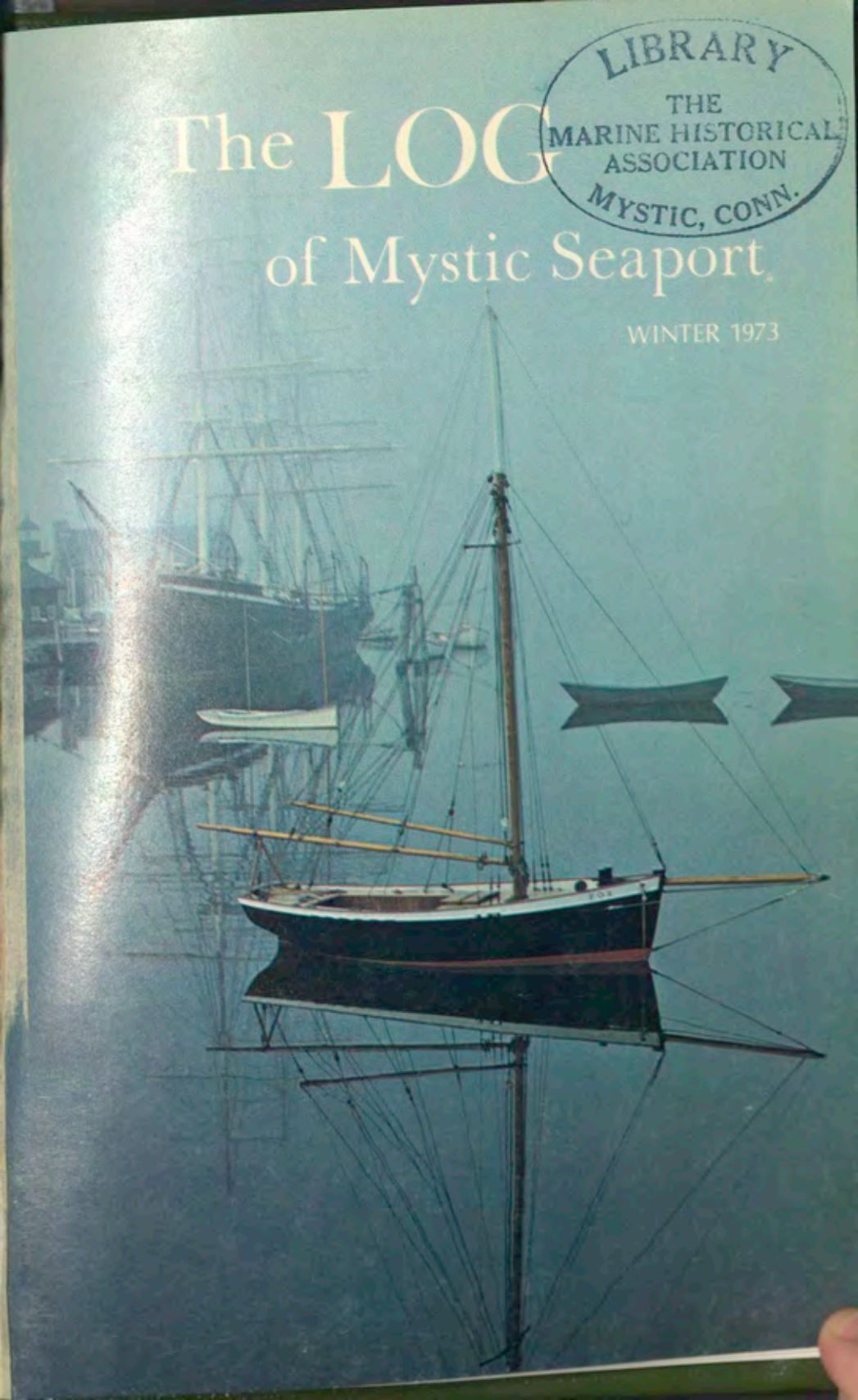
# The LOG of Mystic Seaport

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WINTER 1973



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# The LOG of Mystic Seaport®

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THE MARINE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

*Incorporated 1929* • WALDO C.M. JOHNSTON, Director
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# THE RANGELEY BOAT

## A BACKGROUND SKETCH

BY JOHN GARDNER

Associate Curator for Small Craft Studies

The Rangeley boat made its appearance in a particular region, at a particular time, for a particular use. It is not necessary to know about all of this to row a Rangeley boat, or even to build one, yet the details of its origin and former use do have some historical interest.

Rangeley boats, like other examples of our traditional watercraft, besides continuing to exist as means of recreation and transportation, are also artifacts. Nuggets of history, so to speak, concrete bits of the past which have survived intact. Just as archaeologists can tell a great deal about an ancient people from the shards of their pottery, or even from the postholes of their long vanished dwellings, so maritime ethnology is able in some cases to restore to present awareness some slight aspects of an America now passed away and largely out of mind.

What life was like in this country before the internal combustion gasoline engine arrived on the scene is a closed book to many today. An America without automobiles and outboard motors is hardly conceivable to young people now, yet such an America did once exist. The Rangeley boat was part of it, and it was not so long ago.

Most nineteenth-century Americans, except toward the close of the century, were born in the country and spent their childhood in rural or semi-rural surroundings. But even in the cities in those days there were garden plots with fruit trees and grape vines, and behind the houses of the well-to-do, and some not so well-to-do, were stables for one or more driving horses. In residental districts some families kept cows and woke to the rooster's crow.

# THE RANGELEY BOAT

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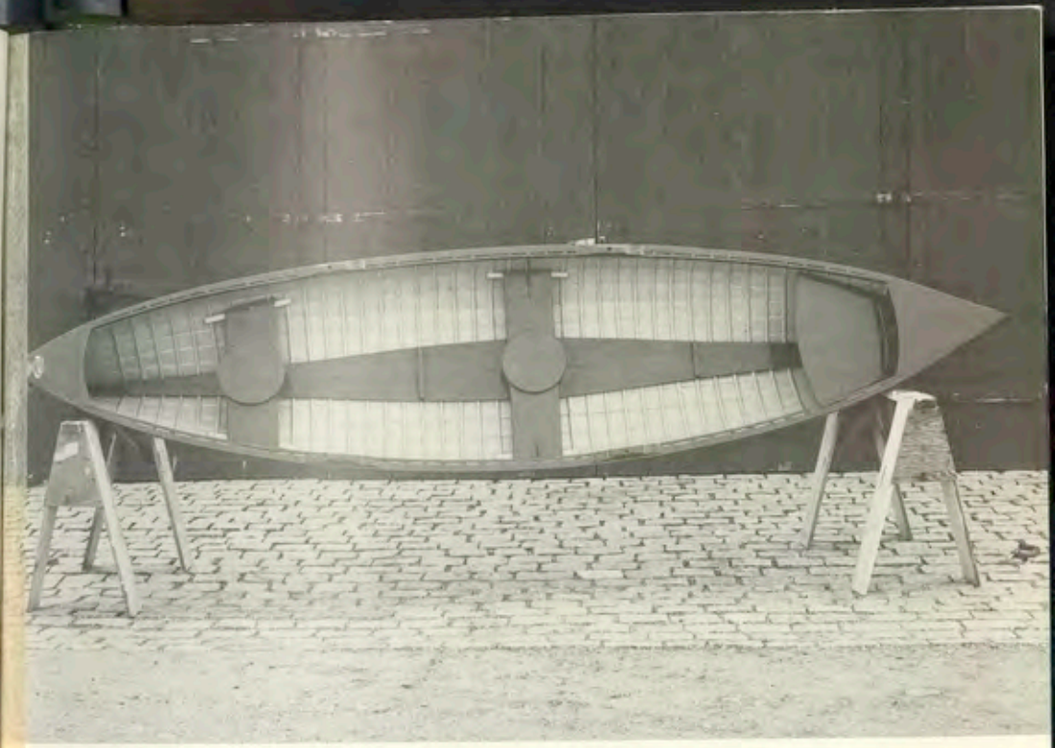
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*Rangeley boat owned by Godfrey Kauffmann, on loan to Seaport*

Cities then were far from being what cities are today, yet even so, country boys who migrated to the urban centers to get ahead in business and the professions seem seldom to have been completely comfortable and at home, for they escaped whenever opportunity presented to sylvan surroundings, trending each summer to the mountains, the shore or the north woods.

Nobody who had the means to do otherwise, nobody who was anybody, remained within city confines in the summer. A recurrent summer exodus from the cities swelled in numbers following the Civil War, although it appears to have been well started northward from New York City to the Adirondacks, or the "north woods," as that region was then called, as far back as the 1840s. By the century's end the annual summer retreat had come to full flower. The "summer people" of that day were quite a different breed from present-day tourists.

Leaving aside the very wealthy who relaxed in elegance on their opulent summer estates at such favored spots as Oyster Bay, Newport, Cape Ann, Bar Harbor, the Thousand Islands—to mention some of the more renowned locations—the majority of middle-class rusticators patronized a profusion of resort hotels. Situated in the mountains, on inland lakes, or at the ocean shore,

large enough oftentimes to accommodate several hundred guests, these summer hotels provided comfort, relaxation, good food in abundance served in spacious dining rooms, and views of rare scenic beauty from the shaded depths of deep piazzas.

Along New England's Atlantic shore, down on Cape Cod, on the Isles of Shoals, at Old Orchard Beach, there was bathing and sailing to vary the tedium. On island waters fishing provided zest and excitement for its devotees. Outside of the Adirondacks and possibly the Thousand Islands no resort area was more favored by vacationing anglers and their families than the Rangeley Lake region in Maine.

The five large lakes of the Rangeley chain with a number of smaller lakes and ponds, covering in all an area of eighty square miles, lie just across the New Hampshire line in Maine about thirty miles northeast of Mount Washington. The elevation of these lakes is high, close to 2,000 feet, with the surrounding peaks where the White Mountain range spills over into Maine rising to 3,000 and 4,000 feet. Until about 1870 this region was a wilderness frequented only by logging crews in winter and by occasional hunters. In the thirty years which followed a complete transformation took place. The scenic beauty, the cool, dry summers, the clear, sparkling water, the bracing mountain air, the fabulous fishing afforded by a primeval abundance of large trout and landlocked salmon, combined to bring an influx of summer guests which must have numbered in the thousands by the century's end.

An issue of *Scenic Magazine* published in Portland, Maine, in 1900 includes advertisements for eleven resort hotels and large sporting camps. One of these was the Rangeley Lake House accommodating 300 guests, and claiming "all modern improvements and conveniences." The advertisement reads in part: "Situated in the center of the greatest trout and salmon fishing region in America."

Nearby, the Mountain View House, as large or larger, made a special appeal to nature lovers: "All around are cedars, firs and birches of the unbroken forest, clothed in all their natural beauty, and across the lake the woody slopes which never tire the eye. The lake itself is the most beautiful of all the lakes in the Rangeley region. Its clear waters and charming coves in which are found the fragrant water lilies, afford delight to tourists and all lovers of nature. The house is finished and furnished in a way which invites comfort. The rooms are large and convenient, the beds are first-class and the sanitary conditions perfect. The dining room has a pleasant location overlooking the lake, and the table is supplied with fresh milk, cream, eggs and berries in their season. Guests are

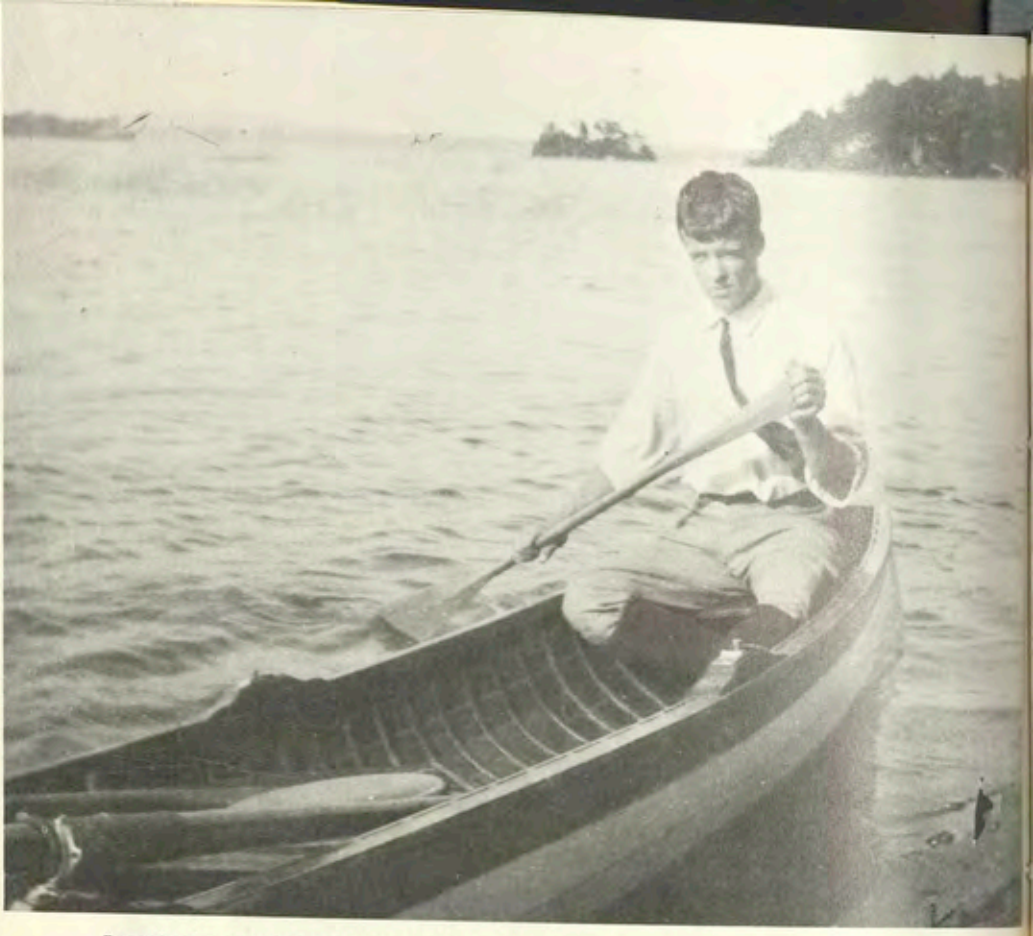


*Rangeley Lake House*

always served with the best the market affords. The large open fires in the parlors and offices, and the broad verandas which surround the house are among the first of the hotel's attractions . . . they add in no small degree to the general air of ease which seems to pervade the house in all its apartments."

A few miles distant at Bemis on Mooselookmeguntic Lake, second largest of the Rangeleys, Captain Fred C. Barker offered the hospitality of The Birches: "The guests have every comfort. Steamers touch at all the camps many times every day. Steamers for parties, boats, canoes, guides, etc. are furnished. Table first-class. Two daily mails from Boston. Telegraph and telephone." By 1900 Pullman cars were running into Bemis, the terminus of the Rumford Falls & Rangeley Lakes Railroad. And a second line, the narrow-gage Phillips & Rangeley Railroad, connected with Rangeley.

But only thirty years before, when Captain Barker, then still in his teens, first arrived at Rangeley to work in the lumber camps, the only way in was on foot or by buckboard over rough mountain roads. Barker stayed on as a guide, for fishermen from eastern cities—lured by reports of untouched waters teeming with speckled giants, had already begun to arrive in numbers, and



*Rangeley boat on Belgrade Lakes, Maine, about 1900*

guides were in demand and well paid. Guiding at Rangeley in the early days consisted largely of rowing fishermen the several miles out to the fishing grounds and back on the larger lakes, from landing to landing, and from one camp to another. For instance, it was not unusual to row the length of the upper and lower Richardson Lakes and back in a day, a distance of more than twenty miles, for which a guide might receive $6—good pay for a day's work at that time. Often there was extra money to be made at night rowing more miles on one errand or another, for at the outset in the Rangeley region the fastest and most direct means of transportation was by boat with a strong guide pulling the oars. Sail was not used on these large mountain lakes, because of the danger from the unpredictable gusts which sweep down from the hills when least expected, and of course the outboard motor was far in the future.

Steamboats appeared early. The first was the *Oquossoc* on Mooselookmeguntic in 1877, yet steamers never cut into the demand for the services of the oar-propelled Rangeley boats.



*Double-ended Rangeley boats on the Belgrade Lakes about 1900. These appear to be somewhat smaller in size than the standard model.*

Hundreds, if not thousands of Rangeleys must have been built and used, and they dominated the regional waterways for some fifty years until supplanted by motor-driven craft.

In his book *Lake and Forest As I Have Known Them,* published in Boston in 1903, Captain Fred Barker tells about how he got started on the lakes: "I made money guiding in those days [circa 1870] as there were generally extras to be had if one was looking for them. I think one of the best investments I ever made was parting with sixty hard-earned dollars for one of the first six Indian Rock boats that were built at Rangeley by Mr. Ball, the old-time superintendent of the Oquossoc Angling Association, and Luther Tibbets, taking for a pattern a boat brought from Ogdensburgh, New York. They were lap-strake, cedar boats, shaped like a canoe, being pointed at both ends, and about sixteen and one-half feet long, and which are now so common all over the lake region, the model of which has been changed but little."

For those unfamiliar with the region, Indian Rock is located about a mile above Haines Landing on Cupsuptic Lake at the

# 14 FT - 7 IN. RANGELEY BOAT

## LINES PLAN

| | |
|---|---|
| LENGTH | 14'-7" |
| BREADTH | 5'-2" |
| DEPTH | 1'-10½" |

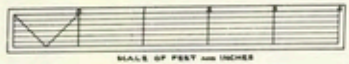
WATERLINES SPACED 8", 6", AND 4" ABOVE THE BASE LINE.

BUTTOCKS SPACED 6", 10", AND 18" FROM THE CENTER LINE.

DIAGONALS:
A - 22" UP ON ℄ ; 21" OUT ON WL 4"
B - 17" UP ON ℄ ; 23" OUT ON WL 4"
C - 12" UP ON ℄ ; 23" OUT ON ℄
D - 14" UP ON ℄ ; 18" OUT ON ℄
E - 12" UP ON ℄ ; 12" OUT ON ℄

LINES TO THE INSIDE OF THE PAINTED HULL.

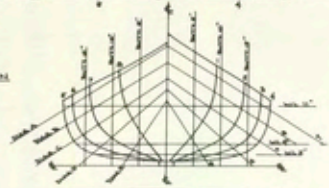
LINES TAKEN OFF MAY 1975
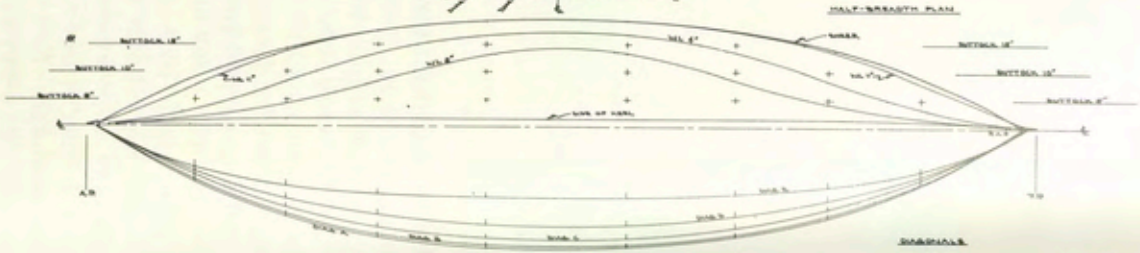


SCALE OF FEET AND INCHES




PROFILE




BODY PLAN




HALF-BREADTH PLAN

DIAGONALS

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DRAWN BY: R.A. FITZHUGH
DATE: MAY 18, 1975
SCALE: 3/4" = 1'-0"

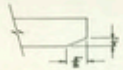
# 14 FT - 7 IN. RANGELEY BOAT

## OFFSETS AND DETAILS

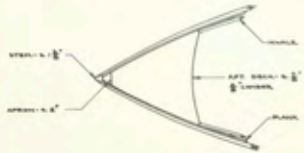
### OFFSETS FOR STERN PROFILE

DISTANCE FWD A.P.

| | AFT FACE OF STEM | RABBET | FWD FACE OF APRON |
|---|---|---|---|
| SHEER | 0-0-10 | 0-0-6 | 0-0-10 |
| 18" ABV WL | 0-0-8 | 0-0-3 | 0-0-5 |
| 12" ABV WL | 0 | 0-0-0 | 0-0-10 |
| 9" ABV WL | 0-0-6 | 0-0-4 | 0-0-13 |
| 6" ABV WL | 0-0-8 | 0-0-6 | 0-0-14 |
| 3" ABV WL | 0-0-8 | 0-0-6 | 0-0-14 |
| WL | 0-0-8 | 0-0-6 | 0-0-14 |
| ½" ABV WL | 0-0-6 | 0-0-4 | 0-0-13 |
| ROCKER | 0-0-5 | — | — |



BEVEL FOR UNDERSIDE OF KEEL AT CENTER, SIDES AND STERN




STERN DETAIL



SCALE OF FEET AND INCHES

ALL OFFSETS IN FT-IN-EIGHTHS

### OFFSETS FOR SIDE PROFILE

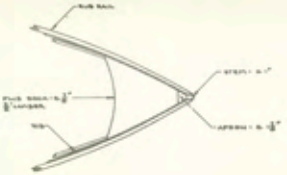
DISTANCE AFT P.P.

| | FWD FACE OF STEM | RABBET | AFT FACE OF APRON |
|---|---|---|---|
| SHEER | 0-1-10 | 0-2-2 | 0-2-10 |
| 18" ABV WL | 0-2-12 | 0-2-3 | 0-2-11 |
| 12" ABV WL | 0-2-15 | 0-2-6 | 0-2-14 |
| 9" ABV WL | 0 | 0-2-14 | 0-2-12 |
| 6" ABV WL | 0-2-12 | 0-2-11 | 0-2-9 |
| 3" ABV WL | 0-2-7 | 0-2-6 | 0-2-5 |
| WL | 0-2-3 | 0-2-2 | — |
| ½" ABV WL | 0-2-7 | 0-2-6 | — |
| ROCKER | 1-1-8 | — | — |

SCANTLINGS MARKED IN SIDE ELEVATION

| STATION | APRON (AFT) | Δ | 7 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 | APRON (FWD) FACE |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| HALF BREADTH AT SHEER | SHEER | 0-0-2 | 0-5-15 | 1-0-2 | 1-2-7 | 1-3-5 | 1-3-2 | 1-2-4 | 1-0-6 | 0-11-1 | 0-10-2 |
| | WL 12" | 0-0-2 | 0-3-11 | 0-11-12 | 1-0-6 | 1-1-2 | 1-1-0 | 1-0-2 | 0-11-15 | 0-9-9 | 0-10-2 |
| | WL 6" | 0-0-2 | 0-3-6 | 0-8-9 | 0-11-7 | 1-0-11 | 1-0-11 | 1-0-9 | 0-11-2 | 0-9-2 | 0-9-2 |
| | WL 0" | 0-0-2 | 0-3-6 | 0-8-9 | 0-11-7 | 1-0-11 | 1-0-11 | 1-0-9 | 0-11-2 | 0-11-15 | 0-9-2 |
| | TOP OF KEEL | — | 0-0-11 | 0-11-15 | — | — | — | — | 0-1-9 | 0-1-11 | — |
| HALF BREADTH AT PLAN ½" | SHEER | 1-0-15 | 1-2-5 | 1-3-12 | 1-4-11 | 1-5-10 | 1-6-12 | 1-6-5 | 1-5-9 | 1-3-7 | 1-0-5 |
| | BUTTOCK 6" | — | 0-4-8 | 0-8-14 | 0-11-9 | 0-11-12 | 0-11-8 | 0-10-9 | 0-8-7 | 0-6-1 | — |
| | BUTTOCK 12" | — | — | 0-4-12 | 0-8-13 | 0-10-7 | 0-10-8 | 0-8-7 | 0-5-1 | — | — |
| | BUTTOCK 18" | — | — | — | 0-2-5 | 0-5-15 | 0-7-11 | 0-5-15 | — | — | — |
| | TOP OF KEEL | — | 0-0-15 | — | — | — | — | — | — | 0-0-15 | — |
| DIAGONALS | DIAG. A | 0-5-7 | 0-10-14 | 1-0-12 | 1-0-8 | 1-0-7 | 1-0-12 | 1-0-9 | 1-0-15 | 0-10-12 | 0-10-2 |
| | DIAG. B | 0-0-2 | 0-3-7 | 0-8-4 | 0-11-2 | 1-0-13 | 1-0-14 | 1-0-12 | 0-11-8 | 0-10-4 | 0-9-2 |
| | DIAG. C | 0-0-2 | 0-2-11 | 0-5-5 | 0-8-1 | 0-10-1 | 0-10-10 | 0-10-8 | 0-9-1 | 0-7-15 | 0-6-2 |
| | DIAG. D | 0-0-2 | 0-2-2 | 0-3-8 | 0-5-3 | 0-6-9 | 0-8-4 | 0-7-8 | 0-5-7 | 0-3-13 | 0-2-2 |
| | DIAG. E | 0-0-2 | 0-1-3 | 0-2-10 | 0-3-8 | 0-4-6 | 0-5-2 | 0-4-8 | 0-3-2 | 0-2-0 | 0-1-2 |

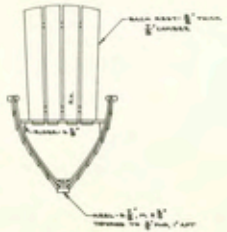
THE BOTTOM OF THE KEEL IS THE HORIZONTAL BASELINE.
OFFSETS TO THE INSIDE OF THE PAIRED HULL.
THE A.P. IS 15'-7" AFT OF THE F.P.




RABBET DETAIL

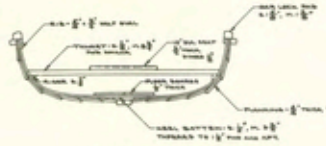


STRAIN BEAM ½" THICK

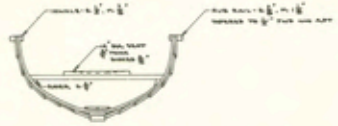



STATION "B" LOOK AFT

THERE ARE 48 RIBS ON 8½" CENTERS AS MEASURED ALONG THE KEEL RABBET LINE. FWD-MOST RIB IS 4½" AFT OF STA. "1". THE AFT-MOST RIB IS 3" AFT OF STA. "B".




STATION "F" - COMPOSITE VIEW
Fwd and Aft




STATION "B" LOOK AFT

THE MARINE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, INC.
MYSTIC, CONN.

DRAWN BY: R.A. PITTAWAY
DATE: MAY 18, 1978
SCALE: 1" = 1'-0"

northern end of Mooselookmeguntic, and a few miles west of Rangeley. Oquossoc is the Indian name for Rangeley, and the Oquossoc Angling Association was founded in 1870.

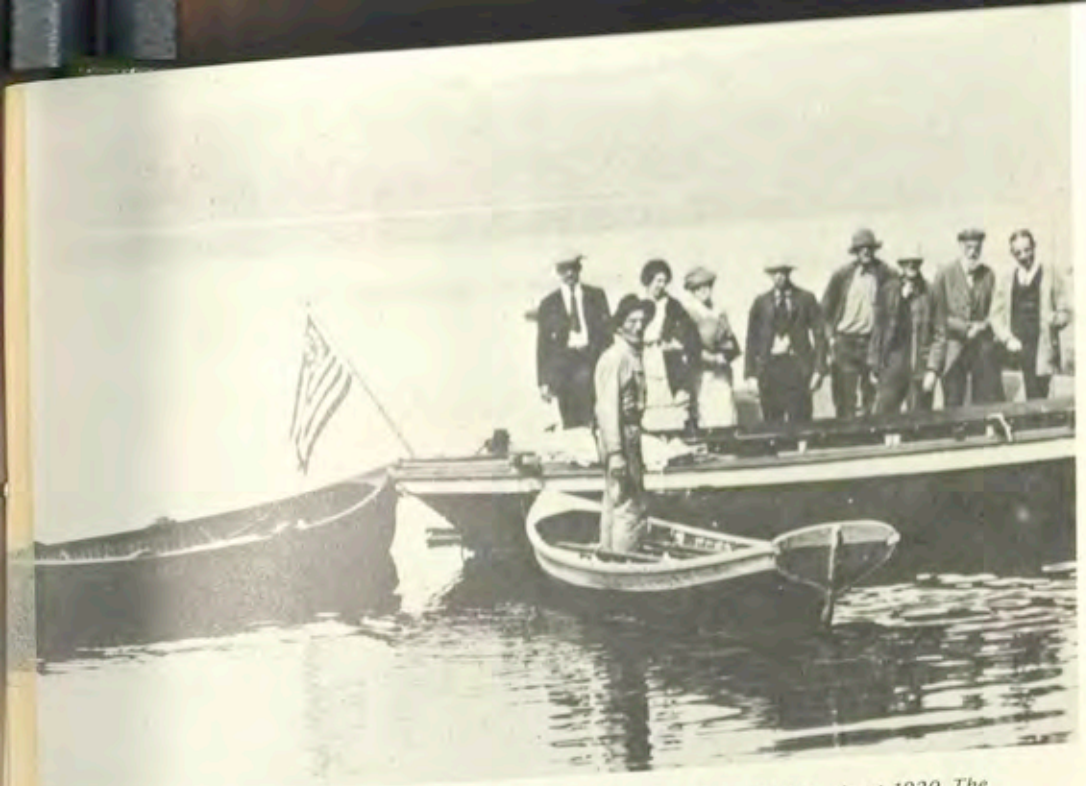
Thus, if Captain Barker had his facts straight, and there is no reason to think that he didn't, the origin of the Rangeley boat and the date of its first appearance in the Rangeley Lakes is definitely established. Boatbuilding must have been carried on at Ogdensburg, New York, on the St. Lawrence River, at least from the beginning of the nineteenth century, but just when, and what kind of boats, has not yet been determined. Quite likely an early form of the St. Lawrence skiff, whose classic form the Rangeley boat closely resembles in a number of respects, was being produced for local use at Ogdensburg before 1870, although it is believed by some that the St. Lawrence skiff was given final form by Xavier Colon at Clayton, New York, in the early 1870s.

Eighteen miles west of Ogdensburg at Canton, New York, J. Henry Rushton began building boats in 1873. Of all the nineteenth-century American producers of small craft, J. Henry Rushton achieved the widest renown, and he is justly celebrated for his beautifully constructed and appointed cruising and sailing canoes, planked with varnished northern white cedar, and trimmed with cherry, mahogany and black walnut. A great many different custom models came out of the Rushton shop, but for the greater part they were basically the same boat, indeed the same boat Rushton built when he started. This was a light, double-ended, canoe-shaped cedar hull, clinker planked upside down over a mold, and clench fastened along the laps. Next, the completed shell was lifted off the form, turned right side up, and ribbed. The steamed ribs, bent in hot, were also clench-fastened, not riveted over burrs or roves. The ribs of oak or elm, very slight, approximately 1/2" x 1/4" in section and rounded on the inside, ran continuously from gunwale to gunwale and were set very close together, in most cases less than 3" on centers.

This is precisely the way Rangeley boats were built, except that they were bigger, heavier boats, and proportionally larger in all respects including scantlings and, in addition, they were fastened with pure Swedish iron clout nails rather than the copper cut nails and tacks used by Rushton.

St. Lawrence skiffs were also constructed in much the same way, although these boats appear generally to have been planked right side up. While we cannot assert with finality that all three types—Rangeley, St. Lawrence skiff and Rushton canoe—derived from the same skiff prototype in use on the St. Lawrence River before 1870, there is evidence to support such an assumption.

Both the Rangeley boat and the St. Lawrence skiff were guides'

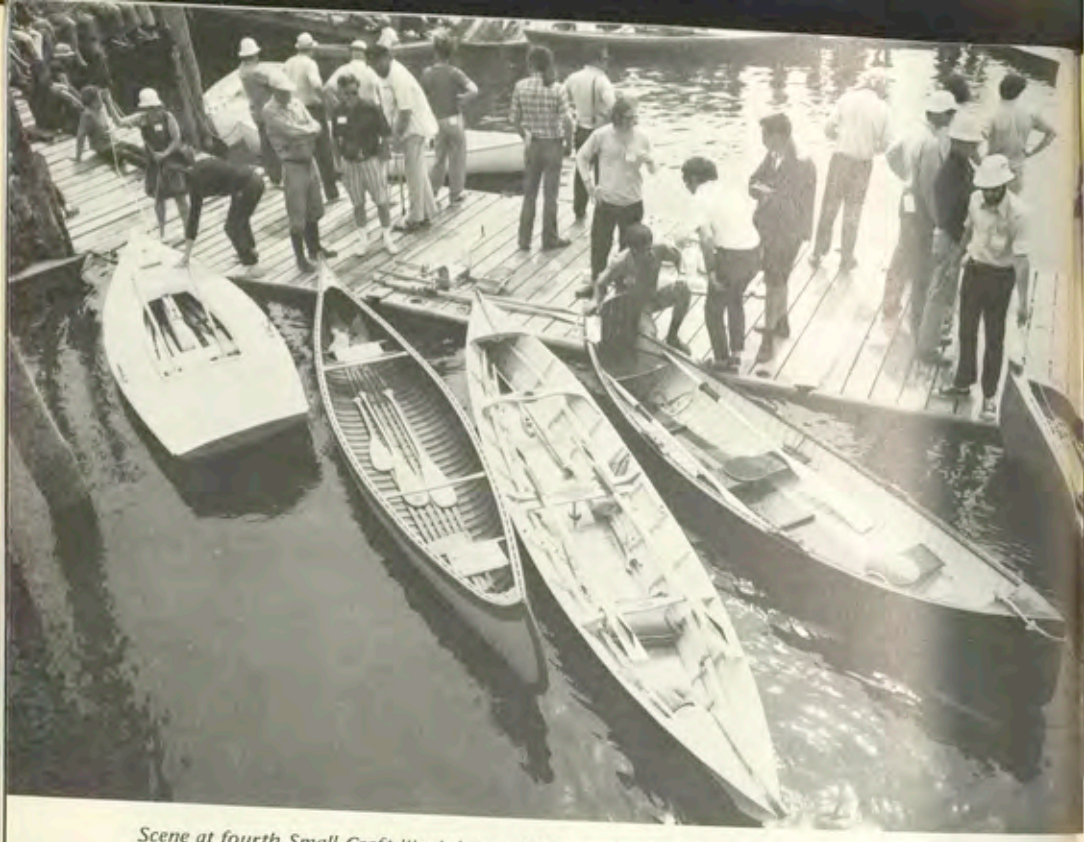


*A party at Red Spot Fishing Camp on Lake Umbagog, Upton, Maine, about 1920. The boat in which the guide is standing is assumed to be the same or similar to the first planked boats in the Rangeley Lakes region, the model having been imported from upstate New York shortly after the Civil War. Note the small high-tucked transome stern, and the unusual amount of sheer curve. The boat on the left is a classic Rangeley double-ender.*

boats built and used to transport sportsmen and summer visitors, and in that sense they were workboats essential to the practice of the guide's occupation. Another woodland workboat developed at the same time to meet the same needs is the well-known Adirondack guide boat, but this is an entirely different craft so far as origin and construction is concerned.

For various reasons, both the Adirondack guide boat and the St. Lawrence skiff are much better known than the Rangeley. In 1889 lines, dimensions and construction details for a St. Lawrence skiff were published in *Forest and Stream*, and in the decades which followed, these double-ended clinker skiffs were in popular demand from New England to the Great Lakes. H.V. Partelow & Co. of Boston offered them in 1890 in four lengths, 15′ to 18′, and three grades. The Racine Boat Manufacturing Co. of Racine, Wisconsin, exhibited a 22′ luxury model with canopy and silken cushions at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, and the Brooks Boat Manufacturing Co. of Bay City, Michigan, included a St. Lawrence skiff among their knocked-down boat kits for home builders, which they sold throughout the United States.

On the other hand, the Rangeley boat never traveled far beyond



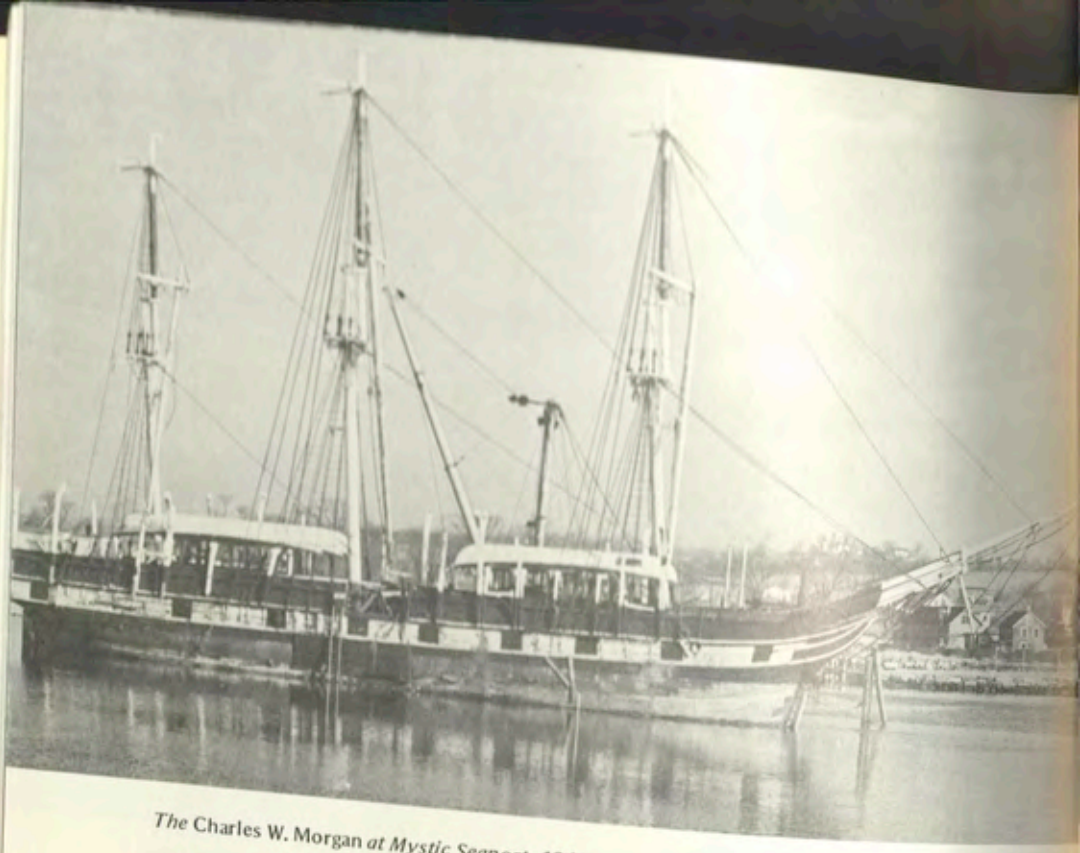
*Scene at fourth Small Craft Workshop, with Rangeley boat fourth from left. Photograph: Peter Barlow.*

the region where it originated. During the early years of this century Rangeley boats were used to some extent by guides and fishermen on the Belgrade Lakes and Sebago and other lakes, and on ponds in south central and southwestern Maine. A few crossed over into New Hampshire, notably when former members of the Oquossoc Angling Association established a fishing camp on Christine Lake. And some made their way up into Quebec to Lake Megantic. But all, or practically all, to the best of my knowledge, were built in Rangeley or the immediate vicinity by a few local builders who for one reason or another maintained a virtual monopoly.

No lines, offsets, nor any account of the construction were published for any Rangeley boat until 1968, when the *National Fisherman* printed drawings and descriptive details for a boat built in Rangeley by H.N. Ellis sometime in the early 1930s for the Red Spot Fishing Club on Lake Umbagog, where the boat was measured and photographed the previous summer. Ellis was a famous builder, and the boat measured was typical of the standard Rangeley except that one end had been squared off to take a small

outboard motor. But because these boats are normally true double-enders, it is possible to derive the after half of a standard boat from the forward half, as given. Typical dimensions for the standard double-ended Rangeley are 17′ x 4′ x 1′3″, with an 11″ rise of sheer at the ends. Such a boat can safely carry two fishermen and a guide, and is big enough to come through the unexpected squalls which on occasion lash these large mountain lakes to sudden fury.

Boats smaller than this were sometimes built for special and more restricted use, as was the boat whose lines and details are reproduced herewith. This shapely craft was specially built by H.N. Ellis about forty years ago for the grandfather of the present owner, Godfrey W. Kauffmann. On loan at Mystic Seaport since the second Small Craft Workshop, the boat has been thoroughly tested in use. All who have rowed her agree she is an exceptionally pleasant and able little vessel. She handles beautifully, slips through the water with no fuss at all, and rides the big ones with aplomb. This is essentially a one-man boat, although on several occasions she has taken another adult and a child comfortably and safely. The man who had her built, at one time a member of the old Oquossoc Angling Association, liked to fish alone, and did not require the services of a guide. He knew boats and knew what he wanted in a boat for himself, and Ellis, foremost builder of Rangeley boats at the time, knew how to give it to him. Boats such as this do not happen accidentally, nor very often. This is the first time that plans for one of the small Rangeleys have been printed. There is ample detail for building, and full-size prints of the drawings shown herewith in reduction may be obtained from the Curatorial Department at the Seaport. This is a boat worth building and having, and fortunately it is not especially difficult to build. In addition, it would be quite easy to enlarge it to the standard 17′ size if one wanted to.



*The* Charles W. Morgan *at Mystic Seaport, 1941*

# THE *MORGAN'S* LAST STOWAWAY

BY JOSEPH GORDON

I don't know how many stowaways the *Charles W. Morgan* may have had, but I was the last one and this is my story.

The date was November 8, 1941, three days after the *Morgan* left its home port of New Bedford for its last port of call and preservation at Mystic Seaport. I was then a resident of Pawcatuck in the Town of Stonington, a teacher of biology and head of the science department at Stonington High School.

As a biologist raised and educated in the area I was well acquainted with the town's early marine history and with many of its fishermen and deep water boatmen. Many a time I've sailed



*Tug* Nelseco *of New London assisted the whaler to the Seaport*

with Stonington draggermen to collect biological specimens for the classroom. My students were the children of fishermen with names like Thompson and Silva and Hoadley and Smith and Santos and Pendleton. Some, like the Palmers, were the descendants of early colonial settlers, explorers and whalers. It was a Palmer—Captain Nathaniel B.—who discovered Antarctica while on a voyage for seals in the South Atlantic.

In those days I had my own Mystic Seaport right in Stonington. No semester was complete without a field trip to the home of Dr. James H. Weeks, a whaling museum in itself, for here I wanted the youngsters to see for themselves how their early forebears eked a living from the sea, and how, in a sense, they were courageous biologists in seeking out the whale.



*Captain William H. Tripp, the Morgan's last sailing master, at the helm*



*Captain Sinclair Tucker of Fairhaven, Massachusetts, manned the pumps*

One very special Saturday morning, as it later turned out, Captain Elwell Thomas, a Stonington boatman and longtime friend, called to ask me if I would join him on the *Bear*, a small motor cruiser, to watch the *Morgan* come to Mystic.

"Great!" I said. "Be right over," and grabbing my cameras and film, I was soon speeding over Route 1 to Elwell's boatyard at the foot of Water Street close by the old railroad station. I had a small Zeiss filmpack camera, a small Kodak Vollenda with a case that fitted on my belt, and a Kodak 8mm movie camera.

Elwell introduced me to Carolyn Miller and her little brother who were also going along to watch the passage of the *Morgan*. He really didn't need to—Carolyn was one of my students.

Out of Stonington harbor into Fishers Island Sound and over to Groton Long Point. It was a chill, cloudy day, hinting at the coming winter. And then—as if the pages of history had turned back—there off our bow, looming larger and clearer, was the *Morgan*, her bare masts and strangely angled spars stark against the sky. Like a "Flying Dutchman," the whaler was without visible sign of power as she crested the gray waters speeding to her new home.

It was so long ago, yet even now I can still feel the indescribable thrill of the moment, seeing for the very first time in my life an honest-to-goodness whaler out of history's past sailing along as if in quest of the great mammal of the sea. I was in the twilight zone between past and present.

And then, as we circled, we saw the tug *Nelseco* of New London fast on the port quarter astern, insinuating its power into the forward motion of the *Morgan*. The magic spell of the moment was broken.



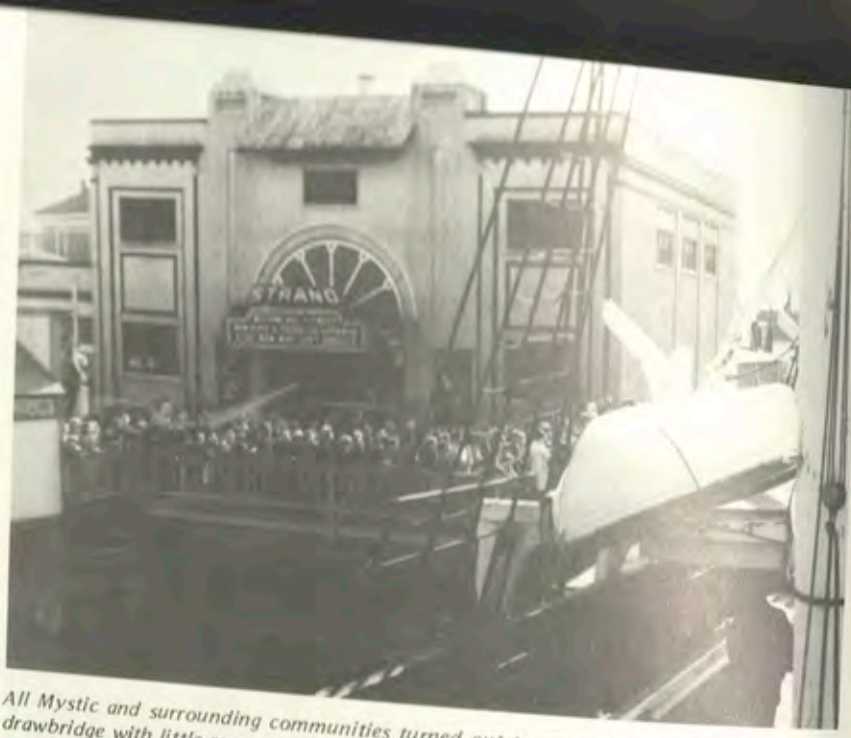
*River pilots Wilcox and Tatro confer about the best course to follow*

I went to work with my cameras recording on still and movie film the essence of those fleeting moments and soon was out of film except for the little Vollenda. As for the movies, I didn't realize that in my rush at home I had taken an empty carton and the only film I had with me was in the camera—about half a reel. (This film, copied on 16mm in color, is now in the files at the Seaport as are all my photographs taken on that momentous occasion.)

By this time we had passed Noank and were coming up the Mystic River. If I were to get a complete film story I ought to get some shots on the *Morgan* herself.

"Elwell," I said, "how about pulling alongside so I can go on board?"

Elwell, a cautious mariner, was hesitant, fearing danger to his boat and to his friend, besides questioning the consequences of the uninvited boarding. But as I recall it, it didn't take too much persuasion.



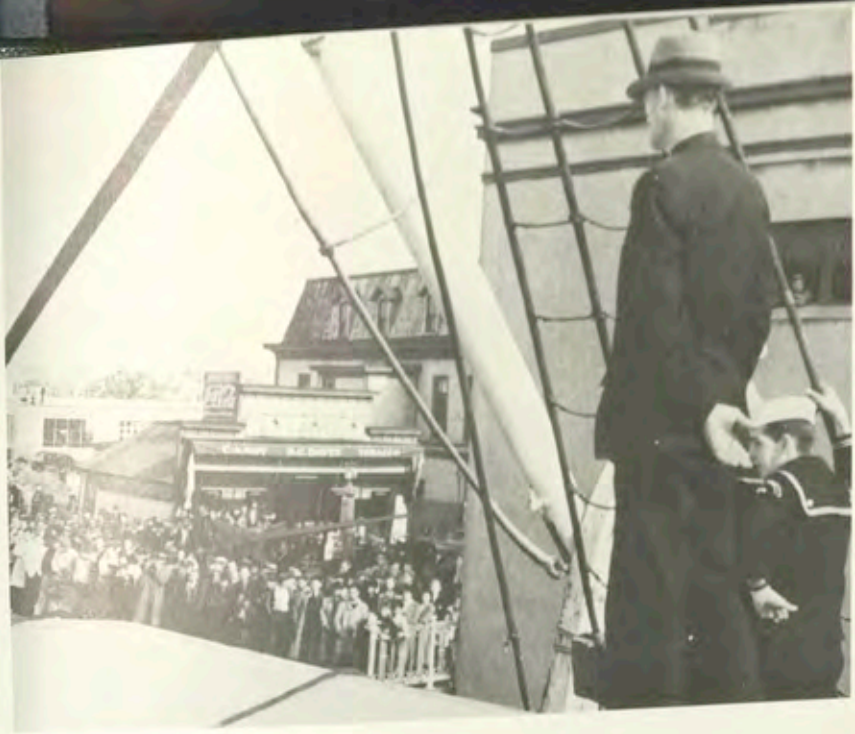

*All Mystic and surrounding communities turned out to see the whaler pass through the drawbridge with little room to spare*

We pulled alongside. I looked for handholds on the aged sides, soon found some projecting timbers, and made my way up and over to the deck.

I was on a whaler! It was more than an autumn chill that ran up and down my spine. In my imagination I had trod decks like these as I adventured through Melville's *Moby Dick* and Frank T. Bullen's *Cruise of the Cachalot* and books by Lincoln Colcord and Joseph Conrad and Alan Villiers. And Masefield's immortal lines of *Sea Fever* kept running through my mind: "I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky, And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by." It was a dream come true.

Coming out of my reverie, I looked out. Elwell and the *Bear* were trailing astern. On the *Morgan* no one was aware that I had slipped aboard. Up forward, eyes alert to the channel passage, were river pilot Frank Tatro and Captain Ellsworth S. Wilcox, chart in hand, discussing the hazards and guiding the *Nelseco*'s direction. Also aboard, scattered at vantage points about the ship, was a group of area sea scouts who had been granted the rare privilege of sailing on the *Morgan* on her last voyage. I could see they were all deeply moved by the experience.

As I explored the *Morgan* I found Captain Sinclair Tucker of Fairhaven manning a gas driven pump going full blast to keep the *Morgan* afloat. My recollection was that she was taking on a foot of water every two hours. The pump line was her lifeline. There were others aboard, including Carl Lane, Bob Cutler, and a chap by the name of Delforge.



*Into the upper river*

Uncertain about how my presence on the *Morgan* would be treated, I sought out the *Morgan*'s last master afloat—Captain William Henry Tripp, Curator of the Old Dartmouth Whaling Museum, author of *There Goes Flukes* and a whaler to boot. "Trippee," as his friends called him, had sailed on the *John R. Manta,* New Bedford's last whaler, in 1925.

I introduced myself, not without some trepidation. But Captain Tripp, the grand man that he was, greeted me cordially and welcomed me aboard. He dramatized the occasion by calling me the *Morgan*'s last stowaway—and there I was tied to the history of the *Morgan* as closely as the first crew that sailed on her first voyage that September day of 1841 from New Bedford.

But Captain Tripp had another reason to be grateful for my presence. The *Morgan* had been berthed the night before at Coast Guard Base 4 in New London. Complying with World War II security regulations, crew and passengers left cameras behind. Captain Tripp, the only person with a camera until I came on board, was out of film.

My photographs chronicled the end of the voyage, and the tense moments as the *Morgan* sailed to her final destination. Twice she touched bottom—once in the lower reaches of the river near the railroad bridge, but a light push from the *Nelseco* and she was free again. The second grounding came almost at journey's end close



*At journey's end Captain Tripp presents the ship's registry papers to Carl C. Cutler of The Marine Historical Association. All photographs by the author.*

by Mystic Seaport. This time the *Nelseco* pushed and pulled, struggled and strained, but the *Morgan* was firmly in the grip of the river bottom. These were fearful moments for all of us. Would the *Morgan*'s ancient timbers take the strain? Was this to be her end here on the bottom of the Mystic River? We wondered and waited, faces expressive of the tension. Then out of nowhere came the tug *Larchmont*, Captain Rasmussen, to assist in this final crisis of the voyage. The Fates smiled again and the *Morgan* was free, soon to be moored to dolphins near the Stillman Building at river's edge.

Some moments later the *Bear* appeared on the scene and Captain Tripp and I went ashore. My last picture of that eventful day was of Captain Tripp presenting the ship's Certificate of Registry to Carl C. Cutler of The Marine Historical Association, the Curator of Mystic Seaport. I had captured on film the last transfer of a U.S. wooden whaler from one owner to another.

# EARLY MYSTIC PHOTOGRAPH IDENTIFICATION

BY WILLIAM N. PETERSON
Collections Assistant

The way Mystic looked in the nineteenth century is all-important to a good many museum activities. For example, building the Diorama—which shows Mystic much as it looked in 1853, or putting together the exhibit *Shipbuilding on the Mystic River,* or restoring the *Emma C. Berry.* Here correctly identified photographs were invaluable. In the years before 1890, even as now, the village was divided by the Mystic River. But in those days Mystic was what is now called Old Mystic, and "the Lower Villages"—today's Mystic, were known as Mystic Bridge—on the Stonington side, and Mystic River—on the Groton side.

To the researcher, the photographs are more than just an interesting sidelight to his work—they are a valuable research tool. Most old photographs are not dated and therefore they cannot be used as effective historical aids until they are put into their proper time slot. Until recently the Seaport has had a large file of early Mystic photographs that were either incorrectly dated or, in most cases, not dated at all. The reason for this of course is that the original owner knew perfectly well when and where the photograph was taken, and subsequent owners had not the insight to see them as anything more than interesting old pictures. The problem, then, revolves around how to make the best use of these photographs as valuable historical aids.

Some of them are all but impossible to identify. A building long torn down and forgotten, a dirt road, a hill with trees could be almost anywhere. Identifying them is an interesting assignment, although it can be time-consuming and often arduous.

But their importance cannot be overstated, for they reveal far better than written or verbal description the true character of the villages on the Mystic River. They often show the cruder side of Mystic as it was in the nineteenth century as well as the more standard and familiar aspects of its day-to-day life. The commercial development, shipbuilding, retail businesses and churches are all important things to look for, but the horse dung in the street,

the raggedly clad little boy and the unpainted building are also measures that add insight to our understanding of early Mystic. These are the things that the flowery articles about the "jewel of Connecticut near the sea" will never convey. Nor will these highly partisan descriptions reflect, as will photographs, the treeless landscape that was also as much a part of Mystic as the captains' beautiful homes and tall clipper ships—and what better medium to prove it than photographs.

Physical landmarks, as common sense would dictate, are the keys to identifying a scene as far as its location is concerned; dominating hills, bends in the river, prominent rocks are all landmarks that have a tendency to stay stationary over long periods of time.

There is a major exception to this in Mystic. Pine Point, once located on the Mystic River as a part of Mason's Island, has long since been quarried away for use in the Stonington and Block Island breakwaters. It is important to note this exception because so many laymen mistakenly take the high hill it once formed for the bluff diagonally across the river from it which we commonly refer to as Fort Rachel.

Probably the next most helpful types of landmarks for identifying a photograph's location are the prominent or well-known, man-made edifices such as statues, churches, large business blocks, bridges and houses. There is, therefore, almost always something to point the researcher to where any given photograph was taken.

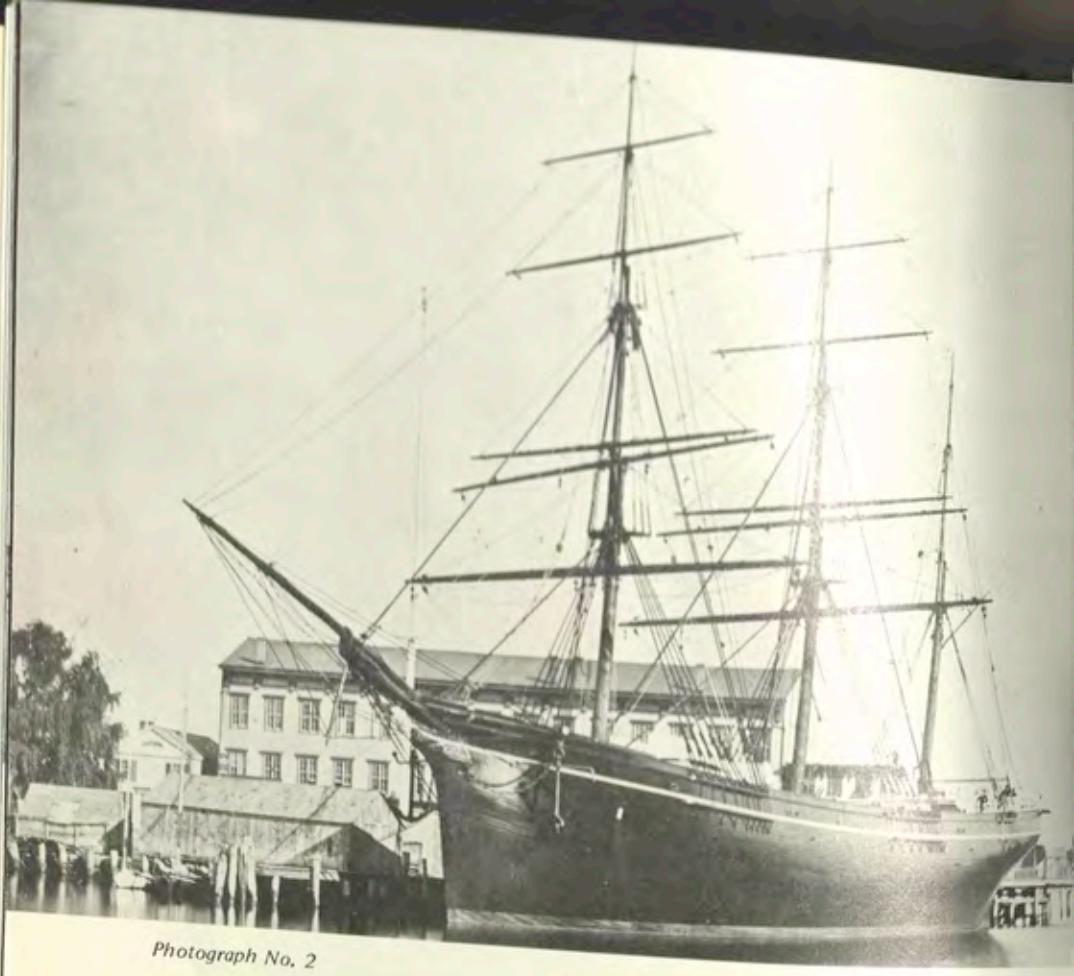
Most difficult is determining *when* it was taken. Here careful research is important, especially since most prints and negatives have come down to us with no dates on them. Other known and dated photographs are helpful in establishing necessary time lines, but the researcher must be sure even then that the dates he finds on these photographs are absolutely correct. For example, a known photograph of a building positively identified for the year 1899 can give strong clues as to what not to expect in earlier photographs. Other helpful indicators, although not as specific as a positively identified photograph, are telephone lines, which usually place the year in the late 1880s or later.

Often buildings changed appearance for one reason or other, usually from a severe fire. Ironically, the damage these fires caused serves a useful purpose for the researcher, since any major change is helpful in determining pivotal time lines. The best illustration of this can be seen in a sequence of photographs of the old Central Hall building on the west side of the river near the bridge. We have no accurate picture of what the building looked like before 1863, although it was probably at least two-and-one-half stories high.

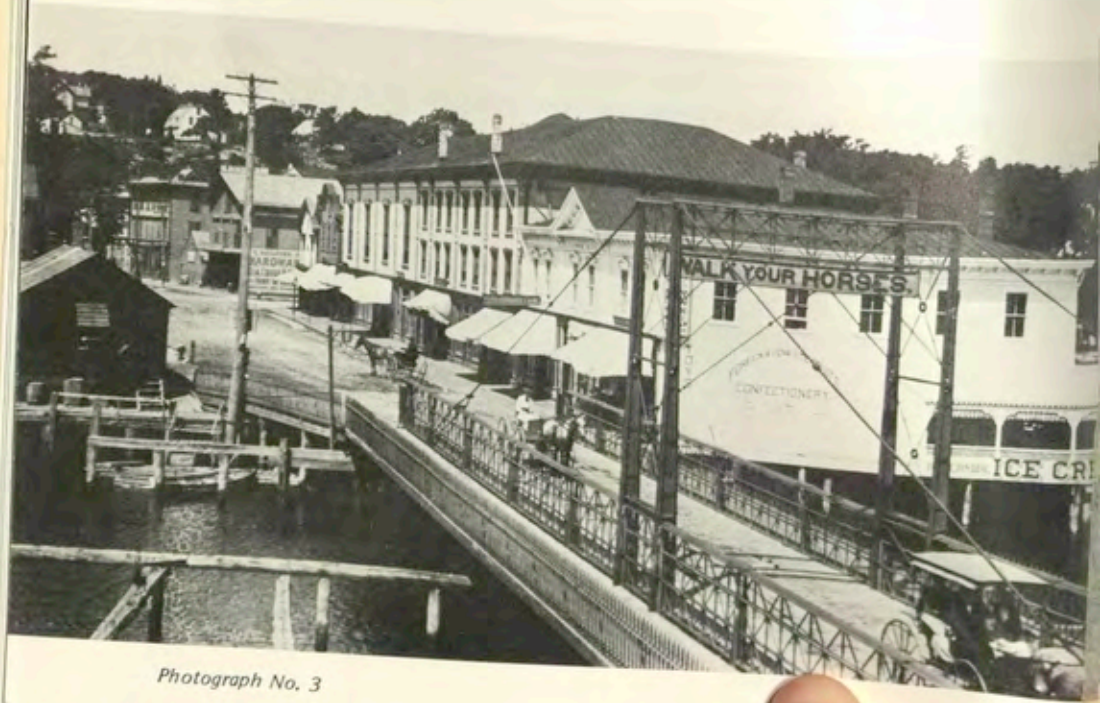


*Photograph No. 1*

Completely destroyed by fire in December of 1863, it was rebuilt to look as shown in photograph number 1 and was called the Packer-Allyn building—but generally referred to as Central Hall. It received its name from the large public hall that was located on its third floor. The building lasted as shown with the stepped false sides until at least 1869; then sometime between 1869 and the summer of 1875 it acquired a simple peaked roof, as shown in photograph number 2. Research has indicated that no fire took place to cause this alteration, so the reason for it is purely speculative. It might have been an arbitrary change ordered by the owners or caused by a wind storm. The important thing is that there was a change and that it probably took place in the very early 1870s. In December of 1880 fire destroyed the building again. It was rebuilt in 1881 to look as it appears in photograph number 3. This building in turn was destroyed in 1910 and never rebuilt into anything more than a one-story structure. Just from the history of this one building, then, we have three dates from which to draw conclusions about a photograph's general time period.



Photograph No. 2




Photograph No. 3




*Photograph No. 4*

Also in Mystic we are fortunate in having a bridge that figures prominently in many pictures. We know from research what the bridge looked like before and after 1866. We know that it did not appreciably change its appearance again until 1904, and after that not until 1921. (A temporary wooden drawbridge was in operation for about nine months while the new iron bridge was being constructed in 1904 and this should not be confused with the early wooden bridge that was replaced in 1866.) Also in connection with the first iron bridge, we have found that the sign that hung on the overhead and read "Trot Not on this Bridge," was changed in 1885 to read "Walk your Horses." This establishes an even narrower time span from which to draw conclusions on any photograph that shows the old iron bridge and its surroundings.

Aside from the previously mentioned Central Hall block, there were a number of other buildings that burned at various times and these, too, are helpful in time identification. Among these are the Washington Hall building and the old Oceanic Woolen Mill



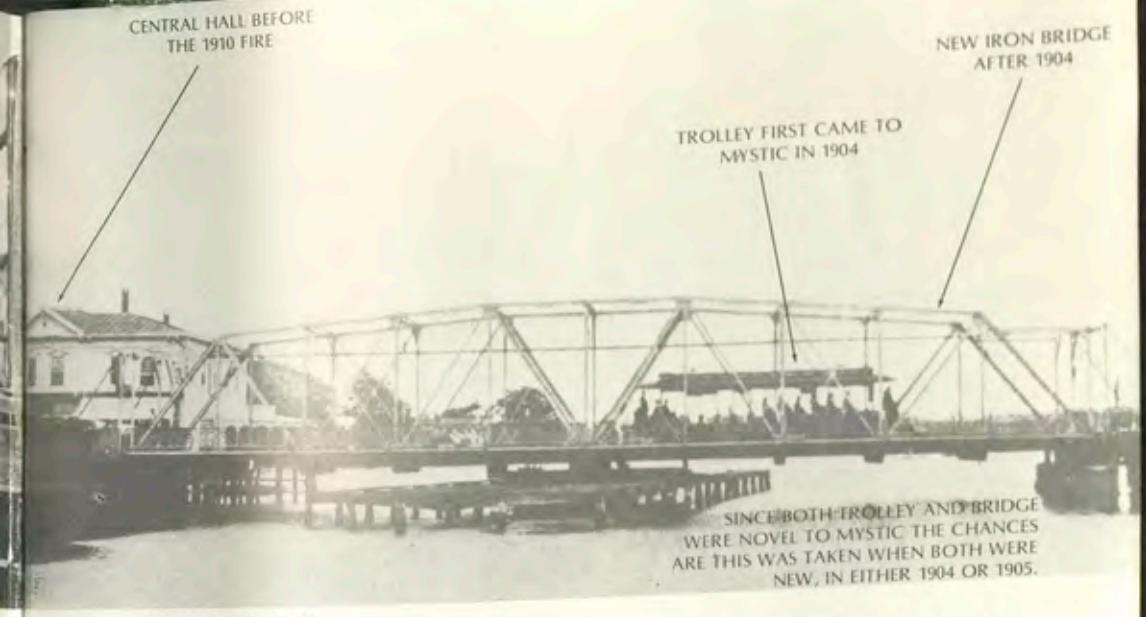
*Photograph No. 5*

building—both figure prominently in many early photographs of the downtown and river areas.

The photographs accompanying this article give a good indication of how certain bits of information, gathered through diligent research, can help pinpoint a photograph to within five or ten years. For only when a specific event or documented public occasion was photographed, can we be absolutely certain of any photograph's date. Examples of this are the flag pole being

*Photograph No. 6*






*Photograph No. 7*

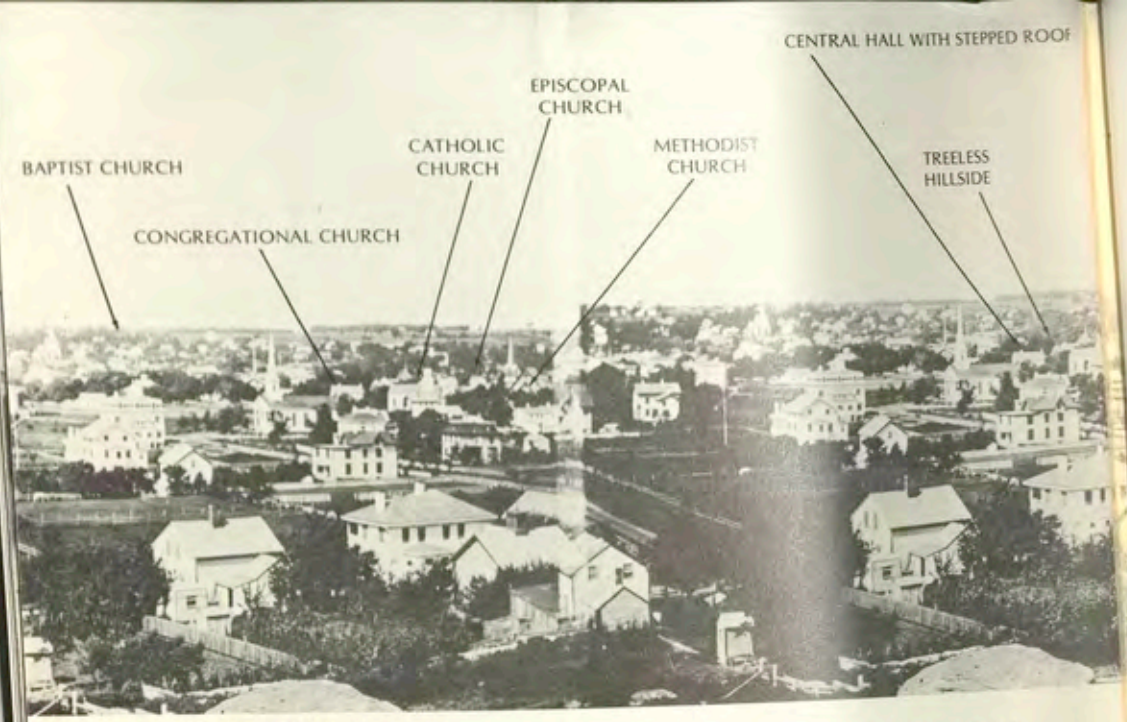
removed near West Main Street (photograph number 4), and the Baptist church's Centennial celebration (photograph number 11).

To add to the confusion are the many photographs that were incorrectly labeled or dated before coming to the Seaport or before more careful research could be initiated on them. Photograph number 5, for example, had been labeled "Mystic in the 1880s." But at first glance this is obviously incorrect. This photograph couldn't have been taken any later than the summer of 1866 since the old wooden bridge, as previously mentioned, was replaced during that period. Also it is obviously not the 1880s, because Central Hall is shown as it appeared in the 1860s or possibly very early 1870s. Also note the flag pole which had been moved across the river in 1876.

Photograph number 6 was also mislabeled before it came to us with the date 1904. But here again the bridge tells us that it couldn't have been taken any later than 1866. Also Washington Hall in the center of the picture was destroyed by fire in 1885.

Finally, we have photograph number 7 that indicated its date as 1915. In actuality this photograph must have been taken between 1904 and 1910. The bridge as it appears was not constructed until late in 1904, and Central Hall—which can just barely be seen on the left, was destroyed by fire in 1910, as we noted earlier.

The incorrect identification on some photographs, as can be imagined, are the most troublesome stumbling blocks in photograph research. A date taken as correct can affect conclusions drawn on other photographs, and not until the researcher comes face to face with a blatant inconsistency does he quickly realize that his axiom was predicated on an incorrect hypothesis. With this




*Photograph No. 8*

*Photograph No. 9*

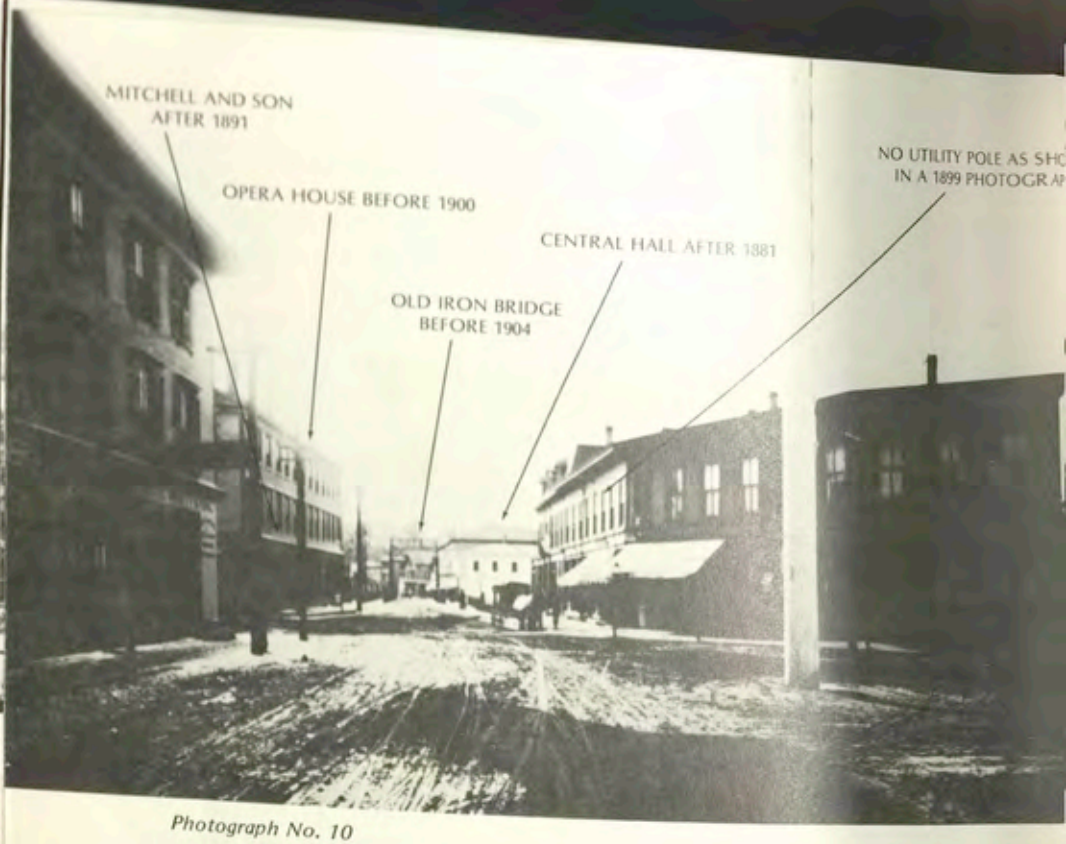
revealed he has to go back and adjust his conclusions about other photographs.

Two more important things should be mentioned for their helpfulness in establishing general time periods. American flags where the field, or at least the first row of the field, can be made out give us a span of years to work with. The middle- and late-nineteenth century were periods of fairly rapid growth and as a new state entered the union, a new star was added. For example, if we note that a flag has thirty-six stars and a staggered first row, it is fairly safe to assume that the photograph was taken between 1865 and 1867 or possibly a little later, if they were slow in changing flags. Another good indicator is clothing. Fashions in the nineteenth century changed just as they do today but not quite as quickly. Looking for these kind of changes has to be a self-taught discipline, for books on fashion in the nineteenth century can be all off as far as certain localities are concerned. In Mystic, for example, tall top hats cease to appear in photographs after the early 1870s, yet in photographs of New York and New Haven they appear almost to the 1890s. Vests also seem to be in fashion during the 1870s for business and working men alike, and were worn quite often with a white or light-colored shirt. So, by putting together all photographs that have been identified for the 1860s, 70s, etc., we have a good idea of what was popular and when.

Photograph number 8 gives a good indication of the religious makeup of "the lower villages" (today's Mystic) in the years just after the Civil War. Central Hall can be made out with its stepped sides so this would probably place the photograph between 1864 and 1869. The photograph as shown captures the spires of all but the Greenmanville Seventh Day Baptist Church. Note also the almost treeless appearance of the West (Pequot) Hill in the distance.

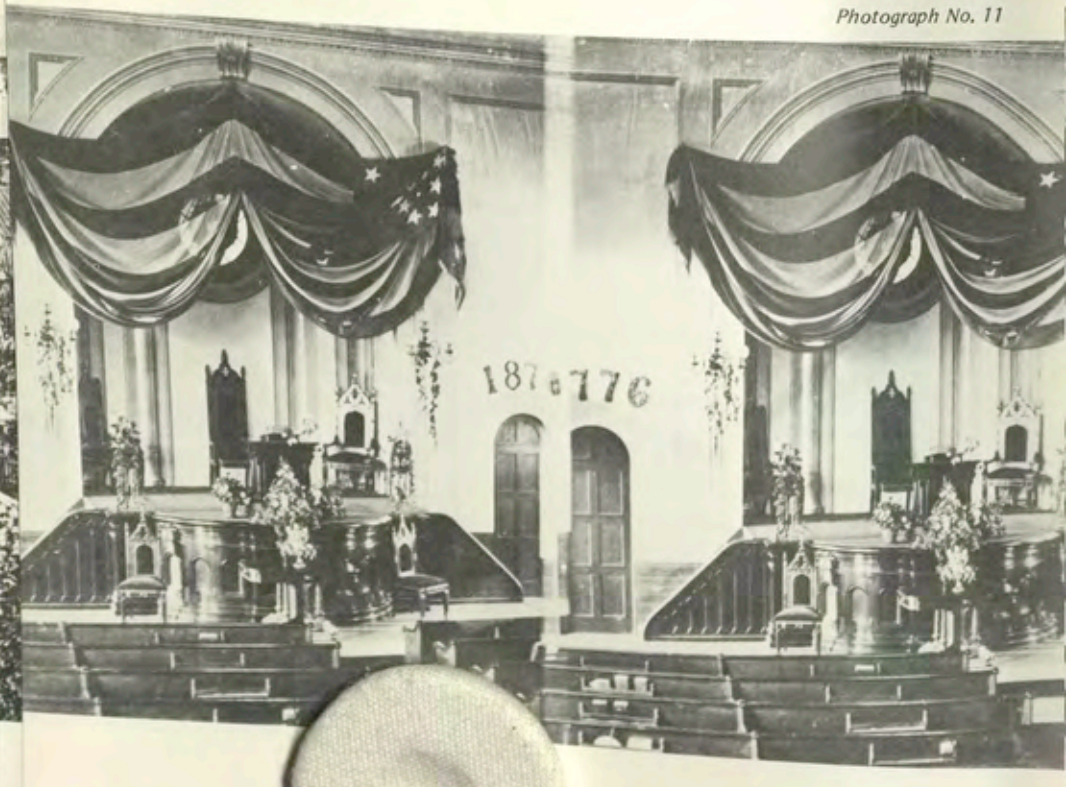
Photograph number 9 is still a problem. It was taken before June, 1875, since it was at that time that the long white building at right, the Oceanic Woolen Mill, completely burned down. Central Hall has its peaked roof so that would confirm the 1870s time period. The problem is the steamship laying up at Mallory's Wharf. What ship is she? After consulting Associate Curator John Leavitt, the conclusion would seem to be that it is the *Aurora*, launched by the Mallorys in September of 1874. She was tied up for some three years before being sold at a considerable loss. Anyone with an indication as to her positive identification would be received with open ears by this writer.

Picture 10 is another good example of how a photograph can be dated from a broad time span to at least within five or ten years. This photograph again shows Central Hall as it appeared after




*Photograph No. 10*

*Photograph No. 11*

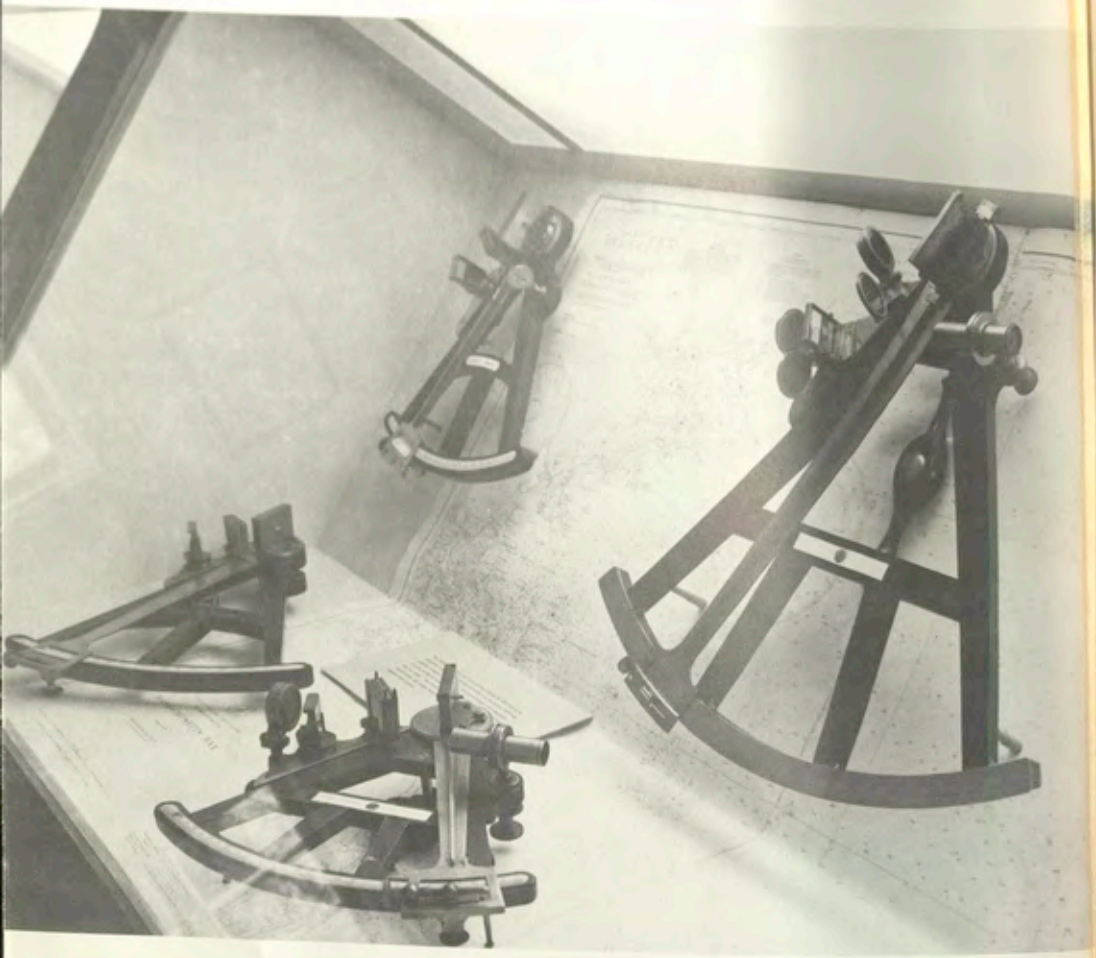


1881. We also see the old iron bridge that was not replaced until 1904. We can further reduce the time by noting that the Opera House building is still standing, which would place it before November 25, 1900, since it was on that date that it was destroyed by fire. Another indication is the existence of a photograph, positively identified as taken in 1899, showing telephone lines that don't appear in the photograph we are trying to date. Finally, the watch and optical store in the corner of the Opera House was not established in that location until 1891. A good guess, therefore, from the minor changes in the 1899 photograph, would place this shot somewhere in the mid-1890s.

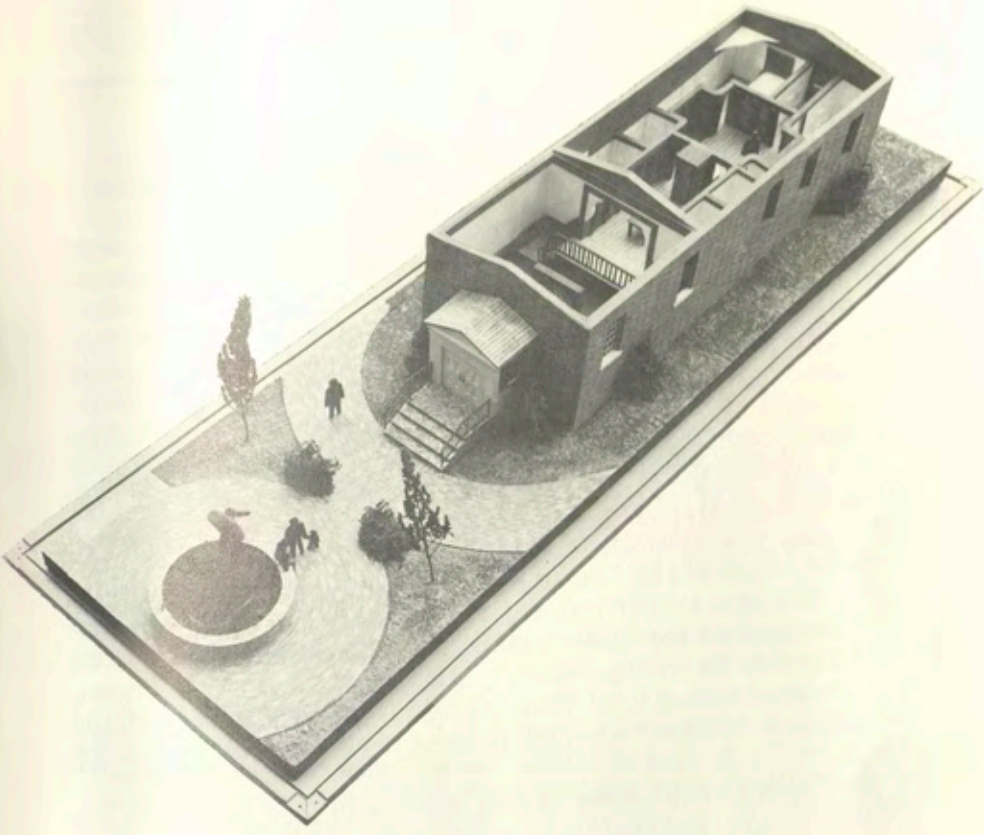
The interior photograph of a Mystic Church (photograph 11) was a mystery since it was difficult to determine by looking at it what church it was. It looked somewhat like the present Baptist Church but this couldn't be proven definitely until the *Mystic Press* (indomitable companion to the local researcher) came to the rescue. In its July 6th issue in 1876 it reported the way in which Mystic celebrated the Centennial of the United States. Among its descriptions it pointed out that the Baptists decorated the interior of their church in the following manner: "The pulpit was beautifully and appropriately decorated—a large National flag being festooned above the speakers head, flowers tastefully arranged around and before him, and the figures in white flowers edged with green, on either side—'1776', '1876'."

No article on early Mystic photographs would be complete without mentioning the photographers themselves. Photography in the Mystic valley does not appear to begin to any important degree until the early 1860s—the oldest photograph in the Seaport collection is no earlier than this time. Most of these early shots were taken by Mystic's most famous photographer, E.A. Scholfield. His residence still stands on Clift Street in Mystic and is now owned by Bruce and Laura Kezer, the donors of many of Mr. Scholfield's glass plate negatives. Around the year 1886 Scholfield was joined by a young photographer of artistic merit, George Tingley. Together they established a lucrative business in family groups, portraits and landscapes. Apparently both photographers spent a considerable time just photographing everyday general interest scenes. These are the shots, of course, that are the most helpful in any study of early Mystic history. Tingley lived on Edgecomb Street a few blocks from the Scholfield house and it is interesting to note that both photographers had high Victorian towers on their homes with commanding views of the Mystic valley. Not a few of the many photographs taken by these men were from these spots. To their fine work the historian owes a great debt of gratitude.

# NEW EXHIBITS



The Navigational Instrument Exhibit in the Clock Shop shows the development of altitude measuring devices used in celestial navigation. The early-nineteenth-century octants and sextant seen above are only a small part of the exhibit of more than thirty instruments. Photograph: Les Olin.



This model has been placed in the *Benj. F. Packard* exhibit to show how the completed exhibit will appear. The vertical cabin paneling from the *Packard* will be erected on a simulated deck to give the feeling of a ship's cabin of the 1880s. The model was primarily the work of John Sholl of the Curatorial Department. Photograph: Les Olin.

# ACQUISITIONS

The G.W. Blunt White Library has recently acquired three whaling journals as a personal gift from James H. Bister of Mamaroneck, New York. The three volumes contain basically complete accounts of six whaling voyages from Sag Harbor, New York, by the *Columbia, Nimrod, Portland, Camillus* and *Noble* between the years 1838 and 1846. To a great degree they are the experiences of W.B. Howes on five of these voyages, although the *Camillus* journal seems to have been the work of Ezekiel Howes.

W.B. Howes sailed as mate aboard the ship *Columbia* from Sag Harbor in June, 1838, and returned on May 15, 1839. The following month he was aboard the ship *Portland* which returned on May 11, 1841. In September of that year Howes was whaling again, this time as mate aboard the ship *Nimrod*, on a voyage that culminated with their safe return on May 23, 1842. Three months later the *Nimrod* was again at sea, now with W.B. Howes as Master, for a voyage lasting until June 29, 1843. Later Howes was Master of the bark *Noble* on a voyage from September, 1844, to June 20, 1846.

The names of the other vessels, many with their home port and Master's name included, appear frequently throughout the journals. They contain whale stamps, they mention deaths at sea, and there is one instance where Captain Howes foiled an attempted murder aboard his ship.

Mr. Bister's gift represents an interesting and important addition to the Library's primary source material on American whaling. Considering their age they are well preserved, and should prove to be a popular research tool for those interested in the study of whaling and its allied subjects.

# BOOK REVIEWS

SQUARE RIGGER ROUND THE HORN by C. Ray Wilmore. *International Marine Publishing Company, 1972.* 19 photographs and drawings. $7.95.

Whoever heard of a tough, square-head skipper aboard an American Cape Horn square-rigger dipping into his own pocket for a five-dollar bonus to every member of his crew on the successful completion of a voyage? Whoever heard of a green-horn who had signed on such a vessel as "able seaman" achieving such recognition for aptitude that the captain would invite him to stay with the ship in order that he might become an officer after more experience?

It was in the year 1911 that C. Ray Wilmore, a young clerk for a Honolulu shipping firm, met Captain Olson of the four-masted bark *John Ena* in a succession of social evenings. On one of those pleasant occasions, it was suggested that Wilmore and his friend Syd Jakins might find it interesting to ship as sailors aboard the *John Ena* which was loading a cargo of sugar for Philadelphia.

To the amazement of family, friends (and probably Captain Olson), the two young men actually signed articles for the voyage and suddenly found that their captain considered them no longer friends but merely members of the crew who were to take the huge ship around Cape Horn during a winter passage.

Young Wilmore entered upon his duties with undaunted spirit and enthusiasm and kept a very thorough journal which he used to write an account of his adventure shortly after termination of the voyage. This was written for his own pleasure and that of his friends and it is only after sixty years that it has come out in print for all to enjoy.

There was no such thing as an easy life in any Cape Horn square-rigger, but Mr. Wilmore records the progress of the *John Ena* in an interesting manner. The ship had made a record passage from Honolulu to Philadelphia only the previous year. Captain Olson would have liked to beat that record and he drove the ship and her men when it was wise, but the purpose of the voyage was to carry a cargo with profit to the owners and Captain Olson accomplished that goal without serious injury to the crew or loss of gear to the ship. One hundred and five days on the passage was good time, if not a record, and the crew seems to have included a larger proportion of real seamen than incompetents. They served her well.

This is a refreshing picture of life in an American sailing vessel in the last days of sail. There were times when fists were used to exert authority, but the writer had no experience of this, nor does he feel that during the occasions on which force was invoked it was in any way brutal or unnecessary.

To those who have read most of the books written about Cape Horn voyages, I recommend *Square Rigger Round the Horn.* Mr. Wilmore was no romantic, nor did he have a bone to pick with the manner in which he

found a ship must be manned, fed or commanded. He knew the deepwater sailers would be doomed when the Panama Canal was opened and he somewhat scorned the steamships which would take their place. The trip in the *John Ena* was merely a means to get to New York and a new future in the business world. I feel certain that readers of *Square Rigger Round the Horn* will be as happy as I that Mr. Wilmore chose the *John Ena* to transport him to that future, and that he somehow found the extra will to record his feelings under conditions calculated to discourage the most ardent diarist.

FRANCIS E. BOWKER
Captain of the *Brilliant*

JOSHUA SLOCUM by Walter Teller. *Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick, New Jersey, 1971.* 237 pp. Illustrated. $9.

Joshua Slocum's *Sailing Alone Around the World*, first serialized in the Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine between September, 1899, and March, 1900, and first published in book form by Century in March, 1900, is one of the great masterpieces of American literature of the sea.

It was written by an aging naturalized American (Canadian by birth) who never learned to spell or to punctuate, who—at the time of his voyage— had lost his profession of merchant sailing skipper and ship owner, who had failed in his personal relationships, who had to all intents and purposes deserted his second wife, and who after the voyage and the publication of his account lived as an impecunious drifter with no home (except the "ancient oyster sloop" which he had rebuilt and sailed around the world), no occupation, and no friends, and who disappeared with his boat, an apparently defeated and dirty old man, in 1906.

This is his biography, and also a biography of and commentary on *Sailing Alone*. Ever since a "chance reading" of *Sailing Alone* in the 1940s, Walter Teller, the biographer, has been fascinated by Joshua Slocum. He has corresponded with at length, and interviewed, Slocum's widow, his children (all now dead), and as many of his surviving friends and acquaintances as he could locate. He appears to have read all the contemporary newspaper accounts of Slocum's voyage, and all of Slocum's surviving letters, particularly his letters to his publishers. And he has edited and/or supplied introductions for later editions of *Sailing Alone* as well as of Slocum's two earlier books (more accurately, pamphlets): *Voyage of the Liberdade* (first published at the author's expense in 1890) and *Voyage of the Destroyer from New York to Brazil* (first published—again at the author's expense—in 1894).

In 1956 Teller published *The Search for Captain Slocum*, a biography. Fifteen years later, having unearthed more documents (including photographs reproduced in this book), and having located more people "with first-hand knowledge of him," Teller felt that his book was "ripe for revision." However, "though Slocum's life history remained essentially the same, my many years of living with the material had brought a change in perspective. I found it necessary to reexamine everything I had said earlier, and finally to rewrite the book entirely."

*Joshua Slocum* is the result.

As a biography of and commentary on *Sailing Alone Around the World*, the book is brilliant. As a biography of Joshua Slocum, through no fault of Teller's it is much less readable, largely because until 1884, when Slocum was forty, he was a conventionally successful merchant sailing skipper whose life was of no greater or less interest than others—and Teller is writing the biography of a man, and not a history of the American merchant sailing navy. After 1884, when Slocum lost his adored first wife and soon thereafter his profession and his money, the story of his life is primarily of interest to psychologists; and since—with the exception of the experiences which produced his three books—it is a story of failure, drifting, defeat and disintegration, it makes painful reading for others.

One-third of the book (Part III) is devoted to Slocum's circumnavigation in the *Spray* and the writing of *Sailing Alone*. Although *Sailing Alone* is quoted and paraphrased at length (after all, there is no other source for Slocum's experiences at sea), this is no *Reader's Digest* condensation. Teller is in love with the book (a hard thing to avoid), his selections are superbly chosen, and his paraphrases are faithful to the spirit of the original. A poor condensation dulls one's appetite for reading the original; Teller's book has just the opposite effect.

But there is a good deal more to Teller's book than that. Slocum's books, particularly such sections as his account of traversing the Straits of Magellan, can stand on their own, but Slocum, especially when describing his own emotions, is eloquent and reticent at the same time. There are passages in both *Sailing Alone* and *Voyage of the Liberdade* which are oddly moving, but the reader scarcely knows why. For example (from *Voyage of the Liberdade):* "I recognize the place as one I knew well; a very dear friend had stood by me on deck, looking at this island, some years before. It was the last land that my friend ever saw." Touching: but how much more poignant when we realize from Teller's account that the "very dear friend" was his beloved wife Virginia, who had died on the same vessel three years before. *Sailing Alone* contains other even more veiled references to Virginia, who is never once mentioned by name, or even as "my wife."

Slocum was equally reticent in other respects: in *Sailing Alone* he says that when he arrived in Sydney harbor "... the Sydney Harbor police-boat [gave] me a pluck into the anchorage while they gathered data from an old scrap-book of mine... Some said they came to arrest me, and—well, let it go at that." Teller does not "let it go at that." The fact is that a mate on one of Slocum's earlier commands had made serious charges against him, and Slocum was concerned enough to appeal to the Sydney Police Court for protection. Teller quotes the charges verbatim, pointing out that it is impossible now to know the truth, but that "grossly exaggerated stories may have a basis in fact. A master in sail [Slocum] with his family aboard could have overreacted to trouble."

Teller also quotes from Slocum's lively letters to his publishers—some of which themselves are wry commentaries on *Sailing Alone*—and from what would now be called his press conferences at his various ports of call: "'Though I do not feel oppressively lonely on my solitary

voyage, I am always glad to get to port. I am, paradoxical as it may seem, really a sociable man . . . ' he told a reporter." All of these glosses on *Sailing Alone* illuminate not only the book, but the man. Teller does not pretend to psychoanalyze Slocum, thank God, but his comments are of psychological interest.

At the time of his voyage, and perhaps for the rest of his life, it appears from Teller's account that Slocum was a "sociable man." But the paradox of Slocum's life– and this shows vividly in Teller's book—was that although he enjoyed and needed human companionship, after Virginia's death he sought it only in casual encounters such as those he found on the voyage of the *Spray*. Before that, his life was too comfortable and prosaic to be of much interest to the reader; after Virginia's death—and especially after the circumnavigation—Slocum was, in the words of one of Teller's correspondents, "A very capable man; and a lonely, unhappy man," who could find nothing more productive to do than to sail on the *Spray*, lecturing occasionally, collecting and selling shells, and desperately avoiding the establishment of any permanent ties with either the land or other human beings. Like so many of his kind, he seems to have loved and to have been a favorite of children: the other side of that coin is that three years before his disappearance he was arrested in New Jersey, charged (mistakenly) with the rape of a twelve-year-old girl, and convicted (on a plea of "no contest") of committing an indecent assult. It is a sad but not a tragic story of the disintegration of a spirit (and of a boat—the *Spray* seems to have disintegrated with Slocum) until Slocum and the *Spray* disappeared together in 1906. Teller does not spare the reader, and neither does he spare Slocum, whom he treats with sympathy, but without pity.

Slocum, to whom self pity—or at least the expression of self pity—was anathema, would have understood; but reading *Sailing Alone Around the World*, particularly with Teller's guidance, is a delight; reading the story of Slocum's life is depressing without the compensation of tragedy's catharsis.

DOUGLAS B. BOWRING

MAN AND THE SEA edited by Bernard L. Gordon. *Doubleday/Natural History Press, 1973.* Paper, $3.95.

*Man and the Sea* is a collection of seventy-one maritime adventure tales and scientific papers. It is meant to be sampled and tasted, not devoured at a single sitting. The articles are presented in a chronological sequence to give an historical perspective, but some may be rapidly passed over, while others deserve a more careful perusal.

Although many of the leading names of oceanography are represented, including Benjamin Franklin, Matthew Fontaine Maury, Roger Revelle and several others, some of the most enjoyable articles are by less well-known authors. The account of the eruption of Krakatoa by John Wesley Judd (1883) provides charts and vivid descriptions of the catastrophic destruction of an island. With the recent ecologic concern over the disappearance of whales, "Capturing the Whale" by William Scoresby (1820) provides a bloody glimpse into a sorry past. "The Drift

of the Fram" by Fridtjof Nansen (1873) describes life in a drifting polar ice field from September, 1893, through August, 1896. "On Dead Water" by V. Walfrid Ekman (1906) explains a strange phenomenon where sailing vessels drift aimlessly and become totally unsteerable in what appear to be calm seas. The occurrence of huge waves with heights up to 112 feet in the mid-Pacific is described by R.P. Whitemarsh, who was the Executive Officer on the U.S.S. *Ramapo* during a series of severe winter storms in February, 1933.

The most interesting scientific paper in the collection is "Understanding and Forecasting Phenomena at the Air-Sea Interface" by Willard J. Pierson, Jr. (1967). Even more meaningful with the energy crisis, "The Power Plant at La Rance" by Edward P. Clancy (1968) explores the possibility of using tidal currents for generating electricity. For most of us who just enjoy a solitary walk along the beach, "Jetsam" by J. Arthur Thomson (1915) is a must.

Although a few of the selections are disappointing, the majority provide interesting reading and will find their way into reference lists and background material for courses in Oceanography and Maritime History.

WILLIAM T. FOX
Department of Oceanography
Oregon State University

GOURMET IN THE GALLEY by Katharine Robinson. *Quadrangle Books/The New York Times Book Company, New York, 1973.* $9.95.

It is somehow reasurring to find a serious, professional, seagoing cookbook—no Bobby Riggs fun-poking to diminish the importance of knowing how to handle a ship's galley under any and all conditions. I am sure that Mrs. Robinson's recipes will produce, to a meal, entirely satisfying results.

*Gourmet in the Galley* makes delightful reading. The names of the recipes lend a lyrical quality and insure the delicacy and sophistication thereof. I notice that there is hardly a hamburg or pancake involved, but rather, smothered beef provençal style, and crepes Antwerp, beef zingara, and perhaps even cold chicken Saint Sebastien, followed by Delphic pasta pie. Almost every good morsel is seasoned well before being given the coup de grace of a generous dollop of Madeira, sherry or brandy.

At the risk of being a dog in the manger, I must note that butter—browned, melted, softened or spread—appears on every page; cheeses abound; sour cream, heavy cream, cream soups as sauce bases leap to the pot; eggs—omeletted, poached, cupped and deviled, coupled with scrapple and French fried onion rings, with salami, mornay and croûte de Munster, offer themselves in abundance. And oh the puddings, the crepes, the mousses, the lemon chiffon tarts and chocolate nut rolls presenting forbidden worlds of culinary surfeit! It seems tragic to me that at exactly the time in life when one might become rich enough, and has already proven foolish enough to acquire a boat with an authoritative galley, one has undoubtedly been warned by his doctor, his wife, his evening paper, his sullen shadow and handy roll of Tums that his cholesterol count is soaring, his blood pressure on the fretful side and his weight too obvious for comment.

To end on a serious note, every sailing wife should have this cookbook in her locker. It can raise immeasurably the quality of her daily meals on board. Most of us count too heavily upon the fact that appetites engendered by wind and weather are oblivious to the sameness, the endless boiling and frying and the lack of imagination which so often are the condiments of the average meal at sea.

GALLEY-HO! FIRST MATES' BOATCOOKBOOK. *Richard Manning Associates, New Canaan, Conn., 1972.* $2.

On a less romantic scale, this small volume called *Galley-Ho* offers good and enduring advice to the mate. The recipes are far simpler than those in *Gourmet in the Galley* and, of course, can be thrown ruthlessly together in the time between furling the main and getting out the ice. It seems to me that *Galley-Ho* keeps a sympathetic eye on both the pocketbook and the "empty well" aspect of the appetites of an active, youngish, and possibly masculine afterguard. The old standbys of chili, ground beef, ham and cheese appear faithfully. The chapter "Cooking on the Go" stands in firm large print, but the ingredients again are the old familiars: the sausage, chipped beef, tuna and hopping john.

Later, advice comes: hang on to that old heavy iron spider from your mother-in-law's kitchen in Dedham; do as much cooking as you can in advance; and note the excellent weekend shopping lists. This is an altogether helpful book for a sailing wife.

ELINOR JOHNSTON
First Mate, *Natty Bumppo IV*

## ALSO RECEIVED

MODERN BOAT BUILDING by Edwin Monk. Revised ed. *Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1973.* $12.50.

BOATBUILDING WITH STEEL by Gilbert C. Klingel, including BOATBUILDING WITH ALUMINUM by Thomas Colvin. *International Marine Publishing Co., Camden, Me., 1973.* $12.50.

FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS by Alan Villiers. *Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1972.* $15.

DOCTOR KANE OF THE ARCTIC SEAS by George W. Corner. *Temple University Press, Philadelphia, 1972.* $10.

THE PERILS OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK by Jeannette Edwards Rattray. *Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, 1973.* $12.50.



Above, a winter scene at the Seaport. Photograph: Les Olin. Front cover, a foggy morning silhouette of the *Joseph Conrad* and the *Fox*, now *Galena*, in the foreground, just before the sun came through. Photograph: Oliver Denison III. Back cover, from the journal of Robert Weir, a description of Christmas day 1857 on the bark *Clara Bell*, of Mattapoisett, Massachusetts.

25th Friday. 1 P.m. Mr Whale secure alongside; saw more whales close by - quarter boats chased, not so we came alongside a few minutes before 2 oclock. and after eating @ hasty dinner set up the pots & were fairly at work cutting by 3 P.m. 7 P.m. had head and all on deck - The blubber looks remarkably fat: looks on casks - at 8h P.m. started the fires again for we had to cool the works while cutting - Horrible weather, rainy & squally - the work are retarded much; All hands on deck to-day, peeling jaw, cutting junk, bailing case &c.c. And Christmas day too - this day of all others to be in such a pickle I'm glad Father can't see me & yet I'm sorry too; but I hope they are all happy at home they can't have the slightest idea; how pleasantly! I am enjoying this blessed day.

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