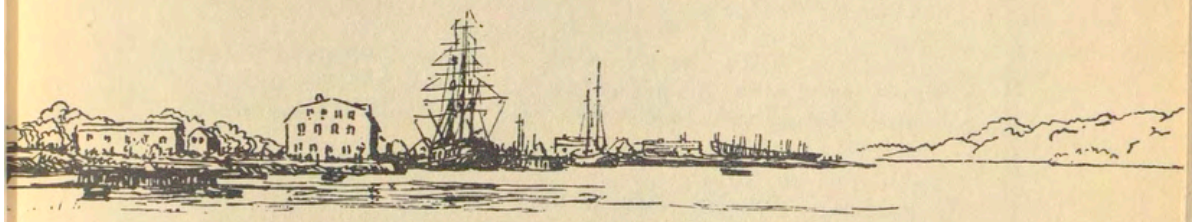
THE Log OF



MYSTIC SEAPORT

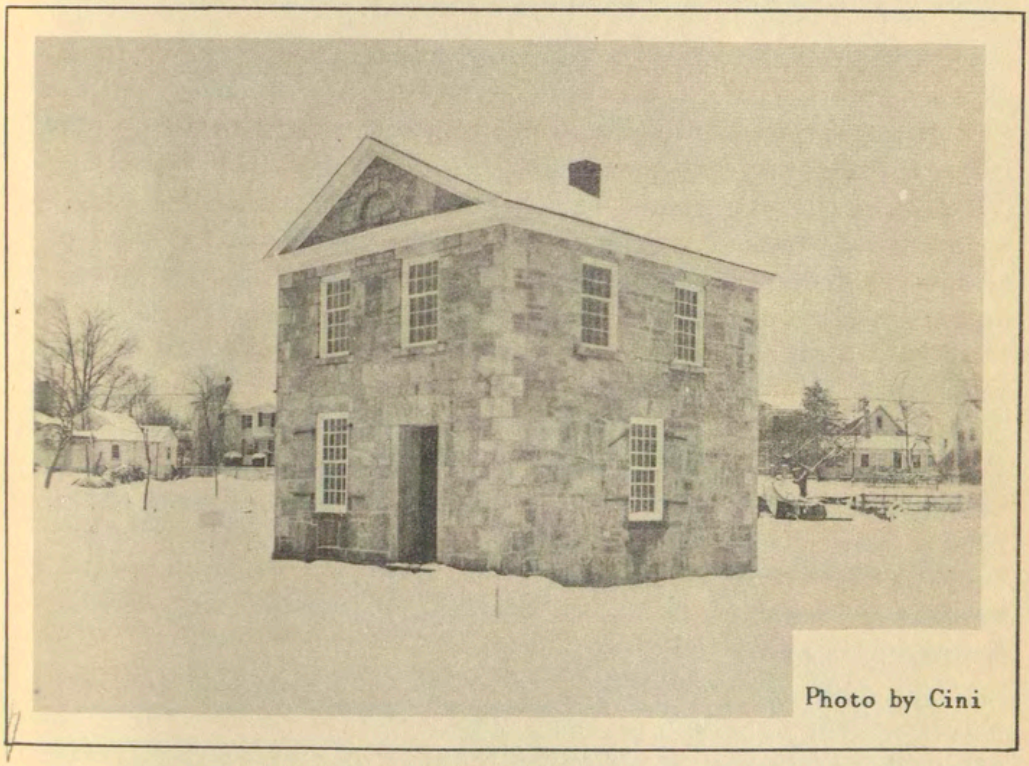


Photo by Cini

Old Mystic Bank

Now a part of Mystic Seaport

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THE LOG

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Marion Dickerman
Technician: Lois Chesebrough Editor: MacDonald Steers
Short articles on subjects of general and specific Museum-Maritime interest are invited. Send all editorial material to Editor.
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OUR COVER

The second building in place on the Seaport Street is said to be the second oldest existing bank building in the State of Connecticut. Its stones were all marked, the building dismantled and removed from its location at the Head of the River, to its new location at Mystic Seaport. Stone by stone it has been meticulously reassembled in its original form. Its vault of thick stone slabs will be a source of wonder to thousands of visitors.

Built in 1833, the bank was incorporated in May that year, with a capital of 1000 shares at $50.00 each, the stock being assigned to the original directors Elias Brown, Elisha Faxon, Elisha Haley, John Hyde, Asa Fish, Latham Hull, Nathan Daboll, Stephen Haley, Silas Beebe, George W. Noyes, Elias Hewitt and William H. Woodbridge. Elias Brown was elected President and George W. Noyes, Cashier.

In the same year Elias Brown built for himself a large, colonial type mansion nearby, now called "The House of 1833" by its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Roy T. Smith. Both the reconditioning of the mansion and the removal of the bank building have aroused great interest among local people. Old Mystic was, in those days, known as Mystic and the still-standing Woodbridge Tavern was an important stopping point for travelers on the old Boston Post Road.

Israel E. Dewey, 93, recalls that directly after the Civil War, Elias Brown one night took the Stonington boat from New York, where he had just disposed of some gold mining stock, and was met at Stonington Wharf by his farmer, Israel R. Dewey

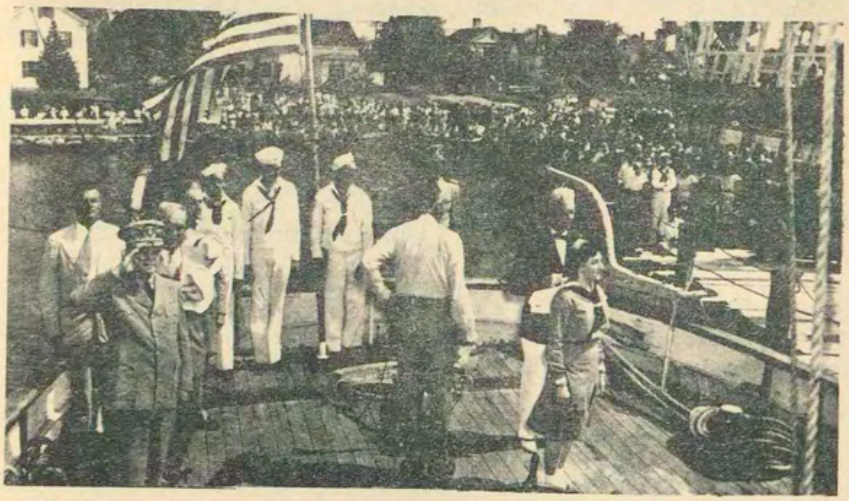
(Concluded on back cover)

UNIQUE YOUTH PROGRAM

Clarence A. Wimpfheimer, Captain of the Port and Chairman of the *Conrad* Youth Education Committee, and L. F. V. Drake, Chairman of the Operating Committee, announce the appointment of Harold L. Knights as Ships Keeper for the *Joseph Conrad* this summer. Mr. Knights will implement the educational program aboard the old frigate, and will be responsible for the physical safety and welfare of ship and youngsters. With Mrs. Knights he will live aboard for the ten weeks of the active program, from June 20th.

The Committee, composed of Mr. Wimpfheimer, Mrs. Williams Haynes and Mr. Walter F. Lathrop, solicit financial contributions, small or large, for the administration of a program of youth activity whereby boys, and girls, under satisfactory leadership, will live aboard a real square rigger, cook in the galley and stand watches under the approximate conditions of sail. A busy schedule of gams, watches and work details will enable them to touch, handle and learn to use such tools as a marlinspike or a serving mallet. With the development of the Seaport Street and its various lofts and shops, instruction will be possible in the shipbuilding trades ashore and conducted tours of the Museum will plant in their minds the very feel of history. Facilities for small boat handling will be provided and there will be actual sailing in the protected waters of the area.

The *Joseph Conrad* was built as a training ship in 1882 and trained 5,000 Danish boys for a life at sea. She has been almost continuously since then devoted to the training of youth. This is our opportunity to continue her in that role and make ours a really "living" museum. It is a unique program which should so indoctrinate thousands of youngsters in the traditions of the sailing ship period that they will go home with an inspirational vision of America's past; healthier, wiser, better citizens for having lived their lesson in history.



Presentation of Jos. Conrad for U. S. Govt., Aug. 1947

DOOLITTLE HOUSE FACADE



Photo-Courtesy Yale University

Fine example of New England dwelling-house architecture, circa 1800. Preserved for many years at Yale University, this handsome facade is now a gift from the University for use at Mystic Seaport where it will find a place on the old Seaport Street. Known as the Doolittle House, it stood on the site of the present bus terminal in New Haven.

PRACTICAL GIFT

Mrs. Harriet G. Stillman, mother of the founder of the Museum, Dr. Charles K. Stillman, was 94 years old on January 8th. Daughter of a Yankee shipbuilder, she believes in the practical. Her gift, in her 95th year, of a hundred steel, cushioned, folding chairs for use at lectures and movies, is one warmly welcomed by staff, directors, officers and public. Her gift brings to a total of 225 the number of seats constantly available for special events. At present there is no room of the Museum which will accommodate more than that number. Gone now, is the red-faced worry of "borrowing" from local churches and funeral homes, or the last-minute scramble and confusion of hustling chairs to accommodate the capacity audiences which flock to hear our speakers.



ONCE UPON A TIME, in a little, old New England town which had once been an important seaport, there was a Museum. It was only a little museum and not of much account--a little one-story, one-room affair which had been used as a machine shop for a mill. It was almost seventy years old, its eaves were quite open to the weather, it had no heat, and its roof leaked. And all it had to boast about, inside the building, was borrowed from the neighbors. It did not even own its own leaky, one-room home.

But it knew, as we all know, that if we do not have faith in ourselves we cannot expect others to have faith in us. So it had enormous Faith, did this little Museum in the one-story, one-room building with the leaky roof and no heat.

Having such an abundance of Faith, and little else, it called in all the neighbors one day and held a meeting. It said to them, "Look! I am a puny, little nobody, no bigger than any one of you. And each one of you, by yourself, is no bigger than I. Now I have heard that all a museum needs is an Angel--a big, powerful friend who will buy it what it needs. I have no such friend, and none of you is really an Angel. I have only you, my neighbors, and each one of you is scarcely better off than I. Still, all of you put together would be as big as I could ever hope, or want, to be, and all of you put together, to help me, would be the same as having an Angel."



Well all the neighbors saw that this was true, and nodded their heads. The Museum went on: "I do not wish to seem too ambitious, but I could aspire to bigger things. This town was once a bustling seaport. I should like to see it again as it was then."

Whereupon all fell silent and looked at each other sadly, and some of them even clucked their tongues--though quite secretly, of course. Until one said:

"It will take a great deal of money, and many people to do so much. I can give a little money, but only a little."

Another, taking a little courage from this, said: "I can run a typewriter. You will have letters to write. I will write your letters for you."



A third said, "I travel about a good deal. But wherever I go, I will study the systems of other museums and learn for all of us how a real museum should be run."

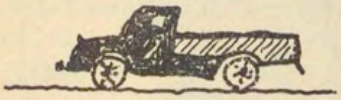


A man who was a bookkeeper said, "I will keep your books," then blushed and added, "when you have some money to keep track of."

An artist said, "I will make a sketch for a road sign, so people will come," and an advertising man said, "I will make you a poster."



Some boys who had come in because they were curious only to see what was going on, broke in: "We are Boy Scouts. We can help too. We will carry and fetch. We will do your errands..." While some Girl Scouts, not to be outdone, offered the same.



Whereupon a business man cleared his throat and said, "My company has a truck. Whenever you have heavy things,we will haul them for you."

A girl with horn-rimmed glasses spoke up: "You must have a Library. I will be your Librarian," and then she added quickly, "when you get some books!"

Another said, "I will keep your records, of all the things people give, whenever they do."

Then somebody said, "But what if people should come? Who will receive them, and show them around? Someone will have to be here all the time!"

Of course all the men who ran stores, or shops or offices, knew that was so. The others looked at each other in bewilderment. It was not such a good start, after all.

At last a woman spoke up. "I have to take care of my house and cook for my husband and children, but if I plan my work ahead I think I could give a few hours a week for this work, but I could not come every day."

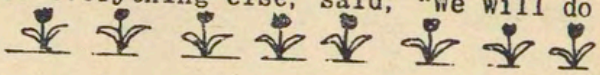
At once the other housewives saw the point and shouted, almost a chorus it was, "*We Will All Do That*. We can all give a little time--one on one day, another on another day."

And so the Museum had its hostesses, and its staff.



Others said they would go out and get members, for every museum should have members. A carpenter offered his trade; a lawyer his advice and counsel, and a banker his; and the women

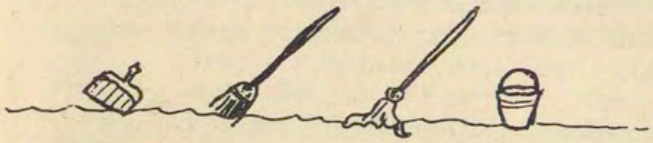
who loved a garden above everything else, said, "We will do your planting."



And so it went.

During all this time one little, bent old lady, with gnarled hands, who had come in late and taken a seat way back by the door, had been quite silent. Now she brightened, and said, "I have no talents like the rest of you, and no possessions or money to give. I clean and scrub other peoples' houses for a living. That is all I know how to do. It is certainly the least of all, but I will be glad to do that little!"

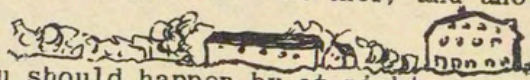
And the others looked at each other, surprised and pleased for nobody had thought of that.



The years went by. The Museum grew, but slowly; and although it didn't know it, it was the stronger for having grown so slowly. All this time it and its neighbors kept their Faith. They never lost that. The bookkeeper kept books, the typist typed, the carpenter hammered, the truck hauled, the Scouts ran and the hostesses greeted daily the visitors who came and made them feel at home.



Then one day a lady who had lived in the little New England town was so proud of her people, that she bought the little old leaky building for them, and fixed it up, and then gave them another, and another. The little Museum grew into a village, and



over the village if you should happen by at night, you might sometimes hear the flutter of wings--as if an angel were hovering about.

Next, a big business man from a big City came in. He liked the way the thing was run. "It's economical", he said, "no overhead, no waste; and everything is as neat and shipshape as can be. If", said he, "they think so much of what little they have as to keep it so in order, I can do no better than give them some of my money."

So now the Museum had both property and a little money in the bank.

Then another one came and said, "They are so proud of their poor, little belongings, and keep them so well, I will give them some of mine. I have too many, anyway, and I know such as I have will be appreciated here."

Others felt the same way about it. Some gave a hundred things at a time; some gave only one. But the collection grew steadily.

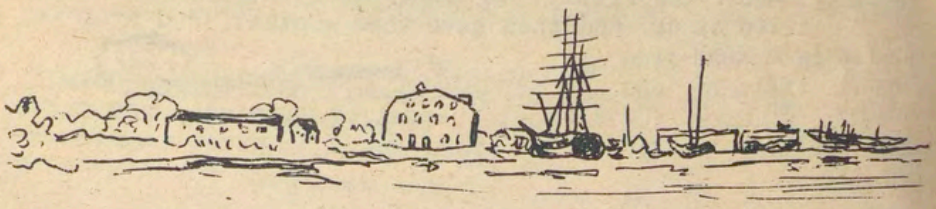


More buildings were added, one way or another, and when a gift of land came and some of it was swampy, one man gave a whole hillside of dirt to fill it in. A cordner gave a lot of rope; a manufacturer, cable; a fisherman, an anchor; a salt mine, salt. So many things were needed! Who would have thought of salt? But the bigger it grew, the more was needed.

Yachtsmen began sailing their yachts up the little river on which the Museum stood, to see what it was all about, and decided the Museum must have a dock. Then real ships came, and Sea Scouts manned them, and helped to keep them in repair, and took visitors about. And the village, before it scarcely knew what was happening, had become a bustling Seaport, after all!



The next thing you knew, a big magazine heard of the little Museum and wrote a fine story about it, and a famous newspaper did the same. And more and more people came to see how handsome the little Museum had become, because many of them had now a part in it, and those who hadn't, wanted to; so that its fame spread far and wide, and almost any time you happened by, now,--even in broad daylight, you could hear a strange whirring sound all about you, as if there were hundreds of invisible angels in the air.



Of course the little old lady who had sat in the back row that day, grew too old and tired to scrub and clean any more for a living, and had to go away to live with one of her children. But the Museum then could afford to have its cleaning done.

So she never knew that although all had contributed their talents in one way or another, she who had no talents but a broom and a mop, had perhaps contributed the finest gift of all!

* * * * *

This fable was sent as a Christmas greeting to some 300 volunteer workers of the Museum and is reprinted here by popular request.

LETTERS

From the Cleveland Public Library--December 2, 1948.

"We were particularly interested in the *Log of Mystic Seaport*, No. 1,.. and we hope that this periodical will be sent to us in the future along with the other publications. It will be placed in our History & Travel Division."

**

From Frick Art Reference Library, New York--January 13, 1949.

"Would it be possible for us to purchase a print...of the Brigantine Emily Entering a Foreign Port,...which you lent to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and which is reproduced in their February 1948 Bulletin, page 171."

**

From William S. Powell, Raleigh, North Carolina--December 22, 1948

"As editor of the State and Local History News, a bi-monthly publication of the American Association for State and Local History, I should like to see (*The Log*) regularly. Much of the information which you present in (Variable Winds) would be of interest to our readers."

**

MYSTIC SEAPORT STAFF



Carl C. Cutler, Curator; Lois Chesebrough, Office; Charles A. Brooks, Business Manager; Marion Dickerman, Educational Director; MacDonald Steers, Assistant Curator; Virginia Allen, Office; Joseph Herman and Clarence Beauchamp, Maintenance; (Doris Dewhurst, Membership, not shown)

VARIABLE WINDS

The LOG is flattered by its first request to carry paid advertising. The offer was reluctantly turned down. Acceptance would involve complicated matters of policy which a limited staff is at present unable to meet.



A binnacle has been given to the Museum. The handsome bronze plaque on it tells the story.

This Binnacle was used on
Enterprise
America's Cup Defender in 1930
Rainbow
America's Cup Defender in 1934
Ranger
America's Cup Defender in 1937
It was presented by
Harold S. Vanderbilt
who sailed the above
Cup Defenders and by
George H. Monsell
their Sailing Master



A second, and larger, Sea Chest has been put into circulation by the Museum and is, at present, doing its educational work with the public schools of Montpelier, Vermont.



When Peter Freuchen, noted author, explorer and one-time Danish Governor of Greenland, spoke recently at the museum, he stated that while he was engaged with the fishing fleet in Greenland last summer, every Danish fisherman he came in contact with, knew Mystic as the home of their old training ship *Georg Stage* (now *Joseph Conrad*) and felt so kindly toward the town and the museum that they had offered, through him, to send a collection of old-time Danish whaling gear.

Log books are an important item in any maritime library.

Recent gifts to ours:
Brigantine "Betsey and Sally" 1748-49, from Arthur R. Wendell in memory of our late director E. A. Olds, Jr.; first voyage of the Stonington whaleship "Charles Phelps" 1842-44, from Leonard Clift; and two of the Bark "Ocilla" 1849-53 (same dates as Nelson Cole Haley's voyage on the 'Morgan" published as *Whale Hunt*), given by C. A. Stark Jr.



Another gift from Mr. Wendell is a volume of old ships' newspapers--first item of this kind to be added to the museum library. It contains ship news published on such well known vessels as 'Champion of the Seas", "James Baines" and "Marco Polo", 1853-56.



Volunteer workers have strung some 17,000 admission tags ready for summer use, and tags are being consecutively numbered so that an inquirer may know at any day or hour of the day exactly how many paid admissions have been received since January 1.



Mrs. Philip R. Mallory is the donor of a handsome 1947 Mercury Station Wagon to the Museum. When the proper lettering is placed on its doors, it will do a good job of publicity for the museum, as a familiar sight on the streets of Mystic, Noank and Stonington. It has already been farther afield, on errands to Westport, Conn., New York, and will shortly be seen in Brooklyn where some half-models have been offered.

At the Motorboat Show in New York in January, Girl Scout Mariners manned a booth in which promotional material for the Museum was featured.



Miss Margaret Mallory arranged a week's exhibit, in February, featuring the Museum at the Sportsmen's Show in Grand Central Palace, New York. Lady Blessington (popular figurehead in the museum) made the trip down to New York where she charmed new admirers, in effigy, as she charmed them in life at her famous salon in Gore House, London. New York Sea Scouts manned the booth and museum literature was available to all comers for the period of the show.



Mrs. Richard F. Baum has taken over the duties of Librarian and cataloger and is trying hard to catch up on the thousand-and-one details of the job which have been neglected since last summer. The Museum Library is now bursting at its seams and expansion facilities are an immediate necessity.



Seymour Adelman of Philadelphia has contributed a valuable collection of 29 letters relative to the construction of the U.S. ship-of-the-line "Pennsylvania" in 1836. Mr. Adelman was the donor, some years ago, of an equally important collection of 72 letters relating to the construction of a supply vessel for the historic Wilkes Expedition to the Antarctic in 1838-42.



A recent issue of the *Ocean Times*, newspaper of the motor vessel "Brittanic", published an article on Mystic Seaport under the title "Village of the Days of Sail." Other recent publicity: Connecticut Industry, November 1948; Connecticut Teacher, November 1948; Brown Alumni Monthly, January 1949; special feature articles in The Sacramento (Calif.) Union, syndicated in other papers, and The New London Evening Day. The President's mid-year report mentions the use of the recent Saturday Evening Post article in a "Voice of America" State Department Broadcast.



The Federal Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Company of Kearny, N.J. has added to the collection of builders' half models-already probably largest of its kind in the world-by eight large steamship models.



Unique, in this museum at least, is the rare "checkerboard" model of the ship "B.D. Metcalf". The model is built up of alternate strips of light and dark woods, giving a checkerboard effect at rounded stem and stern, is over five feet in length. For many years on loan to the Marine Museum of the Museum of the City of New York, it was recalled by its owner, Carl C. Cutler, and will now hang in the new Mallory Memorial Building.

Often gifts of *things* are as helpful as contributions of dollars. Perhaps you can help. Some of them which come to mind, are:

A vacuum-cleaner--A small, portable typewriter table--additional shelving to relieve an overcrowded library--Steel filing cabinets

(father of the narrator) with a carriage and team of horses. The now quiet little village was then a bustling community, with such industries as the Hyde Woolen Mill, the A. B. Taylor Mill, and the Schoonover Tannery located there. But while the village was prospering with honest industry, dishonest industry was at work as well. There had been holdups on the Boston Post Road and Elias Brown was nervous about it.

The boat docked at 2:00 a.m. Brown immediately entered the carriage, carrying a large black satchel. He placed a revolver meaningfully on his lap and instructed Dewey to "drive like Jehu" to the Mystic Bank, where arrangements had been made for the bank to receive the contents of the satchel--$90,000. The carriage arrived safely with the horses in a steaming lather, the business was accomplished and Brown went safely to his bed in the mansion.

George Tingley remembers that at the age of about four years he and his father took the stage from the Head of the River intending for Mystic Bridge. The stage stopped at the door of the bank and the then President came out and handed to the driver a letter for mailing at Mystic Bridge. The driver started up his team, looked curiously at the envelope, then handed it to Tingley, Sr. and said, "Look at this. He's turned an old envelope inside out and used it again, to save money!" Frugality was a virtue with the few, even then as now.

A few years later the bank was reincorporated as a national bank under federal law. It continued in business until July 7, 1887 when, by a vote of the stockholders, it went into voluntary liquidation, paying 115 16/25 per $100 of Capital Stock. The directors at the close of business were Nehemiah M. Gallup, Allen P. Williams, Jabez Watrous Jr., John L. Manning, John Forsyth, with Nehemiah W. Gallup as President and Jabez Watrous Jr. as Cashier.

Sources:

Richard A. Wheeler's History of Stonington, Conn., 1900. Private Laws of the State of Connecticut, Hartford, 1837. Personal reminiscenses, Israel E. Dewey as told to Elizabeth Copp; George Tingley as told to Carl C. Cutler.

As of May 1, the admission fees to the Museum will be 25¢ for children and 50¢ for adults, instead of 18¢ for children and 30¢ for adults. There is no other institution in New England exactly comparable to ours but many whose scope and variety offer less, have fees of a dollar or more. Most visitors do not know the price of admission until they reach the gate, and are prepared to meet any reasonable price while touring, vacationing, or merely out for a sightseeing jaunt; many of them have told us that the old rates were "ridiculously cheap".