, if the angle's changing that fast, we're on the ledge!" He shoots up out of the hatch as the boom comes over in a twenty-five knot breeze. The resultant clang might have been heard in Toledo, Ohio. As he lies on the cabin sole, Jim reflects that Chuck is still a little loose as a helmsman, and that was a relative bearing. Hum.



Anyway, the light has vanished, and ANGELUS stands eastward, just to be sure.

Might as well be safe. And after a decent interval, we turn north. Jim takes the watch below, courtesy of the captain. By now we are fairly in the cold front. The wind is dying; thunder rumbles. Once more the light becomes visible, and for a moment, two flashers and three vessels. Then it is all gone, before we can get a fix. But it's enough: we stand to the northwest, to intercept our track for Portsmouth.

Sometime in the small hours the watch is changed. It is no longer a matter of schedule, but of endurance. Steering in that heavy wind and following sea had taxed unused muscles, and now icy rain chills us to the core. Becalmed for much of the time, we finally figure we've intercepted our course to Portsmouth, and make our turn. We have to remind ourselves we're having fun, and we remember the saying about the man who would go to sea for pleasure going to Hell for a pastime. And somewhere in here the wind boxes the compass twice around, and dies completely, while thunder begins to crash. Jim, fearing a sudden, violent squall, rouses Chuck heartlessly, and we furl. The kicker moves us toward Portsmouth.

At dawn, Jim has sail on her again. Chuck pops out of the hatch, so cheerful after that miserable night that you could swat him in the mouth. He sets up a little stove and boils coffee and beef stew, both well laced with scotch. You would think he had slept ten hours in a motel, the way he carries on. Here, by the Lord Harry, is a man to go to sea with.

In truth, it's a long morning. Fog is thick; movement is slow. Time works doubt into us, and we finally decide to slide inshore to check position. There are three buoys close in along here, and we lay a course that should fetch the middle one if our estimate of our position is correct. If we are off, there is some chance we'll pick up the southern or the northern buoy and get a fix. We creep in. A party boat crosses our bow in the fog, and Chuck calls him on the radio for a fix, or a course to Portsmouth. He answers and says he's the Utopia and to stand by. We creep along in. No further calls. We poke along in the fog. Suddenly, at the limit of visibility, breakers! We put about and stand off, and there's our buoy! It's the middle one! The one we shot for! We're so proud of ourselves we can't spit straight! At 0900, we have sailed to a mark after eighteen hours from our last fix. Given two hasty squints at Cape Ann light, that still isn't bad dead reckoning. We couldn't have seen the buoy a hundred yards away coming in, but we hit it right after we tacked; we were very close.

Now the Utopia calls back with a course for us, but now we don't need it. We sail up to Gunboat Shoal, the last of our navigation strictly by ear. When the buoy looms over us, visible at last, it's sixty feet away.

The decision to risk the entrance has to be Captain Chuck's, but he's all bull's wool and oakum. In we go, and it lifts a little inside. The first thing you know, we're cutting around Vida Mia and Ted Brown is pointing out a mooring and his Oar House. We are about to discover that the Society's vaunted fellowship has not been overrated.



Thoughts On Building A Second Sloop

To paraphrase a popular beer ad, "A Friendship is the one sloop to have if you're having more than one."

No one will ever again build as many sloops as Wilbur Morse and his contemporaries. But there are a few mortals still around that have built more than one.

Phil Nichols, that grand old boy of Round Pond now has to use the fingers of both hands to count the number of sloops he has put together. Then there are the Lash boys who have turned out quite a number of sloops right here in Friendship over to their yard at Hatchet Cove. Up Bald Mountain way, Jim Rockefeller has done pretty good, too. He turned out the model that hatched all the fibreglass sloops that Mr. Jarvis made in Southwest Harbor.

Up the coast in Massachusetts Charlie Burnham of Essex completed his second sloop late last summer. It is the "Resolute," a 28-footer and much larger than his first vessel, the "Maria" which was about 22 feet long. He built the larger boat in just two years in spare time. Right out in the backyard with no shelter. She carries a top mast and has plenty of accommodations for Charlie and his family. Mr. Ernest Sprowl furnished the sticks for this vessel and so it has a piece of Maine built into it.

I have been building a second Pemaquid and although I liked my first vessel the "Lucy-Anne" I think this new sloop is some improvement, which is to say I learned on the first one.

For one thing the new sloop has outside ballast, I always figured the first one was a little might tender with all ballast inside. The cabin truck and the cockpit are rounded, more traditional you might say and frankly built this way they do look better than the squared off jobs.

Then in deference to my good wife, she's got sense, this sloop will have inboard power, a Volvo 10 HP diesel was selected as being safe and economical. On the previous sloop power was supplied by an outboard motor attached to a removable bracket on the port side. This worked great in a flat calm, but running in a ground swell or with a slight beam sea the toll usually dunked the motor several times, causing great apprehension as to its continued operations. The wonder to me was that the motor kept going even under these conditions. Hopefully with inboard power these worries should be well astern.

The new boat has quarter berths and while I do not cruise much it gets the bunks out of the way. The cabin then has three full size berths and a small one for a child. These quarter berths look like a great place to store extra gear.

I put in a nice big counter on the port side with the usual plate rail and shelf above and plenty of cabinet space below. For the top of the counter for working surface a piece of $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick "Corolon" was used. This stuff is made by DuPont and looks and feels like marble. It is fairly heavy but has a nice surface to work on and should be just the thing for the galley.

If anyone thinks that fuel is scarce, just try to lay your hands on white lead. I like to make up white lead putty by mixing white lead and whiting. There is some law now that you can't buy white lead, however, searching sometimes pays off. Anyway the stuff is in the seams and I like it because it works better than any other compound I ever used.

At this writing the sails are being made by Mr. Hale over in Sargentville.

While I did not put in the knightheads as shown in Chappelles "Pemaquid" plans, I did put in the oak sheer timber from stem to stern. This is scarfed along its entire length to make it fit the curve of the boat. It is fastened at every frame head with a through bolt. This method of construction obviates the need for clamps or stringers and gives the boat great strength and stiffness.

While certainly not traditional, the decks, cockpit seats and cabin top are plywood. The curved coaming is made of two pieces of $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood glued and bent to shape. The coaming is capped with a locust rail rabbeted out to fit over the plywood. This locust is great stuff for stern post and stem because it is extremely resistant to rot.

As to covering all these surfaces I gave in to fibreglass, and while I hate this material and think it is horrible to work with, it did seem as improvement over canvas and glue for such areas.

The spars will be standard and some of the hardware is being crafted by a fellow named Richard Gardner who turns out some beautiful gear at his little shop in Lincolnville Beach. He turns out elegant bronze things that you can't hardly get any more!

Where the rudder stock goes up through the horn timber a piece of $1\frac{3}{8}$ " plastic pipe was used, caulked inboard and outboard, to make the opening watertight. This is cheaper than copper and should provide a suitable opening for the rudder stock to turn in.

The Bowsprit is fashioned out of two $1\frac{1}{2}$ " thick oak planks glued and bolted together with a slight bend in its overall length. It is wide enough to stand on without doing a tight rope balancing act to get forward to tend the jib.

Since retiring, the second sloop has provided me with another job and it has been a lot of fun doing. A Friendship sloop although a vintage vessel, uses one of the world's greatest unused power sources. With the wind there is no waiting, no stink, no smoke and it is free.

The new sloop will carry the name "Recovery."

J. H. Hall

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... Was She A Witch?

Neighbors Betty and Al came Down East from Massachusetts a few years ago — bought a farm, raised a few sheep and made a pet of a black bull. Big Mike had a penchant for scaring the daylighters out of strangers and neighbor women, but always stopped just short of mayhem when they had anticipated the worst. He was gone, but a legend, by the time we got to Maine.

Betty had told me the earlier story of one of her antecedents during the evil days of the witchcraft delusion around Salem. History records the tale with but slight variations.

One of the victims was Rebecca Nourse, who came across from Yarmouth, England, on the *Arabella*, the very next ship after the *Mayflower*. Her father was a farmer, and they settled in or near what became Saugus. Evidently Rebecca married a farmer, too. Following a neighborly dispute, it was said that only Rebecca's cow was giving milk when all the other cows in the village had "dried up."

The house still stands in Danvers — long well sweep in the yard, rocking chair by the window as it might have looked those long years ago when Rebecca sat there watching the men come across the fields to hang her for a witch.

History says, Goodwife Nourse, over seventy, was one of the gentlest of women, loved and honored by her friends. Delicate and fragile, with soft gray hair and honest eyes, her modest demeanor and Christian deportment so impressed the court that she was pronounced innocent. The Jury was sent out again and again by indignant judges, and they finally found her guilty. She was hanged on Witch Hill, and then hurriedly buried with several others in a crude grave under the hill. Afterwards her sons spirited the body away for christian burial, place unknown.

Betty says, "She left five sons, one of them an ancestor of mine."

Betty's Al says, "That explains many things."

I consoled her, there are nice kinds of witches, too. We tried to count what relationship the eight or nine intervening generations might mean.

Then I recalled something that gave me pause; didn't witches have "familiar"? Didn't Betty just recently show me a great hollow cow's horn, exclaiming almost gleefully, "This used to belong to our big bull, Mike!"

Martha R. Thompson



Shutter Bugs

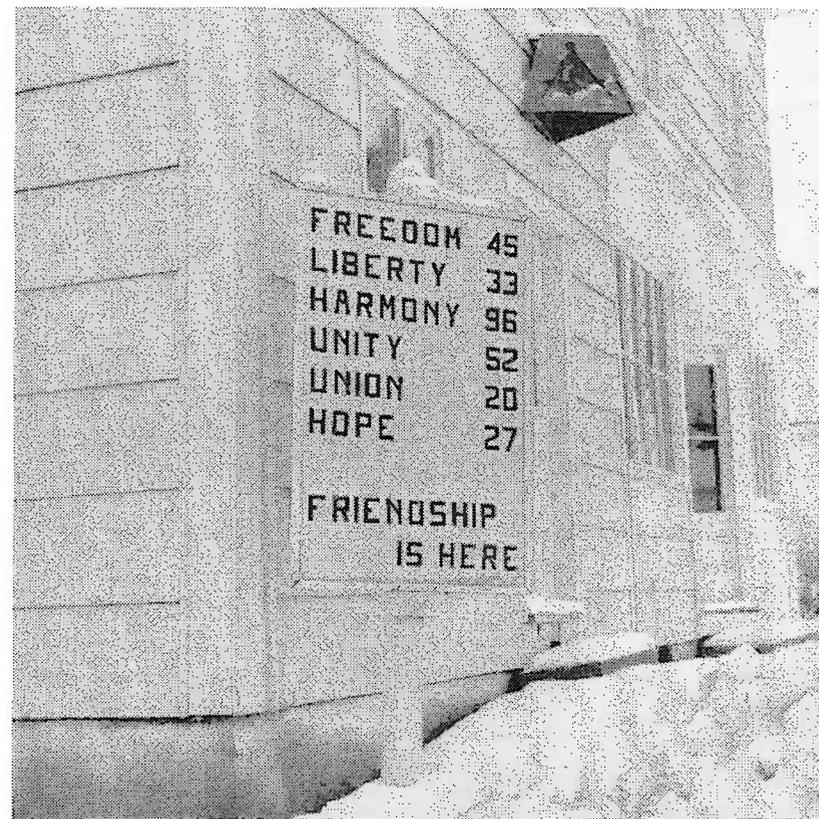
By A.J.R.

Most of us here in Maine dislike vermin to the extent we don't even want to go to Florida because we have the idea the whole state is overrun with snakes, scorpions, insects, and bugs of every description. Maine is relatively free of such things except for an occasional mosquito in the summertime and a black fly or two in the spring.

The one noticeable exception to our idyllic situation is the July and August infestation of (harmless and welcome) shutterbugs that swarm over the entire state, particularly along our coastline. Indigenous to the whole world, the shutterbug that invades us is predominately the Massachusetts Tourist variety.

Sailboats in general, and Friendship Sloops in particular are prime targets for shutterbugs, and Friendship Harbor becomes particularly infested because of the added attraction of lobster boats, lobsters, etc., etc.

For the past five years Friendship Village has also attracted its share due to a sign that appeared there. Several periodicals have featured this sign, and it has become a particularly popular subject for shutterbugs of all sizes and descriptions. Perhaps the accompanying photo explains it. —



Novel Marriage Procedure In 1772

(Extract from the Friendship Town Records)
Contributed by Joseph Williamson, Esq.

"Meduncook, May 12, 1772

Whereas we the subscribers, William Elwell and Hannah Thomas, being lawfully published, and being desirous of entering into the holy state of marriage, and being confined in a place where there is neither minister or magistrate, do by these presents, and in the presence of Almighty God, and before these witnesses, that may sign this instrument, engage and do take each other as man and wife, and do promise to behave to each other in a tender, loving, affectionate manner, as man and wife, according to the best of our capacity, and as though we were married by a magistrate or minister.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands.

William Elwell

her

Hannah X Thomas

mark

Signed in the presence of we the subscribers, and that the man took her, as it were, naked, and gave her clothes to put on.

Wm. Frost,

Hannah Pinkham,

her

Mary X Condon,

mark

her

Mary X Larry,

mark

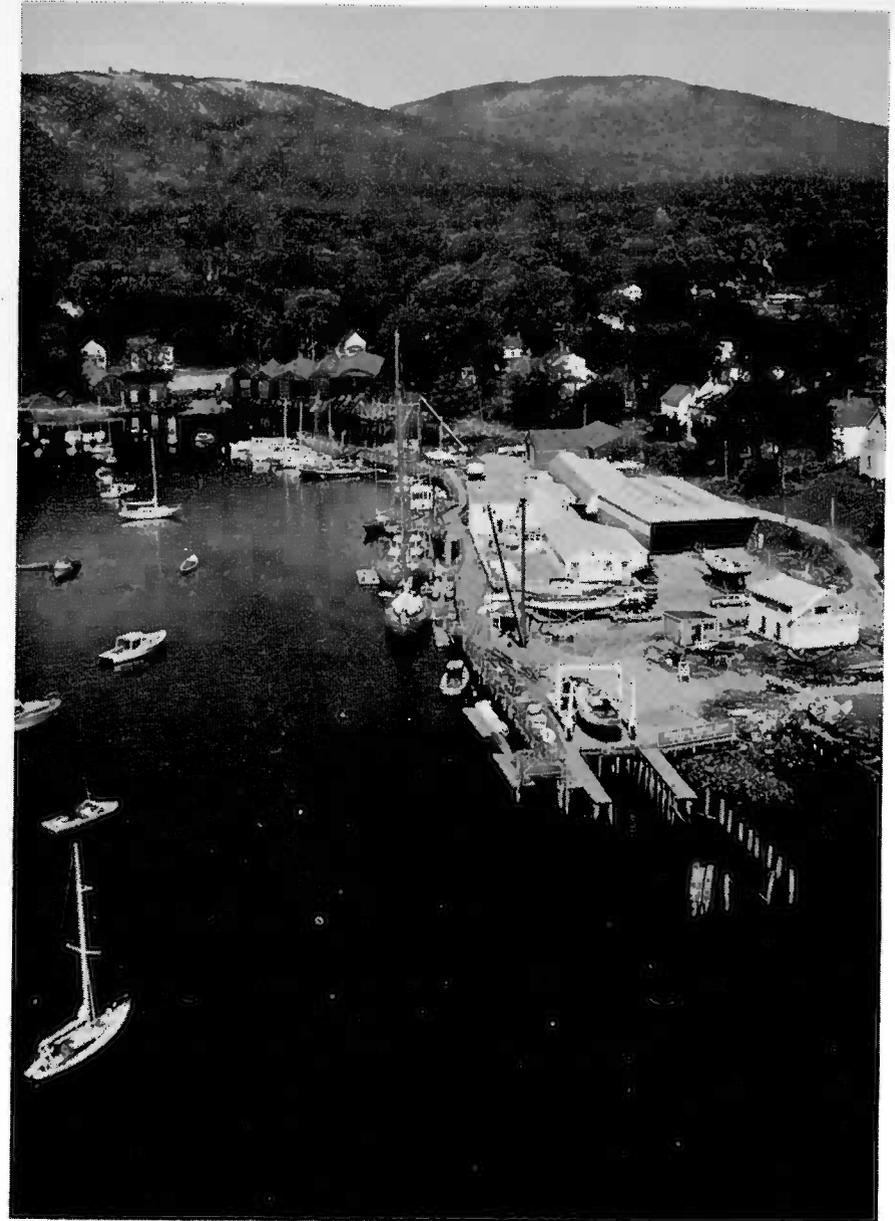
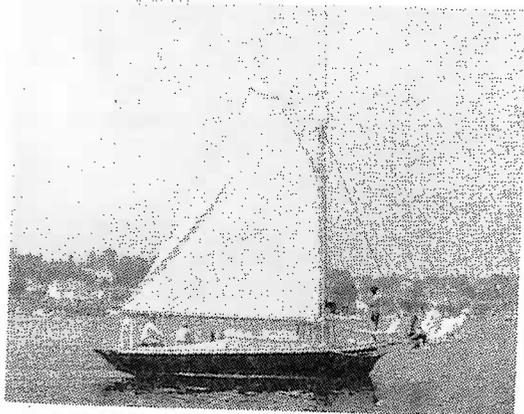
Samuel Condon,

Cornelius Morton,

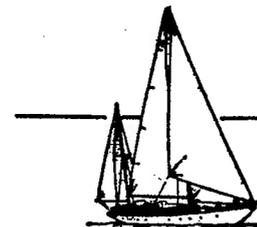
Otis Pinkham,

N. B. William Elwell and Hannah Thomas took the Common Prayer Book, after they had signed the above instrument, and read the Church ceremony of marriage to each other in a serious manner before the witnesses to the above instrument before me.

Wm. Frost."



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