

BUTCHER BOY

The 29 foot sloop BUTCHER BOY was built in San Diego in 1902 for the Hardy Brothers, a meat market firm, and her name derived from her use for deliveries of meat orders to the ships anchored in San Diego bay. She was modeled after the salmon boats which operated out of the Sacramento River area, and has fine and fair lines indeed.

She was painstakingly built by the Goularte Boat Company of the finest bending oak and Port Oxford cedar; copper riveted. She operated for several years as delivery boat and fishing vessel; but soon came the gas engined craft, and she was superseded by a larger and presumably more dependable "stink pot". She was sold around 1910 to Kent Hamilton, Commodore of the San Diego Yacht Club, and thus became an early flagship of that Club. She became the defender of the 2nd Lipton Trophy race in these waters, but was defeated by a larger, faster boat. Sold to a succession of owners locally, the last of whom was Jerry MacMullen, well known maritime historian, she was finally sold into the Los Angeles area, and soon forgotten locally. Almost forgotten; but not quite; for Joe Jessop, past president of the Maritime Museum Association, and well known international yachtsman keenly interested in local marine history, remembered her well. When rumor drifted south in prevailing breezes that BUTCHER BOY was alive and fairly well, Joe's ears picked up.

He began a search and finally found her in a basin at Playa de Rey, and soon found her owner. He and I made a quick inspection up there and at first were a little skeptical. The vessel we were looking at was a double ender, alright, but just couldn't be that old; or was she? There was a BUTCHER BOY II with lines taken from the boat we were seeking, and possibly this was that boat; if so, we didn't want her. Then we remembered that the second boat had been expanded to some 37 feet, and this one was clearly not over 29 to 30 feet. Also, this boat, while now a keel boat, was once a center boarder, and new framing showed that her freeboard had been raised. This was BUTCHER BOY alright!

She now had a trunk cabin with all the discomforts of modern conveniences, including a head only a dwarf could use, three hard bunks to curl up on (and I do mean "curl"), and a four cylinder Gray Seascout engine so installed that most of the parts could not be seen, let alone adjusted or repaired. We thought that we were dealing with an individual owner, but found it was a distant bank instead, and we were all out on our own to ferret out her mysteries; and she had several. A deck fill named "water", when a hose was inserted, only raised the bilge level rapidly; the ignition switch and key were inoperable, etc., but she had a modern "Princess" type telephone installed..... about as useful as radar on an eight foot Sabot dinghy.

An inspection haul-out had been arranged for us, but had been completely "muffed", so the best we could do was hire a diver to clean off the clam garden, and we'd haul in San Diego.....time was a-wastin'.

