

FRIENDSHIP SLOOP
RACES OF 1965

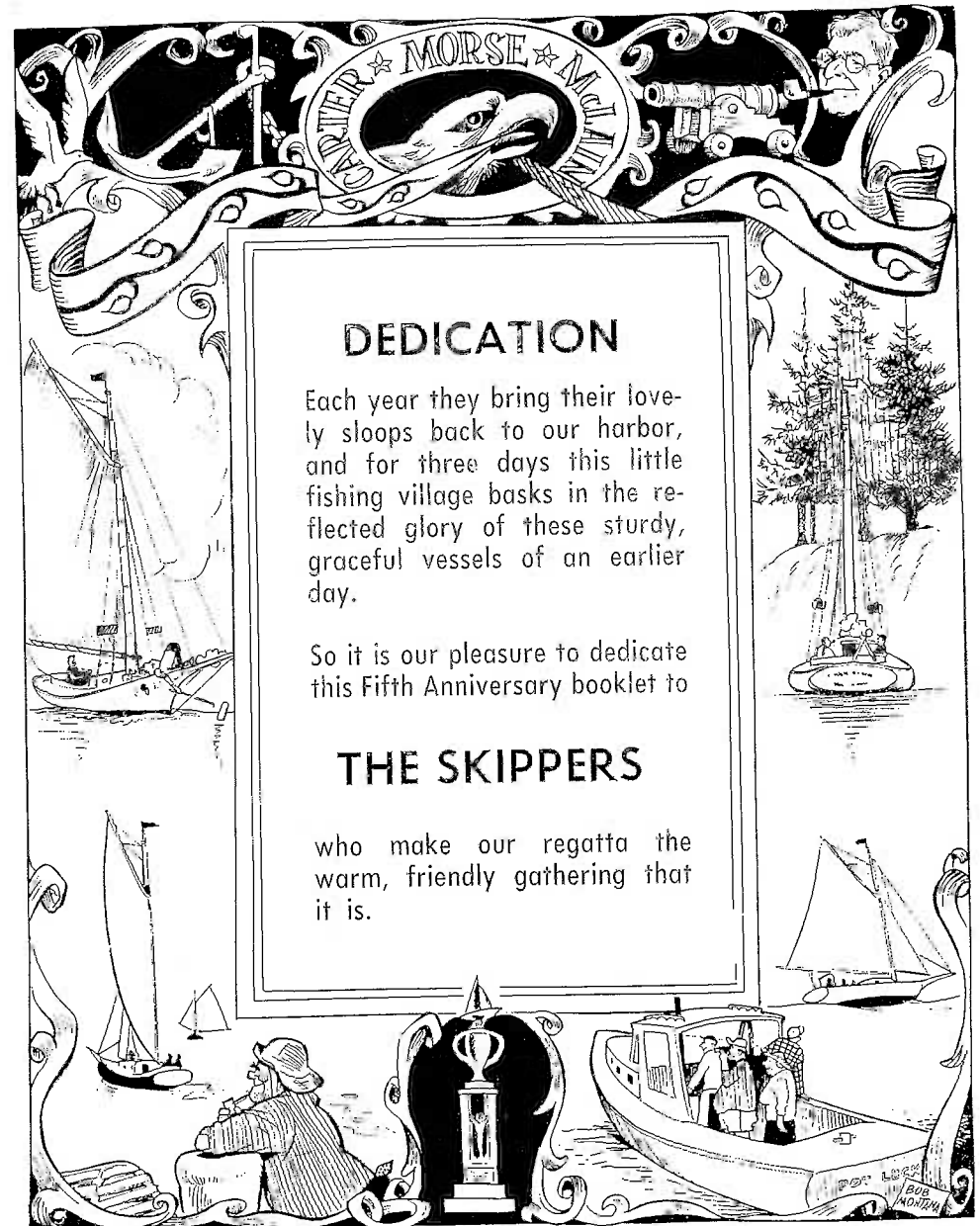
1965



Thursday Friday Saturday
JULY 29 - 30 - 31

STORY OF THE COVER

From the original painting on display at the Friendship Museum. It shows the launching of a Friendship Sloop about 1904 from the Boat Shop of Wilbur Morse at Friendship Harbor.



Friendship Sloop Society

INCORPORATED 1961

PRESIDENT

Roger Duncan (owner of "Eastward")

VICE PRESIDENT

Richard Swanson (owner of Jolly Buccaneer)

SECRETARY

Betty Roberts — Friendship, Maine

TREASURER

Carlton Simmons — Friendship, Maine

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Howard Chapelle

Wm. Danforth

Cyrus Hamlin

Gov. John Reed

John Gould

Bernard MacKenzie

(Honorary President)

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Everyone In Town Willing To Help

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Howard Chapelle - Cy Hamlin - Bertram Snow

OFFICIAL HANDICAPPER

Cyrus Hamlin

Welcome . . .

This year's regatta marks our fifth year. In five years the enthusiasm engendered by the love of the world famous Friendship Sloop has brought about many changes. We started in 1961 with fourteen sloops competing in one fifteen-mile race, and this year we expect over twenty sloops to enter the three day regatta in competition for fifteen trophies and an additional twelve prizes. Each year we have had more participating sloops than the year before.

This year will make the third annual race in Gloucester. Each year this affair is held around the second week-end in September with William Haskell, owner of the Golden Eagle, as the chairman.

In 1964 a Society sponsored cruise to the World's Fair was led by Bernard MacKenzie, with three sloops making the trip with stop overs at Marion, Newport, Mystic, and Manhasset.

In May of 1964 Ernest Sprowl launched his sloop "Dirigo". The Maine Department of Economic Development came up with the idea of sending the sloop over the road to the World's Fair to help publicize Maine Day. Several Friendship Sloop Society members were present, along with Miss Maine, Governor Reed, and other dignitaries. It was indeed a gala occasion, with the Friendship Sloop "Dirigo" as the center of attention.

In February of 1965 the Sloop Society helped to sponsor a Mid-Coast Maine booth at the New England Industrial and Trade Show. We prepared a brochure to be passed out at this show held at Suffolk Downs in Boston.

All of these activities have put the Friendship Sloop in the limelight and have brought about a true revival of interest in the one time lobster boats. At least half a dozen sloops have been built in Friendship, and several more in the neighboring towns of Thomaston, Rockland, Camden, and Round Pond.

This boost to our local boat builders has brought in a considerable amount of outside money to our area. In addition to the help enjoyed by the local boat builders and their suppliers, there has been a definite boost to many business people in the area, particularly the hotel, motel, and restaurant people along Route 1 from Waldoboro to Camden.

We have planned our regatta for the week prior to the Maine Seafoods Festival so that spectators will have two full week-ends in a row to enjoy two of the outstanding summer events in Maine.

The records of the Friendship Sloop Society include many interesting facts and figures about new and old sloops. In 1961 we knew the whereabouts of possibly two dozen sloops, and our files now list about 70. If you know of one we haven't listed won't you please tell us about it?

This booklet is made possible by our friends who advertise in it, and we are most grateful to them for their cooperation. This year we have added a few sea stories about the area. If this feature proves popular we will continue it in years to come.

We have done our best to plan a pleasant week-end for everyone. We hope we have done our job well so you will all enjoy yourselves - - - Smooth Sailing!



Black Jack and Chrissy

THIS PAGE CONTRIBUTED BY
FEYLER FISH CO.

Rockland, Maine

List of Events

THURSDAY, JULY 29 — FIRST RACE

- 11:00 A. M. Skippers' Meeting
- 12:00 Noon Starting Time of First Race
- 6:30 P. M. Picnic for Sloop Crews and Their Families

FRIDAY, JULY 30

- 11:00 A. M. Skippers' Meeting
- 12:00 Noon Second Race
- 5:00 P. M. Several Sloops Open for Public Inspection
- 6:00 P. M. Chicken Barbecue
- 6:30 P. M. Water Events for Youngsters
Swimming, Rowing, Trap Pulling, etc.
- 8:00 P. M. Youth Entertainment — Town Hall

SATURDAY, JULY 31

- 9:00 A. M. Skippers' Meeting
- 10:30 A. M. Parade of Sloops
- 12:00 Noon Start of Third Race
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.
- 12:00 Noon Lobster meal served continually until 6:00 P. M. on the hillside facing the harbor.
- 3:00 P. M. Sloops should be in sight for their run to the finish line opposite the wharves in Friendship Harbor.
- 7:30 P. M. Awards Banquet served in the Town Hall by reservation only — Trophies and prizes will be presented to the winners.

Changes or additions to the program will be noted
at the Information Booth and on the wharves.



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Past Performances

1961

All One Class — One Race

Governor's Trophy Won by "Voyager" (first original)

1962

Two Classes — Originals A and Replicas B

		CLASS A	CLASS B
Thursday	— 1.	Amity	MarGin
Friday	— 1.	Amity	Eastward
Saturday	— 1.	Amity	Eastward
	2.	Black Jack	Vida Mia
	3.	Chrissy	MarGin

Governor's Trophy Won by Eastward

1963

Thursday's Race was called off after six hours for lack of wind.

		CLASS A	CLASS B
Friday	— 1.	Chrissy	Downeaster
Saturday	— 1.	Jolly Buccaneer	Eastward
	2.	Chrissy	Downeaster
	3.	Black Jack	Vida Mia

A run-off race between Eastward and Downeaster resulted in Downeaster winning the Governor's Trophy.

1964

Three Classes — Originals A, Replicas B and Near Replicas C

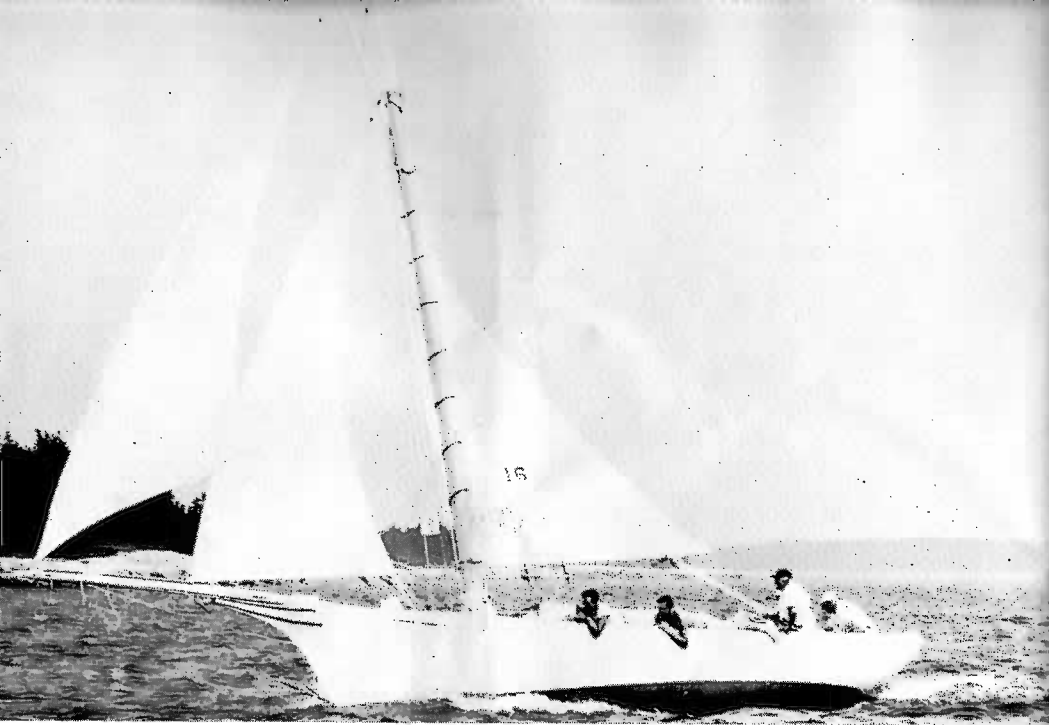
		CLASS A	CLASS B	CLASS C
Thursday	— 1.	Chrissy	Dirigo	Channel Fever
Friday	— 1.	Chrissy	Dirigo	MarGin
Saturday	— 1.	Chrissy	Eastward	MarGin
	2.	Golden Eagle	Downeaster	Channel Fever
	3.	Black Jack	Mary Anne	Nancy

Governor's Trophy won by Eastward

Scoring for Races

Overall Trophy (Governor's Trophy) will be figured on points — normal basis for series.

- 1 point for finishing
- 1 point for each boat beaten
- ¼ point for winning



Downeaster

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Trophies

The 1965 Friendship Sloop Regatta will include three days of racing. Thursday and Friday will have a winner in each of three classes (A original — B replica — C near replica). Saturday's race will have three winners in all three classes, and there will be the Governor's Trophy presented to the overall winners of Classes A and B.

Each day's race will begin at 12:00 noon. A handicap buoy system worked out by Cy Hamlin is being used, so the first boat back over the finish line is the winner. All races will finish in full view of the wharves in Friend-

DONORS OF TROPHIES

The Department of Economic Development

The Lash Brothers Boatyard, Friendship

Miss Eda Lawry (Granddaughter of Wilbur Morse)

Department of Sea and Shore Fisheries

Arthur K. Watson

Camp Wonalancet — Eaton Center, N. H.

Al and Betty Roberts — Trophies for Youngsters Events

In addition to the customary trophies for winners, there will be many additional awards. This has been possible through the cooperation of many Maine Industries and Businesses, which are listed below in alphabetical order.

Burnham & Morrill

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Down East Magazine

Holmes Packing Co.

Maine Coast Fisherman

Monmouth Canning Co.

North Lubec Canning Co.

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Case of Canned Goods

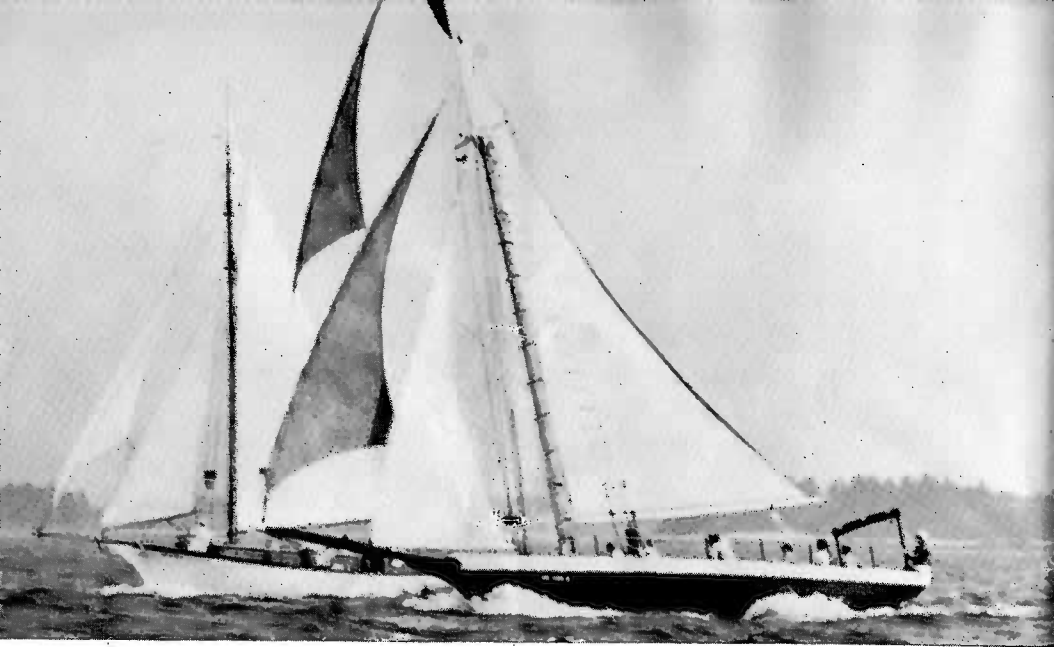
Case of Outboard Oil

NapGuard Blanket

Lobsters

Brass Door Stop

Gift Box



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Tops'ls Flying

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COLUMBIA YACHTS

Because the Columbia 40 sloop is a brand new addition to our fleet (it is due in South Freeport about May 20th) there are still open dates for charters on "XL" for this summer.

Auxiliary Sloops — Defender and Defender II — booked right through the summer.

All three will be available from Miami next winter.

Still available, besides "XL": **RENTAL OR SALE**

Columbia 24' Contender Sloop (equipped for camp out cruising)

Columbia 24' Challenger Sloop (equipped for camp out cruising)

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On Display: Anchorage Dyer Dhows

O'Day Sailboats

Boston Whaler and Squalls

Columbia 24' Sloop

Columbia 26' Sloop

South Freeport Yacht Basin, Inc.

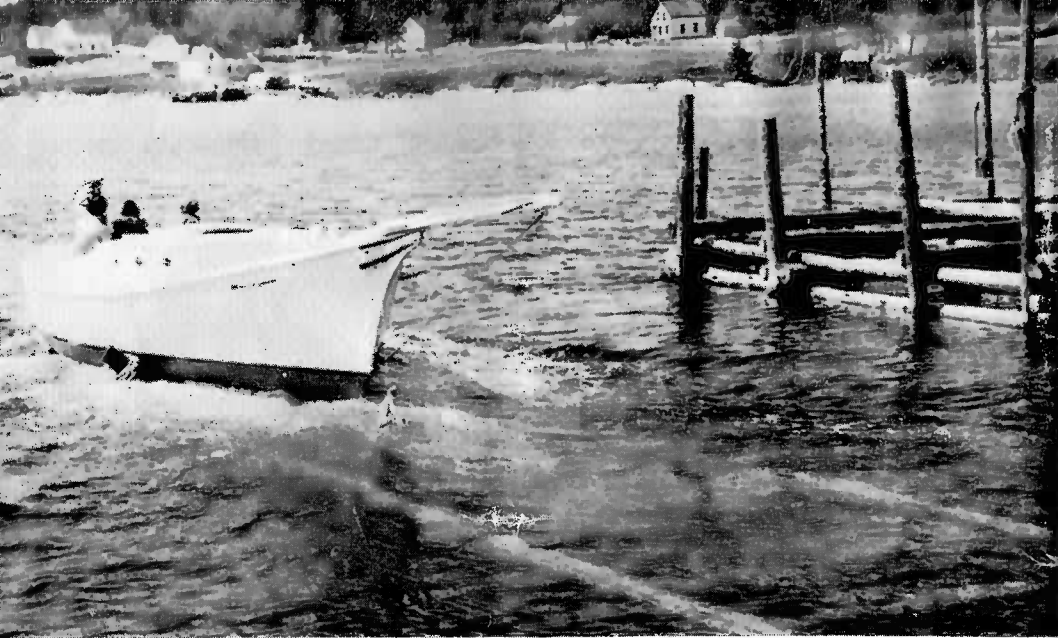
South Freeport — Maine

(which knows how to fit out a boat)

List of Friendship Sloops

List includes only sloops known to the Friendship Sloop Society. Members of the Society are listed numerically according to their permanent numbers.

No.	Name	Built By	Length	Present Owner
1.	Voyager	Charles Morse	30'	Bernard MacKenzie, Scituate, Mass.
2.	Dictator	Robert McLain Bremen	31'	Alan Chesney, Baltimore, Md., & Deer Isle, Maine
3.	Finette	Wilbur Morse	47'	Frank Smith, Westfield, Conn.
4.	Golden Eagle	A. F. Morse	26'	William Haskell, Marblehead, Mass.
5.	Content	S. M. Ford	25'	Stuart Ford, Bailey Island, Maine
6.	Eastward	James Chadwick Pemaquid	32'	Roger & Mary Duncan, Concord, Mass., & Newagen, Maine
7.	Tannis II	W. S. Carter	33'	Francis Niering, Jr., Norwood, Mass.
8.	Banshee	Morse	30'	Benjamin Waterworth, New Bedford, Mass.
9.	Amity	Morse	30'	James R. Wiggins, Washington, D. C.
10.	Mary Anne	Lash Bros.	31'	John Dallett, New York & Cushing, Maine
11.	L'Aigle D'Or	Gannet	24'	John Adams, Marblehead, Mass.
12.	Friendship	Wilbur Morse	29'	Robert Cavanaugh, Scituate, Mass.
13.	Easting	C. A. Morse	29'	James R. Pierpont, Milford, Conn.
14.	Sadie M.	Morse Boatyard Thomaston	30'	Harrison Prindle, Castine, Maine
15.	Vida Mia	E. L. Stevens	30'	Frederick Brown, Kittery, Maine
16.	Retriever	Gannet	32'	John Plante, Chelmsford, Mass.
17.	Jolly Buccaneer	McLain, Bremen	45'	Richard Swanson, Winchester, Mass.
18.	Chrissy	Morse	30'	Ernst Wiegler, Hawthorne, N. J.
19.	Black Jack	Wilbur Morse	33'	William Pendleton, Suffield, Conn.
20.	Wanderer	Morse	30'	Robert Traves, Beverly, Mass.
21.	Wilbur Morse	Carlton Simmons	30'	C. Wilfred Brann, Augusta & Friend- ship, Maine
22.	Ellie T.	John Thorpe	26'	John Thorpe, Bristol, Maine
23.	Depression		32'	Dr. Myron Hahn, Bremen, Maine, & Boston, Mass.
24.	Tern	Wilbur Morse	26'	H. C. Vibber, Waterford, Conn.
25.	Sea Duck	Morse Boatyard (ketch rig)	36'	Robert S. Coburn, Glenmont, N. Y.
26.	Swan	Wilbur Morse	28'	William & Joan Bornstein, Mt. Sinai, Long Island, N. Y.



Launching

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY

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Friendship, Maine

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List of Friendship Sloops

Name	Built By	Length	Owner
27. Yankee Trader	Bob McKean Sid Carter Friendship	28'	John Kollett, Johnston, R. I.
28. Bounty	Gannet	22'	George McFadden, Glenside, Pa.
29. Susan	Wilbur Morse	28'	Paul Eykel, Riviera Beach, Fla.
30. Fly-A-Way		21'	Julian Dodge, Danvers, Mass.
31. White Eagle	Wilbur Morse	28'	Robert Montana, Meredith, N. H.
32. Nomad	Wilbur Morse	44'	James E. Ford, Middletown, Conn.
33. Cyrano	Nichols	28'	Richard Usen, Manchester, Mass.
34. Pal-O-Mine	Gannet	27'	James B. L. Lane, Winchester, Mass.
35. Mary C.	N. D. Clapp (marconi rig)	20'	Nat Clapp, Jr., Prides Crossing, Mass.
36. MarGin		25'	Rev. Gerald Kinney, Thomaston, Me.
37. Chance			Thomas Files, East Orange, N. J.
38. Eleazar	W. S. Carter	38'	Harry Schelhorn, New Milford, N. J.
39. Downeaster	Lash Bros.	30'	Randolph Major, Charlottesville, Va., & Friendship, Maine
40. Elicia III	Irving Jones Boothbay	32'	Winthrop Bancroft, Boothbay Harbor, Maine & Jacksonville, Fla.
41. Snafu		35'	Alfred Gastonguay, Beverly, Mass.
42. Nancy	Carlton Simmons J. P. Hennings	26'	John P. Hennings, Falmouth, Maine
43. Gypsy	Judson Crouse	23'	Robert Lash, N. Penobscot, Maine
44. Sazerac	Wilbur Morse	33'	Clinton Merrill, Falmouth, Maine
45. Flying Jib	Scott Carter	30'	Elbert Powell, Arlington, Mass.
46. Dirigo	Lash Bros.	30'	Ernest Sprowl, Searsmont, Maine
47. Galatea	Roth San Francisco	30'	Muenzer, San Francisco, Calif.
48. Channel Fever	F. A. Provener New York	33'	Gordon Winslow, Needham, Mass., & Southport, Maine
49. Surprise	Philip Nichols	33'	Philip Nichols, Round Pond, Maine
50. Heritage	Elmer Collemer Murray Peterson	28'	W. K. Hadlock, S. Freeport, Maine
51.	W. A. Morse	32'	Robert Morrison, Metuchen, N. J.
52. Rights of Man	Lash Bros.	30'	Philip Cronin, Cambridge, Mass.



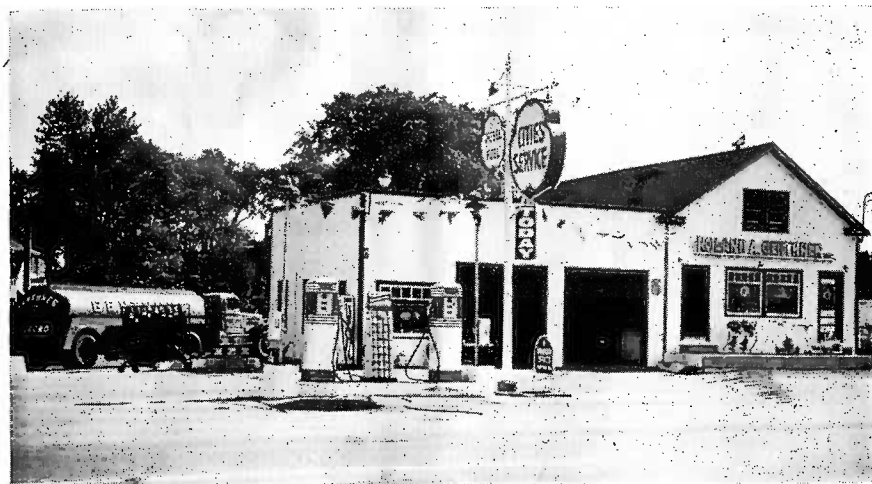
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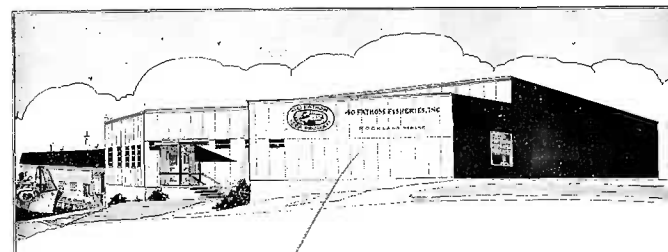


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List of Friendship Sloops

Name	Built By	Length	Owner
53. Eagle	Wilbur Morse	31'	Dana Huston, North Reading, Mass. Donald Huston, Nahant, Mass.
54. Echo	Lee Boatyard Rockland	22'	William Thon, Port Clyde, Maine
55. Right Bower	Morse	40'	Thomas Baldwin, III, Norwich, Conn.
56. Iocaster		33'	Dr. Charles B. Currier, Jr., Boston, Mass.
Aurara		30'	Hoche & Richard Steele, Rockport, Maine
Carolyn			A. J. Rousseau, Warwick, R. I.
Dottie G.	Simms, Scituate	27'	Joseph Plumb, Rochester, Mass.
Emma B.	Reginald Wilcox		Reginald Wilcox, East Boothbay, Me.
Fascination	W. A. Morse	27'	Bruce Read, E. Pepperel, Mass.
Loon			Harry McCausland, Beverly, Mass.
Omaha	Morse	35'	Fred Jensen, Staten Island, N. Y.
Princess		25'	Joe Richards, Key Biscayne, Fla.
Red Wing	W. S. Carter	42'	Marjorie DeBold, Middletown, Conn.
Surprise	Gannet		
Susanna			Dr. Richardson, Boston, Mass.
Stella Maris			Ted Wells, Duxbury, Mass.
Venture	Morse	28'	Robert S. Thing, Brunswick, Me.

Everybody including the men who go on our trawlers that bring in the fish from the sea to be processed in this most modern plant enjoy watching the sloop races and wish the FRIENDSHIP SLOOP DAYS Every Success.

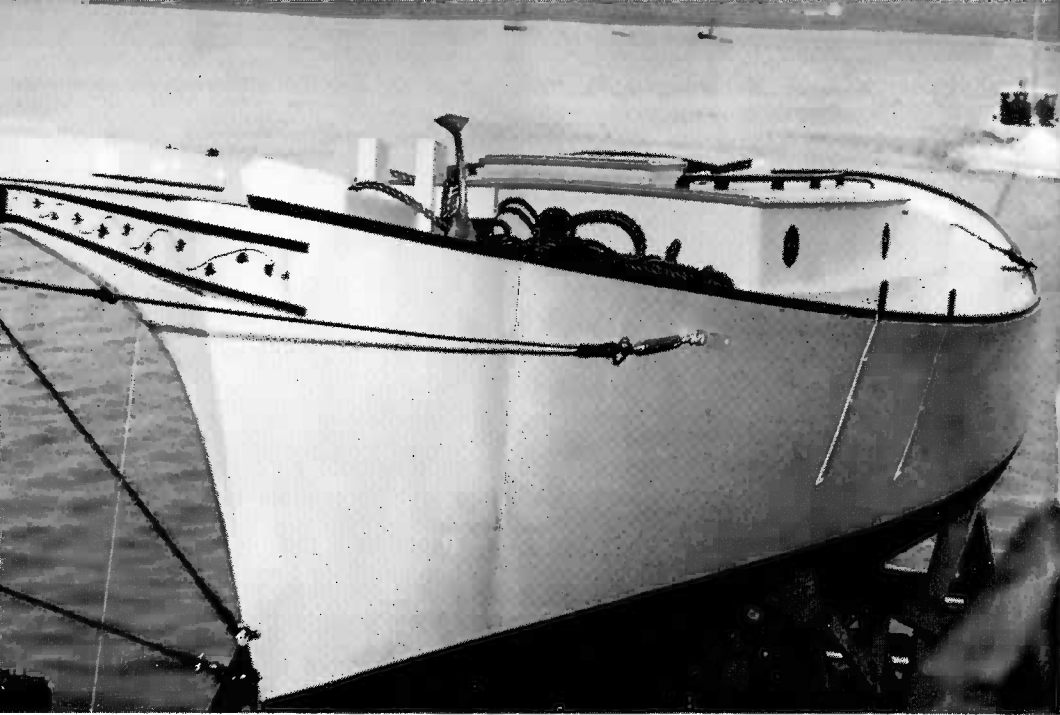


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FRIENDSHIP

Launchings

The history of boat launchings is a long and interesting study. Our chief concern is the varied means used for the launching of Friendship Sloops, but perhaps a word or two about earlier launchings is in order.

In the days of the Romans, when human sacrifice was common, it is said that human slaves were used as a lubricant for the launching ways. This was to appease the gods, and was expected to persuade them to smile with favor on a ship so launched, thereby insuring safe voyages. As time went on, the human sacrifices were changed to animal sacrifices. Later there came the abolition of using any form of life, but the safe voyages of the ship were insured by the pouring of blood on the bow just before she slipped into the water for the first time. The passing of time saw red wine substituted for the blood. The change from red wine to champagne is very recent, and how this came about is not fully understood.

In the early days of this country many clams were put on the ways to allow the boat to slip smoothly into the sea, and modern day has seen this changed to the use of heavy grease.

When Friendship Sloops became popular at the turn of the century, they were built wherever it was convenient for the builder to work. In many cases this was in a shed or barn far from the water, and often it might be several miles away.

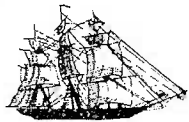
In past articles we have told of the launchings on Bremen Long Island, where the whole community turned out on launching day to help and to watch. Everyone helped by hauling on the end of a rope to start the sloop on her way. It was not unlike the "house raisings" about which we have all heard so much, with food and refreshment provided for all.

Warren Morse built sloops on the third floor of a 40' by 40' fish salting and drying building. These sloops not only had to be lowered to ground level, but turned 90 degrees as well.

Clifford Winchenbach who built his sloops in West Waldoboro far from the water, also had to lower his from a second story to the ground. He used huge shears (or tripod). He put a cradle around the sloop, and using rollers got it as near the edge of falling out as he could. Then with block and tackle at the high point of the tripod the sloop, cradle and all was lowered to the ground where it was hitched up to several yoke of oxen for the trip to the water.

Our cover on this program is an artist's conception of a launching at Wilbur Morse's boatyard in Friendship harbor. Several boatyards in Friendship used oxen to haul the sloops to the water.

Dewey Winchenbach tells about his father having oxen haul a sloop (in a cradle) onto the ice in the Waldoboro River to wait for the spring thaw. At Friendship harbor it was not an uncommon sight to see half a dozen sloops on the ice waiting for the break-up to launch them.



Clip and Mail

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History to Events of Tomorrow, Small Towns and Summer Folk.

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Friendship Museum

Like the Friendship Sloop Society the Friendship Museum, Incorporated, had a modest beginning and is proceeding cautiously. So far we have met only a spirit of cooperation and friendliness. Our first season saw over 2,500 visitors crossing our threshold. They came from nearly every state of the union, and nearly a dozen foreign countries. An article by Arthur Davenport in the Sunday edition of the New York Times did much to publicize the museum, and we received dozens of inquiries by mail, as a direct result. Many people mentioned having seen the article.

While we enjoy sharing our treasures and memories with friends and strangers alike, this was not our main objective in setting up a Friendship Museum. Our primary concern was to preserve the records and artifacts of our town before they were scattered to the four winds, and to acquaint our young people with the heritage that is theirs. These purposes have met with considerable success. Most of the young people in town have visited the museum and a majority of the townspeople who have seen our displays have gone home to bring back something to add to our collection.

People have been more than generous with financial aid too! Much of our income is derived from dues paying members and gifts. We have approximately 200 members and are looking forward to a busy 1965 season.

In keeping with our slogan: A MUSEUM OF FRIENDSHIP IN FRIENDSHIP, there is never an admission charge. Our doors are open and the welcome mat is out from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Monday through Saturday and from 2 P. M. to 5 P. M. on Sunday. Our season will open on June 14th and will not close until September 11th.

Yankee Traveler Motel

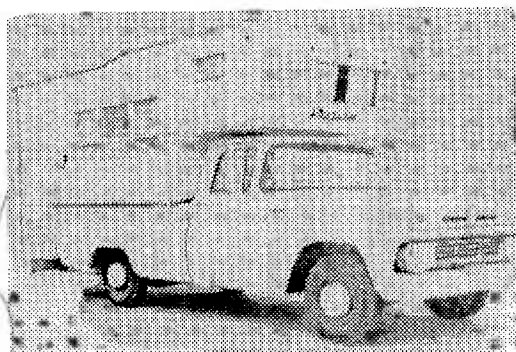
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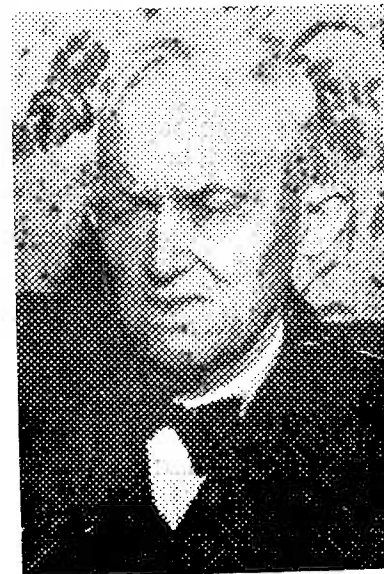
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Clifford Winchenbach

In all the stories we print about the early sloops and their builders, there is necessarily a similarity of context, and yet each one has a feature that makes it different.

In talking with Dewey Winchenbach in West Waldoboro, and his sister, Minnie Vannah, we learned considerable about Clifford Winchenbach and the sloops he built, many of them before 1900. Clifford built his first sloop in 1883 and Dewey isn't sure whether it was this one or his second, that sold for \$250.00 and this included the sails, which were sewn on the family sewing machine. This was a 26 footer. Clifford's early sloops were center-boarders.

From 1883 to 1915, "Cliffy", as he was known, built a sloop each winter, with only occasional help. Launching day was a gala affair.

It was usually a bee, with Cliffy supplying the honey. People came from miles around to help and to watch. There were usually seven or eight yoke of oxen to haul the sloop to the creek on Dutch Neck. From here these sloops went far and wide from close by Monhegan, to Portland, Provincetown, New York and even to New Zealand.

Dewey says that if his memory serves him right, a crew from New Zealand came to Dutch Neck and sailed a 30 footer home.

Cliffy, like all the "old timers" was versatile and adaptable. When gasoline engines made Friendship Sloops old fashioned and obsolete as far as lobster work boats were concerned, he shifted his operations to accommodate the market. First the demand was for double enders, then it shifted to the acorn stern and then the big wide round sterns. Today, Dewey, his son has gone one step further and is building 14 to 16 foot lapstrake square sterned boats for the fishermen who use outboards in the rivers. This adaptability is characteristic of the spirit and way of life that has made Maine the boat building center that it is.

Most of Cliffy's boats were built on the second floor over his store at "Eugley's Corner" in West Waldoboro. He worked on these only during the winter as summers he divided his time between keeping store, and tending to his duties as Selectman and Assessor. Of his six children, five were boys, and all five were carpenters. Dewey and Clyde were the only ones who

learned boarbuilding from their father. The others were all "house carpenters".

The whole family, together with the aunts and uncles and cousins, etc., planned an annual picnic on Hog or Cow Island, and everyone embarked on a sloop. The first job on landing on the island was to dig clams which mother then made into a chowder for the main course of the picnic meal. More often than not this party would become becalmed three or four miles from home on the return trip, but preparations had been made for this. Out would come the 12 foot oars from their hiding place under the wash boards, and blocks made with suitable sockets to serve as oarlocks were clamped to the coaming. With this set up, and two men on each oar, the sloop would soon be rowed back to the dock.

Clifford was building boats when he was eighty years old and nearly blind. He claimed he didn't need good eyes because he could build a boat pretty much "by feel". Most of his lobster boats were 28 to 30 feet long. ship Harbor.

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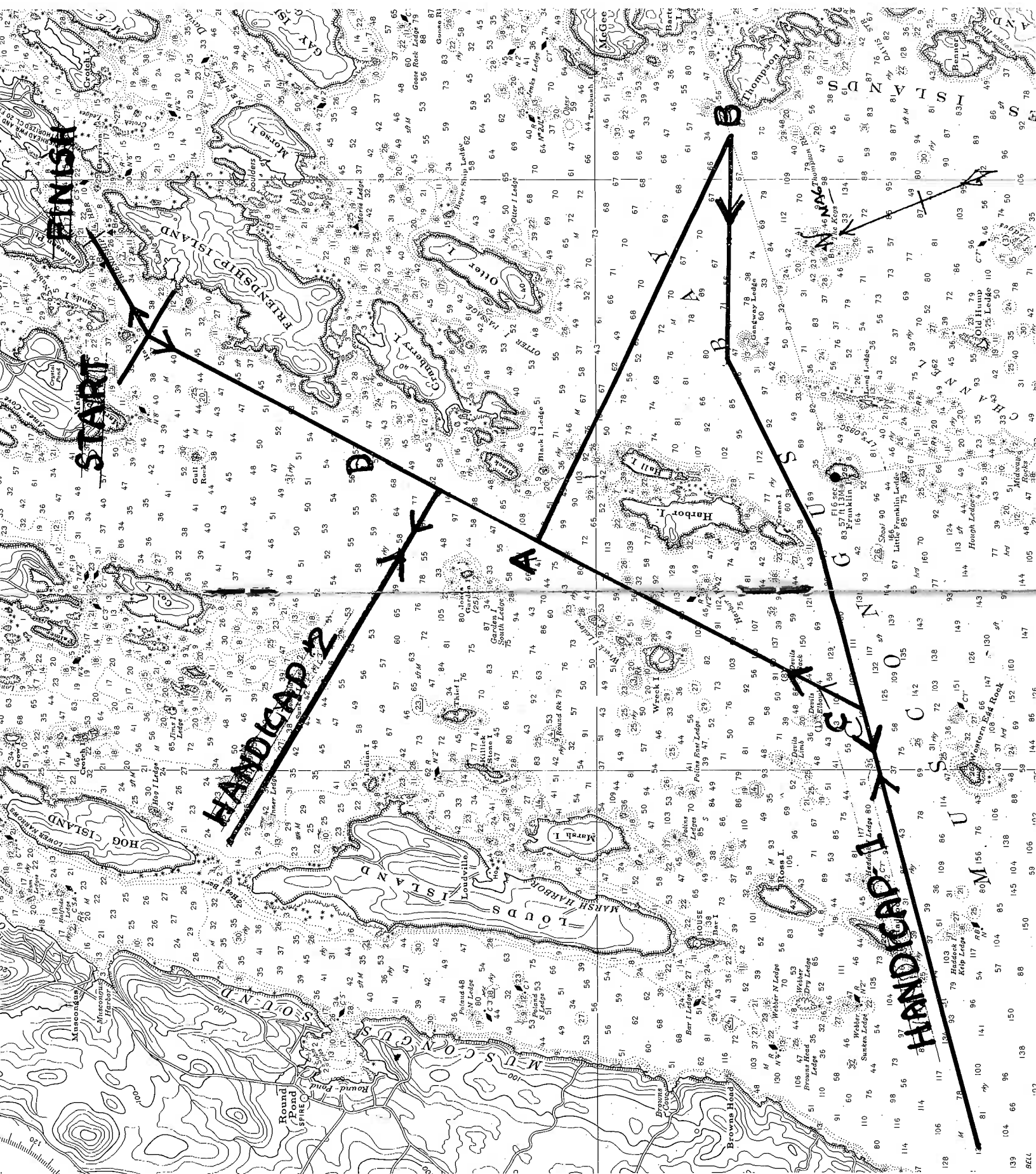
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Pardon - Your Sloop Is Showing

1. In October 1949 Paul Coolidge sailed the Friendship Sloop "Susannah" from Blue Hill, Maine, to New York where he was going to college for a masters degree in music. Fastened inside and monopolizing almost the entire interior was a Steinway Concert Grand Piano on which he did his practicing.
2. Walter Davis from Monhegan at the age of about 82 went to Dewey Winchenbach to have a boat built. His previous boat had drifted from her mooring in a storm and smashed on the rocky shore. Dewey built the boat one winter and the next Christmas he received a check in the mail from Walter. Mr. Davis explained he had had such a good season he wanted Dewey to have this bonus. Imagine this at the age of 82!
3. A Friendship boat builder remarked "A boat builder can build a house, but a house builder cannot build a boat." Also he said, "To be a good boat builder you have to be able to make straight crooks."
4. Clifford Winchenbach was still building boats when he was in his 80's and nearly blind. He claimed he didn't need good eyes because he could build "by the feel of it".
5. Friendship Sloop Regatta 1964 found the Philip Cronin family standing on the end of a wharf in Friendship watching the parade of sloops, and wishing they could be out on one of them. The next day they decided they could and went to see the Lash Brothers. Result — April 17, 1965 the Cronins christened and launched their new sloop "Rights of Man" from the Lash Boatyard.
6. The Maine Sea Coast Missionary Society was organized in 1905 to provide Christian leadership for fishing villages, many situated on offshore islands, which were out of reach of churches. During the first summer, one missionary captain sailed the Maine Coast dropping anchor at these remote spots in a Friendship Sloop. Today the Missionary boats are known as "Sunshine III".





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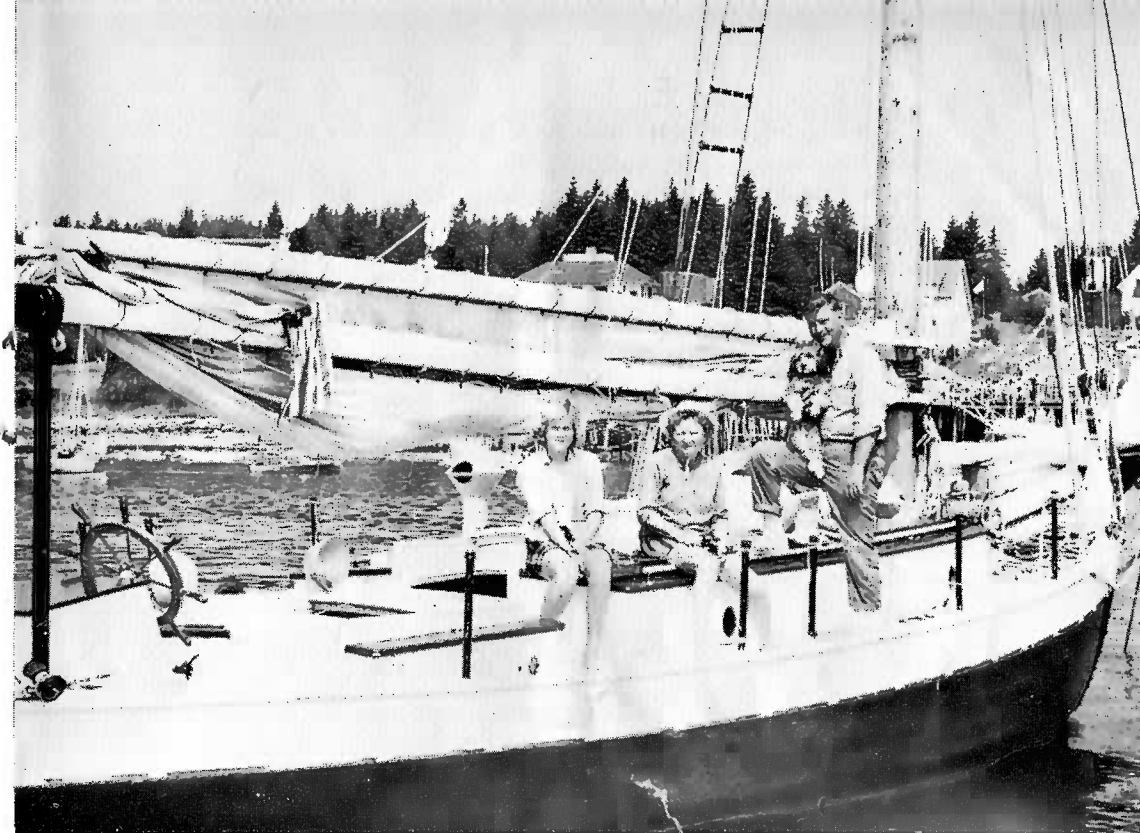
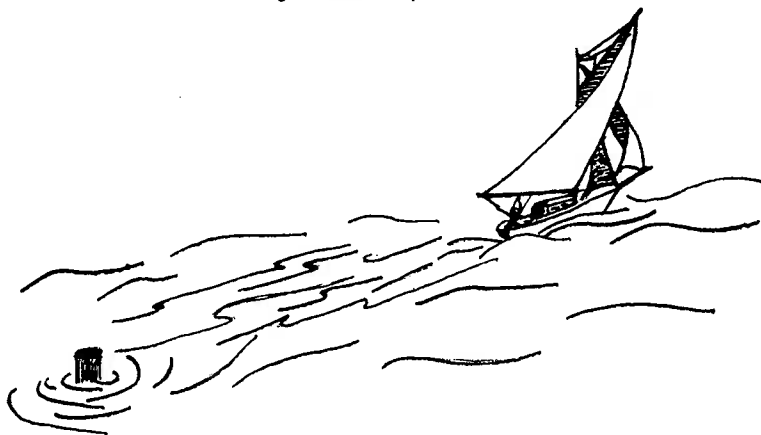
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Part Of The Jolly Buc Crew

The Jolly Buc

RICHARD SWANSON

It's spring and time to make the Jolly Buccaneer fit again for sea and another season of pleasure. When you first look at all forty-five feet of her lying in the Annisquam River at her winter mooring it looks like an impossible job, but she has gone through this process fifty-nine times in her lifetime and should make it many more. First the big diesel must be started and the cold March trip to Gloucester made to the railway. Only the bottom is done by the yard, because if a family is to "cruise cheap" it must be a do-it-yourself project. Once back in Rockport, Mass., there is work for everyone. This includes my wife, three sons, a daughter, their friends and any available sea scouts or casual hangers-on.

With a character boat there are advantages in fitting out. She was designed and built as a work boat and there isn't much use or sense in trying to make her look like a sleek racing machine. Varnish must give way to paint, mahogany to pine, and gadgets have no place here. At this stage

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of the fitting out, you try to develop enthusiasm and a sense of belonging to the project. Send one of the crew to the masthead with sandpaper. Get as many people working with sanding machines as is possible to squeeze aboard. This is no time to be stingy with rented equipment. You're always faced with the problem of defecting crew members, so to combat this without resort to whips, provide quantities of food. About this time the old work boat looks like an old work boat, but things will get better. The work seems endless. The long bowsprit, boom, gaff, dingy, all must have their share of attention. There's caulking, serving, splicing and continuous crises of broken fittings, snapped fuel lines and malfunctioning electrical systems.

In addition to being old, the Jolly Buccaneer is a lot of boat. The painting itself is more fun than the preparation, but at this point you cut down the working force slightly and try to retain the best people with a brush. This is also the point at which people seem to paint themselves into corners. Malachi green topsides with white trim are traditional Friendship Sloop colors, besides which the dark green tends to hide the rust spots from the iron fastenings.

The next stage is to rig her, which in itself is some small problem since the Buccaneer carries about eight hundred feet of running rigging and the mainsail has an area of almost one thousand feet. All the sails are lashed to rings and hoops, and there is much work aloft with blocks and lines. During this period, my crew always points out that it would be simpler if the skipper had tagged some of the rigging. The Jolly Buccaneer has a typical Friendship Sloop rig with a long bowsprit and a main boom that extends far over the stern. In the past some people have attempted to make the rig more manageable by shortening the boom and bowsprit, but the performance of the sloops so altered has been horrible. These craft were evolved through years of trial and are hard to improve upon.

The Jolly Buccaneer, in common with many of the old Friendship Sloops when converted from work boats, make ideal comfortable able cruising yachts. My family and I have used the "Buc" as a combination summer cottage and cruising auxiliary for seven years. It has provided very comfortable simple living with much satisfaction in her performance and enjoyment of her status as a character boat.

*The Friendship Sloop Society welcomes
any interested people as members.*

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Friendship's Oldest Citizen



Charles Murphy

"Things have changed since Hannah died." If anyone is qualified to tell just how much things have changed in Friendship in the past 80 years, it is Charles Murphy. Charlie, the oldest man in town, was born in Friendship 88 years ago on Bradford Point in what is now Dr. Frost's home, and his ambition and agility belie his age. His mind is keen and his memory fantastic. Consequently we felt it was time for him to share some of his memories with you who read this booklet.

Charlie is a jack of all trades and a master of many. His first work was digging clams, when he was nine years old. It was not uncommon at the time for a man to dig a dory full a day. When a man was able to dig 16 to 18 bushel daily, the price was as low as 35 cents per bushel and in good times went as high as 60 cents.

As Charlie grew up he branched out in the clam business. He ran the clam boat for the Burnham and Morrill "clam factory". This boat would carry up to 300 bushel of clams, and Charlie's job was to pick up the clams from the diggers on the flats and sail them in to the "factory". Of course there was nothing to do while the tide was out, so Charlie would turn to and dig his share just to keep his hand in.

"Shucking" or "shocking" clams was another task everyone along the shore learned at an early age. Charlie was no exception. He recalls shucking clams, washing them clean, and salting them in barrels. These were sold to the handliners out of Boothbay for from \$3.75 to \$4.00 per barrel. This was at the time when schooners were first going out with dories nested aboard. When the schooner reached a likely fishing ground, the men in the dories would spread out to try their luck. When one spot proved better than the others, the dories would all shift close to that spot. Their bait was salted clams. Charlie says it took two dory loads of clams to make a barrel of salted clam meats. He made enough money shucking clams to clothe himself when he was in school, and at that time a quart of clams meats could be bought for twelve cents.

Charlie was sixteen years old before he turned his hand to lobstering. At that time, he was using a dory, and he lived on Harbor Island during the summer months. He would row down on Monday with a firkin full of food, and row back to Friendship Harbor Saturday. We asked who built the stone



Black Jack

THIS PAGE CONTRIBUTED BY

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house on Harbor Island, and Charlie wasn't sure, but he thought Randall Davis helped with the building, and sheared the sheep kept by Wm. Parsons.

For years we have heard the stories about how far down the bay the ice used to freeze, so we asked Charlie if it was true that once it froze as far as Harbor Island. If it did, he didn't know about it, but there was a period of two and one-half months in the winter of 1900 when the western entrance to Friendship Harbor was frozen. Charlie and his wife and their year and a half old daughter Freeda, were living on the island, and he got most of his supplies from Loud's Island. Captain Archibald kept a channel open through Morse's Bay, but the western entrance was frozen solid. (It might be interesting to note that this daughter Freeda has spent the last 46 years on another island, famous Monhegan, as the wife of Dwight Stanley.)

The next step up from dory fishing for Charlie was a 22 foot lapstrake sailboat built in Bremen by Charles Carter, from whom the Lash Boatyard family is directly descended, and from whom they apparently inherited their boat building ability. Charles Carter had very few tools with which to build his boats and "with little more than an ax and a draw shave, could turn out a boat with the best of them."

Of course the next step was a Friendship Sloop. Charlie owned four or five of these in their day as lobster boats. The last one he had was built by Charles Morse. She was a 33 footer named Whipoorwill and was finally sold to be used as a yacht — the ultimate end of all Friendships when gasoline engines arrived on the scene. Not to be outdone, Charlie has kept pace with the changes and is even today, at the age of 88, hauling his lobster traps from a 28 foot boat powered by a 100 horsepower Chevrolet engine.

The transition of the lobster industry from dory fishing in 1895 to fishing with all the latest equipment in 1965 is one that not many men have seen. Probably the biggest change has been the price. Seventy years ago lobsters were sold by the piece instead of by the pound, and they brought as little as seven cents apiece at that time, whether they weighed one pound or five, and if a lobster had only one claw another was thrown in to make up for that deficiency.

The first lobster smacks came to Friendship from New London. Later, there were regular runs from Boston and even to Nova Scotia and back. Just as the gasoline engine stopped the use of the Friendship Sloop as a lobster boat, so did the use of trucks put the lobster smacks out of business. Today our highways are the routes for our lobsters.

Perhaps the second biggest change in the lobster industry was the use and management of the bait. After a man finished hauling his traps for the day, he used to have to go out and catch his bait for the next day. Cunnners were the most commonly used, but of course herring was stuffed into bait bags, and flounders were also used. Most men had their own cunner nets for catching their bait. These were set where the bottom was a light color and the cunnners plentiful. They were baited, usually with the tails from short lobsters that had been "peeled". It was common practice around the turn of the century, and even later, to save plenty of short lobsters from the day's catch to bait the cunner nets. John Lash was the first man to rig a drag for flounders. He used to drag mostly in the harbor. Allie Cushman says he and his father dragged for flounders near Otter Island. (John was the father of Bob Lash and grandfather of the present generation, some of whom are now building Friendship Sloops.) Today lobster traps are baited almost exclusively with red fish, and this is bought from the fish processing

plants, thus eliminating all the time consuming work of catching your own bait.

Lobster prices have changed drastically and marketing methods and means of transporting them have been revolutionized, but the lobster trap design has changed so little as to be unnoticeable. All changes in the law during this period have been mostly controversial, but have been aimed at conservation. When the lobster measure changed from a single gauge to double gauge it was a definite benefit to the industry, claims Charlie Murphy. He thinks the biggest single factor in increasing the propagation of lobsters was the passing of a law making it illegal to keep a seed bearing lobster, and the practice of "punching" or v notching the tail of these lobsters. The lobster fishery had hit a terrible slump, but this law brought about a definite upward surge of lobster production within five years.

From 1877 to 1965 is quite a span of years, and Charles Murphy has lived them to the hilt. Still going strong at 88, he puts out a day's work that would shame men 20 or 30 years his junior. Even in the winter months, when he has his traps on the bank, Charlie manages to find something to keep busy. This past winter, for instance, he knit over 2,500 "heads" for his friends and neighbors.



THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY

A Reflective Moment

THE COURIER-GAZETTE

Out Of The Past

Countless numbers of books full of sea stories have been published, and few of them mention Friendship or Friendship Sloops. If all the noteworthy stories having to do with these famous sloops or the town from which they derived their name, were put under one cover it would be a huge volume indeed. Friendship has a long record of sea faring people in her history, and the stories that can be told vary from the humorous to the tragic, with many historical and adventurous tales claiming their share of the total.

Here is one first person account of a famous sea battle as told by a resident of Friendship nearly 150 years ago. Captain William Jameson's narration of the naval engagement between the British Brig Boxer and the American Brig, Enterprise fought off the shores of Knox and Lincoln Counties. Captain Jameson writes —

"I was twelve years of age when this battle was fought, which was on a pleasant Sunday afternoon early in September 1813. The British brig Boxer was fitted out at Halifax. She mounted eighteen guns, was commanded by Captain Blythe, who was 29 years of age, and had a picked crew of 104 officers and men. They left Halifax on the last day of August with the determination to have an engagement with the American brig Enterprise fully confident of victory . . . yet how different the result! Man can appoint but God can disappoint. Captain Blythe, while cruising near the island of Monhegan, learned that Enterprise was at anchor in Portland Harbor and sent in a challenge to the Captain. The American brig mounted sixteen guns, was commanded by Captain Burroughs who was a native of North Carolina and only 28 years old. She carried a crew of 102 officers and men.

Captain Burroughs at once accepted the challenge. A hurried consultation was held, and all expressed a cheerful willingness for the work before them. The sailing master was given orders to get the brig underway as soon as possible. There was a light southerly wind and with all sail set, the saucy little brig was soon fast nearing her antagonist. When the Enterprise was seen by Captain Blythe the Boxer was at once hove to. Everything was cleared for action and the colors nailed to the mast head, so confident were they of victory. Brave men they, and yet hardly aware of American skill and grit.

As the Enterprise drew near the Boxer, all light sails were taken in and furled. Every man was ordered to his post. Captain Burroughs then gave orders to his sailing master, "Lay this brig alongside of the Boxer quickly as possible." This was soon done, with the maintopsail aback and foretopsail full, which held the brig in the same position. Then came the thundering of cannon as broadside after broadside they poured into each other and their echoes as they vibrated among the distant hills made our very hearts tremble. For forty minutes they poured their deadly broadsides into each other. For a short time after firing both vessels would be completely buried in smoke. When this would lift, as it did while they were reloading I could see them very plainly. My father who was an "old sea dog", stood with his marine glass in hand anxiously watching every movement. Suddenly he cried "there goes a maintopsail over the side!" and sure enough, the colors which the brave British had nailed to the masthead were struck by Yankee bullets. The British had had enough and cried for quarters.

History tells of the terrible work of destruction on board the British brig — how almost half of her crew were either killed or wounded and the decks covered with blood. On the American brig only two were killed and twelve

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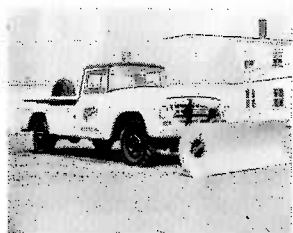
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wounded. Captain Burroughs when wounded refused to be carried from the deck. He lived long enough to receive the sword of his vanquished adversary when he pressed it to his heart and said, "I die contented." Both commanders were buried with military honors side by side at Portland.

After the battle was over it was impossible for us at Friendship, a distance of 15 miles to tell which vessel had become victorious, but we knew if the Boxer had won the fight, both vessels would stand off to the eastward for Halifax. On the other hand, if the Enterprise was the victor, the vessels would stand to the westward for Portland, with anxiety we waited. At last the two vessels began to make sail. Our heads dropped and hearts felt heavy as we saw them stand off for the eastward. Deacon Thomas (who has long since gone to his reward) was among our group of patriots, and when he saw the vessels stand to the eastward, the tears stood in his eyes and he said, "I would rather have given my best oxen than have the Boxer win."

Suddenly there was a cry, "they are tacking ship!" and sure enough it was true. Oh, how differently we felt! For a long time we stood watching them. We could think of nothing else. At last as the white sails of the two vessels grew dim in the distance we all joined in three cheers and wended our way homeward, with feelings better imagined than described.

While the Boxer was off Monhegan, waiting for the Enterprise to come out of Portland, Captain Blythe sent one of his Lieutenants with four or five men onto the Island after some eggs and chickens. This lieutenant told the Monheganers they intended to have a rich treat after they had taken the Enterprise. This is the answer made him, "You haven't taken her yet." Before he got ready to leave the Island the Enterprise was in sight. The lieutenant's courage was good, but as the fight was about to commence he could not reach his brig very well, so decided to remain in a good safe place on the island. When the firing began he took his watch from his pocket and said, "I will give the Boxer just forty minutes to capture the Enterprise." As the battle grew hotter every eye was fixed upon them, and all were anxious to know what would be the result. When the maintopmast of the Boxer went over the side, the face of the lieutenant grew white and one fellow said he looked like a "poor motherless colt." The Monheganers then said to him and his men, "lay down your side arms and surrender."

There was no alternative, and they were obliged to comply with the request. The prisoners were taken to Round Pond and handed over to the authorities. From there they were taken without delay to Wiscasset Jail, to be exchanged as prisoners of war for our men at Halifax. Quite a difference between partaking of a rich repast on board of the victorious Boxer and munching hardtack behind prison bars at Wiscasset."

Later in the War of 1812, this same boy, Wm. Jameson now thirteen years old, perhaps in emulation of Paul Revere's ride through every Middlesex Village and farm at the start of the American Revolution, made a similar ride through Friendship.

The British were known to capture and confiscate for their own use, any craft they might find. To thwart any such ideas, the Friendship fishing fleet was anchored in the Meduncook River and a sentinel was placed strategically to free a musket if anything of a suspicious nature came to his eyes or ears.

Sure enough, under cover of darkness, and with muffled oars, the British made their attempt to capture the small fishing fleet. The alert sentinel gave the signal, and young Wm. Jameson made his bareback Paul Revere ride through the town, spreading the alarm and frustrating the evening's attack.



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ROGER F. DUNCAN

My wife and I drifted into Friendship Harbor in our Friendship sloop *Eastward* one evening last September and anchored between "Downeaster" and a modern fibreglass sloop about our own size. The owner and his wife watched us snug down and noticed the smoke begin to pour out of our stove-pipe. With our gaff rig, clipper bow, and topsails, we were obviously a curiosity, a living antique, so we invited them to come aboard. They climbed down over the reverse stern of their reverse-sheer boat and whipped their little outboard into life.

Our visitor introduced himself as "Captain" Jim and his wife as "the mate". They were properly attired in regalia advertised in all the best magazines from their leather topsiders to lightweight, gold-braided caps. Nevertheless, they were pleasant people and began to look about with interest. They liked the big cockpit and the comfortable seats but marveled at the galvanized iron wheel and the old fashioned flat-topped compass. The maze of running rigging caught Jim's eye.

"I just wouldn't know which string to pull," he said. "I have just one wire to pull up the sail. It makes it so much easier to handle. How do you pull in your sheets without a winch?" he asked. I pointed to the two heavy double blocks on the main sheet and the great galvanized cleat where it belayed.

"The cook and I just haul it," I answered. "Main strength and ignorance." But he was off forward, twitching on this and pulling on that in the fading light.

"How do you ever change jibs?" he inquired. "I see you have rings on the wire."

"I don't. We bent that sail on in June and unless it blows away, we plan to leave it 'til Labor Day."

"We have seven different jibs."

"One for each day of the week?" I asked.

"No, I have a chart that tells which to use. You set it on the wind velocity and turn it to your course. Then you read in the little window which jib to set. We used a No. 2 today. If you ever get one in the wrong bag, it's awful. We got them all mixed up once."

I was speechless before his simple sincerity.

"Well, come below and see how we live," I invited. By this time Mary had the lamps lit, and the little, black Shipmate stove had warmed things up nicely. A mug of something hot added to the comfort after a long day.

"Oh, oil lamps! How cute!" squealed the mate.

"That's just for effect," said Jim in a superior tone. "You use the electric lights usually I suppose."

"No. We like the kerosene. And it doesn't drag the battery down."

"Ours isn't too bad. We just run the generator for an hour every day and that keeps the batteries hot. You ought to have electricity. Then you could have a refrigerator and an electric anchor winch. That's really great. What do you do about ice?"

"Nothing," I said, "We just keep the bacon against the side of the boat below the water line, and the beer stays cold enough in the bilge."

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"I sure like my beer ice cold. Say, how many do you sleep?" He counted four bunks. "We sleep six and our boat's no bigger than yours. Our dinette table lets down and the cushions lift up and the seats slide out so we have six bunks. It's really darned ingenious."

It sounded like sour grapes when I said that cooking for more than four was too much like running a hotel and I didn't much care for it on a vacation.

"It's the fibreglass construction that does it," said Jim. "You don't have to allow room for all the ribs and beams and stuff you have here. The strength is all in the skin." I lost him here. He went on to explain how his boat was made of ground up cornstalks and broken tonic bottles impregnated with di-ethyl-poly-propyl-tri-ester alcoholic resin, and was very cheap per foot pound of tensile strength because it was so simple to build that a congenital idiot with his hair over his eyes could build one. That may not be exactly what he said but it was the way I heard it. "And then she's very fast," he added. "Because she's so light, it doesn't take much sail to drive her so she's very easy to handle. Why my mainsail has only 200 square feet." I thought of my 450-foot mainsail and the extra 100 in the topsail, and I recollected that the old timers would consider mine a very modest spread of sail.

"You see she planes," Jim continued. "She's like an outboard — rides right up on top of the water. Oh, she's very fast."

After supper we visited Captain Jim and "the mate" briefly and paddled back aboard in the pea-pod, refreshed with powdered coffee and dazzled by electric lights, a stainless steel sink, plastic counter top, winches, steel wire and dacron.

In the morning we left them, with their generator still chugging and beat slowly down Muscongus Bay in a light southerly that hung in under the Friendship Island shore. Presently we saw them motoring out behind us. After they passed us, a handkerchief of a mainsail climbed their mast and then a great Genoa jib. The engine died, the sails filled, and with the clatter of winches they stood off shore. They sailed into the flood tide and out of the wind at about the same time while we ghosted along, taking short tacks under the land. Finally, they tacked and stood in shore toward us. We were obviously going to come close. They waved and we tacked just to leeward of them to put us on parallel courses. They were eager to overhaul the pretty, old Friendship sloop; but despite their light weight and planing hull, it looked like a long chase. We both tacked together. With a scream of winches and a whistle of wire she spun around, her big jib thrashing and then backing. There was running forward, yanking on wires, and a good many vigorously shouted orders before she was straightened out on her new course. Before we lost sight of her stern and showed her ours, we read Happy Clam III.

If there is a moral to be drawn, it is *De Gustibus non Disputandum Est* or Don't turn up your nose at the old-timers.

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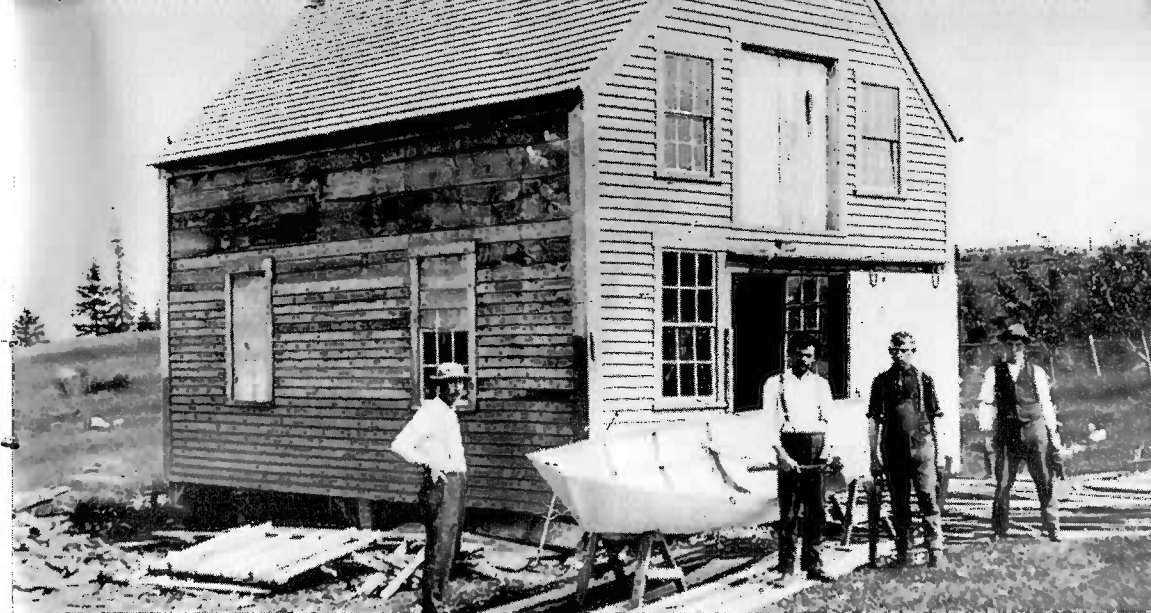
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Little Sister

Much has been said and written about the Friendship Sloops, the way they were constructed, their sailing qualities, and the ways in which they have been used, both for work and pleasure.

Not much has been said about what the writer would like to call "Little Sister". Yachtsmen know "Little Sister" by many names such as Dink, Dinghy, Punt, Pram, Skiff or Tender. Little Sister means a lot to a larger boat, doing all the things the larger boat cannot do for itself. One of the most important being to transport people and supplies from ship to shore. This is especially true with a deep draft Friendship.

In the old days not only was Little Sister used for transportation, but also was actually used in many cases instead of the Sloop for fishing and other work. In this case a dinghy was too small.

And so it was that Little Sister became a dory, a dory being better suited to fill the needs of the day. A dory is one of the most seaworthy boats known to man, and therefore was the logical companion to the Sloops. Not only could it carry a sizable load, but could be rowed, sailed, and later were fitted with motors.

Probably Warren Morse was the first to build dories in Friendship. He built on the third floor of the shop on Morse Island. We have no record of how many he built, but we do know he built the first fleet of sail dories used at Camp Durrell (now Camp Friendship) on Crotch Island.

Perhaps the next man to build in quantity would be Isaiah Osier. He built at the Wilbur Morse Yard. It has always been said that he could build a dory in one day.

During a period of sickness, Dalton Wincapaw developed a round sided model that became popular almost instantly. This model was fairly narrow on the bottom, but had the round bilges to retain the load carrying ability the fishermen needed. This model has been known to outsail a power dory in a good breeze.

After Dalton became too sick to work, his father, Leavitt took over and from then on the Wincapaw shop at Lawry was never without a dory in some stage of construction. Leavitt developed this model to perfection. It can rightly be said that his dories were custom built as he had no power tools and thus each piece was sawn, planed, and sanded by hand. One customer refused his dory because he happened to arrive at the shop when Leavitt was splicing a top plank. A year later he bought the same dory second-hand and never knew the difference. The plank was spliced so perfectly that the paint covered it.

Many people tried to copy Leavitt's dories, but only two succeeded. One was his other son, John, and his grandson, Carlton Simmons. Both set up dories in his shop and were taught his tricks.

Many people wanted to build dories like Leavitt's, and Leavitt readily loaned out his patterns to friends and neighbors alike. What wasn't generally known, was that he had two sets of patterns, one for building and one for loaning. Only John and Carlton ever used his originals.

Joseph Cushman was another popular builder. Like Leavitt, Joseph was never without an order. Some of the other builders were: Harvey Brown, Burt Murphy, Willie Pottle, and Harold Benner. Burt Murphy never built himself, but hired Isaiah Osier, Stanley Simmons, and Carlton Simmons to work for him. Harold Benner and Carlton Simmons are still building on order only.

A dory is a difficult boat to build because it is hard to get proper material today. It requires long pine boards of number one grade which almost do not exist. A 13 foot standard dory in 1930 cost \$45.00 complete. Today the price is about \$200.00.

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Jogging

"Elroy! Elroy! Get up! It's four o'clock and your Uncle Rubin will be here before you have your breakfast."

Mother's words got to my young brain, fuzzy with sleep though it was, for I could not wake myself before daylight, much as I tried. I dressed hurriedly, and Mom had breakfast on the table when I stumbled down the stairs.

"Seems like Rubin is asking a lot of a young boy like you to handle that big sloop of his."

"Aw, no, Mom! Why, it's easy as pie. All the kids do it."

"There! and you only ten years old! He needs his head examined!"

"Must be an of thirty-five feet! Just how big is it?"

"Ferty feet!"

Mom always kept talking while she got my lunch ready, and when I heard Uncle Rubin's step on the porch, I got up from the table in a hurry. I didn't want Mom talking to him and changing his mind about me joggin' for him.

When we reached the fish house, Zeke was already in the big dory, and a few strokes of the oars brought us along side the "St. Paul". Close up like that, she did look big. No wonder I was so excited about jogging for Uncle Rubin.

I grabbed the painter while Zeke headed for the mainsail and Uncle Rubin checked the gear in the dory. It was still dark when the sail started up the mast, but I could make out the gaff as it swung back and forth and then started pointing at the morning star overhead. It was a lot of sail, all right, but I knew I could handle it, once it was raised. Tom and Maynard jogged for their fathers, and their sloops were almost as big as the St. Paul.

"You comin' with us, Rubin?" called Zeke as he made the last halyard fast, so Uncle Rubin came aboard and made the painter fast astern. Zeke dropped the pennant overboard and grabbed the tiller, and we headed for Mark Island Gully where Uncle Rubin liked to trawl.

Uncle turned to me. "Elroy, you sure you can handle this ship all by yourself?"

"Yes, sir. Tom and Maynard let me go with them sometimes, and I know how they do it."

"Well, you better take the tiller now and we'll see how you manage it. Ain't much wind blowing' so it shouldn't be too hard for you."

They showed me which way to keep her headed, and after awhile they got to arguing about where to start trawlin'. Zeke wanted to start to eastward, but Uncle Rubin held out for a westward start, and of course it was his boat, so he won out. By that time I was steerin' good.

Pretty soon it was light enough to see where we were, and it wasn't long before Zeke and Uncle Rubin hauled the dory close in and got ready to start their fishing. Just before Uncle climbed into the dory, he gave me final instructions.

"Now, Elroy, you stay pretty dern close until we see how you're makin' out. Stay by the wind and come about while you can still see the dory. Come back past us and jog about the same distance t'other side before you start back. Understand?"

I said I did, and he cast off and went to setting his lines.



Headed Home

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After he left, my heart kind of pounded a bit when I realized I was all alone on that big sloop. But it steered just like it did when they were aboard, and soon I began to feel like a pirate king. I was Captain Crosspatch of the good ship "Boneyard" and I was sailing for a hidden cove where I would bury the cargo of jewels I had hidden in the hold.

But I came about and headed back while I could still see Uncle Rubin. I knew what "by the wind" meant, and it wasn't long before Zeke sang out as I passed the dory. After about the same distance, I came about again, and this time Uncle Rubin hailed me as I passed.

This was great fun! What a lot of sail that was up there, and how smoothly the "St. Paul" rose and fell as the waves passed underneath. Only — we weren't going so fast now — the wind was much lighter and it took longer to make a jog. Then it became harder to see the dory for some reason, so I came about sooner. Even so, it took longer to sail back to the dory. Uncle Rubin called out, "How you doin', skipper?" I could tell by the tone of voice there were a lot of fish, but I answered, "First rate. How you doin'?" He was too busy hauling in the fish to answer.

I sailed on a little way, but there were no waves now, and it was harder to make sure I was "by the wind", it was so light. When I thought I'd gone far enough, I looked back and a lump popped up in my throat when I couldn't see the dory at all. Fog! It didn't take me long to bring her about and head back by the wind. I was breathing kind of hard when I finally saw the dory, right where it should have been.

I breathed a little easier. This wasn't so bad as long I kept by the wind. I began to feel like a real sailorman when the dory showed up each time, right where I was looking for it.

But it got mighty lonely while I was out of sight, with nothing but fog to look at. The wind kept dying out until I wasn't making much headway. Finally, when I came to the end of my jog, the sloop got herself in stays and I had to try real hard two or three times before she finally came about and headed for the dory.

I was looking so hard for the dory now that my eyes just about popped out of their sockets. Would it never show up? I stood up to see better, and I tried to keep her by the wind, but it seemed a long time. The fog was so heavy now that it was dripping off the stays.

On and on I sailed, until I was sure I had passed the dory. My heart was pounding like a drum, and I was so scared that I got her in stays again when I tried to bring her about, and it took four times before I finally got headed back in the right direction.

When I didn't see the dory that jog either, I called as loud as I could but it didn't sound like me, and there was no answer. I don't mind saying I was scared then for sure, but I knew I had to do something.

The anchor! I had seen it up in the bow. Could I get it overboard? It was kind of big. I went forward and pulled and hauled until I was plumb out of breath, but it finally went overboard with a big splash. I thought the line would never stop paying out — it was awful deep! At last it stopped and I had sense enough to snub it tight to the bits. Then I went back to the tiller and just waited.

How would they ever find me? Suppose they didn't! I could never haul that anchor up by myself! I had to make a noise! My calling didn't sound very loud, so I hunted until I found an old fog horn. I knew how this worked, so I got it going and the activity kept me from feeling so scared.

How long I waited and how many times I worked the hand lever on that horn I'll never know, but I was some glad when that old dory hove out of the fog, and Uncle Rubin and Zeke came alongside.

I thought they'd be glad to see me like I was glad to see them, but do you know! Uncle Rubin was mad as hops because he and Zeke had to heave that anchor aboard — said there was fifty fathoms of line out! They were mean enough to tell Mom I was crying, too, but it was just the fog dripping from the stays!

o — o — o — o — o — o — o — o

Stuart Ford supplied the facts which went into this story. The lad who went "Jogging" was Elroy Johnson of Bailey Island. He was raised in the house which Stuart Ford now owns. As Stuart puts it, "Mr. Johnson is an old man — only a few years younger than I!"

He served in the State Legislature, and has fished and lobstered all his life. He posed for the statue of the Maine Lobsterman that was in the New York World's Fair of 26 years ago.

Later on, he says — after the time of this story — an engine was installed in the St. Paul, but one day while returning from Portland, she caught fire from the engine and was lost.

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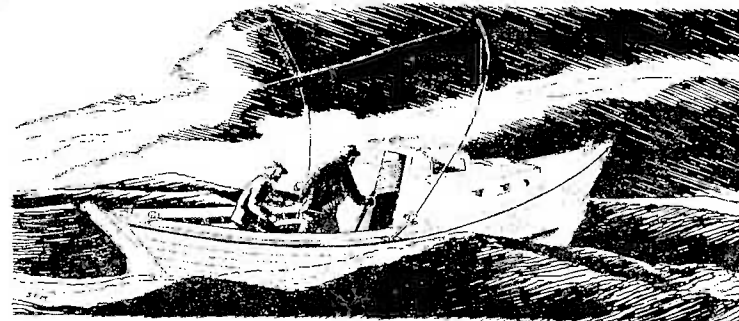
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