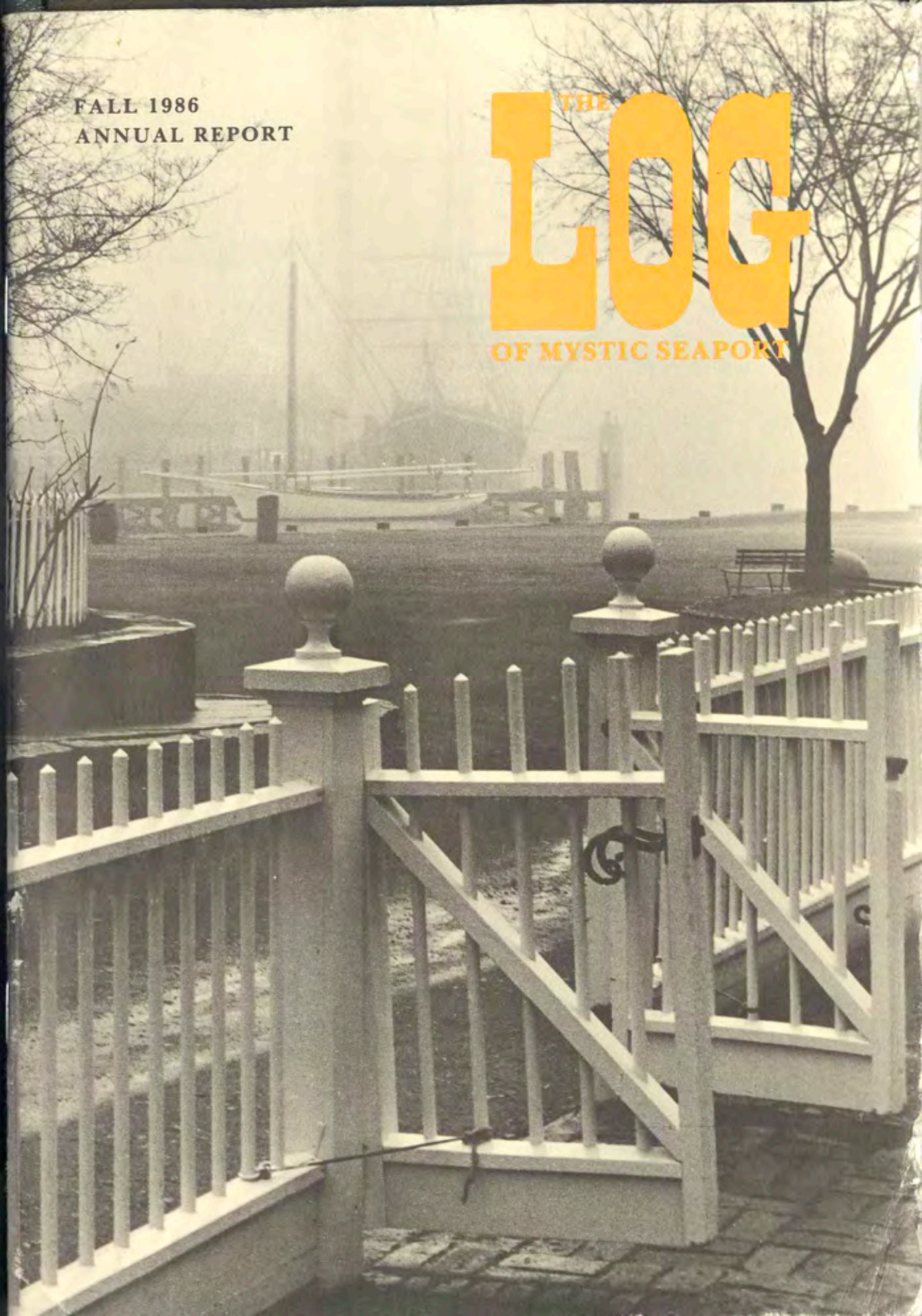
FALL 1986
ANNUAL REPORT

THE LOG OF MYSTIC SEAPORT



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FRONT COVER: *View from the Membership Building gate (photo by Oliver Denison III).*

BACK COVER: *Tools of the shipsmith (photo by Oliver Denison III). After thirty-five years at the Seaport, Oliver Denison retired at Annual Meeting 1986. With his financial wisdom, his encyclopedic knowledge of the Museum, and his imaginative photographic perspective, he has contributed greatly to the Seaport over the years.*

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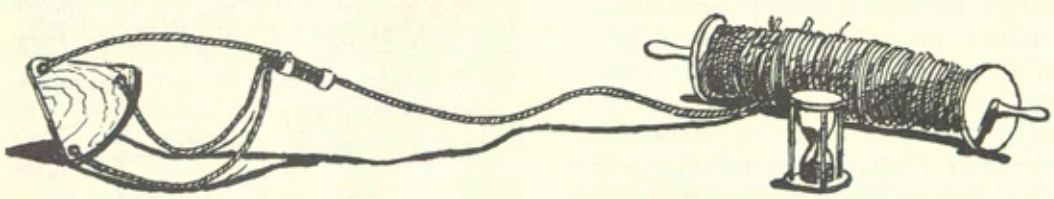
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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

In presenting Mystic Seaport Museum's 1985–86 Annual Report as a special part of the fall *Log*, I am delighted to report the conclusion of a healthy year for the Museum. As this Annual Report attests, the Seaport continues to improve its programs and refine its operations. Compared to past years, we have done very well. But how will this year compare to next year, or the next ten years? As President of Mystic Seaport Museum, I continually field questions from Trustees, members, staff, and friends regarding the Seaport's long-range direction. As Director Revell Carr will report in this issue, the 1985–86 fiscal year was the first of many in which programmatic and financial goals will adhere to guidelines recently set forth in the Seaport's new ten-year long-range plan.

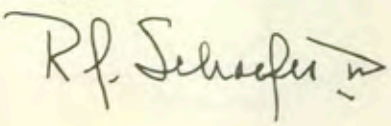
The long-range plan, approved by the Board of Trustees in August 1985, is the culmination of an effort that began as far back as 1972. During the 1970s and early 1980s, a number of key elements of the 1972 plan were implemented as they became physically and financially possible. The results of that plan have helped make Mystic Seaport what it is today. Highlights include acquisition of the Rossie Mill and the steamboat *Sabino*; creation of the overview exhibit, New England and the Sea; establishment of our undergraduate Williams College-Mystic Seaport Program in American Maritime Studies; improvement of our accounting and financial control systems; and development of our ship preservation program and construction of the duPont Preservation Shipyard.

The 1972 plan helped the Museum grow to acquire national and international stature. It also helped pave the way for our comprehensive Preservation Fund campaign (which exceeded its $7 million goal) and established the Seaport's facilities and endowment as a foundation for continued growth in the 1980s.

Based on the strong results of that effort, work began on a new long-range plan to chart the course for the Museum's continued growth and success. Initial work on the new long-range plan was undertaken by the Seaport's Staff Planning Committee. Later, the Trustee Planning Committee reviewed the plan and prepared it for submission to the Board of Trustees for their consideration. With full Board approval, Mystic Seaport Museum's new long-range plan represents a concerted effort to adhere to a structured and responsible plan of guidance through the 1990s.

In light of the goals the long-range plan hopes to address, we have much to do. Some of those goals include improving visitor reception, orientation, and eating facilities; moving our Curatorial Department into the computer age; utilizing the full capacity of the Rossie Mill for office space and a Watercraft Center; furthering acquisitions; endowing our educational programs; and improving our public outreach program.

How we achieve our long-range plans depends upon many factors. Some of those factors we can control; others rely on the interest, understanding, and support of our closest friends, our members. I encourage each of you to find your own special way of making this Museum better in the years ahead. If you get more involved with the Seaport, as I have these past several years, I am certain that you will find reward and pride in working with one of the finest institutions I know.



Mystic Seaport Museum Annual Report, 1985–86

J. REVELL CARR

As we conclude our fiscal year (May 1985 through April 1986) everyone involved in Mystic Seaport should be encouraged that the Museum has become a stronger institution and remains a leader nationally and internationally in maritime preservation.

This year was the first full year that we have functioned with the guidance of a new long-range plan. This document, developed over a period of many months by the museum staff in close collaboration with our trustees, looks at the Museum from four different perspectives, addressing visitor related issues, curatorial issues, educational issues, and operational issues. After a few introductory comments relating to the long-range plan we will review the year within the framework of four categories found in the plan.

As a part of the work on the plan, the Museum's Statement of Purpose was reviewed. It was clear that this statement with only minor modification would continue to serve the Museum well. It now reads as follows:

> The purpose of Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc. is to preserve materials, artifacts, vessels, and skills relating to commercial and recreational maritime history in order to enhance man's knowledge and understanding of the sea's influence on American life.
>
> The staff, trustees, and members have these major responsibilities. They must educate the public by an accurate presentation and interpretation of America's maritime past. They must preserve the artifacts and perpetuate the skills associated with that past to insure their survival for future generations. They must refine the collections through acquisition, exchange, and disposal. They must also manage the institution in a responsible manner and must provide those services necessary to make the public's association with the museum most rewarding.
>
> The museum fulfills its purpose in the following ways. Its collection of ships and small craft focuses on the 19th and early 20th centuries. Its preservation shipyard maintains the historical integrity of these vessels emphasizing the use of traditional materials and skills. The outdoor exhibits interpret representative elements of 19th century maritime communities. In addition, the museum exhibit galleries, educational programs, library, research facilities, and publications, document and convey broader aspects of American maritime studies.

The minor areas of change in this revised Statement of Purpose are found in the first and last paragraphs. In the first paragraph we have added the words "commercial and recreational" to modify maritime history. This was done in recognition of the Museum's increased emphasis on the recreational use of the sea and the subject of yachting and boating. In fact we have worked in these fields from the earliest years of the Museum's existence, and it was felt that the Statement of Purpose ought to reflect this.

In the last paragraph the words modified are "emphasizing the use of traditional materials and skills." Here we acknowledge the fact that our primary objective in restoring these ships is generally well served by the use of traditional materials and skills. However, we should be aware of and use where appropriate modern materials and tools if they can properly and more efficiently carry out the task. We feel satisfied that with these modifications our Statement of Purpose conveys, more fully, the principal objectives of Mystic Seaport Museum.

This revised statement draws attention to one issue relating to the long-range plan that received attention from trustees and staff during this year. A Yachting Committee has been formed that is active in the establishment of our Archives of American Yachting and Boating



Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous brings a flock of classic yachts to the Museum each summer. (Photo Claire White-Peterson)

here at Mystic Seaport. The committee, which is made up of trustees, volunteer experts, and staff members from a number of departments, has been meeting regularly, initiating programs which will meet our responsibilities in this area, and helping to make the extraordinary yachting and boating collections here at the Museum more accessible to researchers and our visitors.

Another project stemming from the long-range plan is a major effort towards improving the reception of our visitors. Over the years we have put our resources into the exhibits and programs on the Museum's grounds, but we have neglected the approaches to the Museum. We are seeking to improve this situation, both for our visitors and for our neighbors in Mystic. We want the visitor's experience to be as positive as possible from the time they drive onto our property until they pass through the entrance gates onto the grounds. With our Director of Education, Jane Keener, chairing the staff committee, we are working with the distinguished firm of Sasaki Associates of Watertown, Massachusetts, who have great talent as planners, traffic engineers, landscape designers, and architects. We will produce an overall plan that includes all approaches to the Museum, including that portion of Route 27 between our north and south entrances, the north and south parking lots, and both gate areas. Work has been progressing on a new visitor reception center at the south gate. It is hoped that this building will be complete by the end of the next fiscal year. With this facility we will be able to create a very positive initial impression and, at the same time, convey the scope of the programs and activities of the Museum so our visitors will be well informed as they enter. Another important element of the plan is a recommendation for the improvement of the traffic situation on Route 27 by our south gate. This should benefit the community as well as the Museum.

While it is expected that the visitor reception plan will take many years to implement fully, it is critical that we make progress in this direction. Clearly, a vital issue is how to pay for these visitor improvements along with all of the other financial challenges that face the Museum. As another outgrowth of the long-range plan a new trustee committee has been created. Known as

the Finance Committee, this group is composed of the chairmen or representatives from the Museum's major financial committees, such as Budget, Investment, Planning, and Development. All of us involved in the management of the Museum feel that this new group, with its broad oversight responsibilities, will be an enormous asset as we plan and fund our future.

Having reviewed our progress in more general areas and our new programs, let us turn to other activities of the past year, within the category format established in the long-range plan.

Visitor-related activities

The experience for the visitor to the Museum is one of our greatest concerns. We are continually working to refine and improve this experience, confident though we are that there is already much here for the visitor to see, hear, enjoy, and learn. During this past year more than twenty exhibits were interpreted. A great variety of skills demonstrations were presented on the grounds, and our chantey singers and musicians were a constant presence. Young people were involved in nineteenth-century games. The waterfront was enlivened with activity and our whaling lectures and planetarium programs continued to be great successes.

Visitors also had an opportunity to step back in time through our role playing program. They encounter a costumed individual who speaks to them in the first person "from the nineteenth century." This year the Education and Curatorial Departments created a unique venue for this activity in the form of the American Seamen's Friend Society Sailor's Reading Room. In recreating the type of reading room the Friends would have provided for American seamen in the nineteenth century, we also established a place where the role players can greet visitors and discuss many aspects of nineteenth-century life that are not otherwise interpreted.

Visitors also benefited from a variety of special events throughout the year. Our Christmas



Mystic Seaport chanteymen Craig Edwards and Geoff Kaufman perform on Chubb's Wharf. (Photo Mary Anne Stets)

Lantern Light Tours were once again a brilliant success; they were complemented this year by an expanded program of daytime Christmas tours. Other events, such as the Sea Music Festival, our Decoration Day programs, our Fourth of July celebration, and even special programs relating to Halley's Comet, offered added opportunities for visitors.

While it is appropriate for the Museum to have all of these programs for our visitors, it is difficult to inform them of their existence, and, in fact, of the existence of the Museum itself. Through our public affairs and marketing effort we seek to accomplish this task, and an increased emphasis is being placed in this area. The Public Affairs Office produced virtually hundreds of press releases during the year, providing accurate information to the media on the programs, projects, and events at the Seaport. Through this effort we received national exposure on many occasions.

While editorial coverage is the most desirable form of public exposure, it is only by our advertising program that we are able to control the timing of that exposure. An energetic newspaper campaign with the theme "Get lost in time at Mystic Seaport" seemed to generate interest and awareness in our activities. Other innovative avenues pursued included having Seaport information printed on more than a million milk cartons so that the public could read about Mystic Seaport over their morning cereal.

Within another segment of our visitors managed by the Public Affairs Office, we saw some interesting innovations. Group visits are arranged through this office, and in the past this has meant, for the most part, bus tours. A new program, initiated this past year, provides for visits to the Museum by sea in the large, shallow draft, coastal cruise vessels *Nantucket Clipper* and *Colonial Explorer.* Regular visits by these ships give visitors the singularly appropriate alternative of arriving by sea, while the vessels serve to enhance Mystic's waterfront activities.

The visitor's experience includes food services and shopping opportunities. During this year the Museum's Galley served virtually hundreds of thousands of visitors in a facility that is inefficient and outdated. One of our major projects for the future is to give our dedicated Galley staff and our visitors an improved facility where good, reasonably priced food can be obtained quickly and enjoyed in a pleasant atmosphere. Other visitors to the Museum and residents of the area continue to enjoy the Seamen's Inne. Although the building is owned by the Museum, the restaurant is now operated by an outside firm.

This year also saw some creative thinking and experimentation relating to food and the visitor experience. Through a few days of experimenting we discovered that visitors were very interested in genuine lemonade made before their eyes. This proved to be not only delightful for the thirsty but also fascinating for small children who thought lemonade came from crystals or a frozen can and were amazed to watch it being made from real fruit. Encouraged by this test program, we expect to have a traditional lemonade stand as a regular part of the program in the coming year. Based on the success of this program, we may explore other traditional food possibilities.

For virtually every museum in the country the tradition of the museum shop has become important for both the institution and its visitors. A tour through the shop has become an important element for almost everyone attending a museum. The Seaport Store here at Mystic has grown to be a leader in its field and a great complement to the rest of the Museum. With the store alone grossing over $4 million a year, it is very definitely big business.

The year began with the addition of the new Mystic Maritime Gallery, where original art, fine ship models, scrimshaw, and sculpture can be purchased. This gallery, given in honor of Rudolph J. Schaefer by his son, Rudolph J. Schaefer III, should prove to be a great asset to the Museum. As an added benefit from the construction of the new gallery, the Seaport Store was able to expand its book department, bringing about a healthy increase in sales. It is now recognized as one of the most comprehensive maritime bookstores in the country.

The Board of Directors for the Store, which



Speaking from the nineteenth century, "Mrs. Talbot" greets a young visitor, while the Special Demonstration Squad interprets a whaleboat in the background. (Photo Mary Anne Stets)

is operated as a wholly-owned subsidiary profit-making corporation of the Museum, has been strengthened by the addition of several new members who are experts in retailing and museum store operations. The newly constituted Board has reviewed the Store's accounting procedures, mail-order business, and its basic capitalization. With fresh input from the Board, we should soon see the Store playing an even more positive role in assisting the Museum in the future.

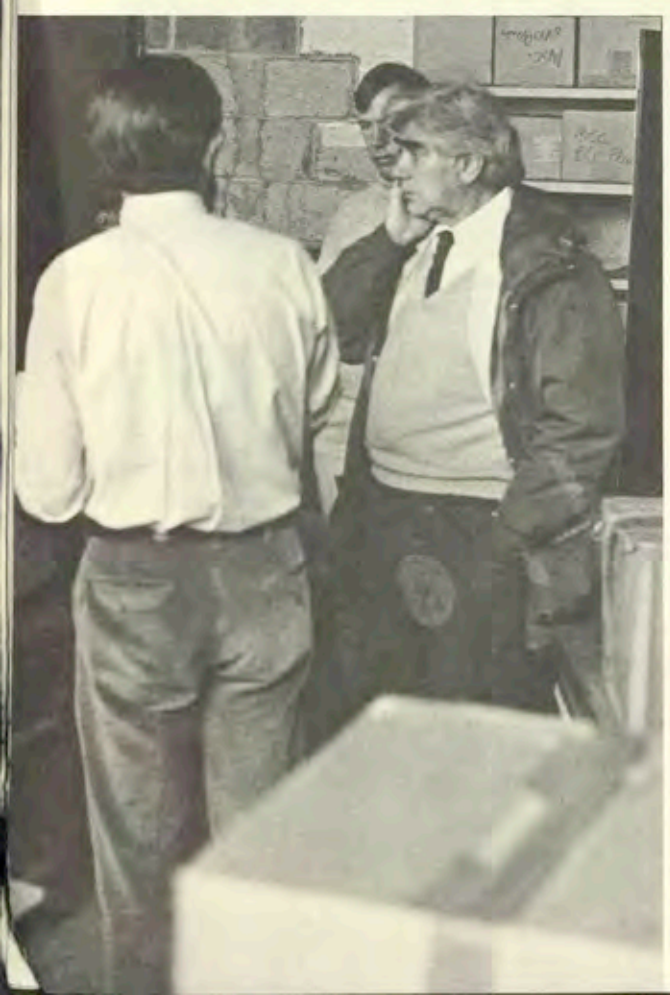
One of the interesting new additions to the Store's operation has been the creation of a branch in the lobby of the new Mystic Hilton hotel, which will open early next fiscal year. This will be the Seaport Store's first branch, and in this appropriate location it can reach many travelers who are here in the Mystic area. The Store's other successes this year include publication of a very popular book of color photographs of the Museum, and designation as the official publisher for Operation Sail posters and graphics.

Curatorial activities

The responsibility of the Museum's two curatorial departments encompasses all of the Museum's artifacts. The Curatorial Department has care of the historic structures and the diverse collections used to create our formal exhibits, decorate our historic houses, and furnish the various craft and business exhibits. In addition, our most distinctive assets, the ships and other vessels in the collection, are curatorial responsibilities of the department known as the Shipyard. The work of these two departments lies at the very heart of the Museum, since it is the preservation of such objects that differentiates museums from other educational institutions.

The largest single event for the Curatorial Department during this year was the arrival of the Rosenfeld Collection of photographs, which had been acquired during the final months of the preceding fiscal year. In order to prepare for the arrival of this vast collection, the Museum converted two thousand square feet of space in our Rossie Mill building into a modern climate-controlled work space and vault area. In June a convoy of trucks made their way from a warehouse in Brooklyn, where the collection had been stored, to the Museum. More than five hundred large boxes containing the one million images in this massive photographic collection were first arranged and sorted on an open floor area of the mill. With the assistance of several conservation interns from the Winterthur Program in Delaware, an initial condition assessment and report was made. This helped enormously in identifying conservation problems to be addressed straightaway, as well as in tagging extremely fragile and volatile nitrate negatives. Once this assessment was made, the collection was shifted into its new vault area under the guidance of Curator Ben Fuller and Rosenfeld Collection Manager Elizabeth Parker.

Curator Ben Fuller and Director J. Revell Carr confer with Stanley Rosenfeld on moving the Rosenfeld Collection from a Brooklyn warehouse. (Photo David Mathieson)



During the remainder of the year, with the assistance of volunteers, sorting and organizing work was begun on the collection. Within a few months the collection was in working order, and requests from researchers, publishers, and individuals were being processed and filled. With the current interest in the America's Cup (because of the 1987 challenge at Perth) the pace of orders has quickened in this area.

Other acquisitions this year included several James E. Buttersworth paintings and a Fred Cozzens watercolor, which add nicely to our painting collection. There was also a spectacular collection of material from the China trade, which had been brought back by Captain T. M. Benson on the vessel *Martha Davis* in 1870. Seldom does such a collection stay together for more than a century and carry with it such clear provenance.

Over the years we have received a great deal of material relating to the famous sailmaking firm of Ratsey and Lapthorn of England and America from a member of the Ratsey family. Some other material, which had gone out of

family hands, had been placed on loan with the Museum, and we were sorely disappointed when a number of the sailmakers' gore books, containing detailed notes, measurements, and sketches of sails for many of the great yachts, were summarily withdrawn from loan and placed on public auction. The loss of these books would have opened a serious void in the Museum's virtually complete Ratsey story. Fortunately, we were able to purchase these important manuscript records at auction, thus retaining the continuity of our collection.

The Curatorial exhibits staff created a number of interesting exhibits during the year. Substantial work was done on the second floor of the Stillman Building, enhancing the Scrimshaw Exhibit and displaying a number of the finest quality ship models within the Museum's collection. An exhibition on our Archives of American Yachting and Boating was of particular interest to many of our yachting members who visited our R. J. Schaefer Building. A spectacular show was organized for this building with material on loan from the Steamship Historical Society. This exhibit brought to life the history of many steam vessels, including the great passenger liners and Long Island Sound and Hudson River steamers, with photographs, deck plans, menus, and artifacts from the ships.

A loan from the Peabody Museum of Salem, Massachusetts, enabled us to show the Russell W. Knight Collection of paintings relating to the New England fisheries as a Schaefer Building exhibit. Complementing those paintings were photographs from our publication, *Down on T Wharf*, written by Andrew German, our Associate Editor.

One of the most popular exhibits during the past year was that entitled Art and Design of L. Francis Herreshoff. This exhibit, mounted in the P. R. Mallory Building, presented the L. Francis story vividly through the use of plans, drawings, and artifacts that have come to us from Mr. Herreshoff's heir.

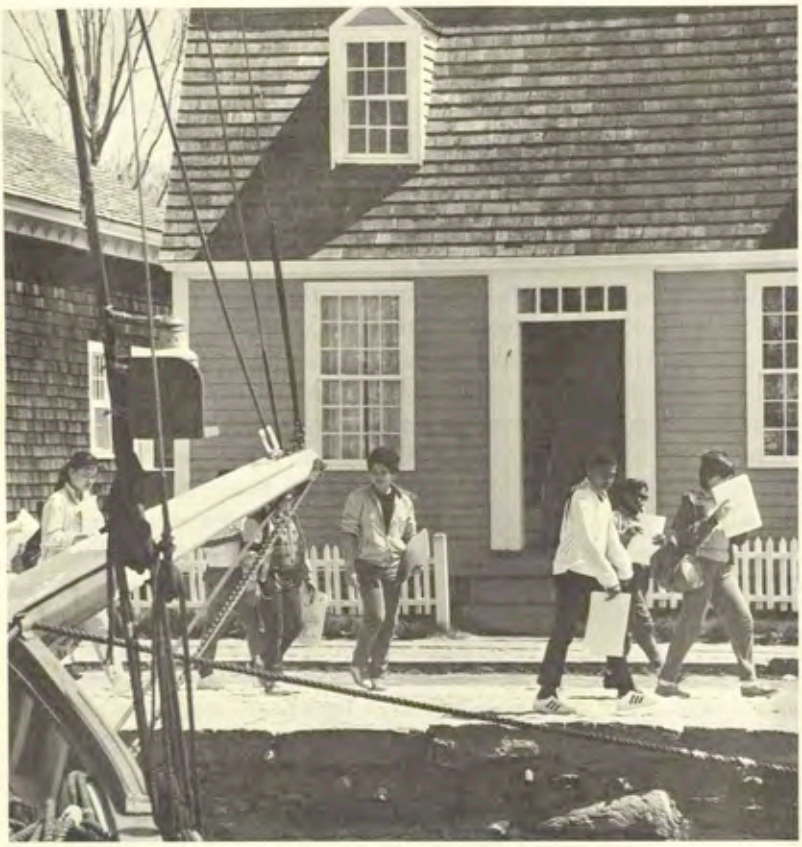
A cooperative effort between the Curatorial and Education Departments has truly enhanced our once static Hoop Shop exhibit. A seven-horsepower Hercules stationary gas engine was installed to run the shop's belt-driven machinery and allow discussion of the great influence of the internal combustion engine. When this engine is started up, its distinctive sound attracts visitors from all over the grounds to see this energy source at work.

The care of our vessels afloat is of paramount importance. Over the years, perhaps our greatest international reputation is based upon our accomplishments in the area of ship preservation; we are working to ensure that this reputation is merited and sustained. After more than eight years of guiding the Museum's program in ship preservation, Don Robinson chose to step aside from his responsibilities of directing the Shipyard. The Museum is very fortunate, however, that Don has willingly stayed on to assist in the complex task of coordinating the use of our facilities, which cover more than forty acres and sixty buildings. Don's maritime expertise is also being applied when we are the recipients of donated boats.

It was reassuring for all of us to have within the Shipyard a very able successor for Don in the person of Dana Hewson, who has been working in the Shipyard for nearly a decade. In the early months of his leadership he has demonstrated that the Shipyard and our vessels remain in good hands.

One of the major Shipyard preservation projects this year was not one of our vessels, but rather a piece of conservation equipment, which we must also maintain. While some fine-arts museums have delicate tools and precise equipment for the conservation of paintings or sculpture, we have conservation equipment on a different scale. Our lift dock, which has the capacity to lift up to 375-ton works of art, such as the *Charles W. Morgan*, was in need of extensive restoration after twelve years of almost continuous use. This work was carried on throughout the summer of 1985, and the dock was back in service for the fall, winter, and spring. Work on the lift dock will continue into the summer of 1986.

The fiscal year began with the Shipyard completing the redecking of the *Joseph Conrad* and the refurbishing of her interior. This massive



Learning about maritime history, a school group strolls along the Seaport waterfront. (Photo Claire White-Peterson)

task included the repair of the ironwork supporting the deck and the installation of a new teak deck, as well as restoration of her deck furniture and the complete renovation of the below decks area. The work has produced great benefits not only for those living aboard the ship, but also for the vessel itself.

During the fall of 1985, the *L. A. Dunton* was hauled on the lift dock so that work could begin on the forward area of the vessel below the waterline. Throughout the winter the talented shipyard crew replaced the forefoot of the vessel, as well as framing and planking in this area. Work was also carried out on the deck and on the foremast partners. Throughout this period regular visitors to the Museum, as well as museum professionals from around the country, were able to watch the work in progress and appreciate the Seaport's extraordinary commitment to ship preservation that was evident.

The *Charles W. Morgan* also received attention. The time-consuming and somewhat tedious task of restoring the officers' quarters was begun. This has been a fascinating project, requiring much research in order to ensure that this area accurately represents the layout of the ship in an earlier time. In addition, new davits were made for the *Morgan* whaleboats. The spectacle of steaming and bending 8"x8" oak fascinated visitors who were fortunate enough to be in the Shipyard Gallery while the process was underway. Finally, fourteen years after it was removed during earlier restoration work, the small anchor deck at the bow of the *Morgan* was replaced, as the ship continues to take on an ever more accurate appearance.

Work on the major vessels is only a part of the enormous task that the Shipyard carries out. Continual maintenance on all our vessels afloat, and the careful documentation of this work as it is carried out, requires the energy and talent of many individuals. The value of this effort, however, can be clearly measured in the excellent condition of our vessels.

Educational activities

Last year marked the twentieth anniversary of the opening of our G. W. Blunt White Library. While the Museum's library had existed for many years, this new facility, dedicated in 1965, was evidence of the institution's commitment to the establishment of a truly great maritime research library.

There is a myth within the library world that no matter how big you build your library it will fill up in twenty years. It is apparent to many of us that we have proven this myth to be a fact. With the interests of the Museum expanding, and in the face of a variety of new programs, our library is feeling strained. We have grown from 12,000 volumes to more than 50,000, and from 50,000 manuscript items to more than 400,000. Through this facility and its staff we serve more than 3,000 researchers each year and answer additional thousands of inquiries. In an effort to be more logical in the use of the space we have in the Library, we have been refining its use and evicting tenants who were not central to its operation. A few years ago the Media Resource Division moved out of the Library basement and into the basement of the Mallory Buildings. They were followed by the Museum's Central Files, which became the Museum Archives and moved to the lower level of the Membership Building. During this year, after twenty years of custodianship by the Library, the Ship's Plans Division was returned to the Curatorial Department and, with the energetic help of the Seaport Pilots, moved to an area in the Rossie Mill. This refinement of use is a logical aspect of progress for the Library as we devote more and more of that building to its primary intended purpose.

Under the auspices of the Library Fellows, we conducted our third Alexander Vietor Memorial Lecture in December. The speaker was the scholar and dealer Graham Arader III, recognized authority on maps and prints, who was a pupil and protégé of Alec Vietor while at Yale.

This year was not an overwhelming one for new publications, yet it was still a very active year for the Publications Department. We all shared pride in the publication of *Historic Buildings at Mystic Seaport*. Through this work by William Peterson and Peter Coope, proper recognition of the significant historic structures here at the Museum has finally been achieved. In addition to this new publication, four books went into reprint: *Wake of the Coasters* by John F. Leavitt; *Origins of Sea Terms* by John G. Rogers; the pocket-size *Mystic Seaport Guide*; and *Folklore and the Sea* by Horace Beck. It is a healthy sign that these books, two of which are over ten years old, are still in such demand. The year also saw the Museum's books carried by an increasing number of bookstores throughout the world.

Meanwhile, a publishing venture new to Mystic Seaport Museum, the videocassette program administered by our Media Resource Division, has been making waves. The Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. America's Cup Series consists of films (and all outtakes) of all the Twelve Meter America's Cup Races since 1958. This tremendous resource was donated by the Thomas J. Lipton Company to Mystic Seaport in 1983. Footage from these films has been in heavy demand during the past year because of the upcoming races at Perth, and important agreements have been reached with Australia's Network Ten, and cable network ESPN in the United States. Over 3,000 videocassette units were sold and 750 films rented during the fiscal year. *The 25th Defense: End of An Era* received an Emmy Award from the New England Chapter of the National Academy of Television Arts & Sciences, and it was also awarded by the New England Museum Association.

Within the area of higher education programs, the Munson Institute of American Maritime Studies continues to serve the maritime preservation and maritime historical fields with its graduate level courses during the summer. While we have not seen great growth in the enrollment, we have seen a steady and continuous interest in the program, which over the years has equipped many people for work in the maritime museum world and in teaching careers at the secondary and college levels.

The Williams College-Mystic Seaport Museum Program in American Maritime Studies

entered its ninth year in the fall of 1985. It has established a solid reputation for quality among college faculty members, and for hard work among the students who are enrolled or considering enrollment. Both sponsoring institutions are proud of this reputation and want to maintain this accurate perception of the program. In an effort to raise the level of awareness at participating colleges and to provide additional insight into the program, an advisory council was established with faculty members from all participating schools invited. Through this group involvement the program has established a much stronger rapport with the educational institutions from which our students come.

The work of the Museum's Education Department is recognized at various places in this report. Obviously, the Education Department is constantly involved with the visitors and many of the special events. Throughout the year the Education Department conducts its astronomy and navigation classes, as well as other adult education classes. There are other aspects, however, which should be recognized. We have seen growth in the overnight programs with school children. Through this program, youngsters can come from some distance, participate in thematic programs during the afternoon and evening, stay aboard the *Joseph Conrad*, and continue their activities the following day before returning to their homes. This seems to be particularly effective and satisfying for both students and the Museum Teachers working with them.

The School Services Division has begun to create School Curriculum Resource Packets to help teachers integrate maritime studies into their school curriculum. During the summer the Museum Teachers offer a day camp that serves the local community well. Clearly the Education Department is expanding its services in all directions.

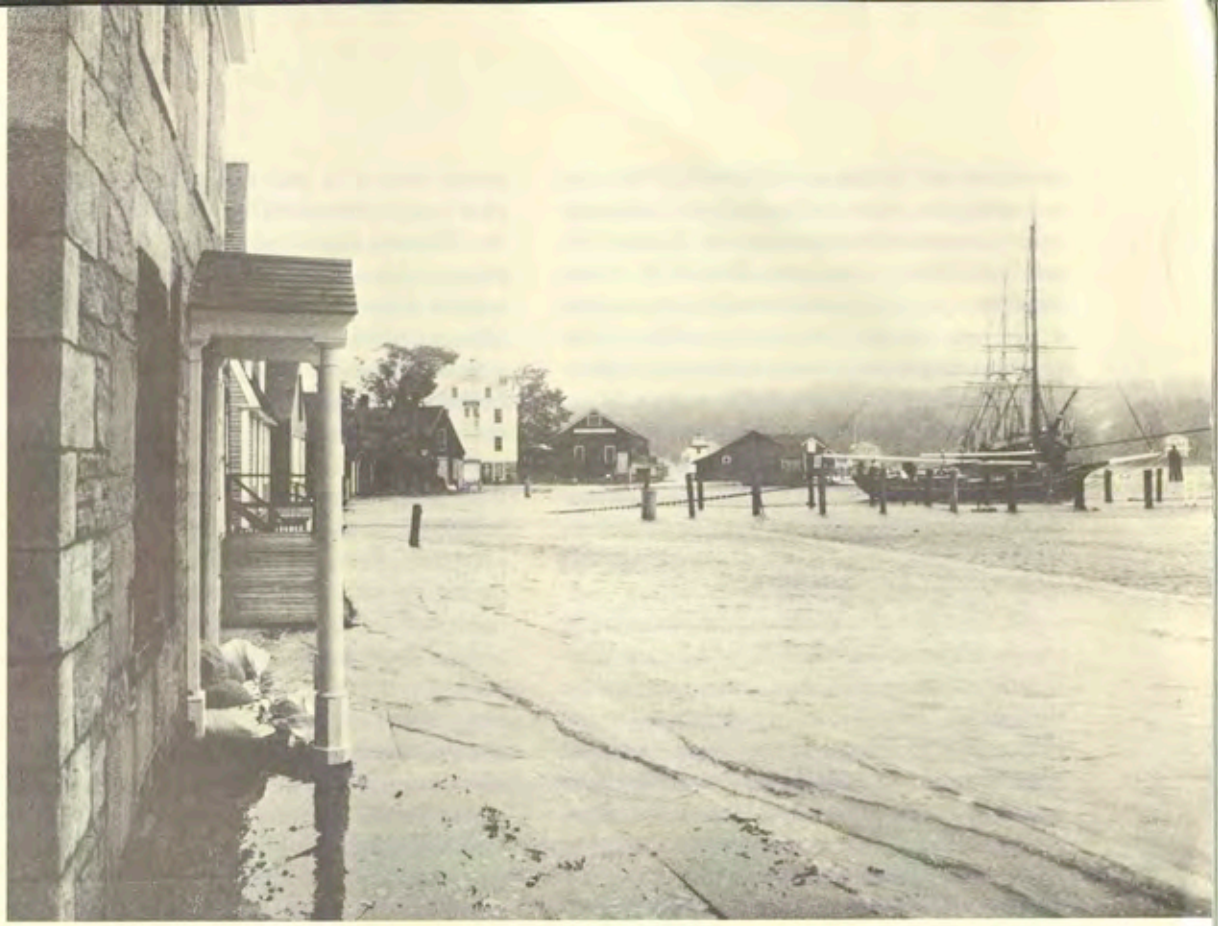
The Museum is able to provide training for individuals interested in going into the museum field through our summer internship program. Those enrolled in this program work for the Museum two days a week, study under Museum staff members for two days, and travel to another museum in the region for comparison study on the fifth day of each week. The experience gained over the years by Mystic Seaport staff members is, therefore, shared with others preparing for a museum career.

We continue to have successful programs teaching sailing to adult and youth groups, as well as some of the Williams-Mystic program students. Plans were made this year to experiment with an extended summer program on board the *Conrad* in which the students would stay for a ten day period. Further efforts to refine and improve these programs will be made.

Our sail training schooner *Brilliant* continues to have an appearance that matches her name. During the summer she made an offshore passage to Bermuda with adult crew members, giving individuals an opportunity to practice their celestial navigation at sea. In the series of schooner races held during the late summer and early fall, *Brilliant* acquitted herself superbly and won the Foster's Lager Series Cup. With a number of new sails, *Brilliant* should have an equally positive season in 1986.



Seaport Pilot Ron Grand helps paint the main shop in the Shipyard. (Photo Mary Anne Stets)



Hurricane Gloria caused minor flooding and tree damage but, fortunately, not the devastation that was predicted. (Photo Don Trewergy)

Operational activities

The administrative, financial, and maintenance operation of the Museum all saw successes during the fiscal year. While it was not an easy year financially, careful budget management by Deputy Director Frank Kneedler, Controller Norm Steinfeld, the department directors, and their staffs enabled the Museum to complete the year in an overall strong position. As the financial data included in this report will indicate, we are a stronger museum overall than we were a year ago, but we are still running extremely close to the line on our actual year-to-year budgeting. To address this problem we have developed a four-year projected budget, and we can see a continuing positive change. As we seek to improve the Museum, we put constant demands on the budget and are looking for creativity and resourcefulness among the staff, trustees, and members to help us meet these needs.

One area that is, of course, intimately involved in the financial growth of the Museum is the Development Office, which includes our membership program. There has been a revitalization of the Development Office, with greater effort being made toward support from corporations, foundations, and individual donors. Through the generosity of our members, we were able to surpass our annual giving goal and sustain a number of important programs.

We also recognized the fact that it is through our membership that we generate most of our contributed support. Therefore, we have launched a program to double our membership during the next few years. We think that by making more people aware of the Museum's goals and objectives, we can attract them as

members and further strengthen the Museum.

Among the most challenging physical problems facing the Museum are the Rossie Mill and the Library basement. The Mill, which contains 150,000 square feet of space, needed a roof over virtually the entire building. This process will require a number of years to complete, but during this fiscal year we are able to report that the 3.2 acres of roof are finally watertight, and substantial work has been done within the building to replace or reinforce deteriorated timber. A great deal of work remains to be done on the building, but it has been stabilized and is serving the Museum very well.

We have had a continuing problem over the years with water leaking into the Library basement through penetrations in the foundation during times of high tide or heavy rain. During this year we engaged a firm of hydrological engineers to undertake a study and devise a solution for this ongoing problem. We have every hope that we can make real progress in this area during the coming year.

As both the Museum and government regulations became more complex, it was clear that the Museum had to have a professional Personnel Office to insure that we were properly attending to the staff personnel needs, as well as meeting government requirements. During this year the Personnel Office was strengthened and some long-term projects that should benefit both the Museum and the staff have been undertaken.

During the fall of this year, the Museum faced one of its most ominous situations. Hurricane Gloria gathered strength and began a slow, threatening track up the East Coast. Each year, for more than a decade, the staff has prepared and refined a Hurricane Preparation and Recovery Bill. This year was no exception, and as the storm became a real threat, a well-prepared plan was implemented. As we have reported to the Museum membership in the *Wind Rose*, the severity of the storm was less than was predicted, and the Museum and its vessels survived virtually unscathed.

It was more than the hand of Providence that protected the Museum. An absolutely heroic staff, paid and volunteer, monitored the storm's approach, went to work, carried out every element of the hurricane plan, and looked for what additional work might be done to increase the protection. Other heroes stayed at the Museum during the storm and lent a hand when it was needed. Finally, after the storm, and after the adrenaline had diminished, an army of heroes worked tirelessly through the day following the storm to put the Museum back together again. During that time of year, days in which the Museum is closed are costly to us. As it was, we lost the attendance of 6,500 people, equalling more than $40,000 of income during the 2½ days the Museum was closed. It was truly remarkable to see the effort of the staff to have the Museum open for visitors on Sunday, when the entire area remained without electricity (except that provided by the Museum's own generator).

Mystic Seaport Museum is blessed in many ways: by its historic location, by its exceptional collections, by its loyal membership, but most of all by its dedicated volunteers and paid staff. It is remarkable that we can count on a volunteer core of more than 300 people who annually give 30,000 hours of time. The remarkable commitment of our employees as well has ensured that we have completed the year as a vigorous and growing institution.

FINANCIAL SUPPORT AND THE MUSEUM'S FUTURE

In the few years since the Museum successfully completed its $7.7 million Preservation Fund—the largest capital campaign in the Seaport's fifty-seven-year history—we have found more to be thankful for than exceeding our ambitious Preservation Fund goal: we have found many good and generous friends who understand and support the ideals and goals we strive to achieve. That type of support continues to strengthen the Seaport's financial position each year.

An extraordinary example of the type of recognition the Museum received this year came as the venerable American Seamen's Friend Society reached the end of its mission and chose to dissolve its assets. Although this year's figures do not reflect the total proceeds from the dissolution, Mystic Seaport Museum will receive approximately $800,000 from the Society for endowment purposes in 1986. This generous gift—and the $600,000 the Society has given to the Museum over the past ten years—will endow aspects of the Museum that relate to the basic objectives of the American Seamen's Friend Society, allowing us, in some small sense, to keep alive the spirit of the Society. It will help to continue the excellence of our library and to aid in the preservation and interpretation of our buildings that relate to sailors' life ashore in the nineteenth century. The American Seamen's Friend Society gift stands as a testament to the purpose and goals of our Museum and its role in preserving American maritime heritage.

Another indication of the Seaport's long-range financial planning came through the establishment of, and immediate strong support for, the Mystic Seaport Museum Pooled Income Fund. Just prior to the close of the 1985–86 fiscal year, the Seaport received its first gift to the Fund (we now have over $250,000 in hand), and the 1986–87 year promises many additions. Gifts to the Pooled Income Fund make sense to both the donor and the Museum. Donors can avoid capital gains tax and take an immediate charitable deduction in addition to receiving quarterly payments on their investment each year for life; or if they prefer, for the lifetime of a second beneficiary. In return, the Museum receives the principle of the investment, designated by the donor's wishes, after life. This important program will add to the vitality of Mystic Seaport for many years to come.

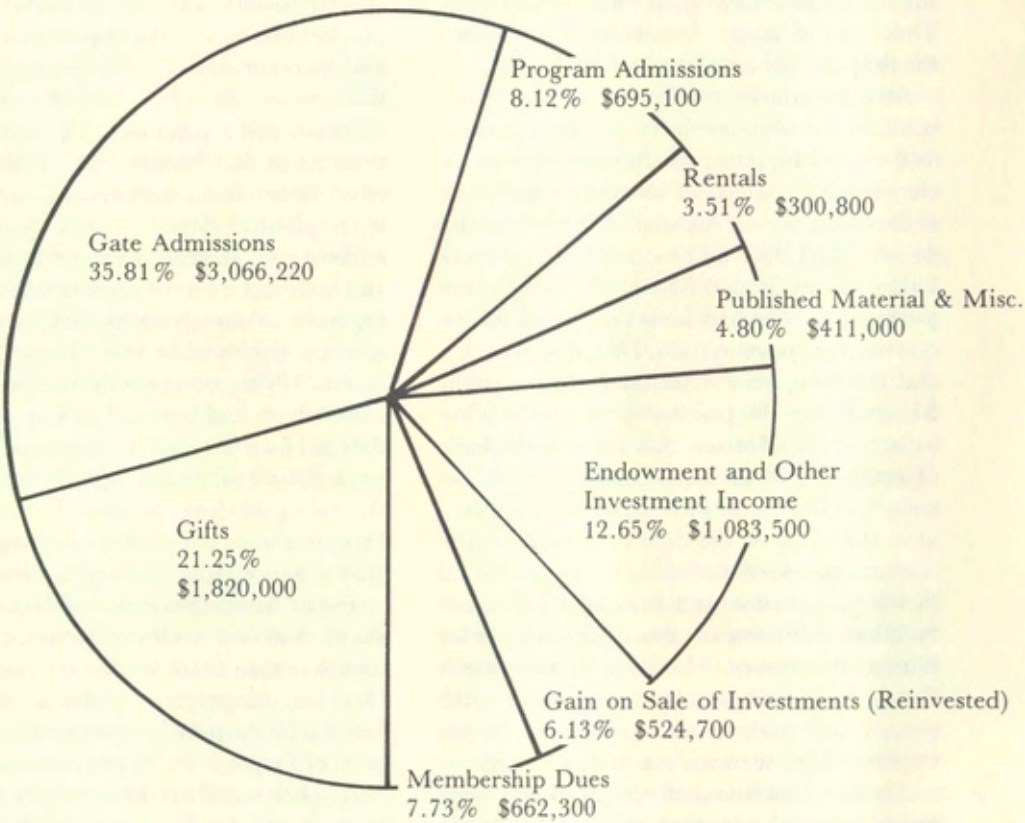
One of the most important elements of our continuing development effort is annual unrestricted contributions. This year, more than 2,400 of you, our loyal members, contributed over $330,000 in unrestricted funds, which support the Museum's annual programs, expenses, and operations. It is exactly this kind of support that makes the difference between a good Museum and a great one. Unrestricted donations mean that Mystic Seaport Museum can offset the enormous operating costs of maintaining its physical plant, including the huge maintenance costs of preserving our historic vessels and buildings from the annual wear and tear of exposure to the elements and to more than 400,000 visitors each year. Through a strong Annual Giving Fund, the Seaport can attend to such "above and beyond" projects as studying the need for a new visitor reception center; seeking acquisitions; providing scholarship support for sailing students in the Mariner Training Program; and generally expanding our programs, our services, and our horizons.

Today, Mystic Seaport is in better financial shape, and has a clearer focus on its future direction, than at any time in the past ten years. Our long-range plan charts a new course founded on the principles set forth in our Statement of Purpose. Yet, to proceed with our long-range plans—and to remain fiscally responsible in the years ahead—we will need all the continued support we can get.

As we look ahead to achieving our future goals, we remain grateful to more than 2,400 friends who showed their dedication to the Seaport and its goals this year; to the first investor-donors to our Pooled Income Fund; and to the leaders of the American Seamen's Friend Society. This type of support is an endorsement of our past achievements, our present responsibilities, and our future goals. For that, we are very, very grateful.

MYSTIC SEAPORT MUSEUM REVENUES*

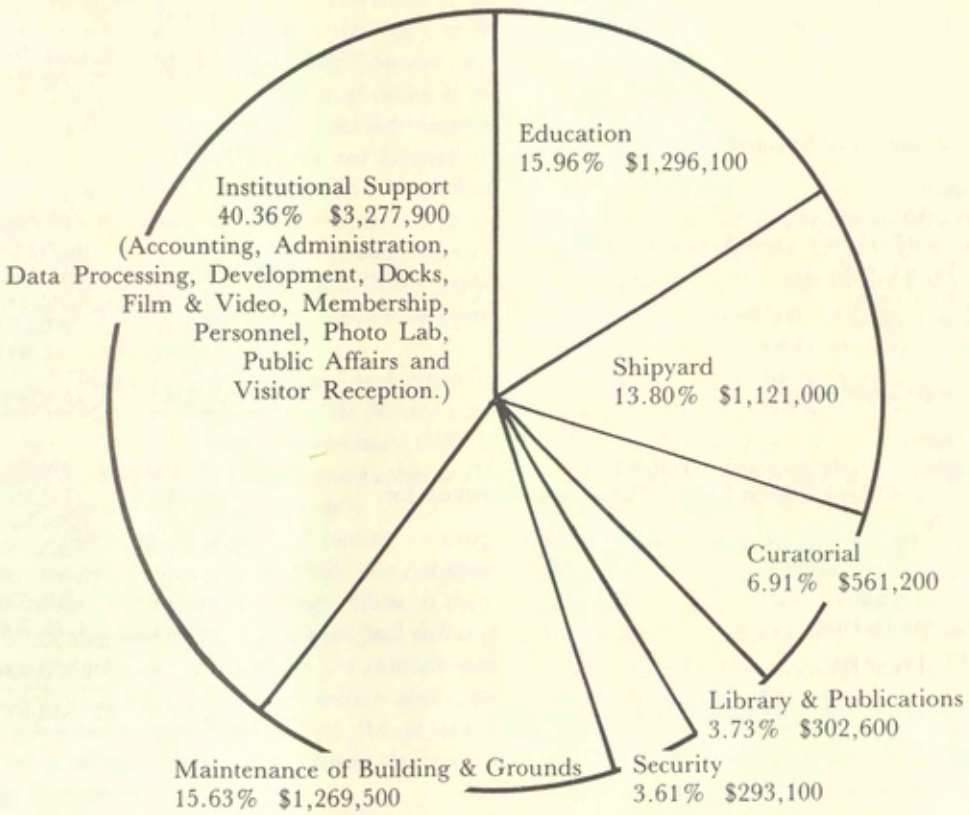
Fiscal Year Ending 4/25/86
Total = $8,563,600



*Does not include auxiliary operations (Stores & Galley).

MYSTIC SEAPORT MUSEUM EXPENSES*

Fiscal Year Ending 4/25/86
Total = $8,121,400



*Does not include auxiliary operations (Stores & Galley).

MYSTIC SEAPORT MUSEUM / COMPARATIVE BALANCE SHEET

As of 26 April 1985 and 29 April 1986

Assets	*29 April 1986*	*26 April 1985*
Cash & Short-Term Investments	$ 1,649,200	$ 2,086,300
Receivables	444,300	591,000
Inventories	1,357,000	1,031,100
Investments	10,759,500	10,613,900
Investment in Rosenfeld Photo Collection	1,809,900	1,809,100
Fixed Assets—Net	7,682,900	7,128,700
Other	129,400	87,500
Total Assets	$23,832,200	$23,348,400
Liabilities and Fund Balances		
Liabilities:		
Current Portion of Long-Term Debt	$ 493,000	$ 651,300
Accounts Payable & Accrued Expenses	944,000	1,153,900
Notes Payable to Bank	1,081,600	375,000
Long-Term Debt	587,600	1,361,300
Deferred Income	138,000	230,000
Other	57,000	46,900
Total Liabilities	$ 3,302,000	$ 3,818,400
Fund balances:		
Net Equity of Mystic Seaport Museum Stores, Inc.	$ 290,400	$ 176,500
Net Deficit of Mystic Seaport Museum Subsidiary Operations, Inc.	(460,900)	(475,900)
Endowment	8,729,700	7,884,900
Board Designated Endowments	5,763,500	5,242,100
Plant Funds	5,534,300	5,180,700
Operating Funds	110,000	505,000
Special Projects Funds	563,200	1,016,700
Total Fund Balances	$20,530,200	$19,530,000
Total Liabilities and Fund Balances	$23,832,200	$23,348,400

MYSTIC SEAPORT MUSEUM / GIVING TOTALS 1985–86

Source	*Unrestricted*	*Capital and other restricted*	*Total 1985–86*	*1984–85*
Contributions	$ 638,900	$720,000	$1,359,100	$1,699,300
Bequests	314,600		314,600	114,900
Grants		23,600	23,600	176,800
Sale Proceeds from Donated Boats	122,700		122,700	101,700
Totals	$1,076,200	$743,800	$1,820,000	$2,092,700

My Passage North in the *Herbert L. Rawding*, 1941

CAPTAIN FRANCIS E. BOWKER

Mystic Seaport Museum is pleased to announce publication of Atlantic Four-Master: The Story of the Schooner *Herbert L. Rawding*, 1919–1947, *by the Museum's own Captain Francis "Biff" Bowker. Captain Bowker went to sea at the age of sixteen in the three-masted schooner* Peaceland, *and later served in the three-masters* E. P. Theriault *and* Edward R. Smith; *four-masters* Alvena, Theoline, Helen Barnet Gring *(in which he was wrecked),* Annie C. Ross, *and* Herbert L. Rawding; *and five-master* Edna Hoyt. *His earlier books,* Hull Down *(1963) and* Blue Water Coaster *(1972), describe his experiences in several of these vessels.*

After merchant marine service and work ashore, he came to Mystic Seaport as mate of the Museum's sail training schooner Brilliant. *He commanded the* Brilliant *for twenty-two years before coming ashore as Research Associate at the Seaport in 1983.*

The four-master Herbert L. Rawding, *an 1,109-net-ton, 201-foot product of the World War I shipping boom, was built at Stockton Springs, Maine, in 1919. Moved from trade to trade during the final decline of merchant sail, she was one of very few great schooners still active in 1941. After fruitless wartime service, she began a new career in Newfoundland. Perhaps the last four-master to carry cargo on the Atlantic, she foundered off Spain in 1947.*

Captain Bowker narrates the Rawding*'s career with special emphasis on his two voyages in her. More than the biography of one of the last of the great schooners, this is an exciting tale of life at sea under sail, told with keen insight and engaging style by one who was there.*

Atlantic Four-Master *contains 96 pages, 60 illustrations, and three foldout plans. It is available for $28.00 bound in cloth, $18.00 in paperback. Members of Mystic Seaport Museum are entitled to a 10 percent discount.*

This excerpt recounts the author's first passage north from the Caribbean in the Rawding. *Laden with "goatina"—goat manure—from Las Piedras, Venezuela, she was bound to Boston early in 1941 on a routine passage that left a lasting impression on her young bosun, "Biff" Bowker.*

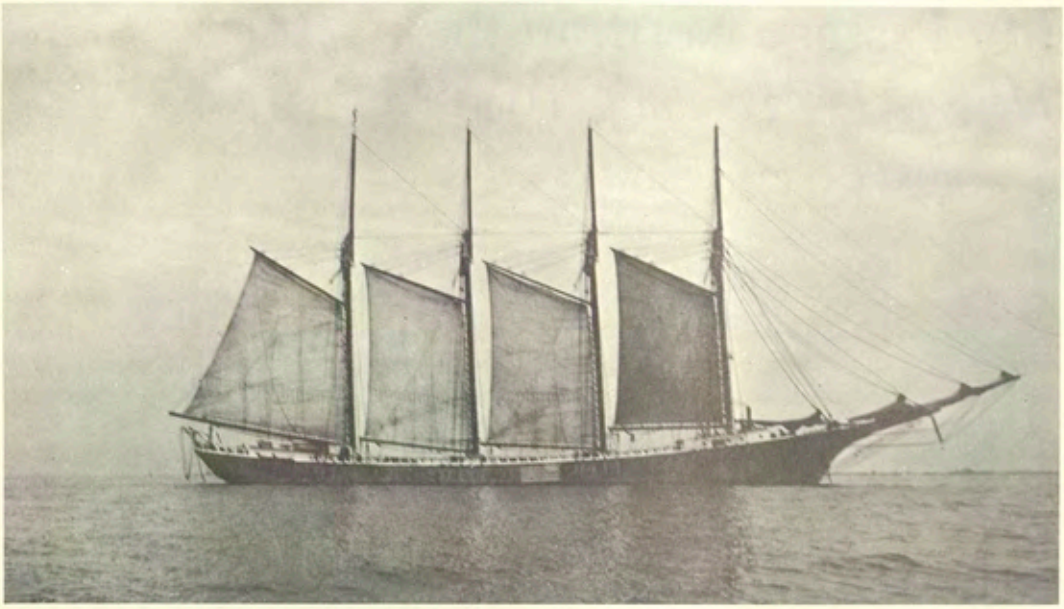
The *Rawding* must have been a beautiful sight as she worked her way up past Haiti, through the Windward and Crooked Island passages, with light and fitful airs. We had enjoyed our two and a half months in the tropics and wished we could leave a month later, for this voyage would bring us on the coast in early March, a month notorious for westerly gales.

Off San Salvador we picked up a strong, easterly half-gale, with rain and a moderate sea. This swept us along for forty-eight hours with topsails and outer jib tied up and the vessel knocking off a steady nine knots. We felt well on the way to a flying passage home when, suddenly, the wind died out, leaving us in long, oily swells left by the deserting wind. The vessel rolled idly on the empty sea.

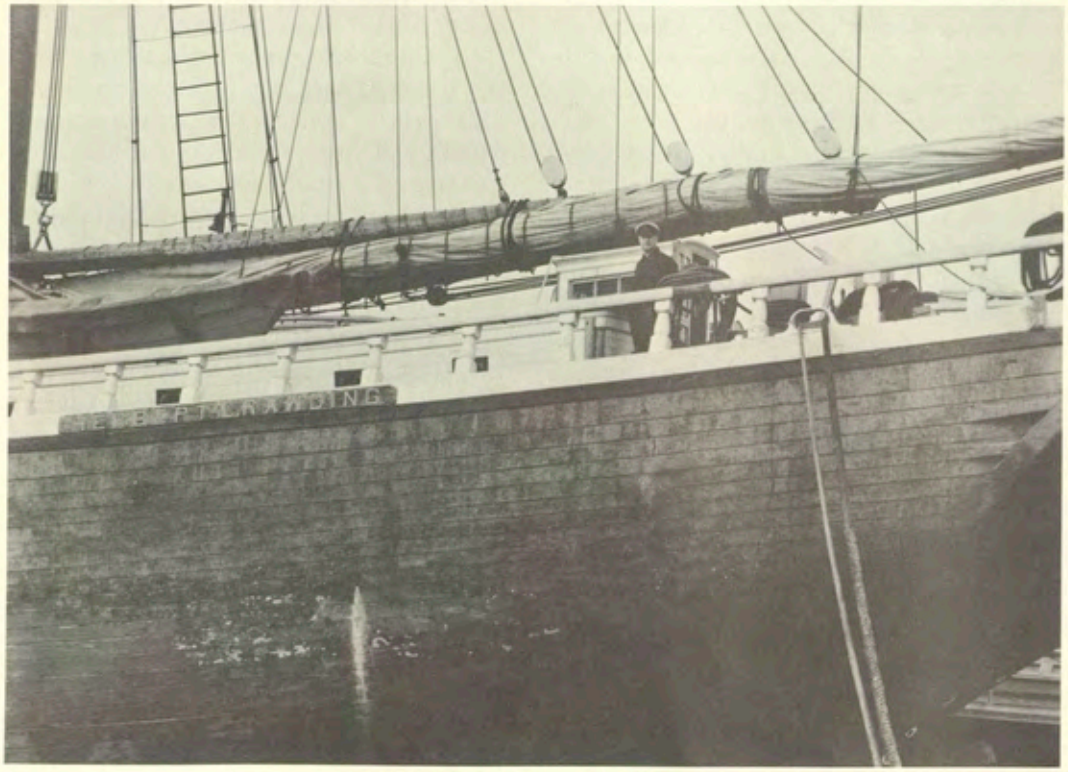
Next morning the sun rose red in a hazy sky. It beat down in tropical fury all the forenoon, blistering fresh paint and making tar in the rigging bubble. The old vessel rolled easily and stayed within sight of a great patch of weeds for hours.

During the afternoon a light breeze sprang up astern, gradually freshening and hauling into the southwest as evening approached. All four topsails were set again and, with the wind on her port quarter, the *Rawding* began to step along on the road home.

That evening when I came on deck to take over the eight to twelve watch, Captain Decker was pacing back and forth, looking at the top-



The *Herbert L. Rawding* at anchor in Hampton Roads, Virginia, 1940. (Courtesy Minor G. Robinson)



Captain Decker on the quarterdeck, 1941. (Courtesy Garrett I. Johnson)

sails swelling overhead and pondering whether the wind would hold all evening.

"Glass is going down," he remarked before going below. "Wouldn't be surprised if it might haul a bit to the north. Be sure to give me a call if it breezes up."

It was a grand night for sailing. I stood on the weather side keeping an eye on the sails, watching the sea for a sign of another ship, feeling the life in her as she heeled to the press of the wind, watching the phosphorescent wake reel out like a wide silver ribbon astern. The glow from the binnacle made the dark face of the negro helmsman stand out in bold relief as he put his shoulders into the effort of giving the vessel a little "up helm" to keep her off the wind. He eased a few spokes back when her head showed signs of swinging.

As the skipper predicted, the wind began to haul forward a bit when I had been on deck about an hour. I called the lookout down from the forecastle head, turned out the chief, led a messenger line back from the winch to the halyards, and we hove in the sheets a bit. The wind was nearly abeam and freshening all the time and the vessel lay farther over. The wash from her lee seemed to fly by.

"This," I thought "is real sailing. I'll see what the old girl will do when she has a chance."

I saw what the old girl would do. She would do about ten knots with all sail set, a moderate sea and a good, strong wind on the beam. She laid her rail right down to the water and acted as though she actually was making about twenty-one knots. This was the sort of sailing I went to sea for. I wouldn't call the skipper unless it breezed up a little more, although I knew if he were on deck he would be taking in the topsails. I figured if I could hold on until midnight we would take them in with the help of the other watch and then let them tie them up. I was a little disturbed by an ocasional flash of lightning that showed far to the northwest, but at first took it for a small, local storm which would pass well up ahead of us. However, the flashes gradually became more distinct and the wind slowly but steadily increased until the vessel was fairly flying. Finally, I became aware of a dark, black patch in the direction of the lightning flashes and decided it was time to call the captain.

While making my way down to the cabin I had a rather guilty feeling that I had let calling the skipper ride a bit too long. I poked my head into his room and called. Just then there was a roar from the deck, "BOSUN!"

I dashed out the forward companion and started aft, but was met by a yell.

"Call out all hands! Get those topsails in! Take in the outer and flying jibs and when you get done come back here and lower this spanker."

He paused just long enough to catch his breath, and as I streaked along the deck to get things going, he added, "Just what in hell did you think you were doing?"

We had three good able seamen out of four. This was all we needed to get the topsails clewed in in rapid order. They were left hanging when we got them to the mastheads. There was no time for tying them up; that small black patch I had seen now covered most of the sky to windward. The lightning was now punctuated by the rumble of thunder. The wind had hauled still farther forward and the vessel was diving into a choppy cross sea.

We hauled down the outer and flying jibs, then laid out on the plunging jibboom to make them fast. She was already thrusting her dolphin striker into the seas and it was wet work passing the gaskets—work we were anxious to get done in a hurry.

The full fury of the storm crashed down upon us as we reached the deck and started aft to take in the spanker. We got the great sail lowered without carrying anything away. We got it rolled up in the lazy jacks and made the boom secure with the sheet hauled flat, boom tackle secured, and crutch tackles in place. Then I was told a few things that any young officer need only be told once. Had the skipper not come on deck just when he did, the *Herbert L. Rawding* would certainly have been short of some sails, and the possibility of more serious damage was not remote, for I had run the vessel, under full sail, smack into the face of a full-fledged gale out of the northwest.

It must have been well into our watch below

before we left the deck to turn in. I was a chastened young man. I had put the ship in jeopardy, and caused extra work for all hands.

When I came on deck at 4:00 A.M., I found that the mate's watch had reefed down the fore, main, and mizzen, and the vessel was laboring heavily into a growing head sea. The wind had risen to full gale force and the vessel was shipping water forward in a dangerous manner. Few of the large four- or five-masted schooners could heave to comfortably in heavy weather. They would keep falling off the wind, roll terribly, and ship solid water forward. The *Rawding* was typical of this class of vessel. The only safe way to handle her, provided there was plenty of sea room, was to up helm, fall off, and run before it. This is what Captain Decker decided on. We lowered the main and mizzen, swung off before the wind, and under reefed fore, staysail, and inner jib headed off southeasterly, where we had the whole ocean before us in which to run.

The wind increased still more that day. Several times we got too far off before the wind and the fore gaff jibed across with a tremendous CRASH! that shook the entire ship. We eventually lowered that foresail and the fore staysail. With only the jib we ran off under bare poles, before giant seas that raced after the vessel, towered over her stern as she sagged back into the trough from the last sea and then, with a mighty thrust, swept high in the air. The sea would roar by underneath and drop the struggling schooner into another great hollow, so the next monster could race down with terrifying force, to threaten and then sweep by in a furious rage at its inability to overwhelm the quarry. The wind moaned constantly in the rigging and occasional gusts would strike the vessel in a cloud of spray blown from the tops of the sea, laying the ship over from the force against her bare masts and shrieking through the taut wire stays.

For three days and three nights we ran before the gale. At times the fierce squalls would sweep down, blanketing sea and sky in a welter of flying rain and spray. Between the squalls the sun would shine brightly through racing clouds, or the stars would appear at night. The *Rawding* rode easily, with seas a point or so on the port quarter. Only occasionally would any amount of water come aboard, and then it was only the crests of seas slashing along the rails. One morning an exhausted sea gull landed on the after hatch and stayed there most of the morning. I photographed him before he recovered and took flight to battle the gale once more. Twice we got a little too directly before the following seas and the *Rawding*, unable to lift as quickly before the following seas, was pooped. Fortunately the yawl boat on the stern davits took most of the force of these boarding seas, and except for the helmsman and officer of the watch getting well soaked, there was no damage. I presume the vessel worked a bit, but the beauty of a steam donkey engine is the fact that the pumping is done by the chief. Unless he becomes worried, there is little need for anxiety on the part of the crew. Hand pumping would have been a different matter.

One morning as I came on deck Old Sam, the cook, was holding onto the spanker rigging and looking off to starboard.

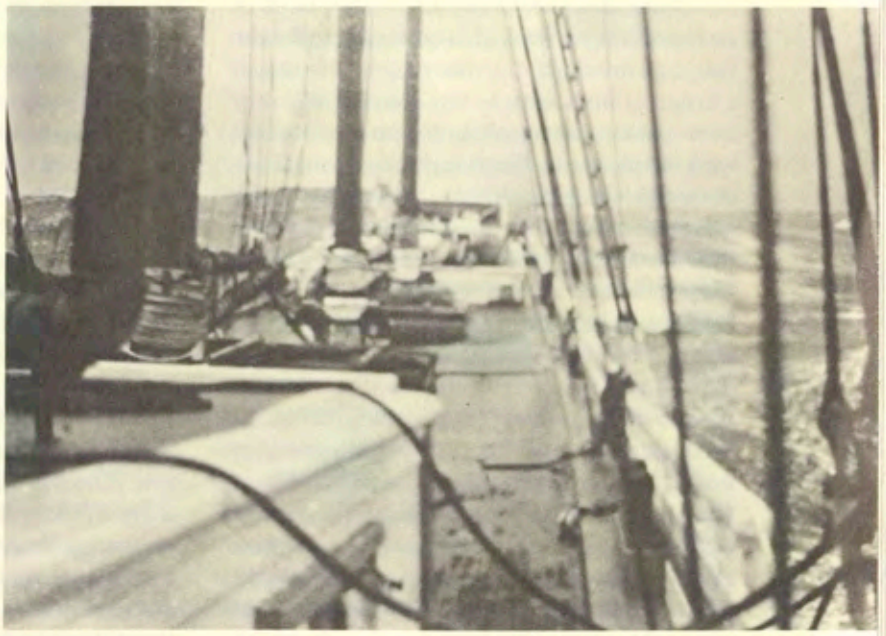
"Look at dat, Mist Bowka," he remarked. About two miles away, a big tanker was slogging her way north and hitting those great seas, butt end on. As she dove her head into a sea her whole forward end would disappear in a smother of water, until little but the stack and after house were visible. She would clear herself and then dive again.

We stood there in silence for a couple of minutes. Sam finally shook his head and stated, "A've been in sailing vessels fo' sixty yeahs an' ain't nevah been in one of dem things. Ah ain't nevah goin' in one of dem. Dey's dangerous."

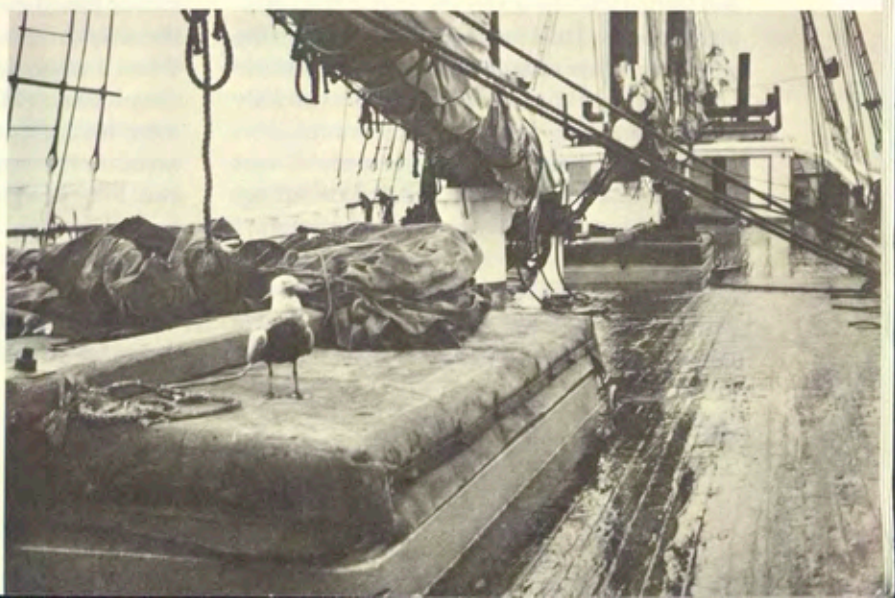
I thought about this wooden schooner with her aging iron fastenings and how easily she could spring a butt, fill up, and drown the lot of us. I looked at that old African who had left his native land as a young boy, had survived shipwreck, foundering, a fever-ridden barkentine from which he was one of three survivors, had been aboard a three-masted schooner that rode out the great "Portland Gale," and had his stomach ripped open by a drink-crazed wife who had been in an asylum for many years and



Under jib alone, the *Rawding* runs off before the gale of March 1941. (Photo by author)



Looking aft as a huge following sea rises over the stern before sweeping under the vessel. (Photo by author)



A gull rests on deck during the March gale. With the vessel riding easily, the decks are wet only because occasional sea crests slop through the rails. (Photo by author)

whom he still loved. There was something solid and reassuring about Sam. He had told me much of his life story one storm-tossed evening when I reclined in an old Morris chair in the saloon and he braced himself in a chair chocked between the cabin table and the pantry. It had been too rough to sleep, but a fine time to yarn.

By sundown the breeze had dwindled to a gentle air, just enough to keep the sails full, and by midnight it had died entirely. The *Rawding* fell off into the trough of the swell and began to roll so violently that, once again, we were forced to lower all sail, this time in order to prevent them from slatting to pieces. There is nothing in the world like the thrashing of a large schooner rolling helplessly in the after swell of such a storm as we had been through. At the height of the storm the seas may have reached a height of from forty to fifty feet. By now they were down to about twenty feet, but to a vessel lying helplessly in the trough, such swells are of terrifying proportions. She rolled with monotonous regularity, putting first one rail and then the other into the water. Aloft, the topmasts swept a broad arc against the sky. Back and forth, back and forth the vessel rolled, as if she would snap the masts right out of her. It was difficult to stand on deck. It was almost impossible to stay in a bunk. In the galley and in the cabin pantry, doors flew open to shower pots and broken crockery about the decks. There was nothing to be done on deck. The rudder kicked so hard it was dangerous to keep a man at the wheel. Kicking tackles were put on the tiller to control its thrashing and the wheel was lashed. Hour after hour the vessel rolled back and forth. I had the graveyard watch, from midnight to 4:00 A.M. I kept one man aft, near the wheel, the other stood lookout on the forecastle head. My only concern was to watch carefully in case something started to carry away.

The mate relieved me at 4:00 A.M. and I went below. I took off my boots and rolled into my bunk "all standing." With the vessel thrashing as she was, I wanted to be ready for the call, "ALL HANDS!" There was little comfort to be had under such circumstances. The cabin resounded with a variety of noises; the wash of water sweeping across the deck, the pounding of the rudder, the groaning of the ship's timbers, and the tramp of feet overhead as some piece of gear had to be made more secure. Nevertheless, I fell into a restless sleep, during which all sorts of wild dreams crossed my mind.

Suddenly I was awakened by a tremendous crash, followed by a couple of heavy thumps. I sprang from my bunk, threw on my boots and started for the deck, thinking that perhaps a sheet had carried away and that one of the booms with its heavy gaff and all the attached canvas had gone adrift and might be flailing across the deck. It was still dark when I paused at the top of the companionway and glanced forward from the coach house window. I could see forms up near the number two hatch, but there was no call for the watch. Sleepily deciding that not too much could have gone wrong, and there being no call for assistance, I decided the mate's watch felt they could handle the problem and went below again.

When the call for breakfast came, I learned what all the commotion had been about. The mizzen port trestletree, which helped support the topmast, had carried away and the topmast, dropping straight down, had driven its butt into the corner of No. 2 hatch, laid over, and crashed through the port rail. It lay there with about twelve feet of its end projecting out over the side. The watch on deck lashed it down where it lay. When I came on deck, the mate was up on the masthead clearing the topmast rigging and lashing it clear of the gear for the mizzen sail. The vessel was still rolling twenty-five or thirty degrees and the sailors had not liked the idea of hanging on at the masthead to work, so the sixty-three-year-old mate went up himself. When I saw what had happened, I was a bit chagrined that I had not investigated the trouble more thoroughly when it happened. The captain asked me if I had heard the racket and I replied with a feeble excuse that I felt that if they had needed me they would have called. As bosun, I should have hit the deck without being called.

. . .

We rolled in that calm for a couple of days, then a fair slant shoved us almost to Cape Look-

out. Another nor'wester hit us off Cape Lookout, but it was nothing we couldn't handle under reefed lowers. We took advantage of the Gulf Stream and made a course for Nantucket Shoals. A fresh nor'ester drove us back from Nantucket and brought real cold and our first taste of snow.

One of my fondest recollections of that trip is an event which occurred at this time. Our black crew were even less pleased at the prospect of cold weather than I was. I had the two best men in my watch. One was a man who had been in large schooners for years. The other was Joe, the Brava man. These two were as tough as they made them. In the other watch was our little Portugee, Manny, and the West Indian, Willoughby Banks.

Banks was a good sailor in ordinary weather, but the cold got him down. One night Old Joe had the wheel at the end of the watch. Joe scorned heavy clothing and would stand at the wheel with his shirt open at the neck, when I would be half frozen in an overcoat. When the mate came on deck to take over the watch, I gave him the course and he went off on some business of his own. Banks had not shown up to relieve Joe, so I stayed by the wheel, waiting for him to get the course before going below myself. After waiting about ten minutes, I became impatient and started forward to look for Banks.

As I reached the end of the house, I was startled by a huge, shapeless form that materialized out of the darkness. Suddenly the voice of Willoughby Banks spoke from the depths of the object and I knew it was no apparition. Back by the wheel, in the glow from the binnacle, this sight took some semblance of human form. Banks had put on every piece of clothing he owned, including his oilskins. Evidently deciding that even this would not keep him warm, he had stripped the blankets from his bunk and, with palm and needle, had sewn the blankets on. If I had been skipper, I think I would have been sorely tempted to wear ship or find a topsail that needed to be tied up, just to see how he would get around.

The nor'easter shoved us back in toward the coast, and one cloudy morning, with the wind hauling from east to south and southwest, we made in past Block Island and into Vineyard Sound. With a fair wind and tide we swept up past Woods Hole and Vineyard Haven. The wind was still hauling and the glass was dropping. As we passed Woods Hole, Captain Decker looked hard at the signal tower by the lighthouse on Nobska Point.

"I've half a mind to anchor in Vineyard Haven. That glass don't look good to me." He paced the deck for a moment, then made up his mind. "Well, they don't have any storm warning flying, and they should have better information than I have." We continued on our way.

"I still don't like the looks of that glass," he remarked a bit later, but by that time it was too late to do much about it. We had swept past Vineyard Haven.

The light rain and the fresh southwesterly wind held as we put the wind astern off East Chop and shoved out by Cross Rip lightship. We had just jibed over and set a course for the Handkerchief Shoal lightship, and were straightening up the gear, when Captain Decker called out, "Get the topsails in fast! Haul down the headsails and stand by to anchor. All hands on deck!"

A quick glance to the northwest was enough to insure the most immediate compliance. A great dark line of cloud and snow was spreading out across the horizon. The rain, which had been with us all morning, had suddenly stopped. A puff of sharp, freezing air swept over the ship. The four topsails were quickly clewed in to the mastheads. There was not time to haul in sheets as the vessel was headed up into the wind, with sails slatting. Chain sheets and lignum vitae blocks slashed and thumped as the headsails were hauled down in the teeth of a furious onslaught of wind and hail. The mate leaned over the forecastle head, waiting for the vessel to lose headway, while one man stood by the compressor bar, to let the anchor drop at his signal. The skipper stood aft by the wheel, and I took charge of getting in sail.

Blinding snow struck us as the anchor was let go. We left the headsails trailing on the jib-

boom and hastened along the deck, slacking off boom tackles and hauling in sheets. Then we lowered the thrashing lower sails, starting with the fore and working aft. The schooner lay with her head to the wind and tide, riding to a full scope of chain on her port anchor. She jerked at the short, choppy seas, and spray flying across the decks froze as it landed. We tied up the topsails and headsails, then put reefs in all the lowers in case we had to pull out in a hurry. . . .

Reefing sail when freezing spray soaks your hands, making mittens almost useless and frozen rope and canvas so hard they have to be beaten with hand-spikes and belaying pins in order to be handled at all, is no picnic. At sea there is no such thing as quitting a job because it is too hard. When your life depends on the job you do, you do it in spite of almost impossible odds. Thus, we managed to get all four sails reefed, though we were soaked to the skin and half frozen inside, with ice flaking from our oilskins and boots. The deck was a mass of moving slush.

When the tide turned to the westward sometime in the afternoon, we were suddenly exposed to a new hazard. The strong current, sweeping in against the wind, swung the vessel broadside to the seas and at the same time chopped the seas into short, breaking waves that roared at the *Rawding* in such quick succession that she could not gather from one roll before another wave smashed at her side. The decks were constantly awash with slushy water, and ice formed on the sails and rigging until it would have been impossible to hoist sail had we desired. We let go the second anchor and rode to ninety fathoms of chain on each anchor, but in the shoal water (about six fathoms) the vessel reared and jerked like a wild creature in agony. We somehow hoisted the reefed spanker in an effort to keep her head to the wind, but this was only partially successful. Our only relief came when the tide turned to ebb. Then the vessel was both wind and tide rode and the seas felt more easy in their onward rush.

That night the officer of the watch spent most of his time in the donkey room, where it was necessary to keep an eye on the windlass. The *Rawding* was making heavy weather of it, in spite of the long scope of chain she had out. As every large sea struck her she would yank back with a rumble and such a crash that it seemed she would pull the windlass clear through the forward part of the ship. The chief stayed awake all night and kept steam in the boiler. From time to time, I let the man on anchor watch come in to warm up and took his place for a while.

The captain had been restless and worried all through the day, and when I went below at 8:00 P.M. he was in the donkey room. I turned in with even my seaboots on. There was an empty, hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach, for I knew we were in one of the gravest situations I had experienced. I don't know if I took the time to think back on that night I had driven the *Rawding* into our big gale, a few weeks before. Captain Decker, against his own intuition, had run the vessel past a safe anchorage and must have been suffering similar pangs of guilt. His problem was worse than mine, for he had nobody to turn to for advice. The loneliness of command is absolute. When the ship strikes bottom and the master sees his men swept under by the raging sea, what torture must he undergo before a great sea washes him from his grasp on life and the green seas close over him forever.

At midnight, when the mate came to call me for the watch, he told me to come directly to the engine room. Here he informed me that the port anchor had carried away. He had given the starboard anchor its last 15 fathoms of chain. We were now riding to that anchor on 105 fathoms of chain, along with the weight of whatever was left of the port cable. He told me that he had not informed the skipper and that I was not to awaken him, because he needed whatever rest he could get as long as the starboard anchor held. I felt that this was the wrong thing to do, but the mate was my superior officer, a shipmaster in his own right, and I simply kept a doubly sharp watch. The way we were iced up, there was no possibility of making sail if we did drag or the other anchor carried away.

My watch passed without incident, and the mate took over again at 4:00 A.M. At breakfast the skipper asked me why he had not been called

when the anchor let go. I told him it had not happened on my watch, and he let the matter drop.

There was no letup in the wind that day. We had dragged a couple of miles toward Nantucket since anchoring, and the island was plainly visible astern. During the morning we hoisted the ensign upside down, as a signal of distress. Nothing came along until late afternoon when the collier *Hampden* came wallowing along in a smother of foam, as she bucked into the gale, en route to Hampton Roads. She noticed our signal and, after exchanging flag hoists and ascertaining our difficulty, called the Coast Guard to our assistance.

That night was almost a repetition of the one before. We spent it hoping the Coast Guard would get to us before the other anchor let go. However, it was not until the next morning that the cutter hove up alongside. It was too rough to think of getting a line aboard, except in the direst emergency, so the cutter anchored about a half mile away where she could keep an eye out for further trouble. It was comforting to see that sleek, white craft rolling and pitching out there, with no other purpose than to see that no harm befell us. Still, we all knew that even the presence of the Coast Guard can not always prevent disaster. Through another night we stayed ready for any event. The wind still blew hard that night, but next morning the cutter sent over a ten-inch towing line, which we managed to get aboard.

The wind had eased up and the sun was warm enough to soften the ice which coated us. We beat the ice away with whatever was handy. It fell in chunks and sloshed around the decks. By noon we were able to set a couple of sails to steady the ship and give some assistance to the cutter. It was rather slow going, but we towed past the Stonehorse lightship and were out past Pollock Rip by dark. A big swell still rolled on and the towing was slow. I came on deck at midnight and discovered that the towline was badly chafed. I put on more chafing gear and slacked out the last possible bit of line. However, off Highland Light, the line parted. More sail was made and Captain Decker signaled with a flashlight that we could proceed on our own.

The twenty-second of March 1941 was a beautiful day. With a fresh southwesterly breeze, we slid across Boston Bay. Before noon we had anchored on East Boston flats. . . .

It had been a rather ordinary, run-of-the-mill passage of thirty days. It was just the same sort of winter passage sailing vessels have had coming up the coast since sailing vessels first started coming up the coast. It was not exceptional for the troubles we had. Except for the time on Nantucket Shoals, it might possibly have been a passage forgotten among a hundred others by some of the crew.

A View From the Rosenfeld Collection

The smallest unit of the Rosenfeld Collection represents the work of Herbert L. Aldridge, whose sixty-nine glass-plate negatives date between 1900 and 1913. Aldridge's work reflects the freewheeling days of early commercial photography. According to Stanley Rosenfeld, his father's photographic acquaintances were so numerous, and business dealings were so informal, that Aldridge may well have been a yachtsman and amateur photographer who left his negatives with Morris Rosenfeld. At any rate, he has not been identified as either a commercial photographer or a member of a major yacht club.

Suggestive of Aldridge's work is a portrait of the steam brig yacht *Aloha*, taken in 1901. The *Aloha* was built to a Clinton Crane design by the John N. Robins shipyard at Brooklyn in 1899. This handsome vessel, 130 feet between perpendiculars (160 feet overall), carried a full hermaphrodite-brig rig as well as a compound steam engine for auxiliary power.

Aloha's owners were D. Willis James, Liverpool and New York merchant and philanthropist, and his son Arthur Curtiss James, an industrialist. Arthur Curtiss James, who died in 1941, was an early member and benefactor of the Marine Historical Association, later Mystic Seaport, and the Seaport's Aloha Meeting House was named in his honor. James was a member of the New York, Atlantic, and Seawanhaka Corinthian yacht clubs. In the photo, the *Aloha* flies a Seawanhaka Corinthian burgee and commodore's pennant, reflecting James's position in 1901.

The Jameses used the *Aloha* extensively for long-distance cruising. Her maiden voyage in 1900 took her across the Atlantic, through the Mediterranean as far as Constantinople, and back. She made at least ten subsequent transatlantic passages under their ownership, until they built a larger, bark-rigged *Aloha* in 1910.

The first *Aloha* was renamed *Heroine* and, stripped of her rig and fine appointments, was converted to a fishing trawler in 1912. She foundered off Point Judith, Rhode Island, in June 1920.

(Aldridge 38)



BOOK REVIEWS

Lyndall Baker Landauer. *Scammon: Beyond the Lagoon, A Biography of Charles Melville Scammon.* San Francisco: The Associates of the J. Porter Shaw Library, 1986. Pacific Maritime History Series, vol. I. 194 pp., illustrations, bibliography, index. $19.95.

Charles Scammon had two successful careers, first as a leading San Francisco whaling master (1852–63), and then as a Revenue Marine officer (1863–83). Though never formally trained as a scientist, he wrote numerous articles on the marine world he knew, above all becoming famous among students of whaling lore as author of *Marine Mammals of the Northwestern Coast of North America* (1874), a classic that has taken its place beside the works of Scoresby and Starbuck. His fame as a pioneering whaleman and explorer is marked in the names of Baja California's "Scammon Lagoon" (modern Laguna Ojo de Liebre), and Scammon Bay in Alaska. Finally, though never a wealthy man, he occupied a respected niche in mid-nineteenth-century San Francisco society. Such a career seems adequate to justify a full-length biography, and his careful habits of recording his impressions and preserving his correspondence (a substantial collection survives in the Bancroft Library) make such a work possible.

Nevertheless, Lyndall Landauer has had no easy task. Scammon did, after all, publish much of his data on marine mammals, so there is not a great deal to add on that score. She has doggedly followed every lead, however, and learned much of interest from his descendants, particularly about familial relationships. Similarly, she has much to say about Scammon's interaction with the scientific community, above all his link with the Smithsonian Institution, William Dall, and his decades with the Revenue Marine in the waters of California, Puget Sound, and the Gulf of Mexico.

Unfortunately, even the papers that Scammon left are not enough to tell the story in the detail to which Landauer aspires. The result is a considerable seasoning of "must haves," "might haves," and "probablies" to fill in the gaps. The evidence for her arguments is not always there. In particular, Landauer believes that Scammon did not really have his heart in whaling for all his success, and entered the profession simply because nothing else was available. The latter point is probably true enough, for Scammon began as a merchant captain, and many of these did indeed disdain whaling. It is also true that Scammon predicted the probable extinction of Grey whales, given the rate of exploitation, and noted the bloody nature of the profession. But none of this means that Landauer is safe to attribute regret to Scammon, and to portray him, for example, observing the operations of a whaler in 1866, "perhaps explaining or criticizing certain aspects of the operation and thanking providence that he no longer was a part of that business" (p. 98).

The author's empathy for whales, while understandable, has brought her to wrestle mightily with the nineteenth-century attitudes more than is necessary in this biography. It is a weakness, but not the only one from which this work suffers. Some readers will find grating the author's habits of repetition (for example, three times she explains that Frederick Whymper was the artist of the Western Union expedition: pp. 84, 91, 94), inclusion of space fillers more suited to juvenilia ("there was the quiet of green trees rustling in the breeze, crickets and birds on their busy missions, and cows grazing in a neighboring farm yard. . .": p. 124), and platitudinous truisms ("Events were brewing elsewhere that would affect him profoundly, would lead him in new directions, and introduce him to new people and new ideas": p. 81). Even worse, the author is simply slipshod in terminology, uncertain whether it is the Sea of Okhotsk or Okhotskh (pp. 20, 63); the Farallon or Farrallone Islands (pp. 9, 53); lithographer Zinco y van de Castelle or Van de Casteele (pp. 153A, 155). Sven Foyn, inventor of the harpoon gun, has become Sven Foynd; noted mammologist Victor Scheffer will be surprised to find his first name changed to "Victory" (pp. 27, 137).

This volume has been published under the auspices of the J. Porter Shaw Library in San Francisco. Readers may be more familiar with this institution as the San Francisco Maritime Museum, since 1978 the National Maritime Museum, and now housed in impressive quarters in Fort Mason. Although the library has yet to overcome the fiscal handicaps that keep it closed to the public for all but fifteen hours a week, David Hull, the Principal Librarian (whose preface opens this volume), and the Library Associates have, with this rather flawed but nonetheless useful volume, embarked upon a new Pacific Maritime History Series. Certainly such an effort warrants encouragement: the history of the Pacific, no less than other oceans, deserves the serious consideration it does not always receive.

Briton C. Busch
Professor of History, Colgate University

Whaling Logbooks & Journals, 1613–1927: An Inventory of Manuscript Records in Public Collections. Compiled by Stuart C. Sherman; revised and edited by Judith M. Downey and Virginia M. Adams, New Bedford Whaling Museum, with the assistance of Howard Pasternack, Brown University. New York: Garland Publishing, 1986. 483 pp., indexes. $80.00.

The publication of this book is a major contribution to the literature of the American whaling industry. Begun by Stuart Sherman of Brown University nine years ago, the work was continued after his death in 1983, through a joint effort by Brown University and the New Bedford Whaling Museum.

The inventory identifies 5,018 manuscript logs and journals as reported by eighty-two repositories throughout the world. Most of these repositories are in the United States, and 54 percent of all the entries are in the collections of just six: New Bedford Free Public Library, Providence Public Library, Kendall Whaling Museum, Nantucket Historical Association, Dukes County Historical Society, and Mystic Seaport Museum.

The inventory is organized alphabetically by vessel name, rig, home port, and inclusive dates for each voyage. The master and journal keeper's names are also given when known. Whaling grounds have been consolidated into twelve geographical areas, and each log and journal is referenced accordingly. Finally, the repository symbol is included, along with various explanatory notes.

The volume is enhanced by five indexes that allow researchers additional access into the Inventory by home port, master and keeper, date, whaling ground, or repository. In addition, a most useful Repository Guide at the end of the book contains the address, phone number, and other service information for every repository whose collections are represented in the Inventory.

It is important to note that this Inventory contains some entries for reproductions of original manuscripts that may still be in private collections. While these reproductions (usually on microfilm) are available for study, the researcher may still need to seek out the owner of the original manuscript for permission to use that information in a publication. The absence of any statement on this potential problem of literary rights is perhaps the only shortcoming in an otherwise very comprehensive and useful research tool.

Unfortunately, the $80.00 price tag will probably limit distribution of this volume to such institutions as museums, historical societies, and some libraries. However, this in no way diminishes its importance to anyone involved in the study of the whaling industry.

Douglas L. Stein
Curator of Manuscripts, M.S.M.

The Portsmouth Marine Society of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has produced a number of books, including works on the shipcarver John Bellamy, a biography of the diplomat Tobias Lear, and in 1985, *Portsmouth-Built: Submarines of the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard*, by Richard E. Winslow III. Active in submarine construction from 1914 to 1971, the Portsmouth yard was the first government yard to build submarines. The 134 Portsmouth-built boats include the ill-fated *Thresher*, and the innovative *Albacore*, the submarine that pioneered the modern teardrop shape. The *Albacore* has been returned to Portsmouth as a museum ship; the yard is still in the submarine business in repair and overhaul.

Deep in the bottom of the seabag are two other volumes of interest. The National Maritime Museum in Greenwich, England, has brought out the first in a series of booklets on its small satellite museums. This one, entitled *'Valhalla', The Tresco Ships' Figurehead Collection*, (price one pound plus postage) is an illustrated guide to the figureheads in the Valhalla collection on Tresco, one of the Isles of Scilly. It is a famous collection, and the booklet illustrates it well with ample use of color; it also whets the appetite for a trip to the Scillies.

Historic Ships of San Francisco, by Steven E. Levingston, (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 1984) is a useful history and guide to the vessels now under the control of the National Maritime Museum of San Francisco. The history of the museum is recounted, together with that of the first restored vessel, the ship *Balclutha*. The stories of the schooner *C. A. Thayer*, the scow schooner *Alma*, the ferry *Eureka*, the liberty ship *Jeremiah O'Brien*, and the World War II submarine *Pampanito*, are also told. The booklet is nicely illustrated with photographs, and has a bibliography.

Seabag

ACQUISITION

When brought to the Museum in the spring of 1986, this large Chinese molded and glazed ceramic jar was making its second trip to Mystic. It first arrived in 1867, having been brought around Cape Horn aboard the Mystic-built ship *Seminole* by her master, Joseph Warren Holmes of Mystic.

Captain Holmes (1824–1912) sailed for many years in the California Line managed by Lawrence Giles & Company of New York. He made twenty-one California voyages in the *Seminole*, as well as commanding such well-known Mystic-built clipper ships as the *Elizabeth F. Willetts*, *Haze*, and *Twilight*.

A collector of Oriental furniture, Holmes apparently purchased this decorative jar in San Francisco. After arriving in New York, he brought it home to decorate his spacious lawn in Mystic. The jar, which stands fifty inches high with its pagoda-like lid, is clearly visible in the accompanying photograph of Captain Holmes's house, taken by E. A. Scholfield, ca. 1877.

This striking example of Chinese trade items was donated by a descendant of Captain Holmes from New Jersey, who had also used it for many years as a garden ornament. [86.36]



As an example of China trade material, the jar was displayed during the Museum's clipper ship show, "Neptune's Favorites."

The Chinese jar was decorating Captain Holmes's lawn (left) when E. A. Scholfield photographed the captain's home at the corner of High Street and Old New London Road, Mystic, ca. 1877. (76.171.200)



HISTORIC SHIPS AFLOAT

The *Balclutha*

Once, the golden treasure of California's grain fields was funneled to the world through the port of San Francisco. Later, the silver harvest of Alaska's salmon fishery became a San Francisco enterprise. Now, there still survives at San Francisco a hundred-year-old vessel that represents both of those important elements of the port's maritime history.



The *Balclutha* crosses the Bay to her berth in San Francisco after her restoration, 1955. (Courtesy National Maritime Museum, San Francisco)

The ship *Balclutha* was a 1,614-net-ton, 256-foot steel ship launched into the River Clyde at Glasgow, Scotland, by Charles Connell and Company in December 1886. Her name was a marriage of the Gaelic *bal*—rock, bastion, or town—with *clutha*—the River Clyde. In ship design she represented the stage between the iron square-rigger, such as the *Star of India* and *Elissa*, and the great steel four-masted barks, such as the *Peking* and *Passat*.

During her first thirteen years she lugged cargo around the world's oceans for her owner, Robert McMillan of Dumbarton. Her first voyage took her to San Francisco in the summer of 1887, and she returned four more times to load grain for Europe during the next ten years. Delivering mixed cargoes, including wine, hardware, and coal, she would join the fleet of American and European vessels waiting to carry California wheat to the hungry cities of Europe.

In a series of transactions in 1899, the *Balclutha* was transferred to American registry. In 1902 she entered the Alaska salmon fishery out of San Francisco. The Alaska Packers Association operated numerous canneries on the Alaskan coast, which it operated during the summer salmon migration. It was one of the last great employers of square-rigged sailing ships, sending a large fleet north with fishermen, cannery workers, and supplies each spring, and receiving the canned salmon when the vessels returned in the fall. Treated almost like cargo were the Chinese and other minority cannery workers of the "China Gang," packed into a squalid 'tween decks.

On her way north to Kodiak Island in 1904 the *Balclutha* ran aground. As was usual in such emergencies, the crew immediately locked the panicky China Gang in the hold, until an evacuation was organized. The ship itself was later salvaged, refitted, and in 1906 joined the Alaska Packers Association as the *Star of Alaska*.

The *Star of Alaska* made her last northern voyage in 1929. Sold in 1931, she spent the next ten years as the showboat *Pacific Queen*. With the coming of World War II she was laid up at Sausalito.

In 1954 the San Francisco Maritime Museum was able to acquire the *Pacific Queen* as their first vessel, rename her *Balclutha*, and restore her rig. In 1977 the museum became the National Maritime Museum, and the *Balclutha* has since been managed by the Historic Ships Unit of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area.

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