

**A Review of the Burning of the *Erie*
as Reported 15 Years Later in *Lloyd's Steamboat Directory***

James T. Lloyd's *Steamboat Directory, and Disasters on the Western Waters* purports to provide a comprehensive account of disasters from the very beginning of steamboat travel up to the book's date of publication, 1856. Although perhaps comprehensive, the account is by no means accurate or in any way objective. Instead of balanced reporting, the section dealing with the *Erie* is based upon two eyewitness accounts, the lengthy one being that of a "Mr. Mann." Unfortunately, the chapter is riddled with errors.

The reader's suspicions are immediately aroused in the first sentence, when "the 16th day of August, 1841" is cited as the day on which the tragedy occurred. The *Erie* caught fire on the evening of August 9th, 1841.

The alleged cause of the fire provided by *Lloyd's Steamboat Directory* is based on the early "supposition" that combustible liquids were mistakenly placed above the boiler-deck and burst due to overheating. Also, the freshly varnished and painted vessel supposedly burnt like matchwood. That the *Erie* had already experienced several fires from the boiler-room, requiring structural repairs, was not mentioned, nor were questions of negligence and liability entertained.

The lengthier eyewitness account, which constitutes the bulk of the chapter, is said to be that of a "Mr. Mann, of Pittsford, N. Y." Even here, a problem arises as no "Mr. Mann" was on board. "Pittsford, N.Y.," however, provides a key to the survivor's identity. The man's correct name was Thomas J. Tann of Pittsford, Monroe County, New York. The original article in *Lloyd's* was taken from the *Detroit Advertiser*. The **John Maynard Home Page** already has Mr. Tann's thrilling eyewitness account at the following address:

Mr. Tann's account: THE NEW-HAMPSHIRE SENTINEL, Keene, New Hampshire, Wednesday evening, September 8, 1841 :

http://homepage.mac.com/joel_huberman/JohnMaynard/Eyew3.pdf

Mr. Tann's tale was also reported in abbreviated form in the Boston *Liberator* on August 27th, 1841. The *Liberator* credits the article to the *Detroit Advertiser* and dates it "Aug. 13th."

Lloyd's Steamboat Directory failed to list its sources. Although Tann's account is sometimes presented with minor alterations, paraphrasing and deletions are the rule. One example is that of a young lady named "Mrs. Sherman" (correctly spelled in *Lloyd's* account; the spelling "Shearman" in the *New-Hampshire Sentinel* is incorrect):

a) <i>New Hampshire Sentinel</i> (Keene, New Hampshire), September 8 th , 1841:	b) <i>Lloyd's Steamboat Directory, and Disasters on the Western Waters</i> , 1856:

She, however, almost instantly returned, calling upon her father, who, being like herself a few minutes before, sea sick, had returned to his berth.”	...but in a short time she returned, calling on her father, who being indisposed, had retired a few minutes before to his berth.
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The question, *why* Miss Sherman’s father was “indisposed,” or whether Miss Sherman, herself, had been similarly “indisposed” is not answered in the *Lloyd* version. The fact that the lake was rough that evening and that nearly all the children and many women as well as the elderly were hardly in a condition to save themselves has been neatly “swept under the carpet.” Both Miss Sherman and her father (of Hamburg, Erie County, New York) were listed among the “lost.”

Perhaps one of the more embarrassing mistakes in *Lloyd’s* is the following:

a) <i>New Hampshire Sentinel</i> (Keene, New Hampshire), September 8 th , 1841:	b) <i>Lloyd’s Steamboat Directory, and Disasters on the Western Waters</i> , 1856:
...and the young lady, becoming dizzy from her dreadful position, fell from the board, among the rudder chains, and sunk to rise no more.	Miss Sherman in the meantime, being made dizzy by her fearful position, fell from the plank, sunk in the river, and was seen no more.

That Lake Erie should be labeled a “river” is an obvious lapse on the part of the editor.

Unnecessary embellishment also crops up. For example, instead of the original rather poetic statement “all sank into the deep tomb of waters,” we find gruesome sounds emitted in *Lloyd’s*: “All sunk ‘with bubbling groan’ into the deep tomb of waters.”

Finally, one of the more significant passages in Mr. Tann’s account is strangely clipped and altered:

a) <i>New Hampshire Sentinel</i> (Keene, New Hampshire), September 8 th , 1841:	b) <i>Lloyd’s Steamboat Directory, and Disasters on the Western Waters</i> , 1856:
For about five minutes after Mr. Tann leaped from the boat, she continued in a straight direction, and seemed to fly through the glaring waters. At the expiration of what appeared to be that length of time, she suddenly veered around, still progressing rapidly, when, as suddenly, she appeared to stop, and rose and fell in the trough of the sea as if at the mercy of the waves. At this time, she appeared to be about two miles from our informant; but she very soon floated very near him – so near as to threaten his engulfment. But he had the presence of	When Mr. Mann left the deck of the burning steamer, she was driving ahead with a rapid motion; but having left him on his plank about two miles astern, she suddenly veered around, and again approached him; so near did she come, indeed, that he was in danger of being engulfed, but contrived, with some difficulty, to get out of her way. [Orthography has been left in its original form.]

mind to swim, with his plank, from under her course, and around to her bow.	
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It is apparent that *Lloyd's Steamboat Directory* nowhere makes any explicit mention of the heroism of Luther Fuller, the wheelsman of the *Erie*, who – according to Captain Titus's testimony before the Coroner's Jury at Buffalo – was thought to have *burned to death* in the faithful performance of his duty. Mr. Tann's statement in the *New Hampshire Sentinel*, however, runs counter to the legend of the resolute helmsman. Only five minutes after Mr. Tann had jumped overboard, the *Erie* "*suddenly veered around*," placing Mr. Tann in jeopardy. In other words, the steamer did not continue on a straight course for the saving shore. Also, her engine had indeed come to a standstill, with the result that the vessel "*floated very near him*." The shortened *Lloyd's* version deletes the significant time span of five minutes. Although the *Lloyd* rendering also points out that the steamer "*suddenly veered around*," it is far from clear at this point that the vessel was now only *floating* or *drifting*, and was no longer driving ahead under steam.

Although Luther Fuller is listed under "*Killed*" as "Luther Tuller," *Lloyd* unabashedly claims the list to be "the most complete that could be obtained." Also, the section entitled "*Wounded*" lists "Capt. Titus, master of the *Erie*." Yet early press coverage of the conflagration of the *Erie* makes no mention of any injuries sustained by the captain, who was able to attend the Coroner's Jury and provide lengthy testimony at 3 P.M on August 11th — not two days after the disaster.

The second eyewitness account, which is allotted one paragraph of coverage, deals with Mrs. Lynde, the only woman survivor of the disaster. Mrs. Lynde was the wife of Charles J. Lynde, Esq., Attorney at Law of Milwaukie, Wisconsin. Not only is the writer unable to point out whether Charles J. Lynde or his brother Walter of Homer, New York, was her husband, but even located both brothers as residing at Chicago. In spite of the misleading addresses, both ill-fated brothers are listed at the end of the chapter under "*Killed*" with their correct places of residence.

Mrs. Lynde and her husband were apparently among the few passengers on board the *Erie*, who had the good fortune and prescience of mind to have taken their own private life preservers with them. Although Mr. Charles Lynde was wearing his when he jumped overboard, he somehow lost it and drowned. As another passenger was able to save his life with Mr. Lynde's life preserver (which was afterwards identified by the bereaved young widow), there were some misgivings that the life preserver had been ripped from Mr. Lynde in a life-and-death struggle with the man wearing Mr. Lynde's life preserver. Several short newspaper accounts of the Lynde tragedy are to be found in the **John Maynard Home Page** at the following addresses:

a) **THE WEEKLY HERALD**, New York, August 21st, 1841:
http://homepage.mac.com/joel_huberman/JohnMaynard/1841q.pdf

b) *THE PORTSMOUTH JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND POLITICS*, weekly, Vol. LII, No. 34, August 26, 1841 :

http://homepage.mac.com/joel_huberman/JohnMaynard/1841k.pdf

c) Mr. Clemens' account of how he helped Mrs. Lynde: *NEW-HAMPSHIRE PATRIOT AND STATE GAZETTE*, Concord, every Thursday August 26, 1841 :

http://homepage.mac.com/joel_huberman/JohnMaynard/Eyew2.pdf

d) Charles J. Lynde obituary in *THE MILWAUKEE SENTINEL*, Wisconsin Territory, Tuesday, August 24, 1841 :

http://homepage.mac.com/joel_huberman/JohnMaynard/1841m.pdf

Whether the fortunate passenger with Mr. Lynde's life preserver was indeed German cannot be substantiated. Mrs. Lynde was praised for her coolness and self-possession. Whether she was "a lady of superior intellect" is not alluded to by other reports. A nice touch in the *Lloyd* report is the "charitable supposition" that "Mr. Lynde, in his excitement and agitation, had failed to fasten it [the life preserver] securely to his person, so that it came off at the moment he leaped into the water."

Although Lloyd's chapter on the "Burning of the *Erie*" may indeed conjure up thrilling scenes of horror during the conflagration of the *Erie*, the presentation on the whole is nonetheless marred by too many blemishes for it to stand up on its own as a solid source for serious research.

MR. TANN VS. MR. MANN

The following collation of the account provided by Mr. Thomas J. Tann may serve to simplify a comparison of texts. Displaced passages are marked in blue. The final three pages of the *Lloyd* chapter (pp. 124-126), may be found at these addresses:

<http://quod.lib.umich.edu/cgi/t/text/pageviewer-idx?c=moa&cc=moa&idno=ahj1422.0001.001&frm=frameset&view=image&seq=124>

<http://quod.lib.umich.edu/cgi/t/text/pageviewer-idx?c=moa&cc=moa&idno=ahj1422.0001.001&frm=frameset&view=image&seq=125>

<http://quod.lib.umich.edu/cgi/t/text/pageviewer-idx?c=moa&cc=moa&idno=ahj1422.0001.001&frm=frameset&view=image&seq=126>

a) <i>New Hampshire Sentinel</i> (Keene, New Hampshire), Wednesday Evening, September 8 th , 1841. Published every Wednesday by J. & J. W. Prentiss. Vol. XLIII, No. 36, p. 2, c. 3-4.	b) James T. Lloyd, <i>Lloyd's Steamboat Directory, and Disasters on the Western Waters</i> (Cincinnati, Ohio: James T. Lloyd & Co., 1856), pp. 121-124.
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THE STEAMBOAT ERIE

The Detroit Advertiser contains the following thrilling narrative of the experience of one of the survivors of the ill-fated *Erie*. It is a sad picture indeed of the most dread and mournful doings of an inscrutable Providence; how the heart bleeds at the recital of such an agonizing tale:

[p. 121:]

BURNING OF THE ERIE

This magnificent steamer, Capt. Titus, commander, was destroyed by fire, on Lake Erie, on the 16th day of August, 1841, by which calamity more than one hundred and seventy-five persons lost their lives. The following account is given of the origin of this disaster. Among the passengers on board were six painters, who were going to Erie, to paint the steamboat *Madison*. They had with them several demijohns filled with spirits of turpentine and varnish, which, unknown to Capt. Titus, they had placed on the boiler-deck, directly over the boilers. One of the firemen who survived the accident, asserts that he discovered the dangerous position of these demijohns, a short time after the boat left the wharf, and removed them to a safer locality; but some person must have replaced them, without being aware of the inflammable nature of the contents. Immediately before the fire broke out, **a slight explosion was heard; the sound is said to have resembled that which is made by a single puff of a high-pressure steam-engine.** The supposition is that one of the demijohns bursted [sic], in consequence of its exposure to the heat. The liquid poured out on the boiler-deck instantly took fire, and within a few minutes all that part of the boat was in flames. The steamer had recently been painted and varnished, and owing to

As everything relating to this terrible calamity, is looked for with painful interest, we subjoin a few additional particulars, gleaned from a friend (Mr Tann, of Pittsford, Monroe County, N. Y.) who was on board the *Erie*, but who was Providentially among the few who were saved.

He states that he was walking on the promenade deck at the time, in company with a young lady (Miss Shearman) and had just reached the point above the boiler deck, where the demijohns of turpentine were, when the explosion took place. The explosion—**which sounded like the puff of a high pressure boat, but not so loud**—was followed by the ascension of a volume of dense black smoke, which our informant likened to a cloud of coal dust. Without feeling much alarmed, he stopped for an instant, when the smoke was directly succeeded by a column of red, lurid flame—communicating, in an instant, to every thing combustible—cracking the sky lights by its intense heat—and filling up the space, between decks, with what appeared to be a dense red flame.

After a moment's reflection our informant ran to the stern of the boat, and soon perceived the awful character of the catastrophe. When looking around for some mode of escape, the young lady rushed from him and disappeared. She, however, almost

this circumstance, the whole of the woodwork was very soon in a blaze. There were two hundred persons on board the *Erie*, and of that number only twenty-seven were saved.

Mr. Mann, of Pittsford, N. Y., who was one of the passengers, gives the following narrative, which comprises a history of this memorable and horrifying event.

Mr. Mann was walking on the promenade deck at the time, in company with a young lady, Miss Sherman, and had just reached the point above the boiler-deck where the demijohns were placed, when the singular sound of the above arrested his attention. This report was followed by the ascent of a volume of black smoke, which, as Mr. Mann describes it, “resembled a cloud of coal dust.” Without any apprehension of danger, he stopped for a few moments – when the smoke subsided, and was instantly succeeded by a red, lurid flame, which spread with fearful rapidity, and soon enveloped every thing combustible that was within its reach, and filling up the space between the decks with what appeared to be a dense red flame.

While Mr. Mann was looking around for some means of escape, the young lady rushed from him and disappeared; but in a short time

instantly returned, calling upon her father, who, being, like herself a few minutes before, sea sick, had retired to his berth. —

Frantic with the scene, and the awful fate which seemed inevitable before her, she was about to rush below, when Mr. T. induced her to remain with him, until he should procure some means for her escape.

This appeared at hand. He observed a gentleman near by, forcing one of the seats which surrounded the promenade deck. He succeeded, and throwing it overboard leaped after it. Whether he was saved or not, is not known. Our informant, improving by this example, also forced up one of the seats, and placing it across the railing of the promenade deck, and over the stern, sat Miss Shearman upon the outer end of it, and called upon those below (who were clustered at the rudder post) to assist the young lady in her descent into the water. But no attention was paid to their solicitations, and the young lady, becoming dizzy from her fearful position, fell from the board, among the rudder chains, and sunk to rise no more.

Having failed in his noble attempt to save this young lady, Mr T. looked around him before he made an effort to save himself. He saw Capt. Titus make his effort to reach the

she returned, calling on her father, who, [p. 122:] being indisposed, had retired a few minutes before to his berth.

Frantic with alarm for her parent's safety, she was again about to rush below, where certain destruction would have met her, when Mr. Mann detained her almost by force, promising to render all possible assistance to her father as soon as he had provided for her own security.

A prospect of deliverance now presented itself. Mr. Mann saw a passenger force up a board which formed part of the seats that surrounded the promenade deck, and throwing it overboard he leaped after it, and was enabled by grasping the plank to keep himself afloat. Mr. Mann followed this person's example, and succeeded in detaching another board, which he hoped to make the means of preserving the life of the affrighted girl who clung to his arm. But new difficulties presented themselves; no persuasions could induce Miss Sherman to descend to the water. In these embarrassing circumstances, he placed one end of the board over the railing at the stern; Miss Sherman was seated on the projecting extremity, and Mr. Mann earnestly entreated some men who were clustered around the rudder post, to assist him in lowering the plank and the young lady into the water. Miss Sherman in the meanwhile, being made dizzy by her fearful position, fell from the plank, sunk in the river, and was seen no more.

Having failed in his noble attempt to save this young lady, Mr. Mann now began to make some effort for his own preservation.

lady's [sic] cabin, and heard him give the order to stop the engine. It was a moment of awful terror. From bulkhead to rudder, the flames were raging, with an impetuosity which mocked every attempt to escape. The shrieks of the [dyin?]g and terrified, borne upon the fiery blast, sounded fearfully. —

The engine seemed to play with a double power, as if itself maddened by the appalling character of the scene. The flames as they rushed aft, sounded like the roaring of a hurricane, and seemed to threaten the instant engulfment [sic] of the vessel and every affrighted soul on board of her. Forward of the wheel-house, there were several persons struggling to wrench loose timber from the vessel.

Below, and in the rear of the ladies' cabin, some twenty or thirty persons were clustered, each struggling to descend by the rudder chains for safety. Some had succeeded, but were forced off by others struggling to reach the same point. Others were hanging from the sides of the boats [sic] —husbands vainly endeavoring to support their wives, mothers their children and all themselves.

In this group were a number of unfortunate Swiss—so many of whom perished;

but it appears that not one of all the females whom Mr. T. saw there, not one of the

Glancing around him, he saw Capt. Titus endeavoring to reach the ladies' cabin, and heard him give the order to stop the engine. It was a moment of overwhelming terror. From bulkhead to rudder, the flames were raging with an impetuosity which seemed to mock at all [p. 123:] hopes of deliverance. The shrieks of many human beings expiring in fiery torment within the vessel, and the cries for assistance of many others who were struggling in the water, almost deprived the listener of sense and reflection.

The engine seemed to work with a double power, as if it were maddened by the appalling [sic] character of the scene. The flames, as they rushed aft, sounded like the roaring of a hurricane, threatening the every moment to engulf the boat and every affrighted soul on board. Forward of the wheel-house several persons were struggling to wrench partially loosened timber from the vessel, for the purpose of sustaining themselves in the water.

Below and in rear of the ladies' cabin, some twenty or thirty persons were clustered, each frantically endeavoring to descend by the rudder chains for safety. In this, some had partly succeeded, but were forced off by others struggling for the same object. Several persons were hanging from the sides of the boat —husbands vainly endeavoring to sustain their wives in that position, and mothers their children.

But not one of all the females whom Mr.

children, not one of the wives, not one of the mothers were saved. All sank into the deep tomb of waters.

After making the survey, and seeing no hope of other escape, our informant, who had clung, with a death grasp, to the plank from which the unfortunate young lady, whom he had attempted to save, had taken her fearful death-plunge stripped himself of his superfluous clothing, cast the plank overboard, and instantly leaped after it.—It was a fearful, an awful leap—a leap akin to the eternal plunge of the grave: but, thanks to a kind Providence, it was a leap of safety and of life. He arose on the surface directly by the side of the plank, to which he clung during the entire of his awful voyage.

He had companions in his terrible struggle for life; but they were few. Here was one buffeting, unsustained by any thing but his own strength, the tossing waves, which the next moment, formed his winding sheet. Near by was another, shrieking for aid, first in a voice of strength, but soon with a gurgling faintness, which indicated a speedy termination of the struggle.

In another direction, the voice of supplication was heard—the last faint prayer of the dying, to the God of Tempest and Fire, for that succor and mercy which man's arm could not give.

Still elsewhere, the shriek of the wife or

Mann saw gathered there, and not one of the children was saved. Wives, mothers, helpless infants, all sunk “with bubbling groan” into the deep tomb of waters.

After making the survey, and abandoning every other hope of escape, Mr. Mann, who still grasped the board from which the unfortunate young lady had fallen, threw it into the lake, and immediately followed it. He sunk for a moment, but arose to the surface, fortunately by the side of the plank, to which he now clung with desperate energy, as his last resource.

He had companions in his terrible struggle for life, but they were few; the greater number had already yielded to the mighty conqueror. Here was one buffeting the waves, unsustained by any thing but his own strength, but that was doubled by the energy of a last hope. There was another shrieking for aid, in a voice which became fainter every moment, and was interrupted by a gurgling sound which foretold a speedy termination of the struggle.

From another direction came the voice of supplication, the last prayer of a dying man, not for deliverance from earthly peril, (for all hope of that had been abandoned,) but for pardon for himself and protection for a wife and children far distant.

mother came up, (like the howl of despair) for her lost ones, whom she in vain strove to keep out of the distended jaws of the devourer.

With his eye still upon the tossing wreck, he saw, one after another, dark masses passing from the boat to the water; saw them strike upon the tumbling surges, marked their few feeble efforts to keep away from the dark, cold deeps which bore them, and then lost them forever!

For about five minutes after Mr. Tann leaped from the boat, she continued in a straight direction, and seemed to fly through the glaring waters. At the expiration of what appeared to be that length of time, she suddenly veered around, still progressing rapidly, when, as suddenly, she appeared to stop, and rose and fell in the trough of the sea as if at the mercy of the waves. At this time, she appeared to be about two miles from our informant; but she very soon floated very near to him—so near as to threaten his engulfment [sic]. But he had the presence of mind to swim, with his plank, from under her course, and around to her bow.

And here was another scene of horror. He saw five or six persons hanging to the anchor, and as many holding on to the liberty cap, which is attached to the pole at the bow, the guides of which had given way, and dropped into the water. As it was held fast by its iron hinge, it afforded safety to several. These latter persons, however, suffered a

Then was heard the shriek of the mother, bewailing the child which she had vainly endeavored to withhold from the distended jaws of death.

Turning his agonized gaze to the deck above him, Mr. Mann saw many passengers, one after another, throw themselves into the water; the greater number, after a few feeble efforts to save themselves from the fate which threatened them, disappeared with wild exclamations of terror and despair.

[p. 124:]

When Mr. Mann left the deck of the burning steamer, she was driving ahead with a rapid motion; but having left him on his plank about two miles astern, she suddenly veered around, and again approached him; so near did she come, indeed, that he was in danger of being engulfed, but contrived, with some difficulty, to get out of her way.

As the boat passed him, he saw five or six persons hanging to the anchor, and about as many more holding on to the pole which supported the liberty cap at the bow. All of them appeared to be suffering greatly from

great deal from the heat, but more from the dashing of the waves.

—Directly above them, and by the bulk head, a person stood, surrounded almost by the fire. He held in his hand a piece of white cloth, with which he appeared to bathe his face to keep off heat. When he saw Mr. T. he called upon him for God’s sake to allow him to get upon his plank, as he could not swim, and therefore dare not leap into the water which he would soon be obliged to do, or perish by fire. But Mr. T. saw no other hope for himself, and so informed the half-frantic suppliant. His reply was, “you can swim, and can get to the paddle wheels and be safe.” Mr. T. was about doing so, when a heavy swell bore the blazing wreck beyond his reach. Whether the unfortunate man was saved or not, he could not learn.

As the wreck was floating off, he saw a man standing upon the wheel house, shrieking like a maniac, for assistance, and looking like the picture of despair, lit up as his countenance was, by the red light which cast its glare upon every object within the circle of miles. But there was no aid near—no arm to save, and scarcely an eye to pity! The cracking of the flames, mingled with the shrieks of the dying was the only requiem chanted over the deep grave of these two hundred souls!

How sad were the reflections of our friend, as he rested his breast upon his faithful plank, from which he had launched into eternity, the young and beautiful girl whom he had vainly attempted to save!

the heat.

Near the bulkhead, a person stood almost surrounded by fire; he held in his hand a piece of white cloth, with which he appeared to be bathing his face, which must have been severely scorched. When he saw Mr. Mann, he begged him, for god’s sake, to allow him to get on the plank, as he could not swim, and therefore dare not leap into the water. Mr. Mann replied that the plank would not support two persons, but the suppliant made such piteous entreaties, that Mr. Mann was about to yield, when a heavy swell bore the wreck to a distance, and carried the unhappy sufferer beyond the reach of human aid.

What a moment for thought! How emphatically illustrative of the frailty of man, and of the power of that Being whose will the elements obey! Above him was the starlit heavens, made red the lurid [sic] by the cloud-reaching flames, which ascended from the crumbling hull of the ill-fated *Erie*. Around him were his companions, struggling, like himself for that life, which seemed the more precious as it appeared receding from them. And beneath him the dark green deep, where slept so many who scarce an hour before, were counting the progress of the sunny hours, and looking forward to the bright prospects which seemed to dawn upon their pathway in the future. It was an hour for thought! An hour big with admonitions from eternity!

Buoyed up with hope—though suffering greatly from the chilly coldness which seized upon him, from being so long immersed—Mr. T. struggled with the waves in the hope that relief was at hand. Distracted by his constant tossings, he soon forgot the direction in which the land lay, and, consequently made no effort to progress towards any point. After he had been in the water two hours or more, he saw lights, like lights from a window, but soon deemed them from their apparently fixed position, stars, and not lights from a vessel. A little before 11 o'clock, however, he observed the *Clinton*, and, when almost exhausted, and when death seemed at his elbow, the yawl of the *Clinton* picked him up and placed him on board! He soon recovered and informing those around him, that there were several still clinging to the wreck, boats were dispatched, and as many as could be found, picked up.

When Mr. Mann had been in the water about two hours, he was taken up by the steamboat De Witt Clinton, which rescued several others of the drowning passengers.

<p>In relation to the materials from which the fire took, Mr. Tann says that he does not think that the statement that they were once removed, correct. He saw them on the boiler deck several times; but he saw them nowhere else. —Not knowing their contents, he felt no uneasiness about them.</p>	
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NORMAN BARRY

BAD SCHUSSENRIED, GERMANY

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