Commemorative Issue

MAINS'L HAUL

Vol. 49: 1 & 2 Winter/Spring 2013

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A Journal of Pacific Maritime History

1863 2013



150 Years

Euterpe

Star of India

Maritime Museum of San Diego



The dramatic image of *Euterpe* on the Front Cover is, in fact, from the painting above. This depiction of the "*Star* Departing Maui," was painted by Raymond Massey, and first appeared in *Mains'l Haul's* "New Tales of *Euterpe* – As a British Emigrant Ship," Vol. 39: 3 & 4, Summer/Fall 2003.

Raymond Massey, originally from England, emigrated to the U.S. via Canada in 1954. He has had an accomplished career as a marine artist, combining his self-taught method of painting, his love of sailing, with his proclivity for in-depth research. His paintings achieve a dramatic impression while being historically significant. "*Star* Departing Maui" reflects a relatively short interlude (1898-1901) in the *Euterpe/Star of India's* career as a merchant ship, sailing from Washington with lumber, copper ore and flour, to Australia to pick up coal, and then back to Hawaii to offload the coal.

Euterpe was caught in the middle of the politics surrounding Hawaii's Annexation in 1898, and it wasn't until 1900 that the Hawaiian Organic Act declared that Hawaiian-registered vessels were entitled to full American registry. Within one year the ship was sold to the Alaska Packers Association.

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MAINSAIL HAUL–An order in tacking ship bidding, "Swing the main yards."

Maritime Museum of San Diego

MAINS'L HAUL

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A Journal of Pacific Maritime History

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FROM THE HELM

by Ray Ashley, Ph.D.

President and CEO,
Maritime Museum of San Diego

Because she has been on San Diego's waterfront for so long, and is so much a visual centerpiece of our identity, it is difficult not to take *Star of India* for granted. Eighty-six years has given us ample time to take her for granted in a variety of ways: as a piece of waterfront sculpture, a monument, a curiosity, an aging derelict, a photogenic backdrop, a community preservation project, a home to exhibits, a classroom, a ceremonial stage, an ocean-going ship, an outdoor theater, and so on. Indeed, through all her ups and downs, a casual acceptance has ever been her hallmark. A typical nineteenth-century ship, *Star of India* was not a revolutionary waypoint of technology, was never connected with famous people, never held any records for swift passages, and was never present at any of history's great or decisive moments. She was built with care by ordinary people for other ordinary people to use and ended up moored on an ordinary working waterfront. For most of her life she slipped by unnoticed, and on more than a few occasions nearly slipped quietly away forever. She is important, or so we have told ourselves, mainly for having outlived her contemporaries and for becoming ours to love so comfortably.

In this issue we ask you to look at her from a different perspective. Literally. If you pick your time, for instance, you might catch the view of her while coming down Ash Street on one of those brilliant San Diego afternoons as the sun is nearing the horizon and the light is streaming through twelve thousand square feet of her canvas. At such a moment it might well seem as though you had torn right through the living fabric of our world and opened a view beyond to something majestic, inspirational, and mysterious. It's a stunning view, a breathtaking view, and not just because of her beauty.

For forty thousand years humanity developed on disparate parallel tracks in regions separated by mostly impassible oceanic barriers. Then, about five centuries ago, cultures across the earth came suddenly, shockingly, and often catastrophically into contact. What followed was the age of oceanic migrations: the most expansive exchange of human populations, material culture, economic and belief systems, plant and animal species, and disease ever to occur. Much of this story is inspiring, for it is certainly characterized by a heroic quest for knowledge and the search for a better life.

But the story also frames a vast tragedy that includes the slave trade, the dispossession of native peoples from their lands, and the depopulation of vast areas through disease. Heroic or tragic, what we can say is that the oceanic migrations were collectively the most radical thing human beings have ever experienced, establishing the necessary preconditions for the scientific revolution, the industrial revolution, the enlightenment, and the rise of modern nation states. Of these large-scale global revolutions, all materialized during the Age of Sail, when the oceanic sailing ship emerged as the first world-encompassing, large-scale technological system. Against the backdrop of human experience the seaborne migrations, carried on the wings of the sailing ship, unfolded in the blink of an eye as one discrete event: the most important event ever to befall humanity.

This is why the view of the ship should take your breath away. Of all the tens of thousands of sailing ships that conducted the mass oceanic migrations, to my knowledge there remains only one that is pure of form, original in construction, and still able to put to sea and sail on her own. She is at this moment lying quietly at the foot of Ash Street, a solitary and irreplaceable piece of the world's heritage. Our time and that of our children and grandchildren will be spent bathed in the gradually waning sunlight of the great oceanic migrations. To catch that distant light and hold it within living memory, we have available to us only one true lens. The very last one. We'd best never take it for granted.

One hundred and fifty years after her launch, the *Star of India* sails in all her glory (with the *Californian* to windward). In 2013, she will have sailed sixteen times since her historic 1976 sail.

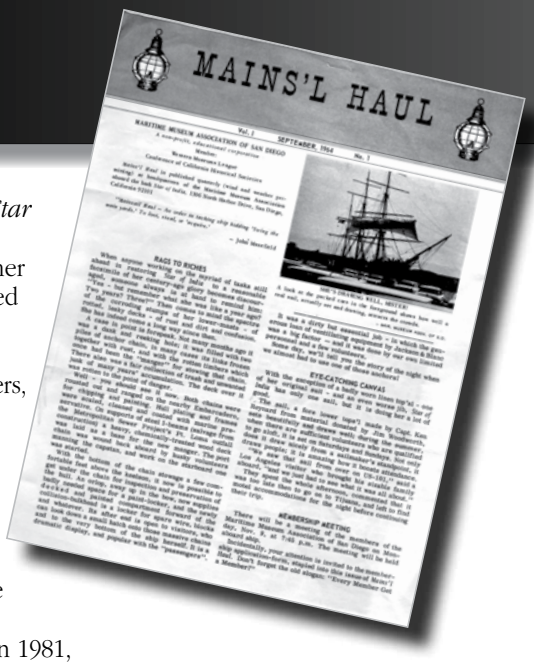
The centerpiece of the Maritime Museum, the *Star* is well looked after, well loved, and a national treasure for all to enjoy.





Looking rather overworked in 1921, *Star of India* heads for San Francisco to offload thousands of cases of salmon. By 1923, she would take her berth along other windjammers in Alameda's "Ship Alley". It was written then that she would never sail again.

Acknowledgements


MAINS'L HAUL

While compiling this issue of *Mains'l Haul*, which celebrates 150 years of *Euterpe/Star of India* history, it became apparent that the list of those who contributed to her history begins in 1863 with the builders of *Euterpe* – with those who celebrated her launch – and with the unnamed reporter from *Mona's Herald*, who so assiduously reported the details of her launch and ship characteristics; those details would later serve as the template for her restoration a century later.

The list of contributors must then include the captains, the sailors, the crews, the passengers, the workers – all who sailed aboard her. It must include those who have physically labored to keep her afloat, those who have raised funds to keep her afloat, those who have kept her history alive and those who have, to this day, through blood, sweat and tears, preserved her.

While we celebrate the *Star's* 150 years, it seems in concert to acknowledge the previous editors of *Mains'l Haul*, who have maintained the unbroken link in her history since 1964.

Jerry MacMullen produced the first *Mains'l Haul* in 1964. It was a modest one-page account of the on-going events at the Museum, which were mainly comprised of the continuing restoration efforts of *Star of India*, including the tireless fundraising efforts of the *Star of India* Ladies Auxiliary. MacMullen remained Editor/Librarian until his passing in 1981, when the library aboard *Berkeley* was named in his honor.

Carol Kettenburg (daughter of Paul Kettenburg), took over the helm in 1981, and she continued to expand *Mains'l Haul*, which was by then a combination newsletter with short historical articles. She passed over the helm to Gregg Chandler in 1984. All the while, Librarian Craig Arnold edited the articles.

Though active in creating the library since its inception, Gregg Chandler took a short turn at the editor's desk in 1984-1985, and this was the first occasion that *Mains'l Haul* sported a color cover and regularly accounted for 16 pages or more of Museum highlights interspersed with focused historical articles.

Craig Arnold's passion for the maritime word finally took over and, by 1985, he juggled being Editor of the Journal/Newsletter and Librarian. During this time, Craig managed to write several books based on accruing research materials: he authored *Euterpe, Diaries, Letters & Logs of the Star of India as a British Emigrant Ship*, and an in-depth history of the Museum's *Medea – The Classic Steam Yacht* (1994). Craig Arnold was a major contributor to the research and writings in *Mains'l Haul* until 1997, when he retired from the Museum to pursue writing full-time.

Charles A. (Chuck) Bencik began volunteering at the Museum in 1987 and served in many capacities – from Docent, to theatrical presentations, to Librarian (1997 to 2002). He was Editor from 1997-1999, and he authored and co-authored many *Mains'l Haul* articles with Mark Allen. His unrelenting research throughout the years has been focused on the *Star of India* (especially the Alaska Packers era), and as with many of his predecessors, his military service inspired a variety of topics on naval history.

Diane Cooper took a one-year stint (1988) as Editor-in-Chief with Chuck Bencik as Managing Editor.

Mark Allen became Editor in 1999-2005; he was also the Librarian from 2002-2005.

Mark authored several books, among them: *Building Kettenburgs: Premier Boats Designed and Built in Southern California.* During Mark Allen's tenure as Editor, *Mains'l Haul* grew to be an internationally acclaimed peer-reviewed maritime history journal. The out-of-print issue featured in this issue: *New Tales of Euterpe, Star of India – As a British Emigrant Ship* was painstakingly crafted by Mark Allen with the assistance of Chuck Bencik.

Each Editor, in turn, has built upon the research and writings of previous Editors, and it is from their work that this issue is crafted.

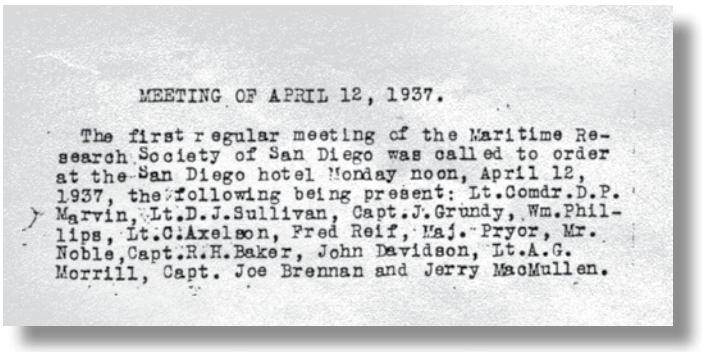
In addition, **Special Thanks** to contributing authors: James R. Mills, Robert G Wright, Captain Richard Goben and Brienne Ashley. Thanks also to my "guides" in research: MMSD Library Archivist and volunteer, Joe Cottingham, and *Star of India's* First Mate, Jim Davis.

Thanks to One and All,
Neva G. Sullaway, Editor

Pictured is Bob Wright, who volunteered on weekends in the 1960s, during the *Star's* restoration years. The Editor wishes to thank Bob for his editorial guidance herein, for his large collection of oral history interviews upon which much of our research is based, for his collection of primary documents surrounding the *Star of India's* life in San Diego, and for his unswerving love of history and the ship.
Photo Courtesy Bob Wright



Jerry MacMullen (1897-1981) was born in San Francisco, and at an early age came to San Diego. He earned a degree from the University of California Berkeley in 1921, having studied under Professor Herbert Bolton (a prominent historian specializing in California and the Southwest). MacMullen returned to San Diego and became a staff writer for the *Evening Tribune* and later for the *San Diego Union*. He serve for four years as a Naval Intelligence Officer, 1941-1945, and again in 1947-1951, after which MacMullen retired as a Commander in the U.S. Naval Reserve. With his writing, art and photography skills, and a love of all things maritime, Jerry authored four successful books: *Paddle Wheel Days in California; Ships of the Redwood Coast*, which he co-authored with Jack McNairn (MacMullen illustrated both books), *They Came by Sea: A Pictorial History of San Diego Bay, and Star of India – Log of an Iron Ship*. MacMullen was one of those instrumental in bringing the *Star of India* to San Diego and later devoted much of his time to supervising the restoration work. He helped found many historical societies, among them: the Junipero Serra Museum, the San Diego Corral of The Westerners, Conference of California Historical Societies, Coronado Historical Society, the Maritime Research Society; he was the President of the Maritime Museum of San Diego from 1958-1964, and *Mains'l Haul* Editor, until his passing in 1981.



MEETING OF APRIL 12, 1937.

The first regular meeting of the Maritime Research Society of San Diego was called to order at the San Diego hotel Monday noon, April 12, 1937, the following being present: Lt.Comdr.D.P. Marvin, Lt.D.J.Sullivan, Capt.J.Grundy, Wm.Phillips, Lt.C.Axelson, Fred Reif, Maj. Pryor, Mr. Noble, Capt.R.H.Baker, John Davidson, Lt.A.G. Morrill, Capt. Joe Brennan and Jerry MacMullen.

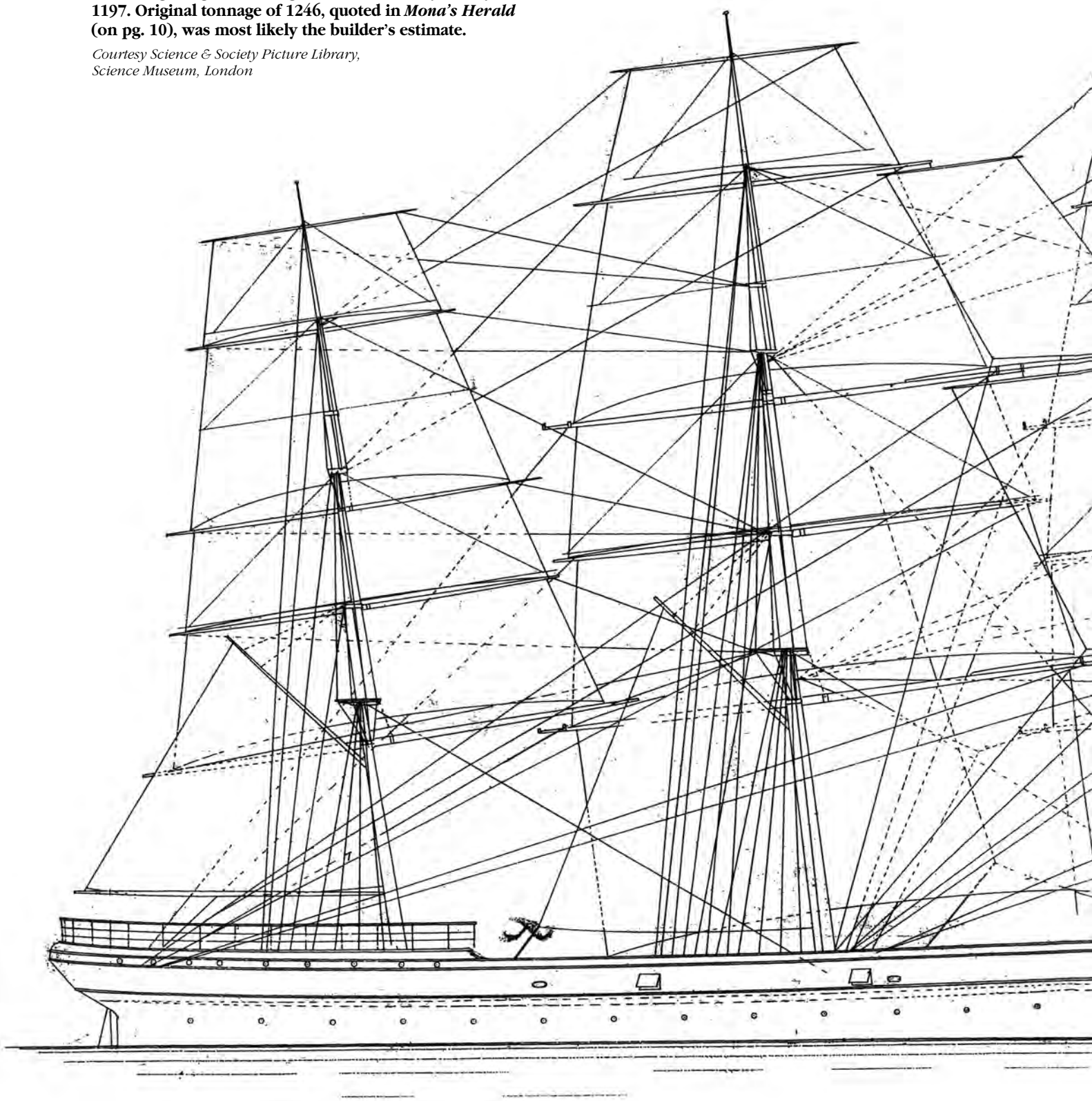


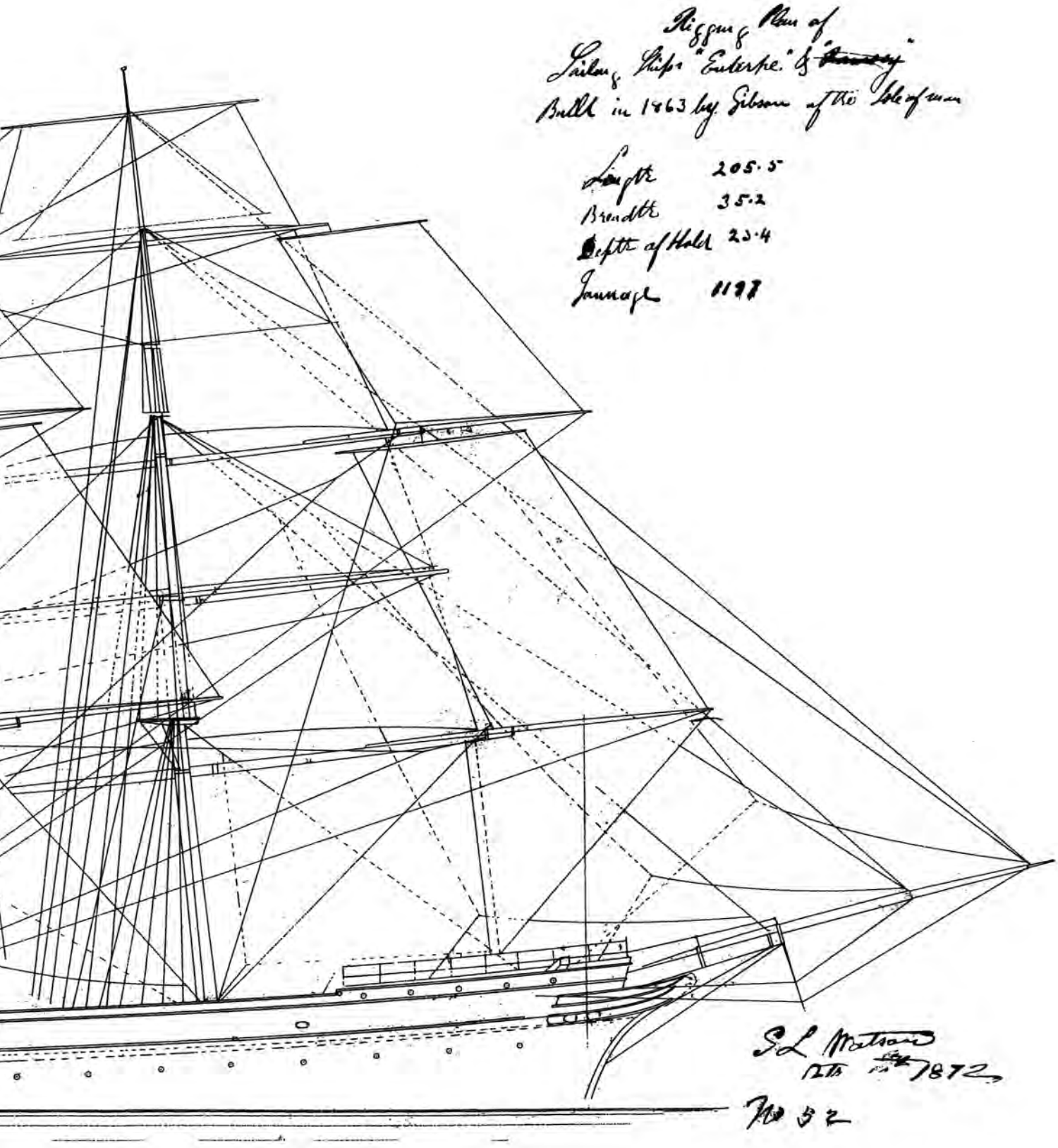
Jerry MacMullen was an early devotee and self-described "ship's husband" to *Star of India*. In this photo, he works aboard *Star*, which comprised the Maritime Museum and all its holdings from 1927, until *Berkeley* arrived in 1973.
MMSD Collection

This rigging plan, made in or before 1872, shows *Euterpe* **carrying a great spread of canvas. There are a few surprises: fore-and mainmasts carry stunsails, and a spencer is rigged aft of the mainmast.**

Note: Original gross tonnage as determined by survey was 1197. Original tonnage of 1246, quoted in *Mona's Herald* (on pg. 10), was most likely the builder's estimate.

Courtesy Science & Society Picture Library, Science Museum, London




Rigging & Plan of
Sailing Ships "Euterpe" &
Built in 1863 by Gibson of the Isle of man
Length 205.5
Breadth 35.2
Depth of Hold 23.4
Tonnage 1198
S L Watson
1872
No 52

Euterpe 1863

A Cold Collation is Served[1]

By Jerry MacMullen[2]



Above: A plein-air painting by J. Burkhill, lithographed by J. Needham, shows a quaint Ramsey Bay as it was in 1859.
Courtesy Manx Museum and National Trust, Ramsey, Isle of Man

Below: Schooners, cutters, and sloops gather below Ramsey's quay wall.
Courtesy San Francisco Maritime Museum



Maritime Museum of San Diego

MONA'S HERALD

LAUNCH OF AN IRON SHIP AT RAMSEY ON SATURDAY.

(From our own Reporter).

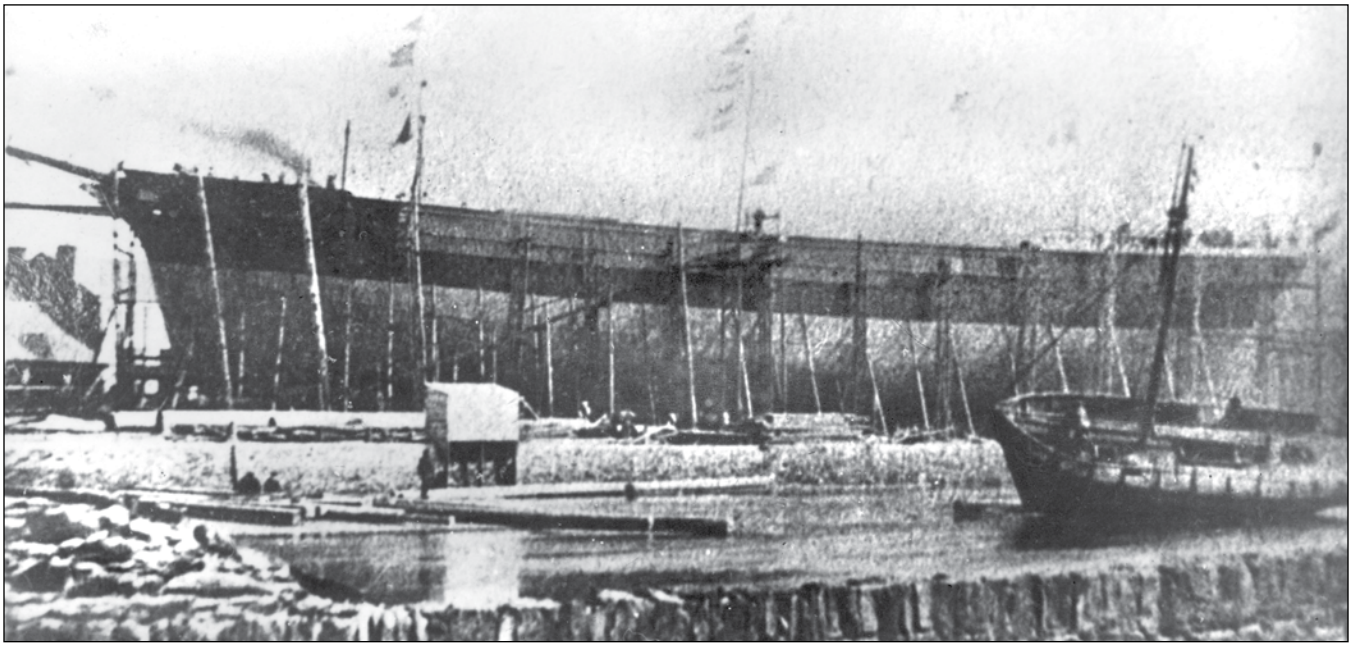
On Saturday last a splendid ship, built for Messrs Wakefield, Nash, and Company, East India Merchants' Tower-buildings, Water-street, Liverpool, was successfully launched from the shipbuilding yard of Messrs. Gibson, McDonald, and Arnold, at Ramsey. The ship is intended for the East India trade, and has been completed at a cost of about £25,000.

The yard presented a picturesque and animated appearance, variously-coloured bunting being displayed from different parts of the premises. The new ship was decorated from stem to stern with flags, the most conspicuous being the British union jack, the American ensign, and the flag of Liverpool. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present at the yard in order to witness the launching of the ship, amongst whom were— The Hon and Right Rev the Lord Bishop and Miss Powis, His Worship the High-Bailiff and Mrs. Tellett, Thomas Cummings Gibson, Esq, Captain McDonald, E. R. Arnold, Esq. Captain Brown, Mrs. Brown, Capt. Thornley Gibson, P. Gibson, Colon Callister, Esq., M Captain Thellusso the Misses Mars (Leeds), W. H. G Mrs. Hall, E. Th Esq, Miss Kelly Misses Gilders, J Goldsmith, Esq, Teare, Mrs Tulloc jun, Esq, &c, &c.

At the bow of purpose of enabli the pleasing cere to baptize her eff wine, which was of the stem of the past twelve o'cloc took their places Miss S Gibson, McDonald, G H McDonald having the piece of timb withdrawn. The the ways, and M dashed it against christen this gall ten minutes past into her future element amid loud cheering and the waving of handkerchiefs from hundreds of persons who observed her from the ship-yard and thronged the quay on the opposite side of the harbour. The Euterpe was, shortly after being launched, moored at her berth opposite the shipyard, and will there receive her masts, &c. It is expected that she will be fully rigged and equipped in three weeks; after which she will sail for Liverpool, and upon arriving there will be at once placed on the berth for Calcutta.

The Euterpe forecastle. She the keel; 35 fee The saloon cabin high. On each fitted up with There are, besi interior of the panelling being mouldings. Th Venetian ventila the Peninsular additional venti patent perforate length of the cab state-room has a all times, and is of air when the ports are patent off, at pleasure. light into the sa This is also fitte or shut when re there is a beauti Euterpe—the m a drawing of the these paintings Forrest and Co. addition to the there are three adopted for the passengers in th is the ship's pan cabins for the use of the commander of the vessel and his chief officer. Immediately between the latter apartments is a chart-room and library. Light is admitted to the last-named three apartments by means of four plate-glass windows, the crests of the owners of the ship being painted on the glass, and the windows fitted with patent sliding protectors. Both the windows and the protectors can be raised or lowered at pleasure; and the officer in command of the ship will thereby be enabled to over-

The Launch



Euterpe **on the ways awaiting launch at Gibson, McDonald & Arnold's yard in Ramsey, Isle of Man. According to the newspaper that day, "the ship is intended for the East India trade, and has been completed at a cost of about £25,000."**
Courtesy Manx Museum and National Trust, Ramsey, Isle of Man

You can't beat Saturday as a launching day. Shipyard workers have been known to celebrate a successful launching not wisely but too well, and having the affair on Saturday enables them to sober up on their own time. All of this may or may not have been why Saturday, November 14, 1863, was chosen for that festive day at the yard of Messrs. Gibson and McDonald at Ramsey, in the far-off Isle of Man.

On the stocks was the naked hull of an iron ship, awaiting the dollop of baptismal wine across her forefoot. Among the flags which dressed the sleek iron hull, three stood out smartly – the British Union Jack, the colors of the Port of Liverpool and, for reasons which are not entirely clear, the Stars and Stripes. And in this pretty gesture there was something prophetic, for it was the American Flag, last of the three under which she was fated to sail, which was to carry her, renamed *Star of India*, to the end of her first century afloat.

Above the platform which had been rigged for the launching party, her figurehead gazed serenely over the crowd; it was a buxom figure of the Greek goddess Euterpe, fresh from the skillfully plied chisels of George Sutherland, the Glasgow carver. That was to be her name – *Euterpe* – and that figurehead was to scan the rolling greybacks of the Roaring Forties, the pack ice of the Bering Sea, and the waterfronts of, to name but a few, Calcutta, Melbourne, Wellington and San Francisco. Most of that figurehead is intact today, and whether the few missing bits were lost to a nameless Spanish brig off the Welsh coast, to the steamship *Canadian* in Glasgow, or to the plodding stern-wheeler *Fort Bragg* in San Francisco is not a matter of record.

As busy as a beaver that day was the reporter from the Manx newspaper *Mona's Herald*; he was going to have to fill the equivalent of three columns of agate type, so it is small wonder that he went into some detail:

A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present at the yard in order to witness the launching of the ship, amongst whom where – the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop and Miss Powis, His Worship the High Bailiff and Mrs. Tellet, Thomas Cummings Gibson, Esq., Captain McDonald, E.R. Arnold, Esq., Captain Brown, Mrs. Brown…. At the bow of the ship a platform was erected for the purpose of enabling Mrs. Brown (the lady upon whom the pleasing ceremony of christening the ship devolved) to baptize her effectually by means of a bottle of port wine…Captain McDonald having given the command – 'Out shores,' the piece of timber familiarly called 'the dagger' was withdrawn. The ship then began to move slowly down the ways, and Mrs. Brown, seizing the bottle of wine, dashed it against the stem of the vessel and said, 'I christen this gallant ship *Euterpe*.' The *Euterpe*, at ten minutes past twelve o'clock, noon, glided majestically into her future element….

With that much of it accomplished, all hands settled down to the simple pleasures of the day. If it developed into anything like a modern launching with many bottles beside the baptismal one, and with two or three good fights underway simultaneously among the workmen, there was no mention of it in *Mona's Herald*, which went thus:

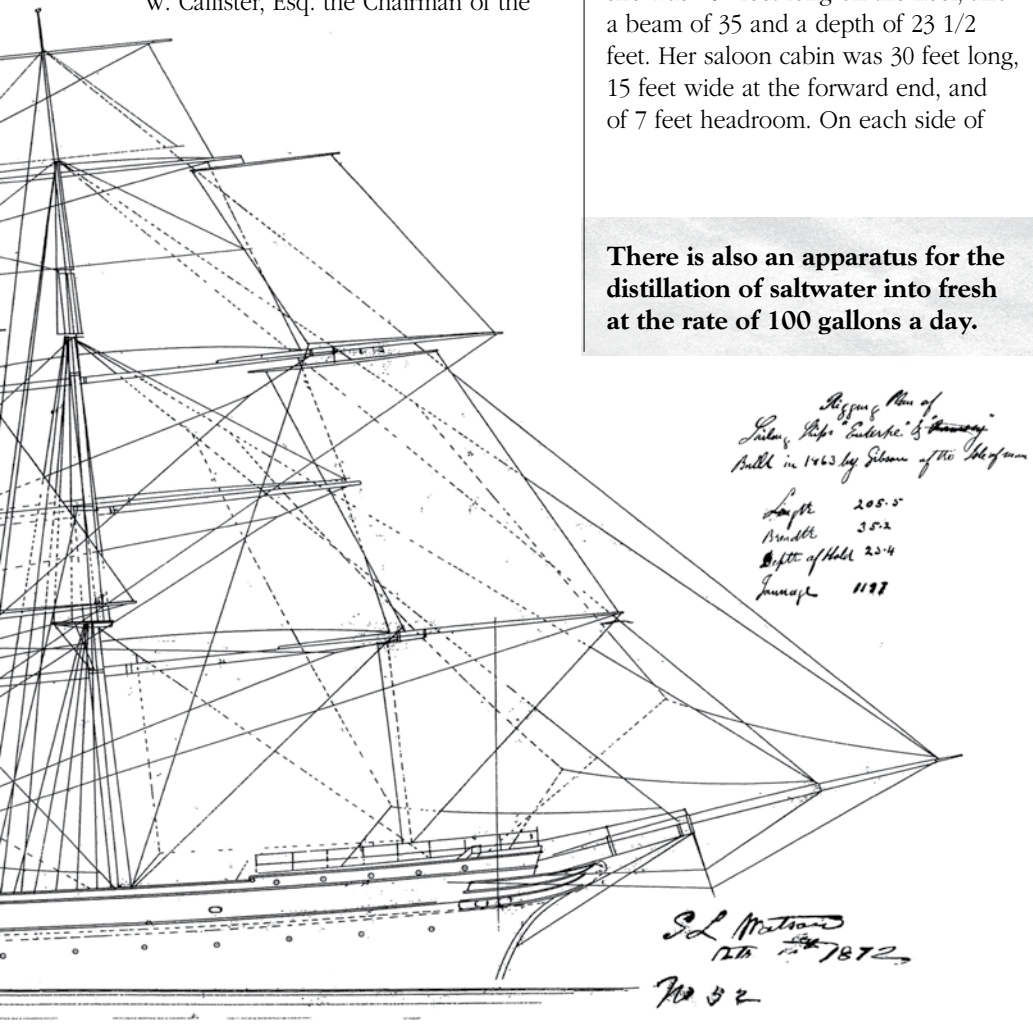
Immediately after the *Euterpe* had been safely moored in her berth, a cold collation was served in the sail room of the yard. The room was hung with flags, and presented a neat appearance….

The ensuing speeches were long, and not particularly sprightly; they were, moreover, confined chiefly to the remarks of one W. Callister, Esq. the Chairman of the Day, and the Lord Bishop, on a sort of dialogue basis. There were toasts to Queen Victoria and to the local clergy, to the economic future of Ramsey and to Messrs. Wakefield, Nash & Company, East India merchants….

[Enthusiastic predictions that the yard would build scores of big sailing ships and steamers failed to become fact; actually, *Euterpe* was to have only three sisters, the ships *Eurydice, Erato,* and *Ramsey.* All are gone now.]

Fortunately for posterity, the *Herald* reporter was able to emerge from the torrent of verbiage with enough strength left to record some good, solid technical details – priceless for those who undertook *Euterpe's* restoration nearly a century later. He listed her as an iron ship with full poop and fo'c's'le, and of 1246 tons register; she was 202 feet long on the keel, and a beam of 35 and a depth of 23 1/2 feet. Her saloon cabin was 30 feet long, 15 feet wide at the forward end, and of 7 feet headroom. On each side of the cabin there were, originally, eight staterooms as well as a bath and toilet. Interior trim was - and still is – walnut with maple mouldings….

There is also an apparatus for the distillation of saltwater into fresh at the rate of 100 gallons a day.



At one point, however, he [the reporter] seems to have gone off the deep end; this was in the matter of her military potentialities:

On this (main) deck there are eight portholes which can be used for working guns of large caliber - thus, in case of necessity, the ship could be easily transformed into a ship of war, or used as a transport for the conveyance of troops.

Obviously, he was referring to the wash ports, put there for no more belligerent purpose than freeing the deck of the tons of water which she was bound to ship in heavy weather.

The original deckhouse was 34 feet long, 14 feet wide, and 7 feet 9 inches high; the galley was at its forward end, and abaft of this important compartment were 14 berths for the "petty-officers and midshipmen." The fo'c's'le, right in the eyes of the ship, was 30 feet long, 7 feet high, and contained berths for 25 men.

…Some 30 ports, with "patent covers" were provided, and fittings for the slinging of hammocks were noted as well. It was estimated she could carry 600 troops.

Decking of poop and main deck was, originally, of red pine, added strength at the sides being given by wide strakes of greenheart. Three capstans were located on the main deck, both these and the main pump being supplied by John Wilson, of Liverpool. The weather side of the poop bulkhead was of teak, as were the skylight and the rails. Mooring bitts on poop and main deck were of novel design in that their tops could be removed, to admit air to the staterooms and 'tweendecks.

It appears that the captain's cabin, originally, was on the starboard side, at the forward end of the poop….

…Painted on glass at the after end

there still exists a well executed picture of Euterpe herself; at the forward end, originally, was a painting of the arms of the Port of Liverpool. Both were from the Liverpool glass works of Forrest & Company. The forward one has long since vanished, being replaced by solid planks.

Lower masts were of iron…with the exception of the mizzen; when, years later, she was cut down to a bark, a wooden mizzenmast was installed.

The sails are of the best Arbroath canvas, manufactured by Messrs. David Corsar & Son [of Glasgow]. Some 15,000 yards of canvas have been used in the making of one suite of sails for the ship, and nearly one thousand tons of iron have been used in her construction.

Those who feel that *Euterpe* looked old for her years are not being wholly unreasonable. Even as she lay, spanking new, at her builders' wharf, there was something about her that seemed quaint and old-fashioned. For one thing, her hull had very little sheer – which made her, when she got into heavy weather, a pretty wet ship. With a low fo'c'sle and a low poop, seas came aboard her forward and they came aboard her aft, and her log books are well larded with entries about her deck being full of water as she slogged her way through the seas, rather than over them.

The windlass is also capable of being used as a fire-engine, if it be required.

Below the waterline as well as above, her bows are a bit on the pudgy side – nor are the lines of her after part exactly what you would call yacht-like. It almost seems as if her builders hesitated to discard the full-bodied lines of the grand old East Indiamen, and refused to believe that

The hatchway is spacious, and capable of admitting a complete locomotive engine to the hold below.

the clipper ship was here to stay. Well – if they didn't want a "flash packet" they must have been well satisfied, for she was certainly no record breaker. Although she continued to haul cargo and people for a great many years, and no doubt made money for her owners, she took her own sweet time about it. In her later colonial service she never made it to New Zealand in under 100 days, although others such as *Turakina* and *Peter Denny* at times got there in 80 or less.[3]

Turnbuckles were already known in *Euterpe's* time, but they were not for her. Honest dead-eyes of lignum vitae, set up by hemp lanyards and well doused with Stockholm tar, were what were to keep her rigging taut.

For many years, there have been those who commented sourly upon an awkward gap between the bottom of her bowsprit and the top of her figurehead. Under a powerful magnifying glass, a photograph of 1874 revealed no such gap; the space was filled with a form of decoration sometimes called "hair nails," gracefully curved boards which swept aft from the figurehead to the bow plating, just below the bulwark level. It's a fitting which goes back to the eighteenth century, and calls to mind the decoration of even earlier ships. The photo explained an old mystery in the form of an iron bolt, right in between Mrs. Euterpe's shoulders; it held the forward ends of these rails. Where the after ends were secured was revealed in 1960 when they sandblasted off the old paint. There were the marks on her plates where the after ends had been fastened.[4]

During the flowery speeches that November afternoon, a hint was dropped that in three weeks she would be ready for sea....

Ahead of her lay tropical seas, strange cargoes in strange far-off ports, collisions, fire, strandings, the ice of Alaskan waters, and a score of globe-girdling voyages.

NOTES

1 This article was adapted from the first chapter of Jerry MacMullen's book: *Star of India - The Log of an Iron Ship*, 1979 edition, published by the Maritime Museum of San Diego.

2 Jerry MacMullen (1897-1981) was born in San Francisco, and at an early age came to San Diego. He earned a degree from the University of California Berkeley in 1921, having studied under Professor Herbert Bolton (a prominent historian specializing in California and the Southwest). MacMullen returned to San Diego and became a staff writer for the *Evening Tribune* and later for the *San Diego Union*. He serve for four years as a Naval Intelligence Officer, 1941-1945, and again in 1947-1951, after which MacMullen retired as a Commander in the U.S. Naval Reserve. With his writing, art and photography skills, and a love of all things maritime, Jerry authored four successful books: *Paddle Wheel Days in California; Ships of the Redwood Coast*, which he co-authored with Jack McNairn (MacMullen illustrated both books), *They Came by Sea: A Pictorial History of San Diego Bay,* and *Star of India – Log of an Iron Ship.* MacMullen was one of those instrumental in bringing the *Star of India* to San Diego and later devoted much of his time to supervising the restoration work. He helped found many historical societies, among them: the Junipero Serra Museum, the San Diego Corral of The Westerners, Conference of California Historical Societies, Coronado Historical Society, the Maritime Research Society; he was the President of the Maritime Museum of San Diego from 1958-1964, and *Mains'l Haul* Editor, until his passing in 1981.

3 Sir Henry Brett, *White Wings,* Auckland, N.Z., 1924

4 Also revealed by this sandblasting were *Euterpe's* Plimsoll marks, and the original draft numerals.

Euterpe
1864-1871

In Eastern Seas: *Euterpe* in the Indian Trade[1]

By Craig Arnold[2]

Euterpe's Maiden Voyage

January 9, 1864 – November 15, 1864

On a winters' day in the first week of 1864, Captain William Storry left his house at 11 Morpeth Street, Liverpool, to take the iron ship *Euterpe* to the Eastern Seas. The chill wind off the Irish Sea nipped the good captain's face as he hurried seaward through the brown-brick streets of the city. Somewhere in the River Mersey, dividing the city from its satellite port of Birkenhead, lay moored the new ship from the Isle of Man. She lay filled with new cordage, new paint, new men, in fact, new everything.

His masters at the East India firm of Wakefield, Nash & Co., had given Storry his orders. He would set sail on *Euterpe* and take her round the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta, metropolis of the British Raj. Along the way, he would encounter cyclonic storms of extreme violence, plagues in the East rivaling those in the *Book of Exodus*, and agitation from the crew. His ship would nearly be destroyed by the ocean's fury in the Bay of Bengal; he would know fire and mutiny, disease and death, until at last he finished in a watery grave off the Nicobar Isles.

It was only natural that her first six voyages should take her to India. India was the jewel of the Crown. The British Empire's richest possession, her limits then encompassed modern India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Burma and Ceylon (Sri Lanka).

Trade with India centered on Calcutta. Lesser ports such as Bombay, Madras and others had importance; but Calcutta, sited at a major confluence of Asian rivers, was a teeming center of commerce from time immemorial. The port lies roughly 80 miles from the sea on the left bank of the Hooghly River. Here the gaunt square-riggers lay fast beneath the tropic sun, loaded and unloaded by swarms of smaller craft. Jute, cotton, tea and rice were the principal exports; imports were finished cotton and linen goods, hardware and industrial products.

Euterpe knew these waters and others in the East. Her travels between 1864 and 1871 took her to Rangoon in lower Burmah (as it was spelled then), Bombay, Madras, Colombo and Trincomalie.

In 1864, the year of *Euterpe's* first voyage to the subcontinent, the situation in India had changed enormously in the preceding few years. With the suppression of the Sepoy Mutiny came the end of venerable "John Company"- the British East India Company, founded by royal charter under Queen Elizabeth I, in 1600. John Company had run India as virtually a private fiefdom, with its own private armies and navies. The Sepoy Mutiny changed all that. When all the shooting, stabbing and blowing rebels from the cannon's mouth were over, John Company ceased to exist. The Indian troops who remained loyal became units of the British Army, and the first Viceroy, Lord Canning, took over.

The outbreak of the American Civil War in 1861 escalated the price of cotton, and suddenly Indian cotton was much in demand in the mills of England…Jute mills and cotton mills proliferated, coal mining and tea-growing were well-established, and plenty of fortunes remained to be made.



This painting of *Euterpe* is the earliest known portrait of the ship. At twenty-two years old, Frederick Tudgay (1841-1921) painted *Euterpe* the year of her launch. He was from a British family of ship portrait artists.

The painting was gifted to the Maritime Museum of San Diego from the Manx Museum, Ramsey, Isle of Man.

On January 9, 1864, Euterpe set sail from Liverpool with a crew of 29: the master, three mates, carpenter, boatswain, steward, cook, 18 seamen, two "Boys" and one apprentice… .

E*uterpe* was in trouble right from the start. On January 10, one day out, Captain Storry recorded:

Thomas Williamson, Boatswain fell from the Forecastle onto the Main Deck & Bruised his face, Cutting his eye, & otherwise damaging his person – applied the proper medicines and sent him below –

Jany 13th 1864 at 3 AM
Off St. David's Head

The Wind at WSW, Light Breeze rather hazy on the horizon – The Sec^nd officer, Mr. Dowd, in charge of the Deck, the man on the lookout reported a vessel on the Port Bow. Mr. Dowd observed her to be about four Points on the Port Bow, & running before the Wind but she had no lights hanging out, he [Mr. Dowd] immediately enquired if our Side Lights was all right, & the answer being in the affirmative, Mr. Dowd hailed the Vessel to Port his helm, three different times, to pass under our Stern, seeing that it was impossible that he could clear us, by going ahead, but seeing no one on her Deck, & hearing no response, & that the Vessel kept on her Course, he immediately threw all aback, to ease the Concussion, at [the] same time calling me, the Master, on deck, I being laid on the Sofa, having been nearly all the time on Deck since leaving Liverpool, & being already dressed, Immediately ran on Deck, just in time, to see the collision, our Sails being flat aback, & the Brigs yards Square, with her Stern to the Wind, Immediately ran Forward & found that he had carried away our Jib Boom, & that the Jib Boom Gear was entangled with the Starboard Side, but I saw no light except the one in the Binnacle, Subsequently he hung out a Red Light…Myself, the first & sec^nd officers as well as the

man on the Lookout, can confidently ascert that we saw no Side Lights hung out at the time of Collision…I judged him to be a Spanish Brig & by the Course he was Steering, bound to Liverpool.

We hoisted in the broken piece of Jib Boom, & saved a great portion of the Head Gear, the Jibs & Foresail being very much torn & unfit for use, without repairs, - I then made Sail & Stood to the Westward, the Wind having veered to the South, during the time we was in Collision – After making Sail on the Ship the crew came aft to me & desired to speak with me, on asking them what they wanted they replied that they desired me to put back into Some Harbour, as the Ship was in her disabled state, not fit to proceed to Sea, & as they was worn out with fatigue, it was impossible, they could Work the Ship out of the Channel – I told them that I was the best judge of that…they replied, that with all due defference to me, they would not, proceed in the Ship, nor do any more Work, unless, I would bear up for some Harbour, to put the Ship in order, as at present time, She was not Sea worthy – Seeing that they were obstinate, & that without the Crew being willing to Work, the Ship was in danger, I consulted with my Officers, & finally concluded, that, under the circumstances, we had no other alternative, but to put back, for the safety of the Ship & Cargo, as without men to Work the Ship, she was in danger of being lost.

Signed W J Storry Master
William Sinclair first Mate
John Jos. Dowd Sec^nd^ Mate
Thomas Gates Carpenter
William Morison third Mate

Storry wasted no time back at Anglesey [the harbor where they effected repairs]. With the help of officers of the law, his 17 mutinous men were hauled into court, found guilty, and sentenced to:

… Fourteen days with hard labour for refusing to proceed to Sea in the Ship Euterpe….

Replacements for the miscreants were swiftly signed aboard, and *Euterpe* again got under way for India. Her log through April is filled with medical reports – if the new crew were more tractable, they were certainly a sickly lot. Among their ailments were *severe cold* (treatment: *sweating powder & warm bath for his feet with arrowroot*); *Rheumatic fever* (treatment: *five grains of Hydriodate of Potass & one drachm of Nitric Ether three times a day*); and *erysipelas* (treatment: *Port Wine & Porter*).

Various others endured *the quinsey,* venereal disease, *the Rheumatizm,* rashes and so forth. Captain Storry's medicine chest … was called upon for all it could provide. One case, that of Hugh McNeil, proved most troublesome. Storry tried *Calomet and opium*, then *Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne,* but results were marginal. McNeil lay sick in his berth until the ship reached Calcutta, then he was sent on shore to hospital.

Euterpe ascended the Hooghly [river] and moored on or about May 1, 1864. [Hugh McNeil died in the Hospital. As was the custom, his belongings were auctioned to the crew.]

[On the return voyage to England, Captain Storry himself fell ill, along with the new first Mate Charles Sinclair, but they both recovered.]

Euterpe sailed up the River Mersey and finished the voyage on November 15, 1864. Collision, mutiny, disease, and one death had marred *Euterpe's* maiden voyage.

Euterpe's 1865 Voyage to Calcutta and Return

The Captain's End



December 31,1864 – November 29, 1864

On the last day of 1864, *Euterpe* sailed from Liverpool on her second voyage to India. Captain William John Storry was again her master. Arthur J. Whiteside was first mate; Joseph Byrne [was] second [mate]. This voyage, which would not end back in England until November 1866, was fated to be both her longest ever and her most troublesome.

The Bay of Bengal is notorious for cyclonic storms between October and December. These storms pack winds in excess of 100 knots. Such tempests power north from the Indian Ocean into the Bay of Bengal. Piling up force as it goes, overwhelming all obstacles, a Bengal cyclone may expend energy equivalent to nine million megatons of atomic power…The *Sailing Directions* are quite specific for this region:

> **During the prevalence of suspicious or threatening weather, the master of every vessel anchored within the limits of the roadstead is required not to be absent from his vessel between sunset and sunrise…and to maintain his vessel ready in every respect to proceed to sea on short notice.**

Nov 23rd 1865
Madras

This day slipped from Madras to avoid an approaching Cyclone which unfortunately overtook us on 26th & to save the Ship from foundering we was obliged to cut away the Masts after which the Sea broke over the Ship in terrible fury Severely injuring a great portion of the crew. With the remainder of the Crew we erected Jury Masts & Made the best of our way towards the land.

Dec. 9th 1865
Trincomalie

Certified that the men whose names are here mentioned are the Bona-fide crew of the Ship Euterpe as per articles left at Wead….in consequence of the Ship having to slip…and that after slipping encountered a several cyclone, which swept away the whole contents of the Cabin….

(The captain and the crew now numbered 29.)

Now Storry shouldered the onerous task of getting his ship repaired at Trincomalie. At this date Trincomalie was a relatively small port on the northeast coast of Ceylon [Sri Lanka], without a well-equipped dockyard. To add to the difficulties of the work, a new problem cropped up with the crew [aside from the continuing illnesses and refusals to work], which Storry dubbed the "Affair of the Cotton." *Euterpe's* cargo at this time was Indian cotton, much in demand in English mills.

Dec 27th 1865
Trincomalie

In commencing to break out the Cargo, from the fore compartment it was found by the chief officer (Mr. Whiteside) that one of the Bales had been cut open and about one third of the Cotton taken away, completely destroying it… I instantly summoned all hands in the forecastle & commenced to search for the same, and found Cotton, comprising the Beds of George Walker, Gervano Grandamarino and Henry Breaun…the aforesaid George Walker having on two or three occasions committed himself by getting drunk, making a disturbance in the ship I had sanctioned his discharge providing he could ship in the Anne Langer….

Dec. 29th 1865
Trincomalie

It was reported to me (the Master) by the chief officer that George Walker would not work…and on questioning him why he did not go to his work, he replied 'that things had gone as far as they could go,' and he should do no more good in the ship. And then I ordered him to return to work, he positively refused to do any more work on board the ship.

Storry read the above entry to Walker the next day, clearly indicating that he intended to take the matter to the authorities. Walker backed down and resumed duty. Gervano Grandamarino, the Maltese sailor who was involved in the Affair of the Cotton, unwisely announced that he would rather go to prison than do any more work. Storry took him at his word, and Grandamarino was committed to the Common Jail for four weeks. He came back aboard on February 5, 1866, but still refused to work. Two days later he went back to jail with a one-month sentence, plus the forfeiture of one day's pay for every day he spent off duty. The following month Storry secured his discharge, and also accepted the discharges of four other hands. The three men sent to hospital with injuries from the cyclone recovered and rejoined the ship.

In March [1866] the ship was fit enough to sail up to Calcutta, where more extensive repairs could be done. Here no less than 12 men were discharged, and two men sent to hospital.

Her repairs completed after nearly eight months, *Euterpe* sailed out of the Hooghly River for home on July 27, 1866. But she took with her a fatal souvenir: a tropical fever of unknown origin had invaded the ranks of her crew. Virulent and unstoppable, it struck first at A.B. John Wellerwick, a man shipped at Calcutta.

Wellerwick went downhill fast. Storry gave him chalk powder, Dovers Powders, castor oil, laudanum (opium), Goulards Extract, arrowroot, and chicken broth. Only a very slight improvement was registered as July slipped into August and *Euterpe* plowed south through the Bay of Bengal. Dysentery steadily weakened Wellerwick. Storry brought him aft from the fo'c's'le and put him in the mate's cabin, but the man was slipping away.

As Storry wrote in the log on August 2, 1866:

It appears on enquiries that the Man Witterwick [sic] was ill in the Hospital suffering under the same disease, this I was not aware of when I shipped him. The disease must have been deeply seated in his system else he never could have wasted so suddenly.

August 3rd 1866
Lat 14° 45'N Long 86° 3'E

Patient much worse unable to take Medicine in fact stubbornly Refusing to take it. Apparently in the last stage. Gave him thin Arrowroot & Port Wine at his request with weak Tea to Drink. Read prayers for the sick & dying from Established Church Prayer book he being a Protestant & exhorted him to consider his [illegible word]. In the night he was convulsed. One hand constantly with him.

[Wellerwick passed at 8 A.M. the next day (August 4th). His effects were later thrown overboard and his room was *Thoroughly cleansed and applied Barnets' Disinfecting Fluid.*]

…continuation of August 4th entry:

Captain Storry had for the last few days complained of feeling unwell, also of having very offensive breath, which he partly blamed on exposure to the weather, as he has for some time been keeping his watch owing to the Chief Officer being laid up. The evening at 4 P.M. he got saturated with rain in a squall and remained in his wet clothes for a considerable time. On coming below he was stripped, rubbed all over with a rough towel and Dry Clothes put on. Complaining of being very cold and Chilly he then took a shake accompanied with fever. Immediately sent him to bed and covered him well up…Gave him One Tea Spoonful of "Sweet Spirit of Nitre" in water to Quench thirst, which was at once followed by Violent Vomiting. At this time his eyes were much Bloodshot, "Tongue," thickly furred of a Dark Color. "Pulse" Quick and Strong.

8 P.M. William McNeill [the steward], considering that he saw every symptom of a Violent Fever setting in, The Captain being Very Fleshy and of Full Habit offered to bleed him to which Captain Storry Strongly objected to. Gave 5 Grains Calomel 15 do. Jalap worked off with Salts….

[The entries continue August 5th & 6th reporting Storry's struggle to try to work out observations, with *his Mind Continually wandering*… he *Became Exhausted and very weak.*]

Curious Log Entries
1867 & 1869

May 22d 1867
Lat. 39°S
Long 20°E

During the last three days I have to the best of my belief thrown overboard about 46 tons of staples and 7 tons of chain, and from this time proposed to wait for the present, and be guided by future events.
–Captain William Murton

May 30th 1867
Lat. 27°S
Long. 48°E

During the past bad weather Ship behaved much better, not rolling so heavily, not shipping so much water.
–Captain William Murton

April 17th 1869
Lat. 6°13'N
Long. 21° 36'W

Frederick Weaver, who had shipped in the capacity of Able Seaman and Butcher, we find that he is utterly incompetent to perform the Duty of the former. He cannot Steer. He cannot Splice, and in fact he cannot do an thing regarding a Seamans duty. He cannot even be trusted with a Lookout, not knowing a Cloud from a Ship.
I therefore reduce his pay to thirty Shillings a month.
–John Kyle, Master
–Walter Walpole, Mate

August 7th 1866
Lat, 10° 45'N
Long 90° 6'E

2 P.M. …Tongue –White Furred . Pulse – So low that it could not be felt Body – covered with a cold, Clammy Sweat…

4 P.M. Gave him a plate of Chicken Broth which he partook Heartily, and very restless and talkative and walked as far as the Fore Cabin Door, wishing to go up onto the Poop but he was persuaded to return to his Cabin, and on looking at him, he had a wild appearance but spoke calmly, & sensibly, and on being asked if he felt any pain, replied "that he felt no pain" and hoped to get "a little sleep" which he thought would completely restore him.

7 P.M. He fell off to sleep, it was a nervous sleep, his fingers constantly twitching and [he was] Muttering incoherent sentences.

9. P.M. Heard a noise as if he was ejecting wind from his stomach, the Steward held the light towards his face, & perceived a quantity of white Froth oozing out of his mouth felt his pulse also placed his hand over his heart and found there was no pulsation whatever. He was dead… .

Storry's burial took place not far west of the Nicobar Islands south of Burma. Chief Officer Whiteside now became the captain, but the disease had attacked him also on July 31… The steward doctored Whiteside according to the *Seaman's Medical Guide*, and in his case it must have done some good, because Whiteside resumed duty on August 18.

Euterpe officially wrapped up the voyage at London on November 29, 1866. Some 23 months, less two days, had elapsed since her departure from Liverpool. It had been a long, painful voyage for all hands – and the last for three.

The Voyages of 1867-1868 1868-1869 1869-1870

India in the mid-nineteenth century was a long way from Britain by sea. Sailing vessels going from London had to beat out of the English Channel against the prevailing westerlies, head for the South Atlantic via Madeira, and catch the Brazil Current. Once above the latitude of 40°S, they turned their bows east, and bowled along the *Roaring Forties* around the Cape of Good Hope. Then they sailed north by east toward Indian waters.

In 1869, something happened to take the age-old trade away from sailing ships. The Suez Canal was opened, greatly cutting the sea time between London and Calcutta. This shortcut was all but useless for sailing vessels, but ideal for steamships. In those days, steamers were limited because of their frequent need to coal. Thus they were impractical for the longer ocean routes, such as those to Australia, New Zealand, and the West Coast of South America, which remained the province of sail.

This factor led directly to *Euterpe's* sale and transfer to Shaw Savill line in 1871, and her use thereafter for the emigrant trade.



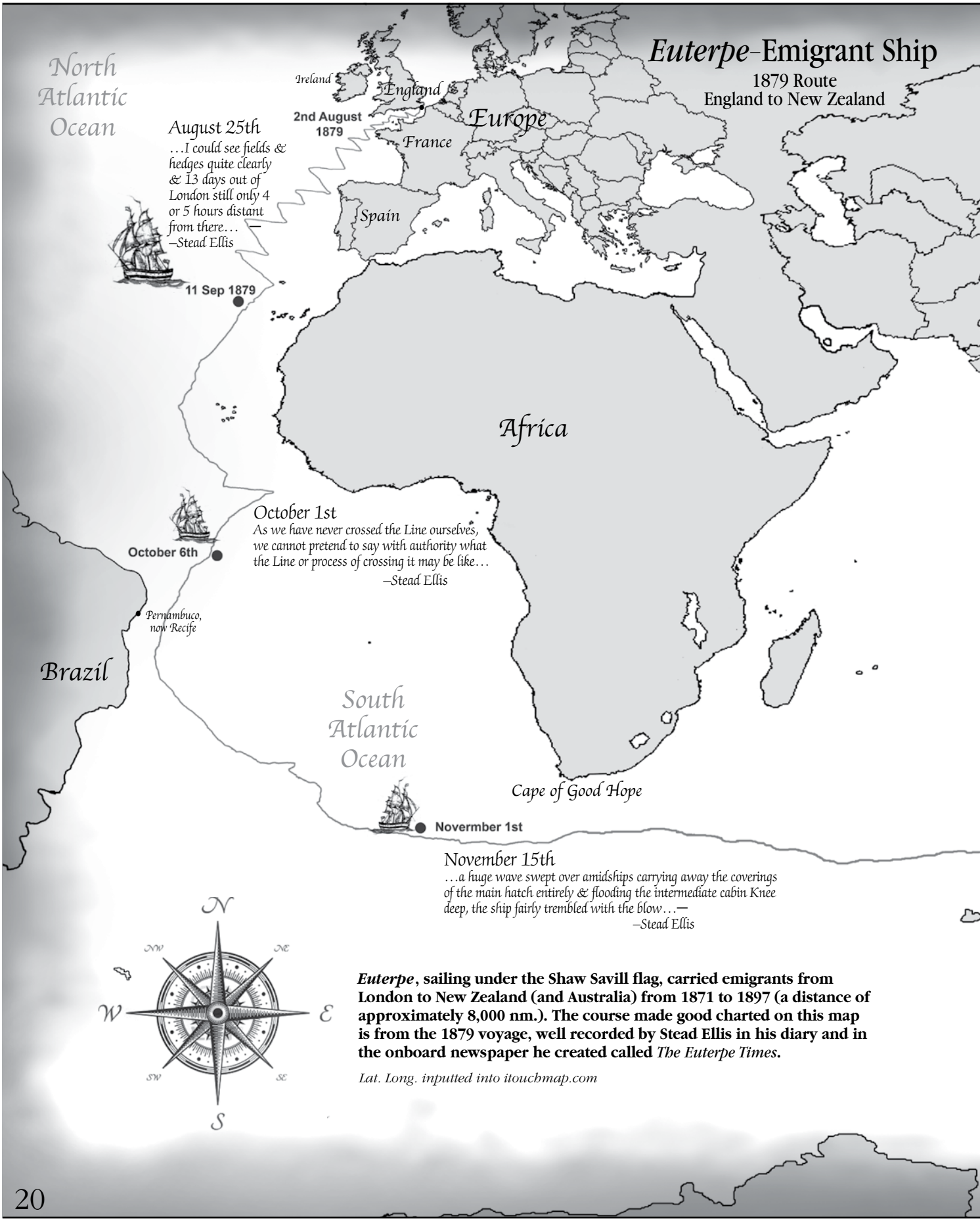
Euterpe **lies moored to a hogshead buoy in the River Thames before setting out on one of her voyages. This photograph was taken by Frederick Gould of Gravesend in April 1874, and gives a good idea of her appearance in her early days. The most obvious difference from today is that she was a full-rigged ship. The "Red Duster" flies from her gaff peak, as it did during her Indian trade years. A group of people, probably emigrants, cluster on her fo'c's'le head, and more are visible aft. Gravesend was the last place where one could board or disembark the ship when she sailed from London. Sometimes a River Missionary came aboard to give the passengers and crew a sermon, a meal of decent food, and beer was served. It all helped to fortify anyone having last minute doubts.**

MMSD Collection

NOTES

1 "In Eastern Seas: *Euterpe* in the Indian Trade," by Craig Arnold (Fn2) first appeared in a three part series in *Mains'l Haul – A Journal of Pacific Maritime History,* Vol. 26: 4, Summer 1990; Vol. 27:1, Fall 1990; Vol. 27:2, Winter 1991, published by the Maritime Museum of San Diego. For this presentation, the Editor has condensed some of the narrative and log entries. As Mr. Arnold points out in his article, in Part One, the logs running from January 1864 to October 1870, were first painstakingly transcribed and indexed by Mr. Charles Bencik, at that time the Maritime Museum's Library Volunteer (later a staff member). The transcriptions were based on the earliest *Euterpe* logs held, in book form, at Memorial University of St John's, Newfoundland.

2 Craig Arnold authored *Euterpe, Diaries, Letters & Logs of the* Star of India *as a British Emigrant Ship* (Maritime Museum of San Diego, 1988). He served as Editor of *Mains'l Haul* from 1985-1997 and was the Museum Librarian during that time. Mr. Arnold was a major contributor to the research and writings in *Mains'l Haul,* during that period. He also wrote (1994) an in-depth history of the Museum's *Medea – The Classic Steam Yacht.*



***Euterpe*, sailing under the Shaw Savill flag, carried emigrants from London to New Zealand (and Australia) from 1871 to 1897 (a distance of approximately 8,000 nm.). The course made good charted on this map is from the 1879 voyage, well recorded by Stead Ellis in his diary and in the onboard newspaper he created called *The Euterpe Times*.**

Lat. Long. inputted into itouchmap.com


New Zealand
South Island
Christchurch
Port Lyttelton
December 24, 1879
Dec 21st
Dec 2oth
Stewart Island
Dec 19th
Dec 11th
Dec 15th
India
South Pacific Ocean
Indian Ocean
Australia
New Zealand
Tasmania
Dec 1st
December 24, 1879
Roaring Forties
December
…There are thousands of rats…
–George Lister
The rats ate part of my boots last night…
–Joshua Charlesworth

Euterpe 1879

The Stead Ellis Diary: *Euterpe's* Greatest Document

Edited by Mark Allen and Charles A. Bencik[1a]

Editor's Note:

"The Stead Ellis Diary" first appeared in *Mains'l Haul - New Tales of Euterpe*, Vol 39: Nos 3 & 4, Summer/ Fall 2003 – currently out of print. This presentation has been slightly modified (shortened) with additional graphics. It should be noted that full copies of the diaries are held at the Maritime Museum of San Diego, including the Diaries of Stead Ellis (2nd-class passenger), Joshua Charlesworth (2nd class), George James Lister (3rd class), and James Martin (3rd class), as well as the full transcription of the onboard newspaper, *The Euterpe Times,* of 1879. It is with great regret that the Editor cannot include all materials in one publication.

While *Star of India's* fame rests today on being the oldest sailing ship that still regularly goes to sea, the greatest distinction of this otherwise unexceptional merchant ship lies in the decades she sailed under the name *Euterpe*, bound for New Zealand and Australia carrying British emigrants. For four centuries, sailing ships like her carried anxious and hopeful passengers to new homes across the sea, rearranging the population of the globe. *Euterpe*, like New York's Ellis Island, is one of the few remaining major artifacts of this crucial phenomenon of modern human history.

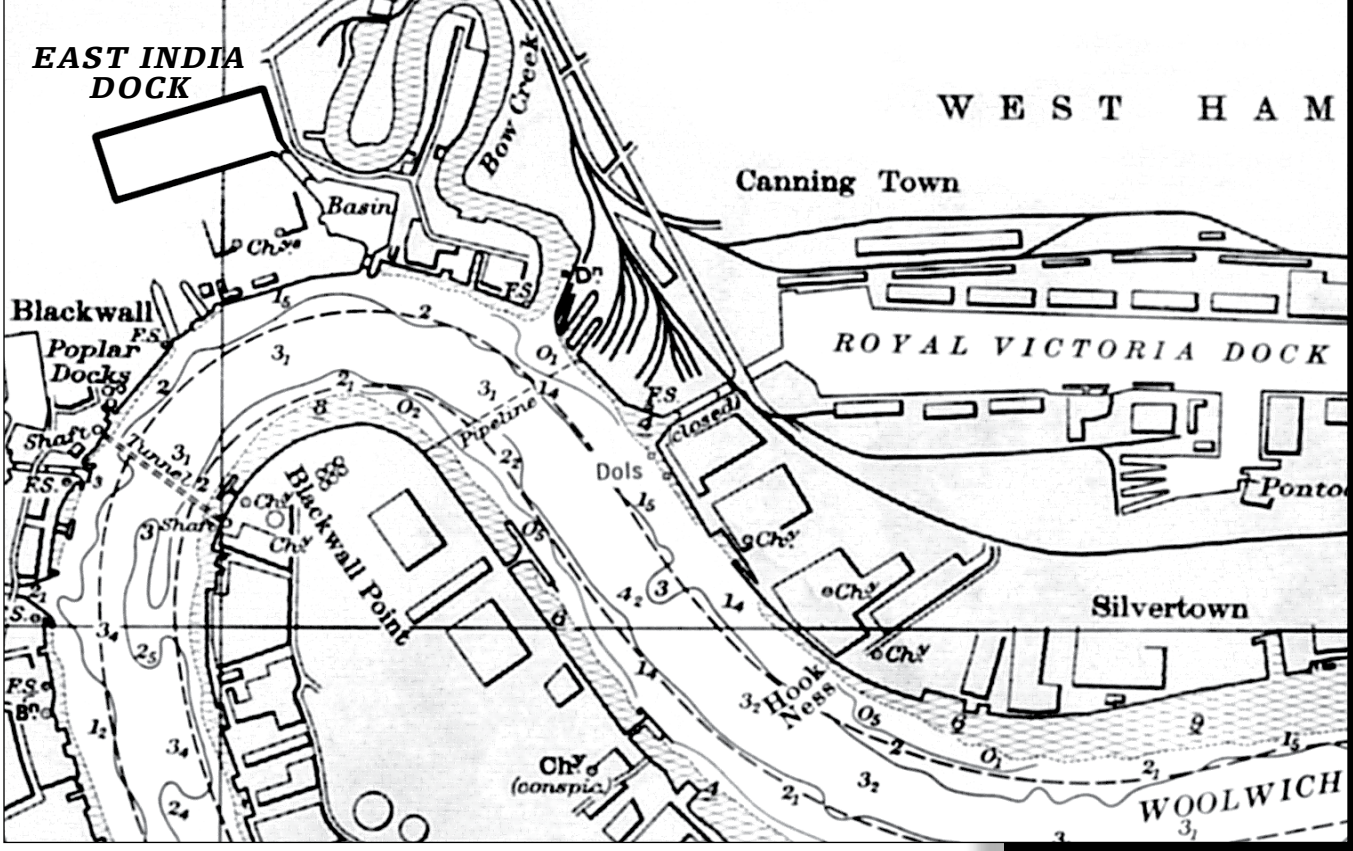
The longest, liveliest, and most vividly detailed account of emigrant life aboard *Euterpe* is unquestionably the 1879 diary kept by the forty-year-old architect, Stead Ellis.[1]

It chronicles the exceptionally long voyage of nearly five months by Yorkshire-born Stead Ellis[2] and his wife and six sons from London to Port Lyttelton, New Zealand. Food soon ran short, and by journey's end the dignified diarist was reduced to stealing potatoes, while less-squeamish passengers were dining on "rat pie."[3]



A few years after their voyage, Stead Ellis and family pose in a studio near their Nelson, New Zealand, home. From left are Oscar, Percy, Claude, Harold, and Stead, who is flanked by little "Ning" and Maud. To the left of her mother Elizabeth ("Lizzie") sits Mabel; the three girls were born in New Zealand. Guy is at center, and Rowland lies at his feet.

MMSD P13689 Courtesy Nelson Provincial Museum, Tyree Studio Coll., New Zealand.



The passengers departed from London's East India Dock. *MMSD Collection*

His diary offers insights into the physical aspects of the voyage, the role of the emigration company that owned the ship, the weather, the operation of the vessel, and daily life for the author and the approximately 158 other emigrants on board.[4] His attention to the experiences of emigrant children is especially noteworthy, as are his observations on the rigid social structure among the classes of passengers (the Ellises were traveling second class) and crew.

Stead Ellis's account begins on **August 1, 1879**, as his family struggles to reach the London docks:

. . . the tram proved to be crowded and Guy [the author's 2-year-old son] began to complain saying "I want to go home" my wife told him that he had no home but this poor Guy did not understand. An old man of ebony countenance and who was evidently a Native of "Africa's Sunny Clime" talked quite kindly to him and told him it was quite bad enough for an old man like himself to be without home, but that it was something dreadful for such to be the case with a little fellow like him. Guy did not like his looks, though he was a good looking & gentlemanlike old fellow, so I had to comfort him myself and told him we should soon be on a big ship & that would be his home and he was soon pacified. . . . I had begun to be rather anxious as I had no definite information as to the time the ship would leave the Dock, but we found her then all right, and all our fellow passengers and their friends getting their luggage aboard. I got Lizzie [the author's 36-year-old[5] wife Elizabeth] & the little ones on board at once and having fixed them safely over the stairway to our cabin I left them to look out for the luggage which had been sent from Batley before and also for the boys with the luggage cart. . . . Harold [his oldest son, age 14]

THE GRAPHIC
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

The Graphic **was a British weekly illustrated newspaper, first published on 4 December 1869. It covered local news as well as news from abroad, and was illustrated by prominent artists. Several engravings follow, depicting nineteenth-century emigrants and their life aboard the ships.**

MMSD Collection





About two years before emigrating, Percy, Harold and Claude Ellis pose in a photographer's studio in Leeds.

Courtesy Siobhan Stead-Ellis

Saturday, when she [Euterpe] *was tugged down river to Gravesend...we moored there for the night waiting for the doctor. ...But singing and playing was going on in our compartment when she was run into by a large Steam Ship named Talford and cut her cable from the Buoy and sent us a-drift. It run into the fore-end on the Starboard side, and sent the hinder-end into another vessel which was moored close bye named Hahneman. So both ends of the vessel we were on was smashed.*

Steerage passenger George Lister's Diary August 2, 1879

& the party with cart now turned up and for a good half hour we were as busy as bees. . . . The scene on board was about as busy as one can well imagine. We could not get into our cabin for a couple of hours after we got on board as the companion ladder was up and the floor of our Dining Room opened to permit of the passengers luggage "wanted on the voyage" being got down into the hold below us.[6] The same was the case with the main hatchway so that most of the passengers with their friends and a great quantity of luggage cumbered the decks and what with the seamen working at the ropes, people coming & going & one thing & another, it was a perfect pandemonium. However all things come to an end in time & so it was with all the hurry & bustle of our embarkation, things after a while got quietly settled down. . . . We have a pretty roomy berth which contains two bunks each 6 ft 6 ins; by 3 ft 6 ins wide, the biggest I believe on the ship, special large mattresses having to be ordered for them. We also got a small bunk fixed in which to put baby [six-month-old Rowland] during the day so as not to upset the beds – it is also useful to contain considerable number of miscellaneous articles as reading books, rugs, the few tools most wanted, corkskrew [sic] &c. On the top bunk we fix Claude [age 9] & Guy at one end and Percy & Oscar [ages 8 and 5] at the other end, feet towards feet as we should call it at home, fore & aft they seem to call it here. While my wife & I with baby [6-month-old Rowland] occupy the low bunk. Harold is in the next Cabin with 3 other young gentlemen & very nice lot they seem to be. Got to bed at I do not know what hour, but after tea which was served very late, we went on deck until the ship had been towed out of Dock, and to us landsmen this was a very interesting sight.

It is a wonder & a mercy how he escaped escaped being smashed to atoms.

Saturday August 2nd

All up early and found ourselves at Anchor in the Thames . . . I noticed our Captain [Thomas Eddes Phillips] running in a very excited manner up on to the poop. I at once ran after him and found a large ship,[7] quite as large if not larger than our own, was drifting broadside on right into us. Everything was at once all excitement, people rushing about and shouting to the strange ship & she of course was doing all she could to get clear of us; this she did eventually, or nearly so, for our bowsprit reached right into some of her rigging and snapped her ropes, so we were all right again having suffered nothing more than a great alarm. . . . a few of us therefore decided to go on shore for an hour and touch Old England once more – we bargained with a boatman and set out shortly before 8 PM . . . Our shore party had divided on landing and had agreed to meet on the pier at 9 PM. and by 5 minutes past we were all there and Mr [Jesse] Davis (one of our 2nd Cabin) told us that the *Euterpe* had been in Collision with a large steamer, – he was in great excitement & said he had seen it from the shore and had heard it too, and also the shouting & screaming of the passengers, of course my feelings were much excited when I heard this and we were all anxious to get on board at once & see & hear the actual state of the case. We were soon there & found that it was only too true. My dear wife was in a terrible fright and as soon as I had pacified her I went to see what the damage was

which we had sustained. It appears that a large steamer Talfour [sic][8] coming up stream toward London and somehow got out of the regular course and finding herself inside the Buoys tried to cut through between our ship and another one to cross into her proper channel, the wind was almost a Gale by this time and she was unable to do it exactly for she cut into our bows & made a large hole big enough for a couple of men to creep through together & cut our cable so that we were at once adrift. The Captain ordered another anchor down at once but before that could be let go or before it got hold our ship bumped stern foremost into the same ship we had been foul of during the aft'noon . . . The result of this bump to us was that our wheel gearing & the back rail of the poop deck was all smashed away. It was now quite evident to us that there was every excuse for the excited state of Lizzie & the other Ladies, though I thought I saw that there was really no danger of our sinking & even if there had been every assistance was at hand in the shape of steam tugs and rowing boats. . . . The hole in the bows is altogether above the deck level, but underneath the forecastle deck, in fact it is in the Foc'sle as the Forecastle is called. Two of the seamen's bunks were fixed just inside where the hole is and one man was in bed. It is a wonder & a mercy how he escaped being smashed to atoms. Altogether it was a very wild & uncomfortable night & lots of the passengers never went to bed at all & lots of others laid down in their clothes – we seemed to feel we were lying in a very dangerous place & never knew what might happen – for myself I thought we had surely had as many accidents as we could reasonably expect for one day, so I stripped in regular fashion & went to bed & to sleep for I was very tired. I was doomed not to sleep for long, for Davis who had never turned in came running down the steps calling Mr Ellis, Mr Ellis, up quick, don't alarm the children, but we are in real danger this time, be quick, come on deck, here's a big ship coming right down on us amidships she'll sink us in a few minutes if she strikes us &c &c &c. We were up & dressed in a very few minutes, we were never very slow at dressing, neither of us, but this time there was no delay. Well, when we got on deck we found that the ship which was going to run us down was lying quietly 100 yards off. The Thames Pilot who was on board & at his post explained to us that it was only the turning of the tide, and all ships lying with a single anchor down, swung round so that the chain and ship were with the tide. . . . It was only this which had so excited friend Davis; really unless the ship had broken from her moorings we could not have been run into by her at all – I forgot to say that old Mr [R.] Duff had come & asked me to assist him in getting up a prayer meeting in the main hatch cabin in thankfulness for what was really almost a miraculous escape – We had a very earnest meeting & a very good attendance – it was held at about 10 P M soon after all fear had subsided. Lizzie & I turned in again at 4 to 5 AM and had a couple of hours refreshing sleep. The children looked lovely in their bunk, with their legs all mixed up together, a bit of bum peeping out here & there and all still so warm & cosey [sic]. I straightened and sorted their legs & covered them up comfortably . . .

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When we got on deck
the watchman was
laying and severely hurt
and another of the
sailors had his head cut
. . . they thought she was
sinking and we were
up to the knees
in water on deck;
some run up the masts.

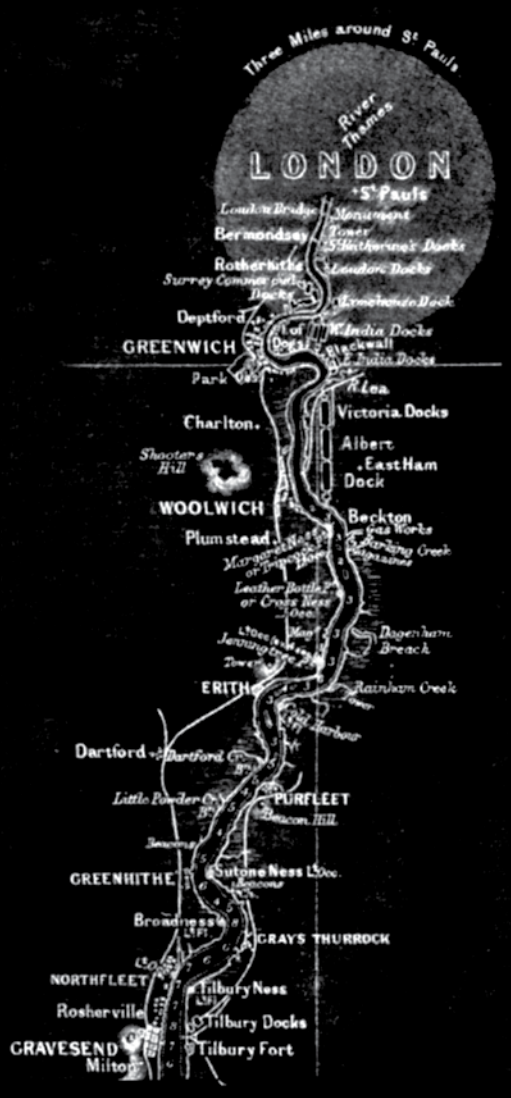
Steerage passenger
George Lister's diary,
Aug. 2, 1879

Oh Panic was
then rife on deck,
And folks rushed
too and fro,
And Oaths and prayers
and Dolby Cans
Were strangely mixed
with woe.

***Euterpe Times*, No. 3**
September 27, 1879

The Doctor was
a jolly man
And well did love
good cheer
Perhaps he did not
like the sea
I vow he liked
good beer.

From a poem by "Euterpean" (steerage passenger Walter Peck), *Euterpe Times* No. 3, Sept. 27, 1879



Monday Aug 4th

. . . About noon our Doctor arrived he is a very gentlemanly man & was apparently only about half recovered from a prolonged drunken bout. He is very seedily clad. Towards evening saw him again, he looked somewhat better but was in a grumbling humour, as the Capn had forbidden him to leave the ship & no drink can be had aboard while in Dock. I took him over the ship & showed him the damages & he seemed very intelligent – however when I happened to say I was going ashore to get a glass of beer, he begged like a cripple for me to bring him some whisky or brandy. He said he had been suffering from an attack of English cholera & wanted a stimulant. I pressed what his cholera had been but as I wished to be on the right side of the old fellow I promised him – when I returned with a small flask of whiskey he was talking to the officer in charge & to see the way he pocketted the flask when I slipped it into his hand behind him was a caution. He enquired if the medicine was all right & was the youngster better &c &c when the officer left us he expressed the most intense gratitude, he would do anything he could for any of us. I was to fetch him at any time & he would come, even in the middle of the night &c &c. I thought perhaps the sixpence was not so badly spent as there is no knowing what one may require during the Voyage.

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Friday Aug 8th

Last night I turned out for a stroll on deck after the cards & Mr Franz Romer [Frederic Roemer] the 3rd Mate invited me into his cabin for a drink of beer. He is a Dutchman [i.e., German] & stands about 6ft 2ins. He shewed me a good silver watch which he had had presented to him by the parents of a boy whose life he saved by jumping overboard in the open sea his last voyage. He also got the Gold Medal of the Royal Humane Society for the same gallant deed. . . . Men are hammering away at repairs. We begin to find a difficulty in getting enough to eat & our Steward seems to think we get really more than our share. [Harry] Leake & I went into the City & called on Shaw Savill & Cos9 and grumbled considerably that we did not get provisions as agreed. They promised amendment. . . .

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Sunday Aug 10th

Another glorious summer morning. Up early & washed & dressed Oscar & Guy. This seems now to have got to be my regular job. Mr & Mrs Davis, Mr & Mrs Tichbon and Miss Nelly have returned to their quarters, and the extra cabin is finished & Mr & Mrs [William] Young from the intermediate have taken possession of it. They seem very quiet and shy. We are now quite throug [sic] and I think the cabin is far too small for the No. of occupants – it was at the first a very dark hole, but I asked the Captain to let us have a couple of extra deck lights (small glasses 9 x 3 let into the planking of the decks) which he has now got done for us & the light is improved very much. Had some Sanky Moody hymns while waiting for breakfast. Mr Tichbon playing violin. After breakfast everybody brushed up for Church & Chapel. . . .

Left: A 1913 British chart of the Thames.

Monday Aug 11th

Out of bed the first & after seeing the youngsters dressed & assisting the younger ones went on deck & found a lovely day again. After breakfast wrote a lot of letters and Lizzie beautified the cabin by fixing wall & window hangings &c. Feather bed arrived from Grandma's. Repairs are in such a forward state that they have taken us out of the dock into the outer basin close to the river to be ready to catch first tide. Have had another discussion with [F. G.] Rosen re America and England. I have expressed my contempt for the American form of government as exemplified in its statesmen of this generation in very strong language – possibly too strong considering Rosen's education has been in America & his Father though an Austrian nobleman by birth is a Naturalized American and a govt official. Had a good dinner, the river cook intends leaving us today or tomorrow & in view of possible tips sent us a magnificent piece of sirloin. Assisted Lizzie in the Cabin & did a lot more letter writing. Lizzie was so busy in the cabin that she actually never got on deck until after tea at about 7 PM. She washed floor & got everything ship shape as she thought. At last I persuaded her to put her cloak on & go for a walk. Met Harry Box & his wife who it seems are going to Dunedin [New Zealand] in the *Hermione*. . . .



MMSD Collection
From the 1924 book
White Wings

Tuesday Aug 12th

Up very early to see ship towed out of dock & up the river, the others all following me in quick succession. It is a glorious morning & the tug *Renown* takes us in tow and we have a very pleasant sail up the river so long as tide lasts. We come to anchor off Greenhythe & wait for the next tide. I write a few more letters. All the passengers are mustered on the Poop & paraded before the Doctor. I arrange & with my tribe am one of the first to pass down, he stops Lizzie & baby & takes baby's cheeks between his hands and the young one smiles at him. He compliments her & tells her he saw that baby when he was aboard before at the time our own Doctor failed to shew up. The new Doctor [William Davies] is a young fellow of 24 or 25 yrs old. Most of the passengers would have preferred an older man, some even the other Doctor if he could have been kept sober, which is very doubtful for from what I saw of him he would go through fire & water for his liquor – poor fellow, he seemed a perfect wreck – though quite a gentleman – I understand the Board of Trade have refused permission for him to go with us. It was after dinner, lying off Gravesend that we had to go through the above ceremony and also for the official inspection of the vessel by the ship's Husband who has to certify that she leaves Port sound & fit in every respect. While we were coming down the river the workmen were putting the finishing touches to the repairs – We are again taken in tow by the *Renown* and keep going until I turn in at about 10.30 PM.



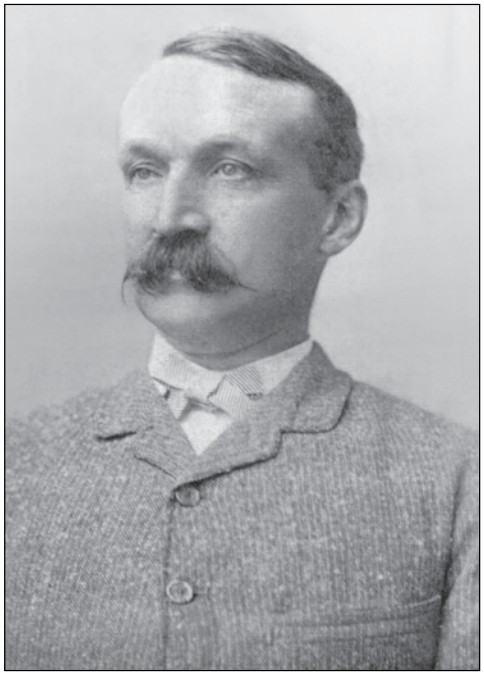


Ellen "Nelly" Hallam, eighteen years old on the voyage, married the author's assistant Joshua Charlesworth two years afterwards.

MMSD P10096 and P10097

Wednesday Aug 13th

. . . Claude is sick & I am going to be so if no breakfast be forthcoming soon. A nice swaying rolling is all that is perceptible but I am fetched for breakfast. Down below found my wife sick in bed also Percy, Guy & Claude all sick in the Cabin, while baby was on the floor in the midst of it, & it was a mercy I did not tread on him for I had no idea he was there and strode right over him to Lizzie's side. Going below out of the sunshine, the Cabin appears pitch dark, or nearly so, & its some time before ones eyes become accustomed to the change of light & one can see clearly. Oscar had gone up on deck to seek me & soon returned crying & as sick as a dog. Here was a pretty mess. Harold was feeding the fishes up stairs, with what he could spare of his last night's supper and all the rest of my family except baby was sick in the Cabin. I commenced to try & render what assistance I could when my stomach rose and I rushed upstairs to help Harold. Joss: [Charlesworth] took & nursed baby for a while & when I again went below I brought him up stairs into the open air and some kind hearted souls in the Steerage took pity on me and took & nursed him for me. Guy was very ill so I fetched him up & nursed him. He very soon covered both himself & me & after I had got a cloth & cleaned our selves up a little, I took him again on my knees & he fell asleep so I took him to bed. Oscar had gone to bed & was fast asleep. Lizzie had been got upstairs & was very ill, after staying on deck an hour or so she complained of cold & shivering & is now in bed, asleep I hope. I do not like to go & see for fear of waking or disturbing her. I got Claude & Percy on deck & wrapped them in their great coats & they now appear all right. None of us have had a particle of breakfast and some of us would like dinner to come soon before we get into the Straits of Dover. Thames Pilot left us at Deal and the old Channel pilot is now in charge of the ship. Steward has just enquired if I would take soup for dinner. I suppose he does not want to get more than will be required as he had a great quantity of coffee to throw away this morning. We have all turned up for dinner except my wife & Mrs Tichbon, who have had a cup of tea each. Have passed Dover and see the White Cliffs of old England on our Starboard. The crew are spreading all sail, the tug still in front & we have very little wind. Nearly all the male passengers are helping the crew hauling at the ropes and they do it to a kind of song – one of the crew doing a short solo & then altogether pulling for dear life to a jolly chorus. Before tea the tug left us & now we are entirely on our own hook. Soon after the tug got clear away from us a calm came on and for 2 or 3 hours the sails flapped idly against the masts. About 7 PM a light breeze sprang up dead against us & so we are tacking against it & consequently making only little progress. Lizzie had her tea on deck, I have had a bad headache since noon, wanting a nap & not caring or daring to go below. Am better since tea but not clear of headache – think I ought to take some medecine [sic], purgative, but dare not do so because of the usually disgraceful state of the WCs.[10] All the passengers on deck & only one or two shewing themselves any worse for their sickness. . . .



"Joss," Joshua Charleworth, was Ellis's nineteen-year-old assistant and faithful scribe of the passengers' newspaper, *The Euterpe Times*. He became a prominent New Zealand architect.



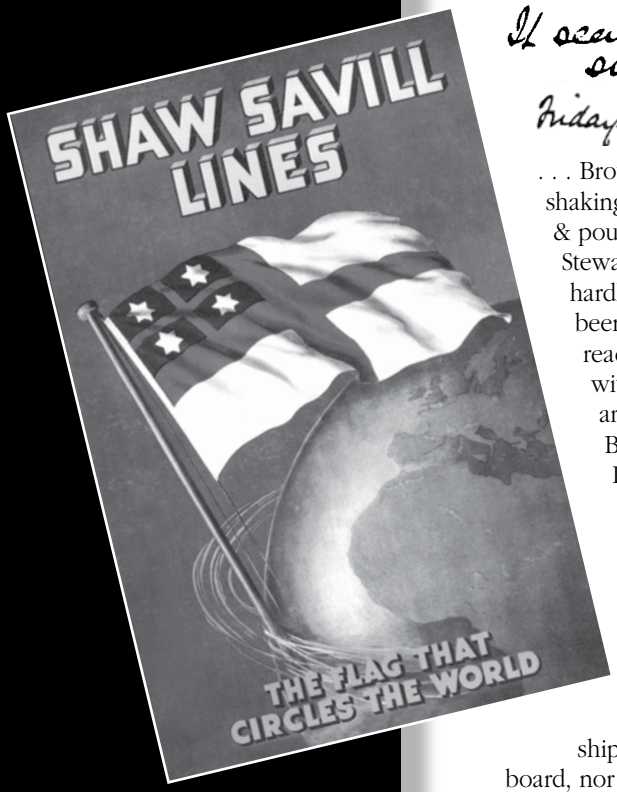
EMIGRANTS ON DECK.

Three Cheers for Mr. Ellis

Thursday Aug 14th

. . . We have a great quantity of sail spread but no progress making and scarcely a perceptible motion of the vessel. Had our fresh water served out to us this morning and the 3 quarts per day which we were to have supplied to us has suddenly dwindled down into a quart & a half each as the other 1 1/2 quarts has to be given to the cook; if this is not a swindle or at least mis-representation on the part of Shaw, Saville & Co it is at least sailing very near the wind. I suppose we are now divided into messes, me & my family being one, the seven single men another & the 3 married couples and the single lady another. The breakfast this morning was the usual bread & butter & coffee, & Lizzie to get a cup of tea had to send the same quantity of cold water to the cook as she required of tea, she also sent water to exchange for hot to wash up with, as she does not fancy our Stewards washing up nor the look of his dishcloth. . . . At tea a beastly lot of common ship biscuits were served out to us & our Steward informed us we could not have any bread. I refused to have any tea at all & went out & down into the 3rd class cabin & found there that all had a quantity of bread – loaves the full length of the table from end to end – only one or two having sea biscuits to make out with. I went straight to the Skipper & complained, telling him all about it. He called the 3rd Mate, who acts as purser & distributes all stores & our Steward before him, & told them they ought to have shared the bread out, and certainly not to have the 2nd passengers minus while the 3rd had plenty. . . . When the Steward came down into our cabin with his arms full of bread, all the company rose & gave three cheers for Mr Ellis. I fancy the Capn heard it & would no doubt take the row as a compt to himself. We dealt it out sparingly about a round each, so as to make out with biscuit, which are as hard as nails. It took me from 6 to 9 PM to eat one and a good part of it I had to spit out as I have great difficulty in swallowing the stuff when it is masticated because of my sore throat I suppose. Poor Guy cried for more bread & butter & said he could not eat the 'bickel' it was "ba ba". The fog continued & we turned out to assist in the look out. The Captain & pilot were on the poop, and the "lookout" was on the foc'asle [sic] with his fog horn – the horn bleating baa baa baa every few seconds, or rather minutes.. . . I turned in at 12.30 after having a "wee drap whiskey" to comfort me.

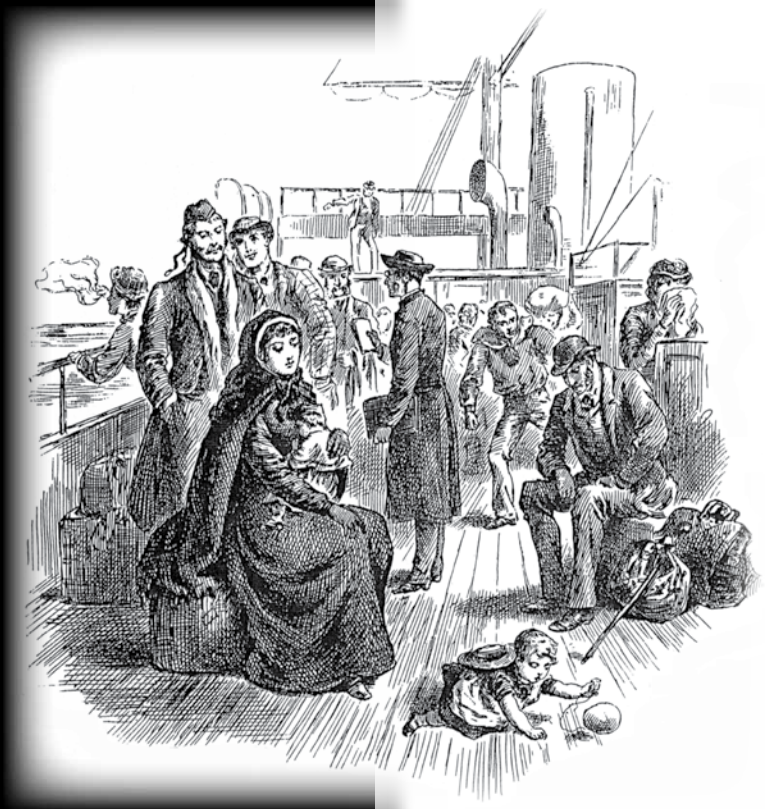




It seems as if we were being swindled at every point

Friday Aug 15th

. . . Brought all our bed clothing on deck this morning to give them a good shaking. Shook them on the lee side of the ship which was opposite the sheep & poultry pens, but all the dirt & fluff went straight into the Saloon as the Steward came out & ordered us away. Lizzie was very indignant & would hardly go with one to windward, where however we did go to finish. Have been talking to the Pilot & this the 4th day out of London, we have not reached the Isle of Wight. Morning cleaned up & had a fine day after all, with an almost unruffled sea, slight wind nearly dead ahead, so now we are tacking & have only made 30 miles since tug left us 2 days ago. Boiled fat salt port & potatoes & pea soup to dinner, I enjoyed the lot, but Lizzie could not touch either one or the other. We have had a pleasant afternoon, reading, nursing & lounging about. My Missus made a few raisin pasties which have turned out a success. We were threatened with nothing but ship biscuits for tea, so I said I would go without tea & wait for tomorrow's dinner sooner than eat em. However, it turned out the Steward was able to get some bread for us so I have had a good tea. I suppose it is to be the last good tea for 4 months; though we are all getting somewhat rebellious at the idea of not getting cabin biscuits served out to us. I have declared I won't eat the ship biscuits under any circumstances, at least while cabin biscuits are on board, nor do I intend to; I will have porridge or anything they like, but unless the biscuits can be got into some more palatable shape I won't eat them. They stick in my throat just as a nut does & unless I am drinking I cannot get them down. It seems as if we were being swindled at every point. The little flour we get we cannot get baked unless we submit to an extortion by the cook . . . If I could advise my friends in England who meditate coming out, I would say, under no circumstances come out under the auspices of Shaw, Savill & Co.



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Monday Aug 18th

. . . Towards evening some of our singing friends came and sheltering themselves around the cover of our Cabin stairs sang several hymns for us. They asked permission to come down into our Cabin & sing for us, if the Ladies would like to hear them, the Ladies all said they should be glad; and it really sounded very nice, the 4 or 5 voices singing hymns within and the ship lurching & rolling and the storm howling without. Towards evening the sailors said that night would bring the end of the storm & sure enough, this morning the wind has gone down . . . We are mostly of opinion we should have spent our money better by going Steerage on board a good steamer than by doing as we have in coming 2nd in a Sailer. We are within a few hours of a whole week out of London and still we are only some 12 hours journey from Leeds.

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"She is bound to run into us

Wednesday Aug 20th

. . . This afternoon we have had a great fright. Our Steward had been to the Galley for the tea & on coming back told us there was "a fine ship on our lee bow" – several went up to look at her, but I was nursing baby and Lizzie was reclining in the large chair. However there was such a noise overhead, that I gave the baby to Lizzie & ran up the companion ladder to see what was the matter – & there sure enough was the large ship coming along slowly, drifting as it were, right into us. Our Pilot, Captain & Officer were all alert & giving orders trying their best to avoid what appeared to be inevitable, viz = A Collision, while in the other ship (which proved to be the *Hurunui*, belonging to the New Zd Shipping Co limd) they did not appear to be doing anything. I heard our Pilot say "She is bound to run into us, nothing in the world can prevent it". You may imagine what a fright we were all in, she came eventually right across our bows & then we expected we should run into her, however they did manage to wake up to the position at last & then got clear, though within a very few yards of our prow. Our ship had done all that possibly could be done & if we were both going to London instead of to Canterbury [in New Zealand] there wd have been trouble for the Capn of the *Hurunui*. After both ships were clear, the passengers gave each other a hearty cheer. . . .

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Thursday Aug 21st

Had a good nights rest, all of us, my dear wife is much better & ate the bit of duck to breakfast. Had a big dish of oatmeal porridge made and the children relished them very much, with molasses & sugar. I had some with some of the condensed milk mixed with cold water & it was delicious. It ought to soothe our wounded innards. The wind appears to be still dead against us what little there is of it & it is very trying to all of us to be beating about in this channel 10 days when we ought to be, or at least we think we ought to be at Madeira by this time. This afternoon the Tug *Cambria* came alongside and its Captain came aboard, and after visit to our Captain he returned to the *Cambria* taking our Pilot with him, we gave the old chap a hearty cheer as he left us which seemed to please him as he took off his hat and waving it cheered us in return. While the Captain of the Tug was on board we found we were almost amidst a large fleet of fishing smaks [sic] and there was great excitement, everybody shouting to them to bring us some fish; two or three of them came alongside in small boats and a very pretty penny they made. . . . I also got a splendid crab a good large fellow . . . it is now being boiled & we expect a treat when we go into it. Harold suggests that it is not very much to the credit of Shaw, Savill & Co that some 150 of their passengers should be clambering over the ships side in order to get something to eat & only 11 days out of Dock. He forgets it is the fact of the fish being fresh which makes it so tempting. . . .

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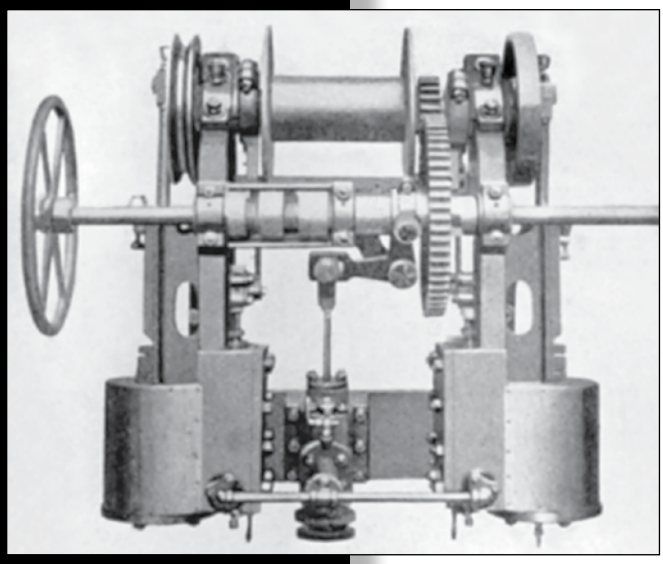
A Life on the Ocean Wave

The cabin we live in I've
heard [illegible] *say*
Is stuffy by night-time
and ugly by day
That its dirty and dark &
too closely packed.
But stories like these are
perversions of fact.
For the sizes below I know
to be right.
Eight feet wide, by nine long,
& seven in height.
As the crib is so large I share
it with five
And the bracing fresh air makes
all of us thrive
There's a glass in the deck,
twelve inches by two
So of course by its light we might
anything do
In fact its so light that when
we we go in
There's imminent danger of
breaking a shin.

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The agent describing this
fast sailing ship
Told me the voyage was a holiday trip
I'd sit on the deck in an easy armchair
With a book and my pipe
until I got there
And need only get up to eat or to sleep
Or p'r'aps to examine some
spoils of the deep.

From a poem by "Euterpean" (Walter Peck), *Euterpe Times* No. 8, Nov. 1, 1879



Engineer Charles Brown's finger was nipped off by a hoist mechanism like this one. It was connected to a donkey engine and probably lifted ash from the steam-powered condenser in the hold that produced fresh water for passengers.

Saturday Aug 23rd

Ship rolled very much last night & most of us turned in early. This morning when we awoke & turned out we found we were only a mile or so off Start Point in Devonshire, could distinguish fields, hedges & buildings quite distinctly. We bout ship and are now steering S.E. by S going, I hope, quite away & into the Bay of Biscay, anywhere in fact, out of this horrible English Channel. . . . Everybody seems to get low spirited to wake up every morning & still find ourselves in the Channel & sighting the English Coast every tack. Guy repeated his performance of yesterday at breakfast today, he had had one plateful of porridge & just attacked another when he was sick on to his plate. I again sent him into the cabin and in a minute or two he was back begging for some jam & bread & tea. . . . During this forenoon the Engineer (the man who has charge of the water condenser) got the forefinger of his right hand into the cog wheels connected with the Donkey Engine and it was nipped off below the 2nd joint before he found it out.[11] The Doctor attended to him at once and we all hope he will soon be better. I understand he bore it very well when the Dr dressed his finger. It is now 10.30 PM & Lizzie is first rate, the weather has settled down & we can scarcely feel the rocking of the ship.

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Monday Aug 25th

A fine breezy day with the wind as dead against us as could be wished by our deadliest enemies, if any of us have such. We are all heartily sick of sighting Old England. When I turned out this morning we appeared to be close in shore could see fields & hedges quite clearly & 13 days out of London still only 4 or 5 hours distant from there. They say we have rather lost than gained ground since yesterday. This afternoon we see the Cornish coast again and now we are just going to bout ship again. They have just lowered the staysail in preparation for that event & did so without warning the passengers, the consequence was the big heavy sail came down with a run on to a group of men women & children to their great alarm. The captain saw the circumstance & blew up [at] the man who let the sail go. . . . There was a sort of prayer meeting in the Intermediate cabin last night. I was not able to go, as baby required all my attention. Afterwards we had about an hours singing in our cabin, the steward leading with his violin. This morning we all got up pretty well, but this evening Lizzie is in bed sick & I feel much like it, we are rolling about as if the ship would turn bottom up. . . . During tea all the things were pitched on the floor, it was well they were mostly metal or they would have been smashed to smithereens.

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Thursday Aug 28th

The sea has gone down again but it is a fearful wet morning. We are all beginning to look lean & hungry. We have got now fairly into our sea stores, and the more we see of them, the less we all seem to like them. The provisions of the best quality turn out to be of the commonest kind, they may be the best, but if so, the kind must be something awful. You should see the way we tuck into our porridge. This morning we had no bread, the rolling had prevented the cook from baking & so porridge was a Godsend. This afternoon my poor wife is taken ill again, has had a sort of fainting fit, she is extremely weak what with the poor living on board & baby pulling at her all night, she is very poor & thin. . . . The wind has got up and the Sailors say we are to have a gale tonight.

Friday Aug 29th

The sailors prophecy of last night has been fulfilled. We have had a rough-un. I went on Deck at about 11.30 PM – the moon was shining brightly, almost (or altogether) at the full, but the waves, if they were not like mountains, they were at all events like very considerable hills & every now & again a huge one swept right over the high bulwarks of the ship and flooded the deck. Mr Davis took Mrs D on deck (I think escorting her to the W.C. but of course this is in confidence.) I suppose Mrs D was safely housed, but he was caught in the wash of a wave right up to his knees. . . the rolling of the ship was something awful, the feather bed which Lizzie's Mother sent her & on which my wife was lying was rocked right up the side of the vessel & when I got to bed I had to serve as packing for Lizzie who was seesawed almost out of her very life. This morning I am up early and get our steward up, he & Mr [E. W.] Bowring (a young fellow from Manchester, a butcher & cattle youth) were lying side by side in the sweet arms of Morpheus on the floor of the cabin, on the lee side. I soon had the Steward off to the Galley & had a cup of tea ready for my wife. She got up just before dinner & is now on deck. The sea has gone down a good deal but we appear to lurch almost as much as ever. . . . It appears to me that all the people who have written books on emigration to N.Z. must be in the pay of the shipping Cos or they never would recommend these miserable tubs in preference to a first class steamer, independent of both wind & tide, while we appear to be absolutely at the mercy of both. . . .



Five years later, HMS *Tenedos* was drydocked in St. John's, Newfoundland.

Courtesy Center for Newfoundland Studies Archives, Memorial University of St. John's, Newfoundland
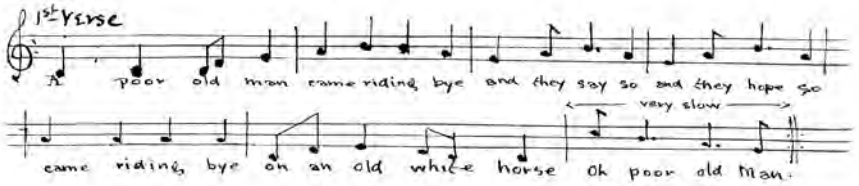
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Monday Sept 1st

We have had a lovely day, the sails all set square & the wind right astern, making all day some 5 or 6 Knots an hour. Lizzie & I have had our mattresses on deck & turned our cabin almost inside out. We find mice (or rats) have been in one of our boxes the lid of which had not been quite closed. Just after tea we saw & spoke to an English gun-boat The *Tenedos*,[12] 12 guns – of course we do not know what was said, but Mr Davis says our Capn asked what they had for dinner & they replied Turkey – we all think we could polish one. A splendid moonlight night & Mr Rosen keeps the deck alive with his discussions on the decadence of England & America being the leading nation on the earth. I disgust him by conceding the fine country, but maintaining that the inherent rascality of the people will for centuries prevent her becoming the leading Nation.



The following is the funeral hymn – The Dead Horse



2nd And as he passed unto him I said – & they say &c
Oh poor old Man your horse will die – oh poor &c

3rd If he dies we'll dig him a grave – & they say &c
We'll dig him a grave with a silver spade – oh poor &c

4th And if he dies we'll tan his hide – & they say &c
And if he lives you shall him ride – oh poor &c

5th I saw two crows sitting on a tree – & they say so &c
They were as black as crows could be – oh poor &c

6th One crow said unto his mate – & they say &c
What shall we do for something to 'ate' – oh poor &c

7th Yonder, yonder, across the plain – & they say so &c
I see a horse just three days slain – oh poor &c

8th We'll fly & alight on his back bone – & they say so &c
And pick his eyes out one by one – oh poor &c

9th Old horse, old horse, what do you here – & they say so &c
You've carried turf for many a year – oh poor &c

10th Many's the days' work you have done – & they say &c
Many's the race that you have won – oh poor &c

11th Now you are old they you abuse – & they say so &c
They'll salt you down for sailors use – oh poor &c

12th They'll take you up & you despise – & they say so &c
They'll throw you down & —— your eyes – oh poor &c

13th They'll take you up & pick your bones – & they say &c
And throw you away to Davy Jones – oh poor old man



We'll dig him a grave with a silver spade.

Tuesday Sept. 2nd

. . . This evening the Sailors have hung the Dead Horse. It appears they get one months pay when the[y] engage & so at the end of the first month they have [likely] earned nothing, i.e have nothing due – this they call working for the dead horse – this month they are working for wages & so they hang & bury the dead horse. The sailors paraded round the ship, one man riding an imitation horse (something like a pantomime horse, the man standing inside) & the others following & singing a mournful ditty of course with a chorus. When the procession arrived at the Saloon door, the man leading the horse made a speech and offered the old horse by auction. 3 half crowns being the best offer he would not sell him for that & so made a collection in aid of the purchase. . . . They then pulled the horse & rider up a rope to the yardarm & when near the end of the yard the man slipped out of the horse & let him drop in the sea, another man at the end of the yard shewing a blue light amidst the applause of all the spectators.

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Thursday Sept. 4th

. . . To breakfast this morning we had a couple of spoonfuls of boiled rice with sugar or molasses & coffee & bread & butter afterwards. To dinner we have tinned meat, beef or mutton, preserved potatoes & once or twice a week pickles. We can have boiled salt pork or beef 3 or 4 times a week if we like, but our stomachs have scarcely come down to that yet. For tea we have tea & bread or biscuit & butter. Generally we have enough such as it is, but occasionally we run short. My little round paunch is gone & I can cross my legs in comfort so I suppose that is something gained. If any of my friends should follow me, I would advise them to come enclosed steerage & spend the £8 or £9 difference in flour & nice preserved fruits & meats, so as to be somewhat independent of the execrable stuff Messrs Shaw Saville & Co in their generosity supply their passengers with. Yester morning we had a talk of publishing a newspaper on board & I & another gentm saw the Capn & got leave to post a notice calling a meeting of passengers for today to take the matter into consideration, & if agreeable to the meeting to elect an Editor, reporter &c. We are not sure yet whether it will be printed or published in manuscript only.

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Saturday Sept. 6th

The second entertainment[13] came off last night. We had it in two parts – 6 to 7 and 7.30 to near 9 P M. It was in the open air, on the Quarter Deck, i.e over the 2nd Cabins and just in front of Saloon doors. . . . While the concert was on, Oscar, who was in the top bunk, by some means fell out of bed on to the floor & hurt his head. I am afraid seriously. He was comforted & put back, but shortly afterwards he was sick and vomited a great deal, making a mess on his bed. I cannot make it out how he came to fall, he won't confess anything but our raisins & biscuits are in baby's bunk alongside & there was a biscuit on the floor where he fell, so we suppose he had been helping himself & creeping back on the narrow ledge, had thus fallen on the floor. He cannot eat his breakfast this morning, so shall keep him in bed for awhile & ask the Doctor to see him. Poor little chap, he has never been like himself since he came aboard, he seems wan & sickly as if his seasickness had never fairly left him. Though he runs about & climbs the ropes like the other boys, still we see a difference in him. . . . The ship goes along as steady as a top, what motion there is we are accustomed to & we have a difficulty in realizing that we are going at all. We did not see a ship all day yesterday – nothing but a circle of water with the good ship *Euterpe* for its center. In fact we appear to be at the top of the world, the circle of water is so perfect that I cannot understand how any one could see it as we see it & not believe the world is round. . . .

. . . to-day when we went to the Galley for our meat there was not one ounce for each. So all went and stormed the Galley, and searched everything but the Cooks said it was all they got from the Mate. . . . It is not often we can eat the Meat as it stinks so, we just throw it over into the sea . . .

Steerage passenger George Lister's diary, Sept. 8, 1879



Opposite page: From *Harper's Weekly*, November 11, 1882

In issuing this number of our bantting to the Euterpe public, we assure our friends that our pages will ever be open to fair and open criticism whether of ourselves, our friends, or of those few who do not come within the latter category. We have only a desire that this publication shall be a faithful record of the events great and small which have already transpired and which may hereafter come to pass on board the good ship Euterpe, on this her present (and to most of us, her most interesting) voyage to New Zealand.

Euterpe Times
No 1. Sept 13, 1879

Sunday Sep^r 7^th

This morning we had service on the quarter deck. We had got baby safely to bed before it commenced, but as soon as the first hymn was finished I heard him tuning up to top pitch. Of course I had to go down & fetch him upstairs. Not so warm today as yesterday. Yesterday numbers of the passengers came out without shoes & stockings & this morning white & light suits are the prevailing wear. It has come in colder again & shoes are being put on. . . . There has been rather more motion on the ship today & Lizzie has been sick again, though I think partly with the unpleasant smell in the Cabin.

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Wednesday. Sep^r 10^th

Another fine day. Awoke very early with the men washing the deck overhead & the young gentlemen going out to bathe, i.e. they stand naked & the sailors throw buckets of water over them. Percy went up & had a go & then nothing would do but Guy must go, he would have a bathe – so I stripped him & sent him up. You should have heard the shout of laughter from all the sailors when he appeared. M^r Davis took him in his arms & they gave him 3 buckets full, of course he screamed, but he was so proud as a peacock when it was over & one of the men gave him a drink of coffee. And as soon as he was dressed & on deck again a sailor took him & gave him a biscuit with butter & sugar on the top . . .

Thursday Sep^r 11

Weather fine & genial – tropical dress is becoming quite the fashion on the *Euterpe*. I do not feel any inconvenience from the heat yet. . . . I got the draft of the first № of the *Euterpe Times* * ready yesterday & Joss: [Joshua Charlesworth] has been busy ever since writing out a fair copy. He is up in one of the boats writing as it is too hot in the Cabin – & he finds it somewhat difficult writing decently in a rolling ship . . .

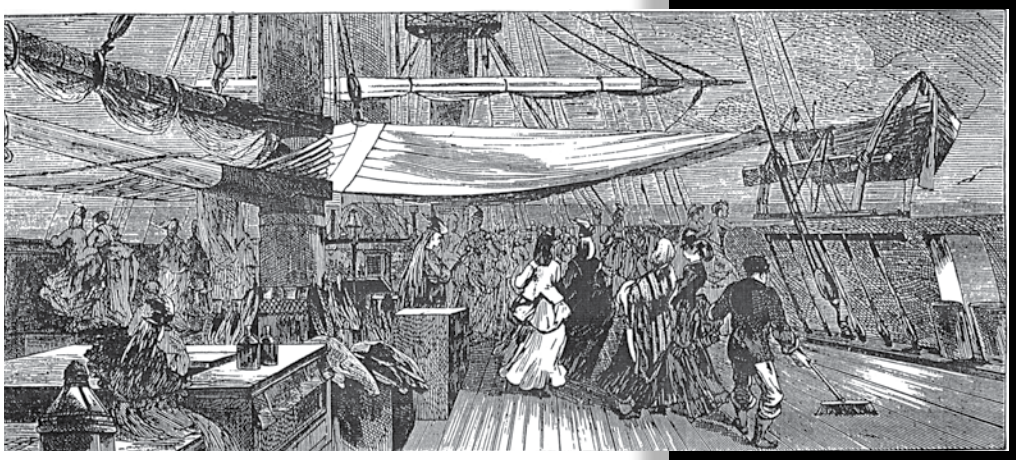
Friday Sep^r 12^th

. . . Was up at six & had half a dozen buckets of water thrown over me. Lizzie has been washing our Cabin out & she wishes me to notice that the gent^m opposite (M^r Tichbon) has washed theirs out for his wife, while I have allowed my wife to do ours. I tell her he is hen pecked . . . We have got one fair copy of the *Euterpe Times* № 1 ready. Though I have several conundrums & two original *poems* in I am afraid it will be considered rather prosy. One poem is entitled a Tragic poem (a long way) after Tennyson, is by a friend of my wifes – a M^r Stead Ellis – There is a notice out, for a race round the ship – old M^r Duff against all comers. I don't know whether it is serious or a *Joak* [sic].



Saturday Sep^r 13^th

The race, between Mr Duff and an Irishman nicknamed 'Whiskey' [William O'Hanlon] came off last night – the course was 5 times round the deck – of course Whiskey, a young fellow of 5 or 6 & 20 beat old Duff a man nearly 60 easily even tho= the latter was a teetotaler. . . . Several of our 2^nd passengers have been cutting each others hair today. Teddie Rathbourne's head is like a bladder of lard with a



beard sprouting on it. I was up early this morning & all the boys except baby had a bath with me. Returning I slipped with my bare feet on the wet decks and came a cropper on my "latter end." Of course I was in full dress, i.e I had on bathing drawers & nothing else. Have been busy with my newspaper, it was nearly 5 PM before all was ready for issue. We have one copy for Saloon, one for 2nd Cabin, one for Intermediate, one for single men besides one for the Sailors. Lizzie put on covers out of old *London Newses* and stitched them neatly together. Have had a banquet today, viz – Cold chicago beef, preserved potatoes & onion sauce and Gooseberry pie also currant pasty – Think of that & weep. I don't know where the gooseberries came from, but the young fellows shouted "Now we live" & rejoiced exceedingly. We have a large sail fixed as an awning every day now & we find it a welcome shade.

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Thursday Sept 18th

Had a birthday party in our cabin last night – 32nd Anniversary of Mr Tichbons birth. The Chief Steward [J. Chapman] assisted the host by the gift of some tinned salmon & raisins & nuts, two of the apprentices (Mfsss De La Taste & Vivian) were amongst the guests & we had quite a middling sort of a tea which under the circumstances was appreciated quite as much as banquet would have been ashore. The 3 Mates came down to drink the toast of the evening, but at once returned to their duties. After tea whe [sic] had singing & joking & perspiring until 10 PM when we sang God Save the Queen & then came on deck for a *Cool*. It was a lovely starlight night, but lightning flashed every few seconds. We now lie in bed entirely uncovered & are bathed in perspiration the night through, so much so that our night dresses might almost be wrung out. I suppose if it gets much hotter night dresses will have to be dispensed with. This morning is hotter than any day we have yet had. Harolds friend Aleck (the Capn son) says that his Father considers this to be the beginning of the hot weather. I am just informed by a passenger that he & a few others saw a Dolphin yesterday – Harold saw a seamans chest with the lid open float by. Lat 14.56. Long 28.7 & dist= 151 knots. It turns out the Dolphin was an Albatross. Some folks notions of Natural history are rather vague.

Friday Sept 19th

. . . We sleep one at each end of the bed, lying side by side is just out of the question at all events in these lattitudes [sic]. What with the narrow bed, 3'-6" wide for 3 of us, self, wife & baby & the last, tho= least, takes up most room of any of us; & what with the stinking, close, confined cabins we are nearly suffocated. Certainly if any of my friends come out to N.Zd I would advise them to fight shy of Shaw, Saville Cos. I am quite of opinion that some one is to blame for allowing a ship like this *Euterpe* to go to sea with such a few really necessary sanitary appliances. I have before taken exception to the WCs which are disgracefully constructed, then we have no baths, the men turn out early & throw buckets of water over each other, & this past 3 days the Capn has had a space on the Qr deck screened off with a spare sail as a bathing place for Ladies – from say 5.30 to 6.30 AM no convenience of any kind. My wife had a bath yesterday morning. Then we have only one force pump [deck-mounted hand pump] on board & for more than a week that one was broken & if a fire had then occurred we should have been entirely dependant upon hand buckets – it would have been broken

Birth of a female child about 12 oclock by Mrs. Fairhurst, just on entering the tropics. She is to be christened "Euterpe."

Second-class passenger Joshua Charlesworth's diary, Sept. 15, 1879

Several of the passengers are very dubious about this 'Crossing the Line,' not on account of any shaving by Father Neptune, or other pranks or practices of the Sailors but as to the consequences of the Ship and themselves. Will it cause the Euterpe to bump violently? Some have expressed their determination not to sleep until it is safely passed for fear it should be crossed in the night and they should be pitched out of bed, others there are who expect to see the line, something of the nature of a clothes line we presume. As we have never crossed the Line ourselves, we cannot pretend to say with authority what the Line or process of crossing it may be like, and should be almost sorry to disabuse innocent minds like these of their fears unless we have been actually over it, we therefore can only recommend them to be careful and circumspect and keep their eyes and ears open, so as to be able to look well after their own safety while we all "Cross the Line."

***Euterpe Times* No. 3, Sept. 27, 1879**

yet but a passenger Mr Wagstaff took & repaired it; the remuneration offered him for doing so was so munificent that he told me himself he should not have done it had there been another pump on the ship. Then the hose pipe for the pump is so bad or poor, or perhaps rotten, that they dare not use it for swilling the decks or giving baths, or even drawing the fresh water for passengers use, for fear it should be absolutely useless in a short time & then if required in an emergency we should be without. The fresh water is drawn by a small hand pump & it is such a ricketty machine that it takes 2 or 2 1/2 hours to get the necessary supply, which with the force pump (if we dared to use it) could be got in half an hour, besides the labour is four times as great with the hand pump we use. Then in our cabin we have no proper ventilation, we have put a windsail down, but the only place we have to put it is down the hatchway (our stairway) so that we can hardly get down, or down the foul air shaft which is close to the stairs, in fact on the hatch cover. We have the windsail down the latter & try to make the stairs act as extractor, but it's a farce. The windsail ought to drive the air in at one end of the cabin & the ventilator take the vitiated air out at the other end, so that we might have a chance of a change of air. I suppose some official has inspected the ship & found matters all right. I only wish he was forced for the rest of his days to sleep in my cabin with six others in the Tropics & only have a broken or rotten pump on board & a couple of hundred reckless passengers, a lot of whom persist in sleeping Tween decks on the sly. Just had dinner – A cup of pea soup & a little, <u>very little</u> sago pudding. Too hot in the middle of the day for meat, especially when you cannot get it, & Lizzie has been too poorly to get anything ready. Cold salt pork was ready, but that was <u>not</u> tempting.

Almost before we could get down stairs the squall was upon us

Saturday Sep^{r}. 20th

. . . Had a tropical squall last night. It was quite a fine evening, we were all lounging on deck & with only a couple of minutes warning, a regular guster came up. Fortunately a fair wind & we were flying along at a terrific rate, directly a little darkness first shews in the horizon, all the sailors are told to their posts, apparently to every main rope a man, so that if the squall should prove a hurricane every sail can be at once let down so that the masts may not go by the board. Almost before we could get downstairs the squall was upon us & the rain came down in torrents. I suppose this region of the Doldrums, or variables, is peculiarly apt to have these very sudden & violent storms. Also for changes of very light winds one can scarcely tell from which quarter it is coming & the sailors have to shift the yards & sails from port to starboard, then set square, then back to port every few minutes to catch every wind that blows. . . . Have been sickly all day – just had a glass of beer & feel much better in consequence.

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Wednesday Sep^{r}. 24th

A splendid hot morning. Last evening we had another birthday party in honor of Mr Chapman's birthday (the Steward) he provided the extras, tinned lobster, salmon, & a plum cake. Toasts, singing, fiddling up to 10 PM when we had our usual God Save the Queen – M^{r} Rosen the half & half Yankee refusing to rise while it was sung – confirming our opinion we are all forming that he is a conceited & disagreeable young puppy . . .

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Saturday Sep^{r}. 27th

Fine morning. *Euterpe* still going E SE instead of S W. Got 'Times' ready early this week – only going to have 2 or perhaps an extra one for Saloon if they copy their own. Down the main hatch (married peoples steerage quarters) they cannot afford to give me paper to write their copy on & so are going to leave them without one in future. They are a mighty jealous lot, say it is a <u>class</u> paper because it is got up in the 2nd Cabin, while really my principal contributor is a young fellow in the steerage. . . .[14]

Sunday · Sept 28th

. . . I did not get up till near 12 noon as there was nothing to breakfast to tempt me & I was feeling awfully disgusted with the ship & all its belongings. I felt as if I should like to remain in bed the rest of the voyage – of course I did not get to the Capns service, which I hear was very well attended. On Friday night one of the bobstays carried away and yesterday morning the other one gave way, so that we were in danger of losing the jib-boom, the jib sails were at once taken in & temporary repairs made, new chains & ropes fixed to take the place of those broken – on dit, [sic] if it had been rough weather, the jib-boom & also the foremast would have gone by the board. I am afraid the jib got damaged in the Thames in one of the two collisions we had there. . . .

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crossing the line

Wednesday Oct 1st

We have passed the line since yesterday; at least we suppose we have. The Sailors signed Articles not to make any disturbances at crossing the line & so the passengers took the matter in hand – several have been sailors & arranged to do a little shaving[15] on their own account. One of the men who was spotted for shaving turned up rusty & threatened to Knife the first one who touched him – so that there was nothing of that kind done. It resolved itself into a sort of dowsing or sowsing match. It commenced by some fellows getting buckets up into the boats on the quiet & at about 1/2 past 10 (the boats are kept half full of water to prevent the wood drying) they began throwing water on to those below, who of course returned the compliment & until after midnight the deck was a regular deluge & screams & shouts of laughter were constant. Some few slipped below & stripped & putting on drawers returned on deck ready for anything. Others after stripping put on Macintoshes & looked quite surprised when they were sowsed, as if they did not expect it, while the fellows thinking they were drenching their clothes redoubled their efforts. Harold very early in the spree took off his clothes (except his knickers) & so of course he got thoroughly wetted.



About nine Oclock Old Neptune shouted from under the Bowsprit. (It was one of the passengers who acted Neptune. He was dressed with an old coat and long wiskers [sic] *made of towed flax.) A good number of the passengers went on the forecastle to see him, and some of the sailors and passengers had the boats full of water, unknown to most of the passengers, and when Neptune had spoken awhile from below the bowsprit, he called for water and those in the boats throw water on the passengers . . . none escaped not even the Captain, only the women that was below escaped.*

Steerage passenger George Lister's diary, Sept. 30, 1879

As an example of the practice, King Neptune watches the shaving aboard an American ship, 1899.

From The USS* Albatross *in the South Seas, Japan and Alaska, MMSD Coll.



Pernambuco [now Recife, Brazil] *– The nearest Post Office during the past week would be at Pernambuco, a town in Brazil and capital of the province of the same name...*

The slaughter of another sheep on Thursday last was the occasion of great rejoicing down the for'ard hatch, not that it was supposed that any part of it would find its way down there, 'Of Course' –

It is hoped that the report is untrue which says that the mother of a family in the Intermediate Cabin has by mistake washed out her chamber and slop pail in the casks in which the salt pork was soaking on Thursday evening–

Euterpe Times, **No. 5**
October 11, 1879

He has no other knickers to put on, as his spare ones are down in the hold so he has to remain in bed until they are dried at the Galley. . . . This afternoon we have had some sports, in which as usual I was put in the front as referee, time keeper, umpire &c. We had races, 5 times round the deck. 3 legged races, races carrying pail full of water on the head. Tug of War &c &c In the race for boys under 13 Claude came in an easy winner by half the length of the ship – it was twice round the ship. He ran beautifully. Percy beat his opponent, tho: he himself looked finished when he came in. 10 passengers beat 10 Sailors in the Tug of War – but the passengers were far & away the heavier men.

he struck him & knocked him down

Thursday Oct^r 2^nd

. . . Yester evening I tin whistled for a party of Gent^m to dance, Sir Roger, (I danced myself the evening before when we had a fiddle) after dancing a while they began playing leap frog &c and while at these games 3 men with faces blacked & dressed in oil skins came behind Mr [Walter] Peck & suddenly seized & threw him down crying 'a shave a shave' & immediately covered his face with tar treacle &c and then drenched him with water; it was done so quickly & quietly that he had no chance of resisting. He was awfully wild as it was he who threatened 2 inches of cold steel to the first man who attempted to shave him. Of course that was taken as a challenge quite as much as a threat & I was not at all surprised when he was seized. It was too bad, but while he was washing himself near the Galley some fellows got on the cookhouse & threw a pailful of tar right on to his head, nearly suffocating him. We had previously had a lot of quiet shaving the same evening, our own steward being amongst the number operated on & we had thought it was all over when Peck was seized. He publicly challenged any one of the men who did it to single fisticuffs. He wants to have some revenge. . . . Have had a Tug of War between 2 crowds of sailors this aft'noon, watch against watch, the starboard watch being Victors. . . .

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Sunday Oct^r 5^th

A fine day with good breeze blowing – attended Cap^ns service on the poop & had a pleasant service. Just had dinner – Australian meat & preserved potatoes made into a pie and a tart afterwards. This is quite a grand Sunday dinner. The food being provided by the owners for us poor Emigrants is of such a quality, even in 2^nd Cabin, that my round paunch, which all my friends in England so well remember, has turned about & is going in towards my back bone. Before I land I shall be able to cross my legs same as Uncle Willie did when he returned from America. . . . According to chart we are no great distance from Pernambuco[17] in S. America. Guy is a little better now, in fact he is Knocking about, but he is very fretful. It is very hot in the sun today, but we have plenty of shade with the awnings & sails and the breeze makes it quite pleasant. Saw a homeward bound vessel, directly after service this morning & run our signal up, but we were apparently too far off for them to distinguish it or reply to it & we very soon lost sight of each other. The evening service took place as usual.

Monday Oct^r 6^th

A fine breezy day, warm & having sudden squalls every hour or two. . . .We have all sail set (except stay sails) though it is so squally; but every time we see a squall coming, the officer on duty gives the command "Stand by the Royal Halyards" I suppose to let the sails run free for fear of their being torn away or the ship capsizing, which latter is an event I have no desire to be a witness of. Another homeward bound ship was in sight directly after dinner, making five today as we have been a week or ten days together & not seen a ship of any kind. I suppose we are in the track of the Homeward bounds which we cross in a day or two &

then we may possibly not see another ship until we get to our Journeys end, which we are talking about reaching by the end of Novr, though I give us up to the 7th Decr and shall be all the better please if we are there earlier. We hope to have our Christmas dinner in a shanty of our own. A large fish been seen today, some say a whale, tho: I am afraid nobody knows exactly what it is. We see hundreds of flying fish every day, some seem to take quite long flights, 100 yards even sometimes, tho always very little above the surface of the water, only a few feet above it in fact. We now & then see a benito make a dash among them when a whole shoal will dart out of the water like a lot of swallows.

Tuesday Octr 7

Today is ditto to yesterday, fine, squally & breezy. The inner jib sail has been torn away this morning & the bowsprit keeps dipping its head into the waves and half drowning the people near. Have been getting up a raffle for a revolver . . .

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Friday Octr 10

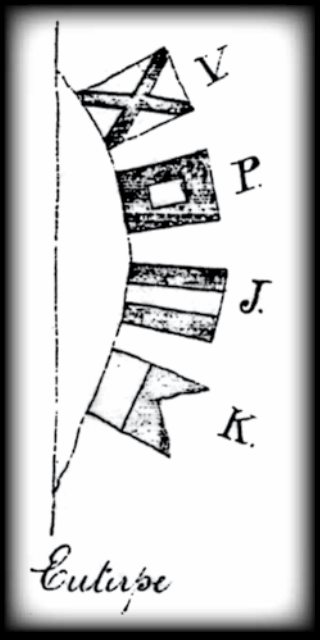
We have another beautiful day. They have been busy today fixing stays to the stancheons [sic] in front of Saloon, this looks as if rough weather was expected. Have got 'Euterpe Times' ready for this week and two gentm are busy making fair copies from my rough draft. Pea soup thickened with preserved potatoes was my dinner today, could not touch boiled salt pork – would have been content with bread but have none to spare or should go without at teatime & we have no flour until it is served out, perhaps this aft'noon. As for the sea biscuits with which they have the impudence to supply us, I do not intend to try one of them again unless I am reduced to the last extremity of starvation. I should like to put in my paper what I think of the owners & provisioning of the ship, but if I did of course the paper would be at once shut up by the powers that be. . . .

Saturday Octr 11

Have had a dead calm nearly all day today. I understand the S.E trades are done with and we are now in a region of variables, wind may come from anywhere. Last night we had another concert (after two weeks rest) my wife sang 'Welcome my bonny lad' it was quite a success. For this evening there is a programme of dances posted to commence at 7.30. After tea yesterday, the childrens races came off & Claude beat all comers 3 times; and twice round the deck – ages 8 to 13. He runs like a hare. A man offered to back him against any man in the ship with 6 yds start. This same man's son was walked right away from by Claude easily & he is 13 or 14 years old. I was quite surprised. Harold this afternoon has been right up to the top of the mainmast, he had to get there to pull himself up a rope above the top of the topmost rattlings (or rope ladders). In fact all the youngsters from Oscar upward can go up the ropes very well indeed & walk on a horizontal ladder hanging by their hands like good ones. Lizzie saw Harold & she was quite frightened until he was safe down again. I suppose he would be over 150 feet above the deck. Our appetites are now returning to us and as we won't eat the sea biscuits we are generally on rather short commons for bread. I wish they would give us more flour, but they won't. . . .



DANCING BETWEEN DECKS.



From Joshua Charlesworth's diary

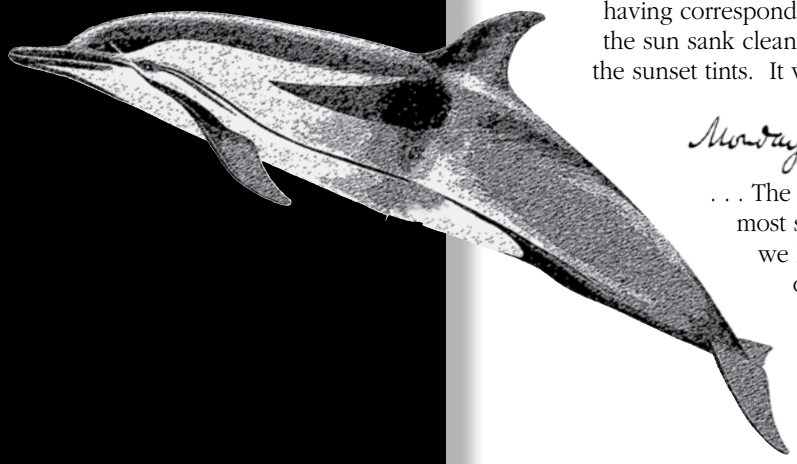
Sunday October 5th 11:30 am Passed an American barque signaled her but she either could not read our signals, or had not the code flags, as she only answered by hoisting her colours.

***Euterpe Times*, No. 5 October 11, 1879**

the sea was like a sheet of Yellowish gold

Sunday Oct^{r} 12.

The calm has continued all day, I should hardly think we have gone a mile. We all attended Captains service on the poop this morning; and this aft'noon there has been great excitement about some sharks which are about. One 8 or 9 ft long old fellow has been round & round the ship all the aft'noon. The sailors have baited hooks with pork which he has come & taken and then when he has been pulled half way up (clean out of the water) the hooks have slipped & down he has flopped again taking the meat with him. . . . We are very short of bread again, 1 small round each for the boys & 1-1/2 for adults is all we have had for tea. We do not get anymore until Tuesday & have only about 3 lbs for 10 of us for all day tomorrow. Since tea Johnson [Martin Johnsson] a Swedish sailor has caught one of the sharks from off the Foc'sle top, every body rushes to see it and there was such excitement, it lay on the deck wriggling about & striking & everybody's legs were in danger until its tail was chopped off. They have since thrown it overboard, because, as I am told, the passengers crowded on them that they could not disect [sic] it properly & besides its flesh would have been dreadfully offensive by morning, We have had the most beautiful sunset tonight I every [sic] saw, or saw depicted by artist. The sea was like a sheet of yellowish gold with shades of purple and one bright line of glorious fire right from your eye along to the setting sun, the sky having corresponding lines. I sat entranced on the bulwarks of the ship until the sun sank clean into the water and the cold grey of evening replaced the sunset tints. It was a glorious sight.



Monday Oct^{r} 13~

. . . The shark caught yesterday had a sucker fish attached to it, a most singular fish about 9 ins long, it has been given to Harold & we have it in a pickle jar & we ought to have it filled with spirits of wine or gin. I cannot get the former & I cannot spare the latter. Have been busy all morning cutting bits of cloth for a door mat. . . . The wind has got up a little this evening & now we seem to be going 4 or 5 knots an hour. Chapman the Steward has been busy today cutting out a piece of ornament with a fret saw, the pattern of which I have designed for him. It is to put up in the corner over his bunk & will look very pretty. This evening is beautifully fine & I have been drilling the young ones, they enjoy it very much and the older ones think it great fun.

Tuesday Oct^{r} 14 –

. . . I have had the young ones drilling again and now Harold is busy making wooden guns to arm them with. I have a squad of about 12. A dolphin has been seen playing about the bows of the ship this evening, it was hooked but it got away again. People say it was a beautifully coloured fish.

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Thursday Oct^{r} 16th

Last night the wind got up nicely and this morning there is quite a messy sea, we appear to be sailing S by E and the wind is blowing E so that we are not going quite our course. Still we are doing 7 or 8 knots. The apprentices who have been



Maritime Museum of San Diego

on the ship several years tell us that we may expect the sea on the decks several feet deep occasionally during the next few weeks & we shall have to hold on to the stancheons & other permanent fixtures when we move about the deck, and not to seize hold of the hatch covers or horse or sheep pens[18] when a sea is shipped as these may be washed away. . . .

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Sat: Oct: 18th

Yesterday aft'noon about 3.30 we were going along merrily when all at once the sails filled backwards, the wind having changed entirely, coming from exactly opposite direction, by the time the sailors had got all yards turned & sails trimmed to fit the fresh direction of the wind it suddenly ceased & we had a dead calm, the sea going down very rapidly. I understand it freshened a little during the night and now we are doing about 24 miles a day, just moving. Lat 28.15 Long 27.58 dist 60 is just posted [on the blackboard, by the Captain], so we must have done a couple of miles an hour, or more, since the change of wind, besides the 8 or 9 an hour previously – Lizzie has been busy all the morning preparing Guy's birthday cakes & tarts &c. It is the little man's third birthday tomorrow; he is out of sorts again, ———'d the bed again last night (clean blanket put on yesterday) & was up again by daylight at the same old game. I took him to the Dr this morning and he has given him some powders to take. I hope they will cure him for he is very tiresome. . . .

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A wet & wild day
Friday Oct: 24th

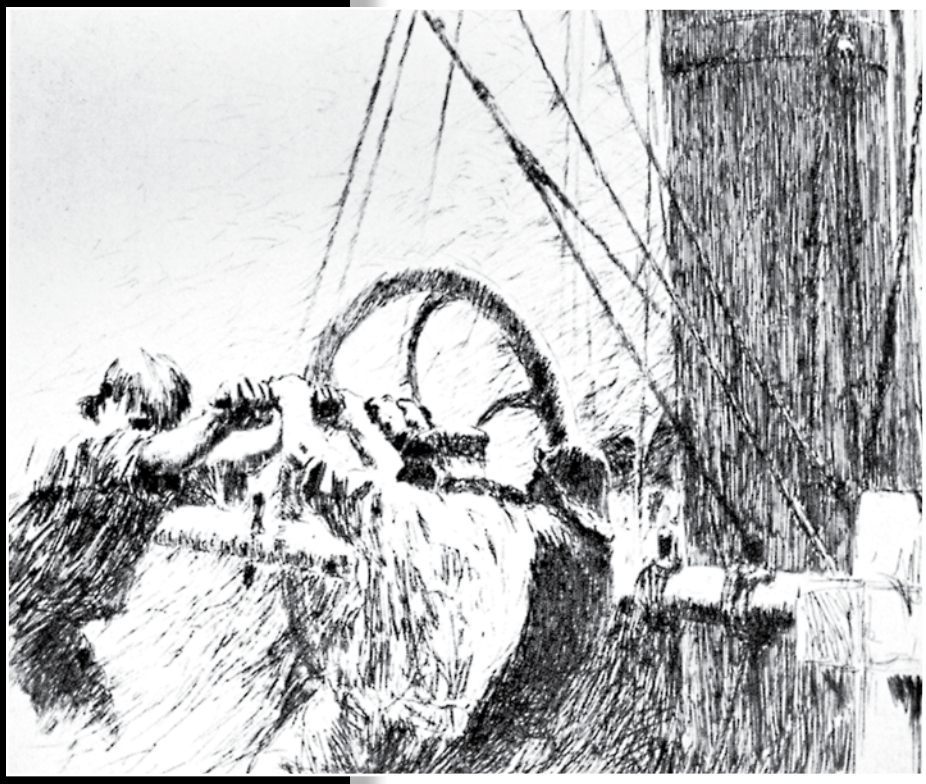
A wet & wild day, nearly all sails close reefed and upper yards lowered. One staysail is blown away & torn to ribbons and some rope or stay belonging to the Mizen [sic] mast rigging has broken away. I don't know its name. I think the wind is getting higher & higher, anyhow our officers appear to be preparing for the worst weather that can come. Lat 33.00 Long 20.47 Dist 128 is todays notice. I expect we shall run down to 40 South in about 2 days if this wind holds and then we shall commence to run our Easting down. Baby was very ill during the night, the Dr is without suitable medecine for Infantile Diarhoea, so we are doing what we can – Arrowroot, cornflower with a drop of brandy in it is our present remedy, he seems to want nothing but 'the titty'. Harold is out of temper again because I won't allow him to go on deck in the storm – in fact he is out of temper continually and I am half inclined to turn him out of house & home directly I set foot on land. I know nothing and as he is so much wiser & cleverer than I, he may as well do for himself.

Saturday Oct: 25th

The storm or gale continued with great strength & fury all night – the seas came right over the ship – we rolled tremendously & soon after getting to bed, the boards forming our bed bottom came away & we were in danger of falling through bodily on to the youngsters below – of course we got up & re-fixed the boards & tried again, but it was no use, the boards were too short or the bed was too wide. Here was a go, looking out of our cabin I saw the Steward & Mr Tichbon & Mr Young busy swabbing up the water which was coming down the hatchway in bucketfulls every prospect of all the cabins being shortly ankle deep in water. However Lizzie was spent & I was bound to make her a bed somehow so I took a stool, all our boots, old paper soap box & all odds & ends in the place & strewed them on the floor of our Cabin, on these I placed our mattres [sic] & on that the bed & then I lay down & rolled myself in the clothes. I had first of all got Lizzie & baby into the low bunk with the boys – six of

Tristan Da Cunha... which we may possibly see on our [illegible word] *South in a few days, is the largest of three Islands in the Southern Atlantic Ocean* [and] *about 1300 miles South and West of St. Helena. It is a mountainous Volcanic Island peak rising to the height of 7,640 feet. The climate is mild and farmable...* [there are] *good pastures and cattle... poultry and pigs...The wind blows sometimes with such violence as actually to blow* [down] *cattle. Ships seldom call. The population in 1875 was 85 people–*

***Euterpe Times*, No. 6**
October 18, 1879



***From* The Windjammers, *Time-Life Books, 1978, credited to Arthur Brisco*, Marine Artist - His Life and Work.**

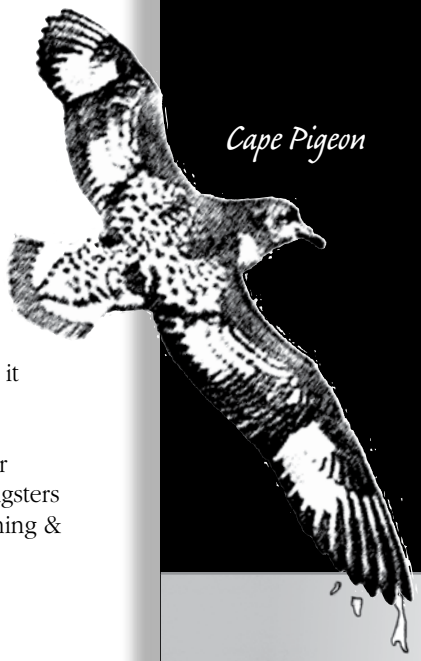
them in one bed 3 ft 6 ins wide. However Lizzie thought I looked so comfortable that she turned out & joined me – so that we lay there & did as well as we could – we certainly did get snatches of sleep, but nothing to call rest – we were now lying across the ship & consequently experiencing a motion we were not used to – it felt like all ones interior being shaken from bottom to top of ones body & vice versa – one roll giving you the upward shake & the return roll the downward. We got up early & fortunately the water had not reached us, though it had been in every other cabin in the place. The night was so rough that they expected something would have gone wrong for the Carpenter was sent round to see what was required in the way of repairs. He found our bedboards an inch too short so he put an extra lath under & nailed all fast. I hope they are right now. Remained below all morning & after dinner went on deck & sat on our hatch cover with Guy astride my knees where he fell fast asleep. Lizzie was sat on the poop steps with the other Ladies but would come & sit with me awhile – after a bit the ship gave an extra deep roll on one side & she slipped off her seat on to the deck & as there was 8" or a foot of water on the deck she slid right across into the scupples [sic] (scuppers - as the gutter along the ships' side is called) here she got drenched with the wave which carried her & which of course collected there, she seized hold of a rope here, but was too stunned or surprised to hold on & on the return roll she was carried right across the ship to the opposite scupple & banged with great force against the bulwarks – here she was unable to get a hold of anything & consequently she was again carried right back to the other scupples and again smashed against the bulwarks and very likely might have repeated the performance again but that the General & the 3rd Mate ran & seized her and landed her safe & dripping wet on the top of our cabin steps. I was quite unable to help or try to help her, for Guy was fast asleep sat across my knees & it took me all my time to hold on to my seat by clasping the ventilator which I was leaning against. Very fortunately she was not seriously hurt & took her involuntary swim all in good part. She sobbed when the water came over her at first, but of course she and everybody else laughed when it was all over. A lot of the women folk in the steerage fell at the same instant as Lizzie, one a very nice Lady named Mrs Owen having her leg (small bone) broken as she went to change her clothes after her wetting. . . .

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Tuesday Oct-28

A fine morning, the wind strong & dead aft so that we are going along famously, we expect to round the Cape of Good Hope in about a weeks time. We are "running our Eastings down" we were yesterday noon 12.11 degrees W of Greenwich and we have to run to some 176 degrees east of ditto, some 8000 [miles] and we are all talking as if we were already there, pretty sanguine, eh! This morning had one spoonful of burgoo (porridge) to breakfast & when we were all expecting to begin our coffee &c, we were told by our Steward that there was no bread for us, it was only just put in the oven; so

those who could ate a ship biscuit and those who could not (Lizzie, I & one or two of the young ones) had to go without. This kind of work makes me feel very sore. There is no doubt our cook has to work very hard & Shaw, Savill Co ought to have provided a separate Galley as the cooking places are called for a baker & both would have plenty to do to keep things in decent order for 200 people. . . .



Wednesday Oct: 29th

Baby looks a little thin old man, but still he is a little better & quite merry. A splendid day, but top coat weather & in the evenings it is bitter. The new yard has been fixed today, carpenter has made a very good job of it; it is the top one but one on the main mast & though it appears so little is 50 ft 4 ins long, in fact rather shorter than the old one which was found to be rotten. While it was being fixed a halyard broke & let a sailor fall a few yards, but he lighted on his feet & is no worse for his jump. . . . Have been busy making a thyble (a porridge stirrer) Youngsters are all very fond of it now, we have it & boiled rice every alternate morning & Lizzie says we are to continue it ashore.

Thursday Oct: 30th

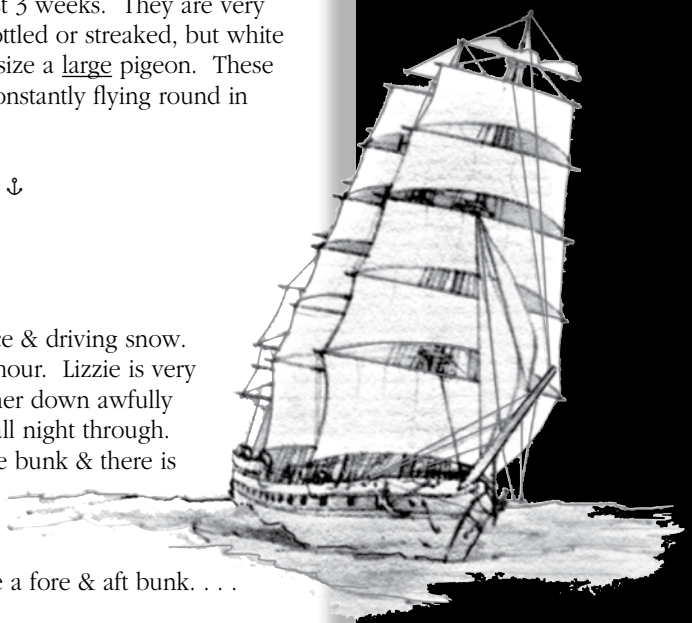
. . . Last night from 6 to 10 we had a splendid breeze & were doing about 11 Knots with every sail set & full. About 9 the fore royal brace carried away, just as the breeze was at its best. In fact we never have a good breeze but something carries away, unless they at once take in sail. The ship appears to be fully equipped with rotten ropes & chains. Perhaps I am no fair judge, for the officers say that ropes breaking &c is to be expected. I don't care much if the old tub only floats us quickly to our journeys end. I forget to mention that Aleck caught a Patagonian hen on Tuesday, it is a very large dark brown bird & measures 6 ft tip to tip. Tichbon's line caught it as Aleck gave the bird to Mrs T. She is purposing having a tippet out of the wings and a muff out of the breast, that is, if the curing turns out satisfactorily. Lat 40.25 Long 0.11 E Dist 211 so that we are east of Greenwich for the first time since we left the Downs. Mr Young of our cabin is down with dysentery & has the Dr attending him. Miss [Ann] Jacobs, an old voyageur, who was very kind to all the Intermediate passengers when they were sick, is down seriously ill, some inward complications & yesterday it was said she was not likely to recover. She is easier today. I do not know whether I have mentioned the 'Cape pigeons'[19] which we have had in great numbers about the ship this past 3 weeks. They are very pretty, black & white piebald like a butterfly – not mottled or streaked, but white birds with dabs of black across the wings & body, in size a large pigeon. These & Albatrosses, Mollyhawks[20] & Patagonian hens are constantly flying round in scores so that our sea-scape is quite lively.



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Monday Nov: 3rd

A fine cold morning, the sea looking like black ice & driving snow. S.W. wind, we are going something like 10 Knots an hour. Lizzie is very poorly today, cannot hold her head up – Baby pulls her down awfully & she never hardly gets a nights rest, he pulls at her all night through. It is so cold now we all three sleep at same end of the bunk & there is no room to put him off her arm, & still the bunk is too wide when the ship is rolling. Nothing beats a very narrow single bunk for comfort, you can pack yourself tight & you hardly feel the rolling if you have a fore & aft bunk. . . .



We are always happy to be able to congratulate the passengers of the Euterpe upon anything pleasant, and this week we are able to do so upon the fact that At Last we have reached 40 South and those Westerlies which have been so much talked of and longed for.

***Euterpe Times,* No. 8**
November 1, 1879



Tuesday Nov^r 4^th

. . . Ship rolls frightfully today, takes us all our time to hold on to our seats especially at meal times. Lizzie is much better today & so I think & hope, is baby – only going 4 or 5 Knots now. Hope wind will get up soon. Had a fall on to one hand & knee this morning. Saw a shoal (about 5 or 6) grampuses [22] at 10 AM and at 1.30 saw a large whale, a fearful big fellow. I only saw his back & tail & the piece of him I saw measured I should think 10 or 12 yards at the least. Had a bad fall this afternoon, was getting off a spar (a large beam of timber, lashed to the bulwarks, of which to make a mast if wanted) with Guy in my arms when the ship rolling I came down full length.

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Saturday Nov^r 8^th

A fine morning – good wind on Starboard quarter going 9 or 10 Knots – wind changed last night & has been chopping & changing about ever since. Hope it will stick where it is for a week or two. Gave the Assistant cook who is very ill part of a bottle of Hollands last night, I fancy both he & the cook got drunk. This morning sent four rashers [slices] of bacon to be cooked, they have sent 3 back. We have no bread for breakfast as we ought to have had, so I am going without to be able to feel angry enough to write something edifying for Shaw Savill & C^o in the last N^o of the *Euterpe* Times. . . .

Monday Nov^r 10^th

. . . All of us in good health & hungry, but always short of bread. Have to serve the boys 1 1/2 or two very small thin rounds when they could eat 6 or 8 of them. Cannot get any of the exchange made as mentioned in the prospectuses, so all our salt beef & pork [brought along to barter with] is wasted & we are short of bread. Had a row with cook on Saturday, he sent us less bread than we sent flour, so got other two loaves from him. Shall weigh flour out & bread in future.

"Where did you get those potatoes"

Tuesday Nov^r 11^th

Had a rough night again, wind fair & gone along splendidly. A week or two ago we in 2^nd cabin nobbled [stole] a small quantity of fresh potatoes . . .

Wednesday Nov^r 12^th

. . . The steerage passengers (single men) have published a Cartoon on "who stole the potatoes" – it represents M^r Tichbon getting potatoes out of a case & saying "I'd get enough to last the voyage this time" and another picture shewing M^r L at the Galley door and Ben the Cook saying "where did you get those potatoes" M^r T replying "I found them, never mind Ben; what will you

have to drink." It is causing quite an excitement. The run to day is the worst since we passed the Cape, Lat 42.27 Long 52.56 Dist 137. Greater excitement about the potatoes, another Cartoon is out & another promised for tomorrow. Our Cook brought word this noon that the Cook had received orders to open all pies from our Cabin, but, he said, as he took our pie & put it in the oven "it won't be any use opening this one as they won't think of sending any with potatoes in just yet." Our pie had the sliced potatoes in it all the time . . .

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a huge wave swept over amidships

Friday Nov^{r} 14th

Last night a gale sprang up from the N W and has continued all night & up to this (11 AM) with great fury. We soon had "all hands" taking in sail and were scudding along before the wind with only one sail on each mast. Wind got aft during the night and had difficulty in sticking in the bunk & this morning the wind got further round & is now S.W. I wish it would go down, it is very unpleasant being fast below as we are, the waves coming right over the ship make it dangerous to go on deck. . . .

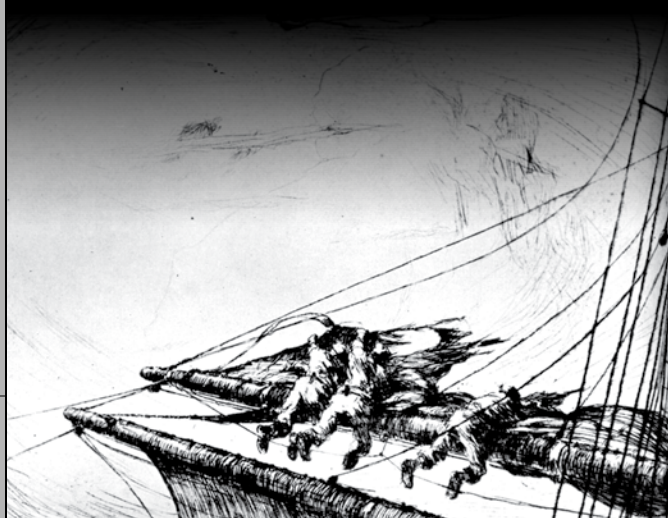
Saturday Nov^{r} 15

The storm continued all day & night yesterday, but at 4.30 p m I think it was at its highest. We were just talking of tea & Harry Leake had come in to see how we were getting on, when a huge wave swept over amidships carrying away the coverings of the main hatch entirely & flooding the intermediate cabin Knee deep, the ship fairly trembled with the blow. The water quickly spread & as we are on the same floor, we were soon entirely flooded, the water coming from their cabin to ours, passing thro: the sail & store room and bringing along with it preserved potatoes, flour, rice &c&c so that everything it touched was covered with slime, it was over the boot tops in our cabin directly, but not before I had got the carpet up & the workbasket & boxes & things on to the bed. The children cried but I took & pitched them all on to the top bunk & there we all set to work bailing out the water & in an hour & a half we got all cleared out, except in the General's cabin which is next to the sail room & that is scarcely clear of water yet (6.30 p.m) & they have been bailing out water all day. The wave beside carrying away the main hatch cover, went right over the ship & carried away part of the tafrail [sic] (the upper part of the bulwarks) on the opposite side. Of course Harry Leake, directly he saw the water coming in such a flood into our place & heard the people screaming (as we plainly could) ran off to look after his wife & children. On his way he was caught by another wave & nearly drowned (quite drenched I mean) the big wave had also carried away a skylight right over the intermediate cabin table (skylight was on the top of the deck house [built over the hatch]) & Harry's youngest boy was sitting at the table when the wave came down & covered him. I suppose the scene was something fearful, women & children screaming, men growling, boxes & bags &c floating about & no one knowing how high the water would get. The officers & men were all on duty & very soon had the main hatch flat cover on & caulked &

One of the second class passengers stole some fresh potatoes, and the one that was least expected, for sometimes he conducted the meetings on the Sunday evenings. And as the Editor of the paper is in the second class, they will not put anything [negative] *in the paper... So some of the single men in the for'ard hatch-way started an illustrated paper and they had his portrait drawn and had him in four acts...*

George Lister's diary, November 10-12th, 1879

***From* The Windjammers, *Time-Life Books, 1978, credited to Arthur Brisco*, Marine Artist - His Life and Work.**





About midnight on Thursday, the nearest relation of the Editor of this valuable paper, was suddenly alarmed by a large rat tumbling off the top of her bunk (a top story one) on to her head. She shrieked in horror and springing from her bunk seized a shawl which she hurriedly wrapped around and jumped on the table in the center of the Cabin – Here she sat perched up like an Hindoo Goddess, her eyes almost starting out of her head with fright and declared she would never go to bed again in the Horrid Ship. However a general illumination of the lanterns in the Cabin re-assured her and she was ultimately reduced to return to rest again, but she says – 'Not to Sleep'

***Euterpe Times* No. 14, Dec. 20, 1879**



bolted down, so that there had to be a road made from the intermediate through the single men's cabin for the married people to get out on deck. The sea & wind have moderated to day, a little, but it is still rather dangerous going out as waves every now & then come over the sides. We had our sewing machine in its box, packed with dust sheets & found it drenched & covered with 'burgoo', flour &c. Have been busy all day putting things to right & examining contents of boxes &c. The ship rolls uncomfortably, but we are getting along & that is a comfort. Lizzie was bumped backwards against our Cabin door & burst the panel in & carpenter is too busy to do anything for us & all my own nails are used, so we shall hang a shawl over the opening when we go to roost. . . . The big Dutch 3rd Mate got a good thrashing from a little seamen [sic] named [F. J.] Lowe,[23] whom he was bullying yesterday afternoon, the man gave the officer (who was fresh, having been drinking 3 days) a lovely pair of black eyes which will take him a week or two to get rid of. This was just before the Hatch cover was carried away. Officers & men fighting in a storm, when everybody ought to have been doing their best for the safety of the ship & passengers.

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Stead Ellis's diary concludes with *Euterpe* still at sea. Other accounts offer details of the closing days of this particularly grueling voyage. "There are thousands of rats," reported third-class passenger George Lister in early December.[24] "The rats ate part of my boots last night," complained Joshua Charlesworth in his second-class cabin; "we are swarmed out with them."[25] Some hungry emigrants even resorted to killing the multiplying vermin with belaying pins, and making rat pies. Years later, another passenger, a boy at the time, remembered "the excitement among the passengers when a rat pie was brought from the galley & the crowd of passengers who followed it from the cook house to the fore part of the ship where the single men bunked."[26]

At 6:30 on the evening of December 12, 1879, Land ho! rang throughout the ship as the New Zealand coast hove in sight.[27]

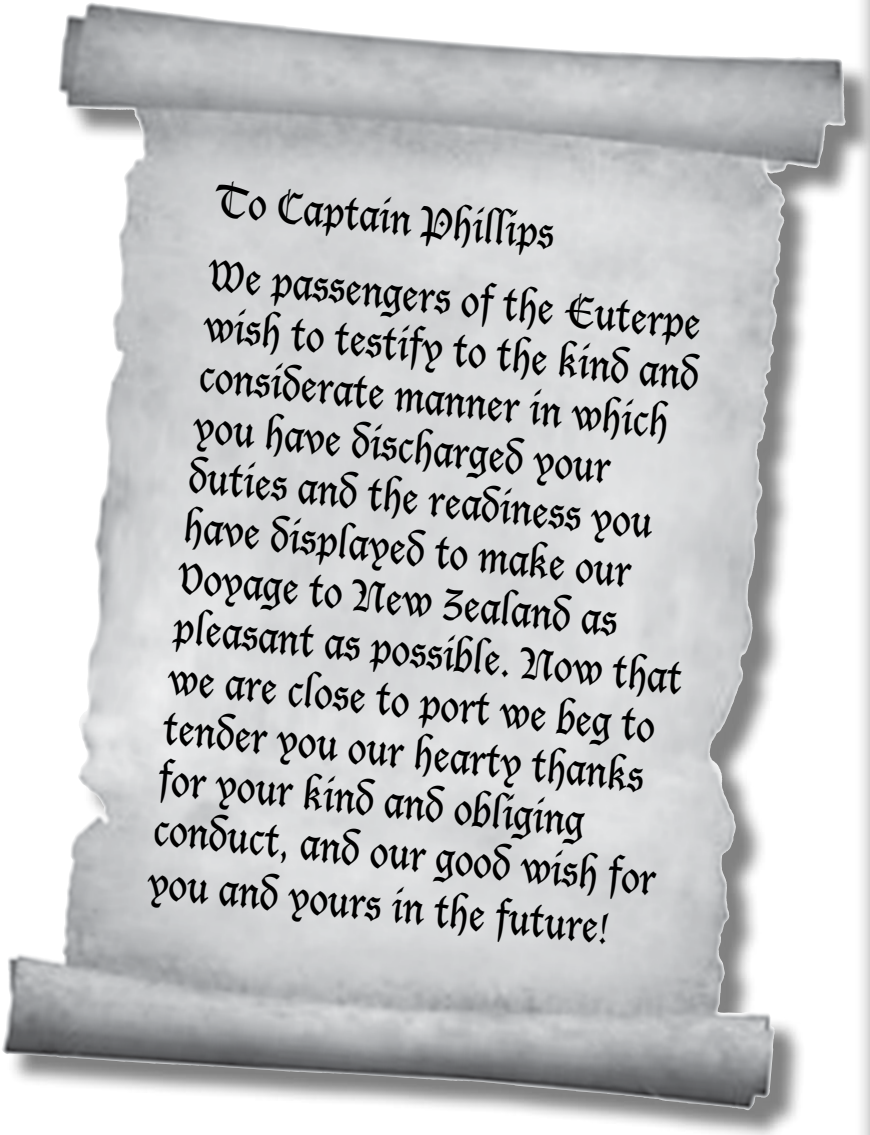
Land ho!



Thursday, 4th

A deputation consisting of two men from each Cabin waited upon Cap't. Phillips, for the purpose of presenting him with an engrossed Testemonial expressing the thanks of the passengers towards him during the voyage from London to New Zealand. The address which is in German [Gothic] Text is as follows:

December 4, 1879
George Lister's Diary



To Captain Phillips

We passengers of the Euterpe wish to testify to the kind and considerate manner in which you have discharged your duties and the readiness you have displayed to make our Voyage to New Zealand as pleasant as possible. Now that we are close to port we beg to tender you our hearty thanks for your kind and obliging conduct, and our good wish for you and yours in the future!

Captain Phillips' Reply:
It is very gratifying indeed to me to receive the testimonial at the end of a somewhat long voyage; though with God's help a few days should now bring us to land. It will add one more to the many simular Testimonials which I have received since the year 1864, as since then I have taken near upon 2,000 passengers to New Zealand....

December 4, 1879 George Lister's Diary
***there is also an account in:** *Euterpe Times,* **No. 13 December 6, 1879**

A head wind, but only about 15 miles off. Signalled to two coasting steamers but [they] *did not answer us. We saw a good many different sort of birds.*

We got up very close to the opening in the afternoon and a steam tug and a Pilot came and took us in. We anchored about four Oclock. The land seemed very pleasant, and it was very warm. It is the warmest Xtmas Eve I ever felt, for it is middle of summer. The Harbour is a fine inlet, but I had to ask where Port Lyttelton was, for we only could see a few houses, and they looked very pretty on [the] *side of a hill and plenty of trees around them.*

December 24, 1879
George Lister's Diary

The Voyage of the "Unluckipee " [Euterpe]

A Ship set sail from London Town,
Set sail for a distant land;
Her name was the Euterpe;
Cap't Phillips did her command.

On a Friday night did she set sail
Full glorious shone the stars
And loudly sang and strongly pulled
Her crew of jolly tars.

She anchored off the Gravesend pier
Before she sped her way
And what did happen to her there
Was the Doctor's fault they say.



The Doctor was a jolly man
And well did love good cheer
Perhaps he did not like the sea
I vow he liked good beer.

Oh had that Medicine man been there,
An lingered not o'er wine,
They'd have gone before a glorious breeze
And long since crossed the line.

Eight Bells had struck aboard that Ship
The sound Scarce died away
When the Talford struck her on the stern
And let in light of day.

Oh panic was then rife on deck
And folks rushed to and fro
And Oaths and Prayers & dolby Cans
Were strangely mixed with woe.

The back again to London town
Back into dock she went
Before she went again to sea
Full ten long days were spent.

But now they've a med of a different sort
No word I'll say against him
He never goes to roost at night,
Until he's dowsed each glim.

Though now she's nearly out to sea
The breezes are contrary;
The only merit they possess,
Is that of being airy.

Oh why can't ships let her alone,
And try at least to clear her;
Now Hurunui, sure You know,
You should not go so near her.

They beat about for sixteen days,
Of reaching they'd enough,
They reached and tacked before they got,
Past Biscay wild and rough.

But now she's well upon her way
The wind is in her favour
And in a Year or so perhaps
At her journeys end You'll find her.

Moral

The Moral of this story is
On Friday don't set sail
Well anyhow then if You do,
Be sure You do not fail.

Euterpe Times, **No. 3**
September 26, 1879

Left: Port Lyttelton's expanding harbor was a frequent destination for *Euterpe*, and was painted five years after one group of famished emigrants stepped ashore to celebrate Christmas, in 1879. In the new drydock at left is a sight they would have found chillingly familiar: the *Hurunui*, with which they nearly collided, undergoes repairs not long after she collided with (and sank) *Wiatara*.

Euterpe 1879



Harold and Stead Ellis, about ten years before emigrating to New Zealand.
Courtesy Siobhan Stead-Ellis

Stead Ellis and his family settled in Nelson, where within a year he was made secretary and chief architect of the Board of Education. He was a prominent Freemason, and returned to his favorite sport of competitive shooting. "Lizzie" brought three more children into the world: Maud in 1881, Mabel the following year, and Elizabeth ("Ning") in 1885. On his death at age sixty-eight in 1908, their father was hailed as "an indefatigable worker in the cause of education."[29] His long-suffering "Lizzie" outlived him by nine years. Eldest son Harold, who frustrated his father as a sullen teenager on the voyage, became a farmer and lived until 1940. Claude, whose victories in races around *Euterpe's* decks made the diarist proud, became a school-teacher. Another footrace winner, Percy, became a solicitor; ravaged by tuberculosis, he lived out his days as an invalid on his mother's farm. Oscar tried farming, but became a dentist and returned to England. Little Guy also became a farmer, while "baby" Rowland moved to Kuala Lumpur and rose to manage a major communications firm.[30] As befits a family of globe-girdling emigrants, their descendents today live scattered between New Zealand and Europe.

NOTES

1a See Acknowledgements, pages 4-5, for biographical profiles.

1 Stead Ellis, "My Diary," transcript by Joan Semmler and the late Barbara Sarda in MacMullen Library, Maritime Museum of San Diego (MMSD), transcribed from photocopied manuscript donated in 1999 by Harold Huycke; original in possession of Ellis descendent Robin Marriage of New Zealand. The extract published here is condensed to emphasize both distinctive aspects of this voyage and those features typical of emigrant voyages; a complete transcript is at MMSD. Anchor symbols indicate deletion of one or more days' entries. Spelling and punctuation follow the manuscript, but ship names have been italicized.

2 Ellis was born in Bradford, West Yorkshire, in 1839. Prior to emigrating he had an architectural practice in partnership with eldest brother William. (Siobhan Stead-Ellis to Mark Allen, 12 October 2003, MMSD.)

3 *Euterpe's* 1879 voyage is unusually well-documented; three of five known diaries kept aboard the ship date from 1879. Craig Arnold, ed., *Euterpe: Diaries, Letters & Logs of the "Star of India" as a British Emigrant Ship* (San Diego: Maritime Museum Association of San Diego, 1988) reprints several letters and most of "A Diary kept by George J. Lister On his passage from England to New Zealand in the Year 1879," 29 July 1879-25 December 1879; MS in the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, New Zealand, photocopy and transcript at MMSD. A photocopied set of *The Euterpe Times*, fourteen issues of a handwritten shipboard newspaper edited by Ellis (13 September-20 December 1879), is also at MMSD; brief sections are reprinted in *Mains'l Haul* (Winter 1989, 3; Spring 1990, 15; Summer 1990, 18; Fall 1990, 7; Winter 1991, 4; Spring 1991, 22; Summer 1991, 32; Fall 1991, 27; Winter 1992, 26; Spring 1992, 29; Winter 1993, 22-23; Spring 1993, 31; Summer 1993, 28). Copies of additional 1879-voyage-related documents at MMSD include Joshua Charlesworth, "Diary on board the Euterpe on her Voyage to Canterbury New Zealand" (1 August-24 December 1879), original MS in possession of Shirley Culy, New Zealand; Charlesworth, letter to parents, 10 January 1880; "Agreement and Account of Crew," *Euterpe*, #78441, 30 July 1879, National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. No surviving logs for this or any other *Euterpe* voyage between 1871 and 1883 are known.

4 The count of passengers derives from "The Euterpe, From London," *Lyttelton* [New Zealand] *Times*, 26 December 1879, photocopy at MMSD.

5 Ages given throughout are derived from Ellis family tree donated by Bridget Woodhead in 2003, copy at MMSD, and Stead-Ellis to Allen. Bracketed first names or initials likewise derive from other documents of the 1879 voyage.

6 The Ellis cabin was evidently on the 'tween deck near the ladder from the quarterdeck, i.e., the present-day main companionway. (See entries for 6 and 7 September, which mention close proximity of Ellis cabin to quarterdeck). The second- and third-class dining area was forward, covering the main hatch; a skylight, ventilator, and companionway for passengers was built into the main hatch cover. Married steerage passengers occupied this middle area, separated from second class by a wooden partition athwartships, with single men furthest forward separated by another partition. Cabins opening onto the saloon on the main deck housed thirteen first class passengers, as well as the captain and first mate.

7 The vessel involved was probably the 1,313 ton *Hahnemann, ex-Brunswick*, built 1861. American Shipmasters Association *Record*, 1879, courtesy G. W. Blount Library, Mystic Seaport, Connecticut.

8 The steamship *Telford*. *The Times* (London), 4 August 1879.

9 Shaw, Savill & Co., of London, owned *Euterpe* from 1870 to 1898. The firm became Shaw, Savill & Albion in 1882.

10 Heads (toilets) for passengers in 1879 were evidently on the main (weather) deck, as the 29 August reference to Mrs. Davis being soaked by a wave while en route suggests. On 19 September, Ellis grumbles about "no convenience of any kind" whenever the quarterdeck was screened off to permit women to bathe, which could mean that the heads were located there, forward of the break in the poop.

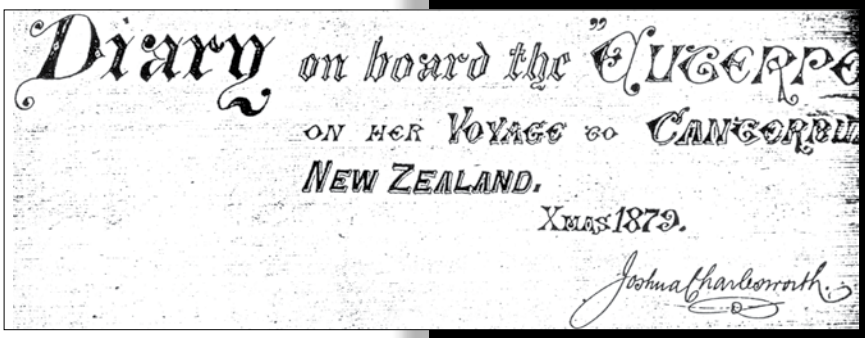
11 Engineer Charles Brown lost his forefinger "in a cog wheel of the lifting gear connected to the engine," possibly an ash hoist used to raise spent fuel from a condenser in the hold. (*Euterpe Times* 1, 13 September 1879.) The condenser was a vital piece of equipment that produced fresh water for passengers' use through boiling seawater, then condensing the salt-free vapors.

12 HMS *Tenedos*, a 1,760 ton *Eclipse*-class wooden screw sloop built in 1870, was returning after her crew saw action in the Anglo-Zulu War.

13 There were seven organized evenings of entertainment and a children's singing contest put on by the passengers on the 1879 voyage. These evenings consisted primarily of solo and duet songs (Elizabeth Ellis was a frequent participant), poem recitals, and instrumental pieces on violin, piccolo, spoons, "bones," and improvised tambourines. Other diversionary events created primarily by and for passengers in 1879 included dances, auctions, sporting contests, birthday parties, and traditional ceremonies of the sea.

14 Steerage passenger Walter Peck composed all poems in the newspaper, signing himself "Euterpean." *Euterpe Times* 13, 6 December 1879. Class resentments among steerage passengers toward the *Times*, Editor Ellis, and others in first and second class cabins are evident in Lister, 10-12 October 1879; Ellis defends himself in *Euterpe Times* 4, 4 October 1879.

15 Shaving was a common ritual humiliation foisted on passengers and crew who had not previously crossed the equator. Other diaries report three crew members, including the steward, were shaved "with tar and slush and scraped with a piece of hoop iron." Lister and Charlesworth diaries, 30 September 1879.
16 Charlesworth diary, 4 October 1879.
17 Now Recife, Brazil.
18 The Crossley family, in first class, was transporting a horse on this voyage, and were possibly also bringing sheep for C. Dampier Crossley's established sheep ranch at Canterbury. The family also brought a cat (lost overboard in an encounter with the captain's dog) and a prize rooster, which expired and was eaten by the end of the voyage. Charlesworth diary, 21 October 1879; *Euterpe Times* 13.
19 Probably *Daption caipense*, the Southern Cape Pigeon.
20 Presumably mollymawks, birds of the genus *Thalassarche*.
21 The Von Keisenbergh brothers, Willy and Arthur, occupied cabin nine in the saloon. *Euterpe Times* No. 13.
22 *Grampus griesus* is a species of cetacean, related to dolphins.
23 Lowe was one of two men assigned to be second class stewards.
24 Lister diary, 10-11 December 1879.
25 Charlesworth diary, 13 December 1879.
26 Ernest F. Owen to Harold Huycke, 28 March 1948, in Arnold, *Euterpe*, 132.
27 Charlesworth diary, 12 December 1879.
28 *Lyttelton Times*, 26 December 1879.
29 *The Colonist* (Nelson), 29 February 1908, photocopy at MMSD.
30 Bridget Woodhead to Allen, 27 September 2003; Stead-Ellis to Allen, 12 October 2003. Rowland became manager of the Eastern Cable Extension Co.


Diary on board the "Euterpe
on her Voyage to Canterbu
New Zealand.
Xmas 1879.
Joshua Charlesworth.

The Ellis family relaxes at the edge of a tennis court in Nelson about twenty years after their voyage. From left are Guy, Oscar, Elizabeth with umbrella, Stead and Harold. In front are Mabel, Percy, Maud, Claude, "Ning" and Rowland.

MMSD P13687
Courtesy Stuart and Bridget (Ellis) Woodhead and Robin Marriage.



Euterpe
1898

A Sailor's-eye View of *Euterpe* in 1898[1a]

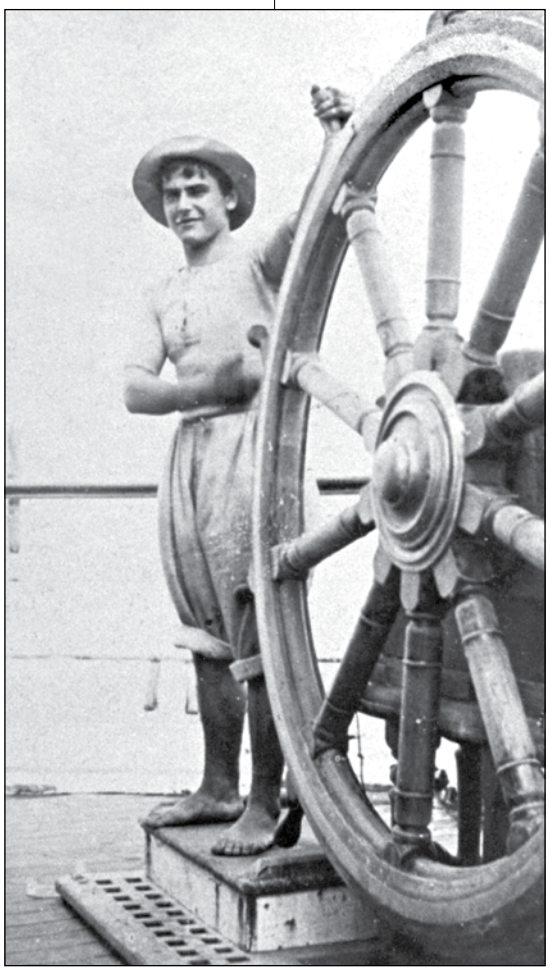
Edited by Mark Allen and Charles A. Bencik[1b]

Editor's Note:
After *Euterpe's* twenty-two voyages from 1871 to 1898 as an Emigrant ship, we find a poignant farewell in the illustrated lecture (circa 1912-1915) given by William Hope Hodgson, seaman turned author.

Near the end of Euterpe's final voyage from Britain to New Zealand, on March 28, 1898, Captain Hugh Longmuir wrote in her log:

> *In getting down a block from Fore Ryl. Mashead, Charles McAllear lost his hold and fell from aloft striking the rail and fell overboard. Hodgson Apprentice jumped overboard and swam to him with a Lifebuoy. Picked up them both and took injured man ashore and found he was only Bruised about the hips . . .* [1]

This dramatic rescue of a nineteen-year-old seaman near Port Chalmers, New Zealand, earned William Hope Hodgson a lifesaving medal from the Royal Humane Society.[2] The twenty-year-old rescuer was an ordinary seaman who otherwise plays no prominent role in *Euterpe's* history, and soon exchanged the hard life of a mariner for a career as a writer. Several years later, however, he created a unique document about his former ship: an account of a voyage from a sailor's perspective – *Euterpe's* own *Two Years Before the Mast.* Like Richard Henry Dana's account of life on a trading brig, Hodgson's brief narrative, from a slide lecture entitled "Ten Months at Sea," provides insights into the harsh conditions often faced by sailors. It also details how they occupied themselves in their off hours, during which Hodgson's own amusements included photography, stamp collecting, boxing, bodybuilding, and making rope mats aboard an aging ship that sailors were already, in 1898, calling "the old *Euterpe.*"[3]



William Hope Hodgson as a young apprentice, a few years before spending 4 1/2 months aboard ***Euterpe*****.**
Courtesy Jane Frank

William Hope Hodgson was born into a clergyman's large family in the village of Blackmore End, Essex, in 1877. He ran away to sea at thirteen, and soon entered a four-year seaman's apprenticeship – a life that he shortly discovered he thoroughly hated.[4] In a 1906 article, "Is the Mercantile Navy Worth Joining?" Hodsgon dispatched the question in the first line: "CERTAINLY NOT."

> **Why am I not at sea? I am not at sea because I object to bad treatment, poor food, poor wages, and worse prospects. I am not at sea because very early I discovered that it is a comfortless, wearyful, and thankless life—a life compact of hardness and sordidness such as shore people can scarcely conceive.[5]**

He developed his muscles intensively, and after returning to England from New Zealand after *Euterpe* was sold, he established "W. H. Hodgson's School of Physical Culture" in Blackburn, near Liverpool.



With Hodgson aboard, *Euterpe* descended the Clyde from Glasgow to Greenock, then anchored East of Arran Isle. (On this British chart from Hodgson's day, north is to the left.)

1913 chart, MMSD Collection

(There, in a locally famous incident: Hodgson kept master escape artist Harry Houdini manacled for two hours, thanks to his knowledge of muscle movement and restraints, though Houdini and many of his audience resented Hodgson's aggressive approach and near success.[6]) His literary career began in 1903 with a series of magazine articles on bodybuilding, and, while he published occasional non-fiction articles on seafaring,[7] by 1905 Hodgson found his true calling writing stories in the emerging horror and fantasy genre – most frequently supernatural tales of the sea. Like so many of his generation, his life was cut short by the First World War, and he was killed at Ypres in 1918.

Hodgson probably delivered the following lecture sometime between 1912 and 1915, accompanied by lantern slides which are now lost.[8]

The *Euterpe* I had been told was loading up at Glasgow so when I arrived there early in the morning I went straight to the Docks, but saw no ship. On inquiry, I found she had moored out in the river . . . .

The whole of my first day [November 25, 1897] I spent in getting settled on board. In order to use my camera to advantage I had to rig up some sort of a dark room where I could develop my plates as I took them. . . . many a time a flood of salt water, a sudden roll of the ship or a streak of light in the makeshift darkroom spoilt a promising picture.

Well, the following morning the tug towed the *Euterpe* down to Greenock . . . .

Greenock was reached that night, and we dropped anchor here as we had some 25 tons of dynamite and other explosives to take in next day.[9] Quite early in the morning a tug came off and towed the dynamite along in a barge, and our crew now began to ship it. Great preparation had to be made before we began operations. All iron and steel articles had to be given up, not even a pocket knife was allowed. The men actually handling the explosive had to remove their boots in case the nails in them should strike a spark. It was altogether a lengthy and nervy job and we were all glad when it was finished, and we hove the anchor up and the man was sent to the wheel and we continued our way down to the sea.

. . . We reached Lamlash in the Island of Arran before midnight and hearing that the weather was too bad to cross the river, the Captain decided to anchor under the lee of Holy Isle. Here we stayed wind-bound for

The early 20th-century postcard below looks toward the anchorage between Holy Isle and Lamlash.



two days before we crossed the bar and stood down from the Channel. The wind being fair, we set sail and the tug dropped us.

We continued under all sail until off the coast of Ireland when we put the ship in irons and signaled for a boat to come off for the pilot. In about half an hour a boat rowed by three Irishmen came off, and all three started immediately to beg for sticks of hard tobacco from our Captain, calling down blessings on his head when he good-naturedly tossed them some of his supply.

With the pilot went our last letters borne. He was the last link with the old country and perhaps only the very young man with the love of adventure in his heart and the wide world before him can watch the ship dropping the pilot without feeling a tightening of the throat and regret in his heart.

Work, however, there is to do in plenty, and few of us had time to watch the pilot boat becoming a speck in the distance.

As soon as we squared away again the men came after to muster and the Mates picked watches. . . . I must introduce you to our First Mate [here Hodgson apparently showed a slide of 31-year-old David Sloane, of Liverpool] and his watch, known as the Port Watch. Here they are and a fine lot of villains they look too! Most of them are foreigners,[10] but a hardworking and willing crew.

From now onwards our life was more or less monotonous, as I think you will agree with me after I have run through the routine of a typical day at sea. The actual work begins at 6 A.M. by taking a pull on the braces, or in other words, the ropes which regulate the position of the sails. The pig-sty is then washed out, during which operation the pigs take their morning walk round the decks and get into all manner of scrapes as pigs will; nosing into corners where they've no business to be, upsetting buckets of water and barging into your legs as you try to keep a dignified and perpendicular position in a ship which often heaves and tosses about at an angle of 45°. It isn't always easy I can assure you. Then comes the general clean up. The decks are scrubbed down and all the paint work washed over. You know there is no place so clean as a sailing-ship out at sea. Most people get their idea of a ship from those they see in the docks when all the dirty work of loading and unloading is going on; but you want to see a windjammer just nearing her journey-end if you want to see spotless cleanliness. Every inch of her deck as white as snow. How could she be otherwise when each day her boards are treated to water, holystone and sand? Her brasses shine with all the vigour that elbow grease and oil can give them, the paintwork is spotless and her sails are like white wings, gleaming in the breeze. And you must remember that at sea there is no dirt—at least aboard a sailing-ship—no smoke, no soot—even the fogs you encounter are comparatively clean.[11]

Well, as soon as the decks have dried, all the sails which need repairing are brought up from the sail-locker and stretched out upon the deck. The sail-maker [William Irons, 22, of Montrose] ropes in as many of the watch as can be spared and sets them to work. The rest of the crew will be painting the masts and spare spars, a somewhat risky and uncomfortable job . . . .

Chips the carpenter [the 41-year-old Londoner, N. Haden], who is a very important man on board, will probably be found on the fo'c's'le head caulking the decks, which is a process of filling in the spaces between shrinking boards with oakum and tarring it all over to prevent letting water through. Others may be up aloft bending sail, repairing the rigging and putting on chafing gear.

And so work goes on all day, one watch relieving the other every four hours till about 5:30 in the first dogwatch[12] when the order is given to clear decks. In the second dog-watch, you can do pretty much as you like and indulge in any particular hobby you have. If it is mat-making, you can find a quiet corner and start in. Some of you very likely have seen the kind of mats made by sailors. Quite elaborate designs are often carried out in rope and make effective and hard-wearing house mats. If you are a fighting man, you can put on the gloves and have a bout with someone you think you can lick [here Hodgson showed

a slide of a boxing match on board] . . . it affords a certain amount of amusement to the onlookers.

At 8:00 p.m. the roll is called and the night watches begin – four hours on and four hours off, so that you see it is never possible to get more than four hours sleep at a time, and then you have to be very smart about tumbling into your berth . . . .

While on the subject of the day's work, I would like to give you a description of the food which was supplied in those days to the crew of a sailing vessel. . . . For breakfast, biscuits and maggots. If you are inclined to doubt the maggots, just wait till I show you . . . the portrait of a ship's biscuit brought to me by an indignant sailor who complained that the little fellow which you can see crawling in the middle of the biscuit was a jolly sight too familiar. He objected strongly, even for a sailor, but I forgave him his language and promised to take the little creature's picture for him. I sincerely hope conditions have changed since those times. However, biscuits and maggots were not the only food given to the crew. Coffee without milk accompanied them. For dinner there was pea-soup and salt pork if the ship had eaten all the little pigs . . . . At tea there was what was left over from dinner with more biscuits and accompanied by the maggots; also milkless tea. For supper there was always what was left from tea. Butter and milk were unknown commodities among the crew, though the Captain and his mates generally fared on the best of everything. . . . Formerly, as you all know, many of our merchant-vessels and men-of-wars [sic] carried an ornamental figurehead under the bow . . . . Many of these emblems were of great beauty, and we on the old *Euterpe* were justly proud of our "old Lady," as we called her. I had been trying for a long time to photograph her, but when I explain that to obtain the picture I had to get right down onto the martingale or dolphin-striker before I could sight, you will understand that there was a certain amount of difficulty and danger.



Apprentice Hodgson makes a mat, prior to his time aboard *Euterpe*. The photo of the "old lady" below was taken around 1927; Hodgson's slide did not survive.

Above, Courtesy Jane M. Frank; below, MMSD Collection

However, one day of moderately fine weather with just enough sea on to cause the "old Lady" to dip in and out of the water, I strapped my camera on to my back and scrambled over the bows. Down plunged the ship, burying the martingale far in the sea. The vessel steadied a moment, and screwing up my courage I clambered down to my watery perch feeling it was a case of now or never. Reaching the martingale, I braced myself against it, raised my camera, and glanced up at the overhanging bows above my head. Now, I thought, if she dips it's all up with me! Quickly I sighted and pulled the trigger, sighted again and snapped, and not a moment





Though this storm-pounded ship resembles *Euterpe*, **Hodgson may have taken this photo, and that of the mast at lower right, aboard** *Canterbury*, **which carried him home from New Zealand.**

From Putnam's Monthly, November 1907. Courtesy Jane Frank

too soon for, even as I moved, the great bows of the ship began to rise preparatory to their downward swoop. Up I went, hand over fist, and down went the bows till, with a tremendous roar, the huge cutwater drove down into the ocean, the water bubbling and swirling over my knees and up to my neck. Desperately I grasped a stay, the froth of the sea foaming round my lips, the water plucking at my drenched clothes with the strength of a dozen hands. Another moment of suspense and I was free, and before the "old Lady" plunged again I was aboard . . . .

The monotony of our life aboard was now broken by our first heavy gale.[13] It had been a fine day—too fine, indeed, to suit the Captain, for there was not sufficient wind to fill our sails, and the sun was making things too hot to be comfortable.

"It can't last," said the First Mate, "the glass is falling rapidly." And he was right. Very soon the order came: "All hands aloft shorten sail!" and away went the crew passing gaskets and lashing sails up for all they were worth. The wind was increasing steadily and a heavy sea was running so that it was not long before the ship began to roll and take water aboard. Before many hours had passed, it was blowing a gale, and water was breaking aboard in great quantities, washing everything away that wasn't tightly lashed down. The Captain decided to heave her to—that is, bring the ship's head towards the sea and trust to the storm subsiding soon. In doing so, a huge sea struck us amidships, and we thought at the time it had carried away the after-end of the little house where the galley and kitchen were situated, but luckily it just missed, or otherwise our poor old cook [Alfred Helie, 48, of Inverarie] would have been washed overboard, kitchen and all. The wind continued to rise, blowing great clouds of spray into the air and drenching us all to the skin, in spite of oilskins and sea-boots. Towards midnight, one of our boats and most of the starboard t'gallant bulwarks were washed away while the front of the fo'c's'le . . . was burst down and some of the men's chests and their clothing carried overboard. Towards morning, however, the wind dropped and by midday

the weather had moderated sufficiently to allow us to put the ship on her course again. . . .

A fair wind enabled us to get back on our course and lasted till we sighted the coast of New Zealand. We passed H.M.S. *Tauranga*[14] off Otago Head, where we anchored and waited two days for a pilot. I spent my time watching the dredges at work. We were all impatient to get ashore, as may be imagined, but we filled in the best we could by fishing. We had some grand sport, and had it not been for the sharks, we should have had more, for they spoiled many a fine bite. After weeks of salt meat, how we did appreciate having fresh fish for dinner, and with what disgust we discovered hanging at the end of our lines the mangled, bitten body of a fine fish. However, I got even with Mr. Shark by catching him too . . . .

When at last the pilot boat came out, I learnt from the pilot, an Englishman, by the way, that we should have to go first to the powder ground below Port Chalmers to discharge the dynamite, proceeding later up to Dunedin to discharge the cargo. After unloading the explosives, this tug [*Plucky*] took us in and that night we reached Dunedin, the end of our outward journey.

On the way up the river from Port Chalmers [April 2, 1898] a curious thing happened to one of the ships lying alongside the wharf. She was a small barque called the *Laira*, loading wool for home, and just before our vessel arrived in her berth, a large steamer passing close to us was caught by the tide and driven right against the *Laira*, breaking a huge hole in her side and causing her to sink in ten minutes. . . . As the *Laira* was gradually sinking, one of her crew rushed to the fo'c's'le, snatched up his concertina, and standing on the top of the little deck house he played "We Won't Go Home 'Till Morning" to the great amusement of the crowd who cheered him lustily.



The *Laira*, rammed by the steamer *Wakatipu*, sank with the *Canterbury* astern. While not the picture Hodgson took, *Euterpe* must have passed by not long before this photo was snapped.

From the 1924 book White Wings, *MMSD Coll.*

As soon as it was possible, I set off to see as much of Dunedin as time would allow. As you all know, it is the capital of the Otago province and has a population of some 60,000, a large proportion of whom are Scots. In the course of my ramblings up country on the Saturday afternoon, I struck upon a little log house. . . A pressing invitation to tea followed and, as I was far too hungry to refuse, I went in. . . . We had homemade bread, scones, stewed rabbit, cold codfish, pickles, lettuces, smoked ham and a variety of cakes. Not liking to offer to pay for their hospitality, I went outside and chopped wood and carried water along with my host till dusk, for which small service they thanked me heartily and insisted that I stay





The photo is one of *Euterpe's* best-known portraits. With her yards squared to perfection, *Euterpe* lies at the wharf in Port Chalmers, South Island, New Zealand. The ship was painted in this style after 1882, up until her Alaska Packers period. Hodgson departed Port Chalmers leaving *Euterpe* behind. The lecture reprinted in these pages is Hodgson's only known writing about his old ship, though he used the name "Euterpe" in one of his last stories.

Courtesy Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z

to supper with them . . . [Dessert] was a good pudding, but rather too satisfying; nevertheless, I did full justice to the meal, cold pudding and all. I know I said to myself afterwards that housekeeping in Dunedin seemed to be an expensive item. It was a long walk back to the ship and, by the time I had reached the town, I began to wish I had had a second helping of that pudding. So as the shops were still open round the docks I bought two large loaves, one pound of butter and two Dutch cheeses, which I took aboard with me. After making some cocoa I invited two of the 'prentices [Ed Stanley A. Boddington, 18, and Herbert Charles Oliver, 16] to join me in a light meal before retiring to my bunk where I slept soundly till awakened on Sunday morning for service. That day we received the population who were very curious to see what a Sunday was like aboard a vessel.

Shortly after this, we learnt with regret that our old ship *Euterpe* was to be sold 15 (Log entry states April 12, 1898) and that the return journey was to be made in the *Canterbury*. Seabags and chests were packed, goodbyes said to those who remained behind, and one evening by moonlight we entrained for Port Chalmers. The next few days were spent getting ready for sea, and when at last our orders came, we manned the capstan to the tune of "Rolling Home to Merry England." As soon as the anchor showed, we towed down the river and over the bar.

NOTES

1a From *Mains'l Haul*, "New Tales of Euterpe," Vol. 39: 3 & 4, Summer/Fall 2003, published by the Maritime Museum of San Diego.

1b See pages 4 & 5 this issue for biographical information.

1 *Euterpe* Log (hereinafter cited as Log), 28 March 1898, National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, microfiche copy in MacMullen Library, Maritime Museum of San Diego (MMSD). Hodgson was not in fact an apprentice as the Log reports, but had passed his mate's exam, though he had taken an ordinary seaman's berth. On 1 April, the Log notes ablebodied seaman McAllear, from Greenock, as "still unfit for work but drinking heavily…" The ages of men given in this article are approximations based on ages recorded before the voyage in "Agreement and Account of Crew, M21859, *Euterpe*, Glasgow to Tacoma, Washington, 25/11/97 to 3/11/98, National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, copy at MMSD.

2 Samuel Moskowitz, "William Hope Hodgson," in *Out of the Storm: Uncollected Fantasies by William Hope Hodgson* (West Kingston, RI: Donald M. Grant, 1975), 35. Strangely, Hodgson does not mention the rescue in his illustrated lecture "Ten Months at Sea." The editors are indebted to Jane Frank, author of the biography of Hodgson, for bringing Hodgson and his work to their attention.

3 Hodgson makes the reference in his diary entry for 13 April 1898, which is also revealing about his low pay and penchant for stamp collecting:

> **We joined the *Canterbury* about 11 o'clock last night as the old *Euterpe* we came out to Dunedin in was to be sold. . . . I spent my pay-day yesterday within half an hour of getting it, in the new issue of stamps. Tonight I bought another stamp (1/— Western Australia) now out of issue and gave 1/— for it. Got about 2 lbs of cocoa for going home**.

Hodgson log in possession of Jane Frank. While he may have also kept a diary aboard *Euterpe*, it did not survive.

4 For his hatred of the apprenticeship system, see Hodgson, "The Trade in Sea Apprentices," *Nautical Magazine* (September 1906): 233-237.

5 Hodgson, "Is the Mercantile Navy Worth Joining?" *Strand Magazine* (1905), reprinted in Sam Gafford, ed., *William Hope Hodgson: Demons of the Sea* (West Warwick, R.I.: Necronomicon Press, 1992).

6 Moskowitz, "William Hope Hodgson," 21-23.

7 See, for example, "Through the Vortex of a Cyclone," Putnam's Monthly (November 1907): 193-204.

8 Exerpted from "Ten Months at Sea," in Moskowitz, ed., *Terrors of the Sea: Unpublished Fantasies by William Hope Hodgson* (Hampton Falls, N.H.: Donald M. Grant, 1996). This is the partial text of a lantern slide presentation made by Hodgson to an English audience after 1912 (he references the *Titanic* disaster) and probably before 1915, when he entered the British army. It originally accompanied at least fourteen glass slides taken aboard *Euterpe*, hand-tinted by Hodgson's mother. The excerpt published here deletes most references to the images. Their subjects and sequence appear to have been as follows: view of *Euterpe*; vessels at Glasgow; merchantman under repair at a Greenock shipyard; *Euterpe* Port Watch; pigs on deck; boxing on deck; crew berth; biscuit with maggots; figurehead; Fernando Noronha Island; shark head; damaged barque *Laira* and ship *Canterbury* (three slides).

9 The S.S. *Lizzie* brought 760 cases of dynamite, fifteen cases of gelatin detonators, and two cases of carbonite to add to the already heavily-laden ship. Log, 26 November 1897, MMSD.

10 Hodgson's description of "foreigners" is odd; of the twenty-two men who signed ship's articles at Glasgow, approximately half were English and half Scottish.

11 Upon her arrival in Dunedin, a newspaper reporter complimented the Captain and First Mate "on the very trim appearance of the *Euterpe*." "Arrival of the *Euterpe*," photocopy from unidentified New Zealand newspaper, 28 March 1898, MMSD.

12 "Dogging the watch" splits the 1600 to 2000 watch into two two-hour shifts. This enables both watches to get an evening meal, and keeps the two from always being on the same watch hours day after day.

13 About sixty miles off the Portuguese coast, *Euterpe*'s Log reports "heavy gale with heavy, confused seas." Log, 14-18 December 1897.

14 HMS *Tauranga*, a third-class cruiser, was launched as HMS *Phoenix* in 1890.

15 The Log entry for 12 April 1898 states "ship sold." The date of sale, 6 May 1898, and the name of her purchaser, J. J. Moore of San Francisco, is recorded in "Agreement and Account of Crew," 14.



Hodgson may have taken the photo above aboard *Canterbury* or another ship, though details resemble *Euterpe*.

Above, Putnam's Monthly, November 1907; Courtesy Jane Frank



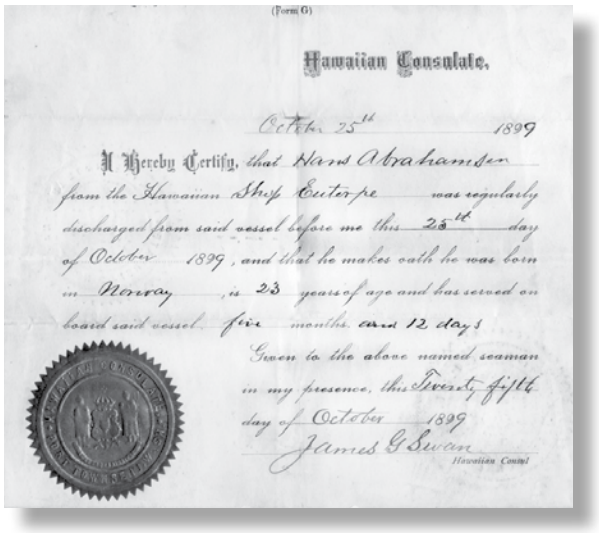
Photo by F. Lawson Taylor

William Hope Hodgson

Euterpe 1898-1902

Thrice Sold Ship?

Compiled by Neva Sullaway[1]



(Form G)

Hawaiian Consulate.

October 25th 1899

I Hereby Certify, that Hans Abrahamson from the Hawaiian Ship Euterpe was regularly discharged from said vessel before me this 28th day of October 1899, and that he makes oath he was born in Norway, is 23 years of age and has served on board said vessel five months and 12 days

Given to the above named seaman in my presence, this Twenty fifth day of October 1899

James G Swan

Hawaiian Consul

Euterpe **was still under Hawaiian registry in 1899, as the discharge certificate for Hans Abrahamson suggests.**
MMSD Collection

Euterpe departed New Zealand, sailing to Newcastle, Australia, to pick up a load of coal, from whence she departed April 20, 1898. News that she had been sold to J.J. Moore of San Francisco was already in the winds. It was the beginning of a new phase in *Euterpe's* career, unfortunately begun with a grounding off of Diamond Head on her approach to Honolulu, Hawaii, July 31, 1898. Mostly unscathed, she arrived with her papers having already been transferred from J.J. Moore to Lincoln Spencer, professing to be a native-born Hawaiian. While in the process of attaining Hawaiian registry papers for *Euterpe*, Hawaii was annexed on July 7, 1898, and the Stars and Stripes were raised over the Executive Building of the former Hawaiian seat of government (on August 12):

> *Friday, August 12th 1898. A.M. – Morning Came up Showery, 7, began working coals. P.M. – Broke the crank of the Engine finished the day having Discharged 97 tons... "Hawaiian Islands" Inexed [sic] by "America" today General Holiday on shore.*
>
> – *Euterpe's* Logbook

"Star of India Departing Maui"
Painting by Raymond Massey,
MMSD Collection



Euterpe **apparently attained her first U.S. provisional registry on October 30, 1900; while inauspiciously stranded on a reef off Maui. The document listed the California Corporation – Pacific Colonial Shipping Co. – as the owners. Soon to follow on June 14, 1900, was the Hawaiian Organic Act, which provided that any Hawaiian-registered vessels owned by U.S. citizens were entitled to full American registry. This included:** ***Star of France, Euterpe, Star of Russia, Falls of Clyde*** **and** ***Willscott*****.**

Euterpe's **short interlude under Hawaiian Registry was over and, by January of 1901, she had been sold to the Alaska Packers Association. It would take another five years for her name to change to** ***Star of India*** **(1906) and a few more blustery trips westward across the Pacific before she began her newest career in the Alaska salmon trade.**

Euterpe set off on Sept 6, 1898, to Royal Roads, B.C. (then to Quartermaster Harbor) for drydocking and survey.

Her log entry for October 29, 1898 reads: *Crew all got paid off before the British Consul at 10 a.m.*

– Captain H. Longmuir

This marked the end of the British ship *Euterpe*.

Whether owned by J.J. Moore, or the Pacific Colonial Shipping Company, or Lincoln Spencer, she completed loading timber and left Tacoma, Washington, for Port Adelaide, Australia, on November 20, 1898. So began the round-trips between Washington, Australia and Hawaii, carrying timber, copper ore and flour west and bringing back coal. *Euterpe* sailed through the gales, always ending up the same – battered and awash through lack of stability under burden.

1 Excerpts from Jerry MacMullen's, *Star of India – Log of an Iron Ship*, (Maritime Museum of San Diego, California, 1979 ed.) 39, 43.



Already an American bark, but not yet renamed *Star of India, Euterpe* rode at anchor in Commencement Bay, Washington, in late 1899. Upon her arrival from Hawaii on September 9, the customs inspector registered her as a bark; the square sails on her mizzen mast (as in the painting, opposite page) had been replaced by the rig shown in the photo. Almost seven years later (1906), after spending several years carrying lumber, salmon fishermen, and cannery workers, she would be renamed *Star of India* and sail into the final phase of her working life.

P656, MMSD Collection

Star of India 1902-1923

The Alaska

Compiled by Neva Sullaway[1]

Euterpe, having been sold to the Alaska Packers Association in January of 1901, spent the winter of 1902 undergoing a hardy make-over in preparation for the salmon trade:

...After being chipped inside and out...they laid a new main deck and new 'tweendeck. The forward house was rebuilt, and a Murray Brothers' donkey engine, boiler, steam pump and condenser were installed. There is evidence that, until then, she had carried an old-fashioned log windlass....

It was replaced by a Providence capstan windlass, which could be turned by a messenger chain running back to the donkey engine. The poop was stripped off, and extended almost to the mainmast in order to provide quarters for fishermen and cannery hands; this increased her gross tonnage to 1318. Alterations were made in the after cabins, and a Chinese galley was

"*Star of India* Bristol Bay Alaska"
Ship Portrait on Nautical Chart
by Adam Koltz



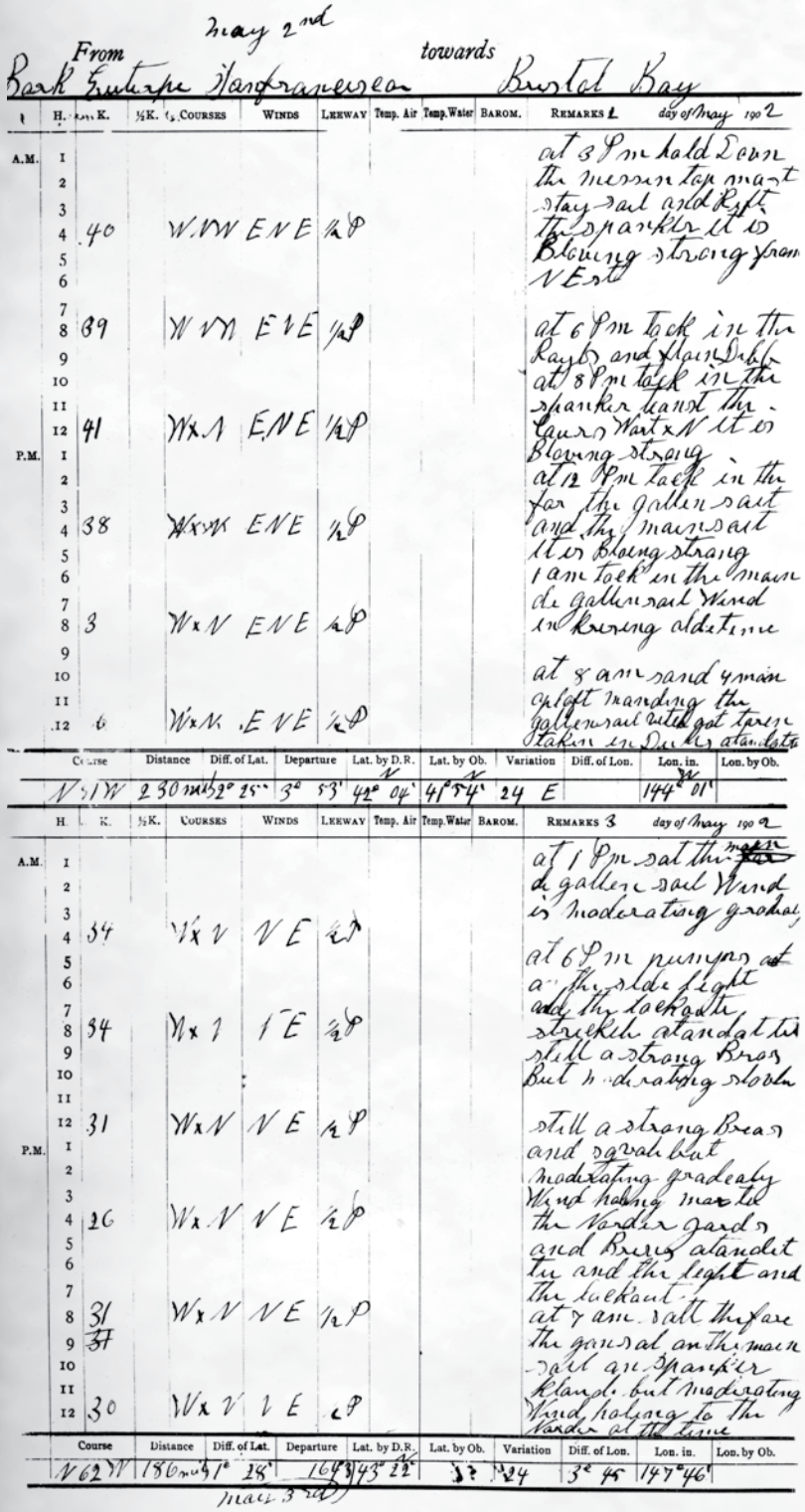
Packer Years

installed on her main deck forward, abaft the fo'c's'le on her starboard side. Water tanks for an additional 5400 gallons went into her hold, and a 1200-gallon tank was placed in the donkey room.

Out came the old mizzenmast with its yards, to be replaced with a wooden mast and topmast, rigged with boom and spanker gaff; *Euterpe* now was a bark, rather than a ship.

For the benefit of those to whom life without garlic and chilies is out of the question, a Mexican galley was installed under her fo'c's'le head. Bunks for the cooks and baker went into the forward end of the deckhouse. The poop extension took care of some 54 fishermen and cannery hands, while the after end of the 'tweendecks, with tiers of bunks three high down the center and two high on the sides, accommodated 63 more. The rest – and at times she carried more than 200 all told – were quartered forward.

By the spring of 1902 she was ready for her score of annual passages between San Francisco and the canneries of Bristol Bay. The smart 'port painted' hull of the Shaw Savill ships had succumbed to the grimly functional black of the Alaska Packers. Her spars were a dismal shade of French yellow; the same color, trimmed with 'boxcar red,' was slapped onto bulwarks, deckhouse, and even her teak skylight. For several years she retained her gaff-headed spanker, but finally it too, fell before the advance of functional efficiency – and smaller crews. It eventually was replaced by that hallmark of the West Coast sailing vessel, the leg-o-mutton spanker, and the gaff topsail was superseded by a ringtail.[2]



May 2nd

From Bark Euterpe San Francisco towards Bristol Bay

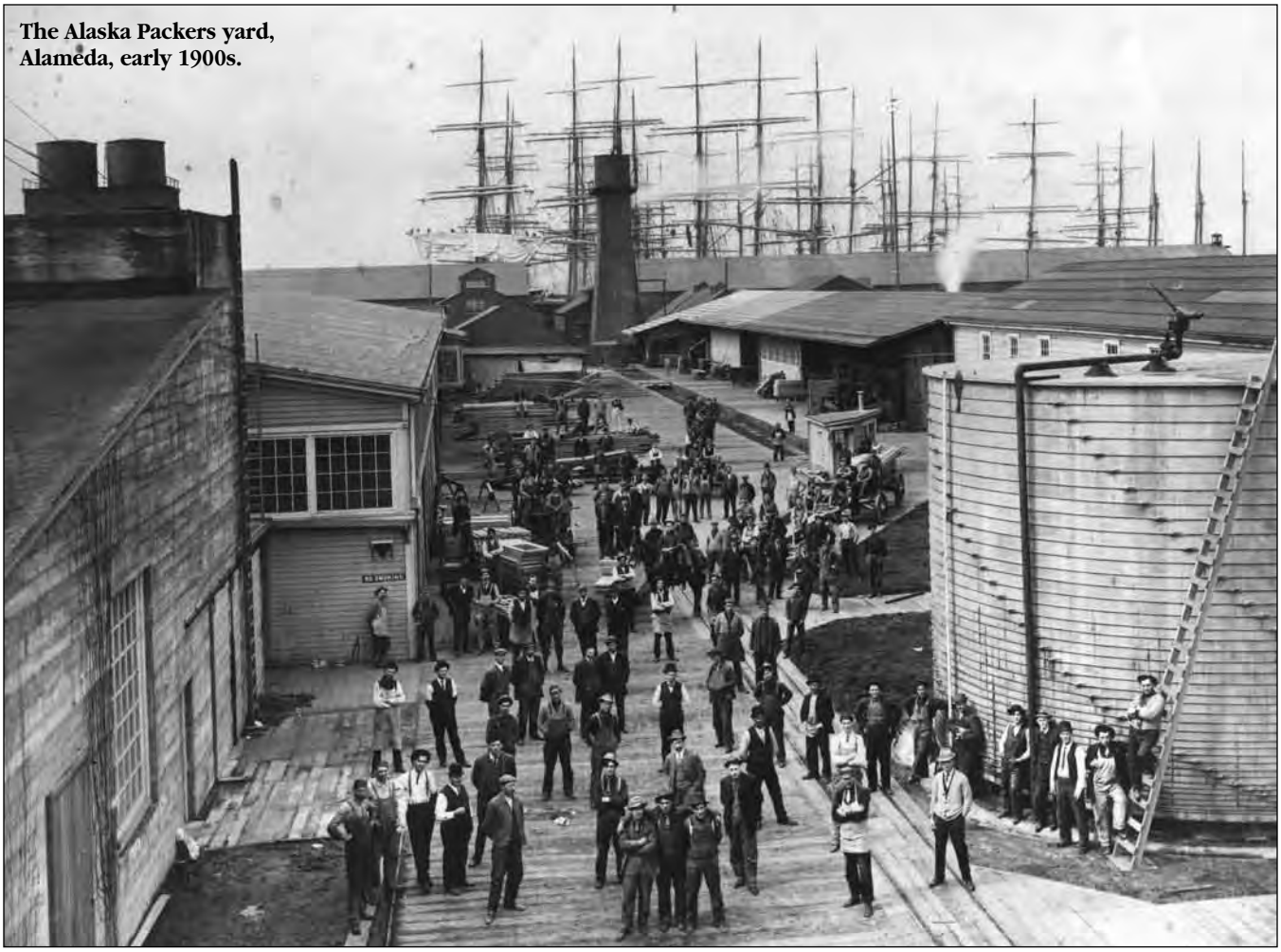
	H.	K.	½K.	½ Courses	Winds	Leeway	Temp. Air	Temp. Water	Barom.	Remarks 1 day of May 1902
A.M.	1									at 3 PM hauled down the mizzen top mast stay sail and hoisted the spanker it is blowing strong from N E by E
	2									
	3									
	4	40		W.NW E.NE	½ P					
	5									
	6									
	7									
	8	39		WNW ENE	½ P					at 6 PM took in the Royals and Main Dubs
	9									
	10									
	11									at 8 PM took in the spanker hauled the Course Wart N W it is
	12	41		WxN ENE	½ P					
P.M.	1									blowing strong
	2									
	3									at 12 PM took in the fore the gallen sail
	4	38		WxW ENE	½ P					and the main sail it is blowing strong
	5									
	6									
	7									I am took in the main de gallen sail Wind
	8	3		WxN ENE	½ P					is Rising all the time
	9									
	10									
	11									at 4 am sand 4 main
	12	6		WxN ENE	½ P					at last manding the gallen sail with got three Reefs in Double atandard

Course	Distance	Diff. of Lat.	Departure	Lat. by D.R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.
N ¼ W	230 miles	52° 25'	3° 53'	42° 04' N	41° 54' N	24 E		144° 01' W	

	H.	K.	½K.	Courses	Winds	Leeway	Temp. Air	Temp. Water	Barom.	Remarks 3 day of May 1902
A.M.	1									at 1 PM sat the main de gallen sail Wind is moderating gradual
	2									
	3									
	4	34		WxN NE	½ P					
	5									
	6									
	7									at 6 PM passed a the side light and the lookout
	8	34		WxN NE	½ P					stricken a landat it still a strong Breez
	9									But moderating slowly
	10									
	11									
	12	31		WxN NE	½ P					still a strong Breez
P.M.	1									and squally but
	2									moderating gradually
	3									Wind having made to
	4	26		WxN NE	½ P					the Nordan gards
	5									and Buoys a landat
	6									it to and the light and
	7									the lookout
	8	31		WxN NE	½ P					at 7 am all the fore
	9	31								the gansal and the main
	10									sail and Spanker
	11									Hauled but moderating
	12	30		WxN NE	½ P					Wind, Bolowing to the Nordan at the time

Course	Distance	Diff. of Lat.	Departure	Lat. by D.R.	Lat. by Ob.	Variation	Diff. of Lon.	Lon. in.	Lon. by Ob.
N 62 W	186 miles	1° 28'	164	43° 22'	32	24	3° 45	147° 46'	

May 3rd



The Alaska Packers yard, Alameda, early 1900s.



Unimak Pass, 1918.

So began *Euterpe's* new life on March 18, 1902, as she headed north on her first of twenty-two runs to Nushagak in Bristol Bay, Alaska.

By mid-1906, President Theodore Roosevelt's signature had changed *Euterpe's* name to *Star of India*. At the time few people knew, as *Euterpe/Star of India* lay at anchor in Bristol Bay, down on her marks with canned salmon and with 260 men aboard preparing to weigh anchor for San Francisco.

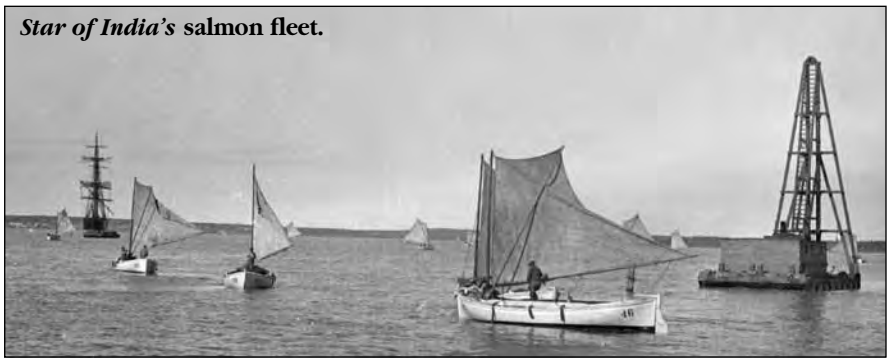
Her days under the name she had borne since 1863 were now over. One of the first jobs for the painters was to slap *Star of India* onto her stern and her bows, in bold, yellow letters. Nothing now remained of the old name but the single word EUTERPE incised into the big bell at the break of her fo'c's'le and the little watch bell on her wheelbox" [now missing]....[3]





***Star of India*, Nushagak, 1918.**





***Star of India's* salmon fleet.**

And gradually the light faded and throughout the ghostly fleet there was silence; she settled down among her companions of the high seas and frozen North, to await an uncertain future....[4]



***Star of India* maneuvering in the ice.**



***Star of India* came home [her last trip] in August 30, 1923... and had brought 20,300 cases of salmon. The Chinese crew and the Mexican crew and the fishermen-sailors packed up their gear and left. Longshoremen swarmed over and through her, getting out the cargo. Around noon of Sept 6, the tug *Sea Queen* came alongside to tow her over to Alameda....**

NOTES

1 The compilation consists of various extracts from *Mains'l Haul*, Vol.: 23:2, Vol. 25:2,Vol. 25:3, Vol. 27:3, by Craig Arnold and Vol. 28:1, by Charles A. Bencik, as well as from Jerry MacMullen's book, *Star of India – The Log of an Iron Ship*. All published by the Maritime Museum of San Diego.

2 From Jerry MacMullen's book, *Star of India – The Log of an Iron Ship* (Maritime Museum of San Diego, California, 1979 ed.), 44-45.

3 From Jerry MacMullen's book, *Star of India – The Log of an Iron Ship* (Maritime Museum of San Diego, California, 1979 ed.), 59.

4 From Jerry MacMullen's book, *Star of India – The Log of an Iron Ship* (Maritime Museum of San Diego, California, 1979 ed.), 68-69.

Star on Ice:
The *Star of India* in Alaska, 1918[1]



MMSD Collection

The final twenty-two years of *Euterpe's* working life were spent in the Alaska Packers Association's fleet of aging square-riggers, transporting salmon fishermen, cannery workers, wooden "box shook" and cans between San Francisco Bay and Alaska.

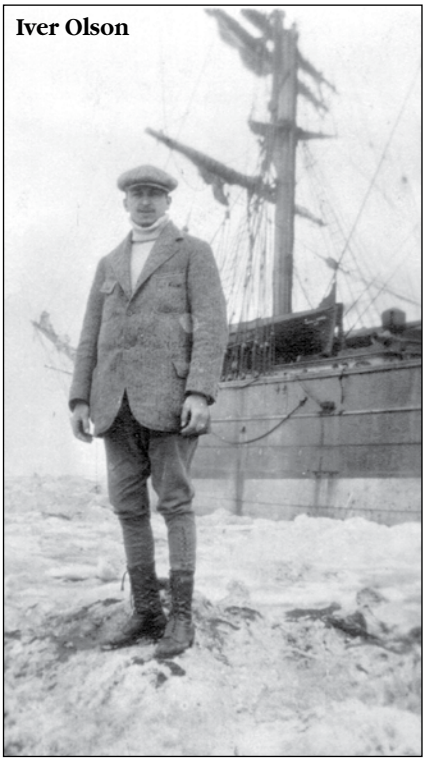
The tiny snapshots on these two pages, mostly taken in Nushagak, Alaska, include the only images known of the most dramatic incident in this period. In 1918, the bark—which had been named *Star of India* for twelve years – spent seventeen days frozen into Alaskan ice, being driven steadily toward the northwest shore of the Alaska Peninsula. The steamer *Nushagak* towed her clear just in time.

Stanley Olson, who donated these photos in 2002, tells their story:

My father, Iver Olson, was a member of her crew, mostly Swedes, on that very eventful cruise. The *Star* left San Francisco on April 10, 1918, bound for the Bering Strait and the Alaska Peninsula.

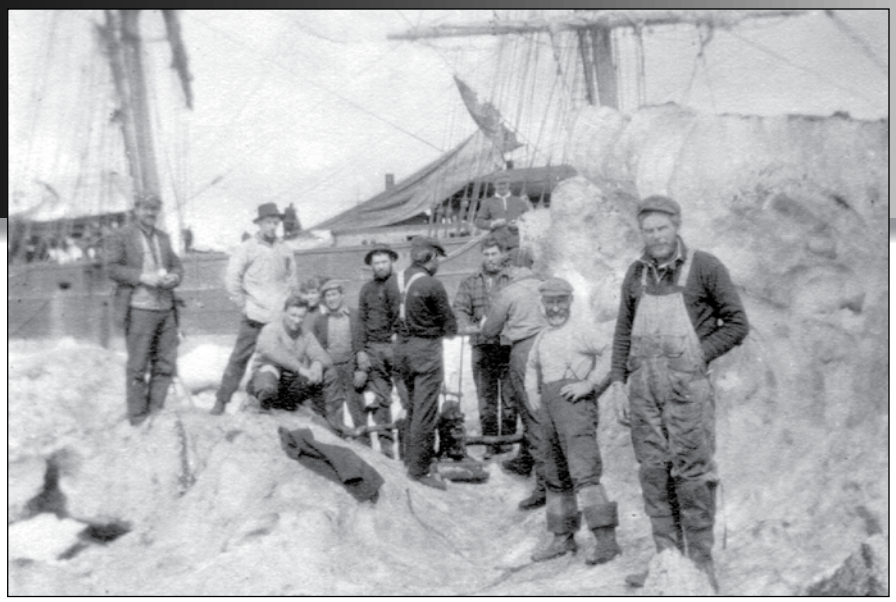
At least two of the wooden-hulled ships were crushed in the ice and went down. My Uncle, Andrew Olson, was on one of those ships. Survivors of these ships could see the masts of the other ships in the area and walked (for days) to reach these ships. My Dad was told that his brother had been lost when his ship went down, but several days later, my Uncle Andrew and five of his shipmates came across the ice and were saved!

Iver Olson



Iver Olson was killed on the job while working as a stevedore on the San Francisco waterfront on Valentine's Day, 1943.





The life and working conditions on these ships was very hard. To get men to sail on these ships to Alaska, they were promised a share of the profit from the salmon catch. They were told that they would be bringing back twenty-five- to thirty-five thousand cases of salmon in only six weeks of fishing, and their share would be about $1500 per man. Because they were iced in for three months – all the salmon they caught, they ate! When they arrived back in San Francisco on September 21st, when the cases were counted, each received only $300 for their five-and-a-half month voyage!!!

When my father arrived home, he knocked on my mother's door. My mother looked at him and said, 'Who are you?' He said, 'I am your husband.' My mother said, 'No you're not!' and slammed the door in his face. My father had not shaved in months – and had gained sixty pounds! She would not let him in until he had shaved and taken a bath. She burned his clothes.











1 This article first appeared in *Mains'l Haul*, "New Tales of Euterpe," Vol. 39: 3 & 4, Summer/ Fall 2003, pp 66-67, published by the Maritime Museum of San Diego.

Star of India



Ship Alley, Alameda, 1923



Heading to San Diego, 1927



Arrival Broadway Pier, 1927



Sailors work aloft, 1927



Sea Scouts work aboard *Star*



Star of India, Pacific Queen (Balclutha), City of Los Angeles moored along S.D. waterfront.

1923

End of Alaska Packers era.

Star of India towed to Alameda.

1926

Star towed to San Diego Bay.

Owned by Zoological Society.

1927

Star moored opposite old Navy Field (Seaport Village today), 1930s-1959.

1929-1939

Sea Scouts help maintain the *Star of India*.

1943/1944 masts cut down at request of Navy. Navy promises to restore the rigging after the War.

S. D. Aquarium Society takes over *Star*.

1939-1945

Rise of the Fishing Industry.

1908 Naval presence in San Diego Bay.

1915 Panama California Exposition.

1917 WWI

Lindberg flew New York to Paris. First solo flight across the Atlantic.

Stock Market Crash

Great Depression

WWII

Tuna clippers called into service.

1945 War ends

1948 John Bate heads San Diego's Harbor Dept.

1923 – 1963

Head of *Star* restoration, Captain Ken Reynard had many talents.





Work party from USS *Columbus* assists in restoration of *Star*, 1962.



Star in drydock, 1959



Jerry MacMullen pauses over the work ahead, 1961.



Karl Kortum prepares to take a photo of the masts being lowered, 1961.



Alan Villiers at *Star's* 100th celebration and rechristening, Nov. 14, 1963.

Alan Villiers's scathing article about *Star* appears in *SD Evening Tribune*.

C. Arnholt Smith sponsors drydocking of the *Star*. *Star* returns to B St. Pier. Requires constant fundraising.

Capt. Ken Reynard hired for Restoration.

★ *Star* Centennial ★ *Star* open to the Public. Costs .60 cents to board.

1950 **1957** **1959** **1961** **1962** **1963**

Korean War

San Diego home to largest Fishing Fleet in U.S.

Maritime Museum Association of San Diego created.

Unified Port of San Diego created by an act of California Legislature (Dec. 1962). John Bate - 1st Director and keen supporter of the *Star of India's* Restoration.

Star of India 1957

Remembering Alan Villiers's Visit to the *Star of India*[1]

By James R. Mills

We who loved the *Star of India* were saddened to see her continuous deterioration throughout her first thirty years in San Diego. In the 1950s, some people began to talk about the decaying ship as an eyesore that should be removed from the waterfront. The *Star's* rebirth as a restored, active vessel and a tourist destination on the bay is now taken for granted, but it then seemed unlikely. The restoration effort actually got underway thanks to a burst of negative publicity that surrounded a 1957 visit to the ship by the Australian author and adventurer Alan Villiers.



Alan Villiers

At the end of September, 1957, San Diego newspapers told of a scheduled appearance by Villiers on October 1, at 8:30 in the evening at Russ Auditorium. He had recently sailed the replica ship *Mayflower II* across the Atlantic to reenact the 1620 voyage of the original *Mayflower*. His program that October night was to consist of a color film shot on the voyage, along with his commentary.

Jerry MacMullen, who later became the first President of the Maritime Museum Association of San Diego, was then Director of the San Diego Historical Society, and I was its Curator. We brought our lunches in brown paper bags and ate them together in the library of the Junípero Serra Museum, in Presidio Park. On October 1, the day Villiers was due to appear, Jerry mentioned that he was going to hear him, and I replied, with regret, that I wasn't. I was working toward my master's degree in history at San Diego State University, and the seminar sessions on our theses were conducted by Dr. Abraham Nasatir, a serious scholar who did not lightly forgive absences. Those sessions were held on Tuesday nights, and October 1 would be a Tuesday.

As we were washing our sandwiches down with instant coffee, I suggested to Jerry that we should call Villiers, whom we had both met, and ask him to come down to the *Star of India*. I suggested that he might be able to say things for the press that could stimulate efforts to restore the ship. Though neither of us knew how to reach Villiers, he would certainly be staying at a hotel that night, so I told Jerry I that if need be I would call every hotel in San Diego to find him. I went downstairs to the front office, sat down at my desk, and called John Bunker, waterfront reporter for the *San Diego Evening Tribune*. Bunker was a friend of the *Star*, and over the previous year or so he had written several constructive articles about the ship. I told him what I had in mind and asked if he could get down to the *Star of India* with a photographer if I could persuade Villiers to come aboard and comment on the ship's forlorn condition. John said he certainly could.

With John Bunker's assurance that he would appear if Villiers did, I telephoned the U. S. Grant Hotel and asked if a guest named Alan Villiers had a reservation for that night, to no avail. Then I tried the El Cortez and was told, "Yes. He just checked in. Do you want to be put through to his room?"

When an Australian voice answered the phone, I identified myself and asked Villiers if he would come down to the ship, comment on her sad condition, and advocate her restoration. I told him that a reporter from a daily paper would come with a photographer. He said he'd be glad to, at nine o'clock the following morning.

I called John Bunker back and then told Jerry, who volunteered to call Grace Hoff, the "ship keeper" who lived aboard the *Star*, and advise her when Villiers would appear. Grace had come aboard with her uncle, Captain Ed Fox, when he had been taken on as ship keeper fifteen years before. After Ed Fox died in 1955, Grace stayed on. She, however, had no incentive to promote the *Star's* restoration, since she would lose her livelihood and home if the ship was closed to the public to be restored; admissions paid by the few visitors provided her income, and the ship was her home.[2] I suggested to Jerry that he should go down to the ship the

Former State Senator, James R. Mills, is a native San Diegan, an author of several books and an historian, with an extensive public service record. Mills was a member of the California Legislature from 1960-82. He served as President pro Tempore and Chairman of the Senate Rules Committee from 1971-80. In addition, Mills was Chairman of the Board of Directors of Amtrak from 1980-1982 and he was the prime mover for the current commuter rail system in San Diego. His legislative career had a broad sweep of initiatives: from the Unified Port of San Diego to the Mills Act (1972), whose aim was to protect historic homes and historically significant commercial buildings from demolition. He indulged his passion for the sailing ship via his long involvement with the Maritime Museum and, on that fateful day in 1957, when the revered Alan Villiers came to town, Mills ushered him aboard the ailing *Star*, instigating a new life for her. Mills was a member of **San Diego Maritime Research Society and past President of the Maritime Museum Association of San Diego (1987-1988).**

next morning, but he said, "It was your idea; you should be the one to meet him." Jerry went to hear Villiers that night, and after the program he thanked Villiers for being willing to speak up for our poor old ship.

The next morning dawned as a typical October San Diego day; the newspaper's weather column referenced a "big fat marine layer" overhead. I arrived at about a quarter to nine, and John Bunker was already aboard with his photographer. The three of us walked around the seedy ship looking for good places for Villiers to be photographed, and we were up on the forecastle head discussing the ship's bell as a centerpiece for the picture when we spotted Villiers getting out of a cab on Harbor Drive. I hustled aft to meet him, but a very grim-looking Grace Hoff emerged from the hatch in the poop and beat me to the head of the gangway.

"It'll be fifty cents to come aboard," she glowered at Villiers. I muttered, "Oh, my God!" and reached into my pocket, but the amused Australian found his fifty cents first. After parting with his change, he walked around the ship, followed by John Bunker and me. Villiers shook his head sadly at what he saw, especially at the tarpaper that had been laid on the poop deck by Ed Fox to keep the rain from seeping through its old seams. He also looked particularly unhappy as he gazed aloft at the large television antenna at the mizzen masthead. After our tour of the ship, we went back up to the forecastle head, where John interviewed him. The photographer climbed down to the main deck, asked Villiers to lean over the rail and look at the ship's bell from above, and snapped his photo.

On October 3, San Diegans opened the *Tribune* to find Captain Villiers gazing critically down from the front page, calling their neglected square-rigger "a bloody mess." John Bunker quoted him saying that "San Diego is overlooking a great potential tourist attraction by not restoring the *Star of India* as other cities have done with old windjammers." He continued, "San Diego has an old ship here that couldn't be replaced for millions of dollars today. . . . She's a great historical curio. She's the oldest one of her kind still afloat." "She'd take a lot of work," Villiers accurately foretold, "and a lot of money. But London restored the famous clipper ship *Cutty Sark* and San Francisco restored the old sailing ship *Balclutha*." If San Diego didn't want the *Star*, the captain warned, San Diegans should offer her to a city "which will give the old girl a decent break and fix her up the way she deserves."[3]

John Bunker's front-page story about his interview with Villiers helped motivate Port Director John Bate to become involved with the ship's restoration, and thus inspired the rebirth of our beautiful old ship—which is exactly what Jerry MacMullen and I had hoped, over cups of instant coffee in the Serra Museum library that day in 1957.[4]

NOTES

1 This article is reprinted from *Mains'l Haul*, "Developing San Diego Bay In the 20th Century," Vol. 38:4; Vol. 39:1, Fall 2002/Winter 2003, pp. 36-39, published by the Maritime Museum of San Diego.

2 On Grace Hoff, see Opal Crandall, "Oldest Iron Sailing Vessel Afloat Called Home by Active Miss Hoff," *San Diego Union*, 4 May 1958.

3 John Bunker, "Star of India 'Mess,' Says Capt. Villiers," *San Diego Evening Tribune*, 3 October 1957, p. 1.

4 Shortly before his death in 2002, John Bunker substantiated the version of events printed here. It differs, however, from Jerry MacMullen's recollection that he arranged Villiers's visit himself in a late-night telephone call to Bunker. (MacMullen, transcript of interview by Robert G. Wright, 5 September 1971, 28, and transcript of interview by Wright and Sylvia Arden, 21 September 1980, 16, Maritime Museum of San Diego Library.)



"I returned to the main deck and entered the poop extension fitted by the Alaska Packers" wrote Karl Kortum of San Francisco's National Maritime Museum in 1958, about a part of the ship removed early in the restoration. "There was a display here of various maritime artifacts . . . arranged around the room on shelves, badly displayed."

MMSD P8582A; Kortum, "Report on Restoration: Star of India"

Star of India
1959-1963

A *Star* is Reborn:

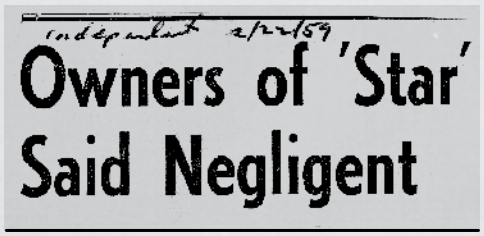
Critical Years in the *Star of India's* Restoration[1a]

By Robert G. Wright with the assistance of Mark Allen

Robert G. Wright began volunteering aboard *Star* on weekends, while working for Convair (for 40 years). He worked under Ken Reynard through the restoration years (1962-1968), then, beginning in 1973, he lived aboard *Star* for seven years. During this time, he began to do oral interviews of significant people whose history helped tell the story of San Diego. These histories (over 500 taped interviews) are now a vital part of the Maritime Museum and the San Diego History Center Library Collections.

Mark Allen was Editor of *Mains'l Haul* from 1999-2005.

In 1959, Port Director John Bate's efforts to find a chairman to lead the drive to restore the decaying windjammer *Star of India* were initially frustrated.[1] Bate "threw up his hands," according to his assistant Carl Reupsch, and left the task to Reupsch and the Port's Director of Public Relations, Henry Roloff. "One Friday about 5:30 when the office closed down and Hank and I were mulling over who would be a good man to head this campaign, Hank struck on the idea of Jack Donnelley, the attorney," Reupsch recalled. "So we called Jack's office and he was in New York. Hank said, 'Let's send him a telegram—let's appoint him chairman.'"[2] On June 9, 1959, Donnelley was surprised to learn that he was "unanimously elected General Chairman of the Committee to Save the *Star of India*." Roloff's telegram concluded, "We desperately need someone to head the group who loves sailing ships, has worked on them, and who furthermore knows something about the waterfront."[3] Donnelley accepted the following day.


Independent 2/22/59
Owners of 'Star' Said Negligent

Jack A. Donnelley was a big, likeable Irishman who was an Admiralty Attorney and had sailed before the mast on the *Oriental* as a



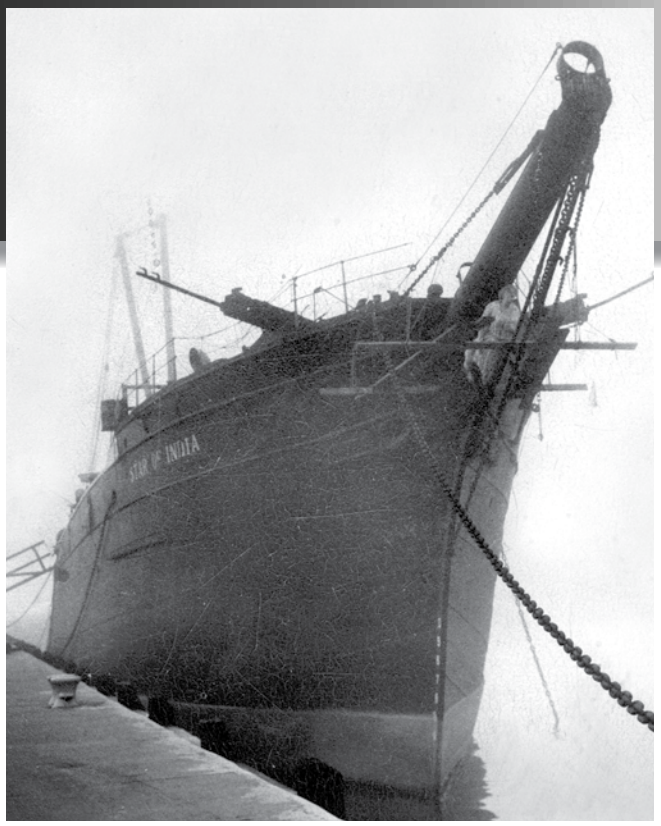
teenager. He knew San Diego's movers and shakers, and had contacts in Washington. Like very few others, he could imagine a glowing future for the old ship—and more importantly, he could communicate this vision effectively: "I know it will be a great tourist attraction," Donnelley prophesied to one potential donor, "and I am satisfied from the interest already shown by our school children that it will be a thrilling experience for them to go on board the ship and see for themselves just what things were like in the days of 'Full-Rigged Ships and Iron Men.'"[4] As Reupsch later recalled, "the restoration of the *Star* really got underway with Jack Donnelley's assistance."[5]

Despite a chronic lack of funds, between 1959 and 1963 Donnelley and other dedicated volunteers set the *Star of India* on a course that would lead to the *Star's* astonishing rebirth as an actively sailed ship. The old British bark had deteriorated to "little more than a pathetic, rusted hulk," according to a 1947 magazine article, with rotting decks and peeling paint, masts rigged down to unsightly stubs, worn rigging, and a hull in doubtful condition.[6] Thanks initially to the Depression, little maintenance had been done since 1927, when the San Diego Zoological Society had arranged to tow the retired square-rigger to San Diego with the plan to convert her into a landlocked aquarium with a maritime theme. But by her hundredth birthday in 1963, a renewed ship was beginning to emerge from the cocoon of rust and neglect.

This rebirth gained vital momentum from a 1957 visit by Australian sailor and author Captain Alan Villiers, who pricked San Diego's conscience in a front-page newspaper article about San Diegans' neglect of their ship. In Villiers's wake, interested citizens began to debate how to save the worn windjammer, which was difficult to visit in her berth alongside Harbor Drive, near where Seaport Village stands today. Port Director John Bate was among them. Carl Reupsch recalled that his boss "attempted to sell . . . the idea to the city manager of taking the ship to Mission Bay," which was then being developed for recreation. "Then they talked about putting it up on land, high and dry . . . ." In early 1954, her owners considered a $15,000 offer from a group of Northern California maritime history enthusiasts who proposed to restore the ship in San Francisco.[7]

Right: The restoration's starting lineup. From left, Karl Kortum, Jerry MacMullen, Jack Donnelley, and John Bate. Behind them is the Harbor Department building, site of the restoration office.

MMSD P3153



Opposite left, the derelict ship is towed to drydock in 1959. Note the TV antenna atop the mizzen. Though she looks even worse above, restoration had begun.

MMSD Reynard scrapbook and P8918

Finally, as Jerry MacMullen recalled, "Bate gathered us together and said, 'Let's see what can be done about the *Star of India* before it is too late.'"[8] On June 18, 1958 a group met in Bate's office to "successfully effect the refurbishing and rerigging of the *Star of India*, as well as moving the ship to the north side of Broadway Pier," and formed several committees.[9] The following month, MacMullen, President of the San Diego Aquarium Society, which owned the ship, sent a $200.00 check to Karl Kortum, Director of the San Francisco Maritime Museum, to bring Kortum south to evaluate the possibility of restoration based on his experience restoring *Balclutha.* Kortum submitted his report outlining basic steps needed to restore the ship in November, the most crucial of which was to drydock her as soon as possible to determine the hull's condition. To reflect this new mission



of restoration, in April, 1959, the Aquarium Society renamed itself the Maritime Museum Association of San Diego, and Kortum wrote Bate to emphasize the need for a "working ship's manager who was very much needed to give direction to the project."[10] To that end, Carl Reupsch persuaded retired Coast Guard Captain Donald B. MacDiarmid to take charge of the work as a volunteer, and the Harbor Commission donated an office at the foot of Broadway.[11]

With Jack Donnelley's appointment to chair the restoration drive, momentum began to build. Within his first month, he held a meeting to formulate a plan of action for fundraising and restoration, attended by a group including Admiral George Henderson of the Copley Press, Carl Reupsch, and MacMullen.[12] A key asset to the group was the participation of James Copley, publisher of the *Union and Tribune*, whose frequent publicity kept San Diegans aware of progress.[13] Despite the demands of his law practice, Donnelley fired off a constant stream of letters, and San Diego's business community soon came to appreciate his fundraising firepower. "Boy what a salesman you would make" scrawled C. Arnholt Smith, Chairman of the Board of United States National Bank, in the margin of a letter acceding to Donnelley's request to refund the interest on a loan to the restoration.[14]

Since the ship's bottom had not been cleaned or inspected for over thirty-five years, drydocking was of first importance. The unknown condition of the hull forestalled any full-scale fundraising drive; as Donnelley wrote a donor, "I felt it would not be fair to the public if we made a public appeal and secured contributions and then it was determined that the bottom was not sound and we could not proceed with the restoration."[15] He persuaded C. Arnholt Smith, whose bank held a controlling interest in National Steel and Shipbuilding, to donate the drydock time and lay days. The suspect condition of the bottom forced Donnelley to prepare an agreement with National Steel "relieving them from any liability if the *Star* should break in two when hauled out."[16]

The *Star of India* was towed into drydock on November 23, 1959, after twenty-six tons of concrete blocks were put aboard for ballast.[17] In drydock, her waterline—the weakest part of the hull—was girdled with a steel belt, which Karl Kortum had suggested.[18] The ship was painted thanks to National Steel's Tony Codina, who obtained donations of paint and the services of painters.[19] MacMullen reported "a little internal rhubarb among the restoration committee" over whether to paint the ship in her early "gunport" paint scheme or in the black she wore later. "I am very pleased that we did decide on the black color," Donnelley wrote Kortum. "The *Star*, to me, looks very imposing and almost magestic [sic] in black, although the effect is, of course, somewhat damaged by the broken spars and lack of rigging."[20]

Drydocking, completed by late December, proved that the hull was sound enough to restore. But where should the ship be moored during the long restoration process? Bate gave Carl Reupsch the job of studying potential sites, and Reupsch concluded that "the best location was right at the foot of Ash Street," where the *Star* is moored today, "because at that point it would have been seen from the El Cortez Hotel and by everybody walking down the street. It was just a natural."[21] Instead, however, that site's lack of electricity and water, needed for the restoration, dictated that the ship be moved adjacent to the "B" Street Pier where these services existed.[22]

The new Policy and Planning Committee met in January, 1960, and identified priorities for the restoration: clean the bilges, construct a rack for ballast, ballast the ship with four hundred tons of concrete blocks, remove the early-twentieth-century extension of her poop deck to restore its original appearance, re-deck the poop, remove the old water tanks, rewire the ship, repair the forecastle head, re-rig, clean the brightwork, and paint the masts and spars.[23]

Donnelley informed the public that it would take $200,000 to restore the ship as a self-supporting tourist attraction and maritime museum.[24] Privately, however, he informed Karl Kortum in early 1960 that they were still unprepared to start a public drive for funds because "we decided that we could be very much embarrassed by stating our financial goals without actual estimates."[25] By July, 1960, Donnelley estimated that $50,000 to $60,000 had been spent, including $16,000 for the steel girdle and other projects completed in drydock.[26] In October, Donnelley was forced to take out a personal note for $20,000 from United States National Bank to defray these expenses.[27]

Karl Kortum had anticipated, based on his experience restoring *Balclutha*, that "as a rule of thumb, money is about four or five times as hard to secure as are supplies and services."[28] "We had no budget," Carl Reupsch recalled, "It was purely scrounging for materials and labor to get anything done."[29] "The San Diego shipyards have opened their bone yards to us and we find there are many items of equipment that we can use," a grateful Donnelley noted in late 1961. "Many items have to be re-tooled for our use. Various machine shops, particularly those at the shipyards, will do this work free."[30]

The *Star* despite her cleaned and painted hull, remained unstable, with ungainly low masts and rigging that barely hinted at their original impressive appearance. Jerry MacMullen warned in July 1961 of the "dangerously wasted condition" of the lower main- and foremasts which "are in bad shape at the foot and the mainmast is completely gone where it penetrates the 'tweendeck; there are spots which have gone through here and there . . ."[31] He thanked "whoever was responsible for the decision to remove the masts," a statement which, given MacMullen's role as the Maritime Museum's President, may reflect the somewhat haphazard nature of the Restoration Committee's decision-making process.

Captain Donald MacDiarmid resigned from his voluntary post, directing the restoration work in late 1961, a casualty of

his mounting frustrations with the unsystematic project. After resigning, he complained that "the work seems to be going ahead piecemeal and without coordination," and warned that it was being confidently undertaken by men who had no real expertise with square-riggers. MacDiarmid cautioned against the constant temptation to take money-saving, potentially unsafe, shortcuts with materials:

> **The problems of the *Star* obviously require many compromises, much resourcefulness, many improvisations. To present her public image in the best light has already required certain concealment and misleading statements (condition of hull as found in drydock, for instance). I have agreed that this is necessary to the success of the project, and, as she is not expected to go to sea again, not necessarily critical.**[32]

A classic example of the problems MacDiarmid perceived was the question of ballast. The restorers wrestled throughout this period with the issue of how to ballast the ship. Prior to drydocking, the *Star* had been alarmingly unstable; close inspection by flashlight at that time revealed that the only ballast in her bottom was an estimated hundred tons of dirt and fist-sized rock.[33] In November of 1959, San Francisco's Karl Kortum suggested that a platform be constructed to hold concrete blocks, as had been done aboard *Balclutha*, which would permit maintenance and inspection of the inside bottom of the hull.[34] Given the lack of funds, Bate and others argued instead for the cheaper solution of pouring approximately two hundred cubic yards of cement the length of the ship.[35] Donnelley agreed that "we should pour concrete on the theory that this would add strength to the hull and bottom," particularly if railroad rails were embedded to stiffen it.[36] "As you all know," he wrote his fellow Restoration Committee members in May, 1960, "the subject of ballast has been quite a headache and we have spent a great deal of time on this matter. So much so, in fact, that our progress in the restoration has almost come to a complete stop."[37] The problem was crucial because the ballast in place was temporary, and no replacement of the upper masts and rigging could begin until it was solved.

Karl Kortum and others strongly objected to pouring concrete, envisioning long-term problems if in future they had to chip it out to gain access to the hull bottom from the inside. "It is, in my opinion, a dangerous experiment. It could well be that the concrete pouring experiment would make her further repair economically unfeasible a quarter century from now. The ship would then have to be abandoned."[38]



Arriving in drydock.
MMSD Collection, Reynard scrapbook

A San Francisco marine surveyors' firm, hired to survey the *Star*, was informed by Donnelley in September, 1960 that "the committee, based on advice from Naval engineers, marine surveyors, and shipyard superintendents, had come to the conclusion that we would pour concrete the length of the ship. We realize that the pouring of concrete is somewhat of an irreversible thing and we want to be sure as possible that we are doing the right thing."[39] Based on the San Francisco surveyor's strong recommendations, however, the idea was abandoned.[40]

An interim solution was improvised. As Carl Reupsch recalled, "we got donations of fifty-gallon drums, got donations of concrete, and when [construction firms] had a pour and they couldn't use all the concrete, they'd route the trucks down to the *Star of India* and dump the concrete into these fifty-gallon drums," which were lowered into the hold.[41]

By the spring of 1961, the restorers had a new idea. Donnelley informed the restoration committee:

> **We are currently working on a plan which we believe will whip our old enemy, "ballast," by the use of tanks which will be secured in the hold and which will be filled with water. If the ship should ever sink it would be a comparatively easy task to refloat her if we have tanks below.**[42]

Jerry MacMullen explained further:

> **In the matter of ballast, a suggestion by Mr. [William] Remington, of the Harbor Department, appears to have unusual merit. He suggests lowering several large steel tanks into the hold, welding them to steel saddles welded to the frames, and filling them with water. . . . [Master rigger Jack] Dickerhoff was greatly impressed by this idea; he also stated that if finances were cramped, a mere extension of our present system of ballasting with cement-filled barrels would be quite satisfactory, as the barrels can be moved to give access for inspection and painting.**[43]

Several large gas station storage tanks were welded into place in the hold.[44] This long-awaited solution, however, lasted only months. One of the first projects undertaken by Captain Ken Reynard, hired to manage the restoration in December 1961, was to install a system of movable concrete block ballast he designed atop a platform like that originally suggested by Kortum. The tanks were discarded. "They had just finished putting them in when I started cutting them out," recalled Reynard.[45]



The cover of the Maritime Museum Association's first brochure, circa 1959.

MMSD Collection

Donnelley and the restoration committee were more successful in achieving their goal of restoring the upper masts and rigging, glaringly absent since the World War II, when the Navy had removed them as a potential hazard to seaplanes landing on the bay. In 1944, Zoological Society Secretary Belle Benchley had authorized the Navy to lower the masts, "which we understand is necessary as a safety measure during the present emergency. The Society is very desirous of having the vessel restored at the end of the emergency and hopes Naval authorities replace masts."[46] The Navy insisted that it could not legally commit money, and that legislative action would be necessary.[47] In late 1959, Donnelley contacted U. S. Representative Bob Wilson to attempt to make good the damage.

On April 4, 1960, Representative Wilson introduced a bill "for the relief of the Maritime Museum Association of San Diego," directing that $23,000 be reimbursed for "the cost of rerigging the vessel *Star of India* in full settlement of all claims against the United States arising out of damage done by the U.S. Navy to the masts and rigging during World War II."[48] The Bill passed the House, but died in the Senate. Wilson reintroduced it in January 1961, and in May the Senate passed the bill, which President Kennedy signed into law.

While pursuing federal funds, Donnelley also sought local government funding. In early 1961, he unsuccessfully approached the County Board of Supervisors with a request for $25,000, and was also rebuffed in his request to the City Council.[49] 1961 finally saw the beginning of fundraising from the general public, commencing with a kickoff luncheon on August 14 at the El Cortez Hotel, at which the $23,000 federal check was presented. In his speech there, Donnelley estimated that the restoration would cost a further $150,000 to $165,000.[50] The distribution of pledge cards began; a donor of $2.00 was christened a Plank Owner, entitled to one free admission when the *Star* was ultimately opened to the public (a date which was pushed back several times), while a $100.00 donation earned the donor the rank of Admiral and three free future admissions.[51]

With the promise of federal funds, the lower masts were removed for repair in late spring 1961, and all salvageable

standing rigging was shipped north to Jack Dickerhoff, who would use the ferryboat *Eureka*, then moored in Oakland, as a loft in which to refurbish it.[52] Mindful of the financial straits of the restoration, Jerry MacMullen reported to Dickerhoff that his pay would be $3.42 per hour:

> **Although Mr. Dickerhoff's charges may appear to be high, it is unlikely that there is any rigger available—and still young enough to work at the trade—who has anything approaching his knowledge of sailing vessels. . . . He is a hard worker and insists that those working with him also be hard workers.[53]**

In December 1961, Donnelley had a vital new development to report to the Restoration Committee:

> **We all have known that the time would come when in connection with the work project we would have to employ a competent man to supervise on the basis of full-time. We can no longer handle the work on this project as we have in the past by stealing time from our own businesses to take charge of particular work projects. For example, I refer to Jerry MacMullen taking charge of the work of rerigging, which he has been done the last five months in Oakland, with Jerry and Carl Reupsch collaborating on making new masts and spars, or the many separate projects handled by Bud Hall or Dave Carsten. If we are going to restore this ship we now have to have a full-time supervisor.**

His choice for the job, Captain Ken Reynard, "although not by any means old, is an old-time sea captain, having a world of experience in connection with all kinds of ships."[54]

Carl Reupsch recalled that on November 6, "I was sitting in my office at Ash and Harbor Drive and Ken Reynard walked in." Reynard was captain of the locally-owned refrigerated ship *Westgate*, which had recently been sold from under him, and Reupsch had known him for some time:

> **I knew he had been involved in the sailing of ships, so when he walked into my office looking for a job ashore I asked him if he would be interested in taking over the restoration of the *Star of India*. And he said, "Yes, but I can't afford to do it on my own—I'll have to be paid for it." So I said, "Well, let me see what Jack Donnelley says." So I called Jack and Jack said, "Sure. If he is qualified and if he will spend full time on it, I'll take care of his salary. Send him out to see me."**[55]

"Just a word to say how much all of us up here are impressed with the gentleman you have selected to manage the *Star of India*," Karl Kortum wrote Donnelley from San Francisco. "This man has background, sense, and interest. He is willing to work with his own hands. He is an artist as



Above: Treasure from the Treasury. MacMullen and Donnelley flank the long-awaited government check, presented by V. Earl Roberts, center. "Brother—did that $23,000 get here just in time!," said MacMullen.

MMSD P1716; quote from MacMullen speech, n.d., MacMullen Collection F-72, MMSD

Below: "Smiling Jack" Dickerhoff and Karl Kortum grimly survey the rigging situation from forward of the Alaska Packers' poop extension.

MMSD P8966





Above: Saw in hand, Capt. Ken Reynard points through the empty mainmast hole in 1962.
MMSD P205

well as being a shipmaster. You won't find another like him, is my guess."[56]

"They didn't even know if they were going to be able to pay my salary after about eight or nine months," Reynard later recalled, "but I wanted to fix that ship up. This was one thing I wanted to do from the time I first came to San Diego."[57] Reynard's hiring was a significant step forward for the restoration, as Donnelley told a potential donor in 1962:

> **Capt. Reynard is a meticulous and careful man and he will not permit any material to go into the ship or any work to be done that is not first class. The *Balclutha* in San Francisco was thrown together in a hurry and, consequently, maintenance expenses have been terrific. We do not believe that we will ever have this problem because of the careful, sound way we have proceeded with the work of restoration.**[58]

Ken Reynard would guide the Museum's restoration efforts until 1978.

At the beginning of 1963, Donnelly outlined the situation to the Restoration Committee:

> **I know that we are all exceptionally pleased with the way the work has progressed and the very fine, thorough, workmanlike manner in which it has been done. This, of course, is entirely due to Ken's ability and the fact he will not stand for poor workmanship or materials. We still believe that we will be able to place the ship on display in April or May at the latest.**

The financial situation, however, looked bleak:

> **Unless we secure additional money or know for certain that we are going to have additional money, I think the time has come where we must drastically cut our payroll. This will, of course, slow progress; however, we cannot carry the payroll that we have been carrying without additional funds.**[59]

Since January 1960, when the museum had hired its first paid employee, a retired mariner named George Cameron who became night watchman, the payroll had grown to between five and six men.[60] "The work of restoration will go on for a long, long time after the ship is open to the public," Donnelley continued:

> **...but once we can open the ship to the public, she will start earning money and, consequently, we are only trying to do the work that has to be done before we dare exhibit the ship. I feel that if there is any work in progress which is not required to be done in order to open the ship to the public that it should be stopped right now. I also feel that we should immediately lay off some of the workmen.**[61]

With the reopening of the ship in sight, concerns surfaced about what kind of museum visitors would encounter on board. Karl Kortum had written Donnelley at the end of 1961, "I can't stress too much that displays have to be *designed* if they are to compete in this day and age. Just plunking some artifacts down with a descriptive line or two on a label is not going to do it."[62] Reupsch directed MacMullen to make a complete inventory of all museum exhibit material so that "there will be something for the people to see when they come aboard,"[63] and in early 1963 Donnelley sought to begin a collection virtually from scratch in time for a May opening:

> **I, for one, would not want to start exhibiting the ship without a reasonable number of display items or artifacts. A number of maritime objects, reportedly rare, have been offered us from time to time and I intend to go through my files and gather up this information so**

the Display Committee can take such action as may be needed. It is my own feeling that once we make an appeal for maritime objects, our chief problem will be in turning down items that we cannot use. On the other hand, I am satisfied there are many rare, worthy of exhibit maritime treasures in San Diego and we should be able to secure quite a few of them.[64]

But when would the ship finally open? There was conflict in the committee between John Bate, pushing for an opening in June 1962, and Jerry MacMullen, James Copley and others who argued against opening a half-finished ship. MacMullen worried about the consequences "if we sidetrack restoration to make way for a distinctly premature opening. Some of our people seem to have the idea that the minute the three naked lower masts are in place, the restoration is 100% complete."[65] In April, 1962, he warned Donnelley:

As you know, I have been in favor of opening the ship to the public as soon as possible, to get at least a trickle of money coming in. However, I am beginning to see a lot of head-aches in this, which could easily delay the real opening far too long. To begin with, the time for opening would be week-ends—and this also is the time when you get your volunteer workers. The two just would not mix. People would get in the way of the work-parties, there is a good chance for someone to get hurt, and ship's personnel would be interrupted continually to answer questions."[66]

At last, on Memorial Day, 1963, visitors returned to the *Star of India*, paying sixty cents per adult and thirty cents per child to satisfy their curiosity about the partially-restored local landmark. Reynard reported that by December, 42,374 adults and 16,840 children had stepped aboard.

1963 also saw the founding of the *Star of India* Ladies Auxiliary by Margaret "Marnie" Woodworth, and the beginning of the museum's corps of volunteer interpreters. Marnie's husband, Jim, was a friend of Reynard's and a dedicated volunteer. She recalled that in February of 1963, she wanted to hold a party for about two hundred people on board the *Star* "to introduce the community to the *Star of India*." [67] She offered Reynard a donation to the restoration fund.

The event, held without the Restoration Committee's prior approval, was a success, despite—or perhaps because of—the incomplete state of the 'tween deck. "We used . . . the coils of hemp to sit on and the barrels for them to put their buffet tables on." Afterwards, a number of women expressed interest in becoming involved with the restoration. Marnie's husband Jim had been bemoaning" the fact that "there was no money, and I had been with some women's groups and knew how well they raised funds."[68] When she approached Jerry MacMullen in the *Star's* saloon about starting a ladies' fundraising group, the delighted MacMullen made her president. She typed up by-laws for the organization on September 27, 1963, stating its mission as "to help foster interest in the *Star of India* and its Maritime Museum in the community" and "to raise funds to assist in the maintenance of the *Star of India* and the development of its Museum."[69]

The Auxiliary gave rise to the Museum's original "docents," the Hostess Guides. Ken Reynard spoke to the group in October, 1963, stressing the importance of volunteer historical interpreters to the public in terms equally appropriate today:

We opened to the public long, long before we were ready, so to fill the gap, several of the ladies came down to the ship and attempted to do the best they could in telling the public about the ship. Much of the time they referred the people to someone else because they didn't know the answers, but still there was that personal touch. And, we have had many good comments from many people to the effect that there was someone around who was willing to talk to them and bother with them. The idea of the Hostess Guides grew from this experience . . . signs, no matter how well done, can tell only part of the story. Many people who come aboard are deeply interested in the ship, and a sign does not tell them enough of the story and more than likely will lead to further questions. I think you ladies will perform a very, very useful and valiant service to the ship if you can come down just once in a while on some of our biggest days. In dealing with the public, I think we all recognize the fact that there will be a large percentage of people who pay their 60 cents and shuffle through the ship. But by using your own imagination I know you can spot the individual who is genuinely interested. . . . The purpose of these remarks is to assure you that this service is not a dilettante thing. I wish to assure you that it can make a great deal of difference. I think the ship will be far, far the better for it.[70]

November 14, 1963, marked a milestone in the *Star's* history, for exactly a century had passed since her launching. The Auxiliary planned a centennial celebration to rechristen the restored ship, since the *Star of India* had never been formally christened as such; her 1906 name-change from *Euterpe* had been arranged by the Alaska Packers Association through act of Congress.

Fittingly, Captain Alan Villiers was invited back for the celebration, which began with a gala dinner arranged by the Auxiliary at the El Cortez Hotel on November 13. Afterwards, according to Marnie Woodworth, Jerry MacMullen "just did



Author, adventurer and Master Mariner Alan Villiers was instrumental in prodding the people of San Diego to restore the ship. Here he presents her with the colors of the Shaw, Savill & Albion line – her former British owners – on the occasion of the *Star of India's* rechristening on November 14, 1963 – one year to the day after her launching.

MMSD Collection

a double flip in his swivel chair" when he learned the Auxiliary's maiden event had made $761 for the restoration.[71]

A San Diego Union reporter perceived the larger significance of Villiers's return to the ship:

> **One of the century's saltiest windjammer captains strode the decks of the *Star of India* yesterday, eyed her new rigging critically and pronounced her fit for a 100th birthday celebration today. Capt. Alan Villiers of Oxford, England, ruled the iron-hulled bark a "bloody mess" when he last saw her rotting away in 1957 and his caustic remarks spurred the campaign to restore the ship. . . . Yesterday the captain, who sailed the *Mayflower II* across the Atlantic, had only praise for San Diego's square-rigger. "Just look at her," he said. "Isn't this a wonderful atmosphere? She's a lovely ship, and her restoration is a very nice achievement on the part of San Diego."**[72]

"She's a real queen, she is," said Villiers, "and she belongs to San Diego. If I lived here I'd be mighty proud of that."[73] A single fore lower topsail was set aloft, sewn by Reynard in time for the occasion.[74] On the afternoon of November 14, 1963, Marnie Woodworth joyfully smashed a bottle of champagne over the capstan on the forecastle and christened the *Star of India.* Among those who stood applauding her were Alan Villiers, Ken Reynard, Jerry MacMullen, John Bate, and, of course, Jack Donnelley.

NOTES

1a This article is reprinted from *Mains'l Haul*, "Developing San Diego Bay In the 20th Century," Vol. 38:4; Vol. 39:1, Fall 2002/Winter 2003, pp. 40-54, published by the Maritime Museum of San Diego.

1 Unless noted otherwise, all references refer to materials in the Maritime Museum of San Diego Library, primarily from files kept by Jack A. Donnelley. A longer version of this article is also on file in the library. For an overview of this period see Gerald F. MacMullen, *Star of India: The Log of an Iron Ship* (Berkeley: Howell-North, 1961), 98-124, and Jerry Conrad, "Jerry MacMullen and the *Star of India*" (Master's Thesis, San Diego State University, 1991), 109-135.

2 Bate's first choice for chairman, retired San Diego naval commandant Admiral George Henderson (then employed by Copley Press) was unavailable, though he served as an important committee member. Bate himself rarely attended restoration committee meetings; Reupsch went as his substitute. Carl F. Reupsch, transcript of interview by Robert G. Wright, 28 December 1978, 29, 31.

3 Hank Roloff to Donnelley, 9 June 1959.

4 Donnelley to Charles E. Salik, 22 May 1962. Donnelley was a graduate of Sweetwater High School and Berkeley, was active in Democratic politics, had been associated with Martinolich Shipyard and with Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn in Las Vegas, and was senior partner in the firm of Donnelley, MacNulty & Butler. "Attorney to Lead *Star of India* Drive," *San Diego Evening Tribune*, 11 June 1959.

5 Reupsch, interview, 30.

6 Bernard L. McInturff, "*Star of India*: San Diego's Maritime Museum," Sea (November 1947), n.p..

7 San Francisco acquired *Balclutha* instead. MacMullen and the Aquarium Society believed the *Star* should go to Mission Bay as part of a planned aquarium, a move which was stalled pending dredging. MacMullen to Karl Kortum, marked "Confidential," 16 April 1954, MacMullen Coll. FF68-1A. Reupsch, interview, 27. Mission Bay has "long been considered an ideal spot for relocating the refurbished *Star of India* as a tourist attraction." *San Diego Evening Tribune,* 9 October 1957. See also Ward W. Waddell, Jr. to Harry Burnaugh, 24 July 1957, MacMullen Coll. F67-1.

8 MacMullen, transcript of interview by Wright, 5 September 1971, 29.

9 Civic, promotion, and fund raising committees and a finance and operations committee were formed. Memorandum of meeting, 18 June 1958. Donnelley later identified the key people involved in the restoration prior to 1959 as MacMullen, David H. Carsten of Harbor Boat & Yacht Co.; Oakley "Bud" Hall, Jr., of Star & Crescent, Chief Engineer Jack Leatherberry and General Manager Milton Filius of National Steel & Shipbuilding, Bate and Reupsch of the Harbor Department, and James Copley and Henderson of Copley Press. Donnelley to John Alessio, 11 December 1959.

10 Kortum to Bate, 30 April 1959. On 29 April 1949 the Zoological Society of San Diego transferred ownership of the ship to the Aquarium Society of San Diego, which had been incorporated as a non-profit organization on 21 April 1948. "'*Star of India*' Information requested by Leon Parma by telephone from Washington, D. C., June 7, 1960." The Maritime Museum Association was founded as part of the Aquarium Society on 24 July 1958. MacMullen to Bate, 6 July 1958, MacMullen Coll. F27-2.

11 Reupsch, interview, 28. Donnelley to Committee, 24 September 1959.

12 Donnelley opined that an initial $20,000 needed to be raised, and that donations of supplies, labor and services should be available, including the cost of towing, haul-out, sandblasting, painting, labor and supplies, and that the Navy should be persuaded to pay for replacement of the topmasts. Minutes of meeting at Donnelley office, 9 July 1959.

13 Important publicity also came from a series of newspaper articles by Al Pearce, beginning in 1958. While perhaps exaggerating, Donnelley told Pearce's paper, the *Independent,* "It was a reporter for the *Independent* who built the fire under the *Star of India* restoration program. He and the paper can rightfully claim credit for getting it started." Jeanette Branin, "'*Star of India*' Rebirth Sparked by Newspaper," n.d. [c. 1962]. Clinton D. McKinnon of the *San Diego Sentinel* was also named to the committee.

14 C. Arnholt Smith to Donnelley, 25 January 1961.

15 Donnelley to Louis Bard, 15 December 1959.

16 Since no surviving docking plans for the *Star* were known, divers were forced to make measurements. Memorandum, *Star of India* meeting, 26 October 1959.
17 Towing was donated by Star & Crescent.
18 Kortum, "Report on Restoration: *Star of India*," November, 1958, 11. To prevent electrolysis from corroding iron where it contacts steel, the belt is held out from the hull by angle iron; the space created was filled with Navy No. 1 preservative, 500 gallons of which were donated by Bray Oil Co. of Los Angeles. Donald MacDiarmid to Donnelley, 8 December 1959.
19 The restoration committee estimated that Codina saved them about $6,000. Donnelley to Louis Bard, 29 December 1959.
20 MacMullen to Kortum, 5 December 1959, MacMullen Coll. F68-11; Donnelley to Kortum, 30 December 1959. MacMullen favored a "gunport" color scheme.
21 Reupsch, interview, 27.
22 In March 1959 Bate announced plans to turn part of the Broadway Pier into a maritime museum and library, which did not materialize. John Bunker, "Port Offers Berth for Old Ship," *Tribune*, 6 March 1959. A Mayor's Maritime Museum Committee, chaired by Joe Jessop, was also active at this time. "Sea Museum Urged As Mate for 'India,'" *Independent*, 23 August 1959, p. 1.
23 Minutes of meeting, 29 January 1960, MacMullen Coll. F66-5. MacMullen had reported contacting several authorities regarding removal of the poop extension. Bate moved, which carried unanimously, that it be removed and original appearance restored. Minutes of Meeting, *Star of India* Restoration Committee, 16 January 1960, MacMullen Coll. F66-4. Kortum had suggested removing the extension, which "spoils the whole after end of the vessel," in his November, 1958, report. Kortum, "Report on Restoration," 7.
24 The $200,000 figure was based on Kortum's report. "Group Maps Drive to Restore Sailing Ship *Star of India*," *Tribune*, 16 April 1959. Elsewhere, Donnelley quoted other figures: in letters to potential donors in February, 1960 he estimated the cost of restoration as variously $100,000 and $250,000, or, the following month, $165,000.
25 Donnelley to Kortum, 3 March 1960.
26 Donnelley to Graydon Hoffman, 7 July 1960.
27 Donnelley to Melvin N. Wilson, 7 October 1960; Reupsch, interview, 30. The note was also guaranteed by Lou Kornik, Carlos Tavares, and housing developer Irvin Kahn. In November, 1962, Donnelley was able to raise the note from $20,000 to $30,000. The note was due to be paid off in May, 1963, at which time he felt the ship would be open to the public.
28 Kortum to Donnelley, 11 March 1960.
29 Reupsch, interview, 28.
30 Donnelley report to Restoration Committee, December 1961.
31 MacMullen to Donnelley, 14 July 1961, MacMullen Coll. F70-12B.
32 MacDiarmid to Donnelley, 12 October 1961. The hull was indeed not in as good condition as claimed: as internal rust was being chipped away, a hammer broke through the ship's side. MacMullen to Kortum, 28 November 1959, MacMullen Coll. FF68-8A.
33 Memorandum, *Star of India* meeting, 26 October 1959. About 400 tons of dirt and rock ballast were removed prior to drydocking. Donnelley, "'*Star of India*' Ex Full-Rigged Ship 'Euterpe,'" to General Membership Committee, n.d. [c. 1961], MacMullen Coll. F67-15.
34 Kortum to Donnelley, 24 November 1959. The first recorded reference to constructing an orlop deck above the ballast was made by Bate in January 1960; it was later built by Reynard.
35 Donnelley to Charles Forward, n.d.; MacMullen to Kortum, 28 November 1959, MacMullen Coll. F68-8A.
36 Donnelley to Committee, 31 May 1960.
37 Ibid.
38 Kortum to Copley, 2 July 1960. Kortum's objections first appear in Planning Committee meeting minutes, 16 January 1960. As built, the ship originally had a small amount of cement in her bottom, according to an 1863 newspaper: "The floor of the ship is cemented in the same manner as the sides and bottom; this cementation which is for the purpose of preventing the effect of corrosion of iron being felt on cargo, is five inches thick in the center of the floor, and gradually tapers off to the run of the bilge." *Mona's Herald*, 18 November 1863.
39 Donnelley to L. L. White, 7 September 1960. Pillsbury & Martignoni, the firm that undertook the survey, had previously surveyed *Balclutha*.
40 Pillsbury & Martignoni (L. L. White) to Donnelley, 27 September 1960.
41 Reupsch, interview, 28. Reynard continued the practice of using 50-gallon drums for ballast, filling them with chipped rust and topping them off with concrete. Reynard, "Restoration of an Iron Star," *Mains'l Haul* 33 (Fall 1997), 11-12.
42 Donnelley to Al Fern, Hall, Wilson, Henderson, George A. Scott, MacDiarmid, MacMullen, Reupsch, Bate, Carsten, Dr. Frederick Hollander, Kornik, Charles A. Pratt, Howard Matson, Murray Goodrich, William C. Miller, and Frank K. Wyatt, 21 June 1961, MacMullen Coll. F67-13B. Pillsbury & Martignoni had earlier suggested the use of the Star's 6 existing water tanks to help ballast the ship. Pillsbury & Martignoni to Donnelley, 27 September 1960.
43 MacMullen to Donnelley, 14 July 1961, MacMullen Coll. F70-12B.
44 The R. E. Hazard Company donated 4 tanks. Donnelley to Bruce Hazard, 21 August 1961.
45 Reynard, interview, 10. Reynard thought that the idea of the tanks was "brilliant," but that they prevented maintenance under and behind them and spoiled the appearance of the hold. Reynard, "Restoration of an Iron Star," 12.
46 Belle Benchley to Commandant, Eleventh Naval District, 29 January 1944. Another letter was sent on March 4, 1944; the masts were removed after that date. A Zoological Society letter to the *Star*'s caretaker, Ed Fox, stated that Benchley was "very sorry" but mast removal was "another one of those things that has to be sacrificed for the war effort." R. W. Sanderson to Captain Fox, 4 March 1944. MacMullen Coll., box 6, F72-2.
47 Bob Wilson to Donnelley, 23 March 1960.
48 House Resolution 11562. The version which ultimately passed was H. R. 1869.
49 Donnelley to City Council, 16 June 1961, MacMullen Coll. box F 70-10; City Manager George Bean to Donnelley, 7 July 1961.
50 Notes for speech by Donnelley, 14 August 1961.
51 A $5.00 donation made one a Third Mate, $10.00 a Second Mate, $25.00 a First Mate, and $50.00 a Captain.
52 Donnelley to Fern, Hall, Wilson, Henderson, Scott, MacDiarmid, MacMullen, Reupsch, Bate, Carsten, Hollander, Kornik, Pratt, Matson, Goodrich, Miller, and Wyatt, 21 June 1961. The lower masts were re-stepped in May, 1962.
53 MacMullen to Donnelley, 14 July 1961, MacMullen Coll. F70-12B.
54 Donnelley report to Restoration Committee, 11 December 1961.
55 Reupsch, interview, 31. On Reynard, see Wright, "Capt. Ken Reynard: Lest We Forget," *Mains'l Haul* 29 (Summer 1993), Reynard, "Restoration of an Iron Star," and Reynard, "The Star is Reborn!," *Sea History,* 5 (Fall 1976), 19.
56 Kortum to Donnelley, 18 December 1961, MacMullen Coll. F70-24
57 Reynard, interview, 6.
58 Donnelley to Scott, 25 June 1962.
59 Donnelley to Bate, Reupsch, Reynard, C. C.Woodworth, Hall, Carsten, Henderson, MacMullen, Fred W. Morrison, Hollander, Scott, and Muriel Tolle, 15 January 1963.
60 Donnelley to Scott, 25 June 1962. Cameron was paid $75 per month.
61 Donnelley to Bate, et al, 15 January 1963.
62 Kortum to Donnelley, 18 December 1961, MacMullen Coll. F70-24B.
63 MacMullen to Donnelley, n.d.
64 Muriel Tolle was given the chairmanship of the Display Committee by Henderson. Donnelley to Bate, et al, 15 January 1963.
65 Ibid.
66 MacMullen to Donnelley, 3 April 1962, MacMullen Coll., F70-27.
67 Margaret Woodworth, transcript of interview by Wright, 15 November 1990, 5.
68 Woodworth, interview, 7.
69 *Star of India* Auxiliary By-Laws, 27 September 1963.
70 Notes for Reynard talk to Hostess Guide Group, 25 October 1963.
71 Woodworth, interview, 13.
72 Cliff Smith, "Peppery Salt Hails New *Star of India*," San Diego Union, 14 November 1963, A13.
73 John Bunker, "Ceremony Here Marks 100 Years for Star of India," *Tribune,* 14 November 1963, p. A28.
74 Reynard, "The Star is Reborn!," 19.w

Star of India



Star of India's 100th Birthday

1963

1st *Mains'l Haul* published (one page)

1964

Star Ladies Auxiliary continues fundraising.

Restoration continues...

1970s

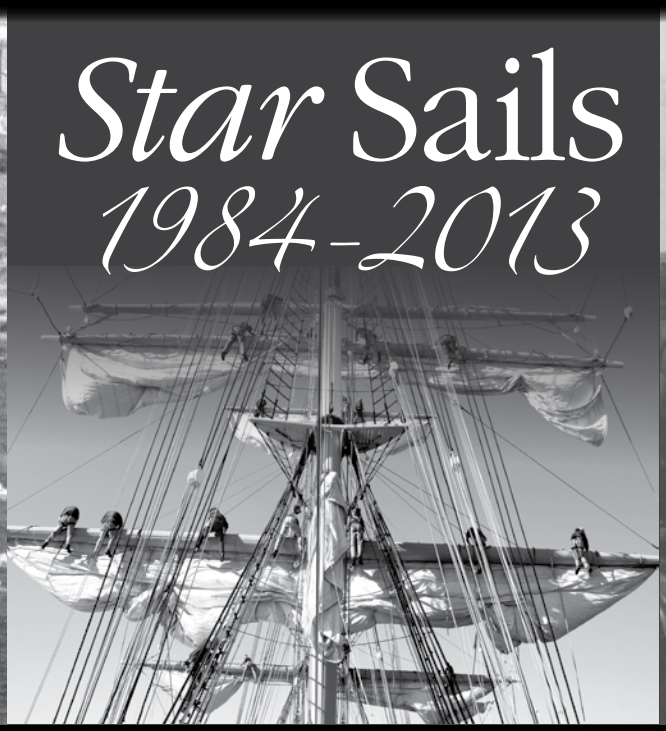
★America's Bicentennial★ *Star of India* sails for the first time since 1923.

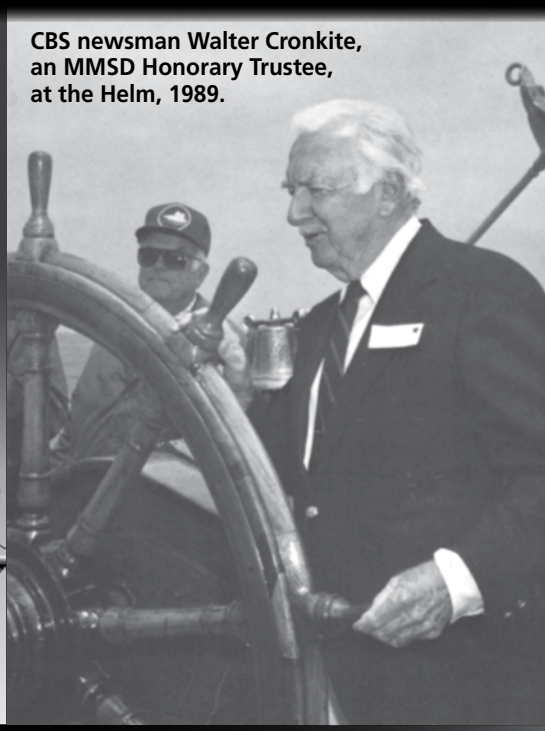
1976

1963 — 2013



Star Sails 1984-2013





CBS newsman Walter Cronkite, an MMSD Honorary Trustee, at the Helm, 1989.

1984 1986 1989 1993 1996 1998 1999





2009 drydock • CeRam-Kote to preserve the hull.



2000 2001 2003 2005 2006 2007 2011 2013



The Star of India: Present and Future

By Captain Richard Goben

Captain Ivan Luke had the opportunity to sail on the *Star of India* when the *Star* and *Eagle* sailed together in 1999. He told Captain Goben (left) that the *Star* crew was: "the most professional volunteer crew that he had ever seen."

Captain Richard Goben taught sailing while attending the University of California, San Diego. During this time, he received his first Coast Guard license. He ran classic sail and power passenger vessels for many years. Also during his college days, Goben became a writer for magazines, such as *Sail*, *Sea*, *PVA Foghorn* Magazine, *Ocean Navigator* and other marine-related publications. In the 1980s, he became involved in the America's Cup sailboat races, and was a Navigator for Dennis Conner's "B" team, during the 1983 Cup races.

In 1984, Goben began crewing on the 1863 barque *Star of India* for the Maritime Museum of San Diego. In 1996, he served as Mate, and then in 1998, he became Master. The *Star* is the oldest active sailing ship in the world, and the only Class "A" sailing vessel known to not have an engine. Captain Rich is still Master. Goben also operates the Maritime Museum's 1904 Steam Yacht, *Medea*.

In 1990, Hornblower Cruises bought Invader Cruises, and leased the 150-foot racing schooner, *Invader*. Goben was the Captain of the *Invader* at the time, and joined Hornblower Cruises as their Port Captain. Currently, he remains with Hornblower. He holds a Master's license for Great Lakes and Inland vessels of 1600 Gross Tons, and Steam Motor, or Sail vessels of vessels of 500 Tons Upon Oceans. He is also certified as Able Seaman Unlimited, Lifeboatman, STCW 95, Vessel Security Officer, and Unlimited Radar Observer.

Capt. Goben also serves as Chair of the San Diego Harbor Safety Committee, and on the Executive Steering Committee of the Area Maritime Security Committee. Recently, he was elected to the Board of the San Diego Chapter of the Propeller Club of the United States. Goben has also been an instructor in CPR/AED and First Aid for the American Red Cross.

Among his many awards and recognitions, Capt. Goben received the "Outstanding Leadership" award from the Naval Order of the United States (1998). Each year, Capt. Goben heads a volunteer program to have Hornblower narrators serve on Family cruises aboard U.S. Navy ships. He has implemented this program on over 60 naval vessels. In addition to his Port Captain duties, Captain Goben is also the Facility and Vessel Security Officer for Hornblower Cruises San Diego.

The barque *Star of India* began, what many consider to be, her second life by sailing on July 4, 1976. The ship had undergone an extensive restoration in the 1960s and 1970s, after sitting as a hulk for many years (1923-1959), until 1976 she had not been sailed since 1923. It was during the restoration effort that the decision was made to actually sail the ship once again. As it turns out, this decision was a momentous one, with unexpected benefits.

The initial thought may have been to sail only once, but then in 1984, the ship sailed again. After that, she sailed every few years, until 1998, when we began to sail the *Star* every year, sometimes several times per year. Though we have missed some years recently due to necessary maintenance, we continue to sail.

The decision to make, and keep the *Star of India* sail-worthy was important for two reasons. First, by committing the ship to sail at times, the maintenance of the ship had to be kept to a higher level than a ship that would be on display only. We are certainly aware that our first duty to the ship is preservation, and, fortunately, this is in perfect harmony with keeping her sail-ready.

Sailing the ship certainly has inherent risks, but these are mitigated by being overly conservative in regards to the conditions in which she sails. We don't take her out in high winds or bad weather, and we sail within sight of land. We are also escorted at all times when underway. Contrast this to her working career where she rounded Cape Horn 21 times, in all kinds of weather with no engine, or tug, or rescue service.

The added benefit to sailing the *Star* continuously is the knowledge that is passed on to the crew and supporters. We are not role players when we sail; we try to respect and use the tried and true techniques that have been developed over hundreds years of sailing these ships. This includes both in language, and in ship-handling.

I think there is a certain fascination with old things that still work. But I also feel that if we preserve the object without the corresponding knowledge, then we have done only half of the job. I don't want to see a day where a family looks at the ship on display and a child asks: *how do you sail a ship like this?* Only to get the answer: *Sorry son, nobody knows anymore.*

With this in mind, we make it a point to tack, wear, heave-to, and generally set and sail the ship as she would have been sailed in all of her 150-year history. I suspect that we maneuver the ship more in one day of sailing than would probably have been done in a month when she was sailing offshore.

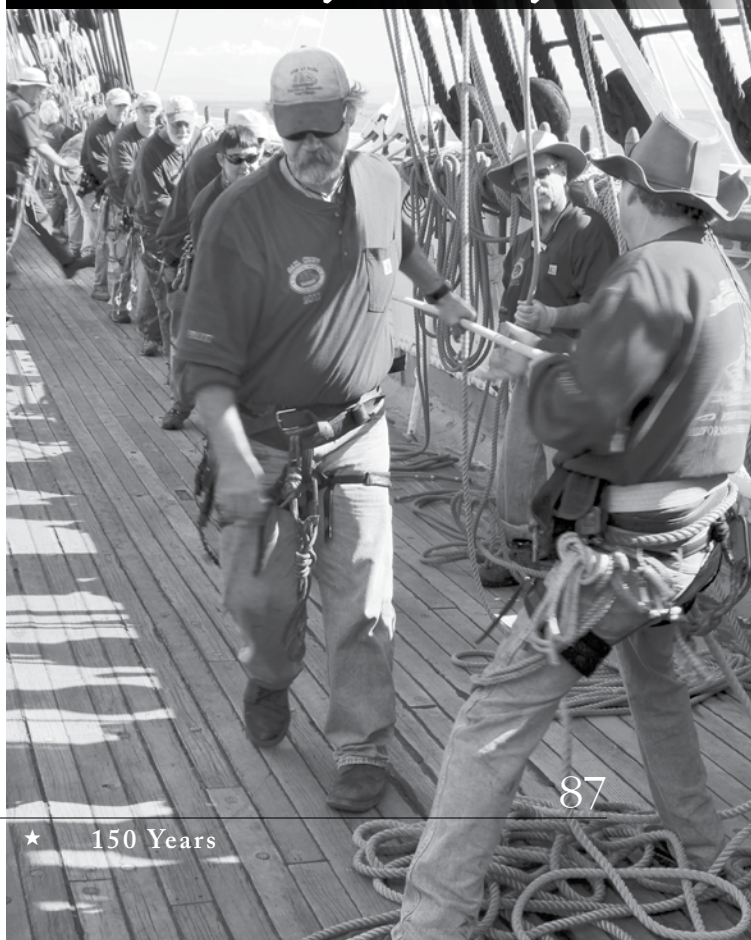
We also sail with more crew than in her former merchant days. We sail with sixty crew in order to give more people the experience, and all hands are needed when we maneuver in the tight confines of San Diego Bay.

Lay Aloft and Furl



Let Go and Haul

Walk Away the Halyard



Photos by Maggie Walton



Photo from Author's Collection

"I consider the *Star of India* and the *Eagle* to be two of the most historically significant active large sailing ships in the United States."

These are mostly volunteers who want to be part of something magical and historical at the same time. They are the most dedicated and hard-working group that I have ever had the privilege of sailing with. We make it a point to train together, and we have created our own formal training text and videos. At each point in the training, we make it clear what we are doing, and why it works. This is opposite to times past when the officers of ships did not want the crew to have this knowledge, particularly navigation skills.

We have had some memorable days at sea, and hope for more to come. For example, in 1999 we sailed in company with the U.S. Coast Guard Training Ship *Eagle*. The USCGC *Eagle* (ex-German Training Ship *Horst Wessel*) was launched in 1936, and was acquired in 1946 as a war reparation after World War II. I consider the *Star of India* and the *Eagle* to be two of the most historically significant active large sailing ships in the United States. We sailed the ships side-by-side and, as if to illustrate my earlier point of crew training and knowledge, we traded half of our crew for the day. The barque rigs are generally the same, and the commands and tasks have been refined and standardized over hundreds of years, so we had half of *Eagle's* crew and they had half of *Star's* crew.

As Captain, I do hope that there are many sailing days to come, and that the ship may be kept in sailing shape as part of her preservation mission, and to allow us to continue our sailing traditions.

There is a saying among sailors that goes: *Fair Winds and Following Seas.* However, square-rigged sailing ships need wind from astern, so, to the ship, and all who sail her, past and present, I like to say:

Fair Seas and Following Winds!
— Captain Richard Goben

Legends of the Star



Legends of the Star are an abridged compendium of often-told stories that linger about the ship.
They are based on fact: a young stowaway, the ship's logs, a captain, his crew, the sailors and fishermen, herein reported.
It is with the utmost care that they have been transcribed for this written presentation.

Johnny Campbell
As told by Cookie

Transcribed by Dr. Sheila Miraverda

Many of the best tales of ships have not only to do with the ships themselves, but with those who have sailed aboard them. These tales get to the heart of the ship, what she's about and the experiences she's had. There's no truer way to know a ship than to sail her, and no truer way to find her spirit than to learn of those who did. And, of course, for our noble and gorgeous *Star of India*, things are no different. One of the most lasting and memorable tales is that of a young lad who once turned sailor on her decks... of course, she wasn't the *Star of India* then. At that time she was known as the good ship *Euterpe*, and this lad went by the name of Johnny Campbell.

Well, I've been cook on this ship for many a year now, and I've seen and heard all manner of strange things. This yarn I'm about to spin happened quite a few years ago, when I met Johnny. Now, he came from a poorer area of London. He was about twelve or thirteen years old at the time, and some may be thinkin' that's a bit young for a lad to go lookin' for work, but remember this was a different age when we started in on life earlier. Now, the thing about Johnny was that he was an orphan. Don't know quite what happened to his folks, never was one for prying into a fellow's painful past, but there it was. His parents had passed on with Johnny not much more 'n a bit of chaff on the wind, and he wasn't the only one. He had quite a few brothers and sisters, all younger than him. He was the oldest, so he was responsible for looking out for them, and making sure they had food to eat and a place to sleep and enough clothes to keep them warm. It gets dreadful cold in England. But Johnny was small for his age and, well, Johnny had some trouble convincing anyone that he could do an honest hard day's work, and keep up with the men. He wasn't able to get work nowhere because no one thought he was big enough nor strong enough to do it. But without work, how was he going to get money to take care of all the little ones?

There was one thing Johnny was extremely good at, and that was games. I think 'm playing at so much make believe and run-and-catch-me and what all was his way of getting away from the hand life dealt him, and it was about all he had left that brought joy into his life. With any game he could get his brothers and sisters to play would finally bring a smile to their hungry little faces. His favorite game of all was a kind of tag. His way of playing was there would be one person in the middle and everyone else in a big ring around the middle person. And the person in the middle would cover their eyes and spin until someone from the ring would run up and draw an S on their back, and try to make it back to the ring before the middle person could guess who drew on their back. Johnny was very very quick, and very very clever. He was so quick, that when he was the person to run up and draw on someone's back, he always made it back in time and they never guessed it was him. And he was so clever, that when he was the one in the middle he always guessed the person who drew on his back.

Well, he was so good at this game that sooner or later he decided to start betting people he could win, no matter what. And so people started coming from all over London, sometimes farther, to see if they could best Johnny in his games. And he always won, and he was able to use the money to take care of his brothers and sisters. But, sooner or later, Johnny began to get a reputation that he was either cheating or close enough to it that he never lost, and people don't want to throw away their money... so people stopped coming to play him, and then he was back to the beginning trying to figure out how to get money to keep his brothers and sisters in clothes, food and a place out of the cold.

One day, he went for a walk trying as hard as he could to think of a way to get some work, some way of making money. And as he walked, he ended up down by the docks and started looking at and admiring all the ships tied up and at anchor. Ships just like the *Euterpe*. Johnny thought the ships were just beautiful, and he started imaging all the places they were going to sail, all the interesting people they would come across, all the adventures to be found on ships. And as he was imaging it all, he thought to himself, "my, wouldn't it be fine if I could go somewhere completely new where no one knows me! Why, I bet I could start my games again, and have another go round! I could post the money back!"

And so, that is exactly what he decided to do. But Johnny decided to stow away, to save the passage money for his brothers and sisters. Seeing how times were so desperate I can see how he turned to the thought, though it is a terrible thing to do and one not best be caught at it. What pays for a ship like this, for all the passengers' food, the food for the sailors and the sailors' wages? Not to mention what pays for the cargo and any materials for repairs the ship might need? Why, the money coming from the paying passengers, of course. So, if someone stows away and eats and doesn't work, he's basically stealing from everyone on board. The man who was captain of this ship at that time – like I said, this was a while ago, before we had the good Captain we have now – well, this was a captain I didn't much care for, Captain Morton.

Legends of the Star

He was old and grouchy and he had eyebrows like great white brambles trying to escape his forehead. He always promised me a galley crew and then never gave me one. He especially hated stowaways. Captain Morton said if we were to find one, they were to be thrown right overboard. Well, I didn't much like that thought at all because most every sailor doesn't know how to swim, so that would likely be a death sentence. But he was captain, so what could we do?

Johnny was very careful, he waited until nightfall, and then in the darkness he snuck onto this very ship, the *Euterpe*. He crept past the sailors on watch, tip-toed down past all the sleeping passengers and down into the orlop until finally, he hid himself down in amongst the coils and cargo up foreward in the hanging locker. He stayed down there, and if any sailors happened to go down to that area, he would whisk himself away into the bilge. But he needed food, so at night he would tip-toe up past all the sleeping passengers, creep up past the men at watch, sneek into my galley, grab some food, and then scurry back down to the hanging locker, quick and quiet as you please! And this went on for some time, me just feeling like I was going crazy with all the missing and moving of odd bits and pieces.

Well, one day it was the Captain's birthday, so I was up very early in the morning, cooking and cooking and cooking and cooking a giant feast. And we had dinner and Captain Sir loved it, and then of course, as anyone what's cooked before knows, I had a galley full of dirty dishes to attend to. I had heaps and mounds and piles and mountains of dishes, so I was stuck washing much later than usual. But, did Johnny know it had been the Captain's birthday? Of course not! So in the middle of the night he tip-toed up past all the sleeping passengers, crept up past the men at watch, snuck into my galley... and I caught him right with his hand in the potato barrel! And I yelled, "Hey there! Who're you, and what're you doing in my galley?!?!" And he looked at me and said, "OH, ho Cookie! Don't worry about me, I'm just one of the crew in for a midnight snack!" And I said, "Crew?! I know the faces of all the crew, and you aren't one of them!" and he said, "Did I say crew?! My goodness, not what I meant. I'm a passenger! That's probably why you don't recognize me. Funny that. Hahah ha. Ha. Ha." And I said "A passenger now, is it? I mentioned I'm pretty good with faces and I'm sure I haven't seen you on board before... are you a stowaway?" And Johnny said, "A stowaway.. don't be silly.. me.. I'm.. I'm... oh PLEASE don't tell the Cap'n I'm here – he'll throw me overboard–I have all my brothers and sisters, they'll die – I'll die – I don't want to die! Oh please, Cookie, please?!" Well, I felt bad for him, and of course I didn't want to throw him over, but I didn't want the Captain coming down on me either...then I had an idea.

I went to the Captain and said, "Why 'ello, Cap'n, good evenin'. How are you?"

And he and his eyebrows looked me over and said "Hello there Cookie. It is a fine evening! Thank you for the lovely meal, it was delicious."

"Why thank you Cap'n. Might I..."

"What else can I do for you Cookie?"

"Well, Sir, it's about that crew you promised me last time we was in port, Sir..."

"Oh, there weren't enough sailors, but I promise you'll get your crew next time!"

"Well, Cap'n Sir, you've promised me that over and over and you never seem able to...well, what if I found my own crew?"

"You mean, next time we're in port?"

"Um... well... actually Cap'n Sir, I meant... what if I've already found myself a Galley crew?"

He took a moment and stretched it out before saying quiet and a bit too calmly: "Cookie.... have you found a stowaway?"

And I said, "Well, maybe Cap'n Sir, but I was thinking-"

"You know my feeling on this Cookie! Over he goes! Immediately!"

"But Cap'n Sir…You promised! You keep saying you'll give me a crew and you never do and I'm so tired Cap'n Sir, I'm up there washing and washing and washing and my hands, Cap'n Sir…Look at my hands! Please can I keep him as my Galley crew? You won't ever need to worry about him, I'll feed him and take care of him and please Cap'n pleasepleasepleeeease?"

Again that long pause while his eyebrows lowered over his eyes like storm clouds. "Well, I suppose he can work his passage off... but Cookie?"

"Aye, Cap'n Sir?"

"You are responsible for him. Entirely. And I want no reason to complain."

So Johnny became my Galley crew, and we had wonderful times together. Happy at the opportunity and glad to be of use finally, he helped out in a wink anything I could even think of needing to be done. At first no one knew he was on board, but soon he began to make friends with the crew, and they taught him everything there was to know about the ship. He was so quick and clever he learned all he could and thought it was more fun than anything in his life. He began to feel like this ship was his home, and the crew his family, and he loved playing his games with the passenger children. What made me the most nervous was when he went up aloft to furl the sail.

This went on for some time until we began our pass at Cape Horn. I suppose there could be considered a bit of danger in any stretch of water you cross, but Cape Horn is known for being particularly nasty with great seas and terrible storms. As like to be expected, one day we headed right into one of those storms. The sky turned dark and gray as slate, the sea was almost the same cold dark color as the sky, so it felt like we were in one giant cold wet pit. The wind grew stronger and stronger, slicing through our clothes with icy fingers, and then it began to rain like sheets of ice falling from the sky onto our heads. The waves got larger and larger: ten, twenty, thirty-feet tall! We were pitching back and forth, coming to the top of one swell, sliding down it until the next wave slammed into us! It was then Captain cried for all hands on deck; all hands aloft to take in sail! It had to be done, though we all risked our lives to go aloft in times like this, because otherwise the whole ship may be lost and we'd definitely all die. Now, Johnny could have stayed safe and snug in the galley, and I warned him not to go aloft, but him feeling like the crew was his family and all he couldn't bear the thought of everyone he cared about being in danger and him not helping at all. Quick as ever he went up the mainmast, up to the royal yard –120 feet above the deck! As he climbed to the royal and swung himself out on the yard, the ship slid to the top of the wave and began to slide down its back. Cheerful as ever he waved and cried to the rest of the crew, "Come on lads!" and forgot the most important thing you always remember when working aloft – always have a good tight hold wherever you are. And as he let go, the ship was slammed with the oncoming waves and we could feel it shudder down to the bone. And Johnny fell.

He seemed to hit every single thing on the way down. Until finally he landed on the deck.

Johnny didn't die, not right away. We picked him up and put him in my cabin on account of the cook being ship's doctor when I'm called upon, being the one most familiar with the knives. And lads, I may be Doc and I may be able to fix and mend quite a few things. I may be able to set a broken arm or leg. But when it's your ribs that are broken...or your back...or your head.... Johnny lived for three days, though he never woke up. And the crew loved him so much, they never let him be alone. When they weren't on watch, they took turns watching over him. But near the end of the third day, Johnny passed.

When a sailor dies, lad, there's certain things you must do to make sure he's looked after proper. First, you must wrap him in his hammock or sailcloth, and stitch it up with thirteen stitches, ballast at his feet and the last stitch through the nose. The reason why it goes through the nose is for one, to make sure you're dead. For even if you're in the deepest of sleep, your body will make some motion if you take a big needle and push it through your nose. The second reason is to fasten the spirit to the body so it won't be stuck on the ship forever. It's proper to tell stories while you do this, each crew member telling his favorite, so that when you let the dead go they are never truly alone, but have happy things to remember you by and keep them company in the deep. But the most important thing you must remember to do is you

MUST ALWAYS bury the man overboard before the sun goes down. If he goes over after the light has left the sky, his spirit won't be able to find its way to where it needs to go.

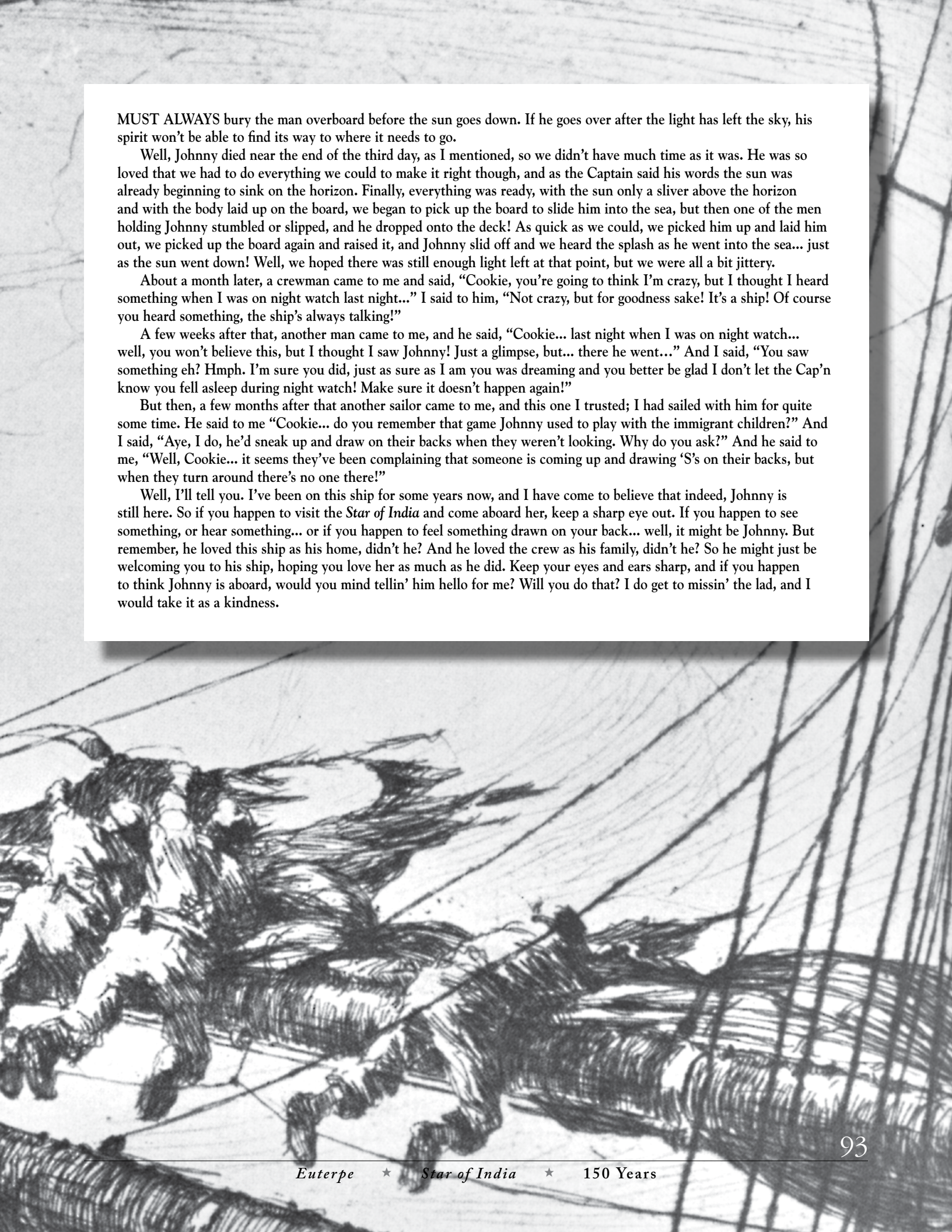
Well, Johnny died near the end of the third day, as I mentioned, so we didn't have much time as it was. He was so loved that we had to do everything we could to make it right though, and as the Captain said his words the sun was already beginning to sink on the horizon. Finally, everything was ready, with the sun only a sliver above the horizon and with the body laid up on the board, we began to pick up the board to slide him into the sea, but then one of the men holding Johnny stumbled or slipped, and he dropped onto the deck! As quick as we could, we picked him up and laid him out, we picked up the board again and raised it, and Johnny slid off and we heard the splash as he went into the sea... just as the sun went down! Well, we hoped there was still enough light left at that point, but we were all a bit jittery.

About a month later, a crewman came to me and said, "Cookie, you're going to think I'm crazy, but I thought I heard something when I was on night watch last night..." I said to him, "Not crazy, but for goodness sake! It's a ship! Of course you heard something, the ship's always talking!"

A few weeks after that, another man came to me, and he said, "Cookie... last night when I was on night watch... well, you won't believe this, but I thought I saw Johnny! Just a glimpse, but... there he went…" And I said, "You saw something eh? Hmph. I'm sure you did, just as sure as I am you was dreaming and you better be glad I don't let the Cap'n know you fell asleep during night watch! Make sure it doesn't happen again!"

But then, a few months after that another sailor came to me, and this one I trusted; I had sailed with him for quite some time. He said to me "Cookie... do you remember that game Johnny used to play with the immigrant children?" And I said, "Aye, I do, he'd sneak up and draw on their backs when they weren't looking. Why do you ask?" And he said to me, "Well, Cookie... it seems they've been complaining that someone is coming up and drawing 'S's on their backs, but when they turn around there's no one there!"

Well, I'll tell you. I've been on this ship for some years now, and I have come to believe that indeed, Johnny is still here. So if you happen to visit the *Star of India* and come aboard her, keep a sharp eye out. If you happen to see something, or hear something... or if you happen to feel something drawn on your back... well, it might be Johnny. But remember, he loved this ship as his home, didn't he? And he loved the crew as his family, didn't he? So he might just be welcoming you to his ship, hoping you love her as much as he did. Keep your eyes and ears sharp, and if you happen to think Johnny is aboard, would you mind tellin' him hello for me? Will you do that? I do get to missin' the lad, and I would take it as a kindness.



Captain Storry

By Dr. Nathaniel Hodges

I was not originally expecting to become a ship's doctor. The plan was that once I earned my title I'd get myself into an honest and comfortable practice on land. With the death of my father three years past, however, the money that I had considered guaranteed to ensure my future, instead went toward the funeral, the bills and the debts. Whatever was left was needed to support my mother and spinster aunt, as well as my two younger sisters, and with what learning I'd already had I set about seeing where I could find myself useful. No practice wants half a doctor for decent wages, however, and eventually I landed upon the idea of taking to sea. Most ships don't seem to have a surgeon or doctor readily available, and so I was lucky that I could find work there, even with my unfinished training.

I first saw the vessel *Euterpe* in January of 1865. As ships go, I suppose she was beautiful, although my first impression was one of wonder that such a heavy looking metal hulk, lying low with cargo, could actually be seaworthy. A boat was waiting to take me out, and as we rowed closer I remember marveling in perplexity at how I would be expected to get myself and my luggage aboard until I saw the rope ladder thrown over the side for me. I must confess, at the sight of that spindly stair swaying with the rocking of the ship, I had serious hesitations. On standing to attempt to catch hold of the ladder to begin my ascent, the ship rolled away from me as the boat bobbed and lurched, and I fell heavily on the fellow nearest me at the oars. He shot me a dark look, but he helped me up and grabbed onto the ladder so I could more easily catch hold of it. It was only the knowledge that I had almost no options left for a future that kept me going up that awkward and difficult climb. When I finally clambered over the sides and sprawled onto the deck, I was too relieved and disoriented to take much in.

I was still in the way when the next man came aboard and nearly ran me over; unfortunately it happened to be the same man I had fallen into. At first he looked quite angry, staring and shaking his head and turning a bit red in the face, so after a moment, when he opened his mouth and a great guffaw issued forth, I was quite surprised. Still laughing, he picked up one of my bags and, throwing it over his broad shoulders, pulled me out of the way. When he finally got his breath, he dropped the bag and leaned against a wall.

"Are you sure you're where you ought to be? You look as if you don't know which way is up. This is a cargo ship, laddy, I don't think we're to be bringing passengers."

Heat rushed to my face. Laughing nervously, I replied, "Actually, I'm to be the ship's doctor. I am extremely sorry about all that – I was hoping not to be so shamefully obvious about not being used to ships. My name's Nathaniel Hodges."

"James McGraw, pleased to meet you. So you're to be one of us then?" He cocked his head to one side as his green eyes took the measure of me. Despite my embarrassment, the man had an easy smile so I was not quite as uncomfortable as I might have been. My smile began to feel more natural, and I looked him over in turn. He was taller than I was, probably in his late twenties or early thirties. His curly dark hair looked as if it had been hacked short with a knife, with no mirror to help. His muscled arms and back and his rough hands, along with the numerous splashes of tar, said that he'd probably been a sailor for quite some time. Eyes twinkling, he nodded. "Well, you'll get used to it soon enough I expect. Although I hope your doctoring is better than your boarding. Your first patient is likely t' be yourself. Let's go see the chief mate about your bunk," and with a chuckle, he grabbed my bag once more and lead me aft.

We stopped at a ladder heading up to the poop deck, where he called to Mr. Whiteside, a calm capable looking man of about forty. As Mr. Whiteside came down the ladder, McGraw dropped my bag once more, and with a wink and a smile walked back in the direction of the deckhouse. Mr. Whiteside was compact and athletic for his age, with hair just beginning to grey and a clean-shaven face. He lead me into the saloon, a beautiful area well lit by butterfly hatches set into the poop deck above. He gestured at one of the cabins, a rather small and cramped area that had none of the light of the main saloon.

"These are your quarters, I hope you'll find them satisfactory. I understand you've never been a ship's doctor before? Strictly speaking, we will need you in your area of expertise, and you will not be expected to stand watch with the men, of course. However, it would be wise to become familiar with the ship and the ways of working about the ship. When the weather gets tricky we need every hand we have. I'll let you get settled. We've a good westerly wind, we'll be taking advantage of it and set off tonight as soon as the tide turns in our favor." With that, he turned and headed back out into the daylight.

Legends of the Star

I did not return to the open deck with the sun and the fresh air for several days, earning my sea legs as it were. The *Euterpe* rolled drunkenly through that first evening, as I had supper with the Captain and officers in the saloon. To commemorate the first night of the voyage, the cook had made veal cutlet in port with potatoes and onions, a rich meal that was not nearly as welcome returning on me later that night. Mr. Kata (the Hungarian boatswain) having the watch, we were joined by Mr. Whiteside, as well as the second mate, Mr. Byrne, a small brown man who reminded me of a bird. On meeting Captain Storry, my first impression was surprise at his stature; he couldn't have been much taller than five feet. What Captain Storry lacked in height, however, he clearly made up for in enthusiasm for his food and drink. The weight he carried might be a healthy look on many others, but with his small pale grey eyes and thin-lipped mouth, he did not carry it well. In nature, the Captain struck me as pleasant enough, though his laugh was a bit brittle and forced and his gaze never seemed able to settle in any one place for long. When he did look a person in the eye, it was with a curious intensity that almost burned. He laughed at his own jokes much too quickly, and darted glances at each of our faces, especially Mr. Whiteside's, as though to gauge our reactions. I suppose what I came away with from that supper was the suspicion that our Captain was an intensely lonely man who did not easily relate to others.

Around ten the crew set about weighing anchor. I went forward to watch, and even took a few turns around the capstan myself. As we dragged past an hour, however, with the anchor not entirely free, I wearied and headed back to my cabin and lay down.

I awoke about six hours later, when the ship met the open ocean and my stomach rebelled. The next few days I did not often leave my cabin, and in the gloomy dimness it was difficult to tell day from night. I woke only to empty my bilious stomach, not caring for life, until after one long sleep I woke to find myself partially recovered, as if by magic. The cabin did not seem as dark nor offensive and my belly did not seem to writhe for escape quite as much as it had before. Unsteadily, I got to my feet and put my face to the small porthole above my bunk. With the rush of cool air on my face I seemed to feel the blood race in my veins, and my skin prickled. My head felt heavy and dull and my bones felt as though they were made of water, but suddenly I was ravenous. On shaky legs I walked out of the saloon and into the open air.

Once outside a sailor caught sight of me, and with a laugh called out "Why boys! Look 'ere! The doctor has joined us at last. What do you say, Doc, you still green at the gills, or have you got some salt in you yet?" From somewhere the steward, Mr. McNeill, rushed toward me. I remembered him vaguely as a shadowy figure encouraging me to chew ginger and drink various liquids. With clearer vision and in the light, he appeared to be a slightly stooped middle-aged man with a look of perpetual worry on his face. His hair, thin and brown and halfway down his back, was tied back tightly with sane twine.

"Ah, hello, Mr. McNeill. I want to thank you for all your aid and the kindness you've shown me over the past few days," Mr. McNeill bobbed his head and looked at me with concern. When it was clear he was not going to say anything, I asked, "Do you think it would be possible for me to get something to eat? I seem to have quite an appetite."

"Of course, sir, this way. I'll show you to the galley. It's past dinner now, but the cook should have som'fink left what could be made a meal out of." When he spoke I caught a glimpse of his brown and broken teeth, they must have been painful. Perhaps, I thought, that was why he refrained from talking.

At the galley he introduced me to the cook, Samuel Swete. "He's had naught for days but beef tea and needs fattening up, Swete. See you find 'im som'fink, aye? No good'll come of a doctor dying on our watch, eh?" With that, Mr. McNeill left the galley and Swete began rummaging around, darting looks my way while producing a platter with some hard biscuits, cured ham and slices of hard cheese. Swete was small and dark. He had a cautious look to him that reminded me of a dog that wasn't sure if it was going to be given a pat or a kick. I noticed three fingers on his left hand were cut off short, and he moved with the stiff careful movements of someone with rheumatism. He pulled a mug from somewhere and gestured it at me, "Tea? I got the kettle on."

"That would be lovely, thank you." The food disappeared in a surprisingly quick amount of time, with the exception of the hard biscuits which I set to gnawing on. They crumbled a bit, but the small pieces were so sharp going down that I resolved to take my time and suck on the rest. As I worked on my hardtack, Swete turned back to washing-up. After a few minutes, back still to me, he began talking as though we had been in the middle of a conversation. "My second trip with Cap'n Storry this is, and the *Euterpe*. McNeill too. Good man, him. Shipped out with some of the crew before

as well, though not most. I'm hopin' this voyage goes a bit smoother than the last, what with the ill temper of the crew before and that man Walker to stoke the fires, as it were. No, he was no good. For us nor for the Cap'n. Last voyage was *Euterpe*'s maiden voyage, it was. First trip Storry had as a Cap'n too. Isn't that somethin'? A first for both. No such thing as coincidence. He's a strange one, Cap'n is. Not a bad type, no, not entirely anyhow. But strange, even so. 'Particular,' says McNeill. Wound tight like a spring. Strange ship too. Made of iron, y'know. Not natural. Metal isn't meant to float – piece of metal falls into the deep, it sinks straightaway, don't it? Sometimes she moves strangely, like she's not altogether comfortable. Wonder what it means?" He paused, but I had no idea how to respond. My silence did not seem to deter him. "A course, there's been ships made out'a all manner of strange things before, I know that to be true. And me having sailed on her this past year 'n more don't I know she's as stable as they come? And who's to say the Cap'n isn't more like the ship than even we can see? Able to weather most things, I'd say, though sometimes a hard man. Like iron in his way too, come to think of it, there's another way he's like to his ship. Though that could be worrisome. Iron is hard and will do much to defend you, but you must always be on the lookout. Sometimes it is the hardest thing turns brittle and splinters apart in the worst moments. That's all I'm sayin'."

He paused again and I tried to join in this strange conversation I was somehow involved in. "Well, I don't know much about the ship nor the Captain, Mr. Swete, though it seems to me you most have to watch hard metals in very cold temperatures. I was under the impression we were on our way to India, correct? I doubt very much either the metal of the ship nor the Captain are likely to be tested in such warm climes, don't you agree?"

Surprised, Swete turned to me with a look on his face that wasn't sure if it wanted to be a smile or a frown. After a brief moment his mouth settled and he gave a low chuckle. "Oh! Doc…forgot for a bit that anyone besides myself was here. You could be right at that, and let's hope to all the stars you are. Now, Doc, please do forget I said anything at all. I forget myself and talk whatever nonsense drifts through my head, I do. You aren't to take any notice. If you were to keep it to yourself, it'd be decent of you, Doc."

"Not a problem at all, Mr. Swete. It was only friendly chatter as the tea cooled."

"Much obliged, Doc. Often I just do with myself or McNeill, talk passes the time and doesn't mean nothin'. And it's just plain Swete, sir, I don't need no fancy 'misters'."

"Please call me Nat, "

"Oh, no Sir, that wouldn't do…wouldn't do at all."

"Well, call me Hodges, then, if you like. It doesn't exactly do to call me doctor either. I'm not licensed."

"Be that as it may, Sir. Well, you've got more learnin' than most I'd expect, anyhow." After an awkward moment, Swete began explaining the finer points of boiled gammon with mushy peas.

The next day, as I was feeling considerably better, Captain Storry called me to his cabin. By act of Parliament, ship captains are required to keep ship logs recording all events. On the previous voyage Captain Storry had been responsible for treating the men's illnesses with the aid of a medical book. He felt the concerns of illness and cures of the crew now fell under my jurisdiction. He gave me access to the logs so that I may make a decent job of it, but reminded me that he and two others would need to sign each entry as witnesses. There was a slight sharpness to his words at this reminder, which I thought odd. This was now my second encounter with the Captain, and the same impression of a strange combination of nervousness, hostility and distance pervaded this meeting as it had that other night at supper. His mannerisms weren't exactly unpleasant, and he was more than polite, but I could not find myself at ease with him. As he listed his expectations for my performance on the voyage, there was the same intensity in his eyes as in that first night.

Over the next few months, I busied myself with getting to know the crew and the ship a little better. I attended to whatever medical needs the crew had, mostly sprains and bumps and illnesses. I also began to acquaint myself with shipboard duties, though I was grateful that my skill qualified me as an 'idler,' as it meant I could sleep through the night. I was not comfortable with heights, and so did not leave the deck, but was quite willing to lend my hand or weight to whatever might be helpful about deck. I'm not sure how helpful I truly was, but most of the crew were affable and good natured and never gave me a hard time about my ignorance nor lack of strength. I did notice in general they were the most at ease and cheerful when McGraw was among their number, or when Mr. Whiteside called the deck. When the Captain was about the mood grew somber and the men were quiet, not so many jokes flying about. It was surprising how quickly the time flew by, and with very little mishap, to the exuberance of the crew, we reached Calcutta mid-May.

For the rest of May and into June, the crew was occupied with the off-loading and loading of cargo, as well as re-provisioning the ship. What could be sold was, and those things that could be used to trade in other parts of India and back home in England were brought on board. Not least of these items were the great bales of cotton that had grown scarce in England since the armed conflict in America. The week before embarking all hands were ordered to remain aboard in preparation for departure.

Work did not halt even the day we were to leave. Activity continued about the ship the rest of the afternoon as the last minute provisioning kept the crew busy. Mr. Whiteside went ashore about one o'clock and returned several hours later. A few sailors had skipped out on their contracts and Mr. Whiteside had taken advantage of the delay to advertise

for replacements. It was no surprise to see three new faces along with the food when the boat returned, but when Mr. Whiteside went to the saloon to present the Captain with the register of men signed on, the reaction he received was certainly surprising. At first the shouting was indistinct, and he sounded more shocked and upset than outraged. His door opened and Mr. Whiteside backed out hastily.

"Captain, Sir, I was not aware you had objections to any possible applicants. He certainly did not inform me he had sailed under you before, but if he had I would not have considered it strange – several among the crew were on your last voyage."

The Captain was close on his heels.

"But why?" raged Storry, "Why would he sign on again? And what, for God's sake, is he doing here? He knew which ship he signed for, correct? He knew I was Master still... was this intentional? And you let him on board. I must consider this as malicious…You did not know him before?"

"I did not."

"Why did you sign him, of all people?"

"There were not so many to choose from, he is able-bodied and experienced enough and we did need another three men so that the crew would not be overtaxed, sir. You mentioned that very fact to me before I left."

Captain Storry glared at Mr. Whiteside then turned and quickly walked from the saloon. Curious, I followed. At the starboard breakwater, he bellowed "George Walker!"

One of the men that had arrived on the most recent boat shambled across the deck toward the Captain, fingers to his forehead in a half-salute. He was of middling height, tanned and barrel-chested with heavily muscled shoulders and forearms. He was a bit unkempt, with rumpled red hair, a bristly beard and thick red eyebrows that nearly met over his nose. They rest atop piercing blue eyes that narrowed on sight of the Captain. He smiled, more of a smirk really, and his yellowed teeth showed a considerable gap between the front two on the left. "Cap'n?"

Captain Storry stood peering at the man for several moments, his face turning a deep red. Walker looked down at the Captain with a calm and faintly impudent gaze.

"You are here for a purpose?" Captain Storry asked quietly, but with steel in his voice.

"I'm here to work, Cap'n. I want a berth and a wage and that's all I'm looking for."

"The men here are my crew, Walker."

"Why of course, sir. I would think that went without saying."

Captain Storry studied him a few moments more, then abruptly turned and walked back into the saloon, shutting the door to his cabin behind him firmly. I could hear him pace. He continued to do so for quite some time.

The arrival of this George Walker fellow seemed to disrupt the rhythm of the officers and crew. The Captain rarely smiled anymore, though for the most part he attempted to behave normally in the presence of the crew. When Walker was about, Captain Storry visibly stiffened, growing terse and short with his orders and showing little patience. The crew as a whole still sang at work, but the songs sounded almost confrontational, as though the singing were a declaration or in defiance of something.

I heard grumblings about the ship, although no one would say anything outright. As to Walker, I didn't altogether trust him, but I didn't personally dislike him, myself. He was always respectful in my presence, although occasionally a bit overly so, as if lightly mocking. He was definitely charismatic, and when his engaging grin was aimed at any particular person they often couldn't help but smile back. He seemed almost to spellbind the crew. They gathered about him whenever they had a watch off, listening rapt as he told stories, laughing heartily at his jokes. He could sing, that was certain, and he lead many a song and dance for amusement. I had always before moved through the crew with impunity, clearly not a sailor but not really an officer either, my doctoring gaining me the trust of almost all. Imperceptibly, this began to change. Everyone was just as friendly as before but they no longer spoke as openly in front of me, occasionally changing the subject as I approached. More than once I had the distinct impression the laughter of a group of sailors was aimed my way, and when I glanced at them I could always make out Walker in the heart of them.

I may have only been succumbing to skepticism, but as far as the tone and feelings of the crew in regard to Captain Storry, this was a growing change that was not nearly as subtle. When before the men may have been uncomfortable and quiet in his presence, now the outright hostility toward him was almost palpable. The Captain could feel it – that was clear. When on deck he drew himself to his utmost height. His shoulders hunched as if to ward off a cold breeze and his temper grew ever shorter. He yelled more frequently and had no patience for failure, even slight. His eyes gazed down on the crew coldly from the poop deck, and his jaw was often so clenched it was a wonder his teeth didn't crack. Captain Storry had not been one to hide himself away, nearly always standing watches as long or longer than the men and even when retired, he'd suddenly appear at the slightest change in the breeze. Now he began taking longer and longer reprieves in his quarters, and while never drunk he was wont to take comfort in a drink much more frequently than before.

There were a few in the crew that did not fall so easily for the charms of George Walker. Finding shelter in the

galley one blustering day, I came across McGraw and Swete in conversation. Swete was talking in his usual rambling way.

"You know that George Walker? He was on our last voyage too. Surprised to see him again, I'll say. Didn't think he took to... the way things was done, not enough to ship with us again. Though not as surprised as the Cap'n, I'll warrant."

"Don't like it much, is all I'm saying. Don't take much to him either. I'll not be saying whether our master is or is not the finest I've sailed under, but he's our Cap'n and that goes a fair way. I don't like the way the wind is blowin', there's too many hard feelin's being passed around, and I don't see any good coming of it."

These remarks piqued my interest. "The way things were done? Swete, you shipped with them both before? Is this how it was? Is this why Captain Storry had such an outburst when Mr. Whiteside brought Walker aboard?"

Swete shrank away, eyes wide and spluttering; "Doc, now where'd you come from? None 'a this is my place. Just speculatin,' like as not George just needed a job and we came by in the right moment. My affairs aren't those of Cap'n, no, nor anyone else I 'spect." He looked so worried, I rushed to reassure him.

"Swete, you know I'm not here to carry tales. I'm only looking to understand what's happening on this ship."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, but I'd rather not be involved in any of it. Cap'n may be the brain of the ship, you see, but Walker clearly has the hearts 'a most of the crew. Between brain and heart is not a place I'd much like to be, Doc. All I can say is the water is hotter than it was last turn around."

McGraw chimed in, "Now Doc, you keep the Ship's Logs, don't you? Seems to me you might find something of use in there, if you're that curious."

I had been curious from that first day about what history might be shared between George Walker and our Captain Storry. This most recent conversation I'd had with McGraw and Swete served to whet my interest. With the crew engaged in cargo trade in Colombo it was not long before I began turning the entries back to the previous voyage. It was there I learned with some interest of the collision with a Spanish Brig that damaged the *Euterpe*, and the subsequent mutiny and then imprisonment of part of the crew. I was surprised to learn that not one, but two sailors had on separate occasions fallen from the forecastle head and sprained their necks. There was no detail given about what may have caused the fall, and no mention of bad weather. I was surprised at what seemed to me an inordinate amount of sailors refusing to work at one point or another. Of the crew that set out on the first voyage, seventeen chose to take their pay and terminate their contracts before they returned to England, including the original first mate. The name George Walker was mentioned at every reporting of a group of sailors refusing to do their work, though he was never directly to blame. There was even recorded an attack on the boatswain. It got to the extent that at one point Captain Storry had them all arrested rather than have them spend the night on board "for fear that the Ship might be in danger... as they might influence the rest of the crew." A later entry describes one of those men as having been "lead astray." All in all, after reading the logs of the first voyage I was beginning to fear temperaments and events were beginning to repeat themselves, and I worried as to where this would lead. Reading between the lines, the picture pieced together for me was of two very stubborn men both vying with each other for the loyalty and control of the crew. I had become aware of how self conscious and hungry for admiration the Captain could be, and I now saw how Walker was using this personal failing against him.

It was a relief to reach Madras. I felt perhaps once the men got shore leave the situation might ease a bit. Away from the Captain, the men would be free to spend their pent up frustrations and antagonistic energy on diversions ashore. The Captain, too, might be able to relax somewhat when not faced with the sullen crew. Unfortunately, the elements were not in our favor. Within two weeks of coming to port, the wind had picked up and the clouds were low and heavy in the sky. I felt a dizzy ringing in my ears and the air tasted slightly metallic. Captain Storry and Mr. Whiteside spent much time watching the skies and conferring in the Captain's quarters. On November twentieth, Captain Storry ordered all men to stay aboard, and by the evening of the twenty-fourth a storm had broken. It proved to be no small storm but a cyclone blowing in from the south-east. Early the next morning we slipped anchor to attempt to outrun it, the Captain feeling we were in much too shallow water and too low with cargo to safely stay at anchor.

Up 'til then I was foolish enough to have thought I'd seen bad weather and arrogant enough to believe I had come out on top and had nothing left to fear. This was an entirely different experience, a whole new terrifying nightmare I could not have imagined. The cyclone took us the next day, and there was only darkness from that point on. I had never known nature to rage with such ferocity. The wind was so loud I could barely hear myself, let alone anyone else. The rain came at us with the force of hailstones from all directions, even sometimes straight up from the boards of the ship itself, and the wind hurled it into our eyes to blind us. Drenched, the wind sliced through everything so that my blood went to ice in my veins. The sky was a dead rotten grey, the clouds monstrous and bloated. The sea matched the sky in a cold, hard, hungry way so that the entire world seemed to be one giant dark pit that our vessel, once so large, now felt tiny and delicate and lost. I could see now why sailors considered the ocean to be a living thing. The roar of the sea and sky had me convinced we were in the maw of some great and terrible animal and were mere fleeting moments away

from being devoured. The waves grew larger, they must have been over twenty-feet high and swept savagely over our low-lying decks, carrying away whatever had not been tied down properly, eating away parts of the ship in small nibbling bites. The worst, oh the worst of all for me was the movement. My head spun, I did not know which was up in this dark cavern. The sickness I thought I had escaped after leaving England came back on me now with a vengeance. I heaved and heaved until there was nothing left, until my throat was raw and my limbs were weak and shaking. And still the motion did not stop, the sickening rising, rising up one wave, to slide down the other side with a shuddering crash into the next, water sweeping over the deck to claim me and commit me to the deep. I thought at one point I was a dead man, the icy deluge carrying me down a suddenly vertical deck. I had grown somewhat stronger throughout the voyage, but my strength was not enough. Clinging to the bulwarks, I knew the next wave would take me. I closed my eyes, then felt hands grasp me as a large figure hauled me toward the saloon.

"We can't be losing our Doc now!" yelled a voice in my ear, as McGraw tied me securely to a ladder. "There…won't be in the way and you won't be joining Neptune now. Just hold tight."

From my place I watched the ship pitching, watched as lined snapped free and whipped through the air knocking men down. Three men were at the wheel trying to hold it steady, to keep the ship pointed into the waves. The Captain was on the poop deck grasping the railing and bellowing orders. We were heavy and low, the waves knocked us about like a pendulum. Every time we were caught between swells, I watched in horror as the yards above dragged through one wave and then the other, twisting us broadside. Finally, it seemed we must sink, then the Captain grabbed the helm himself, shouting for those crew on the main deck to grab axes and chop away the topmasts. With amazement I watched as the men climbed aloft to the topgallant yard, wondering at the courage of it and praying for their survival. As the masts were cut free, there was a momentary panic as they smashed past the deck and dragged us farther to one side. As the men aloft slid lower in the shrouds, the backstays were slashed and in one last crash the topmasts disappeared over the side, leaving only the stumps of lower masts and the main courses. The *Euterpe* righted and no longer seemed ready to capsize, but most importantly she began to respond to the helm. Instead of catching the waves across her sides, she was able to point into them, which made for marginally smoother going. As the Captain struggled with the helm, Mr. Whiteside had the crew jury-rig our spare sails and canvas to the courses and lower masts. It wasn't much canvas, but then, we didn't want too much up lest we be overpowered again. Slowly, the Captain began to take back the ship, running before the soul-scouring wind and making for the glimmer that marked the edge of the storm some few miles distant. The occasional wave still broke over our decks and we continued to be battered by the elements. Every man who was not keeping the jury-sails secured had found a place with some shelter from the water, ready at any moment to jump out and lend a hand if need be, but securing themselves in the meantime. This was not rest, it was still a struggle only to hold on, let alone being at attention and aware at every moment.

Some hours later the glimmer had grown and the seas began to ease, no longer breaking with such vehemence against us. The wind was not convinced to let us go, and the men at the helm had been replaced three times. Captain Storry had not given up his post, maintaining the helm and carefully guiding the *Euterpe* close to the wind and toward the faint light of day. When we finally broke free a weak cheer went up from the men.

After we had gotten some distance from the storm, the Captain ordered all hands mustered on the main deck for roll call. More than half the crew had been injured in the storm, and there were a few still unconscious, but by some grace there were none lost at sea. Mr. Whiteside assembled a watch from those not too badly hurt to keep the *Euterpe* on course back to the nearest port. Captain Storry ordered Mr. Byrne to assist me with the injured. We made room down below amongst the cargo and I began to see to the men. There were three dislocated shoulders and a number of sprains and small breaks. I set what I could, though I'm afraid Rob Davis would suffer for a bit from his two broken ribs. Young Henry Smith had a lump on his head and quite a black eye, but he would be fine in time. I plastered the scrapes and stitched the longer gashes. Swete had a broken arm and bloody mouth, and McNeill and John Wilson were both out cold. From the stripes across their chests and faces, it looked to be they'd been caught by one line or another whipping across the deck.

Avoiding the outer grip of the cyclone and with the jury-rig it was slow going, and it took us eight days to reach Trincomalie. I had Swete, McNeill and Wilson sent to the military hospital as soon as we pulled in. I did not want to risk gangrene with Swete's arm. The other two had regained consciousness long before, but their reaction time was slow and their bodies still pained them quite a bit. I wanted to be sure there was no internal injury done that was past my skill to detect or to heal. The Captain gave a few days reprieve for those still suffering the effects of the cyclone. Most of the crew, having recovered over the week it took to get to Trincomalie, set about restoring and repairing the masts and yards.

The weather was pleasant, but tempers ran short amongst the tired crew. We had been away from England nearly a year now. Even so, the days passed uneventfully until nearly a month had gone by. As the rigging was being restored, the Captain turned his attention to the cargo and had the men unload it to check it over. As most of what we would be bringing back to England was cotton, we had to be sure it hadn't become waterlogged and damaged in the storm.

On the twenty-seventh, Mr. Whiteside discovered that a bale in the fore compartment had been cut open, with nearly a third gone missing. He informed Captain Storry, who after looking at the damage himself, summoned all hands to the forecastle to witness the officers searching the bunks. There the stolen cotton was found, making up the beds of Henry Breaun, Gervano Grandamarino and George Walker. The Captain had Mr. Kata strip the beds of the three men, while Mr. Whiteside took them aft to the saloon. The rest of the crew watched in silence.

We could hear the Captain yelling at the three from anywhere on the ship. The bale was completely useless now, and could not be sold. It was a hit to the finances of the ship. As they had done the thieving, so the value would have to be made up from their wages. When the Captain was finished dressing them down, they were confined to quarters for the evening. I saw their faces as they passed – Breaun was shamefaced and embarrassed and Grandamarino looked sullen. George Walker walked by with his head held high. His face wore an angry defiant grin, and his eyes were hard and shining. With every man he passed, he held their eye challengingly, until it was they who finally looked away.

Walker then refused to work, telling his shipmates that if he was not to be paid for his labor there would be no more from him. When Captain Storry himself ordered the man to work, Walker replied, "Things have gone about as far as they can go, Cap'n. There's no more good I can do. Not on this ship, and not for you." Once more the Captain called him to his cabin. He showed Walker the entries he had written about him causing discord amongst the crew, about his occasional drunken bouts while on watch. He showed him the account of the cotton a few days before and the newest entry recording this most recent act of defiance – his refusal to work.

"Do you realize these logs are submitted to Parliament? You are inciting the men, Walker. As you did before. I made myself clear when you came on board. This is my ship, and this is my crew. All of what I have recorded here can be used against you as testimony for betraying your duty and attempting to incite mutiny. I will have your respect, and I will have your obedience." Walker glared, saying nothing. The Captain spoke again, "I will have the payment for the cotton from you. If I have to take you all the way back to London and let the magistrates there decide your fate, so be it. And how much more will you owe me at that time? As it happens, I have no wish to keep you on board a moment longer than I have to. I expect we'll be here into February with repairs. Return to work and I will discharge you as soon as your debts are paid off. The *Anne Langer* is in port here, you may have good luck berthing with her. Continue with this nonsense and we will see how things go for you in London." A few more moments passed as the two men stared at each other. Walker, the taller of the two was filled with anger; Captain Storry likewise was angry but with all the authority of a ship's captain behind him. After a few moments, Walker muttered that he would go back to his duty and behave from then on.

The crew was sullen and no longer worked with any semblance of cheer. Grandamarino was next in line in his refusal to work. He told the Captain he'd prefer jail to toiling for Captain Storry. At that McGraw was ordered to take the man to jail, where he was committed for four weeks.

The next month things were very dark. The crew worked steadily but there was no more laughter to be heard amongst them, but instead angry mutters and whispers were passed around. Walker worked diligently, especially in front of the Captain, but when he was not on watch he would often be found in the midst of growing numbers of the crew. The Captain himself was looking considerably worn. He became very pale, and I do not believe he was able to sleep much. Even when he was in his cabin, I often heard him pacing or mumbling to himself, and the skin under his eyes appeared bruised. A high point in mid-January was when Wilson, McNeill and Swete were returned to us, having made full recoveries at the Military Hospital. The crew held a small celebration to welcome them back, but the gloom quickly returned.

At the beginning of February, Grandamarino was liberated from jail. I believe the Captain fully expected him to have learned his lesson and to return to his service, but upon returning he steadfastly continued to refuse to work at all upon the ship. For two days every officer and the Captain ordered him multiple times to work at different jobs, and to all he refused. Walker, who had welcomed him back with an embrace and a word in his ear, was never too far away. Finally, the Captain called him to the saloon and threatened him much the same way as he had George Walker. Instead of going meekly back to his work, however, Grandamarino said he wanted to see a magistrate. I wonder if he believed he was calling the Captain's bluff, in any event, I do not think it worked out as he expected. Once the magistrate had heard the evidence, he committed Grandamarino to jail for a month, and back he went again.

By February nineteenth, George Walker had paid off the cotton. Hurriedly, the Captain terminated his contract. I do not believe he wanted Walker around for the second return of Grandamarino. I also assumed he thought that once out from under the influence of Walker, the rest of the crew would resume their former willingness to work and agreeable manner. Things continued much as before, however. Young Henry Smith was released from his contract by his request the day after Walker left.

Grandamarino was discharged from jail, and this time went back to work. The Captain did not keep him long, however. Perhaps he felt that Grandamarino had been too closely linked to Walker, and that he was also a danger to the morale of the crew. As soon as he had worked off his debt for his part of the cotton, the Captain paid him the

remainder of what wages he was owed and discharged him from the crew. We set sail back to Calcutta as soon as possible, ostensibly for stores and to top-off our cotton cargo, but more likely to put as much distance between the ship and Walker and Grandamarino as possible.

The crew was not pacified, however. Almost at once upon arriving in Calcutta, four men went to the Captain about ending their contracts. Over the next few days six more followed them. Mr. Whiteside and Mr. Byrne struggled to find replacements, but malicious words must have been spreading along the wharf and not many were willing to ship with us. Finally, by mid-June, Mr. Byrne gave up completely and himself resigned from the ship. Mr. McGraw was promoted from boatswain to mate, which cheered those sailors as were still remaining with the ship. With July soon upon us and worried at the possible loss of any more hands, the Captain set us on a course back toward England, which seemed to relieve the crew.

Captain Storry hoped the good moral would last, but his confidence had been sorely affected over the past few months. The oily cloud of influence Walker had left behind tainted the crew, and Storry became obsessed with avoiding a recurrence. He kept a close eye on all the sailors during the beginning of the return trip, and his health was clearly being strained by his worry and diligence. He rarely slept, he was up on deck at all times of the day or night. Even when Mr. Whiteside, Mr. McGraw, or the new boatswain Mr. Langery called the deck, he did not sleep for any decent length of time. Every half-hour or so he would be back out on deck to walk about and keep an eye on the ship and crew. Even when in his cabin, I could hear him pacing back and forth muttering to himself. I tried to speak to him about taking more care. I gave him chamomile tea with mint to soothe his mind and help him sleep, but he did not heed my advice.

August had barely begun when all the stress Captain Storry had been running through his body began to take its toll. He began feeling poorly, with headaches and bouts of dizziness. I stressed the importance of rest, of sleep, and Swete made him heavy meals in hopes that the Captain would listen to his body and rest. Our efforts were brushed off. Late afternoon on the fourth of August, the *Euterpe* was caught in a squall and Captain Storry was on deck throughout. He remained on deck in his soaked clothing all evening, and when he finally came below he was shivering. I stripped him of his wet clothes and rubbed him briskly with a towel, but even after he had been dried, warmed and dressed again his shivering did not abate. His shivers became increasingly violent so that he could not even hold a cup of hot tea, and within two hours he had a fever. I forced him to bed and piled all the blankets I could find on him. He continuously complained of a terrible thirst, so I finally gave him a teaspoon of 'Sweet Spirit of Nitre" in his glass of water to help quench his thirst. No sooner was this down than he began vomiting violently. I checked his eyes, which were bloodshot, and his tongue which was darkly furred. His pulse was quick and strong, but he began to be delirious. I called for Mr. Whiteside, who agreed that with how quickly this illness had come upon him, and at what strength, we should have a constant watch over him.

At eight in the evening Mr. McNeill came to me while I was overseeing the Captain. He watched Captain Storry for a moment and then, leaning close to me, asked if it wouldn't be best to bleed him. Contrary to common practice, it had always been very counter-intuitive to me to create a wound in someone who was already fighting a sickness. So when Captain Storry began clutching my arm and objecting loudly to being bled, I told Mr. McNeill that I didn't think it was the proper course to take at the time. Captain Storry looked at me gratefully and calmed down a bit, and took the purgatives I offered instead, which I hoped would clean out his bowels.

Captain Storry slept deeply throughout the night and felt better the next day. I checked on him every half-hour and bathed his neck and face in cold water, which helped with the fever. I did not trust him with solid or heavy foods, and so Swete made him Arrowroot and beef broth. In the evening his stomach began to trouble him, he was hit with waves of nausea. He became very restless and it was difficult to get him to sleep. He seemed to be a bit delirious, sometimes not seeming to see me. Once he finally dropped off, he slept fitfully and woke every hour or so, until midnight when he sank into a deeper sleep.

At nine the next morning Mr. McNeill walked into the saloon to find him standing outside of his cabin, staring out the door to the main deck. His head was hot again, and he appeared dazed. As we walked him back to his cabin he complained to me about pains in his lower back. His eyes were glassy, and his pulse was rapid. I checked his tongue, which was now covered in a white fur. Mr. McNeill glanced at me and mumbled something about old remedies and imbalance of humors.

"What was that, Mr. McNeill?"

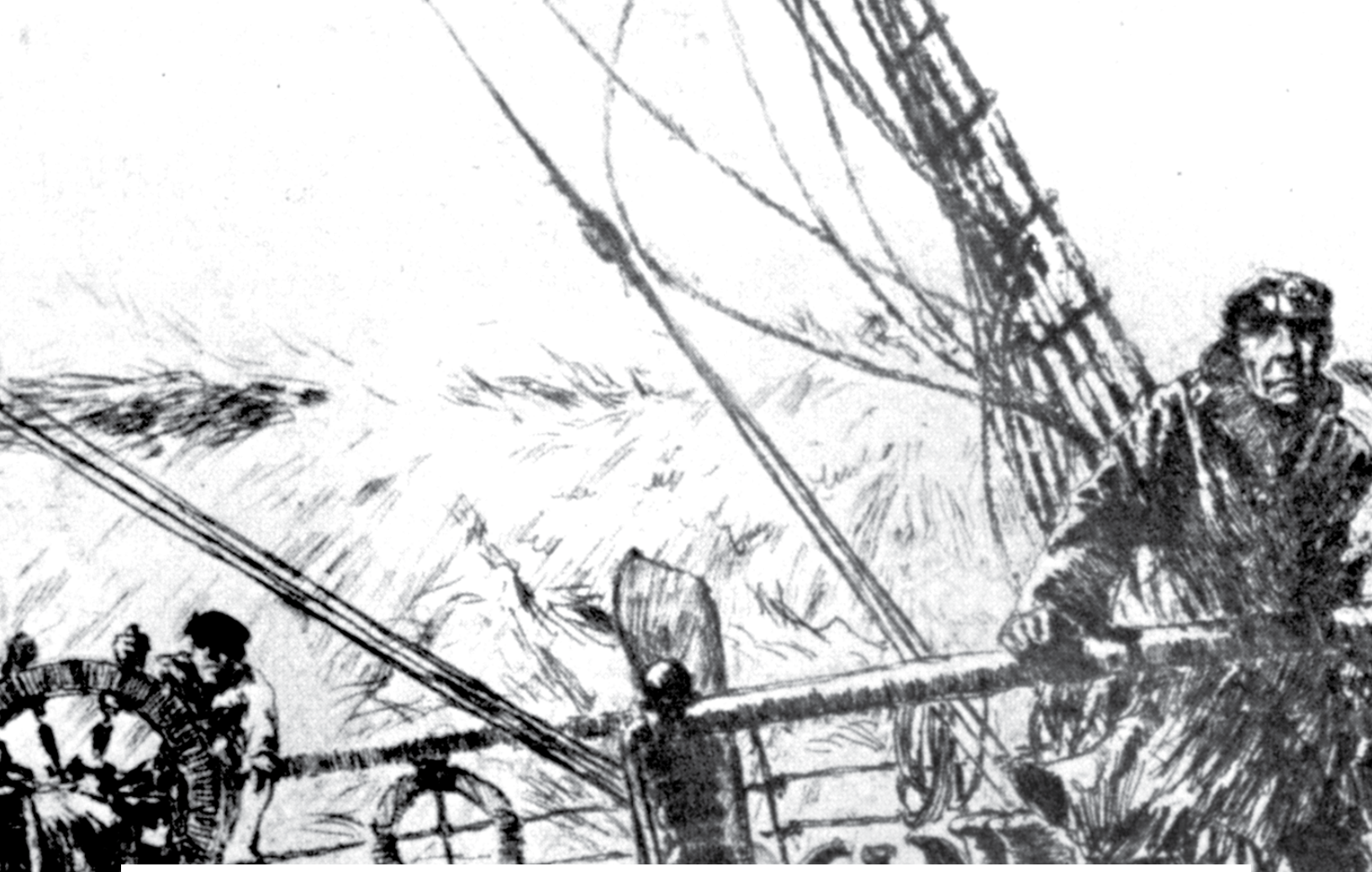
"I's just sayin' Doctor. Begging your pardon, I'm not schooled in medicines. But bleeding is what the Cap'n needs. It's a cure as has been tried and true, Doc."

The Captain shook his head vehemently.

"I appreciate your concern, Mr. McNeill, but I do not believe it would help in this situation."

With a snort of disgust, Mr. McNeill left the cabin.

By noon Captain Storry's temperature had risen alarmingly. His eyes were again bloodshot, his skin was hot and dry and his mind was wandering. I administered an emetic in warm water, which caused him to vomit great quantities

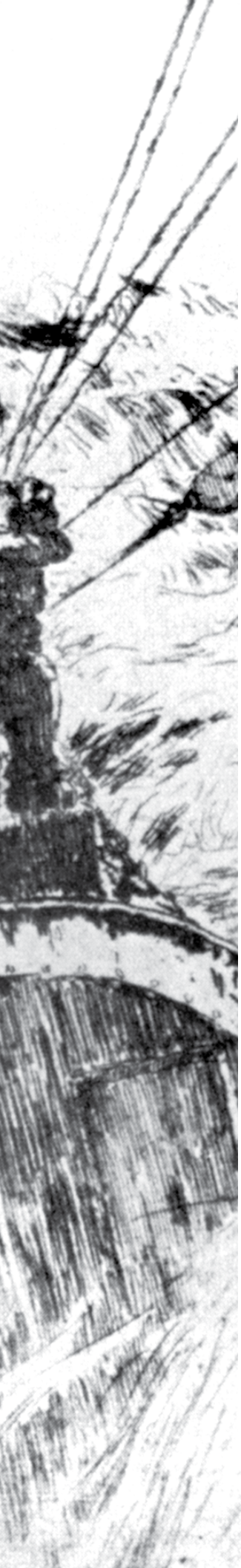


of bile. By four, I administered him a purge of Calomel and Jalap, which worked in purging him, but did not ease any of his symptoms. By seven in the evening, he had sunk into a restless sleep, tossing and turning and not remaining in any single position for longer than five minutes at a time. His pulse was so low it was nearly nonexistent. He awoke and complained of cramps in his hands, feet and calves. His hands and feet were cold and clammy, so I had Swete bring me bottles of hot water, which we placed on his palms and the soles of his feet, and when that didn't help we rubbed his arms, legs and feet with a mixture of laudanum and sweet oil. We covered him again and his fever broke; he began to sweat. I was relieved, and gave him some brandy in water to drink along with his arrowroot and chicken broth. He ate hungrily then drifted off to sleep. In his sleep he became restless and began mumbling about business matters, the finances of the ship and the care of the cargo.

At one in the morning he complained of difficulty breathing. His sleep was fitful; he moved about restlessly and woke every ten to fifteen minutes. In his sleep he began thrashing about, talking about signing bills and the finances of the ship. At one point, at his most agitated, I believe he was reliving the mutiny. He gave a yell, and called out: "I am Master here! This is My Ship and it will always be My Ship. Do you understand? I am Captain. This is My Ship, lads, MY SHIP! and I will be obeyed! I will never bend, I will never concede. Let it never be questioned as to who makes law here. Do not think you will be rid of me so easily. I see you there. That grin. That sullen air. You set them against me, but do not think that makes you powerful. You are replaceable, but I am not! I will be Master of this Ship long after you are forgotten and gone to dust."

Mr. Langery looked at me uncomfortably.

By five in the morning he was breathing easier and he now felt quite cool. His hands and feet were very cold, and I pulled woolen stockings on them. At seven I gave him sudorific powder in his tea with a plate of hot arrowroot with some port wine in it. I was concerned he was not getting enough liquids, and so he was made to drink soda water and doses of quinine in weak port wine over the next few hours. He wanted a spoonful of brandy, which was given him. At noon he was able to sit up. He called for Mr. Whiteside and asked for the heading and weather. He took interest in looking over the notes Mr. Whiteside had been keeping. While he was up, Mr. McNeill brought him a plate of chicken soup, which he ate with a healthy appetite. By two in the afternoon, however, he had become exhausted and felt very weak. His skin had become extremely cold and clammy, and his pulse was alarmingly low, almost imperceptible. On checking his tongue, I noticed the coat of white fur was back.



At four in the afternoon he was again encouraged to eat a bowl of chicken broth. After finishing it he got up and walked as far as the door, telling us he wished to go up to the poop deck. I told him it would not do and Mr. McGraw and I were able to convince him to go back to his cabin. He looked at us both, a wild look in his eyes, but when he answered he sounded quite calm and sensible.

"I feel much better Dr. Hodges. I may not yet be myself, but I can feel my health returning. It does not do for a Captain to be too long away from his ship and his crew. I feel no pain any longer."

"That is true, Captain, sir. And if you were to take a further chill on the upper deck you would be away from both even longer, I fear. It seems best for you to return to bed and make a full recovery first. Don't you think?"

Captain Storry thought it over. "That does make a good deal of sense. Perhaps I should get a little sleep. Very well. I'm sure after a rest I will be completely restored." Mr. McGraw shot me a worried look as we helped the Captain back into his bed.

At seven he was sleeping again, but it did not seem to be a healing sleep. He appeared nervous, his fingers constantly twitching and muttering incoherent sentences. I sat in the room with him for an hour, when his sleep seemed to deepen and he became still. His breathing sounded normal and although his hands and feet were still cold, his body seemed nicely warm. I instructed Mr. McNeill to alert me if anything changed, and crossed the saloon to my own cabin to sleep.

An hour later, Mr. McNeill heard a loud, strange noise coming from the Captain's cabin and rushed to wake me. I sent him for some new candles, the lantern having burned out while I was gone. I could not feel a pulse, and when we brought a light into the cabin there was white froth oozing from the Captain's mouth. I could not find a heartbeat and there was no breath. Mr. Whiteside and Mr. McGraw were called to witness: Captain Storry was proclaimed dead the night of August seventh, 1866, at nine in the evening.

We prepared the body for burial, and at eight-fifteen the next morning we hove to and committed his body to the deep. Mr. Whiteside read the Church of England Burial Service to the somber crew. His cabin remained empty for the remainder of the voyage.

The rest of the voyage was fairly uneventful. Mr. Whiteside was ill for a period of time of an internal inflammation, though I had better luck healing him than I had Captain Storry, and he was back on his feet and feeling well in two week's time. There were several cases of dysentery, a gallstone, a cataract and several fevers, all dispatched with positive results.

The rest of the crew were quiet for a while, but as time wore on things began to go back to a kind of normal we hadn't felt since we'd reached Calcutta. A weight seemed to have been lifted. With no one to watch every move they made every minute of the day, the crew became more relaxed and began singing and talking as before. Mr. Whiteside maintained discipline to be sure, but now could be seen smiles, jokes, laughter and song. That isn't to say it was exactly an elated crew that entered the mouth of the Thames on November twenty-seventh, 1866, nearly two full years since we had left. The shadow of all that had happened, the ill feelings and the crew's division, and finally the death of the Captain, hung over us all until the very end. Despite that, we had gained a kind of equilibrium that had been entirely lost for the period of time we had been in India.

Perhaps I was the most regretful at his passing. No one had blamed me, not even Mr. McNeill on his ignored advice. I couldn't help but feel a bit guilty, always wondering if I could have saved the Captain if my schooling had been complete. I was haunted by feelings of inadequacy and failure; at times I was certain I heard him pacing back and forth in his cabin. There was the sensation that Captain Storry watched me still with that curious, intense gaze as I walked about the ship, particularly if I was anywhere in the saloon.

Needless to say, it was a happy day when we were all finally able to get ashore and get on with the rest of our lives. Many years have gone by since then and my life has taken twists and turns of its own, but I have never ceased to think of the strange paradox of that voyage and Captain Storry.

Since that voyage, I have come to understand there is more to this world than can be explained away with science. I have heard the *Euterpe* has had a long list of different captains, and none have experienced the worst of storms, the ill tempers and mutinies, or such ravages of illness and death as did Captain Storry. Sometimes I wonder if Captain Storry made good on his claim that he would forever be *Master of the Ship*. Rumor has it that footsteps can be heard in his cabin to this day.

I imagine he is there still pacing constantly, overlooking the safety of the ship and watching everything that happens under his cold and disapproving stare.

Nightwatchman

by Margaret Thule

Of all the procedures that came with being Security/Night Watchman for the Maritime Museum of San Diego, closing down the seven ships and sweeping them periodically, eventually became one of my least favorite.

I worked at the Museum shortly after graduating college. The job had been recommended to me by a friend, also on watch, though back then he generally worked days. I felt lucky to be working as it had been difficult to find a job right out of college. I much preferred working as a night watchman and sometimes janitor to the alternative, which would be not making rent or being able to afford food. So there you go. The Museum is a non-profit, so I wasn't exactly rolling in cash, but it was enough to get by on.

I enjoyed a good deal about the Museum – I had never worked at a place like that before. Sure, the sleep schedule was grueling and it kept my circadian rhythms all messed up, but there were plenty of good things about it too. I liked the place for one, even as spooky as those ships could be at night. History has always been one of my more geeky hobbies. I don't often confess that to people. When they think of 'history,' I think they picture heavy textbooks full of trivia and useless dates and boring dead people who were once important to someone. I think of it more like stories, and it's fun to find out about how those stories all converge to bring us to what we've become today, and what that will propel us to do or create in the future. So working at the Museum kind of allowed me to indulge my geek hobby, I guess.

I'd heard all the hype before I even started working there, of course, about how the *Star of India* was haunted. *Phantom Finders* filmed an episode on board and a local chase-the-spook company took people on tours there occasionally. I've never really put much faith in those ghost-seeker type shows. I thought all the shop talk and co-worker warnings of the ghosts and how haunted the ship was either sketchy spiritual ramblings or gross exaggerations for the benefit of the newbie on board. Needless to say, I didn't pay much attention. If I did notice anything strange those first few nights, I just chalked it up to nerves, new-place jitters and unfamiliarity with the sounds the ship normally makes just being a ship. You know, like how old houses have particular sounds they make as they 'settle,' creepy to people who don't know what to expect, but natural and usual to the building itself.

I was curious about the *Star of India*, and in the hours (and hours) at night when there was nothing to do, sometimes I walked through the exhibits and look at what they had to say. Sometimes I borrowed the books on display in the gift shop and read them while keeping an eye out, in between cleaning jobs. By far the ship at the Museum with the most history was the *Star of India*. Just the fact that she was launched something like five days before Lincoln gave the Gettysburg Address boggled my mind, let alone that she went around the world twenty-one times and still went out sailing. I read about her life as a cargo ship, and then as an immigrant ship, and then her brief period with the Alaska Packers, who gave her the name she has now. It was pretty interesting stuff, though to be honest not always interesting enough to keep me fully awake through the small hours. Thank goodness for caffeine.

I tried to prepare myself too, so I wouldn't jump at shadows. I spent a few days looking around the Museum during the day so I'd know what was where at night after I'd turned off all the lights. There were creepy enough displays without any need for ghosts, like the whole family of eerie mannequins locked behind a gate on the 'tween deck. One of the family had seemingly escaped the gated cabin and was left free to roam in the forward part of the 'tween deck – a strange awkwardly placed male mannequin with really bad hair. He always surprised me when I walked by, and more than once the way he was positioned to glance up from the corner of his eye made me feel like he was watching me. So them, plus the absolutely creepy doll with the water-stained dress and the possessed-looking eyes, trapped in a first-class cabin in the saloon on the main deck, made for enough uncanny company that any alleged ghostly presence seemed overkill.

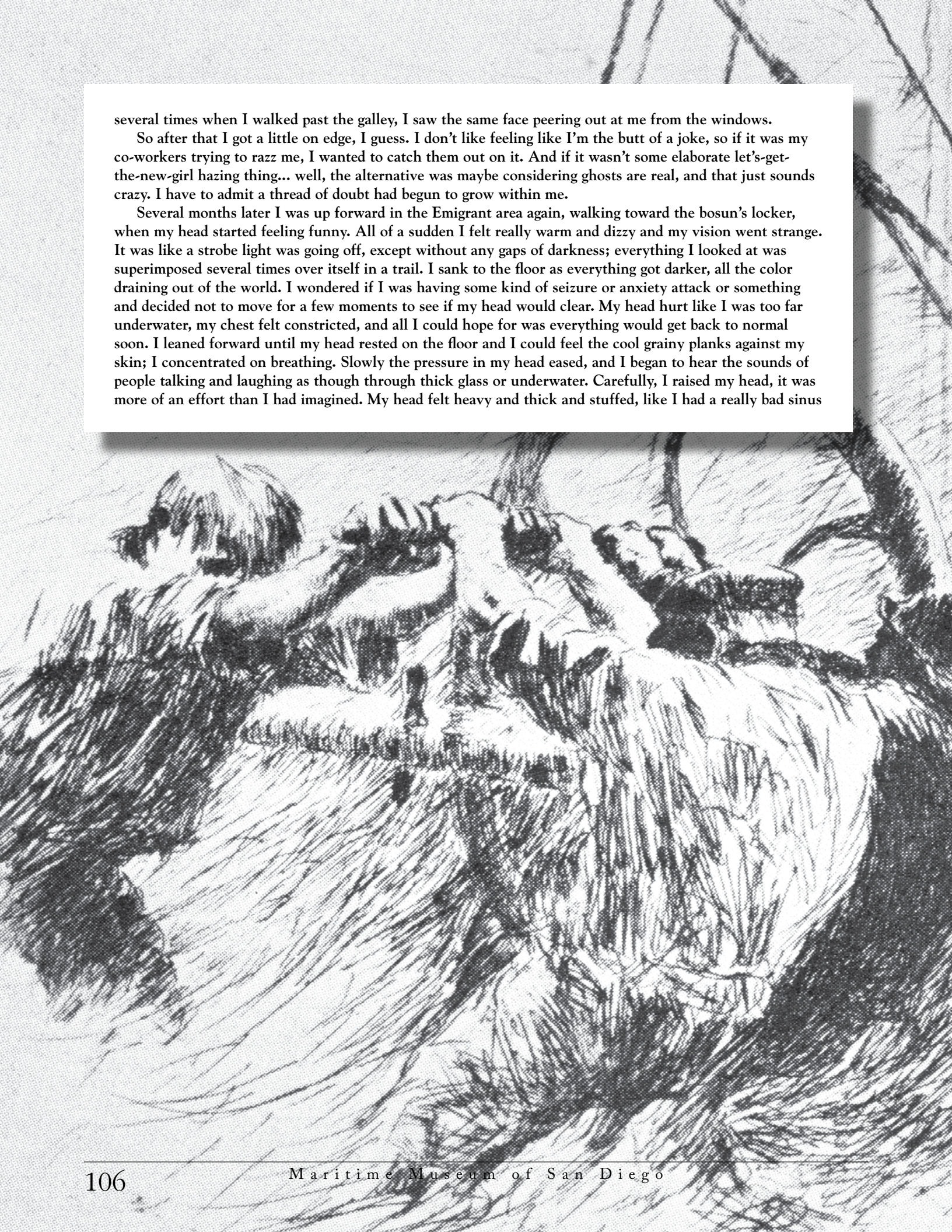
Legends of the Star

When it came to adding to the ghost myths, those living history people loved to contribute. I think most of them half-believed what they told people though – How they heard wooden-soled footsteps in the cabin in the saloon where they slept. How sometimes, when they were filling out paperwork in there, they'd feel a pressure on their throat like someone choking them and they'd find it hard to breathe. There was even one story floating around from years ago how the blankets had been ripped right off some instructor as she tried to sleep, but no one was there. Please. It didn't help that *Phantom Finders* inadvertently backed up their claims by allegedly taping the words – *Get off My Ship* – in the saloon area.

I have to admit, the first time I heard a loud noise, it did give me a start. I was cleaning the heads on the 'tween decks and closing down that area. All the lights had just gone off when I heard a loud slam, like a door being closed with excessive force, somewhere up toward the bow where there were no such doors. At first I thought something heavy had fallen over, though I couldn't remember there being any heavy, precarious displays. A few seconds later, the sound happened again, and then I began to worry some street person had hidden on board and was out there in the dark. There are some very interesting characters on the Embarcadero late at night, let me say, and I did not like the idea of being trapped on a boat with one of them. I called out "Hello? Is anyone there?" There was absolutely no noise. Not exactly comforting, I now imagined this (*Possibly Armed? Possibly Crazed?*) person hiding and watching me from the darkness. I kept the watch phone close, and held the toilet wand in front of me like a foil. I stood there a while, and just as I turned and went back to what I had been doing, a loud slam happened again. Again, I called out, "Anyone there? We're closed." This time the slam happened almost immediately. I turned all the lights back on and looked up forward, among all the mock cargo, under all the display bunks, even down on the orlop deck and in the hanging locker. I didn't see anyone, and I began to wonder if possibly the mannequins actually were alive, when I ducked into the bosun's locker and noticed a link of anchor chain hanging from the wall. The ship must have moved without me noticing the motion, and the link must have banged against the metal wall…maybe you could call that a 'slam'. Relieved, I proceeded to close down the ship and move on.

I didn't begin to believe people were actually trying to mess with me until the night I heard the babies crying and the women singing and shushing their babies up forward on the 'tween decks. The lights had just been turned off, which meant the various TV's weren't drowning out these other sounds. It really spooked me, it sounded just like there were people up there – babies faintly crying, lullabies, murmurs, soft quieting noises…. I turned the lights on and walked up there, but with the lights on I didn't really hear anything. It was like when you don't have your glasses on and for some reason that sometimes makes it harder to hear. Sure enough, once I turned the lights back off again, those sounds were back, almost inaudible, but there they were. Either I was letting stories go to my head or… then I remembered. I'd heard the story of how someone recorded a cat meowing and how they hid it in the engine room of the *Berkeley*, to drive that rookie night watchman crazy. More likely than not, that's what this was. There was some recording of babies and women on a player hidden in the Emigrant display area. Very funny!

My skepticism held rock-solid, these apparent pranks just served to annoy me, until the night I saw something that shook that skepticism. I was closing off below decks as usual. I closed the doors and slid the hatch cover over them, and as I did so I glanced down the stairs. Right there, sitting a few steps below me, looking up, was a boy of maybe twelve years old. He looked right at me. I panicked – Had someone been hiding on board? This was hours after closing time, why had no one reported a missing child? I slid back the hatch cover and opened the door only to find the steps empty. I went down below and turned all the lights back on and searched the entire ship. I didn't see anyone. He couldn't have gotten past me because I'd locked the gate on the gangway behind me, like I always did, and everything on the main deck was already closed up. I wasn't certain what to believe. Maybe the long hours were getting to me. I was having strange dreams, and



several times when I walked past the galley, I saw the same face peering out at me from the windows.

So after that I got a little on edge, I guess. I don't like feeling like I'm the butt of a joke, so if it was my co-workers trying to razz me, I wanted to catch them out on it. And if it wasn't some elaborate let's-get-the-new-girl hazing thing... well, the alternative was maybe considering ghosts are real, and that just sounds crazy. I have to admit a thread of doubt had begun to grow within me.

Several months later I was up forward in the Emigrant area again, walking toward the bosun's locker, when my head started feeling funny. All of a sudden I felt really warm and dizzy and my vision went strange. It was like a strobe light was going off, except without any gaps of darkness; everything I looked at was superimposed several times over itself in a trail. I sank to the floor as everything got darker, all the color draining out of the world. I wondered if I was having some kind of seizure or anxiety attack or something and decided not to move for a few moments to see if my head would clear. My head hurt like I was too far underwater, my chest felt constricted, and all I could hope for was everything would get back to normal soon. I leaned forward until my head rested on the floor and I could feel the cool grainy planks against my skin; I concentrated on breathing. Slowly the pressure in my head eased, and I began to hear the sounds of people talking and laughing as though through thick glass or underwater. Carefully, I raised my head, it was more of an effort than I had imagined. My head felt heavy and thick and stuffed, like I had a really bad sinus

cold and was taking serious meds to try to knock it out. I looked around. It was still rather dim and shadowy, and the displays I had seen over and over, suddenly looked different. The biggest change was that there were men everywhere.

They were sitting and standing around in huddles, some sleeping in the bunks and others playing cards or other games. The longer I sat there, the clearer things became and the closer the voices seemed. I slowly stood up, but just as quickly fell down again. I noticed the ship was slowly moving under me. It wasn't moving a great deal, but more than a ship tied to a dock really has the right to move. It was then I began to be assailed by unfamiliar smells. Dirt and rancid sweat, smoke and tar and wet wool, and a strong pungent salty smell of fish that are just on the edge of putrefying. As I looked more carefully at the people around me, I began to hear them more clearly, but I still couldn't understand what they were saying. Suddenly I realized why – they were all speaking Chinese. I started walking around the ship, wandering from group to group. No one looked at me or even seemed to see me. As I moved farther aft I noticed dirty looks being exchanged between one group and another. This other group of men didn't look Chinese, they looked Filipino.

There was a clear no-man's land between these two groups, and aside from the occasional glance, most of them had their backs turned to each other as if the ship ended with them and no one else existed. The farther back I moved the more nationalities I saw, but there was almost no mixing between any of them. All of them behaved in a similar manner, whether playing cards, carving, tying knots, or just talking and laughing with one another. But there was virtually no mixing among all the different groups, and they all seemed to guard their space jealously from the others, even though there was no indication anyone wanted to cross into another's territory. The smallest group of men were farthest aft in the ship – in the most comfortable looking area.

As I headed back up the length of the ship, I noticed a gathering in the dim light farther ahead. Near what seemed to be an Italian area, just past where I had stopped to look at a man carving an intricate spoon, there was a circle of men watching four men play cards. One of the men playing cards had about five other men behind him. Two other men playing were Italians, with six or seven Italians in the circle watching. The last man playing cards was Chinese. There were maybe two other Chinese men there, watching from the background and looking nervous. It looked like they were playing poker, and with coins on the crate next to them, they must have been betting as well. One of the Italian players folded, some scowled; others were laughing. Then the Chinese player smiled and quietly laid his hand on the table, eyes shining. He grinned and began gathering the coins from the table, so intent on them he didn't see how angry the other men around him had become.

One man stood and began yelling- I think it was something about an ace in his pocket, it was hard to understand. The Chinese man looked up in surprise as the man knocked over the table and the card players stood up. The circle quickly closed ranks around the Chinese men. The Chinese card player shook his head and shoved the coins he had gathered into his pocket, then tried to elbow his way out of the circle. A large man behind him threw him back against one of the other card players. They spun him around and the one card player hit him hard in the stomach. The Winner looked enraged; the other Chinese men just looked scared. The Winner threw a punch at the man who had hit him, and suddenly they were all upon him. They tossed him around the circle, alternately holding him up and hitting him. He was pushed to the ground where they began to kick him; those who couldn't reach him were busy abusing the two other Chinese men. It was horrible to watch. The pressure began building in my head, and my stomach felt as though it was turning inside out. Someone had picked up the Card Player from the floor. He looked terrified, with blood all over his face. I couldn't breathe. Suddenly the one card player and two other men had knives. They cut his pockets open, scattering the coins he had managed to collect, and then turned their knives on him. The Chinese card player didn't stand a chance. Finished, they let him fall, talking to each other until a decision seemed to have been reached. Some of the mob grabbed the dead Chinese man and together they lifted him and started carrying him to the front of the ship. The rest turned on the other two Chinese men, grabbing the fronts of their jackets and yelling in their faces. The men shook their heads desperately, and they were shoved to the ground. One of the men spat on them as he walked by. I followed the mob feeling sick, watching as they made their way to the bow of the 'tween decks. As they passed, all talking and laughter died down. Everyone silently watched as the mob walked into the bosun's locker and dumped the body into the chain locker below. The pressure in my head built and the sounds of the people around me grew louder and more hollow and indecipherable. I couldn't breathe and was overwhelmed with nausea. I blacked out.

I woke up on the floor a few minutes later. I sat up gasping for air, my lungs felt as though they had been pressed in a vice, and I had the beginnings of a tremendous migraine. All of that, though, paled in comparison

to what I had just witnessed. It doesn't matter if it actually ever happened or not, that kind of thing does happen every day, and it is horrifying. I remembered the look of terror on the victim's face, and the disgusting rage and hatred on the faces of the mob. That kind of thing strips all involved of being human. I knew I would never forget that night for as long as I lived.

I have never since experienced anything like the... the visions of that night. So, I still don't know about ghosts – whether I believe in them or not. Sure there are lots of stories – about Johnny Campbell who runs around drawing S's on peoples' backs, of Captain Storry pacing and jealously guarding the saloon and the Ship. It's also been around that a Chinese fisherman from the Alaska Packers' day was murdered and tossed into the chain locker. Are they trapped spirits 'haunting' the *Star*, trying to contact the living? That seems like a lot of work to me, with not a lot of appreciation or notice in return. Not to mention I bet they would be lonely – you can bet most people don't see or feel a thing. But I do think maybe places have memories. They may hold impressions of significant events that have taken place over their lifetimes. Strong emotions or energies, maybe personalities, may soak into the atmosphere and the living fiber of a place. A person visiting a place steeped with these strong impressions might experience reflections of them somehow. Maybe it's something like a window. We can't revisit past moments like time travel or anything, but maybe, occasionally, we can briefly view a different time through a window, a time we can't affect because it is already gone by, but a time significant enough that it causes a ripple that can brush ours. A window through which we can remember, with the place, events and lives and histories that are not our own individually, but which we collectively share. Maybe the *Star of India*, with all of her history, all of the hopes and dreams and births and deaths and lives that she held and sheltered and witnessed and carried, and still carries – maybe the *Star* is such a place. A place where our present can touch our past, where our history is not truly dead and gone but continues on, for those lucky enough and open enough to listen and catch a glimpse.





Jerry MacMullen, more widely known as a San Diego journalist, historian and author of several books, was indeed an artist (and photographer). In this stark oil painting (left), MacMullen was undoubtedly trying to capture the 1918 episode when the *Star of India* was trapped in ice for seventeen days. (See pages 68 and 69, this issue.)

Bottom: In this lively depiction of the *Star of India* hove-to, waiting for the fishing fleet to return with its catch, J. W. (Jack) Hardcastle (1884-1973) has placed, somewhat whimsically, Ken Reynard (wearing yellow) up forward on the small fishing boat with Jim Woodworth (in red), hauling in salmon. How the artist might have known of Capt. Ken Reynard (head of the *Star's* restoration), and Jim Woodworth (Chauncey C. – involved with the restoration, a key *Star* fundraiser and President of the Maritime Museum of Association, 1964-1966), remains something of a mystery.

Jack Hardcastle was an artist living in Nanaimo, B.C., Canada, up until his death. He was locally renowned for his oil and watercolor re-creation of ships.

Back Cover: Written in hand on this photo is: "MacDonald and Lebesque, 1927." That is about the extent of our knowledge about the two seamen standing high aloft in the crosstrees of the *Star of India*, not long after her arrival in San Diego.



Commemorative Issue

Mains'l Haul

A Journal of Pacific Maritime History



150 Years
Euterpe
Star of India