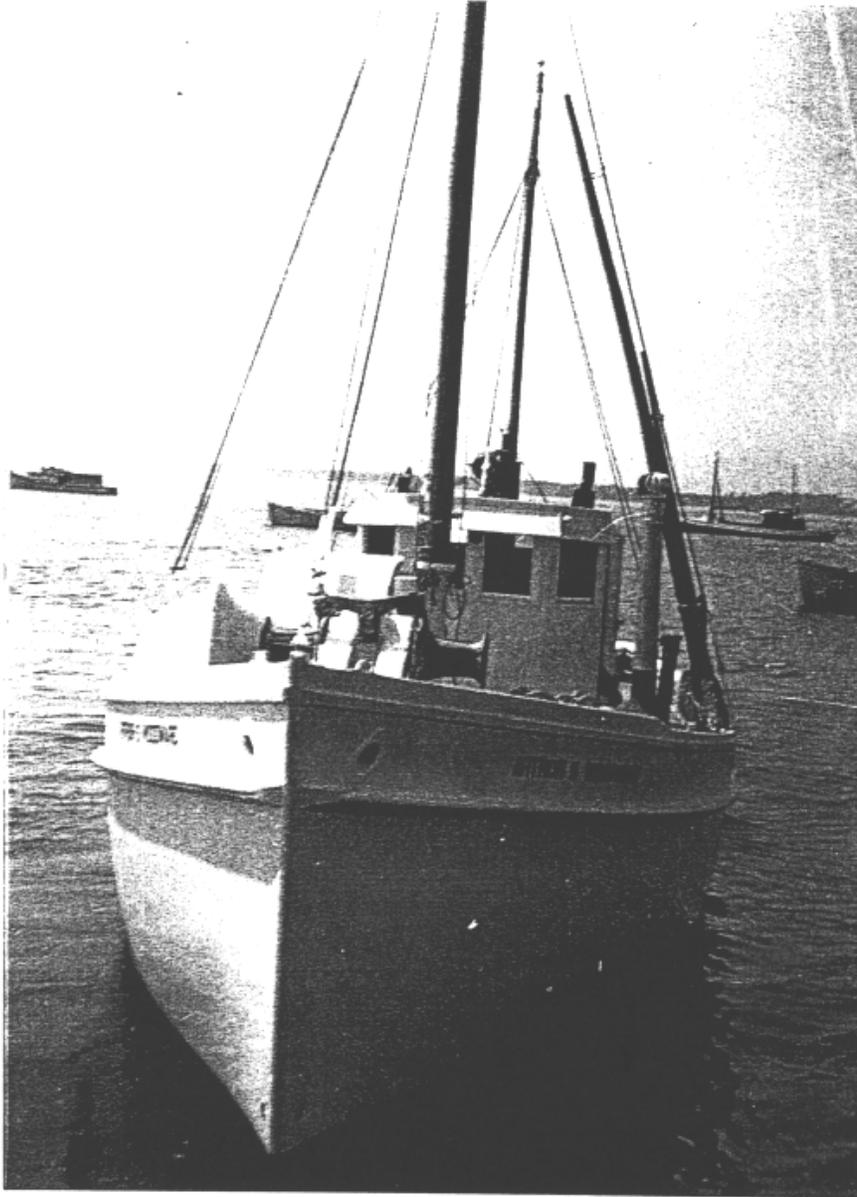


LOBSTERS: A 1950s TRIP IN A LOBSTER SMACK



Arthur S. Woodward



By

ARTHUR S. WOODWARD

PROLOGUE

This story begins in Beals, Maine. The story is based on an actual trip in the lobster smack *Arthur S. Woodward*. Much of the story reflects actual events during this trip. Beals is an island across the Moosabec Reach from Jonesport. The Reach is a west to east stretch of water approximately four miles long that separates Beals and neighboring islands from the mainland. Beals is about midway between the ends of the Reach, where the Reach is about a half mile wide. A few years after this trip occurred a bridge was built to connect Beals and Jonesport. The *Arthur S. Woodward* played a significant historical part in the beginning of the bridge, towing the barge that brought the power shovel to the island to begin the Beals end, and towing the first barge loads of concrete for the bridge piers. Beals is 56 miles from Ellsworth and 20 miles from Machias. Some 35 miles to the west from Beals Acadia National Park's Cadillac Mountain can be seen. Grand Manan, New Brunswick, Canada, is about 35 miles to the east from Beals. This story will be appealing to those who like boats and being on the water, and to those interested in things maritime, whether adventure or history. So, hurry up and get aboard for a trip in a lobster smack. We're going away!

In Beals it is just growing daylight and thick-a-fog as Dad (Vernal) and I get to the wharf with our two small pieces of luggage and boxes of grub for the trip. It is a summer morning in the early 1950s, when I was maybe 18 years of age. We'd gone to the store last evening and bought groceries, enough to last four men for three days. Also in preparation we'd gotten fuel and water, and we had kindling wood and hard coal for the Shipmate range down in the foc'sle. We had everything in readiness for our trip in the lobster smack. Because of the size of the crew and the time we would be gone we'd taken on an extra tub of fresh water and put it down for'ard in the cabin floor. Dad had tossed a small stick into the water, and said it would keep the water from sloshing out in a sea. Sure enough, the water didn't spill. The others of our crew gather at the wharf and we proceed down under the shore to the dory, in which we'll row out to the smack. The smack is on her mooring, barely visible to us in the semidarkness and that thick dungeon fog. It is that kind of pea soup fog that makes everything wet.

Our crew is Dad, the skipper and owner (“Cap’n V. O.”), Capt. Stevie Peabody (“Cap’n Guns”), Capt. Ami Peabody (“Cap’n Mike”), and myself (“Cap’n Arthur”). Yes, some around home called me that. Later on I did hold the captain’s papers for the *Kenneth D.*, our sardine boat which I skippered to tow the barge loaded with concrete in building the Jonesport – Beals bridge). Stevie and Ami were brothers and they were both retired captains of schooners, the sailing “coasters” that were the seagoing “trucks” of the coast. Many of the coasters were converted into “windjammers” that became so popular for passenger cruises.

We load the provisions and our sparse luggage and all get in the dory and shove off. In a few minutes we row up alongside our smack, the *Arthur S. Woodward*. There is something about how a smack looks on the mooring that is very special. They look stable, able, settled, sturdy, seaworthy, trim, and ready for sea; in a word, beautiful. They are adapted to their environment, much as a duck is suited to water.

A smack is a vessel built with a well that has the free circulation of sea water to keep lobsters or fish alive until they are unloaded. Smacks are used in various parts of the world. A lobster smack had the well amidships. The well had vertical watertight bulkheads fore and aft up to the waterline. From the tops of the bulkheads and in from the sides of the smack four watertight well decks sloped inward from the waterline up to the hatch coamings. The hatch was a rectangular opening in the deck of the smack. The hatch opening would be covered with hatch covers that were flush with the deck. A superstition was that you never turned hatch covers upside down, because if you did it was a sign the vessel would sink. The well had a middle partition that ran fore and aft. In bigger smacks, such as ours, there was a transverse partition, so the well was divided into quarters up to the waterline. The partitions kept the lobsters from sloshing around too much when it was rough, and they also served as a fulcrum when bailing lobsters as well as a surface to help get the lobsters into the dip net when unloading. The bottom of the smack in the well was bored full of holes, hence the designation “wet well smack”. The partitions were also bored full of holes, so the sea water could circulate well, and provide the lobsters with oxygenated water. When a smack was loaded with lobsters the lobsters would fill the well up to about the top of the partitions. When loaded like that our smack would hold about 16,000 pounds of lobsters. To look at a smack you couldn’t tell whether she was loaded. The load was displacing the free flowing sea water. Sometimes the lobsters would be rounded up with maybe a thousand or two more on top, above water level. You have to be careful that the lobsters don’t smother, so that means you have to keep a loaded smack moving almost all the time, for circulation in the well. The *Arthur S. Woodward* was the

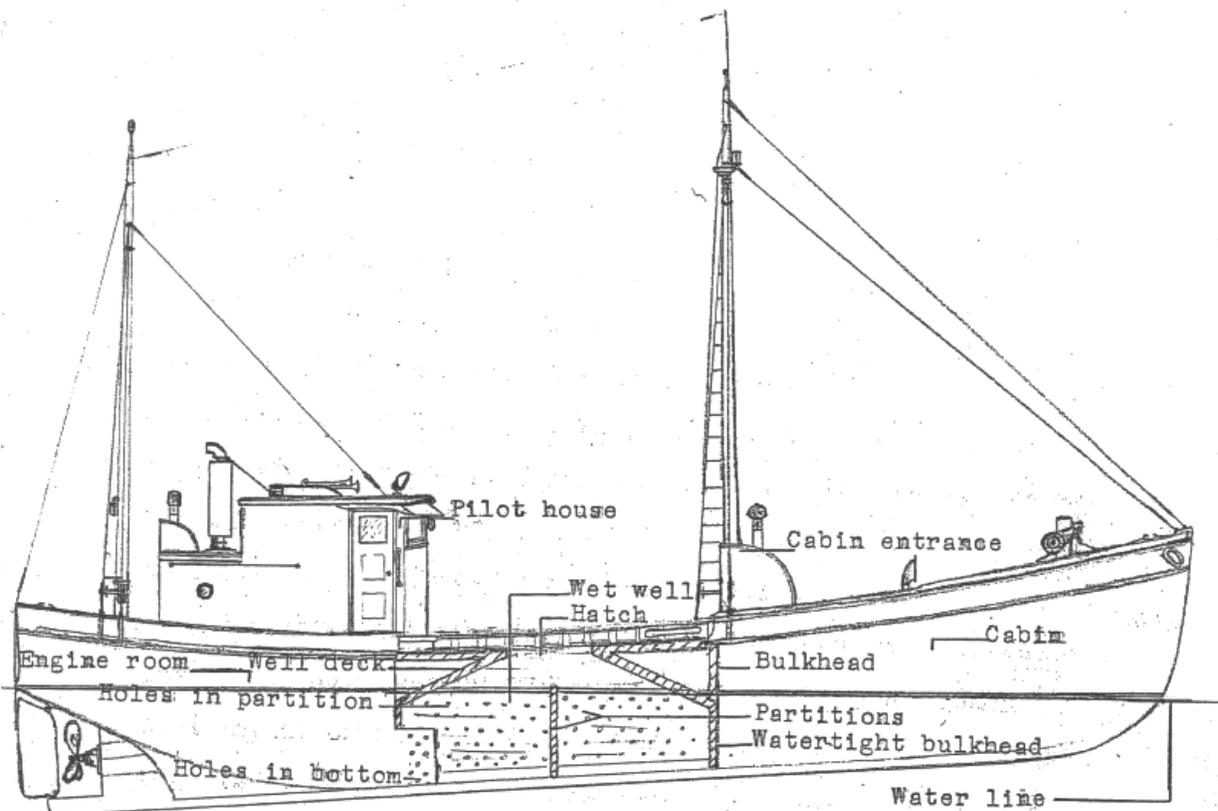
last well smack built. She was launched in 1949 in Beals. She was 60' long, 16' wide, and drew 6' of water. See Illustration.

This day we are bound for Grand Manan, an island in New Brunswick, Canada. We are to buy and load lobsters there and take them to Portland, Maine, for selling to a wholesale dealer. The idea is to make a profit on the trip. From a trip's gross profit came deductions for crew wages, fuel, food, any wear and tear, other operating expenses, and (sometimes the big one) shrinkage. Shrinkage is not selling as many pounds as you bought. This could be largely due to dead, weak, and broken lobsters your buyer won't take. The captain of the smack has to be cautious to protect his load and to be careful when unloading to keep shrinkage to a minimum. Going to Grand Manan runs in our family. Dad and his father, Capt. Lewis C. Woodward, and my other grandfather, Capt. Lad Simmons, all went to Grand Manan after lobsters. The January, 1928, *Atlantic Fisherman* had an item about Papa (Lad) going to Grand Manan for lobsters during the season there. Papa had the smack *Aerolite* at that time. My going to Grand Manan makes it three generations going down there to get lobsters. Incidentally, one of our Woodward ancestors came from Grand Manan, and, there's a Woodward's Cove there.

We get the luggage and grub up on deck and then haul the dory up over the rail on the starboard side and on deck. The plug in the drain hole in the bottom of the dory is pulled, to drain her out and to drain water that would get in her from spray or rain. We usually put the dory on the starboard side, maybe because we seem to use the pilothouse door on the port side more than the starboard door. The dory will serve as a tender, and, as a lifeboat if we need one.

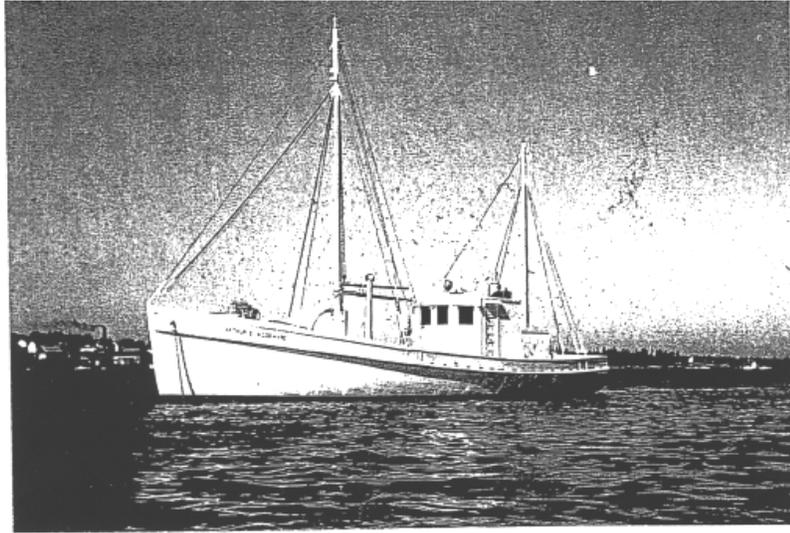
Ami and Stevie take the grub and bags down for'ard and get the fire going. Dad goes into the pilothouse and gets things ready in there, which includes taking the cover off the compass box and setting the clock in the pilothouse. The clock is a regular Big Ben type manually wound alarm clock that usually resided in the bunk that was built across the after end of the pilothouse.

The pilothouse looks good inside, finished with narrow matched lumber that is varnished. Mom had made blue curtains for the front of the bunk and the after windows. The steering wheel is varnished wood with spokes. The compass is centered on the shelf, directly for'ard of the wheel. The shift lever and throttle are brass, all nicely polished. The rolled up charts are in their racks between the beams of the ceiling. Generally, older smacks had pilothouses built right on the deck. Our smack's pilothouse floor is raised up about a foot above the deck. There are four windows in the front of the pilothouse. In good weather it is nice to open the

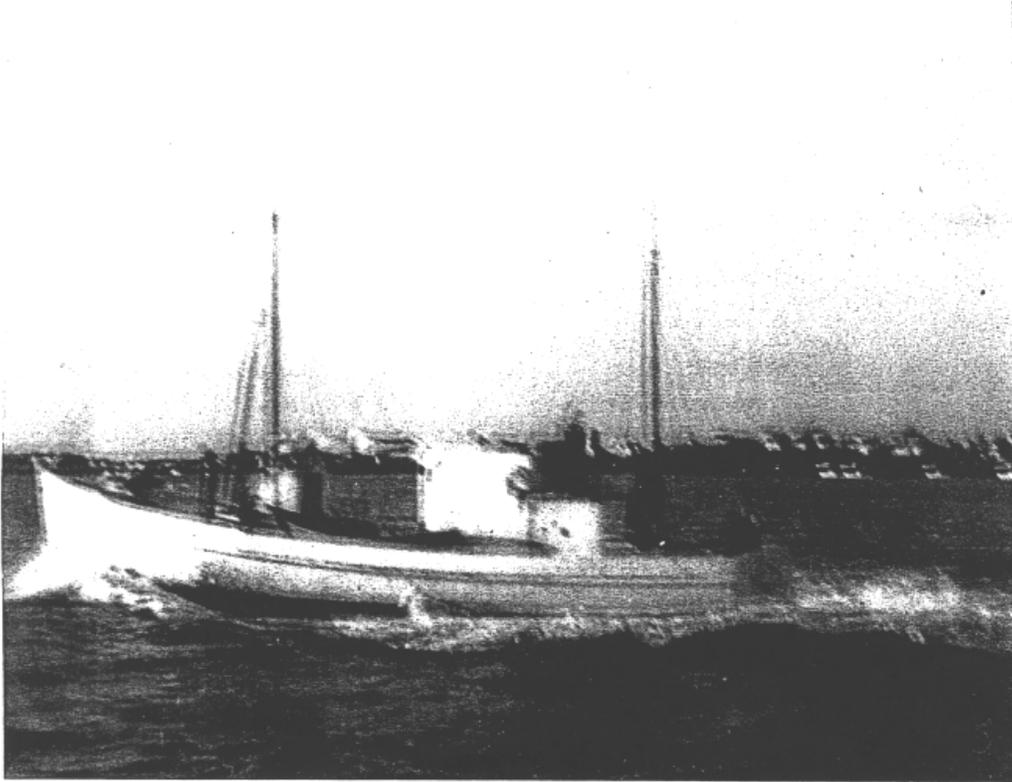


WET - WELL LOBSTER SMACK

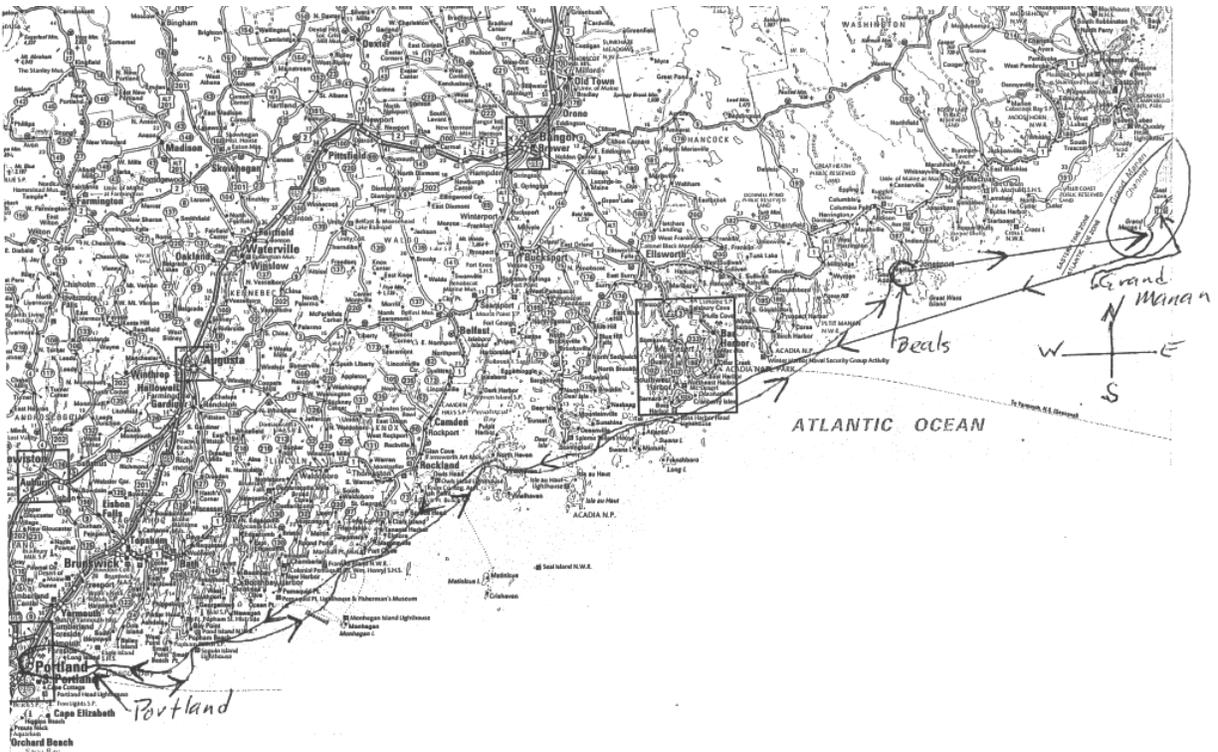
ASW



The "Arthur S. Woodward" on her mooring.



The "Arthur S. Woodward" making 10 knots westbound through the Reach with a load of lobsters from Grand Manan.





The well smack "Arthur S. Woodward"
Top right: smack "Grace M. Cribby"

window you are looking through when steering. In the pilothouse is a tall four-legged stool, standard equipment in lobster smacks. The stool helped during long watches at the wheel. There is a door by the end of the bunk in the pilothouse leading to the ladder, the inside passage, that goes down to the engine room.

I go down in the engine room to start the diesel, our propulsion engine. Going down into the engine room gives you that wonderful combined smell of diesel fuel, bilge water, paint that had been heated, gasoline for the lighting plant, and hard grease and lubricating oil. The diesel is a 165 horsepower GM 6-71 with a 3:1 reduction gear, and turns a 36" X 30" three blade propeller. The main electrical switch is turned on, and the engine cooling water intake valve is turned on. The oil level is good. With a squirt of ether into the air intake and hitting the starter button she comes to life with her characteristic knocking rumbling sound. Making sure everything was OK in the engine room and bilge, I go on deck. We take in the fenders, which are used tires. The fenders have been painted white so that the black won't smudge the white lobster boats when they come along side to sell lobsters when we're buying at home aboard the smack. The smack is painted white, also. The fenders are piled down on the stern, where the wire baskets and lines are kept. (You never go out with the fenders over the side) We put the lifelines up. The lifelines run from the fore rigging to the mainmast rigging, about chest high. Lifelines are standard procedure when going out. They are to help prevent someone from falling over the rail and going overboard. Dad and I go on the bow and get ready to let the mooring go. We pass the buoy line out through the hawspipe where the chain is and bring the end up and tie on the mooring buoy. The buoy is an unpainted roughly hewn log about three feet long. The chain is unwound off the windlass and let go through the hawspipe with a resounding rattle that reverberates in Barney's Cove. The buoy is tossed into the water. The smack is free. The diesel is idling with her pulsating rumble – ready to go. Dad goes aft to the pilothouse and pushes the manual shift lever to forward, and rolls the wheel down to turn to starboard to head down the Reach. Another old seagoing superstition is that whenever possible you make turns "with the sun", clockwise. You also coil lines on deck in a clockwise direction.

We head down the Reach, jogging along at first, to let the diesel warm up. As we pass our home Dad gives three short blasts of the whistle to salute and say goodbye to Mom (Thelma). We knew she'd be praying for us as we made our way to the east'ard in the fog, and during the rest of the trip as well. The whistle will be sounded every few minutes in the fog. Dad pushes the throttle ahead to get the diesel up to 1750 RPM, which gives us 10 knots. Ten knots is our cruising speed,

which is one mile every six minutes. Shortly we pass the Horse Rock, and going out through the eastern end of the Reach we pass the Bungy. Soon we're heading for the bell off Mark Island. We make the bell buoy, and head generally easterly, passing The Jumper. We change course a little for Libby Island Light. We'll listen for Libby's fog signal when we get there.

Navigating in fog is a step by step process. You set your course (from the chart if needed, using parallel rules) from the mark where you are to the next mark. You establish the distance from where you are to your next mark (from the chart if needed, using dividers), and since distance = speed X time, therefore time from where you are to the next mark equals miles divided by speed. In our case, if the distance is 20 miles and our speed is 10 knots the time required to cover that distance is 2 hours. You run your time between marks almost up, factoring in wind and tide, then slow down and listen for the fog signal, bell buoy, or whistling buoy. If you don't hear it you might jog on course for a minute or two, then listen again. If you think you've run up your distance and still don't hear your mark's sound, you shut the engine off and listen. When you shut the engine off in a smack you hear the water in the well slopping around as she rolls or jumps in the sea. If you are running to a silent mark, such as a can buoy, you hunt around until you find it, if possible. The captain of a smack remembers a lot of courses, distances, and times, and doesn't always use his charts. We are using compass points to steer by, not degrees. Dad had taught me to box a compass some time ago. Fog plays tricks on you. If you are on lookout you think you see the buoy you're looking for, you think you see another boat, a ledge, etc., when there's nothing there. We have no radar, no depth finder, no LORAN, and of course, no GPS, or any other electronic navigation devices. We do have a ship to shore radio. A typical radio call would be: "The *Arthur Woodward*, WC 6022, to the *Grace Cribby*, come in, 'Bub'... [conversation, punctuated by 'over' or 'go ahead', then]... The *Arthur Woodward*, WC 6022 clear". ("Bub" was Capt. Obed Peabody who had the smack *Grace M. Cribby*) We also have an aneroid barometer in the pilothouse that had come from one of our previous smacks, the *Pauline McLoon*. We make Libby Island and let her go to the east'ard for Southern Head (Southwest Head, Grand Manan). As we approach those high cliffs of Southern Head with the short lighthouse atop the cliffs the fog starts to scale up. We go around Southern Head and go into Seal Cove, where we tie up to a lobster car, put the dory overboard, and shut off the engine, some four hours after leaving home. Since we are in a Canadian port we have to enter and clear Canadian Customs. Dad gets a fellow to take us in his truck to North Head to the Customs office. We get the Customs business cared for and go back to Seal Cove.

The crew to load us arrives and we take in part of a load there in Seal Cove. We load the lobsters from a lobster car. A lobster car is a large wooden rectangular solid with spaces between planks on the sides and bottom for circulation. It is partitioned off into several pens, and has a deck with a door into each pen. A car floats very low in the water. Getting the lobsters from the car involves bailing the lobsters from the pens. Lobsters are bailed with dip nets. A dip net has a pole for a handle attached to a wrought iron rim that is straight across on its leading edge. From the rim hangs a hand-knitted mesh bag, with a tail rope hanging from the bottom. When helping the man bailing the helper will assist in lifting the full net and grab the tail rope and dump the lobsters out of the net. The lobsters are picked over and put into wire baskets or crates for weighing and dumping into the well. The heavy wire baskets hold 100 pounds, and have tail ropes. Our scales are cast iron and steel Fairbanks. We take in a few thousand pounds, then start the engine, cast off, and go up to Grand Harbour where we take in several thousand pounds. We return to Seal Cove to finish up our load, or “trip” as it is called. When we finish loading it is evening. Interspersed in the day had been dinner and supper. The engine is started. We’ve gotten the deck cleaned up and washed down. We have a deck hose that runs off of the engine, in addition to the draw bucket. The dory is back on deck, and we are getting ready to go out. Cap’n Guns is putting up the life line. I bend down to pick up a lobster claw from the deck just as he draws the line tight. The line hits my glasses and knocks them off and they go over the side into the water. I stand by the rail and watch them sink. I said, “I’m going after them!” Dad said, “No, you’re not! That water’s deep and it’s coming on night! You’ll never find them.” I could see OK without them. As far as I know those plastic frame glasses are still at the bottom of Seal Cove.

The lines are cast off, and taken in and coiled up. In the well we have 16,000 pounds of live lobsters. We clear the lobster cars and head out of Seal Cove, Grand Manan, bound for Portland, Maine. Portland is approximately 180 sea miles to the west’ard, or about 18 hours away. The diesel is turned up to 1750 RPM and the smack takes on her big long bow wave and wake, making a strong steady 10 knots with the engine screaming her delightful characteristic loud exhaust. When you go down in the engine room with that engine turning 1750 you cannot hear much of anything else. You can yell at someone standing on the other side of the engine and he may not even hear you. And again, the engine room smells some good with the engine running. The engine room light is turned on. We’ll look down into the engine room from the door in the pilothouse or through the engine room door on deck many times during the night, just to check to see if everything is OK. We go out past Southern Head and head westerly for Moose Peak Light, which is on Mistake Island off Beals.

We turn on the running lights as night settles down. The smack looks pretty at night with her regulation navigation lights and a few other lights we have on. There is a 180 degree white bow light high on the foremast, a white 360 degree light on top of the mainmast and higher than the bow light, and 90 degree red (port) and green (starboard) sidelights on the sides of the top of the pilothouse. Coming from the doghouse doorway you can see a soft glow from the light we keep on down in the cabin. There's a dim glow in the pilothouse from the binnacle light over the compass, and light shows from the porthole in the engine room and from the engine room door. It is the prettiest kind of a night. We can see Moose Peak Light for many miles, long before we get to it. We cross the international line into American waters. I steer much of the way from Southern Head to Moose Peak. I read Psalm 93 for my devotional reading about midnight as we're outside of Moose Peak and home.

We're continuing westerly, and pass outside of Petit Manan Light and on past Schoodic. We are going to go "up through the land" rather than staying off shore, since it is a clear night.. This means we're going along the coast among the islands, passing Baker's Island Light, Bass Harbor Head Light, Stonington, and on through Fox Island Thoroughfare between North Haven and Vinalhaven. Dad and I go down for'ard and turn in to get a little sleep, and Stevie and Ami have the watch. The diesel is singing her familiar song, and Dad and I drop off to sleep. Any sudden change of sound or motion would bring Dad instantly awake. Shortly before we would have shifted fuel tanks, as we approach Fox Island Thoroughfare, the engine starts to slow down! Dad wakes up immediately, and I do, too. He jumps out of his bunk, hurries up the gangway, and runs down aft to the engine room, rushes down the companionway and quickly turns on the other fuel tank. I am right behind him. The diesel picks up the new supply of fuel and resumes her 1750 RPM. Thank the Lord, the engine is not air bound. Had she gotten air bound by running out of fuel we could have been disabled for quite a while. We would have been stopped with a full load of lobsters, and that could have been disastrous for the trip. We proceed across Penobscot Bay, and then we pass outside of Rockland and by Owl's Head Light and go through Mussel Ridge Channel (where you have to watch out because the "red right returning" rule seems to be reversed in the Channel).

It is a beautiful morning as we pass Pemaquid Point Light and then the Boothbay Harbor area. On such days it is fun to "watch her go." Watching her go means standing down aft or in the engine room doorway and watching the interesting wake of the smack as she makes her 10 knots. We look at Seguin Light ahead of

us. It's the highest light on the coast because it is set on top of the high island. Dad thinks it is time to notify the dealer in Portland of our arrival time. Dad calls the Boston Marine Operator on the radio, and has the operator call Mom on the telephone. They patch us through and we chat with Mom. Dad asks her to call the dealer in Portland and tell him when we expect to be in. As we get into the area off the mouth of the Kennebec River Dad points out the brown appearance of the water surface. That is fresh water from the Kennebec floating on the sea water. We swing farther off shore to get away from the fresh water that would kill our lobsters. We pass Halfway Rock Light and are nearing Portland. We go in through the Passage, with Portland Head Light off our port side as we turn into Portland Harbor. Our smack doesn't look very big compared to the ocean going tankers in South Portland.

We go in to the dealer's wharf and tie up. We are near a big coalier that is unloading coal. The engine is shut off and the dory goes overboard and is tied to the stern of the smack. The sheets of the furled fores'le are undone and the sail is swung over to the starboard side and tied to a shroud, so it is out of the way when we are bailing lobsters. It's swung to the side opposite from where we'll bail one side of the well. The hatch covers are removed and carefully placed aft beside the engine room. We untie the two big dip nets from the port fore rigging where they are kept. Each dip net will hold 100 pounds of lobsters. Dad takes one big dip net and I take the other. We stand on the port side and start bailing the lobsters from the starboard side of the well. We bring up those full nets and Ami and Stevie reach down and help us lift the nets to the deck on the starboard side of the hatch where the nets are dumped and the lobsters are picked over and taken off the smack for weighing and storage. The first half of the unloading is completed in about half an hour. Dad and I have bailed about 8,000 pounds of lobsters in that short time. It is important to work quickly because half of our load has been in the stopped smack for that period of time. We start the engine, cast off, back out, sound the whistle because we are leaving a dock, and go out into the harbor to "sail the lobsters". Sailing the lobsters is getting up to a good speed and doing circles, figure eights, etc., and going through your wake to give the lobsters good circulation. After a few minutes we go back in to the wharf, and tie up the other way so that we can bail the port side. The fores'le is tied off on the other side, and we reverse the positions of bailing. We finish bailing the port side of the well, and clean out both sides with the little net. The smack now has a coating of coal dust from the coalier. Dad and the dealer complete their transaction. We had a good trip of lobsters and they "came out good." Since we came in from a foreign port we must enter U. S. Customs. Dad and I walk up to the Customs House and take care of the Customs details. When we get back down to the smack we are delighted to

see that Stevie and Ami have washed her down and cleaned up the coal dust. The hatch covers are back on the hatch. The fores'l is sheeted home. The dip nets are lashed back to the rigging. Since it has been a full day we will stay in Portland overnight. We get fuel. The weather looks good for tomorrow. We tie up at a dock away from the coal dust, and have some supper.

When you think of good smells aboard of a lobster smack, those that come from the cabin when a meal is being cooked are delightful. Smelling bacon frying, beef, potatoes, carrots, and onions boiling, biscuits baking, steak, hamburger, ham frying, lobsters boiling, lobster stew simmering. or toast being made in the oven (the bread is buttered before it goes into the oven), will make you ready to eat. When you are underway the protocol is that the skipper eats first and the cook goes up and takes the wheel. When I cooked on the smack I'd get the meal ready and I'd go up and steer while Dad would go down for'ard and eat. No matter what I'd made, he'd always say it was good. Then I'd go down and eat and clean up and wash the dishes. The table has a rail around it to help keep dishes on the table in rough weather. The stove has rails around the top, too. Another good smell would be the smoke from the stovepipe. Sometimes some diesel exhaust would blow into the pilothouse when you were running before the wind, and that would smell good, unless you got too much of it.

Very early in the morning of Day 3 we start the engine, haul the dory aboard, cast off, take the lines in, coil them up, put up the lifelines, and move slowly out into Portland Harbor. When the diesel is warmed up Dad turns her up to 1750 RPM and the smack settles down to her steady 10 knots. We are going easterly down around the Port Clyde area when we see a schooner under full sail ahead of us. It is a beautiful day and there isn't much wind so she is just ghosting along. It is the old coaster *Alice Wentworth*. She's all painted up for her summer's work and carrying a group of passengers on a windjammer cruise. What a pretty sight! Ami and Stevie had gone captain of just such vessels when they carried freight along the coast. They just stand on deck and gaze at that schooner as we approach her. We pass her and Stevie stands on deck down by the engine room and watches her. Ami comes in the pilothouse and gets on his knees on the bench for'ard of the bunk and watches her out of the after window. As we come through the Mussel Ridges and head across Penobscot Bay we see a U. S. Navy destroyer escort running speed trials up and down the bay. The Navy had a speed test course there. That DE is running at what looks to be flank speed and is dragging up a huge wake. When we cross her wake it is like being in very heavy chop. We continue to the east'ard. We should be home this evening. We pass Petit Manan Light (16 miles to go), and head in toward Nash's Island Light. From Nash's Island we have eight more miles

to go. We come in through Tibbitt's Narrows and in by the northerly end of Hardwood Island. We now have two miles to go. From Hardwood Island we can see down the Reach, and our home island, Beals. (There was a tall spruce tree that stood alone by the shore at the northerly side of the Shelter Woods, and it was a good mark to steer for toward our mooring as you came down the Reach)

We come down the Reach to the mooring, slow down, and round up to pick up the buoy. Stevie, Ami, and I are on the bow. I take the boat hook and hook the buoy line and pull the buoy up so we can get it in over the side and untie the mooring line. Dad throws the engine out of gear. The end of the buoy line is passed in through the hawspipe and we haul it in through. When the top chain comes up we put it on the windlass drum and use the windlass bars to haul up enough chain to have some turns on the drum and a few half hitches across the two heads on top of the windlass. We take in the lifelines and wash down the decks. The cabin has been cleaned, the three bunks are made up, and the oak floor has been washed. The hot cast iron Shipmate stove has been shined with a piece of smoked shoulder rind (making another good smell). The fire in the stove is now dying down and is OK. The brass in the pilothouse has been polished and the pilothouse floor has been washed. I go down in the engine room and check things out. The engine is shut off, the main switch is turned off, and the water intake valve is closed. It is hot in the engine room, but it is quiet now except for a few sounds such as the clicking of the engine cooling off and some water draining out of piping. The engine has been faithful and has done everything we asked of her. The dory is put overboard and our bags are put in. We do a final check and look around to make sure that everything is OK. The pilothouse door, the cabin doors, and the engine room doors are closed. Everything must be left clean and ship shape.

We all get in the dory and push away from the *Arthur S. Woodward*. As we row ashore we look back at the smack, now securely on the mooring. With a little imagination you can sense that the smack feels satisfaction for a job well done on the long trip.

EPILOGUE

Before there were engine driven well smacks there were sail powered well smacks. Both of my grandfathers went captain of sail smacks. The era of engine powered well smacks lasted a relatively short time, essentially about the first half of the 1900s into the mid-1950s. It has been nearly a half century since lobsters were transported in a well smack. Whether they were powered by steam, gasoline, or diesel engines, American well smacks ranged from Anticosti Island in the Gulf of

St. Lawrence (Quebec), up and down the coast of Nova Scotia, to New Brunswick, to ports, harbors, coves, islands, and gunk holes along the Maine coast, to Boston and North Shore ports in Massachusetts, to Block Island, RI, and all the way to Montauk, Long Island, NY. Those courageous capable lobster smack captains went in all kinds of weather, day in and day out, day and night, year round. Did they run lobster smacks simply as one part of a lobster's journey from a lobster trap to a person's dinner plate in some far off place? Absolutely not! And yes, it was a good way to earn a living, but I think it was considerably more than all of that. I believe it was something in the going in a smack, the experiences, the challenges, the responsibilities, the satisfaction of work well done, the application of knowledge, the enjoyment of the work, the intangibles sensed by skippers and crews that definitely overshadowed the simple pragmatic aspects of lobster transportation. It was the very being on a lobster smack rather than the basic reason as to why we were running the smack that seemed to take precedence.

As trucks took over the transportation of lobsters the lobster smacks phased out. They had fulfilled their role in the lobster industry during their era in maritime history along the coasts of the northeast United States and Canadian Maritimes.

There were numerous American well smacks during the period of their existence. The well smacks *Aerolite*, *Pauline McLoon*, *Grace M. Cribby*, and *Arthur S. Woodward* have been mentioned. Some other well smacks were *Flora Belle*, *Thelma*, *Susie O. Carver*, *Satellite*, *Mina and Lizzy*, *Verna G.*, *H. A. Johnson*, *Adele Mcloon*, *Trimembral*, *Louise McLoon*, *Frances Evelyn*, *Chester T. Marshall*, *Lynn*, and *Silas McLoon*. The operating procedures and protocols on our smack were not too different from those on other smacks. It was as if there had been an unwritten guidebook for operating lobster smacks. As a boy growing up I was on lobster smacks, I paid attention, and learned how to run a smack. My dad and my grandfathers were good teachers.

On August 19, 1999, Lois, Dad, and I went out to Grand Manan on the ferry from Black's Harbour, N. B. We had the privilege of standing with Dad on the high cliffs of Southern Head, near that short little lighthouse. Coming from the direction of Lubec, Maine, was a Canadian sardine boat that was about the size of the *Arthur S. Woodward*. She was painted white and reminded us of the smack, and we thought and commented about how our smack had looked coming by Southern Head in the 1950s.

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