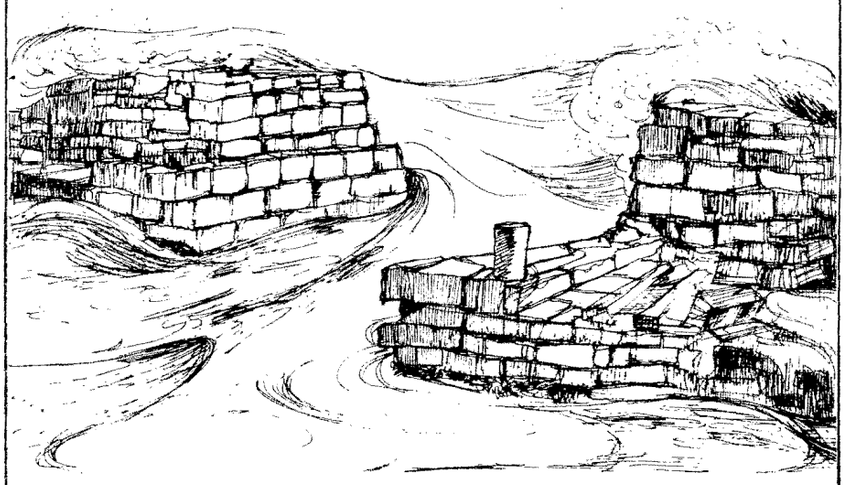
# The Saga of the "Lousam" and the Duley Street Lighthouse

By Bob Morey



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# MARCH BRINGS IT- WIND, COLD, SNOW; WORST OF WINTER

## Snowfall Here Totals Eight Inches---Drifts Badly, Traffic Delayed But Moving---Power Mishap at Rockport---Schools Closed

A howling northeast coastal snowstorm, worst of the winter, lashed Cape Ann with winds of gale force and powdery snow that accumulated to seven to eight inches on the level and drifted to three or four times that depth in exposed places, between 7 o'clock last evening and this noon. Snow was expected to end later today.

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Rockport was hardest hit, with nearly 200 houses deprived of electrical current this morning as a result of the snow being driven into electrical installations. The currentless houses were scattered along the eastern shore, with some concentration at The Headlands, where a set of junction fuses gave out, probably due to a short circuit, according to William N. Flynt, manager of the Gloucester Electric Co.

Repairing and clearing operations were speeded in the light of predictions of extreme cold tonight—15 degrees minimum, with continued high winds, from the north and northwest.

**Plows Out All Night**

Travel was difficult during the night because of the high winds, but main streets were kept open by highway department crews, mobilized about 8 o'clock last night at the Poplar street garage, assisted by the Gloucester Auto Bus Co. snow fighter on the around-the-Cape streets.

Supt. of Streets Roger F. Duwart sent his fleet of 10 plow and scraper equipped trucks out beginning at 9 o'clock last evening, and they were still on the job this noon after working all night. While there was not enough snow to make drifting the hazard it often is at this time of year in such a storm, the way the dry snow was blown around made the clearing operations seem futile. In a few minutes after a plow had gone through the snow was banked again in many a location. However, bus schedules were maintained, and automobiles were able to roll this morning.

Temperatures hovered three to four degrees below freezing during the night, making the weather uncomfortble for those who had to be out, and dashing the hope of those who wished that the snow would turn to rain as has happened so frequently this season.

**Schools Closed**

All school sessions were cancelled this morning in Gloucester, Rockport, Essex, and Manchester, giving the youngsters opportunity to earn pocket money by shoveling walks and driveways, a rarity so far this year.

Highway department drivers encountered a good many cars parked illegally in the streets, thus hampering the efficient clearing of travelled ways. It is against the city ordinance to park a vehicle in a public street between midnight and 6 a.m., except in case of emergency.

Few cases of trouble with telephone service had been experienced by this noon, according to Kenneth H. Wood, local manager of the New England Telephone & Telegraph Co. There were only a score of trouble cases in both Gloucester and Rockport.

Roads were rendered more slippery than the snow seemed to warrant because during last evening some wet snow and sleet fell, freezing later and forming a skim of ice on the previously bare ground.

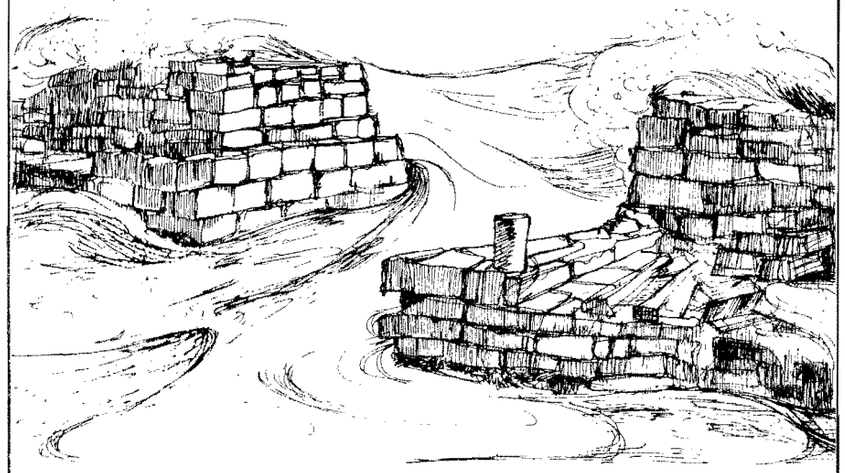
The Old Salt's weather records at Rockport showed 5 inches of snow on the ground at 7:30 a.m. today.

If snow persisted, tractors would be required to supplement the trucks, it was expected at the highway department headquarters this noon.

# The Saga of the "Lousam" and the Duley Street Lighthouse

**By Bob Morey**

Edited and with an Introduction
by Peter Anastas



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# Introduction

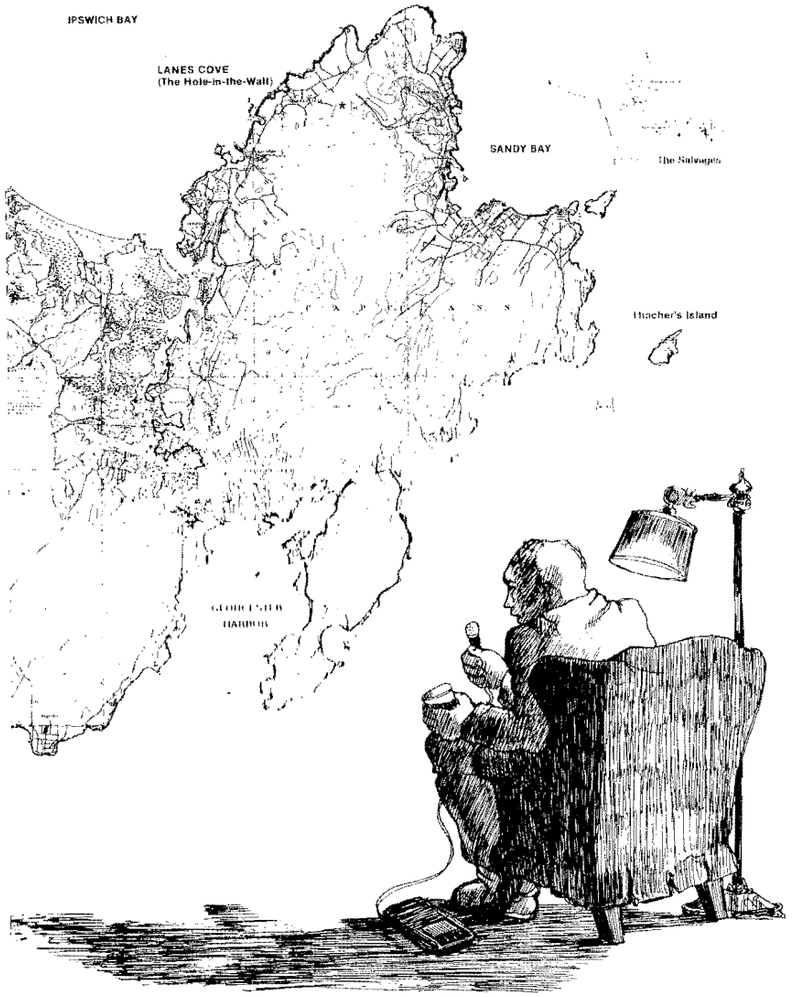
Bob Morey had been "threatening" to tell this story for 20 years. Finally one morning at 5 a.m. on July 8, 1979, to be exact, he sat down in his living room at 51 Allen Street in Gloucester with a little Sears Solid State tape recorder and told it all at one clip. His wife Agnes transcribed the tape a few days later, and what appears below is Bob's story word-for-word.

Bob was born in Gloucester on July 4, 1922. He went to school here and from 1940 to 1951 he fished out of this port and Boston primarily on whiting draggers and beam trawlers. From 1951 to 1953 he worked as a bartender at the old Busy Bee Cafe on Main Street, in various emporia down around Duncan and Rogers streets, and at the now defunct Delfine Hotel in East Gloucester, interspersed with stints at the "De-Hy," mostly during the summer. Since 1955 Bob has been self-employed as a carpenter. Bob has had a life-long interest in local history, especially maritime affairs; and he spends most of his spare time at the Sawyer Free Library or the Cape Ann Historical Society going over the records for himself.

In preparing Bob's narrative for the reader, care has been exercised in retaining its oral and therefore its *immediate* quality. Bob didn't write it—he told it in the old Gloucester tradition, even though he was alone in his own living room at the time and the house was quiet.

Of the four men involved in this archetypal story of the human spirit vs. the implacability of the elements, two are already dead. A third is "out in the State of Washington somewhere," so in effect Bob is a survivor. Listen, then, to his tale—or rather, read it. But as you read it I am sure you will also hear Bob's voice, for no print can contain or distort that kind of authenticity.

— Peter Anastas




*"This is a true story. . ."*

This is a true story I've been threatening to tell for about 20 years. I started it last winter, but today I intend to tell it. I want to dedicate it to Mrs. Lucy Norris. The reasons will be obvious when this story is told. I'm going to call it "The Saga of the *Lousam* and the Duley Street Lighthouse," for which reasons you'll also understand when this is done.

My name is Bob Morey and I was a member of the crew of the 48-foot fishing vessel *Lousam* out of Gloucester, Captain Henry Marshall. With me in the crew were Gardner H. Norris and James McPherson, Jr. We left Gloucester—I think it was about February 22nd or 23rd of 1949—headed for the mouth of the Portsmouth River or a fishing spot off of the mouth of the Portsmouth River because the cod fish are supposed to start running around March and that's what we were going after. I remember the morning was clear, not too cold, not a bad day at all, so we steamed directly for Portsmouth—maybe three hours. I don't recall the exact time. But eventually we got to the fishing grounds and Captain Henry Marshall said, "We're gonna make a set." And I recall Gardner Norris who was a "fisherman" saying, "Captain, you're gonna set here? You're gonna set on a rock pile and we're gonna lose the works." There were navy buoys all around—submarine cables and what have you. And Henry said, "No, there's a spot here," he says, "I know where we're gonna set." So we set out, and we no sooner got the doors down and the net in the water, we hung up—had to haul back—we'd rim-racked the net!

Not having a spare net aboard and being very close to Portsmouth, we headed into Portsmouth and tied up at the wharf and started going over the gear. She was rim-racked all right. Henry had a lot of spare twine, but

I wasn't a twine man. McPherson wasn't a twine man. Henry, I don't recall. I knew he could mend a little bit. When we put the new net together on the wharf in Gloucester before we left, my uncle, Captain George Landry from New Bedford, came up and helped Gardner put the net together. I could lace and hang head rope and things like that, but as far as being a twine man I couldn't make a three-legger with five needles. Any fisherman will know what I'm talking about.

We laid in Portsmouth for approximately five days before Gardner and Henry and the rest of us could get the net put back together. We finally did, and on the morning of the 28th of February were up at six, came out on deck, looked all around—calm. There wasn't a breath of wind, but I remember Gardner looking up at the sky and the sea gulls were a mile high and even I knew that's a sign of bad weather. Smoke was coming out of a couple of smoke stacks right straight up in the air. There just wasn't a breath and it was a gray, gray dawn. I remember Captain Marshall saying, "Well, let's go for Boone Island there's a fishing spot about an hour and twenty minutes southeast of Boone Island buoy." He said, "Maybe we'll get a few tows in and catch some fish." And Gardner told him, "Captain, we're gonna get some shit today," he says, "when the gulls are up like that and there's not a breath of wind—." We did get a weather report the night before, that there was a storm somewhere down off Delaware—I forget just exactly where—but it was far enough away from us so that we figured we could make a quick run down to this fishing hole and maybe make a few sets. It wouldn't take much fish to make a buck—with the prices in the wintertime that high.

So we left Portsmouth and headed for Boone Island. We made Boone Island buoy in 2 or 3 hours. We steamed the hour and twenty minutes or so southeast of that buoy and we set out. I think we towed for maybe an hour or an hour and a half. We hauled back—nothing—a handful of fish. Some of the biggest red fish I've ever seen, looked like 16 or 18 inches long to me. They were giants. But no fish at all to speak of. So we moved down a little further—one way or the other—south or east or whatever. And we set out again. Made another hour, hour and half tow, hauled back same thing! Now we set her out again. That would be the 3rd set, so we're talking about 3½ or 4 or 5 hours towing time. So it's getting to be around noontime. While the net was in the water, it started to breeze up. We could see a little chop and we knew that we were going to get something sooner or later—we didn't know how soon. We had no radio aboard. All we had was an old depth finder and we had relied on the weather report that we'd gotten the night before—and it still wasn't a bad



day. We knew that we could run quick back into Portsmouth, or we could make for Gloucester, approximately a 4 hour run. The wind picked up out of the southeast. During that 3rd tow Gardner called Captain Marshall and said, "Henry, I think we'd better get out of here." And I remember Henry looking up—he had no teeth if I remember correctly—but he looked up at the sky and he looked around at the water. "Nah," he said, "I think we'll make one more set." So we hauled back. Same thing—just a little handful of fish. We moved a little further, one way or the other—I don't know which way we moved—and we made the 4th set. About in the middle of this 4th set it really started to get choppy. The seas are up to 2½ feet or so, and it started to spit snow. The sky really started to get dark, and the wind was picking up—southeast moving towards east.

Captain Henry was down below, Gardner and I and McPherson were on deck. Gardner was at the wheel, while we were towing. He looked out of the pilot house window and he said, "Boys," he said, "I think we're going to get the hell out of here!" So he said, "Haul back." He called Captain Marshall and told him, "Henry, we're gettin' out of here," he said, "that's all there is to it, we're gettin' out of here." So we hauled back, got the net on board and talked it over—whether to make for Boone Island. We had no way to take a bearing—we had no radar, no sonar, no communications whatsoever. It was purely guess work, so we decided to try to make a run back to Boone Island buoy. That would give us a place to start from. Then we could set a course for either Portsmouth Harbor or for Gloucester.

I think we steamed maybe 45 minutes or so towards Boone Island buoy and we couldn't find it. In the meantime the seas are kicking up to at least 3 feet or so. The wind has picked up and it's spitting more snow, so Gardner says, "Well Captain, we're gonna buck all the way to Portsmouth or we can turn around and have half decent fair wind to Gloucester. What do you want to do?" And Captain Marshall said, "Let's head her for Gloucester."

I don't know the course—but between Gardner and Captain Marshall they charted the course and I took the first watch. It's about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, as near as I can remember, when we left that particular spot, and we had wind on the quarter. It wasn't easy to steer the boat. She was a good little sea boat, I'll say that for her, and she had an engine that wouldn't quit—thank Christ! So we made pretty good time. I stood my hour watch. Gardner figured it would take us 3½—no more than 4 hours with the fair wind we had—quartering wind—but fair. So I stood my hour and then it was Jimmy's watch. So Jimmy took the wheel. I gave

*"So we hauled back, got the net on board and talked it over..."*

him the course and I went down below. We could feel the wind kicking up. Got up to take a look on deck once in a while and the snow was getting thick and really starting to blow. The seas had run up to 3½ or 4 feet, maybe more, I don't quite recall, but I know that it was getting worse all the time.

The course we had set was for Thacher's. Once you make Thacher's then you go around Cape Ann, around the breakwater, and you're home. I was down below, Gardner was down below, and Captain Henry was checking the engine. I'll say one thing for him, he kept that little engine going. At one point—maybe it was before Jimmy's watch was up—I saw Gardner jump up out of his bunk and run up into the pilot house. He looked at the compass and asked Jimmy, "For Christ's sake, how long have you been steering this course?" And Jimmy said, "Oh, a little while after I took the wheel." And Gardner said, "For Christ's sake, you're way off! You're heading west or northwest." And Jimmy said, "It's easier to steer." And Gardner said that's how he knew. He could tell we were riding too easy. We were going from approximately southeast to northwest so we were running directly with the seas which is beautiful.

Oh, that's fair wind and fair seas and it's like a roller coaster ride. She picks you up and carries you straight ahead, and there's no problem steering. It never dawned on me, and it never dawned on Captain Marshall, but Gardner knew the difference. He knew that we shouldn't be riding that easy. When you've charted a course with a quartering wind you're a little sloppy holding your course. We looked around. It was snowing like hell—blowing like hell—and the seas are now running 4 - 5 - 6 feet. We didn't know where we were, so Gardner took the wheel and tried to figure approximately where we were. He knew we were too far up inside of Ipswich Bay—that he knew. So he brought her more, I guess, to the south-'ard, or southwest, or whatever, where the seas would accommodate the boat without banging hell out of us, and told all hands to keep an eye out for Thacher's.

It got to be about 4 o'clock in the afternoon—started to get dark—and the first thing we saw of Thacher's was way off the port bow, way off the port side, and we're up off Rockport, which is one bad place to be. There's a couple of ledges up there called Salvages, Dry Salvages, Little Salvages —Big Salvages—or whatever, but it's a hell of a bad spot to be, especially in a northeaster. It's starting to get dark, the snow is worse, the wind is worse, and the seas are running high. I remember Gardner talking to Captain Henry: "What do you want to do? You want to try for Thacher's?

We'll swing around and head off to get some water."

We didn't know how close we were to Salvages. Captain Henry said, "Try it." So Gardner swung her around. But the minute he did, we knew it was no soap because we got smacked broadside—and we knew just as sure as hell that no way are we going to get around Thacher's. So we're off Rockport by this time. We could see the mouth of Rockport harbor and we could see the white water. We could see the seas breaking over the jetty and Gardner says, "No way Henry!" And Henry agreed, "No way are we gonna get in Rockport."

We can't go around Thacher's. We can't go into Rockport. It's getting dark and the storm is getting worse, so what do we do? Gardner says the only chance we've got is to maybe try the river. He said at best that's the only shot we've got, so if it was all agreed, at least we'd have fair wind. So we swung her off and headed up towards the Annisquam, keeping well off Rockport. Not too far we could still see the land, but it was getting dark and we could see the seas breaking along the shore. Gardner held her far enough off so that we headed towards the river. By this time the seas are running 6 or 7 feet and Gardner decided—no river. He said, "There's no way in Christ's world we're gonna make the river. We've got to make a decision, we've got to decide what we're gonna do."

So it was the 4 of us together Gardner and Jimmy—Captain Henry and myself. I knew nothing. McPherson knew nothing. I think Captain Marshall knew less. But Gardner knew the choices and he gave us the choices. He said, "I think we can either beach it and take our chances, but I don't think we're gonna have much of a chance there either." It sounds easy. You can run a boat up on the sand and just jump off and walk ashore. That's fine if you're headed for the Wingaersheek parking lot, but it doesn't work that way because you wind up 2 or 3 hundred yards off and the minute that boat hits—she'll be in pieces in less than 15 minutes. After Gardner brought up the fact, he said, "There's only one other thing that I know of and that's the 'hole-in-the-wall,'" which is the fishermen's nickname for Lane's Cove, and it's treacherous at best in the dark. By this time it must be 5 o'clock or 5:30. Gardner said that he used to go seining off of there in the dark and they used to go in there at night by a set of street lights on Duley Street.

We could see the seas breaking up over the rocks and you could tell the rocks from the Lane's Cove seawall because they were breaking higher up against the seawall. Gardner said, "If I can find the hole, and find a street light, I think I might be able to bring her in."

So we had a decision to make, and we all agreed that was the only thing we could possibly do. Gardner put the windows down on the pilot house



because with the snow you couldn't see. To this day I can see the snow on his face, and the water running down his face, and him at the wheel with the throttle trying to find that little hole-in-the-wall. And that's exactly what it boils down to—a hole-in-the-wall. We were all looking for it but we didn't know what we were looking for, really. And Gardner was the only one that did, so we made a couple of passes back and forth—maybe 3, I don't know.

At this point in time, this last hour is confusing to me because so many things happened. There were so many thoughts running through my mind —and I'm sure through the rest of them—that all we did is what we were told. I remember Gardner telling Henry, "Christ's sake Henry, go down and keep that engine going because if that thing conks out we're done." And Henry went down and stayed by the engine, and finally Gardner says, "I'm pretty sure I see a street light. I'm almost positive." He said the only way he could possibly see a street light would be if he was looking through the hole because the wall is so high that you couldn't see a street light beyond that. So he said, "I'm pretty sure that's it." I looked and I wasn't sure that I could see a light or not, so Gardner said, "I'm gonna make one more swing and get some water under us—locate the light again—and make sure that I see that light, and then I'm gonna wait for a sea," he said, "then we're all agreed? We're goin' in?" And we agreed. We all shook hands around the mast.

The mast in the *Lousam* ran up through the pilot house. That's what we were hanging on to because while we were talking and trying to locate this hole-in-the-wall we're getting banged around like you'd never believe. So we made one more swing around, got off a little further, got a little bit more water under him, as he said. Of course I didn't know what he was doing. I had an idea he was waiting for a sea that would give us the lift towards the hole-in-the-wall, and if we hit it right, we would ride in on a sea. So we swung around. It took—I don't know how many minutes—2 minutes, 5 minues—whatever, but he saw, he located that street light again and waited for a sea, and the last words Gardner said were, "If we get in, *if* we get in I'm gonna cut it down and go hard-a-port, because I know that there's plenty of room in there on the port side."

That was the way we left it. The next words were—I could feel the sea coming under us—and Gardner said, "I think this is it—we're goin'." He gave her full throttle. The next thing I knew we were in the hole-in-the-wall and into Lane's Cove. He did throttle the engine down and go hard a-port, and he told one of us—I don't know whether it was me or McPherson, "Somebody get out on deck and look for the wall, because we've got a good chance we can tie up."

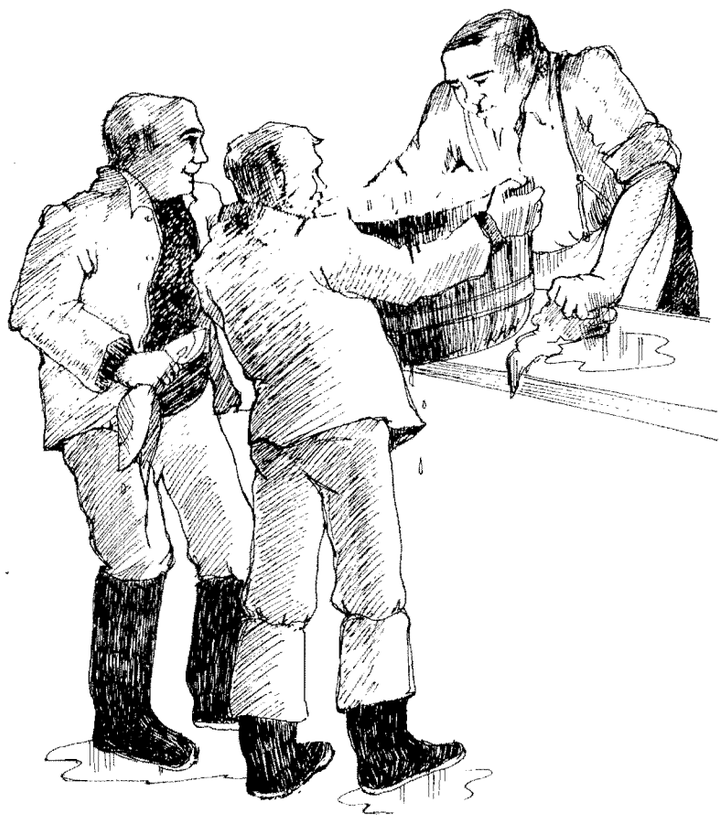
*"We made one more swing around,..."*

We put the light on, picked up the seawall, and Gardner said, "There's some big round stone pillars that they used for spilings to tie the boats up to—look for one." By this time we're about 100 feet or so just inside and we're safe! We're home safe and we know it! Sure enough—we picked up the seawall. Gardner brought it to the wall. We got a bow-line aboard one of the round big spilings, then we ran a stern line out—got a stern line on—then Gardner said, "We'd better double up on the lines because the sea's comin' in and the suction's comin' back." You'd have to experience it to believe it—it wouldn't drag us out through again because we were around to the port side of her—but it would raise hell hauling us back and forth. So I know we doubled up on the lines, which was no easy matter because the wind was keeping the boat away from the seawall. We managed to get the double lines out and eveybody breathed a sigh of relief. I think that we almost broke Gardner's back—clapping him—thanking him.

Needless to say, we knew we made it, and Gardner said, "I think we'd better run the wires out." He didn't trust the bow and stern lines, so we disconnected the wires from the dragger doors, and ran them through the bollards, one aft and one for'ard, and ran the wires around and made a couple of loops around the spilings so that with a double manila line—or double nylon—whatever it was—plus our cable lines from the winch, we knew we're secure. I don't know exactly what happened from then on, but I know it was very happy moments. I remember Captain Henry drank tea and ate peanut butter sandwiches, so I knew we had plenty of bread and peanut butter and tea, and we were down below and we made tea and peanut butter sandwiches—and **Thanked God** that we were alive.

Then we heard **crash—bang—boom**. The seas were breaking over the seawall and landing on the deck of the *Lousam*. We didn't know whether or not we were gonna get a piece of granite coming through the deck or what! So we decided to kind of run a watch inside—take turns—nobody could sleep anyway—but we were beat. Physically and mentally we were beat, so every once in a while one of us went up on deck for a while and we figured, Hell, if a piece of granite came loose, it wouldn't reach the boat, it would just come down on the pier. But we were so God-damned tired that we didn't care, so between dozing off and drinking tea, listening to the waves smack down on the boat, we stayed there all night.

Six o'clock—seven o'clock in the morning—whatever time it was, the minute daylight broke, the storm had started to subside, the snow was almost stopped, just still spitting and we went up on deck. We looked over what fish we had and there wasn't much, believe me. We had a mixture—



*"Where the hell did you guys come from?"*

couple of haddock, couple of cod, couple of flat fish—and those big giant red fish that I told you about, must be 16 or 18 inches long. I've never seen any so big. So we decided to filet them all up and put them in a bushel basket. We wound up with a bushel basket full of dressed fish, and took turns carrying it between us.

We carried the basket of fish, and we walked up to a little barroom called Saari's that we knew was there with a wine and beer license. Now the traffic was stopped. There were no buses running there was nothing running, so we walked into Saari's barroom with a basket of fish and put it on the bar and we asked the bartender how much booze we could get for this fish. And he looked at me and said, "Where the hell did you guys come from?" And we told him we came in the hole-in-the wall last night, and he said, "You're crazy! You guys never came in there last night." We said, "Well the boat's down there to prove it." I said, "Where did you think we came from, Mars?" Or words to that effect. I don't know the exact words we used, we were happy to say the least. So we said, "What can we get for this?" He said, "Anything you want. I've got wine and beer." So we said, "Break out the wine," because we were chilled to the bone, period!

So we started drinking—I guess I was still in shock. I guess the rest of us were because we couldn't believe that we were where we were, because under no circumstances should we have ever been able to get in where we did in that storm. Gardner used to do all his business—drinking and getting taxi rides home—with the West End cab in Gloucester, so he called the West End and said, "As soon as you can, get a cab down to Saari's," you know, to pick us up. I guess it was a little after noontime before a cab finally got there and we were feeling no pain by this time, but we didn't care. We were home.

We took the cab home. I went to my house. The Coast Guard had been notified that we were out in the storm because a friend of mine, Joe Saunders, was out on a boat about the same size as ours— the Mary E., Captain Tommy Rogers, in the same storm, and they knew we were out. But they got in, and when they got in, they notified the Coast Guard that we were still out. We had no way to communicate with anybody, as I said before, no radio, no nothing, so they thought we were still out evidently. I also know that my father called the Coast Guard to report that we were out in the storm. Now I don't know where the Coast Guard records are, but I'm sure that there are copies of it somewhere. In fact I did call the Coast Guard base, and they told me they were probably in the archives somewhere in Washington. But I could care less about that.

The next day we were down Gardner's apartment having a few beers and talking the whole thing over. That's when Gardner told us that the hardest decision of the whole trip was to let that light go and not make a run for it. He realized that he was probably too far beyond "the hole," and not knowing what the seas were at the time—if it was an incoming or an outgoing sea—he also knew that if you go in at any wrong angle all you'll do is tear the side of the boat right off and everybody would be gone. She'll go down like a rock right in "the gut." To me that's seamanship and not luck.

The main reason that I'm telling this story is because I think that Gardner Norris—he's dead—but I think that he performed one of the greatest feats of seamanship that this Cape will ever see. As I started to say before, I threatened to tell this story many, many times. Both families knew about it but we never made a big deal about it. Hell! we're home—that's all. But every Memorial Day I think of Gardner Norris, because if it hadn't been for him, I wouldn't be here to tell this story.

# Epilogue

My purpose I would say is fourfold in telling this.

Number one, I think Gardner deserves a posthumous Mariners Medal because if ever there was a piece of seamanship, superb seamanship along with God—I know God must have been with us that night but I'm glad it was Gardner Norris' hands on the wheel.

Number two, I want his mother to know. I'm sure she knew about the incident, but I don't know how deeply she felt about it. I want her to know how deeply *I* feel about it. There's only two of us left—me and Jim McPherson. Jim's out in the State of Washington somewhere. Captain Henry's dead, Gardner's dead, but I think it's a story that should have been told a long time ago, and I didn't want to tell it because I didn't want to embarrass anybody, especially his mother. I don't know why I should feel that way but it's been in the back of my mind ever since I read about Mariners Medals. They were always for heroism it seemed to me.

I wouldn't call what Gardner did heroic because we were all part of it, but I would like to invite anyone—anyone who has ever skippered a vessel, a boat, a dinghy, a yacht or any kind of a boat that's been on the water in any kind of a storm, to go to Lane's Cove and take a look. Beautiful in the summer time, but picture it in a living northeast gale.

Now this is July 8, 1979. On the sixth of July I saw a picture of Lane's Cove on the cover of the Cape Ann Summer Sun, and I read the story inside about a Mr. George Morey who fished the cove for 50 years. I decided then and there that I was going to go down and get an expert's opinion as to what—or what he thought—what kind of seamanship it would take to bring a vessel into the hole-in-the-wall under those conditions. So I went down and I met George Morey because my name happens to be Morey and I told him, I said, "I think it's about time the Lanesville Moreys met the Gloucester Moreys."

As it turned out he played ball with my Dad, so we talked and I asked him questions about this particular situation in the 3rd person. In other words I didn't tell him that I was one of the crew. I was just looking for an expert opinion on what the odds were on bringing a boat in under those

conditions and he said zero. No way! So when I mentioned the Duley Street lights, I said, "Well I heard that there were some street lights and that you could come in—in the dark—into the hole-in-the-wall by those street lights." He said, "Yeah!" He said, "We used to do it many times."

I knew that he was a seiner and they used to seine in the dark because the fish flash so there has to be dark when they set, but that's neither here nor there. The point is that he said, "We used to come in many times in the spring—or in the fall—or in the summer and in the fall." But he said, "We had a trick," he said, "We used to hang a lantern on the outside of the hole-in-the-wall as a beacon so that coming in in the dark you pick up the lantern, you line up the street lights and zoom you're in, no problem." And I told him, the way I understand it these fellows didn't have that luxury, there was no lantern on the head of the pier and that the only light that Gardner could pick up was the first street light on Duley Street.

I told him the story, as I say, in the third person: "From what I understand, he waited for a sea and opened the throttle and let her rip." And he said, "Well he must have run her aground." And I said, "No," he didn't run her aground, he came in and went hard-a-port because he knew there was room up there and tied the vessel up." And he couldn't get over it.

Now there's a man who's fished the cove for 50 years. So I asked him point blank, I said, "What kind of a piece of seamanship do you think it took to do something like that?" And his words were, first, that it couldn't be done, but when he knew that it had been done, well, being an old timer, he wasn't very—how shall I say?—enthused about it, but he did say it was quite a piece of seamanship. I say it was unparalled—or maybe there is one that will come as close to this one but I doubt it. And that's the reason I call this "The Saga of the *Lousam* and the Duley street Lighthouse."

There's a third reason I want this story told, and that's because having owned a boat myself over the years—I know that there are many new boat owners who don't quite know what they're doing, who trust more to luck. They don't know the water, or they don't respect it—let me put it that way. I don't think they respect it. But when experts can get caught—and at least one or two aboard this *Lousam* were experts—and almost lost, I hope it's a warning to every one of them. I'd like to have them all read this story and never ever, ever, ever forget to respect the sea.

Again, I say my main theme is to consider this an appeal to the Mariners Medal Committee to check this story thoroughly. I think that



Gardner H. Norris deserves a posthumous Mariners Medal. He saved a crew of four—including himself and a vessel—under conditions that I don't think any man in the world ever could have done. Finally, he was in my estimation, to put it in Kim Bartlett's words, one of the "finest kind." At least one of the finest kind that I ever met or ever had the privilege to fish with, grow up with, drink with, fight with, or whatever else you want to say.

— Bob Morey

***Captain Henry Marshall*** was born in Rockport on April 3, 1906 and died on April 29, 1967. His father, James Manuel Marshall, also born in Rockport, owned the following Essex-built vessels: J. M. Marshall, Grand Marshall, Louise B. Marshall, Henry L. Marshall, Ellen T. Marshall and Angie L. Marshall.

***James M. McPherson, Jr.*** was born in Gloucester on May 29,1925. His father was James M. "Chink" McPherson, for years a well-known cook out of Gloucester on many vessels, the last known being the St. Anthony on which his son was second engineer.

***Bob Morey*** was born in Gloucester in 1922, and fished on the Texas, Ohio, Lucky Star, St. George, Brookline, Mayflower, Madam X, Uncle John, Lasghen, Mary J. Landry and the Lousam. His maternal grandfather was Captain Simon Landry of Cape Breton who skippered the Rough Rider, Sunflower, Evelyn H. and the Mary J. Landry. His uncles were Captain George Landry of the Evelyn H. and the Mary J. Landry, and Captain Fred Landry of the Little Growler and the Aloha. His paternal grandfather was Joseph Morey of Pouch Cove, Newfoundland, a lifelong fisherman.

***Gardner H. Norris*** was born in Gloucester on February 14, 1922, son of Captain John and Lucy Giles Norris. His grandfather, Isaac Gould, was lost with all hands on the schooner Columbia in 1927. His father, born in Bay DeVerde, Newfoundland, owned the Paul Revere and skippered the Pilgrim along with many other vessels. During the 1923-1925 races, he worked the main topsail on the Columbia. His uncle, James Gould, was also lost on the Columbia in 1927; and in 1932 his brother John died at sea. On June 4, 1949, less than four months after saving the lives of the crew of the Lousam, Gardner drowned in Plymouth Harbor, Massachusetts, while trying to rescue a friend who could not swim. He was 27 years old.

—B.M.