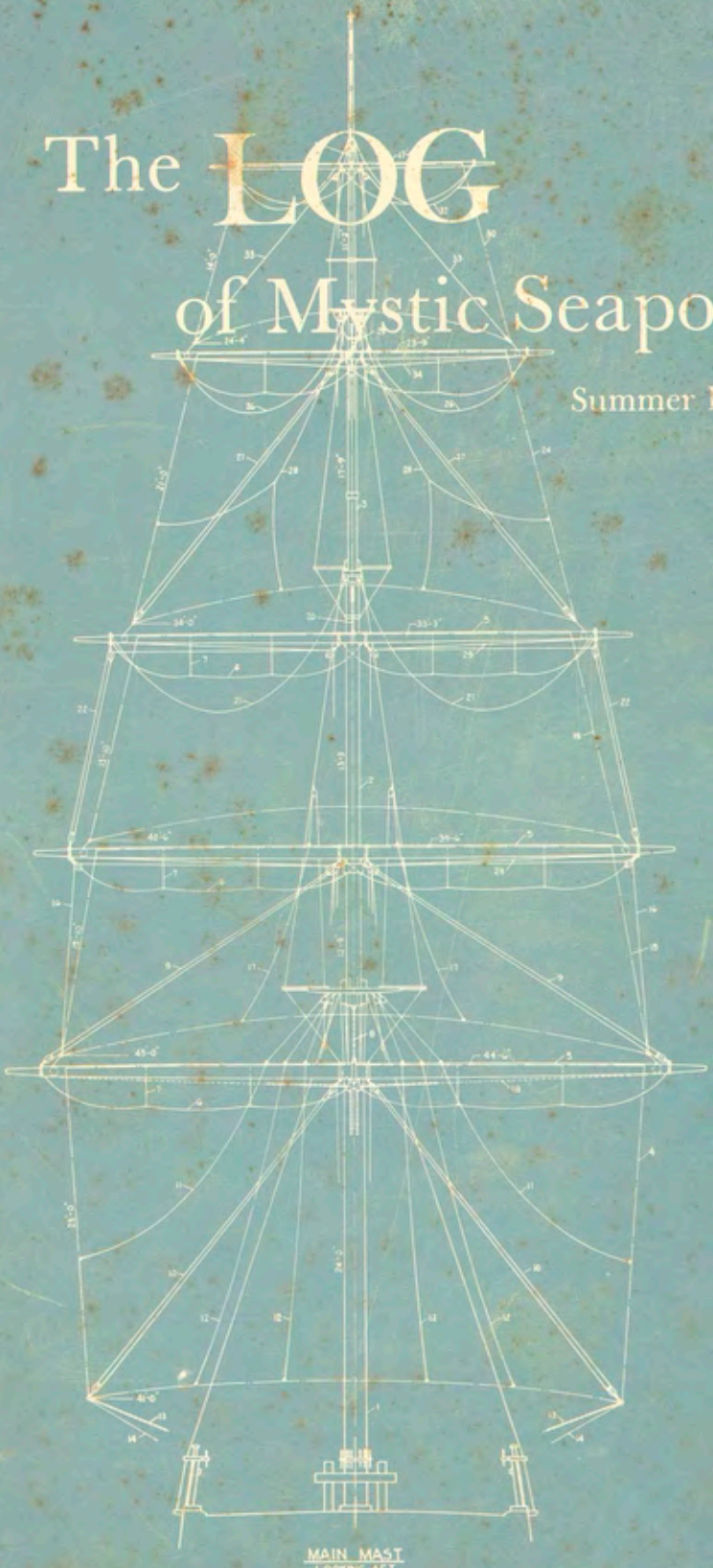
The LOG of Mystic Seaport

Summer 1971



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The LOG of Mystic Seaport

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THE MARINE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION
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First Cruise
Yacht Zinga

June 21st 1858

Left Hoboken at 11 a.m. — On board W. H. T. C. N. Thomas. Judge Palmer. P.E.T.E.R. miller, A. F. Arnold. A. Gifford. Plume & Dr Nichols. Rocky the joiner / forecastle passenger /. — Light breze & drifted to Whitestone. Heavy rain squall came up lowered away everything & made all snug, then went to dinner at 5 P.M. — 6 P.M. weather cleared off, got under way with light breze, passed Fort Schuyler and died out, drifted back past the buoy, & came to anchor for the night

June 22 7 A.M. got under weigh with fine breeze from N.E. by E.
8. A.M. Met the Yacht Clara going to N.Y.
10 A.M. Off Matinicock Point
12 — Off Sloyds neck Flounders engaged mending the breeches of P.E.T.E.R.
1 P.M. Eaton reefs both sails

Editor's Note: *This happy log of the yacht* Zinga*'s first cruise was written by her owner, William Henry Thomas. The spirited drawings are his also. A schooner of 136 tons, the* Zinga *was built by J. B. Voris, Nyack, New York in 1858. Commodore Thomas – he was commodore of the New York Yacht Club in 1880-1881 – sailed her from 1858 until 1864, with the exception of 1861, when he notes "Owing to the Rebellion the* Zinga *was not put in commission this year." We are indebted to F. Bailey Vanderhoef, of California, Commodore Thomas's great-grandson, for permission to use this excerpt.*

Steers

7. A.M. Flat calm and drop'd anchor off New Haven

Left Hoboken at 11 A.M. – On board W. H. & S. W. Thomas, Judge Palmer, P.E.T.E.R. Miller, A. F. Arnold, A. Gifford Plume & Dr. Nichols. Archy the joiner/forecastle passenger/. Light breeze and drifted to Whitestone. Heavy rain squall came up – lowered away everything & made all snug, then went to dinner at 5 P.M. – 6 P.M. weather cleared off, got under way with light breeze, passed Fort Schuyler, wind died out, drifted back past the buoy, & came to anchor for the night.

June 22

7 A.M. Got under weigh with fine breeze from N.E. by E.
8 A.M. Met the Yacht Una going to N.Y.
10 A.M. Off Matinicock Point.
12 M. Off Lloyds Neck. Flounders engaged mending the breeches of P.E.T.E.R.
1. Pass'd Eatons Neck light house.

New Haven

18 min. to 9. Drop'd anchor inside New Haven light house having enjoyed a most delightful days sail.

June 23

4.45 A.M. Got under weigh with very light breeze and getting lighter.
6.30. His honor & P.E.T.E.R. alone on deck; the others asleep. Fired a gun – no effect on the sleepers.
7 A.M. Flat calm and drop'd anchor off New Haven light house, Judge got out his line and caught a crab. Breakfast at 8. Scouse pronounced excellent as also the corn bread.
8.30. Got under way again, light breeze from S.S.W.
10.20. Palmer endeavouring to catch blue fish where there are not any.
12. Flat calm since 9 A.M. Drifted to Sachems Head. Gibbs has just taken a bath; and shewn us some fine feats of diving & swimming. Another feature of the performance was the feat of hanging by his feet from the head of the flying jibboom, with his head down, while the schooner was going ahead; this feat was pronounced to be ahead of all the feats we have yet seen, either on board or on a spar. – P.E.T.E.R. and Dr. N. meditating over the chess board; Wm. & the Judge playing cribbage. Wm. beat the Judge four games. Neither discovered that all the small cards were not in the pack until after they were through playing. 1.45. Off Falkland Island. 5.15. Have finish'd dinner & just pass'd Saybrook light with stiff breeze – running 9 knots.

6.25. William has just hove the log. We are going 9½ knots. The present performance of the Zinga induces a universal, though confidential observation to be made, viz – that this makes one feel fine.
6.45. Pass'd the light ship on Bartlett's reef.

New London

7.45. Anchor'd off Pequot House, New London.
Wednesday. 8 P.M. Wm. & the Judge, the Dr., Arnold, Gibbs & Jack started in small boat with sprit sail for New London. After sailing about 200 yards Wm. returned with the Judge disgusted. The rest continued on the voyage. At 9.50 the boat returned after having spoke the yacht Gipsey at anchor off the town.
11 oclock, all hands turned in. Dismal sounds proceeding from the nose of P.E.T.E.R. Miller. Night clear & cool. Bright moonlight.

June 24

Thursday. 7.10. Got under way for New Bedford, breeze from S.W.
7.55. Off the Dumplin in Fishers Island Sound.
8.10. Off Mystic. 8.45. Off Stonington.
9.30. Off Watch Hill point. Dr. busy leathering the feet of the camp chair.
11.30. Off Point Judith, fine breeze from S.W.
1.15. Off Saughkonet Point.
2. Passed the Hen & Chickens.

New Bedford

3.25. Rounded the light house at New Bedford.
3.30. Cast anchor at New Bedford & fired two guns, having made the run of 95 miles in 8 hours 20 min against tide to Point Judith!!

A day in yachting to be mark'd with a white stone. A leading wind, a glorious sky, and good cheer on board – Ordinary trading vessels were passed and were run down as if at anchor – The good qualities of our beautiful vessel were brought out in bold relief. 10-12 knots an hour is something to commemorate. Cooper's Water Witch with her delicately traced spars and wonderfull fleetness was a myth – ours is a reality – good honest wood and iron – no flying Dutchman is she, to be heard of but never seen – let those who are incredulous and have any desire to test her qualities come along side with an 8 knot breeze – thus saith I,

The Doctor

The ordinary enjoyments of a seasons yachting concentrated into one day will the most readily express the pleasure which I for one have experienced by the days sail. – P.E.T.E.R.



It would be impossible to let this day pass without comment. Of all sailing this is one to be remembered. A fine breeze, a splendid yacht well handled, a good crew & pleasant companions; What can compare with it? For one days pleasure like this, one might suffer pennance for years. Long will it be remembered by the well satisfied

Judge

It is impossible to say too much about this days sail. It was the best days pleasure I ever had. We were going so fast and were all so excited that we forgot lunch. Arrived in New Bedford took dinner and then visited the village.

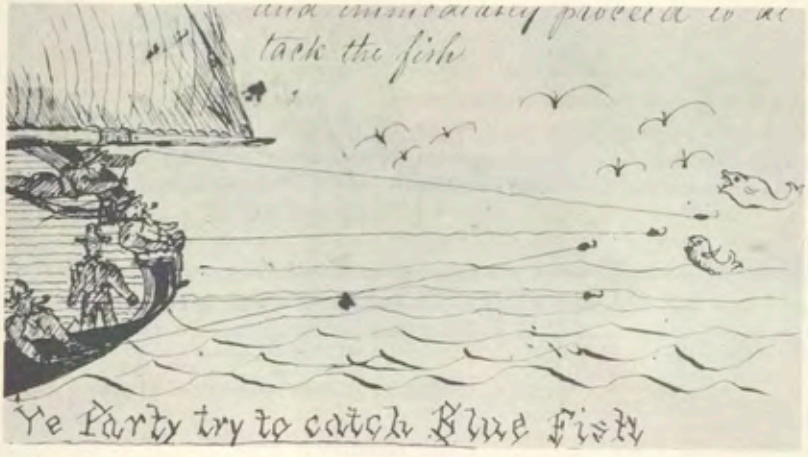
William's debtor, A. Gifford Plume.

This is one of the jolliest days enjoyment I ever recollect to have spent. The Zinga is now well establish'd as a real genuine Bully Boat. She has sailed at a rate highly gratifying to her owner, our excellent host. All hands are now turning in with the heartiest wishes that she may retain her now establish'd reputation. *A. F. Arnold*

At 8 oclock this morning pass'd New London light,
Hoping to reach New Bedford tonight.
With a fine breeze from the Westward, we went off wing & wing,
Going at a rate that was pronounced just the thing.
The courses & distances successfully made
Have been before in this log book portray'd.
When passing Point Judith, the sea was so rough,
We fear'd all the landsman would be sea sick enough.
But all got off harmless excepting the cook,
When he came on deck he really did look
Quite wamble-cropp'd, and we fear'd that the sinner
Would not be able to get us our dinner.
But our fear proved groundless, when we reach'd Buzzard Bay
Mr. Steward appear'd as lively and gay,
As ever he did; with appetites prime
We clear'd off the table in double quick time.
Lastly to sum up this fine days run,
We feel no hesitation in pronouncing it "some,"
And I believe 'tis the verdict of all on board
That 'tis the finest days sail they ever enjoy'd.

S.W.T.

Prose & poetry have both been invok'd to commemorate the delights of this days sail, and the subject having been pretty well exhausted, it is sufficient for me to add, that the pleasure experienced by my friends is an additional gratification to that I have derived from the satisfactory performance of the Zinga to day — W.H.T.



Friday

June 25th. From daylight to 10 A.M. flat calm. Have replenish'd our stock of ice, wood, water & fresh meat. Mr. John Hersell/New Bedford/pilot came on board.

All hands ashore last night playing billiards, at the
Theatre etc.
10 A.M. Got under way with very light breeze from S, very warm.

Buzzards Bay

10.30. Outside with a nice breeze from S.S.W. springing up. William, Samuel & Flounders appear on deck in full bleach.
10.55. Clarks Point light bearing west. The Judge & P.E.T.E.R. pursuing pleasure under difficulties. They are trolling for blue fish/nerry bite/.



11.5. Stiff breeze, going 9 knots. Carried away our flying jibboom – step drew from the bolts!
11.45. Pilot at the helm raises an umbrella.
12.10. Judge hook'd the first blue fish and — lost him.

Woods Hole

12.40. Went through Woods Hole – Said Hole being unanimously voted worse than Hell Gate./Mem. Dont try it again if possible to avoid it/.
12.50. Pass'd Nobscoe Point Light.
1.15.Off Holmes Hole light beacon.
3. Pass'd Edgartown light house.

Edgartown

3.10. Anchor'd off Edgartown – squall coming up N. – Fired a gun. – P.E.T.E.R. caught a Porgie!!! After dinner all hands went ashore and walk'd through the town – Principle products Fish, Isle (oil) & Girls!!! Visited the cemetery & wharfs. Saw a fishing smack call'd the Minna. She was once a yacht, and was receiving blue fish from the different fishing boats as they came in. About 20,000 lbs had been caught to day. Simpson/the fisherman/came in with 380 lbs of blue fish. The Dr. & Flounder stroll'd off and made the acquaintance of a native/from New Bedford/William invited him on board. – Call'd on the editor of the Vineyard Gazette & invited him on board. By general observation we all concluded that the girls were tolerably good looking but that Edgartown was slow! Verry slow!! and blue fish one cent and ¼ per pound. – At

sundown/as usual/we fired an evening gun, and lower'd the flags. – About ½ an hour afterwards, we noticed quite a commotion on board a very ordinary smack anchor'd near us. Presently we heard a cry "All ready?" "Aye" "Aye" when pop went a musket & down came her ragged fly; and the whole affair was voted a humorous burlesque on Yachts, and was loudly applauded by all hands, to the great gratification of the fishermen.
8 P.M. Plume & Arnold went to the Island and bathed, but had to hurry back owing to a thick fog coming up. William, Sam'l, Judge & Dr. play'd a quiet game of whist. P.E.T.E.R. caught a Porgy.
9 P.M. Sam'l, Plume & Flounders took a short loaf on shore. – Spent the balance of the evening in social chattering.
11.15. All hands turn'd in – weather clear again.

June 26

5.25. Got under way – wind light.
1.20. Somewhere on our way to Nantucket, wind light. – The uninitiated are on deck practicing on a bowline knot. – Three lines out for blue fish. – Nerry fish. – The Judge busy. – No fish except P.E.T.E.R.'s Porgy caught thus far except the blue fish that the Judge almost! caught. Wind very light – a gentle shower.
12 M. Dr. & P.E.T.E.R. playing chess, Judge looking on, Arnold & Gibbs reading, Wm. sleeping. –
12.20. Judge caught a blue fish, but as he was having him over the taffrail, he lost him, together with the squid. Result! Great zeal evinced by all to kotch another. Nantucket light house ahead.
1.10. A boat approaches and wants to know if we wish a pilot. Our pilot concluded he will go a dollar out of his own pocket. We can distinctly see bottom. Wm. sounds 8 feet.
1.30. A sail boat passes with the U. S. Yacht flag at the gaff. Wm. gave them good day, which was ret'd by a cool bow from the three individuals on board of her, one remarking to the other, It isn't her! Query! who is her?
2.10. Rounded the light house.

Nantucket

2.30. Fired two guns and anchor'd off the wharf at Nantucket. – Mem. When coming in the Bay we took on board an assistant pilot whom all pronounced to be a regular "Long Tom Coffin."
2.50. Sam'l, Plume & Flounders, also the Dr., bath'd over the side of the yacht. The Dr. being no swimmer evinced great pluck, by trusting to a rope & cushion. Plume/the bully swimmer of this crowd/somewhat bruised himself in getting on board.
5 P.M. Dried, after which all hands went on shore – rather a pretty town – very quiet and orderly. The Dr. call'd on Mrs. Gardiner, an acquaintance made in New York – got a handsome bouquet of roses to ornament our cabin table. – All hands return'd on board at 8 o'clock after a pretty general stroll over the town of Nantucket. – Sam'l & the Dr. brought a youth

/named Thomas Spencer/on board. A smart & intelligent boy.
10.20. The crew return'd on board from a stroll through the town. Several sharks reported around the yacht this evening. Gibbs made a call on a Lady, but finding no young ladies in the house, left in disgust.

June 27

At anchor in Nantucket Harbor – foggy and disagreeable – all up in good season – Dr. & Peter washed, dress'd and in all things behaving themselves like good christians while the rest lay snoring away in their berths.
11 A.M. A party of five have just returned from a visit to the whaler Spartan/which is the same ship that came in collision with a brig just out of New York/ – strong smell of oil on board but nothing particular to see. Collected some giant barnacles from her side, supposed to be brought from the Pacific. One peculiarity which we perceive in this town is a sort of lookout on many of the houses/extending along the top of the gable roof in many instances their entire length/giving them a singular appearance. The streets are irregular & many of them quite narrow, which are paved. The whole appearance of the town is that of comfort & in some parts of wealth.
12 M. Tommy Spencer came on board with a nice bouquet for us. We invite Miss Amy Wood & Miss Easton to come on board but they decline.
1.10. Dr. Nichols & Arnold return from church/Unitarian/where they heard an excellent sermon, and saw a very respectable congregation, also many well dress'd/and several very pretty girls/. Beneath the pulpit there was an enormous bouquet, it was a least 2 feet in diameter. Stroll'd quietly up the principle street & sat a short time in the Ocean House/ hotel/and talk'd with the engineer of the steamboat Island Home. Saw our Pilot.



The Belle of Nantucket

When wearied whaler, after years of toil
First again beholds his native place
(Nantucket – famed for pretty girls & oil)
What joy illumes his weather beaten face.

Soon shall his brawny arms enfold
A mother – sister – sweetheart – Oh what bliss!
Thrice happy thought, not yellow gold
Can purchase happiness such as this.

And on the shore we see the anxious throng
Watch their coming with glistening eyes
Happy in the thought that the seperation long
Shall soon be ended – then adieu to sighs.

But hark! a mournfull sound is heard
A plaintive voice of melancholy tone
Slow and solemn, it gives no greeting word,
Where all is joy, this sounds of grief alone.

Marvel not reader that this should be so
On a lone rock has the Maiden stood
Since the good ship left, months – years ago
Regardless of storms, or winds, or flood.

Through long winter nights she left not her post
To summer heat she ne'er gave heed
For the 'wildered sailor, on the dangerous coast
Was her voice ever ready in the moment of need.

Who? is the lonely maid of the wave;
Who thus has performed her task so well
Who the heat & cold and storm can brave!
'Tis the Bell Buoy, Nantuckets greatest Belle.

William, P.E.T.E.R., Sam'l, Judge & Plume started immediately after dinner to take a walk. The Dr. & Arnold started ½ an hour later & proceeded to the Post Office – call'd on Mrs. Gardiner who presented each of them with a glass of milk and a small bouquet. After visiting the cemetery Dr. & Flounders went to church. – Two very pretty girls sat in the pew behind them/Mem. The Dr. captivated. The weather to day has been fine but at times foggy.
10.45 P.M. Clear.





Monday

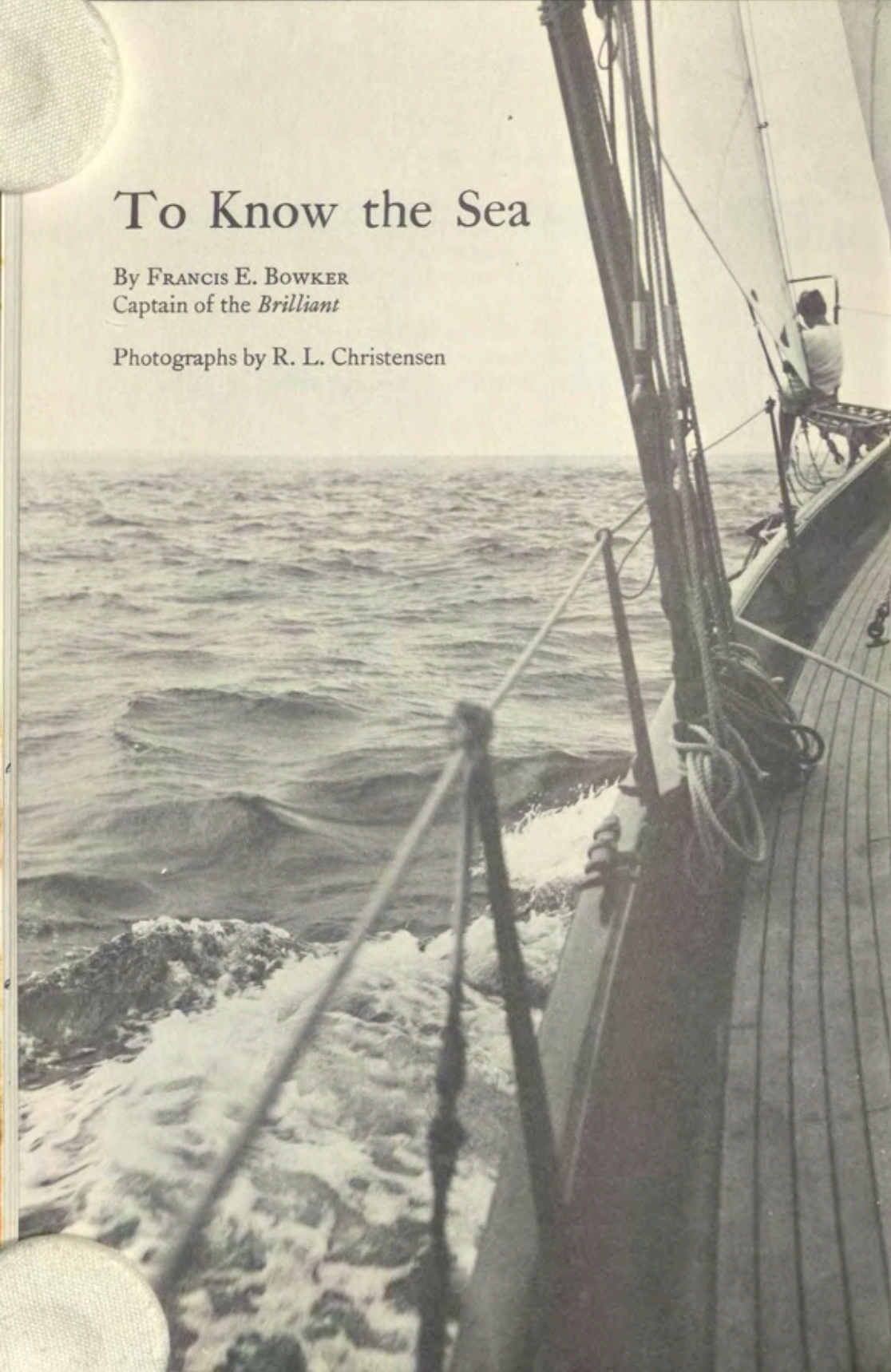
June 28th 7.30. Weather fine & clear. Wind S.S.E. ½ E.
9 A.M. Preparing to get under way. – Three have just returned from getting more barnacles from off the whale ship Spartan.
9.15. Pilot seen coming down the wharf.
9.30. Pilot just come on board – suggests waiting ½ an hour for the tide. – Archy gone ashore to buy a bil/. Mem. General feelings of the party Jolly!/Mem. Best New England brand two cents/. . . .
10.10. Whiz! Bang! goes our gun, up anchor and under way! Adieu Nantucket!



To Know the Sea

By Francis E. Bowker
Captain of the *Brilliant*

Photographs by R. L. Christensen



Sometime in the middle of May, a beautiful white schooner will shoot through the narrow passage into Great Salt Pond at Block Island, round to, drop her anchor, lower her sails, and a group of girls – who have never sailed a boat over sixteen feet in length – will put a harbor furl in her sails that can pass inspection by the most exacting yacht captain.

At the same time, it is likely that an old resident of the island will cast a glance at the harbor and remark, "Spring's here for sure. When the *Brilliant* shows up summer'll soon be taggin' along."

The schooner *Brilliant* is the seagoing emissary of Mystic Seaport. Although smaller than the great schooner yachts built around the turn of the century, she still represents the finest craftsmanship achieved in the art of building beautiful and durable wooden sailing yachts, and after thirty-eight years she still draws admiring glances and complimentary remarks.

Although she has several fine records for speed, acquired in her early days, *Brilliant*'s great claim to fame lies in the program she has served for the past eighteen years – a seagoing training ship for the Mystic Mariner Program. Eighteen voyages are made each year, with a crew of nine teenagers, an adult leader and a professional captain and mate.

Groups who sail in the *Brilliant* have previously taken part in the *Joseph Conrad* Program. Here they learned the basics of living aboard ship, rowing, small boat sailing, elementary piloting and other arts useful to the sailor. Since the *Conrad* handles groups of sixty cadets each week and the *Brilliant* has capacity for only ten, the mates and captain aboard the *Conrad* rate each group for interest, ability and cooperation. Applications for the *Brilliant* Program for the following year are received during and after a group participation in the *Conrad* Program – there are usually twice the number the ship can carry. First choice goes to those who have proven they are likely to be good shipmates and willing workers in cramped quarters, to perform their jobs on deck and below, maintain the good reputation of the ship afloat and ashore and give a certain part of themselves, even as real seamen throughout the ages have dedicated to their ships a feeling of pride and accomplishment.

It is not the purpose of a *Brilliant* cruise to turn out skilled mariners, but instead to nourish and help bring to fulfillment that ancient urge, common to both boys and girls, to venture forth upon the seas, see new people, new lands and "know the wonders of the deep."

Becoming an accepted member of the working crew of a schooner



Captain Bowker writing up the log with Mariner at wheel.

brings unexpected responsibilities. There is always work to be done, and relaxation comes only afterward. The true seaman learns that his job is never finished until it need not prove a burden to another shipmate or cause him danger because of sloppiness or inconsideration; and there are times when he must fight exhaustion, lonesomeness, seasickness or discouragement, for a sailing vessel can provide its full measure of problems.

There is pleasure to be gained on a *Brilliant* cruise, however, for those who will look and listen and feel. With a fresh breeze on the beam, fleecy clouds darkening the blue seas, the lee rail skimming the water as the vessel heels down and hisses along, throwing spray from the bows and leaving a foamy wake astern; with the white sails straining to the wind and the sheets bartaut, the power of the invisible propelling force is felt, and one looks at the tall wooden masts and the tracery of supporting rigging and ponders a science that keeps them from collapsing over the side.

There are days when the air is calm and the ship must plod along under power. This is the moment to do some chart work, take bearings, figure the estimated time of arrival at the next buoy or maybe the distance we will be off a certain landmark. Perhaps to simply relax and lie in the sun. This is a wonderful time to learn to steer, and the lookout may spot the fins of a shark or a school of fish. There are times of active exercise, such as beating up a channel, making short tacks every couple of minutes. It may become necessary to take in the mainsail and jib if the wind gets too strong: this can be wet and exciting work in a squall, as the rain streaks down and the wind-bellied

sails must be beaten and smothered until stops can be secured around them on a slanting and wind-torn deck.

There is the interest of entering a new port, of rounding to and dropping the anchor, furling the sails and then looking around at strange surroundings. Perhaps a swim as supper is being prepared. And afterward, when dishes are done, a row ashore to see what this new port has to offer.

Each week a new crew brings its bags aboard in hopes of an adventure to be long remembered. Each week the weather and the tides dictate the courses and conditions. Between polishing brass, cooking, cleaning, hoisting and furling sail, learning to steer, standing watch, keeping lookout and piloting, there is seldom a cruise that does not provide a full measure of excitement and new experience.

Most of *Brilliant*'s cruising is east of Long Island Sound. Favorite ports are Shelter Island, Sag Harbor, Block Island, Newport, Padanarum and Vineyard Haven. A number of other ports are visited with less frequency and as the weather dictates. Some offer ready-made entertainment, others only a stroll over a sandy beach.

In five days each Mariner is introduced to the sea in whatever may be its mood of the moment. There may be five days of beautiful sailing or practically none. We may lose a day lying at anchor in a dense fog or, possibly, straining at two anchors as a screeching gale blows itself out. Each crew discovers itself during the course of a voyage and when the Mariners shoulder their bags and step ashore with genuine feelings of regret at leaving, we know our work has not been in vain.



Crew trimming jib sheet.

DIRECTOR'S MESSAGE

One hundred and five years ago – on June 5, 1866 – the *Emma C. Berry* slid down the ways at Noank to begin her long and useful life in the coastal waters of New England. Good design, good material and especially good workmanship have brought *Emma* down the years to Mystic Seaport.

When she sailed on her first outgoing tide, the United States was only half her present age. The Revolution, the War of 1812, and the nearly fatal Civil War were all in the past: and the *Berry* sailed by dead reckoning. Candles and lanterns sparsely lit the shoreline after dark. Steam was bringing the railroads with a steady roar, but horses pulled the cargoes from the ships to town. People talked of the great opportunities opening in the West; but if you loved the sea and the stony pastures of New England, you stayed on your land and watched the sun set and the dying Sou'westers bring a stillness to the evening waters. You fished in good weather and bad. You were hot or cold as may be. You had good friends to sail with, but every now and again there would be a slacker – or a man who did not fear the sea or the Lord – and you wouldn't sign him on again. All the time you were grateful for

the sturdy planking, the strong rigging, the heavy sails, that kept the *Emma* from sharing the ill fortune that struck more often than not among our sailing fleet.

Well, it's a good thing to have a past to think back on. It's a good thing to have examples of courage against odds, of skill in shipbuilding and design when this skill stands between a ship afloat or on the bottom. And it's a good thing that we have people at Mystic today who care enough about these things to keep them alive in a world which would bewilder the *Emma*'s first captain.

So, the *Emma C. Berry* went down the ways at the Greenman yard last week before the eyes of grandchildren and great-grandchildren of her original designers, builders and sailors – launched for a second time, and as the flooding tide lifted her into her new life, she became the symbol for us all of what can be done at Mystic Seaport. The Greenman shipyard is at work again. There are skilled men restoring ships with devotion to the way these things were done in the nineteenth century, and there is quiet pride in the accomplishment.

Now we must get on with the *Charles W. Morgan.*

Waldo Johnston

May 14, 1971



The Kestrel, *a sailing canoe originally thought to have been designed by W. P. Stephens, has a balance lug and was probably built in the late eighties or early nineties. Photograph: Claire L. White.*

SAILING CANOES

By John Gardner, Research Associate

When *Argonaut* arrived at Mystic Seaport three years ago we were not quite sure what we had got, only that this was no ordinary vessel, and that the problems which her restoration entailed would not be ordinary ones either. Emerging into the bright June sunlight after thirty-five years of confinement in a Stony Creek, Connecticut cellar, she was a sorry sight. The slow attrition of a generation of neglect had taken toll. Yet the boat retained a distinction of form and an elegance of line which her cracked and blackened varnish – overlaid with several decades of dust and grime – could not entirely hide.

Fortunately *Argonaut* proved to be in better condition than first inspection promised. Structurally she was found to be basically sound.

Her thin planking showed only minor cracks and separations at the laps. And her slight fastenings – while weakened – still held for the greater part.

It has been observed more than once that all-wood sailing canoes of *Argonaut*'s vintage and quality were built like violins, and such a comparison is not as farfetched as it might seem. The workmanship which went into such craft came close to perfection, and the slightness of the hull fabric of thin cedar on ribs of red elm, considering what it had to endure in the course of years of hard sailing, is a minor marvel.

The restoration of a craft like *Argonaut* is not to be undertaken lightly. In arresting further deterioration and in returning the structure to something like its original state, no alterations are permissible. The integrity of the original structure must not be tinkered with. The object is not to ready these frail vessels for the water once again, for their sailing days are over. They have now become a part of visible, tangible history. Under favorable circumstances it is possible with the exercise of skill, judgment and great patience to bring such craft back, so far as appearance, nearly to their original state. The luster of their fine wood, their trim, graceful lines, the delicacy of their scantlings, the exactitude of their joinery are esthetically pleasing and give witness of a golden age of American craftsmanship now sadly all but lost.



William Kramer refinishing the Argonaut, *a Vesper sailing canoe designed by J. Henry Rushton, Inc., Canton, New York. Photograph: Les Olin.*

And so this work, now nearly completed, has proceeded at Mystic Seaport this past winter in the hands of shipyard painters William Kramer and Robert Smith. No

pains have been spared, including consultation with the Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, New York where a number of similar canoes and related craft have been successfully restored and are now on display.

In removing the encrusted grime from the *Argonaut*'s Spanish-cedar deck, her maker's name was found faintly stamped into the wood at the fore end of the king plank close to the stem: J. Henry Rushton, Inc., Canton, New York. This was the Rushton practice, and this dates the canoe rather closely, for the famous Canton boatbuilding concern was not incorporated until shortly after the death of its founder, J. Henry Rushton in 1906. In 1911 Judd W. Rushton, J. Henry's half-brother, took over the business under his own name.

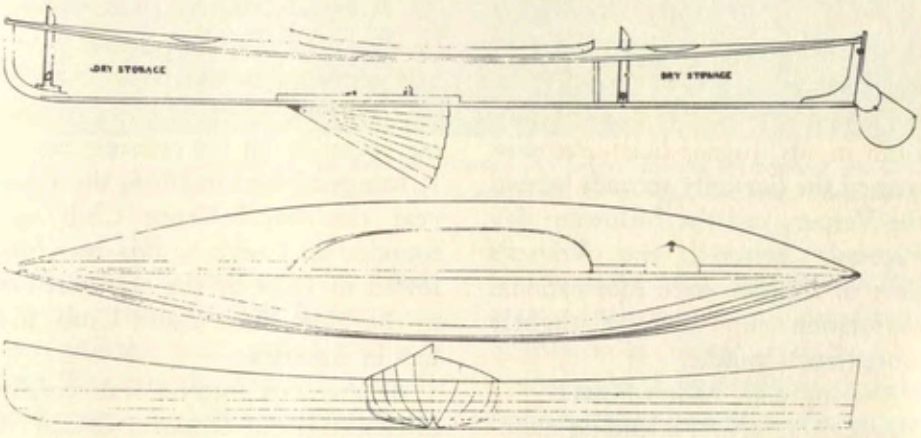
From the Rushton catalogs of that period the *Argonaut* is readily identified as a Vesper canoe, and although by then planked, all-wood sailing canoes had passed their peak of popularity for competitive racing, there was still demand for them for cruising, and builders still capable of producing them.

To quote from the J. W. Rushton catalog: "The Vesper model is an especially fine canoe for sailing and cruising and is capable of great speed in skillful hands. It is, however, not built for a racer, but rather for a sailing cruiser. Its cockpit is long enough to be slept in, and there is ample stowage space under its decks. It is 16 ft. long over all with 30 in. beam. . . . That the Vesper will inspire pride in every canoeist's heart is evident from the list of material used in its construction. Its hull is of ¼ in. white cedar planking, except the sheer streak, which with the deck and hatches, is of mahogany. The keel is of oak, the stem and sternpost of hackmatack or spruce, with a natural crook. The ribs are red elm, coaming of cherry, gunwales of oak or cherry, bulkheads and deck timbers of cedar, and the flooring basswood. All metal work is of copper or brass. The wood finish is oil and the best spar varnish."

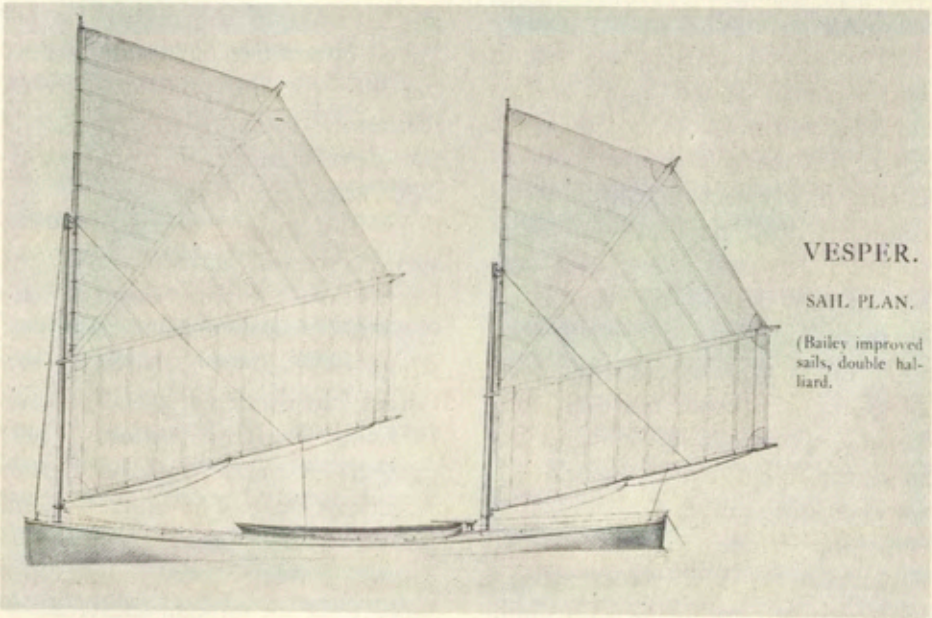
According to the 1904 Rushton catalog, No. 61, the luxury Vesper fully equipped, sold for $170. This included the No. 1 Radix centerboard, the No. 1 Drop Rudder, 4 cleats, the improved, two-batten Bailey sailing rig with double halliards (106 sq. ft.), 9 ft. double-blade paddle with drip cups, folding cushion of corduroy hair-filled, 30 in. sliding deck seat, and a self-locking deck steering gear.

Although the Vesper model was offered after 1911 for cruising rather than racing, in 1886 J. Henry Rushton could, and did, claim that the first Vesper built early that year in his Canton shop from a design furnished by the owner, Robert W. Gibson, was the fastest sailing canoe then on the

CRUISING SAILING CANOES—VESPER.



From the Rushton catalog of 1904.



VESPER.

SAIL PLAN.

(Bailey improved sails, double halliard.

water. That year she won the seven and one-half mile International Challenge Cup Race sailed against the best of the American and British canoes at the 7th annual ACA meet at Grindstone Island on the upper St. Lawrence. However, E. H. Barney of the Springfield Canoe Club in his Joyner-built *Pecowsic* crossed the line only seconds behind the Vesper, and the following day *Pecowsic* bettered the Vesper's time in the two-mile international consolation cup race by slightly more than a minute.

Warington Baden-Powell of *Nautilus* fame, and a leading member of the British Royal Canoe Club, initiated the idea of international sailing canoe competition. In the eighties canoeing was at its peak in both Britain and America with canoeing and boating clubs in nearly every city and town of any size in northeastern United States and as far west as the Great Lakes. For a brief two decades or thereabouts canoeing of all sorts constituted this country's most popular and widespread participant sport, with sailing canoes furnishing the lion's share of the color and excitement.

It started in England when John MacGregor, British traveler, missionary, sportsman, author and lecturer, built his seventy-pound all-wood cruising canoe, *Rob Roy*, after returning from a trip to North America in 1859 where he crossed the continent, trying en route both Indian bark canoes and kayaks in the Pacific northwest, the latter of which greatly impressed him with their performance. His classic book, *A Thousand Miles In the Rob Roy Canoe on Twenty Rivers and Lakes of Europe* caught the popular fancy on both sides of the Atlantic, focusing attention on the cruising canoe. It was published in 1866, the same year the Royal Canoe Club was founded in London; this was followed in 1871 by the organization of the New York Canoe Club, the first in America.

At the start interest was mainly in cruising, but within a decade it had shifted to racing, and from then on followed a rapid evolution with speed for winning races the prime objective. The abrupt decline in popularity of the sailing canoe at the close of the century is believed by some to have been largely due to excessive preoccupation by leaders of the sport with racing and the development of over-specialized racing machines.

In any case, the trend toward speed received impetus from the results of the international cup races at Grindstone Island in 1886, where the heavier ballasted British canoes like Baden-Powell's *Nautilus* and Walter Stewart's *Pearl* proved no match for the lighter American craft. The latter – exemplified by the Vesper and the *Pecowsic* – having been developed largely for use on semi-sheltered in-



Closeup of the Kestrel, *showing the hinged section in combing and deck to allow for helmsman to distribute his weight outboard. Photograph: Claire L. White.*

land waters, particularly the Hudson at Albany, as W. P. Stephens has pointed out, carried no ballast. The canoeist sat on deck ready and poised to shift weight at an instant's notice instead of lying crouched and cramped in the bottom in the British manner. But if the British canoes were not exceptionally fast, they were excellent sea boats of proven rough-water ability and well suited for open-water cruising. Both Baden-Powell's *Nautilus* and Stewart's *Pearl* were rigged with the balance lug. W. P. Stephens, in the revised and extended fourth edition of his *Canoe and Boat Building, A Complete Mannual for Amateurs,* published in 1889 states: "Where a large area is to be carried, as in racing, the best sail is, beyond all question, the balance lug, a modification of sails long in use in China, which was introduced to canoeists some fifteen years ago." This sail arrangement with its numerous lines may look complicated, but it is simple in use and quickly and surely handled with a little practice. A peculiarity of these sails derived from the Chinese, as noted by Stephens, is "the light battens sewn in a hem on the sail at every reef, keeping the sail very flat, and permitting the use of reefing gear instead of ordinary reef points." Another is that "the sail always remains on the same side of the mast, on either tack, being permanently fixed there."

It is possibly of significance that the *Kestrel,* another fine sailing canoe in Mystic Seaport's small craft collection, is so rigged with the balance lug. The *Kestrel* – presumably antedating the *Argonaut* by some ten to fifteen years and every bit the equal of the latter in construction and appearance – is now on exhibit in the North Boat Shed. The *Kestrel* was given to The Marine Historical Association in 1948 by Charles A. Goodwin of Hartford, who stated at the time that the canoe had been designed and built, he believed, by W. P. Ste-

phens for his father, the Reverend Francis Goodwin, sometime in the late eighties or early nineties. But two years later in another letter to Carl C. Cutler, Goodwin wrote: "I think she was built by the St. Lawrence Skiff Co. in which Stephens had an interest."

These two statements seem not wholly to agree. It is possible that Stephens did design the *Kestrel*. The fact that she is rigged with the balance lug which Stephens favored, as previously noted, lends some support here. However, in the revised edition of Stephens's book published at the same time that *Kestrel* is supposed to have been built, nothing closely like her is to be found in all of its fifty drawings of canoe lines and details. The nearest thing to *Kestrel* is Stephens's version of the Vesper.

That Stephens himself had any part in the actual construction of the *Kestrel* seems almost certainly to be excluded. In 1880, after graduating from Rutgers with a civil engineering degree at the age of twenty-six, Stephens opened up a boatshop in Rahway, New Jersey and a year later moved operations to a shop on Staten Island. He built a number of different canoe models, including his *Jersey Blue*, in one of which he won a race at the first Lake George meet of the American Canoe Association, an organization he helped to found. A catalog of canoes produced by Stephens during this period offers nothing resembling the *Kestrel*. In 1883 he became canoeing editor for *Forest and Stream*, a rapidly expanding publication at that time, and between 1884 and 1889 four editions of his *Canoe and Boat Building* were printed. It is questionable how much time Stephens had for work in the boatshop at the time *Kestrel* is supposed to have been built.

On the other hand, if *Kestrel* was built by the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co. of Clayton, New York as Goodwin surmised, Stephens most certainly did not do any of the actual construction, although he still might have been responsible for the design. It is also doubtful if Stephens had any financial interest in this concern. The business, started in 1873 by Xavier Colon, a Clayton boatbuilder, was taken over in 1887 by A. Bain, a local dentist, who not long after sold it to A. G. Spaulding & Bro. of New York at about the time *Kestrel* is supposed to have been built.

The precise origin of *Kestrel*, it would seem, is somewhat clouded by uncertainty. Possibly closer inquiry into the details of W. P. Stephens's career will clear up the mystery. *Kestrel* is such a fine specimen of the classic sailing canoe, and W. P. Stephens is such an important figure in American small craft history, that the investigation would be well worth pursuing.

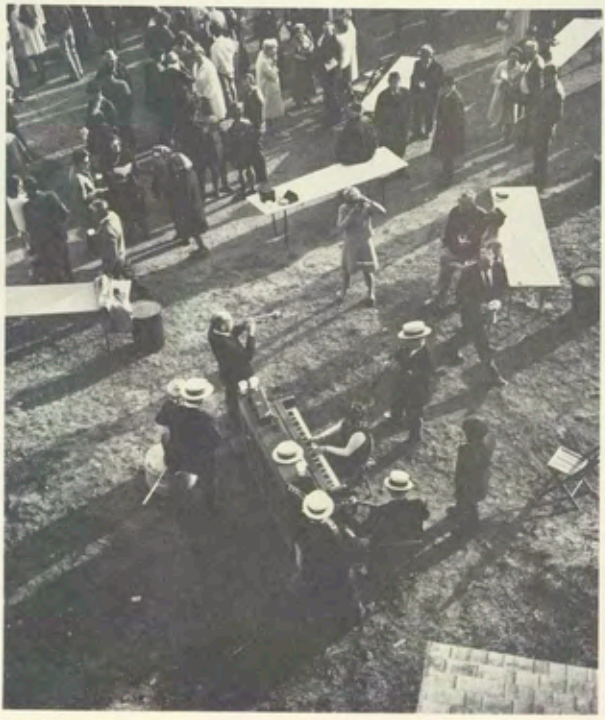
New Lease on Life—



On a flood of oratory neatly paced to the rising tide, the *Emma C. Berry* was relaunched into the Mystic River at 7:15 P.M. on Friday, May 7 – the first launching ceremony at the Geo. Greenman & Co. shipyard in almost one hundred years. With Maynard Bray, shipyard supervisor, beaming in the background, Mrs. Florence Oliver of Noank, first president of the Noank Historical Society, smashed a bottle of champagne on *Emma*'s bow and, to cheers and harbor whistles, waving of beer mugs and "Anchors Aweigh" from the Rock of Ages musical group, the sloop-rigged well smack returned to the same river into which she was launched on June 5, 1866 at Noank. Irving Holdredge and Mark Thackston of the shipyard crew rode her down. Photograph: Les Olin.



On the speaker's platform, from left to right: Francis Day Rogers, president of the MHA; Arnold L. Crossman, shipwright in charge of the restoration of Emma; *Waldo Johnston, director (hidden behind the speaker); Mrs. Oliver, the sponsor; Captain Adrian K. Lane and C. A. Campbell, president of the Noank Historical Society. Others not shown – the Reverend Elbert Gates, Jr., and Robert S. Palmer – whose father was married to the Emma C. Berry for whom this vessel was named. Photograph: Les Olin. The Rock of Ages group in full swing. Photograph: Russell A. Fowler.*





The Emma C. Berry *joins the historic fleet of nineteenth-century vessels at the marine museum. As readers of* The LOG *know, she was given to us in 1969 by F. Slade Dale. Photograph: Russell A. Fowler.*



Pre-launch festivities, as seen from a sail loft window. Photograph: Russell A. Fowler.



Irving Holdredge and Arnold Crossman have worked on nothing but the Berry *since July 1969. Members of the entire work crew are, left to right, Maynard Bray, Howard Davis, Irving Holdredge, Arnold Crossman, Mark Thackston, Willets Ansel, Gene Baudro. Absent when picture was taken were Malcolm Stewart and Robert Boulware. Photographs: Les Olin.*



Acquisitions

A most welcome acquisition in the field of marine art came to The Marine Historical Association last year in the form of an oil painting by Samuel Walters, R.A. of the ship *Samoset* of Wiscasset, Maine. Purchased with funds from the R. W. Bartram, Jr. account through the generosity of Mrs. Rensselaer W. Bartram, Jr., the painting – from the estate of Miss Josephine Tucker of Wiscasset – has been cleaned and restored and will be ready for exhibition this summer.



The *Samoset* was launched July 12, 1847 from the shipyard of Fernald & Pittigrew at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and owned by Richard H. Tucker and others of Wiscasset. The Tuckers had been shipmasters and owners since the Revolutionary War and at one time their fleet included twenty-nine vessels. The *Samoset* registered 563 tons when new; her dimensions for tonnage were 136′ long, 30′ beam and her loaded draft was 17′6″. Captain Joseph Tucker, a member of the owner's family, took her on her first voyage, to Charleston, South Carolina (probably for ice) and loaded cotton for Europe. She was a typical packet of her day, making her voyages across with cotton and returning with immigrants and first-class passengers.

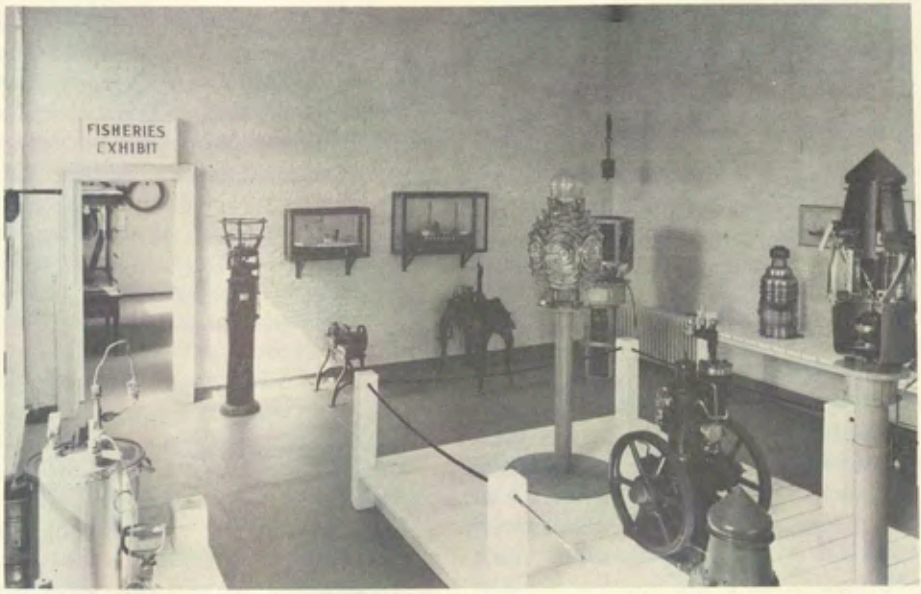
It is believed the painting was done in 1849 or 1850, for the steamship in the background is the ill-fated Collins liner *Pacific* of 2860 tons, built by Brown & Bell of New York in 1849. She was a paddle-wheel steamer with two side lever engines and she took the Atlantic "blue ribbon" by raising the average passenger steamer time to 13½ knots. Sailing from Liverpool for New York in 1856, she went missing with all hands, taking forty-five passengers and a crew of 141 men with her.

New Exhibits



During the past year the hoop shop has been renovated with new shafts, pulleys and leather drive belts where necessary, and an electric motor as a power source. Research was done on the disappearing craft of hoop making and the methods are now understood. Bob Rodgers, who has worked on development of the craft, demonstrates the first step in the process with a piece of hickory being split off a larger piece. By splitting rather than sawing, the wood for the hoop retains the full strength of the grain. After this splitting or riving of the wood it is basically shaped by a drawknife and the shaving horse in the foreground. It is then smoothed on a belt sander, steamed in a steam box to make it flexible, and bent around a disc form on the bending machine (No. 7 in the photograph). The final stage is drilling for rivets (No. 8). Now that the technology is understood, it is hoped in the near future to have the shop in regular operation as a craft demonstration. Photograph: Les Olin.

The Aids to Navigation building has blossomed out with two freshly painted and refurbished exhibits. Dioramas in the Fisheries exhibit show the development of the fishing schooner, and dragger and trawler fishing using otter trams. Other walls have displays of gill netting, Penobscot Bay salmon fishing, lobstering, clamming, eeling, crabbing; mounted examples of whaling irons, and bomb guns by Pierce, S. Eggers and Brand.



The Aids to Navigation exhibit – on loan from the U. S. Coast Guard – has been simplified and dramatically rearranged, above. New copies of pictures of lighthouses and lightships now in existence from Boston to Florida line one wall, with a color-coded map to spot them. Other items include a model of a lightship and one of a buoy tender, lighthouse timing mechanisms, an early lighted spar buoy, navigational lights, and lenses of various orders. Photograph: Russell A. Fowler.



Book Reviews

BLUENOSE: Queen of the Grand Banks by Feenie Ziner. Illustrations, Zeke Ziner. *Chilton Book Company, Philadelphia, 1970.* $5.50.

Every America's Cup Race probably reinforces our assumption that it takes an awful lot to beat us in international sailing races. Maybe we're right. In that case, then, Canada had an awful lot when she trounced us again and again way back in the 1920s and the 1930s in the now almost forgotten North Atlantic Fisherman's International Competition. These were the exciting, colorful, but bitterly fought and often shamefully conducted races between the best fishing schooners from the fishing capitals of our side of the Atlantic – Lunenburg, Nova Scotia and Gloucester, Massachusetts.

More human interest and excitement surrounded these races than perhaps all the America's Cup Races. Those big, beautiful schooners were not mere playthings or expensive polished toys. They had character, for they earned their living on the hard Atlantic, on the Grand Banks, or in the West Indies trade. They knew neither sneaker nor sweat shirt, only rubber boots and oilskins, and for a diversion they occasionally raced. It must be admitted, however, that *Bluenose* and others were designed and built to win these races.

The story of the races and the big schooners is really the intriguing tale of the famed Lunenburg schooner *Bluenose*. She was, and still is in her replica *Bluenose II*, the pride of Canada. She was our constant rival in all but that first race in 1921. For anyone – young or old – who wants to learn about our apparently invincible opponent and to feel the temper of those exciting days, Mrs. Ziner's book will surely do it. Her easily read and well-organized account makes an excellent introduction to the old Lunenburg fishing industry and the schooners so popular with men like Chappelle.

Of special interest to Mystic Seaport is the short account of the relationship of our own *L. A. Dunton* to the *Bluenose*. The *Dunton* was one of the three vessels in the elimination trials for the 1922 International Competition. Unfortunately for us, the *Henry Ford* won the runoff but lost in a close series with the *Bluenose*.

Though the book is more than generally excellent, two negative aspects arose upon reading it. Mrs. Ziner occasionally falls prey to the currently fashionable tendency to attack the United States. "At stake," she says of the races and the final race in 1938 in particular, "was a hundred-and-fifty-year-old contest between Canada and her big, boisterous, overbearing neighbor for the recognition of the rights of smaller, less powerful nations." Humbug! Conflicts, real or imaginary, are seldom anything but a contest between impassioned mortal men and their conflicting ideas. The problem fundamentally is man – not the society he creates.

Also, though the many drawings are exceptionally well done and evoke a certain nostalgic mood, one does not close the book with a clear picture of *Bluenose*. The book is obviously about her, yet only one half-page drawing and another tiny one stuck on the title page depict what is, I suppose, *Bluenose*. One other picture shows two schooners sail-

ing abreast of each other – one presumably *Bluenose*. This is all there is to portray the good old girl. Admittedly, a ship's personality or characteristics are difficult to convey visually, yet I left the book yearning to be able to distinguish her from all her rivals.

Incidentally, the Canadians have not only beaten us in those wonderful schooner races but continue to do the same in the still current annual fishermen's dory races. Apparently it doesn't take money alone to wallop us!

JOHN M. KOCHISS
Research Associate

SPRITSAIL BARGES OF THAMES AND MEDWAY, $16.50 and SAILING TRAWLERS, $25. By Edgar J. March. *Reprinted by The International Marine Publishing Company, Camden, Maine, 1970.*

These books were first published in England in 1948 and 1953 by Percival Marshall & Co., Ltd. Edgar J. March, a naval architect, wrote as one who knew that his was nearly the last opportunity to write a full account of the barges and trawlers. The boats and the men who sailed them were fast passing from the scene, and March set out to record as much as he could from records of builders, reports of fish landings, insurance files, photographs and family letters. He interviewed and corresponded with the men who had sailed in the boats, had been in the trades, or had been owners. He visited the ports, the yards where the vessels had been built, and the marine graveyards where the wrecks of some lay abandoned. When possible, he took the lines off the vessels themselves; in other cases he used builders' half models or rigged models. March is a careful and able historian. This, together with his skill as a naval architect, makes him well qualified to write the story of these craft.

The spritsail barge is an example of a boat type that evolved to meet specialized conditions and needs. Remarkably successful as a carrier of freight on the waterways and, in some cases, along the coasts of England, it survived, earning its way, while the technology of other forms of transportation underwent radical changes. With only minor alteration in construction or rig, the barge plied its trade for a century and a half. Some individual barges lasted almost that long, an eighty-year-old barge being considered only middle-aged. They held their own against railroad and steam vessel, but the depression of the 1930s, trucks, and the passing of the men with the necessary skills in the end finished them.

Mr. March, like many British writers, treats a technical subject in a personal, discursive style which most American writers avoid. He describes with feeling the fine sight of a spritsail barge beating up a blustery estuary during World War II – an air battle, as it happens, is going on overhead. Or he writes of the beauties of a quiet backwater which was once a busy center for smackbuilding. He expresses strong feelings about the attitudes and economic forces that have made extinct the boats he writes of, or he waxes indignant over the sinking of trawlers by submarines in World War I and wrathfully reports the destruction of records on fishing during the bombings in World War II. The result of such freely expressed opinions and, in some cases, digressions, is a readable as well as an informative book.

Sailing Trawlers: The Story of Deep Sea Fishing with Long Line and Trawl

has the same purpose as *Spritsail Barges*. The great age of trawlers ended sooner than that of the barges, steam and World War I losses driving them from the Channel and the "wild wastes of the North Sea." Therefore, March's material is not as fresh. Nonetheless, he does a masterful job describing the industry and its men and boats. He presents the historical development of trawling and its supersession of the ancient hook and line fishing off England. New boats were built or older ones converted until in its final development the sailing trawler was a large ketch capable of remaining weeks at sea and sturdy enough to drag a fifty-foot beam trawl on the slopes of the North Sea banks.

March devotes one section of the book to a specific trawler, *Master Hand*, which he found undergoing conversion to power and was able to measure and draw. This boat, through the text and the plates showing construction details of hull and rigging, is presented in a very thorough and careful manner. It was a typical trawler and one of the last – March makes the most of it. He has other sketches and plans in the appendix that show the evolution of British fishing vessels of the nineteenth century: in all, there are 50 sketches by the author, 18 scale plans, 180 photographs. Several charts and maps showing ports and fishing grounds, this reviewer believes, would have been helpful, but none is included in either book.

Those interested in the sea and the boats and men that have made their livelihood on it will thank Edgar J. March for his work.

WILLITS ANSEL
Ship Carpenter



Michael J. Mjelde, one of seven authors chosen to be honored for outstanding literary contributions by Washingtonians in 1970 – in this case the American Maritime Library's first book, Glory of the Seas *– receiving an award certificate from Washington governor Daniel J. Evans at an Open House at the State Library on April 25.*

Letters

Dear Mr. Leavitt:

Just came from a visit with Capt. Fred Smith. . . . Recently he loaned me your *Wake of the Coasters.* It was like a homesick boy going home. Most of it nearly touches me or my family in some way. You and I must have been very close at times during your coasting days, as I knew all of the schooners and most of the men you wrote about. I, personally, along with many others, I am sure, want to thank you for the book. I have obtained a copy for myself, which I intend to loan to my brother, Willmont Hardy, known as "Bill," who at one time owned and sailed several of the old coasters, such as the *Ella Eudora, Katie D. Seavey, Bertha V, Enterprise* and several others that I don't remember well enough to mention.

I myself had the *Carrie May, Ella Eudora, Mildred Way,* the old *William Thomas,* the *Emma,* the *Lillian* from Machias. (I lost her April 1st off Cranberry Islands with lumber for Fall River, Mass.) We were taken off the wreck badly frozen, by Herman Anderson of Lunts, Long Island, but all soon recovered and went back to sea. I went on the *Annie P. Chase,* a 3-master, operated by O. A. Gilbert Trans. Co. (Orsgood himself). But mostly I sailed in I. L. Snow Co. vessels – in the *Methebessec* two years, Nova Scotia in the summer and West Indies in the winter. Then, I moved to the *Helvetia* as second mate – coal to Guanica, Puerto Rico, light to Mobile (8 days), lumber to San Juan, P. R. (8 days again), Cape Haitien, Haiti for dyewood to Chester, Pa. Nothing ever came near out-sailing us and we had some very lively company.

My uncle, Frank Hardy, built the 3-master *Catherine May* at Hampden, Maine. I made several trips in her as mate.

My last off-shore trip was the *Edna Hoyt,* a 5-master, Capt. Bob Rickson. I went as first mate, and here's where I missed the boat. A tape recorder on the forecastle head during dog watches would have made me a fortune. We had four ex-masters from Sailors Snug Harbor, Staten Island, N. Y. before the mast. All four had been masters of square riggers and big schooners and each knew the others' stories so they had to stick pretty close to the truth. Capt. Bob couldn't bring himself to break tradition, but he always wanted me to bring back the yarns. I think that was the hardest trip I ever made. Our second mate wasn't even a good seaman. These men were all over 70 yrs. old so the second mate and I did the aloft work ourselves. Can you imagine that trip?

Meantime, I am retired . . . have a 22 ft. Zobel Sea-Star to keep me in touch with the sea. Somehow, I only get out in smooth, nice weather.

Thank you again for your book. I am

In reminiscence,

Maurice F. Hardy
West Palm Beach, Florida

Editor's Note: *Captain Fred Smith was a well-known master of coasting schooners in the Long Island Sound area.*

Dear Mr. Johnston:

On page No. 2, No. 9, Volume I, of "The Wind Rose" (October, 1970), I noticed the photograph of the wood auxiliary 2-masted schooner *Clione* (oldest schooner to finish, built in 1906).



It might interest members of The Marine Historical Association, Inc. to know that this schooner was designed by my father, Dr. Harold Sellers Colton (then of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania) in conjunction with Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, Boston, Massachusetts, in 1905. Mr. John G. Alden, then in Mr. Crowninshield's office, was Chief Draughtsman on the job. The *Clione* was then built at Hodgdon Brothers, East Boothbay, Maine, in 1906.

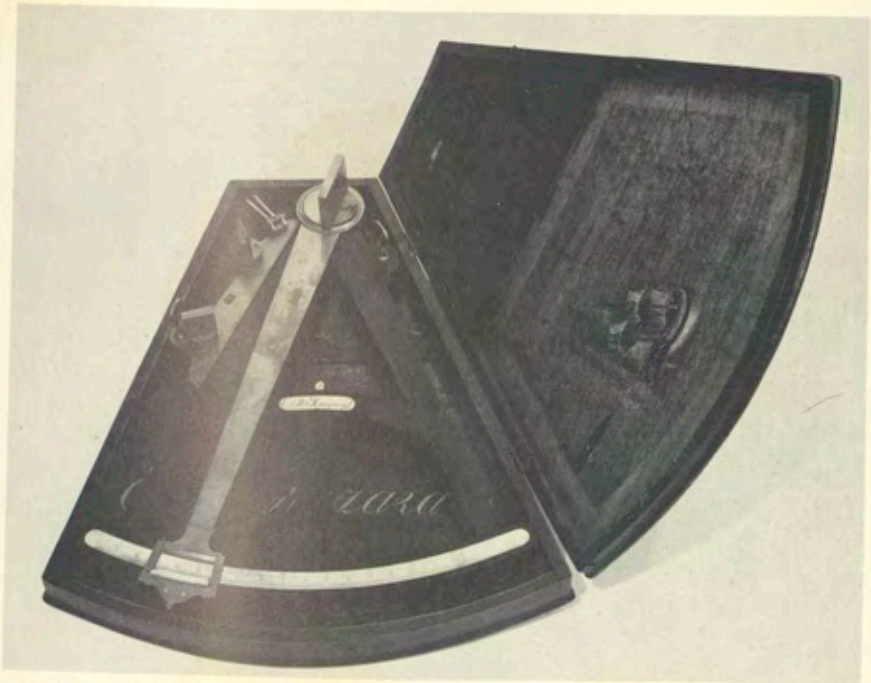
Father received his Master's degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1906, also, and he had conceived of *Clione* to assist him in his work as a marine zoologist. This she did until he sold her in 1913, making many cruises as far North as Nova Scotia. In the summer, *Clione* based out of Greenings Island, Southwest Harbor, Maine, and, most winters he kept her at the Corinthian Yacht Club berth, Essington, Pennsylvania. Having received his doctorate in 1908, he was instructor of the General Zoology course by 1913.

Father moved West in 1926, later gaining considerable fame as an archeologist and as founder and first Director of the Northern Arizona Society of Science & Art, Inc. who operate Museum of Northern Arizona and the famous Research Center. At the advanced age of 89 years and three months, Father is still alive, though presently ill in the Flagstaff Community Hospital, Flagstaff, Arizona, his home town.

In 1963, Dr. Colton was invited by the then owner of *Clione* for an afternoon's sail from Scituate, Massachusetts. He reported a marvelous time at the helm of his old schooner which he had not seen for half a century. A rather rare experience, I would say. . . .

J. Ferrell Colton
Sonora, Mexico

Editor's Note: *Dr. Colton owned* Clione *until 1915 (according to* Lloyd's Register of American Yachts) *when he sold her to W. DeFord Baker of Bayside, Long Island. She changed hands many times in the ensuing years, her home ports always Boston or neighboring Massachusetts towns. T. S. Valpey, Jr. and W. G. Littlefield of Portsmouth, New Hampshire raced her here last fall.*



Beautiful late eighteenth-century octant in ebony and brass in a step case, with the name E. M. Hazard on both ivory inset and case. The inside cover has a painted brig; on the outside an eagle in dull gold bears a banner in his mouth with the name of Evan M. Hazard. Above the eagle a Masonic emblem suggests that Hazard belonged to this fraternal order. While little is known of Hazard at this time, it is hoped that research will turn up more information. The octant was a bequest in 1959 of Dr. Ier J. Manwaring, of Norwich, Connecticut.

Front cover: to mark the 130th anniversary year of the Charles W. Morgan*'s launching on July 21, 1841, her sail plan, drawn by Robert C. Allyn, assistant naval architect.*

Back cover: the Morgan *c. 1920. One of a collection of glass plate negatives and prints from the Captain John Parker Samuels collection, given to the MHA by the former yachtmaster and seaman.*



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