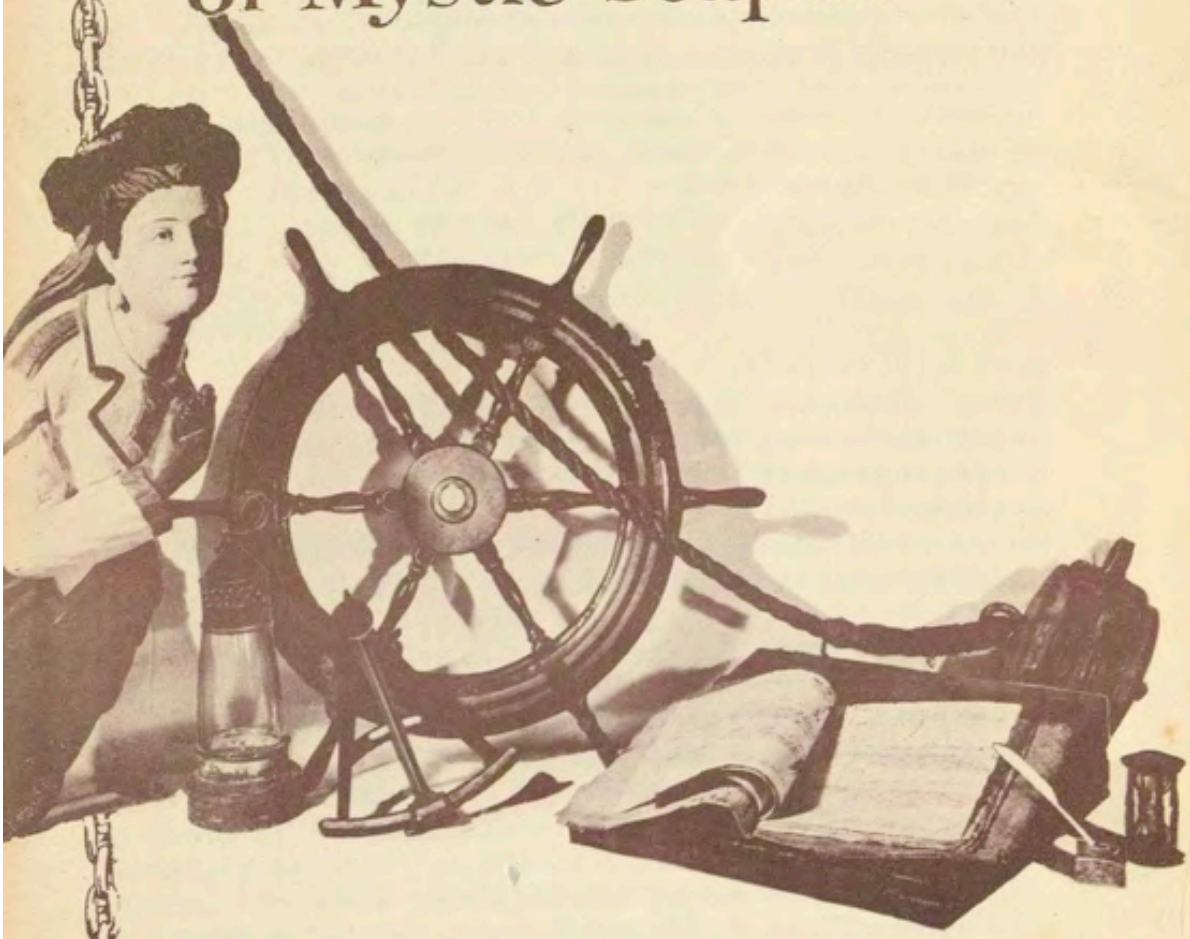
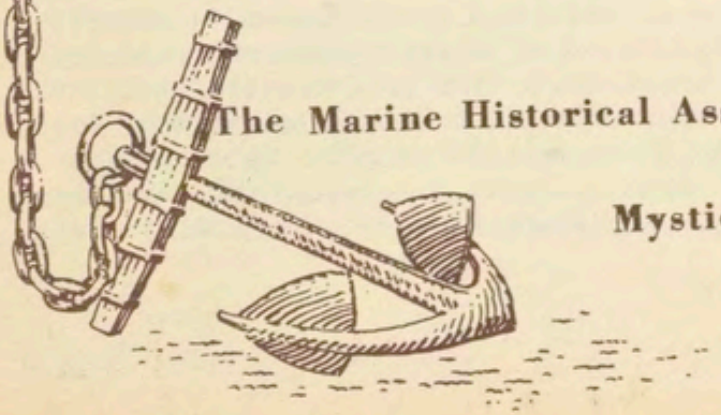
Volume 4, No. 1

January 1952

The Log of Mystic Seaport





The Marine Historical Association, Inc.

Mystic, Connecticut

The Log



OF MYSTIC SEAPORT

Published by The Marine Historical Association, Inc., Mystic, Conn.
for members of the Association.

Philip R. Mallory, *President* Carl C. Cutler, *Curator*

H. H. Kynett, *Chairman of Publications*

Editor, MacDonald Steers *Printing*, Lois B. Chesebrough

Photography, Louis Martel

PRINTED AT MYSTIC SEAPORT

Our Cover

Dominant figure in the still life arrangement on our cover, photographed by Louis Martel, staff photographer, is a figurehead of the Bath-built ship *Lady Blessington*.

Lady Blessington herself was no still-life arrangement in the London of the 1840's. As Sally Power of Tipperary, she married first a Captain Farmer, second Captain Jenkins, and finally was "sold" by her second husband to the Earl of Blessington. As Marguerite, Lady Blessington, she set all London agog with her beauty and her friendship for the young, handsome and talented Count D'Orsay. She was a brilliant conversationalist, a charming hostess, and scholarly enough to write fairly well. She counted among her friends Bulwer Lytton, Charles Dickens, Captain Marryat, Benjamin Disraeli, the Iron Duke, and Landor and Byron, the poets.

As a figurehead at Mystic Seaport she carries on her gay tradition as its most-traveled lady. She has stolen the show at exhibitions in Hartford, Springfield, Philadelphia and New York; and as a Kodachrome transparency has been shown on more screens than, say Jenny Lind or the Cardiff Giant.

These Things Are Of The Spirit ...

Last year, in the shadow of the home of a Mystic builder of ships, Jeremiah Holmes, whose name began in Mystic long before the British attack on Stonington in 1814, made some informal but impressive remarks at the Town Meeting of members of The Marine Historical Association. The meeting was open to all who had anything to say, and Jeremiah Holmes had plenty. As it was each year on this same occasion, his heart was flooded with the spirit of the day. There is a feeling among some of those close to Mystic Seaport, he said, that at all times, and especially on Annual Meeting Day, there hover over and mingle with us all the spirits of those once-sturdy men who built or owned or sailed their ships out of the little Port of Mystic.

It is conceivable, he said, that others from more distant ports might join with them to be among us, for we are gathered in a common purpose and with a common love. The most deserving criticism directed at museums of this kind, he said, is that they lack life and animation. For Jeremiah Holmes and those who feel as deeply as he does the spiritual significance of the old port, there is no lack of animation and the very air of Mystic Seaport is teeming with awareness of the finer qualities of a time and tribe receded but not past.

We call it a "living" museum, but few of us grasp the meaning of the word. If the aims of those three original founders, of Jeremiah Holmes' generation and of his circle of friends, are still with us, then Mystic Seaport is alive and vibrant--vibrant with service to the old in preserving the things they cherished, vibrant with the happy voices of the young who come to look and learn from those things and eventually leave loving them like the rest.

Something, whether shrewd Yankee management or integrity to ideals, or perhaps both, has blessed its growth. Each new accession, of building or ship or relic, pours new blood into its veins, and its

lust for life broadens as its boundaries stretch and its horizons widen.

High above the bustle of the Seaport is a room more quiet than the rest, and there, in serried ranks are the records of the deeds of all those sailormen, sages, hot-blooded adventurers, pirates, merchant captains and solemn, bearded explorers. For years they have rested comparatively undisturbed except by the rustling of their pages by some eager scholar. But times have changed. *The People* are awakening to a new and avid interest in history, are eager to know the lives and labors of those men who went before them: what frenzy drove them to accomplishment and why.

Any book publisher will tell you today that the novel goes begging. The people want biography, history, philosophy and stronger fare. Books were meant for all the people and if the present awareness of history is to be served, the library must come closer to *The People*.

With the removal of our own Library to fine new quarters on Greenmanville Avenue, it is the hope of officers and directors alike that ours may take its place and supply a need in the growing cultural leisure of today.

We like to think that with its moving the ghosts of ancient voyageurs stir to new and expectant life, and take a new interest in these strange and modern men who have banded together in common love, who doff their caps in proper respect to the men of yesterday.

From Frobischer, Cook and Fanning, to Jim Buddington, Joseph Warren Holmes, "Rattler" Morgan, "Bloody Jack" Williams, Honest Dick Brown and on to persevering Joshua Slocum, they take their places in a new and confusing world of often lesser, sometimes equal, men.

As they are all around us and still with us in printed word and fading manuscript, so, too, are they with us in spirit. Without their stamp of approval upon what we are doing here, we could not reasonably go on.

For The Bookworm

As institutional libraries go it is small (8,000 items plus papers, prints and photographs), but it is highly specialized. It contains, for instance, in the *New York Maritime Register*, a listing of every ship which entered or left from an American port from the year 1869; every *List of Merchant Vessels*, except four; the *Whaleman's Shipping List* from 1843; *Records of American and Foreign Shipping* from 1877; Lloyds from 1892; and WPA Writers' Project customs lists of ships from 15 different American ports from 1814 and earlier.

Heading the navigation section are 10 different editions of Bowditch (including a first, 1820) and more old signal codes than can be found in the Library of Congress.

Among its 300 ms. Logs are the first voyage of the ship *Morgan* (1841), one of the bark *Globe* (1855-57) of mutiny fame, several 1849ers. There are others of little schooners, brigs and brigantines in the coastwise trade from 1748 on, the American ship-of-the-line *John Adams* in action against the Barbary pirates in 1802, transatlantic packets, Cape Horners, whalers, sealers, fishermen, ships carrying salt, barrel staves, pork, spices, guano and nitrate.

You may voyage with Hakluyt and Marco Polo to the East or with Eric the Red to Wineland the Good; you may go to the Poles with Scott and Peary or to the tropics with Fanning and Melville.

In Carl Cutler's own record cards is data on an estimated 21,375 additional vessels and what is probably the most complete file of designs of American house flags in the country. His old-fashioned chest of drawers (6 drawers high) filled with the results of his years of research, has overflowed into additional trays scattered over the desk, drawing-board and floor of his office.

Macaulay has said: "Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits that hoard, augmented by fresh acquisitions, to future ages." Yet all this exhaustless hoard represents but a fragment of the sum-total of human knowledge.



Whaling In Minneapolis

The world's largest importer of sperm whale oil is an American company in Minneapolis, Minn. The Archer-Daniels-Midland Company of Minneapolis keeps in close touch with Sandefjord, Norway, a community of 6,000 population about 75 miles southeast of Oslo, center of the world's whaling fleets. From its port 12 of the 20 floating whale factories roam the seas as far as the Antarctic.

ADM has contracted with the Spermacet Whaling Company for the catch of its S.S. *Anglo Norse*, whaling off Peru. With its 9 killer boats, the *Anglo Norse* is expected to bring in more than 18,000 tons of sperm oil this month.

ADM finds a ready market for its sperm oil--as a lubricant for high speed motors and in some automatic car transmissions, for treating leather and yarn, as a lubricant in tin and steel plating, and, after refinement into higher alcohols, in modern detergents and spermacetic wax, which is a base for some cosmetics.

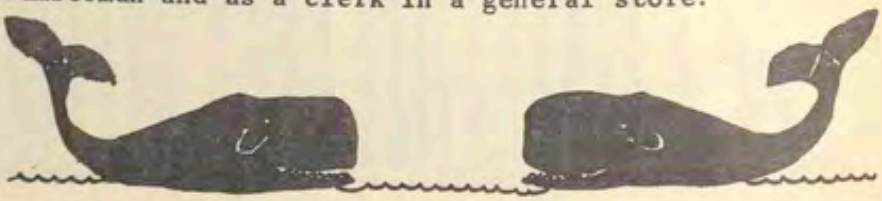
Contrary to whaling as it was done 100 years ago, oil from the Blue Whale is now considered more valuable because it is edible and may be used for margarines, salad dressing and other fatty foods in European countries.

A single whale will produce up to 145 barrels of oil, each barrel weighing 230 lbs. The oil is processed at Payway, N.J. and at Wyandotte, Mich. ADM entered the sperm oil business nearly 15 years ago. They are big business also in matters of grain and soybean storage, have recently acquired flaxseed crushing mills and an alfalfa meal dehydrating plant.

A little known fact is that you will find sperm oil in your gas meter, if you have one. It keeps flexible a tiny diaphragm that is a part of most gas meters.

It was inevitable that whaling, like the museum business, should modernize itself in order to be useful in the world today, but Browne, Starbuck, Melville and Ashley would have had to travel a thousand miles inland to have completed their whaling classics.

....and odd it may be, but Nelson Cole Haley, boatsteerer on the *Charles W. Morgan*, 1849-53, did just that. He wrote his journal, now published as *Whale Hunt*, collected his lay and traveled by rail and coach to Galena, Ill., and thence by steamer to Minneapolis, where he worked as a lumberman and as a clerk in a general store.



Cub Reporter

The *Barlow Tribune* is a mimeographed newspaper published on occasion by the grandchildren in the Barlow family. The issue from which we quote below contains a story by Sally on a cocktail party as observed by a small fry and is titled "Dirt on the Grown-ups". Pammy wrote the article on a Costume Party, while Bunny contributed an account of a recent Clam Bake. Cotty, Dick, Bessie and Ginny are other contributors, but the story by Dick (Richard Shepherd, 10 years old student at Princeton, N.J. Country Day School) gives as keen an evaluation of Mystic Seaport as you could get from many a grown-up:

"Monday...my mother took Cotty, Pammy, Frank Wolcott and me to Mystic to the Marine Museum. We were the only ones who had not been there, and that's why she took just us.

"The first thing we saw was a yard off a ship. We thought it was a mast it was so big. Then we went in the N.Y. Yacht Club's first building, which they moved up there. Inside we saw the rudder of the schooner America, the first to win the cup. Then we went into a museum building, and saw figure heads off old ships, telescopes, ships' logs, boats in bottles, and even a boat in a light bulb, made by a modern sailor.

"Next we went aboard the Charles W. Morgan, an old whaling ship which sailed for 80 years, and caught more whales than any other ship on record. I didn't think it was so good, because they have taken everything out that used to be in her. Also, they have put too many skylights in, which messed the whole thing up. Still, it was very interesting, but it could be better.

"We also went on the Brinckerhoff, an old paddle wheel ferry, on the Joseph Conrad, a great big square-rigger which they now use as a sea-scout training ship. They don't sail her anymore, because dry rot has set in. Just before they brought the boat to Mystic some one opened the seacocks and flooded the engines, so they don't work either. But the ship is in good condition and so it looks like new.

"One of the most interesting things there is a Jap Suicide Submarine. It is black, 52 feet long, and looks like a torpedo. During World War II the Japs went down in them, one man in each sub. There was high explosive in the bow, so whenever they touched anything they blew up.

"We also saw a lifeboat that 7 men had taken refuge in after their boat had been sunk during the last war. Only 2 of the men lived. After one of them was all well, he wanted to see his father again. So he sailed on a merchant ship, was torpedoed by the Japs, and drowned.

"At the Seaport Store we all bought some souvenirs. We had a good lunch in the galley at noon time. It was a fine day."

Vilhjalmur Stefanson

(January 20, 1952 at Mystic Seaport)

When Dr. Frederick A. Cook claimed to have scaled Mount McKinley, there were whispers that he had not done so. When he slipped quietly out of port on a friend's yacht, while Peary was fuming and fussing with labor troubles and delayed preparations, the gossips said that he was sure to return next year with a story of having reached the Pole.

Peary told his friend, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, then that he considered such gossip malicious, that he liked and trusted Cook and that nobody could fake the attainment of the North Pole.

Sure enough, Dr. Cook claimed to have reached the Pole and it is generally conceded that Peary did reach it later. When the furore of claims and counter-claims had died out, Cook faded from memory for a time, only to reappear in some shady oil land promotion, went to prison, was paroled and died generally discredited.

His posthumous book *Return from the Pole* was published in November, with a foreword by Frederick J. Pohl, Brooklyn teacher, amateur expert on the early explorations of America, discoverer of Norse mooring holes, and 1950 lecturer at Mystic Seaport.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson reviewed the new book by Dr. Cook in a November issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

Keeping Pace

The end of November at Mystic Seaport saw the completion of a six weeks course in Diesel Engines, their construction, operation and maintenance. Conducted as a contribution purely on a voluntary basis by Cadvan O. Griffiths, Superintendent of Training at the United States Submarine Base in New London, the class enrolled 41 students from many fields--farmers, fishermen, boat owners, mechanics, linemen, contractors, students and even one teacher among the pupils.

By far the largest group came from Westerly, R.I., but the New London and Mystic areas were well represented. Two came from Canterbury, Conn., a distance of 45 miles, and two others from the Providence area.

At the final session Carl C. Cutler, Curator, presented a framed etching to instructor Griffiths in expression of the Seaport's appreciation, and diplomas were awarded to those completing the course.

If sufficient interest is shown, a similar course by the same instructor, will be started in early Spring on Turbines.

Scout Officials Co-operate

In November two important meetings with Boy Scout officials were held in the interests of the *Conrad* Youth Training program. Milo G. Clark, Region One (Boston) Executive headed a group including George Chronic of the Boston office, Parker W. Doyle, Pequot Council Executive, and other officers from the councils of Eastern Connecticut, Quinnepiac and Narragansett.

These gentlemen will promote the formation of "provisional" groups of boys from the various councils to come to Mystic for training next summer. The whole program will be introduced by colored slides and a speaker from Mystic before six big meetings of leaders and council officials in January and February at Portsmouth, N.H., Boston, Taunton and Greenfield, Mass., and at Bridgeport and Hartford in Connecticut.

"Hap" Clark's letter to Council Executives expressed his own feelings about Mystic Seaport: "I was so delightfully surprised by what I found there that I pledged to those fine people who are so interested in helping us, that I would make every effort to do something of a constructive nature."

Active in both meetings was the newest member of the *Conrad* Youth Training Committee, Commander Thomas L. Miller of Stonington.

Motor Boat Show

Seven figureheads and the bowsprit of a famous yacht formed a colorful background for the temporary Marine Museum set up in Grand Central Palace January 11-19 for the annual Motor Boat Show.

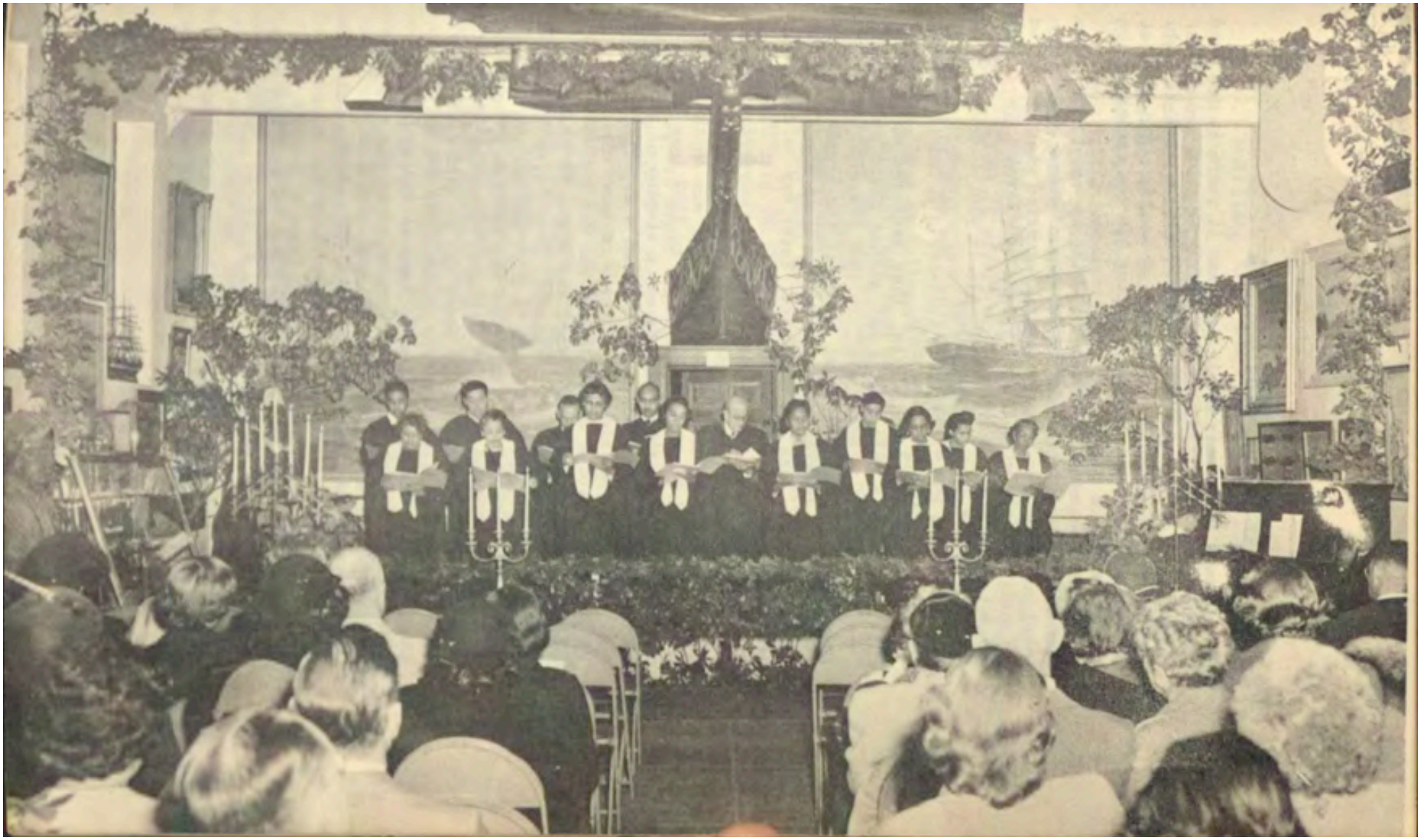
The black and gold trailboards, leading to a golden spread eagle, from Jay Gould's old yacht *Atalanta* made an impressive center-piece for the 140 feet of display space. Beneath *Atalanta*'s eagle, as the central theme, stood the new Mallory yachting trophy, raised to a proper eminence and spotlighted. The capstan on which the silver trophy stood was circled with a ring of shining brass binnacles from the old Cup Defenders.

Captain Bligh's spy glass, the pintle strap from the rudder of the mutiny ship *Bounty*, a collection of scrimshaw, ships in bottles and a sequence showing the development of navigational instruments made up the rest of the exhibit from Mystic. Seamen's Church sent a huge breast-hook from the *Constitution* and a series of lighted dioramas. Boy and Girl Scout booths flanked the big display, the whole effort being the cooperative enterprise of the four organizations.

It was the biggest exhibition ever to be put on the road by Mystic Seaport.







Sailor's Luck

Although he is only 26, he has been 11 years at sea and all that time in sail. He came to Mystic Seaport looking for information on his old schooners. We were able to supply data on six of them. Three of them we couldn't find. But at the age of 26 he was already retracing his sea career; and he had had quite a career.

On the 4-master *Theoline* in 1943, he saw her go down with all four masts intact. She was one of those big centerboard schooners. As a jolly boat she carried what is called a Canadian yawl, with sloop rig. He and seven others rode out a Carribean hurricane in this little 21-footer, and, he gained a pound from the experience!

He was on the *Rebecca Douglas*. She sank in a gale off Cape May, about 300 miles out.

He was on the *Lucy Evelyn*. They anchored off Handkerchief Light in a gale. First one anchor chain parted, and "den", he said, "de udder one", so they traveled under bare poles until at Vineyard Haven they hit the breakwater. The impact was so terrific that the mizzen mast moved 4 inches along the deck. This one was saved, later was sold to a New Jersey owner, is now operated as a floating gift shop.

He was on the big 4-masted schooner *Constellation*, the *Paul E. Thurlow* which never took him to sea but he helped raise her when she had foundered, and he was on the *Herbert L. Rawling*, all big schooners of 988 to 1109 tons gross.

His skipper on the *Peaceland* was a stepson of the famous owner of the Ericson fleet. The old man's experience wasn't much, he said, just about three weeks on some vessel tied up at her pier. Enroute to Martinique she was loaded with bags of cement, was so old that soon she began to leak and, of course, the cement began to harden. Down below they could see daylight between her planks, and it was only in plunging down into a sea that her stem was really tight. Every time they came up the stem showed signs of dropping off. By the time they reached Norfolk our young sailor signed off, merely to save his own life. He never dreamed she would reach her port, but she did and returned, too, as far as Baltimore, where she sank. Incidentally, they salvaged the cement, by grinding it up again into powder, and resold it.

Once in a dory in a 70-mile gale, he used his ditty bag as a sea anchor. He never learned how to swim.

He has been on so many sinking vessels that he is getting a reputation. One company refused to sign him on any more. They say he is, as he put it, a "djonah". When he was "young", he said, back in Copenhagen, he would have gone on the training ship *Danmark*, but he lacked the schooling to make the exams. So he had to get it the hard way.

Rafting On The Mississippi

It was June, in 1828. They were two young men (the tall one was 19), both boatmen, of sorts.

Allen Gentry held the stern oar again and they poled the raft downstream. His friend took the bow oar, as before. There was little conversation between them; only that silent communion between young men who had shared together and, coming through danger, still held their respect for each other.

In the light of a full moon, scintillated by the quivering water disturbed by their poles, Allen Gentry looked fondly at the tall form of his friend. It had been a grand fight at Madame Duchesne's plantation when that band of negroes had attacked, bent on plundering the raft of its stores. He was thankful to have as fellow-raftsman the strongest man in New Salem. He, himself, had been caught asleep, but the other had been awake and his brutish strength and keen ear had saved them. His long arms had flailed a club so furiously that two of the blacks had been knocked into the Mississippi. The others fled when they found they had stirred up this river Bunyan. Allen Gentry chuckled with the memory of it.

So they floated down, caring little for talk, each one nursing the bruises he had received in the melee with the negroes.

When it was broad daylight they swept around the last bend in the river. A sight singular and beautiful was spread before them.

New Orleans lay in the distance. For two miles, from the levee could be seen every description of vessels: arks and flatboats, like theirs, from the north, the new-fangled steamboats, three-masters with broadsides to shore, sea-going vessels being made ready by crews of strange speech. The levee itself was teeming with all sorts of people and dress; French, Spanish, Mexicans, Creoles, even Indians, and, of course, slaves everywhere.

When they had secured their raft near the causeway and saw that their cargo was well protected from the hot sun, they bent over the sides and splashed the cool river water into their faces for refreshment, then stepped ashore to find a buyer for their merchandise.

The tall one's eagerness and his bigger strides put him soon ahead. The smaller one studied closely the form ahead of him, then laughed and called to him...

"What's that you got there under your arm, Abe Lincoln, another book?"

Scuddahoo

When the Collector of the Port of Liverpool examined the papers of the brig *Mary Scudder*, of Boston, he learned that she was owned by Horace Scudder & Company of Boston, Captain Isaiah Scudder. Her First Mate was George W. Scudder, her Second Mate Enoch Scudder. Her seamen were Zerrubabel, Jonathan, Samuel, Josiah and Ezra--all Scudders. Hannibal Scudder was her Cook; Cato Scudder her Steward; and Isaiah Scudder, Jr. her Boy. Mrs. Elizabeth Scudder and two little infant Scudders were passengers.

-from an old newspaper account, 1829.

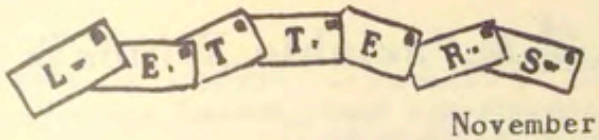


A curious and melancholy instance of abberation of intellect occurred on board the ship *President* on her outward passage from New York to Charleston. She encountered very heavy weather and a sailor named "Sam" told his shipmates that it was owing to his wicked course of life and that the offended Majesty of Heaven could be appeased only by his immediately precipitating himself into the sea. Officers and men tried to dissuade him but one evening he went up in the main rigging and threw himself into the sea. When returning to New York the ship encountered another storm. The sailors cried that the ship would be lost unless Sam's chest were sacrificed. So they threw it over and the storm at once ceased. Shortly another storm arose and they found an old shoe of Sam's and threw that over and the storm at once abated. *-from an old newspaper account, 1833.*

Side Lights

When on the port tack you steer,
  It is your duty to keep clear
Of all close-hauled ships ahead,
  No matter whether green or red.
If on your port a light is seen
  A stranger's starboard light of green,
There's not so much for you to do
  For green to port keeps clear of you.
When both side-lights you see ahead,
  Port your helm and show your red.
Green to green and red to red;
  Perfect safety, go ahead.
Whether in safety or in doubt
  Always keep a good lookout.

Many times you will hear a "landlubber" say--"I can't remember which is which." An easy way--"port", "red" and "left" group together and have fewer letters than their matching words of "starboard", "green" and "right".



November 5, 1951

Dear Friend:

When your first notice arrived I was down in Norfolk for three weeks. My Daughter gave birth to a baby, and when I arrived home. the clamor for an T.V. was so great that I was persuaded to buy one, but by paying the bill in ninety days, instead of monthly payments I will save twenty eight dollars carrying charge. and naturally I want to save that charge. Also the last time I was in Mystic I was employed now I am retired, consequently money is not so flush. But I do not want to drop my membership, and in fact do not intend to. so you can rest assured, that the ten dollars will be forth coming some time between now and New Years. this year sure, so please keep me on your mailing list. Also I loaned my Son William $130.00 the latter part of Aug towards buying a home, and have not gotten that back, yet. but I will and the first ten or more he gives me I will pay my dues. Hoping to see you and the wonderful sea port of Mystic this coming year.

I remain,

Sincerely,

Thomas - - - - - - -

---

thursday

Dear Sir,

I am making a collection of pictures of boats for cub scouts. I have a picture of the Joseph Conrad because my Daddy and I stoped there last June. I would like a picture of the BrinkerHoff. Daddy is a member of the steamship hist. society and we saw her going around manhattan.

Thank you,

Peter - - - - - -

Ed. Note: To appreciate this letter you must visualize a child's hand printing. The letter was on two pages, properly headed with a dime fastened with Christmas tape.

Variable Winds

One hundred years ago, on November 14, Harper & Bros. published Melville's *Moby Dick*. Princeton University, on December 1, concluded a weeks long celebration of the event with a special exhibition of Melville's source books, whaling paraphernalia and a model of the *Charles W. Morgan* lent by Mystic Seaport.

When Felix, Count Luckner, appeared at Mystic Seaport on October 18th, the event was a sellout. 260 persons were crammed into the lecture hall, 50 more heard him by loud speaker in an adjoining room, and 100 disappointed patrons were turned away.

The Alan Villiers lecture on December 2nd was taken to a nearby high school and filled that auditorium to its capacity of 416. Scattered throughout the audience that night were almost a hundred Portuguese-Americans, principally from the fishing village of Stonington, who came to hear about the Portuguese dorymen and their work on the Grand Banks, and to see the ships and port scenes which one generation of Americans knew, another had only heard of.

The Christmas issue of the *Underwood News* carried a story on Mystic's ships and museum, its particular "slant" for Underwood workers being the gift of an Underwood Sundstrand Adding Machine through Vice President Donald S. Sammis. The ultra-modern machine was first demonstrated at Mystic before a publicity-wise photographer's camera lens in the 119 years old Counting House, on a high desk cluttered with century-old shipyard ledgers, quill pens, whale oil lamps and such.

Commander Finn Ronne, who spoke here on his Antarctic expedition, as one of the lecturers last year, has presented the Seaport with two dozen Kodachrome slides of Palmer Land, penguins, seals and dogs. The series is a helpful addition to those already in use before schools when telling the story of Captain Nat Palmer's 1820 discovery of the continent, and showing the sailor's ditty box carried on that eventful voyage. The ditty box, now on exhibition, was illustrated in your January 1951 *Log*.

Maritima, publication (for Oct. 15) of the New York Maritime College at Fort Schuyler, N.Y., says of *The Log of Mystic Seaport*: "this little journal is rich in historical and antiquarian lore of a former important American seaport and its early ships."

Tradition says that a sailor goes rowing on his liberty. Lois Stillman, volunteer head of our volunteers, visits other museums. On her recent trip to Europe she took in the Louvre where by a rare piece of luck she saw its famous sculptures illuminated--the Winged Victory flooded in light, all else in darkness. When she asked at the Musee de la Marine in the Palais de Chaillot (Napoleon's barge, Vernet paintings) for the Director, then the Assistant Director, and on down the line, there was only blank amazement. "Dinamche" they said. Officials of a musuem in Paris, she was given to understand, are NEVER on duty Sundays. "Sunday," said Lois Stillman proudly, "is brass hat day at Mystic Seaport". The Paris marine museum, she reports, has 1,259 items listed. Mystic

Seaport has in excess of 25,000- but of course we work Sundays, too.

When a visiting school girl interrupted a tired lecturer with the question "How long does it take to catch a whale?" he countered with another question: "How long does it take a girl to catch a husband?" She got the point.

RKO Pathe, through the person of Mr. Burton Benjamin, is planning to do two 15-minute semi-musical documentaries using Mystic Seaport as a background for a ballad singer yet to be selected. A tentative outline has been written and the company has been supplied with two sea-shanty records made for us a year ago.

The Museum collection contains several items related to Captain Joseph Warren Holmes (83 times around the Horn) including his portrait in a self-made, inlaid frame, an inlaid table of the kind for which he was famous, and a number of charts showing the tracks of his ships. E. Warren Holmes has added to our Holmesiana by the gift of a photograph of Capt. B.F. Holmes and two journals kept by him on board the whaleship *Aeronaut* and the schooner *Mary W.*, as well as several documents relating to the Holmes family's *Alabama* claims.

The Baltimore Historical Society has requested permission to reprint this Association's publication *Before the Mast on the Clipper Ship Mary Whitridge* (No. 6. Aug. 1, 1932) as an important historical record of an important Baltimore ship.

The already extensive Brengle collection of ship paintings has been lately enhanced by the addition of a full-length figurehead from the ship *Rhine*, ten shadow-box models and four rigged models of ships and schooners, a water color of the ship *Caledonia* of Bath, and a large oil painting of the auxiliary steamship *City of Chicago*.

As a result of the full page spread in your last *Log* asking every member to bring in a new one, we have to date received seven (7) new members. As young Dick Shepherd said in the *Barlow Tribune* about the *Morgan*, this is "very interesting, but it could be better."

It is remarkable that among the top, best-selling books are *The Sea Around Us*, *The Caine Mutiny*, *The Cruel Sea* and the indefatigable *Kon-Tiki*.

The Museum has whaleship owner Charles W. Morgan's safe and his account books. Now it has his whalebone ribbed umbrella, the gift of George Hussey, a descendant. The new acquisition has been placed on display in the Stillman Building, along with a genealogy of the Morgan and Rodman Families.

Dr. Austin Lamont of Philadelphia is currently shipping to Mystic Seaport, in large packing boxes, his own library treasures--John Seller's *English Pilot*, worth $500., seven volumes of the rare Honolulu *Friend*, John Smith's (friend of Pocahontas) *The Sea-Mans Grammar and Dictionary*, London 1691, 122 volumes (from 1832) of *The Nautical Magazine*. So far the Museum has received approximately 400 items from this source, is promised as many more.

Handsomest volume to come our way in the year is *Bits and Pieces of American History* by Irving S. Olds, Chairman of the

Board of U.S. Steel, privately printed, N.Y. 1951. It contains 463 pages, with almost that many illustrations, and is a catalog of his own collection of early prints of New York City, naval engagements and naval heroes. The fact that this private collection alone contains 29 different contemporary representations of the *Constitution* and *Guerriere* incident gives some indication of the wave of patriotic fervor which must have followed the battle and centered around Captain Hull.

With the moving of the Library this month, various other changes will take place. For one thing, the Kynett Collection will move to the second floor of the main (Stillman) Building and the Gerald Fox loan collection of whaling (lately acquired through the Kynett Fund) will join it. The Curator will go along with the books to Harriet G. Stillman House. Other staff members now in the library rooms will move to an annex of the Mallory Building, making way for less animate objects. The changes give staff supervision to all large exhibition buildings--an important feature.

The Pleasant Street Baptist Choir, with their simplicity, their sincerity, and the glorious blend of their voices so charmed the congregation at a regular vesper service in Fishtown Chapel that this famed negro choir was invited to Mystic Seaport for a program of spirituals and Christmas music on Friday, December 21st. The South Wing was transformed into a candle-lit sanctuary for this holiday season event. They have given numerous radio performances and brought to Mystic the same professional singers heard in the Chapel. The Rev. William Philpot gave the commentary.

Other pictures shown in this issue are your new library and new figureheads.

The latest from England is that the famous tea clipper *Cutty Sark* may sail again. A recent inspection revealed that timbers of the 82 years old clipper are quite sound, and a group of enthusiasts including Hugh Vaudrey, president of the Thames Barge Sailing Club, believe that the strongly supported *Cutty Sark* societies of Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania would help raise the L10,000 necessary to fitting her out for Sydney, there to end her days. The *Cutty Sark* is venerated "down under" much as the *Mayflower* is in America.

Ships & Sailing for January 1952 carries a picture of the *Australia* at Mystic Seaport, by Bernie Gordon, one-time Sea Scout of the *Joseph Conrad*.

Every mailing from Mystic Seaport has a goodly number of items which make the useless round trip--mail desk to supposed destination and back to Mystic--all because we are not advised promptly of changes of address. THIS MIGHT MEAN YOU IN '52. When you move, ask your postman for a bunch of change-of-address cards and send one of them to Mystic Seaport.

A group of Girl Scout Mariners from Warren, Ohio has signed up to go aboard the *Joseph Conrad* this summer. This will be next to the longest distance traveled by any such group. Longest: two years ago, a boys' group from St. Louis. But a troop of Girl Guides from Canada is also a good prospect for this year.

Editorial in the first issue (April 28, 1855) of White Star Journal, *recently republished as a publication of The Marine Historical Association.*

"To the Ladies and Gentlemen on Board the *White Star*--

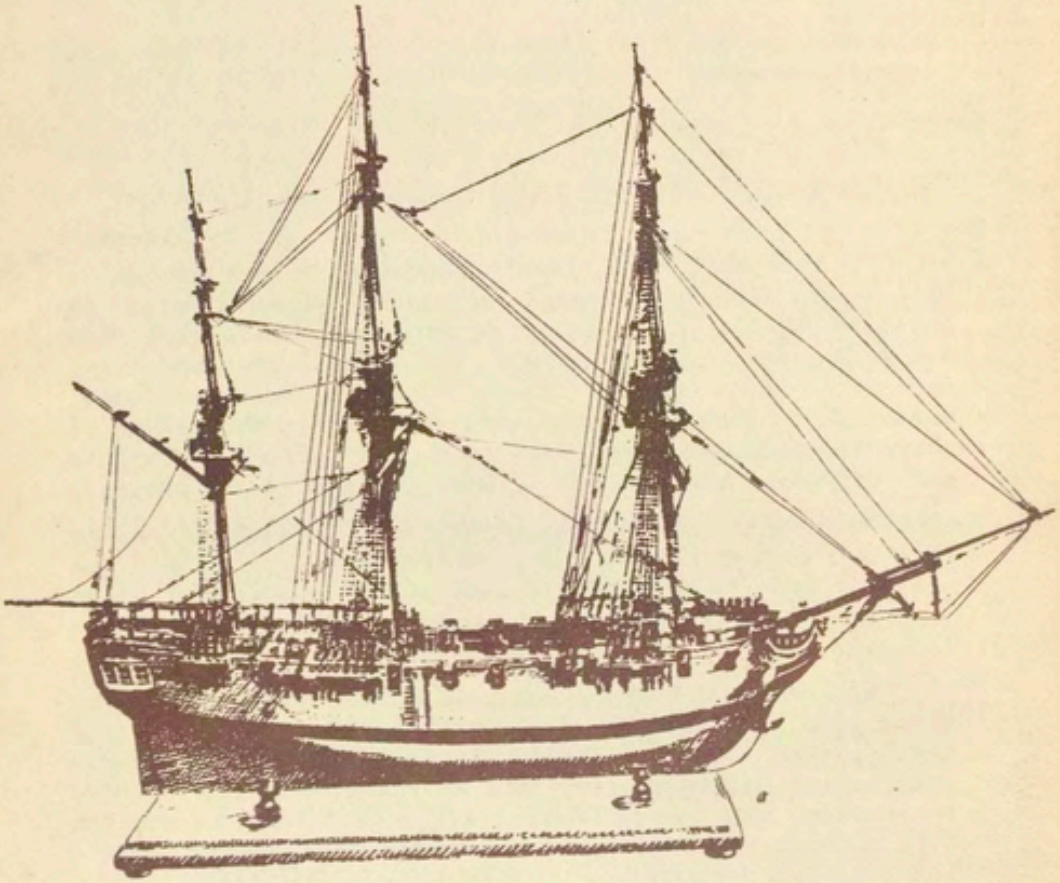
"We have most auspiciously commenced a long voyage... That we can altogether escape the penalty of our temerity in quitting dry land, is not to be expected. Winds will rise and chafe the ocean into anger; and it will fret and fume, and surge about, and rear itself into most fantastic forms, beautiful to look at; and at such times it is the nature of ships to croak and groan, and pitch and roll about, and to make desperate plunges, now to one side, now to the other...

"We have a splendid ship under us...so symmetrical in form and so beautiful in decoration that...it warmed the heart of many an old Salt to look at her...and most of us have felt a swell of personal pride as we thought that our fortunes were for a time linked with hers.

"We have a skilful Captain and an able Crew, and everything promises fair for a successful voyage; still, it is satisfactory for the traveller to know that he is actually progressing on his journey, and as there are no milestones by the way, and few landmarks, it is difficult to realise this without keeping constantly in view the abstractions--latitude and longitude.

"It is therefore proposed to publish (a) Log, shewing the ship's position every day, and such other particulars as may prove interesting."

These same remarks might well be addressed to
The Ladies and Gentlemen behind Mystic Seaport.



MODEL OF FRIGATE RALEIGH