

Tripp

No More Packets to the
Cape Verde Islands.

By
Carlos C. Hawks.
from "Yachting"

End of the Schooner "JOHN R. MANTA"

Just 42

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Sunday Star

YOUR OWN HOME SUNDAY



LAST OF NEW BEDFORD'S WHALERS to complete a trip to the grounds was the 102-foot schooner John R. Manta. The craft anchored in New Bedford Aug. 20, 1925, after 3½ months away from home. Her cargo: A poor 300 barrels of sperm oil. This picture of the Manta under sail was believed taken in 1922.



YOUR OWN HOME SUNDAY NEWSPAPER



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'So Ends...'

"Thar she blows!" came the call from the mast head. Crewmen scurried over the deck, boats were lowered and the centuries-old chase for the whale was under way.
 The action on Aug. 2, 1925, marked a milestone for New Bedford. The whale harpooned on the Hatteras Grounds by crewmen of the New Bedford whaler John R. Manta was the last ever taken by the once-proud city fleet.
 The city's glorious whaling era reached its peak more than a century ago. It ended Aug. 20, 1925, when the Manta dropped anchor in home port.
 Here, in these never-before-published pictures, is recorded the story of that whaling voyage. Taken aboard the Manta by the late William H. Tripp, curator of Bourne Whaling Museum, pictures were supplied for publication through the courtesy of a niece, Miss Barbara Tripp of Middletown, R. I.
 Another series of pictures taken on the same voyage is on exhibit at the museum.



HISTORY-MAKERS—The Manta's crew assembles in shore "togs" for photographer Tripp at the end of the voyage to the Hatteras Grounds off Virginia.



STRAPPING IRONS (fastening the harpoon to its pole) is undertaken at sea by Raymond A. Buckley, left, and an unidentified crewman, part of the work in outfitting the Manta's starboard and larboard whale boats.



WHALES ARE SIGHTED and down go the boats. Here busy stepping the mast is the small craft's crew.



ASAIL AND UNDER WAY after their prey go the whalers.



A WHALE IS CAPTURED and aboard the Manta other crewmen are hard at work putting out the cutting stage on the starboard side of the ship.



DURING CUTTING-IN OPERATIONS a wide "blanket piece" is hauled aboard ship for trying out. The blubber is a layer of fat covering the entire body of the whale.



WHALE'S HEAD is hoisted aboard for processing. This one weighs about 6 tons and came from a 35-foot bull whale.



AFTER BEING CUT into "horsepieces" and minced into "bible leaves," the blubber is forked into the trypots where the oil is boiled out. Smoke rises from the stack of the heating unit in the forward part of the ship.



THE VOYAGE IS OVER and three of the crew busy themselves unbending the Manta's sails at dockside in New Bedford.



RESULTS OF THE VOYAGE: Some 300 barrels of sperm oil. The cargo landed in these huge barrels rests on Merrill's Wharf in this view looking east.

ARCHITECTURE ON CAPE COD

by Frances Troy Schwab



TOWER HOTEL, Falmouth Heights, an early hotel for vacationers, sporting the pointed gables and dainty scrolls of the Gothic style in an attractively simple structure.



NORCROSS HOTEL, Monument Beach, another early seaside hotel with interesting arched balconies supplying linear rhythms as well as plenty of room for rocking.

V. Summer Places

The boom prosperity of post-Civil War America which saw the expansion of cities, the growth of industrial power and the steady march of mechanization, had little to offer the tastes or talents of Cape Cod. Cape economy, which had been particularly flourishing during the past 50 years, was based on a native affinity for adventurous world trading and upon the extraordinary aptitude of so many Cape Codders for navigating sailing ships of all types under any conditions—an aptitude displayed with conspicuous brilliance in their cool handling of the speedy but capricious clipper ships (circa 1850-70). With the final eclipse of the clipper ships by steam power, most Cape Codders stepped scornfully ashore. Since the only land industries of any consequence—the salt works in various places and the glass works at Sandwich had also bowed, or were about to bow, before the progress of mechanization—the prospects for Cape Cod's bread and butter looked unpromising indeed.

Fortunately, the charms and uses of the Cape itself came to the rescue. Its climate and its beaches, the moderate temperature of the surrounding waters, the stretches of unspoiled woods, the lovely fresh water lakes, salt marshes and dunes attracted the attention of city dwellers who sought escape not only from heat, but from the fatiguing effects of noise and crowds. Thus the Cape embarked on its career as a Summer paradise and an antidote to the ills of city pressures.

Following the pattern established elsewhere earlier in the century—by the ante-

bellum southerners who came all the way up to Newport, or the northerners who seldom journeyed farther than the nearest water or mountain—the first Summer visitors to Cape Cod rented quarters from resident owners, most of which were situated naturally on village streets. Soon inns and hotels built especially for vacationers arose upon the shoreline to take full advantage of the beaches and the sea. Then, those who loved the life enough and could afford to do so, bought property and built houses of their own where views of the ocean and a close proximity to it, were the prime considerations.

The architectural characteristics of most of the Summer places built from the late 1870s through the early years of the 20th Century, reflected the powerful influence of Henry Hobson Richardson and his heirs—McKim, Mead and White. Responding to an initial impetus from exhibits at the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876, they reintroduced rough-textured unpainted shingles and the undulating roof lines of Colonial times, combining them with sweeping openness of interior and exterior plan, a generous distribution of windows and porches and the frequent use of towers integrated into, rather than added onto, the structure, thus maintaining an over-all horizontal effect.

Once again, even the grandest Summer places on the Cape remained relatively simple compared to many in other seacoast resorts.

Photos by Lou LaPrade



← **NOW THE WIANNO CLUB**, this rippling edifice highly typical of its period, was built as a hotel in 1881 after its earlier namesake burned down.



↑ **ARCHITECT'S SKETCH** of the Hotel Chatham built in 1889 and since burned down, shows Summer resort architecture at its most undaunted. Says the bro-

chure, "The quaint gambrel roof and shingled sides of the hotel identify it with the Colonial in architecture."



← **VERY RICHARDSONIAN**, this house with its towers, broken roof lines, triangles and squares shows a master hand at work, keeping them all related in a coherent, flowing, rich design.

→ **LESS BRILLIANT**, but also flowing and well organized, this house with its dramatic chimney display, also typifies Richardson influence.



← **LATER**, softer and undramatic, the gracefully double-sloped roof is the principal feature here.

→ **IN SPITE** of its height, this interesting house with its severe horizontal blades and purity of line suggests the approach of contemporary discipline.



Article VI will appear next week.



ROOSEVELT JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL—Hollywood Studio



FRIENDS ACADEMY—Hollywood Studio



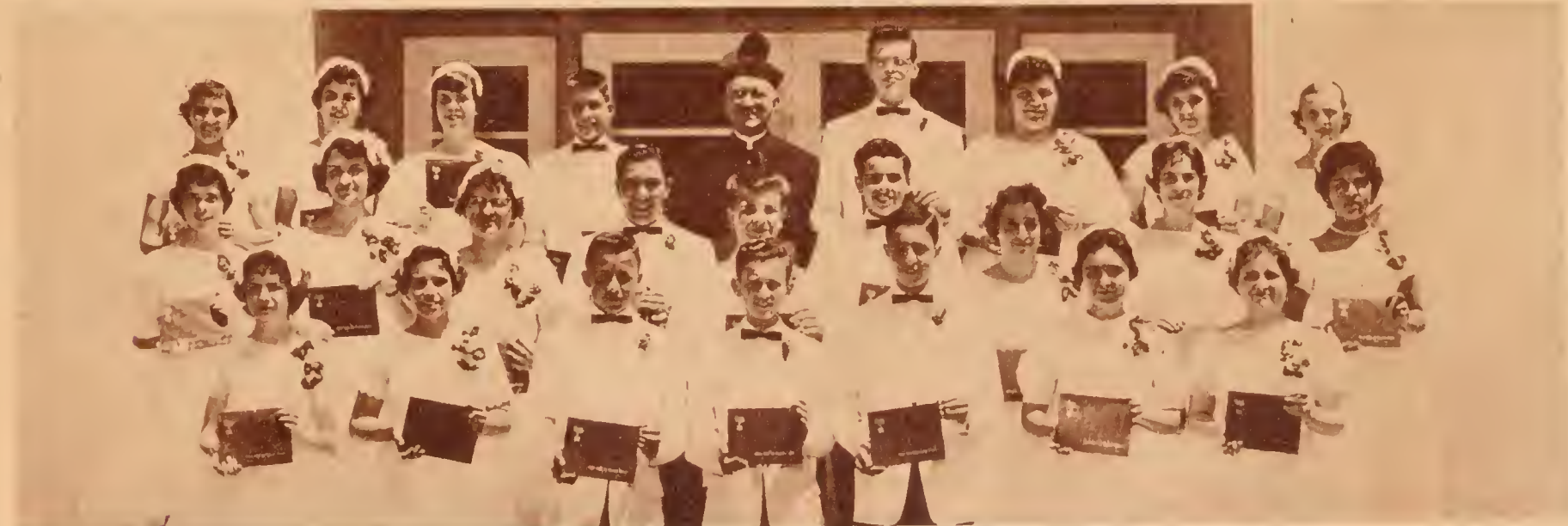
ST. ANN GRAMMAR SCHOOL—Berthiaume Studio

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ST. FRANCIS XAVIER GRAMMAR SCHOOL—Berthiaume Studio

SACRED HEART GRAMMAR SCHOOL—Berthiaume Studio



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST SCHOOL—8th GRADE—Art Costa Photo



ST. KILIAN GRAMMAR SCHOOL—Berthiaume Studio

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KEITH JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL—Hollywood Studio



KEITH JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL—Hollywood Studio



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ELMER POOLE SCHOOL—Hollywood Studio

Candid Hollywood



REPRESENTING Hollywood's second generation, Jody McCrea (son of Joel) finds blond Dorothy Province the most delightful of the town's current crop of starlets. Jody is branching out from Western roles and has ambitions to appear on the stage in more mature and serious roles.



ANNA KASHFI, former wife of Marlon Brando, is out on a date with Ross Hunter, one of Hollywood's younger director-producers.



HOLY FAMILY GRAMMAR SCHOOL—Berthiaume Studio



The schooner "Yukon" became famous in the Cape Verde service. Although she made a 36-day passage to Providence, R. I., she lost an impromptu race when her time was bettered by another packet, the "Valkyrie"

NO MORE PACKETS TO THE CAPE VERDES

The War Has Written What May Be the Last Chapter of a Colorful Packet Service

By CARLOS C. HANKS



WHEN the one-time whaling schooner *John R. Manta* sailed from Providence in 1937 to carry her forty-two passengers and crew into oblivion, there came to an end the packet service that had operated between Providence, R. I., and the Cape Verde Islands for forty-three years. Every one of the forty-odd schooners — most of them old Gloucester fishermen — which had maintained the intermittent service through the years, had either worn out completely or had fallen victim to wind and wave. With those which went down, defeated by storm, went also more than two hundred human beings who were their crews and passengers. There was much that was gallant and picturesque in the old packets, but there was much, too, that was pathetic. There was gallantry in the courage of the Brava sailors in venturing matter-of-factly on a 3000-mile voyage in a small schooner, usually weakened in hull and masts by the batterings of nearly half a century at sea.

There was picturesqueness in the poultry and pigs, and sometimes even a cow, penned on deck to provide fresh food along the weary sea road. There was picturesqueness in the passengers and in the veritable litter of trunks, parrot cages and guitars that constituted not only their baggage but the sum total of their earthly possessions. But there was a pathos to the packet service that was inescapable. It lay in the frailness of the craft to which those homesick Bravas entrusted their lives as well as their goods; the absence of radio to call aid in time of need; the stark primitiveness of living conditions on board, with men, women and children cooped up in close quarters below decks and tossed about, some-

times for months; the atmosphere of almost helpless poverty about both the ships and the humans they bore away.

Antonio Coelho, who died about a year ago at the age of ninety-two, took the first packet out of Providence for Brava in 1892. With his death, only Frank Silva and Captain Henry D. Rose remain of the packet line men around Providence. The former owned and outfitted several of the ancient fishermen and coastal schooners, while the latter sailed on board them, from cabin boy at the age of thirteen, to master. Coelho had sailed as owner and supercargo of his little 64-ton former coasting schooner *Nellie May* back in 1892 on that first trip of any Cape Verde packet from Providence. The *Nellie May* had been at sea only a few days when her captain, a patriarch of the whaling fleet, died of a heart seizure. The mate, who didn't know much about navigation, tried his hand at navigating. The *Nellie May* kept on in the general direction of the Cape Verdes for more than a month and finally sighted a Liverpool-bound steamer which informed the mate that he was 500 miles due south of the islands. Back on the right course again, the tiny schooner hauled into Brava after forty-five days at sea, and the fifty passengers who had paid from \$15 down to nothing for their passage, thankfully stepped ashore.

Captain Henry Rose is another to whom the packet service has brought vicissitudes, including a two-hour swim in mid-Atlantic. He remembers to this day just where he took that swim. It was in 53° 30' West Longitude, 34° 37' North Latitude. Rose was twenty-one years old and was master of the packet schooner *Volante* at the time. He was making his second trip in her, and

was bound from New Bedford to Brava in mid-June, 1922. A green hand was at the wheel and Rose felt the schooner jibe suddenly while he was below in his cabin. He rushed on deck just in time to have the helmsman jibe her again and sweep him overboard. The young captain hung to the log line for a few minutes and then had to let go. It was dark and nobody on board seemed to know what to do, not even the mate, but they got the schooner hove to somehow. After two hours of swimming, Rose managed to reach his ship and was hauled on board. The *Volante* made St. Vincent in nineteen days



"There was gallantry in the courage of the Brava sailors in venturing matter-of-factly on a 3000-mile voyage in a small schooner, usually weakened in hull and masts by the batterings of nearly half a century at sea." Above, such a vessel was the "Ambrose Snow." Left, unloading her passengers at Providence



Captain Costa \$1000 the *Valkyrie* would beat the *Yukon* to Brava. The rival crews heard of this and agreed to a bet of \$500 to be settled when they were paid off at Brava, and even the passengers got the fever and took up a collection for a small wager. The two schooners and the *William A. Graber*, another ex-whaler, with Captain John

Sousa in command, sailed from Providence, October 19th, 1924. The *Valkyrie* arrived in the islands November 13th and Captain Rose cabled Frank Silva, "We win. Beat the *Yukon* here. Made trip in 25 days."

Captain Rose immediately set about lining up freight and passengers for his next voyage in 1925 and he sailed from Providence on October 23rd with a passenger list of four and a crew of eleven men. The old schooner was forced to anchor in lower Narragansett Bay until a storm had blown itself out and it was not until the 26th that she ventured out into the Atlantic to begin her familiar 3600-mile voyage. The bold headlands of Block Island had little more than dropped below the horizon when a new gale swept down on the deeply laden little packet and for five days the *Valkyrie* bravely tried to keep on her course under a jib, forestaysail and a storm trysail, with giant waves sweeping her deck. Then the jibboom was carried away, and her foremast cracked. Rose climbed the spar and tried desperately to secure the rigging, but his efforts were in vain. A short time later, the mainmast broke off at the deck, carrying the foremast overside with it. While the crew tried to chop away the raffle, two seamen were swept overboard to death. The survivors succeeded in freeing the dizzy rolling hulk of the wreckage, and then began thirty-five hours of work at the pumps, battling to keep afloat until some vessel came along to take them off. At the end of that time the British tanker *Oyleric* sighted the wallowing vessel and lowered a boat, which took off the packet's people. They left her in the nick of time, saving only the clothes they wore, and Captain Rose had only his sextant and chronometer when he landed in New York.

and was twenty-one days to Brava—record time. Cap'n Henry's best days were spent as master of the old schooner *Valkyrie* in which he made fourteen crossings before she went down, November 5, 1926, some 900 miles east of Bermuda. The *Valkyrie* was a two-masted schooner, a former whaler built at Boothbay, Maine, in 1888, of 104 net tons. In 1923, the *Valkyrie*, outward bound, ran into a northeast gale in the middle of the Gulf Stream. She was carrying thirty-two passengers and a general cargo, but 50 tons of it was thrown overboard at Captain Rose's orders to lighten the vessel. The *Valkyrie* was hove to under a storm trysail for ten days, her cabins repeatedly flooded, and then the storm blew itself out, and the *Valkyrie* made Brava in 45 days.

On April 9th, 1924, the *Valkyrie* and the *Yukon*, a former Gloucesterman, sailed from Brava together. They both made 36-day passages, arriving in Providence on May 13th, the *Valkyrie* landing her seven passengers a few hours ahead of those on board the *Yukon*. Five packets had arrived in Providence from Brava that spring, the *Valkyrie*, *Yukon*, *William A. Graber*, *Claudia* and *Ambrose Snow*. That was the high tide of the packets, without question; five arrivals in two weeks, four arrivals in three days, three arrivals in a single day.

The backers of the *Yukon* were far from satisfied that the *Valkyrie*, trim of hull despite her lack of paint and polish, was the faster vessel, in view of the narrow margin of victory she held in that westward crossing. The two skippers, Rose and Costa, and Frank Silva, met at the Customs Office when they went to get their clearance papers and fell to arguing about the sailing merits of their respective schooners. Finally, Silva wagered

that she was lost began to

and friends on board the who had purchased freedom a \$1,000 bond when the a U. S. Commissioner over alien stowaways, began to w Bedford also had its wor had sailed from there, the enton, had failed to reach New York pilot schooner, he *Winnepesaukee* was lost pe for the *Manta* and her uary 24th, 1935, when the 07 days. No survivors or n to this day. o trade to the islands during of the Providence-Brava n coal schooner *Charles L.* he record passenger list into on page 108)

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., JUNE 3, 1945.

'MacArthur and the War Against Japan'
**Bypassing 60,000 Japs,
 MacArthur Sped 500 Miles**

(How General MacArthur seized the Admiralty Islands and then advanced his front almost 500 miles by capturing Hollandia and bypassing 60,000 Japanese troops is described in the following article, final installment of a series condensed from the book, "MacArthur and the War Against Japan," by Frazier Hunt, famous war correspondent and intimate friend of General MacArthur.)

By FRAZIER HUNT
 (Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons)

It had been MacArthur's original plan to make his next strike at the Jap base at Hansa Bay, some 120 miles up the coast from the last American-Australian outpost at Saidor in New Guinea. Part way up the shore line from our base at Saidor stood Madang, guarded by 5,500 Japanese troops. To the northwest, from Madang a motor road led to Hansa Bay. Along this road was probably a full enemy division which could be rushed to meet any attack in this area. Besides this, at Hansa Bay itself were some 10,000 to 15,000 Japanese troops.

This meant that if MacArthur by-passed Madang and struck at Hansa Bay he would at best advance his line a scant 120 miles—and still have to face initially some 15,000 determined Japs. This was not his type of strategy.

Farther on to the northwest from Hansa Bay, up the Guinea coast, stood the great enemy base

to furnish ample naval vessels and carrier-based air support. The two men saw eye to eye, and their personal meeting was to be of inestimable value.

MacArthur had plans prepared to "lift" not only an Army of 50,000 men but as well a great city with its stores, garages, hospitals, power plants, fire departments, post office, and a hundred and one items of daily need. The troops would be gathered at Goodenough Island and at another great base. The armada would move in three groups to the Admiralties, and there at dawn of April 20 join and openly head northwest. Japanese reconnaissance planes and their own intelligence agencies would probably discover the armada moving northwest and would decide it was headed for Palau. But there would be a quick cutback to the New Guinea coast, blissfully unprepared and unsuspecting.

At dawn on March 30 our Air Force struck Hollandia with the fury of a Kansas cyclone. Ninety heavies, each carrying 52 clusters of fragmentation bombs, cut to pieces more than 100 Japanese planes. The following day they struck again. On April 3 they let loose a low-level attack of deadly B-25s with their eight .50-caliber guns. Photographs showed that in the three attacks the Japs had a total of 351 planes either destroyed or rendered useless—and later actual count proved that, including those shot down in combat, they had destroyed a Jap Air Force of 450 planes.

Speaker



J. L. GOLDBERG

**Freedom Sought
 For Refugees**

OSWEGO, N. Y., June 2 (AP)—Asserting that the Fort Ontario refugee shelter had "taken on the psychological aspect of a prison," the Oswego Citizens Advisory Committee today asked President Truman and Congress to "give our guests their freedom."

The committee, a liaison group formed at the request of the War Relocation Authority after establishment of the shelter last August to house 984 European refugees as "duration guests," made these specific recommendations in a memorial: "THE REFUGEES who would, except for their present peculiar circumstances, be eligible under

purchased the *Ellen S. Brava*, where she swung at storms, too unseaworthy to The *Little's* pumps were she sank for good on the *Senna* was bringing the ne 19th.

refitting and rerigging the m Providence for Brava on a crew of nineteen and a luding three women and six who, watching her depart, was tender both in her bow own the bay with her pasl a Guernsey heifer bawling . A week before Christmas, the *Manta* was now thirty- and unreported but "sup- Brava." On February 12th, received a letter from the had been sighted on January rd of the islands, sixty days



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OVER

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This meant that if MacArthur by-passed Madang and struck at Hansa Bay he would at best advance his line a scant 120 miles—and still have to face initially some 15,000 determined Japs. This was not his type of strategy.

Farther on to the northwest from Hansa Bay, up the Guinea coast, stood the great enemy base of Wewak. Here it was estimated there were not fewer than 16,000 Japanese troops. MacArthur might hit this advanced point and bypass both Madang and Hansa Bay, but it would be costly, and he was utterly opposed to a bloody frontal assault when avoidable. It is an astounding fact that MacArthur's total losses in the first two years of fighting after he took command in Australia have been fewer killed in action than America lost in the single operation for the beaches of Anzio.

Some 200 miles west of Wewak was the base of Hollandia, on beautiful Humboldt Bay. This was being used as a staging area by the Japanese and was being developed into a major supply and air base. From here rice, bullets, and oil were transhipped by barges along the Guinea coast to the bases at Madang, Hansa Bay, and Wewak.

Japs Strengthen Defenses

Intelligence reports indicated the Japanese were hurriedly strengthening their defenses at both Hansa Bay and Wewak. This meant they had concluded we would attack at one or the other of these points—and they were ready.

To choose the daring alternative of Hollandia, almost 200 miles beyond the last obvious objective, would demand boldness and a confidence almost beyond computing. And there was one stumbling block that argued definitely against the great move—under no circumstances would MacArthur attempt landing in areas dominated by Jap air power.

He called in Kenney. "George, can you take out the three Jap airfields in the Hollandia area, and all those in between?" he asked. Kenney bobbed his head and grinned. Sure he could do it. He'd take out the Jap Air Force in this entire area by D-Day. New model, longer range P-39 fighters would arrive from the States in March. He'd set them up and then secretly install belly tanks in his old ones and bring them up to the same gas capacity as the new ones. Carefully he had stopped fighters from flying farther than Tadjji, so

to furnish ample naval vessels and carrier-based air support. The two men saw eye to eye, and their personal meeting was to be of inestimable value.

MacArthur had plans prepared to "lift" not only an Army of 50,000 men but as well a great city with its stores, garages, hospitals, power plants, fire departments, post office, and a hundred and one items of daily need. The troops would be gathered at Goodenough Island and at another great base. The armada would move in three groups to the Admiralties, and there at dawn of April 20 join and openly head northwest. Japanese reconnaissance planes and their own intelligence agencies would probably discover the armada moving northwest and would decide it was headed for Palau. But there would be a quick cutback to the New Guinea coast, blissfully unprepared and suspecting.

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Plans Co-ordinated

Meanwhile the plans for the ground forces were being co-ordinated. Lieutenant-General Bob Eichelberger, one of the heroes of the terrible Buna campaign, was given a corps made up of most of the units of the 24th and 41st United States Infantry Divisions—along with such special artillery and auxiliary troops as were needed.

Early on the morning of D-Day the three groups of the great armada executed the cut-back and each group headed straight for its separate mission. Toward Aitape the escort carriers went with the vessels they were guarding. They would attend to the preliminary beachbombing there.

For the Hollandia and the Tanahmerah landings air protection would come from the fast carriers of the task forces.

At 6:20—H-Hour minus 75 minutes—the ships of war that had accompanied the convoys opened their preliminary bombardments. Again the surprise was complete and unmeetable. The few Japanese troops at each of the landing beaches fled in terror.

Bomber Line Advances

Two days later our fighters were landing on the strips the bulldozers had leveled off; in a few days more the heavy bombers were dropping in. The bomber line had been advanced 500 miles. And here in the coconut plantations and jungle a great advance base was already building. Before long tens of thousands of troops, millions of pounds of supplies and equipment—a vast Army in being—would be centered here.

The advancing bomber line would coincide with the advancing staging area. Hollandia, the sleepy little Dutch native village, long forgotten and neglected, would mushroom into a vivid, busy port, with hundreds of ships riding in its harbor.

Within a month the first of these advancing arms of steel would shoot out from Hollandia. From those newly captured fields our bombers and fighters would first

Speaker



J. L. GOLDBERG

Freedom Sought For Refugees

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The committee, a liaison group formed at the request of the War Relocation Authority after establishment of the shelter last August to house 984 European refugees as "duration guests," made these specific recommendations in a memorial:

"THE REFUGEES who would, except for their present peculiar circumstances, be eligible under our existing immigration quotas should be permitted, should they so desire, to become citizens of the United States.

"THOSE WHO desire to return to their homeland or any portion of the world should be given the opportunity as soon as conditions permit."

2 Die in New England Auto Accidents

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., June 2 (AP)—An Army nurse and a seven-year-old boy were killed in separate auto accidents in this city and nearby Eliot, Me., today.

Lieutenant Sally Salman, stationed at Fort Devens, was killed and three other persons were injured when their auto crashed into a telephone pole and tree in Eliot. Her next of kin was listed as a sister, Miss Catherine Salman of Lowell, Mass.

Paul Curtis Woods of Portsmouth died of injuries suffered when he was struck by an auto here.

Bataan and Corregidor, of Manila, and a hundred native barrios—all would in the end be avenged.

THE END.

* * *

(Since this story was completed by Mr. Hunt, General MacArthur has thrust his way back to the Philippines and liberated many of his former comrades imprisoned by the Japanese.)

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Famous Shipwrecks of New England

Cape Verde Packets Have a Place
In Annals of Area's Sea Disasters

THE JOHN R. MANTA

In the history of shipwrecks there must be included a chapter in which Cape Verde packets have contributed a considerable share.

In the long history of the packet trade carried on between New Bedford, Providence and the Cape Verde Islands, there are numerous instances of vessels leaving port to be lost completely to sight. The packets, usually schooners refitted after they had been retired from whaling and the coasting trade, were manned by men who knew the sea. They were expert navigators, but when the comparatively small schooners ran into storms, it was by chance that some reached their destination, while others went down and were never heard of again.

Two packets that went down at sea were the converted whaling schooner John R. Manta, which sailed from Providence Nov. 9, 1934, carrying a crew of 19 and 13 passengers, and the schooner Winnepesaukee, which cleared from New Bedford a few days later carrying a crew of 13, but no passengers.

Both Skippers Experienced

Captain Albertino Senna, commanding the Manta, and Captain Francisco Fernandez, master of the Winnepesaukee, were both experienced mariners and well known in New Bedford. As time went on and no word came from either vessel, hope was given up. Somewhere in a storm at sea the schooners went to the bottom, whether in the darkness of night or otherwise was never known.

In the Spring of 1935 relatives of the 45 lost on the two ships gathered in the Portuguese Chapel of the Central Congregational Church in Providence to hold a memorial service.

A well-remembered packet was

the schooner Romance which once arrived in New Bedford with a broomstick at her masthead, distinguishing her as the vessel that once made the fastest time between the Cape Verde Islands and this port. Her last trip out of this port was Dec. 7, 1926. The Romance was lost off the island of Boavista of the Cape Verde group.

There was the packet Matthew S. Greer, another converted whaler, which went on the rocks off Kettle Cove, Naushon Island, Jan. 7, 1929, and became a total loss. Eight men aboard were saved.

Lost Off Africa

There was the big barkentine Amos Pegs that was purchased for the Cape Verde trade. Her last trip out of New Bedford was in November 1922. Like most of the packets sailing to the islands, she was used in freighting and trading with the African coast ports during off seasons. She was loading mahogany logs off the African Gold Coast when she was lost in 1923.

The six passengers and 10 members of the crew of the packet Frank Brainerd were more fortunate than some in being rescued when the packet foundered off Bermuda. The packet sailed from here for the islands Nov. 17, 1936.

One of the largest of the vessels to engage in the carrying trade between New Bedford and the Cape Verde Islands was first known here under the name of Eugenia Emelia. That was just after Captain Luiz Oliveira had bought the vessel at U. S. marshal's sale in Boston and renamed her for his wife.

This was truly a beautiful ship

that in her day bore many names. When she slid down the ways on the Clyde, in Scotland, in 1878, she bore the name Coriolanus. She was an iron bark and on her maiden voyage she cleared for Calcutta. She must have been a good ship for she was awarded the Gold Medal of the Honorable Shipwrights Guild, a distinction reserved for the finest.

Had Varied Career

The Coriolanus had a varied career, in the course of which she transferred from British registry to carry the German flag, at another time the Norwegian flag, again the flag of Panama, then to the Portuguese flag, until the iron bark ended her days in a Fall River shipyard to be broken up for junk.

Under the name Tiburton, she was flying the Norwegian flag and carrying a contraband cargo of alcohol when she was seized off the American coast and taken into Boston, where her cargo was confiscated. It was there that Captain Oliveira bought her in 1921, refitted her and gave her his wife's name.

Again the vessel ran afoul the law against bringing alcohol into the country on a return trip from the Cape Verde Islands, and she passed to a new owner and in time became the Lina. Under this name she lay at anchor and rusted in New Bedford Harbor all one Summer.

Under new auspices, the iron bark resumed her former name and it was under that name she went to the junkyard in 1936, when it reported her 400 tons of steel went to Japan. While the Coriolanus was never wrecked, she deserves a place in the records of Cape Verde packets.

was bound from New Bedford to Brava in mid-June, 1922. A green hand was at the wheel and Rose felt the schooner jibe suddenly while he was below in his cabin. He rushed on deck just in time to have the helmsman jibe her again and sweep him overboard. The young captain hung to the log line for a few minutes and then had to let go. It was dark and nobody on board seemed to know what to do, not even the mate, but they got the schooner hove to somehow. After two hours of swimming, Rose managed to reach his ship and was hauled on board. The *Volante* made St. Vincent in nineteen days



"There was gallantry in the courage of the Brava sailors in venturing matter-of-factly on a 3000-mile voyage in a small schooner, usually weakened in hull and masts by the batterings of nearly half a century at sea." Above, such a vessel was the "Ambrose Snow." Left, unloading her passengers at Providence

Captain Costa \$1000 the *Valkyrie* would beat the *Yukon* to Brava. The rival crews heard of this and agreed to a bet of \$500 to be settled when they were paid off at Brava, and even the passengers got the fever and took up a collection for a small wager. The two schooners and the *William A. Graber*, another ex-whaler, with Captain John

Sousa in command, sailed from Providence, October 19th, 1924. The *Valkyrie* arrived in the islands November 13th and Captain Rose cabled Frank Silva, "We win. Beat the *Yukon* here. Made trip in 25 days."

Captain Rose immediately set about lining up freight and passengers for his next voyage in 1925 and he sailed from Providence on October 23rd with a passenger list of four and a crew of eleven men. The old schooner was forced to anchor in lower Narragansett Bay until a storm had blown itself out and it was not until the 26th that she ventured out into the Atlantic to begin her familiar 3600-mile voyage. The bold headlands of Block Island had little more than dropped below the horizon when a new gale swept down on the deeply laden little packet and for five days the *Valkyrie* bravely tried to keep on her course under a jib, forestaysail and a storm trysail, with giant waves sweeping her deck. Then the jibboom was carried away, and her foremast cracked. Rose climbed the spar and tried desperately to secure the rigging, but his efforts were in vain. A short time later, the mainmast broke off at the deck, carrying the foremast upside with it. While the crew tried to chop away the raffle, two seamen were swept overboard to death. The survivors succeeded in freeing the dizzy rolling hulk of the wreckage, and then began thirty-five hours of work at the pumps, battling to keep afloat until some vessel came along to take them off. At the end of that time the British tanker *Oyleric* sighted the wallowing vessel and lowered a boat, which took off the packet's people. They left her in the nick of time, saving only the clothes they wore, and Captain Rose had only his sextant and chronometer when he landed in New York.

and was twenty-one days to Brava — record time.

Cap'n Henry's best days were spent as master of the old schooner *Valkyrie* in which he made fourteen crossings before she went down, November 5, 1926, some 900 miles east of Bermuda. The *Valkyrie* was a two-masted schooner, a former whaler built at Boothbay, Maine, in 1888, of 104 net tons. In 1923, the *Valkyrie*, outward bound, ran into a northeast gale in the middle of the Gulf Stream. She was carrying thirty-two passengers and a general cargo, but 50 tons of it was thrown overboard at Captain Rose's orders to lighten the vessel. The *Valkyrie* was hove to under a storm trysail for ten days, her cabins repeatedly flooded, and then the storm blew itself out, and the *Valkyrie* made Brava in 45 days.

On April 9th, 1924, the *Valkyrie* and the *Yukon*, a former Gloucesterman, sailed from Brava together. They both made 36-day passages, arriving in Providence on May 13th, the *Valkyrie* landing her seven passengers a few hours ahead of those on board the *Yukon*. Five packets had arrived in Providence from Brava that spring, the *Valkyrie*, *Yukon*, *William A. Graber*, *Claudia* and *Ambrose Snow*. That was the high tide of the packets, without question; five arrivals in two weeks, four arrivals in three days, three arrivals in a single day.

The backers of the *Yukon* were far from satisfied that the *Valkyrie*, trim of hull despite her lack of paint and polish, was the faster vessel, in view of the narrow margin of victory she held in that westward crossing. The two skippers, Rose and Costa, and Frank Silva, met at the Customs Office when they went to get their clearance papers and fell to arguing about the sailing merits of their respective schooners. Finally, Silva wagered



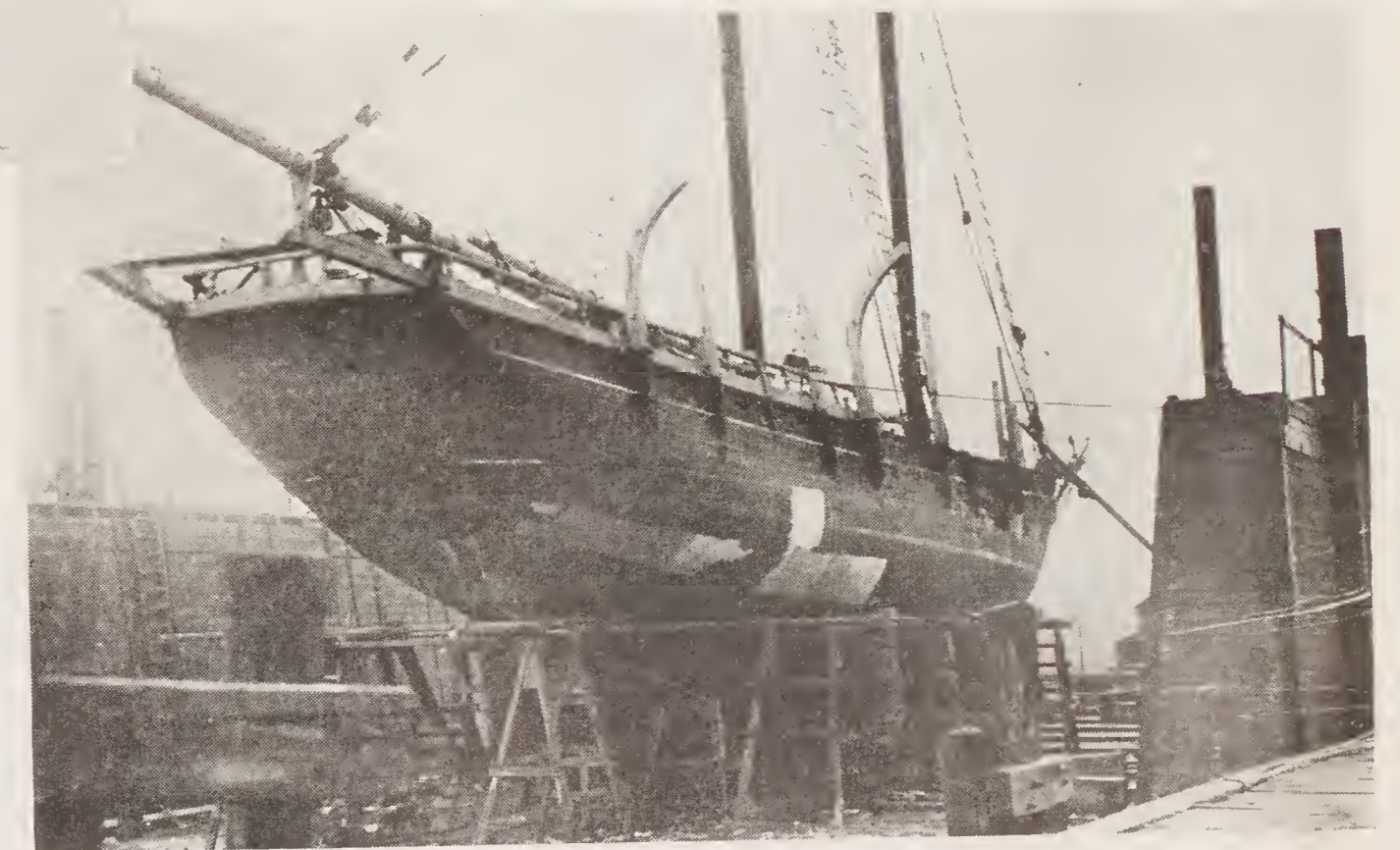
Above, after many difficulties, Captain Henry Rose bought the fishing schooner "Dorothy G. Snow." He renamed her "Benvinda" and took her to Brava, where she was lost trading among the islands. Right, the "John R. Manta," a former whaler, being converted for the Brava packet service

Next to the trip during which he lost the *Valkyrie*, Cap'n Henry thinks his worst voyage was one with the *Manta*. She was fifty-three days from Providence to St. Vincent, arriving there in late January, 1928. She had encountered calms during which she made a total of fifty miles in seven consecutive days, and on one of these days, when no air stirred his sails, Rose could see the mountain peaks of St. Antonio, 85 miles away. He made five round trips on the *Manta*, but stayed in the islands rather than complete his sixth, when she sailed for Providence in 1929. The old whaler had a hard time of it that trip. She left Brava in command of John J. Barros, a 17-year-old youth. The *Manta* cleared May 2nd and on the 31st she was among the tide rips of Nantucket Shoals, striking on the rocks. Four of her crew set out in a boat for Nantucket, ten miles away, to get help. They turned back, terrified by the rips, after having rowed six miles. The next morning, another party set out in the longboat and succeeded in getting two power trawlers to come out and pull the packet off the rocks. She was towed into Vineyard Haven.

There immigration officials warned the Coast Guard that they were suspicious of the vessel and a patrol boat came alongside and searched her. The Coast Guards found nothing but played a hunch they had and left some men on board. Their presence kept eleven aliens in their uncomfortable hiding place in the bilges, and they were found after the schooner had been sailed into Providence. Arrests followed thick and fast, and the *Manta* wound up on the Government's auction block. She continued in the islands packet trade, but it was not until 1934 that she came to Providence to provide service from that port under charter to Frank Silva. In the

meantime, Captain Rose had purchased the *Ellen S. Little*, sailing her back to Brava, where she swung at anchor, due to the inroads of worms, too unseaworthy to venture out of the harbor. The *Little's* pumps were worked most of the time and she sank for good on the very day Captain Albertino Senna was bringing the *Manta* into Providence — June 19th.

After a summer spent in refitting and rerigging the old ship the *Manta* sailed from Providence for Brava on November 8th, 1934, with a crew of nineteen and a passenger list of thirteen, including three women and six children. Many there were who, watching her depart, spoke of having heard she was tender both in her bow and stern, but she went down the bay with her passengers cheering bravely and a Guernsey heifer bawling unhappily in her pen below. A week before Christmas, the newspapers noted that the *Manta* was now thirty-nine days out of Providence and unreported but "supposedly winging her way to Brava." On February 12th, 1935, a Providence woman received a letter from the islands that said the *Manta* had been sighted on January 9th, 1935, far to the windward of the islands, sixty days

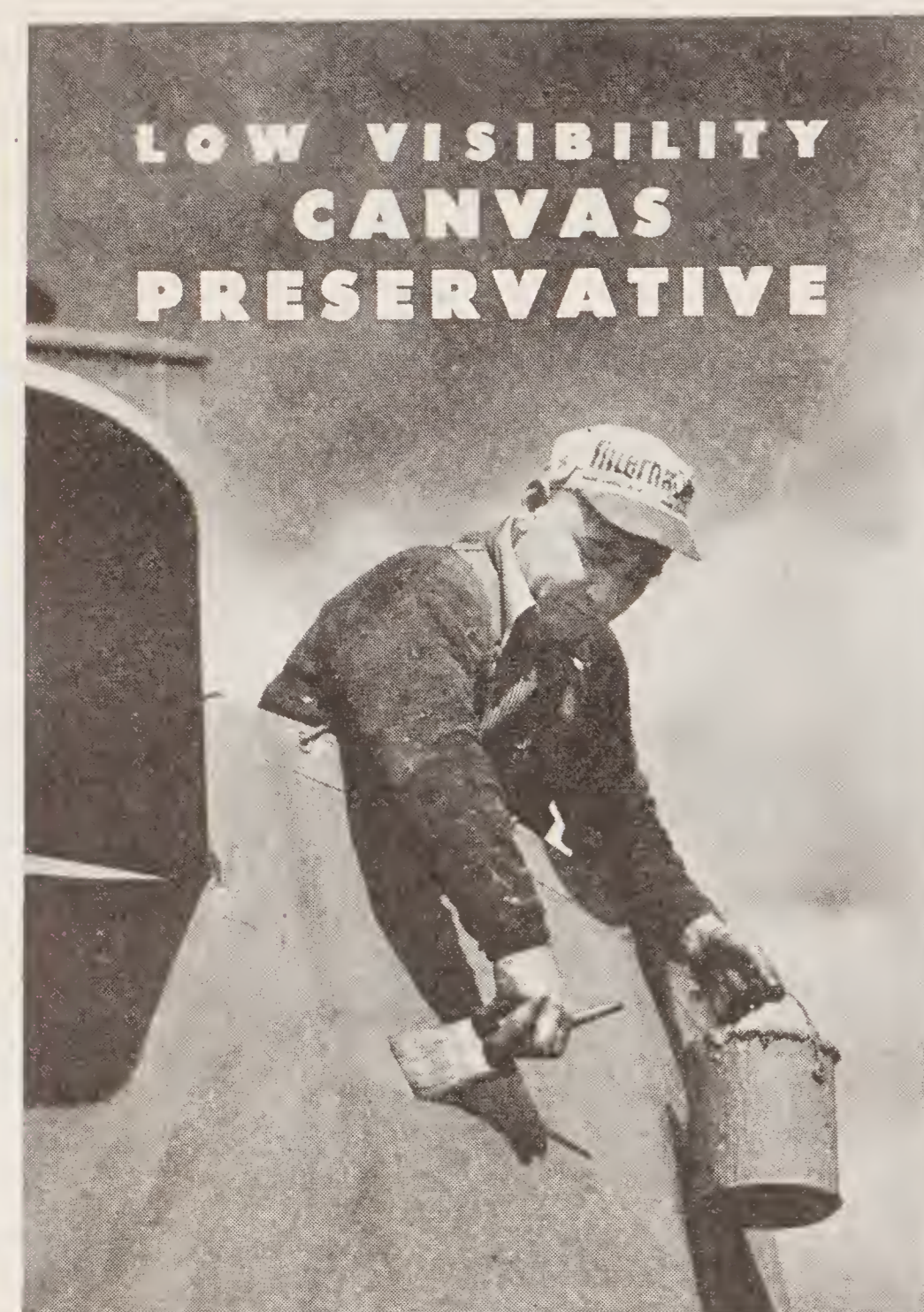


out, and moving away from her destination. This was later believed to be a case of mistaken identity, for it was believed a storm overtook the ship only three or four days out and that she went down during a wild night.

By mid-January the belief that she was lost began to possess those having relatives and friends on board the old ship, and John Baptiste, who had purchased freedom for the *Manta's* master with a \$1,000 bond when the latter had been haled before a U. S. Commissioner over the matter of a couple of alien stowaways, began to worry about his money. New Bedford also had its worries, for two packets that had sailed from there, the *Winnepesaukee* and the *Trenton*, had failed to reach Brava. The *Trenton*, an old New York pilot schooner, eventually made port, but the *Winnepesaukee* was lost with all hands. The last hope for the *Manta* and her people was abandoned February 24th, 1935, when the vessel had been missing 107 days. No survivors or wreckage has ever been seen to this day.

One of the largest vessels to trade to the islands during the forty-three-year history of the Providence-Brava packets, was the old Boston coal schooner *Charles L. Jeffrey*. She also brought the record passenger list into

(Continued on page 108)



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produces the desired color but actually waterproofs the canvas and seams. It limits the possibility of staining, mildewing and rotting while the canvas is in service or stored and keeps it pliable. The fact that it is flame resistant when dry reduces fire hazard. Used for the Army, Navy and Coast Guard. Send for particulars and prices.

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AGENTS IN EVERY IMPORTANT PORT

NO MORE PACKETS TO THE CAPE VERDES

(Continued from page 49)

Providence, one hundred and twenty-two persons, on a trip in April, 1921. The *Jeffrey* was a three-master of 296 net tons, 120.5 feet long and 30.5 feet beam, and was built at Boston in 1881. A newspaper description of her passenger quarters was printed in a Providence newspaper: "Accommodations are primitive. The passengers live in the hold, which is barer of paint than an old Rhode Island barn. Beginning within a few feet of the bow, a double tier of bunks runs away aft to the stern and comes back on the other side. The women's quarters are separated from the men's by a rough board partition running from the main to the mizzenmast amidships, and occupies about one-third the starboard side of the hold. The entrance is through the same hatches through which the cargoes of coal were formerly dumped, although rough ladders are provided for the human freight. A filling of corn husks takes the place of a mattress in each bunk, and the bareness of the hold suggests that the passengers must supply their own coverings. The deck houses are equally bare, having the same slat bunks, single ones for the crew. There are no tables, no chairs, no seats, no anything in the way of furniture. The after cabin fills the center of the deck so that the places where passengers may exercise is limited to two 50-foot narrow passages, one on each side of the ship. For baths, the whole Atlantic ocean is just over the side."

Captain Henry Rose came home from the islands by way of the New Bedford packet *Corona* the summer after the *Manta* was given up for lost, but there was no ripple of interest in the Portuguese colony when a possible revival of the packet service was mentioned. The lost toll of the *Manta* weighed too heavily. So he got a job as captain of the box barge *Katherine Howard*, saved his money and bided his time. In October of 1939, he came sailing into Providence at the wheel of the little fishing schooner *Dorothy G. Snow*. He set about mooring her up the Providence river behind Frank Silva's store, and let the colony know he was going to make a trip to Brava in a few months.

The months passed and freight kept coming until the old schooner's hold was well filled. In the meantime, somebody else's war had darkened Henry Rose's horizon. The Government was reluctant to give him clearance papers for traversing the war zone. So in desperation Rose went to Frank Silva, to help him find a way to get his cargo to sea. Silva arranged to have the boat shifted to Portuguese registry. She was renamed the *Benwinda*, and a Portuguese captain took her to sea while Henry Rose sorrowfully sought a berth on another coal barge. The *Benwinda*, making the trip without passengers, reached Brava without mishap, but was lost a few months later among the islands.

In the meantime Frank Silva and his brother John, noting the awakened interest in a Cape Verde packet service, bought the old auxiliary sloop *Patsy* at New London and had her towed to Providence for refitting, as the first boat of a proposed new line. The sloop, a former Class M racer, was built by Herreshoff, at Bristol, in 1928, and measured 82 feet over all with a beam of 15 feet. At about the same time the brothers bought *Avenger*, another Herreshoff sloop which had been built back in 1907. The Silvas figured they could convert the boats to carry 20 or 25 tons of freight and as many as a dozen passengers each, and counted heavily on fast passages. Refitting work was well under way when the United States entered the war. Several fittings from *Vanitie*, *Weetamoe*, *Yankee* and *Ranger*, were worked into the refitting of both boats, and the mast from *Shimma*, once owned by Chandler Hovey, of Boston, was to go into *Patsy*, when the Government clamped down on all such ventures.

Future prospects are not too bright. Many there are who believe the Providence to Cape Verde packets will not return to the Atlantic sea lanes. The Providence Portuguese colony well remembers the old schooners aboard which they traveled to this new land. They came in and out of port, visualizing, for those of the twentieth century who cared to see, the dangers, the hardships and the fatalistic courage of a hundred and even two hundred years before, when engines and wireless and even elemental comforts were unknown, and those who went to sea asked quarter of neither man, nor elements, but only the mercy of God.

