

**Chapter 1 : Four Winds Dutchmen | eBay**

*"It's some nice code," smiled the software architect at Petr Valasek's company, "it needed refactoring before it was ever written. But the good news is, you get to refactor it now." And just like that, Petr was a new father. His baby was the bastard child known as the GIS Hardware Monitoring module.*

The bedrooms were dingy and the mosquito nets patched and darned; the bath-houses, all in a row and detached from the bedrooms, were dank and smelly. But it had character. The people who stayed there, masters of tramps whose round ended at Singapore, mining engineers out of a job, and planters taking a holiday, to my mind bore a more romantic air than the smart folk, globe-trotters, government officials and their wives, wealthy merchants, who gave luncheon-parties at the Europe and played golf and danced and were fashionable. The dining-room was large and bare and silent. Dutch families on the way to Sumatra ate solidly through their dinner without exchanging a word with one another, and single gentlemen on a business trip from Batavia devoured a copious meal while they intently read their paper. On two days a week there was rijstafel and then a few residents of Singapore who had a fancy for this dish came for tiffin. It had a faint aroma of something strange and half-forgotten. There was a scrap of garden facing the street where you could sit in the shade of trees and drink cold beer. It was the third time I had stayed at the Van Dorth. I had been told about it first by the skipper of a Dutch tramp, the S. The journey took the best part of a month, since the ship stopped at a number of islands in the Malay Archipelago, the Aru and the Kei Islands, Banda-Neira, Amboina, and others of which I have even forgotten the names, sometimes for an hour or two, sometimes for a day, to take on or discharge cargo. It was a charming, monotonous and diverting trip. When we dropped anchor, the agent came out in his launch, and generally the Dutch Resident, and we gathered on deck under the awning and the captain ordered beer. The news of the island was exchanged for the news of the world. We brought papers and mail. If we were staying long enough the Resident asked us to dinner and, leaving the ship in charge of the second officer, we all the captain, the chief officer, the engineer, the supercargo, and I piled into the launch and went ashore. We spent a merry evening. These little islands, one so like another, allured my fancy just because I knew that I should never see them again. It made them strangely unreal, and as we sailed away and they vanished into the sea and sky it was only by an effort of the imagination that I could persuade myself that they did not with my last glimpse of them cease to exist. But there was nothing illusive, mysterious, or fantastic about the captain, the chief officer, the chief engineer, and the supercargo. Their solidity was amazing. They were the four fattest men I ever saw. At first I had great difficulty in telling them apart, for though one, the supercargo, was dark and the others were fair, they looked astonishingly alike. They were all big, with large round bare red faces, with large fat arms and large fat legs and large fat bellies. When they went ashore they buttoned up their stengah-shifters and then their great double chins bulged over the collars and they looked as though they would choke. But generally they wore them unbuttoned. They sweated freely and wiped their shiny faces with bandanas and vigorously fanned themselves with palm-leaf fans. It was a treat to see them at tiffin. Their appetites were enormous. They had rijstafel every day, and each seemed to vie with the other how high he could pile his plate. They loved it hot and strong. They were the greatest friends, all four of them; they were like schoolboys together, playing absurd little pranks with one another. And then the others began to laugh too. They rolled about in their chairs, and grew redder and redder, hotter and hotter, till the skipper shouted for beer, and each, gasping but happy, drank his bottle in one enchanted draught. They had been on this run together for five years and when, a little time before, the chief officer had been offered a ship of his own he refused it. He would not leave his companions. They had made up their minds that when the first of them retired they would all retire. Good grub and good beer. Vot can a sensible man vant more? Although the ship had accommodation for half a dozen passengers, they did not often get any, and never one whom they did not know. I was a stranger and a foreigner. They liked their bit of fun and did not want anyone to interfere with it. But they were all of them very fond of bridge, and on occasion the chief and the engineer had duties that prevented one or the other playing. They were willing to put up with me when they discovered that I was ready to make a fourth

whenever I was wanted. Their bridge was as incredibly fantastic as they were. They played for infinitesimal stakes, five cents a hundred: But what a game! Each was wildly determined to play the hand and hardly one was dealt without at least a small slam being declared. But if your partner had insisted on taking the bid away from you and had called a grand slam on five spades to the queen, whereas you were positive on your seven little diamonds you could have made it easily, you could always score him off by redoubling without a trick in your hand. He went down two or three thousand and the glasses on the table danced with the laughter that shook your opponents. I could never remember their difficult Dutch names, but knowing them anonymously as it were, only by the duties they performed, as one knows the characters Pantaloon, Harlequin, and Punchinello, of the old Italian comedy, added grotesquely to their drollery. The mere sight of them, all four together, set you laughing, and I think they got a good deal of amusement from the astonishment they caused in strangers. They boasted that they were the four most famous Dutchmen in the East Indies. To me not the least comic part of them was their serious side. Sometimes late at night, when they had given up all pretence of still wearing their uniforms, and one or the other of them lay by my side on a long chair in a pyjama jacket and a sarong, he would grow sentimental. The chief engineer, due to retire soon, was meditating marriage with a widow whom he had met when last he was home and spending the rest of his life in a little town with old red-brick houses on the shores of the Zuyder Zee. But the captain was very susceptible to the charms of the native girls and his thick English became almost unintelligible from emotion when he described to me the effect they had on him. One of these days he would buy himself a house on the hills in Java and marry a pretty little Javanese. They were so small and so gentle and they made no noise, and he would dress her in silk sarongs and give her gold chains to wear round her neck and gold bangles to put on her arms. But the chief mocked him. She goes mit all your friends and de house boys and everybody. The chief officer shrugged fat and indulgent shoulders. The captain was always losing his head over one brazen hussy after another, but his passion never survived the interval between one stop at a port and the next, and then the chief was called in to smooth out the difficulties that ensued. And so it would be this time. At Macassar then I disembarked, and bade farewell to my four fat friends. It was cool in the very early morning and having had breakfast I was looking at back numbers of the Straits Times to find out what had been happening in the world since last I had been within reach of papers. Suddenly my eyes caught a headline: Supercargo and Chief Engineer. I read the paragraph carelessly and then I sat up. The Utrecht was the ship of my four fat Dutchmen and apparently the supercargo and the chief engineer had been on trial for murder. The names were given, but the names meant nothing to me. The trial had taken place in Batavia. No details were given in this paragraph; it was only a brief announcement that after the judges had considered the speeches of the prosecution and of the defence their verdict was as stated. It was incredible that the men I knew could have committed a murder. I could not find out who had been murdered. I looked through back numbers of the paper. I got up and went to the manager of the hotel, a genial Dutchman, who spoke admirable English, and showed him the paragraph. I was in her for nearly a month. The men I knew were enormously fat. It made a great sensation. And they were friends. I knew them all. The best fellows in the world. It was all confused. What actually had happened was only conjecture. It was getting hot now and I went up to my room. I was strangely shattered. It appeared that on one of the trips the captain took with him a Malay girl that he had been carrying on with and I wondered if it was the one he had been so eager to see when I was on board. The other three had been against her coming—what did they want with a woman in the ship? I think they were all jealous of her. When they wanted to play bridge the skipper was dallying with the girl in his cabin; when they touched at a port and went ashore the time seemed long to him till he could get back to her. He was crazy about her. It was the end of all their larks. The chief officer was more bitter against her than anybody: Presently those old friends spoke to one another only when their duties demanded it. It was the end of the good fellowship that had so long obtained between the four fat men. Things went from bad to worse. There was a feeling among the junior officers that something untoward was pending. Then one night the ship was aroused by the sound of a shot and the screams of the Malay girl.

**Chapter 2 : The Four Dutchmen - The Daily WTF**

*Finally, an excuse to mention W. Somerset Maugham here - and the excuse is, as Aussie literary fiction followers will probably know, that Mirandi Riwoe's Stella shortlisted novella, The fish girl, is a response to (was inspired by) Maugham's short story "The four Dutchmen".*

In the s the size of the Dutch merchant fleet probably exceeded the combined fleets of England, France, Spain, Portugal, and Germany. The legend of the Flying Dutchman is likely to have originated from the 17th-century golden age of the VOC. The first print reference to the ship appears in Travels in various part of Europe, Asia and Africa during a series of thirty years and upward by John MacDonald: The weather was so stormy that the sailors said they saw the Flying Dutchman. The common story is that this Dutchman came to the Cape in distress of weather and wanted to get into harbour but could not get a pilot to conduct her and was lost and that ever since in very bad weather her vision appears. Having refitted, and returning to Europe, they were assailed by a violent tempest nearly in the same latitude. In the night watch some of the people saw, or imagined they saw, a vessel standing for them under a press of sail, as though she would run them down: Nothing could do away the idea of this phenomenon on the minds of the sailors; and, on their relating the circumstances when they arrived in port, the story spread like wild-fire, and the supposed phantom was called the Flying Dutchman. From the Dutch the English seamen got the infatuation, and there are very few Indiamen, but what has some one on board, who pretends to have seen the apparition. It is a common superstition of mariners, that, in the high southern latitudes on the coast of Africa, hurricanes are frequently ushered in by the appearance of a spectre-ship, denominated the Flying Dutchman The crew of this vessel are supposed to have been guilty of some dreadful crime, in the infancy of navigation; and to have been stricken with pestilence Lawrence, Late in the evening, September, This story introduces the name Captain Hendrick Van der Decken for the captain and the motifs elaborated by later writers of letters addressed to people long dead being offered to other ships for delivery, but if accepted will bring misfortune; and the captain having sworn to round the Cape of Good Hope though it should take until the day of judgment. She was an Amsterdam vessel and sailed from port seventy years ago. He was a staunch seaman, and would have his own way in spite of the devil. For all that, never a sailor under him had reason to complain; though how it is on board with them nobody knows. The story is this: However, the wind headed them, and went against them more and more, and Van der Decken walked the deck, swearing at the wind. Just after sunset a vessel spoke him, asking him if he did not mean to go into the bay that night. Van der Decken replied: This vessel is never seen but with foul weather along with her. He made no mention of this in his two volume autobiography [7] or other works and HMS Jubilee did not, in fact, exist. He was on a three-year voyage during his late adolescence in with his elder brother Prince Albert Victor of Wales and their tutor John Neill Dalton. A strange red light as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars and sails of a brig yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up on the port bow, where also the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her, as did the quarterdeck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the forecastle; but on arriving there was no vestige nor any sign whatever of any material ship was to be seen either near or right away to the horizon, the night being clear and the sea calm. Thirteen persons altogether saw her Book illustration showing superior mirages of two boats The news soon spread through the vessel that a phantom-ship with a ghostly crew was sailing in the air over a phantom-ocean, and that it was a bad omen, and meant that not one of them should ever see land again. The captain was told the wonderful tale, and coming on deck, he explained to the sailors that this strange appearance was caused by the reflection of some ship that was sailing on the water below this image, but at such a distance they could not see it. This appearance in the air is called a mirage. He told a sailor to go up to the foretop and look beyond the phantom-ship. The man obeyed, and reported that he could see on the water, below the ship in the air, one precisely like it. Just then another ship was seen in the air, only this one was a steamship, and was bottom-upwards, as the captain had said these mirages generally appeared. Soon after, the steamship itself came in sight. The sailors were now convinced, and never afterwards believed in phantom-ships. This could make a ship just off the horizon appear hoisted in the air. It made its Olympic debut

at the Olympic Games and is still one of the fastest racing dinghies in the world. Flying Dutchman Tobacco was a popular blend for pipes and smoking. Many of their tins are still readily collected by those who appreciate packaging art and design. However Vander Decken IX later discovers the current mermaid princess Shirahoshi possesses this unique ability and becomes obsessed with making her his wife, stalking her using his devil fruit powers. He later enters into an alliance with Hody Jones Captain of the New Fishman Pirates who wishes to takeover Fishman Island to wage war against humanity. While the ship can never make it to land, Decken is unable to get into contact with the sea. In *Soul Eater*, the Flying Dutchman is the soul of the ghost ship. In an episode of *Land of the Lost*, the Marshalls discover the captain of a mysterious ship that appears in "the mist". Later in the episode, it is discovered that the ship is the Flying Dutchman. An episode called "The Arrival", written by Rod Serling of the television series *The Twilight Zone* depicts an airplane that arrives at a busy airport. The airplane is discovered to have no crew, passengers, or luggage. It also gets a mention in the closing narration of the episode "Death Ship". An episode titled "Lone Survivor" of the television series *Night Gallery*, hosted by Rod Serling, features a shipwrecked survivor who claims he is a type of human Flying Dutchman. He appears to the crews of several famously doomed ships before they sink, including the Titanic, the Lusitania and the Andrea Doria. The ship is compared to the Flying Dutchman by one of the characters. The pilot of *White Collar* sees the protagonist figure out the FBI cannot track a suspect and have given him the nickname "The Dutchman", and a link to the ship is made. Warrior Princess second-season episode "Lost Mariner", the Flying Dutchman motif is merged into Greek mythology, presenting the wanderer as a hero who offended the sea-god Poseidon. In this version, the Flying Dutchman is a man, not a ship. The two-hour long film, scripted by its director Albert Lewin, sets the main action on the Mediterranean coast of Spain during the summer of Centuries earlier the Dutchman had killed his wife, wrongly believing her to be unfaithful. Providence condemned him to roam the seas until he found the true meaning of love. In the only plot device taken from earlier versions of the story, once every seven years the Dutchman is allowed ashore for six months to search for a woman who will love him enough to die for him, releasing him from his curse, and he finds her in Pandora. The story and attributes of the ship were inspired by the actual Flying Dutchman of nautical lore. In literature[ edit ] The 1798 poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, contains a similar account of a ghost ship, which may have been influenced by the tale of the Flying Dutchman. Slauerhoff published a number of related poems, particularly in his volume *Eldorado*. Clark Russell, was published in *The captain, Cornelius Vanderdecken, tells Fenton that his ship, the Braave, sailed from Batavia in* I looked at him as closely as I durst. His eyes were extraordinarily piercing and passionate, with the cruel brilliance in them such as may be noticed in the insane; the lower part of his face was hidden in hair, but the skin of as much of it as was visible, for his cap was dragged low down upon his brows, was pale, of a haggard sallowness, expressed best in paintings of the dead where time has produced the original whiteness of the pigment. It was impossible that I should have observed this in him in the mani-coloured lamplight of the preceding night. Yet did not his graveyard complexion detract from the majesty and imperiousness of his mien and port. I could readily conceive that the defiance of his heart would be hell-like in obstinacy, and that here was a man whose pride and passions would qualify him for a foremost place among the most daring of those fallen spirits of whom our glorious poet has written. The first novel was titled *Castaways of the Flying Dutchman* and was first published by Puffin Books in *In the novel The Flying Dutchman* by the Russian novelist Anatoly Kudryavitsky, the ghost ship rebuilds itself from an old barge abandoned on the bank of a big Russian river, and offers itself as a refuge to a persecuted musicologist. In this version, the Dutchman is not a ghost ship but crewed by immortals who can only visit land once every seven years when the unbearable smell that is a side-effect of the elixir of life wears off. Heine had first briefly used the legend in his *Reisebilder: Die Nordsee Pictures of Travel: The libretto by Paul Foucher and H. Jethro Tull* refer to the Flying Dutchman with a song of the same name from their album *Stormwatch*. Eighties Australian band *The Hoodoo Gurus* seem to tell the story of the Flying Dutchman in their song "Death Ship" from the *Stoneage Romeos* album, although the lyrics never specifically mention the Flying Dutchman by name. It is a ship that can travel on both land and sea. In the multiplatform game *Alone in the Dark 2*, fictional detective Edward Carnby investigates a missing girl who he discovers has been kidnapped by the undead One-Eyed

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Jack who, in the game, is captain of the undead crew of The Flying Dutchman. Flying Dutchman rollercoaster at Efteling amusement park The Flying Dutchman is depicted in the sandbox platformer game Terraria as a flying wooden ship with four destructible, broadside cannons. It appears within the Pirate Invasion as a boss enemy. The Flying Dutchman is also used as a warship in a game called Warship Battle: In leisure[ edit ] The Efteling amusement park in the Netherlands has a roller coaster called The Flying Dutchman which features the captain named Willem van der Decken nl. Six Flags over Georgia , an amusement park located in Austell, Georgia also had a swinging boat ride called The Flying Dutchman which was added in The Haunted Mansion attraction in Disneyland features a painting of the Flying Dutchman before it became a ghost ship that transforms into a ship with torn sails sailing during a storm. Hofstra University in Long Island, New York was unofficially named "The Flying Dutchman" and has many references to Dutch culture around the university including residence halls. Hope College in Holland, Michigan is also the home of "The Flying Dutchman" because it was founded by settlers from the Netherlands in

### Chapter 3 : Four Winds Dutchmen for sale in Tucson, AZ | Lazydays

*Somerset Maugham - The Four Dutchmen The Van Dorth Hotel at Singapore was far from grand. The bedrooms were dingy and the mosquito nets patched and darned; the bath-houses, all in a row and detached from the bedrooms, were dank and smelly.*

### Chapter 4 : "Somerset Maugham Hour" The Four Dutchman (TV Episode ) - IMDb

*Dutchmen FOUR WINDS RVs for Sale. Browse Dutchmen FOUR WINDS RVs for sale on calendrierdelascience.com View our entire inventory of New Or Used Dutchmen RVs. calendrierdelascience.com always has the largest selection of New Or Used RVs for sale anywhere.*

### Chapter 5 : RV Toy Haulers | Dutchmen

*Find industry contacts & talent representation. Access in-development titles not available on IMDb. Get the latest news from leading industry trades.*

### Chapter 6 : Four Winds Dutchmen 31P | eBay

*Dutchmen Four Winds RKDS, Dutchmen Four Winds RKDS This travel trailer features a front bedroom with a queen size bed, sofa, U shaped dinette, rear kitchen, power awning, and more! \$13,*

### Chapter 7 : Dutchmen RV â€” Manufacturer of Travel Trailers, Toy Haulers, Fifth Wheels, and Expandable

*Dutchmen recreational vehicles include Aerolite, Aspen Trail, Astoria, Atlas, Coleman, Denali, Kodiak, Rubicon, Triton and Voltage.*

### Chapter 8 : Four Winds Class C Motorhomes | Thor Motor Coach

*Payment calculator excludes title, license, doc and dealer fees. Estimated 7% sales tax added to the amount financed. Financing amount calculated by subtracting down payment and trade-in value (adjusted for current loan balance) from the sale price.*

### Chapter 9 : Dutchmen Trailers : Reviews, Prices and Specs : RV Guide

*Four Winds Dutchmen Express 28A Class C RV in Pensacola, Florida Stock # Although located in Canada, due to*

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*Canadian regulations, this RV is not available for sale to potential buyers in Canada.*