

## When the tall ships paraded into Boston

by Hazel Baker

This correspondent for the *Susquehanna Times* was a spectator to the parade for Tall Ships in Boston Harbor on Saturday last.

I was seated on a yacht of a friend named "Oie-met" anchored in Boston

Harbor amidst an estimated 3,000 boats. It was an ideal position for a once in a lifetime experience such as the Tall Ship spectacle.

Heading "Operation Sail" was the U.S.S. Constitution (Old Ironsides) a three masted veteran of the

War of 1812. The firing of her rebored cannon every minute as she headed into the Harbor at her top speed of three knots brought tears to the eyes of many of the 800,000 spectators.

She was escorted by

various sizes of coast guard and smaller vessels. Among the barks, schooners and brigantines were Dar Pomerza, Christian Radish, and Tovarishch representing Poland, Norway, and Russia. Sagres from Portugal, Gloria from Columbia, Mircea of Romania were rigged with square sails and the aftermasts were rigged with triangular fore and aft sails. Crews attired in dress uniforms saluted the crowds as they advanced to berths at the Army Base.

The longest and most recently built ship in the flotilla was the Spanish ship Juan Sebastian de Elcano, a 300' topsail schooner. Norway's Christian Radish the star of the Cinerama film "Windjammer", is square rigged like th Dar Pomorza. Irelands entry "The Phoenix" is a brigantine and was the shortest of the tall ships.

The English topsail schooner with an all female crew and Gipsy Moth 5, the staysail ketch Sir Francis Chichester which sailed around the world in 1969 were also in line.

All small craft moored in Boston Harbor were not permitted to raise anchor for five hours until the parade was completed.

Dignitaries were aboard all of the featured show boats and many relatives Massachusetts Senators were aboard the Constitution. The Queen of England with her Prince Philip aboard the Britannia arrived at 10:30 a.m., Sunday.

Many a day will pass until land, sea, and air traffic will converge on Boston in the name density as that famous weekend in July 1976 to celebrate America's 200th birthday.



## Marietta fire carnival

The second carnival of the year will be held July 24th, on the Marietta Pioneer Fire Company grounds, Locust and Waterford Avenue, starting at 4 p.m. Featured entertainers will be the Adams Brothers. Food, games, and rides will be available for those attending.

Ten members of the company have signed up for training at the Lancaster County Fire School in Willow Street. The course is being conducted from July 10 to 11. Subjects covered on those two days were use and care of air masks, ladder training, radio training, salvage operations. The fire school will be holding three 2-day sessions this summer, which members of the company will be attending.

John Detz, Fairview Avenue, one of the company's oldest members, was voted a lifetime member of the Pioneer Fire Company at its recent meeting.

A first aid training session will be held at the firehouse later this summer. Under the instruction of Assistant Chief Stephen Bailey, who recently completed instruct-

or's training, the eight hour course is held in conjunction with the American Red Cross. Any groups or individuals desiring any further information may contact Chief Bailey.

For safety reasons, the group voted to ask Marietta Boro Council to make North Locust Street from Market to Waterford, a one-way heading north. North Locust is a high-accident area and the company members feel that by limiting traffic to one-way, the situation will correct itself.

William Bailey, president noted that anyone wishing to join the volunteers may contact any member for information.

The Auxiliary will provide steak sandwiches and hot dogs for the Carnival, July 24th. Corn soup and french fries will also be prepared by the ladies.

A few seats are still available for the bus trip to Atlantic City sponsored by the Auxiliary. Anyone interested may contact 426-3644 (Mrs William Bailey). The Auxiliary will meet August 3rd at 7:30 in the Fire Hall.



drawing by "Susquehanna Magazine" artist Lisa Madenspacher

## Cheering crowd greets Chile's Tall Ship, Esmerelda in Baltimore

by Judy Swab

Today, July 12, 1976, I saw the tall ships. I wish that everyone could see the tall ships - I might even make it mandatory, if I could.

Why bother? "It will be too crowded, it will be too hot, they won't come on schedule, and you won't get to see them. We went anyway. Maybe, just maybe, if things went just right we would see something special, a once in a lifetime thing.

Five A.M. is not my favorite time to arise. Eight A.M. is not the best time to be in downtown Baltimore, the traffic was bad, but not that bad. By some quirk of fate (or my husband's good driving) we pulled into a parking space that was directly across the street from pier #3. There was immediate excitement,

because we could see the masts of three of the tall ships.

The first ship we saw was the Constellation. It is the oldest ship continually afloat - put into the water in 1797 and active in all United States wars until its retirement in 1955. The black cannons were shining and threatening. What a beauty she is.

Right behind the Constellation, at the same pier, we could see the masts of the Danmark and The Gorch Fock. As we walked up to the Danmark there were approximately thirty young seamen in their midday blouses and white caps getting ready to go on shore leave. None of them looked more than 19 or 20 years old, all seemed healthy, young and alive - as though they were cast

for a part in a Hollywood picture about life on the high seas.

Close to the Danmark was the Gorch Fock, which was having a face lift while in port. Men hung from port holes with long paint rollers touching up the hull (which looked almost as if they had just finished painting it yesterday.

While painting, sailors waved and smiled to everyone. I felt like a visitor being welcomed to a world I could never know.

Right in front of the Gorch Fock stood a distinguished looking gentleman in white dress uniform and captain's hat. With a good deal of American ingenuity, we ask "How do you pronounce the name of your ship?" The answer was on beautiful, guttural sneeze, "The Gorch Fock"

(with a smile that said how many times will I be asked this silly question.

We had been told that the Chilean vessel Esmerelda would berth at 10 A.M., but a nice policeman told us it would arrive at the next pier at 9:30.

We hurried to the next pier, and were puzzled. The U.S. Coast Guard ship The Eagle and the Romanian Mircea were already tied to the pier and looking at the space left we all agreed no one could get one of the great tall ships into that small space. Within five minutes we could see her being led into the harbor by tug boats. We craned our necks and again agreed there just wasn't enough room.

On she came, and as she got nearer we could see her four masts lined with seamen looking like close-

pins at first. One tug boat took over and with great ease and grace in came the Esmerelda - right toward us and finally right into that small space. It looked so easy and so beautiful.

People lined the pier and cheered, flags flew, everywhere were cameras. Now you could see the men up on the tall masts and rigging. Young boys in white shirts and dark blue pants, looking for all the world like that was their natural habitat - at ease, waving and smiling.

Ropes were thrown to men waiting on the pier. What little ropes they seemed, until we saw that they were just little ropes tied to BIG ropes that were the ones to be used.

Now you could see the ship's silver bell and the big wheel and how the masts were fitted together

and the mast head which looked to me like a vulture and the carved wood lining, the opening for the gangplank. Everywhere you looked there was something exciting to see.

Then the ship's band began to play and the people on the pier cheered.

When the band stopped the welcoming committee serenaded the ship with guitars and dancing began on the pier, now it was the men on board who cheered.

And finally the seamen joined the group on shore in singing what I thought was the Chilean national anthem.

We held our hands high and clapped and cheered for everyone - it was a happening. A beautiful, exciting once in a lifetime happening to tell my grandchildren about. The day I saw the Tall Ships.