A NEW SHIP IN TOWN!

_USS Dolphin_ Officially Part of Museum Fleet!

For nearly 18 months, the Museum has been in the process of obtaining the _USS Dolphin_. The ceremony was hosted by San Diego’s State Representative Susan Davis. It is hoped that the _Dolphin_ will be on display and open to the public by the end of the year.

The _Dolphin_ was obtained through the U.S. Navy’s NAVSEA ship donation program. The only museum to apply for the acquisition of the _Dolphin_, the museum has doubled its inventory of submarines.

(Continued on Page 2)

Struggle and Resiliency of Tall Ships

The month of September illustrated the ongoing struggle of historical tall ships as they exit today. For the survivors, they are either maintained or neglected, saved or demolished. Even with the efforts of dedicated volunteers, ship exist outside exposed to the elements. Among these, the _Falls of Clyde_’s fate a month ago seemed certain, sunk somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. The 1877 bark _Elissa_ and the Texas Seaport Museum as a whole was battered by the category 4 hurricane _Ike_. Our own _Star of India_ is enduring a major overhaul of her fo’c’sle head and jib-boom. On the following pages of this issue of the Euterpe Times, the roller coaster that is the preservation of historic ships will be displayed from various regions of the country, including our very own doorstep.

**On The ‘Tweed Deck…**

- _USS Dolphin_
- _Hurricane Ike and Elissa_
- _Stay of execution for Falls of Clyde_
- _Californian and the Case of the Missing Fasteners_
- _Knots – The Lineman’s Loop_

"In issuing this number of our bantling to the _Euterpe_ public, we assure our friends that our pages will ever be open to open and fair criticism whether of ourselves, our friends or of those few who do not come within the latter category." - Stead Ellis, 1879
Dolphin (cont)

From left to right: Capt. Gary Dunlap, Program Manager, of Advanced Undersea Systems Program, Mark Montijo, Dr. Ray Ashley and Capt. Dave Tungett.

Commissioned in 1968, the Dolphin served as the U.S. Navy’s only diesel-electric research and development submarine.

As part of her service record and lists of naval firsts, the Dolphin’s resume includes:

- In 1969, launched a torpedo from the deepest depth that one has ever been fired.
- First successful submarine-to-aircraft optical communications.
- Development of a Laser Imaging system of photographic clarity.
- Development of an Extreme Low Frequency (ELF) antenna for Ohio-class submarines.
- Evaluation of various non-acoustic ASW techniques.
- Evaluation of various low probability of interception active sonars.
- First submarine launch of a mobile submarine simulator (Moss) system.
- First successful submarine test of BQS-15 sonar system.
- Development of highly accurate (10 cm) towed body position monitoring system.
- Development of a new Obstacle Avoidance Sonar system.
- Development of a highly accurate target management system.
- Evaluation of a possible “fifth force of nature.”
- First successful submarine-to-aircraft two-way laser communication.

On May 21st, 2002, the Dolphin experienced catastrophe as she began to flood due to a failed torpedo shield door gasket. The flooding caused multiple electrical shorts and fires.

As water entered the submarine, Chief Machinist’s Mate John D. Wise, Jr. “dove into the 57-degree water of the flooded pump room. Not knowing if the room’s equipment had been secured, and with less than a foot of breathable space in the compartment, he ensured the seawater valves were lined up, allowing the de-watering to commence. Once the valves were aligned, he remained in the pump room for more than 90 minutes in order to keep a submersible pump from becoming clogged.”

After 90 minutes, the ship’s captain Commander Stephen Kelety, issued orders to abandon ship. As the crew evacuated to the Oceanographic Research ship McGaw, the efforts of the Machinist’s Mate John Wise and other crew had stabilized the submarine enough to prevent her from sinking. The following day, the Dolphin was towed back to San Diego on May 22nd.

Returning to sea in 2005 after 50 million dollars in repair and upgrades, the Navy decided to decommission the submarine. Without the Dolphin, the U.S. Navy would be saving 18 million dollars annually.

On September 22nd, the Dolphin was officially decommissioned in a ceremony marked by current crew and veterans. Initially, the Navy had slated the Dolphin for scuttling. However, the momentum for turning the Dolphin into a museum ship was already in motion.

“If I could think of the perfect spot,” [Capt. Zoltan] Kelety said, “it would be right over next to the Midway.”

Eventually, however, the USS Midway Museum balked at the opportunity to acquire the Dolphin. A short distance north on the Embarcadero, however, the Maritime Museum of San Diego was ready and willing to accept the long standing resident of San Diego Bay. Representing not just a hometown hero, the Dolphin with its shopping list of firsts, surviving crew and the personal stories that go with it made it a perfect addition to the Maritime Museum.

Still in final preparations to make the short voyage from SpaWar at Point Loma, the Dolphin will be open to tourists by the end of the year.

~ Brad Holderman – MMSD Volunteer Crew

Courtesy of Yahoo news, this graphic illustrates the details of Dolphin’s 2002 fire.
On the Friday before Labor Day, *Californian* set sail with eight crew and seventeen guests for a four-day weekend. The weather was mostly overcast (which is good, not so hot) but with some blue skies (which are prettier) and the winds were gentle (not so good) but not absent (thank goodness!) We were led by Captain Doctor Ray (Ashley) and Captain Uncle Ray (Stewart).

Our first port of call was Two Harbors, where some went ashore for a walk, or a shower, or a swim; some swam from the ship. The second night, we anchored near the *Pilgrim*, off Santa Barbara Island. The phosphorescence made anchor watch seem very short: in the dark water, sea lions could be seen outlined in light, as well as sharks and guitar fish. For most of the third day, *Pilgrim* was the only other vessel we could see. There was a definite sense of being in another time! We took them on in an impromptu gun battle. As befits the privateer, *Pilgrim* fired first; but as the Law at Sea, *Californian* saw them off!

Many of us went ashore on Santa Barbara Island, taking our different paths in this lonely park; some found a huge sea lion colony, improbably high above the water line, lively with territory arguments and nursing babies. Later that day, to our great excitement, we found ourselves keeping company with a pair of fin whales. On the fourth day we came upon a pair of humpback whales. We saw dolphins every day, sometimes scores of them at once.

We sang songs, learned knots, hauled lines, climbed about, slept at odd times, and ate like lumberjacks. It seemed like no time at all before we were back at the *Berkeley*.

~ Margaret Clark
The Maritime Museum of San Diego will sail all seaworthy vessels to celebrate the Star of India’s 145th birthday. On Saturday, November 15 and Sunday, November 16, the museum will send the state’s official tall ship the Californian, the HMS Surprise, the steam yacht Medea and the 1914 Pilot boat. Also joining the museum’s fleet will be the tall ship Privateer Lynx of the Lynx Educational Foundation.

The ships will leave the dock at the embarcadero at 9:30am and will sail under the Coronado Bridge at approximately 10:15am. They will have a cannon salute to the Midway about 10:45am and then salute the Star of India approximately 11:00am. Ships will pass Point Loma at 4:00pm in parade fashion and the Surprise crew will man the yards. Best place to view the ships is from the Star of India.

Birthday cake will be included with museum admission from 11am-1pm. Tickets to cruise on the Pilot will be $20 per person. Tickets to sail on the Californian or Lynx will be $125. Tickets can be purchased on the museums website at www.sdmaritime.org.

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**Californian**

Allen, Connie  
Black, Fiona  
Carlson, Jim  
Carothers, Gregory  
Carothers, Kevin  
Carrano, Carl  
Clark, David  
Cook, Rocky  
Cosgrove, Rich  
Creighton, Alex  
Creighton, Bert  
Davis, Lauren  
Deegan, Angela  
Everson, Jon  
Fairbank, David  
Fiedler, Paul  
Flachsenhar, Jay  
Flores, Hector  
Gaida, Elinor  
Gay, Gene  
Goldman, Scott  
Gottlieb, John  
Gushaw, Greg  
Harrison, Clifford  
Harrison, Clive  
Haws, Christine  
Herndon, Scott  
Hernon, Mike  
Holderman, Brad  
Kalthoff, Ken  
Kay, Aimee  
Keller, Gary  
Keoughan, Joe  
Kerley, John  
Kinnane, Adrian  
Koenig, Paul  
Lindsay, Ron  
Litzau, David  
MacSaveny, Tom  
Massey, Tom  
McClure, John  
Moore, Greg  
Morrison, Ann  
Osborn, Dale  
Pogue, Katherine  
Pogue, Richard  
Prior, Art  
Richards, David  
Richardson, Brian  
Saponara, David  
Schafer, Darla  
Schlappi, Elizabeth  
Sharp, Pete  
Sinclair, Holly  
Skarvada, Tyler  
Slate, John  
Sorkin, Al  
Stevens, Robert  
Swanson, David  
Tenzer, Randy  
Tilton, Roger  
Weigelt, Steve  
Welton, Chris  
Wermuth, Paul  
Williams, Stan  
Young, Fiona

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**Medea**

Ashman, Randy  
Brown, Scott  
Burger, Frederick  
Burgess, David  
Davis, Jim  
Dempster, Paul  
Elder, Ron  
Goben, Richard  
Hatay, Mark  
Hermanns, Linda  
Keane, Michael  
Knapp, Robert  
Knapp, Steven  
Kolthoff, David  
McDermott, Mike  
Merrill, John  
Oswell, Mary  
Robertson, Charlie  
Ross, Bob  
Saikowski, Alex  
Strauss, Jerry  
Whalen, Bill
After an intense summer of sail festivals, the museum’s busy bee *Californian* returned from her Catalina Labor Day sail enroute to a scheduled drydock at Marine Group Inc. in Chula Vista. Using the same 500-ton lift that brought *HMS Surprise* from the water, *Californian* was then stabilized on blocks and jackstands. The surprise of the drydock inspection was the discovery that up to 30% of fasteners were found missing. The discovery resulted in a more thorough investigation of the hull’s fasteners that delayed *Californian’s* departure from drydock and preparations for her transit to King’s Harbor, meeting up with Lynx for additional sailings and gun battles.

Under the supervision of Captain Chris Welton, volunteers and staff of the museum have been diligently, scrapping paint, replacing fasteners and bungs. As Peter Durdaller comments, "Amongst the volunteers very involved have been, Scott Baldwin, Connie Allen, Greg Gushaw, Fred Bast, Aimee Kay, Bert and Alex Creighton, John McClure” and a host additional volunteers and staff.

Launched in 1984, the 24-year-old *Californian* routinely endures dry-dock and inspection. Considering she is one of the Pacific Coast busiest schooners, commonly carrying passengers and students, U.S. Coast Guard requirements and certifications abound. As a learning experience, I asked Peter Durdaller, Maritime Museum Ships’ Operations, to clarify what encompasses *Californian’s* inspection schedule.

“The basic laws for vessels such as Californian can be found in the Code of Federal Regulations (CFR), Title 46, subchapter T. This is not exhaustive and there are other sections of the code which apply to her as well as other bodies of regulatory code distinct from the CFR’s. All certified vessels are subject to a variety of inspections aimed at maintaining the public safety. These would include haul outs (dry dock), wood hull fasteners, keel bolts, Internal Structure Exam, annual inspections, periodic inspections, COI inspections, incline exams, dead weight exams Load Line Surveys, to name a few. Some of these are performed at stages of the vessels life, others on a timetable of repetition and review.

There are regulatory mandates and intervals which may or may not match the museum’s intervals. By that I mean that we could perform inspections and maintenance more often than the mandated intervals. *Californian* is by her COI (certificate of inspection) required to do a dry dock every 2 years. We last performed this in September 2006. We will by law need to haul her out again by September 2010. We
Fasteners (cont)

John McClure of the volunteer crew clears a bung hole.

may choose to do this earlier. What effect an earlier haul out would have on the legal schedule, I do not know. It would depend on a number of items.

She is also by law required to inspect fasteners every 5 years, same for keel bolts. ISE is congruent with haul out schedule.”

A typical fastener prior to being driven into the hull planking.

The fasteners are countersunk into the planking to the hull, and the holes are filled with wooden bungs to make the surface flush. The bungs have to be removed to inspect the fasteners. Hull planking is attached to the ship’s frames with steel spikes. Planks ends join at butts. Behind the joint, a butt block overlaps the ends of the two planks, and extends over the planks above and below for added stability. The plank ends are attached to the butt block with carriage bolts. After the bungs were removed, each fastener was inspected.

Good ones got a circle, bad ones got an X, missing ones got an N. As fasteners are replaced, X’s and N’s become circles. Other problems with the hull get fixed as well.

Butt joints are another matter. Since the plank ends are attached to the butt blocks with carriage bolts, the nuts and washers for the carriage bolts must be accessed from the inside of the ship. To get to the inside of the hull, you have to get thru the ship’s ballast. Californian has 5 tons of ballast in the form of 50 lb lead weights, which must be moved by hand. Hence that call for ballast movers. With the ballast moved out of the way, the inner hull sheathing must be cut out to get to the hull and frames. Finally, you get to the end of the carriage bolts. Now you can do what you need to do.
Fasteners (cont)

historical tours, underway science programs and the celebrated gun battles between these two longtime foe and friends. *Californian* is expected to return on October 20th.

~David Kolthoff and Brad Holderman – MMSD Volunteer Crew

The layers of decking and ballast is revealed here, just in order to get in reach of the carriage bolts.

The inner hull will be patched when all is done.

This is all hard, tedious manual labor. As the crew all know, the ventilation below deck on *Californian* is pretty minimal, and hauled out there isn’t even the water to help keep the hull cool.

Meanwhile, Captain Chuck McGoohey contemplates the $700 billion bail-out plan.

Here part of the crew takes a well-deserved lunch break. Steve Weigelt uses the anchor chain as a mattress – now that’s a tough guy!

Other work goes on as well. For example, the prop and prop shaft come out for inspection and to inspect the bearings.

The extended dry-dock has caused for a number of noted cancellations and postponing another voyage northward where the privateer *Lynx* waits her out.

Still, it is hoped she will still depart for King’s Harbor, Redondo Beach on October 12th. The collaborative effort on the parts of *Californian* and *Lynx*, represent the first step towards the ‘MMSD Underway Museum’ initiative which will be in effect in 2009. " Included during the stay are

The replica *HMAV Bounty* is seen moored alongside the Big Black floating barge during her stay over in September (See Page 18).
On September 13th, Hurricane Ike made landfall on the continental U.S. at Galveston, Texas. Laying in the direct path of Ike, the Texas Seaport Museum and our "sister ship," the 1877 bark Elissa.

The drama unfolded in a personal nature through the Yahoo online group Elissa, an unofficial message board for volunteers and staff of the Texas Seaport Museum. Ike, the third most destructive hurricane in American History had already cut a path of death and destruction through the Caribbean.

The Galveston Daily News released the first images of destruction at the Texas Seaport Museum.

loss...The pier has significant damage...In an early email I said that SeaGull II was fine and the she was AT pier 37, I stand corrected, she was found ON pier 37, half in the water and half out, they are looking for a crane to put her back in the water, although she does appear to be in good condition...Santa Maria is well except for minor damage, the shrimp boat found on the pier was not her.”

One drawback of internet boards and the yahoo groups are pre-scheduled meeting announcements. A pre-scheduled announcement of sail training for the Elissa was released causing some general confusion and disbelief.

On September 19th, John Schaumburg, Waterfront Manager, announced that:

“I was in Galveston Wednesday and Thursday. Photos are posted on the yahoo group. Seagull II is on top of the finger pier next to her slip at the yacht basin. Santa Maria is fine, with heavy abrasion to to parts of her rubrails and to the chafe strips by her bow mooring bit. The end of the finger pier has fallen into her slip so Santa Maria is now moored in the adjacent slip. ELISSA has a blown out fore lower topsail and possible damage to its jackstay. Some repairable damage to the wheel box and some gouges on the deck and rail. Grace, one skiff, and the paint barge are floating fine. E3 is still in the shop and appears to be undamaged.”

The first floor of the tide station, all the doors of the workshop and some of the east wall have been washed out. The break room and men's restroom still have walls. There are mountains of debris inside the workshop. The contents of the second floor is ok, but there is some roof damage. The decks of both wooden piers were floated up and moved several feet. The northwest corner of the pier is destroyed but the tripod is still ok. The Jones Building had about 5 inches water in the ground floor. I think the only merchandise in the gift shop that got wet were some rain ponchos that were on the floor.
TSM and Ike (cont)

On Wednesday, Richard, Don, and George (you may have seen him giving school tours before) chained up fence sections to make the perimeter of the site secure, rigged the temporary gangway, and added mooring lines to replace those that were connected to the finger pier bollards (those bollards are now hanging in the water) On Thursday Becky, Christine, and I began removing muddy carpet from the ground floor of Jones building.

From the fo’c’sle head of the Elissa, the damage to the TSM is clearly evident.

One week after Ike, Denniss Dornfest report an initial description of the Elissa:

“On the ship I observed the following damage. The fore lower topsail is shredded. The stb jackstay was pulled off the yard with most of the dogs. It is hanging all twisted in the rigging. The fore upper topsail has abrasions on the weather cloth but is still usable. The companion way cover is half gone. The steering house (coffin) has lid damage. One section is missing. The ship struck the stb quarterdeck aft rail on something (maybe the dolphin) and broke off. The 2 t’gallant yards have major scrape areas which will need repair. This is what I observed.”

Through the internet, images of the damage were discussed worldwide. Jim Davis, first mate of the Star of India commented that, “It looked like it just unfurled itself.”

By the 26th of September, it was posted that a former crewmember of the Elissa, Gail Ettenger, was one of the fatalities of Ike.

The following day, enough pieces of the museum had been put back together to attempt resuming sail training by October 4th. Although a lot of work has yet to be done, damage to repair, and emotional wounds to heal, the Elissa toughed out Ike rather well. As John Schaumburg comments, “[Its] a testament to the design of our hurricane mooring system, to our comprehensive hurricane plan, and to the work of our volunteers who implement the bulk of this plan before hurricane season and follow up with final preparations before a storm.”

A close-up Elissa’s blown out fore lower tops’l is clearly seen here.

Through the internet yahoo group, the story of the impact of Ike on a personal level was revealed plain and clear. It also says something of who they are as a group, doing the same thing we do here in San Diego with Star of India. How often have crew been called in a frantic need to furl sail in lieu of an oncoming gale?

As the Texas Seaport Museum, the City of Galveston and the entire Gulf region put themselves back together, we can only think of what they have been through.

~ Brad Holderman – MMSD Volunteer Crew

Ike helps uncover mystery vessel on Ala. coast

FORT MORGAN, Ala. - When the waves from Hurricane Ike receded, they left behind a mystery — a ragged shipwreck that archeologists say could be a two-masted Civil War schooner that ran aground in 1862 or another ship from some 70 years later. The wreck, about six miles from Fort Morgan, had already been partially uncovered when Hurricane Camille cleared away sand in 1969.

Researchers at the time identified it as the Monticello, a battleship that partially burned when it crashed trying to get past the U.S. Navy and into Mobile Bay during the Civil War.

After examining photos of the wreck post-Ike, Museum of Mobile marine archaeologist Shea McLean agreed it is likely the Monticello, which ran aground in 1862 after sailing from Havana, according to Navy records.
Mystery Vessel (cont)

People look over the wreck of a wooden ship uncovered by Hurricane Ike on a beach on Fort Morgan Road in Fort Morgan, Ala., Tuesday, Sept. 16, 2008. Archeologists say the wreck could be that of a two-masted Civil War schooner that ran aground in 1862 or another ship from some 70 years later. The wreck had already been partially uncovered when Hurricane Camille cleared away sand in 1969. Researchers at the time identified it as the Monticello, a battleship that partially burned when it crashed trying to get past the U.S. Navy and into Mobile Bay during the Civil War. (AP Photo/Press-Register, Guy Busby)

"Based on what we know of ships lost in that area and what I've seen, the Monticello is by far the most likely candidate," McLean said. "You can never be 100 percent certain unless you find the bell with 'Monticello' on it, but this definitely fits."

Other clues indicate it could be an early 20th century schooner that ran aground on the Alabama coast in 1933.

The wrecked ship is 136.9 feet long and 25 feet wide, according to Mike Bailey, site curator at Fort Morgan, who examined it this week. The Monticello was listed in shipping records as 136 feet long, McLean told the Press-Register of Mobile.

But Bailey said a 2000 report by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers determined the remains were the schooner Rachel, built at Moss Point, Miss., in 1919 and wrecked near Fort Morgan in 1933.

He said the wreckage appears to have components, such as steel cables, that would point to the Rachel rather than an 1860s schooner.

Glenn Forest, another archaeologist who examined the wreck, said a full identification would require an excavation.

"It's a valuable artifact," he said. "They need to get this thing inside before it falls apart or another storm comes along and sends it through those houses there like a bowling ball."

Meanwhile, curious beach-goers have been drawn to the remains of the wooden hull filled with rusted iron fittings. Fort Morgan was used by Confederate soldiers as Union forces attacked in 1864 during the Battle of Mobile Bay.

"It's interesting, I can tell you that," said Terri Williams. "I've lived down here most of my life and I've never seen anything like this, and it's been right here."

Marinisms

Mr. Weigelt’s Maritime Dictionary

PAWL, (elinguet de cabestan, de vindas, et tous cliquets en general, soit de bois ou de fer, Fr.) a piece of iron, about two feet in length and four inches square at its largest end, the other end is furnished with a hole, and bolted through the partners of the capstan; in this position it traverses round the bolt, and pawls the capstan, which it prevents from turning back, when it is employed to heave in the cable or hawsers; thus, they say, "Heave a pawl!" that is, heave a little more for the pawls to get hold of the welps.

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A Future for the *Falls of Clyde*

On September 30th the Bernice P. Bishop Museum formally signed over the four-masted bark *Falls of Clyde* to the non-profit organization, the Friends of the *Falls of Clyde*. The ceremony brought to a close another chapter in the life of the iron-hulled vessel, one that began in 1963.

Launched on December 12th 1878 at the shipyard of Russel & Co. of Port Glasgow for the Falls Line (Wright, Beakenridge & Co). She measured 266' 1" in length, 40' feet abeam, rigged as ship.

For the Falls Line, she carried cargo to ports of Asia, the Pacific, including a routine visitor to Karachi, Pakistan.

*The Cape Horn Regatta of 1898*

In September of 1898, the *Falls of Clyde* on a course to San Francisco, found herself off of Staten Island, making sail for the Horn. An odd coincidence of fate and timing found her in close proximity of eight other ships, bound for the identical effort to round the Horn.

Typically, the effort to round the Horn is an enormous trial by fire in the "sea of storms" with a ship entirely facing the elements on an individual basis. But as the ships made their way off of Staten Island, "We all rounded the Horn on the night of September 3rd, and in the morning we all had our regatta. All the nine vessels packed on sail and trimmed ship, and we went at it hammer and tongs."

As the Horn vanished behind the westbound vessels, most set course for their various destinations. For the *Falls of Clyde*, she found herself engaged north bound to San Francisco with the ship *Merioneth*. Out five days previous to the *Merioneth* from Swansea, the *Merioneth* caught the *Falls of Clyde* amongst the regatta ships as she arrived at Staten Island in early September.

As the Horn was past, both ships left sight of each other until mid-November, they encountered each other at the Farallones outside of San Francisco Bay. Although "five days ahead," the flight of sail that began at Staten Island ended in a tow race as both vessels were pulled into harbor.

*Decline and Ruin*

This single event of excitement would mark the end of an era for the *Falls of Clyde*. Laid up in Sausalito for charter on her arrival, she so found herself with a new owner in a month's time. On December 18th, the San Francisco Call announced her purchase by the Matson Navigation Co., destined for the Hilo [Hawaii] trade. She would now maintain a Hawaiian registry and it was here that she would be re-rigged into a four-masted bark.

In 1900, she was again sold to the Standard Oil Company, continuing on in the Hawaiian cargo trade. By 1907, now with an American registry, she was converted into an oil tanker.

Briefly under the ownership of G. W. McNear in 1920, she was again sold to the General Petroleum Company in March of 1921 where she was converted into a fuel storage barge in Ketchikan, Alaska. As a fuel depot, her yards, royals and topmasts were removed. Eventually, her lower masts would be cut down just above the weather deck.

**END OF A LONG OCEAN RACE**

The four-masted ship *Falls of Clyde* and the ship *Merioneth*, bound for San Francisco, were in company on July 4 last. They met again a fortnight later and once more in the latter part of August. They rounded the Horn together and fought their way through the same kind of weather to the Farallones, where they found themselves in company once more. Both took tugs, but the *Falls of Clyde* beat the *Merioneth* to an anchorage by a ship's length. Counting from the time the vessels left England the *Merioneth* wins by five days, but counting from July 4, when they first met, the *Falls of Clyde* "won by a nose." ~ San Francisco Call, November 16th 1898.

The *Falls of Clyde* is seen here anchored in Monterey Bay, March 1917.

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By 1959, General Petroleum had established shore side depots, *Falls of Clyde* had outlived her life. William W. Mitchell was determined to make a museum ship of her. Purchasing her from General Petroleum, he towed her to Seattle, Washington and began marketing her from city to city, port to port.

In 1959, the *Falls of Clyde* completed her work life as a floating fuel depot in Ketchikan, Alaska.

**Salvage and Preservation**

It was with William Mitchell’s efforts that Bob Krauss caught wind of the *Falls of Clyde*. Krauss, a columnist for the Honolulu Advertiser recognized her significance to Hawaiian Maritime history and began

Krauss began writing about the *Falls of Clyde* in his column, establishing a rescue campaign that very quickly grew in a community goal.

“Once Krauss was on the story, Hawai'i business leaders were inspired to contribute toward the goal of raising $20,000 to buy the ship and bring it to Hawai'i. Local television stations gave nightly progress reports on the fund. Radio stations held fundraising drives. Kids went around town collecting money in cans. The Advertiser reported that more than $2,000 was collected in nickels and dimes.”

In November 1963, the *Falls of Clyde* was purchased from the community funds and brought to Honolulu. Restoration of the ship began almost immediately. By 1968, restoration had progressed that she opened to the public under the auspices of the Bernice P. Bishop Memorial Museum. By 1970, she was re-masted and re-rigged. In 1973 she was listed on the National Register of Historic Places. By 1989, she was listed as a National Historic Landmark.

**Decline and Ruin Part II**

As the *Falls of Clyde* rested alongside the Bishop Museum, she began another period of slow deterioration. Lack of maintenance, funds and a driving force to see her properly taken care of saw her closed once again in February 2007.

Gone was her lead champion, Bob Krauss, who died in 2006 at the age of 82. Krauss, perfectly aware of her deteriorating condition compiled her life history in his book *Falls of Clyde: 324 Voyages Under Sail*.

And gone was the drive to maintain this enormous vessel. The amount of work both in material and labor costs seemed astronomical. Joseph Lombardi of Ocean Technical Services estimated a restoration cost $32 million dollars, with an annual upkeep and maintenance at 1 million dollars.

In May of 2008 it was reported that a new option for the *Falls of Clyde* had arisen. Museum president and CEO Timothy Johns stated that the museum does “not have the finances or staff resources to undertake a fundraising campaign of this magnitude.” The Bishop Museum would pursue a new owner until June. If a new caretaker could not be found disposal, including sinking, would have to be set in motion.

On June 24th, 2008, in order to “shore up its hull as a safety precaution,” riggers began de-sparring and masting the *Falls of Clyde* for the second time in its life. Lombardi, in some respects had taken up the role of Bob Krauss, contacting a vast
quantity of maritime organizations in order to find a new home for the Falls of Clyde.

By the end of July, three groups came forward with an interest in the Falls of Clyde. As July turned into August, then

De-masted and lacking her figurehead, the Falls of Clyde was prepared for scuttling as a community group came together for her preservation.

September, one group, the Friends of the Falls of Clyde became the front runner with serious negotiations for assuming responsibility and ownership of the ship.

On September 25th, the Museum Board of Directors voted to authorize the sale of the ship to the Friends of the Falls of Clyde.

Under the sounds of Scottish bagpipes, the signing over ceremony took place on October 1st. Attendees included Bob Krauss’ daughter, Ginger, and State Representative Corinne Ching. The ceremony marked the first step towards fundraising with the Million Quarter Drive.

The Friends of the Falls of Clyde is a 501c3 non-profit organization established in August for the very purpose of owning, preserving and exhibiting the Falls of Clyde. According to Heather MacGregor of the Friends of the Falls of Clyde, the groups intent is initial preservation, then restoration.

Bruce McEwan (left) of the Friends of the Falls of Clyde and Tim Johns, President of the Bishop Museum, officially transfer ownership of the Falls of Clyde on October 1st, 2008.

Upon the release of the Falls of Clyde, the Bishop Museum has allowed the Falls of Clyde to remain where she is for a period of 90 days.

Initial repair costs are estimated at 2 million dollars.

~ Brad Holderman – MMSD Volunteer Crew

Euterpean No. 7

An ancient one in the days of yore
At a merry banquet sat
And eyed his fellow revellers
On laughter to grow fat.

By a son of Erin on this ship
Is the maxim wise obeyed
He is the stout and lerry man
Who leads the “Swab Brigade.”

When he’s not engaged in swabbing
And his duties will permit
He count a one in any lark
To kill “Dull time” a bit.

After each lark he laughs so loud
After every swab he smiles
And on the ancient sage advice
The long dull voyage beguiles.

Note, Euterpean 7. Mr. Hensworth, a stout man indeed, always fond of larking with wet swabs, and laughs at everything he does, in fact he always smiling. He is mentioned in the Burgoo Fallbacks as in the lark on opposite page.

Walter Peck - Euterpe Times Volume 1, No. 6 October 18th, 1879, Lat. 28.15 S, Long. 29.15 W
In the midst of the French Revolutionary Wars, British Naval movements were often routine, punctuated by moments of terror, aggression, engagements and even mutiny.

Nearly a year prior, one mutiny would affect a sixth-rate frigate as she bore into the West Indies, elevating herself and her Captain into a historical context that has long since held out in the imagination of historical authors and naval history buffs.

Previously, in May 1797 the British Navy experienced the Spithead and Nore mutinies. Seaman "protested at the living conditions aboard Royal Navy vessels and demanded a pay raise." At the Nore, an anchorage in the Thames Estuary, the crew of the *HMS Sandwich* seized control of the ship, inspiring crews of close by of similar action. Each ship elected a delegate for its grievances, electing a former naval officer, Richard Parker as President of the Delegates of the Fleet.

The mutiny quickly fell apart, ships being denied food and provisions. As James notes:

"It is a singular fact that on the 4th of June, the late king's birthday, the whole fleet evinced its loyalty, by firing a royal salute and displaying the colours usual upon such occasions, the red flag being struck, during the ceremony, on board every ship except the Sandwich. In a day or two afterwards several of the ships deserted the rebels; and went for protection either up the Thames, or under the guns of the fort at Sheerness. By the 13th the red flag had disappeared from every ship's mast-head; and the crews in general, intimated a wish to surrender, provided a pardon was granted. At length, on the following morning, the crew of the Sandwich carried the ship under the guns at Sheerness, and quietly allowed Mr. Parker to accompany on shore a guard of soldiers which Vice-admiral Buckner had sent to arrest him. To make short of the business this man was tried, convicted, and executed..."

"In the reprisals which followed, a total of 29 leaders were hanged, others sentenced to be flogged, imprisoned or transported to Australia. The vast majority of the crews on the ships involved in the mutiny suffered no punishment at all."

Recounted in his book, *The Black Ship*, author Dudley Pope, examined through fiction, the events surrounding the mutiny aboard the British frigate *HMS Hermione*. Serving in the West Indies, the 32-gun fifth rate frigate was commanded by Captain Hugh Pigot. Notorious for discipline, Pigot commonly "meted out severe and arbitrary punishment."

On September 21st, Pigot ordered the tops'ls reefed. Unhappy with the speed of the reefing, Pigot ordered that the last man to lay upon the deck would be flogged. In the hurry, three crewmen fell to their deaths, landing on the deck. In classic fashion, Pigot ordered, "throw the lubbers overboard." Complaining sailors were subsequently flogged.

Later that night, the crew mutinied. Pigot was run through with his own sword, eight other officers were killed in the melee. Pigot's body was thrown overboard. As James elaborates on the episode:

The men in addition to the loud murmurs they uttered, now began throwing double-headed shot about the deck; and on the first lieutenant's advancing to inquire into the cause of the disturbance, they wounded him in the arm with a tomahawk. He retired, for a while, and then returned; when the wretches knocked him down with a tomahawk, cut his throat, and threw him overboard. The captain, hearing a noise, ran on deck, but was driven back with repeated wounds: seated in his cabin he was stabbed by his cockswain and three other mutineers, and forced out of the cabin windows, was heard to speak as he went astern. *In a similar manner did the mutineers proceed with eight other officers; cutting and mangling their victims in the most cruel and barbarous manner. The only officers that escaped destruction were, the master, Edward Southcott, the gunner, Richard Searle, the carpenter, Richard Price, one midshipman, David O'Brien Casey, and the cook, William Moncrief: those murdered were, the captain, three lieutenants, purser, surgeon, captain's clerk, one midshipman, the boatswain, and the lieutenant of marines. The episode marked the bloodiest mutiny in British naval history.*

*Hermione* was sailed by her crew into the Port of La Guayra, Venezuela where she was delivered into the hands of the governor on 27 September 1797.
The frigate was refitted as the Spanish *Santa Cecilia*. The Spanish added to her carronades, increased from 38 to 44 which required four additional gun ports. Her English crew of 220 was heightened to 321 with an additional compliment of 72 soldiers and artillery men. As the *Santa Cecilia*, she was under the command of Don Raimond de Chalas.

As word leaked out of the mutiny, Sir Hyde Parker, the British commander-in-chief at the island of Jamaica, issued orders for the pursuit and capture of the mutineers. Subsequently, 33 mutineers were captured, 24 of them hanged for their crimes.

### Cutting Out

In September, 1799, Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, learned that the *Santa Cecilia*, ex-*Hermione* had arrived at Puerto Cabello from Aux-Cayes, Santo Domingo. The Santa Cecilia was preparing to sail for Havana, Cuba. With the intent of recapturing her, Parker detached the 28-gun frigate *HMS Surprise*, under the command of Captain Edward Hamilton, currently on station in Port Royal.

![An 1898 map of Venezuela illustrates the location of Puerto Cabello.](image)

Originally christened *L’Unite*, she was launched at Le Havre on January 16th, 1794. The name sake of her class, the corvette was armed with 24 eight-pound and 8 four-pound guns. She measured 125 feet in length, 31 feet abeam, she had a burden of 350 tons.

After playing a small role in the Glorious First of June, she was captured by the *HMS Inconstant* on April 20th, 1796. Renamed *HMS Surprise*, she was refitted as a frigate of 28-guns with a standing crew of 197. Captain Hamilton added a unique feature to the *Surprise*. With a fore and mizzen mast of a standard 28-gun frigate, he modified her with the mainmast of a 36 gun frigate.

Parker's intelligence stated the *Hermione* was preparing for sail to Havana, Cuba. Hamilton suggested cutting out the *Hermione*. As with most officers of the British Navy, recapturing the *Hermione* and portions of her crew had become a personal vendetta for retribution and glory. Under sealed orders, Hamilton and the *Surprise* were instructed to lie in wait "60 or 80 leagues to leeward of Puerto-Cabello... The orders further instructed Captain Hamilton to remain off the Cape as long as his provisions, wood, and water would allow..."

By late October, with provisions running low and thinking the *Hermione* may have eluded him during the night, Hamilton and the *Surprise* proceeded to windward and approached the harbor intending to ascertain the Hermione's location. On October 1st, the *Surprise* stood before the port, finding the Hermione ready for sail, mounting 200 guns and positioned in between two large shore batteries.

On October 24th, Hamilton announced to his staff his intentions of cutting out the *Hermione*. "I find it useless to wait any longer; we shall soon be obliged to leave the station, and that frigate will become the prize of some more fortunate ship than the Surprise; our only prospect of success is by cutting her out this night."

![Longboats from HMS Surprize board the Hermione in this 1901 painting by marine artist Charles Dixon.](image)

At 7 p.m., with crews mustered, all dressed in blue, they set towards the *Hermione* under darkness in seven boats, a pinnae, launch and jollyboat (first division), a gig and two cutter forming the second division. Between these craft, 108 officers and crew formed the boarding party. The first division would assault the starboard side, the second on port.

The password was "Brittania" to answered by "Ireland."

Within a mile of the *Hermione*, the boarding party were discovered by two gunboats, who promptly engaged, giving alarm and firing on the boats. Figuring the other boats would follow his lead, Hamilton made straight for the *Hermione*. Several boats engaged the gunboats which would prove nearly catastrophic to the mission.

The crew of the *Hermione* were immediately awakened to the noise of the firing.

With boat snagged on a line from the bow to the anchor buoy, Hamilton gave orders to unship the rudder, quickly belaying the order with that to proceed to board. On board, the fores'l
Hermione (cont)

was no surprise, no creeping upon the sleepy unawares; the crew of the frigate were at quarters, standing to their guns, aware of the attack, armed; prepared, in readiness; and that frigate was captured by the crews of three boats, the first success being gained by sixteen men. It is useless to waste words in endeavouring to do justice to Captain Hamilton, Mr. Maxwell, and Mr. M’Mullen: the first received an adequate reward in the honour of knighthood, the second received a sword from the lieutenants, and the third shared prize-money with that class; but the best record of this well-planned, well-executed, daring, gallant enterprise, is to be found in the Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital - there it remains to gratify the eyes of all who are willing to do justice to English seamen and their gallant commander.

~ Brad Holdeman – MMSD Volunteer Crew

As James continues:

Not so those on the quarterdeck, who, when Captain Hamilton, the gunner, and fourteen men pushed on the starboard gangway, having cleared the forecastle, prepared to give a warm reception, they formed themselves in a compact body, and advanced to dispute the possession of the gangway, with the gunner and his party leaving the quarterdeck unoccupied; but the surgeon's party forgetting the order, to rendezvous on the quarterdeck, followed the Spaniards as they advanced on the starboard gangway, thus placing them, between two fires from which they suffered severely; still, however, the Spaniards advanced and succeeded in beating back the gunner's party, and of gaining possession of the forecastle.

Captain Hamilton, alone on the quarterdeck, was attacked by four Spaniards, struck by a musket butt, falling stunned to the after hatchway combing. To his rescue came several men, allowing him to return to the quarter deck just as the boarding party of the black cutter, including marines, came over the port gangway.

As fighting continued on deck, the marines with a volley of fire down into the after hatchway began to take possession below deck. Surprize's carpenter had managed to cut the stern cable, the ship began canting head to wind. In short time, the bower cable was cut as crew managed aloft to loose the foretops'1. Several boats were now towing the frigate as her fore tops'l filled, Surprize crew manned the helm of Hermione as she stood out of the port.

As the Hermione now came under fire of the two shore batteries, Captain Hamilton was struck by grape-shot. As the surgeon noted, “By Jasus, Captain, if there had been but a few more grains of good powder in that gun, I should have had to cut your leg off.” The main and spring stays were shot away as the gaff came down, as several shots struck below her waterline.

By 2 a.m., now out of reach of the shore batteries, Hermione was now a prize. The towboats were brought alongside and taken in. Of the 108 members of Surprize's boarding party and crew, only 12 men suffered wounds, including Captain Hamilton. For the Spaniards, the toll was much different. Of her crew of 365, she resulted in 119 dead and 97 wounded.

It is impossible to do justice to Captain Hamilton, the gunner Mr Maxwell, and the first boarders from the pinnace; they were unsupported for more than ten minutes, and this gallant handful of men succeeded in possessing themselves of the quarterdeck. The history of naval warfare, from the earliest time to this date, affords no parallel to this dashing affair:

BREAKING NEWS!
Fire at the Bataviawerf Museum Shipyard

Fire at Bataviawerf Museum Shipyard. De 7 Provinciën (under construction in foreground) was not damaged. Photo credit: Dutch Press Agency

Lelystad, Netherlands - The Bataviawerf (Batavia wharf) museum shipyard at Lelystad, Netherlands was severely damaged by fire on the night of Monday, 13 October. The museum’s workshops, rigging loft, block shop, offices and the entire hand-sewn suit of sails of the replica ship Batavia were lost to the blaze. The cause of the fire has not yet been determined.

Bataviawerf is the home port of Batavia, which was constructed there using traditional methods, tools and materials between 1985 and 1995. The ship was built as an educational program for young people under the guidance of master shipwright Willem Vos. Bataviawerf is currently constructing a replica of De 7 Provinciën, a 1665 Dutch ship of the line.
The Lineman’s Loop (Ashley Book of Knots #1053) is also known as the Alpine Butterfly knot. It is easily tied in the bight to make a strong, secure loop in the middle of a line.

Unlike most bight loops, it is very stable when the two standing parts are pulled away from each other. It is also easy to untie after it has been heavily loaded.

In addition to its uses in lashing and rigging, it can be used to isolate a damaged section of a line by tying the knot with the damaged part in the loop. This works as long as there’s no need for that section to go through a block or fairlead.

To tie, start with a bight in the standing part. Twist it so the line crosses itself twice. Then fold the upper loop down over the standing part (Fig. 1). Next, pull a bight up through the middle of the turns (Fig. 2) to complete the knot (Fig. 3).

Another method starts with two loose round turns around a hand. Reach under the outside turn and grasp the middle turn. Pull it out to the right under the outside turn, then to the left over all the turns, then to the right under all the turns (Fig. 4).

NOTE: This is optional material. It is not on the list of basic knots that Maritime Museum sailors are required to know. Before you spend any time learning this knot, make sure that you are completely confident of your ability to tie the required basic knots, which include the bowline, figure eight knot, square knot, clove hitch, two half hitches and stopper hitch. First things first!

~ David S. Clark – MMSD Volunteer Crew
Bounty Lays Over

As the Sail Fest San Diego 2008 wrapped up in September, and square-rigged ships and schooners alike set course for the horizons, the replica HMAV Bounty remained behind for an extended layover.

The view from Bounty offered a unique look at the MMSD.

The Bounty is a replica built for the 1962 film version of Mutiny on the Bounty, starring Marlon Brando. Bounty took a detour in her voyage to retrace the original voyage of the Bounty during her infamous mutiny, for the Pacific Coast Tall Ship Challenge series.

Bounty’s deck as seen through the lubber hole.

With the conclusion of the sail fests, Bounty remained at the museum for several more weeks, providing ship maintenance and dockside tours.

During maintenance Sunday on September 14th, qualified crew were invited to lay aloft on Bounty, prior to her departure for Hawaii.

Aboard the Lawrence

(City News

(Courtesy of the National Daily Intelligencer

Monday, October 30th 1848)

The handsome vessel lately built by Captain Easby, under an order from the Government of the United States, and named the Lawrence, is now lying abreast the Arsenal, in the Potomac, and will remain there until to morrow, (the first of November,) when she sails for Norfolk. We paid a visit on board the Lawrence a few days ago, and were politely shown all over the vessel by one of the officers. The Lawrence is a full rigged brig; she is appointed to the revenue service, and is destined for California and Oregon. We do not pretend to have any skill or judgment in naval architecture, but our opinion, after viewing the interior arrangements of the Lawrence, and examining her thoroughly, is in accordance with the officers of the brig, that "a handsomer vessel, of the same size and tonnage, has rarely ever been constructed." The Lawrence is pierced for ten guns; she carries five - one long 18-pounder, two medium 32', and two 6's. Her tonnage is 244; she measure 96 1/2 feet, and 24 feet beam on deck. Her cabin is handsomely fitted up, and the wardroom is almost equally handsome. Her armory, which is necessarily small, is most admirably arranged, and, without looking into it and counting the number of carbines, pistols, and swords that it contains, no one would think it possible so many firearms and other weapons could be arranged in so small a compass. The medical department is also most compactly and admirably arranged, and reflects (as the officer who called our attention to it justly remarked) much credit upon Mr. Valentine Harbaugh, who furnished and arranged the medicine chest. It was gratifying to witness the admirable order that prevails all over the vessel, and especially sp to notice the cheerful hilarity of the sailors between decks, as they sat enjoying a comfortable and substantial meal of hot coffee, beef, and bread.

We annex the following list of the officers attached to the Lawrence: Alexander V. Fraser, commander; J.S.S. Chaddock, E.C. Kennedy, W.R. Pierce, R.H. Bowling, and A.J. Gwin, lieutenants; J.T. Overstreet, surgeon; James Walker, boatswain; James Rankin, gunner; Benjamin Brown, carpenter; and John Adams, sailmaker.
Berkeley and Columbia Come Together off Ferry Slip
Portland Steamer Making Her Way to Dock Under a Slow Bell and the Berkeley Leaving on Her Regular 6 A.M. Trip, When the Vessels Collide
(Reprinted from the San Francisco Call Wednesday, October 3rd 1900)

The steamer Columbia while making port from Astoria early yesterday morning came into collision with the ferry-boat Berkeley. The latter was just just leaving the San Francisco side on her 6 a.m. trip for the mole when the Columbia came along under a slow bell. The Columbia had a hole about even feet deep nipped out of her bow, while the Berkeley's guard was cut through to the hull abaft the davits.

The blame for the disaster will be fixed by the Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers. As near as can be learned the Columbia was making her way to her berth at Spear Street Wharf. Captain Doran was in command and had his vessel well in hand. Off Meiggs wharf he slowed down and gave his regular communication to the Merchants' Exchange reporter.

Getting under way again the Columbia came up as far as Jackson street wharf under a "slow bell" and then the engines were stopped. At the time (6 a.m.) it was almost slack water, the flood tide just beginning to make. With her own momentum and the first of the flood the Columbia had a good headway, but the captain of the Berkeley thought he could overcome it and failed.

The Berkeley, Captain "Jim" Blaker, started sharp on time for Oakland. Leaving the slip she blew one long whistle and Captain Doran on the Columbia at once answered. This signal meant that the ferry-boat would pass right along and the answer of the Columbia meant that she would take an inside passage and give the Berkeley the right of way. As soon as Captain Blaker got clear of the slip he saw that the big mail steamer was too close to escape, so he blew two whistles and backed his engines. By this time the engines on the Columbia were also going full speed astern. The Berkeley was running with her helm "hard a port" instead of "hard a starboard" however, and the result was the collision. The Columbia struck the ferry steamer just aft of the deckhouse on the port side. One of the lifeboats was smashed and the guard was cut in clean to the hull. The Columbia was caught as in a vice, and as the two vessels swung together a piece about eight feet square was cut out of her bow as though by a pair of snippers.

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A fire which caused £10m damage to the Cutty Sark was sparked by an industrial vacuum cleaner that was left switched on for two days.

The vacuum cleaner had been left on for two days.

Richard Doughty, chief executive of The Cutty Sark Trust, said the charity would "certainly be considering our position with our lawyers" following the report.

"Obviously the fire was a huge setback to the conservation project. We would have been on the programme to complete our work this year.

The fire caused £10m of damage to the 19th Century ship.

The fire damage raised the total cost of the ongoing restoration by £10m to £35m.

The vacuum cleaner was being used to remove waste from the ship as part of a renovation work.

Battled blaze

Investigators said it had been left on throughout the weekend before the fire broke out in the early hours of Monday 21 May, 2007.

More than 40 firefighters battled the blaze for almost two hours as it burned through each of the ship's three decks, destroying all the building work structures and tools on board.

The damage could have been far worse, however, as the ship's masts, deckhouses and saloon, along with half of its planking, had been taken to Chatham Historic Dockyard in Kent for conservation or storage.

Renovation of the ship is now expected to be completed by early 2010 when it will be raised 3m (9.8ft) above the bottom of its dry berth and suspended so visitors can walk underneath.

"Inevitably, therefore, the costs of our project have increased very significantly."

Mr Doughty praised the efforts of the fire brigade and subsequent police investigation into the cause of the blaze.

Guards fired

"We are very grateful to the police and to the fire brigade and would like to thank them for their diligence."

Detective Chief Inspector Dave Garwood, who led the inquiry, said two security guards who failed to spot the fire could have reported it sooner and a fire marshal inspection before the weekend could have helped prevent it.

Mr Garwood said the guards, who were both fired after the incident, were "vague and inconsistent" witnesses.

He also said that renovation workmen were responsible for dangerous practices onboard, including electrical equipment often left plugged in, debris not removed immediately and loose electrical connections.

It was also not clear if fire alarm tests were completed properly in the weeks before the blaze.
As Halloween Approaches, We Ask:

'Are There Ghosts Aboard the Star of India?'

by Brian Johnson

The Star of India prides itself as the oldest active ship in the world; however, it originally launched in 1863 as the Euterpe (the Greek goddess of music). Considered an experiment of sorts in iron shipbuilding, the Star of India sailed on a route spanning England to New Zealand until 1923; several years later, it was towed to San Diego. Though still seaworthy, it is primarily a permanently-docked maritime museum.

Crewmembers who have worked aboard the Star for decades confirm the earliest reports of activity on the ship that predate its transition to a museum. Cold spots, disembodied footsteps, apparitions, and anomalous sensory experiences point to several tragedies that occurred on the Star during its working years.

In 1884, John Campbell, a teen-aged stowaway, was discovered and forced to work. However, while working on the rigging he fell 100 feet to the deck, crushing both legs. Three days later, he perished from his injuries and was buried at sea. Considered one of the more playful spirits haunting the ship, his cold but gentle grasp near the area of the deck where he fell is occasionally reported by workers and visitors.

Another death on the Star involved a Chinese crewmember whose screams went unheard as topside crewman slowly crushed him to death while lowering the chain on top of him. While no activity specific to this mishap has been reported, general activity is reported in the ‘Tween Deck sections where emigrant families lived during their months of transport. Yet another important, but unsubstantiated, bit of folklore involves the crew of the Star taking on board a captain who did not go down with his sinking ship and who consequently slit his own throat. Despite attempts by the ship’s surgeon to rescue him, the distraught captain pulled out his stitches three days later and died in the First Mate’s Cabin. The location has since become one of the most paranormally active spots on the ship, where some employees refuse to enter and where even investigators have accumulated a wealth of evidence of potential paranormal origin.

Pacific Paranormal Investigations conducted its first investigation of the Star in August 2007 and has since launched two more thorough follow-up inquiries to debunk and analyze a host of perplexing evidence, some of which is thought to be potentially paranormal. The San Diego based Pacific Paranormal Investigations (PPI) began in 2005 as a not-for-profit organization of investigators and researchers who, honoring the scientific method, seek to help those concerned or curious about their experiences with paranormal activity.

Using an arsenal of commonly-found but specialized equipment, PPI investigators recorded video and audio evidence, environmental data and personal experiences that lead them to believe that there is paranormal activity occurring on board the ship.

Equally important are the controls they place on the evidence-gathering to help maintain the integrity of their evidence. For example, during the course of their first investigation, PPI realized that outside noises were a serious concern for evidence contamination, so they modified their investigative procedures by isolating the ship from the outside environment, including light-proofing portholes and controlling the number of teams on board to track the location of anomalous sounds during the night.

Following an investigation, the group commits its resources to an in-depth period of evidence analysis, during which time compelling video and electronic voice phenomena may be ruled out and subjected to further debate before being revealed.

In the case of the Star of India investigation, analysis of both video and audio evidence yielded some important enigmas that drew PPI back to the Star for subsequent investigations. Class A EVPs, loud anomalous bangs and footsteps, inexplicable EMF variations, sudden static electric charges while the ship’s power was turned off, and a host of personal experiences that could not be adequately explained, and which rattled some of PPI’s more experienced investigators.

Since that first investigation, follow-up investigations have led PPI to debunk or otherwise provide alternative explanations for some claims. Although some of the Star of India’s rich paranormal folklore may have been demystified, the ship’s enduring mystique continues to draw them back with even greater curiosity. If you are curious about PPI’s investigation, and its services, please visit us at www.pacificparanormal.com.

Whether for its paranormal background or its rich maritime history, the Star of India and the Maritime Museum of San Diego deserve the attention and support of the public. Jim Davis, Events General Manager and First Mate on board the Star of India, graciously accommodated PPI to make their investigations possible, smoothly run and successful.

Davis’s work is paramount in keeping the Star open and available to the public as the important artifact of maritime history that it is, as well as one of San Diego’s defining landmarks.

For more information, please contact Davis at (619) 234-9153, ext. 127, or e-mail him at: jdavis@sdmaritime.org.

Please donate a contribution of time or money at the museum’s official website to keep the San Diego Maritime Maritime Museum afloat: www.sdmaritime.com.
The Voyage of the Demeter

A journal recently purchased on EBAY recounts the mysterious beaching of a Russian schooner.

1885

6 August.--Another three days, and no news. This suspense is getting dreadful. If I only knew where to write to or where to go to, I should feel easier. But no one has heard a word of Jonathan since that last letter. I must only pray to God for patience.

Lucy is more excitable than ever, but is otherwise well. Last night was very threatening, and the fishermen say that we are in for a storm. I must try to watch it and learn the weather signs.

Today is a gray day, and the sun as I write is hidden in thick clouds, high over Kettleness. Everything is gray except the green grass, which seems like emerald amongst it, gray earthy rock, gray clouds, tinged with the sunburst at the far edge, hang over the gray sea, into which the sandpoints stretch like gray figures. The sea is tumbling in over the shallows and the sandy flats with a roar, muffled in the sea-mists drifting inland. The horizon is lost in a gray mist. All vastness, the clouds are piled up like giant rocks, and there is a 'brool' over the sea that sounds like some passage of doom. Dark figures are on the beach here and there, sometimes half shrouded in the mist, and seem 'men like trees walking'. The fishing boats are racing for home, and rise and dip in the ground swell as they sweep into the harbour, bending to the scuppers. Here comes old Mr. Swales. He is making straight for me, and I can see, by the way he lifts his hat, that he wants to talk.

I have been quite touched by the change in the poor old man. When he sat down beside me, he said in a very gentle way, "I want to say something to you, miss."

I could see he was not at ease, so I took his poor old wrinkled hand in mine and asked him to speak fully.

So he said, leaving his hand in mine, "I'm afraid, my deary, that I must have shocked you by all the wicked things I've been sayin' about the dead, and such like, for weeks past, but I didn't mean them, and I want ye to remember that when I'm gone. We aud folks that be daffled, and with one foot abaft the krook-hooal, don't altogether like to think of it, and we don't want to feel scar of it, and that's why I've took to makin' light of it, so that I'd cheer up my own heart a bit. But, Lord love ye, miss, I ain't afraid of dyin', not a bit, only I don't want to die if I can help it. My time must be nigh at hand now, for I be aud, and a hundred years is too much for any man to expect. And I'm so nigh it that the Aud Man is already whettin' his scythe. Ye see, I can't get out o' the habit of coffin' about it all at once. The chafts will wag as they be used to. Some day soon the Angel of Death will sound his trumpet for me. But don't ye dooal an' greet, my deary!" --for he saw that I was crying--"if he should come this very night I'd not refuse to answer his call. For life be, after all, only a waitin' for somethin' else than what we're doin', and death be all that we can rightly depend on. But I'm content, for it's comin' to me, my deary, and comin' quick. It may be comin' while we be lookin' and wonderin'. Maybe it's in that wind out over the sea that's bringin' with it loss and wreck, and sore distress, and sad hearts. Look! Look!" he cried suddenly. "There's something in that wind and in the hoast beyont that sounds, and looks, and tastes, and smells like death. It's in the air. I feel it comin'. Lord, make me answer cheerful, when my call comes!" He held up his arms devoutly, and raised his hat. His mouth moved as though he were praying. After a few minutes' silence, he got up, shook hands with me, and blessed me, and said goodbye, and hobbled off. It all touched me, and upset me very much.

Whitby Pier, North Yorkshire, England.

I was glad when the coastguard came along, with his spyglass under his arm. He stopped to talk with me, as he always does, but all the time kept looking at a strange ship.

"I can't make her out," he said. "She's a Russian, by the look of her. But she's knocking about in the queerest way. She doesn't know her mind a bit. She seems to see the storm coming, but can't decide whether to run up north in the open, or to put in here. Look there again! She is steelin' mighty strangely, for she doesn't mind the hand on the wheel, changes about with every puff of wind. We'll hear more of her before this time tomorrow."

CUTTING FROM "THE DAILYGRAPH", 8 AUGUST

From a correspondent.

Whitby.

One of the greatest and suddenest storms on record has just been experienced here, with results both strange and unique. The weather had been somewhat sultry, but not to any degree uncommon in the month of August. Saturday evening was as fine as was ever known, and the great body of holiday-makers laid out yesterday for visits to Mulgrave Woods, Robin Hood's Bay, Rig Mill, Runswick, Staithes, and the various trips in the neighborhood of Whitby. The steamers Emma and Scarborough made trips up and down the coast, and there was
The Demeter (cont)

an unusual amount of ‘tripping’ both to and from Whitby. The day was unusually fine till the afternoon, when some of the gossips who frequent the East Cliff churchyard, and from the commanding eminence watch the wide sweep of sea visible to the north and east, called attention to a sudden show of ‘mares tails’ high in the sky to the northwest. The wind was then blowing from the south-west in the mild degree which in barometrical language is ranked ‘No. 2, light breeze.’

The coastguard on duty at once made report, and one old fisherman, who for more than half a century has kept watch on weather signs from the East Cliff, foretold in an emphatic manner the coming of a sudden storm. The approach of sunset was so very beautiful, so grand in its masses of splendidly coloured clouds, that there was quite an assemblage on the walk along the cliff in the old churchyard to enjoy the beauty. Before the sun dipped below the black mass of Kettleness, standing boldly athwart the western sky, its downward way was marked by myriad clouds of every sunset colour, flame, purple, pink, green, violet, and all the tints of gold, with here and there masses not large, but of seemingly absolute blackness, in all sorts of shapes, as well outlined as colossal silhouettes. The experience was not lost on the painters, and doubtless some of the sketches of the ‘Prelude to the Great Storm’ will grace the R. A and R. I. walls in May next.

More than one captain made up his mind then and there that his ‘cobble’ or his ‘mule’, as they term the different classes of boats, would remain in the harbour till the storm had passed. The wind fell away entirely during the evening, and at midnight there was a dead calm, a sultry heat, and that prevailing intensity which, on the approach of thunder, affects persons of a sensitive nature.

“The Russian schooner…with silver sand, came in suddenly, in heavy weather, but going ashore in “Collier’s Hope” became a total wreck” - Whitby Gazette, October 24, 1885

There were but few lights in sight at sea, for even the coasting steamers, which usually hug the shore so closely, kept well to seaward, and but few fishing boats were in sight. The only sail noticeable was a foreign schooner with all sails set, which was seemingly going westwards. The foolhardiness or ignorance of her officers was a prolific theme for comment whilst she remained in sight, and efforts were made to signal her to reduce sail in the face of her danger. Before the night shut down she was seen with sails idly flapping as she gently rolled on the undulating swell of the sea.

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Shortly before ten o’clock the stillness of the air grew quite oppressive, and the silence was so marked that the bleating of a sheep inland or the barking of a dog in the town was distinctly heard, and the band on the pier, with its lively French air, was like a dischord in the great harmony of nature’s silence. A little after midnight came a strange sound from over the sea, and high overhead the air began to carry a strange, faint, hollow booming.

Then without warning the tempest broke. With a rapidity which, at the time, seemed incredible, and even afterwards is impossible to realize, the whole aspect of nature at once became convulsed. The waves rose in growing fury, each over-topping its fellow, till in a very few minutes the lately glassy sea was like a roaring and devouring monster. White-crested waves beat madly on the level sands and rushed up the shelving cliffs. Others broke over the piers, and with their spume swept the lanterns of the lighthouses which rise from the end of either pier of Whitby Harbour.

The wind roared like thunder, and blew with such force that

“The Whitby Coastguard during training.
mountains high, threw skywards with each wave mighty masses of white foam, which the tempest seemed to snatch at and whirl away into space. Here and there a fishing boat, with a rag of sail, running madly for shelter before the blast, now and again the white wings of a storm-tossed seabird.

On the summit of the East Cliff the new searchlight was ready for experiment, but had not yet been tried. The officers in charge of it got it into working order, and in the pauses of onrushing mist swept with it the surface of the sea. Once or twice its service was most effective, as when a fishing boat, with gunwale under water, rushed into the harbour, able, by the guidance of the sheltering light, to avoid the danger of dashing against the piers. As each boat achieved the safety of the port there was a shout of joy from the mass of people on the shore, a shout which for a moment seemed to cleave the gale and was then swept away in its rush.

Before long the searchlight discovered some distance away a schooner with all sails set, apparently the same vessel which had been noticed earlier in the evening. The wind had by this time backed to the east, and there was a shudder amongst the watchers on the cliff as they realized the terrible danger in which she now was.

Between her and the port lay the great flat reef on which so many good ships have from time to time suffered, and, with the wind blowing from its present quarter, it would be quite impossible that she should fetch the entrance of the harbour. If shot up by the concussion, and run through the damp oblivion even louder than before. The rays of the searchlight were kept fixed on the harbour mouth across the East Pier, where the shock was expected, and men waited breathless.

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A great awe came on all as they realized that the ship, as if by a miracle, had found the harbour, unsteered save by the hand of a dead man! However, all took place more quickly than it takes to write these words. The schooner paused not, but rushing across the harbour, pitched herself on that accumulation of sand and gravel washed by many tides and many storms into the southeast corner of the pier jutting under the East Cliff, known locally as Tate Hill Pier.

There was of course a considerable concussion as the vessel drove up on the sand heap. Every spar, rope, and stay was strained, and some of the 'top-hammer' came crashing down. But, strangest of all, the very instant the shore was touched, an immense dog sprang up on deck from below, as if shot up by the concussion, and running forward, jumped from the bow on the sand.

Making straight for the steep cliff, where the churchyard hangs over the laneway to the East Pier so steeply that some of the flat tombstones, thruffsteans or through-stones, as they call them in Whitby vernacular, actually project over where the sustaining cliff has fallen away, it disappeared in the darkness, which seemed intensified just beyond the focus of the searchlight.

It so happened that there was no one at the moment on Tate Hill Pier, as all those whose houses are in close proximity were either in bed or were out on the heights above. Thus the coastguard on duty on the eastern side of the harbour, who at once ran down to the little pier, was the first to climb aboard. The men working the searchlight, after scouring the entrance of the harbour without seeing anything, then turned the light on the derelict and kept it there. The coastguard ran aft, and when he came beside the wheel, bent over to examine it, and recoiled at once as though under some sudden emotion. This seemed to pique general curiosity, and quite a number of people began to run.

It is a good way round from the West Cliff by the Drawbridge to Tate Hill Pier, but your correspondent is a fairly good runner, and came well ahead of the crowd. When I arrived, however, I found already assembled on the pier a crowd, whom the coastguard and police refused to allow to
come on board. By the courtesy of the chief boatman, I was, as your correspondent, permitted to climb on deck, and was one of a small group who saw the dead seaman whilst actually lashed to the wheel.

It was no wonder that the coastguard was surprised, or even awed, for not often can such a sight have been seen. The man was simply fastened by his hands, tied one over the other, to a spoke of the wheel. Between the inner hand and the wood was a crucifix, the set of beads on which it was fastened being around both wrists and wheel, and all kept fast by the binding cords. The poor fellow may have been seated at one time, but the flapping and buffeting of the sails had worked through the rudder of the wheel and had dragged him to and fro, so that the cords with which he was tied had cut the flesh to the bone.

Accurate note was made of the state of things, and a doctor, Surgeon J. M. Caffyn, of 33, East Elliot Place, who came immediately after me, declared, after making examination, that the man must have been dead for quite two days. In his pocket was a bottle, carefully corked, empty save for a little roll of paper, which proved to be the addendum to the log.

The coastguard said the man must have tied up his own hands, fastening the knots with his teeth. The fact that a coastguard was the first on board may save some complications later on, in the Admiralty Court, for coastguards cannot claim the salvage which is the right of the first civilian entering on a derelict. Already, however, the legal tongues are wagging, and one young law student is loudly asserting that the rights of the owner are already completely sacrificed, his property being held in contravention of the statutes of mortmain, since the tiller, as emblemship, if not proof, of delegated possession, is held in a dead hand.

It is needless to say that the dead steersman has been reverently removed from the place where he held his honourable watch and ward till death, a steadfastness as noble as that of the young Casabianca, and placed in the mortuary to await inquest.

Already the sudden storm is passing, and its fierceness is abating. Crowds are scattering backward, and the sky is beginning to redden over the Yorkshire wolds.

I shall send, in time for your next issue, further details of the derelict ship which found her way so miraculously into harbour in the storm.

9 August.--The sequel to the strange arrival of the derelict in the storm last night is almost more startling than the thing itself. It turns out that the schooner is Russian from Varna, and is called the *Demeter*. She is almost entirely in ballast of silver sand, with only a small amount of cargo, a number of great wooden boxes filled with mould.

An unidentified member of the Whitby Coast Guard.

This cargo was consigned to a Whitby solicitor, Mr. S.F. Billington, of 7, The Crescent, who this morning went aboard and took formal possession of the goods consigned to him.

The Russian consul, too, acting for the charter-party, took formal possession of the ship, and paid all harbour dues, etc.

Nothing is talked about here today except the strange coincidence. The officials of the Board of Trade have been most exacting in seeing that every compliance has been made with existing regulations. As the matter is to be a 'nine days wonder', they are evidently determined that there shall be no cause of other complaint.

A good deal of interest was abroad concerning the dog which landed when the ship struck, and more than a few of the members of the S.P.C.A., which is very strong in Whitby, have tried to befriend the animal. To the general disappointment, however, it was not to be found. It seems to have disappeared entirely from the town. It may be that it was frightened and made its way on to the moors, where it is still hiding in terror.

There are some who look with dread on such a possibility, lest later on it should in itself become a danger, for it is evidently a fierce brute. Early this morning a large dog, a half-bred mastiff belonging to a coal merchant close to Tate Hill Pier, was found dead in the roadway opposite its master's yard. It
The Demeter (cont)

had been fighting, and manifestly had had a savage opponent, for its throat was torn away, and its belly was slit open as if with a savage claw.

Later.--By the kindness of the Board of Trade inspector, I have been permitted to look over the log book of the Demeter, which was in order up to within three days, but contained nothing of special interest except as to facts of missing men. The greatest interest, however, is with regard to the paper found in the bottle, which was today produced at the inquest. And a more strange narrative than the two between them unfold it has not been my lot to come across.

As there is no motive for concealment, I am permitted to use them, and accordingly send you a transcript, simply omitting technical details of seamanship and supercargo. It almost seems as though the captain had been seized with some kind of mania before he had got well into blue water, and that this had developed persistently throughout the voyage. Of

Rescue, salvage and looting of the Demeter.

course my statement must be taken cum grano, since I am writing from the dictation of a clerk of the Russian consul, who kindly translated for me, time being short.

LOG OF THE "DEMETER" Varna to Whitby

Written 18 July, things so strange happening, that I shall keep accurate note henceforth till we land.

On 6 July we finished taking in cargo, silver sand and boxes of earth. At noon set sail. East wind, fresh. Crew, five hands . . . two mates, cook, and myself; (captain).

On 11 July at dawn entered Bosphorus. Boarded by Turkish Customs officers. Backsheesh. All correct. Under way at 4 p.m.


On 13 July passed Cape Matapan. Crew dissatisfied about something. Seemed scared, but would not speak out.

On 14 July was somewhat anxious about crew. Men all steady fellows, who sailed with me before. Mate could not make out what was wrong. They only told him there was SOMETHING, and crossed themselves. Mate lost temper with one of them that day and struck him. Expected fierce quarrel, but all was quiet.

On 16 July mate reported in the morning that one of the crew, Petrofsky, was missing. Could not account for it. Took larboard watch eight bells last night, was relieved by Amramoff, but did not go to bunk. Men more downcast than ever. All said they expected something of the kind, but would not say more than there was SOMETHING aboard. Mate getting very impatient with them. Feared some trouble ahead.

On 17 July, yesterday, one of the men, Olgaren, came to my cabin, and in an awestruck way confided to me that he thought there was a strange man aboard the ship. He said that in his watch he had been sheltering behind the deckhouse, as there was a rain storm, when he saw a tall, thin man, who was not like any of the crew, come up the companionway, and go along the deck forward and disappear. He followed cautiously, but when he got to bows found no one, and the hatchways were all closed. He was in a panic of superstitious fear, and I am afraid the panic may spread. To allay it, I shall today search the entire ship carefully from stem to stern.

Later in the day I got together the whole crew, and told them, as they evidently thought there was some one in the ship, we would search from stem to stern. First mate angry, said it was folly, and to yield to such foolish ideas would demoralise the men, said he would engage to keep them out of trouble with the handspike. I let him take the helm, while the rest began a thorough search, all keeping abreast, with lanterns. We left no corner unsearched. As there were only the big wooden boxes, there were no odd corners where a man could hide. Men much relieved when search over, and went back to work cheerfully. First mate scowled, but said nothing.

22 July.--Rough weather last three days, and all hands busy with sails, no time to be frightened. Men seem to have forgotten their dread. Mate cheerful again, and all on good
27

The Demeter (cont)

terms. Praised men for work in bad weather. Passed Gibraltar and out through Straits. All well.

24 July.--There seems some doom over this ship. Already a hand short, and entering the Bay of Biscay with wild weather ahead, and yet last night another man lost, disappeared. Like the first, he came off his watch and was not seen again. Men all in a panic of fear, sent a round robin, asking to have double watch, as they fear to be alone. Mate angry. Fear there will be some trouble, as either he or the men will do some violence.

28 July.--Four days in hell, knocking about in a sort of maelstrom, and the wind a tempest. No sleep for any one. Men all worn out. Hardly know how to set a watch, since no one fit to go on. Second mate volunteered to steer and watch, and let men snatch a few hours sleep. Wind abating, seas still terrific, but feel them less, as ship is steadier.

29 July.--Another tragedy. Had single watch tonight, as crew too tired to double. When morning watch came on deck could find no one except steersman. Raised outcry, and all came on deck. Thorough search, but no one found. Are now without second mate, and crew in a panic. Mate and I agreed to go armed henceforth and wait for any sign of cause.

30 July.--Last night. Rejoiced we are nearing England. Weather fine, all sails set. Retired worn out, slept soundly, awakened by mate telling me that both man of watch and steersman missing.

Only self and mate and two hands left to work ship.

1 August.--Two days of fog, and not a sail sighted. Had hoped when in the English Channel to be able to signal for help or get in somewhere. Not having power to work sails, have to run before wind. Dare not lower, as could not raise them again. We seem to be drifting to some terrible doom. Mate now more demoralised than either of men. His stronger nature seems to have worked inwardly against himself. Men are beyond fear, working stolidly and patiently, with minds made up to worst. They are Russian, he Roumanian.

2 August, midnight.--Woke up from few minutes sleep by hearing a cry, seemingly outside my port. Could see nothing in fog. Rushed on deck, and ran against mate. Tells me he heard cry and ran, but no sign of man on watch. One more gone. Lord, help us! Mate says we must be past Straits of Dover, as in a moment of fog lifting he saw North Foreland, just as he heard the man cry out. If so we are now off in the North Sea, and only God can guide us in the fog, which seems to move with us, and God seems to have deserted us.

3 August.--At midnight I went to relieve the man at the wheel and when I got to it found no one there. The wind was steady, and as we ran before it there was no yawing. I dared not leave it, so shouted for the mate. After a few seconds, he rushed up on deck in his flannels. He looked

The town of Whitby, Whitby Abbey and St. Mary's Church can be seen on the East Cliff or Haggerlythe.

wild-eyed and haggard, and I greatly fear his reason has given way. He came close to me and whispered hoarsely, with his mouth to my ear, as though fearing the very air might hear. "It is here. I know it now. On the watch last night I saw It, like a man, tall and thin, and ghastly pale. It was in the bows, and looking out. I crept behind It, and gave it my knife, but the knife went through It, empty as the air." And as he spoke he took the knife and drove it savagely into space. Then he went on, "But It is here, and I'll find It. It is in the hold, perhaps in one of those boxes. I'll unscrew them one by one and see. You work the helm." And with a warning look and his finger on his lip, he went below. There was springing up a choppy wind, and I could not leave the helm. I saw him come out on deck again with a tool chest and lantern, and go down the forward hatchway. He is mad, stark, raving mad, and it's no use my trying to stop him. He can't hurt those big boxes, they are invoiced as clay, and to pull them about is as harmless a thing as he can do. So here I stay and mind the helm, and write these notes. I can only trust in God and wait till the fog clears. Then, if I can't steer to any harbour with the wind that is, I shall cut down sails, and lie by, and signal for help . . .

It is nearly all over now. Just as I was beginning to hope that the mate would come out calmer, for I heard him knocking away at something in the hold, and work is good for him, there came up the hatchway a sudden, startled scream, which made my blood run cold, and up on the deck he came as if shot from a gun, a raging madman, with his eyes rolling and his face convulsed with fear. "Save me! Save me!" he cried, and then looked round on the blanket of fog. His horror turned to despair, and in a steady voice he said, "You had better come too, captain, before it is too late. He is there! I know the secret now. The sea will save me from Him, and it is all that is left!" Before I could say a word, or move forward to seize him, he sprang on the bulwark and deliberately threw himself into the sea. I suppose I know the secret too, now. It was this madman who had got rid of the men one by one, and now he has followed them himself. God help me! How am I to account for all these horrors when I get to port? When I get to port! Will that ever be?

4 August.--Still fog, which the sunrise cannot pierce, I know there is sunrise because I am a sailor, why else I know not. I dare not go below, I dare not leave the helm, so here all
night I stayed, and in the dimness of the night I saw it, Him! God, forgive me, but the mate was right to jump overboard. It was better to die like a man. To die like a sailor in blue water, no man can object. But I am captain, and I must not leave my ship. But I shall baffle this fiend or monster, for I shall tie my hands to the wheel when my strength begins to fail, and along with them I shall tie that which He, It, dare not touch. And then, come good wind or foul, I shall save my soul, and my honour as a captain. I am growing weaker, and the night is coming on. If He can look me in the face again, I may not have time to act. . . If we are wrecked, mayhap this bottle may be found, and those who find it may understand. If not . . . well, then all men shall know that I have been true to my trust. God and the Blessed Virgin and the Saints help a poor ignorant soul trying to do his duty . . .

Of course the verdict was an open one. There is no evidence to adduce, and whether or not the man himself committed the murders there is now none to say. The folk here hold almost universally that the captain is simply a hero, and he is to be given a public funeral. Already it is arranged that his body is to be taken with a train of boats up the Esk for a piece and then brought back to Tate Hill Pier and up the abbey steps, for he is to be buried in the churchyard on the cliff. The owners of more than a hundred boats have already given in their names as wishing to follow him to the grave.

No trace has ever been found of the great dog, at which there is much mourning, for, with public opinion in its present state, he would, I believe, be adopted by the town. Tomorrow will see the funeral, and so will end this one more 'mystery of the sea'.

8 August.--Lucy was very restless all night, and I too, could not sleep. The storm was fearful, and as it boomed loudly among the chimney pots, it made me shudder. When a sharp puff came it seemed to be like a distant gun. Strangely enough, Lucy did not wake, but she got up twice and dressed herself. Fortunately, each time I awoke in time and managed to undress her without waking her, and got her back to bed. It is a very strange thing, this sleep-walking, for as soon as her will is thwarted in any physical way, her intention, if there be any, disappears, and she yields herself almost exactly to the routine of her life.

Early in the morning we both got up and went down to the harbour to see if anything had happened in the night. There were very few people about, and though the sun was bright, and the air clear and fresh, the big, grim-looking waves, that seemed dark themselves because the foam that topped them was like snow, forced themselves in through the mouth of the harbour, like a bullying man going through a crowd. Somehow I felt glad that Jonathan was not on the sea last night, but on land. But, oh, is he on land or sea? Where is he, and how? I am getting fearfully anxious about him. If I only knew what to do, and could do anything!

10 August.--The funeral of the poor sea captain today was most touching. Every boat in the harbour seemed to be there, and the coffin was carried by captains all the way from Tate Hill Pier up to the churchyard. Lucy came with me, and we went early to our old seat, whilst the cortege of boats went up the river to the Viaduct and came down again. We had a lovely view, and saw the procession nearly all the way. The poor fellow was laid to rest near our seat so that we stood on it, when the time came and saw everything.

Poor Lucy seemed much upset. She was restless and uneasy all the time, and I cannot but think that her dreaming at night is telling on her. She is quite odd in one thing. She will not admit to me that there is any cause for restlessness, or if there be, she does not understand it herself.

There is an additional cause in that poor Mr. Swales was found dead this morning on our seat, his neck being broken. He had evidently, as the doctor said, fallen back in the seat in some sort of fright, for there was a look of fear and horror on his face that the men said made them shudder. Poor dear old man!

*Excerpted from the novel, Dracula, by Bram Stoker, 1897.

TV ALERT!

The television series Ghost Hunters airing on the Sci-Fi Channel, recently completed their own paranormal survey of the Berkeley and Star of India.

The episode will air on either October 29th or November 3rd.

Stay Tuned!
In Mather’s *Magnalia Christi*,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.
A ship sailed from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs,
That filled her sails at parting,
Were heavy with good men’s prayers.
"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure"—
Thus prayed the old divine—
"To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine!"
But Master Lamberton muttered,
And under his breath said he,
"This ship is so crank and walty
I fear our grave she will be!"
And the ships that came from England,
When the winter months were gone,
Brought no tidings of this vessel
Nor of Master Lamberton.
This put the people to praying
That the Lord would let them hear
What in his greater wisdom
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered:—
It was in the month of June,
An hour before the sunset
Of a windy afternoon,
When, steadily steering landward,
A ship was seen below,
And they knew it was Lamberton, Master,
Who sailed so long ago.
On she came, with a cloud of canvas,
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.
Then fell her straining topmasts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and lifted,
And blown away like clouds.
And the masts, with all their rigging,
Fell slowly, one by one,
And the hulk dilated and vanished,
As a sea-mist in the sun!
And the people who saw this marvel
Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their vessel,
And thus her tragic end.
And the pastor of the village
Gave thanks to God in prayer,
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,
He had sent this Ship of Air.

~ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
DANGER ALOFT

The U.S. Coast Guard strongly encourages that operators of vessels establish clear written guidelines and procedures for working aloft, require the use of safety harnesses, discourage and prohibit “rites of passage” such as described below. Going aloft to any height on any type of vessel is very serious and dangerous business, can be deadly and leaves no room for acts of daring or joking around!

We’re sadly reminded of that fact by the death of an 18 year old crewmember onboard a New England sailing vessel. This tall ship had embarked a group of students and set out for a beautiful day of sailing. About an hour into the cruise a crewmember slipped from the rigging and plummeted about 30 feet to the deck below sustaining terrible injury that resulted in his death.

Evidence in the casualty investigation indicated that this young man went aloft without permission, was unsupervised and alone and was participating in an informal rite of passage referred to in the tall ship community as “laying across the spring stay.” This involves crossing from one mast to another while hanging by your hands and feet on a wire called a “spring stay.”

The resultant Coast Guard casualty investigation concluded in part that, “The practice of laying across the spring stay is an extremely dangerous and unnecessary evolution, especially while the vessel is underway, and without a safety harness. Although crewmembers were not directed to use the spring stay, it appears the practice was not discouraged and was considered by some crewmembers as a daring accomplishment or rite of passage.”

Further, the investigation concluded that:

- The policies regarding crew training for going aloft in the rigging onboard the vessel appeared to be “unstructured and loosely defined” relying primarily upon on-the-job type training with no written guidelines or procedures.

- The crewmember was not wearing any type of safety harness. This piece of safety equipment was neither required by regulation or by company policy and was not onboard the vessel at the time of the casualty.

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Further Reading

Published in 2004, The indestructible square-rigger Falls of Clyde; 324 voyages under sail completed Bob Krauss’ endeavor to preserve this historic ship.

Published in 1998, author Dudley Pope wrote a fictional account of the Hermione mutiny and subsequent cutting expedition.

From Library Journal
This is another in Holt's new "Heart of the Oak Sea Classics" line of nautical titles (see Classic Returns, LJ 5/15/98, p. 121). In relating the events of a 1797 mutiny aboard the British frigate Hermione, Pope had done an "excellent job of piecing together all the facts and thus creating a unified, believable tale" (LJ 3/1/64). Though based on factual events, this is a great adventure story and perfect summer reading.

The Falls of Clyde is the world's only surviving full-rigged four-masted ship and sail-driven oil tanker. A veteran Pacific sailor/journalist, whose column in The Honolulu Advertiser spurred the campaign that saved this icon as a museum piece, traces its roles in Hawaiian maritime history as part of the Matson fleet. Krauss includes many illustrations and a chronology of its voyages under the British flag, 1879-99.

Courtesy of 2005 Book News, Inc.

AHoy MIKE ROWE!

Discovery Channel’s episode “Tar Rigger” featuring Mike’s adventures aboard the Star of India, premiered on October 7th and can now be seen in regular reruns.

Mike Rowe and the film crew from Dirty Jobs discuss laying aloft with Bosun George Sutherland in May 2008.
THIS MONTH...

October

1871, October 3rd - The full-rigged ship, Euterpe is sold to Shaw, Savill for the emigrant trade to New Zealand.

1848, October 11th - The United States Revenue Marine Service formally takes possession of the cutter C.W. Lawrence.

1898, October 18th - The steam ferry Berkeley is launched at Union Iron Works in San Francisco, CA.

1799, October 21st - The British 28-gun frigate HMS Surprise arrived off the harbor of Puerto-Cabello, and discovered the Spanish frigate Hermione moored head and stern between two strong batteries situated at the entrance of the harbor.

1872, October 21st - The full-rigged ship, Euterpe begins her first voyage as an emigrant ship to New Zealand.

1849, October 31st - The Campbell class revenue cutter, C.W. Lawrence, under the command of Alexander V. Fraser arrives in San Francisco, CA.

2007, October 28th - The full-rigged ship HMS Surprise, ex-Rose sets sail on her first sea trial after becoming part of the MMSD fleet.

From the Editor

Being the October issue, I was hoping for some Halloween elements to it. Luckily, I managed a few this time around. But, a funny thing happened as I put additional material together. With Star of India's fo'c'slehead now with a semi-permanent skylight, Californian's dilemma in dry-dock, Falls of Clyde fighting for her life, and the volunteers, staff, the bark Elissa and additional ships in the collection at the Texas Seaport Museum.

Quoted from Wikipedia, Halloween is rooted in the belief that "The ancient Gaels believed that on October 31, now known as Halloween, the boundary between the alive and the deceased dissolved, and the dead become dangerous for the living by causing problems such as sickness or damaged crops."

Considering the impact of the meaning of Halloween, I found myself surprised in writing about the continual struggle to keep these remaining historical ships alive. There was more than one story, September was tough on these survivors. October saw, to a degree, the placation of the dead, thus far, all ships discussed in this issue are on somewhat stable ground. Even a conclusion has been drawn about the cause of the fire that gutted the Cutty Sark as its ever-continuing plan to somehow save what is left. Our own museum, has now saved the USS Dolphin from a SINKPAC exercise, much to the relief of many navy veteran.

I've had the opportunity to chat with several Dolphin vets. The hands-on, personal stories that live within this submarine are many. And the voices are still with us. Chief Machinist's Mate (SW) John D. Wise Jr., I was informed, hand-painted specific valves, levers, etc., to a personal color-coding so as assure himself of flipping the correct switch. During her fire and flooding, "Wise, realizing what needed to be done, dove into the 57-degree water of the flooded pump room. Not knowing if the room's equipment had been secured, and with less than a foot of breathable space in the compartment, he ensured the seawater valves were lined up allowing the dewatering to commence...once the valves were aligned, he remained in the pump room for more than 90 minutes in order to keep a submersible pump from becoming clogged."

After being awarded the Navy and Marine Corps Medal, John Wise passed away several years ago. His story, his efforts, him, now become a part of this museum. Part of the museum's consistent effort to remember the past, preserve it for tomorrow. To placate the dead.

~ Brad Holderman – MMSD Volunteer Crew