

Last of the Whalers

Charles W. Morgan Preserved as Relic



By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

LAST of the whalers—of the old-time square-rigged ships that sailed the Seven Seas for whale oil, whalebone, spermaceti and ambergris—is the Charles W. Morgan of New Bedford. Eighty-four years old, she's in her home port to stay. But she's no dismantled hulk, with which the elements will have their way. She's spick and span with fresh paint and a new suit of canvas and she lies in a concrete cradle on the waterfront of the estate of Col. E. H. R. Green at Round Hills. Henceforth her mission is that of object lesson of one of the country's greatest industries, of which she saw the rise, decline and fall. New Bedford sent out her first whaler in 1755. For many years she was the great whaling port of the world. Now the Morgan is as much a curiosity to most of her people as to the landsman visitor from the Middle West who thinks of a whale as "the big fish that swallowed Jonah."

Here's how Col. Edward Howland Robinson Green comes to be interested in the old whaler. She was named for Charles W. Morgan, her first owner. Her second owner was Edward Mett Robinson, father of Colonel Green's mother, the famous Hetty Green.

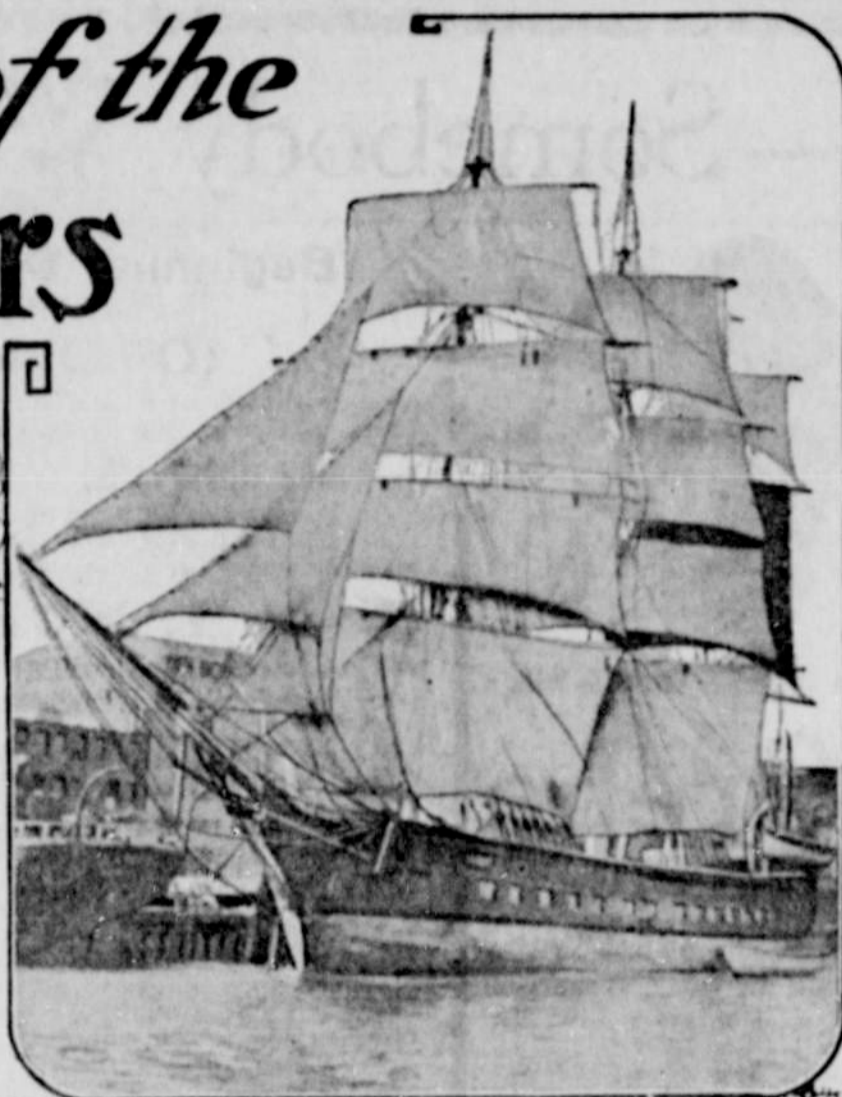
Capt. George Fred Tilton is the crowning touch. He's a veteran New Bedford whaling skipper who looks the part. And when he spins whaling yarns—why, the old days seem to live again.

Visitors? Well, rather. The old whaler has been alive with visitors all summer from all parts of the country. Most of them frankly admit complete ignorance on the subjects of whales and whaling and listen round-eyed. But lots of them have read "Moby Dick" or the "Cruise of the Cachalot" or "Stray Leaves from a Whaler's Log"—or all three. So they take on airs.

The Morgan's the real thing, all right. Old as she is, she was built to last. Jethro and Zachariah Hillman of New Bedford built her of live oak, with copper fastenings and sheathing. She has cruised over every whaling ground from the Arctic to the Antarctic. For twenty years or so she sailed out of San Francisco, until the steam whalers put her out of business. These steam whalers use modern methods and there's no adventure or romance in the business any more—it's just slaughter.

Here's about the way a whale was captured and handled on the Morgan in the old days: When the lookout at the masthead hails the deck with "There she blows!" the whaleboats are lowered. There are five or six boats, each requiring at least six men. The boats race for the whale. The first boat runs almost up against the huge bulk. The harpooner in the bow hurls the barbed weapon. The rowers back the boat frantically. The whale plunges down, sometimes to a depth of 200 fathoms. The line smokes out of the tubs. Finally the whale comes up to breathe, usually in twenty minutes or so. Other boats fix harpoons. Again the whale goes down and so on. Finally the whale is killed by lances. The boats then tow the carcass to the ship, where it is made fast to the chains so that it will not sink. Unless there are other whales in sight, the men then cut up the outer layer with "blubber-spades." Great cubical chunks are hoisted to the deck to be "tried out" in huge kettles, strained and stored in casks.

But sometimes it doesn't happen just exactly this way. Suppose the line gets around a man—that's the end of him. Suppose the whale takes out all the line. The axman cuts—and that's the last of a thousand feet of line. Suppose in the dying furries the great tail—25 feet by 7—hits a boat—that's the end of that boat and maybe several of her crew. Suppose a toothed whale bites the coat into splinters—that's one boat less. Suppose a big sperm whale gets mad and rams the whaler itself—that



LAST OF THE WHALERS



BATTLE WITH WHALE OPENS From an Old Print

may be the end of the whaler.

Now, all of these things used to happen in the old days. Once a whale smashed a boat and the crew floated all night on the carcass—that's a whaling classic. In J. T. Brown's book, "Stray Leaves from a Whaler's Log" is told in detail how Vera, the Portuguese boat steerer, uttered a cry and "the immense glistening lower jaw, armed with two rows of polished teeth, flashed from the water when the gigantic whale leaped into the air, carrying with it the head of the boat, which had snapped asunder, and the unfortunate Vera, whose head and long arms were suspended from the corners of the monster's mouth. . . . Two other men, the bow and midship oarsmen, were never seen again."

The Essex of Nantucket in 1819 met this fate: The captain and first mate being fast to a big sperm whale, Owen Chase, second mate, headed the ship toward them. The whale came to the surface and fiercely rammed the ship bow on, stopping her as if she had struck a rock. It passed under the ship, scraping her keel, and coming up astern. After snapping its jaws and thrashing the water with its tail, the monster rammed the second time, with its head half out of water. It struck the ship directly under the cathead and completely stove in her bows. It then went under the ship and disappeared to leeward. The Essex sank. After ninety days of horrifying experiences in two boats, the crew were picked up, the mate's boat by the brig India of London and the captain's by the whaler Dauphin.

There's no chance for anything like this in modern steam whaling. The high-speed boat can run rings around the fastest whale. A big gun in the bow shoots a barbed harpoon carrying a bomb timed for three seconds. The explosion inside the whale kills instantly. The carcass is then pumped full of air. Ultimately the steamer tows its captures to its shore station where the oil is extracted and the meat canned by modern machinery.

And there's ice. In 1871 a fleet of forty-two whalers was caught in the Arctic and only one escaped. More than 1,200 men were shipwrecked, but escaped in boats. And New Bedford's loss was more than a million dollars.

St. Peter, so goes the old story, peeked out through the Pearly Gates and asked, "Who knocks so loudly?" "John Smith, the famous fisherman," was the answer.

"Well, I can't keep you out for that, but go easy on your fish stories."

But John Smith told 'em, morning, noon and night, to admiring throngs. But always there was a man on the edge of the circle who sneered and

walked away. It got on John Smith's nerves and he asked St. Peter, "Who's that uppity chap who tries to queer my best fish stories?"

"Oh, that's Jonah," said St. Peter. Which raises the question, Has Jonah any right to take on airs? In other words, did the whale swallow Jonah?

Not wishing to be caught between the upper and nether millstones of the fundamentalists and modernists, this deponent further sayeth not. But as to whether the whale could have swallowed Jonah, why, bless you, that all depends upon the kind of whale it was. If Jonah's whale was like the one shown in the old print reproduced—why, one gulp could have done it.

For this is a toothed whale (cachalot, sperm whale, spermaceti whale). Its length often runs to sixty feet. Its head forms about one-half its bulk and extends more than one-third of its length. Its mouth is very large and wide and its throat is large enough to pass a man with ease.

Incidentally, there's a new book out—"Our Naval Heritage," by Lieutenant Commander Fitzhugh Green, U. S. N., F. A. G. S., M. Sc. The jacket says it's "officially approved; read and checked by the historical section of the Navy department." And in the very first chapter we find this:

Moreover, it is really surprising how many of the early sea tales were founded on facts that defied exaggeration. Take the whale and Jonah yarn. . . . Our own Literary Digest has printed a true story of a whaler launching two whale boats of a full equipment of men in an attempt to capture a gigantic sperm whale. In the battle with the monster the whale capsized one of the boats. All of the men were saved except two who were supposed to have been drowned. The whale was subsequently killed. Two days later it was cut up, and to their vast astonishment, the men found one of their shipmates whom they had thought dead lying unconscious in the belly of the whale. The man's name was John Bartley, and he finally recovered.

On the other hand, if Jonah met up with a toothless whale—why, there was nothing doing, except by way of miracle. The toothless whale may be just as big as a toothed whale and have just as large a mouth, but that mouth is chock full of whalebone, through which is strained the food. Besides, the gullet is absurdly small for so huge a creature.

Those who think of a whale as a "big fish" should think again. It's big enough—the only bigger living thing is the Big Tree of California. But the whale is as much an animal as a horse or a sheep. It has lungs; breathes air; gives birth to its young and suckles it. Moreover, the mother whale displays great affection for her 12-foot offspring.

Variety and Chic in New Neckline

Mode Includes Scarf, Military Collar and Bows at Front, Back, Sides.

The lines about the neck play an important role in the frock and coats, notes a fashion writer in the Chicago Daily News.

The evening gown is more varied in its selection of lines about the neck. The back is generally cut lower than the front, but there is no definite stopping place at either point. And, while the square-cut neck is seen in many new models, the old round or V-shaped lines are still used with becomingness and chic.

Frequently a scarf accomplishes much that is smart in the lines of the neck in the afternoon frocks. It is tied in a graceful knot and hangs down the back in two becoming folds, or in careless fashion is tied in front in a soft knot.

The military collar, which is upstanding in its newness, is another favorite of the new mode. It is used with much success in the frocks of heavy materials. In silks, too, it is to be found, with long ribbons softening its stiffness and hanging in colorful strands down the front to the waistline.

Bows at front, bows at back, and bows at the side are all notes of chic in the new mode. The scarf bow hangs a bit longer than the ribbon bow

Bright Colored Furs to Trim New Winter Coats



Bright colored furs are appearing in Paris as the trimming on winter coats. Also, slimness is a feature of many of the newer wraps, with wide flare effect around the skirt in the long coat frock outfit.

night with the consciousness of being entirely in step with the mode.

As everywhere else in the world of furs, fox is used a great deal to trim both American broadtail and caracul. Colors shown are black for the older woman, with all the brown and cocoa shades a general favorite and a strong leaning toward gray. A clear, silvery gray called platinum is handsome and is seen a great deal.

Judson seal, of which femininity never seems to tire, is to be had in a number of smart new models. One very swagger affair for the debutante is a wrappy sort of thing with one side coming up slightly above the other at the front. And it is bordered all round by a narrow edging of very fine natural mink. In a season where we see very wide furs on every hand, this model achieves extreme distinction by its very simplicity.

Taffeta Is Charming in Dainty Youthful Models

Taffeta is a material which we sometimes think of as a material belonging especially to grandmothers, since it did in the days when they wore voluminous skirts. In reality it now is, or should be, almost the exclusive property of youth. It is a pity everyone cannot wear taffeta. It is such a pleasant-feeling material. If one needs new proof, however, that it looks its best in youthful models one has but to see the new evening models with the triple plaited frills around the skirt. Sometimes these frills are of the taffeta pinked, and on some frocks they are made of malines in several shades. Sometimes the taffeta frock is opened at one side, a malines godet set in with the frills at the bottom, and the frill is carried all around the bottom of the dress and up the opening on each side. The frock is draped slightly at the top of this opening and headed by a rose or some other flower made of the taffeta.

Velvet Combined With Tweed

Smart little dresses for the school-girl are made of dark brown velvet combined with lighter tweed.

its origin is an American rat. Another novelty is a peroxidized moleskin, in which a golden shade is induced by the same treatment the hairdressers use to lighten millady's tresses. Quite a number of women at the races wore henna-colored hats.

Vogue of Lace

It seems safe to say that lace is to be more fashionable than ever during the season, especially for evening wear. Afternoon dresses of crepe employ lace for an effective trimming. Black chantilly lace is used over gold cloth for striking effects. Argentine red and gold lace is another effective combination in a dance frock. A white satin evening cape has a full-length flounce of black lace fastened just below the shoulder. A white ermine collar adds charm to this handsome garment.

Hats for Fall

For autumn wear there are fascinating fall hats of sky blue. Others of the same shade are made of velours which promise to be a winter favorite.



Scarves, Collars and Bows That Are in Fashion.

and is more frequently used in the chiffon or crepe frocks as a contrast in color.

The little low, flat collars which spell youth so successfully are used in a new way. They begin higher up at the neck and ruffle into a decided flare and are no longer simple in their appeal but have taken on a note of sophistication.

American Broadtail or Caracul for New Coat

Many women are selecting a coat of American broadtail or one of the lovely moire caracul. These furs are immensely popular this year, and they are conservative enough for business wear, at the same time being quite smart enough for dress. Most women of today in the business world have innumerable occasions when they must appear as smartly attired as their butterfly sisters. And a coat of this type enables them to step from the office to a hotel luncheon or a theater party at

Popularity of Velvet Gowns Still Continues

Velvet continues its successful reign in the world of fashion, and has been seen worn by the most strikingly dressed women in the crowds attending the Longchamps races, says a Paris fashion correspondent. A wider silhouette and slightly molded line have been adopted by practically everyone except, of course, for the tailored suit, which remains severe and masculine in its lines. The races also displayed smart coats in broadcloth, and even some in light-shaded tweeds.

One green velvet ensemble seen in the Jockey club's enclosure had a coat full in the back, a sable collar and cuffs and a Russian toque of green velvet. Beside it was a dark lavender blue tweed dress and coat. This coat had three box plaits on the sides, collar and cuffs of gray fox and a lavender rayon felt for a hat.

Another fur of grayish tones, resembling chinchilla, is popular this season. It is known as "susiki," and