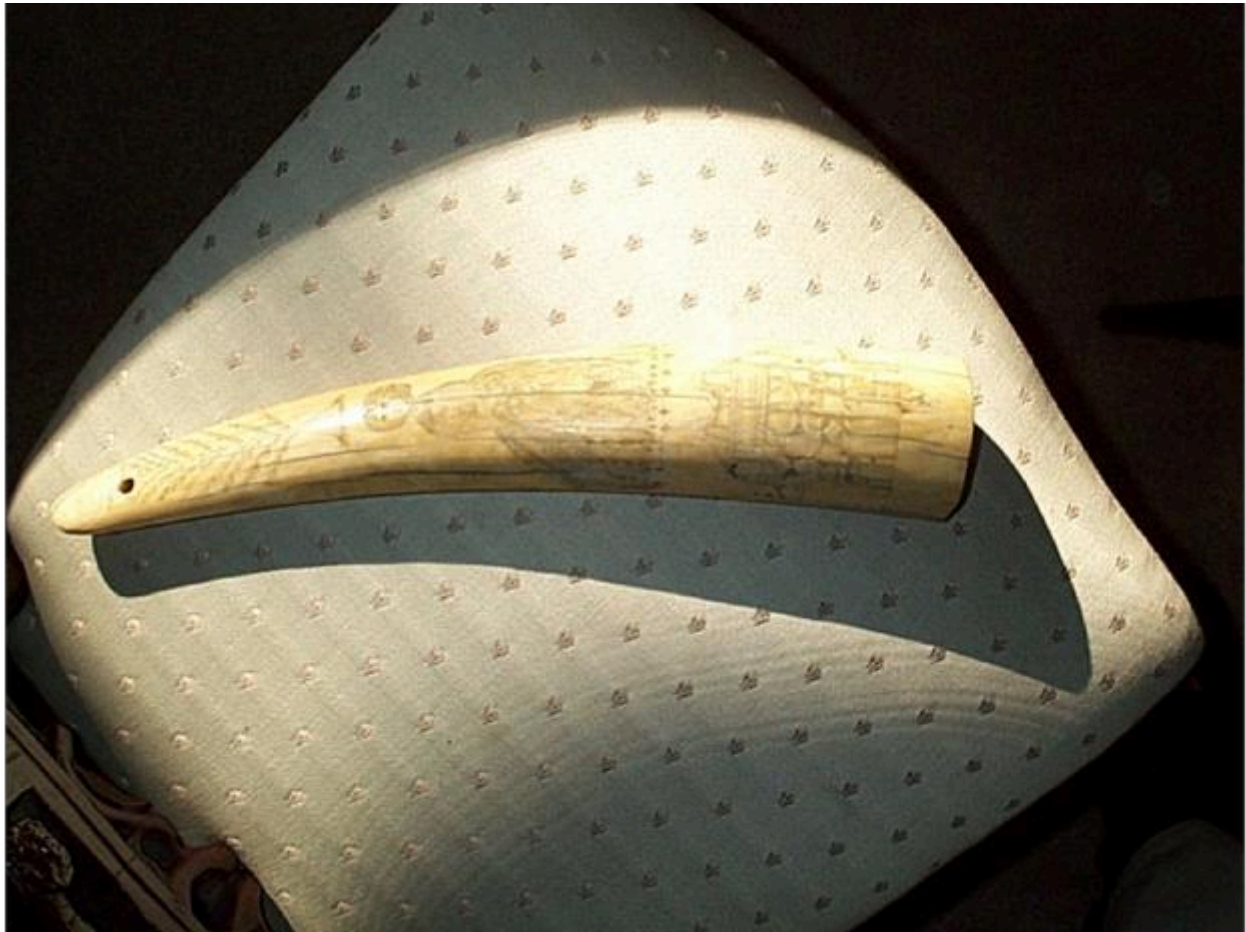


Amy Wanted to Know What Annie Knew

Amy used to play with a giant tooth with drawings on it. She thought that the tooth was that of a sperm whale, one her great-great grandfather Amos Chase had killed. She knew that it was scrimshawed for her great grandmother, Annie, by the seamen who felt for her, and wanted her to have beautiful things with which to play. She knew Annie lived on whaling ships – that Amos captained – for much of her first fifteen years.



Amy Louise thought that she was named after Amos and Louise, the captain and his wife, but it was just Louise. Amy knew that she loved water, but that Annie hated it. And she wondered there, What **did** Annie know?



When Annie was three, **she knew** that Australia was a bit of land on a big ocean. **She knew** she had to sit very still so that a picture could be made of her in a clean, soft dress. It meant nothing to her what she was told: that she was born in Peru, where her mother birthed her while the ship plied the whaling grounds.



Annie knew that in Australia, she met other wife and their children who also lived asea. I hope she agreed with the another wife, who wrote in her diary: "The Chases are here, and they are firm favorites for they are a jolly family, and love their children." **I hope she didn't know** that her father was known as much for brutal punishments as he was for his excellence as a sailor and slaughterer. I know she learned later. **She did not know** New England.

By the time Annie was five (or is it eight? or ten? (check her hands), **she knew, how to**, and **how to** read the bible in her dark little cabin under the decks. **She knew** the hot smell of whale blood and boiling blubber, and the cold gaseous smell of old death. **She knew** she hated whaling with every fiber of her being.



Sometime around that time, **Annie knew** that the sea was criss-crossed with messages from home and owners and other captains sending tips and stores and trade goods news from north and southern hemispheres, from west and eastern coasts, from island to island. **Annie had no idea** how fast this could happen, how hard her father worked to intersect as often as he could. Below would be a print – *The Christmas Mail, from the original in the collection of the Whaling Museum of New Bedford Massachusetts*, one of dozens of images of the beautiful Niger in that collection, and that which graced the cover of their 4 years aWhalin', in which is Amos and Louise last voyage way, way late in the century. On one such mid-ocean Christmas **Annie saw** another captain's wife's had a snake ring with ruby eyes, and told stories about it for the rest of her life.

By the time Annie was fifteen, **she knew** both hemispheres, and the coasts of five continents, and the oceans that lapped them, and their weathers and how

they could change from delightful to horrific in a few moments time. **She knew** how to get around the Horn, and to the South Pacific and Arctic feeding grounds. **She knew** It was past time when she should leave the ship and all its mates, and get to know her mother's people in Pittsburgh, where she would be “finished” after a rough and ready start. On the left here is the Captain leaving Annie in Pittsburgh with her aunt (2nd from right). Annie is in the middle (and why might that dashing fellow have sat so close?).



Before Annie was married, **she knew** how to play the violin. She collected silk scarves, for they were the polar opposite of sails.



She learned the pastime of operetta, where **she knew** she loved her costar, and not just in the show.



When they married, she knew her father and mother were in the South Pacific, and she had palm fronds at the altar to stand in their stead.



LAST NIGHT'S NUPTIALS.
A Sailor's Daughter Weds Her Lover While Her
Father's on the Sea—Other Events.

Annie hoped for healthy children, and would get her wish in Hanson Junior.



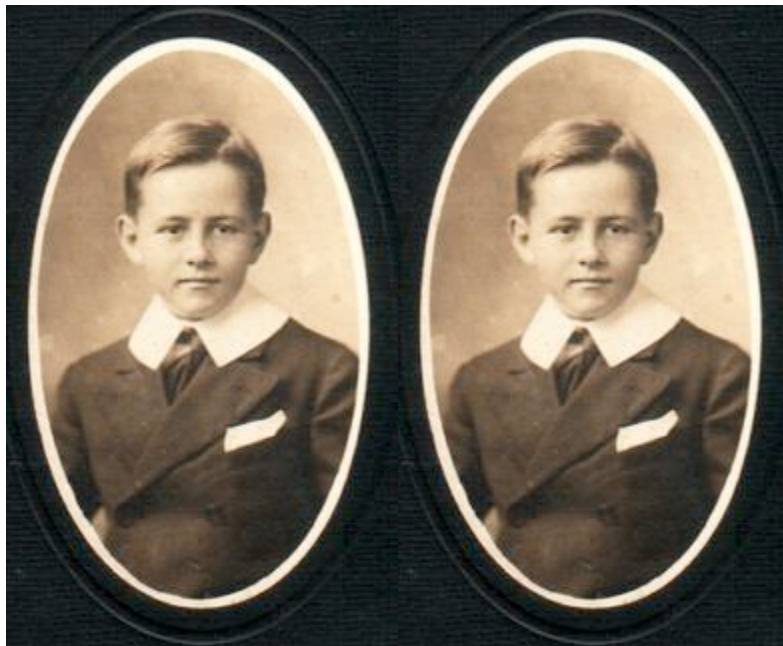
And Louise Rose



She did not know that they would loose all their money in the crash of '07, and that her beloved would did in the flu epidemic not long after. Even more than she hated whaling, Annie hated **knowing full well** how sad and frightened Louise



and Hanson were when their father died.



When Louise Rose married and had three daughters, Annie lived with and cared for them every day. As you will recall, **she told** marvelous and terrible stories to her daughter and granddaughters and stopped telling these stories when she thought the children were old enough to remember (Victorians were like that). **She never knew** that they did remember, and that they would tell her great granddaughter Amy and that she would, in turn, tell them to you.



Harley

Anne
Janet
Betty - Grammy
Annie Chase Rose

And they knew she was always there, that she was as much a look out as their mother, that third parent every family needs.



And she never knew how much Janet and Betty and Anne would miss her,
although I think she would have suspected as much.





Annie never knew about World War II, or that her grand-daughter, Janet, would join the Red Cross as a social-worker, and travel to California to counsel shell-shocked soldiers returning from that same Pacific about which she had no mixed feelings, too.



Annie knew whaling was dying even when she whaled, and that it was buried in her own lifetime. She knew when one of her homes, the Platina, was condemned at 67 years.

DAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 2, 1914.

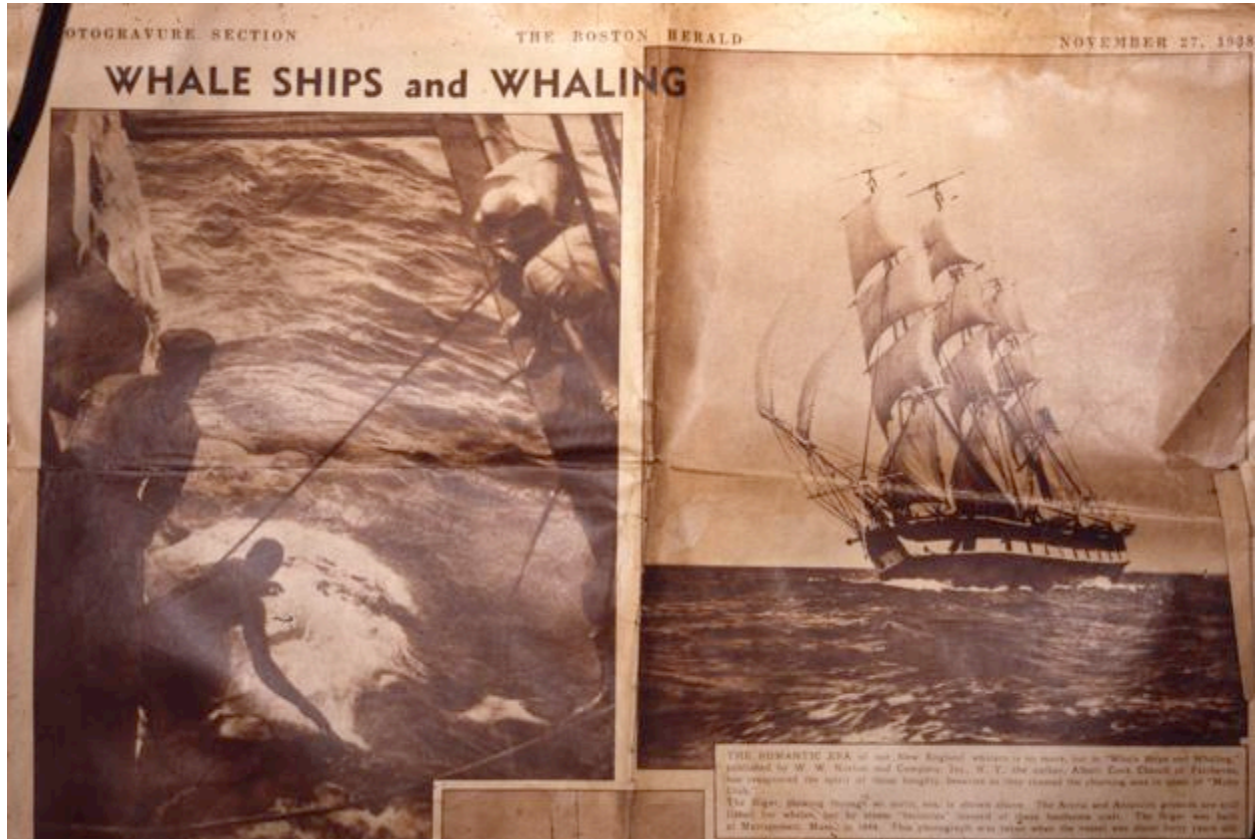
WHALER PLATINA IS NOW FIREWOOD

The bark Platina, one of the most famous and last of the old time whaling barks which sailed out of New Bedford and Westport on voyages in pursuit of leviathans, was condemned at Brava, Cape Verde Islands, and broken up in January. The Platina was 67 years old. She remained a hunter until June, 1911, when she was sold and became a packet vessel for the Cape Verde traffic. Her new owners paid \$1,300 for her, and sold \$100 worth of pig iron ballast out of her. It is believed she can be sold for firewood at the Cape Verde Islands for at least \$1,000, for fire wood is very high there at this time of year. There will, therefore, be little loss to the owners.

When the old Platina was built, at Rochester, in 1847, she was rigged



and she died not long before, **and never knew**, that the great Niger, of her father's last captaincy, would be taken into New Bedford harbor on the last decommissioning sail of the fleet in 1938.



But I am sure that **she would not have been surprised** to see it so spry and responsive as if her father as at the helm.



I know she would have been glad to know that she could choose to never look at the ocean again , literally, turn her back to it as land was all that one need ever see, and



that she would get to grow her gardens in each house they rented,

and to be photographed by her daughter,



always on solid land.

