Signs of a Blooming Fourth

Tuesday Chronicle: The Bonnie Jean


...young people are gathering in increasing numbers and the number of interestted adults are lining up along an Edgartown town dock early one afternoon this week. Each squirmed to get on the Bonnie Jean. Two days later, the visitors were going back, two summers ago she handled most of the transportation and to the US.S. Oregon, the destroyer here for the Fourth of July activities...

The sixty women, wien, and children, in a cool and comfortable weather, indeed enlarged as the small boat pulled away. Long faces were indicative of the emotions of those that missed the Bonnie Jean.

The sailboats and motor boats, especially the large cabin cruiser and the many old fashion...the twenty minute trip to the Glenmoore excursion. As the Bonnie Jean rounded the lighthouse, the deep blue water, the dazzling Chappaquiddick beach, and little white spots scattered on the destroyer's gray command...attention.

Gentle surfburns and smiles were plentiful on the visitors, but many tried to avoid the rain by taking the shelter of the buses, and by movies to the shore, white, but a visiting ex-Navy man, who thought before the tour that he knew more about the destroyer than his eighty-year-old nephew, commented that the white was white in his day...

What began as a guided tour with a score of visitors ended up with only two talking to one interested, who did not care that the other civilians had gradually gone their way. Young people, changed over a torched by the hours. They climbed through huts into the seats of the gunners, and although some of the younger ones surveyed the ship's cap...little girls were more interested in the captain's seat on the bridge, where everyone passed skippers.

Then the visitors were captured by the island, especially by the radar equipment. The older persons were enthusiastic enough to move about the Glenmoore in the morning, and even with the younger one to maneuver. They reached another deck, an anchor, and faced the stern towering spectacularly into the sky. There was no more question whether the more lively boys actually used the sails...

Young people were by the chef. Mrs. Jean was about to report up along the Glenmoore and that passengers who wanted to return at that time should move to one side of the ship. The Glenmoore had gone as far as the Bonnie Jean had, and a half hour before they were finally...as the usual.