# MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 30, NO. 1 | A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY | FALL 1993







On the cover . . .

*R. Charles Rathborne served in the British Royal Navy and emigrated to New Zealand in the* EUTERPE *in 1879. He was an ancestor of Mrs. Janice Bonnett, who was our guest in the ship when she sailed off San Diego on August 22, 1993.*

*Photo courtesy of Mrs. Bonnett*

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Craig Arnold, Editor

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# *Star* at Sea: A Photo Essay

Whenever the STAR OF INDIA sets her top hamper and steers for the open sea, it's a sight that lifts the hearts of San Diegans and a good many others as well.

The STAR is a "living" link with our collective past– survivor and symbol of all the gallant windships that rounded Cape Horn, and thereby brought our modern world into being.

What better way, then, to celebrate her existence than with a parade of pictures showing her in her element, combined with nautical verse?

So that is what we do here: a fitting tribute to a veteran of 130 summers on the high seas. If you saw her sail off San Diego in August, you know what a special moment it was. The words and pictures below, we hope, reflect a bit of that feeling:

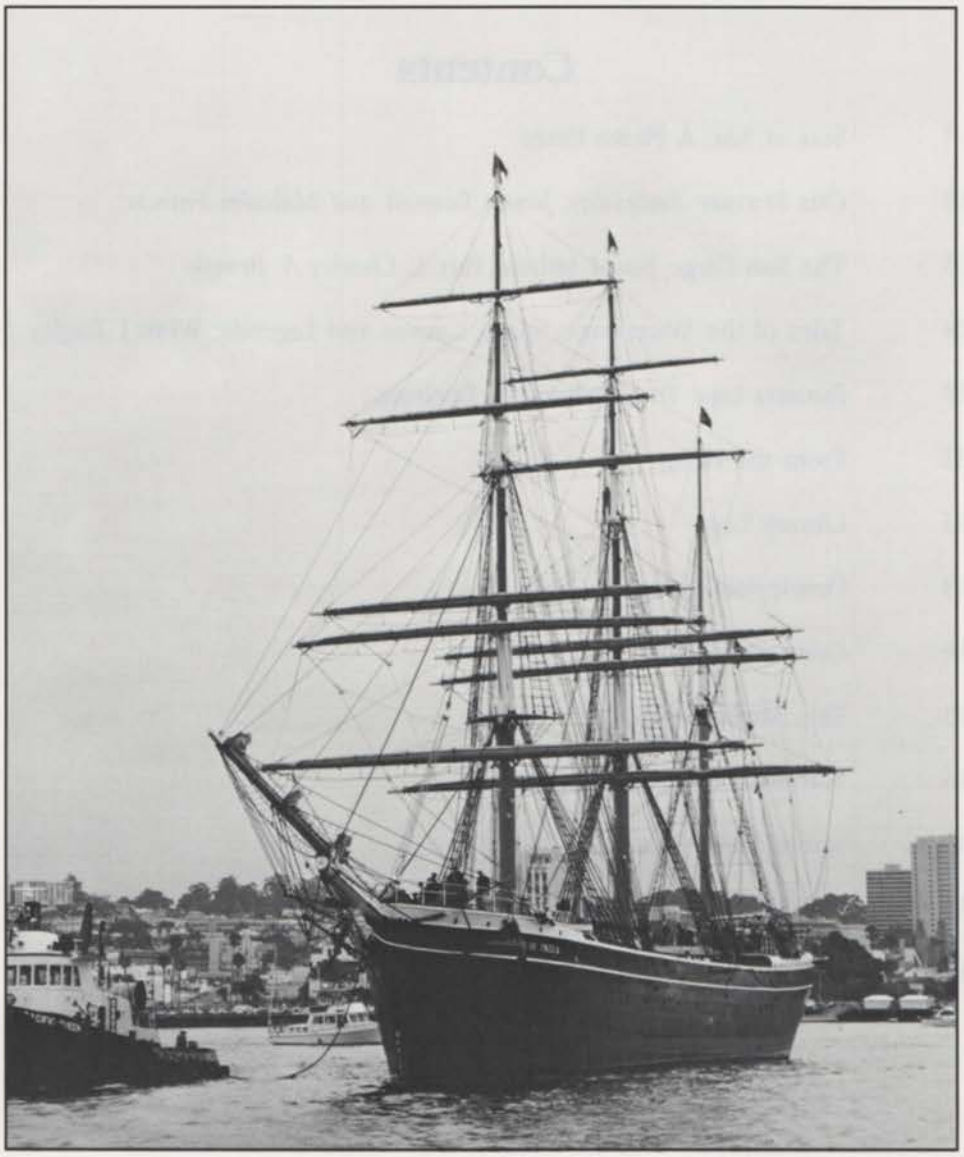


*Photo by Karl Rosenquist*

*To-day a rude brief recitative,*
*Of ships sailing the seas, each with its special flag or ship-signal,*
*Of unnamed heroes in the ships–of waves spreading and spreading far as the eye can reach,*
*Of dashing spray, and the winds piping and blowing,*
*And out of these a chant for the sailors of all nations,*
*Fitful, like a surge.*

*Walt Whitman*
Song for All Seas, All Ships

*The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,*
*Merrily did we drop*
*Below the kirk, below the hill,*
*Below the lighthouse top.*
*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner



*Photo by Elizabeth Schlappi*

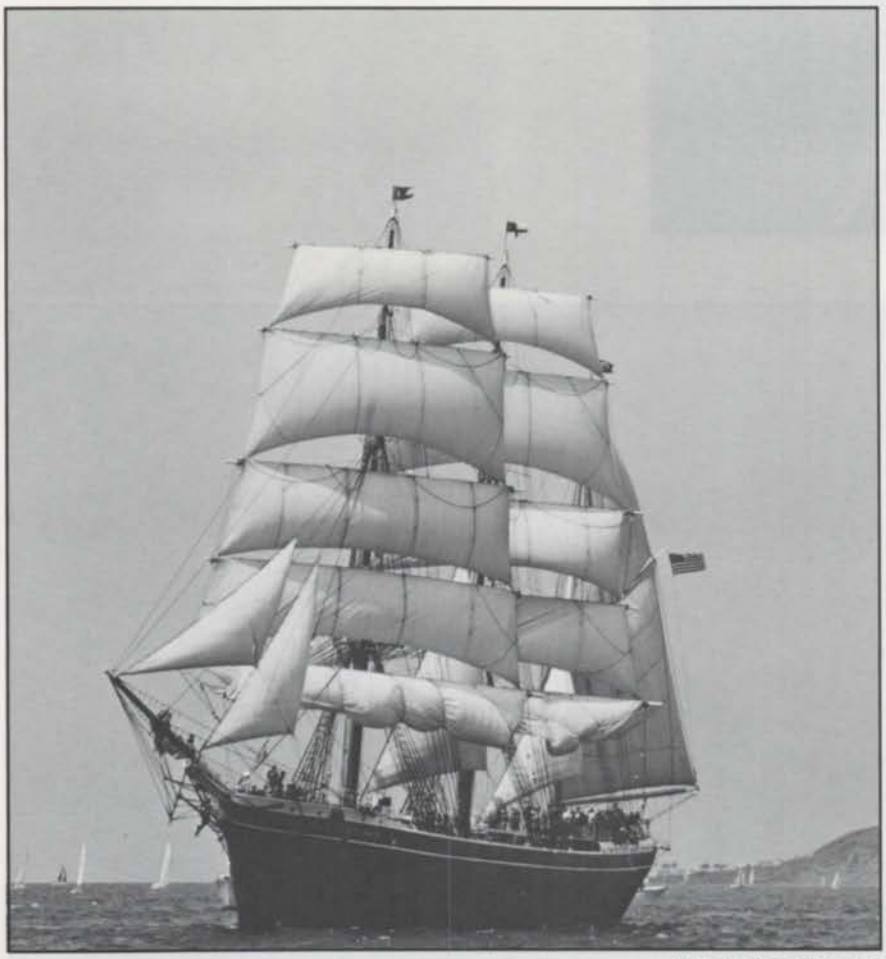


*Photo by Karl Rosenquist*

*So is this great and wide sea,*
*wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.*

*There go the ships: there is*
*that leviathan, whom thou hast made*
*to play therein.*

Psalm 104: 25-26



*Photo by Elizabeth Schlappi*

*We're bound for blue water where the great winds blow,*
*It's time to get the tacks aboard, time for us to go;*
*The crowd's at the capstan and the tune's in the shout,*
*"A long pull, a strong pull,* and warp the hooker out."

*The bow-wash is eddying, spreading from the bows,*
*Aloft and loose the topsails and some one give a rouse;*
*A salt Atlantic chanty shall be music to the dead,*
*"A long pull, a strong pull,* and the yard to the masthead."

*John Masefield*
A Valediction

*Photo by Karl Rosenquist*



*With favoring winds, o'er sunlit seas,*
*We sailed for the Hesperides,*
*The land where golden apples grow;*
*But that, ah! that was long ago.*

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*
Ultima Thule

*Photo courtesy of Elizabeth Schlappi*



*Where lies the land to which the ship would go?*
*Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.*
*And where the land she travels from? Away,*
*Far, far behind, is all that they can say.*

*Arthur Hugh Clough*
Where Lies the Land
to Which the Ship Would Go?

*Photo copyright ©Blair Burkhardt, 1993*



*He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea*
*Has viewed at times, I ween, a full fair sight;*
*When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,*
*The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;*
*Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,*
*The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,*
*The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,*
*The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,*
*So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.*

*Lord Byron*
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage

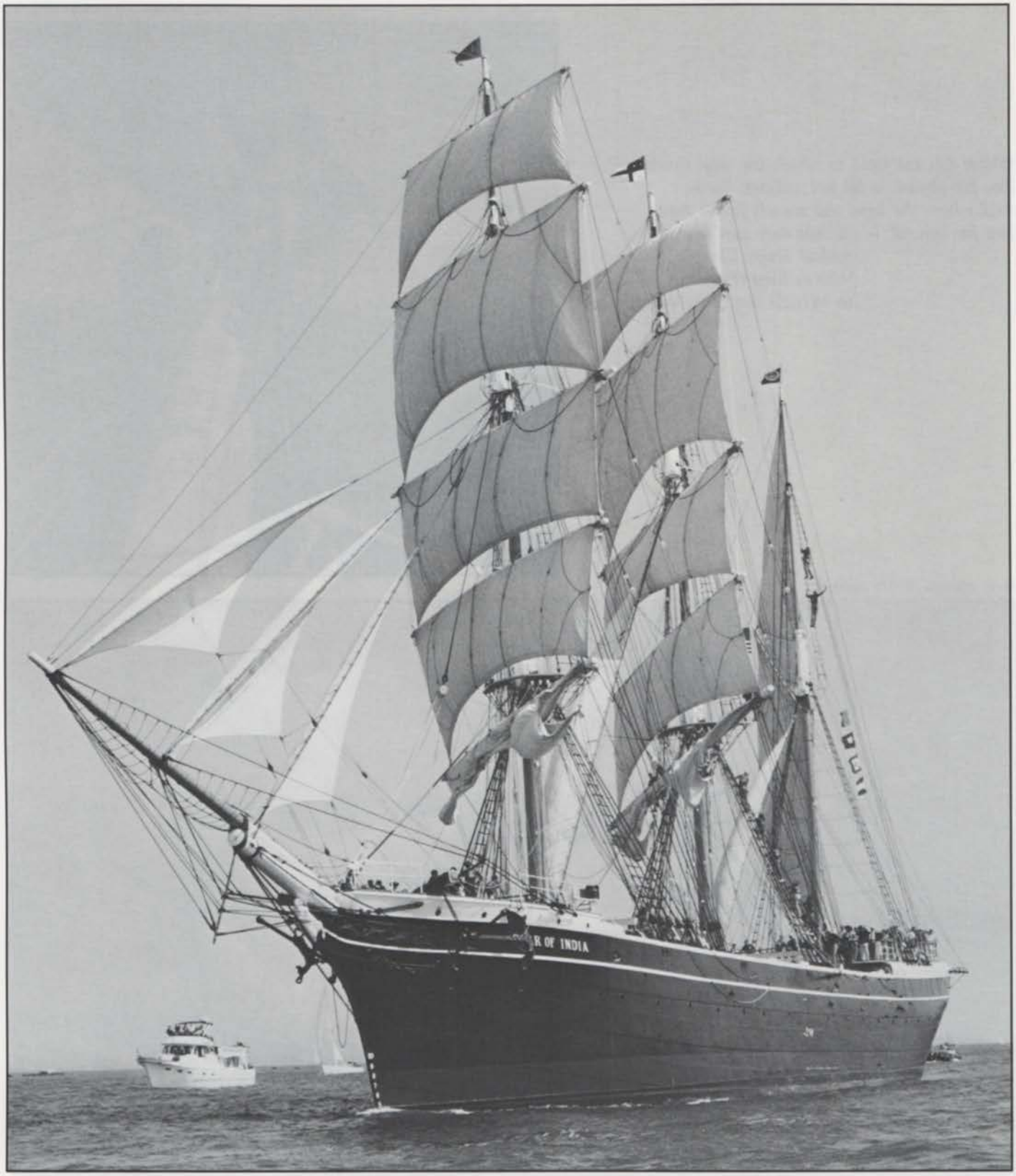


*Photo by Ed Mann*

*I look forth*
*Over the boundless blue, where joyeously*
*The bright crests of innumerable waves*
*Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands*
*Of a great multitude are upward flung*
*In acclamation. I behold the ships*
*Gliding from cape to cape, from isle to isle,*
*Or stemming towards the far lands, or hastening home*
*From the old world. It is Thy friendly breeze*
*That bears them, with the riches of the land,*
*And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port,*
*The shouting seamen climb and furl the sail.*

William Cullen Bryant
A Hymn of the Sea

*Photo copyright ©Blair Burkhardt, 1993*



*Photo by Elizabeth Schlappi*

*She comes majestic with her swelling sails,*
*The gallant Ship; along her watery way*
*Homeward she drives before the favouring gales;*
*Now flirting at their length the streamers play,*
*And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.*
*Hark to the sailors' shouts! the rocks rebound,*
*Thundering in echoes to the joyful sound.*

*Robert Southey*
She Comes Majestic with
Her Swelling Sails



*Now strike your sailes, yee jolly mariners,*
*For we be come unto a quiet rode,*
*Where we must land some of our passengers,*
*And light this weary vessell of her lode.*
*Here she a while may make her safe abode,*
*Till she repaired have her tackles spent,*
*And wants supplide; and then againe abroad*
*On the long voiage whereto she is bent:*
*Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent.*

*Edmund Spenser*
The Faerie Queene

# Our *Euterpe* Ancestors

*By Janice Bonnett and Malcolm Francis*

(*Ed. Note:* The August 1993 double sailing of the STAR OF INDIA was rich in memories, rich in moments—and rich in other ways as well. From New Zealand came donations of diaries, letters and photos made by the emigrants who sailed there in the STAR when she was the British ship EUTERPE. These documents were kindly given to us by several Kiwi descendants of the emigrants—two of whom, Mrs. Janice Bonnett and Mr. Malcolm Francis, submitted the winning entries in a contest devised by Joseph Ditler, our Development Director. The winners were flown to San Diego and became our honored guests during the week of the sailings. To enter the contest, each descendant had to compose a short biography of his or her emigrant ancestor, plus supply documentary proof of the ancestor's status and family relationship to the descendant. We in the Maritime Museum were frankly surprised by the amount of historical data that was forthcoming. The two winning accounts are published below, with New Zealand newspaper stories about EUTERPE's arrival in that country at the end of each account.)

## Maidens on a Maiden Voyage

*By Malcolm Francis*

The fourth of April 1993 was an important milestone in our family history since this day marked the 120th anniversary of my great-grandmother Elizabeth Harper, and her younger sister Matilda, setting foot on New Zealand soil. Elizabeth Harper lived until she was 92, so if I had been born two years earlier, I might have held her hand!



*Elizabeth Harper, born in 1852 at Tallynewey, Ireland (now Northern Ireland), emigrated to New Zealand on board the* EUTERPE *in 1872–73. She married and raised a family in the new-found land, dying at Auckland in 1944.* *Photo courtesy of Malcolm Francis*

Elizabeth, born in 1852, came from a large family of eight children. Life must have been hard on the small family farm in County Antrim, Ireland (today it is in Northern Ireland), and the prospects for two young women of marriageable age would have looked bleak. Imagine the attraction of government-assisted emigration to New Zealand, especially with the high ratio of men to women there due to the Otago gold rush.

The two young women would have known that their father did not have the resources to bequeath them any share in the small family farm. Both girls worked as servants and each had to present promissory notes for the payment of five pounds, being the amount payable by individual steerage passengers. The government paid the difference of eight pounds for each Harper girl.

The iron-hulled, square-rigged sailing ship EUTERPE, just purchased by the Shaw Savill line, had previously sailed the Indian trade route. Elizabeth and Matilda were booked on the EUTERPE's first voyage to New Zealand, which proved to be her sixth longest (117 days) over a period of 25 years that she sailed to this country.

The EUTERPE left Gravesend on December 7, 1872. Captain Thomas Phillips was in command and the vessel carried 4 cabin passengers, 4 second cabin passengers, and 98 steerage passengers including the Harper women.

Steerage passengers were "accommodated 'tween decks" with single men at one end of the vessel and single women at the other, the "buffer zone" in the middle being occupied by families. Cramped conditions coupled with water (sea and rain water) coming through the gaps in the timber decking during storms must have made these passengers have second thoughts about their decision to emigrate.

On Elizabeth's voyage, with 106 passengers plus the captain and crew confined within a space 205 feet long by 35 feet wide, only one death was reported and three children were born during the voyage.

This was EUTERPE's second voyage of her Round the World period. (The first had been from London to Melbourne, Australia, and back home in the preceding year.) The captain would have hoped for clement weather after the ship's earlier history of a collision, a mutiny and surviving a cyclone. Unfortunately, strong westerly winds and a series of southerly storms resulted in the EUTERPE only passing the island of Madeira on January 4, 1873.

The Roaring Forties brought high seas, cold temperatures and the risk of colliding with icebergs. One can only imagine the hardships steerage passengers would have to face with inadequate clothing and food and poor living conditions.

The entrance to Otago Harbour in South Island was



*Jesse Davis (1850–1929), husband of Catherine Hallam Davis. He and his wife emigrated to New Zealand in* EUTERPE *on her voyage of 1879.* *Photo courtesy of Janice Bonnett*

made on the morning of Thursday, the third of April 1873. The praise that the passengers poured on Captain Phillips in an article in *The Otago Daily Times* shows how grateful they were to arrive safely in the new land.

[The following article is excerpted from *The Otago Daily Times* of April 5, 1873.]

The clipper ship Euterpe, previously reported at the Heads, from London, was towed up to an anchorage off Deborah Bay last evening. Her passengers and immigrants will be brought to Dunedin by the steamer Golden Age this forenoon. The vessel is a beautiful model, and is high classed, but unfortunately on this trip, through a series of adverse weather, has made a long passage. Notwithstanding, her population of passengers appear to be as happy as sandboys, each and all expressing kind thanks to Captain Phillips, her commander, for the treatment received from him during the passage, as shown by a testimonial in another column. One death, that of a little child named Paul Smith, occurred on the 21st March, from pneumonia. Three additions were, however, made to her population—by Mrs. Young, on the 26th of January, giving birth to a female child; on the 21st February, Mrs. Palmer, of a son; and on the 7th March, Mrs. Gilbertson, of a son. The health of all appears to have been well looked after by her surgeon, Dr. Summerhayes, and Mrs. Herman, the matron. Altogether there are four cabin, four second cabin, and ninety-eight steerage passengers. Regarding her passage. She left Gravesend on the 7th December, had moderate weather in the Channel, and took her final departure from off Start Point on the 12th. A succession of westerly and southerly gales was then met with, and Madeira was only sighted and passed on the 4th January; from thence variables prevailed to Lat. 19 N., when the N.E. Trades were picked up; they were light, and only carried to 4 N. Doldrums followed to Lat. 2 S. The Equator was crossed on the 28th January, in long. 24.30 W. The S.E. Trades were indifferent, and parted with in lat. 20 S.; from thence had variables till crossing the meridian of Greenwich on 21st February, in lat. 42 S., and the Cape of Good Hope, on the 26th, in lat. 43 S. Her easting was principally run down between the parallels of 45 and 46, and the Snares passed on the 29th March. N.E. and S.E. winds then baulked her until a change to S.W. brought her to the Heads on Thursday morning. The ship will discharge at the Railway Pier.



*The smiling lady seated at right is Catherine Hallam Davis, who married Jesse Davis in England in 1878, and emigrated with him to New Zealand the following year. She was born in 1846 and died in 1915. Their three sons, daughter, and dog pose with them in the colony, evidently in the 1890s.* *Photo courtesy of Janice Bonnett*

**TESTIMONIAL.**

TO T. E. PHILLIPS, ESQ.

COMMANDER SHIP EUTERPE.

DEAR SIR–At a period when our somewhat lengthy passage is drawing to a close, we, the passengers per ship Euterpe, on the voyage from London to Otago, feel it our pleasing duty to express in a few words the happiness that we shall part from you in concord and satisfaction.

We are about to arrive in a new clime–some to found new homes, some to form new ties, and all to pursue those inspiring toils by which man masters men–and may never again come in contact with you. We cannot, therefore, but express that your general equal temperament, urbanity, and forebearance, and–amidst the many trying disappointments consequent on the unfavourable adjuncts to our passage–your uniform patience, demands from us this small recompense we can offer you for them, and we therefore ask you to accept our heartfelt good wishes for your long life, health, and prosperity.

There are amidst us many who have ploughed the deep–some few, some often; but it will not in our minds be too much to say, that among the many voyages we have made collectively and individually, we have not met a commander more attentive to the duties of his ship, and who has more assiduously endeavoured to contribute to the welfare and genial comfort of those who have been destined for a time to create a home on the "desert ocean."

In taking our leave of you, we can only reiterate our hearty good wishes for the welfare of you and yours; and may Almighty God grant you the nearest and dearest wishes of your heart, unalloyed by care, and unsullied by sorrow.

In conclusion, accept the assurance of esteem from us, your passengers.



*A fellow passenger of the Davises on the voyage of 1879 was Thomas Tichbon (1847–1926), who had married Catherine Hallam's sister Mary Jane in England in 1878.* *Photo courtesy of Janice Bonnett*



*And here is Mary Jane Tichbon (1850–1939), wife of Thomas. She was one of three Hallam sisters (two of them married) who braved the stormy seas in* EUTERPE'S *cramped emigrant quarters.*
*Photo courtesy of Janice Bonnett*

## The Voyage

*By Janice Bonnett*

Imagine the feelings of my great-grandmother Mary Jane Tichbon as she climbed the gangway to board the EUTERPE for the voyage to New Zealand in 1879. With her was her husband Thomas and two of her sisters. These were Catherine, with husband Jesse Davis and young baby, and younger sister Ellen Hallam, aged 18 years. Mary Jane had been married for 16 months. Her first child, a son, had died in infancy and was buried next to her parents in the cemetery on the hill overlooking her beloved home town of Weston Super Mare.

Moving away quietly from the London wharf at midnight on the first of August, 1879, her feelings would have been those of excitement and trepidation as to what lay ahead. She was leaving all she had known for a new and unfamiliar life. She must have been wondering also if she would ever see her other three sisters again. There must have been tears.

Then the shock of the collision with another ship and the return to the wharf. But by Wednesday, August 13, the ship was repaired, ready, again goodbyes and slowly the EUTERPE made her way down to the open sea. The River Pilot left the ship off the coast of Kent and gave the crew and passengers of EUTERPE three hearty cheers–the journey had really begun.

Another passenger was one Joshua Charlesworth. A draughtsman aged 19 years, he was from Dewsbury, Yorkshire. Joshua wrote a daily diary of the long voyage. This diary, meticulously written, described so vividly the journey and experiences of those on board. The cold, the heat, seasickness, boredom, parties, church services, musical entertainment, rumours of shifting cargo, moonlit nights, wind roaring through the rigging, races around the deck and apprehension at crossing the Line, were just some of the writings of the young man.

My great-grandfather Thomas Tichbon enjoyed his 32nd birthday at sea. A celebration in the Second Cabin was held where tea was served at six o'clock, then songs were freely given by persons present. The National Anthem was sung and the guests departed at 10 o'clock. A great evening had been enjoyed by all.

I quote from the Charlesworth diary: "Friday 12th December in Lat 48.172 Long 165.10–Fine weather but very cold. Head winds still blowing. Tacking about. Exhibition of rats killed this morning in the quarter deck hung, and ribbons tied on them. 6.30 p.m. cries of LAND HO!"

It was to be Wednesday, December 24–133 days out from London before the ship Euterpe dropped anchor in Lyttelton harbour. Considerable excitement abounded on shore as she had been given up as lost. Captain Phillips was given a manuscript with many signatures inscribed within, the passengers' way of saying "thank you" for a safe voyage. Remarkably there had been no deaths, a fact of which Mr. W. Davis, the ship's surgeon, must have been most proud.

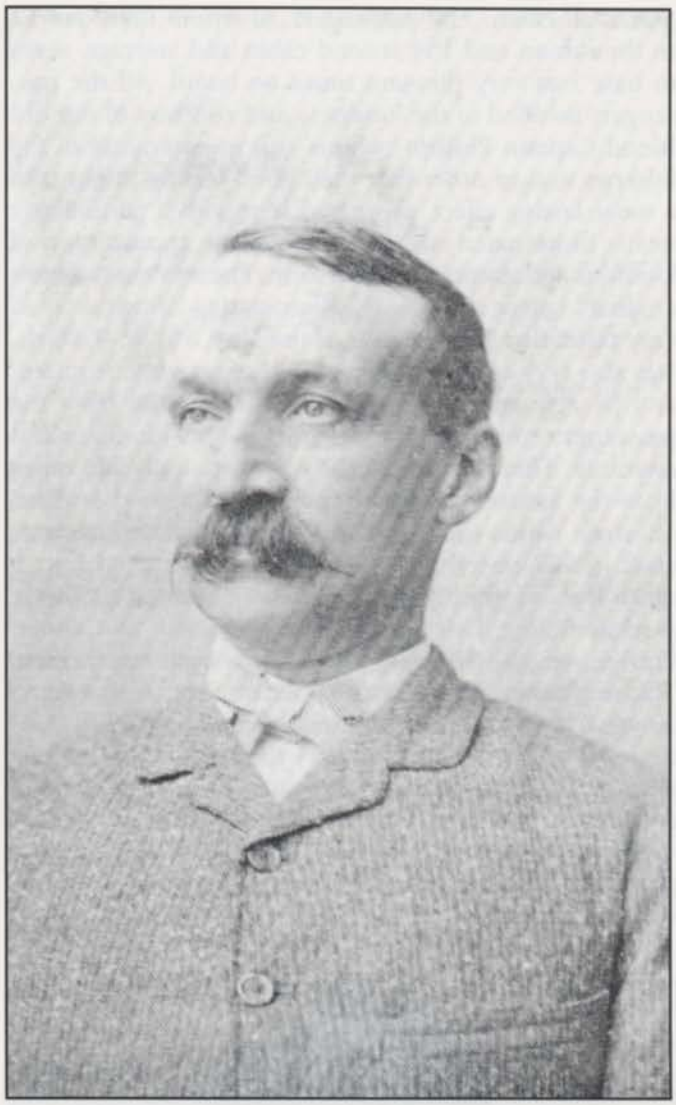
Thomas and Mary Jane Tichbon settled in Timaru. Catherine and Jesse Davis settled in Geraldine and Miss Ellen Hallam married Mr. Joshua Charlesworth in Timaru on May 9, 1882.

Almost 114 years on I can say, "Thank you EUTERPE" for the safe passage of my forebears to New Zealand.

[The following article is excerpted from the *Lyttelton Times* of December 26, 1879.]

## THE EUTERPE, FROM LONDON.

At 2 p.m. yesterday the numbers of Messrs. Shaw, Savill & Co.'s long looked for ship Euterpe were hoisted at the Flagstaff, and as soon as the tug cast out from the Waitara she went out to bring the Euterpe in, and brought her up to her anchorage at 4.45 p.m. The Euterpe's passage has been a long one, 133 days, and many who had friends on board were beginning to get somewhat anxious about her. It will be remembered that the Euterpe was in collision with a steamer off Gravesend, and sustained some damage necessitating her return to London for repairs. Ill luck seemed to attend her, as it was not for 19 days, after leaving London a second time, that she got clear of the Channel, and not till after she had had a very narrow escape from a collision off the Start. However, yesterday all fears were allayed by the appearance of the vessel with all well on board, there having been no deaths or sickness during the voyage. The passengers were mustered, as usual, and all passed with one exception, that of a girl 13 years of age, quite an imbecile. All on board looked remarkably well, and the passenger accommodation appeared to be very fair, there being plenty of room and light and the



*Joshua Charlesworth, a man with an eloquent literary style, served as editor for* The Euterpe Times, *the ship's handwritten newspaper, on the voyage of 1879. We have been publishing the paper serially in* Mains'l Haul. *Photo courtesy of Janice Bonnett*

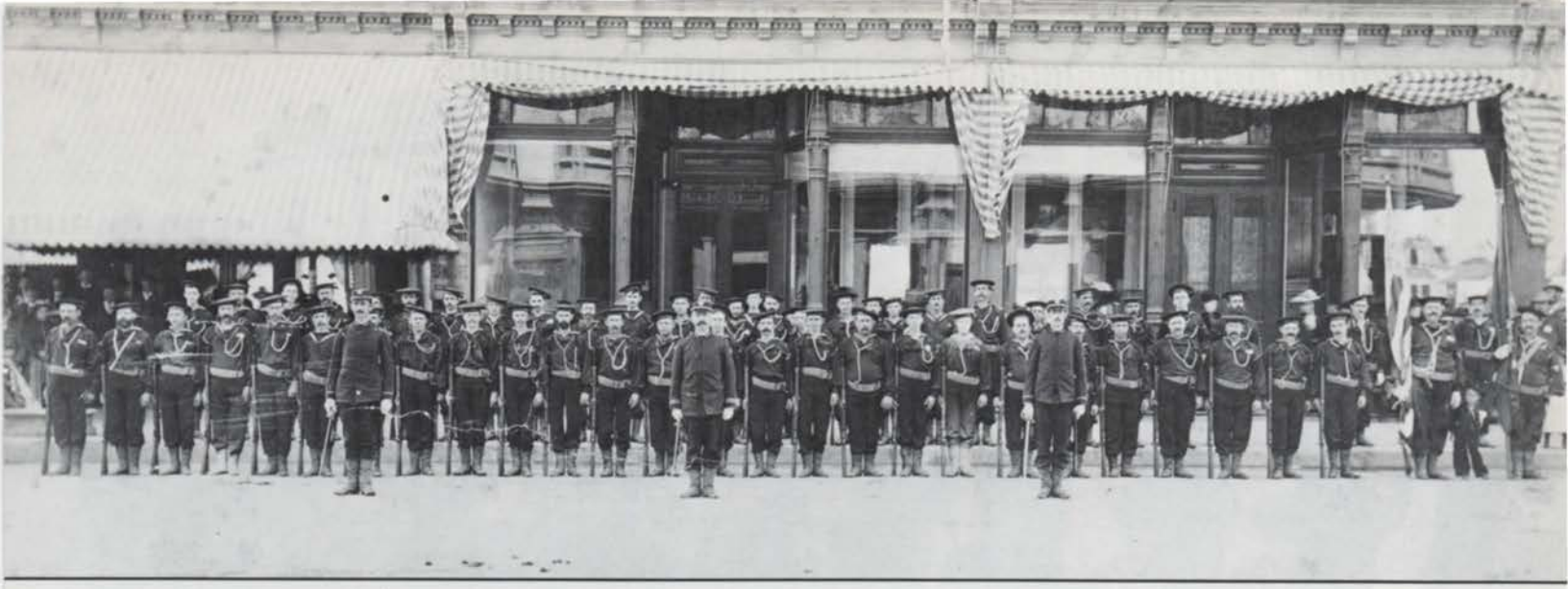
places all clean. The passengers, of whom there are 12 in the saloon and 154 second cabin and steerage, seem to have had very pleasant times on board. All the passengers testified to the kindness and courtesy of our old friend Captain Phillips, who is still in command of the Euterpe, and in order that their good feeling might take a more lasting effect, presented him with a particularly neatly illuminated address, wherein the appreciation of kindness and attention was set forth. The address is a most creditable piece of work, the illuminating being executed very tastefully. The surgeon of the ship, Mr. W. B. Davis, was also very attentive where his services were required, and he also was a recipient of a testimonial from the passengers conveying their thanks for his kindness and attention. Three weeks ago the vessel was only 100 miles from the Snares, and those rocks were sighted on Dec. 12, since which time very adverse winds were encountered. In fact easterly weather was met with from Dec. 5 up to Dec. 21, then winds from every quarter, northerly predominating. One great cause of anxiety to Captain Phillips was the discovery that the jibboom was broken. This unpleasant fact was ascertained on Sept. 27 in 4 north 18 west. It was secured with chains and spars, but continued a source of much anxiety throughout the tedious passage. The Euterpe has a large quantity of cargo aboard, and comes consigned to Messrs. Edwards, Bennett and Co.

The following is Captain Phillips' report of the passage:—Left London on August 2, and when off Gravesend was in collision with a steamer, sustaining damage, and necessitating return to London for repairs. Left London again on August 12, landed pilot off Dartmouth on August 21, and on August 30 was off Scilly, final departure being taken therefrom on August 30, westerly winds and fogs having been met with down Channel. Had moderate and fine weather across the Bay, passed the meridian of Madeira on Sept. 9, picked up the north-east trades in 2 deg north, and crossed the equator in 24 deg west on Sept. 30; the trades were moderate, and left the ship in 21 deg south, 35 deg west, on Oct. 12. Thence had moderate northerly winds. Crossed the prime meridian on Oct. 30 in 40 deg. south, and that of the Cape on Nov. 4 in 42 deg. south, the westerlies having been met with in 12 deg. west 39 deg. south. They were steady, and held up to 158 deg. east in 47 deg. 30 min. south on Dec. 5, when they gave out, the wind shifting to the eastward and continuing from that quarter in varied strength. Sighted the Snares on Dec. 12, and on Dec. 19 had only made as far as Nugget Point, the wind then being northeast. Passed Otago Heads on Dec. 21, and had the wind from all quarters, chiefly from the north and north-west thence up the Coast. Made the Peninsula yesterday morning, and was towed up to an anchorage in the afternoon.

When in 43 south, 61 east, on Nov. 14, with the wind southwest, a sea struck the ship, and washed away the main hatch companion, tore away a large ventilator from the deck, flooding the 'tween decks, it also smashed the ventilator skylight on the house, and washed away some of the topgallant bulwarks.



*Ellen Hallam (1861–1940) voyaged with her older sisters Catherine and Mary Jane in 1879. On the voyage she met Joshua Charlesworth, who was a Second Class passenger, while she was in Third. Three years after their arrival in New Zealand, Ellen and Joshua were married.* *Photo courtesy of Janice Bonnett*



*Parade formation of Company A (later Third Division), Naval Militia in San Diego, probably made when they marched in the Cabrillo anniversary parade of 1892. As they stand at "order arms" here in front of the Chadbourne Furniture Co., the men wear old style leggings over new uniforms sewn by Walter deGroot, a Fifth Avenue tailor.* *SDMM file photo*

# The San Diego Naval Militia

## PART 1

*By Charles A. Bencik*

San Diego without the Navy. One can hardly imagine such a thing. True, our geography foreordained the arrival of the Sea Service here. But much credit for that attainment belongs to our first "citizen sailors," who never got the respect (or the pay) we all owe them.

The story of San Diego's Naval Militia, and its experiences with USS PINTA and the gig of USS HARTFORD – the first Naval Reserve training vessels in San Diego – illuminates why the Navy's expectations of militia capabilities were low initially, and remained so until the 1970s.

The history of relations between the United States "Regular Navy" and "reservists" has been a mixture of mutual respect and antagonism. Ours was one of the last of the family of nations to establish a pool of naval manpower and equipment to be used for war emergencies. In the Civil War, a naval volunteer system was established, but it was based on the willingness of merchant seamen and officers, fishermen and other mariners to become temporary naval warriors. Later experiences with the Naval Militia, the National Naval Volunteers and the U.S. Naval Reserve Force left Navy regulars unimpressed and pessimistic about converting landsmen, fishermen and yachtsmen into Navy salts.

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The Naval Militia system established in 1889 did not emerge from the Navy's desire to be able to expand quickly in a national emergency. Our national treasury could then scarcely maintain the old fleet, much less permit new construction after the Civil War.

Rather, the peacetime deterioration of the Navy was accelerated in post-Civil War years by Navy Secretary George E. Robeson and others, whose pockets bulged with misappropriated ship repair funds in the 1870s. It was Robeson who "funded" the near-complete reconstruction of the Navy's monitors by turning over other, unwanted shallow-draft vessels to the yards – while the Navy's old wooden gunboats languished on distant stations, and the steam fleet was obliged to retrogress for economy's sake.

The Naval Militia was born, rather, of a popular surge of imperial ambition coming at a time of almost messianic national expansion. Swollen with wealth and power, the new American industrial leaders were anxious to protect their expanding commercial interests. In the late nineteenth century, American industry was riding a wave of expansionist sentiment buoyed by the evolutionary theories of Darwin as extended to politics and sociology. Alfred T. Mahan's *The Influence of Sea Power Upon History* underlined the importance of a powerful fleet with overseas bases to any nation with ambitions for empire.

Central and South American economies were expanding more rapidly than those of European countries. But Caribbean and Latin American political unrest was beginning to stress the countries of those regions as well as the United States and the European powers. In the 1880s and 1890s, a sense of imperial destiny helped justify U.S. foreign interventions in order to pave the way for commercial ventures in our hemisphere.

After the War Between the States, the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine became a more feasible objective than it was while the Union and Confederacy thrashed out their differences on the battlefields, ignoring Euro-




*On the corner of 10th and H (now Market) streets, the artillery section of the San Diego Naval Militia poses with their three-inch gun, which arrived in February 1893. The letters "N.G.C." after the unit's title stand for "National Guard of California."* *SDMM file photo*

pean forays into the hemisphere. None of the European states had considered the U.S. a formidable diplomatic or military opponent, and respect was long in coming. Spain's colonial oppression in Cuba fomented revolutionary movements that endangered American sugar plantation operators. France set the Austrian archduke Maximilian over Mexico, leaving San Diegans nervous for many years over Mexican revolutionary activity. Chile, incensed at American obstruction of a successful revolutionary government, took its anger out on the visiting crew of USS BALTIMORE, Captain Winfield Schley commanding, in 1891. BALTIMORE, repairing to San Diego Bay, seemed to focus local concern on tensions with the Chileans.

In 1889 and 1890, leaders of all American nations had met in Washington for the Inter-American Conference, which produced the Pan American Union, a diplomatic effort to bring prosperity with peace. But mutual suspicions continued between Latin Americans and Yankees.

American revenue cutters, some of whom regularly put into San Diego Bay, had seen action seizing Canadian sealfishing boats in a seemingly endless dispute with our neighbor to the north. The initial work by the French to complete a canal through the Panamanian Isthmus was regarded in the U.S. press as a bit of French aggression. (The Panamanian Isthmus at this time was part of Colombia.)

On January 23, 1889, the *San Diego Union* declared: "The Monroe Doctrine is pan-American. . . . And if the United States of Columbia [sic] knows what is good for her, she will be as tenacious in upholding it as the United States of America can be." The editorial below followed:

## A NAVY OF THE STATES

The problem of coast defence could be simplified if the States would build a navy. They now support a land militia and have the same legal right together with a like incentive, to maintain a marine militia. California, Oregon and Washington Territory could, for instance, keep up three vessels of the Vesuvius pattern [VESUVIUS was a small cruiser], and the Atlantic and Gulf States could supplement these with a modern fleet, strong enough to defend their harbors from an enemy of equal power. The Government would be as willing to detail naval officers to organize and command these squadrons, as it now is to detail military officers to drill militia or cadets of military

schools. A sufficient staff and crew could be had by the same methods that are used to recruit regiments of the National Guard. . . .

A fleet of State vessels to defend the coast would give the United States navy a better opportunity to strengthen any threatened point in force, and levy aggressive warfare on the high seas.

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Later in that year, Secretary of the Navy Benjamin H. Tracy urged Congress to help establish state naval militias for harbor and coastline protection. He favored obsolete naval vessels being loaned to them to serve as headquarters and armories, and proposed that certain monitors be assigned for the purpose. In actuality, the ships were to be more symbols of federal support than useful implements of future wars. Naval drills under way at sea were not envisioned for these vessels.

The City of San Diego had had a militia army unit, the San Diego City Guard, since 1881. Around 1890, General Alexander M. McCook was then the head of the Department of Arizona, the National Guard organization whose territory included Southern California. He and one of his Guard officers, Captain Thomas A. Nerney of Company B, 7th Infantry, 1st Brigade of the San Diego City Guard, set about determining the feasibility of a state naval militia unit.

In San Diego the 1891 newspapers concentrated on tensions between the United States and Chile. In a *San Diegan Sun* article, which was a blatant bid to catch the government's eye, General McCook predicted a future in subjugation for Los Angeles and San Diego by Chilean aggressors, failing the creation of sufficient defenses. (The Chilean Navy at this date was considered superior to the U.S. fleet by naval experts, the Chileans having two ironclad battleships, the U.S. none.)

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Congress passed the Naval Appropriations Act on March 2, 1891. It allowed $25,000 for state naval militias, at the rate of $12 for each officer and man serving after July 1, 1891. This total annual per-person allowance was for administrative costs, not for pay. On March 31, 1891, California established its own Naval Militia battalion, to be commanded by a Lieutenant Commander at San Francisco, as part of the National Guard. Two companies were established there, and one each at Eureka, Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara and San Diego. By mid-year, California



*The Naval Militia's gig from USS* Hartford *(rear) races a U.S. Navy whaleboat crew, about 1897. On July 4, 1900, for the opening of Camp Coronado, the Naval Militia gig beat a USS* Ranger *crew in a match on Glorietta Bay.* *SDMM file photo*

counted 371 Naval Militia members. Militia personnel from the coastal states were invited to cruise in summer with the White Squadron–America's organized demonstration of its naval coming-of-age–but no personnel from California participated that year.

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On September 5, 1891, the 97 men of San Diego's Naval Militia volunteers were mustered in, and their officers elected, at the Old Armory, 934 2nd St., on the west side between D and E. They were identified as "Company A, Naval Battalion N.G.C." (National Guard of California), and organized alongside two "Military Companies." (The latter would be called into the Army in wartime.) Lt. Thomas Alexis Nerney, formerly captain of Company B, San Diego City Guard, was the first commander of the San Diego "Naval Reserves." To him is ascribed credit for much of the groundwork for establishing San Diego's Naval Militia. He would later be chosen to command the California battalion at a very crucial time in its history.

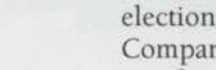
San Diego's Company A met every Wednesday at the Armory Hall at 8 p.m. Lacking any precedent or insight into their particular needs, the California National Guard treated Naval Militia sailors from the beginning like second-class Guardsmen. When the Guard received their modern .30 caliber Krag-Jorgensen rifles, the Naval Militia inherited their discarded .45-70, single-shot "trap-door" Springfields–relics of the Civil War and Indian wars. The Militia wouldn't get their own modern 30-30 Springfield rifles until about 1914.




*The German-American "Turnhalle," located on 8th St. near H, was rented to the San Diego Naval Militia. The sign "Gut Heil" on the building means "Welcome"–a message left over from the Turnhalle days that ended when the hall was foreclosed in January 1889. This photograph has been dated to 1894.*

*San Diego Historical Society, Photograph Collection*

The *Naval Militiaman's Guide* was privately published in 1898; the Navy would issue a similar detailed manual for Navy enlisted personnel in 1899. For the militiamen of 1891, rifle drills, target practice and field formations comprised much of their regimen. Army general officers would inspect and supervise their naval junior officers. Officers and petty officers were allotted by battalion quotas, and billets were filled by the company's personnel meeting and voting for candidates. The city editor of the *San Diegan Sun* was one of the elected ensigns; thus the news about scheduled training, forthcoming elections, equipment arrivals and policy changes were prominent, and often front-page news. The newspapers always called the Militia the "Naval Reserve," anticipating the title the federal government would assign them when it "created and established" such units in 1915.



The first recorded shipboard training of the San Diego Naval Militia took place beginning December 28, 1891, aboard USS San Francisco (Cruiser No. 5). Her skipper was Captain William T. Sampson. (He, along with Captain Schley of USS Baltimore, would be the future victors of the Battle off Santiago in the Spanish-American War.) Lt. Nerney arranged for the owner of the steam yacht Undine to transport his men to the ship.

On January 14, 1892, a party of 40 Naval Militiamen went aboard San Francisco for drills. Captain Sampson impressed them as sympathetic, and strove to arrange meaningful training and orientation. He gave them tours, set up targets for gunnery practice, and demonstrated the new ship's searchlights to spectacular effect. The ship's band meanwhile performed to a sellout crowd at the Fisher Opera House. But Sampson's sailors made fun of the militiamen until one of Lt. Nerney's men mentioned his job as a city constable–and the joshing stopped.

Nerney recognized early the need for vessels in which to train. In late December 1891, he heard from Congress on his earlier request for a ship assignment: it was being considered. In February 1892, Company A spent $125 to charter the steamer Tillamook to get aboard San Francisco off Coronado. In March, Nerney wrote to Mare Island, asking the Navy to assign a longboat to San Diego. The first equipment for the company arrived in April, but at that time there were no uniforms, no rifles, and no boat. That same month, Fifth Avenue tailor Walter deGroot displayed the new uniforms and the Naval Militia flag he'd sewn. Hopes that the entire California Naval Militia would come to San Diego for the 350th Anniversary of Cabrillo's landing were later dashed, but Company A marched proudly in the parade in their new uniforms. In October, USS Charleston (Cruiser No. 2) entered port, arranged for drills aboard, and departed suddenly, disembarking the militiamen just as they were to begin their drills. Also about this time, Lt. Nerney's replacement, Ensign William D. Bloodgood, was elected and assumed command with the rank of Lieutenant.

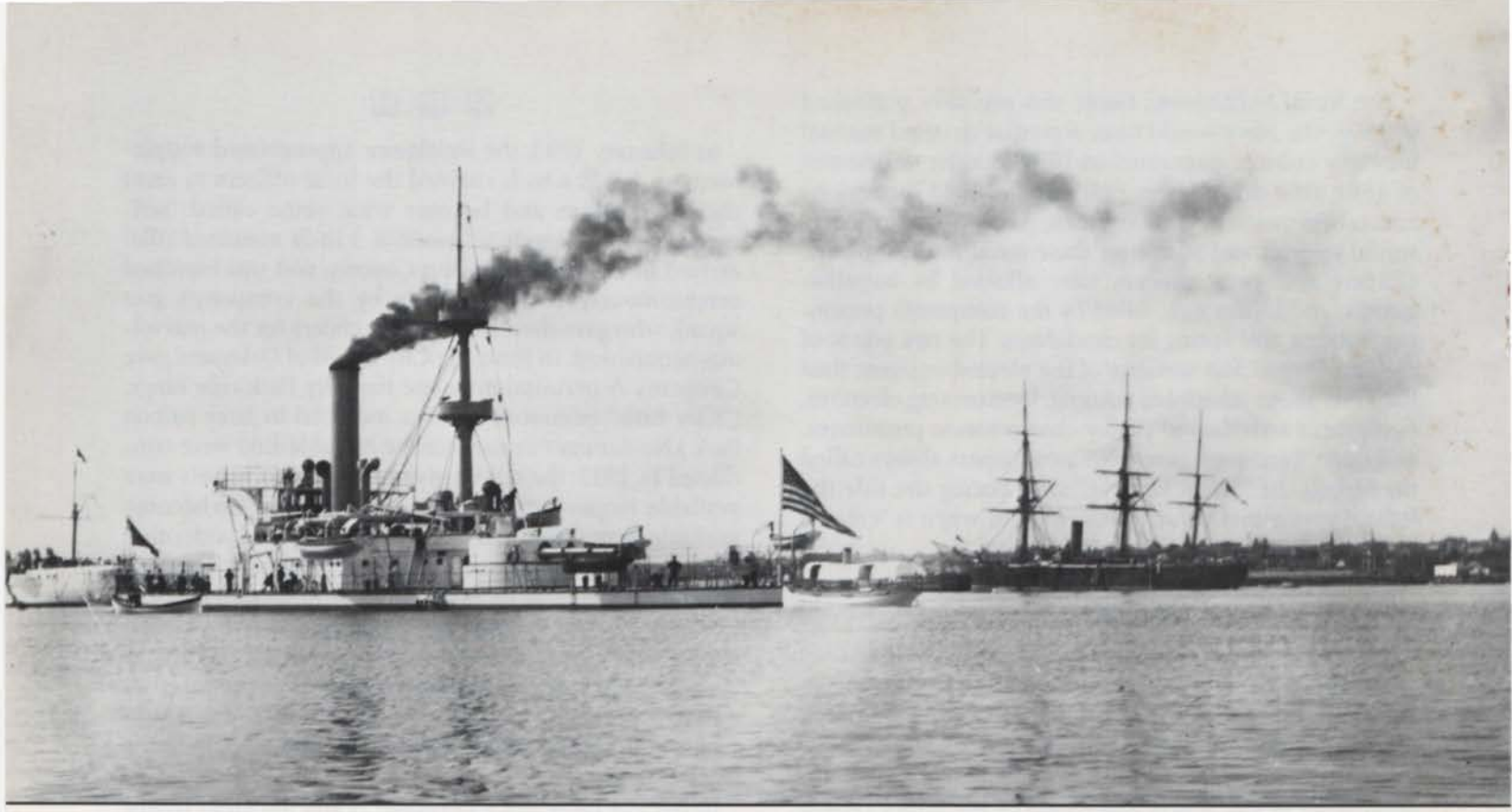


In February 1893, the legislature appropriated supplementary funds which enabled the local officers to meet their obligations and become what some called "self-sustaining." In March, a "modern 3 inch mounted rifle" arrived in the merchant ship Corona, and was marched ceremoniously to the Armory by the company's gun squad, who gave their leader three cheers for the marvelous acquisition. In June, the City Board of Delegates gave Company A permission to use the City Park rifle range. ("City Park" embraced an area included in later Balboa Park.) No summer cruises for the Naval Militia were conducted in 1893; the reason given was that no vessels were available. Hopes for USS Monterey (a monitor) to become available went unrealized. Militiamen competed with other Guardsmen in City Park for rifle proficiency. Battalion elections were held in San Francisco in October, where Company A ordered new-style leggings, received a good supply of 3-inch ammunition, and renewed their request for a training boat. A Thanksgiving Ball was proposed as a means of raising operating funds. The ball was a success, and the money raised was used to obtain 40 uniforms from USS Albatross.

In 1894 or early 1895, Company A and the other Guard units rented a drill hall from the Public Hall Association, on 8th Street between G and H. The building had been built as the "Turnhalle" of the San Diego Turnverein, a German-American gymnastics club, and had a large gymnasium; it had also been the site of the YMCA since 1889. The Naval Militia spent $410 a year in rent which was paid by various fundraising activities, principally dances and entertainments. The men would later muster at several other sites: aboard USS Pinta, usually berthed at the Pacific Coast Steamship Company wharf at the foot of 5th Street; on the 3rd floor of Santa Fe Hall, the old Marshall-Higgins Block on the southwest corner of 4th and C streets; in a building at 13th and G streets; and finally in a building on pilings along the shore at 28th Street, about the site of the present Naval Station.



On August 3, 1894, Congress finally authorized vessels and equipment to be transferred on loan to the state naval militias. In that year Lieutenant Tom M. Shaw, a civil engineer living on Columbia near E Street, assumed command of Company A. Four years later, Shaw would assume command of the San Diego Naval Militia's first training ship, USS Pinta. Meanwhile, the Regular Navy's generosity was to prove something short of boundless, and the Naval Militia was stretching the armory spaces to the limit with its growing numbers of personnel. In February 1895, the state's Committee on Legislative Affairs came down to consider proposals for a $30,000 brick structure to be built on the site of the Old Armory on the west side of 2nd Street, between D and E streets. The Naval Militia and City Guard companies were to lease it jointly; and there was much debate about how much of the lease cost



*The monitor USS* MONADNOCK *(left) with the ship-rigged ironclad HMS* COMUS *in the right-hand distance, both at anchor on San Diego Bay in 1897. During this visit by a U.S. squadron, keen interest in our harbor was shown by naval officers.* *San Diego Historical Society, Photograph Collection*

the Naval Militia company would pay in relation to the two military companies. The proposed building would be 100 x 150 feet, and two stories high. According to the *Union*, "The whole of the lower floor will be for drill and theatrical purposes, with a good floor for dancing; the second floor will be divided into rooms for the companies, City Guard band, etc. . . . The proposed arrangement would save the companies much in rent."

The naval reservists considered organizing another company, most probably to increase their allotment of state funds. The money must not have been available, however, as the plans evaporated.

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The Naval Battalion headquarters in San Francisco ordered the San Diego Naval Militia into an encampment in June 1895 at La Jolla, its first ever, for 75 to 100 men. The daily pay of $1.25 was expected to swell the ranks (this in the days when a mug of beer and the "free lunch" that went with it could be had for a nickel in any saloon), and when the encampment was held, crowds flocked to the site, dubbed "Camp Stahle." On June 22, 1895, the *Union* reported:

"A squad will come in town today to round up all derelicts. . . . Breakfast at 5:45, dinner at 12, supper at 6:15, taps at 10:45. . . . Extended drill was executed yesterday afternoon in good shape. . . . The camp is now getting down to business and drilling, target practice, etc., occupying the attention of the officers and men. . . . Large crowds are attending the encampment and the reserves are doing their best to make it pleasant for the civilians. . . . Superintendent Boyd has arranged satisfactory time table [sic] so that civilians find it very convenient to go to La Jolla in the day time and also attend the nightly dances which are given for the pleasure of all visitors during the encampment. The boys are impromptu floor and reception committees."

Finally, on November 29, word was received: the San Diego Naval Militia might be getting a sail launch and a 12-oared gig. The boats arrived aboard the steamer EXCELSIOR in December – they turned out to be USS MONADNOCK's sailing launch, and USS HARTFORD's 11-oared gig. (MONADNOCK was a double-turreted monitor that had taken nine years to build, from 1874 to 1883, and as of 1895 she was still not in commission. HARTFORD, an old-fashioned sail-and-steam sloop dating from the 1850s, had clawed her way to glory as Admiral Farragut's flagship in the Civil War, serving at New Orleans, Vicksburg and Mobile Bay.)

This encouraging development led to an announcement that, for Company A, "the annual tour of duty will take place next July in the commanding officer's own boat, assisted by a state tug." But such was not to be the case. On July 25, 1896, Naval Militia reservists here received instruction aboard USS PHILADELPHIA (Cruiser No. 4).



*The Boys in Blue, San Diego's own Naval Militia, pose in front of Germania Hall near the turn of the century. The officer at left in the doorway is Lt. Don Stewart, later author of a colorful history of San Diego and good friend of Maritime Museum founder Jerry MacMullen.*
*SDMM file photo*

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Since February of that year, Spain's General Weyler had been setting up the reconcentration camps for Cubans that would foment the coming war. Congress passed a resolution in April that the Cuban insurgents should have the rights of belligerents.

Also about this time, and likewise lending a note of increasing urgency to training, construction began in earnest on the fortifications at Ballast Point. Two 12-pounder "Napoleons," Civil War-vintage cannon which had heralded sunrise and sunset since 1886, were to be replaced by three 10-inch guns that shot 575-pound projectiles through the heaviest naval armor at 1,000 feet.

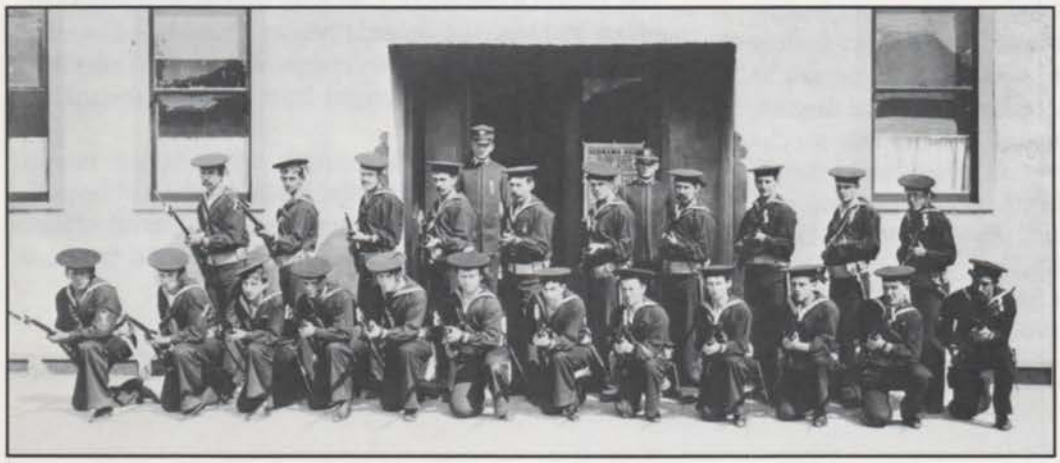
In 1897, the U.S. Navy began to show interest in San Diego as a naval base. Seven ships of the Pacific Squadron arrived on February 22 for a visit: MONADNOCK, MONTEREY, PHILADELPHIA, MARION, ADAMS, CORWIN and ALBATROSS, accompanied by HMS COMUS.

On August 2, San Diego's Naval Militia unit, now redesignated as the Third Division, Naval Battalion, N.G.C., was welcomed aboard the gunboat USS BENNINGTON. A friendly relationship began with the crew of a vessel whose disastrous end would come eight years later on San Diego Bay. And on November 7, Mayor Reed was advised that a naval vessel was to be assigned to San Diego for Naval Militia support.

The vessel proposed was USS CAMANCHE, a Civil War monitor that had been shipped around the Horn during that conflict and assembled at San Francisco, to provide defense against Confederate raiders. Assistant Navy Secretary Theodore Roosevelt told the state militia's adjutant, General Barrett, that USS MARION—an ancient screw steamer built in 1839—was also slated for the Naval Militia, and to expect that MARION would be assigned to San Francisco, as soon as Governor James H. Budd made application for her.

This development raised the hackles of some San Diegans, notably Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., son of the famed general and president, member of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce and political aspirant. Grant bridled at the thought of CAMANCHE as San Diego's militia training ship. He preferred the MARION. However, the cost of upkeep for MARION would somehow have to be found in the local division's budget; a $400 per month lease figure was mentioned. Meanwhile, in San Francisco, the state's First and Second Naval Militia Divisions were greatly incensed at the thought of MARION going to San Diego.

When Grant applied directly to Washington to have MARION sent to San Diego, the Navy was at first cowed, and someone there assented. A controversy over which ship should go to San Diego ensued, involving the Governor and the Secretary of the Navy, and the naval reservists tried to interject their opinions as somewhat



*And here the lads get serious—taking an action pose. During the early 1900s, San Diegans were concerned about a violent revolution going on in Mexico. The Naval Militia might have been called on at any time to defend the border.*
*SDMM file photo*

interested bystanders. The name of USS PINTA came up at this time; she was, according to sound authority, "fully serviceable." In a San Diego *Union* article, Lt. (j.g.) Morgan of the militia, disagreeing with the Chamber of Commerce and the son of an ex-president, said MARION would be too expensive—whereas PINTA was the right size and cheaper to keep.

PINTA, an iron-hulled screw tug built in 1864, had been in service in the Alaskan seal fisheries for some years prior to this. Her condition by 1897 was not pristine. A few miles out from shore, on the start of a cruise from Sitka to Juneau in January 1897, PINTA's boiler let loose, scalding several engineers and forcing her to return. Her poor mechanical condition was much discussed in the newspapers. After her crew had beached her and cleaned her bottom in May, she was convoyed by USS ALERT to Mare Island, where she arrived on July 17, decommissioning in August. The Sitka *Alaskan* writers speculated on her forthcoming demise.

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According to a report on December 2, Thomas A. Nerney became a Lieutenant Commander and the executive officer of the California Naval Militia; his navigating officer was Lt. Tom Shaw of the San Diego division. On December 9, Grant reaffirmed his view that the MARION was ideal for San Diego, and, taking the opposing view, the San Diego *Tribune* declared PINTA could be easily repaired and provided rapid-fire guns. The next day, Navy Secretary John D. Long, in a letter to State Senator David Withington published in the *Union*, declared that MARION would stay in San Francisco, as the governor was the one authorized to decide. On December 11, a report appeared that PINTA should be condemned and sold, as the repairs she needed would be greater than her worth. Yet on New Year's Eve, the state commander of the militia told San Diego's Lt. Shaw to get ready to sail her home.

The Navy turned PINTA over to the California Naval Militia on January 13, 1898. Government officials declared she was being thoroughly overhauled, and that old, worn-out equipment in her was being replaced with new. Early in February steam trials were scheduled, then postponed. Four shipkeepers were recruited and sent to San Francisco for the coming transit. Hope, pride and high expectations welled up in the San Diego militiamen's hearts.

Then, on March 4, she went to sea for trials. Her boilers collapsed, she broke down, and was forced to return to port. Hope and pride were replaced by anger and disgust, as news of the delays for her repairs, and her true mechanical condition, became known. Lt. Shaw had taken a train to Santa Barbara, where PINTA was due to stop and drop off training boats; he returned days later to San Diego with a new "wait-and-see" attitude.

PINTA finally shoved off from San Francisco on March 19, with a Lieutenant Gunn commanding her at sea.

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All during this time, the Cuban revolution and related events continued to heat up.

On February 15, 1898, the explosion of the battleship MAINE in Havana harbor catalyzed the country into war two months later. With all United States ports eyeing their offshore waters nervously, San Diegans prayed for a squadron of shiny new armored cruisers to come to their succor, bristling with cannons, stacks venting like volcanoes, maybe even with ships' bands.

When certain that the PINTA was indeed off the La Jolla coast, Lt. Tom Shaw ordered a rowing crew into the HARTFORD gig for the arrival. They changed into their best uniforms, and shoved off for Point Loma, Lt. Shaw carrying his orders to assume command from Lt. Gunn at the appropriate moment.

And thus on the afternoon of March 24, 1898, into San Diego Bay wheezed USS PINTA, sputtering steam and clanking along. On her decks were two Civil War howitzers, two Hotchkiss one-pounders, and a brass-barrelled, 45-70 musket-ball-firing Gatling gun. Over the years, she'd added outboard quarters and cabins with big square windows, covered with strong shutters for her periods at sea.

According to a tale passed on by Jerry MacMullen, as she rounded Point Loma her skipper blew a prolonged blast on her shrill whistle, announcing her arrival. And she began to slow. The voice tube from the engine room squealed, and the engineer called up to say "just what in hell—sir—is the idea" of blowing all his steam up the stack? Didn't they know she couldn't make enough steam to run the engines and do a lot of whistling at the same time?

Slowly her 5-knot speed built up again, after this, and she made her moorings at the Steamship Wharf, for a conference with the press.

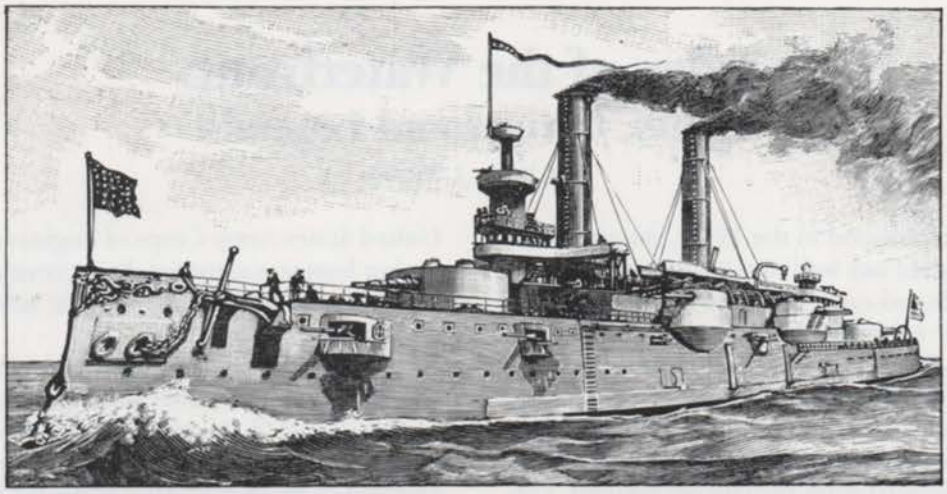
This story has persisted over the years, despite an article in the *San Diegan Sun* of March 1898 calling the tale a "yellow lie," and explaining that PINTA had come down on "one lung," suggesting that the ship's engine was operating on a single cylinder. No clarification was given regarding the possible reason—insufficient steam or a faulty engine. Possibly the impending war with Spain was making secrecy more prudent.

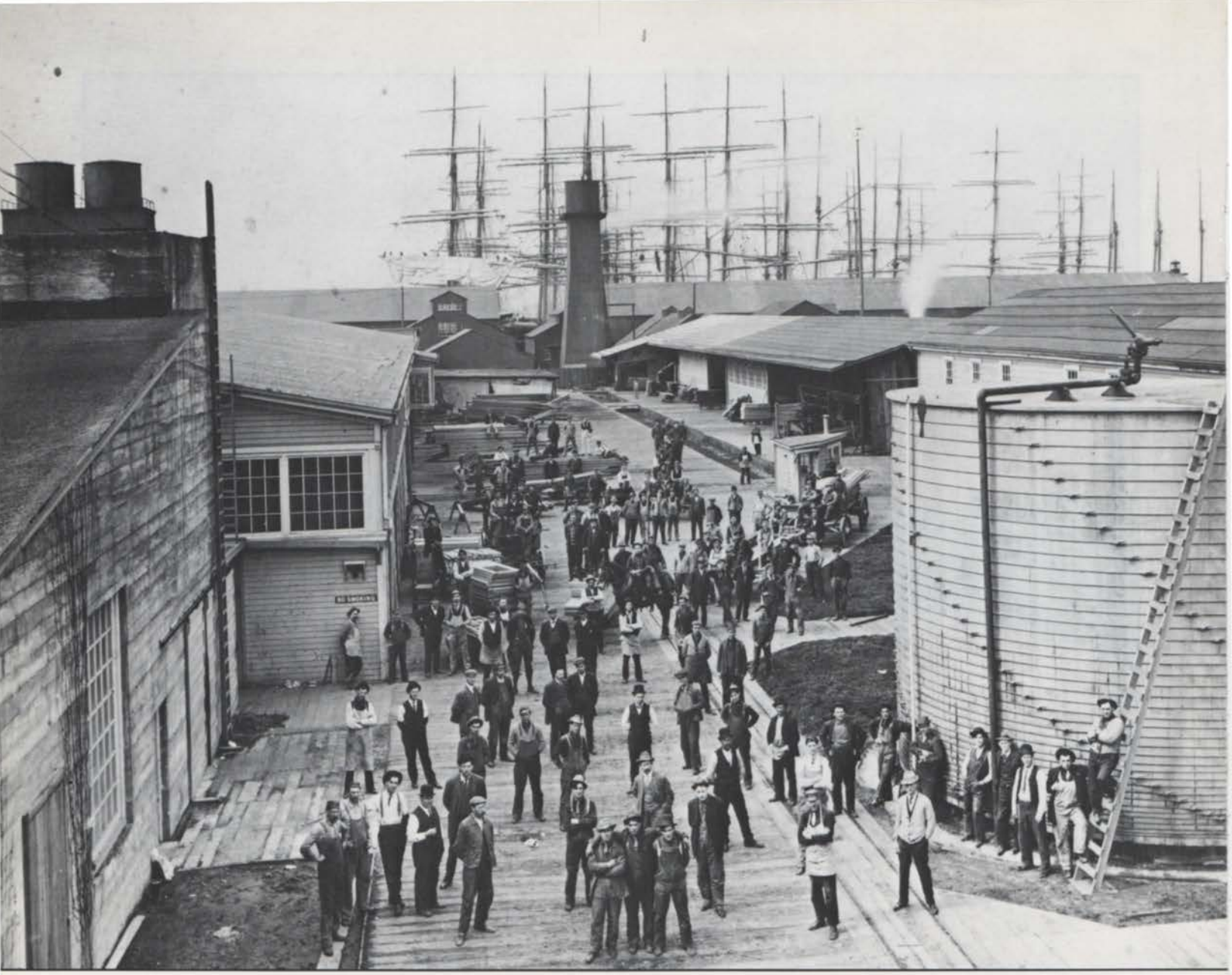
The Third Division's Lt. Chandler moved all equipment, supplies and material aboard PINTA as ordered, and awaited developments. A planned reception aboard was cancelled, and visitors were discouraged from coming aboard.

(*Ed. Note:* Mr. Bencik's account will continue in two more installments. His extensive bibliography will be published with the final installment. A retired naval officer, Mr. Bencik is a longtime Museum member and frequent contributor to *Mains'l Haul.*)



*This is a view of USS* Pinta *while she served in San Diego, moored at East Santa Fe Wharf. The vessel beyond her is a steam schooner, with a sailing schooner partly obscured on the other side of the dock. The* Pinta *barely wheezed into San Diego following her long voyage down from San Francisco.* *SDMM file photo*





*A superb photo of the Alaska Packers yard at Alameda, circa 1908. Workmen fill the association's board streets, all around are shops and storage facilities to keep the ships going, and in the distance, the spars of the legendary "Star Fleet" rise above the mist and smoke.* *SDMM file photo*

# Tales of the Waterfront:
## Spars, Canvas and Legends

*By Winn J. Bagley*

During my early childhood in the 1910s, the age of sail for mercantile purposes was well into its swan song. From people whose livelihood came from the sea and its environment, I received valuable chronicles and anecdotes. The San Francisco Bay area during my early years was rife with ships which contained the echo of the history their lives had circumscribed. I grew up at the water's edge on the Island of Alameda, where San Antonio Creek (or Estuary) isolated Alameda from the city of Oakland. This estuary was dredged out through the auspices of the United States Army Corps of Engineers to facilitate inner harbor business activities, being completed in 1902. Deep water vessels then had access to new sites for the conduct of their commerce.

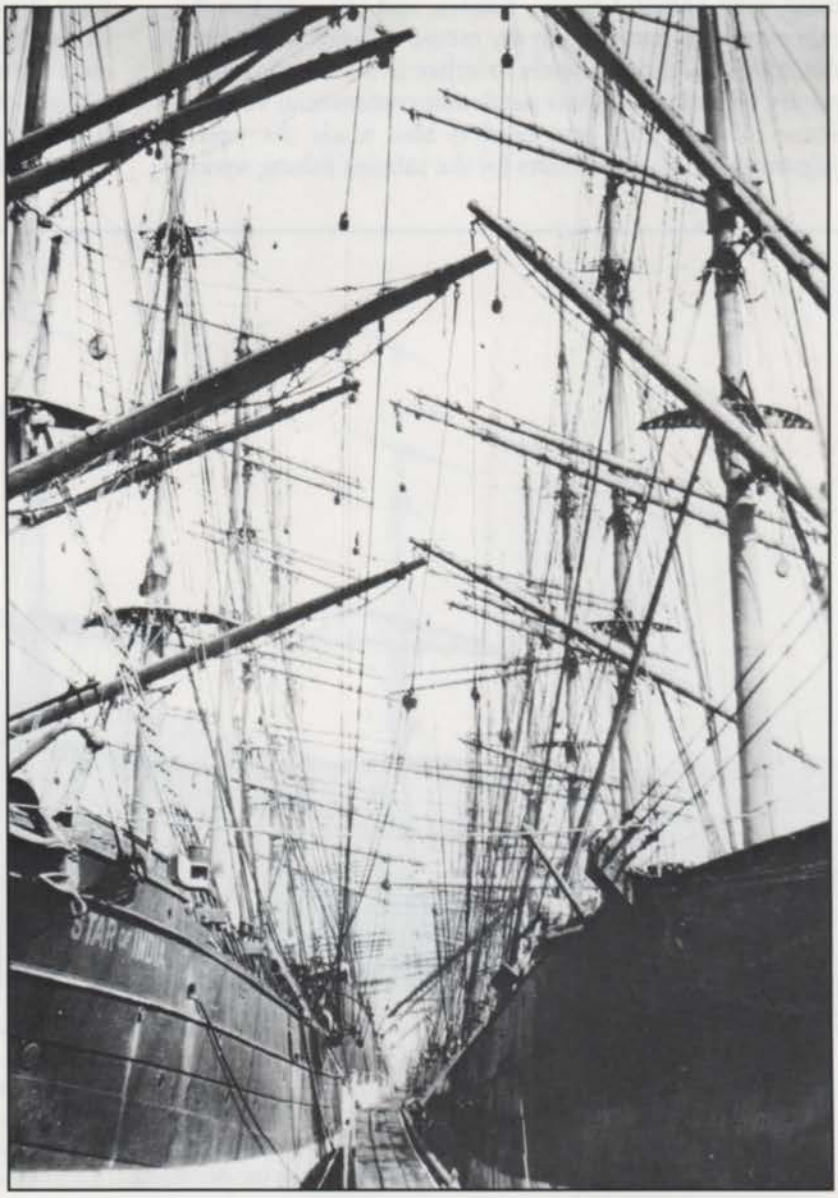
Such was the case for the Alaska Packers Association. Its home base and winter quarters were located at the foot of Paru Street in Alameda. There one observed a forest of masts and spars of their great Star fleet, which was engaged in salmon fishing and canning in the northern waters along the coast of Alaska. As this century began,

the Alaska Packers Association began its growth into what eventually became a very large enterprise. At its inception this association started to acquire various tall ships from companies which became defunct or found their equipment becoming obsolete because of the advent of faster and more reliable steam-powered vessels.

As each iron- or steel-hulled sailing ship was added to the APA roster she was renamed STAR of someplace or other. The EUTERPE became STAR OF INDIA, and others became STAR OF ZEALAND, STAR OF SCOTLAND, STAR OF ALASKA, STAR OF FINLAND and so on. Eventually the fleet numbered 40 or more various vessels which summered in Alaska with their crews out fishing and wintered in Alameda where all repairs and conversions took place.

I recall one early morning bright with sunshine when my uncle, Frank Gianinni, took his very young nephew for a leisurely row in our family skiff to take in the inner harbor sights. The fresh air was calm and water traffic, for the moment, sparse. The tide was flooding and the waterfront gave off a pungent aroma from mounds of mud from a recent excavation drying out in that area. As the morning wore on we eventually rowed past the Alaska Packers area.

I was enthralled at the sight of these large ships, some of which were canted, braced and blocked next to a wharf, a process employed to careen vessels when there was no dry dock large enough to raise them out of the water *en masse* for repairs to their hulls. This was accomplished by first securing anything movable, tying the spars in a fore and aft position, affixing several stout hawsers or cables to the ship's masts at deck level, thence over the side and under the hull and up to the bollards on the wharf, thus tying the ship to the wharf so as to keep her from moving sideways. Then from the top of each mast a long line was stretched over to the next wharf where a mobile steam donkey boiler and engine unit was secured. These lines all in turn pulled the vessel over on her side until her keel was exposed above the water.



*"A forest of masts" was a literal description of the APA moorage at the foot of Paru Street, Alameda. The* STAR OF INDIA, *her name in yellow block letters on her port bow, is visible at left.*

*San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park*

Numerous rafts were deployed about the hull so workers could chip, scrape, caulk and paint that part of the hull which was ordinarily beneath the water's surface.

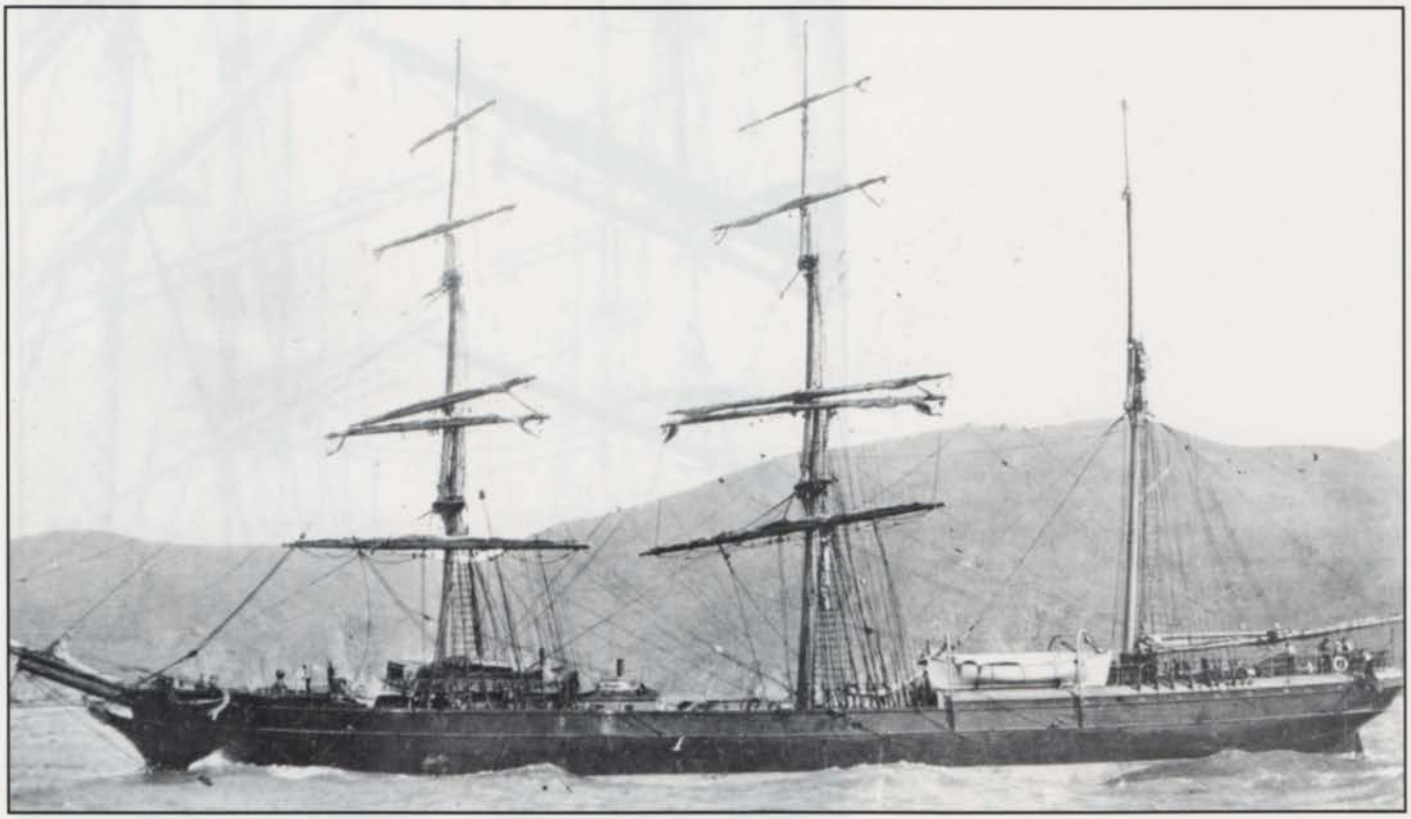
The ships my uncle and I observed that morning were receiving a maintenance painting of black on the upper hull and bright red-orange from the waterline down. This paint is what is called "Red Lead," a preservative. It permeates any wooden hull and is very discouraging to the small sea growth which soon invade and devour an unprotected hull. It is also invaluable to the iron or steel hull in that it discourages rust. Red Lead exudes a distinct odor that is pleasant only to those of the waterfront, such as myself and others, not averse to rather sharp and malodorous emanations.

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The Alaska Packers Association, for its time, was a well-organized entity. Besides their fleet of large STAR sailing vessels they had a contingent of smaller steam – and later, diesel – boats which could be used as tugs and for carrying some personnel and supplies. I recall that three of them were named UNIMAK, KODIAK, and DELAROF, but the others remain nameless in my memory. Some of the time the APA leased out vessels to other firms needing temporary transport for their particular commercial venture. Some of these tugs and tenders also made the yearly pilgrimage to Alaskan waters for the salmon fishing season to service the tall ships, then came back to California in the fall. They took a different route up and back due to the difference in propulsive power, most of them going by way of the lovely Inside Passage along the west coast of Canada.

These winter quarters for the STAR fleet covered a large area. There were several long buildings which stored innumerable cases of canned salmon for future distribution; a large, rustic office building; and repair facilities consisting of separate housing for the machine shop, carpentry shop and lofting shop. There was a very large building for canvas handling, sail making and repairs. They had a marine railway for drydocking small craft and a company tow boat named PHOENIX which also contained a high-powered pump used for fire extinguishing from the water side of the site. In later years, I operated this vessel when it was owned by another company.

There was considerable activity at this facility. Large contingents of workers – painters, shipwrights, carpenters, sailmakers, welders, blacksmiths and so on – were engaged in the areas of their expertise. The dry-docking of these huge ships every year would entail considerable expense. By canting the vessel, the APA personnel took care of each ship in her turn at their own facility, rather than paying a larger shipyard to raise the ship out of the water entirely, which was only done if there was a large area of damage to the hull beneath the waterline.



*Here the* STAR OF INDIA, *heavily laden with box shook, tin plate and other supplies for Alaska, is towed out through the Golden Gate about 1906. Note extended poop deck to house additional fishermen, leg-o'-mutton on her mizzen, missing trailboards and donkey boiler stack on deckhouse.* *Alexander Turnbull Library*



*If a ship tarried too long in Alaskan waters, she could be frozen in by vast ice fields. Several vessels had their hulls crushed like eggshells in such a predicament; our own* STAR OF INDIA *barely escaped this fate on one occasion.*
*Wheeler Collection, San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park*

When the time of year arrived for all these refurbished ships to set sail for Alaska, quite a hubbub of excitement took place along the waterfront. Each ship, in turn, had her basic needs met by her crew, consisting of captain, mates, bo's'ns, a potpourri of fishermen who doubled as able seamen and others as cooks, stewards and general roustabouts. Each had his own gear, clothing, equipment and belongings to last the summer in that sometimes-cold country, and any other supplies thought to be needed for a month's journey up, a four to five month stay, and another month to six weeks' trip back to the southern quarters. They left Alameda right after Easter, usually in late April, and returned no later than the middle of October with case after case of canned salmon.

Each square-rigger, as her turn for departure came, was secured to a tow line from a tug and pulled down the estuary, across San Francisco Bay, out the Golden Gate, past the lightship and the Farallon Islands and usually 20 to 30 miles more, or until she could catch the winds which would carry her all the way up to Alaskan waters. It was not uncommon, however, for a vessel to sail as far south as the latitude of San Diego before catching the true north-bound winds and currents up to one hundred miles offshore. Weather conditions were a very fickle factor in the days of commercial sail. Time tables and ETAs were "awfully approximate" in those days, one reason that steam and diesel engines were so successful and so greatly appreciated when they became available.

All ships had their hulls loaded with regulation salmon fishing boats. These were double-ended, dory-type open sailboats about 20 feet long with removable masts. Federal law prohibited motor vessels of any type from being used as fishing boats in that area so that commercial fishermen would not have an unfair advantage over Native fishermen, thereby depriving them of the natural food supply for their tribes.

During fishing operations, two fishermen and a gill net were put into each boat. They would sail out to their favorite location, dropping their gill nets overboard as they went. They waited a while for the fish to accumulate

in the net, then they reversed their direction of travel and as they went back, hauled the net in by hand, removing the fish from it as it came back aboard. It was very hard work. When they were full, they returned to port and the cannery to unload or, if they were off some fishing bank too far away from land, to the mother ship, and unloaded their catch into her hull to be iced. They tied their little fishing boats around her like chicks till they went out again the next day. Sometimes they stayed out two days at a time, until they were full. If a great storm came roaring out of the north, some were blown away and lost. There were times they lost their nets, but those were the chances they took to bring in $1,500 to $2,000 after their expenses, for four months' work. In those times, that was really big money. They earned every penny of their pay.

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As steam power came into use more and more, it was just a matter of time till all canvas-propelled ships would become obsolete. In its later years, the APA acquired two large cargo vessels, ARCTIC and BERING. These two vessels were each close to five hundred feet long and were well equipped to carry out many functions which were ordinarily carried out on shore. Living facilities aboard these two ships were far in advance of what had been regulation on a windjammer. Of course, officers received billeting aboard these vessels above that received by run-of-the-mill personnel. During my high school years in the late 1920s, my stepbrother James Rusconi and I chummed around with the three sons of an executive of APA. Their father, Mr. Heinbockle, was the spearhead of this outfit and its various policies. As young men are inclined to do, I carelessly neglected to press my advantage and go to Alaska for a salmon season as my stepbrother did with the youngest Heinbockle son, Edwin.

Headquarters for operations during the salmon season centered around a community called Igigig on the shores of the Bering Sea. The names in Alaska are rich with influences of the Eskimo, Indian and Russian cultures. Also in use are the names of various explorer-adventurers of the area in by-gone days.

It was not until after World War II that I became involved with the Alaska Packers property. In conjunction with a scrap iron company, I rented the machine shops, woodworking shop and dock facilities for my own business of refurbishing my tuna clipper into a then-modern brine boat. That is another story for a later period. It is lamentable that the laws of economics and changing trends phase out many colorful and romantic sequences of history. So it was with the demise of the Alaska Packers sailing fleet. Their loss was almost complete until our STAR OF INDIA was restored to her present glory. Mr. Heinbockle would be proud of her.

(*Ed. Note:* Mr. Bagley was born in 1911 in the Bay Area. He has followed the sea all his life as a sailor, shipyard worker, steam engineer and businessman. He is currently employed in an engineering capacity by the San Diego Maritime Museum, and is a frequent contributor to *Mains'l Haul.*)



*Many of the sturdy sailor-fishermen who voyaged to Alaska with the Packers were Italian-Americans. Several descendants of the men in this group live in San Diego today.* *Photo courtesy of Vincent Battaglia*



*SS* CRISTOBAL, *pride of the Panama Line, in her heyday.* *Photo courtesy of the author*

# Panama Line Trio

*By Richard W. Tatelman*

My first recollections of the "PRR boats," as they were affectionately called, was as a child being raised as a third generation Canal Zone brat. Childhood memories are often fleeting and highly imaginative but there in front of me, that day in the Canal Zone many years ago, was a huge gray streamlined whale of a ship.

What was this leviathan? She was just one of many brightly painted ships calling at Cristobal in the Zone – but this one had a huge American flag painted on her side. The flag was a harbinger of World War II; soon all the ships in the increasingly crowded bay would be gray, or rust-colored.

I had heard my family talk about the "boats." The "old boats" too. Well, the real old boats were the ALLIANCA, ADVANCE and FINANCE – names for ships that seemed to tie in with the great endeavor of the early Canal construction. Those three ships were leftovers from the French attempts to build the Canal, and didn't last too long after the Canal was opened in 1914 and World War I was over four years later. They had been augmented by two large rebuilt freighters the Panama Railroad Steamship Company needed to heavy-lift equipment to the Zone. These sister ships were the first CRISTOBAL and ANCON – named after towns on the Atlantic and Pacific sides of the Isthmus, respectively.

The first ANCON became the glory ship. She was the first ship to transit the whole Canal officially. The ALLIANCA had previously made a trial up and down Gatun locks and the tugboat GATUN had actually gone through all the way from Atlantic to Pacific, but accidentally so.

There were other ships that came and went – the "old" COLON and PANAMA – formerly Ward liners MEXICO and HAVANA. They were twin funnel ships for part of their Panama life. The line also used some German war prizes after World War I, but the real workhorse was the old ANCON whose passenger capacity had been increased to 250.



By 1939, the replacements for the older ships were all in service. Canal Zonians had suffered the snail-like 12-knot speed of the old ANCON long enough. The new trio of ships could easily cruise at 16-17 knots, and on trials one ship did over 19 knots.

Our government had seen fit to build truly memorable ships, which were the masterpieces of the great naval architect George Sharp. Registered as the "Panama Class," the names were appropriately CRISTOBAL, ANCON and PANAMA. Both sides of the Isthmus had been honored, the names of two of the older ships had been perpetuated, and the name of the Canal and country had been included.



*A gala party is soon to be held in this shot snapped on a Panama Line steamer.*
*Photo courtesy of the author*

In June of 1941–well before the U.S. got into World War II–the PANAMA became a troopship. After Pearl Harbor was attacked, the CRISTOBAL and ANCON enlisted also. Eventually the ANCON became a command headquarters ship, sailing in every major theater of war. On September 2, 1945–VJ Day–ANCON was in Tokyo Bay, anchored within sight of the battleship MISSOURI, scene of the Japanese surrender ceremony. MISSOURI's radio wasn't strong enough to transmit the news so the signals were relayed through ANCON and around the world. Rumor had it during the conflict that Hitler himself had ordered her sunk. She usually had more admirals and generals aboard than any San Diego officers' club could count–almost.

Eventually this decorated hero came home and her war record, along with the far more numerous Pacific side passengers, made ANCON the favorite. In 1953, the line changed its name to Panama Line–no more "Railroad," no more "Steamship," just plain old easily marketable Panama Line.

Also about this time, the senior and widely respected Captain Erickson hoisted his flag in CRISTOBAL. So now she technically became the flagship–though no fan of the ANCON would ever admit that.

So what happened to the PANAMA? She was also returned to peacetime service in 1946, dropping her wartime troopship name, JAMES PARKER, and resuming her original name.

Meanwhile, ANTON and CRISTOBAL had been returned to their high prewar standards, and were even somewhat improved. Gone however were the children's playrooms over the bar and under the bridge. More cabin capacity was needed and the children refused to play in the playroom anyway, preferring the swimming pool and running up and down the majestic staircase that united the upper Lounge, or Library, with the Grand Hall.

The partially enclosed Promenade was now completely enclosed its entire length to ward off the dismal cold at the northern end of the run (New York) in winter. That was the only time the two fireplaces, one in the Library and one in the Grand Hall, must have been used. They were hideously out of place the rest of the trip and the rest of the year, especially during the usual stop in Haiti, which lives up to its thermal name. So the fireplaces did not reappear after the war.

Also on board ANTON and CRISTOBAL, new gravity davits held the lifeboats up over the boat deck so the passengers could promenade under them. But the money ran out and the PANAMA was left with her old Welin davits. To top it all off the crews seemed to prefer ANTON or CRISTOBAL and felt that PANAMA was the most formal or rigid of the triplets. I remember a room steward who had worked QUEEN MARY, QUEEN ELIZABETH and MAURETANIA on the Atlantic. He was very British and filled a youngster's head with nautical tales.



I always felt that the ships looked better after the war with the more contiguous line of windows on the Promenade Deck and that the gravity davits made CRISTOBAL and ANCON appear heavier and more bulky. So the graceful one was the poor forgotten PANAMA.

If all this sounds like luxury it was, and the Grace Line and United Fruit Company would not let Congress forget that it was *government-owned* competition with private lines, so they offered to buy the ships. A compromise was reached and the service would be maintained by just two ships since they still had heavy-lift capabilities and reinforced the Canal operation's independent priorities. The ship to go would be the PANAMA but the high bidder turned out to be American President Lines. She was renamed PRESIDENT HOOVER in 1957 and put on the Great Circle route from the U.S. West Coast to the Orient. According to deck plans and advertising pamphlets there were virtually no changes made other than funnel markings and logos.

I was living in San Francisco then but could not bring myself to go down and see her, though I didn't hesitate to sail in such San Francisco favorites as LURLINE or CANBERRA. In my mind, S.S. PANAMA did not belong on the trans-Pacific route, though American President Lines

released figures showing high passenger loads. People I knew who did sail in her said she was far more luxurious than the larger, faster PRESIDENT WILSON, PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, and PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Meanwhile CRISTOBAL and ANCON worked the accelerated New York-Canal Zone run, employing faster turn-arounds at both terminals, but that wouldn't last.

In 1962, continued cries of government competition coupled to air service resulted in the sale of ANCON to the Maine Maritime Academy, where she was appropriately renamed STATE OF MAINE. The following year my company, Pacific Southwest Airlines, transferred me to San Diego and shortly thereafter the STATE OF MAINE made what was, I believe, the only visit by one of my dream ships to our fair city. (This was in addition to the same vessel's 1944 wartime stop here.) She was suffering engine trouble and although her stay lasted several weeks, I still could not bring myself to go see her. ANCON had always been the cranky one of the trio and I recall her once limping into Cristobal on one boiler and rather late. In 1973, she was scrapped on the East Coast–the first of the trio to go.

That left CRISTOBAL carrying on alone in her new shorter run from New Orleans to the Canal Zone, inaugurated in 1962. Now there were no more sailings from the specially rebuilt art deco Pier 64 on the Hudson. On occasion, sailing past there in the QUEEN ELIZABETH 2 to Europe, I notice the decrepit condition of that pier I had used so often, which remains although its fleet is gone.

I never went to New Orleans to see CRISTOBAL which was eventually "cherry treed" into a 12-passenger freighter. I saw pictures of her and she looked awful. Deck cargo containers were piled up so high it was hard to imagine bridge officers seeing over them. She had been reduced to one lifeboat on each side and the gracefully painted white "A" Deck stripe now was terminated at the fore and aft ends of the Promenade Deck. To add insult to injury her heraldic bow emblem, once painted glittering white and gold, was now gray, blending into the hull. Yuk! Jimmy Carter's Panama Canal Treaty drove the last nail in her coffin and the CRISTOBAL sailed last on September 18, 1981, to end all Panama Line service. She was scrapped by the end of the year.

In the meantime, PANAMA had gone to Greek ownership in 1964, with a name change to REGINA. In 1967, she was registered for International Cruises SA, Panama, and in 1973 she had another name alteration, this time to REGINA PRIMA. She was the last of the trio remaining until she went to Turkish shipbreakers in 1986.

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The uniqueness, versatility and unabashed luxury of these ships is being recognized more in maritime circles now that they are gone. These vessels were the perks of Canal Zone families and, as no airliner can do, they buffered our way as we transitted between visiting our "stateside" relatives and the humid reality of our overseas isolation. The ships are gone now–as indeed will be U.S. operation of the Canal at noon on December 31, 1999.

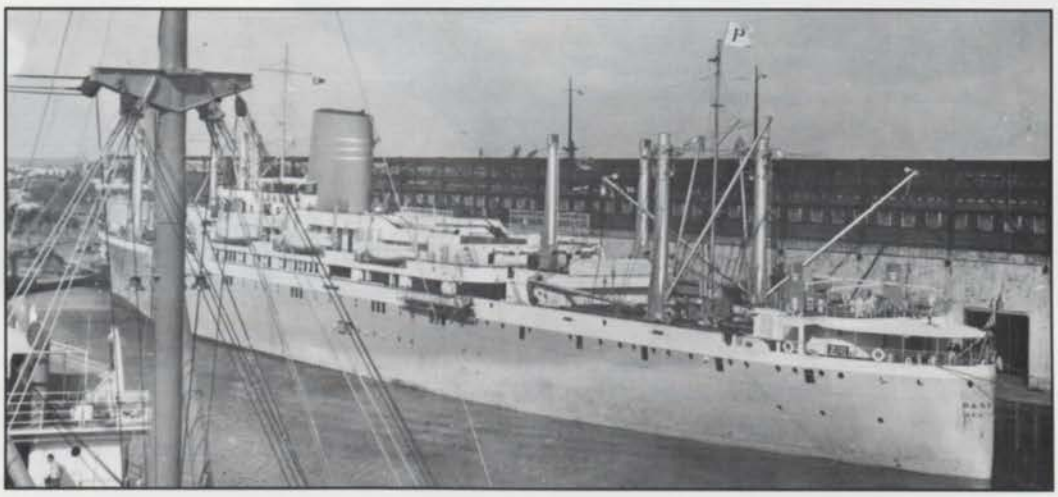
However, they were a major contribution in attracting a high quality of professional employee to work in the semi-military Canal Zone organization. It is a credit to Congress that they authorized the building of these ships and allowed them to run as long as they did. Magnificent though such vessels as GREAT NORTHERN, LURLINE, SANTA ROSA and UNITED STATES were, it is possible that American liner perfection was reached with the Panama Line Trio.

**Statistics**

ANCON, CRISTOBAL, PANAMA:

Builders: Bethlehem Steel Co., Quincy, MA
Tonnage: 10,021 GRT, 14,206 displacement tons
Length Overall: 493 feet, six inches
Beam: 64 feet
Twin screw, 9,150 SHP, 17 knots service speed
Passengers: 202 (216 after World War II)

(*Ed. Note:* Mr. Tatelman was born in 1935. His parents were a Canal Zone federal court judge and the daughter of an original Panama Canal builder. Educated in the Canal Zone school system, the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy and the University of Colorado, he served in the U.S. Navy, sailed in the Merchant Marine, and is retired from PSA/USAir. He has lived in San Diego since 1963.)



*In this photo taken at Cristobal Docks in the Canal Zone prior to World War II, SS* PANAMA *waits to take on cargo and passengers. Soon she would be "drafted" for wartime transport use.* *Photo courtesy of the author*

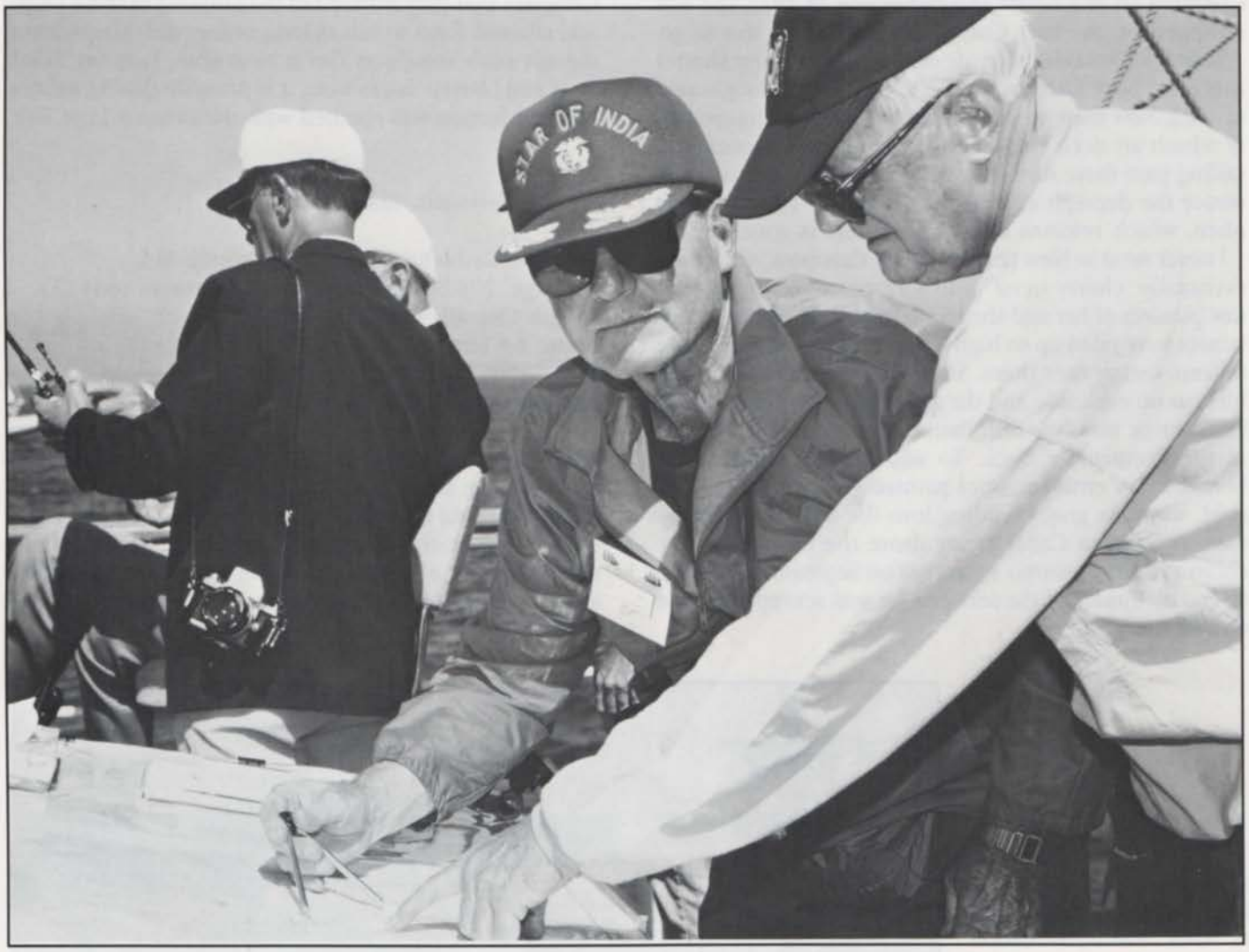
# From the Helm

The cover photo of the last *Mains'l Haul* showed our flagship STAR OF INDIA in dry dock at Southwest Marine, Inc., in preparation for "Star Sail '93." The photo by docent Elizabeth Schlappi presents the STAR awaiting bottom cleaning and coating for her appearance at sea on August 14 and 22. The present issue includes a selection of photos taken during Star Sail '93 and is a tribute not only to San Diego and America's Finest City Week but to the volunteers, donors and Museum staff and crew who "made it happen."

We also sincerely applaud Southwest Marine, Inc., Foss Maritime, The San Diego Unified Port District, and the U.S. Coast Guard for their assistance. If it were not for these organizations and their willingness to keep our maritime heritage alive, we simply could not afford to sail the STAR.

During the America's Cup '92 event, British National Maritime Museum Director Richard Ormond visited our Museum and commented that his Greenwich museum had some world-renowned vessels and displays, but that none of them were afloat and certainly none were capable of navigation. He was very complimentary towards our members not only for preserving the ships but for striving to keep them the way they were originally. He often stated that the days of sail and now, steam, are nearly lost to younger generations. We certainly agree, and when we see the wonderment in the faces of our "kid" visitors and hear them yell, "Hey, look at this!" we know the trip is worthwhile.

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




*While guests ranging from Charlton Heston to loblolly boys are enjoying themselves when* STAR OF INDIA *sails, veteran sailors make sure she stays on course and out of trouble. Here, in the foreground, Captain R. A. "Chic" Bowling, USN (Ret.), uses his dividers to fill in docent Bill McBreen on the ship's position. In the background, Captain Carl Bowman (*STAR OF INDIA*'s skipper) and Port Pilot Bill Silva relay a message on their radio.* *Photo by Joseph Ditler*

# Library Log

For five thousand years, libraries have stored man's accumulated knowledge. In ancient times their stacks were filled, as in the great library of Alexandria, with scrolls of papyrus and clay tablets incised with cuneiform.

As the empires of the Greeks and Romans gave way to the Middle Ages in Europe, libraries were kept by monasteries, and housed hand-copied manuscripts. A monk might spend the better part of his life copying a single book, and he copied it in Latin, not the language of his native land. The ability to read and write Latin was an exclusive mark of the ruling classes–the clergy and higher nobility. The serf toiling in his field from dawn to dark had no right to such pursuits.

In the fifteenth century of the Christian dispensation, the invention of the printing press led to an explosion of literacy. By the sixteenth century, printed books as we know them today were common, and cheap enough that ordinary folk could afford them. It is no coincidence that this explosion of literacy was contemporary with the Renaissance. Columbus and other prominent people of the Renaissance, although common in birth, were voracious readers. A parallel development was that books turned from Latin to native languages.

Once they learned to read, there was no holding the masses back. England's "Glorious Revolution" of 1688 was followed by upheavals in America and France in the eighteenth century, and throughout Europe by the mid-nineteenth century. Lady Liberty mounted the barricades, a musket in one hand–and a good book in the other.

Tyranny has always been the enemy of literacy. Scratch any police state, and you'll uncover a list of books which you're forbidden to read. Nazis and other barbarians burn books, because they fear their power. Dictatorship rests on mind control, and you can't control people's thoughts unless you manage what they read.

Libraries, being temples of literacy, have come in for their share of abuse by those who want to control what you think. We see this process going on today. Extremists of various stripes denounce certain books because the contents do not fit their dogmas. A hallmark of extremism is that it doesn't advance its cause by logical argument–it simply demands that certain thoughts go unexpressed, that certain books go unread.

If extremism can achieve such goals, then it achieves power–but only by defeating literacy.

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The best safeguard against the tyranny that ignorance breeds is the library. Libraries are monuments to free expression and the questing mind of man. To shut down a library is to oppress the people; to wrest from them the means by which they may achieve justice and democracy.

Books are not to be feared. It is the *absence* of books that causes civilizations to decay. If a book advances a spurious doctrine, do not worry–in time people will see it, and that book will be consigned to the ash heap of history. Only the true and great books last.

So support your local library. Go there and use it. Take your kids along and show them what a good friend the library can be, all their lives. When the bean-counters and bureaucrats want to shut libraries down, write letters of protest.

Remember, too, that when you support a library, you're not just backing a pleasant place for reading–you're supporting folk like Socrates, Isaac Newton, Thomas Jefferson, Plato, the authors of the Bible and the Koran, Homer, Martin Luther King, Jr., and many others whom you may or may not agree with.

By supporting reading on the widest possible scale, you are supporting democracy, where every voice may be heard.

–Craig Arnold, Librarian

# Development Report

We often take STAR OF INDIA for granted. Day in and day out she sits tied to the Embarcadero, a large floating house, if you will, that holds our many exhibits and displays.

The old tall ship is visited by thousands each year, but is viewed by many thousands more as just a nice backdrop to driving along Harbor Drive.

What we must not forget is that she is in fact 130 years old, a National Historic Landmark, and has survived a mutiny, being frozen in ice, knockdowns at sea, collisions with other ships, fires on deck and the worst disaster befalling old ships, that of neglect at the hands of man.

But more importantly, we must remember that she is a sailing ship as proud and strong as was ever built. She can sail, she does sail, and above all, she should sail. We proved this in August 1993 when we sailed her twice off San Diego.

Now, safely tied to her dock along the Embarcadero, STAR OF INDIA has put away her sails. Her volunteer sailing crew has gone home, and staffers are busy replacing exhibits and displays on her 'tween deck.

Our attention now focuses on the future. Should STAR OF INDIA sail again? If so, when? Is this a program for once every five years or an annual event? There is much to consider.

But our immediate problem remains space–or more appropriately, a lack of space. Our ships are filled to capacity with exhibits and displays, workshop, library and offices, while our shoreside warehouses are overflowing with artifacts, boats, potential displays, etc.

The solution for the Maritime Museum is a shoreside facility. This has been discussed many times, and is currently under review by the San Diego Unified Port District.

In 1959, Port Director John Bate was quoted as saying that STAR OF INDIA should have a home at Broadway Pier along with a museum. Today, Port Director Don Nay echoes those sentiments. While no date has been set, the Maritime Museum is hopeful that Mr. Nay will find a way to place us on the Port agenda again for this matter.

This month, students of The New School of Architecture in San Diego will tackle their fourth-year project. Instructor Ralph Rosling turned his class loose on a selection of civic project options, one being the Maritime Museum at Broadway Pier concept. Fifteen of his class will prepare models and plans which will be reviewed by a panel of architects in November towards this end.

Where once the world came to San Diego through its waterfront, we hope to bring attention to the water's edge again through the efforts of the San Diego Maritime Museum.

–Joseph Ditler
Development Director

# Curator's Corner

The superb ship model of the SAN SALVADOR has sailed home to her new mooring at the Maritime Museum after a ceremonial voyage to the Peninsula Bank of San Diego's Point Loma office.

Museum Director Ken Franke arranged with Bank Manager John Rebello to have the model on view in the bank's lobby during September. This community involvement was in conjunction with the annual observance of the exploration of San Diego by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo in 1542.

In speaking at a recent reception on behalf of Peninsula Bank, John Rebello officially presented Maritime Museum President Charles R. Allen with a check for $1,500. Mr. Rebello expressed much admiration for the model. He stated that the bank's contribution would ensure that the model would be safely displayed on its marquetry base and under a plexiglas cover for generations to come.

The new mooring location for the SAN SALVADOR model is on board the BERKELEY in the "Development of San Diego Bay" exhibit. We invite all members and visitors to view it in the context of this exhibit.

The interior of the STAR OF INDIA is returning to normal after the "Star Sail '93" events of dry-docking and sailing. All of the cabins and exhibit cases had to be emptied of artifacts to prevent damage during dry-docking and when the ship rolled and pitched at sea.

Changes are being made during the reinstallation phase which will last into November; this is being done to upgrade appearances and contents. With the help of crew members Chuck Thomas and Mark Montijo, plus the Urban Corps, I have had the 'tween deck bunk cases painted and the bases leveled. New, waterproof base covering has been added.

An exhibit about the 1993 sailings of the STAR has been added in the 'tween deck for visitors and members to enjoy. The deck inside the emigrant cabins and around the open bunks has been painted white as was the documented practice aboard the EUTERPE. This was done historically to aid in the doctor's viewing of sanitation problems and would have made for a brighter 'tween deck in a ship equipped with kerosene lamps.

In other news, the Maritime Museum expects to have its first Museum Store catalogue available for members and visitors in time for holiday gift shopping. We hope all members and visitors will find this first edition useful.

Visitors to our Museum now have a new Museum brochure to use. It replaces the former two sheets of paper at less cost, is more attractive, and corrects certain errors about our ships that were being perpetuated in the old handouts. Several staff members, AAA Printing, and volunteer Laura Nagle combined efforts to produce the new flyer. Please ask for one at either ticket desk on your next visit.

Winter is one of the nicest times of year to enjoy the Maritime Museum and San Diego Bay. Daytime harbor activity and sunsets are particularly enjoyable. Members are encouraged to come see the ongoing work of maintaining the ships, explore new or revised exhibits on the STAR and BERKELEY, use the Library, see progress on the ship models of USS LANGLEY and the Alaska Packers-era STAR OF INDIA, and examine the contents of the Museum Store. Perhaps a picnic lunch on the bay end of the BERKELEY's passenger deck would be an extra plus for an individual or family. Members are welcome to do this during the week or on weekends.

On a September 22 visit to the San Diego Maritime Museum, docents Quent Koenig and Sandy Stewart served expertly. The classes of students from the Juarez-Lincoln School of Chula Vista sent thank yous from each student. The following student comments were recorded:

Tim: "The reason to restore the STAR OF INDIA is because it's a piece of history. We should preserve the STAR so future generations can see what old ships were like."

Danielle: "I liked when we saw models of ships. It was neat."

Mark: "I have learned many things about the STAR OF INDIA and the other ships. I appreciate you [the docents] for teaching us these things."

Ian: "I think it would be fun to be a guide. I admire your patience."

Marissa: "I wouldn't mind living in MEDEA."

Christy: "I really liked the STAR's beds, but how would they fit in that small thing?"

Jose: "I also liked the BERKELEY 'cause the wood on it is so smooth and shiny."

Justin: ". . . but most of all I like the way you treated my group."

All in all, the students are very observant, inspect what they see, and appreciate our docents' good work.

–Dave Brierley, Curator

# Ship Model Shop

One of the more frustrating aspects of ship model building, particularly when it comes to unique vessels, is the research necessary to portray the vessel accurately. Joe Bompensiero is learning how frustrating that can be as he begins his model of USS LANGLEY (CV-1) for the Museum.

As you may already know, LANGLEY, or the "covered wagon" to her crew, was the U.S. Navy's first aircraft carrier. In the early part of the twentieth century, nearly all Navy ships were steam-powered and fired by coal. Colliers were used to transport coal to the fleet. One two-ship class of colliers consisted of USS JUPITER (AC-3) and USS CYCLOPS (AC-4). First commissioned on April 7, 1913, JUPITER served throughout the First World War, supplying the few remaining coal-burning ships, as the Navy was then rapidly converting to black oil. After the war, she was converted to the carrier LANGLEY, and commissioned as such in 1922.

What has made this an interesting research and modeling project so far is the necessity of building two ships—a complete collier and, when complete, placing a carrier flight deck on top of that.

The problems encountered have been, first, inadequate plans for both ships (especially for JUPITER as built in 1912, not as converted in 1919), and, second, the lack of photographs of deck details below the flight deck—things such as the bridge, cargo hatches, flight deck support beams, etc. The third problem is the consistency of features from one period to the next. LANGLEY changed almost daily in the early years as new features were experimented with and incorporated. All of these factors made for a difficult beginning for our model of the LANGLEY.

Some assistance has come from Commander Josiah Kirby, USN (Ret.), who recently built a model of LANGLEY for the U.S. Naval Aviation Museum in Pensacola, Florida. His drawings have helped track down a lot of details and saved us a great deal of time and effort. Tom Walkowiak provided photocopies of a 1930s booklet of general plans and the National Archives reproduced a set of plans for USS JUPITER of 1912. Finally, the Nautical Research Society published a set of plans for JUPITER and LANGLEY in March 1977 with an interesting brief history by Edwin L. Johnson.

We have a long way to go in our research, but I can safely say we are off to a great start. If any readers have ideas for additional sources for plans or photos, please stop by and let us know. While you're here, Joe will show you his progress.

In other Model Shop news, work continues on CUTTY SARK (Chuck Hill), KINGFISHER (Jack Klein), STAR OF INDIA (Bob Cunningham), HALF MOON (Suzanne Levonian), and OLIVER CROMWELL (Joe Bompensiero).

Research is in progress for a model of the California steam schooner SAN DIEGO and restoration of a model by Butch Plake of USS CIMARRON (AO-177). There is lots of activity in the shop these days and we welcome visitors. Stop by on your next visit to the BERKELEY.

—Robert Crawford,
Curator of Ship Models



*Bow view of USS* LANGLEY *(CV-1), showing her flight deck without an island, tilt-down funnels, and an experimental gyrocopter. Under the flight deck is the former collier* JUPITER, *making the vessel appear a weird hybrid indeed—especially in the "Battleship Navy" of the interwar period. Reduced to an aircraft transport by World War II,* LANGLEY *went down under a hail of Japanese bombs in the Dutch East Indies in 1942.* *SMM file photo*

# Volunteer of the Quarter

Our Volunteers of the Quarter for Fall 1993 are Mr. and Mrs. William T. McBreen. Bill and Maureen often volunteer as a couple, so it seems appropriate to recognize them jointly.

The McBreens have been Museum members since 1987 and both have graduated from the Museum's docent training program or Orlop University, as we call it due to its location on the STAR OF INDIA. Bill joined first thanks to the enthusiasm and dedication expressed by the late Jeanne Oliver. Maureen entered the docent program in last year's class so that she could assist with visitors during the months involving "Star Sail '93."

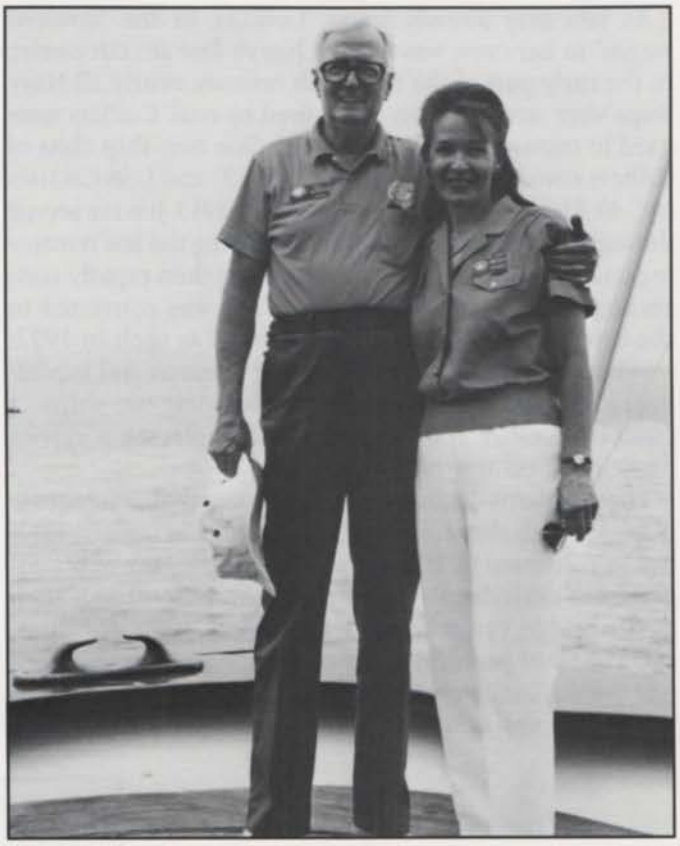
A part of helping the Museum as a docent entails being on board MEDEA as a host or hostess for the very pleasant harbor cruises that occur about twice a month. Both Bill and Maureen have been aboard many times in this capacity to answer questions from our guests and to help serve lunch. Bill's photography skills have made him a natural to take photographs of the guests as a keepsake of an enjoyable outing.

Various Museum after-hours functions have also been ably helped by the McBreens. As a couple, they have served as greeters for receptions and ceremonies or staffed a refreshment table. For "Movies Before the Mast" events, Bill often operates the projector, while Maureen helps sell refreshments.

Both Bill and Maureen have contributed many volunteer hours to help with the Star of India Auxiliary's annual Rummage Sale. They help sort items, test and repair electrical products (Bill), and help efficiently display the clothing (Maureen).

Their dedication and energy seem boundless. They have gained many Museum friends and much satisfaction through being involved as volunteers with the San Diego Maritime Museum. We all tip our hats to Bill and Maureen for their many years of helpful assistance and we look forward to many more mutually beneficial ones in the future. They are a "team within the team."

–Submitted by Dave Brierley



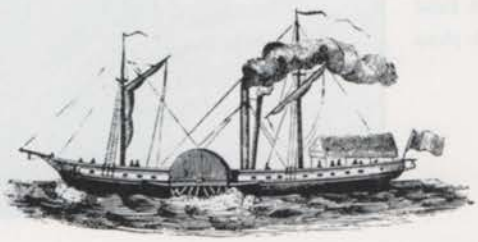
*Bill and Maureen McBreen, our Volunteers of the Quarter for the Fall of 1993, photographed on board the steam yacht* MEDEA.
*Photo by Dave Brierley*

# Star of India Auxiliary

Summer is over and it's time to prepare for our Winter '93–'94 fundraisers. Our Halloween Party was held on October 29, aboard the BERKELEY. And coming up is our Annual Parade of Lights Dinner, December 12. Each of these is usually a great success. But we need your support! Let's close out the year of 1993 with an impressive amount of money in the bank to support our Maritime Museum.

Rummage is now being accepted at the "B" Street Pier. Drive up to the door under the clock and honk! We will let you in! Our hours of operation are on Mondays, 9:30 a.m. to noon. We will take anything and everything you will give us! If you have large items such as furniture, call 234-9153 and we will send a truck for pick-up. If you have any questions about any of our scheduled events, please call 426-7416 and we will be glad to assist you in any way we can.

–Rita J. Greig,
Auxiliary President



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

## In Memoriam

The San Diego Maritime Museum regrets to note the recent passing of Luther W. (Bill) Conover. Mr. Conover was 80.

Mr. Conover's principal contribution to our Museum was his purchase of the ferryboat BERKELEY in 1959, shortly after she was retired from 60 years of service on San Francisco Bay. At that time the vessel was scheduled to be converted to a fish reduction plant. But due to Mr. Conover's efforts, the BERKELEY, which was long considered by maritime buffs to be the most beautiful ferry in the Southern Pacific fleet, was preserved in relatively unaltered condition.

Conover moored the ship in the ferry slip at Sausalito, and, following some renovation, moved his "Trade Fair" business aboard. After operating this business for some 14 years, Conover sold the BERKELEY to our Museum, which restored her to an operational appearance, combined with several modifications necessary for Museum functions–offices, a library, workshops, etc.

Mr. Conover served at sea in his youth and always enjoyed it as a culture. He followed this interest throughout his life and became a maritime history buff. Besides his business talents, he had aptitudes for furniture design, sculpture, and arts and crafts in general. His furniture won awards from the New York Museum of Modern Art.

After his retirement from business, Mr. Conover and his wife Marjorie lived in Larkspur, California. His family's involvement with the BERKELEY continued with financial contributions for a bench restoration and the donation of BERKELEY documents from her operational period as a ferry.

It is thanks to people like Bill Conover–people who care about our history and the heritage of the sea–that such unique and superbly crafted vessels as the BERKELEY were saved from an ignoble fate. Everyone who visits and uses the San Diego Maritime Museum owes him a real debt.



## "Star Sail '93" Photography Contest

After much deliberation, the photography contest jury has decided on several exceptional photographs and slides from among those presented by Museum members for consideration. The STAR OF INDIA was at her photographic best as can be seen from looking at the contest winners and from other photos used in this issue of *Mains'l Haul*. No doubt many Museum members are enjoying the ones they took for their own collections as well.

In the slide category, Dale Frost won first prize in the professional division and Phil Faulconer won first prize in the amateur division.

The color print category had more entries and the results are as follows for the amateur division (no prizes were awarded in the professional division): first prize–Heidrun Faulconer; second prize–Barbara Sarda; third prize–Diana Murphy. The First Prize-winning photos are shown on pages 38 and 39. Prizes were cruises in MEDEA.

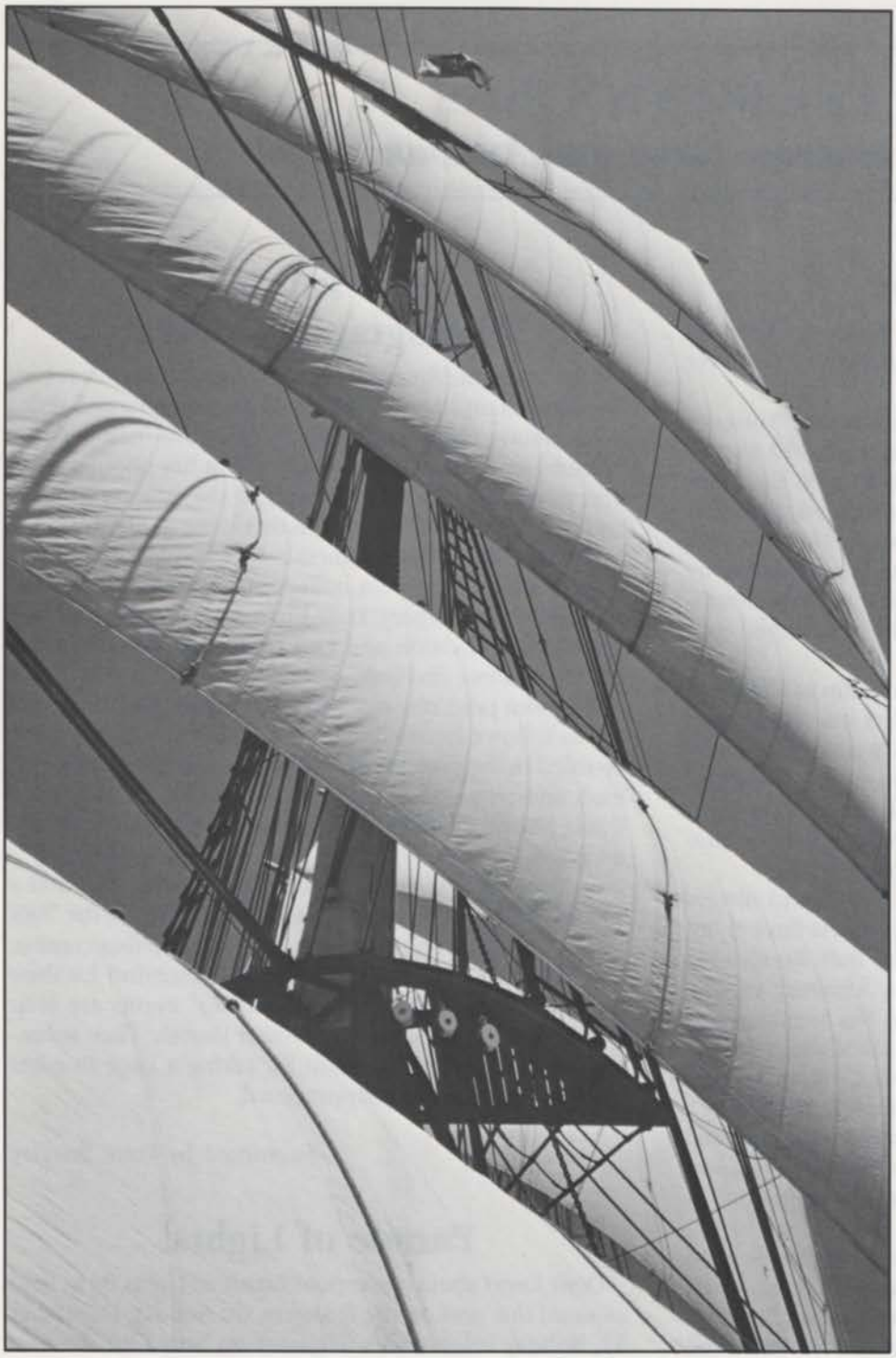
Congratulations are in order to those who won and a special thank you is extended to all who entered the "Star Sail '93" Photography Contest. Unrelated to this contest, but deserving of special photographic mention for their help in documenting the "Star Sail '93" events are Blair Burkhardt, Roscoe Smith, and Walter Ostosh. Their volunteer support and enthusiasm for taking a large number of slides and prints is appreciated.

–Submitted by Dave Brierley

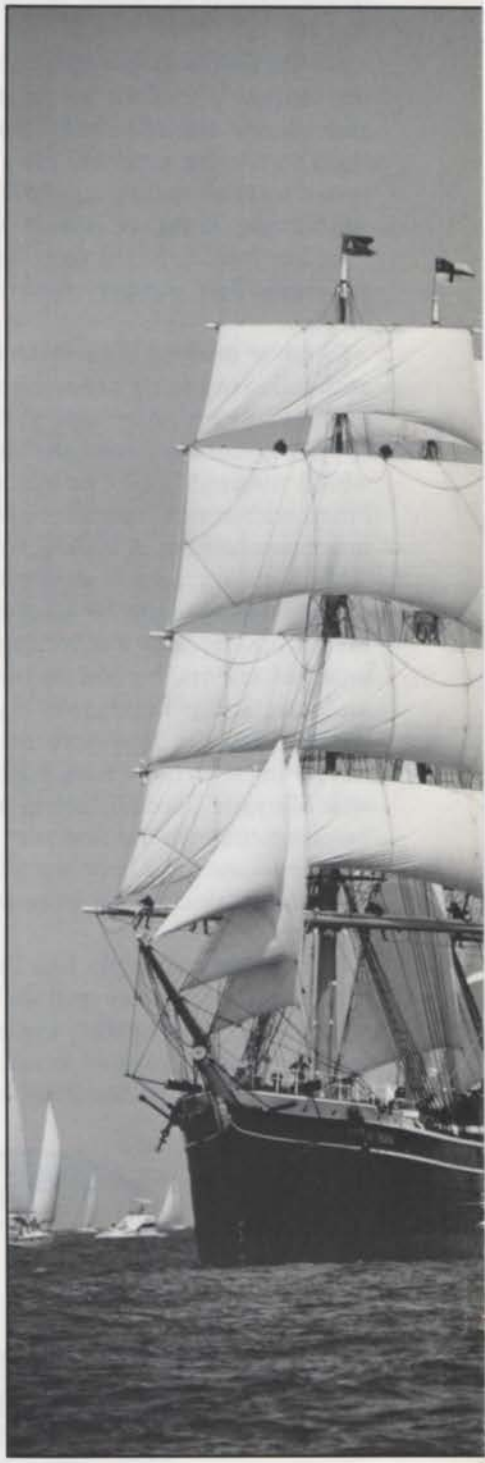
## Parade of Lights!

Don't forget about our annual Parade of Lights Party, held as usual this year on the BERKELEY. On Sunday, December 12, holiday celebrants will gather on board for the best viewing on all of San Diego Bay of the famed Parade of Lights. As dozens of brightly lighted boats stream by the BERKELEY, you'll have a ringside seat for the spectacle. Excellent food, drink, and holiday music will add to the scene–all on board our lovely 1898 Victorian ferry.

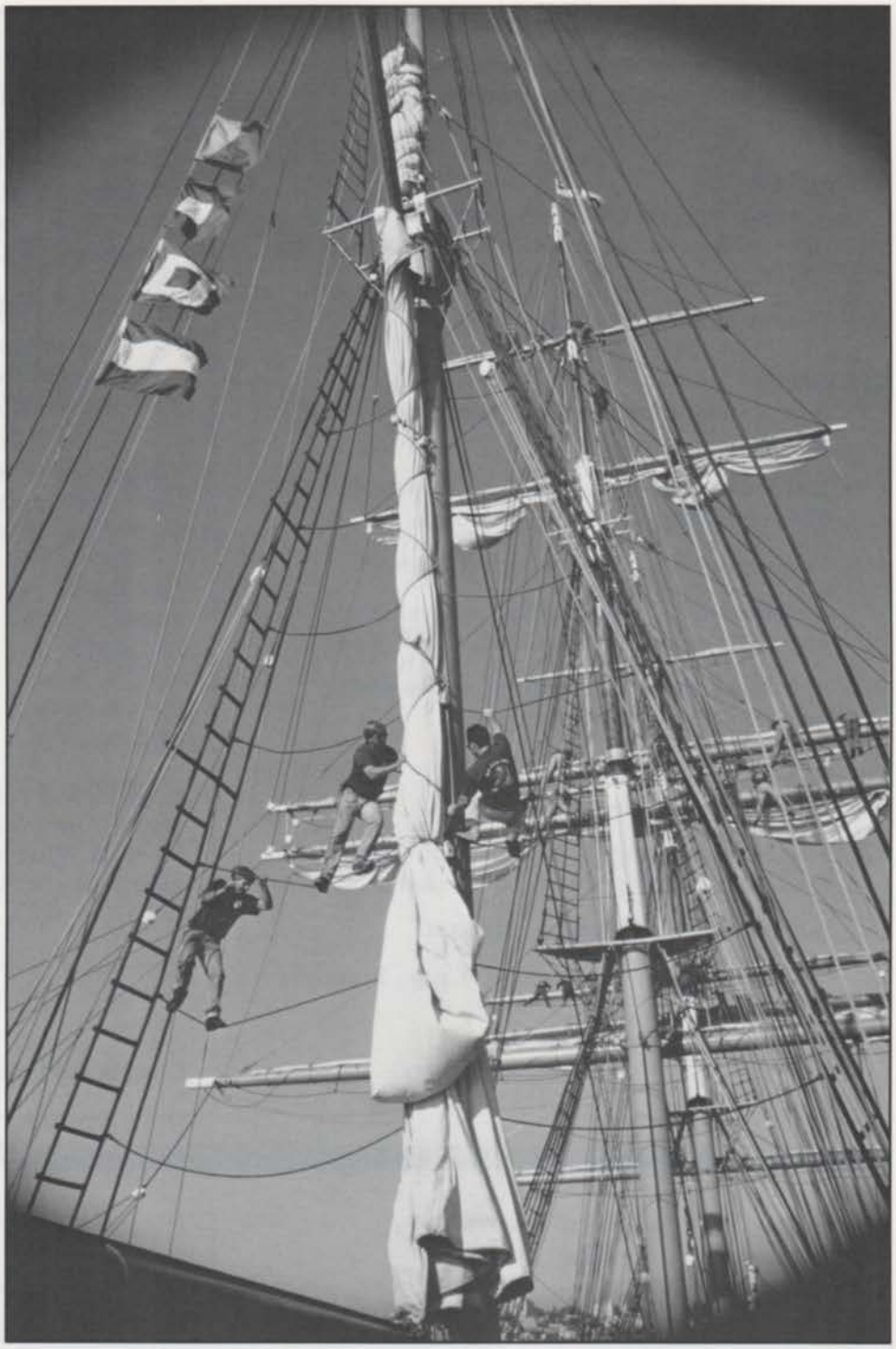
Call the Maritime Museum today to reserve your space at the Parade of Lights. Happy Holidays to all, and hope we see you on board!



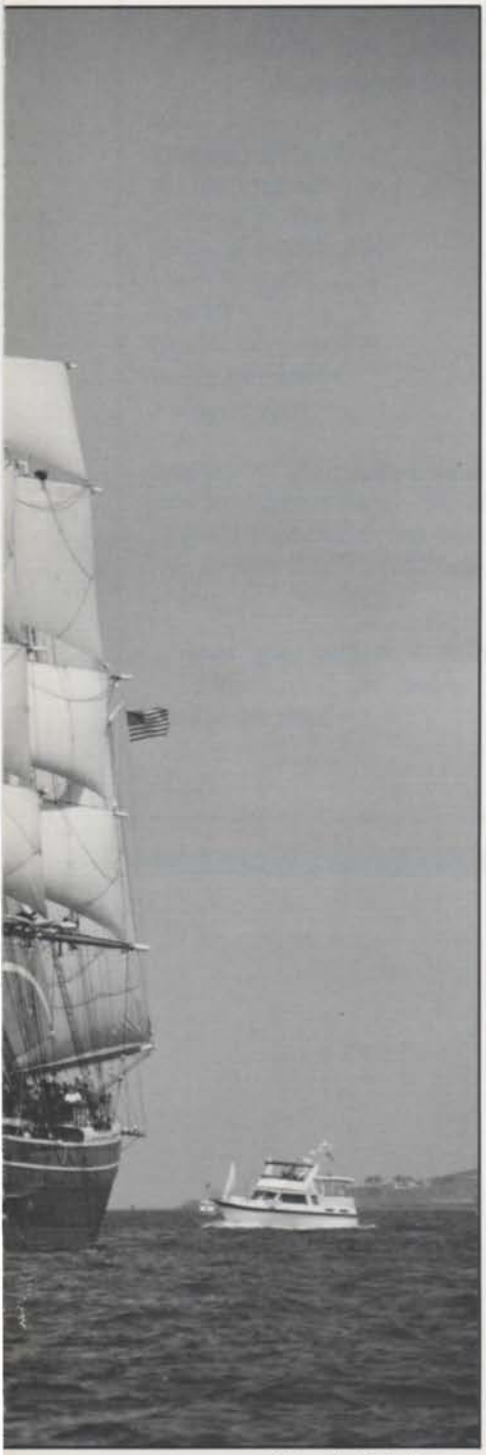
*First Prize, Color Print Category.* *Photo by Heidrun Faulconer.*



*First Prize, Professional Division,*



*First Prize, Amateur Division, Slide Category.* *Photo by Philip W. Faulconer.*



*Slide Category.* *Photo by Dale Frost.*

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

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

NOVEMBER

25: Thanksgiving Day. Museum ships and exhibits open, offices and library closed this day and the 26th.

30: Docent Meeting, STAR orlop, 9:30 a.m.

DECEMBER

5: Star of India Auxiliary Christmas Party for Staff and Crew.

12: Parade of Lights Party, BERKELEY. Please call Museum Office, 234-9153, for details.

16: Ship Modelers Guild, STAR orlop, 7 p.m.

24: Christmas Eve. Museum ships and exhibits open, offices and library closed.

31: New Year's Eve. Museum ships and exhibits open, offices and library closed.

JANUARY

5: Auxiliary Board Meeting, BERKELEY.

17: Martin Luther King, Jr. Day. Museum ships and exhibits open, offices and library closed.

19: Auxiliary General Meeting, BERKELEY.

26: Museum Membership Meeting, 7 p.m., BERKELEY.


**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*

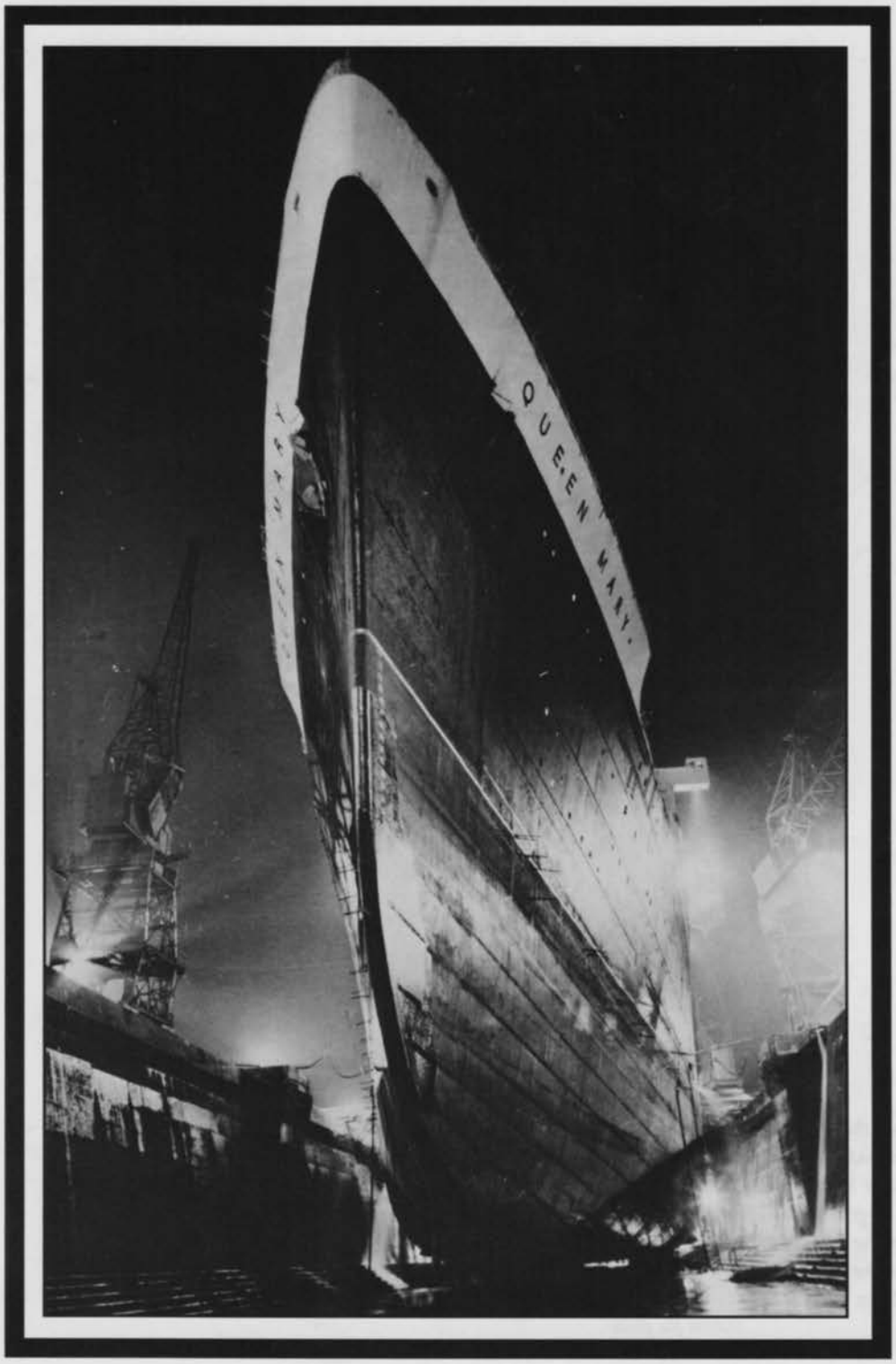


MARITIME MUSEUM ASS'N. OF SAN DIEGO
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1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, Calif. 92101

# MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 30, NO. 2 A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY WINTER 1994






On the cover . . .

*Looming up and over the viewer is the knife-edge of the massive* QUEEN MARY*'s bow, in a nighttime dry dock picture. The* MARY *registers 81,237 gross tons and is 1020 feet in length overall. For an account of New York harbor in the heyday of the* QUEENS *and many other ships, see the article "New York Harbor before World War II" in this issue.*

*SDMM file photo*

# MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

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Craig Arnold, Editor

*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.

# USS *Cyclops*: The Enduring Mystery

*By Craig Arnold*

Of all the ships which have vanished into the ocean wastes over the centuries, leaving behind no trace, the 1918 disappearance of USS CYCLOPS, a Navy collier, remains among the most baffling. A modern steel ship of over 19,000 displacement tons, manned by 309 experienced personnel, with the latest in radio equipment and survival gear, sails in tranquil weather from a West Indian port for the United States and is never heard from again. There are no distress calls, no signs of wreckage, no lifeboats and no survivors. There is no evidence of enemy action, extremes of weather or oceanic conditions, or unusual circumstances. The skipper is a man of many years' service at sea, including eight years as commander of CYCLOPS. The ship herself is rated in good condition, a first-class naval vessel. She has previously carried out wartime cruises to France and South America without incident–indeed, she has earned several commendations.

And on the last known day of her existence–March 4, 1918–her anchor chain rattles up to its hawsepipe in the pleasant harbor of Bridgetown, Barbados. CYCLOPS raises steam and moves slowly out of the harbor into the open sea, setting a course northwestward toward the Lesser Antilles. Her cargo is a vital one of manganese ore, badly needed for the U.S. war effort. On board also is the U.S. Consul General from Rio de Janeiro, doubtless with reports to make about the wartime situation in Brazil. Toward the azure waters of the peaceful Caribbean steams the CYCLOPS.

Then she is gone–hull-down over the horizon, the breeze wafting away the last smudge of her smoke in a cloudless sky.

She will now vanish as completely as if she had sailed off the earth.



In the days of Homer, the blind bard of ancient Greece, a legend was woven concerning the journeys of Odysseus, wily veteran of the Trojan War. Among the places visited by this hero was the land of the Cyclopes, a race of one-eyed giants with a taste for human flesh. In the story we know as *The Odyssey*, Homer tells of how Odysseus and his men are trapped in the cave of a Cyclops, who polishes them off two at a time, leaving the choicest morsel–Odysseus himself–for the last. The men then hit on the scheme of blinding the giant as he sleeps; this being done, their escape is made, but not before the enraged Cyclops hurls huge stones in the direction of the hero's fleeing ship. Along with the stones goes a curse on Odysseus and his men –and by extension, on all sailors. The Cyclops' plea for vengeance is made to Poseidon, god of the sea.



*USS* CYCLOPS *steams out of Bridgetown harbor, Barbados, on her way to an unknown fate on March 4, 1918. The mysterious disappearance of this great ship has baffled maritime historians and the U.S. Navy for over 70 years.*
*artwork courtesy of Richard W. DeRosset*

And as we know from Homer, a curse honored by a god may last a very long time. . . .

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The ship our Navy christened for this tale was built at Cramp's Shipyard in Philadelphia. Launched on May 7, 1910, CYCLOPS (AC-4) was commissioned into the Naval Auxiliary Service on November 7 of that year. She was rated at 19,360 displacement tons, and was 542 feet in length overall, 65 feet in beam, and had a draft of 27 feet, 8 inches. Her rated speed on two vertical triple-expansion steam engines was 15 knots, and her complement numbered 236.

CYCLOPS was designed to work as a collier in that day of coal-fired navies, but she could handle other bulk cargoes. Her dominant physical characteristic was a row of double kingposts running most of the length of the ship, with a high bridge structure forward and twin stacks aft. She was no beauty—except perhaps to a coal-starved battleship—but she was highly functional. CYCLOPS had a sister vessel named JUPITER (AC-3), which later became the Navy's first aircraft carrier, USS LANGLEY (CV-1). For the ship named for the one-eyed giant, however, a less glamorous fate lay in store.

The man appointed to command CYCLOPS was George W. Worley, a veteran mariner. A big, stocky man, he was born in Germany and christened as Georg Wichmann. Emigrating to the U.S. in 1878, he spent his youth at sea and changed his name to honor an American sea captain under whom he served. Learning English and mastering his trade swiftly, Worley rose to command several vessels before being named commander of CYCLOPS with the rank of Master, Naval Auxiliary Service. (When World War I came along, he transferred into the Naval Reserve with the rank of Lieutenant Commander.)

Worley was proud of his German ancestry; according to one officer who served with him, he also exhibited a taste for iron-fisted discipline. Another writer added that "his capacity for liquor was tremendous." Whether that was true or not, he showed a talent for hard work and efficiency. Once when the battleship USS ARKANSAS (BB-33) needed coal, Worley coaled her in one hour flat, setting a record by delivering 574 tons from CYCLOPS in 60 minutes.

Coaling ship was the dirtiest, hardest work in the Navy in those days. All hands pitched in, but at best it was a grueling job. Sometimes the commanding officer of the ship taking on coal would show up at the start of the operation wearing spotless whites, and, taking an equally spotless shovel, toss the first batch of "black diamonds" into the bunkers. After that, the fun was over.

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George Worley and CYCLOPS went to work quickly after she was commissioned, supplying the needs of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet. Between May and July of 1911, the collier steamed to the Baltic Sea to support the 2nd Division, returning to Norfolk, Virginia. From late 1911 to 1914, the ship operated on the east coast of North America, ranging from Newport, Rhode Island, southward to the Caribbean.

In the spring of 1914, President Woodrow Wilson directed American naval forces to occupy Veracruz, Mexico, in order to interdict arms shipments to General Huerta, who in the chaos of Mexico's revolution had murdered its president and assumed the office himself. The Navy carried out its orders and occupied the port after quelling fierce resistance. USS CYCLOPS was present too, coaling ships along the Mexican coast. Later she helped transport refugees from Tampico to New Orleans, for which she received the thanks of the U.S. State Department.

Later that year, war broke out in Europe, and by April 1917 the United States had joined in. In June, CYCLOPS joined a convoy to St. Nazaire, France, passing through submarine-infested waters and returning to the U.S. in July. Later that year she made a cruise to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

On January 9, 1918, CYCLOPS was detached from the Train of the Atlantic Fleet at Hampton Roads, Virginia, and assigned to the Naval Overseas Transportation Service, a wartime organization. On the same day, she sailed from Hampton Roads with 9960 tons of coal for Bahia, Brazil, arriving there and discharging her cargo on January 22. For this job, CYCLOPS again received the thanks of the State Department and also of the Commander in Chief, Pacific.

Several unfortunate incidents marred this cruise. On leaving Norfolk, CYCLOPS narrowly missed colliding with another naval vessel. On her fifth day out, Captain Worley ordered the ship's executive officer, Lieutenant Forbes, to his stateroom under arrest following a disagreement about ship's work. On the same day the medical officer placed one Ensign Cain on the sick list—and this was done, according to a third officer who later transferred off the ship, to prevent Cain's being punished as Forbes had been.

On January 28, CYCLOPS left Bahia and steamed south to Rio de Janeiro, where she loaded 10,800 tons of manganese ore, valued at $157,500. She also took aboard the Consul General of the United States, a Mr. Alfred L. Moreau Gottschalk, who was returning home.

While at Rio, a tragic accident occurred. One of the ship's boats was tied up to her quarter boom with a seaman in it. Suddenly and without warning, one of the ship's engines turned over, resulting in the boat being drawn into the propeller. The seaman was knocked overboard and drowned. Conrad A. Nervig, serving in CYCLOPS as a watch officer just prior to his transfer to another ship, later placed the blame for the accident on Captain Worley's "irrational methods of command."

CYCLOPS left the magnificent harbor of Rio, with Sugarloaf Mountain towering behind her, on February 16. Steaming northward, she put in briefly on the 21st at Bahia, took mail aboard, and departed. Her port of destination was Baltimore, Maryland. Along the long route home, however, it became apparent that additional fuel would be needed. Accordingly, Captain Worley put into Bridgetown on March 3 and coaled ship. All seemed well, except for one

non-functioning engine. Worley must not have been concerned, however, for he left port promptly the next day, running on his remaining engine. After all, if he ran into trouble, he would be in heavily traveled shipping lanes running up the eastern Caribbean and on to the eastern seaboard of the U.S. In such a case, he need only radio for assistance. The hurricane season was many months away, no German raiders or submarines were known to be loose anywhere near the Caribbean, and he had both an urgent cargo and an important passenger to get home.

So CYCLOPS steamed on her way. She was due home on March 13, an easy nine days' sailing through apparently peaceful waters. When she failed to appear on schedule, the Navy swung into action. American and French warships and aircraft scoured her presumed route, all possible ports of call were looked into, and Navy wireless operators sent message after message into the ether, seeking out the vanished ship. But they were already talking to the void.

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Never before had such a large vessel as CYCLOPS, well-equipped in every respect and manned by hundreds of seasoned men, simply dissolved into thin air. Normally when a ship sinks, she leaves wreckage behind. This is true whether the cause of sinking is related to weather, enemy action, collision, or internal mishap, such as an explosion. There is on any vessel a good deal of loose gear, both topside and below decks, much of which may float off and remain afloat for days after her sinking. But no trace of wreckage known to have come from CYCLOPS has ever been found.

Standard procedure for all radio-equipped vessels in distress is to transmit a distress call at once—and to keep transmitting for as long as possible. No such message came from the silent CYCLOPS. Equally standard procedure is to order all hands to abandon ship once her foundering appears imminent. Not a single lifeboat or life raft, not so much as a life jacket or a floating corpse or anything else survived the end of CYCLOPS.

Whatever happened to the ship must have happened with shocking swiftness—that much seems clear. Beyond that, a host of theories, most of them flawed but some perhaps more likely than others, have been advanced in the 76 years since.

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Before looking at the various theories, it is important to acknowledge one central fact—a fact which landsmen do not always realize. That is the ocean's sheer immensity.

To folk accustomed to dwelling all their lives on land, where an easy familiarity prevails between the earth's surface and its human occupants, the ocean which deluges seven tenths of the planet's surface is merely a blue smear on a map. Since most people never voyage across the world's oceans, but skirt them at best, or dwell on their edges, or fly at supersonic speeds far above them, they have no comprehension of the vastness of the seas which unfold day after day, week after week, to those toiling across them by ship.

CYCLOPS had roughly 2,000 nautical miles of ocean to cover between Bridgetown and Baltimore, depending on which route she took. She might have stayed east of the Lesser Antilles, running north up the Windward and Leeward chain of islands, before turning northwest for the Virginia Capes. Or, she could have cut through St. Vincent Passage and steered for Anegada Passage between the Virgins and Anguilla, thus steaming across the eastern corner of the Caribbean. Once through Anegada Passage, she would have some 1400 nautical miles to cover until Baltimore. Nearly all this latter part of the voyage would cross open ocean hundreds of miles from the nearest land. Only when approaching the coast of Virginia in the final day or two would CYCLOPS be near terra firma.

Since Captain Worley maintained radio silence after leaving Bridgetown, we have no way of being certain which route he took—but at least one recent writer feels he would have taken the Caribbean route. The inquirer into the CYCLOPS mystery is also hampered by the fact that the Navy never conducted an official investigation of the loss. In 1918 the service was stretched full-length in its first world war, and there were neither officers nor time to spare for such a proceeding. In the minds of the brass, the loss of a single collier ranked far less in importance than such matters as the convoys to Europe, or helping the British keep in check the German fleet in the North Sea. Besides, at that time it was assumed by many that the ship was lost to enemy action—a mine or torpedo from a U-boat. Not until after the war did examination of German records show no mention of such an action, and furthermore, showed that no U-boats were operating in the western Atlantic at that time.

That pretty effectively put to rest the wartime theory of yet another coup for the Imperial German Navy. There were plenty of other theories soon to take its place, however.

The easiest theories to dispose of are those spawned by the school of sensationalism. These posit everything from giant squids wrapping CYCLOPS in their tentacles and dragging the ship to her doom, to UFOs swooping down and nabbing the vessel for aliens in a distant galaxy. (What a bunch of aliens would want with a grubby old collier, when they could have had a liner stuffed with caviar and champagne and beautiful women, such writers never explain.)

This writer's personal favorite among the Nut Sunday theories is the idea that "death rays" or an atomic pile (take your pick) from the ancient civilization of Atlantis somehow zapped poor CYCLOPS as she lumbered along. Please do not annoy such writers with mundane details like their failure to prove that Atlantis even existed—much less that it had anything to do with CYCLOPS. Their crackpot minds are made up—yep, had to be that pesky Atlantis! Or else them durn snoopy aliens again—the little green rascals!

By the way, before we leave the loony tunes to their

fulminations, an excellent book debunking much of this garbage is *The Bermuda Triangle Mystery Solved*, by Lawrence David Kusche. A reference librarian as well as a veteran pilot, Kusche takes case after case of ships and planes that have vanished in the so-called Bermuda Triangle and demolishes the more fanciful claims surrounding them with cold facts. In the majority of cases, Kusche is able to build credible hypotheses as to what actually happened–and all of his theories involve natural forces. But those who wish to peddle sensational claims seldom care about facts–so expect to hear more tales of malevolent squids, ancient atomic reactors running amok, and sailor-grabbing aliens. Jules Verne would have loved it.

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Boiled down to their essence, there are four basic theories which apply to the loss of USS Cyclops. Any one of these four theories has a certain plausibility. Let's examine them:

Theory Number One: Cyclops was either lost to some form of enemy action, or was somehow betrayed to the enemy and captured. We have already seen that no U-boats were operating in the region of her disappearance at that date in the war, according to German naval records. Therefore it appears there was no possibility of her being torpedoed. There may, however, be some chance that Cyclops was sunk by a mine. U-boats did lay mines near the east coast of the United States during the war–one of which sank the armored cruiser San Diego. If Cyclops was sunk in this fashion, it would most likely have occurred near the end of her journey, close to the American coast. There are a few problems with the mine scenario, however: First, ships sunk by mine ordinarily do not sink so rapidly that an SOS cannot be transmitted, or lifeboats launched. USS San Diego, for example, although a smaller ship than Cyclops, took 28 minutes to sink after running on a U-boat mine off Fire Island In July 1918. As a result, her crew had adequate time to get off, and only six lives were lost. (It might be added that she left a great deal of floating debris behind when she took her final plunge.)

The biggest problem with the mine theory, as with a sinking by torpedo, is that the U-boat offensive against the U.S. east coast did not begin until May 1918–two months after Cyclops disappeared. Prior to that date, the German high command had no long-range cruiser submarines to spare for such an offensive. Moreover, all German surface warships had been swept from the oceans by the spring of 1915–a full three years before Cyclops' loss. There had been a German light cruiser in the Caribbean when the war began, but she had long since been accounted for.

Did some more sinister form of "enemy action" take place with Cyclops? In other words, difficult as it might be to believe, was she betrayed into German hands?

This theory had its birth in wartime hysteria and suspicion concerning every person or thing with a German name or origin. (Such hysteria extended to renaming sauerkraut "liberty cabbage" and dachshunds "liberty pups," and banning the teaching of German in schools.) After Cyclops vanished, various superpatriots pointed out that Captain Worley was of German parentage. Moreover, he was said to have made "seditious statements" from time to time. Then someone else leaped on the fact that Consul General Gottschalk was also of Teutonic descent.

Could these two have combined forces to steer Cyclops toward a German port, thus delivering her manganese to the enemy?

Viewed in the light of history, this seems extremely unlikely. First of all, if this betrayal actually took place, what happened to the ship? A ship as huge as Cyclops would have been very hard to hide–both during and after the war. And what happened to her crew of 307 presumably loyal Americans–minus Worley and Gottschalk? Once captured, did all of them simply disappear? The German military were the most meticulous record-keepers known to history–and they left no record of any such doings. Moreover, far from concealing such acts, German propaganda stridently trumpeted the sinking or capture of large enemy vessels. Imagine what a propaganda coup it would have been for the Fatherland to have an American captain turn traitor and bring his great ship there, returning to the land of his birth in her hour of need? The Kaiser would have been ecstatic.

Various other large holes appear in the theory of Captain Worley and Consul General Gottschalk as seagoing Benedict Arnolds. For one thing, Cyclops did not load enough coal at Barbados to cross the Atlantic to Germany. For another, a large, slow-moving ship, running on just one engine, would have found it impossible to slip through the tight British blockade in the North Sea and reach Germany by this late stage of the war. The British had mine barrages and continuous patrols across both the upper and lower entrances to the North Sea. U-boats could still sneak in and out, but even they were being sunk in trying. It strains credibility to believe that Cyclops could have accomplished the feat.

Moreover, Cyclops could not have steamed to any of the German colonies in Africa, as all had been occupied by Allied forces. She likewise couldn't have passed through the closely guarded Strait of Gibraltar to an Austrian or Turkish port.

It seems, therefore, that we need give the "treason theory" little credence, and may attribute it to overzealous patriotism on the American home front.

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Theory Number Two: Cyclops broke in two. This theory of the ship's structural failure becomes more plausible when viewed in the light of published comments by officers who served aboard Cyclops and her sister colliers.

Here is the recollection of Conrad A. Nervig, who sailed in Cyclops on her January 1918 voyage from Hampton Roads to Bahia:

"About 8 p.m. [on his first day at sea in the ship], as I groped my way forward on the darkened deck to relieve

the officer of the watch, I was mystified at hearing a sound not unlike that caused by metal plates being rubbed together. Upon investigation, I found this to be the case. The ship was working to the extent that where steam or water pipes passed through web irons, or were in contact with portions of the hull, the movement could be distinctly seen. Later, in daylight, by sighting fore or aft along the well deck, the movement was very perceptible; the deck amidships rising and falling as if the ship were conforming to the contour of the seas. Later that day when I called it to the Captain's attention, he shrugged it off with a superior, 'Son, she'll last as long as we do'—which was, indeed, partly true."

Nervig concluded many years later, in an article for the *United States Naval Institute Proceedings,* that CYCLOPS had snapped in two on her homeward voyage and gone straight to the bottom. Here is his reasoning:

"It will be recalled that the *Cyclops* loaded a cargo of manganese ore; we have no knowledge of the manner in which that cargo was stowed. The only other officer with experience in cargo-handling, the executive officer, was confined to his room under arrest, so it is quite probable the task of supervising the loading was assigned to some young, inexperienced officer.

"With the weight of manganese ore, and its lack of bulk, the holds would be only partially filled when the vessel was down to her load line. Now, if this weight was confined to only two or three holds, and those holds in the amidships section, the vessel's inherent weakness would be greatly accentuated. Properly stowed, this cargo would be distributed in several holds throughout most of the length of the ship.

"Assuming that the vessel under stress at sea broke in two, probably in the region just forward of the engine and boiler room spaces, the inrushing water and weight of the cargo would cause the two sections, as they sank lower in the water, to assume a vertical position. Then, as the holds filled, they would go down carrying all evidence with them. This would have happened in the course of a very few minutes and would account for the fact that no SOS call was heard nor, so far as we know, were there any lifeboats launched from the ill-fated ship.

"As I recall, the deck of the *Cyclops* had few articles that would float and support a man. It is questionable that any of the crew surviving the sinking was able to reach one of these; it would only have served to prolong his life, not to save it.

"Of all the officers and men who lost their lives in that disaster, only three can be said to have had little to lose; three General Courts Martial prisoners convicted of the horrible murder of a shipmate and sentenced to prison terms ranging from 50 to 99 years. These men undoubtedly died, locked in their cells, when the ship sank with all her secrets."

In the *Baltimore Sun* of June 27, 1923, a Captain Charles H. Zearfoss of the merchant marine postulated a somewhat different form of structural failure for the end of the ship:

"'I think the CYCLOPS was sunk by her cargo,' says Captain Zearfoss. 'Manganese is a very difficult cargo to handle and the collier's crew was used to handling only coal. It has a tendency to settle down, grinding away whatever is below it. The *Cyclops* was not a 'tween deck ship, and the cargo was loaded in the lower hold. I think the end came suddenly, when the bottom practically dropped out.'

"'At one time,' he says, 'we loaded with manganese and about two feet of the ore was left on top of the hatch. When we reached port we found, with surprise, that in grinding down this ore had splintered the heavy planks of the hatch cover, and had twisted and torn the steel beams beneath it.'"

Whatever one's conclusions about the structural failure theories, it is interesting to note that another collier built as CYCLOPS' near sister, with similar construction methods in the same period, also had an unexplained disappearance. In 1941 this ship, NEREUS, vanished on the route from St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, to Portland, Maine. No trace of her was ever found. The assumption at the time was that she had been torpedoed by a German sub, and this is possible, even though the disappearance of the vessel took place prior to a state of war existing between the two nations. No proof that the vessel was sunk by a sub was ever established. Could there have been some inherent weakness in the design of both colliers—CYCLOPS and NEREUS—that caused them to experience major structural failure of the same sort, especially in the same turbulent region of the North Atlantic? We shall probably never know the answer.



Theory Number Three: CYCLOPS was destroyed by an explosion of her cargo. A number of authorities affirm that manganese can be highly volatile under certain conditions. One variation of this theory is that because CYCLOPS was carrying coal just prior to loading manganese, the coal dust left in her hold combined with the manganese ore to create an explosive mixture prone to detonate through contact with a spark or flame.

If such were the case, however, one would imagine that a seasoned skipper like Captain Worley would take every possible precaution against such a hazard—including washing down the holds to rid them of coal dust prior to loading manganese, and banning smoking or other use of open flame anywhere near the new cargo. It is hard to believe that Worley would have been ignorant or apathetic as to the volatility of manganese.

Moreover, statements by Navy officers at the time to the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* include the following:

"Navy officials frankly confessed that no theory yet advanced to explain the disappearance of the *Cyclops* . . . seemed plausible in the face of the facts. . . . An internal explosion might have destroyed the vessel's wireless and motive power at one instant, but surface wreckage would have remained to mark her grave."

Indeed, in account after account, writers on the topic stress the *increased* likelihood of floating debris following a major explosion. And, of course, not so much as

a stick was found.

Factors tending to favor the explosion theory include the apparent very sudden destruction of the ship, resulting in no wireless transmissions and no time to launch lifeboats and life rafts. The volatility of manganese *under certain conditions* (which a prudent skipper would be careful to eliminate, insofar as he could) has been mentioned. On the other hand, the capability and experience of both captain and crew, as well as the complete lack of debris, argue against this theory. Among professional mariners who've commented in print on the CYCLOPS case, men with both naval and merchant marine backgrounds, the explosion theory does not receive as much weight as the structural failure or capsizing theories, the latter of which we now take up.

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Theory Number Four: CYCLOPS capsized, possibly due to her cargo shifting.

This theory was first propounded in the January 1920 issue of *Proceedings* by a Lieutenant Commander Mahlon Tisdale of the Navy, who had previously sailed in the ship. During rough weather off the eastern seaboard in 1916, Tisdale, then serving in CYCLOPS as communications officer, discovered that manhole plates on all the vessel's topside tanks had been left open. On reporting this to Captain Worley, he was told that they were always left off on orders from the Norfolk Navy Yard, as the air was "better for the bitumastic." (The Norfolk yard later denied issuing any such instructions.) Tisdale was appalled, the more so as the ship at the time was rolling heavily:

"Standing at the clinometer that night I saw it register 48 degrees to port and 56 to starboard. . . . So much for proof that these ships can roll when tempted."

Drawing from these experiences, Tisdale formulated his own theory of how the ship was lost:

"Now let us take the case of the *Cyclops* on her ill-fated voyage of last year when she was lost. She was carrying manganese ore. . . . Due to the great weight per cubic foot of this ore as compared to coal it is probable that her cargo holds were loaded by weight and not by volume and were therefore far from full. Perhaps the cargo was braced to prevent shifting—but this would have required very strong braces, far beyond the capacity of the ship's carpenter. Unless these braces were installed at the loading port they were probably not installed at all. Now the matter sizes up as follows:

"The ship was heavily loaded—hence deep in the water with a correspondingly small freeboard—but her holds were not full by *volume*.

"It was customary to leave the manhole plates off the topside tanks according to the statement of the captain (she had the same captain when I made my cruise on her as she had when she was lost) in order to 'preserve the bitumastic.'

"Due to her load her sea connections from the topside tanks were probably submerged. These were in the skin of the ship and led from the bottom of the tank.

"In any sort of a storm it was always customary in the colliers, due to their liveliness and to their great amount of top hamper, to secure *everything* for sea. I have seen even the huge iron sister-blocks which are shackled to the fore and aft girder, lashed together to prevent pounding.

"Is it not plausible to assume that the cargo may have shifted, perhaps only a little, but enough to increase the average list sufficiently to cause the free water in the double bottoms to rush toward the down side thus further increasing the list. Suppose the heavily laden *Cyclops* now shipped a sea. Would not this sea run into the open manholes of the topside tanks and immediately give the ship a tendency to capsize?

"This could all occur in a few seconds and the ship would be bottom up before any one could abandon ship. Some few men from the bridge and poop might have been thrown clear of the ship. But with everything secured for sea there would be little wreckage. Remember that there would be nothing adrift except such gear as would be free to float off during the few seconds during the turn. There would be no debris such as always follows a sinking due to other marine casualty, as in the case of striking a mine or torpedo. There would have been no time for an 'S.O.S.' There would have been no time for anything. The few men in the water could not have lived long of their own accord. Such small gear as did float off would have been lost in the vastness of the ocean long before the rescue vessels started their search.

"This seems to me a plausible solution of the loss of the *Cyclops* . . ."

According to Tisdale, many naval officers agreed with his theory. The main criticism leveled at it was that for CYCLOPS to have capsized in this fashion, she had to have been sailing in stormy seas. And for years, it was said by many writers on the matter that there were no storms along the route she would have taken in March 1918.

Then researcher Lawrence David Kusche, working on the case in the 1970s, reached the conclusion that CYCLOPS had to have sunk in a storm. He contacted the National Climatic Center in Ashville, North Carolina, to obtain weather records for the time when the ship would have been approaching the American coast. On March 10, 1918, a storm had indeed blown up along the eastern seaboard, with winds from the northwest rising to 60 knots. The storm subsided about midnight, but caused widespread damage along the coast with gale warnings posted as far south as Florida. Winds of 60 knots on the Beaufort Scale are considered a full-scale storm, the only worse weather being a hurricane. Such storms are characterized by exceptionally high waves and the sea is completely covered with long white patches of foam lying along the direction of the wind. The rolling of the sea is heavy and shocklike. Visibility is seriously impaired.

Kusche plotted the ship's course and speed, figuring she was not making more than 10 knots, due to running on one engine. His conclusion was that CYCLOPS arrived within one hundred miles of the Virginia coast on the

same day the storm struck, was caught in it, and went down with all hands. The steamship AMOLCO was caught in the same tempest 375 miles northeast of Norfolk. As Kusche relates:

"Officer W. J. Riley of the AMOLCO later told a reporter for Norfolk's *Virginian-Pilot* that the Navy collier was probably caught 'in the teeth of the gale,' and he felt 'positive the *Cyclops* was sunk during the raging of the high winds.' Several seamen acquainted with the rolling tendency of the vessel seconded his opinion and added that it had probably sunk quicker than the lifeboats could be lowered."

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Many are the theories and their variations thus set forth in the mysterious case of the CYCLOPS. The case remains open, as the wreckage of the ship has not been found. The Navy finally stated: "The disappearance of this ship has been one of the most baffling mysteries in the annals of the Navy, all attempts to locate her having proved unsuccessful."

President Woodrow Wilson put it more succinctly when he said, "Only God and the sea know what happened to the great ship."

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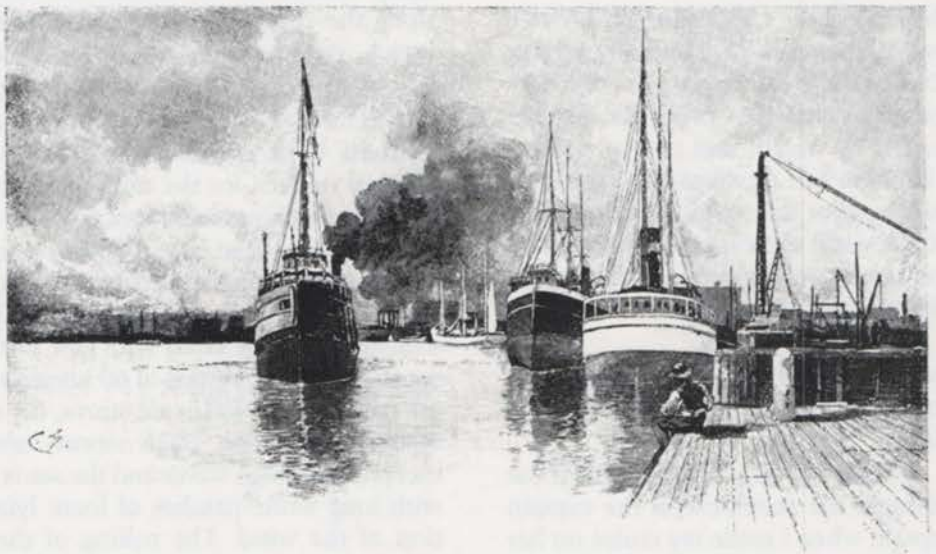
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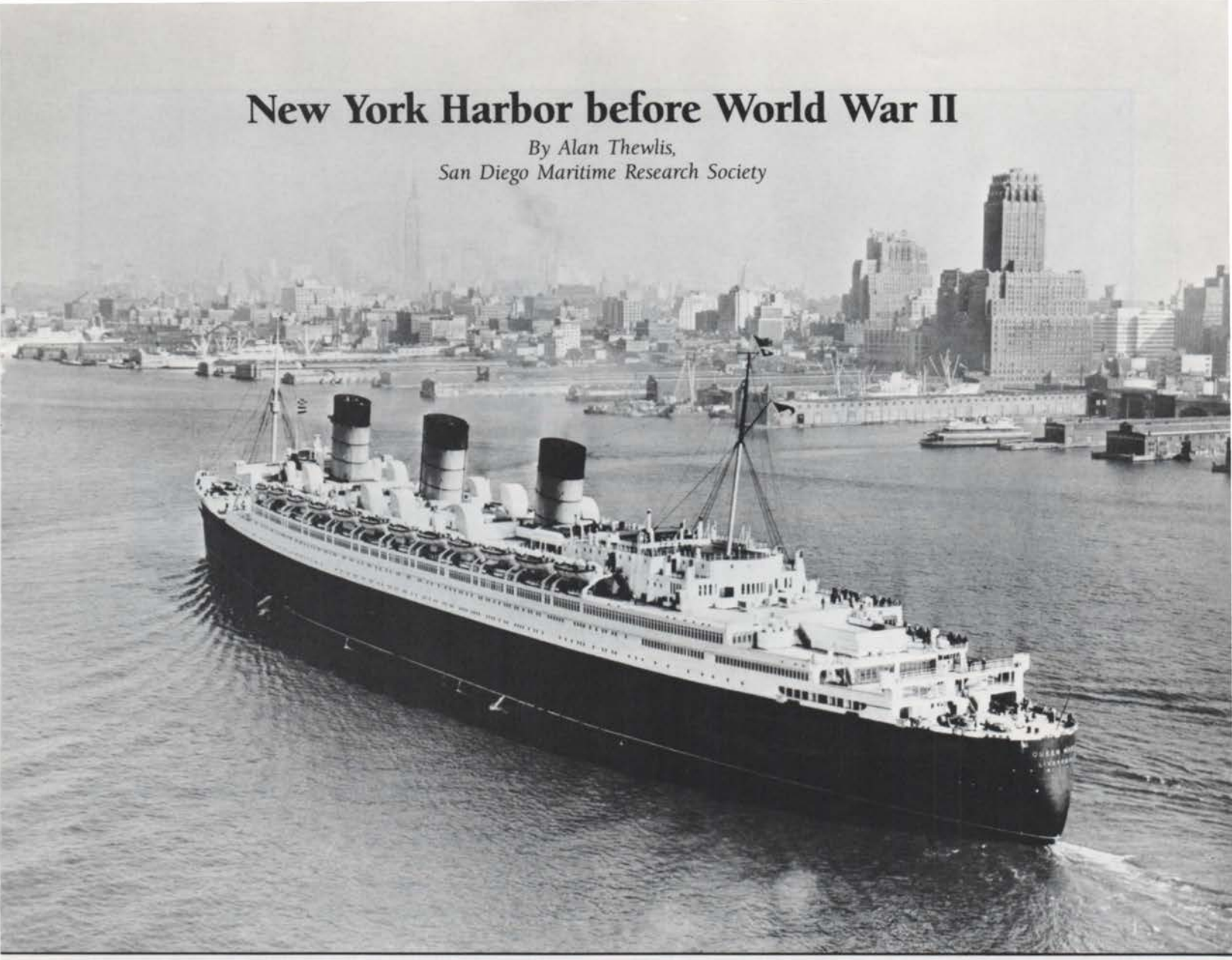
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*The Baltimore Sun,* June 27, 1923.

# New York Harbor before World War II

*By Alan Thewlis,*
*San Diego Maritime Research Society*



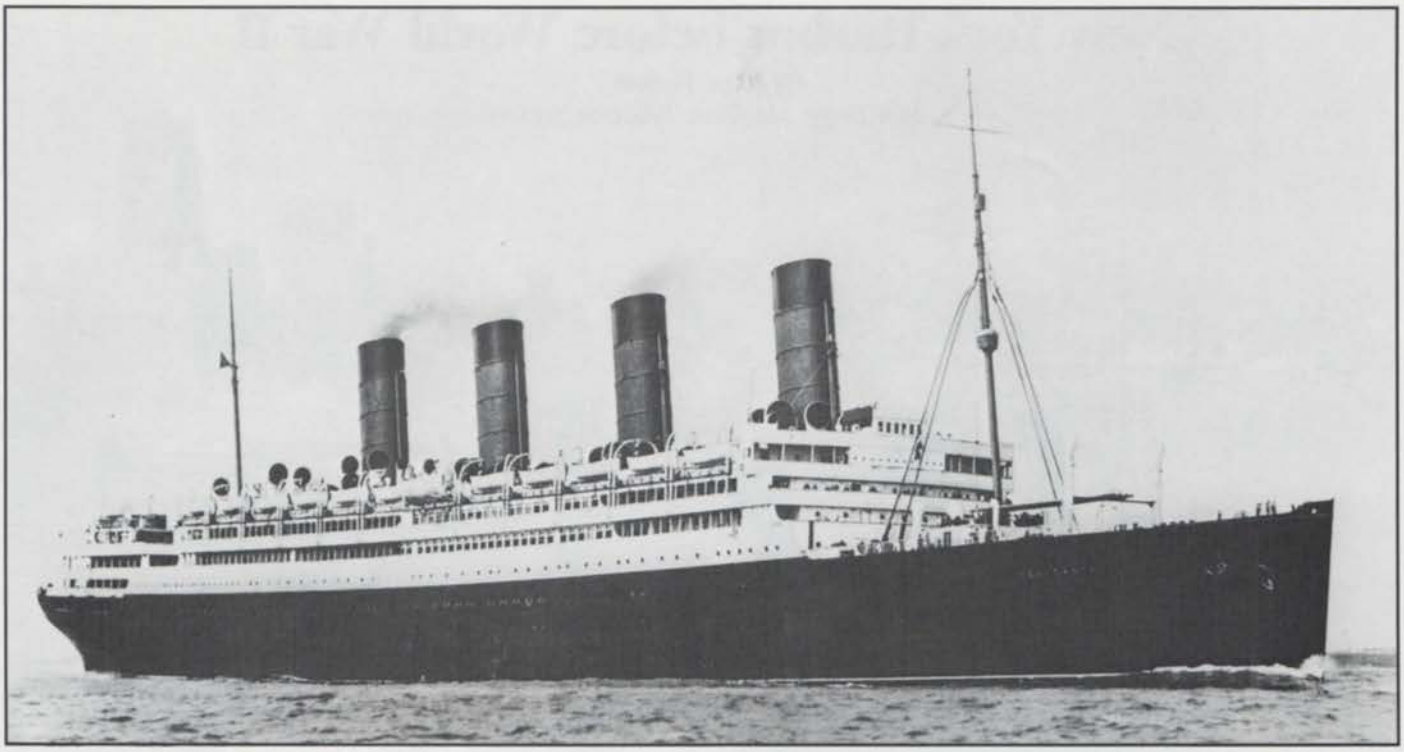
*A classic shot of RMS* Queen Mary *steaming up the Hudson River to her berth, the Empire State Building looming in the haze. The "Mary" registers 81,237 gross tons and is 1020 feet long. In her prime she boasted 12 decks and 27 public rooms crammed with luxury furnishings. Statesmen, movie stars, famous artists and writers, Olympic athletes–everybody who was "anybody" took the* Queen Mary *and her near-sister* Queen Elizabeth *across the Atlantic in the '30s, '40s and '50s.* *Chandler Collection, SDMM*

During the summer of 1939 I had a job at a naval architect's office in New York City. Isherwood's, as it was generally referred to in the trade, had been founded by Sir Joseph Isherwood, an early British builder of bulk oil carriers who had devised, patented, and collected royalties for a system of longitudinal hull framing for ships. The firm was located in a bright, airy suite of offices at the front of the Whitehall Building at 17 Battery Place. This was at the very tip of Manhattan looking out over New York Bay to Governor's Island, the Statue of Liberty, Staten Island and the Narrows.

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For anyone interested in ships the New York waterfront that summer of 1939 was a fascinating place to be. And I could see it all. The harbor was constantly thronged with vessels. The impetus that World War II was to give to air travel had not yet occurred; travel to and from Europe, to Africa, to South America–to anywhere across the sea–was by ship. A dozen or more companies provided passage across the North Atlantic in their glittering floating palaces. The queens of the trade were Cunard's Queen Mary and the Normandie, flagship of the French Line. (They arrived in New York on alternate Monday mornings at 11–always on time.) There were many others: Bremen and Europa of North German Lloyd and a smaller sister, Columbus, as well as several vessels of the Hamburg-America Line. Kungsholm and Bergensfiord represented the Swedish-American and Norwegian-American lines, respectively, while Rex and Conte di Savoia sailed for Italy and Manhattan and Washington flew the flag of United States Lines.

There were lesser (but still impressive) vessels, too.



*RMS* AQUITANIA, *another Cunard liner, was completed in 1914 and served as a troopship in both world wars. There was something especially elegant about all the Cunard/White Star four-stackers. After 36 years of distinguished service,* AQUITANIA *went to the breakers in 1950.* *SDMM file photo*

Cunard had a large fleet including AQUITANIA, MAURETANIA, SCYTHIA, SAMARIA, LACONIA, and others, while the French Line included ILE DE FRANCE and PARIS. Other lines added to the throng.

In addition to this crush of competing North Atlantic liners was the galaxy of coastwise steamers, and Caribbean and South American cargo-passenger ships such as the vessels of the Grace Line and the Panama Railroad Steamship Company, not to mention the United Fruit ships and the popular Bermuda cruise ships QUEEN OF BERMUDA and MONARCH OF BERMUDA and the coastwise steamers to Boston and Nova Scotia, to Baltimore, Norfolk, and Charleston.

There was a constant stream of large and small vessels entering and leaving New York. On one Monday morning, when all the schedules happened to coincide, I watched a procession of seven major passenger ships headed by the QUEEN MARY come through the Narrows into New York Bay in about two hours. As if in parade they followed each other up the channel.

On top of all this the bay was covered with swarms of smaller craft. Ferries hurried here and there. Towboats pulled barges loaded with railroad cars to the Jersey shore and to Brooklyn. Tugs stood down the bay to meet incoming ships or returned from an escort job. Fishing boats made their way to the Fulton Fish Market on the East River. There were never less than 40 or 50 vessels in sight from Isherwood's exciting offices on the seventh floor of the Whitehall Building.

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Though war clouds were hovering early in the summer of 1939, we didn't realize how soon this fabric would come apart. Before the summer was over the Germans had marched into Poland. We were shocked even more by the torpedoing and sinking of the Donaldson-Atlantic liner ATHENIA west of Scotland on the third day of the war. Professor Jack of the naval architecture department at M.I.T. was a passenger in ATHENIA and became a hero in the world press because, though in his seventies, he took charge of a lifeboat in the confusion and directed passengers in launching it and rescuing many other survivors from the cold sea.

One of the Isherwood secretaries took a cruise that summer in the North German Lloyd ship COLUMBUS. The head of the Isherwood office, a loyal Englishman, had teased her before she went that war would break out and the ship would be sunk or captured by a British cruiser. It nearly happened. The cruise was shortened. COLUMBUS put her passengers unceremoniously ashore at Havana, leaving them to get back to New York as best they could. COLUMBUS then fled to Vera Cruz. A few months later she attempted to break through to Germany, but was shadowed by a British destroyer. Her crew scuttled COLUMBUS 320 miles east of Cape Hatteras.

President Roosevelt, being "neutral against the Germans," ordered three Hamburg-Amerika liners in New York interned. The new Cunarder QUEEN ELIZABETH, instead of joining the North Atlantic trade with a fanfare and a fireboat welcome, slipped quietly into New York at dusk one misty, rainy evening, unfinished and painted a somber wartime gray. Within two years the great NORMANDIE of

the French Line, taken over by the U.S. after the fall of France, lay a sunken, burned-out shell capsized at Pier 90 in the North River as a result of a fire starting during her conversion to a troopship. Her principal contribution to the war effort was to be a salvage school for the U.S. Navy who, before the conflict was through, had many more ships than NORMANDIE to right and refloat.

Passenger traffic died to nothing almost immediately. European flag ships were called home. Some American lines continued to run to South America and the Caribbean for a while but the passenger trade dropped to nothing. Who wanted to risk being torpedoed by a U-boat–even by mistake?

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The glory and excitement of the Port of New York in the 1930s has never returned. In 1942, Pan Am started their transatlantic service when they flew the first of their Pan Am Clippers from Baltimore to Lisbon. By the time World War II was over, people were routinely crossing the Atlantic by air. For a few more decades a North Atlantic passenger trade limped along but that has died away except for Cunard Line's QUEEN ELIZABETH 2. Today's cruise ship departures don't seem to have the sadness of the farewells and the excitement of travel to a new adventure as when lands lay far across the sea, too far to reach by plane. No longer do confetti and ticker tape fly, no longer do bands play Auld Lang Syne at ship sailings.

A few years ago I stood at the top of the Empire State Building and surveyed New York Bay. It was a placid scene. Gone was the excitement I remembered. Gone were the immense liners, gone were the freight trains on barges. There was little need for tugs. I counted seven container ships at various piers from Brooklyn to Hoboken, two at anchor in the lower bay, three sailing yachts, and one ferry heading to Staten Island.

It was all a far cry from the teeming port I remembered.

(*Ed. Note:* Mr. Thewlis has been a library volunteer for many years in the Maritime Museum. A retired naval architect, naval officer, and University of California executive, he has an extensive technical knowledge of shipping and is an avid yachtsman as well.)



*Here we have SS* UNITED STATES *steaming up New York Bay, the Statue of Liberty to port. This fast ship took the Blue Riband away from Cunard but could not long compete with growing transatlantic air travel.* *SDMM file photo*



*Lieutenant Commander O. W. Farenholt, commanding officer of USS* PINTA, *in his cabin during the 1890s. Note the elaborate oil lamps.* *U.S. Naval Historical Center*

# The San Diego Naval Militia

## PART 2

*By Charles A. Bencik*

(*Ed. Note:* In our last issue, we presented Part 1 of Mr. Bencik's account of a unique military organization, the old Naval Militia. Part 1 ended with the steamer PINTA arriving in our fair port and being handed over to the local Third Division of the California Naval Militia, just prior to the Spanish-American War of 1898. Mr. Bencik resumes his story at this point.)

War fever was in the air. On April 8, 1898, Lieutenant Commander Thomas A. Nerney, executive officer of the California Naval Militia, ordered Lieutenant Tom Shaw to recruit the Third Division at San Diego to maximum strength without delay. Not all voices were shrill with patriotism. Lieutenant Chandler of the San Diego division was quoted as saying it would be easy to fight if the men were under pay, "but different if they are to do it for glory alone" while their families suffered. Boat drills were conducted, and 25 new recruits appeared, ready to join the fray. A conference took place with Admiral Kirkland for the purpose of getting guns for the PINTA. Fire Chief Almgren recalled: "In regard to the armament on the *Pinta,* we had Lee Metford rifles, a couple of Gatling Guns, and a couple of muzzle loader cannons; old equipment. They were obsolete and were not in use."

The possibility of shifting PINTA to the Atlantic coast was discussed. Persons familiar with PINTA's earlier days at Key West (W. E. Smith wrote that PINTA "when new was the fastest boat in the navy") may have prompted talk of moving her back there, but her bad engineering situation must have scotched that notion.

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Spain declared war on the U.S. on April 24, 1898. But San Diego's Naval Militia unit, the Third Division of California, was not to get into the fight, due to insufficent readiness. Only 25 out of 100 militiamen of the Third Division were mobilized–and none, apparently, served in combat. Ed Fletcher, in his *Memoirs,* said: "I was paid $14.00 for helping put mines into San Diego Bay. It was reported that the Spanish Fleet was off San Diego, but it did not show up. The little gunboat, U.S.S. *Pinter [sic],* was in the harbor at the time and, so the story goes, they put

[anti-torpedo] nets around her to keep the Spanish Mackerel from biting her."

The west coast was obviously considered secure and adequately defended. Commodore Dewey thus being free to win the Battle of Manila Bay on May 1, and Sampson and Schley to sink the Spanish fleet off Santiago-de-Cuba on July 3, peace would not be long in coming. On August 14, the San Diego papers told of the relaxation of discipline, and PINTA's guard was dismissed.

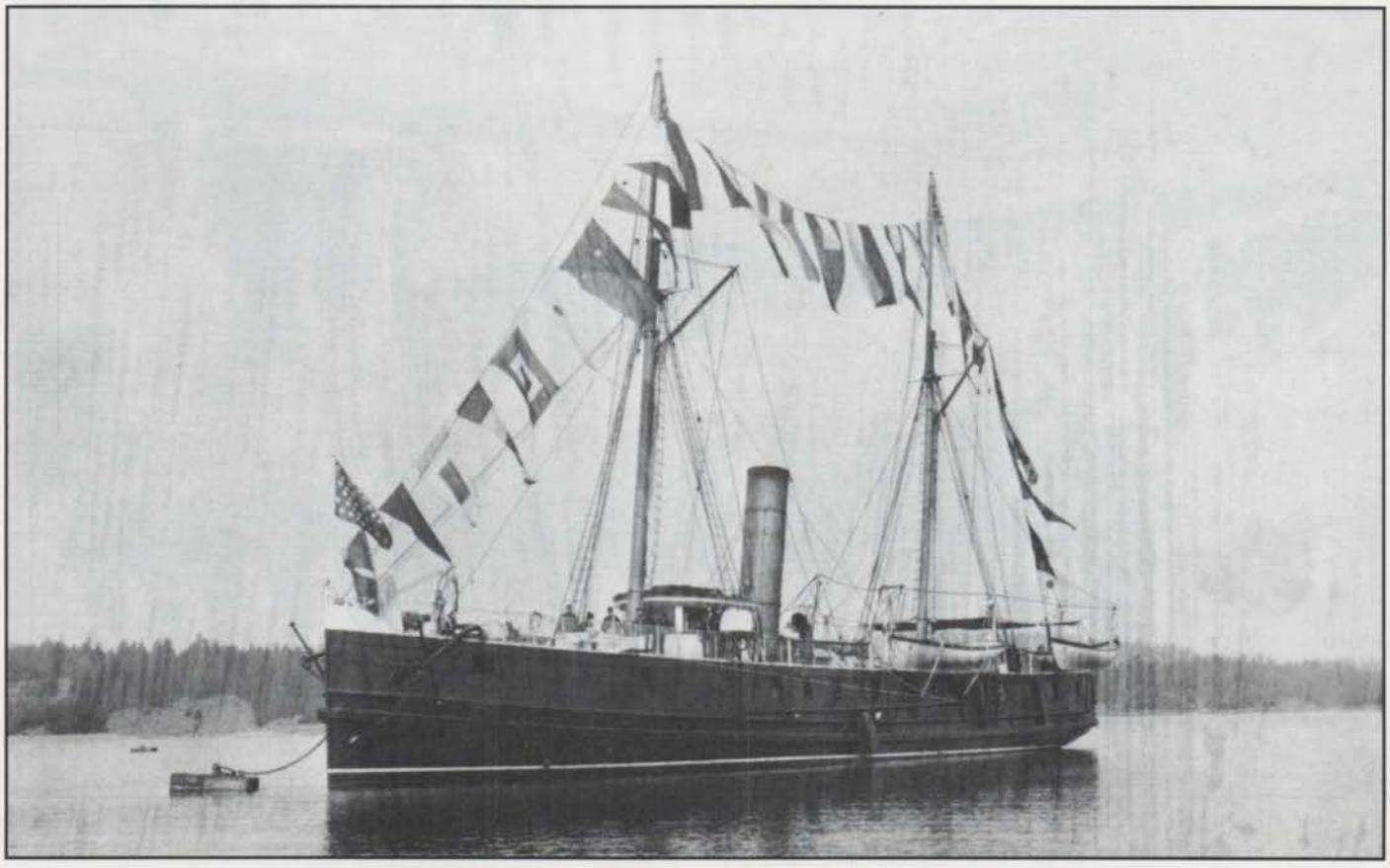
By February of 1899, PINTA's material deficiencies were well recognized, and there was talk of "fitting her up" to steam out to sea. Lt. Roscoe Howard relieved Lt. Chandler as executive officer and skipper of the Third Division troops in May. In July, Governor Gage came down and inspected ship and crew. He reported being pleased with the entire ship. On September 27, the local newspapers reported plans to repair the ship. The state legislature voted $2,000 for her to be dry-docked, coaled, scraped and painted. But the money was not spent. There were expectations that Congress would authorize a national Naval Reserve, and the state expected to be relieved of PINTA fiscal burdens. But Congress avoided the issue that year and for many years afterward, and nothing was done. Officers of USS BADGER visited PINTA, spoke of her excellence, and asserted that she should be made fit for open-water operations.

This situation prevailed for the next two years for the Third Division and the PINTA, now commanded by Lt. Howard. Stuck at her moorings by her inoperative machinery, the PINTA lay rusting and befouled at the Pacific Steamer wharf. The *Union* on April 10, 1901, wrote: "It has been well known that the naval militia has not been a success. . . . " But the paper also pointed out: "By putting the *Pinta* in a seaworthy condition, it will be possible to make cruises from this port, and that would give an impetus to the organization more than anything else."

A meeting was called of Naval Militia officers in San Francisco on April 16, 1901, for the reorganization of the state's Naval Militia. The state meanwhile appropriated an additional $2,000 for PINTA's repairs. This would be enough to have PINTA's after boiler retubed, allowing her to steam at up to 7 knots. But the National Guard's Adjutant General Seamans still kept the money from being spent.

On April 24, Seamans promised to go to Washington and apply for new ships for both San Diego and San Francisco. He bargained with the Naval Militia, stating that if he failed (and there were supposedly undermanned torpedo boats available), he would "consider the advisability of spending the $4,000 appropriated by the legislature for the *Pinta*." Knowing how little such promises offered, Lt. Howard applied for a future cruise in USS PHILADELPHIA (Cruiser No. 4) for the Third Division.

On June 2, 1901, Commander Randolph Miner inspected PINTA and confirmed her urgent need for dry-docking and extensive machinery overhaul. The *Tribune* said:



*USS PINTA at Victoria, British Columbia, in 1891, prior to coming to San Diego and service with the Naval Militia.* *U.S. Naval Historical Center*

"The machinery of the vessel is in such bad shape that the ship will never be good for anything except for stationary service. The cost of whatever repairs are made will have to be borne by the state, as the national government has virtually made a present of the old vessel to the Naval Militia of California, and the care of the ancient craft now devolves on the state."

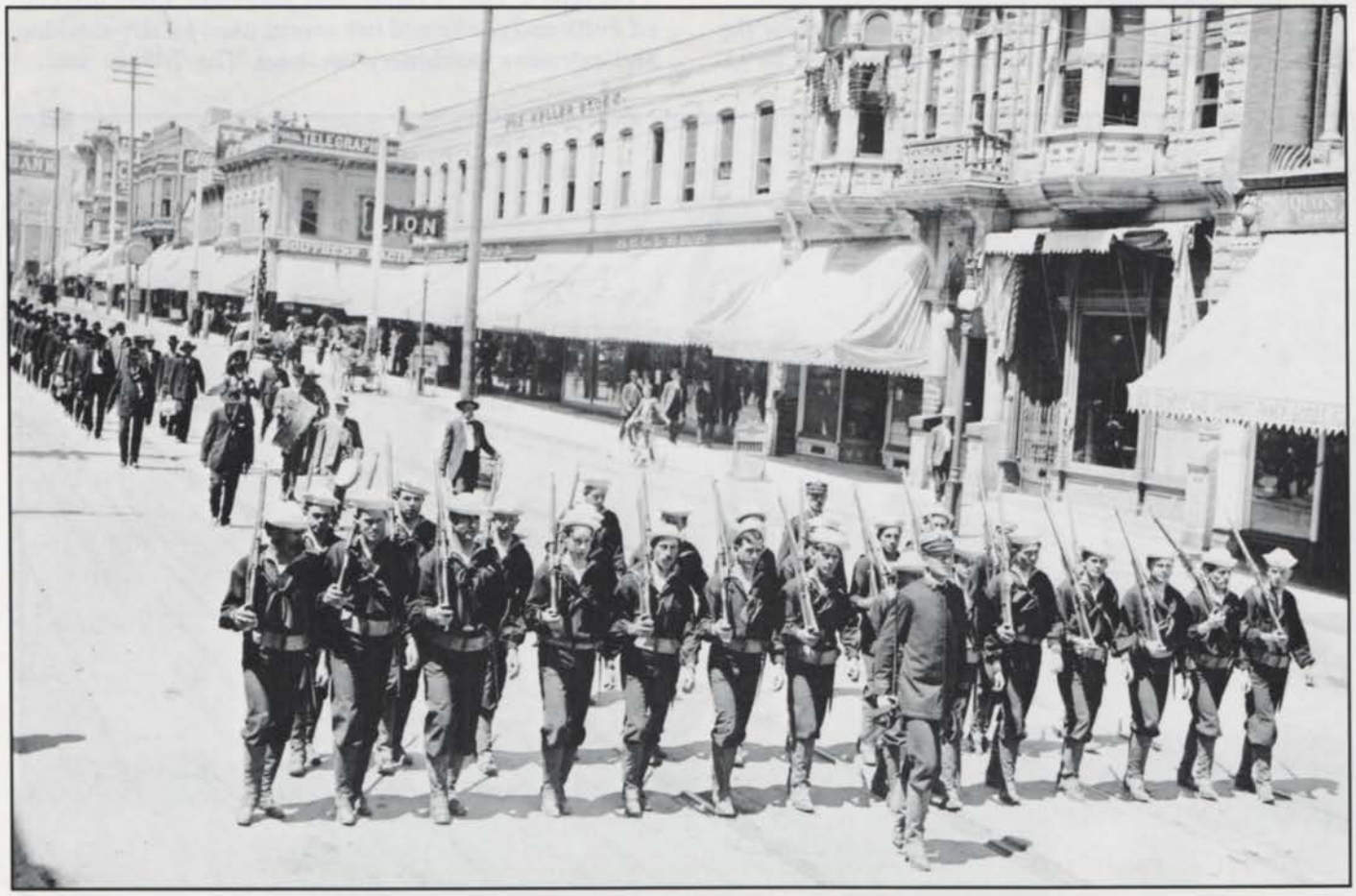
Finally, on June 15, with the deadline looming for spending the $2,000 by fiscal year's end, PINTA was towed by Lt. Howard's launch ALBACORE to the Spreckels marine railway on the northeast corner of North Island. As reported in the *Tribune's* June 17 edition:

"Some trouble was experienced in towing her over from the steamship wharf. . . . Her hull was so covered with barnacles—an accumulation of three years—that she was fastened by the growth to the piles at the wharf. Roscoe Howard's launch *Albacore* and the government launch *General de Russy* finally succeeded in towing the old vessel over to the Coronado side of the bay where she was anchored for the night. Yesterday morning the launch *Dolphin* towed the *Pinta* to the marine ways."

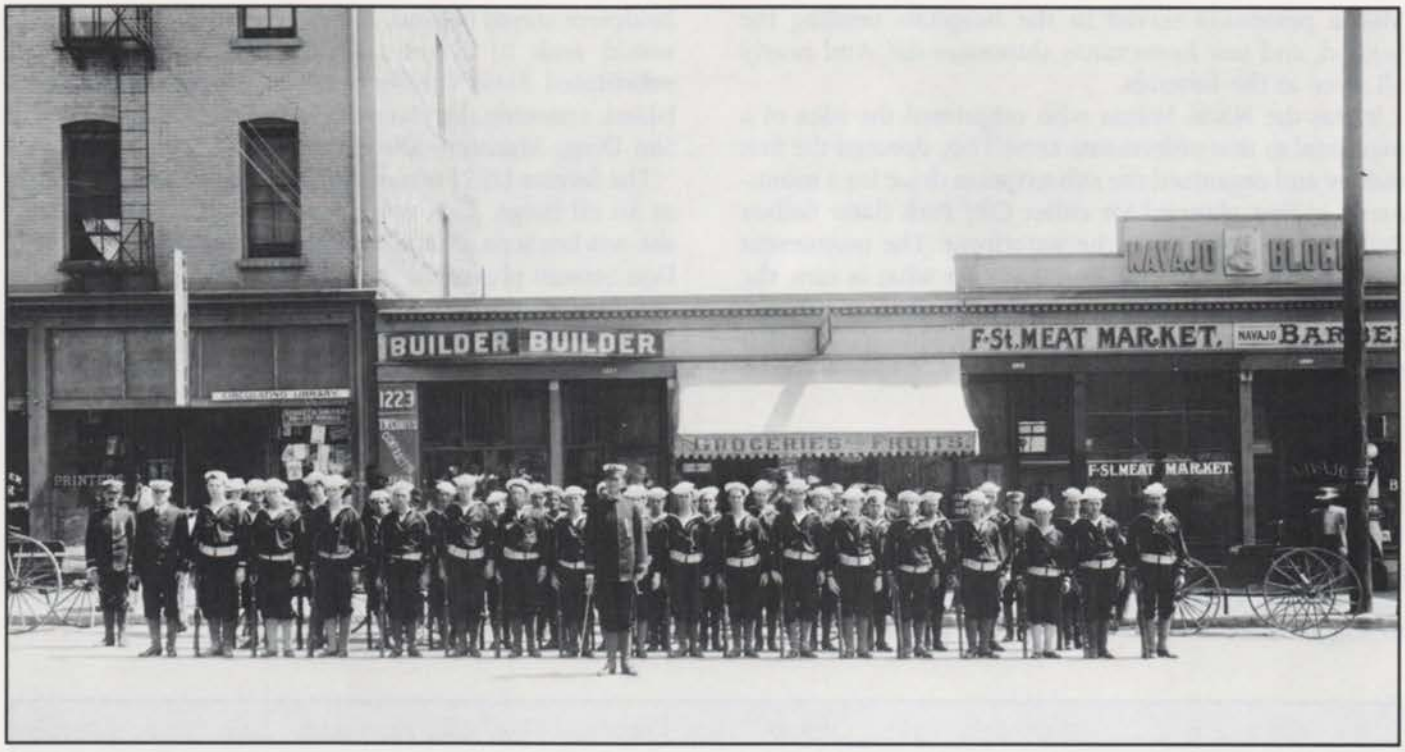
A day later (manpower delays) PINTA, supported in a 300-foot cradle, was hauled up by the 60-horsepower steam engine on 20 double-flanged cast iron wheels. They scraped and painted her; no work was done on her boiler. She stayed there the rest of the month, and on the 19th PINTA again embarrassed her crew when Tom Nerney, now a full commander, came to inspect the Third Division. They were obliged to stand in ranks in their civvies. Their uniforms were across the bay, aboard PINTA at North Island. Nerney later inspected the ship, and told the papers that the Naval Militia was hopeful of a future national Naval Reserve being formed, and that there would be another ship available in August or September. The news on the 26th was that Adjutant General Seamans was willing to acknowledge the Naval Militia's demands for PINTA's machinery repairs. But no other money was released. On July 1, she came off the ways, and was towed back to the Steamship Wharf.

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A four-day 4th of July celebration had been planned by the city for weeks. Included in the plans was a huge bayfront water carnival, to be presided over by a local beauty elected Queen, with a sham naval battle—a reenactment of the Battle of Manila Bay. Mayor F. P. Frary conferred by phone with Navy Secretary Long about getting USS RANGER (an 1876 screw steamer) to participate, and the



*Lt. Don Stewart leads a detachment of the Naval Militia in a Decoration Day parade in San Diego about 1904, followed by members of the Grand Army of the Republic, a Civil War veterans organization. Stewart put his men in parades whenever he could, to stimulate public awareness about naval preparedness.* *SDMM file photo*




*Lt. Stewart and his men muster in front of the Navajo Block on F Street, about 1910.* *SDMM file photo*

news of the Secretary's approval was joyfully announced in the TRIBUNE on June 25. RANGER, at anchor, would play the role of Dewey's flagship OLYMPIA, while PINTA would be REINA CRISTINA, Don Patricio Montojo's Spanish flagship. Other vessels would also take part.

On the 4th, spectators converged about the Santa Fe Wharf in astounding numbers. Seats on the wharves sold out quickly. At 8:15 p.m. the Queen arrived at her barge, which was then seen lighted and decorated to the astonishment of all. Then the fireworks began, and boats of all kinds wandered about in nothing approaching the organized parade order as planned. The *Tribune* reporter wrote: "On board the press boat it was impossible to learn of any arrangements which would lead to the boats falling in line, and after a cruise or two about the bay . . . it was decided to go ashore, get some ammunition and attack the enemy, supposed to be on the *Pinta,* single handed."

The "spirited" celebration involved a lot of minor bumps and scrapes, as apparently tipsy ladies and gentlemen sought to enter the thick of the fight, "and an effort was made to butt everything that floated off the bay, including the Queen's barge." The Queen made a dignified retirement.

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On July 9, PINTA was towed to Coronado's commercial wharf, with $3,000 to spend on retubing her after boiler and other engine repairs. The Third Division moved the unit's files and equipment back to the armory at 8th and H streets. The ship remained in Coronado through July 21.

By 1904, PINTA's value even as a Naval Militia armory must have been vastly diminished. She was virtually a landmark at the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's wharf. The Naval Militia were fortunate when Ensign Don Stewart was elected Lieutenant and assumed command of PINTA. Stewart was a tall, dignified disciplinarian who made quite a name for himself. (He later served the city as postmaster and treasurer.) Stewart had the unit move their files and equipment to spaces in Santa Fe Hall, at the southwest corner of 4th and C streets—never a fully satisfactory change. He concentrated on the landing party aspects of naval training, marching the unit in annual parades. He involved them in the Lipton Cup challenge of 1905. He cheered up his men and shook the regular Navy boat crews out of their complacency by regularly beating them with the USS HARTFORD gig. And he waited for PINTA's end to come.

In 1905, Lt. Stewart heard that the cutter from an old iron gunboat, USS ALERT, had been declared excess. He asked that the Naval Militia take it over. Stewart was then a clerk with the Pacific Coast Steamship line, and on one of their ships, the SANTA ROSA, the ALERT's cutter came to San Diego.

On July 21, 1905, the city was stunned by the explosion of the gunboat BENNINGTON in the bay, and not alone because of the horrendous death toll, injuries and destruction. Many Naval Militia hands remembered the friendly reception they'd gotten aboard her back in August of 1896. BENNINGTON had visited San Diego in February and March 1905. The militiamen had taken part in her drills and evolutions, and become familiar with her engines, boilers and people. Expecting to board her again and resume where they had left off, they were shocked. Many Naval

Militia personnel served in the hospitals tending the injured, and saw BENNINGTON shipmates die. And nearly all were at the funerals.

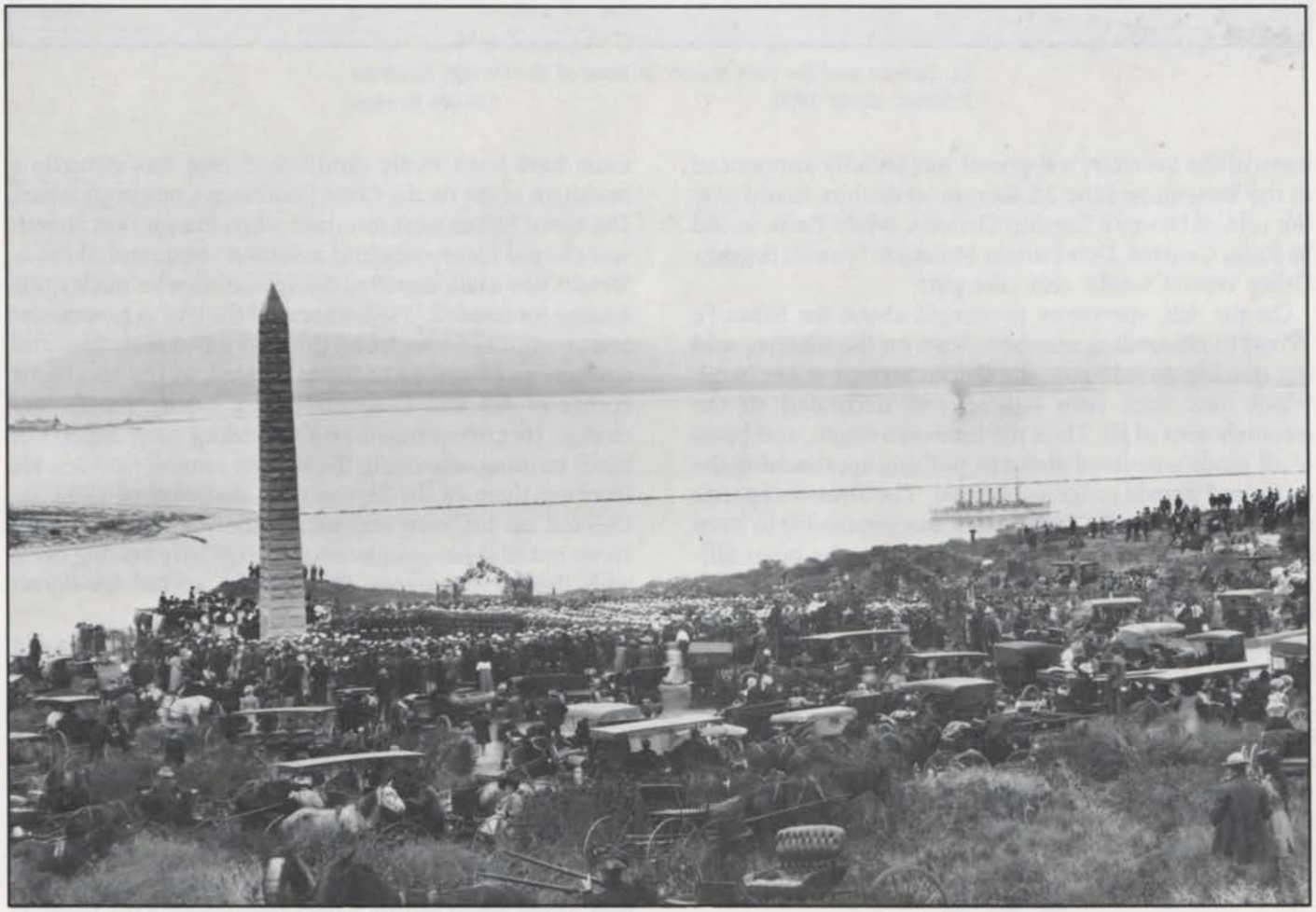
It was the Naval Militia who originated the idea of a memorial to that unfortunate crew. They donated the first money and organized the subscription drive for a monument, at first planned for either City Park (later Balboa Park) or somewhere on the waterfront. The monument eventually raised at Fort Rosecrans, in what is now the National Cemetery there, is the result of their devoted crusade, and memorializes the Naval Militia's heartfelt fellowship.

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The collier USS SATURN (AG-4) visited San Diego in March 1906. According to Stewart, PINTA was towed by SATURN to Mare Island for disposal. The old, fourth-rate gunboat was struck from the Navy Register on January 2, 1908, after 44 years of checkered service. Stewart seems to suggest that her two Gatling guns and a one-pound fieldpiece stayed behind. And Stewart, knowing the Navy would seek to account for the boats aboard PINTA, substituted ALERT's leaky old boat for her run to Mare Island, retaining the HARTFORD gig, which is still with the San Diego Maritime Museum.

The former USS PINTA ended her days in San Francisco as an oil barge. This writer was told that there's where she was last seen around the end of World War II. In 1967, Don Stewart presented the San Diego Maritime Museum with her colors, her oft-patched commission pennant, a Naval Militia flag, and a pair of cutlasses which were issued to PINTA when she was commissioned. The cutlasses were on display aboard STAR OF INDIA for many years, and the HARTFORD gig may still be seen there.

(*Ed. Note:* Mr. Bencik's account will continue in further installments. His extensive bibliography will be published with the final installment. A retired naval officer, Mr. Bencik is a longtime Maritime Museum member and frequent contributor to *Mains'l Haul.*)



*The monument to the victims of the USS* BENNINGTON *disaster in 1905 was largely the result of Naval Militia efforts. In this image of the dedication ceremony, a U.S. Navy cruiser is anchored below the Fort Rosecrans hillside, and the Hotel del Coronado is visible in the left center distance.* *SDMM file photo*

# From the Helm

Now that 1993 is well behind us, we can look back on highlights like sailing the STAR OF INDIA twice while celebrating America's Finest City Week. We know that as a group, our volunteers, docents, board members, Museum membership, staff and crew put on an excellent show. On the down side, 1993 was a notable disappointment in terms of visitor attendance. We, along with theme parks, museums and other educational non-profit organizations throughout the country have indeed taken a hit from the lagging economy. Substantial belt-tightenings in the form of Museum budget reductions are being implemented to weather the storm.

In the meantime, we will continue to preserve and present our ships and exhibits in the best possible manner. We won't give up the ship(s).

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




*United States Senator Barbara Boxer inspects the Urban Corps of San Diego on board the* BERKELEY *in January. Urban Corps workers were also greeted by Museum Executive Director Ken Franke (right) and local officials.* *Photo by Joseph Ditler*

# The Cabin Bookrack: The Aubrey-Maturin Novels of Patrick O'Brian

During the Napoleonic wars, the British Royal Navy reached a pinnicle of efficiency and glory. Those long, hard years of standing off and on before the French ports, the occasional massive clashes like Camperdown and the Glorious First of June, and the sheer demands of life in the Age of Sail, all combined to forge a hard-bitten fleet of captains and crews, to whom sea-keeping and sea combat were first nature.

Nelson called such men his "Band of Brothers." They manned Mahan's "far-distant storm-beaten ships, upon which the Grand Army never looked, which stood between it and the dominion of the world."

Many writers of historical fiction have seized upon this era as fertile ground for tales of derring-do. There was C. S. Forester and his immortal Horatio Hornblower (the favorite light reading of Sir Winston Churchill, a "former naval person" himself), and more recently there have been series by Alexander Kent and Dudley Pope. Since 1970, a new contender has made a brilliant splash in this watery genre: Patrick O'Brian.

O'Brian's series of novels at first gained little attention, but have since grown into something of a cult. There is a Patrick O'Brian calendar for 1994, a Patrick O'Brian newsletter, and whole flotillas of ravenous Patrick O'Brian fans who eagerly await his next production. (Look for Hollywood to get into the act any day now.)

So what does this writer do, to win such a following? At first glance, his novels appear a bit musty: the language, especially dialogue, is archaic and arcane–a combination of eighteenth century slang and nautical terminology. Don't let this put you off. In order to enjoy such a novel, one must enter the world its characters inhabit. Just relax, and let O'Brian's vast piling-on of detail lead you back in time.

The first novel, *Master and Commander,* begins with the two leading characters, Jack Aubrey and Stephen Maturin, meeting at a musicale in 1800 and managing to irritate each other on first acquaintance. Like other great two-man teams, the two are opposites. Aubrey is the dashing naval officer scarred by life and battle, who hungers for prize money with an avidity equaled only by his yen for rank, glory and women. (He is in short a more robust Horatio Nelson, missing only an ear while Nelson was minus an arm.) Maturin is the eccentric philosopher, a

former Irish rebel who has made his peace with the British establishment, and who alternates between the roles of naval surgeon, amateur naturalist, and spy. Point of view shifts back and forth as the two become friends despite having little in common save a love of music (Stephen plays the cello, while Jack saws away at a fiddle).

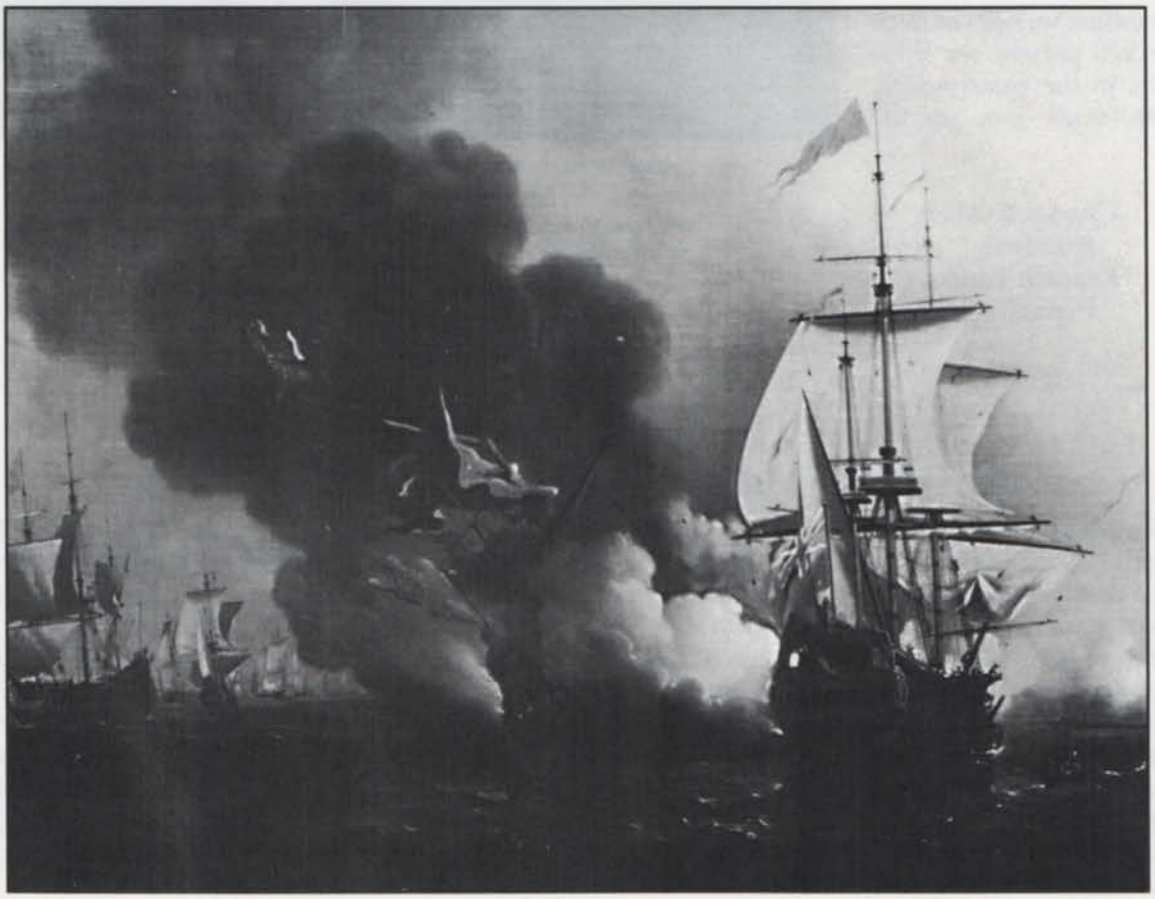
The naval battles and storms, stock features of such fiction, are here aplenty, but are well leavened by political intrigue, espionage, romances with various ladies for both Jack and Stephen, and Stephen's passionate attachment to such things as the order coleoptera and three-toed sloths.

O'Brian's knowledge of naval history during this period is remarkably complete, down to the smallest details of ship construction. The novels are highly educational in this regard, somewhat in the way that *Moby Dick* expands one's knowledge of whaling. Only one error has been noted by this writer: O'Brian several times refers to the British ship ORION exploding at the Battle of the Nile, whereas it was the French flagship ORIENT that was blown to atoms. ORION was indeed at the Nile, but survived to fight at Trafalgar.

The series runs to 15 novels in paperback, and the 16th, *The Wine-Dark Sea,* has just appeared in hardcover. It is urged that the reader attempt the novels in their numbered order, as later volumes often mention events in earlier ones. Be warned that the books are addictive, and once you finish the first one, you'll want to go on with the rest. If your bookseller doesn't carry a complete set, harangue him or her until the ones you want arrive. As Jack Aubrey would say, "There is not a moment to lose!"

(Special Note to Maritime Museum members: a single set of the Aubrey/Maturin novels is being accumulated by the MacMullen Library, but as they are usually checked out, you'll have to wait your turn. We may have to start a waiting list.)

–reviewed by Craig Arnold



*Patrick O'Brian's novels about eighteenth century naval action have won him a worldwide following. Here British and Spanish warships fight it out during the "Great Age of Sail."* *National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, U.K.*

# Library Log

As another year turns over, a number of projects are under way or nearing completion in the Jerry MacMullen Library.

The Master Ship Index is now virtually complete. This file is a finder's aid for researchers seeking data on various ships throughout our library. After many years of labor, 18,200 ships of all types and all flags are indexed alphabetically by name. The index tells researchers where to find books, photos, ship plans, memorabilia, correspondence, magazine and newspaper articles, and any other material we have on a particular vessel. It is a fast and useful tool.

Our next step is to load this card file into computer files, while the cards are kept for backup.

In other areas, our photo collection now numbers 10,159 prints, a substantial number of these with negatives, while our books and bound volumes total over 5,000. These figures do not include the large quantities of material in storage, waiting to be cataloged. Some 140 maritime journal titles are carried, along with large files of news clippings, correspondence, memorabilia, ship plans, postcards, marine art, ships' logs, diaries and charts.

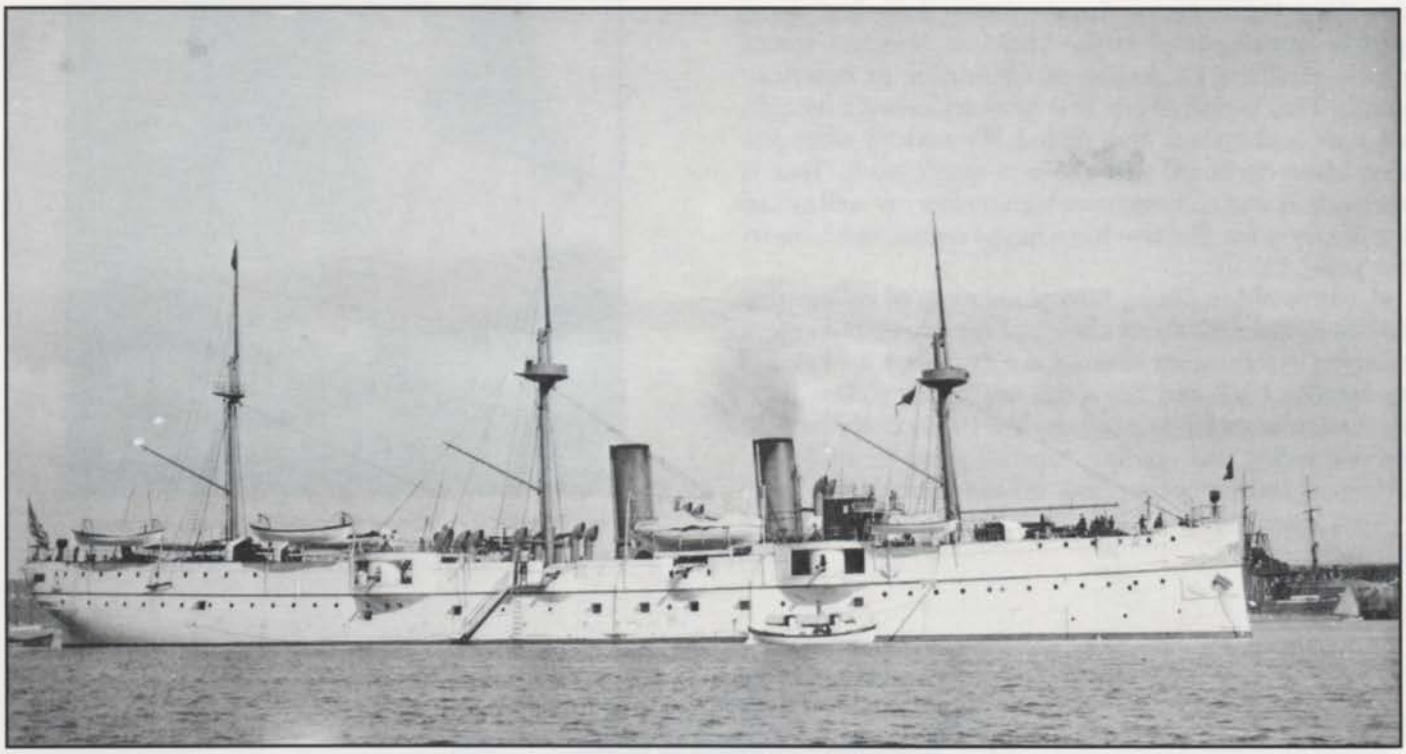
It's a lot to keep in hand. The collections of the Jerry MacMullen Library are irreplaceable–at any price. They are of immense value to the thousands of researchers we assist in person and by telephone, mail and fax each year.

The MacMullen Library has two critical needs for the near future: (1) A safer housing for the library in a shore facility, and (2) more room to expand. The former need is dependent on action originating with the Unified Port District. A move ashore would solve a host of problems for the Museum–not least of which is a less precarious place to house its archives. The second need is of course tied in with the first. We have reached the limit of expansion on board the good old BERKELEY, and further growth must come elsewhere.

The publications created in the library are doing well. *Mains'l Haul,* our historical journal, although subjected to budget cuts along with much else, continues to receive a good response from members. The book *Euterpe,* a history of *Star of India's* early days, has just sold out its first printing. The reprints of Jerry MacMullen's classics, *They Came by Sea* and *Star of India: The Log of an Iron Ship,* continue to sell steadily. A new book, *Medea: The Classic Steam Yacht,* is completed and going to press. Books make money for the Museum, along with achieving our goal of being an educational institution.

A museum's basic task is to educate the public in its chosen field–in our case, maritime history. A library is an essential arm of any museum for accomplishing this task. We thank all those who've given books, labor, time, money–and most of all, an intelligent sense of purpose–to the Jerry MacMullen Library. Because of you, maritime history will continue to be taught, enriching countless lives.

–Craig Arnold, Librarian



*This fine view of the old protected cruiser USS* SAN FRANCISCO *at San Diego is typical of the donations of historical documents cascading into the MacMullen Library. The image, printed as a carte de visite by "Loring's H St. Book Store," dates from c. 1891.*
*SDMM file photo*

# Star of India Auxiliary

1993 has been a most prosperous year for the Auxiliary. We have had more fund raisers this past year than ever. Added to our usual luncheons, we had the Star Sail Breakfast, Game Day, and a huge Holiday Bazaar. Our Parade of Lights Party was most successful. But our biggest fund raiser will be coming up on April 23-24. It's the ANNUAL RUMMAGE SALE! We hope all Auxiliary and Maritime Museum members, plus friends and families, plan to attend. From all indications of the rummage we have been receiving, this should be the biggest Rummage Sale we have ever had.

The last fund raiser during my term of office will be a Shipwreck Party to be held on the BERKELEY on April 29. The code of dress for a Shipwreck Party is to come dressed as you were when the ship went down! Why not come on down to the Rummage Sale and get something really crazy to wear to this fun party!

I am very proud of the dedication the Auxiliary members have shown during these past eight months. Every project has been received with enthusiasm and carried out in a most professional way. We do know how to raise money for the support of the Maritime Museum!

–Rita J. Greig,
Auxiliary President

# Volunteer of the Quarter

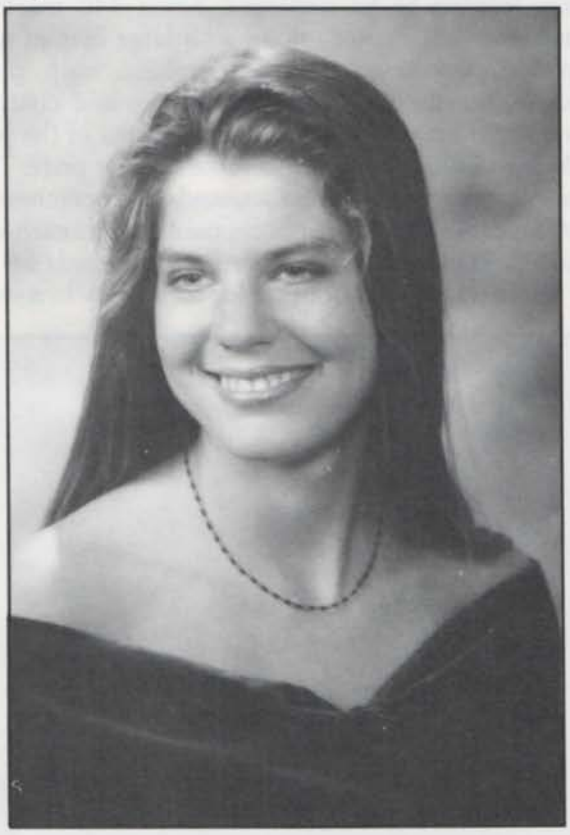
Our Volunteer of the Quarter for Winter 1994 is Ms. Tina Fogacci.

Tina is in her senior year at San Diego High School and volunteers in the Jerry MacMullen Library one day a week after class. Thanks to Tina and other volunteers, the update of our Master Ship Index is nearly finished and our next step will be putting it into computer files.

Tina first came to our Museum last summer when she volunteered for a special program called "Summer of Service," in which she worked with young members of the San Diego Urban Corps. Anyone seeing these fine young people working hard at the Maritime Museum would surely experience a feeling of confidence in American youth. Tina is one of our best workers–always reliable, on time, and increasingly skilled. We noticed when she first came on board that she is a quick study. Tina is meticulous and consistent–which makes her well suited for library work. She also has a happy nature and a cheerful smile for all.

A native of San Diego, Tina plans to go to college this fall. She's not sure about choice of career yet, but enjoys working in a museum atmosphere. At school she belongs to Spanish Club and Key Club, and outside class finds time to volunteer at Mercy Hospital. Her hobbies include bicycle riding and reading, especially mysteries. She is bilingual and enjoys art and "all kinds of music."

Tina, thank you for all your help at the Maritime Museum.



*Tina Fogacci, our Winter 1994 Volunteer of the Quarter.*
*Photo courtesy of Miss Fogacci*



# Development Report

Our ambitious campaign in New Zealand to locate descendants of emigrants who sailed in EUTERPE (now STAR OF INDIA) has yielded more than we expected.

The contest winners, Janice Bonnett and Malcolm Francis, have become our beacons in the night down under, promoting research on EUTERPE's past in that island nation. We have learned much about our ship's history since the 1993 sailings, thanks to our friendship with the Bonnett and Francis families.

Recently Kingsley McLaren of KFSD radio (the San Diego classical music station) returned to his home in New Zealand to visit family. He called before his departure and asked if there was anything he could do to promote our efforts to locate "lost" artifacts of the EUTERPE. Of course we accepted his help.

Over a two-week period, Kingsley promoted our Museum tirelessly at a number of cities in New Zealand, meeting with the press and handing out information on the former EUTERPE.

Our New Zealand campaign quickly produced results. One call came from Maurice Hines of Redcliffs. He has a sea chest from EUTERPE that contains a ship in a bottle (of EUTERPE, carved by the crew in the 1870s), and an oil painting of the ship–given to his great uncle as a young boy traveling from England to New Zealand aboard EUTERPE.

We have asked the Hines family to donate or loan the ship in a bottle to our Museum for display. They are holding a family conference to decide.

Monty Claxton of Christchurch has sent us a Victorian silver sugar bowl, and requests in return that we let readers know of his bed and breakfast inn, called Cashmere House on the Hill, in Christchurch. The sugar bowl, upon examination, was from another New Zealand emigrant ship of the same period, coincidentally called STAR OF INDIA. Yet it has great historical value to us, and will become a cherished part of our collection.

–Joseph Ditler
Development Director

# Curator's Corner

Thanks are due this issue to the Star of India Auxiliary and two local elementary schools. The traditional tree in the STAR OF INDIA's 'tween deck was decorated by Curatorial Assistants of the Auxiliary with assistance from Marje Acker and Barbara Stiers. The tree ornaments were made by the 5th grade class of Mrs. Perreyclear's at Sunset View Elementary School and the 6th grade class of Mrs. Mary-Lou Allen at Penn Elementary School.

Readers of *Mains'l Haul* have had the opportunity to read the firsthand accounts in *The Euterpe Times* about the emigrants aboard the ship in the passage of 1879. Due to the Museum's budget adjustments, the quarterly installments have been suspended. Librarian Craig Arnold and I have discussed publishing a monograph of the 14 issues of this interesting shipboard newspaper. If funding becomes available, we will keep you informed.

In the pre-restoration days of the STAR, one of the few groups to take an interest in the old ship was the Sea Scouts. I am now trying to organize a reunion of former Sea Scouts associated with the STAR to share memories and rekindle friendships. If you were a Sea Scout or know of one, please contact me at 234-9153 for more details about the event. This will be held on the STAR on Sunday, March 13, at 3:30 p.m.

The push toward the 1995 America's Cup is under way. A syndicate or two will probably be sailing in San Diego waters soon. The racing promises to be challenging for all concerned, as we will see whether or not the "Old Mug" stays in San Diego.

Related to the above is the news that we have finished the America's Cup historic overview exhibits aboard the BERKELEY. Members and visitors can now trace the Cup's history from 1851 to the present. Further exhibits relating to the America's Cup are being considered as well.

–Dave Brierley, Curator



*Walt Jacobsen, ship's woodcarver in* STAR OF INDIA, *works on a new figurehead for the steam yacht* MEDEA. *The sculpture is based on photos of the original 1904 figurehead. Visitors may observe the "New Lady Medea" taking shape on the* STAR's *orlop deck below the main hatch.* *Photo by Joseph Ditler*

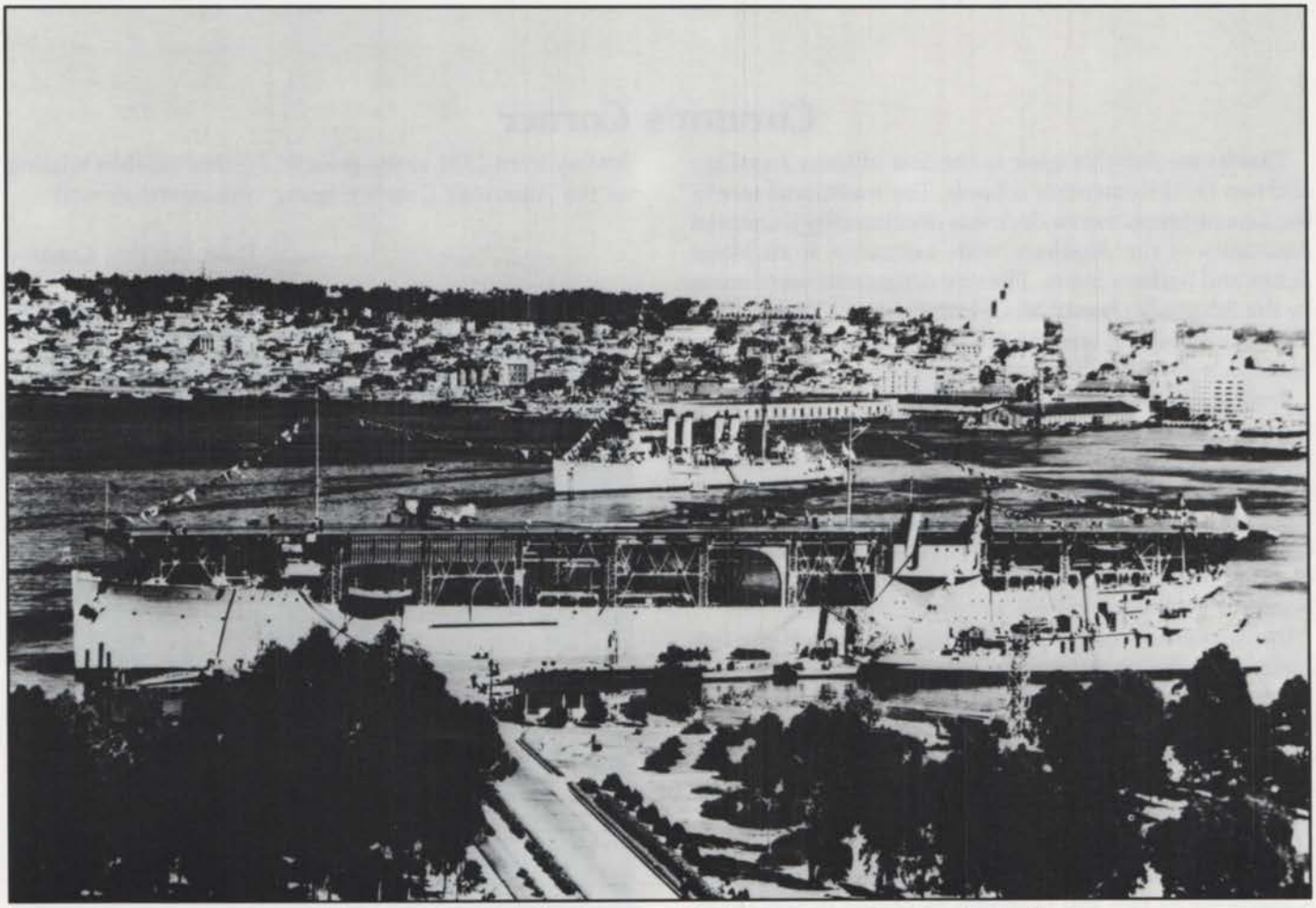
# Ship Model Shop

The first Western Ship Model Conference and Exhibit will be held on RMS QUEEN MARY in Long Beach on March 25-27, 1994. The conference is being hosted by the Ship Modelers Association of Fullerton and is open to the public. The hotel aboard ship is offering reduced rates to participants. I will be speaking on Saturday, March 26, on the ships of our Museum. For further information and conference registration forms, please contact the Ship Modelers Association c/o Allan S. Ammbruso, 16956 Sierra Vista Way, Cerritos, CA 90701. Telephone (310) 926-8376. If you have a burgeoning interest in ship models, this will be entertaining.

In Model Shop news, there has been a great deal of progress made on Joe Bompensiero's LANGLEY (CV-1). We are still looking for a sponsor to help defray the costs of what is turning out to be a monumental task. Bob Cunningham is now outfitting the decks of the Alaska Packers period STAR OF INDIA and I must say that we have both had a challenge and a lot of fun discovering all of the many exterior changes to her over the years, from the extended poop deck to the head and galley in the fo'c'sle area.

The progress made by Bob has caused some rethinking of the placement of our other two models in the set. Dr. William Brown's EUTERPE and Lionel Meeker's model of the present STAR OF INDIA will be moved to the STAR 'tween decks and the space vacated by them in front of the model shop will be taken by a 12-foot brass model of USS BAINBRIDGE (CGN-25), on loan to us from the Navy's model shop on Point Loma. Jack Klein, Chuck Hill and Suzanne Levonian continue to progress on their projects. Finally, with the end of my tenure as Guildmaster of the San Diego Ship Modelers Guild, I hope to see more involvement by that group in the Museum and the Model Shop.

–Robert Crawford,
Curator of Ship Models



*The primitive aircraft carrier USS* LANGLEY *(CV-1) is moored at North Island in this c. 1930 view of San Diego Bay looking east. Anchored beyond the carrier is an* OMAHA*-class light cruiser. The skyline in the background is dominated by the trees of Balboa Park. Note the hull of a former collier beneath the carrier's flight deck;* LANGLEY*'s original name was USS* JUPITER*, and, as a collier, she was a sister ship to the doomed USS* CYCLOPS*, detailed elsewhere in this issue.*

*SDMM file photo*

# Mail Bag

Editor:

I am in the process of researching and writing a biography of marine painter Charles Robert Patterson (1878–1958). Since Patterson spent so much time on the west coast, I am hoping that some among your membership may be in possession of correspondence, photographs, or other information relating to him, or perhaps own one or more of his paintings.

I would welcome correspondence from anyone with an interest in Patterson's work, and from those who own his art.

Robert L. Webb, Curator
Maine Maritime Museum
Bath, Maine

(*Ed. Note:* Readers able to help Mr. Webb may correspond with him via the Jerry MacMullen Library.)

Editor:

Thanks very much for the article, "The Steel Electrics: Ferries that Refuse to Die" appearing in the spring and summer 1993 issues of *Mains'l Haul,* written by John C. Richards.

We have spent the past dozen summers in Port Townsend, Washington, and always manage to make at least one trip on whichever Steel Electric is running the route. For the past few years, the KLICKITAT has been the principal boat on the run with the ILLAHEE serving as the second boat during busy summer months.

I do take exception to the author's statement that the KLICKITAT has been turned into a poor vessel. I do not mind at all taking an invigorating walk about the weather deck, breathing in the salty Puget Sound air to get to the outside viewing shelters.

W. M. Scott
San Diego, California

(*Ed. Note:* Thanks for the comments. You may be interested to learn that Mr. Richards has just written an article for us on "The Wooden-Electrics." We'll be running it soon.)

Editor:

Your last issue of *Mains'l Haul* is exceptional. Congratulations!

I especially enjoyed the articles "Panama Line Trio" by Richard W. Tatelman, and "Tales of the Waterfront: Spars, Canvas and Legends" by Winn J. Bagley. Please say hello to Mr. Bagley for me. Both of us worked for Global Marine in times past.

Jim Higman
Santa Barbara, California

Editor:

Thank you so much for the wonderful article ["Library Log"] in the fall *Mains'l Haul.* My husband and I did enjoy reading it. You have eloquently expressed our exact viewpoint, and I'm sure it will be warmly received by the other Museum members.

We have belonged to the Maritime Museum for more than 20 years, and have done a great deal of sailing, first on Long Island Sound, later on Lake Ontario, and then on San Diego Bay. I lead a Great Books discussion group at UCSD, in a program for retired people called the Institute for Continued Learning. The members are all keenly aware of the value of libraries, and of all books.

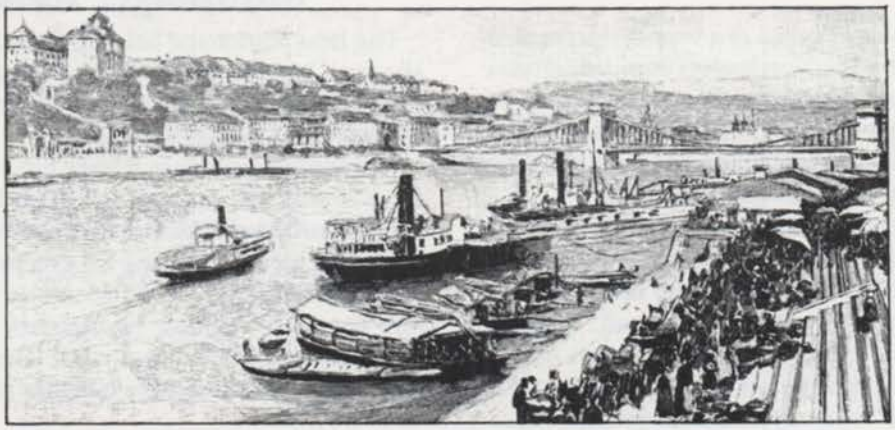
Best wishes for continued good work in the New Year.

Ruth G. Cohen
San Diego, California

Editor:

Many thanks for the last issue of *Mains'l Haul.* My husband Doug and I enjoy the magazine so very much – we especially liked the article, "Our Euterpe Ancestors" by Janice Bonnett and Malcolm Francis.

Dr. Elaine Dolan Brown, Ph.D.
Center for General Studies, English
New York Institute of Technology
Old Westbury, Long Island, New York



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



*The sailing replica of the 1788 brig* LADY WASHINGTON *was tied up next to our 1898 ferryboat* BERKELEY this winter.
Photo by Dave Brierley

## A Visit from *Lady Washington*

In late January and early February, the Maritime Museum played host to the brig LADY WASHINGTON, visiting balmy Southern California from her home port of Aberdeen, Washington.

The LADY WASHINGTON is a replica of a vessel which sailed into the waters of the Pacific Northwest (then sometimes called "The Outer Coast") in the spring of 1788. One of the first American ships to reach the west coast, she was one of two vessels under the command of Captain Robert Gray–the other being the COLUMBIA REDIVIVA.

Gray's task was to explore a trade route between the newly independent United States of America and the Orient. The expedition also established the basis for American territorial claims to the ill-defined "Oregon Country"–then a bone of contention between Great Britain, czarist Russia, and the infant U.S.A. This vast area, rich in furs, timber and minerals, later became the states of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, along with the southern portion of the Canadian province of British Columbia.

After this important role, the LADY WASHINGTON became the first American vessel to make landfall in Japan, under the command of Captain John Kendrick.

This 170-ton sailing replica of a typical brig of the period was launched in March 1989. The official "Tall Ship Ambassador" for Washington State, she is owned and operated by the Grays Harbor Historical Seaport with the purpose of providing educational programs for schools and the general public.

Under the aegis of the Historical Seaport, the LADY WASHINGTON offers traditional sail training, day sails, and extended voyages. Team building and living history programs are available on both LADY WASHINGTON and the two 26-foot longboats operated by the Seaport, the HEWITT R. JACKSON and the CAPT. MATT PEASLEY.

Highlight of the LADY WASHINGTON'S visit to the Maritime Museum was a short cruise under sail around San Diego Bay, with Museum staff as guests on board. With 12 sails and over 4400 square feet of canvas, she is indeed a handsome craft. An extra dimension is added by the artillery aboard the vessel, which includes a regular deck cannon and two swivel guns, or railing pieces. The deck gun was cast by an American foundry that originally made this type of cannon many years ago.

It was great fun to have the LADY WASHINGTON as our guest. For several days, her presence here provided visitors with a combination of eighteenth century ship technology (LADY WASHINGTON), mid-nineteenth century technology (STAR OF INDIA), and late nineteenth/early twentieth century technology (BERKELEY and MEDEA), all side-by-side.

We tip our hats to LADY WASHINGTON, our fellow tall ship, and wish her fair winds and following seas.

## Rummage, Rummage!

The best Rummage Sale in all of San Diego County is about to happen again. Don't miss this floating treasure trove of great bargains aboard the ferryboat BERKELEY on the weekend of April 23-24.

The Rummage Sale is always full of thousands of items for everyday use and special gifts. There are household goods, furniture, appliances, kitchenware, books, toys, and rack after rack of clothing for everyone from Uncle Harry to little Henrietta. All items are in excellent condition, and the prices cannot be matched anywhere.

So come on down, and come aboard our century-old ferryboat. You'll find more bargains afloat than ever before.



*Actors Chuck Bencik and Barbara Sarda will portray emigrants on board the* EUTERPE *during her voyage of 1879, in a series of Living History performances this year.*
*Photo by Joseph Ditler*

## Living History Performances

The two jolly-looking people in this picture are about to embark on a long voyage. The year is 1879, the place is the London docks, and they are about to board the good ship EUTERPE for an epic journey to New Zealand.

For the next four months, their adventures on the high seas, as they brave the perilous passage amidst howling gales and icebergs, will be the basis for memories none will ever forget. Out of the English Channel they will sail, across the wild Bay of Biscay, and down the North Atlantic to the equator, where a traditional "Crossing the Line" ceremony will usher them into the southern hemisphere. From there they will round the Cape of Good Hope and stand eastward in the Roaring Forties, across the bleak and cold Southern Ocean, until finally the Southern Alps of New Zealand beckon them to their new-found land.

The stout iron ship EUTERPE will get them to their destination safely, never fear. However, it will be a trip filled with peril and drama, as well as happy times of good fellowship among the stout-hearted emigrants.

Through the medium of acting, the San Diego Maritime Museum will bring this great story to life. San Diego actors Chuck Bencik and Barbara Sarda will portray British passengers in the ship in a special "Living History" engagement on board. The performances are now in the rehearsal stage, and all indications are that we have an 1879 hit on our hands.

Mr. Bencik has previously performed with the San Diego Light Opera Company, most recently in such musicals as *Oklahoma!* and *H.M.S. Pinafore.* He has been a Maritime Museum volunteer and docent for a number of years. Ms. Sarda is also a veteran of our docent program, and a valued aide in our Development Department.

We anticipate a first-rate performance as the actors roam the EUTERPE (now the STAR OF INDIA), and invite all readers to watch our "emigrants" in action. Further details will be forthcoming soon in Maritime Museum publications.

## Special Appeal to Members

The San Diego Maritime Museum stands in need of your support as never before. Due to a sluggish Southern California economy, our revenues for 1993 lagged far behind what is needed to keep the STAR OF INDIA, BERKELEY and MEDEA in tiptop condition as the best-preserved historic ships in the country.

A number of ongoing Maritime Museum programs also depend on your assistance. Our educational programs, new exhibits, and publications all rely on the support of our fellow citizens to continue our mission of education.

The generosity of our members has always been a vital factor in keeping the Museum afloat in the past. San Diegans and others who have thrilled to the sight of STAR OF INDIA sailing the open sea have always responded to our need for funding. Now the old ships' need is increasingly critical. Please remember that the Maritime Museum receives very little governmental support. We ask all of you to come to the assistance of these gallant old ships and the Museum, so that our efforts to preserve and teach maritime history can go on.

Your check made out to "Maritime Museum" and mailed to 1306 North Harbor Drive, San Diego, CA 92101, will help ensure that our world-famous vessels sail on into happier times. Thank you.

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

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

**MARCH**

2: Auxiliary Board Meeting

13: Sea Scouts Reunion, 3:30 p.m., STAR OF INDIA.

16: Auxiliary General Meeting

23: Membership Program. Social hour, 7 p.m., meeting, 7:30 p.m.

**APRIL**

23-24: GIANT RUMMAGE SALE, BERKELEY upper deck, both days. DON'T MISS THE GREATEST BARGAINS AFLOAT!!

28: Maritime Research Society meeting, STAR orlop, 6 p.m.

29: Shipwreck Party, BERKELEY, 5:30 p.m.

**MAY**

4: Auxiliary Board Meeting

18: Auxiliary General Meeting

25: Membership Program. Social hour, 7 p.m., meeting, 7:30 p.m.

30: Memorial Day


**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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Craig Arnold, *Editor*



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# MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 30, NO. 3 A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY SPRING 1994







**On the cover . . .** *Major William Macalister Hall, first owner of our steam yacht* MEDEA, *poses in dress uniform about 1930. His decorations include the South Africa Medal with three clasps (for Boer War service), the Mons Star for the early days of the First World War, and two service medals for the latter conflict. A book entitled* Medea: The Classic Steam Yacht *will be published by the Maritime Museum this month. To order a copy, please call (619) 234-9153.*

*Photo courtesy of the Macalister Halls*

# MAINS'L HAUL

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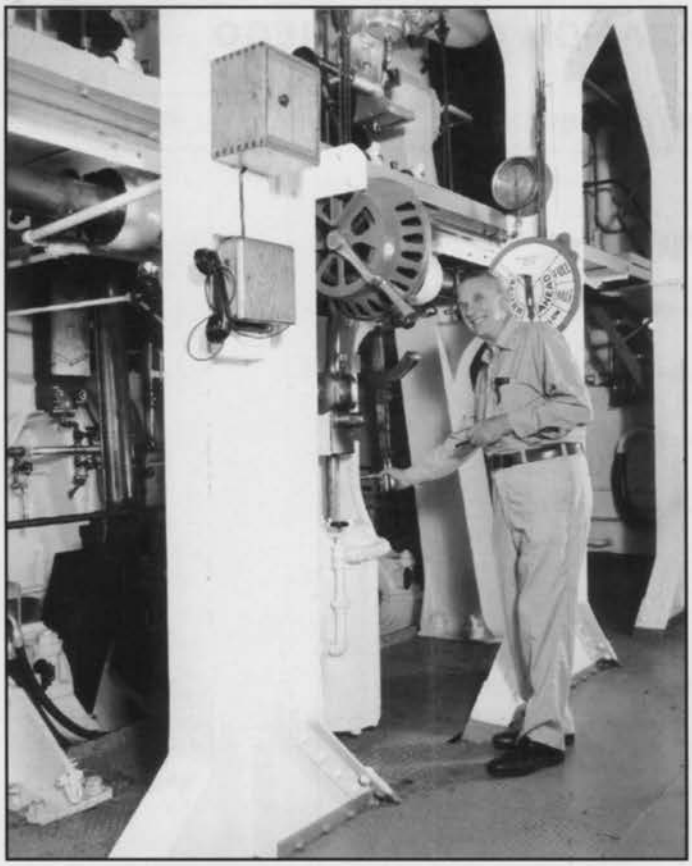
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Craig Arnold, Editor

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# Steam Engines in the San Diego Maritime Museum

*By Robert Crawford*



*Museum Senior Engineer C. Edward Paxton at the throttle of* BERKELEY'S *triple-expansion steam engine. The engine is open for public viewing and is operated daily.* *SDMM file photo*

The San Diego Maritime Museum presently has three large vessels in its collection and each of them has a colorful steam engineering history.

In STAR OF INDIA'S existence, there have been just two installations of steam equipment. The first, during her period as an emigrant ship under the name EUTERPE, we know very little about other than a couple of references to an "Engineer" who maintained a drinking water condenser for the emigrants, crew and livestock. Some of her voyages from England to New Zealand during this period could take up to 143 days and with as many as 409 emigrants, 30 crew, and numerous livestock aboard, the demand for fresh water could be very great. Aside from the fact that EUTERPE had such a condenser, very little else is known about it—except that it once took off one of the Engineer's fingers. On another occasion, when the condenser had broken down, the ship put into Simonstown, South Africa, to have it repaired by the Chief Engineer of HMS SHIREWATER.

The other application of steam we know a little more about. When the Alaska Packers purchased EUTERPE, they made two major changes to her. One was to modify her rig from a ship rig to a bark rig. The other major change was to install a Murray Brothers donkey boiler 40" x 34" (73 tubes and 32" grates), engine 6" x 10", and condenser. The donkey engine was used for such tasks as raising the anchor, cargo handling and hoisting the yards. Aside from the foregoing sketchy data and some fuzzy photographs we have very little real information. Someday, we hope to reintroduce a steam plant to the deckhouse. If you have any information on such machinery, we would be happy to hear from you.

The second of our large vessels is the San Francisco Bay ferry BERKELEY, built in 1898 at the Union Iron Works in San Francisco. BERKELEY was the second ferry on the west coast to be propelled by propellers. She has a triple expansion, steam reversing, reciprocating steam engine (22" x 34" x 56" x 42") with a box guide for the cross heads and metallic packing, all of which produced 1450 horsepower at 165 lbs. PSI.

BERKELEY was owned and operated by the Southern Pacific Railroad, so there is a definite influence of the railroad on the engine and boiler rooms. Originally outfitted with two coal-fired double-ended (furnaces at each end) scotch boilers, she was converted to oil in 1904 and the two scotch boilers were replaced by four Babcock and Wilcox water tube, express type boilers in 1924. Currently, the main engine is turned over using a small hydraulic motor on the jacking gear. There were 8' x 14' pitch screws at each end of the nearly 280 ft. propeller shaft, which has now been cut just outside of each engine room bulkhead. Most of the auxiliaries now operate on compressed air, or in the case of the generators, the current flow has been reversed, allowing the generator motor to turn the steam engine electrically.

The auxiliaries in BERKELEY'S engine room consist of: (1) No. 1 generator, a 3600 RPM, Curtis 25 kw, 125 volt, 200 amp D.C. turbine engine driving a General Electric continuous wound, constant voltage generator; (2) No. 2 generator, a 400 RPM, 120 volt D.C. reciprocating engine in the engine casing above and astern of the main engine; (3) main circulating pump, a 6" x 5" centrifical pump with a 32" rotor; (4) condensate pump; (5) auxiliary seawater pump; (6) main boiler feedwater pump; (7) auxiliary feed pump; (8) bilge pump; (9) fresh water service pump; (10) lube oil service pump; and (11) air compressor.

We also have a single valve compound engine, a squirrel cage blower for heating and ventilating the passenger deck, and a Worthington fire pump in the engine room. In addition, there are two Worthington duplex fuel oil bunker pumps and heaters in the boiler room and two chain drive steering engines on the main deck below each pilot house, one of which still operates, while the other is in storage along with a forced-draft blower.

Many of the "auxiliary" engines in a steam plant are involved in the "steam cycle." Seagoing engineers learned very early that the use of corrosive salt water in marine boilers was extremely detrimental to their machines. Thus, the steam cycle evolved.

Once a boiler produces steam by heating pure and relatively inert fresh water, that steam is throttled into an engine where its energy is used to run the engine. The remaining steam is then condensed back into fresh water in the condenser, by passing the residual or exhaust vapor from the engine over tubes cooled by circulating seawater supplied by a circulating pump. The resulting condensate is then pumped to a hot well or filter by a condensate pump, where contaminates such as oil or minerals are removed—in the case of the hot well, by passing the water through lufah sponges. The feed pump takes the clean fresh water and pumps it back into the boiler, where it is heated back into steam. Other elements may contribute to the cycle (e.g., evaporators, make-up feed water from a separate tank, de-airators, pre-heaters or economizers, etc.), but basically, the steam cycle is one of the very earliest examples of a recycling program.

After BERKELEY joined the Maritime Museum in 1973, her engines were modified to operate on air, electric and/or hydraulic power. The engine room was chipped of all paint and re-painted in late 1978; it was opened to the public in the summer of 1979. The boiler room was similarly restored in the mid-1980s. The engine and boiler rooms, as well as both bunkers, are open to the public for viewing today. The operation of the massive triple-expansion engine is demonstrated daily, and clever simulation techniques employed in the boiler room give visitors the "feel" of oldtime boilers in operation.

Our third vessel is the 140-foot steam yacht MEDEA, built in Linthouse, Scotland. MEDEA is powered with a scotch boiler, converted to light oil from coal in 1964, and a 254-horsepower compound steam engine 12" x 24" x 12". The engine supplies all pumping requirements by having a 2" bilge pump, 2" feed water (condensate) pump, 9" vacuum pump (air pump), and a 5" circulating pump attached, all of which operate from the L.P. cylinder via a rocker arm. All of the attached pumps have a 10" stroke. Auxiliary machinery consists of a French Labrodiere & Co. forced-draft blower, a Crompton Parkinson 600 RPM, 3 kw, 120 volt D.C. generator, a Dawson and Downie Ltd. general service pump (fire, bilge, cooling water for the condenser, emergency feed water pump), and a Dawson & Downie auxiliary feed water pump. There is also a Thomas Reid & Sons steam-powered 2-cylinder anchor windlass on MEDEA's fo'c's'le.

MEDEA is operational and currently steams monthly for invited guest cruises on San Diego Bay. She boasts a very nicely behaved engine requiring little more than 20 gallons of fuel an hour to propel her at a normal cruising speed of 10 1/2 knots.

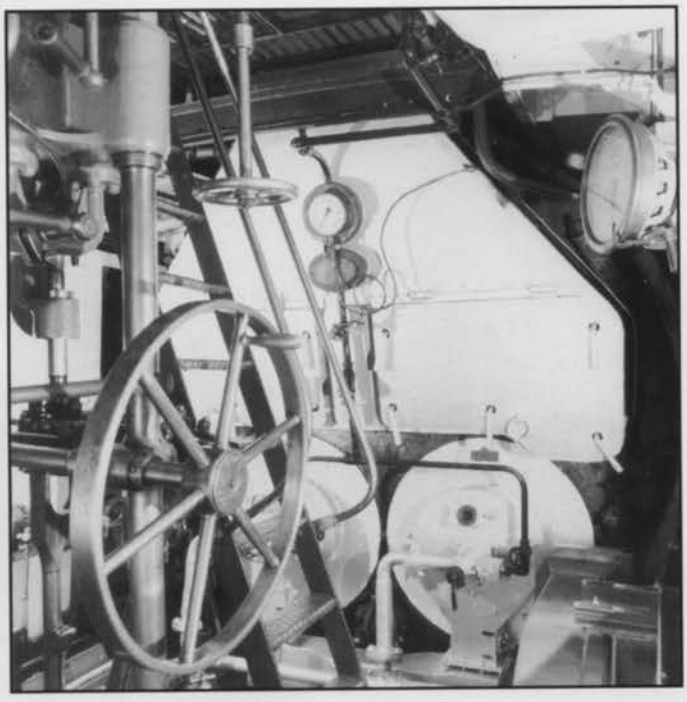
Following an extensive hull restoration project in 1990, and after nearly four more years in the water, MEDEA shows every sign of lasting well into the next century. (August 29, 1994, will mark her 90th birthday.)

While most of the physical labor of restoring and maintaining the engineering plants in our three vessels was done by the Museum staff and a few outside contractors, the lion's share of the credit for these wonderful exhibits has to go to Ed Paxton, our senior engineer, for his ingenuity, resources and drive. If not for Ed, BERKELEY's plant probably would not be open to the public and MEDEA would very likely no longer operate. We're very grateful to Ed for all that he has done.

The engineers involved with BERKELEY and MEDEA today are volunteers Mike Dreeves and Dave Kolthoff, and Museum crewmen Jim Davis, John Merrill, Louis Petronaci and myself.

We all enjoy operating the oldtime machinery and showing it off to visitors, as we do on MEDEA's harbor cruises. If any reader of *Mains'l Haul* has any additional information relating to our vessels and their machinery, I would appreciate hearing from you at (619) 234-9153.

(*Ed. Note:* Mr. Crawford is the Chief Engineer of S.Y. MEDEA and a veteran employee of the Maritime Museum. A prize-winning modeler as well, he is known to readers of *Mains'l Haul* as the author of "Ship Model Shop," a feature in each issue. Anyone having questions about steam engines or ship models is invited to contact Mr. Crawford at the Museum.)



*The steam yacht* MEDEA *boasts a splendid little compound steam engine and boiler. This view looks forward at the boiler, with the engine room telegraph at top right.*

*SDMM file photo*

# The San Diego Naval Militia

## PART 3

*By Charles A. Bencik*

The big stories in the San Diego newspapers on Wednesday, April 18, 1906 concerned the Russian czar's latest struggles with revolutionaries, the destruction being wrought by Mount Vesuvius in Italy, racial murders in Kansas, miners' riots in Johnstown and the deaths of French miners in Calais. And locally, a story had broken that would prove of great importance to the city's future. At a banquet in Coronado, Admiral Casper F. Goodrich, USN, announced that San Diego would be the site of the Navy's newest naval training station, if he had any say in it. This was certainly good news for San Diego's Third Division of the California Naval Militia.

But even as the printers were setting up their presses for the evening edition, a story was breaking that made all else pale into insignificance. The inexperienced militia sailors from San Diego would play an honorable part in it, prove their excellence and dedication, and earn the respect and admiration of California's leaders and common folk alike.

Death and destruction on a monstrous scale were visited upon San Francisco at 5:24 that morning by a huge, powerful earthquake (estimated to have been 8.25 on the Richter scale). The fires started by the quake were building to a ghastly crescendo. The evening edition of the *San Diego Tribune* was the first to carry the story on the 18th. On the morning of the 19th, the country opened its newspapers and reeled in shock, as the tally of famous and familiar buildings destroyed, the first casualty lists, and the awful details of the many fires and horrible deaths became known.

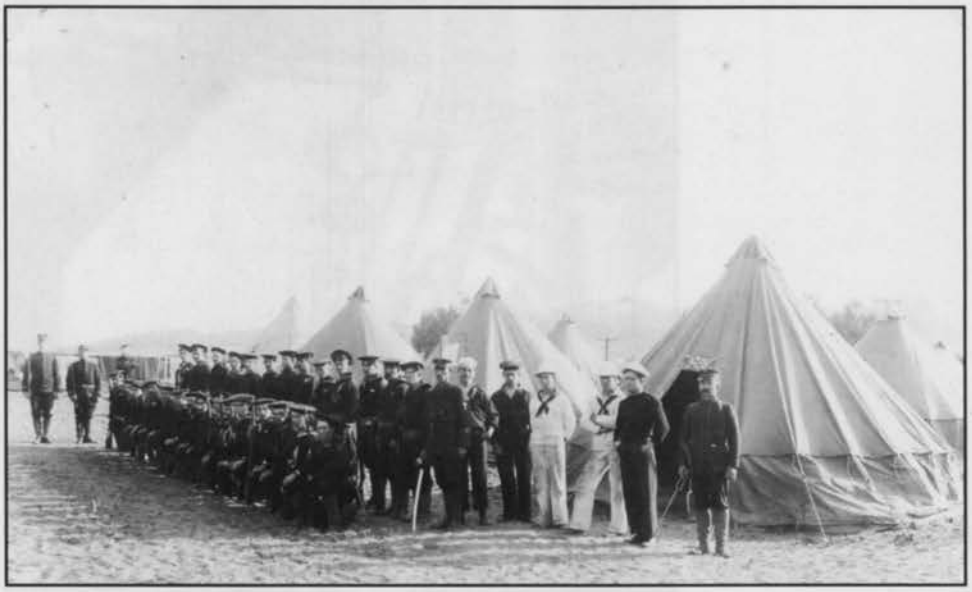
About 5 a.m. on the 18th, Admiral Goodrich had left San Diego with his squadron: the protected cruisers CHICAGO and BOSTON, the gunboat PRINCETON, and the revenue cutter MCCULLOCH. Twenty miles out at sea, his wireless operator reported an unsigned message received on the new American Deforest wireless equipment:

> "Earthquake at 5:24 a.m., San Francisco. Nearly de - molished city. Call Building is down, and Palace Hotel, both telegraph offices, Wells Fargo Building. All water pipes burst, city fire department helpless. City is in flames."

Goodrich acknowledged the message to the sender with the wireless set of his Pacific Squadron flagship CHICAGO, and ordered the cruiser MARBLEHEAD, still in San Diego, and the collier SATURN to head for San Francisco at all top speed.

With the same miraculous new electronic machines, San Diego Mayor John L. Sehon answered the admiral's request for a detailed description of the situation in San Francisco. The ships dropped anchor off Fort Mason in San Francisco Bay the next evening, ready to wade into the roiling disaster. Navy units from Vallejo and Mare Island were already in the struggle.

As refugees began streaming south on trains and ships, their stories were printed in breathless detail by all the papers. Almost immediately, San Diegans began summoning resources to aid their stricken brothers and sisters to the north. Ulysses S. Grant Jr. and others started a $25,000 fund for earthquake relief. Merchants began to donate food, clothing and building supplies.



*In 1906, following the San Francisco Earthquake, the San Diego Naval Militia rushed to the succor of their sister California city. This is their encampment south of Golden Gate Park.*

*San Diego Historical Society*

The chances of being ordered to San Francisco with the state militia forces must have been on the minds of San Diego's Third Division of the Naval Militia. At first, the destruction of communications and utilities had isolated Captain George W. Bauer, commander of the California Naval Militia, for some time in his San Francisco headquarters. But at 5 p.m. on Friday the 20th—two and a half days after the quake struck—Captain John M. Smith of San Diego's Company B, California National Guard, received an order to call up 35 guardsmen and 30 Naval Militia members for duty. At 7 p.m., the city's fire whistle sounded a recall signal for mobilization, summoning militiamen to their armories to assemble weapons, tents, mess gear and relief supplies. The militiamen assembled at Santa Fe Hall, the armory in the Marshall-Higgins block at 4th and C streets. Several new men were recruited to fill in for members excused for business and family hardships. The *Sun* listed 31 men scheduled to mobilize, including Lt. (j.g.) Don Stewart, Ensign J. Clyde Hizar, and Ensign John L. Parrish. (Parrish would one day be named chief of the city fire department.)

The newspapers said they were expected to serve without compensation.

It was a classic case of military "hurry up and wait"—for three more days. The *Sun* announced on Saturday, April 21, that Company B Army guardsmen "would probably go north" that day. At noon on the 23rd, movement orders finally came to proceed. The Naval Militia and guardsmen marched to the Santa Fe station, hoping that quartermasters in San Francisco had paid the Santa Fe line money for their tickets. (In fact, the railroads were carrying all supplies free, and giving the main lines to relief trains, letting crack limiteds wait on sidings.) When the special train arrived, the troops loaded their gear aboard. Finally, with a few days' rations of "corned bully and dog crackers" for each man, the "Owl" train headed north a half hour before midnight.

Spirits were high. They called their train "The Santa Fe Limited (limited to three miles an hour)" and "The Midnight Sneaker." Sleep was not to be had, and time was filled with fitful naps and horseplay.

They stopped in Los Angeles. Governor Pardee, in response to urgent pleas from San Francisco's Mayor Eugene Schmitz, had prevailed on the railroads to rush relief trains north on priority. The guardsmen and militiamen transferred to a 13-car Southern Pacific train. Lt. (j.g.) Stewart turned the command over to Ensign Hizar for some unknown reason, and left the train.

(The author is under the impression that Stewart left his men because of a mix-up in orders, and that he thought they were being sent to duty in Los Angeles. The matter remains unclear in the available documents. It is apparent, however, that Stewart did not rejoin the troops in San Francisco.)

Departing Los Angeles at 9 a.m. on Tuesday, the 24th, the train was sidetracked several times by relief trains headed south from San Francisco with refugees. At 8 a.m. on the 25th, over 200 men of the seven different divisions of the Naval Militia reached Oakland, the air filled with smoke from across the Bay, the streets chaotic. It was a full week since the great quake, but much was left to be done. The Seventh Division set up camp at Lincoln Park in Oakland. The San Diego contingent, loaded down with rations and camp equipment, boarded a ferry and headed to Jefferson Square in San Francisco. They reached the Ferry Building at 11 a.m. Lt. (j.g.) Ed Fletcher (a hustling businessman and real estate promoter who later became a state senator) was there as battalion paymaster. Fletcher later recalled in his memoirs:

> "Just as we formed ranks beside the Ferry Building and the command, 'Attention,' was given a tremendous earthquake shock impelled us forward and caused the entire Company to automatically move out from under the shelter without command."

Fletcher told of their encountering incredible scenes of desolation "such as none had ever seen before." The major conflagration was contained by then, but all about were piles of smoldering debris. Chinatown, all the theaters, all newspaper plants, the art quarter—all were gone. Some 490 city blocks—four square miles—of wood frame dwellings as well as "fireproof" business buildings were ashes and shells of blackened masonry. The Naval Militia Battalion's Commander Costerian led them on what was to be a three-mile march through the remains of the city center: from the Ferry Building south on Market Street as far as it was cleared, to Sutter Street. Then they turned west, and headed for California Street.

All the way down Sutter they clambered over debris and wreckage. "Words cannot describe the situation," Fletcher later reported. "Seeing not a building that had escaped the earthquake shock and fire, one and all of us said, 'It is the city of the dead!' . . ."

They passed the Fairmont Hotel, a Greek Revival masterpiece on the eastern side of Nob Hill, its marble walls blackened but still standing, its new interior gutted. Streets were everywhere blocked with piles of brick, charred wood, twisted steel and ironwork. It could as well have been a scene from the hell that is modern warfare. Amid the confusion of it all, at short intervals the ground and air rocked with explosions. Dynamite was being used to wreck unstable and unsafe walls. In several places, especially on lower Market, the street grade was raised and lowered several feet where the earthquake forces had left their twisting track: brick pavements folded and rolled like waves, cable car tracks heaved and twisted. There were cracks, slips and settling of soils where smooth pavement had been; buildings still standing leaned and twisted oddly.

Loaded with gear, sweating in the heat and breathing the fumes of fire and death rot, the Naval Militia learned en route that Jefferson Park was cluttered with refugees; they were now to head for 6th and J streets, south of Golden Gate Park, and seven miles from the Ferry Building.

> "We marched up California Street with debris fifteen and twenty feet deep in places in the streets from falling buildings ... The whole city was aflame east of Van Ness Avenue, buildings being dynamited everywhere and they were fortunate to stop the flames at Van Ness Avenue."

The earlier effort to create firebreaks by blowing up buildings in the path of the spreading fire was at first thought sensible and necessary, but ultimately it was realized to have been useless. Only the professional efforts of Navy explosives experts from Mare Island, clearing structures from the east side of Van Ness Avenue, a wide street, were found effective. And even then, buildings on the west side smoldered from the heat radiating from the east, and potential fires there had to be contained.

At 1:30 p.m., the militiamen finally reached militia headquarters and joined other units reporting to Captain Bauer. Shortly after the quake a week before, with three bakeries surviving, Bauer had set a detail of militiamen to baking 9,000 loaves of bread a day. A hearty lunch was thus to be had, and they proceeded to their duties. They made camp west of the Affiliated Colleges, on a slight elevation overlooking Golden Gate Park.

Lt. Fletcher proceeded with 20 men to seize several thousand feet of lumber to construct their camp. He kept a list of the amount, quality, and name of the owner, and turned the records over to headquarters, expecting payment to take place in due time. About 3 p.m. they again felt a severe shock, and tons of brick fell from a three-story building directly in back of the detail. None of the reservists were hurt, although one death and several injuries occurred elsewhere during this tremor. And "just before dark," Fletcher stated,

> "another earthquake shock came, first a rumble and then everything seemed to move. I saw two huge pillars fall out of a two story apartment house across the street. The noise was terrific, the fall of the wall of a four story apartment house behind me, the bricks landing within fifty feet of us and we were enveloped in lime dust."

For Ensign Parrish, who also was a hoseman with Engine 2 of the San Diego firefighters, this was all "old hat." Taking a detail of men, he went to fight a fire at "Octavia and Goff" (Gough?) streets, near the camp. They fought the blaze for 36 hours. Parrish later remembered how, because of the damage to the water mains, they had to haul 2,000 feet of 3 1/2 inch hose up a hill from a fireboat in the Bay to another blaze. Early in the emergency, the fireboat ACTIVE and the tug LESLIE steamed down from the Navy yard at Vallejo with several thousand feet of hose. At one time, there were 5,000 feet of hose going up Telegraph Hill from the waterfront, and salt water was being pumped up five hoses by the ships.

For a while, the Third Division sailors from San Diego were put on patrol along the borders of Golden Gate Park, where acres of dunes had been transformed into a restful garden spot. There the shivering, displaced families and individuals with their meager belongings lived, camped, or just passed the time in the fog and wind. Most had been forced out of their homes by the police, Army and National Guard until the fires could be put out. Many were determined not to return until the earth stopped shaking. They could have crossed the Bay on the ferryboats (including the Southern Pacific's BERKELEY), or taken trains out of town. They didn't.

The city's wholesale district and many essential retail businesses had burned. For many weeks, the refugees were dependent on relief supplies. San Diego's militiamen stood guard over them, and dealt out contributions of food, clothing and whatever else became available. A detail of militiamen scavenged the contents of various stores and handed out their findings to the refugees, while being sure (the *San Diego Union* asserted) to list all items, their sources and other information and filing their reports with the battalion.

Others of the Third Division patrolled the Sunset District, the westernmost part of the city, south of the park. Their territory was about seven blocks wide and twenty blocks long. The Sunset District had suffered earthquake damage, but was not involved in the great fire. The militiamen operated from a camp near the French Hospital (now the University of California Medical Center) on a small knoll not far from Golden Gate Park.

Some amusing incidents were reported. A lady was seen rushing off from her home, during the quake, holding her dearest treasure—some sections of stovepipe. And a man who had buried a trunk full of valuables returned to see a stranger digging it up—which he let the stranger finish doing, then tapped him on the shoulder and claimed his own.

Lt. Fletcher got permission to return to his business in San Diego on the 28th. He told the newspapers when he arrived that he expected the troops to be in San Francisco for several months. But Ensign Hizar, in a letter written May 9, said that the police and regular troops already seemed to have matters well in hand.

Major General Adolphus W. Greely, commander of the Army district, had returned to San Francisco quickly from his daughter's wedding in Hawaii. On May 1, the city was divided into seven districts, each headed by an Army officer with his own militia organization responsibility. On May 10, the Third Division broke camp and moved to District No. 4, the burned-out center of town that included the Nob Hill area. There they drew 10 days' rations. The enlisted men's camp was on the lawn of the burned-out mansion of Collis P. Huntington, the railroad magnate. The officers' quarters, hospital and headquarters were on the lawn of the Flood Mansion, now a brownstone shell of its former self on the eastern side of Nob Hill, across the street from the Fairmont Hotel. It commanded an excellent view of all the buildings and ruins of the city. The site is presently that of the Mark Hopkins Hotel.

During the fire of April 19 and 20, with flames approaching, the Flood mansion had been appropriated as storage for the many works of the Hopkins Art Institute, across the street from the Fairmont Hotel. The hotel was expected by all to survive the fire—except that its basement was loaded with paint for several new rooms being built. The Fairmont went up like a torch, and caused the Flood Mansion and several other Nob Hill mansions, including Leland Stanford's, C. P. Huntington's and Charles Crocker's to do likewise.

At 9 a.m. on May 10, the Third Division relieved the Sixth, posted sentries and sent out patrols. Ensign Parrish stationed an outpost of six men at the Union Square relief station, guarding a large pile of unclaimed trunks and baggage, keeping order, and watching out for looters. It was round-the-clock duty. Within

minutes of assuming the duty, Boatswain's Mate Davis came in with a looter. He was sentenced at headquarters to cleaning streets and carrying water. Other suspects soon were collared, as Parrish's letter to Lt. Stewart mentioned:

> "... four young fellows with sacks full of copper wire and other junk. I gave them ditto [i.e., hard labor] ... three men [who] said they were looking for some personal belongings [and] could not show a permit. I was forced to get them busy carrying wood ... a couple of Chinamen scared to death ... one had a stone rice pot and the other had a couple of bucketfuls of opium pipes and other small articles ... and when I told them they could cook a while and then go, they showed their willingness by digging in like good fellows. And so it went all day long ...."

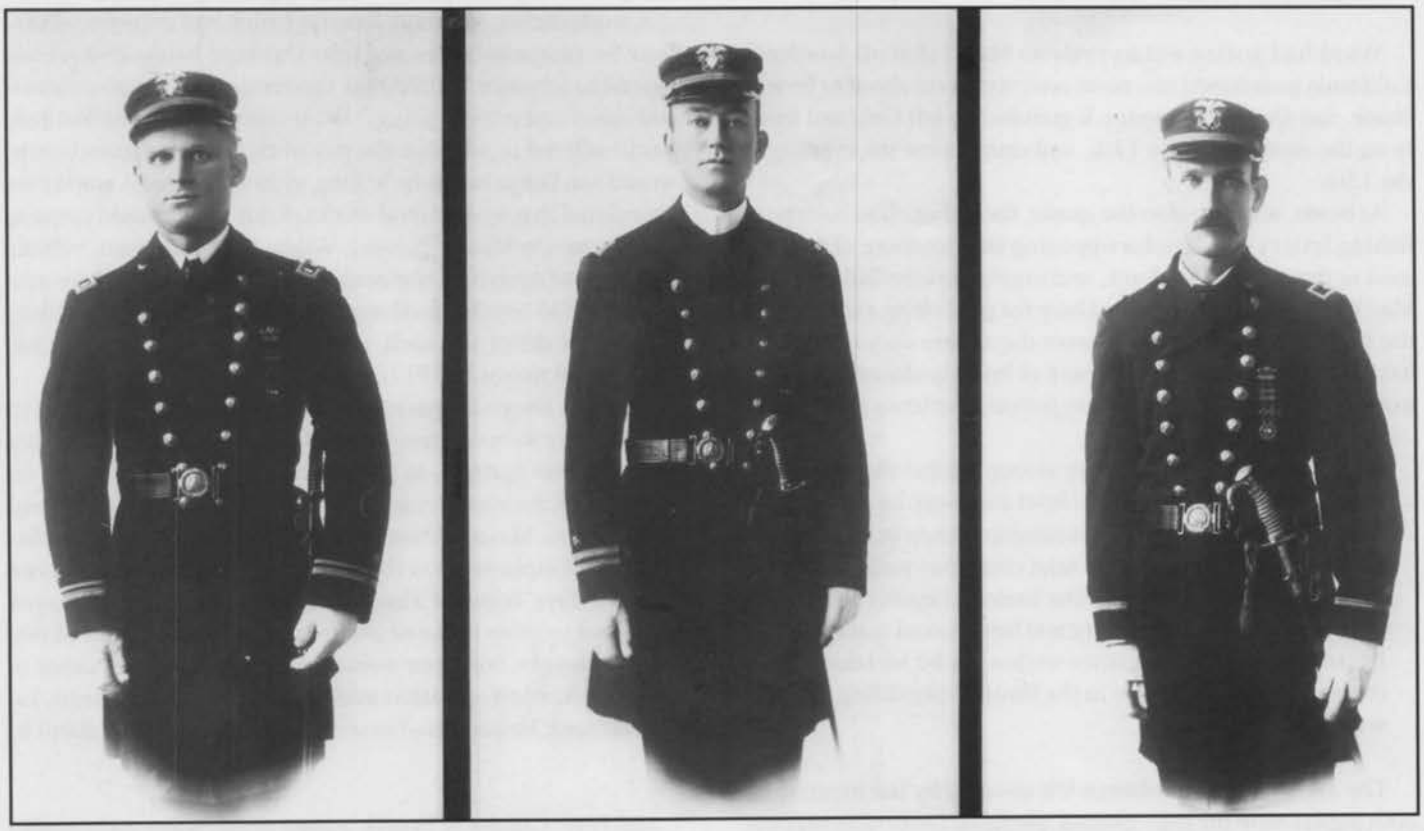
Parrish reported "all the men were doing their work in good style, even such disagreeable duties as 'fatigue relief' is carried on with a will. [sic] There are no prisoners in this camp."

They worked with humanity, courtesy and pride. One day the Union Square outpost caught two women with children, scrounging cooking utensils. Their efforts in the relief line had gained them only one saucepan, and they hadn't eaten that day. The reservists took them to the relief station, but it was closed. Later a prominent citizen pointed them out to Ensign Parrish: the women and their children sitting and eating the sailors' breakfast and supper rations. Parrish asked his men about themselves, and they said, "We guess we can get along alright."

After the meal, with their pots and pans and their children in a rickety baby carriage, the women thanked them. And one said, "I wish you would arrest us every day."

They left their mark in the hearts of many. Ensign Hizar reported that, after leaving the Sunset District and taking up camp on Nob Hill, they received a long petition from Sunset District residents asking for them to be reassigned back there.

The basic job of both the Naval Militia and the regular sailors was the same—to keep legitimate property owners and looters away from property endangered both by fire and the demolitions work being done to counter it. Dealing with looters was



*Naval Militia officers who commanded the San Diego reservists who carried out disaster relief duties at San Francisco in 1906. From left to right, they are Lt. (j.g.) J. E. Parrish, Lt. Don Stewart, and Ensign H. C. Buckle. The portraits date from 1910.*

*San Diego Historical Society*

tough. Policemen, they said, could not handle them, but one guardsman with a rifle and bayonet "did more good than a whole squad of municipal officers," it was later reported. (The guardsmen of Company B had been issued 25 rounds of ammunition apiece.) Ugly incidents flared that dismayed San Franciscans, when deaths occurred, or when militiamen acted out of strict orders, allowing little room for humane considerations. The decision of the mayor to demolish houses on the east side of Van Ness Avenue and construct an effective fire break in a yet-untouched area was enforced by militiamen, who thus bore the brunt of the citizens' ire.

Militiamen were sometimes frustrated by the conflict of duty and their sympathies for the citizenry. In his letter of May 14, Parrish wrote:

> "It seems hard sometimes to punish a man for searching the ruins of his own property but these are orders from the military authorities. To be allowed to remove any property or search any ruins a person must have a permit signed by the chief of police and countersigned by the commander of the military district. In this way the thousands of trespassers can be kept from looting and the property owners protected."

Word had gotten out as early as May 5 that all Southern California guardsmen and naval reservists were about to be sent home. San Diego's Company B guardsmen left Oakland finally on the morning of the 12th, and came home the evening of the 13th.

At home, not long after the quake, the *Tribune* had been publishing letters and articles opposing the presence of militiamen in the quake relief force, and urging their withdrawal. On May 15, the *Sun* castigated the *Union* for publishing a letter about the anger of San Franciscans over the abuses they claimed to have suffered, and their resentment of living under military control through the disaster recovery period. The letter said in part:

> "Sentiment in town is very strong against the militiamen. They have abused their brief authority by proceeding on the theory that crime is rampant, when in fact there was never less in this city. A man could not walk a block after dark in their district without having a bayonet rammed into his corned beef depository, and being forced to acquaint his self-appointed inquisitor with what he had done in the past, and hoped to do in the future—providing there was to be any future ...."

The *Sun* said the guardsmen felt insulted by the letter; then both papers took the high ground, pledging unstinting support of the militia and refusing to believe they could have ever acted less than honorably. The guardsmen of Company B wrote to the *Tribune,* denying that any looting or disturbances by militiamen had taken place.

On May 18, Ensign Hizar finally had the San Diego Third Division's "citizen-sailors" aboard the train, headed south.

> "Adjutant General Lauck ... paid them the compliment of saying that theirs was the most efficient organization in the field, not excepting the regulars. And Gen. Koster also told them that in his estimation they made the best showing of all the troops."

They came home the 19th. The *Sun* reported their having said they had "the time of their lives" in more ways than one. Health and attendance had stayed virtually 100%; only one naval militiaman returned home early, due to illness in his family. Some returned with gifts from the owners of property they had been detailed to guard. All seemed exhausted. The coming drill was cancelled.

Their officers brimmed with compliments received during the review of troops. Ensign Hizar had received a field promotion to Lieutenant Junior Grade. And they had nothing but admiration for Captain Bauer, the battalion commander.

But nobody had been paid yet. Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco had sought Governor Pardee's assistance for a special session of the state legislature, to enact funding of pay for the militia. The governor, aware that no session was scheduled until January, protested that he had no legislation in hand, and could not therefore justify a special session to the representatives.

A week earlier, Adjutant General Lauck had announced that four Sacramento banks and four Oakland banks had jointly agreed to advance $10,000 for the services of the guardsmen and naval reservists. Lt. (j.g.) Hizar reported that the San Jose banks offered to advance the pay of the San Jose guardsmen: would San Diego banks be willing to do the same? A *Sun* writer speculated that with several weeks of duty, pay should come to $92 a man. On May 22, Louis J. Wilde, the flamboyant, volatile president of American National Bank, and partner in three others, agreed to pay the naval reservists for their nine days of duty in April a total of $18 each, or about $850 altogether. (Wilde was elected mayor in 1917.)

The San Diego militiamen voted a resolution of thanks to Wilde. They were still due $40 each, for their duty during May, but they were grateful, as the families of most had received no money at all during the emergency. Captain Smith of the National Guard wrote Mayor Sehon, asking him to intercede with disgruntled employers, as the men had been generally given only 10 days' leave of absence from their jobs. The mayor promised to write to the newspapers, and hold the jobs of two city employees. Still, four militiamen lost their jobs because of the mobilization—blatant acts of illegal discrimination, Lt. Stewart said. He promised to see the Secretary of State about it.

(*Ed. Note:* Charles A. Bencik, author of this series and a retired naval officer, is familiar with naval reservists serving in disaster emergencies. As Commanding Officer, Naval Reserve Center, Johnstown PA, he earned the Navy Humanitarian Service Medal and the Navy Unit Commendation for his units' accomplishments following the Johnstown Flood of 1977. His series will continue in future issues.)

# Arthur Pardoe: Third Mate in *Euterpe*

*By Mary Halley*

"They were great ships, but their day was done. The red-blooded men who'd served them—those who survived—were dispersed about the world, too. Many of them scorned to go in steam. Their windships might kill them but while they lasted they were challenging, beautiful, noble ships in whose service there were tremendous compensations and satisfactions . . . They exacted a price, but the men who served them took that for granted."

Captain Alan Villiers

When I came to work for the Maritime Museum a few years ago, many exhibits caught my eye. One in particular fascinated me because it consisted of memorabilia regarding a man who had sailed aboard EUTERPE in 1888. I am not necessarily a history buff, but enjoy looking at old documents for their social comment.

All of the papers concerned a man named Arthur Michael George Pardoe. He was born in Alkham (Dover), County of Kent, in 1868. On July 19, 1883, at age 14, he received his First Class Seaman's Certificate from the Thames Nautical Training College, HMS WORCESTER, Port of London. Two months later, on September 6, 1883, he became indentured to the Shaw, Savill & Albion Company, Limited, for a period of three years.

I found the "Ordinary Apprentice's Indenture" document that he signed to be rather charming in its style. The apprentice was to serve his masters faithfully, obey their commands and keep their secrets. Among numerous other forbidden items, the apprentice was not to frequent taverns or alehouses unless on business. He was also not to play at unlawful games. If the apprentice promised to do these things, the master would teach him the business of being a seaman and provide him with sufficient meat, drink, lodging and medicine. Pardoe evidently was neither to receive wages nor have his washing done as these items were crossed off the document.

Pardoe served the first two and a half years of his apprenticeship aboard the vessel MARGARET GALBRAITH. Upon conclusion of that tour, the captain wrote a note stating, "He conducted himself in a sober and steady manner." Apparently, it was common for the master to write a personal note certifying time served and conduct observed. These notes accompanied a crewman's discharge papers and were no doubt used to prove worthiness to the next master.

Alcohol and its abuses appear to have been of the utmost concern to the shipping trade. Every master's note on Pardoe mentions his sobriety. Character was also highly regarded. Masters usually rated this virtue on the discharge papers. Two categories were included: "Character for Conduct" and "Character for ability in whatever capacity engaged." The captain's choices were: "Very good," "Good," and "Declines to report." Pardoe was rated "Very good" on both.

His next assignment was aboard the ship TIMARU on a round trip from London to Wellington. During this voyage Pardoe completed his apprenticeship, served an additional four months as an Able-Bodied Seaman (or simply "A.B."), and then finished up acting as Third Mate. He left TIMARU on May 11, 1887 and promptly took the examination for Second Mate. He received a Certificate of Competency and his license was granted from the Port of Southampton on July 2, 1887.

By now Pardoe had severed his ties with Dover. The license listed his address as 3 Selborne Place, Littlehampton. He spent several months in port and then again signed aboard TIMARU on December 21, 1887. He sailed to Auckland, New Zealand, and back as her Third Mate. This was probably the best position he could find, although qualified for a higher one. He



*Arthur Pardoe poses in a photographer's studio in England early in his career, wearing the uniform of an officer of the Shaw, Savill & Albion line.*

*SDMM file photo*

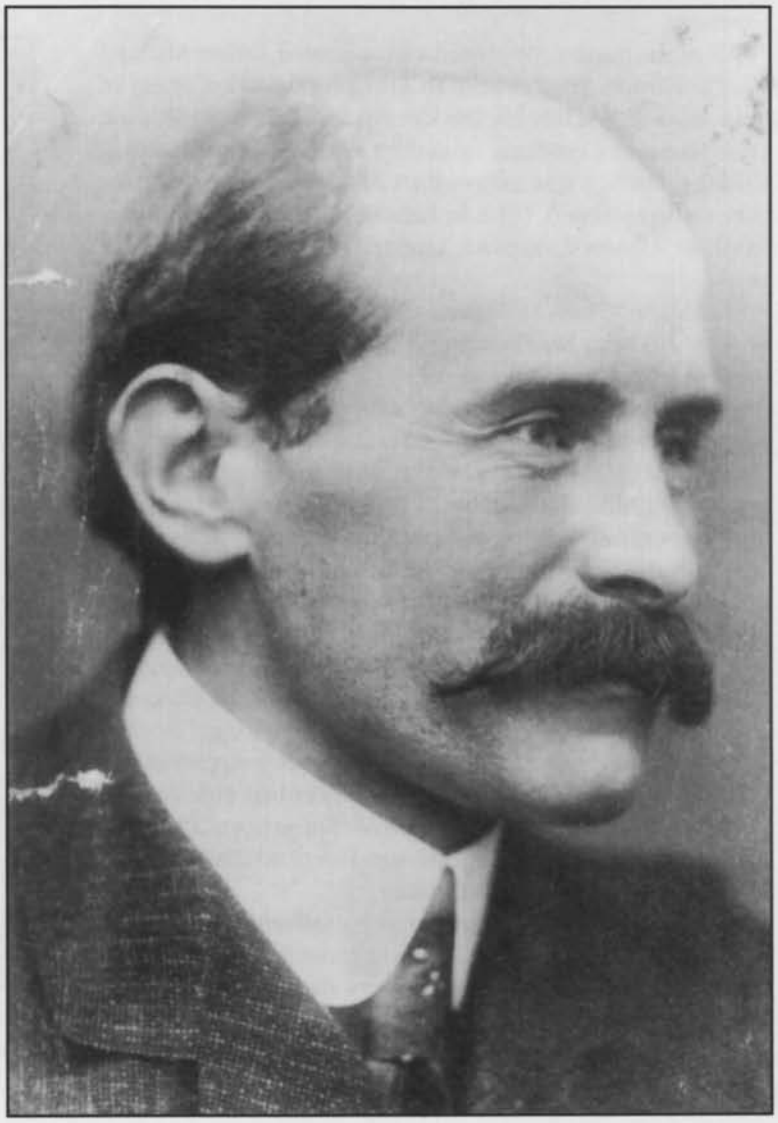
left the ship in London on July 27, 1888 and spent another three months in port. Then, on November 1, 1888, Pardoe boarded EUTERPE for a voyage to Wellington, New Zealand.

I felt privileged to examine the actual logs for this voyage as I was searching for clues on Pardoe. Can you imagine the feeling of awe I had as I opened the yellowed pages and found his name? There he was—listed as Third Mate just as his papers stated. He suddenly became a real person to me.

I chuckled as I read the log because the ship's sailmaker evidently ended up in jail for being intoxicated. No wonder ships' masters appreciated sober young men like Pardoe. EUTERPE's Captain Tom Bowling wrote, on April 29, 1889, "I can strongly recommend him as a smart, active young man. A good seaman and *strictly sober*. He leaves me to better his position." The "better position" was Second Mate, and Pardoe signed aboard the barque MERCIA the same day he was discharged from EUTERPE. MERCIA left Wellington and arrived in Dunkirk, France, on November 27, 1889.

We are now back to the present and in the process of upgrading our Pardoe display. Sadly, we do not know what became of this promising young man. Although his documents have been on display for over 15 years, we are unsure of their origin. Perhaps they arrived after an earlier appeal for artifacts. We have written to the National Maritime Museum in England for any information they may have on Pardoe's career. It would be interesting to determine if he became a captain and to learn about his family, if any. We welcome any information our readers might wish to share.

(*Ed. Note:* Ms. Halley has been employed by the Maritime Museum as an Exhibits Specialist since 1989. She has developed a keen interest in the lives of those who lived aboard and sailed our ships. Look for more articles by her about these folk in future issues of *Mains'l Haul*.)



*Captain Tom Bowling, a skipper of* EUTERPE *who thought highly of Pardoe. Don't let the genial expression fool you. Bowling once fetched a pistol from his cabin and winged a crimp who had boarded his ship to induce his crew to desert. The crimp "abandoned ship" posthaste.*

*SDMM file photo*

# The Sailor of the Wooden Walls

## PART 1

*By Thomas Gatlin*

The Great Age of Sail stretched from the 16th until the end of the 19th centuries. For the majority of that period the British Royal Navy set the pace for naval organization and operation. British fleets dominated the seven seas, and their mighty ships of the line—which some writers since have dubbed "The Wooden Walls"—were the most powerful vessels afloat. With no practical long distance communication links to the Admiralty, each ship became a world unto itself; a world where captains were monarchs even more absolute than the crown. Kings and princes were in public view, and might have to justify their actions. A ship's captain, possibly months away from a friendly port, held complete and total authority over his crew, and his orders were *always* backed by the Admiralty, no matter what. A captain might be censured later for his actions, but there was *no* reason or excuse for a sailor to disobey an order at the time it was given. The Admiralty held that instant and unquestioning obedience to authority was the key to the power of the British Navy. Thus a captain might be benevolent or tyrannical, caring and generous to his people, or a tight-fisted sadist, but whatever he was, he spoke with the voice of the Admiralty, as spelled out in the Articles of War. To the common sailor in his tiny world, the captain was "second only to the Almighty" in the chain of command.

This meant that life was hard for an ordinary sailor.

To begin with, he probably wasn't there by choice. While there were genuine volunteers for naval service, they were rather few and far between, and quite frequently those who volunteered did so to escape from problems ashore. In an age of debtors' prisons, men who had overreached their means sometimes found themselves literally as well as figuratively at sea. So there were "volunteers," but ships required far more men than the courts were able to supply, so the majority of any Royal Navy crew was conscripted.



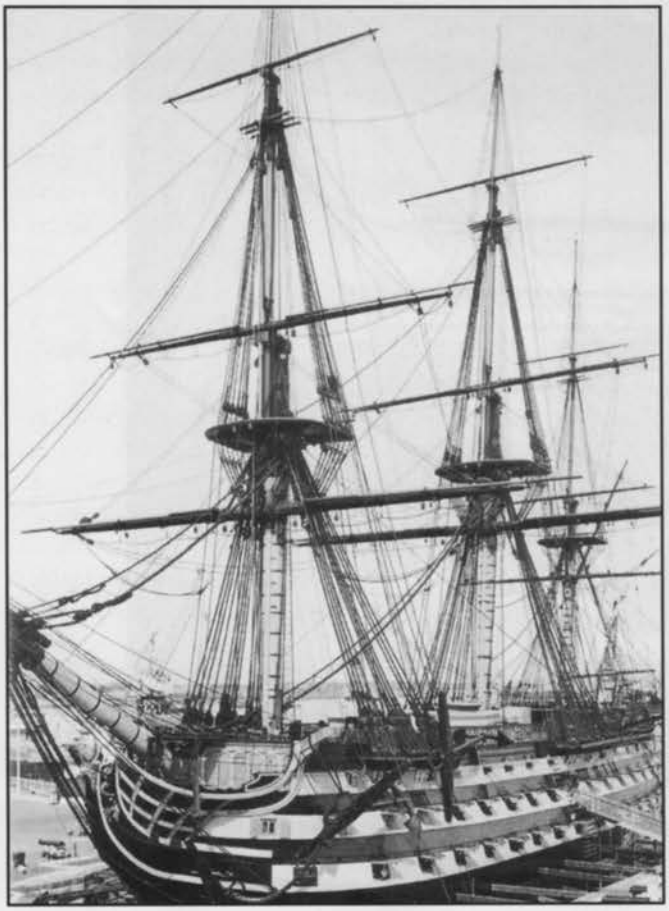
*The gun decks of HMS* VICTORY *and other warships of the Age of Sail were home for years at a stretch to hundreds of sailors. The men lived and messed next to the guns they served in battle.*

*SDMM file photo*

Men were "selected" or "enlisted" in a number of ways. Sometimes it was simple. In some public houses or brothels, likely looking men were drugged and woke up to find themselves at sea, completely cut off from whatever life they had ashore. (Unhappily, when the United States started to build her merchant fleet, this practice was carried across the Atlantic. It became especially vicious in the port districts of New York and San Francisco, with Storyville in New Orleans running a close third.)

"Crimping"—the supplying of men to ships' captains—was a usual avocation of brothel operators. At one time, toward the end of the 18th century, the practice became so blatant that "captured" men were sold to whatever ship was the highest bidder, and it was not unheard-of for a captain to assess his wardroom (that is, his officers) for funds enough to fill out the crew.

A somewhat more complex, but pseudo-legal means of drawing sophisticated men into the service was for a ship's officer, accompanied by his party of "bully boys," to visit smaller villages. In the local pub he would buy drinks all round and entertain with his sea stories while entreating local men to enlist. When his victims became careless (or trusting) enough, he would surreptitiously drop a coin into their ale glasses. They would, of course, find the coin and take it from the glass. It must have been sobering for men to find that they had just enlisted in the Navy by "taking the King's shilling." The bully boys were there to assure that the new recruits found their ship without going astray.



The most common means of conscription in the Georgian navy was outright coercion. Ships would land armed parties called "press gangs." These groups were charged with the mission of "recruiting" any and all men they could ferret out of a town or village by whatever means required (i.e., forcible abduction "if necessary"). No male from early teens to middle age was safe, and without help from high places, there was no recourse for those caught, assuming that they had the chance to seek help. Since this was tantamount to kidnapping, press gangs would land quietly, strike as quickly as they could, and get back aboard ship with their victims as soon as possible. The idea was for the ship to sail before influential people ashore could come to the rescue of the pressed men. Unless this happened, men "recruited" by the press gangs went to sea without even being allowed to notify their families of what happened.

It is interesting to note that the aristocracy was quite opposed to the press. Not, as one might hope, for humanitarian reasons, but because pressing men into the service seriously depleted the labor force necessary for the operation of their businesses and estates. At the same time, local squires and magistrates were prone to "draft" boys as young as 10 into the Navy, since an orphan on a ship was not a liability to the community.

Once in the ship, boys would begin their service as powder monkeys—carrying cartridges from the magazine to the guns—and might spend their entire lives afloat. You can get an idea of just how widespread this practice was if you consider that most guns had at least two powder monkeys to serve them—and that an average ship of the line in that period carried 74 guns.

When not in combat, the boys would serve as mess attendants and general helpers for their guncrews until old enough to become ordinary seamen. Since ships used up men faster than boys grow, the practice of "drafting" orphans did little to alleviate the press.

Enlistment was for an indefinite period, and pay was the equivalent of about a dollar a month plus rations. A generous captain would provide clothing from the ship's "slop chest" for his men—keeping in mind that most were carried away with only what they wore.

The system worked with the Crown upholding the need for the press despite the objections of the elite. It was not uncommon for 80% of a ship's complement to be pressed men. (By the way, it's interesting to note that the most efficient press gangs were usually made up of men who themselves had been pressed into service.) Once on board, be it by choice or by chance, a man was committed to serve until his ship paid off, sometimes as much as a decade later. Captains might come and go, but the hands belonged to the ship.

*HMS* VICTORY *as she appears today, in her drydock at Portsmouth. She was the "wooden world" for those who dwelt on board for long periods—their lives punctuated by battle but rarely, by arduous blockade duty more frequently.*

*SDMM file photo*

Another common practice was for ships inbound to pay off to be intercepted by outbound vessels and their crewmen traded to the outbound ship. Thus a man would be denied even the slightest chance to return ashore. This was condoned by the Admiralty. On a voyage which might last years, a man who had been pressed with only the clothes on his back had to depend on the ship's purser for everything he needed, and what he needed would be charged against his payoff at the end of the voyage. It's easy to see how men, particularly in an age of mass illiteracy, could accumulate debts amounting to more than their pay due, and so could be legally transferred to another ship to "work off" their debt. Thus a man could be retained in the service for as long as was needed.

A recruit found himself thrust into an alien world where he had no rights or say, and where any breach of discipline was punished immediately and harshly. He was driven to task, regardless of the dangers of the job, by bo's'n's mates—roughly equivalent to foremen on land—armed with short whips made from tarred hemp. "Starting" a man with a lash across the back was a usual practice. It made no difference that a newly pressed landsman had no idea of what was expected of him, or that the required job might endanger life or limb. He was expected to "learn by doing," and the "rope's end" was there to help him along. To speak out was useless, and to talk back to a petty officer meant a flogging. Despite the fact that he had been kidnapped into service, any attempt to jump ship—desert—carried the death penalty. The reasoning behind all this was deliberate. The idea was that the consequences of disobedience were to be feared much more than any danger into which a man might be ordered.

It worked.

Punishment was an "all hands" evolution, and none were excused from witnessing it. When the crew was assembled on deck the accused was called up before the captain. In theory, the prisoner was allowed to state his case, as did whoever was charging him.

Realistically, the feeling was that "he must be guilty, or he wouldn't be here." The captain heard the charge, decided the punishment on the spot, then read aloud the passage from the Articles of War that justified his decision. Armed Marines were drawn up on the quarterdeck to deter any dissent. The captain's decision was without appeal and punishment was immediate.

An offense serious enough for the captain's attention almost inevitably resulted in a flogging, as petty officers were expected to handle lesser problems themselves. Gratings taken from hatch covers were propped along the rail, one flat and one upright. The accused was spreadeagled and tied ankle and wrist to the upright grating. Lashes were given on the bare back by a bo's'n's mate using the infamous "cat-o'-nine-tails." One blow from this lead-weighted whip would knock the wind from a man. Three would draw blood, and six would flay the flesh from a man's back, yet a sentence of three dozen lashes was not unusual, with more being prescribed for graver sentences. For example, at one time the standard punishment for striking a petty officer was ten dozen lashes. Most sailors would tackle any job, no matter how dangerous, rather than risk a "dance at the gratings," which could prove fatal.

And much of the sailor's work *was* dangerous. Incredibly so.

Ships were moved by the wind, and for the wind to work, it was necessary to set the sails. To make sail, someone had to climb the masts to man the yards. This meant the men worked more than one hundred feet above the deck. Their lives depended on their ability to hold on with one hand, since the ironbound rule was "one hand for yourself and one for the ship."

This was the sort of thing a topman had to face any time sail changes were necessary, no matter what the wind, temperature, or sea conditions. (New men were almost always tried first in the rigging since topmen had the highest turnover due to injuries and deaths.) This is one reason why discipline was so harsh. It had to be to counter the working conditions. Deadly though they were, these conditions were taken for granted, at least by the old salts, and pressed men had no say in the matter.

A man who survived work aloft went below when he was off watch. Ordinary seamen lived in the gundecks. On a first rate ship of the line (100 guns or more) such as HMS VICTORY, this was an area approximately 150 feet by 50 feet, and only five and a half feet high. In smaller vessels it would, of course, be less, but you could count on the place being dark and damp in any ship. On the lower gundeck, crewmen shared their living space with some thirty 32-pounder cannon, and all their accessories. (The gun's rating refers to the weight of the ball fired from it. These ranged from 4-pounders up to 68-pounder carronades.) The middle gundeck hald twenty-eight 24-pounders and their accouterments, and each deck was home to more than two hundred men.

The area might have seemed bigger than it was because the only light allowed was from a few candles in glass containers. Gunports were seldom opened at sea, and lanterns were a fire hazard. Candles were less efficient, but they went out if upset, while a lantern that spilled its fuel in a heavy sea could destroy the ship by fire.

What ventilation there was came from scuttles. The whole place smelled of men crowded too closely together, bilge water, and tar. Men whose hammock space was near a scuttle (not likely for a newly pressed man) might get a little fresh air. Everyone slept in the hammocks, slung three layers high. Each man's space was 14 inches high by 28 wide and six feet long. (The space seems tiny, and was, but bear in mind that one watch was always on deck.) During daylight hours hammocks were rolled, passed to the main deck, and stowed in nettings along the ship's rails where they served to absorb small arms fire and splinters when the ship was fighting. The gundecks were scrubbed daily with saltwater and, surprisingly, diseases were minimal.

Any personal possessions a sailor might have were kept in a small "ditty bag" and stowed anywhere he could find room for them, although a few old hands might have acquired sea chests which were stowed along the outboard bulkheads when not being used as seats.

About plumbing—there was none anywhere in the ship. Officers had chamber pots in their cabins and a minimal amount of fresh water for shaving and hygiene. The ordinary sailor had the nettings under the leeward side of the bowsprit (the "head" of the ship). To this day, ships' bathrooms are called "heads." Showers were unheard of.

In addition to a lack of plumbing, the "wooden walls" were completely unheated except for the galley stove. This gave ordinary sailors what may have been the only comfort they had that the officers lacked. Two hundred or so men in a small and poorly ventilated space are bound to generate a degree of warmth not to be found in single or double cabins—but then the officers did have bunks with blankets and relatively fresh air. Also they enjoyed whatever personal luxuries they could afford, while a pressed seaman seldom had even a foul-weather jacket until issued one from the slop chest (the cost to be deducted from his meager pay).

Since refrigeration hadn't been invented yet, the mainstay of ships' rations was meat that had been salted and packed in casks ashore, and might be years old even before being taken aboard. Meat was presumed to be beef or pork, but old salts would swear that you could find harness leather in the bottom of the casks along with an occasional dog's paw. It might be easier to imagine what salted meat was like after being stored for years in all kinds of climates if you consider that pieces out of these casks had to be cut with a saw, like so many blocks of wood. It's a tribute to methods used for preservation that the meat almost never had bugs despite the way it was packed and stored.

There were enough bugs in the ship's bread—the other dietary mainstay. This bread, called "sea biscuit," was baked ashore and packed in casks. It was supposed to last for years, and did, if weevils didn't eat it first. It was customary for a sailor to knock his biscuit on a hard surface several times before trying to bite it, in order to dislodge the weevils.

There were sometimes dried fruits, mainly raisins or plums, and dried peas to round out a meal. Pickled cabbage (sauerkraut) was common because it would keep over long periods of time. Molasses and cheeses were carried and served as a treat on special occasions. (A report written by a captain in 1798 stated that, although the cheeses provided by the supplier came in 100-lb. wheels, by the time the mold accumulated by a summer's wet sailing was cut away, they were fortunate to get as much as 25 lbs. of eatable cheese from each wheel!)

One journalist of Nelson's time was persecuted by the naval authorities for writing that seamen in the king's ships often carved buttons from their cheese, "preferring it, by reason of its durability, to buttons made of common metal." Other accounts tell of men whittling ship models from the timberlike slabs of salt beef or pork.

Almost everything that was cooked was boiled, frequently in salt water.

It was not unheard of for sailors to capture, fatten, and slaughter rats to supplement their diet. Oddly enough, while ships would—when opportunity presented—land hunting parties to seek out game ashore, sailors seem to have almost never fished for food, except on whaling vessels. This may have been due to superstition; the belief that to take anything from the sea was to anger the devil, who owned the deeps. Or possibly it was due to a belief that sharks, the most plentiful fish in deep water, consumed the souls of dead sailors, along with their mortal remains.

Fresh water was more critical than food, since it would not last as long in the "butts" (barrels) in the hold as would salt meat and sea biscuits before spoiling. It was generally water, and not food, that determined how long a ship could stay at sea. (The term "scuttlebutt," by the way, comes to us from the name of a ship's water cask. Sailors off duty would hang around it to exchange the latest gossip—and the name for the cask came to be applied to the gossip itself.)

What kept the hands going was the daily issue of rum. In some ships this took place at noon, in others during the dog watches late in the afternoon, but in just about all ships, "up spirits" was the highlight of the sailor's day. Stoppage of a man's rum ration was a punishment just short of flogging. On the other hand, captains rewarded outstanding performance with extra spirits. This custom was universal until the advent of steam.

Before a battle, rum was issued straight, but the daily issue was usually in the form of grog—that is, rum mixed with water. (This was often the only way the ship's water was palatable!)

"Grog" took its name from the grogham cloak often worn by Admiral Edward Vernon of the Royal Navy. Vernon one day decided that his tars were getting too merry on their uncut rum ration—so he ordered it cut with water. His resentful men promptly dubbed the new mixture for him—"Old Grogham" or, with the passage of time, "grog." (Vernon, by the way, went on to command the disastrous expedition against Cartagena in South America. One of his officers, a Virginian named Lawrence Washington, came home and named his plantation after his old commander, whom he still admired. And that is how George Washington's home received its name of Mount Vernon—from "Old Grog" himself.)

(*Ed. Note:* Mr. Gatlin, a Navy veteran, is a frequent contributor to *Mains'l Haul*. His account of life at sea in Nelson's era will resume in the next issue.)



# From the Helm

A kaleidoscope of events are before us as we move into summer. We look forward to: the America's Cup exhibit to be opened in July; a display of brass model shipbuilding by the U.S. Navy featuring USS BAINBRIDGE; movies aboard the STAR OF INDIA on summer evenings; living history role-playing by our would-be 1879 Euterpeans, Chuck Bencik, Barbara Sarda and Molly Alexander; visits from various tall ships calling at the port of San Diego; a new MEDEA figurehead recently completed by woodcarver Walt Jacobsen; and of course, day and evening events for our members. Check *Mains'l Haul* and the Museum newsletter for announcements regarding specific activities.

We have recently begun an apprentice program with the Sweetwater High School District which adds willing hands to our maintenance program. Under the guidance of our painting supervisor, Chuck Thomas, these high school seniors are learning trades which will lead to employment after graduation.

The Museum continues to be an everchanging composite of training, entertainment, education and experience for our visitors. We have a place aboard for anyone who wants a "piece of the action."

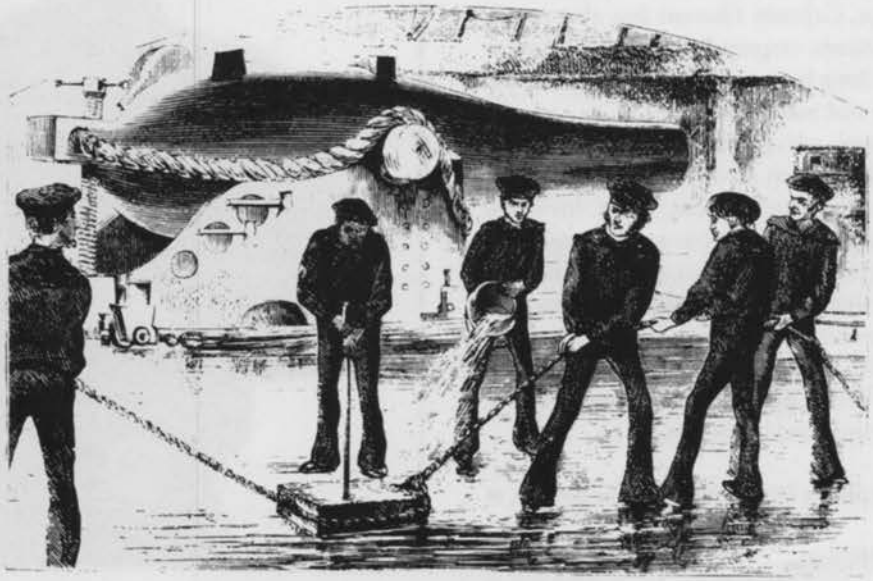
We always need volunteers for maintenance, docents, Star of India Auxiliary (ladies), STAR OF INDIA sailing crew ... there's a job for everyone, young and old. The Museum is a classic example of an equal opportunity employer (except that the volunteer pay scale is a bit low!). Rewards, however, are great. Where else can you work on a 130-year-old ship that still sails, or oil a steam engine that helped evacuate San Francisco in the wake of the 1906 earthquake? Interested? Call the Museum at 234-9153. Be a part of San Diego's fascinating maritime history.

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



*Young workers are proliferating throughout the Maritime Museum, learning job skills and supporting our staff and crew. Posing in the dizzying heights of* STAR OF INDIA'S *rigging are, left to right, Priscilla Marroquin, Jack Islas, and Rose Malacara.*

*Photo by Dave Brierley*



# Library Log

Progress continues in a number of areas in our Museum Library. Donations of books continue to arrive regularly, along with photographs, magazines and assorted memorabilia.

Patrons of the Library recently have included students working on spring projects, genealogists and archaeologists, the usual sprinkling of writers and artists, and folks just looking for a good book to read.

I've been working with Jan Bryan, a former teacher, to develop a reading list of maritime books recommended for younger readers, including those in the higher grades of elementary school, junior high school, and high school. This list may be used by the City of San Diego for some of its educational programs, although nothing official has been decided yet. The list contains a total of 27 books, covering fiction and poetry as well as non-fiction. It divides the books into five groups: "Background and General Outline of Maritime History"; "Ship Construction and Naval Architecture": "The Exploration of the Sea and the Lands Beyond"; "Life at Sea"; and "The Literature of the Sea." Ms. Bryan was very helpful in reviewing the books and further dividing them into categories for basic and advanced young readers. All volumes are available at either the Jerry MacMullen Library or the San Diego Central Library. Copies of the list are available free at the Museum. We recommend this as a summer reading program for anyone with an interest in nautical affairs.

The Library Committee is taking shape. Under the guidance of Chairman Merrill Day, a longtime volunteer, committee members met in the Library on April 12 to review our progress and plan future development. This summer, by the way, marks 17 years since the Library's opening. During this period, we have answered tens of thousands of inquiries; collected and cataloged 4,000 books, 10,000 photos, and thousands of other items; produced 68 issues of *Mains'l Haul* (published continuously since 1964); written and published two books on Museum ships and carried out the publication or reprint of several others; given numerous talks on maritime topics to our community and to other museums and universities in the United States; and supported all departments of the Museum with research and historical data.

All of us working in the Library, past and present, have enjoyed being part of the educational mission of the Maritime Museum. As we have taught others, so have we learned much ourselves.

Craig Arnold, Librarian

# Volunteer of the Quarter

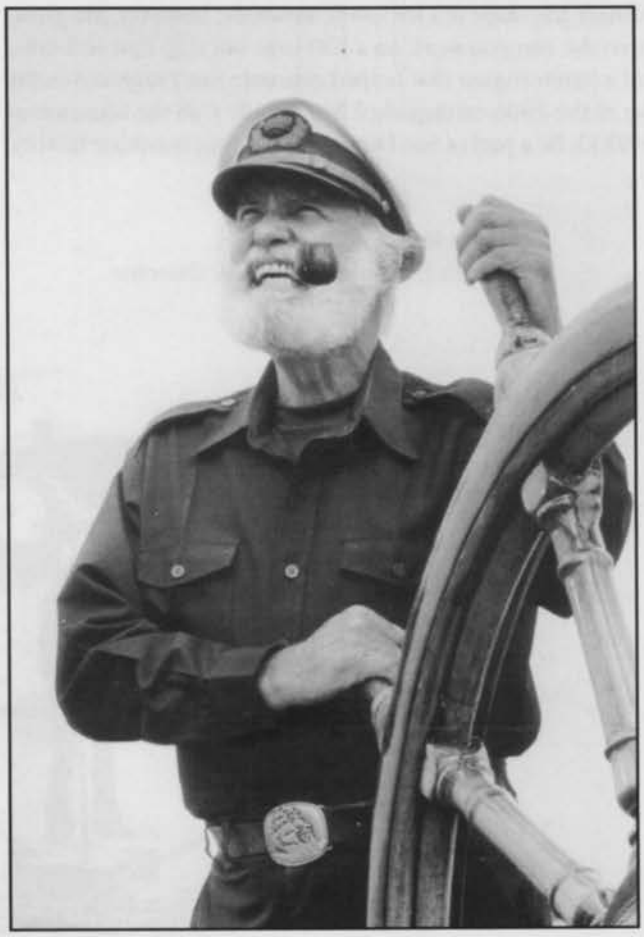
Our Volunteer of the Quarter for Spring 1994 is Captain Howard Thomas.

If ever a man was meant to be a mariner, it's Captain Thomas. Along with a long and distinguished career at sea that is on- going, he has generously given of his time and talents to support the Maritime Museum. Thomas has posed as our model sailor to exemplify all that is best about our institution—authenticity, saltiness, and friendliness. We are grateful for his assistance.

Captain Thomas is known throughout the San Diego maritime community for his work with the Cabrillo Festival and the building of the state tall ship CALIFORNIAN. A public-spirited citizen par excellence, Captain Thomas has also raised money for many worthy causes, acquired donations of equipment and labor, and spent long hours in negotiations with the Port District—all to better our waterfront.

A list of all of the captain's adventures would be a lengthy one indeed. At one time he was an actor in Hollywood, and joined Errol Flynn aboard the latter's yacht, ZACA, for some rousing good times. In addition to CALIFORNIAN, Thomas has sailed in SPIKE AFRICA, KELPIE, DOUBLE EAGLE, HMS DOLPHIN, and the Portuguese training ship SAGRES. He is partial to schooners and currently owns a 45-footer, SEA WAIF.

It is not too much to call Captain Thomas a living legend on the San Diego waterfront. For all he has done for us, we thank him—and wish him fair winds and following seas.



*Captain Howard Thomas, our Spring 1994 Volunteer of the Quarter, at* STAR OF INDIA'S *helm.*

*Photo courtesy of Bob Grieser*

# Ship Model Shop

The last weekend in March, my wife and I had the pleasure of attending the first Western Regional Model Conference aboard RMS QUEEN MARY, now moored in Long Beach. For those of us with an abounding affection for models, nautical heritage, and model building, this event was a veritable feast.

I spent a fair amount of time looking at the nearly two hundred models from around the Los Angeles area. I would estimate that a good 10%-15% would be gladly accepted by nearly any maritime museum in the world. Some superb models by some very gifted builders were on display. I also gave a 45-minute slide show and talk on the Maritime Museum and our models, which was well received.

I bring the above up because the Maritime Museum Association and the San Diego Ship Modelers Guild are about to put a proposal before the Nautical Research Guild, a national organization of mostly model builders, to host their first-ever west coast annual conference in the fall of 1999 or the winter of 2000. Preliminary interest by that group's officers seems to be high. Let's all hope for the best.

In news specific to the Museum model ship, Joe Bompensiero is about to run out of work on his USS LANGLEY (CV-1) as we have nearly run out of funds for it. Even though the computer drawing is being done at no cost by Butch Plake, there could be as many as nine 9"x 20" brass-etched sheets needed to complete the flight deck.

Bob Cunningham is doing a wonderful job on the Alaska Packers period STAR OF INDIA. He has shown remarkable patience with such obstacles as the skylight and its intricate brass grates, the enigma of a 1919 chart house, and the complicated but very visible anchor windlass. You might stop by the shop on your next visit and have a look for yourself. Jack Klein (HMS KINGFISHER), Chuck Hill (CUTTY SARK), and Suzanne Levonian (HALF MOON) each continue their own spider's webs of rigging. We have two new volunteers, Jack Slowiczek, who is working on a model of the Revolutionary War privateer RATTLESNAKE, and Tom Taylor, a master machinist who has been doing some scale smokestacks and ducting for LANGLEY.

Finally, the San Diego Ship Modelers Guild and a few of our docents recently had an opportunity to visit the Navy Model Shop on Point Loma where they build 1/4" =1' brass models of every class of ship serving the Navy and test the electronics that are planned for the full-sized vessels. The visit was very informative. The Guild recently undertook the polishing of a model of USS BAINBRIDGE (CGN-25, ex-DLGN-25) that has been loaned to us by the Navy. As you might imagine from the above, our little corner is a busy place.

Robert Crawford,
Curator of Ship Models

# Star of India Auxiliary

Nan Tracy did it again! Another successful "Game Day" was held on February 23, 1994 aboard the BERKELEY. This time we netted over $940! Nan says she will keep doing "Game Day" until she gets it right! We all think she is doing it right now, but we will let her try at least a dozen more times!

Our new officers for the Auxiliary were installed May 18 and they are:

President . . . . . Mrs. Joseph E. Greig (Rita)

First Vice President . . . . . Mrs. Charles Burkhard (Lola)
Second Vice President . . . . . Mrs. Charles Inglett (Barbara)
Third Vice President . . . . . Ms. Artelia Hall
Fourth Vice President . . . . . Mrs. Favel S. Brown (Ofelia)
Recording Secretary . . . . . Mrs. Sara Fritz
Corresponding Secretary . . . . . Mrs. John Laycock (Betty Ann)
Treasurer . . . . . Mrs. John Buck (Litiz)

I am very pleased with the appointments of our new Executive Board and I am sure we will all work well together and make this term of office, 1994-1995, the best ever.

The year of 1993-1994 has been a most successful one for the Auxiliary. We have many new members, some of which have already been elected to serve on our various committees for 1994-1995, and many have volunteered to help with our various fund-raising functions. It is this kind of teamwork that makes the Auxiliary so very successful in their ever-continuing effort to support the Maritime Museum.

Rita J. Greig, Auxiliary President



# Curator's Corner

As was mentioned in the last issue of *Mains'l Haul,* America's Cup '95 is fast approaching. The defending syndicate, America3, is especially newsworthy with its announcement of the first all-female America's Cup crew. Hundreds of women have applied for the small number of crew openings.

Our America's Cup Museum presentation is scheduled to open on August 1, 1994, and continue through Labor Day, 1995. The America's Cup Museum will be a part of our Museum during this yearlong event. Additional artifacts and syndicate materials will be placed along with our existing historic overview on board the BERKELEY. The America's Cup '95 Committee has endorsed our participation.

The dedication of the Gould L. Eddy Pleasure Boating Gallery on the BERKELEY has special meaning for the Museum and for the family and friends of Gould and Lucia Eddy. The late Mr. Eddy's pleasure boating interest will continue to be tied to appropriate permanent and loan exhibits including the America's Cup displays for 1994-95.

The Sea Scout reunion on March 13 was an enjoyable success. Fourteen former Sea Scouts attended and shared information and anecdotes. Six others responded by letter or telephone to express their interest in a future reunion and several have suggested re-establishing the troop.

Museum members and visitors now have the opportunity to admire an 11-foot, 8-inch all-brass ship model aboard the BERKELEY. This is the only public way to see one of the Naval Research and Development testing models. The Museum appreciates the support of the local NRAD facility and the U.S. Navy in making this loan possible.

Progress and optimism with STAR OF INDIA'S deck caulking have enabled further work with the 'tween deck exhibits. The single men's emigrant bunks have recently been completed. Other features are being undertaken as well.

Museum education is making further strides. News of the recent docent graduation has been covered in our newsletter. Plans for four transportation museums to participate in a cooperative pilot program in July are progressing well. The participating museums include the Aerospace, Model Railroad, and Automotive museums in Balboa Park as well as ourselves. During the week of July 5, one day will be devoted to each museum for students in grades 6 through 8. The emphasis of the program will be science, and it is hoped eventually to expand it to include adults.

Dave Brierley, Curator



*Replicas of the single men's bunks in* EUTERPE'S *'tween deck have recently been constructed under the Curator's supervision. Imagine spending over one hundred days at sea living in such conditions! Photo by Dave Brierley*

# Development Report

This year, 1994, will be fondly looked upon as "The Year of Events." For the first time since the Maritime Museum was founded in 1948 a full schedule of events has been set in motion for Museum members and guests to enjoy.

In addition to the regular events, such as the Rummage Sale, STAR OF INDIA's Birthday Party, Halloween Party and Christmas Parade of Lights, we have added such family entertainment as movies, theater, and sea chantey songfests to our calendar.

In our ongoing program of "Movies Before the Mast," we will present the film *Reap the Wild Wind*, starring John Wayne and Paulette Goddard, on June 17-18. This technicolor film will show on STAR OF INDIA'S movie "screens'l" following a nautical cartoon. If you haven't seen movies on the old windship you are missing what has been dubbed by some as "the best event in San Diego."

Movies are sponsored by the classical music station, KFSD-FM. We are most grateful for their involvement, and their generosity with air time, which has brought a whole new audience to the Maritime Museum. Other sponsors include Anthony's Fish Grotto (who donate hot clam chowder), Espresso Express (who provide cappucino) and North Sails (who made our movie screens'l).

Perhaps the biggest event of the year comes on board the STAR OF INDIA in July. Actor Daniel Trent and his award-winning theatrical performance of Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast* will return to the decks of STAR OF INDIA to play twice a night for four nights, July 22-23 and 29-30. This is truly a memorable performance, and one you should not miss.

To close summer we bring you one of the all-time nautical film greats in *The Sea Hawk*, starring Errol Flynn and Gilbert Roland. This black-and-white classic will show on August 19-20.

We hope you will attend as many events as possible this spring and summer. These events are especially entertaining, and provide a great vehicle for you to introduce others to the Maritime Museum.

For more information on dates, times and prices, contact the Maritime Museum weekdays at (619) 234-9153. We look forward to seeing you on board!

Joseph Ditler,
Development Director



*Here are Gilbert Roland and Errol Flynn about to swash their buckles, or buckle their swashes—or whatever it was they did. Join us for this special showing of* The Sea Hawk *during our next "Movies Before the Mast" event aboard the* STAR OF INDIA. *Details are provided in this column.*

*Photo courtesy of Turner Broadcasting*



*Gazing serenely ahead, the new figurehead representing the Colchian sorceress Medea will soon be installed on the yacht which bears her name. This is a replica of the original sculpture that graced the vessel's bow.*

*Photo by Joseph Ditler*

# MEDEA'S New (Old) Figurehead

*By Walt Jacobsen*

After our steam yacht MEDEA's figurehead was damaged in a minor accident last summer, and the repair was being planned, Librarian Craig Arnold mentioned that he had photographs of the original figurehead and suggested we consider making a new figurehead based on the original. This became the favored plan, and as ship's woodcarver on board the Museum, I was asked to make the new figurehead.

How to proceed? What I needed most and did not have were measurements of MEDEA's bow where the figurehead would be placed. Since the yacht is afloat, attempting to make direct measurements would be impractical. A good photo with some details of known size to serve as a scale could solve that part of the problem.

After attaching a 12-inch ruler to the bow rail with tape, I made a slide photo of the figurehead area. Then, using a macro lens, I made a slide photo of the original figurehead.

On a large sheet of paper, I projected my bow slide so that the image of the ruler measured 12 inches—which made sure that the projected image was the correct size. I sketched the image and when completed I had two points of reference that were critical, namely the underside of the bowsprit and the lower eye of the bobstay.

Now the figurehead slide was projected on the same paper matching the key reference points. Sketching this gave me the correct size and shape of the figurehead and enough information to produce the patterns for cutting the wood, which is Spanish cedar from Peru.

The carving block took six weeks to make, complicated by two unusual elements: the bow had to fit inside the back of the figurehead; and the figure had a flying cape streaming over its back.

After that stage, the carving was generally routine, taking 10 weeks at a leisurely pace of 20 hours a week. Painting the figure its original white and adding gold leaf trim added a few more hours.

Twice during the carving, the figurehead was lifted into position on the MEDEA from a swaying platform under the bowsprit, to make sure it fit properly. The acrobatic efforts of Museum crewmen Jeff Saar, Mark Montijo and John Merrill were of great assistance in this maneuver.

The figurehead will be dedicated on board MEDEA at our members' program on May 25, 1994, at 7 p.m.

## Rummage Sale Great Success!

Our annual Museum Rummage Sale, held the weekend of April 23-24, was a thumping success, netting a large sum for the Maritime Museum. Thanks to the tireless ladies of the Star of India Auxiliary, we have been able to hold this sale every year, and it is vital to us in terms of funding special projects.

So to the Auxiliary ladies—many thanks. And many thanks to those of you who attended the sale and made purchases. We hope to see all of you again next year!

## "MEDEA" Book Signing

After four years of research and writing, a new book, *Medea: The Classic Steam Yacht,* is being published by the Maritime Museum Association.

The work by Museum historian Craig Arnold recounts the story of the famed yacht's life and adventures, from her building in Scotland in 1904 to the present day. For 90 years, MEDEA steamed the seas off Europe, Africa and North America, serving under six flags and in two world wars. Her rich and famous owners led equally colorful lives, and these too are described. Many previously unpublished photographs, obtained from archives throughout Europe and North America, and specially commissioned artworks illustrate the book.

So join us on board MEDEA herself, on Saturday, June 11, from 2 to 5 P.M., for this special event. The author will be present to sign all purchased first editions, and food, grog, and a jolly time for all is promised.

We hope to see all our old shipmates there.

## STAR OF INDIA Deck Repair

The photo here shows the area of STAR OF INDIA'S forward main deck which has recently undergone repairs. Utilizing the help of youthful workers, the Maritime Museum crew have been replacing some of the deck timbers (Douglas fir) and chipping out old caulking material from the gooves between the planks, refilling with new material.

Such labor was common in the days of sail—long before decks were made of steel or fiberglas. All sailors in the old windships spent many an hour laboring with caulking irons and mallets, replacing the oakum and tar which sealed the gaps and kept the decks below more or less dry.

There's an art to using the oldtime tools which is being passed to a new generation. We invite all readers to come down and watch the ongoing progress.

*This stretch of* STAR OF INDIA'S *main deck has been the scene of intensive labor recently, as crew and youthful workers attempt to eliminate leaks.*
*Photo by Dave Brierley*

## Single Men's Berths on STAR

Replicas of the berths and heads for single male emigrants during STAR OF INDIA'S time as EUTERPE are rising in her forward 'tween deck at this writing. The berths are part of the ongoing effort of the Museum's Curatorial Department to show how this part of the ship looked in her emigrant-carrying days.

Try to imagine yourself wedged into one of these little open bunks, with nothing but a blanket to protect your privacy, contemplating a voyage of over one hundred days! For lavatory facilities, you had a chamberpot under a bare wooden bench a couple feet away. Within reach was a porthole, which could not be opened except on the calmest days, and a roaring, seething sea just beyond that. As your little iron ship battered her way through those seas toward the Antipodes, her pitching and rolling would be worst right where you were, near the bow.

Yes, it was a jolly time for all. Most survived, however—and this reconstruction shows how they lived. We invite you all to come aboard the old EUTERPE and see her relive a bit of her glory days.



# Calendar of Events

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

**June**

11: Medea Booksigning Party, MEDEA, 2-5 p.m.
15: Auxiliary Game Day
17-18: Movies Before the Mast, STAR OF INDIA- "Reap the Wild Wind"

**July**

4: Independence Day
22-23: Play "Two Years Before the Mast", STAR OF INDIA
28: Maritime Research Society, STAR OF INDIA, 6:30 P.M.
29–30: Play, "Two Years Before the Mast", STAR OF INDIA

**August**

7: Ferryboat Reunion, BERKELEY
19-20: Movies Before the Mast, STAR OF INDIA- "The Sea Hawk"

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Craig Arnold, *Editor*


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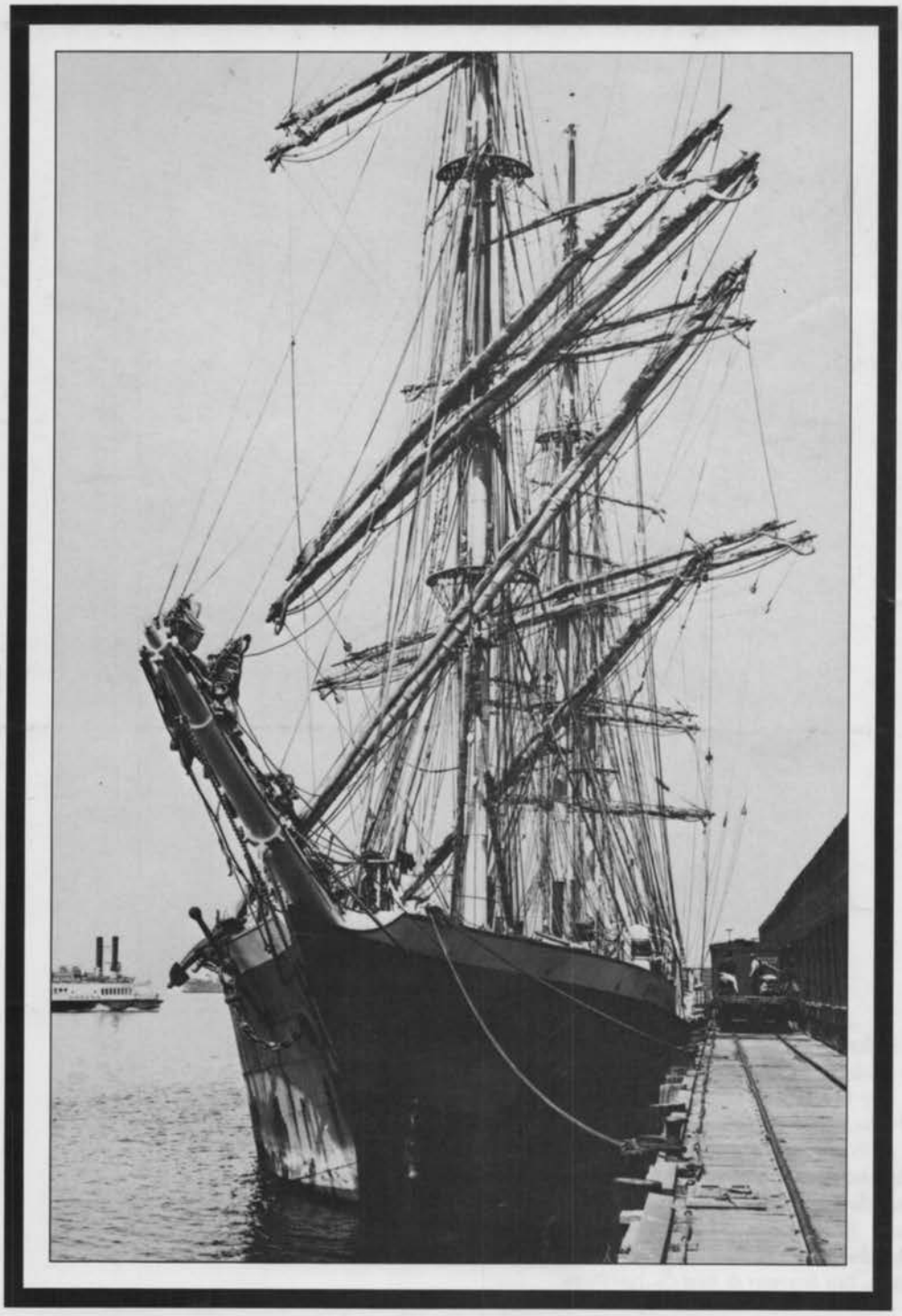
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# MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 30, NO. 4 A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY SUMMER 1994





**On the cover . . .**

*A juxtaposition of differing forms of transport—land as well as sea—is evident in this early 1900s view of a San Diego pier. The big square-rigger dominating the scene is the French full-rigged ship* DESAIX*—named after one of Napoleon's generals slain at Marengo. In the left-hand distance is the sidewheel ferry* RAMONA*, launched in 1903, which ended her days as a dance hall. To the right are freight cars of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad.*

*Historical Collection, Title Insurance & Trust Co., San Diego*

# MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 30, NO. 4 | A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY | SUMMER 1994

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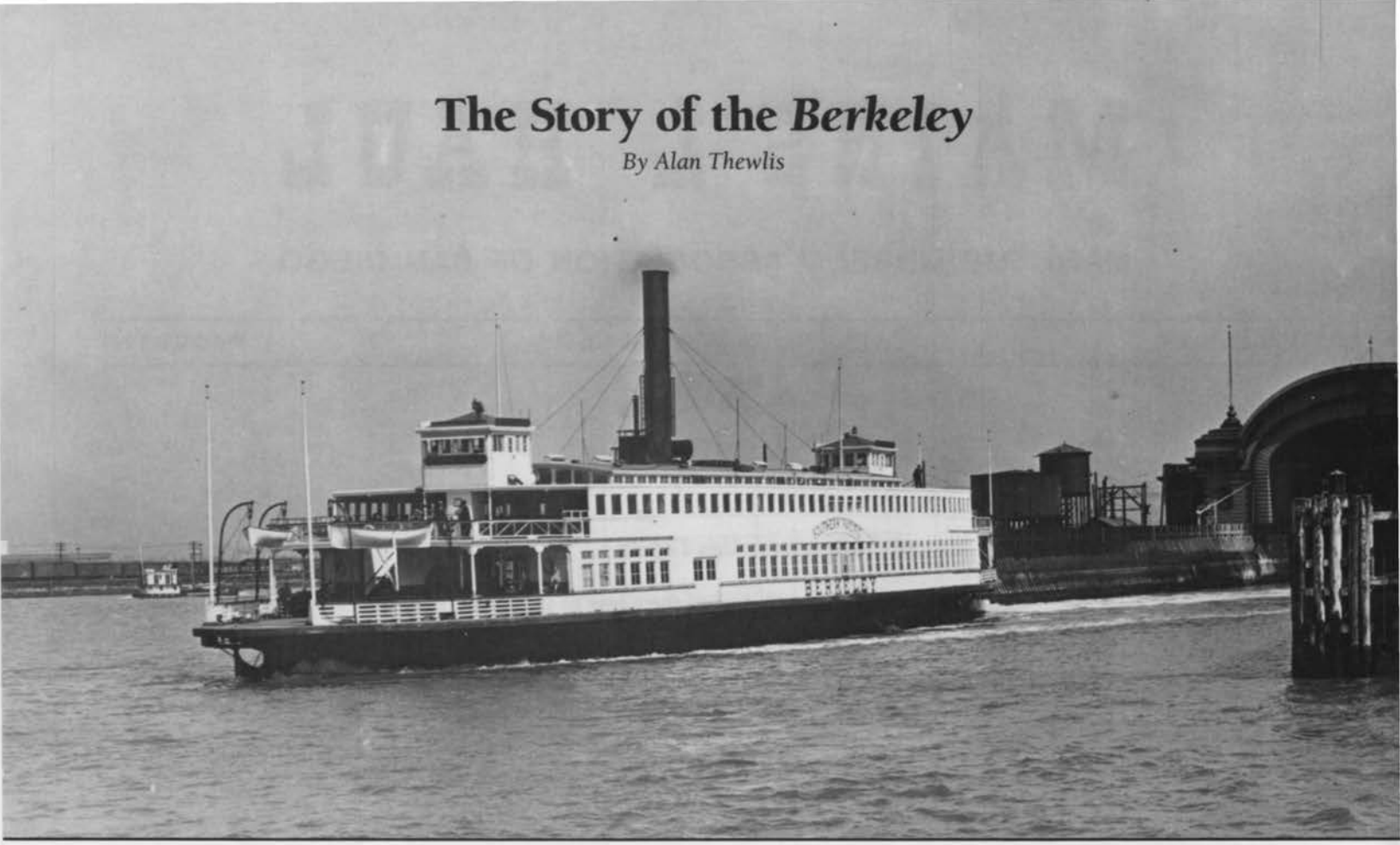
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Craig Arnold, Editor

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# The Story of the *Berkeley*

*By Alan Thewlis*



*The new ferryboat* BERKELEY *steams proudly out of a ferry slip on San Francisco Bay near the turn of the century. Note her high, thin stack and "Kentucky Bluegrass"-style railings. Note also the way the "Southern Pacific" sign on her side curves in a crescent—as if to suggest an old-time paddlebox.* *MacMullen Collection, SDMM*

In less than four years, almost before we know it, our ferry BERKELEY will be one hundred years old. As a centenarian, God willing, she will still be doing her job of providing a space for the Maritime Museum's activities and by her very existence showing us how things were done and what was considered useful and beautiful at the end of the nineteenth century. As we look forward to the next century we can also look back in time, for in all her basic particulars BERKELEY is little changed from the way she was at her completion—a monument to the way ships were once built.

⚓ ⚓ ⚓

On January 25, 1898 BERKELEY's keel was laid at Union Iron Works on San Francisco Bay. Less than nine months later on the 18th of October she was launched in virtually complete condition. Only three weeks after that—on November 6, 1898—she was ready to commence service across San Francisco Bay.

Union Iron Works, who built her, was established by the Donohue brothers, blacksmiths, in 1849—the year after the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill. Gradually their foundry developed into a steel shipbuilding yard of high reputation which over the years has built many naval vessels (USS OREGON and two other battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines), as well as many merchant ships and 13 steel ferryboats, of which BERKELEY was the first. Because it was so far from Eastern suppliers it was the yard's practice to fabricate everything that went into a ship. Thus virtually all the items of hull and machinery we see on BERKELEY today, except the watertube boilers installed to replace the old Scotch boilers, were designed, fabricated, and built at Union Iron Works in 1898. As we gaze at the beautiful stained-glass clerestory windows on the upper deck and the graceful elliptical curves of the structural supports, we must surely admire the artistic ability of the shipyard and Southern Pacific designers.

BERKELEY was the first ferry built by the works and her construction signalled three "firsts" for San Francisco Bay ferries: she was the first ferry on the Bay built of steel; she was also the first Bay ferry to be built with electricity installed; and she was the first propeller-driven ferry to go into service on the Bay.

BERKELEY was a large ferry indeed—289 feet long overall with a 260-foot waterline length and 40-foot beam of her main hull, while her wooden superstructure had a 64-foot beam over the guards that protected each side. She displaced 1945 tons with a gross tonnage of 1883. Her design draft was 8 feet. She was fitted with 8-foot diameter propellers at either end of a continuous propeller shaft running from end to end of the hull. The triple expansion steam engine drove the propeller shaft at a top speed of 125 rpm, which gave an indicated horsepower of 1450. Her double-ended Scotch

boilers providing steam to 165 psi to the triple expansion main engine constituted a most technically advanced propulsion system for that time. Her surface condenser and condensate pump made possible the reuse of condensed steam as feed water for the boilers. She could carry as many as 1700 passengers across the Bay in 20 minutes.

The launching of BERKELEY must indeed have been a gala affair. The *San Francisco Chronicle* for Wednesday, October 19, 1898 reported the event as follows:

"The new ferry-boat BERKELEY, built by the Union Iron Works for local ferry service of the Southern Pacific between here and Oakland, was successfully launched at noon yesterday. At flood tide, a few minutes after 12 o'clock, Miss Marion Huntington, daughter of H. E. Huntington, pressed the electric button which loosened the 'dogs' holding the boat in position and started her down the ways for her first plunge into the waters of the bay. As the boat glided from her resting place, which was by the side of the battleship WISCONSIN, now in course of construction, the customary bottle of champagne was dashed upon her bows by Miss Ruby Richards of Berkeley, who christened the new boat BERKELEY.

"About 2,000 invited guests witnessed the ceremonies. President Martin Kelly of the State University, in an appropriate speech, presented the boat with a set of colors and they were accepted by H. E. Huntington of the Southern Pacific Company.

"The keel of the BERKELEY was laid on the 25th of January of this year, and as she glided into the water yesterday she was finished and ready for service. Tomorrow fires will be started in her furnaces and her engines will be tested at the dock. If all goes well she will be taken on her trial trip Saturday. The week following she will take her place with the boats now in passenger service on the Bay. This is one of the largest and handsomest ferry boats in the world, and she has been modelled after the famous boats of the Pennsylvania Railroad which are in service on the North River in New York. She has been sumptuously furnished and painted white throughout. The new boat has a seating capacity of 1700 people whereas the boats now on the bay have seating capacity for not more than 1100 or 1200. The main cabin, which is considered the handsomest of any ferry-boat in the world, can seat a thousand people, and on the upper deck outside 125 more can be accommodated. On the lower deck are seats for 600. The BERKELEY is a trim-looking boat, and with a high rate of speed guaranteed, she will do much to improve the service between San Francisco and the towns across the bay."

Thus the newly built BERKELEY began her sixty years of operation as a ferry on San Francisco Bay. On the 22nd of October, she spent the day steaming about the bay. It is reported she did 12¼ knots. Union Ironworks and Southern Pacific officials were quite pleased with her performance.

In spite of these complimentary notices, all was not to be sweetness and light. As BERKELEY went into regular ferry service troubles with her maneuverability immediately became evident. Her captain found that when making a landing she did not always answer her helm nor did she come to a quick stop when her propellers were reversed. Her shenanigans caused great glee among the paddlewheel adherents and great distress among those who had to handle or ride her. She was given the derisive names of "the pile driver's friend" and the "pile destroying monster."

To minimize the effects of the strong tidal currents and winds in San Francisco Bay a ferry was required to maintain speed as long as possible when approaching the slip and then make a quick stop. The boats with huge paddle wheels had done this quite well but the propeller-driven craft was a different kettle of fish and this became apparent by BERKELEY's performance.



*This photo shows* BERKELEY *just after her launching on October 18, 1898. She rides high and her hull appears to be painted white.*
*Collection of Kenneth Clyde Jenkins*

On December 5, 1898 the *San Francisco Chronicle* reported this mishap:

**BERKELEY AGAIN SHAKES UP HER PATRONS**
**Tears twenty piles away from the slip of the ferry!**

The new ferry boat BERKELEY has not yet been conquered by her navigators and on Saturday evening while coming from Oakland with a large crowd of race track people tore into the slip on this side and mowed down about a score of stout piles. Nobody was hurt but for a few moments the utmost excitement prevailed. When the boat approached the slip as many as could crowded to the bow of the boat. This threw the after propeller and rudder out of the water and the BERKELEY took a wild rush at the side of the slip. The boat was damaged very slightly.

BERKELEY is a very fine-lined ship with a generous turn of the bilge and considerable deadrise—an almost yachtlike hull form. (This is not readily noticeable as it is hidden by the beamy ferry superstructure required for her service.)

This easily driven hull form reduces power requirements for a given speed but also provides a hull more sensitive to fore and aft movements of weight. In a ferry carrying large numbers of passengers there is a considerable shift of weight when nearly all passengers crowd to the bow to be first off when the ferry docks. In the case of BERKELEY, according to one account, the stern was raised 12 to 18 inches and the bow depressed a like amount when the passengers surged to the bow as the ferry approached her slip. This change of trim brought a considerable portion of the propeller and rudder out of the water making the backing of the screw and the rudder largely ineffective in stopping and changing direction.



*This jolly duo served up sandwiches and coffee at the refreshment stand on* BERKELEY's *upper deck. The photo dates from circa 1943.* *SDMM file photo*

Change of trim in ferries is a problem that has occurred over the years. (At an average weight of 150 pounds per person BERKELEY's full load of 1700 passengers would weigh about 114 long tons.) Of course the old paddle wheelers with their paddles amidships did not have much of a problem with the change of trim. But in screw-driven ferries change of trim when passengers crowded to the bow had to be considered during design.

Apparently insufficient thought was given to this during the design of BERKELEY, although change of trim was recognized as a problem in other designs. In later years two west coast ferries, the PERALTA and YERBA BUENA, were fitted with trimming tanks at each end of the ship with a transfer line between them through which water ballast was pumped from one end to the other to compensate for the weight of passengers crowding to the bow. This worked just fine until in 1928 aboard PERALTA someone forgot to pump the ballast from the bow to the stern during a turn around in San Francisco and as the boat approached the Oakland slip at top speed on a rather rough day she buried her bow in the water and 30 passengers were washed into the Bay, five of whom drowned. This disaster brought the use of trimming tanks to an abrupt end.

BERKELEY continued her erratic ways. A number of pile bashing incidents continued to be almost gleefully reported in the *Chronicle*. Little information was given out about alterations. Southern Pacific seemed embarrassed by the whole affair and, probably for public relations purposes, put the boat into daytime use on calm days and employed her for special excursions and the like. Harlan reports that during this period her owners experimented with many different propeller and rudder combinations, apparently with some success, and BERKELEY continued in limited and special service while the various changes were tried and tested. (George H. Harlan, *San Francisco Bay Ferryboats*, Howell-North Books: Berkeley, 1967.)

Though intended during this trial period to be used only in ideal weather conditions, an item in the *Chronicle* about the great storm of January 1900 reported:

"The ferry boats suffered most—and their passengers most of all. Between the hours of 8 and 11 o'clock hundreds of passengers who had never experienced seasickness lost control of their stomachs under the heavy rolling of the boats. Sprays from the big seas dashed over the BERKELEY, OAKLAND, and BAY CITY and their decks were constantly awash. The BERKELEY had eighteen windows broken on her 10 o'clock trip, one of them being a heavy plate glass port window in the wine room, which is partially below decks. . . ."

By November of 1901 the various rudder and propeller changes and the growth of experience for her



*By 1958, when her service across San Francisco Bay was winding down,* BERKELEY's *upper deck was a lonely place, with only a few die-hard ferry commuters aboard. (Everybody else was driving across the bridges.)* *Courtesy of the San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park*

crews had made BERKELEY sufficiently docile to take a regular place in the ferry service, meeting trains and carrying commuters across the Bay. She maintained a reputation of being hard to handle, as she continued to earn it over the years with many minor collisions. In 1908 she banged into the Oakland pier so hard she knocked down a lifeboat. Nonetheless, her steady service over the next 57 years made her a much-loved institution among commuters and over the years she carried her share of dignitaries arriving on transcontinental trains to visit San Francisco.

In the early years of the twentieth century, BERKELEY, along with many other Southern Pacific ferries, was converted to burn oil instead of coal. In the spaces at either end of the boiler compartment, no longer needed as coal bunkers, four cylindrical tanks for Bunker C oil were installed. Two tanks were placed at each end, and each tank held 3,000 gallons, for a total oil capacity of 12,000 gallons.

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In April of 1906, during the burning of San Francisco after the great earthquake, BERKELEY ran night and day carrying refugees from the conflagration to the safety and shelter of the East Bay. She steamed on no particular schedule, just loaded refugees, ran to Oakland, discharged her passengers and returned to the city for another load.

In late 1916 BERKELEY was taken out of service for a major overhaul. To modernize the vessel the major work consisted of replacing her old-fashioned Scotch boilers with more modern, lighter, watertube boilers and changing the stack to a slightly shorter and fatter one. At the same time, the stairways from the second deck down to the main deck, then on the centerline, were moved to the sides where they remain today.

She was soon returned to service between the East Bay and San Francisco which she continued faithfully as the years passed by. When World War II came along she was requisitioned with four other ferries by the Maritime Commission to furnish transportation for war workers to various shipyards in Richmond, Sausalito and elsewhere around the Bay. By the end of World War II the Golden Gate and Bay bridges had taken most of the ferry business and as boats were retired one after another finally only BERKELEY, EUREKA, and SAN LEANDRO were left in service. In the end SAN LEANDRO alone was providing the last leg to San Francisco for arriving train passengers with BERKELEY in reserve.

In 1958 Southern Pacific offered BERKELEY for sale and for a while she almost went to the Golden Gate Fishing Company who intended to convert her to a floating fish



*In November 1972, when this picture was taken,* BERKELEY *was a "trade fair" at Sausalito, her decks crammed with gewgaws. Her 15-year sojourn there would end the following year, with her purchase by the San Diego Maritime Museum.* *SDMM file photo*

reduction plant on the Oakland Estuary. She was saved from this ignominious fate, however, when Luther Conover bought her to operate as a floating "Trade Fair" selling souvenirs and the like at Sausalito. This was fortunate, for Mr. Conover left her pretty much alone and in 1973 the Maritime Museum was able to buy her almost unchanged from her days of ferry service.

Our Maritime Museum had been growing. The STAR OF INDIA had been restored, but she had limited space for exhibits and a portion of that space had to be used as a Museum office. This arrangement was inconvenient and inadequate for conducting business and it kept an interesting part of the vessel from public view. Available spaces ashore were too costly to be considered.

By happy coincidence it became known that the ferry BERKELEY, at that time still a trade fair in Sausalito, was for sale. Inspections by President Robert Sharp, Captain Ken Reynard and others indicated she would meet the Museum's needs if her physical condition were such that she could be maintained. A survey showed she was in adequate condition and the deal went ahead.

BERKELEY was towed to Willamette Iron and Steel Company in Richmond for dry-docking. She underwent bottom cleaning and an underwater survey as well as removal of propellers and tailshafts, blanking the openings, and securing rudders for the tow to San Diego. The bottom cleaning revealed an area of thin shell plating which the sandblasting penetrated and patches had to be welded into the shell. Her large glass areas were reinforced with plywood and she was prepared for a 455-mile tow. The tow was uneventful and she arrived off Point Loma to enter her new home port at dawn on June 3, 1973.

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The decision to buy BERKELEY has been a serendipitous one. Space has been provided for a much-increased number of exhibits, room has been allotted for offices, shops, storage, and the library. In addition the ship herself has been a great display. Board member Ed Paxton, by unlimited giving of his time, knowledge and skill, has refurbished all of her original machinery so that the young of today can see how that grand development of the Age of Steam, the triple expansion steam engine, really worked.

Over the 20 years BERKELEY has been part of the Museum her existence has been placid with no battling with wind and wave except for her experience in the wicked winter storm that struck San Diego on the night of 17/18 January in 1988. At the time BERKELEY was moored starboard side to the Embarcadero with wind gusts up to 64 knots pushing her against the face pilings. As the storm-pushed high tide flooded in during the night BERKELEY's sturdy guards rose above the top of the Embarcadero's piling and allowed her to be pushed shoreward so that her guards were over the concrete dock of the Embarcadero. Now the relatively small diagonal supports of the sponson were all that was left to resist the violent pushing of the wind on the ferry's side against the Embarcadero. Further, it was obvious that when the tide began to ebb the whole overhanging wooden superstructure would hang up on the Embarcadero and be destroyed. A quick call from crew chief Fred Krone to Pacific Towboat Company brought a fast response from their tugs PALOMAR and PACIFIC GEMINI. One got a line to BERKELEY's bow and the other to her stern and together they pulled her broadside away from the Embarcadero and held her clear until the tide ebbed and the wind subsided.

With daybreak, inspection showed that the venerable ferry would have to be towed to a shipyard for repair of the sponson supports and the tugs took her to Campbell's yard. After a stay of a few weeks at Campbell's she was returned to the Embarcadero.

In 1991, it became evident that BERKELEY's bottom plating, built of 3/8" steel, was after her years of service getting dangerously thin. If she was to continue as a Museum vessel afloat something would have to be



BERKELEY *makes it into San Diego Bay on June 3, 1973, assisted by the tugs* BLUE EAGLE *(ahead), and* PALOMAR *(astern). Note windows boarded up for the ocean passage.* *Photo by Robert Sharp*

done. Neither funds nor time out of service were available to replate her bottom. Again modern coatings came to the rescue as they had in repairing MEDEA's bottom. BERKELEY's bilges were cleaned of an estimated six tons of rust and scale and coated with a special urethane coating sprayed in and covered with several inches of closed cell foam, also sprayed in the bilges up to the waterline.

Though corrosion continues to take its toil we expect the old girl to become a centenarian.

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Brown Collection, Jerry MacMullen Library, San Diego Maritime Museum.

MacMullen Collection, Jerry MacMullen Library, San Diego Maritime Museum.


(*Ed. Note:* Mr. Thewlis is a member and past president of the San Diego Maritime Research Society. A retired naval architect, he has been a valued volunteer at the Maritime Museum for many years, and frequently contributes to *Mains'l Haul.*)



BERKELEY *at rest as part of the San Diego Maritime Museum. One of her propellers is displayed on the dock.*

*SDMM file photo*

# Stove by a Whale: The Ordeal of the Crew of the *Essex*

*By James C. Simmons*

"I will have no man in my boat who is not afraid of a whale."

Starbuck, first mate of the PEQUOD, in Melville's *Moby Dick*

"Retribution, swift vengeance, eternal malice were in [Moby Dick's] whole aspect, and spite of all that mortal man could do, the solid white buttress of his forehead smote the ship's starboard bow, till men and timbers reeled. Some fell flat on their faces. Like dislodged trucks, the heads of the harpooners aloft shook on their bull-like necks. Through the breach, they heard the waters pour, as mountain torrents down a flume."

Thus wrote Herman Melville at the conclusion of his great epic of the sea, *Moby Dick*. Captain Ahab's megalomaniac obsession with the white whale eventually brings about his own destruction and that of his crew when the great whale turns on and rams their ship PEQUOD, in one of the most exciting scenes in American literature.

Few readers today of Melville's novel know that his ending is fiction based on fact. The story of a rogue whale that sank a whaler had become so legendary by 1850 when Melville wrote his book that many questioned whether it was fact or fiction. But the young Melville on a whaling cruise of the South Pacific had read the account of the first mate and learned how a giant sperm whale had rammed the ship ESSEX in 1820 and sunk her, forcing the crew into three small boats, which they then sailed over 4,500 miles before finally being rescued. It was a tale of extraordinary valor and endurance under the severest stress imaginable, rendered all the more horrible because the handful of survivors resorted to cannibalism to save their lives.

Whaling in the first half of the nineteenth century was a risky business. Most voyages lasted three years with no certainty of success. Men went up against whales in small boats, built light and agile for speed. Stove whaleboats, shattered bones, and drowned sailors were all too frequent casualties in the chase after a harpooned whale. "A Nantucket man is on all occasions fully sensible of the honor and merit of his profession," insisted Owen Chase, first mate in the ill-fated ESSEX, "because he knows that his laurels, like the soldier's, are plucked from the brink of danger."

On August 12, 1819, Captain George Pollard sailed the whaler ESSEX, 238 tons with a crew of 20, from Nantucket harbor provisioned for a voyage of thirty months. After stopping at the Azores, the ship rounded the Horn in December. She then worked the whaling grounds off Chile and Peru with good success, collecting 800 barrels of oil.

Pollard's crew accepted the enormous risks in whaling. After two months they suffered their first casualty, a stove boat. A large sperm whale suddenly erupted under Chase's boat, smashing the bottom and sending six men flying into the air. Miraculously, no one was hurt. "We are so much accustomed to the continual recurrence of such scenes as these, that we have become familiarized with them, and consequently always feel that confidence and self-possession, which teaches us every expedient in danger and inures the body as well as the mind to fatigue, privation, and peril," Chase wrote later in his book on the voyage.

Pollard ordered the ship westward into the South Pacific. On November 20, 1820 ESSEX was just below the equator in longitude 119 west. The lookout at the masthead saw the telltale forward spout marking a group of sperm whales and sang out, "Thar she blows." Within minutes three boats were quickly launched, one commanded by Captain Pollard and another by Mr. Chase. Chase's boat was once again struck by a whale, springing a bad leak. He ordered the craft back to ESSEX for quick repairs. While they worked, an enormous sperm whale, 90 feet in length, suddenly appeared nearby and started for the ship.

Thomas Nickerson, a seventeen-year-old crew member, was at the helm. "I looked up on the windward side of the ship and saw a large whale approaching us," he recalled 60 years later. "I called out to the mate to inform him of it. On his seeing the whale he instantly gave me an order to put the helm hard up and steer toward the boats. I scarcely had time to obey the orders . . . when the whale with a tremendous crack struck the ship with his head directly under the larboard forechains at the water's edge with such force as to shock every man upon his feet."

The whale passed directly under the ship and came up alongside of her to the leeward to lie quietly on the surface. The crew looked at one another in stunned disbelief, as ESSEX slowly began to settle in the water. Chase ordered pumping to start immediately. A few minutes later the whale surfaced again, rolling about in convulsions and "smiting his jaws together, as if distracted with rage and fury." Suddenly, he turned once again, lifted his head out of the water, and charged the crippled ship a second time, striking near the bow and completely caving in the hull. Water poured into the ship's hold.

Chase saw at once that the ship was lost. He ordered the spare boat launched. Crew members hastily collected a few supplies—two quadrants, two compasses, the chartbook of Pacific navigation, and Pollard's and Chase's trunks. They leaped into the boat and pushed off, just



*Hunting whales from small boats was a hazardous affair. This view by San Diego artist Jay Wegter shows an intrepid crew pursuing an elusive leviathan.* *Courtesy of Ft. Guijarros Museum Foundation*

as ESSEX rolled over on her beam ends and settled into the water. The entire time between the first attack and the sinking of the ship was less than 10 minutes.

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The men sat dumbfounded in their boat, bobbing alongside the wreck. "The shock to our feelings was such I am sure none can have an adequate conception," the mate wrote later. "We were dejected by a sudden, most mysterious, and overwhelming calamity. . . . We were more than a thousand miles from the nearest land, and with nothing but a light boat, as the resource of safety for myself and companions."

Soon the other two boats arrived, unaware of what had happened, only that ESSEX had disappeared.

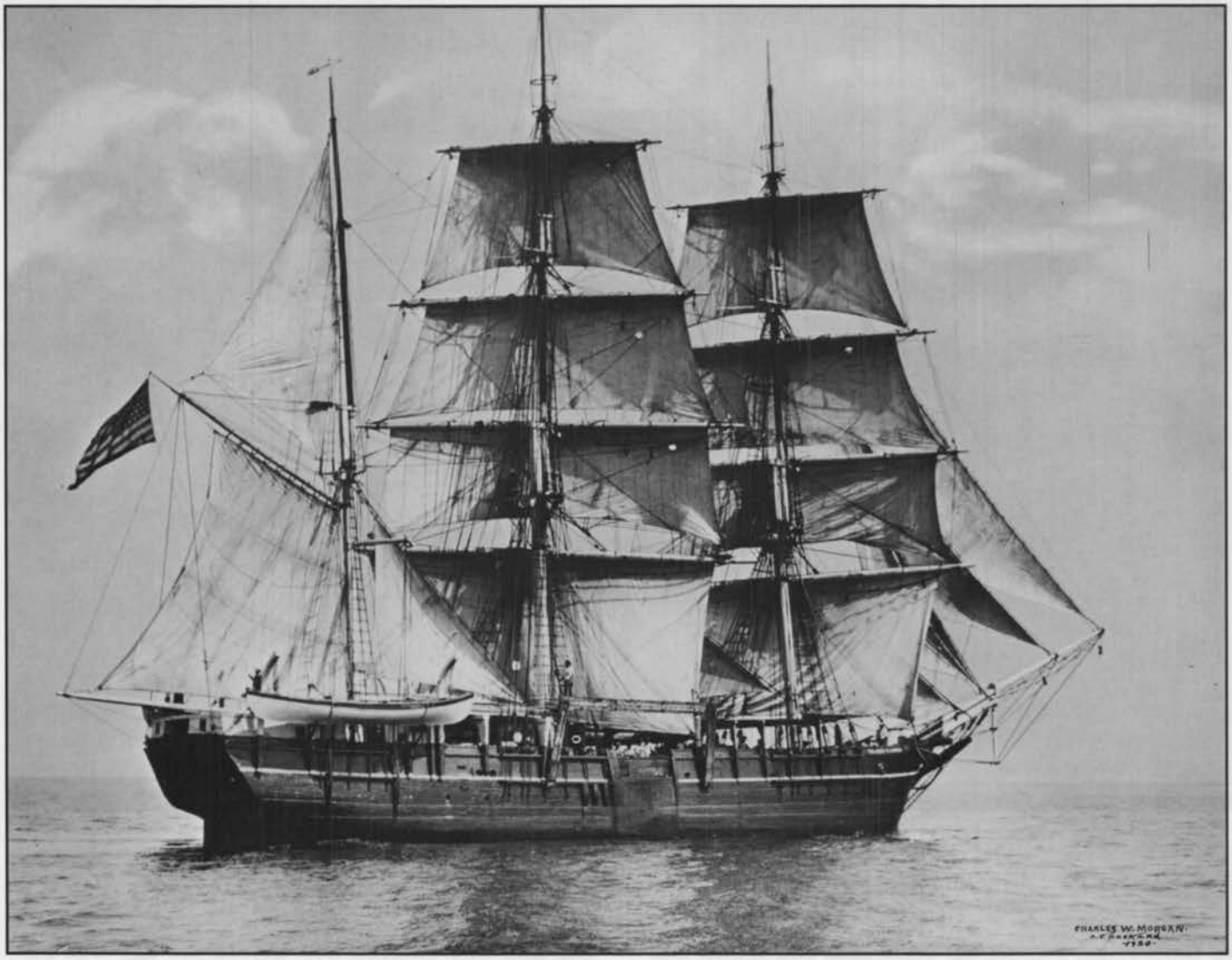
"My God, Mr. Chase, what is the matter?" Captain Pollard demanded.

"We have been stove by a whale," Chase replied quietly. He gave a full account of the tragedy. For several minutes they were all stunned, unable to take action.

Finally, Pollard ordered his crew back on the still-floating hulk of the ESSEX in a desperate attempt to get additional food, water and supplies. Using small hatchets from their whaleboats, they cut away the masts. The ship rose up on an even keel. They then cut through the hull and entered her. Before the day was out, Pollard and his crew had salvaged 65 gallons of fresh water, 600 pounds of bread, several turtles, and a selection of miscellaneous supplies, including a musket, two pistols, a small sack of gun powder, two pounds of nails, and some tools. Chase's sea chest, saved earlier, held such valuable items as fish hooks, a knife, extra clothes, some twine and sail cloth needles, a pencil, and some sheets of paper. He began almost immediately to keep "a sort of journal."

For three days the boats remained alongside the stricken ship hoping that another whaler would appear. But none did. The men lay in a state of shock in their boats, contemplating their condition. "How many long and watchful nights are to be passed?" Chase thought to himself. "How many tedious days of partial starvation are to be endured before the least relief or mitigation of our sufferings can be reasonably anticipated?"

The crew managed to save some cedar boards, poles, and canvas. They built up the sides of their whaleboats to give them some protection against swamping and fixed each boat with a mast and sail. Pollard called a council of his officers to determine the course to take and decide upon the "best means for our security and preservation." They were 20 men in three boats. With



*A superb view of the whaler* CHARLES W. MORGAN *late in her long career shows a typical nineteenth century New England whaleship. Whaleboats like the one in davits on her starboard quarter could be launched quickly when lookouts in the mast hoops high above spotted the prey. Note the cutting stage hoisted inboard amidships, which was lowered for "cutting in and trying out" (carving up a dead whale and rendering its blubber into oil). The* MORGAN *is preserved today at Mystic Seaport, Connecticut.* *SDMM file photo*

their boats loaded to the gunwales with supplies, they felt in better spirits. On the other hand, they all realized that a whaleboat was an extremely fragile thing, built for speed rather than punishment.

"Now for the first time did the horrors of our situation fall fully before us," Nickerson recalled. "Now it was that we could realize the slender thread upon which our lives were hung."

Pollard held a conference with the officers in his boat. They studied the Bowditch chartbook of the Pacific. Which direction to take? There were no accurate charts of the sea around them in 1820. Few whalers or merchantmen had crossed the Pacific, and the ocean was largely unexplored. ESSEX had been one of the first ships from Nantucket to enter the area.

Tahiti lay less than 1,000 miles to the southwest. But knowing nothing of the natives there and fearful they might be cannibals, Pollard and the officers refused to consider them for refuge. Information on the Pacific Islands was sparse in 1820, and the crew of ESSEX did not know that for 20 years Christian missionaries had lived in Tahiti and the island was entirely safe. Thus, they found themselves victims of one of the supreme ironies in maritime history: Sailing east to escape cannibals, they themselves would become cannibals.

Pollard and the two mates finally decided upon a course of action—south for 1,000 miles to catch the trade winds and then east for another 3,000 miles to the Chilean coast. It was a wild throw of the dice. But under the circumstances they thought it was their best hope. Pollard ordered the provisions distributed equally among the three boats. Each mate received a firearm and some powder.



On November 24 the three small boats hoisted their sails and set off, determined to keep together. Chase had the oldest, most patched boat, so it carried only six men while the others held seven each. Pollard calculated they had enough provisions to last 60 days. Each man was to receive as his daily rations one biscuit of bread, weighing perhaps a pound, and half a pint of water.

Within a few days the calm seas gave way to rough ones. Heavy waves swamped the boats, wetting the precious supplies, and springing a bad leak in Chase's boat. They were able to patch it up, but serious damage had been done. ("Were we at home we would not feel safe to go ten miles in her," observed Nickerson.) Salt water had soaked the boat's supply of biscuits. The crew dried out the wet bread and ate it first, before it spoiled. After several days the men realized that the salt left behind on the bread parched their throats and gave them an extreme thirst. Several men started drinking their own urine to survive. And yet no one complained when the captain refused to increase their daily ration of water. Chase noted approvingly in his journal: "The most perfect discipline is still maintained in respect to our provisions."

The small flotilla made good time. One night several flying fish landed in the boats. They were eaten, fins and all, within minutes. Then one crew member discovered small clams growing on the bottoms of their boats. Eagerly, the men scraped these off and ate them by the handful until there were no more.

Their condition steadily weakened, as dehydration and hunger took their toll. They longed for fresh meat. Their bodies wasted away to mere skeletons. The hot tropical sun seared their exposed skin. Their lips became cracked and swollen, and their thirst so intense they could scarcely talk. Each knew that unless relief came, they would soon perish.

Their thirty-first day at sea, December 20, dawned. "This was a day of great happiness and joy," Chase noted in his journal. The castaways had come upon remote Henderson Island, a low, flat island about eight miles in circumference and covered with trees and brush, located some one hundred miles northeast of Pitcairn Island.

Ashore the men fanned out in a desperate search for water. They discovered a solitary spring on one beach that was exposed only during low tide. After quenching their thirst, they kindled fires and feasted on the seabirds that nested on the island. They had arrived during the mating season, and the birds, tame because no predators inhabited the island, were easily plucked from their nests along with their eggs.

After a week on Henderson Island the castaways decided to sail again. The three boats had been repaired, as best as possible under the circumstances. Each boat was stocked with a flat stone and two armfuls of wood, to make a cooking fire should they catch some fish or seabirds. At the last minute three of the crew decided to remain on the island rather than confront the dangerous uncertainties of a lengthy open boat voyage to the coast of South America.

The three boats put to sea in mid-morning. On January 10, 1821, the party suffered its first death. Matthew Joy, the second mate, died of dehydration and hunger late in the afternoon. The next morning they tied a cooking stone to his feet and consigned him "in a solemn manner" to the ocean. His death left them depressed for several days. The next day a gale overtook them. The storm blew throughout the night. The following morning Chase and his crew discovered to their horror they were alone. The other two boats were nowhere in sight. The loss of this companionship weighed heavily upon them all. "I found it on this occasion true, that misery does indeed love company," Chase wrote.

Chase, the 23-year-old mate, who had married the year before, proved himself a highly competent leader, mature far beyond his years. He reduced their rations sharply. They were now eating just one and a half ounces of bread each day and a quarter pint of water and were all too weak to do much sailing.

On January 20 a second crewman, the black deckhand Richard Peterson, died and his body was quickly committed to the sea. "We were now in a most wretched and sinking state of debility, hardly able to crawl around the boat and possessing but strength enough to convey our scanty morsel to our mouths," Chase wrote. "Our sufferings were now drawing to a close. A terrible death appeared shortly to await us. Hunger became violent. Our speech and reason were both considerably impaired. Nothing but the slight chance of meeting with a vessel remained to us now. We gave ourselves wholly up to the guidance and disposal of our Creator."

On February 8 a crew member, Isaac Cole, fell into convulsions and died. The men slowly set about preparing Cole's body for disposal. Chase checked the food reserves. They were down to three days' supply of bread. Then the mate voiced the thought on each man's mind. Should they eat the flesh of their dead companion and thus buy themselves an extra two weeks of life? The suggestion was eagerly accepted immediately by the others.

"We set to work as fast as we were able," Chase reported. "We separated his limbs from his body and cut all the flesh from the bones, after which we opened the body, took out the heart, and then closed it again—sewed it up as decently as we could and committed it to the sea."

They quickly ate Cole's heart first and then some of his flesh. The rest they cut into small strips and hung them out to dry in the sun. "In this manner did we dispose of our fellow sufferer," Chase noted. And thus they restored some strength to their starved and enfeebled bodies. By the 14th they had strengthened enough to take turns at the steering oar and managed to "make a tolerable good course."

The flesh of their friend sustained them for 10 days.

And then early in the morning of February 18 Chase was awakened from a drugged sleep by a cry: "There is a sail!" Soon the British brig INDIAN was alongside, her crew staring down in silent amazement at the three men in the small boat with their "cadaverous countenances, sunken eyes, and bones just starting through the skin, with the ragged remnants of clothes stuck about our sun brunt bodies."

Chase had brought his men to within three hundred miles of the Chilean coast in their 27-foot whaleboat, drifting and sailing a distance of 4,500 miles in a quarter of a year, a feat as impressive as the legendary voyage of Captain William Bligh in 1789.

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Five days later Pollard's boat with just two survivors was picked up by the American whaler DAUPHIN off the Chilean coast. He told the stunned captain his account of their survival, a horror story that was destined to be repeated hundreds of times on other ships in later years.

The last two boats were separated by a storm on the night of January 19. Pollard's men soon exhausted their supply of bread. Two crew members died of natural causes. The others survived on their flesh. When that was gone, the survivors settled upon an awful alternative. One would be killed, so that the others might live.

"I am sure that we loved one another as brothers all the time," an anguished Pollard recalled later. "But our looks told us plainly what must be done."

They drew lots.

Owen Coffin, Pollard's beloved young nephew, drew the short stick. A few minutes later in the second round Charles Ramsdell drew the executioner's lot.

Pollard quickly offered himself up in Coffin's place. But Coffin demanded they all stick to their original contract. As Pollard told the story later:

"I started forward instantly and cried out, 'My lad, my lad, if you don't like your lot, I'll shoot the first man who touches you.' The poor emaciated boy hesitated a moment or two; then, quietly laying his head down on the gunwale of the boat, he said, 'I like it as well as any other.'" The youth was quickly shot through the head. His flesh kept them alive another 10 days.

A few days later they were picked up by the Nantucket whaler DAUPHIN. The stunned crew of the rescue vessel looked down in disbelief at the horrors in the small boat. "They were ninety-two days in the boat and were in a most wretched state," the DAUPHIN's captain wrote later in his journal and then added a grim detail. "They were unable to move when found [and were] sucking on the bones of their dead mess mates, which they were loath to part with."

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And thus ended the long agony of the whaler's crew. On April 5, the three men on Henderson Island were rescued by a British brig, sent from Chile by their shipmates.

Some 20 years later an aspiring young American writer, Herman Melville, was on board the whaling ship ACUSHNET in the South Pacific when she rendezvoused with another Nantucket whaler. The ESSEX tragedy had been a constant topic among the crew in their forecastle conversations. To the writer's surprise, who should be on board the other ship but Owen Chase's 16-year-old son. Melville questioned him at length about his father's ordeal. Chase excused himself, went to his sea chest, and brought back a copy of his father's book, *A Narrative of the Most Extraordinary and Distressing Shipwreck of the Whaleship Essex.*

Melville borrowed the book. "The reading of this wondrous story upon the landless sea and close to the very latitude of the shipwreck had a surprising effect upon me," he recalled later. Like the irritating grain of sand inside the oyster that eventually becomes a pearl, the ESSEX story was to lodge in Melville's imagination and slowly developed over the years into the world's greatest sea novel, *Moby Dick.*

(*Ed. Note:* James C. Simmons is an award-winning San Diego freelance writer with seven books and over four hundred magazine articles to his credit. The above article has been adapted from his latest book, *Castaway in Paradise: The Incredible Adventures of True-life Robinson Crusoes.*)



# Mystery of the Packer Ports

*By Stephen W. Lawson*

Down in the 'tween decks of the old windjammers STAR OF INDIA and BALCLUTHA, a handful of portholes are mounted to the hull. Though over 80 years old, the small round windows, perhaps referred to by a few old salts as a "scuttle," still offer sunlight and fresh air through their 8½ inch openings. Portholes such as these were used long before the launch of either ship and variations of this marine hardware are employed today in virtually every oceangoing vessel. But these two deepwatermen have portholes unlike any other vessel afloat, for they bear the house flag of the Alaska Packers Association.

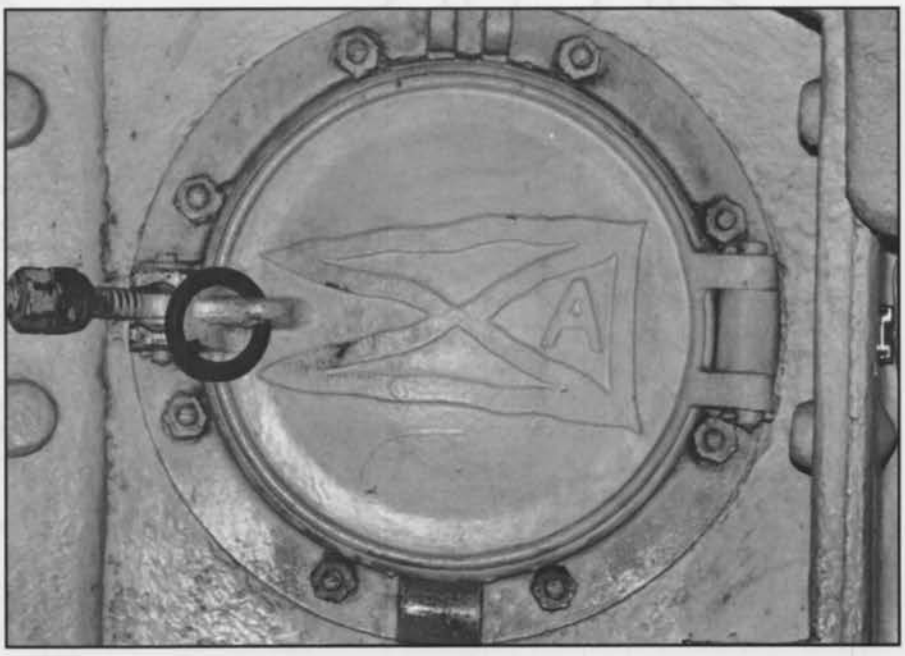
As a collection of refugees displaced by the advent of steam, the A.P.A.'s fleet of square-riggers found their niche in the northern latitudes of Alaska. Starting with EUTERPE in 1901, the Packers purchased 19 iron- and steel-hulled ships and barks and assigned each with the same task: transport men and supplies to the fishing grounds of Alaska and return to San Francisco with a hull full of canned salmon.

The sailing vessels served as the pack horses of the company and were modified to accommodate the demands of their new trade. Old deck houses were replaced, sailing rigs changed and donkey engines, capstans, wheelhouses and boats were added to the vessels with little regard for appearances. The Packers also added bunks, water tanks, galleys and extended forecastle and poop quarters to accommodate as many as four hundred crewmen, fishermen, and cannery workers per vessel. To signify their allegiance to the Packer fleet, all of the metal-hulled vessels were renamed with a "Star of ——" prefix, including both EUTERPE (STAR OF INDIA), and BALCLUTHA (STAR OF ALASKA).

Portholes were also installed in the hulls at the 'tween deck level and in the extended forecastle and poop deckhouses, allowing light and fresh air to circulate among the men now situated in these quarters. The hull ring of each porthole, a large 13½ inch diameter flat ring, was mounted to the inside of the hull by eight ½ inch bolts. A plate, commonly referred to as a stormcover or deadlight, could open and close over the hull ring, providing a watertight seal over the 8½ inch hole in times of rough weather. Both the hull ring and stormcover are made of solid brass, weighing 16 pounds.

The swallowtail house flag of the A.P.A. that symbolized the company and its "Star" fleet was proudly displayed at every opportunity. The flag was flown from the trucks of its vessels, incorporated into the company's logo, embossed on wooden packing crates and even pressed into their cans of salmon. In short, the flag was displayed everywhere from letterhead to masthead. But the Packers did something unusual—something that to this writer's knowledge was never done before or since: they cast their house flag onto the stormcovers of their portholes.

The designer of these portholes was most likely faced with a seemingly trivial yet interesting dilemma: which direction should the flag point, right or left? Regardless of the choice, the flags mounted on the port and starboard sides would have pointed in opposite directions (one side forward and one side aft). For some unknown reason, this arrangement was unacceptable; the flags on the port and starboard sides had to point the same way. Although the stormcover need only be rotated 180 degrees for the flag to point in the opposite direction,



*One of* STAR OF INDIA's *"Packer Ports," with the Association's house flag cast thereon. The deadlights were cast with the flags flying two ways, but little consistency has been found on their arrangement on the three extant A.P.A. ships—*STAR OF INDIA, BALCLUTHA *(ex-*STAR OF ALASKA*), and the sunken* STAR OF FRANCE.
*Photo by Dave Brierley*

the flag's letter "A" would be inverted (which not only looks odd, it's a sign of distress). The only solution to this problem was to cast two different stormcovers, one with a flag that pointed right and one that pointed left.

The logic with which these portholes were installed is unclear. STAR OF INDIA's portholes are mounted so that the flag swallowtails on both her port and starboard sides forward of the mainmast point towards the bow, and those on both sides abaft the mainmast point astern. BALCLUTHA still retains her Packers portholes, although those aft are missing their stormcovers. However, by determining the orientation of the hull rings (the same hull ring could accommodate both stormcovers by rotating them 90 degrees), the BALCLUTHA's are mounted opposite to those of STAR OF INDIA—the flags point towards the mainmast, away from the bow and stern!

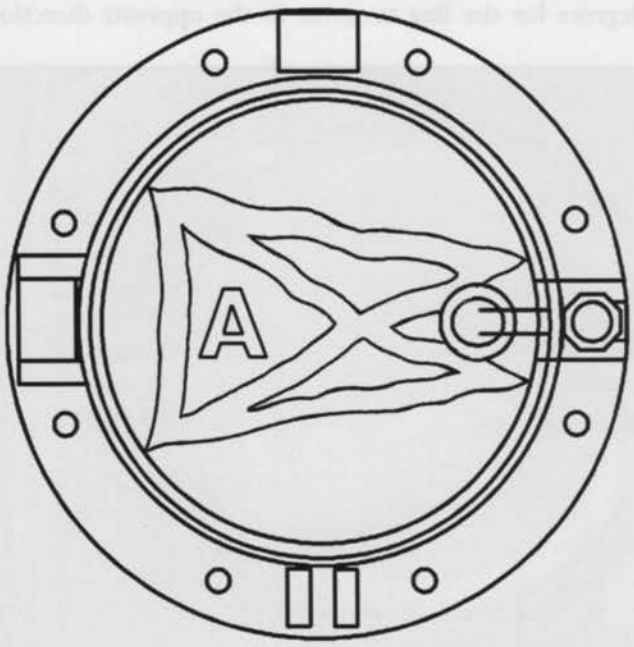
Scuba divers, who refer to the portholes as "Packer ports," have recovered both right and left versions from the wreck of the A.P.A. ship STAR OF FRANCE off San Pedro (see *Mains'l Haul,* Winter 1986-87). The divers also made another discovery. The stormcovers on board STAR OF INDIA and BALCLUTHA are fairly thin, about a quarter of an inch thick. Identical portholes were brought up from STAR OF FRANCE, in addition to some that were much greater in thickness and weight. These heavy stormcovers also bore the Packer's house flag in both right- and left-facing variations. However, the direction of the flags on STAR OF FRANCE is uncertain as one diver recalls that opposing flags were recovered from the port bow section of the wreck.

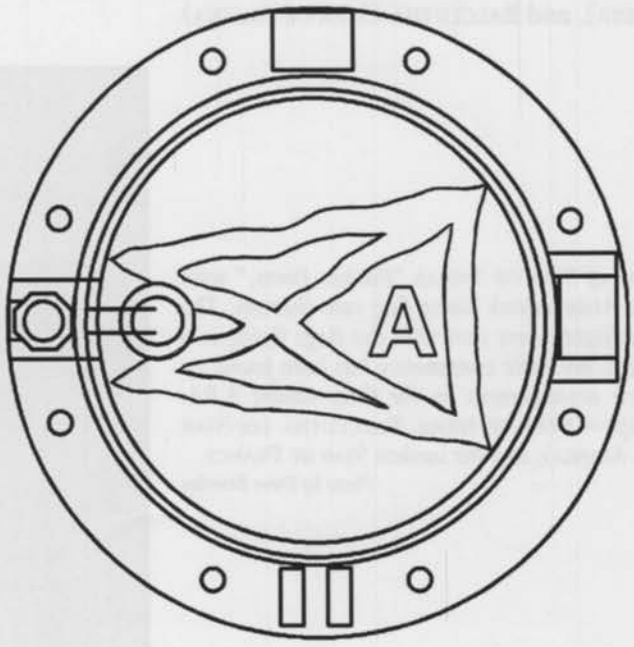
The portholes on BALCLUTHA have another addition, a glass ring. Portholes on STAR OF FRANCE had a thick piece of round glass fitted into the hull ring, allowing in light but no air. However, those in the aft section of BALCLUTHA have a similar piece of glass, though mounted into a brass ring that could open to admit fresh air or close tightly against the hull ring. (The glass rings on STAR OF INDIA are not original and were added later when it became a museum ship.) In either case, with or without the glass rings, the portholes had a similar watertight stormcover.

A few of the stormcovers bearing the Packers' house flags on STAR OF INDIA and BALCLUTHA have been painted with the appropriate colors of the flag. Though it has been questioned whether or not the portholes were painted during the Packers' ownership, one can imagine that with a fleet of sailing vessels, steam launches and boats, the company had enough maintenance on their hands not to bother with the frivolous task of decorating portholes. Most likely, the painting was done in more recent years.

The two remaining members of the Packers' "Great Star Fleet," STAR OF INDIA and BALCLUTHA, retain the unique portholes which bear the hallmark of the Alaska Packers Association, an intriguing vestige from America's last fleet of square-riggers.

(*Ed. Note:* Steve Lawson is a wreck diver and Alaska Packers historian.)





*Ship-to-ship combat in the Age of Nelson. Royal Marines aboard HMS* VICTORY *exchange musket fire with Frenchmen on the* REDOUTABLE *at right. A gun crew fires a cannon in the left foreground, while below decks the iron monsters are flaying the enemy's hull. Lord Nelson has fallen wounded, with Captain Thomas Hardy rushing up to assist him. "They have done for me at last, Hardy—my backbone is shot through."*

*National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, U.K.*

# The Sailor of the Wooden Walls

## PART 2

*By Thomas Gatlin*

In addition to living and working in conditions that would make a Southern chain gang seem luxurious, the sailor of the Age of Nelson was expected to fight when the time came. When a ship of the line cleared for action, all bulkheads were knocked down and carried to the deep holds, along with other non-essential items. The ship became a huge layered shell, hollow from bow to stern. All fires and lights were put out, and the decks were spread with sand carried for the purpose. This was to help crewmen keep their footing when the decks ran wet with spray or blood. Sailors reported to their battle stations where they were expected to act only on orders and then without hesitation, no matter what. On the main deck open to the skies, sailors might get some idea of what was about to happen, but those below on the gundecks waited in darkness, since ports were not opened until battle was imminent. Any veteran knows about apprehension before battle. To feel this way in a space with no ventilation, light or room to stand upright would be stressful to say the very least.

Things weren't much better once the battle started. Due to some quirk of physics, powder smoke from the guns was not blown outboard nearly as often as it was sucked back in through the gunports when the battery fired, and the noise of a broadside (or even a single gun) in such a closed space defies imagination. The only protection a sailor had was a bandanna to wrap around his head and ears. Can you imagine having to serve a gun that was too hot to touch after a few shots when you couldn't see or breathe because of thick caustic smoke?

As if the "working conditions" weren't bad enough by

themselves, the enemy was trying to kill men as they served their guns. Wooden ships were difficult to sink. In order to win a battle it was necessary either to disable an enemy vessel or kill so many of her crew that the remainder were unable to work the ship or fight.

The most common way to do this was to close in to point-blank range and batter the opposing ship with round shot—solid iron cannonballs—until something gave. When these balls hit wood, they threw splinters that were often as deadly as the projectile itself. The term "splinter" is misleading here. There was nothing small about these fragments. They could be several feet long and impale a man like a javelin, or have the same effect as shrapnel. Wounds from tar- and creosote-soaked wood inevitably infected, leading to gangrene.

If this wasn't enough, grapeshot was used against personnel. Grapeshot is a cluster of iron balls two inches or so in diameter. Loaded by the pound into cannon, it would make them a sort of giant shotgun, and a single load could kill an entire gun's crew. Also used were canister—pounds of 50-caliber musket balls—and langrage, which was scrap iron, old nails, broken glass, and anything else heavy enough to shoot from a cannon. The latter two were favorites of the Spanish Navy, who, since they were poor ship builders, favored killing crews and capturing enemy ships for their own use. Most first rate ships of the line also carried at least two carronades. These were very large short-range guns. They usually fired a 68-lb. exploding ball loaded with shrapnel. This missile would create a slaughterhouse when fired into an enemy's hull to explode in a crowded gundeck.

In keeping with the tradition of making discipline more fearful than the enemy, Royal Marines were stationed at key points about the ship with orders to shoot down any sailor who panicked and ran from his station in battle.

If a man was wounded instead of being killed outright, he was taken below to the ship's surgeon in his improvised operating room on the orlop deck, just above the bilges. Body wounds were sutured with tarred thread—sometimes the same stuff that was used on canvas. Major wounds to an arm or leg were always treated the same—by amputation and then cauterization with boiling tar. The only anesthetic used was rum, along with a leather strap for the man to bite.

While there were various narcotics available, they were not administered until *after* surgery, since the belief was that a man needed all of his faculties to help him endure an amputation. (At least one surgeon of the day strongly recommended a heavy post-operative dose of laudanum—an opium compound—to "quiet the man" and thus "lessen the distress" that his screams and groans might cause those awaiting their turn under the knife.) Euthanasia by overdose of opium or morphine was common for cases that appeared hopeless. Humane surgeons boiled their instruments, not for purposes of sterilization—it was unheard of—but because hot steel was believed to be less painful than cold.

Most sailors dreaded the surgeon far more than the possibility of being killed in battle. For those who survived the surgeon's "treatment" the only place for recovery was their hammock, and their diet remained the same unless compassionate shipmates offered to share rum rations. If an amputee managed to survive—and a surprising number did, all things considered—he was generally put ashore in the first friendly port. He might have a bit of pay coming, or he might not, but that was the end of his association with the Navy, no matter how long or how well he had served. If he was unable to find work he could handle, he could beg or starve. Disability compensation for common sailors did not exist, and an indifferent Admiralty would cast ashore a crippled sailor as quickly as it had ordered him kidnapped in the first place. The Admiralty seemed to salve its conscience by providing jobs for "wounded veterans" but these were tokens at best and were pitifully few and far between.

These conditions seem incredible by today's standards. Remember, though, that it was a time of mass illiteracy, no rapid communication, and widespread social corruption. While humanitarianism was paid lip service, in fact, money, influence, and the wishes of the ruling class were what mattered. Ordinary sailors, the "iron men of the wooden ships," were considered as little more than replaceable commodities, as were stores and cordage.

The conditions under which the Sailor of the Wooden Walls worked and fought were normal for the age. He received little or no reward, and had no future if he survived. He was forced to live with the constant fear of harsh punishment, and to exist on food we couldn't eat today. Despite all this, it was such men who worked the ships that made possible the Great Age of Sail.

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(*Ed. Note:* Mr. Gatlin is a U.S. Navy veteran with a lifelong interest in ships and the sea. He is a Maritime Museum member and occasional Library volunteer. Part 1 of this article appeared in the Spring 1994 issue of *Mains'l Haul.* This is the final part.)

# From the Helm

It seems that America's Cup '92 was just finished when we now have the '95 event just around the corner.

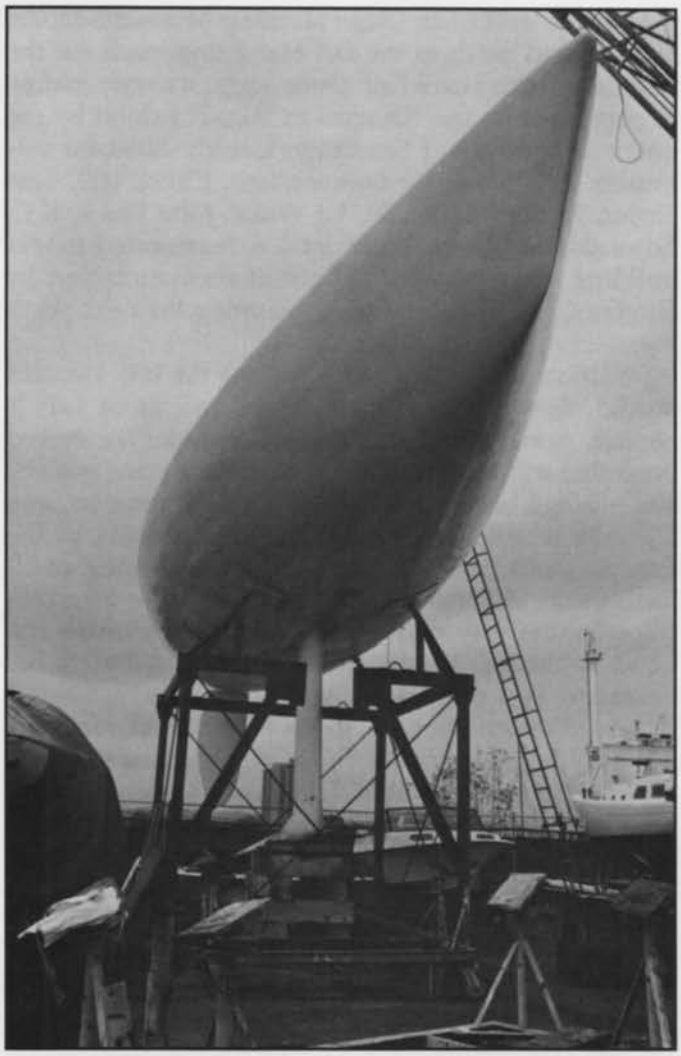
The Museum, in concert with the America's Cup '95 Committee, plans to display the ex-Soviet International America's Cup Race Boat AGE OF RUSSIA at the Museum from August '94 to August '95. This exhibit is designed to be an attraction to visitors who wish to see one of the boats close-up and to visit the America's Cup gallery on the BERKELEY. The gallery, under the direction of Curator Dave Brierley and Trustee Curatorial Committee Chairman Jack Sutphen, will feature presentations from all the challenger and defender syndicates.

AGE OF RUSSIA was airlifted to San Diego from the former Soviet Union for the '92 races. However, the collapse of the Soviet Union scuttled the syndicate's program and the boat was never outfitted for the races. Through the generosity of Knight and Carver Custom Yachts, the boat will be made available as a feature exhibit on the San Diego waterfront.

We congratulate Museum Librarian Craig Arnold on the completion of his latest book, *Medea: The Classic Steam Yacht*. It is a fascinating work, well researched, and with excellent photographs of the early life of MEDEA and her various owners. The book is available at the Museum Store.

Summer brings us the best of San Diego's weather and, we hope, an abundance of visitors to the Museum. We have many new exhibits, an outstanding group of docents to interpret the ships and displays, and lots of events (both daytime and evening) to stimulate interest. Got out-of-town relatives in for a week? Bring them aboard and leave the entertainment to us!

—Charles R. Allen, President
Kenneth F. Franke, Executive Director



AGE OF RUSSIA, *the 73-foot Soviet challenger for the 1992 America's Cup.* *Photo by Dave Brierley*

# Star of India Auxiliary

The Maritime Museum Association of San Diego and the Star of India Auxiliary jointly hosted an "Up, Up and Away" Party on August 19, 1994 on board the BERKELEY. This party was to raise funds for the installation of an elevator on board the BERKELEY.

As of July, the Star of India Auxiliary had already raised over $7,000.00 for this project. The Auxiliary has in reserve another $9,500.00, which makes a grand total of $16,500.00. The entire cost of the elevator will be $31,500.00. We only have $15,000.00 to raise and we can start construction. The "Up, Up and Away" Party was a great success. However, funds are still wanted for this much-needed project, and the Auxiliary could use all assistance. So please help us raise enough money to have our elevator in by Christmas. What a nice Christmas present!

The Rummage warehouse at the "B" Street Pier (or Cruise Ship Terminal) will be open every Monday from 9:30 to noon to receive rummage. So clean out your closets and garages and help us have the biggest Rummage Sale ever!

—Rita J. Greig
President, Star of India Auxiliary

# Ship Model Shop

Activities in the San Diego Maritime Museum's Model Shop shifted north to the Del Mar Fairgrounds for the duration of this year's Fair. Once again, we were invited to participate in the "Designs in Wood" exhibit by the fine woodworkers of San Diego County. Museum volunteers Jack Klein, Joe Bompensiero, Chuck Hill, Tom Taylor, Suzanne Levonian, Ed White, John Fluck, K.C. Edwards, and Doug McFarland demonstrated model building. All expressed delight at their reception by fairgoers, and we are already planning for next year's Fair.

Donations continue to trickle in for the USS LANGLEY model, now under construction, and as of July 1 enough money had been collected to order the etched brass that will become flight deck substructure, girders, and pillars. I believe Joe enjoyed his brief vacation from LANGLEY while working on OLIVER CROMWELL at the Fair, as since his return he has been building small boats (13 in all) at an incredible rate.

Joe by the way needs more funding to finish the LANGLEY model. About $500 more would enable the vessel to be completed. Anyone who can help is requested to give Joe a call in the Model Shop, where he normally is every weekday. Our new resident modeler/machinist volunteer, Tom Taylor, has been providing the Museum ships with a variety of replacement parts, using his ingenuity and the lathe aboard BERKELEY. Nearly completed and ready to be nickel-plated are replacement switch covers for our steam yacht MEDEA. Tom also re-manufactured two lubricant injectors and re-surfaced a major part of her main engine, which, if left undone, could have left her incapable of operation. Most of us in the Model Shop have been learning a great deal from Tom on machine setup and operation and his smokestacks for LANGLEY are very impressive.

Jack Klein has completed nearly all of the standing rigging on HMS KINGFISHER and has now begun to rig yards. At this rate, he should finish sometime before Thanksgiving. Chuck Hill is nearly at the same point as Jack on his CUTTY SARK. He should complete her sometime after the first of the year.

I have contacted and have a meeting with Mr. Mike Redmond of Oakland, who has agreed to laser-cut frames for my model of MEDEA. After a variety of failures to produce a set of frames by bending, this method provides a solution for a decent hull for this project. In addition, Mike will look into providing a camera-ready set of plans for MEDEA of a quality that would make them a companion set to our modelers' plans of STAR OF INDIA. Finally, from the STAR plans, I have asked for a bid on a set of laser-cut brass frames so that we might make a diorama of EUTERPE on the building ways at Ramsey, Isle of Man, in 1863. This would make the fourth and final piece to be displayed on the STAR's 'tween deck showing her evolution through the years. The four models would include this building model, Dr. Bill Brown's EUTERPE, the Alaska Packers STAR OF INDIA by Bob Cunningham, and the STAR as she looks today, by Lionel Meeker.

—Robert Crawford,
Curator of Ship Models



*Ship modeler Jack Klein toils away at the intricate rigging of HMS* KINGFISHER. *Built in 1770, the ship sailed for the Royal Navy in the American Revolution.*
*Photo by Robert Crawford*

# Library Log

Among the more enjoyable aspects of working in a museum are the opportunities to interact with other cultural institutions. These may include museums other than one's own, libraries, colleges and schools, service clubs, government agencies, informal groups of writers and artists, and so on.

We live in an age of mass communication where all people are linked. No longer can a cultural institution exist in splendid isolation, ignoring trends elsewhere. What is happening to a museum in the East may be as important to our future as what is happening at city hall. Thanks to the current revolution in computer nets, communication between all cultural institutions is faster and more convenient than ever before.

What sort of transactions will take place for museums on the "information superhighway"? Let's try to visualize a few. As a hypothetical example, let us say that a project is begun to restore more of the STAR OF INDIA to her period as an emigrant ship. To do this, we need to know more about how her 'tween decks looked, crammed with emigrant cabins. Rather than make a costly trip overseas for such information, or wait for correspondence to pass over thousands of miles, we can sit down at a computer terminal linking all maritime museums, and punch in our inquiry to three museums in Europe, two on the U.S. East Coast, and one in New Zealand. In a very short time, our colleagues are talking directly to us, feeding data into our files, and printing it out for us simultaneously. Our Curator then develops his plans, knowing he has the best information available to carry out the project.

The Librarian may be working on a book about wooden ships. He needs to find out something about the ceremonial vessels used on the River Nile in 2500 B.C. Does he call up his travel agent and book the next plane for Cairo? Not necessarily. He may be able to contact the Egyptian Antiquities Department by a special computer network—and have the information he wants in minutes instead of weeks or months. Similarly, when our Library receives an inquiry we cannot answer from our own resources, we can boot up the probable source on the network, and get the data quickly.



In effect, the whole world is going to become one big library. Almost any form of printed matter in the public domain will be accessible to researchers—an opportunity unprecedented in history.

Our concept of a library is going to be a lot different in the future. "User friendly" is an overworked term, but certainly the electronic library will be more accessible than any archive before. The world will be at your fingertips—literally. And our special realm of learning and culture—the realm of the museum—will never be the same.

—Craig Arnold, Librarian

# Curator's Corner

America's Cup fever is breaking out in San Diego. We have caught it at the San Diego Maritime Museum and want to expose our Museum membership and visitors to it. The only anecdote is a Cup full of exhibits, competition, and events.

The ferryboat BERKELEY has a growing and changing display of the history and current America's Cup activity to follow from August 1994 through September 1995. Of immediate interest to everyone in proximity to the Maritime Museum is the AGE OF RUSSIA racing sloop. Please read the Executive Director's "From the Helm" column for more details about this only opportunity to see an AC class yacht out of the water.

Exhibits aboard BERKELEY explain AGE OF RUSSIA, give insight into the 11 syndicates campaigning for the 1995 competition for the America's Cup, and add new material for viewing about this major event. The history of the competition for the "Old Mug" is covered with historic overviews of specific periods dating from the first race in 1851. Come see how the America's Cup event progressed through the eras of the schooners, giant sloops, J-boats, 12-meter sloops and into the present. San Diegans have been increasingly involved with the Cup since 1958 and this is a theme within the exhibit.

The America's Cup is the oldest series of yachting competition. The 29th version will span 1994 and 1995. Come aboard to be in the know.



On the Museum education front, the baptism of the "March of Transportation: Wheels, Rails, Wings, and Sails" took place in early July. The San Diego Maritime Museum joined with the Aerospace Museum, Automotive Museum, and Model Railroading Museum for the four-day program. Our day (July 5) entailed touring each ship, setting sails, learning teamwork, learning about horsepower and mechanical advantage, pursuing celestial navigation and communication, and viewing the steam engines of BERKELEY and MEDEA.

The hands-on activities were greatly enjoyed by the eighth graders and the "classroom" presentations gave excellent background in many maritime subjects. Both Museum volunteers and employees helped to conduct the program and their help is greatly appreciated. The experience gained in this program will be applied to an expansion of the "March of Transportation" this coming school year (pending Federal grant approval) with the Sweetwater School District.

The San Diego and Sweetwater school districts are

about to receive a letter from the Maritime Museum regarding two teaching-assist sea chests. These are being outfitted with material such as rope for knot-tying, a plastic sextant and signal flags for use by a teacher prior to a visit to the Museum. Lesson plan information will also be included. The Star of India Auxiliary has funded the sea chests, which were built and painted largely through the efforts of the Urban Corps workers.

—Dave Brierley, Curator

## Volunteer of the Quarter

Our Volunteer of the Quarter for Summer 1994 is Molly Alexander, pictured at right in her Victorian costume.

As may be surmised, Molly is one of our reenactors, playing the part of a Victorian lady who went to sea in EUTERPE in the late 1800s. She is having a great time depicting someone who lived a century ago, and is recruiting visitors while doing it. Molly is a native of Boston and was "brought up around small boats." Since moving to San Diego, she has been active in our Maritime Museum docent program for about four years now. She likes history and enjoys interacting with others, which makes her an ideal docent.

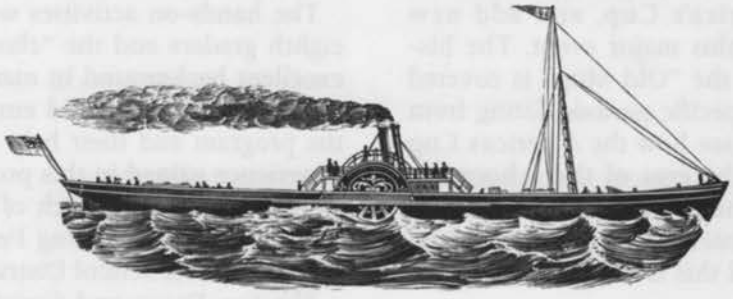
The character Molly portrays doesn't have a name yet. She is, according to her creator, a "generic lady" who sailed in the ship's steerage and sought a new life in New Zealand.

Molly carries on her portrayal in two locations: around the decks of STAR OF INDIA, and on the Embarcadero near the ship's gangway. She often answers questions about our ships—the most common being: "How much does it cost to go aboard?" She has been doing this now for a couple of months and thoroughly enjoys it. Molly made her own costume for the Victorian lady she portrays, and a nice one it is. When you get the opportunity, come down to the Embarcadero for a vision of yesterday—our very own Molly Alexander, Living History performer.

(As a closing note, the Librarian is still trying to recruit more players for our Living History program. We have four now. Anyone interested in taking part should call either Craig Arnold or Barbara Sarda at the Museum. No prior acting experience is required, although it may be helpful. We do ask that Living History performers commit to at least two appearances a month, preferably on weekends.)




*"Living History" docent Molly Alexander greets visitors at* STAR OF INDIA*'s gangway.* *Photo by Dave Brierley*



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

## America's Cup Schedule

*America's Cup Class World Championship Events*

October 27-November 5, 1994: Races on the Pacific Ocean America's Cup race courses.

October 30, 1994: Races within San Diego Bay with special festivities on Broadway Pier for spectators.

*Challenger and Defender Elimination Series*

Citizen Cup competition for the defenders begins in January 1995 and ends in April. This consists of four rounds of competition plus semi-finals and finals to pick one defender.

Louis Vuitton Cup competition for the challengers begins in January 1995 and ends in April. This consists of four rounds of competition plus semi-finals and finals to pick one challenger.

*America's Cup XXIX (best five of nine match races in May 1995)*

| | |
|---|---|
| First race | May 6 |
| Second race | May 8 |
| Third race | May 9 |
| Fourth race | May 11 |
| Fifth race | May 13 |
| Sixth race | May 14 |
| Seventh race | May 16 |
| Eighth race | May 18 |
| Ninth race | May 20 |

## Book on *Medea* Launched

A successful book-signing and reception was held at the Maritime Museum on Saturday, June 11, to release our new book, *Medea: The Classic Steam Yacht*, by Craig Arnold. Seventy copies of this book and the second edition of the book *Euterpe* were sold.

The Museum would like to thank the Star of India Auxiliary for raising the funding for both books, which deal with the histories of two of our vessels. Thanks are also due to Museum member Bill Graham, who played the bagpipes at the reception, and Museum staffers Marge Robison and Erminia Taranto, who assisted with cash-handling and ushering book-buyers aboard the yacht. We likewise thank docents Cindy Frederick and Joe Jensen for their help at the reception.

The books are now on sale in the Museum Store. We remind all Museum members that they are entitled to a 10% discount on all items purchased at the store.



STARS AND STRIPES, *Dennis Conner's entry in the 1992 America's Cup races, was launched at the Maritime Museum in April 1991.*
*Photo courtesy of Bob Covarrubias*

## Library Fees

Due to the current financial problems in the Museum, and following the lead of other educational institutions in this area, the Jerry MacMullen Library has been directed to begin charging a schedule of fees to all non-members who use the facility. Maritime Museum members will continue to have access to the Library at no charge, but non-members will be charged $3.00 per day for access. Students with i.d. will be charged $1.00 per day. A special research fee of $30.00 an hour may apply to anyone requiring more than routine assistance with his or her project. Any inquiries about the new fee schedule may be directed to the Museum Librarian at (619) 234-9153.

## *Langley* Model Needs Help

Ship modeler Joe Bompensiero needs some help to finish his superb model of USS LANGLEY (CV-1), our Navy's first aircraft carrier. Joe needs just $500 more to buy the finishing materials for the model, which will be displayed in our Naval History section. Anyone who can help is requested to call Joe at (619) 234-9153.

## Calendar of Events

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

**SEPTEMBER**

5: Labor Day

16-17: Movies Before the Mast, STAR OF INDIA.

17: Harbor Days at Chula Vista Marina, 10 a.m.-4 p.m.

28: Membership Meeting, BERKELEY, social hour, 7 p.m.; meeting, 7:30 p.m.

**OCTOBER**

14-15: Movies Before the Mast, STAR OF INDIA.

27: Maritime Research Society, STAR OF INDIA, 6:30 p.m.

28: Star of India Auxiliary Halloween Party.

**NOVEMBER**

9: Membership Meeting, BERKELEY, social hour, 7 p.m.; meeting, 7:30 p.m.

12: STAR OF INDIA Birthday Party, 10 a.m.-3 p.m.


**MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO**

A non-profit, educational corporation
Council of American Maritime Museums
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Craig Arnold, *Editor*



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