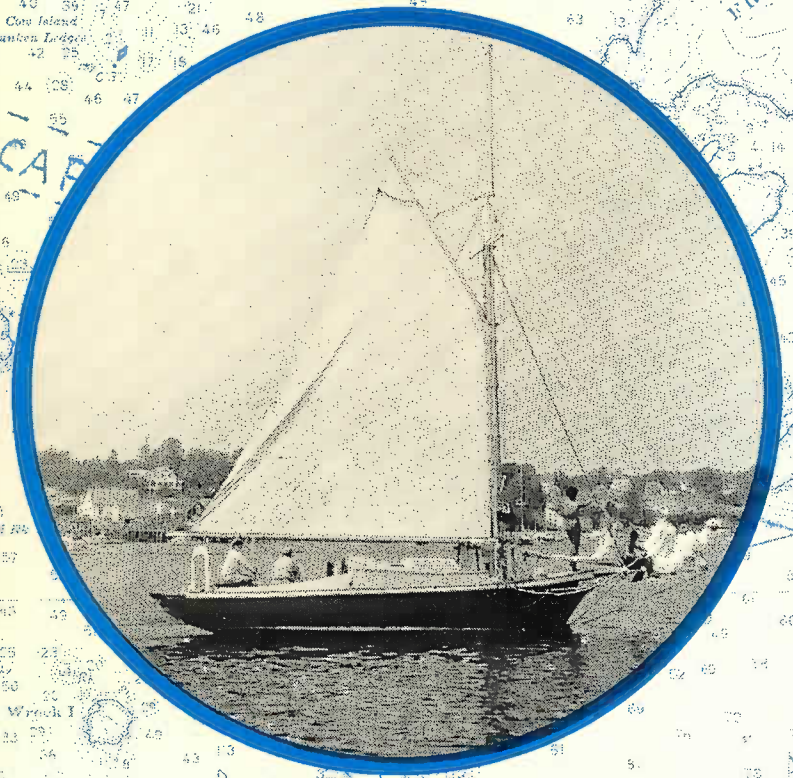
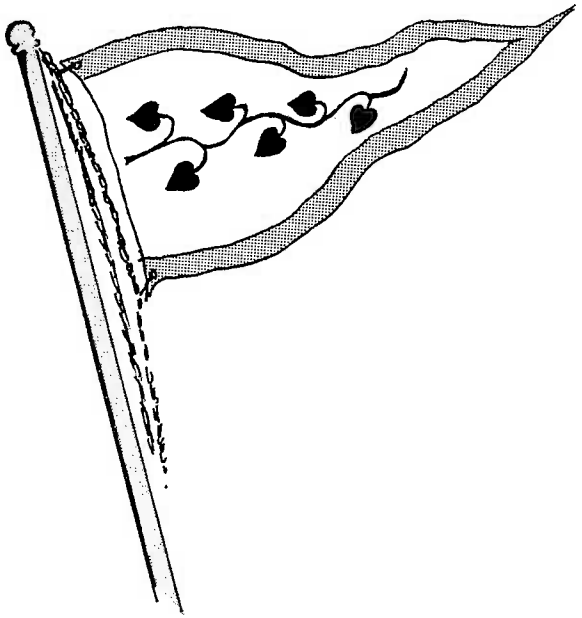
Friendship Sloop Days 1970



July 23, 24, 25



COVER —
"EAGLE" 1969 winner of the Governor's Trophy

DEDICATION —
Tenth Anniversary

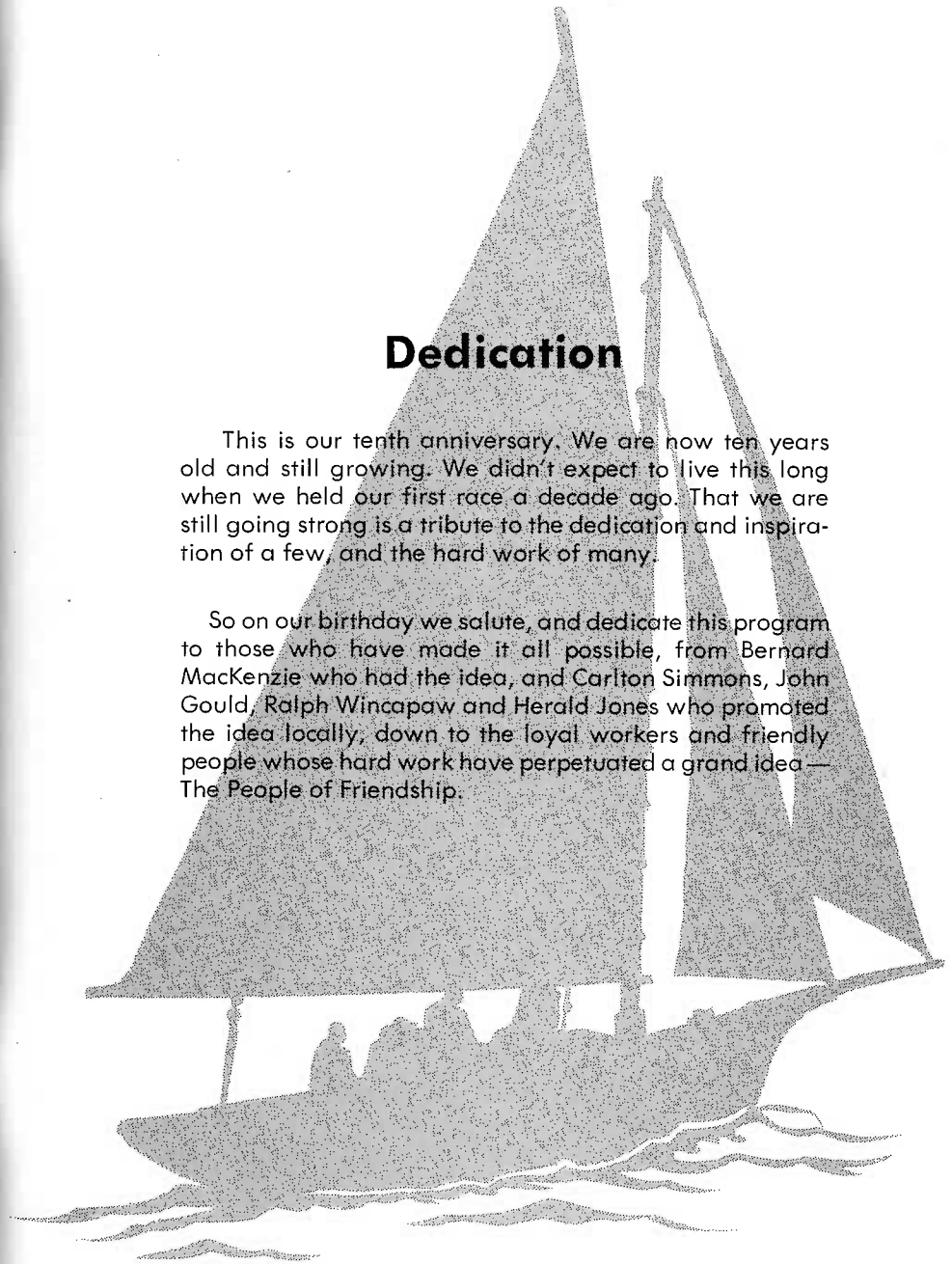
PHOTOGRAPHS —
Carlton Simmons - Red Boutilier - Irving Nevells

Program printed by The Courier-Gazette, Rockland, Maine

Dedication

This is our tenth anniversary. We are now ten years old and still growing. We didn't expect to live this long when we held our first race a decade ago. That we are still going strong is a tribute to the dedication and inspiration of a few, and the hard work of many.

So on our birthday we salute, and dedicate this program to those who have made it all possible, from Bernard MacKenzie who had the idea, and Carlton Simmons, John Gould, Ralph Wincapaw and Herald Jones who promoted the idea locally, down to the loyal workers and friendly people whose hard work have perpetuated a grand idea — The People of Friendship.



Friendship Sloop Society

PRESIDENT
George B. Morrill, Jr. (owner of SAZERAC)
VICE PRESIDENT
William Pendleton (owner of BLACKJACK)

SECRETARY
Betty Roberts — Friendship, Maine

TREASURER
Carlton Simmons — Friendship, Maine

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A. K. Watson - Howard Chapelle - William Danforth
Cyrus Hamlin - John Gould - Herald Jones
Bernard MacKenzie - Honorary President

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OFFICIAL HANDICAPPER
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MASSACHUSETTS BAY RACES
Bernard MacKenzie - Chairman
Lincoln Ridgway - Race Committee Chairman

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER
Carlton Simmons

INFORMATION BOOTH
Lerm and Gertrude Rowe



Welcome

When the Friendship Sloop Society was formed ten years ago, even the most enthusiastic of us believed our popularity would fade after three or four years, but, it was felt that three or four years would bring back boatbuilding — possibly sloop building — to the town. Boatbuilding is primarily winter work and this is what Friendship needs. No one foresaw the ever increasing interest and enthusiasm that was generated by the sight of a dozen Friendship sloops gathered for a race. The race became a three day regatta, and now we are approaching our tenth anniversary with more members, more sloops, and more interest than ever.

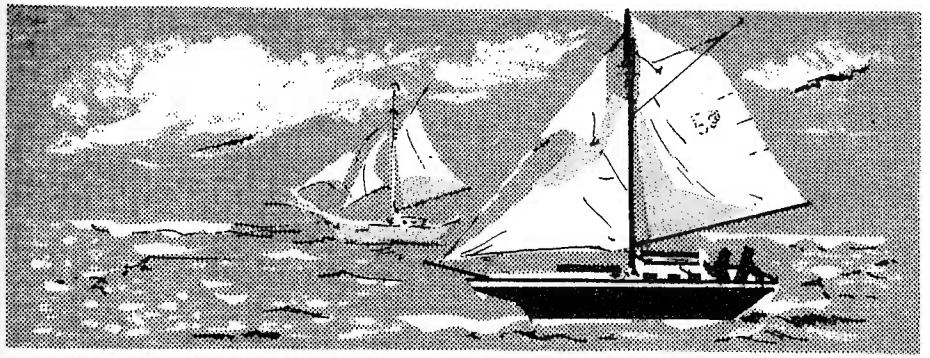
Imitation is the greatest form of flattery. If that is not a direct quote, it is close enough to convey the idea. The purists and traditionalists are sorry to see fiberglass ferro-cement invading the boating world — especially the Friendship Sloop world, but it had to come sooner or later. It must be later than we think, because this year's regatta will include some fiberglass Friendships for the first time. The Society has voted to put them in a separate class for two years, at which time this decision will be reviewed. The idea being that this two year period will give us an idea how these boats will perform, and possibly how popular they will become and how many will want to join the fun of our regatta. Many of us think there will be at least twenty fiberglass sloops wanting to race within five years. If so, where will we put them? Perhaps we can move Friendship Long Island to make room.

If you have questions please ask them. We have information centers set up. Please park your cars in the lots provided, and use the shuttle-taxis provided free of charge by Harold Ralph's Garage and Waldoboro Garage. There is food available in town, but lodging must be found mostly outside — with many places between Waldoboro and Camden ready to accommodate you.

We greet you and welcome you — THIS IS FRIENDSHIP.

Look Lively!

One of our skippers who shall remain nameless was trying to get his crew to "shape up" for last year's race. He gave out instructions as to specific duties for each one, and warned that everyone should be alert, and when he gave the order "Ready About" he wanted everyone to look alive and to be ready to move. — Wife Jane's comment to this was "Just say it loud enough so you wake me up." — "Semper Paratus"



F . . . Friendship, a quality (unstrained), a place (in Maine), and a sloop (with its own Society), run, and from birth nurtured, by the

R . . . Roberts . . . Al and Betty, 'nuf sed . . . Are you considering

I . . . Involvement? Be careful. The disease is insidious, irresistible, irrevocable. Not to mention

E . . . Exciting, expensive, enticing, exotic, exorbitant, exulting, extravagant . . . and with just a touch of . . . Eternity. It's

N . . . Notably neurotic, narcotic, a nuisance, a Nymph for whom you have a mania . . . she is a

D . . . Dame . . . as in Grande Dame . . . a proud and beautiful Ethel Barrymore, in a world full of Tuesday Welds . . . requiring much of your

S . . . Self. That which must be added to her oak and canvas before it becomes legend . . . And then comes

H . . . Happy and harrassed hours, harranges with holes, hoops, and hawsers . . .

I . . . Interested? Then . . . have

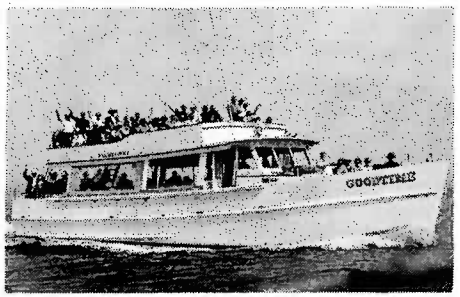
P . . . Patience; you'll get one, when you're ready.

Bud Sawyer '70



FOLLOW THE RACES ON THE

M/V GOOD TIME



SATURDAY, JULY 25 **Captain Bob Fish**

List of Events

THURSDAY, JULY 23 FIRST RACE

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

FRIDAY, JULY 24 SECOND RACE

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
8:00 P. M.	Youth Entertainment — Town Hall

SATURDAY, JULY 25 THIRD RACE

9:30 A. M.	Skippers' Meeting
10:30 A. M.	Parade of Sloops
12:00 Noon	Start of Third Race
12:00 Noon	Lobster meal served continually 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.
7:00 P. M.	Awards Banquet served in the Town Hall by reservation only.

(MASSACHUSETTS BAY RACES — AUGUST)

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

Friendship Sloop

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
Anjacaa Trophy — FRIENDSHIP

Trophies

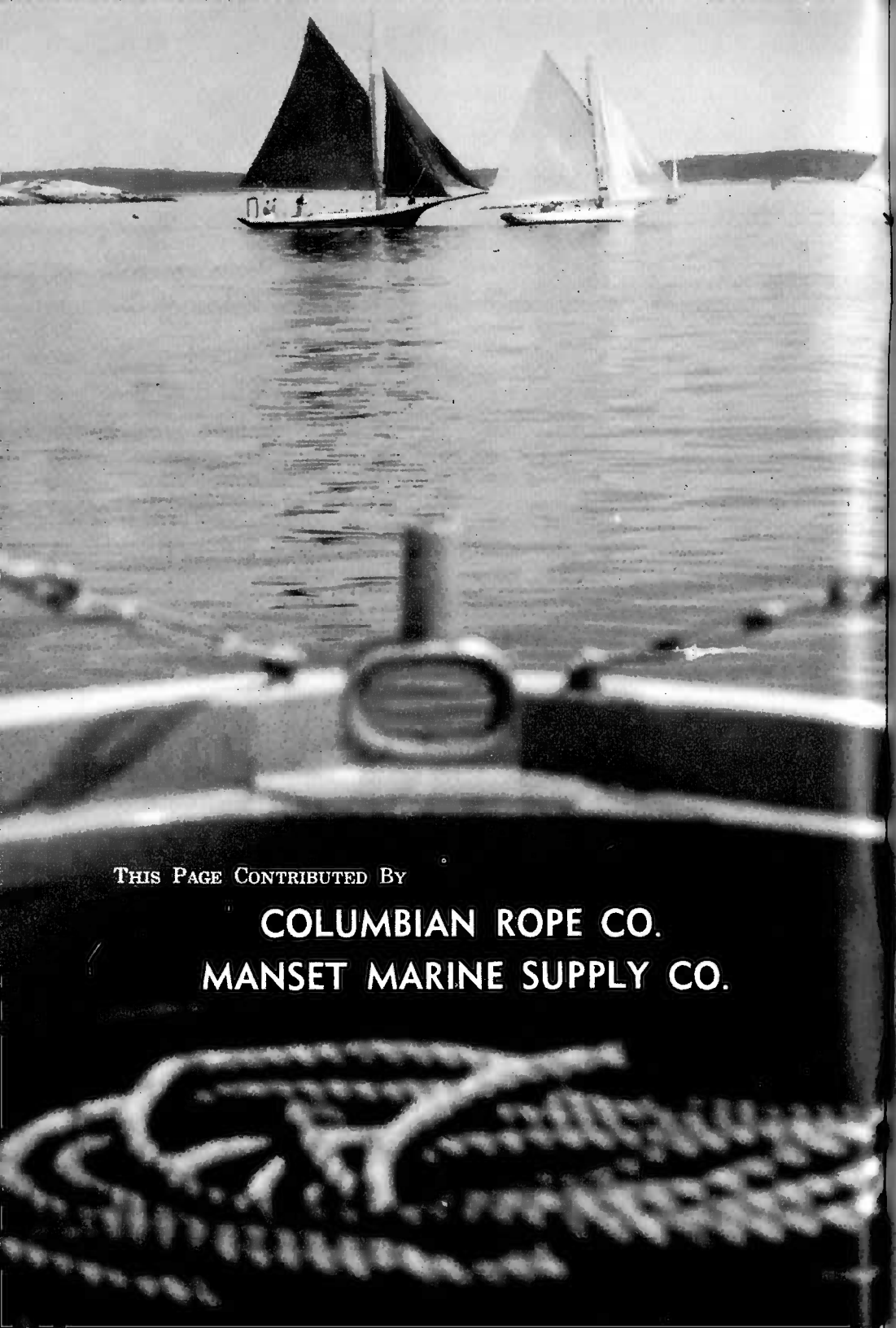
THEIR DONORS AND THEIR WINNERS

The Friendship Sloop Society provides Trophies for:
1st place for all four classes on Thursday
1st place for all four classes on Friday
Saturday (Homecoming) Race
Eda Lawry Trophy (3-legged) - First for Class A
Lash Bros. Trophy (3-legged) - First for Class B
Morrill Trophy - First for Class C
Bruno and Stillman Trophy - First for Class D
2nd and 3rd placers in each class receive Trophies from the Society.
Overall Trophies
Governor's Trophy (perpetual) - overall winner of Classes A and B
Jonah Morse Trophy - overall winner of Class A
Anjacaa Trophy (3-legged) - overall winner of Class B
Palawan Trophy (3-legged) - overall winner of Class C
Jarvis Newman Trophy - overall winner of Class D
John Gould Trophy - presented by John's grandchildren to the youngest crew member.
Die echte Freundschafftlich Trophae - presented by Seiler's to the most outstanding crew.
There are also Trophies for the children's water events.
Points for overall winners are figured thus:
1 point for finishing
1 point for each boat beaten (largest number of entries for series)
¼ point for winning.

Friendship Sloop

My only contact with the latter vessels is as follows:

Some years ago we were cruising on a chartered schooner, this time with crew, and put into the harbor out on Montauk Point. It isn't a bad spot to be in, even with the real-estate-subdivision complete-with-synthetic-yacht-club and gambling joint atmosphere that smelt up the area at that time. Our Captain, who hailed from Deer Island, Maine, was a clever and competent seaman who held Master papers in both sail and steam. We dropped our hook not far from a rather forlorn little sloop with a clipper bow and an air of not having been loved very much by anyone for years. I passed some comment that was definitely not complimentary and almost got my block knocked off. The Captain would have me know that the boat in question was a Friendship Sloop, that water never passed under the keel of an abler vessel, that those vessels could clear their way off a lee shore in a gale and that even if one of their number had fallen from her high estate due to age and neglect, that she was still a Lady and entitled to respect, and that for all practical purposes I was in the presence of Royalty or at least the nearest thing to Royalty that a Maine man would think of, etc., etc. This all went on for some time, so now when I see or hear of a Friendship Sloop I get my heels together, draw in my fat stomach as much as possible and give my best facsimile of an Old Man standing at attention.



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MANSET MARINE SUPPLY CO.

List Of Friendship Sloops

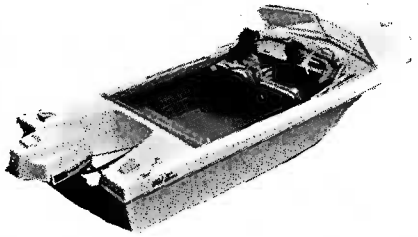
No.	Name	Class	Built By	Length O.A.	Present Owner
1.	Voyager	A	Charles Morse	30'	John Kippin Ipswich, Mass.
2.	Dictator	A	Robert McLain 1915	31'	Peter Chesney Deer Isle, Maine
3.	Finette	A	Wilbur Morse 1915	47'	Frank Smith Westfield, Conn.
4.	Golden Eagle	A	A. F. Morse 1910	26'	William Haskell Marblehead, 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. & Newagen, Maine
7.	Tannis II	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 Anne	B	Lash Bros. 1958	31'	Dr. Joe Griffin Damariscotta, Me.
11.	Old Friendly	B	S. Gannet 1938	24'	Donald Hall Amherst, Mass.
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, Maine
15.	Vida Mia	C	E. L. Stevens 1942	30'	Frederick S. Brown Kittery, Maine
16.	Retriever	B	Gannet 1942	22'	John W. Rice Scituate, Mass.
17.	Jolly Buccaneer	A	McLain (Bremen) 1909	45'	Bill Johnson Miami, Florida
18.	Chrissy	A	Charles Morse 1912	30'	Ernst Wiegleb Pleasant Point, Me.
19.	BlackJack	A	Wilbur Morse 1900	33'	William Pendleton Suffield, Conn. & Searsport, Maine

(Continued on Page 13)

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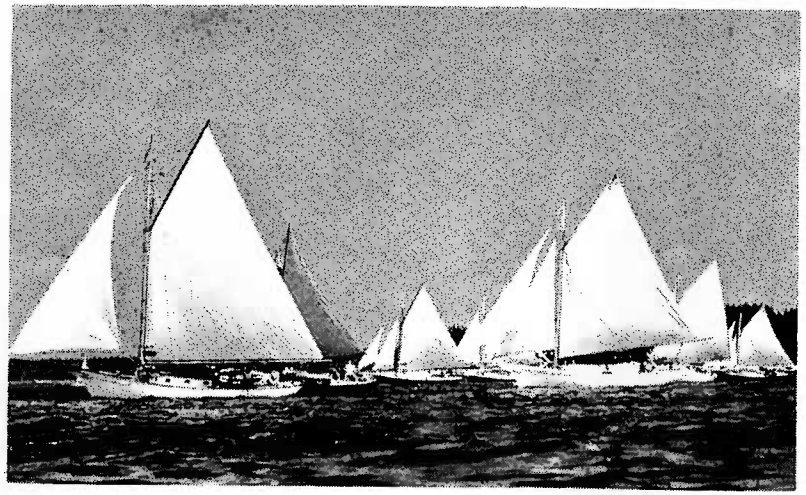


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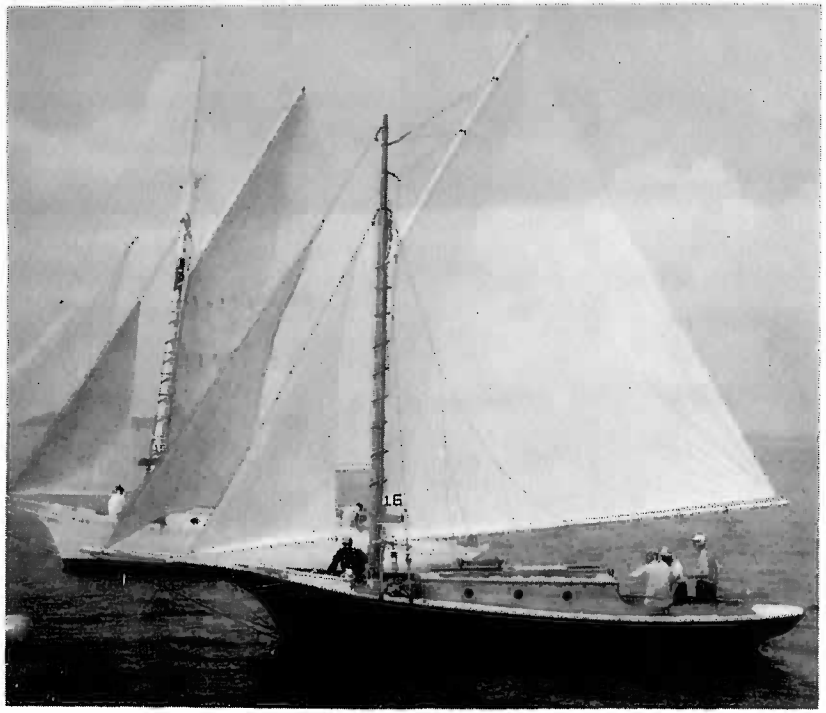
Potwarp and Heading Twine

Distributed Through Manset Marine Supply Co.

List Of Friendship Sloops

20. Joeanna	A	Morse 1910	30'	Charles Newman Gloucester, Mass.
21. Wilbur Morse	B	Carlton Simmons 1945	30'	C. Wilfred Brann Gardiner & Friendship, Me.
22. Ellie T	B	John Thorpe 1961	26'	John Thorpe Woolwich, Maine
23. Depression	A	1899	32'	Dr. Myron Hahn Friendship, Me. & Boston, Mass.
24. Ancient Mariner	A	Wilbur Morse	25'	H. C. Vibber Waterford, Conn.
25. Sea Duck		Morse Boatyard (ketch rig)	36'	Laurence Bershad Marblehead, Mass.
26. Virginia M	A	Wilbur Morse 1910	28'	Jaxon Vibber Waterford, Conn.
27. Yankee Trader	B	Bob McKean Sid Carter	28'	Eric W. Osborn Bristol, R. I.
28. Bounty	B	Gannet	22'	Dr. Roy Gumpel Rye, N. Y.
29. Susan	A	Wilbur Morse 1902	41'	N. Bradford Mack South Miami, Fla.
30. Kidnapped				Restored by new owner
31. White Eagle	A	Wilbur Morse	28'	Robert Montana Meredith, N. H.
32. Nomad	A	Wilbur Morse 1906	40'	James E. Ford Middletown, Conn.
33. Smuggler	B	Philip Nichols	28'	Arthur A. Krause Chester, Conn.
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'	Gerald Kinney Camden, Maine
37. Chance	A	Wilbur Morse 1916	32'	Dr. Thomas Files East Orange N. J.
38. Gold Ivy	B	W. S. Carter 1938	38'	H. C. Marden, Jr. Wilmington, Del.
39. Downeaster	B	Lash Bros. 1963	30'	Dr. John Lachman Villanova, Pa. Dr. James R. McLamb Kittery, Maine

(Continued on page 15)



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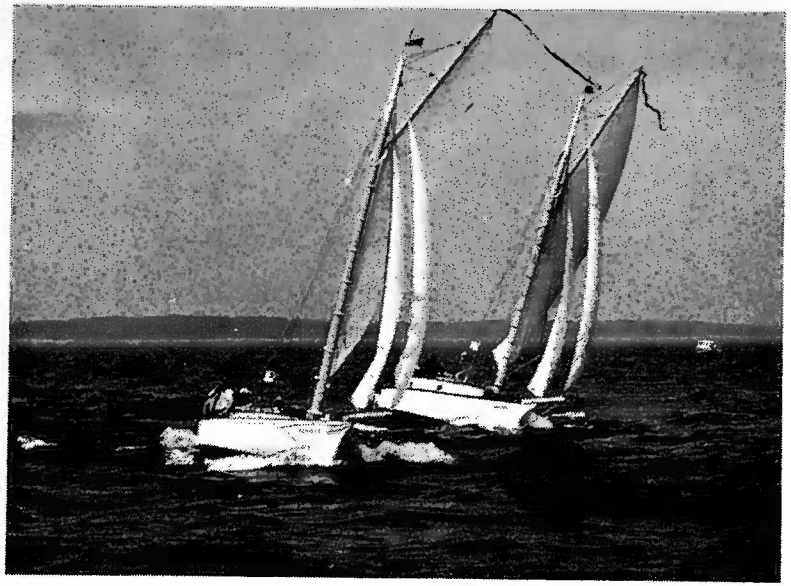
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PETTIT marine paint

List of Friendship Sloops

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	23'	Robert Lash Orland, Maine
44. Sazerac	A	Wilbur Morse 1913	35'	George B. Morrill, Jr. Portland, Maine
45. Flying Jib	B	W. S. Carter 1936	30'	Newton Hinckley Wayland, Mass.
46. Dirigo	B	Lash Bros. 1964	30'	Ernest Sprowl Searsmont, Maine
47. Galatea		McKie Roth 1964	30'	John Kapelowitz Redwood City, Calif.
48. Channel Fever	C	F. A. Provener 1939	33'	Gordon Winslow Southport, Me. & Needham, Mass.
49. Surprise	B	Philip Nichols 1964	33'	Philip Nichols Round Pond, Me.
50. Heritage	C	Elmer Collemer Murray Peterson 1962	29'	W. K. Hadlock South Freeport, Me.
51.		W. A. Morse	32'	Robert Morrison Metuchen, 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	Destroyed as it was beyond repair			
56. Iocaste	A	1912	33'	Charles B. Currier, Jr. Sherwood Forest, Md.
57. Old Baldy	B	J. S. Rockefeller 1965	24'	Louise Millar Allison Park, Pa.
58. Departure	C		15'	Franklin Perkins, Jr. Lancaster, Mass.
59. Sarah Mead	B	Newbert & Wallace 1965	30'	Dr. Henry O. White Camden, Maine

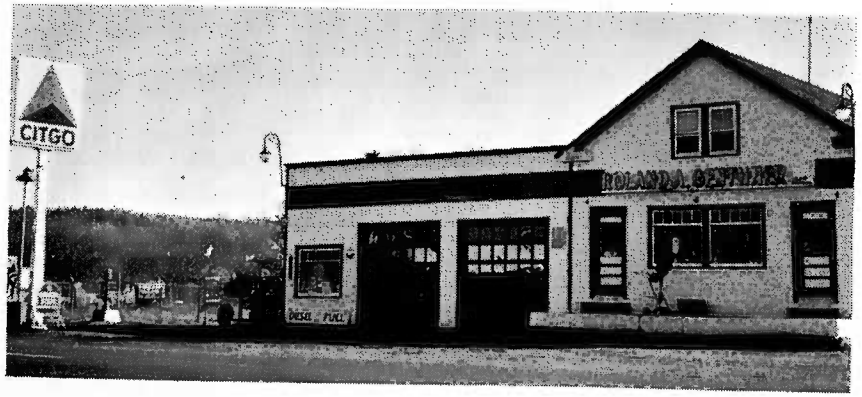
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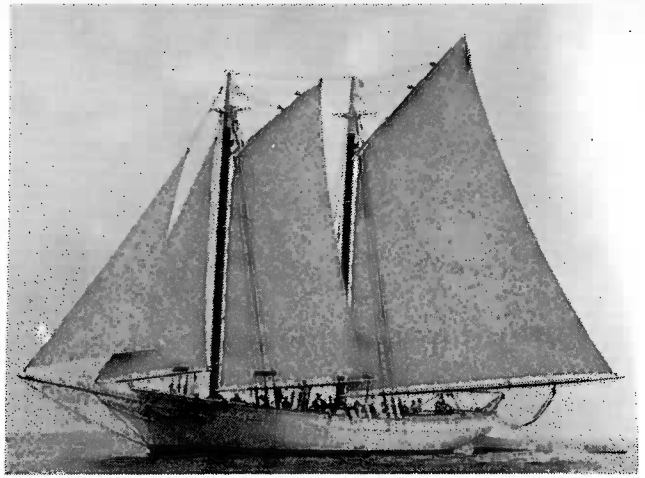


WALDOBORO STATION - - - OPEN 24 HOURS

List of Friendship Sloops

60. Old Salt	A	Rob McLain & Son 1902	32'	Leon Knorr Rowayton, Conn.
61. Windward	B	J. S. Rockefeller 1966	25'	Irving E. Bracy, Jr. Wiscasset, Maine
62. Columbia	C	Lester Chadbourne	23'	Fran & Lee Greene Tonawanda, N. Y.
63. Kochab	B	Speers 1953	28'	Stanley Kanney Ridgewood, N. J.
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	30'	Robert Thing Brunswick, Me.
67. Hieronymus	B	Ralph Stanley 1962	33'	Albert Neilson Avondale, Pa.
68. Lucy Anne	B	James Hall 1967	25'	James H. Hall Rowley, Mass.
69. Coast O Maine	B	Vernell Smith 1966	30'	John Rutledge Westwood, Mass
70. Margaret Motte		Morse Boatyard 1967	30'	Michael Grove Milford, Conn.
71. Gladiator	A	McLain 1902	32'	William Zuber, Brielle, N. J. Stuart Hancock Manasquam, N. J.
72. Temptress		Philip Nichols 1934	33'	Charles Hedge Waterford, Conn.
73. Dauphine		Pamet Harbor Camden, 1951	26'	Philip C. Morse, Jr. Naples, Fla.
74. Patience	B	Malcolm Brewer 1965	30'	H. Blair Lamont Lincolnville, Me.
75. Omaha		Morse 1901	35'	C. F. Hansel, Jr. Shelter Island, N. Y.
76. Packet	C	C. Morse 1925	26'	Tom & Bob Denney Easton & Gardner, Mass.
77. Beagle		C. A. Morse 1905	28'	Mrs. John Glenn Centre Island, N. Y.
78. Emmie B	B	Reginald Wilcox 1958	37'	Reginald Wilcox Boothbay Harbor, Me.
79. Nimbus			32'	Fred Swigart New Orleans, La.
80. Sepoy		F. Buck & E. L. Adams 1941	35'	Andrew Fetherston Staten Island, N. Y.
81. Regardless		Fred Dion 1963	38'	Wm. Wittiams Swansea, Mass.
82. Morning Star		A. Morse 1912 (ketch rig)	28'	Ronald J. Ackman Oyster Bay, N. Y.

(Continued on Page 19)



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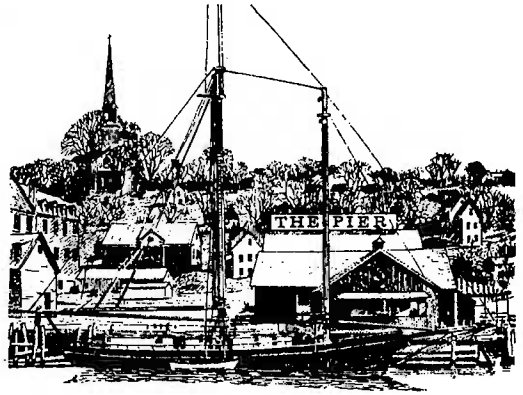
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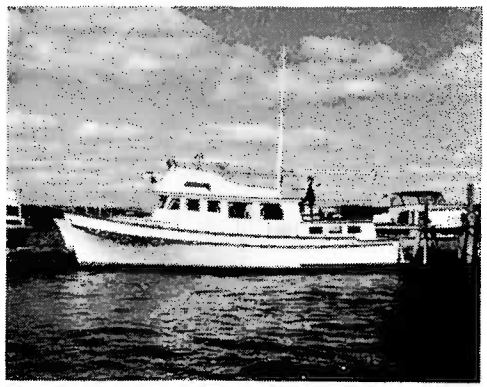
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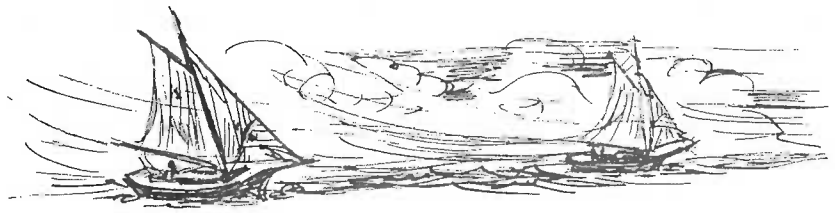
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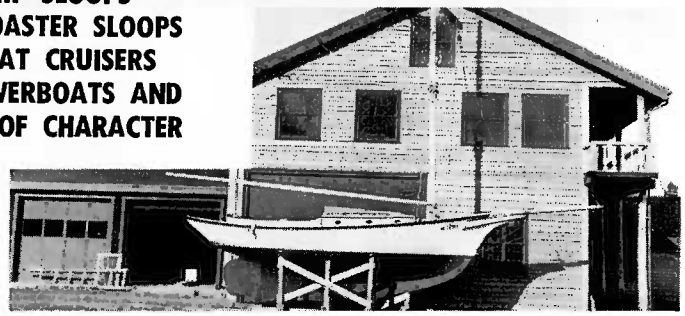


List Of Friendship Sloops

No.	Name	Class	Built By	Length	Present Owner
83.	Perseverance	C	Bruno & Stillman 1969	30'	Harold E. Kimball, Jr. Concord, N. H.
84.	Philia		Kennebec Yacht Inc. 1969	22'	Bruce Myers Alexandria, Va.
85.	Tern	B	J. D. Maxwell 1969	21	Jeremy D. Maxwell Spruce Head, Maine
86.	Allegiance		Albert M. Harding 1970	24'	Albert M. Harding Kennebunkport, Maine
87.	Eagle		McKie Roth, Jr. 1969	22'	Philip & Joan Groetzinger Wiscasset, Maine
88.	Apogee	C	Bruno & Stillman 1969	30'	Dr. A. Marshall Smith Somerset, N. J.
89.	Avior		McKie Roth, Jr. 1970	22'	Julia & Bertha Chittenden Edgartown, Mass.
90.	Salatia	D	Jarvis Newman 1969	25'	George B. Lauriat Southwest Harbor, Me.
91.	Phoenix	D	Bruno & Stillman 1970	30'	Alfred E. Beck Exeter, N. H.
92.	Victory		James S. Rockefeller 1970	25'	Dr. A. Carl Maier Waite Hill Village, Ohio
93.	Anna R.		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 II	B	Lash Bros.	32'	Bernard MacKenzie Scituate, Mass.
97.	Gay Gamble				Francis P. Hardy Nashua, N. H.



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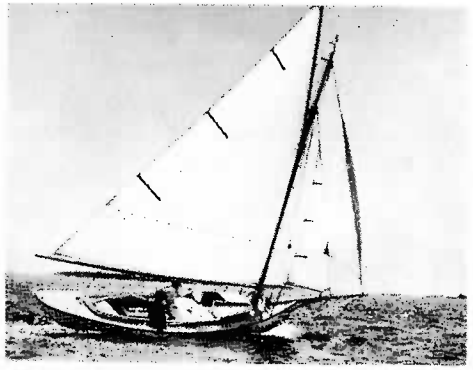


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List Of Friendship Sloops

NON-MEMBERS

Amity	W. S. Carter	Benjamin Poltkin, Norwalk, Conn.
Aurara		Richard Steele, Rockport, Me.
Buccaneer	Wilbur Morse	Eugene Tirocchi, Johnston, R. I.
Carolyn		A. J. Rousseay, Warwick, R. I.
Dottie G.	Simms', Scituate	Joseph Plumb, Rochester, Mass.
Duchess	Wilbur Morse	H. Reese Mitchell, Houghton, Mich.
El Yanqui		Gene Peltier, Wilmington, Calif.
Estelle A	McLain	Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Conn.
Fascination	W. A. Morse	Bruce Read, E. Pepperell, Mass.
Loon		Fred Wardenburg, N. Y.
Nor Easter		Robert Synnestvedt, Jenkintown, Pa.
Petrel		Earl White, Spencerport, N. Y.
Princess	Wilbur Morse	Joe Richards, Key Biscayne, Fla.
Red Wing	W. S. Carter	Marjorie DeBold, Middletown, Conn.
Southern Cross	C. Morse	Warren Huguley, Fair Haven, N. J.
Surprise	Gannett	
Volunteer		Brian Neri, Buffalo, N. Y.
Wild Wind	K. Rider	Robert Standen, Manhattan Beach, Calif

Friendship is a shining thing
Delicate — a flower in spring
Comfort of an old porch swing
Song that anyone can sing.

Friendship is a Maine Coast town
One half up — the other down
'Long the shore — a sparkling crown —
Friendship Bay of wide renown.

Late July on Friendship Bay
Sloops from near and far away
Gather, gambol, race and play
Mark the ritual each day.

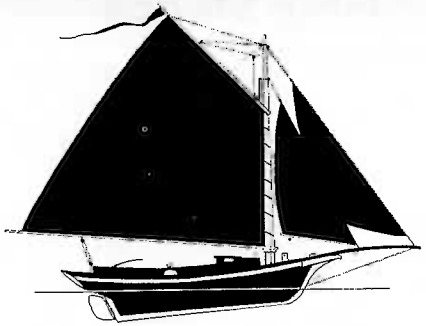
Friendship Sloops the Bay o'er run
Breezes chase the summer sun
Yarns to swap when sailing's done
Tales for telling, new friends won.

Sloopers are a motley lot
Come from here and there and not
One regards the other's bot
Less friendly than that he brot!?

Sailing home with spirits gay
Joy invites a aroundelay —
"Blow ye winds, and next year, pray
Blow us back to Friendship Bay."

G. M.





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"Die echte Freundschafftlichtrophae"

(True Friendship Trophy)

Much has been said and set down on paper about Friendship since the sloops returned in 1961. Through the many words and stories, one grasps the idea that "something special" holds forth in this small fishing village each year. With each year's "happening" the number of summer visitors grows at Sloop Time so that every native now wonders, "Where's this going to end?" To listen to casual conversation by tourists, they all agree that those boats are sure pretty, but some "smart aleck" standing by will say, "Well, they're not very fast." And most everyone will comment that this is true beauty and isn't this place elegant?

Those on the "In" know why so many owners and skippers of these character boats go through the trials and hardships of sailing many miles through fog, rain, sleet, and, I know this might be a slight stretching, but I've heard of some reports of snow, to come home to Friendship once a year.

John Gould, Maine's finest guide and fly tier, has written several stories that go a great distance in painting the theme of "Friendship Sloop Days."

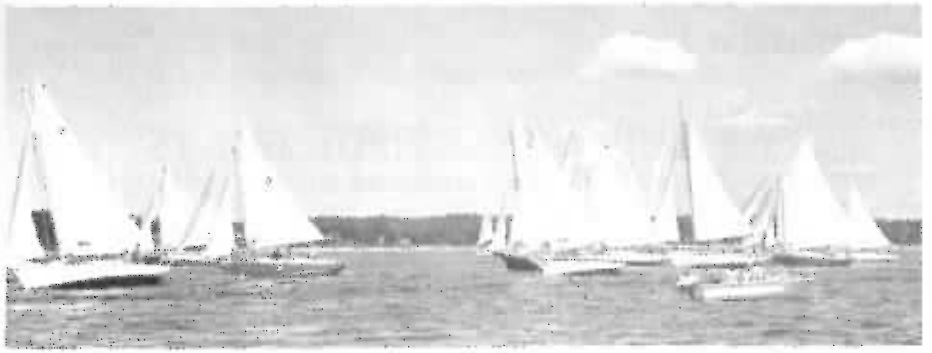
But until one has participated either as crew, skipper or helping Betty Roberts with "chores," you might miss the close comradeship that exists during these three sailing days.

Seiler's of New England caught Friendship Fever when their president, Jay Cochrane, participated as a crew member several years ago. Since then, they have donated the Skipper's Banquet food for the Scholarship Fund.

Henry J. Seiler, a German immigrant, came to the Greater Boston area in 1873 and founded a food and catering business. Thus, the reason for the name of the Seiler Trophy.

Last year it was presented to Dr. Files, skipper of "The Chance." His crew comes each year with orange shirts and voices of much gusto. Some have been heard to say they are slightly out of tune, but what fun they are having.

Each year Seiler's will award this Trophy to the skipper and crew that exemplifies "The True Friendship." With this sentiment, the win, place, and show of most racing societies has never gripped this group of skippers and crews during the annual Friendship Sloop Days.

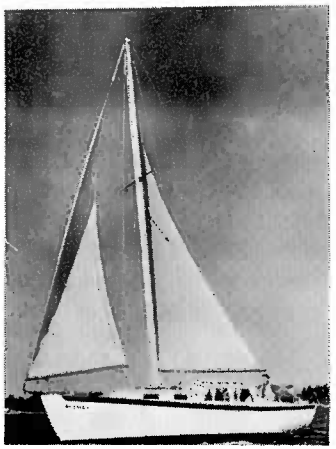


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Remember?

1961 One race — a great success — the birth of a new Society.

Wanderer came in as tag boat with "For Sale" on the shrouds.

1962 **Jolly Buc** sprang a leak and the Coast Guard escorted her in to the dock.

Depression was last this year.

1963 **Jolly Buc's** cat Spooky jumped ship and went home with **Eastward.**

Massachusetts Bay races were started.

This was the year of the race through the islands. The lead boats were becalmed in Morses Bay so the trailing sloops caught them — then the wind came — carried all 17 sloops into the harbor at once — among moored boats. WOW — near misses — headaches — held breaths. NO Mishaps.

Depression was last this year.

1964 Class C was started.

World's Fair Cruise — 4 sloops cruised to the World's Fair.

Dirigo rechristened at the World's Fair.

Depression trailed 18 sloops this year.

1965 Twenty-six sloops had three good races.

Rights of Man, Echo, Old Baldy, Sarah Mead, Amicitia, Voyager II, and **Patience** all launched this year.
Twenty-five sloops preceded **Depression** this year.

1966 Thursday race cancelled

Bracys took honeymoon on **Windward** — Jane sailed in the regatta as skipper (hubby off to sea).

Depression raced against twenty-four sloops, coming in last.

1967 Thursday — good race; Friday — fog, fog, fog; Saturday — fog, fog, fog.

Race Committee looked for sloops until late at night.

Every crew — mildewed

No race Saturday so **Depression** didn't get a chance to come in last.

1968 Thursday race cancelled — no wind

Beatrice Pendleton Memorial Scholarship Fund started.

Race held up while assisting committee boat controlled a dragging anchor.

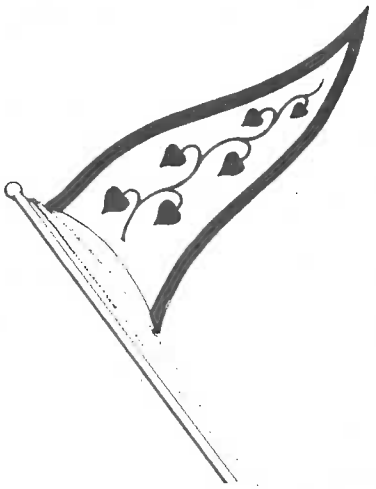
Reports of a few sloops that ticked ledges.

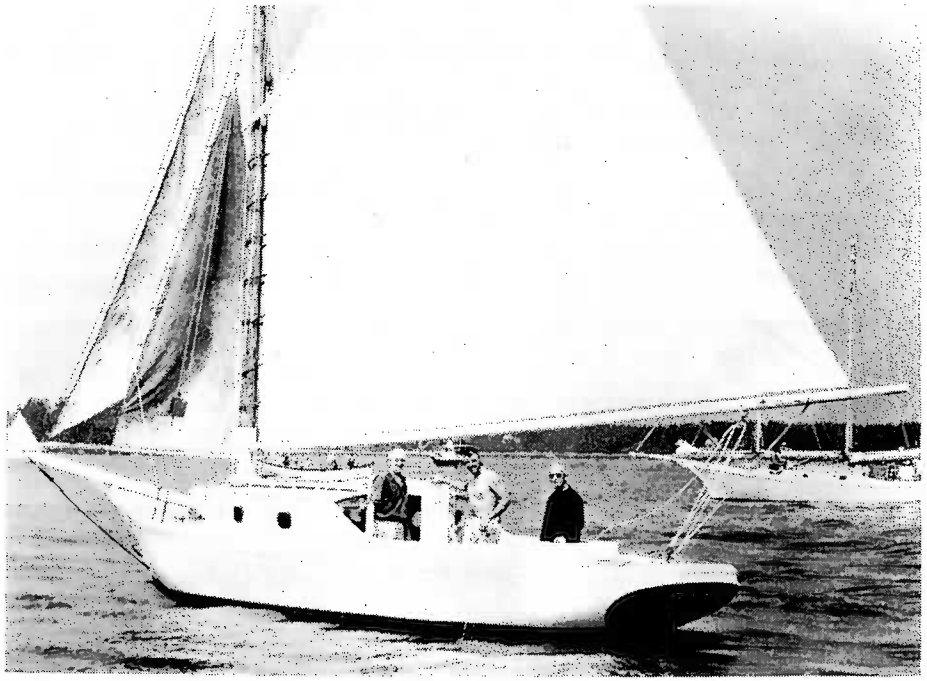
Depression was last this year.

1969 Thursday race cancelled — fog.

Depression came in next to last — had competition.

1970 ?????????? Who will be last for our tenth anniversary.





Like Father, Like Son

Over the years there's been every conceivable variety of Friendship sloop owner. According to legend, they're a special breed of concerned, old-fashioned enthusiasts. Many of 'em spend every available moment on board, often bringing their entire family along. But how many families have restored two Friendships, each basking in the mud of a harbor, planks a-rotting, to their original glory?

H. C. (Jack) Vibber and his son, Jaxon, long made a hobby of snooping and poking in different boatyards like the rest of us. They found their first Friendship, the "Ancient Mariner," in Holter's Boatyard on the Connecticut River. Having rested on the river bottom for some time, along with its age, it was in very bad shape. They dickered with the owner over the price, finally got it down to within reason, and after necessary work and building a cradle, loaded it on a trailer. It arrived home safe and sound in Waterford, Connecticut, some two hours later.

The "Ancient Mariner" varies slightly in construction from the majority of Friendships. The familiar leaves were cut directly in the bowstem, billethead and upper strakes instead of the traditional trailboards. Also, she has a moulded keel.

When home in the back yard, a new bowstem and sternpost were made. So was part of the keel (about ¾ of the keel had been replaced at a previous date). The original bowstem has been placed in the Friendship Museum. The "Ancient Mariner" was completely reframed, new beams and deck were added, part of the transom and some planks were replaced. Over 1500 screws have been used!

While the "Ancient Mariner" was still being worked on, a friend called and asked Jaxon if he wanted to buy a Friendship. He rushed to the boatyard to get more data. The ad in "Soundings" read, "Original Friendship sloop, built about 1910. Needs extensive repairs. Hurry, save her from being broken up."

The owner couldn't be contacted that evening, so on Sunday, Jack and Jaxon drove 170 miles to Port Jefferson, Long Island, New York, to keep from missing the buy of the year. The sloop was sitting at the edge of the shore. At flood tide, the water touched the hull; at ebb tide, she was high and dry. It was a sorry looking sight, with the planks on the port side half gone, and no spars. Unfortunately, the yard owner was not present, but Jaxon obtained his phone number.

During the next week Jaxon contacted the owner. The ad had been in New York papers. It brought about 30 inquiries, but he managed to discourage them all because of its sad shape. It was offered to two museums with no success. Jaxon finally convinced him it could be repaired and they made a deal. Jaxon, at 18, is probably the youngest owner of an original Friendship sloop.

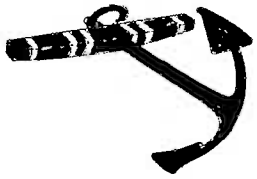
The following weekend, Jaxon and his father took a trailer to Port Jefferson and built the beginning of a cradle. They ripped off the cabin and everything in the boat, including a rusty engine.

On the third weekend, they returned to ready the boat for its long journey home. The trip was 75 miles by road and 12 miles on ferry boat. While waiting to board the ferry, a driver stopped and hollered over, "She's a Friendship." Both Jack and Jaxon were glad she was recognized as such in spite of her sorry condition.

Jaxon named the boat "Virginia M." after his mother. She rests peacefully in the back yard where the "Ancient Mariner" was restored. The main timbers for the "Virginia M." have been ordered, and in a few years an original Friendship will sail again.

HEAVE TO AT

The Maine Way

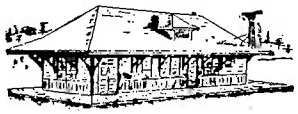


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Indian Names

Many people have been intrigued with the Indian names in Maine and have wished they knew what the Indian words meant. Very little is known and the little knowledge we do have on the subject comes mostly from the old Indians and from a French Missionary who tried to make an Indian dictionary. A dictionary of this kind is difficult as the Indians had no alphabet, as we know one, and many word roots were only sounds with a lack of fixed spelling.

Several of our sounds are missing, and the Maine dialects have no J or V. The Indians substitute L for R occasionally and never roll an R when they do use it. Also, they never start a word with an R and a name like Ripogenus has a defective beginning. It is not known whether the Indian just did not or could not distinguish between P & B. They interchanged T & D, made M an elusive sound, made G always hard, constantly dropped K, made S a strong letter, and breathed roughly for an H between vowels. It was sounds that made word roots.

The Indian never used an article and it was always, my dog, his dog, thy dog. For example, nelep, kelep, outep all mean head, but they are different heads.

The Maine Indians spoke Maliseet or Abnaki. Many names cannot be explained without the third language, Micmac, and no Micmacs have lived dominantly on our coast within historic times. No one understands this.

Another problem in trying to understand local names is the influence the English and French had also. The English and French gave their adaptation of an Indian word, the Indians incorporated some English and French into their names, and the Indians purposely gave misinformation on occasion.

Following are a few Indian names that familiar places were called.

Camden — The old Micmac name was **Mecadacut**, but more modern name was Megunticook. (Meg — big; un — stands for atn or adn, mountain; ticook — is a water word for stream or harbor; big — mountain — harbor.)

Mt. Battie — The Indians were afraid of mountains and did not give them a name unless associated with a myth. On Massachusetts maps and plans as early as 1757 Mt. Battie appears as Mount Betty but no one knows why or when it was changed, but the white men did it.

Chickawaukie — Means "sweet water," but again it is a white man's name. Indians called it medam battek — alewife pond.
Thomaston — Quisquamego — the long ridge
Friendship — Meduncook — sandy at the mouth of stream or river (Me — at the mouth of; medun — mouth of sandy, gravelly, poor place; ook — stream.)
Muscongus — Small plenty place for alewives
Monhegan — Out to sea island
Manana — Little island
Matinicus and Metinic — The cut-off or far out islands
Pemaquid — Situated far out (Indians usually carried canoes from New Harbor to Pemaquid Harbor.)
Damariscotta — Indian and English — means abundance of alewives

(Continued on Page 31)

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Wiscasset — The outlet, the way out
Casco — Could come from two words — Kasqu, meaning blue heron, or Aucocisco, muddy bay. It could mean muddy bay or bay with many blue heron.

Skowhegan — The watching place
Eggemoggin — Hand-made fishing place, fish weir
Machias — Bad little falls

There are many more, and if you are interested, get the book from the State Library in Augusta. The book was put together by a student at the University of Maine. The above information is compiled from this source.

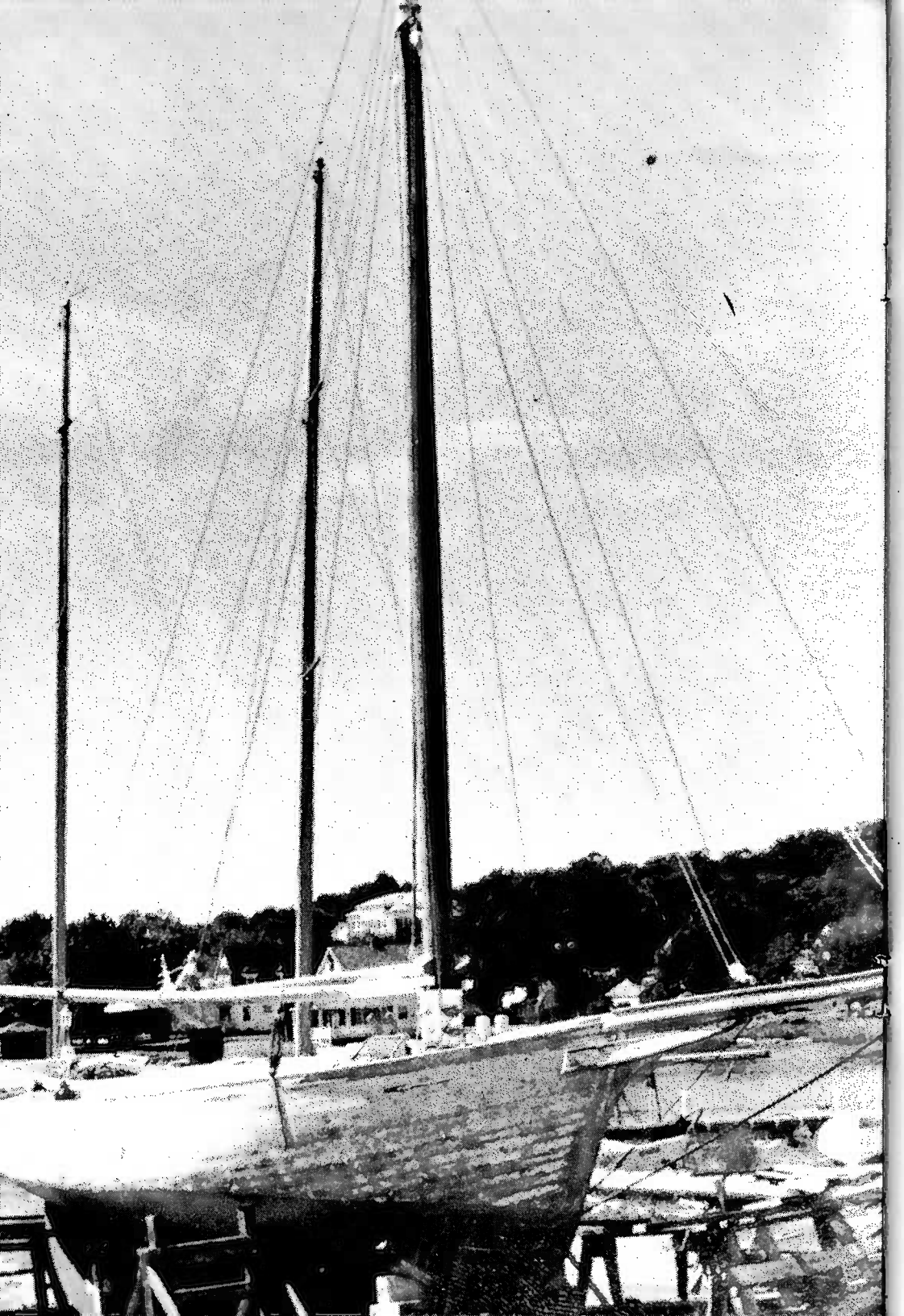
Sloop Race '69

Cap'n Magoo of the Lucy Ann
A real wind-jammin' sailor man,
Sailed the blue of Muscongus Bay
On a bright and sparkling July day,
Sailed the fabulous Friendship Race
With myopic eye and happy face,
Sailed with oblivious disregard
Of instructions for the compass card.
Hit the line with determination,
Blew up a squall of consternation,
Though holding his course with grim intent
While he was coming, the others went!

With wattled Adam's apple gulpin',
They yelled, "Shear off, you consarned sculpin!"
The rum-laced howls from the pack
Nearly caught the whole fleet aback,
But quick maneuvers, most ingenious,
Made it once more homogeneous
With bowsprits heading out to sea,
Each wake a foam-flecked, moving vee,
The leader first, last hardly seen,
And a lot of others in between.

And when, across Muscongus Bay,
Approached the golden hours of day
We stood again on Friendship Hill
Watching oncoming specks until
We saw the fleet of homing gulls
Transformed to shining sails and hulls.
Back-dropped by Friendship Island green, —
Where else could fairer sight be seen?
Full thirty sail triumphant led
By a foaming sea horse thoroughbred,
With unknown laggards barely seen,
And a lot of others in between!

Don Robertson



Preserving A Friendship

by
Al Roberts

Newell McLain is the son of R. E. McLain, Jr., master boatbuilder, and was born on Bremen Long Island in 1895. He remembers well many of the Friendship Sloop launchings, but one he recalls particularly well is that of the "Estella A" in 1904.

The "Estella A" is the Sloop that for many years has held a prominent berth at the Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Connecticut. She is now being overhauled at the Newbert and Wallace yard in Thomaston, Maine, just a long stone's throw from Newell's front door on Thatcher Street. As a boy Newell watched her being launched from a front window in his home on Bremen Long Island, and now in two minutes he can walk to the yard to watch the progress of her rejuvenation. It would seem safe to say he will be at her re-launching when once more she takes to the water to sail back to the Mystic Seaport. This will undoubtedly make him the only person to have been present at both launchings.

Back in her native state for much-needed repairs, the "Estella A" is to get an extensive face lifting that will bring her back to her original condition insofar as is possible. She is 34.5 feet long, with a beam of 11.8 feet and a draft of 5.7 feet. She was the first Friendship to be launched on Bremen Long Island with auxiliary power, and if she was not the very first auxiliary in the area, then she was one of the first. She had a 9 H.P., 2 cylinder Knox engine with a clutch and reverse gear. (The Knox engines were built in nearby Rockland, Maine). Her original ballast was all inside and consisted of pig iron instead of the rocks so commonly used at that time.

She was built for Jack Ames of Matinicus. When Jack contracted with "Rob" McLain to have her built, the price was set at $425.00, with the stipulation that if she was completed by March 1st, there would be a $25.00 bonus. To help meet this deadline, Rob hired Steve Prior to help, and the March 1st date was met in spite of complications due to cold weather. . . .

The winter of 1904 was severe, and the ice was thicker and stronger than usual. Newell McLain recalls there was 22 inches of ice in the channel and up to 8 inches all the way to "Ruth's Nubble," a mile downstream. A channel was cut in the ice to a point below low water mark, and the launching went off without a hitch. The shears used to step the mast were set up on the ice, and she was rigged right where she sat, completely frozen in.

On the delivery date, Ed Poland, in his steam-driven lobster smack came up river to free the "Estella A" from her icy prison, and encountered more ice than he could handle, even with his ice plow in place. With much shuddering and screeching and banging, the best he could do with a running start, was to put the "Lucretia" into the ice about half her length. Before the day was over, there were more than a hundred men sawing ice and "tucking" the cakes under the solid ice. A channel over a mile long had to be clear so the "Lucretia" could tow the "Estella A" clear of the ice and off to Matinicus.

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Newell McLain recalls there were no "screw bolts" used in her construction below deck. All the iron was "driven iron," headed over with a mall and driven home. The above-deck hardware was much more rugged than is used today. The bolts were forged and the nuts "blacksmith tapped" (one-sixteenth-inch larger than the bolt). Everything was sent to Bath for retapping and galvanizing and was freighted back to the island again. The cost for all the hardware on the Sloop, the galvanizing, and the freight came to $8.50. At today's prices the freight bill alone would be more than double that.

With such costs, $450.00 seems a reasonable price for a 34-foot auxiliary sloop delivered on time. Newell recalls how his father, Rob McLain, built a 26-foot Sloop for Martin Willey and cleared $60.00 for a job that began in November and took until the first of June. When the final bill is in for the repairs to the "Estella A," it will undoubtedly be more than twenty times the original cost of the Sloop if all the work is done that needs doing.

For five years, the "Estella A" was a freight carrier; between 1930 and 1935 she was used in the coasting trade. Then she became a yacht, and eventually wound up at Mystic.

Her deep, non-self-bailing cockpit was designed to carry fish, and by using kid boards to section it off, it became ostensibly a fish hold. It had no seats. The cabin had two bunks forward and one aft to port, a stove with an oven facing inboard, and two lockers. Her present-day, off-center companionway may not be in its original location. She still steers with a tiller, and her rigging remains basically unchanged: two jibs and the main, with no topmast.

For years, the "Estella A" has been a major attraction at Mystic Seaport, and, after her refurbishing, she is bound to be a thing of beauty once more, recalling to the minds of many an era past. She is a nostalgic monument to a lost way of life.



Newell McLain at the helm of his last lobster boat.

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As It Might Have Been

Contributed by J. H. Hall

It was late October and the leaves had sifted down through most of the hardwoods opening up vistas of blue water along the shores of Bremen Long Island. Lobster traps piled up beside weather-beaten fish houses indicated the end of summer.

The Carter house, painted white was set down close by the back side of the island. Near the shore was a large shed, where from time to time Abdon Carter would work during the winter months. Often he would build a couple of dories during the cold weather, or repair small boats for his neighbors.

This October was a little different, as Abdon planned to do some lobster fishing the next summer and needed a good size boat in which he could range out as far as Monhegan, if need be.

He had worked with his father and brothers building sloops, so this coming winter of 1913 he decided to build himself a sloop, similar to those he had seen at Morse's Shop in Friendship.

Abdon had a good eye for pleasing lines and so whittled out a model. His idea was to build a craft about 25' long. Not too big, he figured, for one man to handle and not too small for a practical working boat. The sail plan would feature a shorter boom and he decided to peak up the gaff, otherwise the sails would be similar to those of other Muscongus Bay craft.

As he roughed out the hull from a piece of clear white cedar, he gave the model the typical clipper bow and the long sweeping curve of the Friendship sheer line. He decided the keel should be straight, and the lines above, just aft of amidship flattened out with a smooth run to the stern. While most sloops of this type had their counters completely out of water, Abdon made his stern to look something like the rear end of a sea gull. In any event, while the finished model closely resembled the Muscongus Bay sloops, there was a certain refinement and individuality in his model.

Abdon wasn't too much on talking about his plans or what he was up to, but one of the McLains, a neighbor, came by one day and stopped to talk with Abdon. While they were thus engaged out in the boat shop, McLain happened to see the model Abdon had completed, as it lay on the bench. McLain being a pretty fair boatbuilder in his own way, picked up the model, looked it all over and quietly remarked to Abdon, "Wal, Ab, if you build her, they'll be a lot want to copy her."

So before Christmas that year, Ab had laid the keel in his shed and had set up the molds, taken right off his model. He was good with a broadaxe, and draw shave. He handled an adze about as well. He was a craftsman.

A large red oak not far from Abdon's house provided the scanthings and framing material. However, Abdon had to fetch the white pine for planking over from Bristol Mills, and then ferry it across to Bremen Island from the mainland at Medomak. Nails and hardware he had sent down from Rockland. This took about all of his spare cash.

By late December, all the framing was in, the planking was started thereafter. The snow covered the ground and the spruces were laden, making the whole scene look like Christmas tree land. It was cold and ice formed in the coves. The boat shed where Abdon worked was not much more than a windbreak, but at least he could warm his hands by an old stove in the corner. With short days at that time of year, he was only able to work about seven or eight hours.

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Toward the end of January, and by taking advantage of a mild spell in the weather, the sloop was nearly planked. The white pine worked out well and was securely fastened with galvanized boat nails clinched on each frame. After the planking, Carter busied himself with the sheer timbers, made of heavy oak plank, scarfed and shaped to the curve of the sheer line.

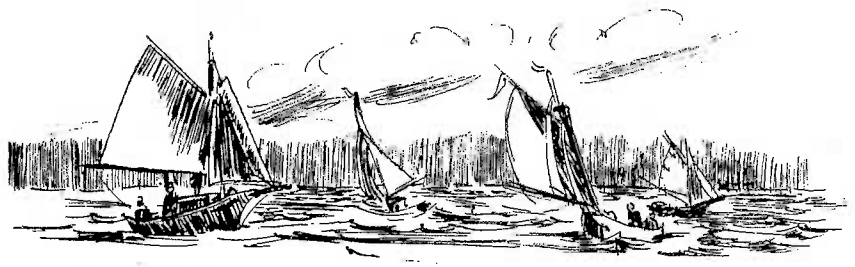
Early in March, one of the McLain boys came over for about a week and helped Abdon. They were busy with the fussy work of laying the decks and bending in the cockpit coaming.

April came and there was a hint of spring in the air, and with longer days the work on the boat progressed to the point where Abdon reckoned he'd be ready to put her over in about a month. Meanwhile the womenfolk in the neighborhood had not been idle, what with all their housework, not easy in those days, they had sewed together the sails on Mrs. Carter's foot treadle "Singer."

By May, 1914, the sloop was ready to launch and rested on a skid made from two spruce logs peeled so it would slide easier to the water. Abdon got a crew together and they eased her out of the shed, and skidded the little vessel a short distance to the water's edge, out far enough on the rough beach, so that come high tide she would float. The skid was weighed down with stone to make sure that the new sloop would float off free. Abdon gazed with some pride at the newly painted craft, red below the waterline and bottle green above. Deck fittings, house and coaming were white and buff where appropriate.

After the long cold Maine winter, Abdon was pleased to stand in the sun and gaze with considerable inward satisfaction at his handiwork. Shortly thereafter he was aware of several people all gathered about him, his neighbors and friends, some who had helped him building the boat, and others who had contributed sage advice and otherwise. The tide was now flooding and creeping inch by inch up the underbody of the sloop. Someone fetched a dory, then several more appeared and soon a crowd was rowing out to where the new craft was awaiting the time to be borne upon the water. "What chu gonna name her Ab?" "Wal, I been thinkin' about all them cold days I spent buildin' her last winter and thinkin' how nice it woulda been down in Florida, so I guess I'll name her 'Florida.' "

With that, someone came up under the graceful bow of the sloop and with a bottle of water from the spring on Hog Island, smashed it on the starboard knighthead of the little craft and shouted, "Florida ye be!"



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By JOHN GOULD

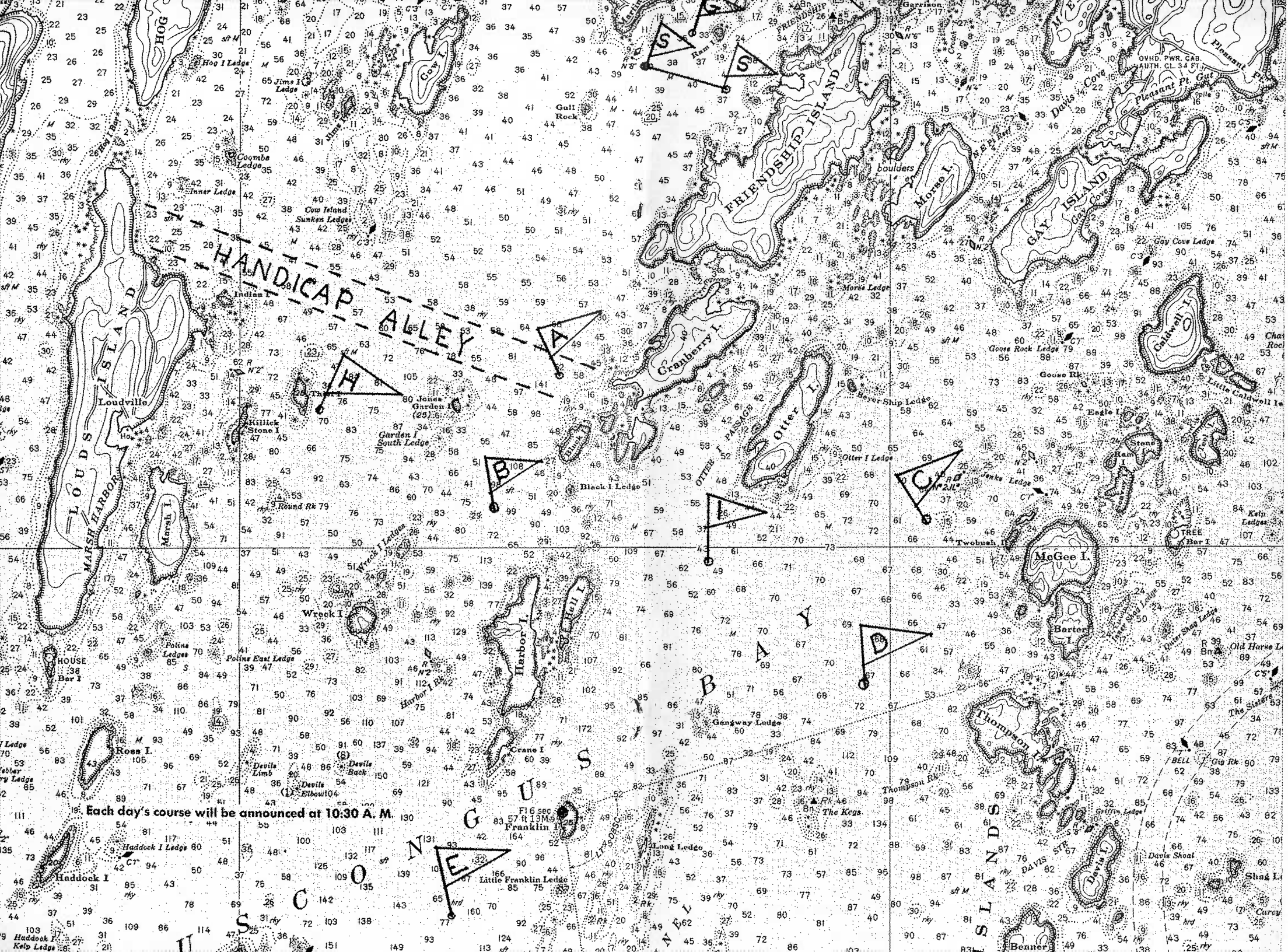
Chairman William (Black Jack Bill) Pendleton is urging all Sloopers and Friendshippers to patronize the peanut stand — proceeds are to go to his favorite charity, the $cholarship Fund of the Friendship $loop $ociety. There is a bit of a story behind the peanut venture.

The idea started with John and Dot Gould, and John sent out a yelp-for-help in all directions to locate an old-time peanut warmer with a whistle — the kind that once stood on the sidewalk before every banana stand. Strangely, while these were common 50 years ago, nobody seems to know what became of them. But one was located in Portland, at the store called Troiano's at 15 Auburn Street. Jerry Troiano, present proprietor, says the device was bought by his father in 1905, but that it was second-hand at that time. When Jerry learned the idea was to sell hot roasted peanuts to swell the Friendship scholarship fund, he readily donated both the copper peanut warmer and the steel peanut roaster — on condition they be restored and used each season by the Friendship Sloop Society. Judging by quotations from various antique dealers, Jerry's non-cash donation has a value of at least $200.

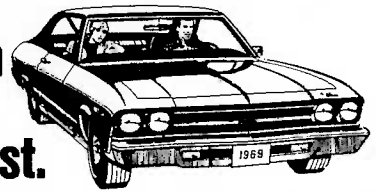
At this point, John's kin, Cousin Ralph Gould of Cape Elizabeth, became interested in the venture. Ralph is the Gould Equipment Company, dealing in supplies and hardware for the petroleum business, and he has a machine shop. He is also a yachtsman, has built boats, and has an interest in the Down East Marina. So Ralph and his workmen did some $400 worth of shop work — restoring the peanut warmer and practically rebuilding the roaster. Then Ralph ordered in a CWT of jumbo raw peanuts, and he and John held a test run — probably the first time in 50 years anybody has hand-roasted peanuts, and put them in a whistling copper sidewalk warmer. The same kind of tender sentiment that has kept the Friendship Sloop afloat beyond her own time may rally to the chance to eat an old-time hot peanut. That's the idea, and Bill hopes it swells the scholarship fund enormously.

Incidentally, Ralph Gould has promised to attend Sloop Days and hawk peanuts and ballons. He plans to sail over from Portland, but his wife Louise will drive around by car. She won't sail with him, as she says his navigation is untrustworthy. This is strange, because Ralph has taught navigation for the Power Squadron.




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The Old Gray Pair

In the summer of 1937 I visited Blue Hill, Maine. Two schooner masts showed over the bank at the head of the harbor so, still young enough to be a romantic, I investigated. On reaching the stringpiece, I found myself gazing down at one of the most bedraggled and decrepit craft imaginable, and on her deck was a man of indeterminate middle age and a good match for the boat.

We engaged in conversation and the captain, who shall be called Obed because it is a good Maine name, told me something of himself and his vessel. As he talked, in a shy quiet way, my eyes travelled over the schooner, a miserable contrast to the bright, cloud-flecked, summer weather. Much of what Obed told me has slipped its moorings, but the picture remains vivid.

Maintenance had been totally absent. I would guess all the paint left sticking to her tough, gray, old hide wouldn't have filled a teacup. She had lost her bowsprit when the bobstay let go, and the shattered splinters were still sticking out past the gammoning. Bald headed although obviously once fitted with a main topmast, the masts were worn half through by the gaff jaws. The engine was a depressing mass of rust largely contributing to the shambles of the after cabin. The tiny fo'c'sle was no better. Standing and running rigging had reached the bottom rung of their useful life. The hull was opened up, patched, and scarred. One could only marvel at the fortitude of man and vessel which kept both afloat.

A hunch was substantiated by Obed — she was indeed a Friendship and, as I recall had been built as a schooner. Forty-five feet long, she had a hold amidships, a tiny fo'c'sle forward, and a cabin under a trunk aft which, according to Obed (and I was willing to take his word for it), contained a bunk or two as well as the engine.

Some concatenation of fate had brought Obed and the old vessel together, when each seemed in need of what the other had to offer. They were making a thin living of it by single-handing amongst the Maine islands, removing machinery from old deserted quarries and selling it for junk on the mainland. A hard life for the little schooner and the man, whose lonely struggles with large hunks of reluctant metal can only be imagined.

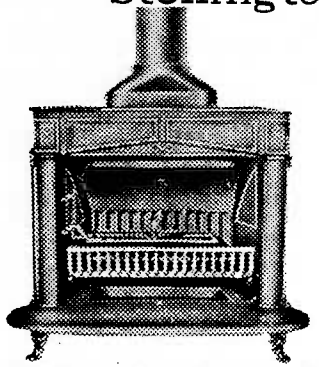
Some of the hazards of single-handing were his, too. She jibed once in the middle of Penobscot Bay and, taking him by surprise, the main boom caught him on the side of the head on its wild passage over to the other tack. The blow was terrific and knocked him out; when he came to he was half overboard and one eye was full of his glasses. Barely able to get around and in much pain, he managed to work into a harbor. He lost the sight of one eye, but was making out alright just the same. Only one thing that bothered him — sailing on the tack which put the boom on his blind side.

I have often wondered what became of this gray old pair. Neither of them had much farther to go.

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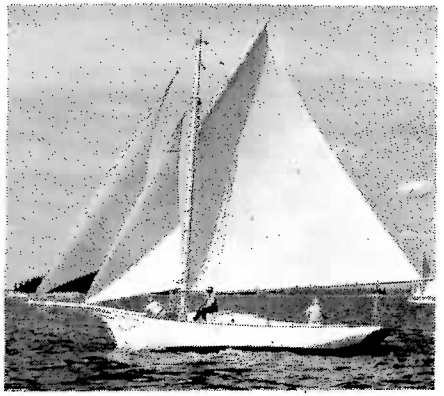
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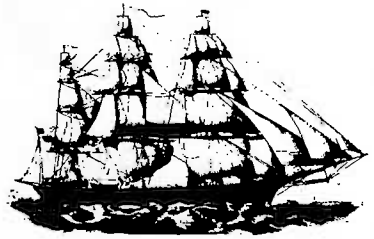
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Friendship Museum

Have you been in the Friendship Museum yet? It really is worthwhile to take at least a quick look. The pictures and models of boats of every kind and description that were Friendship built are fascinating even to lukewarm ship enthusiasts, and the Friendship Sloop models are beautiful. Some of the old household implements, farming tools, and fishing gear make you realize just how far our society has progressed, and also makes us appreciate what we have today.

As you scan the articles passed down from a bygone era you find yourself wondering what some of it could be used for, and how it was used; what were the people like that had these things; did they have problems; how did they compare to ours; how did they solve them, and so on. The following true incident related by Llewellyn Oliver gives one a little insight into the matter. With schools such a problem today it is appropriate that this article deal with the school problems of yesterday. Also the schoolhouse mentioned is now the Friendship Museum.

In the olden days the schools were supported by districts, each district having its own schoolhouse. There was always a dispute as to where it should be located. One group of men with oxen would move the school building in the dead of night to one part of the district, then later in the year another group would move it to another part of the district, according to where the different "leaders" wished the schoolhouse to be situated.

So, as time went on, the building became very much dilapidated from so much moving and it was agreed to build a new one, provided that it was built of material such as stone or brick that could not be hauled around over the district. Edmund Wotton suggested brick, so that it would be impossible to move it. Mr. Wotton also said that there seemed to be only one proper locality — exactly in the center of the district, on the ledges at the juncture of the roads leading from Waldoboro to Friendship Corner and to the Cove. Edmund Wotton may also have recognized the fact that the site would be nearer his own home than that of Deacon William Condon's. Deacon William consented to the proposition because he thought that it would be better for religious services in the district to have something that was central and settled. Because of the Deacon's consent, his daughter-in-law Hannah was given the first term of school at one dollar a week, which most people thought was too much to pay a schoolmistress in the 1850's.

The following story was told by Rufus Condon, who at the time of the incident in 1870, was about five years of age. Emma Condon used to take her small brother, Rufus, to school with her occasionally. The teacher of the brick schoolhouse, boarded with their father. One day Ambrose Simmons, Jr., a boy of about fourteen years of age, was taken out on tne floor, to be feruled and the teacher's temper got the better of him. Ambrose began to yell, "My God! You're killing me!" Some of the girls wept and covered their heads in fright, while the boys sat in their seats undecided what to do. One big girl said, "Why don't you boys do something? You gonna set there like a pack er' damned cowards and let him kill 'im?". Spurred by this, the largest boy took out a ruler from his desk and every boy stood up ready to follow the leader. The teacher said, "Take your seats!" and they all obeyed.

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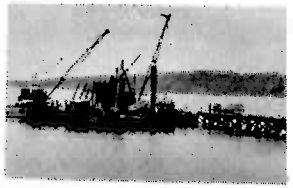
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That same evening Capt. Ambrose Simmons, father of the boy so severely punished, went to James Condon's house to speak with the teacher. He remarked to Mr. Condon that he guessed his boy was ruined for life. He said, "He can't shut his hands. I think the bones in them are all smashed up."

The teacher told Capt. Ambrose that he should have order in his school — no matter what he had to do. Capt. Simmons then said, "Well, I want you to have order, but I don't want you to pound my boy's hands to pieces. How about the place he sets down — couldn't you hurt him there just as much? I'm afraid he'll never row a dory again." As Capt. Ambrose was leaving, he remarked, "Well, I didn't want to come up here to say anything about it, but I knew if I didn't the old woman would, and I guess if she had, you wouldn't o' fared as well with her as you have with me."

Hours at the Museum are from 10:00 A. M.-5 P. M. on weekdays and 2:00 P. M.-5:00 P. M. on Sunday. Why don't you stop at the "Museum of Friendship in Friendship."

Sunday, December 4, 1768

Capt. James Patterson went down with his vessel with all hands on board off Meduncook (Friendship). Capt. Patterson was an inhabitant of Harrington (Bristol). He ran early coasting packets out of the Kennebec River. The trip of November and December was probably intended to be the last for that year. It proved to be the last he would ever undertake.

Only a few scattered documents give the story of the disastrous trip. One tells of a statement of Mary Cowell in which she states that Capt. Patterson and two of his passengers were at her house in Boston the night before their sloop sailed on the first day of December when these men were lost "at Meduncook at the eastward." In the absence of any free lighthouses or other modern guides to the mariner it is not surprising that the sloop was driven beyond her destination and into danger.

The wreck was discovered on Thursday, the 8th of Dec. 1768, by men of Meduncook who identified it as being that of Captain Patterson "by a part of a clearance that was found in his coat pocket."

She lay on the southern side of false Franklin (so-called) within two rods of the shore, her starboard quarter was beat off and gone a small distance from her, her quarter deck all gone, chimney all beat down; her platform all gone, mast broke in three places, unstepped and gone through the bottom, her main deck and floor timbers almost met together, bowsprit broke off by the bow, and a hole through her side so large that we out and in at it, her cable under her keel and much bruised, her sheet anchor broke, and the flukes gone.

The aged father of Captain Patterson visited the wreck in December, at which time his son's sea chest and wearing apparel were delivered to him.

The following notice was hung in the public house at Meduncook. "Whereas there was the wreck of a sloop lately found on an island lying off Meduncook Harbour and we the subscribers with others have taken up and secured sundry articles of rigging and sundry other articles supposed to have washed out of said wreck. Any persons proving their property in the said rigging or other articles may have them again, paying charges. Signed, Richard Adams, John Robinson, and Jesse Thomas. Meduncook, Dec. 14th, 1768."

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A Summercator's Viewpoint

Ten years ago when the possibility of organizing an annual Friendship Sloop reunion and race, was announced, with all the attendant publicity, our first reaction was a burst of smug pride, fast followed by a nagging worry that "Friendship would change." Change is the breath and pulse of life, even in such a small seacoast town, but the solid values of independence, dependability, pride of accomplishment, concern for neighbors and friends, and even that old touch of God-fearing religion are as much a part of Friendship as its constantly changing tides.

Friendship, Maine is located on Muscongus Bay and just like establishing a personal friendship, you have to go there to get there. You just can't pass through on your way to somewhere, you have to go to Friendship either by land or sea. Driving, you leave Route 1 at either Waldoboro or Thomaston, and work your way over a series of blind hills, through a series of challenging changes in direction — and either road you pick gives you an intimate glance of the countryside spattered with early salt water farms. Approaching by water you need U.S.C.&G Chart 313, and it is a delightful experience to almost island hop as you make your way into port.

Each year after the Fourth of July the town starts to ready itself with proper restrained enthusiasm for Sloop Days. The windows at Doug Lash's store become alive with marine equipment, old ship models, paintings by the younger set and a stack of the programs. Paul Lash dispenses great amounts of groceries along with continuous answers to constant questions. The post office run by Bob Lash has a sudden influx of cards going out, and down at Archie Wallace's, the banners are flying from house to store proclaiming a holiday spirit.

The permanent summer residents count extra beds, offer to do anything to help, and sometimes end up doing just that. The town committee casually but competently prepares parking spots, arranges for the shuttle system or service, erects a first aid station, installs a temporary telephone and flashes signs everywhere to tell visitors where and how to go to points of interest.

The excitement of sloop days builds up during the last week of July when cannons firing off from Al's dock announce the arrival of each individual homecoming sloop. Bert Pratt usually supplies the echo from his cannon, rattling his window boxes each and every time. During the early evening hours people living on the point walk around to count the masts, and those who live a bit further drive slowly around Davis Point to view the scene. It is just so intriguing, all those sloops, old and new, rising gently with the tide, mast lights on, soft lights below decks indicating snug family life, the muted voices and laughter sifting across the harbor. It is a peaceful scene, but full of life and warmth.

The years following have been an integral part of our family lives. Our sons and their cousins have grown up competing annually in the rowing races, (wooden boats only), and the famous outboard classics. A covey of trophies attest to either their luck or skill, depending upon which side of the family you are on. They have met people from all over this country, and particularly the Eastern seaboard. Each year a different experience highlights that particular year.

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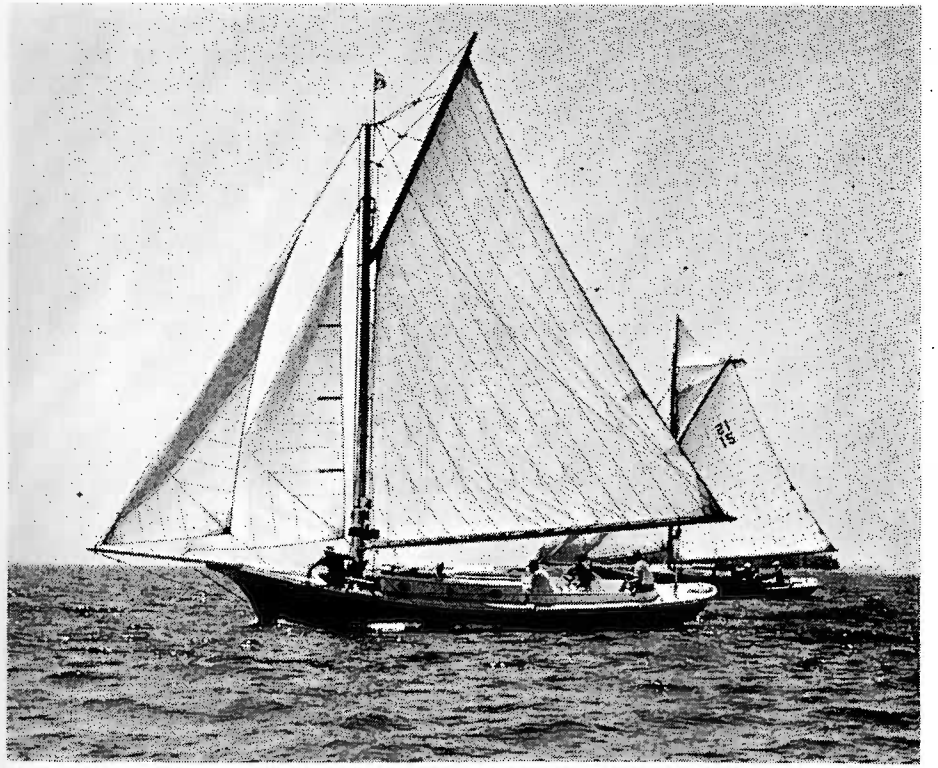
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One year it was the almost sinking of the Jolly Buccaneer with the Swanson family aboard, and suddenly it was another six to find beds for. One year was the year of the missing sloops in a London type fog, another year serving as emergency waiters and waitresses for the annual banquet, and their pride of donating tips to the scholarship fund and being in turn applauded by the skippers and their crews. It has been the fun and excitement of doing important errands for Al and Betty, taking news photographers out among the races and the most fun of all showing off to visiting guests what Friendship really used to look like before motors were invented. The whole ten years slide into a kind of home movie showing of memories, and impressions, but not for one minute would we change anything in the past, and the future looks great. Our summer is now divided by the time band of "before Sloop Days" and "after Sloops Days" and really what could be better?

By Suzanne Armstrong

Lermonds Cove in Rockland was called Catawamtek by the Indians, meaning the great landing place. The Indians came down Penobscot Bay and landed there, as they were afraid to go out around Owl's Head. They carried their canoes across the lowlands to Thomaston and this saved them 15 minutes. This area also was a great Indian center with trails converging from many western areas. This is the reason the English and French settled here particularly, for better strategic control of the Indians.



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New Trophies

Some new trophies have been added to the list in this tenth year of the Society. Jarvis Newman has offered one for the overall fiberglass winner; Bruno & Stillman another for Class D winner in the Homecoming Race on Saturday; and there is Seiler's unpronouncable trophy for friendliness which would gladly be mentioned in this connection if anybody knew how to spell it. But sloopers and Friendshippers will certainly consider the John Gould Grandfather's Trophy the important addition this year.

Trusting the goateed author needs no introduction is no reason to skip the antecedent material: John brought President Bernard MacKenzie to Friendship in the beginning, introduced him to the right people, and gave the basic regatta idea the leg-up that formed the Friendship Sloop Society. He didn't go away then, but stayed to do about anything he could to further the cause. He was toastmaster at our first skippers' supper, and has been perpetually enthroned in that position, as well as receiving the citation of perennial honorary member of the Society. Being a highlander, and neither a slooper nor a yachtsman, John's continued and faithful allegiance to the Friendship Sloop purposes has had no personal background to support it — although he and his Dorothy (she sells jellies and knitted goods in the lobby to swell the scholarship fund!) have built themselves a second home on Back Riverside and have become Friendshippers not only in faith, but in the very practical way of enrolling on the municipal tax list. As general errand runner, sign painter, buoy marker, signal repairman, information officer, confidential advisor, summer dater liaison adjutant, vice-president in charge of the 9:00 a. m. dump run, and hot roasted peanut coordinator, he has become a Friendship Sloop Society fixture, and the only member who flies the burgee from a canoe.

Because of this improbable allegiance, John's grandchildren set up, last Christmas, the John Gould Grandfather's Trophy — an annual award



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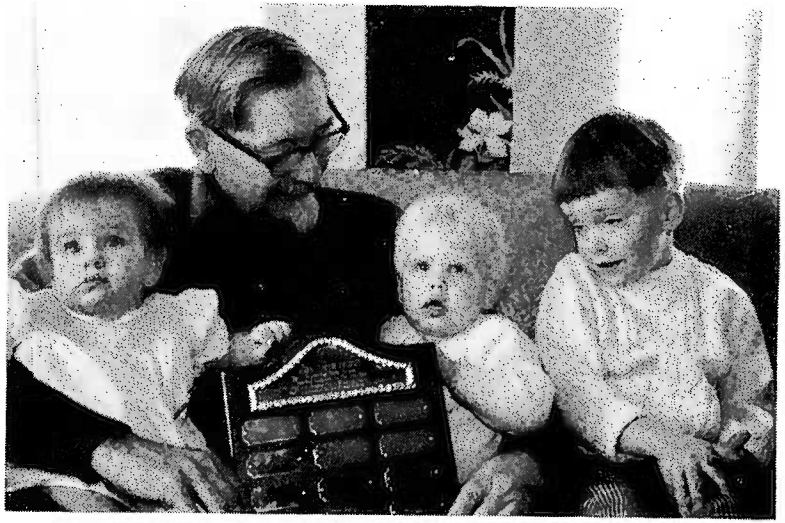
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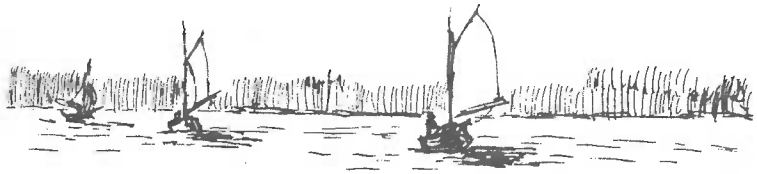
going to the sloop which has the youngest member in its crew. Symbolic, of course, of the great family traditions of Friendshipping, the trophy itself will repose in the Friendship Museum, a new winner to be added each year, and each year the winning sloop will have a brass plate to be attached in the companionway, or as John says the sullerway door. Society officers may spell out the rules more definitely as time runs along, but this first year the winner can establish himself by the simple fact of having the right crew member with a valid birth certificate. In future years, a previous "youngest" will be ineligible, but the same boat may win by producing another youngest. By careful planning, considerable competition may be conceived.

John and Dorothy have two children. John Jr. and his Ellen have two boys — William and Thomas. Daughter Kathryn is the wife of Terence Christy, South Portland school principal, and they have one daughter — Julia. Thus, Willy, Tom, and Julie are the grandchildren who have provided this trophy. Many, perhaps most, of the sloopers and Friendshippers have met the Gould children and grandchildren — John, Ellen, Terry, and Kathy have regularly come to Sloop Days, and sponsor an annual Tent City Sloop-in on Owen's Point, the hilarity of which is usually noticed some distance down the Bay. All together, they have been, and continue to be, important supporters and fans of everything Friendship. The three grandchildren, of course, disqualify themselves from the trophy.

John Gould and Friends



The Grandfather of the Grandfather's Trophy, and the Grandchildren who offered it to the Society: Julie, Tom, and Bill.



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First Lady

There I stood on a rocky shoreline on a cold blustery day of September with the sharp wind of fall biting through my thin coat. Beside me stood my husband, oblivious of the cold and lost to the world as he stared at a boat tugging gently at her mooring. So — he was looking at another boat I thought, and pulled my collar tighter to my neck. Still he stared, transfixed, and would not return to reality though my protests of the cold became louder. I had only to look at the gaze in his eyes and note the dreamy, admiring, longing look there to realize that this trip to the seaside on a bleak day like this was no accident, but well planned. The little sloop out there dancing on the crest of the waves was pretty, but so were a good many other boats. If you have ever seen your husband with that far-away look in his eyes you know that he is "gone," and you had better forget how cold you are and start admiring the sloop with him, or plan to spend many lonely hours ashore alone.

"It's a Friendship — isn't she beautiful?" I had to admit she was beautiful, but it looked like more than a Friendship to me from the gleam on hubby's face.

Needless to say we became the new owners of this proud sailing, graceful Friendship sloop. The pride of ownership is strong in every boat owner, but a Friendship sloop skipper just floats on a cloud with joy.

The ownership papers were passed; we borrowed a skiff and with the greatest joy we rowed to our very own sloop. Lunch was packed and we were off to sail forever on our Friendship. You can imagine how fast my enthusiasm waned when the first tour of inspection revealed a sizable amount of water in the bilges.

"Nothing to it," chirped my husband, "just a little leak someplace. We'll find it and have a great sail for ourselves."

I inspected every corner and nook while my better half found the "little" leak. I must say I never saw so much peeling paint, wet blankets, soggy cushions and dirt in my life, but I was certain a little love could do wonders. I puttered around and finally decided it was time for lunch.

"Be with you in a minute, dear," came from the depths of the bilge. "I think I've found the leak." As darkness fell he was still looking for the "little leak," and under protest he let me lead him home to some hot dinner and bed.

Our spirits were still undaunted when we finally realized that with winter coming we had better haul the boat and fix her right for next summer's fun in sailing. Oh boy! The things you discover about a boat when she is sitting high and dry in a boatyard. Some of the deck should be replaced, the transom had to be new, the 1¼" keel bolts were down to ½" the planking should be replaced, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

Thus began the most enlightening winter of my entire life. I discovered that from our house to the boatyard is exactly 5.3 miles, and under good normal traveling conditions it took 7.9 minutes to make it. On snow it took 15.6 minutes, in fog 19.9 minutes, and if the factory was just letting out — 45.3 minutes. Three tickets for going through a stop sign and one speeding ticket taught me to keep my mind on my driving and not on the slow progress of the sloop. There is not a sandwich or cold lunch I have not thought of, and even invented new ideas. Did you ever try watercress-peanut butter sandwiches? They are delicious especially when eaten with one hand, while flat on your back on the beach coppering the boat hull. I also learned to be patient, and I am now an authority on most any book you want to inquire about. I read 48 books, and knit six sweaters that winter. I am not complaining, I just give you facts.

My lonely weekends and hours of sitting around a cold boatyard and sloop (trying to keep warm) were finally rewarded when hubby told me he had some jobs that I could do. I wanted to be part of this beautiful sloop, but as hammer, saws, and nails just don't seem to add up to anything constructive in my hands, I had been told to wait, that the time would come when I could help. Now at last I was to be allowed to share in the venture. I scrubbed and cleaned and painted the inside of the cabin. The stove was installed so that I could finally cook some hot meals. The only problem was trying to keep things hot until I could pry my better half away from a job to eat. Somehow meals still were cold when we finally got around to them. Then, very careful attention was given to the interior decorating. I made covers for cushions, and I never have decided whether the big oil spot on the largest cushion the first day came from someone's foot when they stepped on it or whether no one liked the beautiful cerise color and did it on purpose.

From then on all the delightful jobs were delegated to me. The hours of sanding, the hours of painting with most of it (paint) landing on me, up and down ladders running errands, squeezing into small places (because I would fit better). These and many more were my privilege to perform. I must admit I had to recall many times the mental picture I had of my husband as he stood looking at our craft to make many of my jobs seem worth the struggle.

Then it happened! The 29th of May, as I was slapping the last of the copper on the outside of the hull, there came a great shriek of joy. Grabbed up by my dancing spouse I was informed we were ready to go.

Naming a boat is not easy, and I must say we came about as close to a good old argument as we ever have, but with this beautiful sloop and only pleasure ahead, nothing could spoil our celebration that evening. Thoughts of being together again (especially weekends) and sailing in a good breeze beneath the deep blue skies drifted me off to a comfortable sleep that night.

The launching was wonderful, and the first sail just out of this world. The breeze was so great, however, that it blew out a corner of the jib. So I spent the afternoon sewing on the sail while I tried to keep my balance as we heeled. It gradually became easier and I discovered it was because the wind was letting go. As a matter of fact it let go so completely we were becalmed. Nothing to do but start the motor. Chug — chug — zzzzz — silence. Over and over the motor wheezed thus. What could be wrong? Slowly and meticulously every part of the motor seemed to become disengaged and spread out on the deck for inspection. Would they ever get back right? It was at this point that I sat speculating on how good a swimmer I was, and whether my latent horsepower could possibly pull our sloop, or whether I had best just swim for shore by myself. My reverie was shattered by the loud explosion of running machinery, but shrieks of delight suddenly became unaccompanied as the motor died again. By this time the beautiful day was fast fading, and visions of riding anchor interminably were broken by the sound of an outboard close by. The sight of that 12 year old youth proudly maneuvering his outboard into port with a Friendship sloop in tow will live in my memory forever. So — on it goes!

If your husband is planning to buy a Friendship sloop just write to me for a copy of my book, "How to Keep Meals Hot While Rebuilding a Boat."

Don't get me wrong — I love our Friendship sloop, but now you know why we named her "First Lady."

Signed,
Second Lady

Letters — Letters



Letters, letters, letters, — our secretary's mail is unbelievable. First, it is unbelievable in its quantity (an average of three letters per day which figures out at well over a thousand per year); second, it is unbelievable in the scope of its origin (all corners of the world); third, some of the letters themselves are unbelievable. Without question, a book could be written about the contents of the letters received. Some are wild, none are dull, some are fantastic, but in each and every letter there is one common theme — a love of Friendships. Some are the result of a great thirst for knowledge about them while others wax sentimental over a present or past love affair with one (or more) of them. We thought it would be fun to share a few with you to prove you're not the only one in the world hooked on Friendships.

This one came to us secondhand from Joe Richards, owner of PRINCESS, and here is the letter Joe sent along to us.

Dear Joe,

It always gives me pleasure to read your stories in Skipper and Motor Boating, and I always reflect with wonderful nostalgia about old PRINCESS when she was mine and the many, many memorable sails (and close calls, too) we had.

Perhaps the brightest part of it I'll tell you — although perhaps I already did the day we met in New York.

I was a boy in school near Boston. I was 15 and had been sailing for five years, two in a 15-foot rowboat and three in a Scott No. 4. Her name was SAND PEEP. Anyway, my father decided it was time for a real boat and made a present of a 25-foot Friendship. What sheer delight!

When school was out, Father and I went to Maine from Boston via SS Camden and then from Rockland in the old J. T. Morse.

About 7:30 on a lovely, bright sparkling June morning we made the dock in Stonington with much ado and fanfare as always on those old ferry trips. Waiting for us was my father's old friend, Capt. George Coombs, a lobsterman from Isle au Haut. Capt. Coombs had been commissioned to procure a small Friendship for me.

Well, we disembarked from the **J. T. Morse** and found our way to a nearby fish dock where Capt. Coombs' lobster boat was tied up. The five miles through the islands to the trim little harbor of Isle au Haut seemed to take forever for me. But finally we steamed knowingly into the anchorage. I was all eyes.

There Capt. Coombs pointed out ahead of us was the boat! There she lay, white, glistening in the sun, all over including the top of the mast, the ends of the booms and the decks. What a beautiful little ship! It was almost too much for my 15 years to take in that this magnificent craft was to be all mine. This was 1925, and the sloop was said to be "about" 17 years old.

We went alongside and climbed on board. The whole boat was white and sparkling clean, except the five horse make and break Lathrop was red with cleaned and oiled brass moving parts. Capt. Coombs had really taken some trouble on this lovely boat. She was a honey!

Father and I sailed her on to Bar Harbor, and Father told me later that was the finest cruise he had ever made.

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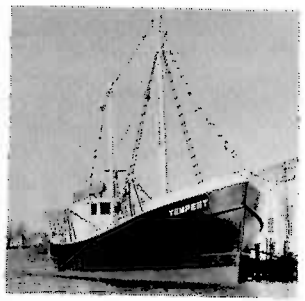
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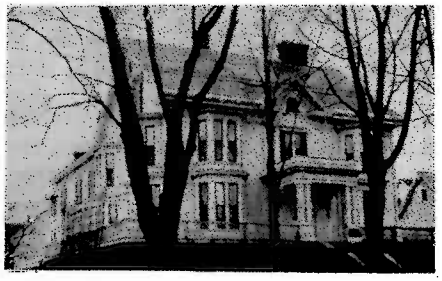
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There is one more thing you might be interested in — the name. The first summer I used her she had no name. But a friend and I cruising among the islands of Jericho Bay left her at anchor one evening and rowed to another island. Later we came back around one point after another in the growing darkness, tired and dying to be on board. Finally the last point was rounded and there she was — that beautiful little sleeping princess. We named her SLEEPING PRINCESS. Later it was shortened to PRINCESS.

I could spin you many more yarns about that neat little ship. And, as I told you, I have a Japanese painting (from a photo) of her in my study in Bar Harbor.

All my best regards go with this.

Sincerely,
Bob

Perhaps one of the more sentimental letters is the following from Carlton Wilder, a member of the Society from Jacksonville, Fla.

There ought to be an old saying . . . **You can take the sloop out of Friendship, but you can't take Friendship out of the sloop.**

When the regatta is over and the sloops slip out of Muscongus Bay, the Friendship legend sails with them. Catch a glimpse of these sea-kindly vessels anywhere and your thoughts turn inevitably to those romantic days when stalwart individualists combined their sturdy craft with a rugged seafaring economy, Spartan environment, and high ideals to write a rich chapter in American history.

So widespread is the fame of the Friendship sloop that even those few harbored far from Friendship, too far to join the regatta, evoke instant recognition and admiration. As skipper of COMESIN (built in 1932 in East Boothbay, documented in Jacksonville, Florida), I've had this proven time and again.

On a recent trip to the Bahamas we concluded that had not Friendship lent these boats its name, they would nevertheless have been called **friendships.** Not only was **Comesin** our own dearest friend, but she made friends for us repeatedly and in a way that would have been impossible for your sleek, modern, characterless, plastic jobs.

When we tied up in Miami, for instance, and I had started down the dock to the dockmaster's, a man came running off a side pier, staring intently past me, calling to a friend, "Is it one?" Experience had taught me that, without a doubt, his excitement was our Friendship sloop. Sure enough, when I returned he was there with Margie Mate and our two guests discussing the virtues of Friendships. He was a charter fishing boat captain and gave us some valuable tips about crossing the Gulf Stream.

The next morning we headed out Government Cut and set forth for Bimini, in company with a sleek, modern, characterless, plastic job that had asked if they could sail along, for "mutual protection." The Gulf Stream can get rough, and this day we needed to call upon **Comesin's** friendly ways. The wind gradually swung around to the north and freshened until steep seas building up to 12 feet became the rule. Frequently only the top of the mast of the other vessel was visible. Our bowsprit continually dished up great helpings of briny, which were shipped back at us as spray, but of course no solid water disturbed the security (and one case of Mately seasickness) in our deep, roomy cockpit. I silently praised those builders of Friendship who had designed that full-footed comfort and stability, for I noted that our plastic companions were having a much rougher time of it (though they gradually left us far behind).

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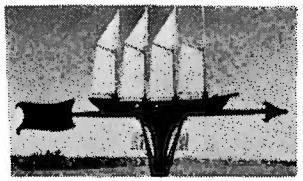
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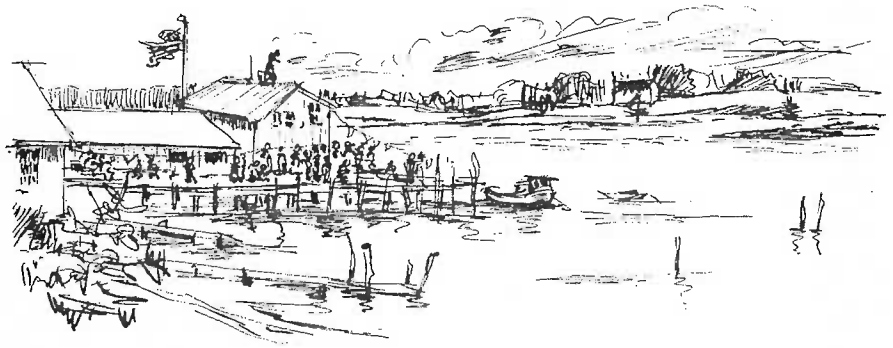


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Several lazy-adventurous days later we tied up in Nassau, a strange, bustling, conchy-tonk, poor-posh town — that we loved. Dinky we were among the fabulous goldplaters, such as the famous **Big Ti**, and many sleek, modern, characterless, plastic jobs. Yet sailors and tourists alike singled us out. They paused, admired, talked. I especially noticed the owner of a big cruiser who often came to give us affectionate scrutiny. It developed that he was spending a few years cruising the Bahamas with his family, and he, too, gave us advice about safe courses to follow across the banks to the Exumas. Friendship sloops, after all, are not shoal draft and can use some counselling.

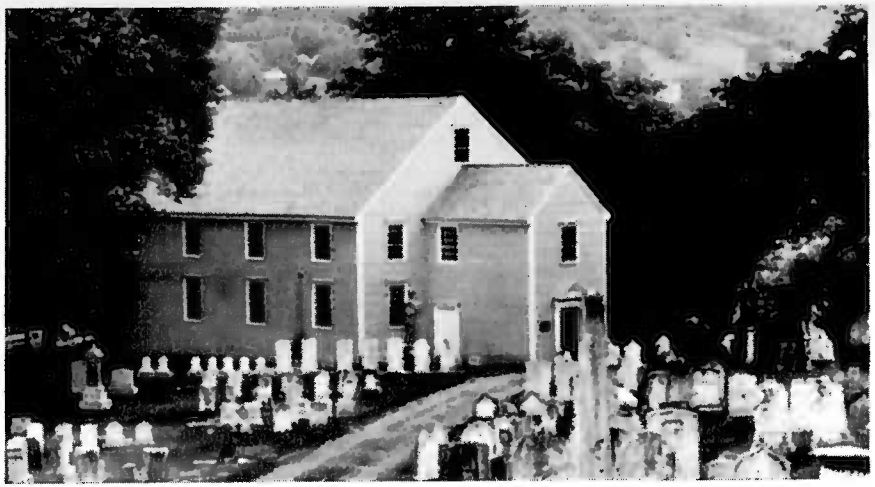
At Highbourne Cay, due to skipper error, we ran aground ignominiously in the harbor entrance. The water was so clear we could easily see the bottom (and how close it was to the surface). Beautiful! It was by no means our first time aground, but we had lots of help and fun getting off. The owner of a large Nassau-based yacht came over with his native crew in his dinghy and gave counteradvice to that which we were getting from the man of the Rhode Island schooner, and when we were off, he left his man to assist us in anchoring in the middle of this tiny out-island harbor. The next day as a 70-foot charter ketch departed, all hands were on deck taking pictures of us! Her skipper in the meantime was calling out his enthusiasm for **Comesin** — and advising us not to take the boat back to the States, but "leave her with Harold Albury in Hatchet Bay — give you extra time in the Bahamas!"

Even the natives loved **Comesin**, perhaps because Friendships look a lot like native sloops. After a particularly hectic day on the Exuma banks, beating against high winds and 6-foot chop, we sought refuge at Warderick Wells. We had to squeeze behind a native sloop in order to gain the anchorage, and the native skipper shouted and gestured. Whatever it was he was saying, we wound up once more aground. However, he and his crewman cousin immediately sculled over in his dinghy. Hopping barefoot on our bowsprit shroud, shouting instructions at me, he took charge of our anchor and had us pulled off the white water and safely set in the blue in a few minutes. He refused pay for this, but we gratefully bought fish from him next day. Later we saw this new friend at the quay in Nassau, selling fish and conch from his familiar dinghy.

After a week in the Exumas we started home, but a "norther" held us up in Nassau. Our guests departed by air, and while we waited on the weather we were entertained aboard several boats, following introductions by our friendly sloop. One charter schooner captain admired our sheerline so much that he volunteered to sail the boat to Harold Albury at Hatchet Bay for us should our time run out. It did, and he did, and we flew home. When we returned for **Comesin** later that spring, we found she had been meticulously cared for, with Harold Albury declaring to men of yachts large and small that ours was the best boat in the harbor!

Several separate trips were required to return **Comesin** all the way to Jacksonville. Through rugged weather and calm, over rough seas and gentle waterways, in a variety of situations, our bonny boat took us wherever we wanted to go, though not always whenever. Yet everywhere one thing re-

(Continued on Page 67)



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mained constant — universal acclaim for the Friendship sloop, resulting in aid and comfort, physical and spiritual, for the crew. We posed for pictures on the Intracoastal; were momentarily placed on the itinerary of the sightseeing boats as we anchored for lunch at Daytona; made instant friends when mechanical trouble developed at Dania, West Palm Beach, Daytona, and Ormond Beach.

And so it goes wherever **Comesin** goes. It's obvious to us, when you embark on a Friendship sloop, you sail in more than just a boat.

For many years we have been receiving inquiries about fiberglass construction of Friendships. As you know, this has come about now — what is the next step? Read on —

Dear Mrs. Roberts,

We would like to become a member of the Friendship Sloop Society. We are now in the process of building a 32-foot Friendship sloop out of ferro-cement. It should be completed by the summer of 1970. We hope to take the boat from Chicago to New York via Great Lakes and then to Europe. We are a family of two adults and three children. Our interest in the Friendship design was fostered by my Father's owning an old Friendship whose name was originally the "Vera-Jean" later changed to "Friendship." It was the sister ship of the "Capt. Pierce" which is still here in Chicago. The beauty and comfort of the design is ideal for a cruising boat and we enjoy seeing and hearing all of the news that your organization extends through boating publications. Please send us the particulars concerning membership.

Many of the letters are simple requests for membership or information, while some are very informative. Still others are a combination of all three. The following is excerpts from a letter that fascinated your editor. This one came from Drew Fetherston in New York City.

Enclosed is my long-delayed membership application; I hope it's in time for the 1969 program. I apologize for the delay; it seemed that every time I sat down to write the check I thought of another $10 piece of gear that I urgently needed.

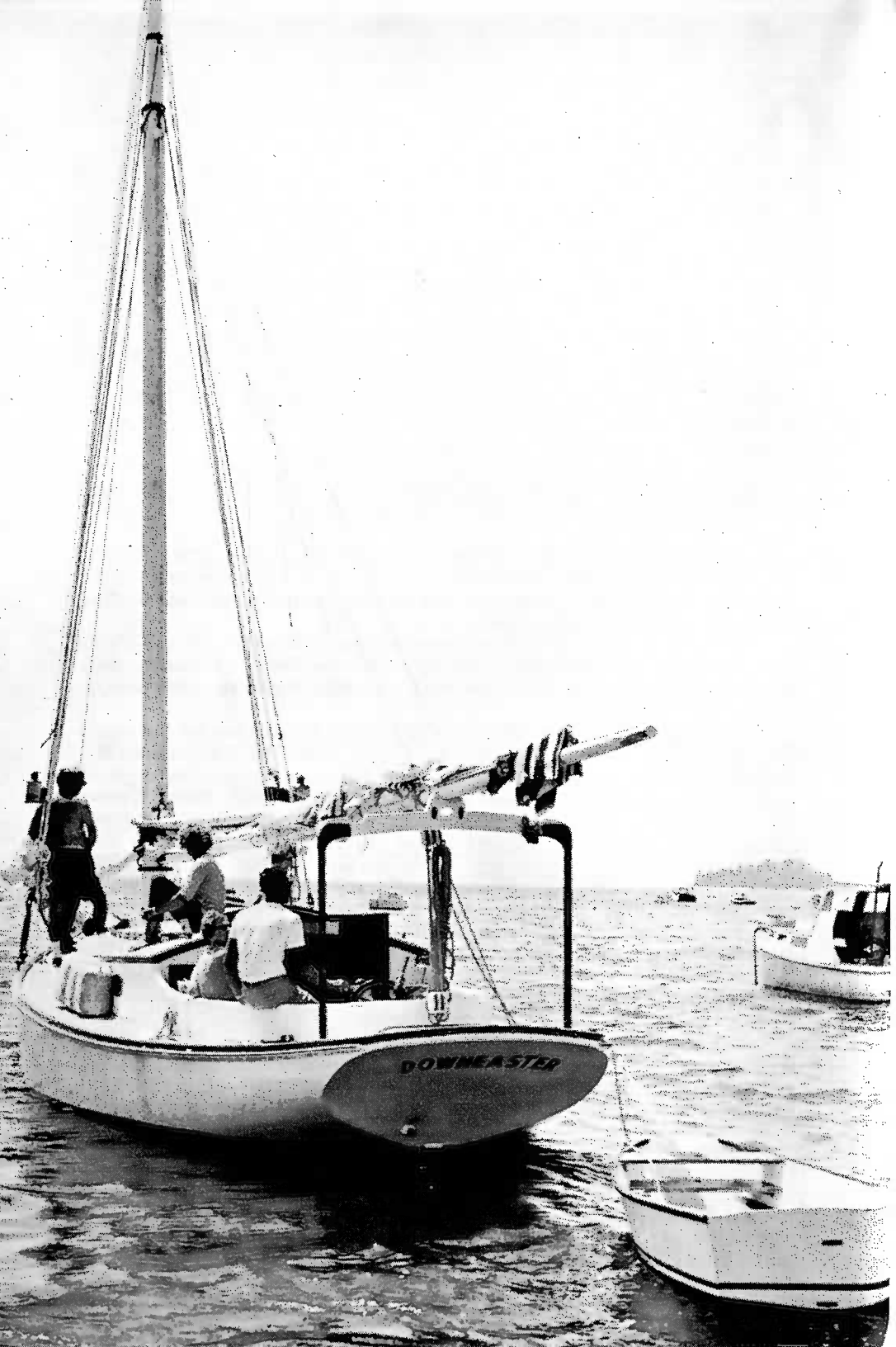
I found out a bit more about my sloop over the summer by talking — very briefly — with Skip Adams, one of the builders. He said he and Mr. Buck began building the boat after losing one during a storm. The lost boat that served as a model for mine was called (at that time) **"Dickie,"** after the owner's son. My boat, naturally, became the **"Dickie II."** I didn't get a chance to ask Mr. Adams where **"Dickie I"** came from; he was working on someone's boat and I was leaving for Port Jefferson. Mr. Adams works at Dobson's in Stonington (Conn.).

He said further that he made a few changes: the bow was built a little higher, giving a more pronounced sheer, and the deck length was stretched about a foot. They had had some trouble in **Dickie I** with cracked frames in the stern; to remedy that they left the after frames in **Dickie II** hanging and put deep, shaped floor timbers. The boat has an outside iron shoe for ballast and pured concrete inside.

She was converted for cruising, I believe in the Connecticut River, after some eight or nine years of service handlining. The name was apparently then changed to "Gray Dawn," and a low doghouse was added aft of the shelter cabin. Originally she had an automobile engine; now it's a 60 hp Lathrop.

I bought it last July and renamed her **Sepoy.** Since it's an odd name, an explanation is in order. In 1858, Staten Islanders burned the local government quarantine station that was spreading yellow fever among the populace. Care was taken to protect the patients, and the destruction was accomplished without loss of life or injury. It came after many fruitless appeals to higher authority to remove the menace, and

(Continued on Page 69)



has always struck me as a public-spirited move.

Newspapers of the day saw it differently, however, and Staten Islanders were branded as revolutionaries, thugs, brigands and referring to the then-recent rebellion in India, Sepoys. The name stuck for a while, and proud Islanders revelled in the name. A newspaper named the Sepoy was published for a time.

Since I'm a native, I thought my sloop should have a name related to Staten Island, and picked **Sepoy**. Built in Connecticut, named for a foreign shore, her heritage remains, however, in Friendship.

Editor's note: Sepoy meant nothing to me, so I looked it up. The encyclopedia I referred to said — Sepoy — see Indian Mutiny — and under Indian Mutiny it went on to explain that Sepoys were native troops in the Bengal Army of the East India Co. (in the mid 1800s). These troops led a rebellion against British authority extending from May 1857 to July 1859, caused by a variety of factors. Of primary importance among immediate causes of the outbreak was the discovery by the Sepoys that the cartridges used in the muzzle-loading Enfield rifle were greased with tallow and lard, respectively taboo among the Hindus and Moslems. Inasmuch as the Sepoys had to remove the greased Minie ball (bullet) from the cartridge casing with their teeth in order to load the rifle, they became profoundly resentful. Agitations against the cartridges spread throughout the army, and several mutinous incidents occurred at scattered military stations.

"In February, 1857, the troops of a native battalion at Berhampur refused to load their rifles. The battalion was disbanded. On May 10, 1857, the native garrison at Merrut, a station near Delhi, mutinied in protest against the imprisonment of several comrades who had refused to touch cartridges. The mutineers killed their officers, liberated the imprisoned soldiers and massacred most of the Europeans in the vicinity. Following the action at Meerut, the mutineers advanced on Delhi. Their arrival early the next morning precipitated a general uprising in the city. The local Sepoys murdered their officers and, with the help of native civilians, slaughtered all Europeans and Christians within the city." (Universal Standard Encyclopedia)

Perhaps you readers knew all this. I didn't and found it interesting, so I pass it along.

This is becoming a long drawn out article, but inasmuch as the skippers seem more able to write things of interest than your editor, here is one more letter, without which this article wouldn't be complete. Florida is the birthplace of this one, and Bradford Mack, the author.

I'll give you a summary of my knowledge of **Susan's** past and present:

I found the boat for sale in Palm Beach in February of 1964. She was in questionable condition, but considering her 62 years and length of stay in southern waters — not too bad. Her equipment wasn't much more sophisticated than the day of her launching in 1902; vintage cotton sails, manila sheets and running rigging. She had ulcerated turnbuckles instead of dead-eyes and a circa 1936 Lathrop engine which managed to be dependable about 50 percent of the time.

No alcohol in the compass, no stove, no icebox — the only thing that really functioned well was an old man-killer bilge pump on deck: and but for the grace of that pump we'd be on the bottom of the Gulf Stream today. I settled at a price about half what the owner asked, and knew he got the better of the deal in spite of it. That's the way with those of us afflicted with the desire to see fine old boats continue to show their stuff.

The Friendship sloop mania took its time reaching Florida. With the occasional exception of an old-timer who'd sailed one as a youngster, most who'd bother to stop and inquire would usually ask the most degrading

(Continued on Page 71)

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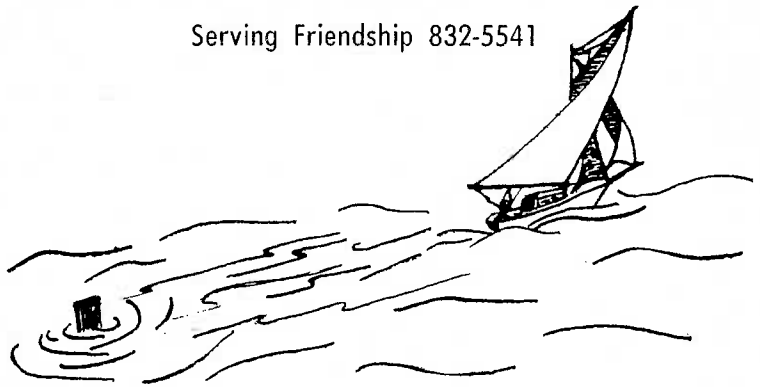
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question of all, "Is she Cuban or Bahamian?" But as the sloops began to enjoy a rebirth of popularity in the late 60s, more and more she was recognized. Now the most frequent questions are, "Is she a Morse, McLain or Carter?" or, "She looks like a Friendship, but she's too big." In fact, weekends set aside for maintenance have become so hectic with tourists, that I've found it necessary to slip away from the dock and do my work in the lee of some local island. I've come home (I live on the boat) and found artists with easels set up on the dock, photographers with fancy cameras on tripods — and surprising numbers of strangers who want to tell me all they know about these sloops.

I'm just as sure as I'm writing this, that **Susan** has a soul, she's glad for all the countless times she's limped into some port and been nailed back into shape. And her just reward is the popularity she enjoys in South Florida. I've tried to keep **Susan** as pure as is practical for the type of sailing I enjoy in our waters. The addition of a wooden taff rail certainly is not Friendship, but a boat without benefit of a cockpit does need some help in keeping her crew aboard in our very sloppy Gulf Stream. She's air-conditioned and heated and 110 volt generated and gets pushed along in a calm by 75 horsepower. She listens to stereo hi-fi, even sees color TV and gets hauled and painted every six months. I think she regards this as proper pampering of a 68 year old dowager.

She has twice been given up as a lost maintenance cause that I know of. During World War II she was left sinking in a creek off the Chesapeake where a University of Miami professor, then in his college days, longed to find the funds to rescue her from a thoughtless owner. She was rescued and taken to Providence, R. I., but was retired for scrap in 1956. She laid ignobly on her side in a boat yard in Jamestown Island in Narraganset Bay waiting for the scrapper's ax when Robin Distin, who now heads Yacht Management Corp of New York, and several young colleagues came along. They were being discharged from the Navy at Newport, and were bent on the dream of sailing their own boat to the Bahamas. They separated **Susan** from her fate for $600 plus the price of a lot of caulking cotton and seam compound. After a year or so, a dismasting off Grand Bahama, and a great adventure, they passed her along to an owner who extensively rebuilt the boat. Oddly, most of this rebuilding I've had to replace and the healthiest timbers and scantling are the originals. I've replaced the stem and stern-post, reframed from forward to behind the chain plates, replaced one section of planking that went to punk at a through-hull, and replaced and added to several deck beams and carlings. She's got both a shelf and clamp, which I understand was rather extreme for Morse's standards, which I've had to reinforce most uncraftsmanlike. Her frames are nailed into the rabbit and joined by enormous floors, and probably has lent to her durability. I would judge she was one of the most expensively built sloops of the time in Friendship.

Susan is rarely to be found in her slip at Miami's Dinner Key Marine on weekends. I'm an avid sailor, a racing sailor who also enjoys the relaxation of cruising and gunk-holing around our Florida Keys and nearby Bahama Islands. I also have a 1969 fiberglass California boat which has delivered a superb race record (nine trophies since September) and which we just dismasted in the first of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference contests this past weekend. Short of going out to the starting line for a race you couldn't get me sailing on this plastic machine — not as long as I have the **Susan**. I sail the **Susan** for the pure delight of handling ease, dryness, cruising comfort: but not exclusively.

I reserve a few races a year for venerable old salts from Friendship. We have several regattas a year in Biscayne Bay in which a free-for-all, boat-for-boat class is included. It's a serious class for many of us who've been at it for awhile, and usually includes 50-75 boats from 20 to 73 feet. A lot of the contestants are new boats who've not been rated yet, beauti-

(Continued on Page 73)

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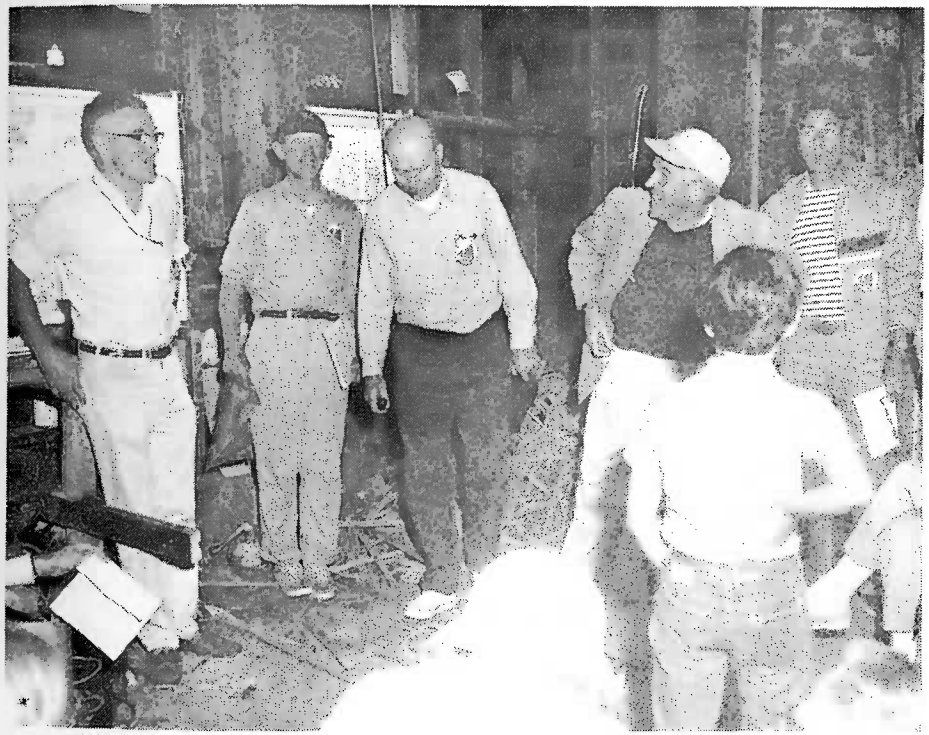
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Proprietors: Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moody

ful old Herreshoff yawls, Nova Scotia schooners, Sharpies and Bugeyes — and — the oldest entry of all, **Susan**.

Susan has sailed 15-20 of these regattas and has only been out of the hardward twice, one of these was a dropout for reason of the gaff exploding on the windward leg. In order to accomplish this record I've had to include huge overlapping headsails, club topsails, deck and halyard winches, vangs, preventers, running back-stays and all sorts of other unworkboat-like gear — and **Susan** is the "boat to beat" in this class. In a recent race which we won handily against 59 contestants, we averaged slightly over 9½ knots over the bottom through the race course. The last contest delivered **Susan** a third against 73 boats, tacking to windward for 13 miles at over six knots.

In spite of the Genoa jib and reacher and winches, I like to think that Wilbur Morse would be proud to know his sloop has not been out-designed yet, as far as I'm concerned. And we go all out to prove that. And when you take a 40-foot fiberglass sloop up to a luff with your gaff-headed Friendship, just smile at the other skipper, because he probably won't believe it happened until you do it to him twice.



"Be sure to bring your buoy back."



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Simultaneously the Enumerator reported all present (the phrase 'or accounted for' was never needed — nobody was ever absent), the Chief Inspector closed the heavy door with finality (nobody was ever late), and took his place on the rostrum to announce the agenda for the meeting.

Where, you ask, could such perfect timing be found? Where, indeed, but in heaven, and the only sound to be heard was a gentle rustling of wings as the angels settled themselves to listen.

"We are gathered for the summer inspection assignments for the temperate zone on the planet Earth. As you receive your instructions from the computer, please repair to the location indicated, where you will find those who are to accompany you on this particular mission."

Followed a general scurrying and gradual relocation in groups varying in size from fifty or more, up.

Enumerator: "The computers have made a big difference, haven't they: so quick."

Chief Inspector: "And so impersonal. Not a single angel has complained of his assignment since they were installed."

Enumerator: "Don't speak too hastily — look who's coming!"

Chief Inspector: "Oh, oh! Demosthenticus! This ought to be quite an oration."

Demosthenticus: "Sire, I have the honor to speak for a small segment of the Angelchor — the more experienced group, I might add. Season after season we have been sent on missions of inspection to the larger cities on the planet Earth, and we find that our assignment this time is to one of the largest and most hopeless of them."

Chief Inspector: "Hm! Let's see — Chicago. I'm afraid you are right. Do I understand you have a complaint to make?"

Demosthenticus: "Sire! the Angelchor prides itself in going wherever it is sent, willingly and cheerfully. I'm not complaining, Sire, but I do wish to make a suggestion if that is allowable."

Chief Inspector: "Let's hear what you have in mind."

Demosthenticus: "Thank you, Sire. I am sure you are aware that all inspection missions to the cities return with reports that conditions are growing worse each year: more poverty — more hunger — more crime — more ignorance — more congestion — more taxes — more hopelessness — more dirt — more filth — more pollution. Why, Sire, do you realize the Angelchor upon its return must take a steam bath every day for a week before we are allowed to appear on Heaven's gold-paved streets?"

Chief Inspector: "That bad, eh?"

Demosthenticus: "Sire, I do not exaggerate, not do I complain. But, Sire, a question. Do all the people on the planet Earth live in cities?"

Chief Inspector: "More flock to the cities each year, but I understand there are people who do actually live in small villages and countrysides."

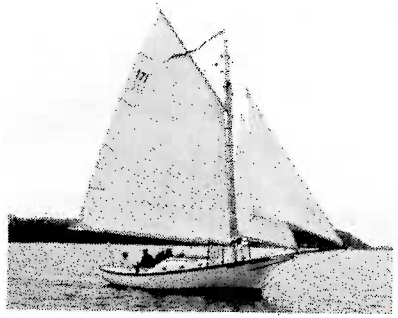
Demosthenticus: "Then why, Sire, are we always sent to the cities? Is Heaven not interested in these others?"

Chief Inspector: "Of course we are, but here's the situation. While there is a population explosion on Planet Earth, fewer and fewer of them are sent up here, (due to the kind of life they lead, no doubt,) and quite frankly, we're short-handed on angels. Since the supreme court 'one man-one vote ruling,' the politicians can get themselves elected by contacting only city dwellers. Due to our labor shortage, we are forced to do the same thing."

Demosthenticus: "But, Sire, due to deplorable conditions in the cities, is it not possible that city-dwellers may be living warped lives, and deduc-

(Continued on Page 77)

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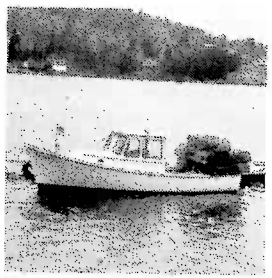
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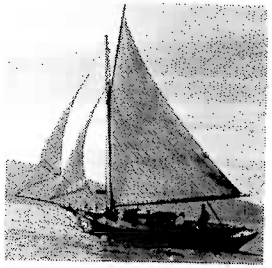
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tions made from surveys restricted to large cities may not present a true picture of mankind?"

Chief Inspector: "You have a point there."

Demosthenticus: "Thank you, Sire. Now for my suggestion: This once at least, dispatch two or three of the Angelchor to one of the small villages; let them mingle with the people and bring back a report on social conditions there. Surely so small a group would not be missed from the missions to the large cities."

Chief Inspector "Hm! I wonder . . . ."

Demosthenticus: (pressing his advantage) "Quite by chance, I have been lunching recently with one descended from fisher-folk, and if I may believe his stories, their entire mode of life is so different from city dwellers that there is no comparison — different in ways which would make our hearts glad were they to be proved true."

Chief Inspector: "Almost anything would be better than the reports we get from the cities. Would there be a considerable number of these fisher-folk, as you call them?"

Demosthenticus: "My lunch companion says they live in small villages along the shores of all the Seven Seas of the Earth, Sire."

Chief Inspector: "Indeed! Why, that's a large segment of the human race. I thank you, Demosthenticus, for calling this to our attention. This must be arranged."

Demosthenticus: "By your leave, Sire, it is all arranged. My luncheon companion Johannus and his brother Jamus are most eager to go, and their enthusiasm has communicated itself to me. We three stand ready, if it be your desire."

Chief Inspector: "But where will you go?"

Demosthenticus: "May I remind you, Sire, that he who stands at the Heavenly Portal is the most renouned fisherman of all time. It is he who will direct us, and show us the way."

* * * * * * * * * * *

It was Wednesday afternoon of Sloop Regatta Week, and the little fishing village was buzzing with activity. Signs were going up — platforms erected — lunch counters and picnic areas made ready — parking lots getting their last minute grooming — the information tent being erected — cars for the shuttle service made ready, and frequent 'booms' from the welcoming cannons announcing the arrival of yet another Friendship Sloop. Prams from the anchored sloops were depositing newly-arrived skippers and crews on the flag-decked wharves, and warm greetings of friendship were to be heard on all sides.

This was the scene which greeted our Heavenly Emissaries as they reached Earth on their inspection mission. Invisibility gave them complete freedom to move about at will, but for awhile they were content to sit quietly on some lobster crates, breathe in the fresh, invigorating air, look out over the blue waters of the harbor at the gathering fleet of vessels of all types and sizes, and take in the beauty and quiet gaity of the scene.

They watched a family eating a picnic supper on the hillside: a joyous hail caught their attention, and they looked on as sun-tanned young people, obviously newly ashore from one of the sloops, approached an elderly pair standing beside a car, faces wreathed in smiles of pride and love — grandparents, come to see the youngsters race. After a bit, they mingled with the crowd: watched children buying pop and candy; hovered over the dock as a lobsterman weighed in his catch of the day; speaking quietly to each other to make sure no-one missed anything.

The fishing boat sloops were of the keenest interest to Jamus and Johannus, so Demosthenticus went along when they spied a sloop whose crew had come ashore. They examined it from stem to stern, noting the

(Continued on Page 79)



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wide beam, the generous elliptical stern with its low freeboard, the graceful sheer, the high bow and the long, curved bowsprit, the living quarters below decks. Used to spirit-rig as they were, Johannus and Jamus had quite a discussion about the added amount of sail made possible by the big gaff-rigged mainsail and the graceful staysail, and opined that these boats must have deep draft in order to weather so much sail.

Returning to shore, they joined skippers and crews in the shuttle cars and attended the skippers' meeting in the village hall. They were impressed by the many suggestions which came before the meeting, and the give-and-take process by which final decisions were reached: they wondered at the scholarship fund by which a sporting crowd like this helped local youngsters get an education: but more than anything else, the warm, good-natured atmosphere which radiated from the entire group had its affect upon them and made them glad they had come.

During the rest of the week, they carried out their duties assiduously, visiting the people of the village, watching the children's games, the young people's contests and the party for the young folks on Friday night. They were among the people at the chicken barbecue and the lobster feed; each morning found them in one of the lobstermen's power boats — this was a new kind of fishing for them — and of course they were at the starting line for each race. The first day they all got aboard one sloop, but after that each boarded a separate boat for the course of the race. They were much interested in "handicap alley," and watched with keen delight to see if the crewmen would grab the toggle on the first swing — the toggle which would prove they had sailed their full course.

It was quite evident to them that the sailors aboard the sloops were enjoying the event, whether they placed well or far to the rear, but there were a few boats that fell so far behind, in spite of the careful handicapping, that it bothered them and they decided to do something about it.

When the final 'Homecoming Race" began on Saturday, each of the visitors from Heaven was aboard one of the slowest boats and, as expected, they were soon almost alone on the surface of the Bay.

While being an angel amongst the earth-people may have it's disadvantages, there are also some useful advantages, among them being their power to order the wind. This they put to good use as they had planned, and soon small gusts of wind began to make the trailing sloops heel more and step out with unexpected speed. The surprised skippers trimmed their sheets in wonder and delight as their craft began to close in on the rest of the fleet.

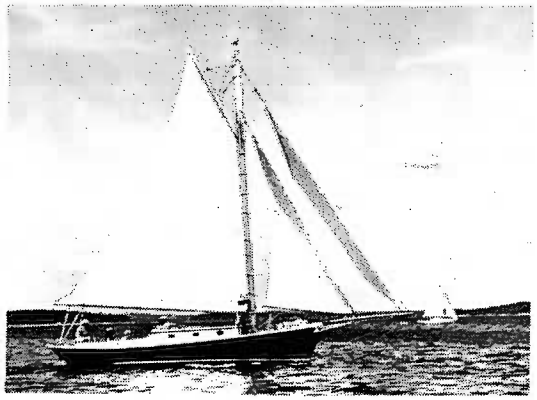
Soon it was clear that they would overtake the nearest sloops, and there was great glee among the members of the crews. Children aboard, (and there were several small ones, for 'families' composed many of the crews,) squealed and jumped for joy as they edged past another sloop now and then.

It would be exciting to report that one of these lagging boats was able to win, but of course when they came abreast of the others closely, they, too were wafted along by the supernatural gusts of wind. So the race went to the swiftest, as it should, but at least three skippers and crews vowed they had had the time of their lives, and enjoyed the many favorable comments which came their way at the Awards Banquet that evening.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The gate-keeper closed his weary eyes for a moment, but quickly resumed his anxious watch. Why did they not come? All the other investigators had returned long since and made their reports. Only the three he had directed to the little fishing village were unaccounted for. He paced back and forth restlessly. This had never happened before, and he felt responsible. What would the Ruling Council say?

(Continued on Page 81)



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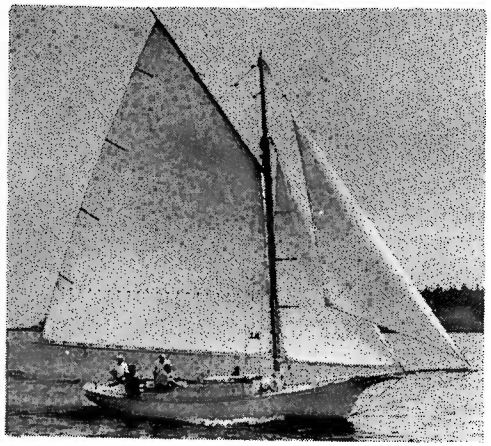
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MARTIN'S POINT
Friendship, Maine



WILBUR A. MORSE

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"Dirigo"

LASH BROTHERS

BOATYARD

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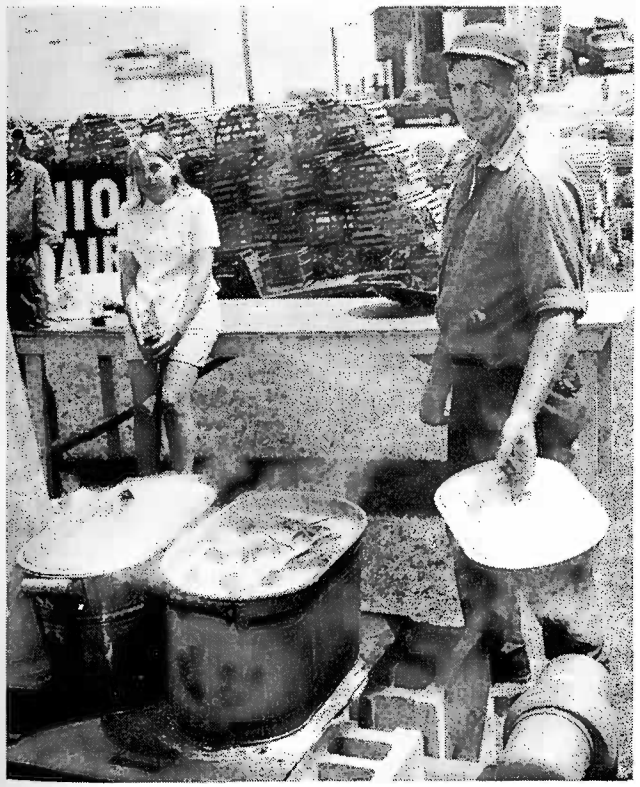
At last he spotted them, just as they reached Polaris on their way from Orion (just as he had instructed them), and headed directly for Heaven. They seemed in no hurry at all, but were immersed in animated conversation among themselves.

When they alighted and folded their wings before their old friend at the Heavenly Portal, they greeted him in warmest terms, and Demosthenticus soon put him at ease about their tardiness. They had stayed over a day in the little village, partly to attend church — partly to perfect a very special recommendation they wished to make to the Ruling Council.

They were sure the Chief Inspector would be pleased with their report — so completely different from any they had made when returning from previous city inspections. The people lived quiet, simple lives in what was surely the loveliest spot on Earth: there was no mad rush to gain wealth: when someone suffered a misfortune, everyone pitched in to help him: during the festival they had witnessed, they ran free shuttle service between harbor and town, parked their cars for free, enjoyed free ice to keep their victuals from spoiling, and exhibited a concern for each other that the examiners had found nowhere else outside of Heaven.

In fact, during their four days in this fishing village where life was so natural and pleasant, they felt so much at home that a wonderful idea had dawned upon them — an idea which they would present to the Ruling Council as the climax of their report.

In the interests of efficiency and closer ties with the human race, why not establish a branch office in this lovely place on earth? Think of the advantages which would accrue from an office within easy reach of both small towns and large cities! Why, even the name of the town was indicative of heavenly ideals — "Friendship."



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