

Friendship
Sloop
Puffs for 1968

THURS. JULY 25. 26. 27.
SAT.

Welcome

Welcome to the eighth annual Friendship Sloop Days.

During the spring of 1961, plans were hastily made for a race that was to be a homecoming for Friendship Sloops. Little did we realize that we were grabbing a bear by the tail. With our eighth regatta coming up shortly, we know what enthusiasm and love there is for these boats. Our first year was a one day, one race affair, but so many sloops travelled so many miles to join in the fun, it was decided in order to make it worthwhile for them to travel so far, three days should be set aside for racing. This has worked out well, and everyone seems happy with the arrangement.

Thanks to a competent Race Committee, the race itself has been one of our lesser problems. Accommodating the crowds of people who want to see these boats from shore or watch them race from other boats has been quite an undertaking for a small fishing village of 800 people. Such problems as feeding up to 5,000 people, and parking their cars seemed insurmountable, but thanks to the veracity of "many hands make light work," the impossible was easily accomplished. Outdoor meals were served, banquets prepared, parking lots set up, a taxi service arranged, and innumerable other facilities provided to help make things run smoothly. The aspect of all this that strikes most people first, is the fact that no individuals profit from any of this. Many of the organizations of the town benefit, however. Church groups, local P.T.A., V.F.W., K. of P. Sisters, etc., prepare and sell food, wait on tables, man the parking lots, drive the shuttles, and generally make themselves useful, thereby adding to their respective treasures.

During the week of the races last year, the group that had planned to put on the banquet for the awards dinner, found they couldn't do it, and notified the Society. Within twenty-four hours word had spread through the town, and as if by magic, volunteers sprang up all around us like mushrooms. Local people and summer folks alike rose to the occasion. They offered to bake beans, bread, and pies, set up tables or help in any way they could. A group of teenagers insisted on waiting at tables and refused even the tips that were offered.

THIS IS FRIENDSHIP

This yearly booklet has become well known on the Coast of Maine, and we are told it is anticipated with eagerness each year. We print and distribute 10,000 copies annually, and our printing bill is sizeable, even though The Courier-Gazette's cooperative spirit keeps our cost way below what anyone else has ever quoted us.

The only reason we can afford to give these booklets away is through the courtesy of our advertisers. The fees they pay for their ads cover the cost of printing and give a small cushion as well. So if you patronize our advertisers you will help them, and us and yourself, and we will be grateful.

We are also deeply grateful to the Waldoboro Garage and Harold Ralph Garage for the loan of cars for the Shuttle Service. Camp Oceanward also loans us a car and driver on Saturday for the taxi service which enables us to handle the parking problem. For all eight years of the regattas these three establishments have helped us tremendously.

Our facilities, accommodations, and arrangements this year are pretty much the same as they have been previously. Any questions you have should be directed to the attendants at the Information Tent.

Dedication —

SID PRIOR : For many years our Town Committee Chairman. Sid passed away this winter, but knew of this dedication before his death.

Cover Design — Echo, painted, and owned by Bill Thon of Port Clyde. Bill has accumulated so many honors in the World of Art this program is hardly large enough to enumerate them, but Bill is always willing and eager to lend us a hand.

Art Work — Bill Thon and Donna Weisel.

Photographs — contributed by:

Carlton Simmons, Jim Moore, and Irving Nevells.

Program Printed by The Courier-Gazette, Rockland, Maine

Friendship Sloop Society

PRESIDENT

Roger Duncan (owner of "Eastward")

VICE PRESIDENT

Dr. Myron Hahn (owner of "Depression")

SECRETARY

Betty Roberts — Friendship, Maine

TREASURER

Carlton Simmons — Friendship, Maine

HONORARY MEMBERS

A. K. Watson - Howard Chapelle - William Danforth

Cyrus Hamlin - John Gould

Bernard MacKenzie — Honorary President

1968 Committees

RACE COMMITTEE

William Danforth - *Chairman*

Connie Pratt - Elbert Pratt - A. K. Watson

TOWN COMMITTEE

Douglas C. Lash, *Chairman*

Everyone In Town Willing To Help

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Al Roberts - *Chairman*

Charles Weisel - Herald Jones - George Owen

Dwight Simonds - Betty Roberts

SCHOLARSHIP FUND

William Pendleton

MASSACHUSETTS BAY RACES

Bernard MacKenzie, *Chairman*

Scituate Yacht Club - Scituate, Mass.

OFFICIAL HANDICAPPER

Cyrus Hamlin

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

Carlton Simmons

Dedication



SID PRIOR

A boy's fall from a haycock while playing, doomed him to a life of relative inactivity and constant pain, but helped mould the man that Friendship grew to love and honor.

Sid Prior learned to cut hair, and opened a barber shop. He soon realized his customers needed a handy place to buy twine for 'snoodin', oar lock, oars, rope and small hardware needed in fishing, so he stocked a few items. From this small beginning, the stock became so diversified that it was difficult to ask for something he didn't carry. The barber chair went into the attic.

When the first "Sloop Day" was announced back in 1961, the townspeople were not sure they wanted their town filled with a lot of tourists; their yards and flower gardens trampled, and the general peace and quiet disturbed.

But Sid saw the possibilities for Friendship, and his store became a second headquarters for information. He sold memberships, books, decals, and dispensed programs and talked "Regatta" to all who entered his store. To Sid goes the credit of selling "Sloop Days" to the Town of Friendship.

One of his keenest disappointments was our failure to find an old sloop we could set up in town, on land he would donate, for a memorial to the early builders of Friendship Sloops.

In grateful recognition of his many services, we dedicate this 1968 Souvenir Program to his memory.

Follow The Races

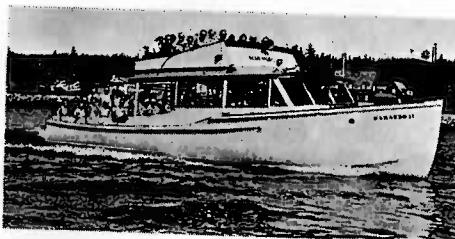
aboard MARANBO II

2 Hour Trips

12:00 Noon

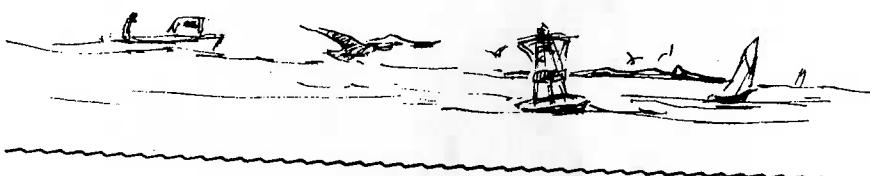
2:00 P. M.

4:00 P. M.



SAILINGS FROM BOOTHBAY HARBOR and
LOBSTERMAN'S WHARF, FRIENDSHIP

Excursions
With
Capt.
Bob
Fish



Expert Cooks!

Anyone connected with the lobster business will verify the fact that for several years, lobsters have been shedding their shells later and later in the season. Fifteen years ago, the lobstermen started bringing in the soft shelled creatures by the middle of June. Now they bring in relatively few until the middle of July.

This means that all the lobsters served on the hillside during our regatta are newly shed lobsters. Last year one of the ladies on duty at the Information Tent overheard the following comments:

"Oh my, wasn't that a delicious lobster dinner?"

"It certainly was."

"Well — I've had lobster in some of the finest restaurants in the world, in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, London and Paris, but I've never had one taste so delectable. These people in Friendship certainly know how to cook them! Why, do you know even the shell was tender!"

List of Events

THURSDAY, JULY 25 — FIRST RACE

9:30 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 26 — 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 27 — 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.

7:30 P. M. Awards Banquet served in the Town Hall by reservation only.

(MASSACHUSETTS BAY RACES — AUGUST 23-24)

CHANGES OR ADDITIONS TO THE PROGRAM WILL BE NOTED

AT THE INFORMATION BOOTH AND ON THE WHARVES.

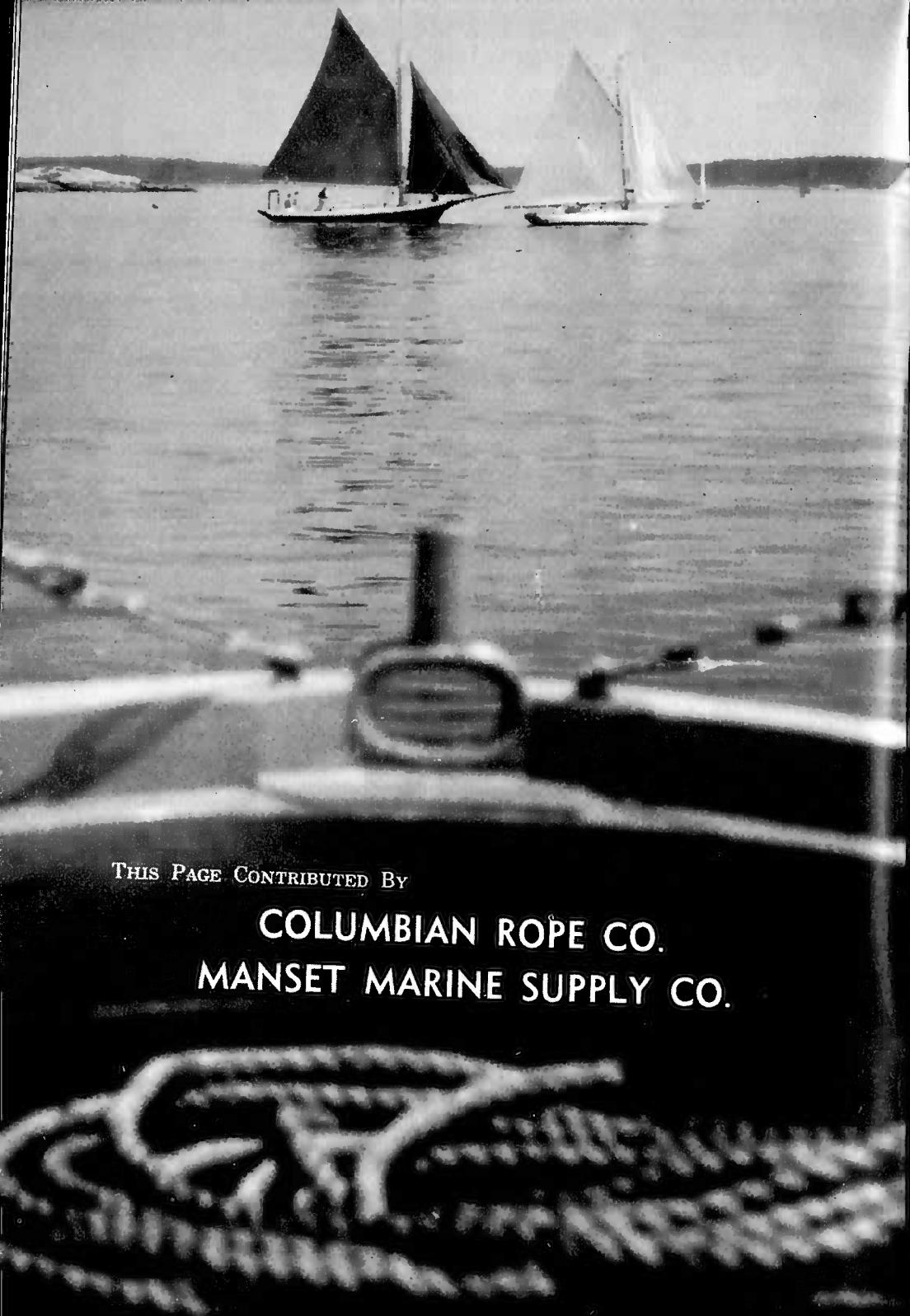
Friendship Sloop Regatta Winners

- 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 — EASTWARD
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 — no race because of fog
Lash Bros. Trophy — not awarded, race called for fog
Palawan Trophy — CHANNEL FEVER
Morrill Trophy — EASTWARD
(presented for finishing in spite of fog on Saturday)
Jonah D. Morse Trophy — BLACKJACK
- Governor's Trophy awarded highest overall in Classes A and B
Eda Lawry Trophy awarded for first Class A on Saturday
Lash Bros. Trophy awarded for first Class B on Saturday
George Morrill Trophy awarded for first Class C on Saturday
Palawan Trophy awarded for highest overall in Class C
Jonah D. Morse Trophy awarded highest overall in Class A (Given in memory by his daughters Bessie and Carrie McFarland)

List Of Friendship Sloops

No.	Name	Class	Built	By	Length	Present Owner
1.	Voyager	A	Charles Morse		30'	Bernard MacKenzie Scituate, 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 1936		32'	Roger Duncan West Concord, Mass. & Newagen, Maine
7.	Tannis II	B	W. S. Carter 1937		33'	
8.	Banshee	A	Morse		30'	Benjamin Waterworth New Bedford, Mass.
9.	Amity	A	Morse	1900	30'	James R. Wiggins Washington, D. C.
10.	Mary Anne	B	Lash Bros. 1958		31'	John Dallett New York & Cushing, Me.
11.	Old Friendly	B	Gannet 1938		24'	Donald Hall Amherst, Mass.
12.	Friendship	A	Wilbur Morse 1902		29'	Robert Cavanaugh Scituate, Mass.
13.	Easting	B	C. A. Morse 1920		29'	James R. Pierpont Milford, Conn.
14.	Sadie M.	B	Morse (Thomaston) 1946	30'		Harrison Prindle Castine, Maine
15.	Vida Mia	C	E. L. Stevens 1942		30'	Frederick S. Brown Kittery, Maine
16.	Retriever	B	Gannet 1942		32'	John W. Rice Scituate, Mass.
17.	Jolly Buccaneer	A	McLain (Bremen) 1909		45'	Bill Johnson Miami, Florida
18.	Chrissy	A	Morse 1912		30'	Ernst Wiegleb Pleasant Point, Me.
19.	BlackJack	A	Wilbur Morse 1900		33'	William Pendleton Suffield, Conn. & Searsport, Maine

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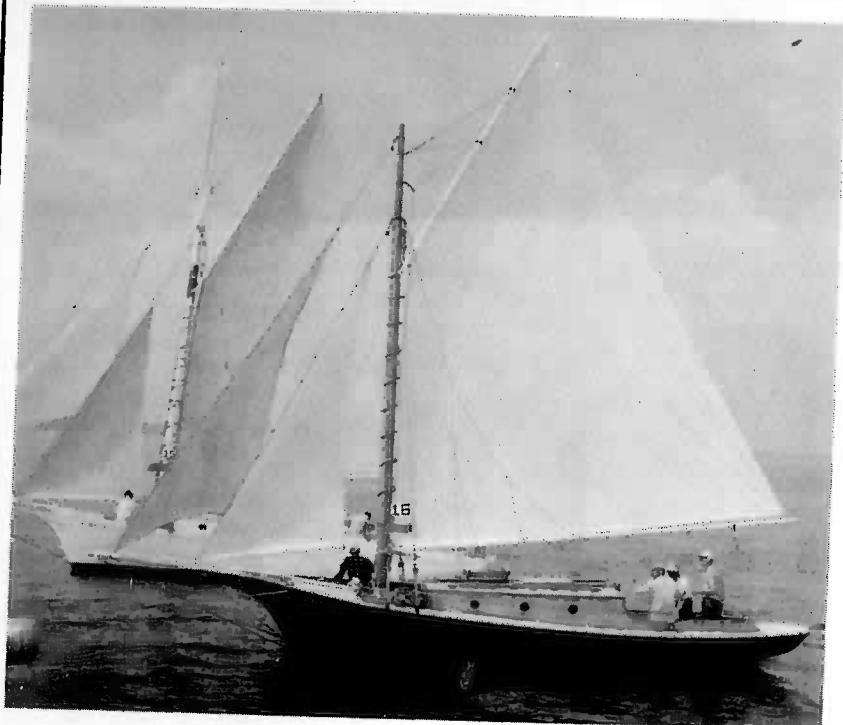
THIS PAGE CONTRIBUTED BY

**COLUMBIAN ROPE CO.
MANSET MARINE SUPPLY CO.**

List Of Friendship Sloops

20.	Wanderer	A Morse 1910	30'	Jay Hubbard Manchester, 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.	Swan	A Wilbur Morse 1917	28'	Warren A. Smith West Babylon, N. Y.
27.	Yankee Trader	B Bob McKean Sid Carter	28'	John Kollett Johnston, R. I.
28.	Bounty	B Gannet	22'	Dr. Roy Gumpel Rye, N. Y.
29.	Susan	A Wilbur Morse 1902	28'	N. Bradford Mack South Miami, Fla.
30.	Kidnapped	Believed lost in a storm		
31.	White Eagle	A Wilbur Morse	28'	Robert Montana Meredith, N. H.
32.	Nomad	A Wilbur Morse 1906	28'	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.	Eleazar	B W. S. Carter 1938	38'	Carl Arra Newburg, N. Y.
39.	Downeaster	B Lash Bros. 1963	30'	Dr. John Lachman Villanova, Pa. Dr. James R. McLamb Kittery, Maine

(Continued on Page 13)



PETTIT preserves beautiful Friendships!

Pettit's high quality Marine Finishing Products are distributed by SARGENT, LORD & CO., Portland, Maine.

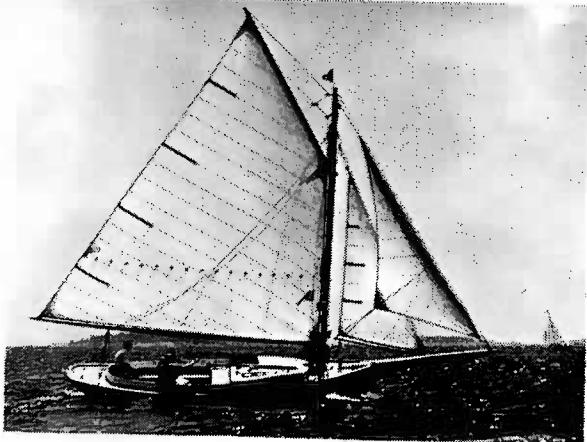
PAINT YOUR BOAT WITH A BEAUTY COAT . . .

PETTIT
marine  paint

List Of Friendship Sloops

40.	Comesin	Ervin Jones	32'	Carlton Wilder Jacksonville, Fla.
41.	Srafu		35'	Alfred Gastonguay Beverly, Mass.
42.	Nancy	C Carlton Simmons J. P. Hennings 1963	26'	Kenneth Billings Manchester, Mass.
43.	Gypsy	C Judson Crouse	23'	Robert Lash North Penobscot, Me.
44.	Sazerac	A Wilbur Morse 1913	33'	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'	Richard Muenzer San Francisco, 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	28'	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 Boatyard 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. Duxbury, Mass.
57.	Old Baldy	B J. S. Rockefeller 1965	24'	Dr. Mahlon Hoaglund Thetford Hill, Vt.
58.	Departure	C	15'	Franklin Perkins, Jr. Lancaster, Mass.

(Continued on Page 15)



"Old Baldy"

THIS HALF-PAGE CONTRIBUTED BY

WOOLSEY PAINT COMPANY
MANSET MARINE SUPPLY COMPANY

Nuts



That is the way some of our inquiries are addressed, but we don't care a bit. In fact, if we are nuts, by comparison with the rest of the marine industry, then maybe that's what it takes these days to build a BOAT instead of a showroom special. There are over 500 different fiberglass hulls being moulded, but we feel only a few are worth considering. We will build on those or our own sensible designs. If you want to go 40 MPH, flashing chrome as you go, please write to one of the big boys. If you think 12 to 15 knots is adequate, with a good sea hull under you, then join the nut crowd by asking for our brochures.

CAMDEN BOAT WORKS
CAMDEN, MAINE

List Of Friendship Sloops

59. Sarah Mead	B Newbert & Wallace	30'	Dr. Henry O. White
		1965	Camden, Maine
60. Old Salt	McLain	32'	Leon Knorr
61. Windward	B J. S. Rockefeller	25'	Rowayton, Conn.
62. Columbia	C Lester Chadbourne	23'	Irving E. Bracy, Jr.
63. Kochab	B Speers	28'	Rockland, Maine
64. Amicitia	B Lash Bros.	33'	Fran & Lee Greene
65. Gallant Lady	A Morse	33'	Tonawanda, N. Y.
66. Venture	A Morse	30'	Stanley Kanney
67. Hieronymus	B Ralph Stanley	31'	Ridgewood, N. J.
68. Lucy Anne	James Hall	25'	Dr. Francis Colpoys
69. Coast O Maine	Vernell Smith	30'	Milton, Mass.
70. Margaret Motte	Morse Boatyard	30'	Anthony Menkel, Jr.
71. Gladiator	A McLain	32'	Birmingham, Mich.
72. Temptress	Philip Nichols	33'	Robert Thing
73. Dauphine	Pamet Harbor	26'	Brunswick, Me.
	Camden, 1951		Albert Neilson
			Avondale, Pa.
			James H. Hall
			Rowley, Mass.
			John Rutledge
			Westwood, Mass.
			Michael Grove
			Milford, Conn.
			William Zuber, Brielle, N. J.
			Stuart Hancock
			Manasquam, N. J.
			Bradford Mason
			Avon, Conn.
			Philip C. Morse, Jr.
			Naples, Fla.

NON-MEMBERS

Amity	W. S. Carter	Benjamin Plotkin, Norwalk, Conn.
Aurara	Wilbur Morse	Richard Steele, Rockport, Me.
Buccaneer		Eugene Tirocchi, Johnston, R. I.
Carolyn		A. J. Rousseau, Warwick, R. I.
Dottie G	Simms, Scituate	Joseph Plumb, Rochester, Mass.
Emma B	Reginald Wilcox	Reginald Wilcox, E. Boothbay, Me.
Fascination	W. A. Morse	Bruce Read, E. Pepperell, Mass.
Loon		Harry McCausland, Beverly, Mass.
Nor Easter	Morse	Robert E. Synnestvedt, Jenkintown, Pa.
Omaha	Morse	Fred Jensen, Staten Island, N. Y.
Princess		Joe Richards, Key Biscayne, Fla.
Red Wing	W. S. Carter	Marjorie Debold, Middletown, Conn.
Surprise	Gannet	
Susanna		Dr. Richardson, Boston, Mass.
Volunteer		Brian Neri, Buffalo, N. Y.
Westwind	Morse	Mrs. Matheson, Wakefield, Mass.

Earl A. Stanley

And

W. C. Ladd and Sons

INSURERS

ROCKLAND

FRIENDSHIP

Roland A. Genthner, Inc. *Cities Service Distributor*



WALDOBORO STATION - - - OPEN 24 HOURS

What's Doing

We have news for you! The old adage that Maine has only two seasons — winter and the 4th of July — is not true. There was one year that Uncle Eb took off his long underwear on the 15th of June (it was that warm).

Seriously though, it is too bad that the citizens of the rest of the United States of America, do not have more faith in the nickname "VACATIONLAND" for Maine, as this state really is just this. You might freeze to death in the ocean water, and you can't play golf all winter, but if the state was perfect you would be crushed to death in the mobs rushing here.

We are pleased so many of you want to visit our state on your vacation, and we have many places to see and activities planned for your fun and entertainment.

If you are interested in museums you will find one that will suit your interest. Boothbay has a Railway Museum showing the by-gone era of trains, Bath has a Marine Museum, and Union has a Farm Museum located at its Fairgrounds. High on a hill in Thomaston sits Montpelier, the home of General Henry Knox, first Secretary of War under George Washington, and Camden boasts the Old Conway House. The history of Friendship and the famed sloops may be found in the museum of that town.

If you prefer to be outside on a good sunny day, Boothbay has many boat trips to islands for the day which are great fun, or stop at the Marine Aquarium there, and top the day off at the Boothbay Playhouse. There are other boat trips from Rockland and Camden as well as the weekly windjammer cruises, most of which originate in Camden.

If your fancy is art, the Farnsworth Museum in Rockland always has a good exhibit, or perhaps you would care to visit the Waldoboro Art Gallery or Red Brick House in Boothbay. Wiscasset also has a very good art gallery. Thomaston is having an art festival the week between Friendship Sloops Days and the Maine Seafoods Festival. Friendship is showing town artists' work the middle of August. Most of the above mentioned are open daily and welcome all visitors.

Now for the camera bugs and fun seeking vacationers there are many colorful events such as —

BROILER FESTIVAL — Belfast

WINDJAMMER DAYS — Boothbay Harbor

MUSSEL RIDGE DAY — Owl's Head

BAILEY ISLAND TUNA FESTIVAL — Bailey Island

FRIENDSHIP SLOOP DAYS — Friendship

MAINE SEAFOODS FESTIVAL — Rockland

SCHOONER DAYS — Camden

UNION FAIR — Union

There are loads more events, just ask anyone. Most towns have information booths which would be pleased to give you details. So grab your cameras, sun glasses, sun tan lotion, bathing suits, walking shoes, and camping, fishing, and golf equipment; and come see Maine "VACATIONLAND."

When Looking For A Used "FRIENDSHIP" Contact



Meginley Yacht Brokers

Sea Street — or — 267 East Main Street
Camden, Maine 04843 Gloucester, Mass. 01930
207 236-3363 617 283-5666

ROCKLAND HOTEL

ROCKLAND — MAINE

RESTAURANT and COCKTAIL LOUNGE

A Friendly Place To Stay And Eat
While Enjoying Friendship Sloop Days



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MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Offices In The Coastal Maine Area At

BOOTHBAY HARBOR • CAMDEN • ROCKLAND • ROCKLAND PLAZA
BELFAST • VINALHAVEN • WALDOBORO • WISCASSET

Friendship Sloop Society Scholarship Fund

by WILLIAM PENDLETON, Chairman

Friendship, Maine, has come to be a shrine for the members of our Society and particularly so for those skippers who have attended Sloop Days for the last several years. We have come to know that no town was ever so appropriately named and skippers and crews have made many lasting friendships with residents of the town who have done so much to make our stay in their harbor and their town such a wonderful experience. Therefore it was only natural that we, the skippers and members, would want to do something for the Town of Friendship. The Friendship Sloop Society Scholarship Fund resulted from this desire.

The Scholarship Fund has been established to assist a boy or girl from the Town of Friendship to continue his or her education beyond secondary school. The awarding of scholarship aid from the fund has been placed in the hands of a committee of five citizens of Friendship. One of this committee is to be a member of our Society and one is to be a representative of the Friendship School System. The other three are members-at-large. Awards will be made on the basis of need, scholastic ability, and the desirability of the proposed education.

At the last annual meeting of the Friendship Sloop Society the members voted that two hundred dollars should be transferred from the treasury to the Scholarship Fund account. It is hoped the state of our treasury will allow at least this amount to be voted annually to the Fund. Half of this amount will be awarded in scholarship aid with the remainder going to an Endowment Fund.

Funds for the Scholarship Fund will also come from other sources. Early this spring an appeal for contributions was sent out to members of the Society and at last report over six hundred dollars had been received. It is hoped that visitors to Sloop Days will see evidence of other projects underway to raise additional funds. Here again the plan is to set aside a portion of what is raised annually for the Endowment Fund in hopes that eventually sizable scholarship aid can be awarded from endowment income.

From the above, simple arithmetic indicates that in the first year of the Scholarship Fund we will be able to award some boy or girl from Friendship in the vicinity of four hundred dollars in scholarship assistance. We realize that this is a small part of the cost of an education for one year, but the hope is that this Fund will grow and that subsequent years will see much more available for annual awards.



All Under One Roof



THE COURIER-GAZETTE

Published on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week, we are a hometown newspaper covering 26 communities.

COURIER PUBLICATIONS

Special publications include "State O' Maine Facts," "Maine Coastal Cooking" now in its 13th printing, and the completely new "All-Maine Cooking."

THE COURIER-GAZETTE, INC.

THE COASTAL COURIER

A summer weekly, covering items and current events of interest to our summer visitors. Maine's major tourist publication.

PRINTING DEPARTMENT

All phases of fine printing from artwork to finished product are done in our modern Commercial Printing Department.

1 PARK DRIVE, ROCKLAND

Another of Maine's Summer Events

Maine Seafoods Festival

ROCKLAND

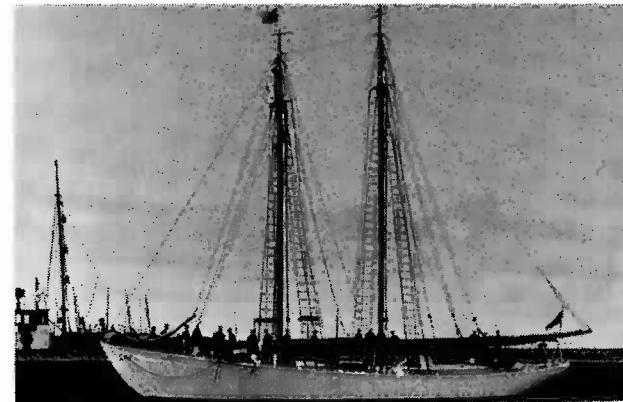
AUGUST 1 - 2 - 3 - 4

Three Days of Fun

and Feasting



Welcome Home Schooner Bowdoin

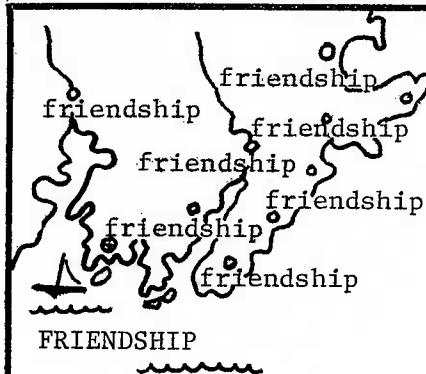


The little schooner BOWDOIN that has spent a lifetime in the Arctic has returned to her native Maine. In April this year she came quietly into Camden Harbor where her many needs will be looked after and where she will be open to the public.

The BOWDOIN, 88 feet of oak and greenheart, was built and sailed by Admiral Donald B. MacMillan on 26 voyages of discovery and research to the coasts of Greenland, Baffin Land and Labrador. Admiral MacMillan was a member of Peary's expedition to the North Pole in 1909. After several years of active participation and leadership in Arctic exploration, he decided to build a strong vessel especially for the rigors of the Arctic ice. The Admiral's ideas, developed by William Hand in design and built by Hodgdon Brothers of East Boothbay, resulted in the beautiful and able little BOWDOIN. She many times proved her ability to push through thick pack ice and to stay winters, locked in the remote northern extremities of Greenland. During these voyages, though unprofessional sailors were shipped as crew, the BOWDOIN enjoyed a perfect safety record. Admiral MacMillan's uncanny ability to navigate uncharted coasts, dodge icebergs and survive fog and gales illustrates the self-reliance of this truly remarkable mariner.

The little BOWDOIN is now the only U. S. built Arctic research vessel afloat. Having made such a major contribution to this country's heritage, and due to the concern of Admiral Mac about the BOWDOIN'S condition, something had to be done to restore and preserve her. Thus the Schooner Bowdoin Association was formed and the vessel was moved from Mystic Seaport Museum to Camden. Here, Captain Jim Sharp, owner of the Schooner Adventure, took possession of the BOWDOIN. He will lay her at his wharf next to the Public Landing and is determined to restore her to sailing condition. Captain Sharp has formed the Bowdoin Restoration Fund which hopes to receive contributions to help re-build the vessel and to open her in the Summer of '69 as a museum afloat. Captain Sharp expects to have the vessel partly open this summer and the major restoration will commence this fall.

Since this famous vessel was built and sailed on most of her historic voyages from this coast, WE WELCOME HOME THE SCHOONER BOWDOIN.



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Above and Beyond

The official Weather Bureau came up with statistics for July '67 as five full days of sun, 14 days of dense fog, and the rest just fog. I am not certain as to the accuracy of the last two figures as it makes little difference, but the five sunny days in a full month really made an impression. When one considers the few number of sunny days, the Sloop Society should feel very fortunate one of them was on a day of our races.

The Sloop Society also is fortunate to have such a great Race Committee. Bill Danforth wouldn't quit on Saturday, the last race of the series until he knew every sloop was safely anchored. Bill shrugs his shoulders and says "I couldn't relax unless I had done my job." However, there are those skippers who feel Bill went beyond the mere demands of his job, as they had been in other fog bound races, and it was every man for himself. To visiting skippers sailing in the strange waters of Muscongus Bay amid unknown rocks, ledges, and islands, there was a great feeling of security and friendship in the knowledge that the Race Committee wouldn't quit until it knew all were safe.

The events of that foggy Saturday race had many harrowing, near-miss moments which happily ended without mishap. As darkness fell, all the sloops were safely moored except three. Bill had two of them on his radar. SURPRISE was coming down the harbor with no motor aboard and no wind, but barely coming. The ERR took SURPRISE in tow, guided by voices on Phil Nichols' boat in one direction, and Bill's fog horn at the wharf in the other. One home! Bill watching his radar closely could see SARAH MEAD headed straight for Friendship Long Island. Down went the WHITE FALCON and Bill headed SARAH MEAD straight home. It was so thick Dr. White didn't even believe his compass. Two home!

All were safe now but MARGIN. Eyes aboard the WHITE FALCON were really burning from trying to pierce the fog and follow the radar, but no glimpse of MARGIN. Up and down the island, scanning coves, but no sight of the missing sloop. No one was more relieved than Bill when his radio blurted out "she's in Davis Cove." The minute Gerald Kinney sighted land he had someone phone his position. Even the whining fog horn sounded cheerful but exhausted as the WHITE FALCON came back to Friendship Harbor.

It was 11:30 P. M. Saturday night, having missed the Awards Banquet, before Bill, his committee and a few others anchored the boat and relaxed, knowing all the sloops were home. It is contributions like this which make the Sloop Days so special to many.

Another special contributor is Cyrus Hamlin, our handicapper. Cy has a job which takes about every minute of his time, but for eight years he has added to his work day the careful computation of the measurements of each sloop for the purpose of handicapping them. How anyone can go through all those figures representing draft, sail area, weight, etc., etc., etc., figure an equation, and come up with how many seconds per mile faster or slower one sloop should theoretically sail than another, is more than the average mind can comprehend. Every year Cy does this for the Society, and then carefully checks the race results after the regatta to see if his formula is fair to all.

The Race Committee and Handicapper are the unsung heroes of any boat race, and the target of complaints if all does not go well. The Sloop Society is grateful to Bill and Cy for their great service. The expression "we couldn't do without them" is really true in this case.

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The Friendship Fog

by BENNETT NOBLE

As a veteran observer of Friendship Sloop Days, and a chronicler of what they do to a man's metabolism, I can say without reservation that nothing affords a better time than the advent of a good fog.

Now, you take 1967 Sloop Days . . .

Things started out in rather hum-drum fashion on Thursday with sparkling seas and galloping winds, and visibility so sharp you could see Portland Head Light. There are some who recall that Thursday as the only clear day of Summer, 1967. But then, there are those who say August 23rd wasn't too bad either . . . but that's splitting hairs.

Well, anyway, Friday was different. Friday started off with a fine healthy fog which got finer and healthier as the morning wore on. By noon it was an absolute bisque, and the Race Committee canceled everything except lunch.

Now, you'd think there'd be a problem with twenty boatloads of Friendship people locked into a harbor that doesn't even have a poolroom. But Friendship people are an inventive breed, and a decent fog tends to set them in character.

For instance, a fog affords a man a fine chance to brush up on his lying. Lets him test reaction to his story of how "America" dipped her colors to him when he passed her to leeward leaving Newport, or how he's going to make it back up to Boston on three tacks against a sou'west drifter.

Then there are those who can kill a foggy morning posing. "Eagle" was down from Massachusetts for the races, and her skipper, Don Huston, spent Friday morning posing for National Geographic. Or at least the fellow said he was from National Geographic. At any rate, he picked Don because Don had on his foul weather gear, the dirty ones he clams in up in Nahant, plus his go-to-hell hat, his allowance cigar, and a two-weeks growth of beard. This Geographic fellow draped Don all over Al Roberts' lobster gear, and most of us got busy watching Don.

Then there was the New Jersey fellow in the harbor, and he was working hard on a Maine accent. Cornered a fellow from Massachusetts who worked with him until mid-afternoon — trying to get him to back and fill, throw out his under jaw and talk slow. They both found out eventually you can't make a Yankee out of a Dutchman.

Betty Roberts works pretty hard at setting up alternative programs when Friendship is fogbound. For instance she organizes car pools for a trip up into the Camden Hills so you can get a better look at the fog. And she arranges for the bait truck to arrive with a load for Al's fishermen when it appears the crowd on the wharf is getting restless.

Now, Saturday was just enough different to keep you guessing. It lifted enough so that Friendship's unique homecoming parade of sloops brought a lump into your throat, and even the down-harbor start was in bright sunlight.

But from there on into early evening it got interesting again. The fog shut back down and most of us groped around in the wool all day hoping we wouldn't miss the lobster feed. However, rumors to the effect some of the boys who found their moorings in Friendship Harbor, but rowed all the way to Round Pond to get ashore, are somewhat exaggerated.

Matter of fact, the only things that disturb the tranquility of a Friendship fog and a Friendshipper are the damned fools who come driving up to Al's Wharf to say "Sun's out in Waldoboro!" or "Somebody just called from the Rockland paper and wants to know who won."

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FRIENDSHIP STREET

WALDOBORO, MAINE

Some Thirty Years Ago This Spring

by JOHN RIESMAN, M.D.

The revival of interest in the old Friendship sloops, and particularly the building of new boats with the graceful lines of the old-timers, owes much to the skill and enterprise of the late Bob McKean.

Quite possibly Robert B. McKean was the first Friendship sloop builder of the modern era. His part in this renaissance was ably described by him in the article WE BUILD A FRIENDSHIP SLOOP which appeared in Yachting Magazine for December 1939.

"One may wonder why I chose a Friendship sloop," Bob wrote. "For five summers I had owned and sailed the prototype of this boat along the Atlantic Coast from New York to Nova Scotia and found her able, fast, and comfortable. I have sailed in many boats, from dinghies to Bermuda racers, but the Friendship type was still my choice. When I find something I like and know is good, such as a breed of dog or even a brand of cheese, I stick to it."

Thus inspired, this novice boat builder, this red-haired blue-eyed summer resident of Maine, began his work in the spring of 1938. A naval architect friend, Sidney Hubbell inspected the measurements and drawings McKean had made from the hull of the old family sloop, which had been laid up on a grassy bank to bask away her final years. That prototype was the original SARAH E., modelled and built by Robert E. McLean of Bremen, Maine, probably in the year 1898. Hubbell's contribution was aimed to prevent McKean's building something with "bumpy buttocks," and he also provided a table of offsets, a sail plan and a deck plan.

Work began in the family barn at Jefferson, but the project was soon moved a few miles down to Scott Carter's yard in Friendship. There McKean was given some space in the great outdoors (unfortunately to leeward of the odorous local bait house) and also he had the use of Carter's steambox and some power tools. He received great assistance from John Wincapaw, long a noted builder of dories.

The 25-foot boat was completed in the spring of 1939 and that summer Bob and his 18-year old nephew sailed her to Mamaroneck, New York. Before leaving Maine she was christened SARAH E. II and like her ancestor she had a length of 25' 0" on deck, 20' 0" on the waterline, 8' 2" beam, and a 4' 3"

draft. The arduous work of building her is fully described in McKean's article which also contains fine photographs of the process. Building the hull cost \$600 in those reasonably good and relatively old days, but the finished sloop, rigged and ready to sail out of Friendship, involved a total expense of \$1400!

The author of this memoir came into this Friendship sloop story in 1945. That year Bob McKean put his handsome little packet on the market. Your author bought her after he and his wife came to inspect and admire her one early spring afternoon in Mamaroneck, in response to a "classified ad" in the New York Times. True, the price for the six year old Friendship Sloop was now double the original cost figure, but we already had inflation in those days, and we Riesmans badly needed a home, preferably a floating one,

(Continued on Page 29)

Best of Luck To All Sloop Race Contestants

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while I was serving at St. Albans Naval Hospital in New York. We splashed a bottle of something over the bow of our Friendship Sloop which Bob had painted the new Endeavour Blue, and we named her PEGGOTY after my wife Peggy.

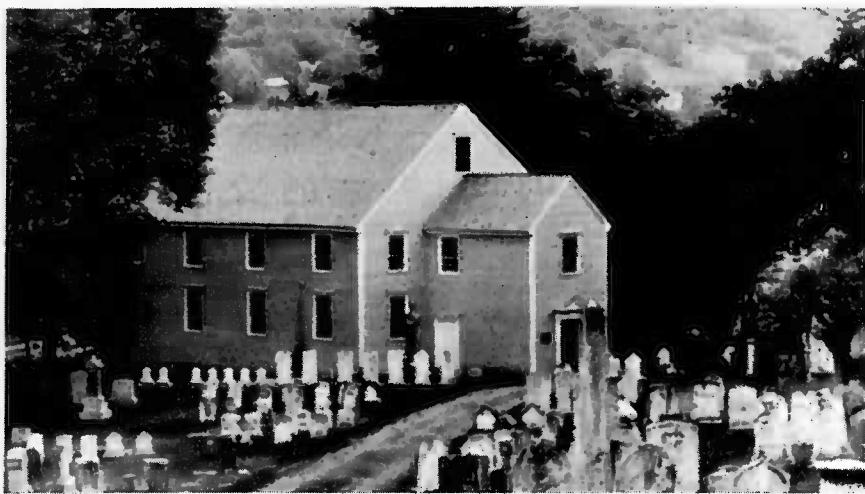
How we lived on board that entire summer in Port Washington harbor, in a floating sailor's village surrounded by Maine navy and merchant marine people is not part of the Bob McKean story. We became very fond of Bob and he often came sailing with us. With the money he obtained from our purchase of his Friendship Sloop he started out in the dinghy-building business, specializing in mahogany plywood sailing prams. Finally he and a friend, Stanley Barnes, constructed a 14-foot sloop they called The Ghost which itself became the prototype of the modern Blue Jay racing and daysailing one-design sloop. Bob McKean transferred his interest and his blueprints over to the firm of Sparkman and Stephens but continued to turn out deluxe mahogany Blue Jays. These little boats were thus spawned by a Down East Sloop. This boat building activity was carried on in an old wooden frame building in a Mamaroneck back alley where he also manufactured a patented asthma remedy called Asthmalene, which he mixed from an old McKean family secret formula. He would often stir up a big vat of this stuff while the varnish was drying on one of his new Blue Jays in the adjoining carpenter shop. The writer used to twit McKean on the unusual combination of a bottled "asthma cure" and a boatbuilding shop.

Bob McKean died suddenly about twelve years ago, and the memory of his Mamaroneck "medicine and mahogany shop" is forgotten, but not his Friendship Sloop. I believe she is still sailing though where and how I cannot here record. My wife and I took her Down East in 1951 but had to turn back a scant few miles short of Friendship due to lack of vacation time. Subsequently we acquired a larger sailing craft. But through the years since 1938 the PEGGOTY (ex SARAH E II) has had many friends and admirers, and along with his detailed article and construction pictures in Yachting Bob McKean's little sloop has helped to keep the Town of Friendship on the map and on the sailing chart.

An Hypothesis

A group of people were fishing off the end of a wharf in Friendship Harbor, and because the fish were just not biting, three of the men entered into light conversation, which eventually progressed to a more profound level. One of the three finally asked, "If you inherited a million dollars, what would you do with it?"

One of the men said "That is easy — I'm a banker — I'd put it in the bank and live comfortable on the interest." The second man said, "my business is investments, I think I would invest it and live off my dividends." The third man pondered the question for some time. Finally he came up with an answer, "well — I've been rebuilding an original Friendship sloop — and I guess if I had a million dollars, I'd keep right on spending it on her until it was all gone."



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Frustration In Friendship

A great deal of moan was heard off the tide about the 1967 weather, as if he who sloops is the only one who suffers. Nobody came around to wring our hands in sympathy and observe that our tent had a fuzz growing out of it, and that the continued fog had killed our burgee. We had the Society emblem proudly displayed on a staff stuck in the mud, and for lack of sunshine the tendrils withered, and in August all the leaves dropped off. Our only success in 1967, advancing our great desire to become Friendshippers all the way, was to get a well drilled.

The joy of learning that the well-driller's name was Mr. Drinkwater did not wholly compensate for the rough time he had. The extreme dampness that prevailed had so softened our new property that his heavy equipment bogged down about the same distance as the shaft he bored, and he had more water in his boots than he found in the depths. He proved to be an upright man, capable of extricating himself without profanity, and if people have children around he is ideal. He drilled one day, but stayed a week at no additional cost — to us.

All other 1967 efforts to embrace the community, so far as housing goes, came to naught. Our principal contribution was to Mr. Delano, who kept bringing gravel. At first it was on a C.O.D. basis, but when he found that we were buying more gravel than the town and state put together he extended credit and we paid by the month. It was our hope that by applying enough gravel we could get the elevation reasonably high and keep drifting peapods from colliding with our tent. We also had a notion that a little more altitude might dry our dish wipers.

It grieved us to wade out to our automobile and drive to the waterfront and hear everybody griping about the weather. People said there was such a fog they couldn't see their gaffs, but at our lot we went three weeks and couldn't find our coffeepot. Everybody seemed to think the fogmull was strictly for sloopers and lobstermen. Everybody marveled that all sloops made port, but nobody was amazed that we got to the dinner, too — a navigational feat that not only involved nuns, cans and baskets, but a flock of hackmatacks in the channel. It should be noted that in 1967 all trees had moss on the south sides, too. So did we.

But 1968 offers hope. Perhaps we can get a cement truck in and land a few supplies, and complete our plans for becoming true Friendshippers. We hope so. But if 1968 socks in some more fog and rain, you skippers and sloopers don't need to act so exclusive — it's our frustration too. We solicit your prayers.

— John and Dot Gould



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New Sloops

"Probably you never heard of the boat that was built in our town, the Friendship Sloop!"

"Of course, everyone knows the Friendship Sloop." This last remark was made by a German Captain aboard a charter boat which had just recently started chartering in the Caribbean.

This is not the only time this remark has been made, and the Society files with letters from Texas, Idaho, California, Washington, Japan, and servicemen in foreign ports (to mention a few far removed spots from Maine) will substantiate the fact the Friendship Sloop has universal appeal.

~~There are many men, having been hit by the "Friendship bug, are building their own sloops. Kenneth Rich (mentioned in last year's program) has finally come to launching time. There has been no word from Ken as we go to press, so we assume he is feverishly putting on the final touches for a launching this spring.~~

For several years the Sloop Society has had a member that signs his letters "the Lone Texan Member," but now Robert White from League City, Texas, is not only one of our Society but is building his own Friendship Sloop. As so often happens, anyone building a boat has a problem of housing while under construction. Robert White has found that his garage is too small, and has had to move his sloop out into the driveway. The biggest problem with Bob is materials. He cannot find the wood he desires and the oak is too susceptible to marine animals in the warmer water. Then too, he is living in a fiberglass world, and has trouble getting fittings for a wooden boat. Such problems prove Bob's devotion to the Friendship Sloop. We hear Robert works for NASA — you don't suppose he'll try to put a sloop in orbit?

There must be many more sloops in the planning or building stages as most every week brings an inquiry for information. As we have no particulars on new construction, all we can do is wish any "will be" owners Good Luck. However, we do want to mention Mr. Andrew Schafer of Rosedale, N. Y., who has about completed his "Gisela R," constructed from the lines of the "Pemaquid," and is built without inboard power and outside ballast in an attempt to make it authentic.

Conditions change and it becomes impractical at times to hang onto something for sentimental value. Thus it is that many member sloops have changed hands. We are most happy and fortunate that these previous owners still have a vital interest in our Society.

Stuart Ford has sold "Content" to Mr. Robert Edwards of Montclair, N. J. We look forward to having Mr. Edwards become a part of our Society, and hope he will bring "Content" back to Friendship again. You can bet Stuart will be right there on the end of the wharf cheering harder than anyone.

Mr. Arthur Krause is the proud owner of "Smuggler" and we hope a fogless summer will make him want to bring "Smuggler" back for another regatta. You ask what happened to Tom Montgomery? A job with the merchant marine kept him too busy to sail, but he stated last summer that he will have another Friendship Sloop someday, and he will be back.

Again it was circumstances that forced Elbie Powell to part with "Flying Jib" to Newton Hinckley, and this transaction is going to make some interesting

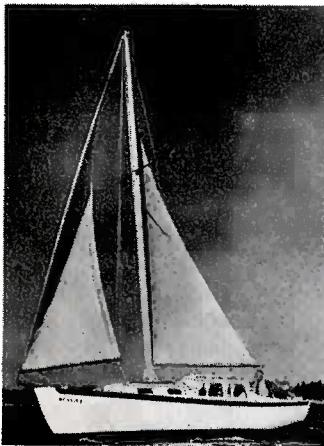
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sailing in the regatta. Last year Newton raced with Wilfred Brann on the "Wilbur Morse" but now he owns his own boat. Don't be disappointed if you do not see great rivalry between "Wilbur Morse" and "Flying Jib." The competition could be between Hinckley and Hinckleys. The grapevine has it that Newt will sail again on the "Wilbur Morse" leaving the sailing of "Flying Jib" to his two brothers.

We welcome two new sloops and owners this year. Mr. Philip Morse, Jr., of Florida is proud owner of "Dauphine," and Bradford Mason of Avon, Conn., owns "Temptress." Another added bit of fun will come between "Temptress" and "Surprise" should they both be on hand for the regatta. "Temptress" was originally named "Result" and was built by Philip Nichols, as was "Surprise." It would be amusing to read Phil Nichols' mind as he races in a sloop he built against a sloop he built.

Though "Bounty" has never been to Friendship for the regatta she is a charter-member sloop of the Society. She is now owned by Dr. Roy Gumpel of Rye, N. Y. Welcome!

The Society hopes you all will get to Friendship for the regatta — and please — NO FOG.

Help --

This is a plea to all women readers — HOW DO YOU COPE WITH HAVING TO GO TO THE HARDWARE STORE ON AN ERRAND FOR YOUR HUSBAND?

As every dutiful wife does before she goes shopping, I ask my husband if there is anything I can do for him so that he won't have to leave his work on his boat or disturb his Saturday afternoon game on television. The errand he wishes invariably involves a hardware store.

At first I would gayly approach a clerk in the hardware store, ignore his "Oh no, not another woman" look, and ask him for the item my husband desperately needed. Usually there would be one point of identification as to size, shape, color, etc. Finally after a few fruitless trips I would sit down with a piece of paper and question my husband about every little detail of what I was to purchase — amount, length, diameter, size wire, galvanized or not, pointed, blunt, round, — I knew just everything and I wrote it down.

Cheerful in the knowledge that I could not be thrown I would approach the clerk with complete information. He would then depart to some back stockroom for an indeterminable amount of time (I never knew whether they were playing a game of cards out back or testing my patience) only to appear with a similar item and the polite remark, "Sorry Madam, but we do not seem to have that in stock, and would this do?"

Now you are faced with a real decision. If you take it home to your ever-loving spouse he will say "Why did you take that? That isn't what I wanted." If you don't take it and arrive home empty-handed then he greets you with "Why didn't you buy that? It would have been alright."

Time and time again I have promised I would not get caught in that bind again only to find myself in a hardware store confronted by a clerk and the same old situation "damned if I do and damned if I don't."

The rest of you women — what do you do? I know — I've seen you standing alongside me amid screws, bolts and nuts with that same "HELP" look on your face.

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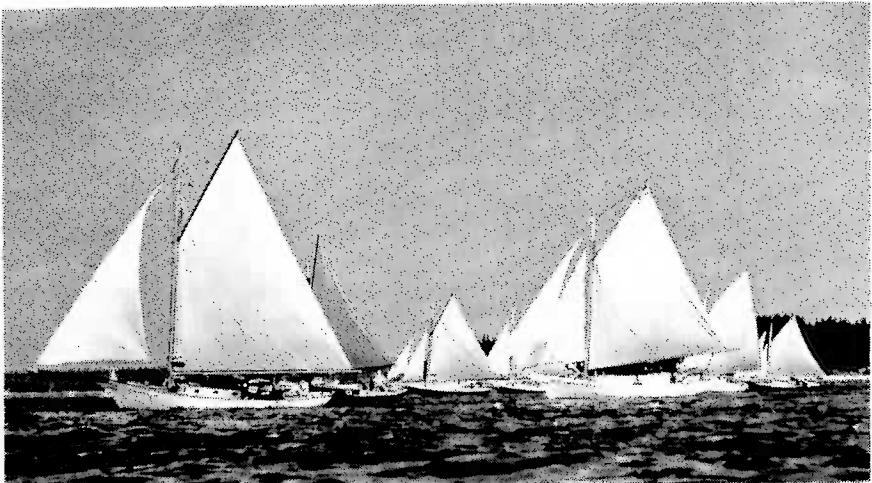
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The Family Sloop

by ROGER DUNCAN

We have always had a boat in our family. I can't remember a summer in 45 years when I haven't been on salt water. The immeasurable things our family boats did for me and my brother would take a poet and a psychologist to describe. However, in the summer of 1954 my wife and I found ourselves with no boat but a pea pod and with three sons aged 12, 12 and 9. We at once took giant steps to provide the family with a sloop which could pay her own way.

Because we could not afford a cruising boat big enough to take all of us and a paying party as well, we decided on day-sailing parties. We needed a vessel small enough for me and a boy to sail and maintain, big enough to accommodate 6 to 10 passengers, stable, dry, fairly fast, and very good looking. A Friendship Sloop was the conspicuous solution.

"Eastward" was designed by Murray Peterson of South Bristol and built by Jimmy Chadwick of Pemaquid Beach in June 1956. She came to us "bare hull." This picturesque expression means just exactly what it says. There was no sheathing in her, no floorboards over the floor timbers, and of course no sails, rigging, engine, tanks, head, steering gear or indeed ballast. We bought an ancient sloop built on Swan's Island in 1905 (we think) named "Islanda" and from her gleaned spars, engine, some wire rigging, an ancient head, steering gear, and some ballast. The boys and I hove her ballast into our truck and bought old street car rails from a junkie. We hoisted the engine over the side, tore out tanks, head, and steering gear. The boys learned a great deal about how things come apart and how to get things done rapidly by main strength and ignorance.

Together we spliced in all the standing rigging, a boy "passing the ball" as I swung the serving mallet to snug down the splices. We steamed and bent mast hoops from straight pieces of ash, taking them hot from a canvas-swarthed stovepipe standing in a pot of boiling water and bending them around a log. About half of them survived. We installed the engine and tanks, and stowed ballast as our new boat, just launched, lay alongside the wharf below the fort at Pemaquid. The mast we lowered into her with a tackle from the wharf, one boy remembering just in time to slip on the hoops. From a bosun's chair I rigged her, the eager boys sending blocks and gear aloft to me as I needed it.

On June 21, 1956, we got her underway for the first time, none of us sure just how she would act. There was a raw easterly drawing out of the Pemaquid River; with the staysail backed and the wheel hard over, she swung gracefully off, filled her mainsail, and started a new kind of life for all of us.

She demanded a great deal of all five of us, and in providing it, we all got more than we gave. Together we sanded her, reciting Latin declensions to give force and rhythm to the motion and incidentally to master the Latin. The boys learned to lay paint evenly, to cut a straight water line, to keep off a newly painted deck for 48 hours no matter how impatient they might be. The day one boy came aboard in a hurry and tied the skiff painter in a monkey hitch, he learned about the value of a good knot, for he had to shout ignominiously for rescue as the skiff drifted ashore. They learned to splice, to snub up a dock line when the old man came alongside with two much way on, to break out a fouled anchor, and never to stand in the bight of a line.

(Continued on Page 39)

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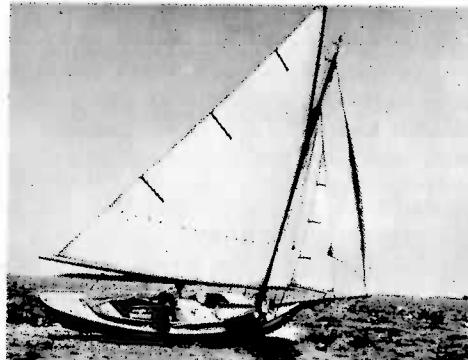
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When it breezed up and got rough, they learned when and how to heave to and how to tie in a proper reef. When it blew harder, they learned to luff along in the hard puffs to keep the vessel on her feet but still moving fast and working out to windward.

One rough day in a heavy southwester we had to take in the jib. The downhaul fouled in the block on the end of the bowsprit. I ran her off to ease the motion but in all the violence of that windy afternoon my 14-year-old had to go out and clear the jam whether he was afraid or not.

Also they learned to answer the passengers' questions politely and to be interesting, if not entertaining in their conversation. If they were sick — and almost everyone is seasick sooner or later — they learned to ignore it as long as possible and to get to the rail promptly and inconspicuously when that time came.

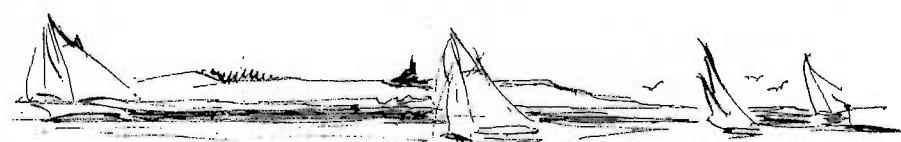
In the choking thick fog, a boy on the foredeck learned to look for the loom of trees or the shadow of a buoy and especially he learned to listen — to listen for the distant wash of a ledge, the far clang of a bell or the screaming of gulls. And he learned to come aft and plot a course on the chart making proper allowance for tide, and then to steer it within a one-quarter point on the compass.

One boy learned to recognize the hard, white arch on the front of an approaching line squall. That day he learned to tie everything down tight with extra gaskets and he hasn't forgotten it. He saw the line of rain come rushing across the water. He learned to act intelligently amidst thunder, lightning, wind, and hail until the squall whopped off to leeward and left a clear northwest evening behind it.

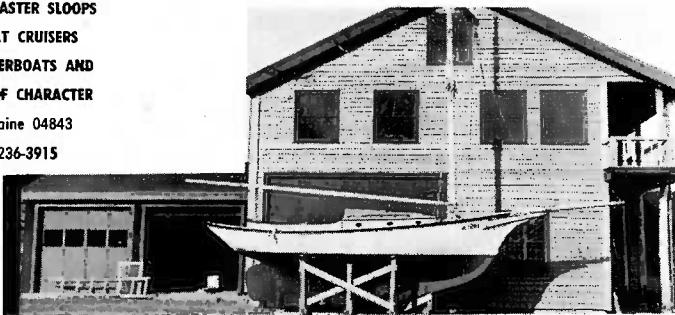
We got ashore and got off again; we got lost in the fog and found ourselves again; fouled up our rigging and went aloft to clear it; went fishing, landed on islands, lost anchors, were caught out at night. We came to Friendship, won a race or two and saw 25 gaff-headed mainsails spread across Muscongus Bay. We cruised the coast from Cuttyhunk to St. John, N. B., and wrote a book about it. These experiences we shared and they have become a part of what we are.

All this learning is valuable if one is to own a sloop and sail parties, but beyond these skills acquired, there is much more. Together we have developed a confidence in the efficacy of our own efforts and some judgment about our limits. We have developed a wise humility in the face of tide, wind, and sea that tempers pride to sound confidence. Most enduring and most valuable of all, we share an appreciation of the power, the beauty, and the vastness of land and sea, of wind and tide, of the inspired work of man and the natural world.

The boys have grown up and are scattered now, each on a different continent; but my wife and I still share with our boys a sloop in the family.



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Friendship!

by BUD SAWYER

Friendship Sloop Days, 1968. First of all, let's get our definitions straight. Friendship, Maine, is not a place; it's people. And a way of life. A Friendship Sloop is not a boat. But rather an obsession. A jealous mistress. And Friendship Sloop Days are not three days in a Maine July. They are winters of anticipation, which become lifetime memories.

Friendship Sloop Days are paradoxes. They're yesterday and tomorrow. Yesterday, from whence came the design history, and legend of these sturdy little windships. And yet, they are the tomorrows that will come for you on that miracle day when you will have your own. These are days of competition and camaraderie . . . when fiercely independent skippers, (to own a Friendship you have to be independent) race their boats and their prides with an inwardly-seething, outwardly-nonchalant firmness of purpose, only to forget all rivalry at the Saturday night Awards Banquet. These are days when tourist and townspeople, fisherman and farmer, sail and power man alike all stop . . . and are "taken in" by the haughty propriety that this seakindly queen bestows upon her awaiting court.

Watch these clipper-bowed grande-dames during the parade of sloops ceremony. As your eye travels appreciately down the bowsprit, along the trail-board carvings, and the sheer line, suddenly the Walter Mitty in you comes out. You're Burt Lancaster, or Douglas Fairbanks . . . you're Peleg Britten, or Sir Francis Chichester, Lord Nelson, and the skipper of "Tinkerbell" all rolled into one, with a little of Adam Troy thrown in.

You smile, more at yourself than at anything, and then you watch some more. Still, they come . . . in no real order . . . originals, replicas, and near replicas. The public address system identifies them by name, and by owner and crew. It's about here that you notice it. Time. Time is standing still . . . and no ones cares. The hectic pace is gone . . . no phones are ringing . . . and strangers smile at strangers.

You are at one . . . with another eternal triangle; the wind . . . the sea . . . and man.

What are Friendship Sloop Days? What is friendship? There aren't enough words. Yet even these few words are too many. Friendship Sloop Days? A joy . . . an oasis . . . and for all your tomorrows . . . a memory.

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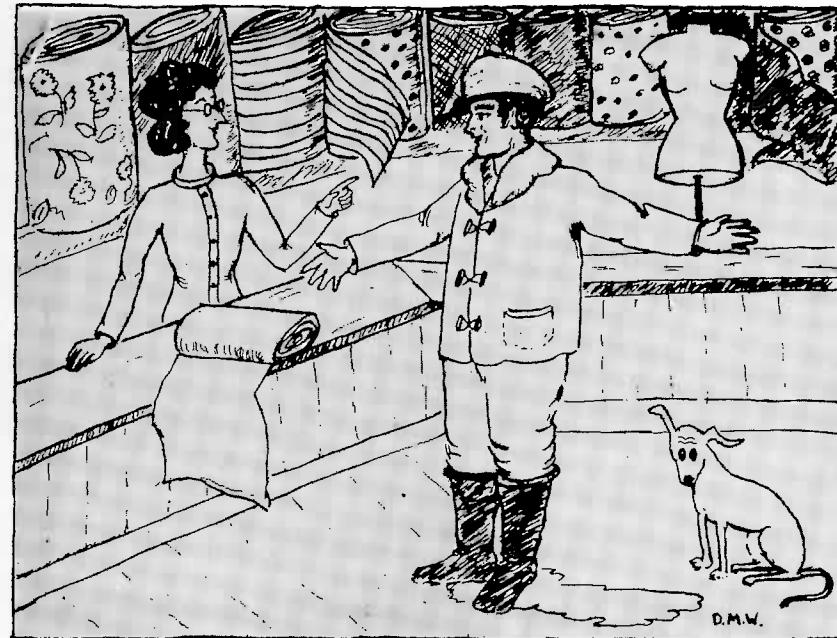
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While shopping in the yard goods section of Senter-Crane's Department Store in Rockland, a Friendship woman overheard a ruddy faced gentleman ask for some material like the sample he had brought from home.

He was obviously reluctantly doing an errand for his wife, and hadn't the vaguest idea what it was all about. After much searching and consulting among the clerks, the matching material was produced.

"How much would you like, sir?"

"How do you sell it?"

"By the Yard —"

"Well — half that much, I guess! — she told me to get a half of something. Danged if I know whether it was half a foot, half a yard, or half a fathom!"

While most of the clerks and other customers either tried to keep from laughing, or turned their heads to hide a grin, or simply burst out, the prim little saleslady without a trace of a smile said — "Oh, you must be a sailor, sir." And indeed he must have been.



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To Friendship With Fog

by JIM HALL

Bound for Friendship last summer the "Lucy Anne" and crew lay over at Cape Porpoise for a rest after an all day encounter with fog the previous day. Nothing unusual for summer '67.

During the day "Vida Mia" and crew came to anchor not far from us and shortly afterwards, Don Huston in "Eagle" dropped the hook. "Brownie" pulled his tender alongside and rigged the mast and sail for a cruise around Cape Porpoise Harbor, while we had a pleasant conversation with the crew from "Eagle."

We made tentative plans to sail in the morning in Company with the two other sloops and rendezvous at Boothbay Harbor that night.

Shortly after 8:00 A. M. we were all underway off Cape Porpoise entrance and squared off for Portland Light Vessel. "Vida Mia" and "Eagle" gradually pulled ahead of "Lucy Anne" and as fog again settled down and thickened, we lost them. Shortly after midday, a horn was unmistakably heard. We checked the bearing of this with a small Bendix RDF, which gave us confidence that the lightship was nearby. Coming up on her stern, we noticed some of the crew running aft to watch us pass close aboard. We shouted "Have you seen a couple of sloops come by here headed east?" The reply came back, "Nope, You're the first thing we seen all day!"

We then figured that Brownie and Huston must have put in toward Cape Elizabeth and Casco Bay, which assumption later proved correct. However as long as we had sailed this far, we decided to hold on for Cape Small. We could hear thunder squalls off to the westward and the wind coming a little stronger on our starboard quarter, we luffed up into the wind and double reefed the main.

Back on course after this maneuver, we kept on for the bell off Seguin. Shortly after passing it we could just make out Seguin Light, high up on its sea-pounded island. At this point, we pondered going into the Kennebec River entrance and anchoring by the Coast Guard Station, but after a quick consultation with Mr. Duncan's "Cruising Guide" and his description of the mouth of the Kennebec, we demurred and held on for the Cockolds. With the wind still holding and the seas gently cresting and chasing us astern, we sighted the Cuckolds. Off to the eastward, the low dark bulk of Damariscove Island was visible.

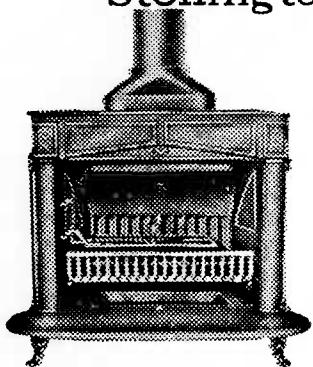
From then on we slipped by Squirrel Island and with improved visibility left Burnt Island to port. As the sun finally emerged, we saw it lower itself behind the spruces of Boothbay and we came to anchor off the Fish Wharf in the inner harbor.

With the dawn, the sky was overcast, rain came down, thunder and lightning ripped across the skies and at last, we thought, it was going to clear. But not that day. While the fog lifted momentarily, the weather was far from settled. Anxious to be off for Muscongus Bay, we hauled anchor and departed Boothbay at 9:30 A. M. under power.

Down through Fisherman's Passage and out across John's Bay things went well, in fact we could just make out the tops of the sharp pointed trees on Pemaquid Point, when the fog slammed in again. About now, we were wishing for a fog horn on that point. Our time had nearly run out and close aboard a small yawl passed us heading west.

(Continued on Page 47)

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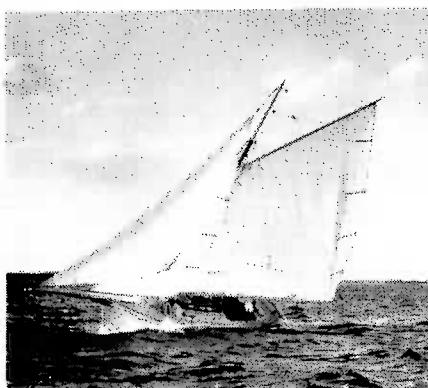
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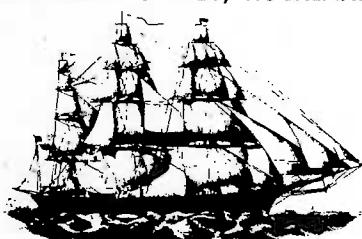
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Every eye was alert now, searching out the way ahead. Were we in too close? Would we clear Pemaquid Point? Just then, our forward lookout yelled "We're in the breakers!" The helm was put hard over and the sloop ran straight out toward Monhegan for several minutes before heading up the Western Shore of Muscongus Bay. At the bell off New Harbor, with the fog still thick, we circled while deciding whether to head across the bay or sneak into New Harbor. Then as if by the stroke of some genii's magic lantern, the fog was swept away. Now with good vision we made no hesitation about crossing in front of Lounds and headed for Jones' Garden. Whatever beauty "the garden" might have had, was never revealed to us as the fog socked in for good. "Lucy Anne" had made it this far on her maiden voyage and must have had "Hoss Sense" for soon she picked up Friendship Island and nosed her way along its shore. She just followed the lobster buoys, shied away from the big rocks and at last we were at the black spindle. Al Roberts' Wharf loomed just ahead and Betty's voice of welcome was the best sound we had heard for several days.



Service With A Smile

Friendship is grateful that our guests exercise great caution as they maneuver around docks, through mooring, and are careful not to fall off wharves. Because of everyone's concern and awareness we have never had any serious accident (knock on wood). However, like the Scouts' motto "Be prepared" we have had a medical set-up ready for any eventuality. Part of this preparedness is furnished by a group of women which forms an organization called WAFD (Women's Auxiliary Fire Department). Its main function is to own, equip, and operate an ambulance for the town. This group of women volunteers its time and services to the people of Friendship unfortunate enough to need help. Fund raising events during the year pay expenses so that the townspeople have no obligation in asking for the use of the ambulance.

As any ambulance crew, these girls are called out at all times of days or night, in any kind of weather, and for any kind of emergency, and they respond immediately. They shut the oven off on a half baked cake, parcel the kids off to some understanding neighbor, or throw down a paint brush with which they were painting buoys for their husbands, or crawl out from the depths of a cluttered closet during spring cleaning. They pull on clothes while half asleep, or run out half way through giving a home permanent to a friend, — from all of these and many other situations they come — but they'll always answer a call.

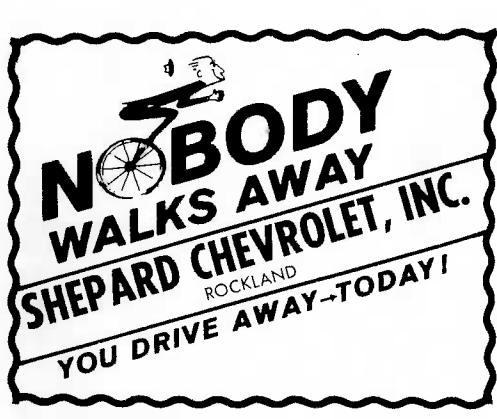
So if you see a gold colored ambulance on the hill above the harbor on Sloop Days, you will know it is there for any emergency, and will be "manned" by a great group of efficient smiling women dedicated to service. (Please don't try anything daring so that you get to see them. Be cautious, stay safe, and they will come to the wharf and smile for you if that is all you want.)

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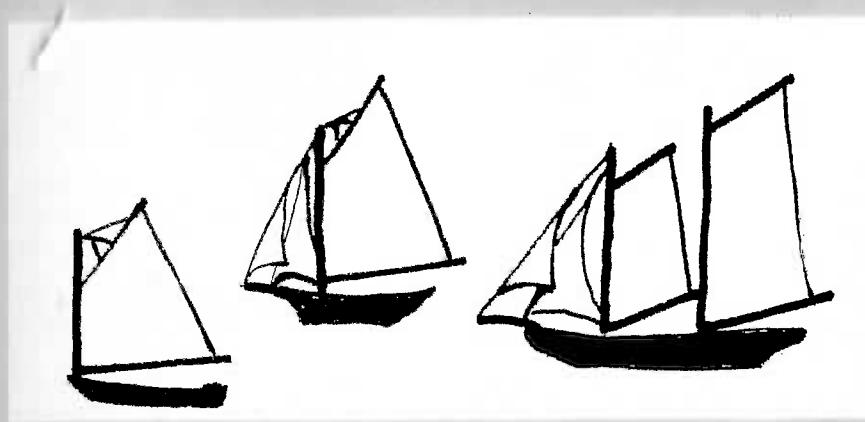
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Old Gaffers Unite

Courtesy DOWN EAST MAGAZINE



A bold new pennant — the white jaws of a gaff on a field of blue — will be flying from mastheads along the Maine coast this summer — but not atop the Bermuda rig of a modern sailing yacht or on the signal hoist of a power cruiser. It will be seen snapping in the wind only at the truck of old-time, gaff-rigged sailing vessels.

The "banner with a strange device" is the official burgee of the Old Gaffers Association, a British-based organization of some 300 members devoted to encouraging interest in sailing and racing the traditional gaff rig. Long a stronghold of such gaff-rigged vessels as the coasting schooner and the Friendship sloop, Maine was chosen to break out the flag in the U.S.A.

Formation of the Down East squadron resulted from a visit to Camden Harbor last summer of ODD TIMES, a little 23-foot cutter from England (Down East, August). Her skipper, Captain Peter Rose, a one-time London schoolteacher and staunch O. G. A. member, persuaded James S. Rockefeller, Jr., operator of a boat shop on Bald Mountain, that there should be an O. G. A. on this side of the Atlantic.

Rockefeller, who launched his first Friendship sloop behind a yoke of oxen promptly, enrolled himself and four other Friendship sloop sailors. Recently all five reported to the break of the poop and close watches. Boat builder Rockefeller was elected "flag captain"; William Thon, Port Clyde artist, "ship's carpenter"; Henry F. Bohndell, Rockport rigger and sailmaker, "halyard slacker"; J. Malcolm Barter, Waldoboro journalist, "supercargo"; and Edward W. Coffin, Owl's Head surveyor, "crimp" in charge of recruiting new members. Wives were signed on as "reef points."

Membership requirements are simple. One needn't know the difference between a throat and a peak halyard; he need only believe that putting to sea on a gaff-rigged vessel has a bit of magic not found in other kinds of sailing. No census has been taken, but charter members of the new O. G. A. squadron are convinced that, on the Maine coast at least, there should be plenty of other old gaffers.



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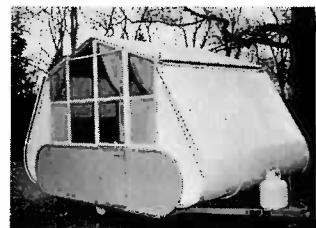
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BOX 27

ROCKLAND, MAINE



One Man's Idea Of How To Sail A Friendship Sloop

Telling another man how to sail his Friendship Sloop is like telling him how to shave. Obviously, he must know his own boat as well as the face he looks at every day in the mirror. Still, at the risk of a razor nick or two from other skippers, here are a few observations gathered over the years in sailing various Friendships.

Everyone had a weather helm. All Friendships do. In spite of two headsails on a long bowsprit, any true "sloop boat" built in Muscongus Bay has a strong tendency to head up into the wind, for the mast is pretty well up in the eyes of her. A weather helm is without doubt safer than a lee helm, and on a Friendship it probably had other advantages in the days when a lobsterman hauled his traps under sail and wanted to swing up easily to a pot buoy. But holding the tiller hard to weather when beating to windward puts a drag on the rudder and slows down the boat. About the only way to reduce such drag and give the boat more balance is to carry a slight luff — not too much, but some — in the mainsail near the middle hoops, especially in a good breeze.

Most Friendship Sloops foot better than they point, though it's surprising sometimes how close they will sail to the wind. Generally, more is to be gained by paying off a bit and keeping the boat moving fast through the water than in pinching her up and killing her way. An extra tack to allow plenty of room to make the weather mark is, more often than not, the correct maneuver, although occasionally a big, heavy boat can shoot enough in the last few yards to get around.

Reaching — close or broad — is a Friendship's fastest point of sailing. Every sail pulls at its best then. Here again, keeping the boat balanced with as little drag on the rudder as possible pays dividends. It also helps to have a good man on the mainsheet who knows when to let out to take advantage of a puff of wind and when to take in after the force of the puff has passed. A close eye also should be kept on jib and forestaysail to see that both are well bellied with a sharp leading edge.

Off the wind, a Friendship's gaff-rigged mainsail, big as a barn door, does most of the work. It pushes hardest when sheeted well out to the leeward shrouds, and, in light air, a man braced against the boom near the mast will prevent the sail from slatting. A smart crew on the foredeck to wing out the forestaysail with a whisker pole and perhaps to coax an occasional puff into the jib may add an extra half knot of speed. The crew should also stand ready to switch over the headsails quickly when a jibe is called for. A watch tackle rigged through an eye at the end of the bowsprit with snap hooks on each end of the line makes a handy way of hauling the staysail out rapidly to working position on either side.

Balancing sails is one way to make a Friendship sail her best. Balancing the boat is another. Too much weight in the cockpit spoils the trim of the hull and cuts down her speed. When possible, the helmsman and the mainsheet-man should be the only ones aft. The rest of the crew should be amidships and forward either lying on the weather deck or crouching by the mast, heads

Continued on Page 53)

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down. Strange as it may seem, putting everything forward — except the helmsman, of course — when going downhill in moderate air also achieves greater speed. Slightly down by the head, the boat then lifts her stern and slides along with a smooth wake.

Sailing in Muscongus Boy, a resourceful skipper will take advantage of wind and tide. This means that when beating out the bay in a freshening southerly against a coming tide he will play the shores of Friendship Long Island and Cranberry Island, trying to keep out of the main current and to get a "lift" off the land. Care must be taken, however, not to sail too far into coves where the wind may be blocked by high rocks and trees or one may be hung up on a ledge. Taking a long port tack toward Cow Island usually results in being set down by the tide flowing into the Walloboro River and being carried away from the weather mark off Black Island. There's nothing more discouraging than to be still slogging for the buoy while the rest of the fleet has rounded the flag and is tearing along toward Thompson Island.

With a westerly blowing or with the tide on the ebb, conditions may be just the reverse. Then, the course near Gull Rock and Cow Island may have advantages. Sometimes, too, it pays to sail down the middle. There, one may find more wind than on either side of the bay, be more in line for the mark and also be in a position to cover close contenders converging on either tack. The point is: know the stage of the tide and keep an eye peeled for tell-tale signs of wind, other sailboats, flags on shore and smoke, even from the exhaust of a stinkpot.

Proper employment of racing tactics, especially at the start to get clear of the pack, plays a deciding role in what goes on during the races each July. But more important is getting the boat itself to turn in her best performance.

Whether sailing to win or just for the fun of it, there's nothing like sailing a Friendship Sloop. Nobody in the fleet, we're sure, will work up a lather over that.

J. MALCOLM BARTER
Skipper of Downeaster 1963, 1964
Dirigo 1965, 1966, 1967

SHE'S A BEAUTY

"She's a Beauty"

More often than not those words are spoken with a Friendship Sloop in mind.

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Perhaps it is because we wouldn't want to live without them, and they help us through many years of smooth sailing, no matter how rough it may get.

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.

M/V Ocean



M/V Surf

M/V Squall

M/V Tide

M/V Wave

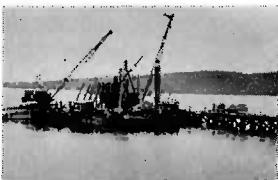
M/V Storm

M/V Crest
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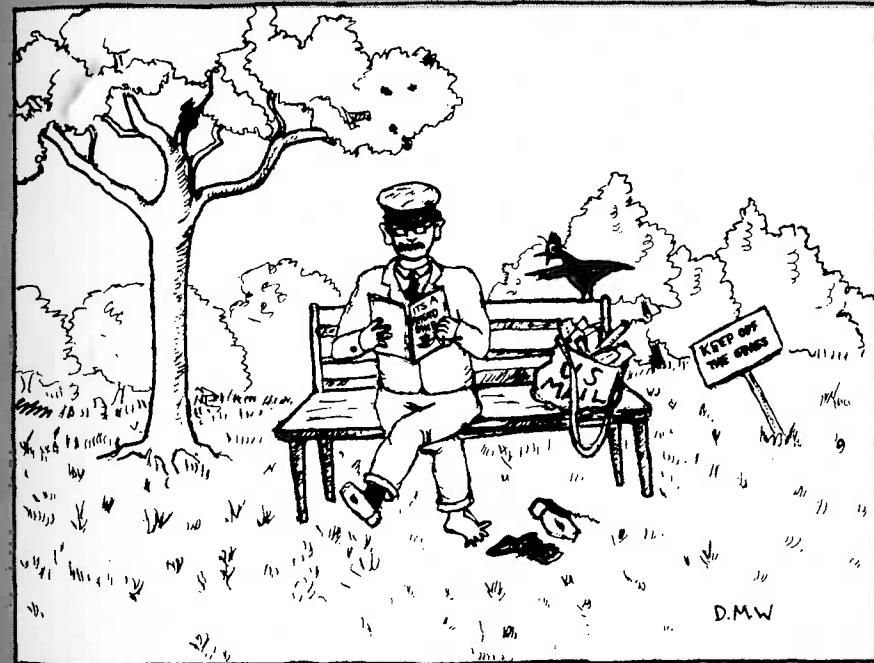
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"It's A Friendship" certainly proved true all around! Mr. George Chasses of Damariscotta bought a copy of the Society's latest book "It's A Friendship" for friends, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Reddall of Montreal, Canada. Mr. Reddall, an Englishman from London, now a secretary to the Canadian Steamship Company in Montreal, is greatly interested in sailing and boats, and has been to Friendship once or twice for the regatta. Therefore Mr. Chasses knew this book would be a very special gift.

"It's A Friendship" was duly mailed at Damariscotta and the sender sat back waiting for some word that the book had reached its destination. Time went by, and more time went by, but still no word came from Pat in Montreal. Two months later a telephone call conveyed Mr. Reddall's enthusiastic gratitude for the gift. The book had just been received and the two men figured the cause for the slow delivery.

The book had gone to Customs, was opened, inspected, package tied up and stamped, then went on to Montreal. The clerks in Montreal Post Office being good friends of Mr. Reddall knew he wouldn't object to their looking at his package marked "book." By the time everyone in the Post Office had a turn at looking it over and reading it quite a bit of time was consumed. TWO MONTHS!

If you think that is fantastic how about the fact that Mr. Reddall in looking through the book saw a picture of himself on the Coast Guard boat, taken when he was in Friendship for the races.



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Another Friendship Is Born

When the bombshell struck last year, Betty was nearly floored, or as nearly floored as I have ever seen her. The bombshell was when it was made known the Skippers' Banquet could not be catered by the usual group — and this only four days before the races !! Thanks to many willing hearts and helping hands the banquet was held on schedule, — but that's another story!

The upshot of the whole fiasco was that one of the crew members on the WILBUR MORSE is an executive with "SEILER'S of New England," an organization that manufactures frozen foods. When our predicament became known, they offered to supply us with an entire banquet, absolutely free of charge. By this time, other arrangements had been made, but they have made the same offer this year and we have accepted it. The customary charge will be made, and at Seiler's suggestion, the proceeds will go into the endowment fund of the Friendship Scholarship Fund.

The Seiler's Dining and Dietary Division manages many school, hospital, and college food programs in New England. In the State of Maine, Seiler's manages the food service programs of Rumford Community Hospital, Knox County General Hospital, Thayer Hospital, Colby College, and Kents Hill School. The Seiler Company has close ties to the State of Maine by way of these institutions.

During the Friendship Sloop Races, Mr. Romeo Tolini, the Executive Chef of the Seiler organization, will be on hand to preside over the preparation and serving of the Skippers' and Crews' Banquet on Saturday evening. Mr. Tolini has been with Seiler's for eight years and prior to this was chef at the Boston Parker House and Copley Plaza Hotel. He is now the President of the Epicurean Club of Boston. This is one of the oldest and best known organizations in New England devoted to the development and improvement of its members in the art of cooking. Romeo is also Secretary of the Boston Chapter of Les Amis d'Escoffier Society (Friends of Escoffier), an international organization dedicated to perpetuate the memory of the great culinary master Auguste Escoffier.

Seiler's does not plan a grand banquet. However, Mr. Tolini promises to have at least one culinary surprise for the evening.

Seiler's 43-foot cruiser SEPICER will be on hand this year to follow the three days of racing. Would you say Seiler's had been converted?



IT'S A FRIENDSHIP

The Society still has a few copies of the second printing of the book "It's A Friendship." You may purchase one for \$4.95 by writing the Secretary of the Society. We have to charge \$.35 extra for postage and handling.

There are not too many left so act fast if you would like to own a copy.



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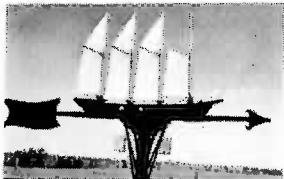
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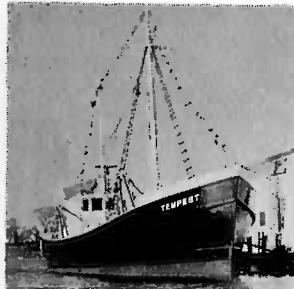
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Carrie McFarland And Museum

The Friendship Museum is "short" and small in stature, but as any old building dating to years long gone, it is "long" on history, memorabilia, and personages related to it. One sees a small notice in the local paper "Friendship Museum opens for the season." So what! Still, we stop to wonder why 2600 people in an 11 week span bothered to go to the small peninsula village of 806 residents to visit a tiny one room collection of articles from the past of the town of Friendship. There is more than just a reaction of "so what." There is a group of visitors that want something to do, so they go to see the Museum—there are those who are genuinely interested in the history of the small town—others are descendants of early families and want just one glance at their heritage—the nautically minded are seeking the origin of sloops, druggers, and the old way of fishing—still more wish to delve into the strange world of lobstering, shipbuilding and granite quarrying. No matter the reason, 2600 people found themselves entering the one room Friendship Museum in the past season. Once inside they could sense the lure of the past in the old farm tools, half models, and old relics, but mostly people were fascinated by the charm of the building itself which was an old schoolhouse of the town, and the personality of the curator who at the age of 5 attended that very school.

The building is typical of the one-room school structures in the early years of Friendship's history as well as in any town around the turn of the century. It differs in one respect. This school is constructed of brick whereas most were built of wood. The wooden schools were not too difficult to move, and were frequently changed in location to a spot depending on where the most children lived or where the school committee member with the most influence wanted it. Finally, tired of moving the schoolhouse or tired of trying to remember where it was located each year, the citizens voted at a town meeting in 1851 to construct the building of brick so it could never be moved again, and there it is today. The education of many young minds was started in the years between 1851 and 1923 in this building. Then the eight small school district schools were abandoned for the one, big, central, village school which is still in use.

Here it was that Carrie McFarland, now curator of the Museum started her long association with this building.

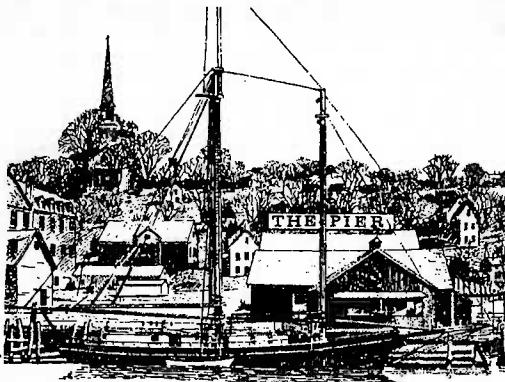
Should you visit the Museum you would be greeted with a friendly, warm "hello." A glance at the bouquet of fresh flowers picked from Carrie's own garden and maybe a small fire in the fireplace, radiate the quiet, friendly, gracious personality of this woman. She stands there in quiet attendance until someone directs a question to her. With a light in her eye and a smile she will launch upon any subject the interrogator desires. She knows it all because she was part of it all. She attended this school, she is the stepdaughter of Jonah Morse (Wilbur's brother) so well acquainted with the boat shops, she worked in the clam factory, and most of all she lived her life right here.

Laughingly she exclaims "they kid about the old happy days, but they really were happy." Then she remarks "kids today don't know what it is to have a good time. We really had fun when we were their age."

(Continued on Page 63)

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Through Carrie's memory she gives you vivid pictures of any phase of Friendship's "happy days." She talks mostly about the Wilbur Morse boat shop as that is where Jonah, her stepfather, was foreman. Many an evening Jonah would bring home the billet head and trailboards of a sloop to carve. When he had carved to his own satisfaction the children would have to sit there and sand them (also to his satisfaction). Carrie recalls he was fussier about the sanding than she and her sister were.

Wardell McFarland, Carrie's husband, also worked in the boat yard. In those days the working day started at 6:30 a. m. and lasted 10 hours, all for \$1.00 a day. Of course it was a six day week also. Not only was the day long, but someone had to be at the shop an hour before the men to get the fire started in order to have some heat in the building.

Carrie chuckles a little as she remembers the dinner pail her father and all the other men took to the boat shop with them. They really were "pails," 6 inches in diameter, and 10 or 12 inches high. It was a 3 tiered arrangement with quite tight sections between. Tea was put in the bottom section, "dinner" in the middle space, and dessert (mostly pastry) in the top. Above this was a little tin dipper. At 10:30 in the morning someone in the boat shop would pick up all the dinner pails and put them on the stove to heat the tea. An eagle eye was kept on them so they did not get too hot. At lunch time the sections were separated and the tea was dipped out with the little tin cup.

More "good old days" conjures up memories of the clam factory. Burnham & Morrill bought clams at one of the Friendship wharves. 3 or 4 hundred bushel of clams were bought in a day. These were steamed in large wooden vats, then put on 4 long trays to be picked over. Women separated the good clams from shells and debris, and the clams were ready for canning. Of course the soldering of cans was all done by hand at first before the mechanized can sealing.

In hearing about the clam factory it occurs to me that the local pranksters were what made this rather monotonous job one of fun. One woman, hot from the steam of these scalding clams asked for a drink of cold water. Hot and thirsty she took a good big swallow. Imagine the sputtering and amazement when she discovered it was salt water!

Carrie recalls that snow was always a problem in winter, and there was more of it years ago than our winters produce today. The poor horses had to wallow through drifts to break out paths for people to walk in, and the snow plow of the time was a yoke of oxen pulling a horse sled with a log cross-wise on the runners. It did not really plow, just moved the snow ahead some and packed it down.

Of course the snow afforded the children much fun, and double runners were the order of the day. Friendship with all its hills must have been perfect for coasting. Carrie tells of a gang of children on a double runner being forbidden to coast down the hill to the harbor. After egging each other on, somehow the sled was started and the double runner, children and all had a fantastic coast down the hill. All went fine until the runners hit a ledge, and off flew the children rolling end over end into the snow drifts. As long as the snow cushioned their falls enough to prevent injury, the punishment for disobedience was not too severe.

(Continued on Page 65)

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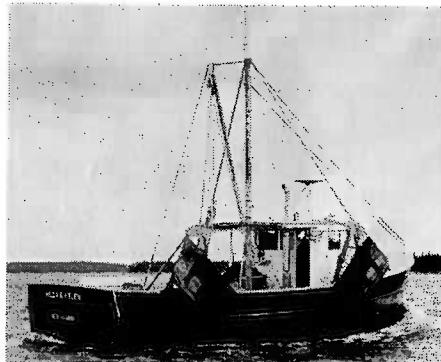
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The question about children getting to school through the snow in the winter made Carrie laugh. "We girls wore long underwear, home knit stockings, and 4 outing flannel petticoats. As we had to wade through the snow to school, you can imagine that about 4 or 5 inches of the bottom of all those petticoats were full of snow and frozen. When we got to school we had to sit with those wet thawing clothes still on us until they finally melted and dried. Oh, the water on the schoolroom floor—water, water, water."

Carrie by no means thinks the "happy days" are gone. She lives for her wonderful family and is rightfully proud of each new grandchild. She brings to life each artifact in the Museum as visitors talk to her, but also she is vitally interested in each new boat launched, Friendship Sloop Days, and anything new. She is one of those timeless people.

Since taking over her job at the Museum, the incident that has thrilled Carrie most happened shortly after it opened. A young woman entered through the door, and after looking around for a few minutes spotted a picture of a teacher and her class. Thrilled, she told Carrie that her mother was the teacher in the picture, not knowing that one of the small girls pictured was Carrie herself. A few days later Carrie received a letter from her old teacher and a box containing the school bell that this teacher had used when she taught in that school.

Perhaps this coming season it will be your good fortune to enter the Friendship Museum, see the old artifacts from Friendship, and hear Carrie McFarland tell about "The happy days."



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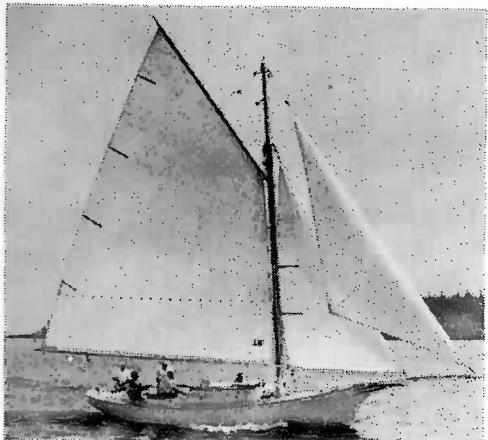
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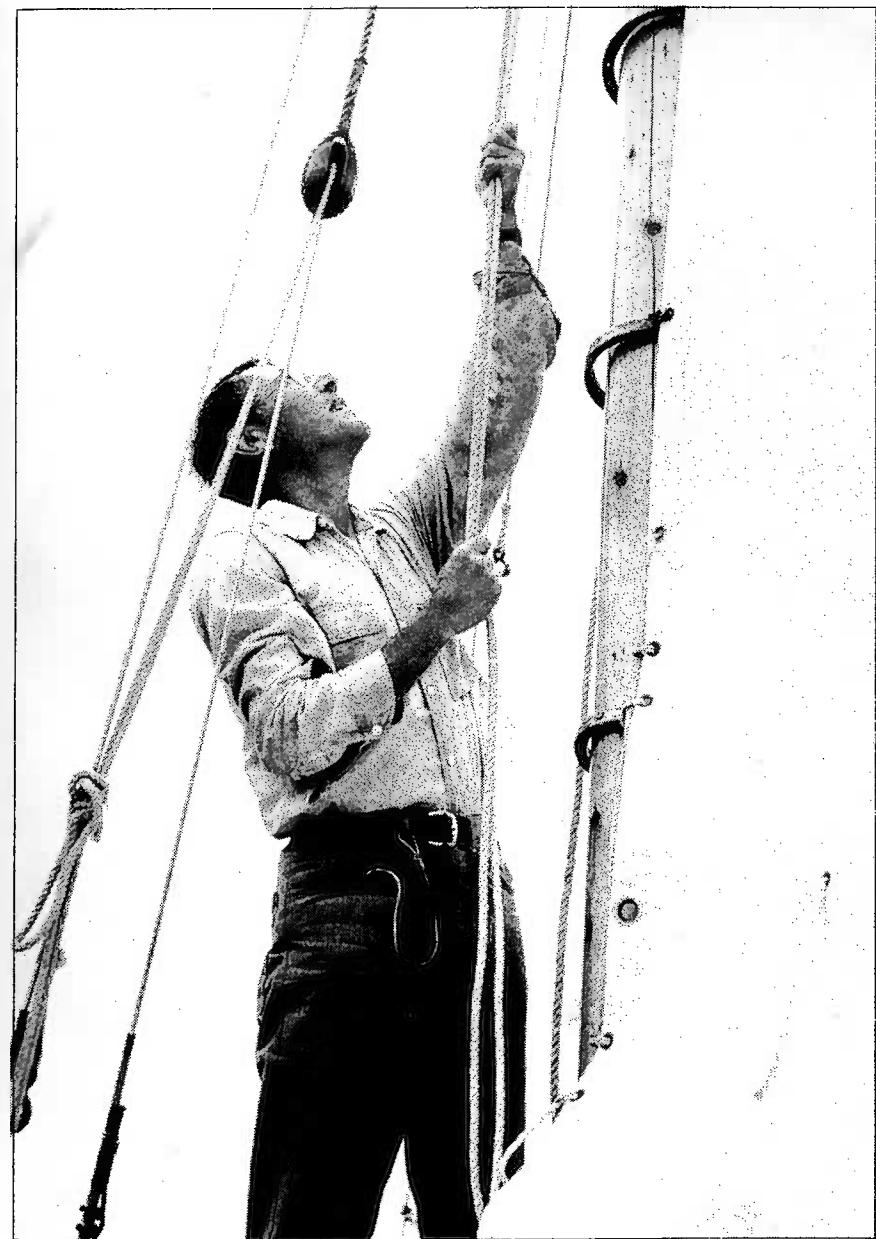


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