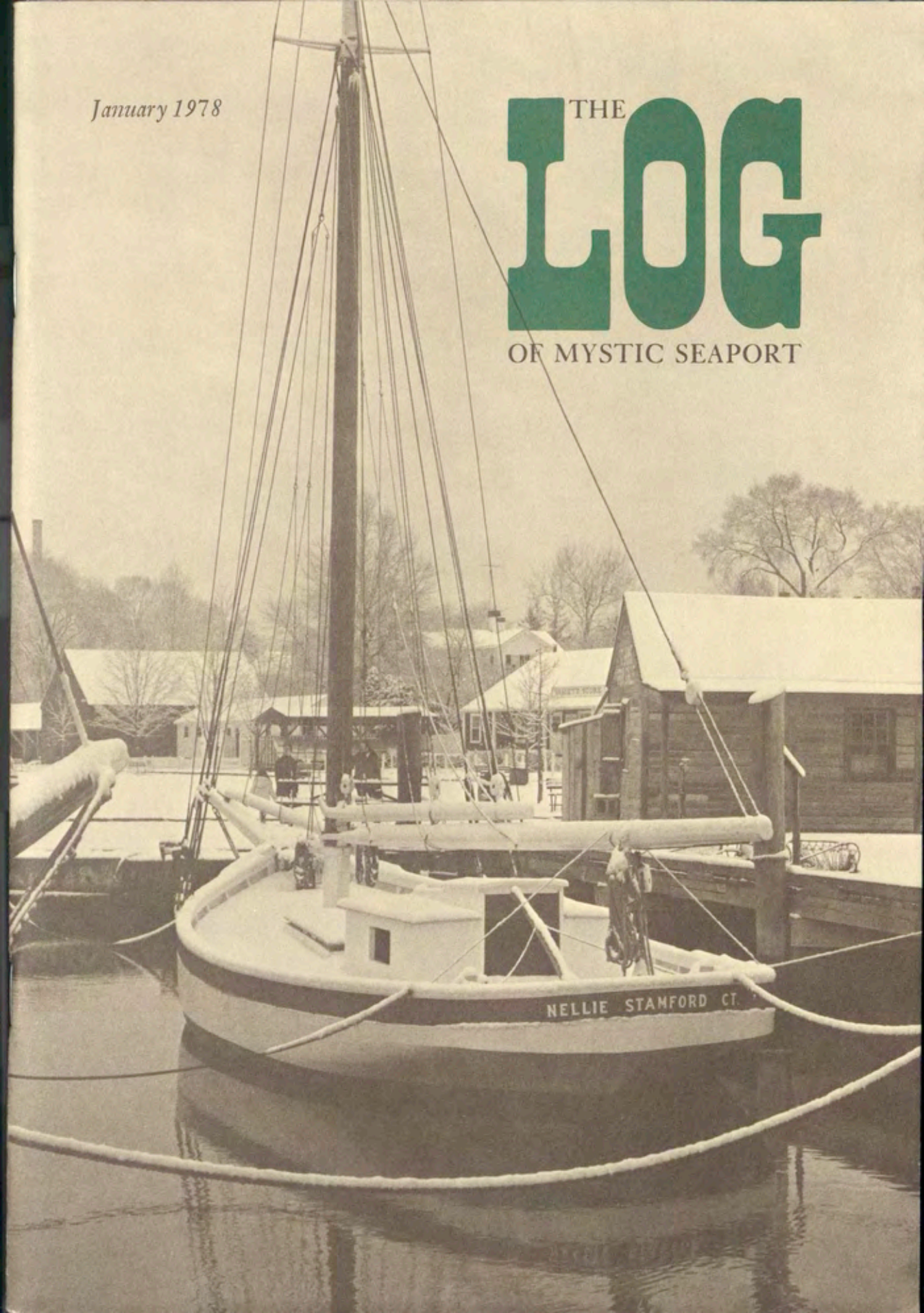
January 1978

THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT



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COVER: *Moored at her wharf after a light snowfall, the* Nellie *of Stamford, in this picture of an earlier time, seems to symbolize the Seaport's continuing purpose: the preservation not only of old vessels but of a vanished way of life.*

FACING PAGE: *The ship* Andrew Jackson, *built by Irons & Grinnell in 1855, was later to hold the record of 87 days for a passage from New York to San Francisco. Twelfth in a series of drawings by John Faunce Leavitt of Mystic's maritime activities.*

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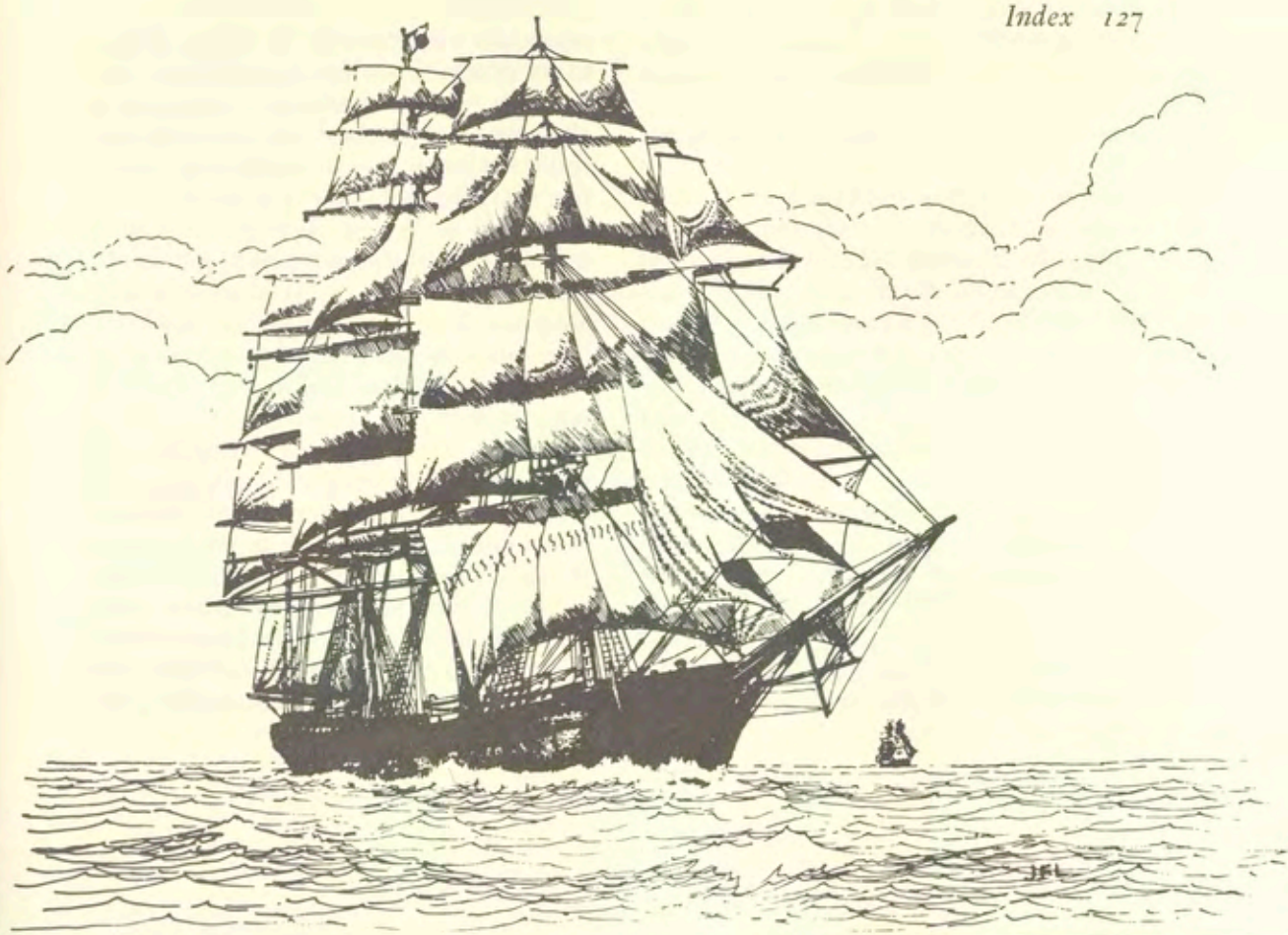
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Silver Lake and '78

By SYLVESTER GOOKIN*

In 1878 Boston was becoming one of the greatest sporting cities in the world. One of its citizens was to become the new world's first great sporting hero and the greatest sporting figure of the century—John L. Sullivan. The Boston Strongboy was my godfather and I knew him well. I have unto this day a goldheaded cane he gave me on my birthday when I was a little boy, and the similar larger cane he gave my grandfather on the occasion of his birthday. Jimmy Connally, the first Olympic hero in more than 1,500 years, was one of my neighbors, and in time, Boston's own Marathon became the greatest foot race since Pheidippides. Bostonians were interested in all sports then, but their greatest passion by far was rowing. Oarsmen were gods and because of the overall development required by the sport, some looked the part.

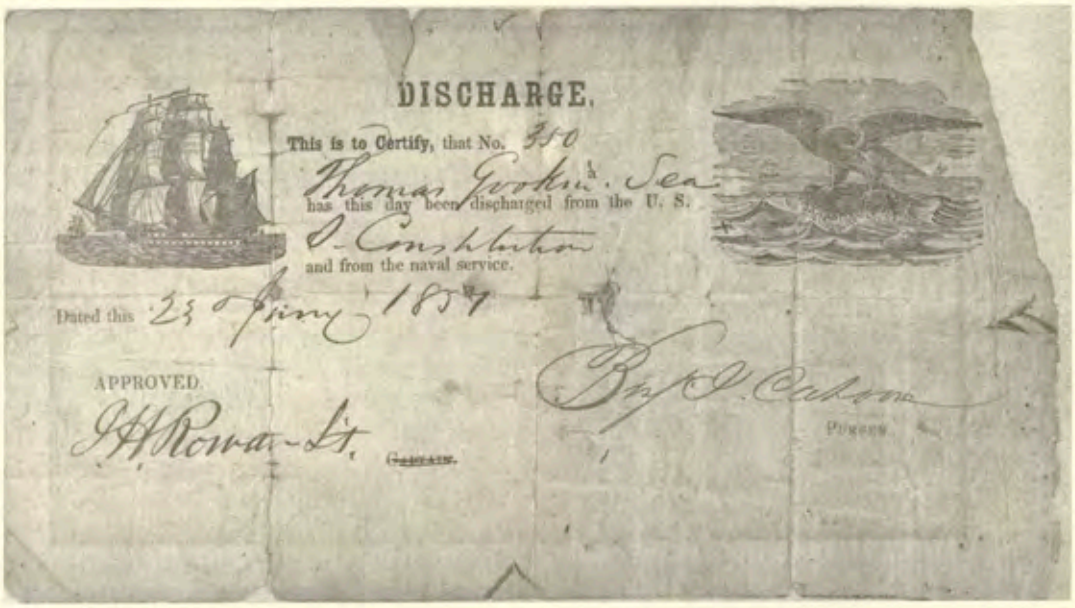
This passion pervaded all classes of the city, especially those of British extraction such as the Brahmins and the Irish. Further, a man or a schoolboy could find out some things about himself and the other fellow at the end of an oar that he would never find in a book. This caused all to mingle in common interest and to pass judgment on each other as oarsmen and men, and not as representatives of centuries of prejudice. A man could be forgiven much, perhaps even too much, if he was a good man in the boat. These verdicts were honest, and it was among the Boston oarsmen that the slow erosion of "No Irish Need Apply" began.

This was the time and the city my family lived in. My grandfather was an old shellback, a deep-water man who ran away to sea at fourteen, and had sailed around the world when it was stranger than the moon. Further, he had been Captain of the Foretop on the U.S.S. *Constitution*, a fact of which he was proud—so proud he had the *Constitution* under full sail tattoed across his broad back. I think often of my grandfather, and I can see, on the wall, his framed discharge from *Old Ironsides* dated 23 June 1857, and signed G. H. Rowan, Lt.

Grandfather was in the stevedoring business, and it was natural for his six sons to take to the water. They had received the very best coaching as oarsmen from him; and in 1878, my Uncle Richard was one of the best scullers in Boston, and my father was rowing No. 2 in Lakeman Crew No. 1, the champion four-oared working boat of New England. A photograph of this crew hangs on my wall. My father and all his five brothers were well known in the sporting world and he and his older brother, Rich, might have been considered heroes because of an exploit which began on the Charles River on 4 July 1876.

This was a regatta sponsored by the city of Boston to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. One of the races was an event known as the Whitehall doubles, and the Gookin brothers placed their names in the lists. These Whitehall boats were between seventeen and twenty feet long, about four-foot beam, and eighteen inches deep, and were the most pop-

*Sylvester Gookin, now retired, spent four eventful decades and more with the United Shoe Machinery Corp. in Boston, with some inventing along the way. He also spent a lot of time rowing, sailing and racing on the waters of Massachusetts Bay. He now does his boating out of the Scituate Harbor Yacht Club in Scituate, Mass.


DISCHARGE.

This is to Certify, that No. 350

Thomas Gookin 3d Sea

has this day been discharged from the U. S.

Constitution

and from the naval service.

Dated this 23 of June 1857

APPROVED.

G H Rowan Lt.

Commdg.

Purser

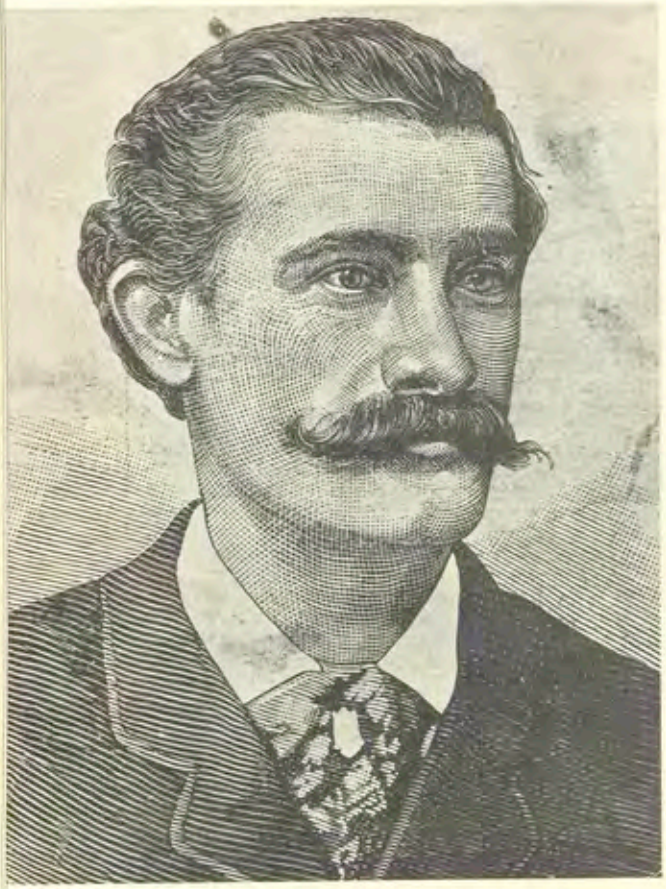
Still extant, Grandfather Gookin's decorative discharge from U.S. *Constitution* shows bold signature of Lt. G. H. Rowan and the date of 23 June 1857.

ular rowing boats of the time. Unlike the fragile shells and some wherrys, they were rowed on the gunwales and were practical boats suitable for general use in the commercial and recreational purposes of the day. There were hundreds of Whitehall boats, perhaps thousands, and many more men who could appreciate the art of those who rowed them well than there were men who could appreciate the higher art of those who rowed the shells. In their eyes the real champions were not the scullers but the Whitehall men.

The Whitehall boat race on this occasion was two miles with a turn, and the Gookin brothers won it in eighteen minutes, seventeen seconds. This was extraordinary time and, I believe, still stands as a record on the Charles. It was so extraordinary that some didn't believe it, and among these were the oarsmen of New York. On their own Whitehall Street they had their own Whitehall men and their own Whitehall boats, and before long, challenges were being sent to Boston for a race on neutral waters—say Springfield, Massachusetts, with an excursion train ride from both Boston and New York.

The challenge was accepted. On the morning of the appointed day a trainload of men and money from each city arrived in Springfield, and the race was rowed for $1,000 a side. The Gookin-rowed Boston Whitehall won. Money changed hands but that was not the end of the matter. The New Yorkers were angry, vociferous and, with faith in their men unbroken, insistent that another race be held in the afternoon. After further parleying, this was arranged with $500 a side. Both sides plunged without reck or reason and again the Gookin brothers won. The Boston train then left with all the money, and the other quietly headed south to many days of free lunches in the saloons of Little Old New York. For this my father and his brother were remembered.

In Boston in 1878, one of the best scullers was Patrick Francis Reagan who had never been defeated in the singles. Patsy was born



Richard Gookin, the author's uncle, with his brother set a Whitehall record on the Charles, and had a street named for him.

on Fort Hill, up the street from the waterfront where his father had landed from Ireland a generation before. When my family first knew him he lived at 17 Henchman Street, not far from the North End Boat Club at the foot of Prince Street. Pat had been one of the famous Faulkner-Reagan Four, a crew which was to row in the great Centennial Regatta in Philadelphia in 1876. However, there was trouble in the boat. The crew broke up and the city of Boston was dismayed that their champions would not be in the lists on the Schuylkill. After some efforts to form a new four failed, Faulkner and Reagan decided to go to Philadelphia by themselves as an entry in the professional paired-oar race. They won this prestigious event and $1,000 easily, defeating among others two of the famous Ward brothers in the preliminaries. At this same regatta, Ned Hanlan of Montreal won the professional single scullers prize and Charles E. Courtney of Union Springs, New York, rowed with Robinson to win the amateur double sculls.

In 1878 there was great sporting rivalry between Massachusetts and the state of Maine. Perhaps the reason for this was that there also was great political and commercial rivalry between the states. Maine had been a part of Massachusetts until 1820, and when they separated there had been talk about 'Good riddance' on one hand, and 'Thank God' on the other. In 1878 there were living men who remembered. Further, Boston had been a great shipbuilding center, but much of this had now moved Down East, closer to the murmuring pine and the hemlock, and more of it was on the way. Further than this, while Boston was one of the greatest ports in America, there were ports in Maine too, principally Portland. Portland was an ambitious city and in Portland there were oarsmen. It was easy for these men to load their boats late of an afternoon onto one of the Boston Steamers so that they could row in a regatta on the Charles the next afternoon—and they did.

Chief among these "Down Mainers" were Michael Davis and A. J. Landers, who rowed singles and doubles, and also in a four-oared crew. It was inevitable that these two should be compared with Faulkner and Reagan. Perhaps we should note now what everybody in the city of Boston noted then: that while Mr. A. J. Landers rowed with and for Portland, he lived in Salem, Massachusetts. By the sporting standards of the Athens of America, Landers was held to be one with Alcibiades—a renegade.

I do not know the first cause of the trouble between Portland and Boston, but I understand that by the fall of 1876 it had become quite serious. Perhaps initially it was a personal matter between some of the oarsmen, a boathouse argument after a race. These were not uncommon, but the violent and reckless vindictiveness this trouble finally grew into

was. The persistent challenges of the "Down Mainers" caused resentment, and resentment enhances not the virtues of a rival. With the passing of time, the sporting fraternity and the oarsmen of both cities realized that this matter involved not only honor, but all their honor and practically the whole spectrum of their rowing—singles, doubles, pair-oared, four-oared crews—and they began to act and talk accordingly. Comparisons were made, and it is easy for comparisons of rival cities to become obnoxious. By the spring of 1877, neither Boston or Portland could brook the comparisons of the other and both made ready for war, a rowing war, that was to last two years.

The first clash came on the Charles River during the last week of June when George Faulkner was defeated by Davis in a match race. This left Boston in shocked disarray, but two days later Reagan defeated Landers before 30,000 spectators, which Boston insisted was ample redress. There was other redress. Though the stake for this race was $500, there were more than a dozen pool-boxes on the banks of the Charles that day, and in at least one of them was $24,000. These races were held on the by no means neutral waters of the Charles, and there was talk in Portland about this. Faulkner and Reagan had an answer. The next month they went down to Sebec Lake and defeated Davis and Landers in the double sculls. This left Portland in disarray and very quiet for the rest of the summer.

However, in November, Portland was heard from again when Davis challenged George Hosmer, one of Boston's best scullers, to a match on the Charles. They met on 27 November for $500 a side, and Davis won. Hosmer protested, claiming he had been fouled, but the stakeholder gave the money to Davis. George sued them both and half the money was returned, Hosmer said publicly that he hoped no one would assume that Davis was the Archangel just because his first name was Michael.

That winter there was reasonable contentment in Boston and seething discontent in Portland. The situation was not altered the next spring in 1878, when Davis and Landers arrived in Boston as a four-oared crew and were decisively defeated by a four comprising Faulkner and Reagan.

With the Portland men now defeated in the singles, doubles, and fours, the war between the cities seemed to have come to an end, with Boston clearly the victor, but a little more time caused a little noticed fact to come to the fore. Despite the many clashes between the cities, and the many issues settled, there still stood an undefeated singles champion in Portland. This was Michael F. Davis, and he shortly put point to it by challenging any Boston sculler to a four-mile race for $1,000 a side. It was remembered in Boston that in the hierarchy of oarsmen, there were only a select few who stood in the first rank. These were the single scullers and it was only among them that true rowing supremacy could ultimately be established.

The events of the past two years had made it clear that there was only one man in Boston who could respond to that challenge—Patrick Francis Reagan. Why, then, was Patsy silent? In 1878 Patsy Reagan, as the newspapers respectfully put it later, 'pursued the vocation of Teamster for the Boston Can Company'. He didn't even own his own shell, having raffled it off in August at the West End Club. When not working six days a week (seven in the morning to six at night) or rowing, Patsy lived in a Charlestown tenement with his wife, two very young children, and the hope that some day he might own his own home. Patsy didn't have $1,000.

It is common in the affairs of men to send forth the second or third or fourth best man to meet a challenge because the first best man is from the wrong side of the tracks. This is done with the often fatuous hope the chosen man will be good enough. However, this affair was different. Boston remembered the race between Davis and Hosmer. They wanted no disputed or meager victory. They wanted an overwhelming defeat of the Port-

land oarsmen and everybody knew the best man to put the quietus to Mike Davis was Patsy Reagan.

The word went out to all the Boston rowing clubs; the money was raised and placed in the hands of Mr. James F. Ormand, the stakeholder, with a percentage allotted to Reagan's account.

Some of this money came from the brothers Gookin, Sylvie, Jim and Dick; and thereby hangs a tale. At this time my grandfather had a friend by the name of Mr. B. F. Healey who was planning to have a schooner built by Morris & Mathis at Cooper's Point, Camden, New Jersey. My grandfather had agreed to buy a 1/32 interest in the vessel to be paid for with a series of $125 payments and he wanted each of his three older sons to be prepared to do the same. In this way the family would hold 1/8 share in the schooner and the boys would be introduced into the shipping world.

There was some trouble about this. Most young fellows, like some old fellows, think there are better uses for money than saving it. However, all the Gookin boys were on the payroll of Thomas Gookin & Sons and lived and sat around the table in their father's house. I have sat at that table myself with my grandfather presiding; thus I am not at all surprised that the three brothers found themselves committed to setting up three separate savings accounts and before long were making large and regular deposits against the time when the schooner's keel was to be laid. On the other hand, knowing my grandfather and how stern he could be about any form of dissembling; and how everybody else knew it too, I am amazed to this day that without his knowledge, and certainly against his intentions, all but a token amount of money could be withdrawn from each of these accounts and placed at hazard on a boat race. Nevertheless, this did happen.

It was anticipated that 50,000 people would be watching the race from the banks of the Charles River and there was satisfaction in Boston that this last and final issue was to be settled with Portland. However, soon there were rumors that it might not be possible to hold the race on the Charles. There was talk about the tide being wrong on Saturday afternoons, and the fine facilities of Silver Lake, southeast of Boston on the railroad line to Plymouth, were mentioned with increasing frequency.

At this time my father was spending much time with Reagan, as Faulkner and Reagan were planning with my father and uncle to row in a new four during the summer of '79. My father and uncle were much taller and heavier than Faulkner and Reagan, which caused some problems in the boating and rigging. To solve these problems they were working out of the old West End Boat Club at Craigie's Bridge on the Charles. One day after they had put the boat up at the boathouse and were walking over to the West End Clubhouse at 383 Charles Street, they were met by one gentleman from the Old Colony Railroad, and another from the Eastern Rowing Association. They wished to speak to Reagan privately, and they did.

Later Reagan said that a faction in the Eastern Rowing Association and the Old Colony Railroad were strong-arming Reagan and Davis into rowing at Silver Lake in the middle of the week, though both men wanted to row on Saturday, Columbus Day, 12 October, on the Charles. Shortly it was disclosed to the public as a fact that the race would be rowed on Tuesday, 8 October 1878, and that it would be at Silver Lake. There was consternation. Old Colony assured all that there would be plenty of seats on the excursion trains that day. Nevertheless, most of the sporting fraternity of Boston uttered harsh, rude, profane words about the Old Colony Railroad as they weighed the true value of a whole day's pay lost and ticket money against attendance at the event. Many of these Bostonians had the gift of language, but their descriptions of Old Colony and its policies are best left unrecorded here.

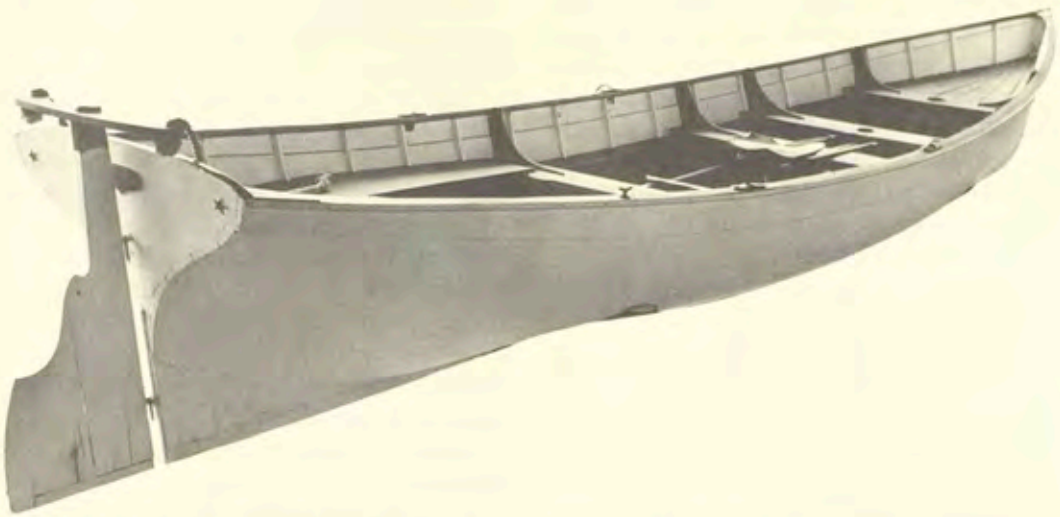
Silver Lake was not popular among either oarsmen or rowing enthusiasts. There had

been some disastrous upsets there, leading to the term "Silver Luck," in partial explanation of the inexplicable; and furthermore, while up to 50,000 might line the Charles to view a race for nothing, 6,000 was about the maximum that the Old Colony Railroad could bring to Silver Lake, in exchange for ticket money for a day's outing. And even these were not guaranteed a good view of the race. The lake was long, narrow and heavily wooded right to the water's edge, so that only the start and finish could be clearly seen.

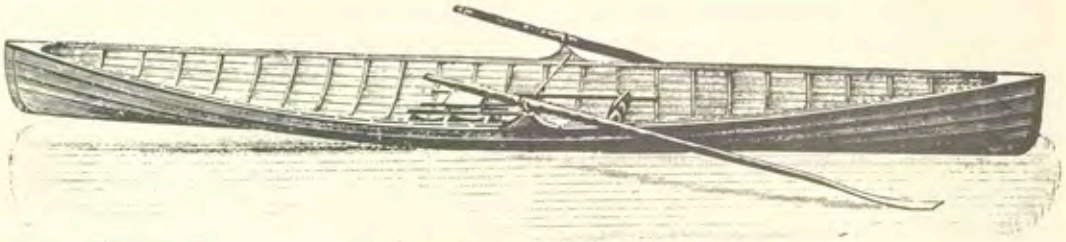
Nonetheless, the Old Colony had invested money in Silver Lake as a recreation area and it was determined to see that money multiply itself. So races continued to be held there, despite discontent expressed loudly and with increasing frequency and pointed particularly at the railroad's late and always overcrowded trains. But none of this could seriously dampen the enthusiasm for the race which was to settle once and for all the championship of New England.

It happened that on 3 October there was another championship race, this one international in scope, to be rowed on the St. Lawrence River. The championship of North America would be decided then between Edward Hanlan of Toronto, the son of an Irish fisherman, and Charles E. Courtney of Union Springs, N.Y. The race was over a five-mile course, with a prize of $6,000 and a huge amount of betting. It was said that if Hanlan lost this race it would be the financial equivalent of the largest bank in Canada going bankrupt and paying off at one cent on the dollar. Hanlan didn't. So great was the esteem of his countrymen for his work that day that the Governor-General himself gave him a gold medal and 20 guineas; his fans raised money to buy him a lot and build him a house, and a bronze statue of the hero still stands in Toronto for all to see.

The Hanlan-Courtney race intensified the interest of more than just New Englanders in their championship. Reports on the event impending at Silver Lake, and the now bitter animosity on both sides, had been carried throughout the country. When the Courtney-Hanlan race was over on Thursday, 3 October, the attention of the whole sporting world swung toward New England and the race to be rowed five days later on Tuesday, 8 October. Soon on the streets of Boston



This 1878 Whitehall from the Seaport collection is the same type used by the Gookin brothers in setting Charles River record. Only seats would be different.



Single-oared sculls like this one, pictured in a contemporary magazine ad, were used in Patsy Reagan's famous, fatal race.

there were New York accents; and in the poolrooms, barber shops, saloons and rowing clubhouses there also appeared many men who, obviously, had just alighted from the trains from Montreal. These had a variety of other accents and from the cut of their jibs could have come from anywhere: England, Ireland, Canada, Australia, and faraway parts of America. With them came money. Apparently, all the cash won in Montreal the previous Thursday was now being placed at risk in Boston. The pool-sellers were overwhelmed.

The odds on the race had been about 3 to 2 in favor of Reagan, and many knowledgeable oarsmen expected him to win and then challenge Hanlan. However, with the arrival of these out-of-towners, the figures lost all stability, at first reaching 2 to 1, then 3 to 1 in favor of Reagan; but then they slid alarmingly down to the point where, at a sporting assembly in Bowdoin Hall, the night of Monday, 7 October, the boxes were finally closed by the very nervous poolmen with Davis a slight favorite. At one wild moment, odds of 4 to 1 were being offered against Reagan. Many who were at Bowdoin Hall did not sleep well that night.

That afternoon a long twenty-two car train extended far out into the yard, headed by two of Old Colony's best locomotives, "Bristol" and "Easton." Waiting for departure, the Gookin brothers walked forward to admire the engines and chat with their crews. These two locomotives were very similar, both having 4-4-0 wheel arrangement. However, "Easton" was of mixed lineage, a second-hand Baldwin recently bought from the Northern Pacific. "Bristol," on the other hand, was one of the family. She had been built in Old Colony's own shops in South Boston and on many a Sunday afternoon, my grandfather, who knew the Old Colony people, had walked his boys over to explain in the quiet of Sabbath in the machine shop how her parts were put together. Sometimes with them was my grandfather's friend, Seth Wilmarth, who, like my grandfather, was a treasure of a man for boys to walk with. He had been master mechanic at the Charlestown Navy Yard and before that had built locomotives himself in South Boston. Among these was the famous single axle "Pioneer" which can now be seen in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington—a time link in today's "railroadiana."

As 1:30 approached, the Gookin men bade goodbye to the engineers and firemen with earnest offers to come forward over the tender to help with the fires if the firemen couldn't hold the steam pressure. After all, the brothers had shoveled and hoisted coal out of the schooners for Old Colony and it might now be necessary to shovel it into their boilers so that they could get to Silver Lake. This was before laws were passed prohibiting doors in the head end of baggage cars so that train robbers could not go forward into the locomotives.

At 1:30, with much comment and to the purported surprise of many, the gateman closed the gate behind the last excursionists

running for the now heavily overloaded train. The conductor raised his hand and waved to Engineer Westgate far out ahead in the "Easton." The locomotives backed a bit to take the slack out of the coupling, and then lurched ahead and started. The twenty-two cars slowly moved out of the station on time with more than a thousand people. Soon they crossed the Neponset River Valley and then, clearing Capen's Bridge in Quincy, they started to roll out into the woods and brilliant foliage of October.

Excursionists don't usually linger when they reach their destination. At Silver Lake, the passengers were soon off the cars and down at the shore to move about in the light of the warm and beautiful autumn day. Commerce was there, but it seemed at first to be subdued by the day into the service of the people. As the sun had risen earlier in the morning so had betting at the poolsellers, who were already there. But as the sun began to set the betting did not go down—it kept right on rising precipitously. By mid-afternoon the odds were in chaos and the poolsellers in bedlam.

The race was scheduled for 3:00 P.M. but there was the usual Silver Lake delay, and it was not until after 4:30 P.M. that the two oarsmen were at the start, poised for the four miles. However, the judges were not ready and there was another delay until finally all was set. The word "Go" was given at 4:51, and the men were off—Reagan catching the water first.

There were many different versions of what happened during that boat race at Silver Lake. There was agreement that both men rowed together until they reached the turn two miles away, but there were different stories about what happened then. There is no doubt that Reagan came out of the turn badly and definitely in second place, and in the two miles to home he was obviously struggling to overtake Davis, sometimes gaining and sometimes falling back. At times he rowed well and sometimes badly, with the boat rolling, jumping and checking. At the finish he was an incredible nine lengths behind and so exhausted he nearly fell out of the boat. The time was 28 minutes 6 and ¾ seconds, a record for the course. The two Western Union telegraphers sent down to cover the event tapped their messages out to the world.

Ashore there was tumult—one uproar from the Portland partisans exulting in this final and crushing victory of their champion over Boston's hero, and an even greater uproar from Boston's partisans who could not believe any Portland man could be Champion Sculler of New England. There were cries of "Foul," "Disqualify," "All bets off!" There were near riots and some actual fisticuffs in the bleachers as some said there was a foul at the turn and some said there was not. Everybody in the grandstand was sure about what had happened even though nobody could possibly have seen it. There were arguments about money; some left the bleachers and followed those who had gathered around the poolmen. There were threats about what would happen if the boxes paid off, and what would happen if they did not. The poolmen's big revolvers came out, so did handy Derringers. One poolseller fisted a knuckler—a minute, 22-caliber, 7-shot parlor pistol as a signal for all to stand off. Some of the crowd swirled down to the beach and the boathouse to hail Davis, the champion, and others to appeal to Reagan to protest; and sorry to say, there were imprecations floating out over the water from those who had lost money.

Reagan was distraught, nearly in tears, and when my father and others helped him out of his shell he could hardly speak. He did say, "Sylvie, the boat pulls like a pig!" but the rest was incoherence about defeat and disaster for his friends and his family. It was then my father realized that while he and his brothers had lost a lot of money, and even worse, would have to face their father, Reagan was utterly ruined. He had borrowed every dollar he could raise and bet it on the race, leaving him and his family without a penny. My father also noticed, and then al-

most forgot in the excitment, that Patsy's port outrigger was bent.

It was quickly recognized that Patsy was in no condition to be put on public display in any congratulatory ceremony with Davis; so his friends hustled him into the boathouse, changed his clothes, and rushed him and his boat up through the shouting, milling and distracted crowd to the train. They sequestered him in a compartment, placing him near a window away from the corridor, pulling down the shades against the passers-by. His boat was loaded into the baggage coach ahead.

By this time it was 5:30, the sun was setting and the excursion train had been scheduled to leave at 4:20. There was a great hustle to make the speeches and have the stakeholder, Ormand, present the $2,000 to Davis, to settle up the pool accounts, and load the other boats aboard the train. The train crew stood by impatiently in the gaslit twilight, locomotive headlights a-light, all coal oil lamps burning in the cars. Boiler pressures were up, with the firemen trying to hold down the fires so safety valves would not lift. It was 6:18 before the exasperated crew loaded the last man aboard and the train began to roll out of the Silver Lake Station for Boston. "Easton's" big bronze bell, slowly tolled and deep, rang down the iron railway ahead and the long train followed. In the station there was only the low chatter of the telegraphers as the big clock tocked and ticked away from 6:18. The moon came up. Jupiter, the evening star, came out, and the silver night looked down on a quiet and empty Silver Lake. Davis and a large party had repaired to his quarters in Plympton for champagne.

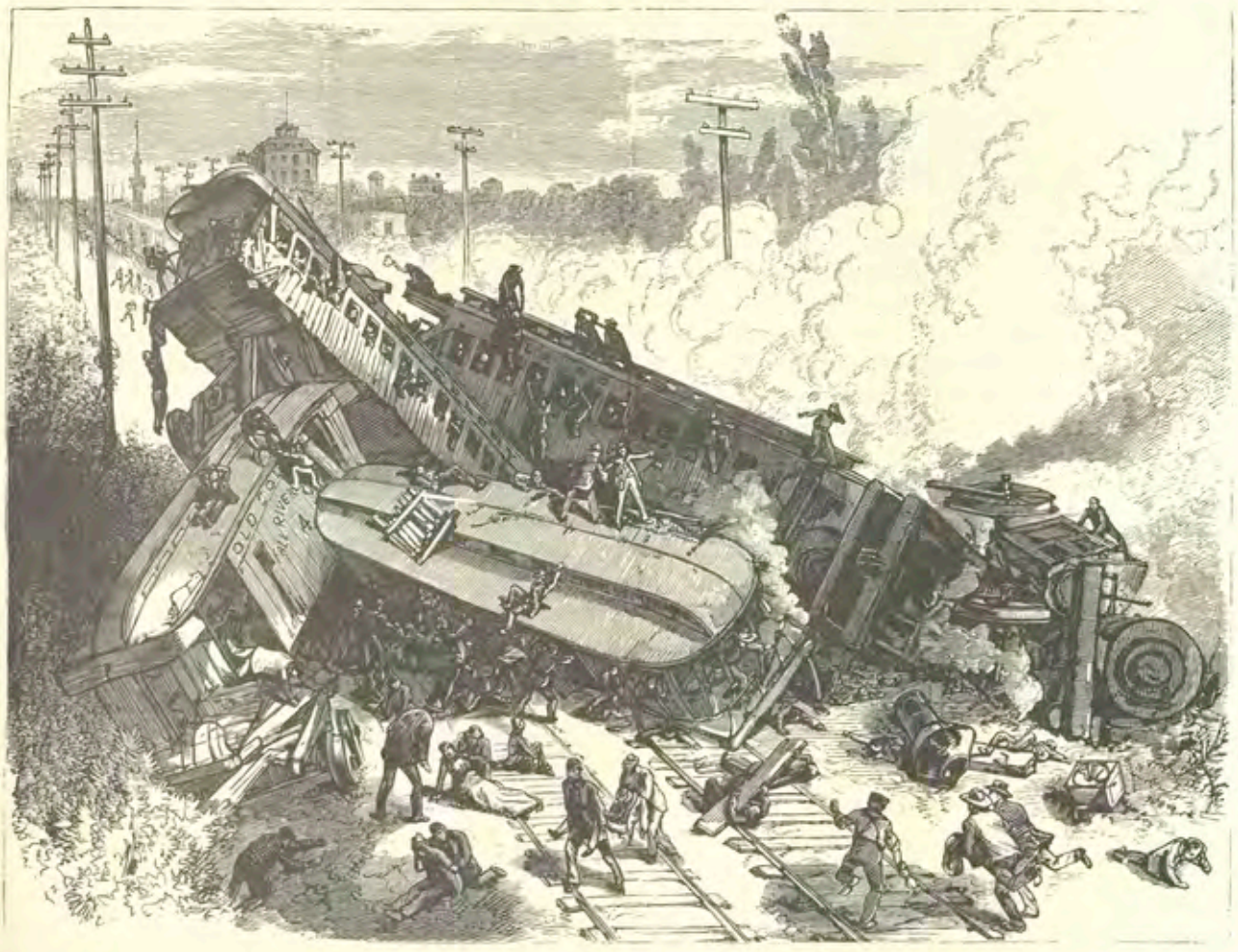
That night, my grandfather was casting up his accounts in his office at 15 West Third Street, in South Boston, hard by Richards Street that the city of Boston had named for his eldest son. A little after 8:00 P.M., Mike McGrath, one of his men, opened the door, came in, and quite agitated, began to tell a story—a very confused story. He had happened to go into Patsy Sheppard's saloon and he found it in an uproar. Something was wrong at Silver Lake. There were various reports but nobody knew which was the right report. The excursion train had been held up by train robbers and several killed in a pistol battle between the poolmen and the robbers. There had been a train wreck and fire, with fifty killed at Wollaston. Frenchy Johnson, a Boston oarsman, and well-known gambler, had shot and killed Patsy Reagan—Davis had killed Reagan—by this time my teetotaling grandfather thought that Mike had more than just 'happened' into Patsy Sheppard's. Then my Uncle Rich's name was mentioned, "Hurt! Perhaps badly!" My grandfather stopped Mike, turned off the gaslight, locked the door, and started for the Kneeland Street Station on the double. On "A" Street they found a herdic and by the time they reached the Federal Street Bridge they had the horse at a gallop. At Kneeland Street and South a turmoil of thousands of people, some with even wilder stories than Mike's, railed and shouted for news about Wollaston. My grandfather finally pushed and shoved up to the line of police and then argued and forced his way into the station and down to the Western Union office where the words were falling off the sounders like hail on a tin roof. Yes, there had been a bad train wreck at Wollaston. Patsy Reagan and others had been killed. His sons? A report that Richard had been seriously injured. A long, long wait. The turbulence of their own thoughts as well as the recurring crescendos of tumult from the crowd outside made it seem even longer; finally at 10:50 a train came in and the dead and injured were carried off hurriedly on Adams express wagons through the milling crowd to Kneeland Street to be loaded into hacks and ambulances for hospitals and morgues. My grandfather's sons, very tired and battered, but safe, were among the survivors who walked off. It was days before they were able to tell the whole story.

Most of those who were on that train when it left Silver Lake were overwrought. The

train crew, as usual, had a late train and consequently were uneasy and uncertain about their schedule. The passengers were exhausted by the excitement of the race and their passions. The poolmen and their lieutenants had lost a lot of money and were apprehensive about the many strangers aboard and, no doubt, kept their minds on their pistols. Portland and Boston partisans were still breathing fire, forcing their way through the aisles to join in the arguments in every car. Claims were made that Reagan's shell had been tampered with, that he had been ill. Portland's principal reply was ribald and profane derision. There was drink, many scuffles, and it soon became apparent that this was going to be an eventful train ride. There were long, unscheduled stops with only slow progress between them—and no explanations. Some thought now of Reagan up ahead, also overwrought, almost in tears. Everybody knew now, even the Portlanders, that Patsy had not only been rowing for the championship, he had also rowed for his family's years ahead. It was remembered frequently that he had said if he lost this race he would never pull another stroke. Hats were passed through the cars to take up a collection for Patsy Reagan. Portland contributed.

The train started to roll through Quincy. Up ahead in now shadowed and now silver moonlight, about halfway between Wollaston Village and Atlantic Station, near a brick shoe factory, a train crew was assembling a thirty-car freight train for a run down to Newport. This crew was listed on the board at Kneeland Street as being composed of the usual four men. However, there were only

In a terrible tangle of coaches and passengers, the Silver Lake excursion train blocks the right-of-way at Wollaston. As this contemporary drawing shows, there was mercifully no fire.



three men, as the fourth was home sick and his mates were covering for him so that he would not lose his day's pay. They knew that there was an excursion train scheduled to leave Silver Lake at 4:20 and from their own experience knew it would probably be late, but not this late. They had split the freight train so that they could put a car they had taken from the Wollaston Iron Works into the middle of it. To this end they had opened one of the three switches to the oncoming excursion train's track. The Tyler patent safety switch should have automatically displayed the danger signal, but it did not. When they saw the oncoming train their man tried to reset the switch, but he was too late.

Engineer Westgate on the "Easton" knew he had the right of way and saw no signal set against him, but he did see freight cars and a great locomotive headlight ahead. He reached up and blew one short blast for down-brakes, started the sand and jammed the valve gear into reverse. The driving wheels screeched. He hung on, then pulled down on the whistle cord again and kept it down. The sound tore through the night over the marshes and spilled down inside the Neponset River Valley up ahead. Second after second after second—then the "Easton" reached the open switch and the freight cars, derailed and rolled over. The "Bristol" leaped up into the air and came down on top of the "Easton" with a thunderous crash—all thirty-two tons of it. The next five cars jumped the track and tumbled like jack-straws over the locomotives and the train stopped. The engineer of the freight train, aghast, uncoupled his locomotive from his train and roared off, drivers spinning and screeching, to Quincy Station to get help. This left part of his train with no brakes set on a slight incline and the cars slowly rolled down into the wreckage.

My father said that when the cars went off the tracks, the seats began to come out of the floor and the overhead coal oil lamps shook right out of the roof spilling their oil and flames all over the splintered, wooden wreckage. He heard cries of "Fire! Fire! Please, God, no fire!" This prayer was answered. There was no fire, but there were dead, dying, injured, frightened people scattered about, crushed, or caught in the shards. The whole left side of one car was sheared off. My father and his brothers had been sitting on the right and were practically unscathed, but Patsy Reagan was already dying when they got him out and laid him down in the moonlight by the right of way. There was very little time, barely enough for a few tears and choked absolutions, before heartbreak. Seat cushions were pried out of the wreckage but they gave no comfort to Patrick.

The crews of the "Bristol" and "Easton," though bumped and battered, were still in action. They climbed out of their cabs and began to pull their fires and blow off the steam in their capsized locomotives. The roaring was frightful as the steam thundered and flew up to the now cold moonlit heavens, and with it went the cries of the wounded and dying. There wasn't a house within half a mile, and Western Union's two men were badly shaken up, but they were up a telegraph pole in no time, spliced in and launching their Morse over the wires before most people in the rear of the train knew what had happened. These people came forward, all but the poolmen. There were over a thousand. Some helped the injured and dying. A few did not, but helped themselves. There were watches, jewelry and money on the dead and dying. By no means were these good thieves. Pockets were picked, stray purses and bags were appropriated, even clothing and liquor were stolen. There were doctors aboard the train, some with their bags and anesthetics. Others rushed from Quincy in carriages. Old Colony sent about thirty more down by rail from City and Massachusetts General Hospitals.

When the sun came up in the morning, the wrecking crews were still there untangling the wreckage, clearing the right of way and looking for the dead. Of these, there were nineteen killed outright, nearly ten times that

number injured. As to Patsy, by four o'clock that afternoon, the crepe was on his door in Charlestown, and the city of Boston was in turmoil.

Among the first to call to pay their respects at Patsy's home that night was a committee from the Harvard and Union Boat Clubs, headed by Mr. Warren Norton Goddard—Harvard '79. Mr. Goddard said what a Brahmin is required to say under such circumstances and a little more, and then a lot more. He said that he would like a drink of water, so my father took him out into the crowded, smoke-filled kitchen. It was customary at that time for the kitchen to be used as a men's retreat from the formalities of a wake in the parlor. On the kitchen table was the usual large bowl of tobacco with a row of clay pipes neatly arranged around it for the solace of visitors. After some sombre and confused introductions, Mr. Goddard drank his water and looked about a bit and out into the dark backyard through the kitchen window. The icepan overflowed onto the kitchen floor. All scrambled around and emptied it and mopped the floor dry as well as men could. Then Goddard seemed to remember something. He took out of his jacket pocket a white envelope with the words "Mrs. Patrick Francis Reagan" written on it in a large and formal script. He placed it under the tobacco bowl, passed a few more words with my father, then retreated to his committee in the parlor.

Other visitors began to arrive. There was a constant stream of them. Thousands walked through the parlor in the next two days and nights. It was very hot, and it was necessary to pack the coffin with ice. A glass plate was placed over the opening so that visitors didn't have a very good last look at the remains of Patsy Reagan.

There was an extraordinary array of flowers, some very beautiful. Among these was a flower single shell, five feet long with its sculls dipped deep in the blossoms. This was from Mike Davis and Harry Meeker. Ned Hanlan was also represented as well as Patsy's friends at the Boston Can Company. This last tribute was a great pillow of white carnations edged with varigated foliage that can only be found in October in New England.



This statue of Ned Hanlan in Toronto exemplifies the high esteem in which rowers were held a century ago. He was a champion single-sculler.

My father and Uncle Rich led the pallbearers who walked behind the hearse down to Saint Mary's on what is now Rutherford Avenue for the 9 o'clock Mass. While only 1,500 people took a workday Tuesday off to see Reagan row what turned out to be his last race, there were nearly 6,000 who took off a workday Friday to bid him farewell. The little wooden church was filled and thou-

sands stood on the steps, the sidewalks, and the street. Inside, a boys' choir sang. Father Byrne didn't say much. He did quote passages from Ecclesiastes including the one about the race—and there were tears. My father thought these quotations were from King James, and they may have been. Father Byrne was a scholar who later became Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Byrne and went to Emmetsburg, the place of Mother Seton. Surely, he knew that with the Brahmins as sad as the Irish, this was no ordinary Boston funeral. Perhaps he thought the Brahmins, squeezed into the pews with so many strangers, and having little comprehension of the Roman Mass, should hear a few words of their own. They could not have felt at home, conspicuous in the uniformity of their shiny black square-toed shoes, forerunner of the "banker's last" to come, stiff-clothed black or dark blue suits, some with durable piping, very white linen and hard derby or top hats. They were uneasy and strange with other land men in a sea of more or less respectable motley from the sea and its borders.

At the end, the six pallbearers, four of them captains, turned the coffin around, lifted it up and bore it out of the church behind the cross, down the wooden steps and through the crowd to the hearse. The long cortege at long last was assembled, then first walked and finally trotted away. Patsy was soon buried in Holy Cross cemetery in Malden.

If you explore the shores of Silver Lake in October now, you won't find much of the past; but perhaps if you know what went on there nearly 100 years ago, and can visualize that boat race, and hear the great cries, exhortations and cheers coming down the wind as the two oarsmen stretch, strain and drive heart and bone and muscle to the utmost and more, then perhaps you will consider yourself as owing something to the past. If you believe—or in a more recent parlance, if you believe in yesterday—you might be generous enough to try to remember.

They are all gone now, so try to remember them all—every one. Don't except the strangers or those who were more than a little lower than the angels, the idlers, ruffians and blackguards who stole from the living, the dying and the dead at Wollaston, or the brakeman who was home sick while his mates were trying to cover for him so that he would receive a wage for that day's daily bread. And above all, remember—

Patrick Francis Reagan

17 March 1850 — 1878 October 8

OARSMAN

"State of the Museum"

By WALDO C. M. JOHNSTON

On Members' Day 1977, President Clifford D. Mallory, Jr. announced that Waldo C. M. Johnston had asked to retire from his position as Director of Mystic Seaport in September of 1978. "Waldo Johnston has done a superb job these twelve years," said Mr. Mallory. His leadership has put this museum in the dignified position of being a truly top educational institution. He is a learned gentleman of the sea and our dear friend, who along with his wife, Ellie, will never leave us in spirit because Mystic Seaport will never be able to honor and thank them enough for a job well done."

Mr. Johnston's remarks on that occasion add a significant page to the Log *of Mystic Seaport and we are pleased to share them with our readers.*

Mr. Chairman, Mr. President,
Ladies and Gentlemen:

As your Director, I appear before you on this Members' Day celebration to present to you a "State of the Museum" message on Mystic Seaport, and also some reflections on Mystic Seaport's immediate future.

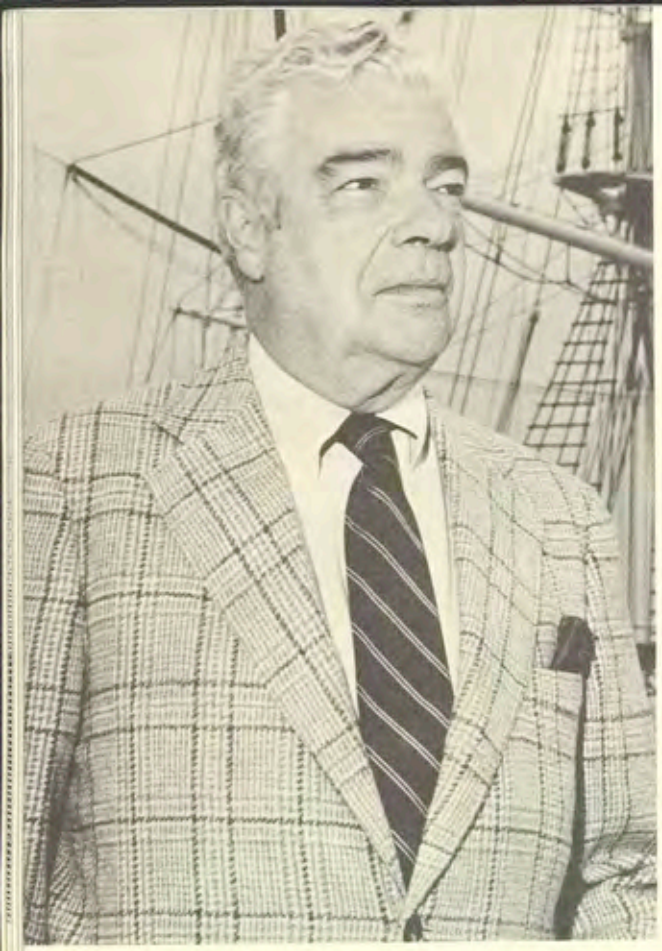
On this October day in 1977, your museum has passed through the usual upheavals of the summer months. We have kept way on, have maintained a course, have made improvements throughout the grounds, have honed our programs, have added new exhibits. Those of you who availed yourselves of the opportunities given you this morning have seen a number of these changes, such as the completed Packard Cabin Exhibit, the Figurehead Exhibit, the below decks restoration of the *L. A. Dutton*, the *Joseph Conrad* hauled out on the Lift Dock, and the new exhibit of ship models in the Schaefer Building. You have seen the Library in action, have been brought up-to-date on the work of the Education Department, have wandered behind the scenes of operations on the Hill, the Curatorial working and storage areas—and all over the place you have seen this talented and dedicated staff at work.

Not so evident today, because the students are at sea on the schooner *Westward*, is the new Williams College-Mystic Seaport undergraduate program of American Maritime Studies which was inaugurated here this fall. This significant and unique program started as a dream eight years ago, and over the ensuing years Ben Labaree and I have worked persistently to make this dream a reality. As our planning took form, we were assisted enthusiastically by Mike Sturges, our Education Director, by the deans and faculty members of a dozen colleges, and especially by President John Chandler of Williams College, who is deeply interested in the program. Aided enormously by the enthusiasm and generosity of Philip Mallory, this dream has now become reality—and I am immensely proud. You will be hearing more about this later on.

As we take stock of these improvements and accomplishments, I am reminded of an observation made many years ago by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving . . . we must sail sometimes with the wind, and sometimes against it—but we must sail and not drift, and not lie at anchor."

I could add a Director's comment to this:



Waldo C. M. Johnston, Director of Mystic Seaport for twelve years, will retire in September 1978.

It is impossible to remain at anchor at Mystic Seaport as long as we have a staff as highly motivated, innovative, determined, talented and loyal as the one presently assembled at this museum.

But herein lie some lessons—harsh, realistic, pragmatic; call them what you will, but they must be recognized, identified, studied and understood if we are going to continue to progress, not lose way, drift to leeward and eventually wither away. Shortness of time prevails upon me to reduce these to a troika—people, values, money. Each is intrinsically related, perpetually interwoven and interdependent. Each is a study in itself, and the combination consumes most of my time and energy.

As I have said many times, this museum has become what it is because of people. Without people, our collections would soon be destroyed; our ships would disappear; the museum would close. Our excellence depends primarily on the staff, aided by a fine Board of Trustees and a loyal membership. If the mix is right, the museum has the basic ingredient to maintain its integrity and strength—to grow, to prosper, and to be recognized.

Values are harder to define. Values are closely related to preservation, which makes preservation today fraught with dangers. It is axiomatic that a people whose values have collapsed face social decline. History is full of examples proving that whenever Man seeks to demolish his citadels of beauty and truth, his institutions of culture, religion and learning, he is himself destroyed in the ruins he has brought about. American traditions and perservation—which are what this museum is all about—have lately been under attack. Traditional values are being replaced by worship of super color TVs, supersuds, superhighways, supermarkets and superbowls.

There is—or was—a hotel in Nairobi which has over the porter's desk at the entrance a notice saying, "Leave your values with the hall porter." And this sometimes, I feel, has been a notice stuck over Western Civilization—as we construe it, with values, directly interdependent, mutually self-preserving.

Loss of values—or the threat of loss of values—is to me disturbing, ugly and frustrating, mainly for three reasons: it denies human personality and the regeneration of faith; it places too much emphasis on the financial aspect of life; it denies opportunities for personal contribution because of increasing confiscatory governmental restrictions.

Which brings me to money and all the multitudinous ways in which it affects this museum. Here again, I venture to suggest that a basic problem we are facing here today is a fallacious contention that in a society built around the idea of productivity and profit motivation, the Arts—museums, music, first-

rate education—are notoriously non-productive. And they are non-profit!

Since we at the museum cannot mass produce or mechanize our environment by 20th century standards but still must balance our budgets, we look ever more desperately to the private sector—which in turn is already under heavy pressure to give that help so urgently needed by an ever-increasing number of cultural institutions facing economic disaster. Pondering this, I am reaching the conclusion that many of us have adopted a defensive posture in our fund raising efforts: we are pleading rather than selling our product. We aren't going for the jugular. My thinking is bolstered by a comment from Eric Larrabee, former Director of the New York State Council of the Arts, who recently wrote:

"Our refusal to recognize the Arts as an industry has impeded our own efforts to achieve its economic health. In some corner of our minds we are still thinking of ourselves as recipients of philanthropy and not as participants in a legitimate and necessary activity essential to the national well-being, not to mention the national economy."

In the aftermath of these sobering thoughts, I would risk being termed an incautious adventurer by offering a few suggestions for our course over the next few years.

We must recognize several compelling factors:

1 We must preserve our staff.

2 We must preserve our collections.

3 We must conserve our resources.

4 We must broaden our base of support.

5 We must do something about the negative impact on our operating budget produced by 62% of our income coming from attendance and 73% of expenditures going to salaries, wages and benefits.

6 We must double, then triple, our endowment.

7 We must call on each and every member of this museum to help us more in every conceivable way. This goes beyond financial support alone and includes getting new members, leading us to possible donors, opening doors to corporations, foundations, etc.

8 We must initiate an active Bequest Program.

9 We must give most serious consideration to a major fund raising drive.

We must find ways to accomplish these without eroding our standards, crippling our accomplishments, or tumbling into mediocrity.

Philosophically, our goal is to keep Mystic Seaport's *integrity* absolute. Every decision must be based on this cornerstone. Mystic Seaport is being tempted—and the devil lies in jingling cash boxes, humming adding machines—by the delights of frozen custard, the thrills of OTB, zoom cars, Ten Flags over Connecticut, and instant entertainment. The American public has before it a great smörgasbord of weekend delights. The possibilities of spending money and delighting the senses are as varied as Lime Rock, *Star Wars*, Belmont Park, Busch Gardens, and hang gliding. Spectator sports have reached a peak of attraction never before encountered in this country. Our values are being eroded by the thrill-seekers and the super-spectaculars. If we give in to these goodies, our goal of maintaining integrity will disappear.

Following on the heels of sustained integrity will inevitably come the recognition, the understanding and the support of the museum community, the scholar and student of maritime affairs in the fields of history, of art, of literature, and of ocean science—and concurrently the support of all who believe in these things. *Integrity* thus touches every segment of the museum. Is a figurehead authentic? Has a painting been tampered with? Is a logbook authentic? Is a label entirely accurate? And how goes the restoration of a wooden ship? Integrity touches heavily upon the choice of staff and subsequent dealings with one another and with the public, which it faces daily in its varied confrontations, its teaching, its publications, its department de-

cisions. Integrity is essential in the Trustees, in whose hands lie the ultimate financial and political direction of this museum.

And it will take integrity of spirit on the part of all of us to resist the temptation to say, "Hey, let's get a piece of the pie, take on a snazzy marketing program, and snatch those dollars with our own dog and pony show and bread and circuses!"

So the philosophical goal is the cornerstone: upon integrity can be built the structure. In these days of expensive costs in personnel and maintenance, the second goal must be to affirm our integrity by paying our staff a fair and living wage in return for their creativity, their ability, their loyalty and their commitment. Like a ship at sea, we must operate effectively and sparely; and yet we must allow the time necessary to plan, to think, and to create the legitimate excitement and innovation which are compelling forces in the viability of a museum.

After personnel come the ships, because our ships and small craft are the single, unique factor that gives the Seaport its individuality. Nowhere in the world is there a shipyard to equal the Henry B. duPont Yard—nowhere else are there the skills of a John Gardner, the experience of a Don Robinson. Yet, if asked what are our priorities, there can be little or no scale difference between the Shipyard, the responsibilities of the Research Library, the Curatorial Department, the outreach of the Williams-Mystic Program, and the impact of the Education Department through its visitor interpretation, youth and adult programs and school interaction.

All these activities not only set Mystic Seaport apart for its excellence in many areas, but also make it a striking example of a "Museum of Museums," now known, recognized and admired throughout the world. We face a real challenge to keep it this way. We face a real challenge to present ourselves as the ultimate museum at the Third International Congress of Maritime Museums, which will meet at Mystic Seaport next September.

Each year, the practical goals are governed by the structuring of the museum budget, and the subsequent balancing and amending of this horrendous statistic as the months pass. Largely because of static rather than growing funds, the problem has many unhappy ramifications. Again, integrity must remain the unifying factor that probes our souls and consciences—and the only relief from the anguish of sorely underpaid staff, diminished programs and higher admission rates, is unrestricted money in the form of gifts, bequests, or government grants. These must constantly and energetically be sought with more consistent effort than we have previously brought to bear, not just by our own Development Office and staff, but by everyone everywhere who has a concern for this place. We must *all* go for the jugular.

Also on the practical front, the museum is often far over its head in commitments. We are, in fact, not only "people-oriented" but "crisis-oriented" and are set back time and again by factors quite beyond our control. Our costs in all categories have of course leapt skyward. We spend enormous energies dealing with the town and state governments on matters of zoning, sewers, taxation, pollution, traffic control. We file endless reports on minimum wage, insurance, ERISA, OSHA, affirmative action, labor relations, sick benefits, legal matters, unemployment compensation, etc., etc. We wrestle with a huge and unwelcome problem which has arisen because our bulkheads are eroding, and if we don't spend a lot of money, the Seaport is likely to slide inexorably into the river.

Coupled with the bulkheads problem and general maintenance is the looming colossus of the Rossie Mill. A challenging problem confronts us as to its eventual use, both as an adjunct to the museum facilities and as a source of income to help cover its costs. We are working with Anderson Notter on this, and we must find answers soon.

Also under the practical heading falls the National Endowment for the Humanities grant of some $175,000, expressly for the purpose of developing a permanent exhibit



The *Charles W. Morgan* hauled out on the lift dock symbolizes a high point in Waldo Johnston's twelve years as Director. Construction of the lift dock was itself an achievement.



The *Morgan* afloat is nudged back to her berth in a triumph of patience and labor.

in the Stillman Building entitled, "New England and the Sea." A great prospect and a greatly needed, coordinated exhibit—but its fulfillment is hampered by lack of personnel, and much more by the lack of funds to prepare the Stillman Building for this exhibit. N.E.H. has *not* called for a matching grant, nor demanded that this preparation be carried out—but *we* know it must be done, we are doing it on faith, and somehow, somewhere, we will find a donor.

More possible goals to identify and follow are being consistently explored. We spend many hours studying possibilties that will strengthen the museum, the better to meet the uncertainties that lie ahead. We shall spend much time this fall and winter and spring soul searching, conferring with other museums, gazing into crystal balls, debating and discarding ideas, searching for solutions. Always in our minds is the integrity of what we stand for, what we do, what we can do.

In conducting these studies, it seems to me, we have no choice whatsoever. We must, in fact, consciously take an immense gamble foisted upon us by the uncertainties of the times. We are going to stake our present and future existence on the exciting premise that we are the real thing, and that here people can think and learn. We are going to gamble on the supposition that after a man has driven his car here with the pedal to the metal, shouted to the police, scolded the children, plunked down his money at the gate and come aboard, just maybe he would like to move for a moment back in time, learn something true about the past, see a wooden ship fully rigged, stare at a painting, read a book, hear a real sea chanty and lean back to see the North Star. And come to the realization that his people and his country possess a proud heritage, and a treasured nobility of spirit.

Here is the hope of the Seaport. We must guard it so that it is never watered down. Rather, let us maintain our strength and the vitality to survive as one bright light, and not try to change our spots and light up the sky with a false image.

It can be done—if we all share a common faith and a common will—and we all work together to realize these hopes. It can only be done if we don't forget, but rather think of these hopes *365 times a year*. The staff cannot do it alone, but together with you it will be done. And the promise of our future will be as bright as our accomplishments in the past.

Log Books and Journals

By CAPT. HERVEY C. LAWDER, USN (ret.)*

LOG BOOK: A book in which is entered the daily progress of a ship at sea, with notes on the weather and incidents of the voyage. (Webster)

JOURNAL: A daily record of events, as a diary. (Webster)

A book review in the *New York Times* once described an autobiography as "low-keyed, concretely factual, as emotional as a captain's log." This is, indeed, a characterization that perfectly fits the entries in most of the sailing ship log books in the G. W. Blunt White Library of Mystic Seaport. With methodical regularity the log-keeper entered speed, course, winds, noon position and sometimes sail handling and currents.

But there are amusing and interesting exceptions in some of the log-books and journals when, perhaps from sheer boredom with latitude, longitude, and miles made good, the log-keeper inserted poetry, recipes, medical advice, and other non-nautical information. Do you want to be sure of having beer tomorrow? The log of the brig *Cleopatra*, Pratt master, contains instructions dated June 22–30, 1795:

TO MAKE BEER

Take 7 quarts of water, 1 pint of molasses, 1 pint of Emptyings,[1] 2 table spoonsfull of Ginger, 1 table spoonfull of the Cream of Tartar. It should be made at night, and next morning strained and bottled. It will be fit for use in 2 hours.

On March 17, 1859, the log of the brig *Galveston*, Whitfield master, from Philadelphia to Havana, had this to report on the prospect of having fresh eggs later than you think:

TO PRESERVE EGGS

Put into a pan one bushel of quicklime, two pounds of salt and a pound of cream of tartar mix these together with enough water to reduce them to that consistance as to cause an egg to swim with its top part above the liquid, then put and keep the eggs therein, which will preserve them perfectly sound for at least two years.

In 1862, the log-keeper on the ship *John Land* of Boston, Levi J. Hotchkiss master, en route from Batavia to Falmouth, had mixed poetic emotions concerning two ladies:

Nov. 5, 1862

"To Miss Harding of Amsterdam:
If, for silver or for Gold,
You could melt 10,000 pimples
Into half a dozen dimples
Then your face we might behold
looking doubtless, much more snugly,
Yet even then 'twould be D------d ugly."

Dec. 7, 1862

"Mrs. R. N.
Ye Gods, as she walk'd, she showed a pair
of legs, and feet, so clean, so strong,
so fair
Of Twenty winters age they seem to be.
I FAINTED"

The log book of the brig *Peggy* of Essex contained two toasts in 1795, one for the ladies and one for the victory over England:

"The fair sex, the ornament of creation.
Decked in the neat dress of virtue, their

*Capt. Hervey C. Lawder, USN (ret.), spent 25 years in naval intelligence. A graduate of Williams College, he began serving Mystic Seaport as a volunteer in 1968, reading and cataloging ships' logs—a job from which he gleaned the substance for this article.

[1] Yeast.

full face makes a Deep impression on the
mind and drive out the Devil from the Soul."

"While the proud British lion lies crouching,
not covered with glory but scars,
Our Eagle triumphantly hovers,
'Midst splendor which burst from the Stars."

In 1874, the log book of the bark *Emma C. Litchfield* of Rockland, Maine, Hayden master, had the following medical advice:

"INDIGESTION
½ oz. cream of tartar
1 oz. golden seal
2 oz. caraway seed
2 oz. powdered poplar bark
To be divided into six powders after
thoroughly mixed and give one every
four or six hours in a pint of camomile tea.

There is, of course, a much wider range of subject matter in journals than in log books, particularly those kept by passengers, who are more apt to record subjects of a personal nature unrelated to the ship. On the steamer *Nevada*, from Queenstown to New York in 1879, a passenger's journal gave the following advice on sunburn:

"For the benefit of those who may fall into the same snare (fog & Sun) as myself, let me admonish them on the subject of cocoa butter, and exhort them on the virtues of cosmoline."[2]

On Christmas Day, 1820, a passenger on the *Halifax Packet* of Sunderland, England, Craig master, en route from Ireland to New York, wrote that he had a breakfast of "stirabout with flummery." (Stirabout is said by Webster to be a porridge of oatmeal boiled in water or cooked in hot drippings with constant stirring; flummery is a soft, jelly-like food made of flour or meal, or a kind of custard or blanc mange.) The vessel had a miserable passage, meeting head winds of gale force for weeks before it could make a landfall at Bermuda. By that time the ship's provisions were exhausted, which brought about an improvement, strangely enough, in the passengers' meals. The captain gave permission to break into the cargo, which consisted solely of potatoes and whiskey.

Emma Hotchkiss, 15-year-old daughter of the master of the ship *Harvard* of Boston, kept a journal on a voyage from Calcutta to Bordeaux in 1856. Her entry for July 6 was this:

"I will write down a receipt for the making of the hair curl: Take borax two ounces; gum Senegal in powder one dracham; add hot water (not boiling) one quart. Stir and as soon as the ingredients are dissolved, add two ounces of spirits of wine, already impregnated with camphor. On retiring to rest, wet the locks with the above liquid, and roll them on twists of paper as usual. Leave them until morning when they may be unwrapped and formed into ringlets."

When the bark *Ohio* of New Bedford was whaling in the Pacific from 1875 to 1877, Sallie Smith, wife of the captain, wrote in her journal a recipe for Worcestershire Sauce of sufficient proportions to last the cook many voyages:

"To one gallon of ripe tomatoes sliced add five tablespoonsful of salt two of cayenne pepper 1 teaspoon of mace one of allspice one of cinnamon one of cloves two large onions one tumbler of brown sugar one quart of good cider vinegar one tablespoon of mustard mix well in a stew pan and simmer four hours. Strain and bottle when cold."

In latitude 16° 34′ N and longitude 154° 09′ E, the ship *Charles*, Andrews master, was on a passage from Honolulu to Hong Kong, and for many days the log-keeper had ended each day's record with the usual laconic phrase "Men gainfully employed" or "Crew at ship's duty." For reasons which are obscure but which must be saluted with praise, on March 27, 1848 the closing entry was:

"Hands employed at various work beneficial to the community in which we circulate."

[2]A name for purified solid paraffin.

Splendid and *Triton* vs. "Johnny Whale"

From Personal Recollections of CAPT. JAMES A. M. EARLE

Introduction by Douglas Stein

Capt. James A. M. Earle was not only master of the Charles W. Morgan *for 16 years, but master of the art of story-telling. Having begun his whaling career at the age of 12, he had many yarns to tell, several of which were taken down by Dr. George M. Sheahan and published in* Yachting *during the late 20s. This adventure, however, was taken from personal notes of Capt. Earle's, found in the G. W. Blunt White Library at Mystic Seaport. They were discovered and transcribed by Douglas Stein, Curator of Manuscripts there—and have never before been published.*

It was mid-morning of a bright and fair December day sometime in the late 1870s. A huge sperm whale, girdled in a maze of whale line and punctured by harpoons and lances, lay rolling and thrashing out at his tormentors. The blood pouring from his lacerated body blotted out the emerald hues of the surrounding sea, and enveloped the wreckage of 2 whaleboats and 12 hearty men from the *Splendid* who now sought refuge in boats fortunate enough to have avoided his fury.

Mr. Lawrence from the *Triton* rowed up and asked, "How about mating now?" He was offering the services of his ship—its boats and crew—to assist the *Splendid* in capturing the whale.

Such cooperative ventures, known as "mating," were unique to the whaling industry. It was a temporary agreement most often negotiated between Ships' Masters or their Mates, after which the boats of both vessels would combine forces and share equally in all the oil and bone taken. There were no formal procedures for this agreement, it being governed more by a combination of tradition and the circumstances of the moment. Basically mating was simply a verbal contract bound by personal honor.

Although an accepted fact, detailed descriptions of mated situations are rare. When one considers the influence of the profit-sharing method of wage payment (the "lay" system), along with the innate independence of a whaling vessel and the self-reliance of her crew, it becomes obvious why such an agreement was made only when it seemed to promote the interest of everyone concerned. What follows is an illuminating account by a young whaleman of how and why a vessel mated.

• • •

December 21st:

Light airs from the S.E. with fine weather. At daylight two sails in sight: *Triton* off our lee quarter about ten miles, and the *Alaska*, Captain Charles M. Fisher, about three points off our lee bow 15 miles off. All going East.

At 6 a.m. we sighted a large Sperm Whale two points forward of our lee beam about six miles off and going East. Mr. Mate was at the masthead. Captain Soule came up onto the crow's nest, and they talked their position over regarding the other ships and the whale. The *Triton* is nearer the whale than us, but does not see him. If we lower boats, set our sails, and steer for the whale, it will call their attention to where we see him and they will have the best chance at him.

Mr. Mate advised that he and the 2nd mate take their boats and row to a commanding position and then set their sails. Then when Captain Soule saw that his two boats had gained position he could send the other two boats, under sail, to assist in case of need.

When the mate was within two miles of the whale the people on the *Triton* had sighted the whale and sent three boats in pursuit of same. This was when the whale turned flukes at the end of his second rising, and after the boats had started from the *Splendid*.[1]

The whale stayed down his usual fifty minutes, during which time the boats jockeyed for a position where they thought the whale would come up. Two of the *Triton*'s boats went off to the E.N.E. thinking our boats might follow them, but our boats were confident of the locality of the game.

The bark *Triton* was then about a mile to the west of our boats, and had lowered their fourth boat headed by Captain Keith. With the wind being light they both used sail and oars, and were nearing our boats rapidly.

Usually when two ships are chasing a lone whale they will offer to "mate" or pool their chances and go 50/50, rather than take the chance of one spitefully gallying the whale when he sees the other is likely to get him. It is up to the ship who is nearest the whale to make the first advances by hoisting their ensign. The other then hoists theirs, and the bargain is closed. If one ship is too far off, the 1st mate in charge of boats can close the deal.

Presently, up comes the whale to the leeward of our mate about 150 yards distance, but he was right abreast of him where the whale was sure to see him. Captain Keith, however, was directly behind the whale, about 50 yards further off. Our mate swung off for the beast and ordered "in paddles," saying, "it is neck or nothing; paddle, boys, paddle."

The old boat fairly flew! As we neared the whale he saw us and roused, giving himself a violent start ahead. But he was too late. Grant planted two harpoons just under his hump as the boat glided over the whale's small.

Down came our sail, which was furled and passed aft to be followed by the mast, while the whale rolled and thrashed the water about fifty feet from us. Our 2nd mate, being close by and seeing we were sure to strike, took in his sail and mast and got his men down to the oars, ready for eventualities. When we struck, they sprang ahead on their oars, taking the whale head and head. Kau, the harpooner, planted his weapon just aft of the whale's neck.

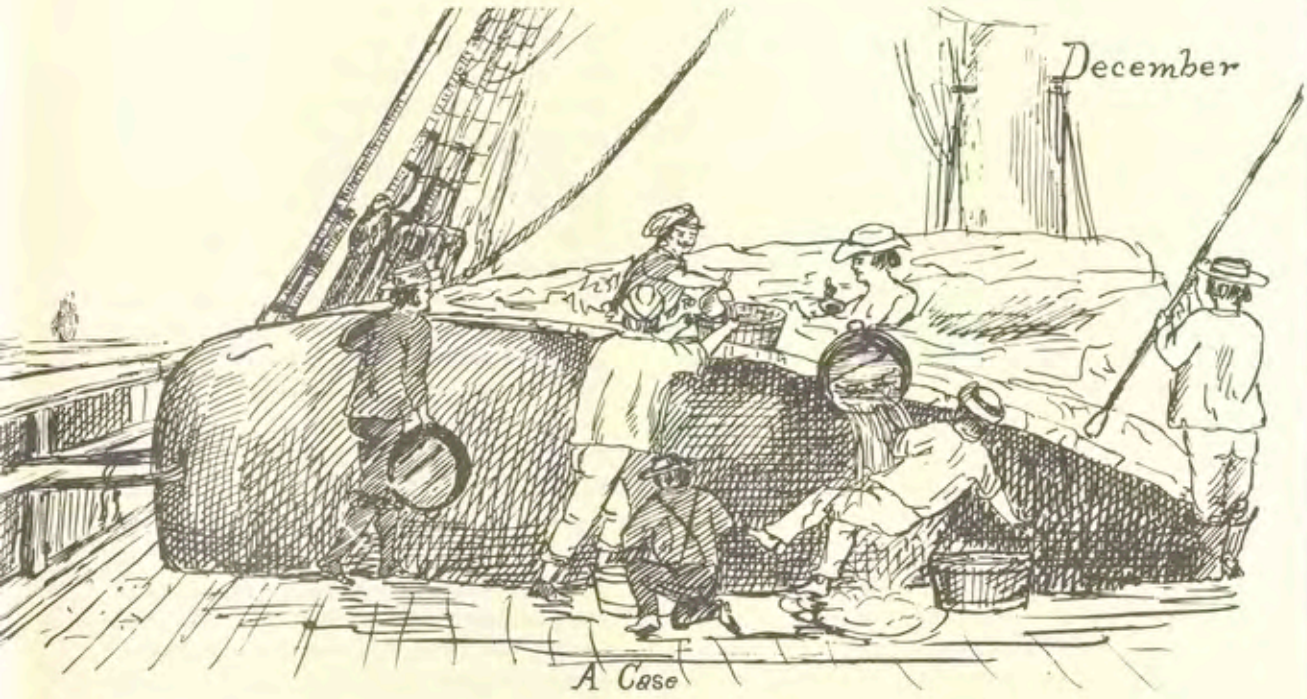
Johnny Whale rolls towards the boat with his mouth wide open, that 18-foot jaw of his just missing the stern of the boat but breaking the steering oar into two pieces. The 2nd mate was just congratulating himself on his narrow escape when up came that jaw on the starboard side, the boat thus being taken into the whale's mouth.

Snap comes the jaw as the whale closes his mouth, biting the boat clean in two. One part of the boat dropped from one side of his mouth, but on the other side was the smaller piece of the boat with a man jammed by an oar against the gunwhale, still hanging from the corner of the creature's mouth as it rose about twenty feet in the air and dropped back on his side releasing the man!

The mate slacked out his line and picked up the men from the stoven boat. He then looked to windward to see where our other boats and ship were. The nearest boat was about three miles and the ship about five. The *Triton* and her boats were all within half a mile.

Mr. Lawrence, the *Triton*'s chief officer, came to us and said, "Will you mate, that is go 50/50 on the whale?"

[1] The *Splendid* was a 369 ton, 2 decked whaleship, built at Rochester, Mass. in 1835. She had hailed originally out of Edgartown, but was sold to New Zealand registry in 1873. The *Triton* was a 264 ton, 2 decked bark, built at Fairhaven, Mass. in 1818. Registered at New Bedford and owned by J. & R. Wing, the vessel began her voyage on August 26, 1876, and returned on Sept. 12, 1880, with 1700 bbls. of sperm oil.



Bailing the case was considered to be one of the most enjoyable parts of cutting in a whale. The huge head, hoisted on deck, was cut open and the extremely fine oil of the case ladled out, with one man up to his armpits in the oil inside.

Our mate replied, "No, our boats are coming up and will be here in half an hour."

As soon as we had all the men in and had looked Louie over (he was not hurt, just pinched up a bit) it was haul line then. The whale had just stayed where he was after our last encounter, rolling and kicking. The mate hauled up to the whale and got a good lance in him, bringing thin blood from his spout hole. He was also bleeding profusely from the lance hole.

The 2nd mate, whose boat had been destroyed, was very anxious to have a whack at Mr. Whale, so the mate let him get in the head of the boat to lance the whale again. The 2nd mate caught hold of the line and hauled the boat right on top of the whale. The whale, feeling the boat, roused and threw his whole small and flukes in the air, overturning the boat and throwing us all into the water.

The *Triton*'s boat was close by watching the battle. Mr. Lawrence rowed up alongside of our mate saying, "How about mating now?"

"Well, I think I will have to," replied our mate, "our boats are too far off to help."

"Right you are," replied Mr. Lawrence, "pull ahead all there."

"Hold on there," cried out Black Dick, our 2nd mate, "take me with you." And jumping overboard, he swam to Lawrence's boat.

"You take my bomb gun and bomb him as my boatsteerer harpoons him," says Mr. Lawrence to Black Dick.

"Right you are," replies Dick. "Spring ahead there."

As the boat glided alongside the whale, the harpooner darted his irons into the whale's broad side and Black Dick shot a bomb at the same time.

"Take that, you beast!"

The whale gave a convulsive start and kicked, catching the boat with the tip of his flukes, tearing out two planks from the bottom of Lawrence's boat. They filled with water and were out of the game. This was the third boat out. Then the *Triton*'s 2nd mate entered the fray. Seeing how things were going he went to the head of his boat and decided he would shoot bombs into the whale 'til the fight was out of him, which was soon done since he wouldn't run.

Meantime our mate righted his boat, lashed oars across so it could not roll over, and secured all his gear. The *Triton* ran down to him and hoisted first one end of his boat and then the other to get the water out. The *Splendid*'s 3rd mate picked up the sail and three oars from the 2nd mate's boat and took them to the *Splendid*, while one of the *Triton*'s other boats picked up their stoven boat and crew and brought them back to their ship. Our mate took his boat and crew to the *Splendid*, got on some dry clothes, and returned to the *Triton* to help cut in the whale.

Now the custom in mating on a large whale is usually for one ship to take the whale alongside and start to cut him in by first cutting off the head. Then the other ship sends her boats to tow the head back to her where it is bailed out.

The head oil is worth more than the body oil so when the ships have finished extracting the oil from the body and head, they are kept separate and evenly divided. If either ship—or both—takes a whale or whales before the oil is all boiled, they have to go 50/50 on it also, unless they form an agreement in writing to the contrary. In this case, however, Captain Keith said that if we would send our mate and a boat's crew to help cut they would be able to cut the whale in before dark. They would bail the whale and send over our casks for half the oil the next day, which we did.

Now Captain Keith was an old hand and had always bailed the whale's case hanging in the tackles alongside the ship, thinking it was too heavy to heave or hoist up onto the deck. Our mate was a younger man and had been accustomed to taking the case on deck, opening it there, and bailing the oil out where you could get more men to work on it.

His method was to put one tackle onto the base of the case, and the other tackle with a large hook on it into the spout hole at the other end; then to heave on the first tackle 'til the case stood on end; then to heave both tackles with an even strain until the upper end of the case was about fifteen feet above the planksheer; then to continue heaving on the spout hole tackle while surging down on the tackle that was on the base of the case, so that when the spout hole end of the case was level with the deck, the base of the case would be landed on the main hatch, and would be bearing on the deck from there to the planksheer on the starboard side. Then the top blubber on the case was removed and a man would sit down in it, up to his armpits in oil.

This oil was held by a fine sponge-like fiber, and on putting your hands in it and closing them, the raw oil would flow same as water out of a sponge. The case was about twenty-five feet long as it lay on the deck; eight-foot wide and four-foot high. Captain Keith's mate also had never seen a large case taken in on deck, so they decided to let our mate have charge of the cutting in of the whale.

Now the *Triton* was smaller than the *Splendid* and lay over quite a little more than we did with a case on deck, but she stood it all right. Thus the job was done quite a little quicker than by the old method, and adjudged a success by the *Triton*'s crew. The whale was all in, the decks cleared and bailing out begun by dark.

We went our way three days after we came together, and divided up our oil. The whale made 106 barrels. We sent over our casks, filled them with oil, and towed them back to the ship to be hoisted in and stowed away in the lower hold.

Thus ended our mating.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Path Between the Seas—The Creation of the Panama Canal 1870–1914 by David McCullough. (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1977. 653 pp. Ill. $14.95)

This fascinating and thoroughly documented story of the Panama Canal comes at a moment when the future of the canal is a matter of national debate. The book is thus the more useful because it is probably the most comprehensive and informative work on the enterprise ever presented and as such deserves the attention of all who would form an intelligent opinion.

Here is the story of the French effort, two unsuccessful ventures led by Ferdinand de Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal, magnetic, persuasive hero of France, doggedly fixed in his determination to build a sea-level canal without locks. (It is ironic that he ignored the opinions of Baron Godin de Lepinay, one of France's greatest engineers, who from the start correctly assessed the problems involved and propounded the concept which eventually enabled the Americans to complete the project. Had de Lesseps listened he might have succeeded.) But de Lesseps failed, and with his failures there was tragedy for France. Many people lost their savings, bribery tarnished the reputations of newspapers and members of the French Senate, the reputations of George Clemenceau, Alexander Eiffel, and others were touched by scandal, a government toppled. The de Lesseps were tried for fraud and breach of trust. The old hero was spared because of his age and infirmities, but his son Charles was convicted and imprisoned. The ventures had cost a million more francs than the whole Suez Canal and an estimated loss of 20,000 to 22,000 lives.

Then, after interminable debates over the route—should the canal be in Nicaragua, Panama, or elsewhere—the Americans took over the project in May 1904, paying the French $40,000,000 for work already done and equipment left behind. To many Americans the Panama Canal owes its existence to the aggressive national policies of Theodore Roosevelt and the engineering genius of George Goethals. However much they contributed, there were others who played influential and sometimes critical roles.

There was Philippe Bunau-Varilla, the dapper, energetic and determined Frenchman, a central figure in the diplomatic maneuvers and intrigue involving France, the United States and Colombia that eventuated in the independence of a new state, Panama, and a treaty empowering the United States to construct a canal. There was Dr. William C. Gorgas, conqueror of malaria and yellow fever within the Isthmus, frustrated again and again in his efforts to convince a bureaucratic Isthmian Canal Commission back in Washington that a mosquito, not filth or swamps or intemperate living, was killing engineers, doctors, and common laborers alike by the thousands. Without Gorgas (and Walter Reed) there would have been no canal.

Although the canal was finished under Goethals, it was John Stevens, his predecessor as Chief Engineer, who made two fundamental decisions that made it possible. He gave Dr. Gorgas unlimited funds and personnel as a priority measure to make the Canal Zone healthful. And even before he attacked the waterway itself he strengthened and expanded the Panama Railroad, the key to the transportation of men and supplies and the only means of removing the huge volume of rock and earth excavated from the cuts. (De Lesseps never recognized the requirements that would be imposed on the railroad, a mistake that probably would have been fatal to his plans.) By the time Goethals took over from Stevens the United States was excavating at Panama every three years the equivalent of the Suez. And on top of the planned volume were the slides in the Culebra (now Gaillard) Cut, which dumped an additional seventeen million cubic yards of rock and viscous clay into the workings.

There were others: Guerrero Amador, the revolutionary leader and first president of Panama, and his compatriots Arosema and Arango, caught between an enraged Colombian government in Bogota and an opportunistic Bunau-Varilla dealing independently with the U.S. State Department. New York lawyer William Nelson Cromwell had interests on both sides of the Atlantic, exercising influence in Washington while representing the creditors of the defunct second French company. And by no means least were

the American designers of the locks, their machinery, and the electrical system that would furnish power for everything—Lt. Col. Hodges of the U.S. Army, Edward Schildhauer, Henry Goldmark, and the inventive staff of the young General Electric Company. Even today, in an advanced technology, engineers marvel at their accomplishments.

Along with frustration and tragedy there was indecision. In June 1905 the U.S. Senate, which had first voted for a water-level canal, decided on a lock canal by a slim three votes. The great British soldier Lord Kitchener bluntly told Roosevelt he had blundered.

"All I would do in such a case," he stated, "would be to say 'I order that a sea-level canal be dug, and I wish to hear nothing more about it.'"

Roosevelt, who knew his Shakespeare, replied, "I wonder if you remember the conversation between Glendower and Hotspur, when Glendower says, 'I can call the spirits from the vasty deep,' and Hotspur answers, 'So can I, and so can any man, but will they come?'"

Author McCullough has written an important and very readable book, profusely illustrated with contemporary photographs and sketches. And it is timely.

Col. D. S. Somerville

Boatbuilding Down East—How to Build the Maine Lobsterboat by Royal Lowell. (Camden, Maine: International Marine Publishing Co., 1977. 187 pp. Photographs and drawings. $17.50)

Boatbuilding Down East is a detailed description of how the author builds a 36-foot wooden lobsterboat. Royal Lowell designs as well as builds boats; this book is strictly about building. He tells exactly what he does, step by step, down to the size nails he uses to fasten his molds together. He is an exacting builder, having learned, as he says, from his grandfather. The photographs show that painstaking work pays—the planking of one of his boats, for example, is truly beautiful in fairness and uniformity of seams.

The text is clear and descriptive, the language warm and informal, but the drawings are outstanding. Done by Mr. Lowell himself, they are very informative and complete, with the sequence of operations clearly presented. If a reader bogs down in the text, which is loaded with detail, the careful, well-planned drawings tell the whole story.

The lobsterboat has been lofted when the author takes up his description. He tells how to make molds and patterns, how to get out the keel and stem pieces. There are words about woods, preservatives and fastenings. He goes on to describe setting up, taking great care to brace and true things up. He tells why he places the ribbands where he does. Getting out frame stock, steaming, and bending in frames follow. Then come plank lines, spiling, plank bevels, and hanging planks. The deck frame is then built. He tells how he puts in the floors, explaining why, from his experience, they are best placed between frames. He goes on to build the cockpit deck. The boat is then caulked, planking smoothed and primed. The deck, planked or plywood and glass, is laid. The cabin is built. There are words on interior joinery, plumbing, ventilation, steering gear, and engine controls. An appendix lists useful tools and a glossary defines terms. The treatment is very complete.

The book is valuable from several points of view. First, it is a record of how a skilled man performs his trade as a boatbuilder. Secondly, it is valuable as a manual. The methods described and the reasoning behind them will interest anyone involved in wooden boat construction. Much of what is said applies to all boats, not only a Maine lobsterboat. Finally, for a person setting out to build a lobsterboat, this book should be his Bible.

One thing I would have liked to have seen included would have been a set of lines and offsets for one of Mr. Lowell's 36-foot lobsterboats. Construction drawings are in the back and the fine sketches throughout give ample information on scantlings and methods of construction. The book tells how to build the boat, but if you were actually going to build one, you would still need the lines plan. A set of lines might also give a better understanding and appreciation for the choice of method used at some points in the construction.

Maynard Bray, formerly Supervisor of the Shipyard at Mystic Seaport, wrote the foreword and helped with the editing and organization of the book. I am sure he enjoyed it; it is the kind of book he believes in.

Willits Ansel

Building Classic Small Craft by John Gardner. (Camden, Maine: International Marine Publishing Co., 1977. xiii + 300 pp. Plans, photographs, appendix and index. $20.00)

The general interest in boatbuilding is now at flood tide and quite a few people (authors and publishers) are riding that flood—that is to say, they are cashing in on it. Some of these books are out and out bad books, misleading and full of error, such as Sucher's book on simplified boatbuilding; others, such as *Building the Skiff Cabin Boy* are amateurish, cute . . . ignorant of the boatbuilding methods that have been proven and refined over the years, techniques which avoid the myriad pitfalls and simplify the difficult. So it is with rejoicing, even relief, that we see the publication of a book by John Gardner. Indeed, as Mr. Gardner is, perhaps, the one person most responsible for the current widespread interest in boatbuilding, this is a long-awaited event.

Luckily for us, Mr. Gardner is a teacher, a writer, and a boatbuilder. Not only does he know what to say, but how to say it so that it can be understood and is interesting as well. This book is therefore a book not only for boatbuilders but for boat lovers as well. It is a highly readable volume.

Building Classic Small Craft is a collection of articles written for the *Maine Coast Fisherman* and *National Fisherman* with a preface and introduction by the author. The articles have been edited and arranged very well so that they have a homogeneity. There are about two dozen plans from which to build. Some chapters contain histories of boat types: the peapod, St. Lawrence skiff, Rangeley Lakes boat, the wherry, the Whitehall, etc. Some chapters have instruction in great detail for building a boat. There is an appendix which contains explanations of various boatbuilding techniques: spiling, riveting, planking, laminating frames, using boatbuilding glues and so on. There is also a good index which makes the book a very usable reference tool.

There are things in this book which simply cannot be found anywhere else and certainly this is so because of Mr. Gardner's wide and varied schooling. One of these schools he describes in his preface:

"Young and old were caught up in the war effort, which brought together an assemblage of boatbuilding talent and experience that will not be seen again. Not only in Marblehead but all up and down the coast the oldtimers came out of retirement for one last hurrah, and for a brief interval the clock stood still while an era of wooden boat construction, which had all but passed away, was revived and renewed."

A noteworthy example of Mr. Gardner's ability to translate that experience into solid information is the section on spiling. Spiling is the method used to determine the shape of the edge of each plank in a boat. Since the planks of a boat are all curved and tapered, and each plank on one side has a curve different from any other plank on that side, the shape of each edge must be accurately determined. There are several correct ways to spile a plank, but apart from a 1919 out-of-print book by William H. Curtis (*Elements of Wood Ship Construction*), this book is the only one to contain not only one, but three correct ways to spile, and this explanation, along with excellent illustration, makes the process simplicity itself.

The only drawback to the book is the uneven quality of the printing. Quite a few of the photographs are grainy and lack contrast and some of the plans suffer broken lines. This is unfortunate, considering the cost of books today.

In spite of the many boatbuilding books on the market, a good library can be fairly small: Chapelle's *Boatbuilding;* Peter Culler's *Skiffs and Schooners;* Chapell's *Small American Sailing Craft* (for plans). But if I wanted to build a small sailing or rowing boat and could have only one book, my choice would have to be *Building Classic Small Craft*. It is a classic.

Barry Thomas

BOOK ANNOTATIONS

Conrad and His World by Norman Sherry. (London: Thames and Hudson, 1977. 128 pp., photographs, chronology, bibliography, index. $9.95)

Before becoming a novelist, Conrad lived a life of drama, tragedy and adventure that was as exciting as his novels. Norman Sherry brings these experiences vividly to life in a crisply written biography enhanced with copious photographs. A real treasure for Conrad buffs.

The Offshore Game: Today's Ocean Racing by Edward F. Cotter. (New York: Crown Publishers, Inc., 1977. x + 310 pp., index, photographs, charts, tables. $12.95)

Here is a wealth of information never before

available under one cover. Yachts, techniques, technology are all covered and excellent practical navigational tips are provided. First class coverage of a challenging sport.

Weather for the Mariner 2nd ed., by William J. Kotsch. (Annapolis: United States Naval Institute, 1977. 272 pp., illustrations, photographs, maps, charts, index. $14.95)

To keep up with the advances in the science of meteorology, Kotsch has updated this edition, especially the section on weather broadcasts. His revised and new diagrams are printed with much better contrast. More photographs are used, many taken by weather satellites. The new section on visual interpretation of the Beaufort Scale is excellent. A great many paragraphs have been added or rewritten, improving what was already a top-ranking book in its field—not too technical, smooth reading, well illustrated and highly educational.

World Warships in Review, 1860–1906 by John Leather. (Annapolis: United States Naval Institute, 1977. 249 pp., photographs. $12.50)

These 134 never-before published photographs were taken by the internationally renowned marine photographer, Beken of Cowes, at the time of the steam warship's most experimental era. They are accompanied by comprehensive statistics for each vessel, together with details of its history. The combination of John Leather's research with the best of Beken has created a unique and magnificent book for the serious scholar or the interested amateur.

All of the books reviewed in this section are available by mail from the Seaport Bookstore at the member's 10% discount. Just add 50¢ per book for postage. To order, write R. Roark, Bookstore Manager or call (203) 536-9688.

ACQUISITIONS

Mystic Seaport has recently received through the generosity of Mr. Harry D. Deutschbein a magnificently restored practice wherry built in the early 1930s. This beautiful boat was built by the Williams Racing Shell Boat Yard which operated in Foxboro, Massachusetts and later in Worcester, Massachusetts. The boat which is 20′ in length has mahogany planks with spruce sheerstrakes. Equipped with sliding seat, this boat would serve as a practice wherry for a single oarsman. The boat is equipped with a pair of spoon oars built by Mr. Joseph Garafalo of Worcester, Massachusetts, who worked for the Williams Racing Shell Boat Yard in the 1930s.



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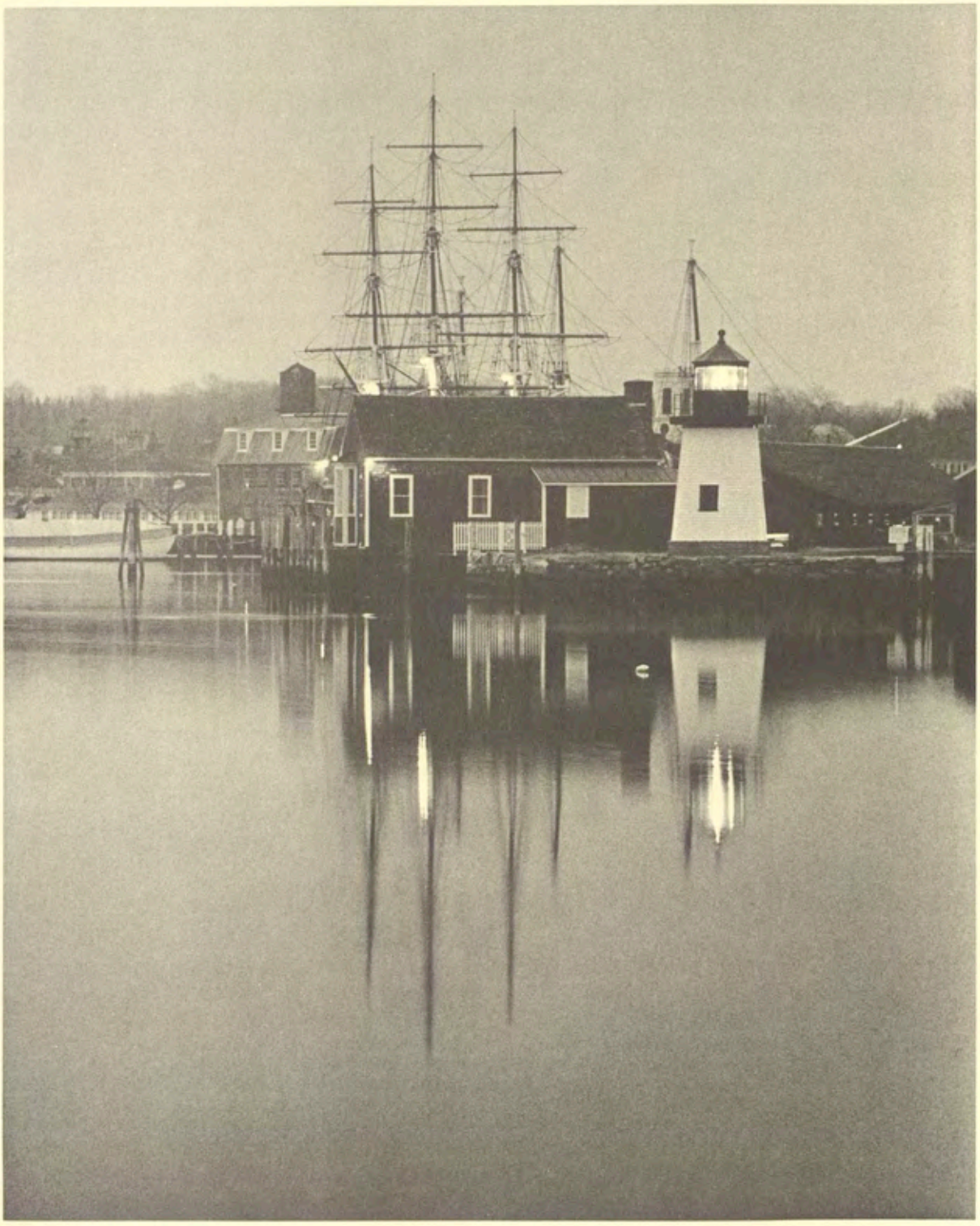
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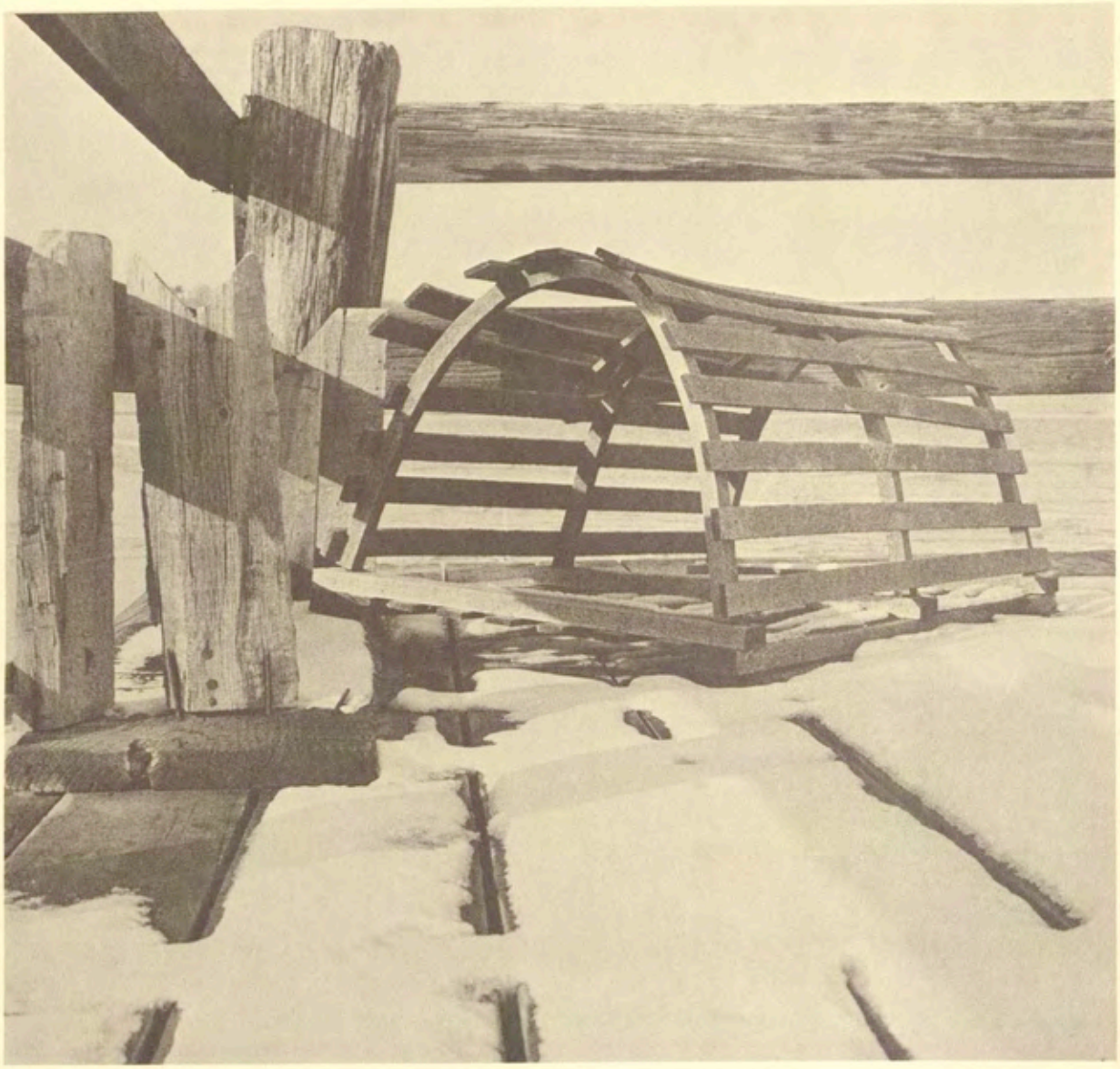
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The crisscross of masts and yards. . . . The cheerful glow of the lighthouse beckoning across mirror waters. . . . This is the quiet of the Seaport in the winter season.



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