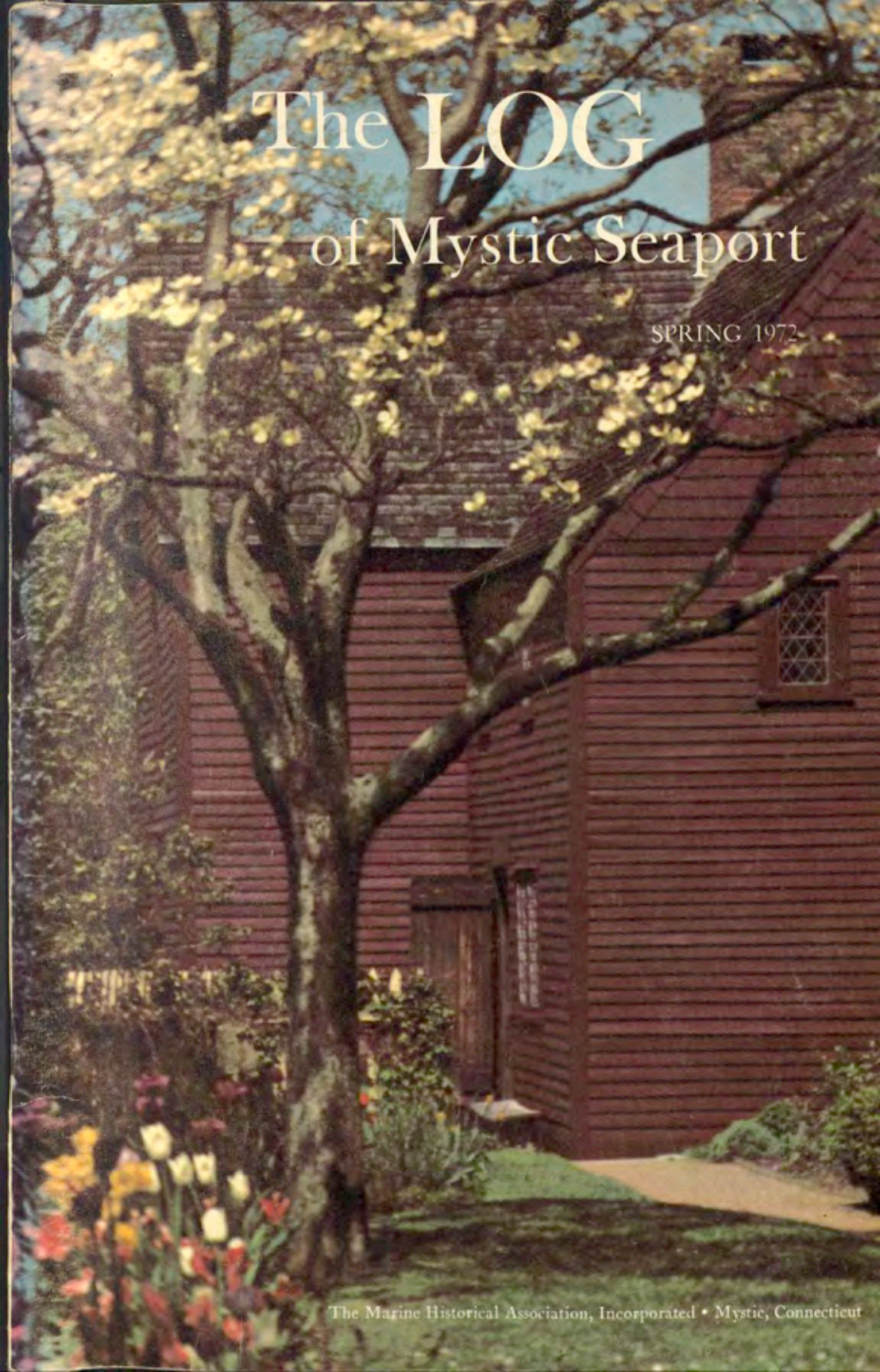
The LOG of Mystic Seaport

SPRING 1972



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The SS Great Britain *under both steam and sail as she headed into brisk seas, presumably off Lundy Island. Contemporary painting, 1845.*

THE *GREAT BRITAIN* COMES HOME

By Richard Goold-Adams
Chairman, SS *Great Britain* Project

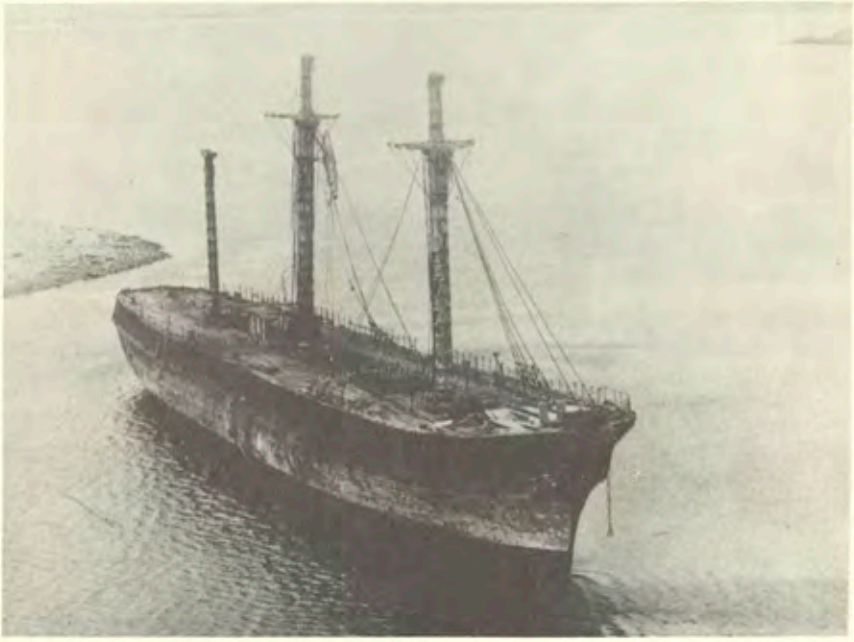
One spring morning four years ago I heard at first hand of the research which had been going on for some time in America about one of the most significant ships in all history, Isambard Brunel's SS *Great Britain*. William Swigert had come from California to a special meeting in Bristol, England that May of 1968 to discuss all that was known about the state of this famous vessel and to help us decide whether the salvage of her hull was feasible.

While two Americans from San Francisco, he and Karl Kortum, had separately been down to the Falkland Islands in the South Atlantic in each of the two previous years to assess the possibilities on the spot, Ewan Corlett in England had been steadily working parallel to them on his own extensive researches into her design, her voyages, her condition and her tremendous importance in maritime history.

The *Great Britain* was the first oceangoing propeller-driven ship. Of approximately 3,000 tons, built of iron, and floated out of her construction dry dock in Bristol on July 19, 1843, she was designed for the New York service, and it was in July two years later that she became the first ship to cross the Atlantic with a propeller. She made the trip from Liverpool to New York in fifteen days at a speed of 9 knots.

The hull, we knew, had lain beached in Sparrow Cove for over thirty years since 1937, having spent fifty-one years before that afloat in Stanley harbour as a storage vessel for wool and coal. We also knew that she had a serious crack down the starboard side, and in November 1968 we found, when Ewan Corlett as a naval architect visited the Falklands and conducted a professional survey, that the damage was now accelerating with every winter storm.

During 1968 and 1969 the San Francisco Maritime Museum generously pooled its information with what we called the SS *Great Britain* Project, the permanent committee which had sprung out of the original meetings in Bristol and previously in London, and of which I was the chairman. Then in the summer of 1969 Jack Hayward heard our story and promised £150,000. Karl Kortum's dream that something somehow must be done to save the *Great Britain* at last looked like coming true.



Beached in Sparrow Cove, Falkland Islands, April 12, 1937–April 12, 1970. Courtesy, Karl Kortum, San Francisco Maritime Museum.

The reason so much effort has been devoted to a Project, which at first sight looked virtually impossible, is the combination of the uniqueness of the ship herself and the miracles which have in fact already preserved this 129-year-old hull across two centuries. For with the *Great Britain* Brunel had leapt in one bound from the evolution of all previous nautical tradition into something which was the starting point for the whole of modern shipping. Besides her screw, she had the first watertight bulkheads, the first double bottom, the first balanced rudder, and the first electric log.

The biggest miracle was that the remains of the *Great Britain* were still there at all. Her Atlantic career had ended when she ran aground in Dundrum Bay on the east coast of Ireland, westward bound out of Liverpool one dark September night in 1846. But, repaired and re-engined, she had then spent a quarter of a century from 1852 to 1876 on the Australia run. And it was still later in 1886 that, after being converted to sail and cargo only and achieving two long heavy voyages between South Wales and San Francisco, she ran into trouble off Cape Horn on her third such voyage. Damaged, she put back to Stanley in the nearby Falkland Islands, never to sail again. If Stanley had been rather more sophisticated, she would probably have been repaired, sent back to sea, and eventually either lost or broken up like other ships. If it had been even more remote, she would have been left finally to rot long before 1937.

As things were, Jack Hayward's great gift did not and could not itself achieve the salvage. The *Great Britain* was a very, very old ship and we were told by all sorts of people that she was too far gone to be salved. You are at least twenty years too late, they said. She has no bottom: you are wasting your time. Even if you get her afloat, she will never make it back to England. The iron is too brittle, the masts are rotten, she has broken her back. As I think my colleagues also did, I used to let people get these jeremiads off their chests and then tackle them to see if there was any way in which, after all, they might be prepared to help.

During the winter of 1969-70, the problem crystallized itself. The *Great Britain* could almost certainly be floated. Her bottom plates, long hidden under the sand and kelp, were in fact in better shape than her upper ones. The crack itself could probably be closed. But no one was in practice willing to enter into a contract with us to tow her to sea. If she was to climb the 7,000 miles of open South and North Atlantic to England, she would have to do so either on or in another vessel. At first the sheer cost of such a venture, even apart from the technical problems, looked like the end of the road.

As the world now knows, however, we found that a British company operating out of Southhampton, Risdon Beasley, were helping to exploit the brand new and relatively economic technique of using very large oceango-

ing submersible pontoons developed by Ulrich Harms in Hamburg. The technique was so new in fact that it had not even existed in a serviceable form two years earlier when we first began our quest.

So it was on February 4, 1970, the number three pontoon, *Mulus III*, 2,667 tons, left Boke in West Africa under tow for the Falkland Islands via Montevideo after completing its previous ship-delivery operation. We were paying £800 a day on an open-ended charter until such time as the mission failed or the *Great Britain* reached a British port. On the morning of June 22 Jack Hayward and I flew over the 724-ton tug, *Varius II*, as she brought Brunel's



Arriving off Avonmouth docks, England, June 23, 1970 on the pontoon on which she travelled from the Falkland Islands. Reprinted, by permission. © South West Picture Agency, Ltd., Bristol, England.

Victorian ship, on her pontoon, triumphantly up the North Devon coast. The *Great Britain* entered the docks at Avonmouth on June 23 with every ship in the harbour sounding its salute. Lord Strathcona had been down to the Falklands for us to witness and assist at the historic moment on April 13 when, after some two-and-a-half weeks of high adventure, not without danger, storm and two major false starts, the pontoon had finally lifted the *Great Britain* clear of the water, and the Governor of the Falklands had subsequently handed to him the certificate of ownership in the name of the Queen.



With a Royal Navy barge doing the honors, the SS Great Britain *is towed the six miles up the winding River Avon to the Bristol city docks, July 5, 1970.* © *South West Picture Agency, Ltd., Bristol.*

As anyone who has had experience of ship restoration will know, our troubles in some ways only began when we had got our great prize home. This was just the end of the beginning. Mid-1972 is two years from the *Great Britain*'s dry docking in Bristol in that very same dock from which she was launched in 1843. And our greatest problem of all has dogged us throughout this period, namely the difficulty of securing a long-term site for the ship in view of the coolness of the Bristol City Council. Winston Churchill once said of Neville Chamberlain that he "saw the world through the wrong end of a drainpipe." The leadership of the Council was opposed to what we were doing partly because it saw no point, partly because it was afraid of losing

votes if even a penny came to us out of the rates, and partly because, if the ship stayed permanently in the dock, a potential new road and bridge might need slight re-routing.

Hence, although a grudging consent to our staying somewhere in the Bristol City Docks area was given by the Council in February 1971, any long-term tenure of the dock itself will have to depend on the weight of public opinion being in our favour. Since the City Docks are being closed to all commercial traffic during the next few years, our own openly expressed aim of staying in the dock probably will secure this necessary support. Otherwise we would have to leave Bristol and find a site elsewhere. But although various proposals have been made, no adequate financial terms have so far emerged and informed sentiment is all against a move.

Meanwhile, however, the uncertainty has unfortunately added greatly to our difficulties in raising money, particularly in a period of bleak financial outlook. Nevertheless, we have slowly forged ahead and lack of funds has not so far seriously held up the work. Frustrating delays have been due to such things as the complexities of negotiating contracts at less than commercial rates, the naturally low priority of an operation on which the shipyard is making no profit – in itself a generous gift by Charles Hill's shipyard – and above all by trade union opposition both to our employing our own men and to the use of outside volunteers. All these problems will have to be resolved before the *Great Britain* can be successfully restored. It is especially heartening therefore that, by contrast, we have received valuable gifts in kind and services from certain parts of industry, and that our Project is now at least known to most people who live in the British Isles.

Our restoration plans are limited to recreating the external appearance of the Brunel ship of 1845 and enough of the interior to show what life on board her was like. The rest of the vessel – mainly the forward section apart from the forecastle – we shall leave as we found it in the Falkland Islands, except for the cleaning and preservation of the ironwork, until such time as a socially useful purpose for its reconstruction may emerge.

We are, I believe, essentially in the tourist business, and by the end of 1971 we had had 275,000 visitors to the ship. It is clear that in industrialized Western Europe, as has happened in America, rising standards of education, money and leisure are creating a new curiosity about the past at the same time as a constantly widening call for family entertainment. Our ship meets a growing need as an objective for a family outing and we shall keep her open to the public with whatever amenities we can afford throughout the period of restoration, however long the work takes. As Prince Philip put it in his 1971 Message to us, the preservation of the *Great Britain* is "immensely important for future generations."



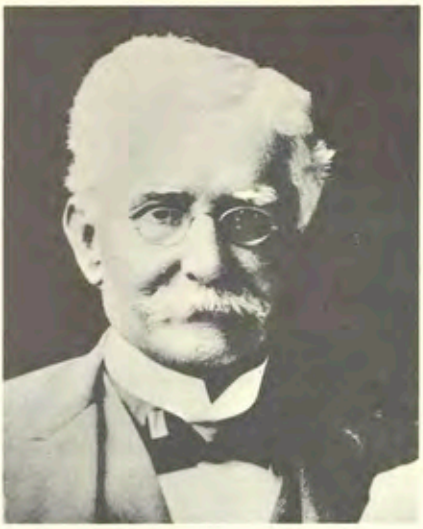
Herman Melville

THE MINNOW AND THE WHALE

Ely's *"There She Blows"* and Melville's *Moby-Dick*

By Curtis Dahl

Just a month after Herman Melville had returned from the three and one-half years of romantic voyaging in the South Seas that were to provide the main materials for his memorable career as a novelist, another young American seaman, also from an upper-middle-class background, sailed out on his first and only whaling cruise. He too was to put his sea experiences to literary use. Melville was paid off from the United States frigate *United States* in Boston on October 14, 1844. On November 10 of the same year Ben Ezra Stiles Ely, son of the Reverend Dr. Ezra Stiles Ely of Philadelphia, sailed from nearby Bristol, Rhode Island for a twenty-seven month cruise on the whaling bark *Emigrant* to Madagascar and other exotic islands of the Indian Ocean. In 1846, with *Typee*, Melville started the series of sea novels that have earned him his preeminent place in American fiction. In 1849, three years later, Ely published his one and only book, a slender but fascinating little volume, recently reprinted as the third in the Seaport's American Maritime Library series, entitled *"There She Blows": A Narrative of a Whaling Voyage, in the Indian and South Atlantic Oceans.*



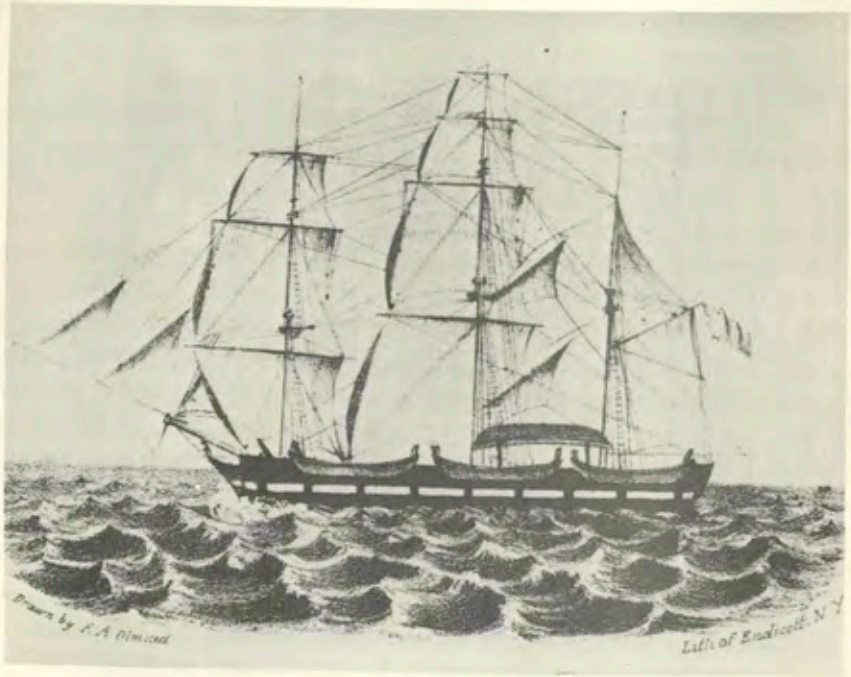
Ben Ezra Stiles Ely

Though beside Melville's great whaling book *Moby-Dick* (1851) Ely's is only a minnow beside a whale, it interestingly sums up salient traditions of American sea writing that Melville in his masterpiece absorbed and transformed.

This is not to say that Ely's volume is not interesting in itself or in its relationship with Melville's lesser works and with other American nautical works of the period. It has its own style, its own fascination, its own purple passages, and it shares with other books important conventions. Like Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* (1840) and Melville's *Redburn* (1849), it is a partially autobiographic, first-person narrative of an educated young man's first voyage before the mast as a common seaman. Like Olmsted's *Incidents of a Whaling Voyage* (1841) and Browne's *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise* (1846), also by young Americans of education, it is a carefully accurate description of whaling techniques. Like Olmsted's book, Melville's *Redburn* and *White-Jacket* (1850), and Dana's *Two Years* (which indeed inspired Ely to go to sea), it is an exposé of the vile conditions under which American seamen, civilian or naval, and especially whalemen, were forced to work and thus part of a widespread humanitarian protest and movement for sea-reform, especially for the abolition of flogging. Ely's penny-pinching, tyrannical captain flogs only the ship's cat but is none the more admirable. Its chapters on the natives and customs of Madagascar and the isles of the Indian Ocean are related to the ambivalent glorification of the primitive in

Melville's *Typee* and *Omoo* (1847), while the pathetic passages on the drunkard Old Joe sound as if they might have come from one of the many temperance tracts then published for sailors. If one accepts as almost a part of the book Ely's later account of his "Conversion on a Whaleship," one can hear echoes in it of the multitude of religious tracts for seamen written in the period.

But what a difference between Ely's treatment, effective as it is, of these and other conventional themes and the transmutation of them by Melville into great literature even in his lesser works! *Typee*, for instance, is more than a primitivistic "peep at Polynesian life"; it is turned into a profound, ironic and ambiguous examination of Eden and evil. *White-Jacket*, Melville's book on life in the Navy, raises protest against naval abuses and the Articles of War to larger symbolic protest against authority and society in general. *Redburn*'s voyage of initiation takes on deep religious and social overtones: its tattered, useless guidebook to Liverpool stands for the Bible, its ironic comment on Smith's *Wealth of Nations* and treatment of dream books have universal application. *Mardi* (1849), another book by Melville, turns fantastic South Sea adventure into allegory and political satire.



Barque North America, *New London*

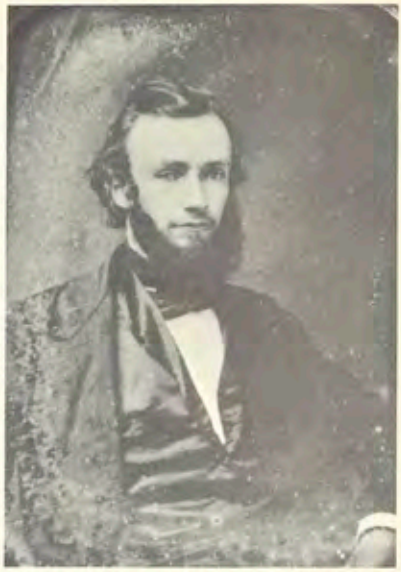
This magnificent but subtle artistic alchemy is, however, best seen in *Moby-Dick*, which has astonishingly much in common with "*There She Blows.*" Both are highly rhetorical, partially autobiographical, first-person narratives of the hardships of life on a whaler. Both involve primitive characters (Queequeg, Tashtego, and Dagoo, for instance); both give technological explanation of the processes of whaling; and both have traces of the temperance and the religious tract. Melville's account of the drunken blacksmith is not far different from Ely's of Old Joe. In one sense, though with radically altered values, *Moby-Dick* can be read as a "conversion on a whaleship" and is thus akin to Ely's book and to such religiously oriented nineteenth-century sea novels as Cooper's *The Sea Lions* (1849). Certainly the tyranny of Ahab and, more specifically, the story of Radney and Steelkilt in *Moby-Dick* are related to the protest element in Ely and other writers.

But note the differences, for these are what transmute a potential minnow (Melville probably started *Moby-Dick* with much the same intentions as Ely had in "*There She Blows*") into a great whale. Ely's characters are left flat. Tyrannical Captain Sherman, kindly mate Allen, the harpooners of three different races, the black cook, the crewmen of various nationalities are not raised, as are Melville's, into meaningful representatives of deep human attitudes and actors in a high tragedy of emotion and idea. Again, though as in most sea literature there is some ambivalence, Ely's ostensible intention is to debunk whaling. Don't, he says to young men, go whaling unless you absolutely must. How much this attitude contrasts with Melville's epic exalting of whaling into an heroic and glorious though fated struggle to attain on the ever-shifting sea truth, reality, and knowledge of God! Both books present the facts about whaling, though Melville's is far more encyclopaedic than Ely's. But in Melville every fact — mat-making, the monkey-rope, loose fish and fast fish, pitch-poling, the masthead, the whole voyage itself – is invested with symbolic meaning. What lies inert, mere information in Ely, springs to intellectual and emotional significance in Melville. Both New Yorker Melville and Missouri-bred Ely, for instance, comment on the similarity between the sea and a Western prairie, but only Melville sees this similarity as a sign of the transcendental oneness of all places.

In specific literary technique, too, "*There She Blows,*" despite its very real merits, shows by its difference from *Moby-Dick* what a great artist adds to create a masterpiece. Ely's first-person narrative only tends to make him appear a moralistic prig – or the parson he later became. He is always unchangingly Ben Ezra Stiles Ely of Philadelphia, a gentleman's son among common sailors. But though Melville also tells his story in the first person



Richard Henry Dana



J. Ross Browne

and draws perhaps even more deeply on his own experience, he creates in his semi-fictional narrator Ishmael a unifying voice and consciousness greater than any one man, more than Melville himself. As his name indicates, Ishmael is the eternal quester and wanderer whose search is not only on the earthly ocean but also in strange seas of thought, who changes and grows on the mysterious world of the sea. And whereas except in a few anecdotes Ely is staidly serious, Melville's humor and wit and irony play over his whole book, sometimes transmuting incident and idea into comedy, sometimes touching them with tragedy, always deepening and extending them. Tragedy, indeed, Melville's book has in great measure – both the dark tragedy of Ahab's unconquerable defiance that drags down to death with him all his shipmates but Ishmael, and the warmer tragedy of Ishmael's sad salvation, alone, through suffering and tolerance and love. Ely's has only protest and sentiment, the sentiment of the parting with the girl on the Isle of Brava or of Old Joe's giving his money to buy shoes for a ragged child. Too often this sentiment, not balanced by humor, becomes sentimentality.

Then there is the rhetoric. For an ex-schoolboy Ely writes well in the florid style of his time. His opening page with its description of the *Emigrant* as a "noble ocean bird" which "spread her white wings to the gentle gale, ploughing up many a bright gem from its wavy bed, and shaking them from her prow, as she stood boldly onward, as if conscious of her freedom"; his

poetic tribute to rocky St. Helena, tomb of the conqueror; his reaction to the sight of an American flag at sea (a convention later satirized by Mark Twain); and his partially humorous, partially sentimental tale of his return, filthy, smelly, and in rags, to his East Greenwich home are all effective. Though his own verses (praised by an early reviewer) seem to us impossibly saccharine, he effectively uses literary allusion and poetical quotation. Basically, then, his rhetorical techniques do not widely differ from Melville's. Both are allusive, both poetic, both in a high Romantic, Byronic tradition.

Yet how great the contrast! Read, for instance, Captain Sherman's initial address to his crew (a convention of sea books) and then Captain Ahab's to his. Read Ely's pedestrian account of the mates' urging on their boat crews and then the magnificently humorous and telling parallel passage in *Moby-Dick*. Read Ahab's speech at the try-works, his "strike through the mast" speech, or his final cry of glorious defiance, and the difference becomes clear. Melville, in a beautifully supple prose drawn from the Bible, Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Browne, Carlyle and a hundred other sources, by symbol and subtle movement and unspoken allusion and ironic undertone creates a vital, changeable rhetoric that is unmatched in American literature. This rhetoric, and thus this power and this meaning, Ely cannot approach. His "*There She Blows*" shares with *Moby-Dick* surprisingly many elements. It is in the tradition that historically leads up to *Moby-Dick* and is in a sense a step toward it. It is of great interest as a touchstone against which the greatness of Melville's magnificent book can be measured. But it lacks the genius, the great art, the great soul of Melville. It is a minnow, a very interesting and highly readable minnow, beside the lordly leviathan.

Editor's note: *Curtis Dahl is professor of English Literature at Wheaton College, and the great-grandson of Ben Ezra Stiles Ely.*

Notes on the illustrations:

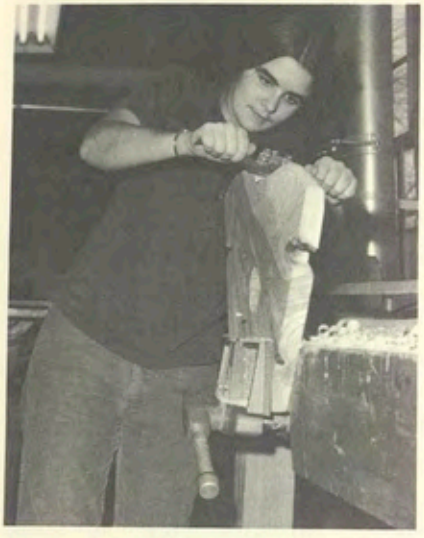
Painting of Herman Melville by Asa W. Twitchell, Albany, c. 1847, owned by Mrs. Henry Metcalf, Plate VI from Jay Leyda, *The Melville Log*, Vol. Two. © 1951 by Jay Leyda. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

The only surviving photograph of Ben Ezra Stiles Ely. Courtesy Ben Ely.

Drawing of barque *North America*, New London, by F. A. Olmsted. Reprinted, by permission, from Francis Allyn Olmsted, *Incidents of a Whaling Voyage*. © 1969 by Charles E. Tuttle, Co., Inc.

Drawing of Richard Henry Dana by S. A. Schoff. From Charles Francis Adams, *Richard Henry Dana*. Houghton Mifflin and Company, 1891.

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Taylor Morrison shaping mast partner.



Marty Immerman working on the rudder.



Phil Swain planing an oar lock mount.



Jean Uttal sewing a sail.

Craftsmanship for Credit

By Michael D. Sturges, Director of Education
and Steve Parker, Williams '72

It is no news that great changes are taking place in education. As traditional curricula and orthodox teaching methods give way to interdisciplinary studies, and students and faculties alike search for ways to utilize educational resources outside the academic community, it is only logical that museums become involved. Involved Mystic Seaport became, in an unusual project with Williams College under the college's Winter Study Program. Winter Study is designed to allow the student during the month of January to "pursue a single subject on a pass/fail basis in a much more flexible and searching way than is usually possible within the traditional curriculum." The subject need not necessarily be related to the students' regular academic program.

Peter Gottschalk, assistant professor of economics, suggested that a small group of students investigate the concept of craftmanship by building a



The official group picture. Left to right: Syl Costelloe, Charles Augenbraun, Alan Palevsky, Barbara and Peter Gottschalk with Judy, Jean Uttal, Taylor Morrison, Marty Immerman, Hope Coolidge, Susan Read, Phil Swain, Steve Parker, John Ryan, Bob Boulware.

small boat. Having been attracted by the work of the museum in small craft studies and restoration, Mr. Gottschalk asked if we would allow the students to build the boat using the museum's unique resources.

Hence, under the supervision of John Gardner, assistant curator for small craft studies, and with the guidance of Syl Costelloe and Robert Boulware, ten students – none of whom had had any previous experience – took just twenty-three days to build a boat that any craftsman could be proud of.

The boat is a 13'6" flat bottom sailing skiff designed by R. D. Culler of Hyannis, Massachusetts. When the project was well along, "Pete" Culler came to Mystic to talk to the students about his ideas of small boat construction and design. Roy Burdick, a local sailmaker, spent several evenings showing the students how to cut and sew the sail. Thus, they were exposed to the experts every step of the way. They built the boat and, in the process, learned things that they could never have learned in the classroom, as this article by one of the students, Steve Parker, so eloquently attests. M.D.S.

Our month at Mystic is over, and none of us wants to leave. Our main project here, the building of a 13'6" skiff designed by Pete Culler, has been completed. January 26 we spent a chilly but exciting day sailing her, and she handled as beautifully as any of us could have hoped for. There is for all of us, then, a sense of completion and satisfaction with our work. But we all realize that we have been given only a very small taste of the fine art of boatbuilding, and for a number of us at least the wish to stay and learn more is strong.

The name of this project in our college catalogue was "Craftsmanship" and we were all attracted by the idea of working with our hands. Many of us had done almost no work with wood before, many had little knowledge of sailing. But with the careful and patient instruction of John Gardner, Syl Costelloe and Bob Boulware, each person played a part in the general construction, and made at least one piece of the boat by himself.

Staying aboard the *Joseph Conrad* – with the women in the fo'c'sle, the men at midship, and the professor and his wife and two-and-a-half-year-old daughter in the captain's cabin, with January winds whistling in the rigging and waves slapping against the sides – can only be described as a unique living experiment. At night, with the temperature below deck generally in the 50s somewhere, we would scramble into our sleeping bags and be lulled to sleep by the sounds of wind, water and groaning gangplanks. In the morning we would all be awakened by Peter Gottschalk's hoarse cry, "It's



Work session with, left to right: Phil Swain, Marty Immerman, Syl Costelloe, Charles Augenbraun, Hope Coolidge, Alan Palevsky, Susan Read, Taylor Morrison, Steve Parker.

seven-thirty." That call meant dressing as fast as possible and lumbering over to the Youth Training Building, with shoes untied, for breakfast and hot coffee. We prepared our meals communally in the YTB, with two different people cooking each night. We saved money that way and got the benefit of everyone's favorite recipes.

Our workdays tended to be long, by choice rather than by rule. The course requirement was loose: we were asked to put in four hours a day, five days a week. But the boat shop, the work itself, and the people we worked with had a magnetic effect. If all of us were not always working on the boat, there were generally numerous individual projects in the making: a teakwood stool, photograph frames, carved spoons, and a laminated bowl, to name a few. We also spent long hours wandering through the other buildings and exhibits, chatting with the blacksmith, the ship carver, and the interpreters.

The month was more than a "course" – it was a totally absorbing experience. It was more than "educational" in the traditional, academic sense. We spoke with our hands, however ineptly, and our tools were the chisel, the drawknife and the plane, not the pen and the typewriter. Our only final paper was a beautiful boat, as yet unnamed, that we all hope to sail before we offer it for sale in the spring.

We've had some debate among ourselves about whether this type of ex-

perience is a legitimate part of a college education. The answer to that question lies in one's definition of that infinitely general and elusive term "liberal arts." It's clear to all of us that John Gardner and Syl Costelloe are artists and that their brand of boatbuilding is as much an art as painting, sculpture, pottery or graphics – all of which are becoming more and more a part of liberal arts programs. We were all tickled to learn that Syl Costelloe is writing a paper on *us* for a psychology course he is taking toward his own degree. It's clear, then, that the "educating" this month in Mystic has been a two-way process.



The first sail – Peter Gottschalk and Bob Boulware test the boat's sailing abilities. All photographs: Russell A. Fowler.

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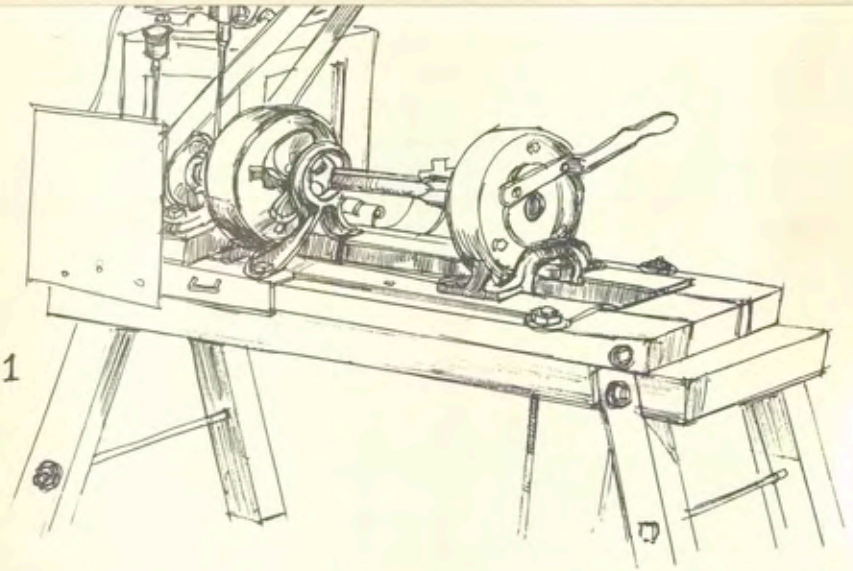
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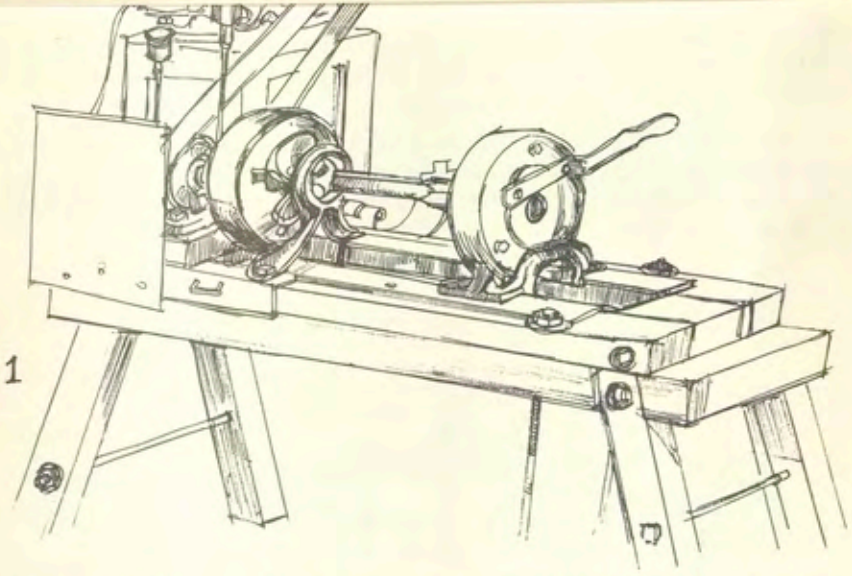
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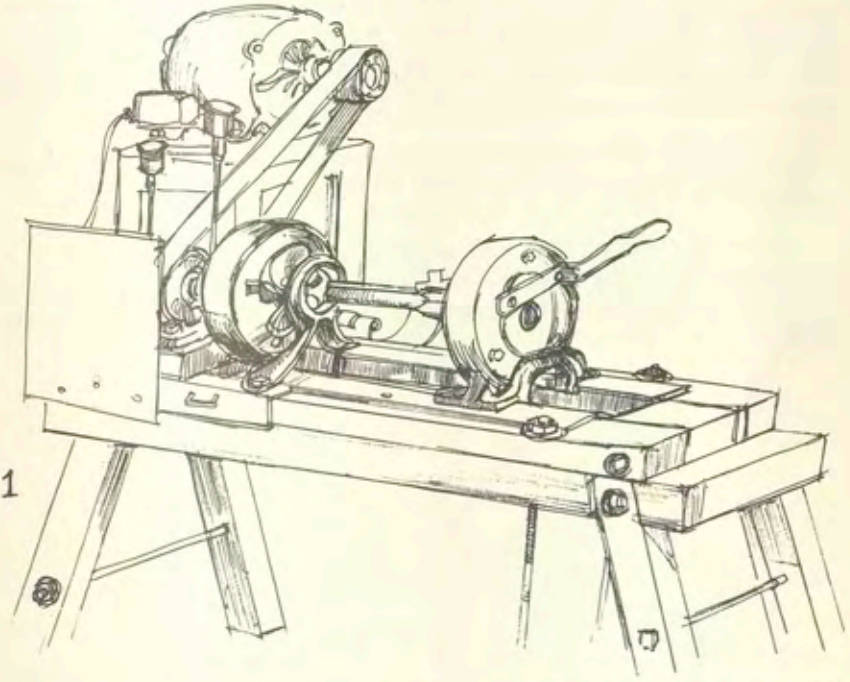
The first sail – Peter Gottschalk and Bob Boulware test the boat's sailing abilities. All photographs: Russell A. Fowler.

Treenail Fastenings Used in the Restoration of the *Charles* W. *Morgan*

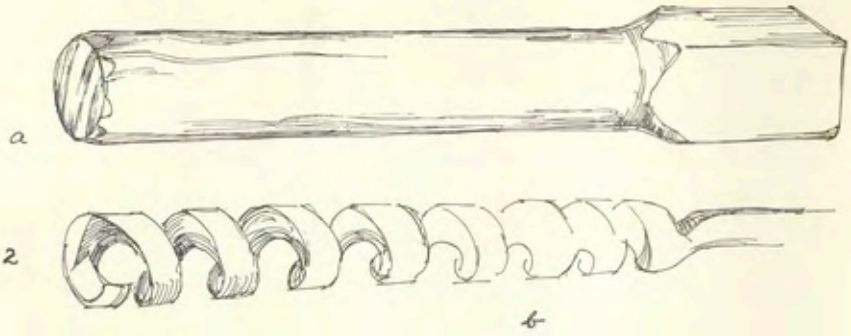
Text and drawings by Willits Ansel, Ship Carpenter

"Treenail. A cylindrical pin of hardwood used for fastening planks or timbers. Treenails are often made of oak and teakwood, but the best material is locust, on account of its great durability, toughness and freedom from shrinkage." De Kerchove, Rene, *International Maritime Dictionary*.

Treenails, pronounced trunnels, are being used with metal fastenings in the restoration of the *Charles* W. *Morgan*. A very old method of fastening, they have been employed in a variety of ways in shipbuilding. Many of the *Morgan's* original treenails are still in her today. The following drawings and captions show their use in fastening the clamps – heavy strakes secured to the inside face of frames – of the 'tween decks of the *Morgan*.



1. Treenail-making machine. This machine, acquired in Nova Scotia, works on the principle of a pencil sharpener to round the treenails. The square piece of locust stock is held in a chuck and thrust into the revolving blades. The blades may be set to make treenails of various sizes. Some of the *Morgan's* original treenails were handmade with drawknife and plane. They are 16-sided rather than round.

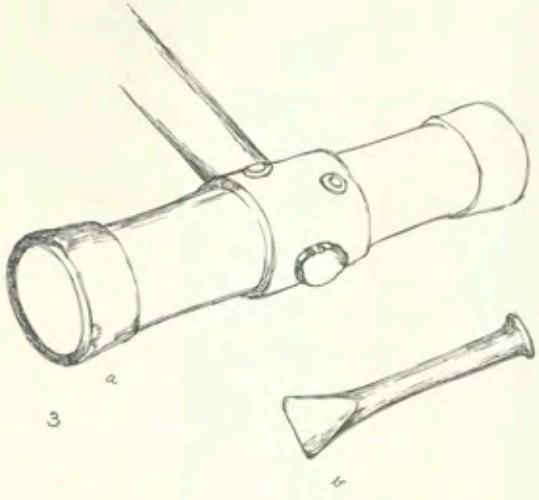


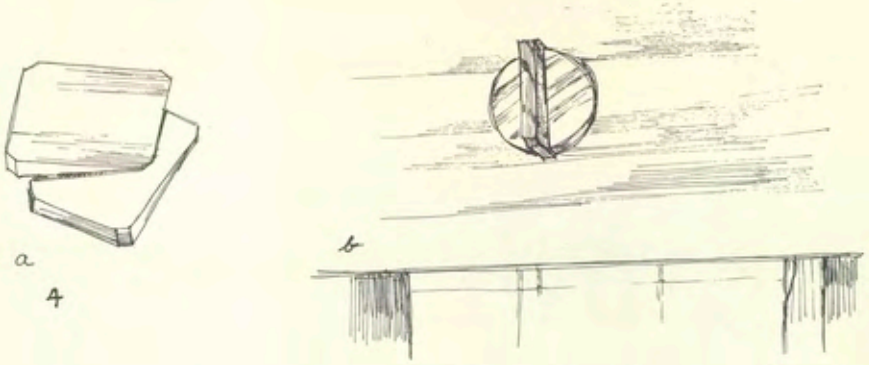
2a. The locust treenail ready for use. It is 22″ long and 1 5/16″ in diameter. The round end is sharpened slightly before driving. The square end, which was held by the chuck of the machine, will be cut off after driving.

2b. Barefoot auger used in boring holes for treenails on the *Morgan*. A special treenail auger with a lead screw is sometimes used. In either case, the holes are bored to secure a drive fit. If the treenail is to be through fastened (passed completely through) the hole is bored through the clamp, frame and the planking – a total of about 14″. For greater strength, the holes are bored at different angles into the frames, thus crossing the treenails. This is done whether the treenails are driven "blind," (not completely through) or through fastened.

3a. A beetle for driving treenails. This long-handled, wooden-headed maul must be swung with considerable force. The driving is continuous if possible, for a treenail once set up is difficult to start again.

3b. The iron, resembling a small caulking iron, for splitting the end of the treenail after it is driven and cut off. A caulker's mallet is used for driving this tool. The split is made across the grain of the timber to be fastened to prevent splitting.

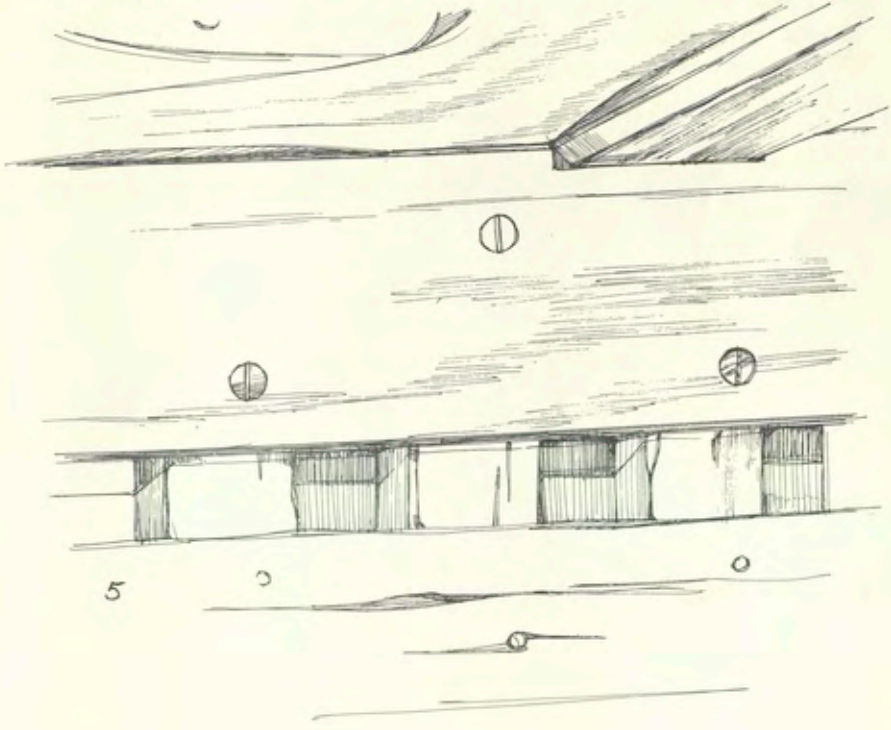




4a. Locust wedges driven into the end of the treenail. Those used on the *Morgan's* clamps were 1 1/2" long and 1/4" thick at the wide edge. The corners are beveled for easier starting.

4b. Wedge driven in a treenail. If the treenail is through fastened, both ends are wedged. After driving the wedge hard, it is cut off and the end of the wedge and the treenail are dubbed off with an adz.

5. The clamp in the 'tween deck showing treenails. The treenails are staggered. placed alternately nearer top and bottom edges. Approximately every third treenail is through fastened, the rest are blind.





Aerial view (February 1972) of new Ships Preservation Facility, L.A. Dunton *in foreground. Photograph: Russell A. Fowler.*

Director's Message

It is good for a man to have a goal. Without definite milestones, who can tell where he has been, and without a destination what course can a man set? Perhaps this is a time to look back along the road the Seaport has taken and peer ahead, if we can, to see if our current operations are becoming visible and if the course we are holding is carrying us toward the objectives we have set.

There was a time of division at Mystic Seaport where we were not certain of our own identity, we were not sure of our purpose, we were uncertain of our course and the nature of our objectives, and we were certainly not sure of our capabilities.

The most important development for the Seaport has been a surge of self-confidence, the second most important has been a strong sense of unity both of common purpose and of individual achievement.

So, we are going ahead with firm steps. We are beholden to a knowledgeable Board of Trustees, unified in mutual trust and action. We are thankful to our membership who support us with treasure and understanding, our Volunteers who give time and knowledge to our endeavors. We are grateful to have among our staff the wisdom and skill of many seasoned heads and hands as well as a growing number of young, enthusiastic and impatient builders of our future.

We will float the *Morgan*. We will feel her decks move. We will see her rigging hard in place.

We will see apprentices and journeymen at work. We will see the art of small boatbuilding being assimilated by growing numbers of ardent boat lovers. We will see the Munson Institute become a strong factor in the education of man to the sea. We will see new exhibits of real significance that will entrance and educate.

We will offer with both hands the enchantment and lessons and regard of the past which is our concern for tomorrow.

Waldo Johnson

New Year's Day 1972
Cooperstown, New York

ACQUISITIONS

The manuscript collection of the G. W. Blunt White Library was recently enriched by the donation of the papers of a New London shipmaster. Covering the decades between the 1860s to the 1920s, they deal with the life of Joseph J. Fuller, who went to sea as a teen-ager and green hand on board a vessel managed by Thomas W. Williams. The principal occupations were whaling and sealing, and Fuller was master of the sealing schooner *Pilot's Bride* when wrecked on Desolation Island in the southern Indian Ocean in 1881. He and the crew were marooned for some eleven months prior to rescue by another Williams schooner, the *Francis Allyn*. Fuller later became her master also.

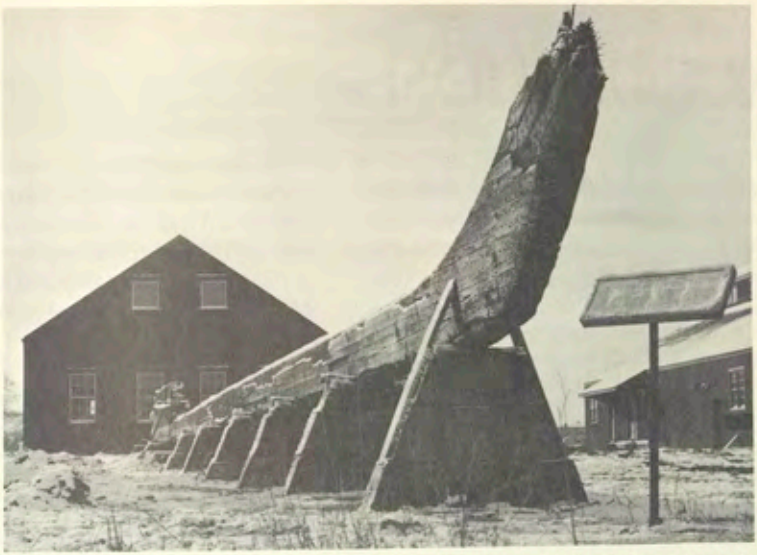
A very fine watercolor of the schooner *Pilot's Bride* entering Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on March 4, 1881 was received as part of the collection. The papers show that the vessel departed Desolation for Table Bay to load salt. It was upon the return from this passage that she dragged her anchor during a gale and went ashore.

One of the most significant, the oldest, and certainly the largest recent acquisition of MHA is the 92-foot keel assembly from the whaleship *Thames*. Built twenty-three years earlier (1818) than the *Charles W. Morgan* (1841) on the Connecticut River at Essex, *Thames* sailed from Sag Harbor for most of her twenty-year career. She ended her days as a breakwater near Conklin's Point in Sag Harbor after being condemned in 1838. *Fair Helen*, a somewhat smaller whaler, suffered the same fate and about 1930 both were dynamited in order to recover quantities of copper with which they were sheathed and fastened. Embedded as they were in the mud, the lower portions of these vessels escaped, however, with little damage.

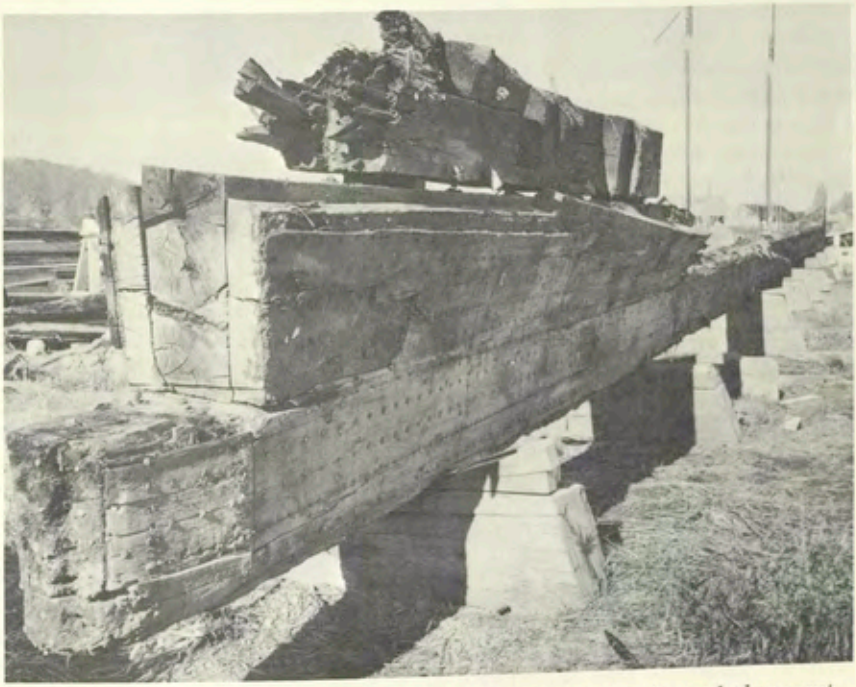
Rediscovery of their timbers took place in 1968 during construction of a marina at Conklin's Point, a few having been encountered earlier (1946 or 1947) when a railway was built on the same site. Fifty-five individual timbers, fifty-one of which were from the *Thames*, were pulled out in 1968 by Saltair Industries and given to MHA in December 1971.

Verification that these timbers were in fact from *Thames* and *Fair Helen* was an undertaking in itself. To Dr. Richard L. Day of Westbrook, Connecticut and Frederick R. Martin, restorationist in the Sag Harbor area, goes most of the credit for authentication. It was Dr. Day who first brought to the attention of MHA the existence of these timbers and ultimately made arrangements for their presentation to this museum. Their research together with measurements and comparisons of the timbers themselves has enabled us not only to confirm identity of the timbers to a particular vessel but also to their function within the vessel.

Thus we have the potential of a fascinating exhibit and one which is not only relevant to New England shipbuilding and whaling but which will also permit visitors to better interpret the *Charles W. Morgan* herself, since she and the *Thames* were quite alike in size and type. To date, as the accompanying photographs show, the keel assembly has been set up on blocks in the shipyard. Our plan is to construct a simple structure around it for protection from the ele-



Size may be the most impressive feature of the Thames *keel, but of equal significance is the condition of the wood after 154 years. Photograph: Les Olin.*

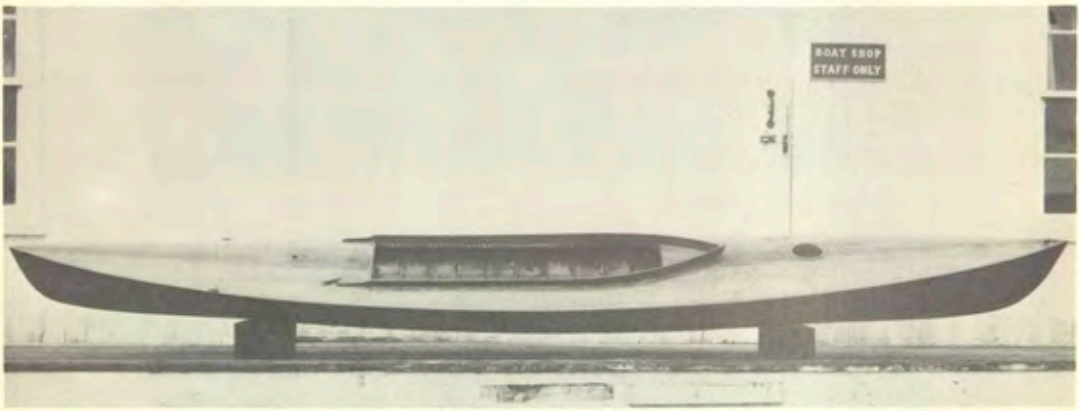


As a resource for construction details such as fastening type, size and placement, methods of joining timbers, frame size, spacing, etc., this assembly is unequaled. Photograph: Russell A. Fowler.

ments which will enable connecting timbers such as floors and lower frame futtocks to be attached in their proper place. The sheer size of the keel timbers is impressive, particularly so because they were shaped entirely by hand, and an exhibit showing the tools and process used will also be included.

More timbers from these vessels reputedly are still on the bottom at Sag Harbor. Hopefully it may be possible to retrieve all of them.

Characteristics of the *Thames* as listed in the New York Maritime Register are: Tonnage – 350 17/95; length – 101.8′ (register); breadth – 28′; depth – 14′; masts – 3; rig – ship; builder – Samuel M. Pratt.



A recent addition to the Seaport's outstanding Small Craft Exhibit is this 16′, double paddle one-man canoe designed by L. Francis Herreshoff and built by Henry Vincent, in Warren, Rhode Island, about 1930. Specifically designed by Herreshoff to cope with the approach and landing on rocky islands called the Dry Breakers, off Marblehead, she is of lapstrake construction, planked and framed. She has watertight bulkheads at both ends and a white oak keel about 1½″ deep, shod with brass the full length. Two chafing strips of tough, elastic lancewood protect each side of the keel. The original double paddle was in one piece and spoon-shaped at each end. Photograph: Les Olin.

Attention all Members!
ANNUAL MEETING
of
The Marine Historical Association, Incorporated
Friday, July 21, 1972

BOOK REVIEWS

THE WINDS CALL by Carleton Mitchell. 280 pp. *Charles Scribner's Sons, New York*, 1971. $8.95.

The author of *The Winds Call* needs no introduction to any blue water sailor. Carleton Mitchell has spent most of his life on the ocean or on the shore looking out to sea – or during those few unavoidable times when he had to travel inland, thinking about the sea. Carleton Mitchell is a sailor's sailor. As skipper of *Finisterre* he and his game little boat won the Bermuda Race three times in a row – a record that promises to remain unexcelled for many years. On his yawl of earlier vintage, *Caribee*, he raced and cruised countless miles of ocean. For the examples he set as a transoceanic sailor and writer, he was awarded the Blue Water Medal of the Cruising Club of America.

I first met Carleton Mitchell during the Havana Race of 1959 when he was sailing on Jack Brown's *Calooh* and I was racing on Ben duPont's *Rhubarb*. Then, as in subsequent meetings over the years, I have found him a peerless raconteur of the sea and small boats and his fellow sailors – his three favorite subjects.

The Winds Call, Mitchell's latest book, brings together in one volume a number of accounts of his cruising experiences all over the world. Through his eyes one gets a new and refreshing perspective on waters the reader has cruised – in my case the run down Cuba's lee from Havana to Varadero Beach in waters laden with the scent of sugar cane, the moonlit Bahamas, the historic Chesapeake, the smoky sou'westers in Buzzards Bay and off Nantucket, and the excitement of the far-away Baltic and Scandinavian waters. With Mitchell the reader sails the Mediterranean and the Dalmatian Coast and follows the wake of Ulysses in the Aegean, meanders through the exotic waters of the South Pacific, views the wonders of Hong Kong as it emerges over the bow. Interest is further enhanced by the chart at the beginning of each cruise showing the courses he sailed and the ports of call. I wish that a few photographs in the body of the book could have been included to supplement the two magnificent front jacket and endpaper photographs to add visual nourishment to the verbal fare.

It seems obvious that *The Winds Call* is a collection of Mitchell's favorite stories of his favorite pastime – cruising to new places as well as revisiting beloved old ones. Along with his everyday description of life aboard ship removed from the fury and tension of modern life ashore, going where the winds take him, enjoying to the fullest each sunrise and each sunset, he describes his landfalls through a sailor's eyes and brings to the reader vignettes of the history, the people and the places he visits.

Whether one sails his own boat to new harbors and new adventures or whether one yearns to sail while burrowed in the depths of his armchair by the fire, *The Winds Call* has an appeal to all who love the sea and cruising. It is a book that can be read at one sitting as an entity of cruising experiences – or it may be read piecemeal because each of its sixteen chapters is an odyssey within itself. It is a fine book for one's library and an excellent volume to have on the bedside table in the guest room. Its appeal to all sailors is as universal as the sea itself.

WALDO C. M. JOHNSTON

To Santa Rosalia Further and Back by Harold D. Huycke, Jr. *The Mariners Museum, Newport News. 1970.* $12.50.

If anyone believes the title of this work is strange, he may rest assured that it is no less strange than the story of the ships and men who sailed twelve, large square-rigged vessels into the sun-baked little Mexican port of Santa Rosalia at the beginning of World War I. Their cargoes consisted of coke for a French-owned copper smelting concern. Once these cargoes were discharged, they lay patiently at anchor as a war was fought on the other side of the world and a few Allied patrol craft off the mouth of the Gulf of California held them prisoner in neutral Mexico.

The captains and mates of this fleet tried valiantly to maintain their ships and hold their crews together, but as the years wore on, the war drew to a close and the ships were seized for reparations. Obsolete, unwanted, crews were gradually dispersed by discharge and desertion.

Captain Huycke has done a remarkable research in following the lives of the men who served aboard these ships from 1914 until the first one left her desolate anchorage in 1921. Some men steadfastly remained by their ships, some died and were buried, others made their way into American ships and reached the United States; a few married Mexican girls, settled on farms, became Mexican citizens.

Eventually, most of the vessels were purchased by Robert Dollar of San Francisco, who believed they might still be of use in his Pacific lumber trade. One by one these ships were towed to California to await charters and a further life under sail. Times had changed, however, and there was little call for large sailing vessels. Several of the ships eventually carried lumber across the Pacific, only to be sold as hulks. Others were converted to barges and, with masts removed, were towed behind tugs with cargoes of logs. One was eventually re-rigged as a six-masted schooner and rounded Cape Horn with lumber during World War II. In 1971 there was but one known survivor: the *Crown Zellerman No. 1*, formerly the four-masted bark *Adolf Vinnen*, is still being used as a log barge in Alaska.

Most of the men who sailed these ships into Santa Rosalia have gone "further" and will not be "back." Most of them never returned to their native Germany and thereby gave Captain Huycke an opportunity to tape their stories.

The work contains a very good index, is extensively footnoted and has a fine bibliography.

My only adverse comment is that especially in the early part of the book there are so many ships and men involved and so many digressions, that it is difficult to relate men to ships. It would have been helpful if, in the appendix, the list of ships had included their names after they came under Dollar ownership and later management.

Much has been written about the long and losing battle the sailing vessel fought against the encroachment of steam. Sometimes one would almost be led to think the ships were living antagonists who did battle with one another. Actually, it was a matter of cold, hard cash and businessmen who invested in sail when it could profitably operate in a particular trade, and disposed of their ships without compunction when their earning capacity was lost. There were men who sailed these ships who cared as little about them as the owners. Yet, there was true dedication among a number of sailors which led them to remain in ships of sail long after the pay, working conditions and availability of work apparently make life in steamships far more attractive. Running through the story of *To Santa Rosalia Further and Back* one finds such men. In their hearts there was al-

ways hope that their ships would proudly sail once more. Though often forced into other employment, they came back to the ships they knew when opportunity offered.

Commercial sail is dead, but Captain Huycke has given us an insight into the final efforts of men to keep it alive – a futile fight, but fought to the last rusting hull and aging seamen.

FRANCIS E. BOWKER
Captain of the *Brilliant*

LAST DAYS OF MAST & SAIL: An Essay in Nautical Comparative Anatomy (1925) by Sir Alan Moore, Bt. *Reprinted by The International Marine Publishing Company, Camden, Maine, with an introduction by Basil Greenhill, 1970.* $12.50.

I suspect I'm predisposed to like this book. When I was in high school, I think, I spotted it in our public library, took it home and devoured it. In those days the sketches and words were more than enough to stretch my imagination one hundred ways – to the seas, rivers and harbors of Europe, Asia and Africa. Those simple, almost poetic sketches, the kind you might do on a letter to a good friend – but only better – stuck with me especially. Then a few years ago I bought an old first edition copy at Francis Edwards, Limited in London. To my delight it had that familiar, pleasant old odor all books seem to acquire when they reach the half-century mark.

Once again my mind raced with the old excitement as I re-read it at leisure. And that's the kind of book it is – to be read at leisure, for it's about the rigging and sails of water craft of the last hundred years or so – and how can you rush the years?

Moore's work was the result of observations he made principally between 1914 and 1919 as a Temporary Surgeon in the Royal Navy. In the preface he confesses, "Since my office prevented my being engaged in any interesting nautical service I came to regard myself as on an expedition of one for inquiry into sailing vessels, and thus escaped much of the boredom that affects a passenger." But he was no ordinary observer. Besides his medical work he had a deep interest in and knowledge of nautical affairs. In 1910 he and Leonard Carr Laughton, R. Morton Nauce (who did the sketches) and Harold Brindley, top names in British maritime research, founded the Society for Nautical Research, which publishes that splendid, scholarly work *The Mariner's Mirror.*

Fortified with an excellent background he recorded the story of the evolution and "comparative anatomy" of square and lateen sails, spritsails, gaffsails and lugsails. He not only traces their history but shows where they were found in his day. But, alas, they are almost all gone. Some are in museums, I suppose, but mostly in model form. Yet a few gaff, lateen and spritsails can still be seen in out-of-the-way places overseas. And what better book can you take along as a spotter's handbook on your next trip to Europe than Moore's if you have the nose for poking about harbors and creeks? If you do spot a commercial sailing vessel you may feel with Moore, "It is difficult to convey the satisfaction of such a sight. You have the lively spectacle of a vessel under sail, which always suggests energy under control and a mastery of nature, and at the same time you see an ancient handiwork still vigorous, not a ruin which with its interest provokes a sense of loss, but something that while reminding us of the flight of time yet links us with the past and makes us share our ancestors' lives."

This handy-sized reprint of the old classic should be in every sailing enthusiasts' bookcase.

JOHN M. KOCHISS
Research Associate

LETTERS

Dear Mr. Johnston:

Your Library was very kind in supplying me with the history of the square-rigger, *Tusitala* – the name being the Samoan for Robert Louis Stevenson. In her New York port, (in 1931) she was the first "live" sailing ship I had ever seen, and still in commercial use. When she left port on the early morning tide, we paced her in a motorboat down the Hudson through the Narrows, past Sandy Hook. Her spread canvas, filled with a stiff following wind, made an unforgetable picture as she slipped over the horizon.

My father had been in sail in the 1870s, and around 1890 or so he went into steam as Purser on the Cuban lines. I think it was in 1895, when I was born, that he left the sea and became Cable Editor of the *New York Sun*, which position he still held at the time of his death in 1911, leaving me an orphan. He left me the echoes of chanteys, stories of the sea, of his China runs, and an abiding love and respect for the sea in all her changing moods.

In every generation out of Jamestown, Plymouth and "New Amsterdam" there had been a man of the sea in my direct descent. In 1917, I was the last of my line, but in the tradition I enlisted in the Navy, when Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels opened the all-male ranks of the Navy to female volunteers. This was the first, last and only time that women were duly enlisted in the Navy. I served as Yeoman (F) Ist Cl, in Naval Intelligence, 3rd Naval District, New York City, 1917-1919. The Waves of World War 2 were in an Auxiliary Corps to the Navy.

My very best wishes to all of you who keep a glorious past alive, from a seventy-six-year-old "sailor" who is standing her last watch in the landlocked desert.

Ruth R. Bryant
Tuscon, Arizona

Dear Mr. Carr:

The *Fox*, exhibit #27, the keel cutter ex-*Cockle* and may I add ex-*Galena* was my boat in my childhood from age nine to nineteen. She was designed by James L. Purdon, Naval Architect of Marblehead, Massachusetts for himself in 1913 . . . and built that year at Grave's Boatyard in Marblehead. She had two-and-one-half tons of lead on her five-foot keel. Her mast was twenty-one feet tall.

I acquired her from Mr. Purdon in 1915 for five hundred dollars – because my father gave me the money and Mr. Purdon knew how desperately I wanted her.

Winters we kept her in the water at Marblehead waiting for a good northeaster to take her out.

In August 1917 at Marblehead she took on twenty assorted vessels in a handicap race and won a silver cup.

In 1924 at Pocassett there was a class of Herreshoff 12s which was holding a Sunday race twice around a course from Pocassett to a buoy off Bird Island in a typical smokey sou'wester. *Galena* being a cruising boat was offered a handicap. The



The Tusitala, *ex-*Sophie, *ex-*Sierra Lucena, *began life in Grennock, Scotland as the* Inveruglas. *Built of iron by R. Steele & Company, she was owned at one time by James A. Farrell, who used her in the Hawaiian Islands trade. Photograph: Walter P. Miller, from museum's collection.*

handicap was refused and the Herreshoffs were given seven minutes by *Galena*. She won handily and was furled with sail covers on when the Herreshoffs returned to the finish line.

In 1921 *Galena* was off Race Point in Provincetown when one of the sailing "longliners" crewed by Portuguese sailors from Cape Verde Island or the Azores was returning from the Grand Banks. The schooner inquired if I wished to race her into the harbor. I accepted the challenge and led all the way in. At anchor I was asked if I would like to go out to the Banks. "You bet!" I was then told "Go ask your father." I replied that there was no need of that as I knew he would let me go. He insisted. I got permission and went. It was an always-to-be-remembered adventure.

During a heavy southerly gale in the late fall of 1923 in Provincetown Harbor, which has no protection from the south, *Galena* chafed through her mooring cable with her bobstay and fetched up on her side unhurt at the high spring tide line. A team of oxen hauled her down to bold water and she righted easily on the next floodtide.

During the era 1919-1925 *Galena* was in Provincetown. My dog at that time was Pickles, an old-fashioned Airedale. He sailed regularly on the *Galena*, using the leeward shrouds when he needed relief. If he saw *Galena* was not at her moorings he would put out into the harbor and swim out of it to Wood End light to see if he could find her. His head could always be sorted out from seals' heads because he would always change his course when *Galena* tacked. He would be hauled aboard and sailed back to Provincetown.

At this time, L. Francis Herreshoff, then about thirty, came with Frank Paine to Provincetown to work with ship design under my father, W. Starling Burgess.

The first defense of the *America's* Cup since World War I was about to take place. Large scale models six to eight feet long were made of Clinton Crane's *Vanatie* and Nathanael Herreshoff's *Resolute*. These were made to sail under varying rig, wind and sea conditions in Provincetown harbor. Frequently the *Galena* was used for observation of their performances. *Vanatie* was rerigged from a schooner to a sloop by my father. Sailed by George Nichols in the trials she did well, but *Resolute*, skippered by Charles



Galena *on the forklift, Maynard Bray at the controls, on her way to her 1971 summer exhibition spot off Middle Warf. Photograph: Oliver Denison III.*



Galena *in Marblehead Harbor, 1915. Courtesy Dr. Frederic Tudor.*

Francis Adams, became the defender.

Down all the years it is interesting to recall that General Paine of Boston, father of Frank, mentioned earlier, wished to crack the dynasty of the New York Yacht Club's heritage of the perennial defense of *America's* Cup. Accordingly he supplied the commission and empowered my grandfather, Edward Burgess, to create a Boston contender for the defense.

Edward's first answer was *Mayflower*. Derisively she was dubbed the "Boston Bean Pot."

Challengers and defenders alike had been designed on the wine glass cross section of the English cutter which reaches its epitome in *Galena*.

Edward introduced the change from wine to champagne glass which heralded the evolution into the light displacement hulls of today.

General Paine and Edward Burgess produced three successful defenders of the *America's* Cup: *Mayflower*, *Puritan* and *Volunteer*. Starling, his son and my father, produced the *Enterprise*, *Rainbow* and *Ranger*.

The City of Boston in 1878 held a testimonial dinner in Faneuil Hall for Paine and Burgess and gave my grandfather, "From a grateful city" to "a brilliant son," a silver shaving mug containing $10,000 in gold.

Since 1924 I have been searching for *Galena*, now fifty-eight years old. Reports sifted in from harbors in Maine and boatyards in Connecticut that she had been seen but I never could track her down.

Imagine my surprise and my pleasure on finding her in your care on the ninth of May, 1971 at Mystic Seaport.

I am giving to you the silver cup she won off Marblehead in August 1917 when I was eleven and she four, more than a half century ago. Could she revert back to her historic name *Galena*?

Frederic Tudor
Milton, Massachusetts

P.S. On returning to Milton on May ninth, 1971 I telephoned L. Francis Herreshoff, son of Nathanael, in Marblehead where he lives in the "Castle" in Crocker Park. He had sailed in *Galena* at Provincetown, and commented that *Galena* was one of the most appropriate ships acquired by Mystic Seaport.

Editor's note: *The* Fox, *Exhibit* 27, *is now* Galena.

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THINGS WE NEED

that you might like to donate for continued service

at Mystic Seaport

OPERATIONS DEPARTMENT

Dump trucks – 5 and/or 3 cubic yard capacity
Paper folding machine for use in Print Shop
Collator for Printing Department
Hand-held electric sander and a saber saw for Carpentry Shop

PUBLICATIONS DEPARTMENT

1 Blueprint storage cabinet

PHOTOGRAPHY DEPARTMENT

1 large upright or chest freezer
2 30″ metal stools on casters
Typewriter

PLANETARIUM

6 metal micrometer sextants in good working condition for use in the celestial navigation courses being conducted. Each instrument should be equipped with colored optical shade glasses and a 4 x 40 mm. telescope (4 power, 40 millimeter or larger diameter objective).

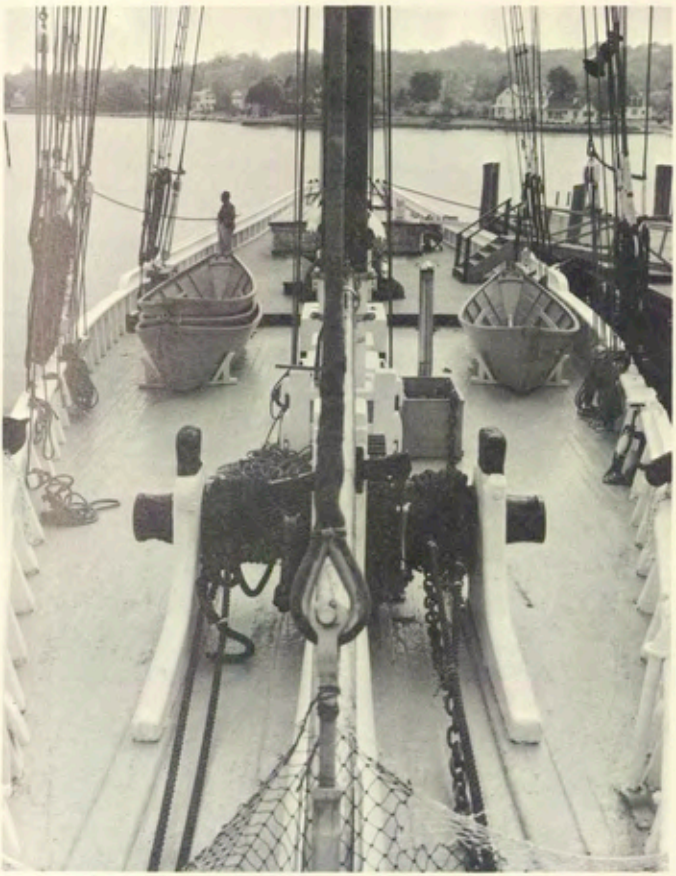
LIBRARY

6 Blueprint storage cabinets

CURATORIAL

Metal shear-cutting edge 36″ to 48″
Old or used dental surgeon's or eye doctor's tools: i.e. tweezers, scissors, scalpels, clamps and locking clamps to be used for model repair and other restoration work
1 Blueprint storage cabinet
Model building tools
1 Pickup truck, ½-¾ ton

Offers and descriptions should be
forwarded to the attention of C. William Stamm



Deck of the L. A. Dunton, *above, looking aft across the Mystic River. Photograph: Les Olin. Front Cover: Buckingham House in a blaze of springtime glory. Photograph: Oliver Denison III. Back Cover: A recently acquired painting (oil on board, 12 x 18½) of the* Conrad *in her* Georg Stage *days by the well-known marine painter, Vilhelm Arnesen. Mr. Arnesen, a member of the Royal Academy at Copenhagen, made several journeys on the* Georg Stage *and did several paintings of her, this one in 1898.*



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