



MAINS'L HAUL



VOL. XIII

SEPTEMBER 1976

NO. 1

July 4, 1976, was very definitely

A DAY TO REMEMBER!

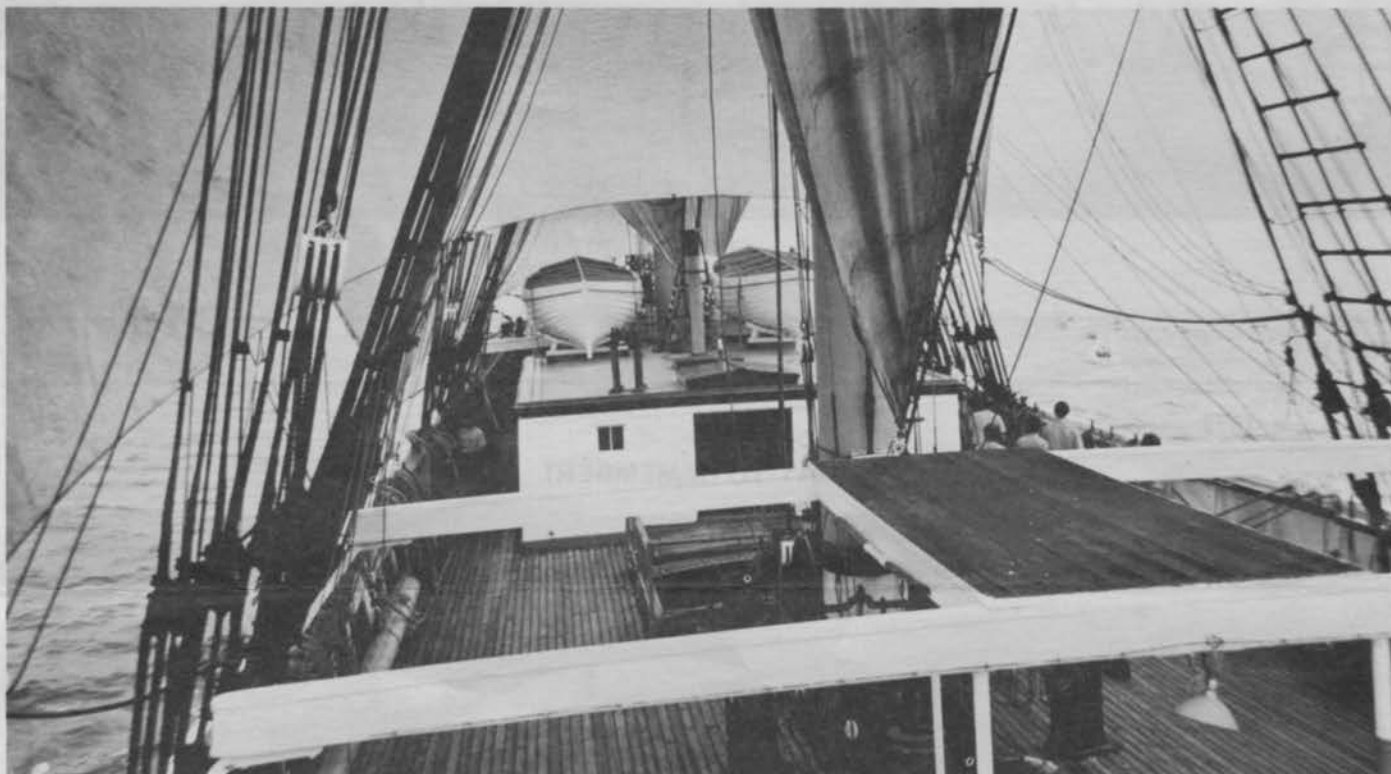


They said it could not be done — and must not be done. But they were wrong, and to celebrate the Bicentennial, our *Star of India* spread her sails, let go the tug's hawser off Point Loma and, for the first time in 53 years, was on her own for a few glorious hours.

Here, in this imposing photo, Roscoe Smith caught her with everything set and — can you imagine it! — showing a bow wave! Following us respectfully is Pacific Towboat & Salvage's tug *Cuyamaca* which, with her fleet-mate *Coronado*, they all but flat-out donated to us for that unforgettable day. So, you see, there are nice people on our waterfront — like Pacific, and like Campbell Industries, who took us into their drydock after we had been called practically a basket case. And there was that Seattle marine surveyor, Capt. A.F. Raynaud, who looked at her rugged plates and grinned and said "Why not?" — and proved his faith by being at the wheel when she proved his point.

In command was Capt. Carl G. Bowman, ex Coast Guardsman and Master, Unlimited, in Steam and Sail. Quietly and confidently he called his orders from the poop as he looked forward into thousands of yards of sail and miles of rigging brought into being by years of toil by Capt. Kenneth B. Reynard — who was here, there and everywhere, worrying unnecessarily that perhaps some little thing might go wrong. It didn't.

Unlike New York's simultaneous Operation Sail, we did it by brawn and brains alone; there was no auxiliary Diesel to help us if a sticky situation arose, no power winches to hoist those cruelly heavy yards and sails. And when, late that afternoon, we rounded up and let go the anchor, we got it back up to the cat-head by the muscles of our crew, tramping around the capstan on the foc'sl head.



Top view, looking forward on the port side, from the break of the poop. Everything is set and drawing, but there is a lot of grousing from the crew about the lack of a decent breeze. Finally someone sticks his knife into the mizzen-mast, which is always supposed to bring wind. It didn't, and another crewman explained why: "That doesn't work," he said, "unless you are a Finn." There's a lad who knows his sea-lore! Our best speed that day? Around four knots. Below, she has just come about, and they are heaving-down the starboard tack of the massive fores'l. So now you know what it means to be "on the starboard tack."

ALL DECK PHOTOS BY ROBERT A. WEINSTEIN



Now we're about off Shelter Island, inward bound under sail. To improve the visibility of master and helmsmen, as well as to reduce speed as the anchorage is approached, both the mains'l and the fores'l have been clewed up and furled with a neat "harbor stow" — and soon they'll be taking in the rest of her canvas.

LOG, BARK STAR OF INDIA, JULY 4, 1976

This day comes in with light W'yly airs and overcast . . . alongside Embarcadero . . . preparations for underway . . . weather as before . . .

8 to Meridian

- 9:30 - Underway, in tow tugs *Cuyamaca* and *Coronado*. Light W'yly wind, overcast; Raynaud, Carpenter at wheel.
- 9:40 - Crew aloft to loose sail. Escorted by USCG *Point Brower*; completely surrounded by yachts — about 200 of them.
- 10:20 - Setting main and mizzen stays'ls, and jibs.
- 10:23 - Ballast Point close abeam.
- 10:35 - Set lower tops'ls, spanker.
- 10:41 - Set main upper tops'l; Visibility decreasing — about 2 miles.
- 10:45 - Point Loma Light abeam. On course 145° by steering compass. Tugs cast off; set main and fore t'gallants, mains'l, fores'l.
- 10:55 - Set royals; making about 3½ - 4 knots. Wind decreasing, shifting; on various courses.
- 11:50 - Wind picking up. On Starboard tack. More and more yachts.

Meridian to 4 p.m.

- 12:04 - *Ready about — Rise main sheets and tacks*
- 12:05 - *Hard a-lee . . . Mains'l haul*
- 12:08 - Helm amidships, wind decreasing again. Missed stays. Back on Starboard tack — will wear ship.
- 12:24 - On Port tack. Almost calm, but she answers her helm nicely.
- 12:28 - Full and by. Course 020°.
- 12:45 - Point Loma Light bearing 020°, distant about 5 miles. Wind light and variable. Making about 2 knots.
- 1:01 - Wind improving — *Ready about — rise main sheets and tacks, slack jib sheets.*

- 1:06 - *Hard a-lee Mains'l haul*
- 1:10 - Filled away on Starboard tack. Sun out, wind improving.
- 1:20 - Course 182°. De Fever at wheel.
- 1:25 - *Ready about — Rise sheets and tacks — Hard a-lee.*
- 1:27 - *Mains'l haul.* Filled away on Port tack, course 352°, about 3 knots.
- 1:50 - Boarded hawser of tug *Coronado* to head her up for harbor entrance; hauled up mains'l for steering.
- 2:22 - No. 5 Bell Byou close abeam to starboard. Various courses.
- 2:30 - Point Loma light abeam. Crew aloft to furl main and fore.
- 2:55 - Let go tug's hawser. Proceeding up the bay on various courses, under sail alone.
- 3:05 - Taking in royals.
- 3:20 - Taking in stays'ls, jibs. Squared fore and main yards.
- 3:27 - Taking in fore t'gallant. Approaching b St. Pier off Starboard bow.
- 3:36 - Taking in fore upper tops'l.
- 3:45 - Rounding up, NW of B St. Pier, helm hard down, spanker amidships . . . Lost all way, starting to go astern.
- 3:47 - Let go port anchor. Ship brought-to and holding. Taking in main t'gallant.
- 3:52 - Taking in main tops'ls, spanker.

4 to 8 p.m.

- 4:10 - Harbor stow on all sails, yards square, tugs alongside. Manned windlass and hove short.
- 4:17 - Anchor aweigh. Underway with tugs.
- 4:35 - Rirst line out to Embarcadero.
- 4:50 - Secured.



With the horizon of the broad Pacific astern and Point Loma off our port quarter, our frisky little 113-year-old Iron Lady sails serenely up San Diego Bay. The last time a bark sailed into the bay and let go her anchor was, so far as can be learned, exactly 76 years before. On July 4, 1900, the little cargo-laden bark *Vidette* showed up off Point Loma, and there was no tug on hand to meet her — it being a holiday. So she sailed into the bay and anchored, but more in anger than in triumph.

CREW LIST, JULY 4, 1976

Capt. Carl G. Bowman, Kenneth D. Reynard, A.F. Raynaud, Andy Carroll (Pac. Tugboat & Salvage, pilot), Ed Paxton, Dr. Worth Martin.

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Harold Carpenter
Victor Anderson
Bill Bartram
Alex Janicki
Doug Anton
Richard Baur
Jim Mahl
Phil Adams
Ernest Gann

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Bill Cooper
Paul Seiler
Gordon Jones
Danny Duval
Jeff Saar
Kirby Shaw
Steve Annabali
Eric Lighthart
Bud Eaton

PORT WATCH

Gary Gould
John Hamrick
George Lindley
Jim Woodworth
Bob Phillips
Bob Baker
Bill Moser
Malcolm Brown
Bob Weinstein

STARBOARD WATCH

Charles Thomas
Ken Baker
Jerry MacMullen
Pete Hoffman
Arthur De Fever
Tom Money
Paul Kettenburg
Jim Hitt
Roger Britt

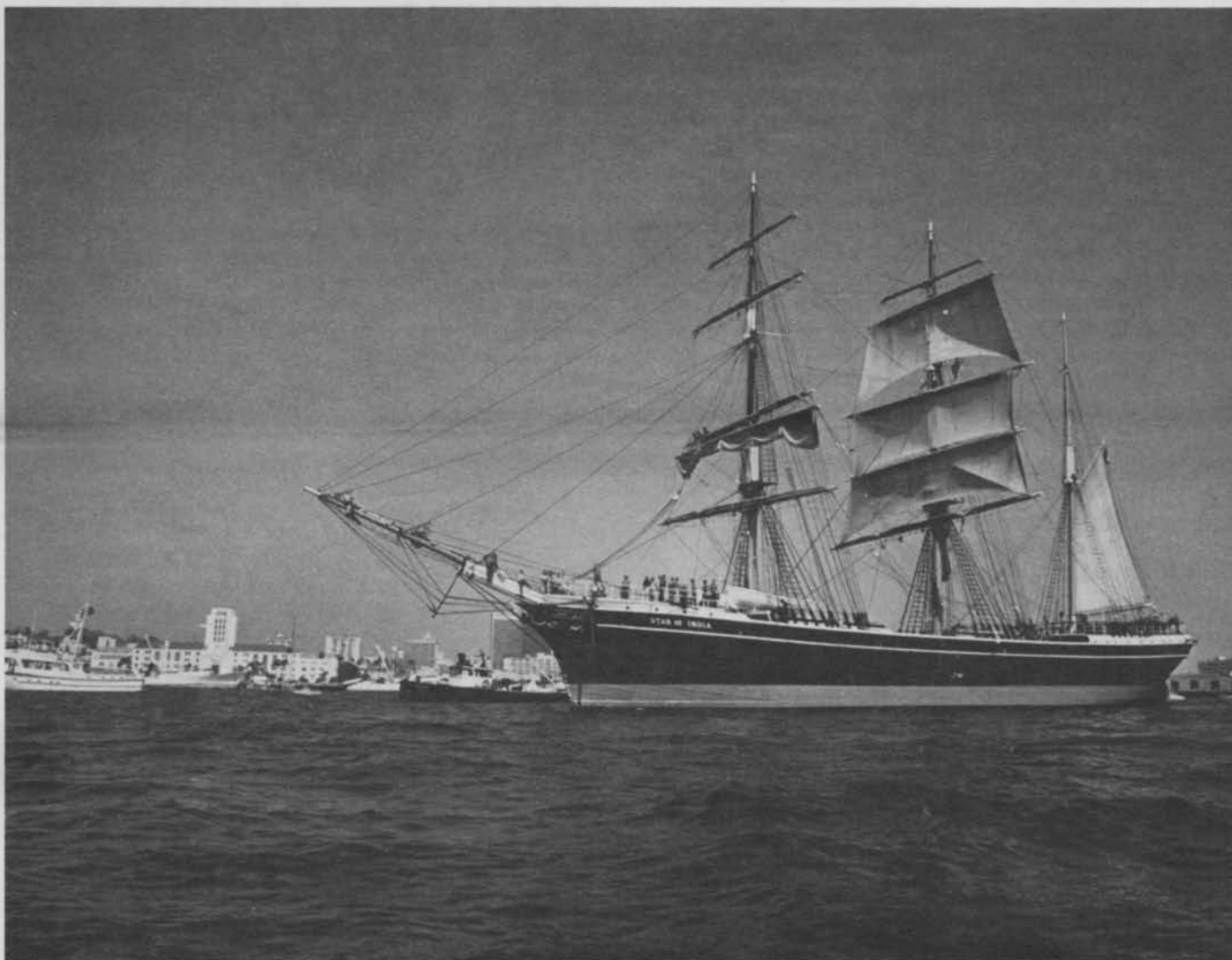


"SO ENDS THIS DAY . . ."

A study in photographic precision. At the left, Bob Weinstein catches our carpenter, Gordy Jones, as he swings his top-maul crashing down onto the ring-stopper to release the anchor. Now will come a sharp *Crack!* — followed by a tremendous splash and the roar of heavy stud-link chain, tumbling out through the hawsepipe.

At the same moment a Union-Tribune photographer (below) gets the same scene from a small-boat. Jibs and stays'ls are down, main and lower tops'ls are aback, the spanker is still set to hold us up into the wind, and the boys are furling the fore lower tops'l; off our star-board bow is the tug *Coronado*. To the literary-minded among the thousands who massed on the Embarcadero and B Street Pier and Broadway Pier to welcome our triumphant return, the *Star of India* must have recalled Masfield's account of the arrival of the bark *Che-pica*, which

*Came to an anchor near us on the flood,
Her trucks aloft in sun-glow red as blood.*



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Here are our new members, since the last issue of *Mains'l Haul*:

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and
Western Regional Conference
of the
American Association of Museums

Mains'l Haul is published quarterly (wind and weather permitting) at headquarters of the Maritime Museum Association aboard the bark *Star of India*, 1306 North Harbor Drive, San Diego, California 92101.

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

— John Masefield

Jerry MacMullen, Editor

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ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting has been set for Monday evening, Nov. 8, at 8 p.m. aboard the *Berkeley*, at which time there will be brief reports, and the election of officers and directors. A "bring your own" picnic supper is planned for 7 p.m.; coffee will be provided. Pictures of the July 4 "cruise" of the *Star* will be shown — possibly a movie, but otherwise color slides.

MARITIME MUSEUM ASS'N. OF SAN DIEGO
Bark *Star of India*
1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, Calif. 92101

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MAINS'L HAUL



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NO. 2

AYE, THEY SHALL SPIN AGAIN!

The crank-throw gives the double-bass, the feed-pump
sobs and heaves
An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel
on the sheaves;
Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking
link-head bides,
Till — hear that note? — the rod's return whings
glimmerin' through the guides!

— Kipling: *Mc Andrews' Hymn* (1893)

There's a lot of quiet activity — and some of it not so quiet — in the cold engineroom of our famous old ferryboat *Berkeley*, and one of these days you are going to see a maritime museum exhibit with considerable dramatic impact.

The *Berkeley*, as you know, was powered with a triple-expansion, reciprocating steam engine. And you might say that the triple-expansion engine was to the age of steam what the clipper ship was to the age of sail; Kipling once remarked that it was man's most noble achievement. It was the engine of the ocean liner, of the early battleship and cruiser and torpedo-boat and of the plodding, World-ranging tramp freighter. Probably the biggest liner with a TE power-plant was Norddeutscher-Lloyd's 14,350-ton *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosser* of 1897; she was also, incidentally, the first transatlantic liner with four stacks. Unfortunately for "man's most noble achievement" 1897 also was the year when Sir Charles Parsons unveiled his experimental turbine steamer *Turbinia*, and all but broke up the naval review at Spithead by showing a speed of 34½ knots. Although it would survive for many years, as of 1897 the huge up-and-downer was on its way out. But we've got one!

And what is a triple-expansion engine? Simply, it is one in which the steam expands (and so pushes a piston) three times, in three successive cylinders. A century ago, someone realized that the exhaust steam from an engine's cylinder still had quite a bit of oomph — so why not put it to work? Some say that the steam whaler *Balearic* of 1881 had the first triple-expansion engine — but Gregg Chandler has found a reference to a small French craft of ten years earlier, with this revolutionary type of engine.

So that the dwindling pressure in each succeeding cylinder would not produce horrifying vibration, they made each cylinder bigger than the one before it, thus equalizing the thrust. Our high-pressure cylinder is 24 inches in diameter; the intermediate-pressure cylinder is 32 inches and the last, or low-pressure one, is 56 inches. How would you like it if your car had cylinders five and a half feet across, and with a three-foot stroke?

The steam came in from the boilers at 165 pounds to the inch, and the reduction in pressure was described to us, beauti-



No, Junior, this is not a gnome emerging from a cave; it is our hard-working Port Engineer, Ed Paxton, climbing out of the low-pressure cylinder of the *Berkeley's* main engine. Behind him, suspended by two chains, is the massive cylinder-cover. (Photo by Roscoe Smith)

fully, by a delightful Scottish engineer who visited San Diego a few years ago:

"Th' steam enters the high-pressure cylinder at a hunnert an' sixty-five poonds. It exhausts into the intermediate cylinder at, say, eighty-five poonds, an' on into the low-pressure cylinder. An' noo, we're thinkin' in tairms o' fifteen poonds." He was a charming man, who started putting away the guid Scots whusky as soon as the sun was over the main yard. When we parted at around 10 that night he was still at it — and as sober as a judge. Losh! Th' mon's innards must be lined wi' copper!

If you worry about the modest pressure of only 15 pounds, just remember the size of the cylinder and its piston — an area of some 2,400 square inches. With 15 pounds on each of those inches, you get something like a thrust of 17 tons.

To make a "working" exhibit — we never would be allowed to operate either engine or boilers again — the shaft which runs the length of the hull and drove the two propellers, has been cut. The pistons, which are invisible anyhow, are being removed to reduce friction and inertia problems. A concealed electric motor then will turn over the otherwise complete engine, and the myriad of cranks, piston-rods, eccentrics and all the rest will operate just as they did when she was under steam. As engineroom fidleys and steep ladders are out of the question for public use, a hatch with stairway and handrails and a viewing-platform will be constructed, on the starboard side of the machinery trunk.

How long will all this take? A year, maybe more. But it will be an exhibit worth waiting for. Although the triple-expansion engine had a brief revival during World War II — it was the engine of the famous Liberty ships — it has become a museum-piece, and we're lucky to have one. Just as the *Star of India* recalls San Diego's glory days of sail, so will that engine bring to life the memories of the bygone steamers which also wrote the history of our port.

FACTS AND PHOTOS WANTED

In its earliest days, the Port of San Diego suffered badly from a lack of photographers — and of the keeping of adequate records.

For instance, has anyone ever seen of photographs of Capt. James Keating — or Capt. Enos Wall? Keating, as of 1855, was the first keeper of the original Point Loma Lighthouse. Before that he had been a harbor pilot — possibly the very first one — and he built a schooner named *Loma*, the first American-built vessel on the bay. Wall, a former whaler, is believed to have been a pilot also; in later days he ran a boat-shop on the waterfront.

About all that is known of Keating is that he was born in Ireland, and once achieved the dubious distinction of making the Delinquent Tax List. Wall didn't do much better; his newspaper obituary merely stated that "An old man named Amos (sic) Wall died yesterday. He was about 60 years old."

A later schooner *Loma*, built in 1889, was one of the pilot-boats. Does anyone have her photo? And how about the tug *Emma*? She was the first steam vessel ever built here, back in 1881.

AN "AYE!" FOR AN "AYE!" — A TOOT FOR A TOOT

As we go to press, in comes a letter from the *Berkeley's* retired Chief Engineer, Laurence E. Bulmore, now living in Concord, Calif., who says in part: "How I would like to hear the engines again — and hear her famous whistle. Everyone who 'rode the ferries' from 1898 to 1958 knew that whistle. I remember that while I was in the S.P. Hospital (now gone into history) I would hear that whistle every morning, before the traffic noises took over. I pause here to wipe away a tear,"

Well, we have news for the retired chief. Not long ago, to speed up engineroom-cleaning and other jobs, we acquired an air-compressor, with a big tank . . . and it didn't take those merry gremlins of our Black Gang long to hook up some pipes. So now, on state occasions, that fine old whistle sounds its deep-throated blast again.

A JOB WELL DONE

A belated salute to the San Diego Corral of The Westerners for publishing a concise history of the Benson Lumber Company, whose waterfront activities were important to the growing City of San Diego.

Starting in 1906 and continuing until the outbreak of World War II, Benson's brought from two to five huge, cigar-shaped rafts of logs from the Columbia to San Diego every summer. The rafts, most of them 900 feet in length, were broken up and run through the saw-mill, to emerge as dimension lumber; the scraps, sawed into stove-lengths, were sold as fuel under the name of Slab Wood. You got a whole truck-load of it for \$6.

In the March issue of *The Wrangler*, The Westerners turn from Indians and cow-pokes and arrow-points and turquoise jewelry to this unique type of sea-borne commerce. Under the title of *When the Forest Came to San Diego*, Robert L. Sperry tells the story of how Simon Benson solved the problem of getting cheap transportation by sea, from Clatskanie, Ore., to here. It was not all easy sailing — or rather, towing. In addition to the perils of the sea, the Benson people had to put up with powerful anti-raft politics, and other road-blocks. It's all over now; the boilers of the tugs *Sea Lion* and *Humaconna* and *Hercules* have been blown-down for the final time, and the last traces of Benson's mill and log-pond have vanished under what now is the Tenth Avenue Terminal. Historian Sperry — and The Westerners — have made a valuable contribution to local maritime history.

THAT OLD MAN IS BACK AGAIN

It is always unpleasant to be the bearer of bad news — but that old scoundrel Santa Claus is rapidly approaching.

And that brings up an idea, if you're looking for the man — or woman — who has everything: Why not a Christmas gift of a membership in the Maritime Museum Association? The membership card gets you free gangway to the *Star of India*, the *Berkeley* and the *Medea*, a discount on books, cards and other items purchased at the Slop Chest, membership meetings, and a subscription to *Mains'l Haul*.

If you have no application blanks, a call to the Museum office at (714) 234-9153 will fix you up.

THE ANNUAL MEETING

At the annual meeting on Nov. 8, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Capt. Carl G. Bowman USCG (ret); First Vice-president, Kenneth G. Baker; Second Vice-president, John Hamrick; Judge Advocate, Ward W. Waddell; Secretary, Frances Zeluff; Treasurer, Robert G. Baker.

Re-elected for three-year terms as directors were Thomas Allan, Capt. Bowman, Roy Drew, Gordon T. Frost, Jerry Mac Mullen and Ward Waddell. Joseph H. Gest, for many years a director and an active supporter of the museum, has moved to Arizona, which presented a commuting problem — so he has been made an Honorary Director. His place on the active board was filled by Alex De Baksy. Robert Phillips was elected to fill the unexpired term of John Kerman, who resigned because of press of business duties.



CAN'T A LADY TAKE A BATH IN PRIVATE?

Apparently, when the lady is our dainty little steam yacht *Medea*, the answer is No; the marine railway at Harbor Boat & Yacht is right on Harbor Drive, which is pretty public. Here we see her at the time of her recent haul-out for periodical inspection and cleaning. (Photo by Roscoe Smith)

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Mains'l Haul is published quarterly (wind and weather permitting) at headquarters of the Maritime Museum Association aboard the bark *Star of India*, 1306 North Harbor Drive, San Diego, California 92101.

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

— John Masfield

Jerry MacMullen, Editor

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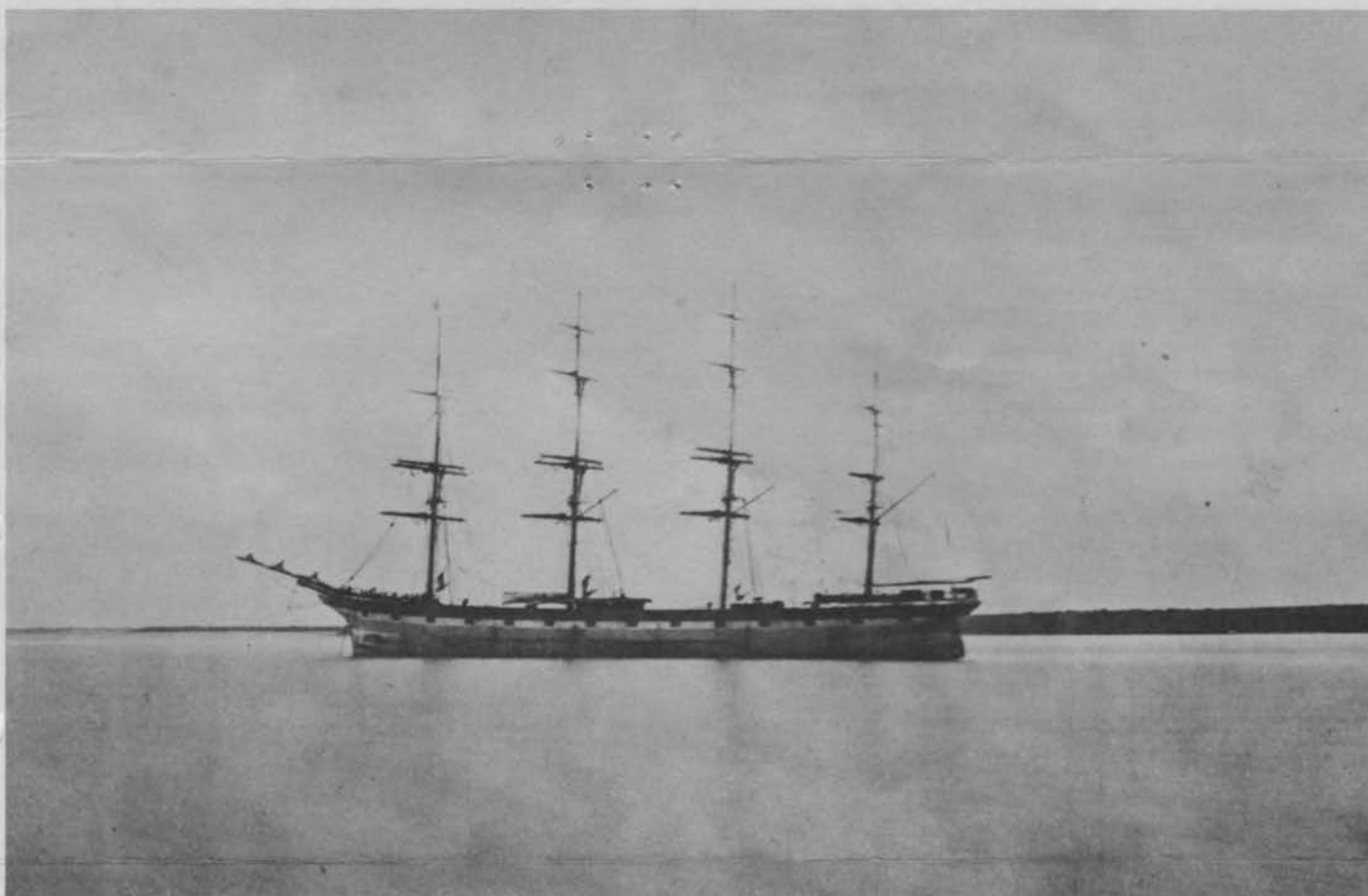
MAINS'L HAUL



VOL. XIII

MARCH 1977

NO. 3



On an overcast day in the late summer of 1881, the British ship *Trafalgar* swings to her anchor off Kimball's Wharf in National City, having discharged her load of steel rails for the old California Southern Railroad; she was the first vessel to bring cargo from Europe to San Diego, by way of Cape Horn. An iron four-masted, full-rigged ship of 1696 tons, she was built in 1877 for the East Indian trade, and lasted until 1904, when she was wrecked while on a passage from Sydney toward Falmouth.

— HISTORICAL COLLECTION, TITLE INSURANCE & TRUST CO.

SAN DIEGO AND THE CAPE HORN TRADE

Although San Diego's Cape Horn trade was a small affair compared with that of San Francisco and the other major ports, it played a vital part in the growth and existence of the city, and totalled arrivals, over a period of 60 years, of an even 150 square-riggers — mostly foreign.

Discounting the ships of Dana's time, which were mostly casual traders and hide-ships not on formal consignment to San Diego, you might say that our Cape Horn trade began in

1854, when the clipper ship *Stillwell S. Bishop* came in, 112 days from Baltimore, with cargo for the Army at San Diego and Fort Yuma, A.T. Remember her well for two things: to begin with, she was the only genuine clipper ship which ever visited here, and her 112-day record was never beaten from any East Coast port to San Diego via Cape Horn. The closest anyone ever come to it was the big four-masted bark *Acme* with a 125-day run from Philadelphia in 1910.



— HISTORICAL COLLECTION, TITLE INSURANCE & TRUST CO.

The end of era; the British full-rigged ship *Dudhope*, still with everything set, has just boarded the tug's hawser, several miles off Point Loma, late in 1914. The last of San Diego's Cape Horners, she was within 200 miles of her destination on her homeward-bound voyage, when a German submarine got her.

The arrival of the speedy *Bishop*, one might think should have aroused the city to great deeds of derring-do, especially as her cargo was laced with such items of the More Abundant Life as blankets, beans and black powder. But it didn't; so far as the Cape Horn Trade was concerned, San Diego merely yawned, and it was nearly thirty years before anything else happened.

In the interim, San Diego had grown a bit, and the dream of our own transcontinental railroad — the California Southern — had hatched. And so it was that in 1881, ships started loading in the East Coast and in Europe, for a quaint and outlandish place called San Diego. Back East, people started building locomotives and cars for those utterly mad people in Southern California. The columns of *The San Diego Union* began to tinkle and glow, ships were loading in Belgium and England and Germany with railroad iron (steel rails, to you) for our fair city.

It would be a long and not always jovial voyage, for it is some 13,400 miles to Liverpool, and only about 300 miles less than that to New York, oddly enough, the World's winds being that they are, average passage-time from the U.K. ports was less than that from our own East Coast.

Well, it started with a roar and a rush on Saturday morning, August 7, 1881, when the British four-masted full-rigged ship *Trafalgar* showed up, off Point Loma. San Diego had no tugs at the time, so in anticipation of the event, a small tug had been sent down from San Francisco to do the honors. Capt. George Wentworth, the local pilot, boarded her far off the harbor entrance and they headed in. When he and Capt. Duncan Johnston, her master, saw that poor little tug, they probably laughed. They sailed right past her and — like our own *Star of India* 95 years later — swept majestically up the bay and finally came to an anchor, off Kimball's Wharf in National City, 118 days out from Antwerp. Sailing into port and up the bay was quite a feat for a four-masted ship — but remember, she had a crew of 51, and *The San Diego Union* called them "... young and well-disciplined."

It Was Rough Going

The *Trafalgar* was one of eight ships chartered for San Diego from British or European ports that year. Seven of them made it — eventually — but the master of the eighth, Capt. Charles Grey of the big British ship *Macmillan*, had sensed trouble and gone "east about", choosing the longer run by way of the Cape of Good Hope and the Indian Ocean. And how right he was, his run of nearly 22,000 miles brought him here in 128 days, far less than the average time from Antwerp. On one glorious day, the *Macmillan*, racing before the winds of the roaring Forties, logged 320 nautical miles, noon to noon, that averages almost 13½ knots.

But while Grey was having all that fun, others were not doing so well. The poor little British bark *Duke of Argyll* was dismantled off the South American coast, but limped into Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, for a complete re-rigging — with new spars which had to be sent out from England. When at long last she reached San Diego, she had been en route for a year and four months. In Port Stanley, incidentally, she found another San Diego-bound vessel of those rugged eight, the British ship *Alumna*, whose cargo had shifted just east of Cape Horn. The *Alumna* made San Diego far ahead of her.

Meanwhile the American entry in the 1881 Cape Horn

classic was doing well. The bark *James A. Wright* got in on September 3, 1881, 147 days from New York — not as good as the *Stillwell S. Bishop*, but better than the average New York-San Diego run of 199 days. She had aboard three of the locomotives for which the Britishers had carried the rails. The rest of them all made it — and the lucky *Macmillan* gathered in a fringe-benefit. she picked up a cargo of San Diego grain for the voyage home.

The Trade Grows

With a railroad, San Diego had it made. Growth of the city, and the Great Boom of 1887-88, brought a need for supplies. Although the bulk of San Diego's overseas imports would be coal from Australia and New Zealand, there would be need for other things — cement from London and Hamburg, glass from Antwerp, more steaming coal from Cardiff and Swansea and, from our own eastern seaboard, blacksmith coal and general merchandise.

In the years which followed there would be 96 arrivals from United Kingdom ports — 49 from London, all but one with cement, 15 from Cardiff, 9 from Swansea, 7 each from Swansea and Newcastle-on Tyne, 6 from Glasgow and one each from Brake, Rochester and Newport. From Continental Europe would come 19 from Hamburg, 11 from Antwerp, 3 from Rotterdam and one from Amsterdam. The East Coast would send 9 from New York, 8 from Philadelphia and 3 from Baltimore. The Americans would not be immune from trouble. It took the *P.J. Carleton* 303 days to get here from Baltimore in 1892, counting a long stay in a Montevideo drydock to be re-caulked. In 1905 the famous Down Easter *Benj. F. Packard* ended a 276-day voyage from Baltimore, having been partly dismantled off the River Plate, with subsequent re-fit in Montevideo. And when the *Aryan* (America's last wooden, full-rigged ship) came in on March 7, 1911, she was 207 days out from Philadelphia. Her cargo of coal had been on fire, her captain had suffered a stroke after passing Cape Horn, and her mate brought her in. No other American ship would follow her on that long and bitter voyage to San Diego, although a trickle of foreign-flag vessels clung on for a few years.

On November 30, 1914, the "jubilee-rigged" British ship *Dudhope*, Capt. Hodgins, 141 days from Hamburg with general cargo, was picked up off Point Loma by the steam tug *Bahada* and towed in to Spreckels' Wharf. And with her, San Diego's Cape Horn trade was over, the Panama Canal had taken care of that.

MARITIME HISTORIAN'S DREAM

Mention of Port Stanley, occasionally the disaster refuge for San Diego-bound Cape Horners, brings up an excellent article in the Fall 1976 issue of *South Street Reporter*, the quarterly of New York's South Street Seaport Museum. Written by ship historian Norman Brouwer, it recounts his two-week visit to Port Stanley in company with two marine archaeologists — one of them also a shipwright.

In the past few years, two of Port Stanley's famous hulks have been towed away and are being faithfully restored — the ship *Wavertree* in New York and the iron ex-streamer *Great Britain* in England. But there are others to be saved or, at least, be carefully measured and photographed for posterity. Among them are the wooden *Charles Cooper*, American-built in 1849, whose carved stern decorations

look remarkably new. Of the same vintage is the old British ship *Jhelum* — but they are not the oldest, for the hulk of the *William Shand* dates back to 1839. A striking photo of the *Jhelum* reveals, in the weather-beaten timbers of her transom, the five square windows of what must have been her "grand cabin".

The museum's expedition to the Falklands was financed by a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Hopefully, it will be followed by a six-week expedition some time next year — and we of the *Star of India* and the *Berkeley* and the *Medea* wish them all success in this historically important venture. And when they come home at night, over a wharf built in part from the steel spars of the four-masted bark *Fennia*, may their evenings be pleasant in Port Stanley's only hotel, the stone-walled Upland Goose.

THE RUMMAGE SALE

The *Star of India* Auxiliary's annual rummage sale will be held this year on April 1, 2 and 3 aboard the *Berkeley* with hours from 10 to 4, it is announced by Jane Calkins, chairman of the sale, and if you are a member, you can get in ahead of time to inspect and to bid on the goodies which the gals have rounded up.

There will be a pre-sale starting at 1 p.m. on March 31; it is limited to members of the Maritime Museum Association, the Auxiliary, and the crews of our ships — no guests. At 3 p.m. we'll blow the whistle, and that's that — unless, the following day, you'd like to raise your bids. Cashiers will be available to collect for the items — and remember, 100% of the proceeds go to the continuing restoration and maintenance of the *Star of India*, *Berkeley*, *Medea* and *Butcher Boy*.

If the editor of *Main'l Haul* gets up off of his ditty-box and has this thing printed in time, there will still be a chance to donate clothing, household items — in fact, everything from appliances to baked goods, rooted plants and whatever. Bring them to the *Berkeley*, the key is at the Slop Chest — and they have Income Tax deduction forms. If you can't bring your own more-or-less antiques and want them picked up, call Barbara Benedict at 222-2203, Ardath Garfield at 278-3089 or, evenings or week-ends, Andy Anderson at 224-6047 (he works on the *Berkeley*) for anything in the Point Loma area. He can handle furniture.

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

A non-profit, educational corporation

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and

Western Regional Conference

of the

American Association of Museums

Mains'l Haul is published quarterly (wind and weather permitting) at headquarters of the Maritime Museum Association aboard the bark *Star of India*, 1306 North Harbor Drive, San Diego, California 92101.

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

— John Masefield

Jerry MacMullen, Editor

IT WILL BE A BIG EVENING

Again we are getting help (and who says we don't need it!) from our friends in the maritime field.

The Women's Propeller Club, Port of San Diego, is staging its annual Maritime Ball on Saturday, April 16, in the Mission Room at the Bahia Hotel — and the proceeds will be donated to the Maritime Museum Association.

Cocktails will be at 6:30 p.m., followed by dinner and dancing. For complete information, call Mrs. Ralph Corbin at 278-1076.

WELCOME ABOARD!

Here are our new members, since the last issue of *Mains'l Haul*.

Mr. Richard Baker

Mr. John Charles

Mr. Lewis D. Chilson

Mr. Walter W. Cothran

Mr. Percival A. Cunnius

The Rt. Hon. Baron

De Sheldon

Dr. & Mrs. William F. Eads

Mr. Miles Fry

Mr. Robert J. Grecco

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NO. 4



Those were the days—or were they? At the left we see a rusty and unkempt *Star of India* at the Broadway Pier, a few minutes after her arrival from San Francisco on the foggy morning of July 9, 1927. To the right, we are looking out under her bowsprit toward the tug, the U.S.S. *Tern*, off Long Beach the previous evening.

IT HARDLY SEEMS LIKE 50 YEARS

Because Sunny Jim Coffroth had written a check for \$9,000, they had a fine old iron sailing-ship called the *Star of India*. The only trouble was, they were flat broke, and didn't know how to get her from Alameda to San Diego. This was in 1927, a trifling half century ago.

Of course, Red Stack was very nice about it; they would tow the rusty *Star of India* from the Alaska Packers' yard at the foot of Paru Street (yes—it's Paru and not Peru) for a trifling \$1,750—or, if the new owners liked to gamble, for \$350 a day, counting the tug's time from Red Stack's dockside in San Francisco to Broadway Pier in San Diego and return. It looked pretty hopeless—when along came Gimpy Brunnick.

That nasty designation of Walter A. Brunnick, master mariner and a lieutenant in the Naval Reserve, stemmed

from his walking with a slight limp, the result of a broken hip, suffered when he fell from a lower tops'l yard as a kid. He also was known as Sweetheart Jack—but that's neither here nor there, and besides, it's none of your business. He offered to get the *Star* to San Diego for not over \$1,200, and was hired.

From his command-post in the Terminal Hotel in lower Market Street of San Francisco, Capt. Brunnick soon learned that McCormick's steam schooner *Wapama* had a towing-winch—and the history-conscious McCormicks would tow the *Star* to San Pedro, which was as far south as the *Wapama* was going, for \$500.

So Brunnick shanghaied an unemployed Naval Reserve officer named Jim Willey—of an old Down East square-rigger family—as mate. He provisioned the *Star*

and also hired a cook, a donkeyman (we used to have a steam donkey-engine for getting up the anchor) and three sailors. His skill at twisting the Navy's arm is reflected in the log entry for Saturday, July 2, 1927: "Navy tug *Undaunted* took us in tow (at Alameda) at 10:40 a.m. and proceeded to San Francisco. 12:10 tug let go and ship anchored off Pier 40 S.F. and ship anchored in 10 fathoms water."

The next day was uneventful, but the following one is of some historical interest: "Monday . . . Fourth of July. Anchored in San Francisco Bay in company with the battleships *Nevada*, *California*, *Colorado* and *Montana*." Who aboard could dream that, 49 years later, a completely overhauled and re-rigged *Star of India*, surviving the era of the battleship, would stand out to sea from San Diego, under full sail? But, to get down to business—

"Tuesday, July 5, 1927. 10:40 a.m. received wire hawser from S.S. *Wapama* and shackled same to star-board anchor chain. 12:10 anchor up and underway in tow of S.S. *Wapama*. . . . 8 p.m. Año Nuevo Light abeam distant 2 miles. . . . July 7, 1927. 5:30 p.m. entering San Pedro. 6 p.m. stopped. Anchored with 30 fathoms chain in 8 fathoms water. Unshackled from tow."

That evening, telephones began to ring in San Diego; it was Capt. Brunnick calling. First Mate Willey had got a line on a good job with pay and had left. To save money, the three sailors had been paid off, leaving only the Captain, Whale Oil Gus Blomme, the donkeyman, and Jim Sloan, the cook. What Brunnick wanted, and by tomorrow, was a new crew and a tow to San Diego. It was as simple as that.

For the rest of the night, some of the Aquarian Committee of the Zoological Society of San Diego, then the owners, did a lot more telephoning. By morning Rear Adm. W.W. Phelps, commander of the Base Force at San Pedro, had arranged for the minesweeper *Tern* to do the towing. Postmaster Ernie Dort (who as a Reserve officer commanded the U.S.S. *Eagle 34*) had been busy, and the replacement crew, at 7:30 the next morning boarded one of those old "NC" flying boats at North Island, to be flown to San Pedro. The crew consisted of Dort, Chief Bosn's Mate Thad Sobieski and Chief Gun-

ner's Mate Cross from the *Eagle 34*, and this writer. A few hours later a Navy motor launch put them aboard the anchored *Star*. Steam had been raised in the donkey-boiler, for getting in the anchor. To quote from the log:

"4:30 p.m. U.S.S. *Tern* anchored 100 yards ahead and passed wire hawser. Shackled hawser to stbd. anchor chain . . . 5:30 p.m. underway in tow U.S.S. *Tern* to San Diego.

"July 9, 1927. In tow as before. Clear, smooth, light S wind. 2:30 a.m. sighted Pt. Loma Light 3 points on port bow. 4:20 a.m. Pt. Loma Light abeam, distant 2 miles. 4:30 a.m. S.D. Whistling Buoy abeam . . . fog, increasing as harbor entered. 5:55 a.m. anchored in 6 fathoms off Beacon 6 and unshackled tow. Bell carefully attended to. U.S.S. *Tern* made fast to port quarter. Hove short. Fog clearing. 6:50 a.m. underway. 7:45 a.m. docked north side Broadway Pier. . . . 8:30 a.m. moved to berth north of Pier 1 (now B Street Pier) by gas boats *Estrella* and *Fortuna*. 9:45 secured, and so ends. Watchman in charge."

And so the *Star of India* came to San Diego, in her rust and dingy black paint, trimmed with a distressing brownish color called "French yellow." In the years to come her appearance would get worse and worse—until a little group of dedicated men pitched in and saved her.

Her business done, the *Tern* went back to San Pedro. Capt. Brunnick later became master of the big inter-coastal freighter *Gen. M.H. Sherman*. The *Wapama* wound up in Alaska as the *Tongass* and was about to be scrapped when more intelligent men prevailed. Today, restored to her original name and tidy looks, she is preserved at San Francisco as the only remaining steam schooner—so visit her when you're in The City, for she's an old and valued friend. Poor Admiral Phelps, alas, caught hell for his generosity in lending us the *Tern*. Some big and potent tug company, so the story goes, complained to Washington about it as "Navy competition with private enterprise." They say it didn't bother him too much, however, as he was about to retire anyhow.

No—it hardly seems like 50 years.

—J.M.

THE NAVAL MILITIA—HAIL AND FAREWELL

San Diego's contingent of the grand old Naval Militia of California may not have gone out in a blaze of glory, but at least they went out with dignity, when they held their final muster on April 13 of this year.

It was exactly sixty years before—Friday, April 13, 1917—that San Diego's Third and Tenth Divisions, N.M.C., entrained at the Santa Fe station for Mare Island, and assignment to the mushrooming Navy of World War I. Most saw service initially in the armored cruisers *Frederick*, *Pueblo* and *San Diego*. Of the original 150-odd members, only eight, all former enlisted men, were able to attend; the sole surviving officer, Lt. Comdr. R.G. Shively, U.S.N. (ret), couldn't make it. Those in attendance were Milan A. Early, F.H. Elliott, G.M. Elliott (brothers), Oscar Jansen, John N. Kelley, Foster M. McClure, Jerry Mac Mullen, and James R. Palmer. They were augmented, however, by Naval Militiamen

from elsewhere: Capt. E. Robert Anderson, U.S.N. (ret), who started out with the San Francisco Naval Militia; Comdr. Miles Finley from Washington, D.C., and Lt. Comdr. George Wilder, of the Santa Barbara group.

Fore-runner of today's Naval Reserve, the Naval Militia came into being in the early 1890's, when seaboard and Great Lakes states were authorized to establish maritime components as a part of the National Guard. In California, the First and Second Divisions, as they were called, were organized in San Francisco, along with the Third in San Diego. The Fourth and Fifth were at Santa Cruz and Eureka, the Sixth at Santa Barbara and the Seventh, Eighth and Ninth at Los Angeles. The Tenth and final division was organized at San Diego, shortly before World War I. The organization, upon call to federal duty, became the National Naval Volunteers, and finally the U.S. Naval Reserve.



July 4, 1915, and the Naval Militia lines up for its picture, in front of the old Court House. Out in front is Lt. Comdr. Don M. Stewart; in the row behind him are Ens. Herb Gill and Lts. (jg) Selmar Seibert and Scott Haines. The officers in the next row behind them are Lts. Bob Baker and Henry Buckle. Lt. Baker later was one of the founders of the Maritime Museum Assn. and today his son and grandson—Ken and Bob Baker—are members of our board of directors.

—HISTORICAL COLLECTION, TITLE INS. & TRUST CO.

For many years the driving force behind the local Naval Militia was the late Lt. Comdr. Don M. Stewart, the battalion commander and—after World War—for a long time, San Diego's Postmaster. He headed the annual reunions until just before his death in 1969, when he was succeeded by Milan A. Early, a former quartermaster.

In the years preceding its call to duty, the local Naval Militia occupied a well-built armory at the end of a long wharf at the foot of Twenty-eighth Street. Their equipment included a 40-foot steam launch, a sailing-launch, the gig from the famous old U.S.S. *Hartford*, and a whaleboat. For drill purposes there were mounted on the bay side of the armory a 4-inch gun and a 6-pounder. For landing-force operations they had a 3-inch field gun, a 2-pounder and two field-mounted Gatling guns. Drill was held every Monday on a strictly volunteer basis; there was neither drill pay nor retainer pay. They had a touch of war-time service in 1898 when they manned a decrepit little gunboat called the *Pinta*, built as a Civil War Navy tug in 1864. They were called out for active duty in San Francisco in 1906, following the earthquake and fire, and in 1914 they saw duty on the Mexican border.

And so last April, at that farewell muster held in the Officers' Club at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot, the old Naval Militia came to an end—but it passed on the torch to younger hands, for a California Naval Militia has been authorized, by legislation which became effective July 4, 1976. So far it consists of four officers, who meet weekly at the Naval Air Station at Moffett Field. Three of the four came down to San Diego to meet with their predecessors of three score years ago—Comdr. Jack H. Glazer, Lt. Marc Hynes and Lt. (jg) Keith Graham, Califor-

nia Naval Militia.

In keeping alive the traditions of the Naval Militia, we of the Maritime Museum Association are playing our own small part—for we are the proud possessors of some of their historical goodies. Away up forward on the *Star of India*'s 'tweendeck is an aged but lovely racing gig. Most of its caulking is gone and it has a lot of broken ribs—but it's the *Hartford* gig, never defeated in a race, and once the pride and joy of the local Naval Militia. And stowed away for future display we have a brace of cutlasses issued to the U.S.S. *Pinta* for use in case it became necessary to repel boarders. On the back of the belt for each of these cutlasses is clearly stamped "Boston Naval Yard—1864."

The sombre keynote of that Last Hurrah was sounded by Foster McClure, the peppery little 82-year old coxswain of the steam launch, who had come over from El Centro to attend. He looked around and saw too many gaps in the old, familiar assembly of faces—Don Stewart, Bob Baker, Scotty Haines, "RV" Armstrong, Mike Harvey, Heavy Johnson, to name but a few.

"These affairs are getting to be something of a tear-jerker," he said, "Perhaps it's best that we knock it off . . . at least, some time in the next twenty years . . ."

And so, with fitting dignity, the Third and Tenth Divisions passed on the torch to—may one say?—The Eleventh Division of California's Naval Militia.

"FORTUNES ARE FOR THE FEW"

When the side-wheeler *Panama* paddled sedately into San Diego Bay on that July day back in 1849, the place wasn't much to brag about. In fact one of her

passengers, young Charles William Churchill, termed it "Mud-flats, and the town too far from our anchorage." And this leads to a member of the Maritime Museum Association, and an old trunk full of letters and what not.

The Gold Rush was at its height, and young Churchill was on his way to the diggings, intent on making a fortune overnight. He had come from New York to the Isthmus of Panama in another wooden side-wheeler called the *Crescent City*, across through the steaming jungles to the Pacific and aboard that other over-loaded packet, the *Panama*, for the run north to San Francisco, via any port which held out the hope of finding a bit of coal or even, in a pinch, local firewood for the boilers.

Churchill, alas, did not emerge as a tycoon of gold-mining. So far as history is concerned, however, he made a priceless contribution, in the form of clear and concise letters to his brother Mendal Churchill—who became a general in the Civil War, and who lived in Colorado from 1895 to 1902. He was the great-uncle of our member, Mrs. W. Murray Smith, who fell heir to a trunk which contained all of the letters which General Churchill had received from his gold-rushing brother. Patient scrutiny of the letters by Mrs. Smith revealed outstanding historical value.

The result is a book called *Fortunes are for the Few*—Letters of a Forty-Niner, published by our friends on Presidio Hill, the San Diego Historical Society; it runs to 144 pages, with illustrations. Editors are Duane A. Smith and David Weber, and the printing is by Grant Dahlstrom. Granted that San Diego Bay takes but a small part, authentic history of our own Forty-Niner days is so scarce that every new word is worth its weight in gold-dust. Our congratulations to Mrs. Smith for opening up that old trunk—and immediately realizing what she had.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A GUIDE?

With the public, one of the most popular features of our museum has been the system of Tour Guides, set up by the *Star of India* Auxiliary.

They have done a terrific job—but we are growing all

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

— John Masefield

Jerry MacMullen, Editor

of the time, and it has become apparent that more tour guides are needed. So—if you would like to take a more active part in our work and can spare the time, just call the office at 234-9153, week days, for information on how to qualify (it's easy) for this interesting work.

WELCOME ABOARD!

The following new members have joined the Maritime Museum Association of San Diego, since the last issue of *Mains'l Haul*:

Mr. Guillermo Anchondo	Mr. Joseph Lee McNealy
Mr. D. David Bash	Mr. James McNiel
Mr. Charles W. Cappel	Mr. Fred Parker
Mr. John Falconer	Mr. Dug Picking
Ms. Lynn K. Folsom	Mr. Royce Privett
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Mr. Lee D. Kjelland	Mr. Chuck Shoran
Mr. Richard H. Kilmer	Stromberg
	Mr. Donald Wesley

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