

ΕΝΑΛΙΑ SUPPLEMENT 2

DEDICATED TO PETER THROCKMORTON

PETER THROCKMORTON: THE MIDDLE YEARS

*The Rescue of the Down Easter "St Mary"
in the Falkland Islands.*

by Mensun Bound



Peter Throckmorton, an Odysseus of the Deep

by Haralambos Kritzas

HELLENIC INSTITUTE OF MARINE ARCHAEOLOGY

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PETER THROCKMORTON

“For he also rests not,
but like a gull travels over the sea”

Kallimachos
(*Palatin Anthology VII, 277*)

The tireless traveler, the researcher, the mentor of the first generation of marine archaeologists, Peter Throckmorton is no more. He died quietly in his home in Maine last June, 62 years old.

His untimely death leaves greatly impoverished the small community of men who have devoted their lives to marine archaeology. The pioneer whose passion and diversified knowledge and experience about the wooden ship, the sea and seamanship, whose fertile imagination nurtured and enchanted a whole generation, is gone. He is the one who paved the way and gave scientific substance to the legends of fishermen and the adventure of divers in their romantic quest for the past through the search of the lost ships.

Peter was a founding member of the Hellenic Institute of Marine Archaeology, yet beside this legal formality it was his presence that produced the prerequisites that led to the firm establishment of the Institute.

For those of us who were lucky enough to know him personally and to work with him, he was more than a teacher, he was a good friend, a companion, an original seafaring man who took you on magnificent journeys and charmed you with his tales. His personality left its mark on all of us who followed him in his travels and so determined in a way our future course.

Peter left, abandoning the stormie seas he had sailed, but he bequeathed an unbreakable link connecting the present with the past in the history of sea trade and wooden ships.

Nikos N. Tsouchlos

The Rescue of the Down Easter "St Mary" in the Falkland Islands

- by *Mensun Bound* -

*Director of Archaeology
Oxford University MARE*

Oh I'll be shipping sunset - wards and westward - ho
Through the green toppling combers a - shattering into snow,
Till I come to quiet moorings and a watch below,
In the golden city of St Mary.

John Masefield

We were all sitting in the courtyard of the Hellenic Institute of Marine Archaeology in Athens when word came from Harry Tzalas, of the Hellenic Institute for the Preservation of the Nautical Tradition, that Peter Throckmorton had died, or as Peter would probably have put it: "slipped his cable and gone out on the tide".

Five of us were there at the time: Nikos Tsouchlos, Yannis Vichos, Achilles Lagopatis and Yannis Lolos. We were at that moment debating the finer shades of meaning between certain English shipbuilding terms and their Greek equivalents - it was precisely the kind of discussion that Peter loved. We were all of us stunned by the news; there we were in the Institute he had helped to found, his name had only been on our lips seconds before and on the table were photos of the Dokos excavation, the wreck he had found in 1975. Furthermore, only the previous day we had been surveying a wreck near Tolo in the Argolian Gulf that had last been examined by Peter, Nikos and Haralambos Kritzas in 1974. Although he had not been active in Mediterranean underwater archaeology since 1975, he had, through his achievements, left a legacy that had touched us all.

In the months to come there will be many tributes to Peter in maritime journals and magazines, but not many, I think, will have the information necessary to fill in the middle years of his career in maritime archaeology, that is from 1976 to about 1980, after he had left the Mediterranean and before he had taken up fieldwork and teaching in North America.

It was during this period that Peter became interested in the hulked Cape Horners of the Falklands Islands, in particular those of American origin or in some way closely associated with the States. These vessels included the British built "Vicar of Bray", the American extreme-clipper "Snow Squall", the American Western Ocean packet ship "Charles Cooper" and the Down Easter "St Mary", which had been built in Peter's home state of Maine. It was the latter which particularly captured his interest.

In 1976 Peter and some colleagues surveyed several of these hulks and, on his return to Maine, he gave a slide show on his work in the South Atlantic. This show was attended by a curator of the Maine State Museum at Augusta, who, as it turned out, had been considering setting up a special ship exhibit. What better for the core of the new gallery than a section of the "St Mary"? Not only had she been constructed in Maine, but she was also one of the last full-rigged, inter-oceanic, wooden merchant ships ever to be built; thus she represented the end of a tradition in deep-

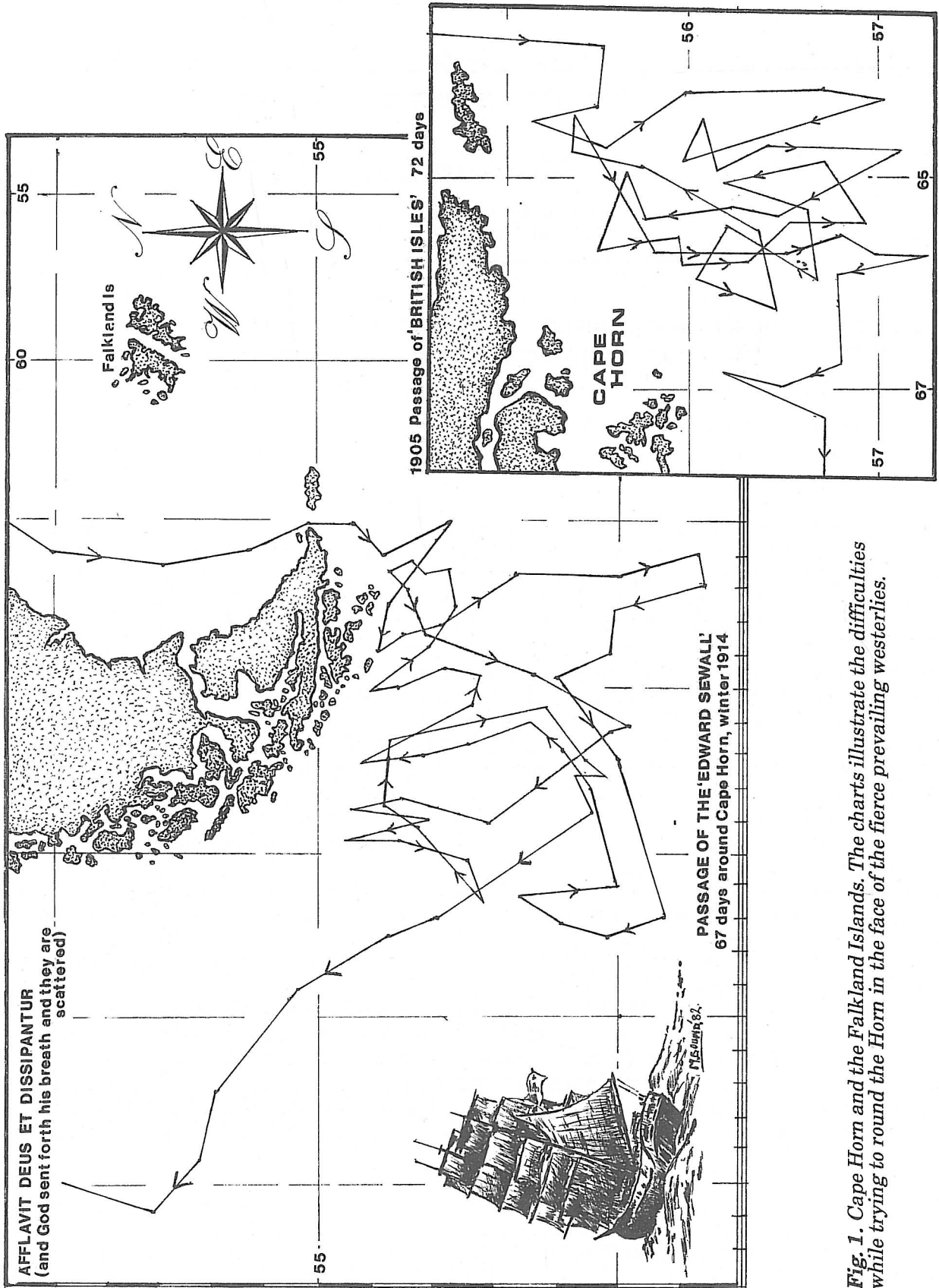


Fig. 1. Cape Horn and the Falkland Islands. The charts illustrate the difficulties while trying to round the Horn in the face of the fierce prevailing westerlies.

water wooden sail that went back to the Cape Gelidonya ship (another of Peter's wrecks) and earlier. It was decided that Peter would lead another expedition to the Falklands with the aim of recovering a 40 foot section of the hull for the museum. This was to be his most arduous and successful project; yet, strange to say, he never (to my knowledge) published this work in a serious manner, and only ever gave it fleeting mention in some of his popular writings. To understand the importance of his work in the Falklands it is essential to understand something of the significance of the Down Easter.

The Down Easters

The Down Easters (so called because they were made in the "down east" ports of the New England states) were built between 1869 and 1893 and were specifically designed for carrying grain around Cape Horn. Just as California gold had produced the clipper it was the golden grains of Californian corn that produced the Down Easters.

Grain is a difficult cargo that requires a capacious, well built ship but the few clippers which had survived the American Civil War had been hastily built, fine-lined vessels that did not have the stowage space for low-premium, high-bulk cargoes, or the strength for a protracted battle to windward off the Horn in search of that vital "slant" that would allow them to escape up into the Pacific (Fig. 1). In addition, the clippers were expensive vessels which required large crews to handle their broad spreads of canvas. The life expectancy of clippers was less than a decade and by the end of the Civil War most were burnt out cases due to the merciless driving they had received from Cape Horn passage-making.

The Down Easters by contrast were strongly built and beamy and thus were well suited for the bulk trades. Furthermore, they retained the "sweet" lines of the clipper and could, in favourable conditions, achieve good speeds but, because of the reduced amounts of canvas aloft, they could not meet the passage-times of the fliers. Speed, however, was not of the essence for the Down Easter and reduced canvas meant reduced crews which, in turn, meant reduced outgoings on pay. For about 20 years the Down Easter was the dominant American deep-water sailing vessel, but with the advent of iron and steam and the metal masterpieces which were pouring from the Clyde, Tyneside, and other British yards, the American wooden ships could no longer compete, and the Down Easter came to an even more rapid end than the Yankee clipper. The last Down Easter, the "Aryan", was built in 1893, by Charles Minott, who, just three years before, had also built the "St Mary".

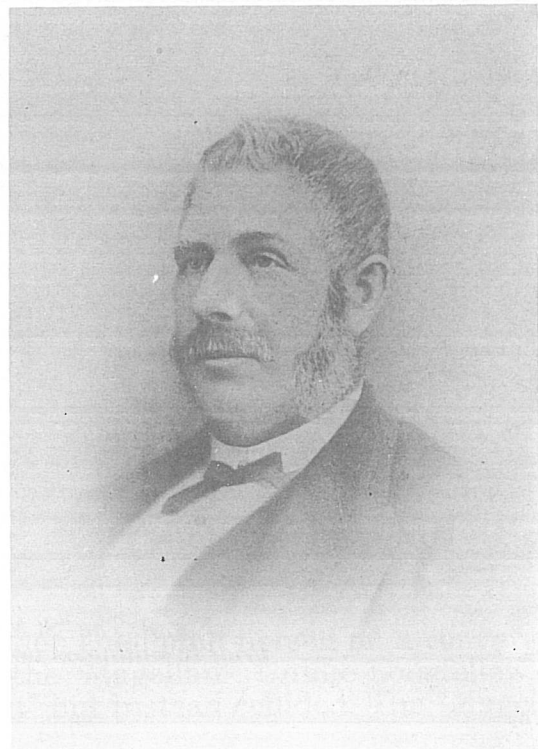


Fig. 2.

*Jesse Carver,
Captain of the "St Mary".*



Fig. 3. The "St Mary" at South Street, New York, prior to sailing on her maiden voyage around Cape Horn.

"The St Mary"

The "St Mary", built by Minott at Phippsburg, Maine, in 1890, was, at 141 ft, an unusually large vessel. She came to grief on her very first voyage. Her captain was Jesse Carver (Fig. 2), whose last command, the "Richard P. Buck", had been set on fire the year before by drunken sailors in Bermuda. To recoup his losses, Carver had used all his life-savings and had even mortgaged his home to buy into the syndicate that was financing the voyage. As the mortgage had to be repaid on Christmas Eve the success of this voyage was vital for Carver.

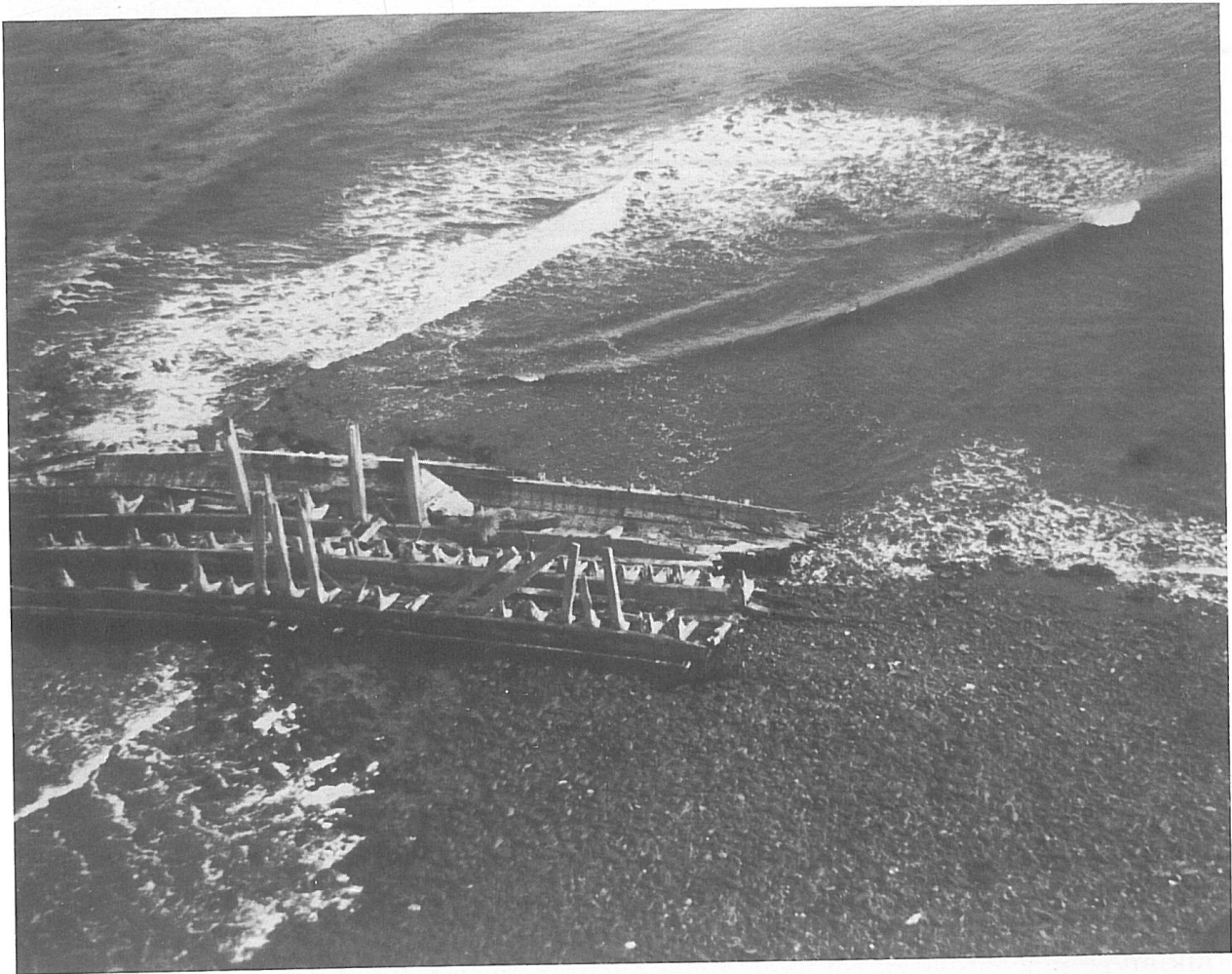


Fig. 4. The remains of the "St Mary" on the beach in the Falklands.

After leaving Minott's yard on the Kennebec River the "Saint Mary" went to New York for her final fitting and loading of cargo (Fig. 3). On 30 May, 1890, she set sail on her maiden voyage with a cargo of coal, metal piping, boxes of tacks, whisky and toy trains. Her destination was California by way of Cape Horn.

All went well until 1 a.m. on 6 August, 1893, when she found herself on a converging course off Cape Horn with the British ship the "Magellan". Unlike Longfellow's great ships, these two did not "pass in the night" but instead collided. The "Magellan" sank with all hands.



Fig. 5. Peter cutting up a section of the "St Mary" for transport.

The "St Mary", with much of her mizzen rigging down and extensive hull damage on the port quarter, turned before the prevailing westerlies and headed for the downwind haven of Port Stanley in the Falklands. Carver, who was below deck at the time of the accident, wrote to his wife soon after: "I am again in trouble... This is one of the most stupid accidents I ever saw".

For three days in storm conditions Carver and the crew battled to save the vessel. All that time Carver had been on deck, but finally, when the vessel was south of the Falklands he went below completely exhausted to sleep, leaving the ship in the command of the mate.

Several hours after Carver went below, at about 8 p.m., the ship's carpenter thought that he could see or hear breakers in the gloom, and argued with the mate that he should call the Captain. By the time Carver was called on deck the danger was evident to all. Carver gave orders for the ship to be put about, but it was too late and she drove upon Pinnacle Rock, a reef which is situated on the south side of East Falklands.

The ship was clearly finished and next morning her crew swung out the boat, intending to abandon her and head for the settlement of Fitzroy. Carver refused to abandon his ship saying, "Three times I have been in trouble, and this is my last". When the crew tried to compel him to leave he threatened them with his revolver. The following morning some of the crew returned to the stricken vessel only to find

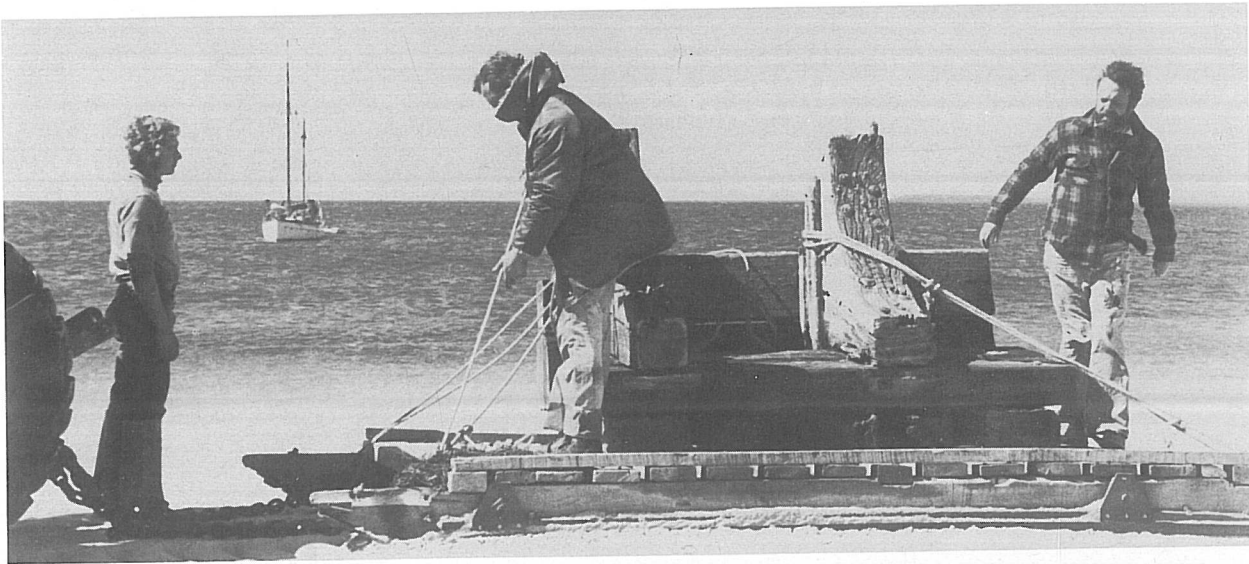


Fig. 6. A section of the "St Mary" on a skid about to be dragged by a tractor to a loading point.

Jesse Carver dead in the cabin, with froth at the mouth "looking like a bunch of raw cotton".

Eventually the vessel broke apart and a large section of the ship's starboard side was washed ashore at Whale Point.

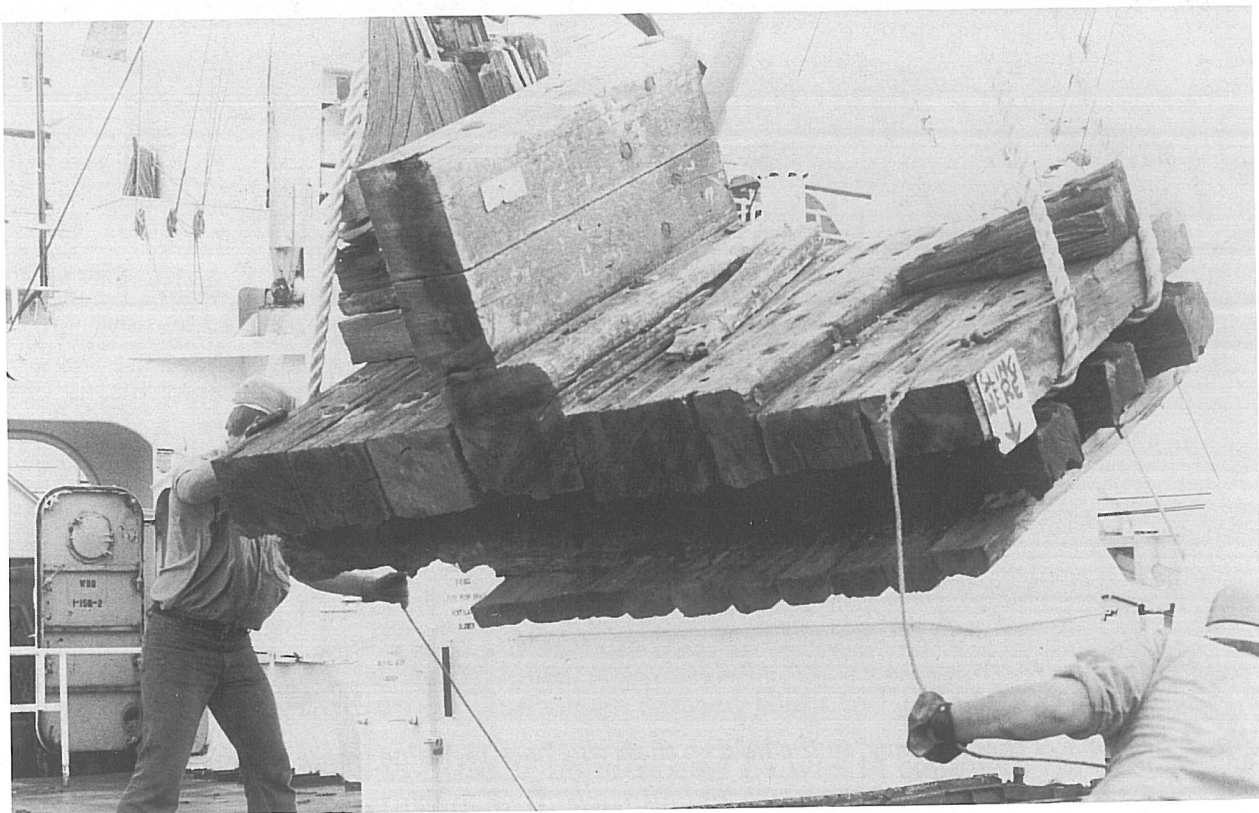


Fig. 7. Loading a section of the "St Mary" into the ship.



Fig. 8. Sections of the "St Mary" in the hold on their way back to Maine where the vessel was built.



Fig. 9. The "St Mary" exhibit in Maine State Museum today.

The Recovery

In 1978 Peter returned to the Falklands with a permit from the Falkland Islands Government that allowed him to take a 40 ft section of the "St Mary", provided that, as *quid pro quo*, he also recovered a similar length for exhibit in Stanley Museum (this latter part of the agreement, it must be said, was never honoured).

The view of the "St Mary" in figure 4 is that which greeted Peter and his colleagues when they arrived at Whale Point. It was, by this time, 88 years since the vessel had been lost.

Using chain saws the old vessel's bleached bones were cut down into manageable units (Fig. 5), which were then dragged on skids by a tractor (Fig. 6) to a point along the coast where they could be shipped to Stanley. Once at Stanley they were transferred to the "RRS Bransfield" (Figs. 7 & 8), a research and supply vessel operated by the British Antarctic Survey. This vessel carried them to England.

Once in England Peter had little or no idea how he was to complete the last leg of his journey and, in desperation, with warehouse storage charges building daily, he called Frank Carr, the chairman of the World Ship Trust, who in turn contacted Prince Phillip, one of the founders of the Trust. With help from the Royal and Amer-

ican Navies it was finally arranged for the timbers to be shipped back to New England on the Maine Maritime Academy's training ship "State of Maine".

In 1981 the "St Mary" exhibit at the Maine State Museum was formally opened by Ada Minott Haggett, grand-daughter of the man who had built her (Fig. 9). Peter's triumph was complete.

Sometime later that year I wrote Peter one of those obsequious letters that students sometimes write to their elders and betters. He replied "come on over to the States and talk wrecks". I did, and for over a week we did nothing but look at ships and talk wrecks.

He was at that time living in what he euphemistically called "New England Squirarchy" at his old family home outside the village of Damariscotta, Maine, where he was trying to establish a boat-building school and run a lumber business. He was a little embittered that he had not been able to pursue underwater archaeology in the Mediterranean and regretted that he had sold his boat "Stormy Seas". He was also sad about the fate of the timbers from the wreck at Torre Sgaratta off southern Italy and on land at Pantano Longarini in Sicily but, when we stood in the 'tween decks of the "St Mary" in the Maine State Museum, there was nothing but satisfaction and pride. And why not, for it was after all his most successful project; one that he had not only started but also carried out and seen to happy completion.

Peter had a remarkably rich and varied career that took him all over the Pacific, Mediterranean and Atlantic. He was one of those inspired (and inspiring), intuitive and very colourful people of whom there were several in the early days of our discipline, but who were squeezed out when - of necessity - maritime archaeology became increasingly straight-jacketed by academic niceties and central controls. He was not a diplomat, and where he succeeded it was more often than not by force of will and strength of character. Of the many projects in which he was involved he will be best remembered as the prime-mover behind the Cape Gelydonia wreck, the discoverer of the Dokos site, the excavator of Torre Sgaratta and the rescuer of the "St Mary". As that other great man of the sea, John Masefield, wrote: "Of these shall (his) songs be fashioned, (his) tales be told".

Mensun Bound

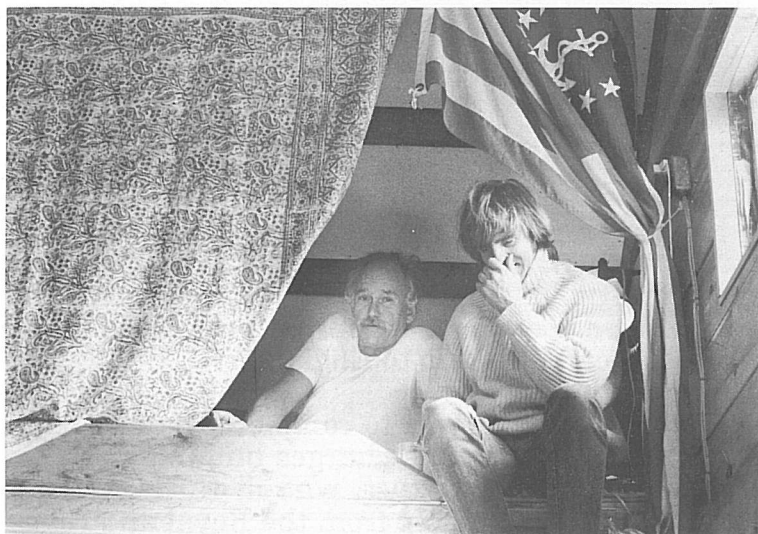


Fig. 10. Peter with the author in 1982 (photograph Susan Hale).

Peter Throckmorton, an Odysseus of the Deep

- by *Haralambos Kritzas* -

Director of the Archaeological Museum of Heraklion

When I learnt the news of Peter Throckmorton's sudden death, peacefully in his sleep from a heart attack, I remembered a talk I had with him in the early 70's at his home in Kastella. His landlord, who was devoted to the Throckmorton's family, was in the last stages of a terminal illness. Peter said to me at the time: "I'm not a religious man, but I've prayed for Mr. X; I said, oh God, if you love him, take him, take him quickly."

It would seem that the gods of the sea loved this strange votary of theirs. For they took him quickly, at a moment-I am sure-when he was dreaming that he was on board ship at sea. His whole life had, after all, been bound up with the sea and the deep.

He was born in Maine on the shores of the Atlantic. He began his career as an officer in the American navy. He became a photo-reporter and a war correspondent. But he was not the type to stay put in any niche; restless and exploratory, without formal university studies, he was destined to carve out new paths in the research of ancient shipwrecks.

I do not know the details of his earlier activities. When I met him in 1970, he had already worked in the Caribbean, the Pacific and the Indian Ocean, Southern Italy and Sicily (the Torre Sgarrata wreck and Pantano Longarini) and achieved worldwide recognition for his discovery of the Yassi Ada wrecks and his share in the discovery and excavation (together with George Bass) of the famous Bronze Age wreck at Cape Gelidonya on the southwest coast of Turkey.

He left Turkey unwillingly, after a misunderstanding with the authorities, and came to Greece to carry on his work in Greek waters, though not without causing some reaction and opposition. Possessed of a wide ranging knowledge and a naturally gifted linguist, he quickly made friends with men of the sea; he knew how to approach them and win their confidence. Fishermen, divers, sea captains, shipwrights all became his teachers and guides. Maybe it was this curiosity of his that earned him the reputation, whispered about among Greeks and foreigners, that he was the agent of a certain well-known secret service!

He had a unique ability to put together the information picked up from fishermen and sailors with the evidence that his experienced eye deciphered in the charts and that he learned from personal reconnaissance on the spot: the difficult channels, the headlands and the harbours. He knew the Aegean and other Greek waters as few others do, and almost instinctively found the places where there ought to be wrecks.

His house in Kastella, with the typical disorder not uncommonly found in the homes of people engaged in multifarious occupations, was at once a place for study with an



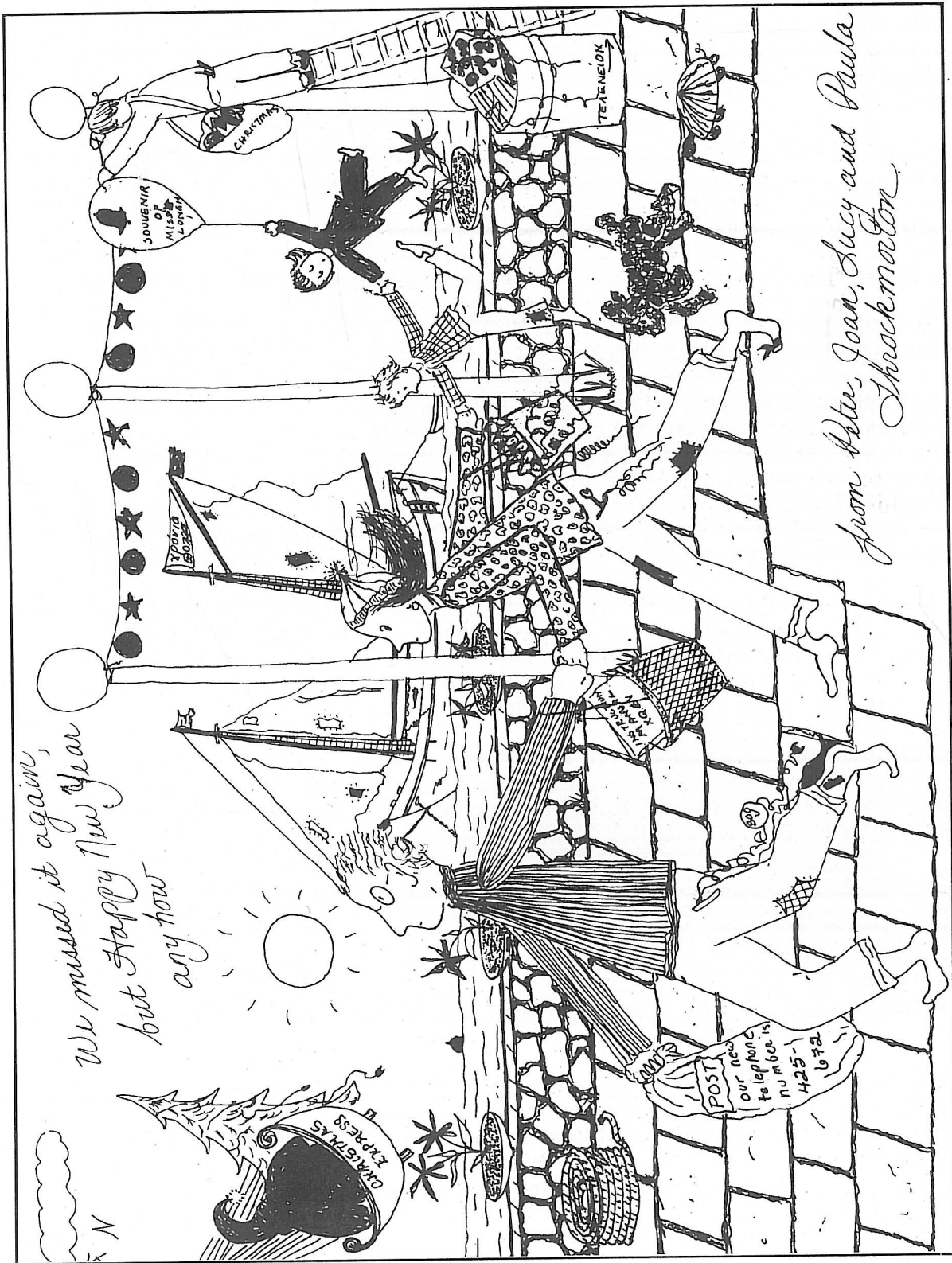
The "Stormie Seas".

extensive library and archives, a workshop for every sort of construction, a store-room for the most unlikely things and a hostel for his innumerable friends. Books and hardware were the constant paraphernalia of jack-of-all-trades Peter. He was always down at the boatyards and workshops. Nonconformist as he was, he had no patience with the bureaucratic obstacles he met at every turn. The Customs House was his idea of hell, and he preferred to send the more diplomatic Joan (his wife at that time) with their little daughter Paula for luck!

At the same time he was writing, in that wholly personal style that made whatever he wrote so alive. Apart from his numerous journalistic, scientific and popular articles, he had written, when I met him, "The Lost Ships" (1964), "Shipwrecks and Archaeology: the "Undharvested Sea" (1970) and a children's book, "Spiro, the Sponge-diver", whose hero was a young diver from Kalymnos; he was specially proud of the latter because it was adopted as a reading text book by the schools in Australia.

When the hour for the departure of an expedition arrived, all the problems and the hard work of preparation were forgotten. His voyages were made in a lovely old two-masted trechandiri, the "Stormie Seas", which was fated to founder ingloriously in the rough waters of the Caribbean, some time after Peter had already sold her.

The "Stormie Seas" was a simple ship, only 14 m. in length, without any special equipment, except for the decompression chamber, but thanks to her captain's competence she wrote a small chapter in the history of underwater archaeological research in Greece.



The Christmas card send to Kritzas by Peter's family in 1973.

The experiences and memories of this vessel could fill a whole book. I had the good fortune to work with Peter during my first years of duty in the Greek Archaeological Service. The Director of Antiquities at that time Nikos Yalouris, had the wisdom to ensure that the young archaeologists in the Service received training in diving. After the training, however, we also had to acquire some practical experience in underwater excavation. Thus it was that in the summer of 1970 I found myself with two or three other colleagues at Methoni in the Peloponnese, where "Stormie Seas" was already lying.

A few years earlier Peter had charted the Roman wrecks with sarcophagi, columns and marble blocks that he had found on the seabed. This year he was continuing an earlier survey in the shallow waters of the natural, but unsafe, harbour of Porto Longo in the small island of Sapienza. The wrecks were mainly later in date: an Austrian brig that had sunk in 1860, a 19th century ship, a more modern sailing vessel, the "Herakleia", which had been bombed in the 2nd World War. To his great disappointment he was unable to locate the hull of "HMS Columbine", for which there is evidence in the archives and which we know sank in 1824. The only remains to be found were a few scattered objects from the ship.

One of Peter's chief aims was to try out various apparatus developed for the location of wrecks (magnetometers, echo sounding equipment, metal detectors, etc.) and to study the manner and rate at which wrecked ships disintegrated on the seabed, according to the prevailing conditions ("Let's see how the ship broke up", as he used to say in his charming Greek). This interest of his had also led him earlier to examine more recent vessels, like "HMS Nautilus", which went down in 1807 near Antikythera, and the merchantman "Artemis" that was torpedoed at Milos in 1942.

At Methoni, in addition to his wife Joan, who was diver, secretary, draughtsman, nurse and cook, as well as the general mainstay of the expedition, and his two small children, Lucy and Paula-plus the indispensable dog-the expedition was manned by an international band of enthusiastic volunteers, women and men, all specialized in various fields, whom Peter jokingly called the "Chinese navy".

Among them the figure of Harold Edgerton, the famous M.I.T. professor and inventor of the electronic flash and sonar, stood out prominently, not just because of his knowledge and inventive spirit, but for his personal kindness and humanity; he was fated to die, at an advanced age, two months before Peter.

For a considerable time the peace of Porto Longo was shattered by the shouts of the "band", the deafening noise of the machinery and the coming and going of the boats that supplied us. But the moonlit evenings were a delight, after the hard days' work, when we all sat around on the stern with a glass in hand (Peter held Greek retsina in high esteem!) listening to Edgerton playing the guitar and singing old American ballads, and to Peter talking of his nautical experiences and spinning romantic plans for the future.

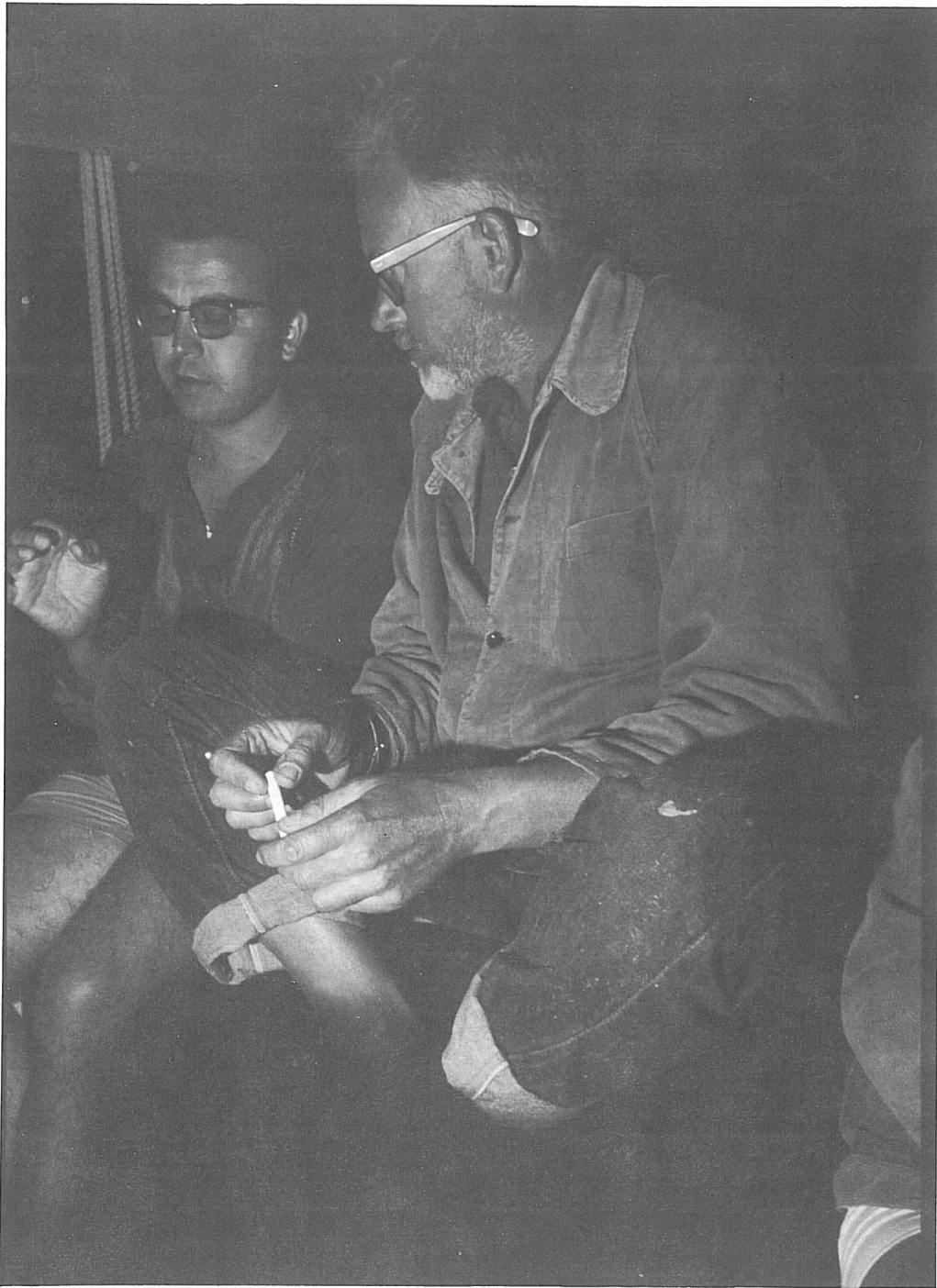
The diversity of his knowledge was amazing. He was familiar with many of the world's seas. His tales were always vivid; he was also often indiscreet; and he liked adventure. He had something of Zorba the Greek in him, and wherever he went he created a new home for himself. For him, an Odysseus of the Deep, Ithaca was ever present, because the sea itself is everywhere the same.

He never became a methodical, academic scholar; and here perhaps lay his charm. He was open-handed, and lived everything to the full. Once, he told us, he hadn't hesitated to try firewalking with the natives of a Pacific island for the sake of a local beauty, naturally without suffering the slightest hurt. And once he went diving with Joan in the Red Sea at midnight, simply to admire the moon.



Peter and members of the team on board of "Stormie Seas" at Pelagos island (Alonnisos).

At about the end of August we left Methoni, and sailing through the difficult waters around the southern coast of the Peloponnese we halted briefly in the bay of Tolon to make an exploratory dive on a 5th century BC wreck with a cargo of amphorae and millstones, which unfortunately still remains unexcavated. We returned to the same bay four years later, Peter Throckmorton, Nikos Tsouchlós and the cameraman Bruno Vailati, this time in order to film an Archaic (?) wreck with a cargo of large pithoi that had been discovered by Tsouchlos.



Peter and Haralambos Kritzas on board of "Stormie Seas".

After Tolon, Stormie Seas with her multinational crew sailed for Pelagonnisi, Alonnisos, in the Northern Sporades for an urgent rescue excavation of a 12th century Byzantine wreck laden with a cargo of fine glazed plates, amphorae and millstones, which had been discovered earlier and systematically robbed.

The General Inspector of Antiquities at the time, Spiridon Marinatos, signed a contract for collaboration with Peter, who undertook the technical direction of the excavation, while the archaeological responsibility was entrusted to the present writer,

who was twenty-five at the time.

Under extremely difficult conditions and at considerable risk to the divers because of the relatively great depth of the wreck (up to 45 mts), with no fresh water for rinsing ourselves, and hours away from the nearest primitive telephone, we endured the rigours of the excavation and carried out all the arduous tasks, even when mounting fatigue had sapped our original enthusiasm and inevitably caused tempers to shorten.

Our diving raft had been christened "Spyridon II" in honour of the head of the Archaeological Service, and the cry of "MARINATOS" replaced the divers' traditional cry of "JERONYMO" as they jumped into the water.

Pressure of time and the lack of adequate means prevented us from employing the regular form of grid; instead, we used simple bottom lines in order to cut down the time-consuming work of the survey and to mark the position of each object with a conventional circle on the plan, and at the same time it was photographed in situ.

At the end we raised the greater part of the visible cargo: about 900 glazed plates, various other vases, some 40 amphorae and one pithos. We excavated only one trench, in order to see the wood of the hull. All the rest of the cargo still remains buried in the mud on the bottom, awaiting a proper excavation.

The expedition was not without its unforeseen occurrences: there was the young American archaeologist who had the bends and spent a whole night in the decompression chamber, which we had set up on the rocky islet where we were anchored; and another diver who suffered an acute attack of appendicitis and had to be rushed to a hospital in Volos, miles away.

One day some gentlemen dressed in suits arrived on a launch, soaked by the waves, who introduced themselves as the Authorities of the island (I don't remember whether they were from Skopelos or Alonnisos). They had come "officially" to ask us what we were doing on the island and what we had done with the gold statue we had found. We had our work cut out convincing them that apart from Byzantine pottery, the only statue to have been found was a broken clay Neolithic figurine from the excavation that the late Dimitris Theocharis was conducting on the island at the same time, assisted by the then new epimelitis Kostas Gallis...

On another day the wife of a member of the expedition returned triumphantly in her little boat from the shore opposite, where she had gone to swim, saying she had found more plates there. She had even brought one of them back to show us. The only thing wrong was that it happened to be a mine of the Teller type!

The installation on the rocky islet was like a Fellini scene, what with tents, hardware, machinery, diving suits, compressed air bottles, antiquities, my "office" (an upturned fish crate with legs nailed on), and Taska the dog (named after the American ambassador who had given him to Peter); in the midst of it all, everyone young and old endeavoured to survive.

Through all the hassle and continuous bustle we still upheld the traditions as far we were able. The hour of afternoon tea was sacred, and Peter's little girls, scantily covered and smeared with grime and paint, ceremoniously announced it like a pair of butlers: "Tea time!" And Marianna Koromila's birthday remains unforgettable (she was a member of the expedition along with Nikos Tsouchlos and Yorgos Maselos); in the absence of real flowers we offered her paper ones.

The last days on the islet were difficult ones. Most of the people had departed and

all the hard work fell on the few who were left. The finds had to be loaded on board and transported to the Museum at Volos. The heavy machinery and the rest of the equipment had to return to Piraeus. The money was finished and no more was forthcoming from the bureaucratic coffers of the Ministry. We exercised all our ingenuity in finding names for the various peculiar dishes we concocted from what was left in the ship's depleted lockers.

One day Peter, exasperated by the attitude of the Ministry, and tired out and despairing of the whole situation, drank a little too much; he told me he was quitting the excavation and leaving me behind with an antiquities guard and part of the finds on the islet. Three days later he returned to pick us up, and after a couple of ouzos the incident was forgotten. Except that on the night of his return, after we had moored in the little harbour of Panormos at Skopelos, we were caught by a sudden hailstorm (it was already late October) and had to battle our way to Volos soaked to the skin.

The following year, 1971, was the turn of the Eliki survey, also commissioned by Marinatos. I remembered that as soon as we had passed through the Corinth Canal, in the finest of weather, Peter handed me the tiller of Stormie Seas; this was of wood, in the shape of a twisted human arm terminating in a fist, and had been carved by Joan. Peter and the bosun-diver Harilis Koutsovos from Methoni, who had often worked with Peter, went off into a deep sleep induced by weariness and the glass or two they had imbibed. They were consequently quite unconscious of the tumult that broke out as soon as we had left Corinth to port and had set a course for Ayion. The kaiki began to pitch and toss with the waves, and the mast, which they had told me to keep lined up on a particular star in order to stay on course, rolled back and forth like a mad thing; the compass became encrusted with salt from the spray, and so did my spectacles.

I don't know whether it was the Poseidon of Isthmia or St. Nicholas, whose icon was always on board the Stormie Seas, and whom I repeatedly invoked on that memorable night, who brought us safely to our destination. But I fancy it was the turn of Harilis and Peter to offer up a prayer or two when they woke up and realized who had been at the tiller throughout the storm.

Harold Edgerton met us at Ayion, and for many days we ploughed up and down the Gulf of Corinth with the sonar and magnetometer searching for ancient Eliki, which had sunk into the sea after an earthquake in 373 BC. Various bombs and cones on the seabed raised our hopes a little; but the core samples of mud from the bottom that we took with a rocket-shaped tube, which we christened the "colibri", were fruitless.

Some years later (in 1975), once again with Edgerton, but this time on board Captain Cousteau's "Calypso", we returned to Eliki and confirmed by diving that the bombs and cones were only geological formations formed by undersea springs and rivers.

1971, however, was also the 400th anniversary of the Battle of Navpaktos (Lepanto), and the government of the time (it was still the period of the dictatorship) gave instructions that the wrecked ships from this famous battle were to be located. So we set out again for the Gulf of Corinth, basing ourselves at Mesolonghi, in order to explore the whole area as far west as the Echinades Islands. With us we always had the polymath Edgerton, who astonished us with his knowledge of the historical geography of the region.

The search for the Lepanto wrecks proved negative. So much sedimentary fill had been deposited by the Acheloos river over the past 400 years that what had once

been whole islands had now become inland mountains. The remains of the ships, if they exist, are now probably on dry land, buried under deep layers of silt.

Along with the surveys and excavations, the idea slowly took shape of founding an Institute that would organize and supervise these underwater projects, since no government body existed for that purpose. In August 1973, after Marathonian discussions, which usually took place at Nikos Tsouchlo's house, the Hellenic Institute of Marine Archaeology was born. Peter was naturally one of the founding members, and so was George Papathanasopoulos, who for many years assumed the presidency.

In 1975 Peter Throckmorton, on the information of Petros Nikolaidis, a diver, made one more important discovery when he located the Early Helladic shipwreck at Dokos, which may be the oldest known wreck in the world. Unhappily, for reasons partly due to Peter's impulsive nature, which refused to make compromises with the bureaucratic spirit that reigned at the head of the Archaeological Service, and partly due to other unfortunate factors, his hitherto happy collaboration with the Institute was broken off and Peter left Greece an embittered man. Twelve years were to pass before a systematic investigation of the wreck was to begin again.

Nevertheless, the work he had already achieved in Greece had probably laid the necessary foundations for all the archaeological activities that were to follow. In October 1976 the Ephoria of Marine Antiquities, the official government organization responsible for underwater research, was created for the first time.

In the years that followed we received news of Peter's activities in America, where he resumed his marine interests and became a university professor in Nova Scotia, at the same time carrying out research on San Domingo. From one of his letters we heard that in spite of various setbacks he had started to write a book about Stormie Seas; this must have remained half finished.

It was a great pleasure to see him again, a little fatter and rather aged, but as full of dreams and schemes as ever, when he came at the invitation of the Institute for the Preservation of Nautical Tradition to the 1st International Symposium on Ancient Shipbuilding in 1985. He gave a talk on the Torre Sgarrata ship and proudly showed us slides of the different phases of the restoration of the iron sailing vessel "Elisa", which we had found rotting here in Greece and literally rescued at the last minute.

The news that the Hellenic Institute of Marine Archaeology had restarted the investigation of the Early Helladic wreck at Dokos was the last piece of happiness that Greece gave him.

The completion of this excavation and its proper publication will perhaps be the best memorial for Peter Throckmorton, who loved the Greek seas as few have done.

Haralambos V. Kritzas