The Log *of* Mystic Seaport®

Autumn
1998

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On the cover: Bow view of the *Amistad* with the square frames set up and the keelson bolted in place. (Lisa Ryon photo)

On the back cover: Suitably macbre for Halloween, this story of America and the Sea was featured in a Mystic Seaport print ad.

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Submissions of previously unpublished articles and illustrations concerning the American maritime experience are welcome. Editorial guidelines, and information on the annual Gerald E. Morris Prize Article Contest, are available from the Editor. *The Log of Mystic Seaport* is abstracted in *American History and Life* and *Historical Abstracts*.

S. P.

Sightings

In the early 1990s, as the Trustees and Staff of Mystic Seaport carried out a strategic planning process, we determined that we could make a significant contribution to our visitors if we drew a sharper focus on conveying the broad story of this nation's involvement with the sea. For decades our stated purpose had been to "enhance man's knowledge and understanding of the sea's influence on American life." We sharpened the focus by restating our mission: "to create a broad public understanding of the relationship of America and the Sea." Our intention is to help our visitors and users gain this understanding through virtually all public access programs of Mystic Seaport.

Four years have passed since the official adoption of the restated mission, and the Museum has made significant progress in this endeavor. In many areas of our operations little change was required. Our G.W. Blunt White Library has long been collecting broadly to support the work of the many scholars and researchers with a wide variety of interests. The university level programs–the undergraduate Williams College/Mystic Seaport Program and the graduate Munson Institute–have been teaching the full range of American maritime history for more than twenty and forty years respectively. Our Publications Department has been working toward this objective for decades, and with particular emphasis since the first volume in the American Maritime Library Series was published in 1970. Other areas are expanding their efforts. The Curatorial Department continues to collect, filling voids and better enabling us to create the exhibitions that will help tell the America and the Sea story. The Exhibitions Department is refining its exhibits, and the Interpretation Department has begun to convey this larger story to visitors. An electronic entrance to Mystic Seaport is being developed to provide worldwide access to these America and the Sea resources.

We are fulfilling this mission through a number of special projects as well. In the summer of 1996, we conducted a special session of the Munson Institute: "America and the Sea–A National Endowment for the Humanities Summer Institute." In this program, 22 university professors from around the country studied with our Munson faculty for six weeks. They were then able to return to their home campuses and integrate the America and the Sea story into their curricula.

Earlier this year we published the monumental book *America and the Sea: A Maritime History,* which is receiving superb reviews. This comprehensive study is the product of the Munson faculty, with contributions from other scholars and Museum staff members. It forms the academic foundation for much of our future work.

Perhaps most noticeable to visitors at Mystic Seaport this summer has been the initial preparation for the major exhibition, "America and the Sea." The Stillman Building, our largest exhibition building, will be fully dedicated to this new, permanent exhibition. It is being totally renovated with new electrical, climate control, and safety systems, as well as an elevator to provide complete access for the disabled. The exhibition will be installed next spring and will open on the Fourth of July 1999.

The exhibition is not intended to cover the entire America and the Sea saga in minute detail, but will give visitors a broad overview and heightened awareness of this country's ongoing relationship with the oceans of the world and the lakes and waterways of this continent. Seven themes will be used to convey the concepts that link us to the sea, both past and present. Visitors will also learn about the other member museums of the Council of American Maritime Museums, where they can further explore this fascinating subject. A range of interpretive programs and special events will augment the exhibition, and additional annual exhibitions and activities will amplify on the seven themes in future years.

Through the creative work of the staff, and with the support of Mystic Seaport members, donors, and sponsors, we are making great strides in fulfilling our mission as Mystic Seaport–the Museum of America and the Sea.

J. Revell Carr
DIRECTOR

Framing the Schooner *Amistad*

ROGER HAMBIDGE

The construction of a recreation of the schooner *Amistad* at Mystic Seaport offers the opportunity to look at this vessel, its structure, and its history from many perspectives. After her completion in the year 2000, the new vessel will serve Amistad America to focus attention on the compelling story of the African captives who sought to regain their freedom by seizing the *Amistad* in 1839, a story that provides an ideal introduction to the ongoing efforts to establish racial harmony in this country.

In the meantime, building the recreated *Amistad* gives Mystic Seaport the chance to demonstrate the complete process of wooden ship construction. Even before completion of the Museum's Restoration Shipyard in 1973, visitors could observe both large and small-scale restoration and reconstruction of our ships, sometimes virtually from scratch–and we have built large boats such as the Crosby catboat *Breck Marshall*–but never before has the Museum built a vessel of this size.

The 85-foot *Amistad* recreation was designed by Tri-Coastal Marine of Berkeley, California, as a "Baltimore"-style schooner–like the original *Amistad*–with modifications to accommodate engines and conform to U.S. Coast Guard safety requirements for passenger-carrying vessels. Her keel of dense, tropical wood known as purple heart was laid in the Shipyard Main Shop building in March, and since that time Shipyard staff, interns, volunteers, and students from New Haven's Sound School have been setting up the vessel's skeleton of frames (or ribs), sternpost, and stem.

The *Amistad* is being constructed with double-sawn oak frames, a style of shipbuilding developed in the nineteenth century. These photographs, taken by Lisa Ryon using an Olympus digital camera, document the process of assembling one of the 18 midships "square" frames that lie atop the *Amistad*'s keel.



ABOVE: The first step in shaping the vessel's timbers is to "loft" the shapes to full size by drawing them out on the mold loft floor. Nineteenth-century shipbuilders usually did this by taking measurements off a carved half model and scaling them up to full size in the mold loft. Since the new Amistad *was designed on computer, we received lines for the frames from designers as full-size printouts on large mylar sheets. Here, Sarah Blachly transfers individual frame lines onto the lofting floor.*

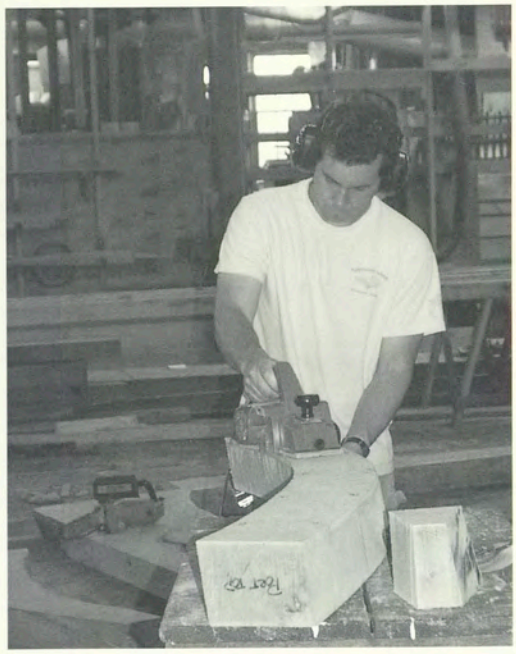


RIGHT: Using a flexible batten that has been adjusted and pinned to the loft floor to follow the curve of a frame line, Sarah has slid a piece of pattern stock (luan plywood) under the batten and lined out the inside shape of the individual frame with a second batten. In this photo, Sarah is marking the plywood for the inner face of the frame. This line will be cut on the bandsaw to produce a finished pattern or mold. Notice the lines of other frames drawn on the floor.









TOP LEFT: Dan Bregman is "getting out" frame stock for the sawyers. The oak framing timber has been sided on the Shipyard's sawmill to a thickness of 5 inches (to yield 4 1/2 inches when planed smooth). Each frame is built of relatively short segments, called futtocks, sawn out of this stock. Notice the mold or pattern of an individual frame futtock lying on the oak stock.

TOP RIGHT: Paul Minas traces the pattern of an individual frame futtock onto a piece of white oak stock. The angles or bevels at which the inner and outer edges of the futtock must be cut are marked at intervals along the edge of the pattern and will be transferred onto the stock.

BOTTOM LEFT: To saw out a frame futtock, Roger Hambidge pushes the oak through the shipsaw as Paul adjusts the angle of the blade to conform to the bevels marked on the stock.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Paul uses a hand power planer to smooth the surface of a frame futtock. Note the bevel sawn into the inner and outer surfaces of the timber, which conforms to the fore-and-aft curvature of the hull.

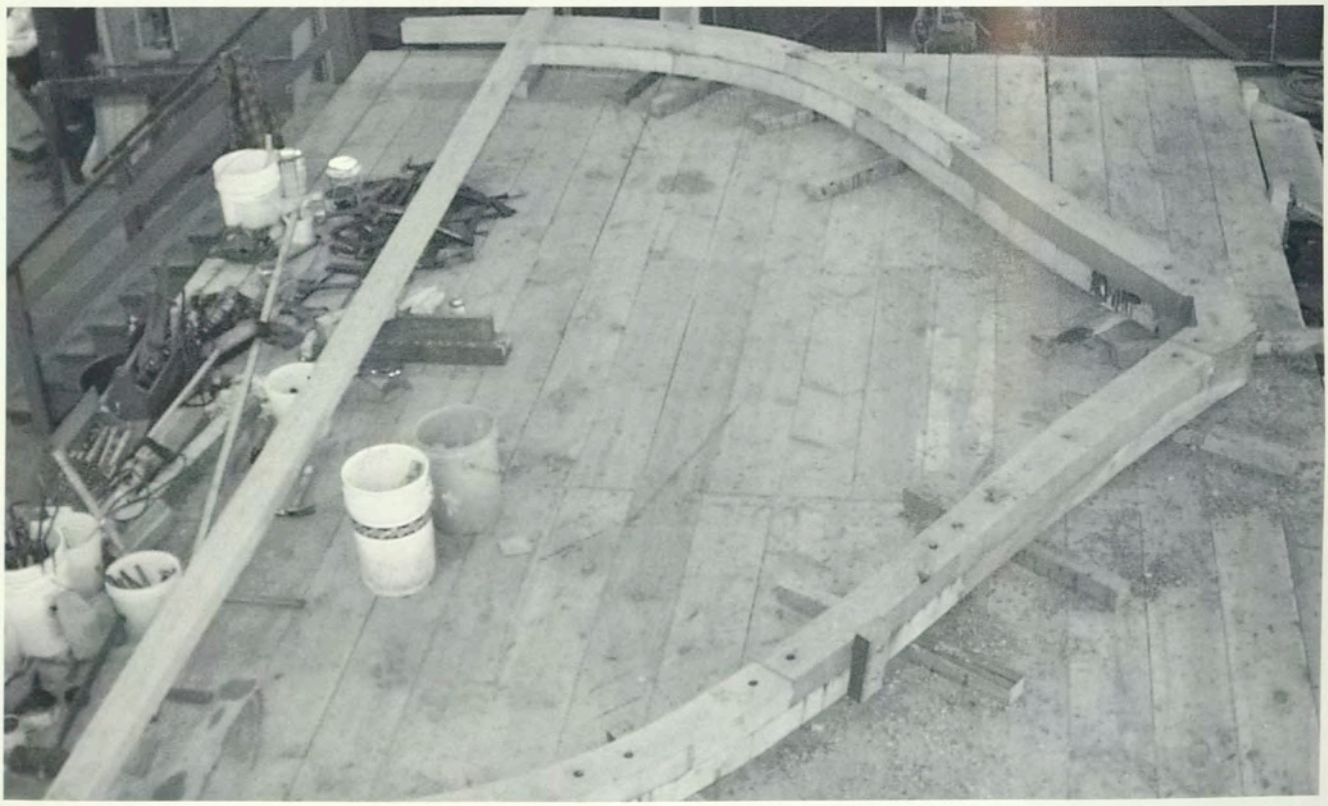


*LEFT: The term double-sawn frame refers to the fact that each frame is composed of two layers of individual sawn futtocks, which are fastened together to overlap the joints, ensuring strength. Here, Volunteers Joe Muldoon (*left*) and Mark Zumbrum apply zinc chromate paint as a primer on the inner surfaces between the two layers of futtocks. This material is more environmentally safe than the shipbuilder's traditional preservative, white lead.*

*BELOW: Both the top and bottom layers of the frame have been laid out on the framing stage–a raised platform constructed at the height of the keel for this purpose. In this photo, (*from left*) Kevin Dwyer, Joe Muldoon, and Mark Zumbrum are saw-cutting the joints to ensure a snug fit.*

BOTTOM: A fully assembled frame lies on the framing stage. The lower futtocks are dense live oak, salavaged in South Carolina, while the uppper futtocks are lighter white oak. Holes have been bored through both futtocks on either side of each joint for the bronze bolts and locust trunnels (treenails) that will secure the frame. Notice the oak timber fastened across the top of the frame. This cross-spall will keep the frame from spreading and twisting while it is raised into place, and until additional structural timbers are added.

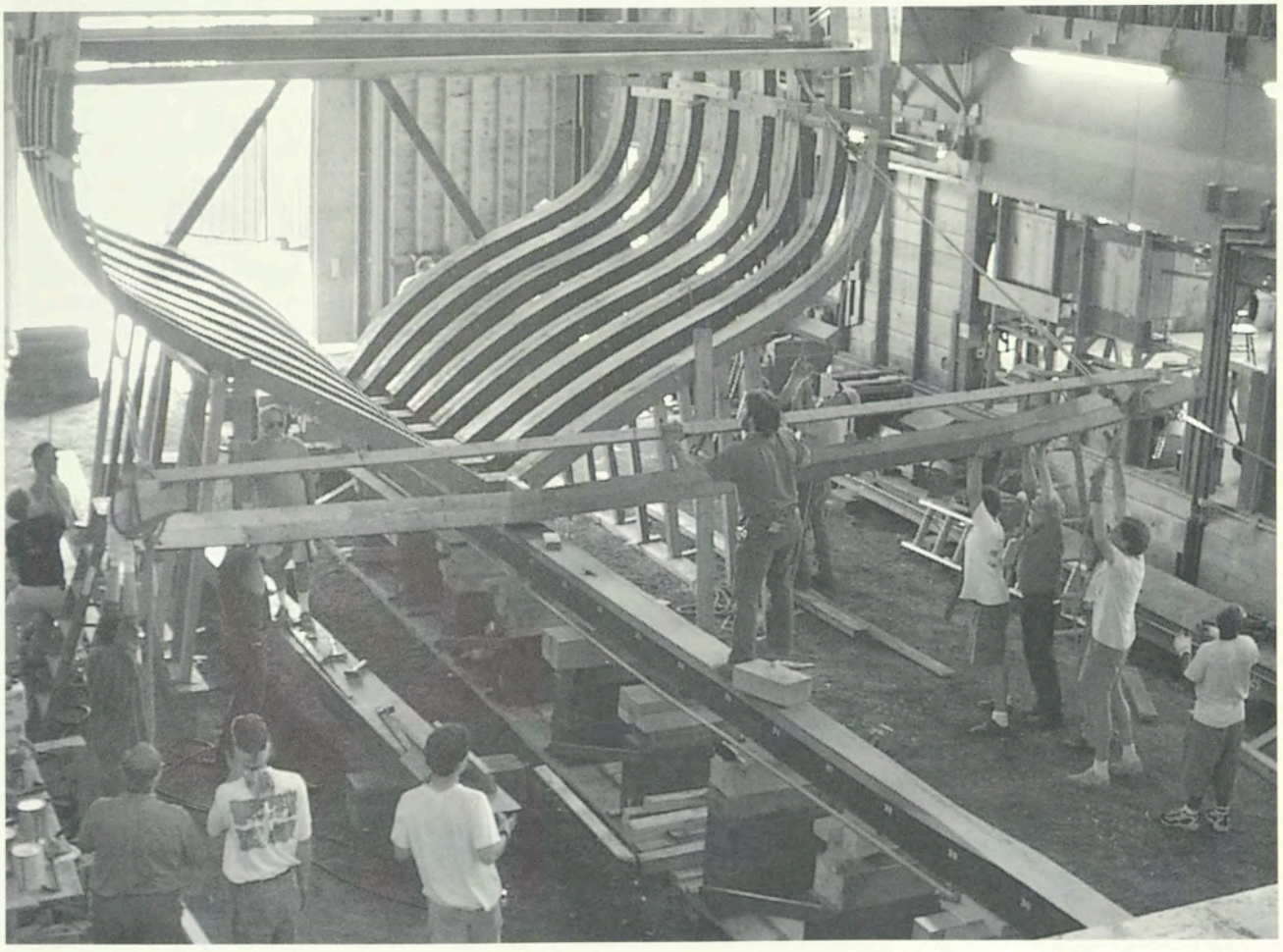






LEFT: "Frame up!" is the call when shipyard hands are needed to raise a 600-pound frame. The whole shipyard crew turns out to help slide a frame off the stage down to the appropriate position on the keel. Note that the purple-heart keel has its upper corners beveled to match the edge of the garboard (lowest) plank, which will be installed after framing is completed.

Roger Hambidge is the lead shipwright on the *Amistad* project. A skilled modelmaker as well as an expert on wooden ship construction, he has worked in the Museum's Shipyard since 1973.



Once the frame is positioned on the keel, tackles are attached at the top corners. Braces are readied to steady the frame, and the shipyard crew raises it into place. In the background, temporary bracing holds the previously erected frames. When all of the square midships frames are standing the keelson will be installed, sandwiching them between it and the keel to ensure a rigid skeleton for the new schooner Amistad.

John Roads, Fisherman of Marblehead

DANIEL VICKERS

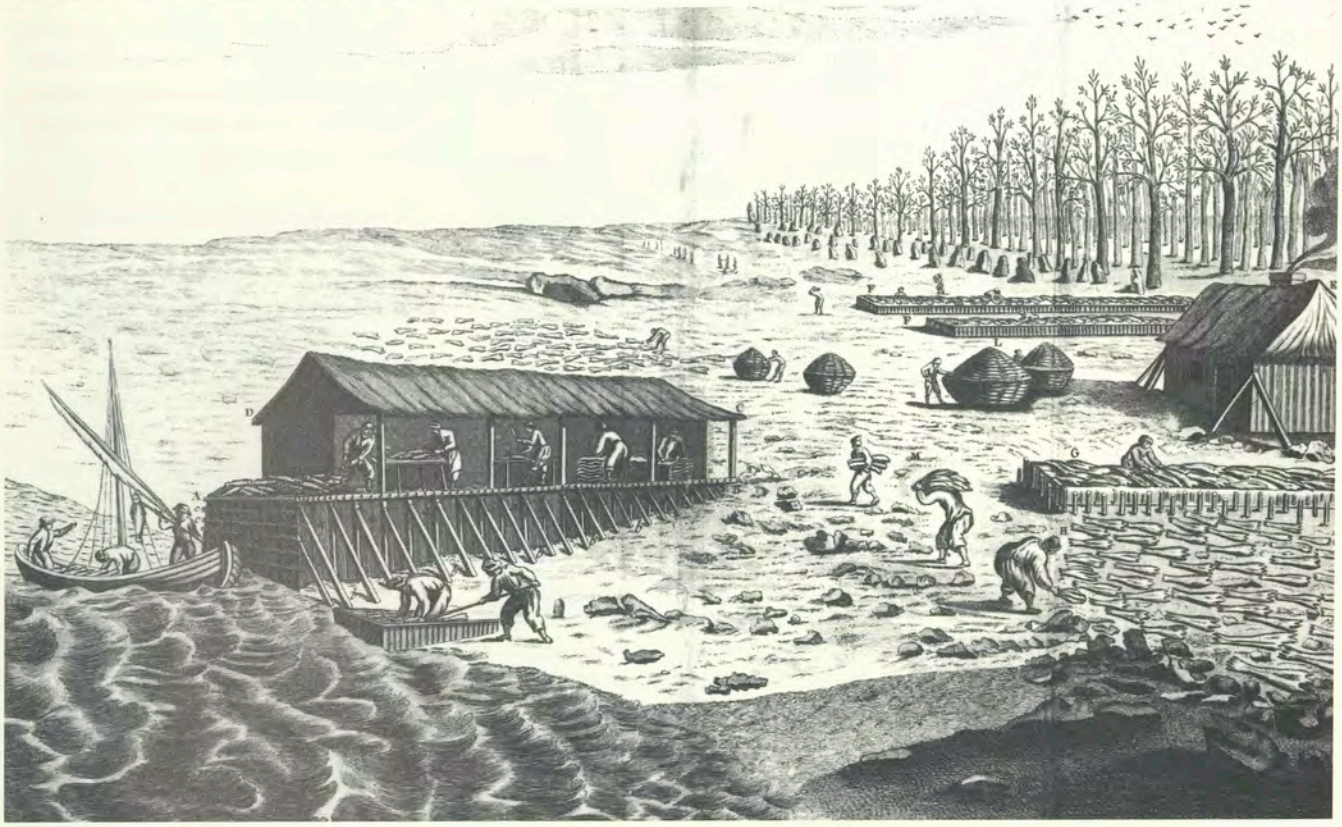
(A Vignette from *America and the Sea: A Maritime History*, by Benjamin W. Labaree, William M. Fowler, Jr., Edward W. Sloan, John B. Hattendorf, Jeffrey J. Safford, and Andrew W. German)

Through most of the colonial period, Marblehead, Massachusetts, was the greatest fishing port in America. By the middle of the eighteenth century, when visitors first recorded their impressions of the town, it was crowded and jumbled, busy but poor. A hundred years before, however, Marblehead had been a very different place–hardly a town at all. Fishermen first settled there in 1630 because they judged it convenient for their business. With a tolerable harbor ringed by a rocky shoreline suitable for drying fish, Marblehead was at once close to the better fishing grounds of Massachusetts Bay and less than an hour by boat from a source of provisioning in Salem. As a town, however, it was no more than collection of cabins, each surrounded by an acre or two of cleared ground running down to the shore where sheds for splitting fish were built out on piles over the water. There were no churches, no schools, no stores, no taverns, and little in the way of organized family life.

Into this frontier fishing settlement sometime in the mid-1650s sailed a young Englishman named John Roads. Where originally he came from in the old country is anyone's guess, though the fact that he was in his twenties and already an accomplished fisherman meant that he had almost certainly spent some time working in Newfoundland. He had married in England some years before–to a woman named Joan, who may have arrived with him but more probably joined him in Marblehead some years later once he had established himself there. The couple had at least two children, though daughter Sarah and son John must have been quite young when their father first came to Marblehead.

Neither John Roads nor any of his fishing neighbors moved to New England with the intention of settling there. They stumbled upon the place in the course of trying to make a living in a maritime industry that was spread across the North Atlantic. But why did they stay? Why would somebody choose to abandon their home in England to settle in this primitive community on Massachusetts's rugged North Shore? Spending the warmer months of the year working the cod-rich banks and inshore waters of the northwest Atlantic was one thing; emigrating permanently to the far fringes of European civilization was quite another. The prospects for fishermen based in the mother country during the 1650s were hardly bad enough as to force them into such a move. Indeed, fish prices were healthy, and the fleet that fished at Newfoundland was recovering by then from the chaos of the Civil War years. If England had not been an easy place to earn a living in recent years, there was at least at home the security of familiar surroundings and kinfolk to lend support when times got hard. New England held out the attraction of inexpensive land, but for a fisherman who made his living on the unenclosable sea, this was not a huge advantage. Indeed, the risks of earning a living in a commercial venture on the outmost fringe of Europe's North Atlantic economy were considerable. The problem of sending one's catch to market several thousand miles away, the difficulty in keeping oneself supplied with gear and provisions, the lack of alternative paying employment should the fishery fail, and the knowledge that should anything go wrong one might be stranded beyond the reach of family help combined to dissuade most seventeenth-century English fishermen from ever emigrating to the New World.

In 1650, however, New England had one thing to offer resident fishermen–the fact that it was already a settled colony. Many of the supplies needed to carry on the fishery anywhere in North America had to be imported from Europe: hooks and lines, canvas sailcloth, many items of marine hardware, and most importantly salt. Some things that fishermen needed, especially food and drink for themselves, could be found in quantity in the New World–but only at one spot close to the cod-fishing grounds and that was in Massachusetts Bay. Between Cape Cod and Labrador, the only places where quantities of bread, beer, meat, and vegetables could be obtained fresh at reasonable prices were Boston, Salem, and the lesser seaports of the Bay Colony. Just as important to commercial fishermen, moreover, was the presence of a merchant community–some-



At this small seasonal fishing station on the Newfoundland coast, fishermen in a shallop land their daily catch of cod. Like fishing stations from New England to Newfoundland, it includes a "stage" or covered wharf on which the fish are processed, several "flakes," or racks for air-drying the salted cod, and rude quarters to shelter the fishermen during their six or seven months of work. Jacques Lacombe, Encyclopédie Méthodique *(Paris, 1793), vol. XV, plate 114. (G.W. Blunt White Library, Mystic Seaport; Judy Beisler photo)*

thing that Massachusetts also possessed from an early date. Fishermen have usually found their business easier to accomplish when they dwell close to their sources of credit, and in the North America of 1650 this could only happen in New England.

Soon after his arrival in Marblehead, therefore, John Roads made the acquaintance of George Corwin in Salem. Corwin had moved to the area during the Great Migration twenty years before and was now one of the most prosperous fish merchants on Massachusetts's North Shore. His business consisted chiefly in outfitting companies of independent fishermen with the necessaries for their voyages, buying their fish as it was brought in and cured, then arranging for the export of this dried cod to Southern Europe and the West Indies. Corwin's store was extraordinarily well stocked with all the things that a fisherman and his family would need. From salt, bait, hooks, lines, and splitting knives to barreled meat, Indian corn, brandy, almonds, cloth, lace, and children's shoes, the range of consumables was probably as wide as one could obtain anywhere on the continent at this time.

Furthermore, like every merchant in town, he offered his regular fishing customers large quantities of credit free of interest. There was a catch in this, of course. Corwin expected those favored in this way to remain loyal clients; fishermen could not regularly take their business to other merchants and expect him to tolerate much in the way of arrears. But for those who were prepared to live within the rules of financial patronage–that is, to relinquish the right to bargain freely with any of Corwin's merchant competitors–Corwin was willing to advance considerable quantities of goods, both for the prosecution of the fishery and for the maintenance of a household.

It was on credit advanced by Corwin in 1659 that John Roads acquired a boat of his own. It was only a small shallop, half-decked at most, and fewer than twenty feet from stem to stern, but the cost of purchasing and outfitting it for his first season fishing ran to more than £100 sterling, and this initial expenditure landed the fisherman in a cycle of indebtedness from which, as far as the records extend, he never emerged. Every year without fail thereafter, Roads or his wife rowed across the bay to Corwin's wharf to purchase necessities, and at the end of each season Roads delivered his fish to pay the bill. In December, when the fishing year was over, the merchant patron and his client fisherman went over their accounts together and conducted a reckoning. Some years Roads managed to pare down a little of this debt; in other years he lost ground; but never did he manage to reduce the sum below £60 sterling.

If at home Roads was Corwin's client, however, at sea he was his own man. Every spring he formed a partnership with two or three other fishermen, and after obtaining their outfit from Corwin they sailed "to the eastward" towards Monhegan and the other fishing grounds along the coast of Maine. There they picked a sheltered harbor well provided with timber as their fishing station for the season. For several weeks Roads and his partners busied themselves preparing their camp or "room" for the fishing to come. By the shore they constructed a stage, where the cod could be split, cleaned, and salted; and on the beach they built a set of rough tables called "flakes" upon which the fish could be dried.

When the cod struck in, everyone's energies turned to the fishing itself. Each day that dawned favorably Roads and his mates rowed or sailed out to the grounds before sunup, heaved out their stone anchor or "killick," and settled down to work. Each fisherman tended a pair of lines–several fathoms in length, weighted with heavy leads and baited with clams, capelin, or mackerel–and spent the better part of every day in the constant, taxing labor of paying out line and hauling in cod. Late in the afternoon they returned to shore to dress their catch, then ate and turned in knowing they would have to rise at first light on the morrow. Nowhere on the coast did the season last very long, and the pressure to make the most of it caused everyone to push themselves through long days and short nights to the physical limits of their endurance. There would be plenty of time to relax when the cod departed, but only if the fish drying on the flakes was ample enough to pay back their outfitting costs and leave them something besides would they be able to enjoy the respite.

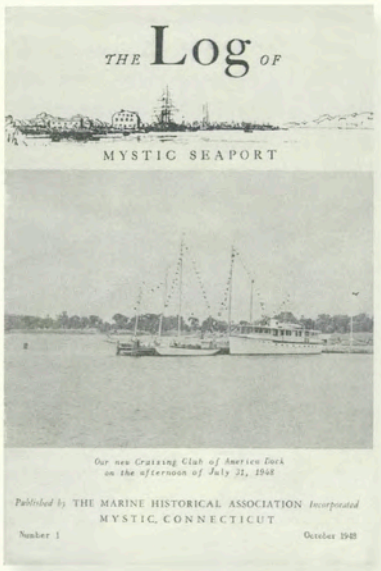
Sometimes Roads would carry his own fish back to Massachusetts; on other occasions he would have it freighted there while he remained in Maine to work. With the onset of winter, however, he usually came home and spent the colder months with his family. By the 1660s, the Roads household numbered at least six, and by 1665 if not before they had a house of their own. What this dwelling or the belongings that filled it looked like we can only imagine, but if it resembled those of their Marblehead neighbors it was probably composed of a single room and spartan in its furnishings. Likely they owned a table with a few chairs, a couple of beds with feather or silkgrass mattresses; probably they ate from wooden bowls and drank from pewter cups; their garden furnished them with some vegetables and a spot to keep chickens or a pig; and Joan fashioned their clothes from woolen or linen cloth. By comparison to most seafaring people elsewhere around the North Atlantic rim in the seventeenth century, this family was well situated. With a house and garden for Joan to improve, a fishing boat that John with his sons could operate as their own, and ample supplies of firewood, fish, and wildfowl, the Roads may not have been prosperous but were well beyond worrying about mere survival.

None of this would have been possible without credit, and this is what makes the story of John Roads important. In a frontier environment where labor and capital were both scarce, merchants and fishermen both saw an advantage to the sort of tight interdependence for which debt or credit was the financial expression. Those with capital to invest seldom wanted to bear the costs and risks of employing people directly; what they needed was a reliable source of fish, and credit gave them a lever that could ensure steady delivery from the fishermen themselves. For their part, fishermen worried most about dependable provisioning. Living in such a remote spot–far from alternative sources of employment–they wanted to be sure that in a bad season they would not be cut off; pledging themselves "to the company store" limited their freedom but guaranteed they could make it through the worst of times.

The economic development of early America everywhere was a project of independent operators financed by merchant capital. Southern planters cleared land and raised crops with the help of indentured servants and slaves purchased on credit. Northern yeomen financed their westward march of land clearance and farm construction with borrowed money. The whaling industry in New England recruited its first labor force from amongst indebted Native Americans. Credit was at once, for John Roads and many other working Americans of his day, both a carrot and a stick–a source of opportunity and a tool of labor discipline.

Daniel Vickers received a Ph.D. from Princeton University and teaches Maritime History at Memorial University in St. John's, Newfoundland. He is the author of *Farmers and Fishermen: Two Centuries of Work in Essex County, Massachusetts, 1630-1850* (1994).

America and the Sea: A Maritime History is the largest, most expansive book ever published by Mystic Seaport. In its 700 pages this colorful volume offers a comprehensive narrative history of this nation's commercial, naval, and recreational activities at sea and on the connecting rivers and lakes. The book includes 350 illustrations–many drawn from Mystic Seaport's collections–numerous vignettes, and a variety of short essays like this one, which emphasize the social history of American seafaring. *America and the Sea* is priced at $50.00. Use your member's discount at the Museum Stores Bookstore, (860) 572-5386 or (800) 331-2665.



The Log of Mystic Seaport Turns Fifty

When the first issue of The Log of Mystic Seaport *went into the mail in October 1948 the Berlin Airlift was in operation, President Harry S. Truman was on the verge of his surprise election victory over Thomas E. Dewey, the population of the United States was approximately 150 million, about 30,000 people had visited the Museum since the beginning of the year, and there were just over 1,500 members of Mystic Seaport.*

Fifty years and 200 issues later, the Cold War is over, the population of the U.S. is around 260 million, more than 300,000 people have visited the Museum since the beginning of the year, and there are just over 25,000 members of Mystic Seaport.

During these fifty years, The Log *has evolved to reflect the growth of Mystic Seaport. For the first ten years it served mainly as an information bulletin of between 8 and 28 pages, produced, printed, and mailed by staff-member Lois Chesebrough. By the 1960s* The Log *had begun to include longer articles on maritime history and occasionally arrived with a four-color cover. To insure that information on the Museum's growing member programs arrived on time,* The Wind Rose *was created in 1970, leaving* The Log *to provide members, and an increasing number of libraries, with articles of interest on American maritime history, the Museum's collections, and information on maritime books of interest. From 1975 to 1989* The Log *was designed by Klaus Gemming and printed by Meriden/ Steinhour Press, becoming known for the quality of its articles and its production. In 1981 the Gerald E. Morris Prize Article Contest was established by the Museum's late Librarian, Jerry Morris, and sponsored by the Fellows of the G.W. Blunt White Library, to encourage research in American maritime history for publication in* The Log. *In 1990* The Log *and* Wind Rose *were merged again in a larger format, which has been designed by Marie-Louise Scull, Peter Good Studios, and most recently Trish LaPointe. Since 1997* The Log *and* Wind Rose *have again been separate publications, offering Mystic Seaport members timely information on programs and a wide-ranging look at the many dimensions of America's relationship with the sea.*

These excerpts from the first ten years of The Log *suggest how far it–and Mystic Seaport–have come in 50 years. Yet, in the folksy comments from a long-ago Mystic Seaport can be found the roots of its identity as the Museum of America and the Sea.*

The Log of Mystic Seaport, *number 1, October 1948.*

Number 1, October 1948

We trust that you will like the idea of the little sheet we are spreading before the favoring breeze of progress. We hope to make it the full main course of an endeavor to maintain a close contact with members.

As the title indicates, *The Log* will bring you the record of some of our developments. It will include occasional briefs of maritime interest contributed by members. It is not designed to replace regular publications–it will supplement them. Through it we old salts at Mystic hope to keep in better touch with you practising mariners on shore leave and on the seven seas. We shall welcome your comments and suggestions.

NOTES ON A NAME

By this time you have heard us using the term "Mystic Seaport." Perhaps you can think of a better name to express what we have here, but the word "Museum" is no longer enough. It takes a broader term to express a haven for yachtsmen, a port of call for the old salts, and a nostalgic hour or two for anybody, with 2200 feet of real salt water frontage from the new Yacht Dock to the fartherest point of the Old Seaport Street. Seventeen acres of land redolent of hemp and tar, steeped in history, and dedicated to the ideals of individual enterprise, and the dignity of Man. "Museum" won't do any more. We've grown beyond that.

So far this year: twenty thousand yards of fill have been placed on the marsh raising the ground level four feet on the average; five hundred feet of sturdy sea wall rebuilt, with two hundred feet more now going up; a 30 x 100 foot spar shed almost finished; and the Old Seaport Store completed and doing business. Come Fall, you'll see more. The Shipsmith Shop will be moved to its permanent location on the Street, as will the old stone Bank Building and two or three small frame buildings. Next year, funds forthcoming, the street will be paved with round cobbles and worn curbing; the narrow sidewalks will be flagged with stones polished by a century of use; and by the close of 1949, we hope you will be able to visualize with some exactness the eventual appearance of the whole project.

As funds are received, the project will develop, but its future is inevitably haunted by the old bugaboo–finances. It is unthinkable that the old port of Mystic should not rise again, that click of adze, rasp of saw and clatter of mallet should not again resound up and down the valley where Mystic men and Mystic ships sailed out of the little port to all the corners of the world. That is a time and a feeling no mere Museum could recreate. We believe it is possible of accomplishment, and we believe that you do, too.

So "Museum" won't do any longer. We've more than that.

Number 2, December 1948

H.H. Kynett of Philadelphia has purchased for the Library the first log of the *Charles W. Morgan*. The ship launched at New Bedford in July 1841, sailed to the Pacific and Northwest Coast September 4, that year, on a Sperm and Right Whaling voyage, under Thomas A. Norton, Master. She brought back 1600 barrels of Sperm Oil, 800 barrels of Whale Oil, and 10,000 pounds of bone. This important acquisition brings to eighteen the logs of this ship now owned by the Association's Library.

Number 3, March 1949

UNIQUE YOUTH PROGRAM

Clarence A. Wimpfheimer, Captain of the Port and Chairman of the Conrad Youth Education Committee, and L.F.V. Drake, Chairman of the Operating Committee, announce the appointment of Harold L. Knights as Ships Keeper for the *Joseph Conrad* this summer. Mr. Knights will implement the educational program aboard the old frigate, and will be responsible for the physical safety and welfare of ship and youngsters. With Mrs. Knights he will live aboard for the ten weeks of the active program, from June 20th.

The Committee, composed of Mr. Wimpfheimer, Mrs. Williams Haynes and Mr. Walter F. Lathrop, solicit financial contributions, small or large, for the administration of a program of youth activity whereby boys, and girls, under satisfactory leadership, will live aboard a real square rigger, cook in the galley and stand watches under the approximate conditions of sail. A busy schedule of gams, watches and work details will enable them to touch, handle and learn to use such tools as a marlinspike or a serving mallet. With the development of the Seaport Street and its various lofts and shops, instruction will be possible in the shipbuilding trades ashore and conducted tours of the Museum will plant in their minds the very feel of history. Facilities for small boat handling will be provided and there will be actual sailing in the protected waters of the area.

The *Joseph Conrad* was built as a training ship in 1882 and trained 5,000 Danish boys for a life at sea. She has been almost continuously since then devoted to the training of youth. This is our opportunity to continue her in that role and make ours a really "living" museum. It is a unique program which should so indoctrinate thousands of youngsters in the traditions of the sailing ship period that they will go home with an inspirational vision of America's past; healthier, wiser, better citizens for having lived their lesson in history.

Volume 3, No. 2 April 1951

(How did Lois Chesebrough

produce *The Log* in its early days?) Copy is typed one line at a time–on the left side of the paper and again on the right, the latter giving you a right hand margin. First, cut and paste your copy onto the proper page size; proof read, then send it off, complete with photos and captions, for the making of negatives, marked "Rush," of course. When returned, make your photographic plates–stir up certain chemicals and apply them; allow to dry; expose for seven minutes; ink and wash thoroughly and, finally, apply preservative. Fasten onto your printing machine, and print, one side of a sheet (two pages) at a time. Allow the freshly printed sheets to dry overnight, then print the other side. Now run through the folding machine; call in the "neighbors" to help assemble; staple; trim three sides; and mail. It's complicated; so if it seems easier to buy your *Log*s tailor-made, just mail a $5 bill (or larger) to Mystic Seaport, Attention Membership Department, and you'll get them, packaged and delivered, four times a year.

Volume 3, Number 3, July 1951

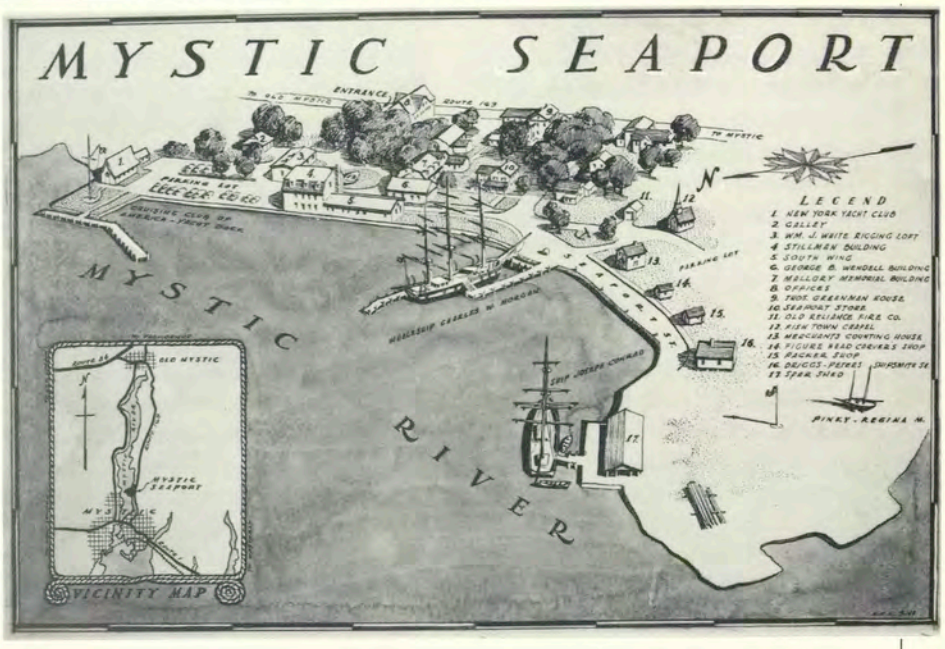
PARTY FOR VOLUNTEERS

If you are wise to the ways of Mystic Seaport, you will know that its pride and joy is its corps of 250-300 volunteers, who have served through the years, almost from its beginnings, in many capacities.

Hostesses alone number 200. Others work on membership and in the clerical and printing departments.

Last fall Mrs. Clifford D. Mallory was hostess to a motion picture and tea in the Mallory Building, given for volunteers and their husbands. On Thursday, June 7th, President Philip R. Mallory entertained for the same group.

The occasion was the opening of the season for volunteers. Mrs. Edwin B. Stillman, Chairman, had lined up her usual 250-300 names, under community captains, all well organized for the summer. John B. Findlay, local motion picture theatre owner, with the co-operation of RKO Pictures, had offered his Strand Theatre in Mystic for the exclusive showing of Walt Disney's *Beaver Valley* and a picture playing of Tchaikowsky's B Flat Minor Concerto.



Mystic Seaport in 1950. (Mystic Seaport Photo Archives)

Beaver Valley, you know, won the 16 mm. picture award for the year, edging out of place for first honors the film *Grandma Moses* which had its American premier at Mystic Seaport last Fall on the occasion of the other volunteers' party.

Tea was served on the lawn of Thomas Greenman house and 200 volunteers and their guests were in attendance.

Aside from the Chairman, Community Captains this year are ten, from five communities and five special groups, such as Navy Officers' wives and Churches and clubs. Each group serves a half-day, three ladies each period, seven days a week.

THE WAYWARD BUS

April 15 to June 15 is school bus time at Mystic Seaport. It happens every year, but this season school groups came in unexpectedly large numbers; and the year is but half gone.

No matter how carefully the groups were scheduled beforehand, there was always the wayward bus-full of youngsters which somehow was not expected, did not fit in. Rain may have kept them away on the appointed day, so they came the day after; or they did not realize they were supposed to notify us of the coming. Plans had to be hastily altered and sometimes the press was so great that the docents had to station themselves in buildings or on ships and let the lines of youngsters, two by two, come to them. An hour and a half is the average time it takes for the conduct of a group and one can imagine the bustle and clatter and confusion when we say that on one day alone 280 youngsters piled off their buses and toured the Seaport, all under museum staff guidance. On that day two groups were scheduled; six came! Of course they all decide to buy their postcards at the same time and the poor hostess is hard put to it to get her sale consummated and her figures down and yet end the day with sales sheet and cash balancing.

One group of boys came from Baltimore enroute to Providence. Another came from Long Island and camped overnight on Shipyard Point. The Hill School of Woodstock, Illinois, sent out a regular land-liner of a bus packed with 37 boys from that well-known and progressive school.

In all, 3,212 boys and girls toured ships and buildings in the period from January 1st through June 15th. An estimated 1,500 are yet to come in the Fall; making a total for the year of close to 5,000.

Volume 4, No. 4 , Fall 1952

Dyer Dhow Derby, the third, and greatest, was held at Mystic Seaport Saturday, October 18th. Nine racing boats and crews participated; six spectator boats were in attendance. Five races were run under the eyes of a Committee consisting of Blunt White, Bill Taylor and Bob Wessmann.

The usual shenanigans obtained. Some of the high–, and low–, lights: Shelley White in the Wadawanuck Club's entry, turned over and sank out of sight; that is the boat did. The Off-Soundings boat under Byron Hatfield came in last in every race. Some pranksters stretched a rope from a nearby buoy to the dock, just under water, and as the boats crossed the imaginary line, the actual line appeared, slid under centerboards but caught in rudders, bringing most of the starters to a sudden and unexpected stop.

When all the skylarking was over, some 75 crew members and spectators gathered in New York Yacht Club Station No. 10 to hear the results and splice the main brace. But the usual untoward incidents were not yet over. The trophy could not be pried loose from the exhibition case in which some over-zealous employee had fastened it, and a poor, pewter pitcher substitute was offered instead. It was announced that the Committee was in somewhat of a further dilemma. Cruising Club of America, in No. 1, Ed Raymond, Skipper, had tied with Riverside–because Ed Raymond was the only member of Riverside present. In order to dissolve the embarrassing tie, Raymond had to match to decide the issue, which at length came out in favor of Riverside. Last year's winner was presented to the group because he was absent last year. The Edgartown boat, last year it was learned, had been raced by a local crew. Jerry Bliss of that club then took the floor and made a few remarks. He made a plea for the continuance of this "wonderful" type of racing, which eliminates all sportsmanship.

Wadawanuck and Essex Clubs were welcomed for the first time. The yachtsmen thanked the Museum and the Museum thanked the yachtsmen. The other braces were spliced, the main having been taken care of, and everybody went home, or somewhere, happy.

Volume 5, No. 1, Winter 1953

NEW ADMISSION PRICE

Each year Mystic Seaport has more to show to its visitors, and each year the costs of maintaining its present exhibits rise. Each year its officers and directors strive to make what it has more understandable and more appealing. Each year, too, its officers try harder to keep its balance sheet black. So far the battle has been a draw, but only because of the generosity, dollar-wise, of its friends and supporters.

1953, with the addition of still more exhibits, and added buildings, has brought the absolute necessity of a rise in the admission price to a dollar. The rise applies only to adults; the admission for children is still the same, 25 cents. Each year sees the Seaport performing a finer service to young people in its educational effort, in an expanded youth program reaching down, now, even to the lower age brackets with such things as the new Junior Museum. This year it is planned to make the take-home pay in the effectiveness of its services, still better by the use of guides. A plan is now being studied whereby the visitor, if he chooses, may avail himself of the services of a well-informed, studious and pleasant guide, to point out to him that which he might otherwise miss, and to make more meaningful to him that which he sees. Interpretation is the crying need; and that would not be possible with a mounting budget and a stationary income. It is, therefore, with regret that your officers announce a 25-cent rise in the adult admission price, as of 1 January 1953.

Volume 6, No. 1, Winter 1954

THE *CONRAD* STORY

When John Cosmus Braestrup was a small boy in Copenhagen, his red-headed friend and schoolmate was Wilhelm Caroc. As they grew to young manhood it was only natural that both should dream of applying for training on the Danish schoolship *Georg Stage*, for young Braestrup's father was Captain of her.

Carl Peter Braestrup was proud of his family's seafaring heritage and equally proud of Denmark's, so to prepare his son for a possible cadet-ship later, he sent young John Cosmus to sea on another vessel, on a sort of shakedown cruise. The boy was inexplicably seasick, a weakness quite foreign to the family history, and knowing his father's pride, he never applied for the berth that his friend, Wilhelm Caroc, applied for and got.

By this time Master of the *Georg Stage* was Captain Malthe Brun and his First Mate was a man named Myhre. By 1905, too, Carl Peter Braestrup was Vice-Foreman (as the Danes call it) of the controlling Board and Superintendent of Denmark's Naval Academy. Foreman of the Board of the *Georg*

Stage was Admiral Brun, uncle of Captain Malthe Brun. Because of this relationship, Captain Brun was allowed to take his wife with him on training cruises, a privilege never before granted to any Captain of the *Georg Stage*. And, of course, red-headed Wilhelm Caroc was aboard as a cadet.

June 26, 1905 was the 55th birthday of Carl Peter Braestrup and he had planned a celebration suitable to the commodious house in which the family lived. But on the morning of the 26th an astounding piece of news reached him that caused him not only to cancel the party, but which affected his whole afterlife. It was, he always said, the saddest day of his life.

The *Georg Stage* had been rammed in a heavy fog the night before by a British collier steamer and had gone to the bottom of waters but a few miles outside of Copenhagen. Twenty-two of the eighty cadets died by drowning or suffocation. In the horrible nightmare of the 25th of June, when the masts and huge sails struck the water, the boys who had jumped overboard to save themselves were trapped beneath the canvas. Captain Brun had turned to his wife and told her she must save herself, he could do nothing for her. She was on her own. His duty was to his boys. It was a hard decision to make. But she climbed into the rigging and as the ship heeled over before going down, she found herself clinging to a mast far above the deck of the collier. She jumped and was, happily, saved. Wilhelm Caroc, too, was saved; but twenty-two of his fellow-cadets were not. Many others owed their lives to the heroism of Captain Brun and Mate Myhre, who swam beneath the smothering sails, floating on top of the water, and pulled out as many of their boys as they could.

All that day, the 26th of June, Carl Peter Braestrup plodded about Copenhagen, up and down stairs, knocking on doors, to bring the news to the families of the lost boys. Many of them were families in poor circumstances, who lived in second and third story quarters. He never got over that day's experience, and forty-eight years later there was a break even in the voice of his son as he told the father's story.

The rest of it is known. The *Georg Stage* was raised, water-tight bulkheads were installed, and she sailed again, is now at Mystic Seaport as the *Joseph Conrad*. Carl Peter Braestrup sat on the Naval Board of Inquiry which exonerated Captain Brun of any incompetence.

And it was John Cosmus Braestrup, disappointed cadet, now a successful structural engineer in Scarsdale, New York, who told the story of his father's 55th birthday on the day he brought his family to Mystic to see the ship that sank and sailed again.

Volume 6, No. 3, Summer 1954

THE MEETING HOUSE

With the moving of the Old Seventh Day Baptist Meeting House to Mystic Seaport, it seemed appropriate to publish its story. This is the third in a series of four articles reminiscent of those days, based on the memories, as told to the Editor, during her lifetime, of Harriet Edith Greenman Stillman.

The righteous scorn leveled at the dancers by George Greenman was not so much a part of the Greenman character as it was a product of the times and of the covenant of the "Sabbatarians" as the sect was called. For years he and a few of the faithful had adhered to a strict dogma.

On August 4, 1850 the Seventh Day Baptists residing in the little shipyard community of Greenmanville and its vicinity held a meeting in the house of his brother, Clark Greenman.

After Sherman S. Griswold had prayed and taken his place as Chairman of the meeting, with William Ellery Maxson acting as Clerk, the company resolved to proceed with constituting a church in Greenmanville and a committee composed of S.S. Griswold, Thomas S. Greenman and Franklin Barber were chosen to "prepare a summary of faith and doctrine."

A week later they reported and recommended that the Bible as a whole be used as their rule of faith and practice but, "in view of the discordant opinions and practice which have and still do exist, we deem it proper (if not necessary) that an abstract of our views of bible truth and church order should be publicly set forth."

Sherman Griswold and George Greenman were to make all necessary arrangements for organizing the Church. Invitations were sent to Seventh Day pastors in Rhode Island and Connecticut and to "as many of the laymen as might be convenient," to meet August 24th at 3 o'clock at Congregational Meeting House in Mystic, in the town of Stonington.

At the August 24th meeting addresses were made by Elders Lester T. Rogers of Waterford, Alfred B. Burdick of Westerly and Sherman Griswold of Greenmanville. Articles of faith and the covenant as previously agreed to were read, and those entering into the pledge solemnly stood up. The right hand of fellowship was given to Elder Griswold by Elder Burdick, in behalf of the several churches represented, a prayer was offered, the Lord's supper was celebrated and, after singing a hymn, the assembly was dismissed by the benediction.

On August 27th the Church met at Bro. Clark Greenman's and elected Sherman S. Griswold as Moderator, Wm. Ellery Maxson as Clerk, Thomas Greenman as Treasurer and voted that George Greenman was to purchase a book for records and a communion service. George Greenman subsequently paid $8.13

for the records book and it is that book from which the documented part of this history comes.

There was a good deal to do. For a time meetings were held once and even twice a week. A by-laws committee had to be formed and went to work. A chorister (Wm. B. Haynes) was elected, a subscription for missions was circulated and a delegate chosen for the annual Missionary Association to convene at Alfred, Allegheny County, New York. Elder Griswold was voted in as Pastor.

The following week the by-laws committee reported a set of church laws headed by the name they had chosen–The Seventh Day Baptist Church of Greenmanville. A committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions for a building and to find a location for it.

The deed for the land from Joseph S. Williams, dated October 18, 1850, reads: "For the consideration of love and good will, and also the sum of One Dollar" and conveys a parcel containing twenty-five square rods which the said Joseph S. Williams bound himself and his heirs, forever, to defend against all claims and demands whatever. The instrument was witnessed by Asa Fish and Benj. F. Palmer.

By March 1851 the new Church had acquired a Bible, a gift from E.D. Hurlbert and a committee met with trustees of the Congregational Church for the use of their house. The new Meeting House is assumed to have been in existence by July 1851 from the record that the building committee was instructed to get the house insured. In October it was voted that Hazzard Gates was to assist Franklin Barber in ringing the bell, lighting and taking care of the house. $300 was voted as salary to the Rev. Griswold.

When, on Washington's birthday 1852, the Rev. Griswold was called for another year, he accepted in a formal communication. He expressed his appreciation, but not without a word of caution. "In accepting your proposal to continue in the Pastorage of the Church another year it is due that I return my acknowledgment to the church and congregation for their verry punctual attendance on my ministration, and also the general attention given to the preaching while in the sanctuary. For nothing scarcely gives more pain to a public speaker than inattention on the part of his audiance while speaking." And then he added: "Relative to my salary, it is not adequate to meet the expense of my family, although it may be all the church ought to pay. Should my house rent be added to my presant income it would releive me from an embarrassment under which I am now labouring. I however leave it to the consideration of church, having full confidence that if I am faithful in spiritual things, they will not permit me to lack in temporal."



When acquired by Mystic Seaport in 1951, the 100-year-old former Greenmanville Seventh Day Baptist Church was serving as an apartment house. It was located approximately where the Museum's Visitor Reception Center now stands at the south entrance. In 1954 it was moved to its present location and the exterior was returned to its original configuration. The steeple was replaced in 1955. (Mystic Seaport Photo Archives)

The path of Christian virtue was narrower in those days–too narrow for some, for there is entry after entry concerning erring parishioners, whose names were brought before the Church for having violated their profession, or the fourth commandment. There were "labours" and exclusions almost from the sound of the first bell. At every meeting the faithful seethed with discontent at the week-day behavior of their less zealous brethren.

Bro. Charles C. fell from grace by the habit of using intoxicating drink and for neglecting his family and Sabbath worship; the sisters Ann and Phebe L. were laboured with for abandoning the Sabbath and practicing irregularities. It is interesting that on Independence Day 1852 the Church learned the Phebe and Ann had been attending dancing classes and that was the final straw. They were excommunicated, but we cannot dismiss these forgotten ladies without lifting our hat to them for so appropriately observing Independence Day! Erastus W. Denison, bolder and more forthright than most, took the initiative and himself announced to the Church that he had determined to abandon the observance of the Sabbath. Others followed his example and shook their bonds by going over to the other side, which is to say they began to worship on the first day of the week, the more fashionable Sunday, and asked for their letters of dismissal.

So the process of refinement went on, even through the succession of ministers, mounting in crescendo until, in 1868, the clash of full orchestra fell about the head of the minister himself, the Reverend L., when, because of recent reports affecting his Christian character a Council was to be convened.

Then the $8.13 record book is silent, except for scattered entries to 1898. The fate of the Rev. L. is unknown except as we find that the Rev. O.D. Sherman, the last of

the line in that church, seems to have succeeded him.

Volume 6, No. 4, Fall 1954

HURRICANE SIDELIGHTS

It isn't often that a girl has the opportunity of riding out a hurricane on a square rigger. Forty-nine Girl Scouts on the *Conrad* and the *Australia* did yeoman service putting their ships to rights and, when there was nothing to do during the blow itself, sang their lungs out to release the pent-up excitement of the experience of their lives. They will take tall tales of life at sea back to their homes in Roanoke, Virginia, Westfield, New Jersey and Goshen, New York.

Day after the blow the Galley had no power, but did have gas; served the hard-working staff with coffee and sandwiches all day long.

The *Log*'s appeal for emergency power generators in its last issue was well timed. One of the two received did noble service during the three days the power was off. The *Conrad* had lights by Wednesday night.

The much discussed problem of Mystic River bridge openings and resultant traffic tie-ups was neatly solved (at least for three days) by the hurricane. The power being off, the bridge could not open. . . .

Live fish were swimming in the *Morgan*'s hold. Young Matthew Stackpole caught two with his hands.

An iron try pot took off on the tide, traveling from the Coast Guard Building to the Yacht Club.

Abigail the figurehead, literally snapped her stays (which held her to the wall), dove head first into a glass show case and came to rest with her chin resting in a chronometer case.

During all the commotion of wind and tide, the old stage coach did not move.

In the local service stations gas was pumped by lawn mowers, car motors and, in one case, by hooking to the pump an upturned bicycle and pedaling by hand.

Volume 7, No. 1, Winter 1955

Through the generosity of Mrs. Frank C. Munson, a major milestone in the Association's twenty-five years has been achieved in the establishment of the "Frank C. Munson Memorial Institute of American Maritime History."

Born in Havana, Cuba, Frank C. Munson began his business career as an office boy for the Munson Steamship Line at the age of twenty. In seven years he was Manager of the Line's Cuba Department, in four more its Treasurer, and in twenty he had risen to the Presidency. The Company so prospered under his direction that he soon found himself President also of fourteen subsidiary and associated steamship lines.

With the outbreak of World War I in 1917, he served his country on the Shipping Commission of the National Council of Defense until appointed a member of the War Trade Board, representing the United States Shipping Board.

During all this activity he remained mindful of his civic duties, as well, and served his hometown of Brooklyn and his adopted City of New York as Board member or President of a dozen civic and charitable organization. He died September 24, 1936.

Nothing could be more appropriate than that his memory should be perpetuated and his good works extended to the field of higher education in the work his life exemplified–the development of the American Merchant Marine, the broadening of foreign commerce, and the enlargement of knowledge of the contributions made by our maritime ancestors to the development of our country politically, economically and spiritually.

Volume 7, No. 3, Summer 1955

***ROBIN HOOD*–1824-1861**

The *Robin Hood* of Mystic? She was like Nat Palmer, of all the world. This vagabond wandered the seas for thirty-seven years, took cargo wherever she could find it, and came to end torn between loyalty to



On 31 August 1954, Hurricane Carol pushed the tide nearly nine feet above mean sea level, sending the Mystic River high out of its banks to inundate the Museum's waterfront with four feet of water. Embedded in sand, the Charles W. Morgan *survived the almost 100-miles-per-hour gusts and the storm surge with a flooded hold. (Mystic Seaport Photo Archives)*

her Northern birthright and her affection for the South.

She was built at South Boston by Lot Wheelwright–an odd name for a shipwright. She had two decks, a square stern and a billet head. She measured 113 ft 9 in. in length, 27 ft. 10 in. in breadth, and 13 ft. 9 in in depth. She registered 395 27/95 tons.

In her busy career she carried cotton to Liverpool and Havre de Grace, Spanish troops to Mexico, coffee to St. Ubes, salt to Boston, rice to Copenhagen, iron to Gothenberg, lumber to Havana, sugar to Antwerp, mixed cargo to Sumatra, pepper to Leghorn, oil to Mystic and finally stone to Charleston.

In 1845 she came under the ownership of Charles Mallory of Mystic and went hunting whales in the Okhotsk and on the Northwest Coast. She brought back 3600 barrels of oil from that voyage and is credited by some as having discovered the rich whaling grounds there. But Dr. E. Lee Dorset of Webster Groves, Missouri, a student and log-book collector, rightfully claims that honor for several other ships–the French whaler *Asia* in 1843, and, probably the same year, the American whalers *Hercules* and *James* of New Bedford, and the *Huntsville*, Capt. George A. Coville. But the *Robin Hood* thereafter made five more voyages as a whaler for her Mystic owner, the last to the Indian Ocean.

In 1861 she was chosen to do service in the cause of the Union. As one of the "stone fleet" she was loaded with New England stone and sunk in the harbor of Charleston to prevent the Southern blockade runners from getting out to sea. Loaded with sails of the other stone ships, she was set afire by her crew in hope of providing the rebels with an impressive display of Northern determination, but the reluctant *Robin Hood*, back in the port from which she had first



The 114-foot ship Robin Hood *was built at Boston in 1824 and had a 20-year career as a merchant ship before Charles Mallory and his associates purchased her for whaling in 1845. She made six whaling voyages out of Mystic before being sunk as part of the "stone fleet." The Museum acquired this pencil and crayon drawing of the* Robin Hood *in 1958. (Mystic Seaport 58.1433)*

set forth on business, gave out only a cloud of smoke, refused to blaze; and the hoped-for display was a failure. Her's was a busy life; a lesson in American enterprise.

Ed. note: Four of the *Robin Hood*'s logs–of voyages 1828-29 to Liverpool and Havana; 1832-33 to Hamburg, St. Ubes, Copenhagen, Gothenburg, Havana, Antwerp; 1834-36 to Sumatra, Leghorn; and 1845-48 (2 vols.) to the Okhotsk Sea–have been recently acquired by purchase with funds from the Kynett Collection, . . . The Association has, for a long time, owned the log of 1858-61, whaling at the Crozets, New Zealand.

Volume 8, No. 1, Winter 1956

Becoming traditional is the annual turning-on of the Christmas lights at Mystic Seaport. This Christmas, for the first time, the turning on of the lights was coupled with a community Carol Sing.

A fortunate snowfall arrived the day of the event, adding to the beauty of floodlighted buildings, ships, spars and masts. Every window of the big exhibition buildings contained a Christmas candle. An unfortunate drop in temperature (to just above zero) drove the Carol Sing indoors at the Meeting House, but there was no lack of the Christmas spirit. The Electric Boat Company Male Chorus of thirty voices, under the direction of Richard W. Hyde, lent its talent for the evening and provided a program of concert numbers interspersed with community singing. Peter Roberts sang solos. Words of the carols were flashed onto a big screen by slides, and approximately 150 people participated.

One of the maintenance crew, who knows about such things, reported that there were eighty floods lighting the various building facades, masts and spars of ships, totaling 12,000 watts, not including those on the two Christmas trees–one outdoors on Shipyard Point, the other in the big picture window of the South Wing. Flood-lighted Christmas trees were lashed to the masts of the ships *Charles W. Morgan* and *Joseph Conrad*, and the schooner *Australia*. The lights were on from 4:30 to 11 p.m. for nineteen days, December 19 to January 6, and your Mystic Seaport looked like a gigantic Christmas card. As usual, throngs motored up River Road, across the river from the Museum, to enjoy the effect; others drove through the grounds for a closer view.

The Wives of the Trustees of Mystic Seaport, sponsored the Sing, with Mrs. Carl C. Cutler acting as Chairman. A hardy maintenance crew arranged the floodlighting, superintended such mechanics as the amplifying equipment, lent by the Navy's Underwater Sound Laboratory. Sea Village Restaurant provided "coffee and" for the principals and chorus. Mrs. C.H. Loutrel Jr. lent her piano. Lois Chesebrough acted as organist. Mr. and Mrs. Richard P. Grover (as in previous years) gave the Christmas trees.

It was a true community effort with Mystic Seaport providing a unique and beautiful setting.

Volume 8, No. 2, Spring 1956

WHALE OIL TODAY

One of the seeming oddities of American industry is that the big Archer-Daniels-Midland Company, which markets the products of the whale, has its headquarters in the midwestern city of Cleveland, Ohio, far from the haunts of the mammal which supplies their raw material.

The Company recently sent for exhibit on the last of the old-time, wooden whaleships, the *Charles W. Morgan*, samples of crude and refined sperm whale oil and spermaceti wax.

Today chemists have revived interest in sperm oil with the discovery of its unique qualities. It offers a minimum change in viscosity at wide extremes of temperature. ADM's pressed and refined oils and spermaceti wax have a variety of unexpected uses.

Sperm oil is a rare phenomenon, a natural-occurring liquid wax. It will not dry to form an impenetrable film, resists oxidation and is non-corrosive. It is not soluble in either water or alcohol, until treated to make it so.

Aside from its use as the finest of penetrating oils and lubricants for clocks, fine instruments and high-speed machinery, it is used in the manufacture of leather and textiles, in detergents, in wax, buffing and polishing compounds. Quantities are used in the manufacture of felt and leather gaskets, in cordage manufacture and as an additive for metal tube and wire drawing compounds.

Its rust-proofing qualities make it valuable to the gunsmith, the hunter, and the army ordnance man. It is used in the moulding of bullets and in the pressing-out of bottle caps.

The ladies require it in their cosmetics and high-quality hand soaps and pharmaceuticals. It imparts a satin-like smoothness and brilliant sheen to them, and by that we mean the ladies as well as the cosmetics and soaps.

Airplanes use whale oil in their engines because it does not break down easily, flows freely at sub-zero temperatures and is not destroyed by great heat.

Whale steak is a modern delicacy, in great demand for restaurants and clubs. Shipped frozen from Norway, the demand keeps far ahead of the supply. Even the bones are used for fertilizer and in chicken feed.

The whale today disproves the old adage that valuable things come in small packages.

Volume 9, No. 4, Fall 1957

On September 9th a Pied Piper by the name of Lambert shuffled about the main deck of the *Charles W. Morgan*, a trail of eager visitors and staff members in his wake. In spite of his infirmities, he had to go below and took the steps of the companionway slowly, his procession of listeners following. Once below he poked into every corner of the ship and every section brought its trail of reminiscences. Nelson Lambert was an old whaleman, making the pilgrimage to see again the ship he had sailed in fifty-six years ago.

He was not the first to make such a pilgrimage; may not be the last; although each time the experience comes to Mystic Seaport it is thought to be the last. There was Bechtel of West Haven, Connecticut, Swain of Norwich, Raabe of Fairhaven, New Jersey (who did not come because of his age but carried on a lively correspondence about her) and now Lambert of Providence, Rhode Island.

A native of Guadeloupe who was brought to Providence as a child, Nelson François Lambert was soon left an orphan and was given shelter in a Catholic convent. At fourteen he signed on a German ship, the *Otto Gildmeister*, for San Francisco. After 141 days the vessel reached Yokohama, where Lambert deserted, hid out for a time but was discovered and returned to his ship. On the return voyage the vessel ran through two typhoons, lost some of her sails, was partially dismasted and made San Diego under a jury rig, the crew half-starved.

In the steam whaler *Karluk* Lambert went to Alaska and Siberia. His boat was stove by a whale, he was chased across the ice by a polar bear and the voyage turned out to be profitless. He collected a dollar for the voyage only because the owners were compelled to pay him something. He worked on a San Francisco bay mud scow for a time, then joined a railroad construction gang, lived in a tent, slept on a thin straw mattress on the ground. Making his way back to San Francisco he once hopped a freight as it slowed down for a tunnel, was shoved off the caboose while the train was in motion, made the remainder of the journey on foot.

His voyage in the *Charles W. Morgan* was under Captain Thomas Scullun and First Mate Mr. Morgan,

November 1901-October 1902. He slept in the third upper port-side bunk, ate beans, hardtack, corned beef and cracker hash, served in the Third Mate's (Mr. Thurston's) boat crew, and broke his leg in a fall from the topsail yard. The mate had sent him aloft with a paint bucket and warned him that if he spilt a single drop he'd make him lick it up from the deck. In a lurch of sea he fell, striking first the mainsail, then the main hatch. The Mate did not carry out his threat. Instead he had to set the broken leg, which he did to the best of his ability and gave him light work such as lookout and steering. But primitive surgery left Lambert with a limp the rest of his life.

That *Morgan* voyage was to the Marquesas, the Okhotsk and to Japan. When paid off Lambert collected $55 for his eleven month's work, having spent an earlier $40 advance.

Lambert worked in a nickel mine in New Caledonia, sailed in a British tramp steamer, Australia to Capetown, reached such places as the Straits of Magellan, Java, Cairo, Marseilles, Suez and Singapore.

Volume 10, No. 1, Winter 1958

EIGHTY-PLUS

Seventy-one years ago on a day in June, a young lady of sixteen sat in a bobbing rowboat in New Bedford harbor and was rowed out to the homecoming whaleship *Charles W. Morgan*. The slap of the oars and the uncertain motions of the boat were nothing to the palpitations in the heart of the girl. After five years of separation, she was seeing her father and her uncle. Her father was William Keith, Mate of the *Morgan*, and her uncle, Charles Keith, the *Morgan*'s Master.

Since that day, in a long life of colorful events, Mrs. Lorna Standish Keith Dunn has skimmed over more than one patch of perilous white water. For sixty-five years of her life she was on the stage, part of it in vaudeville, and retired only to open a theatrical boarding house in West 49th Street in New York. At the age of eighty-plus she was a member of the panel on the nationally-seen television program "Life Begins at Eighty."



Nelson Lambert reminisced about the Morgan's *1901-02 voyage when he visited his old ship at Mystic Seaport in September 1957. (Mystic Seaport Photo Archives)*

One day in December 1957, she journeyed to Mystic to go aboard the *Morgan*. She still resides in 49th Street, although the operation of the boarding house has been taken over by another. She was accompanied to Mystic by her son, Keith Pitman. Her son has been in the entertainment field as well, having played in such orchestras as those of Paul Whiteman, Ted Weems and Nat Schildkret.

TOO TALL

Hundreds of photographers, trying to catch the spirit of the historic Seaport on film, have probably used the air brush on two tall anachronisms–the big smokestacks which dominate any northward view of the scene. The bane of Seaport photographers, they are a necessary adjunct to the big Rossie velvet mill which is a 59-years old Mystic landmark.

Of recent years the New England textile mills have been having lean pickings; some have moved south. A recent article in a local paper states that the fixtures and machinery of the Rossie mill have been sold and are being moved to South Carolina.

The future of the local mill is uncertain; but the news brings to mind the early dreams of Dr. Charles K. Stillman, one of the founders of The Marine Historical Association. His plans for the future Mystic Seaport included a school for men of the U.S. Merchant Marine to be conducted by the then merely incipient Marine Historical Association in the huge mill buildings. The plan shows the vision of the man, and is all the more remarkable because at that time (1929) the United States Merchant Marine had no Academy. It was not until 1942 that the Academy at Kings Point, New York was established. In the late thirties and early forties the Merchant Marine Cadet Corps received its training in certain of the facilities of New London's Admiral Billard Academy (now non-existent); later went to the New York State Maritime Academy at Fort Schuyler.

Forty years later, the Rossie Mill is being converted into the Museum's American Maritime Education and Research Center; the Joseph Conrad *Program and the Munson Institute continue to educate summer participants about sailing, seafaring, and American maritime history; an enviably large corps of dedicated volunteers still performs a wide range of essential tasks; and exhibit interpreters and museum educators have become the principal link between the Museum and the great numbers of individuals and groups who use the institution each year. And as it begins its next fifty years,* The Log of Mystic Seaport *continues to document the course of Mystic Seaport through the continuing story of America's relationship with the sea.*

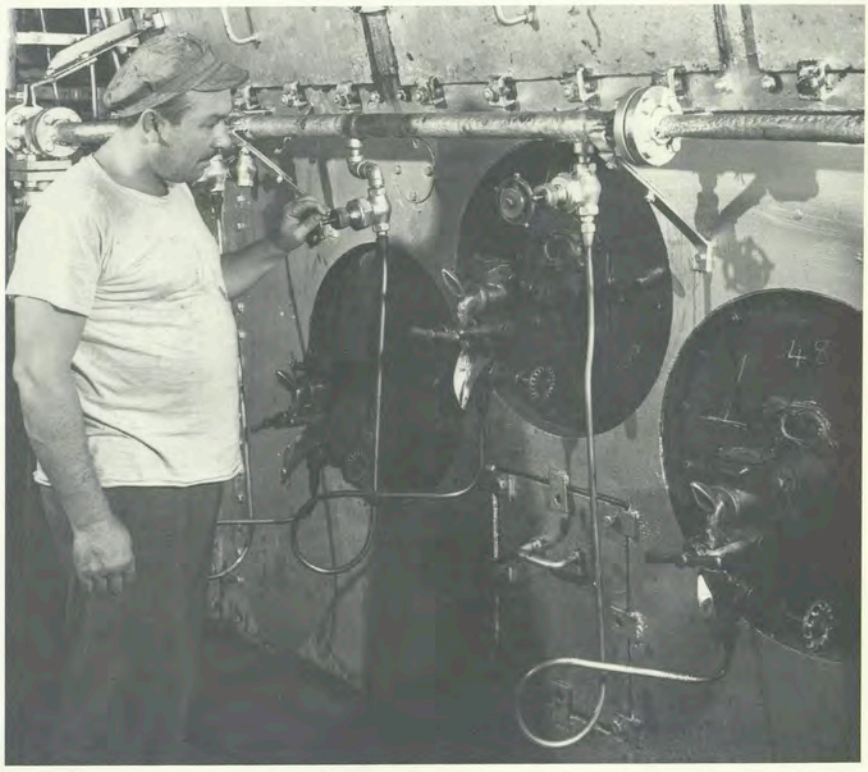
On Board the *Flying Clipper*

Images from the Rosenfeld Collection

In the very month that Mystic Seaport produced the first issue of *The Log of Mystic Seaport*, Morris Rosenfeld & Sons were engaged to photograph operations on board the Isbrandtsen Steamship Line freighter *Flying Clipper*. These images, now in the collections of Mystic Seaport, capture details of ship operation in an era already long gone.

Born in Dragor, Denmark, in 1891, Hans Isbrandtsen was the son of a Danish shipmaster and the cousin of Arnold P. Moller, manager of the Maersk Line. Isbrandtsen came to New York in 1915 to manage the fleet of Albert Jensen after its conversion from Danish to U.S. registry during the First World War. After the war he made a fortune as a cargo broker and wharf operator before collaborating with Moller to form the Isbrandtsen-Moller Steamship Company in 1928 to provide freight service to Asia.

Since the Shipping Act of 1916 had freed it from antitrust legislation, U.S. overseas shipping operated under the conference system, which set freight rates and shipping schedules for different cargoes and ports. Because his smaller ships could not compete against the larger lines under the prescribed conference freight rates, Isbrandtsen began a rate war, underbidding the set rates to obtain cargo. Outspoken and uncompromising, Isbrandtsen was viewed as an enemy by the lines that observed conference rates. After ten years of cooperation, Isbrandtsen and Moller also began a bitter feud that terminated their partnership, although Isbrandtsen



Like the other C2 cargo ships built by the North Carolina Shipbuilding Company, the Flying Clipper *was powered by steam turbines generating 6,600 shaft horsepower to drive the single screw and produce speeds up to 18.5 knots, with a cruising radius of 16,200 miles. But she did not require an army of coal heavers to feed the fires and keep steam pressure up in the boilers for all those miles. Since the introduction of oil-fired boilers around 1910, the use of coal at sea had been almost entirely superseded by fuel oil for firing steam engines (a technology that would be replaced by even more efficient internal-combustion diesel engines). Rather than tending a coal fire, the ship's fireman now turned valves and levers to control the flow of oil and air into the boiler firebox. The* Flying Clipper *has two boilers, each with several burners like these to project a fine spray of oil into the firebox. The flexible oil lines permit the burners to be removed and cleaned after each four-hour watch. The handle next to each burner operates the air register that controls the amount of air blown through the firebox by forced draft fans to enhance combustion and maintain a hot fire around the boiler's water tubes. Fresh water from the feed-water system is converted to steam as it passes through these tubes. After collecting in the steam drum above, the pressurized steam is fed through the efficient high- and low-pressure turbines that, through reduction gears, drive the propeller shaft. The exhaust steam is then condensed and led back to the feed-water system. The "black gang" of the engineering department works in a separate world from that of the deck department. The chief engineer, who is equivalent to the chief mate of the deck crew, manages a force of assistant engineers who supervise each watch, firemen to tend the burners, watertenders to keep the boilers properly full, and utility men called oilers and wipers. The physical labor may be less, and the engine efficiency greater, but the engine-room crew still had to be experts in steam boiler operation, water chemistry, and the maintenance of pipes, pumps, valves, burners, and bearings to drive the* Flying Clipper *around the world. (Negative 121889F, © Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., Rosenfeld Collection)*



Sitting at the controls of the ship's two RCA radiotelegraph units, the radio operator pretends to send a message to the Isbrandtsen office: "Request provisions to meet inspections upon arrival." His right hand is on the sending key; with his headset he can hear both incoming and outgoing Morse-Code messages. When receiving, he would simultaneously interpret the Morse-Code signal and type out the message on the typewriter (which has only capital letters). The dark band across the clock face denotes the two three-minute periods of radio silence each hour, when distress calls could be received clearly. At right is an eight-frequency transmitter, above the four-band receiver. At center is a variable-frequency transmitter and higher-frequency receiver. At left is the Auto Alarm transmitter/receiver, which is set to the 500-kilocycle distress frequency. If the unit receives an alarm signal from another ship a loud alarm will call the radio operator when he is not on watch. Isbrandtsen ships ran by radio, making the radio operator the essential link between the captain and the company. Although the ships followed a regular route to Asia and around the world, port calls and cargo pickups were controlled from the New York office at 26 Broadway. It was estimated that the firm sometimes spent $250,000 a year in radiograms to orchestrate arrivals and departures in order to take advantage of cargo opportunities. (Negative 121907F, © Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., Rosenfeld Collection)

benefited Moller when he successfully prevented the U.S. seizure of the Danish merchant marine after Germany invaded Denmark in 1940.

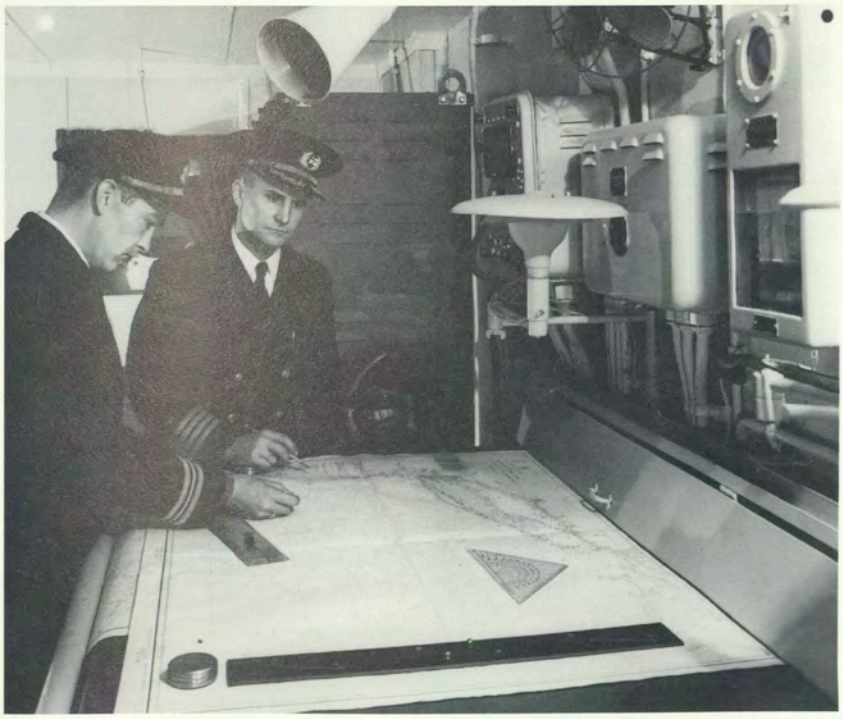
Isbrandtsen formed his own Isbrandtsen Steamship Company in 1939, and he operated under provisions of the U.S. War Shipping Administration until the war's end. Then he attempted to purchase surplus ships from the Shipping Administration, but his anti-conference tactics kept him out of favor until 1946. After other lines had selected ships from the U.S. Maritime Commission, Isbrandtsen purchased several, including the *Southampton*, which he renamed *Flying Clipper*.

The *Southampton/Flying Clipper* was a C2 freighter, one of the standardized cargo-ship designs sponsored by the U.S. Maritime Commission, which was established by the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 to foster the U.S. merchant marine. During the shipbuilding boom of World War II, when the U.S. built the world's largest merchant fleet, several hundred C2s were launched at yards around the country. At 459 feet overall, with a 63-foot beam and 40-foot depth, this medium-size design had a capacity of 4,817 net tons, and measured 10,894 deadweight tons, or 14,945 displacement tons. Launched in July 1944 at the North Carolina Shipbuilding Company in Wilmington, the *Southampton* was chartered by the U.S. Navy as an attack cargo ship and served off Iwo Jima and Okinawa, and elsewhere in the South Pacific, carrying troops and cargo. Isbrandtsen obtained and renamed her in 1947.

By 1948 Isbrandtsen owned seven ships and operated eleven others, running them to Southeast Asia and Japan by way of the Suez Canal. He continued to challenge the freight conferences, underbidding them, purchasing cargo on his own account, or running commercial blockades in the spirit of free trade. In 1948 the *Flying Clipper* attempted



The first mate and another officer use their sextants to "shoot" the sun. Both squint through the telescopic eyepiece at a small glass square attached to the forward leg of the sextant. The right half of the glass is mirrored; the left half is clear. The sextants have both sun and horizon shades to provide a clear view of the sun. With his left hand, each moves an index arm that is pivoted on top of the sextant and sweeps along the arc at its base. A small mirror is fixed at the top of the index arm, and as they adjust the angle of the arm they direct the reflection of the sun (or moon, or star) in that mirror down to the half-mirrored glass on the sextant frame. Using the fine adjustment screw on the index arm they align the base of the sun's reflection with the horizon line visible through the clear half of the glass to get an exact measurement of the altitude of the sun (or moon, or star) above the horizon, which is indicated by the position of the index arm on the arc. The brass scale on the arc is calibrated in degrees and minutes, and a vernier on the bottom of the index arm indicates minutes and seconds of a degree. Star or moon sights at twilight, a local apparent noon sun sight, and several morning and afternoon sun sights all produce angles of altitude above the horizon that, with reference to the ship's chronometer, tables in the Nautical Almanac, *and a process of mathematical calculation, would produce a sequence of lines of position along the ship's course on the chart. (Negative 121885F,* © *Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., Rosenfeld Collection)*



In the chart house aft of the bridge, the captain and mate work out their dead reckoning of the ship's position off the New Jersey coast. Using compass course, speed indicated by the log, and frequent celestial sights to calculate lines of position along the ship's course, the officers keep an accurate plot of the ship's position on the open sea. On soundings, within range for the ship's depth sounder and radio direction finder, the officers have further data with which to fix the ship's position. On the bulkhead at right is the course recorder, or "stool pigeon," which marks a roll of paper with a continuous record of the ship's course steered. (Negative 121949F, © *Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., Rosenfeld Collection)*



On a C2 freighter, the captain's quarters were one deck below the bridge. This day cabin has ports that look forward over the main deck. Between the portholes, one of the king posts for cargo handling rises through the cabin and on up through the bridge. Aboard Isbrandtsen ships, masters were sometimes accompanied by their families. While the captain works at his desk, his wife reads Life *magazine, and their two daughters draw in their coloring books. Hans Isbrandtsen was known for his opinionated public commentaries on all aspects of life. To remind the* Flying Clipper*'s master of his duty, the rhyme, "Because of a nail" ("For want of a nail the shoe was lost...") is framed on the desk. The ship's procedures manual is at the captain's right hand. On the bulkhead below the barometer is a framed photograph of one of Isbrandtsen's displays in the company's window at 26 Broadway in New York, which he used to instruct the public on issues he considered important. (Negative 121877F, © Mystic Seaport, Rosenfeld Collection)*



On the bridge, the helmsman keeps an eye on the gyro repeater compass. The box on top of the helm is the "Iron Mike" automatic pilot. Linked to the gyrocompass, this electrical-mechanical device moves the rudder when the ship veers off its set course. But in coastal traffic, or sometimes in heavy weather, an able-bodied seaman still takes the helm to steer with a traditional spoked, nonmagnetic wooden wheel of the hydraulic telemotor system. On the port side of the bridge, in the background, is the ship's radar (radio detection and ranging) unit. First used at sea by the British Royal Navy in 1939, radar had become essential equipment for both naval and merchant vessels by the end of the war. As a modern World-War-II steamship, the Flying Clipper *relies on radio communication, but in emergencies she can still identify herself or communicate with the signal flags in the flag box overhead. (Negative 121887F, © Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., Rosenfeld Collection)*



LEFT: In their well-equipped galley, two of the ship's three cooks prepare a meal of beef or pork chops to feed the crew of about 46, plus the captain's family. A thrifty Dane, Hans Isbrandtsen had established a large farm on Long Island, and many of his crews ate beef raised by the shipowner. (Negative 121893F, © Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., Rosenfeld Collection)



ABOVE: An able-bodied seaman uses a large wooden fid to splice a "save all" cargo net. Such nets were stretched between the ship's rail and the wharf in case cargo fell out of the slings during loading and unloading. Work on board an ocean steamship did not require the sail-handling abilities necessary aboard a sailing vessel, but the A.B. was still proficient in the traditional arts of the sailor. To rate as an able-bodied seaman aboard an American merchant ship, a mariner had to be at least 19, with three years of sea experience. A.B.s were certified after passing a test to demonstrate ability to launch and handle a lifeboat, box the compass and handle the helm, recognize lights and signals, understand nautical terminology, and perform basic ropework and all deck duties. A merchant ship normally carried two or three A.B.s for every less-skilled ordinary seaman. (Negative 121881F, © Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., Rosenfeld Collection)



ABOVE: The cargo ships designed in the 1930s by the U.S. Maritime Commission were the first to provide roomy quarters for American sailors in the ship's superstructure rather than in a cramped forecastle. Here in the crew's mess, one of the ship's three messmen serves the crew their noon meal. The Flying Clipper *was rated to carry a bosun, eight able-bodied seamen, and a couple of ordinary seamen who represent a typical postwar mix of racial and ethnic origins. On their round-the-world voyages the crew ate well, with plenty of fruit, milk, and Isbrandtsen "26" Brand Coffee, produced by the firm from coffee beans purchased in Java and Colombia. The station bill on the bulkhead gives the emergency stations and lifeboat assignments for up to 46 members of the deck department, engineering department, and steward's department. (121871F, © Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., Rosenfeld Collection)*

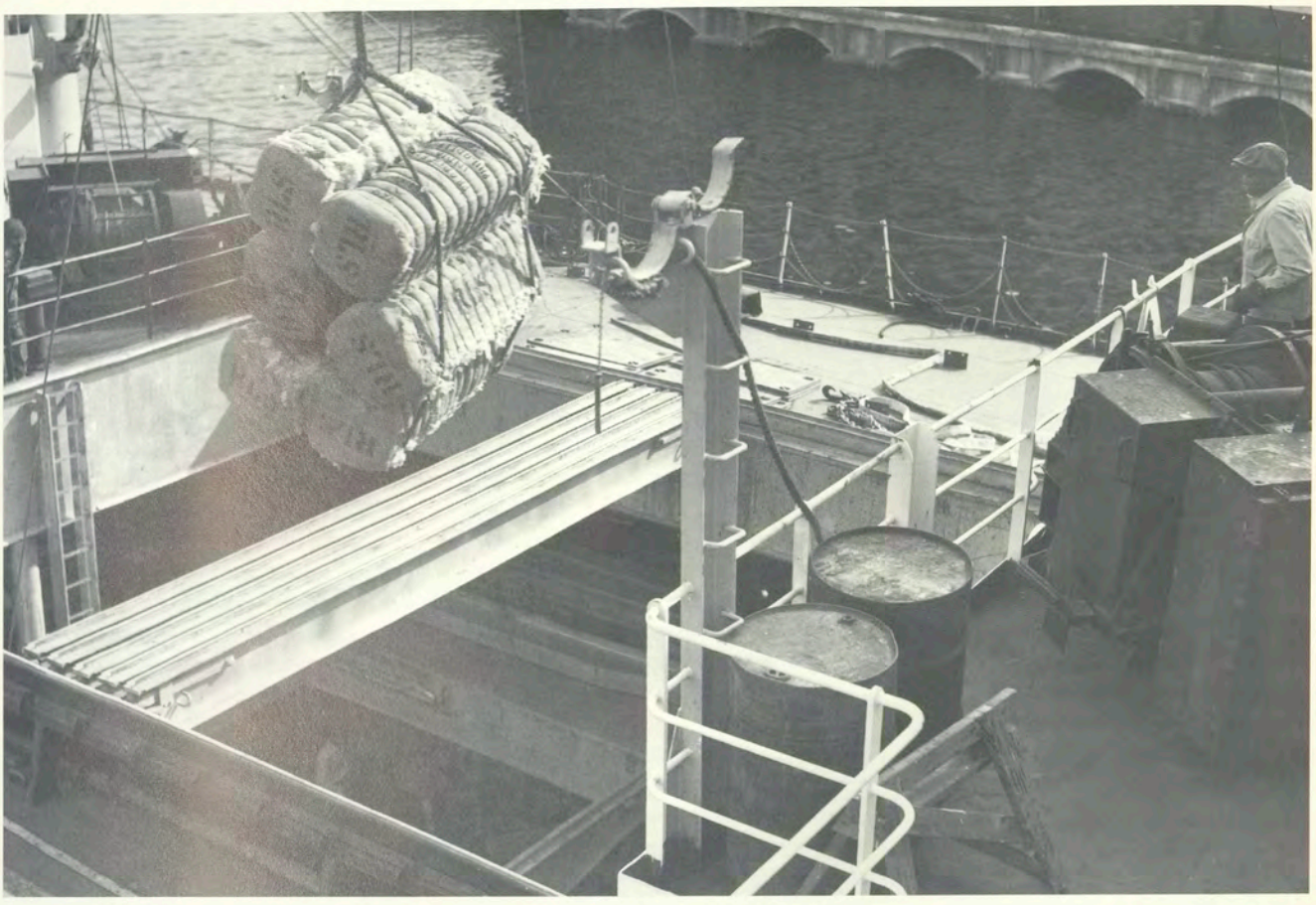


LEFT: Under the direction of one of the mates on the shelter deck at the bow, the ship is adjusted in its berth on the Philadelphia waterfront. The A.B. uses a stopper to take a strain on the bow line while it is taken off the ship's windlass and made fast to the bitts. (Negative 121868F, © Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., Rosenfeld Collection)



BELOW: Before the revolutionary shift from "break-bulk" cargo to containerized cargo, beginning in the late 1950s, large numbers of longshoremen "shaped up" to be selected for work whenever a freighter arrived in port. In ports from Philadelphia south, African Americans predominated in this irregular and physically demanding work. Here, a gang of about 15 men opens one of the Flying Clipper*'s five hatches before descending into the hold to manhandle bales, barrels, drums, sacks, or boxes within reach of the cargo slings. To seal each 20-by-35-foot hatch, more than 60 small hatch boards rest on movable steel beams. On top of the hatch covers, three heavy canvas tarpaulins are drawn taut, with the edges secured by iron wedge battens and wooden wedges in a channel of the hatch stiffener around the hatch coaming. The longshoremen are carefully rolling the tarpaulins, which will be wedged back in place as the ship departs. Outside of Europe, few ports had shoreside cranes for cargo handling in the 1940s, so cargo ships like the* Flying Clipper *had a mast or set of king posts with cargo booms for each pair of holds. Hoisting power was provided by electric winches, four of which surround this hatch. (Negative 121860F, © Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., Rosenfeld Collection)*

to deliver a cargo of munitions to Jews in Palestine. When she was turned away, Isbrandtsen sent her to North Korea. Revolutions in China and Indochina, and the rebuilding of Japan, offered both risks and opportunities for the line. In 1949 the *Flying Clipper* was one of the Isbrandtsen ships that ran the Yangtze River blockade, imposed by Nationalist China to prevent commercial relations with the Communist Chinese, to deliver cargo to mainland China. By that time Isbrandtsen was sending his ships around the world. A first leg with many stops took ships from New York to Japan; a second leg carried them across the Pacific to deliver Japanese goods on the West Coast; and a final



Consigned from India to Philadelphia, bales of what appears to be cotton are hoisted out of the number four hold. To the photographer's right, on the cabin deck aft of the ship's superstructure, the winchman watches for signals from a man in the hold and another on the wharf to transfer the cargo safely from ship to shore. The other winchman for this hatch peers over the rail as the longshoremen below fill his slings. In the hold, which is divided into two cargo decks, a couple of longshoremen can be seen beside the tightly stowed bales. This time-consuming, labor-intensive form of cargo handling would soon disappear. Within ten years of this photograph, Sea-Land on the Atlantic and Matson Line on the Pacific had introduced standardized, trailer-truck-sized containers that could be loaded at the point of production, stacked by crane on shipboard, and off-loaded onto wheels for delivery to the point of distribution. Some old C2 cargo ships would be converted to carry containers, but by the end of the 1960s these break-bulk freighters–and the longshoremen who handled their cargoes–were obsolete. (Negative 121916F, © Mystic Seaport Museum, Inc., Rosenfeld Collection)

leg brought them through the Panama Canal to East Coast ports, often by way of Puerto Rico.

When Japan's merchant marine again became competitive in 1952, undercutting Isbrandtsen rates, Isbrandtsen sought accommodation, but he died in 1953 before reaching freight agreements. Because of his tactics, his line continued to face discrimination from other shipping lines through the 1950s. In 1962 Isbrandtsen's son Jakob merged the Isbrandtsen Line with American Export Lines. The *Flying Clipper* continued to serve the firm through the 1960s. In 1971 she was finally sold for scrap–to the Republic of China on Taiwan, whose blockade of the Yangtze she had run 22 years earlier.

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Prepared by Andrew German, with the assistance of Museum volunteers and staff Jerry Levey, John Eliason, and Don Treworgy, as well as Norman Brouwer, Curator of Ships at South Street Seaport Museum.



The Flying Clipper. *Watercolor by G. Levey, 1998.*

Book Marks

It's not hard to like Ian Marshall's book, *Passage East* (Charlottesville, Virginia: Howell Press, 1997, $60.00). Marshall, artist and author of two previous books, *Armoured Ships* and *Ironclads and Paddlers*, has put together a wonderful collection of 52 of his splendid watercolors along with numerous sketches, historic photographs, and descriptive text to tell the story of the passage east from Great Britain through the Mediterranean to Asian ports such as Bombay, Penang, and Singapore from 1837 to 1970. Each watercolor plate is accompanied on the opposite page by text describing the scene and the vessels involved. Author and historian John Maxtone-Graham contributes a 37-page commentary on the subject of being on board for a passage east. He talks of solar topees, cholera belts, and tropical suits as part of the kit of traveling to India; of the shipboard conditions ("The officers attend well to their own comfort. . .", page 76), as well as the overland journey from Cairo to Suez before the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869; and of entertainment and homesickness. This is not only a lovely book, it is also a very informative one.

Working in a library occasionally gives one a glimpse into how research is conducted, or sometimes misconducted. A false, though interesting, statement may be made in a respected author's work, and from that point on that inaccurate bit of information is quoted and included in future works by unsuspecting authors. Donald S. Johnson must have had firsthand experience of such misuse of information when he began researching his book *Phantom Islands of the Atlantic: The Legends of Seven Lands that Never Were* (New York: Avon Books, 1998 ed., $12.00, paperback). This is the story of nonexistent Atlantic islands and the men who invented, misinterpreted, and charted them. The fact that some of these islands endured on nautical charts into the latter half of the nineteenth century is truly amazing, and wonderful to read about. The notes, bibliography, and index make this a particularly useful book on the subject. While other works have delved into the legends of these islands, no popular book has done as thorough a job as Johnson's.

While the following cannot be categorized as books, but rather research notebooks, I think that they are useful enough to mention to those interested in naval matters. E. Andrew Wilde, Jr., Commander, USNR (Ret.), has researched and compiled documentary and secondary information on the following U.S. Navy destroyers: *Aaron Ward, Barton, Borie, Calhoun, Cushing, Dehaven, Duncan, Emmons, Laffey, McFarland, Monssen, Perry, Preston, Strong,* and *Walke*. All of these vessels were involved in naval actions that resulted in the loss of the vessel or crew members, and Commander Wilde has done a lot of digging to come up with the story of what happened in each case, as well as lists of those crew members who survived and those who perished. Many of the records and photos gleaned from the Naval Records Office are reproduced in each notebook, adding to the interest and usefulness of Commander Wilde's work. These 15 research notebooks are interesting and useful additions to the collections of Mystic Seaport's G.W. Blunt White Library.

Paul J. O'Pecko
Library Director

If you wish to comprehend a European ancestor's immigration experience in the period between 1892 and 1954, Peter Morton Coan's *Ellis Island Interviews: In Their Own Words* (New York: Facts on File, 1997, $29.95, paperback) provides an excellent one-volume treatment. Compiled from more than 1,700 oral history interviews conducted by National Park Service personnel, beginning in 1990, these reminiscences include the reasons the prospective Americans chose to leave their homes, what vessel they came on and what they remember of the passage, what they recall of Ellis Island, and how they became established in their new land. The interviews are arranged chronologically by country of origin, and the book contains a useful introduction on the history and process of immigrating through Ellis Island, statistics on European immigrants, and reminiscences of Ellis Island employees.

Earle G. Shettleworth, Jr., and William H. Bunting have collaborated to produce an exquisite book of maritime images: *An Eye for the Coast: The Maritime and Monhegan Island Photographs of Eric Hudson* (Gardiner, Maine: Tilbury House, 1998, $25.00, paperback). Eric Hudson (1862-1932), a Boston marine artist and avid sailor, discovered the rugged interaction of humans and the sea at Maine's Monhegan Island in 1897. Already practiced at taking maritime photographs to support his painting, Hudson documented much of the fishing and summer-resort activities at Monhegan at the turn of the century. While this work sketches and illustrates Hudson's career as an artist, the real subject is his photography. The authors include 121 of Hudson's photographs, taken in Europe, at Boston, along the North Shore, and at Monhegan. With

their informative, conversational style, the authors interpret Hudson's images, which are beautifully reproduced, with all of the flaws, chips, and cracks of the original glass-plate negatives retained for authenticity. These negatives have been donated to the Maine Historic Preservation Commission by Hudson's daughter, Jacqueline Hudson, but we can all share them through *An Eye for the Coast*.

Naval and maritime dimensions of the Civil War continue to inspire important new works. James M. and Patricia R. McPherson have enhanced our understanding of the experience of naval officers on blockade duty with their editing of the letters of Lieutenant Roswell H. Lamson, *Lamson of the Gettysburg* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1997, $25.00). Housed at Princeton University's Firestone Library, Lamson's letters trace his career from the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis through his service aboard the USS *Wabash*, *Minnesota*, *Nansemond*, and *Gettysburg*, in the Atlantic Blockading Squadrons. Lamson wrote forthright and very descriptive letters to his cousins, one of whom became his fiancee. An especially brave and resourceful officer, Lamson was acclaimed for river warfare on the Nansemond, for chasing down blockade runners in the speedy ex-blockade runner USS *Gettysburg*, and for participating in the assault on Fort Fisher, North Carolina.

In *The Alabama & the Kearsarge: The Sailor's Civil War* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1996, $37.50), William Marvel plots the intersecting courses of the Confederate commerce raider *Alabama* and the U.S. steam sloop of war *Kearsarge*, from their commissionings in 1862 until their engagement off Cherbourg, France, 19 June 1864. As the title suggests, Marvel emphasizes the experience of the crews of the two warships, making full use of a broad range of manuscript and published sources, including three *Kearsarge* crew members' journals from the manuscripts collection of Mystic Seaport's G.W. Blunt White Library. Although these are among the best-known vessels of the Civil War, the *Kearsarge*'s frustratingly prosaic cruises up until her meeting with the *Alabama*, and the day-to-day lives of the two crews, are so well presented here that we gain a fresh perspective on a well-known subject.

Much less famous is the nation's worst maritime disaster, which also occurred during the Civil War. As the war wound down in April 1865, thousands of prisoners of war were released and transported back to their homes. As a principal "highway" in the west, the Mississippi River carried many of them. In April 1865 the two-year old steamboat *Sultana* stopped at Vicksburg, Mississippi, and took on board more than 1,900 soldiers for the trip to St. Louis. Just north of Memphis, in the middle of the night, the *Sultana*'s boiler exploded, setting the ship afire. Scalded, burned, or thrown into the cold, dark waters, at least 1,700 of the 2,300 people on board the *Sultana* died as a result of the accident–a toll greater than that in the sinking of the *Titanic*. In his fascinating study, *Disaster on the Mississippi: The Sultana Explosion, April 27, 1865* (Annapolis: Naval Institute Press, 1996, $32.95), Gene Eric Salecker traces the *Sultana*'s career, documents the passage step by step, assigns blame, and lists the fate of all of those known to have been on board.

Andrew W. German
Editor of *The Log*

You may find these titles at your local library or bookstore, or call the Bookstore at Mystic Seaport Museum Stores –(860) 572-5386 or (800) 331-2665– and take advantage of your 10 percent member's discount.

A Maritime Minute from Mystic Seaport

The 1938 Hurricane Ravages Watch Hill, Rhode Island's Napatree Point

21 September 1938.

A few families still occupy the 39 summer cottages on Watch Hill's Napatree Beach, but no one knows that the yellow cast to the sky and the rising wind foretell a hurricane approaching at 50 miles an hour.

Soon the wind is shrieking, by 4:30 topping 100 miles an hour, as the sea rises beyond imagining, smashing every house off its foundation. In the fury of wave and wind, 15 people are swept to their deaths. Another 27 are hurled into an unbelievable maelstrom and washed across Little Narragansett Bay on the fragments of their homes.

Such a devastating storm will strike at least once in 150 years, but for those caught on Napatree this one has felt like the end of the world.

Letters

I wish to congratulate you on an excellent edition of *The Log* (Volume 50, No. 1). Obviously, your publication is to provide a forum for historians to publish their work. Sometimes the articles impressed me as by historians for historians and had little interest for me. Not so this one. I found it very readable and of great interest. I especially enjoyed the article on the *Scourge*, the *Rattle Snake*. . . . as well as the insights into the sinking of the *Maine* and the hysteria that followed. The last two sentences shed light in a dark corner of history for me.

Thanks and have a good summer.

Don Pillsbury

John D. Alden, Commander, U.S. Navy (Retired), and author of the wonderfully illustrated and widely informative book, *The American Steel Navy: A Photographic History of the U.S. Navy from the Introduction of the Steel Hull in 1883 to the Cruise of the Great White Fleet, 1907-1909* (Annapolis: Naval Institute, 1972, 1989), wrote to correct the caption describing the armament of the protected cruiser *Olympia* on page 18 of the Summer issue. "The *Olympia* did have 10 - 5" guns mounted in the superstructure, but her main armament at the time pictured was 4 - 8" guns in the turrets forward and aft. These were removed in 1917-18 and she was rearmed with 10 - 5" guns of a more powerful model than the original ones."

We especially enjoyed the issue of *The Log of Mystic Seaport* which was devoted to *Amistad* history. Thanks–and keep up the good work.

Dave & Kathy Bruning
Waukesha, Wisconsin

I love reading *The Log of Mystic Seaport* and look forward to every issue–Here I am in the desert but once was a sailor, racing Snipes and later sailing all over Lake Huron in a Cape Dory 25–Lovely boat.

Mrs. Janet E. Vining
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Your article on the Spanish-American War is most interesting and informative, as is Mr. Petrie's on the privateers.

Your photo of the *Maine* underway in New York Harbor causes me to question my understanding that ships in motion are "under weigh." Am I wrong or is "underway" merely common but mistaken spelling of the word?

Bruce W. Manternach
Avon, Connecticut

Although *Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary* traces the term *under weigh* back to the mid-1600s, from the Dutch *onderweg*, it appears that the preferred spelling was *under way* by the end of the 1700s. In the 1807 *American Shipmaster's Daily Assistant*, the term is given: "*Under-way*. When a ship is sailing, she is said to be under way." The same work defines *Weigh*: "To haul up, as weigh the anchor." In his *Seaman's Friend* of 1844, Richard Henry Dana, Jr., has an entire chapter called "Getting Under Way." On the other hand, William Brady's *Kedge-Anchor; Or Young Sailor's Assistant* (1847) uses under-weigh. René de Kérchove's *International Maritime Dictionary* (1948) lists only underway, and in *Seamanship in the Age of Sail* (1984) John Harland points out that being underway can include "making headway," "making sternway," "making leeway," or "losing way." He notes that a ship weighs anchor to get underway. Indeed, in the *Oxford Companion to Ships & the Sea* (1976) Peter Kemp notes: "Theoretically, a ship is considered to be under weigh only when her anchor has been broken out of the bottom and she herself is still stationary in the water; she is under way as soon as she begins to move under her own power."

In answer, then, both *under weigh* and *under way* are correct, although *way* has become the preferred spelling over time. Since the term *weigh* is normally used for the process of hoisting the anchor, it would seem preferable to reserve that spelling for that meaning.



Mystic Seaport Salutes!

DONALD LLOYD TREWORGY, DIRECTOR OF MYSTIC SEAPORT'S PLANETARIUM

Webster's Dictionary lists eight definitions for the word "star." At Mystic Seaport, the person who gives the stars their meaning is Don Treworgy. To capture the true character of this man, one need look no further than the upturned eyes of a ten year old, gazing rapt at the heavens, as Don unlocks the secrets of the stars. Part teacher, part sage, part visionary, part wit, part photographer, part weatherman–all gentleman.

Don was born in 1938 in Milo, Maine, a place where no bright city lights dimmed the night sky. At the age of 16, Don's eyes were opened to the wonders of the heavens by a neighbor with a telescope. Now barely 60, Don has spent his whole life sharing this passion he discovered as a youth.

Mystic Seaport built its Planetarium in 1960. Don has been an integral part of it since early 1961. Director since 1966, he oversees the myriad of programs, courses, and special offerings that have entranced Museum visitors since this unique facility was built. In addition to the daily programs on the positions of the stars and planets, special programs are presented for schools and scout groups, as well as church and other community-based organizations. Special holiday programs and seasonal programs cover such diverse topics as constellations, meteors, and stars in music, poetry, and stories. A new program entitled "Stars of a Voyage to Freedom"–developed in conjunction with the *Amistad* project–describes the *Amistad* incident and tells the story of the stars that would have been seen by the Mende people on board the *Amistad*, and the return "voyage to freedom" on board the bark *Gentleman*, which took them back to their homeland.

The numerous special Planetarium course offerings cover the use of the sky by sailors and include Astronomy, Piloting and Dead Reckoning, Celestial Navigation, Radar and Modern Marine Electronics, and Weather and Weather-Related Instruments. The Planetarium is also headquarters for tracking current weather patterns, and Don was instrumental in helping to create the Museum's "Severe Weather Manual" for use in cases of weather emergencies, and which has served as a prototype for other institutions. In addition, for good measure, Don even takes the Planetarium "on the road"–teaching navigational arts on board Mystic Seaport's schooner *Brilliant*, or setting up telescopes in downtown Mystic to conduct special sky-watching sessions for residents.

Don has developed many of these courses himself, and he is always ready to add a new topic if interest is shown. He is as generous with his talent as he is with his time and, known as Mr. Fixit, he delights in what has been described as "mechanical trouble-shooting." Sharing also his treasure, Don's many monetary donations to Mystic Seaport are often memorials–honoring individuals whose lives have touched his.

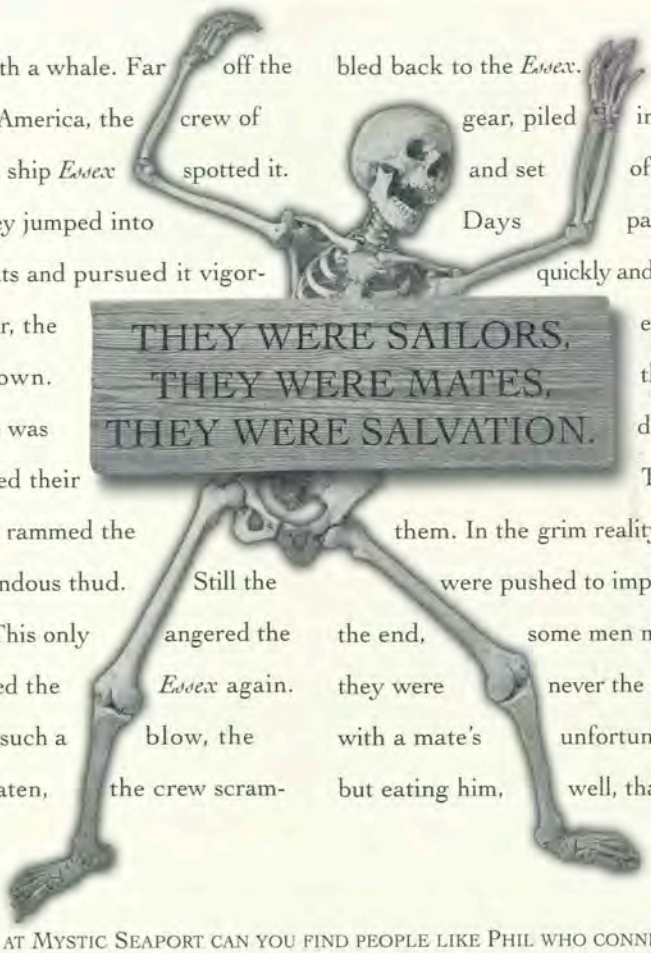
Articles galore have appeared about Don. A decade ago, in an article in the July 1988 issue of *Tidings* magazine, Larry Chick described Don as the teacher who has "given of himself, through the wonders of the stars, the history of the sea, and through his love of the arts and of people." More recently, in the *Mystic River Press*, Don described his role at Mystic Seaport "to help people appreciate the links between the Seaport's ships and seafaring history, and. . . to leave here understanding a little more about the sky." Mystic Seaport is pleased to salute this kind, thoughtful, and generous man. Thank you, Don, for being a supernova in Mystic Seaport's galaxy.

Marguerite Hower Hamlin photo, 1958.

THE VOYAGE OF THE *ESSEX* AS TOLD BY PHIL CUTTING.



"It all started with a whale. Far off the coast of South America, the crew of the great whale ship *Essex* spotted it. Whereupon they jumped into their whale boats and pursued it vigorously. However, the whale had plans of its own. And a harpoon in its side was not part of them. It dodged their attacks, circled back, and rammed the mother ship with a tremendous thud. Still the men refused to give up. This only angered the whale more and it attacked the *Essex* again. But this time, it landed such a blow, the ship began to sink. Beaten, the crew scrambled back to the *Essex*. They gathered some gear, piled into the whale boats, and set off for the distant shore. Days passed slowly, arms tired quickly and provisions disappeared entirely. As sailors died, their mates took the most desperate measure. That's right, they ate them. In the grim reality of life at sea people were pushed to impossible extremes. In the end, some men made it to shore. But they were never the same. After all, dealing with a mate's unfortunate death is one thing, but eating him, well, that's quite another."



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