Winter 1981

THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT



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COVER: *A wintry view up the Mystic River toward the present site of Mystic Seaport, ca. 1897. This photograph by Mystic photographer Edward H. Newbury is part of the Newbury collection, recently acquired by the Museum. (80.41.384)*

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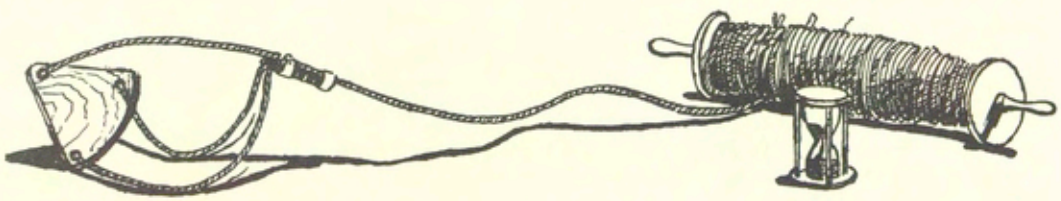
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SIGHTINGS



The fiftieth year of Mystic Seaport Museum was celebrated in a number of special events and by the initiation of several exciting new programs. One of these has the potential for long-term benefits in the broad field of maritime studies, and yet it has been very quietly introduced. Under the leadership of the Chairman of the Library Committee, a group of Fellows of the G. W. Blunt White Library is being formed to provide help, encouragement, and guidance for the future of the Library.

Like numerous other aspects of the Museum's operation, the Library is somewhat detached from our normal visitor's experience. Yet this facility is in constant use and visitors with serious questions are welcomed. Recently, as I passed the circulation desk, I heard an ecstatic visitor explaining to the staff member on duty that she had located in our Library a previously unknown, comprehensive history of her great-great-grandfather which filled a void in her family history project. In addition to assisting such visiting researchers and scholars, the Library is the unquestioned research center for staff and students of the Munson Institute and Williams-Mystic Program. Without the support of the Library, the accuracy of our exhibits, interpretation, and restoration would be greatly diminished. The Museum's graduate and undergraduate programs use the Library not only for its books and manuscripts, but also as their classroom and study area.

Through the creation of the G. W. Blunt White Library Fellows program we hope to identify those people whose particular interest in the Seaport lies with the Library and its activities. Once these individuals are enrolled as Fellows we will be asking them to meet to develop the detailed structure of the organization and discuss the focus of its attention and support. It is envisioned that the group will then meet periodically for programs of special interest concerning the Library.

The Fellows, through their special dues, will be able to take an active role in strengthening the endowment designated for Library assistance and supporting other aspects of the work, such as acquisitions and publications in the maritime field.

Initially, invitations to join this group were sent to individuals who have demonstrated an interest in, or support of, the Library in the past. We realize that there may be people with a strong interest in the future of the Library who have been overlooked. Those who wish to learn more about the Fellows program are encouraged to write to Gerald E. Morris, Librarian, at the G. W. Blunt White Library.

I am very pleased to see this positive step being taken in the relationship between our members and the Library. I am certain that the G. W. Blunt White Library Fellows will successfully assist the Library to maintain its strong service to the field of maritime studies in the years ahead.

J. Revell Carr

The Seaport Way

WALDO HOWLAND

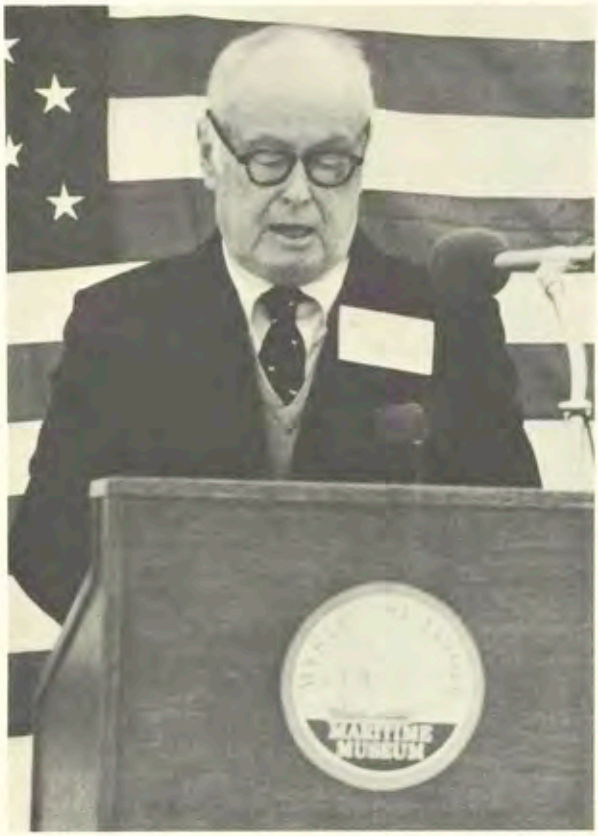
I am not pointing a finger of course, but ordinarily if some rogue should ask me to try a bit of serious speechifying, I'd shudder, once for the listeners, twice for myself, and then blast off, as a scholarly teacher once did at me: "Absotively and posolutely No!" Today's dubious experiment however, is a boat of a different rig. I feel that Mystic members *should* say their piece. In fact the Seaport has so thoroughly fired me up, that I'm actually grateful to have the chance to blow off some happy steam, especially over a distinguished company that can't easily get away. Should a drop or two happen to fall on any of you, don't worry too much about it. It might even lead to something real good! Both King Solomon and I are solid certain that people throughout the world would rest easier and be more optimistic, if they but knew more about the goings-on at our Seaport Museum. And it is our Museum, nobody else's, always remember that! If so inclined, any one of us can always help to spread our gospel, by this method or that, and surely the more we know about our operation the easier it is to do the spreading. My own wee version today will be as usual, repetitive, incomplete, personal, and biased, but like the funny man might have said, "What *I* seen is what *you* gets!"

My connections with Mystic started innocently enough some fifteen years ago. Loyal member Jack Parkinson persuaded my good wife to raid our family bank account and stick me with a family membership. I, myself, didn't dream up the idea of joining, nor did I have any great retirement plans. Certainly no involvements were visualized. At the time, the Seaport membership card meant little to me, just a ticket to get through the pilot house gate and have a trial look around. On arrival, a first reaction was, Hallelujah, what a place, far better than I expected! Out of habit, I drifted, naturally enough, straight to the waterfront where the ships soon absorbed my full attention. Then, bit by bit, a nagging feeling gradually crept over me that the show could somehow be better. None of my business of course! But perhaps this and that might be done. It was a fine case indeed of sudden dreams for Mystic's future, and a pitiful ignorance of her past accomplishments, and present problems. Well, thought I, surely it can do no harm to talk to a fellow with a funny name like Waldo [Waldo C. M. Johnston], even if he sits at a big desk. The bluntness of my initial approach could well have created a sticky bit of business; but it didn't. Quite to the contrary; the occasion turned out to be just the first of many a pleasant and enlightening episode. Working with and for Mystic trustees and staff has certainly been a most rewarding experience for me – and for other folks as well I'm sure, past, present, and future.

At first, of course, I had to learn 'em all a thing or two, but that was Okay. They figured out soon enough how to get around me, and put the harness on. Matters settled down in good shape, and everyone acted real happy as long as I myself felt that I was having my own way.

Now, before anyone gets the wrong impression, I need to explain this "my way" business. Suppose for instance there is a loose board in Revell Carr's front office steps. "My way," which, of course, is finest

Waldo Howland became a Trustee Emeritus at Annual Meeting this year.



Waldo Howland delivering this address at Annual Meeting 1980. (Photo: Mary Anne Stets)

kind, is to tell Revell to get a bunch of nails and a big hammer and whomp 'em in. For good measure I'll probably add, "don't just sit there and fret," or call a trustee meeting, or telephone long distance for an expert to come down from the big city. That's too damn expensive and too late. Get on with it yourself, and besides, after you've driven a few, you'll be a better nail pusher than the expert; at least you'll know which board is loose. Now Revell will listen to me, which is gratifying, and he won't immediately try to throw me out, which shows his wise restraint. Instead, he'll probably summon Frank Kneedler from the next office, and may well even ring up Cliff Mallory for special support. Then he'll tell me flat out he has a better idea. And what's more he'll prove it, The Seaport Way. A simple call to the maintenance shop, and one of Jim Giblin's able crew will be down forthwith, bringing along a can of the right eight-penny nails, a carpenter's hammer without a broken handle, and a spot of special Mystic oil paint with which to complete the job. You can't beat it, all directly done in good shape by the home team, and well within the budget.

Now, a complicated solution to every problem seems to be the modern way, but myself, I just can't understand it, so – rightly or wrongly – I've had to assume that the proposer doesn't either. To me the simple straightforward approach is always the best. A wise man told me so, and I'm going to tell you how I've seen it working in a number of vital situations right here at Mystic.

Stage One happened before my time, but I've heard said that our revered founders, once they had fixed on the need for a maritime museum, went directly to work and acquired a likely piece of property, a fleet of historic ships, a bundle of books, and a fistful of artifacts. They were quite right, it was then or forget it. Ships like the *Morgan* and waterfront locations like Greenman's don't sit around waiting for decisions.

When Waldo Johnston took charge of things, he fetched up hard against problems *Stage Two*. The waterfront was full of priceless exhibits and that's for sure, but they were all sick-to-dying, and no doctors, nurses, or clinics in sight. So what to do? He and Trustee Henry Scheel gathered together a few, not too many mind you, interested cooks, to help stir the Big Question broth. Before long the solution, being sound and practical, arose of itself, to the surface. Daily maintenance is absolutely essential. Commercial shipyards are not in any way set up for museum work, and are necessarily very expensive. So! No Seaport shipyard, no Seaport fleet. No Seaport fleet, no Seaport Museum. Some frightening thought that, but the trustees went right to it, took the calculated risk, and instituted the necessary moves to create a shipyard.

Now projects of this nature can be, and usually are, mighty difficult to carry through. However, if the thinking behind them is sound and well understood by all, then somehow or other, the needed enthusiasm and material means do show up. If any of you have ever worried how you were going to complete the worthy cause of your own children's education, then you'll understand what I'm trying to say. One forward step at a time is often the only way. The Henry B. duPont family, God bless them, joined in the shipyard thinking and generously furnished funds. Our own expanded yard crew, headed by Maynard Bray, had a genuine interest in, and a thorough inderstanding of, the project, and with hard work and skillful imagination they made the very best of every penny spent. An inspiring bit of business all around! With but a few changes and additions, this same crew that built the yard and lift dock is now building for us a world-wide reputation for top museum ship exhibition, restoration, and care. This practical do-it-yourself ability will remain always as one of our greatest assets.

The famous old *Morgan*, in her original integrity, survived a century of hard service, then came a decade or two of difficult times, followed by a period of patch here and fake there. Now, with our shipyard in full operation, she is in the process of receiving the complete authentic restoration that she so richly deserves. No more uncertainty, worrysome talk, or half-way measures. Another sound Mystic policy is becoming beautifully clear. Do it right or don't do it at all. A complete ship, in traditional first-class condition, is what we aim to exhibit and what the thoughtful world at large will pay real money to see.

Understandable doubts there were aplenty about floating the *Morgan*, but she herself kept telling us, "don't worry." On every moon tide she moved a bit just to convince us. The right basic decision was made, a little old steam dredge was called in, gave us a fine show, dug a hole alongside, and freed the *Morgan*. Proudly afloat again in her natural element, the good ship correctly asked for a suitable berth in which to be exhibited. Now stone wharves are what whaleships traditionally lay to, so a wharf we had to have, but, as always, *How?* Commercial engineers and contractors patiently rendered their opinions and estimates, but the figures were quite out of reach. In the end, a straightforward plan of our own was put into operation. A single local stone man, one who really knew his business and his locality, was the key figure in the planning and construction. Working out from the shore, and with only a long pole in his hand, with which to feel his way under water, this artisan-engineer selected and set one big granite block after another until the great wharf was finished. Local cranes and trucks were hired to handle the heavy stones and to keep the fill coming as the wall reached out. Bob Gillette, a Mystic member and friend from Vermont, helped us with his knowledge of available granite. The Chubb family in their wisdom and generosity made it all possible by donating the wherewithal. The resulting wharf is precisely what the Museum hoped for, and what the *Morgan* needed, and the final costs were scarcely one-third that of commercial estimates. The Museum was thus another permanent step ahead on her master plan. I don't mean to throw stones at big outside contractors, I'm only saying that with current taxes, labor costs, distances, and what have you, their costs must necessarily be high.

There now remains a third major ship-oriented project which is urgently calling for attention. This is the rebuilding of our ever deteriorating sea walls, and to do so in such a way as to achieve a permanent stone bulkhead for the entire length of our river frontage. The project is a big one, running into the millions of dollars if carried out by the conventional contract method. After several years of careful study and negotiations with government interests and private

operators, we are now launched on a practical Mystic do-it-yourself stone wall building program. Curator of Ships Don Robinson, with the cooperation of all those concerned, has already accomplished the impossible. He has obtained the endless permits required by town, state, and federal governments, plus some much appreciated financial assistance from the Department of Agriculture. Our naval architect, Bob Allyn, the same wizard who found us a nearby cache of beautiful Connecticut white oak, has drawn and re-drawn miles of special plans and specifications to make the permits possible, to assure that Mystic attains what she needs, and to save engineering dollars in the thousands. Special equipment has already been acquired by gift and favorable purchase, additional local help will be hired as needed, and actual work is to commence this fall. So, what at first seemed like a staggering undertaking has, by the "Mystic Approach," been brought down to workable size. To complete the whole project will, necessarily, take years of seasonally dictated off and on work, plus substantial funds, but in due course our annual wall and dock maintenance will be minimal, and we ourselves will possess the skills and equipment necessary to take care of our own fender piles and dolphins. We will even be in a position to do our own occasional dredging as needed and, as always, in cooperation with the Army Corps of Engineers. This self-sufficiency is for sure and certain a mighty sound, long-term asset, during an era when one dollar saved is worth several made.

Right here I must shift scenes for a spell, mainly to refute a shocking bit of scuttlebutt that suggests that one Waldo Howland would get lost within the Museum grounds if ever he ventured out of the Shipyard bounds. It's just no longer the truth. I've been studying the Seaport map and going the rounds like a happy hound dog on the scent. Everything I see looks just terrific. Only a summer ago, wishing to spend a Mystic fortnight, I found myself hospitably housed in one of the Museum student dormitory buildings, equipped with kitchen and all, neatly converted from a former family residence. The other occupants at the time were a maritime history student, a would-be museum operator experiencing how Mystic does it, and a young lady who was a splendid morning muffin cooker, as well as a second season member of our fabulous Mod Squad. From each I learned much to be pleased about Mystic's present and future. Each in turn seemed interested enough to chat with old Methuselah who had actually known some folks and seen some things about which they had been reading.

I had no idea how long and taxing a day these Mod Squadders actually put in. What with setting and furling square sails, demonstrating whaleboats and breeches buoy, filling in for interpreters, and whatever, I was tired enough just following them around. On their day off, a small group packed off to Newport to have a look at a big replica exhibit ship. They found the vessel all right, but, sadly, her sails were hanging in disorder from the yards. How could this be? Well it seems there was no one to furl them in shipshape fashion. So! You guessed it! These young folks from Mystic's Education Department went aloft and straightened things out, even though the job was far more hazardous than it should be, due to the fact that the sails were slippery Dacron and not traditional cotton.

Few people, amazingly few in fact, seem to realize the myriad factors and problems involved in properly maintaining and exhibiting an historical ship. Time is continuously proving that eager enthusiasm can create a ship attraction, but only essential shipyard facilities and ship skills can assure its future. We see the same tragedy and lost investment year after year. A beautiful ship dream fades away into a nightmare of disappointment. Almost alone, Mystic Seaport has squarely faced the practical facts, and

thus finds herself in a unique position to exhibit a living fleet of traditional ships and small craft.

A second enlightening adventure of my 1979 summer was a daring go at the G. W. Blunt White Library. I'd heard of it, but it was a place only for scholarly students and researchers, not at all one for the likes of me. It so happened however, that I was trying to write a book, so it seemed logical enough to find out what a book looks like. Up I went into the beautiful stone building and straight off took a fright from those cards to sign, instructions, indexes, weird places called stacks, taboo areas, and everyone so quiet and important-like. Me and my pal ignorance almost backed out through the door again, but just in time we remembered the direct approach deal, and boldly asked to see Big Library Chief Morris, and do you know what? In a half hour's time, that gentleman and his able staff had me squared away, turned around, and converted into a cheerleader. It is true beyond a doubt that a well organized library is the absolute backbone of an historical museum and warrants support to the very limit. Books are definitely the most reliable custodians of past knowledge.

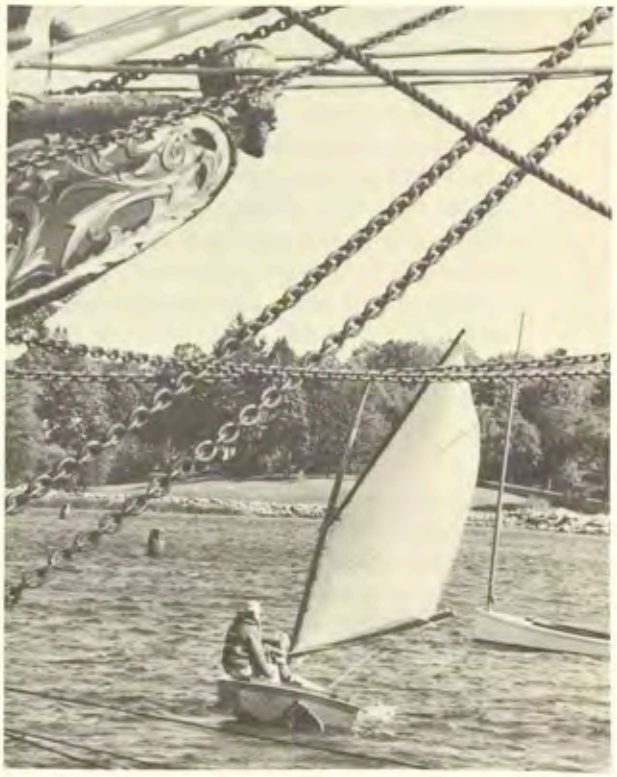
Just a few weeks ago I ventured to corner several of colonel Curator's unsung heroes up in their red barn above the parking lot. What a show they gave me: all those beautifully stowed, air-conditioned, and cataloged treasures and oddments, from paintings and prints to canes and clockworks. Why, there were enough half models alone to shingle the roof of the Schaefer Building if that happened to be a good idea. Plans for the future are impatiently waiting, but in the meantime our countless collections are being well cared for and are available to eye and study alike.

So, in our Seaport's every area, the village, special exhibits, education, youth training, galleries, photo lab, entertainment, book publishing, demonstrations, you name it, there are wonders to see, enjoy, and be proud of. The visitor has but to sample his own way to his favorite corner. Spectacular sights and activities abound to keep the day tripper rewarded, and infinite informational opportunities exist to hold the serious student for life. A well-rounded, top notch maritime museum is what we have, and that's the very truth of it!

What seems equally important is that our operation is a "Right Size." No great expansion would seem desirable at this time; neither would it be advantageous to cut back in any material way. As the loan company advertises, "We are big enough to serve you, small enough to know you." As I would put it, "Ships too big can fail of their own weight, boats too small can find rough going quite impossible."

God knows there will always exist endless work to be done within our present solid framework. Each project can forever gain by improvements and updating, but the basic fact remains that our operation is first class, is headed in a right direction, and is

Reefed down, Beetle cat *Pip* takes members for a fast sail on Members Day. (Photo: Mary Anne Stets)



being run by an able crew. Perhaps we should stop here for a moment and recall that Rome took more than a day to build, and that even our federal government has several changes to make before it reaches perfection.

Now, with the arrival of a Fiftieth Anniversary, *Stage Three* is upon us and the time has come for an era of thoughtful consolidation. All areas should be worked into good order, so that the wonders already created can be perfected and perpetuated for future generations to experience and enjoy. To weather the storms that do on occasion strike everyone and everything, our financial position should be materially strenghtened. It would be "finest kind" if Santa Claus's nautical nephew would do this big job for us, but a wee voice keeps whispering in *my* ear that this Seaport Way of "do it yourself" is the only approach that promises any degree of success. Once more the hard question is, *How?* At least three straightforward steps suggest themselves.

First – make our show continuously better, and keep the world informed of this. Only then will additional paying visitors come to our gates and new interests, public and private, find our operation worthy of support. Already effort and imagination of the finest order goes into this line of thinking every day and every way. But the wise men will undoubtedly agree that it is folly for sure to rely too heavily on gate alone.

Second – strengthen our membership. The Seaport already boasts a fabulous roster of loyal backers, the certain proof of which is delightfully apparent here today. On this score we need only to keep singing the old refrain "The More the Merrier." A large membership not only creates revenue of very special value, but even more important, it builds for the Museum a stronger and wider base of support. Each of us must surely know at least one potential family which would, if sufficiently encouraged, find satisfaction in giving our Museum the old once-over – as yours truly found, to his own great enrichment. A gift membership, no matter how devious, may well have a silver lining. Even those members living far, far away, can keep in rewarding touch with the Seaport through our ever more interesting and informative Mystic *Log* and *Wind Rose*.

Finally, step three is to build up a strong endowment. President Mallory assures me he will give us more details about the current drive. Quite obviously, we members can be of help on this only as our minds and hearts dictate, and as our available time and pocket books permit. But, before I sits me down, I wish to proclaim both loud and clear, that the time is right, and the course is sound. Now don't just accept my word for this, not at all, go out and take a good look around for yourself, and while you're doing it, have a real good time.

Charles W. Morgan

VIRGINIA T. COOPE

For many years the whaleship *Charles W. Morgan* has been studied, probed, analyzed, and restored, so that there is little that is unknown about her and her long, successful career. Less well known is Charles Waln Morgan, the man. His grandson, Reverend Alfred Rodman Hussey wrote the story of Mr. Morgan (see *Log of Mystic Seaport*, Summer 1966) telling of his ancestry and providing an insight into a man who was a typical merchant of his times, a man of deep religious conviction, a devoted husband and father, and one who gave generously to support his community.

Recently, having read all of Morgan's diaries in the collections of the G. W. Blunt White Library at Mystic Seaport Museum, I became fascinated with the glimpse these pages provided. The earliest is a journal in three small volumes of a trip west, 30 November 1817 to 17 February 1818. There are ten volumes of diaries covering the years 1818 to 1861, two folders of letters written by Morgan to his wife, and her letters to him. The collection also contains many business papers, letterpress copybooks, and account books. Charles's diaries and letters give a remarkable understanding of his intelligence, personality, philosophy, and his family and business lives. In fact, his diaries are second only to those of his brother-in-law Samuel Rodman, Jr., in delineating the economic, social, and moral tone of New Bedford in its great period of growth between 1820 and 1860.

Virginia Thurston Coope, wife of staff member Peter Coope, has volunteered for twelve years, reading and cataloging logs and journals in the G. W. Blunt White Library. After attending Smith College, she spent twenty years as a Navy wife before she and Pete settled in North Stonington.

From Reverend Hussey's account we know that Charles Waln Morgan was born in Philadelphia on 14 September 1796, one of six children of Thomas and Anne Waln Morgan. The Walns were Quakers and the Morgans were of Welsh ancestry. Thomas Morgan's father was a Baptist preacher but Charles's family were members of the Society of Friends.

We know little of his life until, on 30 November 1817, he started a journal of a trip west with his cousin, Richard Wells, which was made partly for business, partly for pleasure, according to Reverend Hussey. The journal of this trip shows him to have been a perceptive young man eager to learn many things. He described cities and towns in detail, architecture, prosperity of the people, and cultural activities.

Morgan and his cousin made the entire trip on horseback, enduring the hardships of snow and rain, "wet to the skin, floundering along in the mud." On 12 December in western Pennsylvania he lamented: "I am wandering in a strange land where the people are as rough and savage as the mountains that surround them, where no one cares for me and where I care for no one." At times they were able to find adequate lodgings with good meals, but they had their share of poor accommodations "with unwelcome inhabitants" in their beds. Money was often a problem since some innkeepers were suspicious that the notes Charles carried on the Bank of North America were counterfeit and refused them. Upon arrival in a town he would go to a bank and get five or ten dollars in specie, "notwithstanding the black looks of the clerk," and then pay small bills in specie, demanding the same in

change. Sometimes change was made by cutting a dollar in four or eight pieces, to him a strange practice.

From Pennsylvania they crossed into Ohio, where Charles was impressed with the growth of population and shipping down the Ohio River, which he feared would be severe competition for the Philadelphia merchants engaged in coastwise trade. On 18 December the travellers heard of robbers on the road between Wheeling, West Virgina, and Morristown, Ohio, and Charles wrote: "I hope they will not attack us. If they do they will meet a warm reception. I find I am but a miserable Quaker rat, for though I am thoroughly convinced that to shed blood in any case is contrary to the laws of God and our Saviour, if we are attacked I would attempt to disable the robber. I am not yet arrived at that state where if I am smitten on one cheek I can turn the other."

However, they arrived safely in Cincinnati, where Charles inspected a brewery and a large carding and fulling mill. At this time he felt that few people had become wealthy by any business other than land speculation and believed that there were favorable prospects in Indiana and Illinois, which made him think seriously of purchasing land in that part of the country. He reflected: "With respect to this whole western world, a few years ago a howling wilderness and now a great part bursting under the hand of cultivation and yielding an abundant increase of all the facets of the earth. Everything declares that this is to form a very important section of the Union and is to add much to the future greatness of America, which no doubt is to be the greatest nation on earth if only they will pursue that liberal policy which will draw to our shores the oppressed inhabitants of kingdoms and subjects of oppressive despots and kings."

After several days in Cincinnati, where they enjoyed a good hotel and met congenial people, Charles and Richard entered Kentucky, where Charles expressed deep feelings which he held throughout his life. "We have now entered into a country where that abomination of reproach to the civilized world is tolerated and caused to a great extent. I mean slavery, and I feel a sentiment of horror and disgust in approaching these scenes of wretchedness."

One aspect of travelling that concerned Charles was that many Sundays passed with no opportunity to attend religious services, but in Lexington, Kentucky, he went to the Episcopal Church. Afterwards, he stated his preference for silent worship "whose prayer is that of the soul and not that printed form to be pronounced by all, and producing a discordance and confusion which appears like anything but religion to me."

From Kentucky they travelled through Virginia where they sadly separated to take different routes. On 12 February, at Harper's Ferry, Charles mentioned an extensive armory of the United States. "...There are some noble buildings and upwards of three hundred workmen employed manufacturing the instruments of murder and destruction of the human species." Eager to return home he completed his travels as fast as possible, arriving in Philadelphia on 17 February 1818.

On 1 November 1818 Charles started keeping a diary. "It is my intention to note all events here that are at all of an interesting nature – it is also my intention to note my ideas and reflections on all occasions, also my state of mind." At this time he was living in a boardinghouse on Arch Street in Philadelphia, and his unmarried sisters were living in the home of his older brother Thomas and his wife Hannah. Apparently, his parents had died, since he never mentioned them. However, he did refer to a settlement of accounts with uncle Waln, who may have been executor of the estate.

Charles was engaged to marry Sarah

Rodman, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Rodman of New Bedford, and it was most important to him to get his accounts settled, resign as a member of the Philadelphia Hose Company, sell some property, and clear the way to go to New Bedford. Charles already had family connections with the Rodmans of New Bedford. His sister Rebecca had married Sarah Rodman's older brother William Rotch Rodman in 1813 and lived there, and another sister, Susan, was to marry Rodman's brother Benjamin.

But Charles found himself in a difficult situation. His uncle Waln seemed unwilling to settle with him, and he poured out his feelings in his diary. "How long will my respect for him permit me to keep myself cool under these repeated disappointments. I cannot get over some old ideas of his consequence to me and near connexion to our family, but I know those ideal bonds must soon be broken and open enmity declared when he comes to know that I have carried off the prize his son lost [Sarah Rodman], and this must shortly be the case, therefore I wish to get as clear of him as possible, but he seems determined not to let me. Oh how my ideas with respect to him and his family are changed – how I once venerated him. I though him great and good – now I see the mournful spectacle of a man of strong abilities and sound sense in one way, a man verging toward the grave, yet completely wrapped in the world and engrossed in its cares with no attention towards laying up any treasure in a better country and now having acquired immense wealth he is harrassed and perplexed continually with business – he has not time to perform his duties even to his fellow creatures, as I am an instance I am sure. Oh wealth thou deluding phantom, may thy glittering splendor never allure me to forsake the path of duty, may thy pursuit never engross my mind, but only occupy it as wisdom directs to obtain subsistence and comfort for those I have around me and shall leave behind me." This seems very perceptive for a young man starting his career.



Charles W. Morgan at age twenty, in 1816. Photograph of a portrait by Chester Harding. (55.510)

In January of 1819 he finally got his accounts taken care of and had about $14,000, some stocks, and $4,000 invested in the ship *Enterprise*. He was finally free to go to New Bedford, where he was married 3 June 1819, in the Old Friends Meeting House.

Soon after arriving in New Bedford, Morgan was made a partner in the town's leading whaling firm, operated by William Rotch Sr. (1734-1828) and Charles's father-in-law Samuel Rodman (1753-1835). Apparently, he began investing in New Bedford whalers in 1820. Possibly by 1821, but certainly by 1824, he was the managing owner of whaleships, and by 1841 had managed fifteen different whaling vessels. He also owned lesser shares in eighteen whalers between 1821 and 1845. Ashore,

Morgan owned a candleworks to produce spermaceti candles. Between 1833 and 1840, he obtained a ready market for his whale oil through a contract to supply the oil that illuminated American lighthouses.

Otherwise, details of the twenty-two years following 1819 remain a mystery for now, since the next diary begins 1 January 1841. But he made no mention of resuming his diary after the lapse of years, so perhaps there are still volumes yet to be found. By this time Charles and Sarah had one son and four daughters, and lived in a large house which Charles had built on fashionable County Street in 1821. Morgan's business affairs were extensive and varied. True to his youthful views on the value of western land he had purchased property in New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, as well as a large amount of land in New Bedford. Like many foresighted shipping merchants, he invested some of his profits in the industries developing around him. He was part owner of the Pocasset Cotton Mill in Fall River, of which his father-in-law Samuel Rodman had been president and principal stockholder; and also invested in the Acushnet Paper Mill; an iron works in Duncannon, Pennsylvania; a nail factory in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania; coal fields; and railroads. He was president of the Bedford Commercial Bank, an incorporator of the New Bedford Institution for Savings, and an investor in various insurance companies.

In spite of business demands he found time for philanthropic interests such as Friends Academy, which he helped found; the New Bedford Free Public Library; the Lyceum, which he helped found in 1828; the New Bedford Temperance Society; the Port Society to benefit sailors; and the Unitarian First Congregational Society which he joined not long after settling in New Bedford, despite his Quaker upbringing.

In 1841, at age forty-five, we see a man devoted to his family, interested in public affairs, an active member of the Congregational Society, but one deeply concerned about his many debts and his poor health. He usually spent mornings attending to business affairs and afternoons reading, with time allotted for a long walk or riding his horse.

On 22 February 1841 Morgan walked to the shipyard of Jethro and Zachariah Hillman to view his new ship under construction there. On 2 April he noted, "Carpenters all dismissed from new ship as I will not consent to the 10 hour system they have seen fit to adopt." New Bedford ship carpenters, like those of other cities, were beginning to organize for shorter hours and better pay and strikes or lockouts were not uncommon. Four days later he was chairman of a meeting of those opposed to the 10-hour day. "Resolved unanimously that we would suspend all labour, till we could do it on the old system so that my new ship is at a stand to my great annoyance." The next week it was still "all quiet on the wharves, no labour going on with either carpenters, caulkers, or riggers. This is a great inconvenience but we must bear it till the men come to their senses." Agreement on a 10½-hour day was finally reached on 6 May.

Then, on 21 July he recorded a satisfying day. "This morning at 10 o'clock my elegant new ship was launched beautifully from Messrs. Hillman Yard – and in the presence of about half the town and a great show of ladies. She looks beautifully on the water – she was coppered on the stocks. . . ." Two days later he set out for Duncannon and when he returned to New Bedford on 9 August "Found all going on well – the new ship fitting and looking beautifully – Griffitts [his nephew Samuel Griffitts Morgan] has called her the 'Chas. W. Morgan' – I don't altogether like it."

The next diary begins in 1848, and from then until his last illness he recorded every day. On 8 October 1848 Charles wrote: "Here I am 52 years of age, living almost



Morgan had this substantial brick house built in 1821. Painted bright yellow with white columns and pediment, it remained a landmark on County Street, opposite William Street, until being razed and replaced by the New Bedford High School. Photograph by Joseph G. Tirrell, ca. 1900. (Courtesy: Whaling Museum, New Bedford, Massachusetts)

entirely for the world and outward things – at best for the enjoyments of the imagination and intellect – while habit, the strongest of all tenants is fixing its chains around me, and soon I shall scarcely be able to realize or desire a change ... Can I not resolve to begin a new life? Alas! How often have I resolved and re-resolved – and shall I die the same. The down hill of life is entered upon and the work hardly begun ... Eighteen months ago my beloved Isabel, the daughter of my heart, a fine and bright spirit was taken from us in the very flower of her age, nearly 17, and for a time the glory of the world was stained and my spirit crushed ... but my pecuniary difficulties, owing to great extension and imprudence in business have pressed upon me ... Let me record that my beloved wife has always endeavored to prevent this extension, and had I listened to her advice and warnings I should have been happier and freer now. I have entered upon the course of curtailment and am determined at every sacrifice to free myself from my immense load of debt." These reflections reveal the gap between his temporal and spiritual concerns and are very interesting in light of what he had written about his uncle Waln so many years before. Apparently too, Morgan had not learned the lesson of his father-in-law, Samuel Rodman, who was astute in his investments and never extended his business on credit.

Beginning in 1849, Morgan sold large amounts of real estate, leased his candleworks and wharves, but continued his involvement in shipping, buying and selling whale oil, and his iron works and nail factory in Pennsylvania. Taking advantage of the demand for goods occasioned by the gold rush, Morgan noted on 15 December 1849, "Our bark *Winslow* sailed for California with a load of house frames." A few years later he shipped iron and nails to California.

It was in March 1849 that Charles sold his principal share of the *Charles W. Morgan* to



Morgan's career flourished while New Bedford was still the small port depicted here by J. W. Barber in 1839. (Courtesy: Whaling Museum, New Bedford, Massachusetts)

Edward Mott Robinson, retaining ⅛ share, "which was an unpleasant matter, but being determined to retrench my business I did not hesitate." Eight years later, however, he did attempt to repurchase the ship from Robinson. "As I built the ship and she is named for me – and as I always regretted selling and have a wish to have her in my family – it would gratify me to repurchase her..." Robinson, however, wanted a ship to replace the *Charles W. Morgan*, which Charles was in no position to provide, so nothing came of the proposal.

He still made trips to Pennsylvania to see to his businesses and to Fall River and Boston, but much of his time was spent in reading, attending lectures, church affairs, and enjoying his family. His health was failing and he decided it would be beneficial to take a cold shower each morning, restrict his diet, and ride or walk. Sundays after church he spent reading the *Christian Register* and *Christian Examiner* and dozing until tea time when the house was usually bursting with grandchildren and other family members. On one occasion he wrote: "Drove out in the sleigh with Baby and mother – and afterwards – Jack – Baby means a horse, mother, my wife, and Jack, my dog. I don't mean to say I drove my horse and wife in harness while my dog and I rode."

One of Morgan's great pleasures was an annual fishing trip with two or three friends or relatives. They cruised the waters of Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound, fishing for bluefish and striped bass. Each night they anchored in one of the small harbors of the region and often sought the comfort of an inn, rather than staying on the boat.

The Morgans celebrated Christmas with a tree, gifts for the children, and boiled and roasted turkeys for dinner. On 10 February 1853 an unusual form of entertainment took place: "We have been attempting to move tables by placing our hands on them, which some of the party, especially Mr. Weiss [the pastor of the Congregational Church] had done several times wonderfully. In this case we did not succeed at all with the table – but Mr. Weiss produced wonderful effects on some of the ladies – First he put Mary Russell, one of the party with hands on the table to

sleep – Emily Rotch then took her place and he soon reduced her to an unconscious state. Then Bessie [his daughter] sat down and she was somewhat affected. Afterwards Martha Russell was put to sleep. They seemed at first to recover, but soon Martha had an hysterical affection and did not quite recover all evening. Emily was in a strange state – slept some and when awake, was in a sort of stupor and could not speak a word. She gradually grew better. Mary Russell had a good deal of hysterical feelings and was rather unmanageable – altogether it was rather unpleasant and I fancy we shall not permit them to be influenced again." This seems a strange parlor game, but it should be remembered that spiritualism in such variant forms as mesmerism and phrenology were popular cults in that era.

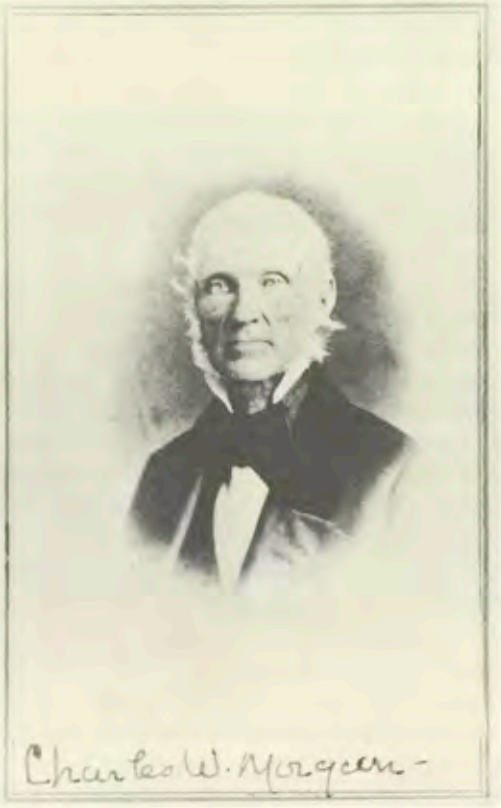
With its large Quaker population, New Bedford was a hotbed of abolitionist sentiment and had a relatively large black population including, for a time, Frederick Douglass. The slavery issue concerned Morgan and in 1850 he attended meetings to protest the fugitive slave law. "The feeling in the eastern states against Southern aggression is deep and gloomy. Come what will I hope they will make a stand and if separation must come we can bear it as well as they can."

By 1857 Charles felt that he had not many years to live and resolved to sell his ships, land, and businesses after consulting his wife, son-in-law, and son Rodman. He stated that he needed $15,000 a year, one half for expenses and one half for charity. "I do not choose to live less generously or restrict my charities or my comforts and those of my family."

In the next few years he was plagued with what he termed "bilious complaint," as well as the loss of his senses of taste and smell. He had consulted several doctors and, in 1860, "... went to see a man who professes to cure diseases by manipulation, laying on of hands, magnetism, spiritualism, or some other kind of unknown means. I went of course with not much faith. He said he never heard of such a case exactly, but he could help me. He rubbed and he pounded my head and neck. He blew upon me and worked over me for a quarter of an hour, when he said I was cured." Needless to say this was not successful.

To further cloud his declining years, Morgan began to realize that his association with William Logan Fisher, his partner in the Duncannon Iron Works, was deteriorating and he was being swindled. "I think matters will come to a crisis yet with this old, but astute man, now become my most deadly enemy, and I will never trust him again, that is certain. I am very weary of being in debt, and if by sacrificing my Pennsylvania property I can get out I intend

Though ill, Morgan sat for this carte-de-visite photograph, ca. 1860. (Seaport Photo Archives)





The author, Virginia Coope, reading the diaries and papers of Charles W. Morgan at the G. W. Blunt White Library. (Photo: Mary Anne Stets)

to do it... That investment has caused me more unhappiness than it is worth and after years of trial and tribulation I would now gladly part with it at great sacrifice. I have been misled and deceived and wish to separate myself from the connexion I have found thereby." He did not explain the details in his diary but mentioned that Fisher owed him an estimated $60,000 and he would bring suit to collect.

The last entry written by Charles was 1 February 1861. "A very poor morning for me. I had my sore mouth and fever and awoke in suffering several times–did not get up until near 12 and then with great difficulty. Still I went to drive and felt much better for it. My strength however, is fast deserting me and I often think the end is approaching." The following day his wife, Sarah, started writing for him. In the next weeks he suffered bleeding from the nose and took morphine to induce sleep. On 1 April 1861 Sarah wrote "I have heretofore written my dear Charles' journal as if by his dictation, but he has been too ill for several weeks to be able to direct me, and the last two weeks he has only been moved onto the couch and taken on that into the other chamber while his bed was made and his room aired." On 7 April Charles said to his daughter, Clara "This is my last day." He died that evening, at the age of sixty-four, with his family gathered around him.

Although Charles W. Morgan was undoubtedly considered a wealthy man by his contemporaries, and despite his determined efforts towards solvency in his later years, probate records indicate that he left debts which exceeded his assets. However, Sarah, who outlived him by many years, apparently never wanted for creature comforts. She, of course, was descended from a wealthy family.

Charles Waln Morgan, through these wonderful diaries, allowed us into his life and world, to let us glimpse the man behind our familiar *Charles W. Morgan*.

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Mystic River Builds an Ironclad

JAMES L. CHRISTLEY

Today we decry the state of the economy, world peace, prices, and the seemingly endless turmoil in the government on all levels. It can be seen with careful study however that in times like these many of the greatest advances in our civilizations have taken place. The year 1861 was one of the most convulsive in our history. The country was being blasted apart and would soon be gripped in a tremendous war unlike any other fought on the face of the earth. The United States Navy was caught in a very precarious position. Many of its officers were leaving the service to return to the states to which they owed allegiance. Many of its ships were overaged or obsolete. The time was ripe for tremendous advances in the technology of ships and weapons.

This is the story of one of the strides taken in the early part of the Civil War, when a combination of government funding, naval supervision, and private enterprise produced the U.S.S. *Galena*, the first seagoing ironclad warship to take its place on the rolls of the United States Navy. Its birthplace is less than a mile-and-a-half from Mystic Seaport Museum.

The month of July 1861 opened with the United States Navy facing an enemy who could conceivably destroy every ship with only one of his own. The train of events which led to this situation began on the night of 20 April 1861 with the burning and abandonment of the Gosport Navy Yard, across the river from Norfolk, Virginia. The capture of this facility gave the Confederate Navy desperately needed arms and supplies they could not hope to have constructed or acquired within a reasonable period of time. Along with the buildings that were not burned, the Federal Navy left behind 1,198 cannon of various types, including 134 heavy fortification-type guns, a massive granite drydock capable of fitting the largest ships in the Navy, and the burned hull of one of the latest steam-screw frigates in the United States Navy, the U.S.S. *Merrimac*.

Stephen Mallory, Confederate Secretary of the Navy, and distant relative of the Mallorys of Mystic, had taken steps to see that the inherent inferiority of his force was overcome by the construction of a relatively new form of fighting ship, the ironclad. The U.S.S. *Merrimac* was raised, towed into the drydock, and rebuilt into the Confederate ironclad warship C.S.S. *Virginia*. The United States Navy had no ironclad ships so the use of such a vessel by an adversary gravely threatened all of its ships.

The idea of iron-armored warships was not new. The French and English had large ironclad frigates in their fleets and were building more. Denmark had, on the building ways, a turreted ironclad of advanced design which was to become the *Rolf Krake*. By mid-1861 there were more than a dozen ironclads in existence and at least a dozen more under construction.

The U.S. had been trying to build one since 1846 at Hoboken, New Jersey. The Stevens family had spent a two-million-dollar congressional allocation on the project, and still the ship's hull was on the stocks. It was hardly surprising that Congress was very reluctant to spend any more on a proj-

James Christley is a Senior Chief Petty Officer in the U.S. Navy. He has been researching the story of the U.S.S. *Galena* for three years and intends to write a book correcting the misconceptions about her. His major area of interest is the technology of nineteenth-century ships.



Cornelius Scranton Bushnell (1828-1896), in his later years. An archetypal Connecticut Yankee, he rose from poverty to a vigorous and successful business career, at one time being the largest investor in the transcontinental railroad. He championed both the *Galena* and *Monitor* ironclad designs. (*Genealogical and Family History of the State of Connecticut*, vol. 3 [New York, 1911], opp. p. 1530.)

ect with such dubious prospects.

Gideon Welles, Union Secretary of the Navy, had to get Congress to appropriate money, find suitable designs, find qualified builders and iron manufacturers, and, worst of all, he had to do it fast. He was an astute politician but was somewhat naive in dealing with Congress. He assumed that all he needed to do was to tell Congress of the need and they would fund the money to build what he wanted.

It was not that simple. Welles talked to people who could help convince Congress that the need for an ironclad was so pressing that immediate allocation was vital. The senior officers in the Navy Department were, for the most part, opposed to the idea. Welles then spoke with a home-state associate, Cornelius Scranton Bushnell.

C. S. Bushnell, son of a Connecticut farmer, had by 1861, at age thirty-three, made a personal fortune in several fields. By the age of sixteen he became master of a small schooner and five years later had amassed enough to buy a house in New Haven and engage in a partnership with his brother, Nathan Townsend Bushnell. By 1858 their wholesale and retail grocery business had grown to be one of the largest in the state. Successful speculation in the New Haven & New London Railroad, and subsequent conflicts resulting from the attempted expansion of the railroad, had taught Bushnell how to lobby, maneuver, and manipulate. Together, Welles and Bushnell made a formidable team.

The Secretary told the businessman what was needed and the businessman went to work. Bushnell first contacted a ship designer. He went to the best, Samuel Hartt Pook of Boston. Pook, at thirty-four, was among the most respected designers of clipper ships in the country. He was also familiar with iron construction and steamship design. In his rise as a marine architect in the 1850s, Pook had been the first to set up an independent designing office, allowing him to work for any builder with a degree of freedom unknown to other ship designers who operated within the constraints of their builders' ideas. Pook's trademark, seen in his clipper designs, was the flat-floored model with smooth, flowing lines and hollow forefoot.

Bushnell told Pook that he needed a design for a fast ship, fairly heavily armed, and strong enough to carry a coating of armor plate on the outside of the hull. Pook started drawing the lines and doing calculations for such a vessel.

Bushnell then went to John Griswold and John Winslow, iron manufacturers in Troy, New York, who had supplied railroad rails for Bushnell's New Haven & New London Railroad. He asked them to determine what kind of armor was suitable and what kind could be produced. Griswold and Winslow's

proposed design was evidently based on an English design by T. W. Plum, published in *Scientific American* in January 1861, as in November 1861 Winslow published an article in the same magazine which was strikingly similar. The primary feature of both designs was to enable the armor to be applied in a manner similar to ship's planking.

American iron mills of 1861 could not roll plates more than 1½ inches thick, so thicker armor had to be laminated in several layers. The inherent structural weakness of running bolts or rivets through the armor to the inside of the ship was a source of danger to the crew, as projectiles striking on or near rivets would shear off the heads, sending the heads flying like shrapnel inside the ship. But the result of Winslow's research was armor plating which could be produced without laminations and with covered bolt heads. Winslow's armor designs were tested under actual fire on a range, though the results are not known. However, it would seem likely that the tests were somewhat successful as the armor design was later approved by the Navy Department.

On 19 July the Honorable Mr. Grimes (Republican from New York) introduced in the Senate a bill to appropriate $1,500,000 for ironclad construction. After several days of lobbying and interconference maneuvering involving Bushnell, his friend and fellow townsman James E. English (Democrat from Connecticut) and the heads of the House and Senate conference committees Charles B. Sedgewick and John P. Hale, the bill passed both houses. On 4 August 1861, President Lincoln signed the bill into law.

Welles appointed a board of three naval officers to examine proposals and decide which ideas would be incorporated into ironclad design. The board, consisting of Joseph Smith, the crusty boss of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, Hiram Paulding, who commanded the ill-fated Norfolk relief expedition, and Charles H. Davis, who would soon head the Bureau of Navigation, solicited design proposals in the nation's newspapers. Bushnell was ready and submitted the Pook hull with the Winslow armor.



Samuel Hartt Pook (1827-1901), a noted naval architect in Boston, designed clipper ships and had experience with iron vessel design. He planned and supervised construction of the *Galena*. After the Civil War he became a naval constructor. (*National Cyclopedia of American Biography*, vol. 4 [New York, 1892-], p. 532.

The board told him they were concerned about the ability of the ship to take the weight of the armor and remain stable. Without delay, Bushnell took the design to his friend Cornelius Delamater, celebrated New York steam engine manufacturer, to gain a second opinion. Though Delamater could not make a judgement, he recommended an engineer who seemed to be knowledgeable on the subject of ship stability. Bushnell went to the engineer's office and asked him to examine the design and comment on its stability. The engineer replied, "She will easily carry the load you

propose, and stand a six-inch shot – if fired from a respectable distance."[1] With that the engineer, John Ericsson, who had worked on some ironclad designs of his own many years earlier, asked Bushnell to examine the model of an ironclad design which he had presented to Napoleon III in 1854. The design so impressed Bushnell that he took it back to Washington. Thus Bushnell became involved with two of the entries given to the Ironclad Board.

Out of more than fifteen submitted, the Board finally accepted and contracted for three design proposals from Bushnell, Ericsson, and Merrick & Sons of Philadelphia. Ericsson built the *Monitor* in New York. Merrick & Sons built the *New Ironsides* in Philadelphia.

Bushnell chose the yard of William Ellery Maxson and Bushnell's railroad associate Nathan Gallup Fish, in West Mystic, Connecticut. Their yard was located on Willow Point in West Mystic, at a place locally called Oldfield. While Maxson, Fish & Co. had built seven ships since establishing the yard in 1853, times had been poor since 1857. The *Garibaldi*, launched in October 1860, was the only vessel they had built since 1857. The fault was not with the yard, however; the panic of 1857 had drastically reduced shipbuilding throughout New England. The Navy's need for warships promised a new boom for the area and Maxson & Fish would be ready.

Map of the Mystic River showing the location of the Maxson & Fish shipyard.



The contract was signed on 27 September 1861 and work commenced immediately. An ample supply of good oak, chestnut, and pine already was stored in the yard awaiting an order for construction. The lines drawn by Pook went to the lofting floor and were converted into full-size plans for the sawyers in the sawpit. Wielding long two- and four-man saws, these craftsmen sweated in the late September sun converting the lines from the lofting floor into the structural timbers for the ship.

Samuel H. Pook, the designer, was appointed by Commodore Smith to superintend the ship's construction and provide liaison with the contractor, Bushnell. Actually Pook was the superintendent of several ships under construction from Boston to New York. Working for Commodore F. H. Gregory, head of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, as well as for Bushnell and Smith, was a difficult position. To be near the work, Pook took up residence in a hotel which stood near the site of Fort Rachel and, for a time, at the home of N. G. Fish.

Progress on the hull advanced at a quick pace. Thirteen days after the contract was signed, Pook issued a report to Commodore Smith. The keel was in and the square frames had been "raised and regulated."[2] The stem and stern posts were raised and the forward cant frames were ready to be put in. The after cant frames were coming out of the sawpit and would be ready to raise soon.





Left: William Ellery Maxson (1818-1895) was a master shipcarpenter and partner in the Maxson & Fish shipyard. He recorded much of the daily progress on *Galena* in his diary. (Courtesy: James Allyn).

Right: Nathan Gallup Fish (1804-1870) was a former shipmaster, a well-to-do ship chandler in Mystic, a partner in the Maxson & Fish shipyard, and an associate of Cornelius Bushnell in the management of the New Haven & New London Railroad. Photograph by E. A. Scholfield, ca. 1867. (Courtesy: William N. Peterson)

Many of the small machinery parts were already cast and being finished by the Reliance Machine Company, located at the present site of Factory Square in Mystic. Reliance Machine was in an insecure financial position as many bills for its main product, cotton gins, sold to the South before the war, were still unpaid. The operations of the company had been altered to construct parts for steam engines in hopes that the need for marine engines would bring back financial stability.

Although the ship's hull was coming along well, the subject of armor and armament raised clouds of difficulty and delay on the horizon. The number and type of guns to be mounted on board the ship had not been determined by the Bureau of Ordnance; thus the number and location for the supports could not be drawn or lofted. The long ports for the broadside guns shown in some contemporary sketches were unsuitable as they allowed little protection for the gun crews; therefore the design was modified and on 22 October Pook submitted to Smith a modified draft of the ship and the new gunport arrangement. With this letter the superintendent reported that the ship was "in Frame," with the bilge strakes and ceiling nearly in.[3] Smith approved of the changes and of the general plan of the deck submitted in the letter.

What did the vessel look like? The 200-foot-long keel held 61 frames of white oak set square to the keel. Together with the



Original half model of the ironclad *Galena*, designed by Samuel Hartt Pook. The gunport locations were altered during construction. (31.159)

cant frames fore and aft, they formed a hull that measured 180 feet from the rabbet of the stem to the bearding line on the forward stern post, measured along the waterline ten feet up her side. The hull was softly rounded and slender, measuring 36 feet on the extreme beam, with a hollow bow and little deadrise, a characteristic mark of the Pook family. The stern was rounded with no raised quarterdeck or sterncastle. In the center of the deck, rising high in the air from the top of the boiler under the gun deck, was the smokestack. Five feet in diameter and painted dull black, the essence of steam power manifested itself in the sooty smoke that passed through this iron tube. Along the centerline of the deck were cut various square and rectangular openings to permit access to the interior of the ship. The deck would not be the holystoned white pine of past ships of war, but was covered with ½-inch-thick iron plates.

The single most distinguishing shape was the inward curvature of the hull from the waterline to the deck. For a vessel of its size, its tumble home was extreme, but with good reason. The armor applied to the inward sloping hull would present a curved face to enemy shot, thus increasing the effective thickness and the chances that the shot would glance off.

Early in the construction Daniel B. Mar-

When bad weather slowed construction, Juan Pattison wired John A. Griswold that no more ironworkers were needed in Mystic. (Courtesy: Smithsonian Institution)

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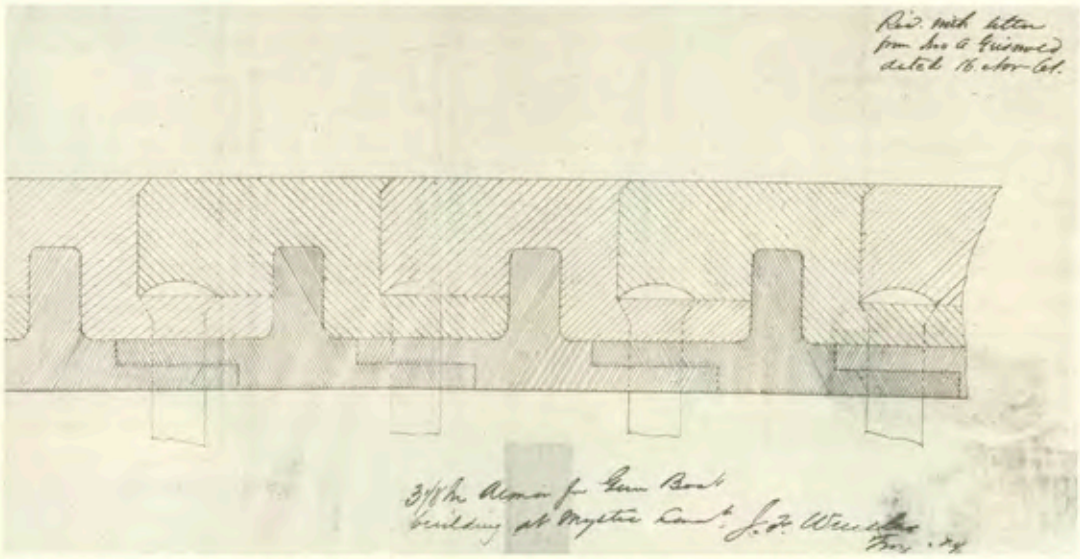
Received at Troy Jan 7th 1862 at ___ o'clock, ___ minutes.

By telegraph from Mystic To J. A. Griswold

Send no more men. Storm suspended work yesterday

Juan Pattison

8.40



John Winslow's final design for the 3⅛" armor on U.S.S. *Galena*. The armor was composed of two types of interlocking sections. The lower section, which lay against the wooden hull, was called the "chair." The outer section, fitting onto the ridge in the "chair," was called the "plate" or "rail." In combination, they interlocked to form a surface free of exposed bolt heads, with the appearance of planking. (Courtesy: National Archives)

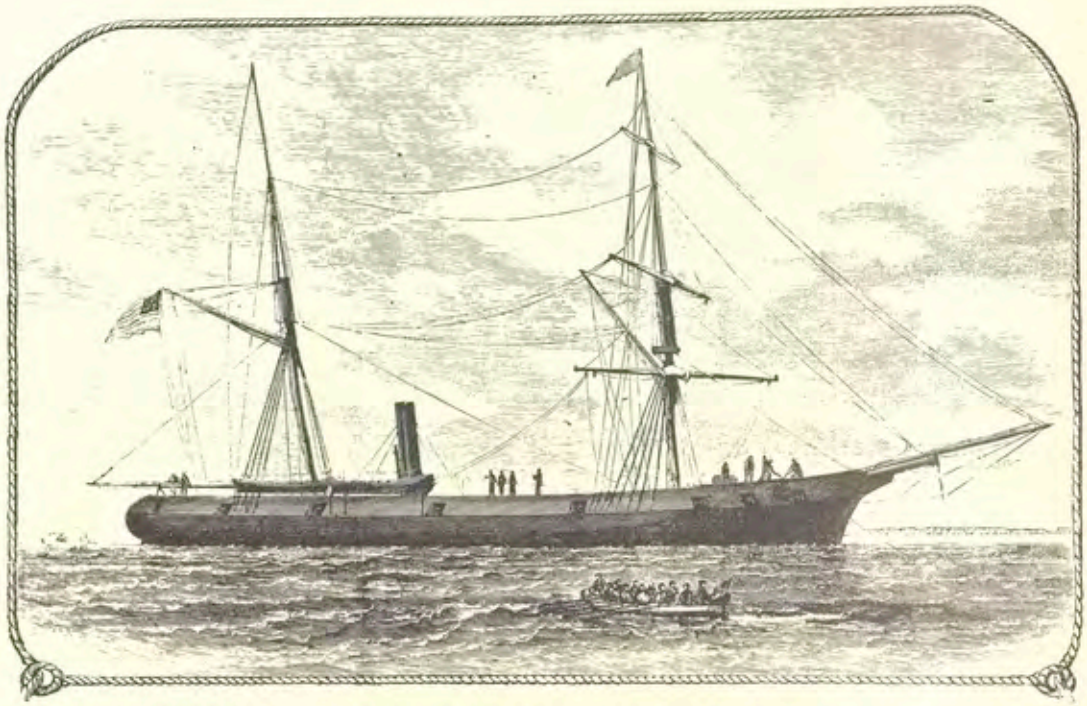
tin, a noted engineer, was placed in charge of the application of the armor. Soon thereafter, he was transferred by the Navy Department to search for armor production and supply in Europe, and Juan Pattison, a civil engineer who had studied under the engineer Robert Stephenson and had recently returned from England, was named to replace him. Pattison's letters to John Griswold have recently been found by the author amongst the Ericsson papers in the Smithsonian Naval History Section. They show that even though the wooden part of the hull construction was straightforward, the application of armor was not.

As Christmas 1861 approached it became evident to Commodore Smith that the rolling and application of the armor would delay completion of the ship. Ironworkers who could handle the type and size of iron required for the ship were not to be found in the Mystic area, so Pattison sent off to Troy, New York, where the plates were being rolled by Griswold, for "Machinests and Boilersmiths."[4]

By the end of the month Pattison had enough of the "chair" (see illustration) to go four feet up the hull. It was curved as necessary and piled on the ground awaiting the arrival of the plates, as the two had to be assembled in layers. There was some holdup in the rolling and a change in the design of the plates that caused the delay. The firms run by Griswold and Winslow also were engaged in the production of the armor for the U.S.S. *Monitor*, building at Greenpoint, New York.

As 1861 turned into 1862, the men requested arrived at Mystic, but they were not necessarily the type of people Pattison wanted. The two foremen, Payne, in charge of the port side, and Shannon, who had the starboard, were very good men. As for the rest, Pattison called them the most "disfactory [sic] I ever knew."[5]

The weather did not cooperate with Pook, Pattison, or the almost 200 other men working on the ship either. A storm suspended work on 6 January, prompting Pattison to telegraph Griswold that he needed



This view of U.S.S. *Galena*, published in *Harper's Weekly*, 5 April 1862, is probably the best depiction of her sailing rig.

no more men. Finally, the plates arrived and the work of putting them on commenced. Griswold's people in Troy had drilled holes in the plates that did not necessarily match the locations desired by the shipbuilders, so these had to be redrilled. There was a lip on the plates to assist in assembly, but this was on the wrong side and had to be chipped off before the plates could go on. Even with these problems to overcome, work went reasonably fast and Pook seemed to be pleased with the progress. Bushnell visited the yard on 9 January and wrote to Commodore Smith that all was well. A large ship house was built over the vessel to keep out some of the weather. This would help protect workers from the freezing rain and sleet but not the cold.

However, one possibility not directly addressed by any of the parties caused spirited discussions in local parlors and around store stoves. Would the ironclad float? There was sufficient concern in the mind of the designer, Pook, that he wrote to Commodore Smith at the Bureau of Yards and Docks proposing that it would be better not to install all of the armor prior to launch. Smith replied that if Bushnell thought it agreeable the vessel could indeed be put into the water without all of the armor. Smith instructed Pook to set up sighting devices to measure the amount of flexure in the hull during and after launching.

Finally, on St. Valentine's Day 1862, the time for launch arrived. All of Mystic turned out for the event. It would be safe to assume that some money changed hands as a result of the launching. Those who bet that the hull would surely sink under the weight of the armor were disappointed – the ship slid down the ways and into the Mystic River at Willow Point and floated quite well. Some leakage was noted around the treenails and armor bolts but that was quickly remedied.

However, the designer's triumph did not signal the end of work for the ironworkers. The ordeal of working the 22-foot-long by 2½-inch-thick iron bars into place in the New England cold continued. Pattison had

floating staging built to allow workmen access to the sides while the ship was in the water. The staging worked very well; however, almost an inch of ice had to be chipped off the vessel's sides before the armor bars could be laid on. One can imagine the numbing cold and the intense pain suffered by workers when they invariably pinched fingers or hands in the process of fitting the iron.

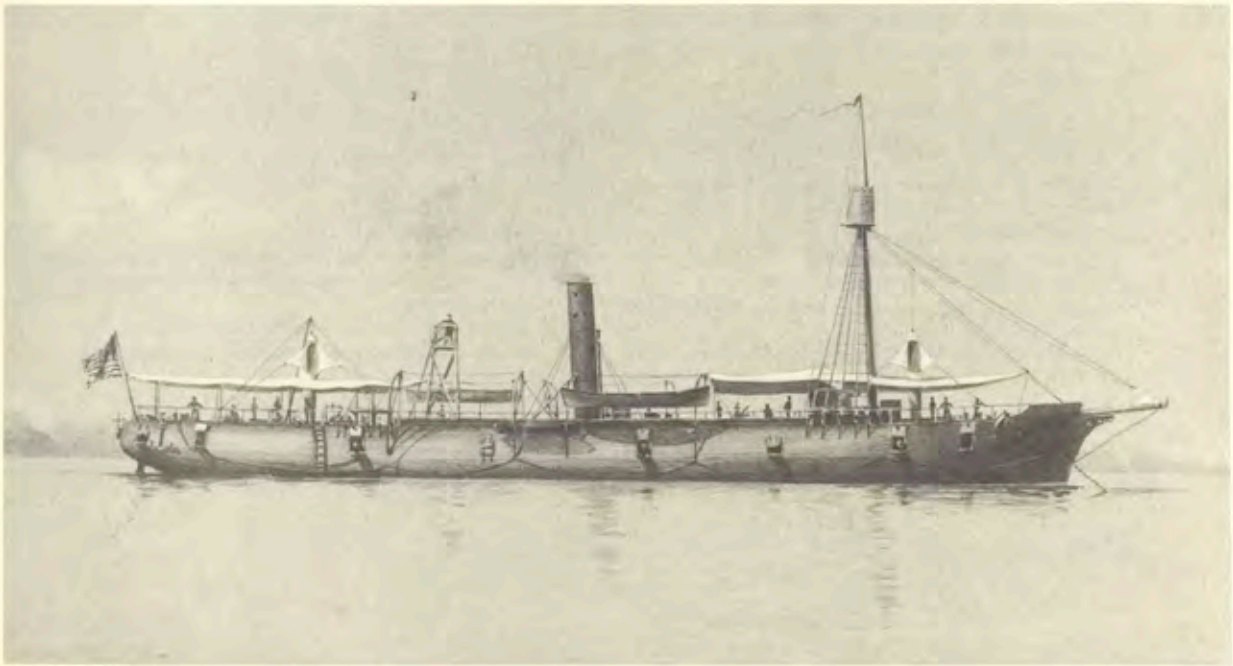
Commander Alfred Taylor received orders on 10 February to take command of the ironclad at Mystic as part of the precommissioning crew. The Navy Department was anxious to use the vessel, thus Taylor's job was to expedite the building as much as was possible. A seasoned seaman and a veteran of Perry's expedition to Japan, Taylor was a well-trained leader. The tenure of his command was to be short, however. Politics would cause his replacement with an officer with a better known name, Commander John Rodgers.

On 22 February 1862, only eight days after her launch, the ironclad steamer that had been the talk of Mystic for many months was towed out past Mason's Island and into Long Island Sound. She was bound for Rowland's Shipyard at the foot of 13th Street in Brooklyn for fitting out and the installation of her engines and sailing rig. While in New York she was commissioned the U.S.S. *Galena,* after the home town of the Union's newest hero, Ulysses S. Grant. (Bushnell had proposed the ship be named *Retribution.*)

Soon, Commander Taylor was relieved by Commander John Rodgers, son of the War of 1812 hero. Rodgers took the *Galena* up the James River in Virginia, and there, on 15 May, committed a gross tactical blunder. Anchored at close range under a powerful Confederate battery situated on Drewry's Bluff, the *Galena* sat for 3½ hours while Rebel gunners tried their best to sink her. The armor so carefully applied in the Maxson & Fish yard was subjected to punishment for which it was never intended. The upshot of this tactical blunder was that the ship was branded a failure. It seems obvious, however, that the ship did not fail people, people failed the ship.

Bushnell nearly lost the final $40,000 payment for the contract because of the supposed poor performance in battle. At length, payment was made, and he con-

U.S.S. *Galena* ready for action in the James River, Virginia. Watercolor by R. G. Skerrett. (Courtesy: Smithsonian Institution)



tinued his interest in ironclad construction, becoming a powerful voice in the lobby that insisted that monitor-type ships be built instead of the more logical seagoing ironclads like the *Galena* and *New Ironsides*. The Maxson & Fish yard went on to build nineteen ships during the war, many of which performed great service to the Union cause. Pook spent much of the war superintending construction in a shipyard opened for him by Bushnell in New Haven, Connecticut, and in 1866 became a naval constructor like his father, toward the end of his career designing the famous U.S.S. *Maine*. Commander Rodgers went on to become a great naval leader, the fiasco at Drewry's Bluff conveniently blamed on poor design and construction. Pattison and his crew went back to Troy, keeping busy throughout the war manufacturing plates for the other ironclads being built for the Navy.

Galena's armor was stripped off early in 1863 and she finished the war as a wooden gunboat, performing great service at the battle of Mobile Bay in August 1864. She was finally dismantled in a drydock in Norfolk in 1872.

It is not unlikely that some of her timbers were used to build a second *Galena*, a larger wooden gunboat, which lasted until 1892, when she was stricken from the Navy List. Now all that remain of the original *Galena* are memories and a few written records of the period when Mystic River built an ironclad.

NOTES

[1]R. U. Johnson and C. C. Buel, ed., *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* (New York: The Century Company, 1887-88), vol. 1, p. 748.

[2]Pook to Smith, Miscellaneous Letters Received by the Bureau of Yards and Docks, September to December 1861, p. 55, Record Group 71, National Archives, Washington, D.C.

[3]Pook to Smith, Miscellaneous Letters Received by the Bureau of Yards and Docks, September to December 1861, p. 90, Record Group 71, National Archives, Washington, D.C.

[4]Pattison to Griswold, 31 December 1861, Ericsson Papers, Naval History Section, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

[5]Pattison to Griswold, 9 January 1862, Ericsson Papers, Naval History Section, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

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Making Oars for the *Morgan*'s Boats

The "ash breeze" of traditional work boats is often in evidence along the waterfront at Mystic Seaport so it is no surprise that oar making is one of the many functions of the Henry B. duPont Preservation Shipyard. Such varied craft as whaleboats, dories, Whitehalls, and seine boats are used for demonstrations, for pleasure, and occasionally for racing, so oars wear and are sometimes broken. Also, from time to time, new boats are built and added to the floating collection which must be equipped.

Oars of the lengths needed for the *Morgan*'s whaleboats, ranging from sixteen to twenty-two feet, are no longer made commercially, and the cost of shorter oars has steadily increased. Therefore, economically, as well as to maintain the production of large oars, we have developed an oar-making program.

Whaleboat oars are traditionally fashioned from ash, a strong and limber wood, which grows in long, clear lengths. The Museum makes use of Connecticut and Rhode Island ash, which may be ordered from local sawmills sawn in planks four inches thick. Smaller oars are commonly made of spruce, a strong but light and resilient wood. Two-inch staging planks from a lumber yard may be used if care is taken in selection.

Today, in most oar-manufacturing shops, the looms (shafts) and handles are turned on lathes and large vertical sanding belts are used to shape the blades. The following series of photographs illustrates the method we have been using in the Shipyard. It combines use of traditional tools with some power equipment for speed. The method is economical, since the ash scraps are saved for tool handles, block shells, belaying pins, and thole pins. It takes a man about one work day to make one ash whaleboat oar or two spruce dory oars.

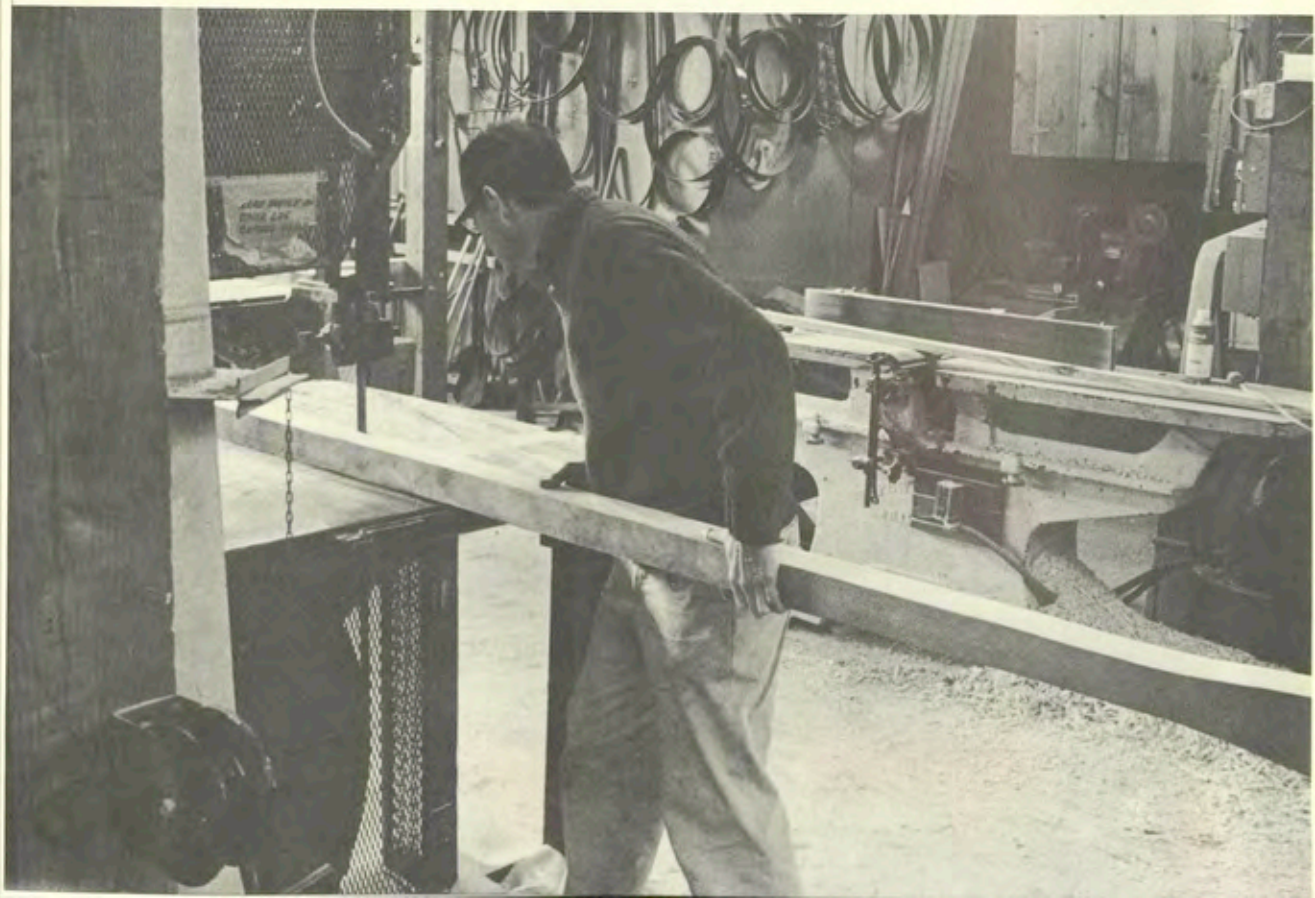
The methods and tools depicted here can also be used for making masts, gaffs, booms, and sprits for small boats. Fir or spruce staging planks from a lumberyard may be used for making these spars. The description also applies in general to the production of fancy, balanced pulling boat oars, though other sources should be consulted for the process of gluing, shaping spoon blades, and balancing these delicate cousins of whaleboat oars.

Information supplied by Willits D. Ansel.
Photographs by Dan Brouder.



A set of patterns was made from original whaleboat oars in the Seaport collection. These are 16′, 17′, 18′, and 22′ long. The pattern is laid on an ash plank and positioned to avoid knots and the heart of the tree, in a way to get the straightest grain. The plank is marked from the pattern.

The plank is taken to the ship saw, a large bandsaw, where the outline of the oar is cut. Then, with the oar on edge, the widths of loom and handle are marked from the pattern, the blade is laid out using a straightedge, and the oar, still on edge, is sawn. At this point it is four-sided and roughly tapered at the handle and loom, and the blade trimmed to about ¾″ thick at the tip.



The oar is next set on saw horses and clamped in V-blocks for working. The four sides of the loom are smoothed with a hand plane or an electric planer. The next step in rounding the loom and handle is to take off the corners, making the oar octagonal (eight-sided). A sparmaker's gauge is used to mark the loom and handle for eight-siding. The photograph shows an elegant homemade gauge given to the Seaport. Its pivoting side flanges are held against either side of the square loom while the top portion scribes two lines as the gauge is moved. The pivots allow the gauge to accommodate to the taper in the loom as it scribes.

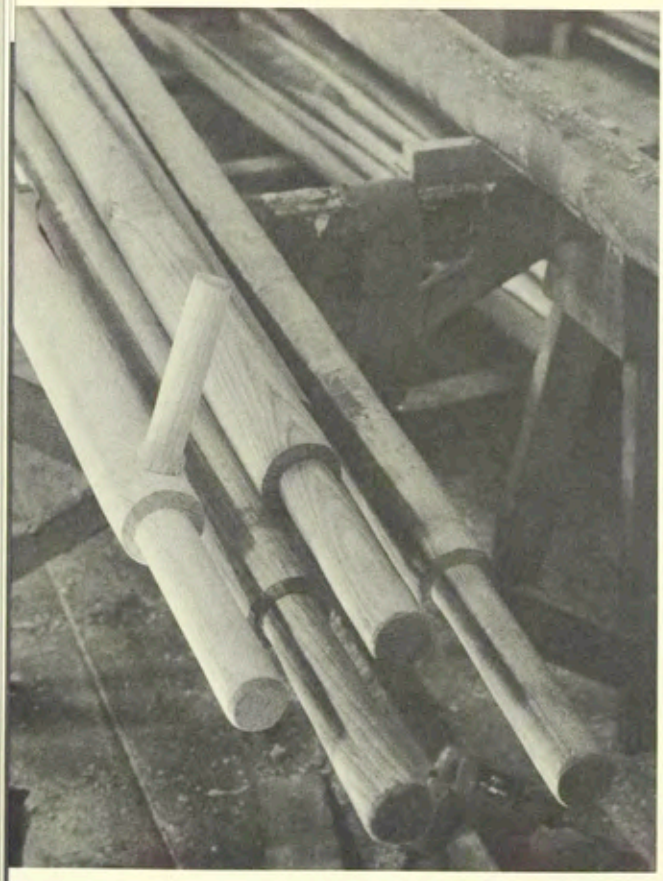


The loom may be shaped to eight sides traditionally with a drawknife and plane, or it may be cut with a circular saw set at 45°. An electric planer may also be used for eight-siding and fairing the loom and for shaping the blade.





A wooden spar plane with concave sole is the traditional tool for rounding the loom from eight sides, but an ordinary jack plane will do. The blade can be shaped and smoothed with a plane, though disk and belt sanders speed the job. The loom and blade are then sanded to a fine finish.



The oar handles are shaped and rounded with chisels, spokeshave, and rasp. At the Shipyard, a sanding belt, cut and used like a shoeshine rag, is used to smooth the handles. The oar is then ready for finishing, which, in the case of whaleboat oars, is the application of generous coats of raw linseed oil.

BOOK REVIEWS

Schooner Integrity. By Frank Mulville. (London: Seafarer Books, 1979. 169 pp. Illustrations. $14.98.)

A boat may be built and sailed by one person, but it never belongs entirely to that person. She belongs to everyone who ever sailed her, who ever saw, or thought about, or worked on, or set foot aboard her. Moreover, a boat has a life of its own, and no one person can ever know everything there is to know about her, partly because a boat speaks only by the way it moves and looks, and partly because men have different perceptions of reality, differing strengths and weaknesses, and varying amounts of pride. And the sea, always capricious and sometimes awesome, has a way of emphasizing the unknowable, of further confounding us. It is with this rather poignant realization that we must approach the strange, sad story of the schooner *Integrity.*

For a decade there has been the lingering, unanswered question of what did, ultimately, happen to the *Integrity?* It was well-known, at least among yachtsmen along the New England coast and possibly among schoonermen everywhere, that she had been abandoned in November 1970 by a questionable crew after suffering two knockdowns in a gale three days out of Morehead City, North Carolina, en route to the West Indies, although the reasons for her abandonment were shrouded. It was known that the schooner's bowsprit and masts were smashed by the rolling topsides of the Yugoslavian freighter that picked up her crew and left her adrift. And then there were stories of her being towed, lost, looted, salvaged, stolen, rebuilt, sunk, refloated, stolen again, and finally sunk. Or was that the *Integrity* off Antigua last year? In 1974 there appeared in *Yachting* three consecutive articles about her; a fourth appeared several months later, continuing but not concluding the tale, suggesting in a photo caption (of all places) that while she was on the bottom in Hawk's Nest Anchorage, Grand Turk Island, she might not be there for good because someone had offered $100 for the once priceless yacht.

Now, in Frank Mulville's *Schooner Integrity,* we have what is presumably a true account of the schooner's last derelict months and of her derelict, last day afloat. Mulville, an English yachtsman and writer, was intimately involved with her final trial at sea shortly before Christmas, 1974. But the book is not, as the title suggests, the whole story of the *Integrity.* After summarizing, supplementing, and, in important aspects, differing with the *Yachting* articles, Mulville tells us mostly about her last days and his own struggle with her. It is an arresting, and quite extraordinary tale.

Integrity was built, owned and sailed by Waldo Howland, formerly owner of Concordia Boatyard in South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, and still a Trustee of Mystic Seaport. Launched in 1962, she measured 52′ loa, 44′ lwl, 14′ beam, and 6′9″ draft. She was gaff-rigged, with a main topmast, flew tan-barked sails, and weighed 30 tons. A scaled-down version of the schooner packets that once carried cargo along the East Coast, she was able if not fast, a magnificent vessel whose name reflected the way Howland built and rigged her. She was, in short, everything a man of means, dreams, practical knowledge, and the right friends (Capt. R. D. "Pete" Culler helped Howland in every way) could build. And beyond her building, under Howland's ownership, she was cared for and maintained properly.

Howland sailed and chartered *Integrity* up and down the New England coast and first took her to the West Indies in 1967. In 1969 Howland chartered her to a friend who sailed her to Europe and back, via the West Indies. She served Howland and his charterers well, without mishap, and was esteemed by all. In 1970 he sold the schooner to a three-man syndicate who intended to put her in the charter trade down in the Grenadines, and in the fall of that year the fateful, bizarre part of her history began.

Schooner Integrity makes an enjoyable evening of reading and, if you care to profit from the details, it provides useful instruction. The *Integrity* herself, however, has been poorly served by journalism – almost as poorly as by her post-Howland crews. Neither the *Yachting* articles nor Mulville's book present her story with an informed, balanced view; the fact that several key episodes are related so differently by each underscores their apparent partialities and lack of skillful reporting. Each draws from sources ig-

nored or dismissed by the other; Mulville refers to the first three *Yachting* installments disparagingly, claiming them the only written material on the subject, and seems not to know the fourth installment was published. Neither account is much more than a plausible fiction.

The lead *Yachting* article, written by one of the three who bought *Integrity* from Howland, tries to convey that a competent crew did what they could to prevent the freighter from coming alongside the schooner with such devastating effect; Mulville suggests the opposite, that an incompetent and badly frightened crew wanted to be rescued by the towering mass of steel, at any cost to the diminutive wooden vessel. Neither account has a single word on, nor quotation from, the delivery skipper himself, the man presumably responsible. Discrepancies, minor and major, continue between the two accounts; unfortunately neither gives enough information for readers to make their own assessments.

Mulville's book is well-knit and reflects, in a most admirable way, his own blue water knowledge; but by the standards of in-depth American book-length journalism, it is a poor job. The story up until his own involvement with the schooner is flawed by a lack of research and the omission of standard techniques rightly used by writers to distinguish fact from fancy, opinion from conjecture. The story of the abandonment reads as if Mulville invented it; he does claim one source, Frank West, an Englishman aboard at the time, but it is entirely unclear whether the narrative, which reads like third-person fiction, is a true reconstruction of his interview with West or a mix of West's story, the *Yachting* version, and his own judgements. Similarly, he writes about the freighter from the freighter captain's point of view, but without quotations or even the suggestion that he, Mulville, conducted interviews.

The final part of the book reads as a first-person narrative, replete with lively characters, quotations, reasonable reporting, and evocative description. It is by far the best part, and probably the only accurate part; certainly it is the *raison d'être* of the book. Mulville is incapable of refraining from the use of prissy homily ("...perhaps, in the end, misfortune reaches a point of saturation") and from the sloppy use of dashes instead of judicious punctuation. But *his* story rolls over these defects with a strong narrative line and, occasionally, a nice turn of phrase. A man of considerable sea experience himself, and owner of *Iskra*, a gaff-rigged cutter which figures largely in the tale, his views and understanding of *Integrity* and the seas she encountered are profound, and profoundly deeper than those given in the *Yachting* series. His use of nautical language is accurate, clear, and at times fascinating. Would you know how, with a ten-ton cutter, to tow a thirty-ton hulk in the open sea?

The book is illustrated with satisfying black-and-white drawings and charts which are nicely inserted throughout the text, and with a rather disappointing selection of unordered and uncaptioned black-and-white photographs stuck in the middle of the book. It is not the book it might have been nor that which the schooner *Integrity* deserves, as the big, unanswered questions of this strange tale remain.

While questions do remain, and while some of them most likely always will, *Schooner Integrity* does tell us what did, ultimately, happen to the once glorious schooner of Waldo Howland's dreams. Of the whole tale I might ask in conclusion, is it really so strange that *Integrity* had a way of surviving, and of capturing so many imaginations, despite the bad judgement, fear, avarice, and duplicity of man?

Richard Morris Dey
Poet and sailor

An L. Francis Herreshoff Reader. By L. Francis Herreshoff. (Camden, Maine: International Marine Publishing Company. 1978. 316 pp. Illustrations, index. $15.00.)

Roger Taylor and his nautical book colleagues at International Marine Publishing have revived in the *Reader* writings that could otherwise only be obtained by plowing through yellowing copies of *The Rudder.* The publisher claims that nine of the chapters have never before appeared in print.

The reputation of the late Mr. Herreshoff is without question. He stands as an authority on construction, design, yachting history, seamanship, and, best of all, commonsense. His background appears steeped in classical literature and history.

Most chapters begin by introducing the "gentle reader" to the history of the subject to be discussed. There are a number of chapters that entertain thoughts of yachting during its heyday, with the New York Yacht Club squadron at Newport, quiet sails in uncrowded channels, and

all before the advent of the income tax. Several chapters are devoted to the champions of early twentieth-century yachting. L. Francis writes of his father, Nathanael Greene Herreshoff, W. Starling Burgess, Captain Charley Barr, Charles Nicholson, and others.

I would highly recommend this volume for the yachting enthusiast. A reader with an admiration for older designs, equipment, and yachting history will thoroughly appreciate reading this work. The book provided me with "correct" names for sails, rigs, and rigging no longer available in today's yachting books, which I found invaluable.

The book's major drawback is that much of the material is outdated. However, I believe there is plenty to keep a person's interest by picking and choosing, and, yes, avoiding the chapters that are of no interest. Mr. Herreshoff's observations on rules, measurements, naphtha launches, rules of the road and other areas have only historical interest now. Talk of yankee jib topsails and jumbos, or the lines of a fishing schooner, are of little interest to the fiberglass, roller-furling-main, poptop, ensign-from-the-starboard-spreader boating set.

It should also be mentioned that the chapters on model-making, laying to, and marine paintings will certainly be of interest to many, but it was surprising to see the names of James and Thomas Buttersworth missing from the roster of famous marine artists.

The design and layout of the volume is simple. It follows the original as published in *The Rudder*. The reproductions are acceptable, and the book is well indexed. I certainly enjoyed my hours with the *Reader* and will keep it handy to re-read chapters that are of special interest and enjoyment!

Kenneth E. Mahler
Supervisor of Photo, A-V Services, M.S.M.

From My Old Boat Shop: One-Lung Engines, Fantail Launches, and Other Marine Delights. By Weston Farmer. (Camden, Maine: International Marine Publishing Company, 1979. 356 pp. Plans, drawings, photographs, appendix, index. $20.00.)

Wrestling with this review is like wrestling with Proteus, the sea god who could change his shape at will. One minute Farmer is the gadgeteer explaining how to make a planimeter for fifty cents, the next he may be the highly successful naval architect discussing the importance of flotational models and volumetric weight calculations for the eighty-odd-foot aluminum yachts which he still designs, though in his late seventies. Or, he may be redoing Hanna's Tahiti's ketch, which is "one of the best small blue water cruisers ever," in steel to appeal "to hundreds of mechanics who do know steel but couldn't saw a board straight."

His career is as hard to pin down as the book. He published his first engineering article at the age of sixteen, became the first editor of what later became *Mechanix Illustrated* at twenty-six, and has been heard from ever since.

His training was especially thorough: a boatworks apprenticeship, engineering at the University of Michigan, naval architecture at the University of Minnesota, and designing for such firms as Newport News, Elco, South Coast, Burger, and Palmer Johnson. All of this put him in touch with a lot of the interesting designers of his day, which is far from over. His range of vessels mentioned in the book runs from a fourteen-foot strip-built outboard to a ninety-four-foot palace of aluminum about to be put out for bids at the time of publication.

This book is made up of thirty-one *National Fisherman* articles plus a seventy-seven-page appendix of more of Farmer's own designs. He writes about designers such as C. P. Kunhardt, C. G. Davis, William Atkin, Hanna, Rabl, Winslow, and Deed, most of whose paths he has crossed. These he handles fairly, sympathetically and clearly, using good drawings of their work, a fine way to show us their differing styles and skills, strengths and, sometimes, weaknesses. He is not time-bound; he evaluates Kunhardt's work in the light of the state of the art in Kunhardt's day and also of our own, and it makes fascinating reading and helps us better understand some of the work of his early contemporaries and that of our current contemporaries. He is an excellent reporter and commentator, on both cultural and social change, not in the embittered way of L. F. Herreshoff, but with considerable vigor and gusto.

He certainly is not afraid of the new, just wisely selective. For example, he revels in good modern aluminum, enjoys wood and steel construction, but doesn't buy reinforced concrete or fiberglass for clearly stated and, to me, perfectly sound reasons. Similarly, he likes his hulls to be designed for the jobs they are supposed to do: easily driven, well-controlled boats, economical

of fuel, easy on their crews, and worth their salt *away* from the dock. "What we are getting in stock boats are planing types that won't plane. And this is not anything to take to sea. Such a shape has only one advantage: as a shoebox; the showroom accommodations can be packed in." Or again: "Here is where the experience of an Old Salt departs from the school exercises that say the lowest part of the rudder is the most efficient. It may be, a bit, but I'll take a rudder that won't snag the bottom, strain the pintle... or add to repair bills. Hence the upswept trailing edge, according to the gospel of those who sail more and read less."

And I haven't even started to talk about gas generators for his old engines, or for new ones, the advantages of high torque at low speed, adequate propeller size, the various launches, cruisers, canoe yawls, and other delights; and I'm still wrestling with Proteus.

But, both man and book come out as ripe, varied, wise, and intensely useful in facing up to present-day problems of the design and use of boats in a fuel-short world that has nearly forgotten how boats can be beautiful, comfortable, dependable, economical, and fun.

Bulkeley Smith, Jr.
Professor of Sociology, Mount Holyoke College

Lapstrake Boatbuilding, Vol. 2. By Walter J. Simmons. (Camden, Maine: International Marine Publishing Company, 1980. 256 pp. Drawings, photographs. $15.00.)

This volume on lapstrake boatbuilding is relaxed in style, somewhat lacking in conciseness, at times lacking order in its explanation of procedures, and is very little specifically about the "lapstrake" part of building. Forty years ago Howard Chapelle took one page to explain the expansion of a raking flat transom and used one drawing; his explanation is perhaps mildly confusing. This new book devotes four pages at least (it is difficult to tell) to the same operation, uses three illustrations, and does not explain how the buttock lines are used in this expansion (a necessary consideration particularly for the novice): these additional pages have done nothing to improve upon the 40-year-old explanation of a really simple operation.

There is other unnecessary and problematic material in this book. For example, the lines taking-off procedure is cumbersome, especially when compared to John Gardner's simple and nearly perfect method. On the plus side, there are pictures of construction and fine looking boats built by the author and a good chapter of advice for would be professionals.

Barry Thomas
Boatbuilder, M.S.M.

ACQUISITION



The Seaport has recently been given this portable writing desk which belonged to Capt. Lauchlan McKay. Although not as well known today as his shipbuilding brother Donald, Lauchlan was a man of note in his own time. In 1836 he was appointed carpenter in the U.S. Navy, serving on board sloop-of-war *Natchez* and the frigate *Constellation*. In 1839 he wrote in collaboration with Donald, *The Practical Ship-Builder.* He went on to become master shipwright with Brown & Bell and later with his brother Hugh opened a shipyard in East Boston. He was given command of several vessels, notably the famous clippers *Jenny Lind* and *Sovereign Of The Seas*, both built by brother Donald.

The writing desk, bearing a brass plaque engraved "L. McKay," was given to the Seaport by Mrs. Everett N. Pierce, granddaughter of Lauchlan McKay's grandnephew. Dim: width 14", depth 10¾", height 4½". [80.35]

LOG PRIZE ARTICLE CONTEST



THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT *Editorial Board*
is pleased to announce its first annual prize article contest.

Purpose

To encourage the study of American maritime subjects, and to promote the publication of original research in the field.

Criteria

Accurate scholarship demonstrating original research and, when appropriate, the use of primary source material. Subject matter should be related to the purpose of Mystic Seaport, which is to preserve and expand man's understanding and knowledge of the historic influence of the sea on the economic, social, and political culture of the American people. Articles can take the form of biography or studies on economic, political, social, literary, artistic, or musical aspects of the American maritime traditions. However, strictly naval topics and works of fiction are excluded.

Eligibility

The contest is open to members and nonmembers of Mystic Seaport Museum. Ineligible are Trustees of the Museum and members of the editorial board of THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT.

Manuscripts

No more than 6,000 words in length (excluding footnotes and bibliography). Entries must not have been previously published. Editorial Guidelines and Contest Entry Forms are available from: The Editor, THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT, Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, Connecticut 06355.

Deadline

Manuscripts must be submitted prior to 1 April 1981.

Award

Three hundred dollars and publication in THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT.

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, including:

Unlimited Free Admission to Mystic Seaport Museum during regular hours. (In all classifications above Individual, this applies to parents, children and grandchildren under 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 two nights each visit.

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

Purchase of Guest Ticket Books at substantial savings.

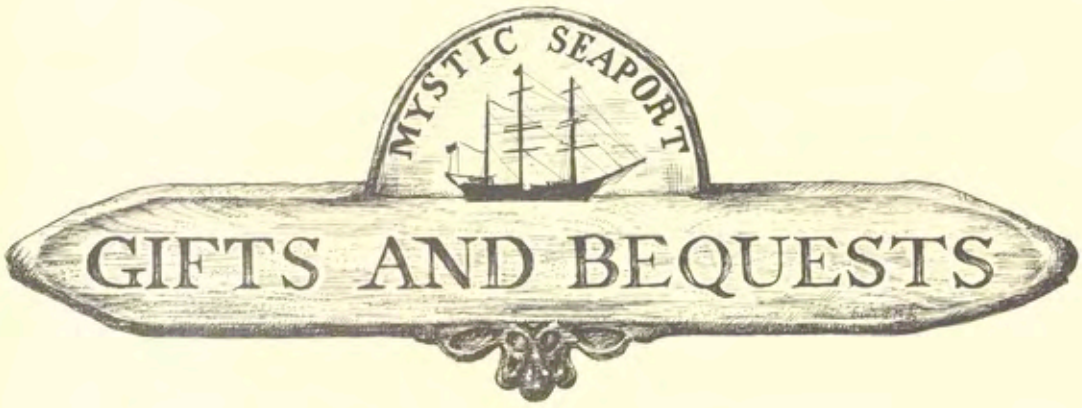
Eligibility for Subscriptions to the Adventure Series, illustrated lectures for armchair travelers.

Memberships are available in the following categories:

Individual	$ 20.00	Associate	$ 250.00
Family	30.00	Benefactor	500.00
Participating	50.00	Life	1000.00
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 OF MYSTIC SEAPORT

Mystic, Connecticut 06355

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