



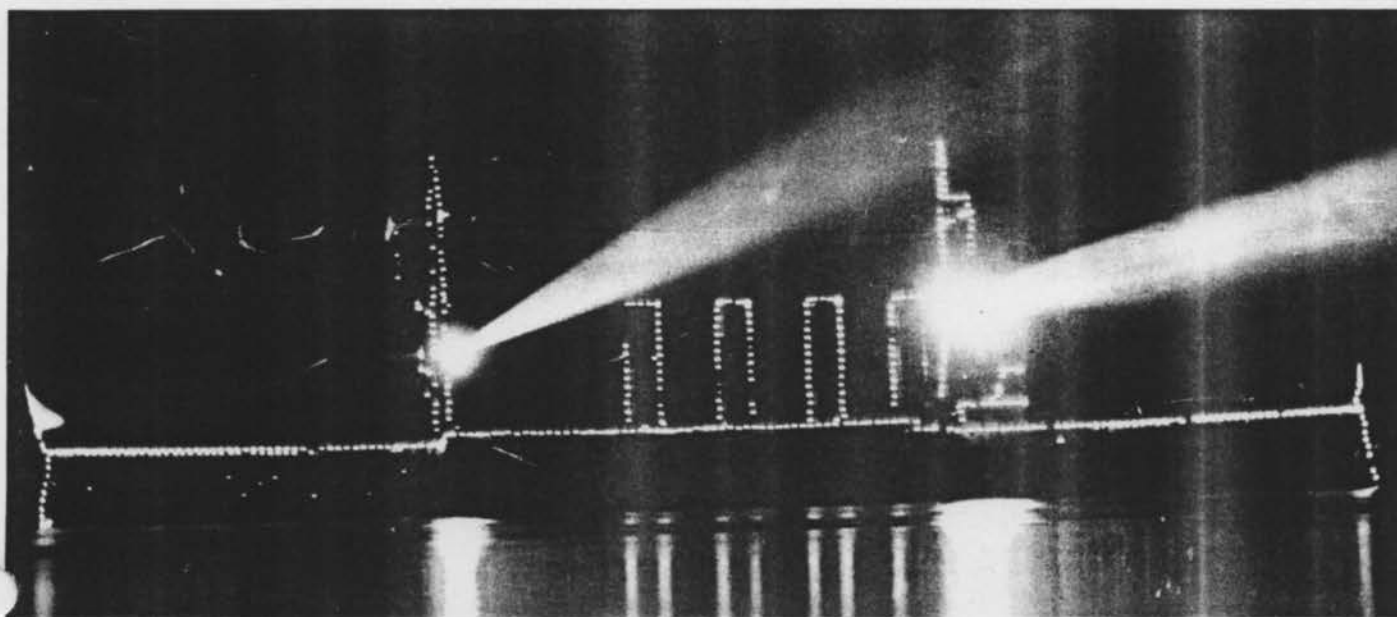
# MAINS'L HAUL



VOL XII

SEPTEMBER 1975

NO. 1



The Engineer Officer calculated his fuel-expenditure and groaned; the boys on the dynamo-flat went ape — but orders are orders: Tonight we illuminate ship! So here is the dear old U.S.S. *San Diego*, all lit up like a Christmas tree, off West Santa Fe Wharf, in honor of the 1915 Exposition. And remember — those were direct-current arc searchlights, and 16-candlepower bulbs at 55 watts apiece.

## "... THE ARMORED CRUISER SQUADRON!"

If you have been aboard the *Berkeley* recently, you will have noticed an imposing model of the U.S.S. *San Diego*, on what we hope is a very long-term loan from the United States Navy.

It's a beautiful model and she was a beautiful ship, and her connections with San Diego are more than merely a matter of her name — which was, by the way, not her original one. For many years after her launching by the old Union Iron Works (who also built the *Berkeley*) she was the U.S.S. *California* and as such was a frequent, and at times lengthy, visitor here. She was, to begin with, the first major war vessel to enter San Diego Bay, which up to then had welcomed only torpedo-boats, small cruisers, monitors and the like.

That was on Dec. 4, 1910, and had it not been for a slight matter of rank, a man who has been for years a loyal member of the Maritime Museum Assn. would have been the man at her wheel, as she cautiously made her way in past treacherous Middleground Shoal, just north of Ballast Point. That man is Bert Shankland, who had the wheel as the *California* approached the harbor entrance. At this point, being at the time a mere Able Bodied Seaman, Bert was relieved by a Quartermaster, because it says in the book that, while entering or leaving port, you must have a Quartermaster at the wheel.

San Diego was not the only port which was "opened" by the *California*; she also was the first major war-vessel to enter Pearl Harbor. And from here she steamed away for, among

other things, a cruise to China — and to Central America at the time of the Nicaraguan Campaign.

When keels for the "super-Dreadnaughts" were laid, the armored cruisers like the *California* were renamed after cities, it then being Navy policy to reserve states' names for battle-ships, and so the *California* became the *San Diego* — as the *Colorado* was re-named *Pueblo*, the *Maryland* now was called the *Frederick* and so on. As the *San Diego*, she was to become the only major naval casualty suffered by the United States in World War I; she was sunk by an enemy mine off Fire Island, N.Y., in 1917. Some months ago the leader of the New York Police Department's scuba detail swam down to her wreck, which lies, bottom up, in the mud.

For the statistics-minded, the *San Diego*, ex-*California*, was an armored cruiser of 13,880 tons, launched at San Francisco in 1905 but not commissioned until 1907. She was 504 feet long and was good for a speed of 22 knots, propulsion being by a pair of 4-cylinder triple expansion engines totalling 23,000 horsepower; originally she was a coal-burner but later was converted to oil. Her armament was four 8-inch guns, fourteen 6-inch, eighteen 3-inch, four 3-pounders and — of all things — two 21-inch torpedo tubes.

And now, before some purist decides to make a federal case of it, there is a slight historical discrepancy in that marvelous model: She is shown with a white-painted hull and buff superstructure, masts and funnels, which she never had under the name of *San Diego*. That was the color of the famous Great

## AN EARLIER STAR OF INDIA

From the far-away land of Palma de Mallorca comes a letter from Mrs. Dina Moore Bowden (of the old Moore shipbuilding family of San Francisco Bay) which dredges up a bit of early maritime history. Her particular line of history is that of Fr. Junipero Serra — but don't forget her nautical background.

"On our way home," she writes, "we went to lunch at a restaurant in Paguera. In the entrance was a square indoor ship's lantern, and when we examined it, we read *Star of India* on a bronze plaque. . . . It is quite unusual and quite unlike any lantern I have seen. . . . I cannot imagine how this ever came to Mallorca. I shall go some day to take a photograph of it and will ask how it came there."

As our own *Star of India* didn't give up her original name of *Euterpe* until after the Alaska Packers got her and she never left the West Coast again, that lets her out. However, there was a *Star of India* built in Dundee in 1861. According to Henry Brett's *White Wings* (Auckland, 1924) she was a vessel of 1045 tons and for a time sailed under charter to our own *Star*'s old owners, Shaw, Savill & Co., in the New Zealand trade. And there is said to have been still another *Star of India*, built long before that. It must have been one of these two which, in some way, supplied the lantern which is puzzling Mrs. Moore today.

## FROM THE PUNGENT MUD-FLATS

Historians and archaeologists with senses of humor are all too rare, so it is nice to hear that, up on the shores of San Pablo Bay, there is such a group who call themselves SLOP — signifying Ship Lifters of Pinole. And they have retrieved, from the mudflats of the area, all that is mortal of a 52-foot, two-masted schooner of bygone days. They have hauled it over to a berth alongside the Pinole sewage-treatment plant.

With all of the two-masted schooners which made California's nautical history, it is odd that there are no scraps of them left today. Dr. Joseph Mariotti, SLOP chairman and president of the Pinole Historical Society, identified their pungent find as a schooner named *Carlotta*, which belonged to the founder of Pinole, one Bernardo Fernandez. If you've ever smelled San Pablo Bay's mudflats at low tide, you'll appreciate what these people went through to preserve a truly significant maritime artifact.

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— John Masfield

Jerry MacMullen, Editor

## WELCOME ABOARD!

Since the last issue of *Mains'l Haul*, we have "signed on" the following hands:

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# MAINS'L HAUL



VOL. XII

MARCH 1976

NO. 3



IN THE HEY-DAY OF THE NAVY'S "TUG ROW"

Half a century ago, when Tommy Macklin's name was a household word, the Navy's "Tug Row" was at our present home, the foot of Ash Street. The U.S.S. *Pinola*, extreme left, was a sister-ship to Macklin's command, the U.S.S. *Koka*.

## AN OLD FRIEND PASSES ON

Tommy Macklin, a long-time friend of the *Star of India* in her less prosperous days, has passed on to Fiddlers' Green, at the imposing age of 98.

Waterfront old-timers will recall Tommy — or Lt. Comdr. Thomas Macklin, U.S.N., Ret. — as one of the outstanding tug captains of all time. He also must have had some powerful friends working for him, because he stayed in San Diego for a long time, alternating between command of the U.S.S. *Koka*, a steam tug, and the U.S.S. *Gannet*, a steam minesweeper assigned to duty as an aircraft tender.

Half a century ago, San Diego had no powerful tugs. So, when the big Panama Pacific liners came in, the Navy donated the services of the *Koka* to nudge them in to Broadway Pier, and to help them out the same night. Local port pilots, and the masters of those fine big ships, came to look upon the *Koka* — and her skipper — as friends indeed.

The *Koka* was, at the time, the District Tug for the Eleventh Naval District, so she was in port practically all the time. And at one period there was assigned to Tommy's crew a chief commissary steward who had spent years in the Far East, and was a past master in the art of preparing a rice-and-curry dinner of some 17 separate dishes, which was really some-

thing. Being invited to luncheon aboard the *Koka*, on rice-and-curry day, was a high honor. So it was not unusual to find, in her tiny wardroom on such occasions, a Mayor, a Superior Court Judge, a Bank President or some other civic leader.

Although a mild man, he was one to be respected — and that went back a long ways. As a kid, he shipped out as a merchant seaman, in the old Ward Line, whose ships in those days had largely foreign crews. When he entered the foc'sl of his first ship, a huge sailor looked up from a card game in the far corner —

"In dis ship," he said, "Ve all from Stavanger. Nobody sail in dis ship but Stavanger fallers. You Stavanger faller?"

"Naaa," said Tommy, "I'm f'm Joisey." And the big sailor, fists clenched, got up and started for him.

It was a one-round fight, and a short one. When it was over Tommy was calmly laying out his gear in his bunk, and the amateur Viking was being dragged away. From then on, they left Tommy alone.

His naval service began when he enlisted, in the Spanish-American War, and went on until he retired as a lieutenant, long before World War II. Then he was recalled, to retire again, with another half stripe. He wound up in a little red cottage overlooking the sea at Montara, a few miles down the coast from San Francisco, where he kept himself busy by

White Fleet of 1908 — but when Bert Shankland joined her in 1910 she was still the *California*, and was painted battleship gray.

#### AN IMPORTANT CHANGE OF FLAGS

After many months of labor and many reams of paperwork, our little steam yacht *Medea* is, one might say, a naturalized American citizen.

Originally, of course, she flew the British flag. Then, following her complete refit in Canada, she came into American waters flying the flag of Panama which was, at the time, more expedient from the standpoint of manning and inspections. When she got to San Diego, the somewhat involved business of getting American registry for a foreign-built vessel (even if only a yacht) was begun. Not only was intensive inspection required, but it also developed that getting into Panamanian registry is far simpler than getting out of it.

Unfortunately, when the delegates to the national convention of the Steamship Historical Society of America visited us a few weeks back, the *Medea* was just in between her Panamanian and her United States registry and was, literally, a ship without a nation. To have got her underway with no registry would have brought us the wrath of everyone from the Coast Guard on down. Our distinguished guests had to content themselves with watching her engines slowly turning over at her mooring — and blowing the whistle.

It was, incidentally, the first West Coast convention of the SSHSA. They met aboard the *Queen Mary* at Long Beach, and then more than a score of them chartered a bus and came down to visit us. And, long enough for pictures, both the *Berkeley* and the *Medea* flew our guests' colorful house-flag.

#### WELCOME ABOARD

Since the last issue of *Mains'l Haul*, the following new "hands" have signed on:

|                       |                             |
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| Aughingaugh           | A. Ben Chadwell Jr.         |
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— John Masefield

Jerry MacMullen, Editor

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# MAINS'L HAUL



VOL. XII

JUNE 1976

NO. 4

## "BRUNSWICK'S BEST"

Impressive as it may be to stand and look up into the stone arches of a medieval cathedral, if you want a real thrill you should have stood on the floor of a drydock, with the massive keel-blocks shoulder-high beside you, to look up at the curving, hand-wrought bottom-plates of the grand old *Star of India* as skillful men at Campbell Industries gave her a real going-over.

Near the top of her massive bar-keel — hand-wrought — there are still the scimitar-shaped marks of the sledge-hammer of some forgotten Marx shipwright of 113 years ago. And scattered all over her there are other incisions which proved to be letters which had been stamped into the plates as they rolled, red-hot, from the mill. In many places those letters still are clearly legible and they spell out, after all these years, "BRUNSWICK'S BEST."

Such evidence of the toughness of the old lady's skin impressed a lot of people — including Capt. Adrian F. Raynaud, veteran marine surveyor who flew down from Seattle to give her the once-over. Holder of unlimited master's papers in steam and sail, his sea service included the four-masted steel barks *Edward Sewall* and *Erskine M. Phelps*, our own West Coast barkentine *Russell Havaside*, and the little old iron steamers of the legendary Pacific Mail Line. No stranger to San Diego, he was in and out of here many times, years ago, both in the Red Stack tugs which brought the Benson log-rafts down from the Columbia, and later as master of the intercoastal freighter *Maine*. There is a man who knows both sailing vessels, and iron ship construction.

Of course, it was a trifle confusing to have Captain Raynaud and Captain Reynard running around at the same time, but in such a frenetic situation as the drydocking of the *Star*, minor problems go unnoticed. And we will always remember our friends. The way in which Campbell Industries bailed us out in our darkest hour should go down as a classic of the local waterfront; Pacific Towboat & Salvage didn't have to donate those expensive tugs but they did so anyhow — and Exxon Chemical Co. supplied the paint to cover her from keel to boot-topping and from forefoot to rudder, which was not cheap.

Commitments in Los Angeles kept our own president, Capt. Carl G. Bowman, USCG (ret.) away for part of the time, but he flew down now and then to lend his own expertise. Like Captain Raynaud, he holds master's papers in sail — and we'll bet that never before have two mariners with that kind of a license met in a drydock in San Diego.



—SAN DIEGO UNION PHOTO

7.

building ship models for an expanding collection.

Remembering his old friends from back in the days of "Tug Row" and a rusting old bark named *Star of India*, he has left that collection to the Maritime Museum Association of San Diego.

#### THOSE MURALS ARE BACK

Many years ago the famous marine artist W. A. Coulter did a series of murals for the old Marine Exchange in San Francisco. As times and conditions changed the Marine Exchange moved to smaller quarters and a bank moved in — accompanied, alas, by their interior decorator.

The murals disappeared, hidden by a false ceiling far below the original one. Then the bank moved, and the space recently was taken over by the Chartered Bank of London. Somebody got up into the void above the false ceiling — and there, in the dim light, were the original Coulters.

The story has a happy ending. At considerable expense the wretched ceiling was ripped away and the murals expertly restored — so if you're ever around 645 California Street, in San Francisco, they are once more on display.

Coulter's grandson — also named W. A. Coulter — is one of our active members, and in past years we have had two Coulter shows aboard the *Star*.

#### WELCOME ABOARD!

Since the last issue of *Mains'l Haul*, the following have been shanghaied aboard:

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— John Masfield

Jerry MacMullen, Editor

#### AID FROM THE PROPELLERS

Put a circle around the date of April 17, for that is the night of the Sixth Annual Maritime Ball of the Women's Propeller Club of the United States, Port of San Diego, an organization founded to encourage and support the American Merchant Marine.

What makes it particularly significant this year is the fact that they have designated it as a benefit for our own Maritime Museum Association. The ball will be held at the Bahia Hotel and all of our members are invited to attend. Further information may be obtained by calling Mrs. Charles Boyd at 277-2344, or Mrs. George Uberti at 453-5559.

A round of applause for the gals!

#### A REVIVAL FOR STEAM?

The Washington State Ferries, it seems, are in need of more vessels, and they are even mentioning the possibility of reviving the *San Mateo*. So if you hear a muted, ghostly hum from the cold boilers of the *Berkeley*, it will be because the old girl is happy about it.

She's not in too good shape, but they say that the *San Mateo* is in restorable condition, and if it goes through, there will again be a steam ferry operating on the West Coast. A former San Francisco ferry, she was built in 1927 and is, like the *Berkeley*, propeller-driven.

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