No More Packets to the Cape Verde Islands.

By

Carlos C. Hawkes.

from "Yachting"

End of the Schooner "John R. Manta"
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. 30, 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.
"'So Ends...'

'Thar she blows!' came the call from the masthead. 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.
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 overall horizontal effect.

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

ARCHITECT'S SKETCH of the Hotel Chatham built in 1889 and since burned down, shows Summer resort architecture at its most undaunted. Says the brochure, "The quaint gambrel roof and shingled sides of the hotel identify it with the Colonial in architecture."

NOW THE WIANNO CLUB, this delightful seashore cottage, built in 1889 and since burned down, shows Summer resort architecture at its most undaunted. Says the brochure, "The quaint gambrel roof and shingled sides of the hotel identify it with the Colonial in architecture."

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

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

Article VI will appear next week.
What every baby dreams of—going “bye-bye”!

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In “bye-bye” the easy way with Chux, the take-away, throw-away diaper—waterproof look, no pants needed. Simultaneously clean both diapers, medicated against diaper rash.

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Made by the Hooker-Elkins Company.
REPRESENTING Hollywood's second generation, Jody McCrea (son of Joel) finds 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 Russ Hunter, one of Hollywood's younger director-producers.
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 1934 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 on 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 aboard, with men, women and children cooped up in close quarters below decks and tossed about, sometimes 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 6-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 35° 30’ West Longitude, 34° 37’ North Latitude. Rose was twenty-one years old and was master of the packet schooner Valseca at the time. He was making his second trip in her, and
was bound from New Bedford to Brava — record time. Captain Costa, a former whaler built at Boothbay, Maine, in 1888 of 104 net tons. In 1923, the Valkyrie, bound, ran into a northeast gale in the middle of the Atlantic. After two hours of swimming, Rose managed to reach his ship and was hauled on board. The crew of the Valkyrie, including the captain, were far from satisfied that she had not been spotted by the coast guard. The survivors succeeded in freeing the dizzily cracked. Rose climbed the spar and tried desperately to chop away the raffle, two seamen were swept overboard. The young captain in time to have the helmsman jibe her again in 360° of 104 net tons. In 1923, the Valkyrie, a two-masted schooner, left Brava on October 23rd with a passenger list of 14 and stayed in New York.

The armada would move in three days, three arrivals in a single day. At noon, the Valkyrie had little more than dropped below the horizon when a new gap swept down on the decks laden little pocket and for four days the Valkyrie bravely tried to keep on her course under a jib, forestay and a storm trysail, with giant waves sweeping her deck. Then the jibboom was carried away, and her foresail 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 the deck, carrying the forecastle over with it. While the crew tried to chop away the raffle, two men went overboard to death. The survivors succeeded in crossing the treacherous rolling bulk of the wreckage, and then spent thirty-five hours of work at the pumps, battling to keep her afloat until some vessel came along to take them off. At the end of that time the British tanker Opechee sighted the wreckage, the vessel was swept overboard. The survivors preserved in crossing the treacherous rolling bulk of the wreckage, and then spent thirty-five hours of work at the pumps, battling to keep her afloat until some vessel came along to take them off. At the end of that time the British tanker Opechee sighted the wreckage, the vessel was swept overboard.
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. The following article is adapted 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)

In Mid-February, 1943, President Roosevelt's order to "Find Japan!" was answered in the most certain direction by an Allied objective: New Guinea. For the Allies the idea of the sweeping land drive from mainland to island was pleasing. It was practical. It would provide a base for future operations. It would satisfy the hunger of Americans and Australians for action. It would also provide a major base for American and Australian troops in New Guinea.

But MacArthur's basic 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 Saieri in New Guinea. Part way up the shore line from our base at Rendova, Madang was guarded by 5,500 Japanese troops. To the northwest, from Madang road led to Hansa Bay. Along this road was a fully equipped air base for striking any attack in their rear. In this air base itself were some 10,000 to 15,000 Japs.

This meant that if MacArthur by-passed Madang and struck at Hansa Bay, he would have to bypass his line a scant 120 miles—and on a main road that had some 15,000 determined Japs. This was a battle of battles.

Farther on, to the northwest from Hansa Bay, up the Guinean coast, stood the great enemy base of Wewak. Here it was estimated there were over 100,000 Japanese troops. MacArthur might hit the beach to the north of this point and bypass both Madang and Hansa Bay, but it would be costly, and he could not risk a similar 15,000 or a frontal assault when avoidable. It is certain that MacArthur's basic plan to make his next strike at Hansa Bay was hatched.

The advance of the Allies from Wewak was the base of Hollandia, on barge the Japanese were hurriedly developed into a major supply areas dominated by Jap air power. For the Hollandia and the Tan- 

Bomber Line Advances

At 6:20—H-Hour minus 75 minutes—three Allied attack groups to the Admiralties, and another great base.

In the three attacks the Japs had lost almost 500 miles. And they were now effectively against—

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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 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 big barkentine Coriolanus which was never wrecked, and was an iron bark and on her maiden voyage she cleared for Calculta. 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 her name Tiburon, 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 was sold 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 1838, 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.

In 1926, a small schooner named Eugenia was lost in the Cape Verde Islands, and she 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, Nushan Island, Jan. 7, 1929, and became a total loss. Eight men aboard were saved.

Lost Off Africa

In the Spring of 1935 relatives of the vessel 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.

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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 send them all overboard. The young captain hung to the big fag 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 shipmate he got the schooner hove to somehow. After two hours of swimming, Rose managed to get a line on the schooner that he had spotted. The Valkyrie made St. Vincent in nineteen days and was twenty-one days to Brava — record time.

The old whaler, being converted for the Brava packet service for five and a crew of eleven men. The old schooner was laden little packet and for five days the Valkyrie was hove to under a storm trysail for ten days, cracked. Rose climbed the spar and tried desperately to polish, was the faster vessel, in view of the narrow mar-
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Five arrivals in three days, three arrivals in a single day. After two hours of swimming, Rose managed to get a line on the schooner that he had spotted. The Valkyrie made St. Vincent in nineteen days

and passengers for his next voyage in 1925 and he 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."

On April 9th, 1924, the Valkyrie and the Yukon, a former whaler built at Boothbay, Maine, in 1888, of 104 net tons. In 1925, the Valkyrie, outdrawed bound, was in 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 over-
miles east of Bermuda. The Valkyrie itself was hove to under a storm trysail for ten days, cracked. Rose climbed the spar and tried desperately to polish, was the faster vessel, in view of the narrow mar-

Next to the trip during which he lost the Valkyrie, Captain Henry thinks his worst voyage was one with the Monita. 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-six miles in seven consecutive days, and on one of those days, when no air stirred her sails, Rose could see the mountain peaks of St. Antonio, 85 miles away. He made five round trips on the Monita, 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 com-
mmand of John J. Hurra, a 15-year-old youth. The Monita cleared May 2d 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 tenders to come out and pull the pocket off the rocks. They were 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 same men on board. Their presence kept eleven aliens in their uncomfortable hiding place in the bilges, and that they were searched the schooner had been sailed into Providence. Arrests followed thick and fast, and the Monita wound up on the Government's seizure block. She continued in the islands packet trade, but it was not until 1934 that she came to Providence to provide serv-

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 Brava'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 wor-
ries, for two packets that had sailed from there, the Wenspanes and the Trenton, had failed to reach Brava. The Trenton, an old New York pilot schooner, eventually made port, but the Wenspanes was lost with all hands. The last hope for the Monita 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. Jeffery. She also brought the record passenger list into Providence — June 19th, 1935, with the number of passengers 11 days. On February 16th, 1935, a Providence woman received a letter from the islands that said the Monita had been sighted on January 9th, 1935, far to the windward of the islands, sixty days

...
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Future prospects are not too bright. Many there are who believe the Providence to Cape Verdes packets will not return to the Atlantic sea lanes. The Providence Portuguese colony will remember 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.