May 1975

THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT



Officers and Trustees of Mystic Seaport, Inc.

Philip R. Mallory, *Chairman Emeritus*
Francis Day Rogers, *Chairman of the Board*
William C. Ridgway, Jr., *President*
Waldo Howland, *Vice President*
Clifford D. Mallory, Jr., *Vice President*
Alfred Ogden, *Vice President*
Rudolph J. Schaefer, *Vice President*
Atwood C. Ely, *Treasurer*

Robert P. Anderson
Homer D. Babbidge, Jr.
J. Burr Bartram
Rensselaer W. Bartram III
John P. Blair
E. Jared Bliss, Jr.
James L. Christy
Percy Chubb II
Briggs S. Cunningham
John W. Draper
F. George duPont
Mrs. Henry B. duPont
Atwood C. Ely
William P. Gwinn
Waldo Howland
Jan S. Irvine
Jakob Isbrandtsen
Lionel Jackson
Irving M. Johnson
Donald B. Kipp
Robert P. Koenig
Charles S. Lowry
John Macomber
Clifford D. Mallory, Jr.
G. Barron Mallory
Margaret P. Mallory
Philip R. Mallory
Richard C. McCurdy
Thomas L. Miller
Leonard P. Moore
William H. Moore
Alfred Ogden
Harris B. Parsons
H. Irving Pratt
Edwin Pugsley
William C. Ridgway, Jr.
Critchell Rimington
Francis Day Rogers
Peter D. Sanger
Joseph S. Santin
Rudolph J. Schaefer
Henry A. Scheel
Emil Silberman
Jerome W. Sinsheimer
E. Newbold Smith
William Wikoff Smith
Olin J. Stephens II
Oscar S. Straus II
Alexander O. Vietor
Thomas J. Watson, Jr.
John R. Wheeler
William Blunt White
Thomas R. Wilcox
Jacques D. Wimpfheimer

Staff Officers

Waldo C. M. Johnston, *Director*
Donald P. Robinson, *Associate Director for Administration*
Franklin Kneedler, *Associate Director for Development*
J. Revell Carr, *Curator*
Oliver Denison III, *Secretary and Assistant Treasurer*

The Log *of Mystic Seaport*

Editorial Board: Gainor R. Akin, Maynard E. Bray, Dorothy E. R. Brewington, J. Revell Carr, Flora H. Fairchild, John Gardner, Waldo C. M. Johnston, Donald R. Judge, Franklin Kneedler, Albert O. Louer, Michael D. Sturges
Photography Staff: Ken Mahler, Mary Anne Stets, Claire L. White
Design and Production: Klaus Gemming
Copy Editor: Elizabeth Gemming

Members and friends of Mystic Seaport are encouraged to submit articles and photographs for consideration by the Editorial Board. Prospective authors may obtain editorial guidelines from the Publications Department at the Seaport. All articles published in *The Log* are the responsibility of the signed authors and may not always express either the views of the Board or the policies of Mystic Seaport, Inc. © 1975, Mystic Seaport, Inc., Mystic, Connecticut 06355. All rights reserved. Composed by Finn Typographic Service, Inc. Printed by The Meriden Gravure Company. Bound by Mueller Trade Bindery Corp.

COVER: *Detail from* Catboats Racing *by J. E. Buttersworth, oil on millboard, 7½ x 11½ in., signed l.r., c. 1876, private collection.*

FACING PAGE: *Whaleship* Hydaspe, *built by Christopher Leeds, 1822, at Old Mystic. First of a series of drawings by the late John Leavitt depicting vessels built on the Mystic River.*

Volume 27, Number 1 / May 1975

THE LOG
OF MYSTIC SEAPORT

CONTENTS

An Introduction to J. E. Buttersworth
J. REVELL CARR 3

Doughnuts in the Tryworks:
A Child's Life Aboard the *Charles W. Morgan*
PATRICIA BIGGINS 8

On the Far Reaches of the Pacific
CAPTAIN JAMES A. M. EARLE 17

The Business of Whaling:
A Picture Essay 22

Director's Page 29

Book Reviews 30

Acquisitions 32





H.M.S. *Britannia, 24½ x 29½ in., on canvas, c. 1842.*

Note: All paintings illustrating this article are oils by James E. Buttersworth, signed in the lower right, and from private collections.

An Introduction to J. E. Buttersworth

By J. REVELL CARR*

It is an extraordinarily rare occasion for a museum to have three major events occurring simultaneously, and it is even more rare when all of these can be traced back to one man. In June 1975, Mystic Seaport will have a new exhibit building, will celebrate the publication of a significant book, and will open the first comprehensive exhibition of the work of a major marine artist, with Mr. Rudolph J. Schaefer as the catalyst for these events.

Several years ago the children and grandchildren of Mr. Schaefer, a trustee and friend of Mystic Seaport, approached the Seaport with the idea of sponsoring the construction of a building in his honor. The need for a climate-controlled gallery to be used primarily for the exhibition of paintings and prints has long been felt at the Seaport. Since Mr. Schaefer has had a strong interest in maritime art, it seemed particularly appropriate that this be the project to undertake. The R. J. Schaefer Building now fills that void for the museum while standing as a tribute to a man from his family.

A critical point in Mr. Schaefer's involvement with maritime art occurred thirty-five years ago when he first became aware of the fine work of a relatively obscure artist, James Edward Buttersworth, and over the decades his interest in this man increased to the point of wanting to know more about him. There was very little information on Buttersworth available, and the initial frustration became the motivation for a research effort that began seven years ago. The result of this study is the book *J. E. Buttersworth—19th Century Marine Painter*, by R. J. Schaefer, a monumental compilation of the accomplishments of the artist with more than 500 of his works listed and 200 of these illustrated. This authoritative study of Buttersworth's life, published this spring, is an affectionate portrait, written by a man of this century who has been drawn closely to a man of the past century through his paintings.

When these paintings are seen, it will be clearly understood why Rudolph Schaefer was inspired to devote so much time to this man, and it is this study that has inspired the Buttersworth exhibition which will open the R. J. Schaefer Building. The paintings, drawings, and prints assembled for the exhibition clearly delineate the character and style of Buttersworth's paintings and reveal the sources from which his work developed.

While the name James Edward Buttersworth may be unfamiliar to many Americans, they still may have been exposed to his work in the form of N. Currier and later to Currier and Ives lithographs, many of which were taken from his paintings. When Buttersworth first came to this country, sometime between 1845 and 1847, it was essential that he immediately develop a source of income

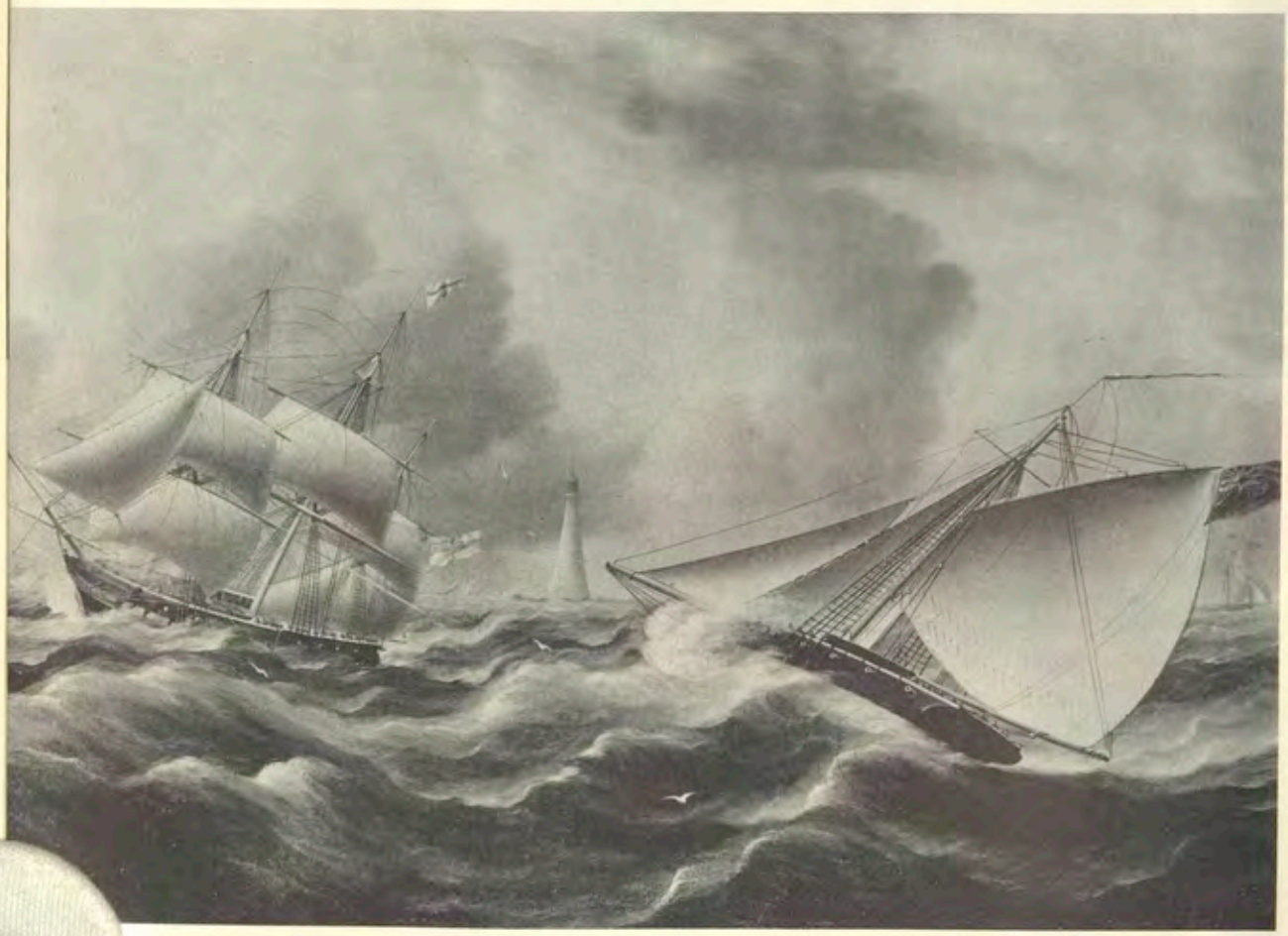
*J. Revell Carr has been Curator of Mystic Seaport since 1970. This article is based on the research of Mr. R. J. Schaefer.

from his skill as a professional artist. In West Hoboken, New Jersey, where he made his home, he met Nathaniel Currier, who recognized the traditional English elements of his style and the indisputable quality of his paintings and began to publish them as lithographs, with the earliest dating from 1847. Buttersworth's style did not develop spontaneously, but was the result of his English heritage and training.

In the records of the marriage of the artist, Mr. Schaefer discovered the groom's father listed as "Thomas Buttersworth" whose profession was "marine painter." With the family tradition of work in this field, James Buttersworth, who was born in 1817, obviously had training in marine art and began painting at an early age. During his youth and early career he developed in the environment of fine English marine artists of the early nineteenth century. When he and his family made the voyage to America after the birth of his fourth child, he carried with him this talent and training. His contact with Currier developed quickly, but his lack of stature was apparent in the fact that his name did not appear on the Currier and Ives lithographs until 1852, five years after their first edition of a Buttersworth litho. The quality of these early works in this country received notice, and in 1850 and 1852 his works were exhibited and sold at the American Art Union.

James E. Buttersworth's arrival in this country was in fact very well timed, for fast clipper ships were in their prime and American yachting was gaining momentum, and both of these became ideal subjects for this prolific artist. From his home in Hoboken he had ready access to the incredible activity of New York harbor, which in the mid-nine-

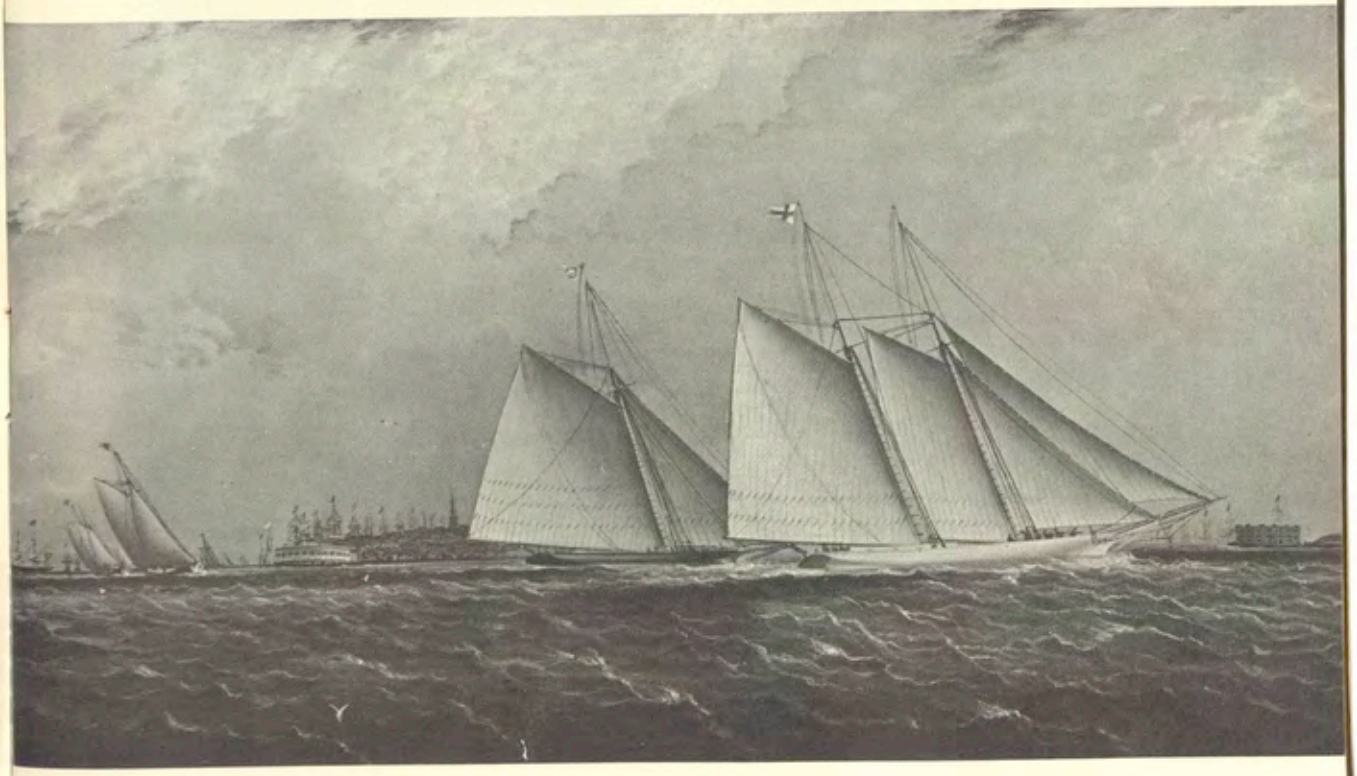
English Shipping off Eddystone Light, *9½ x 13½ in., on canvas, c. 1840.*

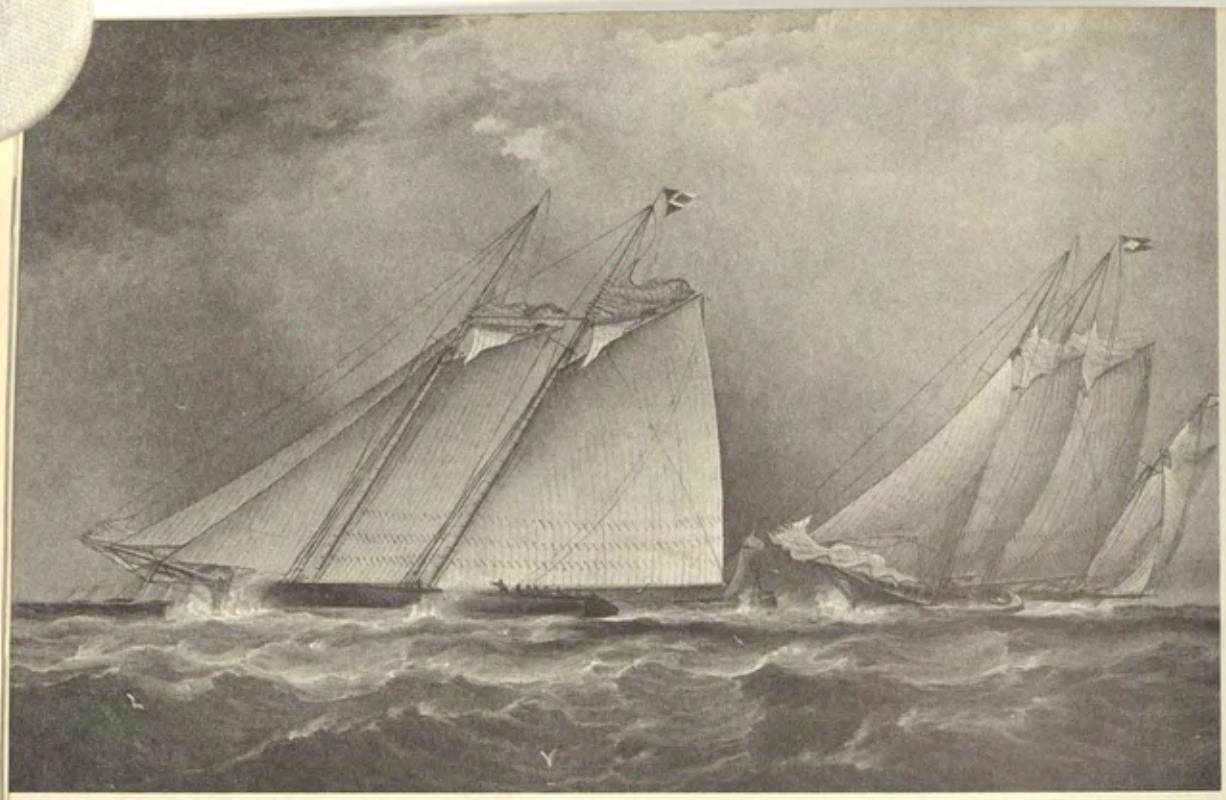




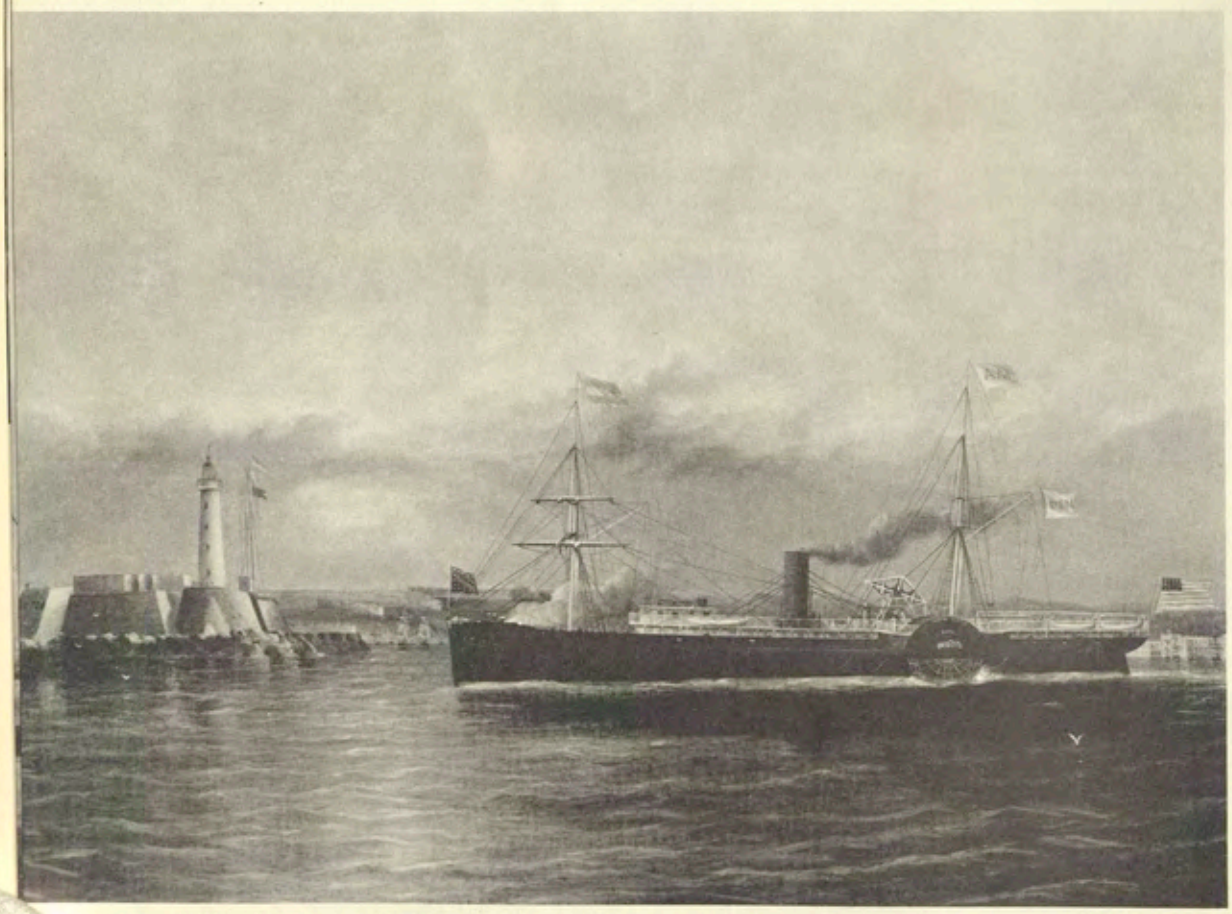
Clipper Ship in a Storm, *11¾ x 16 in., on panel, c. 1860.*

Magic and *Gracie*, *10¼ x 18⅛ in., on canvas, c. 1871.*





Dauntless and *Sappho, 13 x 20 in., on canvas, c. 1871.*



The U.S. Mail Steamer *Morro Castle* Passing Morro Castle, Havana, *17½ x 23½ in., on canvas, c. 1872.*



Mayflower Leading *Galatea, 12 x 18 in., on canvas, c. 1886.*

teenth century was not only a commercial center but also the scene of many yacht races. With meticulous accuracy and a sense of drama, Buttersworth chronicled this activity. His paintings varied in size from large canvases measuring several feet in each dimension to minute renderings only inches in height and width; they varied in mood from light breezes to violent storms, and from brilliant fresh colors to dark scenes with the ships visible in profile against the faint light of the sky. Through all these variations the paintings retained their quality, and as the days of commercial sail waned, the artist moved with the times and recorded the steamers as they developed, while continuing to paint yachting scenes.

If one aspect of his work had to be singled out as the most significant, it would unquestionably be the yachting portraits and views. During Buttersworth's early career in England yachts were portrayed in a number of his paintings, and he apparently returned to England in 1851, where he sketched the competitors, including the *America*, in the famous 100 Guinea Cup Race. The trophy from that race became the *America*'s Cup, which has been retained in this country despite numerous challenges. The nine competitions for this cup between 1870 and 1893 were witnessed and recorded by the artist, but he painted literally hundreds of yachts and documented the most exciting era in American yachting.

So, in June 1975, Mystic Seaport celebrates a dual legacy from two remarkable men. The first is the wealth of historical information brilliantly recorded for posterity over a period of almost sixty years in the paintings of James E. Buttersworth. The second is the fascinating document on the life and work of this artist created after seven years of work by Rudolph J. Schaefer.

The inaugural exhibition in the R. J. Schaefer Building is a tribute to these two men who, through their work, have enriched our lives.

Doughnuts in the Tryworks

A Child's Life Aboard the *Charles W. Morgan*

By PATRICIA BIGGINS*

James Earle first set foot aboard the *Charles W. Morgan* in November 1902 at the age of three. During the following five years Jamie traveled with his parents, Captain James A. M. Earle and Honor Matthews Earle, to whaling grounds in Japan, South Africa, and the Indian Ocean. He left the *Morgan* in 1907 to attend school in Mattapoisett and later became an apprentice for the General Electric Company in Newark. He went on to teach engineering at Newark College of Engineering and is now retired and living in New Jersey with his wife, Emily.

While doing background research for our Children's Museum exhibit I became interested in Jamie's story; although there are many stories of children accompanying their parents at sea, Jamie is the only surviving person known to have lived aboard the *Morgan* as a child. After much correspondence I had the opportunity to meet Mr. Earle in the Children's Museum on *Morgan* Rededication Day. His recollections at that time lent an interesting perspective to family life aboard the *Morgan* at the turn of the century. With Mr. Earle's permission, I was able to tape-record these recollections during a visit to his home in September 1974. The following article contains excerpts from our conversation.

How many voyages did you make with your parents?

I made two voyages out of San Francisco, one out of New Bedford.[1]

You were out on the Morgan *in 1902; that voyage would have been out of San Francisco.*

Yes, that's two voyages out of San Francisco that went to Japan and the Okhotsk Sea. My father took her out of New Bedford down to South Africa and the Crozets; somebody brought her home around the Cape.[2]

Do you remember anything of Japan or the Okhotsk Sea?

I can remember being towed out of the minefield going into Japan. I can remember going up into the Okhotsk Sea when there was a little ice. There was enough wind for the ship, together with the thin ice, to act as an icebreaker. Then we went into open water and found whales.

What did you do while you were on board the Morgan?

Well, my mother had been a school teacher

*Patricia Biggins has been a museum teacher with the Education Department at Mystic Seaport for the past three years. During this time she has supervised the overnight school study program, developed resource material for schools, and conducted research into the topics of whaling and children who went to sea with their families.

[1] Mr. Earle accompanied his parents on voyage 28 (20 November 1902–27 October 1903) out of San Francisco, voyage 29 (18 November 1903–31 October 1904) out of San Francisco, and voyage 31 (11 August 1906–July 1907) out of New Bedford.

[2] Captain Hiram Nye took over the command of the *Morgan* in South Africa on 19 July 1907.

in New Zealand. The time out of New Bedford, she talked to the teachers in Mattapoisett and borrowed books and got pretty much of a program laid out for first, second, and third grades. I did arithmetic, I learned my multiplication tables, and I read the books that she scheduled. I did my reading and writing which was the conventional (I'll call them) pot hooks and hangers practice at that time. In some of the handbooks that my mother kept, she had drawings that I made on ship. Each time they were out they built a deckhouse just forward of the skylight aft on the ship that was a little wider than my father was tall. It was laid out so that he could lay down sideways on it and have a few inches to spare. Mother put her sewing machine in there and I had a desk in there. This was on the trip to South Africa that I can remember the desk. I can remember the housing being built going to Japan. On those trips I did the ordinary studies for at least some of the day, to cover enough so that I went into the third grade when I came back. Then from there my parents took my brother and went to South Africa and the Okhotsk Sea, Tristan da Cunha, and that area. I stayed home and went to school. They decided that I'd been away from other children enough and that I was not used to playing with other children. As a matter of fact, my mother told of my having some girl that was three or four doors away who wanted to play with the Irish male that I had. If I didn't let her play, she was going to go home—and I proceeded to chase her home. But those things, you get over them with time and practice.

What type of food did you have while you were at sea?

The food was something that you either took with you, canned, or you took alive. Chickens went under the carpenter's bench. The carpenter's bench, as I remember it, was at least twice as big as you've got it here; for one thing, the number of chickens, and the other thing is that when they were working at sea, they had the thing lashed up against the main hatch there with two men working



Jamie Earle in San Francisco just prior to his first voyage aboard the *Charles W. Morgan* in November 1902. Courtesy of James Earle.

on each end, cutting up the (I call them) loaves of bread—they were working both ends into the two pots. You would take sheep—sheep weren't too seaworthy but they were good eating. You'd try to get some small ones and some big ones. I can remember going into Tristan da Cunha and the natives came off in a couple of boats. Father swapped with them things that they wanted for live

sheep, live pigs, chickens, and he got fresh vegetables, fresh fruit—whatever they had on Tristan da Cunha. You had to go with the natives. My father always took things along; he knew what they wanted—maybe fish hooks, some calico, not fish lines always—things that he would trade for fresh meat or vegetables, makes a difference where he was. I remember coming off one of the islands and they had bananas hanging all over the ship and all kinds of fresh fruit. I can remember their loading salt pork, but I never saw it used. It was loaded and reloaded as part of the ship's manifest but it was never used that I know of. 'Course if you ran out of potatoes, then you made hash with crackers.

Minus the bugs.

Minus the bugs! Glory be! I can remember taking out of the center of one of those casks a big square tin that'd been soldered together of these two-inch-square soda crackers. I can't remember whose they were. I can name some company but—I'm—I won't say. I tossed it in a bucket, a tub, and it didn't show any signs of leaking so I opened it up. The bugs were there! There were a lot of things that as a youngster on ship, like prunes or dried apricots, I just don't care for. They're all right to eat, they're fine, but I don't want them. There's nothing the matter with them. Soda crackers are in the same category.

Did you have to soak the crackers in milk, water, or stew?

Well, we didn't have any milk. When my brother went to sea, he was under a year old; they took a couple of goats. You had condensed milk and evaporated milk. Again, condensed milk and evaporated milk is fine, I can't find any fault with it, but don't give it to me. You had tenderloin of whale. You've got to cook whale meat with some fat pork with it. There's no fat in it; it's all solid lean. It's good protein meat, like heavy beef. You'd tend to eat whatever you had. You'd have roast beef and hash and all the fresh meat that you couldn't get otherwise.

Do you think that because you were along, the bill of fare might have been a little better than it normally would have been?

No. My father, as I understood from members of the crew, had pretty much of the pick of the best men because he fed well. Pretty much what they ate at his table, they ate right through, whether it was the petty officers or the fellows before the mast.

Were you relegated to aft of the mainmast?

Aft of the tryworks. I could go sometimes forward between the tryworks and the mainmast, but generally anything forward of the tryworks was strictly off limits.

Were you allowed to fraternize with the crew members?

They were my playmates, same as Christian was.[3] Cabin provisions came in butter tins and I remember one of the first things he did was make a boat in his spare time. The first trip out of 'Frisco he made a square rigger and the second trip was the conventional whaleboat rig. There was the bomb gun which I was holding there—that was a piece of work—and there was always a couple of harpoons. By the time you got up and got some breakfast and got the boat set up, it was time for dinner. This was a day's work to set that thing up and get the sails up. Of course you had to put it all back together and stow it away before you could quit and go to bed.

When did your day normally start?

Well, my father was always up at the change of watch at four o'clock. He was up and went on deck to see what the weather was. My father and mother would have coffee and doughnuts. Occasionally I could remember being up for that, but I think usually I slept through it. I was always up for breakfast—there wasn't any fooling about that.

Breakfast was at six o'clock?

Breakfast was at seven.

You slept in a hammock?

Well, this was a platform hammock in the after cabin on the side closest to the stairs.

Was it strung across the after cabin?

It hung from the ceiling. It was kind of

[3] Mr. Earle is referring to Second Mate George Christian, great-grandson of Fletcher Christian.

platform-like so that the ropes went up, with the end pieces and the sides up as high as I was tall. The two ends and the back were pretty much fixed with canvas and the end on this side would come up and be kind of tied in place, so when I was in there and we were out with the ship rolling, this was it. I can remember on this last trip out of New Bedford we ran into a hurricane off of Hatteras.[4] I was in the rolling bed with my mother and the ship masts came down parallel with the water. The water was coming down the stairways and the bed stuck on the floor. When the ship started to right, my mother put her foot out and pried it loose so that the bed righted as the ship came up. 'Course the water came down the stairways and went down the grating into the lower hold and on from there, but it made a mess out of the ship. I think probably other than playing with older people, I got into all of the mischief that youngsters do to a degree.

Your mother was rated as navigator aboard the Morgan.

Yes.

From what you say, I imagine that she probably spent a lot of time actually helping to navigate the ship.

She could take the sun and work up a position. I have a firm recollection of her keeping one of the logs, but I can't find any record that she kept it. There is one log of the *Morgan* at Mystic which my daughter says is my mother's handwriting. Be that as it may, officially she didn't keep it.

Did your mother ever take a hand in preparing meals?

The only thing that I can remember her doing was making doughnuts. She made doughnuts two or three times and they would cook them in the oil in the tryworks. She made enough doughnuts so that all hands had doughnuts and coffee. She cooked them, boiled them, in the whale oil.

Were they good?

Delicious! She would have to make about four apiece for all the men. I can remember her doing it three or four times; that's the only time that I can remember her doing any cooking.

Did someone help her make the doughnuts? That must have been quite a task, trying to cook all those doughnuts in the tryworks.

Well, they put the doughnuts in one of those big dippers, the strainers that they used to dip the scraps out. You get the blubber after it's been boiled out and it looks like fat pork with all the whale oil cooked out; then you dip it out and if you need some fuel in the fires under the kettle, you put it in there and burn it. If you don't need it, you put it aside until you do. If you need some illumination, you put it up overhead into that basket and you burn it and you had some illumination at night. You always kept some to start your fires from the next time. This was also one of the things that if you were visiting—gamming—you tried to steal somebody's blubber 'cause that was good luck if you could steal it and not get caught at it.

So you had breakfast, dinner, then supper? Is that the sequence?

Of course, there was early morning coffee and doughnuts. 'Course the coffee had to be roasted and ground. For years afterwards I never bought prepared coffee; they had to do the roasting and grinding and make the coffee and it had to be fresh.

Did the crew drink tea?

I don't know whether the crew had tea, but I remember my mother bringing out tea when they had the gamming. That gamming was very Victorian. The ships would cross and there would be a hail and an exchange of greetings more formal—you'd think they'd never seen each other.

Do you remember the cook at all?

No. The time my father had her, he had a galley which was maybe half as big again as the one that you show there which was up forward of the tryworks on deck and lashed down with bolts. 'Course if you're going to feed thirty-five or forty men, you need some room and you're going to feed them three

[4] August 1906.

times a day anyway with something of a snack in between, particularly for the night watch. Cooking was done up there and the cook slept forward, but the steward slept aft and the cabin boy slept aft.

What did you eat for breakfast?

If you had chickens you had eggs. You didn't have any of these prepared eggs that you have now. You might have porridge or cream of wheat if it kept, and you had trouble keeping cream of wheat or any of these cereals in the tropics.

Then you had dinner and that would be right at noon?

That would be noontime. These meals had to be pretty much on time because of the change of watch.

Dinner at noon was the big meal of the day; that might be whale meat and vegetables?

Whatever we had. I don't remember getting too much fish. I do remember the boats leaving the ship and going off and catching fish at one time. They were in the vicinity where there was fish and they stopped and got a lot of fish; we had fish for several days. Generally, we had porpoise, we had turtle.

Then you would move on to supper and that would be like a lunch?

That would be a lighter meal usually, yes.

Would that be just fruits and breads?

Well, according to what you had; 'course all these meals weren't what you would call light, they were pretty hearty. You might get for breakfast quite frequently pancakes, pies when you had them, and you had apples or the fruit.

What types of snacks would the crew members have?

The night crew particularly would get coffee or something of this sort.

What other playthings did you have besides the boat that Christian made you?

I think there were two sets of blocks as I can remember them: smaller ones and there were some bigger ones with the conventional letters on them that you could spell out things with.

Like stencil blocks?

Stencil blocks.

Did you have any other toys?

There should be, because for one thing, there was a box in that house on deck there, right across the back of it, and that was full of toys.

You had a toybox, then; was that an open wooden box?

No, this was just a settee that closed down and there was a cushion that went on top of it, but it was deep enough so my father could lay down on it if he felt like it. I took the cushion off and this is where I put all my toys. They had to be put away when we went downstairs so they wouldn't go bouncing around with the rolling of the ship. Crayons, the blocks, and the scissors—all the drawing things had to be put in that box. I don't remember how this house was fastened to the deck or whether it was fastened between that and the top of the afterhouse, but there were plenty of toys.

Your brother went out aboard the Alice Knowles *in 1908; that was when you were in port getting your education and learning to get along with other children.*

Principally; I think that was the principal reason.

So he was only two years old when he went out.

He was less than a year old when he went out, a week less than a year.

Let me go back for just a minute—he was born in 1906?

That's right, November.

Was that while your mother was in port? He wasn't born at sea.

No, we came back from South Africa 'cause my mother was pregnant. He was born in the fall.[5]

[5] In a later conversation Mr. Earle corrected me on the date of his brother's birth. Norman was born in November 1907. His father resigned command of the *Morgan* in July 1907 in Durban. The family then returned by steamer first to England and then to Mattapoisett, where Norman was born. In his book *The Charles W. Morgan*, John Leavitt suggests that



Jamie on deck of the *Morgan*, in the toy whaleboat made for him by Second Mate Christian during the 1903 voyage. Courtesy of James Earle.

So your mother stayed on land until he was just over a year old and then Norman went out with your mother and father?

Yes.

And you stayed on land?

Yes.

What did Norman do while he was at sea? Do you remember him speaking of any common experiences?

Well, the only thing that I can remember, of course, is this boat that Christian made same as he made for me, with the similar painted ports.

Would other crew members have made toys for him, other than Christian?

Well, Josie would have made toys. I think Josie made that trip on the *Alice Knowles*.

Who was Josie?

He was one of the fellows before the mast. I've forgotten his last name. There were a couple there that went both in the Pacific and in the Atlantic. They were just good sailors.

Do you think having a family aboard the ship had a good effect on the sailors? Did it make them behave any better or make them feel a little bit more as if they had a home than they might have without a family?

The only fellow that ever expressed any ideas like that was a fellow that talked to [Edouard] Stackpole. He must have been quite a young fellow when he went on the *Morgan* 'cause he said my mother rather mothered him a little bit and perhaps as a younger fellow he appreciated it.[6] But I think generally they were pretty much all the same.

Captain Earle turned over the mastership of the *Morgan* to Captain Nye because of ill health and difficulties with the crew.

[6] Mr. Earle is referring to Walter Bechtel, one of the crew members during the 1902 voyage out of San Francisco. Mr. Bechtel left his studies at Williams College to go to sea.



Norman Earle aboard the *Alice Knowles*. Captain James A. M. Earle is standing at the right. Courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. John W. McNatt.

The men more or less accepted the idea of having a wife and child along.

I think that this was pretty much common practice. I don't know of any—at least any of the ships that we went visiting with—but what the captain had his wife along. There were three ships up there in the Okhotsk Sea that belonged to the Wings and they visited back and forth when they came to the same locality. Captain Scullun[7] had one, and I've forgotten the other fellow—he might have been Alexander.

Did they all have wives with them?

Yes.

When you visited Mystic you told me the story behind the picture of you with a frown on your face. I wonder if you could repeat it again.

My father had been down in the hold supervising the stowing of the ballast and the wedging of it into place. The ballast is principally large boulders. It was one thing he was very fussy about. If the ship tipped as it's likely to and the ballast shifted, we were in really tough times. My mother had, shall I say, cautioned me to stay up on deck; I was not supposed to be down in the lower hold in the white blouse you see in the picture. Well, I heard what she said. My father went down there, and I thought that if I wanted to go down, I should be allowed to go down, so I went down. I came up when he did and I got warned for being down there. About the time that mother got through with that process, Tripp came along and wanted to take a picture. My father kind of stands there, rather nonchalant; well, what could he do? My mother was still quite upset and I was more than upset! I didn't like it at all. I'd been down in the hold, I hadn't gotten dirty—I'd been very careful about that. But the ballast had gotten pretty much wedged into place where it couldn't move. Certainly from our experience down off Hatteras on the last voyage out of New Bedford, that precaution was well taken. That's the time the mast went down horizontal with the water.

I read that your mother brought a camera with her on board the Morgan.

Yes. She took a lot of pictures.

She was quite successful at it.

I have an idea that if you go looking back through the stores that Mystic got from New Bedford, you'll find quite a number of photographs of this vintage. I know I saw one that was taken in Japan with myself and the two King children[8]—Doris was one of them, I forgot the other girl's name—and that was Scullun, Captain Scullun, and Captain Alexander. That gamming chair, I think that is something that grew up while the *Morgan* was up there at South Dartmouth. I never saw it used; I never saw it. My father and Christian would pick my mother up and set her down in the whaleboat by the gangway and either put her in or take her off. She'd get in sideways to the way the ship would roll, and when you rolled down my father and Christian would pick her up and set her on deck or set her in the boat. I know jolly well that they never used that gamming chair without getting dunked; you were in it, and if the thing went under water you were in the chair and you got dunked.

Stackpole mentions in his book that you used to play in one of the spare boats being repaired on deck.

Yes. I can remember climbing the rigging one time, much over my mother's protest. My father had put a rope around me; it went through one of the halyards up on the first crossbeams. Mother still didn't care much about it. I got tired of that finally and I wanted to play somewhere else, so I got down on deck and my father untied me, shook the rope, and the block up there, and the whole thing came dashing down on the deck. So that ended my playing up there in the rigging. You can imagine there were some comments.

Did your experience as a child at sea cure

[7]Captain Thomas Scullun, later a master of the *Morgan*.

[8]Daughters of the American consul in Japan.

you of the desire to take to the sea for a career?

About that time the bottom dropped out of whaling. Petroleum came in and the use for whale products wasn't there. The money wasn't there.

There wasn't much future in it.

Not as a career. I ended up going to work as an apprentice for the General Electric Company. I came down to Newark for six weeks, I guess it was, and stayed there for forty years.



Jamie, right, with his younger brother Norman in Mattapoisett with "Nanny." The black goat was brought along to provide milk for Norman on the *Alice Knowles*. Courtesy of James Earle.

On the Far Reaches of the Pacific

By CAPTAIN JAMES A. M. EARLE*

We had been at Owaitahoo nearly two weeks and hoped to remain a few days longer, but on the evening of the second Saturday I noticed an unusually heavy swell breaking outside the harbor and before dark the great rollers began to follow through to the inside as well. During the night these increased in size so that on Sunday morning it was impossible to land at all. There was no high wind nor anything unusual in the look of the sky or sea except the great rollers, but it was just such a swell as usually precedes a hurricane. Clearly it was not safe to remain any longer. We worked briskly through the morning getting things shipshape, and in the early afternoon got under way and slipped out easily enough under topsails, maintopgallantsail and foresail set to a fair wind which held and strengthened as we drew away so that by eight bells we had a fine offing.

Monday 12th Jan 1903
Come in with light air from S.W. Bk. lay to anchor due the day[1] *we put the old boat on top the house latter part we hove are port Anchor put in on the Bow. at 12 A.M. Wind came round S.E. We hove are Starb[oard] Anchor we made sail proceeds to sea allso Bk. Calefornia at 2 P.M. wind from North Bk Steering W. ½ South due the time rain we store away cable at night still rain so end.*

The sky was now no longer clear but overcast with heavy clouds, the sun hidden, and by nightfall a stiff gale was blowing, hauling gradually to the S.E. and momentarily getting fiercer. Shortly after dark the gale swung rapidly from S.E. to S.W. and we hove to, about 40 miles off shore with a wind of hurricane force and a swell from the N.E. By midnight the ship was plunging hard. The crests of the great seas ran up from the leeward (N.E.) and, curling over, were slashed off by the hurricane wind from the opposite quarter, then shot through the atmosphere parallel to the surface of the water in sheets of brine. Through the stinging spray there beat upon the ear that ceaseless moaning sound which is heard only during a hurricane. Still we had little fear, having faith in

*Perhaps no other ship captain knew the *Charles W. Morgan* as well as Captain James A. M. Earle. Nine times master of the *Morgan*, Captain Earle presented recollections of his whaling days to George M. Sheahan, M.D., in a series of articles which appeared in *Yachting* magazine from 1927 to 1930. This article, written when Captain Earle was in his mid-seventies, first appeared in the December 1927 issue. With the permission of *Yachting* and of James Earle, the captain's son, we have chosen portions that concern the 1902 voyage of the *Morgan* for reprint here. The son mentioned in this article is Jamie Earle (see "Doughnuts in the Tryworks").

Italicized are excerpts from the log of the voyage, now in the library archives. It was kept by First Mate Emanuel F. Morgan, a native of the Seychelles islands, and these segments are reprinted exactly as he wrote them.

[1] Morgan's references to "Bk." are intended to mean "Bark *Charles W. Morgan;* the entry thus reads, "Bark *Charles W. Morgan* lay to anchor during the day."

our stout old ship and good crew; but it was a trying night for my wife and three-year old son.

Between midnight and 1 o'clock in the morning the ship suddenly stood almost upon her head in a terrific plunge, and as she righted I heard or, perhaps, sensed a sharp snap or sound of breaking timber, not very loud but unusual—that is the word. Strange how the ear, even in a howling hurricane, instantly distinguishes a foreign sound! I rushed on deck in my pajamas, preceded a few steps by Mr. Morgan, also clad in light sailing gear (the chief officer of a whaler has all night in and all day on deck) and found the watch in charge of the deck rushing forward clinging to the rail, except the helmsman, who bent to the wheel. Alongside on the lee bow we found, snapped off at the bowsprit and hanging from the stays, the jibboom, the wreckage of which plunged and crashed against the side; overhead the fore to'gallantmast and topmast jerked and swung back and forth with every roll and plunge of the ship.

There was no time to lose. First we clapped a watch tackle on the to'gallant headstay to the knightheads. This steadied the to'gallantmast at once. The second maneuver was to fasten the jib stay to the end of the bowsprit—a hard task, with the old bark rolling and tumbling, while volumes of the water broke over the bow and drenched everyone. Then the broken jibboom was hauled aboard and jib and flying jib secured. (The ship then, as now, carried flying jib, jib, foretopmast staysail and forestaysail, the latter being used always as a storm sail.) In less than an hour all was secured, due largely to the skill and ability of my mate, Edouard [*sic*] Morgan—and no better officer ever trod a whaler's deck.

Tuesday 13th Jan. 1903
Comence with gale of wind from N.E. Bk lay to under low main top sail at night we goos[e] wing[ed] the main top sail latter part the main top sail blow away. so end.

Wednesday 14th Jan. 1903
Comence with strong gale of wind Bk lay to under two stay sail due the Morning We bent the fore stay sail We lost the S[tarboard] B[oat] over board. the S[tarboard] B[ow] B[oat] Davis care away[2] so we made the Boat fast best we know how at night blow very hard rain hard. so end.

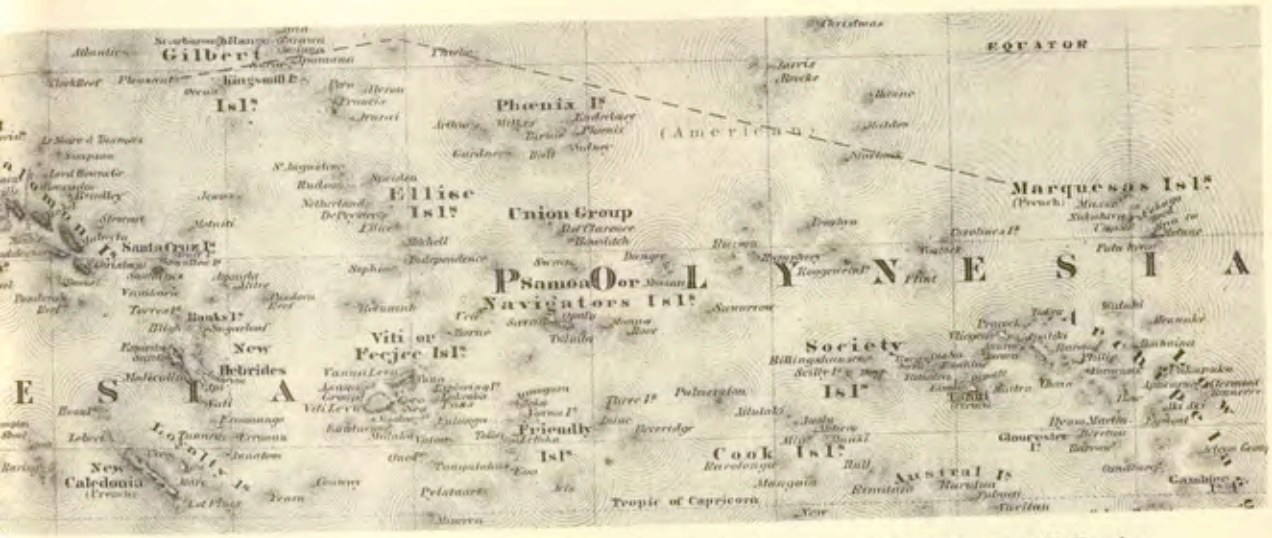
Thursday 15th Jan. 1903
Come in with gale of wind from N.E. Bk lay under two stay sail due the day blowing very hard and rain latter part squalled at 10 P.M. We care away the fly jibs Boom We clear away the racks[3] at 1 P.M. We had every thing fast blowing very hard due the time so end this day

For two more nights and three more days the gale continued, but without increasing in violence and without further serious accident. The hundreds of bananas swinging up aloft, let go at every roll down, singly and in bunches; some fell into the sea and some on deck, whence they were fired overboard with hearty curses. At the end of the second day there wasn't a banana left.

The fourth day broke with a clear blue sky and warm sun, finding us battered but safe and all hands busy clearing up the ship. Strangely enough, due, I suppose, to that strange perverseness of nature which we all see as we go through life, whales surrounded us on all sides in large numbers, playing and spouting and resting on the surface. They seemed to know that we were too busy to lower and molest them. We swung the *Morgan* onto her course for Pleasant Island, 3,000 miles distant from the Marquesas, with the N.E. trades which are found about 10 degrees south of the line and carry on up to 22 or 23 degrees north, behind us. It was glorious sailing, 200 miles or better every day, and hardly a hand to the sheets or tacks.

In two days nearly all traces of the hurricane were gone, and we were bowling along in the warm tropical air, when, in the late afternoon, a sail was reported astern coming up slowly. During the night she gained on us, and the next morning we knew by her sails

[2]Davis, meaning "davits": "the starboard bow boat davits were carried away."
[3]Racks, meaning "wreckage."



Detail from Tunison's *Oceania* (1883), showing the route of the voyage. Mystic Seaport Collection.

(which we could see for several days before the hull hove in sight) that she was the clipper-bowed bark *Alice Knowles*, of New Bedford, in charge of Captain Montgomery. This was excellent news, for we had been much concerned about her during the hurricane and were glad to know that she had weathered it. We knew that she must have been caught, for she had been at Magdalena Island, only about 20 miles away, while we were at Owaitahoo. And, although we had not seen her, her first mate, Mr. Church, of Rochester, Mass., had visited us and stayed over night. She followed us closely; daytimes the *Morgan* held her, but at night she gained. We took it for granted that she was running us a blue-water race and held on.

On the 11th of February her hull was visible, and we noticed that she seemed to be yawing first in one direction and then in another. Soon we saw what had heretofore escaped our attention—the blue whaling signal flag at her peak which was the cause of the maneuvering, and meant that she desired to speak us. You see the yawing brought the flag to bear more in a broadside. We hove to with foreyard aback, whaler fashion, and waited.

Much has been written about meeting another ship at sea; it is always an event; to the whalers on their long cruises it was a golden opportunity. The word "gam," once used only in the whale fishery, has passed into sea-lore, and even if not found in the dictionaries is well known to yachtsmen. And, as this gamming with the *Alice Knowles* was carried out in a most orderly and ceremonious fashion, and, as the presence of the captains' wives furnished additional interest, it may be worth while to describe it. The *Knowles* ran down across the stern of the *Morgan*, and as she came within speaking distance, Captain Montgomery hailed us.

"Hope we see you well, Captain Earle. How is Mrs. Earle?" (Mrs. Earle and my boy were on the house waving.)

"Quite well, I thank you. How is Captain Montgomery and Mrs. Montgomery?"

Captain Montgomery: "Quite well, I thank you. Come aboard and give us the news."

Captain Earle: "Thank you, we will."

The *Alice Knowles* sailed on and hove to about 300 yards from the *Morgan*, headed the same way and slightly to weather. "Clear the waist boat, Mr. Mate, and we'll go aboard

her." The waist boat was speedily made ready, the crew as usual consisting of an officer and five men. My wife and boy went aboard and were seated on a movable thwart in the stern sheets, then lowered with the boat. The men followed down the slide-boards, taking their allotted seats for rowing, and the boat dropped aft to the gangway ladder.

I went down the gangway ladder and got aboard, sitting on the gunwale alongside my wife and son, then gave the orders "Let go the warp (painter, it is called by yachtsmen); out oars; shove off there, Joe," to the boat-steerer, in the head of the boat. "Give way," and we shot out astern of the *Morgan* toward the *Alice Knowles*. As we swung clear of the *Morgan* I looked back and looked her over and thought "Well, you look trim and fit. One would little think a short three weeks back you were struggling for existence with a hurricane." We passed astern of the *Knowles*, also, and came alongside to leeward. Meanwhile the officer skillfully manipulated the long steering oar and swung her off. As the boat approached the gangway ladder and shot ahead, the warp was thrown and caught and the boat hauled back to the gangway steps, the boatsteerer fending off with his boat hook—a most important maneuver, since otherwise the whale boat being in the lee, and the lightest, would be instantly rolled under.

"Ship in there, Joe!"

"Ay, Ay, sir." The boatsteerer's oar went in on the thwarts.

"Stand by your warp; throw your warp up there, Joe, 'midships!"

"Ay, Ay, sir," and the warp was thrown.

Then, from the mate of the *Alice Knowles*, "Haul aft there with that warp, one of you!" The oars are just clear of the ship.

"Unrow, all!" and the oars are taken in.

The Captain of the *Knowles* meanwhile, as was the custom, paced the quarter deck to weather and the mate received us at the gangway. He swung out the manropes – two strong lines with trailing ends, each attached to a two-foot stanchion above. I caught them and passed them quickly to Mrs. Earle, who seized one strongly in each hand. Then, as the *Alice Knowles* rolled toward us to leeward and the position of the whale boat became favorable, she stepped quickly up, for there was a six-foot rise and fall of the swells and to swing free at the end of the manropes on the weather roll would be a terrible and perhaps fatal experience. The men sat still to steady the boat till I followed with the boy in my arms; but once the "quarter deck company" was aboard they piled up the slide boards, leaving the boat with one man to fend off.

As we stepped on deck Captain Montgomery met us near the center of the vessel, welcomed us heartily and, after a short conversation, said, following the invariable custom, "Welcome on board the good ship *Alice Knowles*. We'll let my mate go aboard your vessel." He called his mate and introduced him to me formally (though I had met him more than a hundred times before and he had visited us at Owaitahoo before the hurricane), thereby giving me the opportunity to say, "Go aboard and see my mate, Mr. Morgan." He thanked me and mustered a crew from his own ship. They got into the boat and my foremast hand who had been left to fend off, came on deck.

Captain Montgomery then said, "What do you say, Captain, shall we swing off on our course?" And when I agreed we signalled the *Morgan*, the second mates made sail, swung the vessels on their courses and soon both were forging ahead on parallel courses, yards trimmed on the faster ship so as to hold the dividing distance of half a mile, for we were not actively engaged in whaling and could afford to accommodate one another. On the whale grounds proper it would have been different, for there the hunt never ceases a second, and the distance between vessels gamming is usually nearer two miles.

The ship the captains are on is the weather ship and they are sailing parallel. Under these conditions an interesting rule of the fishery is observed, namely, that vessels and crews so placed are said to be "mated." When one of

a "mated pair" makes a catch the whale is brought alongside, the head cut off without delay, hauled clear and towed to the mated vessel. Trying out is started and neither can go out of sight of the other until it is finished, no matter what their plans would otherwise have been, unless, of course, by mutual agreement, calling off the mating. Should another whale be caught in the meantime they remain mated until that fellow is likewise cleaned up, and so on. There have been several instances where vessels have remained thus mated for weeks.

But to get on with our cruise. Gams are supposed to end before midnight, for at sea a captain, unless he is detained by a sudden blanket of fog or some other emergency, must not be away from his ship overnight. So when the time came to signal for my boat, Captain Montgomery called his steward, who in turn transmitted the order to the officer of the deck, and the flag was set. Soon the boat was alongside with Mr. Church. A rap on the cabin door. "Boat's alongside, sir."

"Come in, Mister." He came in and talked a while.

"Have my boat manned, Mr. Church."

"Boat's all ready, sir," reported through the skylight. We bade farewell, embarked, and were on our way to the *Morgan*, guided through the growing darkness by a white light hung high up in her mizzen rigging. Once aboard, down came the signal, followed by the same procedure on the *Knowles*, showing that they knew we had arrived safely. Shortly afterward we braced forward and stood away W.S.W. for Pleasant Island, while the *Alice Knowles* swung W.N.W. for the Bonin Islands.

Sunday 15 February 1903
Come in with strong breeze from East Bk Steering W. by S. running under all sail due the day we game Bk Alice Knowles she had 25 Barrell spems oil at night breeze up very strong and rain squalled Bk Alice in sight Steering the same course so end.

The Business of Whaling

A Picture Essay

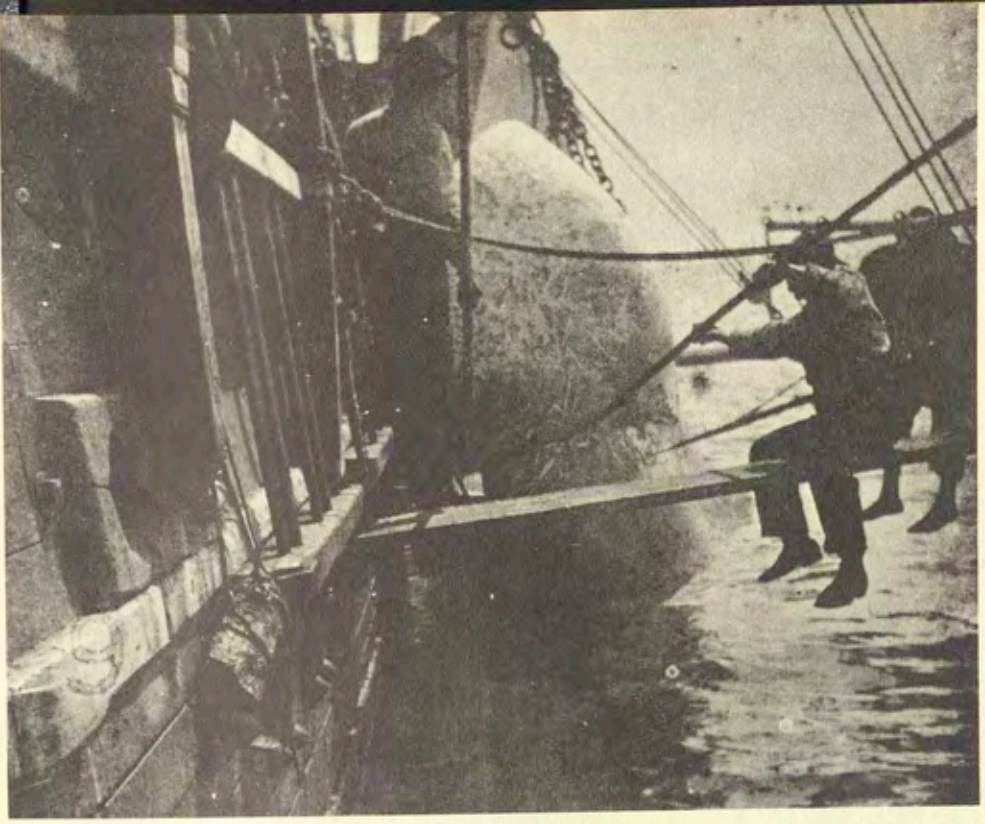
These photographs are from a collection taken primarily by Honor Matthews Earle, wife of Captain James A. M. Earle. To the best of our knowledge all photographs are of the *Charles W. Morgan* and were taken from 1902 to 1907.

Albert Cook Church in his classic book *Whale Ships and Whaling* relates that "the photographs of whaling operations at sea were secured by sending cameras and equipment in care of ship's officers who cooperated by taking pictures when occasion permitted." It is possible therefore that the pictures Mrs. Earle took on the *Morgan* were made with equipment provided by Church.

We express our gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. John W. McNatt of Mansfield, Massachusetts, who granted us permission to publish photographs from their collection. Mrs. McNatt is a great-granddaughter of Captain and Mrs. Earle.

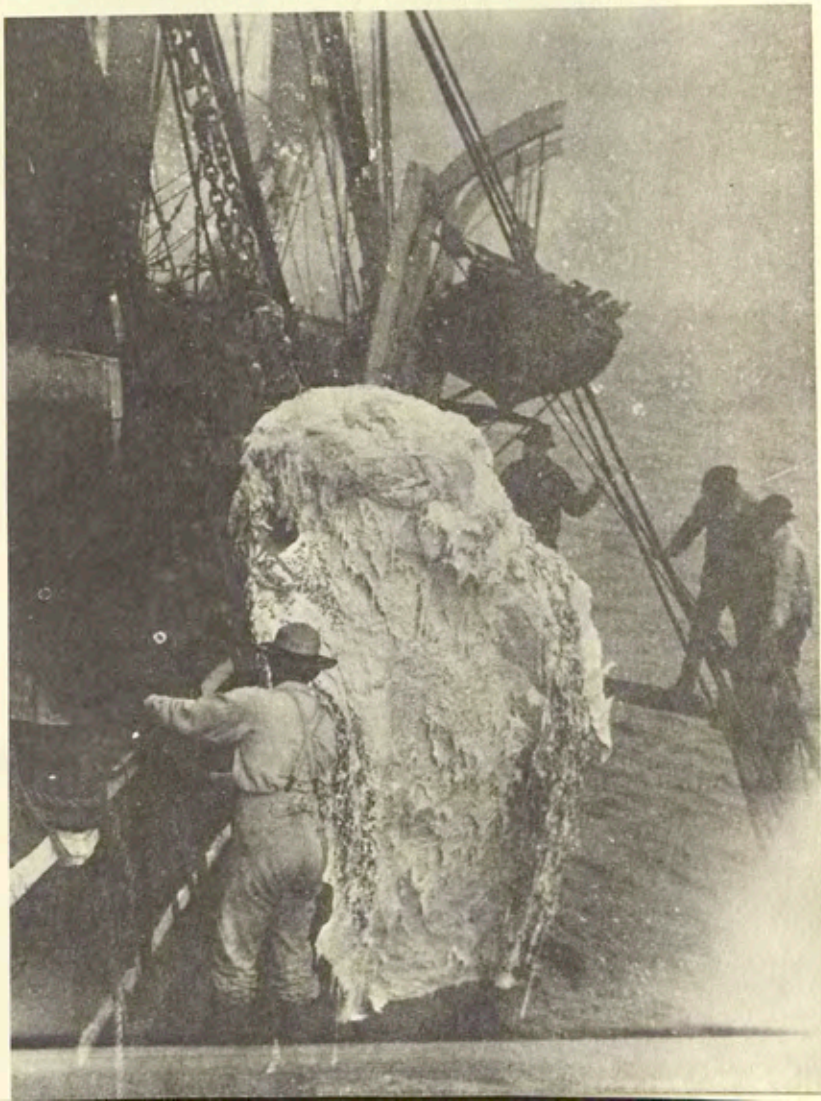
Below: A small sperm whale alongside the *Morgan*, its head being held up with one cutting tackle while another is rigged to peel off the first blanket piece as it is cut away by the mates working from the cutting stage. Another photo, taken within moments of this one, is in the Albert Cook Church collection at the New Bedford Whaling Museum and is probably one of those taken especially for Church by Capt. or Mrs. Earle.





Above: Probably taken from the bow of a lowered whaleboat, this scene shows the head or case of a sperm whale being cut off.

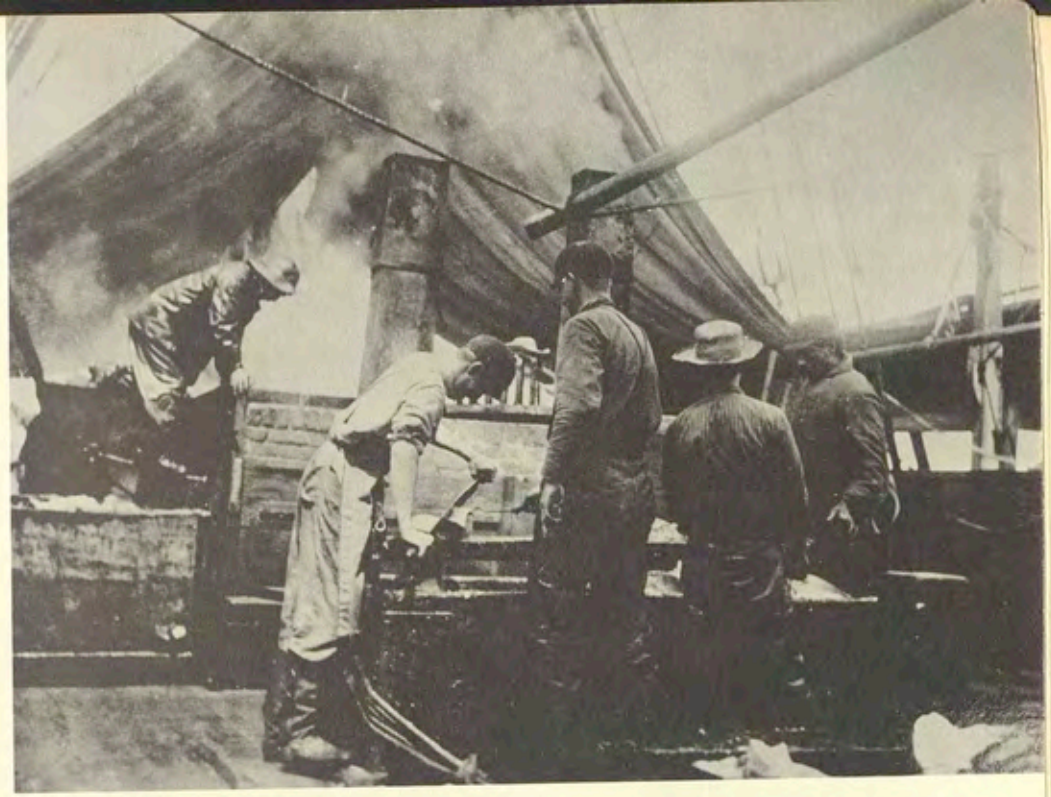
Right: Hoisting aboard the case or upper section of the sperm whale's head.







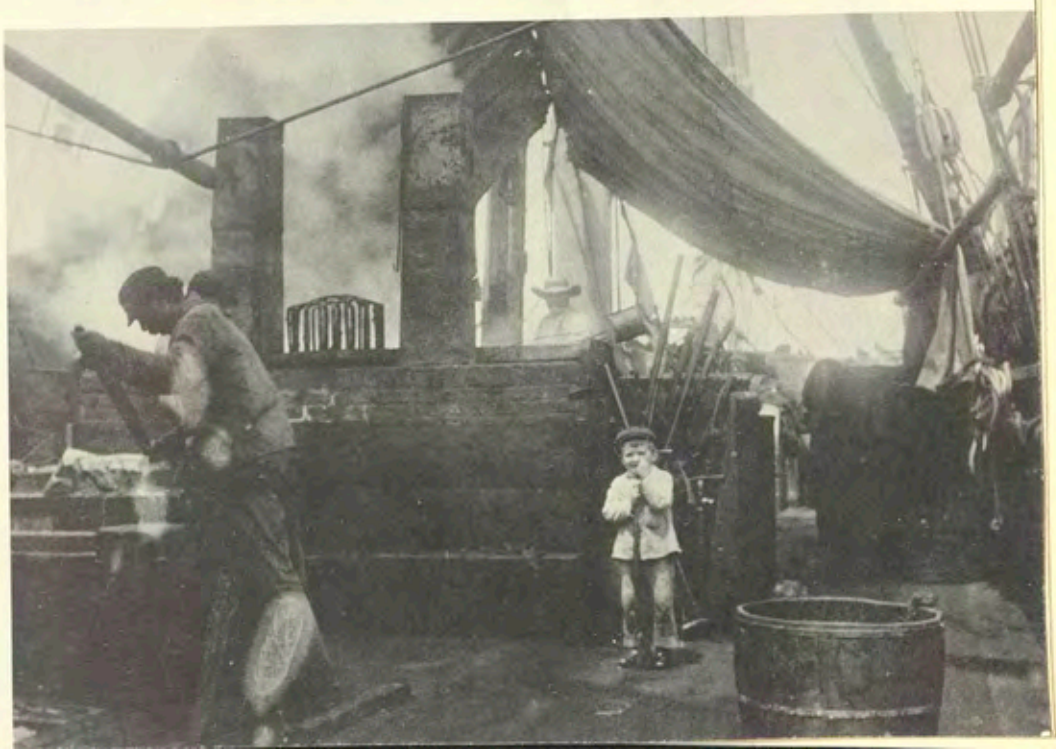
Top: Once on deck the case is bailed of its contents (spermaceti) by men working with buckets and actually standing inside it. *Bottom*: Next after the case is bailed dry and pushed overboard, the lower head portion, known as the junk and whitehorse, is ready to be hauled into position and cut up. The grindstone in the lower left is for sharpening the cutting-in spades (stored in the overhead racks) and other edge tools such as harpoons, lances, and knives.



75.383.89

Above: Two-man teams mince up pieces of blubber called horse pieces to speed the trying-out process. They are working on a mincing horse above a rectangular tub into which the bible leaves, as the minced pieces are called, fall after processing. The tub is seen lashed just ahead of the main hatch when in use but is apparently stored against the aft side of the tryworks to form the rear support for the portable carpenter's bench, the top of which now stands on edge out of the way against the tryworks. For much of her career the *Morgan* had no roof over the tryworks.

Below: Jamie Earle cleans his gun while blubber smokes away in the tryworks. A temporary awning keeps at least some of the grease off the spars and sails. A cresset (between the smoke-stacks) is hoisted aloft full of ignited blubber at night to provide illumination during the dark hours of this nonstop process. The man on the far side of the tryworks is bailing oil from the try-pots into a metal cooling tank.



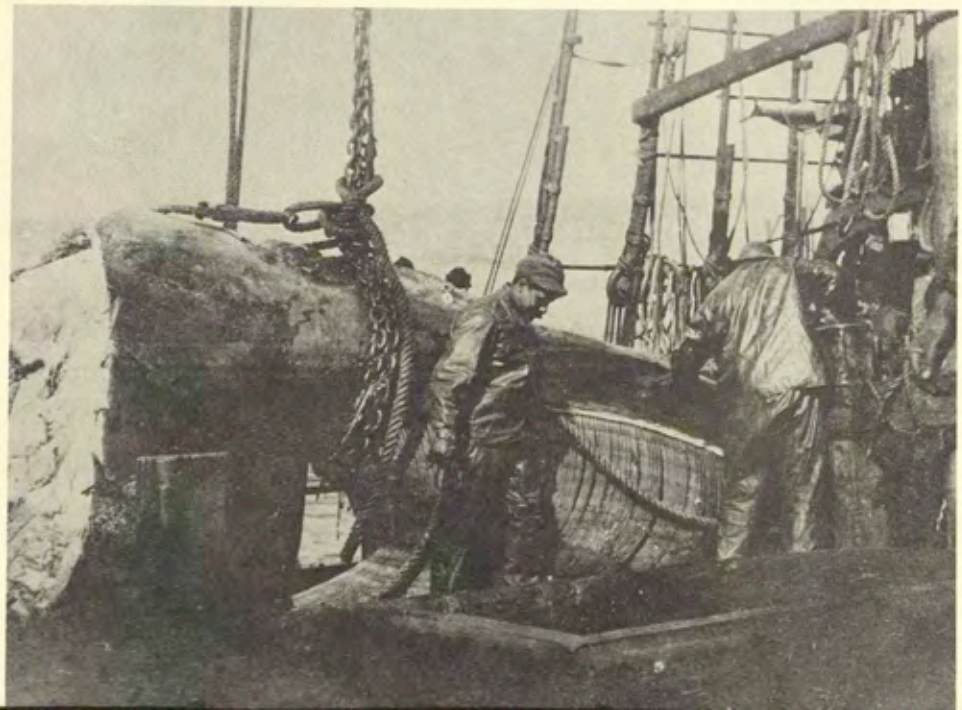


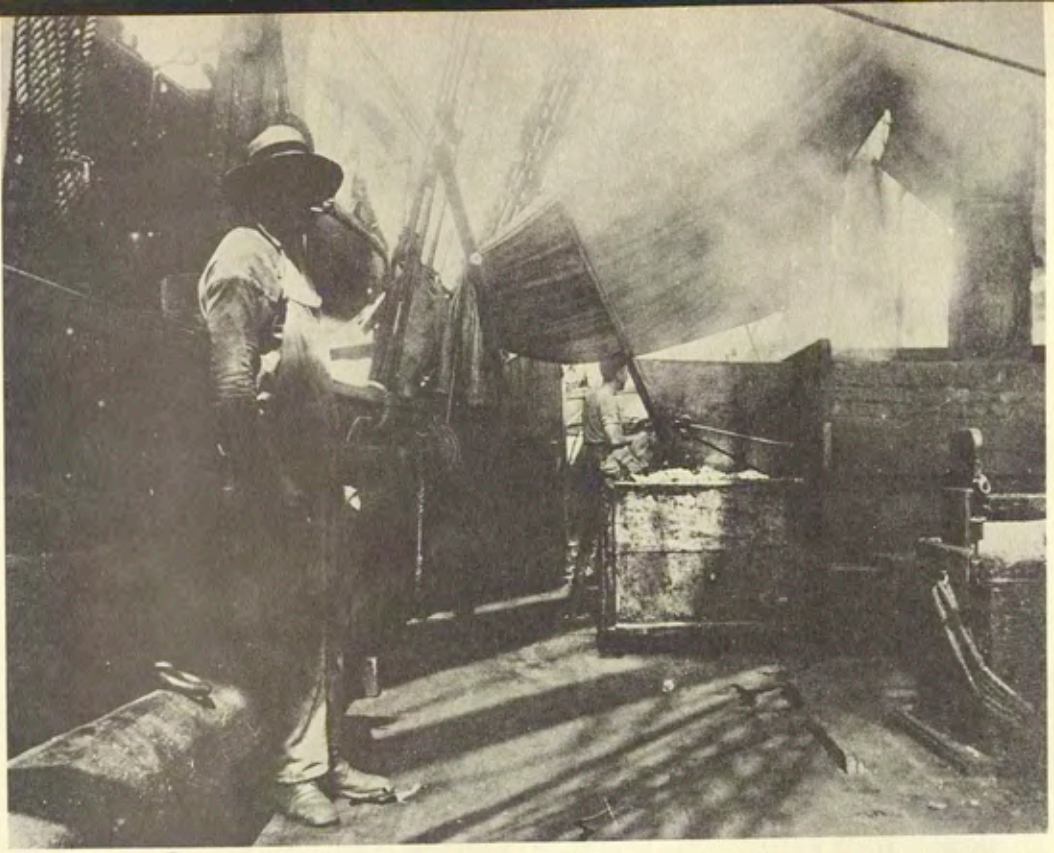
Left: *Charles W. Morgan* hove to with her foresail aback, possibly for a gam with the vessel from which this photo was taken. The larboard boat is being lowered.

Below: Head of a bowhead whale on deck with its mouth full of baleen.

Facing page, top: Portside looking forward. A spare spar is lashed on deck (lower left). None of these pictures shows the forward galley to which James Earle refers (page 11), but the foredeck was not the usual vantage point for the cameraman (or woman). Next to the tryworks is a fuel box containing firewood and blubber scraps. Above is the metal cooling tank with its hinged cover.

Facing page, bottom: Crewman astride a whale's head while he unhooks the cutting tackle.

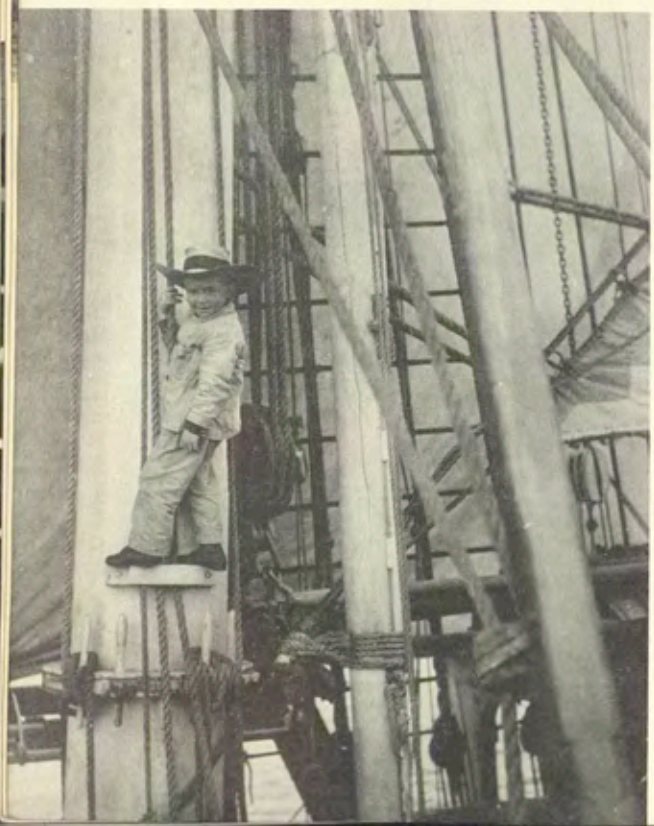




71.383.89



Above: Capt. James A. M. Earle and his son Jamie, who sits in the port running light board lashed to the mizzen rigging. *Below, left*: Jamie up the mainmast. Behind him is the lower block of a cutting tackle with its four-strand rope and a spare yard lashed vertically until needed. *Below, right*: "Mean" Jamie outside the deckhouse mentioned in "Doughnuts in the Tryworks" (page 8).





DIRECTOR'S PAGE

This issue of *The Log*, the product of many months of thought and planning, marks another step in our effort to produce for our members a quarterly magazine of quality and substance that reflects the continuing growth of Mystic Seaport. Over the years *The Log* has undergone changes in style and contents as we have sought to meet the needs and desires of our expanding membership, but for the most part these changes have evolved gradually and almost imperceptibly.

Aware that the size, format, and general style of recent issues of *The Log* placed great restrictions on the use of illustrative material, design flexibility, length of articles, and general readability, we decided to redesign *The Log* from cover to cover. We have engaged Mr. Klaus Gemming to develop a new graphic design and continue as designer of ensuing issues, and Mrs. Gemming has consented to serve as copy editor. Working closely with Gainor Akin and the Editorial Board, the Gemmings will spearhead the manufacture of each issue, which will be carried out by the Meriden Gravure Company and Finn Typographic Service; thus through the joint efforts of the Editorial Board and Mr. and Mrs. Gemming we hope to develop a magazine of consistent quality, uniformity, and flexibility.

We also plan to use *The Log* as a general design standard for all Seaport "in house" publications so that in due course all our publications will develop a style and quality that will be consistent and easily identifiable as solely our own. Just as our American Maritime Library series has developed an individual identity, so we hope will all our published material.

The new *Log* is a more expensive publication than the old, but as it is our main source of communication with our members, we believe this is a sound investment. The redesign and start-up costs have been made possible by a special gift from Mrs. Neil B. Eustace. We expect that the additional production costs will be borne by a limited amount of discreet advertising selected on the basis of its interest to members and its compatibility with the museum's policies, aims, and purposes.

We hope you will approve the new *Log*. We shall welcome your comments and suggestions. We hope it will inspire you to submit material to the Editorial Board for possible inclusion in future issues and to send suggestions of topics you would like discussed or the names and addresses of possible contributors. Please address all communications to Ms. Gainor Akin in the Publications Department.

We hope to hear from you.

Waldo C. Johnston

BOOK REVIEWS

Supership. By Noel Mostert. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1974. ix + 332 pp. $8.95.)

This book is recommended for no one in particular and everyone in general. The scope is inclusive and the prognosis is horrifying, for what is ultimately at stake is the integrity of life, animal and plant.

Supership refers to that class of oil-carrying vessel (VLCC—Very Large Crude Carrier) of 200,000 tons and over that has come to dominate the world's sea lanes since the 1960's. The ramifications of these vessels' presence is stupefying; the reason for their state of being is deplorable but irreversible. Economy is the common denominator, from the signing of the building contract to the transportation of the oil to its destination. To serve this end, the maritime qualifications of officers are non-existent in many instances, and maritime nations still adhering to traditional standards are being victimized by "flag of convenience" nations.

The most frightening aspect of this study is the havoc that is being perpetrated against both animal and plant life from oil spills. Statistics are proving that because of their nature, tankers account for the greatest number of disasters yearly. The full realization of this is yet to be fully evaluated.

Mostert is an "easy reader." His presentation of an extremely complex and multifaceted subject is simple and straight to the point.

P. A. McNulty

The European Discovery of America: The Southern Voyages A.D. 1497–1616. By Samuel Eliot Morison. (New York: Oxford University Press, 1974. xvii + 738 pp. Illustrations, maps and index. $17.50.)

At an age when most men are dead or nearly so, 87-year-old Samuel Eliot Morison has crowned his life's work with a jewel of a book. Avowedly his last work, *The Southern Voyages,* with his previous *Northern Voyages,* completes a magnificent study of the discovery of America.

Morison has gone beyond his stated purpose: "to tell the story of every important voyage of discovery from Columbus through Schouten." But it is far more than a mere story. He has skillfully compressed an entire library into one exciting volume. Indeed, after reading it I went about for days with the smug attitude of an authority on the age of exploration. Full blame for this, though, goes to Morison and in particular to his highly readable and witty, yet scholarly, bibliography and notes placed after each chapter. Here he presents his sources and keeps us informed on the latest research and thought about each explorer or issue.

The book begins fittingly with a description of Columbus the man, his life and four voyages. Then Morison sails on to the "Minor Voyages," the discovery of Brazil, and a most enlightening chapter, "The Mariner's Day," about the food and drink, religion, navigation, and life at sea in those days. Just before he voyages with Magellan around the world, he dissects Amerigo Vespucci, whom he calls a grand liar. And all the other names are here: Balboa, Cabot, Drake, Cavendish, and finally Schouten, who discovered Cape Horn in 1616.

The book is liberally illustrated with old maps and specially drawn charts showing the tracts of the voyagers, historic portraits, and recent photographs of scenes along the explorers' routes.

Admiral Morison is by no means a "library navigator." He writes with the enviable authority of one who has actually retraced the routes of the explorers by sea, air, and land. Most refreshingly of all, he has written a fair book, devoid of the moralizing so commonly indulged in today. Read the book, then, for pleasure and information, and don't forget to take it along on your next trip to the West Indies. It is a great cruising guidebook too.

J. M. Kochiss

The United States and France: Civil War Diplomacy. By Lynn M. Case and Warren F. Spencer. (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1970. xv + 608 pp. Abbreviations, notes, bibliography and index. $22.50.)

To the practiced eye the review of a five-year-old book might seem somewhat outdated. However, this soundly researched study has only recently arrived in our sea chest. Diplomatic history is always timely and in this case most welcome, on the basis of its being applicable to those maritime principles the world's seagoing nations have lived with for the past twelve decades.

Our centennial of the late unpleasantness be-

tween the states has brought forth a rich storehouse of historical works. The interplay of diplomatic events is mentioned in both the most humble and the most extensive efforts, but usually in the context of its cause and effect upon internal contingencies. This volume raises questions on the broader international issues involving primarily the major Atlantic powers which began with the Declaration of Paris in 1856. One really needs to know the reactions and options available to such governments as England and France before full appreciation can be realized for the bluffs or cautions exercised in Washington.

We are treated to historical insight into such subjects as (to name only a few) the recognition of belligerents, blockade of southern ports, the role of "King Cotton," emancipation, mediation, construction of Confederate naval vessels on foreign shores, and the problems associated with neutrality. Woven into this cloth is the complication arising from Napoleon III's adventure in Mexico. England also suffered as a nation committed to antislavery but in fact aristocratic, and perhaps even more so in defending a policy which was the antithesis of a viewpoint so stoutly defended only a generation before.

The world of diplomacy is a world of compromise. In this instance we have a very commendable presentation of a vast amount of material from European sources. It places many primary incidents in proper perspective, with details precisely and objectively presented. Anyone who has the slightest in-depth interest in this era of national strife must come to grips with this subject sooner or later, and you might just as well start with this volume—it is the best.

D. R. Judge

BOOK ANNOTATIONS

Cape Cod Fisherman. By Phil Schwind. (Camden: International Marine Publishing Co., 1974. x + 224 pp. Photographs. $8.95.)

Four decades of commercial and charter-boat fishing are covered in this first-person narrative. A lifetime of experience comes through in a crisp and clear style.

Charlie York: Maine Coast Fisherman. By Harold B. Clifford. (Camden: International Marine Publishing Co., 1974. ix + 155 pp. Illustrations. $7.95.)

This biography of a Maine coast fisherman is also a history of the region's fishing industry for most of this century, as seen through the eyes of an interesting participant. The "down east" flavor is front and center.

The Floor of the Sea: Maurice Ewing and the Search to Understand the Earth. By William Wertenbaker. (Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1974. xii + 239 pp. Illustrations, photographs, bibliography, credits and index. $10.00.)

A subject of current interest is skillfully written about here for those who consider themselves well-rounded readers. The awareness factor would go up several points in the process.

The Mariner's Catalog: Volume 2. Edited by David R. Getchell. (Camden: International Marine Publishing Co., 1974. 179 pp. Illustrations and index. $4.95.)

Volume 1 was well received from A to Z and this companion should attract both the initiated and a new roster of readers. A wealth of information for the enthusiast.

The Navigation Acts and the American Revolution. By Oliver M. Dickerson. (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1974. xv + 301 pp. Bibliography and index. $3.95.)

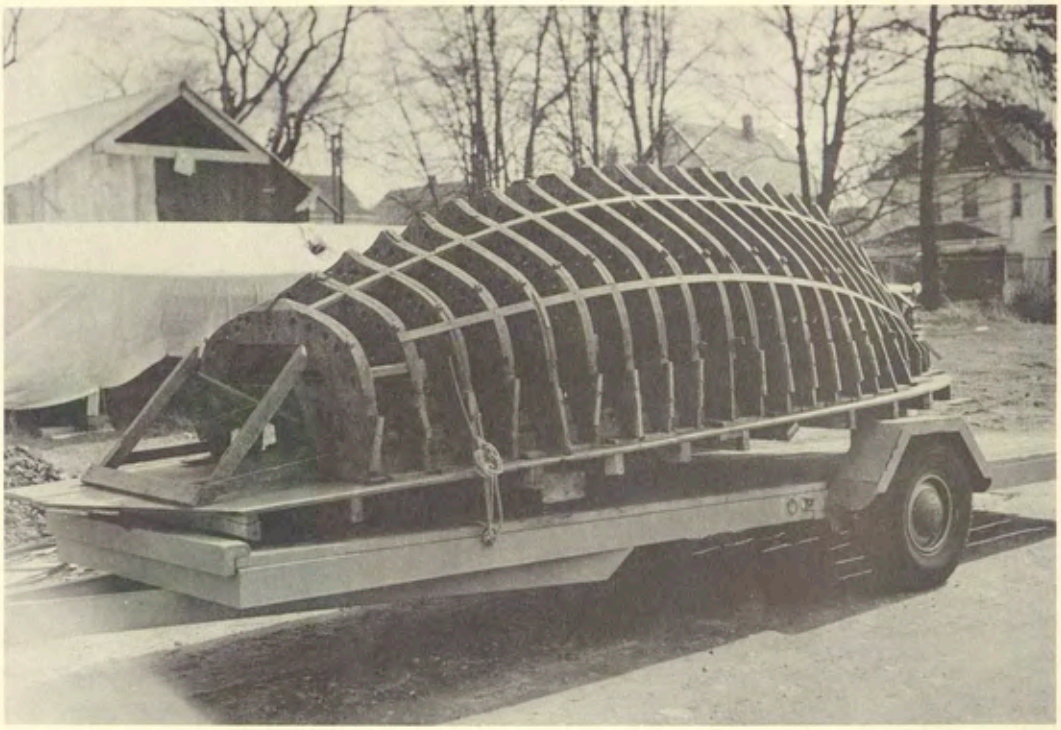
Here is a paperback reprint of the 1951 volume. The issue of a standard in this form is most welcome to provide a broad-base availability to more students and scholars.

Ocean Voyaging: A Critical Discussion of Modern Cruising Yachts and the Technique of Ocean Sailing. By David M. Parker. (Tuckahoe: John deGraff, Inc., 1975. 212 pp. Bibliography and index. $12.50.)

Virtually a handbook, this volume is right down the line of its subtitle. From how to choose a cruising yacht through self-steering applications, every facet is candidly discussed.

The Living Reef. By Douglas Faulkner. (New York: The New York Times Book Co., 1974. 183 pp. Illustrations and map. $27.50.)

One dislikes calling this a "coffee-table book," but for its width of 13½" the average shelf seems less than adequate. Perhaps the phrase is not all that onerous, since the 107 color plates should be seen again and again. They are magnificent.



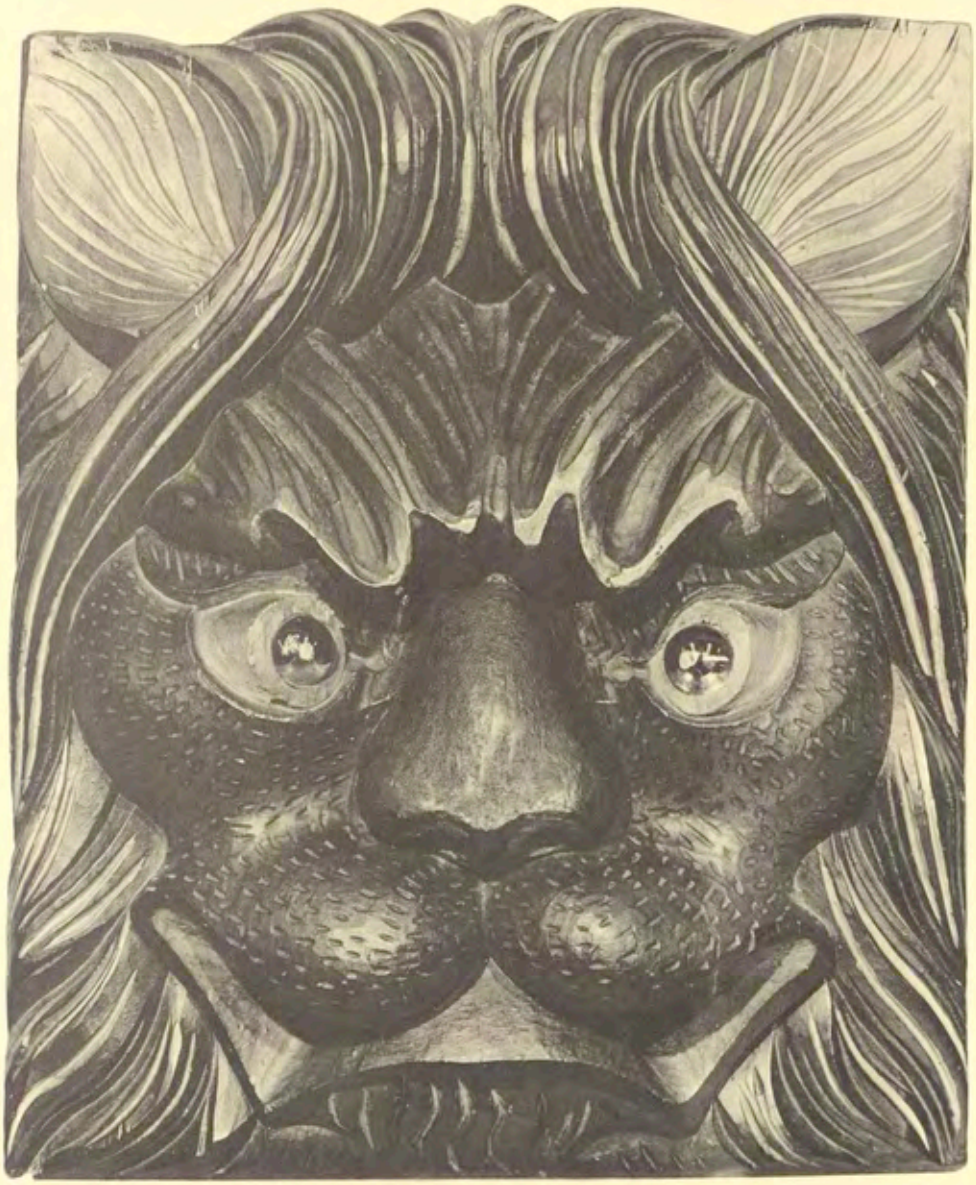
74.1055

ACQUISITIONS

Shortly after the Second World War the famous Herreshoff Manufacturing Co. closed its doors for the last time. Some items were sold to Cape Cod Shipbuilding Co. in Wareham, Mass., primarily to enable them to continue producing the popular Herreshoff 12½-footer. But as one of the pioneers in fibreglass construction Cape Cod soon converted from traditional wood and had no further use for the building form over which these boats were constructed. When Mr. E. L. Goodwin, president of Cape Cod, became aware of our interest in preserving the "how" of boatbuilding, he consented to donate the form shown above. His gift also includes hundreds of hardware patterns from Herreshoff's company used to cast the exquisite fittings such as bow chocks, cleats, winches, and folding propellers common to Herreshoff craft.

75.30

This cathead decoration is a recent gift from Mrs. C. A. Metzger in memory of her husband. Catheads are timbers which project from vessels on either side of the bow and are used as a boom when securing the anchors. While the derivation of the term is obscure, they were frequently decorated with the head of a lion in relief. This particularly dramatic version has been in the donor's family for more than 100 years. From its superb condition it is apparent that this carving was never installed on a ship, but was possibly a sample of the anonymous carver's work.





THE LOG
OF MYSTIC SEAPORT

Mystic, Connecticut 06355

Non-Profit Organization
U.S. Postage Paid
Mystic, Connecticut
Permit No. 1