

acc. 1064

THEIR LITTLE SIDE SHOW

The Gallant Officers of the Revenue  
Marine Service Have a Great  
Time to Themselves.

LAUNCHING CUTTER "NO. 3."

Piping Times of Peace at Cramps'  
Shipyard To-day--The Christ-  
ening Ceremony.

THE LITTLE FAIRY GODMOTHER.

"By Jupiter, Sir, the Hugh McCulloch,  
Cutter No. 3, is the Queen of the  
Revenue Marine."

"The Queen of the Revenue Marine"--Cutter No. 3, was launched  
at Cramps' shipyard at high tide this afternoon and was christened  
"Hugh McCulloch," at the hands of little Miss Helen Shoemaker, who  
looked like a fairy godmother. All went charmingly, and two months  
from now the Hugh McCulloch will be ready to assume her proper  
position as a terror of the seas--to seal poachers.

It was a splendid, a truly grand day, for the Revenue Marine Service  
of the United States. The Service owned the yard, owned the vessel, and  
felt as if it owned the United States Navy. It was the day of triumph and  
of jubilation; the day when the lowly were exalted, and the righteous  
were acknowledged of men.

• The neglect to which the Revenue Marine Service has been subjected, by a short-sighted Government, intent on providing coast defence, battle-ships, and Presidential gunning skiffs, has long been notorious. The officers of the Revenue Marine tell a story emphasizing this unjust discrimination.

A naval captain and a revenue captain called, one after another, upon an Assistant Secretary of the Navy at his office. Said the naval captain:--

"Anything to smoke?"

"Yes," and a box of Havanas was proffered.

A few moments later, enter the revenue officer:--

"I'm nearly dead for a smoke."

"Certainly, captain; here's the tobacco jar. Got your pipe?"

This story is probably a lie.

But there are facts which nobody can dispute. The Navy Department, when it wants a couple of battleships, goes to Congress and says: "Spain's making faces at us; we need a couple of battleships." The battleships spring up like Jacks-in-the-Box.

But it is different with the Revenue Marine, which, although ostensibly connected with the Navy Department, is actually at the entire disposal of the Treasury Department. These brave defenders of the country's customs have to confront the dangers of wind and storm, to wage constant warfare

on bloody-minded sealers, or keep tabs on diamond smugglers, cruising all the while around in boats at which the commander of the Columbia would turn up his haughty nose.

Thus, in 1883, the Bear was a steam whaler, and was bought for service in the Greely relief expedition. After performing that service, she was turned over to the Revenue Marine, for work in Bering Sea. And ever since that time it has been the custom for an officer assigned to the Bear to take with him two quarts of Jockey Club perfume and ten pounds of plug-cut tobacco, on account of the smell of whale oil.

About the beginning of the year it was bruited around in the service that the Bear was to be supplanted by a brand new ship. The entire Bureau was convulsed with joy, and even the Treasury Department was startled into a few ecstatic smiles.

### The Vessel

Work at Cramps' on the boat begun in February last, and she is to be ready for service on March 1 next. Her construction has been under the supervision of Captain J. W. Congdon, formerly Commander of the cadet schoolship Chase; Lieutenant Johnstone H. Quinan, of the revenue marine, and Chief Engineer F. B. Randall.

She has been designed for service on the Pacific coast, and will make long Alaskan and Arctic cruises. Not only is she the largest cutter yet

planned for the service, but she is of peculiar construction, fitted for her prospective battles with heavy ice. It was necessary in her building to make the largest manganese bronze castings ever attempted, to serve as stem and stern posts. Her construction is of a composite nature, the frame being of steel and the bottom of five-inch planking, copper covered. She is structurally strong, being fitted with an unusually large number of water-tight compartments and bulkheads.

The principal dimensions are: Length over all, 219 feet; beam, extreme, 33 feet 4 inches; depth, moulded, 19 feet; draft, 14 feet; displacement, 1,280 tons; speed, 16 knots. She will be equipped with triple expansion engines of 2,000 indicated horsepower, and supplied with steam by four boilers.

When it comes to the point of fighting the new vessel will give a good account of herself. She will be equipped with four six-pound rapid-fire guns, and four one-pounders. In addition she will have the entirely new feature of a torpedo tube. There is provision, in six ammunition rooms, for 5,000 pounds.

She is to be schooner rigged, with three masts, and will be capable of making long cruises with only her sails in use. All appliances will be modern, including electric lighting and a powerful search light.

There will be raised forecastle and poop decks, with high hammock berthing bulwarks, and accommodations are to be provided for 10 officers and a crew of 75 men.



## Giving Her a Name

With such a prize as this, the difficulty of giving her a name can be more easily imagined than described. All the titles ever known were suggested, from Ursus Major down to McGinty. But the Secretary of the Treasury decided that the traditions of the Treasury had just and proper claims upon the boat which should defend the revenues of Alaska. So he chose the name "Hugh McCulloch," after that financier who was Secretary of the Treasury under President Andrew Johnson. A requisition was also made for a bottle of champagne, which should look just like the bottle that christened the Columbia, on the principle that if Columbia knows good wine, so did Hugh McCulloch.

The ceremony to-day was purely a revenue marine affair. The Secretary of the Navy wasn't asked to come; he never does anything much for the service. The President wasn't asked because he might become dissatisfied with the Wistaria, and demand the Hugh McCulloch for a gunning skiff. No; none of the great big guns were requested to show their faces and shoot off their mouths; the revenue men knew this was their boat, and their glory. Such a chance was too rare to share the triumph with the lucky other fellows.

But all the shining lights of the revenue marine were on hand. Captain C. W. Shoemaker, Chief of the Service, came from Washington, escorting his sweet little daughter, Helen, the boat's fairy godmother,

aged thirteen. Captain Russell Glover, Superintendent of Construction for the Bureau, came also; as did John W. Collins, the Bureau's Engineer-in-Chief.

The other invited guests were principally from Philadelphia, and they included Mr. and Mrs. Henry Justice, Professor and Mrs. Spier, Mrs. and Miss Congdon, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Mitchell, Dr. Paul Chambers and Miss Chambers, and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony, of New Bedford.

It was about 1.15 o'clock that Miss Shoemaker cracked the silk-netted wine-bottle on the cutter's receding bow; and it was sixty seconds later that the boat was motionless in the water, and amply justifying the remark of enthusiastic Captain Congdon:--

"By Jupiter, sir; she's the queen of the Revenue Marine!"

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