MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 28, NO. 1 A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY FALL 1991





On the cover . . .

The medley of mast and sail is played in harmony on Star of India's *foremast as the old bark cruises off San Diego in 1984.* *Photo by Robert Sharp*

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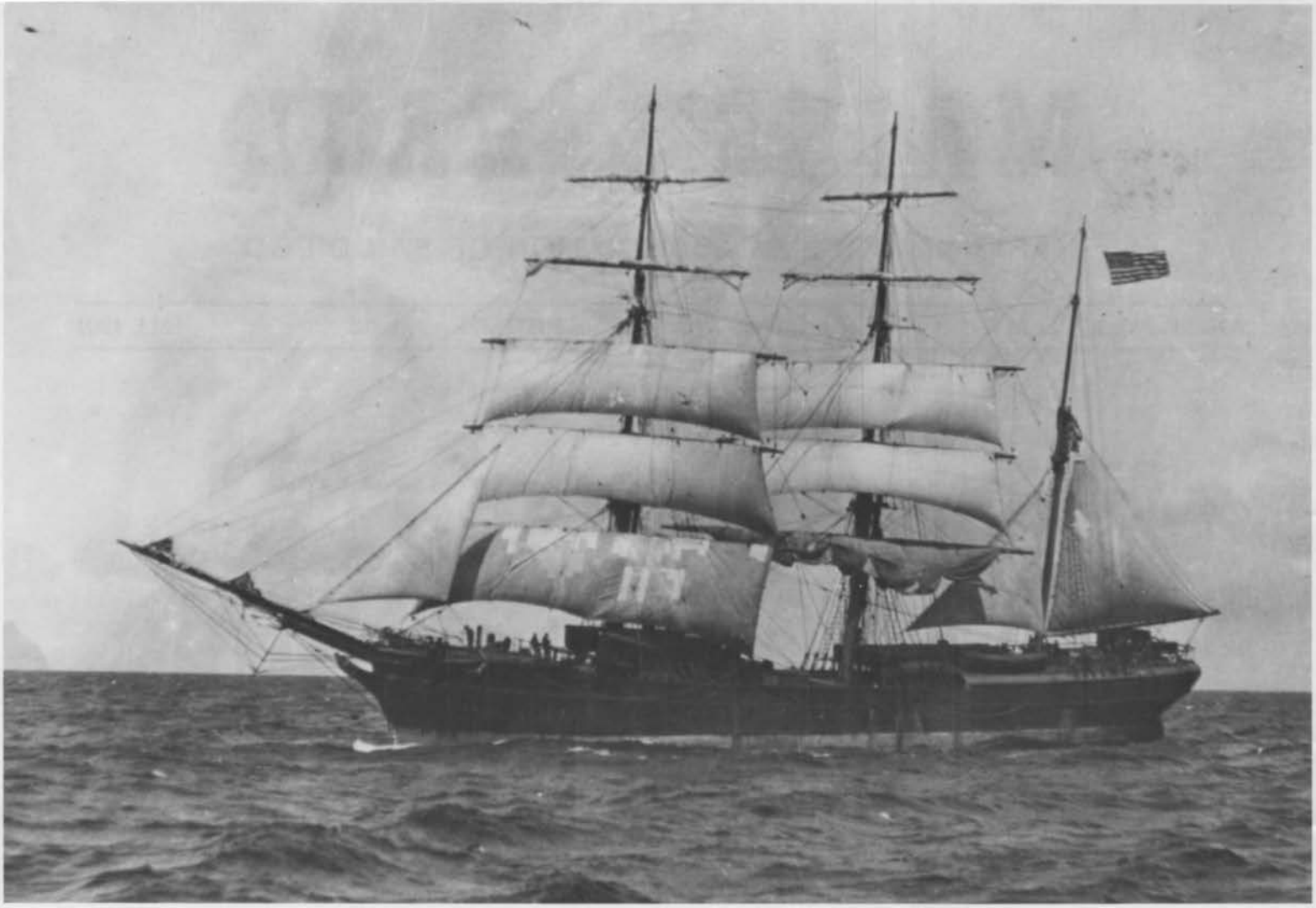
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The Star of India *sails through Unimak Pass, Alaska, on her way to the Bristol Bay salmon grounds. Note poop deck extension of that period, leg-o'-mutton spanker, and heavily patched sails. This photograph was made in 1918.* Historical Collection, Title Insurance and Trust Co., San Diego

The Scandinavians and Chinese in the *Star of India*

By Charles A. Bencik

The rewards of historic research come at a heavy price. Picks, shovels and microscopes could be appropriate tools for the data digger. Infinite patience and limitless time are useful. The research sites: musty bins filled with routine, boring business transcripts; dusty library shelves; scrapbooks and photos in someone's attic (or lost "in the windmills of their minds"); the muck at the bottom of once busy inlets and bays. The fragments, clues, tracks and monuments to the history and makeup of the puzzle we call the Star of India–they could be anywhere.

About a year ago Craig Arnold, San Diego Maritime Museum's librarian, said that to learn more about her Alaska Packers Association period I needed to go to the Alaska State Library in Juneau. He might as well have said, "to the moon." But I got my feet wet. I headed to Seattle. And as materials began to surface in northwest Washington, as the trail became hotter, I couldn't concentrate on anything else. Six months later, I did get to Juneau. Craig was right. It's the mother lode, up there, but it's a very large, deep, dark mine. Two weeks were hardly enough time to begin scratching the more obvious veins of gold.

I located some physical facts which suggest an exotic milieu aboard our Star. The following is from APA Records, Microfiches APA 444-445, "Vessels that Have Been Sold, Abandoned, Wrecked, Etc." It's a page from a bound notebook:

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Sold 11-27-26

Bark Star of India

	Dimensions	*Tonnage*
	LENGTH 205.5 FT	GROSS 1318 TONS
	BEAM 35.2 "	NET 1197-1247 "
	DEPTH 23.4 "	
WATER TANKS	*NUMBER*	*CAPACITY*
	6	17915 GAL

ACCOMMODATIONS	CABIN	13
	FISHERMANS QUARTERS	109
	GLORY HOLE	9
	DECKHOUSES	6
	ORIENTAL QUARTERS	162

APA data on ships' masters show four Scandinavian skippers of STAR OF INDIA. George A. Swanson, who took citizenship in October 1872, at age 32, was born in Sweden. He started in the fisheries in 1888 as mate of the bark ELECTRA, and was master of six APA sail vessels, including EUTERPE in 1901 and 1903–1906.

A Sam Christianson was her master in the 1902 season. Another man, Severin Christiansen, born in Norway, an American citizen since October 1897, took command of STAR OF INDIA in 1907 at age 37. He lived aboard her for six seasons until being fired for insobriety.

He was relieved by Robert Johnson, who sailed her until his appointment to command of STAR OF ALASKA. Johnson, who was born in Sweden, had been shipping aboard deepwater American vessels since 1882. He took citizenship in 1892 at age 30, then worked in APA ships first as a fisherman and sailor, then as second mate, commencing in 1898. After two years as mate of STAR OF ICELAND, he took over STAR OF INDIA, sailing on her through the 1913 season.

During part of her career, her records show, STAR OF INDIA carried many fishermen with Scandinavian names. Copies of pages of fishermen's tally books held by the University of Washington Fisheries Research Institute indicate that in 1910 and 1911, STAR OF INDIA's fishermen were Danish, Swedish or Norwegian, for the most part. This is a list of the names of fishermen tallied on July 2, 6, and 18 of 1910 at Clark's Point, in Nushagak Bay (all had shipped aboard STAR OF INDIA):

C. Johnson	Louis Anderson
I.M. Jensen	Joe Rasmusen
Ed Anderson	H.W. Malmberg
H. Laurensen	C. Haglund
Sam Olson	C. Petterson
John Petterson	H. Ehrlin
Emil Olsen	Ellis Bremer
Peter Frederickson	Axel Anderson
Hyalmar Restad	C. Abrahamsen
O. Abrahamsen	C.H. Johnson

According to the Commissioner of Navigation's Report for June 30, 1899, Scandinavian countries had large seafaring populations, "but cannot build vessels fast enough to afford occupation for their sailors". To offset these limitations, the report says Norwegian load lines were higher, thus their vessels carried more cargo than British ships. Norwegian crews were smaller than German crews, which were smaller than British crews. "In the case of vessels manned by Norwegians this reduction may in part be attributed to the greater efficiency of Norsemen, who are concededly the world's best sailors."

But partly because Norwegian seamen's wages were one-third less than those of the British, it is little wonder that in 1899 20% of U.S. seamen were Norwegian. The end of the nineteenth century was a hard time for working-class Europeans, while ship crews were sorely needed for the future exploitation of the northwest Pacific and Alaskan fisheries. Fortunately for the Alaska Packers, America offered a northwest coast climate and geography familiar to a North Sea people hungry for freedom and economic opportunity.

A west coast population of experienced Chinese salmon cannery workers also gave impetus to this undertaking. Less specific information is to be found in APA records on the Chinese workers, in the early years. Only the names of labor contractors supplying drafts aboard individual ships or particular canneries have survived. At Nushagak – STAR OF INDIA's usual anchorage in Alaska – labor contractors Quong Mow Lung, Wing Lun On, and Quong Ham Wah were required in 1897 to supply 102 men each for the three APA canneries there. ("China Contracts," 1897 *History*, page 151, APA Records, 1891–1970, MS9, Box 1) The probability of learning any of their names is quite small. Language and education discrepancies, as well as institutionalized prejudices of American Caucasians account for this dearth of personal data on the Chinese cannery workers.

An honest, honorable and orderly people, the Chinese first came to California in the 1850s, with the news of the first gold fields. Later, they assumed claims others thought depleted, but through perseverance and limitless capacity for self-application proved they contained profitable gold residue. The railroads hired them to work on the western part of the Transcontinental track. (See various articles in *The Annals of the Chinese Historical Society, 1984.*)

The Chinese labor contracting system was the means first employed to develop a labor pool for jobs around the west coast. Chinese who could not afford ship passage to California contracted for their tickets to the labor contractor, who amortized their obligations by hustling jobs for them. After the Gold Rush died off, the railroads and later the canneries became their principal job markets. In 1882 an opportunistic Congress passed a law that prevented further immigrations of Chinese into the U.S., in response to cyclic job shortage complaints which blamed Chinese for being willing to labor endlessly for unbelievably low wages. Thus, when the Alaska Packers Association was forming in 1893, the ranks of experienced Chinese cannery workers – especially the skilled fish butchers – were, even then, being depleted.

Into this picture stepped Henry Fortmann, a brewery owner and acquaintance of the Hume family (George Hume was on the APA Board of Directors and survived into the California Packing Corporation [Del Monte] reorganization in 1916). As a dedicated outdoorsman, Fortmann soon learned of the incredible fishery resources of Alaska. And the course of history was set. The actors in this drama faced the footlights, for their hour upon the stage.

With further research I expect to learn more: about the powerful but very private Henry Fortmann, APA's driving force; about how APA's attorneys schemed and manipulated people in the federal government, causing the near-destruction of the Alaska salmon fisheries; about the battles which raged among the various canners, for control of the salmon market; about the in-fighting which ultimately wrested control of APA from Fortmann's hands. Of more interest to us might be additional data on STAR OF INDIA: can her APA-era plans be found among the old files of a San Francisco shipbuilding firm? And what do the descendants of the Scandinavians, Chinese and others know of her? The search continues.

The Battle off Samar: A Personal Remembrance

By Clyde Burnett, CBM, USN Ret.

Ed Note: One of the most gallant actions in the annals of the United States Navy took place off Samar Island in the Philippines on October 25, 1944. An American naval group dubbed "Taffy 3", consisting of six escort carriers, three destroyers, and four destroyer-escorts, part of the covering force for General MacArthur's invasion of Leyte, was attacked by the main body of the Japanese fleet, consisting of four battleships, eight cruisers, and twelve destroyers. One of the American destroyers in the fight was USS JOHNSTON (DD-557)–and, as one of her officers later recalled, "We felt like little David without a slingshot."

On board the FLETCHER-class JOHNSTON was a Chief Boatswain's Mate named Clyde Burnett. When the JOHNSTON went down, Burnett spent more than 54 hours in shark-infested waters until rescued. Out of JOHNSTON's crew of 327, 186 men lost their lives; 141 survived, many of them wounded. Burnett suffered minor wounds.

Burnett went on to serve in the Korean and Vietnam wars, then joined the Drug Enforcement Agency to battle dope smugglers along the coasts of California and Mexico. Today he lives with his wife Genevieve in Point Loma, and is active in Navy reunions. This is his dramatic story of that bloody day off Samar:



Clyde Burnett in his years of Navy service.

Photo courtesy of the author

As we proceeded across the Pacific from island to island retaking them from the Japanese, we were usually in pretty close providing fire support for the Marines who had landed and were in the process of taking the islands back. Things had always gone well for us and after five or six campaigns, we hadn't received a scratch until that fatal morning off Samar and Leyte on October 25, 1944. I thought we were in a pretty safe position, being fifty or sixty miles off shore screening the small carriers. I thought surely no one will bother us out here.

October 25, 1944

I well remember going to early morning General Quarters and then securing after a few minutes. I returned to the Chiefs' quarters for breakfast. Breakfast hadn't been brought down yet so I got into my bunk and was still lying there awaiting breakfast when the word came over the PA system that the Jap fleet was approximately fifteen or seventeen miles astern of us. All hands were ordered to General Quarters and were also advised to stand by for a torpedo attack. I thought someone was just joking until I got topside and looked aft. The whole horizon seemed to light up from the gunfire of the Jap ships. I knew then that this was it.

I'm sure the Captain [Cmdr. Ernest E. Evans] knew that he was going to sacrifice the ship because I couldn't see any way of coming back out of that. As we proceeded toward the enemy ships in and out of rain squalls and smoke, my thoughts were that we would never get close enough to the Japs to fire our torpedoes–but we did. At about this time splashes from the big guns of the Jap ships were all around us. I told the members of the repair party



Commander Ernest E. Evans, skipper of USS JOHNSTON *at Samar. Evans, an Oklahoman of Cherokee descent, was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor for the action.*

Photo courtesy of the author

to lay down on deck because I felt sure that we were about to take a hit. As we were lying on deck all ten torpedoes were fired and went right over the top of us. We still hadn't received a hit.

Shortly after the torpedoes were fired, I felt a heavy jolt and I knew we had been hit. I looked forward but couldn't see anything. I then went to the port side and went aft and saw a hole along the bulkhead on the main deck; it appeared to have been made by an 8- or 10-inch shell. It had gone into the after-engine room. What appeared to be sand was all over the deck. At first I couldn't figure out where it came from. After checking for further damage I saw that one of the "K-Guns" had the end knocked off the depth charge. I knew then that the shell had gone through the depth charge and what I first thought was sand was actually part of the explosive charge that was on the deck.

We then attempted to get a submersible pump into the after engine room because they were taking water. At the same time we were doing this we kept getting word from the bridge that help was needed to remove the wounded due to having taken a hit at the same time. I helped carry an officer off the bridge that had one of his legs blown off at the thigh. We carried him to the officers' wardroom and placed him on the wardroom table where the Pharmacist's Mates could attend to him.

Shortly after evacuating the wounded from the bridge, I received word to send some men to the emergency steering room on the fantail. I decided I would go aft myself and after arriving there I found a big kid named Schindele in the after steering room trying to handle the steering. I helped him for a few minutes.

When I came back up on deck the Captain was there along with Joe Woolf who had on the headset and was the Captain's "talker". The Captain was giving orders for the different courses, as at the time we were still making headway. I would relay the orders down the hatch to Schindele. I remember the captain having a rag wrapped around his hand; part of his hand seemed to be gone. The Captain gave orders to set all the depth charges on "safe" and jettison them. I recall that Bob Deal was back there—in fact, that was Bob's battle station. We proceeded to set the depth charges and roll them off the fantail. Shortly after this the Captain said to me, "Pass the word to Abandon Ship. Get everyone off that you can."

The Captain then headed up one side of the ship and after telling Schindele to abandon ship I proceeded up the other side. I went all the way to the fo'c's'le but there was no one there. As I went aft I assisted in getting a life raft off and into the water and shortly after that I went over the side.

I swam as far aft as I could, not knowing what kind of explosions we would have when the ship went down. As I was swimming quite a way from the ship, a Jap destroyer came right by me. I was almost along the waterline of the Jap ship; I didn't even see it until it was almost alongside of me. I first thought they were going to try to pick me up but I decided that I wasn't going aboard. I could see them standing along the rail hollering. I then felt that they were going to shoot me, but for some reason they didn't. As they were pulling away I expected them to drop a depth charge—but they didn't do that either.

After the Jap destroyer pulled away, we began trying to get together and collect in groups. As I recall, in our area we had one life raft and one floater net. Shortly after the ship went down a Navy plane flew over and recognized us. A Japanese bi-wing float plane also flew over us. We could see the pilot looking down at us. The Jap plane flew toward the horizon but turned and headed back toward us so we began to scatter a bit. Again, he flew right over us but never fired a shot. I began to feel a lot better about the situation then because I knew there would be someone there to pick us up before the sun went down. But I was wrong.

We opened a 5-inch powder case that was attached to the net. The case contained a jar of malted milk tablets and a carton of Camel cigarettes. We passed the malted milk tablets around but no one had a way of lighting the cigarettes. I used some of them for chewing tobacco while I was in the water.

At the time I was alongside that Jap destroyer I was as scared as I have ever been in my life, so I don't think

much about it anymore.

As time went on we were still in the water but I don't remember any arguments or problems with one another. We just hung on and tried to watch for sharks.

The second day came and went and we entered the second night. I believe that was the worst time. I know that I hallucinated and most everyone else did. I remember once when I was hallucinating I thought we were in a whaleboat banging around and trying to get the engine started. I realized later that it didn't happen. Two or three guys told me they had seen the Captain. One said the Captain was on a ship and had come by and told them he would be back to pick them up. I knew they were hallucinating.

The third morning we were in fairly close to the island of Samar and I made up my mind that I was going aboard that island when night came. I told the others that as soon as the sun set I was heading for the island and if anyone wanted to go with me they could. I didn't think we could stand another night in the water and survive.

Fortunately, an LCI [Landing Craft, Infantry] came by and picked us up. After boarding the LCI, I could still stand on my feet after removing the life jacket, but several were not able to stand by themselves because they were too weak. I remember seeing the Commissary Steward on board with one of his thumbs and part of his hand gone. Joe Woolf was there, also. I recall that the ship kept going to General Quarters because of the Japanese planes. We ran all night and got into Leyte Harbor the next morning and I was transferred to a hospital ship called the PICKNEY. There were several of us there but I don't know how many or who all of them were. The next morning the hospital ship pulled out and headed for New Guinea.

As we get older we have a tendency to look back a lot and most of the memories are pleasant, along with a few bad ones. But I think the only bad memory I have is when the Navy let us spend so much time in the water after the sinking of the JOHNSTON. There were a lot of people that knew we were out there and they had to know there were some survivors. As for the Captain's actions, he did what he had to do and what he was trained to do. As far as I am concerned, Captain Evans will be my idea of what a Naval Officer is supposed to be. I will feel that way as long as I live. As for the crew of the JOHNSTON, they are my idea of what the ideal crew of a ship should be.

In closing, I just want to say that I am fully convinced that if the Captain hadn't made the torpedo run as he did on the 25th day of October, 1944, we would have lost six carriers instead of one and it is entirely possible that we could have lost the beachhead on Leyte Island as well.

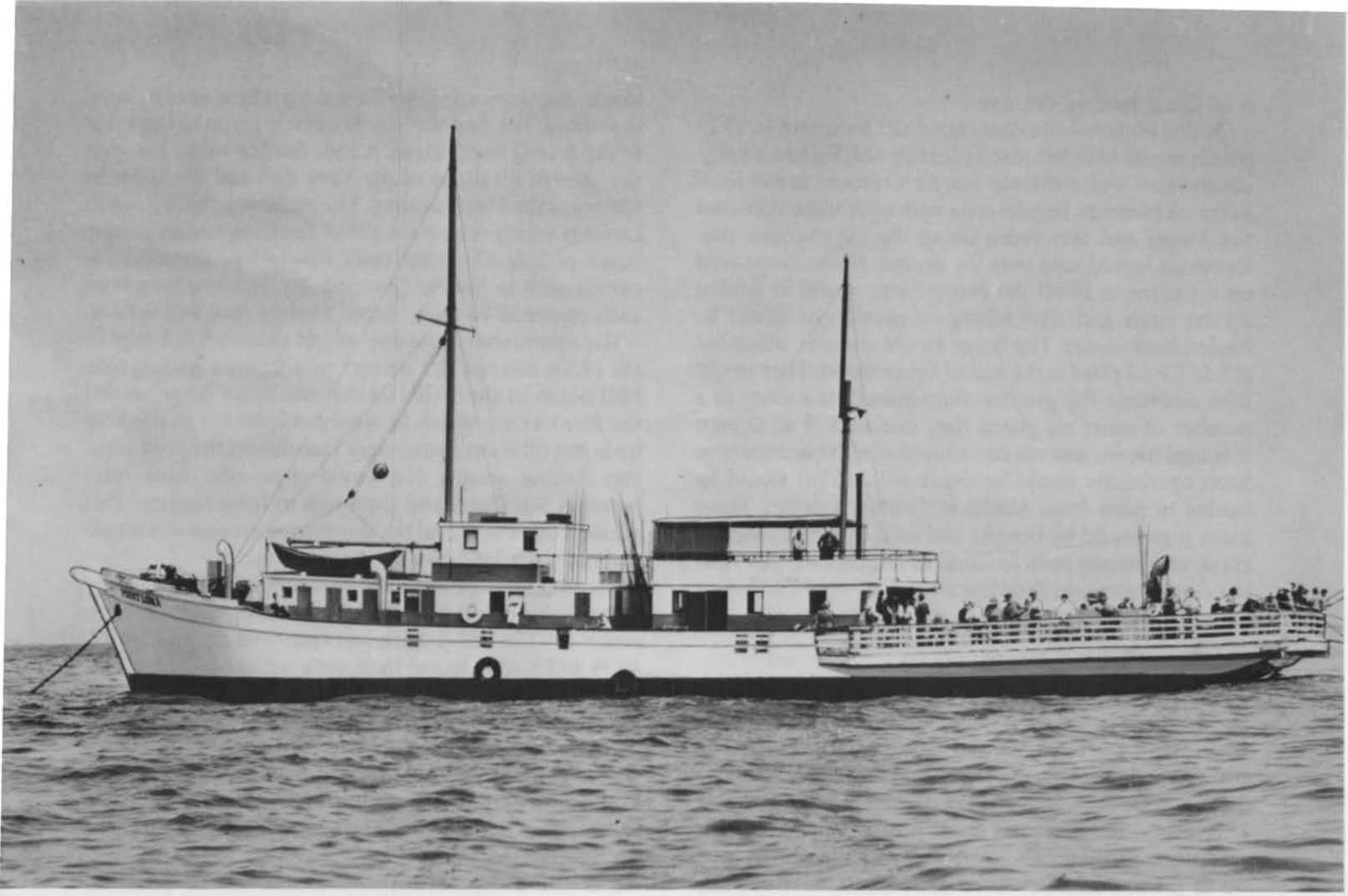
Ed. Note: As a result of JOHNSTON's heroic action, the Japanese heavy cruiser KUMANO was hit by a torpedo, and other Japanese ships damaged. The battle off Samar ended with the Japanese fleet in full retreat: they never came forth in force again.

Captain Ernest Evans was seen alive in the water after JOHNSTON sank but was never heard from again. He was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor.

USS JOHNSTON received a Presidential Unit Citation and six battle stars. Her survivors meet on an annual basis to this day.



A salvo of Japanese shells straddles the carrier GAMBIER BAY *(CVE-73) in the Battle off Samar. Minutes later, she was sunk.* U.S. Navy Photo



In 1932, Oakley Hall bought the schooner GLENDALE *and converted her into a fishing barge called the* POINT LOMA, *to replace an earlier barge of that name. Local anglers whiled away many pleasant hours on her decks.* *Maritime Museum file photo*

Captain Oakley J. Hall and the Star & Crescent Boat Company

PART 2

By Mark Wilson

The early 1920s would see the passing of Rufus Creswell. Oakley Hall would owe a large amount of his success to this man as would the many people of San Diego who took passage aboard one of Captain Creswell's ferryboats. He would have been proud to see the Star & Crescent Boat Company of future years and its many accomplishments.

San Diego during the 1920s was a port without a tug. There were a couple of 75-horsepower gas boats but nothing that could maneuver a large ship around. Consequently there were more than a few scary moments as the big ships (particularly those under sail alone) would attempt to tie up at a pier or wharf. Oakley Hall had the diesel tug PALOMAR constructed for just such an occasion. She was a true workhorse and came to the rescue time and time again over the years assisting hundreds of vessels in and out of the harbor.

There was also the occasional tunaboat or some other vessel which would break down at sea and call upon Star & Crescent for a tow back to port. It wouldn't take long before S & C would convert the motorship BERGEN (originally the little steamer SUE H. ELMORE) into their next tug, the CUYAMACA. This tug would also provide ships with assistance but its main job over the coming years would be something a little different. San Diego was starting to grow and the people required gasoline to keep their cars and trucks running. Oil of course would be found a short distance up the coast in Los Angeles. The problem would be in transporting it down to San Diego. The solution was obvious to Oakley Hall. The most economical way to transport the large amount of gasoline that San Diego required would be to haul it down by barge with an

S & C tug leading the way.

Oakley obtained the Associated Oil franchise in 1923 which would later become Tidewater Oil. He had a barge constructed and suddenly Star & Crescent found itself in the oil business. Regular runs were soon started between San Diego and San Pedro using the tug PALOMAR (the CUYAMACA would take over the service when she arrived on the scene in 1928). An empty barge would be hauled up the coast and after taking on gasoline it would be hauled back down. The barge would then be offloaded at S & C's oil plant at the foot of Grape Street. They would then distribute the gasoline throughout the county to a number of other oil plants they operated. S & C even managed to own and operate a number of service stations. Soon operations would be expanded and oil would be hauled to ports from Alaska to Central America. Many more tugs would be bought and sold in the decades to come with names such as CHALLENGER, LAGUNA, SAN MARCOS, SAN MIGUEL, and STARCRESCENT. S & C would no longer be just a passenger oriented company.

The Sportfishing Boom

Fire struck the Star & Crescent Boat House on January 11, 1930 causing $4000 in property damage. The fire began when an ice machine short-circuited, resulting in smoke and water damage to the restaurant and cigar stand on the first floor. Business soon returned to normal however. They even built a second small lunchroom for waiting passengers at their 5th Street water taxi landing.

S & C water taxis left from three locations in the city to take sailors to and from their ships which were moored in the bay. The first was the Broadway Landing, adjacent to the S & C Boat House. A little farther south between the present locations of the Navy Pier and the G Street Mole was the Fleet Landing. The third was the 5th Street Landing which is now the site of the Convention Center. Some of S & C's water taxis simply had numbers for names such as STAR & CRESCENT #33 while others bore such names as WARRIOR, AZTEC, SHIRLEY ANN, and BANTAM.

The sportfishing industry would prove all the rage in the 1930s and Star & Crescent would play a leading role. Hall began in the 1920s by constructing a barge named the POINT LOMA, which he would anchor out in the kelp beds just off Point Loma every year during the peak summer fishing season. He would then offer boat rides between San Diego and the barge to local anglers. This allowed them to spend the day fishing an area not accessible to their land-based counterparts.

Demand for bigger fish like tuna prompted Hall to order a sportfishing boat to be built by San Diego Marine Construction. The SEA ANGLER was launched on January 12, 1934 and S & C found itself once again branching outward. The new boat began regular service to offshore waters near the Coronado Islands. Hall even had ship-to-shore telephones installed aboard the boat and barge for the convenience of the patrons. A second sportfisher, the STAR ANGLER, was soon put into service and before the 1930s came to a close three more boats would make up S & C's fishing fleet.

S & C's oil operations took a turn for the better on



The tanker SAN DIEGAN *was acquired by the Star & Crescent company in 1937. Formerly the* MAZATLAN, *she was used to haul gasoline from Los Angeles for a gas-thirsty San Diego.* *Reif Collection, San Diego Maritime Museum*



The Star & Crescent "Nickel Snatcher" ferry GLORIETTA *leaving a pier with a school excursion group aboard. In the background are S & C tugs and a gas barge, two nests of Navy destroyers and North Island Naval Air Station. This photo dates from the 1940s.* *MacMullen Collection, San Diego Maritime Museum*

September 5, 1937 when their latest acquisition arrived in San Diego Bay. The 900-ton tanker SAN DIEGAN (the ex-motorship MAZATLAN) became not only S & C's largest vessel but was also the largest merchant vessel until then to have San Diego as a home port. The tug and barge system was no longer sufficient to supply San Diego with its growing needs; they would, however, continue to haul gasoline to supplement that which was brought down in the tanker. The addition of a tanker with a capacity of more than 10,000 barrels of gasoline would quench San Diego's thirst for fuel over the coming years. Later would come an even larger tanker, the SAN JACINTO, with a capacity of 26,500 barrels.

World War II

As America was about to enter World War II, Oakley Hall found himself sitting atop an empire. He became known as "The Captain" or simply "Cap" by the thousands of people who were associated with him on the waterfront. He truly had much to be proud of but he also had much yet to do.

Shipyards were prevented from building excursion vessels during the war so among other things Hall set out to increase his fleet of tugs. It would be the North Island Ferry, however, which would receive most of his attention during this time. S & C would have to vacate their boat house at the foot of Broadway in order to give the Navy added space for their ships. The structure was torn down and a new ferry terminal was constructed at the site of the old Star Boat House at the foot of Market Street (excursion vessels would continue to depart from the foot of Broadway but at a different facility).

This new ferry terminal would house a bar and grill for waiting passengers. The number of workers stationed on

North Island was at an all-time high and the entire North Island ferry fleet was running around the clock to keep up with the demand. It must be clarified that there were actually two different Nickel Snatcher routes. One took sailors stationed on the island to a location known as "Main Landing" while the other took civilian workers to "East Beach". Stories of civilian workers operating illegal dice games aboard the East Beach ferry are humorously retold even today. The gamblers always seemed to sense that the captain might be on to them. Every time he would leave the wheelhouse to break up the game they would remove all evidence from view, leaving the poor captain scratching his head in bewilderment. Surely hundreds of dollars must have changed hands during these "floating" crap games.

Hall had the vessel SILVERGATE constructed during the fall of 1940 and upon completion it was immediately put into North Island service. It had a capacity of 350 people but unfortunately even this addition to the ferry fleet was not enough to handle the demand. Hall did what had to be done. He had a fleet of five square-headed vessels designed specifically to handle the peak rush hours. These box-shaped vessels were 61.5 feet long and possessed two large passenger-carrying decks.

The first of these boats was named the JUANITA and was completed in 1942. The POINT LOMA followed in 1943 and the DEL MAR, GLORIETTA, and RAMONA joined the fleet in 1944. S & C now had a ferry fleet which could handle any demand, large or small, 24 hours a day. Oakley would run some of S & C's small launches during the wee hours of the night and the square-heads would take over for the daytime crush. The little vessel SILVERGATE would be relieved of ferry duty after the war in order to assume its new role as S & C's excursion boat. In the decade to come the wooden-hulled SILVERGATE would be replaced by a larger steel-hulled excursion vessel. This little relic of a bygone era would prove again and again to be too much of a fighter to die.

The *Monterey* and the *Marietta*

Oakley Hall was always one not to pass up a good business deal if it came his way. San Diego was then the tuna-fishing capital of the country. Hall felt that S & C should be a part of all this and purchased a tuna clipper for the company which they ran for a short time. Many of his business dealings were not on the water at all, however. He financed the local Yellow Cab franchise during the Depression, he started one of the first car washes, and he even owned the Spreckels Building and the Union Title Building (since torn down). He also became a director for the First National Bank. Hall possessed an unending amount of energy whenever it came to business.

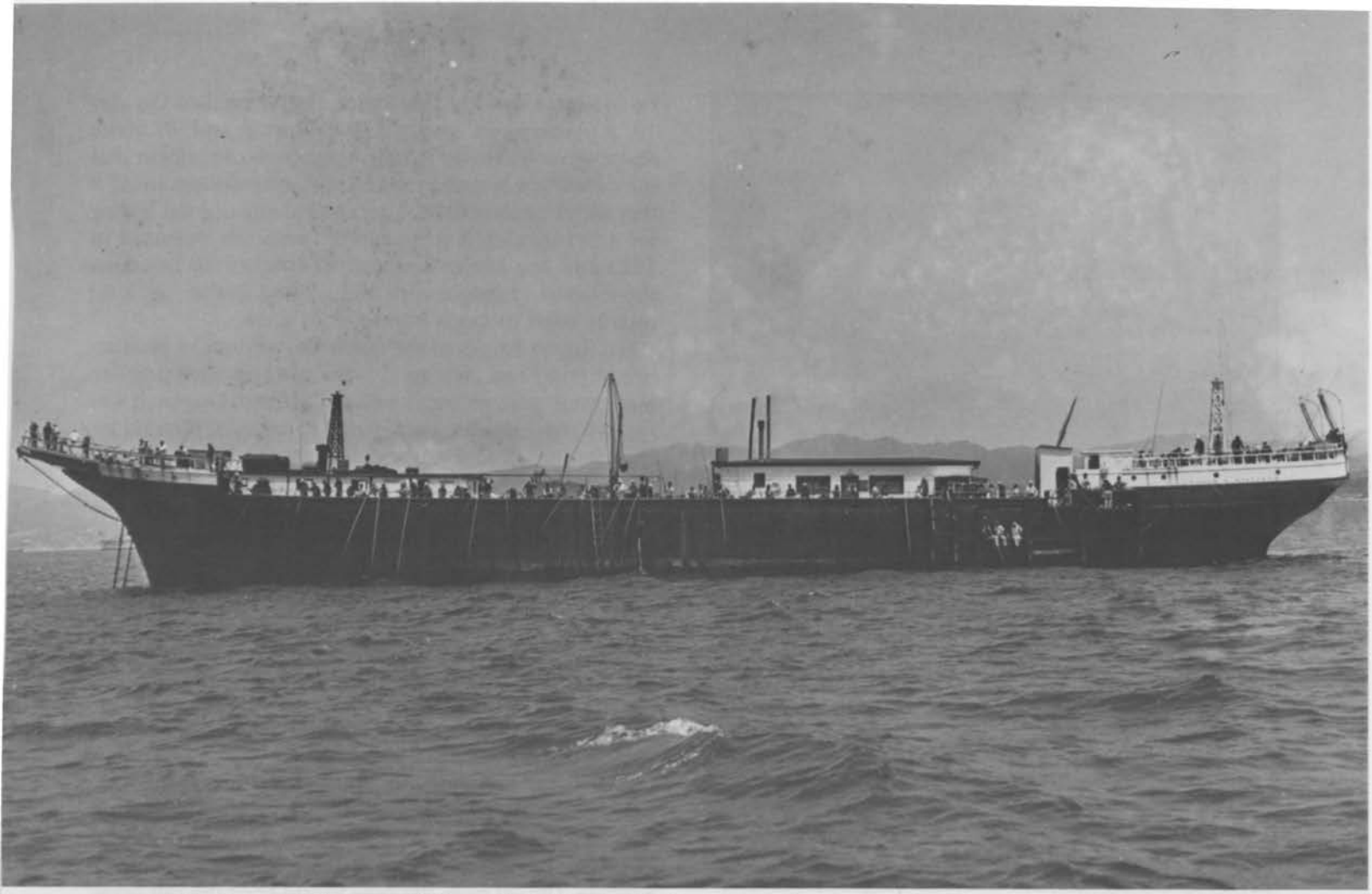
Back at the boat company it came time to add another square-headed ferry to the Nickel Snatcher fleet. Unlike her wooden-hulled sisters, this one would be steel-hulled. He had the hull built in Wilmington at the Fellows and Stewart Shipyard. The deckhouse and engines were installed at San Diego Marine Construction. Instead of the normal two engines, they gave her three for more speed. She was named the MONTEREY and was slightly larger than her sisters, measuring out at 64 feet.

By 1955 the Nickel Snatcher ferries had been running for 37 years without a price hike. Hall would be forced to raise the fare to 10¢ in October of that year due to rising costs. Passengers met with the announcement rather angrily, referring to it as the "Dime Grabber". Three years later the excursion boat fares would be increased from $2.00 a person to $2.50 a person (still a pretty good deal). The SILVERGATE had been S & C's excursion boat since the war but increasing passenger counts forced Hall to order a bigger vessel built by the Pacific Coast Engine Shipyard in Alameda.

The craft was 95 feet long and had a capacity of 550 people. She made her maiden voyage in June of 1957 and Hall affectionately named her MARIETTA after his beloved mother Mary Etta Creswell.

The SILVERGATE was forced out of a job but managed to stay alive by once again becoming S & C's excursion boat during the winter seasons due to her more efficient running costs when passenger totals were low. She also found a summer job in 1958 when Oakley Hall tried something a little different. He had San Diego Marine Construction build a small 23-foot glass-bottomed boat. Because it was built without engines it had to be towed to the fish-abundant waters of south Coronado Island. The SILVERGATE would leave every morning at 9 a.m. bound for the island with the glass-bottomed boat in tow. Once in position the passengers would transfer to the glass-bottomed boat in order to take in the beauty of the underwater world. They would return at 4:30 p.m. after 7.5 hours at sea. Unfortunately the demand for this long trip proved to be too small to continue the service the following year.

Ed. Note: The third and final installment of Mr. Wilson's series will run in the next issue. His extensive list of sources was printed with the first installment in our summer issue. Mr. Wilson welcomes comments and additional information on this topic, and may be reached by writing to: Star & Crescent Boat Co., P.O. Box 751, San Diego, CA 92112.



The GEORGE E. BILLINGS *off Ocean Park. Note length of poles.* *Photo courtesy of the California Dept. of Fish and Game*

From Tall Ship to Fishing Barge

PART 2

By Edward M. Ries

It may be difficult nowadays to realize how popular barge fishing was 60 years ago. The astounding success of the old scow PAPROCA at Long Beach soon generated competition. The barge concept underwent a sudden expansion in 1925 when a number of ex-sailing ships were put into service. By the next year there were no less than 21 vessels doing business along the South Coast. Every pier and landing from Santa Barbara to San Diego provided access to one or more barges.

In 1924 San Diego businessman and ardent angler Frank Kiessig purchased a surplus Navy coal barge and readied her for fishing. Heavily timbered and copper-sheathed against marine borers, the barge was 144 feet long with a 40-foot beam. To make fish handling and gaffing easier, a fishing gallery was constructed around the sides only four feet above the water. A ten-room cabin was constructed on deck with two bunks in each room fitted with clean sheets and blankets. The deckhouse included a galley, tackle shop and office. There was a bait tank with eight hand wells and two reserve bait receivers were secured under the stern platform.

Christened IKE WALTON, Kiessig's barge opened for business in April 1926. She was moored at the La Jolla kelp beds and anglers were ferried to the waiting shore boat in a skiff rowed through the mild surf of the Cove. Dean Hueck, the skiffmaster, claimed an unblemished record of never getting a passenger wet! The barge fare was $2 with live bait guaranteed. Excellent fishing assured success and there were many overnight customers.

Kiessig allowed no handline fishing and would whip out a knife and cut off any handline he discovered. Smiling, he would remind the offending fisherman of barge policy and loan him a rent rod at no charge, ". . . one time only".

Increasing logistic problems associated with the La Jolla location were eased by moving the IKE WALTON to Point Loma for the 1929 season. Competing barges were operating in the same area, so in 1932 Kiessig sold the WALTON and turned his attention to the booming partyboat fishery at the Coronado Islands. He went on to pioneer the first long range trips with specially built boats.

A former kelp harvesting vessel was pressed into barge



This gentleman poses with a 29-pound yellowtail caught from the POINT LOMA *off San Diego in 1928.* *Photo courtesy of Janet Miles*

service by Oakley Hall, owner of San Diego's Star & Crescent fleet of tugs, water taxis and ferries. Named POINT LOMA, the barge was moored at the Dropoff, an area near the kelp beds that provides prime fishing to this day. Opened for business on April 30, 1928, the barge was popular with the public from the outset. The fishing was superb and at times, fabulous. Marvelous catches of yellowtail and white seabass were commonplace on the old hulk.

For example: Over 200 yellowtail from 10 to 25 pounds were landed on Sept. 8, 1930; a nine yellowtail per-rod average catch on June 9, 1931; twenty-five white seabass to 28 pounds taken Aug. 15, 1930; and a 250-pound black seabass was boated on Aug. 3, 1930. Fishing for lesser species such as barracuda, bass and bonito was generally excellent also.

Inspired by the success of his barge operation, Hall in 1932 bought the three-masted schooner GLENDALE to replace the old POINT LOMA. Very extensive alterations were made on the windjammer at Hall's shipyard. The after bulwarks were cut down to deck level and a wide fishing platform was built over the stern. Two big deck houses were erected enclosing bunks for 30, a galley and a ladies' lounge. Promenade decks with picnic tables and awnings topped the houses. A "Bachelors' Hall" was located in the fo'c's'le for those who wished to read or play cards. Bait wells holding 40 tons of water and 100,000 sardines were put into the hull. When completed she was advertised as a "fishing palace" and the "world's finest barge".

Opened for business in May 1932 the new POINT LOMA, ex-GLENDALE, quickly rang up impressive catches. On May 19, 30 passengers caught 170 yellowtail and 10 white seabass. Such catches led the bargemaster to lament that the fishermen became spoiled and were disappointed if they didn't catch yellows. There was plenty of good fishing for other species. A great run of barracuda occurred in 1933 and one angler bounced 42 "snakes" in less than three hours casting a cork and trailing feather jig, a rig usually used to catch bonito from piers.

Fishing on barges to the north was seldom as productive but they had their good times and remained popular. Many were profitable and well-maintained. One such was the five-masted schooner GEORGE E. BILLINGS, moored for ten seasons off Ocean Park.

In the summer of 1936 I was employed for two months as a deckhand on MARDI GRAS, the shoreboat serving the BILLINGS. When passengers were picked up from the pier my task was to balance on the slippery foredeck of the launch and plop the eye of a heavy manila springline over a huge iron hook hanging from the pier. After hooking on, the engine was gunned and the rudder put hard aport to lay the boat against the pilings while passengers stepped aboard. In rough weather or at low tide it became somewhat risky but it was the method for loading boats at all piers along the coast.

When not handling the springline I was kept busy polishing brass, swabbing the deck, and wiping moisture from the seats. When the sea was choppy an important chore was to rub a plug of chewing tobacco on the pilot's window. The oil from the plug would shed the salt spray that otherwise impeded the skipper's vision. That I often got thoroughly soaked while performing this service mattered not at all.

The first of two shifts began at 0500 when the two-man crew lowered a skiff from the pierhead derrick and rowed to the moored launch. The skiff would be left on the mooring while the shoreboat was operating. The second shift secured to the mooring after the midnight run and boarded the skiff, now fouled with bird droppings, and approached the pier. I would scramble out and lower the

FRUSTRATION AND FIRE

An angry and frustrated Robert Oefinger, owner of the GEORGE E. BILLINGS, declared it was impossible to bring older wooden ships into accord with the new federal regulations imposed after the sinking of OLYMPIC II. Anticipating $500 a day in fines for noncompliance, he determined to cut his losses by destroying the BILLINGS. With some fanfare, the big barge was towed out from her winter berth in San Pedro to one of the Channel Islands (probably Santa Barbara) and beached on a rocky shore. On Feb. 10, 1941 she was put to the torch. It was a sorry end for the 37-year-old vessel but a fiery death was perhaps better than creeping deterioration in a stagnant backwater.



An angler relaxing aboard the new POINT LOMA. *It was a good place to put one's feet up, enjoy the balmy breeze, and forget everything but the ancient, peaceable pursuit of fishing.* *Photo courtesy of Janet Miles*

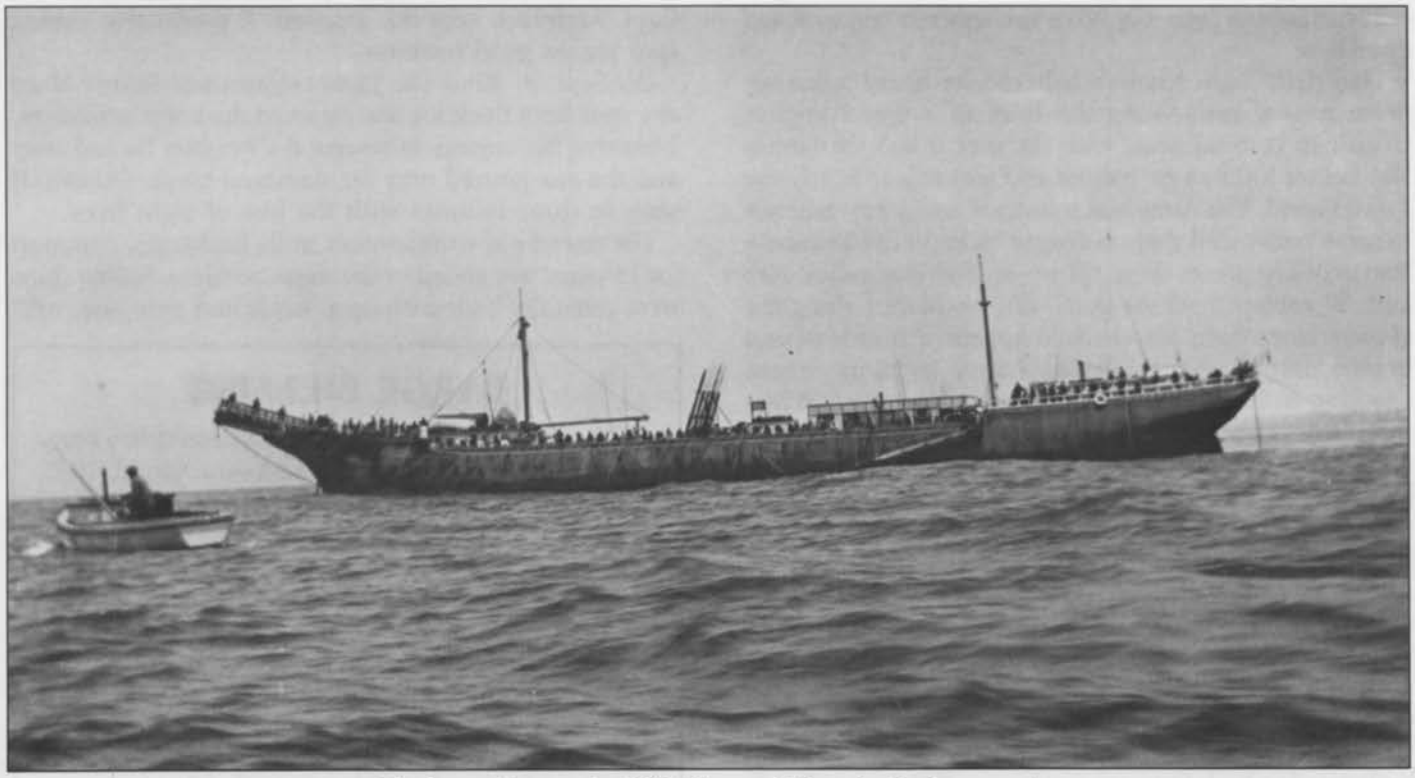
derrick whip wire so the skipper could attach the hoisting sling. Then began laborious cranking on the hand winch until the skiff was level with the pier deck.

It was 70 hours a week with no days off but it paid $60 a month, standard for deckhands at the time. A few worked for even less. As a dedicated fisherman I was soon bored by the monotonous routine and quit after six weeks.

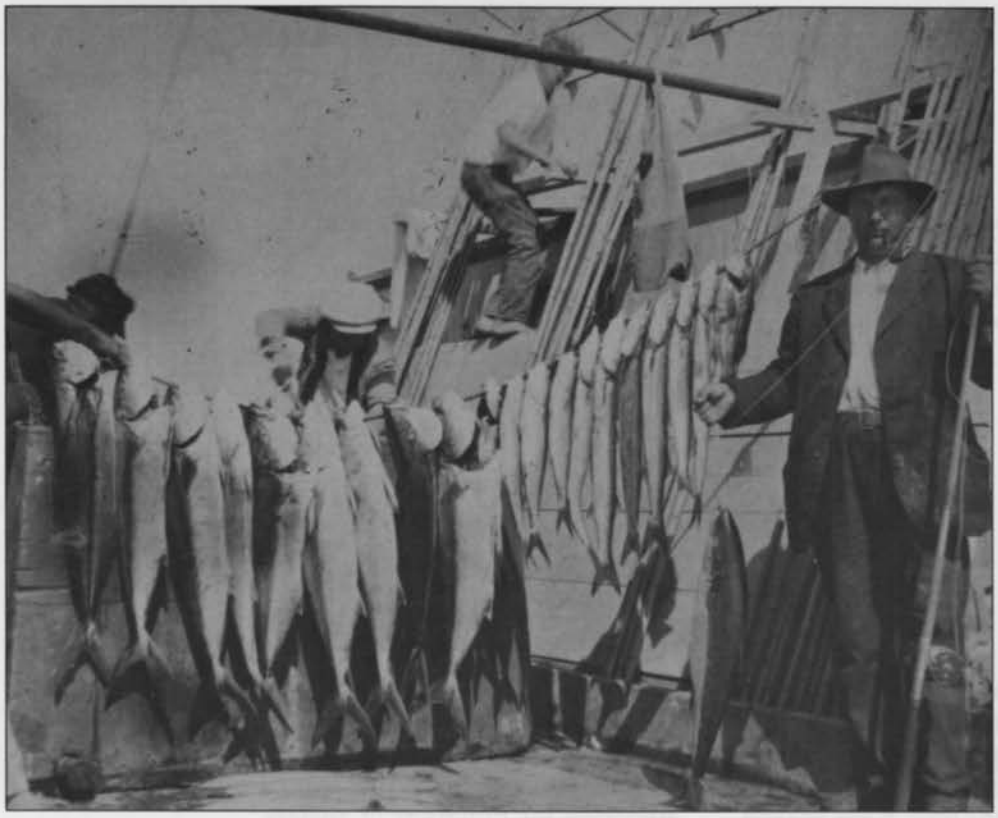
The KOHALA (or Hawaiian Flower) met the strangest fate of any fishing barge. Once a beautiful four-masted barkentine with a glistening white hull, she sailed the seas for over twenty years before being sold for a barge in 1927. After service at Hermosa Beach and San Diego she wound up off Redondo with Daisy Monstad as owner. There she remained, now sporting a green hull with orange trim. In spite of her rather garish paint job she was a popular attraction for hundreds of anglers.

The terrible shock of the attack on Pearl Harbor had a profound effect on the west coast. Pleasure boating activity ceased and KOHALA was a lonely hulk manned only by her master and a young watchman, Jack Kitchen.

On Christmas Eve of 1941 I happened to be serving in the minesweeper USS COURSER which was sweeping the



The barge OLYMPIC *in 1926. The small boat in the foreground is trolling for barracuda.* *Photo by Chester Doyle*



A fine catch of yellowtail and barracuda aboard the first POINT LOMA, *circa 1928.* *Photo courtesy of Janet Miles*

approaches to San Pedro Harbor. As I watched a nearby steamer a violent explosion tossed lumber from her deckload high into the air. S.S. ABSAROKA had just been blasted by a torpedo from the Japanese submarine I-19. My little ship was unable to take offensive action as we had no sonar and our main battery consisted of two light-caliber machine guns. U.S. Navy strength was concentrated elsewhere.

That dark night Kitchen believed he heard a strange noise nearby resembling the hum of a diesel engine. Unable to communicate with the pier, it was Christmas Day before Kitchen got ashore and was able to notify the Coast Guard. The Army was informed and jittery generals became convinced that an enemy lurked near Redondo. Two artillery pieces were set up on the Horseshoe Pier and .50 caliber machine guns were emplaced along the shore. Planes from March Field appeared overhead and bombs rained down. Trigger-happy soldiers began shooting from shore and pandemonium reigned. When the smoke cleared only pieces of the barge, fortunately unmanned, remained. Later a Navy plane wasted a depth bomb on some of the floating wreckage.

Next day headlines in the *L.A. Times* screamed: "ARMY FLYERS SINK COAST RAIDER. AIR FILLED WITH DEBRIS AS NIPPON SUBMARINE IS DESTROYED." Sadly, the debris was only the remains of poor KOHALA, innocent victim of wartime hysteria and "friendly fire".

The sub was long gone, escaped to fight on for two more years before being sunk near the Marshall Islands.

Captain J.H. Andersen successfully operated the Maine-built wooden bark OLYMPIC as a barge off Hermosa Beach from 1926 to 1934. She survived the frequent winter storms to rot away in Cerritos Channel. To replace her Andersen bought the beautiful iron full-rigged ship STAR OF FRANCE and renamed her OLYMPIC II.

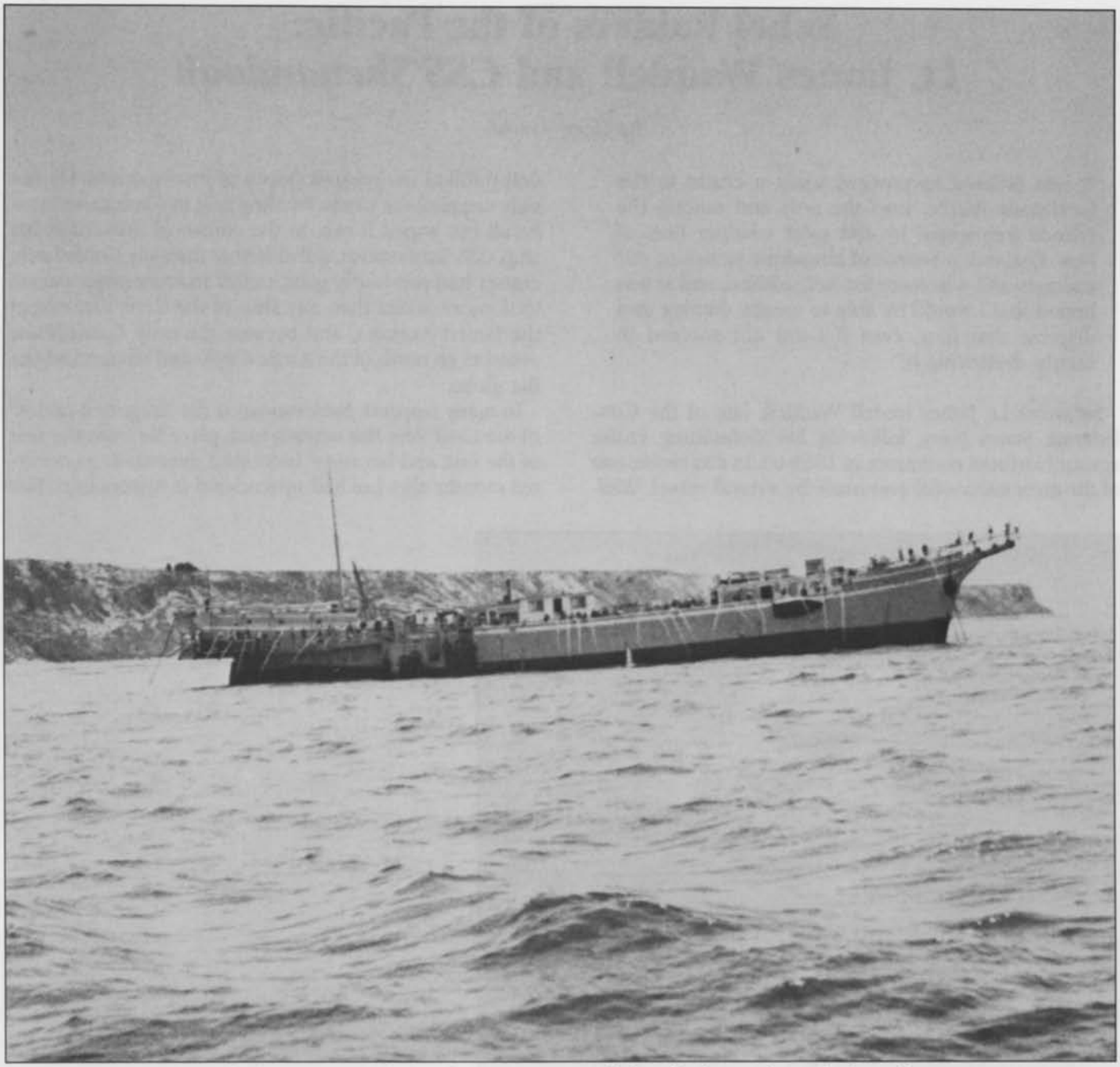
The classy ex-clipper was shifted from Hermosa to near the Horseshoe Kelp in 1938. In spite of warnings from the Coast Guard that the heavy traffic area was hazardous, Capt. Andersen kept the location. A productive fishing spot meant good business.

On Sept. 4, 1940 the Japanese steamer SAKITO MARU emerged from thick fog and rammed the barge amidships. Throwing her engines in reverse, the freighter backed away and the sea poured into the damaged barge. OLYMPIC II sank in three minutes with the loss of eight lives.

The use of old windjammer hulls for barges, common for 15 years, was ended by the tragic accident. Sailing ships were generally built with open holds and only one colli-

BARGE BILLFISH

The only marlin ever caught from a stationary barge was taken on the new POINT LOMA on Aug. 9, 1935. Malcolm Huey of Calexico hooked the spike on a sardine pinned to a 3/0 hook and fly-lined for yellowtail. It took 50 minutes to land on 12-thread (36 pound) line. Three gaffs and a couple shots from the skipper's rifle were needed to subdue the marlin before it could be lifted aboard. It weighed 200 pounds. Hooking billfish from anchored sportboats at the Coronado Islands was not uncommon in those days. That same year I saw three hookups at once from boats on the weather side of North Island.



The barge KOHALA*—later to become a victim of "friendly fire" in the early days of America's entry into World War II. (See text.) Does this look like a Japanese submarine to you? It did to a lot of jittery military personnel in the dark days of December 1941. The result—bombs away!* *Photo courtesy of the California Dept. of Fish and Game*

sion bulkhead in the bow. The Bureau of Marine Inspection now handed down a strict ruling requiring watertight compartments throughout the old hulks. The cost of such extensive alterations would force most barges out of business.

A few lingered on at their moorings for another year, struggling to survive; KOHALA, FOX, SIERRA and ANNIE M. ROLPH among them. The outbreak of war finally finished them off, bringing to an end a fascinating chapter in the history of sportfishing.

The third and final part of this series will tell of post-war efforts to revive barge fishing and the "Tale of Two Fishing Stars."

Ed. Note: Edward Ries is a noted marine artist and historian of fishing barges. In Part 1 of this series, he discussed other fishing barges of southern California (*Mains'l Haul,* Summer 1991 issue). In our next issue, we shall run his third and concluding installment. This article originally appeared in *South Coast Sportfishing* magazine. *Mains'l Haul* wishes to thank that publication, as well as Mr. Ries, for making it available.

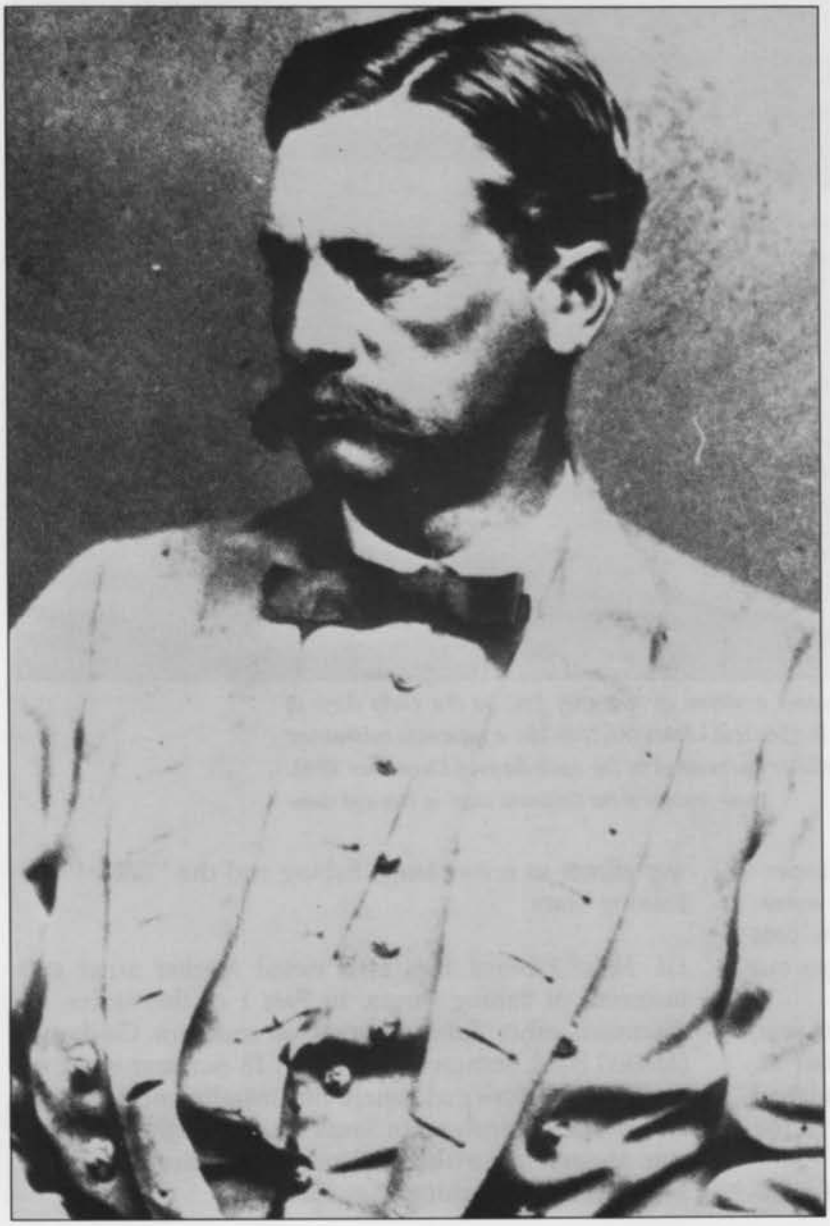
Rebel Raiders of the Pacific: Lt. James Waddell and *CSS Shenandoah*

By Craig Arnold

"I was ordered to proceed upon a cruise in the far-distant Pacific, into the seas and among the islands frequented by the great whaling fleet of New England, a source of abundant wealth to our enemies and a nursery for her seamen, and it was hoped that I would be able to greatly damage and disperse that fleet, even if I did not succeed in utterly destroying it."

So wrote Lt. James Iredell Waddell, late of the Confederate States Navy, following his devastating cruise against Northern commerce in 1864-65. In this cruise, one of the most successful ever made by a naval vessel, Waddell fulfilled the greatest hopes of his superiors. He not only crippled the Union whaling fleet in Alaskan waters—he all but wiped it out. In the course of this cruise his ship, CSS SHENANDOAH, sailed farther than any Confederate cruiser had previously gone, raided in every major ocean, took more prizes than any ship of the Civil War except the famed ALABAMA, and became the only Confederate vessel to go north of the Arctic Circle and circumnavigate the globe.

In many respects, SHENANDOAH is the "forgotten raider" of the Civil War. Her actions took place far from the seat of the war, and her most successful depredations occurred months after Lee had surrendered at Appomattox. Her



Lt. James I. Waddell, officer commanding, CSS SHENANDOAH.
Naval Historical Center, Washington, D.C.

story deserves telling, for she was unique in many respects.

The Confederate Commerce Raiders

The Confederate States of America began life without any navy whatsoever. In April 1861, the Confederates seized the U.S. Navy Yard at Gosport, Virginia, near Norfolk, but before the Yankees pulled out they burned all the ships left behind. Only the hull of USS MERRIMACK was salvageable, and she was reconstructed as the ironclad ram VIRGINIA.

On May 10, 1861, the Confederate Congress authorized the purchase of suitable ships in Europe, for the purpose of fitting them out as commerce raiders. There was nothing new in this notion. Raiding of enemy commerce had been practiced by American seamen in both the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812–quite successfully in both cases. Commerce raiding is in fact the classic strategy of a weak naval power against a strong one. The lack of shipyards, foundries, machine shops and all the "nuts-and-bolts" of naval warfare in the South made it impossible for the Confederates to challenge the U.S. Navy on even terms. So the alternative was to raid Union merchant shipping.

In all, the Confederacy outfitted nineteen ships as cruisers. By far the most successful of these was CSS ALABAMA, which took sixty-nine Union ships before being sunk by USS KEARSARGE off Cherbourg in 1864. The ALABAMA caused a tremendous outcry from the Northern shipping industry.

After the loss of this vessel, the Confederate Navy quickly decided to replace her. James D. Bulloch was the Confederate agent in Europe charged with procuring vessels. This was not too difficult–despite the fact that the European powers were neutral. Bulloch centered most of his activity in Great Britain. Many Britishers were quite sympathetic to the Southern cause, and cannon, munitions, and all manner of war supplies could be purchased "under the table". In the summer of 1864, Bulloch learned of a ship that seemed to meet his requirements: her name was the SEA KING, and she had just completed her maiden voyage to New Zealand as a British troopship. She was owned by the firm of Shaw Savill in London.

The *Shenandoah*

Bulloch opened negotiations to get the SEA KING. At about this time, Union agents in Britain learned that something was afoot with this vessel–for the Union had its British friends, too–and they tried to buy her ahead of Bulloch. The wily Confederate quickly sealed the deal with Walter Savill, head of the line since the death of his partner Robert Shaw the year before. The SEA KING became Confederate property.

The firm of Shaw Savill later owned the iron ship EUTERPE, better known today by her American moniker, STAR OF INDIA. So there is a faint connection between one of our museum's ships and the SHENANDOAH. Another connection is that the latter ship was built at the yard of Alexander Stephen & Sons–the same Glasgow yard where our steam yacht MEDEA rose forty-one years later.

The SEA KING was 230 feet in length and registered at 1160 tons. She carried a full rig on three masts and was fitted with an engine and propeller. She had several features that made her ideal as a raider. Her engine developed 200 horsepower–quite impressive in those days–and could keep her ahead of any U.S. warship. She had a collapsible funnel, which could be lowered to make her look like an innocent merchant sailing ship–the better to approach her prey undetected. She also had a propeller shaft that lifted up, enabling her to sail faster when the engine was not in use.

Lt. James I. Waddell

Now that Bulloch had purchased a ship, he needed a skipper and junior officers of the Confederate States Navy to man it. At this point James I. Waddell steps on the stage of history.

Waddell was born in North Carolina in 1824. An orphan, he joined the U.S. Navy as a midshipman in 1841. Waddell found himself assigned to the ship-of-the-line PENNSYLVANIA–ironically, one of the ships burnt at Gosport twenty years later. His first notable action came when he fought a duel with a fellow midshipman; Waddell got the worst of it, taking a bullet through the hip–a rather inglorious wound that caused him to limp the rest of his life.

The young midshipman took well to Navy life, though, and was soon promoted lieutenant. In 1858 he taught navigation for a year at Annapolis, then got orders to the China Station. The outbreak of the Civil War found him in that distant land.

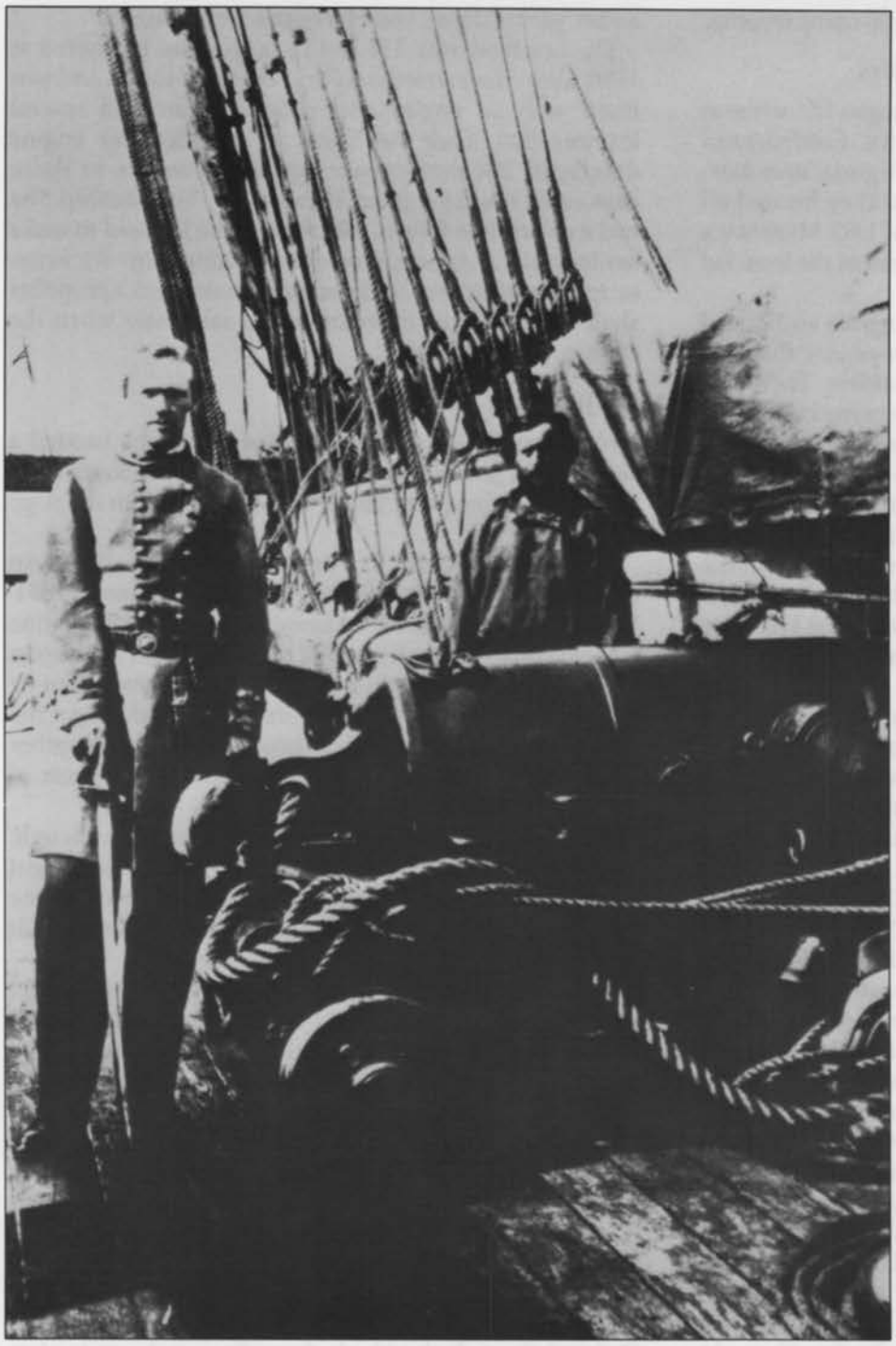
Waddell's ship sailed home late in 1861. The Tarheel lieutenant promptly handed in his resignation–which caused the U.S. Navy to withhold a large amount of back pay due him. This action only confirmed Waddell's desire to go South.

He slipped through the blockade and got to Richmond. Now a lieutenant in the C.S.N., Waddell donned the gray and served at the Drewry's Bluff river battery on the James River. Later in the war he served at Charleston. His heart longed for a ship, however.

In the summer of 1864, with the Confederacy hard-pressed on all sides, Waddell's opportunity came at last. Ordered through the blockade to Europe, he arrived at Paris in September. New orders awaited him there: he would take command of a raider. From Paris he went on to London.

Meanwhile, Bulloch and his minions had been hard at work. The SEA KING sailed from London on October 8–just another ostensibly innocent merchantman. U.S. Minister to Britain Charles Francis Adams knew better: he warned the British government that the United States would hold it responsible for any damage the ship caused, should she pass into Rebel hands.

Bulloch, having completed payment to Shaw Savill of £45,000, hired an English captain named Corbett and a mostly English crew to take the ship to Madeira. The crew



A Confederate midshipman and sailor on board CSS ALABAMA, *fearsome predecessor to* SHENANDOAH. *Officers and men in* SHENANDOAH *wore the same kit, and her guns were mounted broadside on the main deck, like* ALABAMA'S.

International Museum of Photography

were told this was the first leg in a passage to Bombay—a logical destination for a Limejuicer.

The SEA KING reached a deserted anchorage in the neutral island group of Madeira on October 18, 1864. Soon another ship showed up—the steamer LAUREL, carrying Lt. Waddell, his officers, eight cannon, and war supplies. Fancy that!

Waddell lost no time mounting the guns in SEA KING, shipping all gear, and running up a Confederate flag. Before her Limey crew's eyes, SEA KING metamorphosed into CSS SHENANDOAH. Next Waddell invited her British crew to join the C.S. Navy. Much to his disappointment, very few took the offer. The ship needed over one hundred men to operate as a war vessel, but only twenty-three signed on. Added to the nineteen officers and warrant officers from the Confederacy, this gave her just forty-two. Waddell shrugged, let those who wanted to go, and raised sail for the Roaring Forties.

The War Cruise of the *Shenandoah*

On his run down the South Atlantic, Waddell took his first eight prizes. The first victim of SHENANDOAH was the bark ALINA, boarded on October 30. She was scuttled and her people taken on board SHENANDOAH. Some of these prisoners were put ashore at the island of Tristan da Cunha, and the rest boarded a neutral vessel bound for Brazil.

There were two ways of dealing with a captured ship.

One was to scuttle or burn it after looting it of anything valuable. The other was to release it on bond, which meant that the vessel's captain signed a promise to have her owners pay the Confederacy a certain sum for having spared the ship. Waddell burnt or scuttled thirty-two of the thirty-eight ships he captured, releasing the remainder on bond. This was done mainly to rid SHENANDOAH of excess prisoners. At one point later in the cruise, the raider was so crowded with useless Yankee mouths to feed that Waddell put some of them in boats and towed them. In the cold Bering Sea, one can imagine how these Yanks felt toward their captor.

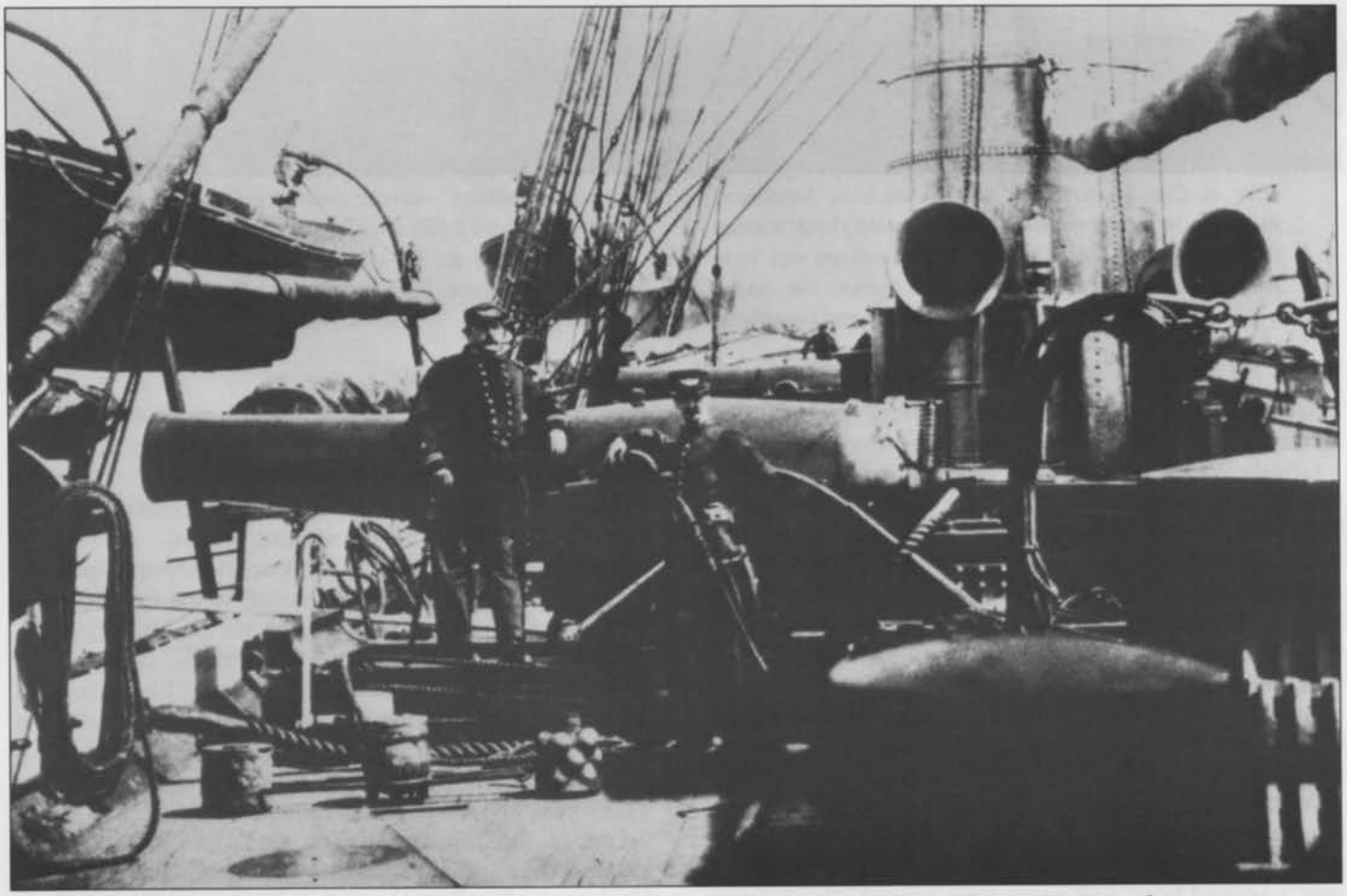
At length Waddell passed the Cape of Good Hope and entered the Indian Ocean. He captured one more Union ship here, but discovered that he had a cracked propeller. He needed the propeller to escape from Yankee warships, so he decided to make repairs at Melbourne, Australia.

SHENANDOAH reached Melbourne on January 25, 1865. The Indian Ocean had been singularly unkind to Waddell; not only was there a dearth of Union ships, but the one ship he took here carried a troublesome passenger—a woman, to be precise.

One privilege of masters in the days of sail, when a merchantman might be at sea for a year or more, was to take their wives and children along. Conditions were cramped aboard ship, but many wives took to the seafaring life quite gallantly. The one Waddell captured, however, didn't travel light: along with this woman came a large number of trunks containing her extensive wardrobe—plus her personal library, her small son, her maid, and her pet canary! All of this had to be hoisted on board SHENANDOAH before the prize, the bark DELPHINE, could be set alight. The woman then proceeded to flirt with Waddell's officers—and to berate her hapless husband for losing his ship!

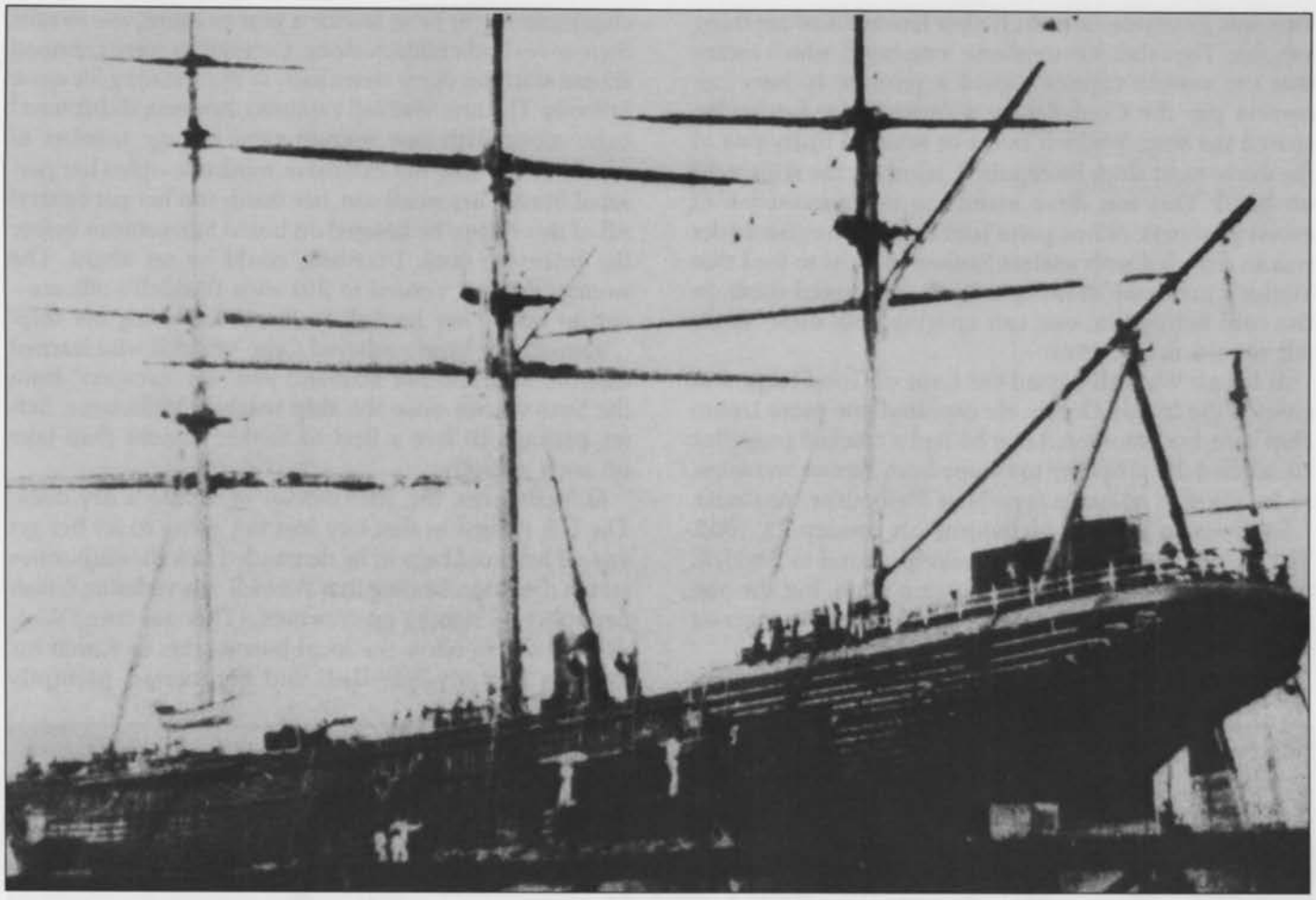
It must have been a relieved Capt. Waddell who learned that the lady and her husband and son "escaped" from the SHENANDOAH once the ship reached Melbourne. Better, perhaps, to face a fleet of Yankee frigates than take on such a captive.

At Melbourne, the SHENANDOAH went into a dry dock. The U.S. consul in that city was not going to let her get away if he could help it; he demanded that the authorities search the ship, claiming that Waddell was violating British neutrality by signing up crewmen. (This was true.) Waddell refused to allow the local bureaucrats to search his ship, so, mightily offended, said bureaucrats promptly



Here is the main deck of USS KEARSARGE, *the Union warship that became* ALABAMA's *nemesis. The gun dominating the picture is her 11-inch forward pivot gun—the most powerful on the ship, and allegedly the gun that sank the* ALABAMA. KEARSARGE's *sailing master (left) and engineer officer pose with the gun. Warships like this combed the seas for* SHENANDOAH *also.*

U.S. Army Military History Institute
Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania



Here is CSS SHENANDOAH *in dry dock at Melbourne, Australia, in February 1865. A rather grainy photo, it nevertheless gives an idea of her lines.* SHENANDOAH *was "composite-built" with teak planks on iron frames. She carried a full rig on three masts, with single topsails and topgallants. Note the "turtleback" running around her poop deck—very similar to* EUTERPE'S. *Her stack is visible abaft the mainmast. Once* LT. *Waddell got her cracked propeller fixed here, he could wring 13 knots from her. From Melbourne she sailed north to glory.* *Naval Historical Center, Washington, D.C.*

marched a large force of troops to the dock, and wheeled up cannon to fire on the helpless SHENANDOAH.

Grimly Waddell prepared to defend his hopeless position. At the last possible minute, the authorities relented: SHENANDOAH could leave Melbourne unmolested.

On February 8, his repairs completed, Waddell left Australia for the Yankee whaling grounds in the Caroline Islands of the western Pacific. Here he had good luck, taking and destroying four whalers. From the Carolines he sailed north to the Kuril Islands and the Sea of Okhotsk.

Only one whaler was caught in Okhotsk; she was of little use to Waddell, for her cargo consisted mainly of a huge supply of whiskey for her captain.

Waddell sent over a boat crew to burn the whaler. A long time passed. Soon there came the sound of singing—yes, singing—wafting gently across the waves. Waddell sent over a second boat. Still more time passed. The singing increased in volume. A third boat was dispatched, and the chorus swelled anew.

Finally Waddell got enough sober hands over to set the torch to the booze-laden whaler—which reportedly flamed very well. The Sea of Okhotsk was empty of vessels other than the "whiskey ship", however, so Waddell laid a course to the Bering Sea. Here SHENANDOAH became the only Confederate ship to cross the Arctic Circle and enter the Arctic Ocean. These were prime whaling waters.

Here SHENANDOAH hit the jackpot. Whaling ships normally stayed together when whaling, so the Confederates came upon them in clusters. On June 22, 1865, SHENANDOAH captured five whalers, on the 26th she captured six, and on her best day, June 28, she took and burned eleven whalers in seven hours. The Bering Strait resembled a series of funeral pyres as clusters of whalers went up in flames. At last Waddell's cruise was succeeding gloriously. There was just one small problem—the war was over!

One of the Yankee whaling captains taken prisoner showed his captor two-month-old newspapers: in large black type, a headline shouted, "LEE SURRENDERS!" Waddell refused to believe it. Just another rascally Yankee trick, no doubt—and even if it were true, the Confederate government must still be functioning. As he saw it, his duty was to carry on.

By the end of June, Waddell had destroyed or bonded thirty-eight ships. The Yankee whaling industry in the North Pacific was wiped out. Waddell and SHENANDOAH had wrought havoc, running up a score second only to ALABAMA's. But ALABAMA's tally was achieved over two years, whereas SHENANDOAH made her mark in nine months.

Come July, Waddell left the Bering Sea and made sail for San Francisco. A daring plan now took shape in his mind. He proposed to sail into San Francisco Bay disguised as a merchant vessel, board and capture the U.S. monitor CAMANCHE by surprise, and train both CAMANCHE's and SHENANDOAH's guns on San Francisco. Waddell then planned to hold the city for ransom! Except for CAMANCHE, he believed there were no naval forces to stop him, and he was right.

This bold plan was never to transpire. On August 2, Waddell sighted the British bark BARRACOUTA. The English captain hailed the Confederate and finally convinced him that the war was over. By such a slender margin, the last battle of the Civil War—the Battle of San Francisco Bay—was averted.

Now Waddell and his men faced a peculiar situation. They were a ship and crew without a country. If caught by the Yankees, they were likely to be hanged as pirates. Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles was already calling SHENANDOAH's crew pirates in his statements to the Northern papers—and the hue and cry from outraged Yankee shipowners continued to ring in the ears of Congress. Waddell felt his only safe course was to get to a neutral port quickly—and it had to be a neutral nation powerful enough to protect his crew from Yankee vengeance. That could only mean England.

But England lay 17,000 miles away, by way of Cape Horn. Waddell decided to take the risk. The ocean still crawled with Union warships and unfriendly merchantmen, and any one of the latter, while not a direct threat, could report Waddell's position.

SHENANDOAH had to metamorphose again, back to a harmless-looking ship whose fangs had been drawn. Waddell ordered her guns struck below, then painted his stack white to imitate a common merchant practice. Down below went any gear that looked remotely warlike.

In this guise Waddell made it back to English waters in 122 days. No Union warships were sighted, but food and water ran low and scurvy appeared. Waddell dared not put into a Latin American port for fear he would be reported. Two of SHENANDOAH's crew died of the scurvy—the only fatalities Waddell suffered on the cruise.

The End of a Raider

The British authorities at Liverpool were astonished, on November 6, 1865, to see a ship flying the Confederate flag steaming slowly up the River Mersey. A British naval officer went aboard and informed Waddell that the war was long since over. Waddell thereupon put his ship under the control of a British warship, HMS DONEGAL, and hauled down his colors. The Civil War was not over until that moment. Waddell and his hardy crew were the last Rebels—and even at that, they refused to surrender.

For a while, no one knew what to do with this strange ship and crew. The British were embarrassed. The Americans, led by Charles Francis Adams, demanded that SHENANDOAH's crew be arrested as pirates. Finally the Queen's ministers, after many an agonized huddle, decided to let the erstwhile Rebels go. First there was a little formality, however.

Great Britain had a law that said no British subject could enlist in a foreign nation's armed forces while that nation was at war. So, just for appearance's sake, the captain of HMS DONEGAL came on board and called Waddell's crew to a roll-call. Each sailor's name was called and he was asked whether or not he was British. Back the answers came in every case—no, not British at all. Never mind that every man-jack answered with what sounded like a British accent. None of the Queen's own here, sir!

Honor satisfied, the British captain departed, and Waddell said goodbye. Captain and crew scattered to the four winds. CSS SHENANDOAH was history.

The British government promptly turned the ship over to the United States government, which didn't know what to do with her either. In 1866 the Americans found a buyer for her. This gentleman was the Sultan of Zanzibar, an island off the east coast of Africa. The Sultan was a notorious slave trader, but he didn't want SHENANDOAH for a slaver—he wanted her for his yacht! So the vessel that began her checkered life as a British troopship, and continued as a Rebel raider, finally ended up the plaything of an African potentate. In this guise she survived another six years, until in 1872 the Sultan carelessly ran her on a reef in the Indian Ocean. Her back broken, her strength gone, she slipped beneath the waves.

The United States government in the meantime pressed claims against Great Britain for the havoc wrought by SHENANDOAH and ALABAMA. The damage totaled 107 ships destroyed—over half of all the Union ships destroyed by Confederate ships in the war.

Eventually, in 1872, these claims were referred to an international panel of arbitration. Members of the panel were the United States, Great Britain, Italy, Brazil, and Switzerland. (One wonders what the Swiss were doing arbitrating maritime incidents—perhaps it was their penchant for strict neutrality that got them on.)

The panel voted 3 to 2 that the British had to pay. The twin Confederate terrors had been let loose by the Limeys with apparent knowledge of what they were about. The British were assessed 15½ million dollars in gold, and pay they did, in 1873.

And what of James Iredell Waddell—the man who struck such fear into the whalers' greasy hearts? Waddell stayed on in Europe for ten years. With some good reason, he believed that an early return might result in his neck being stretched by the Yankees. However, apart from the commandant of Andersonville P.O.W. camp, the Northerners hanged no one—not even Marse Robert.

In 1875, James Waddell came home. He went to Cali-

fornia and signed on as a skipper with the Pacific Mail Company, a famous line of west coast steamships. Tiring of this, he journeyed to Maryland, where the governor of that state, apparently a believer in the formula of setting a "pirate" to catch pirates, hired him to fight the oyster pirates of Chesapeake Bay. Waddell lived out his last years at Annapolis and died of natural causes in 1886, aged 62.

Today his photograph graces the wardroom of a United States warship, USS WADDELL (DDG-24).

Perhaps it is fitting to close this account, as it was opened, with the words of James Waddell himself: "I claim for her officers and men," Waddell wrote of SHENANDOAH, "a triumph over their enemies and over every obstacle, and for myself I claim having done my duty."

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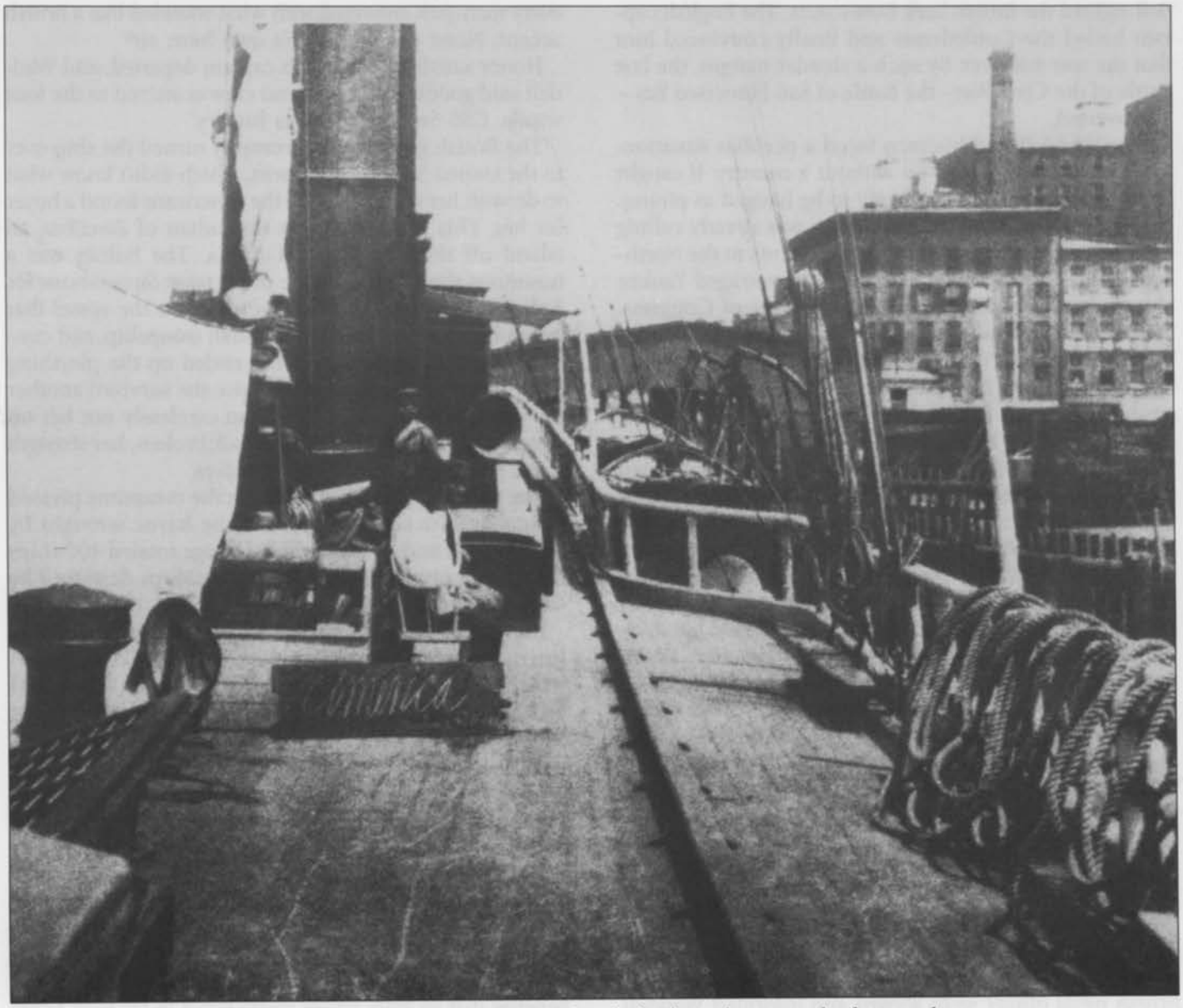
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The steamer packet AMERICA, *her weather decks shown here, was the first vessel to bring back to the United States word of* SHENANDOAH*'s rampage in the North Pacific.*

What Our Ships Were Doing

25 Years Ago:

In 1966, the STAR OF INDIA was dedicated as a National Historic Landmark. Under the direction of Captain Ken Reynard, restoration of the ship was well advanced. Moored at the San Diego Embarcadero, the STAR was already a major tourist attraction in fast-growing San Diego.

The BERKELEY at that date had been a floating trade fair in Sausalito, California, for several years. Another seven years would pass before she came to San Diego to join our museum.

The MEDEA was under the ownership of Captain N.P.S. Millar of Padstow, England. During this period she was chartered by the firm of McGruer & Co. Ltd., Rhu, Scotland. She sailed as far afield as the Mediterranean Sea and the Canary Islands under such arrangements, although some of her "tenants" tended to abuse her lovely old timbers. At this time she carried an ugly, boxy wheelhouse atop her formerly open bridge. (Paul Whittier, taking possession of her five years later, got rid of the wheelhouse.)

50 Years Ago:

In 1941, with America drifting into World War II, the STAR OF INDIA lay forlorn and largely forgotten on the San Diego waterfront. Her paint was thin, her decks decayed, and Irish pennants fluttered gloomily in her rigging. Jerry MacMullen, local journalist, and a handful of others struggled to get the nickels and dimes to keep her going. Soon her top hamper would be sent down by a Navy crew, to remove an alleged hazard to air operations in the harbor.

BERKELEY was working hard shuttling passengers across San Francisco Bay. She was now 43 years old, a bit long in the tooth for a ferry, but still going strong.

MEDEA was on wartime service with the Royal Navy in the north of Scotland. Soon she would go to Peterhead on the North Sea and join the Royal Norwegian Navy, to serve as a barracks ship for commandos raiding into German-occupied Norway. The commandos operated in fishing trawlers between Scotland and their homeland.

75 Years Ago:

In 1916 the STAR OF INDIA sailed to Bristol Bay, Alaska, for the annual salmon pack with the Alaska Packers' fleet. Her skipper this year was hard-bitten Woldemar Marzan, on his third of six trips with her to Alaska.

The BERKELEY was in the early days of her career on San Francisco Bay. At this time, she was still a coal-burner. Conversion to oil came in 1924.

The MEDEA had been "requisitioned for war service" in Britain the previous year, according to Lloyd's Yacht Register. Her owner at that time had been "Uncle John" Stephen – the man who supervised her building for William Macalister Hall in 1904. The next year, 1917, saw MEDEA purchased by the French Navy for conversion into a patrol vessel at Cherbourg. The French renamed her CORNEILLE, apparently after their great seventeenth-century poet.

100 Years Ago:

In 1891, EUTERPE was under the British "Red Duster" as a full-rigged ship in the Shaw Savill & Albion line. Under Captain Streeter, she sailed from London with her usual load of emigrants on July 13 of that year. Her port of debarkation was Wellington, New Zealand, which she safely reached, returning to England by way of Cape Horn the following year. Captain Streeter had his wife along on this voyage and the next, and both were known for their kindness toward the young cadets being trained for the merchant service in EUTERPE. There was a steward aboard named Fred Trimmer, and he and the skipper enjoyed playing out a bit of drollery at dinner. The following extract is from *The Flag of the Southern Cross*, by Frank C. Bowen:

> Captain Streeter was a character, and so was his steward, Fred Trimmer. The saloon table was always set beautifully with really good silver and there was the same routine pleasantry at every meal. The dish with its silver cover would be set before the captain, who would always ask:
>
> "Well, George,"– his name being Fred –"what have we for dinner to-day?"
>
> "What would you like, sir?"
>
> "Well, George, I think I could fancy a little venison to-day."
>
> "Just what it is, sir! Venison to-day, sir!" And he would whip off the silver cover with the air of a maitre d'hotel – but it was always the same old "salt horse".

In 1891, of course, BERKELEY and MEDEA were still a gleam in the eye of the future – by seven and thirteen years, respectively. EUTERPE, at age twenty-eight, was already a veteran of six voyages to India and sixteen more around the world. She had six more circumnavigations ahead, before becoming a trans-Pacific trader in 1898, and going on to join the Alaska Packers in 1901.

From the Helm

We have a steadily growing membership thanks to a lot of effort from Development Directors Jake Jacobsen and Joe Ditler. Jake's "Every member, get a member" plan is working well. Now, what we have to do is improve the attendance at the membership meetings. This should be easily accomplished because Curator Dave Brierley has put together absolutely fascinating programs which are not only timely but very interesting and informative. The September 25 meeting, with guest speaker Robert Smith presenting a colorful tour of maritime museums of North America, was of exceptional quality and well received by our members and guests. Those who pay their dues but miss these presentations are not getting their money's worth.

As we look forward to the America's Cup year, the 450th anniversary of Cabrillo's landing at San Diego, and the museum's move to Broadway Pier, we share a spectacular maritime history and future upon which we will continue to present the best programs available at each membership meeting.

From the helm we invite all members to share the experience of these programs . . . we think you'll like it!

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

Volunteer of the Quarter

Our Volunteer of the Quarter for the fall of 1991 is Mr. Karl Rosenquist.

Karl has been with the Maritime Museum on a continuous basis for about six years. He works in the photo division of the Jerry MacMullen Library.

Karl's job involves cataloging hundreds of historical photos. He has become quite expert in the course of his work here. He also assists the Librarian in finding appropriate photos to answer research needs.

For unfailing devotion to the task at hand, and for a hearty sense of humor, Karl would be hard to beat. Always cheerful and willing, he does his best to carry out any assigned task.

Karl worked in the photo lab at Solar Corporation until his recent retirement. During World War II, he was in the Army's 29th Infantry Division, and went ashore at Omaha Beach in the first assault waves. He fought with the division through France and Germany to the end of the war. A happy dividend came forth from the war, for he married an English bride. Karl himself was born in Sweden.

Karl and his wife now live in San Diego. He is a member of the Maritime Museum and the Mission Bay Yacht Club. When thanked for his help, he invariably replies: "Aw–I enjoy it."

For a job well done, Karl, we thank you yet again.

Ship Model Shop

Occasionally, as it has happened this week, a problem arises in the shop that taxes the imagination and problem-solving abilities of the shop personnel. Chuck Hill, who is working on a Sergal kit of the famous CUTTY SARK, has reached a point where it has become necessary to copper the bottom, below the waterline, as was customary in 1869 when she was built. In the past, model builders glued each plate individually to the model, as I once had to do when I built the same kit twelve years ago–all 2000 of them over the course of two weeks.

A few years ago, someone began using the copper foil tape used in stained glass window making, then scribing the individual plate lines and, as in the old system, using a pounce wheel (it looks like a pizza cutter with sharp little points) to etch in the nail holes once all of the copper was in place on the vessel.

To make a long story short, Chuck and I came up with a tool where, as he pulls the copper foil tape from our homemade dispenser, a pounce wheel etches each edge with the many little holes that represent the many nails used to hold the copper plate to the ship. This has eliminated many hours of very painstaking work. All he has to do after pulling the tape is scribe and pounce the end plate lines, peel the paper baking from the foil, and adhere the foil to the vessel. I figure that at Chuck's two-day a week pace, we just may be saving him about two months' efforts. Once in a while, we get lucky. Drop by, I'm sure he would enjoy showing off our machine.

In other activities around the shop, Bob Wright's model sale aboard the BERKELEY proved very successful. It sold over $4000 worth of models and raised better than $400 for the museum. Well done, Bob! Bob is now completing a model of the San Diego PILOT which the Reverend Bill Kelly had to abandon when he transferred to Boston. I think Bob's going to enjoy this one while he recovers from a nasty fall while working aboard the STAR OF INDIA.

Joe Bompensiero has finished the first layer of planking on his model of the privateer RATTLESNAKE. Unfortunately, we haven't given him many opportunities to finish it, keeping him busy on larger museum projects, such as the beautiful new podium for the upper deck he recently completed.

Finally, I would like to remind everyone that the model builders' workshops are continuing aboard the BERKELEY at 7 p.m. on the first and third Tuesday of each month. If you have never built a model and would like to, or you have built hundreds, but are just stumped for an answer, come on in and let us help. It's open to any and all museum members.

–Robert Crawford
Curator of Ship Models

Curator's Corner

The STAR OF INDIA's 128th birthday celebration this year was certainly a festive occasion thanks to the fine efforts of the Star of India Auxiliary and other museum volunteers. It seems only fitting to return to the ongoing presentation of *The Euterpe Times* newspaper, with several accounts of birthday news as recounted in issue number two of September 20, 1879. The ship was en route to New Zealand.

The first celebration was for second cabin passenger Mr. T. Tichbon: "On the Wednesday before, relations, friends, and admirers of Mr. Tichbon and his wife met at 6:00 p.m. for tea." Various toasts were given by those present to Mr. and Mrs. Tichbon. Soup was then offered by various emigrant guests. The party lasted until 10:00 p.m. and the emigrants disbanded after singing the British national anthem. The guests left "thoroughly satisfied that the EUTERPE was not such a bad ship after all".

The next birthday-related news item in this issue of *The Euterpe Times* came from an anonymous author (quite possibly Mr. Tichbon) and was simply titled "An Acrostic":

Merrily goes the time along
Year after year 'tis the same old song
Bounties they on the table lay
In honor of my "Thirty Second Birthday"
Really 'tis good to have such times
Tis tempting one to write these lines
How shall I thank you one and all
Dear friends for responding to my call
And showing by your faces bright
You know how to spend a pleasant night
Oft I'll remember in future years
Noting your kindness & hearty good cheers
Binding a tie which was made on board
Of "EUTERPE" a ship very slow on my word
At least for a time it proved a great sticker
Really irksome it has been. We've wished it would go quicker
Don't think that I have a wish to complain
Tis no use, so we'll laugh and bad feelings restrain
However we're here to forget all our troubles
Euterpian hardships to us are mere bubbles
So let us be merry and joke while we may
Have birthdays and christenings & weddings quite gay
In good faith let me tell you all these are in store
Please read "The Times" if you're doubting my lore
Eat then my good friends of the best of your fare
Unitedly hoping for more tho' perhaps rare
To you who have birthdays coming perhaps soon
Ever you may indulge in a similar boon
Reveal us the day we shan't think it too soon
Perhaps you may say my Rhyme's not correct
Even so, I'm no poet, what can you expect?

The acrostic of the first letter in each line is: MY BIRTHDAY ON BOARD THE SHIP EUTERPE.

This installment of Curator's Corner continues the emigrant theme but now about research. I have mentioned before that research is an ongoing process and often new information can "make my day."

One such event happened late on a Friday afternoon several weeks ago with the return visit by EUTERPE emigrant descendant Mr. Graeme Humphrey of Auckland, New Zealand. He had visited the STAR OF INDIA in the early 1980s prior to a Humphrey family reunion in 1985. The reunion was attended by 941 descendants of emigrants John and Harriet Humphrey from the ship's passage of 1874. A cake at the reunion was decorated with a profile view of the EUTERPE.

Graeme Humphrey brought the Maritime Museum a copy of the reunion publication that traces the family's history as well as provides further insight into emigration aboard our historic ship. For instance, a copy of the emigrants' proclamation of thanks to Captain Phillips, the Surgeon-Superintendent, and the officers of the EUTERPE was included word for word.

The completeness of this family history will probably lead to the presentation of their tie with our ship by outfitting one of the 'tween deck family emigrant cabins with their story. Further research and artifact collecting will begin while work on the weather proofing of the STAR's decks continues.

–Dave Brierley, Curator

Star of India Auxiliary

The Auxiliary thanks all the members who attended our Halloween Party planned by June Jones, Tessie Hanson, and Rita Grieg.

Mark your calendars for the Parade of Lights on December 15. Captain Franke has informed us the judges boat will be the BERKELEY, so those attending will have grandstand seats for the Parade.

A last and very important message–REMEMBER RUMMAGE. The committee, headed by Mary Powell, meets every Thursday at the 10th Avenue Terminal from 9:30 to 12. You may drop off your donations there or you may call the museum office for pickup of large amounts.

–Doris Chidgey
Auxiliary President

Development Report

The Maritime Museum is making a powerful move in the community to become publicly recognized for the first time. While our museum has perhaps the most carefully preserved fleet of historic ships in the world, the community continues to disassociate us from STAR OF INDIA. We remain the best kept secret along San Diego's waterfront.

Many of our members have mentioned to a friend or relative that they belong to the Maritime Museum, only to hear the words, "What's that?" While the STAR is firmly entrenched in their minds as San Diego's resident tall ship, most people know not of our museum, exhibits, research library, or other historic ships.

The most effective way to be noticed is through the news media and by continuing to tell your friends. Editors are not strange and mysterious people. They just want to give their readers the most newsworthy material they can. We have been providing them that. Likewise, many of your friends would love to be involved in a nautical institution such as the Maritime Museum, if they only knew we were here.

It has been my theory for years that the Maritime Museum is indeed newsworthy. The unique talents of our staff and volunteers provide fodder for many interesting articles. And our ships each have a distinct and exciting story to tell. Many of our curatorial donations also strike a chord of interest.

With this in mind, I have been structuring a series of press releases to the media, designed to inform and intrigue both editors and readers. To date, the Maritime Museum has been on the receiving end of some wonderful coverage in the media. This is the first step to making the Maritime Museum a household name.

Recently we were featured in *The San Diego Union* in an article by Ed Jahn. The headline discussed the donation of the nameboard "Ramona" by Coronado resident John Hartnett. Jahn was so effective in portraying the museum's needs for artifacts of a nautical theme, that my office phone has been ringing off the hook ever since.

One call resulted in a donation from Stan Jones of Peninsula Bank. He wanted us to have three 16mm films about the America's Cup and early San Diego. He also had a historic piece of naval history. In 1937 the U.S. river gunboat PANAY was sunk in the Yangtze River. Jones donated the anchor chain's master link, taken by divers from the sunken wreck; a very historic item, from a controversial time in naval history.

Another donation came as a result of Jahn's article. 87-year-old SarEllen Wuest of San Diego donated the nameboard of the former excursion/ferryboat GOLDEN WEST. She was delighted to find such a good home for this item she had cherished all those years. The ferryboat dates back to 1903 San Diego.

Numerous other donations are in the process of being taken. They range from bronze plaques and ship's wheels, to books, old photographs and artwork. I can't emphasize enough the importance of public support, or the timeliness of accepting artifacts.

Other articles in *The San Diego Log, San Diego Daily Transcript, Evening Tribune* and *Los Angeles Times* have resulted in similar phone calls and donations. We have also been featured on the TV 10 and TV 8 evening news repeatedly, and on Radio KFSD.

As we grow visibly through the media, we also grow physically through new members and the donation of maritime artifacts and financial donations. When you talk to your friends about the Maritime Museum, don't just tell them who we are; ask them to become part of the Maritime Museum. Tell them about our exciting Docent program, our annual events, our research library, and the many wonderful exhibits on the decks of STAR OF INDIA and BERKELEY.

Ask them about their own nautical collections, and encourage them to participate in one of the finest museums around, the San Diego Maritime Museum. Be an arm of the Maritime Museum. With your help we will become that household word, and our exhibits will continue to grow and improve. The Maritime Museum will survive for our grandchildren to see and enjoy—all because of you.

—Joseph Ditler
Development Director for Publicity



Library Log

Research is always ongoing work. Looking into the past lives of our ships is never "finished"; we are constantly seeking out the facts about their operational use and the people who used them. As a museum, we are not so much in a state of being as in a state of becoming.

Recent contacts made with sources in New Zealand have produced positive results. Dave Brierley, our curator, received information about a family on EUTERPE's voyage of 1874, from England to New Zealand; this information may result in a special cabin exhibit on board the STAR OF INDIA.

I have received a letter from a family whose great-grandmother was born on the ship at the end of the same voyage. At that point, in September 1874, the ship lay at Wellington, about to discharge her emigrants and cargo. Capt. Thomas Phillips and Dr. John Bligh, the surgeon-superintendent, were working hard at completing reports and receiving the immigration commissioners, when into the world came little Stella Marina Thurgar, on September 3. It would seem probable that the infant was delivered by Dr. Bligh, although she is not listed in his report on the voyage. The likely reason for this is that the report is dated several days prior to the birth. Stella grew up to marry a man named John Henry Cook, and their family prospered in the colony.

This information came by way of Gavin and Rosanne Sapwell, of Timaru, N.Z. Mrs. Sapwell is the great-granddaughter of the appropriately named Stella Marina.

From Norway, on the other side of the world from New Zealand, comes word of MEDEA's adventures in World War II. Captain S. Sandvold, director of the Royal Norwegian Navy Museum at Horten, has written to me about the yacht's role as an accommodation vessel for Norwegian commandos. The commandos were based at Peterhead, Scotland, and conducted raids into German-occupied Norway using fishing trawlers. MEDEA was their "home away from home" when in port. At this time, according to one person's recollections, she bore the name HAAKON (pronounced "hawk-on"). This was the name of a king of Norway. So now we believe that she had two other names besides MEDEA—the third being CORNEILLE while in the French Navy during World War I.

Our third vessel, the ferryboat BERKELEY, will soon be the focus of renewed efforts to ascertain more of her operational history. This is seen as being more important now, given her new status as a National Historic Landmark.

The chances look good for getting a fourth ship, the galleon SAN SALVADOR. When this happens we will have a whole new field to explore: the world of the sixteenth-century sailor.

When researching a particular vessel, it is a major help to have the ship herself in existence. This tends to attract all sorts of people over the years, who bring in bits and pieces of the puzzle. From the moors of Scotland to the museums of London, and from the wilds of Alaska to the shores of Australia, we've been enriched by people who have connections to our ships.

So we'll keep digging. To the historian, "buried treasure" doesn't necessarily mean a chest of jewels and gold; "treasure" also exists in an artifact or document which hasn't seen the light in many a year. For the greater knowledge of all, these are the riches we pursue.

—Craig Arnold, Librarian



This photo is part of a large collection that came to the museum library with the assistance of Neal Eskew, Robert and Barbara Sharp, and the Universal Ship Cancellation Society. It shows the windjammer ACME at San Diego around the turn of the century.

Maritime Museum file photo

Mail Bag

Editor:

This note is to let you know how much I enjoy your *Mains'l Haul*; it is the only journal that I attempt to read cover to cover immediately upon receipt. You deserve a sincere "well done" for this publication.

The Summer 1991 issue was of particular interest because my father and I fished from the STAR OF SCOTLAND. We also knew Capt. Olaf Olsen as we fished from his FOX and BROWN barges and from his live bait boats.

As a bluejacket in the U.S. Navy prior to World War II, I remember riding the Star & Crescent "Nickel Snatcher" from the foot of Broadway to my ship at North Island.

Thanks for the pleasant memories.

Leo Block
San Clemente, California

Editor:

Thank you very much for sending me a copy of the Summer 1991 edition of your excellent journal MAINS'L HAUL. It is the type of publication I will look forward to receiving on a regular basis. Accordingly, I have enclosed my Museum membership application and check for an Individual Membership.

As you predicted, the cruise aboard MEDEA was most enjoyable and the crew and docents are a dedicated group–but you know that!

Keep up the good work.

Herbert P. Hahn
Corona, California

Editor:

I enjoyed reading your review of the SAN SALVADOR project in the summer issue of *Mains'l Haul*. Melbourne Smith has done an outstanding job in his research of this vessel.

There are a couple of items I might try to clarify: Spanish ships in the 16th century were named for a patron saint and their owner; Cabrillo's ship was called the SAN SALVADOR and the JUAN RODRIGUEZ. Only when it became the flagship of Cabrillo's armada in 1542 was it referred to as LA CAPITANA. Almirante was not a military rank but designated the second-in-command of an armada or fleet. The chain of command for a fleet would be captain-general, almirante, and then chief pilot.

Dr. Charles Stern
San Diego, California

Editor:

The purpose of this letter is to commend you for the outstanding Summer 1991 issue of the *Mains'l Haul*.

I have been a member of the Maritime Museum for a number of years and I can't recall any issue of the magazine that has been more enjoyable. I especially enjoyed the story on the PASSAT, by Captain Ove Kjeldsen.

Thank you again for your efforts and keep up the good work.

Allen S. Beddoe
San Diego, California

Editor:

Another excellent *Mains'l Haul* reached me yesterday.

There's a technical correction for the item on page 38, "BERKELEY to be Designated National Historic Landmark". It states that she was "the first [ferry on the west coast] equipped with electric lights".

When Jerry MacMullen did his monumental *Paddle-Wheel Days in California* in the early '40s, he had to rely on information which has since been superseded. BERKELEY was by no means the first Bay ferry to have electric lights. Contemporary documentary evidence tells of lights being installed on the PIEDMONT in 1888, ten years before the BERKELEY was built. Also, they were installed on the North Pacific Coast RR ferry SAUSALITO when she was built in 1894. Southern Pacific's BAY CITY had an experimental electric searchlight (but not internal lighting) in 1878.

But BERKELEY still qualifies for a first in one way regarding those lights. She was the first SP ferry to be built originally with a dynamo on board. The PIEDMONT was five years old when she first got a dynamo (she was also SP). The SAUSALITO was built new with the lights, but she was not SP, being NPC instead. So as long as the statement is properly qualified about BERKELEY's electric lights, it's still correct!

Richard E. Brown
Bakersfield, California

(*Ed. Note:* Mr. Brown is widely acknowledged as an expert on early California ferryboats and riverboats. He is the author of many magazine articles on those subjects, including stories for *Mains'l Haul*.)

Editor:

The latest issue of *Mains'l Haul* just arrived, and I'm looking forward to reading the articles. I liked a lot of your insights in "Library Log"–the way you linked all of us writers back to our roots. And what a beautiful quote by Carl Sagan!

My copy of *San Diego Writers' Monthly* also arrived today–and I noticed *Mains'l Haul* is mentioned in the column Charles Elster writes. That's neat.

Karen Kenyon
La Jolla, California

Editor:

While in Aberdeen, Washington on vacation, my wife and I saw a copy of the *Mains'l Haul* at the Grays Harbor Historical Seaport Authority office. I would very much like to receive your magazine. I am a member of the National Maritime Historical Society and the USS CONSTITUTION Museum. Someday I would like to see the STAR OF INDIA and your museum, but for now I am willing to support your organization and receive your magazine. Please let me know what back issues might be available.

Dr. Mark Copas
Houston, Texas

(*Ed. Note:* Welcome aboard, Dr. Copas! We're glad to have you with us as a new member.)

Editor:

It was great to receive *Mains'l Haul*. The staff here took turns poring through it. All reviews were good. In fact your journal was so popular, I fear that failing to address it to our librarian's attention may result in its falling into the "wrong hands".

Melissa Kendrick
Director of Development
Mel Fisher Maritime Heritage Society
Key West, Florida

Editor:

A correction is needed in Capt. Ove Kjeldsen's fine article, "Around the World in the Four-masted Bark PASSAT, 1933–34" [Summer 1991 *Mains'l Haul*]. On page 25, reference is made to "the three-masted HILLORAN". The vessel referred to should have been spelled the KILLORAN, well-known in the '30s among the last sailers.

Keep up the good work. I look forward to each issue of *Mains'l Haul*.

Gordon Jones
San Diego, California

Editor:

In my humble opinion, there is a strong possibility that the "Talisman of the Deep" [Summer 1991 *Mains'l Haul*] which washed ashore near Cardiff-by-the-Sea emanated from the wreck of the lumber schooner D.R. COLEMAN, which foundered on San Miguel Island off Santa Barbara about 1899.

The COLEMAN remained where she struck the northern tip of San Miguel for many years while the elements cast her to pieces. Without a doubt various sections broke off and were moved about. As you well know, tidal surfaces change and in so doing, that which may have been inundated by sand for many years can suddenly come to the surface. The COLEMAN was built at the end of a period when workmanship was more valuable than money in the eyes of shipbuilders. She was stoutly made and few, if any, wooden vessels were given trunneling after the beginning of the 20th century, as rapid construction has been the order of the day since that time.

I wish you the best of luck in running to ground the true origin of your marvelous find.

Winn Bagley
San Diego, California

Editor:

In your most recent edition, I read with extreme interest the article about the SAN SALVADOR project.

I am particularly interested because it might help shed light on information and/or drawings which would enable us to fabricate a scale model of another Spanish vessel.

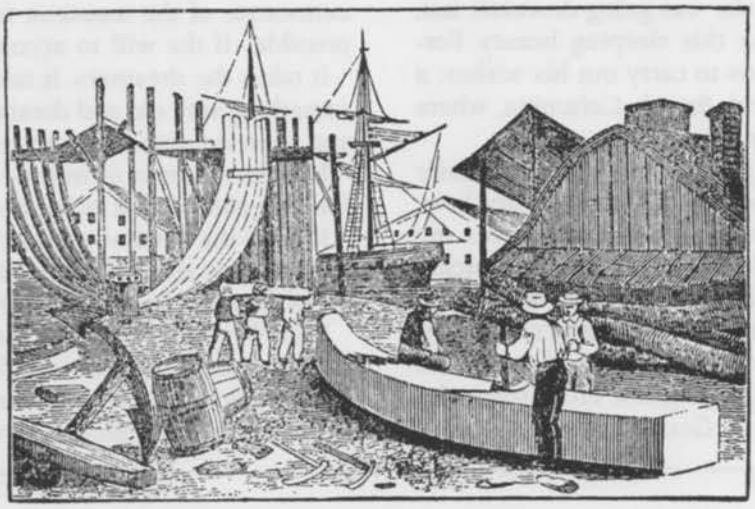
Our community and the body of water it surrounds reflect the name given by Salvador Fidalgo in 1790 when he visited this place. It is my understanding that Fidalgo's vessel was the packetboat SAN CARLOS; more specifically since there may have been several vessels of that name active at that time, I believe it was the SAN CARLOS FILIPINO.

I would appreciate any assistance your readership might give in learning more about this specific vessel and who might be a competent model-builder for our project.

M. Joseph Leahy
Museum/Archive Director
The Valdez Museum
Valdez, Alaska

(*Ed. Note:* Readers wishing to respond to Mr. Leahy's request may write to him at P.O. Box 307, Valdez, Alaska 99686.)

We welcome readers' comments. Letters to *Mains'l Haul* should be addressed to Editor, *Mains'l Haul*, 1306 North Harbor Drive, San Diego, CA 92101. Letters may be edited for length. We cannot promise to print all letters received, but will accommodate as many as possible.



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

In Memoriam: Paul Whittier

The wind swept in cold and harsh from the Baltic Sea to the Swedish shore on a winter's day. The bleak gray Baltic sky shaded into the sea's horizon. In this bitter and unforgiving place, a grand lady seemed doomed to spend her final years. It seemed that she would die here–untended and forgotten.

But a grand lady she was indeed. Paul Whittier could tell that just from looking at her. She was the steam yacht MEDEA, launched in Scotland in 1904. How she came to be here, at Oskarshamn, wrapped in a cocoon of snow and ice, was a long and tortuous story.

Whittier took one look and his heart went out to her: a sailor himself, he could appreciate her fine lines and classic style–even as she lay covered in snow.

Soon this wealthy American was engaged in negotiations to buy her. As he reached agreement with her owner, Whittier learned a few bits of her history. He found she had steamed under four flags–British, French, Norwegian, Swedish–and that she'd been built for a rich Scottish soldier. Later she became a plaything of Members of Parliament–a vehicle for summer cruising off the Isle of Wight. She did her bit in wartime, too. The Great War saw her steam under the Tricolor of France, a sub chaser out of Cherbourg. The second global conflict caused her to be drafted into the British Royal Navy, and later into the Royal Norwegian Navy.

But now, in the winter of 1970-71, she'd come to a sorry pass. Years of charter cruising had scarred her proud bulkheads with graffiti. Her paint was worn and thin, a drab wheelhouse had been grafted onto her classic open bridge, and she was going downhill fast.

Whittier chose to wake this sleeping beauty. Fortunately, he had the means to carry out his wishes: a boatyard at Goudge Island, British Columbia, where MEDEA could be partially restored.

The problem lay in getting her there. Whittier pondered, he planned, he sought the necessary help. At first he thought she might be steamed across the Atlantic. The arrival of the hurricane season quickly scotched that idea. Next they took her into Rotterdam, put her on the deck of a German freighter, and sent them both over the pond. They went through the Panama gate and up to Los Angeles. From there she went on her own power to Goudge Island.

Now the long, hard job of restoration began. Whittier was a hands-on man; he loved the physical work of restoration as much as he enjoyed wheeling and dealing. At some point he met another man of vision: Captain Ken Reynard of San Diego. Other contacts during this period included Joe Jessop, Sr., former president of the San Diego Maritime Museum, and Robert Sharp, then president.

The upshot of all this was that Whittier chose to give the yacht to our museum. Brought back to a close resemblance to her former glory, MEDEA set forth from Canadian waters in July of 1973, under the command of Ken Reynard.

On July 14–Bastille Day, fittingly enough, in view of her French service–she came steaming proudly in past Point Loma. It was a great day for San Diego, and for the San Diego Maritime Museum. Soon MEDEA joined her fleetmates STAR OF INDIA and BERKELEY as a symbol of the sea's gallant heritage. The gift of one generous man, Paul Whittier, she continues to delight all who see her.

* * *

Time and MEDEA went on together, until the day last August when we received word of the death of Paul Whittier. A philanthropist par excellence, Whittier gave widely to help many worthy causes. He will be remembered as a benefactor by countless people.

It takes the visionaries. It takes the people who can see beyond the present, beyond the discouraging circumstance of the moment, to see that all things are possible–if the will to accomplish them is there.

It takes the dreamers. It takes the folk who look at something very old and dream of life in a bygone age–and then do something to recall that life.

It takes the men of means. These men provide the funding sinews that bring dreams to life.

It takes the hands-on workers. These fellows roll up their sleeves and tackle the labor needed to restore a bit of history–so that all may learn from it.

Paul Whittier was all of these things. Now that he is gone, a monument of sorts lives on. You can see that monument as she raises steam and glides across our bay. MEDEA lives again–and we are grateful.

Ferryboat Reunion

The fifteenth annual ferryboat reunion was held on Sunday, August 18, on board the ferryboat BERKELEY. Thirty-two former ferryboat employees and their wives attended. There were door prizes, food and drink for all, and a large cake to celebrate this reunion of the men who once made San Diego's ferries run.

This year the reunion was dedicated to Captain Ken Franke, the Maritime Museum's Executive Director. Also present was Curator Dave Brierley.

A video was shown about the last day of ferryboat operation in San Diego–August 1, 1969. Lots of photos were also shared, and many old friendships and memories were revived.

There were several members missing this year, and it is evident that "Father Time" is beginning to take his toll.

There will continue to be annual ferryboat reunions each August. This time, Mr. Jimmy Haugh, the former owner of the San Diego & Coronado Ferry Co., wrote to extend his thanks and good wishes to all former employees and family members. Mr. Haugh has attended almost every reunion in the past.

Until our next reunion, good luck and the best of health to all.

–Contributed by Francis "Richie" Richardson

Setting Sail Video

The weather decks of the STAR OF INDIA were crowded with her fans on October 9. The "STAR"-struck throng were there to see the premiere of the new STAR OF INDIA video, *Setting Sail*.

Written by William Simon, narrated by Walter Cronkite, and produced by the Maritime Museum, *Setting Sail* features one of the world's most durable actors in a seafaring role, the bark STAR OF INDIA. The supporting cast includes her skipper, Captain Carl Bowman, Mate Paul Seiler, and our entire sailing crew.

The plot of *Setting Sail* is a tried-and-true formula: ship meets would-be crew, ship makes would-be crew into a real working crew, and the pair of them sail happily off into the sunset. Well, not quite into the sunset–but in that general direction.

All the back-up cast play their parts well–but the real scene-stealer is the ship herself. Our *grande dame* of the Seven Seas never missed a cue: tacking, wearing, dropping anchor–she carried it all off with the aplomb of a show biz veteran. This is one STAR who knows her lines.

Setting Sail won a prestigious Golden Eagle filmmaking award. The video is available at the Maritime Museum Store for $19.95.

Ramona Reappears

Many San Diegans and others recall Helen Hunt Jackson's great novel of old California, *Ramona*.

Not as many, perhaps, are cognizant of the fact that a ferryboat of that name plied the waters of San Diego Bay. Bearing the same name as the heroine of Jackson's tale, she went into service on the Fourth of July, 1903, and carried on till 1931.

Recently a museum staffer, Joseph Ditler, got wind that one of this ferry's nameboards–signs carried on both pilothouses–was floating around in a Coronado backyard. Joe swung into action with his usual alacrity, and soon the nameboard came to rest in our museum. Scarred and worn, the paint long since gone from the weathered wood, the nameboard speaks of a time when ferries dominated life on our sunny bay.

Right after Joe's breakthrough came another. A letter came from Judy Swink, a staffer at the Serra Research Center, and with the letter was a faded clipping from *The San Diego Union*, dated April 11, 1903.

The story in the clipping fits so well with the discovery of RAMONA's second nameboard (we already had one of them), that we wish to run it in its entirety here. This is the way RAMONA took her first bow in San Diego:

NEW FERRY TO CORONADO

It is Rapidly Approaching Completion as to Hull at Oakland

Will be Delivered Here by the 1st of July and Will Have Her Initial Run on the Fourth.

The new ferry which is to replace the present boat, "Coronado," is now well on toward completion, having been constructing at Oakland for some time. Manager Clayton, of the San Diego and Coronado Ferry company, who has just returned from a northern trip, states that the boat will probably be taken very soon to the ways of the Risdon Iron Works, at San Francisco, where her engines will be installed. Her cabins are now almost completed, and after the engines have been fitted, the finishing work will be done.

The boat is promised here before July 1, and Manager Clayton expects to have her ready for the run on July 4. For her class and size, she will be one of the finest ferry boats on the Pacific coast, and an important addition to

the many conveniences and modern improvements of San Diego. She will cost $78,000 completed. This is about half the cost of the finest ferry boats at San Francisco, which are about two or three times her size, and of course, it can be seen that she will therefore be fully as good in proportion to her size.

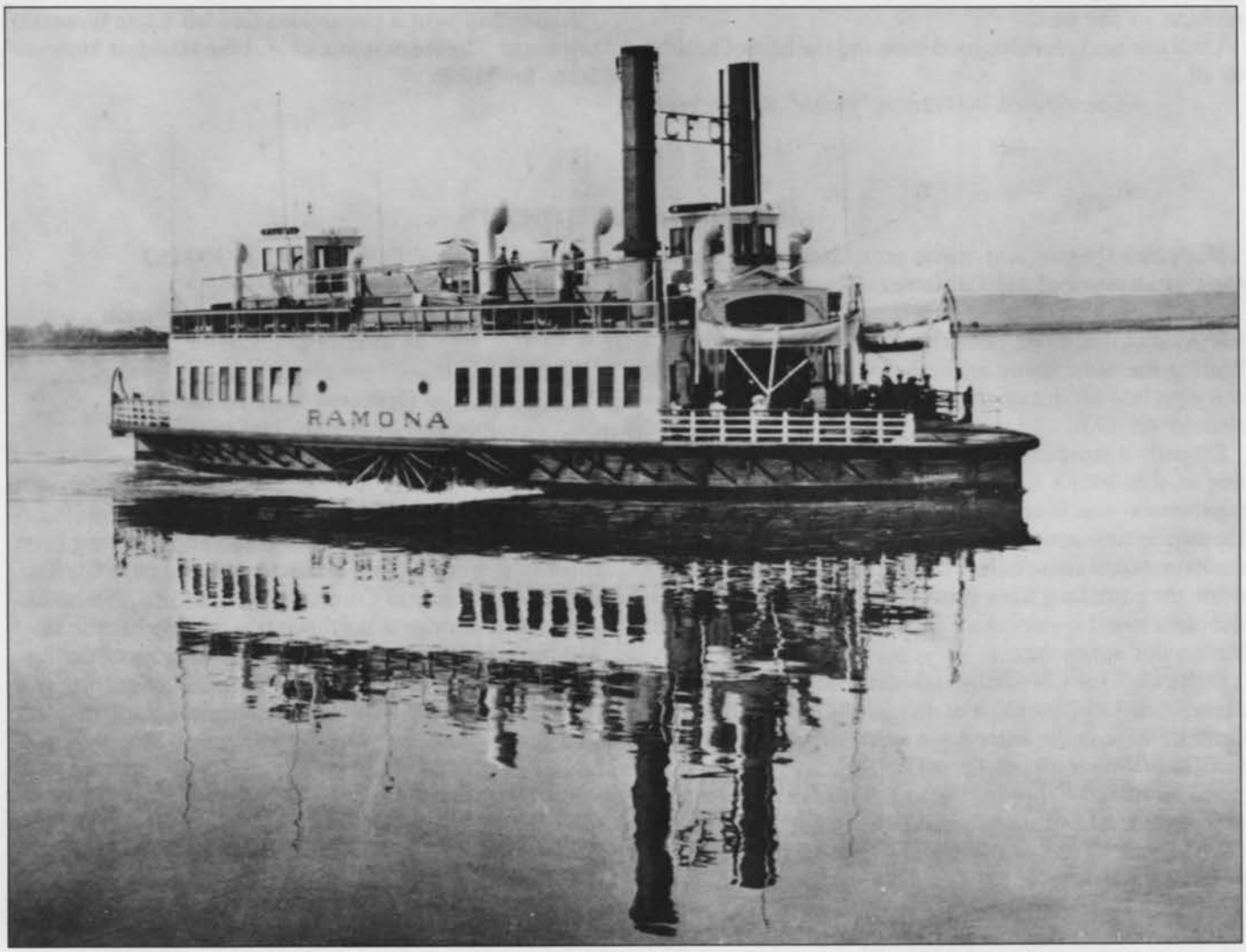
She will be 130 feet in length, 20 feet longer than the present boat, and four feet wider, or 49 feet beam in all. She will easily be able to accommodate 850 people, and will have about twice as much space for teams as the Coronado. In fact, on the new boat, teams will be able to ride two abreast. As a protection from wind and weather, there will be doors at either end of the teamway, which will be closed when necessary.

The entire boat above deck will be arranged for the convenience of the passengers. There will be two decks, a lower and an upper. The former will have cabins, starboard and port, one for the men and the other for the ladies. The seats will be of hardwood and arranged transversely, affording the passengers an opportunity to look out from the boat without the inconvenience of standing. A stairway in the cabin will lead to the upper deck on which seats will be conveniently arranged.

The new boat will be an oil burner, with compound condensing engines. It will be fitted with electric lights, and all modern conveniences, and will be considerable of an improvement over the present boat. It will have a speed of twelve miles an hour.

RAMONA served for 28 years without major incident, and when she retired, she became a painted lady—converted into a night club and anchored off the old Red Sails Inn. This lasted a few years until a stormy night did her in, and she sank. Someone raised her, removed her superstructure, and she spent her last years of existence as a scow—a sort of bay-going bag lady.

Fortunately, someone thought to save her nameboards. Today one of them, brightly painted, is on display on the main deck of a much luckier ferryboat, our BERKELEY. The other nameboard will, it is hoped, soon join its sister. Although the boat that bore them so long is but a memory, these artifacts carry on the name of a once-proud vessel.



Here the famous ferry RAMONA *paddles across San Diego Bay. Note the boat's nameboards on the front and sides of her pilothouses; she carried six such nameboards in all, three on each pilothouse. Today two of these nameboards are in the San Diego Maritime Museum.*

MacMullen Collection, San Diego Maritime Museum



Louis Albert, Deputy Regional Director of the National Park Service, unveils a plaque officially dedicating the BERKELEY *as a National Historic Landmark on October 16. Looking on at right are County Supervisor Brian Bilbray and Port Director Don Nay. The festive occasion was attended by an enthusiastic crowd.* *Photo by Dave Brierley*

Berkeley Dedicated As National Historic Landmark

A large and festive crowd gathered on the upper passenger deck of the ferryboat BERKELEY on October 16. The reason for the gathering was to dedicate our venerable ship as a National Historic Landmark.

It was on a clear autumn day in 1898, on San Francisco Bay, that BERKELEY first raised steam and began her 60-year working life. Through the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906, and on down the years to 1958, she was a faithful friend to Bay Area citizen and visitor alike.

In the days before massive bridges spanned California's bays, ferries were the indispensible link that united communities. The award of National Historic Landmark status to the BERKELEY salutes this vital role in California history.

President Morris F. Landon opened the ceremonies, welcoming our guests to the vessel. Mr. Landon then introduced Don L. Nay, Director of the Port of San Diego. Mr. Nay reviewed the restoration of the BERKELEY by our staff since 1973, praising our efforts. Mr. Nay also touched on plans for the museum to relocate to Broadway Pier with the help of the Port.

The next speaker was County Supervisor Brian Bilbray. Mr. Bilbray spoke of the BERKELEY as a symbol of the human effort that went into her building and operation. He then presented a proclamation honoring the ship from the San Diego County Board of Supervisors. He also presented Don Nay with a proclamation commending the Port Director for twenty-five years of service in that post.

Mr. Louis Albert, Deputy Regional Director of the National Park Service, then spoke of "the importance of preserving our cultural and national heritage". Mr. Albert pointed out that there are some 2000 National Historic Landmarks in the country now, of which six are in San Diego County (two in our museum). Mr. Albert then unveiled a bronze plaque, officially dedicating the ship.

Curator David Brierley recited a poem written by a proud BERKELEY captain in her steaming days. Mr. Brierley also referred to several points of the ship's history, and invited all guests to explore the vessel.

President Morris Landon concluded the ceremonies. Now the BERKELEY takes her rightful place among our nation's hallowed shrines.

SUPPORT THE MARITIME MUSEUM!
REMEMBER TO ATTEND OUR "PARADE OF LIGHTS" PARTY
ON THE *BERKELEY* THIS DECEMBER 15!

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

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

DECEMBER

4: Annual membership meeting. Video: *Setting Sail.* BERKELEY, 7 p.m.
15: Parade of Lights party. Call Museum for details.
20-21: Behind-the-scenes tours for new and current members. Meet in STAR OF INDIA orlop. Contact Dave Brierley for more information.
25: Christmas Day

JANUARY

1: New Year's Day
8: Auxiliary Board Meeting
22: Auxiliary General Meeting
29: Members' Program. BERKELEY, 7 p.m.

FEBRUARY

12: Lincoln's Birthday
22: Washington's Birthday

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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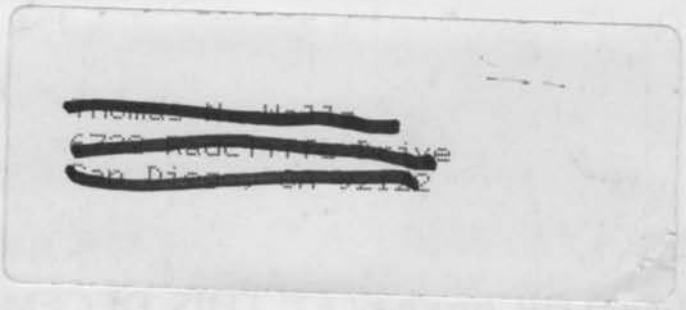
MAINS'L HAUL is published quarterly (wind and weather permitting) at the headquarters of the Maritime Museum aboard the ferryboat BERKELEY, 1306 N. Harbor Drive, San Diego, California 92101. (619) 234-9153.

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

Craig Arnold, *Editor*

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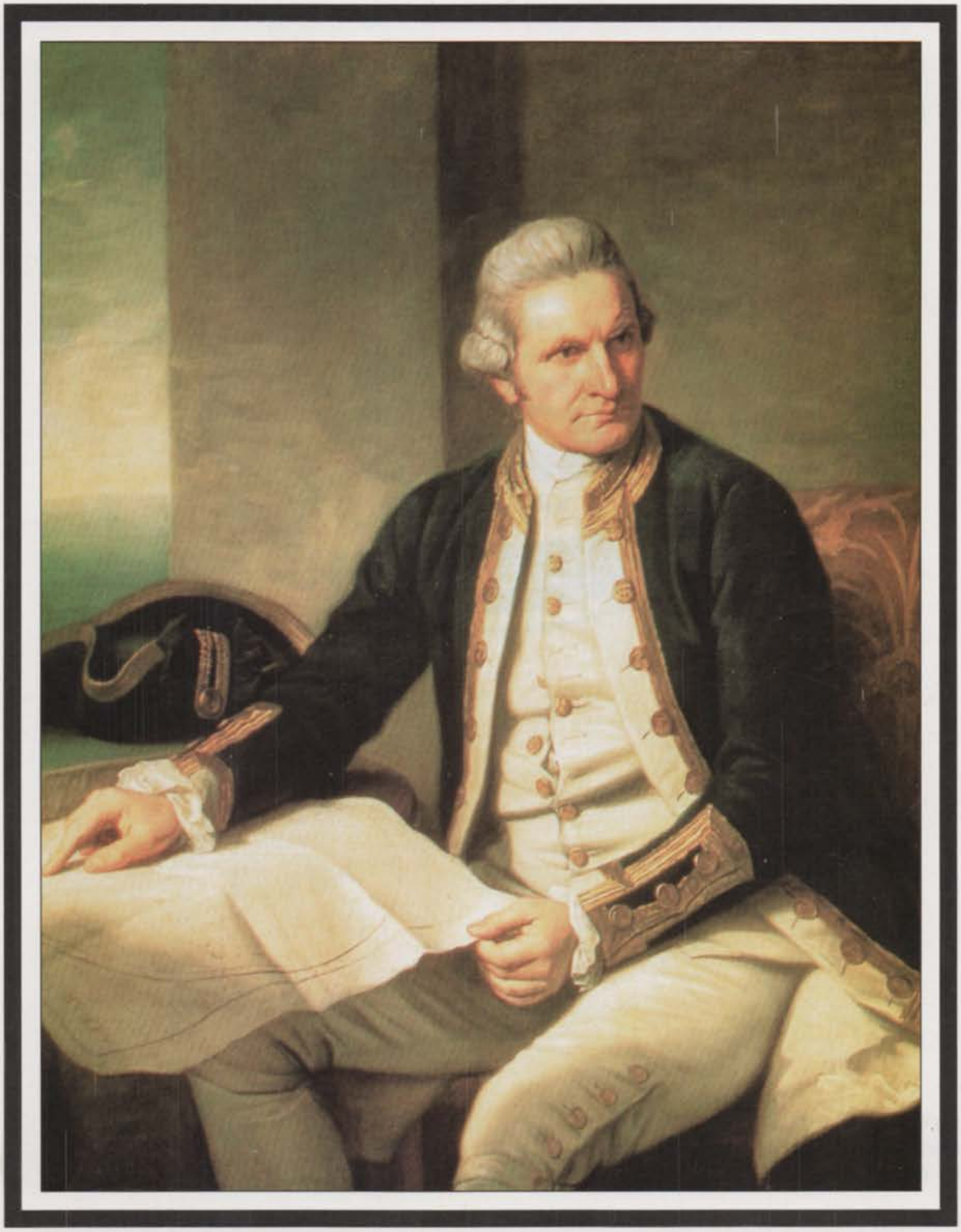
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MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 28, NO. 2 A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY WINTER 1992





On the cover . . .

Captain James Cook, by Nathaniel Dance. National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, England. *(See page 16 for further details.)*

MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 28, NO. 2 | A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY | WINTER 1992

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



The *Falls of Clyde* and the Hawaii Maritime Center

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

The Star of India is unique in that she is the oldest merchant bark still afloat and also restored to an operational condition. However, there are other sailing vessels of a similar vintage that have been restored – although not to an operational condition – that are unique in their own right. One such vessel is the Falls of Clyde, the only four-masted, full-rigged, sail-powered oil tanker still afloat. In many respects her checkered career resembles that of the Star; but in others it differs greatly.

The Falls of Clyde was built in Glasgow, Scotland in 1878, as a four-masted, ship-rigged vessel 266 feet long at the waterline with a 40 foot beam, a loaded draft of 23.5 feet and a gross tonnage of 1807. (For comparison, the principal particulars of the Star are: 205′ x 35′ x 23.5′ and 1197 G.T.) Built for world trade, or tramping, she actually has had four distinct careers during her long and continued life.

During her first career, from 1879–1898, she made seventy voyages to ports around the world carrying general cargo. Then, in December 1898, while in San Francisco, she was purchased by an agent of William Matson, later founder of the Matson Navigation Company, and temporarily registered under the Hawaiian flag in anticipation of shifting to American registry – as in the case of the Star of India – with the advent of the imminent American annexation of the islands. She arrived in Honolulu on January 20, 1899, the first four-masted, iron square-rigger flying the Hawaiian flag to enter the port. There she was modified by converting her sail plan to that of a bark, adding a deck house and a chart house, and rearranging the quarters aft to accommodate passengers.

Thus began her second career as a packet in the regular passenger and cargo service between Hilo and San Francisco. During the period between 1899 and 1907, she made sixty passenger and cargo voyages between the two ports at an average sailing time of seventeen days. In the later years of that period, she sailed under the seven-star house flag of the Matson Navigation Company. But by then, she could not compete as a passenger packet with the steamers William Matson began introducing into his line.

Therefore, in 1907 Matson withdrew the Falls of Clyde from passenger service and converted her to a sailing ship oil tanker – a pioneer in the transportation of oil by sea – by installing ten large tanks and special cargo pumps together with a second steam auxiliary boiler to operate them. He then sold her to the Associated Oil Company. Thus began her third career as primarily an oil tanker sailing mainly between Gaviota, California, and Honolulu where she usually discharged her cargo of 756,000 gallons of oil at the Oahu and Land Company's berth at Pier 16. In addition, she carried small quantities of dry cargo. Also, she often loaded bulk molasses at Honolulu for delivery to the west coast, thereby increasing the efficiency of her operation by not returning in ballast. But once again, the appearance of steamers, in this case oil tankers, drove her out of the trade.

The last hurrah of the Falls of Clyde as a tanker came in 1921–1922 when she made two charter trips from Texas to Denmark, one voyage to Buenos Aires, and finally one to Panama. After that, she sailed to San Pedro, California, where her upper masts were unshipped and she was ignominiously converted to an oil storage barge. Her days as a pioneer sailing oil tanker were over. Subsequently, she was towed to Ketchikan, Alaska, and used by the General Petroleum Company as a floating fuel depot until 1958. Then came an interim period before her fourth career began.

She was bought by a private owner and towed to Seattle, where from 1959–1963, several cities, including Seattle, Long Beach, Philadelphia, and Honolulu unsuccessfully bid for her as a museum. Finally, in 1963, through a public subscription of over $25,000, Honolulu purchased Falls of Clyde for restoration as a museum, just weeks before she was scheduled to be sunk as a breakwater at Vancouver, B.C. And then, compliments of the United States Navy, she made her final voyage home to Honolulu, towed by the fleet tug USS Moctobi (ATF-105).

But, as in the case of the Star of India, initial restoration efforts were sporadic, primarily because of the lack of a well-endowed sponsor. Fortunately for the cause of the historic preservation of our sailing heritage, she once again was saved from the salvor's torch by such a benefactor. In 1968, the Bishop Museum assumed ownership and management of the Falls of Clyde. After this, restoration proceeded at a greatly accelerated pace. The overall restoration plan included aspects of each of her previous careers: tramp cargo vessel, passenger packet, and oil tanker. Outwardly, she was restored to her original configuration as a four-masted, full-rigged ship – the world's only such survivor. Internally, the various changes and additions made by Matson were preserved, including her oil cargo tanks – making her the sole such surviving sail-powered oil tanker. Thus began her fourth career as a primary maritime museum exhibit, the pride of the Hawaii Maritime Center in Honolulu. In 1973, like the Star of India, she was entered into the National Register of Historic Places.

This interesting shot of the Falls of Clyde is said to show her at a wharf in Honolulu. She is rigged as a four-masted bark and appears to be flying the house flag of the Associated Oil Company (although the flag, like some of her running rigging, has been retouched). This would date the photo between 1907 and 1921, when she shuttled between the mainland and the islands as an oil tanker. The San Diego Union

Currently, the FALLS OF CLYDE is again undergoing extensive restoration and maintenance. The lesson to be learned—religiously applied in the case of the STAR OF INDIA—is that once one of these old sailing vessel treasures has been restored, it requires continuous routine and preventative maintenance or it will become a derelict in relatively short order.

The FALLS OF CLYDE is part of the Hawaii Maritime Center, which offers an insight into what the San Diego Maritime Museum can become after it has moved to the Broadway Pier. The Center is lodged in a building, Kalakaua Boathouse, on Pier 7 in Honolulu with the FALLS OF CLYDE moored along the western (Ewa) side and the awe-inspiring Polynesian voyaging canoe HOKULE'A, which in its historic voyage in 1976 demonstrated the precision of ancient Polynesian sailing traditions and skills, moored across the end. The advantages of a museum housed ashore are readily apparent.

The Boathouse is a two-storied structure with a central well or cathedral ceiling in the main part. In this well, or shaft, are hung several types of outrigger canoes and on the ground floor is a full-scale, cutaway model of a twin-hulled canoe representing the type of vessels used by the ancient explorers.

Around the balcony surrounding the well in the main part of the building are exhibits telling of the discovery of the islands by the ancient Polynesians and their "rediscovery" by James Cook some 1300 years later. In addition, there are exhibits covering subjects such as early western trade, whaling, and Matson Navigation Company's luxury passenger liners of the 1930s and 1940s. Downstairs exhibits concentrate on Hawaiian culture. In addition, the Chandlery, or patrons' store, is located on the ground floor.

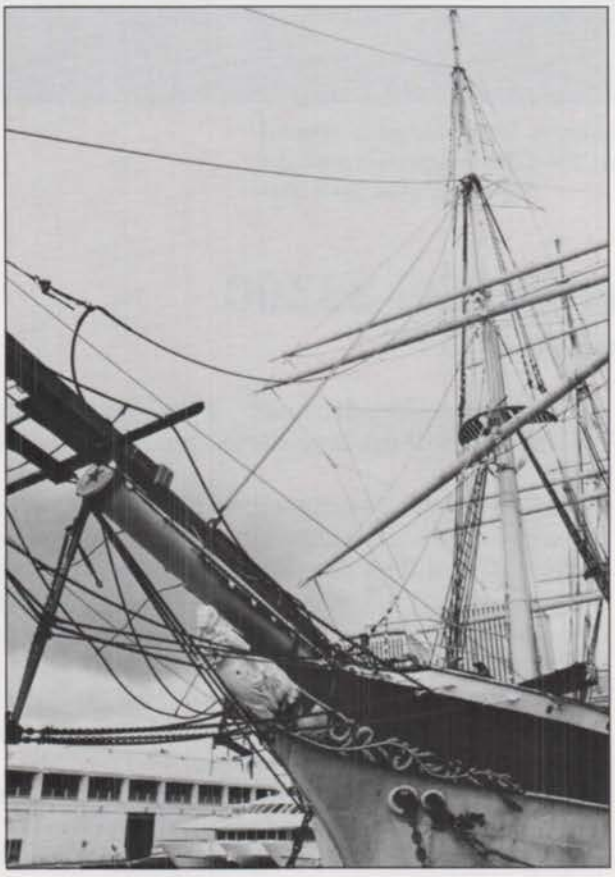
The Hawaii Maritime Center, with its main museum exhibits, patrons' store, and offices located ashore, represents the type of profound improvement that will be realized by the San Diego Maritime Museum after it moves to the Broadway Pier. With the STAR OF INDIA as its principal exhibit, as is the FALLS OF CLYDE in Honolulu, and other historic restorations or replicas such as the BERKELEY, the MEDEA, and hopefully the SAN SALVADOR, berthed alongside; and with other exhibits, the patrons' store, the library, and offices located ashore in a building on the pier, the San Diego Maritime Museum will become an outstanding complex for viewing, savoring and researching our maritime heritage. It can not get much better than that.



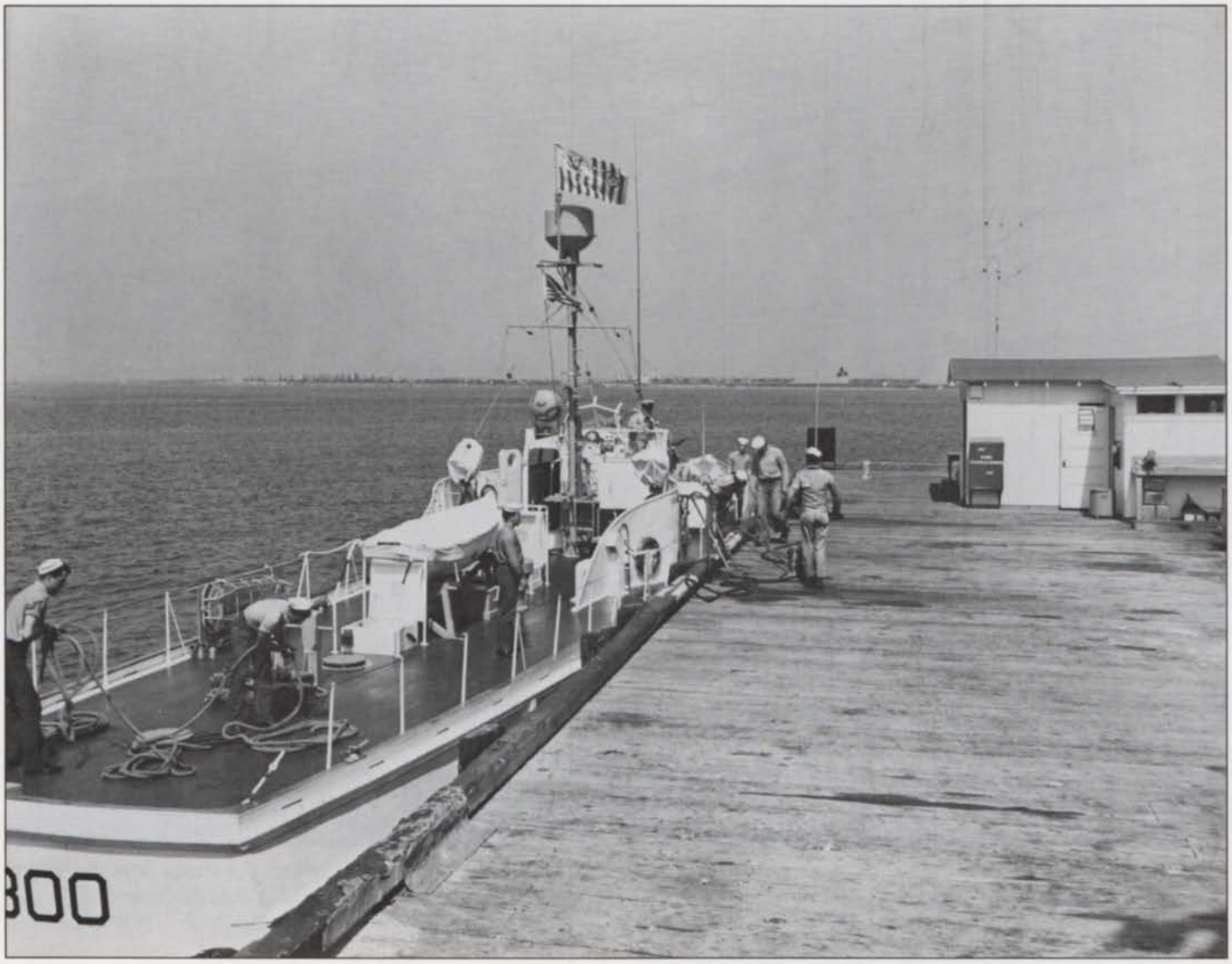
The Hawaii Maritime Center is the building with the observation tower behind the FALLS OF CLYDE *in this current view.* *Photo by the author*



Looking across the decks of the FALLS OF CLYDE *from the Hawaii Maritime Center, with Capt. Bowling's ship, the* CONSTITUTION, *and the famous Aloha Tower in the background.* *Photo by the author*



The bow, bowsprit, dolphin striker and figurehead of the FALLS OF CLYDE *today. When this was taken, restoration of the jibboom and foremast rigging was not complete.*
Photo by the author



In this September 7, 1951 photo, CG-83300 is being readied to respond to a distress call off Point Loma, California. From call to departure averaged about twenty minutes. *Official U.S. Coast Guard photo*

The Wooden Lifesaver: CG-83300

By Captain Ken Franke, USCG (Ret.)

San Diego, tucked away in the southwest corner of the nation, has been the origin of many firsts (and lasts) particularly with regard to maritime history. Readers of this journal could spend hours compiling lists of all the notable marine events which have taken place in the Harbor of the Sun since Cabrillo stepped ashore in 1542.

This account, mostly from memory and certainly not a scholarly work, recalls a period of San Diego history which came to a close when the U.S. Coast Guard began phasing out wooden patrol boats in favor of newer technology in steel and aluminum.

The Coast Guard has long had a penchant for calling their boats and ships "footers." Even the latest "Island Class" patrol boat has become a "Hundred and Ten Footer" in Coast Guard-ese. Over the years, there have been thirty-eight footers, seventy-five footers, eighty footers and more, but the subject of this article is the venerable eighty-three footer.

Marine communities dotting the coastline of the United States grew accustomed to the "eighty-three boat" as an integral part of their waterfront. The San Diego eighty-three footer was a milestone at birth. CG-83300, originally designated CG-450, was the first of the class designed by Walter J. McInnis and built by Wheeler Shipyard, Inc., at Brooklyn, New York in 1941. From 1941 through 1964, 230 of these boats were the backbone of the Coast Guard's close-in search and rescue force.

In 1944, sixty of the boats were shipped as deck cargo to Great Britain to form USCG Rescue Flotilla I. The boat that later came to San Diego was completed as the initial

hull of a contract for forty and led her sisters at the invasion of Normandy as CG-1.

On D-Day, CG-1, with Ensign Bernard B. Wood in command, made one of the first of a series of rescues close in to the beach. Minutes after H-Hour the cutter had taken aboard forty-seven soldiers and sailors. The other eighty-three boats did yeoman service as well. Rescue Flotilla I accounted for some 1,500 allied soldiers, sailors and airmen rescued from the cold waters off the beaches of Normandy.

After the war, she became "our" boat and was stationed at Ballast Point Lighthouse until retired in 1962. Those close to the San Diego waterfront life in the 1950s and 1960s well remember the gleaming white hull seemingly ever-present from Newport Beach to well south in Mexican waters. And it's notable that more than one member of this Maritime Museum has "pushed" the eighty-three boat home from the end of her towline. Her crews fought shipboard fires, pumped sinking hulls, patrolled yacht races and saved lives–lots of them.

The eighty-three footer was powered by twin Sterling Viking gasoline engines of 600 H.P. each. A total of 1,900 gallons of gasoline was contained in three tanks, one forward of the engine room and two wing tanks. Part of the social life of the engine room watchstander was to see random 24,000-volt sparks leaping across the plug leads and hope, better yet, pray, that there were no leaks at the carburetors. The hull was of round bottom design, plank on frame construction with a full-length flush main deck.

There was a bronze (later boats had plywood) wheelhouse and side spray shields with a raised, exposed, and often very wet and cold, steering station aft of the house. The boat could race to a plane crash at over 20 knots or linger on patrol for 575 miles at 8.2 knots. But the thing that was most memorable, apart from the distinctive good looks, was her sound. When the Sterlings were started

CG-83391, sister boat of 83300, was stationed at Alameda, California, when this photo was made on May 28, 1953–with the San Francisco skyline in the background. Note hedgehog launchers forward and depth charge roller racks aft. *Official U.S. Coast Guard photo*



they literally exploded to life and echoed through the unmuffled transom exhausts like a thunderclap. You could feel the hull tremble with the power of the engines and acceleration was often a sit-down surprise to the unwary.

During the mid-1950s a San Diego Coast Guard aviation crew was testing prototype seaplane hulls for offshore landings. Headed by test pilot Captain Donald B. MacDairmid, the crew flew and landed a modified Martin PBM on various headings with relation to the offshore seas. The final test was to be landing "in the trough" to test the ability of the new design to withstand the severe loading when the pontoons, wings and hull struck a less than tranquil sea. MacDairmid expressed concern for the big 30-ton aircraft's ability to survive a cross-swell landing but agreed that testing was the only certain way to tell. With the eighty-three footer standing by as rescue craft (a good choice), the big seaplane descended gently towards the sea off Point Loma, then in one huge splash discarded her appendages and began to sink. The little white cutter quickly drew alongside and took the shaken air crew aboard. In those days, Captain MacDairmid was known to be a colorful officer. In true form, he is said to have climbed aboard the cutter and offered some very colorful words about cross-swell landings.

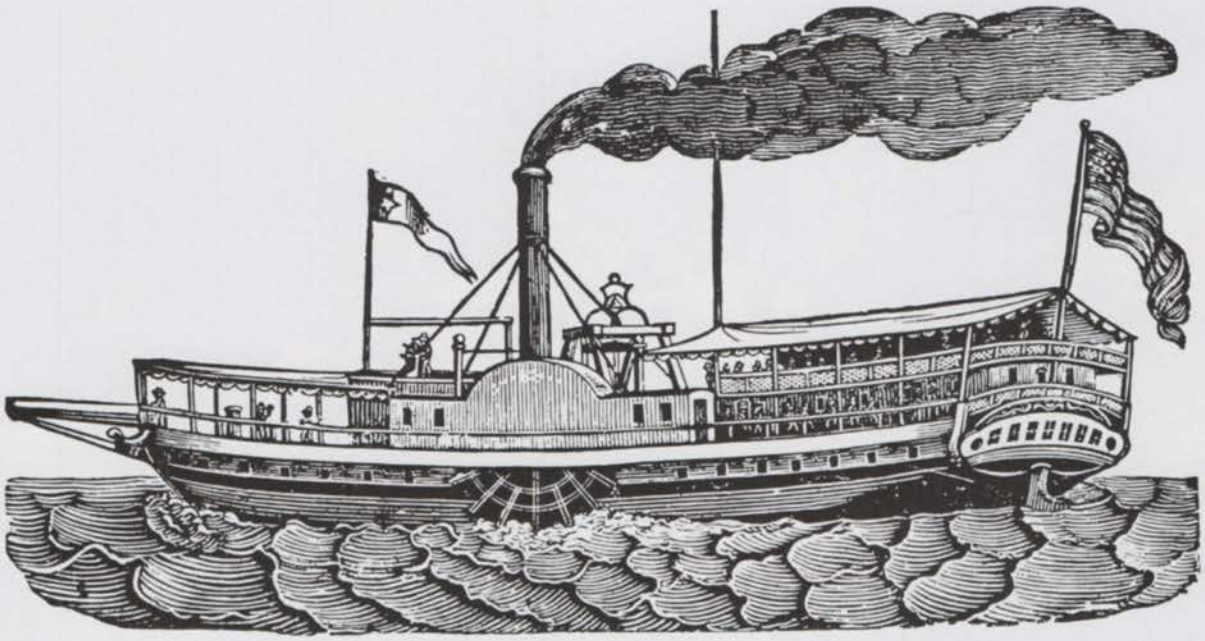
With 230 boats in service for 23 years, it is safe to say that hundreds of Coast Guardmen became sailors on the eighty-three footers. Memories abound, but I'm sure that one area of common interest known to all the sailors was the crew's head. All boat designs have good points and bad, but the eighty-three footer's crew's head, way forward next to the stem, was unequivocally a floating booby trap. When the boat was moored the head behaved as expected and all was well, but at sea, especially a rough sea when the boat came off the crests and dove deep into green water, it was another story. The problem centered around a small check valve that was supposed (in theory) to close off the sea inlet until the manual flush pump was activated. In reality what happened was that as the boat plunged downward, if the hapless mariner lifted the pump handle, even a little, he was immediately propelled skyward by a stream of cold salt water!

The days of the wooden lifesavers have passed, but those boats and the crews that gave them life and personality are remembered as threads in the intricate fabric that makes up our maritime heritage.

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From Tall Ship to Fishing Barge

PART 3

By Edward M. Ries

Exploding shells ripped through the hull of the schooner STAR OF SCOTLAND as her startled crew ran for the lifeboats. It was an unlucky Friday the 13th in November of 1942 when the German submarine U-159 trained her deck gun on one of the last American merchant sailing ships to ply her trade.

Only six years before her demise in the South Atlantic, the STAR was peacefully riding at anchor in Santa Monica Bay, serving as a fishing platform for thousands of anglers. When she went down under the U-boat attack she had already outlived a second STAR OF SCOTLAND barge, a former steamship which sank at her moorings off Santa Monica in 1942.

The old windjammer was originally the magnificent four-masted bark KENILWORTH, built of steel at Port Glasgow in 1887 for the British Waverly Line. After nearly twenty years in the Cape Horn trade she was sold to the Alaska Packers Association and renamed STAR OF SCOTLAND. She sailed on annual voyages to the Bering Sea with fishermen and cannery crews, returning with holds full of canned salmon.

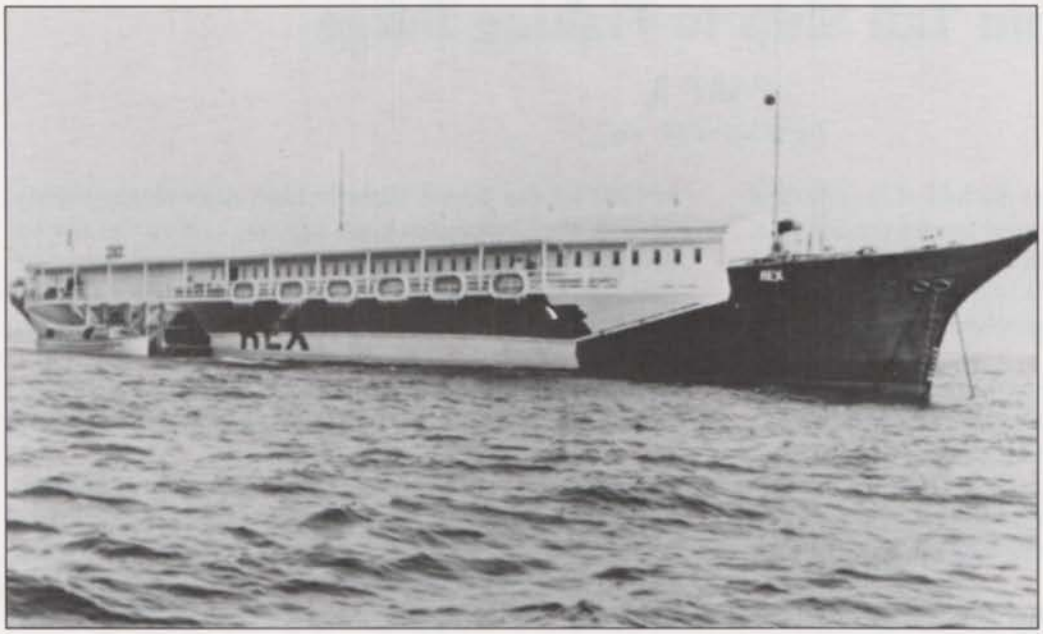
After a four-year layup in Oakland Creek she was bought by Charles S. Arnold in 1930 and towed to Santa Monica Bay for service as a sportfishing barge.

After a successful eight-year stint as a fishing platform, the big square-rigger, largest of all barges, was sold to gambler Tony Cornero. He stripped her masts and deck fittings and roofed her over, creating a spacious gambling hall. Now called the REX, the floating casino was anchored just outside the three mile limit off Santa



The steel bark STAR OF SCOTLAND *as a fishing barge off Santa Monica, California, c. 1931. Built as the* KENILWORTH *in 1887, she worked as a freighter, Alaska Packers ship, fishing barge, and gambling ship in a remarkably checkered career. She returned to freighting service in World War II—only to meet her fate off the Skeleton Coast.*

Photo by Carol Arnold Boerner



STAR OF SCOTLAND *as Tony Cornero's floating casino* REX *in 1938. "The Battle of Santa Monica Bay" resulted when California Attorney General Earl Warren decided to shut her down.*
The Los Angeles Times

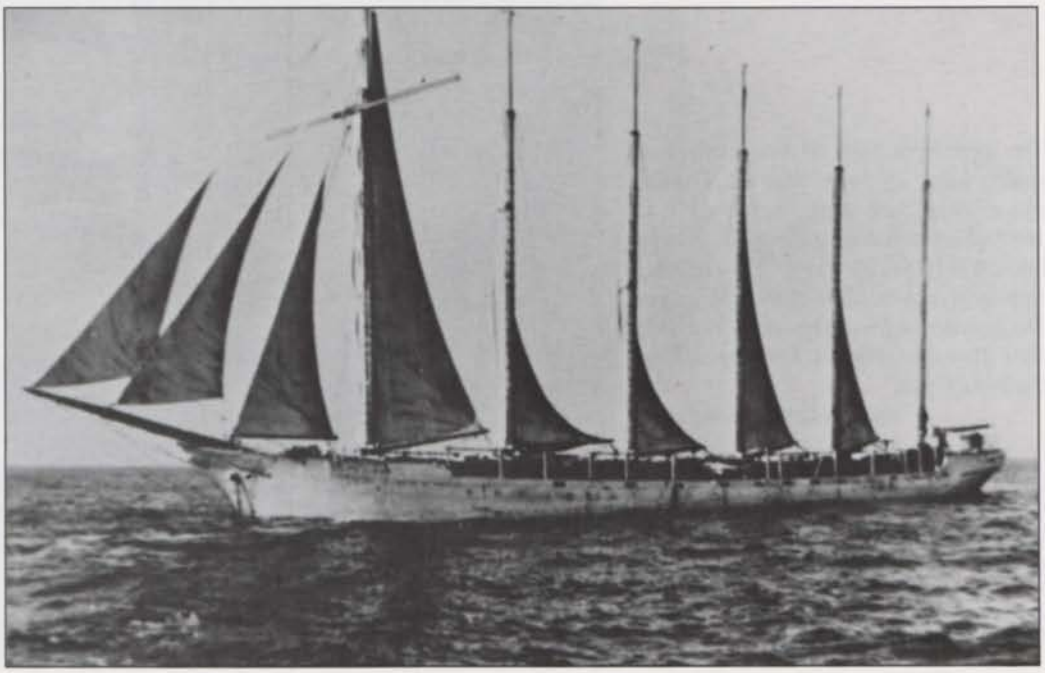
Monica. Hollywood good-time-charlies and high rollers flocked to the REX, generating huge profits for Cornero. The prosperity proved to be temporary.

Attorney General Earl Warren became quite annoyed at the off-track betting and other nefarious activities aboard from which the state collected no tax cut. Officers of the law were sent to close down the REX. A nine-day standoff, known to the press as the "Battle of Santa Monica Bay," ensued with Cornero using fire hoses to repel boarders. At length, the cops prevailed and REX was out of business, moldering in the backwaters of Wilmington and seemingly destined for the scrapyard.

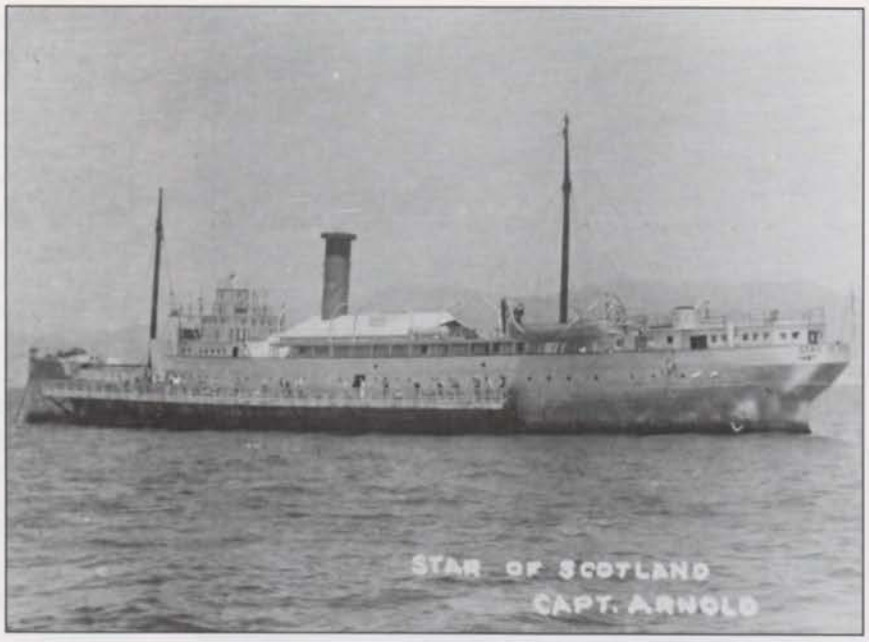
The outbreak of war in Europe in 1939 brought on a shortage of shipping and a rise in freight rates. The REX was bought by Frank Hellenthal and partner Charles Lockwood who moved her to Newport Beach for refitting. The former four-masted bark was re-rigged as a six-masted schooner and her STAR OF SCOTLAND name was restored.

December 7, 1941 found the schooner under tow en route to Grays Harbor for a lumber cargo. After great difficulty Captain Flink obtained a crew and sailed late in January 1942, bound for Cape Town, South Africa. Bad weather and minor damage forced the ship to put in at San Pedro for a brief stay and it was there that she appeared across the slip from the minesweeper in which I was serving. It was thrill to see her again, even with a much altered rig. I was pleased that once more she was resuming her career as an honorable working vessel.

After a passage of 120 days and a Cape Horn rounding,



STAR OF SCOTLAND *in her schooner rig departing Grays Harbor, Washington, on January 20, 1942. Note deckload of lumber.*
Photo by C.D. Jones



The other STAR OF SCOTLAND, *ex-*TEXAS, *in 1941. Her wreckage now forms a productive fishing reef.*
Photo courtesy of Emerson Gage

STAR OF SCOTLAND arrived at Cape Town. Five months later another cargo was fixed for loading in Brazil. She was ten days out from Cape Town when caught by the U-boat that ended her 55-year life in a hail of shellfire. Captain Flink and his crew suffered the loss of one man but after nineteen days in a lifeboat the survivors managed to reach shore in Angola.

To those who remember STAR OF SCOTLAND it is somehow fitting that she "died with her boots on" while tramping the deep sea, doing the work for which she was designed. It was a far better end than rusting away in some stagnant backwater or being torn apart in a wrecker's yard, the fate of a great many fine sailing ships.

The other STAR OF SCOTLAND also had an interesting history but met a more ignominious end. She, too, had been a gambling ship but when that employment ended she was chartered by the same Charles Arnold that brought the first STAR to Santa Monica. She was the ex-steamship TEXAS but Arnold, intent on re-establishing a once-successful fishing barge operation, attempted to transfer name recognition by calling her STAR OF SCOTLAND. She was fitted with side galleries for fishermen and anchored off Santa Monica where she enjoyed moderate popularity. Arnold's enterprise was short-lived, for when war came he turned the vessel back to her owners, W.E. Monstad and Harry Wilson.

The steamer began life as one of the famous British "Q" ships of the First World War. Disguised as harmless merchantmen, the "Q" ships carried heavy guns hidden behind false bulkheads. Their job was to lure enemy submarines to the surface and sink them with gunfire.

After war service as HMS MISTLETOE, she became CHIAPIS in the freight and passenger trade between California and South America. In the late '20s she was LA PLAYA running "cruises to nowhere" out of Ensenada for thirsty gamblers and party animals.

By 1932 she was known as CITY OF PANAMA and later became famous as STAR OF HOLLYWOOD. She finally wound up as the notorious gambling ship TEXAS until deputies of Attorney General Earl Warren raided her on August 1, 1939 and put an end to the business. In 1940 Arnold leased her for use as a floating night club and fishing barge.

The same shipping boom that brought renewed employment to the first STAR brought an offer of $50,000 for the aged steamer. The owners refused it in hopes of greater profit. Drydocking was planned for the leaky hulk but due to wartime conditions tug service was not available to haul her into port. The engines were still inside the hull but the propellers had been removed.

On January 23, 1942, the leaks suddenly became serious and a desperate struggle began to save the ship. The three crew members summoned Monstad and Wilson who rushed to the barge at 0100 with extra pumps. By 0430 it was clear that the sea was winning and the ship was doomed. A flare was fired to summon the lifeguard standing by at the pier. A heavy groundswell was running and

PRICE WARS

When several barges were located in one area such as Santa Monica Bay, the competition for business sometimes became fierce. Price cutting brought on well-publicized threats and counterthreats among the owners. In the Depression year of 1931 the price of a day's fishing at Redondo reached a new low when Bill Storey, owner of the GRATIA, reduced his fare from the standard $1 to 50 cents. Webb Monstad followed suit, as did barge owners at Long Beach, Manhattan and Ocean Park. Charles Arnold, skipper of STAR OF SCOTLAND, stuck to the old price and declared that if he couldn't operate for the profit that only a dollar fee allowed, he would advertise free fishing and run his launches gratis.



Gaffing a shark from the barge OLYMPIC. *The gaff was a sort of grapnel on a rope.* *Courtesy of California Dept. of Fish & Game*

the thrust of waves under the fishing galleries apparently lifted a whole row of plates at once for the ship took a sudden plunge and went under in less than two minutes. Crewman Bill Gillette was drowned, but the other four were picked up within minutes by the lifeguard boat and carried to shore. There was no insurance on the sunken vessel.

So ends the Tale of the Two Fishing Stars. The wreckage of the steamer, now mostly buried in the sand, provides a haven and gathering place for all sorts of fish and is a prime angling hot spot for those who know how to find it.

The fleet of fishing barges off Southern California disappeared with the outbreak of the Second World War. All non-essential water traffic was forbidden and the barges were towed into port when suitable tug service could be arranged. The KOHALA was sunk off Redondo by U.S. bombers on Christmas Day 1941 under the mistaken impression that she was an enemy submarine. Many barges had already ceased operating as a result of new federal regulations imposed after the OLYMPIC II was run down by a steamer, with loss of life, in September 1940.

The sheer number of vessels employed during the 30-odd years of the barge fad attests to the popularity of the concept. Thirty-seven former sailing ships served at one time or another from 1925 to 1941. In addition to the windjammers, there were fifty-six craft of other types engaged; about twenty before the war and thirty-six after. Many of these were simple rectangular scows similar to the PAPROCA, first of the barges. There were a couple of worn-out ferries, some steam lumber schooners such as the SIERRA and MARTHA BUEHNER, a former glass-bottom boat from Catalina, and other nondescript hulks. After the war numerous surplus hulls of various types were available including a former seagoing tug and several naval landing craft.

Postwar barges flourished for a few years while fishing was good but by 1960 the era of barge fishing was over. Stiff Coast Guard safety requirements, rising overhead and falling patronage combined to finish them off. Fishermen were drawn to fast new partyboats that could range far offshore in pursuit of big catches.

The barge story has not quite ended. A seventy-year tradition is carried on today by two barges still in service: ISLE OF REDONDO and ANNIE B. They differ from the old-timers by being built-for-the-purpose steel vessels designed to conform to strict safety regulations. Similar in shape to the PAPROCA, first of the barges, their flat hulls provide a stable platform for comfortable fishing.

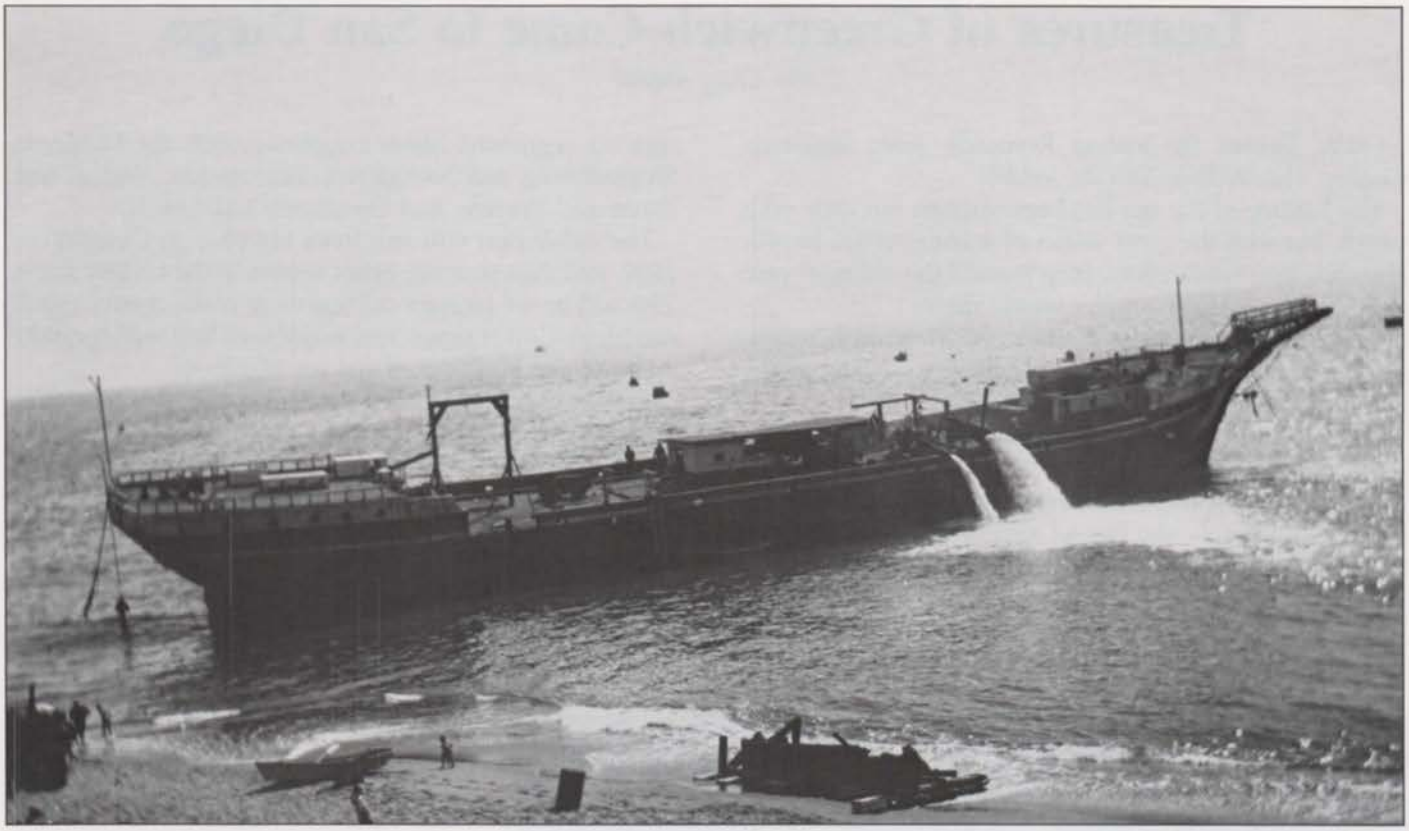
Built at the cost of one million dollars, the 120-foot ISLE OF REDONDO began service in 1980. She rides offshore at the beach city that was the venue over the years for more barges than any other location on the coast. She is moored over the sunken barge SACRAMENTO, onetime San Francisco Bay ferry that went under during a 1968 gale.

ANNIE B. is moored inside the Long Beach breakwater where mackerel, halibut and white croaker are abundant. Frank Hale launched her in 1982 to service fishermen from Belmont and Seal Beach piers. She is similar in design to the ISLE but somewhat smaller, being 100 by 50 feet in dimension.

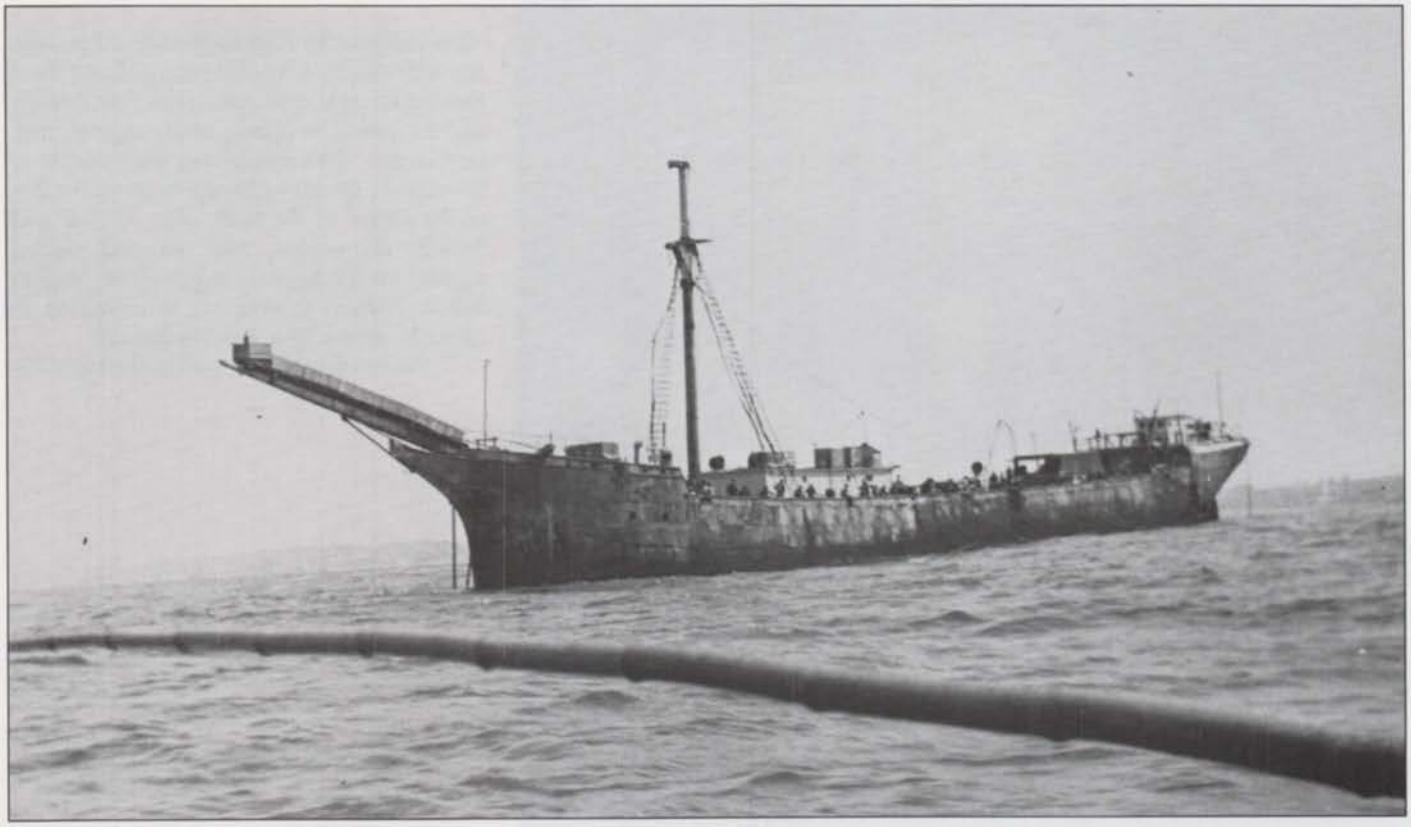
A barge trip is a wonderful way to introduce children and skeptical spouses to ocean angling. It is still possible to experience a relaxing day of fishing in a manner enjoyed by thousands during the formative days of South Coast sportfishing.

FINDING THE WRECK

Private boaters can locate the wreckage of the second STAR OF SCOTLAND, ex-TEXAS, by metering or dragging at a spot approximately one mile from the end of the Santa Monica pier on a heading of 231 degrees magnetic. Depending on the state of the tide, the depth is about 66 feet, or eleven fathoms. (See NOAA chart #18744.) Drifting the spot is recommended as anchors are often lost in the bottom debris. Rockfish, sculpin and bass are the most frequent catch.



THOMAS P. EMIGH *ashore at Redondo Beach in April 1932. Attempts to pump her out were futile. The barges* MELROSE *and* GRATIA *were wrecked by the same storm.* *Photo courtesy of Chester Doyle*



The ex-barkentine GRATIA *off Redondo in 1926. Note the jewfish platform at the end of her long bowsprit. The object in foreground is a jig boat's outrigger.* *Photo courtesy of Chester Doyle*

Treasures of Greenwich Come to San Diego

By Craig Arnold

J.M.W. Turner. Sir Joshua Reynolds. John Singleton Copley. The Willem Van de Veldes.

The history of the sea has been written not only with words, but with the great works of marine artists. In oils, sketches and watercolors, they limned the ships of yore and the glory of the waters round them.

Now San Diegans have a chance to view such works, in "The Great Age of Sail," an exhibition coming to the San Diego Museum of Art on March 7.

One hundred major paintings and artifacts are coming from the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, England. Known the world over, the National Maritime Museum is simply the largest and finest such museum in existence. Its fabulous collections are the envy of curators everywhere.

Covering the maritime spectrum from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries, "The Great Age of Sail" is divided into six segments: Man's Encounter with the Elements, Shipbuilding and Navigation, Exploration, War at Sea, Trade and Empire, and Ceremony and Leisure.

The exhibition will run from March 7 to October 11, 1992, and then tour two other venues in the United States. This will be the premier cultural event of the twenty-eighth America's Cup competition. A black-tie ball will open the event at the Museum of Art on March 6.

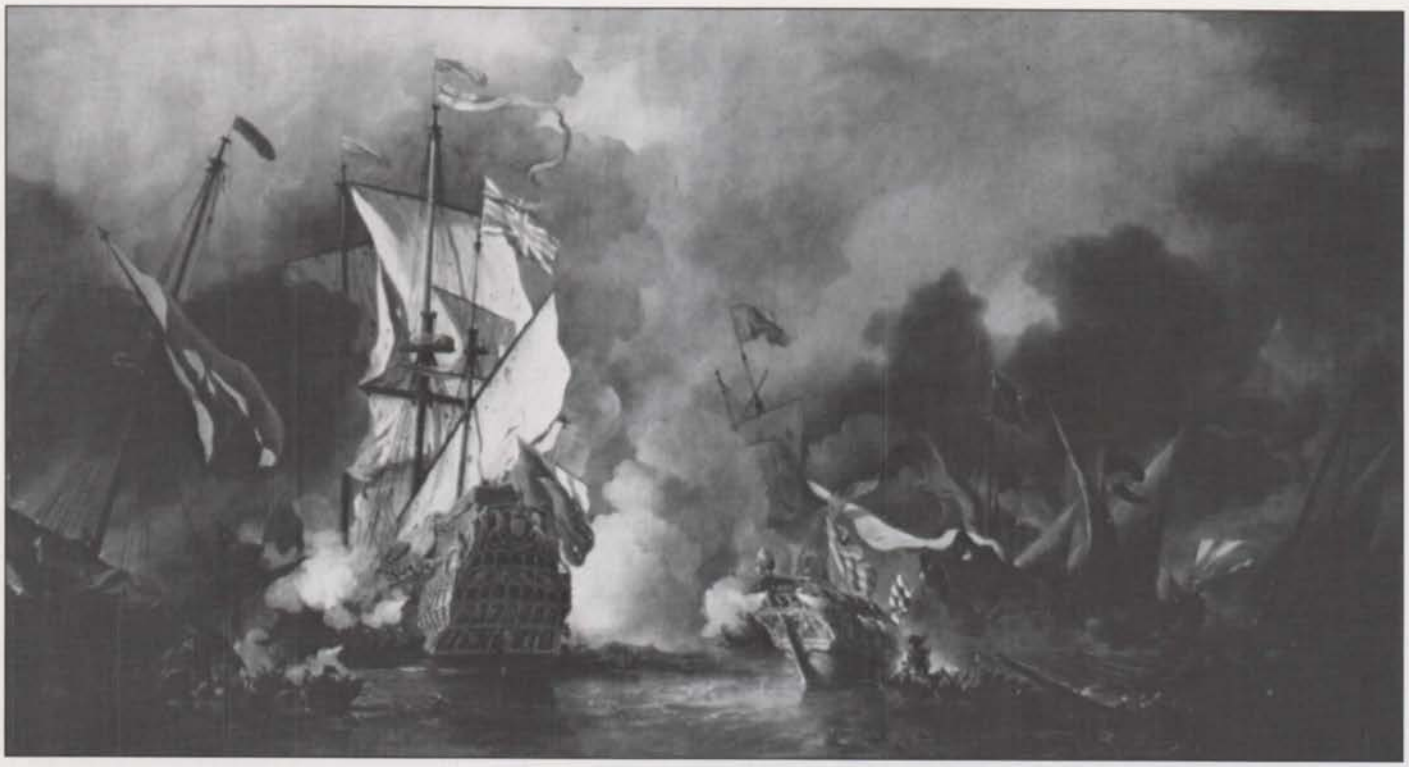
The largest masterwork in the exhibition is J.M.W. Turner's *The Battle of Trafalgar,* a canvas of more than one hundred square feet. The picture takes the viewer straight into the chaos of conflict through the brilliant effects of light achieved by Turner. At center stage is Nelson's flagship VICTORY, looming over the debris of battle like some vast wooden castle.

J.M.W. Turner's genius was not fully honored in his lifetime. In recent years he has come to be recognized as one



"Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson", oil on canvas, 1798–99, by Lemuel Francis Abbott. Nelson had lost his right arm at the assault on Tenerife, and the sight of his right eye at the siege of Calvi, on Corsica. "Tolerable for one war," said he of his wounds. On his left breast he wears the star of the Order of the Bath, plus Sicilian and Turkish decorations. The diamond-studded aigrette on his hat was a gift of the Turkish Sultan. Nelson's favorite toy, it wound up to rotate by means of a tiny clockworks.

The National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, U.K.



"An English Ship in Action with Barbary Ships", by Willem Van de Velde the Younger. Oil on canvas, c. 1675. The Barbary pirates were the scourge of European and American shipping for centuries. All the European powers and the United States made periodic attempts to wipe them out, but none succeeded until the French occupied North Africa in the 1830s. National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, U.K.

of the world's highest masters. No painter ever understood the interplay of light and water better than Turner. His ships and boats achieve a luminosity that is both ghostly and bold in effect. As time went on he became more abstract in his approach, yet the sweep of his eye in such works as *The Fighting Téméraire,* and *A First Rate Taking on Stores,* is enough to preserve for all time the Age of Sail.

Many lesser geniuses share this exhibition with Turner. The Italian painter Canaletto is represented with a picture called *Greenwich Hospital from the North Bank of the Thames.* Canaletto is perhaps better known for his vistas of Venice. His paintings combine great laterality with a total mastery of perspective, all infused with the sunny optimism one might expect of this exuberant Italian. To view a Canaletto is to view painting as a precise geometric craft, and to be reminded of the virtues of order and harmony. Canaletto is a vision of a world that works.

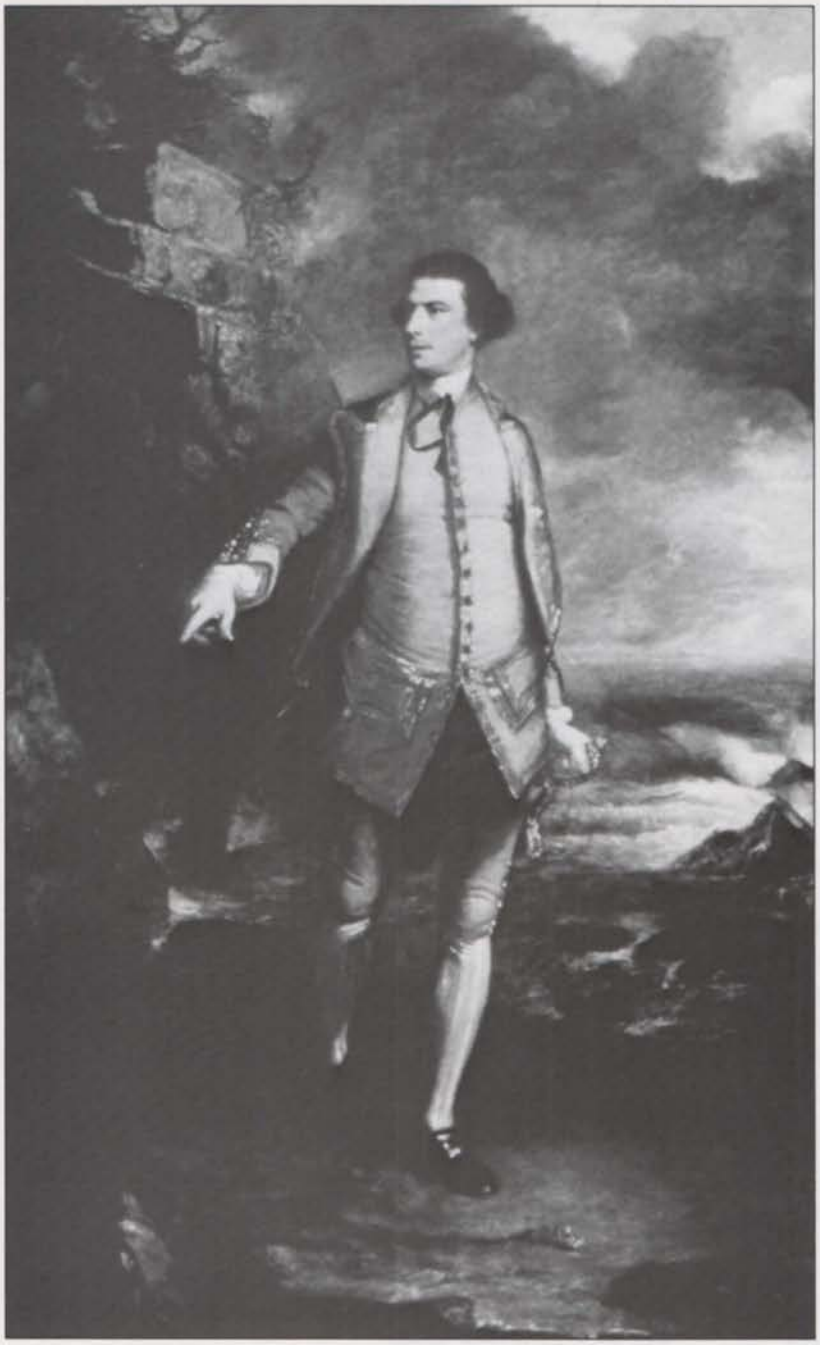
Canaletto's eighteenth century contemporary, the American painter John Singleton Copley, is here as well. His portrait of Admiral Clark Gayton is typical of his work.

Sir Joshua Reynolds is another great portraitist of the eighteenth century. His picture of Commodore Augustus Keppel shows the man who fought one of the major fleet actions of our Revolutionary War, against the French off Ushant in 1778. Keppel failed to achieve a clear-cut victory over the naval forces of Louis XVI, and so became embroiled in controversy. The British were accustomed by that date to their admirals giving them only victories.

No gallery of British marine painters would be complete without Thomas Somerscales (1842–1927). Somerscales knew seamen well, and it was said that seamen liked his pictures. *A Barque Running before a Gale* is his entry in the show. It's not quite as famous as his classic *Off Valparaiso*—one of the most beautiful and haunting of all marine paintings. (See the Fall 1987 issue of *Mains'l Haul* for the latter work.) Somerscales's ships do not merely sit in their paintings—they sail through them. His vessels distinctly carry the movement of a ship at sea. His pictures are also known for inviting the viewer to construct a story around them. Not content with painting well-known persons and ships, Somerscales often dealt with anonymous vessels—the lonely wanderers of the sea, known only to those who worked them around Cape Horn and to a hundred ports.

It is good to see the van de Veldes, father and son, so well represented in this exhibition. One grisaille by van de Velde the Elder, and four oils by van de Velde the Younger give the right feel of the Dutch maritime world of the seventeenth century. The story of modern marine painting properly begins with the Dutch. Surrounded by vessels, canals, docks and the teeming nautical culture of Holland in the 1600s, it is not surprising that her finest painters paid tribute to all this. In Holland the sea is always close at hand.

During the three Anglo-Dutch naval wars that punctuated this century, the van de Veldes were in the thick of the action, covering many of the major battles. Often they would sail their little galliot near the fighting fleets, and sketch away amid the clouds of powder smoke. One almost expects a cannonball to fly out of their pictures.



"Commodore Augustus Keppel", by Sir Joshua Reynolds, oil on canvas, 1753–54. Keppel entered the Royal Navy at age ten. He served with Admiral Anson in the famous circumnavigation, then went on to fight in the Seven Years' War and the War of 1778 with France. He became first lord of the Admiralty in 1782.
National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, U.K.

The van de Veldes were not reluctant to work for Holland's enemies, the English, during times of peace. Charles II hired them at one point. England's first monarch to acquire a taste for yachting, Charles was inordinately good at anything involving pleasure. (As a serious ruler, he perhaps left more to be desired.) Van de Velde the Younger's picture, *The Yacht Royal Escape Close-Hauled in a Breeze*, is symbolic of the time when yachting first came into vogue.

Sir Peter Lely has two works in the show, one of them the famous *Peter Pett and the Sovereign of the Seas*. The SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS was the largest and most grandiose ship of her day–a veritable explosion of seagoing Baroque. She cost £65,000, or ten times the cost of the average warship in the 1630s. Her ornamentation was carried out by the royal master carver Gerard Christmas, his sons and assistants after drawings by van Dyck. Fighting the Dutch many times, she earned the nickname "Golden Devil."

Grand the SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS was, and grand the painting created in part by Sir Peter Lely to honor both ship and shipwright. Peter Pett was the son of the famous Phineas Pett, master shipwright at Woolwich. It was Phineas to whom Charles I–later to lose his head entirely–gave the instructions to build the golden monster.

Peter Pett worked on the SOVEREIGN with his father. In the picture, he poses proudly in a dress suit of the day, shipwright's compasses in hand. The interesting thing about this picture is that Lely painted only half of it–the right half, or portrait of Pett. The left half, which contains a view of the ship's immense gilded stern, was done

by an unknown hand–possibly that of Isaak Sailmaker. If you look closely at the picture in the gallery at Greenwich, you can just make out a vertical line between the portraits of ship and man. Lely completed his half about 1645.

Paintings are only one group of the Greenwich treasures. Also coming are ship models, swords, globes, wine glasses, dishes and tankards, a Lion figurehead of circa 1720, Sir Francis Drake's dial/compendium of 1574, and nautical instruments: astrolabes, compasses, marine chronometers, sextants, charts, etc.

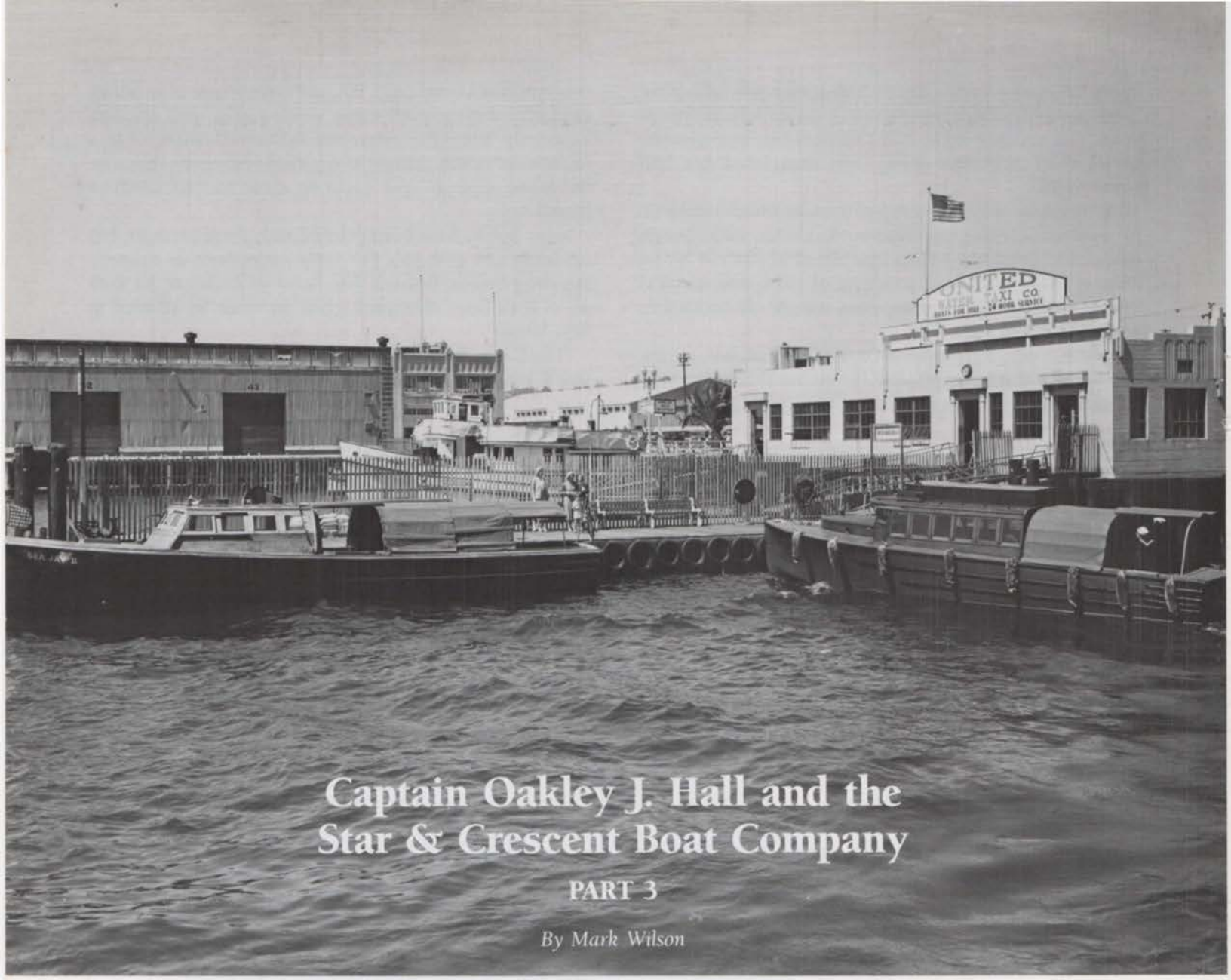
For those who have never seen the Greenwich museum, this is but a small sampling of the riches there. However, it is sufficient to give an idea of the greatest maritime treasure-house on earth. To see Greenwich is to know firsthand the story of man's involvement with the sea, especially from the sixteenth century onward. It is a knowledge which cannot be equalled elsewhere–because no other museum has anything close to this fabulous hoard.

Many books have been printed with these pictures, but no book can give you the same experience as actually standing before Turner's *The Battle of Trafalgar.* As with all of life's finer moments, great art must be savored at first hand.

"The Great Age of Sail" will be a voyage of eye and mind you'll long remember.



Celestial globe, by Van Langeren, c. 1625. Made of wood, copper, alloy, paper, pigment, etc., this globe is studded with astrological figures.
National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, U.K.



Captain Oakley J. Hall and the Star & Crescent Boat Company

PART 3

By Mark Wilson

The old United Water Taxi Co. landing, seen here in a 1930s view, was purchased by the Star & Crescent Co. in the 1970s to house offices, a small snack bar and S & C's new boat landing. The structure (right) is still in use today. *Reif Collection, MacMullen Library*

The End of an Era

The 1960s would see an oil pipeline constructed between Los Angeles and San Diego. Oakley Hall must have sensed it coming because a few years before its completion Star & Crescent would get out of the oil business. Now in his eighties, he would continue to be as sharp as ever in business. He would keep S & C in the tugboat business by providing general harbor service for local shipping. The Nickel Snatcher ferry was starting to wane in popularity during this time. S & C would sell off the JUANITA. The new owners would change its name to the BAHIA BELLE and would operate it on Mission Bay as a cocktail and dance boat.

Oakley Hall decided that it was time for a different kind of challenge in his life. He had owned and operated boats all his life but had never designed one. S & C's harbor excursions were as popular as ever and he set out to add to his fleet by designing the CABRILLO. She was 54 feet long with a capacity of 350 people. San Diego Marine Construction built her and she made her maiden voyage on June 19, 1964. It would mark the first time in S & C's history that three excursion vessels were running simultaneously (even the SILVERGATE was pressed into summer duty).

They would decide four years later to cut the CABRILLO in half and add a 20-foot section in her middle. This would allow 90 more passengers to be taken aboard. The CABRILLO would prove to be Oakley J. Hall's last major contribution to Star & Crescent. On September 24, 1967 he would die at the age of 88. An era in San Diego's maritime history had come to an end. Literally thousands of lives were directly affected by the decisions he made

during his life and he rarely made a bad one. The employees of San Diego Marine Construction paid honor to him by erecting a flagpole in his memory.

Star & Crescent would endure however. Oakley's two sons Oakley J. (Bud) Hall Jr. and Glen Edward (Ed) Hall would henceforth run the company with Bud as president and Ed vice president. One of their first official duties would be to petition the California Public Utilities Commission for a rate increase on the North Island ferry run. Once again the increased operating costs were forcing them to hike the fare up to 15¢. The PUC granted permission in October 1968.

Ferry traffic was dwindling. By the summer of 1969 only the POINT LOMA and the MONTEREY would be left running. The final blow would come at midnight on August 2, 1969 when the $47 million San Diego-Coronado Bay Bridge was completed. There was a state law in effect which prevented ferries from operating within ten miles of a toll crossing. After running continuously for 51 years the Nickel Snatcher was finally silenced.

S & C would keep the GLORIETTA and MONTEREY but would sell off the remaining three boats. The POINT LOMA would become the hospital ship ESPERANCA ("Hope" in Portuguese), providing health care to people along the Amazon River in South America. The DEL MAR would become the excursion boat PAVILION QUEEN in Newport Beach. And RAMONA would eventually become the HILTON QUEEN, performing a function similar to that of the JUANITA/BAHIA BELLE on Mission Bay. The S & C water taxis would also die out at this time. Many things had come to an end during the 1960s, but Star & Crescent had no intention of fading away. The future would still be bright.

The New Star & Crescent

The 1970s would prove to be a decade of transition between the Star & Crescent of old and the Star & Crescent everyone knows today as the San Diego Harbor Excursion. The San Diego Marine Construction Company would be sold to Campbell Industries. It had truly been an old friend over the years and had supplied S & C with many excellent boats. The company's remaining tugs would be sold to Pacific Towboat who would henceforth provide San Diego with its harbor towing needs. This left Star & Crescent with only one mission in life–the harbor cruise business. They would experiment for a short time with a hydrofoil boat named the SEA WING but it would prove impractical for San Diego Bay and was soon sold.

Ed Hall had worked in his dad's company for many years now and decided he was due for a change of pace. He sold his interest in the company to his brother Bud and moved to northern California. It would fall solely upon Bud Hall to lead the company forward. Star & Crescent vessels had always worn tan and green colors over the years but that would all be changed to the now-familiar red, white, and blue. The old United Water Taxi building which stood between the B Street and Broadway piers was now purchased. It would house some offices and a small snack bar but more importantly it would become S & C's new boat landing. There was a large float connected to it and all excursion passengers had to pass through the building in order to board the boats. The engines in the ex-Nickel Snatcher boat GLORIETTA were removed and she would be converted into the Glorietta Boat-ique Gift Shop. She tied up to the large float for waiting passengers to browse through.



The MARIETTA made her maiden voyage in June of 1957. Built by Pacific Coast Engine Shipyard in Alameda, California, she is 95 feet long and has a capacity of 550 people. Traditionally, Star & Crescent excursion vessels wore green lower hulls and tan stacks, with the company logo in red on the stack, as in this c. 1960 view. In the 1970s, however, the boats went over to the now-familiar red-white-blue scheme. MARIETTA continues to operate on excursion duty.

Chandler Postcard Collection, MacMullen Library



The excursion vessel CABRILLO *was built for Star & Crescent in 1964 by San Diego Marine Construction Co. She is 74 feet long with a capacity of 440 people. This photo was made in February 1984.* *Photo courtesy of Ed Coffer*

The MONTEREY also began a new life. A third deck would be added and her interior would be remodeled. She became a charter boat for groups wanting to party on the bay. Star & Crescent would continue showing thousands of people the sights along San Diego Bay, which is what it had done best over all the years of its existence.

The Ferry Returns

Star & Crescent saw a number of ownership changes during the 1980s. Bud Hall would relieve himself of many duties by making his two daughters Judy and Janet along with his stepson Steve Carlstrom part owners in the company. Judy would soon sell her percentage back to the other three.

Meanwhile, back at the old San Diego Marine Construction Co., a new development had taken place. Art Engel and his brother Herb had acquired the shipyard from Campbell Industries and had changed the name to Southwest Marine Inc. The yard would no longer build boats as it had done for many years but instead would become a major west coast ship repair facility receiving many Navy contracts.

The Engels soon were looking to branch out into other waterfront ventures and in 1984 would acquire Star & Crescent from the Halls and Steve Carlstrom. The era of the Hall family involvement with S & C had finally come to an end. Appropriately enough, the Star & Crescent Boat Company and San Diego Marine Construction (now Southwest Marine) would be associated once again. The new owners attempted to get the company back into sportfishing, as in the 1930s. They acquired the 85-foot AVANTI in 1984 and ran her for a year. They would ultimately decide to stick solely to the harbor excursion game and would sell the boat.

The MONTEREY meanwhile would receive a modification at Southwest Marine. A large paddlewheel was mounted onto the stern making her resemble a Mississippi River boat. The MONTEREY would become one of San Diego's most popular boats for dinner and brunch cruises. S & C's building adjacent to the boat landing was also renovated and the Bay Cafe was born. It would offer a quick breakfast or lunch for visitors to San Diego's waterfront.

Another vessel would soon join the fleet. The SPIRIT OF 76 was a small glass-enclosed boat which had originally called the waters of the Potomac River home. She had actually sunk to the bottom of the river one day. After her raising she was sold to S & C and was transported across country to San Diego. Her capacity was limited to 120 (45 for buffet dining). She would prove too small to be practical and would soon be taken out of service. S & C's little workhorse SILVERGATE had also reached the end of her life expectancy.

There was still a glimmer of hope however. The San Diego-Coronado Bay Bridge had finally been paid off in April 1987. Perhaps the law preventing ferryboats on San Diego Bay would no longer be in effect. This was indeed the case and Star & Crescent would receive permission

to operate one. A ferry to North Island was no longer practical but one to Coronado could be successful. The Engels had constructed a small shopping complex adjacent to the old car ferry landing and it would prove to be the perfect spot for the new ferry landing. The SILVERGATE once again found a job to perform. She would ultimately receive a $200,000 revamp to keep her looking like new for many, many years to come. She made her inaugural trip on the new Coronado ferry run July 1, 1987. Star & Crescent was back in the ferry business. The cost was $1 for a one-way trip across the bay. Oakley Hall, Sr., would certainly have been pleased, for he always held a soft spot in his heart for the ferry business.

The Present and the Future

July of 1990 would bring one last addition to the fleet. The big 575-passenger SPIRIT OF SAN DIEGO arrived from the east coast to become S & C's new dinner/dance boat. She was built in Warren, Rhode Island by the Blount Marine Corporation in May of 1986 and became the SPIRIT OF BOSTON. When the Boston organization opted for an even larger boat in 1990 she was sold to S & C. Her sweeping bow and cruise ship lines bring a truly modern look to this vessel, once again keeping Star & Crescent in step with the times. December of 1990 would see one last link to the past severed. The old Nickel Snatcher ferry terminal at the foot of Market Street was demolished. This piece of waterfront property which was originally occupied by the Star Boat House would no longer bear any evidence of S & C's past.

The future continues to look bright however. Excursions are still conducted aboard the MARIETTA, the CABRILLO, and the new SPIRIT OF SAN DIEGO. Charters aboard the MONTEREY are still as fun-filled as ever. The Glorietta Gift Shop still stands watch at the dock. And the SILVERGATE still shuttles thousands of people back and forth across the bay. Should you ever find yourself riding her late at night when the sky is dark and the city noises have all died down don't be surprised if you hear the voices of old Nickel Snatcher commuters coming from deep within her hull. For some boats will never die until their work is done. The Star & Crescent Boat Company and their little SILVERGATE have only just begun.

Ship Model Shop

As I do every year at this time, I have been calculating the number of volunteer hours put in at the model shop. I am very pleased to inform you that our volunteers have manned the shop 3794 hours in 1991. Joe Bompensiero logged 1079 hours on BLUE NOSE II and RATTLESNAKE; Jack Klein had 1053 hours on KINGFISHER; Bob Wright, between the shop and the STAR OF INDIA, had 1006; and Chuck Hill volunteered 422 hours. This has allowed us to have the shop manned almost every weekday between the hours of 9:00 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.

The San Diego Ship Modelers' Guild helped man the shop on most Saturdays, with Ed White, John Fluck, Doug McFarland and Jim Hawkins contributing the majority of the hours. The Guild has been very generous with their time with special events such as the STAR's birthday and Ocean Awareness Day this past year. I hope we can keep them involved with the museum and get additional people in the shop on weekends.

The Ship Modelers' Guild "Modeler of the Quarter" at this time is everyone's favorite "ship-in-the-bottle" builder Vic Crosby. In addition to being so generous with his bottles and hours to the museum, Vic has always been there for the Guild's special events. This past holiday season, Vic donated one of his small STAR OF INDIA bottles to the Children's Hospital Christmas Tree, which was auctioned off as a fund raiser. Vic has never accepted a cent for any of the hundreds of bottles he has given to so many worthwhile institutions. If you have a chance, stop by the "Modeler of the Quarter" case aboard the BERKELEY.

Finally, Kathy Sadler, Manager of the Museum Store, has begun to carry a variety of shop model kits and books of interest to the model builder. If you have any interest in modeling, you might make your model purchases through the Museum Store, as all museum members receive a 10% discount on purchases. Don't forget our modelers' workshop aboard the BERKELEY on the first and second Tuesday of each month at 7:00 p.m.

–Robert Crawford
Curator of Ship Models



On Ocean Awareness Day last fall, ship modelers Doug Smay (left) and Doug McFarland manned a booth next to the STAR OF INDIA, *dispensing information on the San Diego Ship Modelers' Guild.*
San Diego Maritime Museum file photo

From the Helm

Looking back over 1991, the world situation from Desert Storm to a fragmented Russia is certainly a reminder of how things change. Closer to home, it seems 1992 will be a year of maritime emphasis and likely a lot of changes. We look forward to the America's Cup competition in May, the Cabrillo 450th Anniversary of west coast exploration and, of course, the Quincentennial Celebration of Columbus's "Age of Discovery."

San Diego will be in the international spotlight for all of these events including port visits from replica NIÑA, PINTA and SANTA MARIA vessels and the Portuguese Navy tall ship SAGRES toward year's end.

We anxiously await the Port Commission's decisions on the museum's proposed relocation to Broadway Pier and construction of a replica galleon SAN SALVADOR. If these projects are undertaken, we will certainly log 1992 as a year of major change.

One thing we don't want to see change is the excellent support this museum receives from our Star of India Auxiliary, Docents, STAR sailing crew, Model Guild, Cane Rattlers, volunteers of all types, trustees, members, donors and our topnotch staff and crew. A museum is really a people thing. People make it what it is, and we're very proud of what it has become.

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

Volunteer of the Quarter

Our Volunteer of the Quarter for the winter of 1991–92 is Buford "Bill" Lane. Mr. Lane has recently made a limited collector's edition of belaying pins from the timbers of the STAR OF INDIA's old poop deck. Over one hundred pins were made, nearly all of which have been sold through the Museum Store.

Mr. Lane is a native of Arkansas. He and his wife Vira have resided in San Diego since 1954. In 1955, Bill, an Army veteran, joined the San Diego Sheriff's Office as a Deputy Sheriff. He ran for Sheriff in 1970 and retired from the force in 1971.



Bill Lane, our winter Volunteer of the Quarter, works at making yet another belaying pin–and after that, another and another and another–in his backyard. *Photo by Vira Lane*

Bill's wife Vira is a native of England. She was formerly a nurse in the Royal Air Force. She and Bill were married in this country in 1951, and later she became a U.S. citizen. Her father was a pilot in World War I and was shot down over France by Baron von Richthofen, better known to fans of the Peanuts comic strip as the "Red Baron" who is always shooting down poor Snoopy. Her father survived the war and left behind some fascinating diaries of that period. Vira now works at our museum as a docent.

After his retirement from police work, Bill ran a business with Vira until 1982. Since then, Bill has become very interested in antique clocks and watches. His other hobbies include photography and woodcraft. Bill is a member of the Elks, the Masons, the Shriners, the National Association of Watch & Clock Collectors, the American Watchmakers Institute, the San Diego Horological Society–and, of course, the San Diego Maritime Museum.

Curator Dave Brierley first suggested to Bill that he make belaying pins, but it was Bill's idea to make them for sale. Bill reasoned that the old deck wood used, Douglas fir, was not hard enough for working pins–which are often made of hardwoods like mahogany and oak. It takes Bill about three hours to make one pin. After sanding a batch, he turns them over to our painters for varnishing. Each pin is stamped with its origin and individual number, plus the date.

Bill intends to make more pins, namely working pins, in the future. For now, however, he's probably feeling a bit "pinned down".

The pins are unique items, never to be made from that source again. Thanks to Bill, they're special indeed.

Development Report

As the Maritime Museum continues to grow and meet the demands of its members, efforts are being made in the Development Department to provide an interesting calendar of events for the entire family to enjoy. This promises to be an exciting year.

The San Diego Maritime Museum is in an incredible growth mode right now; an expansion the likes of which our members have never seen. The membership is growing, our ships are in excellent shape, we have made new progress in the difficult arena of fund-raising, and the publicity we are generating has been phenomenal.

The calendar for 1992 will include such old favorites as the STAR's birthday party, the Halloween party, spring rummage sale and the popular Parade of Lights party. New events, however, are being considered which include a small boat workshop, story-telling contest, Chowderfest, sea chantey festivals, and even a return of nautical film classics shown on the decks of our STAR.

The small boat workshop is anticipated for the spring, and would be held on the orlop deck of STAR OF INDIA. In discussion at this time is an oar-making class that would allow museum members and the general public to join in a two-weekend course taught by ship's carpenter Jeff Saar. This class would charge a nominal materials fee, and perhaps involve as many as ten people. Once the guidelines for such a course are set, we plan to move into other areas like lofting, and small boat building.

A local newspaper has been contacted as a sponsor of a storytelling contest, or "liars' contest," where contestants try their best to tell the tallest tale, tying in, of course, our own ships, STAR OF INDIA, BERKELEY or MEDEA. Local restaurants and waterfront businesses would provide prizes for contestants, and the winning "tall tale" would be printed in the newspaper.

A chowderfest is also being considered for the cool of winter. One thought is to invite area yacht clubs to participate. The Development Committee is reviewing such an event at this time. Celebrities would judge the event, which could take place either on the decks of STAR, or upper deck of BERKELEY, weather dictating. A chili cook-off has also been discussed.

With all the musical talent in the area, a natural event would be a sea chantey contest, featuring local talent. The audience would be provided with sheet music, and encouraged to sing along. Historically, such musical events are well-attended and highly entertaining. Costumes and period theme are a must, and such an event would attract media attention.

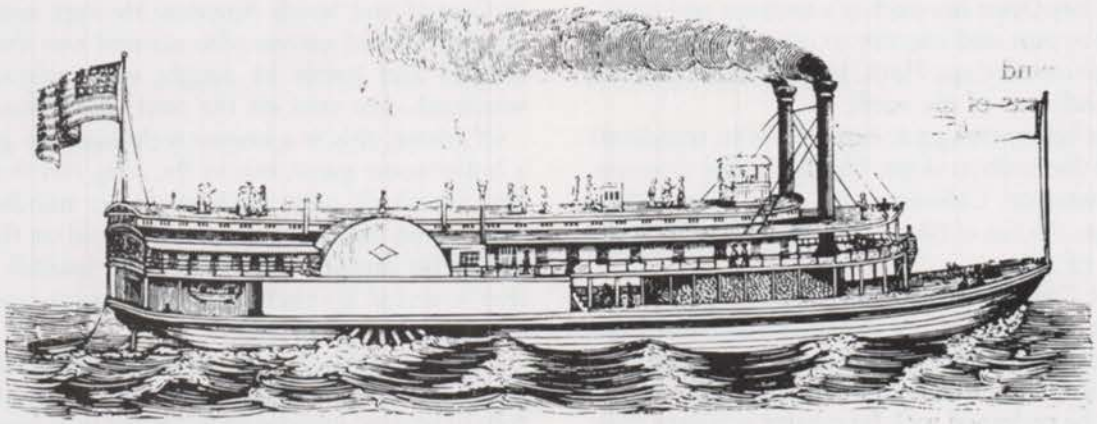
"Movies Before The Mast" was a huge success in 1991. We hope to bring back a series of nautical film classics to the evening decks of STAR OF INDIA this year. I am seeking sponsors at this time. A successful event can raise money, increase memberships, and serve as a publicity vehicle for the Maritime Museum.

Events like the ones mentioned here are perfectly groomed for our membership. But we need volunteers to stage the events, set up and break down, and in general make the effort blossom into an annual event with strong community support.

Anyone interested in brainstorming potential events for the Maritime Museum, or offering their services as a volunteer, is encouraged to contact me in the Development Office, at 234-9153.

I hope you share with me the thrill of growth, and join with us all in promoting this wonderful waterfront institution known as the Maritime Museum. You can also help by bringing a friend to membership meetings and events. Museum memberships start at $25, and make excellent gifts for friends and family.

–Joseph Ditler
Development Director for Publicity



Curator's Corner

A timely new exhibit will have opened aboard the BERKELEY on January 21 titled "Sailing in San Diego." This pictorial exhibit parallels the recently released book of the same title by San Diego author Neva Sullaway, and covers both the commercial sailing history of San Diego and our yachting under sail heritage. Of special interest is the overview of San Diego's involvement in the America's Cup. Museum members and visitors will have the opportunity to view this informative exhibit through May 1992 in the Pleasure Boating Gallery of the BERKELEY. I would like to thank Neva Sullaway and her publishers, TCS Publishing, Inc., for their support with this exhibit.

With the help of fair winds and a following sea (and a tight deck), a second exhibit will open during the period of this issue of *Mains'l Haul*. This exhibit is a representation of the Surgeon-Superintendent's cabin on the emigrant passages of EUTERPE in the 1870s and 1880s. The goal is to portray the cabin lived in and used by the ship's doctor, Dr. W.R. Davis, on the 1879 passage to New Zealand. The emigrant cabin of the injured Mrs. Owen relates to this new exhibit. Each emigrant passage to New Zealand by EUTERPE carried a doctor who had authority in matters of shipboard life to safeguard the health of emigrants.

The San Diego Maritime Museum gratefully acknowledges the support from Robert and Barbara Sharp for the Surgeon-Superintendent's cabin. Both of the Sharps are longtime, active supporters of the San Diego Maritime Museum in many helpful ways. This new exhibit is dedicated to Mr. Sharp's father, who was a physician.

As we rejoin the Euterpians aboard the emigrant ship EUTERPE enroute to New Zealand in September 1879, we gain further insight into their shipboard experiences. This concluding account of issue number two of *The Euterpe Times* is of levity, social rebuke, and a lost and found listing.

"A Topical Song" was an article written by an emigrant about a fellow passenger. The gist of the song was about a man who was too noisy, made jokes at the expense of others, and was warned to cease "for retrubulation [sic] is as sure as sun comes after rain." Perhaps we will learn in a future issue of *The Euterpe Times* if the warning was heeded.

The shipboard poet known as the Euterpian contributed a poem to each newspaper edition. This issue contained a short poem about another passenger referred to as "Grocer". This emigrant "of sea-life has not fear" for "a Dolby can he keeps near" should disaster overtake the EUTERPE.

The lost and found listings were a helpful attempt to serve emigrants. Among the lost items was a gold lace band that belonged to a naval captain. Another was a white-handled pocket knife with two blades and a corkscrew. A third item was lost near the "fo'castle bell" (still mounted on the rail) and was a diary with the owner's name inside. If located, all items were to be given to the editor, Mr. Ellis. The lone found item was a "real potatoe." To reclaim it, "the loser on accurately describing it and paying the expenses of this advertisement can have it returned." This was surely in jest, but also underscores the value of food on an emigrant ship.

For the day of publication of issue number two dated September 20, 1879, the EUTERPE covered 60 nautical miles in 24 hours. We will sign aboard again as emigrants as issue number three of *The Euterpe Times* unfolds in the Spring 1992 issue of *Mains'l Haul*.

–Dave Brierley, Curator

Library Log

A ship is a wanderer and she goes where the sea's broad highway takes her. Often her track is a tortuous one, winding from port to port and country to country, battling to make westing around Cape Horn, forging ahead to raise all the isles and seas of the earth.

This year we honor two great explorers who wandered to the ends of the earth in ships. The first is the Genoese navigator, Cristoforo Colombo, the man who sailed westward across the Sea of Gloom to find what he thought was the edge of Asia.

Colombo, or Columbus as we later called him, had no idea where he was: turned out he'd underestimated the circumference of the earth by about one-fourth. That isn't surprising, considering that by the late fifteenth century, latitude could be reckoned with far greater accuracy than longitude.

At any rate, stumbling around the West Indies, Colombo bumped into Cuba, Hispaniola, Jamaica and the coasts of Central and South America. He kept running across copper-colored natives who assured him that the riches of gold and jewels he sought were westward–always westward–just over on the next island, maybe.

Of course, this is a known technique for getting rid of a bothersome guest, but in the long run it didn't work. The Spaniards came back in greater numbers to settle most of the islands, they got a foothold on the continent (called for centuries afterward "The Spanish Main"), and they rounded up such natives as hadn't scampered off, and made slaves of them.

Colombo dubbed these natives "Indians." To his dying day in 1506, he remained convinced he'd done a Marco Polo in reverse: found Asia by sailing west instead of plodding east on a camel.

Today we know different. Yet none of Colombo's



This was one of the early reenactments of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo's 1542 landing in San Miguel (now San Diego) Bay. Bowler-hatted gentlemen and ladies holding parasols help clue in the date: 1894. *Historical Collection, Title Insurance and Trust Co., San Diego*

mistakes subtracts one whit from his greatness. Others in Europe guessed that one could reach distant continents by sailing west; only Colombo went forth to prove it. He must have been a man of great physical and moral courage. Not only did he overcome the perils of the sea, he won over doubting Thomases ranging from nay-sayers at court to mutinous elements of his crews.

Along with the 500th anniversary of Colombo's first voyage this year, we also celebrate the 450th anniversary of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo's entry into the Bay of San Miguel.

San Miguel? Yes, that's what Cabrillo named our fine port. He, too, was a bit uncertain as to where he was when he sailed into our bay on September 28, 1542–almost 50 years to the day after Colombo raised the Bahamas. The natives did not welcome Cabrillo. Arrows whistled toward his men on shore, wounding several. Cabrillo sailed away after a short time, to meet his death on one of the California Channel Islands.

Few stories better illustrate the transitory nature of "discoveries" than the name San Miguel. Sixty years after Cabrillo's visit, along came Sebastian Vizcaino. Vizcaino's instructions from the viceroy specifically enjoined him not to change any names Cabrillo had bestowed. So what did Vizcaino do? You guessed it–changed every name he got his hands on.

As a result, we live today in San Diego–the City of St. James–rather than in San Miguel, the City of St. Michael. On such displays of vanity do history's hinges turn.

(Perhaps it is fitting that little memory remains of Sebastian Vizcaino. He has a particularly bleak desert deep in Baja California named for him, but nothing anywhere near as grand as Cabrillo National Monument. So maybe Juan Rodriguez got the last laugh after all.)

Like Colombo, Cabrillo was no saint. Few if any of those who learnt their trade in Spain's bloody legions behaved with much restraint. Balboa was a butcher, Pizarro was not an especially nice guy, and Coronado did little to justify naming a lovely city for him.

Yet Cabrillo, too, was one of those dreamers and doers like Colombo–a man with a lust not just for gold, but for new horizons. Rough and ready they may have been, but such men were the pathfinders, enduring incredible hardships and steadily widening the known world.

That is why we honor the Cabrillos and Colombos. That is why we remember their sacrifices, half a millennium later. For, like it or not, their bold pushes into the unknown, across the Sea of Gloom, forever changed the world we live in.

–Craig Arnold, Librarian

Star of India Auxiliary

The Star of India Auxiliary, officially the Woman's Committee to the Maritime Museum Association of San Diego, was formed in March 1963 with Mrs. Chauncey Woodworth ("Marnie") as president.

Membership in the Auxiliary has grown from 181 at the end of the first year to 267, including 57 Charter members and 84 Life members, at the present time.

As stated in the Auxiliary's by-laws, the purposes of the Auxiliary are:

A. To help foster community interest in the Maritime Museum Association and its fleet.

B. To raise funds for the maintenance and development of the Maritime Museum and its fleet.

A Hostess-Guide program was established in order to fulfill Purpose A. The foremost responsibility at that time was the welcoming of guests on board the STAR OF INDIA. As the knowledge of the ships increased so did the duties of the Hostesses. The present educational program under the direction of David Brierley, Museum Curator, assisted by our 3rd Vice President, includes guided tours of the ships, visits to schools, and classes for those members interested in learning more about the Maritime Museum. Hundreds of schoolchildren are taught about the museum and early life at sea on the tours every year. With the recent graduation we now have 45 Docents.

The Curatorial Assistants began as a group of ladies known as the "Dustbusters," whose job it was to dust, vacuum and generally help keep the exhibits clean. These women, under the tutelage of Mr. Brierley and our 4th Vice President, assist the Curator in many ways including the restoration of MEDEA's interior.

The fund-raising by the Auxiliary is accomplished by holding luncheons, bake sales, Arts and Crafts Bazaars and major events such as the Parade of Lights Party at Christmas and our annual rummage sale. The contributions to the Maritime Museum Association have risen steadily with each passing year, culminating in an accumulative figure for the Auxiliary's term ending May 1991: $408,600.

Each year has seen more and more the realization of the aims and dreams of twenty-nine years ago and we all look forward to the challenging and exciting days ahead.

–Doris Chidgey, Auxiliary President and
Marnie Woodworth, Charter President

Mail Bag

Editor:

Thank you for your interesting article about the fishing barges. ["From Tall Ship to Fishing Barge", by Edward M. Ries, *Mains'l Haul,* Summer and Fall issues, 1991]

It seems like almost yesterday when us kids would save up money by selling old newspapers, the price of which, ironically, in those depressed days of the '30s was 25 cents a hundred pounds–the same as you get now.

We caught the 4:19 a.m. Big Red Car from L.A. in order to get to the boat landing in time for a day of fishing. The cost was only a dollar and we enjoyed ourselves immensely in those less sophisticated times by catching gunny sacks full of mackerel and tom cod. What we would do with all those fish never occurred to us. We kept the rare barracuda occasionally caught amidst loud cries of "Snake! Snake!" Tom cod couldn't even be given away to the poor people on the pier. Now these "cod" masquerade in supermarkets as "sea trout" for fancy prices.

Off in the distant Santa Monica Bay we could see another fishing barge, the STAR OF SCOTLAND, that still retained her masts and yards. This old Alaska Packers bark probably served as a model for O. Soglow's "Popeye the Sailor" comic strip, as the Sea Hag's ship.

Lionel C. Meeker
Temecula, California

(*Ed. Note:* See the final installment of Mr. Ries's series on the fishing barges of Southern California in this issue, for more on the STAR OF SCOTLAND and other barges.)

Editor:

The historical article by Mark Wilson on Captain Oakley J. Hall and the Star & Crescent Boat Company [Summer and Fall issues], covers the years that my parents, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Sweet, made Ballast Point, San Diego and the San Diego Yacht Club part of their lives.

Dad and Herb Bowls opened up a boat shop about that time, and their interest was speed boats. [My parents] were also married off Point Loma in the boat POINT LOMA, owned and operated by Captain Creswell, on July 4, 1905.

My family shares this interest in the *Mains'l Haul* as part of their origin.

Alton R. Sweet
Desert Hot Springs, California

(*Ed. Note:* See the final installment of Mr. Wilson's series on the Star & Crescent Company in this issue.)

Editor:

I was fortunate to pick up one of your issues of *Mains'l Haul* recently while in San Diego and was very impressed

with not only the quality of the magazine but the interesting and enlightening articles contained therein. I would very much like to become a supporting member of the museum and to subscribe to your magazine.

I also would like to address an inquiry relative to a ship's bell I own. It is cast brass with the name BELLCAIRN as the name of the ship and the date 1883. The bell is in excellent condition with clapper but the iron twist shackle that held it to its mount is almost rusted through. I acquired the bell from a sailing master and he got it out of the old bar in Jack London Square, which as I remember, was called the Jack London and was full of nautical antiques. Anyway, I would like any information on the ship BELLCAIRN such as where built, what flag she sailed under and, if possible, how and where did she meet her end.

Angus E. Richardson
Newport Beach, California

(*Ed. Note:* Anyone with additional information on the BELLCAIRN may write to Mr. Richardson at 3419 Via Lido, Suite 128, Newport Beach, CA 92663.)

Editor:

Congratulations on another fine *Mains'l Haul.* In case anyone brings it up, the [ferry] BAY CITY, as of 1878, was a South Pacific Coast steamer, not Southern Pacific. I must have had a lapse in memory when I wrote that; admittedly, it's very easy to confuse such very similar railroad names.

I very much liked your "What Our Ships Were Doing." I believe it was 1916 that BERKELEY underwent a few alterations like moving the stairways from the center to the side; also redoing the restroom arrangement and access to the hurricane deck. An *SP Bulletin* mentions that she returned to service early in 1917 after being "rebuilt" (and I've found over the years that "rebuilt" can mean anything from major changes to maybe removing a few benches so more autos can be carried!).

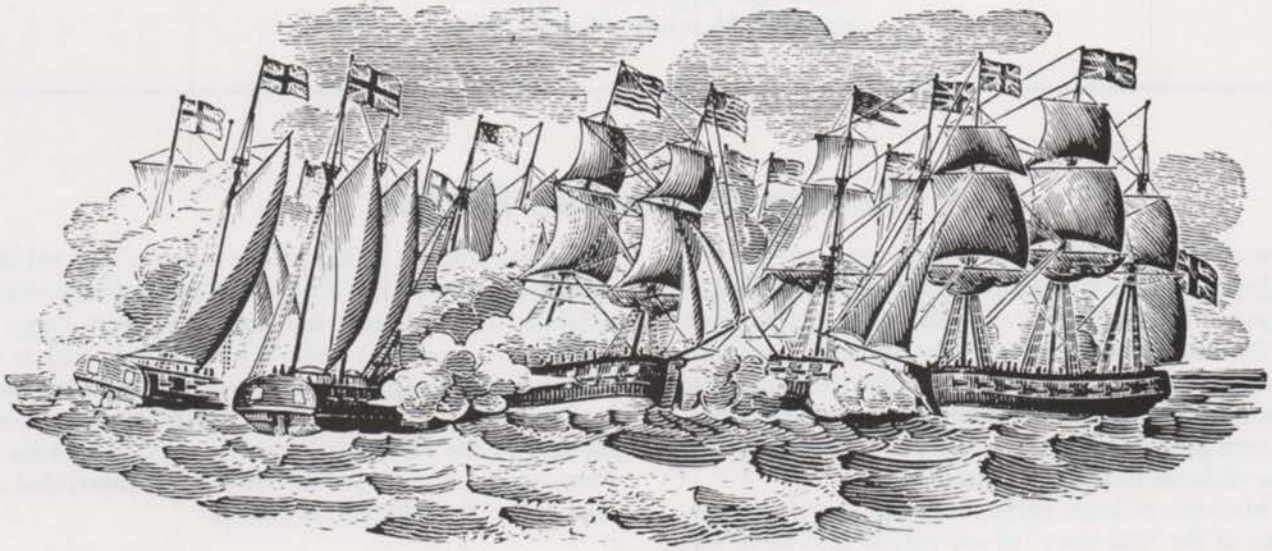
No doubt someone has researched it, but I'm inclined to doubt that BERKELEY waited until 1924 for oil fuel. Southern Pacific started great guns on oil fuel in the 1880s, but after the Vallejo-Vallejo Junction ferry JULIA had an explosion in February 1888, they quickly converted ferries like the OAKLAND and SOLANO back to coal. Somehow, I had the impression SP was ready to trust oil again by about 1905 or maybe as late as 1910.

Here's where we need the late Roy Graves. I interviewed him in 1968 and he had a memory like a hawk; he remembered the vessels from the 19th century. I guess you know the lower-deck doors, like where we once got access to MEDEA, were for coal-loading.

Richard E. Brown
Bakersfield, California

(*Ed. Note:* Mr. Brown, a well-known ferryboat authority, kindly updates us with new information from time to time. His collection of papers pertaining to ferries, passenger liners, and riverboats is now housed in our Jerry MacMullen Library.)

We welcome readers' comments. Letters to *Mains'l Haul* should be addressed to Editor, *Mains'l Haul,* 1306 North Harbor Drive, San Diego, CA 92101. Letters may be edited for length.



THE BO'S'N'S PIPE:

Maritime Museum News and Announcements

In Memoriam:

John Allen

The Maritime Museum was saddened recently to learn of the death of John Allen, a longtime member and docent.

John had a career in the British Merchant Service before coming to the United States. He served as a radio officer in many famous ships, including RMS QUEEN MARY. His personal knowledge of passenger liners was quite extensive, as might be expected. He also donated photos to enrich our passenger liner exhibits.

While at our museum, John served as an outstanding docent. He usually worked on board the BERKELEY. He had a quiet, unassuming manner and was very friendly once one got to know him. With his excellent sense of humor, John would often make wry comments that made many visitors laugh.

Jim Brown

The San Diego Maritime Museum lost one of our best docents recently. Mr. Jim Brown passed away on New Year's Eve, 1991.

Mr. Brown had served all over the world as a diplomat and CIA officer. His family had a connection with the Alaska Packers Association and Jim loved to talk about the APA. He often gave talks to our docents about the STAR OF INDIA's role in the Alaska Packers, from 1901 to 1927.

Jim was a friendly and knowledgeable docent himself. With his white goatee and trusty cane, he looked a bit like a jolly Southern colonel. He always had a cheerful smile, a friendly word of greeting, and a ready fund of knowledge to share with our museum's visitors.

Berndt A. Olson

Berndt A. Olson recently passed away. Mr. Olson was a longtime member of the Maritime Museum. In the late 1950s and early 1960s, he worked closely with the late Captain Ken Reynard to restore the STAR OF INDIA to her former glory.

Mr. Olson was also a good friend of the late Jerry MacMullen. The famous historian and author was often a dinner guest at Mr. Olson's home, along with Capt. Reynard.

Mr. Olson worked in the insurance industry, but devoted every weekend to the restoration task on the INDIA. It was thanks to the strong dedication of such talented men that the ship at last sailed again.

All of their shipmates on board the
Maritime Museum will miss them.

"Setting Sail in San Diego"

Those of you who visit the BERKELEY at this time and through May 31 are invited to view our new exhibit in the Pleasure Boating Exhibit Area (the old restaurant deck below the main deck). This exhibit is entitled "Setting Sail in San Diego," and it chronicles the merchant sail/pleasure sail history of our bay. A timeline in the exhibit starts in 1492 (with guess who?) and proceeds to the present day and the defense of the America's Cup.

The histories of local yacht clubs are also an important part of the "sail story" of our region, and these will be featured in the exhibit. The thrust of the exhibit is primarily pictorial, and draws on other Maritime Museum exhibits. The BUTCHER BOY, our 1902 San Diego Bay workboat-cum-racing yacht, is brought into play as well.

Neva Sullaway, author of *Sailing in San Diego,* has helped get this exhibit off the deck, so to speak. Neva's new book, for sale in the Maritime Museum Store, is in total harmony with this exhibit. The book is recommended to all who share our interest in sailing.

Rummage, Rummage!

Our annual Rummage Sale is coming up this April, put on as usual by our hard-working Star of India Auxiliary. This is truly a time of tremendous bargains. The Rummage Sale will be held on board the second deck, or upper passenger cabin of the BERKELEY on the weekend of April 25–26. You can expect goodies galore, including furniture, appliances, clothing, books, household items and sporting gear. The prices will be absolutely bottom-of-the-bilge bargains, and your purchases go to support the Maritime Museum.

If anyone has items to donate to the Rummage Sale, please call the Maritime Museum office at 234-9153 for pick-up of large items. Small items may be brought directly to the BERKELEY.

We hope to see all of you at the sale!

Thanks to Las Patronas

The Maritime Museum wishes to express its great appreciation to Las Patronas of San Diego for their very generous donation in January of this year. With the help of Las Patronas, the Maritime Museum will be able to carry out many needed repairs on board the STAR OF INDIA, and especially the repairs to her weather decks.

It is thanks to wonderful organizations like this, who raise funds through selfless efforts for worthy causes, that such national treasures as the STAR OF INDIA are preserved. The public owes them a great debt of gratitude.

Las Patronas, we thank you–and the generations to come, who will tour the STAR OF INDIA and perhaps sail in her, also owe you their thanks. Those of us who work in the STAR on a daily basis know the value of your superb gift. On her behalf, we express our sincere appreciation.

New Library Hours

The Jerry MacMullen Library on board the BERKELEY is now open for longer hours than previously. Our new hours are 9 a.m. to 11:30 a.m., and 12:30 p.m. to 4 p.m., Monday through Friday.

The new hours will enable the Library to serve more fully the growing numbers of researchers who call, write, or visit in search of maritime information. To schedule an appointment to use the Library, please call 234-9153 and ask for the Librarian.

"The Great Age of Sail": A New Lecture Series and Class

In cooperation with the San Diego Museum of Art's exhibition of maritime treasures this year (see page 16 for details), the San Diego Maritime Museum will conduct a special lecture series and college class.

The title of our five-part lecture series in the spring is "Set Sail". All lectures will be given at the San Diego Museum of Art in Balboa Park, San Diego, and will feature slides of the great art works on exhibition. The following schedule is in effect:

March 25: *War at Sea: The 16th to the 19th Centuries,* by Craig Arnold, Librarian and Editor, San Diego Maritime Museum

April 1: *Navigation and Shipbuilding: The 16th to the 19th Centuries,* by David Brierley, Curator, San Diego Maritime Museum

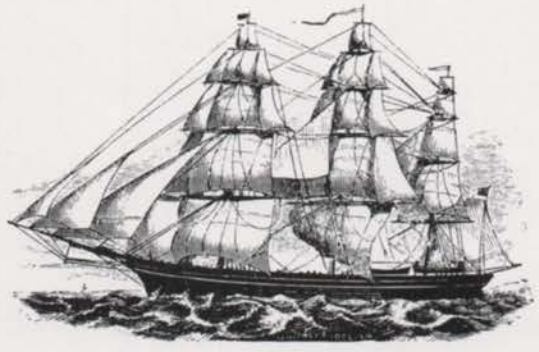
April 8: *Life at Sea in the Age of Sail,* by Robert Ritchie, Professor of History, University of California at San Diego

April 15: *Exploration, Trade and Empire: The 16th to the 19th Centuries,* by Craig Arnold, Librarian and Editor, San Diego Maritime Museum

April 22: *Looking at Maritime Paintings,* by Malcolm Warner, Curator of Prints and Drawings, San Diego Museum of Art

All lectures will commence at 6 p.m. Tickets are $3 for members of the San Diego Museum of Art, and $5 for non-members. Proceeds go to benefit the Maritime Museum and the Museum of Art. Reservations are required: please call (619) 232-7931, ext. 180.

A UCSD Extension course will be held on the same topic this summer. The course will have four meetings from July 11 through August 1. This will include a walk-through of the exhibition and a behind-the-scenes look at the Maritime Museum. A classroom project involving some aspects of either of the museums will be required for credited students. There will be no text for this course. Please call the UCSD Extension office at (619) 534-3400 for further details.



CALENDAR OF EVENTS

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

FEBRUARY

17: Presidents' Day

MARCH

4: Auxiliary Board Meeting
18: Auxiliary General Meeting
25: Membership Program, BERKELEY, 7 p.m.
Jack Sutphen on the America's Cup
25- Lecture Series on "The Great Age of Sail"
April 22: at the San Diego Museum of Art

APRIL

25-26: Annual Rummage Sale

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

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

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

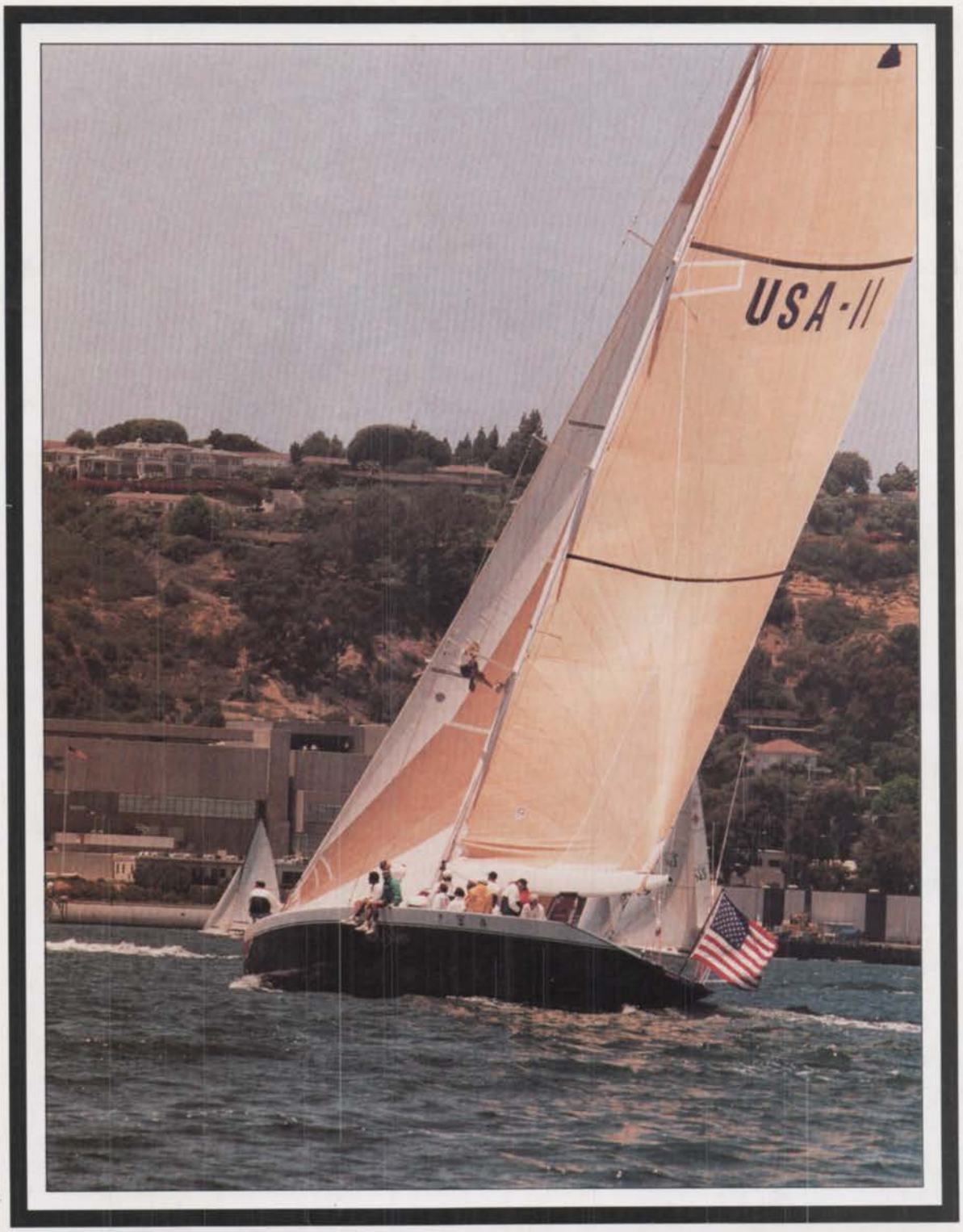
Craig Arnold, *Editor*

MARITIME MUSEUM ASS'N. OF SAN DIEGO
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MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 28, NO. 3 A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY SPRING 1992





On the cover . . .

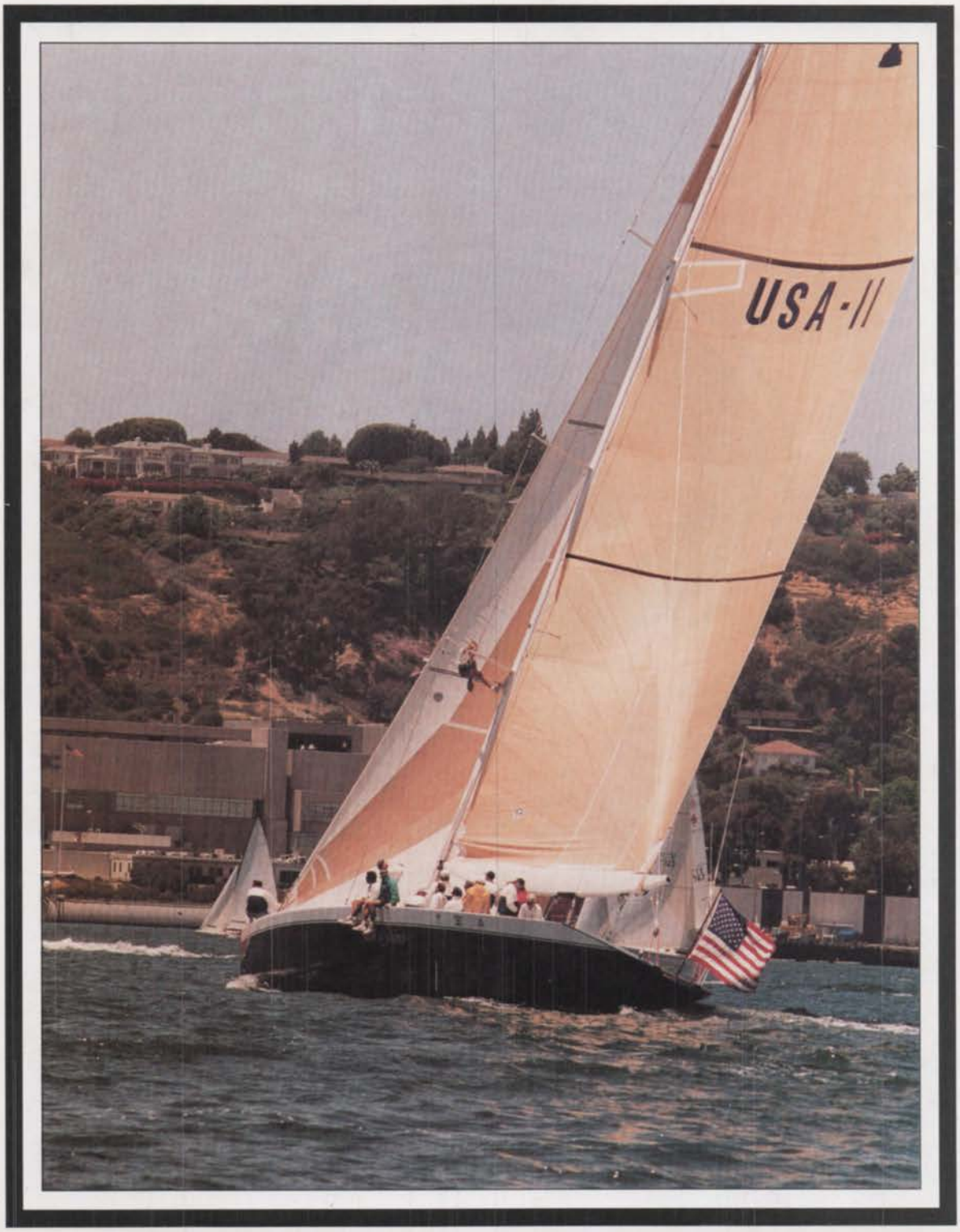
Dennis Conner's STARS & STRIPES, *competing for the America's Cup in a photo made earlier this year, reminds us of the first "America's Cup" race held in San Diego—in 1852! See "San Diego's First America's Cup" in this issue.*

Photo courtesy of Hal Rosenberg and Radio KFSD, San Diego

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MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 28, NO. 3 | A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY | SPRING 1992

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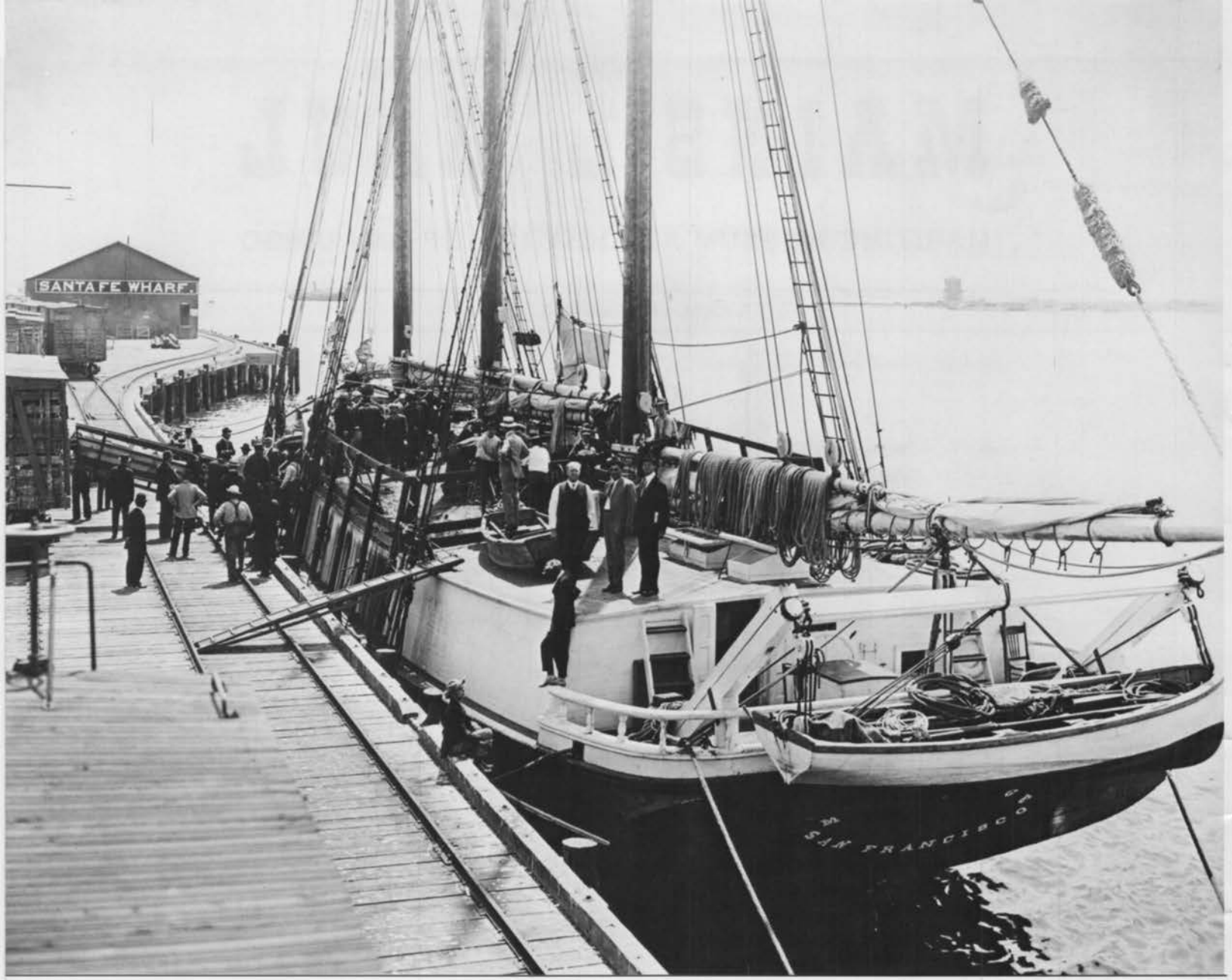
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Mains'l Haul is the historical journal of the San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 North Harbor Drive, San Diego, CA 92101. Send all submissions and queries to Editor, *Mains'l Haul,* at the above address. No portion of this journal may be reproduced or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



The schooner MARY DODGE *at Santa Fe Wharf, San Diego, c.1910. Of 243 gross tons, she was built by Murray of Eureka in 1882. Note the boys in foreground clambering over the vessel, much as young Jerry MacMullen did on many ships.* *Reif Collection, San Diego Maritime Museum*

Maritime Historian in the Making: The Formative Years of Jerry MacMullen

By Jerry Conrad

For the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call
That may not be denied

John Masefield, "Sea-Fever"

As the twentieth century drew near, the San Diego waterfront reflected both the nineteenth-century image of "iron ships sailed by iron men" and the transition to a more mechanized maritime business. As an emerging seaport of some promise in the latter half of the nineteenth century, San Diego had had the good fortune to have been part of a worldwide maritime tradition known as the Age of Sail. That era slipped into the past as faster and more efficient technology rendered that tradition less profitable. In San Diego as elsewhere the Age of Sail heard clearly the impending and unmistakable clamor of the steam engine and saw the profile of the bay altered by boiler

stacks and deck superstructures. Nonetheless, at the turn of the century, much of the world's commerce still plied over far-flung trading routes in the bottoms of sailing vessels. That era helped to shape San Diego as it moved into the twentieth century.

Gerald ("Jerry") MacMullen (1897-1981) devoted a lifetime to the preservation of San Diego's maritime history. While in 1897, the year of his birth, San Diego served as a final destination for numerous ships and as an outport for many more, San Francisco reigned as the undisputed maritime commercial and passenger center on the West Coast.

However, it would not be San Francisco's rich and bountiful sea-going history that would charm him and take the measure of his talents. He would not come to be one of the many who have documented and portrayed the glamour, the color, excitement, and significance of that lusty yet graceful City by the Bay.

He bestowed that honor upon the bay which Cabrillo had called San Miguel. He would be one of the few to preserve the maritime heritage of a city that owed at least as much to the sea as it did to the dusty-footed Spanish friars often associated with it. Not only did Jerry MacMullen record much of San Diego's rich maritime history, he emerged as the central figure in the acquisition and restoration of the community's most visible and enduring symbol of that heritage – the STAR OF INDIA. For over fifty years MacMullen actively involved himself in every

An almost too-perfect portrait of San Diego's maritime sinew, c. 1900. Point Loma is the backdrop for a parade of windjammers and steamers. From left to right are a tug, a barkentine, large and small steamers, a full-rigged ship with schooners on either side, a bark and four Chinese junks. In the foreground, boxcars, flatcars and gondola cars of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe RR snake up the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. wharf.

Reif Collection, San Diego Maritime Museum



aspect of the "Iron Lady."

For MacMullen the San Diego of his youth offered much of what nay-sayers often derisively chide as "the good old days." He would have been the first to meet any such challenge. For him the era did offer a simpler, more benign community. And the waterfront captured his fancy most of all. He knew the waterfront during its last days of sail. As part of the impressionable days of his youth and young adulthood, the activity on the bay remained a fascination for him. As he developed into a writer and historian, MacMullen took care to preserve what he had known as a boy and young man, an age he had also seen vanish.

The bayfront of his youth teemed with color, sound, smell, and imagery. San Diego's "mosquito fleet" consisted mostly of small schooners and large sloops. They engaged in trade along the Baja California coast for copper ore, seal oil, sea otter pelts, ochilla, and sometimes smuggled Mexican cigars and Chinese immigrants. In addition to the mosquito fleet, a variety of vessels not only visited but worked on and out of the harbor. Their passings brought to town not only cargo but mail and news and passengers. All of San Diego's lumber came here by sail in the holds of barkentines and on the decks of three-masted schooners, or by way of monstrous log rafts towed south from Oregon. Petroleum products came in under sail as well, the term "oil tanker" a misnomer, as evidenced by the beautiful British sailing ship ARGYLL.

Spreckels Wharf at the foot of G Street, also known as the Coal Bunkers Wharf, played a key role in the local economy as a major source of coal. This depot served not only the needs of local residents but also of the railways, especially the Santa Fe which contracted to get all its coal from the Spreckels Brothers Commercial Company. Its coal also fired the boilers of the new Steam Age vessels.

Other wharves dotted the waterfront as well. The East Santa Fe Wharf tried a public relations ploy by renaming itself the Oriental Wharf. From there the short-lived Oriental Line shipped cotton and other cargo to Japan and China. Steamship Wharf or "Steamer's Wharf" at the foot of Fifth Street boasted Victorian architecture. The locomotives came right down to the wharf, making travel easier for customers of the side-wheel steam passenger vessels.

The passenger steamers made the run from San Diego to San Francisco until the disastrous maritime strike of 1935-36. Beautiful vessels with powerful engines, these steamers also had colorful captains such as Ezekiel Alexander and "Fog Eye" Cousins, who attracted their own followings of passengers. The ships also featured superb cuisine, accommodations of finely crafted wood and joinery, and six scheduled arrivals and departures to and from San Diego every week. For this they charged eight to ten dollars one way to San Francisco in 1915.

This proud and efficient fleet included household names of the day—the steamers HARVARD, YALE, CONGRESS, GOVERNOR, and PRESIDENT. MacMullen frequented these vessels later as a waterfront reporter during the 1920s and 1930s, covering their histories, skippers, passengers, and snapping pictures with his 4″ x 5″ Graflex camera. He also took advantage of the liquid hospitality offered by the captains, a benefit especially welcomed during Prohibition.

The captains and crews of San Diego's tugboat fleet likewise welcomed aboard the curious and adventuresome MacMullen and his young friends. As a boy he learned things nautical and passed the hours on their decks. They carried lusty, blackjack names befitting their bellwether duties of brawn—HERCULES, FEARLESS, GOLIATH, DAUNTLESS, SEA LION, SANTA FE, BAHADA, and DEFIANCE. Tugboats provided the essential service of getting sailing ships in and out of port and also did salvage and rescue work, often hundreds of miles from San Diego down the Baja coast and in the Gulf of California. Others, such as the HER-



Jerry MacMullen (left) and an unidentified pal sailing, about 1908.
MacMullen Collection, San Diego Maritime Museum



Flanked by a bustling crowd, the steamer BONITA *offloads cargo at the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. wharf, c. 1900.*
Historical Collection, Title Insurance and Trust Co., San Diego, California

CULES, towed huge log rafts to our city from Oregon. On one occasion FEARLESS pulled the STAR OF INDIA off a reef in the Hawaiian Islands. Each tug had her own storied past, captain and crew, and MacMullen later preserved their place in local maritime history and lore.

The fabled ferryboats that connected Coronado to San Diego were running during MacMullen's boyhood days as well. After the ill-fated, propeller-driven SILVER GATE fell victim to an inefficient design, the steam side-wheelers BENICIA and RAMONA carried the day. Shamelessly overworked in her Victorian dress, the SILVER GATE became a dance hall at Tent City on Coronado, moored on the bayside of The Sandspit. Located nearby were a bathhouse and bandstand. Every day free concerts entertained guests in the afternoon and evening. By MacMullen's thirteenth year (1910), a dance pavilion, boardwalk and merry-go-round made attractive Tent City additions.

Coronado offered other adventure and intrigue. Some of MacMullen's young friends, like the Jessop brothers, came from a sailing tradition and the lot of them spent many a day vying for bragging rights as the swiftest lad under sail. Fishing, swimming, sojourning to Coronado, and picnicking at Brickyard Cove along The Sandspit served as their destinations and diversions. They also found that they could impress the young lady tourists at Tent City with their nautical skills. In addition to picnics and the quiet solitude of Brickyard Cove, Coronado carried with it legends of buried treasure at Russian Springs and at other bends around the bay. And rather than pay the exorbitant bill of four dollars to haul out, the MacMullen and Jessop boys could careen their sharpies and skiffs on the sands of Coronado.

Young MacMullen loved to be down by the wharves, bath houses, boatyards and chandleries, and to sail to and from Coronado. He liked to spend time with an array of colorful waterfront characters such as Toot Martin, Gramophone Jones, and Stogies Spitzler. Yet the clear bay waters reflected the towering masts of the sailing vessels that young Jerry knew would soon pass from his time and place. From a skiff he could read their names from the world over: BENJ. F. PACKARD, GLAUCUS, TOXTETH, GALILEE, DESAIX, and DUDHOPE.

These ships and others, plus the color and activity of the waterfront, kindled his interest in maritime history. MacMullen recalled age fourteen as the first time "I promoted a wherry and rowed up alongside the four-masted



The waterfront was for fun and games as well as work. Here a crowd at Coronado Tent City, many of them aboard the ex-ferry SILVER GATE, *watch a swimming race in the summer of 1904. Fortunately, despite the jam of rubbernecks atop her hurricane deck, the tired old* SILVER GATE *did not roll over.*

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

bark CALIFORNIA, a camera under my arm." Youngsters freely wandered the wharves and often had permission to board the ships and clamber up the rigging. One particularly notable sailing ship called in San Diego in 1915, and MacMullen scampered up her ratlines for a better view. Her letters read DUDHOPE, and she would be the last Cape Horner ever to lend her charms to San Diego Bay.

MacMullen's sharpie moored for the last time on local waters in 1918. The origin of her "Connecticut rig" came from New England and had the appearance of a long and narrow flat-bottomed boat used by oystermen, similar to a light pulling boat. Usually carrying two Marconi sails, her centerboard could be raised, making her easy to beach. This had advantages in San Diego Bay for fishing, day sailing, picnics, duck hunting, and firewood gathering on Coronado. For six years MacMullen and his friends spirited Jerry's sharpie about the bay. Small gasoline-powered craft replaced these vessels about the time of the First World War.

Other watercraft conspired to bait the youthful MacMullen's curiosity. The Mexican steamer fleet called frequently. The Naval Militia training vessel PINTA, the Revenue Service ships BEAR and MCCULLOCH, Civil War-type monitors, a submarine, and a visit by Roosevelt's "Great White Fleet" gave clues to San Diego's beginnings as a "Navy town." Garbage scows, the ferries connecting Point Loma with the rest of San Diego, and an occasional steam yacht, such as John D. Spreckels' VENETIA, added further variety to the vast array of resident and visiting craft on San Diego Bay.

From the whistle buoy off Point Loma to the South Bay the voices of the waterfront rose, singly but at times in chorus. Each song distinguished itself from the others. You knew when the YALE arrived and when the HARVARD took her leave. House clocks could be set by those whistles, so timely did the passenger steamers make their runs. Young boys without watches could measure how many hours they had before returning home. The Coronado ferry told all ears of its Coronado or city-side destination. The trains which pulled down to the bay and out onto the wharves each had their own distinctive shrill. The tugs huffed out their gruff tones of rasp. Aboard the square-rigger anchored in the channel, eight bells chimed.

The Navy bellowed its deep whistles as well but added a silent voice of color. Signal flags flew by day and red and blue lights winked at night. During the First World War, MacMullen took his place in the fleet aboard USS OREGON (Battleship No. 3), where he manned the crackle of modern wireless communication.

At nightfall, kerosene-burning harbor buoys guided

vessels around the great bay with flickering, smokey light. Aboard a Navy ship the bugler purred day is done. At a small wharf near the foot of Market, the cannons retorted counterpoint to the bugle call, a salute to the setting sun.

The waterfront of MacMullen's boyhood had its legitimate ghost, too, right out of Jack London's *The Sea-Wolf.* For that novel, Jack London modeled Wolf Larsen's renegade schooner, GHOST, on the JENNIE THELIN. Little is known of the JENNIE THELIN, though she may have been a poacher in the sealing waters of the North Pacific. Sailed to San Diego near the turn of the century, she engaged in the guano run for the Union Fertilizer Company, whose long red warehouse at the foot of Ivy Street and recognizable fragrance made it a prominent bayside landmark. Their black-hulled craft JENNIE THELIN, mysterious literary cousin of the GHOST, invoked the awe of wharf rat kids as she lay at anchor just north of the Coal Bunkers Wharf.

Along with its endearing charms, the waterfront had its "off limits" to young MacMullen. Unlike the murky past of the JENNIE THELIN, the schooner LOU had a well-documented history of smuggling. Whether Jerry heeded his mother's injunction not to go near "that dreadful boat, the Lou," is not a matter of record. Vessels like the LOU had their questionable crews and wise young fellows gave the waterfront a wide berth after dark. The romance of the sea aside, sailors ashore and three sheets in the wind managed themselves in a rough and tumble manner. Smugglers found a market as did crimps who dealt in shanghaied hands. "Sailor trouble" and mutiny played a not infrequent accompaniment to the rhythm of bayside business. Ordinary seamen and these underside characters could be found in the Snug Harbor, the First and Last Chance, the Silver Dollar, Til Burnes', the Tub O' Blood, the Golden Lion, and the One-Two-Three Club among others. From there a short stumble brought them to the welcome arms of Ida Bailey's Canary Cottage or other neighborhood bordellos.

If MacMullen and his pals kept a weather eye and their senses sharp, the bayfront offered delights that happened only once. For a brief moment in 1905, without fanfare, without hint, the brigantine GALILEE revealed to San Diego a sight never seen here before or since. Standing up the bay, she threw out all her canvas to the wind, and incredibly, let fly her studding sails. It lasted only a short while, but when she ran downwind in full regalia, she recalled the days when speed meant everything to the clippers, opium smugglers, and the slavers. The GALILEE had treated San Diego's waterfront to a beautiful and spectacular sight from a faded era, and one once seen only by the sailor at sea.

MacMullen also contributed to keeping the tradition of sail alive on San Diego Bay. He often sailed BUTCHER BOY, a 1902 workboat by design modified as a pleasure yacht. He entered her in races around Santa Catalina and San Clemente Islands and from San Pedro to Newport. He likewise engaged BUTCHER BOY in friendly competition with Joe Jessop's TEMPEST on local bay waters. To get the BUTCHER BOY in 1918, he struck a bargain with his father. In return for not smoking until his majority, he would be rewarded with a motorcycle. But by the time he reached manhood his interests had decidedly settled on wind and sail rather than goggles and boots, so he substituted the racing yacht for the machine. For thirteen years, including one as commodore's vessel for the San Diego Yacht Club, MacMullen lent the BUTCHER BOY's classic lines to the profile of San Diego Bay.

Captivated by all that the waterfront revealed, MacMullen nonetheless did not give in to whatever romantic fantasies he may have had about the sea. Perhaps Richard Henry Dana said it best:

"There is a witchery in the sea, its songs and stories, and in the mere sight of a ship . . . and many are the boys, in every seaport, who are drawn away, as by an almost irresistible attraction, from their work and schools, and hang about the decks and yards of vessels, with a fondness which, it is plain, will have its way."

MacMullen would have none of this. Besides, by the time he came of age, the days of shipping aboard a sailing vessel were clearly numbered. His place would be, not to live a life at sea, but to preserve the rich maritime heritage brought to San Diego by those who did. MacMullen saw all of them as contributors to an era he fortunately had experienced as a boy and young man.

The San Diego in which MacMullen grew up saw the flowering of a new maritime age and the final passage of another. By the time he reached full adulthood in the mid-1920s, the days of commercial sailing ships had all



Jerry MacMullen in his sharpie in the 1910s.
MacMullen Collection, San Diego Maritime Museum

but completely vanished, having receded into the past, along with his boyhood. The bond between his younger years and the passing of sail seems to have stayed with him all his days. Indeed, MacMullen devoted his professional and private lives to the "dear dead days" of what he perceived to be a simpler time. For over half a century, beginning in 1925, much of his time and efforts focused on an enduring symbol of that former age, the STAR OF INDIA.

(*Ed. Note:* Jerry MacMullen went on to fame as a great historian of our port, a director of two museums, and the author of four books and hundreds of articles dealing with West Coast maritime history. Not the least of his services to the community was his fifty years' obsession with the STAR OF INDIA, which greatly aided the saving of the ship and led to her enshrinement as a National Historic Landmark. Few historians have ever achieved so much. The above article is extracted from the master's degree thesis of local educator Jerry Conrad. Mr. Conrad hopes to turn his thesis into a book in the near future.)

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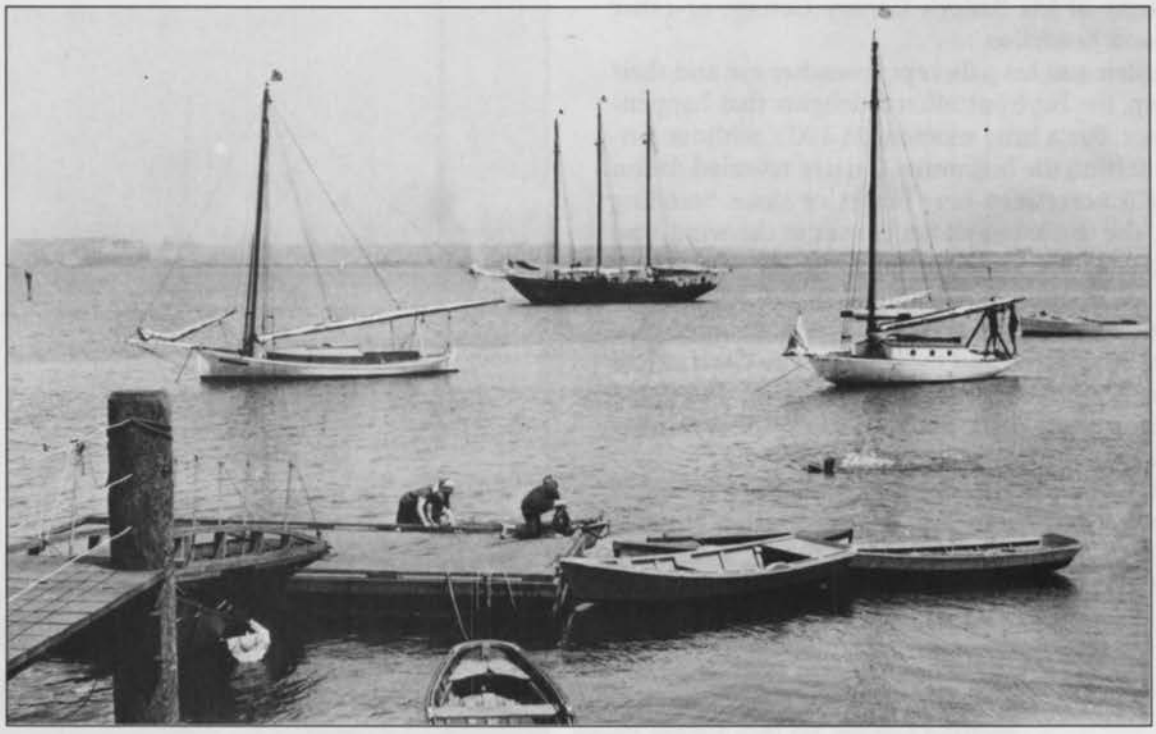
MacMullen Collection, San Diego Maritime Museum

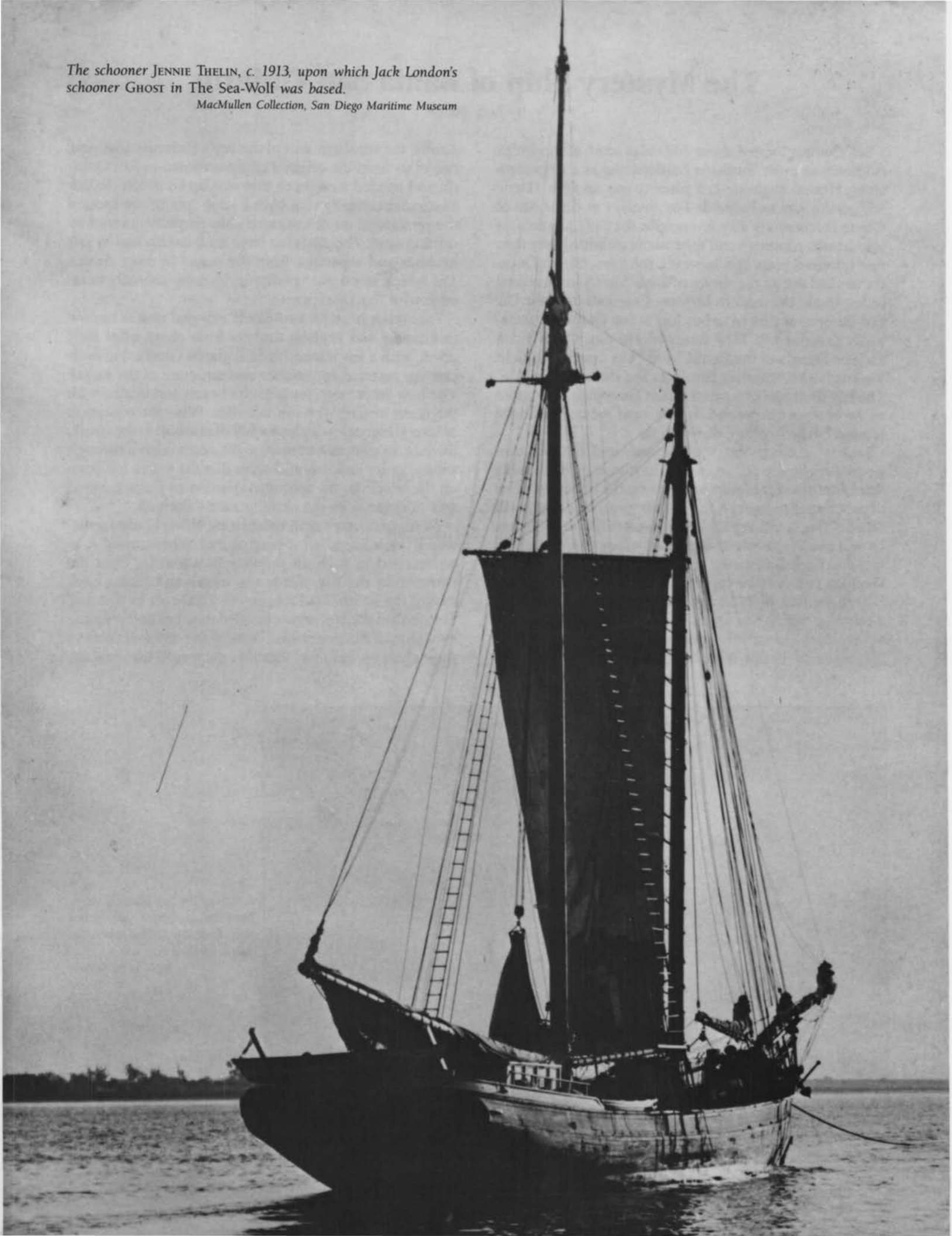
Ridgeway Family Collection, Coronado

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Twenty individuals, most of whom knew Jerry MacMullen personally, were interviewed by the author.

MacMullen's sloop BUTCHER BOY, *purchased in 1918, is at left in this view looking toward San Diego from Coronado.* *San Diego Maritime Museum*





The schooner JENNIE THELIN, *c. 1913, upon which Jack London's schooner* GHOST *in* The Sea-Wolf *was based.*
MacMullen Collection, San Diego Maritime Museum

The Mystery Ship of Bahia San Quintin

By Judy Swink

San Quintin, located about 200 miles south of San Diego, is known to most Southern Californians as a strip town along Mexico Highway 1, a place to gas up with Magna Sin on the way to Bahia de Los Angeles or other Sea of Cortez destinations. To a few people, the San Quintin area is known as a hunter's and fisherman's paradise. More than one hundred years ago, however, the town of San Quintin was laid out on the shores of Bahia San Quintin, several miles west of the modern highway. Colonists from the U.S. and Europe were lured to buy lots at San Quintin, shamelessly described in 1887 issues of *The San Diego Union* as "The Florida of the Pacific" and "The Tropics without Malaria," with "Land as Fertile as the Delta of the Nile." The bay itself was compared to San Diego Bay and touted as the best port between San Diego and Bahia Magdalena (another failed colony of the era).

Lack of a consistent water source and the Mexican Revolution finally put an end to the dream in 1917. Bahia San Quintin today is quiet and remote, the only reminders of past hopes to be seen in the pilings of the old pier (El Muelle Viejo) and the Old Mill Hotel (El Molino Viejo). Only a single gravestone from the colony can be seen in the "Old English Cemetery" that has now become a typical Mexican cemetery of creative and eclectic monuments.

In the spring of 1982, I joined a group of friends for a camping trip to San Quintin. Unfamiliar with the area, we explored extensively and spent much of our time on the miles of beach stretching southward from Punta Azufre, the southern arm of the bay's entrance. Last year, two of us from the original group returned to San Quintin and headed straight to that wonderful beach. To our amazement, clearly visible in a large "playa," we spotted the remains of an old wooden ship partially covered by drifting sand. The playa is a large sand flat backed by salt marshes and separated from the ocean by huge dunes. The wreck stood out vividly, an obvious anomaly in an otherwise flat, open area.

The wreck is about two-thirds exposed and is limited to futtocks and keelson timbers from about bilge level down, with a few remaining hull planks (strakes) to indicate the external appearance and structure of the vessel. The bow faces west, towards the beach and ocean, with the stern towards the salt marshes. With the exception of several barnacles on the washer of one bolt in the wreck, there is no evidence of marine life accumulated through submergence and it would seem that the wreck has been on the beach for an unknown number of years, covered and uncovered as the shifting sands decreed.

We immediately began speculating. What kind of vessel was it? How long had it been there? What caused it to be beached in such an unlikely location, far from the entrance to the bay, inside the dunes and facing back toward the ocean? Had it been driven ashore by a storm, from within the bay, across flooded marshes and onto the back side of the peninsula? Parts of the exposed timbers show charring from fire. Was this the reason the crew ran



A view of the San Quintin wreck from her starboard side. Bahia San Quintin is just over the dunes beyond the wreck.
Photo by Ed Dittmar

her ashore, to escape the flames and prevent the vessel from sinking in deep water? Or was the fire set many years later by vandals who thought the wreck would make a good beach bonfire? Fortunately, the remaining wood has hardened in the salt air, making further damage by fire, axe or saw extremely difficult.

As a pair of avocational archaeologists, we began photographing and measuring everything we could think of. Measurements gave us an overall length of 66′+ (the stern may be missing and could add to this length) and an approximate beam of 12½′ at the bilge line. Closer examination only added to the questions as we saw that the construction technique was fairly archaic, using a combination of wooden treenails and iron bolts as fastenings. A number of treenails are visible, some protruding from the wood and evidencing an end whittled to a point. Elsewhere on the futtocks, empty holes testify to the past existence of others. Iron bolts of approximately 1¼″ diameter and unknown lengths were used to fasten major structural elements together, such as the keelson and futtocks. The treenails appear to have been used primarily to attach the strakes to the futtocks.

(*Ed. Note:* Treenails, pronounced "trunnels," are long cylindrical pins of cleft oak or other hardwood, from 1″ to 1½″ in diameter, and from 1′ to 3′6″ in length, used to fasten the inboard and outboard planks of a ship to the upright timbers, or futtocks. Treenail fastenings were used as a rule for vessels of more than 50 tons. A mixture of treenails and iron bolts was often used in wooden ships of the "transition period" of naval architecture, from c. 1850 to c. 1920. Construction of a similar nature was found in the wreckage which the San Diego Maritime Museum recovered from Cardiff State Beach in April 1991.)

The timbers throughout the wreck are massive and appear roughly formed. The futtocks, in pairs, measure 9″ x 9½″ each; nine pairs are visible and others must be hidden beneath the sand. The keelson timbers appear to have formed a pyramid consisting of three layers, with a layer of planks running fore and aft above four bottom timbers. The futtocks also appear to be set above these bottom four timbers.

The middle layer is three more timbers, side by side, topped by a single timber that looks very much like a partially shaped tree trunk, squared at the after end but retaining its natural rounded shape along the forward third. This topmost timber also has several saddle-like depressions as if from wear. Could these have been mast steps for a small schooner?

A large number of quite long iron bolts remain standing towards the after end of the bilges, like a rusty forest. These suggest the past presence of an engine, long since removed by salvagers or scavengers. Many of the bolts have flattened, splayed ends as if beaten with a sledge hammer; some still have rounded washers hanging on the bolts like rusty collars.

The stem timber is missing but the gap left behind gives some idea of its size. A truncated pyramid set into the bow timbers, it once measured 13½″ x 13½″, tapering to 9″ at the stem. Several smaller timbers at the bow have been pieced together at sharp angles to create the shape of the bow into which the stem piece had been set. A very large timber runs forward at a sharp upward angle from the forward end of the upper keelson timber to a point at the bow where it would have intersected with



Bow of the San Quintin wreck, showing combination of treenails and iron pins used in her construction.

Photo by Ed Dittmar



Gravestone of Francis Barthelemon Henslowe, an English settler at San Quintin who died in 1896, in the "old cemetery."

Photo by Craig Arnold



Pilings in Bahia San Quintin are all that are left of the pier where supply vessels for the San Quintin colony moored.

Photo by Craig Arnold

the missing piece, with several long bolts through it plus a couple of trunnels at apparently odd angles. The forward edge of the bow timber has a rust-encrusted groove, as if another bolt had been there, or perhaps the fastening for a forestay.

As for the who, when, how or why of this ship, the mystery continues. Some general research in the index to *The San Diego Union* for the years 1851 to 1903 (there is a 25-year gap before the indexing picks up again in 1929) suggests perhaps too many possibilities. Frequent maritime traffic plied the Baja coast, including regularly scheduled steamers to Ensenada and San Quintin, and many smaller vessels, sail and power, served the numerous small communities established as far south as Cabo San Lucas. Many of the articles cited in the index refer to ships lost or missing along this coast.

The possibility that is most appealing to me at this point is that the ship belonged to the "Mosquito Fleet," small sailing vessels which served San Diego Bay and the Baja coast for decades in the late nineteenth century. These included a few craft described by the *Union* as "power schooners." Unfortunately, no descriptive information is offered in these news stories as to size and displacement, so we can only speculate. Many of the coastal traders were involved in the guano trade; these were more likely to have been of a smaller size consistent with the San Quintin wreck. The same ships often transported supplies to the colonies as well, or went into port to service their own needs. Perhaps our mystery ship was one which found herself driven into the shallows of San Quintin Bay by a storm while trying to negotiate the narrow and often shifting channel to the ocean. Perhaps we'll never know. Or perhaps a reader with knowledge of the area will provide the vital clue allowing us to reconstruct the life and history of this forgotten ship. Information from readers can be relayed to the author via the Jerry MacMullen Library, San Diego Maritime Museum.

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View of the San Quintin wreck from her stern looking forward.
Photo by Ed Dittmar



TAHITI, *a famous (or infamous) half brig built by Matthew Turner.*
Hunt Collection, San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park

Matthew Turner: Builder of Wooden Ships

By Alan Thewlis

In last summer's issue of *Mains'l Haul,* our lead article was about the fast yacht LURLINE built for John D. Spreckels ("John D. Spreckels' Yacht *Lurline,*" by Joseph Jessop, Sr., *Mains'l Haul,* Vol. 27, No. 4, Summer 1991). This famous yacht, winner of three of the first four Transpac races to Hawaii and many other races was only one of many fine, fast vessels built by a man known as the greatest West Coast builder of wooden sailing vessels in the last half of the nineteenth century–Matthew Turner.

Turner was one of those adventurous pioneers who streamed into California when news of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill reached the rest of the nation. Born in 1825 in Geneva, Ohio, on the southern shore of Lake Erie, Turner learned seamanship and shipbuilding from his father, who was evidently a fisherman or local lake trader who spent his winter months building boats or ships. In 1850, a young man of 25, Turner boarded the ship MARIANNE on the East Coast and sailed off around the Horn to the gold fields of California.

He worked the mountain streams of the Sierra Nevada for two or three years but decided there were easier ways to make his fortune than digging sand and panning gravel in a cold mountain stream. He apparently had been sufficiently successful, however, to get a substantial "poke"

and he returned to the East Coast, where he bought the schooner TORONTO (or TARANTO). He sailed her as master through the Strait of Magellan to the West Coast, where for two years he carried lumber along the coast.

This successful trade increased his capital and he was able to, as we say today, "trade up." He returned once more to the East Coast, bought the schooner LOUIS PERRY and, taking her to San Francisco, sailed her in Pacific trade for four years. Again it was time to "trade up." This time his ship was the Newburyport brig TIMANDRA, which he brought to San Francisco in 1860.

He started trading in TIMANDRA to the frigid coast of Siberia and the good luck which had smiled thus far on all his adventures did not desert him. He sailed to the Amur River with a general cargo but he had to anchor off the river's mouth for three weeks until the ice went out. To while away the time his crew fished over the side and found the waters teeming with large fish, which the Downeasters in his crew identified as the same cod that were so plentiful on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

Cod were also common in the Sea of Okhotsk off Sakhalin Island and for Turner's 1863 trip to Siberia he loaded fishing gear and twenty-five tons of salt. After hauling aboard only twenty tons of cod TIMANDRA carried away both anchors and was forced to return to San Francisco. Nonetheless, with cod selling at fifteen cents a pound in San Francisco, it was a successful trip. The next year TIMANDRA brought back one hundred tons of cod.

By now the word was out on the North Pacific fish bonanza. After his successes Turner no longer had to put up with the cold and storms of the North Pacific; he had skimmed the cream off the fish bonanza. Instead he bought a 45-ton vessel, PORPOISE, which he sent fishing off the Alaska coast (a shorter run home still let him lead the market) while he started trading to the gentler South Seas in TIMANDRA. He organized a trading company in Tahiti, and in this new venture he met with his usual success. TIMANDRA could soon no longer handle his volume of business and again he needed a larger vessel. Now he made a decision that changed the rest of his life.

It was now 1868, and by this time Turner had in addition to his early shipbuilding experience fifteen years as a shipowner and master. He had definite ideas of what he needed in a ship, and he felt that other vessels available on the West Coast did not suit his purpose. Turner had the means to have his new vessel built, and he designed and modeled a brig of 173 tons, which was built under his supervision by Euphronious Cousins of Eureka.

Turner named her NAUTILUS. The hull form he developed had a much finer entrance and a fuller run than most existing vessels. This he achieved by moving the midship section (that of the greatest area) aft, thus moving a greater portion of the vessel's displacement aft. (If one studies the lines of the famous schooner yacht AMERICA by George Steers a similar distribution of displacement will be found.) Many said she would be wet and dangerous in a sea but this did not prove to be the case. Turner went as master of the NAUTILUS during her first year and she turned out to be lively and fast.

With this successful experience behind him, Turner started building vessels himself in San Francisco in the winter of 1870–71. In 1882 he moved his operations to Benicia on Suisun Bay and before he retired he had built 228 vessels for many owners, both American and foreign, and some for his own use.

A list of vessels built by Matthew Turner shows vessels of almost every conceivable type built during the thirty-seven years he operated his shipyard. The list includes sailing vessels–schooners, sloops, brigs, and barkentines; as well as steam schooners, steamers, stern-wheelers, scows and barges.

It is disappointing to note that if one visits the site of all this shipbuilding activity in 1992 one finds only a small grassy area on the shore in which is mounted a state historical marker which reads:

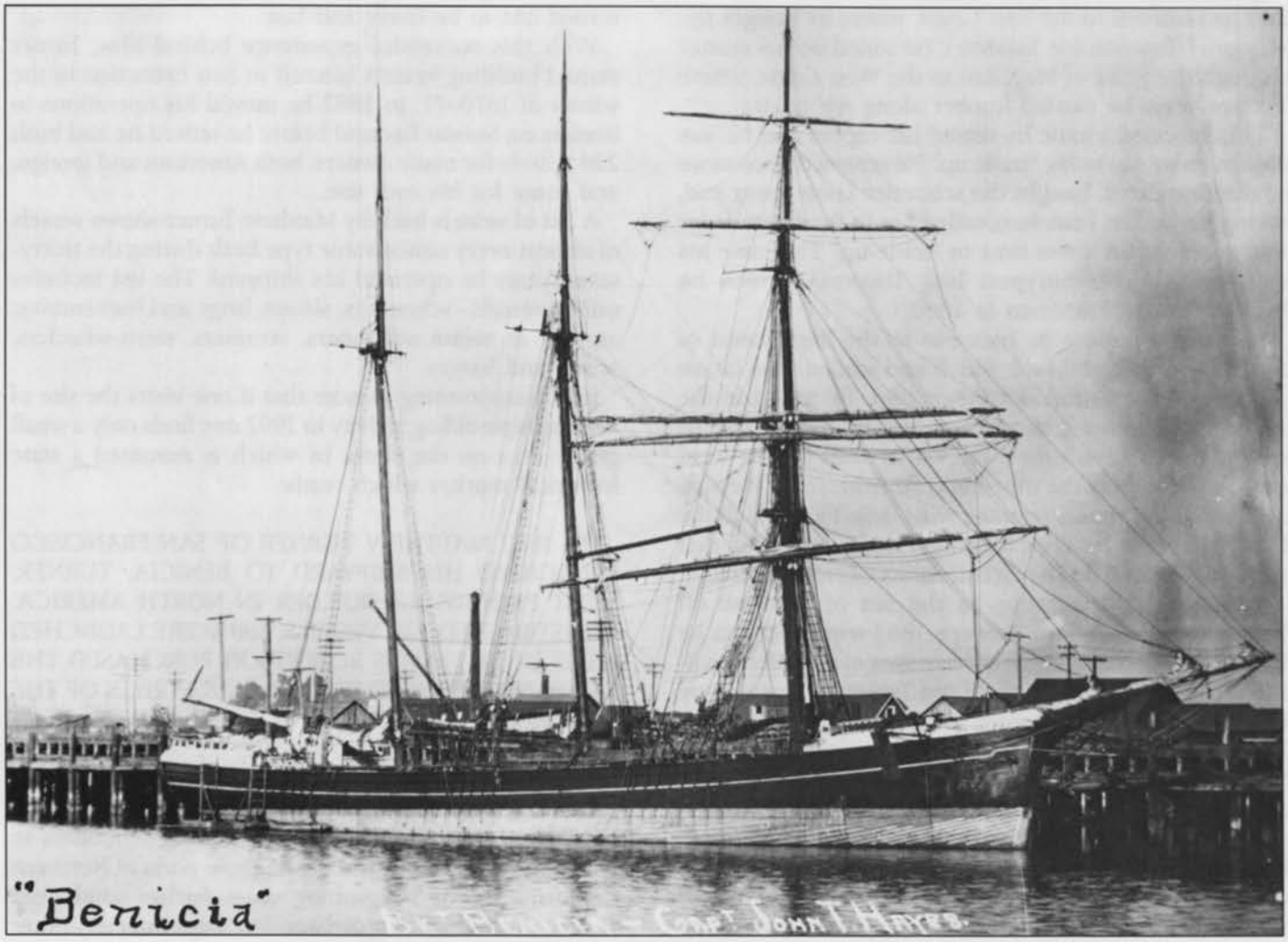
"IN 1882 MATTHEW TURNER OF SAN FRANCISCO RELOCATED HIS SHIPYARD TO BENICIA. TURNER, MOST PRODIGIOUS BUILDER IN NORTH AMERICA, CONSTRUCTED 228 VESSELS. 169 WERE LAUNCHED HERE. IN 1913 JAMES ROBERTSON PURCHASED THE YARD AND OPERATED IT UNTIL 1918. WRECK OF THE STAMBOUL, A WHALER SUNK TO BE A WORK PLATFORM, IS VISIBLE AT LOW TIDE."

One tends to think of the major shipbuilding effort on the West Coast as the building of lumber schooners to sail from Puget Sound and the doghole ports of Northern California to the burgeoning cities farther south, but Turner, the builder of more wooden ships than any other American in the last half of the century, built ships which roamed the entire Pacific: to Alaska, the Asian coast, Australia and New Zealand, as well as to the South Pacific islands with all kinds of cargo, passengers and mail. The speed of Turner's ships enabled them to compete with the steamers of their day.

The one hundred and seventy Turner vessels listed as schooners ranged from relatively small pilot schooners, hay scows, and yachts to large four-masters such as ROSAMOND, measuring 1030 tons. Many of the smaller ones were built for Tahiti owners and sailed the South Pacific.

He built sixteen half-brigs (what we would call today hermaphrodite brigs), a number for the sugar trade to Hawaii and one, the PITCAIRN, for the Seventh Day Adventists Missionary Society. Turner half-brigs were an important element of the Spreckels sugar trade where their speed made the trade more profitable. He built CLAUS SPRECKELS, JOHN D. SPRECKELS, CONSUELO and others for the Spreckels interests and in 1887 built the half-brig LURLINE for Captain William Matson, ex-skipper of the Spreckels' record-breaking, Turner-built schooner, EMMA CLAUDINA. Matson was striking out on his own to build what became known as the Matson Line.

Turner's active, curious mind made innovative rig changes as well as changes in hull form in his ships, and others followed his lead. Though some have said the idea



The barkentine BENICIA, *of 674 gross tons, another Turner vessel. She was built in his Benicia yard in 1899.* *MacMullen Collection, San Diego Maritime Museum*

originated in Alaska, it is Turner who first rigged his vessels with a Bermudian spanker with a ringtail (sort of an upside-down jib) set above it to reduce the hazards of jibing. This became the common rig of West Coast windjammers.

Whatever else could be said about Turner-built ships, they were fast. From the big barkentine AMARANTH of over 1100 tons to the little EMMA CLAUDINA of 195 tons, all made fast passages. San Francisco's *City Front Gazette* reported in 1887 as follows:

A QUICK PASSAGE

Capt. Cousins of the brig Consuelo, now at Spreckels' wharf repairing, reports that after leaving Honolulu he encountered a heavy northeast gale, and when it abated he had an extraordinary quick passage, having made the fastest passage on record for a sailing vessel from San Francisco to Honolulu and back to this city. He scores this trip at 33 days for the round trip–that is steamboat time. His owners the Messrs. Spreckels have made him a present of a diamond cluster pin, also a double back-action, 15 carats, and one turn-up hunting case watch.

On his arrival a package was brought on board with a note from his owners stating that it would please them if he would accept a new suit of clothes–from a private source. No doubt they will give him a sugar plantation on an island in the Spreckels archipelago.

Some other record passages by Turner ships are as follows:

Schooner SOLANO, Shanghai to Port Townsend, 22½ days
Barkentine AMARANTH, Shanghai to Astoria, 23 days
Brig GALILEE, Tahiti to San Francisco, 22½ days
Schooner PAPEETE, San Francisco to Tahiti, 17 days
Brig W.G. IRWIN, San Francisco to Honolulu, 8 days, 17 hours
W.G. IRWIN, Honolulu to San Francisco, 9 days

Turner was not only a seaman and a shipbuilder but also a keen trader and businessman. In 1873 he joined the firm of Turner and Rundle, shipping and produce merchants of San Francisco. Matthew's brother, Horatio, had evidently also come to California and in partnership with a man named Rundle had founded this concern in 1860. (It is possible that, replaced by his brother, Horatio left the firm at this time since his name does not appear in the San Francisco business directory after 1873.) Later

Rundle died and Matthew Turner married his widow, Ashbeline. Eventually the company came to be known as Matthew Turner & Co.

Jim Gibbs' book *West Coast Windjammers* lists commercial sailing vessels in the Pacific and indicates the ultimate fate of each. The list shows how hard a life these sailing vessels led. The majority of vessels show fates that begin with such words as "Wrecked," "Foundered," "Burned," "Vanished," "Lost," or "Abandoned at Sea." Turner's ships were no different from others in this regard. The *San Francisco Examiner* of November 29, 1891 carried the following headline:

LOSS OF A BLACKBIRD BRIG
The Tahiti Found Floating Bottom-up
With Every Soul of Her 270 South
Sea Slaves Missing

The story told how the brig TAHITI carrying 270 Gilbert Islanders as contract workers to the coffee plantations of Mexico was found floating bottom-up by the steamer ROSEVILLE off the Mexican coast near Manzanillo. The next day the *Examiner* carried on the story:

THE NUMBER RAISED TO 400
A Heavy Increase in the Loss of Life by
the Wreck of the Blackbirding
Brig Tahiti

This edition carried interviews with a captain who had left the ship in San Francisco and reported her to have nearer 400 Gilbert Islanders aboard rather than the 270 first reported.

Also included is an interview with Matthew Turner, her builder, who stated she was a rapid sailer and "staunch and steady as a church." "I can't conceive," he said, "how she could have capsized unless she was insufficiently ballasted. My explanation is that very little ballast was placed in the brig and the captain depended on full water casks for ballast. Such a crowd as was on board would consume a great deal of water, and if the casks were not filled with salt water as they were emptied of fresh water the brig must have been very light. All the people were above the waterline, and if the squall struck the ship they would be thrown to the leeward side and their weight would have some effect in turning the vessel."

Turner went on to say: "There were more than 270 of those blacks on board, I know, though I did not visit the brig when she came into Drake's Bay. With crew and islanders fully 400 people were on board.

"The brig was built for myself and for nine years was engaged in the Tahiti trade. During all that period she was always on time. She had to make four trips a year. Every three months she appeared and that is a record neither of the other vessels in the trade, the Tropic Bird and the City of Papeete, can show."

What kind of a man was this who had so many adventures and succeeded in so many ventures? He was an active man. He is reported as running his shipyard personally until, under the stress of handling all the repair business resulting from the 1906 San Francisco earthquake, he suffered a stroke. At that time he relinquished some of the responsibility of managing the shipyard and "retired" at the age of 81. He lived less than three more years in Berkeley and on February 10, 1909 he died.

The *San Francisco Call* of February 11, 1909 carried his obituary:

NOTED SHIPBUILDER CALLED BY DEATH

BERKELEY, Feb. 10—Captain Matthew Turner, pioneer, master mariner, and shipbuilder of the Pacific coast, founder of the Matthew Turner Company of San Francisco, honored for heroism and splendid service by two foreign nations and one of the highest types of sturdy Americans, died this morning at his home, 2221 Vine Street, at the age of 83 years. His last illness was a short one, although Captain Turner had been more or less an invalid for three years.

The obituary describes his rescue of some British sailors, in recognition of which Queen Victoria presented him with a gold-mounted spyglass as a token of appreciation. He also saved and towed to Honolulu a Norwegian vessel, for which that government presented him with a silver service in appreciation.

Turner comes through as a man who loved life, lived it to the fullest, and successfully utilized his ample capabilities to reach his goals. His joy appeared to be in the doing more than in the resulting rewards. The *San Francisco Evening Post* of August 28, 1886 had this to say about him:

Captain Matthew Turner, measurer of the San Francisco Yacht Club, and builder of the Lurline, Chispa, Nellie, Pearl, and sloop Nellie and other yachts is recognized as a builder of fast vessels, both for trade and pleasure. His yachts are all very weatherly and very stiff, but until his schooner Nellie was built most people supposed he could not build a handsome boat. He does not put on fancy sterns, nor in fact pay much attention to that part of the boat out of the water, but the lines of the vessels and the yachts that he builds are beautiful to the nautical eye. He was first a sailor then a builder. He is acknowledged to be one of the best yacht sailors on the Pacific coast, and has been at the helm on many a race. He is an enthusiast in his profession, caring more for building fast vessels than making a profit out of them. The captain has the reputation—justly—of being one of the most unprejudiced and fairminded of men, and none who know him would hesitate to let him judge of any question in his line and decide it, for even were there an apparent interest of his own involved, he would be sure to give a just judgment.

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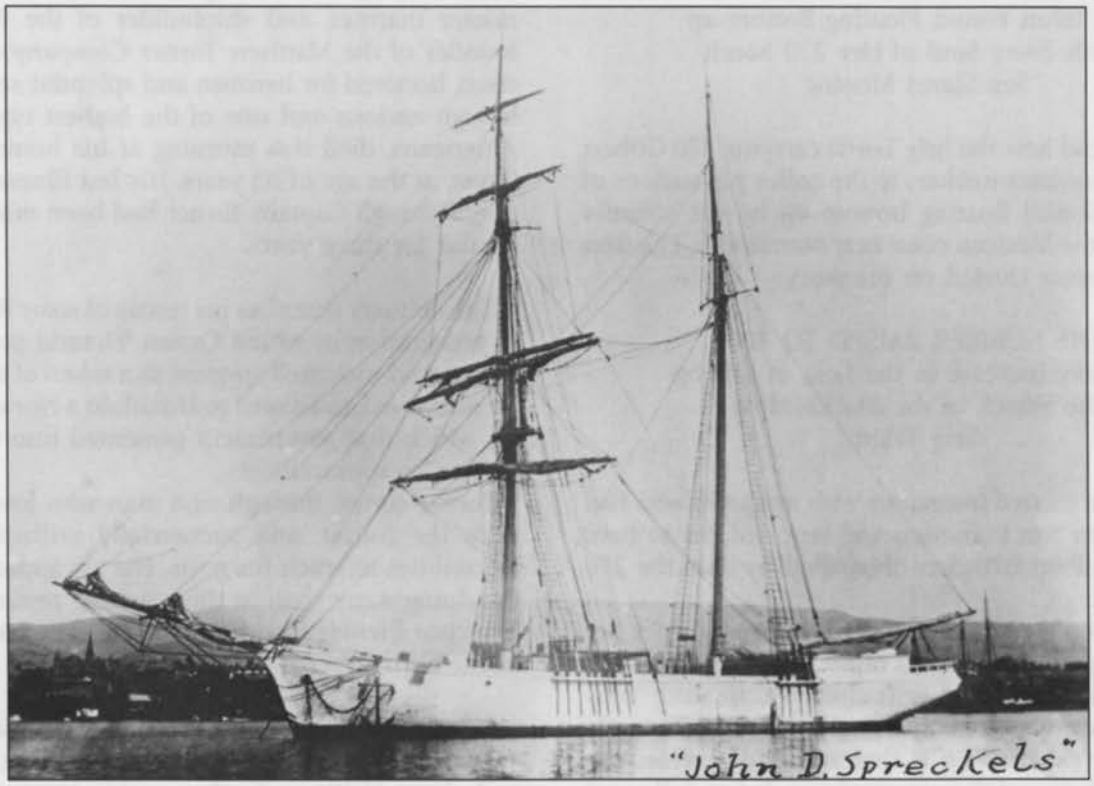
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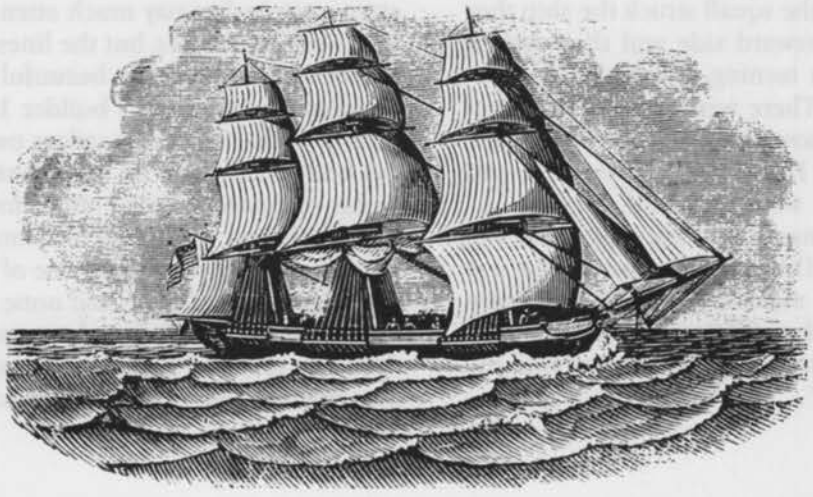
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JOHN D. SPRECKELS, *a half brig of 124.6 feet and 266 gross tons, built by Turner in 1880.* *MacMullen Collection, San Diego Maritime Museum*



San Diego's First "America's Cup"

By James D. Newland

For San Diegans in the spring of 1992, yacht racing has become a major story in the social and economic life of the city. The 28th defense of the America's Cup, yacht racing's most prestigious prize, is being held in the waters off San Diego. However, San Diego's connection to the America's Cup races goes back one hundred and forty years to the very first race held in 1851.

In August of that year, in conjunction with London's Great Exhibition of 1851, the One Hundred Guinea Cup (the America's Cup's original name) was offered to the winner of an international yachting race held off the English coast. A group of American sailors from the New York Yacht Club accepted the challenge, and in their specially designed pilot schooner AMERICA, upset a fleet of English yachts to claim title to the Cup. The Americans' victory stunned the British sailing establishment, which had long ruled the seas.

While the British and American yachts raced around the Isle of Wight in August 1851, the citizens of the little American frontier community of San Diego went about their business unaware of the big race. The big news for San Diego in that year dealt with mostly local concerns for helping the small community grow and prosper. Although there was never any direct coverage of the 1851 America's Cup race in the *San Diego Herald*, knowledge of the first America's Cup races, and the U.S. victory, reached isolated San Diego early in 1852.

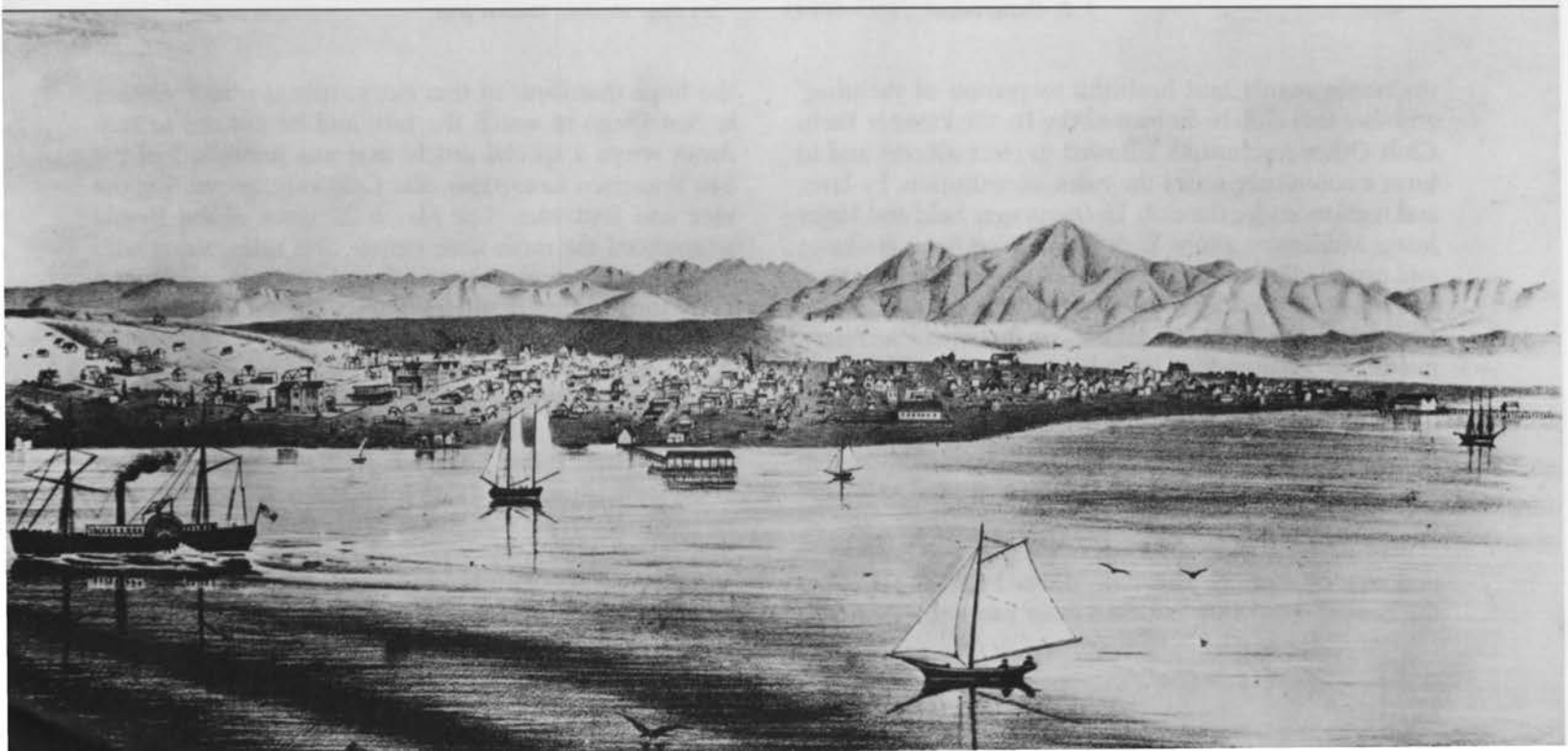
It was shortly after this news arrived that yacht racing became the main topic of San Diego's social life. The American yacht's defeat of the British yachts was a source of pride for the young United States and although the first races occurred thousands of miles from San Diego, the victory likely had an influential role in the formation of San Diego's own Pacific Pioneer Yacht Club in March of 1852. Inspired by the same American ingenuity and drive that won the "One Hundred Guinea Cup" for the United States, several of San Diego's most influential citizens formed this club for the community's benefit–and in doing so, sponsored the two largest social events in San Diego during 1852, the Pacific Pioneer Regatta and its Grand Ball.

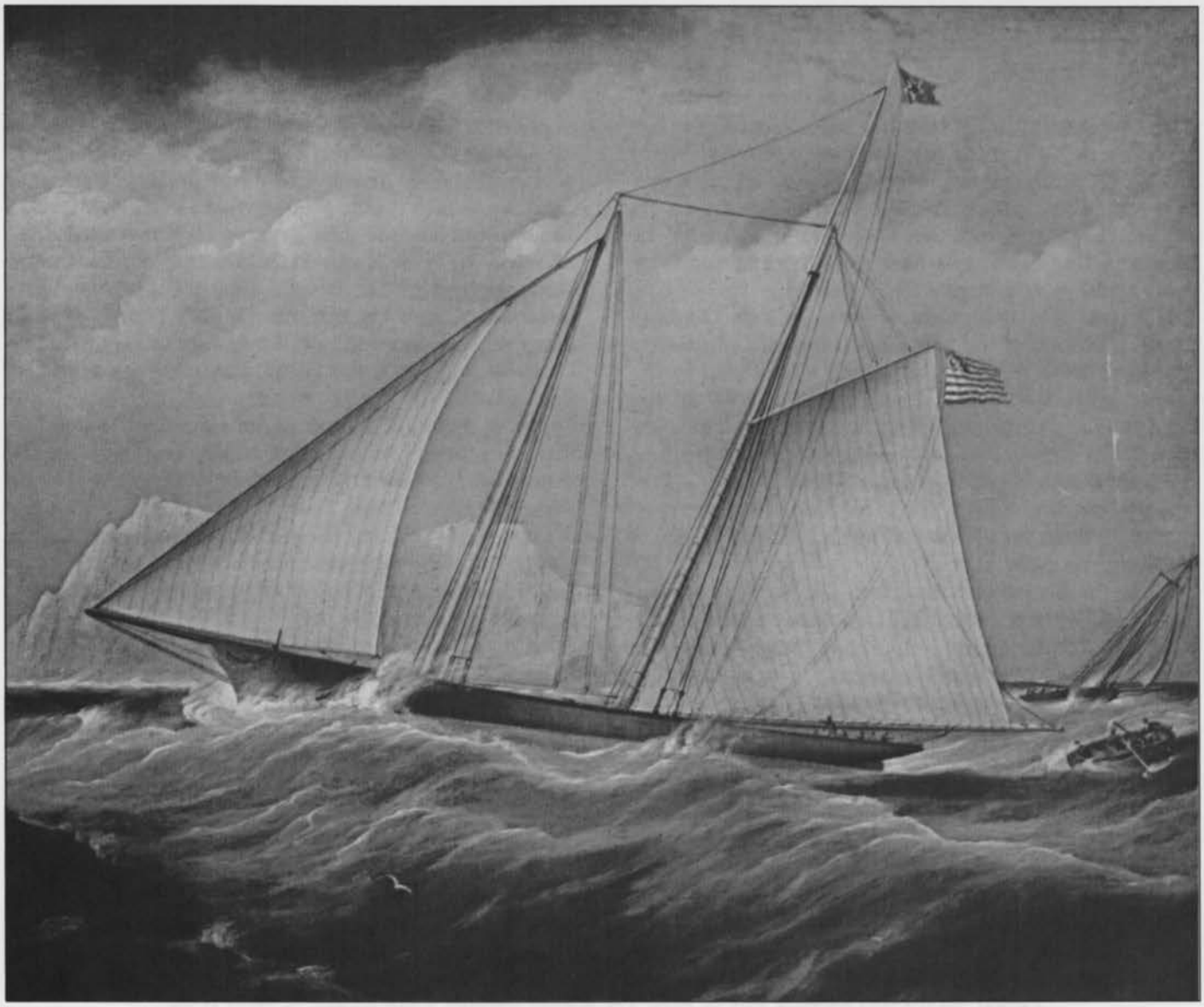
One of the main players in the formation of the club was John Judson Ames, editor of the *San Diego Herald*. Ames, son of a New England shipbuilder, hoped to bring some attention to New Town and the small and struggling community of San Diego through the sport of yacht racing. He hoped this would lead to the creation of a boatbuilding industry as a way to improve the local economy. Supporting Ames in the formation of the club were several other New Englanders who were in San Diego as civilian officers of the Boundary Commission: John C. Cremony, J. H. Prioleau, and John Bull.

On March 6, 1852, in Old Town, Ames and his fellow Yankees held a meeting to form a yacht club for San Diego. Many of the town's most prominent citizens, soldiers, and Boundary Commission officials attended.

After rousing speeches from Ames and Cremony, the attendants of the meeting passed several resolutions. The first resolution was the formation of a club for the "enterprising, and talented inhabitants of San Diego to pursue

A lithograph of San Diego in 1873 shows that "New Town" had grown but little since the Pacific Pioneer Yacht Club's founding here in 1852. The steamer ORIZABA, which brought in many of the early settlers, is at left. *Historical Collection, Title Insurance and Trust Co., San Diego, California*





"Yacht America. Winner of the Cup at Cowes Aug. 22, 1851." by J. E. Buttersworth (1817–1894). *San Diego Maritime Museum print*

the noble, manly, and healthful recreation of yachting," and that this club be known as the Pacific Pioneer Yacht Club. Other resolutions followed to elect officers and to form a committee to set the rules, constitution, by-laws, and regulations for the club. Elections were held and Major Justus McKinstry, a New York native, West Point graduate, and career officer assigned to the Boundary Commission, was elected president with Ames and Cremony vice presidents. The other elected officers included a secretary, purser, and commodore. Included in the report of the first meeting was the original membership list. Of these eighteen original club members, thirteen were soldiers or Boundary Commission officers. The civilian membership was buoyed by influential, civic-minded citizens Ames and John Hayes.

Wasting little time, the club made plans to hold their first race on April 6. This date allowed for the arrival of the coastal steamship SEA BIRD from San Francisco with the hope that some of that city's citizens might venture to San Diego to watch the race and be enticed to stay. Ames wrote a special article that was published in the San Francisco newspaper *Alta California,* promoting the race and festivities. The March 27 issue of the *Herald* announced the race's date, course, and rules, along with fifteen separate entrants and their boats, ranging from 5 to 30 tons in size. In all, there were eight schooners and seven sloops.

The entrants' list provides much information on the individual competitors. McKinstry's boat was named for his commanding officer (MAJOR ALLEN), John Hayes' for his home state (LONE STAR), J. R. Bleeker's for the location of his store (PLAYA), and Col. John Magruder's for the battle in the Mexican War where he received a commendation (CONTRERRA).

(*Ed. Note:* John Bankhead Magruder–known as "Prince John" to his Army comrades for his lavish manner of

entertaining–subsequently gained fame in the Civil War as a Confederate general. He commanded C.S. forces on the Peninsula of Virginia which delayed McClellan's advance on Richmond in 1862, and later went to command the Department of Texas. While there, he recaptured Galveston from Union forces.)

Where and how the competitors obtained their "yachts" is unknown. However, the varied sizes and types of the boats suggests that many of the racers acquired whatever boat they could find to join in on the competition and fun–the name of Major Nathan Brown's little sloop, the OCEAN TUB, being a case in point. The complete list of the entered boats was listed in the *Herald*:

Maj. J. McKinstry	names	schr.	*Major Allen*	12	tons.
Judge J. Judson Ames	"	schr.	*Lavinia*	10	"
Capt. J. M. Belcher	"	schr.	*Josephina*	25	"
Major D. Sarsee	"	sloop	*Spun Yarn*	10	"
Commodore Oliver	"	schr.	*Fanny*	30	"
Capt. Keating	"	schr.	*Plutus*	30	"
Monsieur Blain	"	schr.	*Orleans*	8	"
Col. McGruder [sic]	"	sloop	*Contrerra*	9	"
Maj. N. W. Brown	"	sloop	*Ocean Tub*	5	"
J. R. Bleeker, Esq.	"	schr.	*Playa*	6	"
James Lawson, Esq.	"	sloop	*Case & Heiser*	6	"
Capt. J. C. Cremony	"	sloop	*Gen. Hitchcock*	10	"
Judge John Hayes	"	sloop	*Lone Star*	8	"
H. W. G. Clements, Esq.	"	schr.	*Vene J*	8	"
R. L. Northrup, Esq.	"	sloop	*Bob*	5	"

A discussion of the rules, course, and festivities for the race day followed:

> The yachts shall be moored in line off Long Wharf, New Town. [This was near the present corner of Market Street and Pacific Highway.] The signal for unmooring and making sail will be the firing of a cannon from the main Plaza at precisely 10 o'clock, A.M., at which time the yachts will display their private signals. At 11 o'clock precisely [Commodore's time], a gun will be fired which will be the signal for starting. . . . The distance to be sailed is estimated at 22 miles. The yachts will get under weigh with the sea breeze, and run up the Bay [south] as far as Gray's Point [likely near Glorietta Bay], tack and beat out to Point Loma, then tack and sail for the starting point. The winning boat will receive the first prize of a magnificent gold chased drinking cup, valued at $250. . . . Second prize, a silver speaking trumpet. Third prize, a suit of colors.

On Wednesday, April 7, the great race day arrived. (The date was changed from the 6th due to the needed arrival of rigging supplies shipped from San Francisco on the SEA BIRD.) Residents from all over the county swarmed into New Town to watch the race and partake of the festivities.

At just after half past eleven in the morning, with the speeches done, and the songs sung, the First Annual Regatta of the Pacific Pioneer Yacht Club began. The race was covered by J. Judson Ames:

> "The Gen. Hitchcock got a good little start, but in a few minutes the Maj. Allen passed her, and before they got to Gray's Point, the Lavinia was ahead of the whole fleet. Soon, however, the breeze freshened, when the Plutus and Fanny ranged ahead, the former tacking abreast the Point at precisely 8 minutes to 12. The others came up and tacked a few moments later but owing to the negligence of the man stationed in the stake boat, the precise time was not recorded. . . . The Josephina was the last boat in stays, but she soon caught a light breeze coming up astern, and ranged up abeam of the Lavinia and Maj. Allen–the Fanny, Plutus and Gen. Hitchcock taking the lead. . . ."

The GEN. HITCHCOCK fell behind, and FANNY and PLUTUS contended for the lead. JOSEPHINA and LAVINIA ran aground but soon got off. The FANNY tacked first at Ballast Point, followed by PLUTUS and the rest. A strong tide was running out of the harbor, and the boats now changed position frequently, with PLUTUS emerging in front. FANNY and LAVINIA, despite the latter's grounding for a quarter hour, battled it out for second place.

The PLUTUS passed the finish line at half past 3 p.m., and at the last moment, LAVINIA boosted out her jib and "shot away from the fleet on an arrow, and came in round the stake at 25 minutes to 4, amid the most deafening shouts from the gentlemen, and the waving of handkerchiefs of the *senoritas*."

With this successful report of their first regatta, the Pacific Pioneer Yacht Club seemed set to become a San Diego institution. The *Herald* next reported in its April 24 issue that the club would hold a "grand ball" at Gila House Hotel in Old Town on the 27th. Ames outdid himself with a glittering description in the May 1 issue of the *Herald*.

Included in the May 1 issue was an article on the club's meeting of the 26th. However, a footnote to the meeting commented on the impending movement of many of the Boundary Commission members away from San Diego.

This note foretold the fate of the West Coast's first yachting club–for after these stories, there is never another mention of the club's existence in the newspaper. Since many of the officers and members of the club were members of the Boundary Commission, the reassignment and dismissal of most of the commission in late May, along with the reassignment of several of the Army officers to different posts away from San Diego during the next year, condemned the future of the club. Added to this was the fact that New Town was failing and San Diego's economy sagging. The New Towners' inability to find a sufficient water supply and a lack of new residents soon forced many of the settlement's stores, hotels, and inhabitants to move to Old Town or away from San Diego. By late 1853, only a few residents and the Army Supply Depot were left in New Town.

Although the Pacific Pioneer Yacht Club existed for only a short time, yachting in San Diego continued on, and in 1886, the San Diego Yacht Club was formed. One of the crowning achievements in the club's long and storied history was its victory in the 1987 America's Cup races off Australia which brought the defense of the Cup to San

Diego for 1992. It is unlikely that the members of the Pacific Pioneer Yacht Club of tiny, isolated 1852 San Diego, who were so motivated by the first America's Cup, could have ever imagined that one day the defense of the old "One Hundred Guinea Cup" would be held off San Diego's shores.

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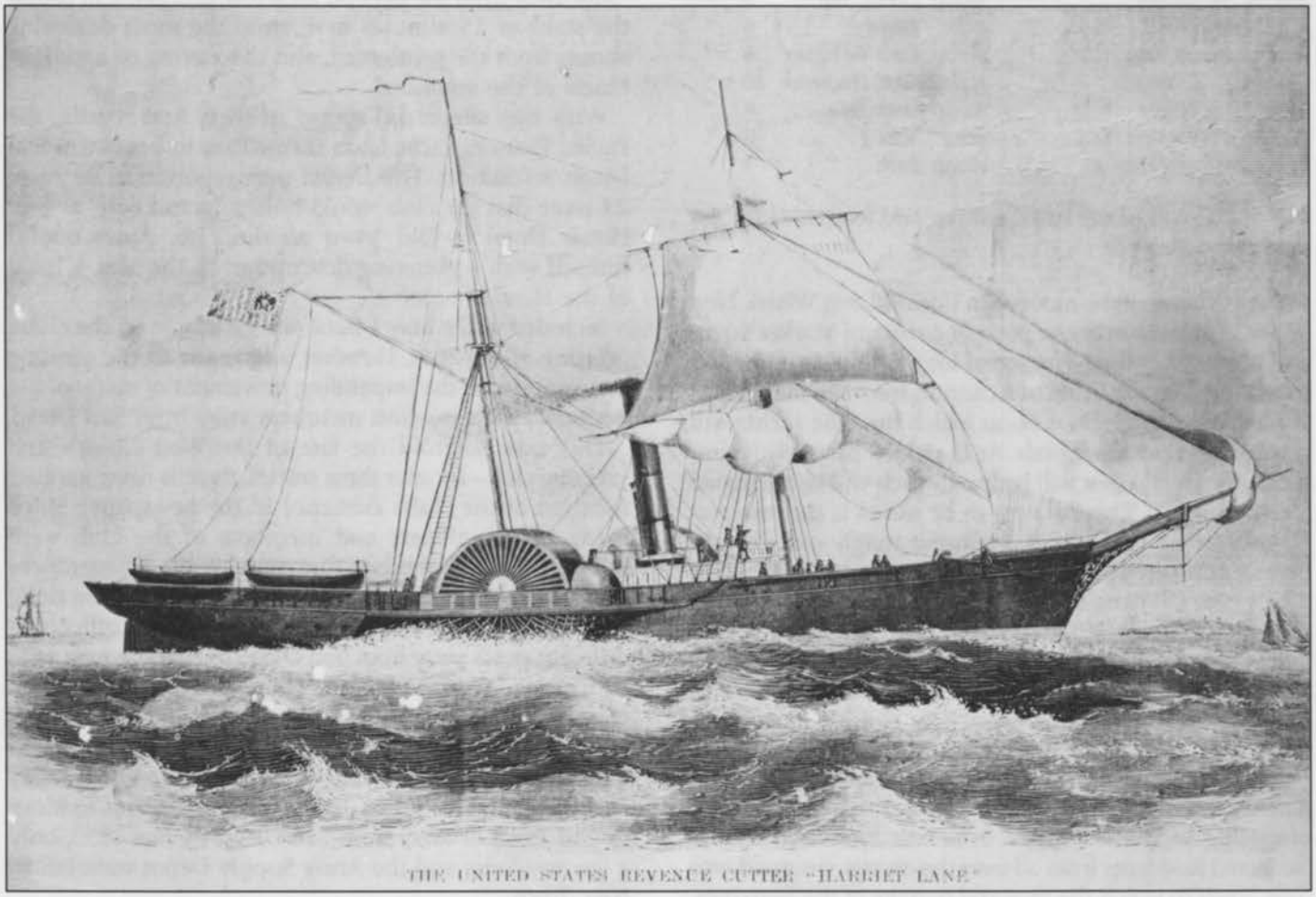
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The U.S. Revenue Cutter HARRIET LANE, *as depicted in* Harper's Weekly *on March 13, 1858. On January 1, 1863, the* HARRIET LANE *was captured at Galveston, Texas, by Confederates under the command of John B. ("Prince John") Magruder, who as an army officer at San Diego in 1852 took part in the brief existence of the Pacific Pioneer Yacht Club.* *San Diego Maritime Museum print*

From the Helm

It is hard to believe that the Museum steam yacht MEDEA has been drydocked for her two-year bottom cleaning and inspection. It just doesn't seem like it has been two years since Arthur DeFever's innovative resin and composite system was applied to the hull. The inspection was well attended as we have had a substantial amount of interest from other museums, the Coast Guard, marine plastics engineers and sales people who are carefully watching to see how well the "MEDEA Technique" works.

As predicted, we have a very busy 1992 in progress. Articles in this and last quarter's *Mains'l Haul* feature the myriad of events taking place on board and around the Maritime Museum.

On March 10, Mr. Richard Ormond, Director of the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, England, visited MEDEA while in San Diego as part of "The Great Age of Sail" exhibition at the San Diego Museum of Art. He was very complimentary towards our three ships and allowed that keeping three museum quality ships on display *afloat* was a major project and that the ability of the STAR OF INDIA and MEDEA to engage in navigation was an outstanding achievement.

From the helm, we feel very proud of the accomplishments of *all* those involved with the many projects that make our museum what it is.

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

Volunteer of the Quarter

Our Maritime Museum Volunteer of the Quarter for spring, 1992, is Mrs. Barbara Sarda, who assists our Development Department.

Barbara was born in England and grew up on the northeast coast, a few miles from the home of Captain James Cook and within sight of Flamborough Head, the scene of the famous battle between the BONHOMME RICHARD and HMS SERAPIS. The great Yorkshire coble was the favorite vessel of local fishermen. An affinity for ships and the sea which developed in Barbara at an early age has been a lifelong interest.

After service in the Women's Royal Air Force during the Second World War, Barbara came to the United States. She became associated with Columbia University's Oceanographic Institute and there met her future husband, Ivan. They moved to California in 1957. Barbara's first acquaintance with the STAR OF INDIA was some thirty years ago during a visit to San Diego; it proved to be the start of a long association.

A few months ago she was in England and visited the Steamboat Museum on Lake Windermere in Cumbria. Upon her return to San Diego she contacted the Maritime Museum regarding the MEDEA. Barbara tells the story from there: "Librarian Craig Arnold was most generous in sparing time to acquaint me with the history of MEDEA and of the museum itself. The dedication of those who have worked so hard to restore life to our marvelous ships was the inspiration for me to volunteer some time, and it was my good fortune to be introduced to Jake Jacobsen, the Development Director for Funding. Jake has graciously shared his office space and time with me and my understanding of the purpose of the Maritime Museum continues to grow. I am greatly honored to assist the Maritime Museum in any way possible. It is a never-ending delight to greet our three great ships as I walk along the Embarcadero."

Barbara has been a big help in the Development Office, taking phone calls and tackling the mass of paperwork which must be dealt with. Her friendly nature and dedication to the Maritime Museum make her a welcome co-worker. Unfailingly cheerful and kind, Barbara is a pleasure to have aboard, and we look forward to many years of working with her.



Barbara Sarda, our Spring 1992 Volunteer of the Quarter.
Photo courtesy of Barbara Sarda

Library Log

The library continues to pursue the task of educating the public about maritime history. Earlier this year, we became involved with "The Great Age of Sail," an exhibition at the San Diego Museum of Art which runs to this October.

"The Great Age of Sail" is composed of one hundred paintings and artifacts from the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, England–the most extensive collection of maritime objects in the world. This is the first time that many of the artworks have been sent outside of England–including J.M.W. Turner's "The Battle of Trafalgar," a behemoth of a picture approaching the scale of the battle itself, at over one hundred square feet of canvas.

Prior to the opening of the exhibition, our staff was involved in giving technical assistance to the Museum of Art. Talks on maritime terminology were given to SDMA docents by Curator Dave Brierley and myself. Development Director Joe Ditler coordinated attendance by our staff and volunteers at SDMA events. I helped in producing an SDMA video.

On March 10, after a tour of the gallery, our staff and volunteers attended a lecture by Richard Ormond, Director of the Greenwich museum. Mr. Ormond's spirited commentary was followed by a lunch with him in the Copley Auditorium courtyard. A sort of "moveable feast" evolved as Mr. Ormond and his retinue then came down to the waterfront to join us for sherry on board MEDEA. It was our pleasure to play host to this distinguished visitor and the SDMA staff.

From late March to the present, our staff has been giving lectures and gallery talks at the Museum of Art. Curator of Ship Models Bob Crawford led a gallery tour of models and early navigation instruments. Dave Brierley gave a lecture on "Shipbuilding and Navigation" at Copley Auditorium, and I spoke on "War at Sea" and "Exploration, Trade and Empire" on two dates. All talks were well received by patrons of both museums.

The educational effort will continue through summer with a course at UCSD Extension. Such programs give the community a sense of the history behind these artworks–in this case, four crowded centuries.

It has been a pleasure to work with the San Diego Museum of Art. Their highly professional personnel and first-rate facilities made this an experience to enjoy. This is the sort of inter-museum cooperation that should go on more often. We especially wish to thank SDMA curators Barney Malesky and Malcolm Warner for their excellent assistance.

Cooperation of a different sort recently occurred between the Maritime Museum and the San Diego Historical Society. Our library provided photos for the exhibit, "San Diego in World War II," at the Museum of San Diego History in Balboa Park. I've also had an article published in *The Journal of San Diego History*, dealing with the genesis of our Jerry MacMullen Library. My thanks go to Editor Rick Crawford of SDHS for his initiation of the project.

Progress is continuing with the book, *Medea: The Classic Steam Yacht*, although finding time to write is a daily challenge. I hope to get the book to press this summer.

Rounding out the summer will be my attendance at the Institute on Early Maritime History at Brown University in August. That should be a worthwhile and pleasant experience, enabling me to learn a great deal from many renowned authorities. I intend to visit maritime museums throughout New England while in the area, including Mystic Seaport, Salem, Bath, New Bedford and Nantucket.

–Craig Arnold, Librarian

Star of India Auxiliary

Another successful year has ended and a new year begun with election and installation of the following officers:

Treasurer: Rose Husband
Corresponding Secretary: Thelma Pittman
Recording Secretary: Jackie Ingram
4th Vice President/Curatorial Assistant Chair: Marje Acker
3rd Vice President/Docent Chair: Molly Alexander
2nd Vice President/Membership Chair: Dottie Burgess
1st Vice President/Ways and Means Chair: Tessie Hanson
President: Margaret Arveson

Summer will be "down" time with no general meetings, but Docents, Curatorial Assistants and the mailing committee will be on the job. The rest of the membership will be busy planning for next year's activities.

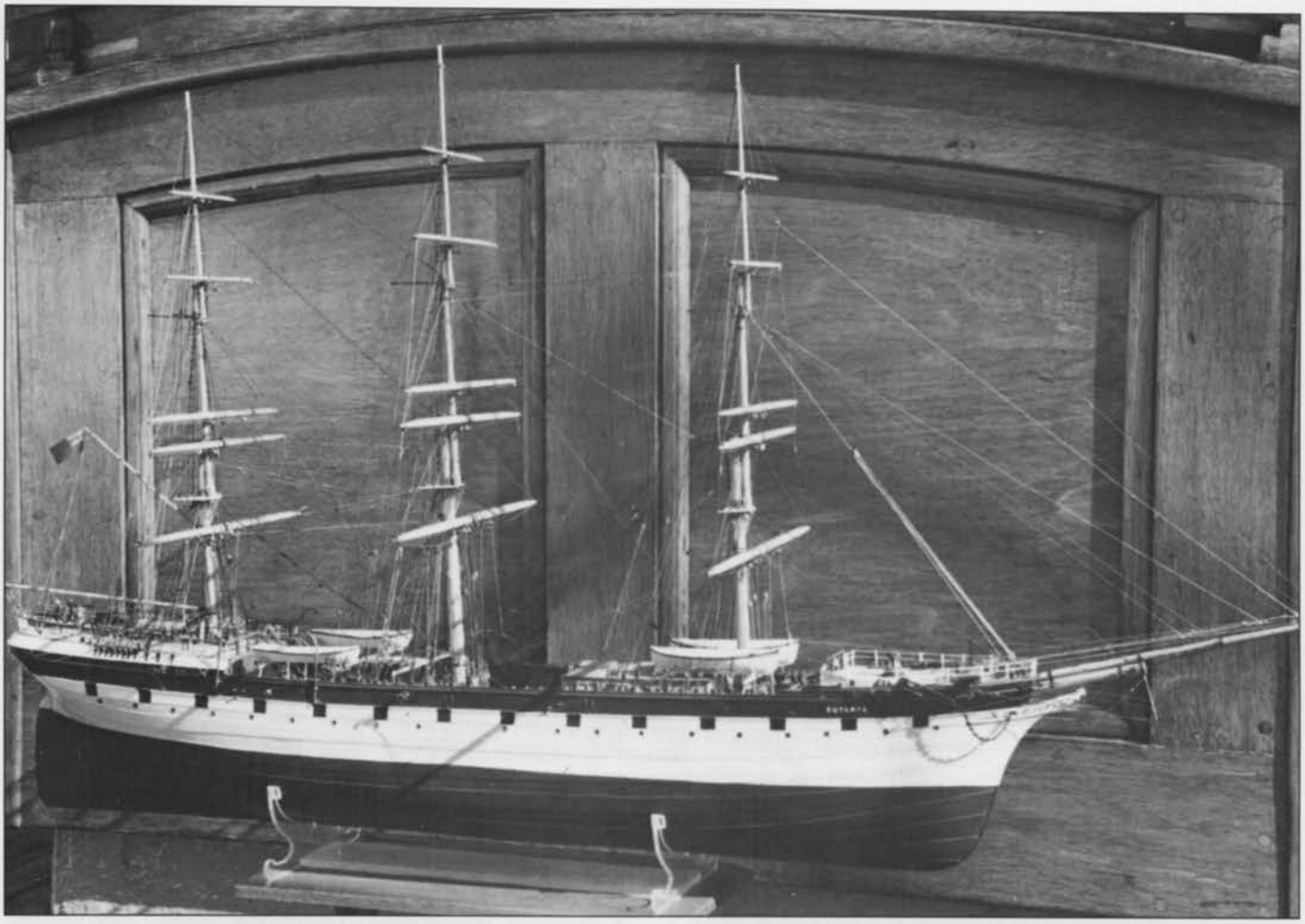
–Doris Chidgey, Auxiliary President and
Marnie Woodworth, Charter President

In Memoriam

The Maritime Museum regrets to announce the death of longtime Museum Secretary Katy Wilkens. Ms. Wilkens had served with the Maritime Museum for twelve years. During that time she carried out her secretarial duties with a high degree of efficiency, while also helping to manage party rentals on the BERKELEY. In addition, she assisted with museum mailings and took the minutes at board meetings.

Ms. Wilkens was a resident of Julian. She enjoyed the atmosphere of her mountain community very much, and kept a number of pets at her home. She was very fond of animals in general.

The Maritime Museum will be diminished by the loss of Ms. Wilkens, who carried out her duties with calm, quiet attention to detail. Despite the daily pressures of her position, she always had a smile for everyone. All of her shipmates on board the museum will miss her.



Dr. William Brown's superb model of EUTERPE, *photographed on board the* STAR OF INDIA. *The model is four feet long.* *Photo by Dave Brierley*

Ship Model Shop

Probably our best collection of models was built by retired dentist William Brown of Fallbrook, California. Bill has models in a number of other museums, including the Smithsonian in Washington. He is a very fast builder, having produced three of our models in a period of less than two years.

Bill's first model to come into our collection was the LASHA, now on display in the model yacht room. Based on the coasting schooner EAGLE, this model was radio-controlled and was frequently seen in the Mission Bay Model Yacht Basin on Vacation Isle. She is quite large, over five feet, and very handsome as well as salty.

The next Brown model coming to the Maritime Museum was USS HARTFORD. A screw sloop launched in 1858, she was Admiral Farragut's flagship in the Civil War battles of New Orleans and Mobile Bay, in which those famous words, "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead!" were spoken. A frequent 1880s visitor to San Diego, HARTFORD was decommissioned in 1926 and broken up in 1956.

USS CYANE was the first United States Navy vessel to visit our harbor in 1846. A sail sloop-of-war built in 1838, she was decommissioned in 1871. During the Mexican-American War she captured some thirty Mexican vessels while patrolling the California coast. The CYANE and HARTFORD can both be seen in the Navy section aboard the BERKELEY.

Yet another Brown model is Richard Henry Dana's PILGRIM, on display behind the entrance to the BERKELEY's engineroom. Built in 1825, the brig PILGRIM plays a prominent role in Dana's book, *Two Years Before the Mast.* The PILGRIM was lost at sea in 1856.

The last of Bill Brown's models in our collection is our most recent acquisition, the EUTERPE, with which we are all familiar. As you can see, this master model builder has been very kind to the San Diego Maritime Museum and we are extremely grateful to him for all of his efforts in our behalf.

In other Model Shop news, Bob Wright has completed the San Diego PILOT and the model is now in his home. Joe Bompensiero has finished the Revolutionary War privateer RATTLESNAKE and is now building a case to house it. This fine model will be in this year's Del Mar Fair and will be sold at fair's end. The proceeds from the sale are intended to go toward restoration of a bench aboard the BERKELEY.

Chuck Hill continues with the CUTTY SARK and he and

Joe were recently featured in Tim Flannery's "Good News" feature on Channel 8. Jack Klein carries on with HMS KINGFISHER but will suspend work for a while as he and Joe Bompensiero will soon begin work on a ½"=1' model of Juan Cabrillo's SAN SALVADOR in honor of the 450th anniversary of his discovery of San Diego Bay. Finally, to help the San Diego Museum of Art's opening of "The Great Age of Sail" exhibition, modelers Joe Bompensiero, Chuck Hill, and Doug McFarland demonstrated shipmodeling techniques at their opening reception along with our crewman Leonard Ingrande, who demonstrated knot tying, splicing, and general marlinspike seamanship. Nearly one thousand Museum of Art patrons attended the reception.

As for myself, the MEDEA model is still on the back burner as so many things seem to interfere with getting anything accomplished on her, but she will eventually force her way to the top of my priority list. I have been kept busy with model repairs, writing and record-keeping as well as participating in the Museum of Art exhibition. I will be giving a walk-through of the objects and models in the exhibition on Saturday, June 6, at 1 p.m. The tour is open to the public with admission to the Museum of Art. I hope to see some of you there.

Finally, I would like to invite all of you to this year's San Diego Ship Modelers Guild annual radio-controlled ship and boat model regatta. This will be held on June 20, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., at the Vacation Village Model Yacht Basin. It's a wonderful opportunity to see what our local builders are doing and how well they can operate their vessels.

–Robert Crawford
Curator of Ship Models

Curator's Corner

Communication between maritime museums is a very worthwhile commodity. Letters and telephone calls reach limitations, so attending the Council of American Maritime Museum's (CAMM) annual meeting in Astoria, Oregon, in April was a valuable experience for me.

The major emphasis of the meeting was on museum educational programs in many guises. Themes covered included: respecting the student (child and adult); developing classroom materials; attracting new museum audiences; incorporating ethnic considerations into educational programs; and, the growing element of entertainment as an educational tool. In addition to the structured sessions, the side benefits included discussing areas of museum work on an informal basis with many museum representatives.

Here's a reminder to all our members: If you're in the $100 a year or more membership categories, ask the museum for a special card from CAMM to enable the bearer to visit all of the member organizations (over 40) in North America for free.

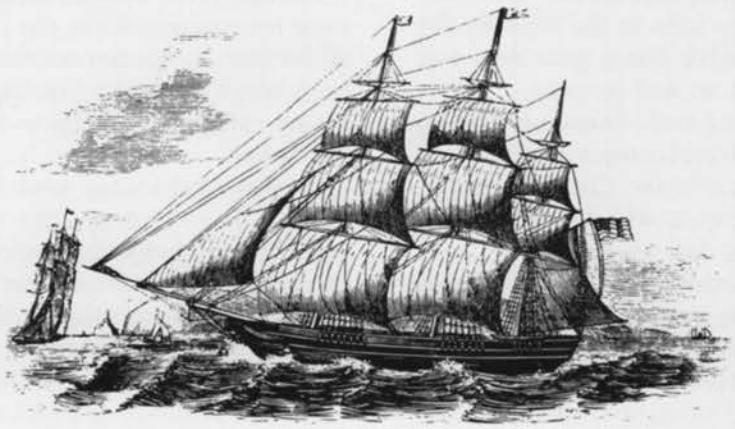
Now, let us rejoin the Euterpians aboard the good ship EUTERPE in 1879, on her voyage of that year from England to New Zealand.

Issue No. 3 of the ship's newsheet, *The Euterpe Times,* was dated Saturday, September 27, which was reported as being within a day or two's sailing time from crossing the equator. The writer was excited about crossing the line and bragged that other ships that had been spoken were making worse time. A appeal was made to the Fates for fair wind to have EUTERPE produce a good account of herself.

Crossing the line meant one thing to a sailor and was a festive occasion. To mostly land-based emigrants, it had a different perspective. The writer stated that several passengers had the following misconceptions: "Will it cause the EUTERPE to bump violently?"; "Some have expressed their determination not to sleep until it is safely passed for fear it should be crossed in the night and they should be pitched out of bed"; "Others there are who expect to see the line, something of the nature of a clothesline we presume."

Issue No. 4 of *The Euterpe Times* reported the following Saturday that "the crossing was effected in very little time and, we have heard, without serious accident."

–Dave Brierley, Curator



Development Report

We are happy to announce that the rest of the world is finally discovering our Maritime Museum. Recently, many of the local media have become interested in writing about our ships, volunteers and exhibits. In the past few months we've been happy to host many local, national and international media professionals here at the museum. Many have joined us for luncheon cruises on our 1904 steam yacht, MEDEA, some becoming members.

I would like to use this column to thank the media members for their continued interest in the museum, and to make our members aware of who these people are.

Many of our members have seen the repeated copy in the *San Diego Union-Tribune* and *San Diego Log.* But we have graced the pages of the *Los Angeles Times, San Diego Daily Transcript, Steamboating Magazine, San Diego Magazine, Point Loma Beacon, San Diego Independent, The Reader, Santana, H2O, Latitude 38* and *Wooden Boat Magazine.*

In addition we have appeared on TV 8 and TV 10 in news features pertaining to our model shop, BERKELEY engine room, exhibit updates, and even a piece on BUTCHER BOY.

But the real surprise is the support we have received from radio stations such as KFSD, KSDO and KFMB. Between Noah Rosenblatt's weekly yachting news shows, and Kingsley McLaren's public service announcements, we have become a household word to listeners of KFSD, the classical music station. Meanwhile, Ken Kramer on KSDO and Ian Rose on KFMB have given generously of their time and efforts to spread the word about the Maritime Museum.

The week of April 6, Television New Zealand spent the morning on STAR OF INDIA, filming a beautiful show that ran on prime time throughout New Zealand. Call me at 234-9153, Development Office, for a viewing.

The interesting thing about this sudden attention is that seldom is the same story repeated. We find that, depending on the writer, our museum holds a myriad of appeal, and that each story is distinctively different.

For the first time in the history of the Maritime Museum, we are being known by that name, instead of just the "STAR OF INDIA." How refreshing it is to say to people, "I work at the Maritime Museum," and not have them respond with, "What museum?" Our identity crisis seems to be passing.

Thanks to all our members for their constant efforts to educate friends on the Maritime Museum, and we appreciate all the suggestions we receive either by phone or in writing.

The Maritime Museum continues to be your museum, and we count on you for input and support.

–Joseph Ditler
Development Director for Publicity

Mail Bag

Editor:

It was nice to see the FALLS OF CLYDE and Hawaii Maritime Center featured in the Winter issue of *Mains'l Haul.* ("The Falls of Clyde and the Hawaii Maritime Center," by Captain R. A. Bowling, *Mains'l Haul,* Winter 1992)

Regarding the FALLS OF CLYDE photo on page 5, I'd like to add the following: The steamer to the left is Matson's MANOA which arrived in the Pacific in January 1914 to commence her San Francisco-Hawaii service. The vessel moored astern of FALLS OF CLYDE is HOLSATIA of the Hamburg-American Line; she is one of a number of German vessels that took refuge at Honolulu in 1914–15.

A close look at the FALLS OF CLYDE shows that a portion of her jibboom is missing. Capt. Klebingat, who served aboard in 1916 and 1917 stated (not mentioning the date of the incident) that while under tow of the tug ARAB from the Union Iron Works to Port Costa, somehow ARAB at night fouled the jibboom and it broke. From the above you can see that the date of the photo is 1916 or 1917.

Stan Melman
Archivist
Hawaii Maritime Center
Honolulu, Hawaii

(*Ed. Note:* Thank you, Mr. Melman, for adding to our data on this picture. We had dated it between 1907 and 1921, and appreciate having that period narrowed down.)

Editor:

First of all, my compliments on a fine publication. I have just finished reading the Winter 1992 issue, and I enjoyed it immensely.

One small note, however, regarding Capt. R. A. Bowling's excellent article on the FALLS OF CLYDE. If he will accept 1877 as a similar vintage to the STAR OF INDIA, then I think the ELISSA (1877) deserves mention as not only restored but sailing on a regular basis. We will be making a number of excursions next October, on our annual series of sea trials.

We wish you every success in your ongoing mission, and extend a cordial invitation to all to visit us here on the Gulf Coast.

Paul B. DeOrsay
Director
Texas Seaport Museum
Galveston Island, Texas

(*Ed. Note:* The bark ELISSA is certainly alive, well, and sailing. As people who can appreciate an 1800s bark still sailing, we salute her.)



Wreck of the County of Roxburg *on Takaroa Atoll, South Pacific, April 1984. The ship was driven onto the reef in a 1905 hurricane.* *Photo by Richard Steele*

Editor:

The last issue (Vol. 28, No. 2) of *Mains'l Haul* contained a very interesting article on the ship Falls of Clyde, now being used as a maritime museum in Honolulu. In April 1984, on a cruise through the Tuamotu Islands, we stopped at Takaroa Atoll where the wreck of the County of Roxburg was a landmark on the beach. The local Takaroa Yacht Club log was being kept by the local gendarmes and it was interesting that the following was recorded in this log:

"County of Roxburg, wrecked in a hurricane, February 8, 1905, built by Barclay and Curle in Glasgow in 1895 (one of two in existence, the other being Falls of Clyde). On February 8, 1905 as she was threading her way through the archipelago a furious hurricane fell upon her and she was driven onto the reef at Takaroa. Ten months later the ship was again swept by a hurricane with surf estimated to be 75 ft. high which carried her over the reef and across hundreds of yards of coral flats finally depositing her high upon the beach at Takaroa."

We found her wreck to be remarkably well preserved, considering the many years and many storms that have passed. The accompanying photo will show the condition she was in at the time of our visit and I'm sure she still stands in her final resting place.

Richard Steele
Newport Beach, California

Editor:

I'm glad to see the expanded hours for the library, which I would very much like to use. The research assets–the library and exhibits–are the most important aspects of the Maritime Museum (or any museum) for me.

Also, I'd like to congratulate you on the fine articles you have contributed to *Mains'l Haul*. I enjoy them very much.

My special interest is marine art, particularly 19th/early 20th century West Coast artists. I have an oil of the Young America entering the Golden Gate by Henry Bernahl, the same artist exhibited on board the Star of India. If I can ever be of assistance with regard to marine art please let me know.

Thanks for your efforts toward a wonderful Maritime Museum.

James Shuttleworth
Rowland Heights, California

(*Ed. Note:* The Young America was a famous extreme clipper ship of the nineteenth century. She set many sailing records and was a frequent caller in California waters.)

We welcome readers' comments. Letters to *Mains'l Haul* should be addressed to Editor, *Mains'l Haul*, 1306 N. Harbor Drive, San Diego, CA 92101. Letters may be edited for length.



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

May 27 Membership Program

The world's square-rigged training ships will be in the news this year in conjunction with the Columbus Quincentenary celebrations. We will be pleased to have Graham Hall give a slide talk about his experiences as a cadet on board the Norwegian bark STAATSRAD in 1964. Mr. Hall is also the sailing coach for the America3 syndicate. The social time begins at 7 p.m. on board the BERKELEY, followed by the program at 7:30. We hope many of you can attend.

Rope-Making Demonstration

William Barrett will be making rope alongside the STAR OF INDIA from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. as a public demonstration of how rope is made. Mr. Barrett has donated a set of rope-making tools to the San Diego Maritime Museum, which are used by our Sunday morning sail training crew. This will be a "hands on" demonstration where the public will be invited to work with Mr. Barrett in making rope. Participants who make their own rope will get to keep it.

Progress on board *Medea*

We're pleased to report that our 1904 steam yacht MEDEA recently passed her Coast Guard boiler inspection with flying colors. Begrimed but grinning, engineer Bob Crawford emerged from the yacht's smoky interior to announce, "Well, we haven't blown up yet!"

In other MEDEA news, a new awning is in place over her afterdeck, giving shade to guests on sunny San Diego days. That awning is a replica of the one she carried in the time of her first owner, William Macalister Hall. The design was copied from photographs furnished by the Jerry MacMullen Library.

Finally, we've just received a kind letter and papers relating to MEDEA from Sandy Stephen of Glasgow. Sandy is the grandson of her builder, John Stephen, and the son of her later owner, Frederick Stephen, who made the yacht the commodore's vessel of the prestigious Royal Northern Yacht Club. Sandy himself served as a director of Alexander Stephen & Sons, Ltd., the yard which built the yacht in 1904. The materials furnished will be incorporated in the forthcoming book, *MEDEA: The Classic Steam Yacht.*

Auction of J.C. Leyendecker Artworks

J.C. Leyendecker (1874–1951) was an extremely popular illustrator whose best-known works date from the age of Charles Dana Gibson. Many are similar to the turn-of-the-century "Gibson Girl" pictures.

The Star of India Auxiliary plans to take sealed bids on this lovely Leyendecker picture at our membership program on May 27. The picture has been variously titled "Sailorette," "Girl in Middy Blouse," and "Sailor Girl." It is a painting over a photogravure and is believed to have been done by Leyendecker himself around 1910. The dimensions of the picture are 16″ x 20″, and for this sale, it has been specially framed in Edwardian style.

The sale will also include a miniature print of the larger picture. The minimum sealed bid that can be accepted is $225. Proceeds of the auction benefit the Maritime Museum. For further details, please call the Maritime Museum office at 234-9153.



"Sailorette," alias "Sailor Girl," alias "Girl in Middy Blouse" goes on the auction block at the Membership Program on May 27.
Photo by Dave Brierley

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

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

MAY

25: Memorial Day. Show your colors!

27: Membership Program, BERKELEY, 7 p.m.: Graham Hall on the life of a cadet aboard the Norwegian training bark STAATSRAD.

JUNE

14: Flag Day. Show your colors!

20: Model Yacht Regatta, Vacation Village, 10 a.m.-4 p.m.

JULY

4: Independence Day. Show your colors!

11: Lecture at San Diego Museum of Art on "War at Sea: The 16th to 19th Centuries"

18: Lecture at San Diego Museum of Art on "Exploration, Trade and Empire: The 16th to 19th Centuries"

23: Maritime Research Society meeting, STAR OF INDIA orlop deck, 6:30 p.m.

25: Lecture at San Diego Museum of Art on "Shipbuilding and Navigation: The 16th to 19th Centuries"

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

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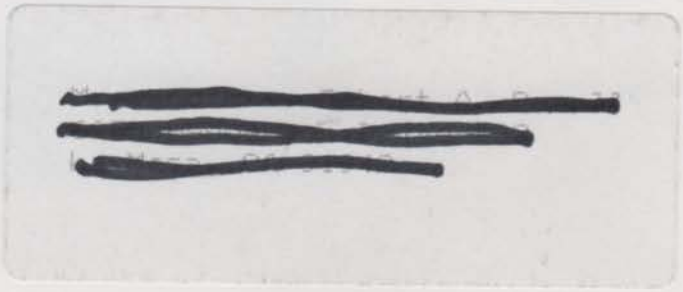
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"Mainsail Haul–An order in tacking ship bidding 'Swing the main yards.' To loot, steal, or 'acquire.'"
–John Masefield

Craig Arnold, *Editor*

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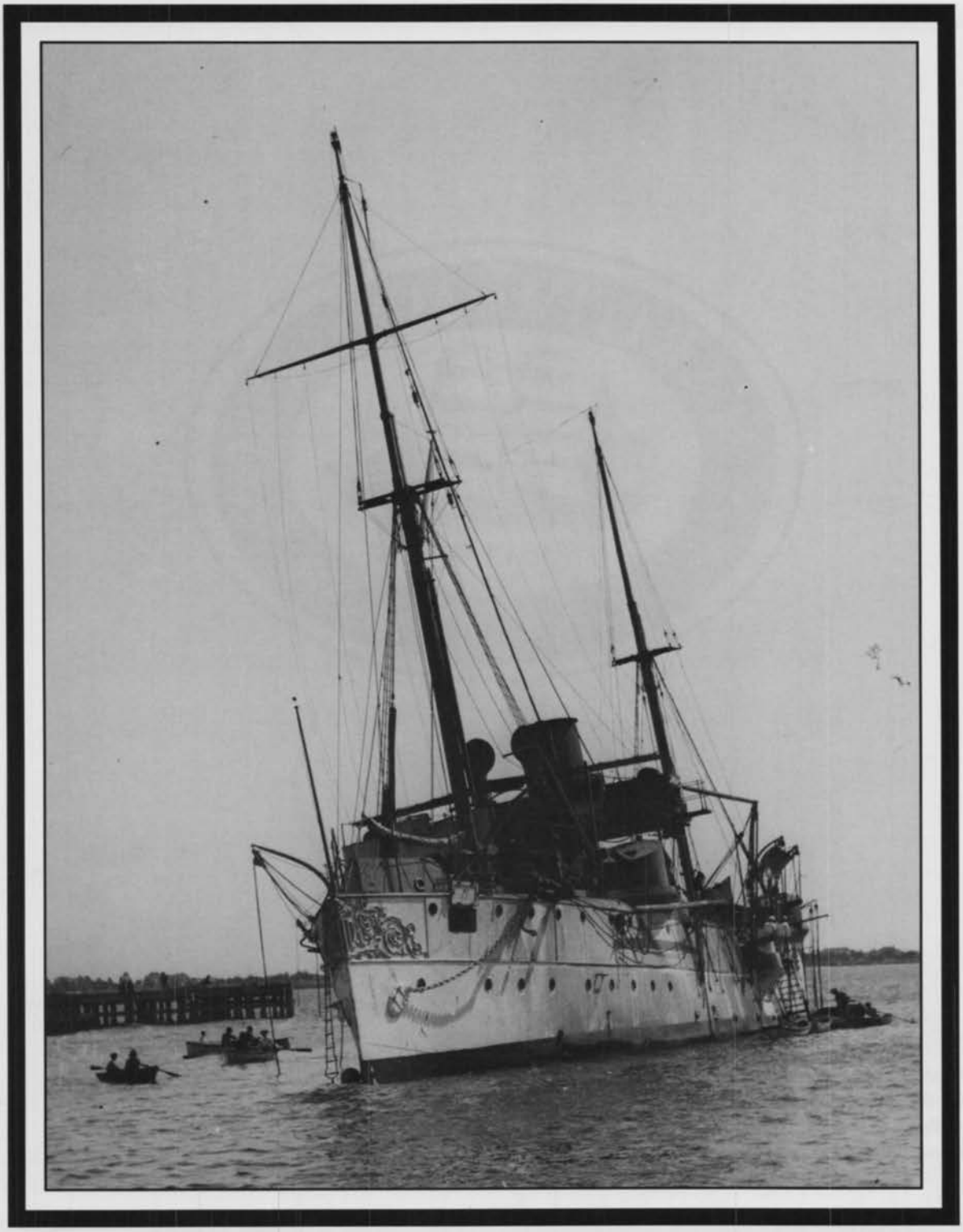
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MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 28, NO. 4 A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY SUMMER 1992





On the cover . . .

The U.S. gunboat BENNINGTON *lists steeply to starboard following the disastrous explosion of her boilers on San Diego Bay, July 21, 1905. See "The Death of the* BENNINGTON" *in this issue.*

San Diego Maritime Museum file photo

MAINS'L HAUL

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

VOL. 28, NO. 4 | A JOURNAL OF MARITIME HISTORY | SUMMER 1992

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

My Father and the *Berkeley*

By Earl S. Barnett, Ph.D.



Meaningful memories of friends and loved ones have a way of becoming the noblesse oblige of life.

Looking back over my own sea of memories, my thoughts are one-directional, without regret or reservation, in favor of my beloved father. He stands alone when it comes to prioritizing those persons who have had much or at least a modicum of influence on my life.

Interestingly enough, this relationship began in the engine room of the San Francisco Bay ferry BERKELEY. It all started that memorable night in 1922 when my father, Chief Engineer Rae P. Barnett, hauled me off to his watch on board this vessel – now a part of the San Diego Maritime Museum.

As a lad of five, I was completely dazzled that night by what surrounded me in that mysterious world of an old reliable, triple-expansion steam engine. I can remember a maze of lights; how hot it was; how shiny all those bronze clock-like gauges were; the hissing of feed pumps; the friendly faces of the crew smiling at me; and how I reacted in fear when suddenly a loud, clear "clang, clang" boomed from the telegraph. I looked up just in time to see that little arrow move dizzily back and forth until it rested on FULL AHEAD. The BERKELEY was soon under way. Thus a romance began that lasted more than two decades – a triumvirate between father, son, and a grand old lady, the BERKELEY.

One of the incalculable joys I experienced over the years was when my father would call out, "Okay, take her out." I got so I could handle her pretty well. Of course, this was our little secret, but no one ever betrayed us.

My father was highly respected among his peers. I always felt proud when crew members and engineers would allude to his competency par excellence.

One incident to his credit happened after Al Kerr, an oiler, was killed while cleaning out the grimy used oil in the pits below the crankshaft on the ferry SAN MATEO. I remember how deeply grieved my father was over his tragic death. Later my father found a pump on a retired ferry and had it brought to the BERKELEY. He installed it and no longer would anyone have to clean out the pits by hand.

His career with the Southern Pacific ferry system encompassed a period of many years of loyal meritorious service. He started in 1917 on a tug known as the RIVAL. From the RIVAL he moved to the tug AJAX. His first appointment as Chief Engineer occurred aboard the SHASTA, an auto ferry.

In time, he worked every boat in the colorful, picturesque fleet of ferries that roamed San Francisco Bay; however, no ferry could ever match the BERKELEY; she remained his favorite until his last day of work.

Chief Engineer Rae P. Barnett stands at left with another member of the black gang on board the ferry SANTA CLARA. *Barnett served on all the ferries of the "Great White Fleet" of the Southern Pacific, but until his final day of work he proclaimed that the* BERKELEY *was "the fairest of them all."* *Photo courtesy of the author*

In juxtaposition to my father's long stint as a marine engineer, he also fulfilled the role of father-mother for a lot of years.

After our mother died, he had four children to raise. He gave it his best shot. Assuming new responsibilities in the home, he rolled with the punches of parenthood. He soon became an accomplished "chef" in our humble household and established quite a reputation for himself even beyond his hungry brood. His spaghetti dinners were extolled by many. His pot of delicious Irish stew was even better, and his pot roast was the piece de resistance – never equalled according to "experts" among our relatives and friends.

In our kitchen a chalkboard hung on the wall. Before he would leave for work, "orders from the Chief" would be written. Most of the time we completed our chores for the day. How often he would come home from a late watch in the early morning hours and do monotonous cleaning and mopping of floors while we slept. He expressly tried to teach us everything from table manners to old-fashioned values of honesty, decency, and responsibility for oneself. Yes, we loved him very much.

I still experience feelings of nostalgia whenever I think about the visits other engineers made to our home in East Oakland. Most of them worked on the BERKELEY. We were always delighted to welcome them aboard; however, it must be said that these sturdy men of sweat and steam were not long on talk in the parlor.

Usually, after a brief greeting, they would excuse themselves and proceed directly below decks where father stood in a room that he proudly called his "private office" – a euphemism for the place where perorations on any subject were encouraged, especially when they included any phase of life, pro or con, on the Bay.

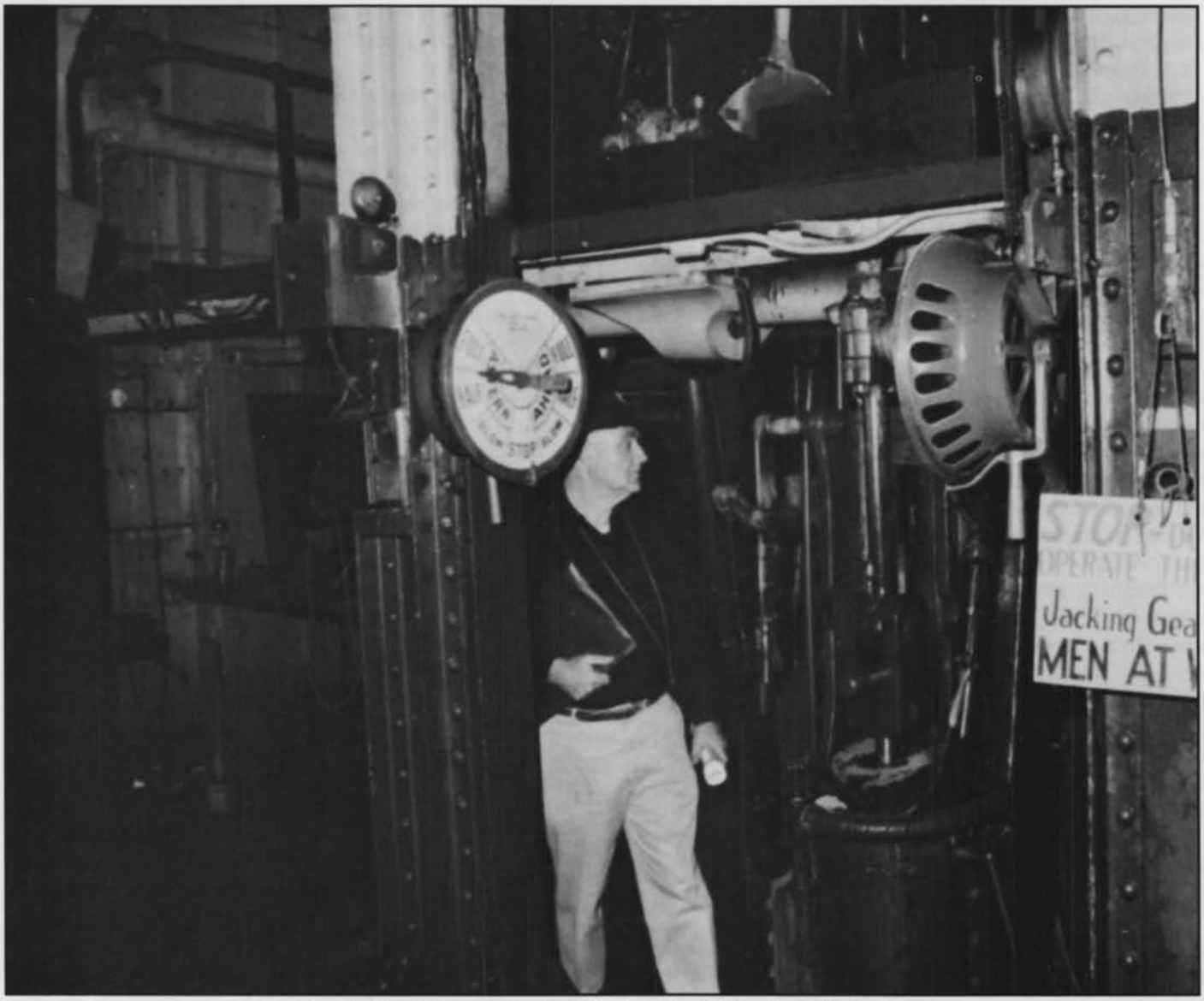
And then there was Captain Plumgren. I never knew his first name. We loved his quaint Norwegian accent that ever so lightly tinged his fascinating conversations. He was without a doubt the most distinguished captain the BERKELEY ever had.

He handled the ferry with consummate skill, especially when the naked eye could not see more than 10 feet port or starboard in the midst of a threatening pea-soup fog. The "black gang" believed Plumgren sine qua non to any other captain during those perilous blind crossings.

He was a devout fisherman; we benefited from that, too. Countless times he stopped in on his way home to share a portion of his catch with us.

Many stories could be told about his keen sense of humor. It could spring upon you at any time. His sky-blue eyes, deeply set behind a ruddy patrician-like face, often had a devilish look.

I remember one story. One day aboard the BERKELEY, my father had just finished making a landing. I was on board with him. We had received the "Finished with Engine" signal and started walking away when the telegraph started banging recklessly like it was going out of control. I was startled. I looked at my father and exclaimed, "What was that all about?" He turned to me and, with that quiet smile



Captain Ken Reynard stands at the BERKELEY'S *throttle in November 1972, prior to the old ferry's restoration. Here Rae Barnett and his son spent many happy hours.* *Maritime Museum file photo*

I knew so well, explained, "It's Plumgren's way of saying thank you for a job well done." Captain Plumgren was one of a kind.

Somewhere someone wrote that there is a time to be glad and a time to be sad. The meaningful, idyllic relationship that existed between my father and me and the BERKELEY proved that bit of prose to be true.

The sad time happened when my father and a host of other engineers and employees got a swift kick in the teeth from the Southern Pacific Company.

The shot from the Southern Pacific heard around the Bay was that a new company had been finalized. It would be called "The Golden Gate Auto Ferries Limited." This new company would encompass only auto ferries. Boats handling commuters and train passengers would be designated as the "old" company.

At a certain point in time, all employees in the great armada of Southern Pacific ferries would be given the option of signing up with either the old company or the new company. If you signed with the new company, you would lose all pension rights and medical benefits. The people with lots of seniority would sign with the old company and younger persons, with only 20 or 25 years' seniority, would be forced to sign with the new company. Adding insult to injury, men who had been chief engineers would become assistant engineers; some would even regress to oilers if they stayed with the old company.

When the dust settled, bewildered engineers from all over the system encircled the roundtable to organize a plan of attack. Father was asked to be the mediator between the engineers and the "monarchs of power."

He spent many nights and days in his "private office" writing voluminous letters. He importuned the Southern Pacific, in the name of fairness and decency, not to take

away pensions and medical benefits. What about consideration for years of service? What about the humiliation of kicking men downstairs when there was no logic to it?

At first there was no response. When S.P. did respond, they said incontrovertibly that there would be no turning back. The Southern Pacific, mighty in power and wealth, had made its final decision.

Father, as mediator, finally had to face his colleagues and their families and make his report. He tried in his best demeanor not to exacerbate the problem any further. When he finished speaking, it was clear to all that the decision S.P. had announced was no chimera; it was true. It was a pyrrhic victory for the Southern Pacific, but at great cost to so many wonderful people.

When "D-Day" finally arrived, Father reluctantly signed with the old company, even though it meant that he would have to drop back to Assistant Engineer. He remained riveted in that slot until the day of his heart attack in the engine room of the BERKELEY, in 1945.

Three days later in a lonely hospital room I sat by his bedside and watched until the end came.

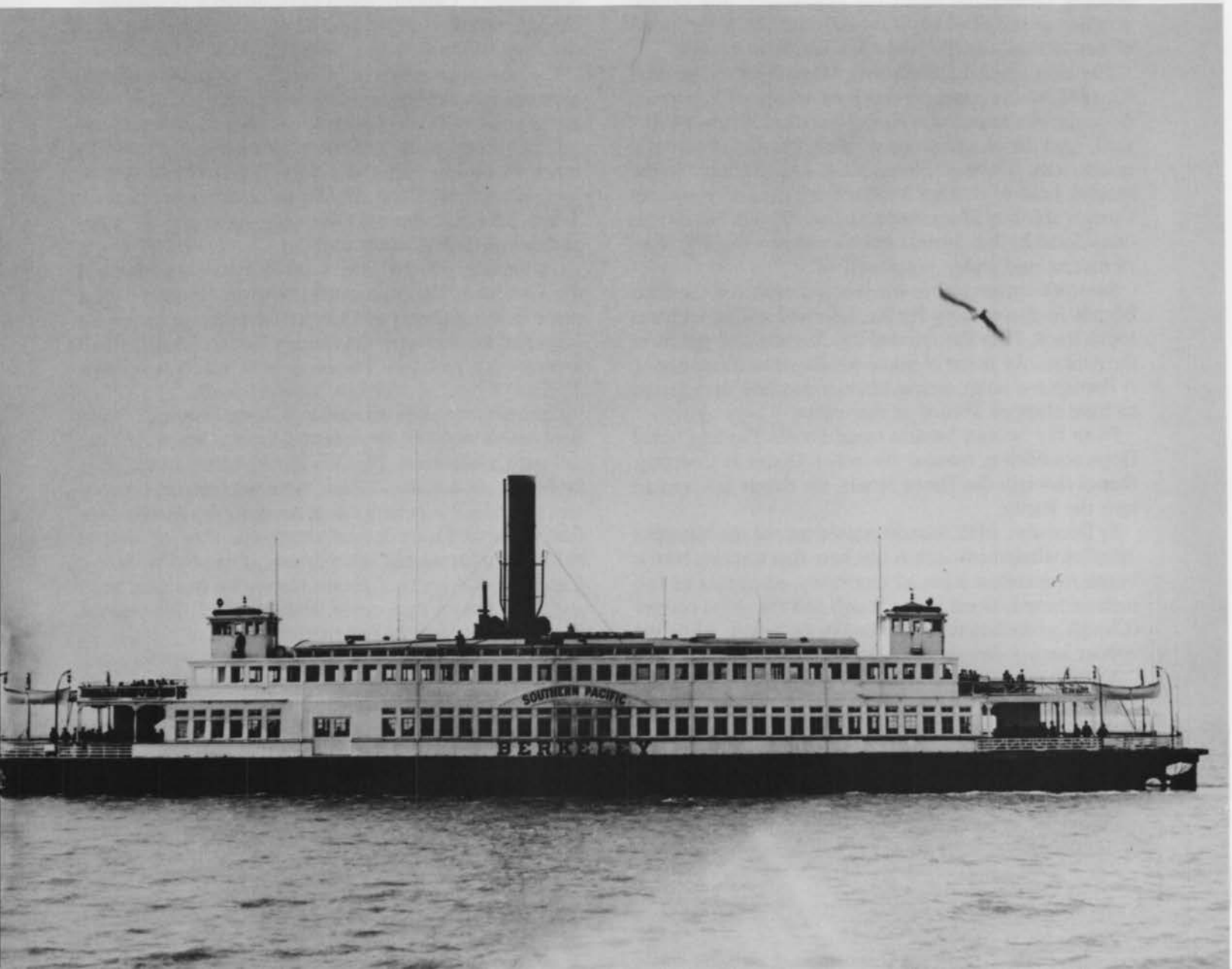
It was a time of reflection. I attempted to think about the profundity of death, but I didn't get very far. I thought long and hard about the saga of our family and the part he played in it.

I groped for something to help me in my aloneness. A verse from the Bible began with a question: "Master, who can be called the greatest in your kingdom?" The answer was direct, yet simple: "The greatest in my kingdom shall be servant of all."

My father had been a servant. The way he served would remain with us through a legacy of meaningful memories. Now he had earned that final peace where there would be no more tears, no more pain, and no more sorrow.

It was God's way of saying, "Thank you, Chief, for a job well done."

BERKELEY *under way in her glory years. This photo may have been made c. 1920, about the time Rae Barnett began work on the S. P. ferries.* *Maritime Museum file photo*



The Strange Case of the *Sharon*: A Whaler's Mutiny, 1842

By Craig Arnold

The voyages of the Yankee whalers in the early 1800s were especially arduous. Whaling cruises often stretched to four years and more as weary crews criss-crossed the Offshore Grounds, the Japan Grounds, and other distant waters in search of cetaceans.

During these long months and years, tensions on board ship could rise to unbearable levels. There was rarely a chance to go ashore, and the work of whaling constituted the most brutal job on the high seas. A cruise in a man-o'-war or merchantman may have seemed a picnic by comparison.

Although there were occasional murders and mutinies on board whaleships in those years, none of them compared to the strange case of the SHARON.

SHARON was a three-masted, full-rigged, typical New England whaler of the 1840s, rated at 354 tons. There was nothing exceptional about her appearance; she carried no tiller carved of whale ivory–"tricked out in the bones of her victims"–as did Melville's fictitious PEQUOD.

The ship departed Fairhaven, Massachusetts, on May 25, 1841, stocked and crewed for a voyage of four years' duration. Her master was Howes Norris of Martha's Vineyard, aged 38, of a prominent family on that island. Her mates were Thomas Smith, first, and Nathan Smith, second, both of another Vineyard family; and Benjamin Clough, third, of Monmouth, Maine. Captain Norris was considered by her owners to be an experienced skipper of mature and stable judgment.

SHARON's voyage to her whaling grounds, the Caroline Islands in the western Pacific, followed a long and tortuous track. First she crossed the Atlantic and put in to the Azores–the home of prime whaling men for centuries. A Portuguese sailor, young Manuel dos Reis, is believed to have shipped aboard at this point.

From the Azores, SHARON stood for the Cape of Good Hope, rounded it, crossed the Indian Ocean to Coupang, thence through the Timor Straits, the Banda Sea, and so into the Pacific.

By December 1841, SHARON cruised among the "cannibal isles" of whalemen's lore. It was here that Captain Norris began to manifest signs of instability, according to two men on board, Third Mate Clough and the ship's cooper. (Clough wrote letters for mailing in the future, while the cooper kept a diary.)

A Jonah voyage seemed forecast. Already the ship had lowered boats for a pod of whales in the Timor Straits, and all three of her boatsteerers missed their marks. No doubt this did nothing to soothe Captain Norris. He was now seven months into the voyage, and nary a barrel of oil was stowed in SHARON's hold.

Worse lay in store. For some reason known only to himself, Captain Norris began severely beating his steward, a mulatto named Babcock. Eight seamen tried to protect the hapless man and found themselves clapped in irons. Two of them were flogged, with two dozen lashes apiece.

On April 7, 1842, SHARON anchored for wood and water at Rotumah Island (12°30′S, 177°4′E). Nine men deserted here–preferring to take their chances with the native eaters of "long pig" than to endure any more of Captain Norris. Two white men and four Kanakas ("Kanakas"–a generic whaler's term for all Pacific islanders) were shipped in their places. Three more Kanakas shipped later.

The luckless search for whales continued. The 4th of July was observed with a flogging of Steward Babcock–"7 dozen on the back," according to Clough, with hemp whale line serving as the cat.

How the poor mulatto survived this is not known, but in any case his days were tallied. On the morning of September 1, Captain Norris came on deck, according to Clough and the cooper, and proceeded to flog and kick the long-suffering Babcock until the latter died.

The cooper recorded the last rites: "Babcock a culered man was taken to the wast and launched overboard without a word of seramony or a tear shed to my noledge."

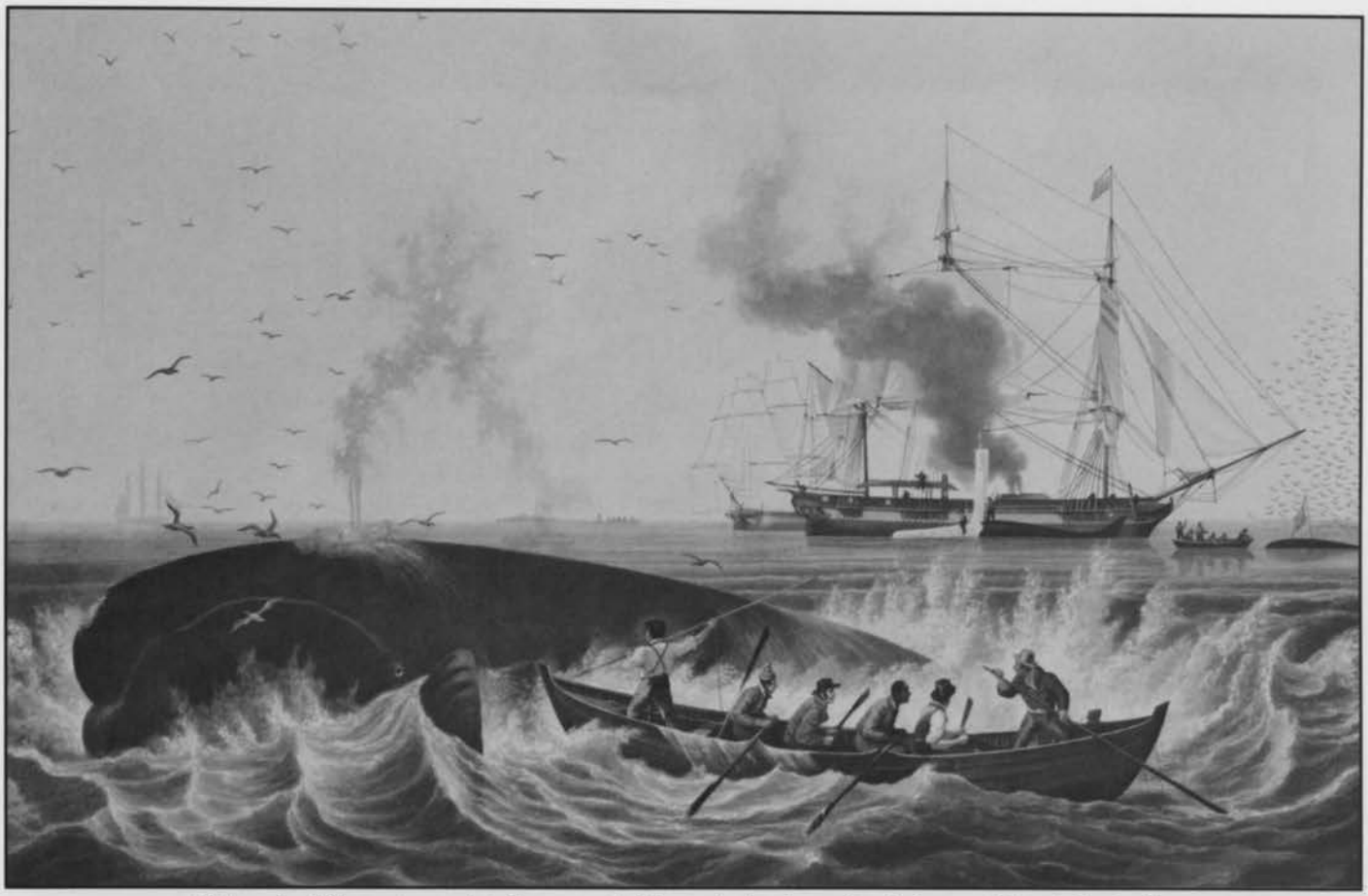
Captain Norris, meanwhile, went below and carefully noted in his log: "Thursday, Sept. 1st. First part steered East. Wind from N.N.E. Middle and latter parts calm–at 9 a.m. George Babcock died very suddenly–he complained of having the cramp–"

On October 15, the ship reached Ascension Island in the Carolines. Here the ship's company "bought 1 hog, some fish and plenty of Girls for tobacker and shels for tobacker," according to the cooper. This man's name isn't known with certainty, but he is believed to have been Andrew White, of Tiverton, Rhode Island.

Clough meanwhile noted that at Ascension the captain kept drunk and 11 men deserted, saying they would not sail with a murderer. This left but 17 hands in the ship, including six Kanakas. (There is an unconfirmed report, recounted by P. F. Purrington in *Anatomy of a Mutiny Ship*, that while at Nauru Island about this time or shortly before, a sailor named John Brown attempted to desert. Caught in the act by Captain Norris, he was tied hand and foot, placed in a canoe, and set adrift. That would have been the end of Brown.)

Whatever the truth of all this, things were rapidly going from bad to worse in the SHARON. On leaving Ascension Island on October 27, the ship, now short-handed, made way toward New Zealand to the south. According to Clough, Captain Norris's intent was to ship new hands aboard from the white settlements there.

But now fate intervened. On November 6, in latitude 2°20′N, longitude 162°E, the hallowed cry of whales sighted rang out from the masthead. Only two boats could



This early 19th century print shows a whaleboat closing in on its victim—a right whale. In the background, another whale is floating dead alongside a whaler, and the process of "cutting in and trying out" is under way. The blubber is flensed from the whale in long strips, or "blankets," which will soon be rendered into oil by the ship's smoking tryworks. *Kendall Whaling Museum*

be manned with the depleted crew, but these lowered and made chase. They got alongside one whale and got their lance in, then pulled for another. The SHARON's ill fortune seemed about to change.

The ship ran down to the dead whale, taking it alongside preparatory to "cutting in and trying out" the carcass. At this time there were only five men left on board—Norris; the young Portuguese sailor, Dos Reis; and three Kanakas.

According to Dos Reis, the Kanakas chose this moment to attack the hated captain with cutting spades. (These spades, mounted in wooden hafts like harpoons, were used for cutting blubber from a whale carcass. An example on board STAR OF INDIA is six feet, nine inches long, with a blade four and a half inches wide.)

"About half drunk at the time," according to one account, Norris was quickly hacked to death. The terrified Dos Reis scrambled aloft to the masthead, where he frantically signaled the boats.

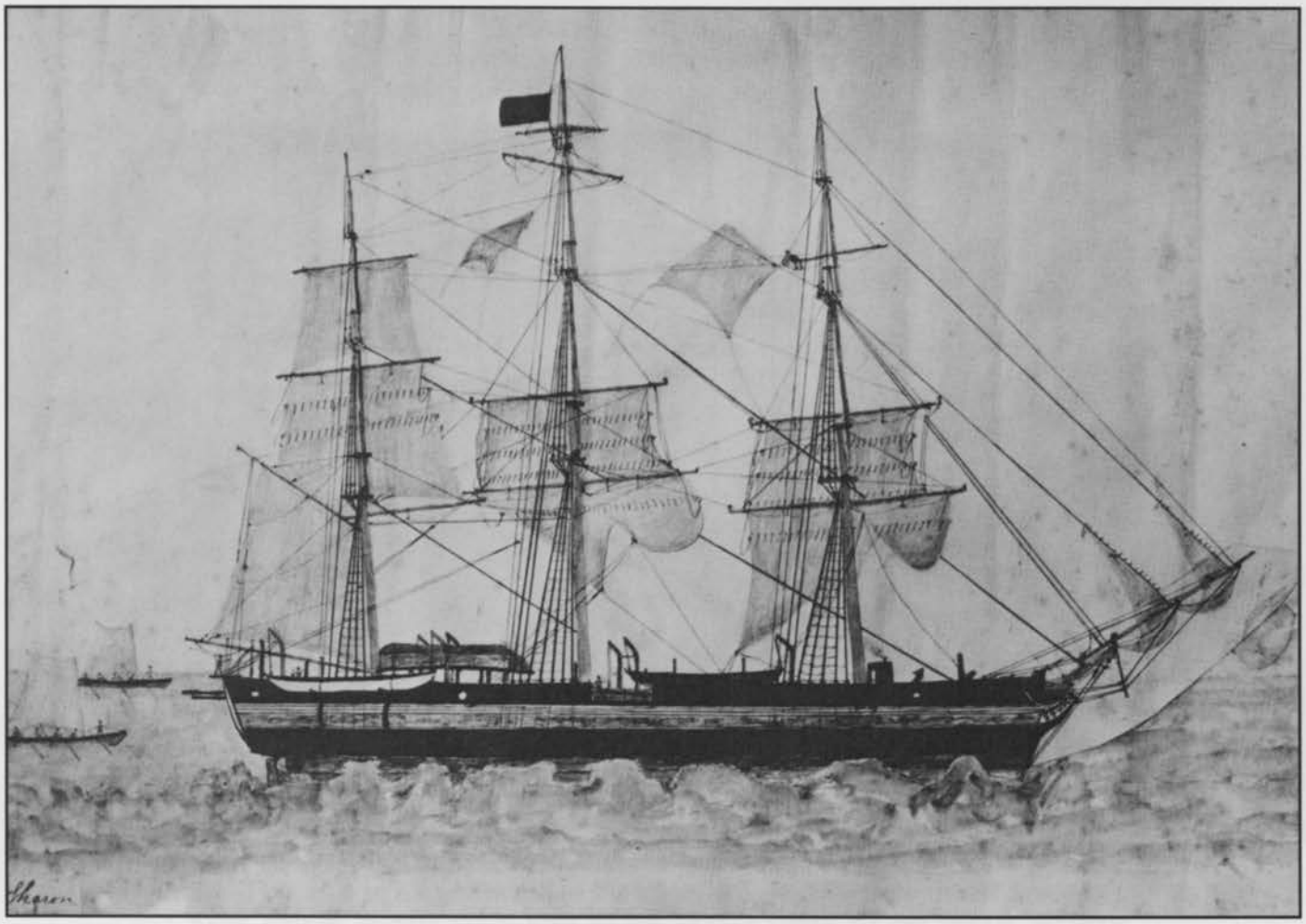
The men in the first mate's boat, about a mile and a half away, soon noticed SHARON's signal flag at half-mast. "The singular and unaccountable management of the ship for some time previous had already been remarked by those in the boat and excited the liveliest apprehensions as they approached her," said Clough's account, later published in *The Mercury* of New Bedford. "Coming up upon her quarter within speaking distance, the boy [Dos Reis] who was aloft . . . told Mr. Smith, that the Islanders had killed Capt. Norris and were in possession of the ship. Just then one of them, armed with a cutting spade and entirely naked, leaped upon the taffrail, and, brandishing his weapon . . . dared the crew to come on board."

The native mutineers called upon a Kanaka in the boat to join them, but he refused. Then they showered the boat with a hail of missiles, including bone belaying pins and the cook's ax. No one was hurt.

The mate now called to Dos Reis, still aloft, to cut the main topgallant sheets and main topsail halyards, then go forward on the stay and cut the headsail halyards. The brave lad soon accomplished this, crippling the rig.

Mr. Smith, the first mate, now seemed unsure of what to do next. Calling a council of war among his own boat crew and the boat of the second mate, which had come up, various proposals for retaking the ship were argued back-and-forth. Some of the men preferred forgetting the whole idea and, instead, setting sail for the nearest island. After all, although there were only three Kanakas on board, they were better armed than the dozen men in the boats, having access to the ship's muskets and cutlasses.

The upshot was that Clough volunteered to swim back to the ship after dark, climb aboard, and signal the boats



The whaleship SHARON *is viewed during her mutiny in a watercolor done later by Third Mate Benjamin Clough. As her boats come up astern, Manuel Dos Reis is aloft on the fore topgallant yard, crippling the rig. Three Kanakas can be seen on deck.* *Old Dartmouth Historical Society*

to come alongside and retake the ship in a preconcerted rush—one boat on each side.

After the tropic night fell, Clough slipped into the water armed with only a knife in his teeth. Sharks were active around the whale carcass near the ship, but Clough swam quietly to the stern, climbed up the rudder and through a window into the after cabin. There he found two muskets and a pair of cutlasses, loaded both muskets—and was suddenly interrupted by a mutineer.

A fierce combat ensued in the darkened cabin. Clough had the better of it, being armed with a cutlass, and eventually the native collapsed. Just then another mutineer entered and darted his spade at Clough, wounding the latter in the arm. Clough was able to fire a musket into this native's chest, and the man staggered topside. The third Kanaka now came below, saw Clough, and beat a hasty retreat.

Clough was weakened by loss of blood. However he could hear the boats drifting near, and called out to his shipmates to board the ship. Here Clough's later account diverges from the first mate's. Clough claimed that the boats' crews were extremely slow in getting aboard, dithering for quite some time before working up their nerve. The first mate, Thomas Smith, replied in *The Mercury* of New Bedford that he and his men had boarded within 10 minutes of hearing Clough's musket discharge at the second native.

Whatever the case, the crew boarded. The sight they found in the after cabin was later described in *The Mercury:*

"A light being struck and brought into the cabin, the floor was found covered with the blood of both combatants. The man who had first entered the cabin [i.e., the first Kanaka] was reclining on the transom, still grasping the cutlass and with it the boat knife left by Mr. C. when he came on board; one of his eyes hung upon his cheek and his body was covered with gore; he was still alive but did not move, and made no noise but a kind of suppressed groan. One of the men stabbed him twice with a boat spade, and Mr. Smith discharged a musket at him;—he was then caught by the hair, dragged upon deck and thrown into the sea. The deck presented a shocking spectacle, all dabbled and tracked with clotted blood—the mangled and headless body of the unfortunate Captain was lying there, as was that of one of his murderers [i.e., the native shot by Clough], which was unceremoniously thrown over the side, while the remains

of Capt. Norris were collected and reserved for burial the next day."

The sole surviving mutineer was soon captured, and on December 22, left in prison at Sydney, Australia.

The SHARON continued on her cruise under the command of Smith. More than two years passed before she returned to New England, where Clough was given command of a whaleship and an engraved sextant as rewards for his exploit.

The first and second mates of the SHARON later claimed that parts of Clough's celebrated account were incorrect. They did not deny his courage and solitary enterprise in retaking the ship, but they denied any delay in going to his assistance. Several other details concerning the debate in the boats before Clough enacted his daring plan were also disputed. It may be safely assumed that all the crewmen at that time were under considerable stress, and in such cases, remembrance of exact conversations is not always correct.

It is probable that the Kanaka confined in Sydney prison found himself released after the SHARON sailed from that port in January 1843. The Australian magistrates had no authority over the man, an Ocean Islander, and said as much to the SHARON's new master. However, there was no point to keeping him on board and taking him back to the United States for trial, as no jurisdiction applied there either.

Doubtless the SHARON's men were simply relieved to be rid of him—along with his victim, Captain Norris.

The character of Howes Norris has excited much comment. Why would such a previously successful captain act in the manner alleged? Norris was well known in New Bedford and Fairhaven, had a wife and children, and up to the time of taking command of the SHARON, a good record. His journal, which ends on October 29, 1842—eight days before the mutiny—contains no hints of the passions that may have inflamed his mind. As historian P. F. Purrington comments, "The Norris journal is marked by excellent penmanship and brief but precise entries. There is no indication of a clouded mind."

Norris had been a seaman at 17, a whaleship master since 25. In the hard school of whaling, such early promotion indicated exceptional ability. Whaleship masters by and large were not drunken, brutal men; they never could have held the loyalty of their crews on long voyages had they been. Psychopaths make very poor leaders—but it is possible such symptoms did emerge in Norris. Certainly the news given to the whaling community on the SHARON's return must have shocked many.

As for Benjamin Clough, he led a very successful career as a whaleship captain until retiring in 1867, when he turned to farming and local politics on Martha's Vineyard. As P. F. Purrington concludes, ". . . the Norris-Smith-Clough families, all friendly neighbors on the Vineyard, were content to draw a veil over events of SHARON's tragic voyage."

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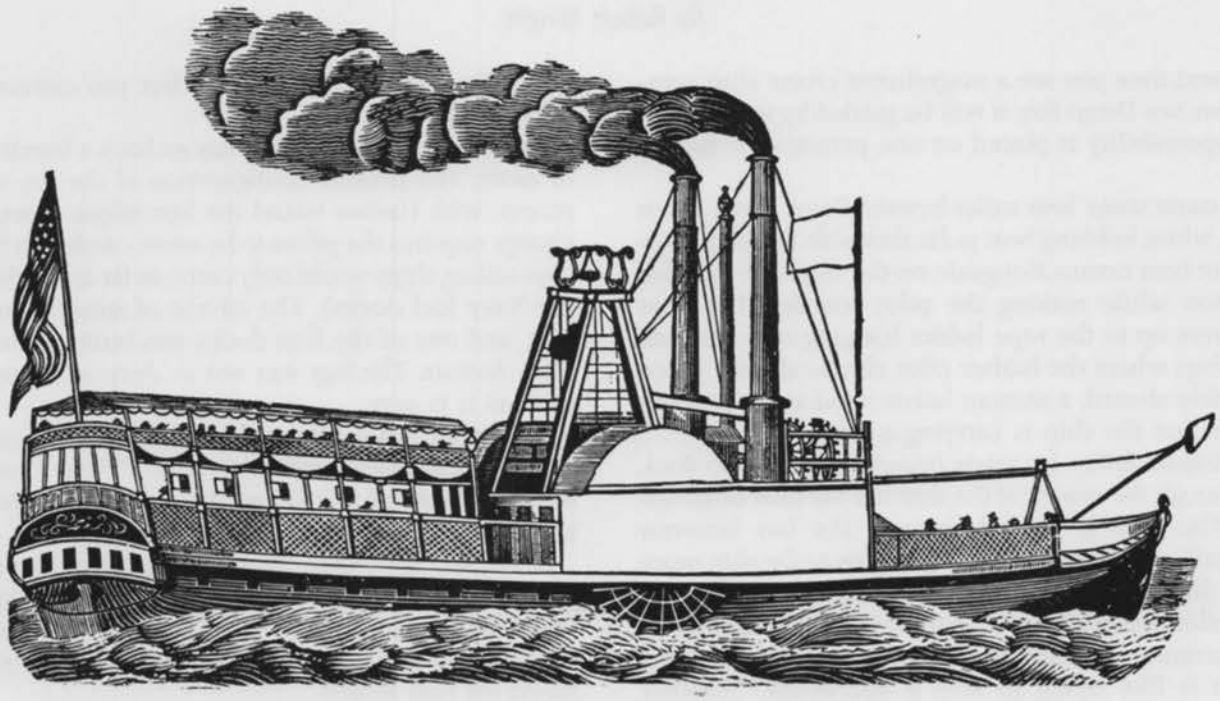
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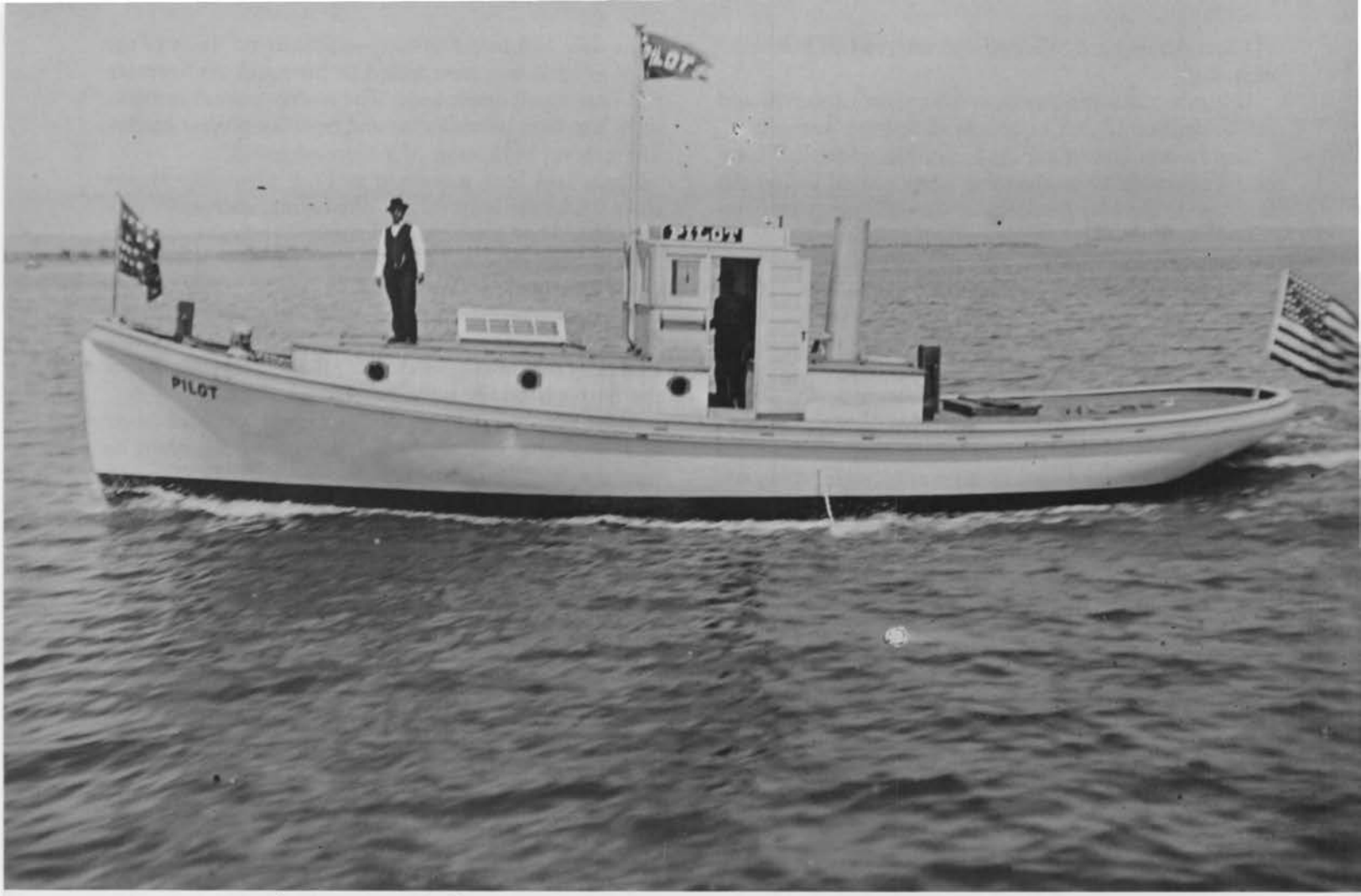
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The San Diego pilot boat on February 17, 1889. *MacMullen Collection, San Diego Maritime Museum*

San Diego Harbor Pilots

By Robert Wright

The next time you see a magnificent cruise ship coming down San Diego Bay, it will be guided by sure hands. The responsibility is placed on one person – the harbor pilot.

It all starts some four miles beyond Point Loma when a small, white, bobbing boat pulls alongside the huge ship. The pilot boat comes alongside on the ship's lee side, for protection while making the pilot transfer. The boat maneuvers up to the rope ladder hanging over the side of the ship, where the harbor pilot climbs aboard. Once he is safely aboard, a seaman hoists a red and white flag to show that the ship is carrying a pilot.

The responsibility for safely bringing the ship to dock is his, though the master of the ship has the final responsibility. The ship is guided through the bay between strategically placed buoys. The fun begins as the ship nears a dock, like the San Diego Cruise Ship Terminal.

The pilot needs all his experience to judge the wind, eddy currents and movements of the ship. As one pilot said, "It is like trying to stop a warehouse." Another said, "You can always go ahead but you cannot always back down."

Harbor pilots in San Diego Bay go back a hundred years or more. The present configuration of the bay is rather recent, with Harbor Island the last major change. Each change requires the pilots to be more careful. In the early days sailing ships would only come as far as La Playa (now the Navy fuel docks). The advent of steam changed all that, and one of the first docks was built at the foot of Fifth Avenue. The bay was not as deep in many places then as it is now.

Each pilot has a Master's License for any ocean, any tonnage, endorsed with the line: "First Class Pilot for the Waters of San Diego Bay and Sea on Vessels of such Tonnage."

Pilots are appointed by the Port Commissioners of San Diego, who are responsible for licensing pilots, investigating accidents, setting pilotage fees and regulating pilot conduct. The pilotage fees per ship are based on hull length.

All foreign vessels and all vessels under registry (that is, licensed for foreign trade) are required to take a state pilot. A vessel that is under "Enrollment" (for coastwise trade) and has one officer with an Endorsement need not take on a pilot. If a vessel has to be moved, a pilot has to be on board within San Diego Bay.

Piloting is done in all kinds of weather. San Diego is blessed with weather conditions that port pilots in San Francisco and on the Columbia River would like to enjoy. However, off Point Loma conditions can change quite rapidly. Fog is the worst hazard, developing very fast and with varying thicknesses. Radar has been a lifesaver for the pilots.

Meeting a vessel at night or in choppy seas, perhaps with rain, can give the harbor pilot a desire to be in some other line of work. Sometimes the pilot boat will precede the ship into the harbor and radio back to the pilot, telling of conditions ahead. If the fog is too thick, they will not bring in the ship.

There has been only one fatality of a harbor pilot on duty over the many years and thousands of vessels passing through this port. Captain Peter Johnson, who was senior pilot from about 1900 to 1925, was boarding the steamer CARFTON HALL. The rope ladder gave way and he fell into the sea. He was rescued quickly but died of a heart attack. His son, Hilton Johnson, succeeded him as senior pilot, serving until February 1946.

A typical entry in a pilot's log was that made by Captain Harry Krog on November 10, 1949. It shows the S.S. CHARLES JONES coming in with a draft of 29.04 feet and leaving with a draft of 17.10 feet. Other vessels listed for that day were aircraft carriers, USS VALLEY FORGE (CV-45)

The PILOT *just off the United Water Taxi Company landing at the foot of Broadway, San Diego, in 1933. The man seated at right in the group is Captain Hilton Johnson, then Senior Pilot. Can you spot the dog on board?* *Photo courtesy of the author*



and USS Boxer (CV-21). It is impressive to pull alongside a huge aircraft carrier with the small pilot boat and look up to see the overhanging flight deck!

The Pilot Boat

The present pilot boat was built in 1914 by Goularte Boat Works at the foot of Hawthorn Street and launched on August 7, 1914. (The famous racing sloop Butcher Boy, now part of the Maritime Museum, was built there also.) Her name is Pilot, as was the boat she replaced. An even earlier boat was the schooner T. Ellis. The current Pilot is planked with 1 1/8 Douglas fir with oak frames, and has a length of 54 feet, a beam of 13.7 feet, and a draft of 5.7 feet. The engine is now a rebuilt Caterpillar 3408, 350-horsepower Diesel. It replaced a 104-hp Viking Diesel installed in the mid-1940s.

The skylight on the Pilot came from the famous old steam tug Santa Fe, of 1888. The pilots like the Pilot because she is a good sea boat and plows along at a good eight to nine knots. To the best of this writer's knowledge, she is the oldest pilot boat in the country still in use.

When she was built, she had a rather boxy deckhouse. When the Coast Guard took over the boat about 1943, they rebuilt the deckhouse and put in accommodations for a permanent crew. During World War II, the Pilot served as a mother ship for two faster picket boats which ferried pilots to incoming ships.

The Secretary of the Navy, James Forrestal, sent a letter to Captain Krog on May 2, 1946. It said in part:

"The Pilot has now been returned to you and it will no doubt be a matter of great pride and interest to you to know that the Pilot gave valuable and excellent service in the important duties assigned to her.

"In recognition of the service rendered by the Pilot you are authorized to place in the most appropriate display location six chevrons, one for each six months' active service with the Coast Guard."

Captain Ed Silva, one of the current pilots, now has the chevrons displayed on both sides of the stacks.

Like any other business, port piloting has its cycles. During the 1930s there were usually four pilots. World War II brought a need for several more. After the Korean War shipping in San Diego fell off. Many times there was a need for only two pilots, and perhaps a third would be called in for relief. The introduction of cruise ships has created a need for more pilots. Now, they may be in demand for 24 hours a day.

During World War II, when the Pilot was taken over by the Coast Guard, the civilian pilots continued as before. In other ports, like San Pedro, the pilots were commissioned as Coast Guard lieutenant commanders. Captain Harry Krog, senior pilot, felt that Navy captains would resent a lower rank taking charge of their ship at any time. The Navy had their own pilots in later years.

Captain Krog also insisted that all pilots wear business suits and hats. He felt that the harbor pilot was the first representative of San Diego and it was important to give a good impression to visiting ships. The present pilots still dress in a businesslike manner. The pilots are proud that there has never been a serious accident over the many years served and thousands of vessels handled.

A partial list of pilots includes Captains: Dunnel before 1900; Peter Johnson, 1900–1925; Hilton Johnson, 1925–1946; Harry Krog, 1942–1972; Frank Pannoyer, 1945–1947; John Larson, 1943–1975; James Sorenson, 1951–1953; Joe Precoda, 1953–1977; Mel Gielow, 1959–1975; Lloyd Maland, 1961–1986; Kenny Graham, 1969–1977; Ed Silva, 1977–present; Eric Ireland, 1991–present; P. Berray, 1979–present.

My interest in the Pilot goes back to 1951–52 when my father-in-law, Captain James Sorenson, was a harbor pilot along with Harry Krog and Captain Larson. It was a thrill to me to look over the side of the Star of India, after helping to sail her in 1984, and see the Pilot pulling alongside! Now I have just completed a model of the boat.

When you see a vessel plowing along beyond Point Loma heading south, look for a small white boat trying to come alongside. It is there to reclaim the harbor pilot responsible for the ship's safe passage in San Diego Bay.

(*Ed. Note:* Bob Wright first became involved with the restoration of the Star of India in September 1962. He is still involved as a volunteer working on the Maritime Museum's fleet of ships and in our model shop. He is also active in the San Diego Maritime Research Society.)





The steam tug WARATAH *under way in Sydney Harbor.* *Photo courtesy of the author*

The *James Craig* and the Sydney Maritime Museum

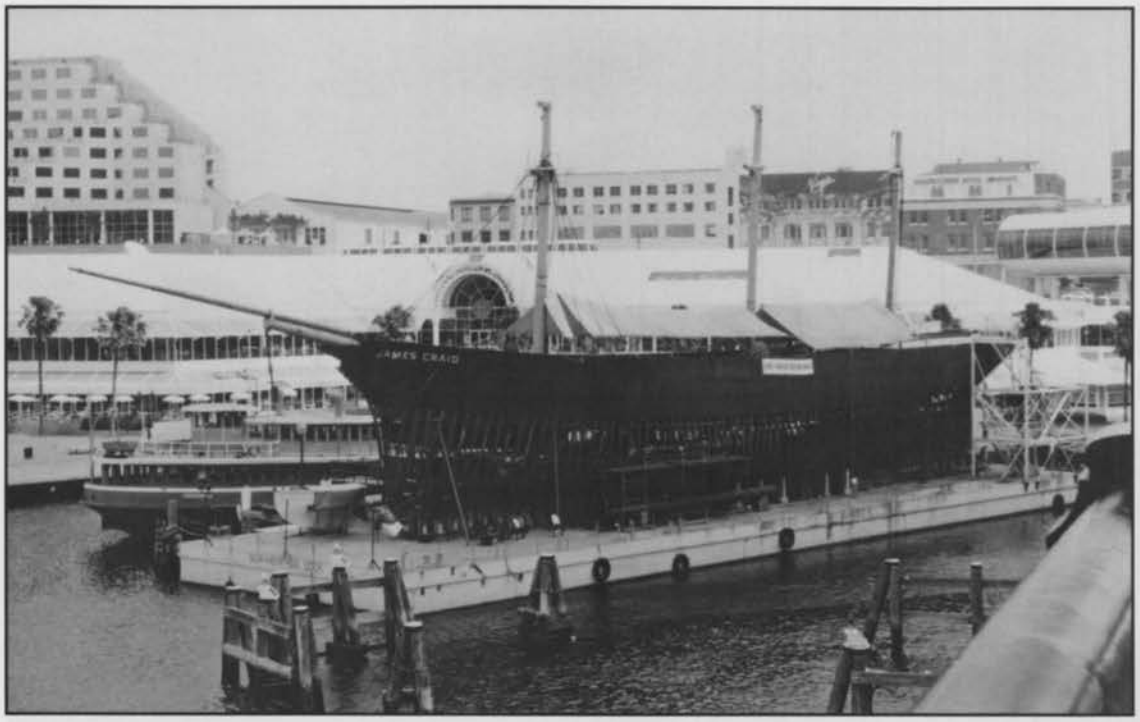
By Philip Renouf

Just a 15-hour nonstop flight roughly west by southwest of Los Angeles lies the port of Sydney, Australia, a maritime city with a climate similar to San Diego's. Founded as a British penal colony in 1788, Sydney today is Australia's largest city and home to some four million residents. It also boasts one of the world's finest harbors, and thus it is no surprise that it hosts a thriving maritime museum, which has many things in common with the San Diego Maritime Museum. The Sydney museum has an 1874 sailing ship, an historic ferry, two operational steamers, and numbers similar to San Diego for memberships.

The focus of our activities is the JAMES CRAIG, built in Sunderland, England, in 1874 as the CLAN MACLEOD, a wrought-iron, three-masted bark of 1198 tons. At 179.8 feet x 31.3 feet, with a depth of hold below main deck of 18 feet, she is slightly smaller than STAR OF INDIA, and perhaps a little more utilitarian. She did not serve in the emigrant trade like EUTERPE, but spent her first nine years tramping the globe, first visiting Australia in 1879. Sold to a Scottish firm in 1883, she entered the New York-New Zealand trade, completing 12 circumnavigations until sold to New Zealand interests in 1900. She was renamed in 1905 after the son of the new owners, and served in the trans-Tasman trade carrying coal eastward and timber westward until 1911, when she was stripped down and towed to Port Moresby in New Guinea for use as a copra hulk.

Given a new lease on life due to the shipping shortage after the First World War, she was re-rigged for Australian owners and served again in the Tasman trade, and on the Australian coast. By 1922, her leaky old hull having barely survived several near-founderings, she was stripped for service as a coal hulk in Recherche Bay, a wild and remote inlet on the southeast corner of Tasmania. Shortly after the mines closed in the Depression, she broke her moorings in a gale and fetched up in a sandy bay with her bow on the beach. A large hole was blown in her stern to make sure she stayed there.

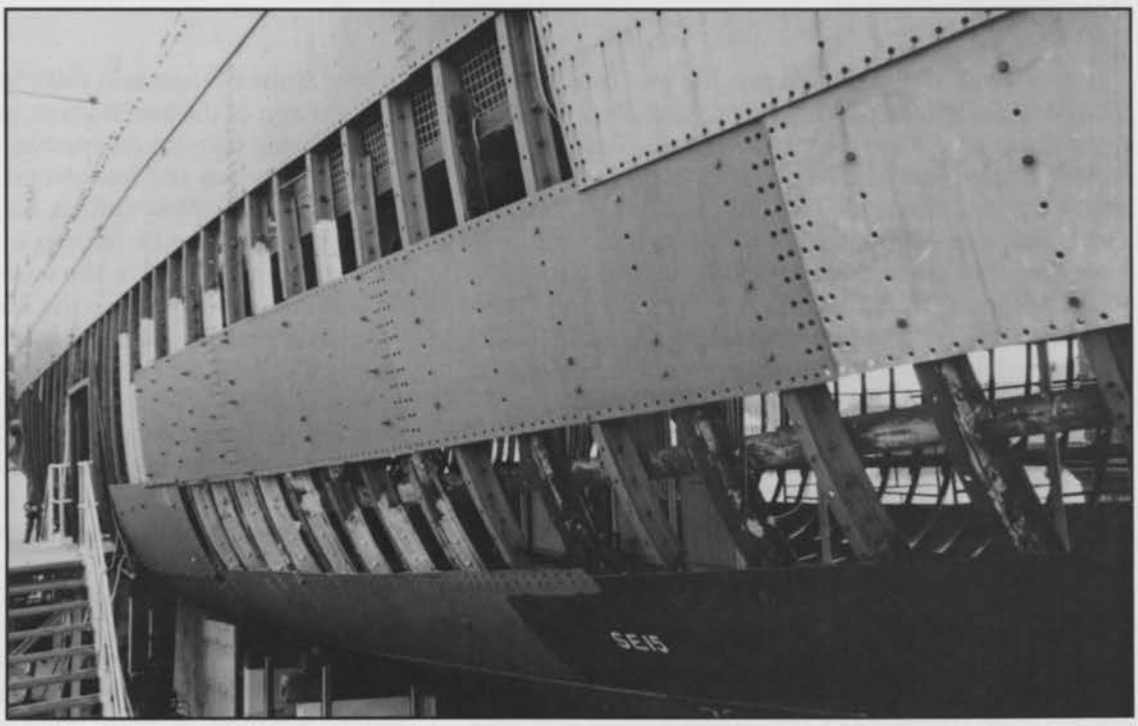
Her recovery 40 years later was triggered by Karl Kortum, who expressed some interest on behalf of the San Francisco Maritime Museum. The thought of the last local relic passing to the Americans inspired the fledgling Sydney Maritime Museum, then known rather inappro-



Sitting on her barge, the JAMES CRAIG *seems to dwarf the half-hidden ferry* KANANGRA, *seen beneath the bark's jib-boom.*
Photo courtesy of the author

priately as the Lady Hopetoun and Port Jackson Marine Steam Museum, to attempt the recovery. A group of volunteers surveyed the wreck at Easter 1972, and returned in October armed with pumps, patches and sandbags to build a cofferdam around the hole in the stern. They were successful in refloating her and having her towed some 50 miles to a safe mooring in Hobart. It was to be almost nine more years of stop/start efforts as funds permitted before she was ready for the 600-mile tow to Sydney.

Today she sits on a floating pontoon as the centerpiece of Sydney Seaport, the museum's public face in a corner of a newly developed convention and tourist area in downtown Sydney. The main and poop decks have been re-laid, and she carries her lower masts and bowsprit. About half of the framing has been replaced, but much of the plating also requires renewal. At present, three strakes around the waterline have been removed. Each of the 120 old plates is used as a template to mark out and drill the replacement, which is then rolled and painted before being refitted. Holes are then reamed to



Close-up of the JAMES CRAIG'S *strakes and frames as restoration of the bark continues.*
Photo courtesy of the author



The schooner BOOMERANG *and the steam launch* LADY HOPETOUN. *Photo courtesy of the author*

final sizing before riveting, a process which can only be carried out for a few hours each day to avoid upsetting the museum's retail neighbors.

More plating is to be removed after the present strakes have been replaced. Except for the rolling, all the work is being undertaken by the museum's volunteers, currently turning out about two plates per week. It is hoped to have her floating on her own bottom by late 1994, after which internal fitout and rigging will proceed. In the meantime, she is fully accessible to visitors, and there are some limited on-board displays, while an awning over the upper deck provides a function space and some extra income for the museum.

The KANANGRA, moored alongside, is the last survivor of the original inner harbor ferry fleet–graceful double-ended vessels unique to Sydney. At 149 feet x 32 feet, carrying 945 passengers, she was one of the largest, and served from 1912 until 1986 when she was presented to the museum. Originally a coal-fired steamer, she was converted to direct-drive diesel in 1959. Ferries still play an important role in the Sydney transport scene, with 25 modern vessels of 350- to 1100-passenger capacity currently serving 28 destinations on 10 different commuter routes, carrying some 21 million passengers a year. So it is appropriate that this fine example is preserved. At present she serves as the museum's office, with a small area for display of artifacts, but she is capable of being restored to survey for operation when funds permit.

Two coal-fired steamers, the 1902 harbor tug WARATAH and the 1903 State Government VIP launch LADY HOPETOUN, together with the magnificent 1903-vintage schooner BOOMERANG, are kept in operational condition, and used for members' and sponsors' outings, and also for limited charter work.

WARATAH spent her working life towing dredges and mud barges for the State Public Works Department, and saw some service as a relief pilot vessel in Newcastle, a port 60 miles north of Sydney. She was presented to the museum on her retirement in 1968, and underwent a five-year restoration program. The only departure from original specifications was the fitting of an electrical system, to meet current survey requirements, powered by a steam-driven generator. In November 1991 she undertook a 200-mile coastal voyage to collect a new figurehead for the JAMES CRAIG.

The LADY HOPETOUN, an Edwardian steam yacht built as the State's vice-regal steamer, is a smaller version of MEDEA, but with very basic accommodation–just enough space for the staff to prepare cocktails and canapes for the day-tripping government guests. She has a watertube boiler, and recently underwent a two-year refit, mainly to the timber hull structure, plus a major repair to the boiler drum.

Another large steamer, the 600-ton ex-buoy tender

and pilot vessel JOHN OXLEY is currently awaiting restoration funding.

Three harbor launches are also afloat, the PROTEX, a 70-year-old shipping tender, the BERRIMA of slightly lesser age used as the museum's workboat, and the most recent acquisition, the HARMAN, a former dockyard launch in full survey for 45 passengers, used for charter work. A number of smaller sailing craft complete the fleet, including GRETEL II, Australia's 1962 America's Cup challenger still in sailing trim, BARRENJOEY, the 5.5 meter Tokyo Olympic gold medalist, plus other examples of local sailing craft of historical importance.

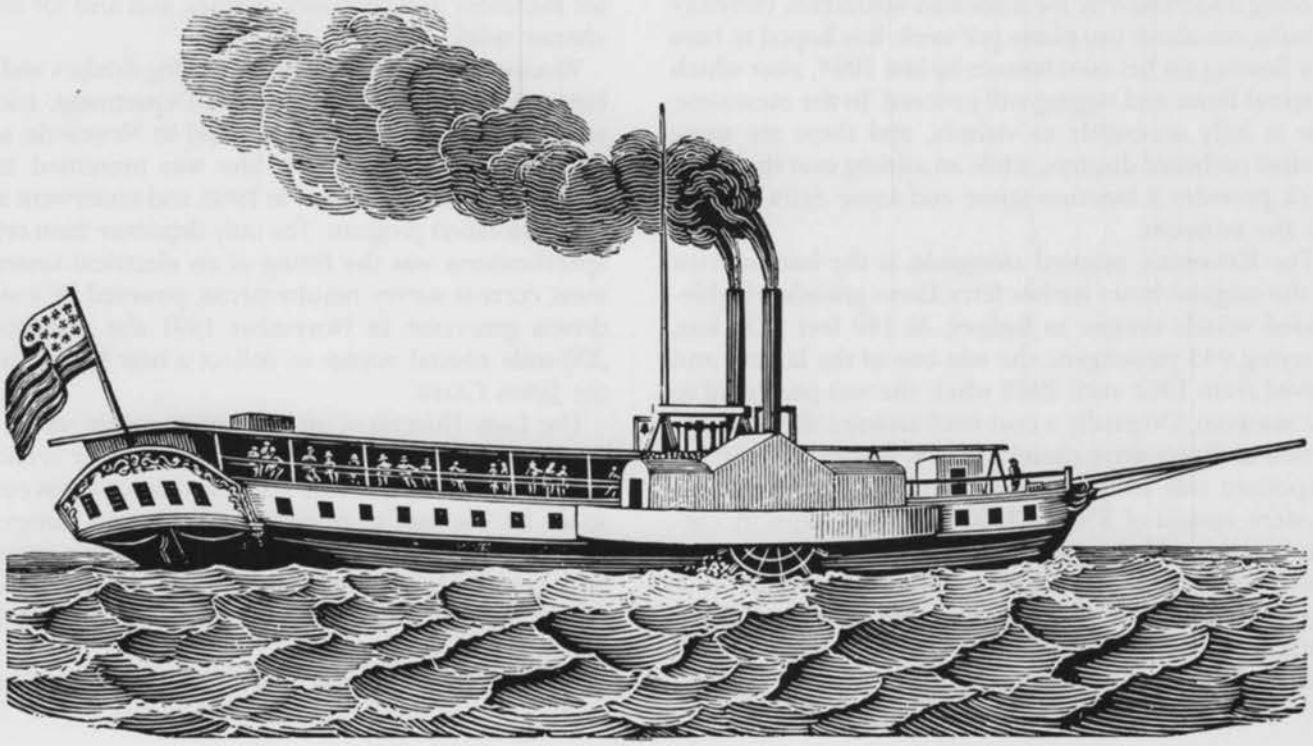
Keeping this fleet in order requires a considerable effort, and the museum is fortunate to have about 120 active (i.e., at least one day per week) volunteers from among its 1000 members. These include former master mariners and marine engineers, and former employees of the city's two dockyards, as well as other willing hands from all walks of life. A small shipyard facility about four miles up-harbor from the Seaport has space to house dock vessels not on display, and basic metal and woodworking machinery. It also houses a number of containers filled with artifacts for which there is no display space at the moment. As with the San Diego museum, the need for additional space in the right location, and at the right price, is a prime concern, both for display purposes and office accommodation. Also like San Diego, there are high hopes for securing such a space sometime soon.

Volunteers work in four basic areas, although there is a degree of overlap. The Seaport is manned on a daily basis to collect the nominal $2 entrance fees, and offer guidance through the JAMES CRAIG and KANANGRA. A team of up to 30 retirees mans the shipyard on Tuesdays and Thursdays, while another slightly larger group works there on weekends. The fourth group comprises the ships' crews, who tend to turn up at any time to keep an eye on what the workers are doing to their charges, and to lend a hand themselves. There is a full-time chief executive officer and a development manager, whose main functions are fund-raising, and they are assisted by a team of four women in the office. One of the principal means of fund-raising is a Porsche raffle four times per year, handled by a team of commissioned telemarketers based on the KANANGRA. At present, thanks to the support of a generous sponsor, there is a full-time paid supervisor on the JAMES CRAIG, supported by a group of lads from a State utility apprentices' school, as well as volunteers most days.

The museum recently acquired some "competition" with the opening in November 1991 of the government-funded Australian National Maritime Museum next to its Seaport facility. With a $100 million establishment, a full-time staff of 75, over 50,000 square feet of purpose-constructed indoor display facilities, 600 feet of deep-water dock space, and floating exhibits ranging down from a recently decommissioned naval destroyer, this is a world-class facility. However, it does not have any operational vessels, and the two organizations are seen as complementary, and cooperate to the extent that several vessels from the SMM are displayed at the ANMM's docks.

Between the two museums, there is a wealth of historical material on display, which will be considerably enhanced by the completion of the JAMES CRAIG. My wish is that all who are working on her could see the STAR OF INDIA. I'm sure the inspiration would double their productivity!

(*Ed. Note*: Australian Philip Renouf is a semi-retired engineer and naval architect, and a shipyard volunteer with the Sydney Maritime Museum. A regular visitor to our city with family here, he is also a member of the San Diego Maritime Museum.)





Following her $40 million refurbishment in Germany, SS NORWAY *resumed passenger service from Miami on October 13, 1990.* *Photo courtesy of the author*

S.S. Norway: Antique Lady with a Past

By Al Deahl

"This is the only cruise ship in the world with a Norwegian troll as the chief pilot," said Captain Tor Dyrdal of the SS NORWAY.

Dyrdal couldn't help but smile as he told the story of the classy ship owned by the Norwegian Cruise Line. We were on the bridge of the NORWAY as the sun was dancing with the horizon. "It seems," said the captain, "that the last time the ship was in Norway, several local musicians provided the ship with a troll named 'Tobben' and it will always protect us." (For those not up on their Norwegian folklore, a troll is always referred to as "it.")

I looked around and, sure enough, there was Tobben sitting on the port side of the ledge under the bridge window. I felt better, especially after noting it was smiling.

"Ah, there you are." The greeting came from the ship's affable hotel director, Bjorn Julseth. "We have done so much since you were with us three years ago."

Indeed, I had heard that the NORWAY had undergone a $40 million refurbishment and I was anxious to have a look. While the officers were preoccupied with their duties, we left the bridge and, like a ghost, the heritage of the NORWAY surrounded us like a mist from the sea.

She began as the SS FRANCE on May 11, 1960—the cultural showpiece of France. Christened by Yvonne de Gaulle, the vessel was a stunning entry to the French Line's North Atlantic service, offering the world's most discriminating travelers a dazzling alternative to Cunard's legendary but aging Queens, the MARY and ELIZABETH.

During the next dozen years, the vessel completed 377 crossings and 93 cruises, including two circumnavigations. SS FRANCE was heralded for her impeccable service (1000 crew for 1800 passengers) and her gourmet food. However, beneath all her luxury, ominous economic realities began to surface. In 1957, the year after her keel was laid, more travelers crossed the Atlantic by air than by sea. In addition to the dwindling passenger revenues, oil prices suddenly quadrupled in the early 1970s, making it economically unfeasible for the vessel to cruise at her required speed. Finally, the French government under President Giscard d'Estaing decided that the annual subsidy necessary to operate the ship be discontinued.

The end was abrupt. In the summer of 1974, the FRANCE sailed eastbound from New York for the last time. She steamed into Le Havre to languish there for five years.

Then an interesting event took place. In the late 1970s, Knut Kloster, from a famous Norwegian shipping family associated with the Norwegian Cruise Line, made a dramatic move. Paying $18 million for the ship, he started her conversion from classic ocean liner to classy cruise ship. In less than a year from the time she was purchased, the vessel sailed out of Miami on June 1, 1980, as the SS NORWAY. As such, she is 1035 feet long, draws 34.5 feet, has a beam of 110.6 feet, and a passenger capacity of 2044 with a crew of 900. Eight steam turbines move her through the Caribbean at 17 knots and she is rated at 70,202 Gross Registered Tons.

Then competition began to enter the picture and, in 1990, it was decided to do a major refurbishment of the ship. "Duplicating the Norway could theoretically cost in excess of $500 million," said Doug Falk, executive vice president of marketing and sales for the line. "Refurbishing this one-of-a-kind ship is a much wiser course of action."

So back into the yard she went and, after $40 million, she now sports two new glass-enclosed decks, housing 135 luxury cabins. Also added was a 6000-square-foot Roman spa, an a la carte supper club, a 4000-square-foot health and fitness center, as well as expanded public areas.

Reflecting on the Word of War

(*Ed. Note:* Author Al Deahl was on board SS NORWAY when word of war in the Persian Gulf was first broadcast on January 16, 1991. The following are his reflections.)

For some hours, word of the impending conflict crackled over the SS NORWAY's radio system. The ship's satellite dish had been tracking the Armed Forces Radio Network, where anxious announcers painted an increasingly grim situation. The sound faded in and out, mixed with atmospheric radio harmonics; it was like a scene out of a 1939 movie.

A great cruise ship was moving through the night in the West Indies, the salon full of laughing passengers trading the latest gossip, the band playing. It was, as a friend remarked, like a cliche missing only fog and Humphrey Bogart as the captain.

And then it came . . .

"Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please." The voice over the ship's loudspeaker was both quivering and sad. "This is the bridge. I have just been informed that hostilities have begun for the liberation of Kuwait. The United States is at war."

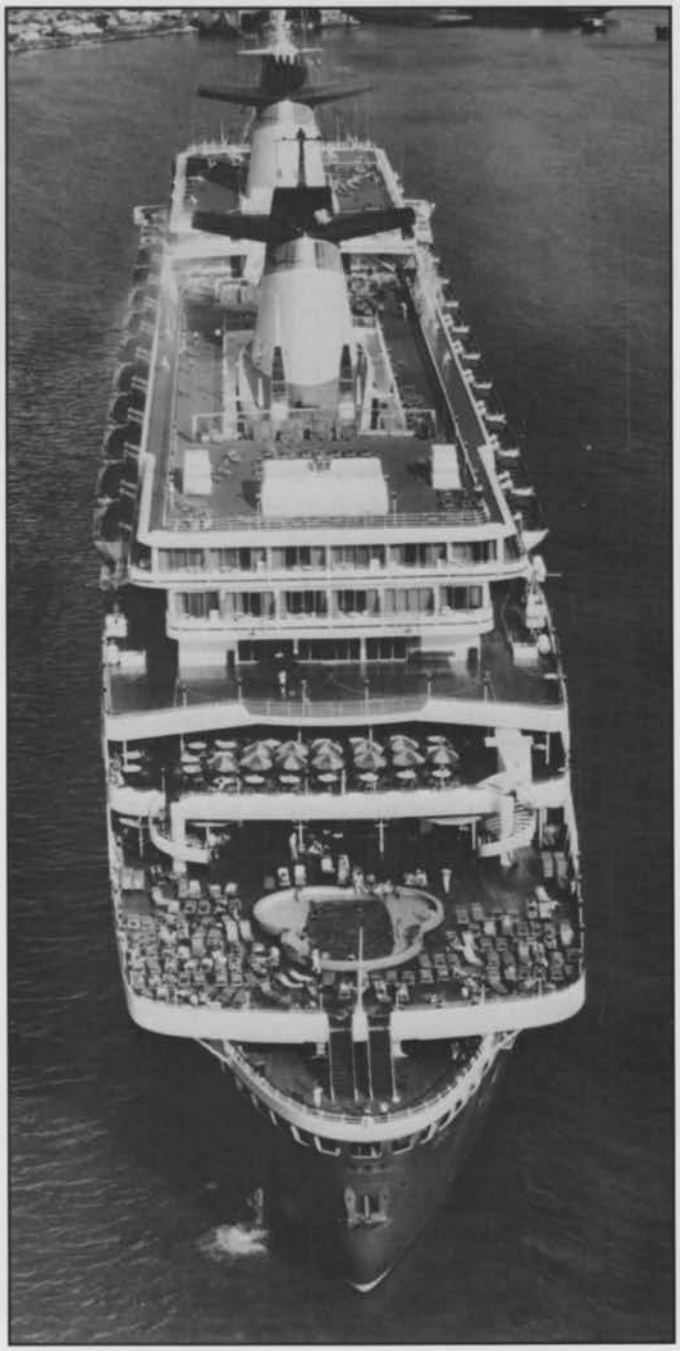
The band stopped playing, voices were hushed, people stopped in mid-sentence and stared at the loudspeaker. For a few moments only the creak and groan of the world's largest passenger ship was audible.

The world had changed for all of us, and more than one wondered where it would all end.

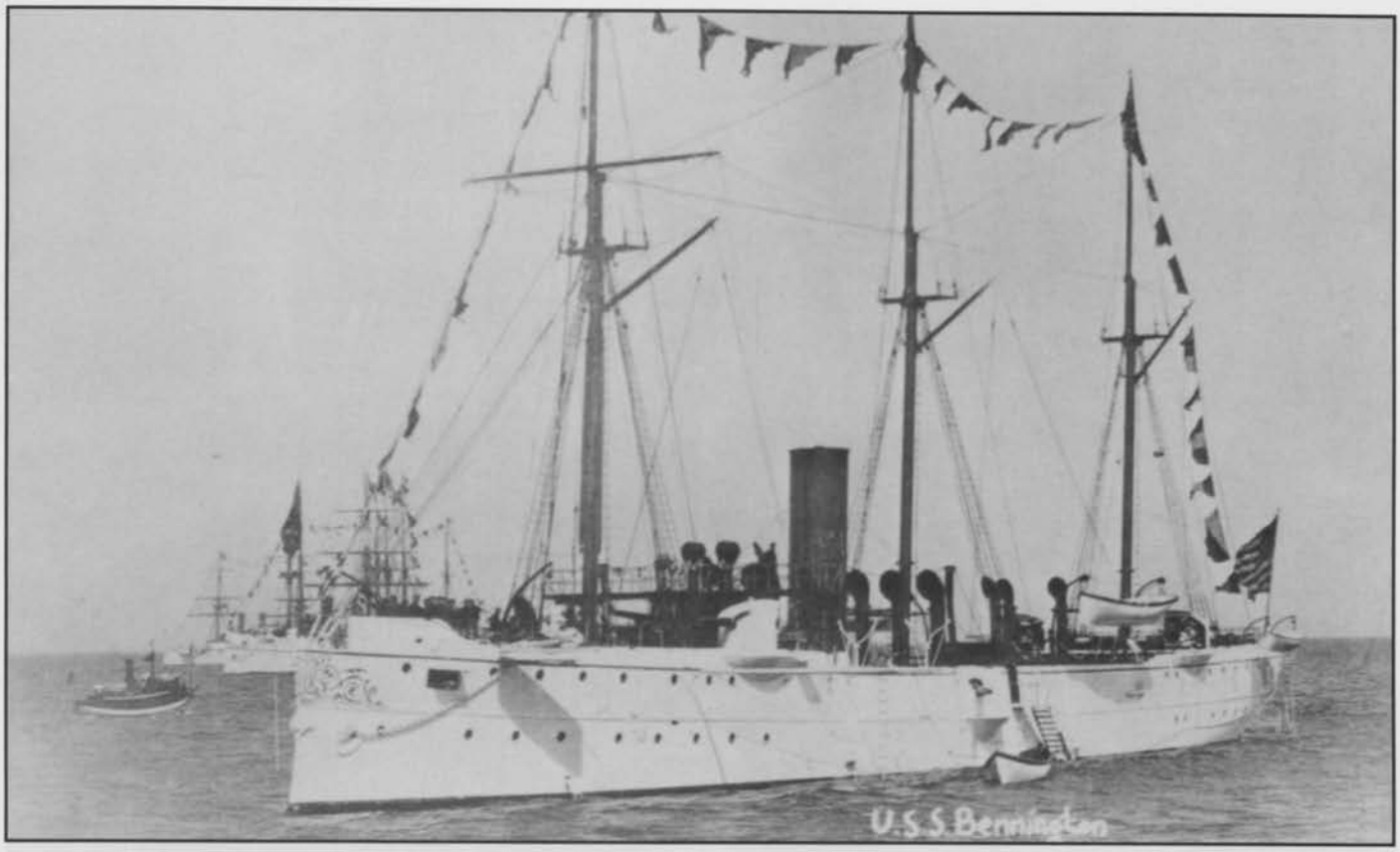
Looking down the longest enclosed promenade deck left at sea that day in 1991, I wondered how long all this would last before she was forced out into the economic cold.

I wish a long life for the SS NORWAY, for she is a unique ship, the likes of which will never be built again. It's worth a cruise just to see what it was like in the old days, for everyone admires this antique lady of the sea.

(*Ed. Note:* Al Deahl is the Travel Editor of the Pomerado Newspaper Group and a longtime member of the San Diego Maritime Museum. He is a frequent contributor to *Mains'l Haul.*)



View from astern of the many luxury decks of SS NORWAY.
Photo courtesy of the author



USS BENNINGTON (PG-4) *dressed over all for a fleet review during her service career.* *Chandler Collection, San Diego Maritime Museum*

The Death of the *Bennington*

PART 1

By Leonard Ash

The sun rose in a cloudless sky on that fateful Friday in the summer of 1905, warming the sleepy little town of San Diego and its 22,500 residents as they prepared for what they thought would be an uneventful day.

Most of the town's citizens lived and worked close to the harbor, and by mid-morning they had settled into their weekday routines. The saloons of the Stingaree District were open and busy as usual; the main topic of discussion among the regulars was the Water Board election that was to take place two days later, on July 23. In those days, a hard-fought election was about the most exciting thing going.

At 10:33 the town was rocked out of its complacency by two violent explosions. Seconds later, billowing clouds of smoke and steam rose over the waterfront. The forward and main boilers of the gunboat USS BENNINGTON, lying in the bay off the foot of H Street (now Market) had exploded, killing 65 of her crew.

Many of the sailors were blown into the water; others were pinned between decks and cooked alive by the steam; the passageways were blocked with the dead and dying; the decks were covered with blood and debris. Only 25 of the 175-man crew escaped unharmed.

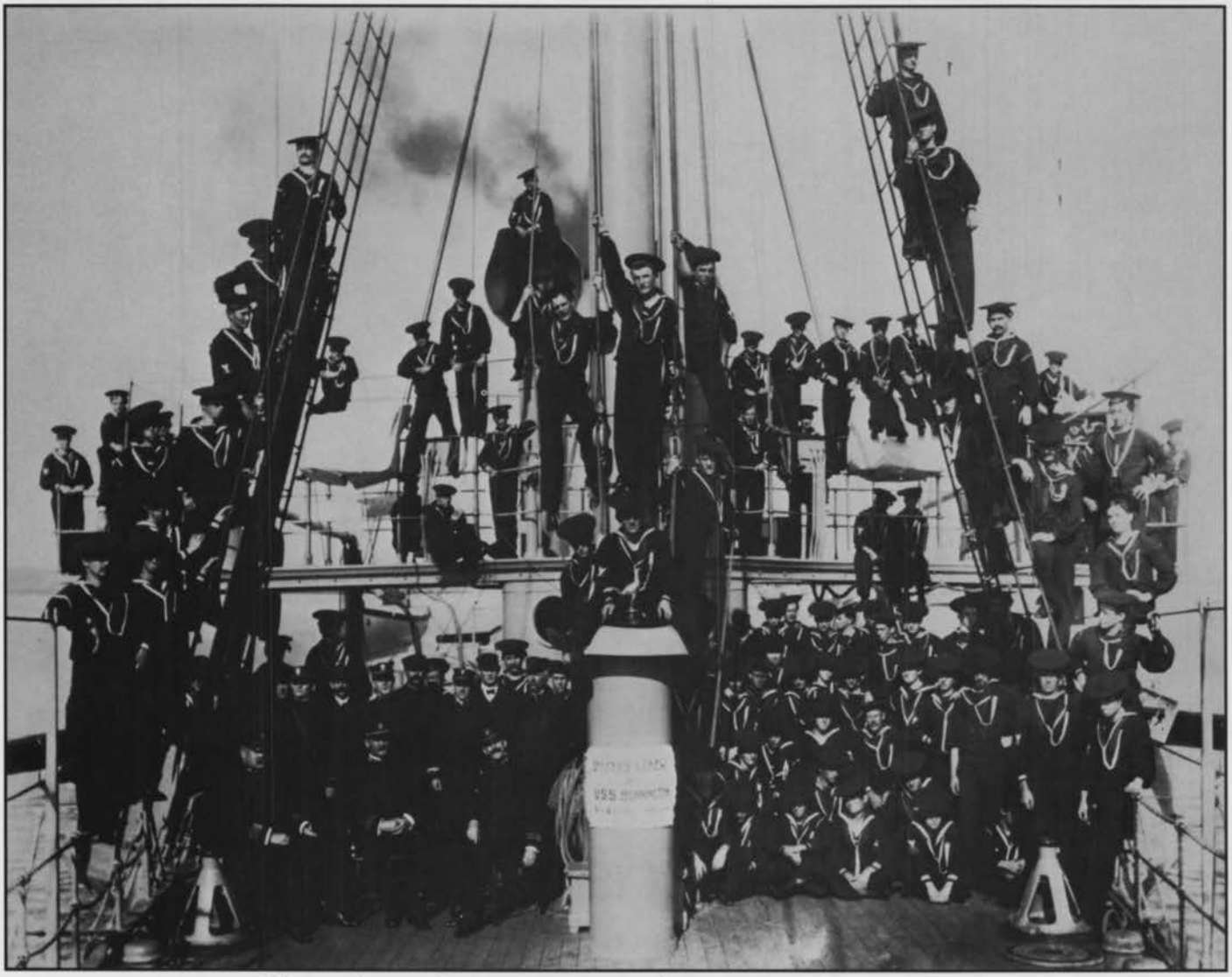
In terms of dead and injured, it was the worst peacetime disaster in the history of the U. S. Navy. It was also San Diego's worst catastrophe until the PSA jetliner crash in 1978.

Hundreds of San Diegans witnessed the explosion and the ensuing chaos as the town struggled to cope with the disaster. San Diegans from all walks of life quickly came to the rescue of the injured crewmen. Volunteers took the horribly burned seamen to hospitals, private homes, and the nearby Army barracks. Doctors and nurses worked around the clock to treat the sailors.

(One grisly tale emerged later. It was reported that two undertakers, each anxious to be the first on the scene, were seen racing their horse-drawn hearses down D Street [now Broadway] toward the waterfront.)

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Vivid memories that would last a lifetime were cast that day. Joe Jessop, Sr., still graphically recalls that fateful July morning in 1905. He saw the BENNINGTON disappear in a cloud of steam within seconds of hearing the explosions.



Officers and crew of USS BENNINGTON *pose for a cameraman at San Diego on March 3, 1905—four months before the disaster that would wreck their ship and take many of their lives.* *Historical Collection, Union Title Insurance Co., San Diego*

Jessop was seven years old and was playing in front of the family home near what is now the Old Ferry Landing on Coronado when he heard the blasts. He recalls seeing several boats in the bay, including a Coronado ferry, rush to the aid of the gunboat.

Jessop, whose family founded Jessop's Jewelers and played an important role in the history of yachting in San Diego, grew up to become one of the city's leading citizens. He holds membership card No. 1 at the San Diego Yacht Club.

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Another eyewitness to the disaster who would become a civic leader was Joe Brennan, a deckhand on the tugboat SANTA FE. Brennan had just finished helping move coal barges to the BENNINGTON and was ashore heading for the Snug Harbor Saloon for a five-cent beer when he heard a thunderous blast. He immediately turned around and ran back to the tug.

"What was that?" shouted Bill Wiggins, the tug's engineer- fireman, as Brennan approached. "I think the Bennington blew up!" Brennan yelled back. "Make steam, Bill. Let's get out to her."

Brennan raced into the pilot house and ordered full steam ahead without waiting for Bob Morris, the SANTA FE's skipper, who had taken off for town.

Morris hurried back to the waterfront and took a motor launch out to his boat, assuming command just as the tug pulled up against the listing gunboat.

Realizing the BENNINGTON was taking on water and would soon sink, Brennan rang the tug's bell and shouted, "Bennington ahoy! Ahoy there aboard. Can you take my line?"

Chief Boatswain's Mate L. J. "Whitey" Gauthier looked though a porthole and saw Brennan, standing at the door of the pilot house, ready to throw a line.

"Stand by, Santa Fe!" Gauthier shouted. "I'll take the line." Taking a deep breath, he made his way aft through scalding steam. Brennan threw the heaving line, and Gauthier and others secured the SANTA FE to the BENNINGTON.

Then everyone realized the anchor chain must be cut

before the tug could drag the gunboat to shallow water.

Grabbing a fire ax, Gauthier crawled over the bodies of his fallen comrades and down two decks through darkness and scalding steam to the chain locker, which held the bitter end of the anchor chain.

Hacking away for what seemed hours, Gauthier finally cut the Manila hemp lashing at the end of the chain. Finally, the chain fell into the bay.

Captain Morris rang for full speed ahead and the sinking BENNINGTON began moving slowly toward shallow water. In 10 minutes the tug managed to push the BENNINGTON's prow into a mudbank, just as her stern went down, saving the gunboat from sinking.

Gauthier was taken to a hospital, but died the next day of having inhaled too much steam. Medals of Honor were awarded to 11 of the BENNINGTON's crewmen for their heroic efforts to rescue shipmates during the disaster. Gauthier, for some unknown reason, was not one of those honored.

Joe Brennan later became the director of the Port of San Diego. Captain Bob Morris served for many years as master of the AVALON, which carried passengers between Los Angeles and Catalina Island.



One of the most dramatic eyewitness accounts of the disaster was recorded by Asa N. Bushnell in the October 1961 issue of the San Diego Historical Society quarterly.

Bushnell, then 19, recalled that July 21, 1905, was "a glorious summer day . . . with a clear blue sky, quiet breeze and the bay sweet and clean. And so, in accordance with my usual summer procedure, I got on my way, down to the water."

Bushnell was joined by his friend, Hildreth Peckham, also 19, at Fifth and D streets and together they walked out onto the wharf at the Rowing Club, where they changed into bathing suits "and got into a four-oared wherry, to row about the bay and get warmed up for our morning swim."

THE LIFE OF A GUNBOAT

USS BENNINGTON had a short life as a U. S. Navy gunboat—14 years—but managed to make her mark in history before her career ended on a sunny day in San Diego on July 21, 1905.

On January 17, 1899, while steaming for the Philippines, a landing party from the BENNINGTON was put ashore on a tiny island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean and Ensign Wettengel hoisted the Stars and Stripes on a makeshift flagstaff. Wake Island was claimed for the United States.

Wake would claim a bigger niche in history 42 years later as the scene of a gallant defense by the U. S. Marines and Navy against invading Japanese troops during the early days of World War II.

The BENNINGTON was named after the town in Vermont that was the scene of a battle during the American Revolution. Construction began in 1889 at the Delaware River Iron Works in Chester, Pennsylvania, and she was launched on June 3, 1890.

Sponsored by Miss Anne Aston, she was commissioned on June 20, 1891, with Commander R. B. Bradford in command. She was the third YORKTOWN-class gunboat built.

Even by turn-of-the-century standards, the BENNINGTON was considered a small vessel. She displaced 1700 tons and was 230 feet from stem to stern and carried a complement of 197 officers and men. However, she carried formidable armament: six six-inch guns, four six-pounders, and four one-pounders.

The BENNINGTON joined the Squadron of Evolution—the Navy's first all-steel squadron—and left New York on November 19, 1891, on the squadron's cruise to Brazil. Transferred to the South Atlantic Squadron on May 5, 1892, she cruised in South American waters until July 19.

The gunboat then visited Spain and Italy to participate in the celebrations marking the quadricentennial of the European discovery of America. She returned to Hampton Roads, Virginia, on March 26, 1893, with replicas of Columbus's vessels in tow.

Departing New York on August 6, 1893, the BENNINGTON cruised in the Mediterranean until leaving Gibraltar on July 18, 1894, for the Pacific Station.

She cruised the Pacific coasts of North and Central America and the Hawaiian Islands until the Spanish-American War in 1898. Then, leaving Mare Island on September 15, 1898, she steamed via Honolulu and Guam to Manila, arriving February 22, 1899, and taking possession of Wake Island en route.

The BENNINGTON assisted the U. S. Army in putting down the insurrection in the Philippines until 1901. She then returned to Mare Island and was taken out of commission on September 5.

Recommissioned on March 2, 1903, she cruised along the Pacific coasts of North and South America for the next two years. She had just pulled into San Diego when her boilers exploded on July 21, 1905.

The BENNINGTON was towed from San Diego to "Rotten Row" off Mare Island after the disaster, arriving there on August 17. She was decommissioned on October 31. She was bought by Matson Navigation Company, towed to Hawaii and used as a water barge in Honolulu Harbor for several years. Her last duty was carrying molasses between the Hawaiian Islands.

In 1926, she was towed to sea and scuttled. According to Lee Strobel, the last surviving member of her crew, the BENNINGTON went down "with flag snapping in the breeze . . . straight down to her lonely grave at the bottom of the Pacific."

The teenagers were about 50 feet off the BENNINGTON's port bow when her boilers exploded with a deep, muffled roar. "Steel gratings flew to masthead height, and steam and black smoke began pouring from her ventilators," Bushnell wrote.

"My reaction was instantaneous—I dove out of the boat and swam straight down. Then, realizing that it was not good to be underwater at the time of an explosion, I came to the surface and grabbed the boat, meanwhile yelling to Peckham to help me save it; I knew that my family would not like the idea of having to pay for a lost boat."

Bushnell said he and Peckham were scared, but "not in panic."

"Back in the boat, we found that there were seven men in the water, close to us. Three were swimming quietly, three were beating the water in panic, and one was floating face down, apparently dead.

"He had no marks on him, and we got him into the boat, but did not have room to try to get the water out of him."

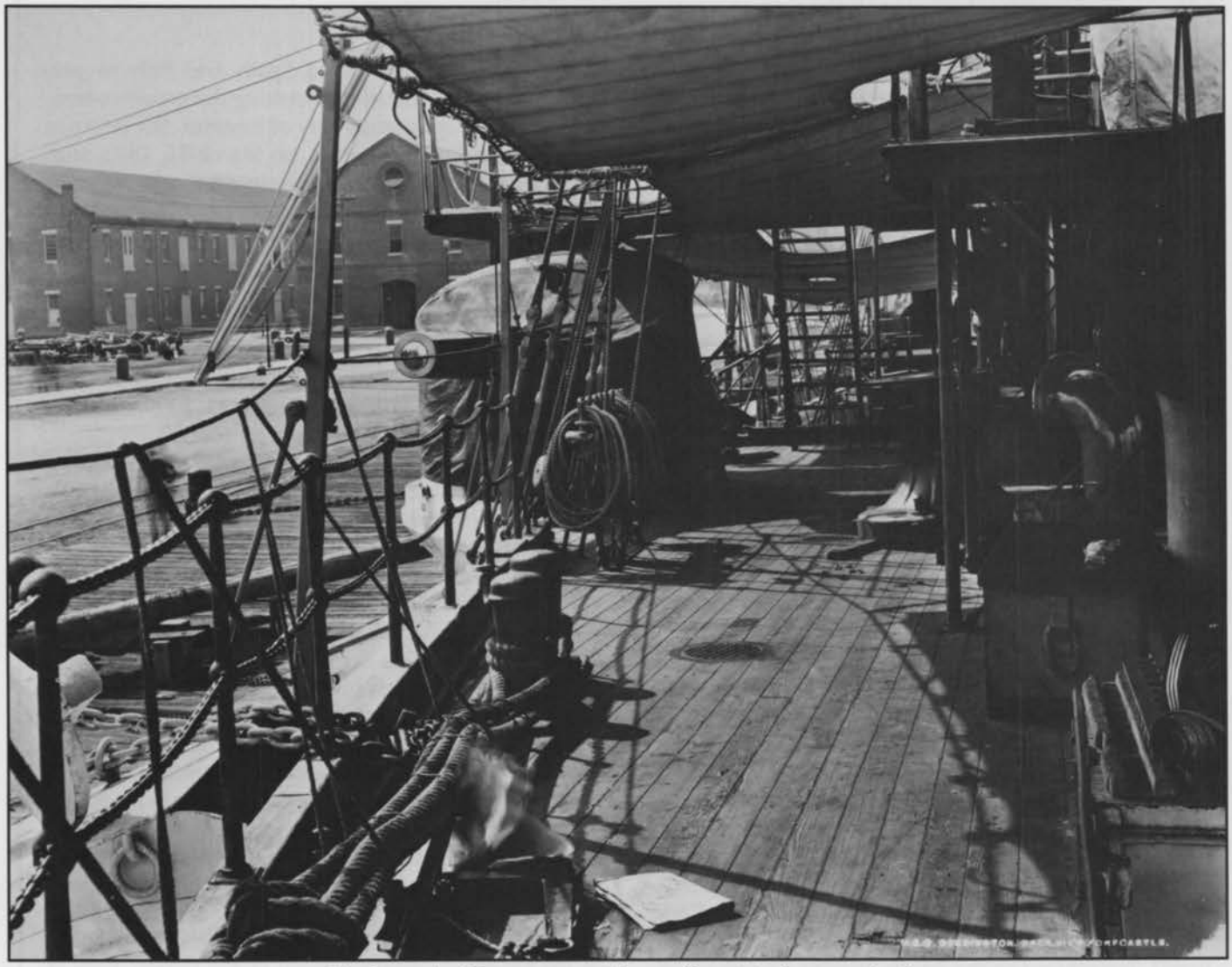
Bushnell said he had to beat one of the panicked survivors on the face and hold him off by the hair because the sailor almost upset the boat trying to climb aboard. Another survivor finally managed to pull the panicked sailor into the boat.

"There was a very fine, completely unexcited colored man swimming about 30 feet from us while we were picking up those who were poor swimmers or were in panic. He was of great help, and told us to pick him up last, that he was all right. I think his name was Turpin."

(Gunner's Mate J.H. Turpin, who was badly injured when the USS MAINE exploded in Havana harbor in 1898, survived the BENNINGTON explosion unhurt. He swam safely to shore after turning down Bushnell's offer to help.)

Bushnell said that with he, Peckham and seven survivors aboard the wherry, the gunwales were practically awash and the boat was in danger of swamping.

"It was our desire to get as quickly as possible to the wharf near the Ferry Slip, so that we all would not be back in the water again. Fortunately a double-ended fishing



The forecastle of BENNINGTON, *with one of her six-inch guns trained forward. At 10:33 a.m. on July 21, 1905, the ship was enveloped in a cloud of scalding steam following her boiler explosion.*

U. S. Navy photo

boat met us in the channel, and we transferred our load to them.

"By this circumstance we escaped the scenes of horror on the wharf when they began to bring the dead and terribly burned members of the crew ashore."

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Edward Grove, who lived in the 2200 block of Front Street, was the first doctor on the scene. One look at the carnage and Grove realized the survivors had to be moved quickly to hospitals if any of them were to be saved.

Grove and the few other medical personnel on the scene quickly arranged for the injured lying about the wharf to be transported to St. Joseph's Sanatorium (now Mercy Hospital) at Sixth and University avenues and Agnew Sanatorium at Fifth and Beech.

When those facilities were filled to capacity, the old Army barracks at Kettner and H was opened as an auxiliary hospital.

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Ernest L. Bartlett was visiting San Diego and witnessed the grim aftermath of the explosion from his downtown hotel room. He recounted the day's events as he saw them in a letter home the next day:

"I opened the window and looked down into the street and there in a buggy was a man and sailor all cut to pieces but still alive. I did not know he was a sailor as he was naked like all the rest–well, some had pants on and some shirts or strings.

"He seemed to be slashed from head to foot, looked like cuts about 4 inches long, and heard someone say explosion so reckoned he had been blown away by dynamite.

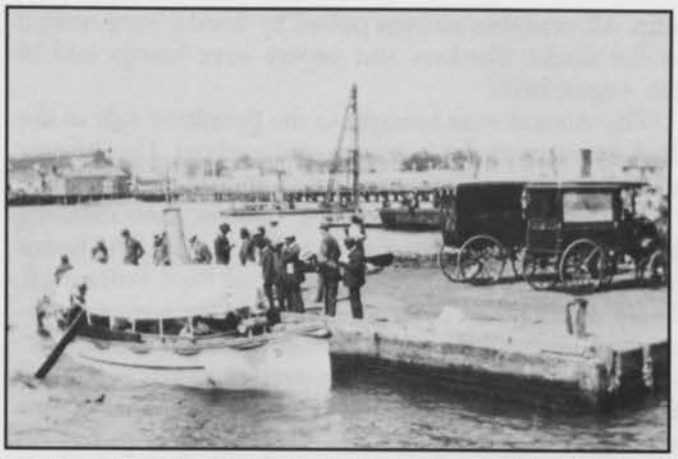
"The mayor went right down there and called for 60 volunteers to get the wounded and they got all but seven or so before she sank. The tug boat went out and towed her to shallow water near the wharf that goes out to the ferry. We could see teams a-coming on the run. Baker wagons, grocery, laundry wagons, hacks, express wagons, hearses and dead wagons all filled with the wounded.

"They took about 125 past our place in half an hour. Lots of them were begging to be shot, few had any clothes on–all burned or blown off or ripped off to keep them from burning them, the hot water soaking their clothes. Some of the badly injured ones were making heroic efforts to keep the others who were suffering terribly from jumping or falling out of the wagons.

"Every man was black from the soot of the boiler. I went down at noon and they had got all the injured and were taking out the dead. There were lots of coffins on the wharf and people were working on some of the drowned ones to see if they could bring them to life, but [to] no avail. Only 12 to 15 were killed outright, many dying on the wharf and 20 had died at one hospital last night."

In a later letter, Bartlett described his visit to an "undertaker's shop":

". . . there were thirty-three in there, and I was surprised that they had fixed them up so well. I saw all the faces but three. Some faces were not burned at all. The burned skin had been smoothed down and colored like Indians . . . some had their hands covered up in flowers or tucked into the blouse. They were nearly all young boys."



A grim scene at the landing-float at West Santa Fe Wharf; a dead-wagon and a hearse are standing by as BENNINGTON's *steam launch comes alongside.* *MacMullen Collection, San Diego Maritime Museum*

Bartlett returned to work in San Diego from 1908 to 1950. He was employed as a draftsman for the city and various private firms.

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R. Beers Loos, manager of the Bijou Theater, followed his usual routine that fateful Friday, sauntering down to the waterfront to gaze at the ships in port while waiting until it was time to open the theater.

Loos was standing at the end of the Spreckels Wharf when, out of the corner of his eye, he witnessed history. He described it later:

"There was a dull, rumbling roar like distant thunder, then clouds of steam enveloped her."

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Francis McCarten of 524 State Street rushed to the waterfront immediately after hearing about the disaster. Interviewed by reporters, he gave this account:

"I knew that I must go out to the ship and rescue as many boys as I could, although I have been long out of the Navy. My heart is still with the warships and the boys who man them.

"I immediately organized a relief crew, went aboard and offered my services to Captain [Lucian] Young. He accepted them gratefully and we plunged into the steaming depths of the ship where the air was filled with the groans of the dying and the smell of blood. . . . We recovered seven bodies."

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In 1978, San Diego-born Mildred Adamson described the 1905 events in an article in *The San Diego Tribune*, based on recollections of her mother, Wanda Hacklander:

"My mother was helping at the old Otto Florist shop downtown when a terrific explosion was heard from San Diego Bay. The steamship Bennington had exploded.

"The people immediately ran to the waterfront to help as smoke and steam poured over the water from the

ship. All available wagons pulled by horses were rushed to the docks. Blankets and papers were hastily laid in the wagon beds.

"The victims were brought to the Broadway side of the dock by every available launch and rowboat. The military as well as the civilian population helped.

"The men were placed in the wagons, their clothing burned off and their bodies horribly seared. The bones of some appeared where the flesh had been burned off. There was the odor of steamed flesh. Some were screaming and moaning in pain. Others appeared deceased.

"Most of the people who witnessed this early San Diego tragedy have died, but the horror remained in their minds as long as they lived, and this story has been passed on to their children and grandchildren."

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Herbert C. Hensley, a reporter for *The San Diego Union*, wrote that, as he neared the foot of H Street, he could hear the cries of wounded sailors as they milled about, waiting for help. Some of the bluejackets wore only the tattered remains of uniforms, others were already bandaged. He said that many of the injured were walking away from the harbor, searching for medical attention. They had to be rounded up for transport to the hospitals.

Within minutes of Hensley's arrival, Mayor John Schon, along with the chief of police, the district attorney, and the coroner arrived, took charge of the rescue operations, and brought some order to the confusion.

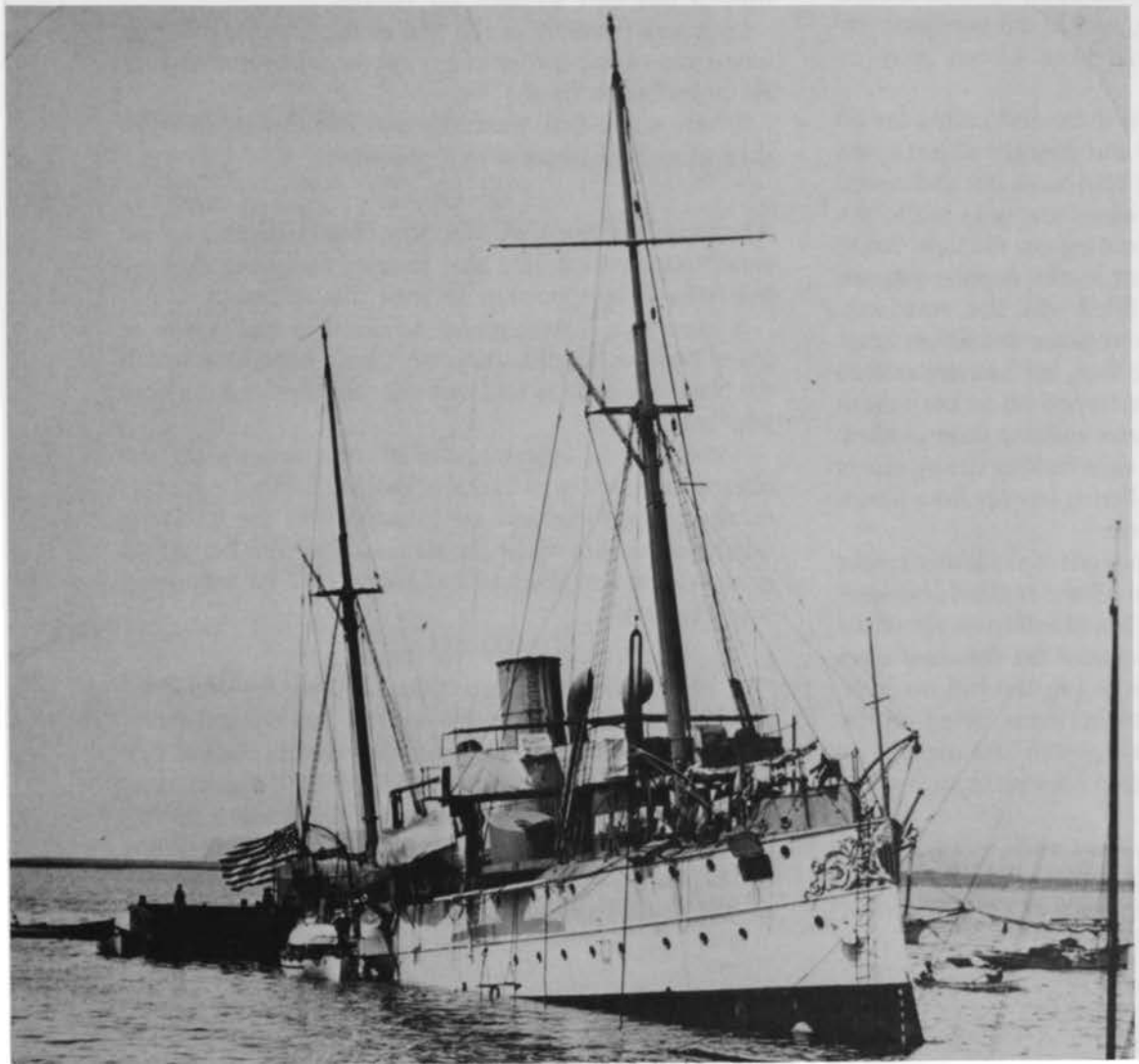
Hensley jotted down his observations while waiting for an opportunity to get aboard the gunboat. The last of the dead and injured were being removed and emergency crews had begun the task of securing the broken steam lines. He later recalled:

"The appearance of the Bennington at that moment offered, to anybody boarding her then, an almost incredible contrast to her trim, sleek looks . . . like all our naval vessels of that period, she had been painted a snowy white from bow to stern and rail to water; only deck erections, funnel, spars, etc. being a bright yellow . . . [now] she lay like some abandoned derelict . . .greasy with ash and cinders. . . . I would not have supposed such an instantaneous metamorphosis was possible."

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NEXT: Tales of terror and heroism as surviving crewmembers tell their stories. Also, the skipper and the engineering officer stand courts-martial. Mr. Ash's list of sources for this article will be published with Part 2 in the next issue of *Mains'l Haul.*

(*Ed. Note:* Leonard Ash is an award-winning journalist based in San Diego. He is compiling research for a book on the BENNINGTON disaster and is anxious to hear from anyone with knowledge about the event. Ash may be reached through the MacMullen Library on board the BERKELEY, 619-234-9153.)



Removing the dead following the gunboat's tragedy. BENNINGTON *is down by the stern and listing to starboard. In line with Navy custom at the time, her upperworks, superstructure and masts were painted buff. Note the ornate shield and scrolls at the bow—a holdover from the days of figureheads.* *Maritime Museum file photo*

From the Helm

Summer 1992 is upon us. The America's Cup races have come and gone and school kids visiting the Maritime Museum are noticeably more "wiggly" as summer freedom is at hand.

As always with ships, the work goes on. We have begun main deck seam sealing and selected deck plank renewals on the STAR OF INDIA in preparation for rainy weather and possible future sailings.

Construction of a replica of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo's small boat ("chalupa") is in progress on the STAR OF INDIA's orlop. This boat will be featured in the reenactment of Cabrillo's landing at Ballast Point, 450 years ago. The reenactment will be held on Sunday, October 4, 1992, and the Portuguese naval training tall ship SAGRES will take part. The chalupa will be maintained by the Maritime Museum as a portable exhibit that can be trailered to special events throughout the local area.

The steam yacht MEDEA is sporting a new canvas bridge dodger and after deck awning based on photos taken in the early 1900s. Our thanks to Al Melone Canvas Products for an outstanding job.

Not only has the ferry BERKELEY recently been awarded National Historic Landmark status, but San Diegans, in increasing numbers, have found her to be the ideal site for weddings, receptions and parties "on the bay" for large groups. The crew has restored the party deck to where it has become *the* place for important events. Restoration of passenger benches remains in progress so that visitors can appreciate the "before and after" of woodworking and finishing.

If you haven't visited the Maritime Museum recently, drop by. There's lots to see!

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

Volunteer of the Quarter

Our Volunteer of the Quarter for the summer of 1992 is Mr. David Tooley.

Mr. Tooley was born in Wales and immigrated to this country in 1947. He grew up in Milwaukee and moved to San Diego in 1960, where he attended San Diego City College. After four years' service in the U. S. Navy as a yeoman, he relocated to Houston until 1982, when he returned to our city.

Mr. Tooley took over an existing business in San Diego, from which he has recently retired. As with many "retired" people, he now finds himself busier than ever. Among his current interests are running a used book business, doing freelance historical research work, and serving in both the Maritime Research Society and the San Diego Civil War Roundtable.

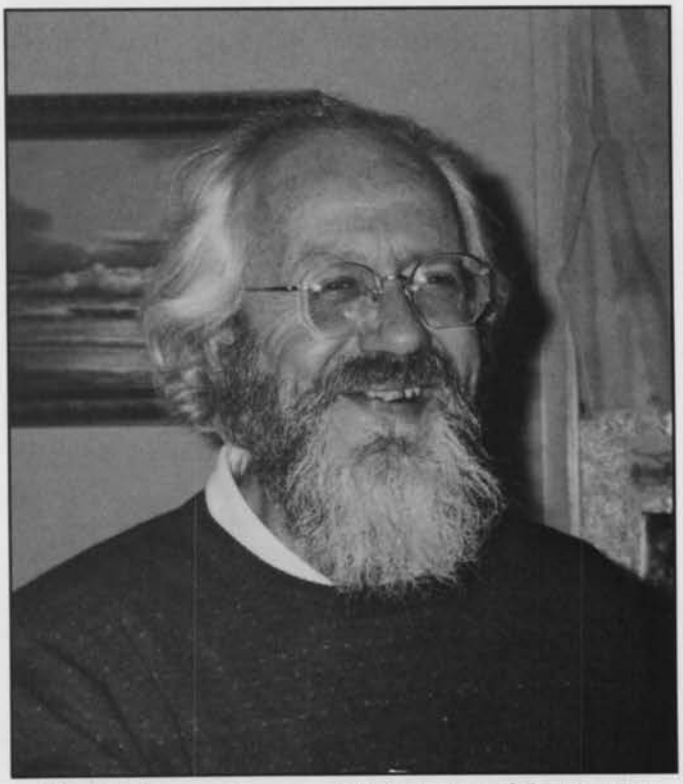
It was at the Civil War Roundtable where the editor of this publication first met Mr. Tooley. A shared interest in Civil War history led to discussion of other historical subjects, and Mr. Tooley was invited to join the corps of Library volunteers as a research assistant.

Since that day, Mr. Tooley has been an important asset to our Library. He has a strong interest in early photography, especially photos of the Civil War and the Old West. Since coming here, he has learned the difference between the pointy end and the round end of a boat, and indeed his progress has been so marked that he has been assigned to semi-independent research projects.

Mr. Tooley's latest endeavor was to research 12 major historical sites on San Diego Bay. This was completed for a video which the Maritime Museum may produce in the near future. It was a lengthy, difficult job–and Dave did it well.

Dave has proven himself useful in numerous other ways, and while the Librarian is taking in the mysterious East Coast this August, Mr. Tooley will be co-manning the Library.

Dave, welcome aboard, and thanks for all your help.



Dave Tooley, our Summer 1992 Volunteer of the Quarter.
Photo courtesy of Dave Tooley

Ship Model Shop



Admiralty model of an English 90-gun ship, c. 1675. Note how the frames are exposed, a standard procedure for the Board of Admiralty's study. *National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, U.K.*

If you have not already been to the "Great Age of Sail" exhibit at the San Diego Museum of Art, I would highly recommend that you do so before its close in early October. The National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, England, has packaged a select hundred of their nautical art treasures and is sending them to three North American museums – the first of which is our Museum of Art. The paintings and art objects such as globes, astrolabes, and the like are spectacular but the three Admiralty ship models are the subject of this column.

For centuries the Admiralty has been Britain's controlling board in naval matters. When ordering new vessels back in the 17th and 18th centuries, these gentlemen, like many of us, had troubles deciphering three-dimensional objects shown in two-dimensional drawings.

To overcome this problem, the Admiralty established a shipyard in miniature where virtually every ship class or type was built in all of the detail necessary to show exactly how the real ship would be built. This "shipyard" employed virtually all the craftsmen of a full-sized yard, from lofters, woodcarvers, and carpenters to gunsmiths and sailmakers. As you look through the "Great Age of Sail" collection, you will see what wonderful craftsmen these people were. The first model you will come upon is the 74-gun ship HMS THUNDERER of 1760.

This beautiful full-rigged third rate is unusual because of its rigging. As it turns out, this model was not originally rigged and it was during the restoration completed in 1974 by a Mr. Philip Ride that masting and rigging were added. The typical Admiralty model did not have such features because rigging was standardized to each vessel type; any variations were left to the captains and sailing masters of each ship.

There are a number of points to note as you observe HMS THUNDERER, such as the magnificent job that was done on such items as the ratlines, where each footrope is eyespliced and seized to the foremost shroud, clove-hitched to each central shroud, and then eyespliced and seized to the aftermost shroud. This is attention to detail above and beyond most anything else I have seen in recent times, but it does reflect the practices of the era.

An additional item to note is the basket-woven mouse on each of the mizzen, main, and fore stays. You will find these near the fighting tops where they were used to prevent the eyesplices, which help form the eyes around the mastheads, from slipping.

Finally, you might note that there are very few knots used to terminate lines; virtually all lines end in eyesplices. Once you have seen the model, I think you will agree that HMS THUNDERER is indeed a masterpiece in the art of rigging.

The second model you will come across in the collection is that of the first rate ship of the line HMS ROYAL WILLIAM of 1719. This incredibly beautiful example of the art of miniature woodcarving and carpentry was restored by the Greenwich staff specifically for this exhibit and shows in intricate detail the many massive timbers used in building one of these "walls of oak." It is mentioned in a sidebar to this exhibit that it took approximately 20 acres (300,000 cubic feet) of various trees to build an English first rate.

The ROYAL WILLIAM has many fine examples of wood-

carvings in the figurehead, transom, and along the bulwarks. In examining the model, I could find very little evidence of joinery in the carving, and I suspect that many of the carvings were made from single pieces of rosewood. Truly incredible craftsmanship! The actual ship survived for nearly one hundred years at a time when 20 years could turn a vessel into a worthless hulk.

The final example of an Admiralty model, built in 1690, is that of a yacht that was to have been built for King Charles II–the first monarch to use the sea for recreational sailing. Although no evidence exists to suggest that this particular vessel was ever built as shown, many of its features appeared earlier in the royal yacht KATHERINE, built in 1674. The model is original with the exception of some of two spars (bowsprit and topsail yard), rigging and sails having been replaced during a past restoration. Her antiquity can be seen in some of the warped decking and water stains. As mentioned above, it is unusual for an Admiralty model to be rigged, but in that everything about yachts was new in the 1600s, and this vessel was for the King, it was fully rigged for the Admiralty board's approval.

All in all, I would highly recommend this fine exhibit to all of our members and I hope you enjoy it. After your visit to the San Diego Museum of Art, stop by the model shop in the Maritime Museum, as we all enjoy discussing models and their building.

–Robert Crawford,
Curator of Ship Models

Curator's Corner

The "Sailing in San Diego" exhibit paralleling Neva Sullaway's book by the same name has been extended through the summer aboard the BERKELEY. It is hoped that America's Cup activity will result in extra yachting interest by visitors to San Diego. The America's Cup Museum at the Cruise Ship Terminal is staying open this summer in the same expectation.

A new exhibit is being installed aboard the BERKELEY about the 1992 America's Cup. A featured item is one of the race course marks from the Louis Vuitton challenger series. The mark was donated to the Maritime Museum by the Louis Vuitton Company along with a stake boat burgee.

Museum member Bill Lane has loaned us an interesting assortment of maritime clocks. They are located in a case aboard the BERKELEY. The clocks include two Spanish-American War commemorative clocks, a sundial cannon clock, a pocket watch made by the British Admiralty's clock-maker, and a chronometer loaned by Captain R. A. Bowling.

MEDEA now sports new finery in the form of a bridge dodger and an awning suspended over the after deck. Both additions are in place thanks to donations from the Star of India Auxiliary, Paul Kettenburg, and Al Melone. These additions are closely based on photos of MEDEA in her 1904–1911 period of ownership–including photos acquired in Scotland by Librarian Craig Arnold on a recent research trip. Historical accuracy was the goal along with other objectives, such as giving shelter to our guests from the sun, protecting the varnish and deck from ultraviolet ray damage, and reducing rainwater on the deck and skylight during the rainy season.

In other news, it seems appropriate to mention that the excellent videotape, *Setting Sail: The Star of India goes to Sea,* narrated by Walter Cronkite, continues to receive honors. Video producer Bill Simon reports that the video has won three prestigious awards and is in competition for a fourth. Congratulations to Bill and to the ship's officers and crew, plus people like Bob and Barbara Sharp, all of whom made this production possible. The video is available in the Museum Store. Don't forget that if you are a Museum member, you are entitled to a valuable discount on all purchases made there.

–Dave Brierley, Curator

Star of India Auxiliary

As the new President of the Auxiliary I want to say that I really have a hard act to follow. The capable hands of Doris Chidgey and all of the hardworking Presidents before does put one at her mettle. Yes, this term of office will be a challenge for the Auxiliary. We are in dire need of storage space for our annual Rummage Sale. We cannot let this great money-raising project go by the board.

It was during 1973–74 when Mrs. George Zeluff was our President that we got this dear old ferryboat BERKELEY, which was a fine place to have the rummage sales. I believe I dropped the first suggestion or idea or whatever, anyway I was put in charge and these sales just kept growing. It's a lot of work for members and crew alike, but the benefits are great. So please, won't someone find us 1500-2000 square feet of storage space. Please help!

In other Auxiliary news, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Chidgey will receive the lovely framed picture "Sailorette" by J. C. Leyendecker. Their bid was accepted in the amount of $275. Proceeds go to the Maritime Museum.

–Margaret Arveson,
Auxiliary President

Library Log

Recent conferrals between Maritime Museum staff and the San Diego Unified Port District have rekindled hopes that significant parts of the Museum, including the Mac-Mullen Library, may be moved ashore in the near future.

Lack of space to grow on the BERKELEY is one good reason for moving the Library ashore. Last year the Port's architectural firm designed an excellent modern museum facility on Broadway Pier. Once in place, this would solve our space problem. In the meantime, we must make do with increasingly cramped quarters aboard the BERKELEY.

There is an even more vital reason for moving the Library ashore. We have irreplaceable documents here. At Broadway Pier, the Library will occupy the upper floor of a building—a much safer repository. Meanwhile, I continue to stress security to our staff and volunteers.

The risk of fire and the watertight integrity of the BERKELEY are yet more reasons to beach the books. A fragile, elderly ferryboat is about the most precarious location for an archive that one could devise—but we must make the best of it until the Port comes to our aid.

So you see that even bookish Librarians have their share of worries. On the positive side, use of the Library is up many times over what it was a decade ago. A research room has been added, ships' logs microfiched, and card files transferred to our new computer. Thousands of books, photos, magazines, ship plans and items of memorabilia have been logged in. *Mains'l Haul,* our historical journal, has grown in size and acquired a new format. For the past several years it has been microfilmed by the state libraries of California and Wisconsin, as well as collected by many colleges and museums. I'm pleased to note that the preceding issue (Vol. 28, No. 3) was my 30th as Editor. The "Haul" has been a lot of fun to put together.

It's been a pleasure to work with the many dedicated individuals of the San Diego Maritime Museum. Without such talented people, these magnificent ships never would have lasted as long as they have, or look as good as they do. Let's hope the people of San Diego provide the support the Maritime Museum deserves in the future.

—Craig Arnold, Librarian

Development Report

The 7th Annual BMW Sailing Classic Regatta was held May 30, in conjunction with Radio KFSD, the classical music station (94.1 FM). For the second year in a row, the Maritime Museum was named as the beneficiary of this popular waterfront event.

The race attracted 175 yachts and about 1200 yachtsmen, making it one of the largest regattas in Southern California. More than $3,000 was donated to the museum from entry fees, and we were the beneficiary of several large print ads in yachting publications, as well as a generous amount of air time on Radio KFSD.

Many thanks to race promoter Noah Rosenblatt and the people at BMW North America and Radio KFSD. Events like this are wonderful for many reasons. Not only do they raise funds for our ongoing ship restoration program, they also keep our name in the public eye, reminding people that the Maritime Museum continues to be a great waterfront institution, dedicated to preserving the maritime heritage of our region.

There has already been talk of naming the Maritime Museum as the official charity for the 1993 BMW Sailing Classic. According to Noah Rosenblatt, there is a possibility of a matching fund program that would help raise more money for the museum next year.

MEDEA, our 1904 Scottish steam yacht, served as the VIP vessel for the regatta. On board were representatives from BMW North America, Radio KFSD, and *The San Diego Union-Tribune.*

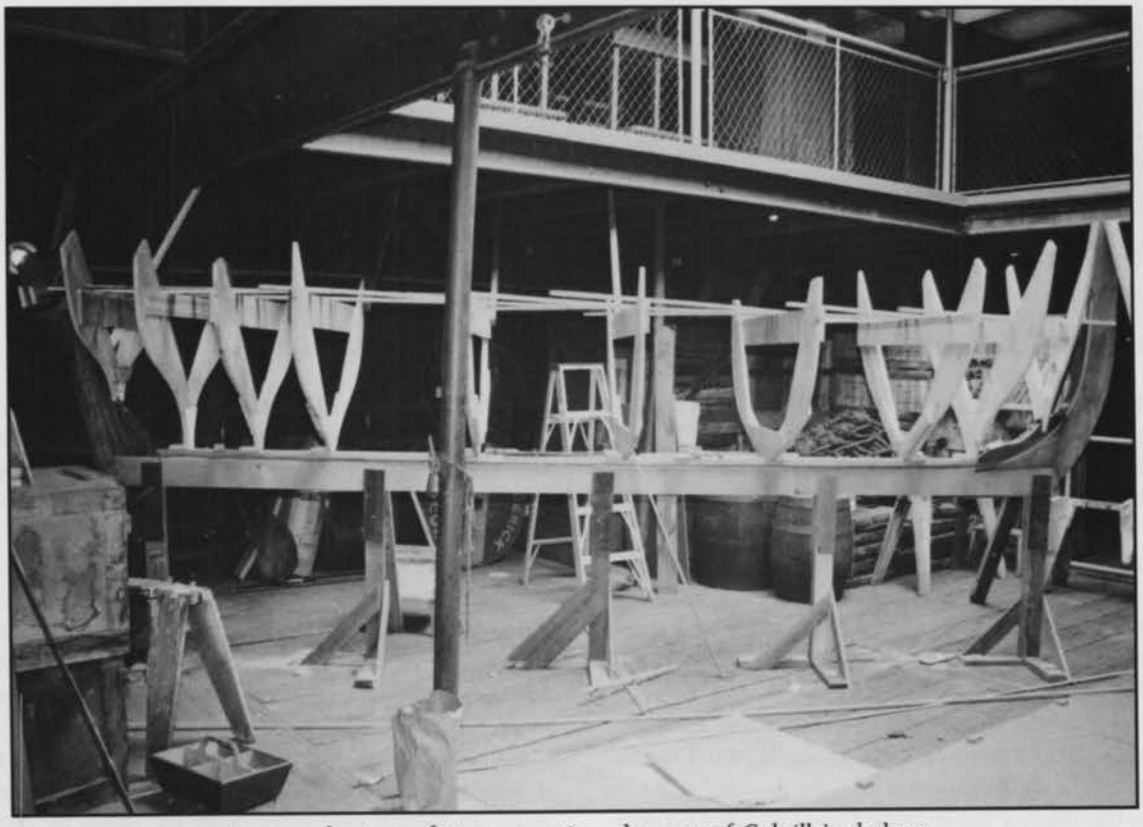
Once again, the Maritime Museum thanks Noah Rosenblatt for his tireless efforts in promoting our ships, exhibits and organization. For those of you not familiar with his radio show, tune in KFSD-FM Fridays at 7 p.m., Saturdays and Sundays at 8 a.m. and 5 p.m., and Mondays at 7:30 a.m. KFSD has served San Diegans since 1927 (the same year the STAR OF INDIA arrived here!), and boasts 200,000 listeners.

—Joseph Ditler,
Development Director, Publicity



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

Resurrecting Cabrillo



At an early stage of its construction, the copy of Cabrillo's chalupa rises in the orlop of STAR OF INDIA. *Photo by Dave Brierley*

Two projects are under way at the Maritime Museum in honor of this year's 450th anniversary of Cabrillo's landing in San Diego Bay.

The first of these is the construction of a "chalupa," a Spanish ship's boat, in the orlop of the STAR OF INDIA. Ship's carpenter Jeff Saar and volunteer Gordon Jones are hammering and sawing away, raising clouds of sawdust and drawing swarms of curious onlookers. There hasn't been so much activity in old EUTERPE's hold since her crew were screwjacking thousands of bales of New Zealand wool in there a century ago, for the mills of England.

When the sawdust settles, we should have a faithful recreation of Cabrillo's boat, as envisioned by maritime reconstructionist Melbourne Smith, of Baltimore, Maryland. The chalupa will be broad, bluff, and beamy–suitable for ferrying a half dozen or more heavily armed conquistadors ashore. The original chalupa carried by Cabrillo's flagship, the galleon SAN SALVADOR, was probably built along with the ship in Guatemala about 1540. She no doubt had a keel, stem and stern of native mahogany–just as the copy does.

When finished, this chalupa will be used in the annual reenactment of the explorer's landing in the lee of Point Loma, on September 28, 1542. This was the first European penetration of what is now California–a state with an economy and population larger than that of most "Third World" countries.

The second Cabrillo-related project is the construction of a large model of the SAN SALVADOR by our Ship Model Shop. Here volunteers Jack Klein and Joe Bompensiero –veteran modelers both–are leading the way. Shipmodeling is a labor-intensive hobby requiring love of fine detail, good eyesight, and infinite patience. Our glass-walled model shop is a lingering place for countless visitors each year, whose curious faces pressed to the glass never seem to annoy our modelers. They toil away, happy in their little world of miniature ships.

Both chalupa and SAN SALVADOR model are rising fast this summer. We invite all visitors to examine both. As you study our sturdy chalupa, or marvel at the exquisite detail of the model, we hope you will gain a sense of what the exploration of the "New World" was really like.

Guadalcanal Shipwreck Plaques



The cruiser USS NORTHAMPTON (CA-26), *sunk at the Battle of Tassafaronga, November 30, 1942.*
U.S. Navy photo

Operation Preservation, a group dedicated to commemorating U. S. Navy ships and their crews lost in World War II, is taking advantage of the current 50-year observance of the war to launch its commemorative plaque program.

This August marks the 50th anniversary of the decisive struggle for the island of Guadalcanal. The U. S. Navy, U. S. Marine Corps, and U. S. Army all sustained heavy casualties in this six-month campaign, fought on land, sea, and in the air. The Imperial Japanese Army and Navy lost even more heavily. Many of the ships sunk on both sides still rest in "Ironbottom Sound," as the channel north of the island came to be known.

In late July, the Navy's Submarine Development Group ONE and the National Geographic Society will explore and photograph the wreckage of several shipwrecks on Ironbottom Sound, employing the deep-diving submersible SEA CLIFF. Operation Preservation has produced three bronze plaques to be placed on a trio of these vessels. One plaque will go on one of the three American and one Australian cruisers sunk at the Battle of Savo Island, August 9, 1942; a second will be placed on one of nine U.S. ships lost at the Naval Battle of Guadalcanal, November 13-15, 1942; and the third will go on board the cruiser USS NORTHAMPTON (CA-26), sunk at the Battle of Tassafaronga, November 30, 1942.

Apart from the NORTHAMPTON, decisions as to which ships are to have plaques will be made on site, depending on which vessels are the easiest and safest to reach. All the ships are considered war graves, so none will be disturbed and no artifacts removed.

The San Diego Maritime Museum supports the efforts of Operation Preservation. On June 26, a ceremony was held on board our bark STAR OF INDIA to dedicate the plaques, and a number of veterans from the ships to be marked were in attendance. Although the plaques will rest on three ships, in a broader sense they honor all the brave American and Australian fighting men who gave their lives to turn the tide of war at Guadalcanal.

Urban Corps at the Museum

The San Diego Maritime Museum has made an apprenticeship agreement with the Urban Corps of San Diego to train our local youth in the nautical world.

Two Urban Corps members, Ernest Keeney and Joe Cerda, are now working on board our ships. They are beginning with the most fundamental tasks of sailors–swabbing, chipping and painting–and will progress to many other jobs.

David Richardson, a San Diego educator, conceived this project as a means of aiding our museum and stimulating youthful interest in marine vocations, helping to develop the skills needed by governmental agencies which manage our state's long coastline and many ports.

The Urban Corps was created by the Mayor and City Council of San Diego in 1988. Through it, unemployed youths aged 18-23 can acquire training in a real working environment, and worthy non-profit groups can get more helping hands at no cost.

"A ship is never finished until she's sunk!" Maritime Museum founder Jerry MacMullen liked to say–and he might have added that a sailor's work is never done. We welcome the Urban Corps aboard; and we are delighted that our two National Historic Landmarks–the STAR OF INDIA and the BERKELEY–are keeping "shipshape and Bristol fashion" with their help.

Sir Joshua Reynolds Painting Surfaces

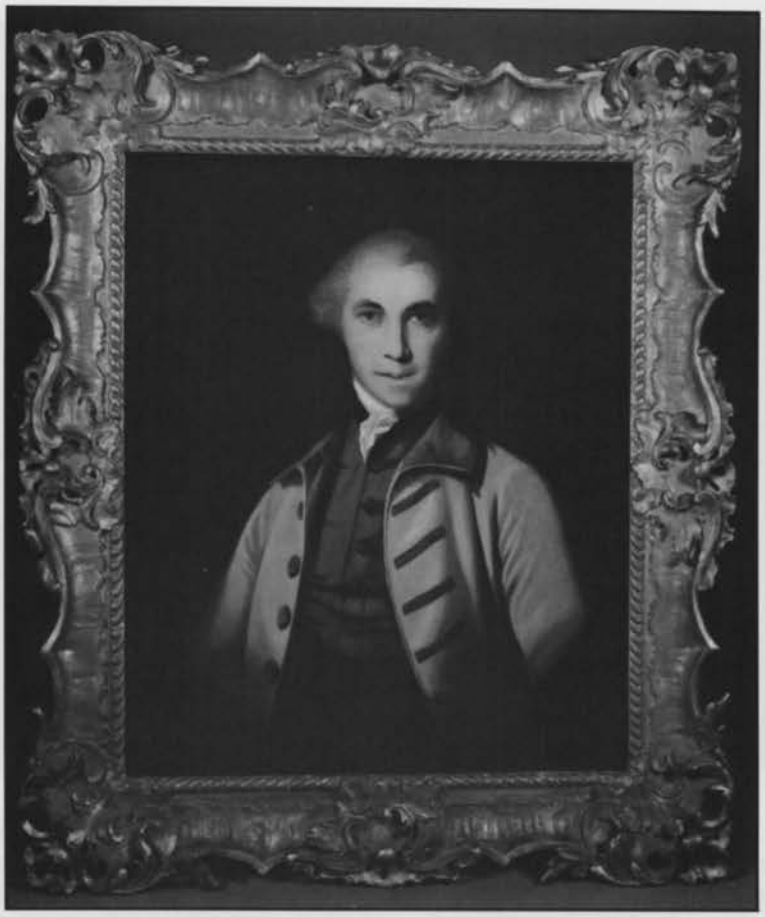
The current exhibition of marine masterworks at the San Diego Museum of Art, running through October 4, includes a picture of Commodore Augustus Keppel by the great 18th century English portraitist, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Recently a Reynolds portrait of a younger naval hero has come to light. Mr. and Mrs. John Bowater of Cardiff-by-the-Sea, California, were kind enough to call Museum Librarian Craig Arnold and invite him to their home to view this privately owned picture.

The portrait illustrated is of John Vansittart, born on December 11, 1733. Vansittart–an ancestor of Mr. Bowater's–served as a midshipman on board the British ship of the line HMS KENT during the War of the Austrian Succession (1744–1748). On October 14, 1747, his ship came into action against the French off Cape Finisterre, Spain. Young Vansittart, who would have been 14 in December, was killed.

This haunting image from the Age of Sail reminds us of just how young the sailors were who manned those ships. Reynolds must have done this picture not long before Vansittart's death, probably in 1741–43, when the painter lived at Devon. The full face of the subject, blue waistcoat, light gray coat with blue facings and gilt buttons are done with all the subtle skill for which the artist is famous.

Maritime Museum members are urged to see "The Great Age of Sail" while it is still available. During July, museum staffers David Brierley and Craig Arnold taught a course on the exhibition for the University of California at San Diego Extension.



John Vansittart, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, c. 1741–43.
Photo courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. John Bowater

In Memoriam

Paul D. Alvord, one of our Maritime Museum docents, died recently after a long illness. He was 67.

Mr. Alvord was formerly a management consultant for the San Diego Employers Association. Born in Ogden, Utah, he came to San Diego to serve in the Navy during World War II. After the war he attended San Diego State and earned a degree in business. He retired in 1988 and turned his attention to two of his favorite causes, the San Diego Zoological Society and the San Diego Maritime Museum.

Mr. Alvord is especially recalled as a cheerful, positive person who unfailingly took a sincere interest in everyone. He was an outstanding docent. He faithfully attended the docent training courses and all his scheduled "duty days," despite the progress of his illness.

The Maritime Museum is greatly reliant upon such people. Without our volunteers, we would be severely hindered in our operations. The docents form a key part of the team. Guiding thousands of visitors through our fleet each year, patiently answering questions of all kinds, acting always toward the public with professional courtesy, the docents are the most visible link to the world beyond our bulwarks.

Mr. Alvord's participation in this group was significant, and all of his shipmates on board the museum will miss him.

The Alvord family has suggested contributions to the Maritime Museum in Mr. Alvord's name.

Butcher Boy is Star of Wooden Boat Show



BUTCHER BOY *under sail in the 1930s.*
Maritime Museum file photo

Few things warm the cockles of an old mariner's heart more than seeing a really handsome wooden boat. The art and craft of the wooden boat, its building and its use, take us back to the earliest days of man's encounter with the sea.

BUTCHER BOY, our wooden boat par excellence, a West Coast classic of 1902 vintage, recently went on display at the Second Annual Southern California Wooden Boat Festival, held at Koehler's Boatyard on Shelter Island, San Diego, on April 11-12.

A 30-foot gaff-rigged sloop, BUTCHER BOY rose in the yard of Manuel Madruga in 1902 to satisfy the demands on Charles "Boss" Hardy's meat market. A sort of seagoing delivery boy, the sloop would sail out to Coronado Roads to supply Cape Horn-battered windjammers with fresh beef. Later her classic lines were turned to yacht racing, and she knew triumph over many a course. She shared her glory years with names like Lipton, MacMullen, Jessop and Kettenburg, becoming a legendary boat on San Diego waters.

Miraculously, she was found in Los Angeles in 1971 by Ken Reynard and Joe Jessop, Sr., and purchased for the museum with the help of the Star of India Auxiliary. Since then, however, we've seldom had a chance to show her off. Lack of a shoreside display area meant we had to keep this beauty in seclusion.

No longer. BUTCHER BOY was in many ways the hit of the wooden boat show, garnering a trophy and drawing big smiles from all who ambled by. Our Maritime Museum crew worked hard to get her in shape for the show, bending on sails for the first time in two decades.

Once a champ, always a champ. BUTCHER BOY, we salute your comeback from obscurity, and we look forward to the day when you will go on permanent display at a shoreside facility. In the meantime, we'll show you to your fans where and when we can.

New Computer Setups

"A computer lets you make more mistakes faster than any other invention in human history, with the possible exceptions of handguns and tequila."

That quote from *Technology Review* does not apply to us, we hope. Recent improvements in the museum staff's use of computers include the full operation of the Development Department's new IBM computer, the addition of a computer to the secretary's office, and a link between several computers and the laser printer in the Controller's office.

All these improvements are the work of numerous people, but special credit goes to our president, Morris Landon, for his intense personal interest in our computer development. We expect to make extensive use of all our computers and printers in the years ahead.

Carrier Monument Begun

On June 4, 1992, San Diego Maritime Museum personnel joined in groundbreaking ceremonies for a new monument honoring all of America's aircraft carriers, past and present.

The monument, a shining black obelisk quarried in India, will rise on the Embarcadero at the site of the old Fleet Landing, a short distance south of the foot of Broadway. For generations of sailors, Fleet Landing was their first glimpse of home following cruises around the world.

Once in place, the obelisk will pay lasting tribute to the aircraft carriers that have fought America's battles on the sea since the Coral Sea and Midway in 1942. All U.S. carriers will have their names on the monument–including light, escort, and helicopter carriers. The order will be that of their official numerical designations–beginning with CV-1, USS LANGLEY. The date of June 4 for the groundbreaking was not chosen fortuitously. It happened to be the 50th anniversary of the Battle of Midway, when American carrier aircraft decisively defeated the Japanese attempt to dominate the Pacific.

After the Pacific war, American carrier personnel fought in a long series of conflicts in defense of American interests–Korea, Vietnam, Lebanon, Libya, and the Persian Gulf, to name a few. It is the intent of the Aircraft Carrier Memorial Plaza, the group sponsoring the monument, that all their sacrifices be commemorated.

The U.S. Navy's aircraft carriers have always been in the forefront of the fight for freedom. This monument will serve to remind future generations of that fact.



"In the groove"–nose slightly up, tailhook down–an F-4 Phantom coming in to catch the wire on a carrier off Vietnam, 1972. *Collection of Craig Arnold*

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

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

AUGUST

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

SEPTEMBER

2: Auxiliary Board Meeting, BERKELEY.

7: Labor Day.

16: Auxiliary General Meeting, BERKELEY.

28: 450th Anniversary of Cabrillo's Discovery of San Diego Bay.

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

OCTOBER

4: Reenactment of Cabrillo's landing, Ballast Point.

4: Last day of "The Great Age of Sail" at the San Diego Museum of Art.

12: 500th Anniversary of Columbus's Discovery of the New World.

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

22: Maritime Research Society, STAR OF INDIA orlop, 6:30 p.m. (Dinner included)

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

A non-profit, educational corporation
Council of American Maritime Museums
Conference of California Historical Societies
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International Congress of Maritime Museums

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

Craig Arnold, *Editor*

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