

though it might cost a little more. Some member suggested he had better call the meeting to order so we could take a vote on it. The chair rapped to order and a motion was read that Mr. Hooper take the schooner to Boston and have what repairs done he considered necessary and that he engage the carpenter to work by the day. Mr. Hooper asked, "Are you ready for the question?"—to which two or three jumped to their feet and called for a division of the question. The chair was stuck again, and without rapping order, insisted on putting the question in full, in spite of all opposition, ignoring the members who objected and who did not look very much pleased. A vote was taken, the chair declared it a vote, and so another battle was won. Mr. Hooper thought it was time to adjourn, and said they would have another meeting soon to see about our outfits. If we wanted anything, he could get them cheap. As we should want sleeping bags and sheepskin jackets, we could think it over before next meeting, for then it would be brought up, and without ceremony he left the chair saying he would have the Diver back in Lynn in ten days. We said good night and parted and I returned home to await my next call.

While Mr. Hooper was getting the schooner ready for Boston the wharf was crowded with people to see the wreck. Mr. Hooper abused and insulted them and raised one of the sails between the fore and main rigging, so they could not look on board. The schooner was taken away and he told the pilot she drew but eleven feet of water, when she really drew twelve, and they nearly got ashore on the bar—she was to go on the marine railway according to agreement. Mr. Hooper's nephew remained to see that she was docked but he went home. According to the nephew's story, they had the dock set for eleven feet of water, so when they came to haul her in she stuck half way and then it was high water. He tried to get a tug