Winter 1980

THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT



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FRONT COVER: *The dedication of* Joseph Conrad *was the highlight of Annual Meeting, 1947. The dilapidated old ship, dressed with signal flags, joined the* Morgan.

FACING PAGE: *The navigator's chip log and twenty-eight-second glass became the logo of* The Log of Mystic Seaport *in 1950.*

BACK COVER: *The Museum entrance in 1951.*

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THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT

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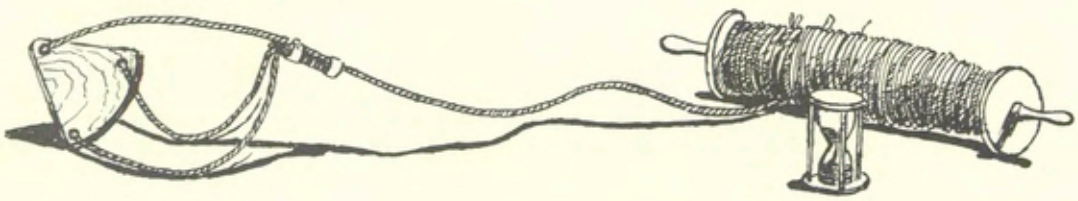
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SIGHTINGS



As the staff brought these retrospective issues of *The Log* together for our fiftieth year, an interesting aspect of the Museum emerged. Mystic Seaport Museum began as an institution dedicated to preserving our maritime history, and remains dedicated to this aim as its primary responsibility. During fifty years of struggle we have developed a history of our own. Increasingly in recent years, we have received individuals and organizations interested in studying us as an institution. They are clearly attracted by some or our successes and a reputation gradually attained over the years. It is encouraging to know that our Museum and its programs are respected and that others want to know how it all happened and how they might create something similar in their own region.

What is often surprising to those who approach the Museum for information is the incredible amount of effort, energy, and enthusiasm that has been poured into this Museum during the past fifty years. The portion of the Seaport's chronology included in this issue of *The Log* clearly illustrates this point. It outlines the major events in a critical period which transformed the Marine Historical Association into Mystic Seaport. The tradition of strong, volunteer support so vital today is a direct continuation from those early years when almost the entire effort was carried on by people who freely contributed their time and talents. In the chronology you will see the gradual growth in professional staff as the organization's responsibilities, exhibits, and the number of visitors increased. Everyone associated with the Museum as volunteer or paid staff, as trustee or donor, worked hard to help this institution fulfill its commitment in many areas of concern. Those searching the Seaport's record in the hope of finding a simple success formula they can instantly apply in their own area simply have no concept of the many years it has taken for the Seaport to evolve.

It is often difficult for the Seaport staff to find sufficient time to meet with all those requesting advice and information. Some are museum professionals from institutions wishing to expand their operations; others are consultants who have been hired to study the feasibility for a new museum; or they may be representatives of a civic group or local officials carrying out a study themselves. The Seaport staff, however, recognizes these meetings as part of its professional responsibility and an opportunity to assist in filling some of the voids in the preservation of our maritime history without duplicating or competing with our own or other known projects.

We feel obligated to share our past experience with others to help pilot them away from hazards and maelstroms which might throw them off course and to assist new institutions chart a safe course. At the same time we must strive here at the Seaport to maintain only the highest standards in our own programs. In the face of the current state of the nation's economy, inflation, and questionable energy availability, it is certain that this will not be easily done. But it can, and must be done. Mystic Seaport Museum is an historical preservation institution with its own rich history to preserve.

J. Revell Carr

Rigors of Sea Travel

JOHN F. LEAVITT

Tourists accustomed to transatlantic passage via twentieth-century jet or luxury liner can only guess at the difficulties most early travelers went through to reach their destinations. In the days of sail, sea travel was often attended by danger, discomfort, and privation; and the best of crossings took months instead of hours to complete. In some of the finest early ships bound for America, colonists put up with conditions that would discourage the hardiest modern adventurer. Coastal traffic between settlements was conducted in tiny, crude boats; river travel and westward migrations via inland canal craft gave rise to only minor improvements. Later, with the development of regularly scheduled international "packet" service such as that provided by the famed Black Ball Line, affluent passengers began to experience really comfortable circumstances. Nevertheless, conditions encountered by mid-nineteenth-century immigrants to the U.S., who formed the bulk of the packet trade, remained deplorable. That the rigors of ocean passage did not deter either early colonists or later immigrants is indeed remarkable.

Those who have seen the replica of the *Mayflower* at Plymouth can perhaps imagine the distress experienced by the 130 or more travelers aboard that tiny ship. Besides the fact that there was seldom enough to eat or drink, the passengers were cramped below decks during rough weather–often for days on end–in dark and airless quarters where sanitary conditions beggared description. Further torment resulted from the condition of the ship: the *Mayflower* log speaks of the passengers "lying wet in their cabins" because of leaky decks. Bad weather also complicated cooking: fires often were not allowed. Consequently, on good days, large amounts of food were parceled out to be cooked by cooperative passengers and saved to be eaten cold when the weather was uncooperative.

Despite pre-cooking and heavy dependence upon dried, preserved, and smoked meats and fish as staples, much food spoiled during the passage. By the time the ship reached Plymouth, two people had died and many were ill, possibly with ptomaine poisoning or other serious stomach disorders. Medical research indicates that some of the illness was scurvy; the fresh fruits aboard, particularly lemons and limes, were too few to prevent the disease. As a result, the grim reaper gathered a bountiful harvest from the *Mayflower* passengers and crew, even after the voyage.

But the colonial settlers were adventurous people: they continued to travel by boat in spite of their memories. For trips along the coast and up the rivers, small vessels, open or partially-decked-over "shallops" and "pinnaces," were preferable to danger from Indian ambush and long miles in forests trackless except for faint Indian trails. These travelers ate and slept as best they could, going ashore at night if a sheltered cove or inlet could be found.

Before 1700, however, larger sloops carrying freight between settlements provided some improvements in accommodations, at least for the more affluent traveler. Though a passenger whose purse was lean received little more than transportation and often

John F. Leavitt, (1905-1974), spent his early years in Maine coasting schooners. His subsequent work as a noted marine artist spanned almost sixty years. He joined the staff of Mystic Seaport in 1964. His *Wake of the Coasters* was published in 1970.

slept with the cargo, cabin berths were available, at a price. Sometimes these were equipped with a straw mattress or pallet, and female passengers were afforded some seclusion by a curtain; but there the conveniences ended. Sanitary facilities were restricted to a draw-bucket full of salt water which women or very particular men might use in the temporary privacy of the cabin or hold. Fresh water for washing and other forms of cleanliness was available only in small supply. And because their food was the same as that cooked for the crew, experienced passengers often carried a container of "extras" and a bottle or two of wine.

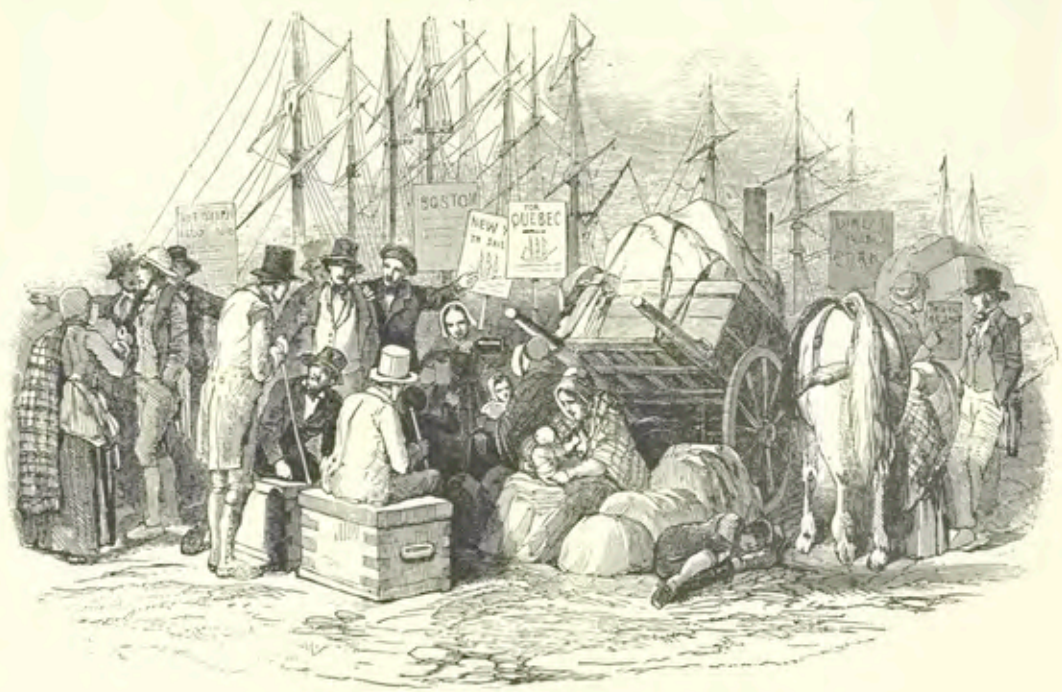
Such conditions created a demand for further improvements for regular passenger service. The Hudson River "packets" were the first to comply. Besides being markedly cleaner than their predecessors and providing greater sleeping comfort and privacy, the sloops of this line scheduled stops at river landings to allow the passengers to stretch their legs ashore. Response to such advances soon caused the opening of other lines: the New York, Albany & Troy Packet Line in 1814; the so-called Thursday Line; and, in 1815, the New Line.

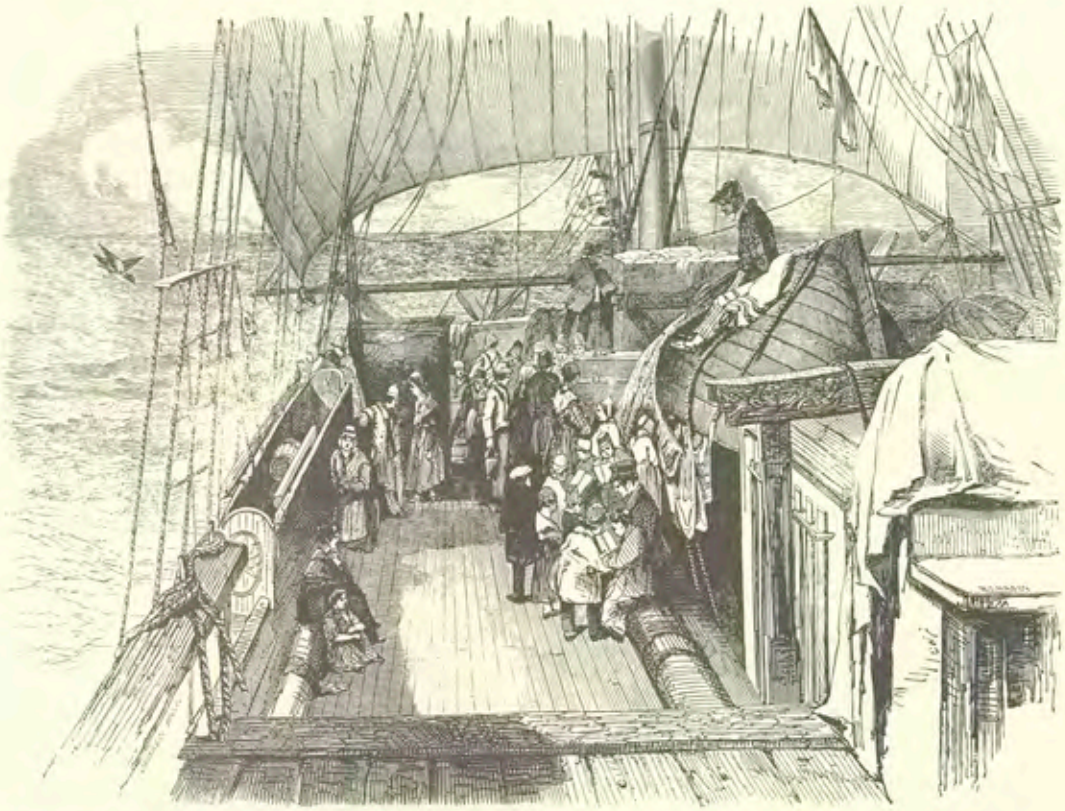
"Line" and "packet" boats transported passengers over a large network of inland canals as well as along the rivers. Accommodations were crude at first, but westward migrations and increased travel between inland points eventually resulted in more elaborate craft.

Canal packets were generally compartmented: aft of the bow area bulkheaded for the crew came the ladies' washroom, dressing room, and cabin; aft of the ladies' quarters was the main cabin or salon, which served for social gathering and dining besides sleeping the men. Bedding and food were customarily supplied by the boat, but other facilities were still primitive. Food was piled on the table "family style" for people to help themselves; dining tables and bunks were portable and had to be rigged by the crew. Passengers paid an average of five cents per mile to travel under these conditions.

The canal "line" boats were less costly, partly because of profit from cargo as well

Emigrants' arrival at Cork. A scene on the quay. *Illustrated London News*, 10 May 1851.





Emigrants on deck. *Illustrated London News,* 20 January 1849.

as passengers. However, they were also slower, cruder, and much less comfortable than the packets. Passengers had to supply their own food and bedding, and cargo requirements cut down on the already limited space.

Ocean-going packets undertook passenger service following the War of 1812, particularly in view of the rapid increase of immigrant traffic to America. By 1817, when its *James Monroe* made the first New York-Liverpool run, the Black Ball Line had established regular schedules. Accommodations provided by the Black Ball ships improved steadily, and passengers who could afford premium fares found decent quarters on other ships as well. However, the poverty of most of the immigrants necessitated extremely disagreeable steerage accommodations for them; and the fact that few immigrants would make the voyage a second time provoked mistreatment and profiteering by ship personnel as well as business groups. Hardship conditions were particularly prevalent on vessels not operating according to a regular schedule; in some cases even cabin passengers experienced severe discomfort.

A story of frustration and near-starvation is recorded in the journal of the Rev. J. V. J. Gray, who traveled to America from Ireland in the leaky, undermanned, unscheduled *Halifax Packet.* The *Halifax* sailed from Londonderry 14 October 1820, carrying eleven cabin passengers (among them the Grays), a number of steerage passengers and a partial cargo of salt, potatoes, and whisky. After enduring a series of misfortunes, the ship was prevented from making a landfall in America by a succession of northwest gales. Next, barnacles on the bottom of the vessel slowed her speed to no more that four or five knots. The *Halifax* staggered into Bermuda at the end of 145 days–probably one



"Tea water!" *Illustrated London News*, 20 January 1849.

of the longest transatlantic passages which has been recorded.

Less than a month after embarking, the leaks in the vessel necessitated pumping four times an hour. Passengers were pressed into service for this duty and for watches; water-ration reductions to one quart per person per day added to the burden of these responsibilities. Anyone who refused to stand watch forfeited water and the use of cooking facilities for the succeeding twenty-four hours. Although the ship's cook was in charge of meal preparation (and service was handled by stewards on finer vessels), passengers often assisted: the Grays' male servant, for example, cooked for them. Steerage passengers cooked their own food–and often supplied it as well.

Food was the center of Christmas merriment: a few live animals carried aboard provided fresh pork; and a rice pudding containing raisins, eggs, and suet was prepared by the wife of the Rev. Mr. Gray. By February, however, all hands were eating potatoes and salt from the cargo, together with an occasional dolphin. Passing ships only partially replenished supplies of food, water, and candles depleted by the prolonging of the voyage.



Emigration vessel, between decks. *Illustrated London News*, 10 May 1851.



Dancing between decks. *Illustrated London News,* 6 July 1850.

Such is human resiliency, however, that the passengers managed some pleasure even under these terrible conditions. On the rare occasions when weather permitted, there was dancing on the deck; and at the Grand Banks, a "crossing-the-line" ceremony as usual caused much mirth: the cohorts of "King Neptune" and his "wife," chosen from the veterans among the crew, "shaved" male passengers and uninitiated companions, using tar and grease as lather. Whisky broached from the cargo served for various celebrations. At times the passengers "drank a hearty, flowing bumper to the health and happiness of friends and each other," and at other times they drank to "offset the effects of a potato and salt diet." Apparently whisky caused no trouble aboard this ship.

Cargo was stored in the lower hold of small early packets like the *Halifax,* which were generally laid out in a simple, double-deck arrangement. The upper deck or "'tween decks" was given over to steerage accommodations for the immigrants constituting the majority of the passengers. The bow quartered the crew; officers slept aft in a deckhouse or under the poop. Also aft were cabins for those passengers who could afford to pay for them. The Grays had a stateroom to themselves; there was, however, nothing in it save two berths and their chests and trunks, which were used as seats and tables.

In the steerage, privacy was at a minimum, though the simple berths built along the sides of the ship were divided into two or three compartments varying in size according to the number of people aboard and the composition of the families. In some ships, the married and unmarried women were grouped together in one compartment and the men in another. In other cases, the single men and women had compartments of their own, the married couples occupying the space between. Berths and bulkheads were installed to permit easy removal in the event that the ship carried more cargo than passengers.

Steerage sanitary conditions were tolerable as long as the weather allowed the passengers on deck at will; however, facilities for passengers battened below during gales lasting several days were not much better than those on the *Mayflower.* The first-class passengers had some advantages; but even at best, a present-day traveler would find the hardship incredible.

Early travelers, expecting few of the conveniences standard today, found conditions aboard the Black Ball Line ships and other regularly scheduled packets more than satisfactory. Size and the quality of accommodations continued to improve, so that the Black Ball vessels eventually reached a status comparable to that of the Cunard Line in later years. And regardless of discomforts experienced by steerage passengers on inferior vessels, the tide of immigration from old world to new swelled from a trickle to a mighty flood. Travel by water prepared early Americans for the benefits of the "promised land."

• • •

Further details pertaining to cabin and steerage passenger service on early American ships may be obtained from the following sources:

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The Spanish Gunboats

CAROL W. KIMBALL

The case of the Spanish gunboats was a strange drama which involved three Connecticut shipyards with a Spanish captain, a famous Swedish inventor, a Cuban revolution, a Peruvian ambassador, and an American president. These diverse elements spun a tangled web of confusion and caused an international furor threatening a Spanish-American confrontation long before the loss of the *Maine*.

The affair began in the drowsy summer of 1869. Along the Mystic River in Connecticut the shipyards were building fifteen small gunboats for the Spanish navy. In May the weekly paper had announced the local contract. "Mystic is to be lively the next three or four months,"[1] wrote the editor, anticipating an influx of ship carpenters and workmen. He hardly expected the little vessels to attract a United States marshal, a revenue cutter, a special correspondent from *The New York Times*, and assorted sightseers.

Mystic was glad to have the shipyards active—after the Civil War there was little to do. The vessels took shape quickly. Their appearance was somewhat disappointing, though. Visitors scanning the placid river for impressive warships saw only a long row of undistinguished wooden hulls like barges, but any Mystic native would declare firmly, "Them's the Spanish gunboats!" When completed and armed at New York they would be more formidable. Yet, as the summer grew hot and humid, villagers steamed with equal heat. The mysterious men-of-war abuilding along the river began to raise ticklish international questions concerning Spain and our Latin American neighbors.

Spain needed the gunboats to put down a rebellion in Cuba, a desperate bid for freedom begun in 1868 by wealthy Cuban planters. A year later, when the revolt had settled down to brutal guerilla warfare, Spain realized she was in for a long struggle. Anxious to cut off insurgents' supplies and to prevent the landing of any eager expeditions to aid the revolution, the Spanish government sent Navy Captain Raphael de Aragon to America to purchase patrol vessels for Cuban bayous and inlets. The captain's arrival in New York set off a chain of events which brought work to Mystic shipyards and problems to the State Department.

De Aragon had plenty of money but no plans for the vessels; however, he soon had the best advice possible. He talked to C. H. Delamater, owner of the famous Delamater Iron Works in New York, who in turn consulted a good friend and longtime business associate, John Ericsson, of *Monitor* fame. Thus it happened that Spain's vessels were designed by one of the world's foremost naval experts. The inventor suggested a mosquito fleet of thirty small gunboats, each carrying a heavy 100-pound pivot gun in the bow. When Aragon agreed, Ericsson drew up specifications for sturdy 170-ton steamers, 105′ x 22′ x 8′, each carrying thirty-five officers and men. Schooner-rigged, but also equipped with twin propellers which could drive the vessel at 10 knots and turn her on a dime, the swift pursuit craft drew only 4.5 feet of water when fully loaded, and was ideal for use along Cuban shores.[2]

Carol W. Kimball has produced several articles on the maritime history of the Mystic area since attending the Munson Institute in 1960 and 1961. She credits Carl Cutler with encouraging her research.

Delamater signed a contract promising delivery in eight months. To meet the deadline, hull construction had to be subcontracted. Charles H. Mallory, a wartime associate of Delamater, agreed to build fifteen hulls in Mystic; others would be built near New York. Contracts for pivot guns went to Kimball's Foundry at Cold Spring, New York; Delamater would manufacture the engines.

Work on the hulls at Mystic began in mid-May. The need was urgent, for Cuban rebels were on the march. At three Mystic shipyards workers rushed the gunboats–two at Geo. Greenman & Co., on the present site of Mystic Seaport Museum, five at Hill and Grinnell's yard below the highway bridge, and the others at the Mallory yard. Lieutenant C. Petory came to Mystic to represent the Spanish government and Captain de Aragon arrived regularly to inspect progress.

Mallory launched the first completed hull on 17 July, the second followed a week later and two more went into the river before the first of August. Everything pointed to the contract's swift completion.

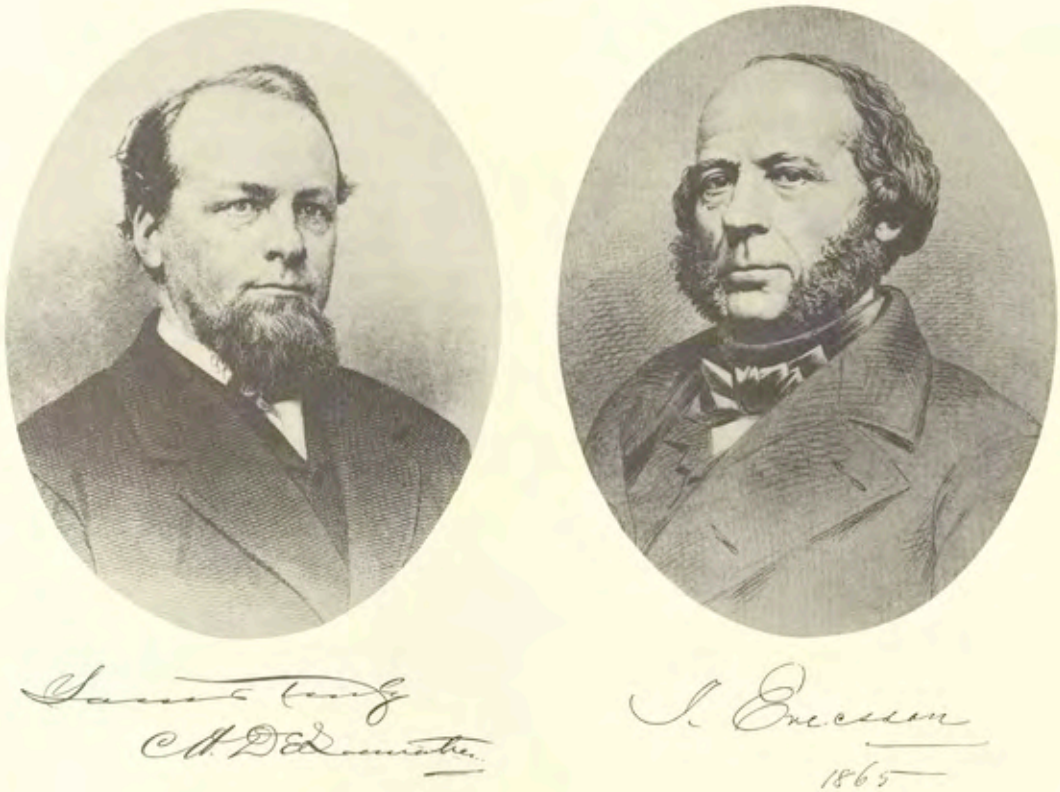
Then on 4 August Mystic citizens awoke to find themselves blockaded–and all because of those innocent-looking "barges." The U.S. revenue cutter *James Campbell* lay off Noank a mile down the river, ready to capture any of the gunboats on their way to be completed at New York.[3]

U.S. Marshal Barlow had ordered the move and had also seized eight gunboats lying at the Delamater Works. The Peruvian minister had complained that the unfinished vessels were intended for Spain's continuing war against Peru. They could prey directly on Peruvian commerce, but even by operating against Cuba they could free other Spanish navy vessels to move. Because the United States was at peace with Peru, the marshal acted under a general commission to preserve American neutrality when he seized the gunboats.

The eight vessels in the North River were secured to docks with hawsers and chains while the well-armed U.S. gunboat *Maria* and two smaller vessels sailed back and forth to prevent their escape. Each patrolling vessel carried a detachment of marines from the Brooklyn Navy Yard.[4] Hastily

Fourteen Spanish gunboat hulls tied up at Mallory's Wharf on the Mystic River in the Fall of 1869. The ship in the background is the Greenman brothers' *Frolic*. (Photograph: E. A. Scholfield Collection)





Cornelius H. Delamater, left, owner of the Delamater Iron Works, called the cradle of the modern navy, and his friend Captain John Ericsson, right, famous designer of the *Monitor* and of the Spanish gunboats.

interviewing Barlow, C. H. Delamater learned that the marshal had his orders from the State Department. Thirty gunboats armed with swivel guns apeared to be a threat to peace.

Strangely enough, even after seizure, work on the vessels continued, although under careful navy surveillance. It was rumored that Delamater had arranged a working agreement, giving his solemn pledge that no gunboats would leave for builders' trials or even change moorings without first notifying the admiral at the Navy Yard.[5] And work went on in Mystic while at the river's mouth the revenue cutter continued watchfully waiting.

The marshal's action brought much publicity for the gunboats and the purpose for which they were intended. Stories of Cuba's patriots recalled our American Revolution, arousing sympathy for the underdogs. Newspapers took up the Cuban cause, printing anti-Spanish articles. Some called openly for acknowledgement of Cuban independence, which many felt would lead to war with Spain.

At the same time, the Spanish press protested that Cuba was receiving aid from American adventurers contrary to international law. Vitriolic attacks on the United States appeared. In late September the *Mystic Pioneer* quoted an article from *El Cronisto* which boasted that the United States was weak and worthless, and that a tiny fraction

of the Spanish navy could blockade Chesapeake Bay and New York harbor and subdue the American nation in two months. "Spain provokes us to war!" thundered the *Pioneer.*[6]

Now the importance of the half-finished gunboats increased, with interest so high that *The New York Times* sent a special correspondent to Mystic to inspect the fabled craft. Arriving 13 October, and unimpressed with what he called a "straggling town and sluggish river," the reporter found it hard to understand all the fuss about the incubating gunboats. Pending settlement of the legal question between the United States and Spain the boats were swinging idly at their moorings, waiting patiently for masts, engines, and armament. The correspondent, who signed himself "E.C.," wrote that they looked like logs of wood in the water and came up with a great plan for smuggling them out of Mystic:

> Should their lines be cut some dark night they could float out on the tide to the Sound and be taken in tow by a fast tug and be moored in the Delamater Basin at the foot of West 13th Street before daybreak.[7]

But less than a week after E.C.'s visit the Mystic blockade was over. On 19 October five of the boats left Mystic escorted by the faithful revenue cutter and on 30 October the steam tug *Gladiator* took three more. The rest left 10 November, some not quite complete, carrying shipjoiners and painters to finish up in New York. Watching them leave with their future still unsettled, the Mystic editor speculated, "Will they furnish material for future items or will their career be the subject of important articles and lengthy state documents?"[8]

In the meantime, at New York the first trim, scrappy gunboat was complete at last. *The New York Times* described her rakish appearance thus: "Smokestacks lean toward the rear, giving an air of almost piratical mischief."[9]

But it was still not smooth sailing. On 30 November the gunboats were libelled for infringement of neutrality laws with all work stopped. Back in Mystic, contractor Isaac D. Clift was forced to halt work on his $30,000 contract to outfit the gunboats with sails of the best imported Scotch linen duck. The East Coast seethed with criticism of the administration on the one hand, while contractors worried lest they lose their pay.

At this point the President of the United States took a hand. Recognizing the controversy in a message delivered 13 December, Ulysses S. Grant devoted considerable attention to the Spanish gunboats, defending the administration's attempt to execute the neutrality laws in good faith, no matter how unpleasant the task. But, Grant concluded, the Peruvian government had taken no further steps to prevent the vessels' departure and

> not feeling authorized to detain the property of a nation with which we are at peace (Spain) on a mere executive order, the matter has been referred to the courts to decide.[10]

The decision came three days later. District Judge Blanchard ordered the gunboats released to Spain. Immediately, fifteen were put into commission; ceremonies were conducted in New York harbor by signal from the Spanish frigate *Pizarro.*

Now all made haste before luck changed again. At Mystic, sails were quickly finished. In New York the commissioned steamers were coaled and prepared for the trip to Cuba. Jerry Mulford, Delamater's outside superintendent, scoured the neighborhood for crews. With the promise of good pay he induced men to sign for four months. *Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* carried a front page picture of the crowd of engineers, firemen, and coal passers at the corner of West and 13th Streets, waiting to enlist.

On 19 December, eighteen of the mosquito fleet left for Cuba, convoyed by the stately *Pizarro.* The others left 7 January 1870. In spite of controversy and delay, the vessels were ready before the eight-month contract deadline.



Finished gunboat testing her guns at Cold Spring on the Hudson. *Harper's Weekly,* 16 October 1869.

Their triumphant departure was accompanied by dark rumors that Cuban sympathizers lay in wait between Sandy Hook and Morro Castle, ready to attack. It was even whispered that torpedoes had been secretly fastened to each vessel, set to explode after seventy hours at sea. Nevertheless, they reached Cuba safely. Chief Engineer G. H. Reynolds of the Delamater Works went to Havana himself to supply the finishing touches. Returning in February, he reported that Spanish authorities were highly pleased with the gunboats.[11]

In the United States sympathy grew for the Cuban patriots and, when the vessels sailed, indignation arose against Spain. In Mystic former U.S. Consul Moses H. Sawyer wrote a fiery letter to the *Pioneer* demanding that the United States cease to be an ally of Spain by assuming a neutral position:

> Thirty gunboats sail from New York harbor to crush the struggling Cubans, causing tyrants to rejoice, liberty to weep and Americans to blush![12]

But in spite of a clamoring press, United States intervention in Cuba did not materialize at this time. Mr. Delamater got $60,000 in gold–estimated the equivalent of $90,000 in currency–for each vessel. Mystic contractors were happy to receive their share to tide them over a bad maritime slump. The little gunboats did their part to put down the revolution, for with them Spain was able to control the island's seaport towns, denying the insurgents a harbor where they could land supplies and

reinforcements. Later, both Delamater and Ericsson were decorated by the Spanish government for their services.

The rebels were subdued after ten years of fighting and the Spanish gunboats that had excited America were all but forgotten. A century later the story of their wartime exploits, as well as their disposition after hostilities, remain hidden. Were they converted to merchant vessels? Did they lie unused, rotting away at some island pier? Perhaps someone may yet discover the fate of the controversial little steamers.

NOTES

[1]*Mystic Pioneer,* 8 May 1869.
[2]*New York Times,* 15 October 1869.
[3]*Mystic Pioneer* 7 August 1869.
[4]*Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* 18 December 1869.
[5]*New York Times,* 15 October 1869.
[6]*Mystic Pioneer,* 25 September 1869.
[7]*New York Times,* 15 October 1869.
[8]*Mystic Pioneer,* 13 November 1869.
[9]*New York Times,* 24 September 1869.
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The Evolution of a Dream (1970)

WALDO C. M. JOHNSTON

When Charles Mallory entered his shipyard on that fine August day in 1870, he must have been a contented man. He had come down to supervise the launch of his newest vessel, *City of Galveston.* This launching was the latest in a success story of the Mallory Yard on the Mystic River, and the aging owner could look with pride at the results of his dreams. He could look with similar equanimity at the achievements of his friends and competitors in the other teeming shipyards adjacent to his own—the busy Greenman Yard, just to the north on Adams Point, and the yard of Forsyth and Morgan on Appleman's Point to the westward across the river. American shipbuilders and ship owners had successfully survived the difficulties of the economic and political adjustments following in the aftermath of the Civil War, and the future for American ships and maritime commerce looked bright. The need for wooden ships, built by Mystic shipyards, must have appeared to the owners and workers to be a need that would go on forever, and the future of Mystic, as a shipbuilding center, must have seemed secure indeed.

Now, a century after the launching of the *Galveston,* history has woven a different story; man's relentless search for new ways to do a job better, to develop faster and larger hulls of greater cargo capacity, and man's idolatry of speed brought an end to wooden ships. Mystic shipbuilders could not cope with these changes, nor could the channel of the winding Mystic River handle the draft of twentieth-century vessels. Our fathers presided over the demise of the Age of Sail and wooden ships.

So the busy shipyards of the Mystic River withered and vanished from the scene, leaving the glories of their achievements and the skills of their artisans to the pages of history books, the realms of the scholar, and the reminiscences of the octogenarians.

But the romance of tall ships and billowing sails lingers in the hearts of all men who go to sea, be they yachtsmen who sail small boats, crewmen on rusty tankers, deck officers on the bridge of modern ocean liners, fishermen, lobstermen, or even those who merely stand on the shores and look out to the endless horizon beyond which lie exotic ports, imaginative visions of Sir Francis Drake, Henry Hudson, Adriaen Block, and distant adventures of *David Crockett, Flying Cloud,* and the voyager, *Spray.*

To others, the tug of the sea becomes more real and the visions more tangible as they make pilgrimages to Mystic Seaport Museum and stand on the decks of the *Morgan,* the *Conrad,* the *Dunton* and look up at the tall masts and rigging. The adventure, the hardship, the reward and the excitement that must have accompanied the crews become a vivid reality, and the wonder about the men who fashioned these vessels out of their own skills with hand tools becomes articulate indeed.

To those of us given the responsibility of trying to save our fleet of ships and small craft for the enlightenment of future generations, the task of preservation becomes overwhelming, and the dream of establishing once again on the shores of the Mystic River a shipbuilding facility capable of

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bringing some kind of immortality to our ships, much more than an idle fantasy becomes an absolute necessity.

If we are to succeed, we must bring this evolution to full circle so that once again at Mystic Seaport, on the shores of the Mystic River, skilled shipwrights wise in the building of wooden ships, talented riggers knowledgeable in their ancient skills, apprentices and journeymen must again ply their trade. Skilled craftsmen and hand tools must be the order of the day because it was these minds and hands that made possible the miracle of the transformation of wood from the forest to a thing of beauty and utility on the sea. But for many other reasons–not the least of which is the sake of economy–modern tools, facilities, and equipment must also be made available to complement these skills if we are to succeed in keeping our fleet alive and intact and in good repair.

For the past four or five years all of us at Mystic Seaport–trustees, staff, and members of The Marine Historical Association–have embraced the growing conviction that we must improve our skills and expand our facilities for the maintenance of our fleet or face the extinction of these treasured craft. Careful examination of our vessels disclosed over and over again that despite all our efforts they were deteriorating faster than we could repair them. Harsh decisions were made to reduce the size of our fleet to enable us to concentrate more effectively (or perhaps I should say, to concentrate less ineffectively) on those vessels of highest priority.

The establishment of the Ships Committee was a great step forward in making available to me and my staff a group of experts in wooden ships. Conversion of the Noyes Building into a joiner's shop was another step, as was the accumulation of needed tools and equipment. Honing of the staff, encouragement of maximum effort and skill, and the addition of new talent was yet another important step. While progress was made and improvement could be noted, the evidence remained and the conviction grew as the Ships Committee widened its studies and examinations that we were not going to win the battle of preservation unless far more ambitious steps were taken. We were plagued with questions that had to be answered before further productive momentum could be achieved.

The major question above all others was the most basic: Is it humanly possible to preserve our fleet, and especially our large vessels?

Before we could find an intelligent answer to this question, we had to find a number of answers to some corollary questions. For example, first, what is the true condition of the *Charles W. Morgan*–and how do we go about finding this out? Second, what additional skills and preservation techniques do we need to apply to the *Morgan* after we have a true indication of her condition? Third, what kind of facilities should we develop, what kind of tools and equipment do we need to make a preservation program feasible? Fourth, what kind of persuasion can we bring to bear to encourage good people to join our staff and inculcate in them pride and maximum efficiency in an environment of job security?

Other very blunt questions had to be answered. For example, *can* the *Morgan* be saved? Can we develop the capability and knowledge to do the job? Can we obtain the essential manpower? Can we provide the tools and equipment? Can we raise the money?

To find the answers to these critical questions we have stalked the counsels of experts throughout this country and abroad. In the midst of it all have been members of the Ships Committee, many trustees, and members of the MHA. In the spring of 1969 I spent almost a month abroad debating the issues with experts in England and Scandinavia and studying with them methods being used on the *Cutty Sark* and *Victory* in England, the Viking ships' restoration at



The Mallory Shipyard (partially on the site of the Henry B. duPont Preservation Shipyard) in 1875, with the pilot schooner *Telegram* on the ways. The Meeting House is visible at the left on its original site. (Photograph: E. A. Scholfield Collection)

Roskilde in Denmark, the Vasa in Stockholm and the *Fram* in Oslo. As I reported in a previous issue of *The Log,* many lasting contacts were made and much important information was gathered, although this did not completely answer our questions. While we were able to eliminate several of the options open to us regarding preservation of the *Morgan,* several remained that had to be further explored. Much helpful information in the long run was of more general nature but clearly apparent in the minds and operations of every individual and installation I visited.

In the first place, every foreign museum is caring for its ships itself with its own people and facilities. This is predicated by the very nature of the work involved which requires the most highly specialized experience and skills that go beyond the normal commercial ventures. We have discovered this in other preservation programs. For example, a great painting cannot be restored or repaired by the artist who painted it but only by a highly-trained art conservator using his own specialized skills, techniques, and sophisticated facilities. A museum ship offers a specialized challenge that can only be met by the museum itself. Secondly, no one knows the precise answer because all ships preservation programs and conditions vary. Ships geriatrics remains a new science and one which must be studied and resolved by each individual institution, utilizing, of course, the experience of all. Third, no one else will—or can—carry through. We must do it ourselves. We are the ones who really care, and if we don't take care of our own, no one else will. Fourth, our problems at Mystic Seaport are unique among maritime museums, largely made so by the very size of our fleet, the many differing variations in condition, age, preservation needs, etc., that they offer, and

the fact some are afloat and some ashore.

We have been living with these questions for the last several years, and out of our traumas and concerns answers have begun to come through. Progress is being made–often painfully slowly–and we are developing our own skills and capabilities. Our staff has been strengthened and morale, based on evidence of progress, has improved. As we begin to see success in certain areas of our efforts–as, for example, in the forepeak of the *Morgan* and the rebuilding of the *Emma C. Berry*–we are developing our own confidence. Through our successes and our failures we are growing in expertise, and through the acquisition of a small, but productive, collection of modern tools and equipment along with mature management, our efficiency has improved. With some hesitation I venture to say that we have reached, or are on the verge of reaching, a broader general knowledge and ability of ships preservation, skills and techniques than any other institution in the world. Experts are beginning to come to us for advice.

And so as our many questions have fallen into order and their answers proscribed, we have come down to one final question which has been evolved into a declaration of conviction. It is simply this:

What must we do? has become *What we must do!*

Reduced to its simplest form, this means that we must develop our own independence, our own capability, our own skill to the highest possible form by building, as soon as possible, on the museum grounds the new ship preservation facility. Having reached this conclusion and having eliminated every other possible option for the preservation of the *Charles W. Morgan,* we have reached another major conclusion. We must plan to haul her at the new shipyard facility, rebuild her where necessary, and place her back at her wharf *in floating condition.*

Plans for the ships preservation facility evolved simultaneously as answers to our questions were discovered. From the very beginning the logical location for such a facility was the unallocated piece of land at the extreme south of the Seaport property. Ideally suited for this purpose, the land would require minimum grading, and since it has not been used for any other purpose, it would not create the problem of relocation of existing buildings. It is away from the center of the Museum where the use of modern tools and equipment would not be in conflict with the nineteenth-century atmosphere in the historic area. Visitors coming to view the shipyard will not find the transition from the rest of the museum grounds to the facility too abrupt. Finally, the land has ready access to the channel in the Mystic River.

The shipyard facility will for the first time provide the Seaport with a concentration of effort. For years our shipyard crews have had to run all over the grounds in pursuit of tools and vessels on which they were working. This centralized activity will bring the work to the workmen rather than the workmen to the work. By careful planning and utilization of the land, we will also be able to establish flow patterns for more efficient work, as well as eliminate our present crowded conditions and the forced location of machinery too close together for safety and efficient operation. By providing adequate buildings, the facility will allow work to progress under cover regardless of weather or the season of the year. This will break the traditional summer logjams of too much work to do in too short a time and will permit full utilization of manpower all year long. Better organization of permanent staff will thus be assured with a resulting cutback on summer temporary help that has been necessary in order to complete crash programs that can only be undertaken in good weather.

High on the list of advantages the new ships preservation facility will develop is the magnetic influence it will have on people.

Skilled craftsmen take very deep personal pride in their work and their productivity. The hodgepodge of our present working conditions and inadequacies are frustrating and damaging to one's sense of accomplishment. The new facility will provide a challenging and productive working environment that will entice skilled workmen and provide the incentives they need. Completion of this facility will enable us to redevelop the area of Shipyard Point to be devoted to apprentice programs in the use of old tools and repair of small craft, and exhibits showing the framing of a ship, etc. Apprentice opportunities and the chance for permanent employment in an exciting preservation facility will have a magnetic effect. This new facility, which will be in full operation all year long and will provide, through careful planning, viewing opportunities of work in progress, will present an unusual experience for the Seaport visitors. This opportunity will be available–and perhaps even more absorbing–during the off-season periods and will add a new dimension to winter visits to Mystic Seaport. Finally, this preservation facility, providing as it will a year-round working exhibit and a unique operation unlike anything else in the world, will enhance the reputation of the Museum.

There is another element that underscored almost all our deliberations and which deserves recognition here. This is the

The beginnings of the new facility are visible on Shipyard Point at the lower right in this 1970 summer aerial view of the Seaport. (Photograph: Russell A. Flowler)





The new lumber storage shed, stage one of the Henry B. duPont Preservation Shipyard. (Photograph: Les Olin)

growing need at Mystic Seaport for independence in our ships preservation program. We must at Mystic reverse the trend that is leading to the extinction of crafts relating to the construction of wooden vessels. The advent of steel, fiberglass, aluminum, and other new materials used in the construction of hulls has, I greatly fear, sounded the death knell for wooden boats and the yards devoted to building of vessels out of wood. One by one great American yards are following Nevins into the history book or converting to other operations. When the Thames Shipyard in New London goes out of existence, we shall have lost our last local yard capable of hauling our large ships, and we shall face the horrendous thought of towing our tired old fleet many dangerous nautical miles over the unpredictable Atlantic to the Newport Shipyard. Our only salvation, our only hope of success, is to reverse the trend at Mystic Seaport and provide an oasis–a place where these remarkable and important old skills are nurtured and cherished, where young craftsmen can pursue and develop their talents secure in the knowledge that their trade will not perish and their job opportunities are secure. There is an urgency here–and a museum mission–that cannot be ignored.

Over the months a great many minds have been engaged in the planning of this facility. The Seaport staff has done extensive study and research and developed initial plans which have been changed and modified as our thinking progressed. The Ships Committee has been deeply immersed in the problem, and individual members like Waldo Howland have spent countless hours working with us on the grounds. Our friends at Electric Boat and the Coast Guard Academy have rendered valuable assistance. The Forest Products

Laboratory in Madison, Wisconsin and the Buckhout Laboratory at Pennsylvania State University have been involved. Numerous engineering firms and shipyards have rendered invaluable advice and assistance, and I would express our particular gratitude to the Luther Blount Shipyard, J. E. Bowker Associates, Crandall Dry Dock Engineers, Engineered Building, Inc., Lindsay, Liebig Roche, and Raymond International, Inc.

The Visiting Committee has heartily endorsed the plan in its formal report last October. The trustees have worked closely with us in the formulation of the plans and have given us their interest and support: both the Development and the Planning Committees have recommended to the Board that the plans be implemented as soon as possible. The Ships Committee has thrown its unanimous endorsement behind the plan. The Executive Committee has authorized stage one (building of the lumber storage shed and paint shop) to proceed, and approved immediate construction of the main shop for the facility. And at the Annual Meeting on 14 August the Board approved the final stages of the Henry B. duPont Ships Preservation Facility.

Every effort is being made to construct a facility that will be completely in keeping with its times and the purpose it fulfills. The buildings and shops will be constructed much as they would have in the nineteenth century–of wood, wherever possible. Most of the buildings, like the lumber storage shed already constructed, we will build ourselves. They will be simple, utilitarian, designed to fit into the landscape and atmosphere of the Seaport as they would have a century ago. The lift dock will, of course, be of modern construction; yet, except for electric motors in place of hand-turned winches, it will follow very closely the concept used in the first lift dock in America built over 125 years ago. Throughout the entire facility careful plans for visitor participation and orientation will be incorporated.

Completion of this facility will enable us to take care of every ship and small craft now in our collections and provide us with a capability not dreamed possible even three years ago. Its impact on our work will be immeasurable, its effect on our reputation will be great, and its usefulness as a working exhibit unique in the world will add greatly to the Museum's stature.

And so, perhaps, there was a reason for Charles Mallory to be contented on that August morning one hundred years ago. Perhaps the dreams he held, and those of the Greenman Brothers, the Forsyths, the Grinnells, were not idle dreams at all. Quite probably, the sight of a tall ship on the ways will appear again on the shores of the Mystic River and the sounds of an active shipyard will again echo across it. There will be a new dimension, though, undreamed by Mr. Mallory, for the sounds this time will be heard around the world and the sights will be viewed by hundreds of thousands of people as this museum advances into the twenty-first century and restores to the Mystic community its rightful heritage.

Before the Mast on the Clipper Ship *Mary Whitridge* of Baltimore · PART II

Adapted from the Journal of
EDWARD E. BRADLEY
During the Years 1875-76

Thursday, Dec. 30. A pleasant day; at noon we were 1,335 miles from Shanghai. I was painting all morning watch. We bent new foresail and mainsail today–getting ready for heavy weather as we near the wintry China Coast. Latitude 11° 52′ N. Longitude 130° 51′ E.

Thursday, Jan. 6. Pleasant, but wind is light and baffling, and we are not progressing as I wish we were. We have had two days of very heavy weather this week and under topsails, which made it uncomfortable on deck. Latitude 27° 18′ N. Longitude 125° 44′ E.

Sunday, Jan. 9. This has been a hard, rough day. We sighted The Saddles at 3:30 P. M. yesterday and were expecting to reach Woosung today, but at 2:00 A. M. it began to thicken up and we began to shorten sail, and soon had everything clewed up. Sounded and found shoal water and orders came to let go the anchor and down it went. It was a long, hard task, furling all the sails, as it was pitch dark, blowing a gale, with a cold and cutting wind. At daylight we had everything snug, and found we were off the mouth of the Yangtze River, in the Yellow Sea. It is well named, for it is indeed dark yellow water from this great river.

I had a hard task in the morning watch; had to go aloft to the mizzen royal and unship its rigging and lower it to deck, which, with the rolling of the ship, and the freezing gale, was a very unhappy task. This is another experience that the romances of sailor's life do not describe. I was thankful to get to my bunk.

Tuesday, Jan. 11. We lay at anchor all of yesterday. It cleared up at night, and though blowing hard, we got under way and beat up towards the mouth of the river. I was sent up aloft to the fore topgallant yard to watch for the light. It was cold up there. After two hours I sighted it and dropped down to report. Then to my disgust, I was ordered to get up to the foretop and report it from there. By midnight we were close in and anchored. I slid into my bunk to thaw out, and let the others furl the sails, knowing, that as all hands were on the work, I would not be missed.

Wednesday, Jan. 12. Weather cold, but better. Yesterday forenoon we saw the pilot boat bearing down for us, and it was indeed a welcome sight. We soon had the pilot on board, also some fresh provisions, and hove up anchor, and beat up to the lightship, and again anchored for the rest of the day–128 days from New York, 17,128 sea miles. At eight bells, today, we hove up anchor and beat up the river toward Woosung, but soon we saw a tug coming down full speed. Before long we took in sail for the last time and were being towed up the river. I was all eyes, taking in the queerly rigged junks, the houses and strange looking people along the river. Numbers of them were pushing wheelbarrows, loaded with goods, or

perhaps passengers. Passed Woosung at 3:30, and dropped anchor off the city of Shanghai, and happy I am that the voyage is ended.

Many things have been far different from what I expected, but I have had many pleasant and enjoyable hours, which, as time passes, I shall look back to with pleasure, and forget most of the disagreeable parts, which I realize must be endured if I am ever to be an "able seaman." The second mate, who I thought would be a hard task master, when I left New York, has proved to have a warm heart and has been a great help in teaching me my duties. I certainly respect him, and will always be quick to obey his commands most cheerfully. I am to go on duty as night watchman, and wonder how I shall like it. Well, Shanghai of my dreams is before me, and I hope I shall not be disenchanted.

We were eight weeks in Shanghai and though the weather was very cold at times with rain and snow, I managed to enjoy the novelty and strange sights very much. The discharging of our cargo made a busy scene as it was handled by noisy coolies from the hold to lighters alongside and the shouting of the head men hurrying them at the task made it lively. This lasted about three weeks, during which period the crew had shore leave at times. With Frank I made a long trip up the river in a sampan, visiting a famous pagoda, a very old temple filled with great golden idols. We also saw a powder factory where they were crushing the charcoal in great mortars operated by foot, after which we were shown the mixing. We had to wrap our shoes in cloth, as they feared the nails would strike sparks from the stone floor. On our return we stopped at the recently built arsenal, a small establishment, but quite complete, where rifles were being made.

Another liberty day we visited the old walled city, found a guide and strolled about the narrow dirty streets, just wide enough to allow two donkeys to pass–when an extra large load was met we had to dodge into one of the open shops which lined each side–such a busy teeming place, all rushing about like a lot of ants. We were objects of great curiosity to them, as they were to us.

On another occasion we strolled into a very disreputable village and were at once surrounded by a ragged crowd of natives, all ages, begging for "cash," a small coin, ten of which equalled one cent. We had a pocketful and by tossing a handful into the crowd managed to escape by taking to our heels–saw enough of country villages. Shanghai proper is fine and one can enjoy shore leave very much, strolling about and viewing the (to us) strange manners and customs of the people. These days broke the monotony of a sailor's life and freshened us up for another voyage. We were happy when at last the captain came on board March 8 with orders to hoist the "Blue Peter" and announced that we were to sail for Hong Kong next day, there to load for San Francisco, and to take as passengers several hundred coolies.

Next morning the pilot came on board and we made sail and beat down the river to the open sea, going in ballast, which made the old ship roll about quite lively. After an uneventful voyage of 600 miles in six days, we took a pilot off Hong Kong and just at sunset we entered the east passage to the harbor. This is very crooked and narrow, with high cliffs, and most difficult to navigate. Darkness soon shut down, but the pilot knew his way. I was at the wheel and listening sharply for his orders: Port! Starboard! or Steady! The outline of the shore could be seen dimly; at times he would shout and catch the echo; thus getting his position and course. We finally rounded the last point and saw the city before us, a beautiful sight, as it is built along the side of a steep mountain; the myriad lights bordering the waterfront and outlining street above street on the mountainside made a never to be forgotten picture.

We began to load cargo at once, princi-

pally straw mattings and Chinese products, finishing with great quantities of firecrackers. At the same time carpenters were at work building cheap bunks for our prospective coolies.

I enjoyed several visits ashore, strolling about the fine arcade-lined streets, filled with shops showing all kinds of beautiful Chinese products, and looking through the narrow streets of the native quarters, which were teeming with busy natives. The shops were all open wide to the street and here one could find every conceivable Chinese product. Money changer booths were abundant, where one could get coins from any country, as all nations center their trade in this great port, which in former days was a pirate stronghold, but now a very important English city and naval base.

One very interesting trip was climbing 2,800 feet to the top of Victoria Peak, the steep, rugged mountain, on the side of which the city is built. There is a paved winding path leading to the top, wide enough for the sedan chairs with coolie bearers, lined on each side with flowering shrubs and bamboo trees part of the way. This we followed for a distance, then decided to take a short cut direct toward the summit. This was a sad mistake, for it was a difficult climb, steep and rugged, with the hot sun at our backs, but we finally reached the peak, out of breath, and oh, so hot. The view well repaid us. It was magnificent. We could see all sides of the island, with the distant ocean at the south. The land-locked harbor below was a picture; the crowded ships and sampans looked like toys. On the north and west were scattered islands with Macao in the distance. After a long rest we regretfully started down, but we kept to the road.

April 20. Our cargo all stowed below, the 356 coolie passengers came on board–such a motley crowd of Chinese–boys and men from ten to sixty years of age, mostly very ragged and dirty. Four cooks, a doctor and an interpreter came with them. They were berthed in the upper hold on rough wooden benches that ran fore and aft, each person having only eighteen inches space.

April 21. We sailed and the first few days were very hot with light breezes. The poor passengers were very sick and crowded the decks, though only one-half were allowed up at a time. They had one big meal per day, consisting of rice, with either salt fish, Australian canned mutton or one preserved egg each.

Moderate and baffling winds made progress very slow for three weeks; then we met more favorable winds and soon crossed the 180th meridian, gaining a day, thus having two Fridays in succession May 26. From here on we were well up in the North Pacific and had a series of heavy gales, blowing away several sails. At times all hands were called to shorten sail and reef down topsails; one whole day we were hove to under lower main topsail and fore topmast staysail, with a tremendous sea running. After this we ran into more favorable winds and made good time. In ten days we ran 2,640 knots, one day making 350 knots, part of the time with studding sails set.

Sighted the Farallon Islands, just off the San Francisco coast, at 2:00 P. M. June 11 and anchored outside the Golden Gate at nightfall, fifty-two days, 6,691 miles from Hong Kong.

The next day we were moored to the wharf in San Francisco and, discharging our passengers, were very happy to see the last of them. Our crew also went over the side with their dunnage as soon as the lines were fast, in tow of the boardinghouse sharks who in a few days would have all their wages and ship them for another voyage.

After our cargo was discharged, the ship was moored out in the harbor while waiting for charter and we boys were allowed shore liberty nearly every day. This was very fine, for there was much to interest us in San Francisco by way of sightseeing and visiting among friends and relatives. This is one of

the events in a sailor's life that are very pleasant.

After two weeks of this the ship hauled into Mission Wharf and began to load barley for Iquique, Peru, which being accomplished, we sailed August 11 for that port. I had been promoted to grade of able seaman for this voyage. The voyage was very uneventful, as light winds and pleasant weather prevailed, encountering only one severe gale down near Pitcairn's Island which prevented our calling at this historic place for fruits and fresh vegetables.

We sighted the lofty Andes Mountains October 7 and arrived at Iquique the 10th, sixty-two days, 7,834 miles. This port is an open roadstead exposed to the full sweep of the ocean swells and very uncomfortable at times; cargo has to be discharged into lighters which is very difficult at times. The town lies at the foot of a lofty, barren mountain, with a few giant cacti on its side, and presents a very uninviting appearance, with a few modest sized buildings, a "cathedral" and government house around a plaza, the rest being very poor little houses along dusty, narrow streets. It never rains here, water being brought from up the coast in a tank steamer. A railway runs up into the interior to the nitrate mines, which is the only export from here, and we loaded a cargo of this for a return voyage to San Francisco. We were all very happy to take in the last bag of nitrate, and following the custom at the port, a flag was run aloft at the same time, the crew wildly cheering each ship near us and they in turn cheering us.

We sailed November 10 and had a very smooth and pleasant voyage, rarely changing a sail until within ten days of San Francisco, when we ran into a series of heavy head gales. Christmas day was especially severe; we were plunging into heavy head seas, under reefed topsails. It moderated a little and we made more sail at night, but it came on again wild as ever and the last day blowing away the foresail, we were under reefed topsails, when at noon we sighted the Farallon Islands. Then it began to moderate and with a rush we made more sail in hopes to get into port by dark; but wind left us just outside the Golden Gate, where we anchored December 30, forty-eight days, 5,491 miles from Iquique. Next morning we were towed up into the harbor and soon were fast to the wharf ready to discharge cargo; then the crew with a rush left us, in tow of the usual boardinghouse sharks.

The ship was chartered to return to the Orient, so I decided to leave her and return home, overland, thus encircling the world. I parted from the *Mary Whitridge* with a sad heart as I thought of the many happy hours on board, forgetting all the hardships.

MYSTIC SEAPORT MUSEUM: YEARS OF GROWTH

1942 Wooden dock built for *Charles W. Morgan.*
27 June–*Charles W. Morgan* open for visitors.
Mrs. E. S. Harkness presents Hughes House (now part of Seaport Store, originally on site of present Membership Building) for a staff residence. She also presents Edmondson House (recently Pugsley Clock Shop).
Membership now 331.

1943 B. MacDonald Steers joins Carl Cutler as assistant and first full-time employee.
Association begins collecting buildings to develop a waterfront street.
Attendance: 7,050.
Membership now 384.

1944 Mrs. Cora Mallory Munson acquires Mystic Bank building in Old Mystic, Connecticut, for the Association.
Driggs-Peters Shipsmith Shop presented to the Association by Whaling Enshrined, Inc., former owners of the *Morgan.*
William J. White, New London rigger, presents his rigging tools to the Association.
Attendance: 6,262 (1,411 servicemen).
Membership now 388.

1945 Winter-Spring–Shipsmith Shop dismantled at Col. Green's estate, South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, and reconstructed at Mystic.
Joe Herman becomes third staff menber.
Thomas Greenman House presented by Mrs. E. S. Harkness.
Attendance: 7,014.
Membership now 500.

1946 Clifford D. Mallory collection presented by Clifford D. Mallory, Jr.
Summer–65 local women act as hostesses in exhibits.
Education Department established by Marion Dickerman.
Fall–Shipyard Point presented by Harriet Greenman Stillman (mother of Dr. C. K. Stillman).
Lecture Series (now Adventure Series) begins.
Attendance: 14,895.
Salaried staff now numbers 4.
Membership drive begins.
Membership now about 550.

1947 Summer–100 local women and girls serve as volunteer hostesses at the Museum.
23 August–*Joseph Conrad* presented to the Association by Act of Congress on Annual Meeting day.
Hazlin House (on site of current Schaefer Building) purchased for administrative offices.
Thomas A. Stevens replaces Carl Cutler as Managing Director. Cutler remains as Secretary and Curator.
Mrs. Andrew Fiske appointed first Librarian.
Staff now 4 full-time, one part-time.
Attendance: 23,217.
Membership now 1,128.

1948 Spring–Mallory Building construction begins.
Bulkhead built along Shipyard Point; basin north of *Morgan* dredged; preparations begun on current village area; Spar Shed begun on Shipyard Point.
Summer–182 volunteers and 7 Girl Scout and Sea Scout groups give time to the Museum.
Summer–Seaport Store opens in the Hughes House.
31 July–Cruising Club of America Dock dedicated at Annual Meeting.
Mystic Bank dismantled at Old Mystic and reconstruction begun at the Museum.
"Mystic Seaport" first used to describe the Museum.
October–First issue of *The Log of Mystic Seaport.*
Attendance: 32,134.
Membership now 1,536.

1949 Charles A. Brooks replaces Thomas Stevens as Managing Director.
Harriet G. Stillman presents Stillman House (built by Clark Greenman; home of Dr. C. K. Stillman; present Administration Building).

June–New York Yacht Club Station 10 moved to Mystic from Glen Cove, New York.

Summer–Mariner Training Program begins aboard *Joseph Conrad*.

Summer–Galley opens. First public eating facility.

1 August–New York Yacht Club Station 10, Mallory Building, and Wendell Exhibit dedicated at Annual Meeting.

Staff now 9.

Attendance: 36,505.

Admission: 50¢ Adults, 25¢ Children.

Membership now 1,926.

1950 Office of Volunteer Services established.

28 July–Dedication of Mystic Bank, Fishtown Chapel, Schoolhouse, ferry *Brinckerhoff*, and Japanese two-man submarine at Annual Meeting.

Fall–Plans made to move Buckingham House to Mystic.

Fall–*Australia* purchased as a memorial to E. Paul duPont by his wife.

October–First Dyer Dhow Derby.

Fall-Spring, 1951–Plymouth Cordage Company ropewalk donated to the Association, disassembled, and a portion reconstructed at the Museum.

Staff now 17.

Membership now 2,431.

1951 Spring–Buckingham House moved from Saybrook to Mystic by barge.

3 August–*Australia* arrives. Ropewalk, *Australia*, and Pynchon Junior Museum (then located on current site of Planetarium) dedicated at Annual Meeting.

Fall–Greenmanville Seventh Day Baptist Meeting House (now Meeting House) purchased.

Fall–Mallory Sail Loft donated and moved to the Museum.

Staff now 27 full-time, 14 part-time.

Volunteer corps now numbers 250.

Attendance: 62,880 paid, 7,500 free (including 107 school groups).

Admission: 75¢ Adults, 25¢ Children.

Membership now 2,875.

1952 January–Eleanor Stephens begins as Librarian.

Spring–Colgrove Building (now Print Shop) built.

18 July–Annual Meeting. Dedication of Greenman Shipyard Memorial and Colgrove Building. Opening of Harriet Greenman Stillman Library (in present Administration Building), Thomas Greenman House exhibit, and Coast Guard Exhibit.

Briggs Cunningham presents schooner-yacht *Brilliant*.

Apothecary Shop construction begun with funds given by Gong Bell Manufacturing Co.; pharmaceutical collection presented by Smith, Kline & French.

South Dock construction begun (completed 1953).

31 December–Carl C. Cutler resigns as Curator after 23 years of service. He becomes Curator Emeritus.

Attendance: 69,578 paid.

Membership now 3,530.

1953 January–Edouard Stackpole becomes Curator.

Winter-Summer–Edwards House dismantled in Mystic and reconstructed at the Seaport.

Summer–Guided tours of the Museum offered for the first time. Led by college students.

Summer–*Brilliant* begins weekly cruises for Mariner Training Program.

14 August–Annual Meeting. Dedication of Apothecary Shop.

Chinese Junk *Mon Lei* loaned to the Museum.

Admission: $1.00 Adults, 25¢ Children.

Membership now 4,076.

1954 March–Building moved from Pawcatuck, Connecticut to house General Store exhibit. George H. Stone collection installed in the building.

Spring–Meeting House moved.

July–Special Twenty-fifth Anniversary celebration events.

Cora Mallory Munson endows the Frank C. Munson Memorial Institute of American Maritime History.

Fall–Hurricanes Carol and Edna damage Seaport.

Staff now 36.

Attendance: 97,297 paid, 10,276 school children admitted free.

Membership now 4,255.



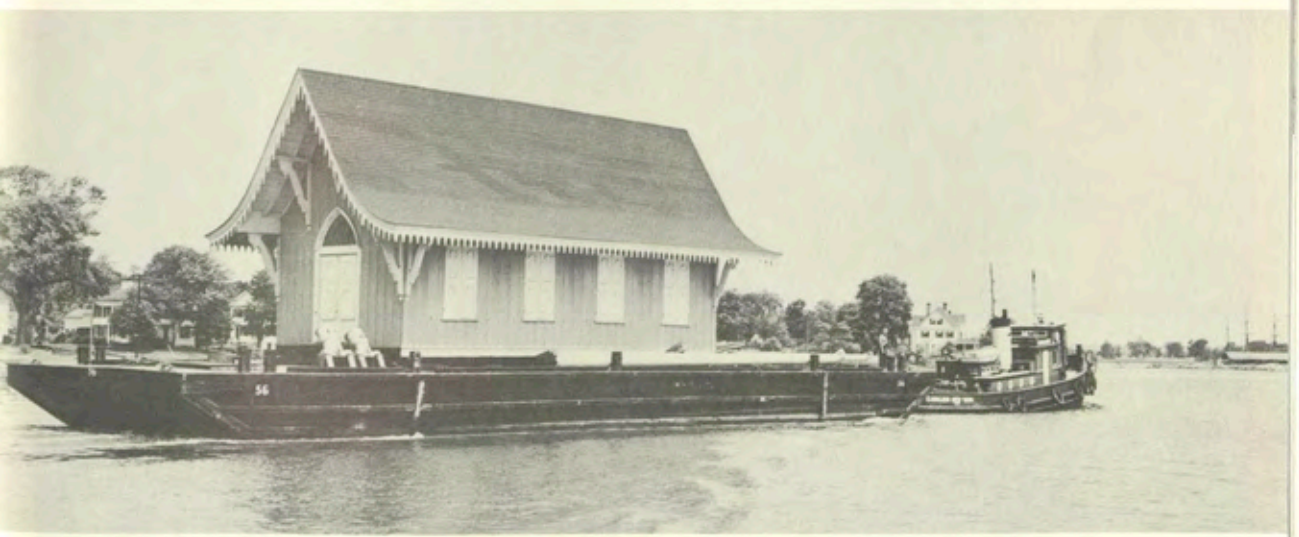


Above: The Stillman Building exhibit was a potpourri in 1947, displaying paintings, figureheads, whaling items, and an Eskimo raincoat made of walrus intestines (left).

Left: Capt. Alan Villers (center) visited the Museum in February, 1948. Here, with Carl Cutler (left) and Managing Director Thomas Stevens (right), he surveys the deck of the *Conrad,* which he had saved from the breaker's yard to sail around the world, 1934-'36.



The staff of Mystic Seaport in 1949. Left to right; Charles A. Brooks, Business Manager; Marion Dickerman, Education Director; Joe Herman, operations; Carl C. Cutler, Curator; Clarence Beauchamp, operations; Virginia Allen, office; B. MacDonald Steers, Assistant Curator; and Lois Chesebrough, office. Doris Dewhurst of Membership is not shown.



The New York Yacht Club Station 10 rode a barge from Glen Cove, N.Y., to Mystic in June, 1949.



With its roof raised during construction of the Mallory Building, Assembly Hall, the Museum's first exhibit hall, became the Wendell Building in 1949. The exhibit included memorabilia of Capt. George Blunt Wendell (1831-1881).





Mystic Seaport in 1950.

Left: The Boardman School was moved from its original location at Glasco, Conn., in 1949. It was dedicated at Annual Meeting, 1950.

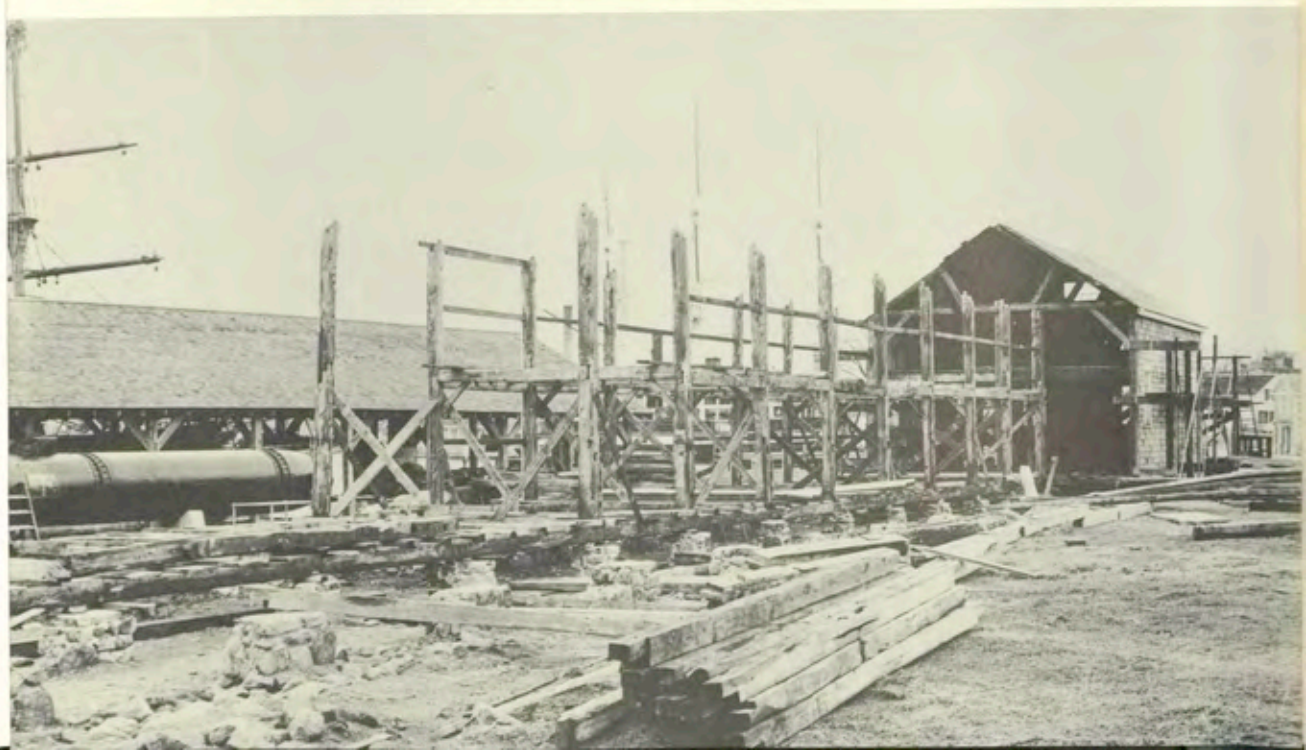
Right: The 1899 ferry *Brinckerhoff* was moved from Kingston, N.Y., to Mystic in 1950. Here, *Kingston II* (which would join the Seaport fleet twenty-nine years later) helps *Brinckerhoff* through the Mystic railroad bridge.

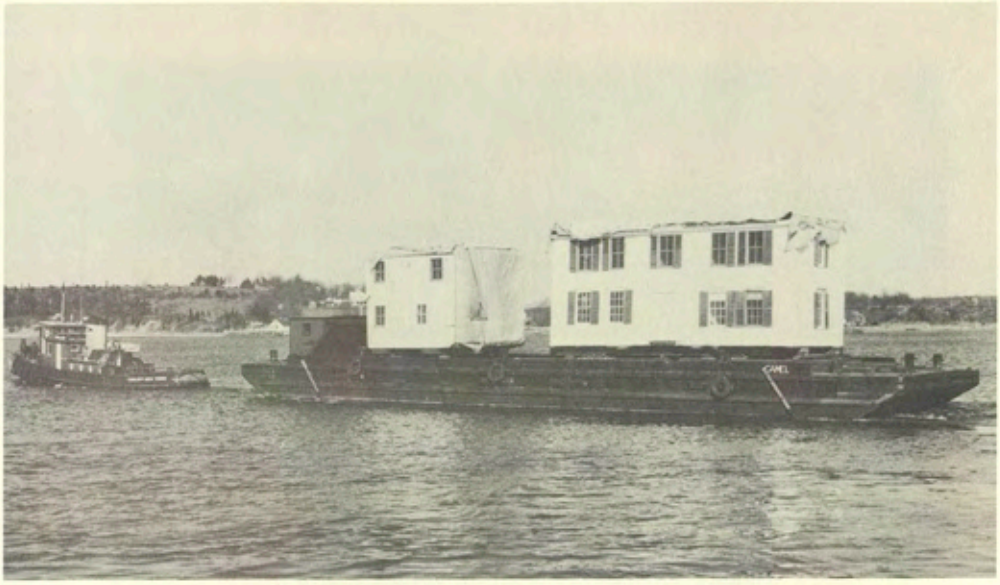




Managing Director Brooks inspects the Plymouth Cordage Company ropewalk before dismantling at Plymouth in 1950. The building was originally 750 feet long and several bays wide.

The ropewalk, donated by the Plymouth Cordage Company, began to rise at Mystic late in 1950. Only one bay, 250 feet long, was set up at the Seaport. At left is a Japanese two-man submarine, captured in World War II, which was on exhibit from 1950 to 1970.







Top: When highway construction threatened the Buckingham House in Old Saybrook, Conn., it was brought by barge to the Seaport in April, 1951. It first opened for exhibit in 1954. *Bottom:* Delayed by the weather, *Australia* arrives late in the afternoon of Members' Day, 1951, to be dedicated by Mrs. E. Paul duPont, in memory of her husband.



Above: When acquired by the Museum in 1951, the former Greenmanville Seventh Day Baptist Church was serving as an apartment house near the present south entrance to the Seaport. In 1954 it was moved across the grounds to its present location, and the exterior was returned to its original configuration. The steeple was replaced in 1955. *Below:* The same barge and tug which had moved the Buckingham House returned in October, 1951, to bring the Mallory Sail Loft up the river to the Seaport. The original location of the sail loft is visible in front of the tugboat pilothouse.





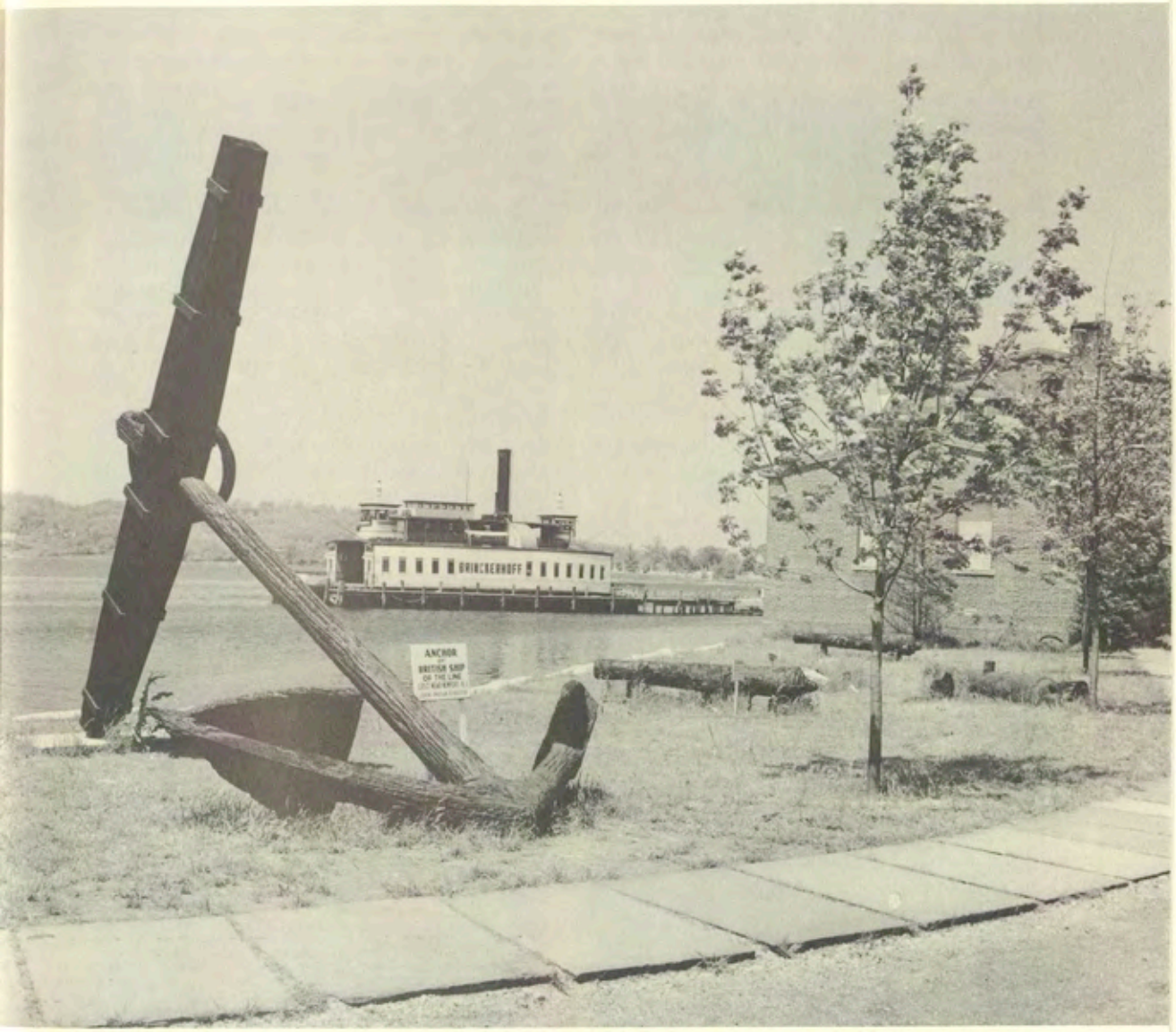
Above: The Thomas Greenman House was presented to the Association by Thomas Greenman's granddaughter, Mary Stillman (Mrs. E. S.) Harkness, in 1945. A portrait of Thomas's wife Charlotte oversees the exhibit, which opened in 1952. *Below:* The Mariner Training Program began aboard the *Joseph Conrad* in 1949. Beginning in 1952, mariners, like those below, were berthed on board the *Australia* as well. The advanced mariner program aboard the *Brilliant* began in 1953.





Above: 1954 was a year of anniversaries: Mystic celebrated its three hundredth; the Groton Savings Bank its hundredth; the Mystic Art Association its thirtieth; and Mystic Seaport its twenty-fifth. On New Years Day, townspeople dressed as various Mystic characters, including the founder Capt. John Mason and an Indian, said farewell to Santa Claus and observed the multiple birthday. *Below:* The Mallory Sail Loft exhibit opened in 1954. Occasionally, work was done within. Here, Remy Fauquet, rigger, uses the No. 1 Standard Singer Sewing Machine, dating from 1854, while Tony Travers (rear), and John Muise (right) sew by hand.





Despite hurricane damage in 1954, the walking beam ferry *Brinkerhoff* remained on exhibit at Mystic Seaport from 1950 to 1961. Here, she lies at the Cruising Club of America Dock. The British anchor has had several locations at the Museum since arriving with the *Morgan* in 1941.

BOOK REVIEWS

Marooned: Being a Narrative of the Sufferings and Adventures of Captain Charles H. Barnard, Embracing an Account of the Seizure of his Vessel at the Falkland Islands, &c., 1812-1816. Edited and with Introduction by Bertha S. Dodge. (Middletown, Ct.: Wesleyan University Press, 1979. 263 pp. Illustrations, appendices, bibliography, index. $14.95.)

Charles Barnard sailed in 1812 on a sealing voyage to the Falkland Islands in the brig *Nanina*, just as war with Britain was breaking. He returned four and a half years later, having survived a most trying ordeal. For entertainment, Barnard's yarn compares favorably with the better-known stories of Alexander Selkirk (Robinson Crusoe) on Juan Fernandez or John Nunn on Desolation (Kerguelen) Island. Barnard's book, first published in 1829, has long been out of print and hard to find, and its reappearance benefits those interested in fur sealing, the Falklands–in the early nineteenth century, a no-man's-land where sailors of many nations competed for wealth and authority–or just plain adventure.

The bulk of the account concerns Barnard's attempted rescue of the crew and passengers of the British merchantman *Isabella*, bound home from Australia but wrecked on one of the outlying Falklands. Using the excuse of the war, of which Barnard unwisely had informed them, the rescued party seized Barnard's ship while he was ashore, leaving him and three others in a most perilous position. They survived only with difficulty, thanks largely to Barnard's dog Cent, in many ways the real hero of the book, for only he could find and battle the wild hogs which inhabited some of the islands and which were essential food. Barnard's predicament was made many times worse, however, when his three companions deserted him, taking everything, including the dog, and leaving him to live as best he could for some months alone until they returned and were reconciled. The fascination of the book, however, lies less in the details of the double treachery, than in the effort to cope with the difficult conditions on the Falklands and, once rescued, with the notoriously anti-American Spanish authorities on the mainland (Barnard, fortunately, was befriended by several). The islands provided seals, hogs, and birds–but the lot of the marooned men was rather worse than Crusoe's with his shipload of tools and supplies.

Bertha Dodge, the editor, has been diligent in pursuit of the details of the whole affair, and has appended some useful documents which she uncovered in her search. Dodge knows that "the excitement of the *Narrative* can only be diminished by detailed analysis," (p. 23) but at times she has forgotten this rule in the heat of the chase: parts of the introduction make little sense until the reader has read Barnard's text. Even then, we are told nothing of the eventual fate of the *Isabella's* ungrateful crew, and little enough about Barnard's subsequent life. Presumably, the information is just not to be had, but the reader is left wondering whether retribution ever visited the villains. On the other hand, Dodge has wisely excised several chapters dealing with Barnard's later wanderings in his attempt to return home, for his descriptions of Hawaii or the Marianas add little.

Despite remaining questions of how and why the *Isabella* was wrecked and Barnard deserted, the book remains an interesting story, worth reprinting, and Ms. Dodge deserves credit for its resurrection and for filling in some, at least, of the puzzle.

Briton C. Busch

Maritime History, A Preliminary Hand-List of the Collection in the John Carter Brown Library, Brown University. With a Special Section on Sir Francis Drake. Compiled by Danial Elliott, Bibliographical Assistant, with an introduction by Thomas R. Adams, Librarian. (Providence: John Carter Brown Library, Brown University, 1979. 335 pp. $15.00.)

This mouth-watering exploration of the maritime collection in one of the most important research libraries in this country stands, certainly, as a significant contribution to the study of maritime history in this or any other year.

Ranging from the year 1474 (Johannes Mueller's *Calendarium*, printed at Nuremberg) to 1893 (George Boehmer's *Prehistoric Naval Architecture...*, printed at Washington), an extremely

rich storehouse for maritime research is here presented. More than 1,200 items (including a few manuscripts, but for the most part, imprints) are described clearly bibliographically in a pleasing, uncluttered, typewritten format. A thoughtful display of materials, first by subject then by chronology, will prove useful to researchers. This arrangement is followed by a full author-title index and a subject index capturing those works which involve more than one topic.

The evolution of the maritime holdings at John Carter Brown is related by the Librarian, Thomas R. Adams, in his Introduction. Not surprisingly, many of the books once belonged to one or more in the long line of Browns. What is interesting, however, is that many of them were used in the day-to-day operations of the Brown firm's maritime affairs, which stretched from the Baltic to the western Pacific. Of course, John Carter Brown himself and the Library systematically acquired books which reflected the "maritime aspect of the impact of America on Europe," dating from Columbus's discovery.

The immediate reason for publishing this particular list was twofold, according to the Librarian. First, a recent (1978) sizeable gift of maritime books was presented by Dr. Francis Chafee of Providence. "The other stimulus," writes Mr. Adams, "was the development of a series of educational and academic programs at Mystic Seaport centered around the Munson Institute, in particular the recent Williams College–Mystic Seaport Program in American Maritime Studies. Our earlier materials nicely complement the collections in the G. W. Blunt White Library which is but three-quarters of an hour away. Clearly the John Carter Brown Library could be of use to a sister library who is a near neighbor."

The publication is intended as a "finding list and not an exhaustive study of the Library's resources on the subject." By wisely keeping the format in modest, camera-ready form, the John Carter Brown Library has insured that the job would get done, and that the maritime riches in the Library can be shared by many.

Gerald E. Morris

The American Neptune: A Quarterly Journal of Maritime History. Published by the Peabody Museum of Salem, Salem, Mass. 01970. $4.50 per issue, $16.00 a year.

Since 1941, *American Neptune* has been the premier journal for scholarly articles on American maritime history. In-depth studies on all aspects of our maritime past, lengthy book reviews, and frequently, a modest portfolio of black-and-white pictures make up the contents of each issue. A lavishly detailed index appears every five years, making *American Neptune* one of the key reference sources in the field. Anyone even remotely interested in maritime history needs to have access to this consistently superb publication.

Naval & Maritime History: An Annotated Bibliography. by Robert G. Albion. (Mystic, Conn.: The Marine Historical Association, Inc., 1972. Fourth Edition, Revised and Expanded. 370 pp. $13.00 cloth, $7.00 paper.)

Although somewhat out-of-date, this is the latest and most likely the last edition of this classic bibliography, which will come out under the full authorship of Albion. There has been a great deal of publishing activity in American maritime history since 1972, however, this obviously does nothing to alter the attractiveness or value of 90 percent of the titles discussed here.

Somewhere between the first (1955) and fourth editions of this book, the title got switched from *Maritime & Naval* to *Naval & Maritime*. This is unfortunate because the emphasis is definitely on American mercantile activities.

The appeal and individuality presented by the author is based upon years of research and lecturing on the subject. Albion does not mince or waste words. One book he charitably labels simply "spotty;" another he finds "A shameless scissors-and-paste compilation." With such warning signals and a system of asterisks signifying the very best books in the field, Albion enables students and maritime readers to gain an instant perspective unobtainable anywhere else. Albion remains the single most comprehensive and authoritative guide to American maritime history.

AN INVITATION
TO JOIN MYSTIC SEAPORT MUSEUM

We should like to extend a cordial invitation to like-minded individuals to join with us in programs dedicated to the preservation of our national maritime heritage. Annual dues materially strengthen Mystic Seaport Museum. At the same time, a member receives tangible benefits and privileges:

Unlimited Free Admission to Mystic Seaport Museum during regular hours. (In all classifications above Individual, this applies to the immediate family: husband, wife and their children through the age of eighteen).

Receipt of THE LOG *of Mystic Seaport,* a quarterly magazine devoted to articles on maritime subjects.

Receipt of the WIND ROSE, the Seaport's newsletter, reporting on current museum activities and personnel.

A Ten Percent Discount on boat dockage for Individual, Family, and Participating Members. Sustaining Members and above are accorded free dockage for the length of their stay.

A Ten Percent Discount on purchases at the Mystic Seaport Museum Stores, Inc.

Purchase of Guest Ticket Books at substantial savings.

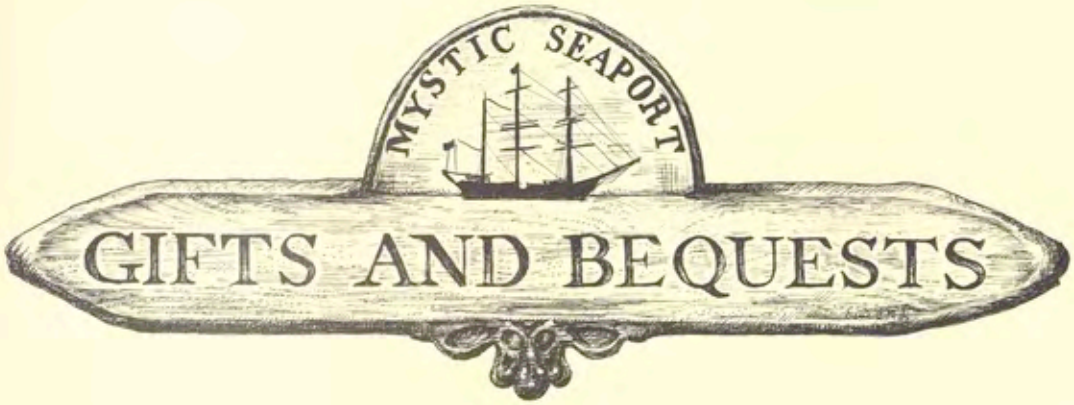
Eligibility for Subscriptions to the Adventure Series, illustrated lectures for armchair travelers.

Memberships are available in the following categories:

Individual	$ 15.00	Associate	$ 250.00
Family	25.00	Life	1000.00
Participating	50.00	Benefactor	5000.00
Sustaining	100.00		

Contributions to Mystic Seaport Museum are deductible within legal limits for U.S. income tax purposes. Please make your check payable to Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc. and send to: Membership Office, Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, Connecticut 06355





GIFTS AND BEQUESTS

The development of the museum–the buildings, ships and wharves, the exhibits, books and manuscripts–give eloquent testimony to the generosity of members and other friends of Mystic Seaport Museum. There are continuing opportunities for gifts and bequests which will help assure its future strength and development.

Members of the Seaport who have not already done so are urged to perpetuate their interest in the work of the museum through a bequest. Some members will want to make a specific bequest while others may want to designate Mystic Seaport Museum as a residuary or contingent beneficiary of all or a portion of their estate.

Mystic Seaport Museum is a nonprofit institution publicly supported by gifts and grants. Contributions are deductible within legal limits for Federal income tax purposes. Inquiries regarding gifts and bequests are encouraged and may be directed to the Director of Resource Development.

SUGGESTED FORMS FOR BEQUESTS

General

I give and bequeath to Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., a corporation existing under and by virtue of a charter granted by the State of Connecticut, and located in Mystic (Town of Stonington) in said State, $ . . . . . , to be used (or the net income to be used) at the discretion of the Trustees of said Corporation.

Residuary

All the rest, residue, and remainder of my real and personal estate I devise and bequeath to Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., a corporation existing under and by virtue of a charter granted by the State of Connecticut, and located in Mystic (Town of Stonington) in said State, said estate to be used (or the net income to be used) at the discretion of the Trustees of said Corporation.



THE LOG
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