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Jim Connolly and the Fishermen of Gloucester: An Appreciation of James Brendan Connolly at Eighty

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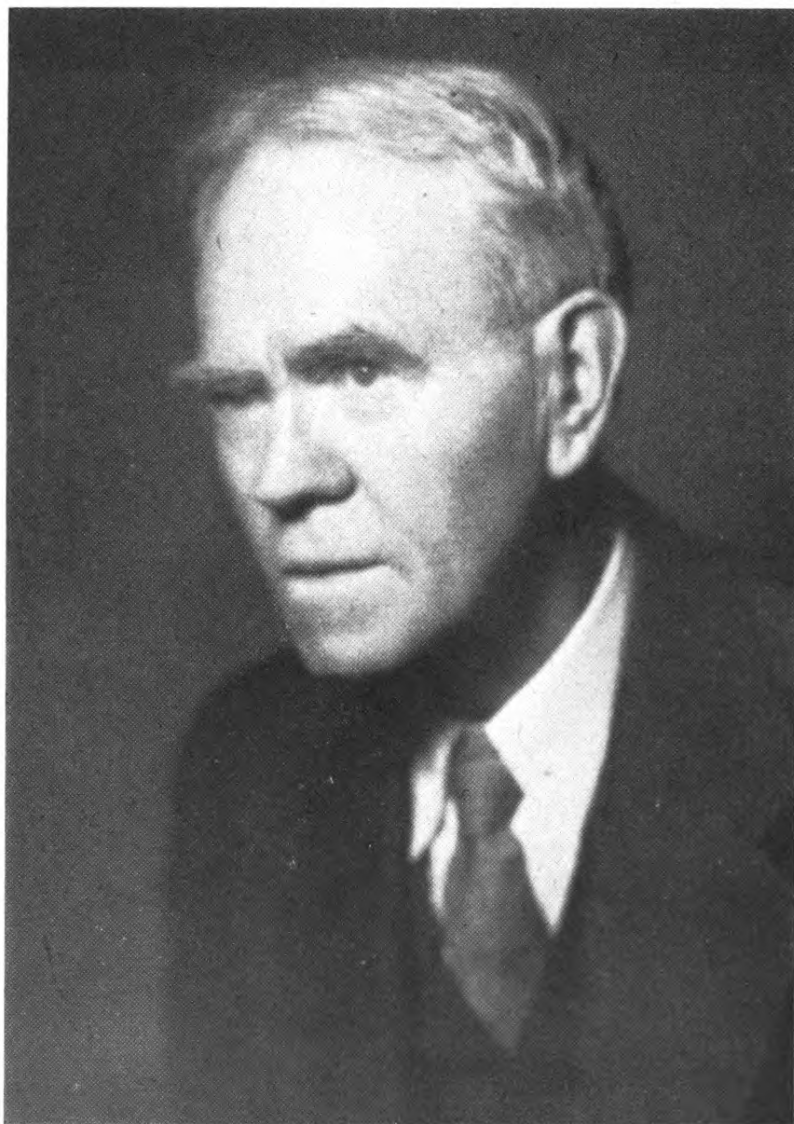
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Jim Connolly
and the Fishermen of Gloucester



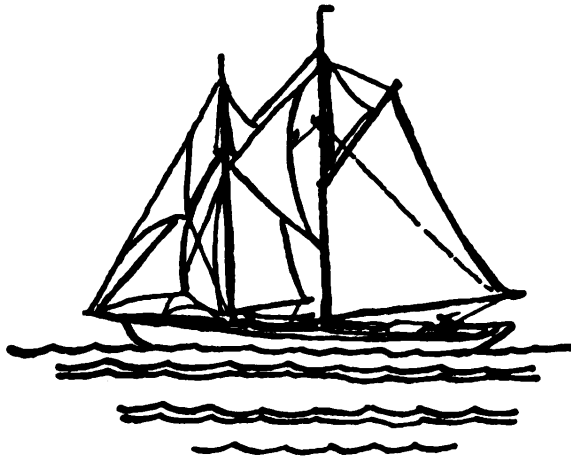


JAMES BRENDAN CONNOLLY AT EIGHTY

Jim Connolly
and
the Fishermen of Gloucester

An Appreciation of
JAMES BRENDAN CONNOLLY *at Eighty*

by
ERNEST CUMMINGS MARRINER



Waterville, Maine
COLBY COLLEGE PRESS
1949

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by Blackstone Studios, Inc., New York City*

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and the Fishermen of Gloucester*

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Jim Connolly
and the Fishermen of Gloucester

LONGFELLOW never saw Nova Scotia. His “murmuring pines and hemlocks” grew on Grandfather Wadsworth’s Saco River farm at Hiram, Maine. Whittier never visited a Georgia plantation; his negroes were those he encountered on the wharves at Boston or Newburyport, or an occasional traveler of the underground railroad. There is no evidence that Shakespeare ever trod the streets of Verona or sailed the canals of Venice, and certainly he never saw the Bermuda Isles. Great books have indeed been written about events long before a writer’s time or scenes visualized only at second hand. Yet, in fiction as well as fact, a reader likes to know that the scenes and actions are not unreal figments of imagination, that the places and the events have been within the writer’s personal experience.

So it is with James Brendan Connolly. Of all his writings one can say, “all of which he saw and much of which he was.” He has sailed the world’s oceans on many kinds of craft: to the Banks with the Gloucester fishermen, to the

North Sea and the Baltic with the European fishing fleets, into the Arctic with the Russian sailors, out with the mackerel seiners, in the tiny dories on the vast ocean with the trawlers for haddock and cod, racing after the sword fish, even out after the descendants of Moby Dick. He knows steam as well as sail, on cattle boats and oil tankers, on Navy destroyers and cruisers, on the Mississippi steamboats. And what grand stories he tells us of it all. And why shouldn't he? For he holds the key to the best in storytelling, that the way to unlock the secrets of nature and of men is to live those secrets. The Uncle Dudley editorialist of the *Boston Globe* once said of him: "James Connolly himself regards his writing merely as a by-product of life. He has good precedent. Cervantes and Bunyan have told you the same thing, and the grandest Celtic poet of them all, the first master of tragic drama, directed that nothing be graven on his tombstone except that he had fought at Marathon."

Eighty years ago, on October 28th, 1868, James Brendan Connolly was born in that bit of Ireland in America known as South Boston. His parents had come to this land from the

wind-swept Aran Islands. From them he got both his strong body and his love of the old-fashioned virtues—courage, justice, honesty, reliability. His father was the kind of man of whom one of Connolly's fiction characters says: "Should we not honor even more highly that man who does a great deed, but who in the humility of his soul knows not that it is a great deed?" His mother found time to translate Gaelic poetry in the midst of bearing and rearing twelve children, eight boys in a row. Virility, intelligence, integrity were in the stock from which James Connolly came.

Two hundred years ago men entered college without formal schooling, but very few men did it so late as 1895. In that year Connolly was admitted into Harvard. Though he had no high school education, he passed all entrance examinations without conditions. Why he left Harvard at the end of one year provides one of the great stories in the world of sport. Interested in the proposed revival of the Olympic Games, Connolly asked the Harvard authorities for leave of absence that he might compete at Athens. Harvard was not interested; so Connolly left the Harvard Yard, not to

return until ten years later as guest speaker at a scholarly affair. At Athens Connolly won exceptional renown. In that first modern revival of the ancient games, the opening event was the hop, step and jump. Covering a distance of forty-five feet, Connolly won the event, the first victor in Olympic competition for 1500 years. The first flag to fly from the victory pole was the American flag, put there by the achievement of James Brendan Connolly.

Out of this experience came one of Connolly's early books. *Olympic Victor* is a long short story or novelette, telling how a Greek peasant won the Marathon race, and introducing the romantic element of two Greek runners' rivalry for the same girl. In his account of the race and its effect on the spectators Connolly has held close to the reported facts. He has even retained the real name of the winner, Loues. Here is the account in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*:

When the Olympic games were reinstated at Athens in 1896 a marathon race was included, and most appropriately was won by Loues, a Greek peasant. The scenes which signaled his success were remarkable. When he entered the



James B. Connolly as he appeared at the
time of his victory in the Olympic
games at Athens in 1896

stadium at the end of the race, the Greek spectators rose as a man to celebrate their countryman's victory, women tore off their jewels to fling at his feet, a hotel proprietor gave him an order for 365 free meals, and even a street urchin pressed forward with the promise to black his boots for nothing for the rest of his life.

In his story, heroizing this successor of Pheidippides, Connolly makes modest mention in a single paragraph that the hop, step and jump was won by an American and that our country's flag was the first to be run up the victory pole. Years afterward, John Daley, who succeeded the erudite John Kieran as sports editor of the *New York Times*, unearthed the story of how nearly Connolly and his fellow American athletes missed altogether a chance to compete. As Daley expressed it, "The famed author of sea stories in general, and of the Gloucester fishermen in particular, came perilously close to missing an Olympic championship merely because the brass hats of AAU didn't know what day it was." That first revival of 1896 was rather loosely organized at best. The American Olympic team had to pay their own expenses and their advanced information

from Athens was rather sketchy. The Americans arrived, expecting twelve days for practice and acclimatization. Instead they had to compete the very next day. The AAU had failed to note the obvious fact that the hosts had set the date by the Greek, not the Roman, calendar. Jim Connolly scarcely had time to shake off his sea legs before he went out to win the hop, step and jump. Before he quit this kind of competition in the athletic world, Connolly had set a world record for the hop, step and jump of forty-nine feet, one-half inch, a mark that stood unchallenged for thirteen years. When Dan Ahern broke it, Connolly didn't mind too much, because the Irish were still supreme. But when, in 1928, 1932, and 1936, it was successively broken by three Japanese, no one dared inquire the original winner's thoughts.

Before entering Harvard, Connolly had been a clerk, inspector, and surveyor in the United States Engineer Corps at Savannah, Georgia. Soon after his return from Athens came our war with Spain, and San Juan Hill saw Jim Connolly fighting with the famous Ninth Massachusetts Infantry, United States

Volunteers. In 1907-1908 he spent a hitch in the Navy, and in 1912 he was Progressive candidate for Congress. In the latest edition of *Who's Who in America* twenty-four books are listed as the product of Connolly's pen. He is said never to have used a typewriter. In 1914 he won *Collier's* famous short-story contest and in the same year was that magazine's correspondent in Mexico. At the turn of the century, in 1901, he had represented *Scribner's Magazine* in Europe, and in 1902 had gone to the Arctic for *Harper's*. During the year of our participation in the first World War, 1917-1918, he represented *Collier's* as a naval correspondent in European waters, and in 1921 he was Commissioner in Ireland for the American Committee for Relief in Ireland.

CONNOLLY'S best known books are his collections of short stories about the Gloucester fishermen, stories first published in leading periodicals, chiefly *Scribner's* and *Collier's*. Here one becomes acquainted with the racing skippers, who never took in sail for any competitor on the homeward voyage from the Banks: Wesley Marrs in the *Lucy Foster*, Tom-

mie Ohlsen in the *Nannie O*, Billie Simms in the *Echo O' the Morn*, Tom O'Donnell in the old, wind-wrecked *Colleen Bawn*, Patsie Oddie in the *Delia Corrigan*, with his "To hell with them that's saved; here's to them that died"; and most memorable of all, Clancy, the gay, joking, playboy Clancy, with his ready wit and scheming brain, his stout hands and his big heart.

The earliest collected volume was *Out of Gloucester*, published in 1902. During the next ten years avid readers welcomed *The Deep Sea's Toll*, *The Crested Seas*, *Open Water*, and *Wide Courses*. Of two characters the author became so fond that he gave them scope in full-length novels. Clancy, of the short story by that name in the first book, is the real hero, though not the central, romantic character of Connolly's novel *The Seiners*, while Don Quixote Kieran, persecuted pump man in the story with that title in *Wide Courses*, is the hero of the novel *Steel Decks*, proving that while Connolly's first love is for the small sailing vessels of the Gloucestermen, he can give us with equal feeling the scenes and actions on the big oil tankers, whose crews never climbed a mast or hauled a sail.

The years between the publication of *Wide Courses* in 1912 and the coming of the war saw three volumes of short stories from Connolly's pen: *Sonnie Boy's People*, *Head Winds*, and *Running Free*. His work in European waters as a correspondent resulted in *The U-Boat Hunters*, a thrilling, factual account of his experiences in the submarine-infested ship lanes. In 1920 came a novel, *Hiker Joy*, another volume of short stories, *Tide Rips*, in 1922, and in 1925 the novel already mentioned, *Steel Decks*, and in 1927 *Coaster Captain*.

Connolly had then been publishing for a full quarter-century, and he had written enough to gain lasting fame as our best modern writer of the sea. But he was by no means finished. Nineteen-thirty saw the printing of his unsurpassed historical record of the fishermen whom he knew so well. Just as his stories have enshrined the Gloucestermen in legend, so his *Book of the Gloucester Fishermen* gives an undying factual record of a gallant, superior breed of men, whose exploits with sail and oars the big Diesels and the internal combustion engines have now pushed into an almost forgotten past. Almost, but not quite; for as

long as there is anyone left to read Jim Connolly's stories, the fishermen of Gloucester will be remembered and revered.

In that same year, 1930, a choice selection of Connolly's stories was published under the title *Gloucestermen*. Many of the stories had appeared in the earlier books, especially *Out of Gloucester* and the *Deep Sea's Toll*, but a few of them had previously appeared only in magazines. It is a sound and representative collection, giving the reader a memorable picture of the exploits of these intrepid fishermen. Yet, to read it alone, ignoring the other books, would give a one-sided and narrow picture of this versatile writer of the sea. Here are none of the thrilling stories of the tankers and the freighters, of the professional runners, the pugilists, and the bull fighters. Here are none of the deeds of our Navy men. And all of these Connolly knows, as he knows the ways of the Gloucestermen.

My own complaint about this collection, however, is that because it is limited to Gloucester it omits three of my favorite stories: "A Fisherman of Costla," "The Wicked Celestine," and "The Wrecker." And for the same

reason it omits Connolly's own favorite, "Mother Machree."

In 1939 Connolly published his record of the Navy under the title *Navy Men*, and in 1940 appeared a historical account, *The Port of Gloucester*. Then in 1943 he turned his attention to biography. Long intrigued by an old diary in which Amasa Delano, shipbuilder and skipper of the big traders, had recorded his voyages over far-flung seas, he wrote *Master Mariner*. It is a good book; yet for this reader Captain Delano fails to come alive with quite the same clarity and vigor as do Clancy and Pumpman Kieran and the Fisherman of Costla. The author quotes profusely from the Delano diary, which by its constant understatement diminishes rather than enhances the dramatic force of the narrative. Jim Connolly is himself a better writer than Amasa Delano, and he does succeed in showing the remarkable versatility of this master mariner, who was not only navigator of the biggest merchantman the country had yet seen, but was captain of his own ship at twenty-three, an expert on marine construction, trader, explorer, meticulous cartographer, and amateur botanist. Also quick

on his feet and handy with his fists, Amasa was really "quite a fellow." Nevertheless, for my money it is still Clancy and Tommie Ohlsen and Wesley Marrs.

Every reader knows that a good test of any story is how well it lingers in one's memory. All of Connolly's stories are worth recalling, but some of them hold faster and longer than others. Now this mental retention of a story is two-sided; it depends almost as much upon the reader as upon the writer. The reader remembers what he personally likes, or what strikes a peculiar chord of recognition. Another reader of these thrilling stories might, long after the reading, recall quite other items than those which linger with me, but because these do cling with a tenacity that will not be denied, I would say a word about what I call the best of the stories.

But first let us have a confession. What Jim Connolly considers his own best story and by all odds his favorite does not win my vote. This is obviously my fault, not Connolly's, and it is the duty of any critic to support his case. As has already been mentioned, Connolly's favorite story is *Mother Machree*, the longest

story in his *Head Winds*, published in 1916.

The narrator is an elderly lady, who relates the highlights in her life from her early marriage in the Aran Islands to the death of her aged husband long after their coming to America.

As the story opens, she stands with her mother and her brother Jimmy on a cliff near their island home and watches her father's yawl go down in a gale, because, though safely on his way home in the storm, he had turned about to pick up shipwrecked neighbors and friends. The black smallpox smites the island and Jimmy falls critically ill. Not able to endure the grief of her mother, who has only Jimmy at home with her, the girl prays to St. Ann to save Jimmy even if it means the taking of her own baby instead. When she returns from St. Ann's shrine, the girl finds Jimmy recovering, but her own baby stricken with the disease. Before her husband comes in from the sea, the baby dies, and she stays alone with the little body for two days and nights. They bury the baby up on the cliff, where she as a little child had looked out to sea on Christmas Eve, to catch sight of the fairy queen "come walking atop the waves with the golden crown on her head and her blue-and-silver robes trailing in the sea behind

her." The now childless couple decide to go to America. They are shipwrecked and are put into a small boat, with captain, other passengers, and several of the crew. The cold, emotionless captain orders men thrown overboard to lighten the boat. A struggle ensues, during which the girl's husband, already over the side himself, pulls the captain into the sea. Ashore a trial is held, resulting in the husband's imprisonment and subsequent pardon. Meanwhile, replacing the little Gerald, left on the cliff-top grave in Araç, is born another boy, Jerome. Other children she had and loved, but there was a special attachment to this, her oldest living son. She says, "Not a child had I but hated what was evil, but in Jerome it was a religion like, and if evil was protected by laws, then 'Do away with such laws,' he would say. And he went roving strange countries, fighting for people he thought were wronged." Finally, Jerome, the wanderer, comes home, telling his mother he will roam strange lands no more. But he has a job yet to do, and he tells about "a certain man in this city." "There are creatures," says he, "of a sort of villainy that, beside them, thieves, cut-throats, robbers and murderers are white-robed saints."

In fair fight, without intent to go so far, Jerome kills this man and goes to prison. When the

aged husband is on his death-bed he asks that his wife arrange certain things, the hardest of which is to see that Jerome says a prayer beside his coffin. But arrange it she does, securing the Governor's consent for Jerome to attend his father's funeral. After it is all over and Jerome has gone back to the prison, the Mother gives her explanation of Jerome's character. After the terrible experience on the sea, and after her husband's unfair imprisonment, she had kept praying before Jerome was born, "Father in Heaven, make him one who will feel for others' pain the longest day he lives." "And that he did."

There is no question that this story gives a memorable portrait of a gallant, invincibly devout woman. Why then do I not class it as Connolly's best? Because of its unevenness, because its moments of heightened suspense are followed not by expected periods of calm, but by periods of nothing at all. Furthermore, while we see the Mother clearly, we get only a vague picture of Jerome, and we cannot understand what is so wonderful about him, even in a mother's eyes. Just what Robin Hood adventures did he have in distant lands? Just what had "the certain man in this city" done? The

difficulty seems to be that Connolly has attempted to condense into a short story the material and the techniques of the novel, with the result that it is neither.

Why does Connolly himself like this story so well? He gives us his answer in the holograph inscription in the copy which he presented to Mr. James A. Healy, for there Connolly has written: "*Mother Machree* has much of my own mother's story in it." On October 29, 1948, when he was honored by the Library Associates of Colby College, Connolly, in gracious impromptu remarks to the audience, explained more about his model for *Mother Machree*. He told of his mother's deep religious faith, and of her typical Irish belief in "the little people" and the closeness of the saints. He mentioned experiences of which she had told him, when the forces of the mysterious and the spiritual had been very close and very real to her.

No wonder Jim Connolly likes this story, if his own mother was like *Mother Machree*. For giving her to us as a true heroine of ordinary life we are ready to forgive him any technical flaws of narrative. Regardless of anyone's

judgment about *Mother Machree* as a story, no one can deny that Mother Machree herself is a great and memorable person. What she needs is dramatization. For this favorite story of Connolly's would, in fact, make an excellent motion picture. If one of those expert craftsmen of Hollywood, like Maine's own John Ford, or Walter Wanger, creator of *Saint Joan*, would direct a production of *Mother Machree*, the result should be every bit as popular as *Going My Way* or *The Bells of St. Mary's*. One can imagine the enthusiastic response of an audience on hearing such an accomplished actress as Sara Allgood, with her lilting Irish voice, plead with the governor to let her son attend his father's funeral.

If I had to cast my vote for Connolly's one best story I would name "A Fisherman of Costla." Though one of his earliest, it has, in my opinion, not been surpassed. Its simplicity, its sense of the dramatic freed from the sensational, its deep human understanding, and its superb portrayal of character place it on a high level among all stories of the sea. Neither Joseph Conrad nor William McFee has written anything better.

The story tells how Gerald Donohue, a young American lawyer, came to the Aran Islands to settle an estate for orphaned children in far away America. No one would take him across the wind-swept waters to Kilronan until the seas should be calmer, but Donohue could not wait. So the fisherfolk told him there was a man in Costla who might possibly take him across. Before they had made the round trip, the lawyer might well believe that drowning would be scarcely less dreadful than being scared to death. Only the most expert seamanship saved them from what again and again seemed certain destruction. When it was all over, that fisherman of Costla refused fifty pounds for his labor, saying he would take three pounds instead of his customary rate of two pounds, because he now had to lie over an extra day before he could get home. "Do you suppose I'd make a trip like that for the sake of money?" he exclaimed. "Of course I did it for Dannie Costello's childer."

There is good reason why this story should be well done. In the Colby Library's copy of that first volume of Connolly's stories, *Out of Gloucester*, one finds inscribed in the author's

handwriting these words: "A fisherman of Costla is my own father as I knew him years ago."

Another favorite story of mine, and perhaps the first choice of many Connolly readers, is "Clancy." It is one of the longer stories, but there is not a dull sentence in it. It is lively action from beginning to end. Clancy, too unstable to be more than a sailor or at most a mate on the fishing craft, is getting himself gloriously drunk in a St. Pierre tavern when the story opens. When he sobers up, he finds his ship has sailed without him. Stranded and penniless, he seems an easy mark for the crafty trader, Miller, who persuades Clancy to take command of a ship whose smuggling operations are designed to beat the tonnage tax placed on French ships taking on bait at British ports. The resulting action is both dramatic and humorous, because Clancy succeeds in outwitting both the port collector and the wily Miller by playing two parts at once, that of the smuggling French captain and his gallant American rescuer.

Now where did Connolly get his idea of this kind of sea-going Robin Hood, this adventur-

ing, swashbuckling, seemingly irresponsible sailor, living by his wits and his strong arms, and using both to out-trick the smartest tricksters? Again, on the flyleaves of two volumes in the Colby Library, we can find, in the author's own handwriting, our answer. On the flyleaf of *Out of Gloucester* we read: "Clancy is based on the character of my eldest brother, Pat." In *The Seiners* the flyleaf identification is even more detailed: "The Clancy of this book was my playboy older brother Pat, now dead, Lord rest his soul, and a better story teller than I am, people who knew us both have said."

Another of my favorites is "The Wicked Celestine," that unlucky, ungovernable ship which only the most masterful seamanship could keep afloat. This story contains two memorable episodes. One recounts the loading of a dory from an ocean liner at sea. The fishing schooner needed fuel and provisions, and to the amazement of the liner's captain, conveyed from liner to schooner, in one load in a single dory, three-quarters of a ton of coal, three barrels of wood, one barrel of potatoes, one of mixed vegetables, a tub of butter, two cases of canned beef, a side of fresh beef, cof-

fee, tea, and a big box of hardtack. It sounds much like a list of prizes on a modern radio program. The other striking incident tells how the *Celestine* rolled over in a complete revolution in one of the Banks' worst storms. Many a ship had put her masts far under, then righted again. But whoever heard of those masts coming up on the other side? Isn't that a yarn that ought to shame even a Jim Connolly? Not so. For, in his factual *Book of the Gloucester Fishermen*, he identifies the real ship that turned completely over as the *Onward*. Proof of what happened was that, when that terrible roll was finished, the anchor chain was wound around the bow and the ballast in her bottom was lying on top of the fish in the pens.

Another memorable story is "Dory Mates." Its theme is the loyalty of dory partners to each other, the devotion and sacrifice one will show to help the other in time of crisis. This is the somber story of an older man's unquestioning care of the boy who shared his dory. That boy's father had once saved the man's life at sacrifice of his own. Why shouldn't that man, lost on the open sea in a dory in freezing winter winds—why shouldn't that man give first

thought to his youthful dory mate? When he knew his fingers must freeze, this stalwart fisherman let them freeze curved to fit the oars, so that he could still row. He placed his own warm jacket around the unconscious boy. And when, in spite of all his efforts, the boy died, he battled sea and storm and awful fatigue to get the body ashore.

Did anything like that really happen? In the *Book of the Gloucester Fishermen* Connolly relates the true incident that provided the basis for this story. Howard Blackburn in the *Grace L. Fears* was the man who let his fingers freeze curved, so that he could row his dead dory mate to shore. Blackburn lost all his fingers and half of each thumb. Public subscription set him up in a little tavern at Gloucester, and when the subscribers refused repayment he gave the money to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

Most of Connolly's stories, like Joseph Conrad's, have very little plot. Except for the tales of smuggling and some of those located on the big freighters and tankers, the conflict is man against the angry sea. One story, however, stands out as a masterpiece of plot structure

and development. "The Wrecker" is the story of a salvage diver, whose young second wife has been away for several months, apparently caring for a sick aunt in the Middle West. Meanwhile the diver has struck up a firm friendship with a young yachtsman. In that fatal Thanksgiving week of 1898, when the steamer *Portland* went down without a single survivor, this friend's yacht was also lost. Although the task is especially hazardous, because of the depth at which the yacht lies, the diver assures the aged, mourning mother of the yachtsman that he will try to recover the body from the boat's cabin. When he finally gets to that cabin, at risk of his life, the diver finds not one body, but two.

What marks this as more than an ordinary story is that only an author with a sense of artistry would leave all else to the reader's deduction. Connolly never tells us that the second body was the diver's wife, but that very reticence makes the story all the more powerful. Here are the diver's words: "I found him—and he wasn't alone. And hard enough it was for me, for never a hint had I of it. 'Twas my boy hauled me up that day. No signal o' mine,

but I was gone so long he feared I'd come to harm below." When the diver was ready to go down again, the yacht had slipped off into water too deep for any diver to reach.

"Laying the Hose-Pipe Ghost" is in such a different vein that it seems, at first, quite unlike a Connolly story. Not often did this writer try his hand at satire, but when he did, he could put the sting into it. In this story his target is the Navy's exhaustless red tape. The papers requesting use of a discarded hose-pipe go from office to office, from ship to ship, around the world, for several years, until one day a daring chief yeoman throws them out of a porthole. To the badly worn, much endorsed papers he had just attached his Endorsement No. 68: "Respectfully returned, with the information that the need of the section of hose-pipe no longer exists, for the reason that we filled the *Savannah's* tanks with it seven years ago." That would be an endorsement to end all endorsements, but it would also end his career as chief yeoman. So out the porthole it goes, causing a cry of "Man overboard," the lowering of boats, and anxious moments for the yeoman until the search is abandoned. In the clos-

ing dialogue of the story, the narrator says: "There's an old flat-footed friend of mine in the department—and he, whenever he writes me, never forgets to mention that every once in a while the chief clerk, or somebody else in his division, is sure to look out the window and across the street at the White House grounds, as if trying to remember something; and whenever he takes a particularly long look he is always sure to turn around and say to the man at the nearest desk, 'What d'y' s'pose ever become of that hose-pipe spook that used to haunt this place?'"

Our literature contains few such stories of racing ships as those in Connolly's volumes. In "Reykjavik to Gloucester," he recounts how Wesley Marrs drove the *Lucy Foster* from Iceland to Gloucester in nine days and ten hours, beating a big British yacht. In "Tommie Ohlsen's Western Passage," that skipper drives the *Nannie O* from Norway to Gloucester in sixteen days, coming in days ahead of the *Valkyrie*, the big challenging yacht. But the race to end all races is the one described in the novel *The Seiners*. Maurice Blake, getting command of the *Johnnie Duncan*, through the scheming of

the crafty Clancy, wins the famous race of the fishing boats at a celebration in the old home port. All of these races are founded on fact. In "Tommie Ohlsen's Western Passage," the yacht is given its real name, the *Valkyrie*. The real skipper who won that race was Tommie Bohlin in the *Nannie Bohlin*, a captain whom Mr. Connolly knew well and, with a somewhat ironical touch, later persuaded to sail on Dr. Stimson's big yacht, the *Fleur-de-Lys*. The race described in *The Seiners* was actually the Fisherman's Race in Anniversary Week at Gloucester. Three great captains led the field: Maurice Whalen in the *Harry Belden*, Tommie Bohlin in the *Nannie Bohlin*, and Saul Jacobs in the *Ethel Jacobs*. In his *Book of the Gloucester Fishermen*, Connolly gives a description of the real race, every bit as thrilling and as hazardous as his previous fictional account. He says it was always called "The Race it Blew," because it was run in such a gale that the sight-seeing excursion steamers couldn't take it. As the race ended a watching fisherman said: "The *Harry Belden* wins, the able *Harry Belden*, sailing across the line on her side and her crew sittin' out on her keel."

When Mr. Connolly was awarded an honorary degree by Fordham University, in June, 1948, the citation made use of that delighted fisherman's expression with only slight variation. Making Mr. Connolly a doctor of letters, the citation read: "The Honorable James Brendan Connolly is the dean of American sea-story writers. He discovered the placid Gloucester fisherman, to whom adventure was commonplace, and with vivid, salty phrase made him into a legend, his ship now smothered in sea-spume, now racing home on its rail and the crew sitting out on the keel."

INTERSPERSED among the stories are numerous songs of the Gloucestermen, so natural that they might have been real chanties, though they are actually of Connolly's own composing.

*She's the schooner Lucy Foster,
She's a seiner out of Gloucester,
She's an able, handsome lady,
She can go.*

*The way she'll walk to wind'ard
You would think that nothing hindered,
She's an able handsome lady,
She can go.*

*She can sail to set you crazy
Not a timber in her's lazy,
She's the handsome Lucy Foster
And she's go-o-ing home.*

*When she swings the main boom over,
And she feels the wind abaft,
The way she'll walk to Gloucester'll
Make a steamer look a raft.
Oh, the Lucy's left the ground,
And there's nothing standing 'round
Can hold the Lucy Foster
When the Lucy's homeward bound.*

*For she's the Lucy Foster
She's a seiner out of Gloucester,
She's an able, handsome lady,
And she's go-o-ing home.*

* * *

*'Twas sou'sou' west,
Then west sou' west
From Rik-ie-vik to Gloucester;
'Twas strainin' sails
And buried rails
Aboard the Lucy Foster.*

*Her planks did creak
From post to peak,
Her top m'sts bent like willow;
"I'll bust her spars,"
Said Wesley Marrs,
"But I'll beat the Bounding Billow."*

Do you recall how Clancy, drunk in a St. Pierre tavern, was left behind when his ship weighed anchor? Here's the way the jolly Clancy later sang about it:

*Oh, my captain sailed away
Out o' Massachusetts Bay
In the merry month of May
To go a-whalin'.*

*And my captain says to me
Before he sailed to sea—
"If you get drunk," says he,
"You get a whalin'."*

*And I says, "O Captain mine"—
My eyes were runnin' brine—
"Your evil thoughts of me
Do give me sorrow."
"I'm goin' ashore," says I—
"I'll behave most proper-lie—
And be with you at the dawnin'
Of the morrow."*

*But my captain sailed away
Without me o'er the bay—
My captain sailed away
To go a-whalin'.
'Bout the time he sailed away
Out of Massachusetts Bay,
They had me in a cell
Awaitin' bailin'.*

In the *Saturday Review of Literature*, September 16, 1933, appeared a letter signed by one Terry O'Connor, containing a question which all Connolly admirers repeatedly ask. "Why is it," wrote O'Connor, "that he is passed over so regularly by those who burst into print so frequently with their judgments of story tellers?" When Viscount Castlerosse covered the Newport Cup Races for a New York paper, he wrote in his column: "What is the matter with you Americans, that, when you have a real genius among you, you do not seem to know it? You will yet be naming halls of learning after Jim Connolly." On June 22, 1948, just after Fordham University had honored Connolly, President Gannon wrote to Mr. James Healy: "A few days after Commencement I was attending a meeting of the New York Zoological Society's trustees, when Fairfield Osborn, the president—a great fellow by the way—said: 'I was delighted to see that you honored Connolly this year. I have read everything he has written at least twice, and I know some of his stuff by heart.'"

On the occasion of the Fordham degree, Father Gannon had also said: "It is something to

have written 25 volumes, beginning with *Out of Gloucester* in 1902, but it is even more to have done so without an unclean word or phrase ever slipping from his pen.”

RECOGNITION of Connolly by a few discerning critics had indeed come early. When that first volume, *Out of Gloucester*, was published in 1902, a reviewer in that forgotten magazine, *The Reader*, acclaimed it as among the best books about the sea. He wrote:

Here is romance—true romance, whose heroes are intensely alive, their antagonists the elemental forces, the scene of their daring the open ocean or the harbors of the North. This is the sort of thing Kipling tried to do in *Captains Courageous*. He failed because, clever as he was, he could not get inside the life, could not become a veritable part of it, and so could not describe, in action, the forces which he could accurately observe at rest. But Mr. Connolly knows his Gloucester; he has lived with and admired its fishermen for years. Hence the tingle of bluff reality is in all that he writes about them.*

Other writers have recognized Connolly's worth. Kipling once wrote his publishers in

* *The Reader*, Vol. I, No. 2, page 212.

praise of this Irish-American. Booth Tarkington and Kenneth Roberts, landlubbers who came to know something of the sea themselves, gave him high praise. Joseph Conrad, who certainly knew what he was talking about, called him easily the best sea-story writer in America. Clark Russell once said to an American magazine editor in the Savage Club in London, "When it comes to writing about the sea, that young fellow has us all beaten." Perhaps Terry O'Connor's praise was a bit extravagant, but it contained a lot of truth. He wrote: "Connolly is the nearest thing to Homer that the modern world has known. Like Homer, he tells of men, and sometimes women, doing big things, and he makes them do those things easily and naturally, as big men do things in actual life. And he mixes humor, tragedy, passion, pathos in the telling."

What must have pleased Connolly far more than any statement about his writing was a single sentence of Theodore Roosevelt's, for the President once said: "If I were to pick one man for my sons to pattern their lives after, I would choose Jim Connolly." Our author was, indeed, one of those whom Theodore Roosevelt

regarded as an intimate friend. Many letters passed between them. On August 6, 1906, the President, from his home at Oyster Bay, wrote Connolly on a White House letterhead:

MY DEAR CONNOLLY:

Can't you reach here Sunday afternoon, September 2nd, and stay with me at Sagamore Hill until Wednesday morning? Then I will take you out on the *Mayflower* to see the review for the 3rd, and also on the following day to the much more private affair, the target practice. There will be one or two nice people in the house. I really think you ought to see the United States Navy when it is doing something.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Speaker Cannon, grand old Czar of the House of Representatives, later referred to that particular naval review as "the time the President had the fleet brought to Sagamore Hill so that his friend Jim Connolly could review it."

WHEN our author was the honored guest of the Colby Library Associates on October 29, 1948, for the occasion of his eightieth birthday, he received many congratula-

tions, including a telegram from the Governor of Massachusetts. But his most prized honor, coming as a complete surprise to him, was the announcement that evening that he had just been awarded the medal of the American-Irish Historical Society. This is the highest honor conferrable upon an American of Irish ancestry by his fellow Americans of the same national descent. Previous recipients have been such noted persons as Padraic Colum, the poet; Dudley Digges, star of stage and screen; Charles Donagh Maginnis, Boston architect and designer of scores of the nation's famous churches; William Jeffers, president of the Union Pacific Railway; Hugh Drum, major general of the United States Army; His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman; and James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation.

In the early days, Connolly's stories, both in periodicals and in books, were appropriately illustrated. In 1944 the Salmagundi Club of New York called Jim Connolly "an artist's author." "In the days when author and artist worked together," the club avowed, "there existed a mutual respect and admiration for the

genius of one by the other. The greater the author, the more attracted were the great artists to collaborate with him. The roster of men whose works decorate the pages of Connolly's books include immortals in American and British art." This Salmagundi praise is richly deserved, for among Connolly's illustrators were Maine's own N. C. Wyeth, the universally known Howard Pyle, Bill Aylward, and James Allen. Frank Brangwyn, the English painter, was so attracted by Connolly's stories of the Aran Island fishermen, that he illustrated the series with memorable effect. Although Connolly has given praise to most of these artists, it was Henry O'Connor, illustrator of *The Book of the Gloucester Fishermen and Navy Men*, who was his choice to illustrate any further volumes. The two were close friends, sailing on several voyages together, and it is hoped that some day this distinguished former president of Salmagundi and of Artists' Fellowship will do a portrait of Jim Connolly.

NO brief paper begins to do justice to Dr. Connolly's magnificent writing: one cannot describe his vivid, compelling style;

one must read it. He never says, "The ocean was wild that night." Rather, he makes you see and hear and feel the angry force of storm-swept seas. Just the right details in just the right places, always the most appropriate remarks from the mouths of those reticent Gloucestermen—these not only make the incidents real, but make the reader vicariously experience them, in all their thrills and shudders, in all their daring and triumph.

To most of us has been denied the rich enjoyment of knowing these Gloucestermen in person. But we can do the next best thing; we can know them through the pages of James Connolly's books. We heartily agree with what the Eire Society of Boston said of him, in awarding him their annual medal on May 8, 1948: "James Brendan Connolly, author, soldier, correspondent, and Olympic athlete, one of the great writers of the sea and the men who sail it. His stories of the Gloucestermen have won international acclaim and have given to succeeding generations an enduring picture of New England's fishing fleets in the days of their greatest glory. As a soldier he served his country in the War with Spain; as an agent

of mercy he labored in war-ravaged Ireland with the American Committee for Relief of Ireland. As a writer and as a man he has brought honor to himself, to his country, and to the land whence came his Aran-born parents, who bequeathed to him their keen sense of the sea's mystery and their love of truth and beauty."

So, to Jim Connolly, master writer of the sea, we offer these lines:

*Do you know of Tommy Clancy and the stalwart
Wesley Marrs?*

*Have you heard the sails a-flappin', and the
creakin' of the spars?*

*Have you followed Captain Wesley in the able
Lucy Foster,*

*As he smashed the fastest records out of Reykjavik
to Gloucester?*

*Do you know the crazy exploits of the Wicked
Celestine*

*That turned completely over in the storm-
infested brine?*

*Have you heard of Patsie Oddie, with his
unrelenting pride?*

*"To hell with them that's saved," said he; "here's
to them that died."*

*Do you know how Maurice Blake, sir, with the
help of Tommy Clancy,*

*Sailed a race made memorable with every thrill
that's chancy?*

*When the ship rode out a hurricane with every
spar a-squeal,*

*Rode home indeed upon her rail and her crew out
on the keel?*

*You know them not, but wish you could before
another year?*

*Then read the books of Connolly while yet you
have them near.*

*And then you'll know the Crow's Nest talk and
how the Foster ran,*

*And feel the zest of all that's best in Connolly's
Gloucestermen.*

The following annotated bibliography has been prepared by the staff of the Colby College Library. It is based on the collection of autographed and inscribed first editions of books by James Brendan Connolly presented to the Library by James Augustine Healy, of New York City and Portland, Maine. References to magazines have, whenever possible, been made by citing both volume and page numbers; thus "64:19-32" refers to Volume 64, pages 19 to 32. In some cases, it has proved impossible to provide complete references, and in such instances partial citations are given.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY
OF THE PUBLISHED WRITINGS OF
JAMES BRENDAN CONNOLLY

- Part I. Books by James B. Connolly**
- Part II. Contributions to Books by Other
Writers**
- Part III. Uncollected Contributions to News-
papers**
- Part IV. Uncollected Stories, Sketches, and
Articles Published in Magazines**

Short-Title Check-List of Books in Part I

1. JEB HUTTON, 1902.
2. OUT OF GLOUCESTER, 1902.
3. THE SEINERS, 1904.
4. THE DEEP SEA'S TOLL, 1905.
5. ON TYBEE KNOLL, 1905.
6. THE CRESTED SEAS, 1907.
7. AN OLYMPIC VICTOR, 1908.
8. OPEN WATER, 1910.
9. WIDE COURSES, 1912.
10. SONNIE-BOY'S PEOPLE, 1913.
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14. THE U-BOAT HUNTERS, 1918.
15. HIKER JOY, 1920.
16. TIDE RIPS, 1922.
17. STEEL DECKS, 1925.
18. COASTER CAPTAIN, 1927.
19. THE BOOK OF THE GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN, 1927; revised and enlarged edition, 1930.
20. GLOUCESTERMEN, 1930.
21. NAVY MEN, 1939.
22. THE PORT OF GLOUCESTER, 1940.
23. CANTON CAPTAIN, 1942.
24. MASTER MARINER, 1943.
25. SEA-BORNE, 1944.

PART I. Books by James B. Connolly

1. JEB HUTTON. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1902.

This "boy's story" is the first book written by Connolly. It was afterwards included in the "Boy Scouts' Library." Illustrated by M. J. Burns.

2. OUT OF GLOUCESTER. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1902. British edition: London, Hodder & Stoughton, 1906.

Contents:

- (a) A Chase over Night
This is Connolly's first published magazine story; here collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (29:496-504), April 1901; illustrated by I. W. Tabor.
- (b) On the Echo o' the Morn
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (29:659-669), June 1901.
- (c) From Reykjavik to Gloucester
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (30:216-227), August 1901; illustrated by M. J. Burns. Reprinted, with "omissions . . . necessarily . . . made . . .," in *Current Literature* (34:177-180), February 1903.
- (d) A Fisherman of Costla
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (32:344-357), September 1902; illustrated by Frank Brangwyn.
- (e) Tommie Ohlsen's Western Passage
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (32:432-448), October 1902.

- (f) Clancy
No magazine publication.

3. **THE SEINERS.** New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1904. London edition published by Hodder & Stoughton, 1904.

This book includes "A Gloucester Skipper's Song," collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (35:620), May 1904, and "The School We Lost," *The Outlook* (77:84-87), May 7, 1904.

4. **THE DEEP SEA'S TOLL.** New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1905. London edition published by Bickers & Sons, 1906.

Contents:

- (a) **The Sail Carriers**
Collected from *Scribner's* (34:25-39), July 1903; illustrated by H. Reuterdahl. In the magazine this story was called "The Flying Colleen Bawn."
- (b) **The Wicked "Celestine"**
Collected from *Scribner's* (37:677-688), June 1905. Illustrated by W. J. Aylward.
- (c) **The Truth of the "Oliver Cromwell"**
Collected from *Scribner's* (37:83-100), January 1905; illustrated by W. J. Aylward.
- (d) **Strategy and Seamanship**
Collected from *Scribner's* (37:309-318), March 1905; illustrated by W. J. Aylward.
- (e) **Dory-Mates**
Collected from *Scribner's* (37:530-540), May 1905.
- (f) **The Salving of the Bark "Fuller"**
Collected from *Scribner's* (38:462-474), October 1905; illustrated by W. J. Aylward.

- (g) On Georges Shoals
Collected from *Scribner's* (38:63-70), July 1905.
 - (h) Patsie Oddie's Black Night
Collected from *Scribner's* (38:165-176), August 1905.
5. ON TYBEE KNOLL. New York, A. S. Barnes & Company, 1905.
6. THE CRESTED SEAS. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1907. London edition published by Duckworth & Co.
- Contents:
- (a) The Dance
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (38:20), January 26, 1907.
 - (b) On the Bottom of the Dory
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (36:18), June 30, 1906; also printed in *The Strand Magazine*, London, July 1906, page 30 ff; illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.
 - (c) The Blasphemer
Collected from *Scribner's* (39:701-704), June 1906; illustrated by George Harding.
 - (d) The Commandeering of the "Lucy Foster"
Collected from *Scribner's* (42:153-159), August 1907; illustrated by W. J. Aylward.
 - (e) The Illimitable Senses
Collected from *Harper's Magazine* (155:701-709), October 1907.
 - (f) The Joy of a Christmas Passage
 - (g) The Drawn Shutters
Collected from *Scribner's* (40:460-467), October 1906; illustrated by George Harding.

- (h) **The Smugglers**
Collected from *Scribner's* (41:402-412), April 1907; illustrated by N. C. Wyeth.
- (i) **Between Shipmates**
Collected from *Success Magazine* (p. 397), June 1906: "Frenchie and His Mate"; illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton and J. R. Shaver.
- (j) **The Ice-Dogs**
Collected from *Harper's Magazine* (115:605-615), September 1907.
- (k) **The Americanization of Roll-Down Joe**
Collected from *Scribner's* (41:575-583), May 1907; illustrated by C. W. Ashley.
- (l) **The Harsh Word**
Collected from *Scribner's* (42:294-301), September 1907; illustrated by W. J. Aylward.
- (m) **The Magnetic Hearth**
Collected from *Harper's Magazine* (114:99-106), December 1906.
7. **AN OLYMPIC VICTOR.** New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1908.
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (44:18-31, 205-217, 357-370), July, August, and September 1908. Illustrated by A. Castaigne.
8. **OPEN WATER.** New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910. London, Thomas Nelson & Sons, 1920.
- Contents:
- (a) **The Emigrants**
Collected from the *Saturday Evening Post*, February 27, 1904, where it appeared as "Die Auswanderer."

- (b) **Tshushima Straits**
Collected from *Hampton's Magazine* (25: 710-720), December 1910; illustrated by Henry J. Peck.
- (c) **The Consuming Flame**
Collected from *Hampton's Magazine* (24: 177-187), February 1910; illustrated by Howard Heath.
- (d) **Gree Gree Bush**
Collected from *Hampton's Magazine* (24: 618-630), May 1910; illustrated by Maynard Dixon; reprinted in *Golden Book Magazine* (6:12-22), July 1927.
- (e) **The Venture of the "Flying Hind"**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (41:20), September 26, 1908; illustrated by H. Reuterdahl.
- (f) **The Cruise of the "Bounding Boy"**
Collected from the *Saturday Evening Post*, June 19, 1909.
- (g) **The Sea-Faker**
Collected from *The Popular Magazine* (18: 79-85), October 15, 1910.
- (h) **Heroes**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (45:13-14), July 30, 1910. Illustrated by W. J. Aylward.
- (i) **The Christmas Handicap**
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (44:683-700), December 1908; illustrated by F. C. Yohn.

9. **WIDE COURSES.** New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1912. London, Duckworth & Co., 1912.

Contents:

- (a) **The Wrecker**
Collected from *Harper's Magazine* (120:548-551), March 1910; illustrated by Howard Pyle.
- (b) **Laying the Hose-Pipe Ghost**
Collected from *Harper's Magazine* (122:860-870), May 1911; illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer.
- (c) **The Seizure of the "Aurora Borealis"**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (48:20-22), December 16, 1911.
- (d) **Light-Ship 67**
- (e) **Captain Blaise**
Collected from *Scribner's* (50:129-150), August 1911; illustrated by N. C. Wyeth.
- (f) **Don Quixote Kieran, Pump-Man**
Collected from *Associated Sunday Magazines*.
- (g) **Jan Tingloff**
Collected from the *Saturday Evening Post*, February 3, 1912.
- (h) **Cogan: Capeador**
Collected from *Harper's Magazine* (123:682-696), October 1911; illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer.

10. SONNIE-BOY'S PEOPLE. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913.

Contents:

- (a) **Sonnie-Boy's People**
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (54:145-161), August 1913; illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele.
- (b) **Tim Riley's Touch**
Collected from the *Saturday Evening Post*, May 4, 1912.
- (c) **In the Anchor-Watch**
Collected from *Harper's Magazine* (127:624-633), September 1913.
- (d) **Cross Courses**
Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer.
Collected from the *Saturday Evening Post*, June 28, 1913.
- (e) **Leary o' the "Ligonier"**
Collected from *The Popular Magazine* (19:66-75), February 1, 1911.
- (f) **How They Got the "Hattie Rennish"**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (49:16-17), August 17, 1912.
- (g) **Killorin's Caribbean Days**
Collected from *Sunset: The Pacific Monthly* (29:627-637), December 1912; illustrated by Arthur Cahill. In the magazine the story was called "Maloney's Caribbean Days."
- (h) **The Battle-Cruise of the "Svend Foyn"**
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (54:330-340), September 1913; illustrated by C. W. Ashley.
- (i) **The Last Passenger**
Collected from *The Popular Magazine*, June 15, 1913.

11. **THE TRAWLER.** New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1914.

Reprinted from *Collier's Weekly* (54:5-8, 31-34), October 31, 1914; illustrated by F. E. Schoonover. This story won the \$2,500 First Prize in *Collier's* Prize Contest.

Theodore Roosevelt, one of the judges, declared: "*The Trawler* is far and away the best story. It is literature. In thought, in elevation of sentiment, in rugged knowledge of rugged men, in strength and finish of writing, it is entitled to a place of permanence."

Mark Sullivan, another of the judges, declared: "There was never any doubt in my mind that *The Trawler* was in a class by itself. It seems to me to promise to be a definite and permanent contribution to English literature.

12. **HEAD WINDS.** New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1916. London, Thomas Nelson & Sons, 1918.

Contents:

(a) **The Adoption**

Collected from *Everybody's Magazine* (32:171-178), February 1915; illustrated by P. E. Cowen. In the magazine the story was called "Tom Rockett's Boy."

(b) **Chavero**

Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (60:146-153), August 1916. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth.

(c) **Quilten**

This story makes use of a description which was printed in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, August 29, 1900.

- (d) **The Trawler**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (54:5-8, 31-34), October 31, 1914 (for *The Trawler* as a separate book see No. 11 above). Illustrations (both in *Collier's* and in the book) by F. E. Schoonover.
- (e) **Mother Machree**
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (58:164-176), August 1915; illustrated by D. C. Hutchison.
- (f) **Down River**
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (60:307-320), September 1916; illustrated by F. C. Yohn.
- (g) **Colors!**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (56:7-9), January 15, 1916.
- (h) **The Camera-Man**
Collected from the *Saturday Evening Post*, January 1, 1916.
13. **RUNNING FREE.** New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917. London, Thomas Nelson & Sons, 1920.
- Contents:
- (a) **The Strategists**
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (62:74-83), July 1917. Illustrated by W. J. Enright.
- (b) **The "Weeping Annie"**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (56:11-12), October 23, 1915.
- (c) **The Bull-Fight**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (59:16), February 10, 1917.

- (d) **A Bale of Blankets**
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (54:744-755), December 1913; illustrated by F. C. Yohn.
- (e) **Breath o' Dawn**
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (63:306-317), September 1917.
- (f) **Peter Stops Ashore**
Collected from the *Saturday Evening Post*, November 18, 1916.
- (g) **The Sea-Birds**
Collected from *Harper's Magazine* (124:512-525), March 1912: "The Lottery of the Sea," illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer.
- (h) **The Medicine Ship**
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (58:653-663), December 1915; illustrated by N. C. Wyeth.
- (i) **One Wireless Night**
Collected from *Hampton's Magazine* (24:469-477), April 1910; illustrated by Howard V. Brown. In the magazine the story was called "The Wireless Night of Hai-Po Bay."
- (j) **Dan Magee: White Hope**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (48:22-23), March 2, 1912.
14. **THE U-BOAT HUNTERS.** New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1918. Illustrated by H. Reuterdahl and Herbert Paus.

Contents:

- (a) **Navy Ships**
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (40:659-667), December 1906, where it appeared as "The Navy in Review."

- (b) **Navy Men**
Collected from same *Scribner's* article as Chapter (a).
- (c) **Seeing Them Across**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (60:13), October 13, 1917.
- (d) **The U-Boats Appear**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (60:5), October 20, 1917, where it is called "Out-guessing the U-Boats."
- (e) **Crossing The Channel**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (60:5), November 10, 1917, where it is called "The Road to London."
- (f) **The Censors**
- (g) **One They Didn't Get**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (61:8), January 5, 1918.
- (h) **The Doctor Takes Charge**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (61:14), February 2, 1918, where it is called "Doc Takes Charge."
- (i) **The 343 Stays Up**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (61:6), May 4, 1918.
- (j) **The Cargo Boats**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (61:8), June 29, 1918, where it is called "The Cargo Captains."
- (k) **Flotilla Humor—At Sea**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (61:14), June 8, 1918, where it is a part of "Flotilla Smiles."

- (l) **Flotilla Humor—Ashore**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (61:14), June 8, 1918, where it is a part of "Flotilla Smiles."
 - (m) **The Unquenchable Destroyer Boys**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (61:8), June 15, 1918, where it is called "Our Dauntless Destroyer Boys."
 - (n) **The Marines Have Landed—**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (59:5), May 26, 1917.
 - (o) **The Navy As A Career**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (60:5), July 14, 1917.
 - (p) **The Sea Babies**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (58:9), August 12, 1916.
15. **HIKER JOY.** New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth.
- Contents:
- (a) **How It Started**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly*, beginning a series of "Adventures of Hiker Joy" on June 28, 1919.
 - (b) **The Jack o' Lanterns**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (63:7), June 28, 1919.
 - (c) **The Lumber Schooner**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (63:7), July 5, 1919.
 - (d) **Aboard the Horse-Boat**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (63:7), July 12, 1919: "The Undersea Men."

- (e) **The Undersea Men**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (63:7), July 19, 1919: "The U-212."
 - (f) **Good-bye the Horse-Boat**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (63:11), July 26, 1919.
 - (g) **The Flying Sailor**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (64:12), August 9, 1919.
 - (h) **Wimmin 'n' Girls**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (65:12-13), May 22, 1920.
 - (i) **The North Sea Men**
 - (j) **London Lights**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (64:10), August 16, 1919.
 - (k) **Finny**
The "finis" from *Collier's Weekly*, August 16, 1919.
16. **TIDE RIPS.** New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1922.
- Contents:
- (a) **His Three Fair Wishes**
Collected from *The Redbook Magazine*, July 1921.
 - (b) **What Price for Fish?**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (67:5-6), February 26, 1921, where it is called "Captain Joe Gurley."
 - (c) **Not Down in the Log**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (67:7-8), January 22, 1921.
 - (d) **The Sugar Ship**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (66:5-6),

November 20, 1920, where it is called "Bill Jackson's Adeline."

- (e) **Beejum's Progress**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (62:9), December 7, 1918.
- (f) **The Munition Ship**
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (65:13), February 21, 1920, where it is called "The Fiery Sea."
- (g) **A Port in France**
- (h) **The Rakish Brigantine**
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (56:214-223), August 1914; illustrated by N. C. Wyeth.
- (i) **Rolling on to Athens**
Collected from *Everybody's Magazine* (22:466-475), April 1910; illustrated by Corwin K. Linson. In the magazine the story is called "How Cronan Went to Athens."

17. **STEEL DECKS.** New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925. London, Hodder & Stoughton, 1925. Later reprint: Chicago, The White House Publishers, no date.

This novel is an expansion of the story "Don Quixote Kieran, Pump-Man," collected in *Wide Courses* (1912).

18. **COASTER CAPTAIN: A TALE OF THE BOSTON WATERFRONT.** New York, Macy-Masius, 1927.

This novel joins two stories: "Jan Tingloff" (collected in *Wide Courses* in 1912, after its appearance in the *Saturday Evening Post*) and "Down by the Harbor Side," which appeared in the *Redbook Magazine* (p. 97), August 1923.

19. **THE BOOK OF THE GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN.** New York, The John Day Co., 1927. London edition, published under the title *Fishermen of the Banks*, Faber & Gwyer, 1928. "Revised and enlarged" edition, New York, John Day, 1930. Illustrated by Henry O'Connor.

Contents:

- I. Point of Departure
- II. Dory Men
Collected from *Columbia* (Knights of Columbus monthly), May 1927.
- III. A Fresh Halibuter
Collected from *Columbia* (Knights of Columbus monthly), November 1924.
- IV. The Lone Voyagers
Collected from the *Saturday Evening Post* (198:8), June 19, 1926.
- V. The Race It Blew
Collected from *Collier's Weekly* (68:9), November 26, 1921.
- VI. Driving Home From Georges
Collected from the *Saturday Evening Post* (198:17), July 4, 1925.
- VII. An Ocean Race
Collected, with revision, from the *New York Times*, June 2, 1905: "The Transatlantic Race for the Kaiser Cup."
- VIII. Shoal Water
Collected from the *Saturday Evening Post* (198:11), August 1, 1925.
- IX. In the Wake of the Gale
Collected from the *Saturday Evening Post* (198:18), August 8, 1925.

- x. **The Able Handsome Ladies**
Collected from *Columbia*, June 1927.
- xI. **The Seining Fleet Puts Out**
This chapter was not in the 1927 edition of the book.
- xII. **Running to Harbor**
Collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (33:143-149), February 1903; illustrated by H. Reuterdahl. This chapter was not in the 1927 edition of the book.
- xIII. **The Quest of the Cup**
Collected, with some revision, from *Collier's Weekly* (66:7), December 25, 1920, where it was called "The Flying Gloucestermen."
- xIV. **Sea Born [sic]**
Collected from *Columbia*, April 1927.
- xv. **The Spirit of Gloucester**
Collected, with some revision, from *The World's Work* (46:585-599), October 1923, where it was part of "Mariners of Gloucester."
20. **GLOUCESTERMEN.** New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1930.
Publisher's Note: This collection brings together in one volume Mr. Connolly's own selection of his famous sea stories of the Gloucester Fishing Fleet, until now available only in seven volumes, including stories never before published in book form.
- Contents:
- I. **A Chase Overnight**, from *Out of Gloucester*
- II. **Reykjavik to Gloucester**, from *Out of Gloucester*

- III. Echo o' the Morn, from *Out of Gloucester*
- IV. Truth of the Cromwell, from *The Deep Sea's Toll*
- V. Price o' Fish, from *Tide Rips*
- VI. The Trawler, from *Head Winds*
- VII. Drawn Shutters, from *The Crested Seas*
- VIII. Dan Magee: White Hope, from *Running Free*
- IX. Dory Mates, from *The Deep Sea's Toll*
- X. Loose Oilskins, somewhat abridged from "The Sail Carriers" in *The Deep Sea's Toll*
- XI. Georges Shoals, from *The Deep Sea's Toll*
- XII. Home Bound, The Nannie O, from *Out of Gloucester*, in which book this story was called "Tommy Ohlsen's Western Passage"
- XIII. The Harsh Word, from *The Crested Seas*
- XIV. North East Bar, from *The Deep Sea's Toll*, in which book this story was called "Patsie Oddie's Black Night"
- XV. Strategy and Seamanship, from *The Deep Sea's Toll*
- XVI. A Man Dies
- XVII. Beyond the Horizon, from *The Crested Seas*, in which book this story was called "The Illimitable Senses"
- XVIII. Fair Wishes, from *Tide Rips*

- xix. *Between Shipmates*, from *The Crested Seas*
- xx. *Seizure of the Aurora Borealis*, from *Wide Courses*
- xxi. *Clancy*, somewhat abridged from *Out of Gloucester*
- xxii. *The Blasphemer*, from *The Crested Seas*
- xxiii. *Americanization of Roll Down Joe*, from *The Crested Seas*
- xxiv. *The Ice Dogs*, from *The Crested Seas*
- xxv. *Rollin' Home, the Mornin' Glory*
- xxvi. *Peter Steps Ashore*, from *Running Free*
- xxvii. *No News Value*, collected from *Collier's Weekly* (84:20-22), October 19, 1929
- [xxviii.] *Hail and Farewell*
21. **NAVY MEN.** New York, The John Day Co., 1939. Illustrated by Henry O'Connor.
- This book includes a part of "The Navy in Review," collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (40:659-667), December 1906; a part of "The Young Draft to the Front," from *Collier's Weekly* (53:11-12), May 16, 1914; a part of "The Seagoing Flyers," from *Collier's Weekly* (53:12-13), June 20, 1914; a part of "The Fleet Stands By," from *Collier's Weekly* (53:13-14), July 11, 1914; and a part of "Flying Down the Coast," from *Collier's Weekly* (62:13), January 18, 1919.

22. **THE PORT OF GLOUCESTER.** New York, Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1940. Illustrated by Max Kuehne.

Contents:

- I. The Beautiful Port
- II. The First Grand Bankers
- III. Early Foreign Commerce
- IV. The Pirate Menace
- V. The French and Indian Wars
- VI. Gloucester Goes Revolutionary
- VII. Gloucestermen in the Army
- VIII. Gloucester Goes Privateering
- IX. Another War Looms
- X. The War of 1812
- XI. Gloucester Gets Going at Last
- XII. An Immigrant Gloucester Skipper
- XIII. Again a War
- XIV. The *Horton* Comes Back Home
- XV. The Shoals of Georges
- XVI. The Halibut Catchers
- XVII. The Dory Fishing
- XVIII. A Fresh-Halibuter
Reprinted from *The Book of the Gloucester Fishermen*, 1927.
- XIX. The Shipbuilders
- XX. Religious and Educational Leavening
- XXI. The Liberalizing Immigrants

- XXII. *Pride of Vessel*
Reprinted from *Collier's Weekly* (102:48),
October 15, 1938.
- XXIII. *East Coast, West Coast*
Reprinted from *Columbia*, September 1940.
- XXIV. *Hi, the Salt-Bankers!*
- XXV. *Hail and Farewell, Columbia!*
- XXVI. *Where Gloucester Dwells*
- XXVII. *The Master Mariners*
- XXVIII. *The Fishermen of Gloucester*
23. **CANTON CAPTAIN: THE STORY OF CAPTAIN ROBERT BENNET FORBES.** Garden City, Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1942.
24. **MASTER MARINER: THE LIFE AND VOYAGES OF AMASA DELANO.** Garden City, Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1943.
25. **SEA-BORNE: THIRTY YEARS AVOYAGING.** Garden City, Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1944.

Partly included in this autobiography
are:

- "The Gloucester Fishermen," collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (31:387-407), April 1902; illustrated by M. J. Burns. The "Song of the 'Liza Jane" (a poem in the *Scribner's* article) was reprinted in *Current Literature* (32:608), May 1902.
- "On a North Sea Smack," collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (31:513-534), May 1902; illustrated by M. J. Burns.

- "On a Baltic Sea Sloop," collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (31:663-675), June 1902; illustrated by M. J. Burns.
- "In the Paths of Immigration," collected from *Scribner's Magazine* (32:513-527), November 1902; illustrated by M. J. Burns.
- "Arctic Whaling of Today," collected from *Harper's Magazine* (106:181-189), January 1903.
- "Yachting at Kiel," collected from *Harper's Magazine* (107:338-345), August 1903; illustrated by H. Reuterdahl.
- "A Lapp Fishing Trip," collected from *Harper's Magazine* (107:703-709), October 1903.
- "The Little Fighting Whales," collected from *Harper's Magazine* (110:431-435), February 1905.
- "Fishing in Arctic Seas," collected from *Harper's Magazine* (110:659-668), April 1905.
- "The Sinking of the *Republic*," collected from *Collier's Weekly* (42:11-12), February 6, 1909.

PART II. Contributions to Books by Other Writers

1. **AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE BATTLESHIPS**, by Roman J. Miller. Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1909. Introductory note by James B. Connolly.
2. **AMERICAN FISHERMEN**, by Albert C. Church. New York, W. W. Norton & Co., 1940. British edition: London, Robert Hale, 1947. Text by James B. Connolly.
3. **THE DOUBLEDAY DORAN SEAPORT SERIES**, by Stewart Alsop. New York, Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1940. This contains (on pages 11-35) "A Fresh Halibuter," from *The Port of Gloucester*.

PART III. Uncollected Contributions to Newspapers

Letters from the Front in Cuba, during the Spanish-American War: *Boston Globe*, August to November, 1898.

Experiences in the Spanish-American War: two articles: *New York Sun* (1899?).

Champion Track Athletes and Championship Meets: five articles: *Boston Globe*, May to August, 1900.

Fourteen articles on miscellaneous subjects, in the *Boston Evening Transcript*, May 1900 to May 1901.

A political article: *Providence Journal*, March 5, 1914.

"Justice to Mariners": *Boston Post*, March 29, 1914.

"Tortured Ireland"—The Black and Tan Warfare in Ireland: a syndicated series of 45 articles in *Boston American* and other Hearst papers, 1921.

PART IV. Uncollected Stories, Sketches, and Articles Published in Magazines

Connolly's first stories—a few only—were written for *The Youth's Companion*.

Later—between 1896 and 1900—he contributed numerous pieces to sports magazines. These have not been identified.

In the list of magazine publications that follows, articles are arranged in chronological order. Contributions which were later collected into books are not included here.

Some Phases of Immigrant Travel, *Outlook* (74: 231-236), May 23, 1903.

The Harbor of New York, *Harper's Magazine* (111:228-236), July 1905.

Incidental Joys of Ocean Racing, *Harper's Weekly* (49:1228, 1229, 1239), August 26, 1905.

The Spirit of the Olympian Games, *Outing Magazine* (48:101-104), April 1906.

Each to his Lights, *Harper's Magazine* (112:953-957), May 1906.

The Shepherd's Bush Greeks, *Collier's Weekly* (41:12), September 5, 1908.

The Trawler, *American Magazine* (67:459-463), March 1909. This article, illustrated by George Harding, is a description of a dory-fish-

erman, and is not the prize-winning story of 1914, published in *Collier's* under the same title.

The Capitalization of Amateur Athletics, *Metropolitan Magazine* (32:443-454), July 1910.

Captain Foy's Polar Bear, *The Popular Magazine* (19:215), January 15, 1911.

Liners Poorly Equipped, Poorly Manned, *Hearst's Magazine* (21:2216, b-d), May 1912.

On Being Lost Out of Season, *Saturday Evening Post*, August 3, 1912.

Killorin Swears Off, *The Popular Magazine*, October 15, 1912.

The Cruise of the Waterloo, *Collier's Weekly* (50:22-23), November 2, 1912.

The Revolution of the "Evelyn R," *Metropolitan Magazine* (p. 9), November 1913.

The Young Draft to the Front, *Collier's Weekly* (53:11-12), May 16, 1914.

The Seagoing Flyers, *Collier's Weekly* (53:12-13), June 20, 1914.

The Fleet Stands By, *Collier's Weekly* (53:13-14), July 11, 1914.

A Gloucester Helmsman's Song, *Scribner's Magazine* (56:443), October 1914.

What of the Sailor, *Metropolitan Magazine* (32:443-454), June 1916.

Massachusetts Shows the Way, *Collier's Weekly* (58:7), June 2, 1917.

Sims of the Navy, *Collier's Weekly* (60:5), November 3, 1917.

The Last Cruise of the U-77, *Collier's Weekly* (60:13), August 31, 1918.

Bill Green Puts Out to Sea, *Scribner's Magazine* (64:474-481), October 1918.

Flying Down the Coast, *Collier's Weekly* (62:13), January 18, 1919.

When the Fishing's Good, *Redbook Magazine* (p. 47), December 1922; illustrated by James D. Gleason.

The Narrowest Escape I Ever Had, *The American Magazine* (95:44-45), February 1923.

The Bank Fisherman, *The Mentor* (11:14-20), July 1923.

Mariners of Gloucester, *The World's Work* (46:585-599), October 1923.

Conrad the Writer: an appreciation of Joseph Conrad, *Columbia*, December 1924.

Home Lights, *Redbook Magazine* (p. 37), April 1925; illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer.

The Rough-Water Captains, *Saturday Evening Post* (197:7), June 27, 1925.

Roosevelt's Navy, *Columbia*, October and November, 1927.

An Earthquake, *Columbia*, December 1927.

Guantanamo Bay, *Columbia*, January 1928.

They Also Ran, *Collier's Weekly* (82:8), July 14, 1928.

- Swift and Silent, *Collier's Weekly* (82:21), July 28, 1928.
- The Free Olympic Days, *Columbia*, September 1928.
- Papaya, *Catholic World* (130:521-530), February 1930.
- Procedure, *Scribner's Magazine* (87:138-147), February 1930.
- The Captain's Holiday, *Collier's Weekly* (85:14-15), March 22, 1930.
- When There Was Danger, *Collier's Weekly* (85:12-13), May 31, 1930.
- The Pilot Boat, *Collier's Weekly* (86:12), September 20, 1930.
- Bustin' Through, *Collier's Weekly* (86:18-19), October 4, 1930.
- Old Ironsides, *Columbia*, July 1931.
- After You, *Collier's Weekly* (88:18-19), September 5, 1931.
- Like a Gloucesterman, *Collier's Weekly* (89:20-21), January 9, 1932.
- Anasthasia, *Columbia*, January 1932.
- The Literary Ballyhoo, *Columbia*, March 1932.
- Monaghan Makes a Liberty, *Columbia*, May 1932.
- All the Sad Realists, *Columbia*, June 1932.
- Some Olympic Thrills and Personalities, *Columbia*, July 1932.
- No Class For'ard, *Columbia*, January 1933.

- Come and Get It, *Collier's Weekly* (94:26), September 15, 1934.
- Pluck and Luck, *Collier's Weekly* (95:16), February 23, 1935.
- Apple Dumplings, *Collier's Weekly* (96:14-15), August 24, 1935.
- The Test of Tests, *Collier's Weekly* (96:10-11), October 12, 1935.
- The Widow's Choice, *Collier's Weekly* (97:18-19), February 22, 1936.
- Absent Treatment, *Collier's Weekly* (97:16), April 25, 1936.
- The Human Touch, *Collier's Weekly* (97:22), May 30, 1936.
- 1500 Years Later, *Collier's Weekly* (98:24), August 1, 1936.
- The Woman Peril, *Collier's Weekly* (99:19-21), January 2, 1937.
- Trouble for Hector, *Collier's Weekly* (100:22-23), July 10, 1937.
- Down to the Sea in Teacups, *Collier's Weekly* (100:22), July 31, 1937.
- Record Breaking, *Collier's Weekly* (100:17), November 13, 1937.
- Dory O!, *Collier's Weekly* (101:20-21), January 22, 1938.
- Mr. Patten Has the Deck, *Collier's Weekly* (103:38-40), February 11, 1939.

Oh, How They Ran!, *Collier's Weekly* (104:27),
September 16, 1939.

Shipmates, *Columbia*, November 1939.

Two Men in a Dory, *Collier's Weekly* (105:66-
68), March 9, 1940.

Men Going Home, *Collier's Weekly* (105:38),
April 6, 1940.

Steamer, Steamer! *Collier's Weekly* (107:22),
March 29, 1941; illustrated by Gilbert Dar-
ling.

Old Salt, *Commonweal* (40:303-304), July 14,
1944.

*Of this book three hundred copies
have been printed by The Anthoensen
Press in Portland, Maine, in the month
of April, 1949.*

