The Log of Mystic Seaport

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Ordinarily, at this time of year, you might expect a snow scene for our cover; but snow, these days, is more the exception than the rule, at least in southern New England. The winters are milder, the cod are leaving the Grand Banks and going to the Greenland coast, jumbo shrimp have been found in New London waters, and the sea horse is becoming a common find near Mystic. Resort and hotel operators tell us that even the tourist season is lengthening. One of the biggest days at the Museum, so far as attendance is concerned, fell this year in October. So our photographer could get no snow scene for the cover, without going up into the ski country, north of us, for it. Instead, we have chosen a scene more common.

The lobster shack is so typically New England, at any season, that it fits into Mystic's reconstructed seaport like finger into glove. Straddling the shore, its rump on the land, its feet in the water, with its welter of pots, nets, buoys, floats and other gear, and the inevitable dory, it is such an accustomed sight that one cannot think of a New England shore-front community without its clutter.

It is significant that while this one has been at Mystic Seaport for a year now, this is the first time to our knowledge that it has served as a photographic subject for a newspaper or magazine. It is simply taken for granted.

Inside you will find the usual--a battered stove for heat, cast-off anchors, more buoys, pots and floats. Mystic's contains a stone and wooden withe "killick", that home-made anchor which served the more humble fisherman; this one from Nova Scotia. Yet to be added, a bunk for the lobsterman, and a spittoon.

The whole scene, like a face with character in it, has no real beauty but is somehow beautiful.

Mon Lei

While she is not a product of American tradition, she is in it. A familiar sight to the American sailor at Macao, or anywhere along the Chinese coast, was the colorful Chinese junk.

Mon Lei is not of the American tradition, but legend along the Sound already has it that an early morning glimpse of her through a port-hole, after too many tell-tale beverages the night before, has had a sobering effect upon more than one sailor. The first sight of her at Mystic Seaport is as startling.

Mon Lei is the Foowhow River junk once owned by Robert Ripley. Purchased from the estate by John Allen Bennett, she has joined the Mystic fleet for a two years' stay on a loan basis.

Her three masts are of Fukien pine, her bat sails are of the usual balance lug type, extended and stiffened by battens, her flat bottom is a necessity to the Chinese river boat in view of the numerous sandbanks she must skim over, and her lines give her the stability that make her exceptionally easy in a heavy sea. She rides the water like a curl of shaving, and resembles one. Her bow does not split the water, it slides over it.

She is 50 ft. long, 17 ft. beam and draws 4 ½ ft. While the design of these craft has remained the same for a thousand years, Ripley made certain alterations as concessions to Occidental use. Mr. Bennett added a keel of oak, increasing her draft by two feet, which overcame her tendency to yaw. The usual square rudder, often weighing tons, has been replaced with a light one of modern design. An ungainly, but useful, wheel house and wheel have replaced the ancient tiller and stanchions. A modern diesel engine is a necessity to the frenetic American. But the distinguishing features remain--the rounded shoulders of her sails, their battens, the foremast raking well over the bow, the high and open stern, low bow with its two big painted eyes, and above all, the blazing color. At Mystic Seaport she has an Oriental companion in the Shinto shrine beneath a willow tree in the Captain's Garden.

At least three others of these craft have crossed the world's big oceans. *Keying* crossed from Hongkong to London in 1847 and visited New York, Providence, Boston and other American ports. She survives in a Currier & Ives print which you may see on the second floor of the Stillman Building. *Whangho*

crossed to Sydney in 1908, and *Ningpo* to San Francisco in 1912. Richard Halliburton got less than half-way in one. *Mon Lei* came over in 1942 and took 86 days for the crossing.

Her almost fantastic design should give the American lover of ships pause for thought, her blazing exterior will attract the young, and her fabulous, symbolical carvings, inside and out, would intrigue anyone.

She will be opened to the public in the spring.



The *Conrad* Story

When John Cosmus Braestrup was a small boy in Copenhagen, his red-headed friend and schoolmate was Wilhelm Caroc. As they grew to young manhood it was only natural that both should dream of applying for training on the Danish schoolship *Georg Stage*, for young Braestrup's father was Captain of her.

Carl Peter Braestrup was proud of his family's seafaring heritage and equally proud of Denmark's, so to prepare his son for a possible cadet-ship later, he sent young John Cosmus to sea on another vessel, on a sort of shakedown cruise. The boy was inexplicably seasick, a weakness quite foreign to the family history, and knowing his father's pride, he never applied for the berth that his friend, Wilhelm Caroc, applied for and got.

By this time Master of the *Georg Stage* was Captain Malthe Brun and his First Mate was a man named Myhre. By 1905, too, Carl Peter Braestrup was Vice-Foreman (as the Danes call it) of the controlling Board and Superintendent of Denmark's Naval Academy. Foreman of the Board of the *Georg Stage* was Admiral Brun, uncle of Captain Malthe Brun. Because of this relationship, Captain Brun was allowed to take his wife with him on training cruises, a privilege never before granted to any Captain of the *Georg Stage*. And, of course, red-headed Wilhelm Caroc was aboard as a cadet.

June 26, 1905 was the 55th birthday of Carl Peter Braestrup and he had planned a celebration suitable to the commodious house in which the family lived. But on the morning of the 26th an astounding piece of news reached him that caused him not only to cancel the party, but which affected his whole after-life. It was, he always said, the saddest day of his life.

The *Georg Stage* had been rammed in a heavy fog the night before by a British collier steamer and had gone to the bottom of waters but a few miles outside of Copenhagen. Twenty-two of the eighty cadets died by drowning or suffocation. In the horrible nightmare of the 25th of June, when the masts and huge sails struck the water, the boys who had jumped overboard to save themselves were trapped beneath the canvas. Captain Brun had turned to his wife and told her she must save herself, he could do nothing for her. She was on her own. His duty was to his boys. It was a hard decision to make. But she climbed

into the rigging and as the ship heeled over before going down, she found herself clinging to a mast far above the deck of the collier. She jumped and was, happily, saved. Wilhelm Caroc, too, was saved; but twenty-two of his fellow-cadets were not. Many others owed their lives to the heroism of Captain Brun and Mate Myhre, who swam beneath the smothering sails, floating on top of the water, and pulled out as many of their boys as they could.

All that day, the 26th of June, Carl Peter Braestrup plodded about Copenhagen, up and down stairs, knocking on doors, to bring the news to the families of the lost boys. Many of them were families in poor circumstances, who lived in second and third story quarters. He never got over that day's experience, and forty-eight years later there was a break even in the voice of his son as he told the father's story.

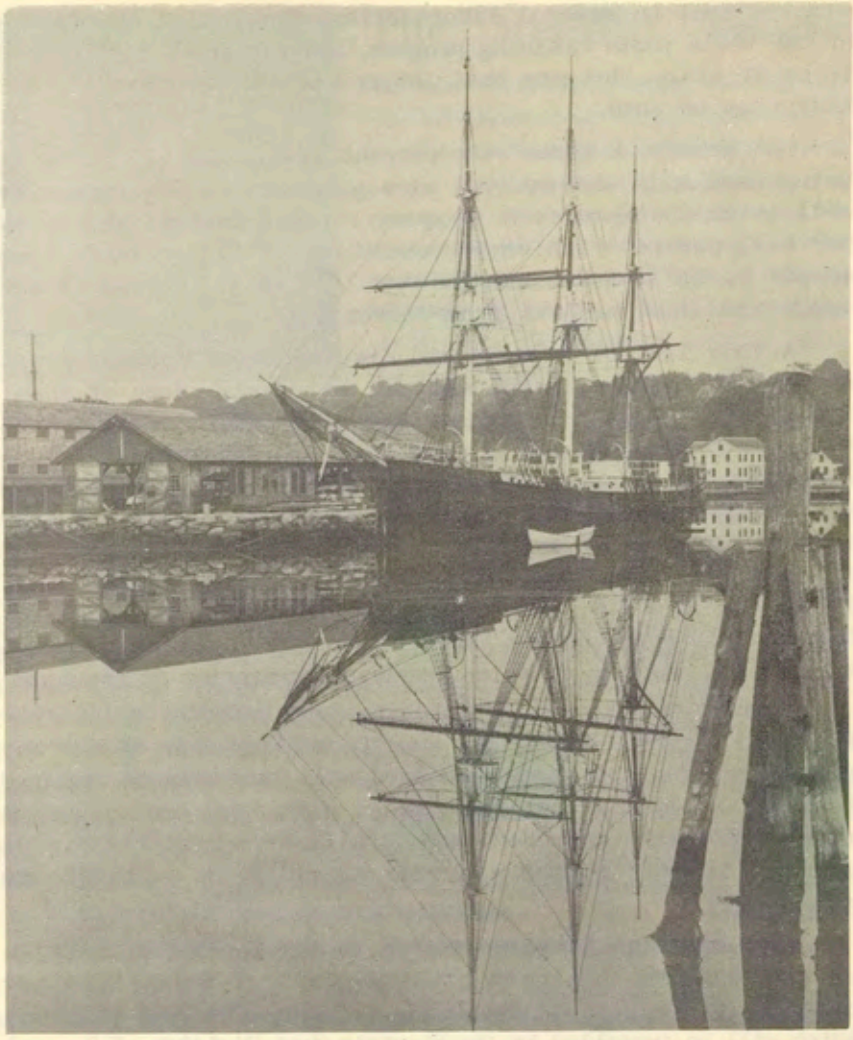
The rest of it is known. The *Georg Stage* was raised, water-tight bulkheads were installed, and she sailed again, is now at Mystic Seaport as the *Joseph Conrad*. Carl Peter Braestrup sat on the Naval Board of Inquiry which exonerated Captain Brun of any incompetence.

And it was John Cosmus Braestrup, disappointed cadet, now a successful structural engineer in Scarsdale, N.Y., who told the story of his father's 55th birthday on the day he brought his family to Mystic to see the ship that sank and sailed again.

Sequel

Through tragedy and travail man learns to better himself and his conditions. Mate Myhre was one of the first of a line of experienced Danish Merchant Marine masters of the *Georg Stage*. When the ship was raised and water-tight bulkheads were put in, she went on to the long career ending in her famous round-the-world voyage of 1934-36, only to begin another at Mystic Seaport.

At Mystic, safety on the *Joseph Conrad* is a factor so basic that in the six years of her operation there has not been a serious accident. Furthermore, she is land-locked, permanently tied to her wharf, and no longer goes to sea with all the attendant hazards. With strict adherence to national Scout and Red Cross standards of health and water safety, with periodic inspections of living and cooking facilities by the local health officer, and with every structural precaution



that modern science and the insurance underwriters can impose, today's *Conrad* cadet is safer than he would be at his own home.

But not long ago a new threat came. An insidious underwater virus attacked the ship. A mysterious hull corrosion, believed to be an electrolysis, was affecting the sturdy Swedish iron of her hull.

To insure her continued safety and life at Mystic Seaport a series of months-long studies have been in progress. The water has been analyzed, at low tide and at high tide, through

samples sent to several laboratories. For a time the future of the whole youth training program, now six years old, seemed to be at stake. But now that the crisis has been passed, the story can be told.

One theory: A three wire current (A.C.) 220-110 volts is being used with the neutral wire grounded to the *Conrad* as well as to the *Charles W. Morgan*, berthed nearby, which has her hull covered with copper sheathing. In other words, the copper is the cathode and the iron hull of the *Conrad* is the anode and thus suffers from corrosion.

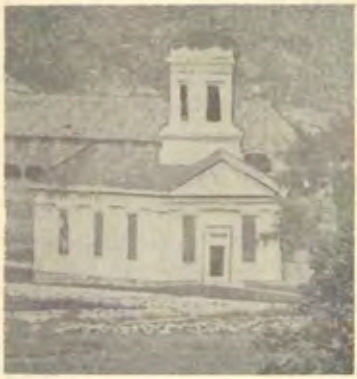
A long list of experts and distinguished companies has contributed advice, help, and even materials. Some of them: The Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics represented by Henry A. Scheel; A.M. Byers Company of Pittsburgh, represented by A.N. Voripaieff, Manager of their Marine Department; H.A. Humble, Manager of the Cathodic Protection Sales, Magnesium Department of Dow Chemical Company of Midland, Michigan and Ledyard, Conn.; A.E. Krapf, Commanding Officer and Director of New London's U.S. Navy Underwater Sound Laboratory; Edward Cabot of the Narragansett Electric Company of Westerly, R.I.; and James B. Fullman of Water Service Laboratories in New York.

Strange talk it is, of polarization, cathodes and milliamperes. Sample: "Initially, some 10 milliamperes of current per square foot of submerged area will probably be required to give the desired polarization... With time the magnesium is sacrificially corroded, and it will be necessary to reel off additional lengths in order to maintain a protective potential."

This baffling language refers to the hoped-for solution of the problem, the gift of 1,000 feet of Galvo-Line for cathodic protection of the hull, from Dow Chemical Company, which will be installed by the Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics.

The work is under way, and bookings are progressing, as usual, for another *Conrad* season of nautical training for youth at Mystic Seaport.

Truly, to run a museum one man would have to possess the talents of a business man, historian, philosopher, philanthropist, educator, scientist, psychologist, and more. Fortunately these things are available through the contributions of American industry and Americans who truly love the sea and ships.



The Meeting House

The year 1954 will probably see the moving and restoration of the Old Seventh Day Baptist Meeting House at Mystic Seaport, to be used as an indoctrination center for youth groups, guided tours, and meetings. In the 25th year of the Association, the 300th of Mystic, it seems fitting that its story be told. This is the first of a series of articles telling that history.

The Greenmanville Seventh Day Baptist Church was a pleasing place. The building withdrew a little from the main road to Mystic Bridge, as if to rest its haunches on the bank of the river and, at the same time, see what was going on in the two shipyards nearby.

From one side or the other, for seven days a week, came the buzz of saw and blows of hammer and adze as Greenman and Mallory ships took form. To the north the Greenman Baptists labored from Sunday sunrise to Friday sunset, then, true to their faith, dropped their tools and began their observance of the Lord's Day, the seventh of the week. To the south the Mallory Methodists labored for the same cause from Monday morning to Saturday night, then paused to set aside the first day of the week to their God. Between the two bustling yards the old frame church stood, its four corner columns holding it to a straight and narrow quietude.

Inside, six shuttered windows admitted or excluded the secular world, as the pastor decreed. A high gallery extended across the back. A cabinet organ stood in a space at the front, and around it would be grouped the choir.

The two broad aisles invited the worshippers to the forward pews and pulpit. Two brass lamps with brown glass globes were mounted on marble pedestals and fittingly framed the parson's august countenance. Behind him stood a sofa and two chairs; before him the communion table.

The whole was a monument to the Greenman brothers, owners of the shipyard, for they were the principal donors and it was chiefly their funds which had built the church and paid the minister.

And every Sabbath they were there; George well forward in the center section, Thomas on the south, and Clark on the north; each with his family and personal servants grouped about him. But Saturday was the Lord's Day, and the Reverend Sherman S. Griswold's.

The pastor prided himself on an orderly mind and in delivering his discourses he was accustomed to marshalling his points in logical sequence. He would begin his hour-and-a-half sermon by stating his premise, then go on to prove it, point by logical point. "Firstly..." he would begin, and his hearers settled down in their pews knowing that short of fire or quake they must hear to the end. It was not unusual for the weary to awaken after a secretive, but upright, nap to hear him still droning on "Ninthly, the Gospel states..." One communicant swore that he had once heard him through to a record eighteen points.

Outside, all activity in the Greenman Yard was stilled. No work of any kind was permitted on the Sabbath. But if it be mortal sin to ignore the commandment "Thou shalt have no other God before Me", then the three brothers were, in a sense, fallen angels, for beside the God of Sherman Griswold there had been enshrined in their hearts another, and lifelong, worship--that of the Goddess of the Sea. They were shipbuilders to the core. Not for money alone did they labor; it was as much for the love of creating a thing of beauty and life and use. One and all, body and soul, they were possessed by this dual worship.

It is understandable, then, that one Saturday morning Thomas felt his attention wandering. The high shutters of the window beside his pew had been closed, but through them Thomas could get a glimpse of the Mallory Yard down the river, a stone's throw away. It was only Saturday to the Mallorys and they were launching a ship. It was on the ways, and if Thomas paid little heed to the Reverend Griswold that morning he must be forgiven. It mattered little to him that it was a Mallory ship being launched. It was a ship and that was enough.

As the Reverend Griswold droned on toward his final point, Thomas sat bolt upright, craning his neck to peer through the shutters. As workmen knocked the blocks from under the ship his whole frame trembled with her expected release. Visible, even at this distance, was the tenseness of the little crowd gathered around. Suddenly she began to go. In a moment the waters of Mystic River would rise in a joyful flood to

meet her. In that ecstatic instant, outside, Thomas would have lifted his hat in air, but today it was safely stowed beneath his pew. Instead, he shouted it out, to the whole startled congregation, the Reverend Griswold included..."THERE SHE GOES!"

One of Three

A No. 1 Standard Singer Sewing machine, built in 1854, is now on exhibition in the Mallory Sail Loft. Only two others of that year exist--the patent model on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution, and one retained by the Singer Company in its historical collection in New York.

The sewing machine was first adopted by industry for sail-making, harnessmaking, and for cobblers' uses; was only later adapted for home use. The machine at the Seaport, which actually operates, is about 30 inches high, 34 inches wide, is of iron frame with a shuttle and bobbin. The stroke of the needle is about the same as the modern machine. It is mounted on a wooden box which also serves as a carrying case. Inside the case is a treadle which operates a wooden arm fastened to the driving wheel.

The instrument is the gift of the Singer Company. Near it, in the old sail loft, is exhibited a photograph of the first advertisement for the new machine as it appeared in the Boston papers of the day.



A group of four technicians working on U.S. Navy orientation films, a series entitled "History of the U.S. Navy", spent a day here recently taking research photographs of exhibits for two units of the scheduled series. The research covered the War of 1812 and worldwide naval operations from 1815 through 1860, including the Mexican War and Commodore Matthew C. Perry's opening of Japan for World Trade in 1853. Two earlier units of the series have already been produced. Subsequent units will carry the history through the first World War. The colored films are done in an art form, using photographs for research material. Narration and sound effects are added. A film copy of the first unit is on file at the Seaport. Others are to be added as completed.

Anything Goes

It was "anything goes" October 18th in the fourth annual Dyer dhow derby on the Mystic River. Winner was the normally dignified Cruising Club of America.

An estimated 160 yachtsmen and women from New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut gathered at the Seaport for the race--probably the craziest regatta for serious deep-water sailors ever staged on the east coast. That was the opinion of one authority, at least--William H. Taylor, Managing Editor of Yachting Magazine and one of the three judges.

Nine blue-ribbon clubs--those which originally presented the small dhows to the museum--competed for the P.R. Mallory trophy. For the first race the judges somberly insisted on strict adherence to the rigid rules of sailing. Then for the final four races, any semblance to any other sailing race, present or past, was strictly coincidental and assuredly unintended.

In one race the winning boat breezily scooted over the finish line only to be rudely jerked back onto the course by an unsuspected underwater trip line while a boat favored by the perpetrators of the prank went on to victory. The two-man crews used oars to douse challengers with splashes, strung life-jackets on the oars to gain sail area, and violated every known race regulation.

To win in one heat, it was necessary to completely unrig the boat after crossing the finish line--even so far as unstepping the mast and taking off the rudder. In another, shingles painted with each boat's number were set adrift, face down in the river. No boat could win unless it first picked up its proper shingle. Crews wore business suits as well as Bermuda shorts as the madcap races went on.

In the New York Yacht Club's historic Station 10, William H. Taylor presented the silver bowl to Commodore G.W. Blunt White, whose Cruising Club of America is the only two-time winner in the four year competition.

--New London Evening Day story by James McKenna

Mystic Seaport will again exhibit at New York's annual Motor Boat Show in January. This, its 50th show, will be held in the Bronx.





Potion & Portrait

The Association has received some odd items, but the odds, in a long career, go to a bottle containing brandy one hundred and thirty years old. They tell us--and this is only hearsay--that it still possesses a wonderful and potent bouquet.

Mrs. Russell Belden presented her grandfather's liquor chest, made of oak with hand-wrought hardware, containing a dozen, gold-decorated bottles and glasses. Case and fittings are in prime condition, not a chip or a crack in any piece.

In 1823 Captain Richard Bunce, aboard his own ship in the West Indies, opened the chest and spliced the main brace with a friend. Shortly after he died and when his effects were sent home, they included the liquor cabinet and half-filled bottle of brandy. Thanks to either the temperance of the family, or their respect for the memory of grandfather, the brandy has attained its ripe old age.

Mrs. Belden's gift included a portrait of another ancestor, Josiah Bunce, painted by an unknown French artist prior to 1800. It is a fine example of the itinerant portrait painter of the period.

Brengle Collection Increased

The Laurence J. Brengle Collection of marine paintings which has been on display for years, has been enriched by additional items from the family home in Northeast Harbor, Maine.

The original collection contained many early 19th Century water colors by the Mediterranean school of marine artists, painting at Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn and Trieste. Considered by many to be the finest in existence, artistically, and the most exact, nautically, they are by Pellegrin, Morety, Camellati and the famous Roux family--Antoine, *pere* and *fils*, Frederic and Francois. Such Americans, also, are included as J.E. Buttersworth, William Yorke, Samuel Walters and T.E. Hirnbrook.

The recent addition, currently on a loan basis, comes from Laurence Brengle, Jr., William C. Brengle and Mrs. Thomas S. Gates. It included 563 books, with such rare and valuable first editions as Cook (with the atlas), Scoresby, a 6 vol. set of Wilkes, and a good edition of Foster's voyages. There were interesting shadow-box models, prints and additional paintings. Two of the latter were a fine ship painting of the *Batavia* by an unknown artist, and another by Honore Pellegrin.

Memories

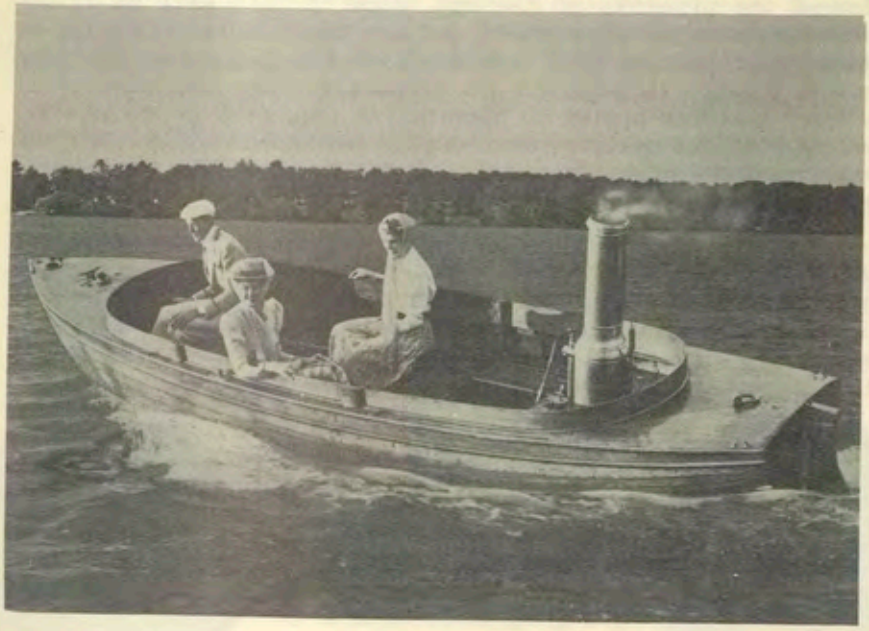
of Old New York...

An extensive and valuable collection of prints has come to the Museum as a gift from Mr. Hobart Ford of Rowayton, Conn. The collection numbers 264 items, many of them marine subjects. A few of the choicer pieces are "New York City from Brooklyn Heights", "New York Harbor from Weehawken", and the Currier & Ives "Across the Continent", showing the Union Pacific's first train through. Most of them hung at one time in Simeon Ford's famous old Grand Union Hotel at 42nd Street and Park Avenue, now but a memory of old New York to older New Yorkers. Such prints as these will help to keep that memory alive.

For years the collection has lain in a storage warehouse in New York, had not been seen since 1933 until, in early December, Curator Stackpole, Mr. Ford and an appraiser went through them.

A number of the prints may be displayed; others will be kept in the library's print files; together they will be known as the Simeon Ford Collection. The non-marine subjects will be placed on the market and the proceeds used for a much-needed small boat dock and ramp, or marine railway.

of yachting in the naptha launch--"Lillian Russell"...



In view of the current interest in sea shells, it might be timely to remind conchologists that the Museum has a good collection of shells gathered by Mrs. Webster Edgerly. The collection was catalogued, as to Latin names, by the eminent Dr. Henry Augustus Pilsbry (The Manual of Conchology, 31 vols., 1888-1931), and as to common names by Dr. Roy Waldo Miner, Curator Emeritus of the American Museum of Natural History.



The barnacle, Aggasiz has said, is a little shrimplike creature, standing on its head inside a limestone house, kicking its food into its mouth with its feet.

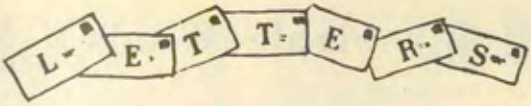
One could contemplate for a lifetime the wonders of but a few of the minutiae of the sea. Some of them walk on their stomachs, some on their heads, and the spade-footed tribe use a muscular projection which does not look like a foot at all. The humble scallop is nature's jet propulsion. The star fish uses a water vascular system to operate its tube feet in the never-ending hunt for oysters. The left-handed whelk runs counter to all its kind--while most snails run to the right, he contrarily goes to the left.

Their uses are as various. One of the Murex family provided the royal purple which dyed the Roman toga. The red helmet is used for cameos, white and pink and tan. The useful melon shell provides for the South Seas native a container, a bail or a spoon. The cowry shell is money for some, while the golden cowry is a mark reserved only for nobility, or the chief.



The submarine wonderland is peopled with strange, beautiful and sometimes ridiculous shapes--multi-colored, irridescent, waving odd cilia, rotating, moving, eaten and being eaten, reproducing and dying.





Dear Sir: Dec. 8, 1953

Our class decided to join the Marine Historical Association because we enjoyed our trip there so much. We learned many things about whaling and clipper ships, and how the people in a seaport town lived two hundred years ago.

I suppose you are wondering how we raised the money. We had a cupcake and cookie sale. We raised over fifteen dollars. With the rest of the money we will buy a present for the drivers who drove us to Mystic and Sturbridge.

We would like to ask you if our school could borrow the sea chest which you loan to schools.

Truly yours,
Miss Martha Donovan's Fifth Grade Class
Central Grammar School, Milford, Conn.

Two letters, received the same day, from two friends of Mystic Seaport, so epitomize two viewpoints--that of youth, full of hope and enthusiasm, and that of age, full of experience and resignation--that they seemed worth reprinting here, anonymously...

Since the last time I wrote to you the (family) have acquired a sixteen foot Long Island Class sloop. So you see my summer has been taken up with short cruises and informal races. My interest in the big square rigger, however, has not deteriorated; it has flourished... Since sailing the Long Islander I have gained a great deal of respect for the old shell-backs who had their sailing vessels bear them to the far corners of the earth... I certainly would like to see the old Morgan and woolgather on her decks once more. I hope to do just that during Christmas...

Richard V... 14 years old.

Last Fall I visited Nantasket beach and rode around to Hull and saw Toddy Rocks at low tide and the place where my daddy and crew were drowned Nov. 26th, 1898. Made me feel quite bad, and I think it is a good thing that the sailing ship has dissipeared from the sea, as it only ment misery for man and quite frequently death, some times in an open boat. This Nov. 20th I will be seventy eight years old... Hope I havent taken up two much of your time with this long letter, but it will probabally be the last one. And now here is Christmas coming on and me with seven children and thirteen grand children. This will be all.

Thomas B... 78 years old.

Abram Kaminsky, summertime Seaport gardener who is a member of the National Symphony Orchestra, writes:

...the write-up about me in the New London Day July 24th was also in the Washington papers, Philadelphia papers, Worcester, New Haven and I don't know how many other papers throughout the country. So as a violinist I have now the reputation of being a good gardener...

Variable Winds

Staff members are again "on the road" with the Museum story. Edouard A. Stackpole has addressed the Westerly Historical Society and other groups in Old Lyme, Norwich and Waterbury and in December spoke before the Meriden Historical Association. Captain Adrian Lane has appeared before the Rotary Club at Branford, the Kiwanis Club of Groton, the Boy Scouts of Mystic, at Williams Memorial Institute, and for the New London County Fire Chiefs Association.

Ship models built before 1800 are not frequently found, but a six-foot replica of an unidentified French ship of the line has been acquired from the Griffith Bailey Coale estate. The model was built in France in 1790 and was, at one time, exhibited in the Louvre in Paris.

Two new exhibits of navigational instruments have been arranged in the Stillman Building, showing the historical sequence of the principal instruments from the astrolabe to the bubble sextant. In one case, by the use of colored yarns, simulated eye, sun and horizon, the method of use of each is shown. All are attractively arranged against a background of old charts, and the instruments are grouped according to those used for latitude and those for longitude. In a second case the less frequent and more modern instruments are shown. The Museum's possessions have been augmented by a number on loan from Wright Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio.

Work is under way for a miniature scale model of the Seaport.

The week of July 12 is the date set for the big Mystic Tercentenary Celebration on Shipyard Point. Sparked by the Mystic Chamber of Commerce and sponsored by a Tercentenary Committee of citizens, the main event will be a star-studded symphonic outdoor drama "The Mystic Story", written and to be produced by Byron Hatfield. On a floating stage, with many scenes using real ships, a cast numbering hundreds will re-enact 300 years of Mystic history.

White Mist to Rio is the pleasant-sounding title of the Association's latest publication--an account, by G.W. Blunt White, of the 1953 South Atlantic Ocean Race, Buenos Aires to Rio, in which his American yawl *White Mist* finished first of 22 entries. The booklet's 22 pages include 11 excellent illustrations.

A helpful word comes from Theodore Roscoe of Arlington, Va., author of *A Pictorial History of the United States Navy*, recently published by Scribner's, who said that he had been all over the country, to the leading marine libraries and found our section on the

Navy the most complete he has seen. Mr. Roscoe has published previously *Submarines*, a history of submarine warfare in World War II.

In late October, the Connecticut Audio-Visual Education Association held its annual meeting in the Mallory Building. Marion Dickerman, Educational Director for the Association, led a tour of the Seaport and addressed the group on the subject: "Every school child needs a museum as well as a school", telling something of the educational services provided by Mystic Seaport for schools of all levels.

A week later 60 librarians and trustees, members of the Connecticut Library Association, met at the Seaport for the third discussion, in a series of four, on the theme "Freedom to read". W. Duane Lockhard of the Department of Government at Connecticut College led the discussion. Other speakers: State Senator Charles McKew Parr, Henry James Jr., Assistant Director of Publicity Brooklyn N.Y. Library, and John J. DeGange, Sports Editor of the New London Evening Day. John G. Park, Vice President and program chairman of the Library Association, introduced the speakers.

Through the cooperation of Jean Pordes, the artist, and The Marine Historical Association, publisher, a special edition of the Seaport Coloring Book was given away at Christmas. The Mystic Oral School received 75; Seaside Sanatarium, 50; Lawrence & Memorial Hospital, 100; New London Day Nursery, 50; Westerly Hospital, 100; William Backus Hospital, 100; and 150 were sent to the Newington Home for Crippled Children. A small "work sheet" was sent with each book.

Probably the shortest visit in 25 years of visiting school groups was made the 28th of October when 130 students of the East Side High School of Paterson, N.J. came up in three buses. After traveling five hours to reach Mystic they drove through a portion of the "street", and traveled on, without getting off their buses. Curator Stackpole hopped aboard one bus, gave them a running account, and away they went. A delayed schedule caused the elimination of two of their objectives; left to them, for all their expenditure of time, money and effort, only the U.S. Coast Guard Academy at New London.

The "new" aluminum caps to the piles around the wharves at Mystic Seaport are made of the printing plates for your past *Logs*. Capt. Raymond Titus is the ingenious Yankee who thought this one up, and the thought suggests itself that if you wish to catch up with past issues, you may find them now more or less permanently preserved in this manner.

Before he sailed for another round-the-world voyage in *Yankee*, Irving Johnson presented the Museum several lengths of ancient, riveted leather fire hose. Found by him in England

some years ago, the hose has already been around the world several times. With him on this present voyage, Johnson has a replica of the rudder pintle strap from Captain Bligh's *Bounty*, a museum exhibit. Object: to reconstruct by movies the original recovery at Pitcairn Island of relics from the famous mutiny ship. Cast of characters will include Captain Johnson and the mutineer-descendants; and the resulting picture will be a gift to the Museum when *Yankee* returns.

An old Joseph Sewill chronometer was sent over from England as a gift of the famous Thomas Mercer Company, chronometer makers for the Royal Navy since 1876. The instrument had been discarded as not repairable, but Edwin Pugsley, amateur collector of navigational instruments and a director of the Association, took it to pieces, reassembled it and it is now ticking merrily away at Mystic Seaport, a prized possession.

To find an authentic, centuries-old cross staff would be an event in any collector's life; but Alexander O. Vietor of Yale University has found three--and the only three known to exist in this country. One he has given to Mystic Seaport, one to Peabody Museum, and one he has kept for himself. The Mystic instrument is missing its cursor, but happily replaces the replica long on display here for lack of the real thing.

Col. Bernt Balchen, polar explorer and aviation pioneer, who contributed a lecture to our series of Special Events did not tell us that he is an accomplished artist, as well. We found it, belatedly, in The New York Times in an item from Northfield, Minn., where a show of his water colors opened on November 21st at Carleton College. In below-zero temperatures Col. Balchen painted the northern lights, icebergs and Alaskan landscapes. To prevent freezing of his colors he carried them in small jars next to his body.

A bed covering and pillow cases brought over from China by Captain (83 times around the horn) Joseph Warren Holmes has been given the Museum by Clift Cornwall of Naples, Fla. The elegantly embroidered pieces once adorned the bed of the then dowager Empress of China.

A publication has been prepared by Marion Dickerman on *The Three Greenman Brothers*, their lives, their times, and their homes; and is placed on sale, appropriately, at the Museum founded twenty-five years ago on the site of their shipyard.

The Dictaphone Corporation through its Vice President, T.H. Beard, has presented the Seaport with a General Electric 3-horse power, 220 three phase motor which will henceforth perform a useful service operating a circular saw.

Youngest member of the Association--and a Life Member, at

that--is G.W. Blunt White II, two weeks old at time of joining. He is the son of William Blunt White and the former Margaret Shelton Bindloss, who were married in Fishtown Chapel at the Seaport on September 18, 1952. (See *Log*, Vol. 4, No. 4)

Curator E.A. Stackpole is the author of an article, "Figureheads at Mystic Seaport", in the current issue of The Circumnavigators' Club *Log*.

Pieter Holm's unique tobacco box, subject of a recent Association publication, is also the subject of an illustration and advertisement in the Oct. issue of *Medical Economics*, a magazine of particular interest to pharmacists.

When, in December, Mrs. Francis Hirst of London presented our Library with an inscribed copy of the autobiography of Viscount E.F. Cunningham, once Lord High Admiral of the British fleet, she toured the Seaport, of course. Aboard the *Morgan* she encountered rigger Remy Fauquet, and the two happily spouted French for a few minutes; in the woodworking shop John Muise explained the various steps in the reconstruction of a figurehead he was working on, insisted on bringing her a picture of another he had yet to do. "That", said Mrs. Hirst later, "is very interesting. It shows an artisan's real pride in his work, and that is good."

In early November the old Seaport was more sea than port, when high winds and high waters swept over most of New England and the New York area. The new parking lot was completely inundated, the whaleship again had salt water up to her waterline, the Cruising Club dock was under water, and the small boat fleet was scattered--some floating on the swollen river, others grounded along its banks. There was little real damage. The staff quickly made the grounds respectable again, and the neighbors rounded up the small craft and brought them back to port.

Mrs. Gideon N. Stieff of Baltimore has had reproduced many of Mystic Seaport's 35 mm. color slides and is currently giving illustrated talks on our work in that area.

E. Horton & Son Company of Windsor Locks, Conn. is the donor of a large hand bellows now in the Shipsmith Shop.

In November the Department of State sent a representative to Mystic to uncover facts which might help to bolster the country's claims to Ant-Arctica. The home-town of Capt. Nathaniel B. Palmer, generally credited with the discovery, and of Edouard A. Stackpole, author of the widely read *The Sea Hunters*, would, of course, be a required stop on such a quest.

November 29th. Two teen-age visitors startled a museum attendant by exuberating over all they saw, expressing their pleasure in bop-talk: "Man! This place is cool-real cool!"





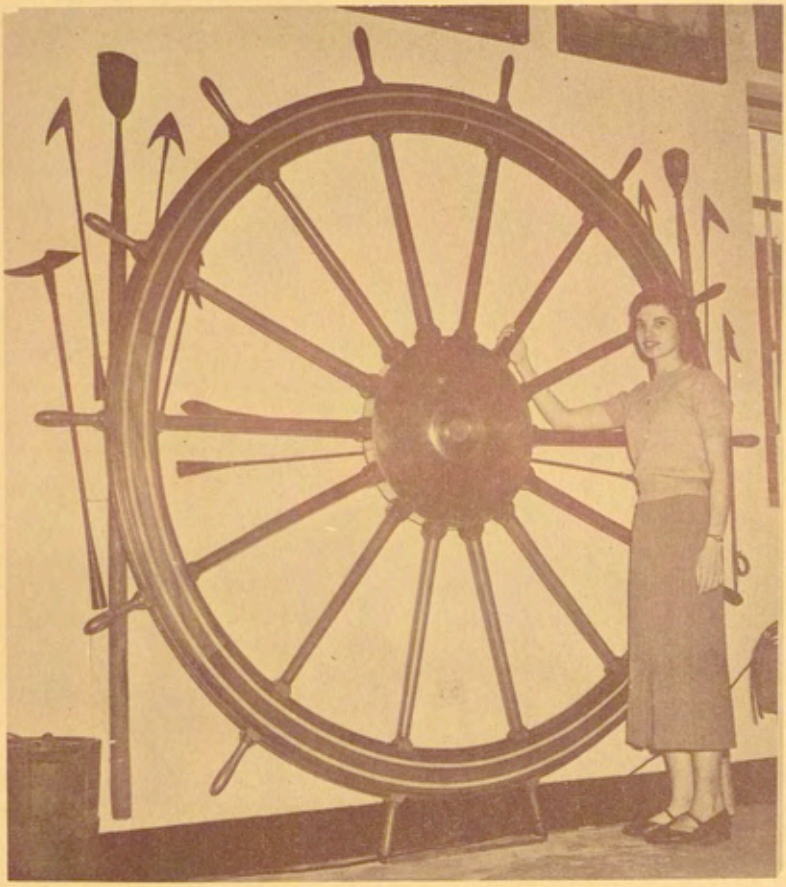


'Twas the week after Christmas, when all thru the 'port
The people had gathered, but not for a sport;
The day--it was New Year's, when Santa took leave
For his home at the Pole--but--there's a story to weave.
To make the event a remembrance to all
The people of Mystic answered the call.
Mystic's founder, John Mason, with Indian guide
To the Seaport on horseback rode, side by side.
And out on the Street there arose quite a clatter,
While story-book persons made merry with chatter,
For from all over town the commotion did bring
Costumed people, and others, for carols to sing.
Each shop and each building--their occupants roused
Joined in the search for a cause they'd espoused
And out on the Point to the Sail Loft they ran
To locate St. Nick--who, of course, was their man.
And when the old elf had been found in his lair
He was lowered from above in a true bo's'n's chair.
And after he dropped in this nautical way,
Met Mason and guide and some words he did say.
Then a fire truck came and away he did scoot
While the crowd bade him farewell with holler and hoot.
When the truck had departed with old Santa Claus
The group there assembled did not stop to pause
But paid homage to Mystic, its Art Association,
Its Seaport and bank--regardless of station.
They'll all observe birthdays in the year '54
With plenty of doings, and parties galore.
But to start the proceedings with nary a quake
There was candy and fruit and a huge birthday cake.
The public was invited--especially the young--
To join the festivities, singing and fun.
And when the dusk lowered, we all felt content
That we truly established a rare precedent.
The Tercentenary Committee, Seaport and Bank,
Art Association, Chamber of Commerce--all want to thank
A helpful community, that's made it all seem
That success in each instance, has not been a dream.

--Alma Eshenfelder

Mystic, Connecticut--the Groton Savings Bank of Mystic--the Mystic Art Association and Mystic Seaport--will all be observing anniversary years in 1954. Mystic was founded in 1654, the Groton Savings Bank in 1854, the Art Association in 1924 and Mystic Seaport in 1929. The event on New Year's Day at Mystic Seaport, started the anniversary celebrations.

The Big Wheel

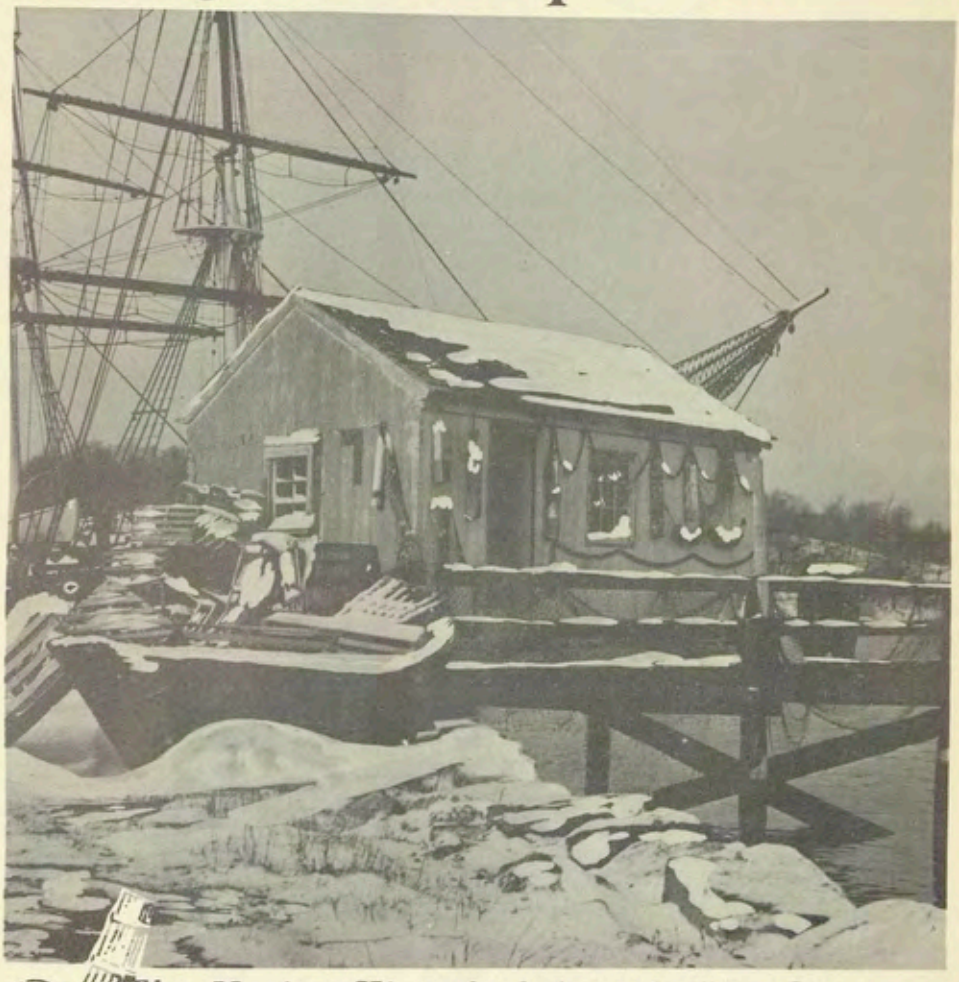


BARBARA BEATRICE OF THE CURATORIAL STAFF SHOWS THE SIZE OF THIS WHEEL FROM THE SIDE-WHEELER--'CITY OF TAUNTON'

The Log of Mystic Seaport

Volume 6 No. 1

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The Marine Historical Association, Inc.

Mystic, Connecticut

The Log

OF MYSTIC SEAPORT

Our (corrected) Cover

Your *Log* this issue has the rare distinction, for a publication, of having two covers...

And this is the reason why...

THE BLIZZARD STRUCK!

Any fall of snow, after our talk of the mild New England winters, of jumbo shrimp and sea-horses, would have "dated" our original cover and story, but this was such a blizzard as most of New England had not seen in years. The familiar sounds were now not the chirping of jumbo shrimp nor the neighing of sea horses, but the scrape of the snow plow as it passed on its endless rounds. The cool nakedness of branches and winter shrubbery was gone. All was now weighted with snow, and the eaves instead of rain were dripping glistening icicles.

Mantled in white the Seaport presented a scene of rare beauty, but few there were to see it. Traffic was practically at a stand-still and there were no visitors. Few, even, got to work that day, at the Seaport or anywhere else. Only the most rugged went out in the storm. Our rugged photographer, who lives in Niantic, twenty miles away, reached the Museum but the light had gone and he had to wait until next day to get his picture. There would be more snow in it if the high winds had not carried much of it away to pile in drifts elsewhere.

Our *corrected cover*, then, gives you New England as it is reputed to be, as it should be, and as it was on Monday, Jan. 11th. A chastened editor will make no further predictions as to milder climate, will speak no more of shrimp, sea-horses and cod moving north. Weather is the province of the Weather Man and not your Editor. He should have known better!