SUMMER 1982

THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT



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The Log of Mystic Seaport (ISSN 0024-5828) is published quarterly by Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, Connecticut 06355. Subscriptions are by membership only. Contributions of previously unpublished articles and pictures are welcome. Editorial guidelines for prospective authors are available from the Publications Department. © 1982 Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc. *The Log of Mystic Seaport* is abstracted in *America: History and Life* and *Historical Abstracts*. It is also available in microform from University Microfilms International, Department F. A., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

COVER: *The* Brilliant *(left) and* Sea Witch *at the start of the 1932 Bermuda race off Montauk Point. (Seaport Photo Archives)*

BACK COVER: Brilliant *close-hauled during the Mystic Seaport Schooner Race, 1973. (Photo by H. Wes Maxwell)*

Volume 34, Number 2 / Summer 1982

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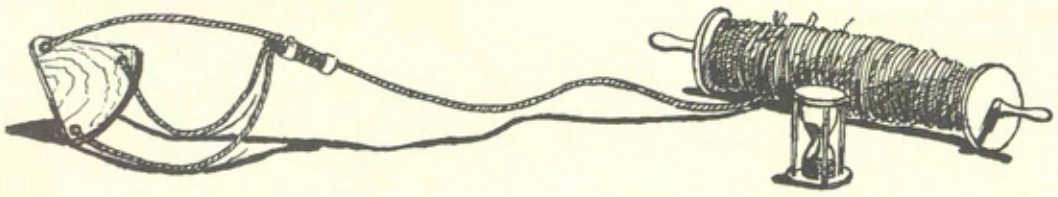
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SIGHTINGS



On April 23rd a small celebration took place in Essex, Connecticut, where the Seaport's training schooner *Brilliant* was receiving finishing touches in preparation for her summer season. The occasion was the fiftieth "birthday" of this extraordinary vessel, and among those in attendance was her designer Olin Stephens. During the meeting of the Seaport's Board of Trustees the next day, Mr. Stephens commented that her topsides look better today than when she was built. A statement like that, and its implications concerning the state of her preservation, is gratifying to all of us as we think about the *Brilliant,* her past, and her future.

Built to Walter Barnum's exacting specifications, this schooner stands as a symbol of the finest traditions of ocean racing in the early decades of this century, with a direct lineage from the great schooner-yachts of the nineteenth century. Two years before the *Brilliant,* the type of yacht that would replace the schooner as the popular ocean racer of the middle decades of this century had come off the Sparkman and Stephens drawing boards in the form of the auxiliary yawl *Dorade.* In a way, then, the *Brilliant* was the last of a breed.

So few fine yachts were being built during the depression that the Henry B. Nevins Yard was able to apply the time and talents of its most skilled workers on the *Brilliant.* The exceptional quality of her construction has been central to her ability to stand up so well for so long. The attention to detail in her construction justifies the continuing efforts to preserve the *Brilliant* so that future generations will be aware of this era in our maritime and yachting history.

Thirty years ago the *Brilliant* was given to the Marine Historical Association, as Mystic Seaport Museum was then called, and the opportunity to experience her was opened to thousands of people. For the most part, crews aboard the *Brilliant* have been teenagers, and we intend to continue with this well-established, fine program. We have, however, begun to experiment with educational training cruises for adult members of Mystic Seaport Museum, aware that there are many who would benefit from this experience.

Three people who have been a part of both the *Brilliant* and the Museum for many years deserve our recognition and our thanks on the *Brilliant*'s fiftieth anniversary. The first is her designer, Olin Stephens. His role in American yachting is legendary and his service over the years has been of great benefit to the Museum.

The second individual is the man whose devotion to the *Brilliant* and the Seaport brought them together. Briggs Cunningham not only generously donated her to the Museum, but has continuously monitored her program, actively shared in decisions about her care, and aided in her support for thirty years.

Finally, the man who has served as her skipper for the last twenty years deserves our appreciation. Captain "Biff" Bowker has safely cared for his crews and his vessel during tens of thousands of miles at sea off the New England coast. In addition, he has supervised her meticulous care and is due much of the credit for the exceptional condition of his vessel.

We see the *Brilliant*'s role as that of a teacher for as long as it is prudent to sail her. If the day ever comes when she should no longer go to sea, people will still be able to learn from her, because of her design, her construction, and her notable career.

J. Revell Carr

A Special Sort of Boat
The Schooner *Brilliant*

FRANCIS E. BOWKER

From the time she was just a twinkle in the eye of Walter Barnum until her fiftieth birthday, 23 April 1982, the schooner *Brilliant* has been admired by every person with a sailor's eye, and loved by every true seaman who has sailed in her. The *Brilliant* stands almost alone in the concept of her design, the workmanship that went into her construction, and the loving care that has been expended upon her throughout her life. The late British historian, Uffa Fox, who sailed in *Brilliant*, gave her a prominent place in his series, *Sailing, Seamanship & Yacht Construction*. Alfred E. Loomis, the dean of yacht racing historians, was navigator when she made her well-known transatlantic passage from Nantucket Lightship to Bishop's Rock in fifteen days, one hour and twenty-three minutes. He was also aboard during most of her other races and cruises from 1932 to 1939, while Walter Barnum was owner.

After a few years on the Great Lakes, the *Brilliant* served in the Coast Guard's Coastal Picket Patrol during the Second World War. Briggs S. Cunningham purchased her in 1946, raced her for a few years, and presented her to Mystic Seaport in 1952. Since 1953, she has served as a training ship for Mystic Seaport, one of the few sail training vessels used exclusively for such purpose under the United States flag. The ranks of those who knew *Brilliant* in her youth are thinning, but a new generation has learned to admire her.

Francis E. (Biff) Bowker is currently celebrating his twenty-first year as the *Brilliant*'s master. He has written accounts of his experiences aboard large coasting schooners in *Hull Down* and *Blue Water Coaster*.

A few articles have been written about *Brilliant*'s activities, but little is known about the man whose dream she was and how that dream became a reality. Shortly after taking command in 1962, I wrote Mr. Barnum that I was interested in knowing more about this beautiful schooner I had learned to love. A correspondence started and eventually Mr. Barnum was persuaded to come aboard. At that time he was residing in Old Lyme, Connecticut, and I was able to convince him to write his recollections. This is largely his story, as gleaned from material which came to hand.

In a letter, dated 11 June 1963, Mr. Barnum wrote:

> It is impossible for me to describe to you how much I enjoyed my visit to you aboard the *Brilliant*.
>
> What I will try to say is that the several hours that I spent aboard with you and Mrs. Bowker, Captain Lane, Mr. Damm and your fine mate was a psychological thrill and boost such as I have not had for many years. Sitting in the cabin and enjoying that perfect chowder literally put me back to the old days.
>
> I was equally thrilled to find everything on deck precisely as it had always been with every cleat, winch, pad eye and sheet lead so familiar that I felt I had been born with it. It was a very great thing for me....

Previous to this visit, in a letter dated 21 May 1963, Mr. Barnum answered questions I had asked when I first made contact.

1. I was most specific in planning *Brilliant* to get the idea across to her designer that she was not to be designed or built for racing. In order to nail it down, I told Olin [Stephens] flatly that I would probably never race her. I had reservations in my own mind, but I was strong in my



Walter Barnum (left) reminisces with mate Dick DeWick, Robert Damm, and Captain Bowker, June 1963. (Seaport Photo Archives)

statement to him. I think that element is fairly well covered in my so-called specifications....

2. She cost just an even $100,000, but in considering that figure you must keep in mind that every penny of that, less the flat fee ... of $15,000 was for material and labor – nothing else, nothing else for overhead, taxes, profits and so forth. A proper price to a first class builder would have been the $85,000, which *was* the material and labor, plus about 100% for the other above items. No yacht yard with an organization to support could make out with much less.... That gives an indicated proper figure of $160,000 or $170,000, or at least $150,000. I happen to know that something that would look like her could have been gotten in Boothbay Harbor for instance for around $45,000. Then, keep in mind – being the bottom of the depression, her material came at a very low price. For instance, I have in mind that the 33,000 pounds of lead in her keel was bought for 6¢ a pound. You can make your own calculations as to what she would cost today if the men and the place to build her were available.

3. My wife and I thought for a name for a long time, when suddenly I was looking at the frontispiece of one of Basil Lubbock's books about the grainships in the Australian trades showing several of them anchored in Sydney Harbor. In the middle of the picture, with her name below, was the original Brilliant and I immediately said "*Brilliant* – that is the name." A happy circumstance in that connection is that, while she was building and nearly ready for launch and my man, Irving Eaton, was in City Island watching the final touches, he was rooming with an old deepwater friend of his who said, "What is the boss going to call the ship?" When Irving said "*Brilliant*," he said, "My gosh, I have served in her and I have a photograph of her which I would like to give to the ship." So it was that picture, plus a copy of a painting of her, which were framed and hung on either side of her main cabin after bulkhead. Good luck, I should think.

Walter Barnum (1887-1966), a distant cousin of P. T. Barnum, was an industrialist. President of the Pacific Coast Company, he was involved in coal mining, railroading, and lumber and cement production. He had an extensive sailing background, beginning at Larchmont in 1898. An old Scandinavian seaman, John Carlson, was his mentor and companion for a number of years. Over the years Walter Barnum had sailed Lawley and Alden-designed craft, but about 1930 he sought a new designer.

After finishing getting down on paper, over a period of several years as indicated, my ideas of just what I wanted, and having had two Alden schooners, I started to look for a designer. John [Alden] I knew, but he was at the height of his popularity at that time, and I feared I would not get enough of his personal attention. I had seen something of Drake Sparkman and Olin Stephens and knew Olin's father. I had seen *Dorade* built at Minniford's yard [City Island, New York], where I used to lay up, and I liked what I saw. Outside of *Dorade*, which was built for their own account, I think *Brilliant* was their first commission. [However this may be, *Brilliant* is listed as #12 on all their design sheets.] It was also agreed by acclamation that Henry B. Nevins was the most careful and meticulous builder in the country.

On 5 November 1930, Mr. Barnum wrote to Mr. D. H. Sparkman.

As you requested, I am enclosing the Schooner

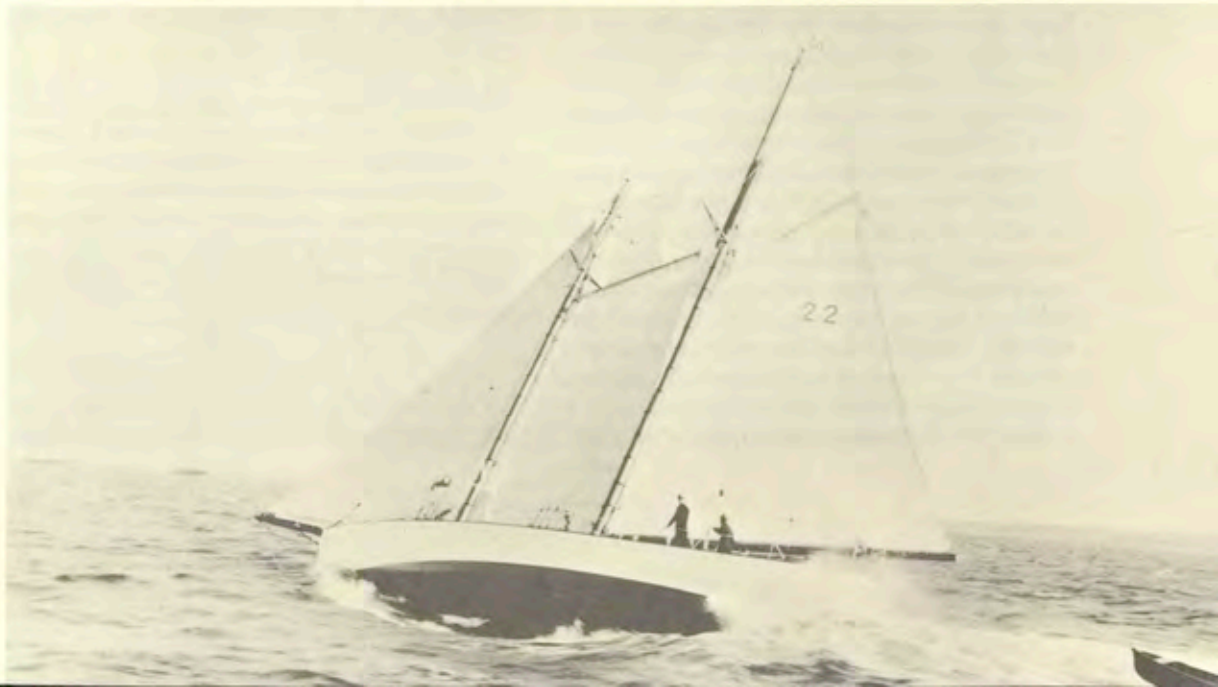
"specifications" which I read to you and Mr. Stephens yesterday. I am sure you will understand that it is not an attempt accurately to describe or to fully cover the type of design and construction in mind, but only to indicate what we are driving at. I believe you also understand that while the ship may never go around the world, she is to be designed as though that end were definitely in view. I feel we should always keep before us a mental picture of her hove to in the middle of the North Atlantic, with the wind at eighty miles an hour and seas in proportion.

I believe it was the *Cutty Sark* that was once so badly pooped in the roaring forties that the vessel's hull entirely disappeared from the view of the men aloft and all they could see were three masts sticking out of a boiling sea—yet she survived. Built of iron and teak in 1869, she now lies anchored at Falmouth with a hull they say still unstrained and sound as ever. It has been done before and I feel it can be done again.

It is doubtful whether any designer or shipbuilder has been faced with such exacting specifications. Somewhere along the line, a sheet entitled "Specifications for Schooner" went out to Sparkman and Stephens as follows:

1. Capable of being rolled over in a hurricane and coming up again with hull, and deck opening covers intact.
2. To lie to steadily in a full gale and in a heavy sea.
3. To have a rudder and steering gear as nearly unbreakable as possible including some kind of friction or spring gear at rudder head to take jars of seas when hove to. Something perhaps that can be thrown in or out of gear. Suggest something similar to Electric Locomotive Driving Gear.
4. To have lower masts stepped and stayed to stand any conceivable strain that might be placed upon them short only perhaps of a complete capsizing.
5. To be as heavily timbered, planked and decked as is reasonably possible, eliminating at the same time any really unnecessary weight where maximum strength or at least ample strength to meet *first* specification can be secured by closeness and quality of timbering, fastening, bracing, etc., etc.
6. Quality and number of fastenings to be maximum consistent with good practice.
7. Nothing left undone to eliminate possibility of rot anywhere.
8. Ventilation of bilges, lockers, etc., to be given full study to attain best and most certain possible system using natural rather than mechanical circulation.
9. *Every* piece of material, whether wood or metal, to be *literally* perfect for the use intended.
10. To be as fast and weatherly as possible, consistent with all of above.

Brilliant, sporting her original gaff rig, approaches hull speed, 1932. (Seaport Photo Archives)



11. To be as handsome as possible consistent with all of above.
12. Hull and rig design to be in no way adversely affected by any accommodation requirements.

Olin and Roderick Stephens were young men on the threshold of a fabulous career. Their work with Starling Burgess and the successful America's Cup defender *Ranger* had brought their names before the yachting world. Their *Dorade* had been a spectacular success, but the world financial problems had brought yacht construction to a virtual halt. It is possible that they considered Mr. Barnum a troublesome eccentric, but the money was good.

So, he didn't want a racing yacht. He certainly offered a challenge. Mr. Nevins, faced with dissolution of his skilled craftsmen and hard won business, was willing to go to any lengths to build a masterpiece that could only enhance his reputation, even if there would be little profit from this particular contract. As Mr. Barnum reported in 1963,

The contract was signed in May of 1931, the year after an America's Cup Series. 1930 had been an active yachting year, Nevins had the cream of his working and supervisory force still on hand from shipwrights to sparmakers to machinists and including George F. Crouch, who was a naval architect himself, but was head of their engineering department and a first class mechanical engineer. Then, of course, we had old man Murray, who had been twenty years superintendent for Herreshoff and then twenty years superindendent for Nevins. He was a Maine man, with shipbuilding in his blood, and a recognized expert on wood quality, having qualified as such to testify in court in suits having to do with the quality of full cargoes of lumber. By the time she was finished, *Brilliant* was known up and down the coast as "Murray's masterpiece."

As you know, there is not a pound of any metal in her, other than non-ferrous, such as bronze and monel. Her white oak frames, selected in the field as to the raw materials, by Mr. Murray himself, are 3½ x 4½ [inches] (moulded) at the heels and 3½ x 3½ [inches] at the heads. They were bent on the steel frame bending platform, and I believe are the heaviest oak frames ever bent. Old Nels, the loftsman who was specially requested to stay on the job while *Columbia* was being built, laid down her lines full size in the loft, and every frame was fitted and trimmed to 1/16 of an inch. Naturally, she has no shims in her.

All the teak for her construction was bought by Murray in one package in the rough and was all sawed for planking, decking, joiner work and so forth in the plant. Scotty, the head of the joiner shop, was at the top of his profession.

As a sidelight on the quality of the teak "package" Murray bought (Murray loved wood like Tiffany loves emeralds and used to hoard rare pieces under his desk), I well remember his coming to me one day to tell me he had culled out of all that teak enough *curly teak,* like curly maple, hard as a rock, rare and beautiful, (I didn't know such a thing existed) out of which he had made her rail caps. He said, "My God, Mr. Barnum, if the boss of the man who sold me that package knew that stuff was in it he would lose his job."

The above is just by way of illustrating how we went at the job. The number of castings for fittings, hanging knees and so forth, and the patterns for them ran into a big figure. Her channels are riveted to chain plates which, for the main rigging, are one quarter inch bronze plate, 6 feet long and 3 feet deep, and, of course, there are bronze straps from there down to her keel. In way of the chain plates, the planking is thru bolted, not screwed. Incidentally, her main rigging on one side only, was calculated to have a breaking strain of 78 tons. Her masts, while hollow, had a very small hollow, and for all intents and purposes were solid glued-up spruce of ample diameter to stand anything. Then look at the foresheet traveller which was milled out of solid monel and riveted to the mainmast partners for its whole length.

I received about March 1932 (she was launched April 23, 1932) a letter of appreciation, one of the finest missives I ever received, signed by every single Man Jack in the yard, thanking me for helping them to eat in those sad times. You can be certain that every wrench and every screwdriver and every other tool that was applied to the work on her, was handled with loving care.

One of my mates once remarked, "On most boats you keep finding things that don't work right, are unhandy, or show

signs of sloppy workmanship. Aboard *Brilliant* you give up looking for those things because the more you look around, the more things you find that show careful thought and skilled craftsmanship."

Mr. Barnum had well-developed ideas of a proper schooner.

As to layout, I have always felt most strongly on the subject of the usual plan of destroying that best of all storage places, the Lazarette, by installing therein an oily, smelly engine. Everything, in my opinion, is wrong with that idea. For the sake of a few square feet of space for the machine, you ruin pretty nearly all the cubic space in that area, either by cutting it up or by leaving it open with the engine compartment. It is not the right place for that weight. If the engine is off center, you do not get the best foundation. The shape of the space makes working around the engine difficult, even when you are generous in the amount of space appropriated. Such vibration and noise . . . is that much nearer the helmsman. Fireproofing is difficult. I would rather go without an engine altogether than have one which could in any way destroy the sweetness of the air in any other part of the boat, or leak oil into the bilges.

The idea of my present engine room design is that it can and will be perfectly tight, perfectly ventilated, will have full head room, which together with good light will make working on the engine easy. With the tank for gas and the engine room foundation being cast in one solid unit, with the sides of that unit projecting above the floor of the engine room, it will be literally impossible, which is a prime specification, for any gasoline to leak into any other part of the boat, or for any gasoline or oil to leak from within the engine room floor or from the engine into any other part of the boat.

In a letter to me, dated 25 April 1963, he further expounded on the engine room details.

You know by observation of her engine room construction, but I may say that the engine room floor, which is the gas tank, was cast in one piece of bronze, one-half inch thick, then subject to tests with gasoline under pressure for porosity. I think two castings were made, and when one turned out perfect, the tank was then tinned to make doubly sure. You have probably seen that the floors in way of the engine room are bronze castings because, if of wood, they could not, in that position, be inspected.

The engine room housing is of heavy sheet aluminum and has served its purpose well. The 1¼-inch bronze keel bolts could not be reached under the tank, so, thoughtfully, they were threaded on the bottom of the keel to enable them to be tightened. This was finally done in 1979!

Except for mentioning the curly teak rail caps and a "package of teak," Mr. Barnum had little to say about the wood that went into *Brilliant*'s construction. From time to time it has been necessary to strip the hull and expose the beautiful grain of her teak planking. These planks are 1⅞ inches thick and so well shaped, fastened, and caulked, that it was not until 1978 that it became obvious that some of the seams should be recaulked. The cabin is panelled in Honduras mahogany, which is still in beautiful condition, in spite of years of teenage crews. One glance around is enough to convince even the hardest case that death and disgrace awaits a desecrator. The galley is panelled in butternut.

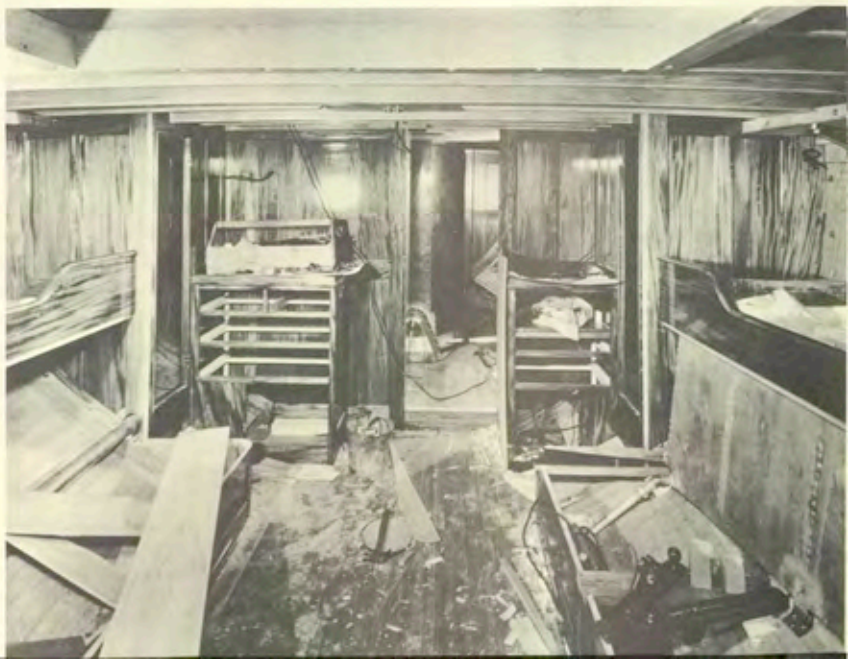
In my quest for information, I have contacted everyone who seemed to have intimate knowledge of *Brilliant*. Olin Stephens gave me his impressions in a letter of 14 November 1978.

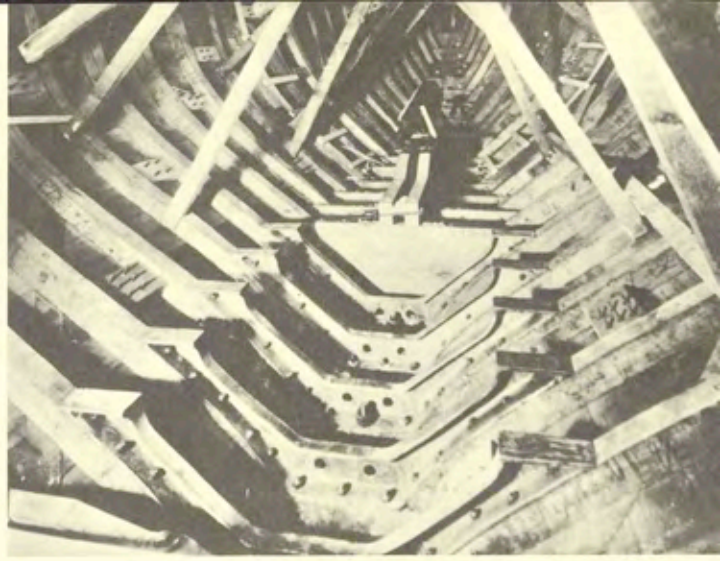
My relationship with Walter Barnum was largely through my partner, Drake Sparkman, through whom Walter had bought several second-hand boats, starting in with something very small and modest and working up to *Brilliant*, a relatively large boat and one into which he put everything of the best possible so as to carry out his idea of virtual perfection. We all know how difficult that is and how often there are disappointments. Maybe there were minor problems, but on the whole I think Walter achieved just about what he set out to do and was very pleased with the result.

Considering the time when she was built, just about the bottom of the depression, *Brilliant* was

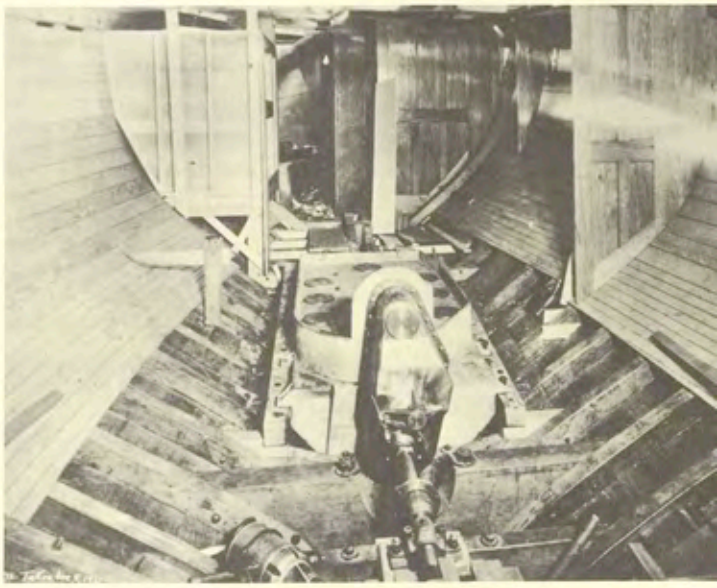
Brilliant's teak planked hull, in a shed at the Nevins Yard, mid-October 1931. During the time exposure, a caulker changed his position, leaving a ghostly image, center. (Photo by Morris Rosenfeld, courtesy of Stanley Rosenfeld)

Early in 1932 joiner work was nearing completion in the *Brilliant*'s saloon. Notice the engine room sheathing and drive transfer box, forward. (Photo by Morris Rosenfeld, courtesy of Stanley Rosenfeld)

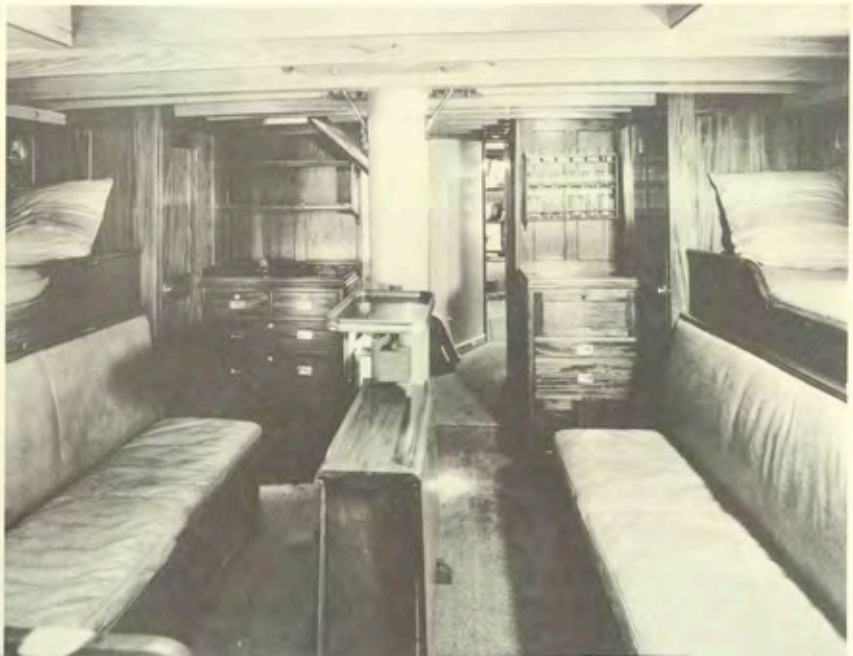




Cast bronze floors were used beneath the *Brilliant*'s engine bed. Note the steam-bent oak frames (ribs), the butt blocks, where planks end between frames, and the diagonal bronze strapping visible at left. This photo, looking forward, was taken in October of 1931. (Photo by Morris Rosenfeld, courtesy of Stanley Rosenfeld)



The engine bed and gas tank assembly looking forward, photographed 8 December 1931. The drive transfer box, a chain linkage between engine and drive shaft, has been attached to the engine bed. The ceiling is in, as are several bulkheads and the ice box, left. (Photo by Morris Rosenfeld, courtesy of Stanley Rosenfeld)



The saloon as completed in 1932. Note the gimballed serving table affixed to the mainmast, and the carpet. (Photo by Morris Rosenfeld, courtesy of Stanley Rosenfeld)

an extremely expensive boat simply because everything was selected with the greatest of care to be the very best of its kind. Nothing was spared on either labor or material. I think she is one of the real masterpieces of wooden boat building partly because she was able to receive the almost complete attention of the extremely competent building crew that Henry Nevins had put together at City Island. Rufus Murray, Ernie Akers and Mr. Nevins himself were all very much involved.

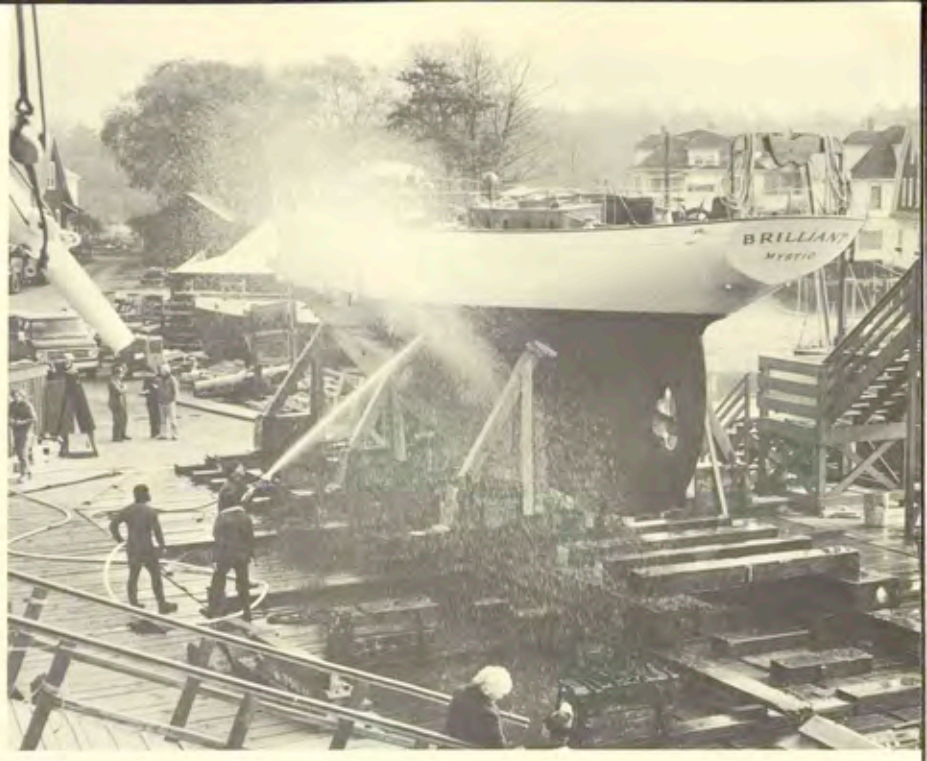
Brilliant of course meant a great deal to me, both as an opportunity and responsibility and her design was based on all the study I had been able to give to a seagoing hull up to that time. I think it is lucky that I avoided extremes as my own background was in a sense divided between a great interest in racing, which had already led to the design of several pretty good Six Meters, and I also had the experience of designing and sailing *Dorade*. In a sort of opposite direction was the fact that as a young man I had read and studied Claude Worth's book on yacht cruising which was almost a bible to me and I had been considerably influenced by other English designs which in general I felt were more nearly on the right track than the widely used fisherman types developed by John Alden and Bill Hand in this country. These were ideas in the background and resulted in the relatively deep forefoot and long keel and yet a hull that was not as heavy or deep as it might have been in the light of the British influence.

As a schooner, the rig would not have been my first choice, but it was what Walter wanted and I think it turned out well. My brother, Rod, was responsible for all the details.

The masts were lengthened nine feet after World War II, but both gaff main and topsail were retained until 1958. It was then that the jib headed main was put on her. I

Highland Light (left), *Brilliant* (center), and *Sea Witch* at the start of the 1932 Bermuda Race off Montauk Point. *Highland Light* set a course record lasting until 1956, though she did not win on corrected time. The *Brilliant* finished fourth on corrected time. (65.343.35)





Hauled on the Museum's lift dock in the fall of 1979, the *Brilliant*'s bottom was cleaned with a high-pressure hose from *Kingston II*. Then, her hull was recaulked for the first time in nearly fifty years. (Photo by Kenneth E. Mahler)

have always regretted the change of rig, for it has made her tender and disrupted the center of effort. She is hard-headed with the full mainsail and needs to be reefed if the wind exceeds twenty-five knots. I am fully aware that the change of rig was dictated by a desire to race in summer winds, but *Brilliant* was not designed for such work and changes in the racing measurements put her out of racing with post-war designed craft. She can still give her peers a good run for their money, but we love her more for her strength.

Henry T. Bodman, an attorney for General Motors, bought *Brilliant* in 1939 and brought her to Grosse Pointe, Michigan. His son wrote me that Mr. Bodman was not interested in racing but cruised her extensively. Howie Muir, a nephew of Mr. Bodman, writes that he sailed in *Brilliant* as a small boy and loved her. He was heartbroken when she was sold to go into war service.

I know very little about William Spivey, who bought her to turn over to the Coast Guard Reserve, with the understanding that he would go with her in the Coastal Picket Patrol. Dubbed "The Hooligan Navy" by regular Navy and Coast Guard men, this group gathered together both sail and power craft and formed a line of observation craft to watch for submarines, report suspicious craft, and aid in the rescue of torpedoed crews. Some power craft were actually armed with guns and torpedoes and served close to shore. The sailing craft were appointed to patrol grids, fifty miles square, farther at sea. The crews were made up mostly of men who were over age or physically unfit for the regular service. From Maine to the Gulf, these dedicated men patrolled the seas, winter and summer, from 1942 until the force was disbanded in late 1943. *Brilliant* operated out of a base at Charleston, South Carolina.

In 1946, the Coast Guard put up for bid



Walter Barnum at the helm during the *Brilliant*'s near-record transatlantic run to England to participate in the 1933 Fastnet race. (Seaport Photo Archives)

such of these craft as were not desired back by their donors and *Brilliant* was purchased by Briggs S. Cunningham. Layers of gray paint were stripped off, the spars were lengthened to give her more speed in light airs, and she was back in the yachting world again. Unlike Mr. Bodman, Briggs Cunningham is very much a racing man. Although Mr. Cunningham developed the same sort of love we all feel for the *Brilliant,* she had some disappointing races as changes in the racing rules all but put schooners out of offshore racing.

Mr. Cunningham donated the *Brilliant* to Mystic Seaport for use in the Youth Training Program, to join the *Joseph Conrad* in providing young people with a sea experience. Whereas the *Joseph Conrad* is a stationary facility, *Brilliant* takes on her crew of teenagers as the working crew of a sailing vessel actually cruising between ports ranging from Long Island Sound to Nantucket.

Since 1953, over five thousand boys and girls have lived and worked and sailed aboard this beautiful schooner on four or five-day cruises. Between May and October, *Brilliant* makes an average of eighteen to twenty cruises each year. Sometimes she simply cruises from port to port, but there are also memorable occasions when she participates in Tall Ships gatherings, or others that feature classic yachts such as that held in Newport each fall. There are also several schooner races each year on her agenda.

1982 will mark *Brilliant*'s thirtieth year as a training vessel and we are looking forward to many more successful seasons, inspiring all with her beauty as she indoctrinates youthful crews in the ways of a sailing ship.

I was a *Brilliant* Crew Member

MARY MILES-WHEELER

For a long and lovely early autumn weekend, I was a member of the first adult training crew to grace the decks of the schooner *Brilliant*. My husband and I had known about the training cruises aboard the *Brilliant*, offered by Mystic Seaport Museum to qualifying youngsters, and pined after a similar experience for ourselves. Our desire to be part of the 10-person crew on this magnificent almost half-century-old vessel sprang from different motives. He, an experienced and superenthusiastic yachtsman, yearned to find out how to sail the famed 62-foot beauty; I, new to the world of boating, hoped to capture for myself some of the romantic adventure of going to sea in a large wooden sailing craft – picturing myself, I confess, tanning glamorously beneath the billowing canvas, hair blowing in the wind, hand upon tiller, far away from the busy madness of an engine-driven world.

When we read that the first training cruise for adults would be offered in September 1981 out of Mystic, we made haste to apply. I admitted on the application to being a rank beginner, and was bravely prepared to wave my man off to sea, thence to pine for his return, as did sailors' wives of old. But to our surprise, we were both accepted.

The *Brilliant* program has, over the years, been instrumental in providing more than 4,000 young people with "advanced practical sailing experience aboard a large cruising vessel." In the words of *Welcome Aboard*, the booklet that introduces the program to participants, the Mystic Mariner programs aim to "perpetuate the American Maritime tradition and the ideas, concepts, skills, and values that made this tradition a significant part of America's economic, political, and social development during the past century and especially during that period known as the 'Great Age of Sail,' 1818-1870." What better way to remind a people proud of its technologies – its space shuttles, its organ transplanting capabilities, its computerized marvels – that behind all this sometimes dubious advancement and success there were those who dared to sail to new lands, and who used their minds and muscles and raw courage to harness the power of wind and sea so that they could populate, cultivate, and develop the New World?

Young people who are allowed to participate in the Mystic Mariner programs must first pass fairly rigorous training and testing; going to sea in a 30-ton sailing vessel demands a seriousness and a dedication and a respect for the sheer power of nature, coupled with the educated efforts of the human body, that will add something permanent and valuable to an individual's life knowledge. Perhaps that is why sailors find it hard to explain exactly why they *really* love to sail. It's not simply a matter of winning a race, or of temporarily mastering the elements, or of digging the combination of sun and sea and wind. Something else, something greater happens when the sails *whap* out tight in the wind and every single person on board combines hard effort and training and excitement to make that boat *go*!

We drove to Mystic on September 10th and settled ourselves in a motel so we'd be

Mary Miles-Wheeler, a graduate of Wellesley College and a former Managing Editor of *Computer Decisions* magazine, is a freelance writer, "professional/occasional" concert singer, and newly enthusiastic sailor living in upstate New York.

fresh and ready at 9 the next morning, when we were to report to the ship, along with the eight other crew members. I wondered if there were any as nervous as I, as I took out my dog-eared copy of *Welcome Aboard* and tried to cram in all the knowledge I knew I needed.

At 3 A.M. on Friday, Ed started to wake up and look at his watch every half-hour, fearing we'd sleep through our rendezvous with the *Brilliant*. No kid on Christmas Eve was ever so anxious. When we finally got up and drove into the Seaport, it was a bright and shiny-blue September day. As we carried our well-stuffed bags over the cobbled streets of the Museum, we enjoyed the sense of excitement that every young sailor must have felt in the past as he left all familiar things to go to sea. The moment we saw the ship, resting majestically at her pier, all doubts left me: I was going to have quite a time, even if I didn't know beans about "seapersonship"!

After a panicked dash to a store which, thank heavens, carried such anachronistic items as breath mints and camera film, we began to meet the other crew members as they arrived. There were three other women, a handful of weekend bachelors, and one married couple besides us. The age range was roughly early fifties on down to "the kid," a twenty-three-year-old staff member who said she had never sailed *anything* before. She looked somewhat mystified when I told her I was especially glad she was there—and I hope it didn't bother her that I burbled relief that *someone* on board knew less about sailing than I!

Finally, George Moffett, First Mate, appeared and took us in tow. The problem of sleeping accommodations was soon solved; those who had arrived earliest had sagely placed their duffel bags on what appeared to be the best bunks, but George soon negotiated a group decision that the four women would sleep in the fo'c'sle (which appeared at first sight to be roughly the size of a motel shower stall), with the men aft.

Our forward quarters were a joy to behold—two bunks on either side (the longest of which seemed to be a full four inches shorter than I), suspended insecurely, their nether ends cleverly overlapping in conformance to the narrowing prow of the boat. A hatch opened above for ventilation (and also, we found, for the exit of cooking smoke from the galley, immediately on the other side of the hanging curtain that served as our door). The head, ah the head! It was about as spacious as the inside of a cookie jar, and was not, assuredly, made for the fair sex, since bent knees utterly prohibited closing of door.

We all shared a lot of good-natured laughter about our accommodations—and indeed, it was a measure of the compatibility and good humor of the crew members that these "little" problems never really became problems at all.

We quickly stowed our gear (i.e., threw our bags onto our "beds") and went up on deck to meet the Captain. This venerable skipper, Francis E. Bowker, has been in charge of the vessel and its unique program for almost twenty years. A stolid, square, straightforward man looking every bit the old-time "Cap'n" with his pipe clenched in his teeth, Bowker is a combination of gruff no-nonsense and puckish wry humor. Very much the master of his vessel, he is short on words and long on seamanship.

Captain Bowker greeted us, sketching briefly the history of the *Brilliant* and the program, and allowing as how he'd spent a few moments wondering how a ragtag bunch of elderlies would fare on his ship for a learning weekend. While he didn't exactly inspire in his listeners confidence that we'd all be doughty seadogs by Monday, he did make us square our shoulders and flex our mental muscles. For a man like this, you do your very best.

Then the Mate took us over. Ever patient and gentle with his new charges, George proved to be the consummate teacher. He walked us over the ship, pointing out a be-

fuddling array of objects and implements and contraptions that we'd soon be handling with ease, he assured us. Cleats, winches, righthand rope, belaying pins–terms and things with which we were all familiar in varying degrees–but in such a setting! Ed kept rubbing his hands together and grinning. I tried to figure out which of the crew looked to be experienced and which didn't. I needn't have worried–there was no one, it appeared, who had ever sailed a vessel quite like this. We all had a lot to learn.

And it turned out that George himself was a newcomer to the *Brilliant,* having come on as First Mate just a few weeks earlier. A couple of years ago he'd been the American headmaster of an English boys' school (hence his marvelous teaching ability), in his spare time addicted to finding, fixing, and racing wooden sailing vessels. Then, in a gutsy turnabout, he'd changed his life course, opting to leave the groves of Academe to answer the more soul-satisfying call of the sea. When he speaks of doing the ever-necessary repairs and maintenance on the *Brilliant* in the coming winter months, and of his years ahead as caretaker and Mate of this proudly aging ship, his eyes glisten, and one feels a special admiration and envy for such dedication.

Knowing how to define such things as the difference between halyard and downhaul, weather and lee, rope and sheet, constitutes only a very small part of the new sailor's know-how. When you've literally had a hand in seeing that lines are hove taut and made fast, and find out that the sheets, unlike the halyards, never get that hard-learned half-hitch, and feel that prickle of excitement along your spine at the call "All hands!" you begin to understand why

The *Brilliant* off Latimer Light, Fisher's Island Sound, October 1977. (Photo by Mary Anne Stets)



people have warned you to *never* ask a sailing spouse to choose between you and the boat!

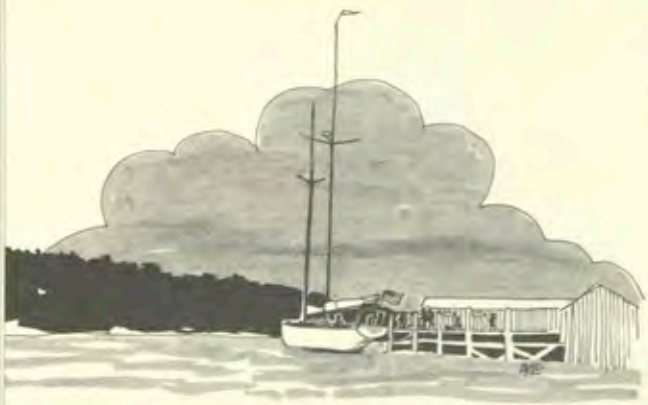
As we tried to absorb George's run-through of the workings of a large boat, we became more and more impatient to get "under weigh"–to go! So when the Captain decided we'd sail out and we heard that famous call to action, not one of us regretted our choice of weekend activity. Hauling the mainsail up was the great moment for us, as the drama and sheer pleasure of watching that huge fabric "skyscraper" unfurl and ascend combined with a new respect for the magnitude of sailing a large vessel. Even though our group effort at hauling the halyard was clumsily unrhythmic, and even though we passed hundreds of twentieth-century motor-driven "stinkpots," we were setting sail as our ancestors had done. And the one sure feeling we shared in those first moments a-sail on the *Brilliant* was unabashed awe at the enormity of the idea of tiny, weak mortals heading out to sea for months at a time, ready to cope with perils and more-than-possible death. What daring!

Our first port of call, we found, was to be Shelter Island, which lies between the forked ends of eastern Long Island. More learning was to be done as we were under sail. Watching the seagulls dip and glide and the cormorants, looking like dark Origami patterns afloat, hold their wings aloft to dry, we listened to the Mate's instructions and began to ask questions. "What sails will we use this weekend?" "Would you run through the bowline knot again?" "What's the average cruising speed of the *Brilliant*?" "When do we eat?" "Does Briggs Cunningham still take an interest in the boat?"

We found that we wouldn't be using the gollywobbler sail, since it was being repaired; but that in addition to the jib, fores'l, forestays'l, and the immense main, we'd be likely to fly the fisherman stays'l. The ship's bells were explained, and we were introduced to the binnacle, compass, steering wheel, and the barometer, among other technical devices. We learned that after our individual watches during the night we would be expected to record the weather conditions, the wind direction (Ho! I thought–here's where I wow 'em with my NE by N know-how!), and the barometer reading. We practiced the bowline (pronounced "bolin") again; found that the average cruising speed of the *Brilliant* is eight knots (though we far exceeded that in a gaspingly head-clearing wind a couple of days later); and learned that Briggs Cunningham, who donated the *Brilliant* to Mystic Seaport Museum in 1953 to train youngsters in the art of seamanship, still takes a lively interest in the program.

Then we were introduced to the galley; the galley, dear to the hearts of all sailors. Situated near the engine which, when going, forces galley crew to communicate in sign language, this area will never make the centerfold of *Better Homes & Gardens*. Suffice it to say that one becomes intimately acquainted with one's partners in culinary crime when on galley duty. Small it is, but thrilling to our already sea-sharpened appetites, with its impressive array of spices, cookies, fresh fruit and vegetables, and its promising lineup of meat, milk, and eggs nestled among the chunks of ice in the ice box.

As the assigned galley buddies prepared our first meal aboard the ship, it seemed to me the Captain was regarding us sharply and with some well-concealed amusement. One among us whispered hesitantly of the ghoul that ever lurks about a ship–*mal de mer*. But that bringer of upsets didn't bother



many of us during our cruise, and of the temporary suffering, with its traditional fiendish blend of humor and horror, the less said the better. Most of us fared well and in fact ate with such gusto that we had to restock the larder after a day and a half.

During lunch we got to know one another better, and displayed our new and old maritime knowledge. "I'd hazard a guess that no one here is dumb enough to say fore*castle*," observed one of the men. "No," I replied, "but I did hear one of you guys mention 'going downstairs to look for the bathroom!'" As the laughter died down, however, I admitted to some confusion about why *ropes* are called *sheets*, when sheets, I have always maintained, bring *sails* clearly to the domesticated mind.

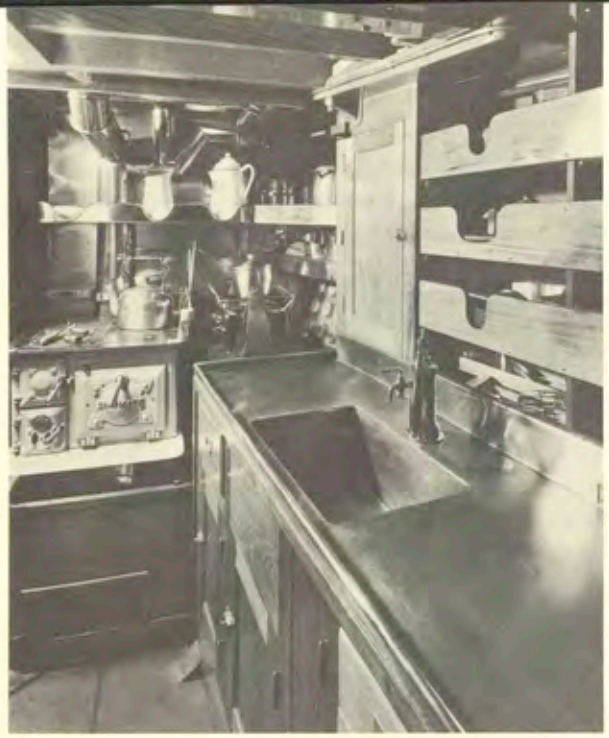
"The rules seem pretty sensible," allowed one individual as he worked on his third sandwich. "I see that all youse loverly maidens have clipped your fingernails to the nub, knowing that you'd lose 'em with all the hauling you're going to be doing. And as for smoking, I haven't had the urge for it in hours – and probably wouldn't have time to light up anyway." "The Mate says that only admirals and a___s stand in the companionway," offered one of the women. We agreed that the regulations aboard were pretty rational, and that they wouldn't be difficult to observe. "But," someone faltered, "there are all *kinds* of instructions printed up in the head. How do you *work* that contraption?" At that point I realized that the challenges of brushing your teeth and staying reasonably clean with the aid of only a washcloth and a few drops of water (provided you could find time, space, and washcloth!) were *not* the paramount problems aboard ship. After all, assuming we all worked at staying afloat with equal diligence, we'd all be in the same state of fragrance after four days. I could stand almost any olfactory offerings, but the heads, now there was a true challenge!

But, even with the *Brilliant*'s three heads moaning like banshees to remind us constantly of the ever-present principal danger of our courageous voyage, we still survived, and happily, too. When we put in to Shelter Island late that afternoon, we all felt more like seasoned sailors. It had been a good day, and we were "up" to enjoy an evening ashore or on board, as we chose, and then to sleep and celebrate our first night watches.

That day we'd learned how to "hoist out and lower away" both the 19′ wherry and the Captain's launch, a 10′ Nevins dinghy; after dinner, the Captain stood in the stern of the wherry and directed the efforts of eight of our noble crew in what must surely have represented the most uncoordinated rowing effort in history. Somehow, those that wanted to go ashore badly enough to really row actually got there. The Captain wisely returned early via a yacht-club launch. When the rowdy tars returned some hours later, it transpired that several grogs apiece had quite miraculously transformed them into a smoothly functioning rowing machine!

Most had chosen to go ashore; Eddie and I, with watches at 11:00 P.M. and midnight, elected to stay on the *Brilliant* and savor our mutual pleasure in our first day. The moon, almost full, bathed the harbor in bluish light. The sky was absolutely clear except for one tiny, misty feather coming up over the horizon. I was reminded of the line from Mendelssohn's oratorio *Elijah*: "Behold, a little cloud ariseth now on the water; it is like a man's hand." Eddie gallantly solved the problem of my singing it into the night by planting a hefty kiss on my mouth; and just then the Captain joined us. "Looks like another beautiful day tomorrow," he promised, ignoring our amours. We asked if there was much fog in these waters, and Captain Bowker said he'd not seen much at all this year, "and a damn lucky thing, too!"

The Captain, it appeared, was not nearly as taciturn as we'd thought. In fact, a mighty fine yarn-spinner he was, reminiscing about his early days at sea, his several-year hiatus learning the family business in



The *Brilliant*'s galley, 1932. (Photo by Morris Rosenfeld, courtesy of Stanley Rosenfeld)



The midship head, one of three, 1932. (Photo by Morris Rosenfeld, courtesy of Stanley Rosenfeld)

Vermont farm country, and his fortunate return to maritime pursuits. In many ways, his stories underscored what I've heard from all sailing addicts–just when you think everything is going your way, old Mother Nature grins, reaches into her bag of tricks, and clobbers you with a surprise–one you'll likely have to spend all your wits and energies combatting, and one that reminds you anew that you never master the sea.

The next morning we awoke to proof of nature's unpredictability: fog had us socked in tight. Many of us, strained ever so slightly by not the best night's sleep (with those who'd snored the loudest complaining the most about not sleeping), fretted about being stuck there for the whole weekend. While we put away a monstrous breakfast, the fog wisped in and out frustratingly, gleamed and gloomed as the sun struggled to break through and warm up the world. "Avast! Begone, ye smarmy smog!" threatened one of the more good-natured of us–and behold! the fog dissipated and we forgot our showerless, sandy-eyed early-morning state and swung into action again.

Decks were tidied, the galley crew sang lustily as they cleaned up after breakfast, we polished the foggy dew off the gleaming wood and had our first encounter with brass-polishing. I tried to remember the appropriate Gilbert and Sullivan ditties, and before long the Captain, who'd been busy since his first "Rouse up, all hands!" at 6 A.M., announced that it was time to hoist the anchor–a muscle-building task for sure–and then the sails.

As we tugged to bring up the main, it was the same disorganized mass of elbows on noses that it had been the day before, and we saw the real need for the sea chantey of old. Inspired, someone shouted "Pull! Pull! Pull!" rhythmically, and it worked! Suddenly the mains'l was going up easily, and we were hauling away with precision and what seemed like less effort. When the sails

were all up, and just as we were beginning to rest on our laurels and grin "we did it!" at one another, the Mate announced that he needed a foredeck crew, two on the peak halyard and two on the throat – whatever the heck that meant. This was hands-on training, though, and it didn't take four of us long to learn, as we struggled to bring the fisherman stays'l aloft high between the masts, that there isn't much room for oohing, aahing, or philosophizing when one wrong move could send someone overboard, or jam a couple of fingers under a tightening halyard.

Putting in to Sag Harbor that night, we were already beginning to dread the end of this trip. Dinner was a feast for the gods; every member of the crew was windburned and slightly grubby but happy, even with the new blisters and the moaning heads. I, who hate getting up, really looked forward to my watch, which was to be at 5 the next morning. Many of us sat for a long time under the full moon before we turned in; a rather quiet group were we, foregoing the earthly pleasures of fun and frolic and a hearty drink ashore, content to relax and recall an exceptionally full and rewarding day at sea.

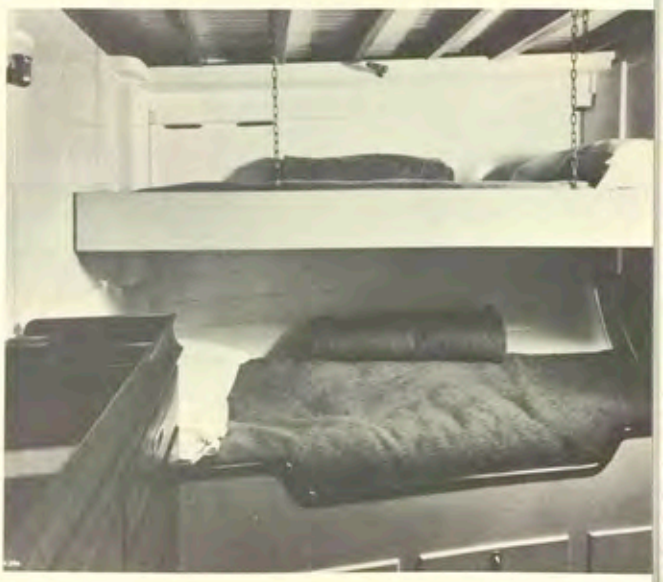
The next morning Eddie awakened me wordlessly for the 5 o'clock watch. The water was still and no breeze stirred. Far, far offshore a few seagulls complained briefly. Moving softly, lest I break the spell, I seated myself cross-legged on the dew-dampened deck to watch a tangerine-colored moon drop silently, and with a suddenness that never ceases to amaze, over the edge of the world. Then came that moment when the whole universe truly stands utterly still. I hardly remembered to breathe; I was under the same stars, the same predawn sky into which Vasco da Gama, Christoforo Colombo, and Sir Francis Drake had whispered their dreams.

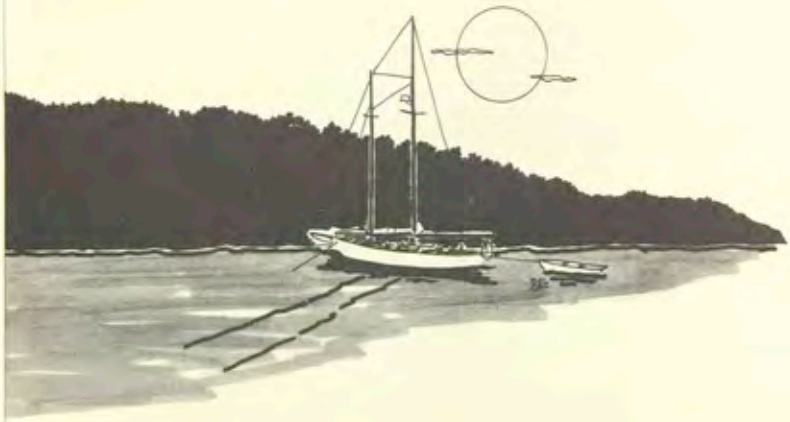
Bang! The sun exploded up into the eastern sky, dispelling one kind of magic and bringing yet another. At 5:59 A.M. I duly recorded wind, weather, and barometer reading and stifled the urge to pen a pithy, throbbing poem under the "Comments" section of the log. Then I woke the Captain almost with a hearty "Heigh-ho Silver!" Before he'd retired the night before, he had laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "Now, sailor, when you rouse the Captain tomorrow at six, none of this whispering

Port side of the *Brilliant*'s saloon, 1932. Note the tiled cabin heater. (Photo by Morris Rosenfeld, courtesy of Stanley Rosenfeld)



Brilliant's stateroom, 1932, (Photo by Morris Rosenfeld, courtesy of Stanley Rosenfeld)





and polite scratching at the door. GET ME UP WITH A PROPER BELLOW!"

"*O-six-hundred hours and all's well, Cap'n . . . time to get up*!" I sang out. That did it, and roused everybody else up good and proper too; furthermore, I made it to the washbowl first, and brushed my teeth leisurely and with vigor, knowing I'd been the only person in the world for a long and precious moment.

All had had an excellent night's sleep; all of us were in fine fettle on this our next-to-last day as *Brilliant* crew members. We found that we'd be heading for Block Island. Our morning chores were performed cheerfully; the anchor and sails were hoisted with ever greater skill. We snapped to quickly at the Mate's commands; there was less nervous chatter, fewer anxious queries. We weren't tripping on the lines quite as often, and all of us were a bit more comfortable with one another and with the ship. Our ultimate compliment came when the Captain observed quietly, "Well, quite a crew this morning!"

This was a great day! A breeze blew steadily out of the northwest, about twelve knots. Monarch butterflies capered about, defying the seeming certainty that the strong wind would shred their delicate orange and black wings.

And we were flying, too! High on being alive and *there*! Not one of us would have chosen to be anywhere else in the world – except perhaps momentarily on the deck of another boat, so we could see the *Brilliant* in full sail. We got almost that chance later in the day when the lookout, perched far out in the pulpit at the end of the bowsprit, gestured excitedly that she'd sighted another tall ship on the horizon. What a magical thing to see – emerging slowly from the far-off haze, seeming to become taller and taller as still more sail became visible, the ship moved majestically in our direction. Eighteenth-century fantasies overcame us all: visions of periwigged, satin-breeched nobles straining to see our ship as the seamen scrambled up into the rigging for a better look – friend or foe? Would the cannon be readied, in case we were pirates? The vessel was the schooner *Voyager*; red banner flying, she was heading out of Mystic. Dreams of the past evaporated when we got close enough to see tourists in Bermuda shorts scrutinizing us with binoculars from their deck chairs! Still, it was an unforgettable experience.

We took turns standing watch out on the pulpit, keeping our eyes peeled for other ships, lobster-pot buoys, and floating debris. We all saw jellyfish; I spotted an upside-down apple basket, Eddie an all-too-worldly Kentucky Fried Chicken bucket; but the prize went to the lookout who, bug-eyed, frantically signalled "something

really huge!": a submarine! Like an iceberg, the Captain told us, only about an eighth of the behemoth was in view. The grey mass slipped silently by, heading in to its Groton base, we supposed. After the initial flurry of exclamations, a rather heavy pall fell over the *Brilliant*. Compared to lobster pots and apple baskets, a submarine seemed sinister, frightening. It was, after all, a war machine we were watching, and it had succeeded in jarring us all a bit too abruptly back into the twentieth century.

But the aura of other-worldly enchantment aboard the *Brilliant* was too much with us by now to allow gloom to settle permanently. We could busy ourselves with *sailing* on this beautiful day, and we could look off into the horizon to see other hardy souls out in smaller sailing boats, sharing our own seizing of the day.

Leaving Block Island the next morning, with the Captain skillfully threading through the slender channel, we'd all stopped feeling like adults getting away with doing something the kids do. We'd all of us, even those with a lot of sailing experience, grown up a bit. We had worked and learned together, under the patient and expert guidance of Cap'n and Mate, something about running a seagoing schooner, and something about ourselves, as well. We could work with other people as a functioning unit and accomplish tangible and intangible goals. We could still dare to try new things. And maybe we could still dream.

Many of us hadn't guessed we'd have the nerve to go out to the pulpit, threading our way carefully over the spiderweb of rigging beneath the bowsprit, trying not to notice how fast the water was rushing by directly below our feet. But once there, all of us somehow found it difficult to come back; the fear was gone, but the sorcery of the sea captures you when you're out there alone, dreaming, dreaming. . . .

So it was in this spirit that we headed back to Mystic. With the creaking of the rigging, the sound of water rushing past, the wind cleaning out the remaining cobwebs in our heads, we were sorry the cruise was almost over. But we had one more treat in store for us (that is, besides the couple of hours we spent, once at dockside, giving the boat a final, thorough polishing and cleaning).

As the *Brilliant* wended its way painstakingly up the Mystic River, people paused, smiled, and waved at us–we were used to this after three days aboard. Proceeding exactly on schedule to make the 2:15 P.M. bridge opening, we were almost there, rounding the final bend that would put us in close sight of the bridge. Suddenly, there, coming directly at us, was a huge black vessel! It was the *Pride of Baltimore*, just heading out after a goodwill call at Mystic Seaport. We scrambled to hold the fenders ready, lest these two multi-ton old-timers brush too close in the narrow channel. Would we collide? Would the glorious weekend end in a historic disaster?

No, we made it! Heaving a sigh of relief, the ready and ever-alert *Brilliant* crew released the fenders and waved to the crew of the *Baltimore*. And as we were almost collapsing with the sheer beauty and excitement of the passing of these two magnificent vessels, a thunderous shot rang out! Following the ancient etiquette of the sea, the *Baltimore* had offered us her salute, capping a brilliant weekend for our *Brilliant* crew.



Who was T. Bailey?

WALTER McKAY

His signature appears on hundreds, perhaps thousands of paintings, mostly marines, which grace the walls of homes, offices, clubs, and banks throughout eastern New England. Their quality is variable and their provenance shadowy. They are damned as calendar art and are scorned by prestigious dealers. Veteran auctioneers know them well though not favorably. *Maine Antique Digest* reports on Richard Bourne's August 1981 auction in these terms: "At the lower end of the ship painting scale were two works by the artist Bourne calls 'the infamous T. Bailey, painter extraordinaire.'" And again, at Richard Oliver's November 1981 auction in Kennebunk: "Alexander Pope (1849-1924) was, most experts agree, an artist of wide ranging quality. 'All the way from as bad as T. Bailey to as good as William Harnett,' said one auction representative."

On the other hand, in *Cape Cod Antiques & Arts* for October 1981, Richard Bourne evaluates Bailey paintings as "some great, some good, some indifferent," so there is merit to be found. Bailey pictures are enjoyed by their present owners, including this deponent who has two clipper ship paintings bearing this signature. Out of idle curiosity and in total innocence I undertook to look up the painter, not realizing what a chase it would be. But with good help and no little luck I have come upon parts of an intriguing story about Boston's back streets of art.

The only published reference to T. Bailey which I found said that he didn't exist! In William Young's *The Dictionary of American Artists, Sculptors and Engravers* (Cambridge, 1968) one finds:

> **Bailey, T.** There is no such artist, nor are works signed with such a signature always the work of one hand alone. It is believed that most works by this name, notably ship portraits and floral pictures, were the work of three men who resided together at Winthrop, Mass. and painted at least into the late 1940s.

I sought help at Mystic Seaport and was fortunate to be put in touch with Dorothy Brewington, authority on marine paintings. She kindly sent me a copy of a column from the *Boston Herald Traveler* of 13 February 1971 entitled "T. Bailey was Quite a Man." It summarized responses to a previous "Tell it to Joe" column from fourteen people who either had Bailey pictures or who knew something about the man. I was to learn more from some of these fourteen.

Mrs. Brewington later sent me names of two painters connected with the Bailey pictures, having learned of these from one Dick Holman who had a print shop in Boston. One was William Frederick Paskell, named in the *Herald Traveler* column by Jack Jenkins of West Roxbury as being "T. Bailey" himself. The other was Vivian Forsythe Porter, said to have lived in Billerica. More about both of these men presently.

Now came some good luck. On a trip to New York in 1980, my wife met Emanuel Josephs of Boston who knew "T. Bailey" personally as a neighbor named Morris Hambro. From 1913 to 1918 Mr. Josephs' family lived on the second floor of a two family house at 10 Johnston Road, Dorchester. Morris Hambro owned the house and occupied the first floor with his wife and

Walter McKay is retired Professor of Aeronautics and Astronautics at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He still does not know who painted his T. Bailey pictures.



Morris Hambro (1860-1938) originated the name "T. Bailey" and marketed the paintings. Photo 1923. (Courtesy of Estelle Wasserman)

three daughters. The two families became friendly, and kept in touch after the Josephs moved elsewhere in 1918.

As known to Mr. Josephs, Hambro had previously been a sign painter, doing gold leaf lettering on shop and office windows. Later he engaged in picture framing and on occasion would sell an unclaimed picture, getting his start as a picture salesman. Hambro saw that he could sell paintings and appreciated that marines were in demand. He found artists whom he persuaded to sell him unsigned pictures. These he signed and sold as the work of "T. Bailey." Hambro took to the road as a traveling salesman, perhaps following the route he had used as a sign painter. He called on banks, offices, and shops in downtown Boston and Back Bay, carrying pictures under his arm. He would take a number of paintings on the train to Portland, Worcester, New Bedford, Fall River, the North Shore, or Cape Cod, calling on people in shops and offices wherever he thought he could make a sale. Wearing a flowing black silk tie, he projected an artist's image and represented himself as T. Bailey, artist. He was persistent and must have been persuasive because he did well selling his pictures. Mr. Josephs' father was a traveling salesman in knitwear and occasionally traveled with Hambro to cities where Hambro sold paintings. At end of day they might have dinner together at the local hotel. Hambro obtained his pictures from two or three artists, one of whom was Vivian Porter, to whose studio young Josephs was taken by Hambro, perhaps about 1916. Another was Max Berman, who was related to Hambro.

Morris Hambro was born in London in 1860. When he was about five years old, his family came to the United States. According to Boston city directories, Hambro was a window dresser from 1899 to 1902, a sign painter from 1903 to 1912 and a salesman from 1913 to 1921. In 1922 he moved to 55, (later renumbered 155) River Road, Winthrop, where he lived until his death on 17 June 1938, aged seventy-eight. His identification as a salesman in 1913 probably marks the time when Hambro undertook his career as a picture merchant.

Looking for information about Vivian Porter in Billerica, I was astonished to learn that both he and his wife were still alive at ninety-three years of age, though he was gravely ill. With the help of their daughter I interviewed them and found them alert. Unfortunately, Porter has since died.

Vivian Porter was taught to paint by his father, a portrait artist. They shared a studio on the sixth floor of the Winthrop Building, Water Street, Boston, during his father's lifetime. Vivian learned to know and love ships and the sea and excelled at drawing ships correctly. Many of his commissions came from yacht owners who wanted portraits of their craft. Around 1940, after his father died, Porter moved to



Vivian Forsythe Porter (ca. 1888-1982), who did some paintings for "T. Bailey," was a marine artist in his own right. (Courtesy of Eleanor Berte)



William Frederick Paskell (1866-1951) was a landscape and marine artist who did many "T. Bailey" paintings. (Courtesy of Mabel R. Conklin)

the Fenway Studios on Ipswich Street where he worked until retirement. Some of Porter's signed work was sold through Vose Galleries of Boston. He has not painted for at least twenty years.

As a young man Vivian Porter was persuaded to sell some of his paintings to Morris Hambro who signed and sold them as "T. Bailey." These were done hurriedly and under pressure. Porter called them potboilers and does not want them considered as representative of his work. He remembers Hambro's family and their house in Dorchester to which he delivered paintings. He recalls that Hambro painted the house white and then varnished it–something one would not forget. Porter's association with Hambro must have begun soon after he started selling "T. Bailey" pictures. It ended in the 1930s when Hambro asked Porter to lower his already low prices. After that Porter had to sell all his own paintings, which he did not enjoy.

Vivian Porter was definite in stating that Hambro was not an artist. He said that Hambro got pictures from anyone he could. He knew William Frederick Paskell slightly; he also knew that Hambro's niece's husband, an artist named Max Berman, did pictures for Hambro to sell as Baileys.

With the help of Fine Arts Curator Theresa Cederholm at the Boston Public Library, I found that during the period 1884 to 1906 Paskell exhibited paintings at the Boston Art Club in nine different years. These were landscapes of the Boston area, England, and New Hampshire where Mt. Chocorua was a favorite subject. His studio addresses during this period were in downtown Boston, with a different one

each year. We also found another newspaper piece, from the *Boston Traveler* of 24 February 1932, depicting Paskell in flowery language as having painted more than a thousand pictures of ships in the Lagrange Street studio where he worked for years. We have it from Hambro's daughter and grandniece that Paskell worked with Hambro. Born in 1866, Paskell was a contemporary of Hambro and like him, had been born in England and brought here in his early years. His father was a carver, gilder, and picture restorer.

Since Paskell began showing his paintings at the Boston Art Club at age eighteen, it is evident that he was talented. With this early reputation, it is puzzling that he would paint pictures for Hambro to sell as Baileys. One surmises that he needed the money, little as it was, having six children to support. He died in Boston in 1951 at the age of eighty-four.

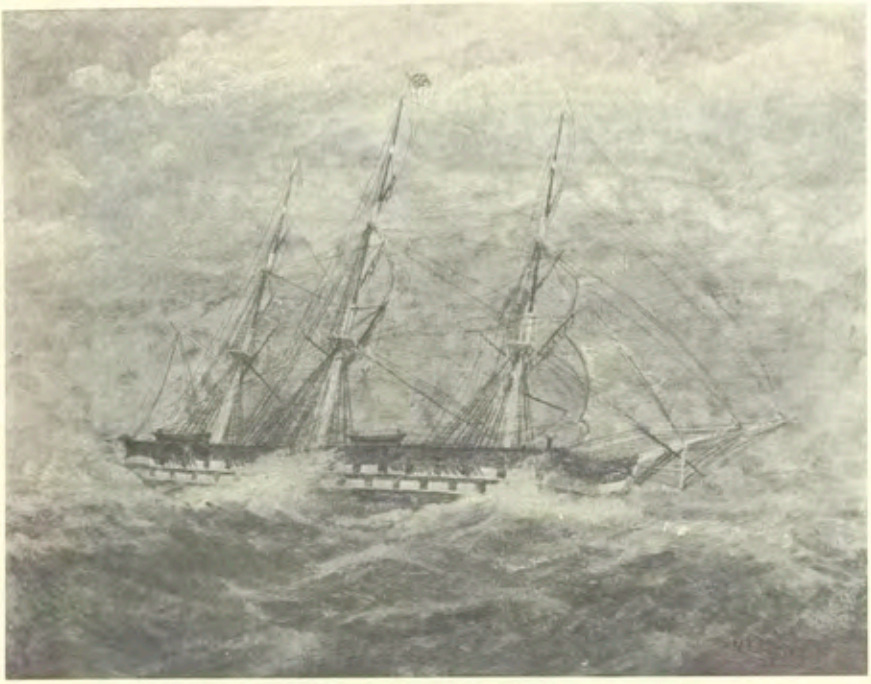
The mention in the *Traveler* article of Paskell having painted on Martha's Vineyard makes it possible that he was the "T. Bailey" who, during the summer of

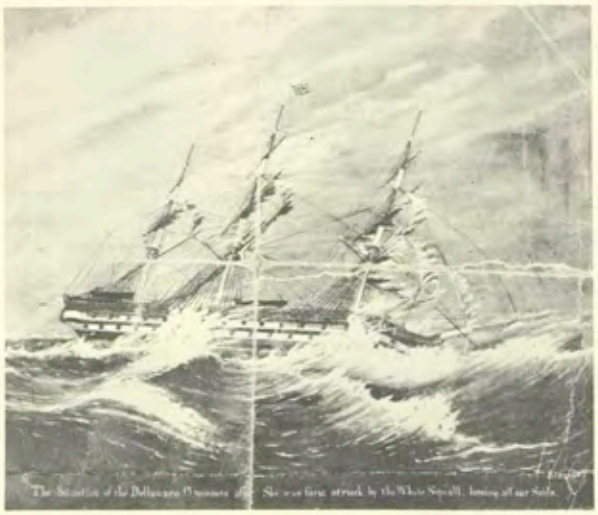


Edgartown Harbor, 1924, signed T. Bailey, lower left. Oil, 15¾" x 19½". This "T. Bailey" was probably done by William Frederick Paskell. (Photo by Walter McKay, courtesy of Anna McKay)



Edgartown Harbor, signed T. Bailey, lower left. Oil, 15¼" x 19". Note the similarity of the 1924 scene, probably done by Paskell. At least five others are known. (Photo by Walter McKay, courtesy of Estelle Wasserman)





The Situation of the Delaware . . ., signed V. F. Porter, 28, lower right. Oil, 11½" x 15", after a nineteenth-century painting by James Guy Evans, published in 1927 (below). (Photo by Mullen Studio, Fall River, Mass., courtesy of Ellis Waring)

1924, stayed at the Wimpenny House in Edgartown, then owned by a cousin of my sister-in-law, Anna McKay. If so, again one wonders why he represented himself as T. Bailey. Hambro never stayed on the Vineyard according to his daughter. Whoever he was, he left his hostess a Bailey painting of Edgartown Harbor. Interestingly, Hambro's grandniece owns a near copy of this picture which she obtained at a New Hampshire auction.

Melbourne C. Hardwick, an artist from Nova Scotia, was mentioned as a possible Bailey contributor in an unsupported note in the files of Dorothy Brewington. Hardwick, who is represented by a painting at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, had a studio in Boston, but he died in 1916 so any association with Hambro must have been early and brief.

In the 1971 *Herald Traveler* column Robert Vose, Jr., commented that at least five artists used the T. Bailey channel as a means for picking up ready money. In addition to Porter and Paskell he was referring to Sears Thompson and J. G. Cloudman as two artists who did Baileys. I know nothing about these latter two men. Vose said that Hambro had two doorbells at his Winthrop house so that he could greet callers with the

right identity. For further help, he referred me to Mr. Harold Speed (now of Lubec, Maine), who worked in the Additon Gallery on Lagrange Street during the 1920s and '30s, and to Mr. Ellis A. Waring, now of Swansea, Massachusetts.

Harold Speed told me that the Additon Gallery sold a lot of Bailey pictures during the years he was there, buying them by the dozen and selling them by the piece. He knew that Vivian Porter painted marines, and characterized them as dark in color. They were "horizontals," that is, their horizontal dimension was greater than their vertical. Paskell painted the same thing over and over. The art houses were full of Baileys and today one encounters them from Maine to Florida. Mr. Speed independently gave me the name of Sears Thompson as a painter connected with T. Bailey.

Ellis Waring spoke of his visit to Vivian Porter's studio. Walking along Water Street, Boston, he noticed a sign saying "V. F. Porter, Artist" and went in. He watched Porter paint a ship picture that would become a Bailey. Porter told him that it took about a day to turn out a painting for Hambro, who would pay him $15 or $20 each. Waring commissioned Porter to do a ship painting, dated 1928, under his own signature.

In Fall River, where he was in business, Waring knew of Hambro as "T. Bailey," selling pictures to stockbrokers at $25. He said that the Quequechan Club of that city had been given several Baileys. James Buffington, Jr., remembered "T. Bailey" visiting his father's office in Fall River. One painting Bailey (Hambro) sold Buffington's father was of a canoe drawn up on a lake shore. Hambro boasted that it was the finest canoe picture he had seen, saying "I painted it myself." This statement was nearly an admission that he had not painted all the pictures that he sold.

In the August 1981 quarterly antiques supplement of the *Cape Cod Chronicle*, Hattie Hanlon reported on a visit to the Melrose Inn in Harwichport. Innkeeper Mrs. Smith remembered that Bailey (Hambro) stayed there during selling trips in the late 1920s. There are Bailey pictures in the dining room.

After the 1971, *Herald Traveler* column appeared, Doris Adams of Goodspeed Bookstore received a letter that described T. Bailey as an old gentleman, short and with poor eyesight, who produced paintings of clipper ships more or less on a mass production basis and peddled his wares in downtown Boston, building to building, door to door. His prices were reasonable, ranging from $15 to $50 depending on how broke he was at the time. In 1937 a friend of the letter writer went to Winthrop where Bailey had his shop in order to buy several pictures. He found T. Bailey old and in failing health, getting blind, and barely able to sign his name. He had several of his students or other artists turning out paintings which he would sign when completed. They were all rather alike but by and large they were pretty good paintings.

Doris Adams also heard from the son-in-law of Max Berman, an English-born artist who married Morris Hambro's niece. He was a talented and versatile artist who did pen-and-ink and chalk drawings as well as watercolors and oils of landscapes, hunting dogs, and marines under his own name, and some for Hambro to be sold as Baileys. He worked quickly and for a time did courtroom drawings for a Boston newspaper. He shared a Lagrange Street studio with Paskell and Mae Bennett Brown, an Englishwoman who painted florals and later had a long art career in Rockport. Berman died at age thirty-six in the 1918 influenza epidemic. The Berman and Hambro families were close; Berman's daughter remembers her great-uncle Morris as a small dapper man who peddled pictures painted by her father and others.

Morris Hambro's eldest daughter remembered Paskell and Mae Bennett Brown as two artists associated with her father and said that there were two others whose

names she did not recall. They worked in Hambro's studio in the attic of his house in Winthrop. She maintains that all Bailey pictures were painted by her father, and she remembers him taking palette and easel and painting the early morning scene across the street from their house. She related that the family understood Hambro had come by the use of the T. Bailey pseudonym through his acquaintance with an artist of that name in Bangor, Maine, whose existence I could not confirm.

Margaret Miller, author of an article on T. Bailey in the October 1981 *Cape Cod Antiques and Arts,* put me in touch with Bruce Matheson of West Dennis, Massachusetts, who worked for Mobil Oil at 26 Broadway, New York, during the 1930s. Employed as a messenger was one Bill Lawrence, a black artist who painted pictures of sailing ships and other subjects, which he sold to Mobil executives. He also sold some pictures bearing the T. Bailey signature, which he may or may not have painted. The signature on one such painting owned by Matheson resemble those on Boston Baileys.



Max Berman (ca. 1882-1918) an artist friend of Paskell and Hambro, apparently also produced "T. Bailey" paintings. (Courtesy of Estelle Wasserman)

Ship painting, signed T. Bailey, lower right. Oil, 29½" x 21½". Bought at New Bedford or Fall River in the early 1920s. (Courtesy of Walter McKay)



One must admire Morris Hambro's success as an entrepreneur of paintings. By his scuffling he placed many paintings in homes and offices at prices people could pay even in very depressed times. The artists who did them received little for their work, but they were spared having to sell their own paintings, and the money they got was welcome. As an art salesman, Hambro was effective, though not in the same league with today's merchants who handle "right priced original paintings" at weekend sales in suburban motels; one such supplier has 80,000 original oil paintings in his Long Island warehouse according to the

New York Times. As for his having been a painter, Hambro had some degree of skill and dabbled at it, but the bulk of the extant Baileys must have been done by others. It has been said that he would have to have been an octopus to do all the Baileys that were sold.

I have not touched on the possible continued use of the "T. Bailey" signature after Hambro's death in 1938. After he had developed a market for Bailey pictures it seems likely that some involved artists continued the enterprise after Hambro was gone. The only evidence for this that I have seen is the aforementioned entry in Young's *Dictionary*.

Who painted T. Bailey pictures other than Hambro? The following candidates have been mentioned with varying degrees of confirmation:

1. Max Berman. Mentioned by his daughter and Vivian Porter. Died 1918.

2. William Frederick Paskell. Shared a studio with Berman. Named by Hambro's daughter and Berman's daughter as being associated with Hambro. Named by Dick Holman, Robert Vose, Jr., and Harold Speed as painter of Baileys. Told reporter he had painted over 1,000 ship pictures.

3. Vivian Forsythe Porter. From himself and others.

4. Melbourne C. Hardwick. an unsupported note from the files of Dorothy Brewington. Died 1916.

5. Sears Thompson. From Robert Vose, Jr., and Harold Speed.

6. J. G. Cloudman. From Robert Vose, Jr.

7. Mae Bennett Brown. Named by Hambro's daughter as being associated with Hambro. Shared studio with Berman and Paskell. Some Baileys are florals.

I acknowledge with many thanks the generous help given me by all those mentioned in this article. I also thank Eleanor Berte, daughter of Vivian Porter; Mabel Conklin, granddaughter of William Paskell; Estelle Wasserman, daughter of Max Berman; Miriam Slattery, daughter of Morris Hambro; and Frank and Anna McKay, my brother and sister-in-law.

American ship *Reporter*, signed T. Bailey, lower right. Oil, 25" x 32¼". Presented to Mystic Seaport Museum by the Savings Bank of New London. (39.1559)



BOOK REVIEWS

Jean Sutton. *Lords of the East.* London: Conway Maritime Press Ltd., 1981. 176 pp., illustrations. $21.95.

The Honorable East India Company holds a unique place in the annals of maritime enterprise. It was one of the wealthiest, longest lived, and most influential mercantile organizations of the early modern period. The Company was first organized in 1600 under a charter granted by England's first great queen, Elizabeth I. The organization prospered and exerted great influence over the policies of Great Britain until the reign of the second great English matriarch. During the reign of Victoria, in 1874, the East India Company was finally dissolved. Jean Sutton's profusely illustrated text (nearly every page includes a photograph or illustration) chronicles the rise and fall of this monolithic institution and describes many aspects of its operation.

The leading chapter of the book serves as an introduction to the "John Company" by summarizing its history from beginning to end. The chapter recounts the growth of the Company's sphere of influence in the East as it spread from the east coast of India to include property stretching from Singapore to Suez. Virtually all of the shores and waters between these far-flung ports were eventually dominated by this amazing organization.

Subsequent chapters look more closely at the various aspects of the Company's operations. For instance, a chapter examines the owners of the Company ships and the power structure that supported them. These wealthy men had influence both in court and in the houses of Parliament. For generations these privileged few defended their station from all competitors. In order to maintain their positions they developed a self-perpetuating power structure that linked kinship with political and mercantile ventures. This system was mirrored in Federalist New England a century later, and it took a great deal of effort by the rising nouveaux riches in both countries to unseat the vested upperclass.

The ships of the East Indian fleet are described in chapter III. The reader becomes familiar with the massive Company shipyards, like those at Limehouse and Blackwall, as well as with the builders themselves. Later chapters examine the crews of the ships and the men who commanded them.

Mrs. Sutton also details the preparations that were necessary for a voyage to the East. Then, to acquaint the reader with actual East Indian voyages, she follows the progress of three separate Indiamen as they made their way out to far-flung markets and then back to the Thameside East India docks.

Of special interest are the final chapters of the work. They discuss two unique aspects of the John Company's endeavors: its fleet of steamships and its private navy, the Bombay Marine. The value of steam power was quickly recognized by the directors of the East India Company. By 1825 the first Company steamer had arrived in Calcutta, and within fifteen years the use of Company steamships had led to its domination of the Arabian and Red Seas. By mid century the company had set the stage for Britain's conquest of the last land barrier between it and the Far East, the Suez.

The Bombay Marine was a well-equipped and well-trained navy that existed to further the interests of the directors in Leadenhall Street. The service began in the early seventeenth century in order to counter the efforts of the Portuguese. As the years went by the Bombay Marine grew into a sizable professional navy that could operate independently or in cooperation with the Royal Navy. Many of the Company's naval vessels were built by the legendary Parsee builders of Bombay. These "country" ships, planked in rabetted Malabar teak, were universally held to be some of the finest sailing vessels in the world. Throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the Marine worked to rid Eastern waters of pirates, and assisted the Royal Navy when war broke out.

Another benefit of the Company's naval activities was the accurate surveying of East Indian sea-lanes. For nearly a century marine surveyors plotted these dangerous waters. Their efforts resulted in the safe passage of untold numbers of vessels through the treacherous straits and rivers of the Middle and Far East.

In preparing this work the author relied on a

variety of sources, including personal correspondence, journals, and records in the East India Office Library. This is not a book with which to curl up for a relaxing evening before the fire. The author's style does not lend itself to that. Rather, it is a well-documented text that closely examines many facets of the operation of a complex and monumental organization. The student of maritime history should be familiar with this greatest of merchant companies. *Lords of the East,* though not entertaining reading, serves as a fine introduction to the history and operation of the Honorable East India Company.

Glenn S. Gordinier
Assistant for Ships and Boats M.S.M.

George S. Parker. *Five Historic Ships from Plan to Model.* Centreville, Maryland: Cornell Maritime Press, 1980. 337 pp., illustrations. $17.50.

This is a good working manual for the novice scratch builder. Thirteen of the twenty chapters describe work applicable to the types of ships which are most frequently modeled. The steps used in making a carved, hollowed-out lift model hull, as well as those for deck furniture, spars, and rigging, are described in some detail. The author includes notes on the reasons for certain shipbuilding practices which are not usually spelled out in most "how-to" model books.

Five chapters deal with the specific vessels for which plans are included, i.e., the Revolutionary War brig *Lexington,* sloop-of-war *Wasp,* Black Ball packet *Isaac Webb,* knockabout fishing schooner *Helen B. Thomas,* and the five-master *Margaret Haskell.* The remaining two chapters concern tools and materials, and provide helpful hints and information for the beginner.

The photographs and line drawings are very good. Although I would suspect the accuracy of some of the detailed information on the earlier ships, this will not prevent the models from being a thing of beauty and pride for the builder.

William Quincy
Modelmaker, M.S.M.

The latest contribution to popular knowledge of the history of ships comes from the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich, England. That esteemed institution, long known for the quality of its monographs, has, through Her Majesty's Stationer's Office, produced a ten-volume, 60-page analysis of the development of the ship from prehistoric times to the present. Each 60-page volume, priced at $9.95, is highly illustrated and represents the work of an authority or scholar in the field. While reflecting their British origin, these volumes have international appeal.

The ten volumes are: *Rafts, Boats and Ships: From Prehistoric Times to the Medieval Era,* by the National Maritime Museum's chief archeologist Sean McGrail; *Long Ships and Round Ships: Warfare and Trade in the Mediterranean, 3000 B.C.–500 A.D.,* by classical scholar John Morrison; *Tiller and Whipstaff: The Development of the Sailing Ship, 1400-1700,* by Alan McGowan of the Museum's Department of Ships; *The Century Before Steam: The Development of the Sailing Ship, 1700-1820,* by Alan McGowan; *Steam Tramps and Cargo Liners, 1850-1950,* by economic historian Robin Craig; *Channel Packets and Ocean Liners, 1850-1970,* by Commander John M. Maber; *Life and Death of the Merchant Sailing Ship, 1815-1965,* by the Museum's Director Basil Greenhill; *Steam, Steel and Torpedoes: The Warship of the 19th Century,* by David Lyman of the Museum's ships' plans division; *Dreadnaught to Nuclear Submarine,* by historian Anthony Preston, formerly of the Museum's staff; and *The Revolution in Merchant Shipping, 1950-1980,* by Ewan Corlett.

On this side of the Atlantic, two significant contributions to American maritime scholarship should be noted. Cedric Ridgely-Nevitt, Professor of Naval Architecture at the Webb Institute of Naval Architecture, has condensed a lifetime of study on maritime history and naval architecture to produce *American Steamships on the Atlantic,* Newark, Delaware: Associated University Presses for the University of Delaware Press, 1981, 385 pages, illustrations, notes, appendices, glossary, bibliography, index, $65.00. The author first discusses the experimental steamboats of John Fitch (1786), James Rumsey (1787), Robert Fulton's *North River Steamboat* (1807), and the Hudson River, New York Bay, and Long Island Sound steamers, ca. 1810-40. He then considers early ocean-going steamships, including the *Savannah,* the early coastal steamers, the *Massachusetts* (1845), *Southerner* (1846), *Northerner* (1847), and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company vessels. The actual transatlantic steamers are covered in chapters devoted to the Ocean Steam Navigation Company, 1847-56; Collins Line, 1850-58; Havre Line; early screw-propelled

steamships; Vanderbilt European Line, 1855-60; North Atlantic Steamship Company, 1859-60; occasional Atlantic liners; iron screw steamships; Baltimore and Liverpool Steamship Company, 1865-68; New York Mail Steamship Company, 1863-67; American Steamship Company, 1867-71; William H. Webb's Line, 1868-70; and the end of the sidewheel steamships. Though technical, with analyses of vessel designs and engines, the book is not ponderous reading. The author's sense of humor, objective evaluation, and often detailed history of each vessel keep the work interesting and informative, even for the uninitiated. Many illustrations, lines plans, and diagrams supplement the text well, and a glossary is a valuable inclusion. This exceptional study fills major gaps in the published history of early steamship design.

Another major new work is Virginia Steele Wood's *Live Oaking: Southern Timber for Tall Ships*, Boston: Northeastern University Press, 1981, xi plus 206 pages, appendix, notes, bibliography, index, $21.95. This well-written, fully-illustrated volume presents the history of the use of southern live oak (Quercus Virginiana) in the American shipbuilding industry. The author covers the uses of the timber, which was prized for the construction of naval vessels, whaleships, and other wooden vessels. A large part of the book offers an intimate view of the life and labor of the "live oakers" sent from New England to the southern coast between South Carolina and Louisiana to cut and shape shipbuilding timbers for use in Northern shipyards. Living in rude camps, often in jungle-like swamps where live oak flourished, these live oakers were surely the unsung heroes of the nineteenth-century shipbuilding industry.

The series of paperbacks issued by Tops'l Books of Reading, Berkshire, England, should be mentioned also. Though they are probably obscure in this country, they are fine examples of the small mongraphs that the British produce so well. Two at hand are Colin Elliott's compilation of the work of the excellent Lowestoft photographers Harry and Ford Jenkins, entitled *Sailing Fishermen in Old Photographs* (1978), and John Corin's *Provident and the Story of the Brixham Smacks* (1980). There are at least two others, *Steam Fishermen in Old Photographs* and *The Driftermen*. Each contains sixty-four pages and nearly fifty photographs and diagrams, for roughly $4.00. The photographs are reproduced with a coarser screen than we are accustomed to in pictorial works, but otherwise each book features concise text that summarizes its topic well. The Tops'l series suggests the kind of mini-monograph coverage that American museums and publishers might give to vessel types, specific fisheries or trades, and other apsects of our maritime history.

One approach to monographic treatment of an American fishery is represented by *Provincetown Trapboat Fishing: The End of an Era*, Provincetown, Massachusetts: Provincetown Historical Association, 1978. To finance publication of this paperback, forty-two of the seventy-two pages contain advertising by Provincetown merchants. The book otherwise includes six articles on the history of pound-net or trap fishing at Provincetown, and the recovery and restoration of the last known Provincetown trapboat. Four of the articles are reprinted from newspapers or the *National Fisherman;* the other two are largely personal reminiscences. The historical background presented is not absolutely correct, but as a community's enthusiastic, nostalgic look at one of its vanished industries, this booklet deserves notice.

The Wherry Oarsman

LETTERS

The [Fall 1981] *Log* is exceptionally interesting and I especially enjoyed the photos of the *Alice*.... In the lower photo opposite page 80, they are hauling on the fore brace though not energetically.... The photo of the bilge pump might have been more properly titled the main pump, or just pump. The bilge pumps were small ones located just inside the bulwarks either side. I have never seen photos of them, and suspect they were uncommon. They are shown on the deck plan of the *A. J. Fuller* in Reisenberg's *Under Sail*.... In photo below [page 85], they are posed at the main topsail halyard. This always belayed on the starboard side, the others

alternating port and starboard. The halyard tackle is between and beyond the group of three and the man at right. Note the block of the main sheet whip, with sisterhooks clipped to the becket on the main royal backstay.

Andrew Nesdall
Waban, Massachusetts

[In regards to the fall 1981 photo-narrative on the bark *Alice*], in the bottom picture on page 82, that is probably the Mate (or 2nd. mate) and not a sailor holding the glass. Another sailor to tend the log-line would be at the taffrail. The log chip is not "thrown astern" but is just dropped over the after rail and the glass is not turned until the stray line has been run out, generally about fifteen fathoms, marked by a red rag. As that passes over the rail, the sailor calls, "Turn!" and the mate capsizes the glass to start the sand running. When it's all out of the upper chamber, the mate calls, "Mark!", the taffrail man grabs and holds the line and the number of knots that have passed over the rail is read. And for the uninitiated, it could have been noted that the black thing behind the mate's head is the screen or light board for the port running light. Many vessels carried their side lights on brackets mounted at the quarter rails. The anchor note at the upper picture on page 84 could have been expanded to explain that the "best" and "small" bower designations came from an old Board of Trade ruling giving the total anchor weights for various size vessels and allowing the port anchor to be not more than 7½% smaller than the starboard hook, so however that the combined weights were not less than the prescribed total for the vessel....

As a matter of interest for those unfamiliar with large vessel rigging, it could have been noted in the upper photograph on page 81 that the spanker is hooped to a trys'l mast (or Spencer mast, being named after its inventor) and further noted that the lower hoops are not seized to the luff of the sail. Standard practice was to reeve a reef earing from the close reef cringle on the luff, down through pair grommets on the bolt rope at each hoop spacing, passing the earing through the hoop at each pair and making the hauling end fast at the tack iron on the boom or gooseneck.

Robert G. Herbert, Jr.
East Northport, New York

My purpose in writing is primarily to provide an answer to the question asked on page 136 of the Winter, 1982 issue of "The Log." The headland in the background is Mount Gower which is situated, along with Mount Lidgebird, on one extremity of Lord Howe Island. This island is about 450 miles off the East Coast of Australia in the latitude of Brisbane. It is about the halfway mark between Sydney and Norfolk Island. It is also the most southerly island in the world having a coral reef. The *Joseph Conrad* anchored off Lord Howe on May 11, 1936 for the purpose of picking up some fresh stores. The people were very hospitable, and, according to my journal, they provided the ship with one large sow, 3 ducks, and a sheep as well as potatoes and other produce–also a cake. From here the ship proceeded South to Cook Strait, N.Z., and thence non-stop across the South Pacific in the "Roaring Forties" arriving at Papeete June 18, 1936. All this information comes from my journals of that time.

Just to keep the record straight, the photo of the *Joseph Conrad* taken at Lord Howe Island in 1936 was not taken by me. It was taken by one of the islanders. My wife and I visited Lord Howe in 1972 and 1977 on a sort of sentimental journey. During the latter visit we became acquainted with a Mrs. Greene, an old timer on the island. She runs a small store on the island and remembered well the ship's visit in 1936. She was kind enough to exhume the picture and let us take it to the local photographer to have it duplicated. This we did, and the photo in the museum's files is copy of the copy we had made.

Andrew J. Lindsay
Biddeford Pool, Maine

The reason I am writing now has to do with the figurehead pictured on the cover of [the Winter] issue. This probably has been written about before. But Bruce Rogers who designed and carved the figurehead was an intimate friend of my father. He was not, to my knowledge, noted as a sculptor but was considered to be at the very top of his profession as a designer of fine books, usually limited editions, and other areas of the graphic arts. How he came to be chosen to do the figurehead I do not know, so I can only surmise that it was the result of his friendship with Alan Villiers and his admiration for Joseph Conrad as an author.

You might be interested to know that my wife and I, then newlyweds, went to the dedication ceremony for the figurehead with my parents in 1934. Our only clear recollections of the day are a drenching downpour, leaking decks, and a powerful bilge pump grinding away. I shall look forward to reading more about the history of this interesting vessel.

Fred Adams
Stuart, Florida

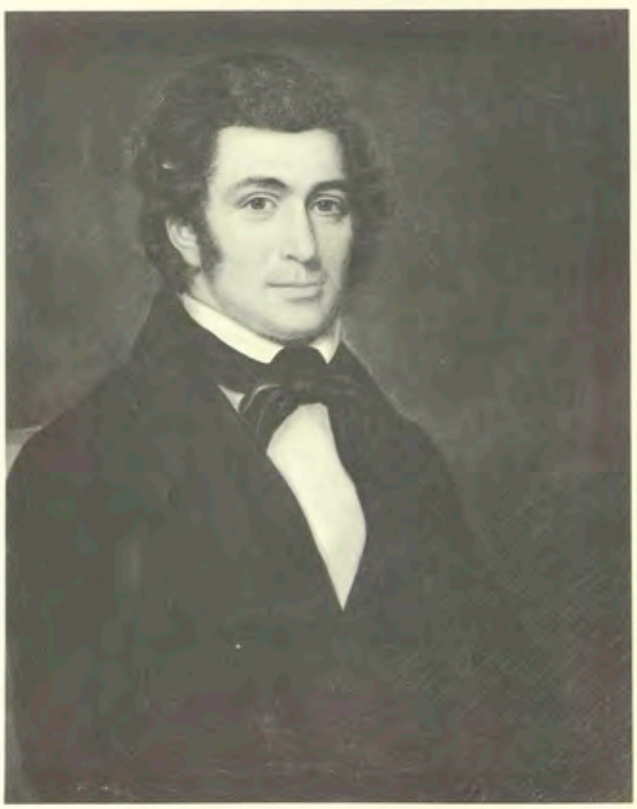
ACQUISITION

These oil paintings on canvas of George Greenman (1805-1891) and his wife Abby Chipman Greenman (1805-1887) have recently been presented to the Museum by the estate of Eleanor D. Walker. George was the son of Silas and Mary Greenman of Westerly, Rhode Island, and Abby was the daughter of Charles and Martha Chipman of Mystic. They were married in 1828, and had eight children, three of whom died in infancy or early childhood.

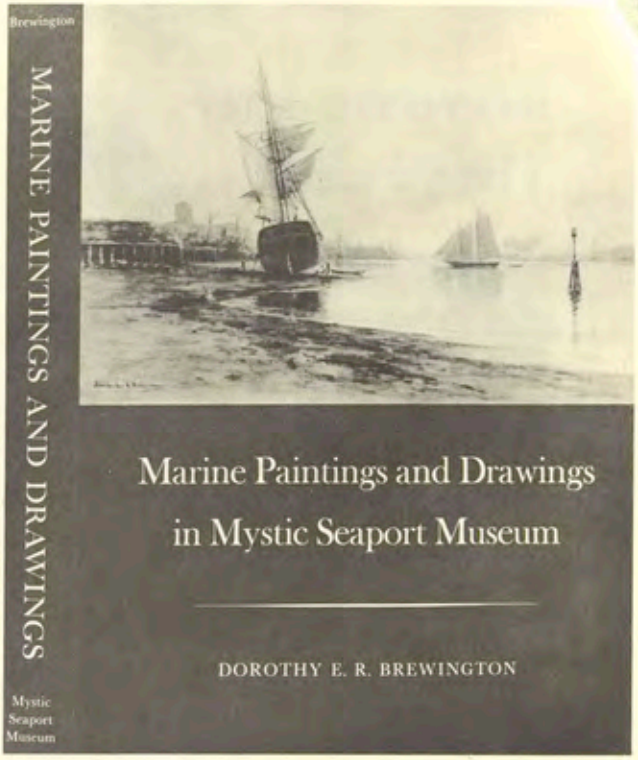
Both George and Abby Greenman were devout Seventh Day Baptists, celebrating the Sabbath on Saturday, which was the seventh day, the biblical day of rest. They were strict adherents to the principles of prohibition, the abolition of slavery, and pacifism.

Son of a shipbuilder, George Greenman was the patriarch of George Greenman & Company, shipbuilders, whose yard was situated on the present site of Mystic Seaport Museum. The shipyard was established in 1838 and was run continuously by George and his two brothers, Clark and Thomas, until 1879, by which time the firm had launched nearly one hundred vessels. The Greenman shipyard was one of the most successful in Mystic. Among the notable vessels they launched were the clipper ships *David Crockett* (1853) and *Prima Donna* (1858).

These paintings were done about 1846 by John Bisbee, who at one time had a studio in New York City. This pair completes a set of six paintings of the three Greenman brothers and their wives, all painted by Bisbee and now in the permanent collection of Mystic Seaport Museum. 30¼" x 25¼". [81.177.1,2]







Mystic Seaport Museum Publications

We are pleased to announce publication of

Marine Paintings and Drawings in Mystic Seaport Museum
by Dorothy E. R. Brewington

Dorothy Brewington has been working in the field of maritime history for over forty years, first collaborating with her husband, Marion V. Brewington, on *Marine Paintings and Drawings in the Peabody Museum,* 1968, and on catalogs of the Kendall Whaling Museum in Sharon, Massachusetts: *Paintings,* 1965, and *Prints,* 1969. She has traveled extensively in Europe and the United States, collecting material for the *Dictionary of Marine Artists* (soon to be published by the Peabody Museum of Salem and Mystic Seaport Museum) as well as for this volume. She serves on the Editorial Advisory Committee of Mystic Seaport Museum and has been a Senior Research Associate at the Museum since 1974.

This 220-page volume, with 494 illustrations of which 18 are in full color, catalogs the more than one thousand marine paintings and drawings in the collection of Mystic Seaport Museum. The book contains 636 catalog entries that cover American, European, and Oriental artists. It includes indexes of vessels pictured, names of their masters, and geographical backgrounds of the paintings. The book will be indispensable to the collector, curator, and scholar in the field of maritime art and history. It is available bound in cloth for $75.00.

All Mystic Seaport Museum Publications, and other books, are available at 10% discount for members only at the Mystic Seaport Museum Bookstore. (Add $2.00 for shipping and handling. For Connecticut delivery, add 7½% sales tax.)

HISTORIC SHIPS AFLOAT

The *Edna E. Lockwood*

With its rich maritime traditions, Chesapeake Bay has several distinctive watercraft types. One of the few surviving examples of its famous "bugeye" oyster schooners is the *Edna E. Lockwood*.

As colonial builders adapted the Indian dugout, pinning together several mammoth hollowed-out pine logs, they developed the famous sailing log canoes. With increasing demand for Chesapeake oysters after 1810, these general-purpose craft began specializing in the oystering market. Soon, thirty-five-foot, ketch-rigged "brogans," with sharply raked masts, were developed for tonging oysters and carrying them to market in Baltimore, Annapolis, Washington, or Norfolk.

After the Civil War, oyster beds were opened to dredging. Soon, the brogan design was enlarged, evolving into the fifty-foot "buckeye schooner." According to one theory, "buckeye" was derived from "buckie," a Scottish word for oyster, and later contracted to "bugeye."

By the time Daniel Haddaway contracted with twenty-four-year-old John B. Harrison for construction of the *Edna E. Lockwood* in the fall of 1888, the bugeye design was well established. A bottom of nine logs hollowed and attached edge-to-edge with iron drifts, frames (ribs) attached only to the upper "wing" logs, planked topsides, a centerboard, a sharp stern with cabin aft, two sharply raked masts with leg-of-mutton sails, and a long bowsprit with club-footed jib all characterized the *Lockwood* when she was launched at Tilghman Island, Maryland, in 1889. To keep pace with the evolution of the bugeye design, her tiller was replaced with a wheel about 1900, and a wide "patent stern" was bolted on above her sharp stern about 1910.

The *Lockwood* earned her living year-round on the Bay. During the winter oyster season, in all but the worst weather her skipper and five or six hands spent long days on the oyster grounds. From sunrise to sunset they sailed back and forth, towing the dredges, hoisting them with handpowered winches, culling the take, then starting the sequence again. At night they laid up in a convenient creek, eating and sleeping in the cramped cabin. With a full hold, they would run for Baltimore or wherever demand indicated. With luck, they were home to spend Sunday with their families before starting again Monday. This grueling and dangerous life remained largely unchanged well into this century, as powered craft are prohibited from dredging on the oyster grounds.

In summer, oystering gear was removed and the *Lockwood* became a cargo carrier. To eke out a living, her captain and one or two hands would carry any cargo to any point in the Bay, or even through the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal to Philadelphia.

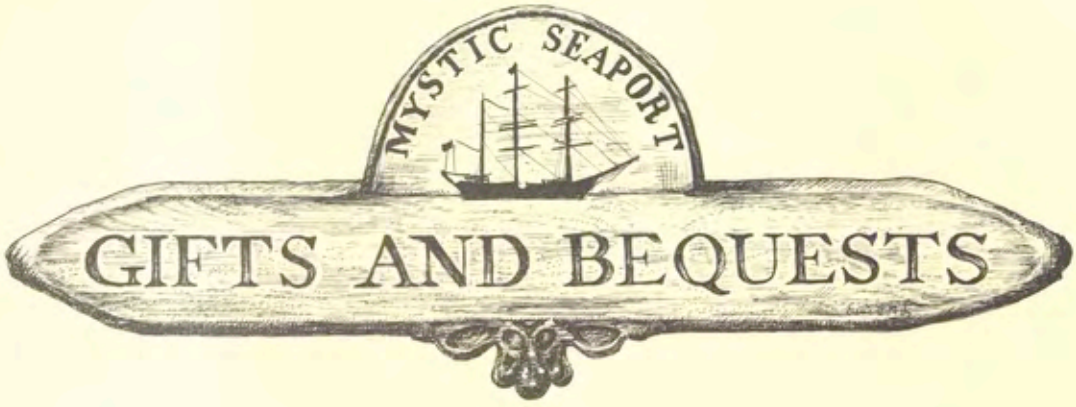
Five successive owners operated the *Lockwood* in this fashion until 1967. Then, John R. Kimberly purchased the badly deteriorated vessel, had her overhauled, and used her as a yacht until presenting her to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in 1973.

In 1975 the Museum began a major restoration program on the *Lockwood*. Little but her original bottom logs could be salvaged; from there up she was rebuilt in much the original manner, with the incorporation of her later wheel and patent stern. Relaunched in 1979, she is probably the last log-bottom sailing bugeye afloat.

Founded in 1965, the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum at St. Michaels on Maryland's Eastern Shore features exhibits on Chesapeake Bay, and several watercraft. The nonprofit museum is largely funded by admission fees.

Reefed down, the restored bugeye *Edna E. Lockwood* moves smartly, 1979. (Courtesy of Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum)





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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