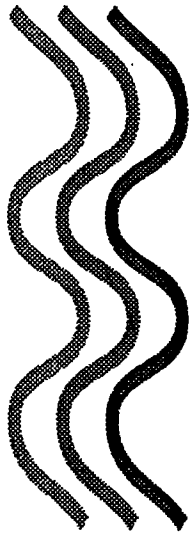
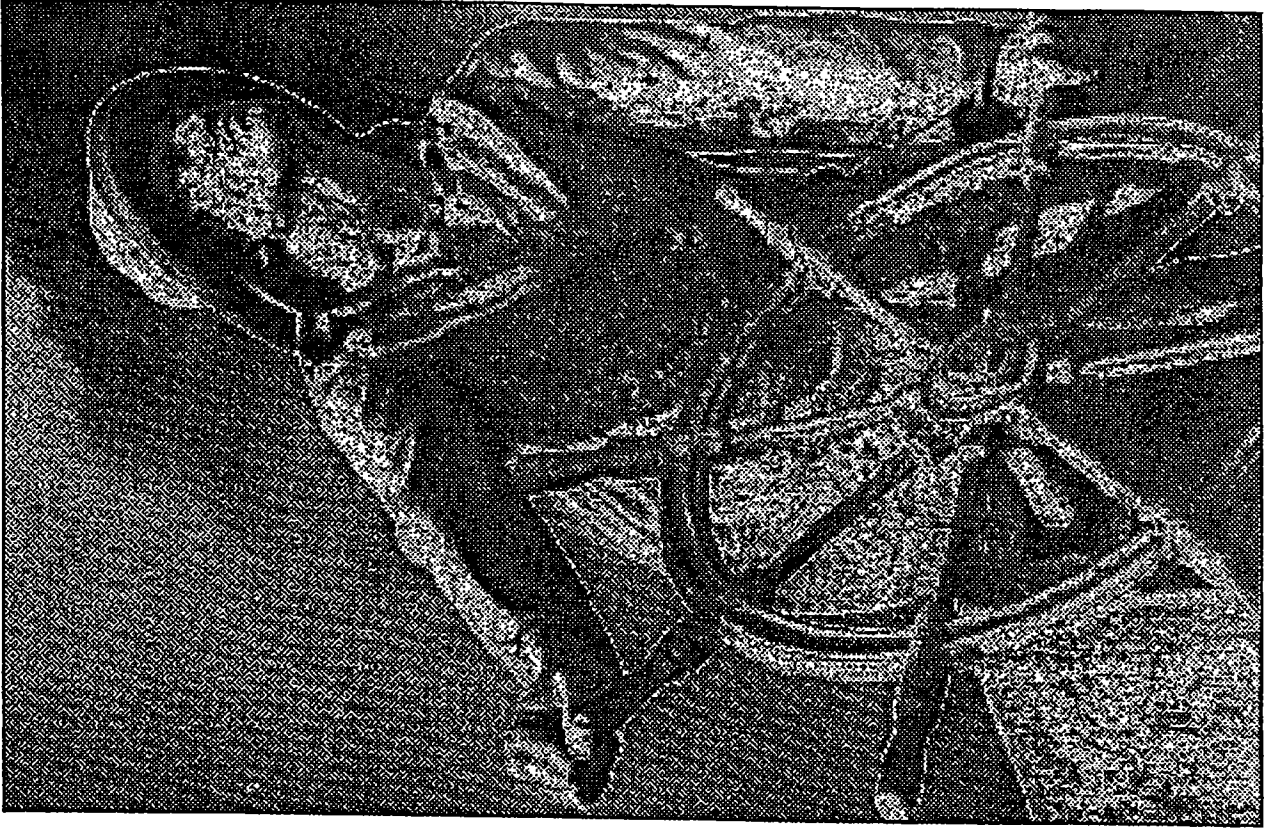


I



***Our
Heritage
of the Sea***



Adventure

Principal Parts and Dimensions

Powered by the Wind

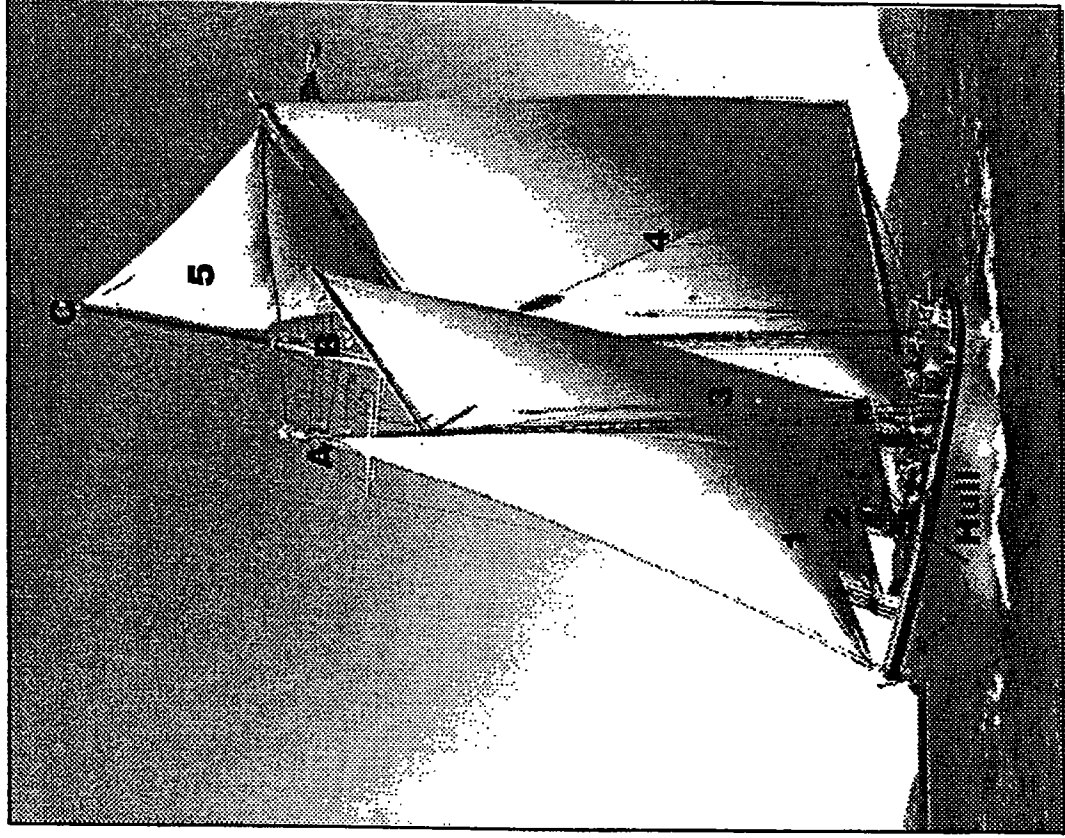


Visual

Resources

This page shows a photograph of the Adventure schooner with many of the above-water parts labeled that are used for sailing, fishing or carrying passengers.

The opposite page pictures a two-man dory boat and all the tools used for fishing. The Adventure carried 14 dory boats.



Hull

- length: 121 feet, 6 inches
- draft: 13 feet, 9 inches (depth of hull underwater)
- beam: 23 feet, 6 inches (width of hull mid-section)
- capacity of hold: 160,000 lbs plus 27 fishing crew

Masts

(maximum height above deck)

- A. Foremast – 77 feet
- B. Mainmast – 85 feet
- C. Topmast – 110 feet

Sails

• total area – 6500 sq.ft.

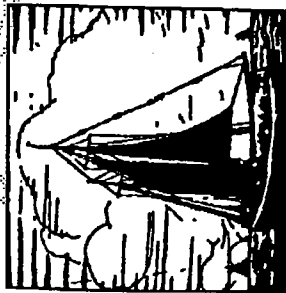
1. Jig Headsail
2. Jumbo Headsail
3. Fore Sail
4. Main Sail
5. Main Top Sail

Note: Queen Top Sail not shown

Adventure: A Living History

The story of Adventure in this reading is told by Gordon Thomas, the son of Adventure's first captain and by Jim Sharp, her last captain.

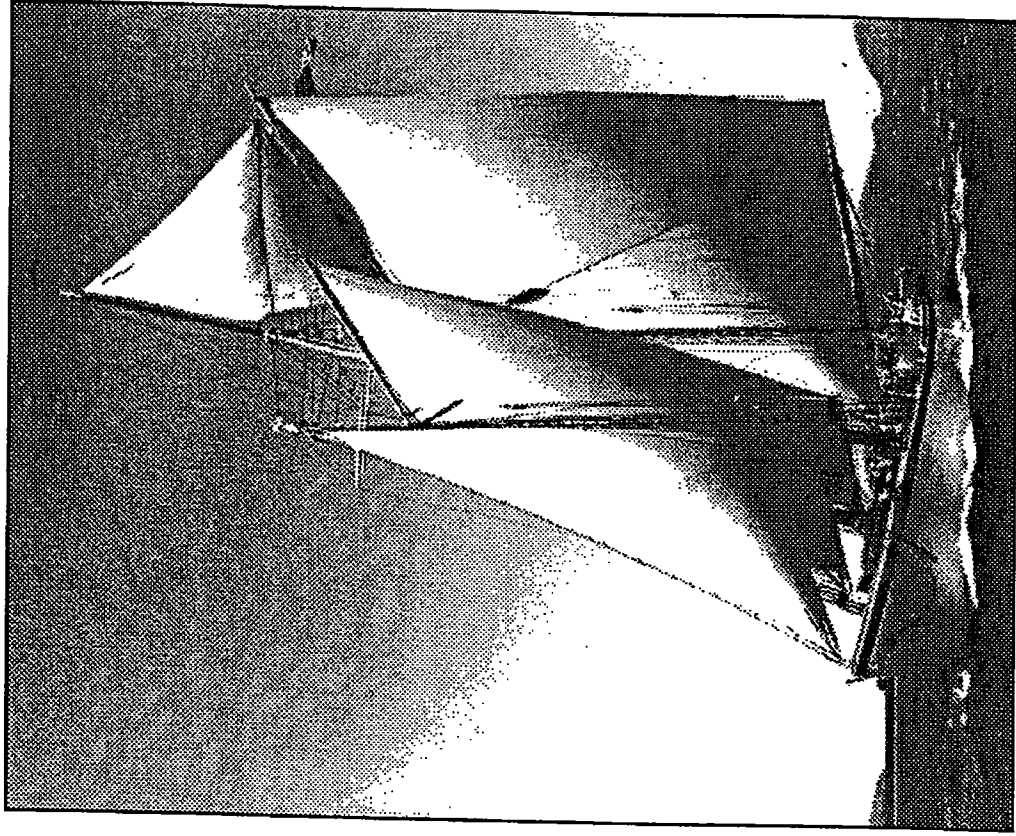
1926



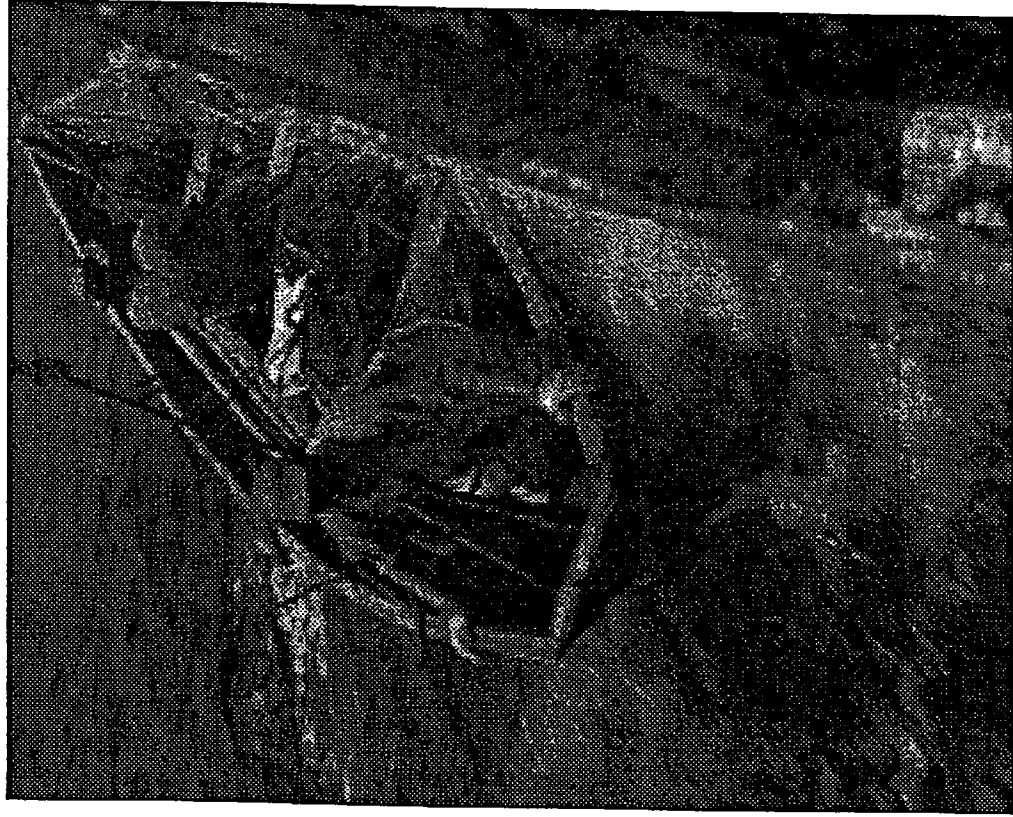
The real beginning of the Adventure came in the spring of 1926. My father (Capt. Jeff Thomas) decided to have a new vessel built, and several skippers and businessmen joined him in the idea. The origin of the name of this vessel, like many of her sisters is interesting. ...Captain Jeff was undecided on a

name for his new craft. At this time I had quite a few pencil drawings that I had made of imaginary fishing vessels, all of which carried names created by myself. One night my father requested to see these drawings, with the hope a name would be found.

Two were considered: *Indian* and *Adventure*. After some serious thought my father picked *Adventure*. He said, "I think *Adventure* is the best, because fishing is an adventure and I don't think there was ever a vessel out of Gloucester with that name." As it turned out, what better name could she have carried!



When she was launched, the *Adventure* had one of the tallest masts (110 feet) of the 500 vessels in the Gloucester fleet, spread about 6000 square feet of canvas and was equipped with a 120 horsepower diesel to kick her along in a calm. ...The evolution of the dory fishing schooner over the centuries culmi-

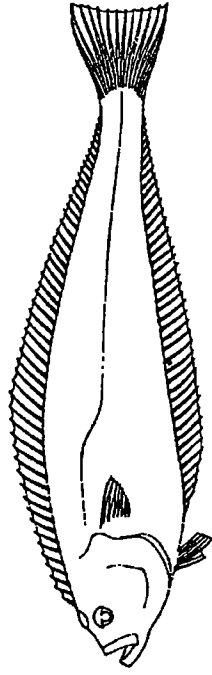


nated in a vessel unmatched for in beauty of line and balance, ability and speed.

The *Adventure* carried 14 small fishing boats called dories. A dory is a 14 foot flat-bottomed boat with high flaring sides. Two men in each dory fished about three tubs of trawl – line with baited hooks that combined would pay out for nearly two miles...

Sometimes the dorymen rowed a couple miles from the schooner to fish. They packed along a mast and boom wrapped in a small sail, a couple of barrels of fresh water, bailing scoops and foghorn and spare tholepins – the wooden pegs to hold the oars. And they took anchors and fishforks and kerosene lanterns and a pole with a target flag. Still, with all the precautions, it was not uncommon for the schooner to spend hours searching in the fog, blowing the horn, and listening for the answering blast from a stray dory.

The *Adventure* left on her maiden voyage a month after she was launched, and returned home nine days later with 70,000 pounds of halibut It is a matter of record that the *Adventure* caught more fish and made more money than any vessel of any type on the Atlantic coast. For over twenty-five years, *Adventure* would return trip after trip with her hold filled to its 170,000 pound capacity.



1933-34

By 1933 a Jonah (*jinx or bad luck*) seemed to have come aboard. The *Adventure* struck a rock entering a Nova Scotia port in a blinding snowstorm and held fast for 36 hours, pounded by the sea, before help came to tow her off. But not before the crew had to jettison 40,000 pounds of fish. The following year the vessel had to be towed home 45 miles when, inexplicably, she lost her rudder.

The worst lay ahead. Barely a month later, Capt. Jeff was 80 miles off Nova Scotia, his men out in their dories when a cold

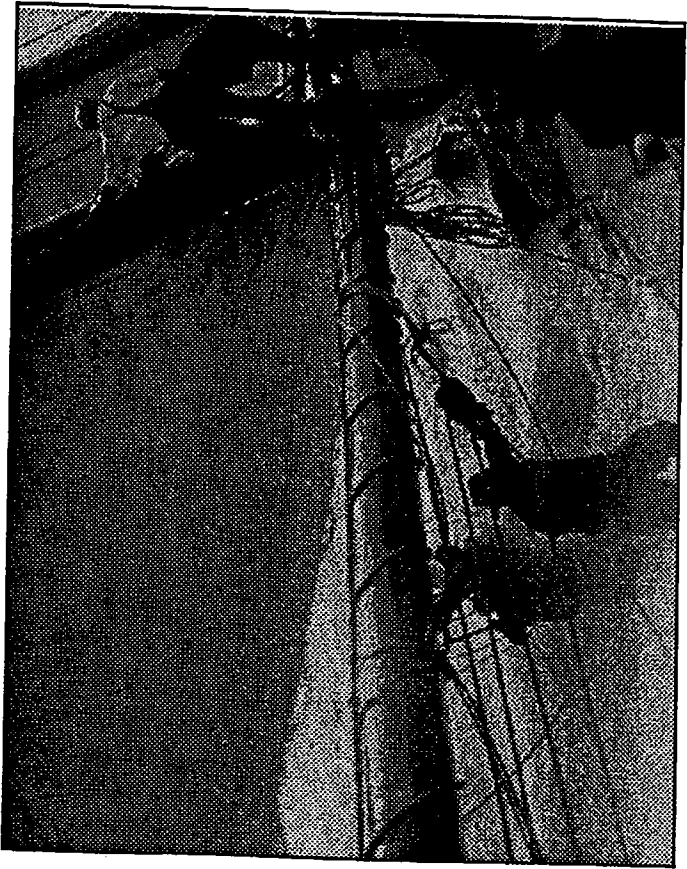
nor'wester whipped up. Ice began to form on the rails as the salt spray splashed aboard. Captain Jeff, alone on the ship with the cook, knocked off the ice on the halcyards with a wooden mallet. Then he went aft to the wheel, put his hand on a spoke and fell to the deck, dead of a heart attack. The cook ran the schooner off before the wind and picked up the dories. The *Adventure* put in to Halifax, her flag at half-mast. All Gloucester mourned the loss of one of its most capable skippers.

Capt. Leo Hynes was 33 years old when he was picked from the Gloucester fishing fleet to take over the *Adventure* after Capt. Jeff Thomas died. Even at that young age, Capt. Hynes was a seasoned fisherman of close to 20 years at sea, having signed on as a mere boy in his native Newfoundland.

1939

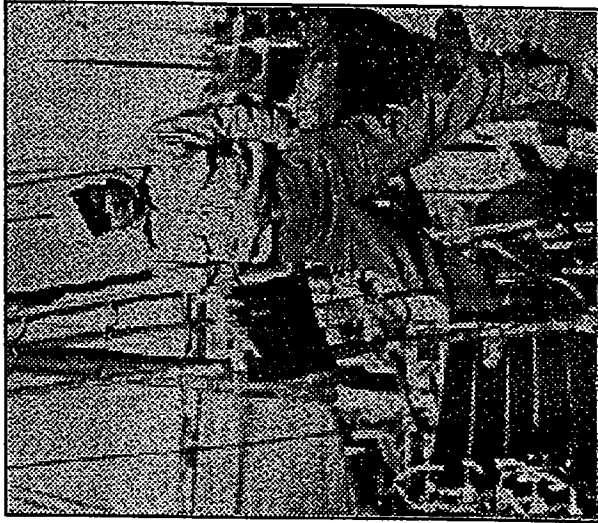
Capt. Hynes knew that an unpredictable disaster lay ever-present in fog and storm. On one morning he took the wheel shortly after dawn, and peered through the pilothouse windows at an overwhelming sea with mountainous waves driven by 80-90 knot winds (100 mph). The *Adventure* held her own, her engine just maintaining headway as she rose and fell in the steep troughs. Someone shouted. Ahead a monstrous wave, towering above the others, roared down onto the vessel. Instinctively every man grabbed something to hang onto. The wave broke, crashing onto the deck, engulfed the men by the wheel and threw them about in a foaming cauldron.

Capt. Hynes emerged from the deluge... 50 feet forward of the



1950-53

*Captain
Leo Hynes*



By the early 1950s, new fishing methods and an aging crew foretold the final chapter of *Adventure's* life as the highliner of the Gloucester fleet. Beam trawling and dragging began to replace the more hazardous dory trawling.

The *Adventure's* fishing career came to a close in 1953. It marked the end of the era of great vessels and fearless men who came as boys from Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Scandinavia, Portugal and New England to fish the rest of their lives on the Banks of the northeast coast. It was an age rich in visual imagery, of challenge and tragedy, of the unassuming courage of lone men setting trawl from a small boat 200 miles at sea—and of the families who waited for their loved ones to return home.

Captain Leo Hynes

wheel. He looked aft, horrorstruck. The wheelhouse was gone. He ran back to the wheel, shouting orders as crewmen tumbled onto the deck. The wreckage of the pilothouse with two of its former occupants was being swept away on the sea. Capt. Hynes struggled to turn the vessel around – a near impossible maneuver in such a storm. By the time they came within range of the wreckage, one man was gone. They threw a line to the other crewman; it missed. And then again. Too cold and perhaps injured, he was too weak to hold on. Drenched shipmates watched helplessly from the deck. And the almighty sea raged over all. The *Adventure* faced the solemn return to Boston, her flag once again at half-mast. The awful image haunted Capt. Hynes. Decades later he said, "I still dream about it."

The *Adventure* was sold in 1953 and converted the following year to a passenger schooner. For the next decade, the *Adventure* would carry people on summer cruises in the waters off the coast of Maine.

Main cabin



