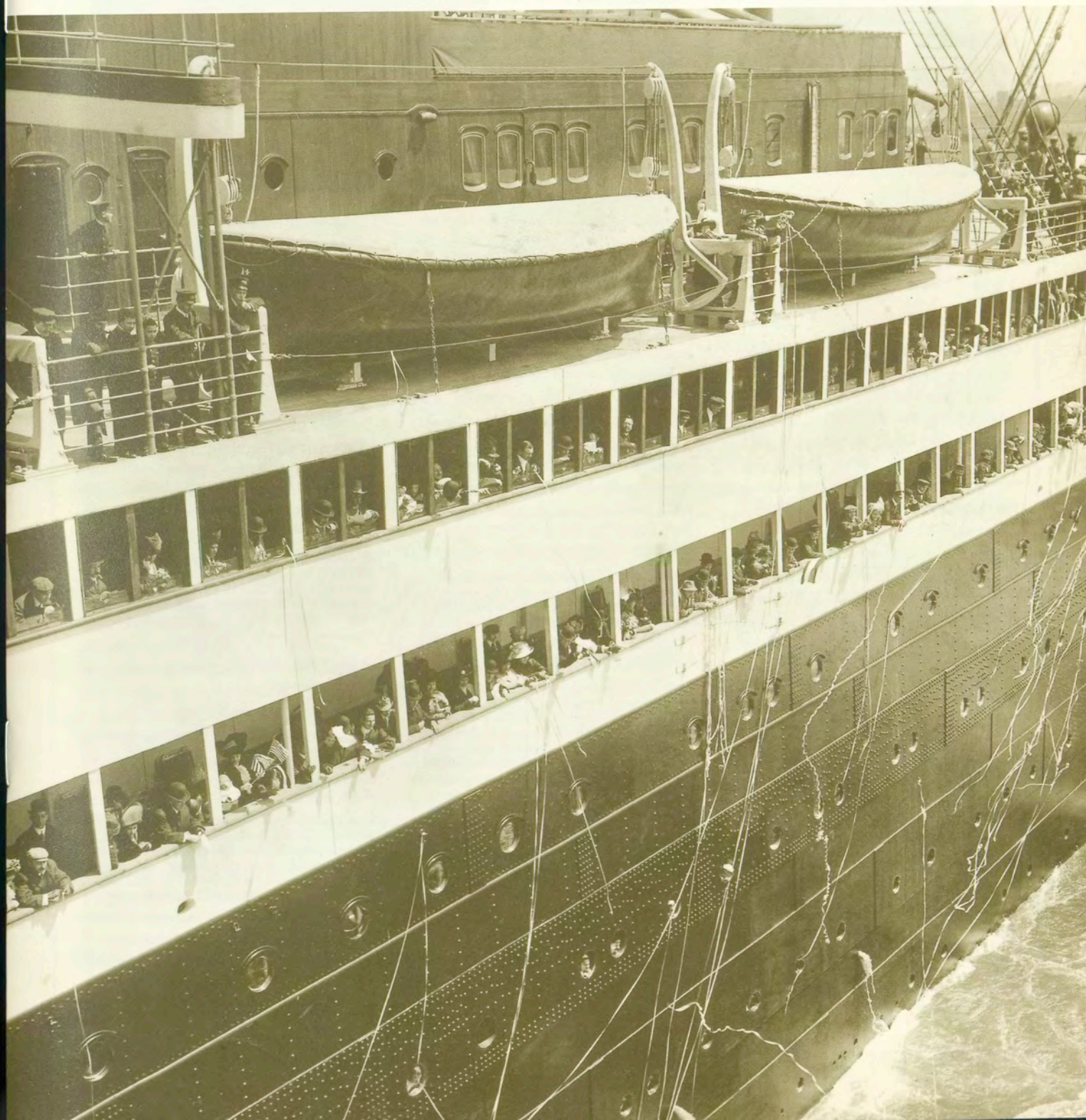
The Log *of* Mystic Seaport®

Summer
2000

Volume 52, No.1



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The Log of Mystic Seaport

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On the cover: Bon Voyage! In a swirl of water and ribbons, the North German Lloyd liner *George Washington* backs out of her New York berth, bound for Bremerhaven shortly before World War I. The 723-foot steamship—North German Lloyd's largest pre-World War I ship—was launched in 1909. She was designed to carry 2,679 passengers, half of them in steerage. The ship made monthly voyages until she was interned at the start of World War I. She later served as a U.S. troop transport and a United States Lines vessel. She was scrapped in 1951. (detail, © Mystic Seaport, Inc., Rosenfeld Collection)

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Mystic Seaport Gratefully Acknowledges its Sponsor

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Life is our life's work.

Sightings

We are all familiar with the physical and material assets that Mystic Seaport has developed during its more than 70 years. Our site on the Mystic River is superb, with a rich maritime history, access to the sound and the sea, and proximity to population centers in the Northeast that enable it to serve millions of interested visitors. The structures we have acquired and built provide a unique exposure to historic maritime-related buildings and wonderful facilities for exhibitions, programs, collections care, and museum support. And, of course, we have amassed very significant collections of ships, smallcraft, objects, artwork, photographs, films, ships' plans, books, and manuscripts. All of this, and more, constitutes the tangible Mystic Seaport. We could not be the great museum we are without such holdings.

However, as I approach the end of my time as Director of Mystic Seaport, it is startlingly clear to me that what really makes our maritime history, and what makes Mystic Seaport, is people. All the vessels and buildings and manuscripts and maritime objects draw their significance from the people who created them or used them or preserved them. The stories of America and the Sea that form the substance for our new *Voyages* exhibition link people and objects, personalizing the themes of maritime history for our visitors.

Within the Museum itself, the people of Mystic Seaport *are* Mystic Seaport, and what a remarkable group of people it is. Every single person involved plays a role, whether as a member, a curator, an exhibit interpreter, a Trustee, a security person, a shipwright, a server or salesperson, a volunteer, or a gardener. There is no unimportant role here. Everyone contributes to the positive experience of our visitors and users, the care of our collections, and the smooth running of our organization.

I hesitate to recognize specific individuals when virtually everyone deserves my thanks for their efforts. Nevertheless, I need to say special thanks to a number of people with whom I have worked closely over the years. During my time as Director and President, I have had the privilege of working with four leaders of the Board of Trustees, Clifford D. Mallory, Jr., Rudolph J. Schaefer III, Robert G. Stone, Jr., and William E. Cook. Each of these individuals has given enormously of his time and effort to advance the Museum and assist me and the rest of the staff. This, of course, is true for many other Trustees, such as the indefatigable Bill Ridgway and the inspirational Jon Wilson. The current Vice Presidents of the Museum, Jane Keener, Dana Hewson, Chris Cox, and Jacques Brunswick, have each taken on significant responsibilities to insure the smooth and successful fulfillment of the mission of Mystic Seaport. There have been others with whom I have worked closely over the years and whose efforts added greatly to the Museum's development and accomplishments. Don Robinson demonstrated his total commitment in several capacities. Frank Kneedler played a key leadership role for 25 years with sound judgment and good humor. Maynard Bray and Jim Giblin have each made a substantial, positive impact, first as staff members and then as Trustees. The list should go on and on, listing the women and men who serve as department directors, others throughout the staff, the Board of Trustees, and the remarkable volunteer crew, but my space is limited.

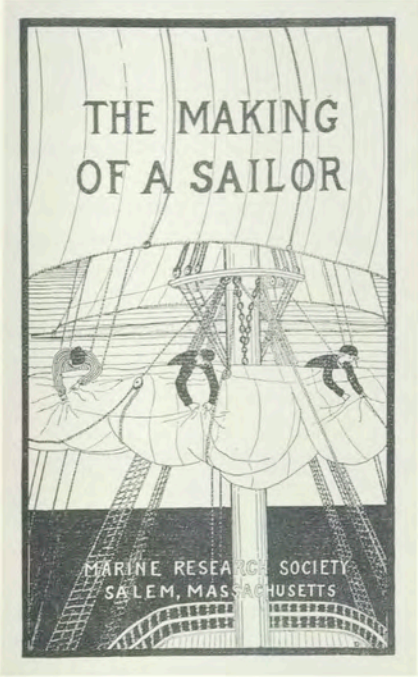
My fondest hope for Mystic Seaport is that, through the extraordinary people who are committed to its success, it continues to thrive as The Museum of America and the Sea and to serve the people of the nation and the world. We enjoy a splendid reputation, earned by the hard work of thousands of people over the last seven decades, and I hope in the decades ahead that reputation continues to gleam. I cannot overstate what an honor it has been to work with everyone involved with Mystic Seaport. Thank you for this truly unique experience.

J. Revell Carr
DIRECTOR

2000 GERALD E. MORRIS PRIZE ARTICLE

The Making of Frederick Pease Harlow

GLENN GRASSO



Originally published by the Marine Research Society in 1928, Frederick Pease Harlow's The Making of a Sailor *is a highly regarded account of life at sea. A reprint edition has made it available to new generations of maritime readers.*

Sailor, author, and sea musician Frederick Pease Harlow is best known for his classic sea narrative *The Making of a Sailor*, published in 1928. Rich in ethnographic, musical, and nautical detail, the book describes the maturing of a young man into a deepwater sailor during a voyage to Australia. Many consider it one of the most compelling descriptions of life on a square-rigged vessel ever published. His unique second book, *Chanteying Aboard American Ships*, is equally important: it records nineteenth-century sea music as it was played and used by working sailors. Despite having authored two of the most significant books on American maritime culture, Harlow's own life, itself an embodiment of the American maritime story, has remained shrouded in mystery. Even uncovering his date of birth required months of research.[1]

Leads materialized on dust jackets, in newspaper and magazine articles, and in the endnotes of books.[2] From these scattered sources, it appeared that there were at least two primary documents in existence: the journal Harlow kept while on board the ship *Akbar*, 1875-77, and an unpublished memoir. All the leads pointed to Seattle, Washington.

In March 1999 I traveled to Seattle to continue the search. After much detective work, I discovered an elderly gentleman named Tom Sandry, who, as a young boy, had known Harlow. With his help, and several lucky telephone calls, I found myself talking to Harlow's granddaughter. Four hours later, I was having tea with her before reading Harlow's journal, written in 1875.[3]

On 12 December 1856, Frederick Pease Harlow was born in Mount Morris, Illinois, to William T. Harlow and Frances Ann Winsor. Freddie P, as he was called, was the youngest of four boys. His brothers would greatly influence the young Freddie. All four went to sea, following in the footsteps of seafaring family members going all the way back to their Martha's Vineyard roots.[4]

From an early age, Frederick Pease Harlow wanted to go to sea. Not as a passenger, officer, cook, or captain, but to go, as Herman Melville said, "as a simple sailor, right before the mast, plumb down into the forecastle, aloft there to the royal mast-head." Harlow and his brother had, in fact, set up a royal yard in their attic for play. One day, in the course of "furling" the sail, Frederick's brother and a friend hauled back and forth on the braces in an effort to knock Freddie off his perch on the yard. He persevered, in a way that would become typical of the rest of his life, and earned high praise from his brother with a quick "I guess you'll do."[5]

While retired captains or officers wrote the majority of first-person accounts of sailing voyages, Harlow was never more than a sailor before the mast. He gave up a life at sea long before he was given a command, so his experiences reflect the life of an ordinary seaman much more than any other account. Moreover, he came from a family of seafarers so he knew what to expect of life at sea. As a result, his writing lacks the reformer's agenda and tone of Richard Henry Dana, Jr.'s *Two Years Before the Mast*. Fortunate are future generations of armchair adventurers and living-room sailors that Harlow was literate, unlike many in his

profession. It is equally fortuitous that he was educated not only in letters, but also in musical notation. Harlow's inclusion of sea music in *The Making of a Sailor* rounds out the voyage and offers deeper insight into the life of a nineteenth-century seaman. Harlow's literacy in both letters and music, combined with his ordinary sailor status, fashion *The Making of a Sailor* into one of the most accurate firsthand accounts of "Sea Life Aboard a Yankee Square-Rigger."[6]

Before his birth, the Harlow family had moved from their ancestral home in Duxbury, Massachusetts, to Mount Morris, Illinois. Harlow's father, the Reverend William T. Harlow, received a post at the Rock River Seminary, a Methodist institution where he was "Principal and professor of mathematics."[7]

Harlow's early years were significant, for he was born into a rapidly changing world. One of the first changes Harlow was to witness in his long life came around age six. The nation was embroiled in war, proof of which, for a time, was apparent in Mount Morris: "I well remember the mustering in of men for the Civil War. A fife and drum parade every evening in front of Brayton's store where recruits came forth to sign on the dotted line."[8]

Another memory burned into Harlow's young mind was a sign on a chapel door. In big red letters, the sign proclaimed: "SIX CIVILIZED SIOUX INDIANS WILL GIVE A CONCERT HERE FRIDAY EVENING." The young Harlow wondered how such a "barborous [*sic*] tribe" could ever be civilized. He would stand in front of the sign, spelling out the words, "only to dream at night that the Indians were after me and wanted my scalp to hang on some Indian's belt."[9] Such wonders regarding the civilization of Indians may seem strange today, but in the 1860s, having heard only tales of carnage and destruction, a fear of the Sioux was quite real to the young boy.

Such fears, however, did not succeed in keeping Harlow away from the concert. Not only did he attend, but he wrote down some of the music performed at the event. Thomas Hayes Bayley's "Long, Long, Ago" was sung by the Indians, whose voices, Harlow reported, "were decidedly nasally and husky."[10] This is the first specific reference to music in Harlow's memoir.

So began Frederick Pease Harlow's deep interest in music and the recording of that music. Whether Harlow transcribed the actual music to "Long, Long, Ago" is not known, but in his memoir he recorded the lyrics, and his memory provided a critique of the performance. Harlow's interest in music came from his mother, Frances Ann Winsor. Frances played piano and later taught her youngest son the instrument.[11] Exposure to music theory and reading and writing musical notation are intertwined with piano playing, and Harlow's early musical training would serve him well.

Harlow's interest in music led to the inclusion of sailors' songs in *The Making of a Sailor*, to say nothing of the recording of songs for *Chanteying Aboard American Ships*. His musical abilities, fostered at an early age, make Frederick Pease Harlow exceptional in the maritime world. Many did the work and sang the songs of the sailor. Non-sailors sometimes recorded the songs that they heard while on board ship. Harlow, by contrast, was among the few who both did the work and possessed the ability to write down the music. His books are a permanent testimonial to his own unique talents and abilities within the maritime world.

The family remained in Illinois until 1867, when Harlow was ten years old. That year, Harlow, his brother Will, and their mother took the Chicago and Alton Railway to Chicago, and then traveled on to Duxbury, Massachusetts, where his maternal grandmother Winsor lived.[12]



Frederick's father, the Reverend William T. Harlow, was pastor of a Methodist Church in Newport, Rhode Island, when his 18-year-old son decided to go to sea like his older brothers. Reverend Harlow helped Frederick find a vessel, hoping the experience would help him get over his desire to go to sea.

Harlow's long relationship with railroads began with this one train ride. The trip proved to be a microcosm of the rest of his life. Not only did he ride the rails, he also saw sailing craft for the first time. Two schooners on Lake Michigan caught his eye and piqued his curiosity, for they were "quite different from my conseption [*sic*] of a ship," which was based on descriptions in "letters from my oldest brother, Julius, who was second mate of the bark Rebecca." Even though different from what he had imagined, the sight still evoked feelings of awe, power, and beauty. It also stirred tantalizing possibilities for the future. Harlow remarked, upon seeing his first sailing vessel, that "the schooners were a beautiful [sight] to me and I longed for the day when I might sail the seas in search of adventures."[13]

In Massachusetts, the family stayed with Harlow's namesake, his uncle Frederick Pease in East Boston.[14] The shipyards of East Boston, near Uncle Frederick's home, would soon prove significant in Harlow's early life.

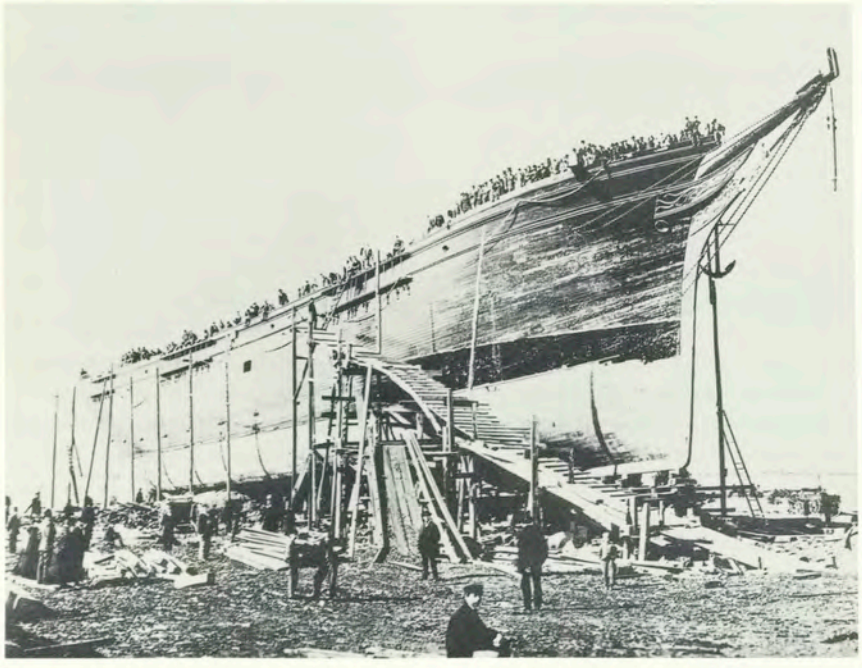
During the six months before her launch on 21 October 1869, the medium clipper ship *Glory of the Seas* was being built in Donald McKay's shipyard. She would be McKay's last ship. The shipyard had no fences, and the neighborhood children used the unfinished hull of the *Glory* as a playground. Historian Michael Mjelde has written that 12-year-old Frederick Pease Harlow was one of the children who played on and around the ship, and that the experience further inspired him to ship out on a deep-water vessel.[15] Harlow's contact with the hull of the *Glory of the Seas*, both as a child and much later as an old man, provides a concise set of bookends for his life and its connection to the ocean.

"Long before I left high school I had made up my mind to become a sailor." So opens *The Making of a Sailor*. Some time in the five years between playing in McKay's shipyard and graduating from high school in 1875, the family moved to Newport, Rhode Island, where the Reverend Harlow began preaching at the Thames Street Methodist Church. In spite of repeated warnings from his brothers that the sea "at best . . . [is] nothing but a dog's life," Harlow was determined to follow in the footsteps of his three older brothers and become a deepwater sailor.[16] When his father saw that no amount of talk would prevent his youngest son from following the sea, he reluctantly gave Frederick his blessing and helped him find a vessel.

The elder Harlow convinced his son to try a short passage first. One evening, Frederick and his father went next door to the home of Captain and Mrs. Winslow to discuss the idea of Frederick sailing to the Chesapeake on Winslow's schooner, the *David G. Floyd*. Harlow reported that Captain Winslow "impressed on my mind that I should not expect any favors from him while on board." To be sure, William Harlow reiterated, in front of the captain, that his son must not expect any special treatment. Unbeknownst to Frederick, the following day his father asked Captain Winslow to "make it as disagreeable as he could" for the boy in a vain attempt to keep him henceforth "on the beach."[17]

Aboard the *Floyd*, the 18-year-old Frederick learned the ways of a sailing craft. Although a coastal voyage, Harlow was challenged by the usual hazing of a greenhand, an anchor-dragging storm, and a near-collision with another schooner. Nonetheless, he succeeded in "learning the ropes" well enough to leave the vessel an ordinary seaman.

Undeterred by his father's meddling, Harlow was determined to join a deepwater vessel. After a week at home, Frederick wrote to his uncle, Frederick Pease, requesting his help in finding a ship. Pease secured his nephew an ordinary seaman's berth on the 159-foot ship *Akbar*, sailing with general cargo from Boston to Australia. On 2 December 1875, ten days shy of his nineteenth birthday, Frederick Pease Harlow



After moving from Illinois to Massachusetts in 1867, Harlow found a playground in Donald McKay's shipyard and the 240-foot Glory of the Seas, *then under construction. J.W. Black photographed the ship shortly before her launch in October 1869, with a number of boys like Harlow looking on. Wearing a high hat and looking at his last merchant ship design, Donald McKay himself stands in the middle distance, just above and to the right of the seated young man. (Courtesy Peabody Essex Museum, Salem, Massachusetts)*



In his later years, Harlow built this model of the 159-foot ship Akbar, *launched at East Boston by Paul Curtis in 1863. The vessel, named for a sixteenth-century ruler of India, was a slow but safe and serviceable small merchant ship of the day. Harlow served in her from December 1875 to July 1877. She was abandoned in sinking condition during her following voyage, in 1878. (*The Making of a Sailor*)*

joined the ship *Akbar*, having signed the ship's articles the previous day.[18]

The short trip on the *David G. Floyd* began Harlow's sailing career, but it was his voyage to Australia and return to America that truly "make" Harlow a deep-water sailor. His *Akbar* education was thorough. He learned the intricacies of square-rig sail. As was typical of merchant sail in the 1860s and 1870s, a healthy dose of sea music accompanied most shipboard tasks. Here, Harlow's early musical training served him, and historians, well, by allowing him to record and preserve this music. Additionally, the interpersonal politics of shipboard life were an education in diplomacy, or the lack thereof: Harlow thoroughly documented the entire crew's dissatisfaction with the first mate. Experiencing the pleasures of a sailor ashore rounded out Harlow's education. Except for a fight in a Melbourne dance hall and almost falling victim to a shark in Java, a level head kept Harlow out of trouble during his free time in Australia and the Far East. Harlow's voyage to Australia and back would provide the material for *The Making of a Sailor*, still unwritten by 50 years.[19]

In 1878 Harlow returned to Boston, his wanderlust not yet sated. Within the year, he sailed on the bark *Conquest* from Boston to Barbados in the West Indies. This voyage furthered his sailing experience and gave him a chance to see first-hand the African influence on sea music. He witnessed the Barbadian stevedores singing as they hauled cargo, remarking that "the harmony of their voices outshone any college quartet ever heard." The stevedores worked in the June sun, "singing away as they worked, until the leading chanteyman was out of breath, only to be relieved by another nearly his equal. Such singing I never expect to hear again."[20] It was an unforgettable trip for the



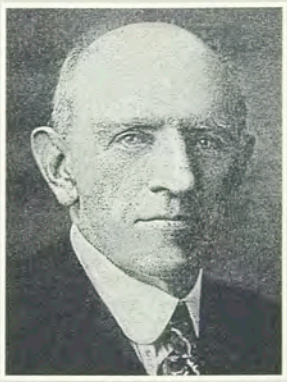
Harlow (left) *and four of his shipmates posed for a photograph that commemorated the rescue of Frank Stanwood* (seated). *A young sailor from Gardiner, Maine, Frank had joined the* Akbar *in Australia and rescued Harlow from a shark. When Frank fell from aloft, Harlow, Williams* (left center), *Archie* (right center), *and Jim Dunn* (right), *an Irishman whose real name was Sprague, went in the ship's boat to rescue him. Williams, who claimed to have commanded vessels but could not resist alcohol when ashore, and Archie were experienced sailors and accomplished chanteymen whose singing Harlow frequently quoted in his book.* (The Making of a Sailor)

21-year-old Harlow, one quite different from his previous voyage. Especially memorable was a deck scene in Bridgetown, Barbados. Four stevedores worked at loading cargo:

> *The leading chanteyman wore a red bandana handkerchief tied loosely around his neck and . . . a dungaree jumper which was unbuttoned at the throat . . . his eyes shone brightly as he pulled at the fall and the whipcords in his neck stood out like a pair of swifters showing the strain he was under as he sang hour after hour. He improvised words as only a negro poet could, at times so comical as to cause his companions to laugh heartily when forced to use too many words in the metre to make up the rhyme. They were a happy lot and good stevedores so long as they chanteyed.*[21]

Here, Harlow observed chanteying in a far different context than he had on board the *Akbar*. He gained a new cultural perspective on sea music while again witnessing the value of chanteys for both facilitating work and keeping the workers happy. Harlow's interest and personal participation in music continued while on board deepwater vessels. During his time at sea, he learned how to play both the fiddle and the banjo, adding traditional instruments to his classical training at the piano.[22] The material he gathered in Barbados on the *Conquest* voyage would become an integral part of his second book, *Chanteying Aboard American Ships*, more than 70 years later.

Harlow's return from the *Conquest* voyage in 1879 signaled the end of his active sailing career. The first half of his childhood dream had come true, and the second half was about to be realized. Leaving the sea behind, Harlow began working for the express business and traveling on the railroads. He was 22 years old.



Frederick Pease Harlow (1856-1952), ca. 1920. (The Marine Digest)

Frederick Pease Harlow approached his new choice for exciting employment with the same vigor that he approached deepwater sailing. His first employer was the American Express Company. Later, he was an express messenger "for Wells, Fargo & Co. during the days of the stagecoach robberies by the James brothers." In the years between the *Conquest* voyage and 1890, when he arrived at the geographic terminus of his life, Harlow "rode shotgun," protecting the cargoes entrusted to his employers. Whether it was the constant threat of the James Gang or the Apache Indians he encountered while on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, Harlow was never far from excitement and adventure.[23]

Moving higher in the ranks of the express business, Harlow was named express agent at La Junta, Colorado, only to resign to go to Portland, Oregon. Some time later, the Northern Pacific Express Company named him an agent. On 30 January 1890, at age 33, he came to the city where he would reside for the next 62 years: Seattle, Washington.[24]

Gold and lumber made Seattle a boom town. Even before the Klondike gold rush of 1897, no fewer than six separate gold rushes hit the region between 1858 and 1880.[25] Moreover, the lumber industry was proving to be quite lucrative. All of that lumber, in the form of wooden buildings, would soon cause great problems for the city. On 6 June 1889, Seattle's Great Fire incinerated the entire waterfront and most of the downtown area. Harlow moved to Seattle less than eight months after the conflagration. The city was rebuilding, poised to become the premier deepwater port in the Pacific Northwest.

Opportunities abounded for an ambitious young man, and Harlow quickly seized upon them. His background led him seaward. Using his position as agent for the Northern Pacific Express Company, in 1892, he initiated Seattle's participation in one of the Pacific Northwest's major maritime industries: fish. He writes:

> *Ainsworth and Dunn . . . decided it was time for the Seattle markets to stop buying their fish from Portland and Port Townsend. One day, Mr. Ainsworth said . . . "We are building a seine to catch salmon . . . but the trouble is, we'll catch too many fish." . . . I replied: "I'll write every agent on the Northern Pacific Railway, and . . . the National Express Company at New York and ask them to buy fish . . . from Ainsworth and Dunn. You take the orders and our office will get the benefit of the express charges." . . . I began writing letters and my effort[s] were crowned with success. Business rolled in amazingly fast . . . and I can boast that I am the man who started the fish business out of this city.*[26]

On Valentine's Day 1898, the 41-year-old Frederick Pease Harlow married Lottie Gertrude Gilleland in Seattle. They moved into a home at 535 Boylston Avenue, where they would live together for the next 54 years. Fourteen months later, Gertrude gave birth to their only child, a daughter. Following the long-standing Pease and Harlow tradition of honoring their ancestors, Frances Ann Harlow was named after Frederick's mother.[27]

In 1902, Harlow shifted employers but maintained his strong connection to both the sea and the railroads. Again entering the commercial fishing business, he became treasurer of the Occidental Fish Company and served as one of its corporate officers for the next decade.[28]

In 1912, Harlow's career path took him, at age 55, seaward once again. He revisited his youthful occupation when he went to oversee the repair of the schooner *William Nottingham*. Dismasted off the Columbia River bar, she was the subject of a legal battle between the owners, salvagers, and insurance companies. All were suing for possession of the vessel. Harlow, his wife, and the now 13-year-old Frances joined the vessel in June 1912. Three months later, on Labor Day, the vessel was ready to be towed to Seattle to have new masts stepped. The crew, however, had other ideas. They refused to cast off the mooring lines, claiming a holiday. This incident of mutiny on Harlow's first and only command was short-lived, for the following day the crew was more agreeable, and the vessel was towed to Astoria, Oregon. From there, she went up the coast to Seattle and then on to Bellingham, Washington, for a load of lumber. Harlow remained on board until the vessel was fully loaded and ready for sea, finally returning to Seattle in November 1912.[29]

Seattle was the natural point of embarkation for anyone traveling to or seeking their fortune in Alaska. There was, however, one problem: the sole Washington terminus of a transcontinental railroad line was in Seattle's rival city, Tacoma.[30] The demand for transportation between the two cities encouraged several enterprising local mariners to initiate ferry service on Puget Sound.

A 1901 merger of rival ferry lines created the Puget Sound Navigation Company, the largest transportation company in the region. Its president, Charles Peabody, was descended from a captain of the original Black Ball transatlantic packet line, so the new company was named the Black Ball Line, associating it with both romantic memories and the past glory of sailing ships. Earning huge profits and eliminating the competition, the Puget Sound Navigation Company dominated the region's ferry service for the next 60 years.[31]

Frederick Pease Harlow came on board in 1920 at age 63. Perhaps joining an organization called the Black Ball Line reminded him of his youth. On 13 March 1923, Harlow was treated to another reminder of his youth, although one much more forlorn. The medium clipper ship *Glory of the Seas*, Donald McKay's last ship and Frederick Pease Harlow's childhood playground of 54 years past, was burned for her metal in the Seattle suburb of Endolyne. Like Harlow, the old ship had come to the West from her East Boston origins. Several days later, 66-year-old Harlow visited the charred remains of the *Glory of the Seas* and salvaged two copper spikes. These, along with a previously salvaged stateroom door, he made into ship models and placed with honor around his home.[32]

At over 70 years of age, while still employed by the Puget Sound Navigation Company, Harlow began writing *The Making of a Sailor, or Sea Life Aboard a Yankee Square-Rigger*. He had kept a detailed journal while on board the *Akbar*. Now, he began writing to family members to gather more information about their experiences at sea. He contacted his brothers regarding vessels on which they had sailed and even collected their personal logs. With journal and letters in hand, and more than 50 years of reflection on the varying events of his voyage, he related the square-rigged experiences of his youth to a modern audience. The Marine Research Society published the book in 1928, calling it the "best narrative of a sailor's life at sea since the publication in 1840 of the classic 'Two Years Before the Mast.'" Reviewers from the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* to the United States Naval Academy echoed this sentiment. *The Making of a Sailor* was lauded by readers and critics alike.[33]

One question readers of *The Making of a Sailor* often ask is "how accurate is the book?" Most first-person narratives have a tendency towards self-aggrandizement.[34] This tendency may result from pride and ego; it may result from too many accounts being written by captains rather than fo'c'sle hands; or it may be the result of faulty memories.

Since Harlow was never an officer—the *William Nottingham* incident notwithstanding—the second reason can be ruled out. Harlow wrote from his journal, so a faulty memory can be dismissed. The impact of ego falls short as well: one need only examine Harlow's description of his head lice on page 260 of *The Making of a Sailor*. Still, the nagging question of accuracy remains. Did Harlow exaggerate the facts or combine people, events, and places?

In March of 1999, I had the opportunity to read the journal that Harlow kept while on board the *Akbar*. It is a standard leather-bound ship's log with marbled boards, much like any merchant ship's log where the dry information regarding the ship's position, weather, and vessels spoke is recorded. Opening the volume, however, one finds a beautiful cursive script full of descriptions of shipboard events. Interspersed throughout are drawings by Harlow of flags, ships, and storms. Most intriguing, though, is the detail with which the events are described.

On Sunday, 12 December 1875—his nineteenth birthday—he wrote, "the man next to me Andrew got a round turn around his ankle and was pulled half way up the mast before he could get himself clear." When reporting the same incident in *The Making of a Sailor*, Harlow wrote: "A turn about his leg fastened itself into a jam-hitch under his heel and lifted him off his feet and with a cry he shot up above my head . . . 'Hold on! Hold on!' he cried. 'Don't pull on that brace!' This was meant for me, but in the next breath he came down with a run."[35] As this example illustrates, Harlow's greatest addition to the journal entries is the introduction of dialogue among the sailors. Again:

> *Friday December 24 1875*
> *When Hans came from the wheel this morning, (at daylight) he lit his pipe to have a smoke before we washed down. The mate came forward and seeing Hans smoking, he told him that if he didn't mind what he was about, that they would have a row. Mr. Harris (the mate) had spoken to him before not to light his pipe until he saw whether there was any work or not to do and if he did not look out he (Mr. H) would put a head on him.*
>
> *Hans was in the round house at the time he spoke to him the second time, and while thru, the mate stood out side talking to him in not the best of language and when he spoke of his having a row with him, Hans jumped up and told him to his face to come on and have it now. there was some talk and Hans told him to act like the second mate (in not growling all the time) and if he thought to scare him by his talk he had got hold of the wrong man. Mr. Harris told him to be quiet and they both appeared to be good frends [sic] after a little. Hans is a very quiet fellow does not have much to say, but when he gets mad then "look out for squalls."* [36]

Harlow filled in the dialogue in *The Making of a Sailor*, making the



The Akbar*'s second mate, James Sanborn, was a good-natured former U.S. Navy sailor who had the tattoos to prove his service. (*The Making of a Sailor*)*

characters and their conversations come alive:

The wheel was relieved and big Hans coming from the wheel, stopped at the mainmast to light his pipe while going forward to the roundhouse . . . The mate's watchful eye saw Hans puffing away as he walked forward, whereupon he hurried off the poop swearing a blue streak . . .

"See here, damn you! I don't want you or any other old sailor smoking your pipe after the wheel has been relieved . . . I won't have any man around the decks sucking a pipe when we are at work. If you do, I'll soon ram it down your throat and put a head on you." . . .

Hans was a good-natured Norwegian, ordinarily, but . . . [he] boiled over . . . and standing in front of the mate and slamming his cap to the deck, he jumped up and down brandishing his clinched fists in front of Mr. Burris' face and exclaimed:

"Jou put my head on, is it? Coom on! . . . Do jou tink jou can shoove my pipe by my troat down? It's better jou try it. Coom on I say! Ya-ah I am vaitin' fer jou. Vy don't jou fight vid jour fists, ja? Jou fight all the time vid jour mouth . . . I bane vaitin' fer jou t' hit me. Vy don't jou hit me first?" . . .

Here, Hans stuck his face close up to the mate's and begging the mate to strike him, saying: "Vy don't jou hit me? I youst vant jou t' hit me von leetle slap und damn me, I swab oop th' decks vid jou in my hands youst like jou ver so year old" (measuring with is hands some three feet above the deck). Jou don't vant t' fight, ja? Then vy don't jou be like th' second mate. He never bane havin' rows vid th' men in his vatch."

*The mate had backed up against the rail while Hans talked, but both were very much excited. The mate, swearing all the time, had taken a belaying-pin from the rail which he waved in front of him taking good care not to hit Hans with it. It was a case of "One was afraid and the other dasn't [*sic*]."*[37]

In his preface to *The Making of a Sailor*, Harlow explained that he took "incidents from [his journal] and included many of the expressions used on board ship." Even with the addition of dialogue, he reported the events faithfully in *The Making of a Sailor*.

Occasionally, however, there are some differences. His journal comments indicate that Hans and the mate "both appeared to be good frends [*sic*] after a little." However, in the book, Hans and the mate continue their row, resulting in Hans being thrown in irons. The journal entry is from 24 December 1875, and the sailors in the book remark that they would have "a hell of a bloody Christmas" with Hans in irons, thus confirming that these are two reports of the same incident.[38] Placing the man in irons seems to indicate that Hans and the mate were not, in fact, "good frends [*sic*] after a little." Perhaps Harlow had already written his journal entry before part two of the confrontation occurred. Perhaps he decided to combine events that had taken place over consecutive watches since one event clearly led to the other. Further research may answer this question.

One discrepancy that requires no further research concerns the identity of Mr. Burris, the first mate. Burris is clearly the antagonist throughout *The Making of a Sailor*, and the careful reader may notice that in the *Akbar* journal, the mate has a different name. Harlow admits in the preface of *The Making of a Sailor* that he "disguised the names of individuals in some instances."[39] James Sanborn, the second mate and friend of Harlow, goes by his real name in the book. Harlow even included a photograph of Sanborn. However, the universally despised "Mr. Burris" is, in fact, one Mr. *Harris*.

In 1933, at age 76, Frederick Pease Harlow retired from the Puget Sound Navigation Company.[40] Like most retirees, he planned to spend his free time on projects and travel. He had been employed in adventurous occupations for upwards of 58 years. Entering retirement would prove to be yet another adventure for him.

The Harlows continued living in their Boylston Avenue home until 1935. The man whose life had been so influenced by his early experience as a sailor now set out to see the world as a passenger. Nearing his seventy-ninth birthday, Frederick and Gertrude embarked on a world tour. The couple traveled by steamship to Asia, through the Indian Ocean and Mediterranean Sea, then on to Europe, across the Atlantic Ocean to New York, through the 20-year-old Panama Canal, and home to Seattle. After their return, the couple began a tour of the United States by automobile. In all, Fred and Gert were away for almost three years.[41]

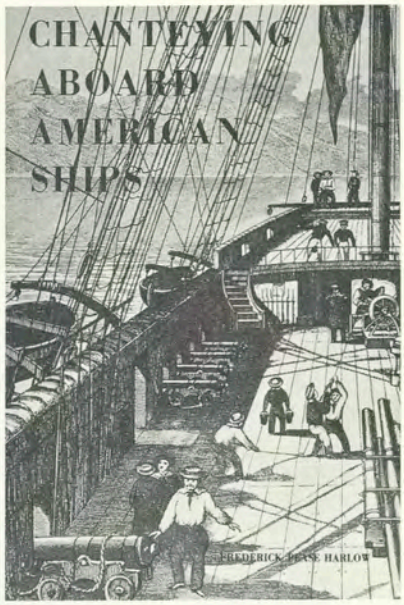
Returning to Seattle in either late 1939 or 1940, Harlow began working on new retirement projects, and once again the sea was a major theme. He built a model of the *Glory of the Seas* using wood

from the salvaged stateroom door for the masts, yards, and decking. He also fashioned anchors from the copper spikes picked off the beach after the vessel was incinerated. The *Marine Digest* of 11 January 1941, described the model as "a masterpiece of artistry and accuracy in every detail." When Harlow completed the model he was 84, but was nonetheless described as "still as active mentally and physically as a man in the early 60's."[42] This is hardly surprising for a man who began a round-the-world tour at age 79.

Another retirement project was a book of over 100 sea chanteys. Harlow included firsthand accounts of the African-Caribbean and West Indian influence on sea music. Much of the book was the result of his *Akbar* and *Conquest* voyages some 70 years past. In a letter to the *American Neptune,* published in April 1946, Harlow referred to the book as complete, but in need of a publisher. He even named the work: *Chanteying Aboard American Ships*.[43]

Despite its completion, Harlow had difficulty publishing *Chanteying Aboard American Ships* due to paper restrictions during World War II.[44] After the war, he agreed to serialize the book, and the *American Neptune* published the first 11 pages in April 1948. Harlow must have been pleased that his efforts to preserve sea music were finally being met with a degree of success, but alas, the *American Neptune* failed to publish subsequent installments and the manuscript languished in desk drawers for years. Harlow would not live to see the book in print.

By all accounts, Harlow was in good health for most of his life. At age 88, the *Marine Digest* again described him as having the "vigor and enthusiasm of a far younger man." However, around 1947, old age finally began to catch up with him. He developed adult-onset diabetes. Even so, he was still active and alert until around April 1952, when things took a turn for the worse and his health began to fail. On 10 September 1952, three months short of his ninety-sixth birthday, Frederick Pease Harlow died amidst his books and ship models in his Bolyston Avenue home. He was survived by Gertrude, his daughter Frances Ann Eberle, and a granddaughter, Elaine Eberle.[45]



Harlow's other important maritime work, Chanteying Aboard American Ships, *was published by Barre in 1962, ten years after Harlow's death.*

Alden Johnson, called the "imaginative proprietor of the Barre Gazette," finally published *Chanteying Aboard American Ships* in its entirety ten years later. Johnson's Barre Publishers printed a number of maritime books of high quality but limited marketability.[46]

If all that Frederick Pease Harlow had done with his life was publish *The Making of a Sailor*, his place in the annals of the maritime world would still be assured. When the book first came out, it was lauded as "the best narrative of a sailor's life aboard ship that has been written since Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*." In his 1943 "introduction to nautical literature," *Books of the Sea*, Charles Lee Lewis went so far as to call it "the most interesting sea narrative ever written." However, Harlow's legacy goes far beyond *The Making of a Sailor*. His firsthand account of life and music on board an 1870s merchant ship, *Chanteying Aboard American Ships,* has provided musicians and scholars of sea music their best primary source for nineteenth-century music and especially its African roots as seen in the West Indies. In 1948, Harlow said that "the trouble with most books on chanteys is [that] they're guesswork."[47] His was not. He was actually there, doing the work, recording it as he went along.

Unlike first-person narratives or chantey books written by captains or their daughters, Harlow's experience as an ordinary sailor informed his books. Lewis believes that the strength of Harlow's work is that "it was written by a real sailor, a descendant of an American family of seafarers."[48] A lifelong attention to detail and a strong work ethic insured that Harlow's books were true records of the times in which he lived and worked. His early experience with the sea, whether sailing on Narragansett Bay or working a square-rigger, followed and influenced him throughout his life.

Frederick Pease Harlow's life spans an incredible 96 years. Imagine the changes that he witnessed, from watching soldiers mustering for the Civil War to the atomic age. He was an observer of a world that continued to redefine itself from the 1860s to the 1950s. He saw the end of the old world before the Second World War, and ushered in the new with the nuclear age.

The story of Harlow's life is equally significant to the body of work he left behind. He was the quintessential nineteenth-century character. He was educated, sailed on square-riggers, and then worked on the railroads. He wandered

westward, coming to a city rebuilding and offering great opportunities for a young man. He personified everything that a nineteenth-century man was supposed to be. He worked in the most romantic of occupations: sailing ships and railroads. He was an astute businessman, rugged individualist, renaissance man, and eloquent chronicler of his life and times long past. He fulfilled every archetype that we hold dear at the end of the twentieth century. He even married on Valentine's Day.

Notes

1. Frederick Pease Harlow, *The Making of a Sailor* (Salem: Marine Research Society, 1928); The book was called the "best narrative of a sailor's life at sea since the publication in 1840 of the classic *Two Years Before the Mast*" (see note 33) and "the most interesting sea narrative ever written" (see note 47).

2. The dust jacket and endnotes of Harlow's *Chanteying Aboard American Ships* (Barre, Massachusetts: Barre Gazette, 1962), the *Seattle Sunday Times*, *Marine Digest*, and R.H. (Skipper) Calkins's *High Tide* (Seattle: Marine Digest, 1952), both text and endnotes, all provided the initial direction for the search.

3. I met Tom Sandry after many telephone calls around the greater Seattle area. Our conversation took place in Seattle on 11 March 1999. I am deeply indebted to Captain James R. Tompkins, United States Navy (retired), and Mrs. Elaine Eberle Tompkins for their gracious hospitality on very short notice. Their stewardship of Harlow's papers, and Mrs. Tompkins's commitment to her grandfather's legacy, have enriched this project immensely.

4. Certified copy of death certificate, in possession of the author, Seattle-King County Department of Public Health, Vital Statistics Section, state file number 3925; conversation with Elaine Eberle Tompkins, 12 March 1999. Some have suggested that Harlow earned the nickname "Ned" while on board the *Akbar*. I have found absolutely no evidence, textual, oral, or otherwise, of this.

5. Herman Melville, *Moby-Dick*, ed. Harrison Hayford and Hershel Parker, et. al. (Evanston, Illinois: Northwestern University Press, 1988) 6; *The Making of a Sailor*, 5-7.

6. *The Making of a Sailor*, title page.

7. Calkins, *High Tide*, 205; Frederick Pease Harlow, Memoir, in possession of the family, 2.

8. Harlow, Memoir, 5.

9. Ibid., 9.

10. Ibid., 10.

11. Conversation with Elaine Eberle Tompkins, 12 March 1999.

12. Harlow, Memoir, 14.

13. Ibid., 15.

14. Ibid., 17.

15. Michael J. Mjelde, *Glory of the Seas* (Middletown, Connecticut: Wesleyan University Press for Mystic Seaport, 1970), 14.

16. *The Making of a Sailor*, 1; "Harlow Begins His 55th Year As Seattleite," *Marine Digest*, 29 January 1944, 4; *The Making of a Sailor*, 4.

17. *The Making of a Sailor*, 9.

18. Ibid., 82, 85.

19. Ibid., 227-30.

20. *Chanteying Aboard American Ships*, 241.

21. Ibid., 242.

22. Conversation with Elaine Eberle Tompkins, 12 March 1999.

23. "Services Tomorrow For F.P. Harlow, Early Shipper," *Seattle Times*, 12 September 1952; Harlow, Memoir, table of contents.

24. Ibid.; "Harlow Begins His 55th Year As Seattleite"; Other sources also give 1890 as the year of Harlow's arrival in Seattle.

25. William C. Speidel, *Sons of the Profits: Or, There's No Business Like Grow Business: The Seattle Story 1851-1901* (Seattle: Nettle Creek, 1967), 306.

26. Calkins, *High Tide*, 204-205.

27. Certified copy of marriage certificate # 2460, in possession of the author, Seattle-King County Department of Public Health, Vital Statistics Section, King County Executive, Seattle, Washington; "Frederick Harlow, Author And Sailor, Lives Quietly," *Seattle Sunday Times*, 30 January 1944; Obituary, "Frances H. Eberle," *Vancouver Columbian*, 8 July 1997.

28. "Harlow Begins His 55th Year As Seattleite."

29. Calkins, *High Tide*, 207.

30. Ibid., 197.

31. Ibid., 200, 84.

32. Mjelde, *Glory of the Seas*, 241-44.

33. Conversation with Elaine Eberle Tompkins, 12 March 1999; "Glory of Seas Lives in Model by F. Harlow," *Marine Digest*, 11 January 1941.

34. Captain Samuel Samuels's *From the Forecastle to the Cabin* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1887) and Frank Bullen's *The Cruise of the "Cachalot" Round the World after Sperm Whales* (New York: D. Appleton, 1899) are clear examples of this phenomenon.

35. Frederick Pease Harlow, journal kept while on board the ship *Akbar*, 1875-78, in possession of the family (hereafter cited as *Akbar* journal); *The Making of a Sailor*, 141.

36. *Akbar* journal, the parentheses are Harlow's.

37. *The Making of a Sailor*, 158.

38. Ibid., preface; *Akbar* journal; *The Making of a Sailor*, 162.

39. *The Making of a Sailor*, preface.

40. "Frederick P. Harlow, Pioneer of Seattle Waterfront, Dies at Age of 95 Years," *Marine Digest*, 20 September 1952, 23.

41. "Frederick Harlow, Author And Sailor, Lives Quietly"; Harlow, Memoir, table of contents; Calkins, *High Tide*, 204.

42. "Glory of Seas Lives in Model by F. Harlow."

43. Frederick Pease Harlow, letter, *The American Neptune* 6:2 (April 1946): 153.

44. Ibid., 154.

45. "F.P. Harlow, Writer and Sailor, Still Busy at 88," *Marine Digest*, 15 September 1945, 7; Death certificate; "Services Tomorrow For F.P. Harlow, Early Shipper," *Seattle Times*, 12 September 1952.

46. Walter Muir Whitehill, review of *Chanteying Aboard American Ships*, in *The American Neptune* 22:2 (April 1962): 149. Whitehill writes in his review: "The compilation had made the rounds of trade publishers, meeting dusty answers. I proposed publishing parts of it serially in the NEPTUNE. Mr. Harlow agreed, and in the April 1948 issue the first installment appeared. Alas, we never reached the second, for space was short and the drawing of the musical notation both troublesome and expensive. So the manuscript remained first in my desk drawer, and then in Ernest Dodge's, until Alden P. Johnson, the imaginative proprietor of the Barre Gazette proposed publishing it as a book, which was what should have been done in the first place.

"This is not the first occasion when Alden Johnson has served maritime history well by publishing books of high merit that, because of supposed limited interest, scared off commercial houses. . . . Mr. Johnson is willing to risk publishing a good maritime manuscript even if it has, like THE AMERICAN NEPTUNE, a limited market."

47. Charles Lee Lewis, *Books of the Sea: An Introduction to Nautical Literature* (Annapolis: U.S. Naval Institute, 1943), 91; Suzanne Martin, "U. Glee Club Put Right on Sea Chanteys," *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, 11 June 1948, sec. 2, 13.

48. For example, Joanna C. Colcord's *Roll and Go, Songs of American Sailormen* (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1924) and Captain W.B. Whall's *Ships, Sea Songs and Shanties* (Glasgow: J. Brown & Son, 1910); Lewis, *Books of the Sea*, 91.

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Sponsored by the Fellows of the G.W. Blunt White Library, the Gerald E. Morris Prize Article Contest is intended to foster original research and writing in American maritime subjects. The submission deadline is 1 March of each year. For further information and contest guidelines contact Library Director Paul O'Pecko or *Log* Editor Andrew German.

VOYAGES
Stories of America and the Sea

Mystic Seaport's Signature Exhibit Opens in the Stillman Building

Whether you live in Connecticut or Colorado, New York or New Mexico, the sea influences your life in ways you may never have imagined.

We invite you to join us on seven voyages of discovery across oceans, lakes, and rivers. Travel through time with us to share the experiences of immigrants, river travelers, ocean traders, fishermen, artists, warriors, and even vacationers. Through objects, images, and stories, we will introduce you to many different American men, women, and children, past and present, whose lives link them, and us, to the sea.

Welcome to *Voyages: Stories of America and the Sea.*



Immigration by water is represented by the Cuban refugee boat Analuisa (left); *paintings, prints, and photographs; immigrant documents and a trunk; and an audio of immigrant accounts. (Bill Grant photo)*

Coming to America / Immigrant Voyages

Do you know how *your* ancestors came to America? Unless they were Native Americans, the answer is most likely "on a ship."

The sea voyage to America was an exciting, frightening, unforgettable experience, shared by immigrants from Europe, South America, Africa, and Asia. Some travelers were brutally forced to these shores as slaves. A fortunate few crossed in comfortable staterooms. Most huddled together in crowded sailing or steamships. Even in the age of air travel, desperate voyagers have fled to these shores in small boats. All faced the unpredictable challenges of the sea crossing, and some did not survive.

Step aboard, and join the generations of people, perhaps like your ancestors, who came by sea to become Americans.

Following the Rivers / Trade and Travel on America's Waterways

Coastal and inland waterways are among America's greatest resources. Since the days of the earliest Native settlements, they have connected us to one another. America's rivers, lakes, canals, and coastal waters have carried our possessions and our dreams from harbor to harbor and deep into the nation's heartland.

Of all the vast system of waterways, it is our great rivers that have touched the lives of most Americans. Even today, in an age of railways, interstate highways, and air travel, river "roads" still carry vast quantities of cargo.

Muddy brown or clear blue, the steady flow of America's rivers continues to draw us near and pull us along.



America's waterways are depicted through photographs, paintings, and prints; models; artifacts recovered from the wreck of the Missouri River steamboat Bertrand (left)*; and videos. (Bill Grant photo)*

Connecting America to the World / Overseas Trade and Travel

Take a look at your shoes, your clothes, your camera. Do you know where they came from, and how they got to you?

Our nation's well-being has always depended on the ships and sailors who travel the sea-lanes to link Americans to the world's markets, from Europe to Asia. Ocean trade makes the U.S. economy flourish, enriches Americans' lives with goods both exotic and essential, and engages us with other cultures. Recently, a revolution in the way things are carried on shipboard has made it easier and cheaper than ever for us to live in a world economy without considering the system that delivers our everyday goods.

Investigate the changes in trade that link us all to the world by sea.



America's overseas trade is represented by paintings, artifacts, and documents; a representation of part of the China trade bark Martha Davis*; part of a modern shipping container* (center)*; and audio and video programs. (Bill Grant photo)*



The U.S. Navy's roles in war and peace are represented by paintings, prints, and photographs; artifacts and models; representations of a WAVES office and submarine bunkroom; and video programs. (Bill Grant photo)

Serving at Sea / The U.S. Navy in War and Peace

Millions of Americans have experienced the sea while serving their country in the United States Navy. In wartime the Navy has defended our coasts, and protected America's interests on the world's oceans. In peacetime, navy personnel have served as scientists, explorers, diplomats, and humanitarians.

Since the first sea battles of the Revolutionary War, naval history and traditions have enriched virtually all aspects of American life, and the image of a U.S. Navy sailor in uniform has been one of America's most familiar patriotic symbols.

Although the sailor's experience has changed greatly over the years, the men and women of today's Navy continue to uphold traditions of the past as they serve their country on the sea frontier.



Americans have enjoyed many forms of recreation on and beside the water, represented by paintings, prints, and photographs; models; boats and engines; and a place to rest and reflect in a representation of the cockpit of the schooner yacht Dauntless. *(Bill Grant photo)*

Enjoying the Water / Boating, Yachting and Shoreside Recreation

What's your idea of fun on the water? Do you push yourself and your boat to the limit in competition? Do you paddle out in an old wooden canoe, load your fishing gear into a trusty aluminum motorboat, or sail away in a fiberglass day-sailer?

Oceans, lakes, and rivers are not just avenues of commerce or theaters of warfare. They are arenas of sport, and our favorite destinations for relaxation and fun. Americans did not always have the time, money, or desire to go to sea for the fun of it. But in the last 150 years, millions of men, women, and children have spent their leisure time on and by the water.

Come aboard now and see how many different ways Americans have found to enjoy themselves on the water.

Gathering Resources from the Sea / America's Fisheries

For thousands of years the inhabitants of North America have ventured onto the water to hunt fish, whales, and seals; to gather shellfish and plants; to cultivate marine life; to recover salt, minerals, and petroleum; and even to harness the power of moving water. Americans today still depend on the sea's many essential resources.

The range of American "fishermen" represents the breadth of American culture: Native-American "first people," descendants of Europeans, Africans, and Asians, male and female. Their work, pursued largely beyond our sight and often at great risk, has shaped their lives in fundamental ways, just as it nourishes ours.

Meet some men and women, past and present, who have devoted their lives to gathering the resources of the sea, and consider the costs of consuming those resources.



The ways Americans have used marine resources are represented by art and artifacts of the whaling and fishing industries; by four present-day fishers: a menhaden fisherman from Virginia, John Rita from Stonington, Connecticut, Theresa Peterson from Kodiak, Alaska, and Clifford Shippentower, a Native American from the Columbia River; by video programs; and by a "virtual seafood restaurant" serving computer information about the fish we eat. (Bill Grant photo)

Finding Inspiration / The Sea in America's Art and Imagination

The sea has shaped America's culture just as it has shaped our coastline. Maritime images have filled our lives for so long that many of us take them for granted. Our fine and decorative arts, our music and literature—even our language itself—all reflect the influence of the sea and seafaring on our lives.

Just as the sea's awesome grandeur has nourished our artists, writers, musicians, and dreamers, its power has inspired feats of bravery and heroism that have become part of our national mythology. When Americans really want to test themselves, they still go to sea.

Explore how other Americans have been inspired by the sea, and spend a few minutes expressing your own connection to the sea in our Inspiration Station.



The sea's influence on the art and imagination of Americans is represented by sailors' arts, from scrimshaw to ships in bottles; paintings and prints; music and poetry; a performance space; and a place for visitors to create their own artwork. (Bill Grant photo)

WAVES: The Duration and Six Months

CHERYL B. CHAPUT



Carol Norman in her uniform as a Yeoman First Class. (Mystic Seaport, 1997.157.48.243)

Only recently, with the Defense Authorization Bill of 1994, have women been granted equality in the U.S. Navy, including assignment to combat units. That was the last of the restrictions placed on women nearly a half-century earlier with the Women's Armed Services Act of 1948. Considering that women did not even have the right to vote when they were first enlisted into the U.S. Navy in 1917, much progress was made in a mere *77* years.

Before World War I, women's sphere was very limited. Ideally their place was, of course, in the home. Working women were usually relegated to domestic tasks and millwork, from textile mills to fish canneries. Society in general operated on the premise that the military was a male organization. Although women had long participated in combat zones as nurses, it was not until 1908 that the Navy Nurse Corps was formed. This was, however, a separate branch, and not part of the Regular Navy.

In the military, as in civilian life, men worked as clerks and managed the office, and were considered more skilled in general at these business tasks than were women. The office was a man's world. It was a world that was, however, becoming "feminized" by the turn of the twentieth century. When the typewriter was introduced in 1873, women were hired to demonstrate and operate the machines. The telephone was another instrument that became feminized as its use expanded. By 1902, more than 90 percent of the Bell Telephone System's 39,500 switchboard operators were women.[1]

Although the U.S. did not enter World War I until April 1917, preparations for the "Great War" further expanded women's opportunities in both the public and private sectors. As the demands for manpower increased, women moved into the industrial labor force. Women worked in shipyards, factories, and other "men's jobs," and it followed that shortages became acute in such "women's jobs" as clerical and office work. Furthermore, men were needed in combat and it was necessary to release them from their desk jobs for sea duty.

The Navy employed civilian women through the Civil Service, but that agency could not supply the demands of the government and all the branches of the military for skilled clerical labor (performed by Yeomen in the service). Also, civilians could not be deployed easily or quickly, and they were not subject to the military discipline that was essential for security in wartime.

Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, as well as other military leaders, foresaw this shortage in 1917 and saw as the solution the enlistment of women into the Navy. The question was whether they could legally do so. The 1916 Naval Reserve Act stated that "all persons who may be capable of performing special useful service for coastal defense" could be enrolled in the Naval Coastal Defense Reserve Force. Interpreting this broadly, Daniels claimed, "It does not say . . . anywhere that a yeoman must be a man." On 19 March 1917 naval commanders were ordered to enroll women "in the ratings of Yeoman, Electrician (Radio), or in such other ratings as the Commandant may consider essential to the District organization."[2] These ratings would include draftsmen, translators, camouflage designers, and recruiters.

So, through a legal loophole, more than 12,000 women entered the U.S. Navy during World War I. This number included at least 14

African American women, the first black women to serve in the Navy. The majority performed clerical and secretarial duties as Yeomen. As Navy regulations forbade women at sea, they were distinguished from their male counterparts, for whom sea duty was required, by the designation of Yeoman (F), often nicknamed "yeomanette." To fulfill the sea duty requirement, Yeomen (F) were assigned to "tugs resting on the bottom of the Potomac River."[3] Although they were enlisted for the duration of the war and six months, mountains of administrative paperwork made it necessary for the Yeomen (F) to remain in the service as late as 1920, service for which these women were highly commended.

Clearly understood to be reservists during wartime only, Yeomen (F) would later struggle to have their service recognized. Women were nearly excluded from veterans' benefits in the original version of the Adjusted Compensation Act in 1924. After much debate, and with assistance from the American Legion, which included large numbers of former Yeomen (F), the bill's wording was changed to include women when President Calvin Coolidge signed it into law.

Despite their exemplary service in time of need, peacetime America in the 1920s and 1930s still found it absurd to have women in the military reserves. The proposed Naval Reserve Act, which would limit membership in the Naval Reserves to "male citizens of the United States" found little opposition in the legislature and became law in 1938.[4] Thus, the loophole would be closed when, a few years later, the military again found itself with serious manpower shortages. What had been a relatively simple matter in 1917 would, in 1942, become a battle for Congressional approval in order to utilize the other half of the nation's citizenry.

By the time the United States entered World War II with the the attack on Pearl Harbor, severe manpower shortages were once again predicted. Despite opposition in Congress, the U.S. Army led the scramble by establishing, in 1942, the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps, in which women would serve alongside the Army but would not be part of it, and women would not have full military status or protection. In 1943 it was converted to the Women's Army Corps, thereby resolving many organizational problems and inequities that resulted from a lack of thoughtful planning.

In late 1941 the Navy also saw the need to utilize women. The fleet was expanding exponentially to meet the needs of a two-ocean war. In September 1940 the Navy had had less than 240 thousand men on duty, and annual appropriations of $3.6 billion. By 1942 the annual appropriations had increased to $26.5 billion, with more than 3,000 ships under construction and nearly 1.25 million men in service, with a plan to double that number by mid-1944.[5] Despite naval conservatism, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox insisted that women would have full military status, and therefore military control and discipline as well as benefits. The Office of the Chief of Naval Operations was enthusiastic. Wartime communications, often top secret, demanded strict military security.

A stalemate resulted as legislation passed the House of Representatives but found opposition in the Senate from firmly conservative members of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee who were trying to convince President Franklin Roosevelt to favor an auxiliary rather than have women enlisted in the Navy. According to Joy Bright Hancock, former Yeoman (F) and future WAVES educator, Dean Harriet Elliott of the University of North Carolina wrote to Mrs. Roosevelt on 30 May 1942 to ask the First Lady's help in getting the president's approval for the legislation proposed by the Navy.[6]

After nearly six months of debate, the Women's Reserve of the Naval



Yeoman First Class (F) Joy Bright was working in the Office of the Naval Superintendent of Construction at the New York Shipbuilding yard in Camden, New Jersey, when she was photographed in February 1918. Later, as civilian Joy Bright Hancock, she worked in the U.S. Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics. In 1942 she helped set up the WAVES program and, commissioned as a lieutenant (and later lieutenant commander), she expanded the WAVES duties into training and maintenance support for naval aviation. Having participated in the expanding role of women in the Navy, from Yeoman (F) to WAVES and regular navy captain, she retired in 1953 and died in 1986. (Courtesy U.S. Naval Historical Center)



Perhaps during one of the twice-monthly graduation ceremonies, a WAVES class stands at attention for captain's inspection on the Hunter College Campus in April 1943. Between February 1943 and October 1945, more than 80,000 WAVES completed their basic training at "USS Hunter." (Mystic Seaport, 1997.157.48.11)

Reserve was established by an Act of Congress. It was signed into law by President Roosevelt as Public Law 689 on 30 July 1942 and was added as Title V of the Naval Reserve Act of 1938. Dr. Elizabeth Reynard of Barnard College was assigned as assistant to Admiral Randall Jacobs and given the task of naming the Women's Reserve force. She contrived the acronym WAVES, for "Women Accepted for Volunteer Emergency Service," to emphasize the voluntary nature of the duty and to reassure old-line naval officers that, as in the First World War, it was temporary service only, for the duration of the war and six months. (The U.S. Coast Guard, which operated under U.S. Navy command during the war, had a female unit called the SPARS—from Semper Paratus, Always Ready—which trained with the WAVES for part of the war.)

To avoid the public relations disaster that the Army had experienced through lack of planning, the Navy organized the WAVES very carefully. It wanted skilled, educated women and sought as leaders the heads of respected women's colleges. Dr. Virginia Gildersleeve, dean of Barnard College, was asked to chair the Women's Advisory Council proposed by Dr. Reynard. The list of council members read like a who's who of the female academia of the time. Mildred McAfee, president of Wellesley College, served as lieutenant commander and head of the Women's Naval Reserve.[7]

Unlike the WAAC legislation, Public Law 689 specified that Women Reservists in the Navy would be given the same ranks and ratings as the regular Navy. They were included in the service and received equal pay for equal rank, but the number of women in each officer's rank was strictly limited. Officially, their authority could only be exercised over other WAVES, although in practice many women officers would have men under their command. WAVES could only serve ashore in the continental U.S. (in November 1944 the Navy permitted women to serve overseas, but only in certain U.S. territories and not on foreign soil). These restrictions would prevent many qualified women from leaving higher paying, responsible civilian positions to enlist. Nevertheless, considering that naval officers advanced in rank only after serving a number of years, which included much sea duty, for the Navy to offer commissions to women with no naval training or experience was certainly a vote of confidence in their abilities, but more importantly an expression of the Navy's dire need for women officers.

The Navy's plan for recruiting its women members showed foresight and psychological savvy, due in a large part to the Women's Advisory Council. They wanted the WAVES

to be "serious *ladies* in uniform to do their *jobs*." It was to be "perceived as a fine organization of which daughters and their parents would approve." Actual family reactions varied. Lois Miller Chalmers remembered, "My family was proud. . . . My Dad hung a flag in the window." On the other hand, Barbara Poole Stuvengen reported: "My mother was dead set against it [enlisting]. . . . My brother, who had reenlisted earlier, was also against it, as were many people, especially the majority of the servicemen."[8]

WAVES recruits tended to be mature. The minimum enlistment age was 20 years, with parental consent required for those under 21, while for men the minimum age of enlistment was 17, with parental consent needed under age 18. Enlisted recruits had to have had at least two years of high school, while officers had to hold a college degree or have two years of college plus work experience. With the strong academic representation in the Women's Advisory Council, WAVES training took place at leading college campuses. Smith College, in Northampton, Massachusetts—nicknamed USS Northampton—was chosen for training women officers in Naval history, protocol, and administration. The Navy also had units at Mount Holyoke College, MIT, UCLA, and other campuses around the country. Enlisted women trained originally at several separate locations, which were consolidated into one boot camp at the Iowa State Teachers College in Cedar Falls, and later at the Hunter College branch in the Bronx, New York, which was called USS Hunter. More than 80 thousand WAVES would complete the training at USS Hunter.



Carol Norman (left rear) *and classmates* (from left) *Lynn Wallach, Lillian Manning, Mary Eselby, Gussie Fishman, and Mary Tayak pose outside a dormatory at "USS Hunter" in April 1943. (Mystic Seaport, 1997.157.48.1)*



Carol Norman titled this photograph of her room at Iowa State Teachers College "any night after study hour." (Mystic Seaport, 1997.157.48.80)

The Navy spent a good deal of time and thought on WAVE uniforms. "In designing the women's uniforms great care was taken to preserve naval dignity and at the same time to retain the natural charm and grace of feminine appearance," commented Captain Herbert W. Underwood, a veteran naval officer who came out of retirement to command the Northampton unit. "It was necessary to avoid being too mannish on one hand and too—well, just *too*—on the other. We did not want to make men out of women in either action or appearance; women who ape men become ridiculous." The service chose a hat, jacket, and skirt design by Mainbocher of New York, a leading clothing designer of the time.[9]

WAVES came from all over. The Midwest supplied about 27 percent, with 13 percent from New England, 13 percent from the Great Plains, 12 percent from the Middle Atlantic states, 10 percent from the Southeast, 9 percent from the Southwest, 9 percent from California, and 6 percent from the Northwest. New recruits spent nine weeks in basic training before receiving specialized training that usually took 12 to 16 weeks. The experience changed them, even as their presence changed male perceptions. One WAVE officer commented that in learning to march she for the first time saw herself as "one of many."[10]

The original concept behind enlisting women in the Navy focused on clerical, administrative, and communications work. Soon, their performance, as well as wartime necessity, changed the Navy's attitudes about which jobs were suitable for women. They quickly branched out into such fields as translators, parachute riggers, engineers, meteorologists, and instructors in aviation, celestial navigation, and gunnery. In the Bureau of Medicine, women trained with men in hospitals. Likewise, the Bureau of Aviation saw no need to train women separately, and it was discovered that after training together men were more willing to accept women in these new roles.[11]

Although many Navy men welcomed their contributions and treated the WAVES fairly, others were resentful. Ostensibly, the purpose of the Women's Reserve was to replace shore-bound men in order to release them for combat duty. As Navy historians Jean Ebbert and Marie-Beth Hall note, "going out and getting killed 'wasn't very popular.'"[12] The WAVES, however, were infused with high caliber women, and their enthusiasm and performance successes went far to enlighten traditional role-oriented attitudes.

These strong cultural attitudes shaped legal policies toward women in the Navy. But under the practical necessities of the service these policies changed rapidly during the first year of the WAVES establishment. "Space was limited in those days, of course, so we shared a small office with two desks," recalled Barbara Poole Stuvengen. "One day [the captain] was on the telephone, absolutely turning the air blue berating some poor sailor on the other end. . . . Suddenly, he caught my eye and realized I could hear it all and he hesitated just a moment, and then said, "Oh Hell, you're a sailor too!" Lois Miller Chalmers was stationed at



Carol Norman in her summer uniform as a Yeoman Third Class. (Mystic Seaport, 1997.157.48.142)

the Jacksonville Naval Air Station (JAX), where about eight out of ten radio operators were WAVES. "The men at JAX treated the WAVES as they would other men," she remembered.[13]

Originally, a woman could not enlist if she was married to a man in any branch of the service. She could not marry during indoctrination, and after indoctrination she could not marry anyone in the sea services: Navy, Coast Guard, Marines, or Merchant Marines. This was later changed to exclude only Navy men, then changed again to forbid marriage only to a commissioned officer in the Navy, Coast Guard, or Marines, in order to avoid undue influence of a WAVE because of her husband's rank.

Traditionally in the military—though at the time not an officially published policy—officers and enlisted men were not allowed to fraternize. The infusion of women into this custom caused much dissension, becoming a large public relations problem for the Army, as it was not uniformly enforced. Frequently, enlisted women could date male officers, but enlisted men dating female officers was frowned upon. The Navy publicly ruled that officers and enlisted personnel of the opposite sex could socialize as long as they "conduct themselves in accordance with the general rules of conduct applicable to ladies and gentlemen."[14] Indoctrination, however, left little doubt that fraternization was off limits.

Women who were pregnant were given an honorable discharge "for the convenience of the government." It was not until 1945 that the Navy authorized maternity or postnatal care, but in the meantime, women were seen as a temporary presence, and pregnancy made them unsuitable for duty.[15]

Originally, women could receive an allowance for their dependents, as did their male counterparts, but in 1943 the opposite was ruled, then changed again a few months later. Women were then entitled to allowances for dependents such as parents or siblings, but not for a WAVES' husband. The "indignity" of an unemployed man being called his wife's dependent kept Congress from authorizing this logical allowance.[16]

Two dramatic changes took place late in 1944. First was the acceptance of African American women as WAVES. Although black leaders had been pressuring the Roosevelt administration to admit both black men and black women into the U.S. Navy, black men were not enrolled as anything but cooks and stewards until 1942. As the WAVES program developed to free men to serve at sea, the chief of naval personnel wrote, "At this time the Navy does not have any substantial body of Negro men available for general service at sea"; therefore, he commented, "it has no occasion to replace Negro enlisted men

with Negro enlisted women." Until his death in April 1944, Secretary of the Navy Knox resisted further calls for participation of black women. Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal reversed Knox's position and welcomed blacks. During the 1944 presidential campaign, President Roosevelt promised black women would be commissioned before 1945. In November 1944 two black women, Harriet Ida Pickens and Frances Wills, joined the class at Northampton and were commissioned as the first black female naval officers in December 1944. Seventy-two black enlisted WAVES graduated from the Hunter program before the end of the war. Though their numbers were few, these black WAVES embodied a major shift in naval policy to represent the American population more fully.[17]

Also late in 1944, WAVES left the U.S. mainland for the first time. In September 1944 Congress passed Public Law 441, which permitted women to volunteer for service in Panama, the Caribbean, Alaska, and Hawaii. With preparations for the invasion of Japan, it became necessary to replace many of the men stationed at Pearl Harbor, and the first contingent of WAVES arrived by ship in January 1945. Later, some WAVES instructors taught navigation to aviators during flights to Hawaii.[18]

By 1945, with naval enrollment at three million enlisted personnel and 317 thousand officers, there were 73,000 WAVES and 8,400 WAVES officers in the service. Overall, women made up 2 percent of the navy, but fully 18 percent of naval personnel stationed at state-side shore establishments were women. According to Navy estimates, the WAVES had freed enough men for sea service to man a major task force, including a battleship, two large aircraft carriers, two heavy cruisers, four light cruisers, and fifteen destroyers.[19]



After the death of Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, President Roosevelt agreed to the Navy's plans to admit black women. In October 1944 the Navy announced that black women would enter naval officer training before 1945. The first two, Harriet Ida Pickens (left) *and Frances Wills, entered the Northampton program in November and were commissioned on 22 December 1944. (National Archives)*

In 1944 President Roosevelt proclaimed "The WAVES have proved they are capable of accepting the highest responsibility in the service of their country. On behalf of a grateful nation, I offer it 'a hearty well done.'" And Admiral Ernest King wrote, "You who are members of the Women's Reserve have won the respect of the naval service by your acceptance of military requirements, readiness for responsibility, and already valuable contributions to the work of winning the war."[20]

Despite the fact that they were desperately needed and their performance highly praised, their acceptance was at best marginal with both the upper echelons as well as the men they served with. Double standards were a fact of life women lived with. "Some of the Navy guys I met acted like they should have been in the Zoo," remembered Irene Livingstone-Mann. "Many objected to us women being brought into the Navy." Many women who served in all branches of the military felt that until they shared in combat, women could never be "full-fledged military citizens."[21]

The end of the war meant massive demobilization of troops as well as personnel to man occupied territories. By law, the WAVES were to be discharged six months after the president declared the war over. In reality, the women were needed to process returning personnel in separation centers being formed around the country, and to provide medical care for the wounded in service hospitals. Furthermore, many felt that women should have a permanent place in all branches of the military, to be in readiness in case of another emergency as well as to help "man" a peacetime force.

Legislation was introduced as early as 1946 to amend the Naval Reserve Act to make the Women's Reserve permanent. The Department of the Navy wanted authority to enlist women in the Regular Navy as well as the Reserves. After much debate Congress passed the Women's Armed Services Act of 1948, or Public Law 625, which established women's presence in the regular establishment of the Navy, Army, Air Force, and Marine Corps. It also laid the groundwork to mobilize women in the event of another national emergency.

Known as the Integration Act, it was seen as a victory for women's rights, recognition of their service, and a way to meet the military's need for volunteers. It did not, however, remove all barriers. For instance, it still limited the number of women officers in each rank. Indeed, it limited the total number

of women in the service to 2 percent of each branch. Women could now enlist at the age of 18, but still needed parental permission if they were under 21. Women could claim husbands and children as dependents only if they could prove that they were solely dependent on them for their support. By contrast, wives and children of male servicemen were automatically dependents. Also, the law gave the services authority to discharge any woman "under circumstances and in accordance with regulations prescribed by the President," which made it simple to discharge pregnant women. The Integration Act also restricted the authority that women could exercise and the kind of duty to which they could be assigned; specifically, that women may not "be assigned to duty on vessels of the Navy except hospital ships and naval transports."[22]

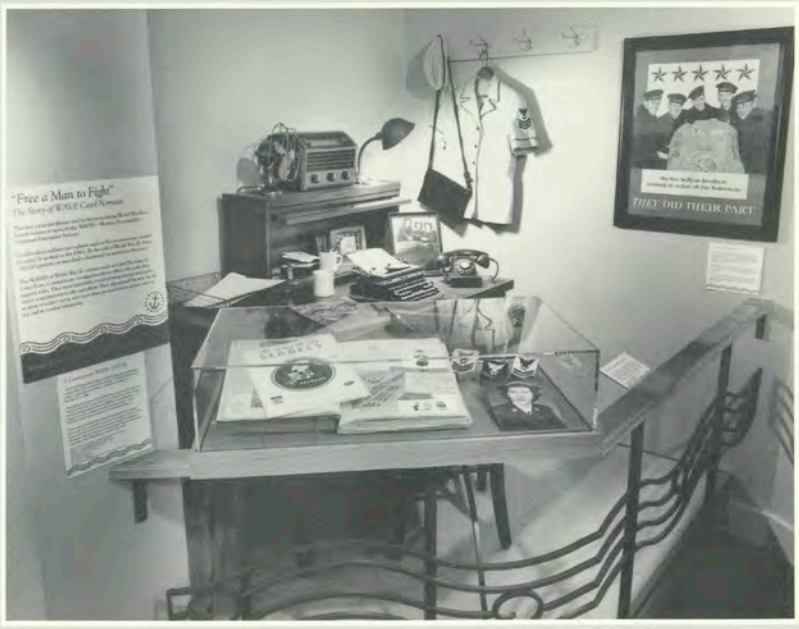
Still, despite the restrictions of the Integration Act, it represented a major advancement. Women were in the Navy. Although the WAVES ceased to exist, the acronym continued to be used for many years, most often with pride, but also with the undercurrent that women were still separate from the "real" Navy.

Through the years many advancements were made for women in the Armed forces as well as in civilian life. In 1951, Secretary of Defense George Marshall formed a group of distinguished civilian women, named the Defense Advisory Committee on Women in the Service, or DACOWITS, to consider a campaign to recruit women. The committee became a major lobbying force to heighten awareness about discriminatory laws and policies, improving military women's career opportunities. Congress passed Public Law 90-130 in 1967, which eliminated percentage restrictions on women's ranks and numbers, permitted women to hold permanent rank as captains in the Navy and as colonels in the other services, and authorized their promotion to admiral or general. This group is still active, and has been instrumental in questioning policies resulting from combat restrictions.[23]

In 1972 Admiral E. R. Zumwalt, Jr., Chief of Naval Operations, issued an announcement of policy changes regarding equal rights and opportunities for women, known as Z-gram #116, which reflected the civilian Equal Rights Amendment being lobbied in Congress at the time. He announced that "all laws, regulations, and policies" would be examined to "eliminate any disadvantages to women resulting from either legal or attitudinal restrictions." He went further to authorize enlisted women entry to all ratings, assignment to the crew of the noncombatant hospital ship USS *Sanctuary* and to small naval craft, women assigned as commanding officers of shore establishments, consideration for promotion to the rank of rear admiral, and opening to women the Naval Reserve Officer Training Corps (NROTC) program, and studies at the Naval War College and the Industrial College of the Armed Forces.[24]

In 1976, several enlisted women challenged the law prohibiting them from serving on large naval ships. In 1978, Judge John J. Sirica ruled that the law was unconstitutional because it prohibited women from "gaining access to a wide range of opportunities for the development of job skills." Congress then modified the law, allowing women to serve on noncombat vessels, and to be assigned to combat ships for periods of six months or less.[25]

While enlisted women were seeking equal consideration for sea assignments, the opportunities were slowly expanding for female officers as well. In 1972 the Navy first opened its aviation program to women, the first of whom received their wings in 1974. Also in 1972, the commander of the Navy Nurse Corps, Captain Alene B. Duerk, became the first woman rear admiral, and four years later Captain Fran McKee



Carol Norman's uniform and other artifacts are displayed in a representation of a WAVES office in Mystic Seaport's new exhibit, Voyages: Stories of America and the Sea. *(Bill Grant photo)*

was named the first woman line officer to become an admiral. That same bicentennial year, 81 women entered the U.S. Naval Academy as the first female midshipmen.[26]

While naval policy was changing to meet the realities of equality, naval attitudes were slower to change. The highly publicized 1991 Tailhook scandal, involving sexual harassment and misconduct at a naval aviators' convention, brought the need for attitudinal changes to the forefront. This, among other incidents, prompted the Navy to re-think its equal opportunity policies. Congress passed the Defense Authorization bill of 1994, removing the barrier that restricted women from combatant ships. Ebbert and Hall quote an officer aboard a destroyer with a mixed crew: "Our message was simple: we need women to adequately man the force, women are here as fellow sailors and will be treated as such—nothing special: 'A shipmate is a shipmate.'"[27]

Citizenship holds privileges as well as responsibilities. Women understood this relationship in 1917 as they strove to obtain the privilege of voting and were willing to take the responsibility of defending their country. Women were again willing to serve in World War II, and proved that despite restrictive cultural attitudes, they were able to serve well. The military reflected social changes slowly and reluctantly, but laws did change. As Ebbert and Hall note, "For women to serve in combat units on a par with men is a logical extension of their equal citizenship."[28]

American attitudes are still changing in subtle ways as we publicly and privately accept equality. As WAVE Nancy Wilson Ross wrote in 1943:

> *No one can write about the WAVES—or any women in uniform, for that matter—without dealing to some extent with their thinking and their feeling in this emergency period when the relationship of women to society, and women to men, is so obviously changing. When large numbers of women are asked by an arm of the military to accept a responsibility equal to a man's . . . accompanied by none of the old chivalric trimmings—you may be sure some subtle change is in the wind.*[29]

Yeoman First Class Carol H. Norman of Gales Ferry, Connecticut, was an experienced secretary when she joined the WAVES in February 1943. She trained at Hunter College and Iowa State Teachers College before being stationed as a personnel clerk at the U. S. Navy Construction Training Center, Camp Endicott, Davisville, Rhode Island, which trained Seabees (nickname for the Construction Battalion). She was honorably discharged on 12 December 1945, but continued to be involved with the WAVES and



Carol Norman poses at the wheel of a Navy Jeep with Julie Petes and Shirley Hines, two other WAVES from the Construction Battalion (SeaBees) headquarters at Camp Endicott, Davisville (Quonset Point), Rhode Island. She was stationed there as a clerk in the personnel office after her training at "USS Hunter" and Iowa State Teachers College. (Mystic Seaport, 1997.157.48.230)

BELOW: Carol Norman's scrapbooks and photo album of her WAVES service suggest the fun of contributing to the war effort in the WAVES. Here, in their off-duty hours, "Ginny, Bob & Shirley" pretend to sail on Narragansett Bay. (Mystic Seaport, 1997.157.48.190)



with recruiting women into the Navy for many years. Her story is told in Mystic Seaport's new signature exhibit *Voyages: Stories of America and the Sea.*



Ensign Matice Wright, a strategic communications squadron flight officer, represents the range of women's roles in the U.S. Navy today. In 1998, about 51,000 women were included in the Navy's total force of 383,000. About 9,000 women serve at sea. (Courtesy U.S. Naval Institute)

Notes

1. Jeanne Holm, *Women in the Military, An Unfinished Revolution* (Novato, California: Presidio Press, 1992), 11.

2. Jean Ebbert and Marie-Beth Hall, *Crossed Currents, Navy Women in a Century of Change,* 3rd. ed. (Washington, D.C.: Batsford Brassey, Inc., 1999), 5, 6.

3. Holm, *Women in the Military,* 12; Ebbert, *Crossed Currents,* 10.

4. Ebbert, *Crossed Currents,* 19.

5. *Jane's Fighting Ships, 1940, 1942* (New York: MacMillan, 1940, 1943).

6. Holm, *Women in the Military,* 26.

7. Ebbert, *Crossed Currents,* 34, 41.

8. Ebbert, *Crossed Currents,* 58; Lois Miller Chalmers, e-mail to April Kuehnhoff, 26 April 1999, G.W. Blunt White Library, Mystic Seaport; Barbara Poole Stuvengen, e-mail to April Kuehnhoff, 26 April 1999, G.W. Blunt White Library, Mystic Seaport.

9. Nancy Wilson Ross, *The WAVES, The Story of the Girls in Blue* (New York: Henry Holt, 1943), 135; Ebbert, *Crossed Currents,* 47-48.

10. Recruit Training for Enlisted Women, Carol Norman Papers, Coll. 258, Box 1, folder 3, G.W. Blunt White Library, Mystic Seaport; Ross, *The WAVES,* 139; see also Joan Angel, *Angel of the Navy: The Story of a WAVE* (New York: Hastings House, 1943).

11. Ebbert, *Crossed Currents,* 71.

12. Ibid., 74.

13. Barbara Poole Stuvengen, e-mail to April Kuehnhoff, 26 April 1999, G.W. Blunt White Library, Mystic Seaport; Lois Miller Chalmers, e-mail to April Kuehnhoff, 26 April 1999, G.W. Blunt White Library, Mystic Seaport.

14. Holm, *Women in the Military,* 75.

15. Ebbert, *Crossed Currents,* 87.

16. Ibid., 91.

17. Ibid., 93-96.

18. Ibid., 96-99.

19. Ebbert, *Crossed Currents,* 99; Holm, *Women in the Military,* 101; another estimate makes WAVES enrollment equal to the peacetime complement of 10 battleships, 10 aircraft carriers, 28 cruisers, and 50 destroyers, Ebbert, *Crossed Currents,* 100.

20. Lt. Rosamond D. Selle to WAVES, 16 September 1944, Coll. 258, Box 1, folder 1, G.W. Blunt White Library, Mystic Seaport.

21. Irene Livingstone-Mann, e-mail to April Kuehnhoff, 26 April 1999, G.W. Blunt White Library, Mystic Seaport; Holm, *Women in the Military,* 105.

22. Ebbert, *Crossed Currents,* 124; Dorothy and Carl J. Schneider, *Sound Off! American Military Women Speak Out* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1988), 139.

23. Ebbert, *Crossed Currents,* 161.

24. http://www.history.navy.mil/faqs/faq93-116.htm (4 February 2000); Ebbert, *Crossed Currents,* 182.

25. Schneider, *Sound Off,* 139.

26. Ebbert, *Crossed Currents,* 266-71, 233-35, 221-27.

27. Ibid., 328.

28. Ibid., 332.

29. Ross, *The WAVES,* 2.

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Amistad Sails

QUENTIN SNEDIKER

On 13 June at 0900 hours, accompanied by *Kingston II* and a flotilla of small craft, *Amistad* departed her Shipyard berth for her first sea trial under sail. After years of planning, 26 months of construction — including the efforts of 225 craftspeople, students, and volunteers exerting well over 70,000 person hours — she was truly to come to life for the first time.

On board was a wide collection of people connected to the project, members of her first sailing crew, Shipyard staff and tradespeople who built her, and the U.S. Coast Guard inspector who had been with the project since the laying of the keel. For all on board it was an exciting moment, filled with all kinds of emotion. The weather was perfect for our needs: high overcast sky, temperature in the mid-60s, but most importantly, we had wind. Not a lot at first, but just enough.

Despite careful planning and attention to the thousands of details during construction, those who built *Amistad* felt a certain amount of fear and trepidation connected with sea trials, not unlike the emotions associated with a final exam. A vessel such as *Amistad* is a complex machine with many different systems, all of which must work in harmony. With a draft of 10 feet, five inches, *Amistad* requires a good bit of attention to navigate the Mystic River, and to this point we had had little idea how the vessel would perform even under power. Engines had been run at the dock, propellers tested, and other gear examined and reexamined, but we still had a great deal to learn about her handling characteristics. Sails had been bent on in early June and set at the dock as a preliminary check for fit, but only an underway trial would confirm their shape and that leads for the running rigging were all proper. There was also the pressure of time. *Amistad* was scheduled to depart for Operation Sail 2000 in New York on 2 July. If any major problems were discovered, that all-important date might be in jeopardy.

All these concerns were soon behind us as we began to try her in her natural element. Once clear of the Mystic River we set a course to the west. Our first task was to finally bring her Caterpillar diesels up to speed. They ran very well, with little vibration from her shafts, and at 1,800 rpm gave us a speed over 8 knots in smooth water: a fair turn of speed for 136 tons of schooner. We then did a few maneuvers, 180 degree turns, emergency stop, quick accelerations, and reverse maneuvers until we were satisfied her propulsion system was all in order.

At 1100, just west of Seaflower Reef in Fishers Island Sound, in true schooner fashion, we started setting sail. The wind started out light, only 5-8 knots from the northeast, allowing us to set all sail slowly and build confidence that all would work as hoped. First was the mainsail, aft, followed immediately by the foresail, staysail, and jib. We fell off on a starboard tack, heading northwest toward New London Ledge Light. As we gathered headway, with the engines silent for the first time, we could feel the schooner as she reveled in her natural element. She took a slight heel and was on her way.



Amistad *under full sail, close hauled on a starboard tack, making about 9.5 knots.* Amistad*'s sail plan is readily visible as that of a Baltimore-model topsail schooner. The schooner carries three headsails, named from forward to aft jib topsail (sometimes later known as a "flying jib"), jib, and staysail (more properly "forestaysail"). Next aft is the gaff foresail.* Amistad*'s foresail is "loose footed," which means it is set without a boom and is stowed "brailed up" to its gaff, which is left standing, similar to the* Charles W. Morgan*'s spanker. Above the foresail is the square foretopsail, set and stowed from yards aloft. This sail distinguishes* Amistad *as a "topsail schooner." Above the foretopsail* Amistad *will have a square topgallant, which will be set "on the fly" from on deck. We chose not to carry it on our first sea trial as it is a very light air "kite." Next aft on the mainmast is the mainsail. This is set in the conventional manner and stowed by lowering the gaff. Above the mainsail is the triangular main gaff topsail, also set from on deck, and stowed below when not in use. (Bill Grant photo)*

We knew immediately *Amistad* was a fine sailing vessel.

Allowing plenty of sea room between us and the beach, we made our first tack. Because the air was light, we anxiously awaited the chance to see how well she would swing her bow through the wind and come onto the other tack. Holding the staysail sheet taut to back-wind the staysail, and sheeting the mainsail home, she easily passed through the eye of the wind and fell off on a port tack. Once through the wind she picked up her course without falling off too far despite the light air—another very good sign. *Amistad* had passed this test; she's "quick in stays."

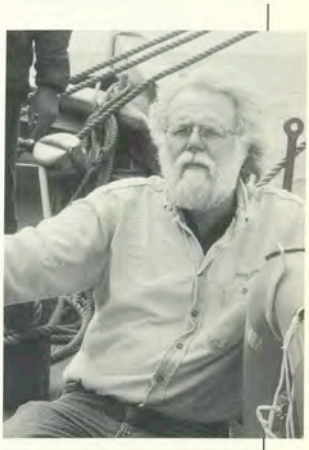
We fell off on a broad reach, setting a course for the more open waters of eastern Long Island Sound off New London. Setting our square foretopsail, jib topsail, and main gaff topsail we proceeded southwest for the "Race," where the Sound meets the ocean west of Fishers Island. Now, with all sail set, we gained a little more heel and a lot more speed. Again—a good sign—she is a very stable vessel, able to stand up to full sail without excessive heel.

Near the Race we fell in with the recreated U.S. brig *Niagara* of Erie, Pennsylvania (which represents the victorious War of 1812 vessel), out on a daysail while visiting New London. The two vessels sailing in close proximity was reminiscent of the scene that occurred in these very waters in August of 1839, when the brig *Washington* took the original *Amistad* in custody off Culloden Point and towed her across our very track into New London Harbor, beginning that momentous event which we now honor as the *Amistad* Incident. Today, the *Niagara* is the nearest vessel in size and design to the *Washington*. Appropriately, the *Niagara* became the first vessel to salute *Amistad* by firing a round from her starboard side and dipping her colors. The salute was returned with *Amistad*'s new signal gun, a gift from local Mystic Seaport Trustee Jason Pilalas.

The wind was freshening, and after a short time we decide to tack back toward Fishers Island Sound and the Mystic River. With the tide on the ebb, we had no desire to be swept out through the Race and have to fight our way home. By now the wind was up to 18 knots and had come around a little more south of east. We braced the topsail to weather and put the helm up as







Roger Hambidge takes the helm as Dennis Burrows studies the main topsail aloft. Roger, master shipwright on the Amistad *construction project, has a chance to feel the vessel come alive. As the product of his intensely focused labor for over two years,* Amistad *under sail can be appreciated by no one more than him. Roger is no stranger to schooners, having first come to Mystic as a crewman aboard the Mystic-based passenger schooner* Mystic Whaler *before joining the shipyard staff more than 25 years ago. Dennis is a veteran small-boat sailor, new to traditional schooners. He was drawn to* Amistad *by his passion for her mission and his dedication to teaching young people about the meaning of history. (Kathleen Ramey-Gilman photo)*

James Patterson, cook aboard Amistad, *helps furl the mainsail. Early in the project, before the keel was laid, James was determined to be aboard as a member of* Amistad*'s first crew. It is a standing joke among the crew that he is the most important person aboard ship, as the quality and quantity of meals often determine the temperament of the entire crew. James brings a great deal of experience to the vessel, having served as cook aboard many schooners over the last two decades, including* Voyager, Harvey Gamage, *and* Pride of Baltimore II. *(Kathleen Ramey-Gilman photo)*

Amistad *Project Coordinator Quentin Snediker focuses intently on all aspects of the schooner's operation. The sea trial is the culmination of years of effort to see the project completed. (Kathleen Ramey-Gilman photo)*



Lead rigger Karl Robinson and Amistad *boatswain Abigail Crain out on the head rigging preparing to set sail. As lead rigger at the Museum's Shipyard, Karl was deeply involved with the project from the very beginning. He did a masterful job in planning and coordinating this essential aspect of construction. Spars, sails, and rigging comprised about one-third of the overall project. Karl's work, and that of the riggers under his direction, reached fruition with the schooner getting under sail for the first time. Abigail joined the project as a rigger in the final months of construction and anticipated going aboard as a member of the crew when the vessel was completed. Having sailed aboard other vessels, including the brig* Niagara, *she offers well-rounded experience to the new vessel's crew. (Kathleen Ramey-Gilman photo)*



After completing their first tack off Pine Island and falling off the wind a bit, crew members lay aloft to remove "gaskets" from the square foretopsail prior to setting the sail. The main gaff topsail has already been set. Following her salute, the brig Niagara *has just completed a tack up to weather of* Amistad, *creating a scene reminiscent of that August day in 1839 when the brig* Washington *brought* Amistad *into New London over these same waters. (Bill Grant photo)*

Amistad glided through her first tack under full sail—there was no need to back headsails or sheet home the mainsail with this much air. After we had gathered way, charging up the west shore of Fishers Island, our escort, *Kingston II*, hailed us on the radio and informed us our speed was now 9.5 knots!

After reveling in the excitement of the new schooner under full press of sail a bit longer, we bid farewell to the *Niagara* and hardened up for Fishers Island Sound. Remembering that it can be much more difficult to take in sail than to set it, we allowed plenty of sea room and time to handle sail. First to come in was the jib topsail, followed immediately by the main gaff topsail. Then hands went aloft to handle the square foretopsail. By now the wind was around 20 knots from the southeast. A fouled topsail halyard block proved to be quite a handful for us, but two more hands aloft soon had the topsail stowed as we cleared North Dumpling Island to starboard on the way back to the Mystic River.

We started the Caterpillar diesels at 1330 and rounded up to strike all remaining sail off can #1 at the mouth of the Mystic River. Furling sail as we slowly proceed up past Noank, we were met by well-wishers cheering from the banks and from boats all the way upriver.

We cleared the U.S. 1 bascule bridge in downtown Mystic at 1445 and fired a shot to saluted the crowd that had gathered to welcome us back. We chose a wide spot in the channel between Chubb's Wharf and the *Joseph Conrad* to execute our final maneuver of the day: to turn the 129-foot (length over the spars) vessel in the narrow confines of the channel. With Shipyard workboats standing by, we turned the vessel 180 degrees in little more than her own length, completing the maneuver without assistance.

By 1530 *Amistad* was secure alongside the lift dock, having successfully completed her sea trial to the satisfaction of the U.S. Coast Guard inspection officer. We still had many last minute details to attend to, and more Coast Guard examinations and tests to undergo, but we knew with confidence that we had created a fine vessel and that she would be delivered to her owners, Amistad America, Inc., on schedule and in time to participate in the OpSail 2000 event on the Fourth of July in New York Harbor, the goal we had set more than two years earlier.

At the time of this writing in late-August 2000, *Amistad* has visited seven cities in New York and Connecticut, sailing over 600 miles. More than 40,000 people have visited the ship, each having been touched by the message of freedom and cooperation *Amistad* represents, and by the dignity with which the vessel portrays this important and—until recently—little-known story.

For more information check www.amistadamerica.org, or write Amistad America, Inc., 58 Greenmanville Ave., Mystic, CT 06355-0990.



Amistad *sails! With all sail set, Amistad gathers speed on a port tack off the east shore of Fishers Island, 13 June 2000. (Bill Grant photo)*

Book Marks

In the past few years, after having the good fortune to become acquainted with one of the U.S. Navy's foremost retired submarine designers, I've become more interested in learning about the history of the submarine. I've been told that it takes a particularly hardy personality to become a good submariner, and nerves of steel were especially important in the early days of the sub, when quarters were tighter and rescue techniques were nonexistent. Peter Maas's *The Terrible Hours: The Man Behind the Greatest Submarine Rescue in History* (New York: Harper Collins, 1999. 259 pages, $25.00), which describes the grueling rescue and recovery of the USS *Squalus* in 1939, practically leapt at me from the shelf of my local library.

Written by Peter Maas, bestselling author of books such as *Serpico* and *Underboss*, *The Terrible Hours* is largely a tribute to the perseverance of Charles "Swede" Momsen, the U.S. Navy officer whose experiments and inventions made underwater rescue feasible. The story of Momsen's unflagging efforts to improve submarine safety is interwoven with the nail-biting narrative of his successful retrieval of 33 men who were trapped in *Squalus* when she sank in 243 feet of water during a test dive in the North Atlantic. Submarines that had sunk previously were either fully recovered from shallow water or were lost with all hands. Momsen's life work of improving rescue techniques was inspired largely by the total loss of the submarines *S-51* and *S-4*, with all crew, in the 1920s. Because of his work, crewmen from the *Squalus* were the first to be saved from a deep-water accident, and the sub was the first to be salvaged intact from those depths.

While Maas spends some time describing the technological advances that were employed, he focuses primarily on the people who were affected by the accident. We see the anguish of the family members who wait on shore, the bravery of the crew members in the sunken sub who can only sit, wait, and hope, and the dedication of Momsen's team of divers who do what had been impossible 12 years earlier. This focus, combined with masterful pacing, makes the book accessible to a popular audience who may be unfamiliar with navy life and terminology.

After introducing us to such an exemplary figure, Maas satisfies our curiosity about Momsen in an epilogue that follows his Navy career through to retirement. In the 1950s Maas formed a friendship with Momsen, and this book, seemingly developed as a labor of love, sprang forth later. Well researched and deeply respectful, it provides a fascinating portrait of an influential naval officer and retells a key incident in the history of U.S. submarines.

Maria Christenson
Digital Imaging Supervisor
G.W. Blunt White Library, Mystic Seaport

Andrew W. German, *Voyages: Stories of America and the Sea, A Companion to the Exhibit at Mystic Seaport* (Mystic: Mystic Seaport, 2000. 96 pages, color illustrations, index, $15.95).

Mystic Seaport opened a new exhibit in June 2000 called *Voyages: Stories of America and the Sea*. The exhibit is the culmination of years of work by the Museum staff to put together art, objects, manuscripts, film, text, etc. that represent America's historical involvement with the sea. Housed in a newly renovated Stillman Building, the exhibit concentrates on seven central themes, each of which serves as a chapter heading in this exhibit companion volume.

The picture editor and contributing author for the Museum's major work, *America and the Sea: A Maritime History* (1998), Andrew German, was also one of the principal researchers behind the content of the current exhibit. Considering the amount of hard information contained in this book, German's writing style is flowing and easily digestible. An accompanying timeline in side-bar fashion along with detailed picture captions give the reader a sense of continuity throughout the book and displays the Museum's collections in an attractive, colorful format. So if stories about such topics as immigration, the U.S. Navy, or American rivers are compelling to you, this companion volume to *Voyages: Stories of America and the Sea* will fit the bill. For a full listing of topics and a preview of the exhibit, see www.mysticseaport.org.

Paul J. O'Pecko
Director
G.W. Blunt White Library

Letters

Member James E. Wood called to point out that Congresswoman Rosa L. DeLauro of Connecticut's Third District, who represents the *Amistad*'s home port of New Haven in the U.S. House of Representatives, was not identified in the caption of the photograph of the *Amistad* on page 89 of the Spring 2000 *Log*. She is pictured at right, between Senator Dodd and Congressman Gejdenson.

Hi Everybody,

I have a comment on the Panama Canal captions in *The Log*, Vol. 51, No. 4, page 98. The three-step Gatun Locks—These locks STILL raise and lower shipping 82-85 feet, and they are STILL 1,000 feet long by 110 feet wide!! Page 102—upper photo shows the old original "mule," and the locks STILL raise and lower shipping 25 feet in Miraflores Lock. The lower photo shows the newer Japanese-built "mule." These mules do not tow shipping in the locks; the shipping moves under its own power, the mules only holding ships in the middle of the lock plus helping to stop motion.

Page 105 shows "four double-ended and one single-ended Scotch (watertube) boilers." Scotch boilers are NOT watertube, but firetube boilers!

I am a retired Chief Engineer, spent 45 years in the U.S. Merchant Marine, starting as a Fireman on Scotch Boilers. A few years back we carried the largest lift of cargo through the Canal, in the SS *Overseas New York*, some 60,000 tons of oil. One can only have a draft of 38 feet in the Canal Locks.

Another one: page 106, Never heard the Gyro called "Metal Mike"—Iron Mike is what I heard!

Thanks for listening. I remain a long time member,
John L. Friend, C/E Ret.

Member Newell Varney also wrote to point out the inadvertent error of calling Scotch boilers watertube boilers. In a watertube boiler, like the one on Mystic Seaport's steamboat *Sabino*, the water circulates through piping above the fire in the firebox, and as it reaches the boiling point the steam collects in the steam drum atop the boiler. Compared to a Scotch or firetube boiler, a watertube boiler produces a relatively small amount of steam at high pressure.

A Scotch or firetube boiler is like an immersion heater, with the super-hot exhaust gases from the firebox traveling through tubing that passes two, three, or four times through the water-filled boiler tank before venting out the exhaust stack. A firetube boiler generally produces a larger volume of steam than a watertube boiler does, but at a lower pressure, usually less than 350 pounds per square inch.

As Chief Engineer Friend notes, "Iron Mike" was the common name for the gyro steerer by the time of World War II (see "On Board the *Flying Clipper*," *The Log*, Autumn 1998, page 50). However, the *Marine Engineering* article introducing Shipping Board use of the new technology in civilian ships in 1924 noted that sailors referred to it as "Metal Mike." Apparently the term evolved after the 1920s.

A Maritime Minute from Mystic Seaport

Mystic Captain Rounds Cape Horn 84 Times

1868, in the South Atlantic.

Captain Joseph Warren Holmes walks the quarterdeck of the Mystic-built ship *Seminole*, sailing in waters known for sudden gale-force pamperos that sweep out of Argentina.

Turning, Holmes sees a white squall roaring toward his ship, and in moments the *Seminole* has been knocked flat and left with just one of her three masts standing.

This is the only time a ship commanded by Captain Holmes will lose so much as the smallest spar, even though he travels two million miles and makes the stormy Cape Horn passage a record 84 times during 63 years at sea.

A consummate master mariner, Holmes is as comfortable off Cape Horn, in San Francisco, or in Hong Kong as he is in his stately home on lower High Street in Mystic.

For more than three centuries, mariners like Jospeh Warren Holmes have brought home to this region the confidence and worldliness born of connections by sea.

Mystic Seaport Salutes!

JOHN A. GAMBLING

John Gambling, like his father before him and now his son, has been known to millions of radio listeners as the voice of the early morning show on WOR, "Rambling with Gambling." To those of us at Mystic Seaport, he is known by a myriad of other personae. John and his wife Sally have been Life Members of the Museum since 1981, and John was elected to the Board of Trustees in 1991.

John's experience in marketing, advertising, and promotion is vast. His first professional job in broadcasting came during his senior year in college in New Hampshire, and he remained in radio the rest of his working life. He took over "Rambling with Gambling" from his father in 1959 and, in turn, handed the microphone over to *his* son, John R. What a splendid legacy!

At Mystic Seaport, he quickly put his professional expertise to work as Chairman of the Communications Committee, helping to guide the Museum's internal and external messages. He is a member of the Development Committee, and last year he very graciously took on the Chairmanship of the 1999-2000 Annual Fund, lending his name and his endorsement to the Museum's yearly appeal for unrestricted funds.

John has also been instrumental in



forging a number of friendships for the Museum's benefit. He helped to arrange the donation of Caterpillar marine engines for use on board *Amistad*, and frequently shares Mystic Seaport's story with influential visitors. His ambassadorial role extends to the young as well, and he often arranges for school groups to visit, including the classes of his grandchildren.

John is the perfect spokesperson for Mystic Seaport. He has lived on or around the water all of his life. One of his earliest "voyages" was crossing the Hudson River in a baby carriage as the first child over the newly opened George Washington Bridge at its inaugural ceremony. He received his first sailboat for his fifteenth birthday, and he credits his 16-foot Comet with opening up new worlds for him. Today, sailing analogies sprinkle his speech.

John considers the increasing speed and proliferation of communication to be the defining characteristic of the twentieth century, noting the change from an age of isolation to a time of instant worldwide connection in less than 100 years. With the dawn of the new millennium, Mystic Seaport is very much an active participant in this global electronic evolution. We are fortunate to have the services and commitment of trustees like John Gambling to help bring the mission of our Museum to the world, and we are proud to offer him this Salute.

America's passion for water sports
really took off in the 1950s.



Fact is, Americans have been passionate about the sea since the country's very beginning. To celebrate this passion—and commemorate the huge influence the sea has had on American life—Mystic Seaport presents Voyages: Stories of America and the Sea, sponsored by Northeast Utilities Foundation. Our most exciting and comprehensive exhibit ever, Voyages features something for everyone—from artifacts and rare photos to interactive displays and performances.

Don't miss *Voyages: Stories of America and the Sea.*
For details, call us toll-free at 888.9SEAPORT or visit us online.

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