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Number 3

THE LOG of MYSTIC SEAPORT

Summer
1966



THE MARINE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, INCORPORATED
MYSTIC SEAPORT • MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT

ON THE COVER: *"The* Charles W. Morgan, *cutting-in a sperm whale," a drawing by John F. Leavitt.*

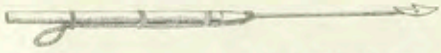
The LOG of Mystic Seaport is published quarterly for members of The Marine Historical Association. Their letters, suggestions, and ideas for stories are gratefully received and carefully considered by the Editorial Board. Publication of all material is dependent upon the limitations of policy and space.



THE LOG of MYSTIC SEAPORT

Volume 18, Number 3 Summer 1966

THE MARINE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION
Incorporated 1929
Waldo C. M. Johnston, *Director*



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Official Mystic Seaport photographs are used throughout unless otherwise noted.

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EDITORIAL

THE *Charles W. Morgan* was "retired" after 80 years in the active service for which she had been constructed. She had been on 37 voyages, sailed more miles, caught more whales than any of her contemporaries.

In 1941 she was brought to Mystic Seaport, permanently berthed, and launched on a new career. Not only is she a memorial to the great days of sail, but she is making maritime history and sea literature come alive. Thousands of people have trod her decks, have marveled at the saga of her early pursuits, and have relayed her story so her existence is known throughout the world.

Chronology as associated with age may have special significance in commemorating anniversaries, but the true definition of age is more dependent on the physical or mental development associated with a dominant personality or with an objet d'art, an institution, or a whaleship.

Within the category of "personality" there are persons at Mystic Seaport who once, or even in some cases twice, have retired from earlier occupations. They have found new interests here, been stimulated by this environment, and have cast inspiration in our midst by new applications of their talents.

A positive state of mind, an interest in today and tomorrow as well as joyous remembrances of yesterday, a forward view, an acceptance of change, tolerance, curiosity, all combined with confidence and trust, will, when enthusiastically affirmative, determine the direction in which one who retires, or is retired, carries on.

We must continue to set our sights high—way, way high—to the tip of the mainmast of the *Morgan*, and the sky beyond. And when we do our spirits cannot help but be raised aloft, inspired by a "retired" ship or a distinguished personality.

ALMA ESHENFELDER



When the whaleship Charles W. Morgan *was rigged in 1841, a large old-fashioned copper cent dated 1841 was placed under the foremast. When the mast was removed in December, 1946, the impression of the coin was plainly to be seen on the heel of the mast, as shown by the photograph. The face of the coin had been blurred by the working of the mast, but the figures 41 could still be seen below the head when the impression was discovered. Placing a coin under the foremast is one of the oldest customs of shipbuilding, presumably to assure good luck.*

Director's Page

AMONG the ageless traditions of the sea is the practice of placing a coin under the heel of the mast of a sailing vessel to bring fair winds and profitable voyages. Many sailors today still adhere to this tradition, and I for one wouldn't dream of poking the bow of *Natty Bumppo* out of harbor without the assurance of my good luck coin under the mast.

Modern intelligence denigrates superstition and legend, and perhaps the imprint of the 1841 coin on the step of the *Morgan's* mainmast is not proof that the venerable vessel has led a charmed life; yet the history of her miraculous escapes from storm, cannibals, fire and hurricane, the Arctic and Cape Horn, reefs and the old ships' graveyard leads one to wonder—if not believe—that it may have taken more than God and man to preside over her destiny.

Some loving hand placed a coin under the heel of the mast of the *Charles W. Morgan* 125 years ago. Perhaps it was Mr. Morgan himself, who had watched with such care her construction, perhaps it was her yard superintendent, a shipwright, or her first Master. Today it might have been Mrs. Morgan, stealing down in the gloaming to add her blessing to the unknown future of her husband's ship.

The imprint of a coin is a small thing to ponder in the restless world in which we live. But those of us who love the sea and ships, who know the power of wind and wave, who respect the ever-changing moods of scudding cloud and Blue Water, may not be so quick to discard the power of a coin.

One cannot venture forth on the sea without FAITH — faith in one's shipmates, one's vessel, one's capacities, one's God. If a faith in an unseen coin adds to one's sureness of thought and action, then the coin in a mast heel serves a purpose.

Mystic Seaport was founded on faith. Faith in a mutual cause, faith in our heritage and our destiny will guide us through troublous times.

Faith in Mystic and the coin on the *Morgan* will carry us through and far beyond our present concern. Mutual faith among members, trustees, and staff will assure the future of this place—and the coin under the mast heel, coupled with the Coin of the Realm, will continue to safeguard the ship and provide a profitable life for the next century and a quarter.

"Old ships, old coins, old histories
Holders of heritage, honors sought and won,
Treasures to be matched on later seas,
When past and present to the future come."

Waldo Johnston



Origin of photograph unknown

The Charles W. Morgan *at sea in her later years when she was bark-rigged and without painted ports.*

This Is the Way It Was...

BY EVERETT S. ALLEN

THIS, then, is the way it was aboard the whaleship *Charles W. Morgan,* at sea, shortly after midnight on November 6, 1941; and the date could have been any year from 1841 to 1900.

Riding high in a mackerel sky, the moon sifts through cloud patches over a black sea. The *Morgan* is a wraith from the past, lifting her full bows on an oily swell and poking her white jib boom toward the Mystic River. Moonlight seems a good omen; earlier, there were low-lying clouds that seeped a heavy mist; and the wetness, mixed with city soot, dripped through the wide-opened seams of weathered deck.

The ship has come alive again, with a silver ripple under her forefoot and bubbling water swirling about her quarters. This is a resurrection to which darkness contributes and which dawn will dispel. There has been this attitude of gentle unreality, of dimensionless retreat into an ancient time ever since we left Fairhaven's Union Wharf at 3:30 yesterday, at the end of the Coast Guard cutter *General Greene's* dripping towline. No shouts of "greasy luck" this time; only a sad quietness among the 100 or so gathered at the cap log and George H. Reynolds among them, of course, the symbol of those who believed firmly that the ship must be saved and if, regretfully, not by New Bedford, then certainly by others. They didn't trundle the little hand organ in a wheelbarrow down from the Bethel on Johnnycake Hill this time, as they must have often for the *Morgan,* for this was farewell, not for four years, but forever; and there were no songs sung.

Even the *Morgan,* davits starkly empty, acted reluctant. Corky for lack of ballast, high-sided against the late-afternoon southwesterly, she was only half a pistol-shot off the wharf when she yawed to starboard, rudder regardless, and shoved her broad nose into a mudbank. But it was no more than a moment's reprieve and, with towline shortened, down the channel we went, behind the cutter's deep-throated diesels.

We are the last crew of the last American-built, full-rigged whaleship afloat in the world; and in the kick

of the "shin-cracker" helm, in the creak of the rope steering tackles, in all of the great and lonely groanings throughout this cavernous and shadowy ship, there is a moving communion with the past of our forefathers.

We are a motley crew, half lubbers and half sailors, but very likely no more so than were her crews of a century ago. Our log, recording the signing-on, reads: "William H. Tripp, master; P. Howard Young, mate; Claude S. Tucker, second mate; Amedee Roy, third mate; Tony Arsenault, fourth mate; Louis Sylvia, boatsteerer; Everett S. Allen, boatsteerer; Frank Carey, boatsteerer; John Gusik, boatswain's mate 1st class, boatsteerer; Alvin Fernbach, electrician's mate 1st class, cook; Leo Langlois, gunner's mate, able seaman." The last three are Coast Guardsmen who sailed with us, principally to run the husky gasoline pump that roars at intervals to keep down the water in the hold. She leaks, yet typical of what we are compelled to feel is the spirit of the ship itself, it is nothing to what it might be, considering her years of drying out, disuse, and the wracking of the 1938 hurricane. She is bound to go to sea, we feel; arthritic in the ancient bones, perhaps, but no real complaints.

Waters of three oceans and four seas, from Japan to the Arctic, have slatted brine over these rails. The treads of hundreds of men, white, yellow, and black, have echoed and died, principally in anonymity, on these planks. Blood, grease, and smoke have stained board and timber for a hundred years. Tragedy and prosperity; loneliness and rejoicing; anxiety and relief have left their touches upon her, and if these are not visible to the eye, the weight of them upon the mind will not be ignored.

And some things are visible.

The captain's white, wooden bed, set on gimbals so his bride would not get seasick, swings silently. In the dark 'tween decks, amid a clutter of work-worn toggles, blocks, and cutting spades, lies a rusted harpoon, its shaft bent from some last agonizing thrusting in some long-gone year.

The night is thick with the past. I am writing on the bare wood mess table in the main cabin, starkly conscious of him who sat here through the hundred years in triumph, bitterness, weariness, and hopeful determination. This was my forebear historically, if not genealogically, who nourished himself at this board; sat here, wet or dry, depending on the gods of weather; ate well or indifferently, depending on the cook and the time away from home; and who now, having made his contribution to Americana, lies somewhere, principally unknown and unnamed.

Through the center of the worn table rises a raked section of the paint-caked mizzenmast. A sputtering, yellow-burning lantern, resting on a pair of cracked leather bellows to give it sufficient height so I can see the paper before me, is the only light. The clacking of the typewriter is jarring and alien.

It is not hard, under such circumstances, to come close to hearing the men and movements of a century ago, especially since we made our last tour of the ship—Louis Sylvia, marine artist; Frank Carey of the Associated Press; and I—by feeble torchlight. In



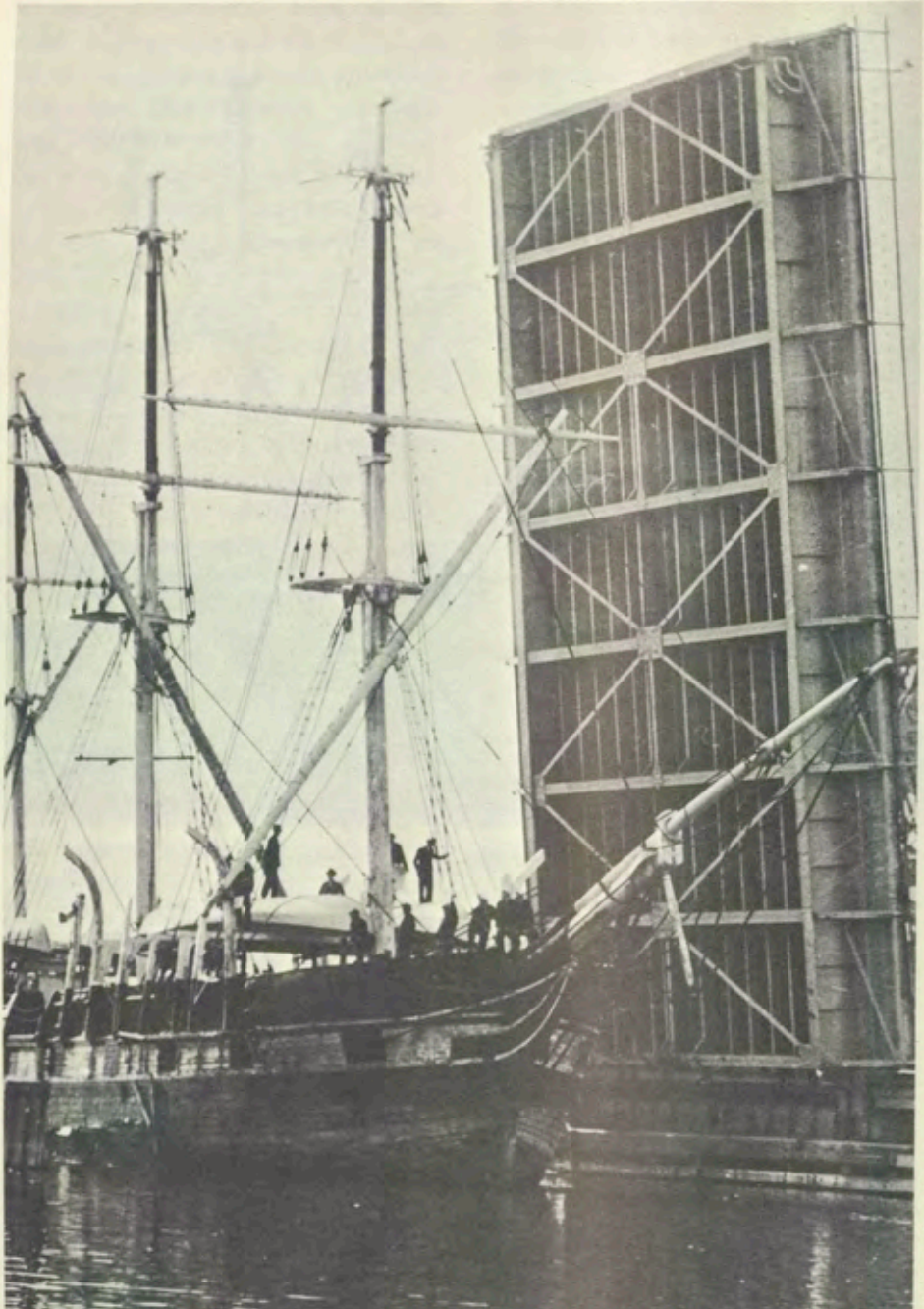
Origin of photograph unknown

the half-darkness, the bunks seemed not quite empty; tubs, lines, and oars might almost have been stowed, merely waiting the next "Ah blows!" All of the smells and shapes were yesterday's.

On deck, she is a ship apart, a century apart, from the bright-lighted liners that pass in the night. In the cobweb of our rigging thrust aloft, in the slant, grace and geometry of topmast and cock-billed yard, is the remembrance of the Earles, Clevelands, Sylvias, Perrys, Howlands, and Christians who made her go through the warm green water and weed of the southern oceans and the bitter gales of the north.

It was they who put life into her; it is what they were that now is indivisible from the shadows under the boat deck and in the forecastle, so many wind-whispers in the shrouds that are nothing, yet will not be gone. It was they who weathered the fires and hurricanes, the Civil War raiders, and the shrieking gales to bring back two million dollars' worth of bone and oil in 30-odd voyages, the foundation of a dozen family empires.

She was a "lucky" ship, thanks to the hard work and skill of those who manned her. The luck still holds, Captain Bill Tripp, curator of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society, remarks, because this night is as calm and mild



Origin of photograph unknown

Whaleship Charles W. Morgan *passing through the Mystic highway bridge en route to Mystic Seaport, November 5, 1941.*

as midsummer. We have passed "Point Jude," which can be sloppy going, in smooth water that wouldn't sink a teacup.

I suppose we do not wish daylight to come, really. Not that the night has been complete unreality; there were the winking lights out of the darkness—Hen and Chickens, Brenton Reef, and later Watch Hill. There was the chatter of the gasoline pump and the comforting rumble of the shepherding cutter up ahead, all reminding us what time in history it is. Yet we know that the dawn will be cruel to her; and it is, even as we get up from our seats around the little cabin stove where we have talked the night away. We stir the charred, gray embers one last time; no glow is left; and we go reluctantly up the ladder to the deck.

With the relentless daybreak, it can be seen that the *Morgan* really is a tired old lady living beyond her time, battered, dirty, weathered, leaking, cluttered, and a drafty skeleton of rotting bones, slack rigging, and frayed line. Yet, wonderfully so, it proves to be not as bad as we had thought for, winding upriver to Mystic in broad daylight with scudding clouds and sun, shoved by a snorting tug, we find knots of people on the banks cheering as we go by. We wave and thank them, knowing the cheering is in no sense for us, but for a remarkable lady, dignified even in bedraggle-ment, a thrilling symbol of some of the best things our people have been, on the long trek from 1620 to the 20th century. Obviously, not even morning can rob the *Morgan* of what really matters about her.

And at the Seaport, the *Morgan's* house flags snap in the early breeze, just as they must have in New Bedford a century before. Made fast to the piles where she will spend the rest of her days, where thousands will come to see her and thus learn something of American history at first hand, she already lends quiet magnificence to the scene.

Carl Cutler, representing The Marine Historical Association, comes aboard. It is he, lawyer, writer, and historian, a persuasive man of vision, who has been primarily responsible for Mystic's acquisition of the ship. Mr. Cutler happily represents those determined to see how much can be preserved of what we have seen and felt, for all those Americans who will come after. Bill Tripp surrenders to him the ship's papers. Mr. Cutler knows and understands. If we had to lose her, this is the way it ought to be.

So ends, as they say in the whalers' logs. The sun is high; the galley fire is out, and the voyage is ended. No man ever again will do what we twelve have done, for we have lived a truant page from history. Circumstances re-created for us, the crew overnight of a 350-ton whaleship, a chapter of America that logically was dead before most of us were born.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Assistant to the Editor of *The New Bedford Standard-Times* and author of *Arctic Odyssey*, a biography of Rear Admiral Donald B. MacMillan, Everett S. Allen has earned distinction as an authority in his field.



In 1841

BY B. MACDONALD STEERS

IT is usually considered that the things of the spirit alone are lasting; and only the material things are ephemeral. There are ideas, like Democracy, that are a century, yea two centuries old. There are ideals, like Equality, which are timeless.

But a ship is not an idea, nor an ideal. It is an inanimate thing, a tool made for a specialized use and for a limited life. But in some peculiar way, the *Morgan* seems to have taken on the endurance of the ideals of which she was born. How else explain the fact that she is here today? In some intangible way the men of the New Bedford shipyard seem to have built into her the mood of her time, when some of the great ideas and ideals of men were rampant—the dignity of honest toil, of free enterprise, the joining for their common good of capital and labor. They put into her some of the finest things of themselves, which were not diluted then as they are today—careful and honest workmanship, integrity, industry, and some of that good old Yankee ingenuity.

What sort of time was it? Looking back it seems a bit old-fashioned merely; and it is hard to find any particular quality in it. But it was a time of simplicity, of the directness of youth, when moral values had not become complicated with age, or obfuscated with complexity.

In 1841, John Tyler was President and had just vetoed a bill to establish a national bank. In protest his entire Cabinet resigned, with the exception of stout old Daniel Webster.

On March 11, the steamship *President* sailed from New York, never to be heard from again; yet the glory of the clipper ship was just dawning.

A really righteous way was on in China, against the evils of opium.

Cumberland Turnpike was thick with the emigrant wagons heading west.

In the cities, society was dancing the polka, or sitting for its daguerreotype.

A religious sect, called the Millerites, was so certain that the end of the world was upon them that they were making for themselves long muslin

robes in which to make the upward journey.

Down at Baltimore a lad by the name of Poe was trying hard to justify the $50 he was receiving every single month from *Graham's Gentlemen's Magazine,* by turning his hand at a piece of artful fiction called "The Murders in the Rue Morgue."

Way out in Illinois a sad-eyed young bachelor by the name of Abraham Lincoln was teaming up in a new law partnership with a man named Stephen T. Logan.

Henry Brevoort had just died in New York at the age of ninety-nine. His life had reached back to a generation before the American Revolution.

In Boston a young barrister by the name of Richard Henry Dana, Jr., was known for his just published book of sea usages and law, *The Seaman's Manual.* His *Two Years Before the Mast* (1840) had been but a respite taken from his college studies, because of a "weakness of the eyes."

Across the water in England, a young politician by the name of Disraeli had just got himself elected to represent the borough of Shrewsbury.

In England also, a Mr. Braid of Manchester had startled the scientific world with his new discovery in the field of Animal Magnetism. He could put people to sleep by dangling a small object before their eyes. He called it "hypnotism."

Down in darkest Africa, a young medical missionary stood thoughtfully in the bush and watched the long lines of black men, shackled together and driven down to the shore to the waiting ships and slavery. Young David Livingstone turned away in sadness and resolve.

These men and women are gone, but the *Morgan* is here to perpetuate their essence. She glorifies not only the great—the leaders, the builders, her captains—but the little fellow, as well—the unknown seaman and his quality. How pitifully little he had to do with; how much he accomplished with that little!

If it were not for the rugged foundation these men with their labors laid down in the young Republic, it would not be so strong as it is today. The very memory of it makes us the stronger in carrying on that heritage. Without their having lived, without their toil, we might be a lot worse off.





Charles W. Morgan's home, built in 1821 on the site now occupied by the New Bedford High School.

Life of Charles W. Morgan

BY REV. ALFRED RODMAN HUSSEY

DURING three-quarters of the nineteenth century, the visitor to New Bedford, Massachusetts, found much to interest him. On County Street, for example, stood many homes of men who had made their wealth from ships whose sails had whitened the seven seas. Among these dwellings, one house in particular attracted the attention of the passer-by. Standing at the head of William Street, on the site now occupied by the High School, it was a marked contrast to others of its kind. In many ways a typical structure of its period, its architecture had a graceful beauty, less massive, more delicate, than its neighbors. For while the . . . columns and pediment of its front were painted white, its walls were colored a bright yellow. As Zephaniah Pease once pointed out, in these characteristics, the house reflect-

ed the personality of its owner. For it was built in 1821 by Charles Waln Morgan; and here he made his home for forty years. Today, the name of Charles W. Morgan, if it means anything at all, means only one thing. Men associate it with the whaleship, the last survivor of the fleet of vessels, which once made New Bedford famous, which bears his name. Beyond that, of the manner of man he was, what he did, the place he made for himself in the community, for many years, the average New Bedfordian of the present day knows nothing. Yet his memory is well worthy of being rescued from oblivion; not only because he was a typical merchant of his time, but because he rendered valuable service to his neighbors, and because his personality, like his house, was colorful, distinguished in not a few ways by dignity, integrity, public spirit, and quiet beauty.

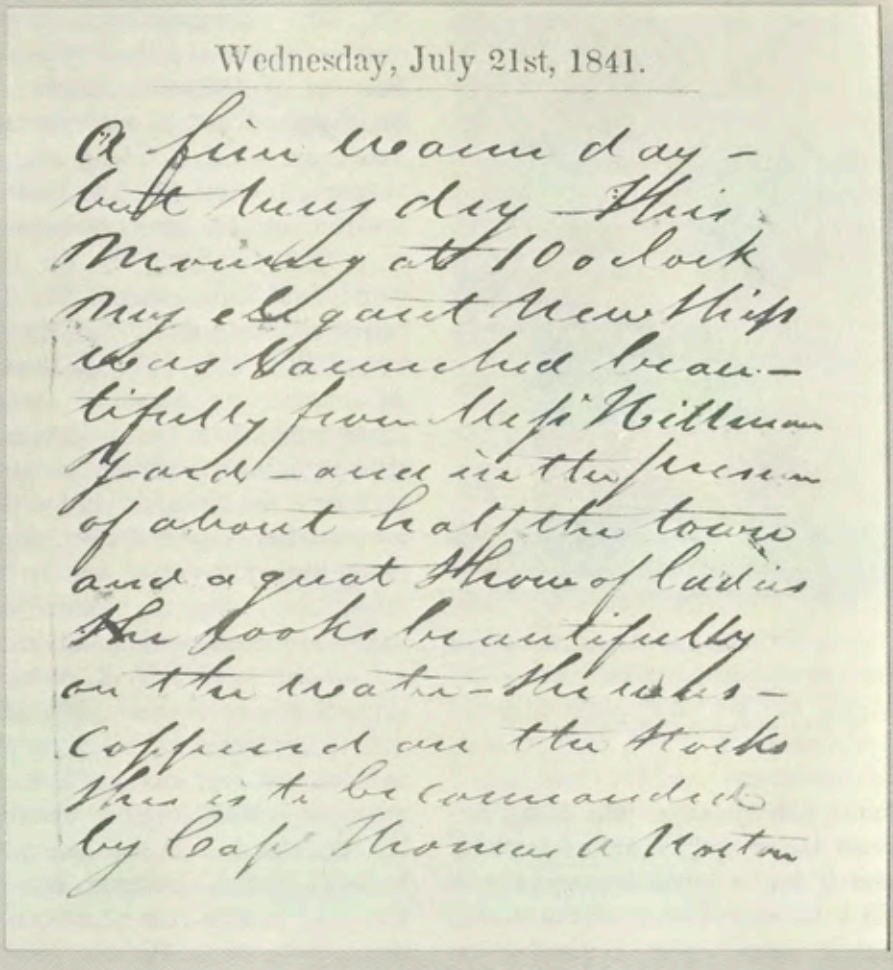
Unlike most of his neighbors, Mr. Morgan was not New Bedford born. He first saw the light in Philadelphia, September 14, 1796. His father was Thomas Morgan, his mother, Anne Waln. The Walns were a Quaker family, whose most distinguished member was Nicholas Waln, prominent in Pennsylvania during the Revolution. The Morgans came of Welsh stock. Thomas Morgan's father was the Rev. Abel Morgan, a Baptist preacher of heretical tendencies. Tradition has it that in the Morgan ancestral background lurks the gallant figure of Henry Morgan, the buccaneer! Of Charles W. Morgan's childhood and youth, little is known. His family were members of the Society of Friends; and he grew up in the sober atmosphere of that household of faith. The earliest surviving record of his early years is contained in two little tattered blank books, which contain the diary of a journey on horseback through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky, and Virginia, during three months of 1817-1818. The trip was partly for business, partly for pleasure. The informal record of it contains many dramatic incidents; at the same time offering an interesting picture of conditions in that part of the United States during the years immediately following the war of 1812, together with a revealing picture of the writer. From the closely-written pages emerges a young man eager, romantic, sincerely religious and keenly interested in everything he sees, ardently responding to the various adventures which come his way . . .

How soon after the completion of this journey, Mr. Morgan first came to New Bedford, we do not know. For many years, there had been close relationships between Philadelphia and New Bedford. Already, his own family had established not a few connections with the place. His younger brother, Waln Morgan, had died there in 1812. His sister, Rebecca, had married William Rotch Rodman, in 1813, and had gone there to live. Another sister, Susan Waln was to marry W. R. Rodman's brother, Benjamin, in 1820. Therefore, not unnatural was it for Charles W. Morgan to marry Sarah Rodman, sister of William and Benjamin, and daughter of Samuel Rodman and Elizabeth, daughter of William Rotch, Senior. On June 3rd, 1819, in the old Friends Meeting House, the wedding took place. The young couple

set up housekeeping in a house situated on the south side of Union Street, between Sixth and Seventh Streets, a house afterwards the home of Daniel Thornton. Here they lived for two years, until the County Street house was built and ready for occupancy.

At that time, William Rotch, Sr., and his son-in-law, Samuel Rodman, headed the leading and most prosperous firm of shipping merchants in New Bedford; and of this firm, Charles W. Morgan soon became a partner, thereby deciding his future career, and laying the foundation of the fortune which was to be his. New Bedford was then a town having between five and six thousand inhabitants, already well on its way toward becoming the leading whaling port of the United States; and in its growing prosperity an influential part was played by the Rotches and Rodmans. By intermarriage through several generations, they had become practically one family when they came from Nantucket to New Bedford, during the closing years of the 18th century. Of this clan of Rotches, Rodmans, Robesons, etc., Mr. Morgan now found himself a member, in its affairs, exercising no slight influence. Doubtless because of the connection, his affairs prospered. It was not long before he was the owner of a candle works which yielded ample profits; as well as owner, or part owner, of various whaleships. With William Pope he formed the firm of Pope and Morgan, which survived until the death of the Junior partner. Their office was in the stone building at the foot of Rodman St., afterwards occupied by the firm of Thayer and Judd. Among the clerks employed by Pope and Morgan were Mr. Morgan's nephew, S. Griffiths Morgan, Francis Rodman, nephew of Mrs. Morgan, and Job C. Tripp. Mr. Tripp's father was a retired sea captain. He and Mr. Morgan were lifelong friends. For many years, a regular feature of every summer consisted in fishing trips enjoyed together. In time, also Mr. Morgan made profitable investments in other ventures, notably a blast furnace in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, and the Ducannon Iron Works, in the same state, as well as in an iron foundry in Wareham, Mass. These and like material interests, while often they caused Mr. Morgan anxious moments, yielded, for the most part, ample returns; with the result that their owner, in early middle life, found himself one of the wealthy men of the community, as well as a conspicuous and influential figure in its affairs. Besides his candle works and fleet of whale ships, he was one of the incorporators of the New Bedford Institution for Savings, President of the Bedford Commerical Bank, and associated with other ventures, commercial and industrial.

Nor were his efforts wholly, or even primarily, centered upon making money. A man keenly interested in public affairs, public spirited, as well as a natural philanthropist, not a little of his time and energy was given to activities benevolent and cultural. Thus, when, in 1828, the New Bedford Lyceum was organized, he was one of its founders; as he helped to found the Friends Academy, to whose support he was a generous contributor; and when the New Bedford Free


Wednesday, July 21st, 1841.

A fine warm day—
but very dry—This
morning at 10 o clock
my elegant new ship
was launched beau-
tifully from Messrs. Hillman
Yard—and in the presence
of about half the town
and a great show of ladies
She looks beautifully
on the water—She was
coppered on the stocks
She is to be commanded
by Capt Thomas A Norton.

From Morgan's personal diary for 1841:



Charles W. Morgan
An undated photograph given to The Marine Historical Association by the Hussey family of New Bedford.

Public Library came into being, he served on its early board of trustees, gave it his enthusiastic support and left it its second trust fund when he died. Another legacy, bequeathed to the City of New Bedford for the benefit of the poor, is still being administered for this purpose. Although greatly interested in political questions, Mr. Morgan never held public office, except when he was elected a Presidential Elector in 1836; his commission, signed by Governor Edward Everett, being in the possession of the writer. In the field of religion, also, he gave no small measure of devoted service. Ever a liberal, consistently forward-looking, although he came to New Bedford a birthright member of the Society of Friends, and married a Quaker wife, he soon joined the First Congregational Society, then coming out of orthodoxy into the freer air of Unitarian thought. For the change, doubtless sundry reasons were responsible. Not long after his marriage, his mother-in-law, Elizabeth Rodman, and her sister, Mary Rotch, were tried for heresy by the New Bedford Meeting, one of the few heresy-trials ever recorded in the history of that faith. Although the two defendants were acquitted, the experience must have left its scars, especially upon their relatives. Also, at the same time, the Unitarians had as their minister, Rev. Orville Dewey, then a young man, just out of the Divinity School, but soon to become well-known as the pastor of the Church of the Messiah in New York. Able and eloquent beyond his years, Mrs. Morgan was attracted by his preaching, and led not only her husband, but numerous others of her relations, brothers, sisters, with their wives and husbands, out of Quakerism into Dr. Dewey's church. In consequence, there never was a Hicksite Meeting in New Bedford; since the more liberal-minded Friends became Unitarians; imparting to local Unitarian congregation certain Quaker qualities, which it has retained, even to this day. In his new ecclesiastical surroundings, Mr. Morgan soon proved himself a leader. Throughout his life, an habitual church-goer, he proved his faith by his works, being among the most generous supporters of its activities; serving as a member of the Building Committee which superintended the construction of the present house of worship, and being a life-long member of the Board of Assessors, for

many years, its Chairman; while giving to its various ministers as they came, his loyal friendship and support. Dr. Dewey, Mr. Peabody, Mr. Morison, Mr. Potter, and, especially, Mr. Weiss, in him found a parishioner far above the average.

In its external aspects, in many ways, Mr. Morgan's life resembled that of the typical small-town merchant of his day. Ample evidence of what he did and was is furnished by certain documents in evidence which have survived. Several hundred of his letters to members of his family, in addition to the eight volumes of a daily journal kept by him during the final fourteen years of his life, give valuable insight into his career and character. The journals are particularly worth-while, because upon their pages their writer recorded everything that interested him; the weather, business details of many kinds, investments made, land bought and sold, the arrival and departure of ships, together with his daily occupations, his daily visits to counting houses and wharves, the people he talked to, the books he read, the journeys he took, the hotels he stayed at, the plays he saw, the lectures he heard, the sermons he listened to, interwoven with incidentals of family life, experiences both grave and gay, combining to paint a vivid picture of existence in a New England seaport of transcendant value. Undertaken to assuage the sorrow occasioned by the untimely death of his daughter, Isabel, in 1847, and continued until close to his own death, April 7, 1861, upon their closely-written pages, Mr. Morgan set down his comments and impressions, political, literary, religious, for no other eye than his own; never dreaming that what he wrote could be of the slightest interest to posterity. Indeed, so frank are they that they could not be published without careful editing, even now. Yet their simplicity and plain-spokenness constitute their value. From their pages, the reader is able to form a clear estimate of what New Bedford was like in the eighteen-forties and fifties, and at the same time a valid understanding of the writer's personality. The man revealed by his unconscious autobiography is very genuine, very human. Sincere, generous, lovable, clean-living, a devoted husband and father, without a trace of snobbishness or malice in his nature, hating pretence and lies with a royal hatred, honest to his very core, deeply affectionate, a lover of animals and flowers and children, emotional, his feelings quickly running the gamut between exalted happiness and black despair; a man most of whose mature years were darkened by persistent ill-health, suffering caused by an obscure trouble, which modern surgery doubtless could have cured, from which he endured agonies, and which killed him in his middle sixties; a man withal of stern integrity, staunchly loyal to high ideals.

Of Mr. Morgan several portraits have survived. A miniature taken in young manhood shows a lad with wavy light brown hair, delicate features, the bluest of blue eyes. A portrait painted by William A. Wall, now in the possession of his grandson, Charles Morgan Hussey, is that of a pleasant-faced man in early middle life. Another portrait by Wall, which

hangs in the New Bedford Public Library, considered by his daughters a very poor likeness is of a woe begone, white-bearded invalid, old beyond his years. Better then these, in the opinion of the writer is a daguerreotype, dating from about 1855. This shows a gentle, rather sad face, the delicate features heavily lined; eyes deep set under arching brows, a high broad forehead, above a well-shaped nose, the clean-shaven lips and chin firm, but not obstinate, altogether a pleasant countenance, suggesting as much a dreamer as a man of affairs. And such he was. Humour, imagination, practical wisdom, idealism, integrity, public spirit, hospitality, friendliness, honesty, humility, of these qualities was compounded a character which was not without its faults; but whose weaknesses were largely due to his virtues.

As has been said, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan had five children. Of these, the eldest, Emily, born December 13, 1821, married, May 24, 1842, William J. Rotch. She died June 13, 1861, two months after her father. The next, Samuel Rodman Morgan, was born August 18, 1824; married Josephine Wharton Craig, of Philadelphia, June 7, 1854; and died in London, England, Nov. 21, 1891. The second daughter, Isabel, was born October 21, 1829, and died May 28, 1847. The third daughter, Elizabeth Rodman was born February 20, 1833, married George Hussey, Jr., and died in New Bedford, September 14, 1923. The youngest child, Clara, was born December 1st, 1836, married William J. Rotch on January 11, 1866, and died in New Bedford, Aug. 24, 1919. Mr. Morgan died at his home on County Street, New Bedford, April 7, 1861. His widow survived him many years, living to the great age of almost ninety-five, and dying September 26, 1888.

Of Charles Waln Morgan, on the day after his death, an editorial in the *Morning Mercury* said: "He came from Philadelphia to this city many years ago, and at once took a prominent place in our community as an active and intelligent merchant, in which pursuit he has since been successfully engaged. His character was marked with the most exact probity and bountiful, liberality, and his loss will be deeply deplored throughout this community."

Among the citizens of New Bedford, in his day, there were many outstanding figures. His contemporaries included not a few men of culture and ability, whose talents deservedly won for them high reputation. With all of them, the life and character of Charles Waln Morgan invites favorable comparison. Not one of them was more distinguished than he for those qualities of mind and heart which have ever been the richest assets of democracy. His memory is one of which any community may well be proud.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Rev. Hussey was the grandson of Charles W. Morgan.



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Mystic Seaport Volunteer Corps

The worldwide reputation for hospitality enjoyed by Mystic Seaport today has been greatly enhanced through the generous efforts of our volunteers. The many ways in which these gracious men, women, and students contribute their time and talents are outlined by the President of the Volunteer Corps, Mrs. Brower Hewitt.

When the Charles W. Morgan *arrived at Mystic Seaport in 1941, help was needed and funds were not available. A major campaign, initiated then by Mildred Courtney Mallory, for whom the Membership Building is a memorial, re-established a vital interest in the volunteer requirements at the Seaport.*

Since then the volunteers have continued to be a vital auxiliary to our staff, and community interest has developed an ever-increasing Corps.

BY MRS. BROWER HEWITT
President, Mystic Seaport Volunteer Corps

As a group, Seaport Volunteers have several characteristics in common. Necessarily, they are all devoted to the institution, enjoy it, and are interested in its welfare. They also like people, like to talk with them, and infect them with their own enthusiasm. They try to keep up to date about exhibits in this great museum which is constantly growing and changing, and are always happy when people stop and ask questions. It is a real source of pleasure to be a volunteer; to have someone return to say, "You have made this place more interesting to us and we will remember your stories. Thank you very much!" We try to make the exhibits "come alive."

Every morning and every afternoon



Left to right: *Louis H. Meyer, receiving a volunteer pin; Lydia Hobbs, Volunteer Coordinator; and Charles A. Brooks, Managing Director, who awarded pins to 38 volunteers, Thursday, May 12, 1966.*

except in the depths of winter, desks in the formal museum buildings are staffed by volunteers. In addition, every Saturday and Sunday afternoon during the cold weather, two or three volunteers serve tea in the Mallory Building. This is a welcome moment for the chilled visitor may rest on a comfortable sofa and warm himself at the blazing fire in the fireplace.

There are many forms of volunteering. Several people assist in the new Library. Others type at crowded times, or help to assemble pamphlets in the printing department, or "stuff" envelopes for the membership campaign or Seaport Store. Some take the place of a staff attendant in an emergency, and a coveted assignment is the guiding of distinguished visitors, often from other countries, and for whom the flag of their nation is raised.

In the early days of Mystic Seaport, the then small museum was run almost entirely by volunteers. At that time, the museum was open to the public only in summer, and the volunteer combined the roles of gatekeeper, ticket seller, tour adviser and guide, and was frequently the only one in the building. In those days, only a few hundred visited in a season.

In 1959, because of the Seaport expansion and the requirements for volunteers, a Volunteer Coordinator, a member of the staff, was employed as liaison, and the organization was officially named *Mystic Seaport Volunteer Corps*. Shortly thereafter, officers of the organization were elected by the Corps. Adjacent towns and villages, churches or clubs or groups have "captains" to organize the volunteers within their unit. Each is responsible for manning a volunteer desk one morning or afternoon each week from May through October.

There are about 300 members of the Volunteer Corps—men and women—who last year contributed over 8,000 hours.

A much-prized silver pin with a half-model circled with the words VOLUNTEER MYSTIC SEAPORT on a blue enamel background is presented at a simple but dignified ceremony to those Corps members who have served over and beyond a quota of time.

We are asked many questions and we try to answer, but for those answers we do not know, we know we have references available and can send the visitor off to the proper building in our wonderful maritime museum.

Mystic Seaport Exhibition at

Hallmark Gallery

AN EXHIBITION on whaling, using descriptive material from Mystic Seaport, is to be held this year from September 14 to November 21 at the Hallmark Gallery on Fifth Avenue at 56th Street in New York.

The exhibit will trace the origin and history of the whaling industry in New England, with pictures, prints, models, charts, diagrams, old whaling logs, and an explanatory text. One section of the exhibition will be on the art of scrimshaw and will feature several unusual examples of this hand work from the collections in the Mystic museum. Designers and researchers from the Hallmark Gallery are working closely with the staff at Mystic to assemble the show.

The exhibition should do much to make Mystic Seaport better known to a wider public. It is expected to attract many thousands of visitors as the result of an extensive advertising and publicity campaign planned by Hallmark.

Members of this Association who will be visiting New York during the autumn should include the Hallmark Gallery on their tour itinerary and see this extraordinary exhibition.

David Strout, Director, and Mary David, Designer, planning the exhibition scale model.



TRUSTEES' PROFILES

In 1939, J. Burr Bartram, Francis Day Rogers, and Henry C. Taylor were elected to the Board of Directors (now Trustees) of this Association. They have continued on the Board since that time.

Mr. Bartram, Chairman of the Endowment and Investment Committee, and Mr. Rogers, Chairman of the Planning Committee, are both Vice Presidents of the Association and members of the Executive Committee. Mr. Taylor is a member of the Library Committee and Chairman of the Carl C. Cutler Memorial Committee.

Mr. Bartram and Mr. Taylor have written of the interests and activities that led to their service in behalf of The Marine Historical Association. Their narrations follow. In the fall issue of The LOG, Mr. Rogers' story will be published in conjunction with the details of the arrival at Mystic in 1940 of the pinky, *Regina M.* Mr. Rogers was a member of the crew on that memorable voyage.

Mr. Bartram has written as follows:

Through family interest in shipping in local commerce, particularly the establishment of a packet line from New York to Savannah, the West Indies, and eventually Santo Domingo, my own interest in ships and boats came about. I have had the good fortune of owning some fifteen sail and power boats myself, six of which have been called *Exact* and three *Excell.* The original *Exact* and *Excell,* whose names I copied, were built in Derby, Connecticut, about 1842 and 1843 and were brigs.

I became Commodore of Indian Harbor Yacht Club in 1941, but the Navy gave me a commission and I served in the Reserve as Commander for an LST. After the war, I returned to the brokerage business as a floor broker for the firm of Stevenson & Bartram.

I had first visited the Seaport at Mystic with Clifford Mallory, Sr., about 1935. When it came to my attention that the original New York Yacht Club Station was to be demolished at its site in Glen Cove, New York, I interested my family and friends in having it moved by barge to Mystic, in memory of my father, who had always been an ardent yachtsman and member of the New York Yacht Club.

In 1957 and 1958, I was Commodore of the New York Yacht Club; the latter year saw the revival of the America's Cup in 12 meters. Currently I have joined a Syndicate to build a new 12-meter named *Intrepid* which we are hopeful will be selected to defend the America's Cup against the Australians in 1967.

Mystic Seaport has always symbolized to me the spirit of shipping and yachting, and I hope in a small way I have helped to develop its growth.

Mr. Taylor has written as follows:

My grandfather Thomas E. Stillman's mother was a sister of the Greenman brothers. His wife, my grandmother, was also a Greenman. Dr. Charles Kirtland Stillman, one of the founders of this Association, was my cousin and I remember him as well as his mother, whom I called Cousin Hattie.

In the summer of 1895 my grandfather lived in one of the Greenman houses, and I spent the summer of the first year of my life in that house. My grandfather was in the process of building on the ridge to the east of the Seaport and, I believe, the foundations are still there. However, my grandmother was not well and they abandoned the house and moved to Lenox, Massachusetts, which had a drier climate.

Between the ages of 8 and 15 I lived at New London and sailed the nearby waters in a cat boat. Perhaps it is this early association that led me into my lifelong interest in sailing, navigation, and all other matters pertaining to the sea.

EDUCATION NOTES

THE beautiful fifty-two-foot Alden schooner *Vagabond* has been given to The Marine Historical Association for use in the Mariner Training Program. It is anticipated that the *Vagabond*, already a most welcome addition to the training facilities here, will supplement the *Conrad* program to provide sailing experience for the Conrad cadets on a seagoing vessel.

A three-day training session for all interpreters was held on April 27-29. The first day was devoted to talks by Mr. Brooks on the history and development of Mystic Seaport and by John F. Leavitt on Mystic's maritime past. On Thursday Mr. Johnston spoke on the future of Mystic Seaport; then Mr. Damm and Mr. Sturges gave talks on interpretation methods and procedures. In-shop training was given to all interpreters on the last day by Mr. Damm and Mr. Sturges. This training course, the first to be held in several years, was enthusiastically received and points the way toward more extensive courses in the future.

Both the *Conrad* and *Brilliant* Mariner Training Programs are well under way. Booking for the season is near capacity.

MYSTIC 100 YEARS AGO

A LARGE HAUL.

CAPTAIN HENRY AUSTIN and crew, employed by the Mystic Oil Company, took over 200,000 bony fish on Friday afternoon of last week. After they had set their seine they were compelled to let a large number escape before they could manage the seine, and after filling all their boats let over three hundred thousand out of their net! Over half a million of fish in the seine at one haul. Has there ever been any thing like it before?

—*The Mystic Pioneer*, August 18, 1866

MYSTIC SEAPORT 25 YEARS AGO

MR. PHILIP R. MALLORY became President of The Marine Historical Association on July 16, 1941.

One hundred and thirty women volunteers, in the summer of 1941, served as hostesses and attendants; they typed indexes and inventories, and were of vast assistance to the then small staff of *one* —the late Carl C. Cutler, Curator.

Regretfully, the loss of one of Mystic Seaport's best friends must be reported. Mr. Josiah K. Lilly, of Indianapolis, Indiana, grandson of the founder of Eli Lilly & Co., and a Life Member of The Marine Historical Association since 1956, died this spring. Mr. Lilly made major contributions to The Association, among them his estate "Red Oaks" at Quisset, Massachusetts; his personal library of over a thousand volumes on nautical matters; and a large collection of ship models, including an outstanding group of all the America's Cup defenders, made to the same scale. The gift of the estate, which was subsequently sold, helped generate the development program just now nearing completion at Mystic Seaport.

"*Niña*"



Photograph by Morris Rosenfeld

ALTHOUGH I have never raced aboard the great schooner yacht *Niña,* I entertain a very sentimental feeling toward her. She has been a gallant opponent of many other yachts on which I was a crew member for most of my adult career at sea. I am quite sure that she won a good many more of those races than she lost.

I first saw *Niña* in July of 1928 off Sandy Hook at the start of the Race to Spain for the Spanish Queen's Cup, the first trans-Atlantic race for a class of small yachts. She had just been built for Captain Paul Hammond, (a member of this Association), from designs of talented Francis Herreshoff, a member of that great family of naval architects from Bristol, Rhode Island. She is 58.8 feet overall, 50 waterline, 14 beam, and 9.8 draft.

I may say that *Niña* in 1928, with her towering marconi mainsail and staysail schooner rig, caused consternation among ocean going yachtsmen of the day because they believed that low gaff sails on fisherman type hulls were the only combination fit for offshore work. I was aboard such a vessel, *Mohawk.* All hands predicted *Niña* would lose her mast while the race was still young. How she easily won, finishing off Santander nearly a day ahead of *Mohawk,* is now ancient history. However, Captain Hammond and Francis Herreschoff had produced a yacht that changed the whole course of ocean racing history in the concept of rig and design. Across the Atlantic before the westerlies the old gaff headers stayed even with her but when a hard easterly, known as the "autanblanc," struck in off the Bay of Biscay, *Niña* made monkeys of them to windward.

Niña made further history that August by easily winning the Fastnet Race, the first American yacht to triumph in that classic. Again *Mohawk* finished second, well behind her. She was skippered in the Fastnet by the immortal yachtsman Sherman Hoyt, as business had required her owner to return home.

It should be noted that Captain Hammond had made another great contribution to yachting when he personally organized matches for the historic Seawanhaka Cup soon after World War I against English six-meters, the first International Rule yachts to race in this country. Today this rule has replaced our Universal Rule of that era and we race for the America's Cup in International Rule 12-meters.

I should note that Paul Hammond had a partner in the ownership of *Niña,* Elihu Root, Jr., a daring small boat yachtsman in his own right. In 1929, they won the over-all Cup with her in a race from New London around Chesapeake Lightship, and up the Bay to Gibson Island. Subsequently, *Niña* was sold to Robert Somerset, D.S.O., an Englishman who was later Commodore of the Royal Ocean Racing Club. Possibly he was not happy with her then unique rig as he did not keep her long. Somerset was lost in 1965 while gallantly trying to save two lady crew members when his yacht was wrecked one stormy night on the island of Rhodes.

In 1935, *Niña* was acquired by her third and present owner, that very great

yachtsman, DeCoursey Fales*, also an Association member. In his talented hands, her winning career ever since has been almost unbelievable. There is hardly a distance race on our northeast coast of any importance that she has not won and taken other prizes. Her owner was Commodore of the New York Yacht Club from 1946 through 1948 and *Niña* was his flagship. Twice she has won the Cup for Best Over-all Performance on the Club Cruise. Today she is thirty-eight years old but the loving care she receives makes her look as if she were launched only a year or two ago.

Let us take a look at some of the other high points in her record. There is not space to record all her winning efforts here. Beginning in 1946 she has raced in every Bermuda race since World War II, and goes again this year which will make eleven passages to the island. In 1948, she was third in Class A; in 1956, she won Class A, and in 1962 she won the whole business. All honor to her grey-haired skipper. I have been racing to Bermuda since 1926 and never saw a more popular victory. We all wanted DeCoursey to win if we couldn't ourselves. In 1964, she took the Conover Prize for second best elapsed time.

In the lesser long distance races *Niña* won the Storm Trysail Club's Block Island Race in 1955 and 1964, and has taken other prizes in it over the years. She has won the Stamford Yacht Club's Vineyard Race no less than five times since 1941 and the Niña Trophy for the first yacht to round the lightship, (recently converted to a Texas Tower,) has been established in her honor. She has won prizes in the Annapolis-Newport Race and the Halifax Race, having been first to finish in the latter.

Niña has been racing on the New York Yacht Club Cruise since 1938 and among that oldest American yacht club's traditional Cups has won the Astor Cup three times, the Commodore's Cup eight, the Vice Commodore's Cup eight, the Rear Commodore's Cup nine; the U.S. Navy Challenge Cup eight, the NYYC Cup six, and the Cygnet Cup twice. Two of these victories were in 1938 and one in 1965.

There is hardly an ocean racer afloat today, let alone a consistent winner, that was in victorious competition in 1928. With the great changes that have come over the years in both design and rig for offshore yachts it is veritably unbelievable that *Niña* can continue to win as she does over modern rivals. I have had many friends who raced aboard her, and every one of them loved her forever after. No wonder I wax sentimental when she overtakes me in *Winnie of Bourne* as she did *Mohawk* long ago. She is bringing me back my youth. Verily, she is more than worthy to take her place with two other immortal schooner yachts—*America,* that brought the great Cup back from England in 1851, and *Atlantic* that crossed her namesake ocean in 1906 in faster time than any other sailing vessel of any kind before or since. I believe American yachtsmen will never again see a partnership to equal DeCoursey Fales and *Niña.*

BY JOHN PARKINSON, JR.

* De Coursey Fales' death occurred on June 19, 1966.



VARIABLE WINDS

• LIBRARY SYMPOSIUM: Plans for a scholarly symposium on *Untapped Sources and Research Opportunities in American Maritime History*, is scheduled for October 8 in the G. W. Blunt White Library. Three principal papers will be presented by the following: Dr. Ralph Davis of the Department of Economics, University of Leicester in England; Dr. James P. Baughman of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration; and Dr. John G. B. Hutchins, Professor of Business History and Transportation, Cornell University. Twelve other authorities in maritime history will augment the above group and participate in panel discussions.

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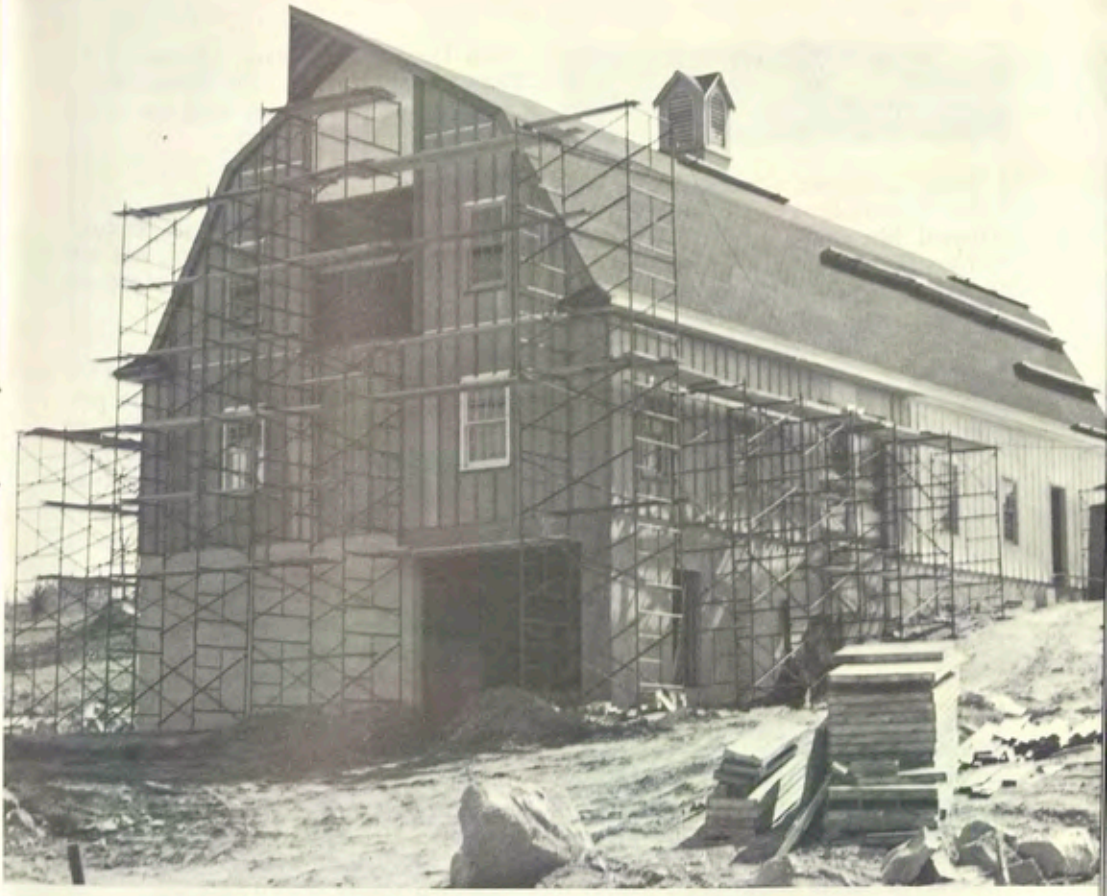
• Two important acquisitions during March were added to the manuscript collection of Charles W. Morgan papers in the Library. The earliest item is a diary kept while he was in Philadelphia from November 1, 1818, to January 24, 1819. The other is a letterpress copybook containing outgoing letters from February 1 to October 4, 1858. The latter completes our file of his outgoing letters from November 1, 1852, to December 13, 1859.

• A display devoted to the late Carl C. Cutler and the clipper ship era has been arranged in the Reading Room in the Library. Included in the exhibit are several of many line drawings of clippers, as well as a newly refurbished facsimile of a builder's half model. Other items include original logs, journals, and account books which relate to American clippers. The exhibit is a memorial not only to represent America's maritime greatness during the clippership years, but equally important, to reflect upon the man who did so much in the area of historical scholarship in recording and preserving the memory of those years.

• REMINDER TO YACHTSMEN: For assurance that space will be available when you arrive at Mystic Seaport, please telephone ahead to the Harbormaster, Area Code 203, 536-2631.

• Descendants of Charles W. Morgan or descendants of people who have had direct association with the whaleship *Charles W. Morgan* are asked to identify through correspondence or a visit to Mystic Seaport. This is the 125th anniversary of the launching of the whaleship, and plans are underway for memorializing this event. If you have photographs of the ship in her whaling days or photographs of crew members that may be so identified, copies would be most enthusiastically received at Mystic Seaport.

• The Spring meeting of Early American Industries Association brought about 300 participants to Mystic Seaport for their three-day session on June 10, 11, and 12.



THE CURATORIAL STORAGE AND RESTORATION FACILITY, *now nearing completion, is the generous gift of Rensselear W. Bartram, Jr., member of the Board of Trustees of this Association. Photograph was taken on May 16, 1966.*

Dear Mr. Powell:
I am writing for me and my sister. She is six and i am seven. She can never think of any thing to say. my father took me and Jenny to Mystic Seaport. I want you to know how much i loved it. When i feel sad I think about it and it makes me feel better. Me and Jenny took little walks together. The Blacksmith shop and the churchand Drugstore are verynice. I would like you to Know i love To write

From Robin and Jenny
CHOTZINOFF

STAFF NOTES

• Robert L. Damm, Director of the Education Department since October of 1962, resigned his position as of June 3 to become Director of the Idaho Historical Society in Boise. Mr. Damm was Field Representative and Supervisor of Education for the Ohio Historical Society before coming to Mystic Seaport.

While at Mystic Seaport Mr. Damm made great contributions in the development of the Education Department. He and Mrs. Damm will be sorely missed.

☆

• Michael Sturges, who has been on the Seaport staff since 1960, has been appointed Acting Director of the Education Department.

☆

• Charles R. Schultz, Keeper of Manuscripts since June, 1963, was awarded his Ph. D. in History at the Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio, on June 14. His dissertation dealt with efforts to build a direct railroad between Cincinnati and Charleston before 1860.

☆

• Former Chief Rigger Arthur Kimberly and his wife, Gloria, are now proud owners of the brigantine *Romance,* ex-*Grethe,* which Alan Villiers re-rigged and sailed from Denmark to Honolulu for the James Michener film "Hawaii." The Kimberlys left Mystic May 11 to pick up the square-rigger, which they and a group of young crew members are sailing this summer from Los Angeles to Acapulco, the Cocos Islands, the Galapagos, Panama, and Miami.

In November, the *Romance* will begin eight-day cruises from St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, where she will be based for the winter. Kimberly joined the Seaport staff in 1964.

☆

• The resignation of Mrs. Carl L. Brown, Administrative Assistant in the Education Department, became effective at the beginning of May. Mrs. Brown was a member of the Seaport staff for nearly fourteen years.

☆

• Robert W. Morse, Exhibits Restorer for the Curatorial Department, has left Mystic Seaport to continue his education.

☆

• Mr. Emil H. Brunke, interpreter in the Counting House since the activation program first started, left the Seaport at the end of April. Mr. Brunke was also responsible for running the film shown in the Aloha Meeting House.

☆

• Dr. Charles W. David, who has been Director of Library Development at Mystic Seaport since June 16, 1962, retired from this assignment on June 30 of this year. With the expert care that only a person of Dr. David's experience could provide, the G. W. Blunt White Library was planned and constructed. In addition, Dr. David has directed the building of a professional staff that will make the Mystic Seaport facility outstanding among special libraries.

Before coming to Mystic Seaport, Dr. David was professor of history and Director of Libraries at the University of Pennsylvania, and as Director was responsible for the planning of the Van Pelt Library at that University. He later was responsible for the planning of the Eleutherian Mills History Library at Greenville, Delaware.

Gerald E. Morris, who joined the staff in 1963 became Librarian on July 1, succeeding Dr. David in the direction of the G. W. Blunt White Library.

☆

• At the annual meeting of the Connecticut League of Historical Societies at Suffield, Connecticut, on May 14, 1966, Dr. Charles W. David, Director of Library Development, received an Award of Merit for his achievement in the erection of the G. W. Blunt White Library and in the promotion of historical research in American Maritime History.

Carl C. Cutler Memorial

PLANS are under way to provide a permanent memorial to Carl C. Cutler—one of the three founders of The Marine Historical Association, later Curator and Curator Emeritus until his death on February 19, 1966. A Carl C. Cutler Memorial Committee has been established to develop plans for this memorial. The chairman is Henry C. Taylor; and committee members include Philip R. Mallory, Franklin Cole, Mrs. Clifford D. Mallory Sr., Francis D. Rogers, William Brewster, Miss Marion Dickerman, B. MacDonald Steers, and Waldo C. M. Johnston.

Members wishing to submit suggestions for a suitable memorial are urged to write to the chairman, Cutler Memorial Committee, Mystic Seaport, Mystic Connecticut.

A subsequent issue of The LOG will carry more detailed information about the Carl C. Cutler Memorial project.



Above: Dr. Mary Chandy, Principal of Miranda House of University College for Women in Delhi, and Miss B. Das Gupta, Principal of Indraprastha College for Women, visited Mystic Seaport in mid-April with Miss Warrine Eastburn, Assistant to the President at Connecticut College, and were escorted on a tour of the grounds by Lydia Hobbs, Coordinator of Volunteers, and Robert L. Damm, Education Director.

Below: Miss Donna Davison, of Norwich, New York, receives congratulations from Donald L. Treworgy, Director of the Mystic Seaport Planetarium. Miss Davison, who attended the one o'clock show at the Planetarium on Wednesday afternoon, April 13, was the 200,000th visitor to the facility, which opened May 14, 1960.



RECENT EVENTS AT MYSTIC SEAPORT

SCHAEFER'S SPOUTER TAVERN RE-DEDICATION *May 19, 1966*

Torrential rains on the nineteenth of May failed to dampen the spirits of more than two hundred visitors who journeyed on a special train from New York to Mystic to participate in the re-dedication of Schaefer's Spouter Tavern at one o'clock that afternoon. Having been appropriately greeted at the Mystic railroad station by the Eddie Turner Trio, several busloads of enthusiastic F. & M. Schaefer Brewing Company guests arrived in front of the Tavern just as the downpour began. As a result, ceremonies were speedily transferred to the Aloha Meeting House, where Seaport Director Waldo C. M. Johnston welcomed the group. Rudolph J. Schaefer, MHA Trustee and Board Chairman of the Schaefer Company, donors of the Tavern, then reviewed the significance of the tavern in the development of America.

The remarks and photographs concluded, the guests and a number of the Marine Historical Association Trustees and staff adjourned to the Seamen's Inne for a Connecticut-shad luncheon. Dancing and joviality of all kinds were the order of the day on this delightful occasion. At 4:00, the buses loaded once again, to begin the trip home. Though it was still raining hard, the cheery farewells were as bright as the multi-striped umbrellas which came to the rescue. The re-dedication of Schaefer's Spouter Tavern was an unqualified success.



VOLUNTEERS FROM DENMARK ASSIST WITH *Morgan* RE-RIGGING

Thyra, a 64-foot sailing yacht with crew from the Royal Danish Navy arrived unexpectedly at the Seaport on June 2. Accompanying her was the 42-foot *Westland,* also flying the ensign of Denmark.

These two graceful yawls were shipped to the United States to participate in a number of Long Island Sound Races preliminary to the Newport-Bermuda Race beginning June 18, followed by the trans-Atlantic Race (Bermuda to Copenhagen) June 29.

Upon arrival at City Island, the vessels were prepared for sailing in local waters. From this point they sailed to Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club at Oyster Bay. Although their plans had been to spend one day at the Seaport, *Thyra,* owned by the Royal Danish Navy under command of Commander Ulrik Andersen and *Westland* under command of Knud Molich, son of the owner—designer Poul Molich, extended their stay at Mystic to assist in the rerigging of the mainmast of the *Charles W. Morgan.*

This was indeed an extraordinary example of international good will and how grateful all at Mystic Seaport were to this knowledgeable group for their able assistance on the *Morgan.*

Poul Molich joined *Westland* at Newport and assumed command of his yacht for the Newport-Bermuda and trans-Atlantic races, with his son Knud as first mate.

Members' Yacht Collection

Now under way at Mystic Seaport are plans for development of a permanent collection of photographs of boats owned by members of The Marine Historical Association. Over the years, this collection could grow into a unique exhibit at Mystic Seaport and provide an important source of information pertaining to small craft design and construction and the work of marine architects. As far as can be ascertained, there is nowhere in existence such a collection as complete as this may become.

The collection will be developed in two sections. The first will take the form of a series of albums of photographs; the second will be a file in the G. W. Blunt White Library, of pertinent information about each boat: designer-builder, year built, construction details, lines, racing and cruising history, owners' comments about performance, and so forth. The albums of photographs should prove interesting and informative to all members; the permanent file will provide unusually detailed material for the study of the continuing development of small craft.

Member boat-owners are urged to write to the Curator of the Members' Yacht Collection at Mystic Seaport, indicating their interest and requesting a statement concerning the general policies governing this collection.

Calendar of Events

MEMBERS WILL WISH TO MARK THEIR CALENDARS FOR SCHEDULED EVENTS AT MYSTIC SEAPORT.

JUNE 27—AUG 5	Frank C. Munson Memorial Institute 12th annual session Evening lectures open to the public JUNE 29 Life at Sea in the Age of Sail Robert G. Albion JULY 7 Downeast Schooners John F. Leavitt JULY 11 The Gulf Ports Archibald Lewis JULY 18 Film: Whaler Out of New Bedford JULY 22 Hudson River Steamboats William H. Ewen
JULY 22	Annual Meeting of The Marine Historical Association. (The 125th anniversary of the launching of the *Charles W. Morgan.*)
JULY 29	Newcomen Society in North America luncheon.
JULY 29, 30	District 1, U.S. Power Squadron Rendezvous
AUG 4	176th Anniversary of the U.S. Coast Guard
SEPT 3	Closing dates for regular *Joseph Conrad* and *Brilliant* programs.
SEPT 14—NOV 21	Mystic Seaport Whaling Exhibition at the Hallmark Gallery, Fifth Avenue and 56th Street, New York City.
OCT 2	Closing dates for weekend *Joseph Conrad* programs.
OCT 2, 3	Jacob Ofer "Israel" an illustrated lecture
OCT 3	Closing dates for weekend *Brilliant* programs.
OCT 8	Library Symposium "Untapped Sources & Research Opportunities in American Maritime History"
OCT 22	Annual Dhow Derby. Annual Dinner Society for the Preservation of *Nellie A. Ryle*
OCT 30, 31	Robert Davis "Incredible Iceland" an illustrated lecture
OCT 31	Activation program on winter schedule.
NOV 5,6	Fourth Annual Conference of New England Historical Societies.
NOV 24	Thanksgiving Day and Mystic Seaport is closed.
DEC 11, 12	Irving Johnson "Yankee Sails the Mediterranean" an illustrated lecture
DEC 18	Sailing Activity Awards Presentation Community Carol Sing, and the beginning of the Seaport holiday season.
DEC 25	Christmas Day and Mystic Seaport is closed.



The G. W. Blunt White Library at Mystic Seaport is the headquarters for the Frank C. Munson Memorial Institute of American Maritime History. The Library collections continue to increase within the range of maritime and allied subjects.

THE LOG of MYSTIC SEAPORT

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Mystic, Connecticut 06355

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