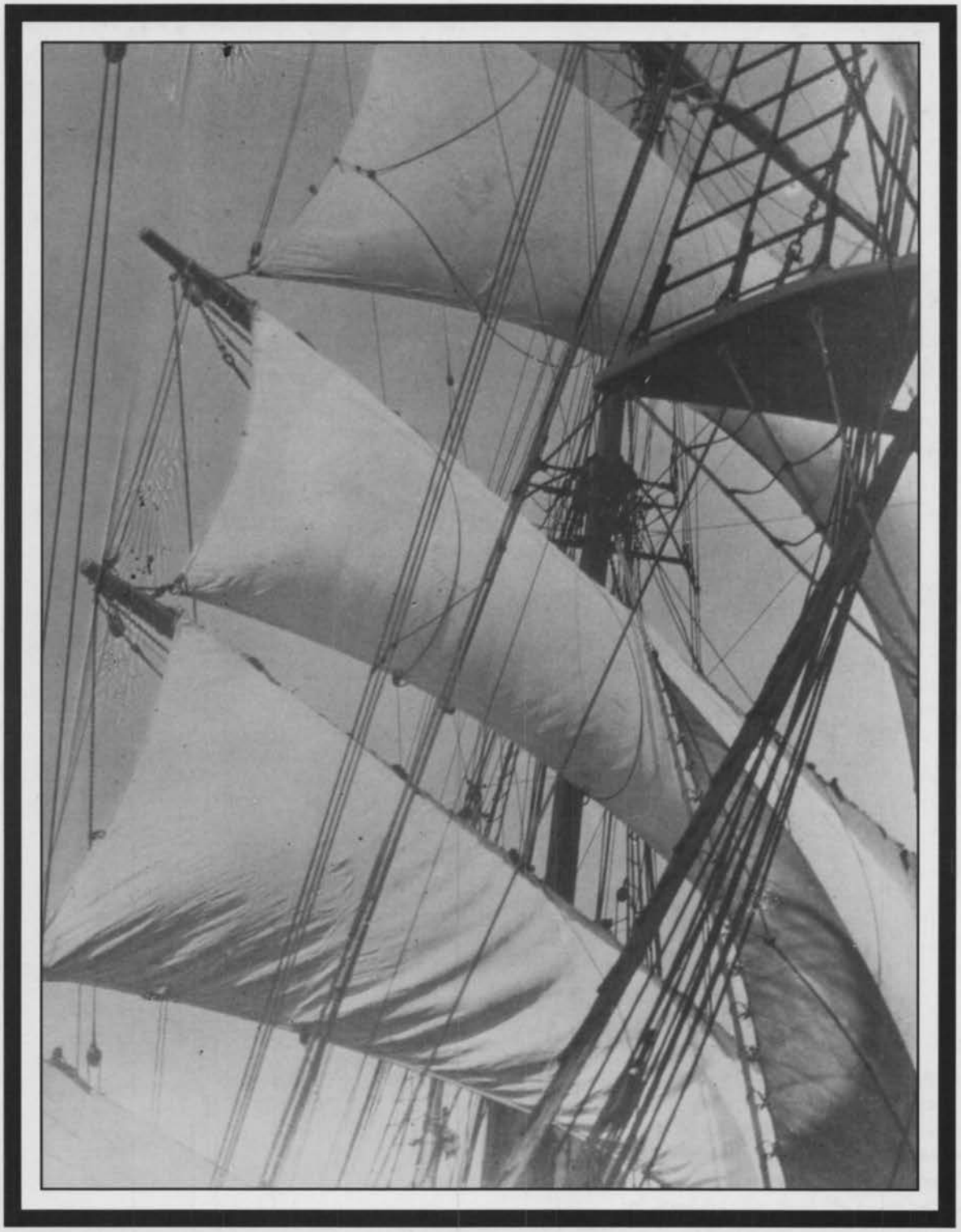
MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 29, NO. 1 A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY FALL 1992





On the cover . . .

Looking up through the Star of India's *fore and main rigging on a voyage to Alaska in the early 1920s. This photo was taken by her last commercial skipper, Captain Frank Weidemann, and donated to the San Diego Maritime Museum by his nephew, Otto Weidemann. The grand old bark will sail again in August 1993.*

SDMM file photo

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USS Constitution *under way in 1933, on her way to San Diego as part of a nationwide tour. This view must have been known to the captains of HMS* Guerriere, *HMS* Java, *HMS* Cyane *and HMS* Levant*—all ships which "Old Ironsides" bested in the War of 1812.* *MacMullen Collection, SDMM*

Maritime Museums of New England

By Craig Arnold

The following report is based on my observations of eight maritime museums and related sites while attending the Institute on Early Modern Maritime History at Brown University in August 1992. The study of other museums yields many examples worthy of emulation, and certain pitfalls to be avoided. New England is the most fertile field in the world for a maritime student, with the largest grouping of maritime museums anywhere. The history there is rich, the countryside and islands lovely, and the inhabitants overwhelmingly friendly and helpful.

USS Constitution, Destroyer Cassin Young, and the Constitution Museum, Boston, Mass.

The Constitution, a 44-gun wooden sailing frigate launched in 1797, is an American icon. Famous for her victories over British ships in the War of 1812, she gained the nickname "Old Ironsides" because cannonballs were said to bounce off her oaken hull.

Today she rides high in the water at Charlestown Navy Yard, just north of downtown Boston. The ship is open

to visitors free of charge, year-round, and it is indeed a thrill for an American history buff to step across her gangway. As she is still a commissioned naval vessel, visitors are greeted by uniformed sailors (wearing broad-brimmed Jack Tar hats).

At the time of my visit, the ship was about to go into dry dock for maintenance, so her topmasts had been sent down and guns hoisted ashore. Still, there was a real sense of the "wooden world" of ships past in walking her decks. As in Oliver Wendell Holmes' famous poem, *Old Ironsides,* she remains "the Eagle of the Sea."

CONSTITUTION was begun in 1794 as one of the six original frigates of the U.S. Navy. (The others were PRESIDENT, UNITED STATES, CONSTELLATION, CONGRESS and CHESAPEAKE.) America was just then sticking her toe into the turbulent waters of international politics. In no way could the fledgling republic match the navies of Great Britain, France or Spain. However, due to the depredations of the French and the Barbary pirates, it was seen that some sort of naval force was needed–not to wage wars of aggression, but to guard American lives and shipping.

Even so, many prominent Americans felt uncomfortable with the idea of a standing navy. John Randolph of Virginia was one, and so was Thomas Jefferson. Once he become president (1801), Jefferson behaved with curious ambivalence toward the nation's sea power–at one time waging war against the pirate state of Tripoli, at another limiting naval construction to small, cheap gunboats. (These tubs proved worthless for coastal defense in the War of 1812.)

Fortunately, others saw more clearly than the farmer of Monticello on this matter, and managed to get a fleet of frigates built. When war came, they proved to have an effect out of all proportion to their numbers. Under such captains as Isaac Hull, William Bainbridge, Stephen Decatur and Charles Stewart, the American frigates far outclassed their British counterparts. Frigates were then the "eyes of the fleet," taking the role of scouts later assigned to cruisers leading a battleline. Another special role–one in which CONSTITUTION and her sisters excelled–was that of independent cruiser, ranging far and wide, sinking anything of the enemy's they could fight, and running from anything they couldn't.

Near Old Ironsides is the decommissioned World War II FLETCHER class destroyer CASSIN YOUNG, also open to visitors free of charge. CASSIN YOUNG (DD-793) served at Leyte Gulf, Iwo Jima, Okinawa and other battles of the Pacific War. She survived hits by two kamikazes, one of which went down her stack to the boiler room.

As one tours the ship's compartments, there's an eerie sense that WWII gobs are just around each corner. Glenn Miller's swing music plays from the ship's speakers, and sailors' gear of the '40s is everywhere. It's like a slice of *Mister Roberts, The Caine Mutiny* and a dozen other books of naval life in those years. (One almost expects to come upon Captain Queeg at the wardroom table, clicking ball bearings in his fist and muttering of missing strawberries.)

CASSIN YOUNG is well maintained, clean and freshly painted. Her 5-inch, 40-mm and 20-mm guns are all in place, along with radio gear, cookpots in the galley, and the skipper's desk and chair. She looks like she could get under way on short notice and steam into the Atlantic to hunt U-boats.

After seeing the ships, a visit should be made to the Constitution Museum, housed in a nearby building of the Navy Yard. Here one can see authentic arms and equipment of Old Ironsides' sailing days, and learn how her crew was organized. For "hands on" fun, visitors can try a trick at a ship's helm, plop into a hammock, or even play a video game simulating the ship's escape from a British squadron in 1812. On the lower floor of the two-story museum is a theater, where an excellent 11-minute film on Old Ironsides is shown several times a day.

Today the CONSTITUTION, greatest of U.S. Navy vessels, survives as a reminder of the time of "wooden ships and iron men." She is now a memorial for the American people, and we may be glad that she did not, after all, meet the fate proposed by Holmes as a better end than scrapping:

> Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
> Long has it waved on high
> And many an eye has danced to see
> That banner in the sky; . . .
>
> Nail to the mast her holy flag,
> Set every threadbare sail,
> And give her to the god of storms,
> The lightning and the gale!
>
> –*Old Ironsides*

The New Bedford Whaling Museum and Seamen's Bethel, New Bedford, Mass.

New Bedford was the greatest whaleship port in the world during the 19th century. It still retains much early charm by way of cobblestone streets and ancient brick buildings. The town is currently suffering from an economic slump, but memories of a glorious past are stoutly cherished.

Across the street from the whaling museum, atop Johnnycake Hill, is the Seamen's Bethel, opened in 1832. A visit there is recommended before seeing the museum. Admission to the Bethel is free.

The main chapel, on the second floor of the two-story building, will be at once familiar to readers of *Moby Dick.* Marble cenotaphs line the walls, commemorating lost whalers and fishermen. A typical one runs as follows:

> In Memory of
> CAPT. WM. SWAIN
> Master of the Christopher
> Mitchell of Nantucket.
> This worthy man,
> after fastning to a whale,
> was carried overboard by
> the line, and drowned
> May 19th 1844,
> in the 49th Year of his age.



On CONSTITUTION*'s spar deck today, a modern sailor gives a few pointers on her history.* *Photo by Craig Arnold*

Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.

It's a quiet place, a somber place, on a rainy Sunday morning in New Bedford.

Among the pews is Herman Melville's, set far in the back. Here he had a good view of the congregation, as well as the black-bordered cenotaphs he discussed in *Moby Dick*. The chapel pulpit is fashioned after the bow of a whaleship, and from here, looming over his salty flock, Father Mapple preached the story of Jonah.

Services are held several times a year at the Seamen's Bethel–marriages, christenings and other ceremonies being done by appointment. The truly refreshing thing about the Bethel is that there's no modern intrusion; it's just as plain and Puritanical as Melville drew it. There is (thank heaven) no "Bethel Gift Shop" immediately adjacent, full of hyper kids, harried parents, and churning cash registers.

There is a timeless sense of the sea linking generations here. Portuguese fishing widows huddle among the pews, along with a scattering of tourists. The centuries do not clash; there is only the steady drumbeat of rain against the window panes–and the sea beyond.

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The New Bedford Whaling Museum is a superb introduction to an industry–and a way of life–which dominated this town for more than a century. Centerpiece of the museum, housed in four floors of a cavernous brick structure, is a half-scale model of the whaling bark LAGODA, crafted in incredible detail. This impressive piece is flanked by two original whaleboats–the ne plus ultra of the boatwright's craft.

Many rooms of exhibits include batteries of whalers' weapons in the War on Whales, along with prints, equipment, paintings and scrimshaw.

Scrimshaw has been described as the only indigenous American art form. Whether that is true or not, certainly the native ingenuity is evident in these clever objects. Besides the "standard" sperm whale tooth with picture of whaling ship or lonesome belle (in hoop skirt), there are swifts (used to wind yarn), canes, ditty boxes, pie crimpers, clothes pins, and so on. Many idle hours at sea were spent by whalemen in carving these charming pieces. And by such labor, many a sad-eyed, hoop-skirted belle was (we hope) gifted on a sailor's return.

Although whales are no longer hunted with such avidity, one can visualize how important they were in the time of Melville. Whale oil kept the lamps burning, the clocks

ticking on their mantelpieces. (Whale oil is still counted the finest lubricant in the world, used by NASA in space instruments. Its resistance to congealment at extreme low temperatures makes it the ideal oil for such missions–under conditions Captain Ahab scarcely could have imagined.)

Whale bone and baleen for corset stays, hoop skirts and gentlemen's canes–no gentleman would go on the street without one–counted as part of the market. Ambergris–the most precious substance of all–was a base in the world's costliest perfumes. A single find of ambergris could make a whaling master's fortune.

The first oil well in America was drilled in 1859. After that, whaling went steadily downhill; by the early 1900s, American whaling was all but extinct.

But today, up on Johnnycake Hill, there is a place where one can view that "charmed, churned circle." The New Bedford Whaling Museum is well worth a visit.

The Peabody Museum, Salem, Mass.

Peabody is the oldest museum in the United States, having its origin in 1799. That was the age when bold Yankee captains sought trade around the globe–and especially with the Celestial Empire of China.

The sheer depth of Peabody's collections is enough to stagger the first-time visitor. Three floors are fairly crammed with fabulous artifacts.

For the hardcore maritime history buff, there are rooms filled with ship models ranging from Polynesian canoes to modern containerships–all of the finest workmanship, and many centuries old. To see Peabody is to attain a true grasp of the term "museum quality" as it relates to modeling.

Magnificent oil paintings, a large variety of navigational instruments dating to the 15th century, scrimshaw, and a replication of the saloon of an 1816 American yacht, CLEOPATRA'S BARGE, add further luster.

But Peabody is not limited to American and European artifacts. Its Chinese and Japanese art is one of the finest collections in the world. The Japanese Room is worthy of particular mention, with gold-encrusted samurai armor, Shinto shrines, rich silk robes and lacquerware.

On the second floor of Peabody is the old meeting hall of the East India Marine Society, founded in the late 1700s, from which the current museum evolved. Here is Captain Isaac Hull's model of USS CONSTITUTION, complete with tiny cannon which actually fire. During one celebration here, circa 1813, a rowdy battle reenactment got out of hand when the toy guns set the model's rigging afire. Fortunately, there was plenty of rum punch on hand.

Our group from the Institute was allowed to prowl Peabody's basement, where treasures abound. Models, cannon, speaking trumpets, Marshall Islands stick charts, Ming Dynasty vases, a stray dragoon's helmet–all are piled up in glorious profusion. As with exhibit spaces, the storage areas are vast. (After all, when you've been amassing stuff from around the world for two hundred years, it tends to accumulate in bulk.)

Here we see the idea of museum as world-encompassing Treasure House. Peabody has grown great by not thinking small. It has also been favored by location: Salem's captains ranged the world in the Age of Sail, and a high proportion of their acquired goods ended up here.

Peabody Museum is located on East India Square in the heart of historic Salem. Don't miss the nearby House of the Seven Gables and the Custom House (1819). Many fine Federal-style and Colonial houses are here, too.

Plimoth Plantation and Mayflower II, Plymouth, Mass.

Plimoth Plantation is a full-sized recreation of the early Pilgrim settlement, set in the year 1627, seven years after the Pilgrims arrived in what is now Massachusetts.

The "Plantation" consists of a single muddy street of huts and rude cabins, a few hundred yards long, surrounded by a log palisade. The settlement runs up a gentle slope overlooking Cape Cod Bay near the original site, and at the top is a wooden fort that doubled as church, gaol, and meetinghouse.

Historical accuracy is the keynote of Plimoth Plantation. Anyone looking for a romantic recreation of early New England had better look somewhere else. The log cabins with their thatched roofs and dirt floors are drafty, dingy and dreary–much as the originals must have been. The "inhabitants" are well-trained role players in authentic 1620s costume. As modern visitors stroll about, the "settlers" are busy milking cows, weeding gardens, serving meals and training in the militia. Any attempt to chat with them about post-1627 events will be met with a blank stare and perhaps a reference to your attempt at "sorcery." This writer made the mistake of asking one red-bearded citizen the size of the village militia, and was denounced as a "French spy." I was lucky to escape the Plantation without being hanged, drawn and quartered.

At each house may be seen accurate replicas of 17th century tools, weapons and household items. Farmers, housewives, blacksmiths, servants and pot-helmed militiamen freely converse with visitors, but always in the cadences of Jacobean England.

Leaving the Plantation and heading into downtown Plymouth, one finds Plymouth Rock and, docked nearby, the replica vessel MAYFLOWER II. The ship is a copy of the small galleon which carried the Pilgrims across the stormy Atlantic to their "New-Founde Land" in 1620. The replica was built in Britain and sailed over by the late Captain Alan Villiers in 1957.

We arrived at the ship on a day such as the Pilgrims must have known well: a howling Atlantic storm was slanting sheets of rain across MAYFLOWER'S decks, while the vessel rolled heavily.

She's pretty cramped. As you clump about in her tween deck, stooped a bit, you may be accosted by a 1620s sailor with a tale to tell, or a Pilgrim widow who shares shipboard gossip along with her knitting. All this joined to the weather gave a good idea of what the 1620 crossing must have been like: the cabins are small, dark and dank;

the master gruff; the passengers sickly. Only a horde of rats is missing, to make the original experience complete.

MAYFLOWER II and Plimoth Plantation are well worth traveling back in time to see – but please leave your 20th-century notions of comfort at home.

Kendall Whaling Museum, Sharon, Mass.

This is a strange place for a maritime museum. Located far inland, in the sleepy town of Sharon, the Kendall Whaling Museum is reached by a one-lane road winding through dense "woods" that appear unchanged since 1620. (Note: Swamps are called "woods" in New England.)

The museum is housed in a rambling old country house that once served as a home for children with respiratory diseases. It opened with a donation of early Dutch whaling pictures by the Kendall family a few decades ago – hence its name.

The Dutch paintings are still here, along with an impressive collection of 19th century American and British whaling scenes. As a single grouping of whaling pictures, this is one of the world's better collections, although not so large as the collection at New Bedford. The Dutch pictures – including a Van de Velde and a Bakhuizen – show how deeply they were involved in Arctic whaling as early as the 1600s, with frozen islands such as Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen serving as meeting points for their fleets.

Besides the paintings, there are several ship models representing whalers from the 1600s to the late 1900s, a fully equipped early whaleboat, and a truly beautiful scrimshaw collection.

Kendall is the smallest of the museums we visited, but has chosen to focus on artifacts of the highest quality. A well-stocked library is on the upper floor and extensive archives, including many whaleship logs, await researchers.

Kendall Whaling Museum is very worthwhile, but if you are driving there for the first time, a good map should be taken along. Once you penetrate the "woods," however, the museum itself is quite well done.

Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Conn.

Mystic Seaport needs little introduction. It is the largest maritime museum in the world in terms of area, encompassing some 50 buildings, five ships, and dozens of small craft spread along the shoreline of the bucolic Mystic River. The concept isn't so much that of "museum" as of a whole town of the 1800s, with all the ancilliary services ships needed then – a ropewalk, ship chandlery, rigging loft, sail loft, boathouses and so on. It's a remarkable recreation – one of the heart as well as the head.

Plan on a full day to see Mystic. We arrived at 9 a.m. (opening time) and headed for the major ships first.

The L.A. DUNTON, built in 1921, is one of the last of the Gloucester fishing schooners. Readers of Kipling's *Captains Courageous* will feel right at home on her decks. Built of wood with two-masted fore-and-aft rig, DUNTON carries on her deck stacks of fishing dories, from which the "sacred cod" was netted on the Grand Banks. A devoted crew kept her going in the fisheries until after World War II, but finally had to give it up. Fortunately, the ship came to rest in that best of all "retirement homes" for old vessels, Mystic. Here, year-round maintenance keeps her looking good. When you go below, however, steel your nostrils for an overwhelming aroma of dried cod – stacks of which are still there. Cod can be kept without refrigeration almost forever, and, as a guide says, may be a "tasty treat" decades after catching. (Personally, I will leave this sort of "tasty treat" for others to try.)

Our next stop was the fabled CHARLES W. MORGAN, three-masted whaling bark of 1841. A great deal has been written about the MORGAN, but let us just say that she is an all-time classic. To step aboard is to step back into the world of Herman Melville, to whaling voyages lasting up to five years, when Yankee harpooners pursued the great leviathans to all corners of the earth. MORGAN had a long career for a wooden ship, sailing up to 1921.

As with all long-service wooden ships (CONSTITUTION and HMS VICTORY, for example), MORGAN has often had new timbers added. It's difficult to say how much of the ship is original, but certainly her "form and substance" is all there. The tryworks of honest Connecticut brick are in place – but tryworks were built before each voyage, and torn down before its end.

Going below decks in MORGAN is an evocative experience. The intensely cramped conditions of the "wooden world" – the whaleman's home for years on end – are faithfully shown. The bunks of her fo'c's'le are wedged in so tightly that in all but storm conditions the men must have preferred to sleep on deck. It's more of a rats' warren than a place of human repose.

A short walk from the MORGAN, up the dusty waterfront street, is the JOSEPH CONRAD, a three-masted full-rigged training ship, built in 1882. The CONRAD is not as interesting as the MORGAN; she has a certain "modernized" look, and everything is in miniature. It's as if someone tried to cram all the features of a full-rigged ship into a brig's frame. One cannot go below on CONRAD, and topside, there's not a lot to see. One mistake made by Mystic is to stage kiddie shows on the main deck of this vessel during peak visitor hours, thus hampering serious viewing. Better to put the clowns and screaming moppets ashore someplace, and let others enjoy the ship.

Besides the sailing ships mentioned, the coal-fired steamer SABINO (1908) takes passengers on excursions in the Mystic River. Many live demonstrations take place on a typical day. On the weekday we visited, the staff carried on sail-handling, a dead horse ceremony, anchoring, rope-making, dory-handling, and various sailors' crafts such as scrimshaw. Our lecturer on Melville at the library came directly from hoisting a whaleboat into its davits on the MORGAN.

Mystic is a wonderful family experience, and kids of all ages have a ball. Touring the seaport, one is best advised to start at the Henry B. duPont Shipyard (a working yard, where construction and repairs are carried on) and pro-



Portside view of the "tin can" CASSIN YOUNG (DD-793), named for a Navy captain who won the Medal of Honor at Pearl Harbor and died at Guadalcanal. Off Okinawa in 1945, a kamikaze hit her stack and penetrated to the engine room, killing ten crewmen. She survived to serve in the Korean War. *Photo by Craig Arnold*

ceed northward along the waterfront. Many historic buildings at Mystic Seaport were moved here from somewhere else. There's an 1874 oyster house, an 1840 salmon shack, a chapel from 1889, and a shipsmith's shop of 1885, among many others. My favorite is an 1833 bank with stone walls and an iron vault. In Melville's time, one did not go to the bank to open a checking or savings account, as there were no such things; one went to get a loan for a sound business venture—like shipbuilding. (Whaling voyages, on the other hand, were hard to borrow money for. Too long and too risky.)

All in all, Mystic Seaport is a superb attempt to recreate a bit of the 19th century. The site of the present village was once a shipyard where clippers such as the DAVID CROCKETT rose on the ways. So, although the village is not a preservation of what was actually here 150 years ago, it at least relates to the earlier activity. Mystic was never a great seaport on the order of Salem, Boston or New Bedford—but it has its own charming history. And here all the great maritime traditions are gathered in one spot.

Nantucket Whaling Museum and related sites, Nantucket Island, Mass.

"Nantucket! Take out your map and look at it. See what a real corner of the world it occupies; how it stands there, away off shore, more lonely than the Eddystone lighthouse. Look at it—a mere hillock, and elbow of sand; all beach, without a background. There is more sand there than you would use in twenty years as a substitute for blotting paper."

—*Moby Dick*

Nantucket, we are happy to report, has changed but little since Melville wrote his masterwork in 1851. The sand is still there; it's still a lonely spot, far from the clattering shore of civilization; and, yes, it occupies "a real corner of the world" in maritime history.

In the heart of Nantucket Town today, on Broad Street, is a museum devoted to the days when wealth was counted in casks of oil and bundles of baleen.

The building housing the whaling museum originally came to life as a whale oil and candle factory, owned by one William Hadwen (of whom, more anon). It's a musty red brick structure built in 1846 and now crammed with artifacts. All the oldtime implements of whaling are here, along with a superb collection of portraits of early whaling captains. These oils were executed during the great days of Nantucket—a silent testimonial to courage and skill at sea. Unfortunately, some are beginning to show their age and crack rather badly. They are not in a con-



Five-inch gun mount on CASSIN YOUNG, *now resting peacefully at Charlestown Navy Yard, Massachusetts.* *Photo by Craig Arnold*

trolled environment, and, considering their historical worth, one hopes a means can be found to retard their deterioration.

Another unique feature of this museum is the collection of native wooden tools and weapons brought back from the South Seas by whalemen. Fantastically carved war clubs, a canoe, and an array of other items bespeak a world mostly vanished since the arrival of the West.

The museum also has a 43-foot skeleton of a finback whale, a small but superb collection of scrimshaw, dioramas, and recreated shops of an early whaling community–the infrastructure of coopers, carpenters, smiths and sailmakers that kept the fleets sailing.

Rambling through three floors of the old candle factory, the Nantucket museum is complete with well-stocked gift shop. First-time visitors are urged to attend the 30-minute lecture before touring the museum, given every hour on the hour by well-trained docents. This will give you a real picture of what the whaling life was like.

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Within walking distance of the whaling museum is the Hadwen House (1845), which gives an excellent idea of the wealth that whaling produced. The house was built by William Hadwen in the Greek Revival style popular in mid-19th century America. Four massive pillars with Ionic capitals front the two-story wooden dwelling, which dominates this block of Main Street. (Across the street from Hadwen House are "The Three Brothers"–three identical brick houses built for siblings in the 1830s.) Hadwen's money came from ownership of whaleships and his oil and candle factory.

Standing in the cool gloom of the grand drawing room, one seems to inhale the very air of Nantucket greatness. The house is appointed with furnishings in the Federal, Empire and later revival styles and features magnificent sliding doors, carved Italian marble fireplace surrounds, silver doorknobs and molded plaster cornices and ceiling rosettes. Oils of the Hadwen family, needlework and canopied beds create a luxurious effect. Gardens behind the house are maintained by the Nantucket Garden Club in the 1850s style.

For a mere $5, visitors can buy a tour ticket which gives them access to Hadwen House, the Whaling Museum, and 10 other historic houses and museums in Nantucket. All can be reached on foot in one day, in plenty of time to catch the return boat to Cape Cod. This is probably the best tour bargain in all New England, offered by the Nantucket Historical Society. Tickets may be purchased at the Whaling Museum in Broad Street or at the Museum of Nantucket History on Straight Wharf.

If you miss Nantucket, you've missed the essence of Old New England. Just strolling the cobblestone streets, with so many whaling-era and Colonial houses to explore, is a wonderful experience. In summertime, daily boats run from New Bedford, Woods Hole and Hyannis, with the last-named the shortest hop, about two hours each way.

Fall River Marine Museum and Battleship Cove, Fall River, Mass.

This small museum on the waterfront of the old mill town of Fall River focuses on steamship and naval history. The Marine Museum is housed in a large building about a block away from Battleship Cove, home to the battleship MASSACHUSETTS (BB-59), the destroyer JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, JR. (DD-850), and the submarine LIONFISH (SS-298)—all ships of World War II vintage.

Centerpiece of the museum is a huge model of R.M.S. TITANIC, built by Twentieth-Century Fox for their 1952 film "Titanic," starring Clifton Webb, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Wagner. There are a number of authentic TITANIC artifacts here as well, including a lounge chair plucked from the sea after the sinking, and Mrs. John Jacob Astor's life jacket.

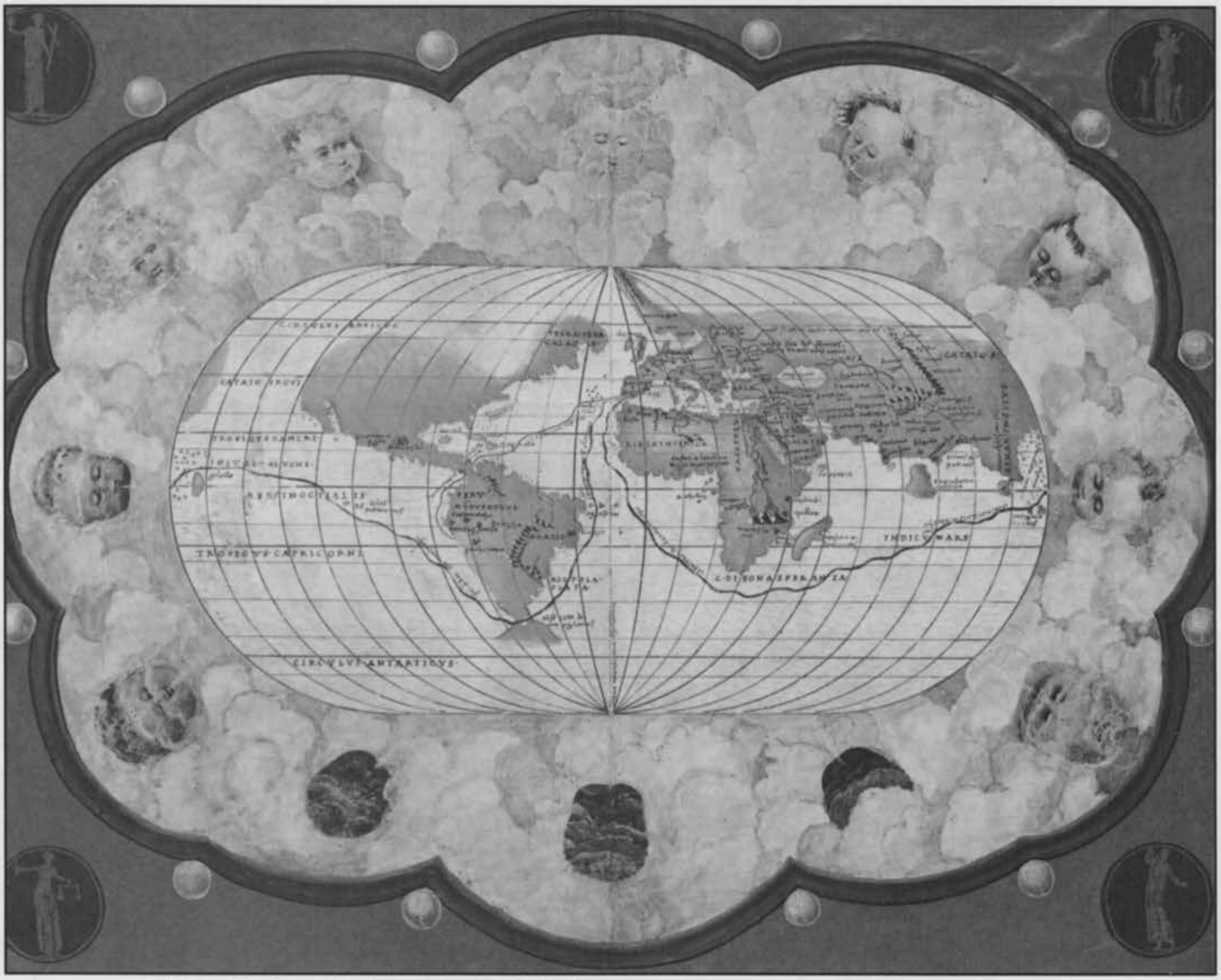
Dozens of other steamship models fill out the museum, many of the great Fall River Line, which ran such regal vessels as the PURITAN and the PRISCILLA on Long Island Sound. For the Vanderbilts as well as John and Jane Citizen, the Fall River Line was "the only way to travel" between New York and New England for nine decades.

The naval vessels are indeed impressive. To stroll their decks, especially those of MASSACHUSETTS (with her 16-inch guns now pointed harmlessly skyward) is to gain a real sense of naval life in World War II. Such large ships, of course, require much effort to maintain.

A visit to the maritime attractions of Fall River can be accomplished in a few hours, and is certainly worth the time.

The classic whaler CHARLES W. MORGAN *under sail, photographed in 1920. Note cutting-in stage hoisted inboard amidships.* *Photo by A.F. Packard*





The world after Columbus: A map made by the Venetian Battista Agnese in 1543–1545. The wavy black line running around the world is the track followed by Magellan and Del Cano on their epic voyage of 1519–1522. *Print courtesy of the John Carter Brown Library, Brown University*

Columbus: Background to Discovery

By Captain R.A. Bowling, USN (Ret.), Ph.D., F.N.I.

A common misconception, still widely held, is that Columbus was the first to believe and espouse the concept that the earth was round rather than flat. In fact, by 1492 almost all educated people in western Europe–the main exceptions being a few die-hard theologians–assumed that the earth was a sphere. However, there was wide disagreement over not only its size, but also the west-east extent of the land mass from Cape St. Vincent in Portugal to Japan. That is, how many degrees of longitude lay between the two? Put another way: How wide was the ocean between Cape St. Vincent and Japan going westward?

Columbus faced a dilemma: he knew–or more factually, had convinced himself–that the distance was indeed "not so great," but where could he find the proof he sorely needed if he hoped to gain royal support for his Great Enterprise? A man of resolution and indomitable will, he found his proof through a combination of subjectively selecting–*a priori*–estimates from old sources, applying the concepts of two contemporary individuals, factoring in estimates from two new sources, and then applying some calculations of his own that would have puzzled those ancient Greeks and still confound scholars today. But it worked for him. For it succeeded in eventually achieving the royal support so essential to even attempting the Great Project.

Both the belief in the sphericity of the earth and the debate over its size and extent of land mass were first formulated in antiquity. The ancient Greeks–and possibly those indefatigable Mesopotamian astronomers (more cor-

rectly, astrologers)–generally agreed that the earth was a sphere rather than a flat plane or shield. But they did not agree as to its overall size or the extent of the land mass from Cape St. Vincent, the "Sacred Promontory," to Japan or "Cipango." Pythagoras (c. 586–507 B.C.), who also formulated the Pythagorean Theorem, taught that the earth is a sphere because that is the perfect shape. Plato (c. 427–347 B.C.) wrote in his *Phaedo* that the earth was a "very large" sphere. Aristotle (c. 384–322 B.C.) argued in his *Meteorology* that "the sphericity of the earth is proved by the evidence of our senses," e.g., the curved shadow of earth on moon during a lunar eclipse, ships sailing over the horizon, new stars appearing and old stars disappearing over the horizon as one traveled north-south, etc. Mathematicians of his day estimated its circumference to be about 40,000 miles.

Archimedes (c. 287–212 B.C.) agreed with Aristotle that the earth is a sphere. In fact, he had a celestial globe of glass with a terrestrial globe suspended inside it. But he believed that the earth is smaller, about 30,000 miles in circumference.

Eratosthenes of Cyrene (c. 276–196 B.C.), the father of geodesy and engaged by King Ptolemy III of Egypt to head the incomparable Alexandria Library, was the first known individual to measure the circumference of the earth scientifically. He reckoned the circumference of the earth had to be 25,000 miles. (The actual girth, assuming a perfect sphere, is accepted as 24,905 miles around the equator.) Eratosthenes also produced a map of the then-known world.

The work of Eratosthenes, and the subsequent labors of Hipparchus of Micaea (c. 190–125 B.C.) and Poseidonius (c. 130–51 B.C.) should have resolved the question of the earth's size, except for minor adjustments that continue to this day. But it didn't. In fact, the question was debated until the 17th century, primarily because of two individuals: Strabo of Amasia in Pontus (c. 63 B.C.–A.D. 21), historian and geographer; and Claudius Ptolemy (c. A.D. 90–168), Greek resident of Alexandria, astronomer, mathematician, geographer, cartographer, and founder of the Ptolemaic System–which placed the earth at the center of the solar system, and which prevailed for some 1400 years, or until Copernicus.

Western culture owes a great debt of gratitude to Strabo and King Ptolemy I (c. 367–284 B.C.) for preserving the thoughts and works of not only the ancient Greek philosophers, but also those of previous and contemporary civilizations. Ptolemy I established the Alexandria Museum and Library, unparalleled–then, and probably even to this day–in its support of the arts and sciences.

Commencing in 25 B.C., the Alexandria Library was that repository of ancient knowledge that Strabo mined so sedulously and fruitfully for five years. This culminated in the publication of his *Geography*, which is a principal source for the history of ancient cartography because it survived intact whereas many of its original sources did not. Through some incomprehensible logic in which he accepted some of the data of Eratosthenes and Poseidonius, Strabo concluded that the circumference of the earth was 18,000 miles despite the fact that he had access to the method used by both Eratosthenes and Poseidonius, which calculated it to be over 25% larger. The net result was that one degree of longitude at the equator was to be equal to 50 miles–a value that plagued mariners until the 17th century–and the westward sea route to China and the Indies was said to be 6500 miles shorter than it is.

Which brings us to the individual who influenced astronomy, cartography and navigation for some 1400 years, Claudius Ptolemy. It was his *Geographia* (c. A.D. 150) that had the most profound effect upon mariners, including Columbus, in the early years of the great age of maritime exploration.

In *Geographia*, Ptolemy accepted Strabo's value, supported by Marinus of Tyre, that the earth was a sphere with a circumference of 18,000 miles. But he disagreed with Marinus' contention that the habitable world from the Fortunate Isles (i.e., the Canaries or Madeiras) to the easternmost tip of Asia spanned 15 hours, or 225 degrees of the globe. Ptolemy said it was no more than 180 degrees.

Both were in considerable error; the actual span is 134 degrees to Peking and 158 to Tokyo. Although Ptolemy's eastward extension of Asia was less than Marinus', it was 50 degrees greater than previously thought. Combined with his acceptance of 18,000 miles for the girth of the globe, this fueled Columbus' dream that the spice islands and China could be reached by sailing westward. Equally or more consequential, it served to reassure his royal sponsors and defenders that it was feasible.

Ptolemy's *Almagest* and *Geographia* were kept alive and copied many times over between A.D. 200 and 1410. Then, in 1410, *Geographia* was translated into Latin from the original Greek by Byzantine scholars, and finally printed in 1472. Columbus had one of those latter copies.

The veritable flood of knowledge that engulfed Western Europe from the middle of the 15th century onward rested on two monumental events: the fall of Constantinople to the Turks, and the invention of the moveable-type printing press by John Gutenberg.

The public library in Constantinople supposedly contained about 600,000 volumes, some 120,000 of which were destroyed in the final Turkish assault. But preceding and following the fall of the city, scholars with their invaluable manuscripts fled–back to Western Europe. This massive relocation of erudition to Western Europe, combined with the invention of the printing press, changed the course of world history. For it acclerated the Renaissance and stimulated the great age of maritime exploration that spread western thought and culture worldwide.

Columbus and his "Enterprise of the Indies" benefitted substantially from this new technology and the flood of manuscripts from Constantinople, which together resulted in a windfall of printed works. There is evidence from books once owned by Columbus, with annotations in his own hand, and other sources that his reading included

works by Aristotle and Strabo as well as Ptolemy's *Geographia,* Cardinal Pierre d'Ailly's *Imago Mundi* (manuscript 1410, published 1480), *The Book of Ser Marco Polo* (Latin translation, 1485), Bishop (later Pope Pius II) Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini's *History of All Things and All Deeds* (1477), and Sir John Mandeville's *The Voyage and Travail of Sir John Mandeville* (manuscript c. 1350). These works not only solidified belief in the fact that the earth was a sphere, but also intimated that the distance westward between Europe and the Indies was not an insurmountable obstacle. Aristotle had claimed that it would be possible to cross the Western Ocean from Spain to the Indies in a few days, Strabo claimed that it actually had been attempted but failed "through want of resolution and provisions." Pierre d'Ailly stated convincingly that the Atlantic Ocean was "of no great width" and could be navigated in a few days with a fair wind.

Of these written sources, Columbus relied primarily upon Ptolemy's *Geographia,* the Bowditch of his day, and d'Ailly's *Imago Mundi* to support his claim that it was possible to reach the Indies by sailing westward. But his personal favorite by far was *Imago Mundi* –still preserved at Seville. It was his constant companion and bedside reader into which he made voluminous marginal notes. In a notable annotation, Columbus underlined a passage reading that the Atlantic Ocean "is not so great that it can cover three quarters of the globe, as certain people figure it." In the margin he made a note expressing his preference for d'Ailly's estimate over Ptolemy's.

But none of these sources provided a consensus regarding either the size of the earth or the combined length of Europe and Asia, particularly the latter. Taken another way–how far west was the Far East? Eratosthenes, supported by Hipparchus and Poseidonius, had calculated the circumference of the earth to be between 24,000 and 25,000 miles. But Strabo, Marinus and Ptolemy opted for 18,000, and there it stood until well into the 17th century–the underestimation that greatly favored Columbus.

As for the combined length of Europe and Asia, Marinus had said that it was 225 degrees, but Ptolemy claimed it was only 180. Taken in reverse, the Western Ocean was 9000 miles wide according to Ptolemy, but only 6750 miles according to Marinus. Still, not even the shorter distance correlated with the even shorter, albeit subjective, estimates that Columbus gleaned from his readings, such as "not so great" and that it was only a "few days" sail.

Fortunately for Columbus and his dream, two renowned individuals, both of whom supported his estimate of a "not so great" Atlantic, were his contemporaries. Columbus arrived back in Lisbon in 1482 after a voyage down the African west coast to the Gulf of Guinea as master of a caravel in the service of King Joao II of Portugal. In the same year, Martin Behaim, a German mathematician whose knowledge of navigation, geography and cartography was considered second to none, arrived to serve on a committee of navigation established by the king. He shared Columbus' idea that the Atlantic Ocean was not as broad as commonly believed at the time. This was affirmed in 1491 when he constructed a 20-inch globe, *Erdapfel*–still in existence in Nuremberg–for that town. Its scale was based on Ptolemy's value of 18,000 miles for the circumference of the earth. But Behaim disagreed with even Marinus regarding the combined length of Europe and Asia. Behaim's was much greater; his Japan was located at a longitude that runs through what is today Mexico.

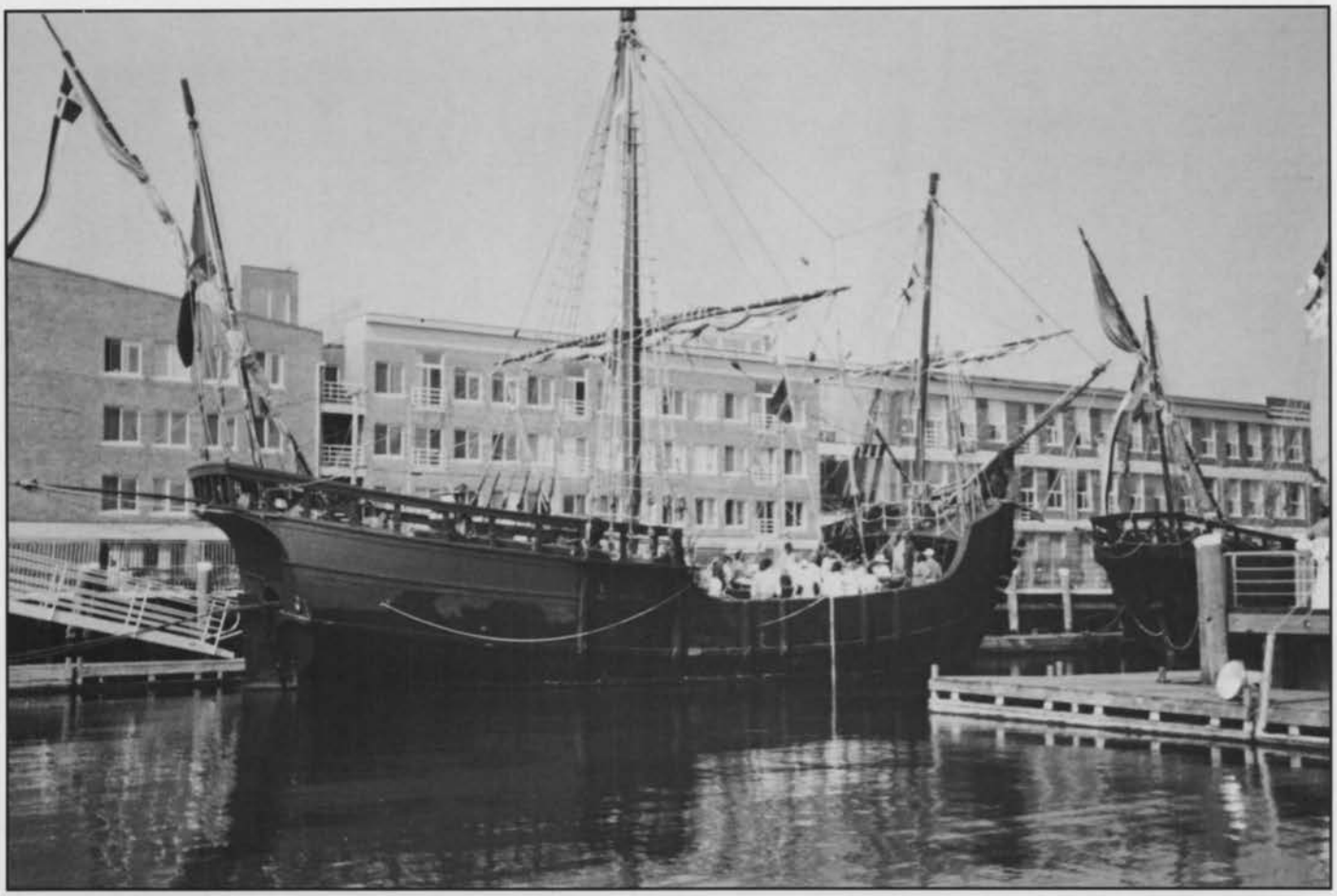
Although there is no documentary proof that Columbus ever met or corresponded with Behaim, it is inconceivable that one of King Joao's captains had no contact with a member of the king's own committee on navigation. In fact, the exact opposite would have been the case. Indeed, circumstantial evidence strongly supports the conclusion that Behaim had a profound influence on Columbus.

The other contemporary who also profoundly and concurrently influenced Columbus was Paolo Toscanelli. A learned Florentine physician–who also dabbled in mathematics, astronomy and geography–he allegedly had written a letter in 1474 to a Portuguese friend stating that Marco Polo's estimation of the distance to China was more nearly correct than that of Ptolemy or even Marinus, although he accepted Ptolemy's 18,000 miles for the circumference of the earth. In this case, according to Toscanelli, acceptance of Marco Polo's estimation of the combined length of Europe and Asia would result in a westward distance from Lisbon to Cipango (Japan) of just 3000 miles, and to Quinsay (Hangchow) of only 5000. He supported his conclusion with a chart.

One can imagine Columbus' excitement upon learning of Toscanelli's conclusion and particularly his supporting chart. Upon his return from the Gulf of Guinea in 1482–about the same time he probably first became associated with Behaim–he wrote to the learned physician and requested more details. Toscanelli graciously replied with a discussion of his conclusions and a copy of his original chart, which Columbus carried with him later on his seminal voyage of discovery.

The evidence is clear that both Behaim and Toscanelli had a profound influence on Columbus. For it was shortly after his contact with them that Columbus' dream took the shape of a definite plan. In 1484, armed with a proposal that was buttressed by Toscanelli's letter and chart, Columbus first sought royal support–from King Joao II of Portugal–to reach Japan by sailing westward. And thereafter all of his proposals included Toscanelli's letter and chart as Exhibits A and B.

One other piece of information provided the final element required by Columbus to present a geographically defensible plan for reaching the Indies by sailing westward. Alfragan, a Muslim geographer in the 9th century, had computed the value of a degree of longitude as being equal to 66 miles. That was close to Eratosthenes' almost perfect 69 miles. After the fall of Alexandria to the tide of Islam in the 7th century, Muslim scholars most probably had access to the works of the ancient Greeks, which included the methodology followed by Eratosthenes and Posei-



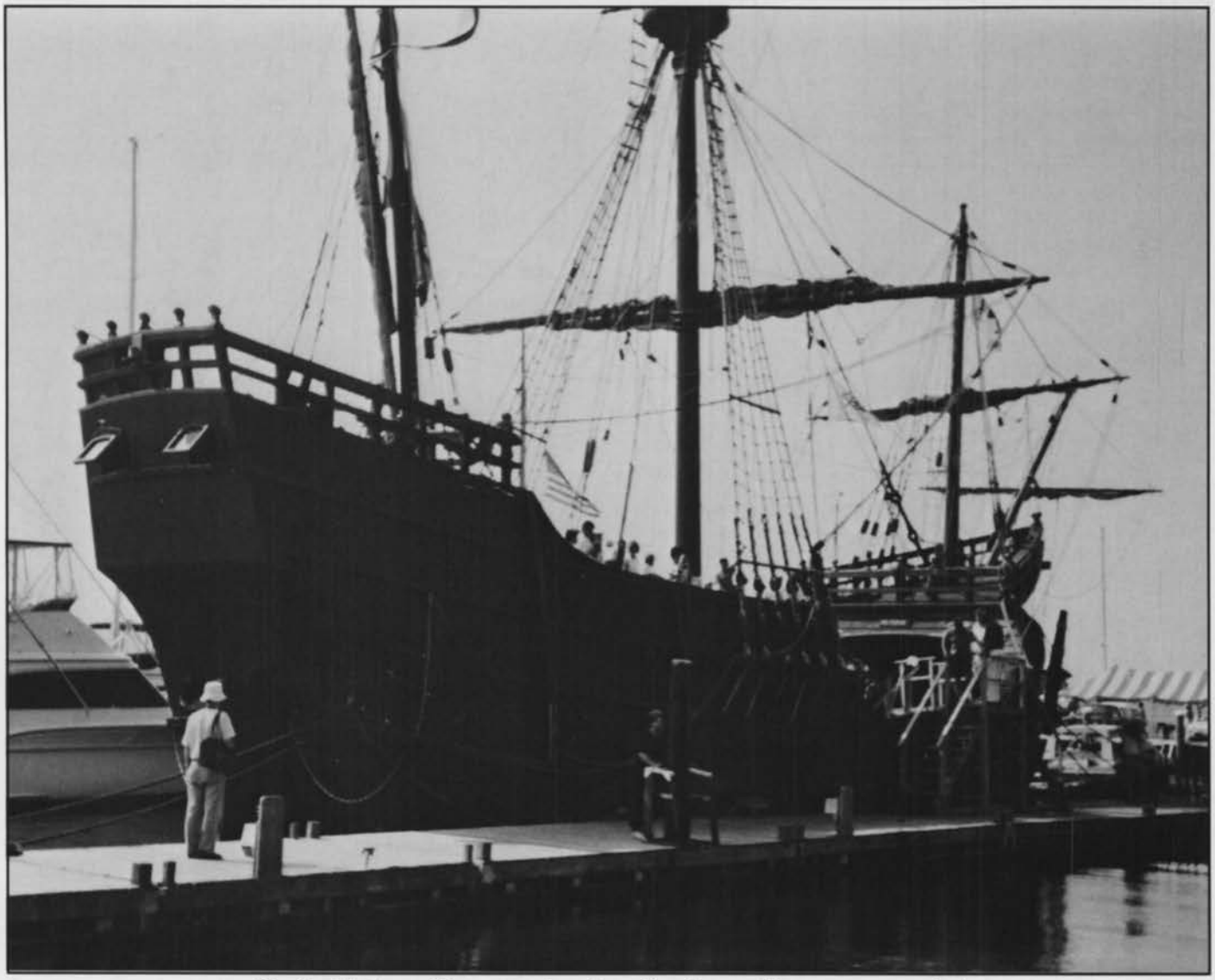
Replicas of the Columbus caravels PINTA *and* NINA *at Newport, Rhode Island, August 1992. No one knows precisely what the ships looked like, but these Spanish-built versions are considered reasonable guesses.* NINA *is moored ahead of* PINTA. *Photo by Craig Arnold*

donius for determining the size of the earth. The close correlation between Alfragan's value and Eratosthenes' more than suggests that the former had access to and used the latter's principle. This, however, had no effect in rectifying Ptolemy's underestimation of 50 miles to the degree. For Columbus misread—intentionally?—the Muslim scholar's value as being 45 miles to the degree. That made the earth even smaller in circumference than had Ptolemy—which, of course, suited Columbus fine.

There were two ways to shrink the estimated westward distance between Europe and Asia: Shrink the estimated size of the globe and/or expand the estimated combined length of Europe and Asia. By adopting 45 miles to the degree, Columbus effectively accomplished the first. He then proceeded to do the same with the second. Overall, he generally accepted Ptolemy's value of 18,000 miles for the circumference of the globe and the use of essentially the western extremity of Europe, Lisbon, as the Prime Meridian. But then he parted company with the accepted geography of the day and accepted instead Marinus' estimate of 225 degrees for the value of the combined length of Europe and Asia. Then, to account for the longer estimates of Marco Polo, he tacked on 28 degrees to reach Peking and a further 30 degrees for Japan. The result was a combined Europe-Asia land mass span of 253 degrees to China and 283 degrees to Japan. This placed Japan at a longitude that runs just west of the tip of Cuba (unknown at the time). Or, in reverse, it was 77 degrees westward from Lisbon to Japan. But since Columbus intended to jump off from the western Canaries, which were 9 degrees west of Lisbon, he subtracted that, for a net required westing then of only 68 degrees. That converted to 3060 miles when multiplied by his acceptance of 45 miles per degree of longitude—almost exactly the same as Toscanelli's estimate.

Conveniently, he seems to have ignored the fact that Ptolemy and Marinus both used the Fortunate Isles (Canary and Madeira islands), not the Sacred Promontory (Cape St. Vincent) as their Prime Meridian or starting point for measurement. Thus, the 9 degrees difference was already part of his calculations. But Columbus was not done yet. Using his favorite source, *Imago Mundi,* he recalculated—probably the first use of the "new math"—the estimated westward distance, and came up with 2400 miles. The actual great circle distance is 10,600 miles.

Although some may view with derision Columbus' selective use of data to support his thesis—let the first historian who has not done the same, cast the first stone—the point is that Columbus truly believed until his dying day (1506) that his calculations were correct. If he had



The flagship SANTA MARIA, *seen here in replica form at Newport, was wrecked on Hispaniola on Christmas Day, 1492.* *Photo by Craig Arnold*

any initial doubts, they were forever dispelled when he made landfall in the Bahamas on October 12, 1492.

Columbus was one of the best ship pilots in history. Therefore, it can be validly inferred that one of the primary reasons that he became so certain that he had actually reached Japan or some of its outlying islands was that his reckoning–i.e., dead reckoning–of the distance actually sailed was between his estimated 2400 to 3000 miles to go. Further, the actual distance was supported by the estimates of the ancients that the distance was "not so great" and that of his renowned contemporaries, Behaim and Toscanelli–particularly the latter, who stated that it was 3000 miles. Whether he intentionally manipulated the data to support a conclusion that the distance across the Atlantic Ocean from Europe to Asia was in the order of 2400 to 3000 miles is immaterial. The relevant fact is that it led to a unique event in the history of mankind.

Christopher Columbus was a complex man with one foot in the medieval world and the other in the modern world. He was no saint. Neither was he the rapacious ogre made out by some current revisionist historians who commit the egregious historiographic sin of fictitiously warping events and individuals from a different time frame, then drawing conclusions and making judgments based on moral values that did not pertain during the life of the individual. A more precise characterization of Columbus would be one similar to that of the Byzantine general Belisarius, attributed to Gibbon: "His imperfections flowed from the contagion of the times; his virtues were his own."

Long may he be so honored.

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"Tierra! Tierra! (Land! Land!)" was the cry from Santa Maria's *maintop in the early morning of October 12, 1492. Columbus probably assumed he was nearing Japan—not realizing a verdant New World was about to unfold.* *Photo by Craig Arnold*

Tales of the Waterfront: The Caste System

By Winn J. Bagley

To well understand how the Caste System developed, we must first absorb into our psyche the clean, unpolluted atmosphere experienced by those lucky ones blessed with traveling across multitudinous miles of open ocean propelled by only the strength of the wind expanding sails held out by yardarms in what, at times, must have seemed like the wings of angels, so ethereal and magic was the movement of a truly great sailing vessel upon the waters of the world. The man in charge of this miracle, in understanding the most intricate of the panoply of forces, both natural and man-made, coming together to create such a phenomenon and cause it to operate, must surely be a god–although with feet still clay-cast and wood-borne on the deck: the Captain!

At sea, he was the one and only Law, Judge, Jury, and at times, Executioner. His strength came from long centuries of experience, history, and, in the very end, from inner instincts honed to a fine edge in the crucible of caution and risk, taken or turned aside, his own personal God riding on his shoulder every mile of the way. Oh yes–in the telling of this tale, we must be able to "feel" the height and width and breadth of such a man, as he was able to feel those dimensions of his vessel, and thereby assimilate into ourselves the aura he exuded, by which he was held by other mere mortals in complete and unequivical awe.

In expounding on the expertise of the Master Mariner,

A captain's first concern must be for his crew. Without a seasoned crew, no ship can go where he wills. *Photo by W. Hester*





But a captain must be a man alone—and never was this more true than in the days of the great square-riggers. There was no radio, no satellite navigation—just the Old Man matching wits with a blind and treacherous Sea. *Photo by W. Hester*

and the reasons for his being naturally considered a superior being to all and sundry in his milieu, I can only relate personal knowledge as seen through my own eyes or as gleaned in remembered conversations with those men, old when I was a lad, or from those close to me who have known them.

Some captains I was acquainted with would revel in the accomplishment of bringing their vessel, under sail, right up to the wharf, playing the wind and tide carefully, sliding into the proper alignment, dropping sails, throwing the heaving line to men ashore, having the bow and stern lines secured to the bollards on the dock—all completely without the help of a harbor tug or a pilot from the port's harbor department. It was not uncommon for the ship's owners to reward such a skilled captain with a gift of a 15-gallon oaken keg of the best scotch whiskey, or of brandy, whichever his preference. This was small reward indeed, as the owner's credo usually was, "Don't spend any money unless of dire necessity!"

When a deep-water vessel came into harbor from the sea, the captain's problems were many and varied. A Master Mariner does not carry that title just for decoration. One must realize that these people spent their lives entering and departing every type of port imaginable. A case in point: Captain Nathaniel Bowditch (1773–1838), author of *The American Practical Navigator,* a book which is considered to be the navigator's Bible, would bring his ship into Boston Harbor from the open sea in a dense fog and sail her right up to his assigned mooring, drop anchor and secure his ship with no harbor pilot and the barest minimum of maneuvering. He was never known to have had a serious maritime accident.

Harbor tugs were often called for to give service to ships which lay becalmed outside the harbor, or during storm conditions, if they were in danger of drifting towards the rocks or some other hazard. These shrewd operators



A captain must bring down the sun at noon . . .
SDMM file photo

would approach a vessel "in irons," and haggle over the price for the rescue. If the situation were serious enough, both captains knew who would win out! This could be quite costly to the owner of the vessel – the ultimate contractor and the bill-payer. Hence the reward for not getting into such straits in the first place went to the captain most on his toes, most accurate in his calculations and instincts and with the most responsive and well-trained crew.

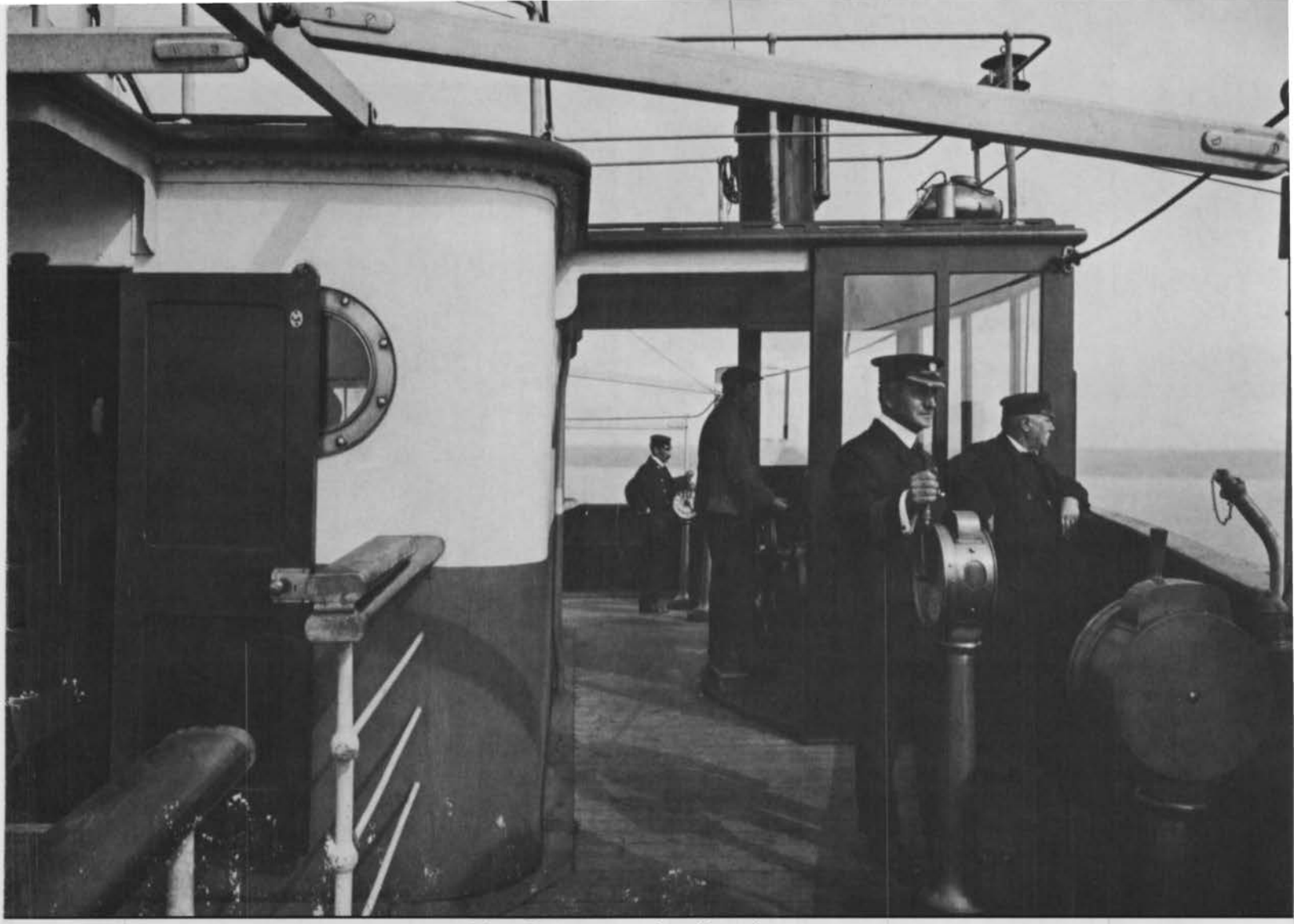
Now to get down to "brass tacks," so to speak. Tow boat captains, or operators, who ran vessels of internal combustion propulsion, were called "gas skinners" and their vessels were given the ignominious appellation "stink pots" (with good and sufficient reason!). They polluted the air with fumes and sounds enough to keep the men of old turning and thrashing in their graves till Kingdom Come! They were considered a breed of low-lives not capable of conducting the intricacies of good seamanship, nor were they acceptable in polite society, especially in the upper crust of Deep Sea Captain society. As the era of sail was slowly fading from the field of commercial transport, many of the elite captains of sailing ships chose commands on large luxury liners or merchant vessels, and they ran away with the jobs, as the saying goes. Others gravitated to coastal steam schooners or steam tugs, leaving the "dirty work" to the gas-engine workhorses of the inland waterway.

Tow boating, or tug boating, whichever you will, in effect did the same with ships' cargoes as the teamsters and draymen did with freight ashore – the term "mule skinner" being applied to the latter, because they used teams of mules to move their wagons. None of these, however, could ever be suggested as being "elite," nor was there any pretense of such elevation from the ordinary run-of-the-mill seaman. This did not mean that they were less skillful at their trade, however. Some of these operators grew up on towboats and had uncanny instincts built into their every fiber. In their times, some introduced a few maneuvers and trick systems still used to this day.

Those of you who have small sailboats for your own amusement will well understand the feelings of the man at the helm in his plight when there is a dearth of wind. Without a small auxiliary kicker to hop you away from a dead wind spot, one can be very much stranded in calm air. In such a circumstance, think how elated those old-time windjammer captains must have felt when graduating from sail to steam. To be able to place his vessel in almost any configuration at his whim, with almost unlimited power to make time when the winds failed, and to be able to back down just as easily without going through contortions of crew and sail, must have seemed a miracle. Many decried the noise and filth of coal-fueled steam



. . . and he must labor long over charts at night, with only the fitful lamp as friend. *MacMullen Collection, SDMM*



A captain and his officers must work well together. *SDMM file photo*

engines, and when oil became the main fuel, there was a different type of filth – but none could argue the betterment in speed, versatility and enlarged capacity such trade-offs gave.

Every harbor is different. Charts are not always accurate and local conditions are constantly changing. The direction of tide changes every six hours. Wind strength and direction are more fickle than a teenager. The faults and foibles of each ship in the way she responds to control, whether lightly loaded or down to her Plimsoll Mark, must be well understood and taken into consideration.

All commercial vessels documented (registered) in any state of the United States and in any foreign nation are considered taxable entities by the governments of those states and nations, and accordingly must be inspected and certified by a licensed marine surveyor as to the legal particulars of the boat's specifications. These standards have been accumulated over many hundreds of years of the development of marine activity, and are constantly being reviewed and updated due to changing technology and conditions. All marine architects and designers use these marks to guide them in their work of setting the parameters of safety for the vessels they design.

If loaded beyond these allowances, and any mishap or loss occurs, the insurer's financial coverage to the ship and cargo very nearly always becomes null and void, and stiff penalties can be imposed on all and sundry involved, including suspension of the licenses of the captain, mates and chief engineer. These personnel are in for a thorough inquiry into the reason or reasons for their failure to observe proper limits well known to them. Also subject to inquiry is the vessel's owner. Any and all penalties for negligence are strictly applied and enforced. The loss of a license to operate vessels is at stake; a person's livelihood and, indeed, his freedom from incarceration in certain instances, is dependent upon knowing the rules and following them to the letter. The records of every procedure are "kept forever," as it were, so the safe operation of documented vessels is taken very seriously by all concerned.

So far, I have gone into considerable detail to qualify just a smattering of what it entails to become a Master Mariner. Few people realize this when they see pictures of captains in their brass band uniforms with dignitaries as guests at the captain's table. All maritime law comes to bear upon him; anything that happens aboard his ship is automatically the captain's responsibility, even though he was blissfully unaware of the incident at the time it



And last but not least, a captain must combine in his person many things: courage, capacity, knowledge and tenacity. This is Captain Thomas Bowling, skipper of the EUTERPE *in 1888–1890. He led her a merry waltz from London to Port Pirie, Iquique and Hamburg.*

Photo courtesy of Karl Kortum

happened. He has the awesome task of knowing in advance of any and all conditions, situations or unforeseen circumstances even remotely possible which might affect the safe operation of his ship, crew, passengers and cargo. He must guard against ALL eventualities, whether man-made or Acts of God, as the wording goes, because "he should have known" about them. No one under his command can do anything wrong; he is answerable for all that transpires aboard his ship.

During the old days, if a ship were lost, the captain often went down with her. And why not? If he were to survive while others perished, he would be, and usually was, "crucified." It meant he would lose his license, his livelihood and his reputation–and not without possibility, his wife and family as well. Far kinder indeed, in the long run, if he did not survive.

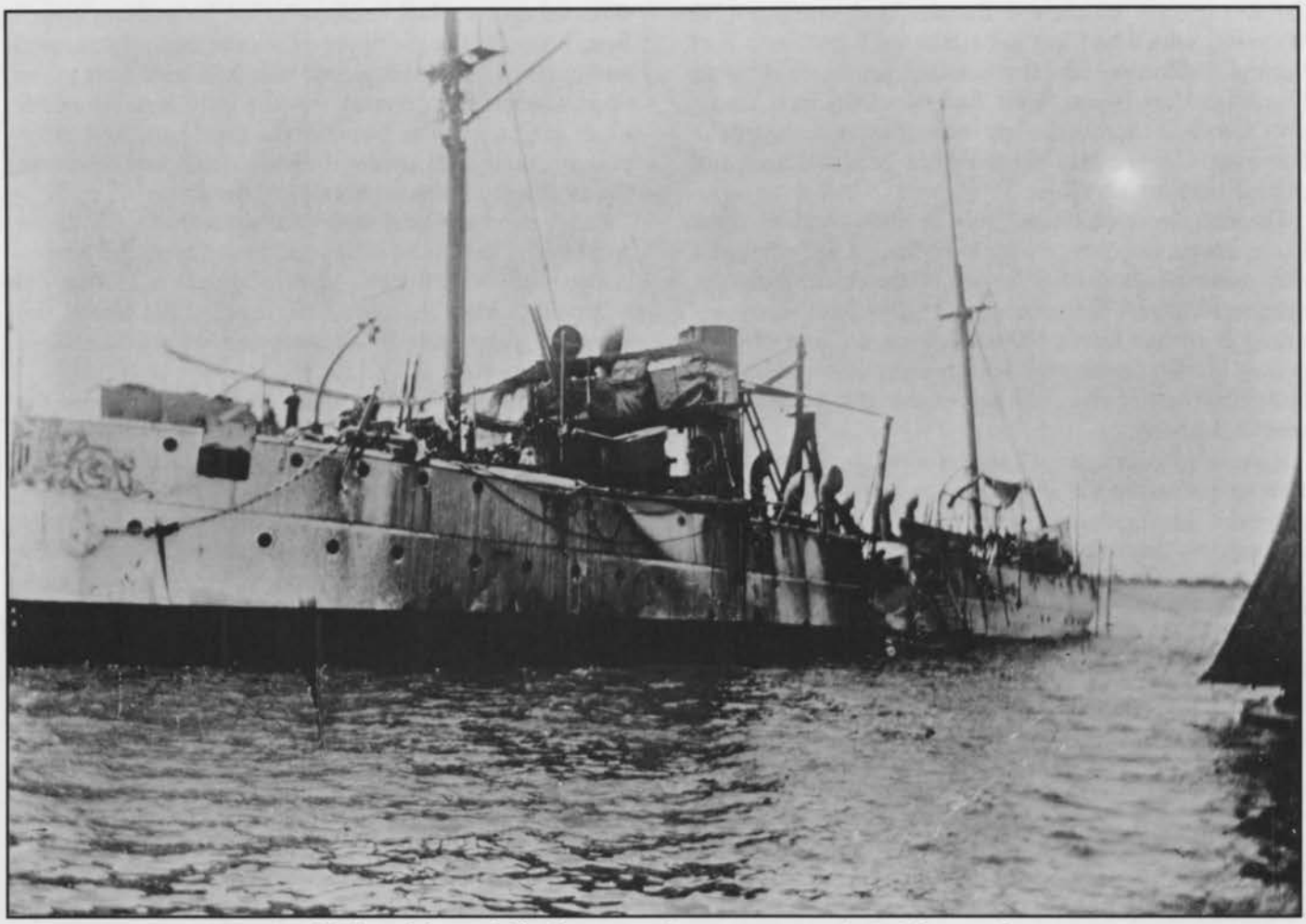
That is why a good many captains of a bygone era, and maybe some even today, are referred to as "mean and grouchy old bastards." They have good reason to be contentious. With a thousand and one details, any one of which could mean imminent disaster for all in his care, is such a disposition to be questioned? That is why, at sea, the captain's word is Law. Responsibility is totally his.

This is not to imply that the Master Mariner of these times is any less adept than those of the past, but to focus attention on how much the oldtime captains did with so little at hand and how rough conditions were.

Back before the turn of this century, on large steamers, there was a distinction between the Bridge and the Deck crew, and another lower rung on the ladder of the Caste System containing the "Black Gang," as all those in the engine department were referred to because they were literally black from the coal they shoveled to keep the ship going. Later, the same distinction applied to an oil-propelled vessel's engine room crew, who were not too much cleaner than the coal men. The Bridge officers and men had pie served from round pans, because these pies could be made to look very neat and afforded a crusted edge on every piece. However, the officers and men of the engine department had their pie served from square sheets which only gave a nice crusted edge to those lucky enough to get an outside cut. That is how deep-dish pies were born–same ingredients, same pie from the same galley, just a different shape. It was petty, perhaps, but a way of establishing a pecking order of sorts.

There most likely will always be a Caste System of sorts, if only because each of us has different qualities and quantities in our very being. However, the differences will, in time, be more graciously observed, as mankind learns to value what a person innately is and can become. Time will be the great leveler, at last. And only time, tempered with consideration, can ameliorate the rough edges of the Caste System.

(*Ed. Note:* Winn Bagley has lived all his life on board ships and boats, having taken his first "voyage" as an infant on the BERKELEY in 1911. He is currently employed in the engine room of this vessel, and is writing his memoirs.)



A blackened, listing hulk, the U.S. gunboat BENNINGTON *(PG-4) lies quietly in San Diego Bay following her boiler explosions on July 21, 1905.*
Historical Collection, Union Title and Insurance Co., San Diego, California

The Death of the *Bennington*

PART 2

By Leonard D. Ash

Commander Lucien Young was enjoying dinner with the manager of the Hotel del Coronado on the evening of July 20, 1905. The 53-year-old skipper of USS BENNINGTON was relaxing after chaperoning his aging, undermanned gunboat on a harrowing 11-day voyage from Hawaii to San Diego.

Young must have turned many a head in the hotel's dining room that evening. Built like a wrestler, with a booming voice, infectious laugh and bushy mustache, he was hard to miss. Also, his dress-white uniform was adorned with rows of colorful decorations – more decorations than any serving officer in the U.S. Navy.

There's little doubt that Young was having a delightful time wining and dining with San Diego's gentry; it was well known aboard BENNINGTON that the skipper enjoyed the good life ashore. Some of his crew went so far as to say that the skipper never met a grog he wasn't grateful for.

In a little more than 12 hours USS BENNINGTON would be rocked by two violent explosions, setting off a chain of events that would almost end Commander Young's brilliant career. Sixty-five men would die; President Theodore Roosevelt would express "shock" at the disaster. Ordinary men would become heroes; 11 Medals of Honor would be awarded. Scapegoats were created; bureaucratic blunders were made.

Perhaps most importantly, the brass at Annapolis would be forced to examine their teaching methods and revise the curriculum to prevent another such disaster. Official Navy policy also was changed.

Commander Young's first hint that his life would never be the same came when he spotted his acting executive officer, Lt. (j.g.) A.F.H. Yates, striding across the dining room toward him, a paper in hand.

The paper was a telegram from Washington, ordering

the BENNINGTON to convoy the disabled monitor USS WYOMING, which had lost her starboard screw, from Port Harford, California – now Port San Luis, just north of Pismo Beach – to Mare Island Naval Yard, San Francisco. Young sent Yates back across the bay with orders to prepare the BENNINGTON for sea duty, hurriedly finished his dinner, and rushed back to his ship.

The next day was a Friday – July 21, 1905 – and, needless to say, the gunboat's crew wasn't very happy with the news they were heading back to sea without enjoying the delights of "Dago's" Stingaree District. The BENNINGTON was riding at anchor about 100 yards from the foot of what is now Market Street, well within sight of the cold beer and warm women the crew had expected to taste during weekend liberty.

However, the crew turned to and went about its normal routine, preparing the ship for what most of them considered a thankless and boring mission. Up top, a detail was washing down the decks from a just-received delivery of 300 tons of coal. Below decks, the boilers were being fired up.

Commander Young had taken off for town at 9 a.m., saying he had to take care of some last-minute errands. Later, a civilian would report that Young was visiting a downtown bar, quaffing a few last-minute beers.

At 10:33 a.m., two of BENNINGTON's four boilers exploded, hurling steam and broken bodies into the air. Sixty-three sailors and two of the ship's nine officers died. Most of her crew of 206 were injured. (These figures are drawn from newly uncovered testimony by her captain at the Court of Inquiry.)

The BENNINGTON became a vision of hell.

The officer of the deck, Ensign Newman K. Perry, was slumped against a bulkhead, parboiled, his uniform melted from his body. On the upper decks the injured screamed and moaned. The coal-passer, who had been sent to the upper decks on an errand, was the only member of the black gang to survive. Some of the crew panicked, stripping off their uniforms and diving overboard to escape the murderous steam enveloping the ship.

Other survivors performed daring acts of valor above and beyond the call of duty amid the scalded and broken bodies and twisted steel. Willie Cronan, a 23-year-old Boatswain's Mate Second Class, recalled the fateful day some 50 years later in an interview with a *San Diego Tribune* reporter:

"I was standing by one of the lifeboats just above the after well deck. There was a dull blast. The concussion blew me overboard. I swam back to the ship, climbed the anchor chain and onto the deck."

Cronan clambered back aboard and lowered the starboard lifeboat. Although severely scalded, he went below and brought up some survivors.

"I saw a man who was badly burned and carried him to the starboard gangway. I went down into the engine room. There were flames and clouds of steam and moaning. I tried to close the watertight doors but they were warped out of shape.

"Four men were sprawled on the engine plates. I pulled them up to the main deck."

For these actions and for flooding the ship's magazines to avert a much greater explosion, Cronan was awarded one of the 11 Medals of Honor for heroism earned that day.

Another Medal winner was Austrian-born Seaman Rade Grbitch, 35. Immediately after the explosions, Grbitch ran down the forward hatch and began rescue work, shouting

For Whom Does the *Bennington* Bell Toll?

The ship's bell apparently disappeared between 1905 and 1912 while the gunboat was anchored at Mare Island's "Rotten Row." Lee Strobel, believed to be the last survivor of the BENNINGTON disaster, spent most of his retirement years in a quest for the bell. He wanted it displayed at the Bennington Monument at Fort Rosecrans, where many of the gunboat's dead are buried.

Strobel, a Boatswain's Mate Second Class, was badly bruised and scalded in the explosion. He was "surveyed out" of the Navy after a stay at Mare Island hospital. Strobel became a safe and lock expert, and when he retired he dedicated himself to the task of finding the ship's bell.

A tip that the bell was hanging in the chaplain's office at Pearl Harbor led Strobel to Hawaii. The bell wasn't there, but someone said it was at a chapel somewhere in Florida. Strobel followed that lead, but discovered it was the wrong bell.

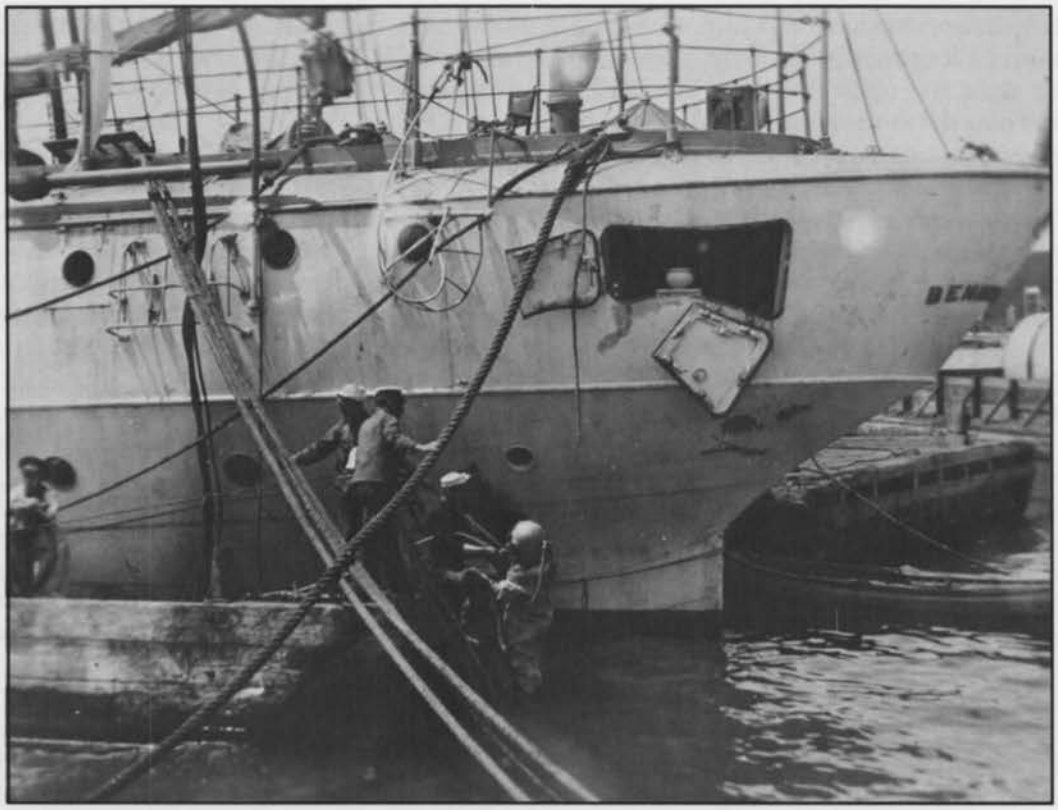
Strobel's search then led him to the University of California at Berkeley, where someone told a newspaper the bell was hanging in a fraternity house. Again, wrong bell. Strobel continued his search for the bell until his death in 1973.

The brass bell is easily identifiable. It is inscribed:

U.S.S. BENNINGTON
1890

Other souvenirs of the BENNINGTON have been lost over the years. At one time, the Naval Museum at the Naval Training Center in San Diego housed the ship's history, her flag, and the commissioning pennant. However, the Naval Museum closed in the 1980s and, like the search for the bell, efforts to find the mementos have met a dead end.

Anyone aware of the current whereabouts of BENNINGTON's bell or other artifacts from the ship is invited to call the Library, San Diego Maritime Museum, 619-234-9153.



A diver goes down to check BENNINGTON'S *damage.*
MacMullen Collection, SDMM

through the steam: "This way out! This way out!" He carried shipmates to safety and volunteered to go back into the boiler room to stop a leak. Several survivors testified the Grbitch's actions saved their lives.

Ship's Cook First Class Frank E. Hill, 25, was standing in the hatch near sick bay when all hell broke loose. Hill turned and went below to retrieve injured men from the steam-filled passageways and machine shops. His Medal of Honor citation reads, in part: "He had been on the sick list for several days previously, and fainted on two occasions on gaining the deck with injured men, but continued the work . . ."

Twenty-five-year-old Hospital Steward William Sidney Shacklette also was awarded a Medal of Honor. While running to the berth deck to assist the wounded, Shacklette suffered a violent blow to his head, and lay for several minutes in scalding water. His citation states that, although almost killed, he resumed helping his shipmates and, at a hospital ashore, refused treatment until all others, some much less injured, had been cared for.

Immediately after the explosion, a tongue of flame shot through a bulkhead into a room containing the shells for the ship's six-inch guns, and licked at the door of a magazine that contained several tons of ammunition. Lt. Yates, the senior officer on board, gave orders to flood the endangered areas and secure all watertight doors.

Chief Gunner's Mate John J. Clausey, 30, rushed below, and "with great risk to his own life," opened the valves to flood the magazine. Clausey and ten of his crewmates received Medals of Honor on Easter Sunday, 1906. Lt. Yates was not among them, despite a glowing account of his actions by eyewitness R. Beers Loos, manager of the Bijou Theater:

"The officer in charge, whoever he is, by his coolness and prompt action won promotion, whether he ever attains it or not. . . . Soon he could be seen mustering his men forward and detailing squads in different directions to prevent further catastrophes."

The BENNINGTON disaster touched the lives of almost all the 22,500 residents of San Diego. Citizens trooped to the hospitals where the injured were being treated, carrying pillows, blankets, books, fruits, tobacco, and ice cream. More than one hundred women volunteered their services to care for the wounded.

All scheduled local events were canceled or modified; the Friday evening band concert became a memorial service. The BENNINGTON was the topic of most Sunday sermons.

The town's few undertakers were overwhelmed, not only by those who came to pay their respects, but by the curiosity seekers. One mortician complained:

"They are nothing but curiosity mongers. The worst of it is that so many are women and young girls. They are not satisfied to see one body, but they want to see them all."

The bodies were prepared for burial on Sunday, July 23, at the Post Cemetery at the Army installation of Fort Rosecrans. For an hour and 15 minutes, survivors of the explosion came forward in sixes to receive the coffins of their shipmates and to lay them in a long trench.

After a Protestant minister and a Roman Catholic priest read prayers over the caskets, Commander Young stepped forward and addressed the Army officers of Ft. Rosecrans:

"I want to commit to your tender care the bodies of our

unfortunate shipmates and patriotic dead. May their graves never be forgotten by the hand of affection and may marble slabs rise upon this, their last earthly resting place, and may the morning and evening sun, playing upon the grassy mounds, be symbolic of their shipmates' affection."

(The 75-foot granite Bennington Monument that now towers over the final resting place of many of the victims was dedicated on June 7, 1908. The monument was built by private subscription.)

The remains of 64 sailors were buried at what is now Ft. Rosecrans National Cemetery. The body of Ensign Newman K. Perry, the sole officer killed in the explosion, was shipped home to Massachusetts.

Many families of the enlisted men also wanted their sons and husbands shipped home, but could not afford to pay the costs. The Navy claimed that no funds had been authorized for such expenses. However, on July 26 – three days after the mass burial – it was learned that after the battleship MAINE disaster in Cuba seven years earlier, Congress had passed a law authorizing the Navy to pay for the transportation home of the bodies of its men killed in the line of duty. Many of the coffins buried on Point Loma then were disinterred and sent back to relatives for reburial.

The cause of the tragedy quickly became the grounds for massive speculation in the press and in the military community. Some blamed selected ship's officers; others faulted alleged drinking by a disgruntled black gang. The skipper's penchant for good times was widely discussed.

On July 22, Commander Young cabled the Navy Department, giving his opinion of the cause of the disaster. He wrote, in part:

". . . [the accident] was [caused] by a small leak in boiler B. Boilermaker was on his way to repair it and was passing through the engine room when the accident occurred. Boiler B was forced to stern and came in contact with boiler D, which was also forced through its bulkhead and both boilers exploded with two close explosions."

A hastily convened Board of Inquiry, after hearing two weeks of testimony, found that boiler B exploded due to an error made by a fireman in the forward boiler room. It ruled that instead of closing an air cock, the sailor secured the valve, which admitted steam to the pressure gauge. As a result, the steam pressure in the boiler did not register on the gauge and the firemen continued to build the fires until the boiler ultimately burst.

Commander Young and Ensign Charles T. Wade, his engineering officer, were ordered to face courts-martial for "official neglect of duty." The Board of Inquiry ruled that the officers had not exercised proper command over the boiler room.

The BENNINGTON soon was under tow to her home port of Mare Island in San Francisco Bay where, on September 2, lengthy and sometimes farcical courts-martial of Commander Young and Ensign Wade began. What the Navy did not know at the beginning of the proceedings was that the Navy, itself, would be put on trial.

Throughout its history, midshipmen at the Naval Academy received training as either naval engineers or as Line officers. The engineers were often graduates too low on lists to obtain Line positions.

In 1899, Congress passed a bill that sought to break down the boundary between Line and Staff by making all officers engineers as well. Many career officers did not like the new system. Opponents claimed unqualified officers would be placed in charge of the complex yet delicate machinery of steam-driven, coal-fired warships. Supporters argued the improved policy would produce a corps of officers well-rounded in all facets of the operation of naval vessels.

The arguments remained purely academic for six years because the amalgamation, when finally carried out, was done in such a manner as to avoid giving equal status to engineers, and almost no one was educated in this field.

Then came the BENNINGTON disaster and the damning testimony of Ensign Wade at his court-martial:

"I know very little about engineering. I never stood a watch in an engine room before I was made Chief Engineer of this ship." Ensign Wade, 26, was three years out of the Academy.

The main witness for the defense at the courts-martial was Holden A. Evans, chief construction officer at Mare Island Naval Yard. Evans had been given the job of preparing the BENNINGTON for towing to Mare Island.

Evans, who became obsessed with clearing the BENNINGTON's officers and black gang of responsibility for the disaster, was able to show that even long-neglected safety valves of the type fitted to the BENNINGTON's boilers functioned adequately, thus indicating that the boiler had not blown up because of excessive steam pressure.

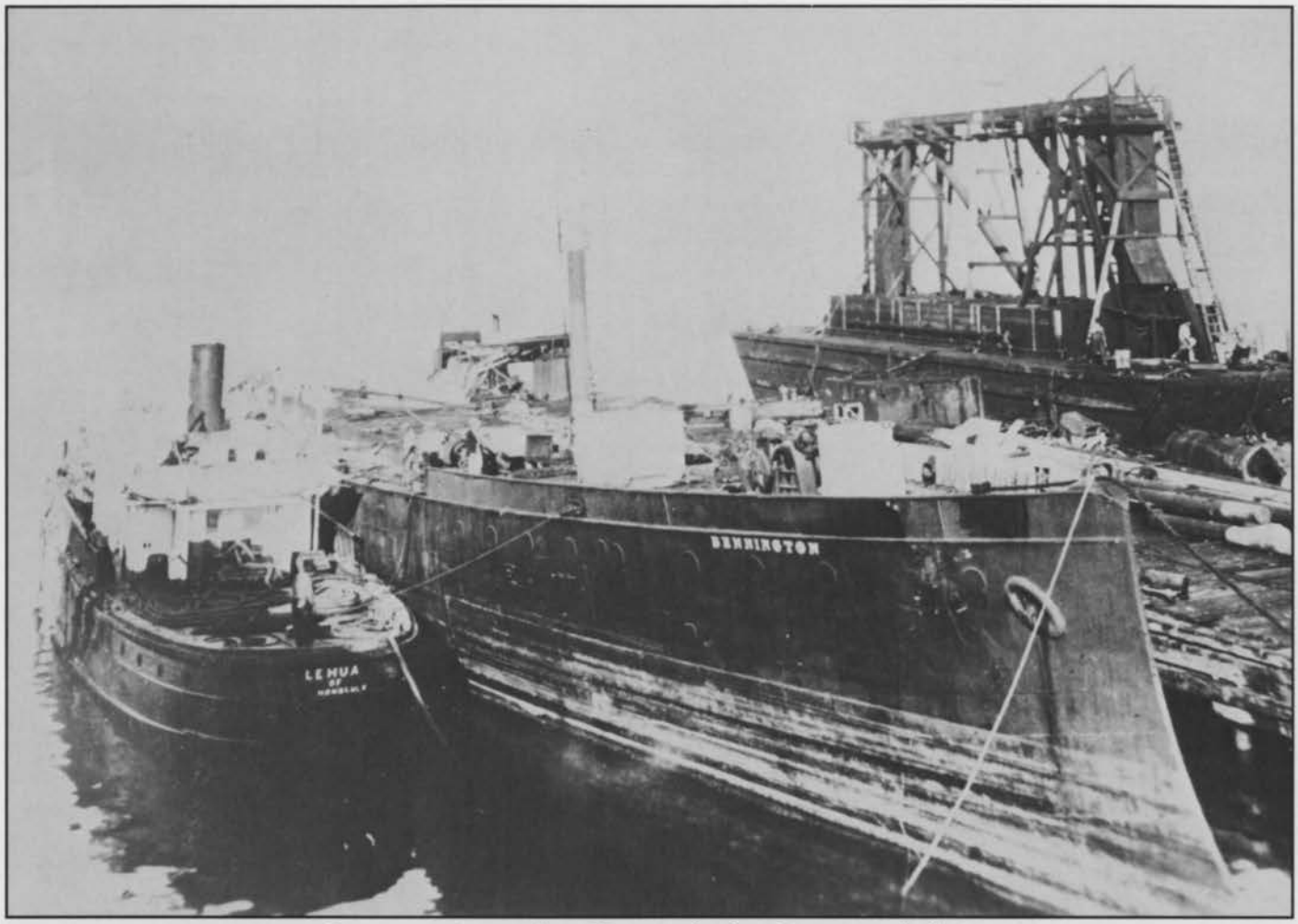
Further, Evans testified, the presence of many defective rivets connecting the furnaces to the boiler head flange provided an explanation of the steam spurting from them in the absence of excessive pressure.

Evans told the court that the BENNINGTON's boilers had been blown down for cleaning soon after her arrival in San Diego and, as so often happened with steam-reciprocating plants, a small amount of oil had got into the feed water, and, when the boiler was emptied, an oil film was deposited on its crown sheets.

Because of orders to assist WYOMING, there was no time to remove the oil film before cold-feed water was pumped back into the boiler. The oil then adhered to the crown sheets and prevented the rapid transfer of heat necessary for the proper functioning of the boiler.

As the intensity of the fires increased with rapid stoking, the temperature of the metal in the crown sheets rose until it gave way under pressure, placing such strain on the defective rivets that they began to leak steam just before the explosion occurred. In essence, Evans argued the explosion was not the fault of the black gang, nor of the engineer officer or the skipper, but the fault of the Navy, which failed to provide ships with qualified engineering officers.

Evans' arguments satisfied the courts-martial, and Wade, the young engineering officer who had never stood an



BENNINGTON *is seen about 15 years after her disaster as a hulk in Hawaii, being maneuvered by the tug* LEHUA. *SDMM file photo*

engine-room watch, was acquitted of all charges against him. Commander Young was found guilty of a minor infraction, and given a letter of reprimand.

As a result of the courts-martial verdicts, the Naval Academy expanded its engineering courses. The Navy also made sure that officers assigned to engine-room duties were qualified.

Commander Lucien Young's naval career should have ended with the letter of reprimand received after his court-martial. Far from it–Young retired as a rear admiral in 1910.

Young was born in Kentucky in 1852 and entered the Naval Academy in 1869, graduating in 1873. He gained fame for two heroic rescues, and was cited for "gallantry in action" during an engagement in the Spanish-American War. With five medals and five battle bars, Commander Young stood as the most-decorated officer in the U.S. Navy in 1905. He died in New York in 1912.

Following his acquittal on neglect of duty charges in the BENNINGTON disaster, Ensign Charles T. Wade continued to serve in the Navy. He retired as a lieutenant commander in 1913. During World War I, Wade returned to active duty as an instructor at the Naval Academy. He died in 1942, the holder of four medals.

Despite a noteworthy career, Wade never escaped the burden of the BENNINGTON. He was known throughout the remainder of his career as "that ensign on the Bennington."

In 1940, Holden A. Evans's book, *One Man's Fight for a Better Navy,* was published by Dodd, Mead & Co. His chapter on the courts-martial of Commander Young and Ensign Wade was titled, "An American Dreyfus Case."

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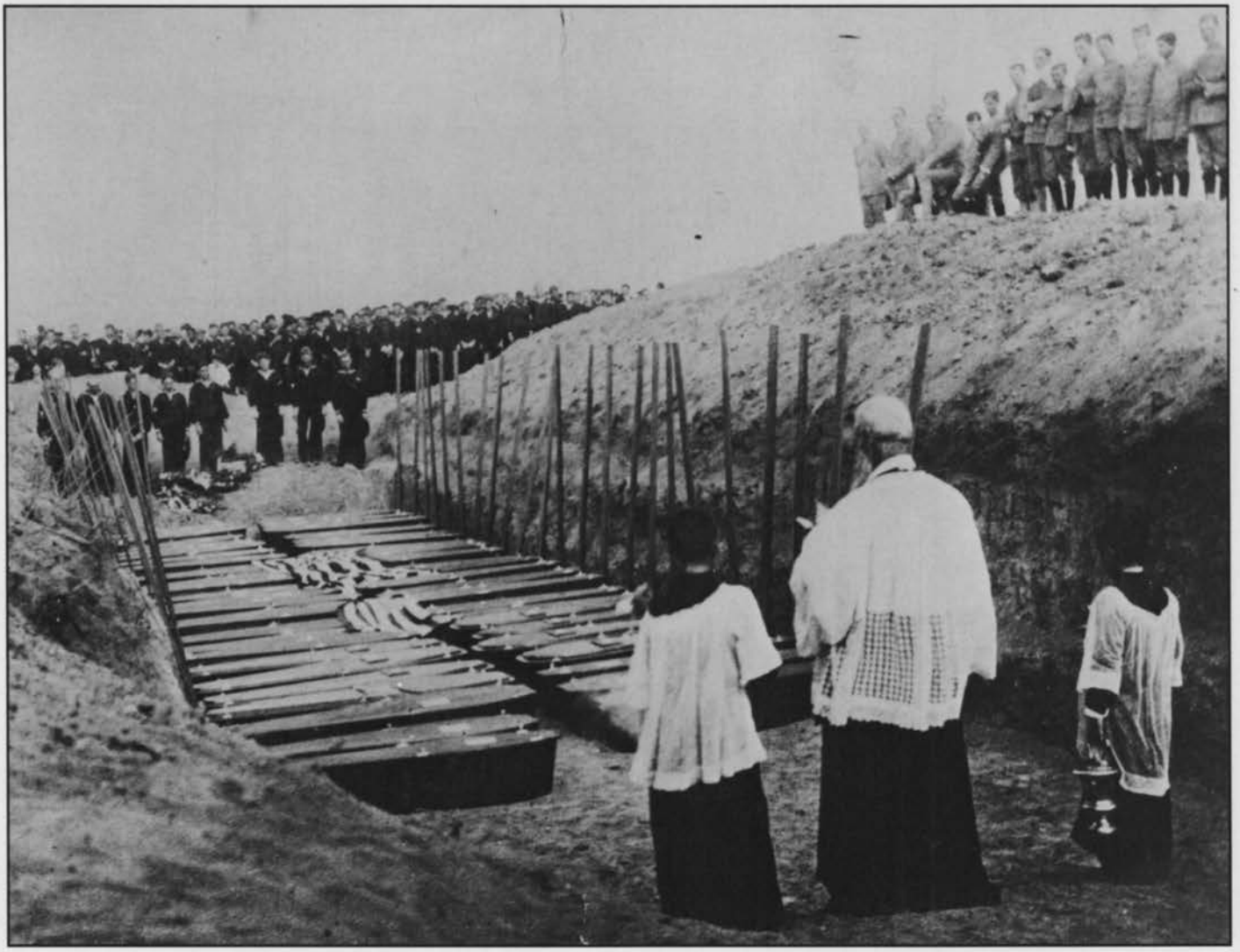
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The wrecked gunboat's dead are laid in a mass grave on Point Loma, July 23, 1905, as sailors and soldiers look on. Today a tall obelisk marks the spot. *U.S. Naval Historical Center*

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Additional Research

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"The Euterpe Times"

By David Brierley

This installment and future ones from "The Euterpe Times" will henceforth be separate articles in *Mains'l Haul* instead of being incorporated in the feature, "Curator's Corner." I will use these articles to continue to relate the human side of emigrating aboard the British emigrant ship EUTERPE (now our STAR OF INDIA). The 14 "newspapers" from the 1879 emigrant passage from England to New Zealand were kindly donated by Mrs. Shirley Culy, who is the granddaughter of "Euterpe Times" scribe and emigrant Joshua Charlesworth. We now rejoin the "Euterpians," as they called themselves, in the third issue dated Saturday, September 27, 1879.

In the Local News section, it was reported that a large shark of 10 to 12 feet in length came within three yards of the EUTERPE as viewed by several emigrants standing on the starboard side of the fo'c's'le deck. Shark sightings captured the imagination of the emigrants, as they do ours today.

Newspapers changed reporters then as now. Special Correspondent Mr. Skinner, from "the Intermediate cabin [i.e., Second Class], having grossly neglected the duties imposed on him by his nomination to that position is hereby DEPOSED." New applicants were encouraged to volunteer to assist in soliciting news "on this the most influential published [paper] in this district. We may say that the salary is no object."

In the Sanitary Report section, Dr. W.R. Davies, who was the ship's surgeon-superintendent and whom our new exhibit on the STAR OF INDIA is based on, gave encouragement to the emigrants. He stated that the ship was in "good hygenic condition." No one was on the sick list except for a Mr. Mayfield, who was suffering from the oppressively hot weather. The doctor congratulated all of the emigrants, especially the children, for the lack of sickness. He stated that if this trend continued it would result in a "clean bill of health thus obviating the disagreeable consequences which a *quarantine* would impose on us" when the EUTERPE arrived in New Zealand.

The doctor's authority extended to shipboard safety practices as he commented strongly about the "reckless manner" in which the forward " 'tween deck cabin [single men] were using their oil lamps." A repeat of an unknown incident in this cabin would cause lamps to be withdrawn from use for the rest of the passage to New Zealand. He concluded by alerting the emigrants to the consequence of carelessness–i.e., fire at sea.

[*Ed. Note:* No doubt the good doctor had in mind the recent tragedy of the Shaw Savill ship COSPATRICK. Swept by fire in the South Atlantic in 1874, she went down with a loss of 470 of the 473 souls on board. It was the worst disaster ever for the Shaw Savill Line and underlined the extreme hazard of fire aboard ship–where there is nowhere to flee to but the cruel sea.]

An auction, a birthday celebration, and a wedding anniversary, plus poetry, are among the shipboard experiences we will view in my next installment of "The Euterpe Times."



"Night–Tracing the Vessel's Progress" is the title for this mid-Victorian woodcut showing emigrants aboard ship.
Print courtesy of Karl Kortum

Volunteer of the Quarter

Our Maritime Museum Volunteer of the Quarter for Fall 1992 is longtime member Gordon Jones.

Gordon is being honored by unanimous agreement of the staff for his role in the construction of a replica of Cabrillo's chalupa (ship's boat) on board the STAR OF INDIA this summer.

Gordon's links to the museum go back to 1973, shortly after he moved to San Diego from the Pacific Northwest. He was hired by the late Captain Ken Reynard to work on board STAR OF INDIA and the museum's newly acquired BERKELEY as a carpenter. Gordon continued working at the museum until 1977, when he turned to other pursuits.

Growing up on the shores of Lake Union, Washington, Gordon Jones had ample opportunity to be influenced by and attracted to the world of ships. In that time Lake Union was a resting place for scores of laid-up windjammers, fishing boats and tugboats. Gordon got his first job there, at the Texaco Marine Dock, in 1940. He then went to work as a shipfitter at the Bremerton Navy Yard. After World War II service in the Army Signal Corps, Gordon became an apprentice boatbuilder.

Following various jobs in boatyards and as a yacht surveyor in the Northwest, Gordon and his family forsook the rainy climate of those latitudes to come south to sunny San Diego. Here, he set to work with fellow carpenter Jeff Saar (still employed by the museum) to restore the BERKELEY's magnificent woodwork. Gordon taught Jeff a lot about the craft, and together they labored on joiner work, decking, rails, cabinetwork and other carpentry tasks. Anyone looking around the BERKELEY today can readily appreciate the tremendous skill and effort these two craftsmen have contributed.

A couple of Gordon's biggest days while working here came when he sailed as part of STAR OF INDIA'S crew in 1976 and 1984. "It was quite a thrill to be on that ship as she set sail for the first time in 53 years!" says Gordon, referring to the fact that our Iron Lady had not gone to sea under canvas between 1923 and 1976.

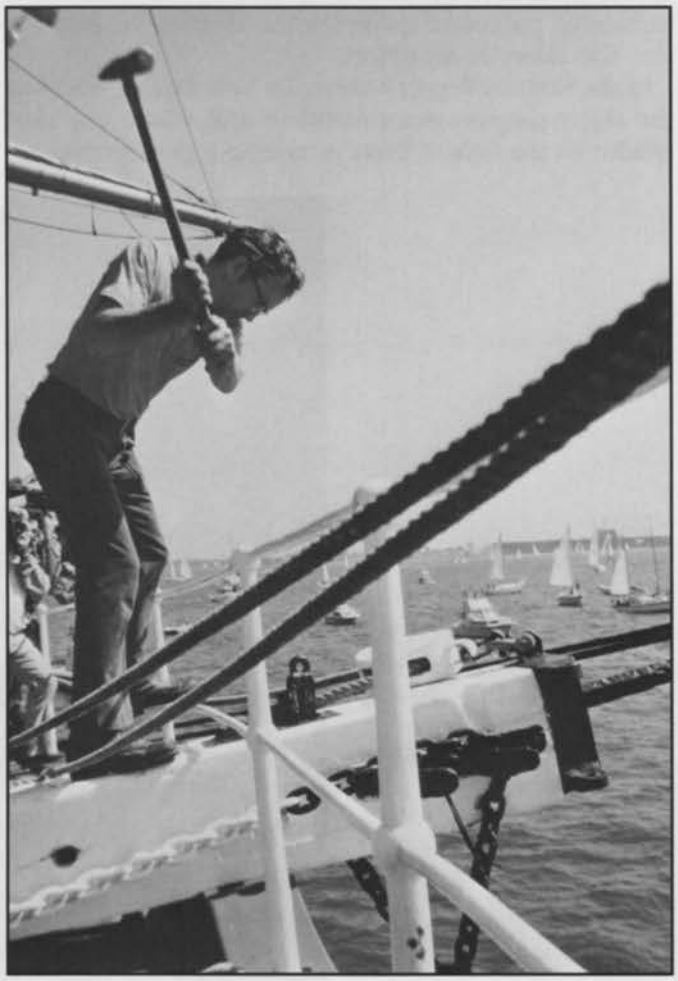
Gordon's many talents include writing, marine photography, and music. He plays piano, banjo, and accordion—as well as singing the occasional sea chantey—and often enjoys sitting in with the North Park Senior Orchestra. As a writer, he's contributed to *Mains'l Haul, Yachting, Wooden Boat, Ships & Sea,* and *Sea Breezes* magazines.

As for working on our newly launched chalupa, Gordon calls it "a challenge." It was the first time, he says, that he's "taken a boat from a plan and followed it all the way through" to completion. During construction in the STAR OF INDIA'S orlop, Gordon answered many questions from the public—such as what types of wood were being used, and whether Cabrillo would have built it that way. (Gordon's short answer to the latter: "No.")

Gordon feels, however, that our 17-foot chalupa is "basically pretty authentic as far as shape is concerned." Certainly it has added a more 16th century feel to the annual reenactment of Cabrillo's landing. Gordon maintains a large home library on boats and boat-building, and has been studying such boats for years. We feel he was by far the best-qualified man available for the craft's construction.

In the future Gordon would like to see an ongoing boatbuilding program in the museum. He would like to build a 12-foot Herreshoff-type dinghy, for example, and he feels that such craft could be easily sold to the public for use as yacht dinghies.

Gordon and his wife Betty live in the Mission Valley area of San Diego and have three children. For his 235 hours of intense and skillful work on the Cabrillo chalupa, as well as all his other efforts here, we thank Gordon Jones. He is a fine example of an outstanding volunteer.



The date is July 4, 1976—and STAR OF INDIA *is about to anchor after her first voyage under sail in 53 years. Ship's Carpenter Gordon Jones brings his top maul smashing down on the starboard cathead's ring-stopper, thus releasing the anchor to plunge to the bottom.*

Photo by Robert Weinstein

From the Helm

The San Diego Unified Port District recently reaffirmed relocation of the Maritime Museum to Broadway Pier.

We applaud the commissioners' unanimous agreement on this issue and look forward to the move as a very positive step for the museum and the visitors we serve. Port Director Don Nay has been very supportive of the museum during his tenure and we are appreciative of his efforts on our behalf.

We are pleased to announce plans to sail the STAR OF INDIA next year during America's Finest City Week in August. One of the features of your museum is the ability to sail this fine ship as was done over 120 years ago. It is living history at its best, and we invite everyone to celebrate the week of festivities by viewing the STAR OF INDIA under sail.

–Morris F. Landon, President
Kenneth F. Franke, Executive Director

Star of India Auxiliary

As the days are becoming shorter we are getting up to speed preparing for our fall and winter events. It is also a reminder that we require all hands to make these events profitable. For one thing, we are very busy preparing for our Parade of Lights party on December 13. We ask that all members please support this event and bring guests. We want to make this party a real sellout!

Rummage activity is once again taking place on the B Street Pier. Keep the items coming in – large and small, we take them all! Work hours are Mondays from 9 a.m. to 12 noon. The sale will be held in April. See you all there!

–Margaret Arveson,
Auxiliary President

Curator's Corner

The America's Cup stage is already being set for the next defender versus challenger finals in May 1995 in San Diego. Plans are coming together within this museum to play a more active role in presenting the America's Cup heritage, especially San Diego's considerable role, in the next event. Toward this goal, I am working with museum trustee and prominent America's Cup sailor Jack Sutphen to expand our coverage of the America's Cup aboard the BERKELEY with a weather eye toward an exhibit ashore at a possible America's Cup international center. We hope that our museum members and visitors will enjoy seeing the exhibit as it expands. Further developments will be related to our members.

San Diego has produced many exceptional sailors over the years. On September 30, 1992, we had the honor and pleasure of hearing from two San Diegans at our membership program about their 1992 Olympic experiences. J.J. Isler-Fetter (bronze medal-470 class) and Mark Reynolds (gold medal-Star class) gave interesting accounts of training, racing, and life in the Olympic village. Also recognized, but unable to attend, were San Diegans Rod Davis and Brian Ledbetter.

Museum members are encouraged to attend the Membership Programs on board the BERKELEY for a wide variety of maritime subjects. Anyone wishing to suggest a future program topic may contact me at the museum.

In the final stage of preparation as of this writing is the new exhibit aboard the STAR OF INDIA of the emigrant ship EUTERPE's surgeon-superintendent cabin. Exhibits Technician Mary Halley and I have been conducting research and acquiring appropriate items for several months and the searches have proven both productive and challenging.

A representative cabin off the main saloon is being readied to showcase medicine at sea circa 1879 with medical instruments and period furnishings. This important exhibit was funded by Robert and Barbara Sharp in memory of Mr. Sharp's father, pioneer San Diego pediatrician Dr. Robert G. Sharp.

British emigrant ship doctors had a position of authority nearly equal to the ship's master. The surgeon-superintendent held regular sanitary inspections, encouraged emigrant exercise, tended to the ill, performed operations (note the medical kit in the cabin donated by Mr. and Mrs. Leon Brown), and supervised good health and morale measures in general. Our ship EUTERPE was one of the luckier emigrant ships with no known epidemics and the surgeon-superintendents had a large part in establishing this record.

A special corps of volunteers at the Maritime Museum are the Curatorial Assistants. Women from the Star of India Auxiliary work each Monday morning aboard any of our three historic ships on a wide variety of projects. I have asked them to help put up or take down exhibits, assemble photo frames, lampblack the STAR OF INDIA's galley stove, clean exhibit cases inside and out, prepare MEDEA for her cruises and then hold field day afterwards, search through boxes of past museum correspondence, and much more. If the STAR OF INDIA sails next year as anticipated, this able group of volunteers under the leadership this year of Marje Acker, will be involved in removing artifacts from the ship prior to dry-docking and then reinstalling everything after the sailing.

–David Brierley, Curator

Ship Model Shop

The shop has been extremely busy the past three months. Joe Bompensiero and Jack Klein have been working on the SAN SALVADOR model and have made tremendous progress. She is now completely framed, decked and major spars are complete. At this writing, Joe is planking the hull below deck level and Jack is having a heck of a time making all the necessary treenails. Melbourne Smith, the designer of this version of the vessel, was in San Diego in September and stopped by the shop; I believe he was impressed by what he saw. We are looking at a completion date in the second quarter of 1993.

We have already begun to plan Joe's next project and are seeking funding for a model of USS LANGLEY (CV-1). Joe has expressed interest in building a model of this first aircraft carrier in the U.S. Navy, a converted collier. LANGLEY operated from San Diego almost from the start and pioneered much of naval aviation's early tactics and procedures. We are approaching two organizations for their financial help (estimated cost – $3,000) and Joe has agreed to donate his labor. This model will be a welcome addition to our naval collection.

Speaking of "bird farms," our model of USS WASP (CVS-18) has finally got an air group. Mr. Butch Plake of Plake Enterprise has cast 15 S2F "Tracker" anti-submarine aircraft for us. The cost was covered by the WASP reunion group and I put the planes together and painted, lettered and numbered each to represent the aircraft of VS-31, a squadron which served aboard the WASP when the late Captain "Eddie" Fredericks, our museum's former Executive Director, was her commanding officer. I am very glad to have finally finished the project and put an end to all of those comments, "Nice model, but where are the airplanes?"

Chuck Hill (CUTTY SARK) and Bob Wright (EAGLE) continue to make progress on their respective projects, while Phil Matson is now putting the finishing touches on the USS BENNINGTON (PG-4) model, which will be highlighted in the next issue of *Mains'l Haul*. As for myself, I was fortunate to have recently sold my model of USS ARIZONA (BB-39), and I've been asked to build two more models for the buyer.

Once those models are delivered all my modeling efforts will go into completing the half model of MEDEA, funded by the Star of India Auxiliary.

– Robert Crawford,
Curator of Ship Models



The model of Cabrillo's 1540 galleon SAN SALVADOR *rises in our Model Shop.* *Photo by Dave Brierley*

Library Log

During the month of August I attended the Institute on Early Modern Maritime History at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island. Sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities, the Institute focused on the "Age of Discovery"–the maritime opening of the world in the 15th and 16th centuries.

The Age of Discovery represented a quantum leap in knowledge gained about the world–the greatest such advance ever made. In the space of a few decades, Europe emerged from its medieval cocoon and reached such civilizations as India, China, Japan and the Mesoamerican cultures. The instrument of this rapid change was the sailing ship.

Right now it is academically fashionable to deplore this era. Various advocates of "political correctness" seek to heap blame upon Columbus for all the bad things that happened in the Americas after 1492. In the longer view, however, the Age of Discovery may be seen as a necessary change in human affairs–at times violent, at other times peaceful, but at all events inevitable.

The Institute attempted to study Columbus, Da Gama, Magellan and other early explorers in an objective way. "Objective" in this sense means within the context of their times, as products of their political, religious, economic and social backgrounds.

Besides biographical studies, the Institute dealt with the evolution of cosmography, navigation, shipbuilding and cartography. Faculty included professors from Oxford, Yale, Brown and other universities, some coming from as far away as Poland, Belgium and The Netherlands. U.S. participants came from many colleges.

Such chemistry proved productive. Each day began with a morning lecture and seminar, followed by afternoon and evening lectures and seminars. Although papers were not required, the assigned reading list was extensive, and many pleasant hours were spent in the stacks of the John Carter Brown and Rockefeller libraries.

Each week the Institute explored a different phase of the Age of Discovery. The first week was spent on the background of the European Late Middle Ages. The second centered on the Portuguese "inching process" down the west coast of Africa and their "shadow empire" in the Indian Ocean. The third week was given over to a thorough look at Columbus. The final week was a bit of a catch-all, starting with Magellan and continuing with the search for the Northwest Passage and the voyages of the Cabots, Verrazano, Cartier, Frobisher and Davis.

The Institute was a compelling voyage into the European mindset of the 15th and 16th centuries–the two hundred years which did more than any comparable period to shape our modern world. Next year I hope to attend the second Institute, focusing on the 17th and 18th centuries.

–Craig Arnold, Librarian

Development Report

The Maritime Museum, a fixture on the San Diego waterfront since 1959, and a working concept since 1927, continues to grow at a remarkable rate. While I've only worked for the museum for two years, I have written about the ships, events and volunteers here for nine years. It is really amazing what this museum has accomplished in that time.

Perhaps the most valuable, and certainly most visible move forward for this museum is the improvement in our historic ships–all near death half a dozen times in their lives. Two, STAR OF INDIA and BERKELEY, are now National Historic Landmarks.

But perhaps the most exciting form of growth can be found at our weekly staff meetings, where we pour out ideas, shape and mold them, then execute them. We brainstorm every facet of the Maritime Museum and strive to improve from day to day, with the goal of bringing our members and the public a better institution.

Ideas currently under consideration for execution over the next two years are a story-telling contest, a sea chantey competition, and more nautical film classics on STAR OF INDIA. (October's Feature: *Moby Dick*, starring Gregory Peck as Captain Ahab. Likely Coming Attraction: *Captain Horatio Hornblower*, starring that same great actor in the title role.) Still other ideas being worked on include a return of "The Haunted Star," more wooden boat projects and period actors portraying players and incidents from our fleet's past on the decks of our ships.

Looming over the horizon is the move to Broadway Pier. It has been too easy for us to postpone many of our ideas with the words, "Just wait till we get to the Broadway Pier"–a sort of Fiddler's Green for curators, librarians and publicists. (The Port District predicts we will move in three to five years.)

But our enthusiasm runs deep, and we are committed to bringing our members as many of these ideas and events now as possible–as the recent chalupa project demonstrated. Above all, the museum staff and volunteers remain highly innovative. No place to build a boat? We built it in the hold of STAR OF INDIA.

True, we are keeping a weather eye out for good words from the Port. But we are also implementing ideas, adding to our exhibits, and preparing an exciting calendar of nautical events for our members and guests to enjoy now.

–Joseph Ditler,
Development Director, Publicity

THE BO'S'N'S PIPE:
Maritime Museum News and Announcements

The Chalupa is Launched

The replica of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo's chalupa was launched at the Maritime Museum on Saturday, Sept. 26. The vessel, a 17-foot recreation of the ship's boat that Cabrillo's flagship carried, was built in the orlop of the STAR OF INDIA by museum employees Jeff Saar and Mark Montijo, assisted by volunteer Gordon Jones.

The launching ceremony was a happy event for San Diego's large Portuguese-American community. Now that the boat is finished, she becomes the property of the Maritime Museum. She will be used annually by Cabrillo Festival Inc. to reenact the explorer's landing on Point Loma at the mouth of our bay. Cabrillo was the first known European to reach these shores, on September 27, 1542.

The chalupa flies the Spanish royal colors of King Carlos I, in whose service Cabrillo sailed. This flag bears crossed red harpoons on a white field with the Hapsburg coat of arms in the center. (Carlos I was also Emperor Charles V of the Holy Roman Empire. In addition to Spain and its vast empire in the Americas and the Philippines, he was ruler of modern Belgium and Holland, Austria, much of Germany, Switzerland and Italy, and numerous Mediterranean islands and African enclaves.)

The Spanish word "chalupa" has English and French equivalents, "shallop" and "chaloupe." All essentially mean an open boat often used to ferry men and supplies from ship to shore, or for fishing. The French Emperor Napoleon I had other ideas, however. In 1803–05, he fitted out an enormous fleet of boats to carry the Grand Army across the English Channel for the invasion of England. Many of these boats were chaloupes, similar to our chalupa. It was just as well for Napoleon that he didn't try to carry out his plan–between some of the worst weather in the world common to the Channel, and the patrolling Royal Navy, it is likely his chaloupes would have met their Waterloo, so to speak.

But the chalupa built in the STAR OF INDIA will be used only for peaceful purposes. Barring an unlikely attack by "natives" of Point Loma, she will put the man who plays Cabrillo ashore in grand style. Her building, too, was an educational experience for visitors to the STAR who paused for a glimpse of expert boatwrightry in action.

We welcome the chalupa to our fleet. She now joins such classic small craft as our 1931 Kettenburg racer WINGS, our 1902 sloop BUTCHER BOY, our Monterey fishing boat, our Columbia River salmon boat, and others. We are certain she will give good service over many years.



The Maritime Museum crew gets our chalupa under way following its "trial launch" from STAR OF INDIA *in September. From left to right, coxswain Fred Krone, oarsmen Mark Montijo, Jeff Saar, John Merrill, James Mahl, Bob Crawford and Leonard Ingrande.* *Photo by Ken Franke*

Sail Training is Under Way!

When viewing the STAR OF INDIA, do you ever feel the urge to climb her ratlines, lay out on a yard, and cast off buntlines? Ever daydream of sailing out to sea powered only by the same winds that coursed this ship around the world 21 times? Ever hear in your imagination the creak of the blocks, and see the rolling deck far beneath you?

Well, all ye seagoin' lads an' lassies–and you landlubbers too–now's your chance! Sail training is under way on board the STAR OF INDIA, the world's oldest iron sailing ship that still goes to sea–and you can be part of her crew!

Plans are afoot to sail the old bark next August, during America's Finest City Week in San Diego. And a new wrinkle has been added–the STAR OF INDIA will sail two days instead of one. This means, for the first time, that a greater opportunity will be afforded all those who successfully complete the training.

There are many jobs to be done on a large sailing vessel under way. When you sign aboard, you may elect to work with the daring topmen far aloft, or you can stay on deck and help fake down lines. It's up to you.

Sail training takes place on the ship from 8:30 a.m. to around noon on the first and third Sundays of each month. No previous sailing experience is required–just the ability to listen and learn, and the willingness to turn to. A pair of sturdy work shoes or tennis shoes is needed for going aloft (make sure the shoes do NOT have any projecting nails), and a rigging knife may be useful. Wear comfortable clothing for climbing, hauling on lines, etc. (Tattoos are optional.)

Interested persons may contact Jim Davis at the Maritime Museum for further information. If you're ready to sail and ready to work, we guarantee an unforgettable experience.

Planned Giving

A maritime museum is in continual need of support from its friends–from all who care deeply about our maritime heritage. Ships in salt water tend to deteriorate much more quickly than buildings on land; there is always a long list of repairs to be done.

When you view the STAR OF INDIA, the BERKELEY, and the MEDEA, you are looking at three unique vessels representing a broad spectrum of human development. Maritime history is really global history–the story of the opening of the world to human progress, via the sailing ship and steamship.

You as a Maritime Museum member may take a justified pride in knowing that your generosity and sense of history are keeping these ships afloat. These historic vessels are *your* Maritime Museum; it is only through *your* assistance that they exist.

Now your spirit of support can sail your ships even further, into the 21st century, through our Planned Giving Program. There are many options available to assure that your ships remain the pride of San Diego. Won't you give our Development Office a call today, at 619-234-9153, and ask about it? Remember that because of your help today, Americans years from now will still be learning from these ships.

Thank you.

Microwave Requested

Our hard-working crew has requested a notice for the donation of a new or used microwave oven for the galley. Anyone who may have a microwave to donate is requested to call Fred Krone at 234-9153. Thank you.

Rummage, Rummage

The time for our annual rummage sale next spring is rapidly approaching. This is a BIG sale, folks, and very important to the Maritime Museum. We need your help to bring it off successfully.

Anyone with rummage to donate may contact the museum at 234-9153 to arrange for pick-up of large items such as appliances, furniture, etc. For smaller items, bring them directly to the BERKELEY, preferably on weekdays, between 9 a.m. and 3 p.m. If you cannot come to the museum on a weekday, however, items may be left at the BERKELEY's front desk on weekends and holidays, from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m.

The Maritime Museum greatly appreciates your support. As we are not a ward of any government agency, we rely on "a little help from our friends" to keep the museum afloat. By doing your bit for the Rummage Sale, you are aiding in the preservation of America's maritime heritage. Don't forget to patronize the Sale itself, too! The Sale weekend will be April 17-18, 1993.

All donations to the Rummage Sale are tax deductible.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Note: Please call the Museum Office at 234-9153 for details of time and exact location, where not given.

NOVEMBER

26: Thanksgiving Day

DECEMBER

13: Parade of Lights, BERKELEY
25: Christmas Day

JANUARY

1: New Year's Day
6: Auxiliary Board Meeting, BERKELEY
18: Martin Luther King Day
20: Auxiliary General Meeting, BERKELEY
21: Ship Modelers Guild, BERKELEY, 7 p.m.
27: Membership Program, BERKELEY, 7 p.m.



MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

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Council of American Maritime Museums
Conference of California Historical Societies
American Association of Museums
International Congress of Maritime Museums

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"Mainsail Haul–An order in tacking ship bidding 'Swing the main yards.' To loot, steal, or 'acquire.'"
–John Masefield

Craig Arnold, *Editor*

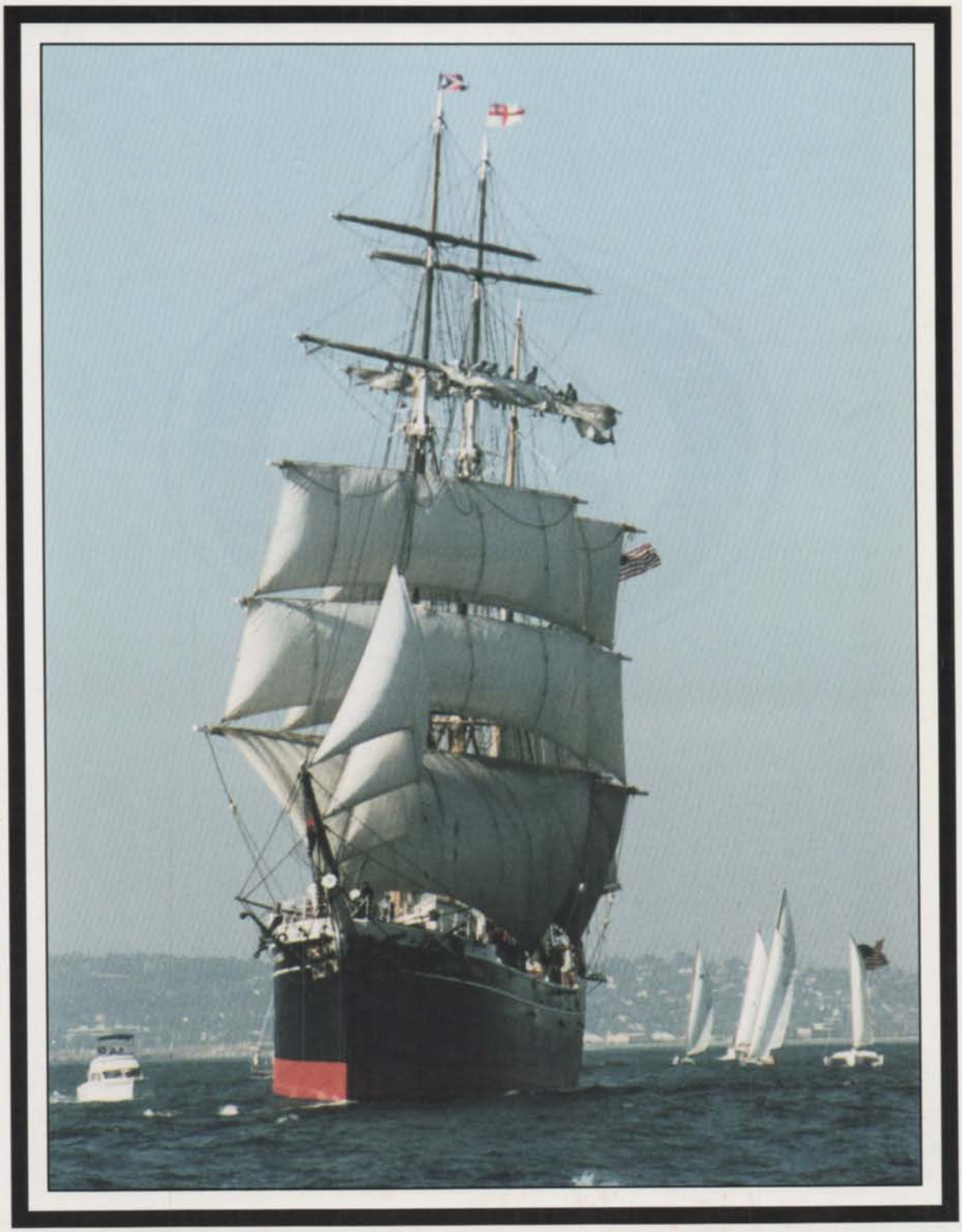
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VOL. 29, NO. 2 A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY WINTER 1993





On the cover . . .

A grand vision from the past, STAR OF INDIA *sets all plain sail on her way out of San Diego Bay on November 11, 1984. This year the San Diego Maritime Museum plans to sail her twice.*

Photo by Suzanne Wyckhoff

MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

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The Sinking of the S.S. *Sessa*

By Captain Ove Kjeldsen

I first came to New York in 1939, a recent graduate of the Danish Merchant Marine Academy in Copenhagen, Denmark. Just after graduation, two friends and I applied for jobs as deck officers with J. Lauritzen A/S in Copenhagen. We were hired and our first assignment sent us to New York, aboard a Finnish ship, as passengers only. Upon reaching New York, we were to receive assignment as third officers on one of the company's many ships operating from the eastern U.S. to the west coast of South America. I was assigned to join the S.S. TANJA. My two friends received assignments to different ships. It was the last we would see of each other for quite a while.

While my ship was in port in Coquimbo, Chile, we received word that Germany had invaded Denmark [April 9, 1940]. As a consequence, we were stuck in Coquimbo for three months. Finally, the German and American governments came to an agreement that allowed all Danish ships held over to proceed to their original destination. Our destination was New York. When we arrived in New York, we tied up in the Hudson River, along with about 25 other ships. While back in New York, I ran into my friend Wilhelm Petersen, with whom I had originally come to that city.

After a few months of being stuck in port in New York, we were allowed to leave our ships and find work wherever we could in the New York area. Wilhelm and I took jobs as painters and we made a decent living at it, enjoying the city all the while.

Then, in midsummer of 1941, we were notified that all Danish ships were to be taken over by the U.S. and would leave. The first ship scheduled to leave port was the freighter SESSA. She was already filled with crew, but needed a second mate. Both Wilhelm and I desired the job, so we decided to flip a coin for it. Wilhelm won the toss.

After that I took a quick job with a Swedish ship. By the time I returned, the SESSA had already shipped out. A few days later, I heard she had been sunk in the North Atlantic and the whole crew with her – my good friend Wilhelm, of course, included.

I ended up joining a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and serving on oil tankers for the next five years. I put my close brush with death and the loss of my friend behind me.

⚓ ⚓ ⚓

During the past few years, I have been working on a memoir titled *Around the World in Sixty Years*. A few months ago, I wrote a letter to my former company, J. Lauritzen, in Denmark. I received an answer from their vice president, Mr. Jan Hedegaard. Enclosed with his letter was an article from their own company paper about the sinking of the SESSA.

It seems the Danish chief officer on the ship kept a mental log of the sinking and his ordeal at sea. He was one of the lucky few who made it to a life raft. Every day, aboard this raft, he took his knife and made a slash in a piece of wood he cut from the raft. This allowed him to tally the number of days passed at sea. The chief officer engraved crosses in the wood as well to observe the passing of all those who survived the immediate sinking of the SESSA. The following account is from the notes scribed by this man, Chief Officer H. K. Bjerregaard, after surviving this disaster at sea:

08/06/41: Second Mate Wilhelm Petersen and Third Mate Larsen have come on board. Also some sailors and engine crew members. The captain's name is Nielsen. We are docked at Pier 37 in Manhattan. We have loaded a full general and full deck cargo of telephone poles. We are to proceed to Reykjavik, Iceland.

08/07/41: Our crew is complete. It consists of many nationalities. Most of the officers, though, are either Danish or Norwegian. During the day, we secured the deck cargo and made the ship ready for sea. We left New York at 2200 hours, our voyage begun.

Over the next few days we checked life equipment, life boats, and rafts. The rafts were new and had been mounted in New York. We had some other new, modern equipment including weather hoods for the lifeboats.

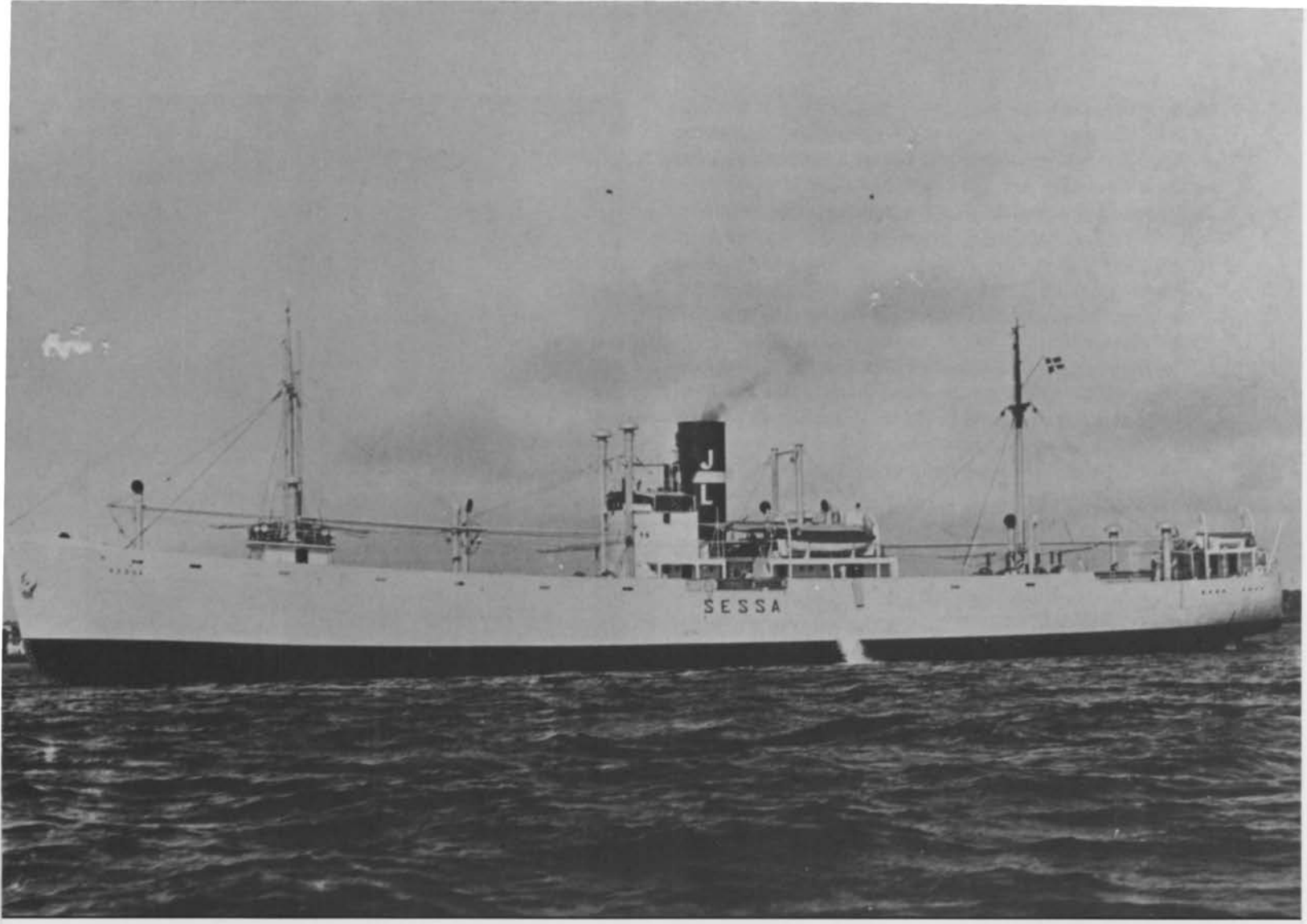
The first few days of the trip gave us very fine weather. However, when we reached the area around Halifax, fog set in and we had to navigate by radio bearings and echo sounding.

08/17/41: The weather was nice but overcast. Wind from NE, force 2. By 1700 the sun came through and I was able to get a good estimate of the height of the sun and figure our latitude which I plotted on the chart. At 1800, the third mate relieved me on the bridge while I had my dinner. After that I plotted our position on the chart and estimated that we were about 320 miles from Reykjavik.

When I came down from the bridge after 2000, I went to the chief engineer's cabin to get his manifest for Iceland. The second and third engineers were there talking when I joined them, and shortly thereafter the steward joined us. Suddenly, we felt strong vibrations while we sat and then we heard and felt an explosion.

The chief engineer sprang from his seat and said, "What the hell was that?" I replied, "There it was!" (I was referring to a torpedo, which was often a topic of our conversation.) It hit us right in front of the engine room's watertight bulkhead, in the forward cargo hold on the starboard side. We all jumped for the door to the deck. I opened the door to the starboard side, but SESSA already had so much list that the deck was under water. I told the others to follow me and went across the top of the engine room to the port side.

I tried to get up the stairs to the boat deck on the port side. I got halfway up when a shell exploded as it hit the deckhouse on the starboard side. Pieces of metal flew all



S.S. Sessa *as she looked in J. Lauritzen Line livery, flying Danish colors.* *Photo courtesy of Capt. Ove Kjeldsen*

over when it exploded. I was lucky, only receiving a small cut over my left eye. I went back down to the deck and was only a few steps from my office when I remembered that I had a small briefcase in my desk drawer with all my personal papers in it. I opened the door to my office and, as I did, shell number two struck. This one must have hit the bridge because both the fore and after decks were lit up by the explosion.

Before I could reach my drawer, water rushed up along the deck. The Sessa was sinking. I was lifted up beneath the boat deck and the Sessa was listing so to starboard that it was a struggle for me to work myself free from the deck over me. I was sucked down as the ship was sinking. I swam to get to the surface and thought to myself that I would never make it up for air. All of a sudden, though, I reached the surface and took a couple of good, deep breaths.

I lay still on the surface, floating and looking around in the night, but I saw nothing in the darkness. Suddenly the telephone poles from the deck cargo popped out of the water and into the air, before falling back down again. I swam to the nearest one and placed my arms across it, then lay quiet for some time, all the while hearing calls for help.

Not long thereafter, I noticed a person lying across another telephone pole not far from me. I assumed that he either had not seen me, or was in shock. I called and asked his name. He answered, "Gjunggren." He was one of our Swedish seamen. I called again and told him to work his way towards me. We got together and managed to rest one pole atop another, then sat on the lower pole with the upper one between us and our arms locked around one another to keep warm.

I told Gjunggren that we should save our strength and keep watch in both directions for things in the water that we could somehow use. A couple of hours passed and then Gjunggren said, "I see something white, chief." It was the port-side lifeboat with the bottom up. We swam to it and crawled up on the keel, obviously unable to turn it over. After sitting on the boat for a while, a survivor in a life vest swam to us and we pulled him aboard. It was our second engineer, badly wounded. A little later another survivor reached the boat—a Canadian sailor named Johnny who was likewise badly wounded.

There were now four of us on the boat. I don't recall how long we floated that night, but we heard calling

throughout. Soon the sounds got much closer. It was one of our rafts and there were three Portuguese sailors on it. They had not yet noticed us, but we continually called to them until they did. We managed to find a rope in the lifeboat and threw them the line, but they paid no attention to it – they just kept screaming at the tops of their lungs. I swam over with the line and we pulled the boat and their raft together. The second engineer slid off the boat as we did so. I presume he died – he never resurfaced. There were now only six of us left.

The three on the life raft – Correia, a seaman, and Jose and Bernardino, coal trimmers – had taken all the sweaters, oilskins and jackets stored in the tank on the raft. Johnny and Gjunggren were lightly dressed, but I was dressed warmly. I divided the warmer clothes between us, as was needed.

08/18/41: I fastened the line between the boat and the raft, but held the line in my hand to allow enough slack to regulate the spring action caused by the waves. The wind force grew stronger. When it lightened in the morning, I noticed a large hole in the stern of the boat, so it was not useful to us and there was no point in turning it over. I remembered that somewhere in the lifeboat there was a weather hood – it was to be fastened between two of the seats. I could see that the boat was floating on sealed air tanks, and I figured there would be air locked in the boat since it did not sink completely. I spoke to Gjunggren and told him that I wanted to get the weather hood from the boat.

We pulled the boat closer to the raft, and I tied a heaving-line around myself. Diving under the boat, I loosened one end of the weather cover and tied it to the heaving-line. With my knife, I cut the ties of the canvas shield to the seats of the boat. The cover was pulled up on the raft and I followed.

Gjunggren advised me to take off my wet clothes and wring them. I told him to rig up the weather cover first. We did and it just about covered the whole raft. It was like a tent. After that I took care of wringing my clothes. When I put my clothes back on I gave my shirt to one of the others and also a pair of socks. In the evening, we ate two packages of bread. I did not open our water tank, as the sea was rough and salt water spilled over the top continuously.

08/19/41: Early in the morning I broke the wood cover for the water tank. We lifted the tank out and fastened it to the raft. I gave out bread and water rations. I warned the others that we would ration on a strict schedule – I think we had only about four to five gallons of water.

We cut small slits in both ends of the tent to use for a lookout. The days passed and we saw nothing. I thought also that we should keep track of the dates. I cut a piece of plank off the end of our raft, about 14 inches long and three-fourths of an inch in width. On one side I cut our position at the time of the sinking – about 300 sea miles from Reykjavik – and the name SESSA. On the opposite side, the date of the sinking: 08/17/41. On one edge, I hacked a cut for each day passed.



Chief Officer H. K. Bjerregaard, cited for bravery and seamanship in the loss of the SESSA. *He is holding the "stick log" he kept during his time in the ship's raft.* *Photo courtesy of Capt. Ove Kjeldsen*

After about a week the water was running out, but then we got some rain. We loosened the tent in two corners and kept them up with small oars from the raft. This helped form a pocket in the tent, from which we collected rainwater. I cut a small hole in this pocket of the canvas, placing a small drinking cup under the hole. We collected whatever rainwater we could and put it in the tank. Each time we collected more water, we were allowed a greater ration.

Some five or six days after we came aboard the raft, Johnny's feet started to turn blue and gave him great pains. I tried to warm them up by massaging them and I let him lay with his feet against my body but it got worse and started spreading up his legs. Gjunggren made himself a pair of shoes from a kapok life vest to keep the same from happening to him. A couple of the Portuguese did so, too. I massaged my feet and legs continuously and urged the others to do the same, but only Gjunggren did.

08/27/41: Several times during the day I noticed that Jose was not well. He was always moving from one place to another. At one time, he was on his knees in the middle of the raft, allowing seawater to wash over him. I had him moved up to where I was sitting. In the evening, after dark, he was lying by my feet and was very restless – but then he grew quieter over the day. I knew his time was running out. He curled up in a ball. I stretched him out and put something under his head. Shortly after, he died.

I carved a cross in the wood.

08/28/41: In the morning, we undressed Jose and Correia removed the ring from his finger. He would deliver it to Jose's wife in Portugal. After that, we gave Jose his burial in the ocean.

08/30/41: Early in the morning, the rains came. We rigged up our collection system. While I sat and filled the water tank, Bernardino came up to my back and leaned against me to get warm, because it was fairly chilly. When the rain stopped and I moved from my position, I discovered he was dead. We moved him to one end of the raft, and I moved over to Johnny. He was delirious. He kept talking about buying cigarettes. Not long before noon, he died. I cut two more crosses in the wood.

In the afternoon, while burying the dead, a low-flying airplane passed over. With my knife, I cut a slot in the canvas large enough to get my head through, so as to wave at the airplane. This plane was going north. I told the other two that we could expect to be picked up the next day.

08/31/41: In the morning, I discovered we had only enough water for three more drinks each. Late in the afternoon, we saw smoke from several ships in a northerly direction. The wind was from the northeast with a force of 2.

While we were looking for ships, one came quite close to us. I told Gjunggren it was probably a fishing boat. We took down the tents and tried to row closer. I was aware that we could not row that far, but I hoped they would see us and come and get us. I knew, of course, that it was not easy to see such a small raft on the ocean surface. Gjunggren and Correia handled one oar in shifts. I manned the other. After a period of rowing vigorously, I told them to rest and have some water. We consumed the last three cups. Then we rowed again, but it grew dark and the smoke disappeared. We raised the tent once more. I tried to sleep, but could not. I sat with my head out of the tent opening, gazing at the stars. When the sun came out, it was completely clear with just a few high clouds. We kept lookout all day and saw nothing. In the evening, I was looking back through the hole and kept at it all night again.

09/05/41: By late morning, I was ready for a nap and informed my mates of that. However, just as I lay down, I heard two blows from a ship's siren. I jumped up and went over to the hole and saw an American destroyer heading straight for us. I waved and someone waved back. The destroyer, U.S.S. LANSDALE (DD-426), pulled up alongside us. They threw us a heaving-line. A net was hung over her side and three men came aboard to help us. Correia and Gjunggren were hauled on board by a line. I crawled up the net myself. When I reached the deck, my legs gave out, but I was helped along by the second in command. We were brought under the deck to the crew's quarters and sat at a table. We each had three glasses of water, and I felt wonderful. It was our first water in 40 hours. We asked for more, but were told we had to wait so as not to overindulge ourselves. We bathed and were given clean clothes, were given cots to lay on and plenty of warm blankets. We rested for a while and then were given a bowl of tomato soup—it felt good to have a warm meal. Gjunggren commented, "There is no draft in here."

The second in command on the ship came down to talk to us. He said they were sent out to look for a Norwegian ship that sent out S.O.S. signals, when they found us. As we spoke, they were still searching for the Norsemen. The officer also told us that the color of our tent was excellent and was seen from very far off. When they first saw us, they thought it was an airplane wing, not a life raft. They came closer and noticed there were no markings on it. It was the third time this tent saved our lives. First, it gave us shelter. Then it collected rainwater for us, and, finally, helped the Americans spot us.

09/07/41: I asked the commanding officer to give us the position where we were picked up. I gave him the position of our sinking. It showed we drifted away from Iceland into the middle of the Gulf Stream, some 114 sea miles in direction 259 degrees. The position where we sank was: 61°, 26 minutes, North latitude, 30°, 50 minutes, West longitude. The position where we were saved was: 61°, 03 minutes, North latitude, 34°, 55 minutes, West longitude.

At noon, we anchored in the bay of Reykjavik, and at 1800 a motor launch brought us ashore. An ambulance waited at the pier. We were taken to a British hospital, No. 50 in Reykjavik. After examination, Gjunggren and Correia were put in the hospital. I was taken by car to an English camp, where I was housed.

⚓ ⚓ ⚓

Chief Officer Bjerregaard was decorated for bravery and seamanship. In a marine court hearing in Copenhagen, Court President L. N. Hvidt lauded the bravery of Officer Bjerregaard.

Later this man was invited to speak at the Marine Academy in Copenhagen that I attended. He was given an engraved silver plaque by the Lauritzen A/S president, Knud Lauritzen, with the following inscription:

Chief Officer H.K. Bjerregaard
for Bravery and Seamanship in the
S.S. "Sessa" sinking in the
North Atlantic, August 17, 1941

(*Ed. Note:* The introduction and closing to this dramatic account were written by Capt. Ove Kjeldsen, longtime mariner, whom readers of *Mains'l Haul* will recall from his excellent article, "Around the World in the Four-Masted Bark Passat," in our Winter 1991 issue. Excerpts from Chief Officer Bjerregaard's story are reprinted with the kind permission of J. Lauritzen Corporation, Copenhagen, Denmark. We also thank Capt. Kjeldsen for translating the story from Danish into English.)



The schooner IRENE *under sail in San Diego Bay, about 1910.*
Historical Collection, Title Insurance and Trust Co., San Diego

Irene: A Lovely Lady

By Robert Wright

Sailing schooners were an important part of San Diego's growth in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, and the IRENE was part of that development. She was a typical west coast schooner with a graceful sheer and a balance of fore-and-aft canvas. Today, only two such examples, the WAWONA and the C.A. THAYER, still survive.

From the mid-1800s up to the early years of this century, sailing schooners hauled lumber from the Pacific Northwest to California cities like San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego.

Originally many of these schooners had just two masts. Then, larger three-, four-, and five-masted schooners were built to increase cargo and cut costs. Schooner-rigged vessels were ideal for the north-south run on the Pacific coast. They sailed about four points to the wind compared to six or more points for a square-rigged ship, and

the sails could be handled from the deck by a much smaller crew. They could sail south with a hold full of lumber and another load stacked eight feet high on deck. (Of course, schooners were subject to the same threats of storm and fog as other vessels of the time. Yet in some schooner shipwrecks, a ship holed in the bottom did not sink because of her cargo of lumber.)

Still another advantage of the schooner was that after being unloaded, she could sail back north without ballast, being broad-beamed.

The loading of lumber on these schooners is a story in itself. Wherever possible, they would load from a dock. More often the loading was done in "dog holes" from a high wire. (A "dog hole" is a very narrow bay such as Noyo and Needle Rock in Northern California.)

One early form of loading was by slide chute from a high bluff to an anchored schooner. The lumber slid down the chute, one piece at a time. This, of course, was time-consuming. The alternate method of high wires, called high lines, involved the use of steel cables suspended above the high bluff and secured in the water by anchors. First, the schooner would position herself under the wire. A sling of lumber then would slide down the wire controlled by a small donkey engine or by counterweight. The actual process was far more complex than this simple explanation. But no matter which system was used, it required a tremendous effort of men to stow lumber in the hold and on deck.

The IRENE was a part of this fleet for many years, from 1900 to 1926. She was built at the H. D. Bendixsen Shipyard at Fairhaven, California, in 1900, and ran 186.4 feet long and measured 772 gross tons. A four-masted schooner was relatively easy to build and economical to operate compared to a full-rigged ship. A typical crew consisted of the skipper (who was sometimes part owner), mate, cook, and five to seven crewmen. Since the schooner rig was designed to sail relatively close to the wind, such a vessel made fast cargo-carrying trips under normal conditions.

The IRENE had been built for Joseph Knowland of San Francisco, later owner of the *Oakland Tribune* and father of the late Senator William Knowland of California. Like her sister schooner ALVENA, IRENE was transferred to the Gardiner Mill Co. of Gardiner, Oregon, in 1916.

One of the skippers who had the IRENE for many years was Captain S. C. Mitchell. He was called "Crazy Mitchell" by tugboat captains in San Diego because he would sail past Ballast Point on the way to Benson's Lumber Yard or McCormick's Wharf, disdaining tug assistance. Later, he would sail her out again. He would only use a tug if he had to!

About 1917, Captain Mitchell gave up command of the IRENE after being hit by a rigging block which impaired his vision and judgment. By then the lumber schooners were being phased out by better roads, trucks, and railroads in California.

About 1925, Captain Al Rosendal took command of the IRENE and he made a few trips to Hawaii with lumber. Not long after, what began as a routine voyage to deliver lumber from Grays Harbor, Washington to Miami turned into a nightmare.

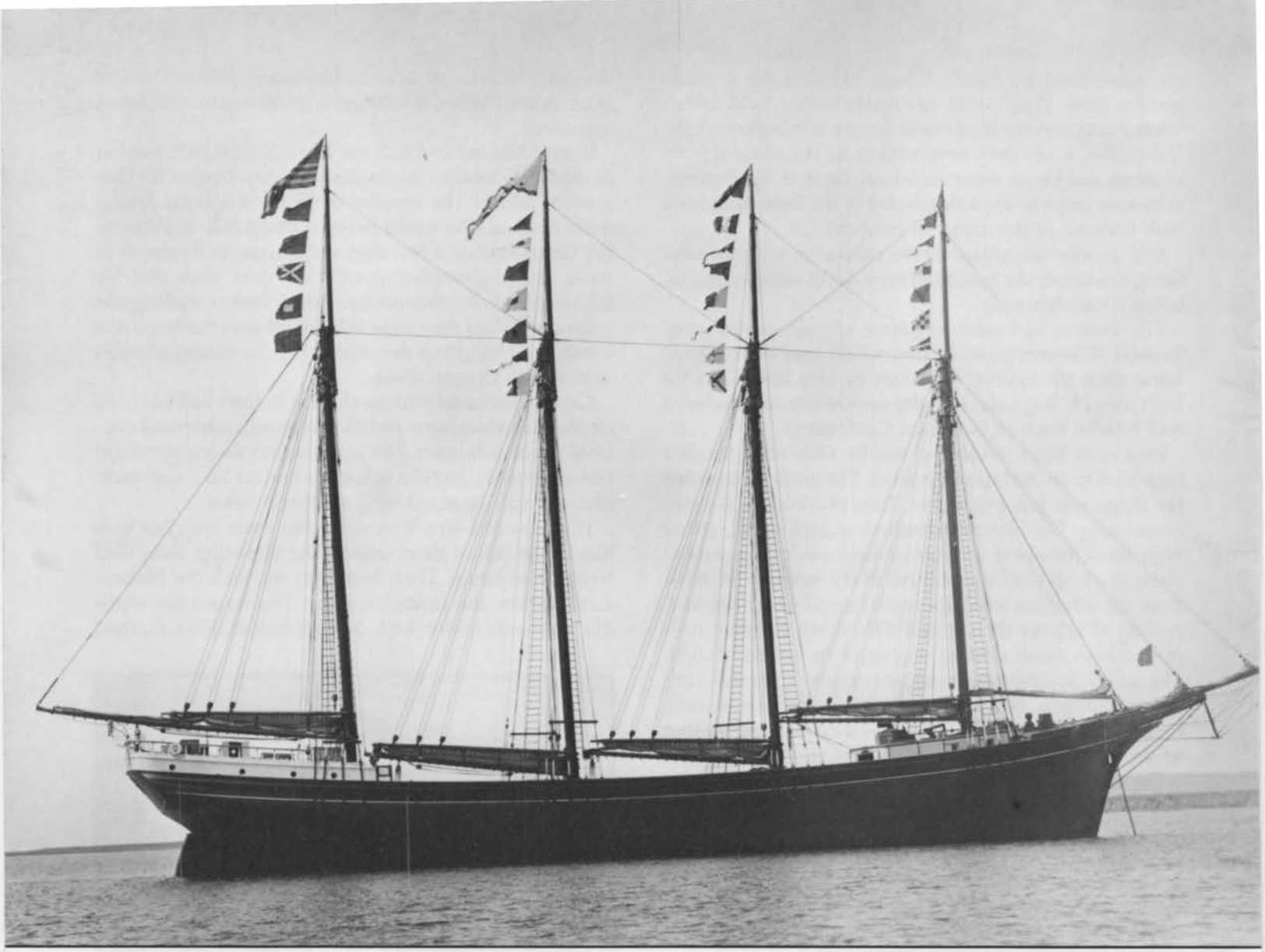
In mid-December 1925, the IRENE loaded with lumber in the bleak, windswept confines of Grays Harbor for fast-growing Miami. The captains of the IRENE and the ALVENA made a bet on who would arrive in Miami first. The ALVENA left Grays Harbor a few days early. Captain Rosendal of IRENE said the weather conditions were such that his schooner was bar-bound for a week before making the open sea. When they were able to sail over the bar, a stiff southeast wind drove the schooner a few thousand miles west of the Oregon coast.

Captain Rosendal told me that the bottom had not been cleaned for a long time and the sea growth hampered controlling the schooner. The expected northwest wind did not materialize and the schooner hauled on a port tack. She was still opposed by a southerly wind.

The crew and Mrs. Rosendal, who came with her husband, were put on short rations. The ship's dog, also called Irene, fared better. Their hope was to reach the Panama Canal before the rations ran out. The hoped-for winds did not come and it took 30 days before IRENE reached



Captain A. E. Rosendal of the schooner IRENE, *who skippered her on her Jonah voyage of 1925.* *Photo courtesy of the author*



IRENE *at anchor in San Diego Bay, early in this century. Under her bowsprit, Point Loma can be seen in the distance, beyond the undeveloped mudflats of North Island.*
Historical Collection, Title Insurance and Trust Co., San Diego

the lower California coast. The crew were able to catch fish while they were becalmed, which kept all aboard from starving.

At this point, Captain Rosendal felt it was a good idea to cross the equator in an attempt to pick up the trade winds and make for the Panama Canal again. Luckily, they ran into rain squalls which enabled the crew to catch a large number of gallons of water as it poured off the sails. However, a swift current dragged the schooner back to longitude 124, which is closer to Hawaii than Panama.

Captain Rosendal gave a passing thought to going around the Horn, but knew there were not enough supplies on board. Since they were close to Honolulu, he tried to make for that port, but when a wind came up from the southwest he decided to make for the coast of California.

Looking back on this Jonah voyage, Mrs. Rosendal recalled that she and the captain would play cards and work crossword puzzles. She would sew and read during the day. Dinner came at noon, and the IRENE's Chinese cook was a wonder at stretching out the rations and making the most of caught fish. Supper was at five p.m. and in the evening they would play cards with the mate and cook. The battery-operated radio–a $300 RCA set–was tuned into news and the Bible-thumping of Aimee Semple McPherson, the Los Angeles radio evangelist.

Captain Rosendal did what he could to keep the crew busy; even so, a fight broke out and one man was hurt. He also took position sightings every day.

Nine days before docking in San Pedro, the IRENE was within sight of San Clemente Island, only 60 miles from the port. This was the schooner that at one time had sailed from Grays Harbor to San Pedro in five and a half days!

A British freighter was the first vessel sighted on April 17, 1926, after 125 days at sea. Captain Rosendal hoisted a signal requesting the freighter to radio ashore, but for

some reason they did not do it.

Finally, five days later–April 22, 1926–the IRENE limped into San Pedro some 130 days after leaving Grays Harbor. The schooner had been reported lost with all hands on April 9, so when she came into harbor there was a wild reception. She presented a neat appearance above the waterline, but her bottom was even more foul than when she started out.

Besides Captain and Mrs. Rosendal, the crew who endured this trip "from tedium to apathy and back again" included B. Solberg, mate; J. Hansen, boatswain; Walter Schultz, donkeyman; A.E. Aeoke, cook; and James Childress, A. Anderson, and Ed Johnson, seamen. Within a day of landing, Captain and Mrs. Rosendal and most of the crew took a train back to Grays Harbor. Two of the crew, however, had been taken to the Marine Hospital.

Captain Rosendal later said that it had been implied by the owner that if the IRENE did not make it to Miami, it was all right with him. Of course, Rosendal did all he could to get her there. The captain later left the sea and took a job as a longshore foreman. He retired in 1952 and died of cancer on July 11, 1969. He was one of the last of the oldtime windjammer skippers.

The IRENE was sold off in San Pedro to a motion picture company about 1927. The historian John Lyman, writing in *The Marine Digest* for May 10, 1941, said she was "burned off Long Beach on November 1, 1929." Another story was that she was re-rigged as a topsail schooner in 1936 and had a movie name of SERAPHINE. Still another story said that the IRENE was lost off Redondo Beach on January 28, 1937. It seems a watchman failed to keep her pumped out and she sank just below the surface of the water. She had been used as a fishing barge, which was common in the last days of these schooners. The 1937 date of sinking is confirmed in the 1938 volume of *Merchant Vessels of the United States.*

Apparently the facts are that the IRENE survived the movie fire mentioned by Lyman, was sold, and was used as a fishing barge for several years. She was used by a Captain Joachim Anderson off Hermosa Beach, then sold for very little money to a Captain Monstad. No dry docking or surveying was done on her when she was moved down to Redondo Beach. At the end of January 1937, a strong gale blew up and sank her. She may have had too much ballast, leaking seams, and inadequate pumps. Steve Lawson, a diver in the Los Angeles area and a founder of the California Wreck Divers, knows the approximate location of the IRENE but feels there is not much left because of teredos.

(*Ed. Note:* Robert Wright first became interested in this schooner because it bore the name of his late wife. He has recently completed a detailed model of the vessel, which required extensive research into her history. Bob has been a volunteer with the Maritime Museum since 1962, and is currently employed as a part-time watchman on the STAR OF INDIA.)

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This is the author's recently completed model of IRENE, *a schooner which has captured his imagination for years.*
Photo courtesy of the author

The Case of the Missing Strawberries

By L.A. "Sandy" Stewart

(*Ed. Note:* Does life imitate art–or does art imitate life? In the following true story, Museum member Sandy Stewart reveals how author Herman Wouk got an idea for his classic novel of naval life, *The Caine Mutiny.* Little do fans of the book and film realize that the character of Captain Queeg–the ultimate neurotic, authority-crazed skipper–was based at least in part on real life.)

This is the story of an unusual incident which occurred in the South Pacific during World War II. As a junior officer aboard USS LARDNER (DD-487), I was a participant and later unwittingly became the agent in having this incident recorded fictitiously for posterity.

The story begins with the LARDNER anchored in the harbor of the supply base on the island of Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides early in 1943. James A. Michener wrote the celebrated *Tales of the South Pacific* at this same location. However, Michener had nothing to do with this particular event.

A delivery of fresh strawberries was made to the LARDNER from a newly arrived refrigerator ship from the states. That same evening, the officers of the LARDNER were the beneficiaries of an unusual dessert of fresh strawberries. I cannot remember ever enjoying such a delicious surprise during my time on the LARDNER.

Similar thoughts must have occurred to the captain who awakened at about 0200 hours with a tremendous urge to have another helping of the berries. There had been leftover berries stored in the galley of the officers' mess after dinner. He rang for the Chief Steward and apparently was told there were no berries left. This generated immediate action on his part. He instructed the Chief Steward to quiz all of the stewards who had access to the officers' mess. This action resulted in no answer to the problem of the missing berries.

He then ordered that the stewards should awaken all officers and instruct them to attend a meeting in the wardroom. I can well remember my anger at being awakened by a mess boy and told to report to a meeting in the wardroom because I had just gone to sleep after standing an 8 to 12 watch. The mess steward explained that it was the captain's order that all officers be present except those actually on watch.



This is Lt. L.A. "Sandy" Stewart as he looked during World War II. Sandy is now one of the Maritime Museum's outstanding Docents.

Photo courtesy of the author

I thought it was a ludicrous situation that our captain was holding an inquisition at two o'clock in the morning over some strawberries missing from the officers' galley. The captain had already gotten negative results from the mess boys and wound up with similar results after quizzing all twelve of the officers one-by-one in the wardroom meeting. Apparently he was finally convinced that no answer to the problem of the missing berries was going to be forthcoming so all personnel at the meeting were dismissed.

In this theater of the war at this time LARDNER was kept busy providing anti-submarine protection to the ships that transported Army units to Guadalcanal to relieve the Marines who had been doing the fighting. The Marines in turn were given our protection while being transported to New Zealand for rest and relaxation. You might assume that the captain's obsession over some missing strawberries would soon be forgotten, but could we forget it?

Several days after the incident LARDNER was granted some time alongside the destroyer tender USS DIXIE (AD-14) for some needed services. However, a World War I four-piper converted to a minesweeper, USS SOUTHARD (DMS-10), had priority and was moored between LARDNER and DIXIE. LARDNER personnel had to cross the deck of the SOUTHARD to reach the DIXIE.

As I was doing this, I suddenly heard someone shout, "Hey, Sandy!" It struck me that this must be someone from home because on the LARDNER I was simply known as "Stew." Sure enough, it was Jack Brennan, a fraternity brother of mine at the University of Washington who had been in NROTC and was called into the service before Pearl Harbor. He was now the skipper of the SOUTHARD.

Jack invited me into his wardroom where we had a happy reunion over a cup of coffee. Shortly we were joined by his executive officer, whom Jack introduced as a budding writer who would like to hear any new war stories that I might be able to offer. Since it was still fresh in my mind, I related to Jack and his exec the tale of the missing strawberries on the LARDNER.

The name of the executive officer of the SOUTHARD was Herman Wouk. Later he became a celebrity due to his first book published after the war–*The Caine Mutiny.* And now you know the rest of the story about Captain Queeg's missing strawberries.

When I read the book I was quite surprised to see that Wouk had used my story. The crew of the LARDNER never forgot the episode, either. Recently, in September 1992, I had the pleasure of attending a reunion of USS LARDNER personnel at which the strawberry incident was rehashed many times over. It refreshed my memory enough to write the above account for editor Craig Arnold.

The Cabin Bookrack

Dreadnought: Britain, Germany, and the Coming of the Great War
by Robert K. Massie.
New York: Random House.
Illustrated. Hardcover. 1007 pages. $35.00.

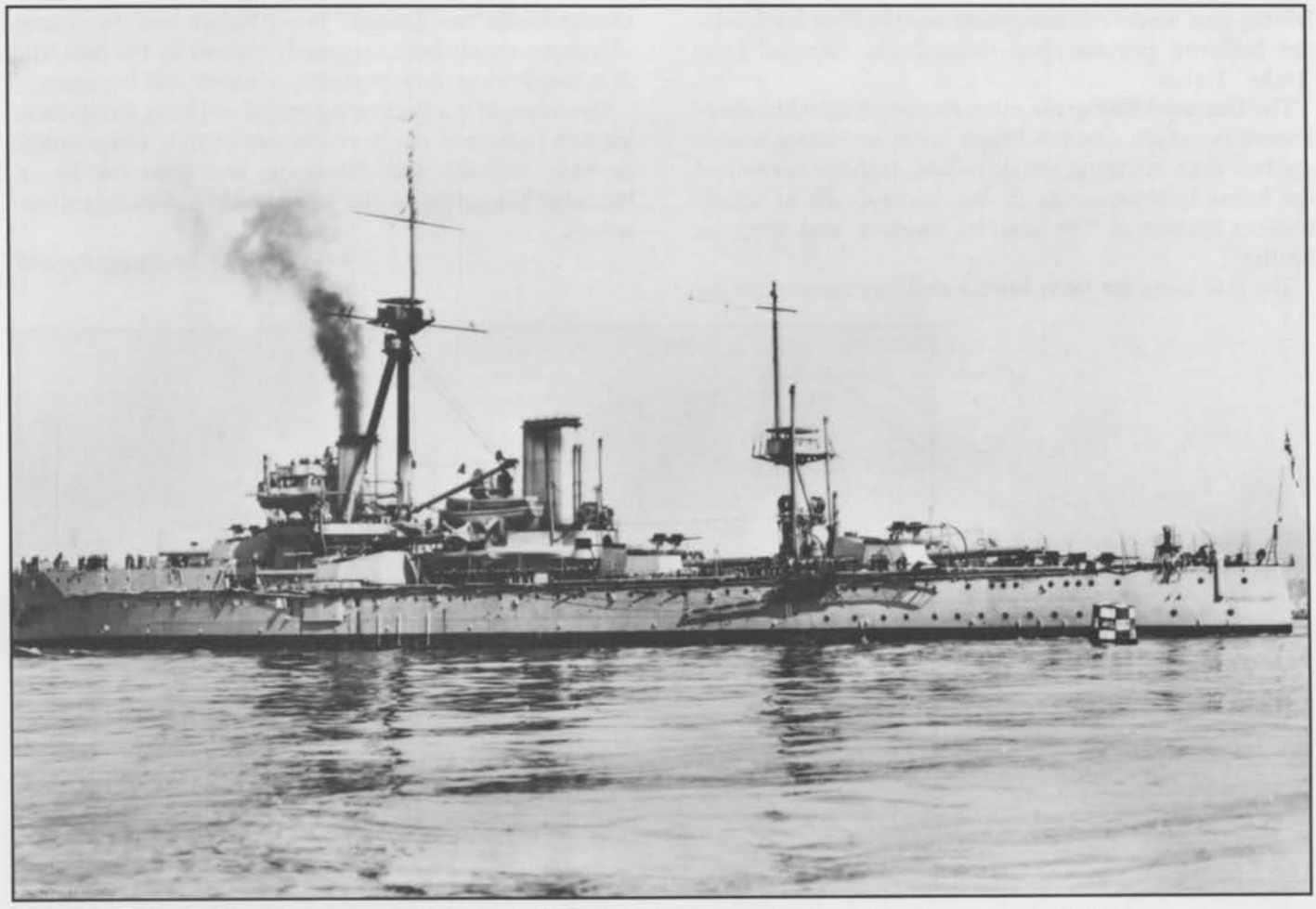
Go back 80 years in time, and you seem to be in an age as remote as that of the dinosaurs. Europe was ruled by an array of dynasties which have all since vanished, but which then wielded absolute power. The Romanovs of Russia, Hapsburgs of Austria, Hohenzollerns of Germany and Ottomans of Turkey held sway over millions of subjects, and feverishly engaged in a vast armaments race that finally shattered the peace of the world.

1914 was the break-off point. It was the beginning of the end of the old world, and the start of the one we know today. All that came after that was a direct result of the collapse of world order in the holocaust of the First World War. Such events as the Russian Revolution, the Great Depression of the 1930s, the Second World War and even the Cold War–all grew out of what an eyewitness called "the most terrible August in the history of the world."

How did such a cataclysm, so costly in death and destruction, come to pass? This is the question posed by famed historian Robert K. Massie, author of the best-selling *Nicholas and Alexandra* and a specialist in this era.

In this work, Massie zeroes in on a major contributing factor to the war, the naval armaments race between Britain and Germany. To do this, he goes further back than where the normal histories of the Great War begin–all the way back, in fact, to the accession of Victoria to the British throne in 1837.

From that point, Massie charts the developing collision courses of the British and German governments. By 1871, Germany was an empire–but an empire very different from Britain's. Germany's power was based on the European continent–dominating its center, in fact–and was symbolized by her huge, well-trained army. Britain's interests, on the other hand, spanned the globe through a network of overseas colonies and dominions, all tied together by British sea power. For Britain, a powerful navy was a necessity; for Germany–at least so far as the British saw



The ship that changed history: H.M.S. DREADNOUGHT *as she looked shortly after completion. She was built at Portsmouth Dockyard in a year and a day, thanks to Jacky Fisher's ruthless determination. She served as Flagship, Home Fleet and Flagship, Channel Fleet before being sold for scrap in 1921.*
Imperial War Museum, London

it–such a force was a luxury.

Germany was a late-comer as a major power. By the time their empire became a reality, as Germans perceived the world, the British, French and other nations had pretty well carved things up for their own benefit. Germany wanted "a place in the sun"–to share in colonial expansion and all that entailed. To do this, one requisite was a large navy–something no German state had ever had.

Britons viewed this prospect with alarm. For centuries, British policy toward Europe had been to prevent any one power from gaining ascendancy over the others. Also, the island kingdom of Great Britain was guarded from invasion by the Royal Navy, largest in the world and supposedly superior to any two foreign navies. The worst thing Britons could dream of was that some foreign power would wrest this naval supremacy from them.

That was precisely what the Imperial German government proposed to do. Kaiser Wilhelm II, guided by his navy minister, Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz, embarked in 1897 on a deliberate policy of building up the German fleet to challenge Britain's armada. Battleships began to build in the German ports on the North Sea and the Baltic.

Britain countered in 1906 with a battleship of revolutionary design, HMS DREADNOUGHT. Spearheading this "all-big-gun" vessel's development was the First Sea Lord–the brilliant, profane, and iconoclastic Admiral John "Jacky" Fisher.

The DREADNOUGHT made every existing battleship obsolescent overnight. She was bigger, faster, and more heavily gunned than anything yet launched, and she contained the latest improvements in fire control–all to satisfy Fisher's maxim of "Hit first, hit hardest, and keep on hitting!"

The bad news for both Britain and Germany–and for other powers as well–was that a new naval race erupted almost at once. Soon the Germans were building "dreadnoughts" too, although British shipyards managed to stay ahead–at tremendous cost.

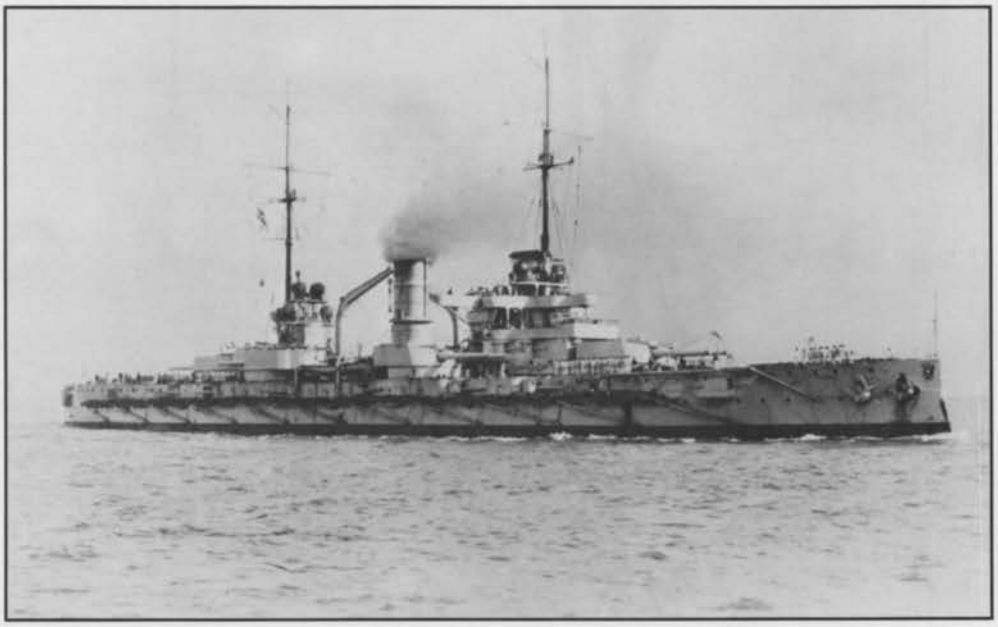
Author Massie does a superbly skillful job of tracing the various crises that led to war. Morocco was a frequent bone of contention between the powers, and the "powder keg" of the Balkans (sound familiar?), the bellicose personality of Wilhelm II, and the system of entangling alliances all contributed to the breakdown of August 1914.

Yet what truly made the Great War a conflict of extra dimension was the entry of Britain into the lists against Germany. For some strange reason, German statesmen continued to delude themselves up to the day Britain joined the fray that Whitehall would never declare war on "a kindred nation." But by then the German statesmen were no longer in control–the reins had been rashly handed over to the military, the pets of Kaiser Wilhelm (whose portrait hung in every ship in the fleet), and the military wanted war sooner rather than later.

The German High Seas Fleet put up a valiant struggle, even besting the British ship-for-ship in the great battle of Jutland. Yet ultimately Germany–a "land animal"–could not overcome the decisive naval lead of Great Britain, a centuries-old "sea animal." Never before had the course of human events been so greatly altered by the building of a single ship. It is probable it never will be again.

Dreadnought is a fascinating read if you have the stamina for one thousand pages of intense history. Once again, as with *Nicholas and Alexandra* and *Peter the Great,* historian Massie paints the past in bold and unforgettable colors.

–Reviewed by Craig Arnold



S.M.S. POSEN, *one of Germany's first "Dreadnought-type" battleships.*
Chandler Postcard Collection

Collision at Sea: USNHS *Benevolence* and S.S. *Mary Luckenbach*

By Lionel C. Meeker

On August 25, 1950, the U.S. Navy hospital ship BENEVOLENCE, on what was intended to be a limited trial trip after reactivation from a layup fleet, steamed out through San Francisco's Golden Gate, and on her way back, collided with S.S. MARY LUCKENBACH, an outbound freighter belonging to the Luckenbach Steamship Company. The collision resulted in the deaths of 23 people, the sinking and total loss of BENEVOLENCE and the court-martial of her commander, Captain Barton E. Bacon, Jr. S.S. MARY LUCKENBACH suffered moderate damage and no loss of life. August 1992 was the 42nd anniversary of this tragic loss and the incident merits more comment than appeared in the news media of the time.

The ship BENEVOLENCE, originally the MARINE LION, or Maritime Commission type C4 S B2, was launched on July 10, 1944 at the Sun Shipbuilding Company of Chester, Pennsylvania. Originally laid out for use as a bulk carrier, the vessel was taken over by the Navy and converted in 1945 to the hospital ship BENEVOLENCE with the prophetic number AH-13.

BENEVOLENCE was 520 feet long–not a large ship compared with our modern oil-carrying monsters, but she had accommodations for 800 patients and a large medical staff in her beamy 71-foot-wide hull. Her top speed was 17.5 knots driven by a single screw geared turbine, and she displaced 15,000 tons fully loaded. Her original cost of $14,000,000 seems low by the standard of today's inflated dollar, and her 1950 replacement value was estimated to be $18,000,000. After her loss, and following hearings with the leading salvage companies, BENEVOLENCE was written off and deemed not worth more than $50,000, based on the price of scrap iron at $18 a ton at that time–a figure, in my estimation, grossly underestimated.

Following service in the closing days of World War II in the Pacific and in "Operation Crossroads"–the atom bomb tests at Bikini Atoll–BENEVOLENCE had been decommissioned in September 1947 and added to the San Francisco Reserve Group–or what is commonly known as the "bone yard." The Korean War produced an urgent need for her services and she was reactivated at Mare Island Shipyard on an "earliest possible" basis.

When the ship was deemed to be in proper working order and seaworthy, she was to be turned over immediately to the Military Sea Transport Service (MSTS). It seems odd that a large hospital ship built, operated and equipped to naval procedures should be turned over to a quasi-military organization and operated by a civilian crew including master and officers. I might digress for a moment by saying that shortly after World War II, the Navy may have been a little peeved that the Army was operating ships–the Army's navy! Thus, the old Army Transport Service, previously under the Transportation Corps (formerly the old Quartermaster Corps), became the Military Sea Transport Service under the Navy but with a carryover of Civil Service administrators and civilian officers and ship crews. Hence when the BENEVOLENCE was reactivated at a naval shipyard but to be manned by civilians, many of the shipyard people at Mare Island were not completely familiar with Coast Guard requirements adopted by all MSTS vessels.

The end result brought on by wartime urgency saw BENEVOLENCE being put to sea without proper lifeboat installation, bypassing of essential training and indoctrination of those not familar with this type of vessel–and worst of all, no drills or assignment of emergency stations to naval personnel aboard. It appears that BENEVOLENCE put to sea in an unseaworthy condition. The term "seaworthy" in the modern steamship era has endless ramifications. The public image of jolly tars hauling on ropes while the helmsman squints at the shivering luff of a sail is not valid and the legal profession has shown that many a steamer was not properly rigged, operated or manned for reasons that seem farfetched but nevertheless–"unseaworthy."

Captain Barton E. Bacon, Jr., USN, was then Commander of the Mare Island Group, Pacific Reserve Fleet, and Commander SubGroup One, of the Mare Island Group, with additional duties as Commander Submarine Forces, Pacific Administration, Mare Island. A Naval Academy graduate of 1925, he had been in the service for over 25 years. His sea experience had varied: battleships, Commanding Officer of the WARHAWK, a Maritime Commission C-2 type conversion, but mostly in submarines.

With most of the minor deficiencies corrected, BENEVOLENCE was ready to begin her acceptance trials on schedule.

Captain Bacon, as senior member of the Mare Island Group, appointed himself commanding officer of BENEVOLENCE with the full approval of his superiors. He thought it best to have a person of his rank aboard during the trials with all the facts and figures on hand to be able to deal better with his high-ranking opposites on the MSTS side.

It may have crossed Captain Bacon's mind, too, that this would be an ideal way to get away from the office and the sultry August heat of upper San Francisco Bay. It would be his chance to be skipper of a large ship, if only for a day or two. The days would be cool and pleasant with congenial people on board including 16 nurses. Since the MSTS stewards would be serving meals, the trial runs would be almost like a seagoing picnic. Things turned out differently.

At 0800 on August 25, everything was set for Captain Bacon to take BENEVOLENCE out on her final day of trials before turning her over to the MSTS authorities on the 26th. The ship had made a previous run on August 22 in the Bay but there were indications of salt in the feed



USNHS BENEVOLENCE *(AH-13), victim of disaster off the Golden Gate.* *National Archives*

water system and she had to return to the shipyard at a very slow speed to prevent salting up of the boilers. After the deficiencies were set right, BENEVOLENCE could make her engine trials, maneuvering and anchor tests.

BENEVOLENCE left the shipyard with a dual crew of naval and civilian personnel. The civilian crew included Captain William Murray, better known around the waterfront as "Pineapple Bill," and his hand-picked mates and engineers. His crew totaled some 125 people, and with the naval personnel including the medical department, there were 526 persons aboard when the ship left the dock.

The inordinate number of persons aboard with little or nothing to do generated some criticism and the Navy hastened to justify the presence of nurses on board; there was even a chaplain. It might have been easier to embark all these people the next day at the Oakland Supply Center where the ship would be stored rather than to have everyone transported all the way to Mare Island. During the time these people were aboard, there were no drills or indoctrination on shipboard emergency procedures.

BENEVOLENCE departed her berth at Mare Island and steamed down the Bay, gradually increasing her speed to 85 RPM or 15.5 knots, standard speed for this type ship. Compasses were compensated and the anchors and windlasses tested off Treasure Island. Then BENEVOLENCE stood out the Golden Gate at standard speed assisted by a 2½ knot current.

If any personnel aboard had misgivings that day about putting to sea in a ship not yet thoroughly tested to USCG standards, nobody gave a hint that things might not work out well.

The ship's engines and equipment performed well and the MSTS inspection team would have been willing to forego the speed tests at 85% and 90% of full power had they been so requested by Captain Bacon. The radar, com-

passes, and steering gear checked out, and all the lifeboats were in place–but so well in place they couldn't be launched.

At first the weather was fine and clear. Captain Bacon requested a weather report and got one stating the visibility at the San Francisco Lightship to be 18 miles–obviously an error, more like 1.8 or .8 miles. At that time of year, one can almost set his watch by the time the fog bank comes rolling into San Francisco Bay. When BENEVOLENCE went under the Golden Gate Bridge, Point Bonita and Mile Rocks were still visible but the fog bank was quickly enshrouding the Main Ship Channel. The fog would be patchy, with visibility varying from one mile to almost nil.

Captain Bacon must have felt secure in his new responsibility. He had made a special effort to engage Captain Lyle G. Havens, a highly recommended San Francisco Bay pilot, to dock and undock, navigate the Bay channels, and go out to and around the San Francisco Lightship. Even if Captain Havens was the best man for the job, he was conning the ship only in an advisory capacity. The responsibility for the safe navigation of the ship rests solely with the commanding officer, who may overrule any order from the pilot.

To enlighten the reader unfamiliar with the entrance to San Francisco Bay, the Main Ship Channel extends westward starting with Buoy 7 and Flashing Red Whistle Buoy 8, 5.8 miles from the Golden Gate Bridge. The buoy pairs average about 1500 yards apart and end seaward at Buoys 1 and 2. The channel is about 850 yards wide. Located 3.1 miles beyond the last buoys was the San Francisco Lightship painted red and marked in large white letters, "SAN FRANCISCO." There is plenty of room for ships to pass safely and good seamanship demands vessels keep to the right. However, by design or neglect, large and small vessels find themselves dangerously close to one another in meeting or passing. In 1950, there was no *statutory* rule about keeping on the right side of the channel.

After having cleared the buoys which were plainly visible both on radar and by sight, BENEVOLENCE rounded the Lightship 20 minutes later, about 1400 yards off. The markings on the Lightship were plainly visible to all.

As she re-entered the channel, BENEVOLENCE's troubles were about to begin. At 1630, BENEVOLENCE steered a course of 60 degrees true. Captain Bacon estimated the visibility to be about 1500 yards, yet Buoy No. 4 at 1300 yards was not visible when Buoy No. 2 was abeam 10 minutes later. The ship hauled to the right of the channel as Buoy No. 2 was passed between 75 and 100 yards. Captain Bacon then thought the visibility had fallen to a mere quarter mile but ordered an increase of speed to 90 RPM. There were mutterings that the Old Man was going too damn fast!

This increase in speed had no apparent reason except perhaps to offset the ebb current estimated at 1.4 knots. At 1650, BENEVOLENCE veered left to head for the Golden Gate Bridge on a course of 65 degrees true. The captain's and the pilot's attention was suddenly distracted by the need to veer off to the right to overtake a fishing boat. This encounter was a close call, missing the boat by about 7 to 15 yards. When the BENEVOLENCE was finally settled back on her 65 degree course she was getting near Buoy 8, the last of the starboard-hand series.

About 1654, Pilot Havens suddenly ordered "ALL STOP" and said he heard a whistle up ahead. (There is conflicting evidence here: the engines may have been on stop at 1644 or 10 minutes previously. This may be true as BENEVOLENCE seemed very sluggish going into her final right turn.)

The Stop order was acknowledged, and all those on the open catwalk forward of the wheelhouse bulkhead listened intently and the bow lookouts were warned that something was ahead. The engines had been stopped for about two minutes when Havens ordered "RIGHT FULL RUDDER"–as we shall see, a fatal error. The Rule that applies to head-to-head situations is only applicable when vessels are in sight of one another. The fatal order by Havens to go "Full Right" was given when the two converging ships were in close proximity, headed for inevitable collision. This should have demanded that the first ship aware of this situation keep her course and present the least amount of contact. Pilot Havens had not realized that his situation was IN EXTREMIS.

Captain Bacon, straining his vision towards the fog-enshrouded waters, first saw a "roil" or disturbance in the water, then the ugly black stem of a large ship bearing down on them.

Bacon estimated the distance to be about half a mile and a little off to the left or port side; other observers said dead ahead. As the ship continued to bear down on BENEVOLENCE with no apparent change of course or speed, Pilot Havens ordered "Two Thirds Speed Ahead" (60 RPM) to hasten the action of the rudder. But it was too late. BENEVOLENCE, into her turn about 15 degrees, was struck on her port bow by a ship later identified as the freighter MARY LUCKENBACH. A witness heard Pilot Havens exclaim, "It looks like he's going to hit us!" Those were his last words before he was hauled out of the water, dead.

Moments before the collision, Captain Bacon sounded the alarm to close all watertight doors. For an essentially passenger-carrying ship, watertight doors should have been ordered closed the minute the ship approached the fog bank!

The initial impact was a tremendous jolt, BENEVOLENCE having been struck by a fully loaded freighter of over 14,000 deadweight tons at a combined speed that could have been as high as 24 knots.

In this situation, MARY LUCKENBACH's skipper testified he had given Right Full Rudder and Full Astern on his engine. A deep-loaded ship like the MARY LUCKENBACH would be slow to respond to her helm even at top speed. Instinct on the part of both bridge watches might elicit a right turn, but in the confines of a few seconds, in bad weather, with perhaps other distractions, a master or pilot has a difficult time judging whether or not his ship is *in extremis*, demanding a departure from the Rules of the Road to

avoid collision.

The terrific impact of the two ships knocked a few observers off their feet; others grabbed rails or stanchions to keep their footing. The initial jolt raised both ships rapidly to starboard as the MARY LUCKENBACH careened along the port side of BENEVOLENCE. On the latter ship, there was a jagged 20 foot by 30 foot hole torn into the side abreast of No. 2 hatch near the waterline, plus another massive bounce aft near frame 190. Following the collision, MARY LUCKENBACH disappeared into the fog.

BENEVOLENCE immediately took a 15 degree list to port, settled a little, then took more list to port as tons of seawater poured into her hull. In a matter of minutes, the list was 45 degrees and worsening, and in the surprisingly short time of 43 minutes, BENEVOLENCE heeled over and sank in 75 feet of water.

Captain Bacon kept calm in spite of the ear-splitting screech of steel plates being torn asunder, the clamor of alarms and sirens and the general confusion. Immediately appraising the tight situation his ship was in, he ordered all hands to don life jackets and stand by the lifeboats. No order was given to abandon ship because Bacon was certain the ship would settle in 53 feet of water with part of the hull over the surface, giving his people a solid refuge. As it happened, BENEVOLENCE settled on her port side in 75 feet, the water coming about four feet deep over the hull. The last to leave waited until the water rose above their ankles before being washed over the side.

A few minutes after the collision, the radio staff managed to get off a message to San Francisco requesting "emergency assistance," but it was a while before port authorities were able to grasp the scope and urgency of this request. Captain Bacon, after having sounded the alarm, shifted the helm to port in a futile effort to ease the list, then dropped the port anchor and ordered lifeboats prepared for launching.

It quickly became apparent that the lifeboats could not be launched on either side before the increasing port list made it impossible. BENEVOLENCE was fitted with Welin-type gravity davits. Each set of davits held two boats; one on a pendant beneath the davit heads with the lower, larger boat hooked directly to the boat falls. But before the davit mechanism could be released to roll down its track, the gripes had to be freed and the davit carriage locking bars had to be pulled out, then the first boat launched and the falls re-rove and attached to the upper boat which would then be lowered. All this should take about 15 minutes—if things went well. But the old saying, "Fouled up like a fire and boat drill" was in deplorable evidence here. The gripes fitted with quick release pelican hooks were jammed tight by welding rods placed through the keeper ring where ordinarily a wooden peg is used. Some of the pelican hooks were missing and had been replaced with screw shackles that, as any seaman can attest to, usually need a spike to loosen. Some of the boat cranks were missing and these were needed to raise the boats manually using about four men to a crank, necessary here because the boat davits were jammed against the locking bars. There was no power to the davits as the engine plant had been secured, and power would have been needed to re-wind the boat falls in a reasonable amount of time! There were plenty of lifeboats available for all 526 people on the ship but only one boat was successfully launched and that was a motor whaler equipped with manually operated Welin Crescent Type davits. The men were able to start the motor and spent considerable time towing life rafts and rescuing people.

Despite no orders to abandon ship, it was obvious the boats couldn't be launched anyway but there were plenty of life rafts mounted on the sides in tiers of three for quick release. As the list got worse, each raft had to be pried loose. There was no panic; everyone cooperated and willing hands got the rafts over the side. Everyone had to cling to the rails or structure, then climb down the starboard side of the hull until the rising water forced those who could swim out to a raft or float. Practically everyone had a life jacket but most were poorly dressed for their ordeal of several hours in 58-degree water, plus the fear of being abandoned in the dark to drift out to sea or be hit by a boat propeller when finally the rescue teams arrived. There were 23 lives lost, while many others were badly injured.

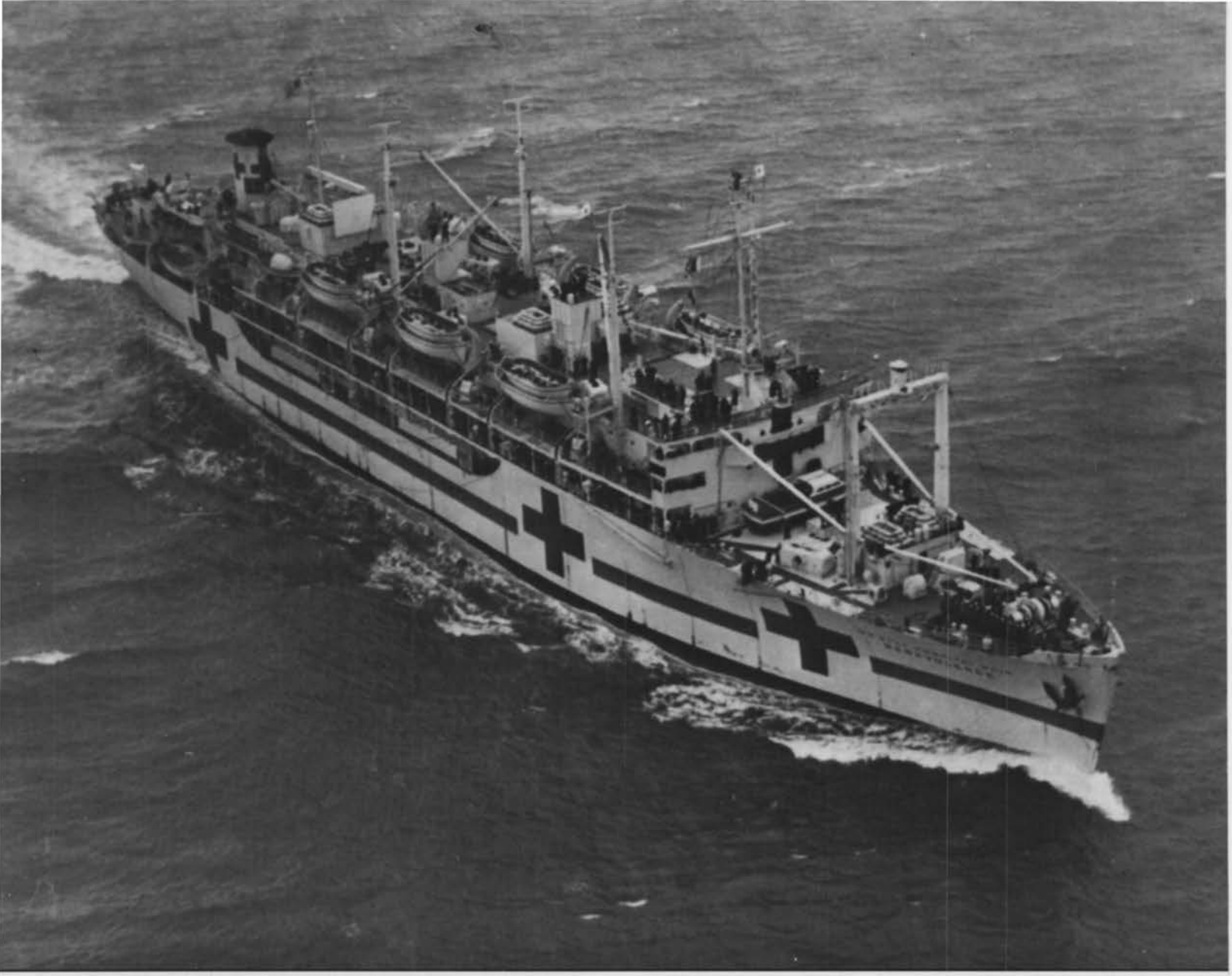
Help did not arrive for over an hour even though BENEVOLENCE was only a few miles from the Coast Guard Station. The ship did not sound any distress signals or fire any rockets. There was some doubt as to where the pyrotechnics were stowed, but with all the experienced seagoing talent on the bridge, at least one could have looked on the flying bridge and shot off a few rockets and flares probably visible in spite of the fog patches. A distress message was not sent by radio over 500 Kc because the antenna had been disconnected!

When help finally came, it consisted of about 13 Coast Guard patrol boats, Army tugs, and even the pilot boat and USS AREQUIPA (AF-31), which were outward bound at the time.

The master of the MARY LUCKENBACH, Captain Leonard Smith, did not stop and render assistance or even try to appraise the damage his ship had done, but steamed off a short distance out of sight and anchored. Later on, the tug SEA PRINCE's captain and harbor pilot, George E. Melanson, boarded MARY LUCKENBACH, which had already taken on survivors from rescue craft and now had a lifeboat in the water rescuing people. The Coast Guard later on closed the channel until all hands could be accounted for and any floating debris picked up.

Outward bound, S.S. MARY LUCKENBACH, of the Luckenbach Steamship Company, a Maritime Commission Type C-2 cargo ship, with a length of 441 feet and a 63-foot beam, was loaded with almost 10,000 tons of cargo. She was under so-called "enrollment" whereby Captain Smith, holding a first class pilot's endorsement for San Francisco Bay, could conn his own ship to sea without the aid of a Bar pilot.

MARY LUCKENBACH passed beneath the Golden Gate Bridge at 1635 steaming at least 14.4 knots making good



An aerial view of BENEVOLENCE *under way. The arrangement of her boats can be clearly seen in this and the preceding photo.* *Photo courtesy of the author*

a course of 242 degrees true. The visibility here was about 1200 feet or less than three ship lengths. MARY LUCKENBACH, even though sounding correct fog signals, did not have a proper lookout. Captain Smith's later statement that he had reduced speed and reversed engines before the collision was not believed by the court. He was also declared to be at fault for not using his radar, even though there was strong evidence of its malfunction. Captain Melanson, who had boarded the ship after the collision, testified he could smell burning insulation on the radar power cable.

Although a few witnesses declared to have noticed the use of alcohol on the MARY LUCKENBACH, Captain Melanson saw none of her officers under the influence as he brought the ship in.

MARY LUCKENBACH was on the "wrong side" of the channel and her course did not allow for the considerable set of the current crowding her over in BENEVOLENCE's track. Captain Smith, in a dual capacity of master and pilot, failed to give proper attention to the conning of his ship as was brought out in the Coast Guard hearing. He did not take any evasive action either before or after colliding; and claimed he did not know he had hit a hospital ship or made a large hole in her side! Captain Smith or his officers did not think the hospital ship had been seriously damaged or was in need of assistance, and made no effort to contact her by radio!

After leaving the scene of the collision, MARY LUCKENBACH anchored and her officers, both deck and engine, spent the first hour and a half making up their logs and preparing other documents and evidence. According to Lieutenant Commander Paul Borden, Captain Bacon's counsel, these "were all 'prepared pat stories.'" Captain Smith may have known the BENEVOLENCE to be a hospital ship, but not necessarily her name. Under fog conditions, it was well MARY LUCKENBACH anchored in a position so

as not to risk any more collisions.

In collision cases of this kind, witness accounts may vary widely. With 108 witnesses for the Navy, the court gave due weight to the testimony of individuals, taking into account their sea experience, duties, position on the ships or on other vessels in the channel.

All the BENEVOLENCE testimony declared the MARY LUCKENBACH was approaching them at a great rate of speed. Captain Vreeland, a pilot observer, and Captain Bacon agreed likewise. Captain Smith's story, as we have seen, greatly differed from accounts on the BENEVOLENCE side. He also claimed he had swung his rudder from "Hard Right" to "Hard Left" after the collision so as to swing *his* stern away. As it happened, the last severe jolt to BENEVOLENCE near frame 190 occurred before the last rudder order could take effect.

In spite of his defense at the Coast Guard Marine Board proceedings, Captain Smith was found guilty of negligence; his license was reduced down to third mate, which was then suspended for a year. Fired from the Luckenbach Steamship Company, his was the greater fault of the two skippers.

Captain Bacon was later tried by court-martial and found guilty of negligence but faced a more benign judgment: he was reprimanded and forfeited 200 numbers on the captains' seniority list. At least he still had a job and his pay went on.



For about 14 months, BENEVOLENCE lay on her side in the sand burying herself deeper and deeper. During a storm, the wreck shifted and the Crowley tug RELIEF towing MSTS NECHES to a San Francisco shipyard ran afoul of the wreck and parted her towline. NECHES followed and tore out several of her bottom plates.

The Navy finally abandoned the wreck—turning it over to the Army Corps of Engineers, which has charge of dredging and clearing channels. The Engineers solicited bids on a "no cure, no pay" basis and the award went to a Delaware salvage firm for the very low figure of $297,000; estimates for this job could have been as high as $1,000,000.

In the case of the BENEVOLENCE wreck, lots of pressure was applied to the salvors to destroy the wreck as soon as possible, if for nothing else than to clear the channel besides wiping out any "evidence" embarrassing to the Navy.

There were no questions during the extensive hearings about fuel oil in the water after the collision; the only source of this information came from newspapers. Fuel oil spillage meant that the ship's deeptanks, settling tanks or even double bottoms had been ruptured. Such damage would cancel out what little stability BENEVOLENCE had, from what witnesses said about excessive listing and slow recovery from heeling after a sharp turn. According to one expert witness, the ship sank from loss of buoyancy—a profound bit of wisdom!

And what about the course recorder chart on the BENEVOLENCE? Or even the one on the MARY LUCKENBACH? Nothing was said or asked about these two important pieces of evidence. Even during the sinking of the ANDREA DORIA in 1956, her officers had the presence of mind to rip out the course recorder chart for use as evidence.

The loss of the log book is no surprise. Possibly not yet written up even after 1600, these books are large and unwieldy, hardly meant to be carried by anyone in risk of drowning.

A most pertinent question not asked until deep into the Navy's hearing into the cause of the collision was: Why couldn't Radio Technician Wesley Jackson, manning the radar, see the pip of the MARY LUCKENBACH on the chartroom radar scope? Other pips—of fishing boats, buoys, and the Lightship all showed up well and the radar was in proper working order at all times as officers and technicians testified much later on in the proceedings. At no time did Jackson see an obviously large pip that would, if properly ranged and tracked, ensure the safety of BENEVOLENCE. It was quite possible Jackson could have been using a too-close-in scale where a large "target" (that unfortunate word) would be possibly lost in the sea return, or would have been seen had the set been left on a scale to scan much farther out. Jackson had been stationed at the radar by Lieutenant Commander Schocken—and it was of paramount importance considering the fog and excessive speed of BENEVOLENCE that the radar scope be more expertly monitored.

The radar repeater in the wheelhouse was improperly fitted for daytime use. In order to scrutinize the scope display, a coat or jacket had to be thrown over the observer's head in order to blank out light so the scope display could be seen properly.

Nobody asked Captain Bacon why he didn't consult with the pilot before increasing speed to 90 RPM. The tacit forbearance of the pilot to this change should not be considered total approval!

Sometimes a commanding officer's force of personality and bold presence on a ship's bridge precludes any offer of "advice" about course and speed, let alone a deliberate countermanding of a direct order. However, there have been times when a pilot will definitely object to the skipper giving his own orders. The pilot will simply say, "If you can do this better than I can—take over!"

Mariners hate fog more than any other kind of bad weather. Fog is treacherous, misleading and more dangerous than just the disoriented feeling one gets. Judgment of distance is distorted and the well-known vagaries of sound in a fog are too common to mention here. On a modern fast steamer, the background noises surrounding the navigation bridge make distant fog signals hard to hear. There are vent blowers, exhaust fans, wind soughing through the rigging and superstructure, including the very sound of water swishing along the hull as the ship goes at "moderate speed." On a bridge crowded with supernumeraries and "observers," murmuring remarks, giving orders, repeating orders, crumpling papers and so forth, not only distracts from a keen and proper lookout, but makes it next to impossible to hear anything up ahead.

The inevitable court hearing after such a disaster would compare favorably with the Spanish Inquisition. Embarrassing questions are asked: At 16 knots how far can your ship move in five minutes? (Come now, quickly!) How far will your ship advance in the water after Hard Right or Left Rudder is applied? At 9 knots, 12 knots or 16? Captain Bacon did not have this tactical information on board (but it was available) at the time of the sea trial and probably felt complacent, putting too much reliance on the pilot. Another question posed by the court: How long will the screw keep turning at 60 RPM when the steam on the ahead throttle is off? According to Navy usage of that time, "Full Stop" meant turning off the steam with the propeller gradually stopping, the time varying according to sea conditions and drift. One expert wasn't even sure whether BENEVOLENCE's screw turned right or left.

The fact that Captain Bacon appointed himself commanding officer (and officer-of-the-deck) kept him too busy most of the time to have any meaningful exchanges of information or technical discussions with the MSTS officers and inspection teams. There were several other qualified naval officers in Captain Bacon's shore command to man the important O.O.D. post. Another alternative would have been the common practice of manning the ship with a skeleton crew from the shipyard along with a competent pilot, a civilian yard master to maneuver around the Bay and put to sea—with the common sense option of conducting speed trials way beyond the usual traffic lanes in case of fog.

The Navy's Bureau of Personnel had every right, of course, to order the complete staff of medical personnel aboard before the trial runs. But why? There were no patients; the main bulk of stores would not have been loaded until the ship returned the next day to the Naval Supply Center. All the extra people hadn't much to do except get acquainted and move into their quarters. No instructions had been given regarding emergency procedures, no station bills had been posted assigning these people to lifeboat stations. In fact, it was declared not necessary for a trip of this short a duration.

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Article 16 of the Nautical Rules of the Road should be carved in stone in front of every naval and maritime academy.

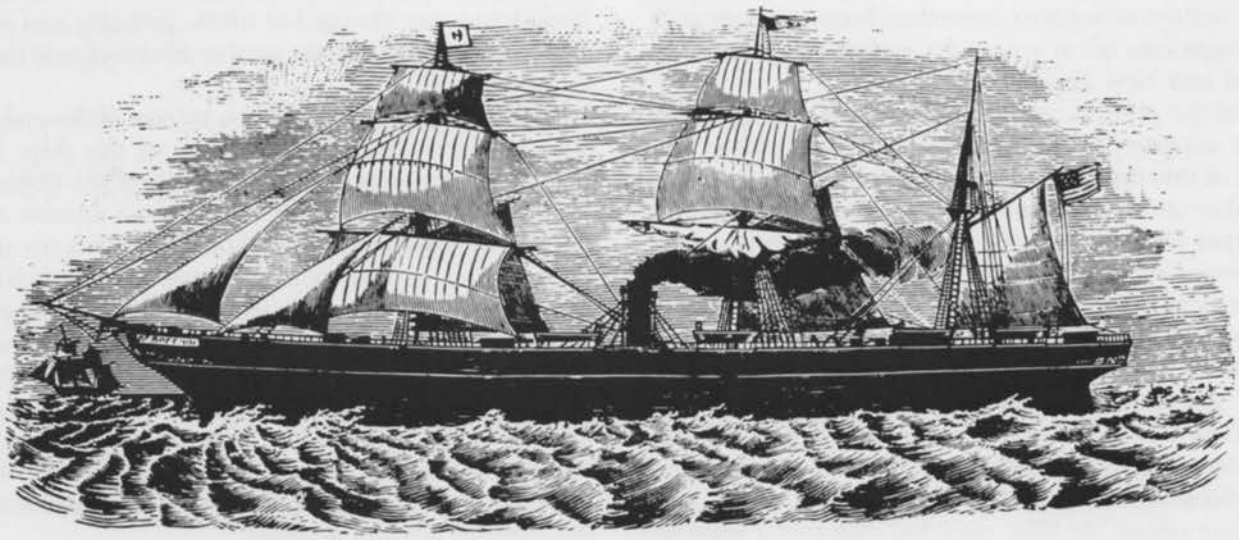
The Rule of moderate speed and "cautious navigation" continues to be a game of "nautical chicken." The attitude seemingly amounts to, "Everything you do at sea is all right—*if you get away with it.*" Ships try to make schedule, meet the tide, or otherwise take chances and some mariners are reluctant to slow down ever.

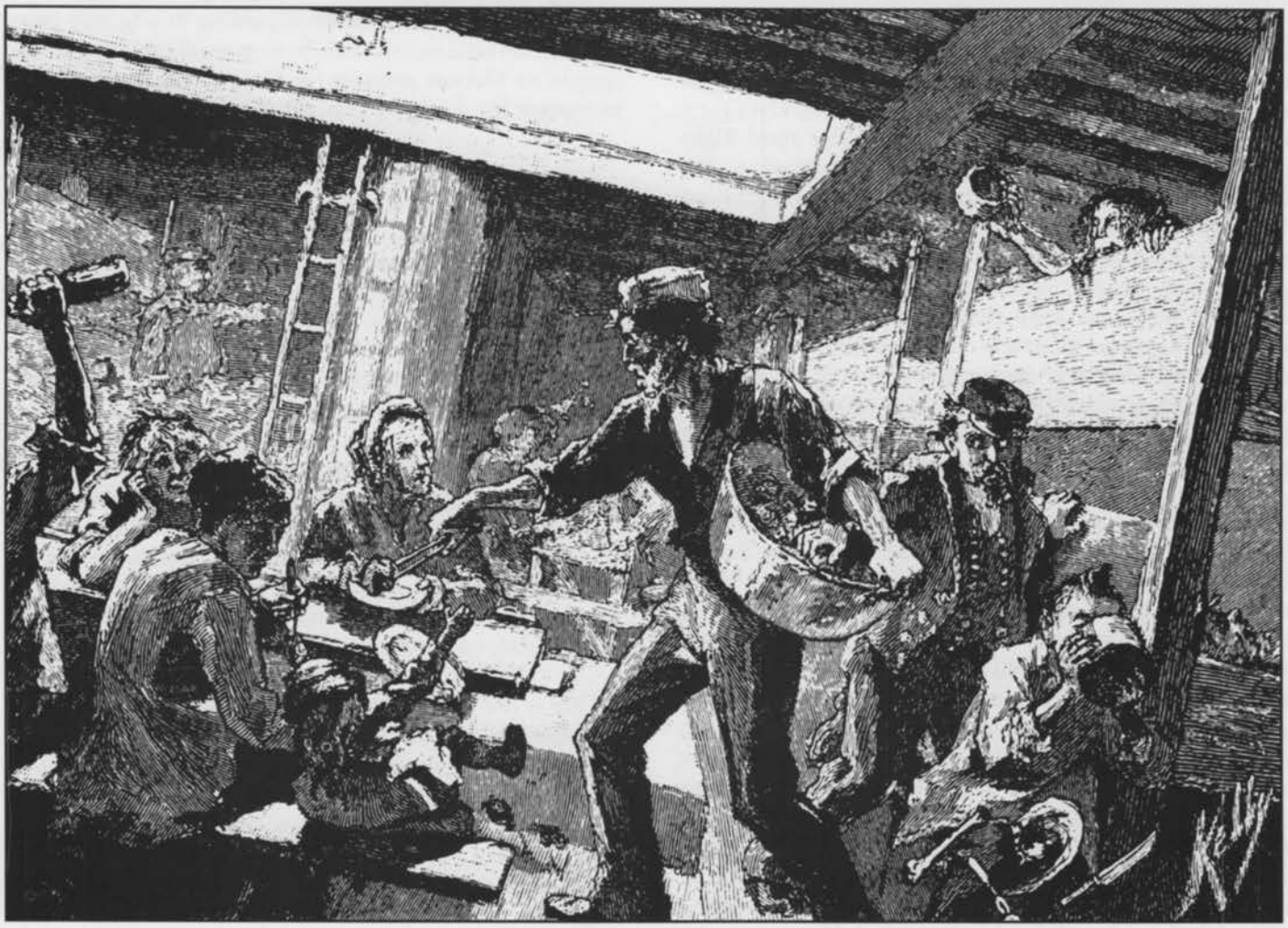
> "Every vessel shall, in fog, mist, falling snow or heavy rainstorms, go at a moderate speed having careful regard to existing circumstances and conditions.
>
> "A vessel hearing apparently forward of her beam, the fog signal of a vessel, the position of which is not ascertained, shall stop her engines and navigate with caution until danger of collision is over."

This is the Rule "honored more in the breach than in the observance." And these two plainly worded paragraphs have got more men in trouble than any other rule of the road.

In 1951, I could look down from the heights of San Francisco's Sunset District and just barely see the large red cross on the sunken hulk of the BENEVOLENCE, a grim reminder of what a chain of circumstance can do.

(*Ed. Note:* This article first appeared in the magazine *Nautical Brass,* and is here reprinted with the author's kind permission.)





"Dinner in the Steerage" is the title of this mid-Victorian woodcut showing unromantic conditions on board an emigrant ship. *Print courtesy of Karl Kortum*

"The Euterpe Times"

By David Brierley

As we continue with the emigrants aboard the EUTERPE (now the STAR OF INDIA) in 1879 via "The Euterpe Times," a hand-written newspaper created on board ship, we will gain insight into life at sea on the emigrant run between England and New Zealand.

One of the periodic events that took place in the ship was the auction of various items to the emigrants. The second of this ongoing series took place on Wednesday, September 24, 1879. The selection was viewed by the newspaper reporter as more varied and numerous than the previous auction. However, "the competition was not so keen as at the first sale. Prices were near upon 100% over London prices." This high-priced purchasing practice is well within normal sailing ship practices as seen by the "slop chest" (ship's store) tradition.

The First Steward, Mr. Chapman, was the recipient of good wishes for his birthday and wedding anniversary, which occurred on Tuesday, September 23, 1879. The newspaper editor, Mr. Ellis, presided and gave a toast to Mr. Chapman, his wife (not aboard), and his family. A musical selection was played in his honor, after which he "proposed the health of the ladies." A fun evening continued and was "devoted to mirth, joviality, and singing. The National Anthem was sung at 10 o'clock and the party broke up."

In a fascinating poem written by one of the emigrants, we can learn about many aspects of the ship, human nature, and the emigrants. "The Voyage of the Unluckipee" told that the EUTERPE went through two doctors on this passage to New Zealand. The first was short-term and was described as "a jolly medicine man who liked his beer and wine." This doctor was viewed as mostly responsible for the ship's delay in departing London and he was put ashore when the EUTERPE returned to London for repairs after a collision in the River Thames. The second doctor to serve as the ship's Surgeon Superintendent came aboard and soon gained the respect of all on board. This was Dr. W. R. Davies, after whom the new cabin exhibit aboard the STAR OF INDIA is modeled.

The poem substantiated the sailor's belief of not sail-

ing on a Friday as did the EUTERPE. Bad luck overtook the ship in the form of the sozzled first doctor, the collision in the River Thames, and the lengthy time to clear the Channel. The resultant panic among the emigrants at the time of the collision was described thus:

> "Panic then was rife on deck
> And folks rushed to and fro
> And oaths and prayers and Dolby cans
> Were strongly mixed with woe."

A Dolby can was apparently a sort of fresh-water canteen for taking into the lifeboats if needed, as described in the diary of John James Lister on this same voyage.

An element of shipboard tradition as seen in this poem was the use of the sea chantey. This sort of sailor's work song was in use on the EUTERPE in 1879, as indicated below:

> "On a Friday night did she set sail
> Full glorious shone the stars
> And loudly sang and strongly pull'd
> Her crew of jolly tars."

The emigrant known as the poet "Euterpian" wrote about an elderly emigrant named Mr. Williams, who was nicknamed "The General." This person ruled the roost by deference to his age and his control "was kind and liberal." He led "an inoffensive life in bed" and could be seen "with 'bacca and lights" on deck smoking to pass the time.

The final section of Issue No. 3 of "The Euterpe Times" pertained to "speakings" with other ships during the previous week. Three barks and one schooner were sighted. A Swedish bark was "was bound for Cape Town and 65 days out. She signalled for Greenwich time which we gave her." A second Swedish bark was also bound for Cape Town. Neither of these barks were listed in the foreign ship name lists carried on board the EUTERPE, even though their call letters were given in the newspaper. The third bark was Italian and was en route from Cardiff to Buenos Aires with cargo of coal. The English three-masted schooner MARY BOWEN was 42 days out heading for Cape Town.

So ends Issue No. 3. More reports of "life on the ocean wave" in the good ship EUTERPE will follow in future issues of *Mains'l Haul.*

From the Helm

1992 is history! We look back on the America's Cup competition, construction of Cabrillo's chalupa on board the STAR OF INDIA, many new members, an outstanding docent class and many more activities and improvements which transpired during the year. It was indeed eventful.

We are pleased to welcome Sam Duran, August Felando, Anthony Ghio and Marge Palmer to the Board of Trustees and know that their combined expertise and interest as community leaders will serve the Museum well.

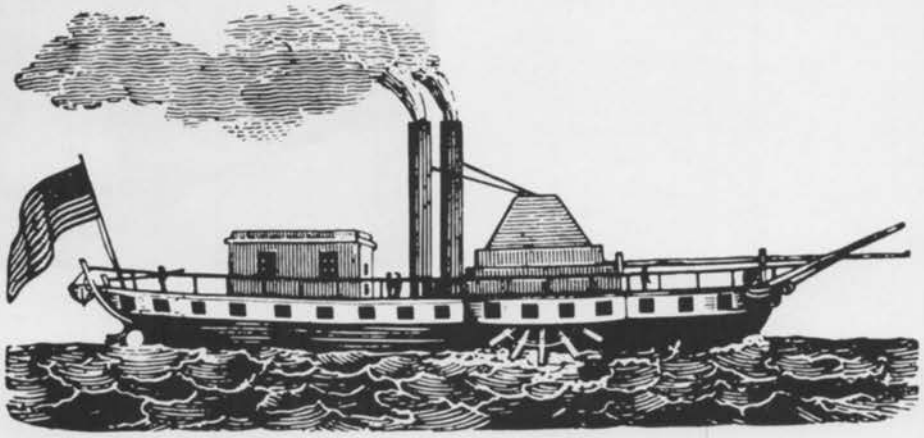
Morris Landon has passed the helm over to new Board President Charles R. Allen. The course is set and we're on our way!

It seems strange to equate direction to our three Museum ships, which don't often get under way, but direction is a continuous concern for the Museum leadership. Each department – Curatorial, Library, Maintenance, Development, and Finance – all represent individual efforts which must focus on a common goal: the best interests of the Museum. Continued hard work from our volunteers and members has gone a long way towards making this Museum a source of pride to all who enjoy it. Volunteers have donated 11,688 hours this past year towards betterment of the Museum. We applaud their interest.

Now, as we embark on 1993, sailing the STAR OF INDIA is scheduled in August as a focal point for America's Finest City Week. The Museum staff, crew and membership are proud to be able to display this fine old ship for all to enjoy. This event speaks well for the City, the Port and the Museum because it's a community effort which works.

If you are a part of making this Museum happen, thanks and congratulations. If you aren't involved . . . life is short . . . so come aboard!

– Charles R. Allen, President
Kenneth Franke, Executive Director



Volunteer of the Quarter

Our Volunteer of the Quarter for Winter 1993 is Ms. Elizabeth Schlappi.

Elizabeth had contributed 1060 hours, one of our highest recorded individual totals, as of the end of 1992. But it was not just in the previous year that Elizabeth proved herself; her support and assistance in the Maritime Museum goes back many years.

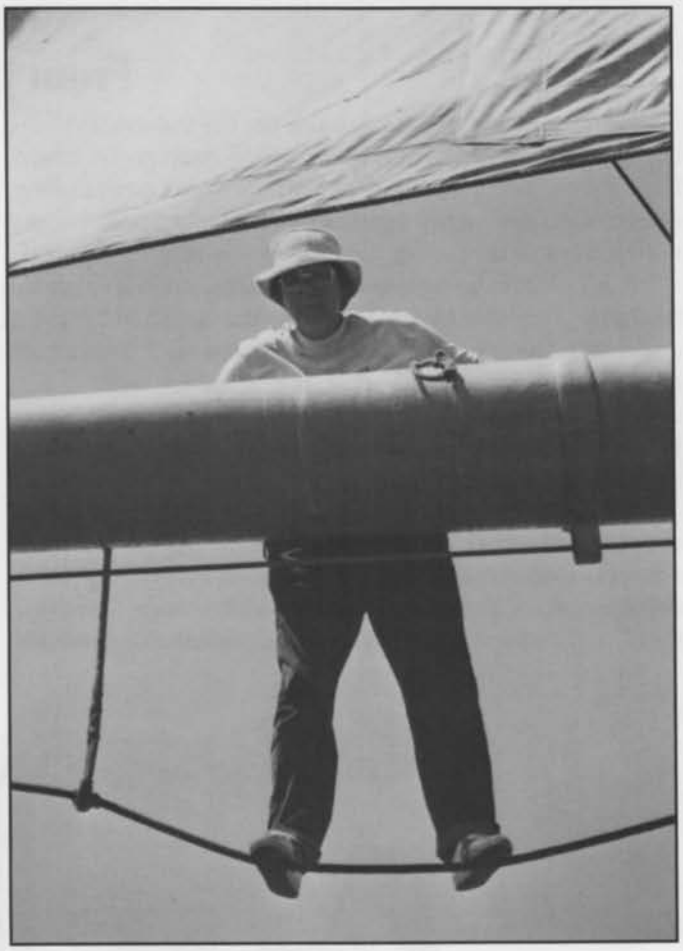
As the accompanying photo shows, Elizabeth is an enthusiastic participant in our volunteer sail training program, to the extent of going aloft and helping set and furl sail on board the STAR OF INDIA. This sort of hazardous enterprise is not for the faint of heart, but Elizabeth tackles it with the same aplomb she shows on all occasions. She won a spot on the crew for both the 1986 and 1989 sailings of the old bark.

Elizabeth also shows her skills as a Maritime Museum docent. The sort of person who manifests a lifelong love of learning, Elizabeth has always faithfully attended docent training classes, where she asks many questions–sometimes causing the Curator or Librarian to scratch their heads–and is a real inspiration to all docents. While leading a tour, Elizabeth's years of experience as a professional teacher shine forth with special brilliance. It is indeed a pleasure to watch the faces of a group of kids light up with new-found knowledge about our ships–thanks to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth's love of the sea extends to serving as a line-handler on board the yacht MEDEA, and working in the STAR OF INDIA's maintenance crew. The latter task is an excellent way to become quickly coated with grit, grime, and Stockholm tar–but it doesn't bother Elizabeth a bit. She pitches in with the same hearty good will for which she is always known.

Elizabeth has also made donations of books to the Jerry MacMullen Library on board the BERKELEY. Her former career as an educator taught her that libraries are central to man's knowledge of all things. She fathoms that museums live by the pursuit of learning, as well as by other factors.

For all of her contributions, in so many areas, we salute Elizabeth and thank her. She is an excellent example of a multi-faceted volunteer who has given much to our Museum.



Volunteer of the Quarter Elizabeth Schlappi climbs high in the rigging of the STAR OF INDIA *during sail training.*

Photo courtesy of Elizabeth Schlappi

Curator's Corner

Progress on our America's Cup exhibit has continued to a substantial degree since the previous issue of *Mains'l Haul*. We have installed exhibit material in two cases in the pleasure boating area, newly renamed the "Gould Eddy Pleasure Boating Gallery" aboard the BERKELEY. The first case covers the 1992 America's Cup. We have utilized half models, photos, event invitations, publications, and other items to tie the oldest continually held sporting event in the world to San Diego. Nearby is the very noticeable race course mark from the Louis Vuitton Challenger Series.

For contrast, the neighboring case focuses on the schooner AMERICA and the race in 1851 which became known as the America's Cup. A museum-quality ship model, first race course depiction, and information about the AMERICA's skipper, Captain Dick Brown, are shown to provide historical perspective.

Beautiful and informative photographs by Bob Greiser, Sally Samins, and Bob Covarrubias are being used on the carpeted center panels along with other pictorial information, to enable Museum visitors to view elements of the boats, people, and action.

Jack Sutphen, Mary Halley and I will be continuing to develop the America's Cup story aboard the BERKELEY and to look ahead to the 1995 event. News of the America's Cup of 1995 is being posted in the exhibit area for members and visitors to read.

The November 1992 membership program was the election of new Museum trustees and two very interesting presentations about Christopher Columbus and Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo. Librarian Craig Arnold presented many insights into what facts are known about Columbus and his momentous leadership role in opening up the Western Hemisphere. Ranger C. Gatson of the Cabrillo National Monument examined the figure of Cabrillo and his exploration of the coastline of Southern California, including San Diego Bay (which he named San Miguel).

The membership program on February 3 featured the heartwarming recognition of Museum volunteers in their generous contribution of over 11,000 hours of work in 1992. That represents many projects made easier or accomplished. Our Volunteer Coordinator, Ross Parmer, had quite a job this year in tallying up the many useful hours. THANK YOU VOLUNTEERS!

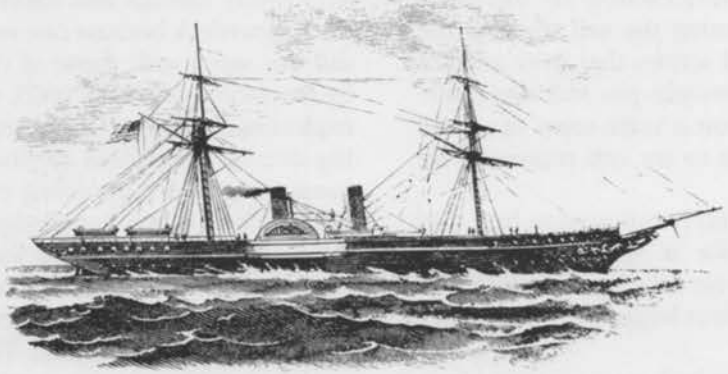
Our membership program guest speaker represented the San Diego company Survival Systems International, which makes an unusual and very effective boat used as a survival capsule.

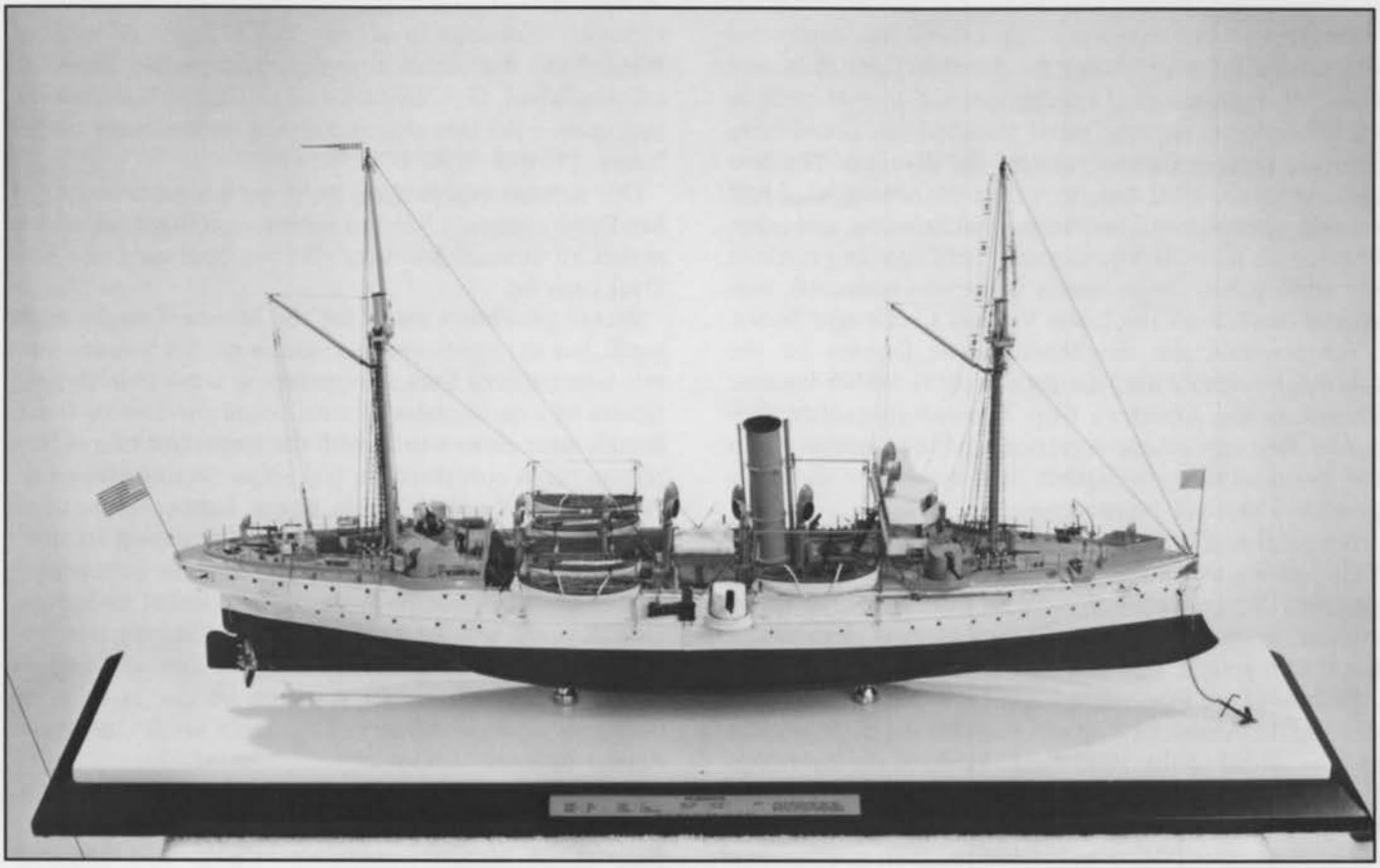
Recent purchases made for the Museum might seem small, but are important in several ways. Six wooden barrels were ordered from a cooperage to serve as trash containers in a manageable size on board the STAR OF INDIA. Barrels were chosen to fit with the important role of barrels as cargo containers in old ships. Sailing ships carried barrels of a slack (nails, china, hardware, etc.) and tight (flour, water, molasses, etc.) construction nature.

Also acquired were six sextants for use in teaching school and adult groups the basics of celestial navigation. Our docents will be trained in the sextant's use and features. A student can then be shown how to swing an arc or take a sight while standing on the STAR's poop deck–just like the officers of the Shaw Savill Line or the Alaska Packers.

It has been several years since the book *Star of India: The Log of an Iron Ship* has been in print. Thanks to the support of Museum members Philip and Heidrun Faulconer, a reprint of 2000 copies is being undertaken. Numerous corrections and updates are being incorporated in the text with the assistance of Craig Arnold, who has also written an epilogue for this sixth edition. The new edition is in memory of Mr. Faulconer's father, Thomas N. Faulconer, who was a good friend and co-worker of the book's late author, Jerry MacMullen. Receipt of the books is expected soon. Please call the Museum Store to confirm their arrival.

–Dave Brierley, Curator





This fine starboard view shows Phil Mattson's model of USS BENNINGTON *(PG-4) to perfection.* *Photo by Mike Barth*

Ship Model Shop

The New Year brings with it one of our best model acquisitions ever. Phil Mattson, retired Gulf Atomic engineer and longtime La Jolla resident, has been working on a 1/8″=1′ (1:96) model of USS BENNINGTON (PG-4) for the Museum and presented it to us in mid-January. It is now on display on board the BERKELEY and plans are in the works for a special July dedication.

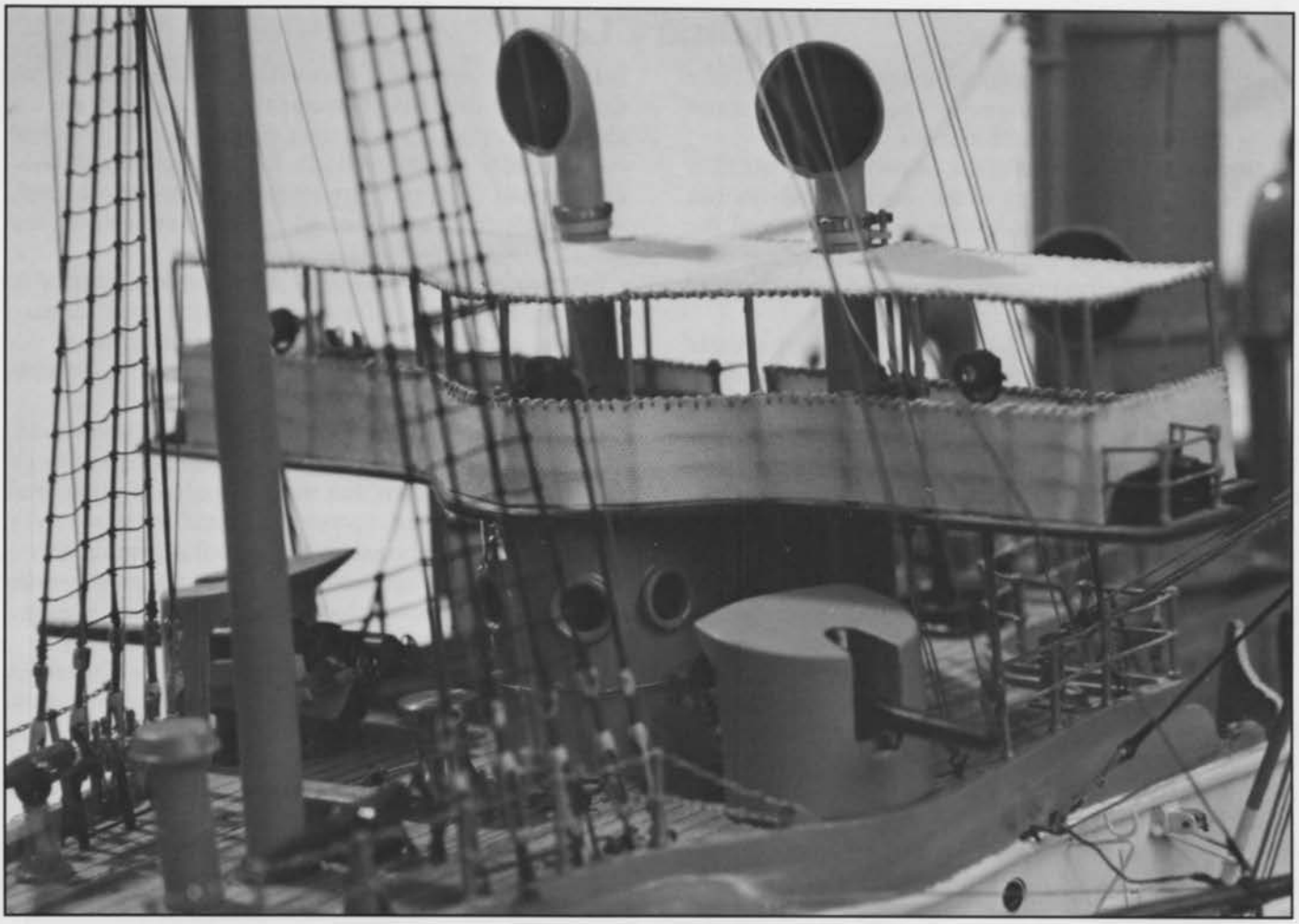
The way Phil became involved with this project was at a San Diego Ship Modelers Guild meeting two years ago. Phil was showing a model of a very modern sailing yacht, something along the lines of a Catalina 28 or similar, that had everyone at the meeting very excited. He had done some special things like fastening the sail track to the aluminum yard using flathead screws that were smaller than the head of a standard straight pin and had made working blocks and travelers on a scale most modelers would not have bothered even to try and represent, let alone make functional.

I was extremely impressed and mentioned to him that the Museum had a need for a model with such characteristics and if he had no other pet projects, he might be interested. He was. Thus began the BENNINGTON model.

The Jerry MacMullen Library had a set of 1893 plans for a sister ship, USS YORKTOWN (Gunboat No. 1), showing her as she appeared when built in 1887–88, and a few photos from various periods which Phil had enlarged to show more small details. He also went to the San Diego Historical Society and found some other information and began the hull.

The hull is of bread-and-butter lift construction using poplar lumber. As Phil progressed it became obvious that many of the photos and plans differed in some details because as in the life of almost any vessel, modifications had been made to her with every passing year. This discrepancy eventually resulted in the reworking of some very lovely railings and banisters at the leading edge of the quarterdeck because one set of photos from the period did not agree with those of the time being represented by the model–July 21, 1905, when she suffered a boiler explosion off the end of Market Street in San Diego. Verifying details from plans to photographs became a time-consuming and aggravating part of every detail.

To the best of my knowledge, there are no commercial fittings of any kind available for the period of BENNINGTON'S existence, so every piece of rigging, ground tackle, ordnance or other fittings has been meticulously reproduced by Phil for inclusion aboard. The six 6″ main battery guns are masterpieces in themselves, with all the gearing, elevating and training mechanisms, breeches and gun



Bridge structure of the BENNINGTON *model. Note two of her 6" guns just forward of the bridge.* *Photo by Mike Barth*

houses machined and fabricated in brass.

I suppose that it may sound like I am laying it on a little thick, but I really believe that once you see this fine model, you will agree that Phil Mattson has provided the Maritime Museum with one of its finest exhibits.

In other shop news, Joe Bompensiero and Jack Klein have now completed the woodwork on the SAN SALVADOR and have begun the case (Joe) and rigging (Jack). There is a new wrinkle to the baseboard they are providing, but I will save that for the grand unveiling. Chuck Hill and I continue on our respective projects, and I hope the New Year brings added Museum participation by the San Diego Ship Modelers Guild, and that each of you have many enjoyable hours of Museum visitation and participation.

–Robert Crawford,
Curator of Ship Models

Star of India Auxiliary

The ladies are working hard on assembling rummage items at the Cruise Ship Terminal on Harbor Drive. If you want to donate items, please stop by between 9 a.m. and noon on a Monday. Just drive up to the blue door in the center front of the building (under the big clock) and honk. People can also call the Museum at 234-9153 for pick-up of large items. In addition to the above ways of donating, you can simply drop off items at the ferryboat BERKELEY at any time between 9 a.m. and 8 p.m., every day of the week.

We are accepting just about anything you wish to donate. All kitchen items, small appliances, clothing, Christmas decorations, books, nautical gear, sporting equipment, new or almost-new items for our boutique and all types of jewelry sell well.

Don't forget to purchase tickets for our lovely hand-crafted wall hanging. Tickets sell for three for $5, or eight for $10. This drawing will take place in May.

The Auxiliary appreciates all of your assistance and donations.

–Margaret Arveson
Auxiliary President

Library Log

Every museum has a purpose, a central theme. For a maritime museum, that theme is to teach people about man's long connection with the sea.

Maritime History is really the history of the world. It is the story of the opening of the world, chiefly by two of man's greatest inventions–the sailing ship and the steamship. It is all the explorations, adventures and conflicts which marked man's passage over the sea and toward the stars.

Education is the keel of all we do here. Every drop of paint applied, every flake of rust chipped–that's another step in the learning process. So too is every docent tour, every article or book published, every members' program. Whatever we do to help the world fathom the true meaning of Maritime History–that is the fulfillment of our mission.

As part of this educational process, it is important that "all hands," from top to bottom, come to know the Museum's purpose, the histories of our superb vessels, and how we are organized.

Toward that end, we have carried on a number of training programs. The Curatorial Department runs an excellent docent course annually, in which several staffers and volunteers assume the role of teachers. This has proven most constructive.

Following a committee meeting with a group of staffers and trustees last summer, it occurred to me that we should afford similar training to those who make our management decisions. Accordingly, I suggested to the Curator and Executive Director that we organize such a class for trustees, to be taught by the staff. This would be especially helpful, we felt, for our newer and less-experienced trustees. Learning the histories of our ships would help them make sound decisions concerning the vessels.

Our new president, Charles R. Allen, quickly agreed with this idea. He presented it to the Board at their January meeting, and much to our pleasure, two-thirds of the trustees present signed up for the course. Classes were conducted during early February.

I'm sure this will prove beneficial for all concerned. Learning is the one activity which continues all through life. It is a joy to learn, but more importantly, it is vital to a museum's survival. I personally would like to see every person working on board–trustees, staff and volunteers–take this course. What benefits our trustees could benefit a good many more–including the instructors, who get helpful feedback from the "students."

As long as the sea is with us, there will be a need for man to understand his role with it. That is the reason we serve these ships and all they hold. The sea has been man's greatest rite of passage–and the Maritime Museum's task is to honor that fact, to celebrate it, and to teach it so that the lessons are not lost.

–Craig Arnold, Librarian



The MacMullen Library is a focal point for the Museum's educational efforts.
Photo by Karl Rosenquist

Development Report

The Board of Directors of the San Diego Maritime Museum recently announced the appointment of a new president and trustees. Morris "Brick" Landon is stepping down after two successful years as president of the Board. Replacing him is Charles R. Allen. Seven others were appointed as trustees.

Charles R. Allen, a member of the Board for four years, is a retired financial executive with TRW Inc. He served with them for 31 years. He is currently Director of Titan Corporation of San Diego, an advisor to Rothschild Inc. in New York, and Director of the International Financial Executives Institute in Zurich, Switzerland.

Mr. Allen lives in Coronado with his wife Marion. They have three children and five grandchildren. He is very active in the day-to-day operations of the Maritime Museum, and especially the planning for sailing STAR OF INDIA in August of this year.

New to the Board of Trustees are Ken Andersen, Anthony Ghio, August Felando, Marge Palmer, and Sam Duran. Returning to the Board after a one-year leave of absence are Gordon Frost and Senator James R. Mills.

Ken Andersen is the Vice President of Operations for Walter Andersen Nursery in San Diego. He is of the third generation of Andersens to run the company, and also a third generation supporter of the Maritime Museum.

Ken has a degree in business administration, and has sailed as crew in STAR OF INDIA three of the four times she has been to sea under the ownership of the Maritime Museum. Ken is well known along the waterfront as a recreational boater and businessman.

Anthony Ghio, along with his mother and brother, established one of San Diego's most successful restaurant chains in 1946. Anthony's Restaurants now has nine operations and more than five hundred employees. Anthony's Fish Grotto, with its famed Star of the Sea Room, is a friendly neighbor to our STAR OF INDIA.

Mr. Ghio was president of the San Diego Convention and Visitors Bureau in 1981, and is a past president of the California Restaurant Association (1969). He's been involved with sports and the waterfront all his life, and comes from an old and respected fishing family in San Diego.

Another new trustee with strong ties to the fishing community is August Felando. As a young boy, he worked the docks and rose from a commercial fisherman to head of the American Tunaboat Association, a position he held from 1960 to 1991.

Mr. Felando is an attorney by profession, and continues to be active in the fishing community. As a trivia item, his non-fishing claim to fame is that his daughter is married to former President Gerald Ford's son Jack.

Other new trustees include Marge Palmer, who has an extensive list of accomplishments in development and fund-raising, and Sam Duran, Executive Director of the San Diego chapter of the Urban Corps. Both bring exciting backgrounds and talents to the position of trustee.

Returning to the Board after a one-year layoff are Gordon Frost, Chairman of the Board at Frost Lumber, and Senator James R. Mills, former California State Senator and President Pro Tempore of the Senate. Senator Mills is perhaps best known as the "Father of the Trolley," and sits on the Metropolitan Transit Board. Both men have strong backgrounds in Maritime History, and have been involved with the Museum since the early 1960s.

It is with a feeling of being privileged that we welcome these talented individuals to our Board of Trustees, and we look forward to working with them in many capacities throughout 1993.

–Joseph Ditler
Development Director



New Maritime Museum President Charles R. Allen.
Photo courtesy of Charles R. Allen

THE BO'S'N'S PIPE:
Maritime Museum News and Announcements

Star Sailing Nears

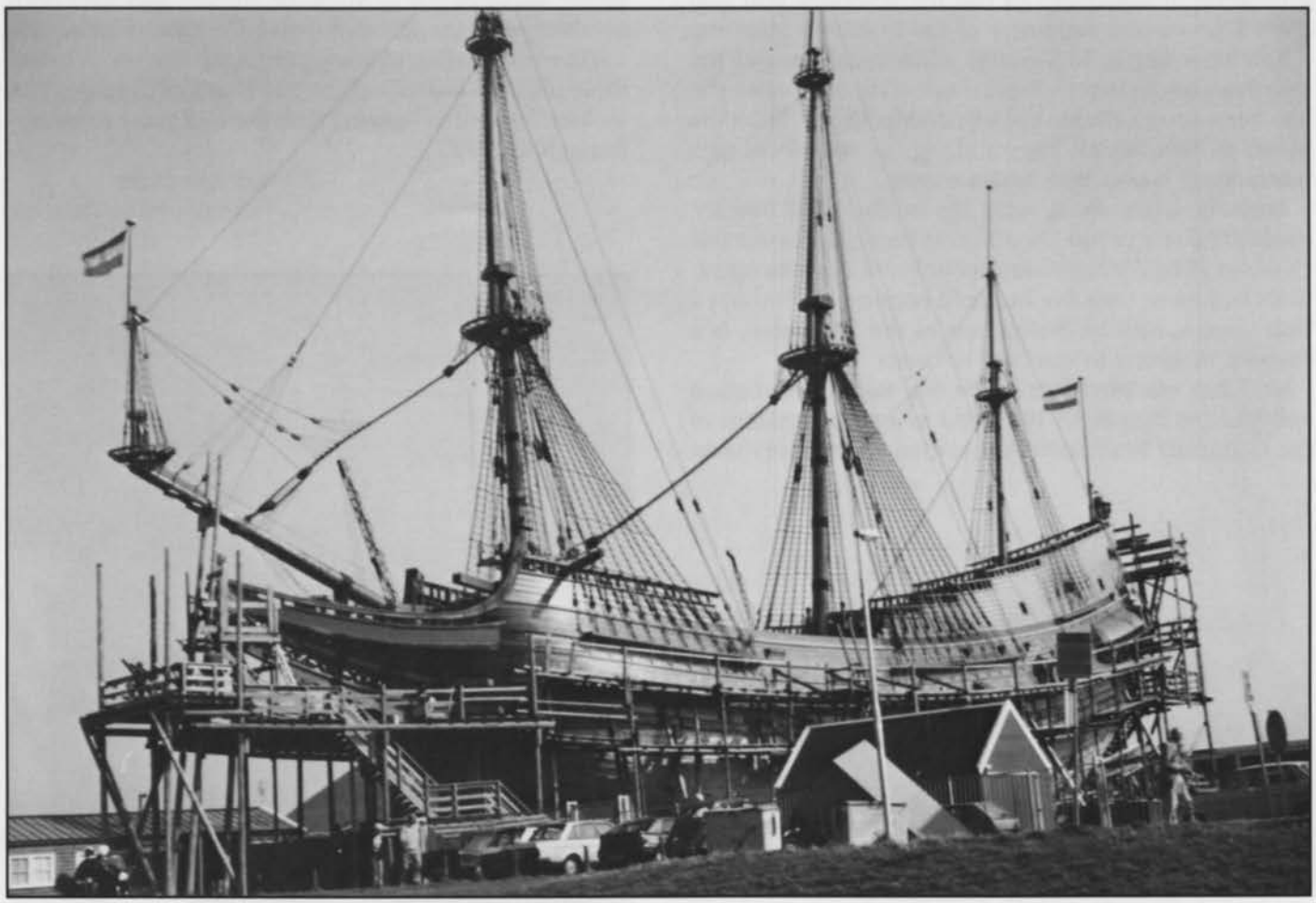
Excitement is building in the Maritime Museum and along the waterfront as the sailing dates of the 1863 bark STAR OF INDIA approach. The captain and crew are heading into the final stage of preparation for this long-awaited event, and training is taking on a new intensity.

Sailing the STAR is always great fun, as well as being a unique educational exercise. Where else can you see a ship of her vintage, powered only by the wind, sail with majestic grace out to sea?

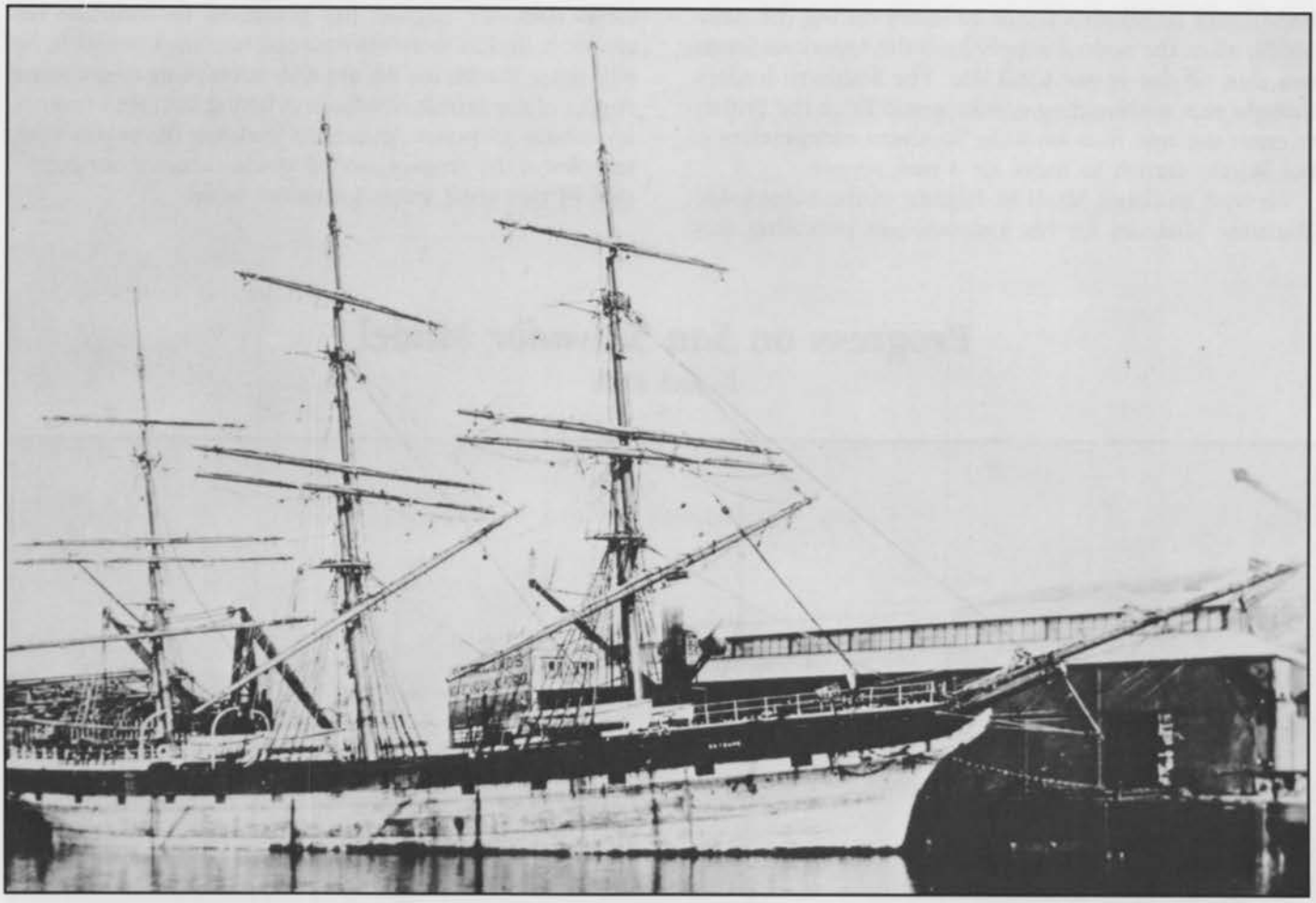
So our Maritime Museum is really taking a "leap of faith" whenever we accomplish this feat. And this year we're sailing the STAR not just one day, but two!

Efforts of this nature require the support of our membership. Please show your loyal support of the STAR OF INDIA by turning out at dockside on both her sailing days, August 14 and 22. Another way to assist is by making a special donation for the sailing. Your check made out to the Maritime Museum is the surest guarantee that the STAR will cruise the sea this year and in years to come. A special envelope is included in this issue for that purpose.

And as they say in the wine cooler commercial, "We thank you for your support!"



Replica of the 17th Century Dutch East Indiaman BATAVIA *nears completion recently in Holland. This photo came to our Library from correspondent A. P. Melse of Rotterdam.* BATAVIA *will sail around the Cape of Good Hope.* *Photo by A. P. Melse*



The full-rigged ship EUTERPE *at an unknown wharf, ready to work cargo with her cockbilled fore and main yards. The photo dates between 1882, when Shaw Savill merged with the Albion Line and adopted their "gun-port" painting scheme, and circa 1898, when the ship passed into Hawaiian registry.*

Nautical Photo Agency, Beccles, Suffolk, England

Euterpe's Cargoes Uncovered

Recent research has brought to light the types of cargoes carried by the full-rigged ship EUTERPE (now the STAR OF INDIA).

For years we knew she was engaged in something loosely termed "the jute trade" while voyaging under the house flags of Wakefield Nash and David Brown, her first two owners (1863–1871). Now, however–thanks to the Merseyside Maritime Museum in Liverpool–we have a more detailed picture.

No data is available on EUTERPE's outward-bound cargoes from England to India, as such cargo was consigned to various docks rather than to particular ships; any ship that happened to be sailing for, say, Bombay or Madras would load it. However, the *London Customs Bill of Entry*, published daily in the imperial capital, gives meticulous lists of cargoes arriving in that largest of English ports.

For three of EUTERPE's voyages in this period, we have the following cargoes:

(1) EUTERPE at Calcutta, July, 1864. Loaded over 3300 bales of cotton, 1250 bales of jute, plus saltpetre, sugar, rice, redwood, cow hides, linseed, lacdye, gunny cloth, beeswax, silk chussum and cocoons.

(2) EUTERPE at London, November 28, 1866. Arrived with 90% of cargo in tea, the rest in sugar, chickory and saltpetre.

(3) EUTERPE at London, July 10, 1869. Arrived with over 1800 casks, over 300 barrels, and over 1800 bags of coffee, plus plumbago, curry, coconut oil, merchandise, coir yarn, coir rope, coir and kitool fiber, cardamoms, cinnamon oil. Ship was loaded at Colombo, Ceylon.

Most of the cargoes are self-explanatory. Saltpetre, of course, was used in the manufacture of gunpowder. Ironically, on her last voyage as a British merchantman commencing in 1897, EUTERPE carried a cargo of gunpowder from Greenock on the Clyde to Port Chalmers, New Zealand. We're lucky there were no careless smokers aboard–or we wouldn't have nearly so fine a museum today.

Tea, coffee, cotton and jute were clearly the biggest cargoes, with spices and fibers filling the odd corners. The island of Ceylon was little more than one huge tea and coffee plantation; today it is known as Sri Lanka. We don't know what the "merchandise" was that EUTERPE brought back in 1869–perhaps clothing made from Indian cotton. Cotton from the subcontinent first became of major

importance to Britain's textile industry during the early 1860s, when the normal supply from the American South was shut off due to our Civil War. The Southern leaders thought that withholding cotton would force the British to enter the war, thus assuring Southern independence. But Britain turned to India for a new supply.

We wish to thank Mr. H.M. Hignett of the Merseyside Maritime Museum for his assistance in providing this cargo data. Mr. Hignett has promised to continue his research, and as more information becomes available, he will share it with us. We are also attempting to get some copies of the British newspapers listing EUTERPE's cargoes for exhibit purposes. An exhibit featuring the papers with samples of the cargoes carried would enhance our depiction of this great ship's formative years.

Progress on *San Salvador* Model

By Jack Klein



The SAN SALVADOR *model as she appears with Point Loma in the background, where the original vessel spearheaded the first Spanish landing in Alta California, in 1542.* *Photo by Dave Brierley*

About 14 months ago, Captain Ken Franke approached modeler Joe Bompensiero and myself regarding the building of a model of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo's 1539 galleon SAN SALVADOR. At first we were to race Melbourne Smith and his crew, who were going to build a full-size replica of the galleon. However, as we all know now, this was not going to take place since there was no funding for the shipbuilding project.

After patiently waiting some six months, Joe and I received some plans from Melbourne Smith – designer of the full-sized replica – which were marked "Preliminary." Captain Franke, Dave Brierley, Bob Crawford, Joe and I met to decide what type of model to make. After many hours of discussion we decided that the model would have

a scale of ½"= 1', and we would make it Admiralty style, meaning that parts of the hull, decks, etc., would be left unplanked to show as much of the construction detail as possible. We also decided to use woods indigenous to Guatemala where applicable, as the original vessel was built on the Pacific coast of that country.

Spanish cedar was used for the keel, keelson, sternpost, rudder and other details of the hull. The wales, rails, knightheads, capstan, deadeyes, tops and bitts were made of rosewood. The lower strake planking was cut from cherry, which resembles mahogany. Brazilian satinwood served for the gunwales, holly for the forecastle, quarter and poop deck areas, pine for the deck planking, and ebony to simulate caulking. Bloodwood was employed for the chevrons, blocks and decorations.

Other materials included poplar for masts and yards, linen line for rigging, and brass for hinges, gudgeons and pintles, flagstaffs atop the masts and other detailing. We used bamboo for the trunnels.

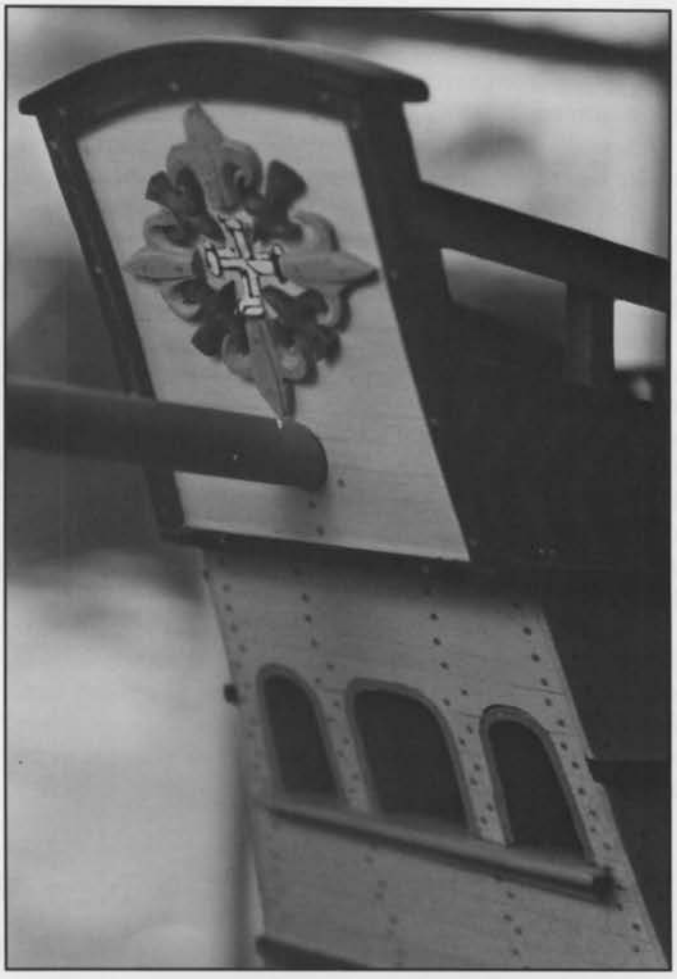
Everything has been fabricated from scratch except for the ship's bell and brass sheaves. The only paint used was to blacken the brass to make it look like iron.

Joe and I have at this writing worked on this model for eight months and have some 2200 hours of combined work.

Bob Crawford, our Curator of Ship Models whom we could not do without, helped us to interpret the "Preliminary" plans along with making the very intricate basket tops. Bob has some 300 hours of his own work in this project.

Along with Joe, Bob and I having put time and effort into the model of the SAN SALVADOR, thanks go to Craig Arnold and the Jerry MacMullen Library for help with our research.

We hope to complete this project at some point in the late spring of this year. Then the Maritime Museum will have a first-class representation of the ship that discovered our great port.



Detail of SAN SALVADOR *model's stern.* *Photo by Dave Brierley*

It's That Time Again...

Time for our annual Rummage Sale, which is looming for April 17-18. As related in the Star of India Auxiliary Report in this issue, the ladies are collecting all sorts of donated items at the Cruise Ship Terminal on Monday mornings, 9-12. Here on the BERKELEY, we are accepting all donations during normal open hours, 9-8, seven days a week. Please refer to the Auxiliary Report for details. If you have any questions, call the Museum office at 234-9153. All donations are tax-deductible. Thank you!



Volunteers Rack Up Record Hours!

We really rely on our volunteer workers in the Maritime Museum. These terrific folk pitch in at every conceivable type of job, from sorting rummage items to sail-handling to maintenance to Curatorial and clerical work.

It's wonderful to have them on board. Many museums make use of volunteers, but none of their helpers could be half so dedicated as ours. Our volunteers truly have the sea in their blood, and this makes them all the more willing to donate time and toil toward a better Maritime Museum.

It takes a tremendous amount of labor to keep a fleet of three ships going, and our volunteers have the sense of duty needed to help maintain this fleet. Many of the volunteers have nautical backgrounds, in the Navy, Coast Guard, Merchant Marine, fishing fleets and yacht clubs. However, many have no such background at all; they are drawn by the same magical love of old ships and all things associated with them, which has kept STAR OF INDIA, BERKELEY and MEDEA afloat all these years.

There is a very good spirit flowing through our Museum – a strong spirit of commitment. This is largely sustained by the volunteers. You can always tell any outfit's morale by the way people pitch in without being asked – and here that type of cooperative effort is at an all-time high.

According to Volunteer Coordinator Ross Parmer, our Maritime Museum volunteers contributed a total of 11,688 hours in 1992. This is our best year ever for amount of volunteer time recorded. The avid modelers in the Model Shop led the pack with 4002 hours, followed by the docents with 2950, the STAR and MEDEA sailing crews with 2536, Library with 1480, and the ever-popular "Other" with 720.

This equals 292 weeks of work at 40 hours a week, or 5.84 years of full time work for one person! These hours do not include the many hundreds of hours contributed by the Star of India Auxiliary, who have their own records. It likewise does not include the many hours worked by our Board of Trustees.

Top volunteer worker for the year, in terms of hours worked, was Jack Klein of our Model Shop, who compiled the truly workaholic record of 1231 hours. Top scorer for the docents was Bill McBreen, for the sailing crews Paul Conway, for the Library the devoted Alan Thewlis, and for the "Other" category, Barbara Sarda, who serves in the Development Department.

These people are absolutely fantastic. It is an invaluable asset to have their services, for without them many important tasks would go undone. Our most grateful thanks and a sincere "Well Done!" go to each and every one.

New Volunteer Awards Created

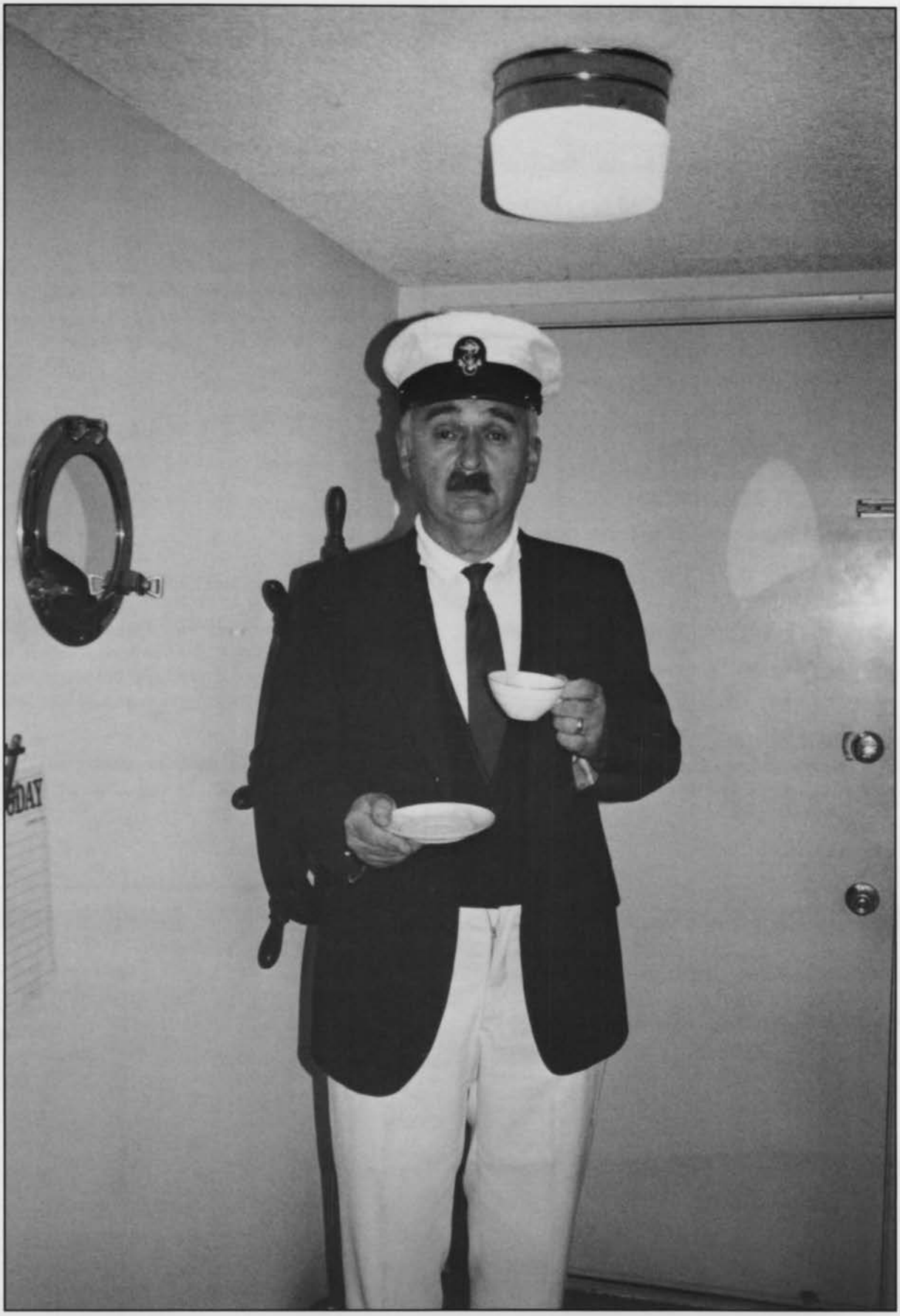
A new class of awards for our volunteer corps has been created by the Maritime Museum Curatorial Department. These conspicuous and handsome awards are our way of saying "thanks" to all volunteers who serve the ideals of the Museum.

From the starting level of award to the highest, this system is as follows: 50-100 hours of volunteer work, a red enamel pin showing the STAR OF INDIA; 100-250 hours, a white enamel pin; 250-500 hours, a blue enamel pin; 500-1000 hours, a section of STAR OF INDIA's old deck, complete with a brass plaque bearing the awardee's name; 1000-1500 hours, a beautiful large color photo of our three ships in a silver frame, again with brass plaque; 1500-2000 hours, a silver-rimmed enamel pin; 2000-2500 hours, a large color photo of the STAR OF INDIA under sail, with plaque; and the top category, over 2500 hours, a gold-rimmed enamel pin.

Thus far, only three have attained gold pin status: ship modelers Jack Klein, Joe Bompensiero, and Robert Wright. (Mr. Wright, by the way, is the author of the IRENE article in this issue, while Mr. Klein and Mr. Bompensiero are working hard on the SAN SALVADOR model, as detailed in these pages.)

To all of our volunteers, out utmost gratitude. By your labors, you are lending a personal hand to preserving Maritime History.





"Will the real William Macalister Hall please step forward?" Museum member Chuck Bencik strikes a pose as the famous first owner of our yacht MEDEA. *(And what are you snorting from that teacup, Major? Surely, 'tis a wee dram of Springbank Single Malt–William's favorite Scotch!)* *Photo by Helga Bencik*

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Note: Please call the Maritime Museum Office at 234-9153 for details of time and exact location, where not given.

MARCH

3: Auxiliary Board Meeting, 10 a.m., BERKELEY

17: Auxiliary General Meeting, 10 a.m., BERKELEY

18: Ship Modelers Guild, 7 p.m., BERKELEY

31: Membership Program, 7 p.m., BERKELEY

APRIL

3-4: Wooden Boat Festival, Koehler's Boatyard, Shelter Island, 9 a.m.-4 p.m.

15: Ship Modelers Guild, 7 p.m., BERKELEY

17-18: ANNUAL RUMMAGE SALE, 9 a.m.-4 p.m. both days, BERKELEY upper deck. DON'T MISS THIS ONE!

22: Maritime Research Society, 6 p.m., STAR OF INDIA

MAY

5: Auxiliary Board Meeting, 10 a.m., BERKELEY

19: Auxiliary General Meeting, 10 a.m., BERKELEY

20: Ship Modelers Guild, 7 p.m, BERKELEY

26: Membership Program, 7 p.m., BERKELEY. Philip and Heidrun Faulconer will present a program on the sailing cruise ship SEA CLOUD, ex-HUSSAR.

31: Memorial Day

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

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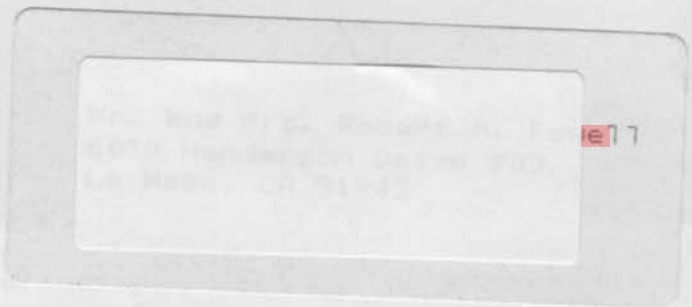
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"Mainsail Haul–An order in tacking ship bidding 'Swing the main yards.' To loot, steal, or 'acquire.'"
–John Masefield

Craig Arnold, *Editor*

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MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 29, NO. 3 A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY SPRING 1993





On the cover . . .

Tuna fishermen battle to bring albacore aboard their clipper in this dramatic 1930s photo. See Guy Silva, San Diego Fisherman, *in this issue.*

MacMullen Collection, SDMM

MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

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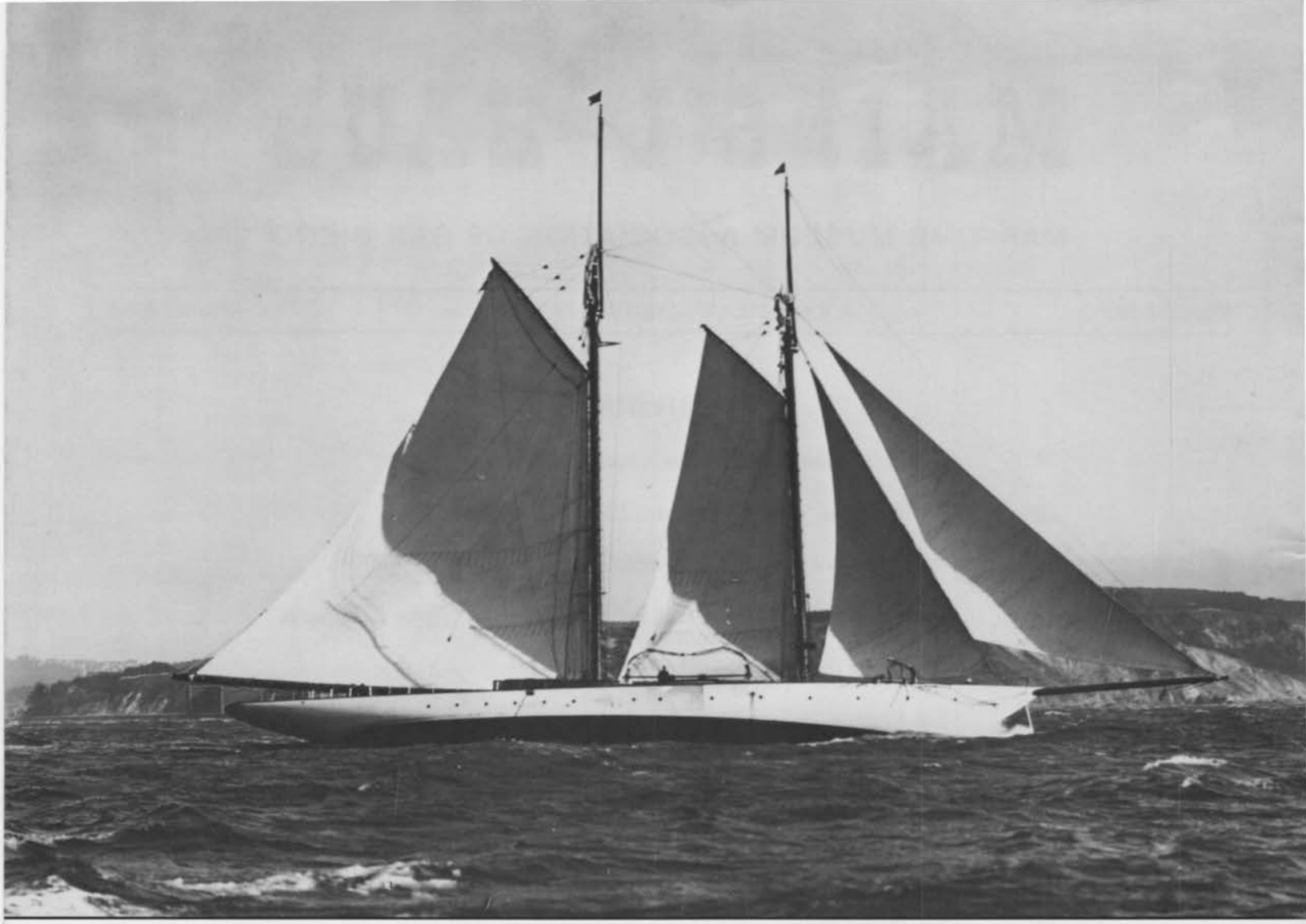
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Mains'l Haul is the historical journal of the San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 North Harbor Drive, San Diego, CA 92101. Send all submissions and queries to Editor, *Mains'l Haul,* at the above address. No portion of this journal may be reproduced or stored in any electronic retrieval system without written permission of the Editor.



The schooner yacht INVADER *sailing in San Francisco Bay, September 6, 1919.* *San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park*

Invader: Schooner with a Past

By Charles A. Bencik

Seen from the Embarcadero as she parades grandly around San Diego Bay, INVADER is every inch the queen of the tour boat fleet. At night she is an apparition on the Bay, a mountain range of lights slowly sliding across the water.

You buy your tickets at the kiosk on Broadway, amid the milling crowds and bus smoke. Rock and jazz bands play on her foredeck; gawkers and revelers, some speaking German, Japanese or Midwestern, are welcomed aboard in electronic crispness by nautically clad stewards. A photographer captures your instant of delight: there is food and drink to be consumed on board. In the brightness of a summer's day, in the chill of stormy winter, in the mist of night, the meaning of San Diego is guessed from the perspective of the Bay. Picking at their plates, tourists crane their necks and marvel at this, our paradise. But the ship's own tumultuous history is unrevealed.

For the INVADER we know today only hints at her past. Launched one year after our 1904 steam yacht MEDEA, she was conceived as a classic sailing yacht of the same era. Once she bore a mainmast over 130 feet high. Today her reduced rig is no match for the towering 110-foot masts of the new America's Cup class racers. Motoring along with one staysail set, she seems to plead, "Hoist *all* my spars and sails, and set me free!"

As originally built in 1905, INVADER's dimensions are:

Length on Waterline	95 feet
Length Overall	136 feet
Length with bowsprit	161 feet
Design displacement	184.32 long tons
Draft	13.75 feet
Beam	25 feet, 6 inches
Designed sail area	9697 square feet
Staterooms	8
Sailing crew	22
Racing crew	30

Her designer, Albert Stanton Chesebrough, a nephew of Nat Herreshoff, had worked as a draftsman for his uncle and later branched off into his own yacht design business. Chesebrough drew INVADER's lines to resemble his HILDEGARDE, built in 1897. Their ancestors were the Gloucester fishing schooners, with gaff-rigged fore and main courses, and with jib, jib foremast staysail, and jackyard topsails on their fore and main topmasts. The East Coast schooners, with their long, narrow hulls, were designed for the broad reaches – their best point of sail – off the prevailing winds. INVADER was often pictured with her "baby jib topsails" high up her forestay, a sail frequently seen on the J-boats in the 1930s. She is rumored to have been considered for the rugged Fastnet race off England, but she probably couldn't have carried that much sail in those ferocious conditions.

She was built by George Lawley & Son of South Boston, Massachusetts, and fitted as a classic sailing yacht without an auxiliary engine. Her hull of nickel-steel included a lead keel with a centerboard raised and lowered in a slot 19′ x 3′6″ x 6″. She was decked over in teak, and boasted a large saloon and several guest cabins with baths. INVADER was launched on July 11, 1905 at South Boston and registered in New York. But her designed rig was judged too tall, and it was cut down, 7 feet from the foremast, 8 feet from the main.

Her first owner was Roy A. Rainey, one of two brothers who were heirs to "a great fortune in Cleveland." Roy Rainey was a director of the W. J. Rainey coke business. The brothers Roy and Paul Rainey were regarded as "sportsmen." Paul was celebrated in the press for his hunting and photography, and may have been a friend of John Borden, INVADER's second owner, on his adventuring in the Arctic. He was publicly admired for having killed nine lions on safari in 25 minutes, and doing away with 74 lions on another. The Raineys frequented the upper floors of the Saratoga Race Course Clubhouse, and a front-page article in *The New York Times* of August 29, 1907, reported Roy Rainey as having lost $51,000 – a stupendous amount in those days – at a Saratoga roulette wheel. The brothers also threw thousands of dollars after racehorses; Roy bought a horse for $25,000 which didn't seem able to win any races for him.

Rainey's INVADER was not an immediate success. The New York Yacht Club in those years included Cornelius Vanderbilt Sr.'s luxurious yacht NORTH STAR, Pierpont Morgan's CORSAIR, John Jacob Astor's NOURMAHAL (then hailed as the fastest seagoing yacht), and Howard Gould's NIAGARA. Vanderbilt's hosting of Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany on his yacht, and Sir Thomas Lipton's expected showing in the forthcoming America's Cup were the talk of the day. Taking part in the New York Yacht Club's spring cup races in 1906, which included Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt's RAINBOW, INVADER was bested by the ELMINA and the new schooner QUEEN. Nevertheless, Rainey ordered another schooner from Cheseborough in 1907.

In 1914, INVADER became the property of John Borden, scion of the condensed milk company and son of a Chicago lawyer. He was a financial executive and explorer who achieved some fame on his expeditions to the Arctic and Alaska for the Field Museum. Borden, registering INVADER in Chicago, needed insurance for the Great Lakes weather, so he had two six-cylinder, 100 HP Hall-Scott gasoline engines installed. Then he probably brought her up the St. Lawrence River to Lake Ontario, up the Welland Canal, and through Lakes Erie, Huron and Michigan.

Two years later, records show INVADER registered in New York again. She took part in the 1916 New York Yacht Club cruise in August. In 1919, INVADER was sold to Captain John Barneson, a well-known North Pacific shipowner and president of General Petroleum Corporation, from San Francisco. Barneson later became vice president of Standard Oil of New York; the Barnesons also had a San Diego connection, being members of the San Diego and Coronado yacht clubs. In March 1919, Barneson sent INVADER from New York to Savannah, where he boarded and cruised her around the western Atlantic, then through the Panama Canal and on to Honolulu. There she made a splash in the newspapers with her electric lighting throughout, her elaborate appointments, and her claimed 8-knot speed under power.

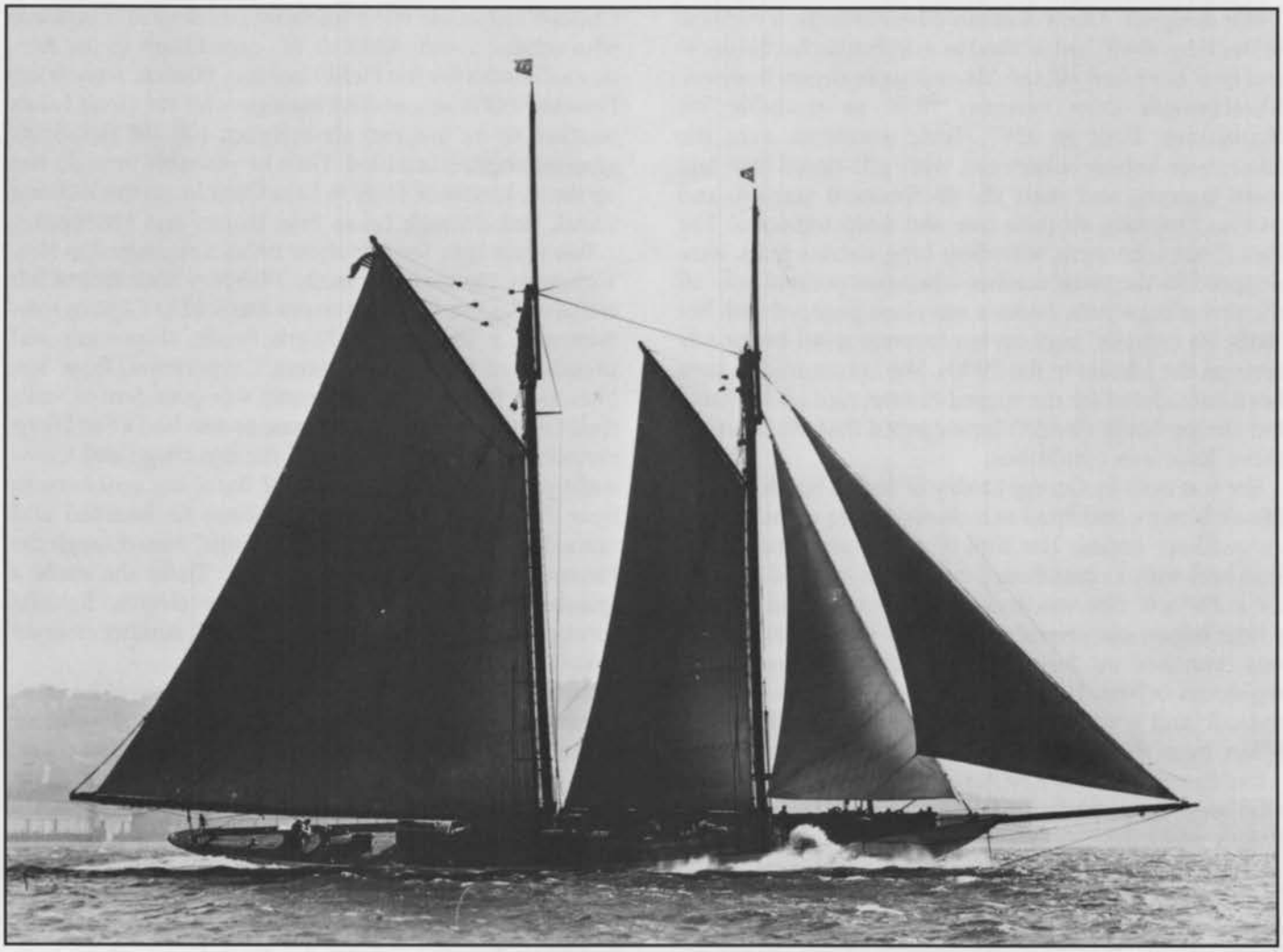
Barneson must have been singing the praises of INVADER's remarkable sailing qualities as soon as he arrived in Honolulu. Later, in San Francisco, he boasted of her covering 6,000 miles from Balboa, in the Canal Zone, in 27 days, and of her running 340 miles in 26½ hours!

And her rarity was foreordained, for the age of the great steam and sailing yachts was nearly over. Photos survive of her racing in San Francisco Bay under big gaff fore- and mainsails. After the Great War, she was one of the last big schooners left on the West Coast, along with GOODWILL and PIONEER. The owners of these three cruised their craft to Catalina and other resorts, where her fame spread among the West Coast's well-heeled. (By the 1950s and 1960s nearly a dozen yachts and merchant vessels would be named INVADER.)

Sometime in the 1920s, Captain Barneson had INVADER's centerboard removed, an alteration that was to affect her notably as a racing craft. She was also fitted out with "wireless apparatus" in 1922, and moved to Los Angeles.

In 1924 she was acquired by Don Lee, the first Cadillac distributor in California. Lee made his wealth selling Cadillacs, La Salles and, for a while, the Woods Electric Auto. He was also the founder of the "Don Lee Mutual Network" on radio, and owned San Diego's Station KGB, as well as radio stations in Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco. The price Lee paid for INVADER isn't known with accuracy, but lay somewhere between $120,000 and $240,000 – depending on which source one chooses to believe. Lee made changes to her, notably rerigging her to carry 6900 square feet of new sails from Wilson and Silsby. He also renamed her NANCY LEE, after his daughter, but later changed her name back to INVADER.

Lee entered INVADER for the San Francisco Yacht Club in the 1926 Transpac Race, from San Pedro Light to Diamond Head Light, 2225 nautical miles. The longest of the



Another view of this graceful schooner in 1919. This series of photos was taken by Walter A. Scott. *San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park*

racers, she carried a professional captain–L. E. "Ted" Geary, a well-known yacht racer–and 20 paid crew, plus Lee and some Seattle Yacht Club associates as afterguard. In all, 30 men were aboard. The five other competitors included actor John Barrymore in his schooner MARINER, representing the Newport Harbor Yacht Club; POINSETTIA and JUBILO, both from the California Yacht Club; MOLLILOU, from the Catalina Island Yacht Club; and TEVA from the San Diego Yacht Club. INVADER, MARINER, and little JUBILO were schooners; the rest, yawls.

The race began on June 12. From midnight June 13 to midnight of the next day, INVADER sailed 308 miles, a 24-hour Transpac record that was to stand until 1977. On and off, she would tear along at 15 knots, and her average speed for the 24 hours was 12.83 knots–a record for her. INVADER, carrying her club topsail over practically the entire course, won the race, taking 12 days, 2 hours, 48 minutes and 3 seconds–and this despite two days becalmed near the end. Luck was with her: during the race, she'd lost her spare sails in a lazarette fire. But as if to doubly prove her mettle, she reached back to San Francisco in 12 days and 15 hours, setting another long-standing record. (Her course record for the Transpac stood until eclipsed in 1949 by MORNINGSTAR.)

Don Lee was to have several successes with INVADER: she won the Morgan Adams Cup, the Lipton Trophy and the Los Angeles Evening Express Cup. For the most part, her luck ran strong. Early in January 1927, she was blown ashore at Santa Monica, but later was refloated unharmed.

With the onset of the Depression in 1930, INVADER passed into the hands of Joseph M. Schenck, president of United Artists film studio, and husband of actress Norma Talmadge. United Artists was the maverick movie company organized in 1919 by Charlie Chaplin, William S. Hart, Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Mary Pickford and D. W. Griffith. Chaplin, in his autobiography, recalled INVADER's comfortable accommodations for 14 persons. He noted Schenck usually moored the schooner near Avalon on Catalina; most of her guests were poker players, with plenty of beautiful girls aboard. The INVADER, registered in Los Angeles, became a playground for many flim stars. On one of her jaunts to Catalina, Chaplin met Paulette Goddard, who played in many of his films. In 1932, Schenck sent the INVADER, with Fairbanks aboard, to Tahiti for the filming of *Mr. Robinson Crusoe*. She weathered some minor sail damage in a squall while there.

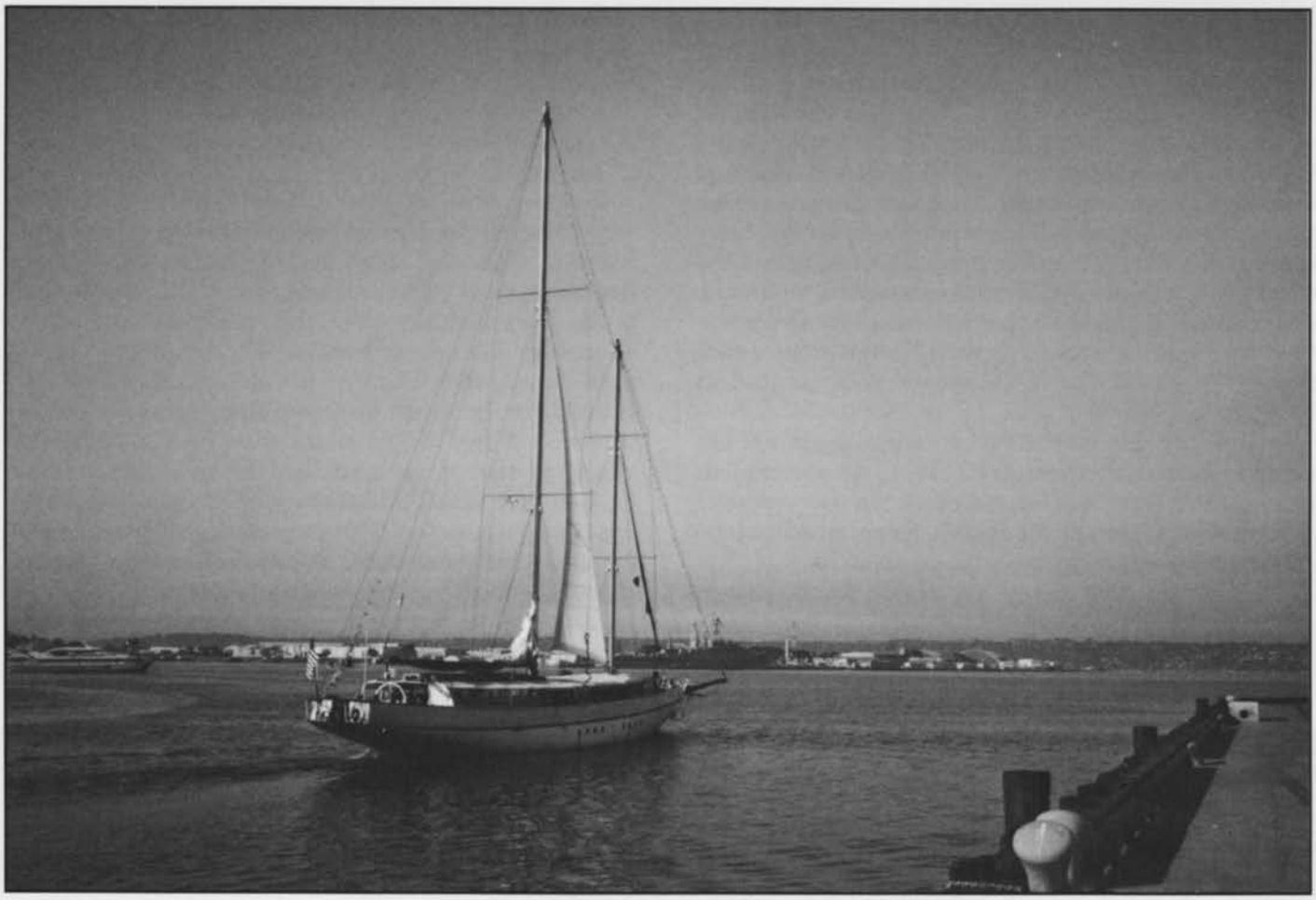
Schenck sold her in 1936 to Harry H. Hunnewell of La Canyada. On February 14, *The New York Times* reported INVADER being prepared for a scientific expedition to depart March 1 for the Tuamotu Archipelago in a little-known part of the Pacific. Scientists from USC, the Los Angeles Museum, the Smithsonian and Scripps College of Oceanography were involved. A special offshore cruising rig had been designed by Nicholas S. Potter for her. Later, a company called International Travel Association tried not very successfully to run cruises aboard her to Hawaii. Under an incompetent skipper, a notorious near-disaster made the papers. She stayed registered in Los Angeles until the start of World War II. Hunnewell sold her to Carl Schilling in 1940.

In 1941, her new owner, Paul P. Noyes, registered her in San Francisco. She was turned over to the government during World War II to train Merchant Marine personnel of the Sailors Union of the Pacific. Some modifications were made in her, probably including replacement of her lead keel with a cement keel; the reason for the change is not known. She also is reported to have served as a patrol boat on the Western Sea Frontier, in the disguise of a coastal trader. Sailing from San Francisco to San Diego and returning, on the lookout for anything suspicious, she could transmit information ashore with flashing lights in her rig.

As the war drew to a close, INVADER began an ordeal that would severely test her. San Francisco newspapers in 1945 reported that she now had three owners–Joseph Rosenberg, Paul Steffen and Paul Noyes. They moored her at the Ferry Building there, and tried running a "club" aboard her. But city authorities were unwilling to legitimize her activities. The State of California thought it had cleaned up the illegal gambling fleet reputedly run by Benjamin "Bugsy" Siegel off the coast back in 1939, and efforts to start it up again had to be quashed. Tony Cornero, the Mob's "commodore of the gambling fleet," was trying to resurrect offshore gambling ships and meeting the same government resistance. INVADER's owners moved her to the George W. Kneass shipyard. There, on

INVADER heels on a starboard tack on San Francisco Bay, 1919. In the left background are two ferries, and in the right distance are battleships of the U.S. Pacific Fleet. *San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park*





INVADER *as she looks today, with reduced rig and Coast Guard-mandated high bulwarks for passengers. (If only she could return to the sleek greyhound of her glory years!)* *Photo by the author*

New Year's Day of 1946, a fire charred her living quarters and galley, and ate through teakwood decks. Evidence of arson was found.

The owners were undeterred. Newspaper articles continued reporting their intention to convert INVADER into a "club." The rumors were denied by a fourth owner, Ben Black, but they persisted for much of 1947. Tanya Barber, also known as "Belle Silver," flatly declared her intent to acquire several boats like INVADER for long-distance cruising, gambling and fishing. She reportedly signed an agreement to purchase the schooner for $35,000, and talked about ripping out cabin partitions "so crew members and passengers could live happily in one big cabin like one big happy family." She claimed to have a $6,000 inlaid circular bar to install aboard. But she admitted knowing nothing about boats, never found the money to buy the vessel, and faded from the scene.

Meanwhile, INVADER languished until the summer of 1948 when Warren C. Holst of Redwood City bought her and declared his intent to outfit her for world cruising. His dream ended on August 4, 1949. Two days before, he had fired two men hired earlier to help with her repair. Someone then slipped aboard, cut a copper fuel line to her after gas tanks, and set her ablaze. Paint drums in her hold exploded. A story is told of a murder, and a gangland plot involving "Lucky" Luciano, to burn her for her insured value. But nothing was ever proved.

Years passed. In 1952, her new owner, J. Roger Henderson, a San Francisco businessman, renamed her EMPRESS. He talked of restoring her and sailing her again in a future Transpac race. Her rig had been boosted to 7,420 square feet—but she was still a desolate sight years later. Captain Carl Bowman, skipper of the STAR OF INDIA, recalls seeing her about 1959, her topmasts leaning forward, gradually toppling. Someone towed her up the Sacramento River, to be made into a restaurant, but it never quite happened. She did take part in an "old-timer's race" with borrowed sails and rig. Henderson replaced her Hall-Scott engines with two Superior diesels of 300 HP.

From 1962 until 1970 her reported owner was Robert L. Wood. William Mason claims to have been an owner from 1969 to 1971. She made a voyage to San Diego in the 1970s, and was at Broadway Pier for several days, reportedly part of a scientific expedition.

She disappeared from the yacht registers. By then one would be hard put to call her a "yacht." She had become a sad relic of a glorious past, languishing in the backwaters of San Francisco Bay in the days of hippies and love-ins.

An organization called Brotherhood of the Sun, Inc., owned her in 1974–75. Just short of the ship-breakers, she somehow caught someone's eye.

In 1976, Robert J. Halcro had a business in Hawaii called Windjammer Cruises. He bought INVADER for the vacation and tour boat trade, and registered her in Honolulu. To get her to meet Coast Guard requirements for a passenger vessel, her bulwarks were raised 36 inches. Most of her rivets were replaced, and a steel deck was installed in place of her former teak. Her rig was changed to marconi, and her topmasts were removed, reducing the height of her rig by 20 feet. Her registered tonnage could thus be reduced to 95 gross, 76 net, which facilitated her certification for passenger service. Her engines were now twin GM 6-71 diesels each developing 220 HP. To compensate for her limited maneuverability under power, a bow thruster was installed.

About 1982, Larry Briggs of Honolulu, one of the partners of Windjammer Cruises, sold his share and bought INVADER. He brought her to San Diego a year later. She began operating as a harbor cruise vessel in San Diego Bay in October 1983.

In January 1984, Captain Richard Goben was assigned to be her skipper, having arrived from Newport with Dennis Conner's America's Cup syndicate. She has since become a familiar sight on San Diego Bay, part of the Hornblower Dining Yachts corporation, with vessels also in San Francisco, Berkeley, Long Beach, Marina Del Rey and Newport Beach. Her fleet companions in San Diego are ENTERTAINER, CELEBRATION, HIGH SPIRITS, RENOWN, and SEA RAVEN.

INVADER can still sail, but her suit is much reduced. She has a furling fore staysail, main staysail and a marconi mainsail. She also carries a fisherman staysail, but is too deficient in winches and running gear to set proper sail. That clearly hasn't limited her useful life. She can carry 200 passengers for seated meals, and 300 for cocktails and buffet. And each winter, she makes whale-watching cruises off Point Loma.

But she's known all up and down the coast. If you drop by the Chart House Restaurant in Malibu, there's a model of her at the entrance. And many are the vessels that carry and have carried her name. *They* still remember.

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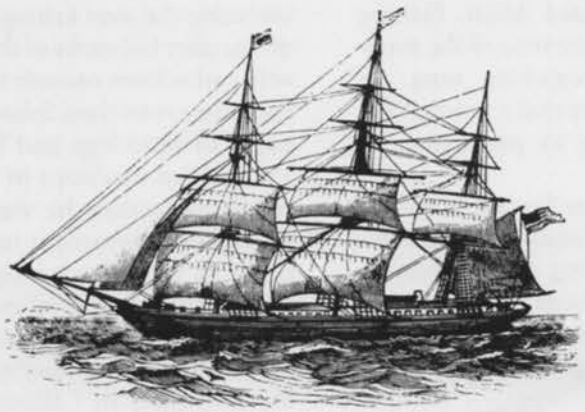
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The author would also like to thank Captain Richard Goben of the INVADER for his kind assistance in the preparation of this article.





Classic three-pole tuna fishing, prior to World War II. *Photo courtesy of Grey Silva*

Guy Silva, San Diego Fisherman

By Edward M. Ries

It was in 1931 that I first saw the film *Tiger Shark,* starring Edward G. Robinson and Richard Arlen. Fishing scenes made the public aware for the first time of the exciting live-bait and pole method of catching tuna. So stimulated was my boyish imagination that I yearned for years afterward for the opportunity to participate in similar action.

The movie was shot aboard the clipper EMMA R.S., owned and operated by Captain Guy Silva. Warner Brothers executives conceived the idea after viewing a short subject about tuna fishing made aboard the boat. With a corny plot and poor production values, the film is now seen only on Turner Broadcasting's late-night TV. The fishing sequences remain fascinating.

Silva was undoubtedly the most innovative of all the pioneer California tuna fishermen. He is credited with inventing the steel fishing racks that were hinged outboard on the after bulwarks of the boats. Lifting heavy fish aboard with poles from outside the hull was much less awkward and dangerous than fishing from the deck and having the tuna fall onto legs and feet.

Guy Silva was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1890. Of Italian extraction, he was not related to the Portuguese Silvas later prominent in the tuna fleet. Arriving in San Diego in 1906, the teenager was immediately fascinated with the sea. A natural outdoorsman, he became an avid fisherman and hunter. In short order he had his first boat, the sloop RAMONA. Guy studied electrical engineering at the University of California at Berkeley and married in 1910. He acquired a 30-foot motor-sailer, VAGABOND, and

ran charter trips and fished for the market. After service as an aviator in World War I, he was attracted to the booming canned tuna industry.

Already an experienced fisherman, Silva was among the first to pursue albacore for the newly built canneries. VAGABOND was replaced with the 45-foot NACHI. Never reluctant to experiment with new techniques, he was one of the first to adopt the Japanese method of jackpole fishing for albacore.

As his fortunes grew with the expansion of the tuna industry, the talented and intelligent Silva was always at the cutting edge of new technology. In 1920, his new 65-foot boat ALICE was among the first to feature a diesel engine. In 1927, he upgraded to the 75-foot LOIS S., equipping her with the first ice-holding ammonia refrigeration machine. The fish hold was insulated with four inches of cork. The value of the new cooling plant was proven when an entire load was landed in good shape after 31 days at sea, some fish being held for 26 days.

EMMA R.S., Silva's ultimate boat, was launched by San Diego Marine Construction Co. in 1928. She had a 95-foot flush-decked hull incorporating many of the owner's ideas, including a 3,000-mile range. The first diesel electric generator was installed to drive pumps and refrigeration. Notable was the slope-roofed deck tank designed to minimize destabilizing slosh while carrying five tons of bait. The tank was also insulated to provide extra fish storage. Guy's active mind generated continuous ideas for alterations and improvements during the life of the vessel. He invented an ignition system for internal combustion engines, a magneto, and he received patents for a number of electrical devices.

In 1929, a radio set–another first in the tuna fleet–was installed and immediately used to advantage in sav-



Actor Edward G. Robinson (left) and Captain Guy Silva during the making of the film "Tiger Shark" in 1931.
Photo courtesy of Grey Silva

ing another boat, LOIS S., from a busted trip. Silva sent a radiogram, and parts to repair her were sent on the departing clipper SAN JOAQUIN.

To better withstand rough seas, a raised forward deck and enclosed bow were added to EMMA in 1930. RASCAL, a 17-foot speedboat modeled after the original CIGARETTE, and capable of 30 mph, was carried for recreational use by the 10-man crew.

The first attempt at aerial fish scouting was made in 1931 with a float plane to be carried atop the bait tank. The idea proved impractical for the size of the boat, but planes and helicopters were used in later years on a number of the larger tuna vessels.

The rich Galapagos Islands tuna banks were visited by EMMA R.S. in 1932, a 6,000-mile round trip that was usually considered outside the range of a 95-foot boat. Guy's son, Grey Silva, who served as mate, navigator and radio operator from 1928 to 1941, rounded up some penguins and brought them home to be the first of their kind exhibited at the San Diego Zoo.

The longest fishing cruise on record was made in 1935, when the crank shafts of EMMA's main and auxiliary engines both broke. By disconnecting the broken part of the shaft and the attached piston, the boat was able to limp into Panama. Parts were ordered by radio and the smaller shaft was airmailed while the main was shipped by steamer. EMMA finally returned home after five months with 105 tons of tuna.

While his boat was in port undergoing repairs, Silva exercised his considerable diplomatic skill by negotiating with the Costa Rican government for bait-catching permits. As a result of his efforts, U.S. tunaboats were allowed to net bait in the Gulf of Nicoya after paying an annual fee of $125. It was an important benefit for the fishermen. Ongoing squabbles with the Mexicans over permit fees often restricted boats from baiting up at the traditional

Guy Silva's tuna clipper EMMA R.S. *prepares to leave a dock on San Diego Bay during the early 1930s. Note large bait tank aft.* *Photo courtesy of Grey Silva*





Closing the sack on a net of bait fish. Guy Silva is the man standing at center. *Photo courtesy of Grey Silva*

Magdalena Bay and Banderas Bay grounds.

A legend was born when a giant basking shark once clung so closely to the side of EMMA R.S. that fishing was completely spoiled. The wary tuna, although in a biting mood, would not come within reach of the hooks. In a fit of frustration, skipper Guy gripped the low bulwarks with both hands and vaulted over, stomping down with both feet on the shark's back! The monster took no apparent notice, but in due course it swam away of its own accord.

The most revolutionary of Silva's inventions was a system for electrocuting outsize tuna. It usually took four or five men to bring giant tuna aboard and they were often reluctant to bite on the heavy gear and big hooks necessary to capture them. It occurred to Silva that by stunning the fish with electricity, fewer men and lighter tackle could handle the catch. Guy worked on the scheme for several years, but LOIS S. was the first boat with sufficient voltage available to make a test. A 150-pound shark was his first victim, but it took further refinements and demonstrations to convince a wary crew that the rig was safe.

A metal ring fixed to the tip of a single 14-foot bamboo pole was connected to the positive side of a 120-volt direct current through an insulated wire. The negative side was grounded through the hook and steel leader in the water. When a tuna took the bait the circuit was closed and the fish shocked into immobility in 50 seconds. Two men with an electrified pole and gaff could readily catch a 300-pound tuna that formerly took four men to handle. One load of fish taken with this gear averaged seven fish to the ton, with the largest weighing 328 pounds. The system was eventually discontinued when it proved usable only in calm seas.

A push-button-controlled mechanical topping lift for fishing poles was perfected by Silva in 1948. An electrically-driven reel mounted atop the bait tank canopy

held a quarter-inch line running to the tip of a standard tuna pole. When a fish struck, the fisherman would press a button taped to the pole and the high-speed reel would take the full weight of the fish and haul the line and tip of the pole up and back over the deck. At that point the reel reversed allowing the line to pay out. One man could land a fish of any size without undue exertion. The entire in-and-out cycle took about four seconds. On a trial run, 11 tuna with a combined weight of nearly 1500 pounds were landed in a few minutes' fishing. The system was not adaptable to rough seas when the roll of the boat pulled hooks out of the water. Using compressed air as a driver, Silva experimented with a similar rig as far back as 1922, but it proved unworkable.

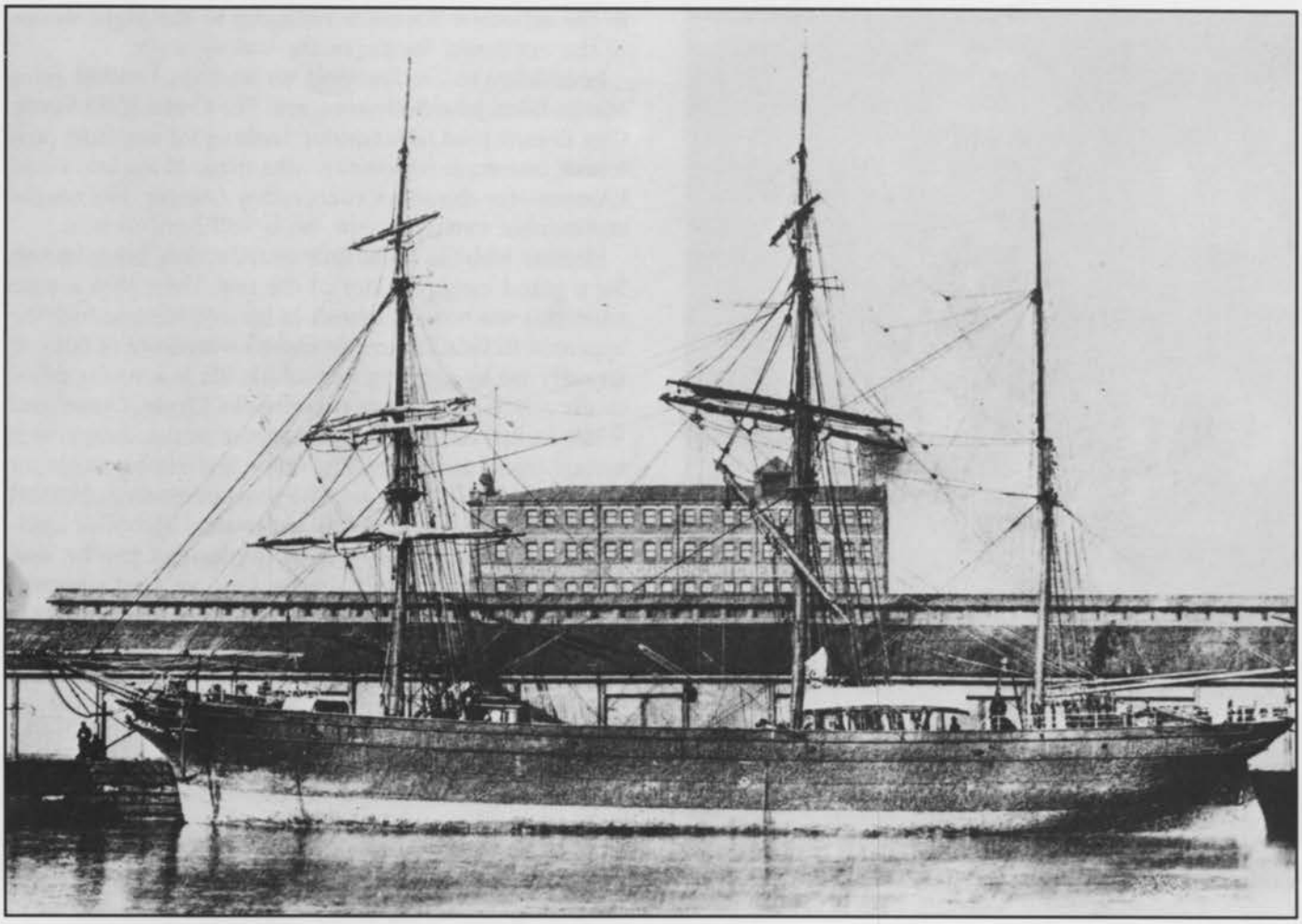
After serving as an advisor to the Navy on the employment of the tuna boats for World War II service, Silva resumed fishing when hostilities ceased. EMMA R.S., along with other tuna clippers, was used as a patrol craft. Cement was poured into the hold for ballast and Silva was never able to remove it completely. With the crew unable to reach and repair a leak due to the cement, the boat sank off Panama in 1950.

Guy Silva retired from the sea and passed on in 1965. Always ready to assist fellow fishermen with aid and advice on mechanical or electrical problems, he was respected and admired throughout the fishing community.

(*Ed. Note:* This article originally appeared in *California Angler* magazine. Ed Ries, noted marine artist and veteran fisherman, was the author of our series on the fishing barges of Southern California in 1991–92. This article copyright © 1993 by Edward M. Ries.)



Scooping bait from the net into the clipper's bait tank. The two skiffs were used to close the net. Sardines or anchovies were common bait for tuna fishing. *Photo courtesy of Guy Silva*



Joseph Conrad took command of the bark Otago *at Bangkok in 1888, after her previous skipper died at sea. This view shows her at Princess Wharf, Melbourne, Australia, in the following year. She played a role in Conrad's novel, "The Shadow Line."* *A. D. Edwardes Collection*

Great Books of the Sea

By Craig Arnold

"A writer's problem does not change. He himself changes, but his problem remains the same. It is always how to write truly and having found what is true, to project it in such a way that it becomes part of the experience of the person who reads it."

Ernest Hemingway

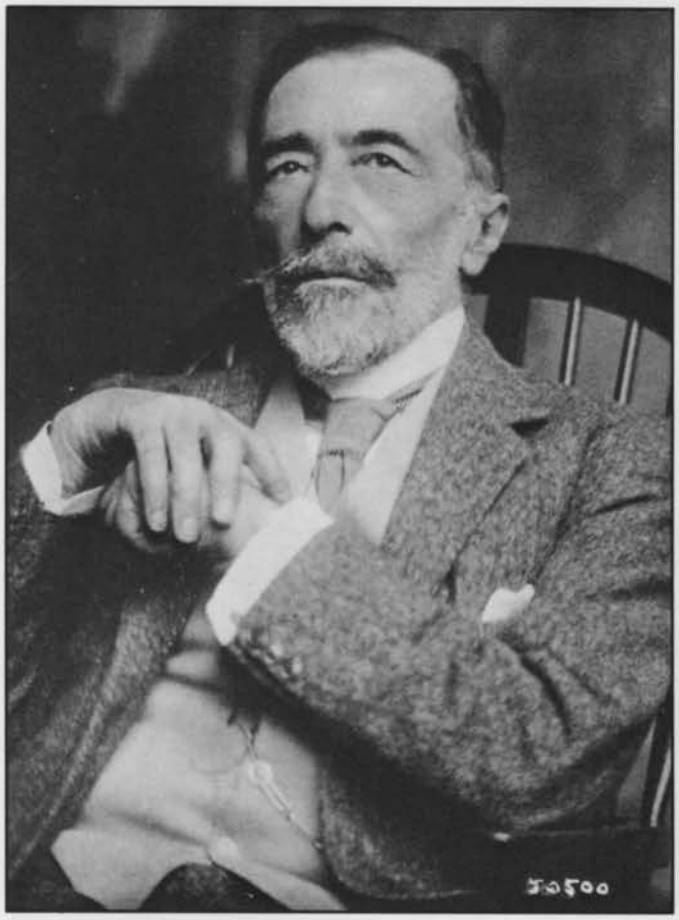
Most of us hear frequent references to the greatest works of literature about ships and the sea. But how many avail themselves of the opportunity to read these masterpieces? Unfortunately, the pressures of modern life being what they are, the likely answer is, "Not many."

Reading the finest works of maritime literature is a highly rewarding experience. All the books discussed below are currently available in our Jerry MacMullen Library, and inexpensive editions can be purchased in any first-hand bookstore.

A few words about certain old favorites:

Joseph Conrad's *Youth* may be the finest story ever written in the English language. Conrad was an incomparable prose stylist whose unfailing eye, sense of suspense and brilliant underwriting make most writers seem clumsy by comparison. Conrad's *Typhoon* is also excellent. But any speaker of English who hasn't read *Youth* has simply missed the best the language has to offer. It isn't possible to improve on Conrad, because perfection is unsurpassable.

Christopher Columbus was the man nobody knew. An enigma even to his contemporaries, hailed as a master seaman and navigator, yet damned as an incompetent governor and enslaver of natives, he is one of the great question marks of Western civilization. His log of the 1492–93 voyage which found the New World passed through many hands after his return, most notably those of Bartolomé de Las Casas. The edition in our library is primarily based on Las Casas' 16th century edition–



Joseph Conrad in London in 1924. *Photo by Malcolm Arbuthnot*

translated, of course, from Spanish into English. Many scholars have made careers out of attacking the authenticity of this log—yet it may be the only book we have that is by Columbus' hand. Las Casas, a famous cleric, went to the New World himself at an early date; he did not like what Columbus and his contemporaries were doing to the new-found lands, and he said so. But he seems to have been a fair-minded man, and the Columbus that shows through in this translation is neither saint nor monster. Indeed, the Genoese explorer comes across in parts as more of a daydreaming schoolboy than a hardened seaman. This is a Columbus entranced by the lure of unsailed seas, unseen sunsets, untrodden shores. These things led him on and on in his hopeless quest for Asia, until at last he died—a broken, embittered man.

There was a time when Jack London was the best-selling author in America. Hungry for life, he survived a childhood of extreme poverty to work in a jute mill, march in Coxey's Army, pan for gold in the Yukon, and sail to the Far East in a schooner, among other adventures. Out of these wanderings came a flow of novels and short stories that spoke of strife in Arctic blizzards and on the high seas. London lived as hard as any of his characters, dying at age 40 from what might be called simply using himself up.

Before he went, he cranked out one crackling good sea yarn—*The Sea-Wolf.* It is based on London's 1890s voyage in the schooner SOPHIE SUTHERLAND to the frigid wastes of the northwest Pacific in the sealing trade.

In addition to *The Sea-Wolf,* we have the London epics *Martin Eden, John Barleycorn,* and *The Cruise of the Snark.* One doesn't read Jack London looking for anything profound; one reads his stories—like those of the late Louis L'Amour—for the sheer energy they contain. For rough-and-tumble entertainment, he is still hard to beat.

Herman Melville needs little introduction, being known for a grand cargo of tales of the sea. There was a time when this was not so, however. In his own lifetime, Melville appeared to be a failure. He scored a measure of fame at an early age by penning tales of his life as a young sailor in the South Seas. From these books (*Typee, Omoo,* and *White-Jacket)* he went on to grimmer stories, heavy with metaphysical meanings. The latter include his magnum opus *Moby Dick* (1851) and the posthumously published *Billy Budd.* The public didn't understand Melville's fascination with the darker side of the human psyche, and turned away from him in droves. One reviewer summed up one of his later books with the headline, "HERMAN MELVILLE CRAZY."

For three decades after he died in 1891, Melville was forgotten. Then, in the 1920s, he was resurrected by literary critics, and a more receptive readership than had existed in Victorian times was exposed to his works.

Today Herman Melville is an American icon—considered by many students of American literature to be our most complex writer. His name is a household word in New England, from the hills he called home in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, to the sandy shores of Nantucket.

Such early Melville works as *Redburn* and *White-Jacket* should be read first, to compare with his later products. *Redburn* is based on a Melville voyage to Liverpool in the merchant service, while *White-Jacket* concerns his time in the Pacific as a foretopman in the frigate UNITED STATES.

Everyone knows what *Moby Dick* is about. But after you've gotten through that, try his most sophisticated work, *Billy Budd.* Set aboard an English man-o'-war in 1797, *Billy Budd* is a parable on the endless conflict between authority and the natural, free man.

For my money, the best biography ever written is *Admiral of the Ocean Sea,* by Samuel Eliot Morison. It is best read as a prelude to *The Log of Christopher Columbus.* Morison is no longer as popular in the groves of academe as he once was, but one of his virtues is that he sailed over as many of Columbus' routes as possible. No other biographer has done that—hence, Morison's judgments have the realism of a seaman, in terms of what Columbus might and might not have done.

(Too often writers on maritime subjects tend to closet themselves in archival surroundings, thinking only amid piles of books and papers. Of course this is necessary, but they should get to sea once in a while, to remind themselves of what a hard opponent it is.)

Eric Newby went to sea as an adventure-hungry lad in the closing days of commercial sail. *The Last Grain Race* is therefore one of the best coming-of-age books ever writ-

ten. Part history, part autobiography, it describes the last race between windjammers sailing home to Europe with cargoes of Australian wheat. Taking place in 1939, on the eve of World War II, Newby's book is a look at a twilight world—a world of hemp and brass and canvas, scudding under the Southern Cross with all sails set—a world about to vanish forever.

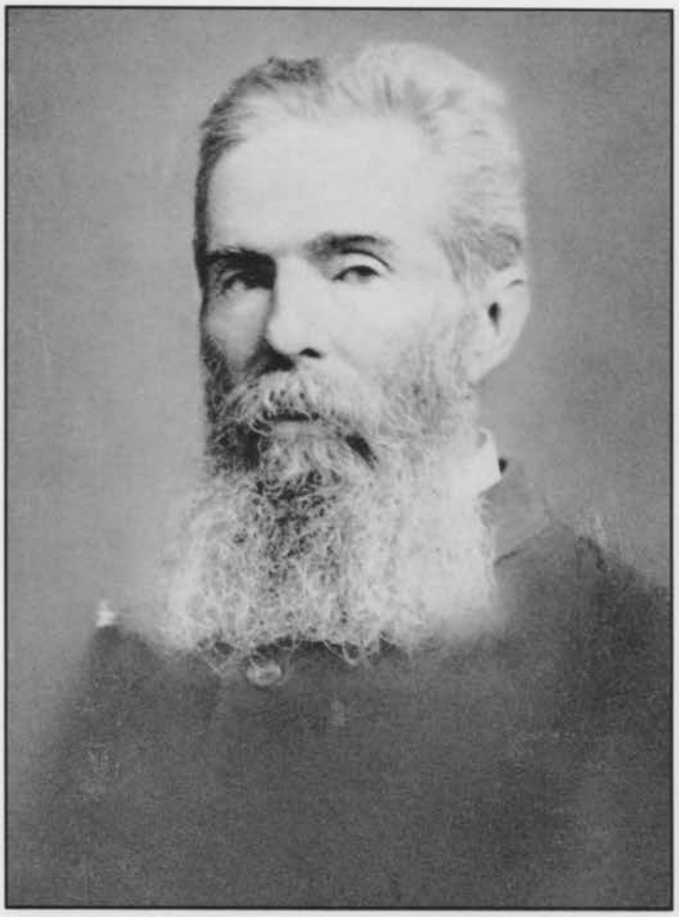
Another sort of world vanished in the icy North Atlantic on the night of April 14/15, 1912. Unlike the windjammer sailor's world, this was a sphere of untrammeled wealth and privilege, smugly believing that man had achieved a technical mastery over nature.

How cruel, then, must have been the shock that accompanied the knowledge that the largest and most powerful object man had yet constructed, the luxury liner TITANIC, was sinking beneath their feet after grazing an iceberg. For far more than 1500 people sank beneath the sea that night; with them went a Gilded Age and a way of thinking and a whole outdated host of bland assumptions.

Walter Lord's *A Night to Remember* is still the best account of this disaster. Certainly the book contains more "if onlys" than any other work known to this writer. If only there had been enough lifeboats for all on board. If only the TITANIC's captain hadn't been going so fast. If only he had paid more attention to ice warnings. If only his ship hadn't snagged the berg at exactly the angle she did. If only the nearby steamer CALIFORNIAN had had a wireless operator on duty all night. And so on.

TITANIC is the classic sea disaster of all time, and the recent discovery of her wreckage on the Atlantic floor has only added interest. The story is incredible enough in some of its details to read like fiction—but it's all horribly true. Perhaps the lesson to be learned from TITANIC is that people must never assume the infallibility of technology. The "unsinkable ship" was a myth, and so is every "fail safe" system devised since then. Ultimately, all such systems are dependent on a failure-prone factor, human judgment.

Mister Roberts, by the little-known Thomas Heggen, is a wonderful, rollicking look at life in our World War II Navy. Most folks have seen the movie, starring Henry Fonda and James Cagney, on the late-late show. Be warned that the book is a good deal saltier than the 1955 film could be. In this novel the reader will be drawn into the hapless world of USS RELUCTANT—a backwater cargo vessel which "sailed from Tedium to Apathy and back again." The mindless arrogance of a certain type of officer is skewered in the character of Captain Morton (played in the film by Cagney), who seems to live for the purpose of making everyone aboard as miserable as possible. The goofy antics of the crew and some of the junior officers are efforts to preserve their sanity in an increasingly irrational environment. As RELUCTANT plods along, crazed little intrigues run riot through the ship—attempts to destroy the Captain's cherished palm tree, attempts to lure women aboard by concocting "scotch" out of the medicine chest, attempts to build a giant firecracker, which eventually



Herman Melville about 1885, in the final years of his life, working as a customs clerk in New York City. A melancholy rests in the man's eyes, a mirror of his belief that he was a failure. Not until 30 years after his death would books like "Moby Dick" and "Billy Budd" be acclaimed as works of genius. *Photograph by Rockwood*

demolishes the ship's laundry. The title character, Lt. Roberts, is a good protagonist, but the hero is madman Ensign Frank Pulver, who glories in the assignment of "Laundry and Morale Officer," and who manages to hide from the Captain for years.

Read *Mister Roberts* for a very clever bit of satire, and read it even if you saw the movie. I promise you'll laugh.

On a more somber note, two novels of naval life highly recommended are *The Cruel Sea,* by Nicholas Monserrat, and *The Sand Pebbles,* by Richard McKenna.

The first-named work is set in the North Atlantic convoy lanes of World War II. A British FLOWER-class corvette, HMS COMPASS ROSE, is followed by the plot from her commissioning to her final fate. While somewhat conventional in its setting, and "veddy, veddy British" in its social outlook, *The Cruel Sea* remains a hard-hitting, realistic look at men at war.

The Sand Pebbles is a much more "modern" work—written by a veteran of the old Yangtze Patrol. The novel takes place in 1920s China, mostly aboard a U.S. Navy gunboat, a dumpy little soapdish named SAN PABLO. The hero, Jake Holman, is a troubled machinist's mate who's had seven transfers in nine years. Jake's only real friend is the gunboat's engine—a magnificent old triple-



Captain Alan Villiers late in life. Besides being a great writer on maritime subjects and a world-class windship skipper, Villiers played a key role in saving the STAR OF INDIA *in 1957. SDMM file photo*

expansion steam job, which he keeps in tiptop shape. Jake makes a second friend, a Chinese coolie whom he trains to run the engine. The American crew resents this breaking of the color line and turns violently against Jake Holman. Soon, however, all are caught up in the outbreak of civil war between the Chinese communists and the Nationalists.

The Sand Pebbles, sadly enough, was Richard McKenna's only novel. He died shortly after it came out in 1963, and thus his great start as a novelist never continued. It's a finely wrought work, a thoughtful look at prewar China, and above all a study of man's chronic inhumanity to man.

The Bounty Trilogy by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall is great old-fashioned escapism. The first book in the trio is *Mutiny on the Bounty,* which details the famous ship's voyage to Tahiti and the mutiny led by Master's Mate Fletcher Christian against her skipper, Lt. William Bligh, RN. A second volume, *Men Against the Sea,* is the tale of Bligh's open-boat voyage of over 3,000 miles from the Tonga Islands to Timor. The last book in the series is *Pitcairn's Island,* which deals with the final refuge of the mutineers on that lonely rock, and their internecine struggle there.

One must always bear in mind while reading the trilogy that it is fiction, written to entertain, and not strict historical fact. Captain Bligh, in particular, was by no means the evil man portrayed by Nordhoff and Hall, although the record shows that he had a volatile temper he made little attempt to restrain, and lashed his men into mutiny more with a hectoring tongue than a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Fletcher Christian has been played by movie idols from Clark Gable to Marlon Brando and Mel Gibson, and has entered legend as a sort of irresistible, swaggering rogue. The real Christian, according to Bligh's description of him given to the Admiralty for purposes of capture, was short, of swarthy complexion, heavily tattooed, and had "sweaty hands."

Ah well—so much for romance.

Mutiny on the Bounty's narrator is a fictitious midshipman named Roger Byam, based on real-life officer Peter Heywood. Heywood survived the mutiny, shipwreck in HMS PANDORA, and the long voyage back to England in irons to be tried. Found guilty and sentenced to hang, he barely dodged a dance at the yardarm by an eleventh-hour pardon.

Heywood went on to a successful career in the Royal Navy, rising to the rank of captain. One day many years after the mutiny, walking down a Plymouth street, he spied a man ahead of him going the same way who looked vaguely familiar. Then it came to him—the distinctive bow-legged walk, the broad shoulders and other features—it was his old friend, Fletcher Christian! Heywood called a greeting, but the man broke into a run and swiftly disappeared. All efforts to locate him failed. To his dying day, Captain Heywood believed he had seen his old shipmate safely back in England, living under the law's very nose. And who is now to say he was wrong?

Alan Villiers had to have been one of the most prolific of all sea authors. With more than 30 titles to his credit, he was the chronicler supreme of the sailing ship. There are too many fine Villiers books to list them all, but some of the more outstanding titles are *The Bounty Ships of France, Falmouth for Orders, By Way of Cape Horn, Whalers of the Midnight Sun, Give Me a Ship to Sail,* and *Stormalong.* Villiers was Australian-born but lived in England for much of his life—when he wasn't at sea under billowing clouds of canvas, his favorite residence. He also made frequent visits to the land of the Yankees, and we in San Diego are especially indebted to him for his role in shaking our community out of its lethargy regarding the STAR OF INDIA'S long-delayed restoration in 1957. (Never one to hold his tongue for the sake of courtesy, Villiers blistered the locals for doing little or nothing to restore the ship over 30 years, and said that if they were too apathetic to do so, they let her go to some city that would! The response must have gladdened the old mariner's heart, for he returned six years later to be the guest of honor at her re-christening.)

A chronicler of ships and the sea, and also of sailors, Alan Villiers deserves to be remembered as one of them, as well as a fine writer.

The Steel-Electrics: Ferries that Refuse to Die

PART 1

By John C. Richards



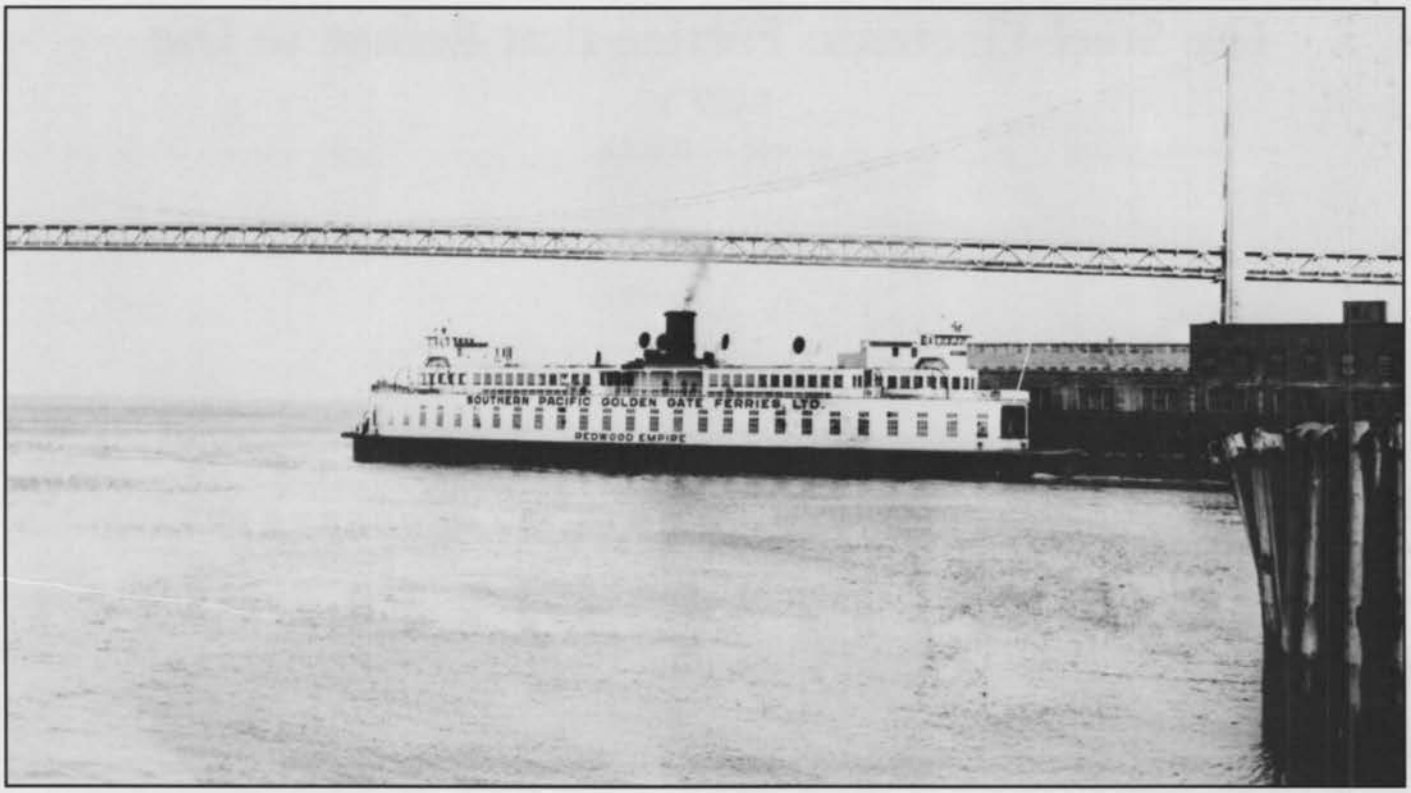
The steel-electric ferry KLICKITAT, *formerly the* STOCKTON, *as she appeared on Puget Sound in the 1940s.* *Puget Sound Maritime Historical Society, Inc.*

In 1927, a fleet of six look-alike automobile ferries were launched by three San Francisco Bay shipyards for use on the Bay. They were built with steel hulls, steel main deck superstructures, and the passenger and crew accommodations and navigating facilities were of beautiful wood construction.

The six ferries were handsome in design. They measured 256 feet in overall length and 66 feet in overall beam. Hulls measured 251 feet in length and 46 feet in beam (sponsoning created their overall measurements) and the depth of hold was a bit more than 19 feet, with a 12-foot draft. The automobile deck was almost completely covered over and its superstructure measured about 216 feet in length with 27 large sets of rectangular windows spaced eight feet apart at each side (three of these windows could be opened horizontally). Huge metal vertical sliding doors mounted at each end would seal off the automobile deck from wind and protect those fabulous cars of the 1920s from ocean spray. Two nearly identical passenger cabins were built at each end of a 24-foot-long steel muffler room and were connected together by a shelter. An open promenade circumnavigated the passenger cabin. Drift bolts were used to fasten the cabins together. The ferries displaced an average 2468 tons.

These ferries were painted with a green hull above the waterline, white superstructures, reddish-brown exterior benches, railtops and ladders, a black stack with the circular company emblem painted white, white ventilator cowls with red interiors, stained windowframes, buff canvas decks, and stained brown or black nameboards with gold or yellow lettering.

The "Number One End," the San Francisco end of the double-ended ferries, had the main lounge, the men's and women's heads, an observation room, and the captain's, mate's, and oiler's staterooms. The "Number Two End," the Oakland-Alameda County-Marin County end, had a coffee shop, an observation room, the seamen's bunkroom, the chief engineer's stateroom, and some extra rooms located adjacent to the coffee shop for whatever purpose they were used for. The main cabins were basically square



REDWOOD EMPIRE *(later* QUINAULT*) leaving a slip on San Francisco Bay in the late 1930s or early 1940s, with the new San Francisco-Oakland bridge spanning the Bay in the background.* *SDMM file photo*

in design, but the observation rooms and wheelhouses were rounded at the ends with rounded window panes and frames. Wicker chairs were to be found in the observation rooms, and these ferries did *not* lack for beautiful ornate woodwork.

This class of ferries was rare on the Bay for having an almost completely symmetrical design with the stack located exactly amidships. Most others had their stacks and other features located at odd places. The class was also built with internal rudder tillers. Almost all other ferries on the Bay, including the propeller steamer BERKELEY, had external rudder tillers with exposed steering cable and chain; they required a rudder locking pin inserted into a hole through the main deck and into the groove or hole in the middle of the tiller by a deckhand at the front edge of the bow when required. Deckhands could count their lucky stars when assigned to working on the Steel-Electrics as they did not have to do the daredevil task of inserting the pin. One wrong step on the older boats and the deckhand would be in the drink!

The machinery of these six vessels was of diesel-electric type. Two New London Shipbuilding diesel-electric sets were mounted in each of two engine rooms which were connected by a watertight door. Electricity was fed to a propeller control panel. A brass handwheel controlled the correct direction and intensity of electricity to an electric motor at each end, which drove the propeller shaft. The steering gear was Sperry electric-hydraulic, and a portion of the propulsion electricity was used for lights and equipment.

The vessels' engine rooms were naturally ventilated by eight cowls mounted on the hurricane deck, hatches on top of the muffler room and entries on the main deck. Ventilation for the rest of the hull compartments was made possible by means of small vents attached to the outer shells of the main deck with piping routed to the hull compartments. Total horsepower was 1250.

The lights installed in these ferries were similar to those of the BERKELEY. Beautiful and ornate fixtures, they were installed in the passenger lounges and wiring was completely concealed.

Air-horn whistles were mounted atop each wheelhouse. A light, mounted in the whistle assembly, would go on each time the whistle was sounded unless the light was burned out or turned off. The whistles were sounded manually with the traditional spring-tensioned cord and valve.

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Two of these six vessels were built by Moore Dry Dock Company of Oakland and were named LAKE TAHOE and REDWOOD EMPIRE. Three were constructed by Bethlehem Steel's Union Plant Shipyard of San Francisco and were named FRESNO, MENDOCINO, and STOCKTON. (This was the same yard, known then as Union Iron Works, that built the BERKELEY in 1898.) The sixth Steel-Electric ferry was built by the General Engineering and Drydock Company of Alameda and was christened SANTA ROSA.

Amazingly, all six were nearly identical despite being built by three different shipyards. The hulls, automobile



REDWOOD EMPIRE *(left) and* FRESNO *(later* WILLAPA*) pass each other on the Oakland-San Francisco crossing, probably in the late 1930s.* *SDMM file photo*

deck structures, muffler rooms, stacks, ventilator cowls, cabin vents, steering guides and other items were all the same. (A steering guide is an angled mast at each end of a ferry and is used as a navigational aid to help align the ferry's course with a landmark, buoy or ferry slip.) All the Steel-Electrics even had brass handrails mounted on the stairways from the car deck to the passenger deck. But that was where the identicalization ended. Each shipyard had its own way to build the wooden passenger and crew accommodations.

The San Francisco and Alameda yards built the passenger cabins for the FRESNO, MENDOCINO, STOCKTON and SANTA ROSA with the top edge of the passenger cabin windows following the contour of the camber of the hurricane deck. The Oakland yard built windows that were uniform in height throughout the LAKE TAHOE's and REDWOOD EMPIRE's passenger cabins, resulting in slightly smaller mate's and oiler's staterooms and seamen's bunkrooms, and longer wheelhouse patios with five rather than four steps that go down to the hurricane deck. Also on the latter two vessels, the wheelhouse canopy visors were extended around to shade more windows.

With the exception of the LAKE TAHOE, all three yards built the steel tubular rails on the hurricane deck with rail tops that followed the contour of the stairs that went up to the wheelhouse patios. On the LAKE TAHOE, the rail tops went all around the wheelhouse and there were separate railings for the stairs and patios.

The San Francisco yard built the steel tubular handrails on the ladders that provided access to the overhead of the crew accommodations with a plain "U" at the top. The Oakland yard added a touch of class with an extra curve. The LAKE TAHOE was the only vessel in this class which had an extra ladder giving access to the wheelhouse overhead from the overhead of the crew accommodations.

Portions of the design of the Steel-Electrics–the car deck stairways and ventilator cowl and stack arrangements–were incorporated in the construction of two of the San Diego and Coronado Ferry Company's ferries a few years later. The CORONADO (1929) and SAN DIEGO (1931) came down the ways of the same yard that built the LAKE TAHOE and REDWOOD EMPIRE. The basic superstructure design portion of those two San Diegans, however, followed the concept of the propeller steamers KLAMATH, EL PASO and NEW ORLEANS, which were built for the Southern Pacific Railroad for automobile service about two years earlier than the Steel-Electrics, and by the same yard that built the BERKELEY.

The CORONADO (the second ferry of that name) and SAN DIEGO sported huge main deck portholes, not surprising for the sunny and mild weather San Diego usually gets year-round. Like the Steel-Electrics, these two were built with diesel-electric propulsion. After the new San Diego-Coronado Bridge pink-slipped the ferries in 1969, the CORONADO went north to San Francisco and briefly starred in Warner Brothers' 1971 movie comedy *What's Up, Doc?*, then went to Nicaragua in 1973. The SAN DIEGO served on the Port Townsend-Keystone run for Olympic Ferries, Inc., from 1970 to 1972, spent years at a dock in North Vancouver, British Columbia, and was recently towed to



The design of the six Steel-Electrics later influenced the design of the ferry SAN DIEGO, *launched in 1931. From the autos aboard, this photo would seem to date from the late 1940s or early 1950s.* *Historical Collection, Title Insurance and Trust Co., San Diego*

Antioch, California. While in North Vancouver, her cabin was altered and framed glass enclosed the car deck.

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All six of the 1927 Steel-Electrics were ordered by the Southern Pacific Railroad. Three of them, the MENDOCINO, REDWOOD EMPIRE and SANTA ROSA, were placed in S.P.'s Northwestern Pacific Railroad subsidiary and operated on the Ferry Building-Sausalito run in competition with the Golden Gate Automobile Ferry Company's Hyde Street-Sausalito run. The other three went on the Ferry Building-Oakland run.

By the turn of the 1930s, the Golden Gate Ferry Company and all automobile ferries of the Southern Pacific and Northwestern Pacific were merged into one automobile ferry line called Southern Pacific Golden Gate Ferries, Limited. This was one of the best moves a group of competitors made in history—no more competition, just the best service possible with frequency of service to the maximum. The unnecessary Ferry Building-Sausalito automobile ferry run was dropped, and the new line was able to assign any ferry where needed. This ferry line was very successful until the great Bay bridges were opened to traffic in the late 1930s and gave the ferries the dreaded pink slip.

By the beginning of the 1940s, the LAKE TAHOE had made her bittersweet final voyage out of San Francisco to Oakland. It was over for the S.P.G.G.F.L. and the careers of its fine employees who, one hopes, may have found employment elsewhere.

About this time, Alexander Peabody of the Puget Sound Navigation Company (better known as the Black Ball Line) was in search of more ferries for his overburdened services. He went to the Bay Area and purchased the

Steel-Electrics and a large group of others and had them towed north to Puget Sound, Washington. They donned the Black Ball color scheme consisting of a black hull, black overguards, black band below the main deck windows, white superstructures with buff trim, and a crimson and black stack.

Lifeboats were moved slightly away from the ends on the LAKE TAHOE and REDWOOD EMPIRE to make way for foot passenger debarkation gates; but their original cabin configuration was not basically changed. In 1941, renamed ILLAHEE and QUINAULT, respectively, they were assigned to the Seattle-Suquamish-Indianola and Seattle-Manchester runs.

The FRESNO and SANTA ROSA were remodeled for greater passenger space and into single-enders. Their diesel-electric machinery was replaced by huge 2800-horsepower Busch-Selzer direct-drive diesel powerplants that gave them greater speed (up from 12 knots to 15). They looked stern-heavy in photographs, an indication that much of the heavy machinery was mounted in the number two (aft) engine rooms. They were placed on the heavily traveled Seattle-Bremerton run as WILLAPA and ENETAI, respectively, in 1941. They were in a separate class now and were no longer Steel-Electrics. They boarded traffic at the bow in Seattle and unloaded through the stern in Bremerton.

Some minor changes were made to the MENDOCINO and STOCKTON as new accommodations were built into the shelter next to the muffler room. These were renamed NISQUALLY and KLICKITAT, respectively, and were placed on a tri-community run between Kingston, Edmonds and Port Ludlow in 1941. In 1950, a new crossing on Hood Canal between Lofall and South Point was established using the 1930 locally-built wooden M.V. VASHON. The Edmonds-Port Ludlow leg was terminated and the NISQUALLY made herself a longterm home on the Edmonds-Kingston run, while KLICKITAT did the same up north on the Anacortes-San Juan Islands-Sidney, B.C. run.

The four remaining Steel-Electrics were repowered in 1947. The two New London diesel-electric sets were removed from the number two engine rooms and were replaced by two used General Motors 800-horsepower



The CORONADO was likewise influenced by the design of the Steel-Electrics. This photo was taken on April 17, 1929.

Historical Collection, Title Insurance and Trust Co., San Diego



M.V. ENETAI, *ex-*SANTA ROSA, *as she looked with Washington State Ferries between 1951 and 1968.* *SDMM file photo*

diesel-electric sets surplussed from the Navy. The New London sets in the number one engine room were permanently silenced and remained for a time as ballast, but were later removed.

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On June 1, 1951, about 80 percent of the Black Ball Line's ferries, including ILLAHEE, KLICKITAT, NISQUALLY, QUINAULT, ENETAI and WILLAPA, were taken over by the State of Washington and placed under a new agency called Washington State Ferries.

All ferries were repainted. Hulls were repainted green above the red bottom paint, and the rest of the scheme included black overguards, a green band below the car deck windows, white superstructures and railings with green trim, gray exterior decks, and green and white stacks with black tops. (Harre Demoro's *The Evergreen Fleet* states that the hulls were black, but this is rarely adhered to. The green paint makes the hulls more attractive and is in the true spirit of the "Evergreen Fleet" operating on the waters of the "Evergreen State" of Washington.)

A bitter controversy arose when the new ferry system changed the "fanfare approach" signal. Black Ball had used one long blast followed by two short ones on the whistle. W.S.F. changed it to one long followed by only one short and upset ferry captains who had mastered the old signal. The ferry system gave in, in 1958, and restored the old signal to the ovation of the captains and maritime enthusiasts. It is a very popular landing signal as local excursion vessels, including the historic propeller steamer VIRGINIA V, have been using it. What a thrill it is to watch a ferry come into port and to be serenaded by her whistle signal: TOOOOOOOOOOT! TOOT! TOOT!

The new ferry system wasted little time in modernizing the fleet. The giant car deck windows of the six ferries were removed and steel sheets with large portholes cut into them were welded into the frames. Three thin steel dowels were welded horizontally into the new portholes.

The ILLAHEE and QUINAULT were given longterm homes on the Seattle-Winslow and Fauntleroy-Vashon-Harper

runs, respectively. For these runs, more lounge space was needed. The extra rooms by the coffee shop were ripped out and the shelter was completely enclosed to establish new lounges. New green upholstered benches spaced about six feet apart were installed, replacing wooden ones in the main lounge spaced about eight feet apart. New enclosures with doors were installed over the stairways to the car deck and entrance doors to the main lounge were removed. New sliding doors provided access to the open promenade from the new amidships lounges. Wooden benches attached to the muffler room in the former shelter were moved outside and were attached to the new woodwork.

The ILLAHEE's coffee shop was changed. Gone were the original serving counters with swivel stools. Passengers ordered their meals from a newly renovated galley and took them to their seats. Entrance doors were removed and vending machines were installed in the newly renovated dining room to supplement the galley service. Hinged metal screens would seal off the galley when it was closed.

The basically unchanged NISQUALLY and KLICKITAT held their routes at Kingston and Anacortes respectively. The KLICKITAT did get louvers mounted over the windows of the captain's, mate's and oiler's staterooms for one reason or another. The same was done on the ENETAI to some greater extent.

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An impressive engineering feat took place between 1957 and 1959. The ILLAHEE, KLICKITAT, NISQUALLY and QUINAULT were taken to a "harbor hospital" for major surgery. The outer shells of the main deck were temporarily removed and the sponsons were cut away. The hulls were widened to nearly 74 feet with new overguards. The entire passenger deck structure was blocked and jacked-up two and a half feet to provide more clearance (up to 13 feet, 10 inches from 11 feet, 4 inches) for trucks. New framing had to be installed and new steel was laid on the car deck. The outer shells were reinstalled and new steel filled the gap on top and to the edge of the existing wood decking on the passenger deck. New steel railings and wooden steering guides were installed. The revised car capacity was calculated at 75 per ferry. (The original car capacity was calculated modestly at 65, but the vessels may have carried as many as 90 or so cars.)

The KLICKITAT and NISQUALLY had their passenger lounges altered the same as the ILLAHEE for more lounge seating. KLICKITAT's dining room was altered the same as the ILLAHEE's, minus the hinged screens, and the NISQUALLY and QUINAULT followed in the 1970s.

A new crew lounge was installed adjacent to the dining room in all four vessels. A new purser's office was also built in each vessel at some point: the office was installed next to the dining room in KLICKITAT and NISQUALLY and in the main lounge in ILLAHEE and QUINAULT. During this period the chief engineer's cabin was divided in two for an assistant engineer on the KLICKITAT and NISQUALLY. The ILLAHEE and QUINAULT retained their full-size chief engineer's cabin thoughout their careers.

New makeshift international rules navigational lights were installed on the ILLAHEE, KLICKITAT and NISQUALLY. Each vessel was originally fitted with inland rules lights which, for double-enders, consisted of two 360-degree white lights above each wheelhouse at an exactly even level with each other and green and red lights mounted at each side of the passenger deck. The new lights were one-directional only and pointed toward the number one end. The forward masthead light was mounted on the flag mast behind the captain's stateroom. The aft masthead light, which is higher than the fore, was mounted on a long metal rod, hinged to the muffler casing, which would be raised and guy-wired when the ferry operated in international rules waters at night. The stern light was mounted above the number two observation room windows on the centerline. Most of the time, the vessels used the inland rules lights. Later on, radars would be installed on all four Steel-Electrics.

(*Ed. Note:* Mr. Richards will continue his account of the Steel-Electric ferries in our next issue, tracing their histories from the 1960s to the present day. His sources for this article will be published with the second and final installment.)



Sailors and the Supernatural

By Tom Gatlin

In an age when wooden ships were crewed by iron men, sailors tended to be a believing group whose outlook on life in general, and the sea in particular, was seldom optimistic. On the whole, they viewed the sea as a near-deity who must be appeased by traditional rituals in order to avert calamity. When disaster did strike, it was generally thought to be because of a human failure to complete this appeasement, rather than a more mundane cause. Some of these beliefs had a tenuous basis in fact, while others were undoubtedly the inventions of men forced to live for years at a time in what today would be called "a closed social environment."

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary defines the supernatural as "of or proceeding from an order of existence beyond nature or the visible universe."

Sailors have long believed that there is an order of existence "beyond the visible universe."

Seamen tend to be conservative by nature, and reluctant to change things that they know will work. This practice can be identified in two major ways: First, as open-ended convictions held over a long period of time, and usually requiring some action on the part of the individual. Second, as beliefs which, although accepted over time, require no action on the part of the individual. An example of the former is the age-old belief–both on sea and land–that tossing a pinch of spilled salt over the shoulder will forestall misfortune. An example of the latter is a belief held by sailors the world over that the sea will always have its own way.

Since the beginning of time, sailors have known that the sea is more than just a body of water, and that vessels are more than a planned assemblage of planks and rigging. All sailors know that the sea is an entity possessed of its own moods and attitudes, and that every vessel has a personality of her own. The ancient Phoenicians and Norsemen made sure that their vessels had souls by conducting blood rites and human sacrifices at the launch. One very ancient custom was to place the head of the sacrifice on the bowsprit of a vessel leaving on her maiden voyage. The belief was that when the head fell off into the ocean, it meant that the sea gods accepted the sacrifice, the soul of the departed had entered the vessel, and she was welcome on the sea. As vessels (and sailors?) became more sophisticated, actual heads were replaced by paintings and eventually by elaborately carved figureheads, representing the spirit of the vessel. This custom, originally meant to ensure the safety of the vessel by the placation of pagan spirits, is responsible for the beautifully sculpted works which grace the bows of most sailing ships today.

Vessels are still launched with elaborate rites and ceremonies. To decry tradition is to tempt fate in the worst way. Launching ceremonies therefore include both tradition and religion. There are blessings by clergy, sometimes of several faiths. The blood sacrifice of the ancients has been replaced by a champagne libation for the gods of the sea, with the bottle being broken over the bows. It is interesting to note that what was perhaps the best-known vessel of the 20th century, R.M.S. TITANIC, was launched without a formal christening. According to Edward Kamuda, chairman of the Titanic Historical Society, this was customary with ships of the White Star Line. As the world knows, she went down on her maiden voyage with a loss of over 1500 souls.

A traditional belief is that *everything* about a vessel will affect her life and service in some way. Her very name can be an omen of good or bad luck. A related and widespread belief is that a vessel with too presumptuous a name is an affront to the sea gods and is therefore unlucky. In America, great care must be taken to choose a correct name, for to change a name after christening is to court misfortune, while in Europe renaming a vessel in order to bring about a change of luck is a common practice. Many heads were shaken when the builders of TITANIC proclaimed publicly that she was "unsinkable," because any sailor knows that the sea cannot be bullied, threatened or coerced. A classic example of what happens when one challenges the sea is the legend of the Flying Dutchman, an oldtime Dutch captain who swore that he would round the Cape of Good Hope when he chose, rather than waiting for the right conditions. He and his ship were never heard from again. Even today's sailors say they've seen a spectral ship, crewed by ghosts still trying to weather the Cape, some three hundred years after her captain sealed her fate.

Since ancient times sailors have believed that the sea will have its own way, no matter what. More often than not, this trait is attributed to the devil, at least in Christian countries, and to evil spirits in the non-Christian parts of the world. Nowhere is the attitude of the sea seen as benevolent. For example, ballast, essential to sailing ships, must *never* be made up of gravel or rocks from the seabed because, should the devil want his property returned, he might take the whole vessel and crew along with it. Related is the belief–especially among the fisher folk of the Caribbean islands–that anything which is cast up by the sea onto the deck of a vessel must remain there until it is either taken ashore at the next port of call, or reclaimed by the sea. The sea cast it up for a reason, and the sailor who disregards that reason, whether it is apparent or not, could be severely punished along with his mates.

Caribbean folklore tells of a vessel which, while cruising a calm sea, was struck by a rogue wave that washed an empty coffin aboard and lodged it against the mainmast. The captain warned the crew to leave the thing where it sat, and they did. Time passed and, according



Figureheads on sailing ships–such as this example on the ASCENSION*–evolved from the ancient sailors' practice of placing human heads on the prows of their ships, to appease the sea gods. (Which is fine if you're a sea god–but kind of tough if you're the one chosen to donate the head.)* *SDMM file photo*

to the story, the crew became less and less fearful of the coffin. Several days later a crewman, as a joke, climbed into the coffin much to the amusement of his mates. From out of nowhere came another rogue wave which washed the coffin and the fate-tempting crewman overboard. Neither were ever seen again.

One custom which has survived to the present day is that of scattering salt over the decks of fishing boats to assure the sea spirits that there is ample salt aboard, and waves need not wash over the vessel to provide more. Also, when Portuguese fishing boats are blessed before a voyage, incense of a special sort is burned at midnight to exorcise any evil spirits before a voyage. In some boats the gunwales are greased before departure to make it more difficult for witches and other evil things to climb aboard.

Although many vessels have a chapel or religious shrine of some type, in both Christian and non-Christian countries it is believed to be bad luck to take a shaman, minister, priest or rabbi on a voyage, at least as a member of the crew. The fear is that the devil–or the appropriate sea spirits–might decide to test the faith of the holy one, and in doing so, bring disaster on the entire ship and crew. Anyone who is believed to bring bad luck to a ship is called a "Jonah," from the Biblical story of the man who was swallowed by "a great fish." Davy Jones alone knows how many unfortunate individuals–like Jonah–have been thrown overboard in the millennia men have been sailing, simply because sailors thought that they were the cause of a vessel's misfortune.

An amazing number of vessels have ghosts. Most, fortunately, seem to be benevolent in nature, and numerous sailors claim to have been saved when visitors from "Fiddler's Green"–the sailor's version of heaven–warned them of some difficulty in the offing.

Ghosts seen on the sea itself are generally considered to be bad luck. For example, sighting the ghost ship of the Flying Dutchman is a portent of impending disaster. If the souls of dead sailors are denied access to Fiddler's Green, they are apt to make trouble for any living person unfortunate enough to encounter them at sea. Similar is

the belief that any vessel which sinks without loss of life will someday return to the surface and continue to sail on her own until she finds another crew. Anyone familiar with the story of the MARY CELESTE—a brig found sailing uninhabited in the Atlantic in 1872—can easily imagine how this could be.

During the Great Age of Sail (the 16th to the 19th centuries), European seamen widely believed that an albatross represented the soul of a dead sailor. Every student of English literature has read *The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner,* and so knows what happened to the unfortunate man who killed one. In tropical waters, sailors say that when sharks follow a vessel it is for the purpose of devouring the soul (as well as the mortal remains) of one who is about to die. This is a good thing to a South Sea native who sees sharks as sub-deities, and horrendous to Westerners who don't relish being consumed, dead or alive. Some sailors will tell you that the devil—otherwise known as Davy Jones—waits on the sea floor to claim the souls of those who die at sea without repenting of their evil ways, and that sharks are his messengers. There are cases on record of sailors who almost died of starvation rather than eat shark meat.

Surprisingly, American whalers claimed that once you rounded Cape Horn into the Pacific, you entered a kind of neutral zone where anything was allowed—as long as the sailor was penitent when he redoubled the Horn on the trip home. Of course any sailor unlucky enough to be killed in the neutral zone went straight to Davy Jones' Locker (doubtless escorted by some of the sharks that always followed whalers). The ripe reputation of the Pacific whaling ports seems to indicate that many sailors were willing to take that chance—at least until the early part of the 19th century, when a concerted effort by missionaries extended the influence of Protestant fundamentalism into the Pacific.

Some traditional beliefs seem to have been attempts to account for what was otherwise not understood, occasionally with a surprising degree of accuracy. There is an old saying that if the galley kettle boils quickly, the vessel is in for a change of weather, usually for the worst. Today meteorologists will tell you that low pressure areas breed changes, and any high school physics student knows that water will boil much faster, and at a much lower temperature, in an area of low ambient pressure. Thus a quickly boiling kettle indicates a low pressure area, which, in turn, has been proven to bring a change of weather.

Another surprisingly accurate belief is the age-old axiom that rats will desert a sinking ship. In windship days, cargo was piled in the hold of a vessel, frequently to serve as ballast. Usually this cargo was loaded and not moved again until arrival in the next port, a matter of weeks or sometimes months. The barrels, bales and boxes were ideal shelter for rats, being just above the bilges. When a vessel took on water, it would accumulate in the bilges. As the water rose, rats would be forced from their lairs. If the water rose high enough to force rats out on deck, the vessel clearly was in great difficulty—hence the belief that rats will desert a sinking ship.

One of the more imaginative attempts to explain a little-understood phenomenon is an old sailor's tale that the phosphorescent wake left by vessels under some conditions of moonlight and sea is a result of the devil trying to sail the sea like a Christian. The tale is that Davy Jones built himself a vessel and tried to sail her into a Christian port. St. Christopher, the patron saint of travelers, saw what he was doing and struck the ship with fire, causing it to burn and sink. Being the devil's ship, it continued to burn underwater. The phosphorescent wake ships sometimes leave now serves to remind sailors that St. Christopher is still watching out for them.

Numerous other beliefs are Biblical in origin. There is almost universal agreement that sailing on a Friday is to sail into doom. This is probably because the Crucifixion took place on a Friday, although this belief is fairly common in Muslim countries as well. Along with their shore-bound cousins, sailors the world over agree that the number 13 is bad luck at sea. To sail on a Friday the 13th is to tempt all the fates, secular and Divine.

On the other hand, American Navy bluejackets have worn 13-button bell-bottom trousers for more than a century with no apparent ill effects. (Although trouser buttons do seem an odd way to commemorate the original 13 colonies.) Also in the old U.S. Navy, when a man died at sea and was sewn into a hammock prior to being committed to the deep, the last stitch was traditionally put through the man's nose. This ensured that he would stay in his resting place and not return to the surface to haunt living sailors. Although his clothes and personal effects were sold off to his watchmates immediately, tradition said that they were not to be worn until the end of the voyage.

At a time when a sailor's sheath knife was as much a part of his uniform as his trousers, a knife stuck in a loaf of bread on the mess deck was a portent of bad luck. If the loaf was upside down, it meant that a wreck was near. The same knife, however, as long as it had a black handle, could be driven into the mainmast to bring a wind. If that didn't work, then whistling on watch was sure to. The idea was that if a sailor had time to whistle, he didn't have enough to do, and since the sea hates idlers, it would soon provide him work in the form of worsening weather. Bo's'n's mates, because they were the ones who swung the cat-o'-nine-tails when a flogging was ordered, were frequently believed to be agents of Davy Jones, and were the only ones who could whistle on deck without causing disaster. (To this day there is a saying in the Navy that only fools and bo's'n's mates whistle on deck.)

Surprisingly though, a ship with a hand or two who could play music, especially a fiddle, was considered to be a lucky vessel. This again was because the sea hates idlers, and men work better and more cheerfully to music, and thereby don't anger the sea gods.

Even in our day those same sea gods are honored with traditional ceremonies whenever a ship crosses the equator, and people crossing for the first time (called Pollywogs) are made to go through a hazing before they

can become Shellbacks. (*Ed. Note:* See "The Euterpe Times" in this issue for an example.)

Ancient sailors believed ships were alive in their own way. Anyone on board a vessel today can put an ear to the bulkhead and hear her talk. Of course, engineers claim that this is a matter of stresses and movement of the tide and things like that, but sailors know better. Since a vessel has her own personality, she could never presume to be a part of the sea itself, so vessels are very seldom painted the colors of the sea, blue or green. To do so might be presumptuous, and that in turn could be fatal. (Another tradition with a practical side! Vessels painted the color of the sea would be quite difficult to see, and thus create a hazard for themselves and other ships around them.)

The advent of steam, coupled with the invention of the radio, ended an era that began in prehistory with the first "sailor" who climbed astride a fallen log, offered a prayer to his gods, and set out to cross some body of water. We don't know whether he made it or not, but the tradition he began is still with us in its various forms. By removing much of the need to cater to whims of wind and wave, machinery has radically altered traditional beliefs, but it hasn't been able to destroy them completely. Ships are still launched with a sacrifice–albeit a symbolic one–to the gods of the sea. While radio has removed much of the mystery over the far side of the horizon, even today vessels sometimes vanish without a trace. Modern sailors, who feel secure with weather knowledge passed by satellite relay, may whistle with impunity–but computers do sometimes fail mysteriously!

Humanity has come a long way, and will go further still, but the old gods wait patiently because the sea always wins in the end.

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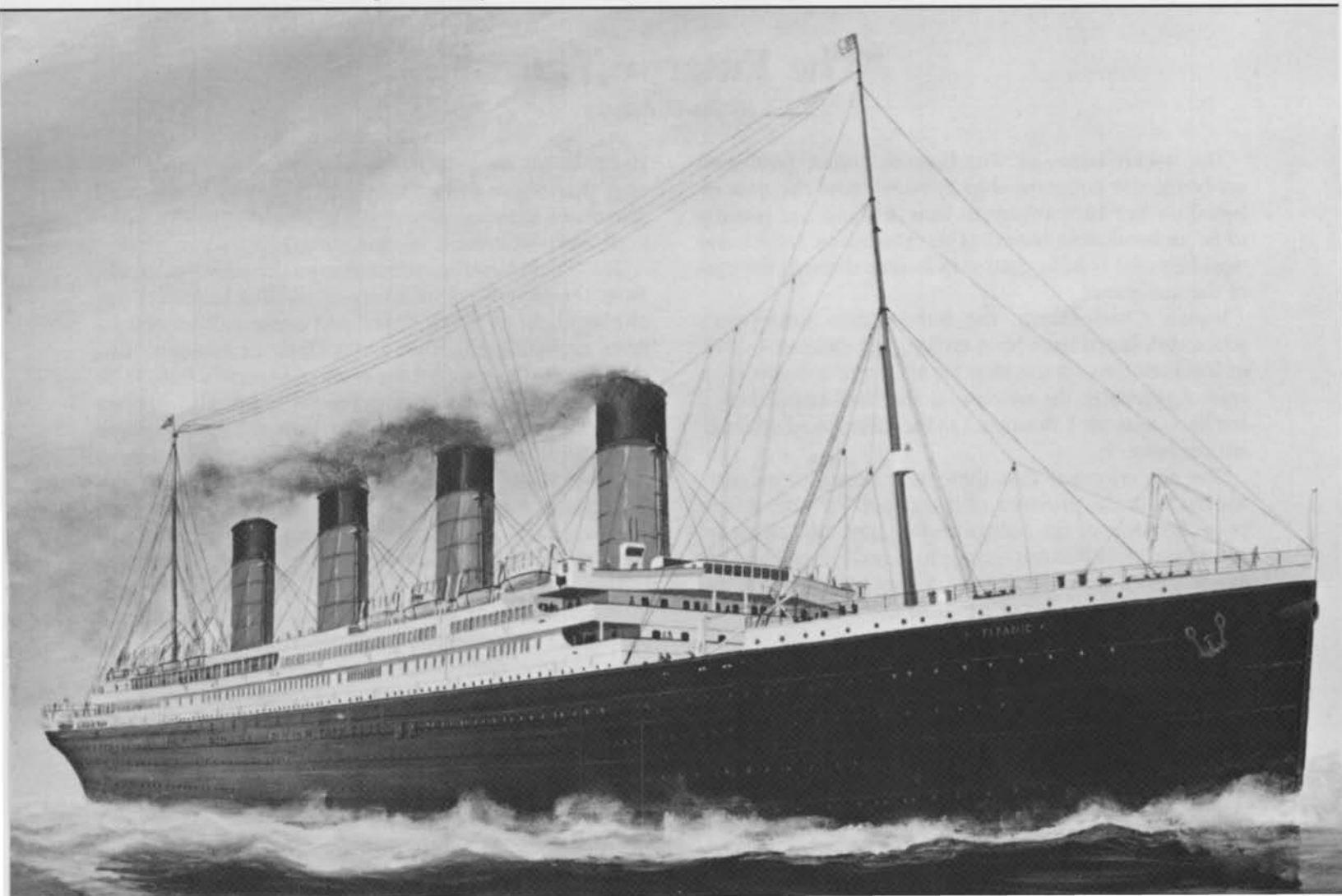
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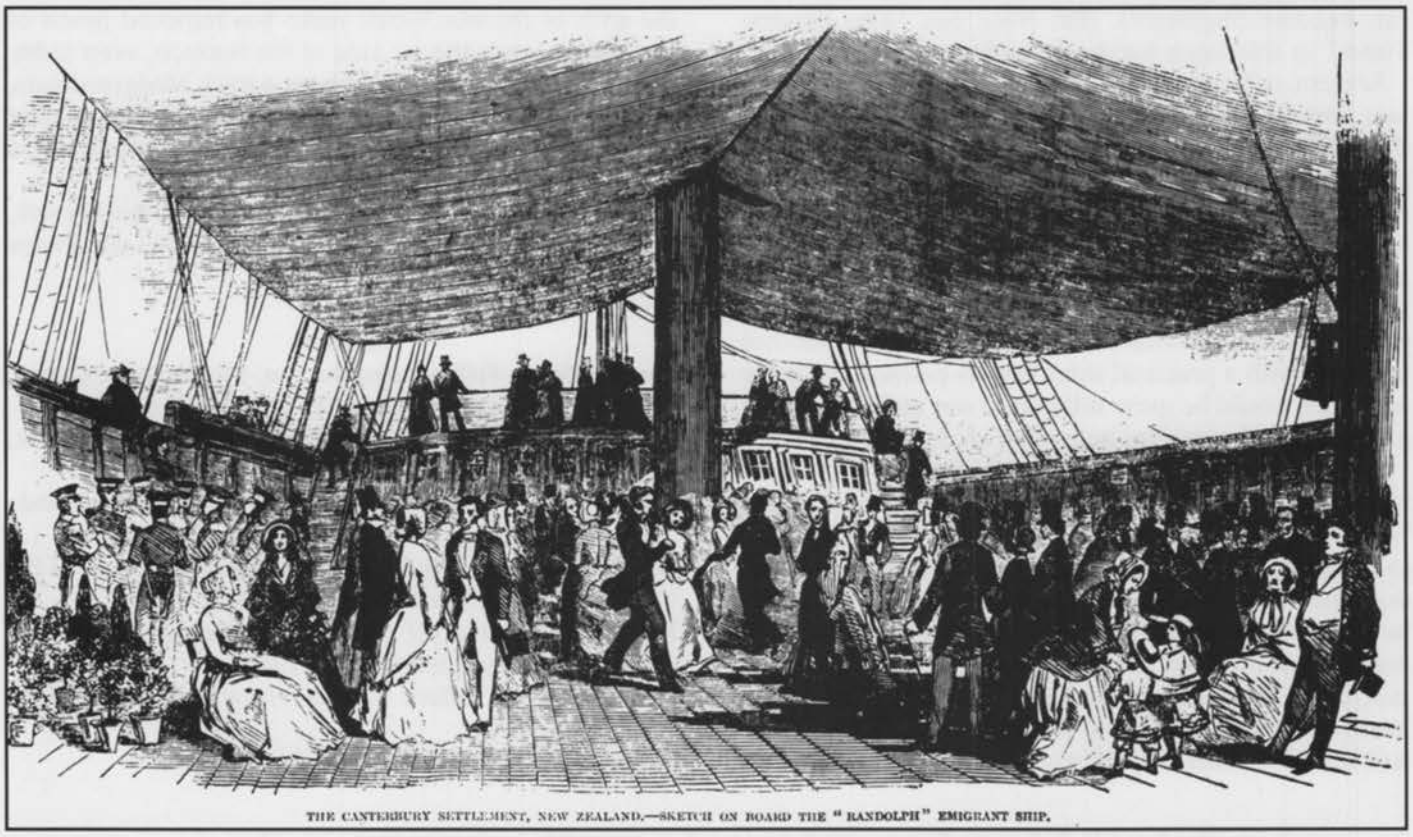
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The Royal Mail Steamer TITANIC, *which foundered on her maiden voyage in 1912 with a loss of over 1500 lives. She was launched without a christening–and old salts nodded sagely when she went down, believing that to skip such a ceremony is to anger the sea.* *Painting by Richard W. DeRosset*





THE CANTERBURY SETTLEMENT, NEW ZEALAND.—SKETCH ON BOARD THE "RANDOLPH" EMIGRANT SHIP.

A woodcut of a lively party on board the emigrant ship RANDOLPH *in New Zealand.* *Print courtesy of Karl Kortum*

"The Euterpe Times"

By David Brierley

The weekly issues of "The Euterpe Times," published on board the emigrant ship EUTERPE (now the STAR OF INDIA) on her 1879 voyage to New Zealand, are proving to be an invaluable record of the emigrants, sailors and workings of this full-rigged ship as seen through the eyes of the emigrants.

Joshua Charlesworth, the handwritten newspaper's scribe, distributed Issue No. 4 on Saturday, October 4, 1879, in five locations on the ship for all interested parties to read. Apparently, the newspaper staff had stepped on a few toes in issues 1 through 3 as the following disclaimer led off Issue 4:

"We are informed that there is a wrong impression aboard as to the province of this paper. We intend it to be a chronicle of the doings and sayings and incidents connected with this our voyage to New Zealand, and we beg to assure those persons who may consider that the publication is only for one part of the ship and not for others, that it is intended for all. We do not wish, in fact, we have no desire to be hard on the weaknesses or misfortunes of any, but if any such are lightly or altogether passed over by us, we trust those intrusted will not attribute the omission to any idea on our part that such doings do not come within our cognisance, but simply that we have no desire to say or do anything to promote any other feelings than those of harmony and fraternity between all classes of passengers."

(Whew!–comment by this writer)

The "Local News" section followed the above statement from the paper's editor. Crossing the line (equator) was the highlight of "Local News" and occurred two months after departing the East India Dock of London. Two separate entries covered the event of September 30, 1879.

The first entry was brief and to the point. The reporter and emigrants "did not notice Father Neptune come aboard but we have no doubt that Jupiter Plurius was to the fore." Many passengers got a "dowsing" and "those who have slinked a bath before were bound to have one on this occasion." In this case, a crossing the line event was both traditional and conducive to good hygiene.

This "great event of the week" included most everyone–whether willing or not. Rumors and anticipation spread among the emigrants, especially the children, prior to the appearance of Father Neptune. It appears that the rumors were being spread by a nefarious band of some of the emigrants to draw people to different spaces in EUTERPE. This band then gained great satisfaction in pouring water over the searching emigrants. Very few of the men, women

and children were safe from the assistants of Father Neptune, who had instructed them well and in good fun.

Further "Local News" pertained to the general shipboard morale of the emigrants. The newspaper reported that they seemed to be adjusting to the long sea passage to New Zealand. "The Euterpe Times" observed that more passengers were staying sober (only first class passengers were supposedly entitled to have access to spirits from the ship's supply) and were pleasant. More emigrants were now attending the captain's religious service on the poop deck each Sunday morning.

Ship sightings continued to occur as reported on before. This week's tally was six vessels, but all were too far away to be spoken. Ah, for a good marine radio!

Of a much more serious note was the fact that the "loss of the bobstays [a diagonal chain and rod on the bow running from the stem to the end of the bowsprit] last Friday and Saturday has rather alarmed a number of the passengers. The matter is something with which we are entirely unacquainted with, but we have no doubt that the repairs which were promptly made will prove sufficient to prevent any recurrence of anxiety."

Further inspection of EUTERPE's bow revealed that "the bowsprit itself is much damaged, no doubt caused by the collision with the Talfour off Gravesend" when departing England. There was general relief that the damage was found in fair weather and that repairs could be made "under less formidable circumstances" than might have prevailed otherwise.

The next installment of "The Euterpe Times" of October 4, 1879, will cover an injury to a sailor and shipboard sports news. The EUTERPE was really a micro-community complete with jobs, food, lodging, church, school, a newspaper, health care, and leisure time activities.

Volunteer of the Quarter

Our Maritime Museum Volunteer of the Quarter for Spring 1993 is Paul Riseley. Mr. Riseley, a native of the region of East Anglia, England, has resided in the United States for many years. He and his wife currently divide their year between summers in Portland, Oregon, and winters in San Diego.

Mr. Riseley's interest in the maritime field goes back for many years. As a boy he attended one of the rugged marine cadet schools in England, then shipped out with the British Merchant Service during World War II, in which service he saw combat in the Mediterranean Sea and North Atlantic. After the war he continued in the Merchant Service, voyaging all over the world. Not too many years later, he relocated to the United States, married, and became a marine insurance company representative.

Now retired from that field, Mr. Riseley devotes much of his time to his two favorite maritime museums—this one, and the Oregon Maritime Center in Portland. In the latter museum, Mr. Riseley has been active in the ongoing restoration of the Columbia River steamboat PORTLAND. A mammoth job awaited those who sought to restore this classic steam vessel, but she has come a long way in recent months and is nearing a satisfactory state of display. The Oregon Maritime Center also has a small but very attractive building on shore, located in the heart of Portland's historic waterfront district, where many fine ship models and other artifacts are on display. As a museum, they are young but growing fast.

Leaving behind the gray skies and rain of that city on the Columbia during wintertime, Mr. Riseley and his wife journey south to the balmy climate of San Diego. While at our Museum, he works as a Docent and a Library Volunteer. An outstanding assistant in both areas, Mr. Riseley combines a wry English wit with a good deal of knowledge about ships. He has been performing a number of tasks for the Library, most recently toiling on our Master Ship Index, which is planned to hold a reference for every ship covered in Library documents. This is a stupendous task involving thousands of ships and tens of thousands of references. Several volunteers are working on this file, and once it is in a more refined form, we're planning to put it on computer disks. Someday a reseacher will be able to walk into our Library, and with a few flicks of his fingers on a computer terminal, access numerous ship histories in a fraction of the time it now takes.

For all his help in a number of areas, we thank Mr. Paul Riseley. He is a good shipmate and an excellent volunteer.



From the Helm

Time goes on! On September 27, 1993, our Star of India Auxiliary members will celebrate 30 years of service to the Maritime Museum. Over the years, the Auxiliary has raised nearly half a million dollars to foster Museum exhibits and maintain the STAR OF INDIA, BERKELEY and MEDEA for display. The Board of Trustees, membership, staff and crew salute the Auxiliary for their dedication and hard work. Happy Birthday!

Drydocking of the STAR is scheduled for May-June in preparation for sailing her on August 14 and 22. Volunteer crew training is currently being held every Sunday and is an excellent spectator sport. We invite everyone to visit the Embarcadero and see the crew exercising the sails and themselves as they prepare for sea. STAR sail training is not for the faint of heart, it is demanding of spirit and muscle and gives her crew a glimpse at what life aboard in the 1800s must have been like. We thank all our volunteers for making "Star Sail '93" a real happening during America's Finest City week.

A final tribute goes to Craig Arnold and Joe Ditler for producing ever-improving Museum publications and news releases. Recent *Mains'l Haul* articles in particular have generated many favorable comments from readers who appreciate the efforts required to publish historical journals of high quality.

–Charles R. Allen, President
Kenneth Franke, Executive Director

Library Log

"Putting words down on paper and having them printed is dangerous because, once printed they have a kind of immortality that the spoken word does not. The spoken word, no matter how wise, goes up in smoke and is lost forever."

Andrew A. Rooney

I've known a few writers over the years, and never met one I didn't like. People who take writing seriously, as a craft, have a care and sensibility all their own.

I've known doctors, lawyers and other highly accomplished people who, while brilliant in their own ways, don't have the spark of curiosity a good writer has. Writers have this added instinct; they open their senses and monitor the world around them.

One of the pleasures of my job is that I get to work with so many writers. Some are seasoned pros; others are just getting started. I've also been able to encourage people who never wrote a thing in their lives to try some serious writing. Often their work is much better than anyone expected.

As a writer, I believe in the ability of ordinary people to report extraordinary events. If a man or woman witnesses a moment of history at first hand, I believe that he or she can express the sense of that moment. For this reason, when considering material for *Mains'l Haul*, I don't accept the excuse of "I can't write!" –not when I know that person has a real story to tell.

Some people are great talkers and others are fine as writers. Seldom do you find the two qualities combined in the same person. (This explains why politicians almost never write their own speeches. It isn't because they're too busy; it's because they're naturally better at talking than writing.)

Writers are seldom much good at talking. They tend to listen instead. In any social gathering, ten to one the lone writer can be singled out by the way he listens. You can see the mental notes going down, somewhere behind the polite smile.

Not all writers are taciturn, of course–but it's been my experience than many are. When writers do become loquacious, it's often in the company of other writers.

How do you tell if someone who says he wants to write is serious? Well, for one thing, real writers *write*. All the time. They don't produce a book or play, wait ten years, then take up writing again on a whim. If anything, they feel they have insufficient time in which to write. Lack of time is the great enemy of the writer. Other enemies are people who distract the writer from writing, and the typical writer's chronic shortage of money.

Silence and the time to think are the writer's best allies–and both are endangered species in our noisy and intrusive world. Will the eruption of technology eventually destroy writing? So far, that has not proven the case; writers have been able to adapt to alien plastic universes such as television and computers, and turn these things to their profit.

Why write? Why attempt to convey knowledge, humor, grief and all the things of the human spirit? Perhaps the late Robert Penn Warren put it best in his Pulitzer-winning novel, *All the King's Men*. At one point in the narrative, the hero, Jack Burden, embarks on a long and torturous exploration of his past. While doing so, he stops to consider why he is so engaged, despite the pain and difficulty it is causing him. "For the end of man is to know," he finally concludes.

Whether exploring one's own life, the lives of others, or the existence of matter, the rationale for writing will always be the same.

"For the end of man is to know."

–Craig Arnold, Librarian

Ship Model Shop

It is gratifying to say that aside from a few very minor details, Jack Klein's and Joe Bompensiero's wonderful model of the SAN SALVADOR is now complete. Based on Melbourne Smith's plans, the SAN SALVADOR was Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo's vessel of discovery when he first landed in San Miguel (San Diego) in 1542.

Present plans call for the model to reside in its temporary case in front of the Model Shop until mid-June when it will be sent to the Del Mar Fair to be included in the 1993 Design in Woods competition. This will give nearly 1,000,000 San Diegans an opportunity to see what Jack and Joe have done for the Museum and perhaps pique their interest in some other facets of maritime history.

Later the model will be moved to the Peninsula Bank in Point Loma for a pre-Cabrillo Festival exhibit. Peninsula Bank has generously donated $1500 to offset the cost of the base and case for the model; they will also be sponsoring a reception and dedication of the model in the week of the Cabrillo Festival. She will then take up permanent residence here aboard the Museum.

Both Jack and Joe are now getting back to their own projects, Jack's 18th century sloop-of-war KINGFISHER and Joe's yacht ROYAL CAROLINE of the same period. Both are planning further projects for the Museum, however, including the steam lumber schooner SAN DIEGO for Jack and the U.S. Navy's first aircraft carrier, USS LANGLEY (CV-1) for Joe. Both projects are already into the research stage and will probably commence late this year or early next.

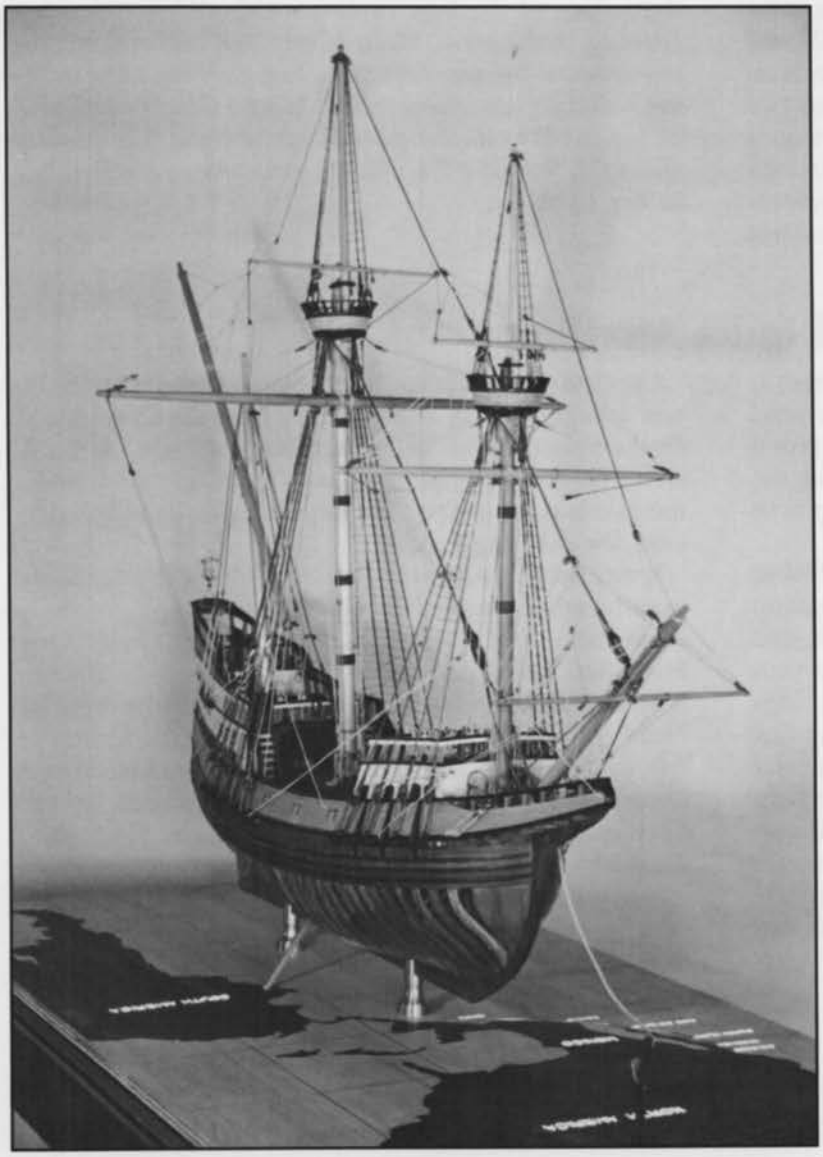
I believe that when you see the SAN SALVADOR you will agree with me that it is one of our finest models and Jack and Joe should be recognized as the fine modelers they are.

In other Model Shop news, Dr. William Brown has done some repair work on his magnificent model of the USS CYANE, which has become a focal point of our U.S. Navy exhibit area. When he took the model home, the hole left in its absence was tremendous. We are very glad to have her back. Thank you for all your efforts, Bill.

By the time you read this, Phil Mattson's incredible model of the gunboat USS BENNINGTON (PG-4) will be on permanent display in the Navy section. If you have not already seen it, it is the best model of that period (c. 1900) and in that scale that I have ever seen. Things to note on the model are the guns, masthead lights, boats, and all of the very fine details, all made by Phil. There are no purchased parts anywhere on the model.

Finally, the rest of us keep plugging away at our various projects and are eager to show them off, so if you're in the neighborhood, drop by and chat, as we would enjoy an opportunity to explain them to you.

–Robert Crawford,
Curator of Ship Models



The Maritime Museum's new model of Cabrillo's galleon SAN SALVADOR *is mounted on a map of the New World. Note Admiralty-type construction, with the ship's frames exposed for viewing.* *Photo by Dave Brierley*

Curator's Corner

The Curatorial Department's preparations for sailing the STAR OF INDIA are continuing in several areas. Exhibits are being disassembled carefully by Curatorial Assistants from the Star of India Auxiliary and Museum Registrar Kay Nash. The need to have our "cargo" of artifacts maintained safely requires the removal of items subject to shipyard dirt during the ship's dry-docking. Security considerations throughout the preparation and sailing time, the prevention of damage to artifacts when the ship rolls at sea, and the fact that some cabins or spaces are needed for other purposes on sailing days are further reasons for this disassembly.

As mentioned in the previous *Mains'l Haul,* the reprint of *Star of India: The Log of an Iron Ship* was imminent. It is now available in the Museum Store and is selling well. The Maritime Museum is grateful to Philip and Heidrun Faulconer for enabling us to reprint this book as a memorial to Mr. Faulconer's father, Thomas N. Faulconer.

Docent activity is continuing in an upward direction, thanks to the help of Molly Alexander, Bob Sanford and others. Further sextant training will be conducted in order to try the Davis Mk III sextants donated by BOAT/US and to compare them with instruments from our collection.

The America's Cup exhibit aboard the BERKELEY has two new sections in place for members and Museum visitors to learn from. Jack Sutphen and I have added sections covering the 1988 event, and a combined case presenting the 1983 and 1987 events. Still to come are exhibit cases on earlier 12-meter events beginning in 1958 and Cup events from 1870 to 1937. The next Curator's Corner will elaborate on these timely exhibits as the America's Cup clock begins to tick toward 1995.

A companion exhibit panel is currently being prepared to hang over the 21½-foot tank testing model of STARS & STRIPES 87 located on the main deck of the BERKELEY. Extensive computer and tank testing is necessary to arrive at the best design for wind and sea conditions plus the performance prerequisites of the syndicates. Hull patterns and several winged keel configurations will help illustrate the approach.

Membership Programs for much of 1993 will relate to sailing ships in keeping with the major Museum event of STAR OF INDIA putting to sea during America's Finest City Week. The March 31 program was the exciting film of Irving Johnson's *Around Cape Horn.* Members were reminded that our STAR OF INDIA, as EUTERPE, made 21 roundings of Cape Horn.

The September 29 Membership Program will focus on the sailing of the STAR OF INDIA with slides and video coverage of the event. Many of our members will be taking slides of the two days of sailing plus the crew training. Members are encouraged to submit slides (which will be returned) to me for possible showing at this evening about the STAR and the officers and crew who sailed her in her 130th year.

–Dave Brierley, Curator

Star of India Auxiliary

As first Auxiliary president Marnie Woodworth reminded us at a recent Board meeting, this is our 30th year! Yes, in May 1993 we are turning 30! We are all very proud of ourselves for the dedication and diligence that the members have given to raise money for the development of the Maritime Museum and its fleet.

It takes many willing hands to do the work needed to keep our fleet of ships looking spiffy. We have a group of ladies that meets with Curator Dave Brierley on this issue. There are also the Docents and Guides who promote interest in the Museum not only on board the ships but throughout the community. We also have our fine Girl Scout Mariner Troop that helps us on Founders Day and any time we need them. Our Museum mailing ladies help Executive Director Ken Franke and his office staff. We also have a fine group of ladies that are so talented and do such lovely arts and crafts for us. In case you are wondering, we do have an ongoing bridge group–and also Mah-Jongg!

Our annual Rummage Sale, held on April 17 and 18, was a huge success. A larger sum of money was raised for the Museum than in the previous year's sale. We thank all the ladies and gentlemen who worked so hard to make this sale happen, and we also thank our Maritime Museum crew for their hard work.

It was truly a good year. New officers for the Auxiliary were installed on May 19, and they are:

President . . . . . Mrs. Joseph Greig (Rita)
First Vice President . . . . . unfilled
Second Vice President . . Mrs. Charles Burkhard (Lola)
Third Vice President . . . . . Mrs. Ivan Sarda (Barbara)
Fourth Vice President . . . . . Mrs. Philip Acker (Marje)
Recording Secretary . . . . . Mrs. Jackie Ingram
Corresponding Secretary . . . . . Mrs. Dean Holt (Dee)
Treasurer . . . . . Mrs. Gary Murdock (Susie)

–Margaret Arveson,
Auxiliary President

Development Report

When STAR OF INDIA goes to sea August 22, two descendants of the emigrants who sailed in her in the late 19th century will be aboard. A contest is being held in New Zealand to locate the "most interesting descendants," who will be flown here with their spouses, courtesy of Air New Zealand, to participate in America's Finest City Week and the sailing of the STAR.

Presently these is a movement afoot in New Zealand similar to our own search for "Roots" in the 1970s. EUTERPE being one of the earliest ships to New Zealand, has made her descendants quite popular. The contest was designed to give our Museum access to fresh information and artifacts pertaining to this very interesting era of the ship's past.

Air New Zealand made the contest possible by their donation of four seats, round-trip from New Zealand to Los Angeles. Mr. Francis Fielding of the San Diego/New Zealand Business Association, in cooperation with Ms. Patricia Thornton and the New Zealand Marketing Network, have agreed to supply transportation from Los Angeles to San Diego and back, in addition to working out schedules and events for our New Zealand guests during the week of STAR OF INDIA's sailings.

In New Zealand, *The Sunday Star,* the largest Sunday newspaper in the country, is hosting the contest. Editor Jenny Wheeler began the competition April 25 with a front page teaser to the contest, with an introduction to the rules on the inside.

On May 2, *The Sunday Star* ran a series of stories on EUTERPE's voyages to New Zealand. This included more contest information and the publishing of short stories and anecdotes from emigrant descendants.

On May 23, the contest ended and judging began. The winners will be announced in the June 20 edition of *The Sunday Star.*

My personal feeling is that with 300-400 emigrants on some voyages between 1871 and 1898, there are literally thousands of EUTERPE descendants living down under. I believe that many of these people have attics and basements stuffed with letters, postmarks, logs, diaries, photographs, hand-carved wares, and much more that will unlock additional history.

Watch our publications for more information on the New Zealand winners and other events surrounding the sailing of STAR OF INDIA in conjunction with America's Finest City Week.

–Joseph Ditler,
Development Director



The lady in the photo is Selina Euterpe Collingwood, nee Robinson, as she looked in New Zealand in 1906–32 years after her birth on board EUTERPE. *Her husband George, sons George Jr. and Clifford, and daughter Eva surround her. Selina Euterpe passed away in 1971, aged 97.* *SDMM file photo*

Mail Bag

Editor:

Whilst watching a TV report on San Diego recently we were amazed to see the old immigrant ship Euterpe had been restored to her former glory and was open to public viewing. The New Zealand commentator also mentioned that the Museum would welcome hearing from any descendants of those emigrating from England to New Zealand in the 1800s.

My husband's grandmother, Selina Euterpe Robinson, was born on board the ship in the 1870s. Whilst the ship was anchored off the Islands for supplies Selina–a white baby–was stolen by natives and taken ashore. Eventually being relocated, she was returned to the ship before it sailed on to New Zealand.

I am anxious to trace other members of the Robinson family and would appreciate learning whether her birth was recorded. . . . Is a photocopy of the passenger lists available?

Mrs. Brenda M. Collingwood
Tauranga, New Zealand

(*Ed. Note:* The report of Dr. John Bligh, surgeon of the EUTERPE in 1874, records the birth of Selina during that year's voyage. Her parents–Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson–are in the ship's passenger list. Copies of these documents have been sent to Mrs. Collingwood. For a picture of Selina in later years, please see the "Development Report" feature in this issue.)

Editor:

I have become familiar with *Mains'l Haul* through one of your subscribers, who sent me a copy of your Fall 1992 issue. It is superb! My appreciation of it constrains me to compliment you on the quality of its writing, its diversity, and the erudition of its authors.

May I suggest to you that if you plan to visit New England again, you may wish to pay a visit to the Maine Maritime Museum in Bath, and the Penobscot Marine Museum in Searsport, Maine.

I recommend the Bath museum only for the diversity of its exhibits. Its entrance fees are high, its personnel, when they are around, seem to be mostly custodial, and the museum buildings seem to be scattered primarily in an old residential section of Bath. But they have a shipyard, some interesting exhibits in an old shipbuilder's mansion, and in an old church. The Searsport museum, by contrast, consists of a small neighborhood of homes and a beautiful new museum building harboring local maritime artifacts proudly displayed by the citizens of the community, who are surprisingly well informed about the function of most exhibits.

For a fairly good local maritime museum you might also enjoy the one in Newburyport, Massachusetts. It was in Newburyport that the famed Donald Mackay (1810–1880), designer of clippers such as STAGHOUND, FLYING CLOUD, FLYING FISH and SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS, had an early career as a shipbuilder in Currier's yard.

Perhaps I should also mention the Historical and Naval Museum of Kittery, Maine, and the site of the first U.S. Navy shipyard. Nearby Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has the John Paul Jones House, where Jones lived. . . . Within a few blocks of this museum is Strawberry Bankes, a partially restored area of Portsmouth, where the "commonfolk" of the 18th century–sailors and ship craftsmen–lived.

R. N. Shoemaker
Waverly, Pennsylvania

(*Ed. Note:* Every maritime buff should take the time to see as much of New England as possible–the Yankees have a real love of the sea and there are many excellent museums.)

Editor:

I visited San Diego in 1992 and became a member of the Museum then. I truly enjoyed the old ships and the Museum and was delighted to see "The Great Age of Sail" while there.

I mainly am writing to let you know how much I enjoyed the Fall issue of *Mains'l Haul.* Your article about the museums in New England will be my guide when I motor to that area. A very well written and informative article. Would hope to read more up to its standards in the future. The articles by R. N. Bowling, Winn Bagley and Leonard D. Ash, along with your article, made this by far the best issue I have received so far. Your magazine is one reason I became a member and will be one reason I continue to be a member. I do hope to come to San Diego again in a short time, maybe when the Museum has moved.

Wallace Kimbrough
Jackson, Mississippi

Editor:

Mains' Haul is one of the very few forums left for articles and discussions about ships, the sea, and maritime affairs and their history. I like the care and organization of your magazine and the fact that it is carefully edited, not full of errors and typos.

On the other hand, the U.S. Naval Institute's *Proceedings*–also well-edited and skillfully put together–leaves little opportunity for the civilian writer to have his views published. It seems the higher the rank of the author, the more likely the article will be published. Also, many of these high-ranking contributors have entire staffs of enlisted journalists to do their legwork. I have also been told that *Proceedings* has stacks of yet-unpublished articles. . . .

Your remark about an author submitting material to a dispassionate objective second party for editing, trimming, or revision was especially helpful to me. As Wittgenstein once said, "People see only what they want to see." Many writers lack this insight towards their own work.

Lionel C. Meeker
Temecula, California

Editor:

Your current issue of *Mains'l Haul* [Winter 1993] is as good as anything I've seen with the first-class articles and notes. Fortunately there are numerous in-house journals like yours, *Sea History, The Sea Letter* and others across the country that are filling in all the gaps and nooks and crannies of regional history. From the beginnings of all such journals as two-page mimeographed sheets, they have, for the most part, graduated into first-class magazines.

Harold Huycke
Edmonds, Washington

(*Ed. Note:* Captain Huycke is the author of a renowned history of the sailing ship–*To Santa Rosalia: Further and Back.* He has written many articles for *The American Neptune* and other publications, and is considered a leading authority on West Coast shipping.)

Editor:

I enjoy reading the excellent magazine you edit and find stimulation for our somewhat lowlier publication. *Mains'l Haul* is a splendid mirror of the San Diego Maritime Museum and its work. Perhaps "lens" would be a better word.

With regard to the earlier vessels of Shaw Savill, there are a few items of interest. One comes to mind–the collision and sinking of the AVALANCHE one day after leaving London. Most of the crew were lost. A group of divers found the wreck a few years ago and raised the ship's bell. The Shaw Savill Society were pleased to attend a ceremony when the bell was placed in the church nearest to the wreck off Portland Bill.

Harry M. Hignett
Maritime Records Centre
Merseyside Maritime Museum
Liverpool, England

(*Ed. Note:* Mr. Hignett has been of signal assistance in providing our Museum with early British records of the EUTERPE, including lists of her cargoes. We are greatly indebted to him for his help.)

THE BO'S'N'S PIPE:
Maritime Museum News and Announcements

On the Waterfront

That's the theme of this year's America's Finest City celebration in August. The fun kicks off on August 14 with a sailing of the grandest symbol of San Diego's waterfront when the STAR OF INDIA spreads her canvas wings and takes to the open sea.

The week following will be filled with on-board demonstrations of scrimshaw, woodcarving, rope-making and other nautical arts. Sea chanteys and sea stories will echo through the salty waterfront air as a bygone era is recalled.

On the eve of the STAR's second sailing, a glittering Benefit will celebrate the glories of the sea in general and our gallant Iron Lady in particular. (Inquiries about this very special event should be directed to the Museum Development Office, at 619-234-9153.)

Finally, America's Finest City week and its waterfront theme will culminate on August 22 with an unprecedented repeat sailing of the STAR OF INDIA. There's no sight to gladden the saltiest old salt's heart like that of the STAR under sail. Make sure you don't miss either of her sailings–or any other of the great events during this week. We'll see you all–"On the Waterfront!"

International Cape Horn Sailors

From Captain Harold Huycke comes the following news:

The AICH, or Amicale Internationale Des Captaines au Long Course Cape Horniers of St. Malo was founded in France in 1938 by sailing ship captains. This is a very exclusive organization of men and women (a few) who have sailed around Cape Horn in a cargo-carrying sailing ship. There are now sections or chapters in ten countries but no section in North America. About 200 members attended the latest congress, out of about 900 worldwide.

The rules for membership are strict and unassailable. Membership is restricted to that person who sailed around Cape Horn in a cargo-carrying sailing ship. This does not include school ships, nor is membership offered to yachtsmen, battleship messmen, Liberty Ship seamen or aircraft carrier admirals. This is an invitation to anyone who can prove his sailing ship experience and who wishes to help form a North American chapter. For starters, applicants can write to the address below and in due course a charter from the international headquarters in St. Malo may be acquired:

Capt. Harold D. Huycke
18223 84th Place W.
Edmonds, WA 98026

San Diego Urban Corps

When you visit the Maritime Museum fleet these days, no doubt you will observe a number of keen young men and women in green uniforms working hard to preserve our ships, handle visitors at ticket desks, and perform clerical tasks.

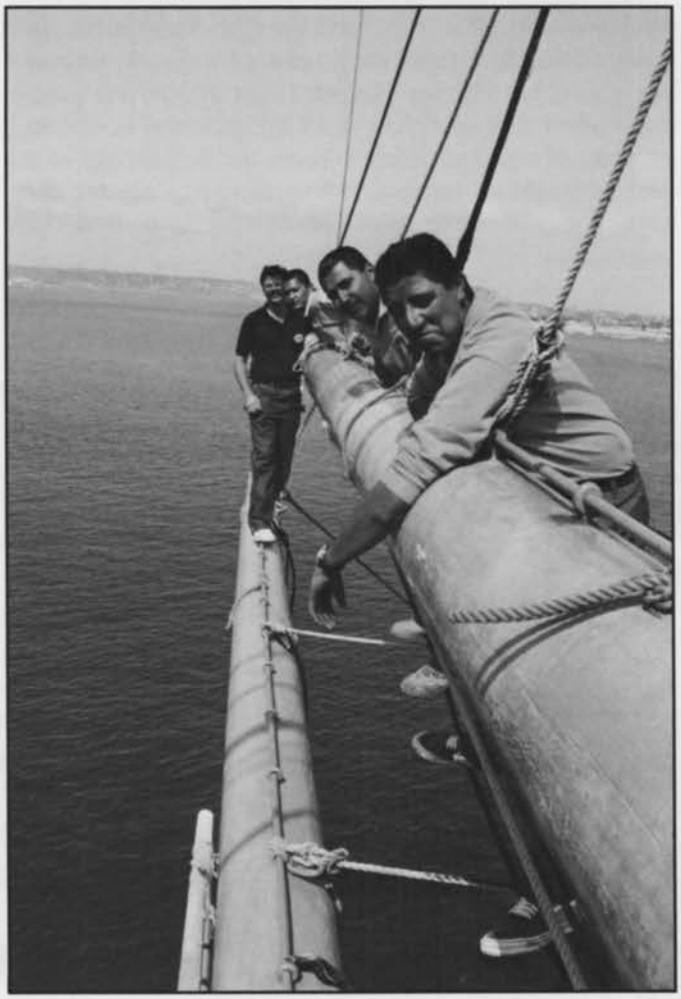
These young people are members of the Urban Corps, a special jobs-training program sponsored by the City of San Diego, with which the Maritime Museum is proud to assist. Urban Corps youths come aboard our ships each week to learn things they can't learn in school–how to hold a responsible job, how to deal with members of the public in a work environment, how to perform skill-building tasks from computer operation to painting and carpentry.

The Urban Corps youths are expected to learn skills quickly–marketable skills which will help them enter the workplace and be able to do something more than flip hamburgers. On-the-job experience, working alongside seasoned professionals, is what the Urban Corps is all about.

We are pleased to report that the Urban Corps men and women whom we have trained and are training are doing fine. Three of them have been hired by the San Diego Harbor Excursion Company. In the meantime, five more members of the Corps have come aboard our ships and are working alongside our crew.

It's pleasant to watch a salty old Museum crewman take such a youth in hand, and teach him useful skills. In a sense, the torch is being passed to a new generation–one facing a tough economy, but doing so with "survival tools" acquired here.

Special thanks go to Museum trustee Sam Duran and teacher David Richardson, both administrators of the Urban Corps, for initiating this program with us. Both their fine young people and the Maritime Museum have benefited from it.



Maritime Museum rigger Jim Davis stands on STAR OF INDIA'S *fore lower tops'l yard as he instructs, from outboard to inboard, Urban Corps volunteers Alfredo Guerrero, Gerardo Mendoza and Francisco Zamarripa in the finer points of working aloft.*

Photo by Joe Ditler

The Museum is Looking for a Few Good Men (and Women)

Volunteers! Your help is urgently needed by the San Diego Maritime Museum! Specifically, we need your help in the following areas to make the sailing of the STAR OF INDIA in August successful:

Benefit Ball on Broadway Pier, Saturday, August 21
Obtain raffle and casino prizes
Mailing of invitations
Handling of replies and payments for the ball
Selling raffle tickets
Manning the registration table
Providing ushers from end of pier to event
Assist in setting up of event area
Breakdown of event area after event

Please contact Teresa Higgins at 234-8810 or Joy Frye at 223-8800 if you can help. Thank you for your support.

Special *Star* Sailing Events

Our Museum staff and volunteers are putting together a host of fun events for America's Finest City Week on board the Museum. Among these events are the Auxiliary's pre-Sailing Breakfast on Saturday, August 14, from 7 to 9 a.m. on the BERKELEY. This will occur prior to watching the STAR cast off her mooring lines and head for the open sea. The pre-sailing ceremony itself will take place on the Embarcadero in front of the STAR from 9 to 10 a.m. (Sailing time is 10 a.m.)

On Sunday, August 15, the popular event known as "Movies Before the Mast" will feature the classic 1934 version of *Treasure Island,* starring Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore and Jackie Cooper. Seating begins on the STAR at 8 p.m., with the movie running from 9 to 11.

Movies before the Mast continues with a second showing of *Treasure Island* on Monday, August 16, at the same time. Also on that day, we'll have a nautical rope-making demonstration on the STAR, from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.

On Tuesday, August 17, a scrimshaw-making demonstration opens events from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. That evening, from 8 to 11, we'll again hold Movies Before the Mast, screening the 1937 film *Captains Courageous,* based on the Rudyard Kipling novel and starring Spencer Tracy, Lionel Barrymore and Freddie Bartholomew.

On Wednesday, August 18, we'll have a sea chantey festival from 11 to 1, and a special treat for the evening: "Living Theatre" on the STAR OF INDIA, with a performance of *Two Years Before the Mast,* starring actor Daniel Trent as Richard Henry Dana. This is truly a marvelous play, bringing to life the Great Age of Sail. The show will run aboard the STAR at 6:30 and again at 9 that evening.

On Thursday, August 19, we'll present a special wood-carving demonstration on the STAR from 11 to 1 as our daytime nautical arts event, and the evening will feature two repeat performances of *Two Years Before the Mast,* at the same times as above.

Saturday, August 21, will see our spectacular Benefit on Broadway Pier. (Watch the Museum newsletter and the next issue of *Mains'l Haul* for further details.) This will be a dinner-dance held to benefit the Maritime Museum. Finally, on Sunday, August 22, the STAR OF INDIA sails for a second time.

Tickets for the Living Theatre event will be $20 per person, and for Movies Before the Mast, $10 per person. For further details, contact the Museum Office at 234-9153.



Actor Daniel Trent will portray Richard Henry Dana in the play, "Two Years Before the Mast" at the Maritime Museum during America's Finest City Week in August. *Photo courtesy of Daniel Trent*

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Note: Please call the Museum Office at 234-9153 for details of time and exact location, where not given.

JUNE

16: Auxiliary Board Meeting, BERKELEY, 10 a.m.

17: Ship Modelers Guild, BERKELEY, 7 p.m.

JULY

4: Independence Day

15: Ship Modelers Guild, STAR orlop, 7 p.m.

21: Universal Ship Cancellation Society, STAR orlop, 7:30 p.m.

22: Maritime Research Society, STAR orlop, 6–9:30 p.m. Dinner included. New members welcome!

AUGUST

14: First Sailing of STAR OF INDIA. Pre-sailing ceremony, 9 a.m., Embarcadero in front of ship.

15-21: America's Finest City Week. See "The Bo's'n's Pipe" section of this issue for details.

22: Second Sailing of STAR OF INDIA. Pre-sailing ceremony, 9 a.m., Embarcadero in front of ship.

29: Ferryboat Reunion, BERKELEY, 10 a.m.–12 noon.

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

A non-profit, educational corporation
Council of American Maritime Museums
Conference of California Historical Societies
American Association of Museums
International Congress of Maritime Museums

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"Mainsail Haul–An order in tacking ship bidding 'Swing the main yards.' To loot, steal, or 'acquire.'"
–John Masefield

Craig Arnold, *Editor*

MARITIME MUSEUM ASS'N. OF SAN DIEGO
Bark *Star of India*
1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, Calif. 92101

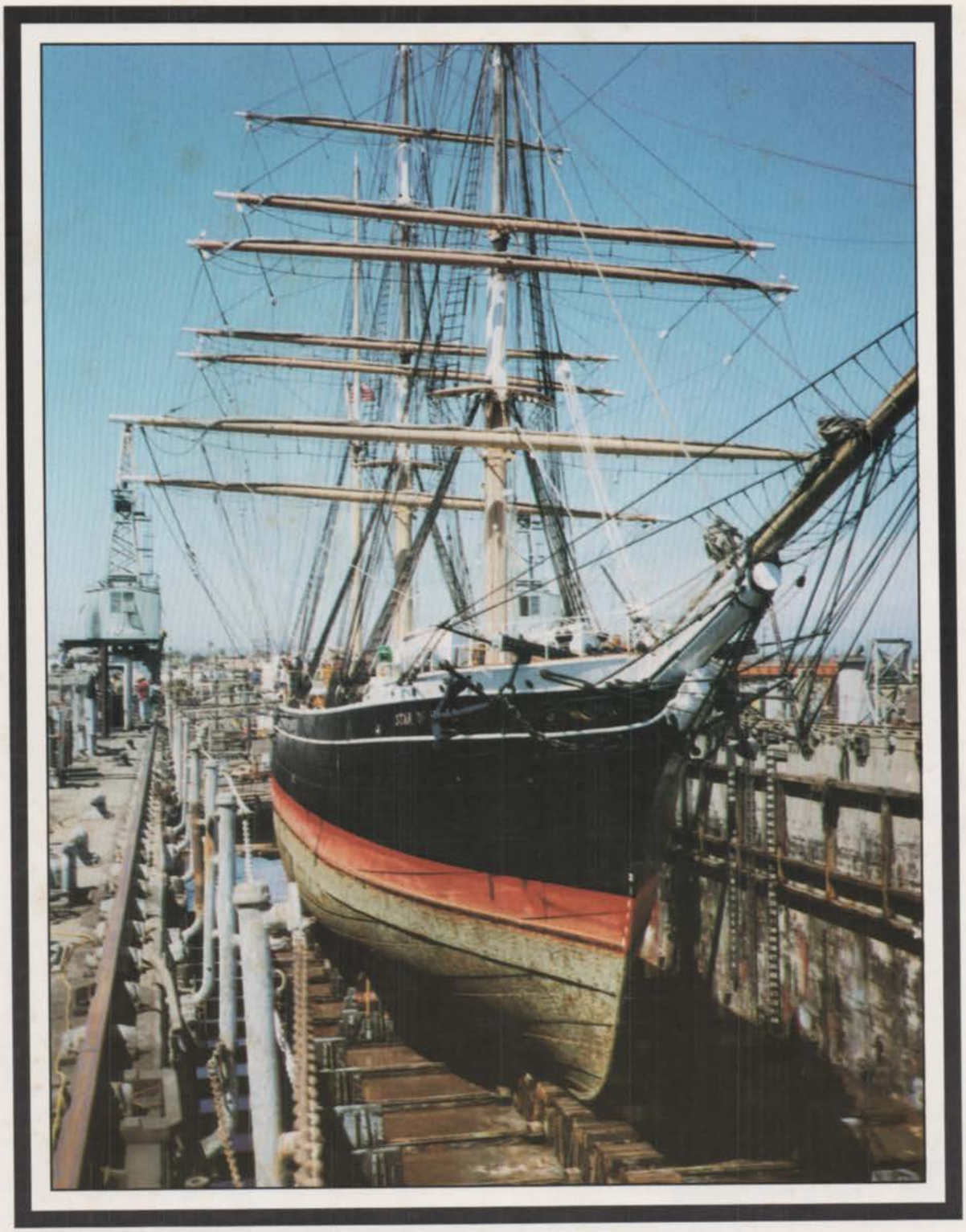
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MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 29, NO. 4 A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY SUMMER 1993





On the cover . . .

STAR OF INDIA *lies in the Southwest Marine Company's floating dry dock during her haul-out in May-June, 1993.* *Photo by Elizabeth Schlappi*

MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 29, NO. 4 A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY SUMMER 1993

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Craig Arnold, Editor

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Star of India in Dry Dock

By Captain Kenneth Franke

In preparation for sailing the STAR OF INDIA on August 14 and 22, 1993, the first order of business was to clean her underwater body. Many observers felt that a smooth bottom was a subtle plot to allow the STAR to slip away from all her followers off Point Loma, but in reality, it was just good maintenance. Since her last dry-docking in 1984, the STAR had gathered a substantial "salad" on the bottom and C & W Divers of San Diego volunteered to scrub the hull before we moved the ship to Southwest Marine's floating dry dock on May 26. San Diego's Chief Port Pilot, Captain Edward Silva, directed the tow to the yard with Foss Maritime providing two tugs to get her there safely. Dry-docking was smoothly performed by volunteers from the shipyard and by 4 p.m. the STAR was out of her element, drying in the setting sun.

Early the next morning, shipyard workers set about hydro-washing the hull to remove the remnants of marine growth in preparation for inspection and recoating. Water pressure of 2500-4000 PSI was used to blast loose material and spent anti-fouling paint off the 130-year-old hull.

On Saturday, May 29, a volunteer crew of 50 sail handlers applied Vinyl Ester Resin over discontinuities in the rivets and shell plate to provide a barrier between the wrought iron and seawater. Dow Chemical Corporation donated a drum of Derakane Special 8084 Vinyl Ester Resin for this purpose, and after about five hours of hand-to-hull work the STAR's bottom was spotted with overlays of smooth resin. After two days of drying time the hull was coated with an epoxy tie coat and a layer of Proline Paint Company's 1088C anti-fouling compound finished the process and the STAR was ready for sea.

Curator David Brierley made good use of this dry dock period to measure and document many of the hull structural details including rivet ligament measurements and plate thicknesses. We all were impressed with the graceful lines of the underwater hull and how true and fair her curves are, given her age in a rather unforgiving, corrosive environment.

True to schedule, at 8 a.m. on June 4, the dry dock was flooded and the STAR was gently coaxed out to the waiting tugs. Captain Silva felt time allowed for a short cruise on the bay, so the STAR showed her lines and sparkling new boot-topping to harborside viewers from Seaport Village to Shelter Island before returning to Museum duty at the Embarcadero.

As the oldest surviving example of wrought iron maritime artwork, the STAR OF INDIA is indeed remarkable. She represents not only a bygone era historically, but contemporary tenacity in identifying a worthwhile cause and seeing to to completion.

(*Ed. Note:* Captain Franke is a native of San Diego, having grown up at Ballast Point on Point Loma, where his father ran the Ballast Point Lighthouse. After graduation from the California Maritime Academy, he became a Coast Guard officer, eventually retiring as a captain. As a marine surveyor of much experience, he supervised the revolutionary repair jobs to the hulls of the Maritime Museum vessels MEDEA and BERKELEY in 1990–91. A regular contributor to *Mains'l Haul*, he has been our Executive Director since November 1989.)



PACIFIC KING *is "ready with plenty of power" to move* STAR OF INDIA *from her mooring on her trip to dry dock on May 26, 1993. We gratefully acknowledge the assistance of Foss Maritime tugs on this and many other occasions.*

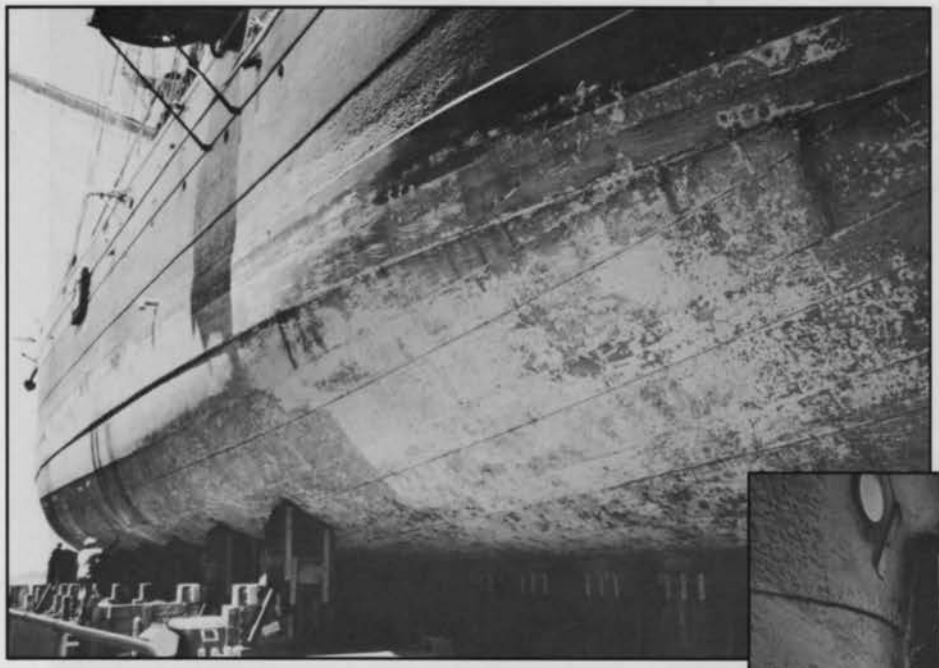
Photo by Jim Williamson



This is what a floating dry dock full of water looks like as an old windjammer is eased into it, stern first. Once the ship is in place, the dock is closed and the water pumped out.
Photo by Elizabeth Schlappi



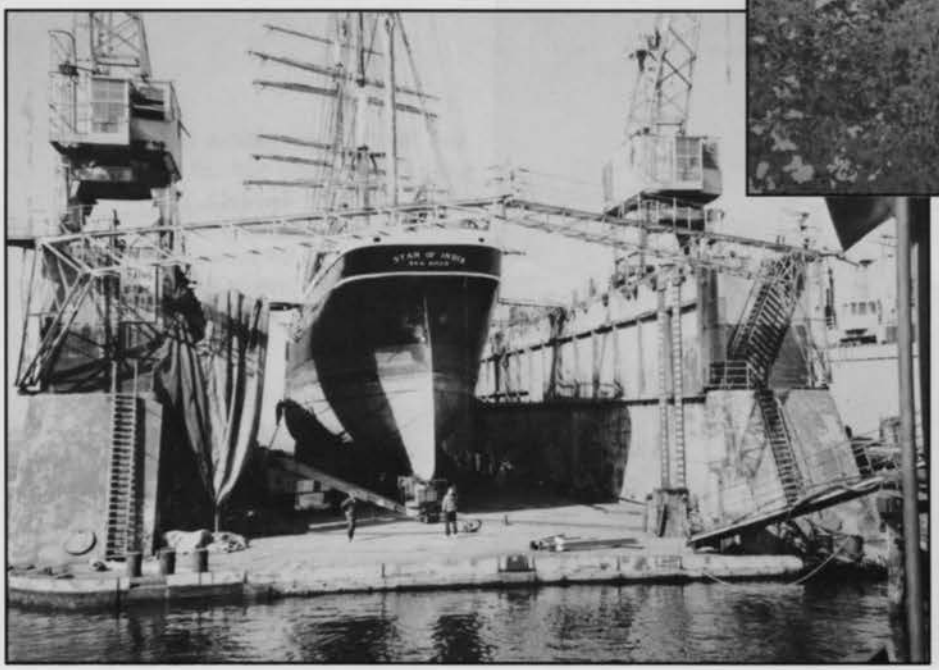
And here is our gallant Iron Lady high and dry, with all the water gone from her dock. The "shave and a haircut" routine now commences for all hands.
Photo by Elizabeth Schlappi



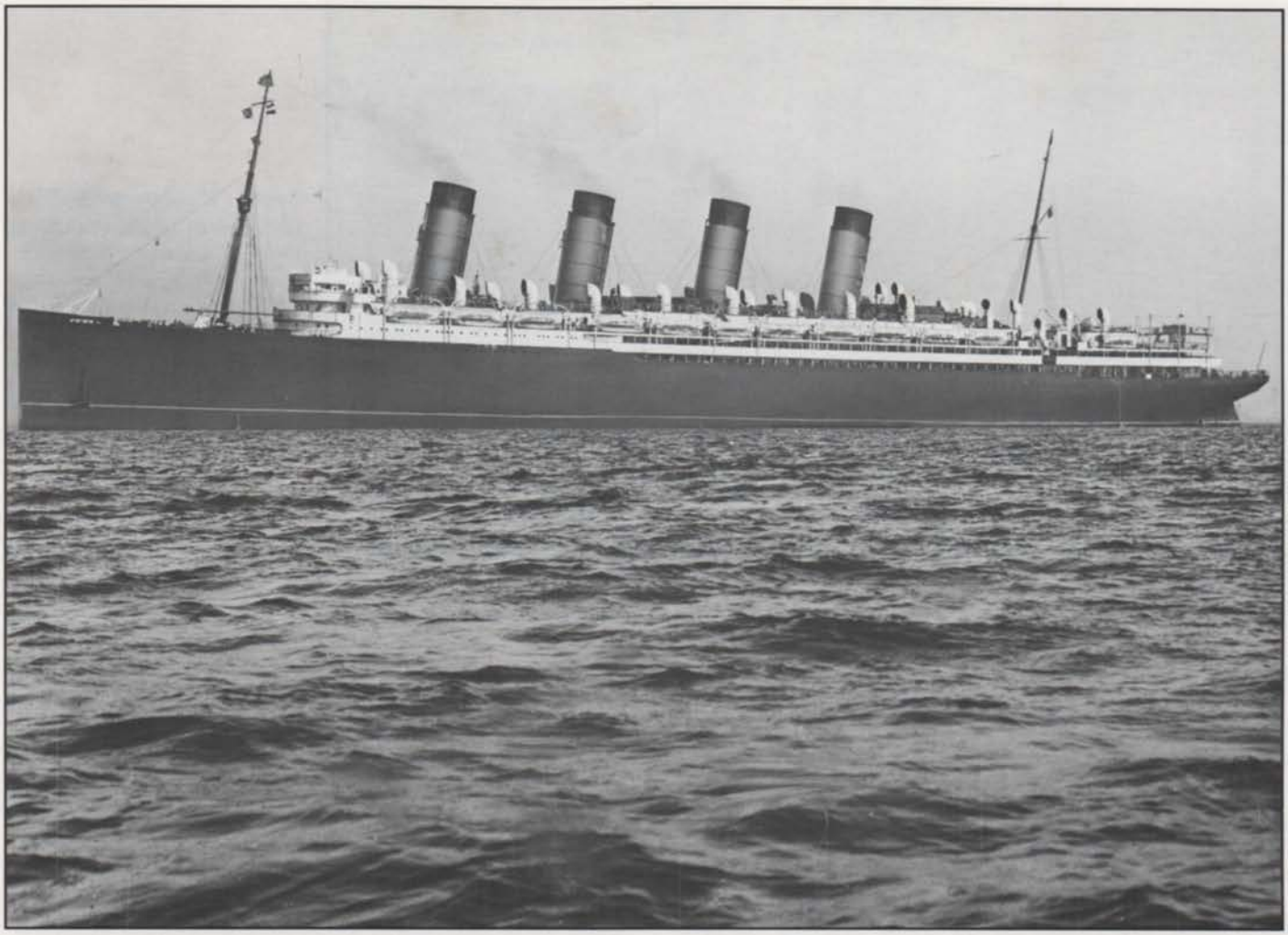
This is how things look down in the bottom of the dock. Note the blocks which support the hull. The ship's plates were found to be in excellent condition, all things considered. You can't keep a good old iron bark down!
Photo by Patricia Watt



A close-up of work on her rudder. Possibly this is the oldest original rudder in the world that still goes to sea. It steers the ship today as well as it did for Captain William Storry in 1864.
Photo by Patricia Watt



Finally, a view from astern as the STAR *completes her ten-day sojourn in the dock. She came home safe and sound on June 4— ready for sea again.* *Photo by Patricia Watt*



R.M.S. MAURETANIA *of 1907, holder of the North Atlantic Blue Riband longer than any other liner. Sister to tragic* LUSITANIA, MAURETANIA *survived the First World War to steam on into the 1930s. She was a magnificent ship.*
Photo courtesy of The Mariners Museum, Newport News, Virginia

They Sailed in Style

By Al Deahl

"Some of your Lordships now sitting here will live to see steamships crossing the Atlantic."

So commented the Earl of Stanhope in the House of Lords in 1793. Some 72 years later–April 29, 1865, to be exact–the steamship had been a reality for some time, but the father of today's cruise ships, Samuel Cunard, had died and all England was plunged into mourning.

But as famed maritime author John Maxtone-Graham pointed out in his book, *Cunard:* "The hastily convened directors of Cunard were debating whether to delay the sailing of the 'Asia' as a matter of respect. After a bleak discussion, they concluded unanimously that postponing the departure of a Cunarder was the last thing their so recently deceased founder would have wished. The 'Asia' was instructed to sail on schedule . . . thus changing the world of travel forever."

It's a story worth exploring. The genesis of present-day cruising began with the Cunard Steam Packets in 1840. It's interesting to note that the early ships were used to convey the Royal Mail, not passengers. This soon changed and local VIPs and their families began to use the service. As time wore on, it became obvious that world events were closing in at a rapid pace. Folks needed to get across the Atlantic to council with the upstart Americans and the Queen's civil servants had to get to India. The passenger ship was born.

Then an extraordinary event occurred. The working class started fleeing Europe for a number of political and economic reasons. The rush was on to the New World.

For most, that was America and New York City. Suddenly the shipping lines found that hauling immigrants could be a lucrative business. In addition, they could cordon off part of the ship and make a "First Class" section, making more money for the same investment. That's how



Back in the days when "First Class" really meant something, three of Cunard's matriarchs posed side-by-side for some 1920s ad art. From left to right are MAURETANIA, BERENGARIA, *and* AQUITANIA.

Original graphic from the Charles Ira Sachs Collection

the class system developed on ships.

Then the clouds of World War I enveloped Europe and the passenger ships went to war. Unfortunately, great fleets of civilian vessels were sunk and again the maritime industry would change, but this time more slowly. Immigrant ships still plied the oceans, but the attitude of the New World was also changing toward immigration laws and the push was for quotas.

Soon the lines were looking around for markets for all these ships. The answer seemed to be "cruising." At first there was much discussion about the new class of traveler who simply went "around in circles" on ships. Just about the time that many of the larger companies started to change their ships to cruisers, the Great Depression slammed the industry into despair. Over a million passengers had crossed the Atlantic in 1929, and by 1935, the figure had dropped by more than half.

Suddenly cruising became the only way some of the major companies could stay afloat. As a strange counterpoint, some of the great ships of the age were built during these years, as work projects for the unemployed and sponsored by government monies. Some were sent out only half full, but that was preferable to the scrap heap. In 1934, it was possible to book Cunard's regal MAURETANIA for six days to Nassau for $70. If you could afford passage, cruising in the 1930s was an adventure even beyond the excitement of Hollywood. After all, a trip on the QUEEN MARY was real.

And speaking of the QUEEN MARY (now a Long Beach museum), this was the way a third class stateroom chair was described in a magazine of the day: "The chairs, which have been constructed by Messrs. Macneill and Brothers of Beith, are in Honduras mahogany, polished to a light shade and reupholstered in uncut moquette supplied to them by John Holdsworth of Halifax." Just think what first class must have been like.

When you tired of your stateroom and mahogany (and had used the "facilities" down the passageway), there was food and entertainment.

The story of show biz on the high seas has its own unique background. In the late '20s and early '30s, the ship's purser would appoint a gentleman passenger to check the others for talent (magicians and piano players were much in demand). Having dutifully rounded up the required stable, the performance was delivered in the Main Salon after dinner. Many were seen trying to escape, but few did. Most often the event was dreadful. Amateur hour was the call of the day, however, because in those years the Atlantic Conference had a strict ban on professional cabaret.

Then some young administrator had a flash. Why not bring in jazz and ragtime student bands from the local East Coast colleges and give them free passage instead of money? This would circumvent the law about "professionals."

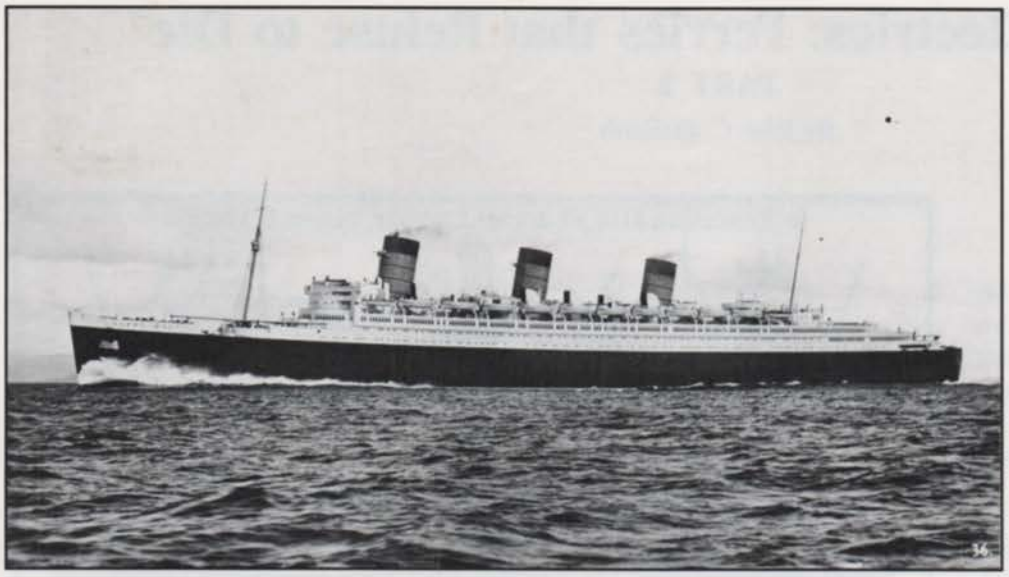
What about food? The current cruising public expects an avalanche of morsels 24 hours a day and the food is expected to be good. In 1935, when you booked first class, dinner was a formal affair each evening and only the Americans wore tuxedos. All other gentlemen wore tails and the food was world class. The waiters and maitre d' ruled the dining room like royalty. By way of making a point, I've always enjoyed this vignette:

A close friend of mine and her husband were returning from a holiday in Europe. They had booked first class passage on a famous German liner. The year was 1936. At the conclusion of dinner one evening, my friend asked the waiter for some butter.

"For what does Madam wish butter?"

"For my pound cake," came the retort.

Absolutely speechless for a moment, the very German



Perhaps the proudest, the grandest of them all was R.M.S. Queen Mary. She was somehow the culmination of a century of passionate attention to the high art of the ocean liner. This postcard was mailed at sea on August 16, 1937. The note on the back reads: "Having a great time – 3 meals a day & 2 lunches, & keeping them down. Best Wishes to All the Boys. H. A."
Chandler Postcard Collection, SDMM

waiter turned to my friend and replied: "Madam, no one eats pound cake with butter."

He then went over to the maitre d' to report the American who was not wise to the worldly ways of first class dining on the high seas.

She never got her butter.

(*Ed. Note:* Al Deahl is a Rancho Bernardo resident, travel writer, and longtime Museum member and contributor to *Mains'l Haul*. This article is reprinted with the permission of Pomerado Newspaper Group.)



Staring at all that ocean from the Queen Mary's promenade deck could make a man thirsty. When that happened, you repaired to the Cocktail Bar, shown here, and told sea stories to wide-eyed maidens – even if you'd never been to sea before. *SDMM file photo*

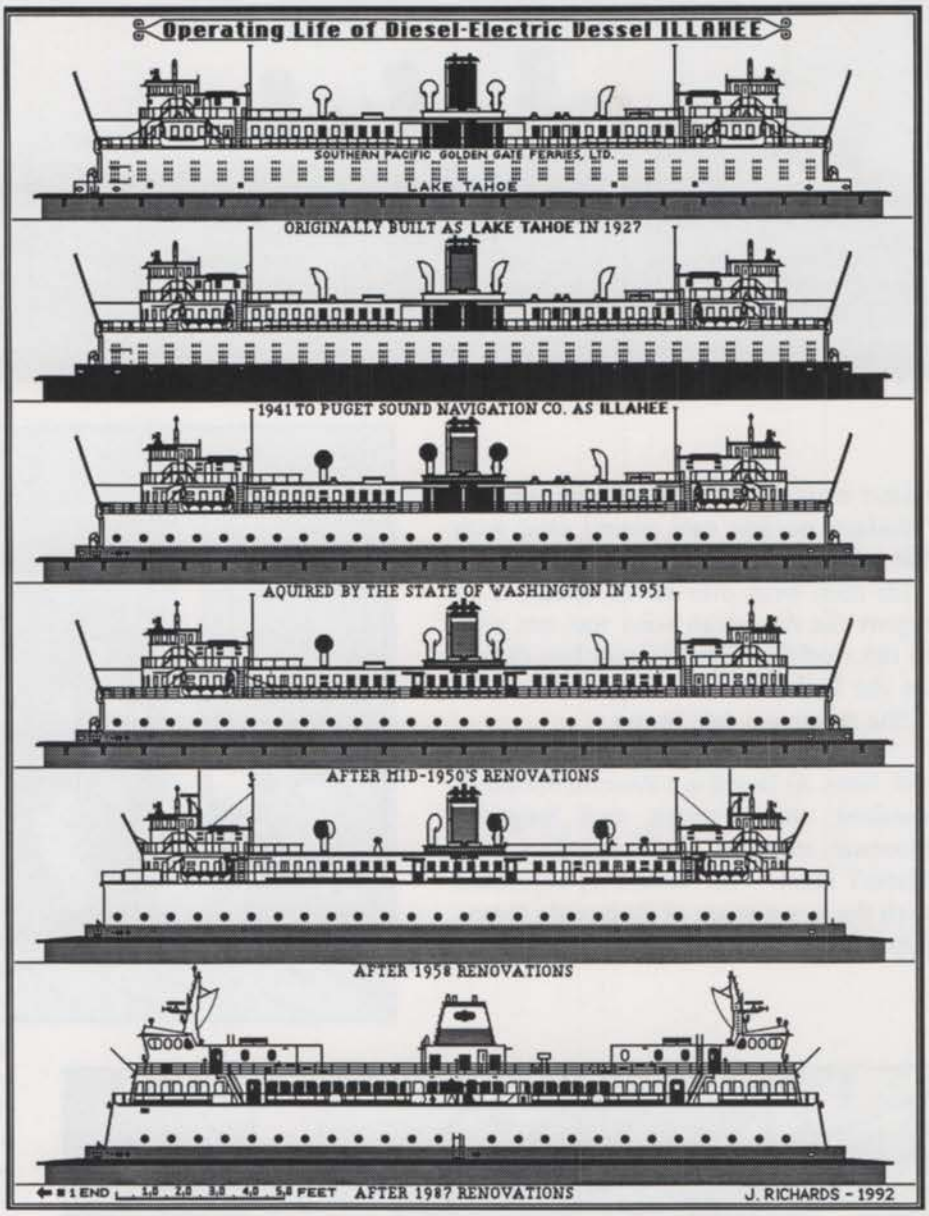


There was something to be said for dining in the grand style on board the Queen Mary – even if it did mean climbing into white tie and tails, or at least a tuxedo. The map on the far bulkhead charted the ship's progress between Southampton and New York. *SDMM file photo*

The Steel-Electrics: Ferries that Refuse to Die

PART 2

By John C. Richards



(*Ed. Note:* In our previous issue, Mr. Richards presented Part 1 of his account of the six classic Steel-Electric ferries on the West Coast from their building in 1927 up to the 1960s. In this concluding installment, he details their stories to the present day.)

Assignments for the Steel-Electrics changed in 1968 when four new 382-foot, 160-car steel "Superferries" arrived from San Diego's National Steel and Shipbuilding Company. The new HYAK and YAKIMA were placed on the Seattle-Bremerton run and the ENETAI and WILLAPA were retired and sent home to the Bay Area with their original names of SANTA ROSA and FRESNO. Their 1941 renovations proved to be a mistake and were costly in the long run as they became inefficient to maintain and operate. They also lacked the 1958 renovations their four sisters received and, perhaps, the ferry system was now interested in getting rid of its single-ended ferries, although those two might have done well in the San Juans. The new KALEETAN and ELWHA were placed on the Seattle-Winslow run replacing the ILLAHEE and the 1959 310-foot, 100-car steel TILLIKUM, and both went to Kingston. The NISQUALLY joined her sister KLICKITAT, the VASHON, and the 1954 310-foot, 100-car steel EVERGREEN STATE in the San Juans.

The SANTA ROSA is presently moored at Pier 3 near the Ferry Building in San Francisco. Restorations to the vessel included the return of the large car deck windows and the number two end wheelhouse, removed by the Black Ball Line in 1941 in favor of more accommodations. The wheelhouses and crew accommodations were completely hollowed out and are now used as conference rooms complete with internal stairways down to the main cabin. The passenger cabin was refurbished into offices. The car deck was fitted with some offices adjacent to gangplanks and the rest is used as an elegant and spacious banquet facility seating some 50 to 500 guests. The names "Southern Pacific Golden Gate Ferries, Ltd." and "Santa Rosa" grace her sides once again and two new holes were cut in one side for the accommodation of the side gangplanks. Framed glass was installed at each opening of the car deck. Carpeting is found almost throughout the interiors and the brass handrails from the car deck to the passenger lounges have been proudly shined. She is currently operated as a permanently moored vessel by Hornblower Dining Yachts. The old SANTA ROSA is in beautiful condition. You just can't really find a lot of aging on her, despite her 66 years. She is open to the public Monday through Saturday.

The FRESNO, somewhat altered, was last seen made fast to a dock in Alameda.

Two new Seattle-built 440-foot, 206-car steel "Jumbo-ferries" named SPOKANE and WALLA WALLA joined the fleet in 1973 and changes were made in the assignments, but the old Steel-Electrics held their routes.

The ILLAHEE, KLICKITAT, NISQUALLY and QUINAULT celebrated their fiftieth birthdays in 1977. Washington State Ferries celebrated the occasion by replacing the white stripe on their stacks with gold and installed a plaque in their main lounge.

The NISQUALLY went back to Kingston in 1978 and the ILLAHEE was moved to the Mukilteo-Clinton run. The NISQUALLY went to join the QUINAULT at Vashon Island in 1979 and joined the ILLAHEE on the Clinton run in 1980. Two new 328-foot, 100-car steel "Bulletferries," the CATHLAMET II and KITTITAS, with higher speeds and more space, showed up at Clinton in 1982 and the ILLAHEE and NISQUALLY began serving various routes for a while. During heavy traffic, the 16-knot bulletferries make the Clinton crossing in less time than the 14 minutes it took for the 12-knot Steel-Electrics. The big new ferries can't make "bullet crossings" when log tows are in the area, however, as their wake can destroy the intricate work loggers prepare and create a war of words on the the VHF radios! During this period in the early '80s, the ILLAHEE served basically on the Port Townsend-Keystone run, among others, and the NISQUALLY down at Vashon Island. The new ferries are getting new upper car decks that accommodate about 40 more cars.

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The Steel-Electrics have had their share of embarrassments. The KLICKITAT has run aground a few times and the others have made a few dents into wingwalls of ferry docks.

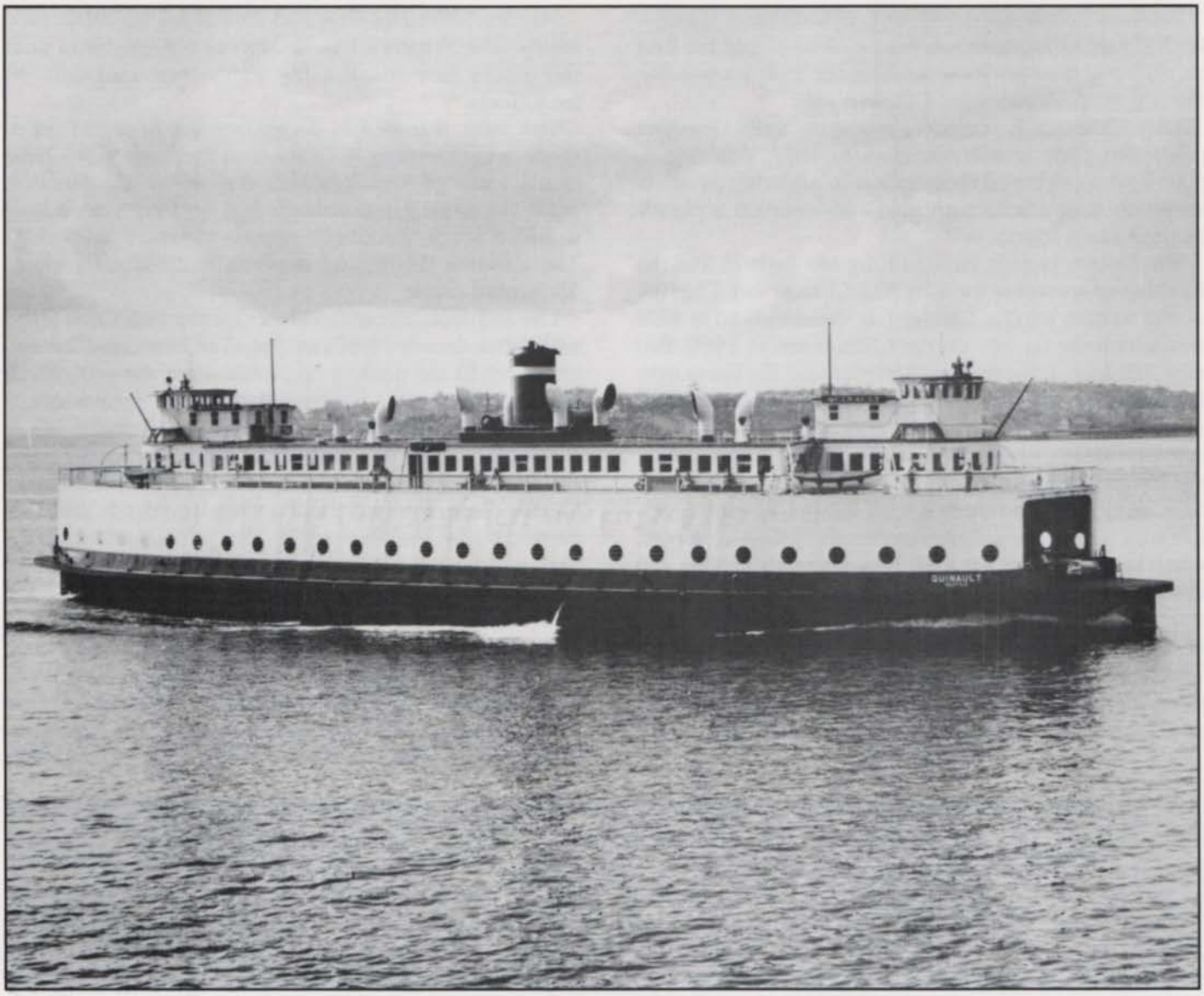
The most memorable dockslamming occurred on a Wednesday morning in October of 1980 when the NISQUALLY rammed Mukilteo after the morning commuter rush. The damage was enough that the ferry system had to move South Whidbey's gateway down to Edmonds. The 2.6-mile, 14-minute crossing became a ten-mile, 55-minute cruise.

The 208-foot, 55-car OLYMPIC, a former East Coast ferry with fatter rounded bows as typical of East Coast ferries, could not fit the dock at Edmonds when she was called upon to add service. So Washington State Ferries sent a crew up to Anacortes the next day to fetch the idled KLICKITAT to assist the ILLAHEE and NISQUALLY on the ferry detour. This turned out to be quite a reunion of the Steel-Electric fleet. Too bad the QUINAULT could not join the party, as she was affected by the printed schedule at Vashon Island.

The KLICKITAT was completely refurbished in Tacoma in 1981. The wooden passenger and crew accommodations were removed and new steel ones were built into the vessel. The ends were poorly designed with crew quarters taking the place of the observation rooms. The vessel no longer offers paying passengers warm front window viewing. They must go outside to get to a drafty



The ferry WILLAPA, *ex-*FRESNO. *SDMM file photo*



M.V. QUINAULT, *formerly the* REDWOOD EMPIRE. *SDMM file photo*

shelter that provides "panoramic viewing" of the beautiful Puget Sound scenery. A poor vessel the KLICKITAT was turned into! New Wartsila diesel-electric sets replaced the G.M.'s. The "new" vessel went back to the San Juans in 1982 and was placed on the Keystone-Port Townsend run in 1983. It is no longer a pleasant ferry to ride.

In the meantime, the QUINAULT's long tenure at Vashon Island came to an abrupt end in 1983 due to a failing hull examination. She was then put into lay-up status.

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All Washington State ferries had their navigating lights changed from inland rules to international rules in the mid-1980s. New steel tubular masts containing the masthead lights and flag gaffs replaced the wood flag masts on the ILLAHEE and NISQUALLY and stern lights would be added above the number one end observation room windows, reminiscent of the number two end. New red and green lights were mounted above the corners of the main lounge and dining room and replaced those on the sides which were scrapped. The makeshift international system and inland rules lights were scrapped. The new light fixtures in all ferries are metal and contain two lights so one can replace another when a burned-out one must be replaced. A similar arrangement was made on the KLICKITAT. The QUINAULT would not get them, as at that time she was laid up.

During this period, Washington State Ferries were making plans for major renovations to the ILLAHEE, QUINAULT and NISQUALLY. The plans followed the pattern of the KLICKITAT, but with better end designs with observation rooms retained and crew accommodations located on the hurricane deck where they originally belonged. (Why the architects did not follow this better end design on the KLICKITAT in the first place is anyone's guess.)

The project began in 1985 and ended in 1988. All three were towed up to Bellingham for demolition of the wooden accommodations. Some of the wheelhouses were saved and were sold to ship buffs who, including myself, use them as house additions and property additions. (I

acquired the ILLAHEE's number two wheelhouse and it is now standing in the back yard at my Puget Sound beach place.)

The three Steel Electrics under renovation were then towed to the Lockheed Shipyard of Seattle for installation of the new steel passenger and crew accommodations, built ahead of time in Portland, Oregon.

As mentioned above, the new Wartsila diesel-electric sets were installed and engineers were given a new control room with sound-proof glass windows. Elevators were added and major hullwork was done. The interiors were nicely finished in oakwork with plenty of brass with new upholstered seats and benches and a new stainless steel galley. Historical photographs were added and florescent lighting virtually replaced incandescent. Brass handrails to the car deck were retained and polished like new. The three "new" ferries are, indeed, a pleasure to ride in. They also have superb maneuverability with new wheelhouse controls. New navigational and safety equipment was installed as well as new whistles, minus the whistle lights for some reason. International rules navigational lights were installed on all three vessels.

Light blue and orange stripes were added to the green band below the car deck portholes and on the stacks. Washington State Ferries introduced the new colors in 1980 when the new "Bulletferries" came off the ways to make the ferries more colorful. All ferries have this new paint scheme. Hulls remain green above the red bottom paint with black overguards, white superstructures and railings with green trim, and gray decks.

The QUINAULT went back home to Vashon Island in 1987. The ILLAHEE became the "Admiralty Inlet Queen" in 1988 and assists the KLICKITAT at Port Townsend. The NISQUALLY adds her grace in the San Juans.



Many ferries at the age of the Steel-Electrics would be long gone, be turned into first-class museums like the BERKELEY, or be used for other purposes. But the QUINAULT, NISQUALLY, ILLAHEE and KLICKITAT will be moving traffic on Puget Sound well into the next century. The ferry system can't afford to retire them as they are the right size for some of its routes and replacing them with new ones built from scratch with the same capacity would be prohibitive. Wouldn't it be great if their wonderful builders were living today to see their 1920s masterpieces still running? Those great shipcrafters built quality, long-lasting means of maritime transportation. The Steel-Electrics are no exception. Their legacy goes on forever!

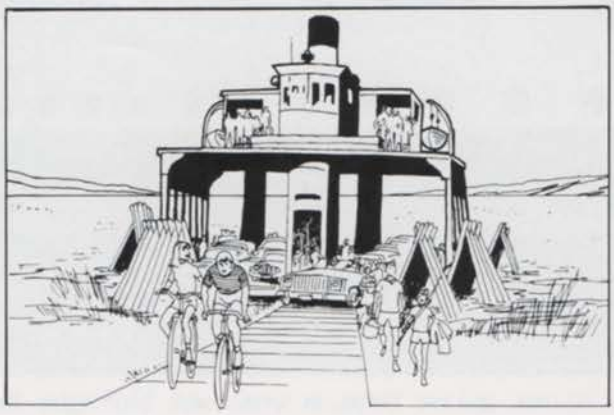
Sources

Much of the information gathered for this article was compiled from many kinds of reading material and on-location observation of the assignments and architectural aspects of the ILLAHEE (LAKE TAHOE), KLICKITAT (STOCKTON), NISQUALLY (MENDOCINO), and QUINAULT (REDWOOD EMPIRE). Also, lengthy studies of photographs were carried on during the many years of the author's hobby of marine transportation. The SANTA ROSA and FRESNO were seen by the author on July 13, 1992.



The ILLAHEE, ex-LAKE TAHOE, in service with Washington State Ferries. This was her configuration between 1958 and 1987.
SDMM file photo

The author with ILLAHEE*'s old No. 2 wheelhouse, which he acquired as a souvenir and which now rests in the yard of his Puget Sound beach house.* *Photo courtesy of the author*



The Saga of the *Lily*

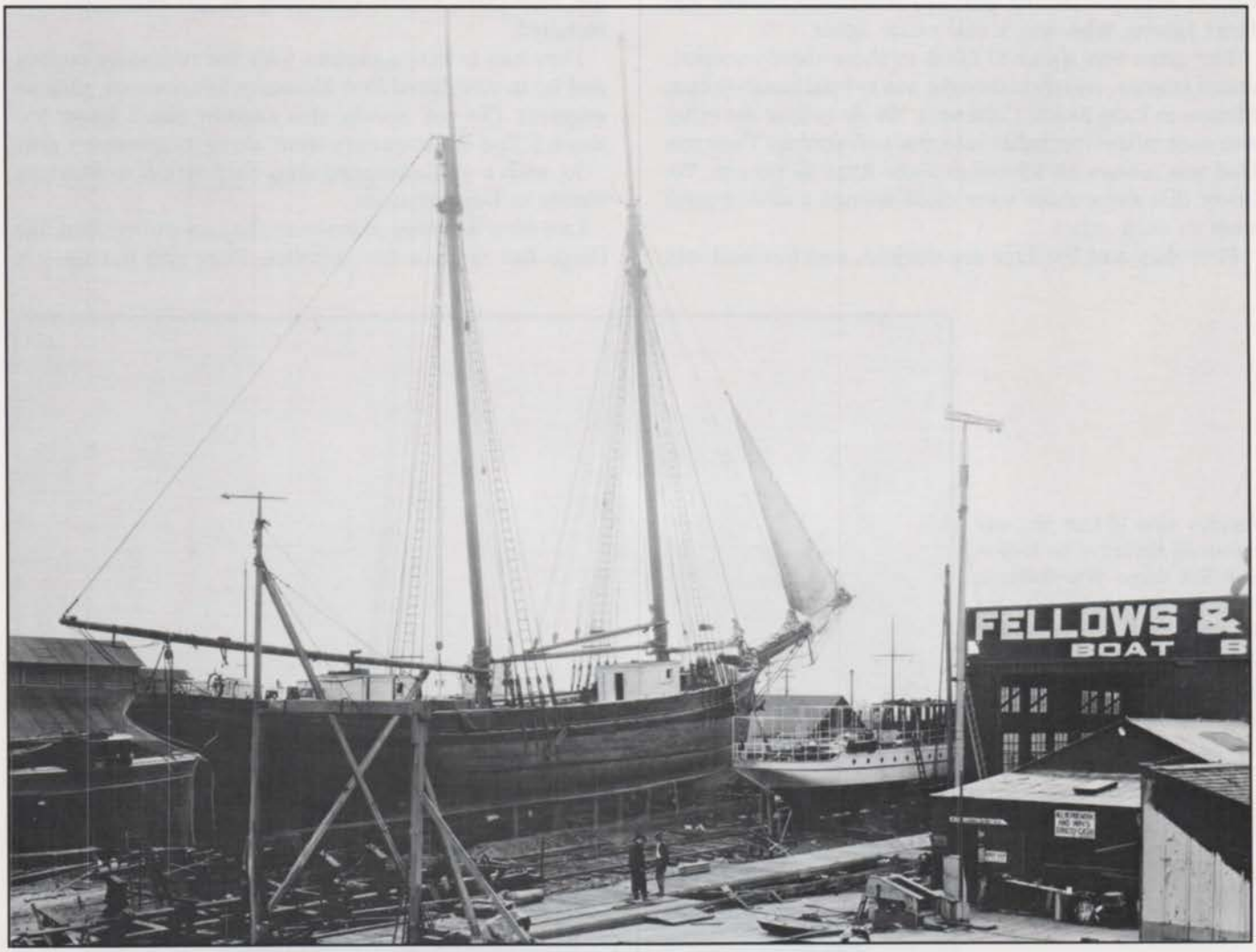
By Douglas and Judd Dibble

In the late nineteenth century, the need for lumber in Southern California was acute. The new cities of this region, including San Diego, were growing fast in nearly treeless regions. During the Spanish and Mexican periods, most houses had been made of adobe, but the American pioneers preferred to build with lumber—if they could get it.

To build the structures needed, ships had to bring lumber in from the Pacific Northwest. This was the famous "Dog-Hole Fleet" of lumber schooners, so-called because they usually loaded redwood in tiny dog-hole coves in Northern California above San Francisco. This was a difficult and dangerous operation, because there was little room to maneuver, and any error in judgment on the skipper's part could be fatal. Sometimes the schooners also went to the Columbia River or Puget Sound to load pine. Once loaded with their cargo, they sailed south, rounded Point Conception, and put into San Pedro or San Diego to unload. In the early days, beginning about 1850, the lumber was simply pitched over the side in port, lashed into a raft, and floated over to a lumber yard.

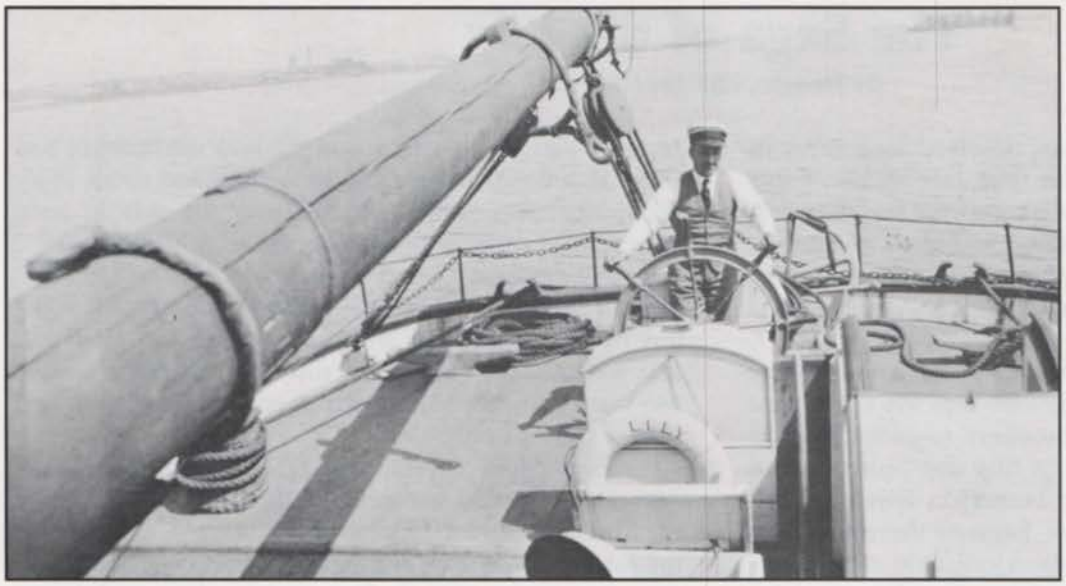
Among these vessels was the schooner LILY. Built in 1882 in San Francisco, at the Dickie Brothers yard, she was 102.5 feet in length, 28.8 feet in beam, and 8.8 feet in depth, and was rated at 142.5 gross tons. She carried a simple two-masted fore-and-aft rig, which enabled her to be sailed with a crew of only six.

For nearly four decades, the LILY, homeported in San Francisco, shuttled between the dog-holes and ports of the Northwest and the harbors of California. About 1920, the lumber trade was shifting from sail vessels to steam ones, and in that year the LILY seems to have withdrawn from the trade, as she shifted home ports from San Francisco to Los Angeles.



The LILY *in her sunset days, about to undergo a transformation into HMS* BOUNTY *for Hollywood's version of "Mutiny on the Bounty." The place is a boatyard in San Pedro, the year is 1935.*

Photo courtesy of Robert A. Weinstein



Fred Dibble, co-owner of the LILY *in 1922, at her helm.*
Photo courtesy of the authors

In early 1922 the LILY was purchased by three men–Fred Dibble (our father); an insurance agent named Ferd Payton, who also owned and operated a meat market; and Peter Jacobs, who was a real estate agent.

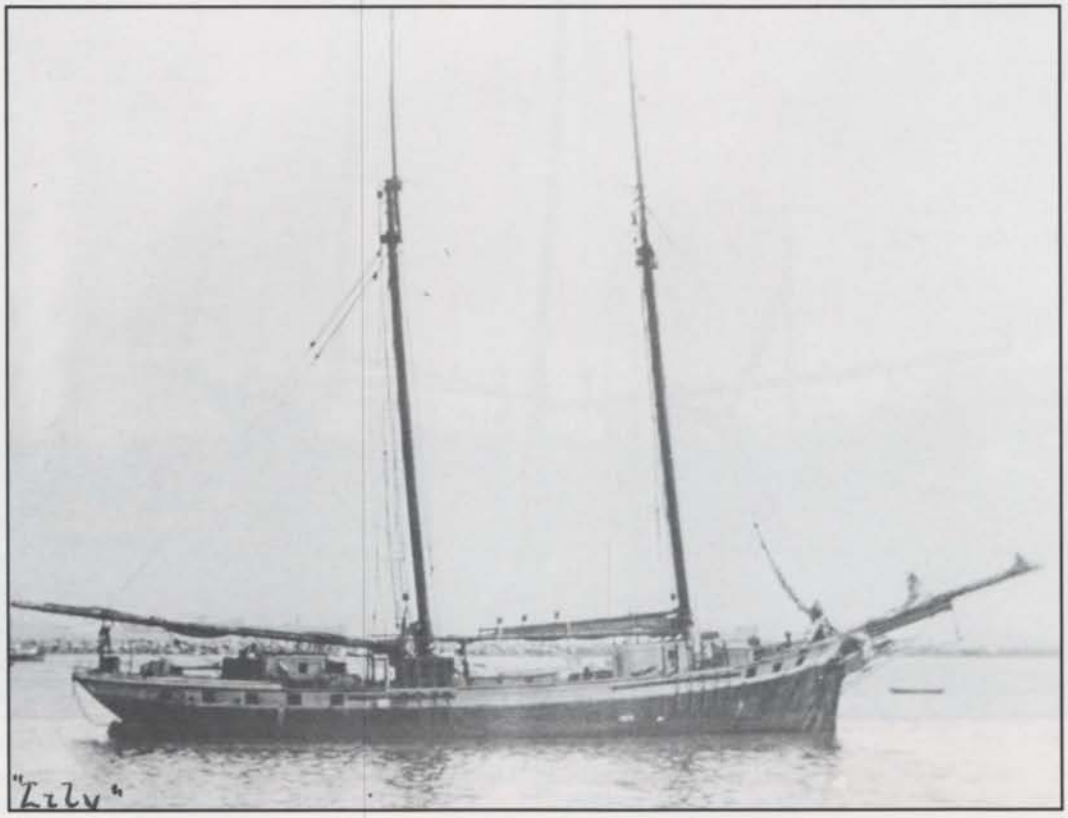
The price was about $12,000 to these three inexperienced seamen, and their thought was to haul bananas from Mexico to Long Beach, California. We do believe the other two men talked our father into this partnership. Then too, Dad was always an adventuresome kind of person. We know that these three were close friends and had great trust in each other.

First they had the LILY dry-docked, and her hull was inspected and repaired. Two 75 hp Enterprise marine diesel oil engines, costing $15,000, were acquired from the Enterprise Engine Company of San Francisco and installed.

They had to hire a captain with the necessary papers, and he in turn hired four Mexicans as crewmen, plus an engineer. (To our minds, this captain didn't know too much.) The three owners went along as crewmen also.

So, with a well-equipped ship, they set off to Mexican waters to buy bananas.

Late on a Saturday afternoon, the LILY pulled into San Diego Bay to get a few supplies. They tied her up at a



Another view of LILY. *She was reportedly the last of her kind to visit San Diego. Few realize it now–but these humble lumber schooners made the construction of Southern California's cities possible.* *SDMM file photo*

wharf roughly where the STAR OF INDIA is moored today.

On Sunday morning the three owners walked up Broadway to see the town. The other crewmen were off on their own, except the engineer and a Mexican friend who went fishing in a small boat out in the bay.

For some unknown reason, the LILY came loose from her mooring. Slowly but surely, she began to drift out into the bay with no one aboard.

At this point the engineer and his Mexican pal spotted the LILY adrift. So they pulled alongside, climbed aboard, and took charge. The engineer hurried below to start her engines, while the Mexican went to the helm. He didn't know much about the "rules of the road," so when the engines came to life, he simply steered the ship in one big circle, barely missing sandbars and other ships in the bay.

In due time, the harbor patrol got wind of what was going on. So they came aboard the LILY and took over. They steered the rambling schooner back to her mooring space, and tied her up—this time, securely.

The LILY and her owners had to lay over in San Diego two more days to pay the fines and fees charged against them. After this they sailed on their merry way south.

The banana business didn't work out, so LILY was sold yet again in 1923—this time to Nicaraguan owners.

By 1931, the schooner was back in San Pedro, about to embark on an unusual mission. On the night of September 12, the liner COLOMBIA was northward bound off Point Tosco on the Baja California coast. She crashed into a reef, which tore the bottom out of her, and sank quickly, going down with $850,000 from Latin American banks on board.

A salvage expedition was organized to retrieve the cash, if possible, and the vessel drafted for it was the LILY. She



This, of course, is a still from MGM's opus of the silver screen—"Mutiny on the Bounty." Charles Laughton, shown here as Captain Bligh, shamelessly stole the picture from under the more handsome nose of his co-star, Clark Gable. It was Laughton's finest hour—and the outdoor scenes were shot aboard the ex-LILY. *Photo courtesy Turner Program Services / all rights reserved*

was equipped with the best gear available, including facilities for burning steel under water, and with experienced divers and salvage men on board.

When the LILY arrived off Point Tosco, she was anchored with two anchors ahead and two astern, and the salvors went to work. Some ruined paper money and a few silver coins were extracted from the COLOMBIA's purser's office, and then, after burning away steel, they got as far as the bulkhead outside the specie room.

The salvors were planning to cut through to that room the next morning, but during the night the wind came up to gale force. Unable to raise the LILY's four anchors in time, the salvors used their acetylene torches to burn through the anchor cables. The schooner then sped off to the safety of the open sea.

The gale lasted two days. When the wind dropped, the salvors returned to the wreck site and picked up the LILY's buoyed moorings. Again the divers went down. But the gale had done its work on the wreck: the steel bulkhead they wanted to cut through had folded down on the specie room, and the ship's side had folded down on top of that. The salvors now would have to cut through tons of steel to get at the money. They gave it up.

A few days later the LILY put into San Diego, and the small amount of money salved was turned over to a bank official. It was only a few hundred dollars, and the rest of the fortune remains aboard the COLOMBIA to this day.



The LILY was getting old now, and in the depths of the Great Depression, there were few people interested in owning a worn-out vessel. She had one last fling at glory, however—and in a way, it was the most colorful feat of her career.

In 1935, MGM Studios decided to film the best-selling novel, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. No vessels resembling the original BOUNTY were available, so the film producers decided to create one. The LILY and four other aging vessels were brought out of retirement and converted at Wilmington. To LILY went the honor of representing the BOUNTY.

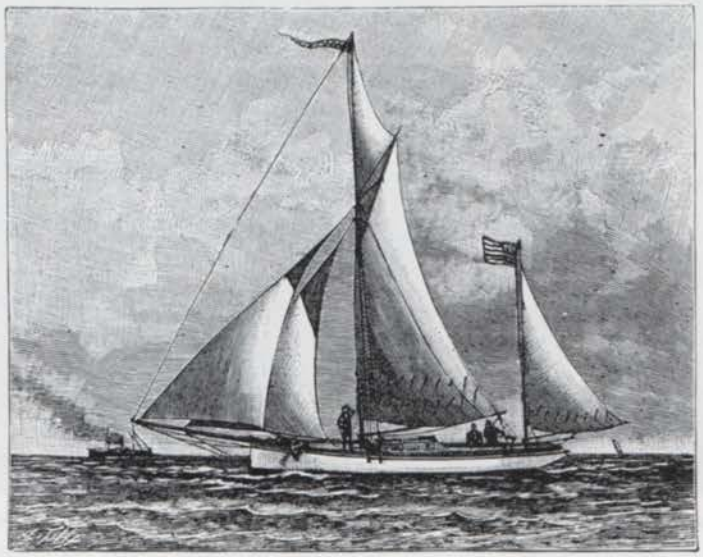
Working from old plans of the original ship, the shipwrights completely transformed the LILY. To widen her narrow beam, new ribs were placed around her hull and covered with planking. The space between this outer covering and the original hull was filled with concrete, which also served to ballast the ship.

LILY's two masts were unstepped, and three masts with an eighteenth century square rig were stepped in their places. Further touches included four four-pounder cannon on her main deck, and eight swivel guns mounted on rail stocks fore and aft.

The movie workmen did the job in only 28 working days. MGM paid $10,000 for the old schooner, and another $50,000 to rebuild her. The sum was considered trivial in view of the profits the movie would make.

So the old LILY's last hurrah saw her in a guise quite unlike anything she had been during her lumber-hauling days. In her final hours at sea, actors Charles Laughton and Clark Gable (as Captain Bligh and Fletcher Christian, respectively) walked her decks and snarled at each other for the cameras. The filming took place off Catalina Island, and the movie won the Best Picture Oscar for 1935.

And that was the end of the LILY. She was laid up to rot away, never again to sail the seas.





Bow shot of the NINGPO *after her arrival in the U.S. Both of her traditional eyes are visible.* *San Diego Historical Society, Photograph Collection*

Ningpo: Chinese Pirate Junk

By Dr. William F. Brown

Her name was NINGPO, meaning "Peaceful Wave," and she was built as a Foochow pole-junk type. Very few vessels have had such a varied and colorful history. NINGPO was constructed in centuries-old father-to-son tradition; she was notorious and sanguinary in service, and finished her villainous days in obscurity.

The junk may have been built in 1753 or in 1806, depending on which source one believes. She was made from Fukien pine and camphor wood with teak decks, all very strong and resistant woods. NINGPO was about 138 feet long and had a beam of 31 feet. I will not delve into the construction, but there are very good articles about Foochow pole-junks in various books listed at the end of this story.

In the April 1917 issue of *Overland Monthly,* author Della Phillips recounted NINGPO's roguish history up to 1911. In 1796–assuming the earlier date for her construction to be correct–she was involved in a rebellion against the Emperor. In 1806 she was seized by authorities for smuggling and piracy, and in 1814 was captured–by whom we don't know–and set afire at Nanking. 1833 saw her seized again, this time for smuggling silk and opium. (The



This view looks aft along the junk's weather decks. The structure resembling a chicken coop at left is a "starving rack" used to punish prisoners in the days when NINGPO *was on the opposite side of the law.* *San Diego Historical Society, Photograph Collection*

Chinese government at this time was trying to stop the smuggling of opium into the country, principally by British traders. Continued incidents led to the so-called "Opium War" of 1839–42 between Great Britain and China, during which the Emperor's armed junks proved helpless against British steam warships, and his land forces didn't do much better. The Chinese were forced to give in and sign a humiliating treaty by which Britain acquired, among other things, the Crown Colony of Hong Kong, which she rules to this day.)

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NINGPO's illicit career continued, according to writer Phillips, and in 1834 she was confiscated by British forces under Lord Napier for smuggling and carrying slave girls to Canton. In 1841, in a reversal of her usual employment, she was captured by Manchu forces and used for seven years as a prison ship for pirates. A typhoon caught her at sea in 1861; badly damaged, she limped back to port to be repaired and later was captured by British General Charles "Chinese" Gordon, then in the service of the Emperor of China. Gordon commanded an imperial force with the morale-building name of "The Ever Victorious Army," and he was engaged in putting down the Great Taiping Rebellion of the 1860s. Gordon picked the name for the junk from that of a treaty port. (What her name was prior to that date, no one seems sure of.)

From 1864 to 1911 she was active in honest trade, dishonest trade, smuggling, piracy and other questionable activities. In 1911 she was captured by the authorities at Hankow.

Having had enough of NINGPO's antics, the Chinese authorities sold her to an American for a reported price of $50,000.

Captain Toft, her new commander representing owner William Milne, changed NINGPO's rigging from Chinese battened lug to western gaff rig. She left Shanghai for the

States on June 6, 1912, but on June 12 suffered damage in a typhoon. After repairs she sailed again on September 17 and met the same fate, losing her sails and rudder. During this storm the Chinese crew mutinied and tried to turn back. Captain Toft stayed aboard to control the mutinous crew while several loyal crewmen rowed a ship's boat 320 miles to Isemidsu, in the Ryukyu Islands, where a Japanese cruiser was dispatched to tow the NINGPO to port. The Chinese crew was sent back to China, the junk repaired and a white crew signed on. On December 22, NINGPO finally sailed again for San Francisco.

However, the junk made her landfall at Santa Barbara. Since it was impractical for her to beat around Point Conception, she sailed for San Pedro. On the night of February 18, 1913, NINGPO anchored for quarantine in San Pedro's outer harbor, completing her 7,000-mile voyage in 58 days. It is interesting to note that the *Los Angeles Times,* noting her arrival, said she had "more past than a chorus girl." She stayed in San Pedro about a month and in March went to Santa Monica Bay and anchored off Venice. However, March being too cold, wet and windy for many visitors to see her, NINGPO was towed to San Diego by the tug COLLIS.

She arrived in our fair harbor on April 11 and anchored off the Embarcadero. While she was here, a young man named Jerry MacMullen went aboard her, and later, when he had grown up to be San Diego's premier waterfront reporter, he wrote several stories about the junk.

For some reason, Captain Toft and NINGPO left San Diego on May 9 in tow of the steamer SHOSHONE for San Francisco. But apparently due to developing leaks on the way, NINGPO had to be dry-docked at San Pedro, then towed to Venice for the summer.

As winter storms neared, NINGPO returned to the shelter of San Pedro. Soon a storm put her on the beach, but with her flat bottom, she ended up fairly erect. Two



A nice shot of NINGPO's *port bow after her arrival in California in 1913. Note oversized wooden anchor projecting beyond her stem. The "all-seeing eyes" have appeared on the bows of boats from at least the time of the ancient Egyptians, and are still found in some cultures.* *San Diego Historical Society, Photograph Collection*

salvage firms then tried and failed to refloat her, but finally a Captain M. Walsh, using high volume pumps, got her floating again. She went into Craig Shipyard in Long Beach and was placed in dry dock for repairs on December 3, 1913.

NINGPO was acquired by the Meteor Boat Company, which was run by Walter Hubbard, a Los Angeles auto dealer, and Charles Lochard, later manager of the Los Angeles Angels. After repairs she went to Avalon Bay for the summer of 1914; here a Mr. Knowles put on "special dinners and novelty entertainment" on board. Due to vigorous complaints NINGPO was moved to a place called Lovers Cove on Catalina.

In April 1915 the NINGPO, with her past reputation and not so pristine new reputation, was moved back to San Diego. Here she remained during most of 1915 and 1916, first tied up to a wharf, and later anchored out in the bay. With the approach of America's involvement in World War I, plans to take her to other ports as a tourist attraction were cancelled, and she was returned to Catalina.

Here she sat and deteriorated; her once beautifully colored decorations and painted scenes faded. Once in a while a few people paid to come aboard and see her, but basically she lay abandoned by the mid-1920s. The local people and yachtsmen hacked off bits and pieces, and tore up her teak deck.

During the late '20s and early '30s the NINGPO was used as a backdrop in several movies, including the 1926 silent epic *Old Ironsides*. In 1935 she was burned and sunk at the Isthmus of Catalina. For many years divers and souvenir hunters would still salvage pieces of her, but finally man, tides, and teredos closed the last chapter of a notorious ship.

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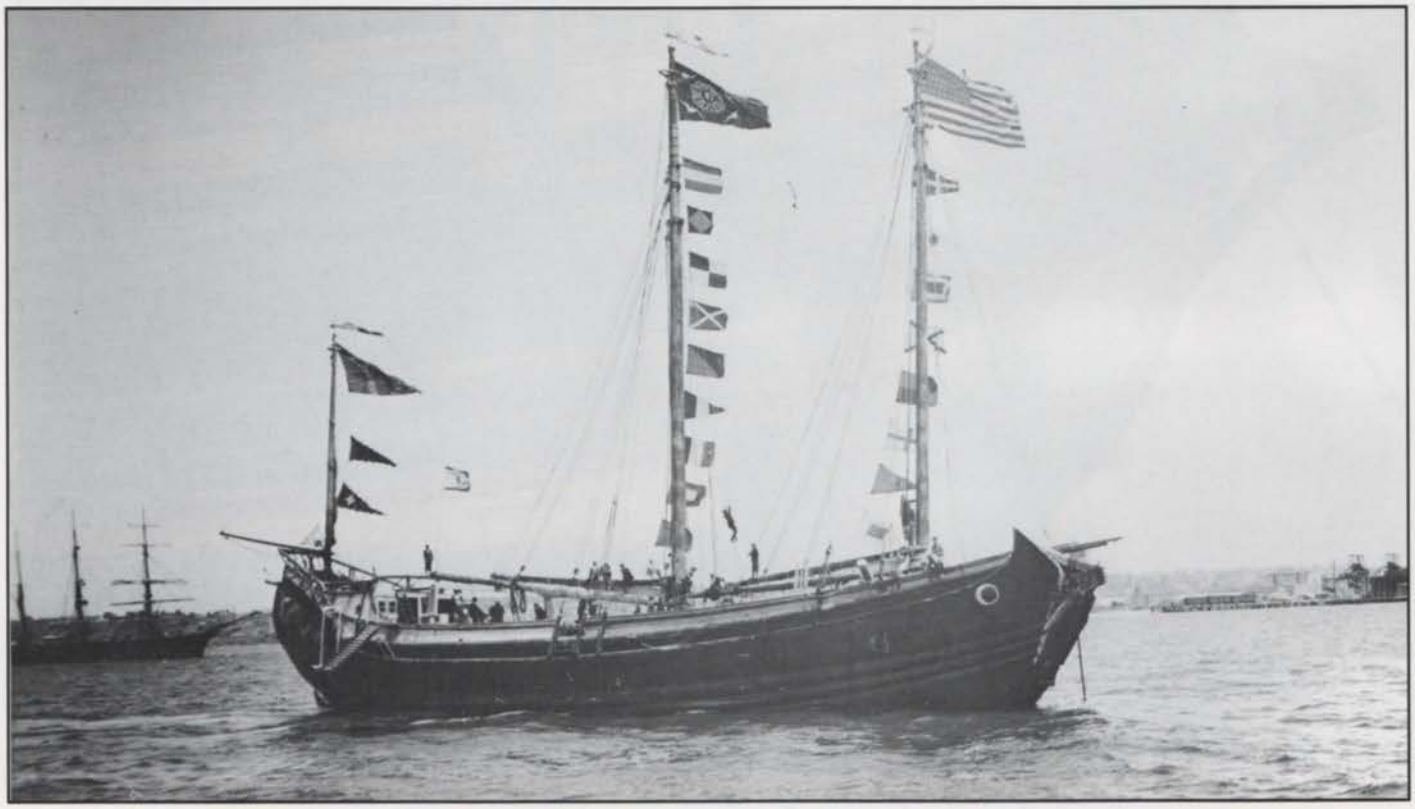
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NINGPO'S *piratical profile is revealed in this picture taken in San Diego Bay in 1913. The American flag looks a little peculiar on such a craft, but she was under Yankee ownership by this date. Note high poop characteristic of the junk since ancient times.* *San Diego Historical Society, Photograph Collection*



Captain Reynard poses with a co-worker in STAR OF INDIA'S *orlop on February 25, 1965. By this date, the ship's restoration was well under way.* *MacMullen Collection, SDMM*

Captain Ken Reynard – Lest We Forget

By Robert G. Wright

The phrase, "the right man in the right place at the right time" applied to Captain Kenneth D. Reynard – the right time of pushing forward the restoration of the STAR OF INDIA, and the right man with the ability and drive to get the job done.

Between 1927, when the STAR was towed into San Diego Bay by the Navy, and 1959, when she was towed to National Steel, a lot of tidewater went under her keel. During all this time, the maintenance of her deck and rigging was a hit-or-miss affair. Jerry MacMullen's book, *Star of India: The Log of an Iron Ship,* tells a highly readable tale of this period.

I first met Captain Reynard in September 1962, about a year after he started as the Restoration Director of the San Diego Maritime Museum. My first impression was of a short, stocky, muscular man wearing rough pants, a navy blue woolen CPO shirt, and a battered old yacht cap on the back of his head. A lanyard hung around his neck and went down to his right pants pocket, in which was a folding knife.

The weekend that I started as a volunteer was a rough one. We finished cutting the after end of the deckhouse back by three feet, to restore it to its original dimensions. Leakage from the old donkey engine that had been in the deckhouse had rotted much of the house and deck. Captain Reynard also wanted more room for people to walk between the cargo hatch and the deckhouse. He was right in the thick of the work with five or six volunteers – and



Reynard points through a gaping hole left by the removal of one of the Star of India's *masts during the restoration.* *SDMM file photo*

you had to move fast to keep up with him! Not only did Reynard do the physical work, he also gave talks to civic groups and service clubs to help raise funds.

His habit was to give a new volunteer a simple task and watch how well and quickly it was done. He was not much on giving compliments, but he would give you another task which showed some trust in you. Often, people came aboard who were "a lot of talk and no do." Or they would say they were coming down next weekend and were "no shows." For me, it was an interesting experience–working at a task without pay, in order that future generations would enjoy the vessel. While laboring on the Star, I felt like I was stepping back in time one hundred years, and I liked it so much that I spent six years (1962–1968) as a weekend volunteer.

During the restoration, the whole atmosphere on board the ship was one of confusion and judging priorities. Though I could not be there during the week, the weekends indicated the problems Ken was having every day. Money, or the lack of it, determined what work could be started or finished. Many businesses contributed, including Frost Lumber Company and Bud Hall's Standard Marine, and many unrecorded individuals gave generously. Reynard gave a great deal of credit to Jim Copley of the San Diego Union-Tribune Publishing Company, for the constant publicity. This brought in people who helped with the restoration.

Captain Reynard's experience with the Star was a frustrating one of starting various projects and not being able to finish them because of a lack of material, knowledgeable help, and, of course, money. On the other hand, his relentless drive pursued many projects until they were done. His most common expression was, "I don't want a paintbrush restoration!" He constantly had to overcome the pressure to get the ship in some sort of halfway shape so she could be opened to the public. (The idea was to make the money needed to continue the restoration.) At that time, however, it was not always safe to walk around the ship.

Ken was able to forestall opening the ship to the public

for about one year, 1962–1963. During that time there was a great deal of hard work to accomplish. The STAR during this period had an atmosphere of sounds and smells. It is easy to recall the mingled smells of Stockholm tar, fresh paint, wood preserver, rotten wood, and newly cut wood. The sounds were constant with power saws, hand saws, planers and hammers of all sizes. The main deck was a series of ripples where the rust had heaved up the 4x4 deck planking. You had to walk up the narrow gangway and pass through a cut-out in the starboard bulwark to come aboard.

Coffee was available in one of the saloon cabins and it was strong enough to jolt an elephant! The only quiet time was at lunch when you enjoyed another of Charlie Hansen's outstanding sandwiches or casseroles. Charlie had a catering company on "F" Street for years. He has been the forgotten man concerning what he did for the restoration. He not only fed the crew, he donated a great deal of money. In his younger days Charlie sailed before the mast out of Denmark and acquired a real love of old sailing ships.

It is so easy to take for granted the prime condition of the STAR OF INDIA today. Thirty years ago, the term "basket case" was a more apt description of her condition. It was a grand day when the ship was rechristened on November 14, 1963–exactly one hundred years after launching.



Kenneth David Reynard was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota on March 30, 1913. His father was stationed at nearby Fort Snelling as a cavalry officer, and his mother was an interesting woman who had tremendous artistic ability. His maternal grandfather played classical piano.

When Ken was very young, his family, including a brother and two sisters, moved to Erie, Pennylvania. His parents' marriage did not last, and his mother moved out when he was 13. Ken was always an independent lad and made Eagle Scout at age 14. He was also a member of



A myriad of tasks are being performed on the STAR'S main deck as restoration is carried on under Reynard's direction. This photo was taken in October 1962. *SDMM file photo*

the Sea Scouts, and during his teen years he restored a couple of old motor boats to sell.

As an indication of his growing interest in boats and his determination, he wanted to build a sailing schooner. Ken made an an agreement with a local farmer to work for him in exchange for cutting down some of the farmer's trees and using that wood to build the boat. He worked extra jobs to have the trees cut into lumber. He also made an agreement with the owners of a small, abandoned church to build his boat inside. The deal was for him to tear down the church when he was through.

With the help of youthful friends, he built his 30-foot, two-masted schooner called WE'RE HERE. Before he was quite finished, the owners of the church wanted the building back. Ken had to cut out one side of the building, remove the hull, and rebuild the church. After the boat was finished, he and his friend David Briggs would sail on Lake Erie and sometimes go as far away as Canada.

After graduating from high school, Reynard attended the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts on a scholarship. Although somewhat color-blind, he was able to work out colors and art form. (I have a number of his line drawings which he used to mail out as Christmas cards.) Ken also had a fine operatic voice and sang in the Mendelssohn Chorus for a number of years. One of his hobbies was fencing and he was also a railroad buff.

When World War II came, Reynard volunteered for the Coast Guard. He spent his first tour of duty as a Chief Boatswain's Mate in Florida, then was sent to Alaska in charge of a minesweeper. During the mid-1930s he had married, but it lasted only ten years and he and his wife, who had one son, were divorced by the end of the war.

After the conflict ended and Ken was a civilian again, he came to San Diego to find work. For a time he went to sea on a tuna boat as a navigator and fisherman. Later Ken became aware of the need for a sailmaker in San Diego. He opened a loft with Dean Elkles near Palm and and Kettner Avenues. During this time Reynard met his second wife, Pearl, whom he married after three years of dating.

During the 1950s Ken left the sail loft and began to skipper the SPICEWOOD, a minesweeper converted to a small refrigerator ship for the late C. Arnholt Smith. Later he took command of the WESTGATE, a refrigerator ship that brought tuna up from South America.

From the time Ken first saw the STAR OF INDIA in the late 1940s, he was intrigued with the idea of restoring her. Somewhat later he joined the San Diego Maritime Research Society, which has met quarterly on the ship since 1937. Ken would attend every meeting possible, and talk about fixing up the "old bucket."

Finally, in 1957, Captain Alan Villiers, the world-renowned sailing ship skipper and author, came to San Diego on a lecture tour. James R. Mills, later a state senator, suggested to Jerry MacMullen that he have Captain Villiers visit the STAR where she was then moored, down at what is now Seaport Village.

The result of Villiers' visit to the STAR was a story with pictures in the *Tribune* of October 3 that aroused local interest in restoring the ship. After several years of getting the project started, Ken Reynard was hired by the Maritime Museum as Restoration Director in November 1961.

What the Museum got was very much of a hands-on director. Ken had a couple of frequent expressions, "Do it right the first time!" and "Restoration is deferred maintenance!" These aptly summed up his approach to the job. Another oft-heard remark was, "No restoration can be done by a committee!" I believe his goal was to restore the STAR to sailing condition, and I think he could visualize her under way off Point Loma. His dream at length came true on July 4, 1976.

Reynard had very little information on the original construction of the ship. One article appeared in an Isle of Man newspaper at the time of her launching in 1863; this information, brief as it was, was used wherever possible during the restoration. (Mr. Billy Kneale, who now owns the yard at Ramsey, told me when I was there that they do not have any records of shipbuilding in that period.)

Before any sailing of the STAR was possible, however, a lot of blood, sweat, and tears were shed to get the restoration job done. Reynard had the help of some paid people plus a number of consistent volunteers such as Dick Norwood, Bernie (Art) Olsen, Ralph Bergsted and myself. Also there were about half a dozen teenage boys who found a home away from home on the STAR, and did some of the toughest menial work. Most of them grew up to be fine young men.

Reynard was very creative in practical ideas. An example is the ballast-trimming block which can be shifted to port and starboard. This is done when the gangway is moved from one side to another. I understand Ken designed the gangways for both the STAR and the BERKELEY so they will account for the rise and fall of the tides. He followed through with an idea from Fred Krone (now the Museum's Maintenance Supervisor) to build a sliding cart on rails on top of the STAR's hull frames. Along each side of the keelson are u-shaped tracks on which a cart runs. One person can lay on the cart and roll it along to perform maintenance in the bilges.

I think Captain Reynard's strongest virtue was his determination to do a task, where other men would think twice. He would physically do the work no matter how tough it was, yet had an artist's touch when required. I believe Ken would visualize in advance how something should be done or how it should look. I don't recall seeing any plans, at any rate. When we worked aloft, it got scary at times, but things seemed to fit.

Ken Reynard's talents appeared to be unlimited. He knew how to replace the decking and caulked some of it; he learned to weld; with help, he laid out and directed the sewing of the first suit of sails, as well as lending a hand at sewing them; he chose the colors to paint the ship; and he rigged the ship so that she looks balanced. He worked with Ralph Edison, a fine wood craftsman who applied his skills to both the STAR and the BUTCHER BOY.

Ken always wanted the ship to look as good as possible. One Saturday, the STAR was going to be moved down to Broadway Pier. I was working on the men's head in the tween decks. Ken came running down to tell me to get a can of primer and paint the stripped-down figurehead. He just wanted it to look good. His sister, June, did the final painting of Euterpe, but Ken painted the Liverpool coat of arms on the glass at the forward end of the skylight.

Reynard, Bob Sharp, and a couple of other fellows were deeply involved in acquiring the BERKELEY. At that time, in the early 1970s, no thought was given to using her upper-deck passenger cabin for parties. The STAR had limited display space and no room for a library.

Reynard's involvement was limited on the MEDEA. He skippered her from Long Beach to Paul Whittier's boatyard at Goudge Island, British Columbia, in 1971. After the restoration work there, he skippered her down to San Diego in July 1973. He also helmed the BUTCHER BOY on her trip here from Los Angeles in 1971.

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During the 1970s not all was going well for Ken. The Maritime Museum now had three ships to maintain and display, and new people were joining the Board of Trustees. Ken always held strong opinions, and was quick to express them. It was a culmination of his dream to see this magnificent ship come alive like a phoenix rising from the ashes.

On July 4, 1976, the STAR OF INDIA put to sea again. The last time she was under sail was in 1923 when she went north for the Alaska Packers. Due to the fact that Ken did not have a master's license for sail, he crewed as first mate.

Two years later, Ken was asked to resign his post as Restoration Director. A *San Diego Union* article of November 10, 1978, stated, "The real problem was he considered the ship and the museum his property and couldn't understand the authority of the board of directors."

Chuck Thomas (head painter of the Museum) reminded me of another characteristic of Reynard's that I had forgotten. When you worked with Ken, you had to do it *his* way. He could be adamant about how he wanted something done. Ken would seldom listen to any logical or commonsense way that someone else might suggest. Of course, the job would get done – although sometimes you worried about the possibility of an accident.

Ken was right in saying, "No restoration can be done by a committee," but in the end the committee won out. It seems inevitable that it should be so – yet it takes a strong-willed person to lead the way in a difficult task. In my opinion, the STAR OF INDIA is a monument to this person.

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After leaving the Museum, Captain Reynard and his wife Pearl moved to Friday Harbor in the San Juan Islands of Washington State, there to work for the late Paul Whittier. (Whittier had earlier donated the MEDEA to the Maritime Museum.) Ken's task was to restore an old yacht which is now called the PAULLU. Formerly, she was owned by C. Arnholt Smith and bore the name CHITO.

Captain Reynard died on March 22, 1989, at the age of 76. His ashes were scattered on the waters off Friday Harbor.

His childhood friend, David Briggs, donated a bronze plaque which is now mounted on the STAR's mizzenmast in her saloon. It says:

IN MEMORY OF
CAPT. KEN REYNARD
1913–1989
WHOSE LEADERSHIP, VISION, TALENT
AND DEDICATION
RESTORED THE STAR OF INDIA
FROM RUST OF LONG NEGLECT
TO HER PAST AND PRESENT GLORY
WE PLEDGE ANEW OUR COMMITMENT
THAT SHE SHALL NEVER DECLINE AGAIN

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David Briggs, Charlie Hansen, Jerry MacMullen, James R. Mills, Captain Ken Reynard, Pearl Reynard.



In a playful mood, Reynard displays the top hat, long glass and seafaring squint of a merchant skipper of the 1800s. Captain Reynard clearly enjoyed his job and would often "pose" for the camera, according to the author. *SDMM file photo*

"The Euterpe Times"

By David Brierley

As "The Euterpe Times" continues with Issue No. 4 of Saturday, October 4, 1879, it is appropriate to think of this year's sailings of the STAR OF INDIA during "America's Finest City Week." One of many highlights of the sailings will be having descendants of two EUTERPE emigrants on board the STAR on August 22 in response to a contest held in New Zealand.

Let us now return to those thrilling days of yesteryear (1879) as we continue sampling the news of the EUTERPE. As has been mentioned in an earlier installment, the EUTERPE was a fortunate ship healthwise. The only mention of illness in this issue was that able seaman Bailey had a mild case of rheumatic fever. He was "progressing favourably and [the editors] hope to see him again on duty soon."

The newspaper section "Euterpe Sports" reported on a festival held on the previous Wednesday to commemorate the "Crossing of the Line" in reference to sailing south over the equator. The "programme" listed ten events and small monetary prizes. Men, boys and crew participated. (As an aside, perhaps we can restage some of the events as a future Museum attraction.)

The events were as follows and no mention was made of any trades between the teams or free agency:

Event I: "First item was a race over the main royal yard. Akasoon and Purcell. Dead heat. Time 1 minute, 44 seconds."

Event II: "Tug of War between 10 sailors and 10 passengers where the latter were victorious."

Event III: "Race five times around the deck. 1st–J. Campbell 1 min. 19 secs. 2nd–W. O'Hanlon 1 min. 22 secs. 3rd–Silverades 1 min. 57 secs."

Event IV: "3 legged race; 1st couple Campbell & Caldow 20 secs. 2nd Bob (sailor) & Purcell 22 secs."

Event V: "Hand over hand contest on a tight rope. In this Barnes (apprentice) exceeded all his opponents. 2nd Ben (cook) 3rd Ingram (sailor)."

Event VI: "After tea [naturally on a British ship], the sack race came off when Harting, Akasoon, & Ingram were the respective winners."

Event VII: "The race with water buckets was the last [adult event] and caused much merriment; the one arriving at the winning post with the most quantity of water to be 1st Bob (sailor) & Ingram."

Three boys' races were held but the rest of races were postponed "to some future occasion on account of slippery state of deck."

All the winners in the above contests received various amounts of prize money, ranging from one to six shillings.

An unlisted event for the crew was held and certainly showed the home field advantage. "The tug of war between the watches (sailors) came off . . . was not as satisfactory as might have been. The starboard watch won 2 of 3 pulls & so nominally were the winners of the prize offered, but the port watch asked to have another pull taking the ground [deck location] held by the winners & easily pulled them over the mark. It was evidently a losing game & those who had the forward ground which was wet & slippery [lost], while those aft had dry ground to hold on too." [sic]



A sailing ship skipper of the 1800s in "The Captain's Cabin"–an old Victorian woodcut. Tools of the trade are ready to the captain's hand–dividers, chart, compass, barometer, sextant, and chronometer. This captain is also fortunate enough to have a large personal library aboard. If things went as they usually did, however, he would have little time to read.

Print courtesy of Karl Kortum



This is artist Richard DeRosset's vision of MEDEA *in her years of glory, steaming along one of the many splendid lochs of the Scottish Highlands.* *Photo courtesy of Richard DeRosset*

Library Log

In our last issue, I wrote a short column about the process of writing, and in this one, I'd like to report on my progress.

My second book, *Medea: The Classic Steam Yacht*, is nearing completion. For the past three years I have been pursuing her life story, and the product of this "paper chase" is about to become public.

A book is the work of many hands. I cannot thank too highly the Macalister Hall family of Scotland, descendants of the vessel's first owner, William Macalister Hall. His surviving sons, Malcolm and Diarmid, spent many days driving me the length and breadth of Scotland in pursuit of MEDEA's haunts. Many older Scots living in the western Highlands recall the yacht, and were generous with their time and memories.

Mr. Barry Staig, Manager of the Royal Northern and Clyde Yacht Club—where the "Medea Room" is—went out of his way to be helpful, as did Lieutenant Colonel A.W. Scott-Elliott of the Argyll and Sutherland Highland Regiment, and Sandy Stephen, scion of the great firm of Stephen of Linthouse.

Other persons too numerous to mention here gave freely of their knowledge. All will be cited in the book's Acknowledgments.

Museums were contacted in North America, England, Scotland, France and Norway regarding MEDEA, and quite a lot of information came to light. Having steamed under six flags, and served three nations in two world wars, our yacht has seen a good bit of the globe. Some of her history will surprise you.

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A ship is a wanderer and she goes where the sea's broad highway takes her. But a ship's story is also that of the people who go down to the sea in her. I kept this theme in mind while writing the book, so as not merely to record the history of a vessel, but to convey the lives she touched.

In a larger sense, the work is a sketch of the era that created these lovely vessels called steam yachts. Those days and their tax-free wealth are gone forever, and some of republican sentiment would say that is a good thing—and yet that wealth often made objects of great beauty, including MEDEA.

We seem to live in such a graceless age today—a time of cheap illusions and unbelievably ugly ships. (Some current cruise ships take the prize for being the most bob-tailed, slab-sided, pug-nosed vessels that ever the mind of man contrived.)

There was a time, however, when boats still looked like boats, when craftsmanship and perfection of line and form were the order of the day. This is what the Maritime Museum tries to maintain in MEDEA—that long-gone ambiance.

So I will finish by saying that the book *Medea*—like the yacht—is a union of many things, many people, many thoughts and adventures.

I hope those who read it will enjoy it.

—Craig Arnold, Librarian

From the Helm

It is always gratifying to read the various articles in *Mains'l Haul* and see those companies and individuals who are commented on by the authors as being helpful to the Maritime Museum. We are blessed with a continuous supply of eager, can-do people who take on a myriad of projects at the Museum and work hard to "get it done."

This month we are sailing STAR OF INDIA twice as part of America's Finest City Week. Our goal would be to reward all our many benefactors with passage on the ship, but space and time simply don't allow all to be accommodated. We do, however, dedicate Star Sail '93 to all our members and volunteers for giving the people of San Diego and visitors to "America's Finest City" a spectacular summer event.

–Charles R. Allen, President
Kenneth Franke, Executive Director

Star of India Auxiliary

Plans are already under way for our first fund-raiser of the year. Margaret Cooper will chair a Gourmet Breakfast to be held August 14 aboard the BERKELEY. Hope all of you will come out and see the STAR sail from the BERKELEY. What a perfect place to see our Grand Old Lady unfurl her sails!

1993 will offer many more opportunities for each of us to participate. Rummage collection will begin soon, the Halloween Party takes place in October, and this year we will have a Pantry Sale in November and a Christmas Bazaar. If you would like to get involved with us or have something you would like to contribute to our efforts, please call me any time at 426-7416.

–Rita J. Greig,
Auxiliary President

Volunteer of the Quarter

Our Volunteer of the Quarter for the summer of 1993 is Dr. Bill Graham.

Dr. Graham, as one may see from the accompanying photo, is a piper. Whenever our bonny steam yacht MEDEA sets forth on her appointed rounds around San Diego Bay, Bill is usually to be found making music on her poop deck.

Bill's heritage is, of course, devoutly Scottish. He has been a piper for many years, and has mastered the skills of this ancient instrument to the extent that he now goes among his fellow Scots–the most severe bagpipe critics in the world–and plays.

When not piping away, Dr. Graham teaches at San Diego State University. He and his lovely wife Barbara enjoy sailing in MEDEA as well as travel abroad, and as this is written, they are touring Scotland once again. On this side of the Pond, Bill often pipes at Highland Games.

The bagpipe, according to *Webster's Third New International Dictionary,* is "a musical instrument consisting of a double-reed melody pipe and one or more single-reed drone pipes that are sounded by air from a flexible bag which is in turn kept inflated either by a mouth tube or by an elbow-worked bellows."

It sounds like a lot of work–and it is. To play the pipes well requires both talent and years of practice. The bagpipe has been played in battle for centuries to encourage Scottish soldiers and send chills down the enemy's spine. In such a role, bagpipes have skirled Scots into the fray at Bannockburn, Waterloo, Balaklava and D-Day.

By the way–one never refers to one who plays the pipes as a "bagpiper." You are likely to get a stout Scottish cudgel over your head for that. He's a *piper,* mon. (Jokes in bad taste about the piper's kilt are also not recommended.)

Dr. Graham, for adding much to our enjoyment of MEDEA and our appreciation of Scottish lore, we thank you. And now, if you will–another go at *Highland Laddie.*



Piper Bill Graham gets set for another day's entertainment aboard the Scottish-built steam yacht MEDEA. *SDMM file photo*

Curator's Corner

Even with the preparations for sailing the STAR OF INDIA going ahead full steam (sail?), many other projects at the Museum are happening as can be seen by a visit or through reading our publications. Part of the Museum activity is the Curatorial work on exhibits, artifact research and record-keeping, and educational programs.

The forward pilot house of the BERKELEY has been reopened with significant improvements. Museum visitors can now walk through it for a closer inspection of the furnishings and posted ferry regulations of the 1950s. An AM radio receiver of the period has been added in keeping with the communications of that day. For extra visitor interest, a weather radio has been placed inside the older radio to play current, local weather information through the receiver's speaker.

A large version of the Maritime Museum burgee now flies over the entrance of the BERKELEY on the diagonal staff once used by ferry pilots to guide the BERKELEY into the terminal slip in San Francisco. The other end of the ship was the Oakland end. Different colors and shapes of the burgee were given much consideration before deciding on the one now available for purchase in the Museum Store. The substantial help of Maritime Museum volunteer Bob Halley with the burgee project is greatly appreciated.

More activation tied to sailing the STAR OF INDIA (and to remain in use afterwards) is a new VCR/monitor located forward in the 'tween deck of the STAR. This is the fifth unit now in use at the San Diego Maritime Museum and is designed to provide educational entertainment for our Museum visitors. The subject of the newest video is "Around Cape Horn." It has graphic views of the square-rigger PEKING en route around Cape Horn in the late 1920s. The film footage by Irving Johnson is awesome and harks back to when the STAR OF INDIA, as EUTERPE, rounded Cape Horn 21 times in her circumnavigations of the world. We expect the sailing days of August 14 and 22 to be much calmer, but want our Museum visitors to understand what the STAR endured and what a fierce opponent the sea can be.

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The next America's Cup is just around the corner. The next Worlds fleet racing for AC class sloops is in May 1994 followed by more practice sessions, trials, and the eventual defender vs. contender finals in May 1995. America's Cup competitor and trial skipper Jack Sutphen and I have continued our progress in depicting San Diego's important role in America's Cup history. Joining earlier race exhibits is a new section about 12-meter sloop competition from 1958 through 1980. San Diegans Joe Jessop, Gerry Driscoll, Malin Burnham, Lowell North, Jack Sutphen, Dennis Conner, and many crew members, volunteers, and local businesses have all been involved in those competitions. The first use of the existing 12-meter sloop came in 1958 with a budget of under $1 million. Racing progressed through 1980 with the same class with technical developments, extensive training over increasing time periods, and multi-million dollar budgets.



Our new Maritime Museum burgee flies from the steering pole at the BERKELEY's *forward end.* *Photo by Dave Brierley*

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The Speakers Bureau of the Maritime Museum as co-chaired by Trustee Merrill Day and myself goes on the road to many different social, service, and interest groups. One recent slide presentation that I gave to the Daughters of the War of 1812 covered an overview of the Maritime Museum as well as an outline of the naval aspects of the War of 1812. A very pleasant surprise was to have one of the ladies ask if the Museum might be interested in several logs of the Alaska Packers Association, which owned and operated the STAR OF INDIA. This kind of question can make a curator's day. Thanks to Mrs. Lola Spiratos, we now have administrative record books for 1912 and 1915 that list overviews of all of the APA ships. These publications are now in our Library on board the BERKELEY.

Several San Diego tourist-oriented businesses have joined with the San Diego Convention & Visitors Bureau to publish a new brochure geared to visitor safety awareness. I have acquired a supply of the brochures for our visitors to read and one will be posted for easy access on the STAR and BERKELEY. Many of the tips are general in nature and would apply anywhere. As a service to our membership, if anyone would like a copy of the brochure, please contact the Museum Office at 234-9153.

–Dave Brierley, Curator

Mar Fair. We delivered the SAN SALVADOR model to the "Design in Woods" exhibit almost two weeks in advance of the Fair opening. We saw that many of the craftsmen had areas in which to demonstrate their crafts of woodturning, carving, toy-making and the like.

Thanks to Joe, Jack, Chuck Hill and members of the San Diego Ship Modelers Guild, we managed to have people on hand for 17 out of the 20 days the Fair ran, all organized on one week's notice. The response of Fairgoers was very gratifying, with lots of kind compliments to our model builders. Pat Edwards, superintendent of the "Design in Woods" exhibit, is already talking about next year.

Thanks to Bob Cunningham and Bob Wright, the shop on the BERKELEY has been manned most days in the absence of the others at the Fair. Bob Cunningham has retired from his business and will be a regular in the shop while building the Museum a third version of the STAR looks today. Bob will be building the Alaska Packers version of the STAR with the extended poop deck, donkey boiler and engine, and "leg o' mutton" spanker. We welcome any and all of you to drop by and watch the progress of the model.

Jack Klein continues on his model of the British sloop-of-war KINGFISHER and Joe Bompensiero has nearly completed the yacht ROYAL CAROLINE. I hope to report in my next column that the keel has been laid for the USS LANGLEY (CV-1). Chuck Hill has begun laying up the boats for CUTTY SARK and will soon begin to rig her.

Finally, Jack and Joe's SAN SALVADOR won the blue ribbon for their division at the Fair and looked terrific. Many wonderful comments have been made, and she's a great addition to our collection. Thank you both.

—Robert Crawford,
Curator of Ship Models



Ship modeler Joe Bompensiero greets visitors at the Del Mar Fair in June. Joe, Jack Klein and Bob Crawford all manned the Museum's booth at the Fair—where we won the Blue Ribbon for our division.

Photo by Bob Crawford

Corrections

In our previous issue, in John C. Richards' article, "The Steel-Electrics," there were two errors. On page 25, second paragraph, the sentence about the Oakland yard's construction of the LAKE TAHOE and REDWOOD EMPIRE should read: "The Oakland yard built windows that were uniform in height throughout the LAKE TAHOE's and REDWOOD CITY's passenger cabins resulting in smaller observation room windows, built the wheelhouses slightly longer resulting in slightly smaller mate's and oiler's staterooms and seamen's bunkrooms, and built longer wheelhouse patios with five rather than four steps that go down to the hurricane deck."

The second error was on page 25, last paragraph, where a sentence stated that the ferries ILLAHEE, KLICKITAT and NISQUALLY, in one of their later renovations, had two white lights above each wheelhouse. The sentence should read: "Each vessel was originally fitted with inland rules lights which, for double-enders, consisted of one 360-degree white light above each wheelhouse at an exactly even level with each other and green and red lights mounted at each side of the passenger deck."

In the article "Guy Silva: San Diego Fisherman," in the photo caption on page 13, a man in the photo is incorrectly identified as Guy Silva. This man is Grey Silva, son of Guy.

Development Report

(*Ed Note:* Due to the intense last-minute preparations for the double sailing of the STAR OF INDIA this month, the Development Department will not issue a report in this edition of *Mains'l Haul,* but will resume its reports in the fall issue.)

Mail Bag

Editor:

As a member of both the Maritime Museum Association of San Diego and the Maine Maritime Museum in Bath, I'd like to correct out of date information quoted in a Mail Bag letter in the Spring 1993 issue of *Mains'l Haul.*

Several years ago the Maine Maritime Museum constructed an award-winning Maritime History Building at the Percy & Small Shipyard and consolidated all of its activities at this location. Visitors can view the permanent and special exhibits in the new museum building. The separate L.L. Bean Exhibit Building features two floors highlighting the lobster industry. Volunteer guides provide interpretive tours of the five nineteenth century shipyard buildings and their contents as well as the Apprentice Shop where apprentices restore and build wooden boats using traditional methods. During the summer months, visitors can tour the Grand Banks Schooner Museum Trust's SHERMAN SWICKER and view other vessels that may be visiting the Museum's waterfront.

Ronald L. Tarbox, Jr.
Wiscasset, Maine

Editor:

I thoroughly enjoyed your "Great Books of the Sea" in the Spring 1993 issue of *Mains'l Haul.* You didn't indicate there was another installment of this article, so I assume you are through.

A couple of sea books I've enjoyed are *The Caine Mutiny* by Herman Wouk and *Delilah* by Marcus Goodrich. If you haven't read *Delilah* let me know. I seem to have two copies and I'll be happy to give you one.

Mains'l Haul gets better every issue. My congratulations to you and the Association.

William M. Wallace
San Diego, California

(*Ed Note: The Caine Mutiny* is an all-time classic and I don't know why I failed to include it. Anyone remotely interested in how the Navy works should read it. As for *Delilah,* another Navy novel, it is on my list of "books I intend to read someday"–along with ten thousand others.)

Editor:

I have been getting *Mains'l Haul* third or fourth hand for some time and enjoy it very much. I worked for several years for the Alaska Packers Association and am always intrigued when you publish articles about the Star Fleet. I lived in Redwood City, California, several years ago and one of my neighbors turned out to be a man whose father had been captain of the STAR OF FINLAND.

At any rate, in a photo showing that ship in the Spring 1991 issue, I am quite certain that what are identified as "skysails" are in fact royals. Correct?

I have been 27 years in the Alaska Seafood Industry and am retiring at the end of this year. Hope to visit San Diego and see the STAR OF INDIA, also want to get to San Francisco and see the STAR OF ALASKA. (Some refer to her as the BALCLUTHA.)

Arthur Kellenberger
Edmonds, Washington

(*Ed. Note:* You are correct about the sails, Mr. Kellenberger. Sometimes in the heat of rushing to press, we goof. A correction of this error was printed in the Summer 1991 issue.)

Editor:

Things just get better all the time. Congratulations for another superb issue and not just because I've always had a love affair with the "Steel-Electrics." The articles on the INVADER, Guy Silva, Great Books of the Sea and the Supernatural round out your Spring issue with a lot of great reading. Of course, I now wait for the other shoe to drop and relish Part 2 of John C. Richards' ferryboat series.

The selection of photographs in Part 1 of this series brings back nice memories for me as a native of the City by the Bay and my youth. After moving to Southern California, our visits to San Diego and the ferry rides to Coronado were like a little bit of San Francisco in the "look-alike" craft. Incidentally, the SAN DIEGO was another boat which for many years did not carry its name on the pilothouse as the CORONADO did. But eventually, the name was added at each end but below the pilothouse on the second deck bulkhead. My collection embraces many views of the Coronado boats including the SAN DIEGO on the Keystone run.

The photographs are remarkable and why not? There have been those over the years who have been keeping an eye on these sisters and recording every last twitch and dab of paint applied. Surely their documentation is one of the greatest in ferryboat annals.

The author, Mr. Richards, deserves a "Well Done!"

John L. Whitmeyer
Redondo Beach, California

(*Ed. Note:* Hear, hear! By the way, nearly all the photos in Mr. Richards' excellent article came from our collection in the Museum Library. This photo archive is a fabulous one, and I'm just a bit frustrated that most people never get to see it. We are hoping to do a large-format book next year–a photographic history of San Diego Bay that will go far beyond anything yet done. And, of course, there will be lots of ferryboats in it.)

THE BO'S'N'S PIPE:
Maritime Museum News and Announcements

Star Sailing Photo Contest

Once again, it's time to "Shoot the STAR!" Curator Dave Brierley has announced a photo contest in which the best slides and prints of the STAR OF INDIA under canvas will receive awards.

This popular contest is normally held every time the ship sails off San Diego. This year promises to be an especially exciting opportunity for photographers, with the Iron Lady going out for two days and sailing under (let us all cross our fingers) sunny August skies.

The Museum staff is laying elaborate schemes to document all aspects of the sailing, but we welcome the help of others.

Entries for the contest may be submitted in three divisions: color 8x10 prints, black and white 8x10 prints, and color slides. The deadline for entries is October 1, and all entries should be sent to Dave Brierley at the Museum. All photos will be returned to their owners after the contest. Prizes are still being considered as we go to press, and will be announced in fall Museum publications. We can safely say, however, that the prizes will be of a nautical nature.

Curator Brierley would also like to see any videos anyone has taken of the STAR under canvas, although videos are not–repeat, NOT–part of the contest. The best videos may be shown at future membership programs.

September Membership Program

Curator Dave Brierley has an exciting membership program planned for September. The unprecedented two-day sailing of the STAR OF INDIA, oldest large sailing vessel in the world which still goes to sea, will doubtless result in many superb slides and films being taken, and many stirring tales to recount.

Thus the focus of the meeting is a celebration of the Iron Lady's capacity to sail and the enjoyment derived by thousands ashore and afloat as she does so. The meeting is scheduled to begin at 7:30 p.m. on Wednesday, September 29.

Exhibit at Central Library

By Dave Brierley

During the month of July, people using the downtown headquarters of the San Diego Public Library saw an exhibit about the San Diego Maritime Museum. The exhibit's emphasis was on the sailing of the STAR OF INDIA during August. This was designed to increase the awareness of San Diegans in this special Museum contribution to America's Finest City Week. A collection of photographs from previous sailings, schedules of this year's events, and labels gave the public an idea of crew training and what the STAR looked like at sea on August 14 and 22.

Additional photos and information covered the ferryboat BERKELEY and steam yacht MEDEA. A selection of our Museum publications and STAR sailing merchandise added to the exhibit.

The exhibit was housed in three cases in the main lobby plus one sidewalk window display for passerby to see. Public Library Arts Division Supervisor Eugene Fischer, who is also a Maritime Museum member, kindly made this exhibit space available to us.

In Memoriam

The Maritime Museum regrets to note the recent death of Norman B. Neely, longtime member of our Board of Trustees. He was 83.

Mr. Neely, a California native, started his own company in the 1930s to market audio and radio equipment to the movie and radio industries. Mr. Neely became interested in yachting after moving to San Diego and served as commodore of the San Diego Yacht Club in 1968. After retiring from business in 1976, he was active in yachting and philanthropy.

Among the recipients of Mr. Neely's generosity were the San Diego Maritime Museum, Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles, Scripps Memorial Hospitals' Mericos Eye Institute, and the Scripps Foundation for Medicine and Science. He and his wife, Jane, were named Philanthropists of the Year in 1992 by the National Society of Fund Raising Executives.

Mr. Neely made many contributions to our institution, both in funds and leadership. All of his shipmates on board the Museum will miss him.

Filming San Diego Bay

A trip around the Bay was made in the steam yacht MEDEA on May 24, in order to record longtime San Diego yachtsman Joseph Jessop, Sr., and historian James R. Mills, discussing the history of the Bay. We are hopeful that the film taken may be used by many researchers in the years to come. Mr. Jessop was born here in 1899 and holds Membership Card No. 1 at the San Diego Yacht Club. He has lived much of his life on local waters, and has a phenomenal memory for names, faces and events of our collective past. He can still recall vividly–complete with sound effects–how it was to stand on the shore of Coronado on July 21, 1905, and watch the gunboat USS BENNINGTON blow up. He knew and well remembers such colorful characters of our past as aviation pioneer Glenn Curtiss and perennial America's Cup challenger Sir Thomas Lipton.

Mr. Jessop is a living treasure chest of memories for historians. Fortunately, his very kindly nature and keen interest in maritime subjects cause him to give generously of his time and energy for such a project. In fact, Joe is the leading spirit in our discussions, always prodding us on to the next step in the process.

Jim Mills has had a strong interest in maritime history all his life. He is one of our two resident experts on old sailing ships, the other being Captain Carl Bowman. His commentary on the Bay's history was interspersed with that of Joe Jessop, while the great changes made in the harbor glided by behind them.

Plans are afoot to add more material to the video, and make it available to researchers when complete. Other plans are forming for a large pictorial history book on San Diego Bay, utilizing the collections of the Maritime Museum and the San Diego Historical Society.



James R. Mills (left) and Joseph Jessop reminisce about the good old days on San Diego Bay during the filming session aboard MEDEA *on May 24.* *Photo by Blair Burkhardt*

Assistive Listening System Aboard *Berkeley*

By Dave Brierley

As of June 1993 the San Diego Maritime Museum has the added improvement of providing people with the Audex Assistive Listening System on the passenger deck of the BERKELEY. This system is for the hearing impaired. It is an infrared system that uses a headset or is compatible with some brands of hearing aids.

Many users are envisioned. Many people from the general public who attend parties, celebrations, and meetings on the upper deck will find this new system very helpful. Various Museum functions and Star of India Auxiliary meetings will also be enhanced by the use of the Audex system.

Our Party Manager Jim Davis made the contacts that led to the donation of the system by the Audex Company of Longview, Texas. Company representatives were very pleased to make the contribution of this relatively new system in conjunction with their 1993 annual meeting in San Diego as a community service for the hearing impaired. The San Diego Maritime Museum is the only local museum at present to have this useful way of better serving the public, our membership, and the Star of India Auxiliary.

Thank you, Audex.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Note: Please call the Museum Office at 234-9153 for details of time and exact location, where not given.

SEPTEMBER

1: Auxiliary Board Meeting

6: Labor Day

15: Universal Ship Cancellation Society meeting, 7:30.

16: Ship Modelers Guild, 7 p.m.

29: Membership Program: STAR Sail '93. Social hour, 7 p.m., meeting, 7:30 p.m., BERKELEY.

OCTOBER

20: Universal Ship Cancellation Society meeting, 7:30.

21: Ship Modelers Guild, 7 p.m.

28: Maritime Research Society meeting, STAR orlop, 6 p.m. Dinner included. Prospective members welcome!

29: Star of India Auxiliary Halloween Party.

NOVEMBER

3: Auxiliary Board Meeting, 9:30.

17: Auxiliary General Meeting, 9:30. Universal Ship Cancellation Society meeting, 7:30.

18: Ship Modelers Guild, 7 p.m.

25: Thanksgiving Day

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"Mainsail Haul–An order in tacking ship bidding 'Swing the main yards.' To loot, steal, or 'acquire.'"
–John Masefield

Craig Arnold, *Editor*

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