

doing so, I should first like to mention the “other,” far less monumental aspect of this narrative—the mystery of what happened to the ship itself afterwards.

Around 1970, something—perhaps the newly constructed Plymouth breakwater?—began to alter the water depths in the immediate area of the harbor. By the end of the decade, the sea levels were clearly somewhat more shallow at both high tide and low. It is unclear precisely who first made the discovery, but apparently the remains of an old ship broke through the surface at low tide. There was considerable excitement over this development, and a team of divers did extensive investigation on the wreck. For a long while, the identity of the ship was disputed, but many believed it to have been the *General Arnold*. Some authentic artifacts were indeed recovered, and in 1986, a section of deck was raised. The construction was clearly and unequivocally consistent with pre-1780 design, and the fragment could thus certainly have come from the Arnold. Then, suddenly, the story dropped out of the news as though it had never happened.

Was this the ill-fated brigadoon? If not, what happened to that warship? For a while, we held one opinion, but then . . .

We look forward to sharing our conclusions on the pages which follow!

—Lenny Cavallaro, Ipswich, MA
(January 4, 2007)



Chapter One: A Chilling Tale

Each book must have a first chapter, and we feel there is no better way to start this volume than to reproduce (with the permission of the Author) “The Ghosts of Christmas 1778,” by George Hanlon. This will be the initial presentation of the story for some readers; merely a recapitulation for others. In subsequent chapters, we shall embellish upon the tale, and offer versions which differ very slightly in the details. However, we opine that the late Mr. Hanlon delivered an eloquent rendition, doubtless a suitable tribute to those aboard the ill-fated vessel.

The Ghosts of Christmas 1778

by

George Hanlon.

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What you are about to read is a true story. It is the factual record of one of the most horrific maritime events of the Revolutionary War, and it happened in Plymouth Harbor, about a mile from the famed Pilgrim landing place.