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The Journal Of The National Maritime Museum Cornwall

TITANIC STORIES / CONTEMPORARY VOICES / TATTOO ON TOUR

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CORNWALL

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Front cover image courtesy of
Claes-Göran Wetterholm Collection

Foreword

The second issue of our annual journal documents yet another year of 'firsts' for The National Maritime Museum Cornwall.

Our major new exhibition *Titanic Stories* examines how much of what we think we know about *Titanic* is actually true, and where the myths surrounding the ship originated. It explores why our culture is so fascinated by this maritime disaster far more than any other disaster. Is there something in the horror of that April night that speaks to us more than a century later, or is the *Titanic* story nothing more than a long-running commercial venture?

Titanic was the first major international disaster in peacetime, so it is a natural subject for a maritime museum like ours. However, it has a particular resonance for us. Sixty-one people on board that ship were born in this county, and forty-five of them were lost. The *Titanic* tragedy is therefore both an international story and a Cornish story. It is also poignant that almost everything we know about the sinking of *Titanic* comes from the survivors conveyed to safety in small boats.

Working in collaboration with private collectors from overseas and national museums in the UK, the exhibition presents rare and never-seen-before objects, as well as retelling the personal stories of many of the survivors, victims and descendants of the *Titanic* disaster, including those from Cornwall.

In addition to the many historic objects, the Museum commissioned three large-scale new installation pieces. The first is an exact, life-size replica of Lifeboat 13, made by specialist boat builders in our workshop. The second is a stunning, sensitive and inspiring representation of an iceberg suspended over the lifeboat by Falmouth based artist, Dan Arnold. This innovative sculpture is formed from 2208 monkey's fist knots, created in partnership with members of the local community, each representing a survivor or victim of the tragedy. This is our second exhibition to feature art installations funded by Arts Council England, the first being *Tattoo: British Tattoo Art Revealed*, underlining our ambition to continue to deliver such logistically and artistically challenging projects, particularly with such high levels of community participation. A third installation is a model containing 2,208 figures, one for every person who set sail on *Titanic*. The artist, Darius Wilson, used different colours to denote First Class, Second Class and Third Class passengers and crew. Darker colours show how many survived, and lighter shades those who perished.

We think of *Titanic* as a luxury liner but she was also a ship of migration. *Contemporary Voices*, a concurrent exhibition in our first floor gallery, tells the historic stories of those leaving Cornwall on the ship in 1912 and places them against present day stories of people who have moved to Cornwall from overseas.


15 GALLERIES
BOATBUILDING
LOOKOUT TOWER
MAJOR EXHIBITIONS
PLAYZONE
LIBRARY
CAFE
GIFT SHOP

These stories are brought to life though a mixture of specially commissioned photographic portraits, interviews, and personally chosen artefacts. This exhibition is now regarded as an example of best practice in making a seemingly distant history socially relevant today, engaging diverse audiences and incorporating community voices and stories within the Museum's wider exhibition themes.

We are delighted that our ground breaking and award winning exhibition *Tattoo: British Tattoo Art Revealed* is now at the beginning of a three year tour of UK museums, representative of the size of our ambition to be a nationally significant Museum.

This year also sees us reach our 15th birthday. This is no mean feat in itself, as an independent museum and charity, we do not receive core funding from any government agency, and so we rely heavily on our admission fees to meet our day-to-day running costs. All our earned revenue is reinvested back into the Museum to enhance and grow our activity and our continued success is testament to the passion, commitment and hard work of our supporters, volunteers and staff. We continue our work to curate ambitious and unexpected exhibitions which bring artefacts from national and international collections to Cornwall, offer new and diverse perspectives to maritime issues, and give them contemporary relevance; to remain a vital centre of family learning and award winning education programming in Cornwall; to preserve and promote Cornwall Maritime Heritage; and our programme of boat building and conservation.

In celebration of the 15 years since the National Maritime Museum Cornwall opened its doors, we asked creative and professional writing students and staff at Falmouth University to respond creatively to 15 objects on display in the museum. Some of the pieces veer towards the journalistic, others towards the autobiographical, and others are more obviously fictional responses but they are all, in their own way, speculations on the stories that surround these objects. We hope these pieces will help you to see the collections afresh, that they will give these objects new life for you when you next visit, and that they might even inspire you to speculate about the fascinating lives these objects led before they found their way to us.

As ever, I am hugely indebted to all our partners, funders, lenders, volunteers and staff for their invaluable contribution.⚓

Richard Doughty, Director
National Maritime Museum Cornwall
April 2018

Object courtesy of Claes-Göran
Wetterholm Collection

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Titanic Stories

Reappraising the myths

Objects courtesy of the
Claes-Göran Wetterholm Collection

Our major exhibition *Titanic Stories* examines the narratives of the *Titanic*'s momentous sinking on 15 April 1912, reappraising many of the myths, controversies and assumptions that still linger around one of the most well-known historic events of the 20th century.

Working in collaboration with private collectors from overseas and national museums in the UK, *Titanic Stories* presents rare and never-seen-before objects, as well as retelling the personal stories of many of the survivors, victims and descendants of the *Titanic* disaster, including those from Cornwall. »

One of the most globally talked about events in history

Focusing on the remarkably rapid commercialisation of the disaster, the exhibition also offers an in-depth exploration of the tragic event's quick rise in status to one of the most globally talked about and commodified events in history, from how the news initially broke and was reported by international media (a subject of early 'fake news' stories), to the first souvenir postcards produced days after the sinking, the books written and film adaptations made within weeks, and the commemorative music and memorials, as well as more contemporary ephemera and artefacts following the discovery of the wreck in September 1985.

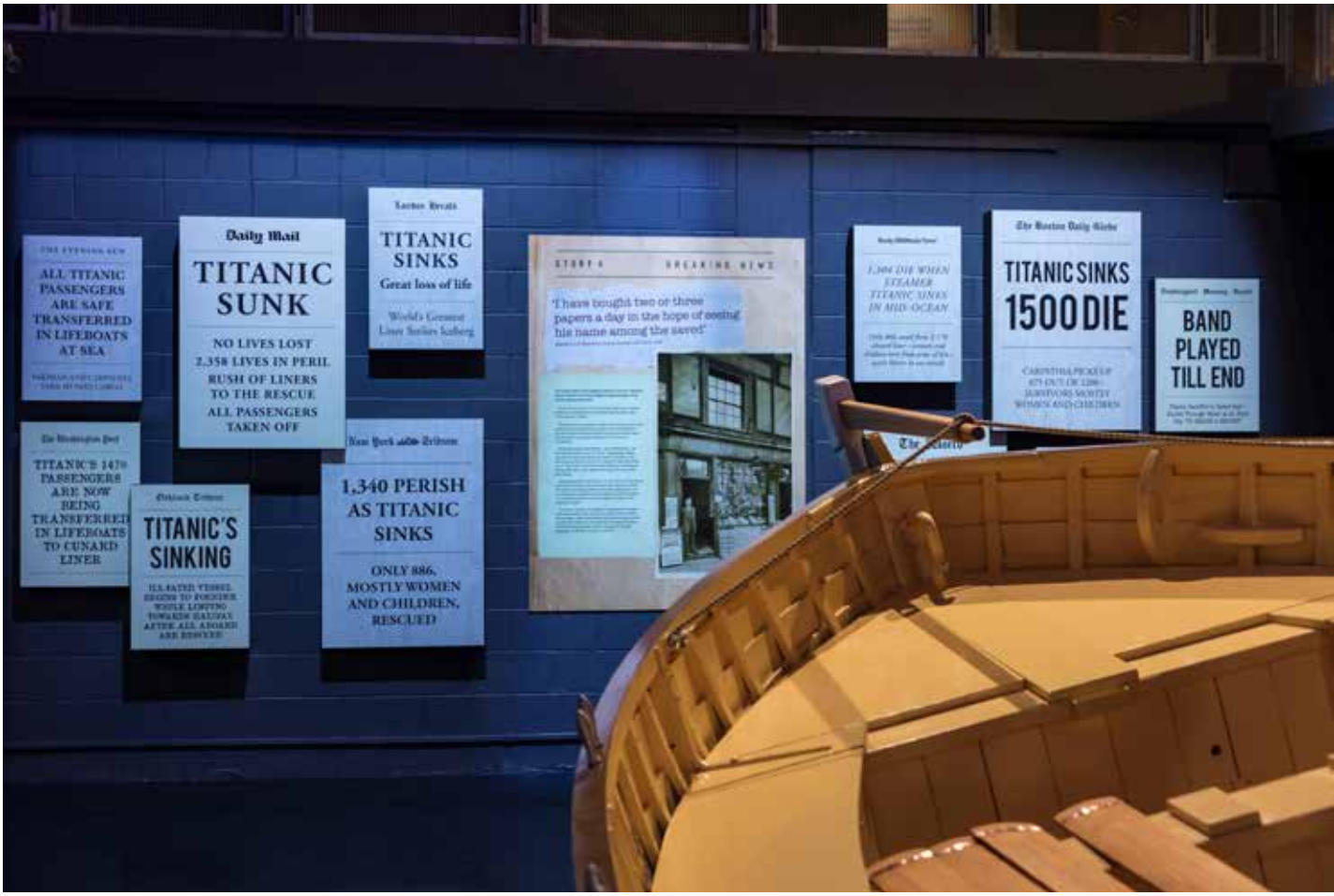
Objects on display

Alongside documentary and personal photographs, letters and newspaper cuttings, compelling items such as a handkerchief waved from a lifeboat and a First-Class passenger list found in the pocket of a victim, are on display.

Exploring cinema adaptations

International cinema adaptations of the *Titanic* story are explored, from a Nazi propaganda film, to the award-winning 'A Night to Remember', each represented in the exhibition by their original film posters, production stills and more. Iconic items from James Cameron's 1997 blockbuster also feature, including one of Kate Winslet's celebrated costumes and other props and pieces from the epic production. ⚓

Photo: Kirstin Prisk



Sacred to the Memory of
1,635 Heroes

who lost their lives in mid-Atlantic, through the great liner,

"TITANIC"

colliding with an Iceberg, on the Sabbath night of April 14, 1912.

Thro' the darkness of the night came a call,
The call of death that told them all was o'er.
Before their God in silence they did fall,
And landed safely on a brighter shore.

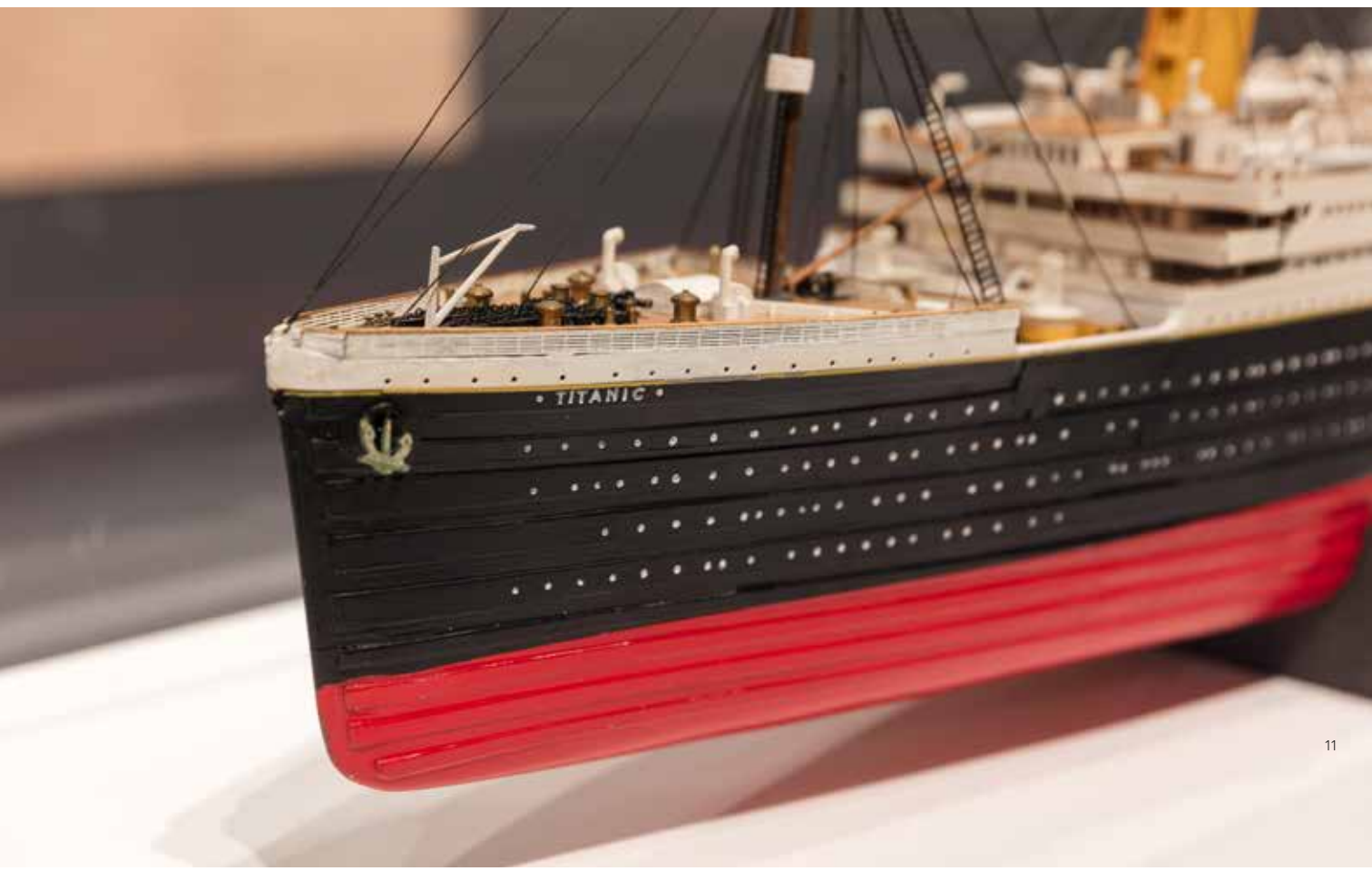
Lord, if it be Thy command that we should leave so suddenly those we love, may it please Thee to bring us together in heaven.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.'

Harry Simmons, Truro, May, 1912.

Top: Courtesy of the
Claes-Göran Wetterholm Collection

Photo below: Kirstin Prisk



Claes-Göran Wetterholm

Collector of *Titanic* memorabilia, and maritime historian, Claes-Göran Wetterholm, is also guest co-curator of our *Titanic Stories* exhibition.

'Each object has a story, and by telling the story of say a third class passenger, although that person has gone, they are still here with us. We keep them alive,' says Claes-Göran Wetterholm, private collector of *Titanic* memorabilia, much of which can be seen in *Titanic Stories*. 'I believe in identification,' he says, when asked why the exhibition is important. 'If you become interested in something, and you identify with it, for example, what it was like to be in the lifeboat, or write a postcard on the *Titanic,* or indeed receive that postcard, it starts to bring history to life, which is extremely important.' »

Opposite: 'Atlantic' 1929 © Claes-Göran Wetterholm Collection


TITANIC
DIE ERSTE UND LETZTE FAHRT DER
TITANIC
TITANIC SOAP
GUARANTEED TO SINK

“

It started a lifelong career, not just in the *Titanic* but ocean liners in general and shipping disasters.

Above and opposite top: Objects courtesy of the Claes-Göran Wetterholm Collection

Opposite: Installation by Darius Wilson

When did you first become aware of the *Titanic*?

I am one of the few collectors who can pinpoint exactly the start of their obsession. It was 8.40pm August 21, 1960. Swedish TV was showing a BBC programme called the Time of the Suffragettes and I was aged eight. In it they mentioned the *Titanic* and I remember turning to my father and asking: ‘What is the *Titanic*?’ He took out the encyclopedia, and so my journey began. (He has subsequently told me he wished he’d never started reading.) I was immediately hooked and utterly fascinated by the story, in a way that only children can be. We lived in the middle of nowhere, this was pre-internet, and I remember making my mother take me to the library 40km away where there was a couple of books on the subject. I later found other books in English and then German which was my cue to learn both languages. It started a lifelong career, not just in the *Titanic* but ocean liners in general and shipping disasters. It is a little known fact that, after English and Americans, the third largest number of passengers were Swedish (Irish were the fourth and, surprisingly, Syrian the fifth). It meant the second language spoken on board was Swedish, there were also a large amount of Finns. The Swedes, like many other passengers were looking for a new life in America. When I lecture on the *Titanic* in Sweden these days I remind students today’s refugees are seeking exactly the same as were the passengers on the *Titanic*.

Is there a personal connection?

Strangely, yes, although I didn’t discover it until much later. I found out by chance that my grandmother’s cousin was married to Axel Welin, the Swedish inventor and industrialist who moved from Sweden to London. His main interest was davits - a crane used on a ship to raise and lower boats and anchors. After being told on-ship technology in this department “dated back to Noah”, he decided to invent an improved version, which became known as the Welin Davit. The *Titanic* was equipped with them and, after the disaster, the demand for his product skyrocketed. He was awarded the John Scott Medal of The Franklin Institute in 1911 and retired to Sweden a a wealthy man in 1932. I knew nothing of this when I started my collection, but he would have been responsible for saving many lives.

The exhibition seeks to bust many *Titanic* myths, what can we expect?

Where to begin? Firstly, when the ship went down, the band was not playing ‘Nearer My God to Thee’. The listing of the vessel would have made it impossible to play the cello, let alone a grand piano. We believe there were three musicians on deck, two violinists and a viola. Much of the mythology that built up around the sinking of the *Titanic* had its roots in Edwardian ideas of men’s bravery. In fact, there were only 10 more women survivors (333) than men (323). Likewise, I have found no evidence to back up the claim that third-class passengers were unable to escape the lower decks because of “gates”. An idea that seems to have come entirely from films. All in all, my research has shown that if something could go wrong that night, it went wrong. Blame is difficult to ascribe: it was neither the captain’s, nor the crew’s fault. The ship was travelling too fast in iceberg-infested waters (which was common up until 1912 when oceangoing liner’s clarion call was “Get on or Get Out”). At the time, speed was paramount for both the shipping line and passengers. This led to the disaster. ⚓

This article originally appeared in Antique Collecting Magazine **antique-collecting.co.uk**

Opposite: *Titanic* survivor's lifejacket courtesy of National Museums Liverpool (Merseyside Maritime Museum)

Q & A: Dr Eric Kentley

Guest co-curator and maritime historian

There have been other maritime disasters, why do you think there is such continued interest in the *Titanic*?

This is the question that fascinates my co-curator Claes-Göran Wetterholm and me and we still haven't come up with a completely satisfying answer! Few people have heard about the *Doña Paz* or the *Wilhelm Gustloff* which are far worse tragedies, but, *Titanic* is the only ship to have captured the interest of such a huge number of people. It's probably partly because it's an event that is just over the horizon of human memory so we can identify easily with the people on the ship; partly because we imagine – falsely – that the years of the 20th century were some sort of golden age before the horrors of the First World War. It is also partly because it is so rich in stories: in the two hours forty minutes it took for the ship to sink, you can see every type of human behaviour – self-sacrifice, self-preservation, bravery, cowardice, duty, incompetence… It is also very easy to imagine ourselves on the deck of that ship and wonder how we would behave.

What myths and controversies does the exhibition take to task?

Let's look at one myth and one controversy. Just about every film ever made shows the musicians playing 'Nearer My God to Thee' in the final moments before the ship sinks. There are eyewitnesses who saw them playing to the end, but there is little reliable evidence that 'Nearer My God To Thee' was played at all. The source was the First Class passenger Vera Dick. But she has left the *Titanic* in a lifeboat »

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This is an exhibition not so much about the *Titanic* herself but what we think we know about the *Titanic*.

an hour and twenty minutes before the ship sank, and was probably three-quarters of a mile away in the ship's final moments, so surely she could not be certain what tune was being played. Significantly, six years earlier, there had been a disaster off Canada's west coast when the *SS Valencia* ran aground, and some 136 people could not be rescued. Within earshot of the shore, they were heard to be singing 'Nearer My God to Thee'. As a Canadian, Mrs Dick would have known this story – did she unconsciously transpose it to the *Titanic*? The radio operator Harold Bride was one of the last to leave the ship: he told the press the musicians were playing 'Autumn'. The press immediately latched onto this being an Episcopal hymn – but he almost certainly meant 'Songe d'Automne', a very popular waltz tune of the time which was in the musicians' repertoire. The biggest controversy surrounds a ship called the *Californian* which saw the rockets of the *Titanic* but did not come to the rescue. The *Californian* saw another ship, and signaled to her, but received no reply. The identity of that ship remains a mystery. But even if the *Californian* had switched on her radio and heard the news, she could not have reached the *Titanic* in time to save a single extra person.

Because it's been written about so much, it can feel like we know everything there is to know about the *Titanic* – what fresh things do you hope the audience will take away from the exhibition?

This is an exhibition not so much about the *Titanic* herself but what we think we know about the *Titanic*. This is now a mixture of survivors' memories, myths created from half remembered events and stories created to make the disaster seem even more dramatic. We hope visitors will begin to question how much we can actually know about historical events, particularly when they are turned into cinematic dramas.

What's the object you're most excited to have in the show and why?

That's difficult – I could choose a lifejacket worn by one of the survivors, a love poem taken from the pocket of a victim, but actually I'd opt for the 30 foot lifeboat that the National Maritime Museum Cornwall has constructed. It's a very well researched reconstruction, and it brings home how terrifying it must have been to have been lowered from the deck of the *Titanic* to the sea, and how vulnerable the survivors must have felt in the Atlantic.

The commodification of the disaster is an interesting aspect – why did this particularly happen to this extent with the *Titanic*?

The commemorative industry was not invented after the sinking of the *Titanic*, but this was the first major international disaster, so the market for souvenirs, books and postcards was huge. Postcards in particular were very popular – because of course few people had access to a telephone and a quick note on a postcard, which would usually be delivered the same day was the most common means of sending a message.

You are one of only 200 people to have been down to the wreck of the *Titanic* – what was that like?

It was a surreal experience. The wreck is two and a half miles below the surface, so it takes an hour and a half to reach the site. It is of course in total darkness – the only light comes from the submersible. It is very peaceful, the only living creatures down there are a few pure white rat-trailed fish and white crabs. I'm not sure we learned a huge amount about the ship, just a little more about the lives of some of the passengers, and what they had intended to take to their new homes in America. ⚓

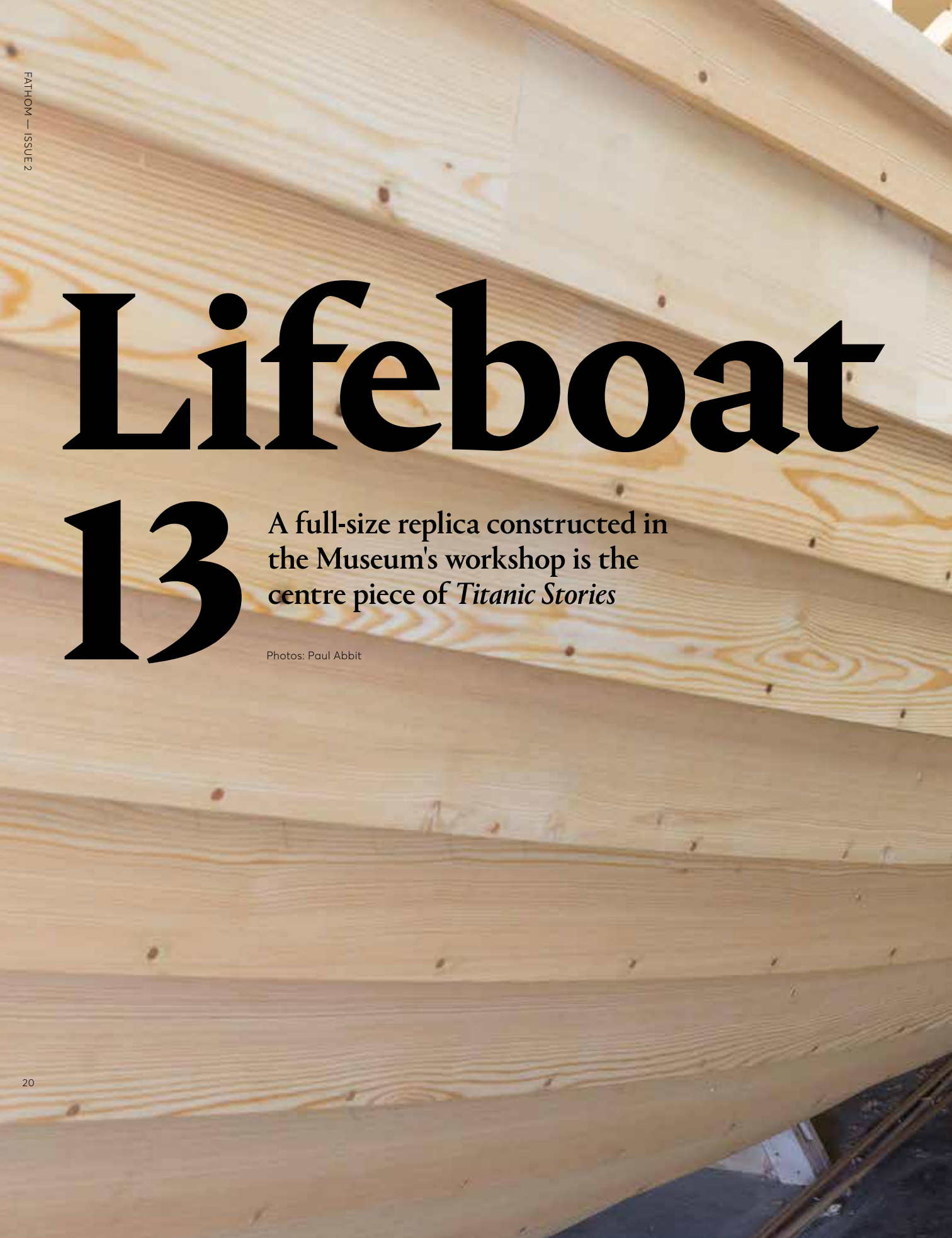
Opposite: Courtesy of the Claes-Göran Wetterholm Collection


HOFF
Titanic
REGIE: HERBERT SELPIN
SYBILLE SCHMITZ · HANS NIELSEN
KIRSTEN HEIBERG · E.F. FÜRBRINGER
KARL SCHÖNBÖCK · OTTO WERNICKE
CHARLOTTE THIELE · THEODOR LOOS
SEPP RIST · FRANZ SCHAFHEITLIN
U.A.M.

Lifeboat 13

A full-size replica constructed in the Museum's workshop is the centre piece of *Titanic Stories*

Photos: Paul Abbit



The *Titanic* carried fourteen lifeboats of the type the Museum has reconstructed. We chose number 13 partly because there's a very good account written of what happened in the boat and how it nearly came to grief – by the English schoolmaster Lawrence Beesley. But Boat 13 also helps us examine some of the *Titanic* myths, such as 'women and children first'. Looking at who was in the boat we begin to see a more complicated picture.

The exhibition presents a luggage label for every named person on the boat (55 people) displaying their name, age, and why they were on the *Titanic*. Of the 55 people on the lifeboat the exhibition shows that 24 of the 55 were crew, 21 were 3rd class, 9 were 2nd class, 1 was first class and also that the 24 crew were men, plus 11 were male passengers, 14 were female passengers and 6 were children, thus telling a story that challenges existing assumptions.

A living exhibit

The lifeboat was built, in house, in the Museum's boat building workshop. Visitors were able to come and take a closer look at the team in action, and the team were more than happy to answer questions and show people around the build.

The workshop is managed by Boat Collections Manager Andy Wyke and Workshop Manager Mike Selwood. The build was led by accomplished local boat builder Andrew Nancarrow, supported by Advanced Apprentice in Boat Conservation Reuben Thompson and a small team of volunteers and students from Falmouth Marine School and Falmouth University. »

“

Everything we know, or think we know, about the Titanic, comes from the 706 people who left the ship in the lifeboats.

Dr Eric Kentley

Extensive research

The team carried out extensive research to ensure the boat is as faithful a reconstruction as possible. This boat is one of a number built in the Museum's boat building workshop and something the Museum is keen to do more of, continuing to build representations or reconstructions of important craft

Mike Selwood Boat Workshop Manager:
'Our ambition is to develop a respected centre for restoration, conservation and repair of historical vessels. And we're slowly building up that resource. Our core responsibility is the maintenance and care of the nation's small boat collection, but alongside that we're developing a reputation for keeping alive traditional boatbuilding skills.'

Andy Nancarrow boat builder:
'This project is important because it brings history alive. The research process gives better understanding into the past and develops a deeper understanding of the subject. During the actual build, which takes place in the Museum's boat building workshop, we become a living exhibit. Visitors like to come back and see the weekly progress, and they are able to come into the workshop and chat with the team as we work, asking us questions.'

'Schools and younger children also get involved. They ask some great questions, and it really brings the subject to life for them.' ⚓

Follow the boatbuilding workshop on Facebook

facebook.com/NMMCWorkshop/

Photo: Kirstin Prisk

Falmouth University collaboration

The School of Art, School of Architecture, Design & Interiors and the School of Communication Design collaborated in manufacturing the wooden hull, the thole pins and digital files of Lifeboat 13.

Andy Harbert, Technical and Facilities Manager at the School of Art, said, 'First year students were involved in the process as an introduction to making in Cornwall. Working with the National Maritime Museum Cornwall on a project like this demonstrates the range of practical skills that exist here in Cornwall, and between the University, the Museum and our local partners.'

Students on Sustainable Product Design and Architecture volunteered to work on various aspects of the replica, from casting thole pins to steaming wood for the hull.

First year Sustainable Product Design student Louis Heatlie, who worked on Lifeboat 13's hull explained, 'We visited the museum first to discuss the construction of boats and get more information regarding that avenue. I personally got speaking to the boat maker and volunteered to work on the hull. A lot of prior research was done on the boats of that era, how they were constructed and then a plan was developed to work off. We could then begin work on the boats properly.'

Meet the artist

Heaving Lines 2018 by Dan Arnold

In addition to the many historic objects featured in *Titanic Stories*, the Museum commissioned large-scale new installation pieces including a stunning, sensitive and inspiring representation of the iceberg suspended over the lifeboat by Falmouth based artist, Dan Arnold. This is our second exhibition to feature art installations funded by Arts Council England, the first being *Tattoo: British Tattoo Art Revealed*, underlining our ambition to continue to deliver such logistically and artistically challenging projects, particularly with such high levels of community participation. »

Photo: Rebecca Mc Donald

Photo: artandenergy.org and Rob Coombe

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> **The community brought so much to the work bench … The installation in this sense is full of stories, it is community.**
>
> Dan Arnold, artist.

The shape of this hanging sculpture draws inspiration from an old photograph, often captioned as the actual iceberg that struck the *Titanic*. The installation turns the iceberg upside down, bringing it into juxtaposition with the replica of Lifeboat 13.

Heaving lines, with monkey fist knots tied as weights at the end, were often used to connect one boat with another. In this sense they can be seen as powerful symbols of connection, tying these stories together.

The installation is made of 2,208 monkey fist knots, each representing a person on board the ship. Most of the knots were made by local artists, others by museum staff, volunteers, visitors and local groups, making this an ambitious and inspirational community achievement.

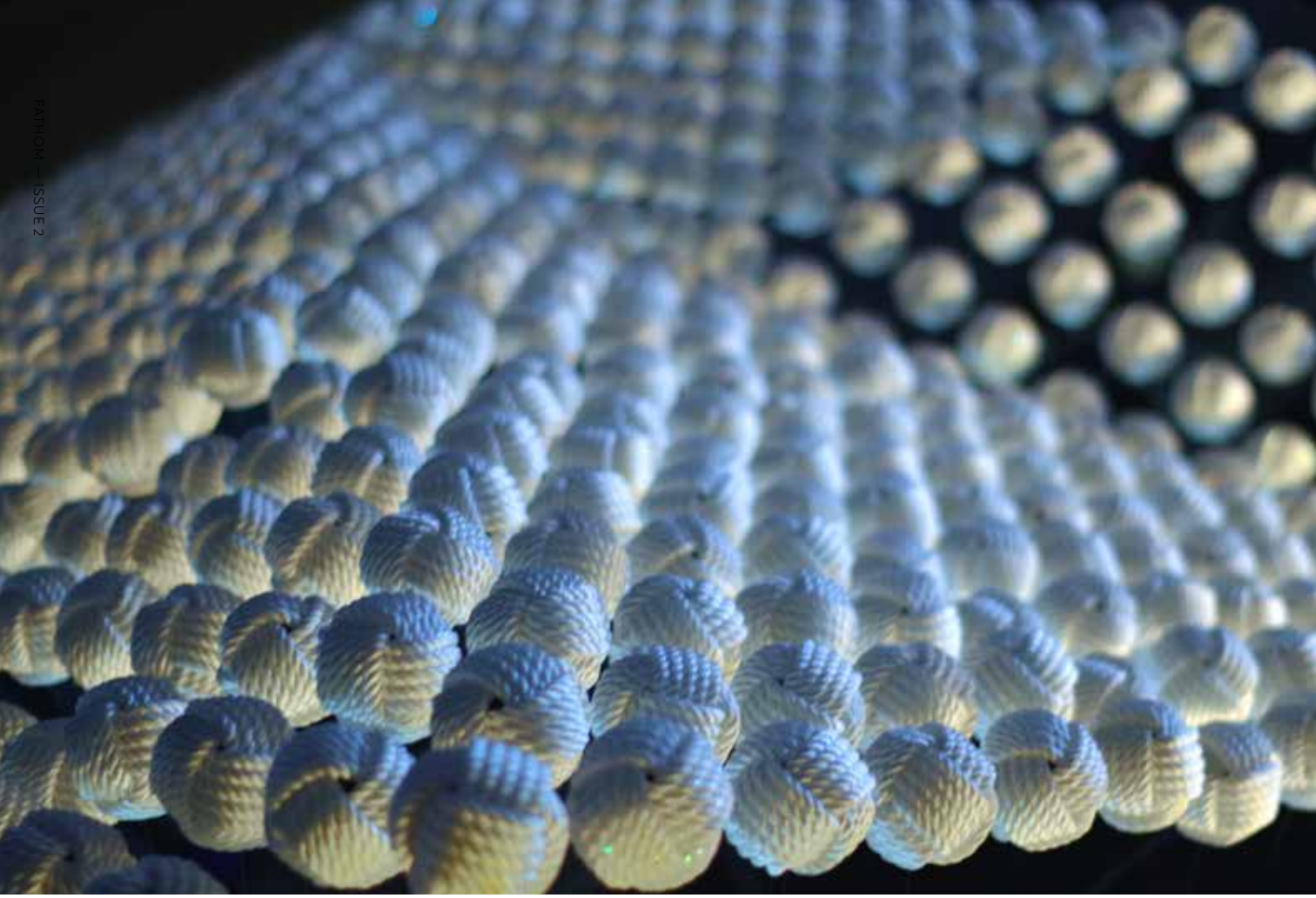
Inside 708 of the knots, representing the number of the *Titanic* survivors, are hand-written messages of hope and empathy for those facing peril at sea today – refugees, fishermen, rig workers, lifeboat crews, sailors. It's like a cloud of thoughts and messages hovering above the lifeboat below.

Ultra-violet light reminiscent of phosphorescence is used to highlight the knots and to give the iceberg an ephemeral and otherworldly presence rising above the boat.

Says Dan: 'The wealth of knowledge in this part of the world is amazing. I spent many an hour with fishermen, riggers, craftsmen and boat builders, learning and talking. The community brought so much to the work bench – stories of relatives on board the *Titanic*, stories of making monkey fist knots while working at sea. The installation in this sense is full of stories, it is community.' ⚓

Opposite photo: Kirstin Prisk


LIVERPOOL
30·0
9·0·40
648



Above photo: Rebecca Mc Donald

The numbers...

12,000m
of rope

2,208
monkey fist knots

Hundreds
of messages

9,000m
of fishing line

6,624
individual rope cuts

1000s
of human hours

4,500
rigging crimps

800kg
total weight

Loads of
tea, coffee and biscuits

Above photo: Darren Newberry

See Heaving Lines as part of the *Titanic Stories* exhibition. See more of Dan's work on his website **thiscountryside.co.uk** and on Instagram **@thiscountryside**. Heaving Lines was supported using public funding by Arts Council England.

Photo left: Kirstin Prisk

The Cornish Stories

Sixty-one people on board the *Titanic* were from Cornwall: most did not survive.

No part of Britain, Ireland, Scandinavia and America was unaffected by the *Titanic* disaster. This was true of Cornwall – at least 58 of those on board had been born in the county. That's more than the French, Spanish and Italian passengers combined.

Of the eleven Cornish crewmen the most famous is Quartermaster Robert Hichens from Newlyn, the man who had been at the wheel when the ship struck the iceberg. He survived, but his conduct in command of Boat 6 – refusing to return to pick up people in the water, to lend a hand rowing and to acknowledge the light of the rescue ship was anything more than a shooting star – made sure he is never seen as one of the heroes.

In contrast, the story of Arthur West of Perranzabuloe is one of now-forgotten tales of the quiet heroism of those who remained on the ship. Travelling with their two children, his wife Ada, from Truro, recalled: 'Arthur placed lifebelts upon the children and then carried them to the boat deck... After seeing us safely into the lifeboat Arthur returned to the cabin for a thermos of hot milk, and, finding the lifeboat let down he reached it by means of a rope, gave the flask to me, and, with a farewell, returned to the deck of the ship'. Ada and the children survived. Even the flask survived. Arthur was never seen again.

The Wests were planning to emigrate, as were most of the other 48 Cornish passengers (including five children), although a few had already settled in America and were returning after a visit to relatives in Cornwall. Thirty-seven of them – including emigrating tin miners – were travelling Second Class (at £12 a ticket) and only 13 in Third Class (at £7 - £8). Only 16 of the 61 were rescued – all five children, seven of the eleven women and four crewmen. Not one of the 34 male passengers survived. »

Addie Wells and family, courtesy of Iris Stacey

Emily Richards, courtesy of Jeanette Francis

John Chapman's watch on loan to The National Maritime Museum Cornwall. John Chapman, from St Neot, married his sweetheart, Sarah, on Christmas Day in 1911. They travelled Second Class on the *Titanic*. Sarah refused to enter a lifeboat, saying "If John can't go, I won't go either." The watch was retrieved from John's body, along with his marriage certificate.

John Henry Chapman, courtesy of Claes-Göran Wetterholm archive.

Names: John Henry Chapman and Sarah Elizabeth Chapman, (née Lawry)

Date/Place of Birth: John and Sarah were born in St Neot, Liskeard. John in late 1875, Sarah in Spring 1882.

Having emigrated to America in 1906, John Chapman returned to Cornwall in 1911 to marry Sarah. The couple had intended to make a new life for themselves back in America.

John Chapman was born at Parson's Park Farmhouse in St Neot, Liskeard, in late 1875, one of six children to James Chapman, a farm labourer and bailiff, and Isabella Wilton. In 1906, John emigrated to America, initially settling in Alberta before relocating across the border to Spokane, Washington. He returned to Cornwall in 1911 and married his childhood sweetheart, Sarah Lawry on Boxing Day. The couple decided to return to America and chose to travel on the *Titanic* because it was the maiden voyage. The voyage was to be their honeymoon. On the Sunday before they left to go on their journey, John and Sarah invited their friends and family for tea after chapel. Sarah gave a cup to the boy who delivered the milk for him to remember her by. An inscription on the cup reads "Think of me".

On the night of the disaster, Sarah climbed into a lifeboat, but, when she realised that John would not be allowed to follow her, she stepped back onto the ship to be with her husband. Emily Richards was in the lifeboat and allegedly heard her say: "Goodbye Mrs Richards, if John can't go, I won't go either". Both John and Sarah lost their lives in the disaster. Mrs Chapman's body, if recovered, was never identified but the body of her husband was recovered and buried at Fairview Lawn Cemetery, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Among his possessions was her handbag and their marriage certificate. The gold watch found on Mr Chapman's body and the tea cup presented to the milk boy can be seen in our exhibition. ⚓

Discover further stories of Addie Wells (née Trevaskis) of Newlyn, Cornwall, Edwy Arthur West of Perranzabuloe, Mrs Emily Richards (née Hocking) of Penzance and a tribute to all the Cornish passengers in *Titanic Stories* at The National Maritime Museum Cornwall.

Cornish on board the *Titanic*

Owen Allum,
aged 18, born in Flushing,
3rd Class, body recovered

Frank Andrew,
aged 27, born in Perranarworthal,
2nd Class, lost

Percy Bailey,
aged 18, born in Penzance,
2nd Class, lost

Frederick Banfield
aged 28, born in Helston,
2nd Class, lost

William Berriman,
aged 23, born in St Ives,
2nd class, lost

Thomas Blake,
aged 37, born in St Tessell,
Engineering crew, lost

Lewis Braund,
aged 29, born in Week St Mary,
3rd Class, lost

Owen Braund,
aged 23, born in Week St Mary,
3rd Class, lost

Harry Bristow,
aged 38, born in Shutta, East
Looe, Saloon steward, lost

Ernest Cann,
aged 29, born in Amble, St Kew,
3rd Class, lost

William Carbines,
aged 19, born in Nanjivey,
2nd Class, body recovered

John Chapman,
aged 37, born in St Neot,
2nd Class, body recovered

Sara Chapman,
aged 30, born in St Neot,
2nd Class, body recovered

Frank Couch,
aged 27, born in Port Isaac,
Able Seaman, body recovered

Henry Creese,
aged 45, born in Falmouth,
Deck Engineer, lost

Agnes Davies,
aged 48, born in Ludgvan,
2nd Class, survived

John Davies,
aged 9, born in St Ives,
2nd Class, survived

Samuel Dennis,
aged 23, born in Launcells,
3rd Class, lost

James Drew,
aged 42, born in Constantine,
2nd Class, lost

Joseph Fillbrook,
aged 18, born in Truro,
2nd Class, lost

William Fox,
aged 27, born in Polhawn Cove,
Rame, 3rd Class Steward, lost

Harry Gale,
aged 38, born in Calstock,
2nd Class, lost

Shadrach Gale,
aged 33, born in Calstock,
2nd Class, lost

William Gilbert,
aged 46, born in Polladrass,
Breage, 2nd Class, lost

Edgar Giles,
aged 19, born in Porthleven,
2nd Class, lost

Frederick Giles,
aged 21, born in Porthleven,
2nd Class, lost

Robert Hichens,
aged 29, born in Newlyn,
Quartermaster, survived

Ellen Hocking,
aged 20, born in Penzance,
2nd Class, survived

Richard Hocking,
aged 24, born in Penzance,
2nd Class, lost

Annie Hold,
aged 29, born in Porthoustock,
2nd Class, survived

Stephen Hold,
aged 44, born in Porthoustock,
2nd Class, lost

Stephen Jenkin,
aged 32, born in Stennack,
St Ives, 2nd Class, lost

Archie Jewell,
aged 23, born in Bude,
Deck crew, survived

Cordelia Lobb,
aged 34, born in Tywardreath,
3rd Class, lost

William Lobb,
aged 31, born in Tywardreath,
3rd Class, lost

William Nancarrow,
aged 36, born in St Austell,
3rd Class, lost

William Matthews,
aged 23, born in Penwithick,
St Austell, 2nd Class, lost

Joseph Nicholls,
aged 19, born in Nancledra, 2nd
Class, body recovered, buried at sea

Charles Pascoe,
aged 45, born in Perran,
Able Seaman, survived

Edith Peacock,
aged 26, born in Carnkie,
3rd Class, lost

Frederick Pengelly,
aged 20, born in Calstock,
2nd Class, lost

Thomas Pennal,
aged 34, born in Sennen,
First Class Bedroom Steward, lost

Emily Richards,
aged 24, born in Penzance,
2nd Class, survived

Sibley Richards,
aged 10 months, born in Newlyn,
2nd Class, survived

William Richards,
aged 3, born in Penzance,
2nd Class, survived

Alexander Robins,
aged 50, born in St Austell,
3rd Class, body recovered

Charity Robins,
aged 48, born in St Austell,
3rd Class, body recovered

Samuel Rule,
aged 58, born in Hayle, 1st Class
Bathroom Steward, survived

William Saundercock,
aged 19, born in St Austell,
3rd Class, lost

Richard Slemen,
aged 35, born in Landrake,
2nd Class, lost

Jago Smith,
aged 35, born in Lanarth,
Postal worker, lost

Samuel Sobey,
aged 25, born in St Keverne,
2nd Class, lost

John Veal,
aged 40, born in Constantine,
2nd Class, lost

William Ware,
aged 23, born in Calstock,
2nd Class, lost

James Webber,
aged 66, born in Kea,
3rd Class, lost

Susan Webber,
aged 37, born in North Tamerton,
2nd Class, survived

Addie Wells,
aged 29, born in Newlyn,
2nd Class, survived

Joan Wells,
aged 4, born in Newlyn,
2nd Class, survived

Ralph Wells,
aged 2, born in Newlyn,
2nd Class, survived

Ada West,
aged 33, born in Truro,
2nd Class, survived

Edwy Arthur West,
aged 36, born in Perranzabuloe,
2nd Class, lost

“

It’s really nice to hear other people’s stories and share and [realise that] it’s not that much different from your own.

Vimla Sharma,
St Ives, Cornwall

Contemporary voices

An exhibition exploring Cornwall migration links past and present

Photos: Storylines

As part of our *Titanic Stories* exhibition, we launched a concurrent community-led exhibition exploring the emotive subject of migration past and present.

Titanic Stories: Contemporary Voices brings to life the historic stories of those leaving Cornwall on the *Titanic* in 1912 juxtaposed against present day stories and experiences of people who have moved to Cornwall from overseas. The exhibition shows how the *Titanic* carried the hopes and dreams of hundreds of passengers seeking a better life abroad and links this to contemporary stories of five people who have moved to Cornwall from overseas in recent years, making a connection between the historic stories and how they are relevant to people today.

The sinking of the *Titanic* is one of the most famous disasters in maritime history. However, *Titanic* was part of a much wider story: the historic migration of people from Britain in the 19th and 20th centuries. For many passengers boarding her she represented hope for a new life in America and the opportunity to leave behind poverty and hardship.

The exhibition focusses on four Cornish stories, revealing some of the human faces involved in this mass movement: Addie Wells of Newlyn, who was on the *Titanic* to join her husband who had emigrated to America, Edwy Arthur West of Perranzabuloe, near Perranporth, who suffered from a respiratory condition and was advised to emigrate for his health, Emily Richards of Penzance who was joining her husband James Richards, and brother, George Hocking, who had emigrated to Akron, Ohio, and John and Sarah Chapman, of St Neot, who had intended to make a new life for themselves in America. »

“

I enjoyed it. It was sometimes a bit challenging – things come up where you have to think! It was nice to hear the stories of the other people as well and our different experiences of coming here and why we came here, and quite often it’s love, work or the sea.

Adriana McClary,
St Buryan, Cornwall

“

... it's quite good for me to hear [the stories from] the *Titanic* which are very similar to the immigration of my family or what's happening now [for] a lot of people. It's just showing that things are not that different, it's just [moving] around, but it's still the same.

Christian Minsansa,
Newquay, Cornwall

> “
>
> **I found it very, very interesting to see the other side of the story. I’m Cornwall born and bred, but it’s unbelievable hearing these stories. It’s the other side.**
>
> Jeanette Francis, project participant and descendant of Emily Richards, a Cornish survivor on the *Titanic*

Placing these historic, seemingly distant, stories alongside five contemporary voices of people who have moved to Cornwall from overseas: Adrianna McClary, Christian Minsansa, Vimla Sharma, Iga Drzymkowska and Jude Kereama, connects the historic with the present and tells Cornish stories within a global context.

Partnering once again with *Storylines*, a community interest company who specialise in recording and presenting community history, the exhibition builds on last year’s *Tattoo Tales* community project. The contemporary stories are brought to life through a mixture of specially commissioned photographic portraits, interviews, object stories and personally chosen artefacts. In addition to the interactive touch screen allowing visitors to explore different ‘in-depth’ stories, the exhibition includes a film projection showing the ‘story of’ the project, which included the views, thoughts and reactions of all the participants, not just to their own involvement, but the other participants as well.

The Museum’s Learning Officer, Seth Hall, who co-curated the exhibition says: ‘Migration is entwined with people’s lives, making it a vast and complex theme. This exhibition provides a glimpse into the experiences of people who have made this journey. The Museum hopes visitors will make their own connections between them: to see the differences but also the fundamental similarities’.

Emmie Kell, CEO, Cornwall Museums Partnership says: ‘*Contemporary Voices* continues the National Maritime Museum Cornwall’s commitment to diversity in their programming, specifically engaging with new and wider audiences through the showcasing of new and diverse community stories and perspectives.’ ⚓

See the exhibition on the 1st floor gallery of the Museum.

Contemporary Voices was funded by the Heritage Lottery Fund, and Arts Council England through its Major Partner Museums programme.

“

It was great to hear all the stories and learn so much from them because I’m still a little earlier on that journey and coming into the community or becoming local: should I become local? Should I not? All those questions are quite important to me. It was very inspiring.

Iga Drzymkowska,
Truro, Cornwall

Opposite: The Great Omi, photo by Luke Hayes

Tattoo

British Tattoo Art Revealed tours the UK

Photos: Kirstin Prisk

In another exciting first for the Museum, the groundbreaking and award winning exhibition *Tattoo: British Tattoo Art Revealed* began a three year tour of museums and galleries in the UK opening at Torre Abbey in March 2018, where it will show for three months before moving onto National Museum of the Royal Navy in Portsmouth, and then on to Scotland.

Produced by The National Maritime Museum Cornwall *Tattoo: British Tattoo Art Revealed* is a genuinely ground-breaking and comprehensive history of British tattooing, featuring cutting edge designers, leading academics and major private collectors. It is the largest gathering of real objects and original tattoo artwork ever assembled in the UK featuring over 400 original artworks, photographs and historic artefacts.

NMMC Director Richard Doughty said, 'We are enormously proud of this critically acclaimed exhibition, guest curated by Dr Matt Lodder and co-curated by our own Stuart Slade and Derryth Ridge. This is the beginning of a national touring programme and we're delighted to be able to take the exhibition to audiences across the country.'

Showcasing the work of major tattoo artists from George Burchett, via the Bristol Tattoo Club, to Alex Binnie and Lal Hardy, the exhibition features items from four of the most important private collections of tattoo material in Britain, belonging to Neil Hopkins-Thomas, Willie Robinson, Jimmy Skuse, and Paul 'Rambo' Ramsbottom, providing a rare opportunity to display original artwork and artefacts not otherwise on public display. The exhibition also delves into previously unseen private archives that reveal hidden histories, including the incredible real story of Britain's pioneering female tattoo artist, Jessie Knight. »

> “While showcasing the rich maritime heritage of tattoos, the exhibition also shows how people from all areas of society have always been tattooed.

The exhibition also includes three major contemporary art commissions from three tattoo artists working in three very different tattoo traditions. Each artist has created a unique design on a hyper realistic body sculpture which speaks to the historic artefacts and artworks around it. Tihoti Faara Barff's work celebrates the modern revival of Tahitian tattooing; Matt Houston's commission is a heroic celebration of the sailor tattoo; and Aimée Cornwell, a second-generation artist and rising star in the tattoo world, illustrates how tattooing is breaking down different artistic boundaries with her own form of fantasia.

It is estimated that about one in five of the UK population as a whole is tattooed and this figure rises to one in three for young adults. And yet, whilst the visibility of tattooing in contemporary culture may feel like something new, tattoos and tattoo art have always held a significant place in Britain's history and historical imagination.

The exhibition explores this history in depth and shows that while the word tattoo may have come into the English language following Captain Cook's voyage, this was not the start of the story of British tattooing. While showcasing the rich maritime heritage of tattoos, the exhibition also shows how people from all areas of society have always been tattooed. From ruffians to royalty; from sailors to socialites; from pilgrims to punks: tattoos have been etched into bodies throughout British history.

The exhibition is guest curated by Dr Matt Lodder, lecturer in Contemporary Art History and Director of American Studies at the University of Essex, supported by co-curators Stuart Slade and Derryth Ridge of National Maritime Museum Cornwall and Alice Snape of 'Things and Ink' magazine who curates the '100 Hands' installation.

Dr Lodder says, 'Whilst British and global museums have had a longstanding interest in Western tattooing, none have ever managed to fully combine serious academic research with access to the vast but hidden troves of tattoo ephemera kept closely guarded in private collections. In this exhibition, we have finally been able to match the most current and cutting-edge research on British tattoo history – which challenges all the most deeply-held perceptions about the practice, its origins, its extent, and its reception – with unparalleled access to the true custodians of tattooing's history: the artists and their families who have cared for these objects and their stories over decades. Tattooing is a magical, romantic, exciting and often-misunderstood art-form, and we hope that our exhibition will communicate some of that magic to visitors.' ⚓


DARK DAYS
FOR TATTOOING


THE CAPTAIN
COOK STYLE


FAMOUS


London 2012

Flash day

Celebrating the rich artistic heritage of tattooing.

Photos: Paul Abbitt

On Friday 17 November 2017 The National Maritime Museum Cornwall celebrated the rich artistic heritage of tattooing by holding a Flash Day, believed to be a first for a UK museum.

The popularity of tattoo flash days, events where tattoos are sold first-come-first-served, follows the growth of the tattoo industry. The Museum's flash day was a chance to collect tattoos inspired by designs from original rare flash from private collections on display.

All designs on offer were created especially for the flash day and inspired by original flash and artwork featured in the museum's ground breaking and award winning exhibition *Tattoo: British Tattoo Art Revealed*, literally bringing the flash and art from the exhibition to life.

Tattoo artists Olly Streeter, Dan Hague, and Matt Crandon from Newquay's La Familia Tattoo Studio, alongside Gemma B from Black Ink Rebellion, also in Newquay, tattooed in the Museum on the day.

Visitors were able to view the *Tattoo: British Tattoo Art Revealed* exhibition, choose a tattoo from the flash sheet the artists had on the display, join the queue, and get their tattoo. ⚓


La Familia
TATTOO
•PRICES•
•TATTOOS FROM £50
•PRINTS £10
•TEES £20
•ORIGINAL ART
PRICED INDIVIDUALLY
La Familia
TATTOO


THE WORLD
FAMOUS
Jessie
Knight


100 HANDS

Cornwall, The Sea, and Me

Part 1: #CornwallTheSeaandMe

Photo: Charisse Kenion

Nowhere in Cornwall is more than 17 miles from the sea. This proximity has shaped both the landscape and its people. Our shared identity and history is firmly rooted in our relationship with the sea and how it has shaped lives and society and that's very much a part of the story the National Maritime Museum Cornwall tells in our Cornwall Galleries.

As part of our commitment to include community voices in the stories we tell, NMMC looked to engage the community in sharing their connections to the sea via social media. We launched #CornwallTheSeaandMe with the aim of creating an online gallery highlighting the county's connection to the sea and the wide ranging stories around it.

People are asked to share their seaside memories and stories and images, and explore their own personal connections to the sea, whether it be a source of livelihood, their favourite ways to spend their relaxation time, inspiration for creativity, memories, family connections, or other interesting stories.

The campaign runs for twelve months. ⚓

How people can take part:

Share images via Facebook, Twitter and Instagram – tag the museum and use the hashtag

You can also submit via the website at:

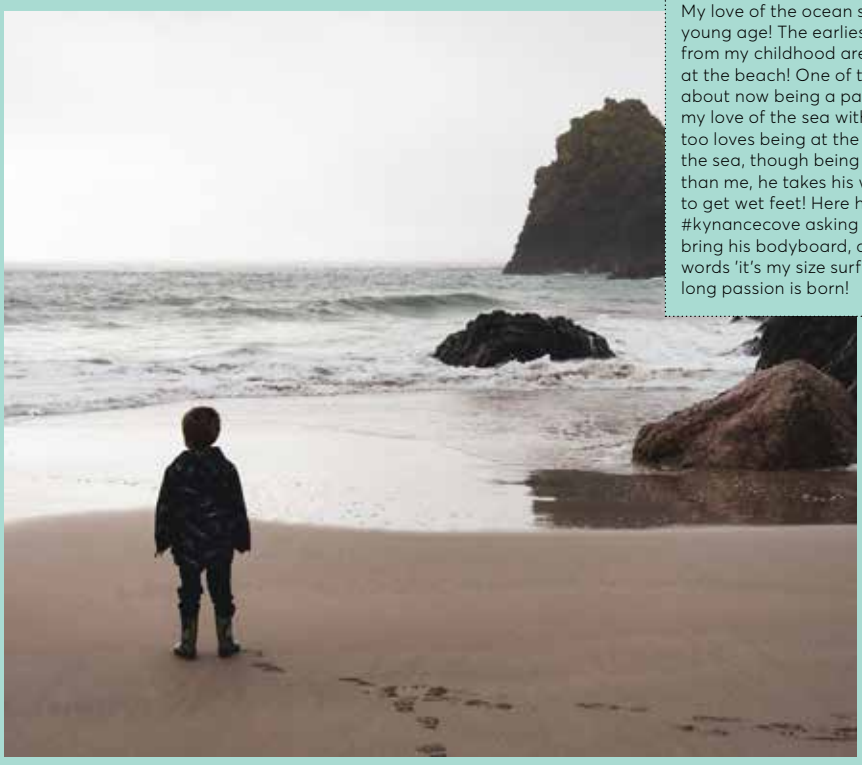
www.nmmc.co.uk/CornwallandTheSeandMe

@helengilchrist

Bryher galloping into spring, literally unstoppable. The mouth of the Helford River, with the opening of Gillan Creek just visible in the background... My favourite place on earth. For over 25 years, it was the start of many an adventure for my dad - sailing to Scilly, Fowey, France, a few hours playing in Falmouth Bay, or a night eating sausages and drinking whisky, tucked up one of the Fal's many beautiful creeks. And it was also the welcome relief of home, after many a long wet, windy, foggy passage back from all over. I was six months pregnant when he died; that he and Bryher never met breaks my heart. But I already see his formidable spirit and thirst for adventure in her, and - thanks to him for bringing us here - we can enjoy this place together. All kinds of adventures await.

@kernowshots

My love of the ocean started at a very young age! The earliest memories from my childhood are all of being at the beach! One of the best things about now being a parent, is sharing my love of the sea with mini me. … He too loves being at the beach and in the sea, though being a little smarter than me, he takes his wellies so as not to get wet feet! Here he is down at #kynancecove asking why we didn't bring his bodyboard, cause in his words 'it's my size surf today' a life long passion is born!



@alisonbickdesigns

This is my dog Rufus and me walking across the wild flower fields on West Pentire down to our favourite beach, Polly Joke. The sea and the Cornish coastline is a wonderful source of inspiration, and my illustrations have stories behind them that have evolved from the seaside, whether it is a family event or bit of history, or collecting unusual pebbles and flotsam and jetsam from the strandline. Rufus is such a water dog, and he has his most happiest, ears forward, eyes bright, smiley face when he is scampering into the surf chasing a ball.

Part 2: What does the sea mean to students of St Ives and Redruth school?

This inspirational youth engagement programme worked with a group of young people from St Ives Secondary School to research and produce a film capturing their perceptions of the sea.

The aim was to collect new stories capturing what the sea means to young people living in Cornwall today. The final film is on display in our Cornwall galleries underlining our commitment to include new and diverse community stories and perspectives, 'voices', within our spaces.

The project involved fourteen Year 9 students from St Ives School. As part of the process, the St Ives students also interviewed fifteen young people from Redruth School in order to compare and contrast their own relationship to the sea in a coastal town with other young people from a more inland and rural setting.

The students shot their film in a variety of locations including St Michaels Mount, St Ives and a stretch of the South West Coast Path, and they interviewed key people from their community, including Lady St Levan of St Michael's Mount, volunteers from the RNLI and National Coastwatch Institution, a nationally acclaimed artist working in St Ives, and an award-winning member of the British Surf Life Saving Team.

The project was delivered as a key element of the young people's Pegasus Award, which is a framework used by many schools to promote aspiration, emotional intelligence, learning skills and resilience. During the project, participants developed their teamwork and communication skills as well as learning a range of new skills associated with film production including research, interview techniques, filming, sound recording, directing and clapper boarding.

The final film is displayed in the Museum's Cornwall Galleries along with an interpretation panel and a display case of objects collected as part of the project. The display serves as a focal point for our ongoing community engagement, encouraging visitors to feedback their own ideas and contribute their own stories as part of this process.

You can also see the film on The National Maritime Museum Cornwall YouTube Channel **www.youtube.com/MaritimeCornwall** ⚓

With thanks to:
The Pegasus Award CIC/TfL Training Ltd

St Ives School

Redruth Secondary School

Dogbite Film Crew – Falmouth

RNLI St Ives National Coastwatch (The Island, St Ives)

Revd. Elizabeth Foot – Vicar of St Senara Church, Zennor, West Cornwall

Lady Mary St Levan – St Michael's Mount, Marazion and Deputy Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall

Pete Marshall – South West Coastal Path Area Rep for West Cornwall

Mesha Wardman – British Surf Life Saving Team Member – resident of St Ives and former St Ives School student

Emma Donaldson – nationally acclaimed artist and resident of St Ives

Chris Care – net maker and resident of St Ives

Sea Stories and Ocean Lives

In celebration of the 15 years since the National Maritime Museum Cornwall opened its doors, we asked creative and professional writing students and staff at Falmouth University to respond creatively to 15 objects on display in the museum.

Photos: Darren Newbery

We gave students and staff free rein to pick the objects from the collection and areas of the museum that inspired them. From plunging the reader into the cold waters of Falmouth docks to following a keepsake from the French Revolution on its naval voyages, the responses range from poems to fictional narrative accounts based on the research they undertook, the memories these items evoked and the stories they suggested.

The students and staff took their research seriously. They delved deep into the museum's archives, tracked down the ancestors of people connected with particular objects, and the journey they have been on is a story in its own respect. What we have presented here, though, are the stories they were inspired to write, stories that come from the gaps in recorded history, that suggest themselves in what is not recorded as much as that which is. These creative responses to the objects in the collection provide new perspectives on the experience of being in the museum.

Some of the pieces veer towards the journalistic, others towards the autobiographical, and others are more obviously fictional responses. But they are all, in their own way, speculations on the stories that surround these objects. We hope these pieces will help you to see the collections afresh, that they will give these objects new life for you when you next visit, and that they might even inspire you to speculate about the fascinating lives these objects led before they found their way to us. ⚓

We want to thank the staff and volunteers of NMMC for all their support and in addition the following people:

Professor Melanie L. Williams
Moyana Berryman
John Adams from Seaways Dive Centre, Penryn
Iain McQuarry of Diving Heritage

Slippen

The coxswain spots her. A smudge on the horizon. No time to gawp and decide for ourselves. Every second matters. The coxswain gathers us. Ready boys, he says, his small frame pinched over the rudder-ropes. No fuss. He wants to leave them sleeping in Gig Hole. We know the drill. Forward boys… and go. His voice is thick, strong. The pilot slides down his seat, until he is hunched in the bow. He curses, wishing himself shorter, for he knows his bones will set and deaden as we go. He won't be the one to slow us down. No win, no coin.

We, the six rowers, bronze-backs to the sun with nerves a-jangle, pull hard to wake the sleeping boat. Twenty snappy strokes, hands turning over and over, no time for breath. Lungs burn, hot and dry. We pant, greedy for air. Settle it down, boys. We lengthen out and guzzle down air. Reach forwards, drop the blade. Feel the weight of the water. Connect and drive. Push with the legs and lean. Lean back. Extract the blade, and fold forwards. Breathe, boys. Here you breathe. Reach forwards, drop the blade, connect and drive. Each stroke the same. Each rower the same. Fight for every stroke, boys. Together, boys.

Muscles drive. Blood pumps. Legs burn. Breathe. Find the rhythm, boys. Reach and lay, boys. Reach and lay. They're coming for us, boys. They've woken up, boys. Together, boys.

Around the point, under the watchful gaze of the castle, the wind stiffens. The sea lurches. The bow lifts, splitting the white cap of the wave. The bow pitches. Spray cools bare backs. Dig in. Find the water, boys. The wind pummels the face of the coxswain, pitching his voice up high to the gulls. He watches as the smudge becomes a ship, running with the wind. Her sails billow, although she is shortening down on her way into port. Hard weathered hands are aloft, stowing the sail almost before it hits the yard-arm.

We see them, ripping up the water, thrashing a course towards us. Their bow rises as they climb the wave and then vanish, only to rear up again.

We will not let them have this race.

We set our jaws. We are the power that drives the gig. We decide if the race is won. We have a single purpose. We move as one. We are the gig, and the gig is us. We tighten our grip on the oars. We have our own heart-beat. Clunk-clunk, clunk-clunk. The drum-beat of oars heavy against the pins.

We hear the roar of their coxswain, lairy and loud. They're coming, boys. Through sweat-laden eyes we see the veins on our coxswain's neck bulge. His mouth grows wider. Come on now, boys. Sharpen up. Give me ten, hard. Ten beats of gut-spilling fury. Ten more, boys. Bury it, boys. Ten more beats with bile at our throats. We hear a sail flapping then clunk-clunk, clunk-clunk, the beat of blood in our ears. We move as one. The last twenty, boys, come on. Harden on. Those last strokes, our vision blurred. Our cheeks fat with forced-air.

We've done it, boys. He smiles wide.

We collapse onto our oars. The pilot unfurls. The defeated turn for home. Our work isn't done. Oars set again, we dabble the water, easing alongside the ship. The pilot stands, braced, eyes on the rope ladder that hangs from the cliff-face of the hull. Gently now, boys. Bow-side ship your oars. Steady on stroke-side. Hold her up. The pilot leaps, sending the boat skittering sideways. He grabs a rung and clambers up. He disappears over the gunnels. In the slop of the water, we turn. With a song at our throats, we row for home.

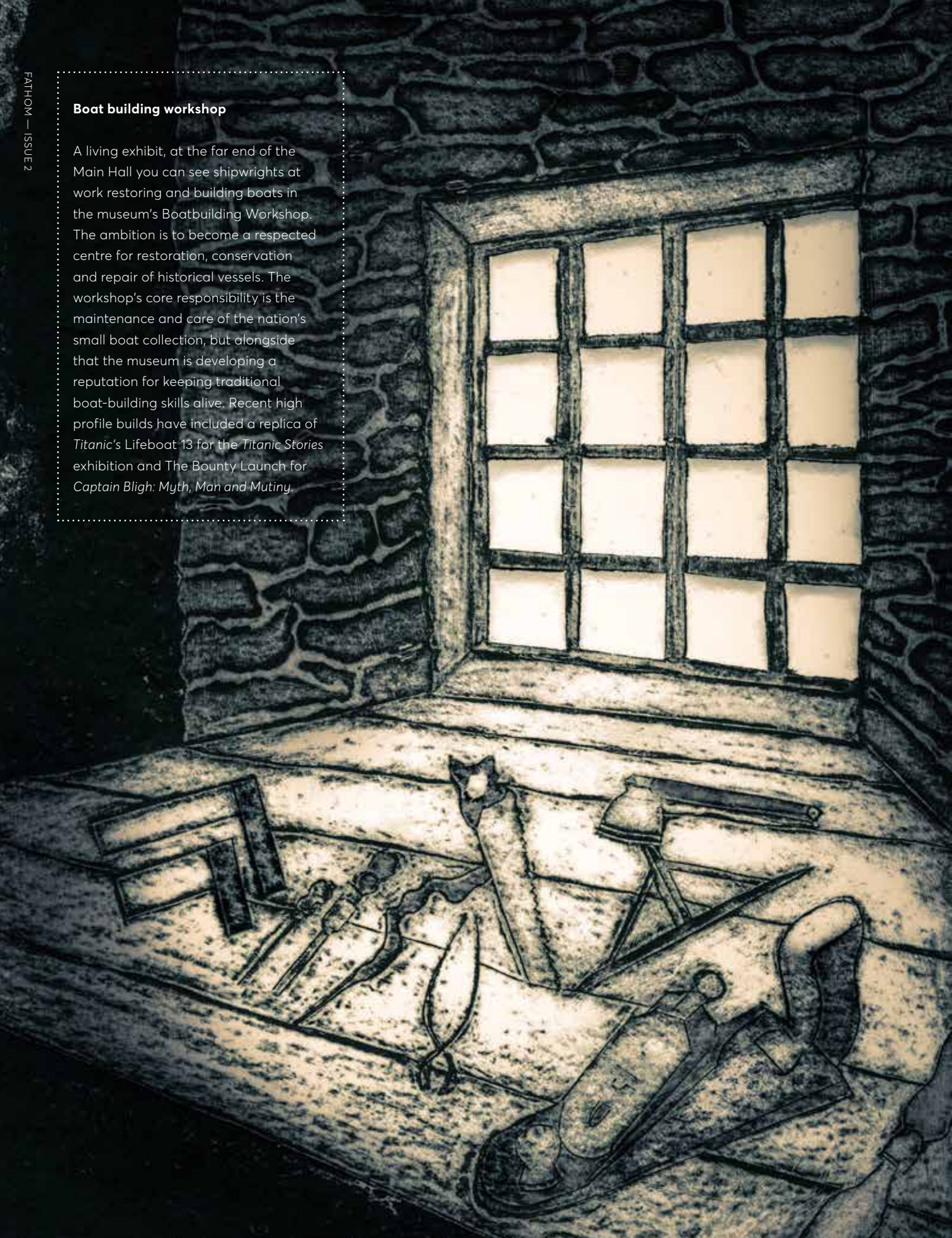
Words by Julia Webb-Harvey

Replica of Cornish pilot gig, Slippen

The model is a scale replica of Slippen, a Cornish pilot gig built in 1830. Gigs were used in the Cornish harbours to row a pilot out to the incoming ships. The pilots knew the local waters and could navigate the ships by sight and provide safe-passage into port. In most harbours there was more than one gig, so it was a race to get your pilot to the ship and the stakes were high – if you lost, you didn't get paid. Slippen raced in waters around The Isles of Scilly, where she was also used as a lifeboat. Like other gigs, she was probably also used in 'free trade', otherwise known as smuggling. This replica of Slippen was built by Ralph Bird, a boat builder based in Devoran. Ralph Bird was significant in the revival of gig racing, as a founder member of the Cornish Pilot Gig Association. Ralph died in 2009. Today, Ralph's son Patrick builds boats, among them Cornish Pilot Gigs, from his workshop in London. Slippen still races out of St Mary's on The Isles of Scilly.

Boat building workshop

A living exhibit, at the far end of the Main Hall you can see shipwrights at work restoring and building boats in the museum's Boatbuilding Workshop. The ambition is to become a respected centre for restoration, conservation and repair of historical vessels. The workshop's core responsibility is the maintenance and care of the nation's small boat collection, but alongside that the museum is developing a reputation for keeping traditional boat-building skills alive. Recent high profile builds have included a replica of *Titanic*'s Lifeboat 13 for the *Titanic Stories* exhibition and The Bounty Launch for *Captain Bligh: Myth, Man and Mutiny*.



Lifeboat 13

When I was twelve-years-old, I walked into the old workshop in my granny's back yard to find my Uncle Frank standing with his spade-like hands on either side of another man's head. Frank had his back to me, and the other man was facing him, gripping his forearms and trying to tear them away.

'Look,' said the other man.

Frank turned and saw me standing in the wood-shavings, and the other man saw his chance and yanked Frank's hands from his head. I recognised him as Owen Booth, a long-time friend of the family about the same age as Frank. He was red-faced and shaking, and he barrelled past me and out the door, flicking what looked like a torn photograph over his shoulder as he went.

For a moment Frank did nothing. Then he slid a three-leg wooden stool up beside me, crouched forward and tried his very best to raise a smile.

He looked at the back of the door. He looked at the photograph, face down on the floor. Then he looked at me.

'That fella,' he said. And his eyes brightened as he shook his head. 'Is some fella.'

I turned to leave and Uncle Frank reached for my arm.

'No, no, no, please, Donal. Wait.'

I couldn't look at him.

'Donal,' he said. 'I don't know why the world's like this.'

He ran a giant hand over his face.

'But it's a far cry from where it should be.'

I loved my Uncle Frank, but he'd never talked to me like this. I asked him could I go, could I please go, Uncle Frank and he nodded but he held my arm ever so gently.

'Can I tell you a story?' he said.

And I shouldn't have been there and I didn't want to hear his story, but I didn't want to tear myself away like Owen had either. So I nodded, and I brought my other small hand on top of Frank's giant one. And he let go.

He told me a new version of an old story I'd heard about my granny since I was small. How she had accompanied my Aunt Grace by train to the lodging house at Cobh, or Queenstown as it was then. How, at eighteen years old, it had been her first time out of the county. How granny had seen a weeping Aunt Grace onto the great boat bound for America to be met by her cousins in New York. How it had been the spring of 1912, and how that boat had been the RMS *Titanic*.

But in this version of the story there was someone else involved: an older man from the next village, and him a Protestant. A man who had loved granny from the age of fourteen and who was bound for bigger things in America now. How, unknown to the family, a ticket had been waiting for granny at Cobh, and how Grace and granny had nearly fallen out when granny left her lodging only to appear in the morning, sullen and apologetic, and desperate to heal the rift between herself and Grace, and see Grace – and Grace alone – onto the boat.

'There's certain things,' said Uncle Frank, 'that just aren't allowed.'

I didn't like the new story and Frank could see it, and I remember him standing up and looking around him, then picking the torn photograph from the floor and pressing it into his pocket.

'I'm sorry, Donal.'

He pulled me into him, and I leaned my head against him, and I smelled grease and oil and wood on his shirt as his huge chest shook.

My Uncle Frank lived the rest of his life in a house out the front of that workshop that he shared with four brothers and two sisters and granny and granda until, one by one, they married and they left (like my mother) or they died. He was the first born and lived till he was ninety-two as a joiner and glazier, and in his spare time and his retirement he turned chair legs, and sanded tables, and over a period of years built a sequence of small cabin boats for others but never sailed.

After his death I received an envelope from a notary with three items in it: a small photograph of my granny, hand-in-hand with a man who is not my grandfather, but who has the tea-stained under-eyes of my Uncle Frank; a third class passenger's contract ticket (unused) for the RMS *Titanic*, and a torn and sellotaped photograph of Owen Booth, with a message on the back so soiled with dirt and oil that the words cannot be deciphered.

Words by Dan O'Carroll.
Illustration by Sarah Batchelor

The Severn Bore and the Coracle, 1966.

A wet mouth opened wide,
her salty sea-worn kiss
teasing both states.

Past limbs of ghostly steel,
the bridge an ellipsis
sinking gravely into silt.

Then the taut tide turned,
as shuddering banks held fast
against the estuary,

a breathless turncoat surging
inwards to the count of four –
swelling, rising, waving, falling.

•

Beyond the weir,
coracles of oak spoke
from hollowed heads

as gunwales whirled and fishermen
bailed slews of waves, gawping at
the miracle of gulls falling upwards.

Salmon circled, homesick,
the murk of gravity unstuck
by the swelling surge of lunar longing.

Words by Anna Kiernan

THE SEVERN BORE AND THE CORACLE, 1966.

Coracle

At first glance a coracle seems a rather unlikely water craft, with no discernible bow or stern, and a strangely shaped paddle for propulsion. But they have stood the test of time as working boats: made from locally sourced materials, cheap to build, light-weight for ease of carrying, and a draft of only a few inches for working in shallow waters and easy beaching.

Coracles have a history dating back thousands of years. They have been used in various countries, and in the British Isles from pre-Roman times. The frame is made from a basketwork of ash, willow or hazel which would originally have been covered with animal hide, but is now more likely to be bitumen-coated canvas.

o the trigger pulled IGNITION
| by a cartridge in the pistol loaded
| with a rocket &an asbestos coated line
|
| (a cartridge in the pistol lighted
& piston-like the charge excited erupts
the vital discharge from the tube 100 yards
or more)

roll up roll up coming soon
willy schermuly's pistol rocket
& line —

life saver

o fixed first in the first BIG ENDORSEMENT
o o on the three masted barquentine
| SHACKLETON'S ENDURANCE
|
| at plymouth by
a breadth of plump dock
shoulders on a slim but bellied
civilian — pipe
& moustache masculine

he kneels on the deck
drills the holes
fixes the rivets

(the ship itself lost in the doomed antarctic
crushed by ice in the weddel sea
sunk in a hole of ice

like most of man's conquering
the sea)

o que sera sera
o o whatever will be will be
o we're going to wem-bl-ey
| que sera sera que sera
|
sera whatever
will be will be
the future's not ours
to see willy schermuly —

THE
o o o o o o o o WEMBLEY STADIUM
DEMONSTRATION

line - throwing line o —

o contents of case
o o two hundred & fifty yards — half inch
o o
o
|

TO OPEN tear awaytaper
BOTTOM END

bend up edges form into bow

secure before firing

THE OTHER (TOP)
end must be connected
to eye on wire tail

of ROCKET o —

o *unravelled*
o o come charge sea yards rocket appliance
o o navy plump of where apparatus grandstand man
o the big dreams

the sunk of motherland

o the pipe taper
TOP schemuly's in belliedbarquentine

THE pistol pulled to bow away discharge

you rocket trigger YES!

when: yards & where:

moustache drill hand with sea sure
throwing land

inch up edges wembley
you eye where or navy
enter o up the OPEN

pistols like sports are BIG

Words by David Devanny

Willy Schermuly's pistol rocket apparatus

Willy Schermuly's pistol rocket apparatus

William Schermuly sailed the seven seas during the age of sail and knew first hand the perils encountered by seamen. In May 1897 after ten years of experimental work he finally produced a practical and efficient ship's line-throwing appliance. William Schermuly's original line-thrower was a practical, seamanlike job comprising trough fired rockets with a range of 200 yards when carrying a half-inch circumference line flaked by a new method developed by the inventor. Both Shackleton and Scott were amongst the first to recognise the value of the apparatus and to equip their ships with it. In 1920, William Schermuly along with his son, Capt. Conrad D. Schermuly, D.C.M., invented the Pistol Rocket Apparatus.

A Lifeline Across Time

I wander through the museum galleries, viewing the overhanging boats and scanning the many objects. Then I see it, on the wall, a circle of cork covered in canvas. I reach out to touch the lifebelt. It feels rough, with peeling paint and careworn stiches holding the fabric in place. The colours are faded, but the ship's name stands out, 'Jane Slade - Fowey'. My fingers pat it as if for reassurance. A question forms in my head, a link across time, 'was it ever used?'

•

'Let it bide, Bill,' Joseph Coombe said to his fourteen-year-old nephew. Bill's cold fingers gripped the lifebelt's white canvas once more. He'd already stowed his pack by the small wooden bunk in the fo'c'sle. The rest of the crew were on deck to make ready, or on the quayside saying farewell to loved ones. Cap'n Thomas Slade was striding down Fore Street towards them. The formidable Mrs Jane Slade, the ship's namesake, was keeping pace with him, her dark blue skirts swinging in the wind. The chill October air sent a shiver right down to Bill's boots as he recalled the first time he'd seen the ship and Mrs Slade herself.

It was six years earlier on a warm summer's evening that the ship was launched for the first time, gliding down and slapping into the blue water. Huge cheers from the crowd had rung out as flags were waved and he'd jostled with the other boys to get to catch the thrown pennies. He remembered Mrs Slade waving to the crowd like a queen herself as she looked up to the ship's figurehead. The carpenter had caught an uncanny likeness. Tall and stern, with black hair and bright red lips, she'd cracked a joke he didn't get, something about the bosom of the wooden painted woman that sat below the bowsprit. The crowd had roared with laughter and he'd fought with Tom Stubbs for a sticky bun. He never dreamt, let alone feared, he'd be standing here now, about to set sail on this dark and ominous vessel that creaked before him in the early morning mist.

His uncle's voice cut through his thoughts. 'She be the finest schooner ever built in Polruan; built by the finest craftsman an' owned by them too, an' you get to sail on her – so don't go falling overboard an' disgracin' your family now.'

It was a throwaway comment but one that stuck in Bill's mind as his tongue stuck in his mouth, dry with nerves. Bill didn't want to go to sea. He didn't long for the wind in his hair and the salt spray on his cheek. He wanted to be a farmer. He'd always loved animals, particularly the cows that grazed the hills behind his house. But he was born a Coombe and Coombes were men of the sea. It didn't seem to matter to his mother that his father had been drowned, and one of his cousins too.

'It's an honour to be included on this voyage an' your uncle has a share in the ship. Reckon this'll launch you Bill,' she said as she'd helped him pack his kit bag, putting in his father's spare woollen jumper for extra warmth. Bill was only three when William Snr's ship was lost with all hands. No memories remained but his mother had kept the scrap of newsprint. The words announcing the loss of vessel and crew were worn thin with time and touch.

'I should stay here an' look after you Ma. I could get a job on Fred's farm.' The appeals had fallen overboard like his father. Everyone was prouder than punch Bill had been chosen for ship's boy; his only escape it seemed was the watery one he feared.

'She's going for the record you know,' Uncle Joe was talking again. 'Azores and back in under a month. It's goin' be a tough voyage but you've got clear weather. You'll be sinkin' your teeth into your first orange, fresh off the tree, in a fortnight.'

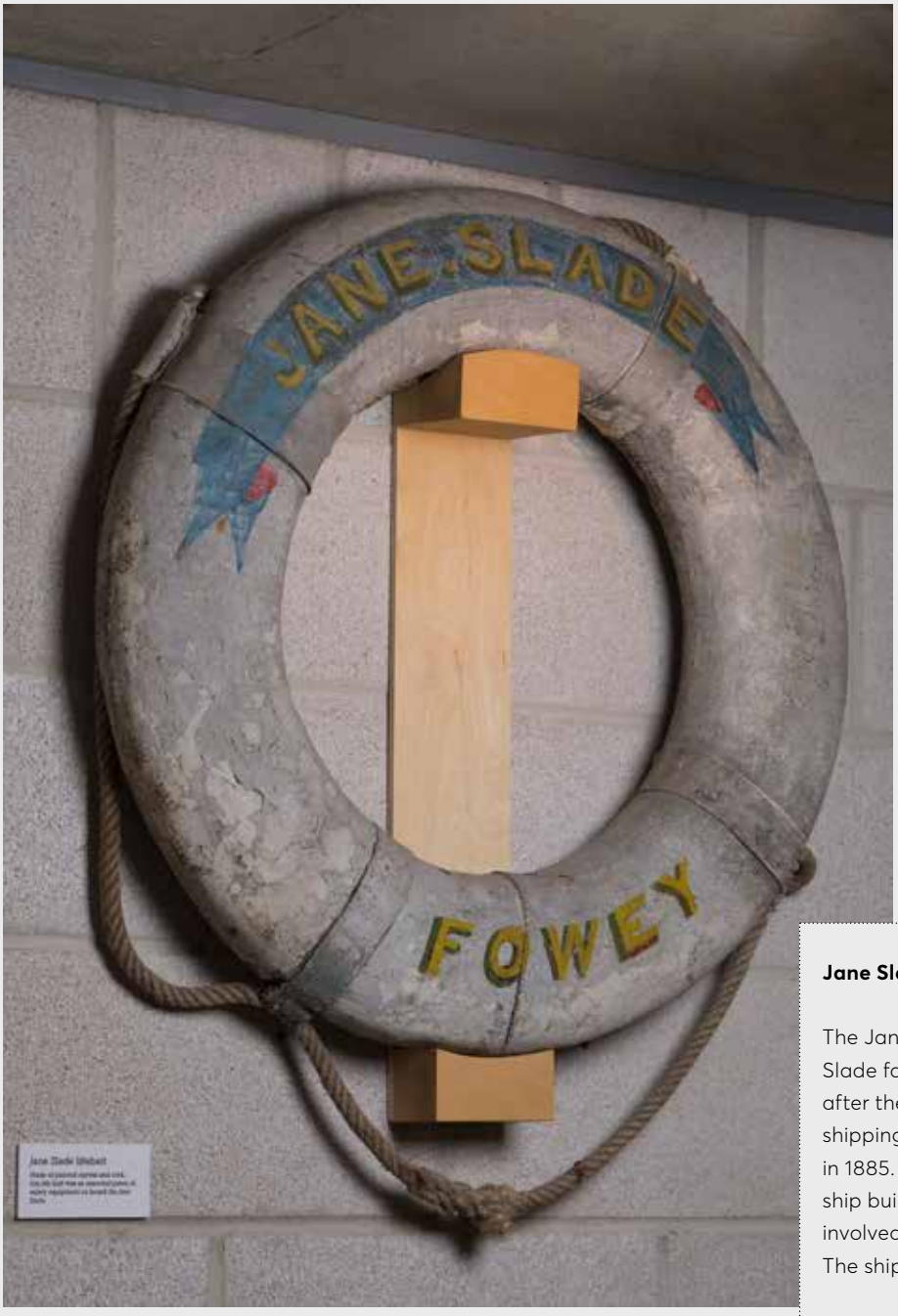
'The kisbee rings, lifebelts?' Bill blinked the mist out of his eyes as he got a swift pat on the back from his uncle, 'do they ever use them, you know if someone did go overboard?' 'Shouldn't think they'd stop to pick you up, little scrap of a thing,' laughed Joseph.

'You'll be fine m'boy,' he added, as he steered him back up the gangplank. 'Haul away!'

•

I remove my hand from the worn lifebelt hanging high over the painting of the three-masted schooner in the upper gallery, and pray it was never needed to rescue a ship's boy.

Words by Rebecca Bettin



Jane Slade lifebelt

The Jane Slade was a schooner built by the Slade family of Polruan. The ship was named after the head of the family who ran their shipping business from 1870 until her death in 1885. She was Cornwall's only female ship builder and one of a few women to be involved in the maritime business at the time. The ship was launched in 1870.

The lifebelt from the Jane Slade is a wonderful example of its type. The painted canvas still proudly proclaims the name of the schooner. Lifebuoys or life rings are generally circular or horse shoe shaped floats designed to support a person in the water. They needed to be within easy reach of the helmsman when stored on a boat, to enable the throwing or dropping of it instantly. Older examples of lifebuoys such as this were usually filled with cork or kapok. Sailmakers would sew a canvas cover around a cork core by hand.

Diving suit

Standard diving dress is a type of diving suit that was formerly used for all underwater work, now largely superseded by lighter and more comfortable equipment.

The diving suit on display at the museum was made by Siebe Gorman. It is made from heavy canvas, lead soled shoes (14lbs) a copper helmet, and a lead breast place (28lbs). This suit saw service with the Liverpool Dock Authority from late in the Second World War until c. 1955.

Underwater Astronaut

The jam in the lock gates has taken hours to fix and all I can think about is finishing the job and getting to the surface. I wrestle to get the hinge plate back into position. My hands are swollen from the tight cuffs. My fingers fumble but I manage to close the exhaust valve for a moment to get more air in the suit – just enough to be slightly buoyant so I can shift my position. Like Neil Armstrong on a moonwalk, to get anywhere I have to make short hops, but moving stirs up the deep layer of silt at the bottom of the harbour. As particles swirl and dance round me, the vague outline of the massive gates just inches away vanishes. Disorientated, I move to where I think the ladder should be.

Instead I collide with the temporary scaffolding.

It seems to tremble. I hook my arm around a post to steady myself. Just as I decide that it was my imagination, the whole thing starts to slip. There's a rumble and before I can move, the scaffolding collapses round me. Something crashes against the back of my legs. I lurch forward. Despite my heavy boots, I overbalance into the sludge of the seabed.

My legs are pinned.

'Boss!' I call to the supervisor on the surface. There is no response. I try again.

'Boss!' The telephone line's not working. Then I feel a series of jerks on my lifeline. Thank God! They know something's up. I grab the line and respond. Almost at once the reply comes back – 'Mac's on his way.'

I lie in the near-dark and try not to think. I know I'm an intruder down here – a creature from another world. Like a spaceman, I can't function without my suit and my air supply. Stop thinking. Just breathe slowly. Focus on breathing. In. And out. And in. And out. Ignore the pain in my legs.

What's taking so long? The crew just need to get Mac's helmet on and secure it. I begin to count each second to distract myself.

Finally, out of the gloom a pair of legs appears and Mac bends down to give a thumbs up in front of the window of my helmet. Relief chokes me. But then as soon as he moves away to see what's happened, he vanishes, swallowed up in the eddies of silt churned about by his movements. From time to time he re-emerges out of the murk to check on me. They'll have to get a crane and lifting gear to get me free but it all seems to be taking forever. I realise that Mac is attaching something to the metal pole that's crushing my legs. He must be trying to make sure that when the piece is lifted away, more scaffolding doesn't crash down on top of us.

I give a sob of relief as the weight eases off. With Mac's help, I manage to struggle to my feet. Darts of pain shoot up through my leg and hip. I don't know if I can do this. I clamp my teeth and slowly, slowly, make my way to the ladder.

Just need to get to the surface now. I begin to let myself slide up, letting the air in my suit take me but holding the rungs hand over hand as I go. It takes everything I've got to control my ascent. The urge to bolt is tempered by the knowledge that, if I do, the gases I've absorbed during the dive will turn to bubbles in my bloodstream, giving me the bends.

At last I break the surface and see daylight. As I haul myself up the last few steps, I feel the full burden of the suit including those eighty pounds of lead weights on my chest and back. To slip now would mean falling back into the cat's cradle of scaffolding beneath me. I'd wind up trapping myself and Mac. The surface crew pull me up onto the dockside. As they undo my faceplate, the Boss strolls over.

'Well Tommy,' he says, 'did you finish the job?'

Words by Julia Byrne
Illustration by James Saunders

From Sparkling Lenses To Heartwarming Stories

If you're unlucky enough to be caught in a storm at sea, there's nothing more reassuring than the friendly wink from a nearby lighthouse. But have you ever stopped to think how light can travel so far across the ocean?

It's largely down to lenses, amazing, curved, Fresnel lenses: a complex system of multi-faceted glass prisms mounted in a brass framework. The prisms reflect and refract the light and magnify it, concentrate it.

The design allows the construction of lenses of large aperture and short focal length without the mass and volume of material, assembled in proper relationship on a flat surface.

The thin piece of plastic you are using is called a systematic review of possible improvements. The most widely used fixtures are key features of the site. You can make your own.

The light shines out in a relatively narrow beam. The turning motion is created by a clockwork system, which operates similarly to a cuckoo clock. What follows is a brief description.

Slowly falling weights provide the propulsion to move a series of gears, which caused shock within the scientific elite and offered us third order diotropic triple flashing light.

Words by Rupert M Loydell

Lightvessel optic

Bi-Form Catoptric Optic from
Number 92 lightvessel 1937 – 1938

A lightvessel, or lightship, is a ship which acts as a lighthouse. They are used in waters that are too deep or otherwise unsuitable for lighthouse construction. The lightvessel optic is mounted to a set of gimbals which counteract the movement of the ship and keep the light shining steadily above the pitching sea.

The Keepsake

The black rectangle of folded leather appears as soft as a child's palm. Delicately tooled, skilfully embossed, the fine gold fern fronds create an elegant border. This two-hundred-year-old keepsake gives away little of its purpose, nor the miles that it has travelled in hand and pocket.

In the deepening chill of the autumn of 1791 France was descending into bloody chaos. Piece by piece the sureties of the old world were crumbling. The newspapers reported massacres and riots to readers across the channel. Two hundred miles away from Paris, the naval ships at Portsmouth shifted, uneasy in their moorings.

In the October of that same year John Parsons was born into a family of sailors. His course was set early and at just eleven years old this blue-eyed boy joined the navy. He left his Portsmouth home for the wild, wide adventures of the sea. The ships of his youth were Defiance and Gladiator. Aspirational names for the lad who would rise to become a captain known as 'Old John Steadfast' and sometimes 'Honest Jack'.

At fourteen John experienced the blood and fury of Trafalgar. He saw his uncle torn into two by a cannon ball but he kept his eyes on the horizon and stayed steady. At seventeen, his steadfastness saw him promoted to Master's Mate, the sailor tasked with anchoring of the ship. At eighteen he found his sea-legs in chains as a prisoner of war.

Dyed by hand, stitched by nimble fingers. P A R Did the sound of the hammer striking the metal stamps ring off the fortified walls of Verdun? S O N S Rough, skilful hands set to work spelling out the name. Parsons.

Captured while ashore distributing 'seditious papers' John Parsons was lucky that his enemy Napoleon believed a prisoner should not suffer for the choices of their government. After a long trek east across the channel, John Parsons found himself more a guest than a prisoner. He was allowed to move freely through the red-roofed streets of Verdun. His prison was chosen because the high walls had kept so many out it was thought they would also keep as many in. As long as he swore an oath not to run away, signed his name to the promise and had his identification pass about his person, Honest Jack was at liberty.

Mr J Parsons, Aspirant, No 922.

The letters look as fresh as they did in 1810. The first 'r' floats a little above the rest.

Taille: 1.73. Cheveux: Blonde. Yeux: Bleue. Menton: Rond. Visage: Oval. Bouche: Moyne.

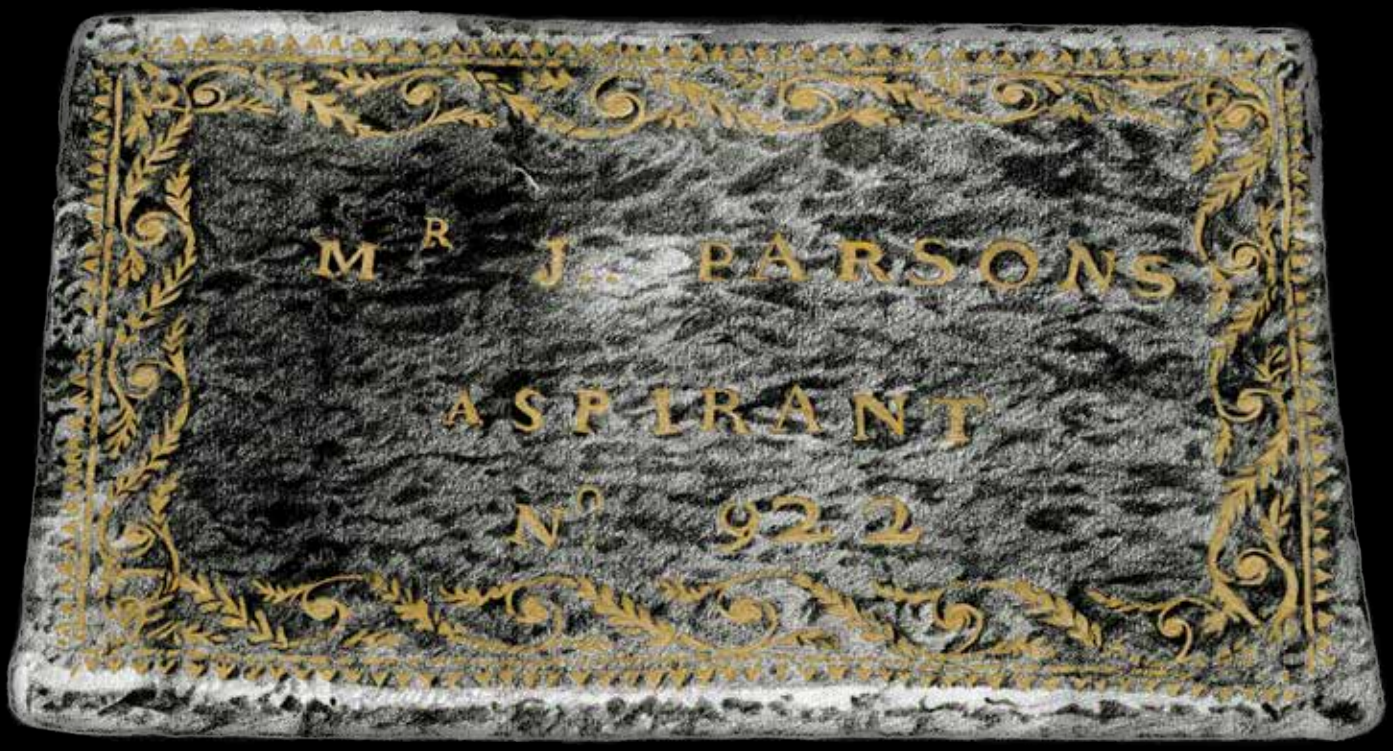
Aspirant, did John run his finger across the golden word? To the French it meant an 'uncommissioned' man. To him perhaps it meant hope. He would give up this false freedom and escape.

On Christmas Day 1813 John Parsons concealed himself in a cart full of crockery. A noisy and undoubtedly uncomfortable means of escape. Of all the items he could have taken to aid him on his journey, in his pocket he kept the soft warmth of the small leather pass. The rattling cargo of china and stowaway moved unseen, passing ranks of French soldiers returning from the Russian front. By luck and the kindness of strangers he carried his Aspirant Pass for two hundred and forty miles down the winter roads of France then Belgium and finally the Netherlands. He arrived on the Dutch island of Zuid Beveland in the spring of 1814 and tenacious tides carried him home to England.

Years passed. The chapters of John Parsons' life could be named after the ships that carried him through it. The Venerable, the Flying Fish, the Crescent, the Alligator and the North Star. Through every adventure, through all the eddies, the doldrums and the high seas he kept his pass from Verdun.

In the final fathom of their voyage, they both came to rest at Falmouth. John Parsons retired from the Royal Navy in 1854 after 52 years of service. He lived the rest of his life with his wife Anne in a house on Woodlane. One hundred years after his escape from Verdun, his great nephew told the story of John's Verdun pass to a local paper. Despite the rift of time, he called it 'a document of breathless interest'. Another century has passed since then and still our attention is held and our own gaze transported to another place and another time.

Words by Elizabeth Dale
Illustration by Maria Meekings



Pass from Verdun

Early in his career at sea, John Parsons was captured by the French and sent to the prison at Verdun. The prisoners were allowed on parole within the town as long as they carried their identification card with them. Parsons managed to escape from Verdun and kept his pass as a memento. John Parsons later went on to become a packet captain and lived in Falmouth for a number of years.

The Oyster Gauge

The app had lied. He saw it as she slipped from the bar stool in a long pouring motion, her hand held out to greet him.

He looked up into the pale grey eyes that had shone in the semi-dark of his bedroom as he browsed her pictures.

'Irene?' he said. His handshake met her cool fingers and he caught her covert glance as it travelled the whole short length of him.

'Hello Chris.'

The app had withheld another secret. Her voice was as cultured as the pearls at her neck, as aloof as the top of her head from where he stood, looking up at her. Was it him or was it hot in here?

Irene leaned back on her stool, barely lifting her low-heeled feet from the floor.

'What will you have?' He had meant to ask that first, but she held out her champagne glass to the bartender; 'Another please.'

Chris wanted something long and cool. His eyes scanned the guest beers while her mouth, a thin pink slit, turned downwards like the curve of a shell.

There it was. 'I'll have a pint.'

He took off his jacket and scaled his stool in a backwards clamber, feet swinging as if from the side of a boat. He had never sailed.

'Been here before?' She took a sip from the rim of her glass, leaving an iridescent imprint.

He looked around the high atrium; shoals of fish floating in stained glass panels, white linen and menus embossed with watery images of coiled ropes, russet sails and clusterings of shells. Now he understood the name of the restaurant: 'The Oyster Gauge'. Above the bar, encased in glass, hung a brass circle large enough to judge the oyster's fitness for market.

He hated shellfish.

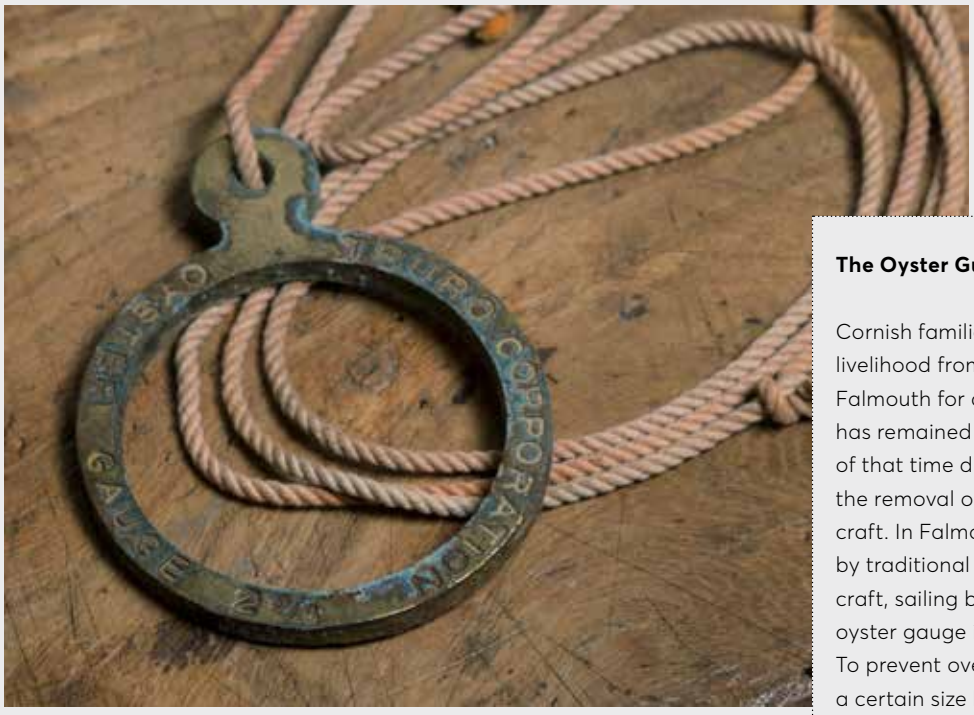
'No, never.'

She drained her glass in one deep throated tilt. 'I practically live here.'

Was it his imagination or was she sizing him up, considering whether to toss him back?

'Do you like oysters?' That thin smile again. She turned to the bartender who nodded without being told. She held up ten fingers.

'Will you join me?'



The Oyster Guage

Cornish families have derived their livelihood from oyster dredging in Falmouth for centuries, and the process has remained largely unchanged for most of that time due to the bye-law preventing the removal of oysters by engine powered craft. In Falmouth, oysters are still dredged by traditional methods, using hand rowed craft, sailing boats and oyster dredges. The oyster gauge is vital in the sorting process. To prevent over-fishing, all oysters below a certain size have to be thrown back into the water. Oysters can only be kept if they are too big to pass through the gauge.

'Sure, why not.'

To him they looked calloused, like shards of broken slate. He did not want to know what was inside, but he was here now.

A platter arrived; pearlescent cushions of oyster lay across ice with chunks of lemon nestling between opened shells.

'After you.'

Chris watched as Irene squeezed first lemon juice then Tabasco on the moist centre. She chewed once then threw back her head as the pale tube of her neck made a small convulsion. Her eyes glistened with the tang of sea and citrus. The shell was empty. She licked her lips clean.

'Your turn.' Her eyes were on him like spotlights. He took a piece of lemon and squeezed. A dagger of juice shot into his right eye. She laughed as he flinched.

'It got me.'

He wiped his eye on a napkin and took a sip of beer. It was alright. He glugged Tabasco into the shell, took a breath and slurped.

The glutinous oyster slipped onto his tongue, sticking there like over-cooked egg white. His gag impulse rose in a wave of foam at the back of his gullet and the reflex made him chomp. Layers of fleshy folds rippled in his mouth, something tubular tangled around his teeth and a salt liquid flooded his throat. Cheeks puffed out, eyes watering, he remembered at last how to swallow.

Irene watched him, an eyebrow arched. 'Well done,' she said. 'Try another.'

He could place her now; the head girl, the 'see what I can do, then fail at it while I watch' type. The app had softened her; the big dark eyes, the hair loose around her shoulders, the sort of woman who would be kind.

'Something to wash it down first,' he burped into his napkin then dabbed an ooze of sea water from the corner of his mouth. He looked down the bar. The beer was too gassy, he needed water.

He slipped from the high stool, one hand grazing her knee as he made the long drop. She brushed it away like a fly.

'I'll be a minute,' he said, reaching for his jacket.

Words by Jane Moss
Illustration by Jessica McMillan

Guffa – nearly a belly-laugh of a craft. It looks like a giant porridge bowl, the paddle leaning in like a spoon. Normally, a one-man craft, they have been known to be built to take up to twenty passengers. And once, a camel.

Its name derives from an ancient Akkadian word meaning basket. Herodotus saw guffas spinning on the Euphrates in Babylon – they don't do well against a current, being round, but neither do they capsize. They're work-horses, cheap to make, quick to make. They're the donkeys of river craft, prodded and paddled back and forth, their bellies loaded.

The guffa is not: sleek, fast, beautiful. The guffa does not: slice, skim, aim itself at the future. It's an act of faith. And it is possible that Noah's Ark looked like a very big guffa, with a shed in the middle. Room for two camels, and two of everything else. That guffa cradled a promise, sailing in the teeth of apocalypse. Noah's son, Ham later fell out with his father, having seen his father drunk and naked; Noah never forgave him; it's easy to imagine the seeds of that moment, being planted the fetid and desperate hold of the Ark.

Noah's Guffa

A wet time we had of it,
The rain hammering on the taut leather,
The bitumen barely holding. Such a long
Storm, and the world dead it seemed.

Father's eyes the colour of pewter
Like the sky, the water the endless water lapping chopping at itself;
Mother's heart heavier than the clogged sacking
Drawn dutifully round our sleeping quarters; our bodies
Failing, like our faith, and so profoundly sodden
That our skin wept the rain back into the air.

Going to the animals every day, the rations meaner each time, we
Slithered in their misery. They spat, roared, raked at us.
We began to feel the difference between us and them
Fall away. My brothers and I, returning to mud. Our wives dissolving in our arms.

There was splendour in it at first. The ark came from nothing but our sweat;
The sneers of the others? Well, we were stiff with our sacred promise.
The beasts and birds flocking trotting scuttling, bound and purposed,
Proved us somehow.
Their eyes were a little wild, it's true, but still they loped crawled scurried
(as their natures prescribed) into the cave of our ark.

Seeing us draw up the gangplank, the others sneered less.
We were serious, meant business.
Then, we all waited like warriors for the first charge.

For some moments, nothing.

We shifted, looked at each other, at the 'sinful' muttering on the bank.
Father said, 'No pity, no doubt, no pity.'
The beasts raised muzzles to the air.
Birds spread their wings, unsettled.

We almost didn't see the sky begin to fall, its great canopy billowing.
It was Shem who shouted, pointed. It fell upon
On us, suffocating in its force, as it rammed down our throats.
Then the ground around the ark broke in two,
Cracks shot wide, and water: gouts, geysers, fountains, sheets of it
Leapt upon the earth.

We clung to each other. The beasts screamed.
The ark rose against the flailing cries of the sinful, so-called.
We saw them pulled and swept
Away. Their cries haunt the dark rain yet.

As for those beasts and birds not chosen?
Gulls, finches, swallows: smashed to the deck.
Their light carcasses drifted like curses at our feet for a week.
And the dreadful betrayal of horses, cattle, plunging for their lives
At the ark's flank. What had they done? Dear God, what had they done?
I never spoke this aloud, but
My blasphemy sizzled across the deck like a hot coal
And Father stared.

The ark rose
And rose.
Forty days, forty days, Father repeated,
Scratching them out in our quarters.
Forty days and forty nights, and my faith
Leaking.

You know the story: how the rain stopped,
The dove with the olive leaf, the rolling back
Of the leather roof… and the sacrifice.
Oh, yes:
In the still, drying air, Father set his alter,
Bled and burnt the clean beasts,
Crazy in his gratitude.

Shem, Japheth, our wives, mother,
Turned piously away. But my heart howling
In the lifeless smoke, I didn't.
And Father knew.

Iraqi Guffa (no image available)

This coracle-like craft is an Iraqi "guffa", a traditional form of craft used for both cargo and passenger transport on the rivers of Iraq. Photographs of Iraq from a century ago show the cities' river banks teeming with these craft but these days they are an unfamiliar sight, having been largely superseded by motor vehicles for both passenger and cargo transport.

Old photographs show guffas loaded with over twenty people or with horses and cargo. With their circular shape they are are not designed for speed or sea-worthiness but for the carrying of the greatest possible cargo with the most economical use of material. This is important because in some cases, particularly on the Tigris, the guffa was abandoned after one long-river voyage.

Words by Kym Martindale

The Pilchard Oil Lamp

The lamp that I've hung in the window
Has a prow and a stern like a boat,
And its handle could serve as a tiller.
Now I pray that my Jack's still afloat.

For the gale that blew in from the west
Pounced as quick as a cat on a mouse,
And the wind's yowling in from the sea,
Fit to rip the slates clean from the house.

Just this evening the sun was still shining
When the huer did raise a loud cry;
As they lifted the drift nets aboard,
There was hardly a cloud in the sky.

And my Jack had a grin on his face,
For the huer had spied a big shoal:
"Thirty hogsheads or more, they are saying,
And we're going to catch the thing whole!"

It was not until nine that the wind came
And the sky turned as black as a witch,
And the bell-buoy that marks where the rocks are
Started tolling in time with the pitch.

And that's when they should have made shoreward,
Whether pilchards were netted or no,
But those fish keep the food on our tables
And they'll not have been quick to let go.

The pilchards have scales of bright silver
And the oil when they're pressed runs pure gold,
But some who seek after their treasure
Will not be allowed to grow old.

The lamp that I've hung in the window
Has a flame like the sail on Jack's boat.
I watch as it flares and it gutters,
And pray that my love's still afloat.

Words by Tom Scott

Pilchard Oil Lamp

"Pilchards! Whose bodies yield the fragrant oil and make the London lamps at midnight smile!" Peter Pindar 1783.

Cornwall once relied upon the sea for nearly everything: food, transport, trade, defence and contact with the outside world. Fishing was always a vital part of the Cornish way of life and in the 18th and 19th Century, pilchard fishing was a major industry. Throughout the summer months large shoals of pilchards were caught off the Cornish coast; then they were taken to pilchard cellars for processing.

The pilchards were squeezed flat and oil drained out; producing 18 to 45 litres from each barrel. The oil was mostly sold as lamp oil. Pilchard fishing declined from the mid-20th Century, although small quantities of pilchards are still caught in Cornish waters today.

This home-made lamp, dating to around 1850, used oil from the fish processing to provide light.

A New World Romance

As Joan fastened the last clasp on her suitcase, her mother sat on the end of the bed, picking at a loose thread in her dress.

'But it's such a long way,' she was saying. 'Are you sure Ray doesn't want to move here?'

'No, mother.' She picked up the suitcase and put it beside the bed. 'I want to go.'

Joan sat down, pulling her mother's fidgeting hands into her own.

'It'll be an adventure,' she said. 'And besides, he's waiting for me.'

'I know.' Her mother sighed. 'It's just - what if something happens? We'll have no idea. We can't afford to come out to America and find you. It's such a long way.'

'I know,' Joan said. 'But I'll be careful, I promise. And I'll write.'

She rested her head on her mother's shoulder.

'I'll miss you,' she said.

Her mother turned and pulled Joan into her arms.

Two days later, Joan was at sea, bidding Great Britain a quiet goodbye.

As the coastline disappeared from view, she thought of her mother and father, standing at the port at Southampton, waving farewell. Her brothers and sister had stood beside them, holding hands. Her mother had been trying not to cry, while her father had stood in his stiff, Sunday clothes, holding her mother close. Just before that, as she had stepped onto the boardwalk, he had pulled her into a fierce hug and croaked that he loved her. She had heard his voice crack just a little and had tucked that memory safely away inside. She tried not to dwell on how much she would miss them.

Standing at the railings of the great GI war ship, Joan was surrounded by the bright, hopeful blue of the ocean. The air tasted salty and she could smell the smoke of the ship as it honked and bellowed through the water. Her stomach danced with excitement and nerves. She had never been alone like this before, or so far from home. But this was what all the girls had been talking about. The GI dream. The adventure to the New World, far across the Atlantic. It was hard to believe it was really happening, that in a week's time she would actually be standing on American soil.

She didn't spend much time with the other GI brides on the ship. She preferred to watch the water or stay in the cabin and write. It really wasn't about the adventure for her, it was all about Ray. It had been so hard watching his ship depart from Falmouth, knowing that he was off to Omaha to drive supplies to the troops. She was constantly afraid for him. In all her nineteen years, she had never felt such a mix of emotions. As thrilling as the adventure was, it was also a bit exhausting. She just wanted to start her new life with Ray, knowing that he was safe and sound.

As she let the sea wind whistle around her, she thought back to how they had first met. Like many other war love stories, it had begun with an evening dance. But unlike some of the other girls who had been dancing that night, she had been working at the munitions factory during the day, where there had been an explosion. She had met Ray with no eyebrows. And yet he had still asked her to dance - and she was glad she had overcome her timidity and said yes.

She had brought all of Ray's letters with her, carefully wrapped in linen at the bottom of her suitcase. She often found herself sitting cross-legged on her cabin bed, re-reading them. Among other things, Ray had written about his family. She had tried to picture them - she had so many questions. Ray had grown up in a rural industrial town and his father worked in a paper mill. She imagined he might be somewhat similar to her father, who worked in a tin mine, hard-working, down-to-earth men.

Joan's father had been unsure about Ray at first. He said he was 'wary of these Americans who could seduce girls with nylons and the promise of a prosperous life in the new world'. Ray was an honest, sweet man. It hadn't taken long for him to convince her father that he would look after her, and she knew in her heart that he would never let her down. She hoped that the war wouldn't change him too much.

She had no idea in that moment, as she watched the seagulls soar overhead, if the Ray that she had married in Redruth would be the Ray that she met in America. And she had no idea if she would ever see Cornwall or her family again. But she was quietly hopeful and determined to make the best of whatever America had to offer her.

Thirty years later, in their home in California, Joan recalled her journey from Cornwall and the first few years of her life in America. As soon as she had been reunited with Ray - who was as

loving and respectful as she had remembered him - they had settled in Wisconsin, his home State. Ray had picked up some work as a driver and she had got a job in a match factory.

The freezing winters had been a shock to her at first. She remembered walking through huge snowdrifts to get to work. A car would drive past her down the track every morning, but the driver never offered her a lift. It had taken some time for her to settle there, but she hadn't let it get her down. As soon as she and Ray had bought their little wooden house, which she remembered with great fondness, everything had improved. They had spent many happy years there, before moving to California in search of warmer weather and better opportunities. But even there, a part of her still longed for home.

One sunny day, Ray turned to Joan and put her hand in his.

'You've spent thirty years in my country,' he said. 'Now we'll go to yours.'

Joan was delighted. She looked forward to spending time with her family, especially her nieces and nephews. And she was excited to show Ray her country. They both loved walking and there were lots of places she hadn't visited in years. She had no doubt that the next thirty years in Cornwall would be as joyful as the last thirty years in America had been.

Words by Charlotte Rayment

Document of citizenship

Gwendoline Joan Hosking from Redruth married GI soldier Ray Hietpas on 3 May 1945 after meeting at a local dance. They moved to Ray's home in Little Chute, Wisconsin, following the war. Joan officially became an American on 3 November 1948 and this document was her proof of citizenship. Joan and Ray returned to Cornwall in the 1970s to spend their last 30 years here.

Licenced Waterman's Badge

Even in the rain, the water ripples a luminous, milky aqua-blue. Raindrops pock-mark the surface as the wind whips it into wide sweeping bands. Overhead, grey skies drift into cloud and the silhouettes of trees line the river bank as it twists out of view. A bird calls noisily from the harbour wall, his feathers bristling and shining. This is the county of Bal-Maidens, brought up on the edge of the deep, hands and aprons stained red from the earth's rich ore. This is where the netters and pilchard bulkers, packers and pressers worked hard and long to wrest their living from the sea. Their strength echoes down to me in granite-hard cliffs. I see them - those women - standing strong against a relentless, raging sea. I hear them in her words, spoken true and ringing with an uncomplicated acceptance of what was, and is, and could be.

She took her place on days like these, and days that were better, and days that were worse. When hot sun warmed her skin and glinted off the water like a thousand shards of glass. When autumn winds blew boats and ropes and rain all sideways, and they had to cling on and on and on as they worked the routes they'd always done. When snow and ice and winter storms trod on Cornwall's mild shores, still they'd button up and sail their boat from this safe harbour wall to that.

Imagine it any other way, I'd asked her. Could you? But she could not. No other life, no other option. No future but that of salt and waves and sail. We did not travel, she says. We did not leave. My father would not have had it. And then, in the very next breath, 'but I loved my boats. Loved being out on the water. I still do.'

She met him in the boatyard, the sound of steel-hitting-steel-hitting-steel the accompaniment to their love song. I wonder what she looked like then, who she was beneath the oilskins, the crew coat and work boots. Was she always as tough as she seems now, taking her place among the boys, working it out and working her way around these boats that she had been born into? Did she mind being the only one? I asked, wondering as it left my lips if it was the right question now, more than forty years on and spoken into a different era of modernity and equality. She laughs. 'Never had a choice, my dear. No choice.' Did they take it easy on her? Again that deadpan delivery, inscrutable and understated: No, she says. It was 'man's work.' So she was treated like a man. She sounds like she is smiling as she says it, bemused that I would even ask. I'm reading between the lines now, but I don't think that she minded. Better than being singled out, second-class, less than. I wouldn't want that either, I never have. A playing field must only be level for me to be happy, in work, or life, or sport. I don't mind how tough it is, just give me a shot at holding my own. She might not have chosen her fight, or even seen it as one, but from our short conversation, I can't imagine she gave it any less than everything.

One summer's day, I stood and looked out at that same ocean from this same town and watched another young girl sail noisily into view. But this one, she chose the sea. Ran to it and clung to it with all her might. Not born of sailing stock, but made, of practice and discipline and sheer hard work; she grafted and sweated her way into the history books. The first woman ever to circumnavigate the globe alone. After months of silent oceans, waters boiling with a thousand best-dressed vessels greeted her in loudest triumph. Horns blared and flags flew and she stood on the deck with arms held high, hot red smoke filling the air. We stood on the shore and cheered her in, saluting her courage with our elation.

A gull rises off the surface of the sea with a steady beat of wings. Its feathers form white arcs, like bridges, as it lifts and circles, banking out across the estuary. I think about their stories as I watch it climb; the circumnavigator and the crew-woman. Their circuitous journeys so very, very different, but so much the same. One long and all alone, the other short and oft-repeated, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, ferrying across those waters ever changing, never still. One grounded in the everyday, one breaking ground so very publically.

Still, watery pioneers both, they soar and rise above us.

Words by Emma Fowle

Waterman's badge

This small, but important, enamel badge was formerly the property of Miss Jane Trembath. In the 1960s she was issued with license no. 262 by Falmouth Harbour Commissioners to operate the Greenbank Ferry, regularly rowing passengers across the river between the Greenbank Hotel and Flushing. In a letter Jane refers to her License Badge as 'her most cherished possesion'.

Little White Triangles

When I was at Woods Hole, I went to some tide pools on a rocky beach. The waves there made a sound exactly like the hurricane smashing against Daisy's attic window. I lost my breath and had to sit down right there while the memory blotted out the starfish and the anemones. I could feel the heavy air and the pounding over our heads. If I shut my eyes I could hear Daisy, breathing underneath the sound of the waves. For a minute, it was like I could reach through all the time and distance between us, back to our childhood, back to our picture-book world.

If a little kid drew a harbor, it would be a perfect semicircle and always full of water the color of the blue crayon in a box of twelve. There would be boats with perfect white triangles for sails. But our harbor was long and skinny, with twisted fingers branching off into the trees and water that was a different color every day. We lived at the shallow end — no, that is not a metaphor — and down there the harbor was nothing but mud half the time. When the tide was out, we could see the memory of the waves in the shape of little ripples in the mud.

Every twelve hours, the water went out and took a whole world with it, all the bluefish and dogfish and eels. The clams buried themselves and the crabs did their paranoid scuttling, not happy about being in the open. When the water came back, it brought that whole invisible world back with it. That is how we grew up, exposed and then invisible, invisible and then exposed. Every twelve hours, twice a day. I guess living next to that makes you a certain kind of person.

From *How We Learned to Lie*
(Forthcoming from Harper, summer 2018)

Words by Meredith Miller

White mainsails

In the Main Hall of the museum you can admire a hanging flotilla of small boats on display over your head.

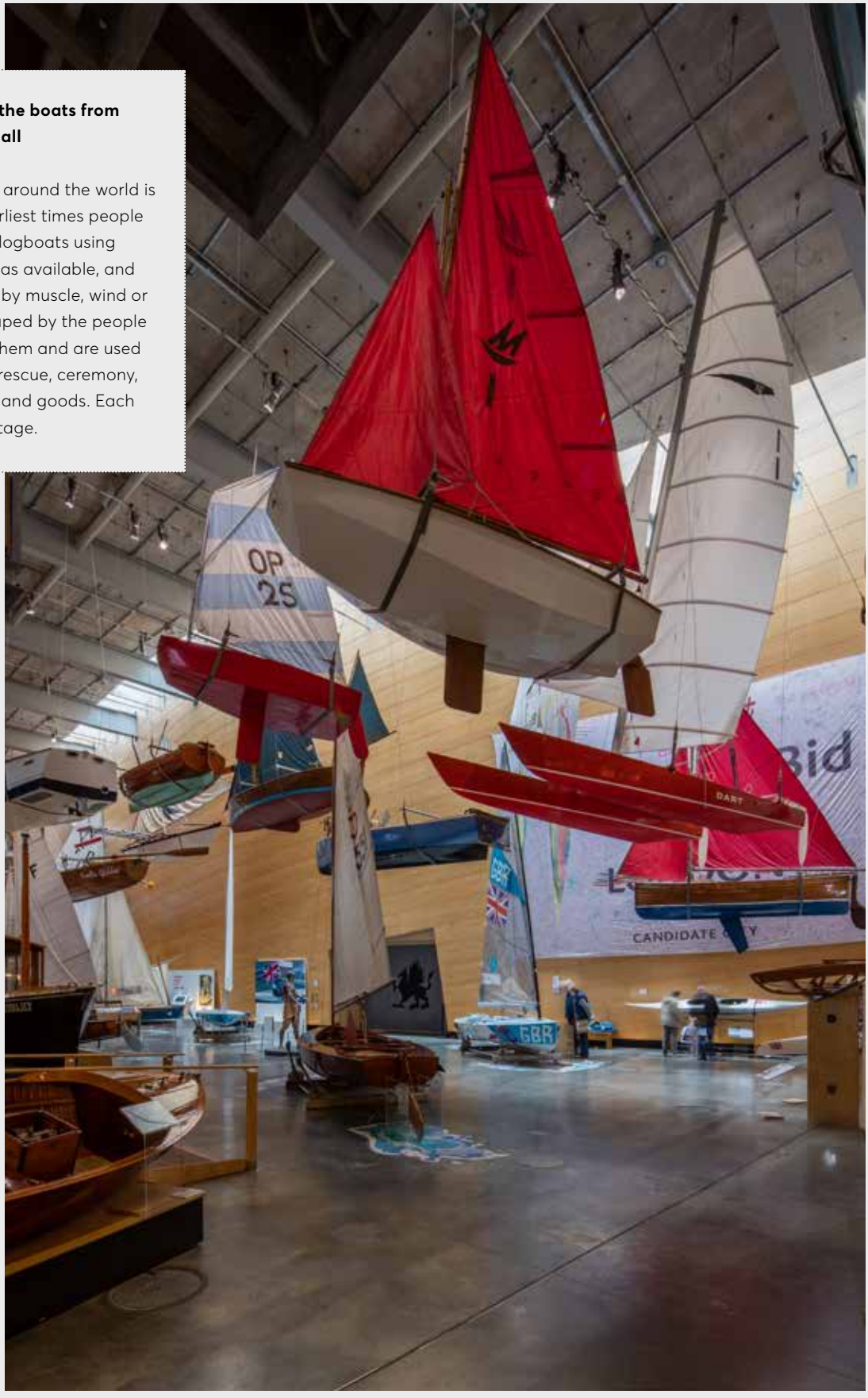
Beneath the boats

For a moment, I am a submariner. I look up at the underside of the suspended hulls. At the regatta in still life overhead. At this depth it is all but silent, though muffled echoes of the clamour and shouts from the boats make their way down. Above, the sea is become a city, the Carrick Roads an M25 rush hour of a road, all lanes abandoned, an Istanbul intersection, the grand bizarre. The crew on the outrigger, all smiles like the toothy grin of the shark on their sail, eye up the competition. Scott and Winter weaving along the start line with their promise of Thunder and Lightning. They are confidence and precision, though both men stoop quietly to touch the twin black cats before the starting pistol sounds. Pattison on the Flying Dutchman calling for clear water on *Thamaku*, whose helmsman flicks them the bird and pulls in the main. Willcocks in *Basileus*, revving the engines of his hydroplane, and the sail boys and girls looking down long noses at him from beneath their booms. They envy the speed though, he knows it. The racing wherrymen jeering and the Jangadeiros looking on bemused and happy, ever hopeful for the promised shoal. The blank face of the trapeze artist on the Dart 18 that hides a grin as he bears away and buzzes a young boy in an Optimist for the sheer hell of it. The boy in the Optimist who grins back. He knows he will go further than any of them one day. They keep strange company on this frozen start line. Vikings, Fijians and Polynesians, Kiribatians and Aussies, Naval officers, Olympians, holidaymakers and schoolboys. Their jostling and chiacking filters down to the sea bed from where I watch the whole roiling mob of them. And they look at each other across time, across vast bodies of water, from the beaches of coral atolls, the grey foreshore of the Thames and the wide estuarine mouths of rivers. Wayfinders, fishermen and racers, the spray in their faces, sails taut and faces ablaze in the morning light.

Words by Wyl Menmuir

View of the hulls of the boats from below in the Main Hall

The variety of boats around the world is staggering. From earliest times people have built rafts and logboats using whatever material was available, and have powered them by muscle, wind or engine. They are shaped by the people who make and use them and are used for working, fishing, rescue, ceremony, transporting people and goods. Each boat reflects its heritage.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Beginnings
The National Maritime Museum Cornwall is a fully independent museum, a development of the original Falmouth International Maritime Initiative partnership created in 1992 and the result of collaboration between the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich and the former Cornwall Maritime Museum in Falmouth.

The National Small Boat Collection
The National Maritime Museum Greenwich had an impressive collection of small boats – some 120 craft of historical significance from Britain and overseas. For many years the Trustees of the Museum had been seeking a suitable waterfront location in which to create an imaginative and dynamic showcase for the boats, many of which can still be sailed. Falmouth, offering a waterside location, its own nautical heritage and one of the world's finest harbours represented an ideal site.

The Cornwall Maritime Museum
The Cornwall Maritime Museum evolved from a collection reflecting Cornwall's rich maritime history gathered over 150 years by the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society. In 1981 this collection was brought together as the Falmouth Maritime Museum, later changing to the Cornwall Maritime Museum. Since then the collection has grown and prospered. Both museums applied separately to the Heritage Lottery Fund for assistance in developing their ideas. At the Fund's suggestion the two began talks that culminated in the formation of a joint venture to create a single entity. Although owing a great deal to both sponsoring museums, the new undertaking was to be independent, with its own governing body, financially self-supporting, and most importantly with displays to reflect its location and market.

Our building
The museum was officially opened in 2003. The new building was custom-designed and was built on land that was once covered in the sheds of boat-builders.

Award winning
The quality and creativity of our learning programme and visitor experience has been recognised in a number of prestigious awards.

Here are just some of them…

2017 – Best Gallery – What's on Cornwall Awards – voted by the public
2015 – The Sandford Award – for the outstanding quality of our education work
2014 – Winner The Telegraph Family Friendly Museum Award
2014 – Learning outside the classroom quality badge
2014 – Marsh Trust Award
2014 – Silver – Best UK Heritage Attraction at British Travel Awards
2014 – Best Museum in Cornwall Cornwall Today Awards
2013 – Silver – Best UK Heritage Attraction at British Travel Awards
2005 – ADAPT Trust Awards for Excellence in Access for Disabled People
2004 – Nominated for a Silver Award for the most outstanding environmental design

The future
We are committed to:

- Curating ambitious and unexpected exhibitions which bring artefacts from national and international collections to Cornwall, bring new and diverse perspectives to maritime issues, and give them contemporary relevance
- Being a vital centre of family learning and award winning education programming
- Preserving and promoting Cornwall Maritime Heritage
- Our programme of boat building and conservation

15 YEARS OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM CORNWALL

2003

HRH the Duke of York officially opens the museum

2004

Will to Win Olympic exhibition opens

2005

Team Phillips, Ellen MacArthur, + Virgin welcomes Ollie Hicks

2006

Endurance and Survival exhibition opens

2007

Your Falmouth and Survival Zone opens

2008

Under the Sea exhibition opens

2011

On Thin Ice exhibition opens

2012

Search and Rescue exhibition opens

2013

We celebrate our 10th birthday

2015

The Viking Voyagers exhibition opens

2016

The Great Big Cornish Gig project launches

2017

Tattoo: British Tattoo Art Revealed and Captain Bligh: Myth, Man and Mutiny exhibitions open

2018

Titanic Stories exhibition opens

THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM CORNWALL

Welcome to National Maritime Museum Cornwall. A place to enrich our understanding of the sea, and Cornwall.

What we do
- Major exhibitions
- Family learning
- Award winning education programme
- Boat building and conservation
- Preserving and promoting Cornwall Maritime Heritage
- The Bartlett Library and Maritime Research Centre

We
- Curate ambitious and unexpected exhibitions
- Develop partnership projects with national and international museums, bringing new connections with world cultures to Cornwall
- Bring artefacts from national and international collections and cultural heritage rarely seen outside of London and the UK's other metropolitan centres
- Spearhead unique collaboration between national organisations, collectors, artists and leading academics
- Reach out to engage with all our communities, to include their voices, and their stories. We have ambitions to position ourself at the forefront of challenging preconceptions about what musuems can and should be curating and collecting
- Aim to make Cornish maritime history inspiring for everyone
- Bring new and diverse perspectives to maritime issues – and give them contemporary relevance.

Sited beside the third largest natural deep-water harbour in the world: Britain's traditional gateway to the Atlantic and one of Europe's finest sailing waters.

The building was custom designed and built on land that was once covered in the sheds of boat builders. These sheds inspired the design of the building which is covered in green oak.

There are 15 galleries over 5 floors. Exhibits explore the overwhelming influence of the sea on Cornwall's, the UKs, and global, history and culture.

Visitors can also climb to the top of the 100 foot Look Out Tower for breathtaking panoramic views over Falmouth harbour, docks and estuary. Then travel down to the Tidal Zone and go underwater to look out into Falmouth harbour from a different perspective.

Boatbuilding workshop
Visitors can see shipwrights at work restoring and building boats in the boatbuilding workshop, which is respected as a centre for restoration, conservation and repair of traditional boats.

Collections
The Museum's Collections consist of a range of objects, boats, art, books and archives.

The National Small Boat Collection
The National Small Boat Collection was originally developed by the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. This is now housed in Cornwall where it has been extended by the addition of other craft. This collection is representative of boats from the UK and around the world. A maximum of length overall of 30ft (14.2m) is set for the collection although there are exceptions. A collection of objects and archives support the National Small Boat Collection.

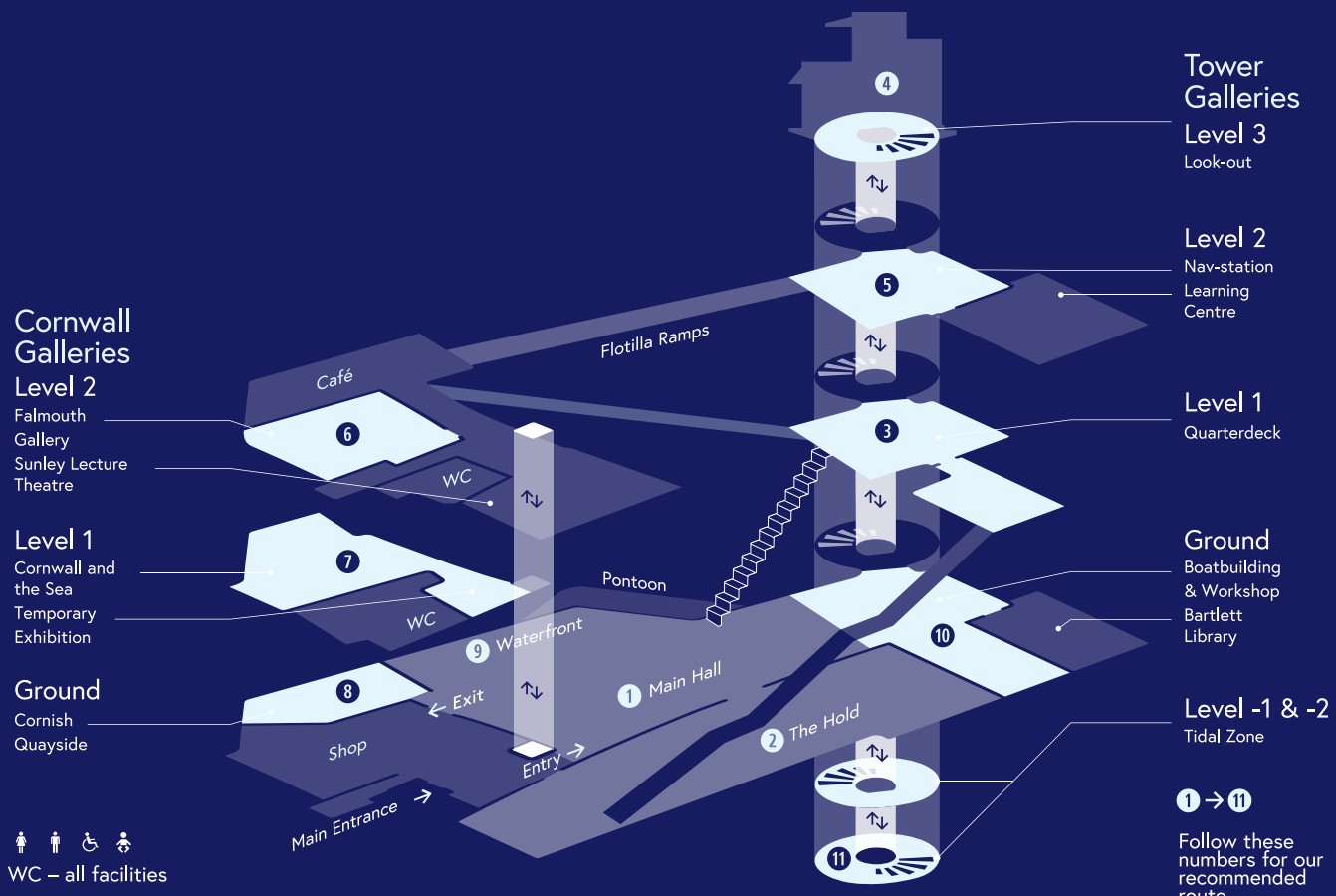
Cornish Maritime Collection
Much of the Cornish Maritime Collection came from the former Cornwall Maritime Museum in Falmouth. It contains objects, pictures, models and archives relating to the history of Cornwall and the sea, and Falmouth in particular.

The Bartlett Maritime Research Centre and The Bartlett Library
The Museum's research work is led by the Bartlett Maritime Research Centre which incorporates the Bartlett Library. The library houses a diverse collection of maritime reference books, periodicals and archive material for public consultation and reference. The main themes are: Cornwall maritime history, British and international shipping, and the history of boats.

Formal education programme
Our award winning learning programme is the largest and most varied of its kind in Cornwall.

Family programming
The Museum delivers 118 days of free family learning activities every year.

MUSEUM MAP


Tower Galleries
Level 3
Look-out
Level 2
Nav-station
Learning Centre
Level 1
Quarterdeck
Ground
Boatbuilding & Workshop
Bartlett Library
Level -1 & -2
Tidal Zone
1 → 11
Follow these numbers for our recommended route.
Cornwall Galleries
Level 2
Falmouth Gallery
Sunley Lecture Theatre
Level 1
Cornwall and the Sea
Temporary Exhibition
Ground
Cornish Quayside
WC – all facilities
Café
Flotilla Ramps
WC
Pontoon
WC
9 Waterfront
Exit
1 Main Hall
2 The Hold
Shop
Entry
Main Entrance
4
5
3
6
7
8
10
11

2018 LISTINGS

MAJOR EXHIBITIONS

Titanic Stories
8 March 2018 – 7 January 2019

A major new temporary exhibition examining the stories of the Titanic's momentous sinking on 15 April 1912, reappraising many of the myths, controversies and assumptions that still linger around one of the most well-known historic events of the 20th century.

SMALLER EXHIBITIONS

Titanic Stories: Contemporary Voices
8 March 2018 – 7 January 2019

As part of its Titanic Stories exhibition, The National Maritime Museum Cornwall has launched a concurrent exhibition exploring the subject of migration past and present. Titanic Stories: Contemporary Voices shows how the Titanic carried the hopes and dreams of hundreds of migrants seeking a better life and linking it to the contemporary stories of five people who have moved to Cornwall from overseas in recent years.

SPECIAL EVENT

Model Engineering Showcase
17 & 18 November 2018

A wonderful celebration of model making. Get close to stunning models, see expert live demonstrations and have a go at activities for all ages.

MUSEUM LATES

Museum Late: Cornwall Poetry Festival
Friday 23 November 2018

Museum Late: A choral performance by Canoryon Lowen
Saturday 24 November 2018

ARCHIVE FILM NIGHTS

Britain on Film on Tour – a partnership between the Independent Cinema Office (ICO) and the BFI bringing unprecedented access to the UK's history on film. Our Cornwall Galleries and bar will be open and the films will be introduced by Mark Douglas, Senior Lecturer in Film at Falmouth University.

LGBT Britain
Wednesday 14 February

Documents a century in which homosexuality went from crime to Pride, via decades of profoundly courageous activism, and the shifting attitudes to LGBT people and their rights across the board throughout a time of explosive social change.

Railways
Wednesday 18 April

Revels in nostalgia for the lost glories of train travel, while documenting the rapidly changing social, economic and political climate of the UK.

Coast & Sea
Wednesday 20 June

Travel round our gorgeous, varied coast, filmed throughout the 20th century from 1901 to 1978. Take a nostalgic promenade to classic British holiday resorts including Weston-super-Mare, Morecambe and Skegness, a visit to Butlin's in Brighton and 1930s surfing in Newquay.

Black Britain on Film
Wednesday 17 October

Explore the history of the UK through the eyes and voices of black Britons throughout the 20th century. Bringing together films spanning 1901 to 1985 offering incredibly rare and valuable depictions of black British life on screen.

Rural Life
Wednesday 14 November

Takes audiences down the country lanes of the past, meandering through the dwindling customs of another era. Touching on all the technological, industrial and social changes that affected our countryside throughout the 20th century, these films evoke meaningful reflections on the nature of rural life and village communities in the UK today.

FAMILIES

February half term
Science of the Sea

Hands on science with University of Exeter and Bristol Explorer Dome.

Easter holidays
Pirate School

All aboard shipmates and join our trainee pirate crew! In our fun packed sessions learn what every budding Buccaneer needs to know about being a pirate of the 'Golden Age Of Piracy'!

May half term
Deck Games

Traditional games popular in the golden age of cruise liners. Fun for all the family.

Summer holidays
Pirate School

Please see above

October half term
Ghost Ships

Craft making, trail + amazing storytelling + performance. Plus: an exciting new show – visually stunning acrobatic theatrical performance by Yskynna.

Ongoing
Pre-school
Museum Minnows: activities for under 5s Term time only

Every Monday during term time at 11 O'clock, drop-in for a lively half hour of stories, songs and rhymes.

Listings subject to change. Additional events, exhibitions and programming will be added during the year. To keep up to date with our latest news check **nmmc.co.uk/whats-on** for details, sign up to our newsletter or follow us on social media.

THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM CORNWALL IS INDEBTED TO:

Arts Council England
Garfield Weston Foundation
Coral Samuel Charitable Trust
The John S Cohen Foudnation
(incorporating the David Cohen
Family Charitable Trust)
Dr Eric Kentley
Claes-Göran Wetterholm
Imagemakers Design and
Consultancy Ltd
Andrew Nancarrow
National Maritime Museum
Greenwich
National Museum Liverpool
Campbell McCutcheon
Jjordis Ohlsson
Johan Jonsson
Museum fur Kommunkikation
Fraknfurt
Jill Stuifbergen
Andrew Aldridge
Robert Angel
Gavin Bryars
Peter Boyd-Smith
Dian Cashin
Peter Engberg-Klarstrom
Andrew Harbert
Philip Hind
Lars Huith
Maud Bolzious Isheden
Bo Jerndell
Simon Mills
Bob Read
Dr Ian Tait
Christian Topf
Adrianna McClary
Christian Minsansa
Vimla Sharma
Iga Drzymkowska
Jude Kereama
Dan Arnold
Becky McDonald
Tom Hubmann

And of course a huge thank you to our volunteers who donate over 30,000 hours of their time every year.

Supported using public funding by
ARTS COUNCIL ENGLAND

Garfield Weston FOUNDATION

OUR VOLUNTEERS

We are extremely grateful for the continued support of our volunteers whose time and effort contribute so much to the museum.

Our crew of volunteers are very highly valued members of the museum team, helping in almost every aspect of what we do and contributing their time and skills to the successful running of the museum, working alongside our staff team.

- 170 volunteers give over 30,000 hours a year
- 27% have given over 15 years voluntary service
- 17% have given over 10 years voluntary service
- 22% have given over 5 years voluntary service


FD
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"As a new exhibition shows, the reality of the disaster was quickly erased by myth making and fake news… a world might have disappeared that night, but the myth of the *Titanic* has proved itself unsinkable."

– The Daily Telegraph

"This show is as much about the prurience of humanity as it is about a great ship that sank."

– The Times

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OPENING TIMES:
Open every day of the year, 10am - 5pm, except Christmas Day and Boxing Day.

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The annual journal of writing, art and photography from The National Maritime Museum Cornwall. Inspired by and expanding on, the Museum's permanent collections, temporary exhibitions and wider cultural connections, the magazine brings together essays, articles, unseen imagery and artefacts, which further bring to life the award-winning National Maritime Museum Cornwall's nautical heritage and collections housed within its landmark building in Falmouth, Cornwall.

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