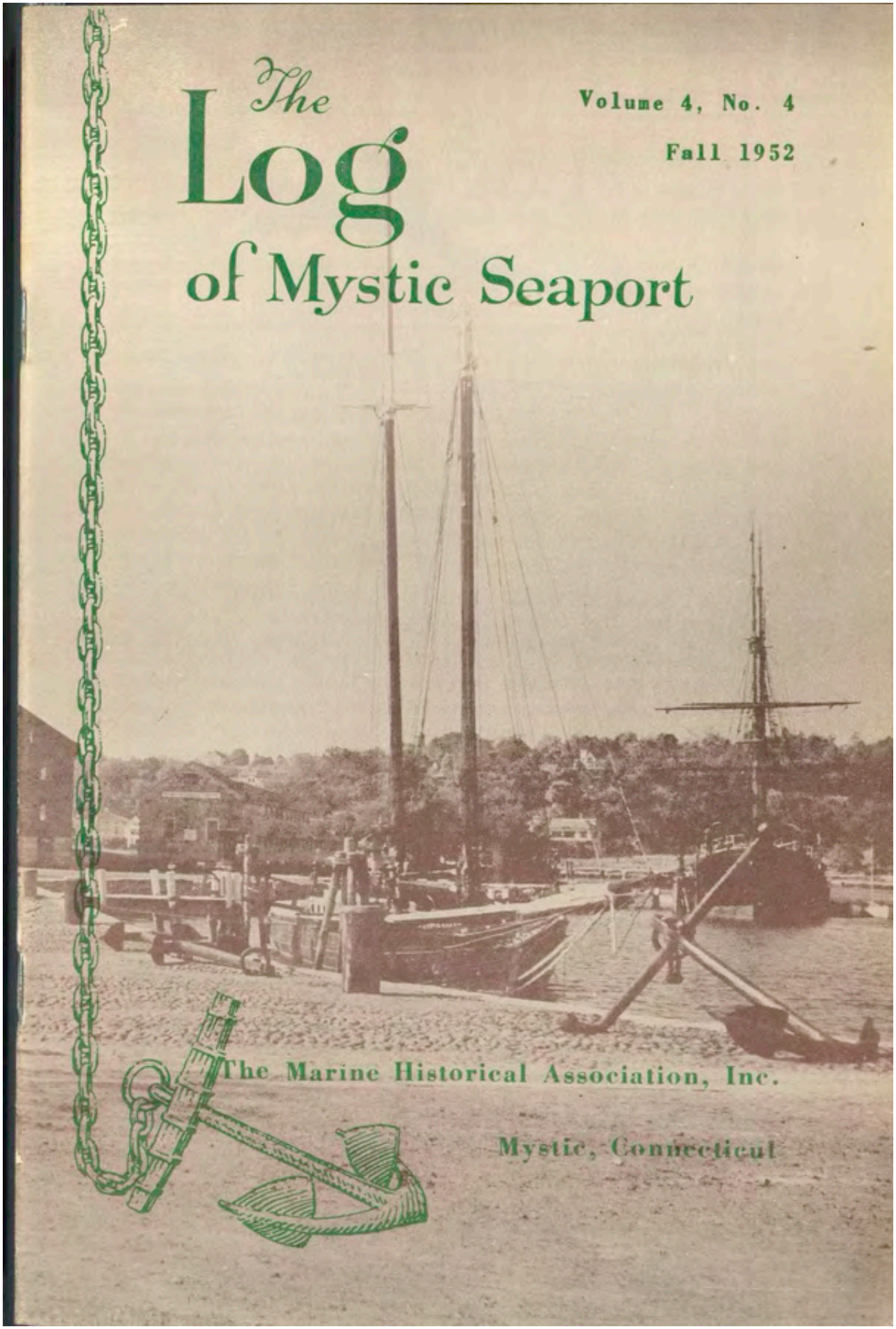
Volume 4, No. 4
Fall 1952

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

A glimpse of the old-time waterfront street is really a glimpse into the future. If you are interested in that future, sit down now, light up your pipe or take up your knitting, and dream. Dream a few years--never mind how many--into the future and sketch out on memory's drawing pad a kind of rough outline of what you may hope to see in the finished picture, and what there is yet to be done.....

The entrance to Mystic Seaport now is a proper one, imposing and nautical in feeling, so that he who enters is at once projected into the spirit of the days of sail. You must leave your car somewhere handy to the gate, and not bring it into the Seaport itself lest its fumes sully the salt air or its motor drown out the sober sounds of industry, of adze and saw, or maul and anvil.

The Museum itself is some distance away, so the gate attendant tells you that you may board the horse-drawn trolley nearby and with the payment of seven cents you will be transported to the YARD, where you should properly begin your tour of the old port.

The little trolley is drawn by two fat nags and driven by the spectre of old Ahab himself. You settle back to enjoy the ride and see who your fellow passengers are. It is plain enough that they are all landsmen of week days, pent up in lath and plaster, as Melville says, tied to counters, nailed to benches. But this is Sunday and nothing will content them but salt water

(continued on page 12)

Connecticut Privateersman

John Palmer was so much a seaman that he closed each entry in the diary of his service in the Continental Army "So Ends 24 hours".

He served for three months early in 1776 but shortly thereafter he put to sea, where he belonged, in the schooner *Eagle*, Capt. Pine, and served successively on the sloop *Revenge* under Captains Conkling, Champlin and Post for four separate voyages, the sloops *Fairplay* and *Count d'Estaing*, the brigantine *Betsey* and an unidentified vessel, a record of service to his country on land and sea covering ten troubled years.

Mrs. Herman A. Meyers (nee Mary Rossiter Palmer) is the donor of over 100 papers, 9 sea journals and logs, 1 diary and 2 cyphering books of this Stonington patriot.

One of his journals begins "A Journal of a Cruze By Gods Permition in the Good Sloop Revenge in the year 1778 Nathan Poast Commander a Gainst the Enemies of the thirteen United States of America and A Gainst all Such as Shall aide or assist them."

The *Revenge* started out from Stonington 30 July 1778 with the young Lieutenant of Marines aboard and his journal begins, like any good novel, with action. Hardly a day passed but they gave chase or were chased, once they had to wet their sails to escape three British vessels, and once again while pursued by a British frigate they had to lighten ship by heaving overboard three cannon and a quantity of water. The chase continued for two days, the frigate still gaining, they hove over two more cannon and five more hogsheads of water. Palmer writes then "We all Expect for to Git taken Except something turns up in our favour." Something did. Another sail appeared to the Eastward, the frigate hauled her wind and started after the other, and easier, prize, "Which," writes Palmer, "we Was Glad for to See."

Palmer's excitements are leavened by homely touches, of eating a dolphin which the Captain had "catcht", of its "Reigning" or of a Scotch mist wet enough to wet an Englishman.

Part of his pay for these voyages is jotted down in his diary, and includes tea, coffee, chocolate, molasses, rum, "shooger", 1½ yds. super fine Broadcloth, velvet, silk "stockins", buttons, wool, a "Linning hankercheif" and enough knives and and enough knives and forks for John Palmer and all of his descendants.

Dyer Dhow Derby, the third, and greatest, was held at Mystic Seaport Saturday, October 18th. Nine racing boats and crews participated; six spectator boats were in attendance. Five races were run under the eyes of a Committee consisting of Blunt White, Bill Taylor and Bob Wessmann.

The usual shenanigans obtained. Some of the high-, and low-, lights: Shelley White in the Wadawanuck Club's entry, turned over and sank out of sight; that is, the boat did. The Off-Soundings boat under Byron Hatfield came in last in every race. Some pranksters stretched a rope from a nearby buoy to the dock, just under water, and as the boats crossed the imaginary line, the actual line appeared, slid under centerboards but caught in rudders, bringing most of the starters to a sudden and unexpected stop.

When all the skylarking was over, some 75 crew members and spectators gathered in New York Yacht Club Station No. 10 to hear the results and splice the main brace. But the usual untoward incidents were not yet over. The trophy could not be pried loose from the exhibition case in which some over-zealous employee had fastened it, and a poor, pewter pitcher substitute was offered instead. It was announced that the Committee was in somewhat of a further dilemma. Cruising Club of America, in No. 1, Ed Raymond, Skipper, had tied with Riverside--because Ed Raymond was the only member of Riverside present. In order to dissolve the embarrassing tie, Raymond had to match to decide the issue, which at length came out in favor of Riverside. Last year's winner was presented to the group because he was absent last year. The Edgartown boat, last year it was learned, had been raced by a local crew. Jerry Bliss of that club then took the floor and made a few remarks. He made a plea for the continuance of this "wonderful" type of racing, which eliminates all sportsmanship.

Wadawanuck and Essex Clubs were welcomed for the first time. The yachtsmen thanked the Museum and the Museum thanked the yachtsmen. The other braces were spliced, the main having been taken care of, and everybody went home, or somewhere, happy.



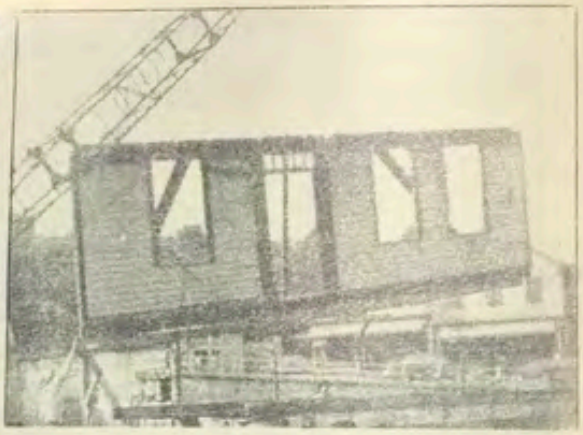
THE START

BLUNT WHITE AND BILL TAYLOR

ED RAYMOND RECEIVES TROPHY



An Odd Bit of Salvage



When wrecking some old buildings at the junction of West Main and Water Streets in Mystic, to make way for the new building of the Groton Savings Bank, the removal of a modern store front exposed the ancient dwelling house facade here shown in mid-air. It was lowered onto a truck, taken to Mystic Seaport where it will serve a yet unknown purpose in the fast-moving expansion program. It has been said over and over again that often we have to take things to keep from losing them. This was a case in point. The inside moulding and other details indicated a period of 1805-1825. Local tradition says it may have been built in 1814 as a tavern, although it was used in late years as headquarters for the W.C.T.U., and still later was covered with the new front of a furniture store. The dwelling was a three-quarters (i.e., two windows one side of the entrance door, one the other side) gambrel roofed house, 28 ft. square, with 12 over 12 paned windows. The facade was saved as one piece, and the remainder of the house as dismantled timbers and boards. The appearance of the original has been preserved in an etching made some years ago by the local artist, Jerome Hoxie.

The St. Paul was a handsome three-deck, three-skysail yard ship of 1894 tons, built at Bath, Maine, in 1874, for Chapman & Flint. Later operated by I. F. Chapman & Co., New York-San Francisco, and sold in 1903 to the Pacific Packing & Navigation Co., she ended her days as a lumber barge. Her hulk now lies on the East coast of Vancouver Island. While not a clipper, she was heavily sparred and earned a reputation for excellent passages on the hard Cape Horn run. Her billet-head, 20 ft. long, is now on its way to Mystic, the gift of MacMillan & Bloedel, Ltd., of Vancouver.



When the Dictaphone Corporation made a gift of a Dictaphone and Transcriber to Mystic Seaport on October 7th, the formal presentation was made by Theodore R. Baird, President; Carl Stenquist, Assistant to the Vice President; Charles Eclund, General Superintendent; Maxwell L. Griffith, Superintendent of Production Control; G. Harry Davis, District Manager, Hartford; F. W. Roberts, Director of Engineering, and W. K. Dunn. The whole thing was sparked by A. Donald Brice.

In the early 40's eighty tons of salt, the gift of International Salt Company of Scranton, Pennsylvania, were shoveled into the hold of the whaleship *Charles W. Morgan* to preserve her now 111 years old timbers. Salt dissolves, loses its savour, even in a ship's timbers. International Salt, in October, contributed 22½ additional tons, to add to the older brine, continue the pickling process and preserve the old ship for some time to come.

Mrs. T. Albert Potter of Jamestown, R. I. and Lake Forest, Ill. is the donor of a handsome chronometer, which was originally presented to her husband, President of the Elgin Watch Company, by his Sales Division. It is the only working chronometer in the Museum, a long-felt need.

Charivari *

When Margaret Shelton Bindloss and William Blunt White were married on September 18th in Fishtown Chapel, the bride wore her great-great-grandmother's wedding gown, first used in 1833.

In order to have the bride's flowers and church decorations in keeping with the period of the gown, some research had to be done. While they need not have been by tradition, the decorations were determined to be all white, with carnations and china asters predominating. Smilax was draped over the windows behind the altar. Matron of honor, Mrs. Lawrence Humphreys, carried roses. The ushers wore white carnations in their buttonholes.

When the short ceremony was concluded by the Rev. Clarence Wagner, usher Bob Jones rang the chapel bell and bride and groom made their exit to an unexpected and unscheduled din. Henry duPont's *Noreaster*, which happened to be in the harbor at the time, fired her two old muzzle loaders in salute and all the other yachts at the Cruising Club dock, the *Morgan* and *Conrad* docks set off their own horns, sirens and bells.

**Webster gives its pronunciation "char-i-var'-i", and its connotation close to an insult. When we were young the charivari was the common aftermath of a wedding, and no insult; but we called it a "shiv-a-ree". However pronounced, this one spoke loudly of well-wishing.*



Lilliputian Fleet

The Lilliputian fleet shown on the center spread of this issue is the project of Lieut. Col. H.B. Stiles of New London, a recent gift to the Museum. Colonel Stiles graduated from Yale in 1888 and began a long career as an optical surgeon. As such he did two tours of duty in Manila and the Orient, beginning with 1901, as Optical Surgeon for the United States Army.

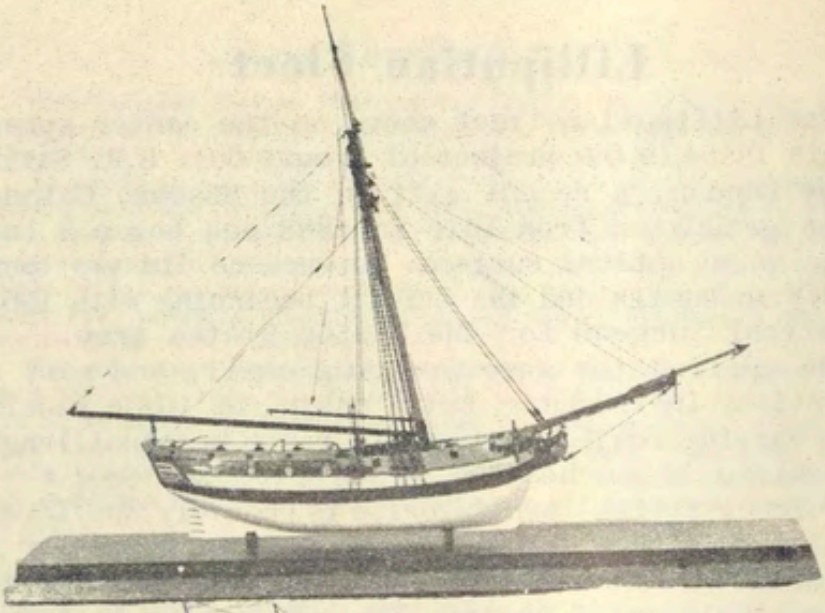
He applied the same exacting skill, and many of his optical instruments, to the making of these models. Using varying scales, the models range in actual length from 4½ to 10 inches.

Colonel Stiles' own favorite is probably *Mayflower*, on which he worked for 617 hours, in 1939. *Mayflower* is to a scale of 1 in. to 22½ ft., and the model's overall length is but 5 inches. Her ship's boat is lashed on deck, has its rudder, tiller and scaled thwarts. The ship's rudder shows pintles and gudgeons. Her mizzen lateen and the spritsail at her bow are carefully rigged. Brass cannon appear at seven gun ports--four on the starboard side, one smaller one from the quarter deck, and two from the stern. On the port side the gun ports are closed. Deck planking is shown by scoring. Rigging blocks are so small that the naked eye cannot see their details.

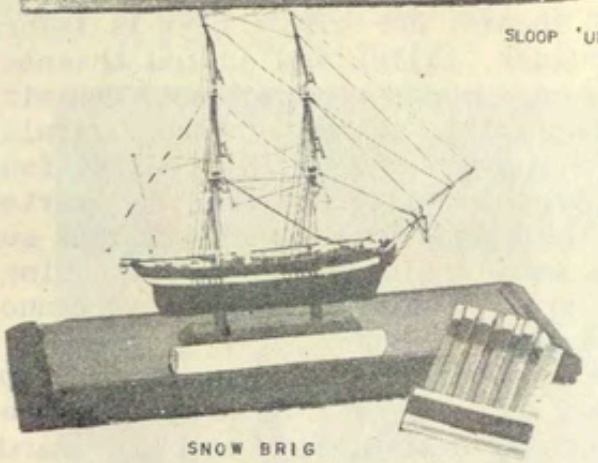
Bluenose lacks some of the finer details of *Mayflower*, but is still as neat as a Liverpool splice. Her dories are carefully nested, port and starboard, on deck; her rigging, like that of *Mayflower*, sloop *Union* and unidentified snow, is easily distinguishable as running and standing, tarred or untarred.

The Madeira prau has two lateen sails made of silk, carefully discolored to show the marks of use and age. The outrigger canoe's matting sail was specially hand-woven by Colonel Stiles as was the canopy on the sampan.

An interesting type of small boat added to the Storrs Collection is a Nomansland (off New Bedford) boat, particularly designed for running through heavy surf. It was found at Vineyard Haven, Mass., added to the collection by purchase with funds supplied some years ago by the six children of Lewis Austin Storrs.



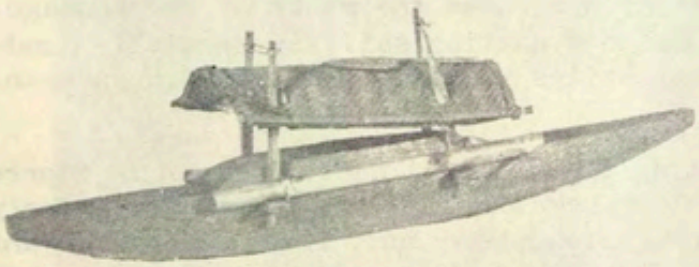
SLOOP "UNION"



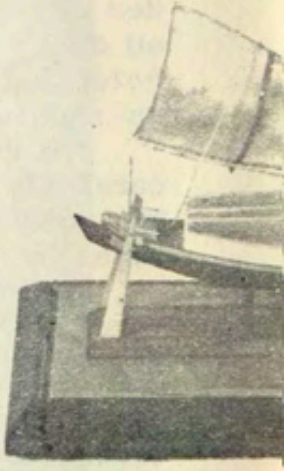
SNOW BRIG



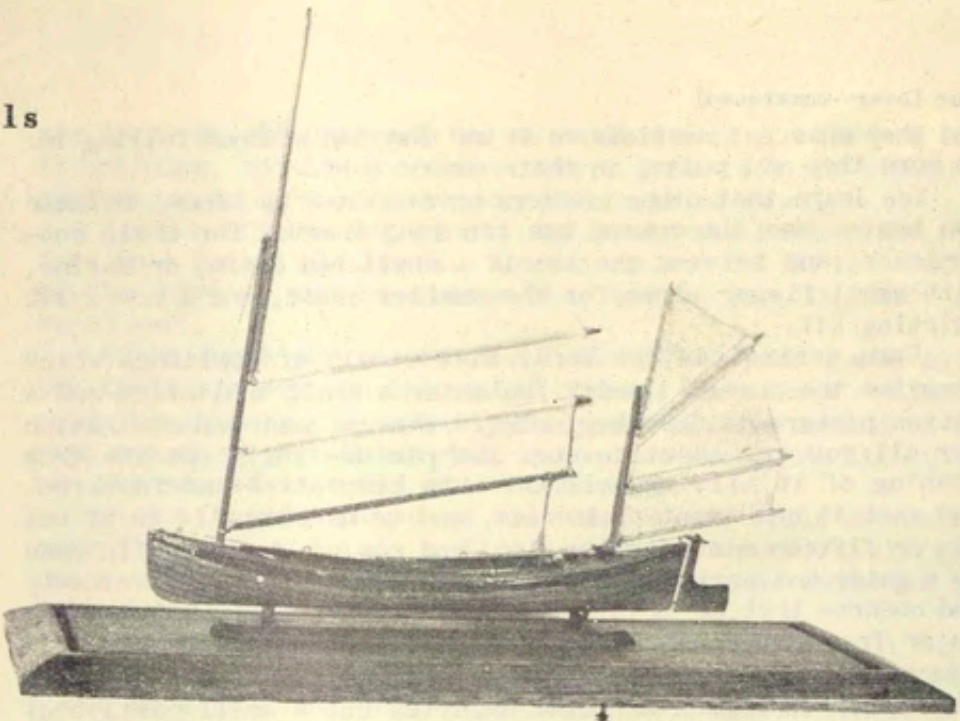
SCHOONER



SAMPAN



s' Models



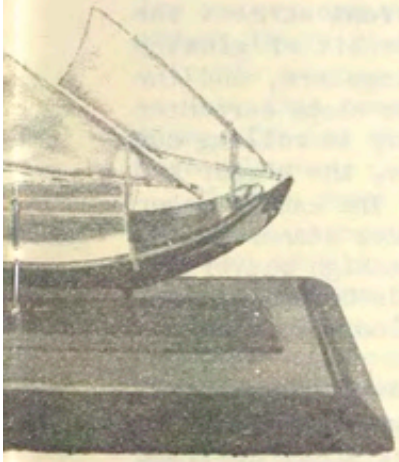
SAILING CANOE



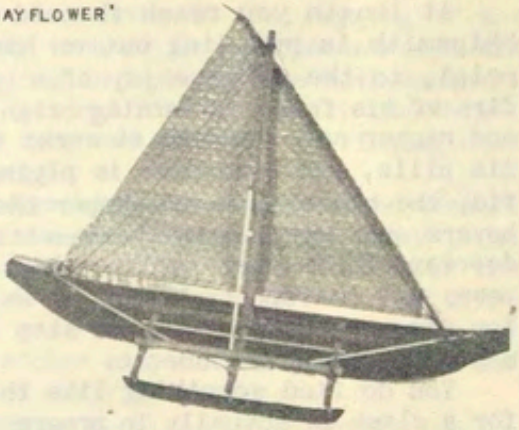
'BLUENOSE'



'MAYFLOWER'

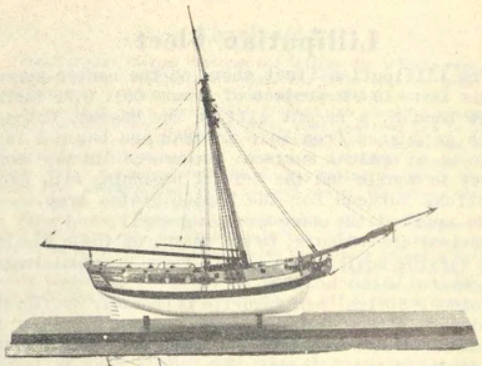


PRAU



OUTRIGGER CANOE

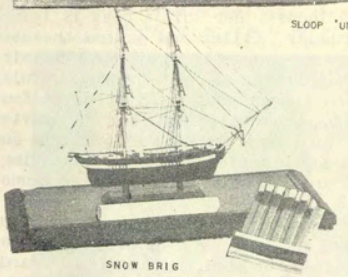
Stiles' Models



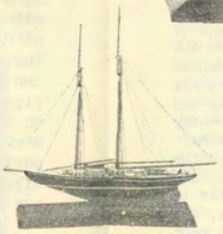
SLOOP "UNION"



SAILING CANOE



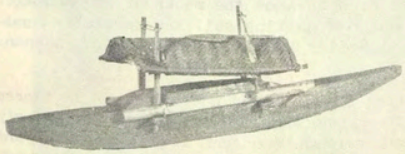
SNOW BRIG



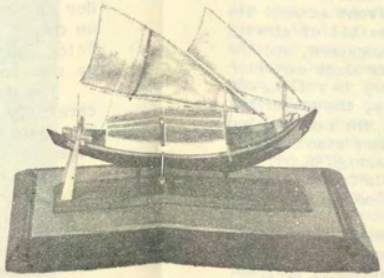
SCHOONER "BLUENOSE"



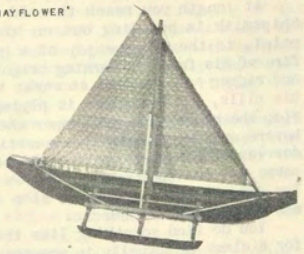
"MAYFLOWER"



SAMPAN



PRAU



OUTRIGGER CANOE

and they must get as close to it as they can without falling in. So here they all unite, in their common port.

You learn that other visitors have arrived by water, in their own boats. For the museum has two long wharves for their convenience, and between the two is a sheltered basin, or marina, with small finger piers for the smaller craft, and a boardwalk skirting all.

Upon arrival in The Yard, that circle of buildings which comprise the museum itself, you enter a small auditorium and a motion picture is just beginning. This is your indoctrination for all you are about to see. The picture tells you the true meaning of it all, why all this has been saved and fostered, and what it has meant to America, and to us today. It is of but ten or fifteen minutes' duration, and now you are taken in hand by a guide and begin your actual tour. You listen to him closely and observe that he is pleasant, yet erudite, probably a history major from some college earning a little money to pursue his education; and then you learn, upon inquiry, that he is more than that. His work as guide occupies but a small portion of his time. He is really a graduate student. He has the run of the Seaport, its Library, and the advantages that all its wealth of material imply, for he is using it all to work toward his doctor's degree, accumulating actual college credits, and gathering material for his graduation thesis. This is something new--a museum actually working in conjunction with the colleges!

A few of the others, you notice, have not followed the guide. They have but little time to spend; but they, too, are taken in hand, you might say, in spite of themselves. For in every room there are pleasant ladies who, you are told, are volunteer hostesses. They give a homey, pleasant touch to your visit, and you feel at ease, and wanted, at once.

At length you reach the old time waterfront street. The Shipsmith is pounding out on his anvil some bit of glowing metal, to the intense joy of a group of youngsters, and the fire of his forge is burning brightly. In other shops carpenter and rigger are likewise at work; the apothecary is rolling out his pills, the sailmaker is plying his needle, the rigger his fid, the blockmaker and cooper their chisels. The candle-maker hovers over his molten spermacetti, the chandler stands in the doorway of his shop and the ship owner in his high beaver hat peers over his spectacles at you as you pass his Counting House. You almost expect, when you step into the School, to find its master droning arithmetic.

You do find something like that in the Navigation School, for a class is actually in progress, and you are told that this is a further extension of the Museum's educational program.

By this time you have reached the end of the Point and you

see that the old shipyard has actually sprung to life--a ship is building, and for the first time in your life you grasp the perfection of detail that made the whole so lovely.

Now it is time for lunch, and you relax before the open fire in a quaint old Tavern. The waitresses are in the costume of the 1850's, and of course the food is New England, and excellent.

After lunch you go aboard the ships and your guide gives you their history. On the old whaleship there is a whaleboat ready for lowering, completely equipped. You are amazed at the vast amount of gear it carried, and wonder where the six sturdy men who manned it could stow themselves.

On the *Conrad* a parcel of blue-clad Scouts spill themselves over the side and into a fleet of small boats, their arms laden with compass, chart and all the paraphernalia of the full grown sailor.

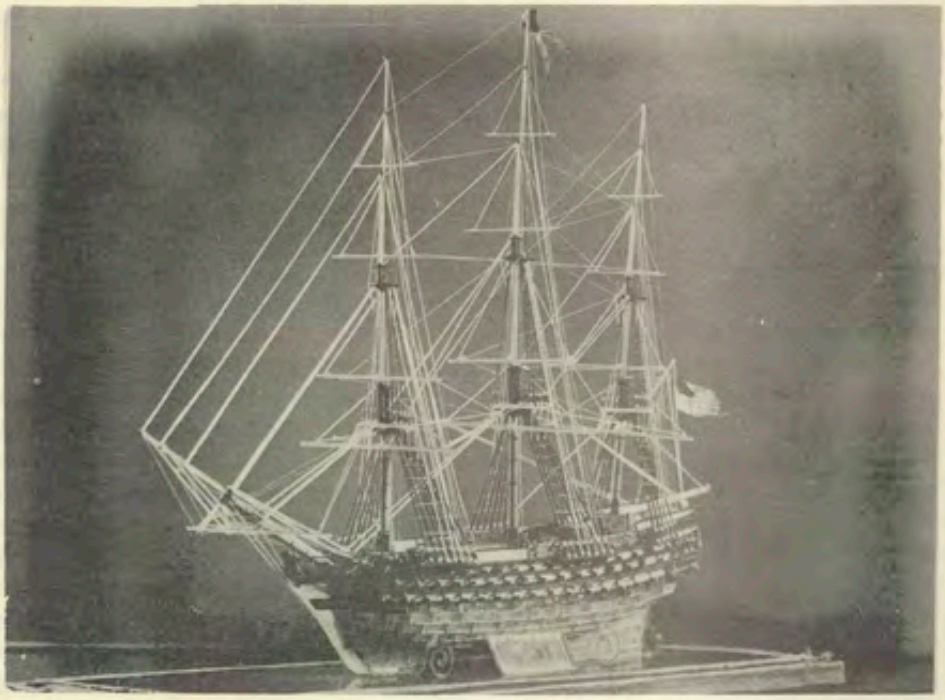
Everywhere there is activity. Even in the Meeting House a group of school children is listening to a staff member, about to make a tour under guidance also. You are told that the Meeting House is also the scene of a winter-long series of special events, not only for adults in the evenings, but for children, as well, on Saturday afternoons, with motion pictures, puppet shows and the like. The Junior Museum is their rendezvous at all times, and to reach those who cannot come, the Museum reaches out to schools, scout groups and the like by means of traveling exhibits, motion pictures and "canned" and illustrated slide talks on whaling, clipper ships, modeling and all that.

The possibilities, you begin to think, are endless. You have seen all this in one day, for the sun is already low and you hear the Chapel bell ringing. It is followed by the soft sweet music of an organ. The notes roll out over the cobbles, across the water, and seem to lose themselves in the rigging of the ships. Or is it the other way around? Have those shrouds and halyards somehow set to vibrating in harmony, one with another, to make this heavenly sound? But no! This is merely the Chapel organ, for now the music dies away and the bell is ringing once more. Vespers is about to begin.

The sun drops behind a yardarm of the *Conrad* and the western sky blazes into sudden color. The very water in the river joins in this evening glory while the glow sweeps back over the cobbles, creeps over the roofs of shops and lofts. The color fades and dies. The western star shows in the darkening sky above Meeting House Hill and etches a sparkling path across the water; then darkness comes. . . . .

This is but one man's dream and does not reflect actual plans of the officers and directors. Theirs, and yours, may be different, or more, or less; but without some dreaming it cannot be.

Fragile-Do Not Drop!

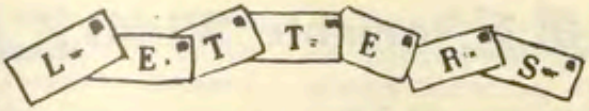


The Kynett collection has recently been enriched with a glass model of an unidentified ship. The Museum has waited these 22 years for two important types of material--a beef-bone model, prisoner-made, and a ship-model made entirely of glass. Both have come within the year, both are exceptionally fine examples of their kind, and both are to be found in the Kynett Collection.

The new model is of a second-rater, 100 guns (all of glass), 19 inches o.a., and was purchased from Mrs. George Singer in Newcastle, Maine. Singer ancestors were prominent shipbuilders. Mr. Singer's father was an American Consul in Europe, where he acquired the model in 1852. It is one of the finest of these fragile little works of art in existence, both in detail of workmanship and in size.

Where others have simple spun glass threads for rigging, the Singer model has twisted, or "laid", glass cable. Its hull is framed, with ribs of glass. The only material used, other than glass, is to be found in the gun port lids, which are of fine copper, and probably the figurehead.

It will make a colorful display with its red, green, blue, purple, amber and gold. For protection the model will be set on a 1 in. thick pad of sponge rubber, on a teakwood base 8 in. high.



Gentlemen:

Recently I noted with great interest in the American Merchant Marine Proceedings (Vol. 16) the excellent preservation of the former Danish Training Ship *Georg Stage*, now the *Joseph Conrad*, having started as cadet on that vessel at Copenhagen and later completed the required course with good marks under Danish Naval Captain Matson.

In those days the vessel was a full rigged ship with accomodations for 80 cadets ranging in age from 15 to 18 years. The quarters for these boys consisted of two large compartments known as the Port and Starboard Watch. The sleeping arrangements in the quarters were hammock fashion with two blankets all arranged according to each cadet's number. During the day the hammocks were housed in compartments located on top of the ship's rail.

In addition to the 80 boys the vessel's complement of officers was... 1 Captain, 1 Chief Officer, 4 Junior Officers, 2 Teachers, 1 Steward.

The length of the training program was approximately six months, during which period the vessel made two voyages on the Baltic and one to England. The remainder of the time was spent maneuvering on the Sound between Copenhagen and Helsingor.

I regret to say that after so many years I have never been in contact with any of the 80 boys of my class nor have I seen the vessel since that time and some day soon I plan to visit Mystic at which time, for sentimental feelings, I would like to board and walk the deck of my first vessel again.

M. Nelson, Port Captain and Agent
The Atlantic Refining Company, Marine Dept.
P. O. Box 849, Port Arthur, Texas

To Whom It May Concern-

I read with interest every article I see about the M.M., long may it live. I was a whaler myself once...on the bark Andrew Hicks, and I have had a desire for a long time to know what became of her...Her Captain's name was Chase, 1st Mate a white Portagee named Frateus, two Cape Verde negroes, Gomez and Choy were Second and Third Mates, and the Fourth Mate an Englishman named Farquah. We gammed the Morgan in mid-ocean and lay alongside her behind the breakwater in Fayal. In port at the time were the barks Wanderer, Alice Knowles and Morning Star, and the small schoon Viola. Practically all the green hands jumped ship and went to the hills for six weeks, then got sent home by American Consul...

It was back in 1910, but can still remember the good feeds of porpoise, dolphin and breast of cow whale, compared to swanka and cracker hash. Altho I signed on for a 2 year cruise, I only put in one season on her and that was plenty. Well do I remember Wing & Wing, as we called them, and the exhorbitant price they soaked us for a few pieces of clothing and a sea chest, to say nothing about the old flukers bill that was added on.

Respectfully yours,
Leo E. Wade, Box 157, Cromwell, Conn.

(Ed. Note--The Andrew Hicks was sunk off the Virginia Capes, December 8, 1917, after collision with one of the U.S. Patrol Fleet.)

Variable Winds

Joseph Ribeiro, 94 Tolman Street, Norwich, former member of the crew of the *Charles W. Morgan*, paid his respects to his old ship on September 28th. Mr. Ribeiro sailed with the whaler on her last voyage, November 26, 1919-July 15, 1920, and whaled off the coast of South America. Joseph Edwards was his Captain; crew members that he recalls were Joseph Gomez, Peter Almeida and Antonio Lopes.

Associated Press first released a full-page newspaper account, titled "Ahoy, My Lassies!", showing the *Conrad* Youth Training Program in full swing. We understand that Girl Scout headquarters have distributed reprints of it to all their councils for publicity use in local news sheets. We have seen it in the Danville, W. Va. *Register* and the Bridgeport *Sunday Post*.

Horror was the keynote when the Norwich Summer Theatre produced, the third week of August, "A Night at Madame Tussaud's." Manager Herb Kneeter turned to Mystic Seaport for supporting material. A display in the lobby showed spears, mincing knives, blubber hooks, clubs, shark-tooth swords and leg-irons, all of which were, in a manner of speaking, instruments of torture. In a blood-curdling denouement Peter Lorre's head appeared, minus his body, while lovely Miriam Hopkins held in her lily-white hand the instrument of his decapitation, an Oriental knife (Accession No. 33,1413 of the M.H.A.) dripping stage blood. These versatile properties were such a success that most of them were held over for a repeat performance the following week, this time with June Havoc in "Sadie Thompson". They lent themselves equally well to the humid passions of Pago Pago.

Captain Raymond Titus appeared on the Dave Garroway TV show in August, in behalf of the Youth Training Program. Charles A. Brooks appeared on the Bob Dixon TV program in October, covering the Seaport in general.

The Seaport's lofts and shops are the safer for six fire extinguishers lately installed, the gift of Mr. Henry H. Rennell of Southport, Conn.

Byron Hatfield, local maestro who already has a reputation for producing big-time, outdoor pageants, used many Mystic Museum properties in his third Lebanon (Conn.) Pageant. An audience of 2500 saw Benedict Arnold watching through a Mystic Seaport Spy-glass the burning of New London. Other items in other scenes: a cheese press, copper kettle, British flag, lobster pot. A cast of

300 persons, 50 animals played historic Lebanon's role as the "Cradle of Liberty", Connecticut's as "The Storehouse of the Revolution." The cast included Mrs. John Lodge, wife of the Governor.

Three tiny sea shells arrived by parcel post, carefully wrapped in tissue, in an old "Good Luck Jar Rubbers" box with this note in childish scrawl: "These shells belong in the Children's Museum. I want to return them." In the same mail arrived three packages crammed with more shells from volunteers who have been beachcombing for such to give away to the children who visit the Junior Museum.

Plans are afoot for another mammoth display of Seaport materials in connection with the Marine Museum at the Motor Boat Show in New York in January. This time, instead of figureheads, the display will be built around interesting types of historic small watercraft, such as the gig with a story, the jolly-boat with a history, the racing craft with a record and such foreign types as the kayak, the dugout and others.

In accordance with a new policy of making available to youth groups the facilities of the Youth Training Program, Mystic Girl Scout Mariners stayed aboard the *Conrad* after the close of the normal season. They sailed, rowed, studied and played over the weekend of September 20-21. Other groups planning similar uses of the sailing dhows and Seaport training facilities are the Mystic Community Center, now formulating an active sailing program, and Connecticut College, New London.

The 1952-53 Series of Special Events opened on Columbus Day with the Arctic veteran Donald B. MacMillan on the platform. In the audience and introduced along with him were Miriam MacMillan, who has made 8 of his 30 trips with him, Alden Cook, First Mate of the *Bowdoin*, three former crew members and one pupil of 30 years ago. Of the 250 in the audience, two members of the Association had driven down from Troy, N.Y. to hear him. Other junkets to follow in the successive months are with Lt. Col. John D. Craig into the future of Atomic Energy, Dr. Henry H. Hart on the travels of Marco Polo, Commdr. Irving Johnson around the world in the *Yankee*, Sir Hubert Wilkins under the polar ice, Dr. Ruroy Sibley up into space into the Kingdom of the Stars, and into the realm of song with The Galloneers, a choir of school boys from Brockton, Mass.

Died, about October 18, Mrs. Walter Abbe, Jr. of Windham and Groton Long Point, Conn. Mrs. Abbe had been a volunteer hostess for the Museum for many years.

Requests for literature began pouring in from *Weekly Readers* to the mystification of the Seaport staff, until the answer came in the form of a copy of the magazine from one of them. *My Weekly Reader* is a magazine published in separate issues for various grade levels of the public schools. In a Grade 5 issue in September appeared the story of "Tom Trott and Wee Brucie", peripatetic reporter and his dog, who visited the whaleship *Charles W. Morgan*.

Following a long search attended by considerable fanfare, Miss Bette Wildes of Noank, Conn. was decided upon as the youngest female relative of Captain Moses Rogers, to represent the family in a big to-do in Savannah, Ga. November 11th. The one-day celebration recalls the trans-Atlantic voyage of the steamer *Savannah* in 1819, will mark the dedication there by the Georgia Port Authority of a new state dock. Miss Wildes will be flown to Savannah for the affair, will certainly have her picture in the Savannah and Atlanta papers and probably in many others as the news is sent over the wire services. For these purposes she was "taken" in the nautical settings of Mystic Seaport, shown reading the manuscript copy of the Log of the *Savannah* which is in our Library.

A member in Idyllwild, Cal. ordered another copy of *The White Star Journal* and wrote: "I have already secured three copies and my friends have shown so much interest in it I have given them all away."

At the annual meeting of the New England Conference, American Association of Museums, held this year at Plymouth, Mass., MacDonald Steers represented Mystic Seaport, was a panel speaker on the subject "Coping with the child in a specialized museum."

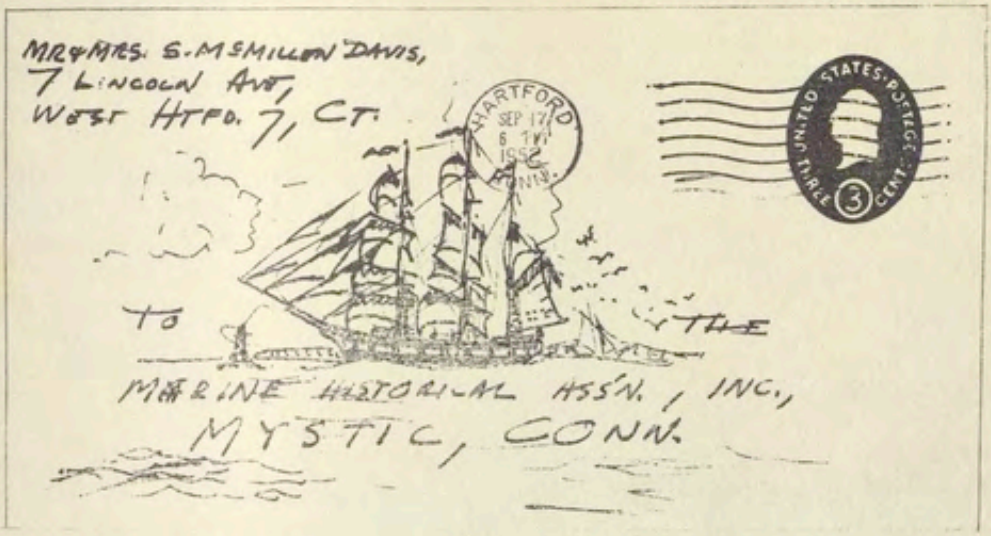
Sea Chests from Mystic Seaport are currently appearing in schools in New Haven and West Hartford, in Connecticut, and in Goodlettsville, Tenn.

"Spermy", popular story of a baby whale written by Lois Chesebrough of *Log* and Seaport staff, is scheduled for a miniature reprinting in *Child Life Magazine* for December under the title "A Whale of a Story."

We believe you will enjoy the 1952 Seaport Store Catalog.

The Library has been beautified by a gift of draperies which, providentially, harmonize with the wallpaper in the main and reading rooms; and a three-way-switch reading lamp, similarly fortunate in color.

Most valuable document in existence, on the handling of a ship in ancient times, is to be found in your Bible, the 27th chapter of Acts, Paul's shipwreck.



What Ship Is That ?

There hasn't been a ship out of Hartford since the heyday of Connecticut River shipping a hundred years ago. Yet Members Mr. and Mrs. S. McMillen Davis sent this one down with cargo, and cargo and ship reached Mystic Seaport in record time.

The cargo: Membership dues!

Convict Song

As Sung on board the prison ships transporting convicts from England to Botany Bay, Australia.

Taint leavin Old England we cares about;
Taint partin from friends far away:
It's the bloomin monotony as does us,
An' the prospects of Botany Bay.

Chorus:
Singin: Touraly, Ouraly, Addle Dee,
Also: Touraly, Ouraly, Aie.
Not forgettin: Touraly, Ouraly, Addle Dee,
Likewise: Touraly, Ouraly, Aie.

The Cap'n and all the ship's Officers,
The Bosun an all the ship's crew,
The fust and the second class passengers,
Knows what we poor convicts goes through.

Now all you young Dukes and you Duchesses,
Take heed unto what I do say,
An Mind all's your own as you toucheses,
Or you'll soon be in Botany Bay.

