

Rose Dorothea loved it — and Captain Perry loved his wife. The schooner stayed as it was.

Another Provincetown man now living was on the Rose Dorothea during that famous race at the time. He is Marion Perry, proprietor of Perry's Market. Captain Perry, skipper of the schooner, was his uncle and his father, the late Manuel Perry, was first mate on the Rose Dorothea.

After the death of his wife, Manuel Perry took his three small boys aboard ship with him, leaving his fourth child, a daughter, in the care of relatives. Thus it was that young Marion Perry, named for his uncle, and his two brothers, William and Ernest, a few years older, were aboard the schooner during the famous race. (Neither William nor Ernest is now living).

Oldtime fishermen here say the market proprietor's father, the first mate, would lash his smallest son to a mast when a storm swept the vessel to send tons of water rolling over her decks. Marion Perry knew all kinds of weather then. Now, he says, he gets seasick on a trip past Wood End.

The Rose Dorothea, says her surviving crew member, Manuel (Cowboy) Marshall, carried a 27-man crew and went to the Georges Banks. A couple of days at home and the crew was back on the ship, fishing on the banks in fair weather and foul, Winter as well as Summer.

It was nothing, says Cowboy, to go out in a dory on the banks on a cold one o'clock in the morning to set lines. Sometimes dorymen got caught in a snowstorm, sometimes in fog. They carried "only a compass and horn" and prayed their vessel would find them when visibility returned.

But No One Was Hungry

But they didn't start out hungry, Cowboy assures you. They breakfasted before they went — on "steak, eggs, hot biscuits, coffee — anything you wanted. The crew altogether paid a healthy sum each week for food. The money came out of their earnings and the food was the best there was."

Portuguese skippers and Portuguese crewmen were used to good food and their vessels had a reputation for both good food and good cooks. But the storms came and luck could be good or it could be poor and Cowboy has been on vessels "when you sometimes went two or three weeks without pay. If

gear or equipment was lost, the loss came out of the crew."

The surviving crew member of the Rose Dorothea was born in Provincetown, the son of the late Julius and Amelia Marshall. He started going to sea at nine, a deck boy on a Grand Banker with his father.

Until his retirement he had gone to sea all his life although he left Provincetown for Boston while he was still a young man. He was sailing now in schooners out of Boston and Provincetown was too far away for commuting in the short periods ashore. His wife dead, he returned here last December to make his home with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Days, of 17 Pearl Street.

Cowboy had seen the last great days of fishing under sail when skippers "kept on canvas sail until water came swirling around the helmsman's neck" and they "tied their halyards aloft so they couldn't shorten sail." (In her book, *Time and The Town*, the late Mary Heaton Vorse told the epic story of Provincetown skippers and the race for market when the fish was aboard).

Could Beat A Steamer

Once, she wrote, a coastwise steamer came into Provincetown Harbor to report: "Had a fishing boat pass me sailing under water." Fishermen, Mrs. Vorse said, "claimed a good Provincetown boat sailed better when her cabin house was 'most draggin'."

Cowboy Marshall's adventures at sea — and he has a big book of clippings to bear him out — can make you think of chapters from William Kittredge's great documentaries of sailing ships and sailors.

He survived a great storm of March, 1939, that wrecked ships and nearly sank the schooner *Adventurer*, of which he was a crew member. The *Adventurer* was on her way back to Boston from the Georges, about 145 miles from port, when the howling *Northeaster* caught her.

"Eight of us were in the pilot house when a huge comber, 35 feet high, hit us." Two men were swept away, part of the pilot house too. "One man, hanging to a piece of wreckage, we succeeded in pulling to the side of the ship. We almost had him aboard but after a half hour's battle he slipped away.

"The *Adventurer* was repeatedly tossed almost clear of the sea. For more than 20 hours we fought just

to keep afloat." The skipper was washed overboard, too, but crewmen brought him back aboard. Men were injured. A man in the pilot house was jammed between spokes of the wheel and had his ribs broken as the helmsman hung to the wheel.

When the battered *Adventurer* limped into port she had eight injured men, two lost and was manned by suffering, half-frozen crewmen. The story of the *Adventurer* made front-page stories in Boston newspapers and Manuel Marshall has the stories in his big book of clippings.

Mention a vessel or skipper or crewman to an oldtime fisherman here and he'll name his relatives who sailed in the ship or were members of the crew. John Marshall, a brother of Manuel (Cowboy) Marshall and the father of Police Chief Francis Marshall, was lost April 1, 1938, on the schooner *Shamrock* off Cape Sable, N.S.

A Good Man

His men called Captain Marion (Bertie) Perry of the Rose Dorothea a great skipper and a good man, if no one to fool with when he was afloat. Capt. Perry was born in St. Miguel, Azores and came to Provincetown as a child with his parents. He went to sea as a young boy on a Grand Banker and at 18 was skipper of a highliner, the *W. B. Kearne*, out of Provincetown.

Captain Perry had owned another famous schooner, the *Annie C. Perry* — he named her for his mother — and they said "a vessel like the *Annie C. Perry* couldn't sail at all if her rail came up for air."

It was the fate of both the Rose Dorothea and the *Annie C. Perry*, according to Marion Perry, nephew of the Rose Dorothea's skipper, to be torpedoed by German submarines in World War I. A report also has it that the *Jessie Costa*, runner-up in the Lipton Cup race, met the same fate. Descendants of crew members of all three vessels can be found in Provincetown.

But Manuel Marshall is the only surviving crew member of the Rose Dorothea when she sailed into Provincetown that August day with permanent possession of the Lipton Cup and a broom tied to her masthead. Marion Perry and his young brothers were passengers, so to speak, in the care of their father, the vessel's first mate. The mate had taken the motherless boy to sea with him because the

schooner was his home and life afloat was the normal expectation of Provincetown boys.

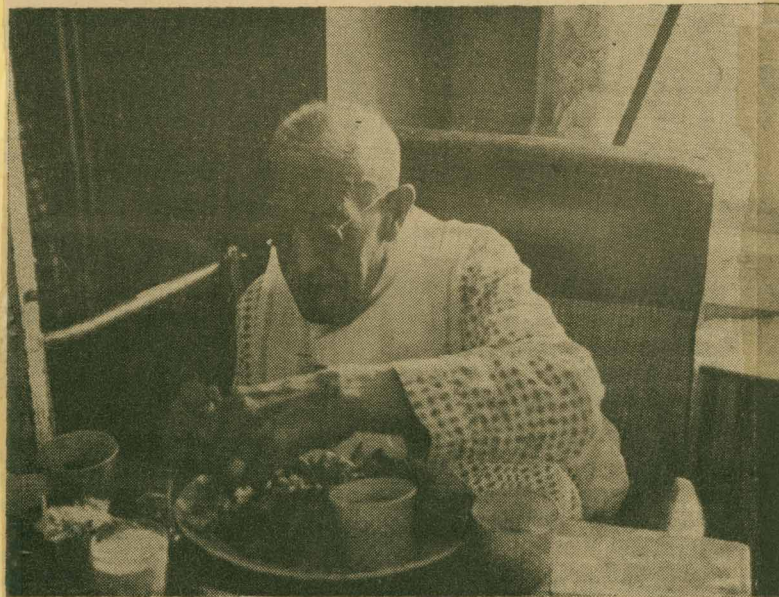
Mr. Marshall had seven children five boys and two girls. He has two sons living, Philip, of Hampton Falls, N.H., and Francis, living in California. His daughters are Mrs. Harold Burgess of Somerville and Mrs. William Days, with whom he lives.

Was A Two-Master

His days are quiet now but photographs of the Rose Dorothea hang in the Days' living room to remind him of other days. The Rose Dorothea, he says, was a two-master, schooner-rigged with three sails, a jib and a balloonier.

She was no sportsmen's expensive toy. She was built for fishing and storms but she could sail circles around anything in her class. The plaque and the cup that memorialize her also memorialize an era of saltwater history that belongs to the town.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1969



Manuel (Cowboy) Marshall, 86, only surviving member of the Lipton Cup winner, the Provincetown schooner, *Rose Dorothea*, observed his 86th birthday at the Cape End Manor August 6 with a baked stuffed lobster brought him by his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Days of 17 Pearl Street. He also had a birthday cake with a single candle.

Cowboy, a native of Provincetown and a lifelong fisherman, is a veteran of Grand Banks voyages and of the vanished days of the great fishing schooners.

Besides Mrs. Days, he has another daughter, Mrs. Harold Burgess of Somerville, a son Philip, living in New Hampshire, and nine grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren.