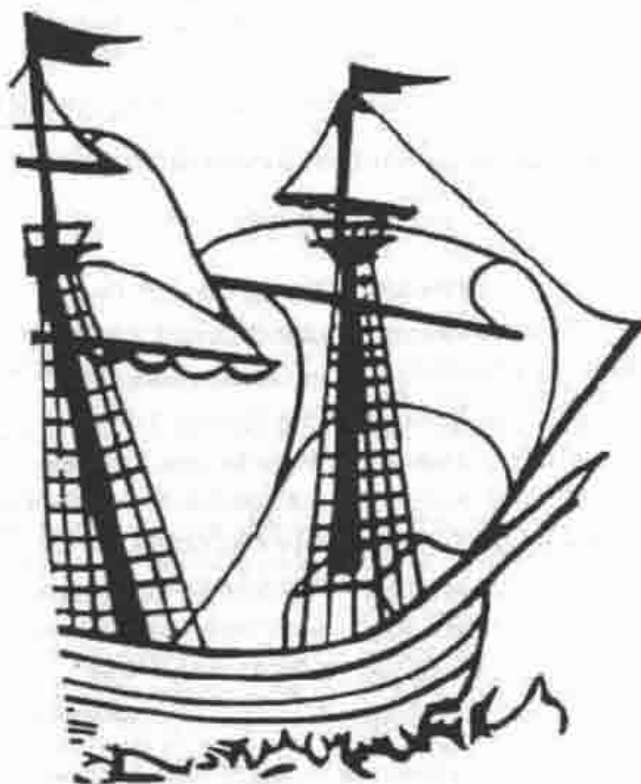


ARGONAUTA

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Editorial

You will see some bad news further down in this issue (the ongoing saga of the Birkenhead collection) – it costs a lot of money to keep museums, never mind museum ships afloat. However, it can be done: *Sackville* and *Haida* are only two of numerous preserved vessels in Canada. And just recently, the Musée de la Mer de Pointe-au-Pere has acquired the former HMCS *Onondaga*. An interesting choice of ship for an area better known for being the last stop of the *Empress of Ireland*, but definitely something new to appeal to the tourists who pass by the Rimouski area.

It's not all doom-and-gloom museum-wise. Earlier this month, I finally had a chance to visit the new Canadian War Museum. There wasn't enough time for a thorough look, but I did get a chance to stroll through the galleries and see the highlights. Many of the artifacts were, of course, on display in the old location. Now, even though there seem to be a lot of "new" ones out on the floor, the old feeling of them being jammed-in is gone. This is definitely a museum worth revisiting, and taking one's time to go through properly. Lots

of more modern presentation techniques (video and interactive screens), combined with plain text. The basics were well covered, and I never felt that the information was being dumbed-down in any way. Better still, I saw little evidence that the politically-correct crowd were being catered-to, although there is some controversy regarding Bomber Command (interesting fodder, perhaps, for a future editorial). Thumbs-up to everyone involved in getting this museum up and running; and yes, certain well-known CNRS members were key players. Damned fine job.

Quite a few of our Society work for, or are in some way connected to, museums around the world – some maritime, some not. *Argonauta* would very much welcome contributions from the museum community: our readership would enjoy hearing about things from the other side of the display case; and of course it is a fine opportunity for these institutions to make themselves a little better known to our readership. And as always, museum reviews – particularly of lesser-known places – are gratefully received.

WRS

President's Corner

Here it is, that time of the year again. The marking of essays and exams signals the end of the gruelling phase of the academic season, while another more pleasant phase – the conference circuit – opens. Many of you will be travelling by the time this reaches your mailbox. I hope it finds you suitably pleased with the papers you have to deliver or the bulk of those you are to hear.

Besides the opportunity for me to extend to you the best of wishes for safe travel and a prosperous summer, this also provides me an opening for another presidential pitch. At the risk of sounding like a broken record, do keep the Society in mind when looking to publish your papers, or as a home for anything promising that you might scout. The editors of *The Northern Mariner* and of *Argonauta* are always on the lookout for quality material, and we are proud to be the publications of note for the study of maritime matters in and about Canada. But they cannot cover all the ground themselves and rely to a great deal upon your observations and recommendations.

Those do produce results. I draw your attention to the expanded range of prizes the Society offers in recognition of maritime scholarship, from those specifically pitched to developing the field such as the Cartier Prize for the best Masters thesis and the Panting bursary to assist a student in presenting to our annual conference, to the Mathews Awards for the finest in publishing.

In the latter category, we were unable at our annual gathering last year in Hamilton to make the presentation of the best article published in Volume XIV (2004) of *The Northern Mariner*. With sincere regrets for the delay, it gives me great pleasure now finally to be in a position to recognize Sam Willis as the winner for his piece, "The Capability of Sailing Warships: Manoeuvrability," in XIV:3 (July 2004). The commendation of the awards committee, chaired by Serge Durlinger and

comprising Roger Sarty and Christopher McKee, says it all: "Sam Willis offers a wealth of normally inaccessible information on technology and technique in the age of sail. His work, rendered in elegant English prose, will be of enormous use to maritime historians researching the sailing-ship era." For those who missed it the first time around, I commend Sam's article to you. Indeed, it is worthy of a second read by the rest of us. Once again, to Sam a hearty congratulations.

I am assured by our editors and committee that everything is on track to make the full range of awards as is our custom at the annual conference this year. I look forward to seeing you all for that ceremony at Manitowoc, to take advantage of the hospitality of our NASOH cousins.

Rich Gimblett
President, CNRS

Erratum

Your editor and webmaster is rather embarrassed to point out that he mis-typed the url for the Society's website in the last edition. The correct address is:

www.cnrs-scm.org

Dr John de Courcy Ireland 1911-2006

[*Irish Times*, 8 April 2006] One of Europe's leading maritime historians, John de Courcy Ireland, who has died at the age of 94, was a man of many parts: a pacifist, humanist, political activist, linguist, teacher, father, author and a tireless advocate of the need to develop this island's marine resource.

Although decorated by many governments and institutions - in France, Spain, Portugal, Yugoslavia and Britain, to name but a few - he was never offered a Seanad seat as Taoiseach's nominee, which many felt he deserved.

John de Courcy Ireland was born in Lucknow, India, in 1911, the only child of a British army major who died of typhoid after he was sent to China in 1914 as part of an expeditionary force. His mother later told her son that his father's last words to her were 'Don't let that boy join the British army'.

John was being cared for back in Ireland by his paternal grandmother, from Galway, who was to remain one of the major influences in his life. Even when they moved to Devon, she is said to have imbued a sense of Irish-ness in her young grandson.

His mother remained in India until after the First World War and returned with a second husband, from the Netherlands. Her son received his early education at Marlborough College and won a history scholarship - the first - to New College, Oxford. However, he was too young to register and decided to pass time by signing on at the age of 17 as a steward on a cargo vessel bound for Argentina. He attributed the decision afterwards to his dislike of his stepfather.

His various experiences during that voyage were to have a lasting impact. He was deeply distressed by poverty he witnessed in Brazil. In one interview he recalled a conversation with a docker where he expressed admiration for a cathedral in the port. The docker took him to his home; the floor was beaten earth, there was no water or electricity and it was within yards of the magnificent edifice.

During his time at university in Oxford, he mingled with socialists, including Michael Foot and GDH Cole. It was there that he also met his wife, Beatrice (Betty) Haigh, from Dun Laoghaire, who was at the time working in a cafe. They married when she was 21, although neither of them was in steady employment, and they moved to Manchester. There, they developed their political interests, joining the Labour Party.

On the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War in 1936, Betty volunteered to go to Barcelona with a medical team in support of the

International Brigade. In 1938, the couple decided to return to Ireland. Three years before, during a holiday in Ireland, they had met and stayed with the union leader, Jim Larkin, in Dublin.

However, their first home was in Muff, Co Donegal, near Derry, where John de Courcy Ireland served briefly with the local defence forces and worked on construction of a naval base before being dismissed over his attempts to form a union. He was also to be expelled from the Northern Ireland Labour Party for his part in drawing up a constitution that suggested a federation between North and South.

In a CD recording of his life, released in 2004 by Luke Verling of Earth Productions, he recalled how, when he and Betty were facing penury in Derry and she was preparing a Christmas meal 'entirely of potatoes', there was a knock at the door. On the step was the 'entire workforce of the Foyle mouth' with a wooden box full of coins and notes.

"It was the most dramatic and moving event of my career," he said, and it enabled him to buy a copy of *The Irish Times* where he saw an advertisement for his first of many teaching jobs.

That post was at St Patrick's cathedral school in Dublin, where he worked from 1942 to 1949 as senior master. Here he was to inspire pupils including Kenneth Blackmore, former headmaster of Wesley College, Richard Armstrong, who became professor of physics at Tromsø University in Norway, the late Prof Rex Cathcart of Queen's University, Belfast, and former *Irish Times* journalist Arthur Reynolds, founding editor of the *Irish Skipper* magazine.

He joined the southern branch of the Labour Party and was made secretary of a Dublin 'executive' of which Jim Larkin was nominated president in 1943. However, after the expulsion of Owen Sheehy Skeffington, the party initiated what John later described as a 'witch-hunt' against him, taking out half-page advertisements which alleged that he and Jim

Larkin had been trained in Moscow to burn churches.

From 1949 to 1951, he taught at Drogheda Grammar School. He received a PhD from Dublin University in 1950 for his thesis on the sea in education. He subsequently taught in Bandon Grammar School, Co Cork, and Kingstown Grammar School, Dun Laoghaire, which was then amalgamated with Avoca School, Blackrock, to become Newpark Comprehensive School.

"The sea unites, while land divides" was his constant mantra, according to his former pupils. During these years, he collected artefacts and historical information for the founding of the National Maritime Museum in Dun Laoghaire. He was also involved from the late 1940s in the Maritime Institute of Ireland as honorary research officer.

"He served as voluntary secretary of the Dun Laoghaire lifeboat station for over a quarter of a century and received the Royal National Lifeboat Institution (RNLI) gold medal plus bar. He was also founder member of the Military History Society and the Inland Waterways Association.

He spoke out for the first time against the Soviet Union during the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 and was expelled from the Communist Party, of which he was also a member. Other political interests included Irish CND, membership of the Irish Anti-Apartheid Movement and the Bertrand Russell Foundation.

He contested the 1982 general election as a member of Jim Kemmy's Democratic Socialist Party. He once questioned Kemmy on his views on the sea. "I'm a Limerick man," Kemmy said. "I like terra firma - the more the firma, the less the terra." Subsequently, he supported Democratic Left, which has since merged with the Labour Party, and latterly he joined the Socialist Workers' Party.

The first of many publications was his book on *The Sea and the Easter Rising*, published in 1966. He is also author of *Ireland's*

Sea Fisheries: A History (1981); *Ireland and the Irish in Maritime History* (1986); *Ireland's Maritime Heritage* (1992) and *The Admiral from Mayo: a life of William Brown of Foxford, founder of the Argentine Navy* (1995).

In 2000, at the age of 89, he published a history of Dun Laoghaire and was commissioned by former marine minister, Dr Michael Woods, to write another work.

He travelled to north Africa to research naval archives on his 90th birthday in 2001 - as always, making a point of travelling by ship. Latterly, he was working on his unpublished memoirs.

He pioneered research on the many Irish who served in foreign navies and merchant lines and lectured on maritime history in more than 20 countries.

He was an accomplished linguist and once remarked that he learned languages to converse with beautiful women in foreign ports.

His wife, Betty died at the age of 88 in December 1999. He is survived by his three children: Hugh, Moneen and Rosamund, seven grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

de Courcy Ireland, born October 19th, 1911; died April 4th, 2006.

News and Views

Mediterranean Maritime History Network

This is a database of circa 150 historians interested in Mediterranean maritime history. It sets out their research interests and contact details. You are welcome to consult it on its University of Malta hosted page at:

home.um.edu.mt/medinst/mmh.n.html

The Edward S. Miller Research Fellowship in Naval History

The Edward S. Miller Research Fellowship in Naval History. The Naval War College Foundation intends to award one grant

of \$1,000 to the researcher who has the greatest need and can make the optimum use of research materials for naval history located in the Naval War College's Archives, Naval Historical Collection, Naval War College Museum, and Henry E. Eccles Library. A guide to the College's manuscript, archival, and oral history collections may be found on the Naval War College's website:

www.nwc.navy.mil/museum

Scroll down to "naval history resources" and click on "Naval Historical Collection Publications." Further information on the manuscript and archival collections and copies of the registers for specific collections are available online or on request from the Head, Naval Historical Collection. E-mail: evelyn.cherpak@nwc.navy.mil

The recipient will be a Research Fellow in the Naval War College's Maritime History Department, which will provide administrative support during the research visit. Submit detailed research proposal that includes statement of need and plan for optimal use of Naval War College materials, curriculum vitae, at least two letters of recommendation, and relevant background information to Miller Naval History Fellowship Committee, Naval War College Foundation, 686 Cushing Road, Newport RI 02841-1207, by 1 August 2006. For further information, contact the chair of the selection committee at: john.hattendorf@nwc.navy.mil

Employees of the US Naval War College or any agency of the US Department of Defense are not eligible for consideration; EEO/AA regulations apply.

Unknown Pearl Harbor Sailor Identified, Buried With Honours

[American Forces Press Service, March 30, 2006] A once-unidentified sailor killed in the Pearl Harbor attack almost 65 years ago was laid to rest today with full honours and a grave marker bearing his name, thanks to sleuth work by a Pearl Harbor survivor and US Joint POW/MIA Accounting Command's expertise.

Seaman 2nd Class Warren Paul Hickok was re-interred this morning at the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific in Honolulu, more commonly called the Punchbowl. The 18-year-old Kalamazoo, Mich., native had been among more than 1,500 sailors, soldiers, Marines and civilians killed during the Dec. 7, 1941, attack but never identified.

Hickok was assigned to the light mine layer USS *Sicard* when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. According to defence officials, many *Sicard* crewmembers had been dispatched at the time to help the crew of USS *Cummings*, a destroyer docked nearby. The *Cummings* got under way and cleared Pearl Harbor after the attack and reported no injuries.

An investigation into those still unaccounted-for determined that Hickok may have been among the *Sicard* crewmen aboard USS *Pennsylvania* during the attack. However, he was not among those reported lost, officials said.

In the days following the attack, the unidentified dead, including a sailor identified only as "X-2," were buried in Nuuanu Cemetery in Oahu, Hawaii. Years later, after World War II ended, the Army Graves Registration Service disinterred the remains and attempted to identify them.

Those that couldn't be identified, including "X-2's," were reburied at the Punchbowl on June 9, 1949, defence officials said. About 1,000 others are interred aboard USS *Arizona* in Pearl Harbor.

This might have been the end of the story, except for the detective work of Ray Emory, a Pearl Harbor survivor and researcher who has spent the past 12 years trying to help match names to unknowns.

Emory, a sailor assigned to USS *Honolulu* during the attack, calls his effort a labour of love to help honour the memories of those who died and to bring closure to their families. "I'll be doing this to my dying day," said the 84-year-old Hawaii resident.

He scrubs deceased service members' military records, most obtained through the Freedom of Information Act, looking for details that link them to those unidentified from the Pearl Harbor attack. "You usually need five or six documents to put the puzzle together," he said, calling the effort "a lot like chess."

As in many of the other cases he investigates, dental and medical records offered the critical clues in linking the unknown sailor designated as "X-2" to Hickok, he said. When he thought he was on to something, Emory said, he contacted JPAC, which found his evidence convincing enough to exhume the grave last June.

Forensic anthropologists from the command used historical reports, dental and anthropological analysis and mitochondrial DNA to successfully match the remains with information in Hickok's military records, defence officials said.

Heather Harris, the JPAC historian who wrote the historical report for Hickok's case, verified the new information, which led to a second examination of the remains and his ultimate identification.

"We got lucky in our reexamination of the case," said Harris. "During the original processing of X-2 Nuuanu, they noted in their paperwork that he had a healed right femur. Hickok's medical records had no indication of this injury, but when I looked at his paperwork from his enlistment to the service (paperwork that wouldn't have been previously available), I noticed that he had written that he'd broken his right leg as a boy."

The Defense Department announced the successful identification Dec. 16, 2005.

Harris said information from third parties often proves valuable in bringing a case to JPAC's attention. "Mr. Emory has been collecting and analysing information about World War II unknowns and the unknowns associated with the attack on Pearl Harbor for longer than I have been alive," Harris said. "He amassed a prodigious amount of information

and developed a keen understanding of how the information he obtained fit together.

"That said, JPAC historians and analysts often have easier access to much of this information and can obtain information that Mr. Emory may have a difficult time obtaining," she said. "In this instance, we were able to use the information Mr. Emory provided as a starting point for researching the case."

Emory said he gets a huge lift by helping to piece together an unsolved case. "You don't know how good it feels to get a call from JPAC saying, 'You've done it again,'" he said. But the biggest reward, he said, is being able to call family members and tell them that their loved one has been identified.

In the Hickok case, tracking down his only living survivor took a bit of detective work, too, Emory said. Failing to locate them through a records search, he contacted the Kalamazoo newspaper, which ran an article about the successful identification and the attempt to locate Hickok's sister. The article made its way to the Internet, and eventually Hickok was able to make contact with Marilyn "Kay" Woodring, now living in Florida.

Harris said it's important to identify all unknowns from past conflicts to acknowledge and honour each individual's sacrifice. Of the 88,000 unaccounted-for Americans from all conflicts, 78,000 are from World War II.

New Zealand to Digitize and Preserve National Heritage

[PRNewswire-FirstCall, 13 March] Sun Microsystems, Inc (NASDAQ:SUNW) , announced the National Library of New Zealand is collaborating with the company to create next-generation digital libraries. Together the organizations will develop the technical architecture to support the library's National Digital Heritage Archive (NDHA) Programme, a national initiative to access, manage and preserve New Zealand's digital heritage.

New Zealand became one of the first countries in the world to bring legal deposit into the digital domain and to legislate preservation strategies. Adhering to the mandate of the National Library Act of 2003, New Zealand will be the first country in the Southern Hemisphere to implement a solution for the preservation of national digital heritage that reflects the need for persistence of that heritage "in perpetuity."

Under the collaboration, the National Library and Sun will develop an advanced information lifecycle management system, which will serve as an international model for the implementation of digital repositories and preservation management. This system will ensure the long-term storage and preservation of New Zealand's digital material and provide authenticity and integrity of data with almost 100 percent availability. Additionally, the National Library has been named a Sun Centre of Excellence.

"The strategic importance behind this initiative is a technology change which underpins all aspects of the library's responsibilities and services. Both print and electronic information is being produced at an extraordinary rate. However, electronic data now makes up the majority of all unique, original output and the gap between the two is widening," said Penny Carnaby, National Librarian and Chief Executive of the National Library of New Zealand. "The key objective is to make New Zealand's digital heritage available in perpetuity. We do not want to fail the future by leaving a gap in New Zealand's history because we were too slow or unwilling to confront the challenge of digital preservation now," added Carnaby.

"Reflecting a growing need for technology as part of cultural and academic initiatives, libraries and universities are looking at ways to better use digital information to improve the capture, preservation and access to national archives," said Jim Hassell, managing director, Sun Microsystems Australia and New Zealand. "'Working with institutions such as the National Library of New Zealand, Sun can help New Zealand citizens benefit from a true

digital model based upon a solid IT environment with next-generation applications. This joint digital library initiative will reduce the cost of managing data and, in the future, will revolutionize the way students and citizens can access information," said Hassell.

The National Library of New Zealand's NDHA Programme aims to develop an end-to-end process for the care and handling of digital material. This will ensure the protection of New Zealand's national cultural heritage for future generations and will support the New Zealand government's Digital Strategy, which aims to:

- 1) Strengthen national identity and uphold the Treaty of Waitangi through reflecting the digital identities of New Zealanders and making that visible on the international stage.
- 2) Promote the development of an inclusive and increasingly creative economy.
- 3) Foster the development of digital preservation practices that will form an essential foundation to the take-up of e-government and the trust of the e-citizen.
- 4) Provide a framework to encourage and assist New Zealanders to improve their technical and information literacy skills.
- 5) Create fairer educational opportunities.

The proposed solution will be international in scope, able to be replicated in other organizations that wish to preserve and mine information, and provide scalability over time.

The National Library will be creating an environment and standards for managing and operating digital repositories that will be applicable to the whole digital preservation community. This development of a best practice in digital preservation should be reusable by Sun Microsystems through its global reference architecture program.

"Sun Microsystems announcing the Library as a Centre of Excellence recognizes

that we are at the forefront of global digital preservation endeavours," said Carnaby.

The National Library of New Zealand has online archives of photography, art, newspapers, music and visual and audio historical documents. Without digital preservation, many of the critical materials for research, education and cultural benefit are at risk from data format changes, media migration, bit loss, application/operating environment shifts and unavailable access.

"The government is delighted that the National Library of New Zealand has been accorded Sun Centre of Excellence status. The National Library is leading a vital component of the government's digital strategy by pioneering the digitization and dissemination of unique Kiwi content," said Hon David Cunliffe, Minister of Communications and Information Technology. "That builds both National identity and competitive advantage. The value of this award can be expected to be seen in future opportunities to leverage collaboration between Sun, the National Library and other government agencies," continued Cunliffe.

While the library already leverages Sun's local consulting expertise, as well as Sun New Zealand partner Gen-i's, the association with Sun will give the National Library of New Zealand access to the significant Intellectual Property, innovation, Research and Development that reside within Sun Microsystems globally, supplementing the library's capacity and drawing it into Sun's Centre of Excellence community.

The Search for the *Invincible*

[from the website of Cochran Undersea Technology]. National Underwater and Marine Association (NUMA), The Texas Navy Association, and Cochran Undersea Technology partner to find the long lost Flagship of the Republic of Texas Navy.

In the fall of 1835, with the Mexican Navy blockading Texas ports, the provisional government of Texas responded by issuing Letters of Marque creating privateers to defend

Texas waters and the colonist's vital maritime trade. They also created the first Texas Navy, consisting of four ships, the *Invincible*, *Liberty*, *Independence* and the *Brutus*. These two fleets made the victory at San Jacinto possible; and they, along with the third fleet, (Second Texas Navy 1839-1845) maintained Texas independence for the next 10 years by controlling the Gulf of Mexico.

Invincible was lost on 26 August 1837 when she ran aground after suffering damage when in action against two Mexican brigs, the *Lubardo* and the *Vencedor del Alamo*. In 2004, several promising undersea targets were identified, and they will be surveyed in the near future. Keep an eye on

www.divecochran.com/invincibleDNW/
to follow their progress.

Maritime Provinces Steam Passenger Vessels

by Robin H. Wyllie

P. S. Druid

Specifications:

Official Number:	53589
Builder:	Tod and McGregor, Partick, Scotland
Date Built:	1856
Gross Tonnage:	229.32
Overall Length:	160.1 feet
Breadth:	21.6 feet
Draught:	9.7 feet
Original Engine:	Steeple, single cylinder 50 h.p.
Replacement:	Steeple, twin 2 cyl 44" - 52" 170 h.p.
Builder:	Barclay Curle, Whiteinch, Scotland, 1866
Propulsion:	side paddle

Author's Note:

Among the ship lists compiled by amateur enthusiasts during the latter part of the 19th Century, are those for vessels built on the Clyde by Tod & McGregor and Barclay Curle. The first lists a paddle steamer named *Druid* built in 1856 and the later an identical *Druid* built in 1857.

There was, however, but one PS Druid. Had the compiler of the Barclay Curle list referred to the still available copies of Barclay Curle's Druid plans, he might have realised that they consisted solely of the half breadth, body lines and deck plans associated with the installation of a new engine.

As it was, having assumed incorrectly, that all Barclay Curle hull numbers applied to new construction, he created a ghost ship which has permeated and confused the history of Clyde and West Highland steamers to this day.

History:

On Saturday May 3rd, the iron side paddle steamer *Druid* was launched from Tod and McGregor's yard at Meadowside on the upper Clyde. Ordered by the Cambria Company for its excursion traffic between Liverpool and the Menai Straits, the *Glasgow Herald* reported the vessel as being "admirably adapted for sailing fast and carrying a large number of pleasure seekers. It was also mentioned that her machinery was to be installed the following week, after which she would leave to take up her station.

From this point on, things did not go as planned. It has not been determined whether her new owners were unable to make the final payment on the vessel, or if she was found to be seriously under-powered and delivery was refused.

In any event, her builders appear to have suffered considerable financial loss and the vessel was sold to James Robertson of Greenock, who, in addition to shipbuilding, was very much involved in the Islay trade via Campbeltown and a major shareholder in the Campbeltown and Glasgow Steam Packet Joint Stock Company.

Upon purchasing the vessel, Robertson's first act was to have her re-engined and Barclay Curle and Co of Whiteinch, were awarded the contract to replace her original 50 hp engine with twin two-cylinder 85 hp engines which greatly increased both the vessel's speed and her manoeuvrability.

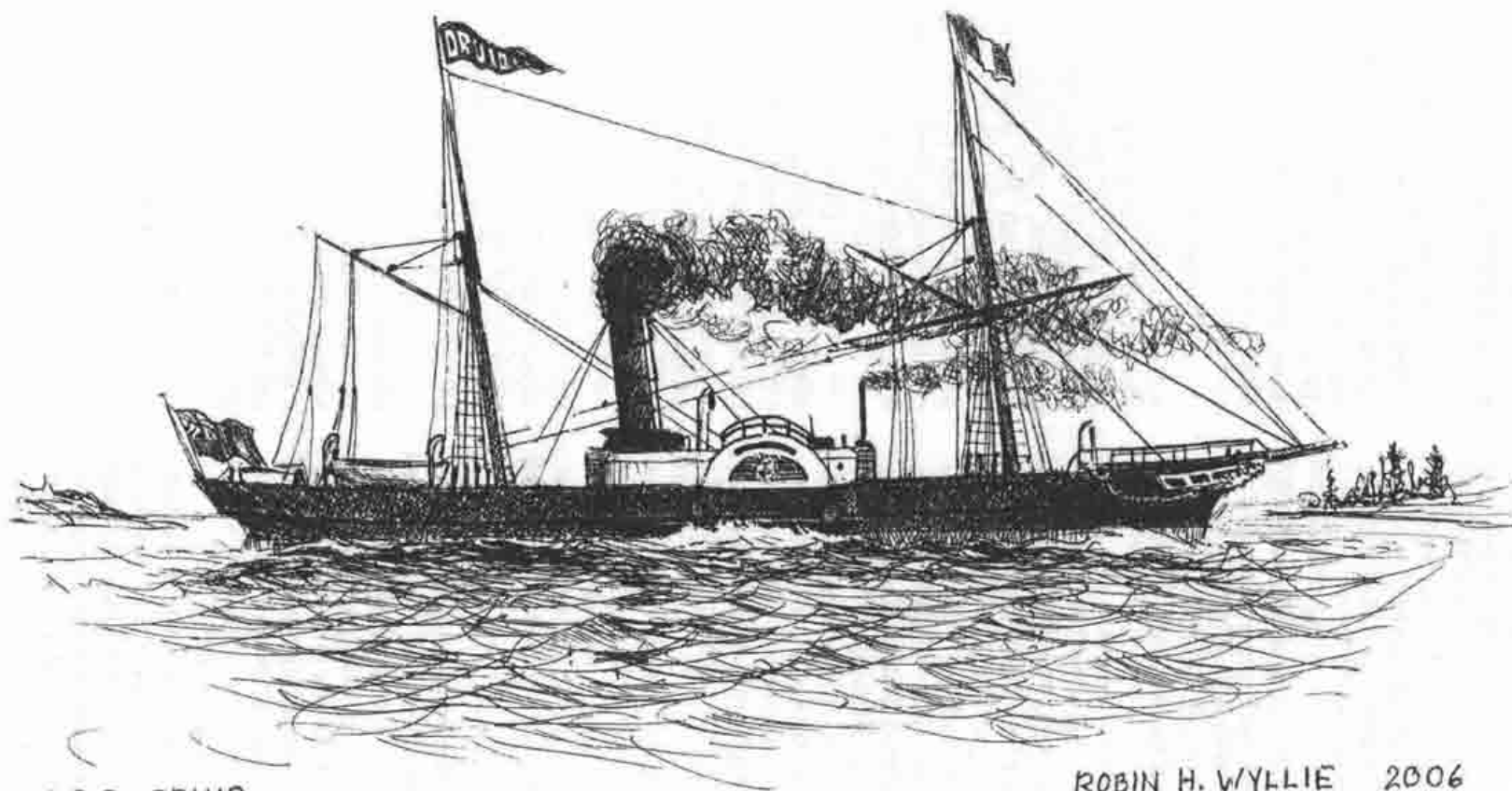
An excellent sea boat with ample hold and deck cargo capacity *Druid* proved to be the ideal vessel for the Greenock-Campbeltown trade. Running throughout the year in all weathers, she soon became a favourite with the locals and remained on the run until 1864. It was then the company received an offer for the vessel which they could not afford to turn down, from one Herbert Charles Dunkwater of Manchester.

By this time, the American Civil War was at its height and the Confederate forces were almost wholly dependent upon imported supplies and the export of cotton to pay for them. As a result, a large fleet of fast, shallow-draught vessels, many of them former Clyde Coast and Irish Sea paddle steamers, were employed, privately or under charter, to run an increasingly efficient Union naval blockade of commerce between Bermuda and the Caribbean to major southern ports.

In fact, the prices being paid for such vessels had reached such a level that the Campbeltown Company were able to order the construction of not one, but two replacement vessels, the paddle steamer *Gael* and the larger screw steamer *Kintyre* from James Robertson's yard in Greenock.

Blockade running had become a highly lucrative, but decidedly risky venture when the mysterious Mr Dunkwater, acting in the capacity of agent for the Steamship *Druid* Company of Charleston, South Carolina, made his purchase. However, *Druid*, in spite of the risks, was to become one of the most successful blockade runners of the war. She crossed the Atlantic without incident, loaded at Nassau, slipped through the blockade and arrived in Charleston on July 26th, 1864. She made another seven runs, departing Charleston for the last time on or around February 4th, 1865.

Charleston fell to Union forces on February 17th, 1865, but in eight short months, the *Druid* had made a fortune for her owners, who included a number of Halifax businessmen. These gentlemen, perhaps as a precautionary measure, arranged to have her registered at Halifax on February 1st, and listed



C.G.S. DRUID

ROBIN H. WYLLIE 2006

CGS *Druid*. From a painting by P. Carboneau of Levis, PQ, in the collection of la Musée Maritime du Quebec

Benjamin Weir, a known Confederate sympathiser, as her registered owner.

A number of former blockade runners found their way to Maritime ports and the *Druid* joined the *Chicora* and *Secret* in Bedford Basin. Although all three were offered for sale, according to *The Acadian Recorder* of December 6th 1865,

- no purchaser could be found on account of the large number of vessels out of employment in consequence of the end of the American war and the still larger number previously in the service of the US Government which had been sold off and flooded the market.

In the immediate post-war period, American ill-feeling against Britain was such that, in 1866, the US Government gave notice that the North American Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 would be terminated. Among other terms and conditions, this treaty had permitted mutual access to the coastal fisheries of the United States, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Already very much concerned about the incursions of American fishermen into its coastal waters, the Provincial Government of Nova Scotia immediately took pre-emptive action by purchasing *Druid*, for use as a fisheries protection cruiser.

As it turned out, effective July 1st 1867, fishery protection was to become a responsibility of the fledgling Department of Marine and Fisheries, so *Druid*, under the command of Captain Kendrick of the Royal Navy, was assigned to other duties.

The Report of the Chairman of the Nova Scotia Board of Works for the year ending September 1866 includes the following summary:

Druid – This steamer was purchased for the protection of the fisheries, but that duty having become unnecessary, she has been employed in saving at and transporting from Sable Island wrecked property, and in visiting lighthouses. her disbursements amount to \$24,687.71. Her credits for the year,

including the sum of \$3,600 due from the underwriters of the Ada G. York, amount to \$11,400.

The vessel made nine voyages that summer and continued in operation until the following year, when, effective July 1st, she was transferred to the Dominion Government and the newly formed Department of Marine and Fisheries. Based at Halifax and still under the command of Captain Kendrick, *Druid* was used as a lighthouse supply vessel, buoy tender and fisheries protection cruiser.

All went well until 1868 when, on November 17th, returning from Cranberry Island light station in clear weather, Captain Kendrick altered the course set by the pilot, Michael Dadey, who had gone below to check the aft compass, and stranded the vessel on the Bull Rock.

The vessel got off at high tide and limped back to Halifax. There, she was hauled up on the marine railway and it was found that she had struck twice. Her stern was damaged, her keel broken in tow places and thirty feet of her bottom bent in. All of the damaged portions had to be removed and replaced, including thirty feet of her frame.

The repairs cost \$4,164.97 and William Smith, Deputy to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, advised HW Johnston, the regional superintendent, that the Minister was of the opinion that the report of Captain Kendrick on the subject of the "disaster" was not very satisfactory and had "failed to convince him that sufficient attention and care were exercised in the navigation and management of the vessel."

A full investigation was ordered and, early the following year, Captain Peter Astle Scott RN was commissioned to exercise magisterial powers under the fisheries laws while in command of the Government steamer *Druid*.

Shortly thereafter *Druid* was transferred to the St Lawrence where she exchanged lighthouse supply and towing

duties with the *Lady Head*. There, no doubt on account of her "elegant and commodious cabin accommodation" she was occasionally used for the transportation of Governors General and other personages on tours of the Lower Provinces. In the case of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne's visit to Charlottetown in 1878, it is recounted that they refused to leave the ship and stay at Government House as *Druid* had flush toilets and the official residence did not.

In 1892, a cholera epidemic in Europe resulted in a quarantine station being established at Grosse Ile and *Druid* was loaned to the Department of Agriculture for service as a decontamination vessel. She required some alterations before the sulphur-dioxide blast makers could be loaded, but by September 9th, the ship was on her way.

Druid remained in this service until November 1893, at which time she was laid up for the winter and, as she was no longer required by the Department of Agriculture, payment for the vessel's maintenance over the period of her loan was requested.

Upon inspection the following spring, it was indicated that the pounding of her big steple engines was affecting the integrity of her hull and it was decided to have Carrier Lane & Co convert her into a screw steamer. During the process, a portion of the hull, perhaps the same section which had been rebuilt at Halifax all those years ago, gave way and she filled with water. However, repairs were made, a compound marine engine was installed and she returned to service.

Druid lasted until December 1901, when she underwent a comprehensive survey by Department's steamboat inspectors, was declared unseaworthy and quickly sold to AE Pontbriand of Sorel for \$2,150. Ownership was then transferred to The Ontario and Quebec Navigation Company of Picton, Ontario who converted her into an excursion steamer. An upper deck, deckhouses and a shelter deck were added, more than doubling

her tonnage and the vessel's name was changed to *Niagra*.

In 1914, *Niagra* (ex *Druid*) was stripped, her machinery was removed and she was used as a barge on the Great Lakes until October, 1936, when she sank in Thunder Bay. Not bad for an old iron hull which had been declared unseaworthy thirty-five years earlier and remains pretty well intact to this day.

Acknowledgements:

When research for this column was undertaken in 2002, there was no indication that so much time and effort would be involved. However, the trail of *Druid* from the Clyde to Thunder Bay proved tortuous, to say the least, and could not have reached a successful conclusion without the help of Doug Maginley, who generously shared his Canadian Coast Guard research, and the cooperation of staff at the National Archives of Canada, Public Archives of Nova Scotia, Musée Maritime du Quebec, the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, Glasgow University Archive Services and Glasgow City Council – Cultural and Leisure Services.

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A Young Man's Introduction to Ocean Racing

by Captain J.G.R. (Rod) Hutcheson, RCN (Ret'd)

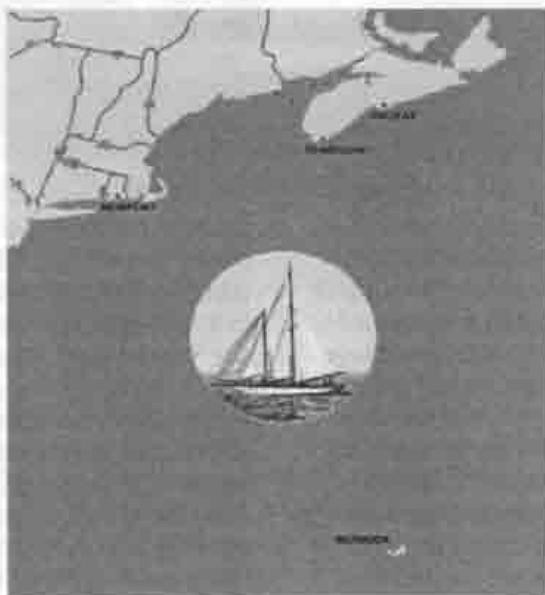
Some fifteen years after my mother's death, the family discovered, lodged in the back of her old writing desk, a letter that I had written to her 53 years previously. The letter describes, in some detail, the ill-starred voyage of the 63-foot staysail schooner Wanderer IX during the summer of 1952. At our own expense, ten of us had leased the 31-year-old Wanderer from the estate of the late D.R.Turnbull in Halifax and entered her in the 630-mile Newport R.I.-to - Bermuda yacht race. Flying the burgee of the newly-formed RCN Sailing Association, we were the sole Canadian entry among the 58 yachts which sailed from Newport 21 June, 1952, and this is the story, as told in my letter home¹, of the 24-day period between departing Halifax 13 June and arriving back in Halifax 9 July, 1952.

July, 1952

Halifax to Newport

Four weeks ago today, that was Friday the 13th of June, we all went aboard the *Wanderer IX* with our gear and provisions. However, not wishing to set sail on such an inauspicious date, we didn't leave until the next morning at 4 am. And it did, after all, prove to be an unlucky Friday the 13th for on that day my good friend Mike Milovick died when his *Avenger* crashed into the sea. It is Mike's old job that I have as Electrical Officer with the Support Air Group.

Our trip started off on the wrong foot when the cook came aboard at 3 am, some twenty hours after he was supposed to arrive to stow provisions, in a state of inebriation. It was two days before we got him sober enough to be of much use. Even then it developed that he couldn't stand to stay below decks in the galley in any kind of a sea—and you can imagine how much use a seasick cook is! I must admit that our propane stove was pretty grim, in fact the whole galley was ancient and difficult to work in even if you weren't seasick. The cook never did really overcome his queasiness but there was some improvement as time went on, and when it wasn't too rough he managed to turn out some pretty fair meals.



It took us all a day or two to become accustomed to the motion and get our sea legs for we had some heavy weather on the way south. It proved to be very cold and wet those first few days and we were all confined to oilskins, sou'wester and seaboots with plenty of warm clothing

underneath. Since the yacht was only fitted with fair-weather hatches and the waves were continually sweeping the deck, it wasn't long before the main cabin was inundated and we had to drill holes in the floorboards to let the water run into the bilges! That first night of sleeping in wet clothes in a wet bunk wasn't much fun and if anyone had asked me why I was there I wouldn't have been able to give much of an answer. But our troubles hadn't started yet!

¹ As originally written with the addition of sub-headings, photos and explanatory footnotes.

The next morning, Sunday June 15th, I went on watch at 4 am and took the wheel. Ten minutes later the boat began to behave erratically and would not answer the helm. It didn't take long to discover that we had no steerage – a frightening realization in a small boat at sea. We hove to and wallowed in the heavy seas while



Wanderer IX under full sail in Halifax Harbour, June 1952 (RCN photo HS-19951)

we examined the wheel and its connections to the rudder post, finally deciding that it was either the connection between rudder post and rudder or the post itself that had fractured. With the aid of a flashlight we could see the rudder in the water and also hear it swinging back and forth but repairs were out of the question without getting the boat out of water. At the time we were about twenty miles off the coast of Nova Scotia with our position fast becoming more unsure as we drifted. After deciding the rudder was useless we started the engine and hoisted the "jumbo"¹ to see if we could steer with it. When we had been examining the rudder and just drifting we had put out the sea anchor over one quarter, tied a rope to the gash bucket (about the size of your garbage can) and tossed it out over the other quarter. This weird combination kept us more-or-less head-on to the seas. Once we had started the engine and got underway again, these were hauled aboard and kept handy for an emergency.

We found that the one sail up forward kept blowing our bow around so that we were unable to steam into the wind. To counteract this we rigged the jib aft in place of the

mainsail with the sheets forward so that we could control it. The jib flapped violently there and soon began to go at the seams, but it did the trick and we were able to steer with the jumbo sail. I say steer with tongue in cheek because we could go in either of two directions--towards shore or away from shore, and going about from one to the other meant an hour of many patient attempts. Shortly after getting underway we had the stroke of good luck that saved the day. Out of the storm appeared a bell buoy which the navigator², after a calculated guess, used to fix our position. From this fix it appeared that our best bet was to head for Shelburne NS³, so, with our two sails trimmed and our engine running, we chugged off in what we hoped was the right direction.

The wind had by then increased to 25 or 30 knots and as we neared land the fog came with it until we could only see about 150 feet. This situation, with the rock-bound coast of Nova Scotia drawing rapidly closer,

¹ The jumbo is the larger of the headsails.

² Lt.D.O.(Doc) Campfield.
³ An excellent sheltered harbour near the southern tip of Nova Scotia about 100n.m. from Halifax, Shelburne was at one time (briefly in 1783) the largest urban centre in British North America.

wasn't a very happy one. To improve the steering we set about making a jury rudder out of the engine room removable bulkheads. These boards we nailed and lashed to the disconnected boat's boom with a cross-piece fastened to the other end of the boom to grip and control the homemade tiller. Upon lowering the whole issue into the water we discovered that wood floats and our jury rudder was all wood! A couple of 10-pound lead ballast weights fixed that. But the swells were pretty big and the boom a little short so it was difficult to handle but did help a little. With the combination of engine, sails, jury rudder, sea anchor and gash bucket we closed in on Nova Scotia with some misgivings. It was quite a few hours later when, with all eyes and ears straining in the fog, we first heard the deep and welcome rumble of a fog horn. Taking the chance that it was the Shelburne light¹ that we had hoped to find, we headed for the sound in the fog. As the tension rose the fog suddenly cleared and there it was pretty as a picture---just the lighthouse we were looking for.² At least our luck was with us that once.

We proceeded up Shelburne harbour zig-zagging like a boat with a drunken crew, for the only way we could steer was to throw the sea anchor over one side to bring us around in that direction and then haul it out and allow the boat to swing the other way. The channel wasn't very wide and we had some fun navigating between buoys in this fashion. The wind was fairly whistling by then and we edged in behind a jetty at the old, now unused, naval base at Shelburne in order to drop our anchor. However, when we let go the anchor, the wind carried us gently alongside

the jetty where one of the crew stepped ashore and secured our lines---quite a manoeuvre without a rudder! Dinner that evening was a happy affair in spite of the disappointment over the delay in our trip.

We discovered another boat in the nearby slips where we had hoped to haul out the *Wanderer*, but the owner informed us that she was coming off the next day and then we could go up. That evening I and another crew member took a stroll into the town of Shelburne. Once there, we found ourselves so tired after the hectic trip that we couldn't walk back and had to take a cab.

The next morning we waited patiently for the other boat to come off the slips which he finally did several hours after his estimated time. It wasn't until 5 pm, after considerable heaving on lines and crossing of fingers, that we were high and dry and able to diagnose our trouble. It only took a minute to discover that each of the five long brass bolts securing the rudder to the post had sheared leaving the rudder hanging to the boat by a single supporting strap. Examination of the bolts revealed that they had all been almost cracked through for some time and the heavy seas had just finished the job. That is the sort of thing that happens when a boat gets to be thirty-one years old.

¹ Cape Roseway lighthouse is located at the southern tip of McNutt's Island at the entrance to Shelburne Harbour. Its diesel-powered foghorn emitted two dismal three-second groans a minute.

² Of all my memories of these events of 50-plus years ago, the most vivid is the sight of this lighthouse towering above us high on the rocks as we came out of the fog only moments before having to shear off and head back out to sea.

While all this had been going on I had taken our poor tattered jib into town for repairs. The local sailmaker turned out to be quite an old character who had been in the business for fifty years and what he didn't know about sailmaking just wasn't worth knowing. He sewed and patched our sail all afternoon, delighting in showing his practised skill to one so completely ignorant of his trade, and then charged only six dollars for the finished job---very different from sail repair costs incurred later in the trip!

Incidentally, we met a most remarkable young man while there. He worked for MacLeans Publishing Co and his job was to drive around the countryside with a carload of sales girls. During the day, while the girls were out selling subscriptions, he had nothing to do so he spent the whole day driving all over creation on errands for us. Nothing was too much trouble and he couldn't do enough for us. He was an invaluable help and, for a total stranger, proved to be quite a friend.

On returning to the boat with the mended sail, I found her high and dry with the rudder off and a machinist making up new brass bolts. Exactly four hours after going on the slips we came off with our troubles, at least temporarily, solved. It was touch-and-go getting back into the water for the tide had gone out considerably while we were on the slips and we didn't know whether or not there would be enough water to float us. But we made it without scraping too much paint off the keel, tanked up with gas, and headed south two days behind schedule.

Our first night out of Shelburne a nasty blow came up and we soon found that



The original 92-foot octagonal Cape Roseway lighthouse, constructed of locally cut stone in 1788, is shown here as it appeared to us in 1952. Seven years later it was struck by lightning. The ensuing fire destroyed its heavy oak supporting timbers resulting in its replacement with a 48-foot concrete tower.

double-reefing the main at night, and for the first time, was a tricky business.¹ Then watching the rotten old seams give way was almost the final blow! That part of the trip down was certainly the most aggravating for we were almost within sight of our goal but forced to beat into a 30-knot wind without a mainsail. We finally entered the Cape Cod canal at 9 am of a beautiful sunny day. Of course we motored through the canal and at the farther end, since the wind was dead against us, decided to motor the rest of the way to Newport. This we did in spite of a terrible sounding engine, for the front-end bearing had gone bad on the way out of Shelburne and the engine was pretty shaky. As we left the canal the wind rose steadily and the short steep waves rose with it until we were making good not more than one knot and sometimes appeared to be standing still! In an attempt to make the boat ride a little more comfortably and increase our speed, we set a couple of sails and, with the engine still running, tacked on to Newport reaching it at 5pm that afternoon, Thursday, June 19th---two days later than our expected arrival and uncomfortably close to the starting day of the race, June 21st. In fact we were the last boat to arrive.

We cruised into Newport past some fantastic homes along the shore and dropped anchor off the yacht club in the midst of a fabulous array of yachts. There were many millions of dollars floating in that anchorage and the owners of many millions more---I could have used a small share! As soon as the

¹ *Wanderer* was not equipped with winches---sail handling required the whole crew.

anchor was down we jumped over the side for our first bath in six days---a dirty and bearded crew we were by then. That water really felt good and after a swim everyone was ready to go ashore. The skipper was first off to clear us through customs and inform the race committee that we had arrived. One of us had to stay aboard as anchor watch that night so I elected to remain behind since I was pretty tired and too lazy to shave off my beard.



The crew---Cdr. J.C.Reed (skipper, behind wheel) and, reading clockwise, Lt.(L) J.G.R.Hutcheson (the author), PO J.Ayres, Lt.(P) R.L.MacKay, AB R.Booth, Lt.A.C.Prosser, Lt.(A/E) G.H.F.Poole-Warren and OD R.Woodhill. Missing from photo are Lt. D.O.Campfield and PO P.Quinlan (RCN Photo HS-20253)

The next day, Friday, we rushed the torn mainsail ashore for repairs before the race---rushed it all the way by taxi to New Bedford, the only place we could find a sailmaker. The resulting taxi bill was some \$60 to say nothing of \$116 for mending the sail. How we wished we were dealing with the old boy who sewed up our jib in Shelburne! I understand now that the insurance company has decided to pay for those repairs, otherwise it would have been up to us to share the cost. I don't believe I mentioned that the ten of us who sailed *Wanderer* insured her and provisioned her ourselves since the navy refused to do anything for us except allow us the leave for the race---and duty-free privileges for our stock of liquor and cigarettes. We were actually racing for the RCN Sailing Association which is made up largely of naval personnel but really in no way connected with the navy. But the publicity (some called it notoriety) which we created for the RCN was terrific and it was disappointing that they would not help finance our effort in any way. The insurance came to \$350 and, after provisioning for the trip, the total cost

amounted to \$100 a piece. Our additional repairs and expenses have not yet been totalled so I don't quite know just how much the trip set me back. But don't think it wasn't worth every cent!

Newport to Bermuda

After restocking our fresh provisions and receiving various visitors and race officials on board, we finally had time to

relax, do a little sunbathing or go into town. In the evening a huge cocktail party and dinner were held for all owners, skippers and crews (to which we as foreign guests were given free tickets) at which final race instructions were passed out.

We were racing in "B" Class being about fifth from the top of the class in handicap and carrying call-sign No.1 on our sail---I don't know how we got such a nice number, perhaps because we were the oldest boat in the race! And we were the oldest as well as being the only staysail schooner and the first Canadian entry they have ever had. The boats were to be started by classes at 15 minute intervals---first "A" Class at one p.m. Saturday, followed by "B" Class at 1:15 and "C" Class at 1:30, fifty-eight yachts starting in all, a record entry for the Newport-Bermuda race.¹

¹ The race was first held in 1906 when three boats competed for the Sir Thomas Lipton cup. It is now held biennially on the third Friday in June.

Our plans to rise early the day of the start didn't pan out, as was to be expected after the party the previous evening, so the usual rush resulted with all the last minute preparations. First we bent on the repaired mainsail and checked it over noting that the sailmaker had had to restitch almost every seam since they were all so weak. Trying to race such an old, poorly equipped boat against these new expensive American yachts is a thankless task. Mind you, the *Wanderer* is a well built and sound boat but she needs a few thousand dollars put into her, especially in sails, which we just haven't got. Most of the big American yachts are backed by millions---they carry four or five of each type of sail and if a wind comes up they can afford to blow out a sail and then stick another up when the weather improves. We were in a pretty sad position with just one each of our poor old sails---as you will see later. Also the schooner design is fine for cruising but when it comes to racing it is outdated and far out-classed by the newer and faster sloops and yawls, especially in light winds. But in half a gale she will really get up and go and give any other boat a run for their money---it takes a lot of wind to get the old girl moving!

Also that morning an electrical technician came over from the USN escort destroyer to fix our direction-finding set for us. Whenever any of our radio gear broke down, I was pretty much at a loss for lack of test equipment. There was always something electrical that needed fixing---usually our flashlights! The hardest job was keeping the boat's main batteries charged up because our generator was a noisy little gas driven job and most unpopular when off-duty crew were trying to sleep---which was most of the time. However, I managed to run it for a couple of hours every day which kept the batteries in fair shape.

The electrician and myself did what we could with the direction-finder and then, at about 11 am, we hoisted the anchor and went alongside to top up with gas, water, ice, and a few last-minute provisions. After this final flurry of activity we shoved off and, readying the sails and preparing the boat for sea,

headed for the starting line. There we found literally hundreds of boats---those actually racing, fifty-eight in all, were a small minority. Indeed, the whole horizon looked like one huge boat with a forest of masts and an endless deck. I suppose it was one of the largest collections of sailing and power boats that ever got together. Even old Mr Vanderbilt was cruising around in his huge, hotel-like power yacht. The starting line itself lay between the lightship off Newport and an anchored USN destroyer which then served as guardship for the race. The competing boats were divided into three groups for the start---A, B, and C classes, the largest boats being in A, the smallest in C, and the rest, including ourselves, in B. We were racing with a handicap advantage of some eight hours over the top A Class boat, *Ticonderoga*. As the big boats got away at 1 pm, we lurked in the background waiting for our start and trying hard to avoid all the small boats milling about the fleet. A quarter of an hour later we were off to a pretty good start in a light wind that put us at a disadvantage immediately. We were all relieved and excited to be finally off and running in the race which we had had so much trouble getting to. At least we were in it now and could settle down to the real business at hand.

It wasn't long before the C Class boats, which started fifteen minutes after us, began to catch up and pass us in the light breeze which was made to order for them. This was a bit discouraging but then we had a lot of miles ahead yet. Our chief competitor in the race was the US Coast Guard boat, *Teragram*, also one of the three schooners entered. She was a bit smaller than us so we had to give them about three hours handicap---not too much over a 675-mile course. She too pulled away from us in the light airs.

All of that first afternoon and evening the winds blew weakly and we drew farther and farther behind. But during that night it freshened and continued to strengthen on into

the next day. Our Genoa¹ jib was the first sail to let go when the foot began catching water. There is no use trying to lower the Genoa when a blow suddenly comes up for you will lose it for sure if you do. It just has to be left there until it blows out and another one hoisted when the wind lessens. When ours went it was gone for the race and we sure missed it in the very light breezes that followed. No sooner had one sail blown out than the Fisherman² went also with a crack that sounded like the mast going. It was quite a struggle lowering the torn sails but we eventually got them stowed away and then settled down to a good sail under working sails only. The going was rough that night and lifelines were required when working on the foredeck, but at least we were finally moving along at a good clip in a wind just designed for us. We saw the lights of quite a few other yachts pass in the dark---only this time we were the overtaking boat! All of the second day we churned along at a good rate of knots, sighting a few other sails on the horizon and apparently leaving them behind. Just as our spirits were rising our luck left us with the wind and we settled down to a fitful race of calms, light airs and the occasional squall.



The scratch boat *Ticonderoga*, designed by L. Francis Herreshoff and launched as *Tioga* in 1936, finished first in 24 of her initial 37 races. After seeing wartime duty as a coastal patrol boat, she was renamed *Ticonderoga* in 1946 and went on to set more elapsed-time records than any ocean racer in history.

At last we entered the Gulf Stream where night and day the chief article of clothing was a swimsuit and it didn't matter if you did get wet for the water was as warm as a bath. It was a surprising discovery to suddenly find the water in the scuppers to be lukewarm. Oilskins came off in a hurry and stayed off for the remainder of the race, not even being worn on the race back to Halifax. Now we began to see flying fish in abundance as well as schools of porpoises and numerous Portuguese Man-O-War. A couple of mornings we picked flying fish off the deck but never collected enough to cook for breakfast---they are supposed to be very tasty. All of these phenomena held a special interest for the youngest member of our crew who had never before been outside of the Maritimes in all of his twenty years.³ His astonishment at all the strange sights and his continuous enthusiasm were a constant

amusement to the rest of the crew. At the cry "Hey, Woody, come up and see the whale", he would pop out of the hatch like a shot from a gun with eyes as big as saucers. Occasionally we had difficulty getting Woody out of his bunk for meals but it was no trouble one day when, having hash for lunch on deck, someone shouted below "Hey Woody, come up and see the great big hash on deck". He was up in a flash scratching his head and wondering what kind of fish a "hash" was. Another character on board was a young Able Seaman⁴ from Calgary nicknamed, not surprisingly, "Cowboy". It was he who almost

¹ Also known as the genny, usually the biggest jib in the boat.

² The fisherman's staysail, also known as the gollywobbler, is a full, quadrilateral sail used in light airs on schooners. It is flown high, between the fore and main masts.

³ Ord. Sea. Ron Woodhill.

⁴ Able Sea. Ronald Booth.

created a stampede in Bermuda by wearing his fancy cowboy boots through the streets of downtown Hamilton---evidently quite a rare sight on the island.

With two of our light sails gone, we were at an even greater disadvantage in the light winds. The more the sails and booms slatted back and forth with the swell the more discouraged we became, especially as we watched the occasional yacht go by on the horizon with huge parachute spinnaker flying. When the wind came around to the beam we hoisted the balloon sail which was our largest and most advantageous sail. Once in a while we got the spinnaker up but it was small for the size of the boat and an awkward rig to handle. A schooner is certainly not designed to run downwind anyway, and the more reaching we could do with the "ballooner"¹ the better. We saw very few of the other 58 yachts during the race---a half dozen on the horizon the day after the start diminishing to one or two distant boats as the days went by. Towards the end of the race we began to see more again as everyone converged on Bermuda. It is astonishing how so many boats can get so spread out when they are all going to the same place. Mind you, we were low on the water and could probably only see about five miles to the horizon. Only once did we come close enough to another yacht to distinguish its number through the binoculars and identify it.

At last the good weather enabled the navigator to take regular sun and star sights so we managed to stay more-or-less on course in spite of a certain amount of drifting around. As we neared Bermuda we picked up their radio broadcasts but they would not give out any news of the race so as not to discourage anybody. We still hoped we were doing all right but, with the lack of wind, feared the worst.

On the fifth night out, Wednesday 25 June, the wind increased to moderate and we knew we were getting close. Bermuda is quite a small island and not at all difficult to miss completely. This has happened in previous races and, as we found out later, was done in this one, so all hands kept their eyes peeled as morning approached. Just as the sky began to lighten, a flashing light was sighted up ahead and a little to port. The navigator identified it as the lighthouse on the southwest end of the island²---we had arrived. However, the finish line was around at the northeast end. Since we had almost rounded the other end, we carried on and approached the line from the opposite side to most of the other boats who crossed from the north---a little shorter than going around the island and approaching from the south as we did. Bermuda looked mighty good as we sailed along the posh southern shore in a fresh breeze at sunrise. At first it looked as though the island was covered with spots of snow until we realized that it was just the glare of sun on whitewashed roofs that are used to catch rainwater, Bermuda's main source of fresh water. As the light increased, the large hotels and clubs became visible along the shore and some of the crew who had previously visited the island pointed out the better known resorts and beaches---with appropriate comments. As the sun rose the finish line came into sight and with the binoculars we watched yachts crossing the line from the other direction---a frustrating sight. At about 8 am we crossed the line ourselves and shouted across to the RN frigate marking the finish to find out our finishing position. The answer came back "45th" which was disappointing but we were all very glad to have made it at all. Our corrected time put us in 51st place out of 58, probably the best we could have expected given the condition of our sails and the winds we had---or didn't have!

¹ The Balloon Sail is a large balloon-shaped foresail used to replace or assist the jib in light winds.

² Gibbs Hill Lighthouse, a favourite view point for tourists.

We motored through the channel into Hamilton harbour¹ where we dropped anchor at roughly 10 am off the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club.² Then our first move was to strip the skipper down to his shorts and toss him into the drink—and then follow him in ourselves. The water was like a warm bath and it felt good to get rid of a few days' worth of grime and rime.

Once cleared by customs, the fun began and didn't stop until we hoisted anchor and left beautiful Bermuda. It did not take us long to find that there were seventy-five Canadian nurses at the local hospital. In fact Bermuda is full of Canadians and I think we must have had most of them on board at one time or another. Usually they would spot our flag as they cruised around the yachts and it wouldn't be long before they would be aboard for a drink. Occasionally we had almost enough small boats tied up alongside that we could walk ashore without getting our feet wet! We earned the reputation of being the friendliest and most hospitable yacht in the harbour—there is not a yacht club on the eastern seaboard that is not now fully aware of the existence of the RCN Sailing Association. We made a lot of friends in the sailing community.

One of the highlights of our brief stay was a magnificent steak dinner at the Bermudiana Hotel laid on by one of our crew members.³ He had booked a corner suite at the hotel and a private car with driver for the duration of our visit—something to do with the availability of funds in a sterling area! He also happens to be a top notch seaman and the backbone of our crew—he knows more about

sailing than the rest of us put together will probably ever know. In fact when he received a telegram in Newport recalling him to Halifax before we had even started the race, we thought we had had it. The skipper, being Chief-of-Staff to the Admiral, got on the phone and soon fixed that!

The prizes were presented on the Saturday following our arrival and the prize giving was held on the lawn in front of the Princess Hotel in conjunction with a huge cocktail party---the crews of 58 yachts and all the local dignitaries made quite a crowd that included many of the most famous names in sailing. There were plenty of awards but, alas, not a one for us.

Bermuda to Halifax

All good things must come to an end and Tuesday 1 July, five days after our arrival, we were scheduled to depart Bermuda on a race back to Halifax.⁴ What with all the entertaining, we hadn't managed a bit of work on the boat except to have our torn sails repaired and take on fresh provisions. The morning of the 1st, all of us a little worse the wear, we went alongside for gas, water and ice and then motored out to the start in company with *Ticonderoga*, *Teragram* and *Gulf Stream*, our competitors on the race to Halifax. The *Ticonderoga* was the biggest threat for she is a very fast "A" Class ketch and had been scratch boat in the race we had just finished. The *Gulf Stream* is an "A" Class yawl which we had beaten on corrected time in the first race. The third boat, *Teragram*, is the US Coast Guard schooner which beat us to Bermuda by nineteen seconds.

The start was late, not until 2:30 pm, because the *Ticonderoga* had forgotten to get ice and had to put into S. Georges for it before leaving. But we finally got away to a beautiful start in a black line squall under a double reef and really going flat out. We had no sooner

¹ My chief recollection of entering harbour is the boat from Gosling Brothers that passed out complimentary bottles of rum to each yacht while speeding by at arm's length.

² This was the first of my many visits to this beautiful island--by aircraft carrier, by destroyer, with the Fleet Air Arm temporarily stationed at Kindley Field, on honeymoon, celebrating our 40th wedding anniversary, and many happy holidays in the sun.

³ Lt. A.C.(Joe) Prosser.

⁴ This was the inaugural running of the 750-mile Bermuda-to-Halifax ocean race sponsored by the RCN Sailing Association.

crossed the line than the wind dropped absolutely flat and the rain came down like a solid wall of water. For six hours we drifted in a dead calm and pouring rain still in full sight of Bermuda. At least we had a good fresh water shower! That night the wind rose again and once more we blew out our genoa with nothing to replace it. But the wind didn't last long and it was soon the first race all over again--slat, slat, slat of the sails and the compass just going around and around. However the sun was bright and the gulf stream was warm so it was pleasant enough cruising if not much of a way to race.

In addition to loss of the genoa, we had more than our share of problems apart from the weather. One of the jib stays parted early in the race and then the port gas tank sprung a leak after the first night's pounding. The fumes were very bad below decks and no one dared even smoke a cigarette for fear we would all be blown sky-high. Unfortunately the tank was impossible to get at without practically tearing the boat apart, so all we could do was pour salt water into the tank until all of the gas had risen to the top and overflowed into the sea. This at least got rid of the fumes and smoking was resumed. The jib stay we couldn't do anything with and we no longer had a genoa to hoist on it anyway. I won't go into the many additional small sail repairs we did ourselves en route but there were plenty.

Most of the race consisted of tacking into a head wind, when we had any wind at all, and at first all four boats went quite a bit to westward of the direct course. We heard the occasional radio report giving the position of the boats and, deciding that we were not doing well enough, veered off sharply to the eastward in order to get clear of the others and perhaps find more wind. This completely foxed the race escort vessel who didn't locate us again until two navy planes sighted us just before we reached home.

No one was more surprised than ourselves, with the possible exception of the opposition, when, on the morning of our last day out and after finally heading back

westward, we sighted the *Ticonderoga* astern of us and heard reports of the other two boats still farther back. The *Ticonderoga* soon passed us--she is, after all, a much faster boat--but, since she had to give us about a nine-hour handicap advantage, we were not worried about her any longer. However we were not sure just how far *Teragram* was astern of us and we had to give her two-and-a-half hours. Since the remaining boat, *Gulf Stream*, gave us time, she was out of the race as far as we were concerned. We followed two hours behind *Ticonderoga* into Halifax harbour in a mediocre breeze under a clear sky with spinnaker flying. At 5:45 pm, just over six days out of Bermuda, we crossed the finish line and tied up at our old mooring from which we had slipped twenty-four days earlier--and a bearded sun-tanned crew we were too. *Teragram* was still not in sight so we sat in the clubhouse of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron biting our finger nails while we waited to see if we would win a race after all. When 8:15 pm rolled around and she still was not in sight, her 2½ hour handicap was over so we were officially declared the winner--much to the surprise of a lot of local sceptics.

At the prize-giving on the following evening we were the first recipients of the cup which was to be competed for on the completion of every Newport-to-Bermuda race in the future. In addition the skipper of *Ticonderoga* received the prize for first boat across the line and also that for the first non-Canadian yacht to finish on corrected time, for she too beat *Teragram* with her handicap. This same skipper donated a perpetual trophy for the navigator of the yacht winning on corrected time which went to our navigator.

EPILOGUE

I would have liked to be able to bring the reader up to date on the subsequent history of both the *Wanderer IX* and the Bermuda-to-Halifax yacht race. However, I have thus far been unable to find any information on either one since these events of 1952. The Newport-to-Bermuda race is, of course, still being run every other year. Whether or not there have been any Canadian yachts entered since the

Members' News



Commander Reed receives the RCN Sailing Association trophy from Rear-Admiral R.E.S. Bidwell, Flag Officer Atlantic Coast, at the presentation of prizes at the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. (RCN photo HS-20638)

Wanderer IX I do not know. As far as my fellow crewmen are concerned, most now sail those seas where the wind is always fair. Of those who remain I have no record—perhaps someone out there reading this will recognize one of my shipmates and bring me up to date.

Perhaps also someone will have answers to the following questions:

- S what was the ultimate fate of the *Wanderer IX* ?
- S although, in recent years, the so-called Tall Ships have raced from Bermuda to Halifax, has the original race ever been run again on completion of the Newport-to-Bermuda race?
- S what happened to the perpetual trophy originally donated by the RCN Sailing Association for the winner, on corrected time, of the B-to-H race?
- S what happened to the perpetual trophy originally donated by the skipper of *Ticonderoga* for the navigator of the boat winning on corrected time?

Jim Delgado will soon be taking up some new challenges: after 15 years as head of the Vancouver Maritime Museum, he will be joining the US-based Institute of Nautical Archaeology as executive director. He will take the new post June 30, having delayed his departure to help his old employer find a suitable replacement. He has described the new position as a dream come true that allows him to return to his roots as an underwater archeologist.

The new role will allow Dr Delgado to remain a British Columbia resident, but will require extensive travel. He may have to give up some of his many commitments, which have included writing a newspaper column and helping as host of the now-finished television show *The Sea Hunters*.

Society President **Rich Gimblett** has been broadening his historical career (some might even say going over to the dark side!) by delving into the history of the Canadian Expeditionary Force in the First World War. His book *In the Footsteps of the Canadian Corps*, co-authored with Angus Brown (Magic Light Publishing, 2006, ISBN 1-894673-24-7) was launched, appropriately enough, on Vimy Day at the Canadian War Museum. Beautifully illustrated, it's a book worth checking out.

Museums and Ships

Historic Ships at Birkenhead

[*Daily Post*, 15 March] Merseyside's troubled historic warships collection suffered a new blow as the ships were effectively abandoned.

The prestigious Wirral collection was disclaimed by liquidators, which means the ships belong to the Crown and the fate of the ships - including veterans from the Falklands war - is now to be decided by the local authority.

Pamela Brown, a former trustee of the Warships Trust, said: "Essentially the vessels have been abandoned but can not be scrapped as many contain asbestos. It is particularly sad especially as next year it will be 25 years since the Falklands war.

Historic Warships at Birkenhead closed to the public on February 5 and liquidators took over the ships shortly after.

Talks are still continuing over the future of the German U-boat which is not part of the main collection. Representatives from its Danish owners, Den Bla Avis, travelled to Wirral after the museum closed to discuss where it will be placed. The vessel was one of the last U-boats sunk by the Allies in 1945. It was raised from the sea bed 48years-later.

Other vessels in the collection include two Falklands conflict veterans, the frigate HMS *Plymouth* and submarine HMS *Onyx*. Another ship, the former Mersey Bar lightship *Planet*, will be moved to Vittoria Dock, Birkenhead.

Sir Philip Goodhart, founder and former chairman of Historic Warships at Birkenhead, said the museum would stay shut to the public this summer and said it was possible that bids for the collection could begin in the coming months. He said: "I am reasonably hopeful that the collection will be kept together and I hope that it will be in Merseyside. The matter of funding for the U534 is more delicate and I very much hope that she will stay here as there can be no doubt that Merseyside is the right place for this unique historic memory of the battle of the Atlantic. U534 is not part of the main collection and is independently owned."

The collection of 20th century ships had been open to visitors for 12 years before its closure. At the time around 11 members of staff were made redundant.

The collection of warships has been in trouble since plans for the conversion of a nearby corn warehouse into luxury flats were outlined. Liquidators Parkin S Booth were in

charge of the ships until they disclaimed them.

Mary Rose

[posted by John Fisher on MARHST-L, 15 March] Over the next 5 years there will be various events celebrating "*Mary Rose* 500," the 500th anniversary of keel laying in 2009, 500th anniversary of launch in 2010 & 500th anniversary of completion in 2011 - all to be completed before the London Olympic Games in 2012.

Plans for a new *Mary Rose* Museum are well ahead. It will completely surround the ship in No. 3 dry dock, but will include not only viewing platforms, but the MR museum will be housed there as will study facilities. The whole new building will be oval shaped with a shallow domed roof to look like "a giant jewel case."

As is well known, the surviving part of the hull is little more than a third of the starboard side of the hull. The 10 metre long stem timber recovered last October will be put in place at the forward end of the keel & then a "phantom" copy of the port side will be placed opposite the actual starboard side with a gap between whence visitors can see the inside of the ship. The phantom side will contain the guns & fittings considered too heavy for thereal side. Also recovered last year was an anchor (the fourth recovered in all) & a much eroded chunk of timber which seems to have no structural purpose. There is the faintest suggestion of some kind of leaf carving & it has been suggested that it is the Tudor rose decoration visible at the forward end of the forecastle in the Anthony Roll picture.

The MR sword will be put on show in a special environmentally controlled case. This sword was found some years ago & is the oldest known English basket hilt sword, although they were previously known in Scotland. The *Mary Rose* Archaeological Services is a World Centre of excellence in the conservation of soggy wood and is at

present working on a 1500 BCE wreck from Gela in Sicily. They have recently completed the conservation of an even older dugout longboat found at Fiskerton in Lincolnshire which is now in Lincoln Museum. They are also monitoring the environmental control of HMS *Victory*'s Trafalgar topsail.

Medway Queen

[*Medway Messenger*, March 6, 2006] Time and tide have achieved what the Nazis failed to do, and sunk veteran paddle steamer *Medway Queen*. Members of the *Medway Queen* Preservation Society, which is seeking lottery funding to restore the vessel, found her submerged at her mooring on the Hoo Peninsula.

"High tides and gale-force winds have been too much for her," said Brian Goodhew, the association's spokesman. "She suffered structural damage and began taking in water. I suppose it was unfair to ask the 82-year-old ship to survive another winter in the condition she's in. But this won't affect our efforts to restore her. We'll patch her up and refloat her when conditions improve. The sinking shows how important it is to get her transported to a proper shipyard so we can get the hull properly restored and replated."

The association still have high hopes of winning approval for a lottery grant, following a survey report which says the ship can be saved. Its claim will be considered in June.

Later this month the association's mobile exhibition van will visit Dunkirk, in France, from where the *Medway Queen* rescued 7,000 troops during the 1940 evacuation.

Museum buys Canadian Submarine for Four Dollars

[Broadcast News, March 17, 2006] Decommissioned Canadian navy submarines are going cheap. For just \$4, a Quebec museum has purchased one of the Oberon-class subs sitting dockside in Dartmouth.

The Musée de la Mer de Pointe-au-Pere near Rimouski, Que., paid the \$4 -plus tax - in October. The former HMCS *Onondaga* will be towed out of port this summer to its new home, and is slated to open to the public June 1, 2007.

Annemarie Bourassa, assistant director of the museum, says they think the sub will be a big draw.

Royal Patron for Historic Dockyard, Chatham

[Press release from The Historic Dockyard Chatham, 11 April, 2006] HRH The Prince of Wales has agreed to be the Patron of a major new project at The Historic Dockyard Chatham.

The project, National Museums at Chatham, aims to improve public access to a wide range of internationally pre-eminent collections of museum artefacts. The concept envisages the sensitive adaptation of a significant historic building. The space will contain purpose-designed education facilities, a high quality gallery to attract temporary exhibitions and a permanent gallery drawing on the museum partners' world-renowned collections, including ship models and associated items. Specialised storage and research facilities will maximise the value of these collections.

National Museums at Chatham is a partnership between Chatham Historic Dockyard Trust, the National Maritime Museum, the Imperial War Museum and the Science Museum. Medway Council, English Heritage and the Department for Culture, Media and Sport are also actively engaged. The total cost is estimated at £14 million, of which £2 million is already in place. The balance will be raised over the next few years, with major funding bids currently being submitted. The new centre is due to open to the public in 2010.

The project recovers for future generations the 19th Century Number One Smithery building at The Historic Dockyard

Chatham. Once described by English Heritage as the South East's "most intractable building at risk", the restoration of this building will largely complete the regeneration of the heart of The Historic Dockyard, which is also a potential World Heritage Site.

The new complex will serve the growing population in Medway and the Thames Gateway and add value to the tourism offer in these areas. In addition to the new learning centre and display facilities, more than 5,000 objects including ship and maritime models, together with associated material such as works of art will be re-located from their parent museums and either placed on permanent display or housed in modern, co-located, reserve storage. There will be ready access for public viewing, for scholarly research and for long-term preservation and conservation. Items from this unprecedented assembly of museum treasures will also be available for loan to other museums and institutions nationally and internationally.

Special Event aboard the USS *Constitution*

For those interested, there will be a special event this summer in Boston involving USS *Constitution*, the world's oldest warship afloat. The frigate *Constitution* is moored as a permanent exhibition ship at the former Boston Naval Yard in Charlestown, Massachusetts. *Constitution* remains the spiritual embodiment of the US Navy in the same way that HMS *Victory* is a symbol of tradition and institutional pride for the Royal Navy.

On two successive Thursday mornings this summer in August (the 24th and the 31st) the crew of *Constitution* will rig and hoist all of her sails. This exhibition will take place between 7:00am and 10:00am (0700-1000) with the ship tied up pierside. Due to the expected large spectator turnout, bleacher seating will be set up alongside the ship for people interested in viewing this activity.

This event is not to be missed by enthusiasts of the great age of sail. It has been many decades since the last time *Constitution* carried all of her sail allotment, and it might be a long time before this happens again.

Conferences and Symposia

RINA Historic Ships

Call for Papers

4 - 5 October 2006 - London, UK

There are a huge number of historic ships that are in need of restoration and preservation. Several organisations exist, who aim to preserve these ships for the benefit of future generations.

This conference is aimed at exploring the technical and engineering issues involved in the preservation and restoration of historic vessels from large passenger ships and warships to coastal and inland waterway craft, and of all nationalities and of local, national or international importance.

Papers can be submitted on any subject related to the technical aspects of preserving and restoring Historic Ships, including the following topics:

- S** Materials and structural analysis, including appropriate material replacement, repair or replication.
- S** Propulsion systems, rigs and sails.
- S** Layouts and the need to meet current safety legislation.
- S** Techniques for conservation and restoration.
- S** Recording and deconstruction
- S** The balance between preservation afloat or dry.
- S** Maintenance of craft skills and training.
- S** The case for the replication of key historic vessels
- S** The sourcing of technical / historic information on "important" ships

If you wish to submit a paper for this event, send a short abstract by 21 April 2006:

Conference Department, RINA,
10 Upper Belgrave Street, London SW1X
8BQ
fax on +44 (0)20 7259 5912
email: conference@rina.org.uk

The venue for this conference will be RINA Headquarters. (Near Victoria Rail and Tube Station).

www.rina.org.uk/showarticle.pl?id=8083&n=407

Seventh Cologne Whaling Meeting

in the Kulturkirche Nippes, Cologne,
Germany

Friday–Sunday, 10–12 November 2006

Call for Papers

The triennial Cologne Whaling Meetings are one of only two regular international conferences on the cultural history of human-cetacean relations, worldwide, from prehistoric times to the present day. In the past, they have attracted between 60 and 80 participants from up to a dozen countries.

Friday evening starts with the traditional “greasy gossip”, a casual warm-up reunion in a Cologne pub, where you can meet old friends and make new ones from all over the whaling world.

Saturday will feature an all-day conference programme of about eight presentations, with coffee and lunch breaks in between. There will be a Saturday night dinner (at participants’ own expense), hopefully, as in previous years, followed by a concert of whaling-related music.

Sunday morning will be devoted to four more presentations. The conference will close between noon and 1:30 PM.

Possible presentations cover the entire range of human-cetacean relations, from mythology, literature, art, archaeology, music, law, technology of whale products and whaling methods, the history and maintenance of whaling collections and monuments, historical strandings, early cetology, whaling

history, personal recollections of whaling veterans, to current whaling policy.

It is intended to set aside the time of one presentation for a new feature hitherto not included in the conference schedule, viz. a “collectors’ show-and-tell,” where several collector-presenters give short accounts of selected highlights or enigmatic pieces of their collections.

Presenters need to be aware of the customarily unfavourable conditions offered by the organizer of the Cologne Whaling Meetings: There is no funding available to reimburse them for travel and accommodation expenses! The only benefit to speakers, presenters, contributors to the exhibition, etc., is that their participation fee will be waived (not applicable to the show-and-tell section).

Presentations should be in English, possibly in German, and be about 35 to 40 minutes in length. Films of that length in any language may also be considered. Some of the papers given in the past have been published in the scholarly yearbook of the German National Maritime Museum, a peer-reviewed journal, and it is expected that this may also be the case this time.

Please submit your proposal with the usual information (topic, brief abstract, institutional or whaling affiliation, length, technical requirements, (MS Powerpoint, video (PAL-system in Germany!), type of projector) by 15 April 2006 to the address below.

Klaus Barthelmess
Whaling Research Project
PO Box 62 02 55
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