

# THE DAUNTLESS CLUB



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**I**n the autumn of the year 1905 Frank Cooley and I purchased two of the New York thirties then at the end of their first season, the Linnet and the Oriole. The Oriole came from Henry Walters. They were both in storage at the Herreshoff yard at Bristol, Rhode Island, and over the following 30th of May holiday Frank and I went down to sail them home. I remember at that time I met John B. Herreshoff. He seemed to me a very old man but I imagine he wasn't over sixty. He had a white beard and when I shook hands with him he ran his fingers over my arm and hand and up to the shoulder. He talked with me some time about the boats and then left the room and the office boy turned and said, "If I didn't *know* he was blind—I know he sees more than he ever lets on". I didn't meet Mr. Nat until many years afterwards. The boats were laid up under

canvas cover outdoors which the Herreshoffs preferred to housing under a roof.

The particulars of the voyage down have escaped my memory and I didn't begin to keep logs until the following year, but arriving at Essex we tied the boats up at the sail loft wharf. George Ladd who had been with me on the Procyon for two years was in charge of my boat and a man named Jim was with him. During the season Frank secured the services of Captain Jerome Pratt of Essex, who, many years before, had taught me to sail.

As we left the boats we landed at what was later Aaron Perkins shipyard. From here we started across the hill on which stood the old Lay house to reach the Inn where we could get in touch with Bert Platt who ran the one horse shay which connected with the railroad train. As we passed the Lay house we noticed that a new piazza was being put on the front and workmen were busy there and Tom Smith stood out in front and gave orders. We asked him what he was doing and he said they had formed a club to be known as the Dauntless Club and the dues were only \$5.00 and would we like to be members. We said that we would and that was the last we knew about the Dauntless Club until November came.



I asked Frank to go down to Essex with me, stop at the new club to which we belonged and go over to Hamburg Ferry and shoot partridge. He thought it would be fine so we dressed for cold weather and went to Essex on the train with our guns and ammunition and our warmest clothes. The Club was in full swing when we arrived there in the evening. Louis Heublein's captain, Captain Anderson, was a member and Tom Coulter and Tom Smith and others whose names escape me today. There for the first time I met Jim Pratt, a tall rather