



MAINS'L HAUL

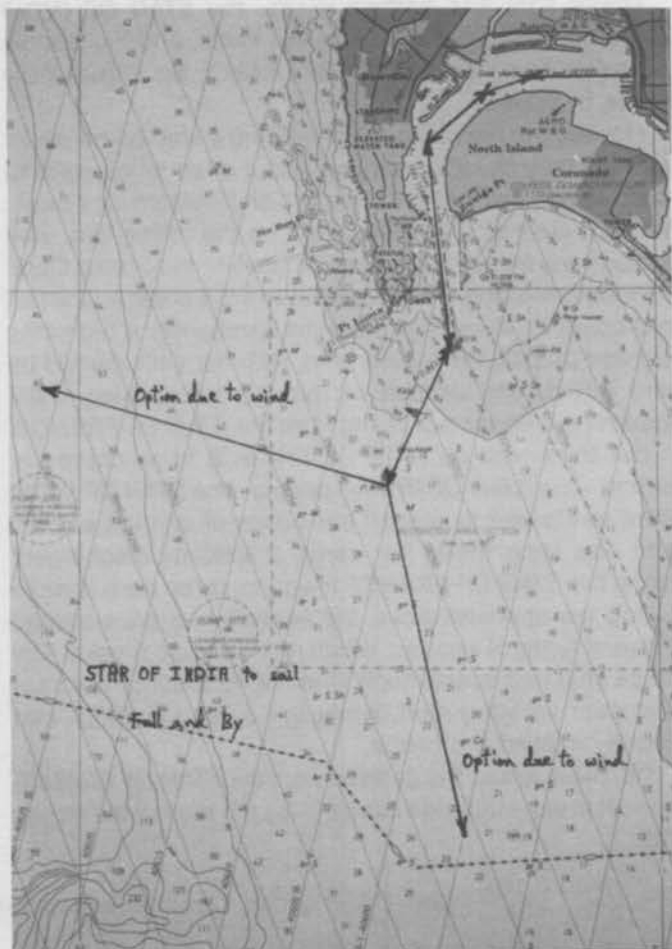


MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

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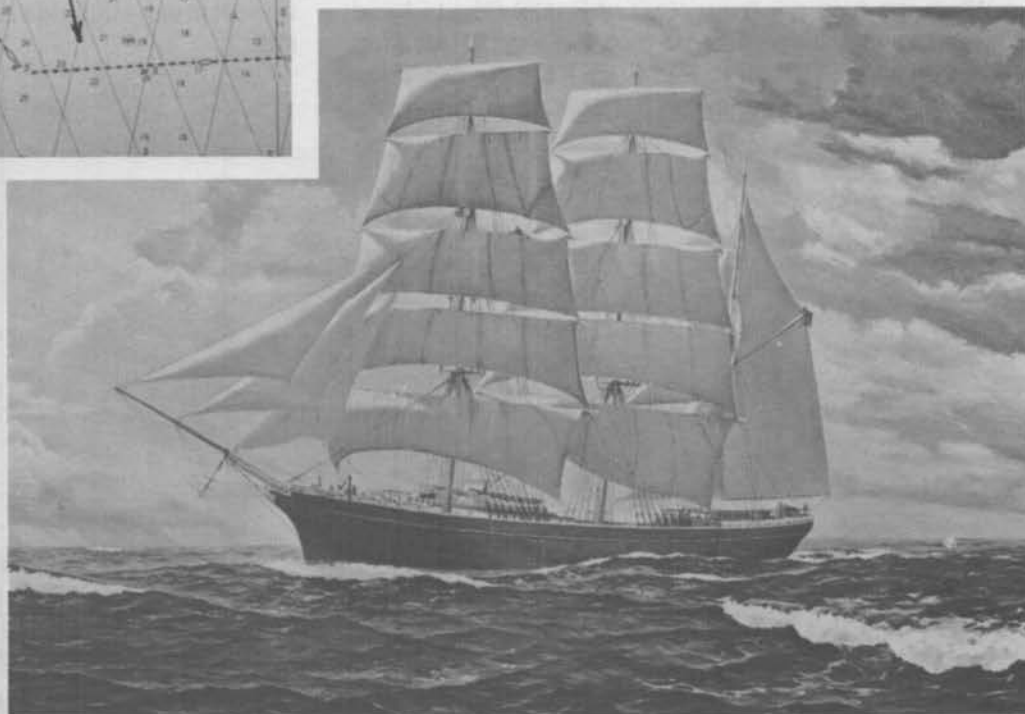
NO. 1



*Proposed course charted
for STAR OF INDIA
on November 11, 1984*

STAR OF INDIA TO SAIL AGAIN! NOVEMBER 11, 1984

The big day is approaching, and thanks to our many generous donors and hard-working people, the *STAR OF INDIA* will be ready to go to sea—wind and weather permitting—on Veterans Day, Sunday, November 11, 1984. Under the watchful eye of her skipper, Captain Carl Bowman, USCG (Ret.), our 121-year-old lady has had her bottom scraped in drydock and is now sparkling with a fresh coat of paint. The crew is currently outfitting her and training for the coming event. If the last sailing on July 4, 1976, is any indication, she will once again be escorted by a flotilla of small craft, making an exciting sight for the shoreside spectators. So come out and cheer her on and take pride that as a member of the Maritime Museum, you had a part in sailing the *STAR OF INDIA*.



STAR OF INDIA by Captain Kenneth D. Reynard

TRICKY WINDS OF NORTH PACIFIC WERE FACTOR IN RACE OF 'STARS'

By Jerry MacMullen

All kinds of upsets can take place at sea—and it is not always safe to bet on the outcome of long ocean races.

In the late summer of 1921, the fleet of the Alaska Packers Association was getting away from Bristol Bay, bound for San Francisco. There was an imposing array of "Stars" that year—*STAR OF ENGLAND*, *STAR OF SCOTLAND*, *STAR OF CHILE*, *STAR OF HOLLAND* and a lot of others. It was a splendid fleet of square-rigged ships making their last stand against the advent of steam, and it was a fleet which included, among all the rest, the *STAR OF INDIA*, now moored at the South Embarcadero with the *PACIFIC QUEEN*—ex-*STAR OF ALASKA*—and the *STAR OF FRANCE*.

Between Capt. Frank Weidemann of the *STAR OF INDIA* and Capt. Woldemar Marzan of the *STAR OF FRANCE* there existed a keen rivalry. Capt. Marzan had himself been master of the *INDIA* for six years, and had but recently been promoted from her to the *STAR OF FRANCE*, considered the crack ship of the fleet.

The *STAR OF INDIA* never was a "flash packet." She had good carrying capacity, but her full lines forward and aft, and her hard bilges, are not conducive to speed. The *STAR OF FRANCE*, on the other hand, was a flyer. Built by Harland & Wolf for Corry's famous line of "Irish Stars," out of Belfast, she had been the pride of the jute clippers in her prime. Although she has since been cut down for use as a fishing barge near Santa Monica, those speedy lines remain—a slender, beautifully curving bow, and a fine-lined stern with the rounded fantail of a yacht. It's no wonder she was fast.

When the tugs got them clear of Bristol Bay, to head under their own canvas for Unimak Pass in the Aleutian Island chain, and so on to San Francisco, the two ships found themselves in company, but shut off from the rest

of the world by a white wall of fog. They got through the pass and found headwinds. The two vessels stood away on opposite tacks after farewells from the *STAR OF FRANCE* which included derisive remarks about "waiting for you in Frisco."

Under light and baffling winds, the *STAR OF INDIA* stood off at a speed of one or two knots, and her people were confident that the *STAR OF FRANCE* would beat them home by a week.

However, in the business of working a ship home under canvas, they ceased worrying about other ships, save to keep a sharp lookout in the fog, which persisted for a week. When it cleared they were alone on the rolling sea, with a moderate breeze increasing at times in freshness. Capt. Weidemann stood in fairly well toward the coast and at last picked up Pt. Reyes light and the Farallones. A tug came out and passed the hawser and, with her sails clewed up and furled, she passed in through the Golden Gate, expecting a derisive greeting from the *STAR OF FRANCE*.

But there was no *STAR OF FRANCE* to welcome—or deride—the *STAR OF INDIA*'s people. The *STAR OF INDIA* went to the pier to unload her cases of canned salmon and was lying there, her cargo practically discharged, when the *STAR OF FRANCE* towed in, three days later. In taking the opposite tacks, the vessels had encountered different types of weather, which no one could predict. The crack ship had spent much time rolling around, her sails and gear banging aloft, while the *STAR OF INDIA* had entirely missed the calms.

Needless to say, the derision from the *STAR OF FRANCE* was returned—with due interest—by the men of the slower ship.

(*San Diego Union*, December 8, 1935)



STAR OF FRANCE

Photo by H.H. Morrison

EARLY NAVAL HISTORY IN SAN DIEGO PART 10

By Captain Eddie Fredericks



Battleship USS OHIO

Naval Photographic Center

(Ed. Note: This is the tenth in a series of articles by Captain Fredericks tracing the history of the U.S. Navy in San Diego prior to World War II. Previously he covered the role of San Diego as a naval base in the Mexican War, 1846-1848; the relatively inactive years in San Diego, 1850-1898; and San Diego's early years of growth, 1900-1910. The decade of 1910-1920 commenced the initial development of the harbor as a naval base, largely due to the efforts of Congressman William Kettner.)

1915

The San Diego Panama-California Exposition opened on 1 January. The armored cruiser USS *SAN DIEGO* returned to port to participate in the opening ceremonies along with other Navy ships present.

Congressman William Kettner returned to San Diego to attend the Exposition, where he met Colonel Joseph Pendleton, who had proposed San Diego as the proper location of a Marine Advanced Base. Colonel Pendleton had initially recommended North Island as a site. However, Congressman Kettner favored a site known as "Dutch Flats," bordering the bay, just north of what is now Barnett Avenue, and he was able to convince Colonel Pendleton of this. With the support and assistance of Colonel Pendleton, Kettner was able to present the proposal to Major General George Barnett, Commandant of the Marine Corps, during a visit to San Diego by the General. Kettner and Barnett then recommended the site to Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt. During the summer of 1915 Roosevelt attended the San Diego Exposition and also made an

on-site inspection of the proposed Marine Corps Base. Some 232 acres of land were involved. City of San Diego officials suggested that if the Navy purchased this acreage, the city would consider giving the Navy 500 acres of submerged tidelands adjoining it. Negotiations proceeded, and in a special election the citizens of San Diego voted to transfer 500 acres to the U.S. government. The final transfer took place on 29 November 1916. The architect who had designed the Exposition buildings was retained to design the Marine Base buildings in the mission style advocated by Colonel Pendleton. Later, in 1920 Kettner received a letter from General Barnett complimenting him on his efforts in obtaining "the finest Marine Corps post in the United States."

During his Exposition visit Roosevelt took the occasion to announce that a Navy dirigible base probably would be established at San Diego and that the Navy's main battle fleet would soon pass through the Panama Canal, with San Diego as its first port of call.

After Roosevelt's California visit, Congressman Kettner called on him to get his views regarding the San Diego Exposition and other matters. He then learned that the Assistant Secretary was not pleased with Goat Island in San Francisco Bay as a naval training base and that Roosevelt would give him his support if Kettner would initiate some effort to have the base removed to San Diego. Kettner did make some initial efforts but was not able to accomplish anything significant until after World War I was practically over.

On 28 July, after transiting the Panama Canal, the USS *MISSOURI*, *OHIO*, and *WISCONSIN* became the first battleship squadron to enter San Diego harbor. They brought the first, second, and third classes of midshipmen from the U.S. Naval Academy on the first such visit to the Pacific Coast. They were reviewed by former President Theodore Roosevelt in the Plaza de Panama-California Exposition.

The Coronado Beach Company requested the Army Aviation School to vacate North Island. The Glenn Curtiss lease with that company had expired. The Army did not move.

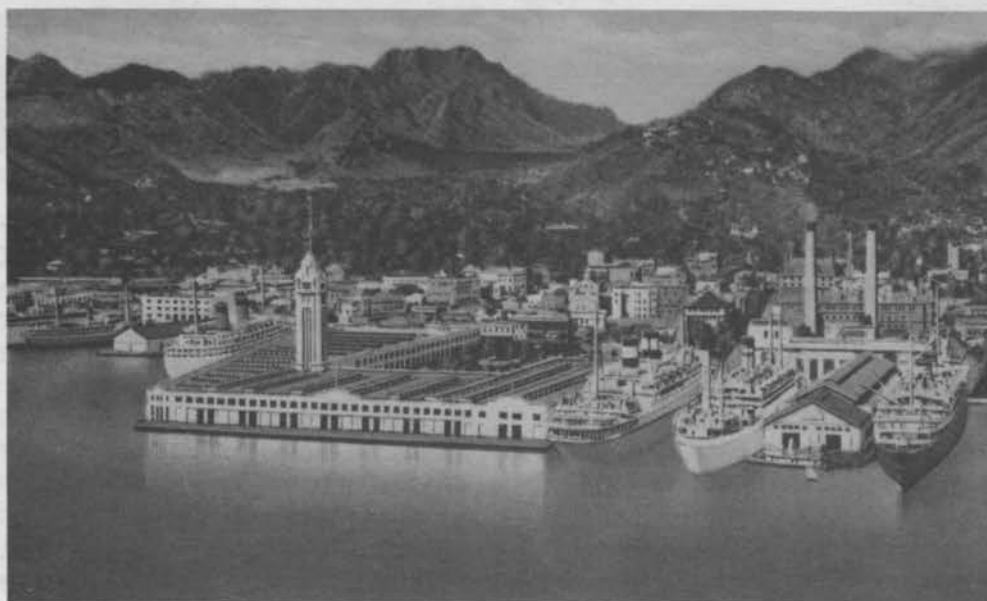
1916

During this year Congressman Kettner and San Diego, in their efforts to bring the Navy to San Diego, received a set-back. A Presidential Commission of five ranking naval officers, known as the Helm Commission, was ordered to

investigate and report on the most suitable locations on the Pacific Coast for an additional navy yard, submarine base, and aviation base. The Los Angeles-San Pedro area was recommended as the most suitable site for the navy yard and submarine base, and San Diego was considered as the most suitable location for an aviation base. Cited as disadvantages of San Diego were its proximity to the Mexican border exposing it to possible invasion, the shallow waters of its harbor, and the lack of commercial and industrial development in the port areas. Its climate and other natural advantages were lauded and were important factors in its consideration as most suitable for an aviation base. The report of the Helm Commission, however, proved to be only a temporary set-back, as the national emergency demands of World War I were soon to overrule the main objections and actually provided an impetus for the further development of San Diego as a naval base.

FLEET TUG PART 4

By Don Snowden



Honolulu Harbor before World War II

Chandler Postcard Collection

(Ed. Note: Museum employee Don Snowden served in the Navy from 1935 to 1953. In previous issues of MAINS'L HAUL he has recounted his experiences on the Navy tug *SEMINOLE*(AT-65) from 1940 until the spring of 1941, when we join him now in Portland, Oregon, preparing to tow a drag-line dredge across the Pacific.)

The USS *SEMINOLE*, like all of her class, was designed for heavy-duty, deep-sea, long-distance towing and carried enough fuel to circumnavigate the world on one engine. For general information and for engineering buffs, the main propulsion system was diesel-electric, consisting of four General Motors Model 12-567 engines driving General Electric generators. These generators transmitted their power to four electric motors coupled to the pinions of a

Farrel reduction gear, which delivered 3,000 horsepower to the propeller. Then, in addition to all the pumps, centrifuges, and auxiliary diesel-generators, *SEMINOLE* also had a Scotch boiler of 100 pounds per square inch working pressure and a distilling plant for fresh water.

During our two weeks or so in Portland, the work of taking on fuel and stores was completed in a matter of hours. The rest of the time was spent in waiting for the dredge to be made ready for the long haul to Wake Island.

The dredge that *SEMINOLE* was to tow was large, almost like a ship, and had staterooms and galley facilities. The main deck had only a few feet of freeboard, so it was being enclosed with heavy planks all around to keep the seas from rolling in during the tow. It was a drag-line dredge, which is not propelled like other vessels but is

anchored at two points and pulls or drags itself along a steel cable from point to point scooping up mud, sand, and rocks from the bottom.

Finally everything was ready. *SEMINOLE* was made fast alongside the dredge in a way that is sometimes called "heads and points." With two vessels side by side and made fast together, the stern of the vessel being towed is toward the bow of the tug, with the towing cable led from the stern of the tug to the bow of the tow. This is done for ease of handling in restricted waters such as a harbor or river. Then when the open sea is reached the lines holding the dredge to the side of the tug could be let go, and the dredge would swing out astern on the towing cable, which was then payed out to the required towing distance.

As we started down the Columbia River, the dredge was well-secured to our starboard side, so we had a lot of conversation with the civilian crew, most of whom were sitting in deck chairs and taking in the scenery and the contents of various bottles and cans. (We didn't feel sorry for them then, but later, when most of them had been taken prisoner by the Japanese at the capture of Wake, many of us had second thoughts.) Anyway, the good mood prevailed all the way down the river, and when we arrived off Astoria in the late afternoon the dredge crew was well-primed for an ocean voyage. Or so they thought.

The lines on the side holding the dredge were let go, and it swung out astern, the towing cable being payed out over the stern, and we headed for the Columbia River bar to begin the 2,500 mile run to Honolulu. Crossing the bar we ran into heavy ground swells. *SEMINOLE* dipped into them, and we stood on the stern looking toward the dredge as it reared up and plunged down in the rollers. Once we were clear of the bar the sea moderated somewhat, though to a landsman it might have seemed rough. It must have seemed so to the dredge crew, who no doubt were beginning to feel the effects of rolling and pitching on an increasingly queasy stomach. Our officers were in constant touch with them through radio on a fixed wave length, so it was only a short time until they were calling for our captain to slow down because they were all sick. We were only making five or six knots and couldn't slow down.

From the Columbia to Honolulu took twenty-one days—a shade better than 100 miles a day—and was an uneventful trip in which we settled into our comfortable sea routine of four hours on watch and eight hours off, mixed with necessary ongoing maintenance. There was plenty of time for reading, studying, and just lounging around out on deck in the sunshine and watching the dredge.

At times that dredge seemed to be trying to pass our ship. Instead of following directly astern it would be almost abeam, mostly on our starboard side and several hundred yards away. That was due to the prevailing wind carrying the dredge off to one side. When the slack in the towing cable would be taken up, the dredge would docilely swing back into line for a short time until the wind took command of it again. Even so, it was strange to come out on deck and see it away off to the side.

During the run to Honolulu I had a little mishap for which

I was put on the report and awarded a sort of punishment. In the engine room were two service tanks for clean diesel fuel, one on each side in the upper level of the engine room. The vents from each tank terminated in the open air over the main deck, which was wooden and maintained like the deck of a battleship by the deck force. The port service tank also had an overflow line, so that when it was being filled any surplus would flow back to the main storage tanks. For some reason (maybe an oversight of the builders) the starboard tank had no overflow line, and one had to be careful when centrifuging fuel not to get it too full or else the fuel would go up the vent and spill out on deck, making a large oily spot and loosening up the pitch that sealed the spaces between planks.

From time to time oil had been spilled at various points on the deck, and the Chief Boatswain was somewhat more than upset by it. He wanted something done about it, and as I was the latest culprit I was the first and, as it turned out, the only one ever to get called on it. It was my bad luck to have had the watch in the engine room when we were centrifuging fuel to the starboard tank. I was also centrifuging lubricating oil and having problems, so I forgot about the starboard tank, which overflowed and made a large oily spot on deck. The Chief Engineer was on my side, but with the Chief Boatswain pushing the matter, the Captain had little choice. At Captain's mast I was given restriction to the ship until I had removed all trace of oil from the deck to the satisfaction of the Chief Boatswain's Mate.

Thereafter every afternoon when I was off watch I would get some lime from the deck force, mix it, and spread it all over the oil spot. Then I would give it a good scrubbing, but the oil persisted, and I could not get the deck clean to the satisfaction of the Chief. Even after we were moored to a pier in Honolulu harbor, I continued my battle to eradicate the oil while my shipmates were going ashore. I spent my afternoons in scrubbing, but that oil just did not want to go away.

Feeling very disgusted, I was studying the oil spot one afternoon after we had been several days in port, when I had a sudden inspiration. I went to our Chief Pharmacist's Mate, who ran our little ship's service store, and bought four gallons of laundry bleach. On my hands and knees with a scrub brush, I worked all that bleach into the deck and let the hot Hawaiian sun work on it. I finished up by scrubbing with lime, and what do you know—the oil spot was gone. Not only that, but the whole area which had been oily was whiter than the rest of the deck.

The next morning I called the Chief Boatswain's Mate's attention to it, and he said, "How the h--l did you do it? It's so white it makes the rest of the deck look bad!" So I said, "Why, Chief, I've been scrubbing this deck every day while the rest of you were ashore." My liberty was restored, but not till after the war started and the decks had been painted dark grey did I finally admit how I had made a white spot where an oily mess had so offended the deck force.

THE GREAT TEA RACE

By Craig Arnold

(Ed. Note: Museum member Craig Arnold is a local freelance writer and editor.)

There had been other races between these ships—clipper ships. Most of these rakish vessels lying at Pagoda Anchorage had vied with each other in years past, and some would again in years hence. But *this* year, 1866, would leave a memory deeper than the rest. This was the season promising the palm to the fleetest of these crack clippers, in a dash for glory—and pounds sterling—over a course of 15,000 miles. This, then, was the Great Tea Race.

The geneses of this contest lay in the minds of men, the bones of ships, and the palates of the British public. *Te*, a word in the Amoy dialect of southern China, translated half a world away to the English *tea*: a delicious beverage brewed from the so-named plant's leaves. To get the best tea, one had to bring it in a ship from China. The best tea was the freshest tea; it therefore followed that the swiftest ships then obtainable were the ones to use in this trade. Thus, the evolution of the tea clipper.

The minds of men and the bones of ships began to move in this direction early in the nineteenth century. Americans led the way, designing out of older, bluff-bowed vessels a new class consecrated to speed. Racking up faster and faster passages from the 1840s on, these lean, sharp, all-wooden ships "clipped" one record after another. Even their names evoked dispatch: *FLYING CLOUD*, *LIGHTNING*, *STAG HOUND*, *HURRICANE*, and *WESTWARD HO*. From the eastern seaboard of America they beat round to the tea ports of China, especially Canton, and rushed fragrant cargoes back to their native land and England.

Alas for these American greyhounds, the Panic of 1857 and the onset of the Civil War combined to decimate them at the peak of their flying fame. By about 1860, British shipbuilders began to surpass their Yankee cousins in the construction of clippers. This was not merely the lion's pride, however; British ships bringing in tea cost British merchants and consumers a good deal less. Besides, new designs were evolving.

Iron ships were beginning to replace those of wood, due in part to a shortage of shipbuilding timber. Iron gave greater strength to a hull than wood ever could. Yet the tea merchants were convinced that all-iron hulls had a bad effect on tea. Why not, then, combine the merits of wood and iron in the same hull? Let its sheathing remain wood (coppered along the bottom), to ensure pliability and to preserve the tea; yet let it be braced by a framework of iron for maximum strength. Thus the "composite clipper" was born.

On Christmas Eve of 1863, at Greenock on the Clyde, the first of a proud series of these clippers with iron ribs and wooden skins was launched. Her name—reflecting her planned role in the East—was *TAEPing*. She ran a bit small, as British clippers did, measuring 183 feet in

length, 31 in beam, and close to 20 in depth. Her tonnage worked out to 767. What she lacked in size she more than made up in sheer elegance and promised speed, however. Her owner, a Captain Rodger, had earlier skippered the clipper ship *KATE CARNIE*.

Other composite clippers followed, including *ARIEL* and *TAITSING* in 1865. One by one they took their places in the tea trade, wholly outclassing older vessels. An author of that era notes: "All these were exquisite little ships with long, narrow lines and small deck houses; India-teak decks, rails, bulwarks, hatch-coamings and skylights; and a dazzling array of brightly polished brasswork."

ARIEL especially stood forth. Running to 197 feet in length, almost 34 in beam, and 21 in depth, with a tonnage of 852, her owners were Shaw, Maxton & Co. (Captain Shaw, like his rival Rodger, was a thoroughgoing clipper man; he had formerly commanded the cracks *LORD OF THE ISLES* and *FALCON*.) *ARIEL* was noted for weatherliness, for the way she could beat dead to windward in a strong breeze. Her best day's run spanned 340 knots, surpassed only by the later *CUTTY SARK* and *THERMOPYLAE*, and her logs are vibrant with storm-driven entries: "Ship going close-hauled 8 to 10 knots, pitching much, lee side of deck constantly flooded, water coming over bow and lee quarter close aft. Distance in 24 hours 222 miles against such a sea" . . . "Fresh gales, severe squalls, very high turbulent sea, she behaves splendidly, going 11 knots" . . . "Ship goes 12 knots on a bowline quite easy."

ARIEL—like most of her clipper compatriots—also performed in the light airs of the tropics, "ghosting" at four or five knots when many sail vessels barely had steerageway.

As the tea runs became a fixture and caught the public fancy, British tea merchants began offering a premium to owners of 10 shillings per ton for the first tea of a season to reach London's docks. In addition, an award of £100—roughly half a year's pay—went to the victorious captain. The crews, although they had no share in the winnings, likewise caught the spirit. A Victorian sailor-turned-author wrote of them: "Britishers to a man, they were prime seamen and entered into the racing with all the zest of thorough sportsmen." *ARIEL*'s crew, a typical one, totaled thirty-two men—the captain, two mates, *bo's'n*, sailmaker, carpenter, cook, steward, and twenty-four able seamen.

By 1865 the port of Foochow had replaced Canton as the principal outlet for Chinese tea. In that year 65 million pounds of the substance—of which the preferred varieties were Souchong, Congou, and Oolong—were exported here. The harvest was then valued at over 19 million Mexican dollars.

Foochow itself hugged the banks of the Min River, which cuts a tortuous 25-mile channel through steep gorges down to the East China Sea. The Bridge of Ten Thousand

Ages crossed the Min hard by the European settlement, where the hongs of merchants—Jardine, Matheson; Augustine Heard; Olyphant & Co., among others—lay scattered half-hidden in the dense foliage of the hills.

The tea fleet, which began to assemble about the end of April, was obliged to anchor ten miles below the city. European pilots—sometimes sober, often reeking of “Old Squareface”—guided the ships from the White Dogs to Sharp Peak Island, thence to Pagoda Anchorage.

In May 1866 no less than sixteen clippers rode high here, their copper hull-sheathing and brasswork flashing in the sun. Among them were five of the newest cracks: *SERICA*, Captain Innes; *TAEPING*, Captain McKinnon; *FIERY CROSS*, Captain Robinson; *TAITSING*, Captain Nutsford; and *ARIEL*, Captain Keay. (The other eleven clippers were older and posed no threat to these.) While waiting for the tea to descend from the upriver plantations, the crews of this flotilla engaged in smartening up their vessels—and in raucous regattas held between the clippers’ boats. Gambling on the coming race home occupied many. The crews of *SERICA* and *FIERY CROSS* each wagered a month’s pay against the other, but the customary bet between captains was more modest: a new beaver hat.

Suddenly all the horseplay ceased; on May 24 the first of the tea began to come down the river. Brimming with chests and half-chests, lighters clustered around the clippers. Coolies swarmed aboard to hammer the chests into every inch of space below decks, while new lighters were worked alongside by Chinese women, bare of foot and laughing of voice. The work went on day and night.

On May 28 *ARIEL* finished loading first. She carried some 1,230,900 pounds of tea, packed flush from stem to stern. Captain Keay of the gray beard and solemn eyes took her downriver to anchor for the night.

Over the course of the next two days *FIERY CROSS*, *TAEPING*, *SERICA*, and *TAITSING* also completed loading. Lashed to tugs, the ships towed down the Min past forts, villages, and joss houses; dodging junks and ubiquitous sampans, they rode on for blue water.

ARIEL, however, ran into trouble. Cursed by luck with the *ISLAND QUEEN*—supposedly the clumsiest tug in China—she found herself repeatedly bumped, scraped, and at last carried into a chow-chow current. The tug’s paddlewheels proved helpless against the powerfully surging, swirling waters; she and *ARIEL* were forced back to anchor. To add insult to injury, the *FIERY CROSS*, a ship with less draft, now passed *ARIEL* on the falling tide. The crew of Captain Robinson’s vessel—winner of three tea races since 1862—lined her side to salute *ARIEL* “with three mocking cheers of farewell.”

On the following day, May 30, Captain Keay was still wrestling with the wretched *ISLAND QUEEN*. This time her inept crew managed to capsize a boat sent over to pick up *ARIEL*’s pilot. The tug’s skipper took so long to rescue his floundering men that Keay signaled to shore for assistance.

At length, free of the Keystone Kops Afloat of the *ISLAND QUEEN*, Keay set skys’ls and stuns’ls and stood away into a rainy night in company with *SERICA* and *TAEPING*. Now the first and most dangerous leg of the long voyage began.



TAEPING and ARIEL racing up the English Channel, 1866

Basil Lubbock, The China Clippers

Its track lay southwest through the Formosa Strait, the South China Sea, the Java Sea, and the Sunda Strait—then called Anjer—between Java and Sumatra. The route was rife with rocks, reefs, and sandbanks, and many of these were wrongly marked or not marked at all on available charts. In addition, “vast rookeries of pirates” lurked along the Malay and China coasts. Waiting for a Western ship to ground, these sharks would plunder her without a trace. Thusly the clipper *CALIPH* was thought to have perished.

Across the South China Sea in June the five leading ships raced. *FIERY CROSS* held to the fore, with *ARIEL*, *TAEPING*, and *SERICA* pursuing and *TAITSING* trying to gain at the rear. With the southwest monsoon blowing, alternating with sudden squalls, the clippers worked off the land breezes from Cochin China and Borneo, tacking in and out, zig-zagging down a glassy gray sea.

On June 18 *FIERY CROSS* went plunging through the Sunda Strait. Two days later, Captain Keay brought *ARIEL* up. Convinced by a signal from *TAEPING* that he now held the lead, Keay did not pause for news; he carried on into the Indian Ocean past Java Head and the still-slumbering volcanic isle of Krakatoa. *TAEPING* transited the passage within hours, with *SERICA* passing on the 22nd and *TAITSING* on the 26th. Cables flashed these tidings to England, where press and public raptly followed the issue.

Once abroad on the Indian Ocean with the southeast trades at their backs, skippers set every sail. Ringtails, waters'ls, stuns'ls—the latter also called studding sails—were all bent on. Along bowsprits the “Jamie Green” filled, with a bonnet drawing on the fores'l and a spare flying jib serving as a jib tops'l. Canvassed so, most of the clippers made over three hundred miles a day.

The breezes began to vary as the ships approached the Cape of Good Hope. *FIERY CROSS* still burned ahead, but *ARIEL* and *TAEPING* closed on her by coursing south and catching better winds. At the longitude of the Cape on July 15, *ARIEL* raced just hours behind. *SERICA*, back in fourth place, had worse luck against the westerlies and had to tack up north.

Out upon the South Atlantic the zephyrs favored *TAEPING*. Captain McKinnon surged her up from third to a place roughly abreast of *FIERY CROSS* and *ARIEL* by July 19. The ramping trio did not catch sight of each other, however. *SERICA* and *TAITSING*, farther back, improved their speeds as well, *SERICA* actually driving in front of *ARIEL* for a day or two, then falling astern.

The ships were showing the strain: *ARIEL* snapped two topmasts, but Keay fixed them on the fly. Crewmen dropped dead asleep when and where they could, till crashing wave or bellowing bo's'n brought them struggling to their feet. Nor did skippers snatch much rest, as Keay of *ARIEL* makes plain: “My habit during those weeks was never to undress except for my morning bath, and that often took the place of sleep. The naps I had were of the briefest and were mostly on deck.” Yet the splendor of his vessel striving failed not to move this rugged driver: “It was a pleasure to coach her. I could trust her like a thing alive

in all evolutions; in fact, she could do anything short of speaking.”

Through the doldrums along the equator they worked, sweltering in the heat. *ARIEL* fell back a day on August 9—then whipped ahead. On August 17 *FIERY CROSS* saw her pride of place falter at last as a white calm descended. Not far off, her men could see *TAEPING* filling with a fresh breeze. Captain McKinnon, a canny Scot, soon had the latter ship speeding away, while *FIERY CROSS* lay helpless for another maddening twenty-four hours.

On up the North Atlantic they ran, skirting the Cape Verdes and Azores, with *SERICA* roaring up even with the leaders. *TAITSING*, too—she of the gleaming teak and mahogany—made splendid sailing. By the 1st of September the mouth of the English Channel loomed.

At 1:30 on the morning of September 5, *ARIEL* sighted Bishop Light on the southwest coast of Britain. Keay could almost feel crisp Bank of England pound-notes in his hands; he ordered still more canvas aloft and chafed her hard into the stretch.

At daybreak the master of *ARIEL* spotted a sail far off on her starboard quarter; he called for his glass and tried to descry his unknown companion. Instinct whispered that she might be *TAEPING*—and she was.

Now came the supreme challenge: Captain McKinnon of *TAEPING* swiftly closed on *ARIEL*. Both crews set all sail, and the sleek black hulls heeled over hard under the strain of the westerlies. Slicing faster and faster through the emerald Channel chop, the great ships coursed neck-and-neck under towering pyramids of canvas. All that day they stormed along, one now gaining, then the other. On the verdant hills of England to the north, stunned yeomen let go scythes, and children whooped out ragged cheers to be snatched away on the wind.

In the blue-gray sky above, clouds flew by skys'ls and royal stuns'ls; on deck seamen dashed about, hauling on a brace here, adjusting a clewline there—always in search of the next knot, that *last extra stitch* she would bear. Ramping ahead at fourteen knots, gallant *ARIEL* and brave *TAEPING* bowled past the Isle of Wight at sunset; at midnight they sped abreast of Beach Head. Still the pace never slackened. All “flying kites” were kept aloft, and the twin vision onrushed under the moon.

At 3 a.m. on the 6th, *ARIEL* hauled up to Dungeness a few minutes in front. Moving swiftly, Keay's men brought in sail, sent up rockets, and set blue lights, signaling for a pilot. Keay got her hove to; but soon *TAEPING* came up fast, also signaling for a pilot. Keay, not to be outdone, loosed sail and bore up across the *TAEPING*'s bow. A thwarted McKinnon now hove to as well.

At 5:55 the first pilot out boarded *ARIEL*, hailing her skipper as the victor of the race from China. Replied Keay: “We have not room to boast yet.” And even as he spoke, a second pilot beat out toward *TAEPING*.

McKinnon refused to give up. On the way northward around the tip of Kent, he sought a new edge by setting his starboard stuns'ls. Keay correctly foresaw, however, that once around South Foreland, with the North Sea wind

shifting in, the stuns'ls would be useless—and so it proved. *TAEPING* fell back by a mile.

At the Downs both ships took in most of their sails and lay to for their tugs. Here *ARIEL*'s ill fortune with such vessels continued: *TAEPING* got the foremost tug out from Deal. Keay was forced to follow McKinnon, fifty-five minutes separating them, to Gravesend on the Thames. But the master of *ARIEL* soon deduced that *TAEPING* would have to anchor and await the turn of the tide before ascending the Thames. Again his shrewdness paid off. Summoning two tugs for more power and slowing so as to arrive in Gravesend Reach just as the tide changed, Keay assured that *ARIEL* glided smoothly by while *TAEPING*'s crew struggled to raise anchor. Now it was the turn of *ARIEL*'s men to haze a river-stuck rival.

At 9 p.m. *ARIEL* lay off East India Dock. Infuriatingly, there was not *quite* enough water for her to pull in and tie up. She had to wait for the river to rise in the night.

TAEPING towed past her and on to the London Docks farther up. Drawing less than *ARIEL*, she tied up at 10 p.m. sharp. *ARIEL* was hauled in snug just twenty minutes later. Both ships had left the Min in China on the same tide, arrived at the Downs ninety-nine days later, and ascended the Thames on the same tide. It was incredible.

Who had won? Partisans of *ARIEL* argued that, because she had arrived off Deal and boarded her pilot first, she should be acclaimed the victor. Just as vociferously, adherents of *TAEPING* replied that *their* ship was the true champion, as she had fulfilled the tea merchants' rule that the first clipper to tie up took the premium.

But unknown to the crews and public, the owners of these two thoroughbreds had already decided. When they had received the telegraphed word that both ships were at the Downs, they judged that half a pie apiece was better than none for either. Their reason for choosing to split the prize lay less in sportsmanship than in business acumen: the price of tea was rapidly falling in Britain, and the tea fleet's arrival would only further glut the market. The owners worried that the tea merchants would therefore withdraw the premium altogether, should an open fight ensue between them as to the winner. (The owners' fears were well-founded; the following year the merchants did exactly that.)

The next day, September 7, the owners and captains of *ARIEL* and *TAEPING* met at the Ship and Turtle pub in Leadenhall Street. The *TAEPING* was proclaimed the winner to satisfy the merchants, but her premium and captain's bonus were divided down the middle with *ARIEL*. This really satisfied no one; the dispute raged on, from the columns of Fleet Street papers to the hearthsides of many a home.

As for the other ships, *SERICA*, *FIERY CROSS*, and *TAITSING* made it in one by one, with the rest of the fleet straggling home later. Never again would there be so close a finish; never again would so many clippers vie with each other in such an unrestrained contest. *ARIEL* achieved some measure of revenge in 1868, when she clearly bested *TAEPING* in that year's race; but the two duelists each perished somewhere on the main four years later.

By the old Pagoda Anchorage the clippers lie no more,
There is silence on the river, there is quiet on the shore,
And the silted channels seem
Still to murmur as in dream
Of the tea ships in their glory, lifting seaward on the tide.

C. Fox Smith

... AND THEN THERE WERE NONE!

By Gregg Chandler

Well over a century has passed since the steam passenger liner *OREGON* paddled into San Diego in the Gold Rush year of 1849. Under the Pacific Mail flag she carried the first mail from the continental United States to the West Coast. In 1848 The Pacific Mail Steamship Company signed a contract with the United States government to deliver mail to ports along the Pacific Coast. The company furnished monthly coastwise service from Astoria on the Columbia River to the Isthmus of Panama, with calls at San Francisco, Monterey, and San Diego.

In the years that followed the Gold Rush, the steamship business increased, partly because the north-south rail line was not completed until 1887. In 1850 the ex-tug *GOLIAH* left San Francisco for San Diego, and for many years, carrying both passengers and freight, she was San Diego's main link with civilization. Many small companies

sprang up to compete for the business. In 1854 the California Steam Navigation Company, famous for its riverboat operations in Northern California and managed by Ben Holladay, pioneer in the stage line business, furnished a regular service between San Francisco and San Diego. This company introduced two steamers that were not only familiar to San Diego residents, but were to play an important part in the city's maritime history for many years—the *ORIZABA* and the *SENATOR*. In 1868 the California Steam Navigation Company and the California, Oregon and Mexico Steamship Company were merged into the North Pacific Transportation Company. Holladay sold out to Pacific Mail in 1872, which then sold the local service to Goodall, Nelson, and Perkins of San Francisco. In 1876 they incorporated as the Pacific Coast Steamship Company and by 1880 were operating a steamer into San Diego



S.S. QUEEN

Chandler Postcard Collection

every five days, using the *ORIZABA*, *ANCON*, and *SENATOR* in passenger and express freight service.

By the early 1880s the days of the side-wheelers were numbered, and iron-hulled screw steamers began to take their place. The Pacific Coast Steamship Company, which was to dominate the West Coast passenger service for the next forty years, introduced the famous *QUEEN OF THE PACIFIC* (her name was later shortened to *Queen*) in 1882 and the popular two-stack *SANTA ROSA* in 1884. Electric lights, private tables in the dining saloon, and other novelties had been added by the time *CITY OF PUEBLA* arrived on her maiden voyage, February 3, 1888. With the addition of the million-dollar *CONGRESS* in 1913, and the *GOVERNOR* and *PRESIDENT*, the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's fleet of passenger vessels was one of the best coastal services in the world.

In 1910 the Metropolitan Steamship Company on the East Coast decided to bring its speedy turbine-propelled *YALE* and *HARVARD* to the Pacific Coast. Out of a maze of financial dealing, the Pacific Navigation Company came into being, organized under the laws of New Jersey and in control of the *YALE* and *HARVARD*. These two vessels were among the fastest merchant ships flying the American flag and established an overnight service between San Diego and San Francisco, leaving the former port at 9 a.m. and arriving at the latter at 10 a.m. the following day. This provided very stiff competition to the Pacific

Coast Steamship Company. In 1911 the McCormick Steamship Company also ran its steam lumber schooners with passenger accommodations into San Diego, and in the same year the North Pacific Steamship Company operated the *ROANOKE* and *GEORGE W. ELDER* from northern Pacific ports into San Diego.

In 1916 the Pacific Coast Steamship Company was merged with the Admiral Line, controlled by H.F. Alexander, who had started his own shipping line in the Northwest in 1907. The blue flag of the Admiral Line with its white stars now included the red maltese cross of the pioneer Pacific Coast Steamship Company. The Admiral Line now operated "fast commodious passenger liners" along 7,000 miles of coast from San Diego to Nome.

The biggest competitor to the Admiral Line was the Los Angeles Steamship Company, organized in 1920 by Harry and Ralph J. Chandler and E.L. Doheny. LASSCO, as this company became known, then proceeded to take over the *YALE* and *HARVARD*, which had returned from troop duty in World War I. These ships were of course faster than the Admiral Line fleet and provided stiff competition.

Even though it had this competition and some troubled times, the Admiral Line was to dominate Pacific Coast passenger service for some twenty years. For a time it gave San Diego six passenger sailings to the north every week. On Sunday mornings either the *RUTH ALEXANDER* or *EMMA ALEXANDER* left for Seattle, and on Monday night

either the *ADMIRAL BENSON* or *ADMIRAL PEOPLES* left for Portland, Oregon, all ships making stops in Wilmington and San Francisco. The *YALE* left for San Francisco every Tuesday and Friday and the *HARVARD* every Sunday and Thursday.

The opening of the Panama Canal gave San Diego a new and important passenger service from the East Coast. The Panama Pacific Line brought passengers and fast freight to San Diego on a regularly scheduled service, starting in 1915 with the *FINLAND* and *KROONLAND*, former transatlantic liners. The First World War caused a disruption of this service until 1924. The original two liners were joined by the former Pacific Mail passenger ship *MANCHURIA*, and a few months later her sister *MONGOLIA* replaced the *KROONLAND*. These older liners were replaced in 1927 by the *CALIFORNIA*, *VIRGINIA*, and *PENNSYLVANIA*, large, beautiful ships of around 18,000 tons. They made calls at San Diego every second Friday, right up to the end of passenger ship service in the mid-1930s.

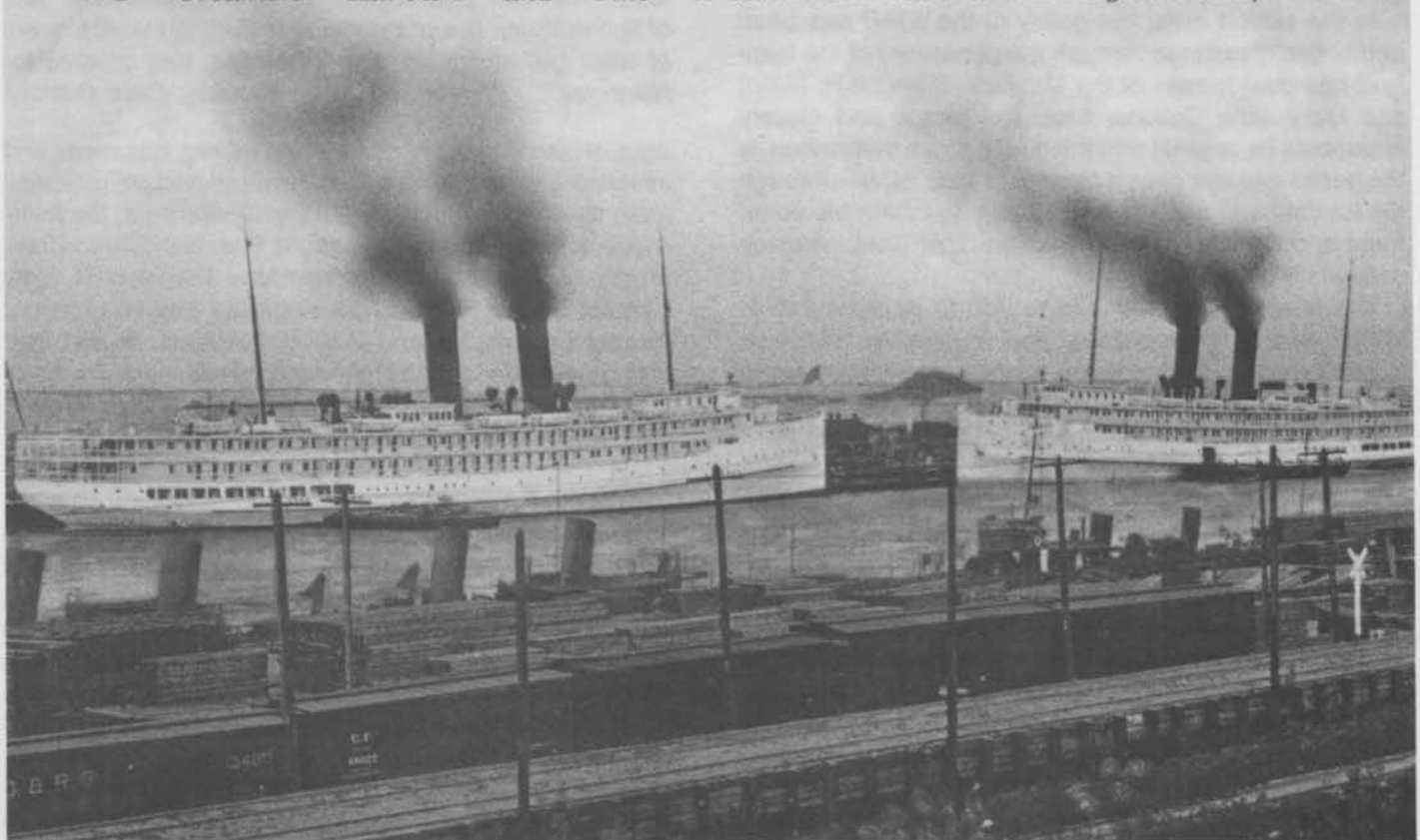
In the mid-1920s passenger service was on the increase along the Pacific Coast. The number of miles travelled by passengers on the Admiral Line went from 47,500,000 in 1921 to 83,500,000 in 1926. Over 150,000 passengers used Los Angeles Steamship Company ships in 1929, although

30 percent of this figure was Hawaiian travel. No breakdown is available for the San Diego to San Francisco run. All lines advertised the comfort, fresh air, and relaxation of shipboard life. Excursions for clubs, lodges, and other organizations were heavily booked. The Admiral Line between 1917 and 1926 expended nearly one million dollars in advertising.

All of this was brought to a sad end, first with the Depression of the early 1930s and finally with the longshoremen's strike of 1934 and 1936. By June of 1938 all operations of the Admiral Line ceased. The fast, beautiful white ships *YALE* and *HARVARD* were no more, and the great Alexander ships were only memories. Passenger ship travel was practically to cease until the spectacular rise of the cruise ship in the years following World War II.

San Diegans are now looking forward to the possibility of once more becoming a port of call for passengers who love ocean travel. During the past few years one or two cruise ships a year would drop in for a look-see at our beautiful harbor. Now the Princess Lines has announced that in the spring of 1985 one of its cruise liners will make San Diego its base port for cruises. Perhaps this will be the spark that will kindle interest from other steamship lines, and once more San Diego will become a prominent port for passenger ship travel.

992 - Steamers "Harvard" and "Yale" at San Pedro Harbor, Los Angeles, California.



Steamer HARVARD and YALE at San Pedro harbor

Chandler Postcard Collection

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE STATE OF THE MUSEUM

This will be my last message to you as president of your Maritime Museum. As such, it is a report on accomplishments over the past two years and, even more importantly, a personal thank you to those responsible for that progress and development.

Membership has grown from approximately 700 in November 1982 to our goal of 2,000 by November 1984. (As this is written in October, we stand at some 1,900 members.) Five membership programs per year are now scheduled and being implemented, and our first Members' Day open house was held on May 5, 1984. The membership activities were begun by Merrill Day with tremendous support from his lovely wife, Norma, Eddie and Maudie Fredericks, Frances Zeluff, and the ever-helpful Star of India Auxiliary.

Financial support has accelerated so that all costs for the sailing of the *STAR OF INDIA* in November are covered with some left over. Total results will be computed and a complete financial report made at the annual membership meeting on November 14. You should know, however, that the major donations would not have occurred without the spectacular efforts of Eddie Fredericks and his Development Committee. We are indebted to them for the fact that the Museum is not in debt. When the decision to sail the *STAR* was made, the Development Committee accepted the challenge to raise the funds, and they very successfully met that challenge.

In the exhibit area, the galley of the *STAR* has been authentically restored through the generosity of the family of late dear friends of the Museum, Wendell H. (Skip) and Mary Jane Calkins. Also, the fo'c's'le now closely resembles its original condition with straw mattresses in the bunks and sea chests alongside each bunk—through the funding and support of the Zella Burnham Memorial Fund and the Star of India Auxiliary. Lois Dahl deserves special credit in this project.

The Library has continued to add to its treasures of slides, books, photographs, and invaluable reference material through the guidance, efforts, and personal donations of Gregg Chandler and his faithful "library crew." We now have one of the finest maritime libraries on the West Coast.

Work on the *BERKELEY* continues with restoration on the fire room begun, maintenance on the sponsons now about one-half completed, and two new administrative offices now occupied and serving well.

Our steam yacht *MEDEA* was hauled during 1984 for her biennial inspection. She passed with flying colors and can be seen steaming about San Diego Bay during her monthly workout. The engine rooms of both the *MEDEA* and *BERKELEY* continue to glisten under the loving care of Ed Paxton.

Finally, the *STAR OF INDIA* has been hauled and freshly painted in preparation for her grand sailing on November 11. During the year our creative crew, under the able guid-



Dave Watson, left, President of Marine Structures, with Museum Trustee Ed Paxton in front of BERKELEY's newest watertight door at the forward end of the boiler room. The door was donated by Marine Structures, Inc. of Spring Valley, one of the country's leading manufacturers of steel and aluminum doors, hatches, and scuttles for Navy use.
Photo by Dave Brierley

ance of Carl Bowman and Paul Kettenburg, has made and installed a new spanker boom, repaired and set up a new main t'gallant yard, and bent on nine new sails; the latter made possible through donations from San Diego Community Foundation, Colonel and Mrs. Theodore R. Tate, Senator James R. Mills, Las Patronas, Fox Foundation, Invader Cruises, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wolcott, Jr., the Star of India Auxiliary, and Walter Anderson's Nursery. The hauling and painting of the *STAR* were made possible through the generosity of Southwest Marine, Inc., in drydocking the *STAR*, Pacific Towboat in supplying tug service, and Pro-line Paints for the hull paint.

These are just a few of the many people who made possible the progress of the past two years. Not the least of these is you, our members. Your loyalty, interest, and continued support are the strength of a viable Maritime Museum. As we repeat over and over, your Maritime Museum does not accept tax money support. Your involvement and the income from tourists are the backbone of our existence.

To all of you I shall be forever grateful for your interest, your effort, and your support. You have made the Museum what it is today.

John Hamrick, President

SALTY REMINISCENCES OF A SAN DIEGO SAILOR

PART 7

By Harold Carpenter

(Ed. Note: Six issues ago we began to chronicle Museum employee Harold Carpenter's life, from his first job on the San Diego excursion boats in 1917, through his voyages to Europe on the four-masted bark *ANNIE M. REID* and two steamers, his experiences on Pacific Coast vessels, and finally, as the Depression hit, his job in a Long Beach shipyard. At that time there was talk of a new project on the Colorado River, a dam being planned for Boulder Canyon. Harold was ready for a change of scenery and new adventure, and the following narrative tells how he first became involved with this monumental and historic project—by way of boats, of course. Unlike the previous installments of his story written after he turned eighty, Harold's Boulder Dam story was written only a few years after the events, while they were still fresh in his mind.)

I am a boatman and have been all my life. My first thoughts of Boulder Dam were not of boats, however, but were the same as any of yours—the picture of two high mountains with the outline of a dam in between.

I had thought of working on the Boulder Dam project but hadn't considered it seriously until a friend of mine popped me with the idea of boating on the Colorado River and future boating on the lake behind the dam. I was boating on the coast at the time, making a good salary, and had a few dollars to spare. We decided that my friend, Mr. Orville B. Ayers, would go to the dam site, find a suitable location, build a boat, and start carrying sightseers. My job was to grubstake the enterprise.

In the spring of 1929, Ayers arrived on the scene and built our first boat, a 32-footer named *BOULDER*. It was the first boat of any importance to be built in that locality on the river. *BOULDER* had a paddlewheel until Ayers became afraid of it in the rollers (breaker-like waves that broke over the shoals) and converted it to two propellers with two different kinds of engines. It was a good work boat.

The days rolled by—a year, two years. Things were changing on the coast, so I decided to cast my lot with my partner. He had actually painted anything but a pleasant picture of boating on the river. I looked it over but could not see anything so scary about it. In fact, I had an overwhelming desire to get on the river with a boat. I found it intensely interesting; you had to be on your toes constantly.

During the fall of 1930, my partner had built our second boat, a 23-footer, powered with two Chevrolet six engines. It was snappy but haywire like almost all homemade jobs. It was extremely down by the head. If you are acquainted with boats, you can imagine running a boat down by the head in shallow water across currents and whirlpools. That was my job, mainly because my partner was afraid of it. I got along okay. About the first thing I did was move the fuel tanks from the bow to the stern, which helped considerably.

My first job was to run a reclamation survey party ten miles below the dam site and return every day. This job lasted eight days. That was my first introduction to navigating on the Colorado River. I only piled her up on sand bars twice and hit one rock, but that wasn't until after I had run long enough to think I was getting good and got careless. Hitting rocks and sand bars was more or less to be expected, kind of like riding a motorcycle year in and year out. Invariably one will spill once in awhile.

Upon finishing that job, I started carrying passengers to the dam site. A trip that took about ten minutes to go three miles downriver from the boat landing to the dam site, took an hour to get back. I was able to go faster than most because my boat only drew about one foot, so I could stay close to shore in shallow water riding the eddies while everyone else stayed in the middle of the river fighting the currents. The few tourists that visited the project at the beginning—until they closed off passenger traffic on the river—have a treasure hard to replace. They actually saw how difficult it was to get in there and go to work. They saw the sheer walls on both sides of the river and understood why the workmen and equipment had to be transported in boats. They also got an idea of how tough it was to transport on the rock-filled river.

I had made the round trip one day and was collecting the tickets, when one fellow, glancing at his ticket which read "From Boulder Boat Landing to Boulder Dam Site," said, "from Boulder to Boulder," and added, "that fits the trip perfectly."

I used to tell the tourists that the high water line was thirty feet above where the river was at that moment. Figuring the water flow in cubic feet per second, I told them that about 100,000 second feet of water flow by there during the spring run-off. When someone would ask me why they measured second feet of water, I would explain that they just let the first foot go by and measure the second.

In March 1931, Six Companies of San Francisco was awarded the construction contract and began taking equipment down the river to start work. They took it down any way they could get it down, including using a couple of funny-looking barges. To begin with, they took a portable compressor down and spent about two days getting the barge back. When they took the next compressor down they just left the barge there.

They unloaded the compressors wherever they could find a toe-hold to get them ashore, start them up, break out the jack hammers, and start to work. They gradually worked out a "bench" to put the compressor on. They were working along the seven-twenty elevation (so called because it was 720 feet above sea level or about 200 feet above the river), forming a narrow road along the canyon wall. This road later accommodated a double line standard gauge railroad and a 25-foot paved highway.

On Easter Sunday the passenger traffic was unusually heavy, and I was fighting my way back up the river with a load of passengers. We had just passed one of the benches a gang of men was leveling off for one of the compressors. One of the passengers came up from the back of the boat and tapped me on the shoulder, saying, "I think there is a man hurt on that bench. I am a doctor, and I may be able to help." I swung the boat around and pulled up alongside the shore near the bench, and we loaded the injured man onto the boat. A large rock had rolled on his foot, crushing it. The doctor gave him all the relief he could during the time it took to get the boat up to Six Companies' main dispatch landing, where we were told there was not a first aid kit this side of Las Vegas, thirty miles away. Fortunately the doctor had a first aid kit in his car, then another passenger volunteered to take him to Las Vegas in his big sedan.

Six Companies had really started to work and worked furiously. I called the attention of several boatloads of passengers to a gas shovel that was digging its way up the side of the mountain, leaving no trace of how it got there. I also called their attention to the men packing gasoline, oil, and water on their backs up the side of the mountain to the shovel.

It was becoming difficult to get a boatload of passengers to the dam site and back without running into a "shot" of boulders being blasted out of the sides of the cliffs. I ran into one, no warning whatsoever. The first thing I knew, "BAM!" directly opposite the boat, rocks raining down all around us. Strangely enough not one scored a hit, and

the passengers did not get panicky.

Since they had started high scalers along the walls to bring down all the loose rocks with picks and dynamite charges, rocks would come hurtling down into the river, some going half way across the river or more. Passenger traffic was checked to two trips a day—one between 11 and 12 in the morning and the other between 3 and 4 in the afternoon—but boats continued to transport men and equipment. The two trips per day with passengers were getting more difficult. Although they did hold the fire between those hours, it was getting into May, snow was melting, and the river was high, swift, and full of driftwood.

On one trip I had an extra heavy load, and one of the motors conked out, leaving me with one motor to get the folks back upriver. I was scratching along the bank as close as I could possibly get to keep out of the current. Every time I had to change sides of the river I would lose about a hundred yards. One of the lady passengers standing by me at the wheel asked, "Which way is the river running?"

Around the first of June, my partner and I sold our boats to Six Companies. I expected to go right to work for them, but they didn't want me running their boats; they would not tell me why and would not give me a job at all at first. I managed to get in, though, when the master mechanic gave me a job heating steel in a steel sharpening shop. I learned how to do that 'way back in 1917 when I worked on the Otay Dam construction in San Diego with my father. But now that I had a job on this Boulder Dam project, I had to ride in my old boats behind very inexperienced pilots.

A TRIP TO THE DRYDOCK

September 4, 1984

Since her return to the Embarcadero after her Bicentennial sail, *STAR OF INDIA* has floated peacefully at her berth, content to be a "shore structure" in her museum role. She often pretended to be at sea when a summer breeze would fill her few sails set to attract visitors and heel her slightly, or when a ripple would gently roll her and give the Kansas visitors a thrill. But generally the old lady has been considered a permanent fixture on the waterfront until the day after Labor Day this year when two strangers lured her away from the pier into a two-week adventure. They were the tugs donated by Pacific Towboat, come to take the *STAR* to drydock at Southwest Marine. The following photos by Dave Brierley and Paul Kettenburg describe it better than words:

PacTow tug PALOMAR snugs up to the STAR's port quarter, the BERKELEY close astern





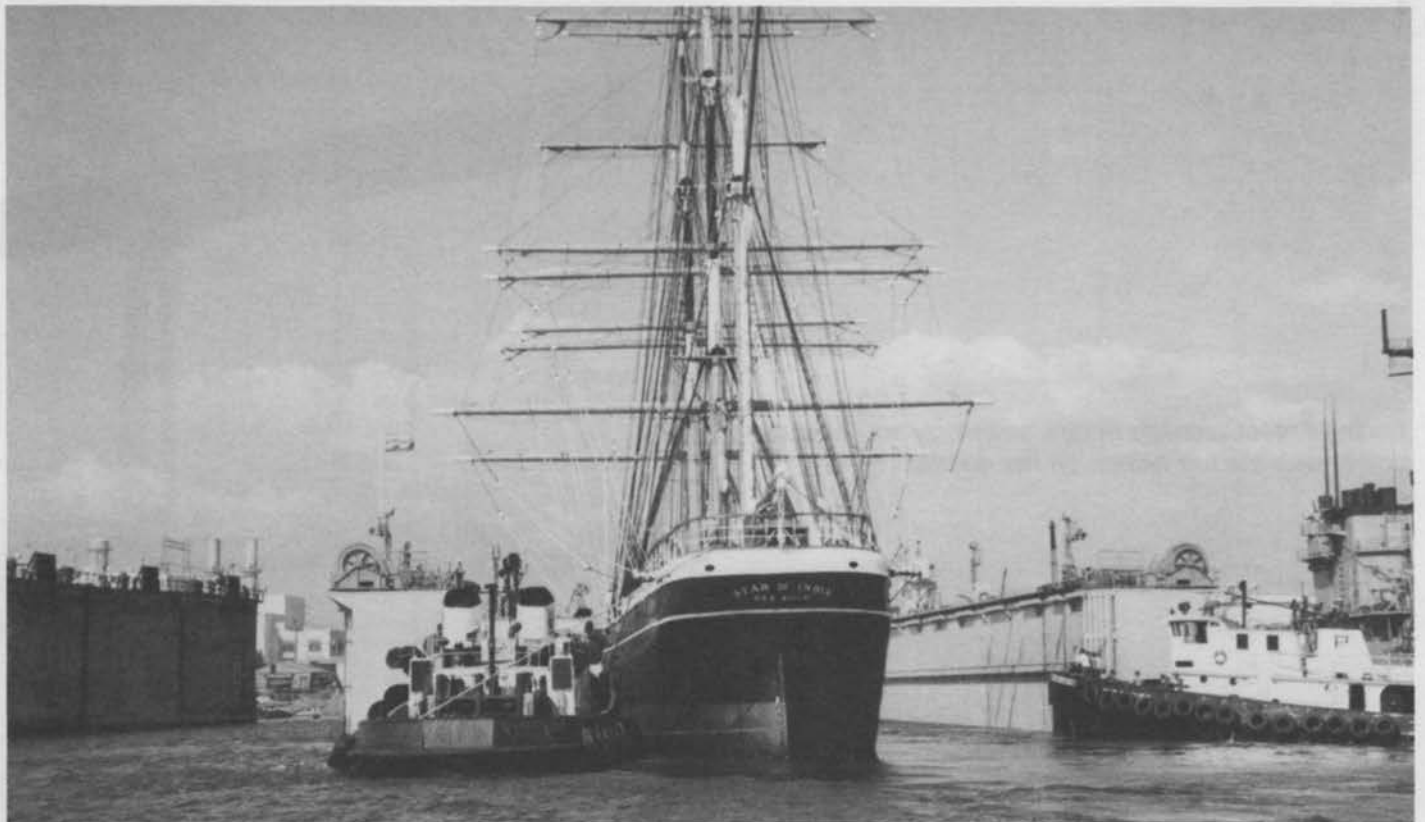
With PACIFIC SATURN attending forward and PALOMAR tugging aft, STAR OF INDIA leaves home for the first time in eight years

Gliding under Coronado Bridge, seemingly under her own power with the tug hidden on her quarter

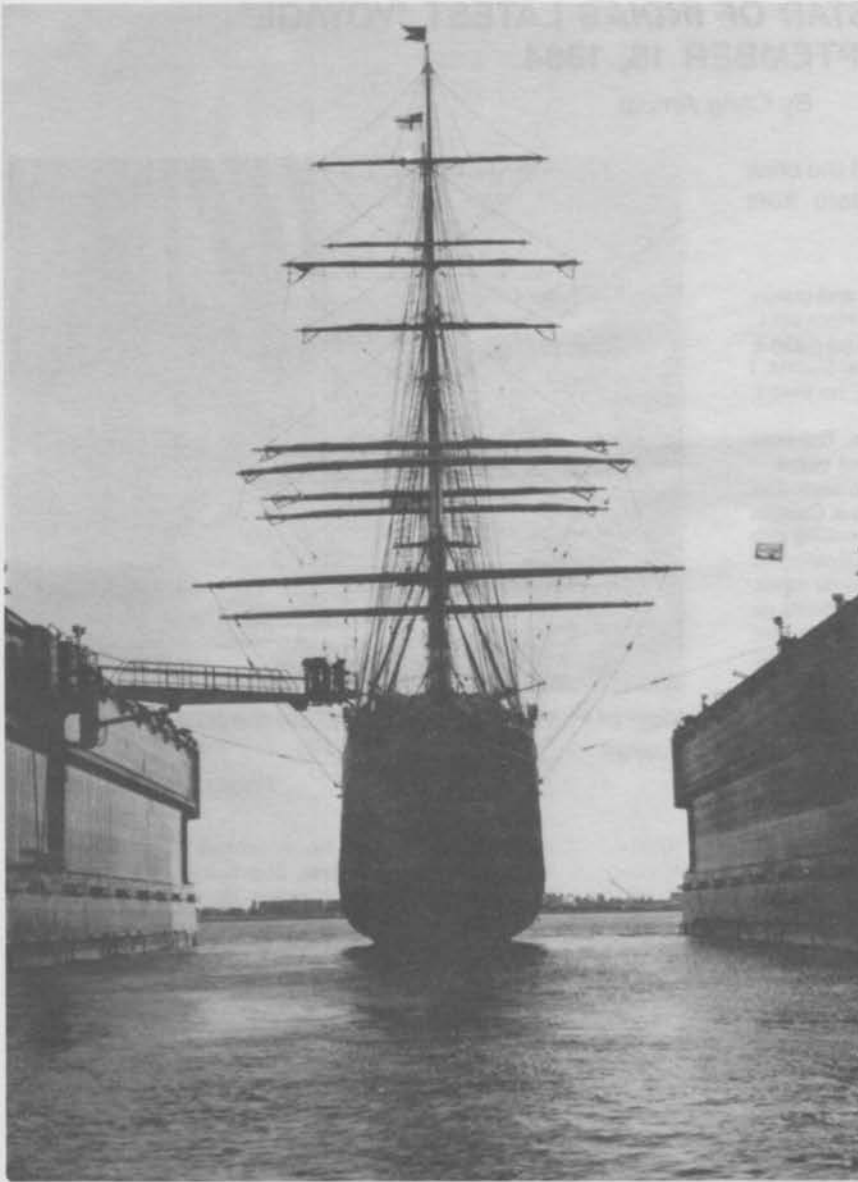




The oldest floating iron-hulled merchant ship approaches the most technologically advanced floating drydock, "Pride of San Diego"

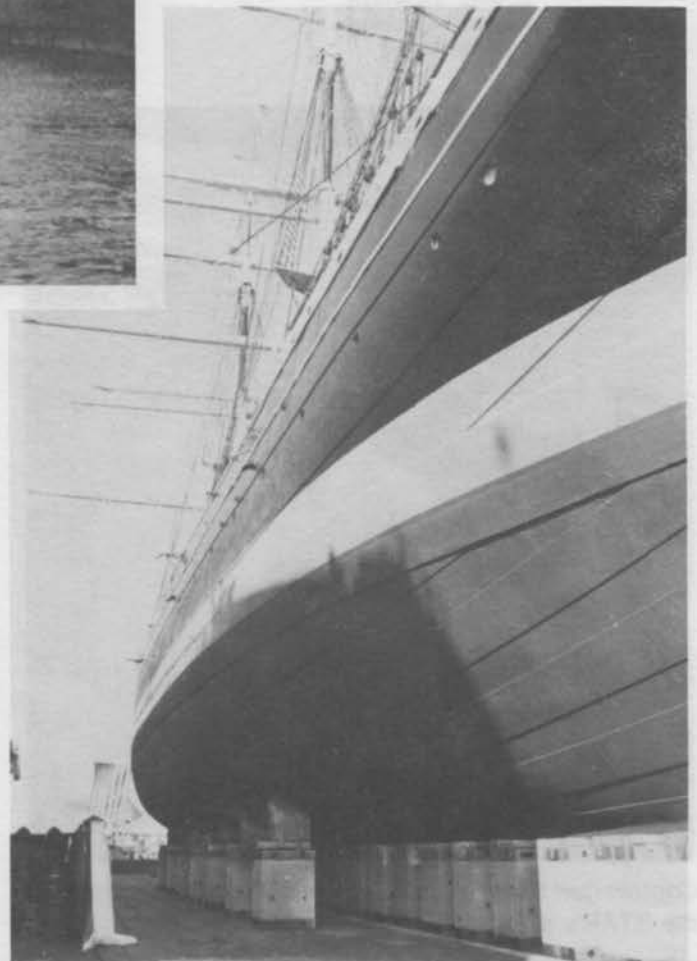


Escorted into her temporary home



Silhouetted against the setting sun, STAR OF INDIA seems to be rising out of the water, but instead the drydock has risen up almost to the keel blocks as the water is pumped out

Barnacles and old paint off—new paint on. She rests on her keel blocks, dressed and ready for the party to honor her and to commission her sophisticated new beauty parlor. The Maritime Museum is deeply grateful to Arthur Engel for Southwest Marine's contribution to prepare the STAR to sail once again.



A BRIEF LOG OF STAR OF INDIA'S LATEST "VOYAGE" SEPTEMBER 18, 1984

By Craig Arnold

(Ed. Note: Museum member Craig Arnold joined the crew on *STAR OF INDIA*'s return to the Embarcadero from drydock at Southwest Marine.)

- 7:30 a.m.— The south-side crane begins ferrying crew and guests from the top and bottom of the dock to the main deck. A rather precarious trip through space—but we make it.
- 7:35— Captain Bowman comes aboard in the next bucket. I ask him how the ship looks to him. "Dirty!" he snaps: but with a grin.
- 7:50— We give the poop deck a quick sweepdown. The crew meanwhile is checking her out forward and below.
- 8:05— "I wonder how the camel will go," someone says. The crew seems a bit edgy and anxious—all but Captain Bowman, who sits serenely by the skylight chatting with Paul Kettenburg. I venture to interview the Captain; his answers are courteous but clipped. He wastes no words. (Sample question: "What sort of weather conditions do you want for the cruise, Captain?" Answer: "Wind, but not to much. No rain.") He speaks fondly of three ships: *ALEXANDER HAMILTON*, in which he took sail training in 1926-29; *EAGLE*, ex-*HORST WESSEL*, which he commanded in 1950-54; and, of course, the *STAR OF INDIA*.
- 8:40— We are still waiting for the dock to begin flooding. Sun hot, beating down across her decks. Most seek shade on port side.
- 8:51— Some of the heavy machinery in the dock begins to clank and groan. The dock will take some extended time to flood, apparently.
- 9:03— Nothing happening.
- 9:20— Dock flooding.



View of PacTow tug PALOMAR on the *STAR*'s starboard quarter

Photo by Carl Jensen

- 10:03— Flooded to 14 feet. No movement.
- 10:15— Water level now 20 feet. Ship floated at about 17 feet.
- 10:20— Small craft gathering astern. No tugs yet.
- 10:35— Tugs begin arriving one by one.
- 10:46— A cable holding the ship to the dock snaps with a cannonshot crack on the starboard bow. Her port bows begin swinging over to the dock wall, as all hands tear forward. At the last second she seems to stop just short of the wall, as if sensing its presence. "It's only a graze, thank God," someone says. Damage appears minor, but the forward half of the starboard bitts on the foc's'le head is gone—ripped right from its bolts. Now the tug captain appears on the poop, barking orders into his walkie-talkie. The crew returns to the poop to secure the tow lines.
- 10:52— Tugs pull her out.
- 10:55— Tugs maneuver around ship, turning her for the tow to the north. The *PALOMAR* carries the load, hauling her along from a position on her starboard quarter. *PACIFIC SATURN* and *PACIFIC GEMINI*—each piled high with photographers—escort her on either side. A few small craft—sloops, powerboats—trail astern respectfully.
- 11:00— Six bells sounded on the foc's'le head. She carries with the smooth assurance gleaned from 121 years. Standing straight in the water, her yards squared, she seems to comment: "If you've gone around the world 21 times, this is a piece of cake."
- 11:10— A tug sounds a warning blast at a large yacht attempting to cross the *STAR*'s bow from port. The yacht—a luxurious-looking, snow-white ketch—puts her helm over and runs down the *STAR*'s port side. Says a tall, bearded crewman in khaki: "Just 'cause some people got enough money to buy a boat, that don't mean they got any sense." He spits to leeward.
- 11:25— Approaching the Embarcadero, we spy the welcoming crowd.
- 11:30— Ship nudged in to the camel. A line is hove to the dock.
- 11:35— Starboard cables loosed to tugs; port cables hauled in snug. On the foc's'le head, capstan bars are put to straining use, while along the main deck, our pulley-haul is done to a chant of "HEAVE!! HEAVE!!—and the sweat rolls off accordingly.
- 12:05 p.m.— Ship well moored. Departed ship via Jacob's ladder.



Captain Carl Bowman (left) with Paul Kettenburg sitting by the *STAR*'s skylight

Photo by Carl Jensen

STAR OF INDIA'S HISTORY IN PRINTS

The Museum gift shop, Slop Chest, features an array of prints depicting the STAR's history. The following is a sample of what is available:

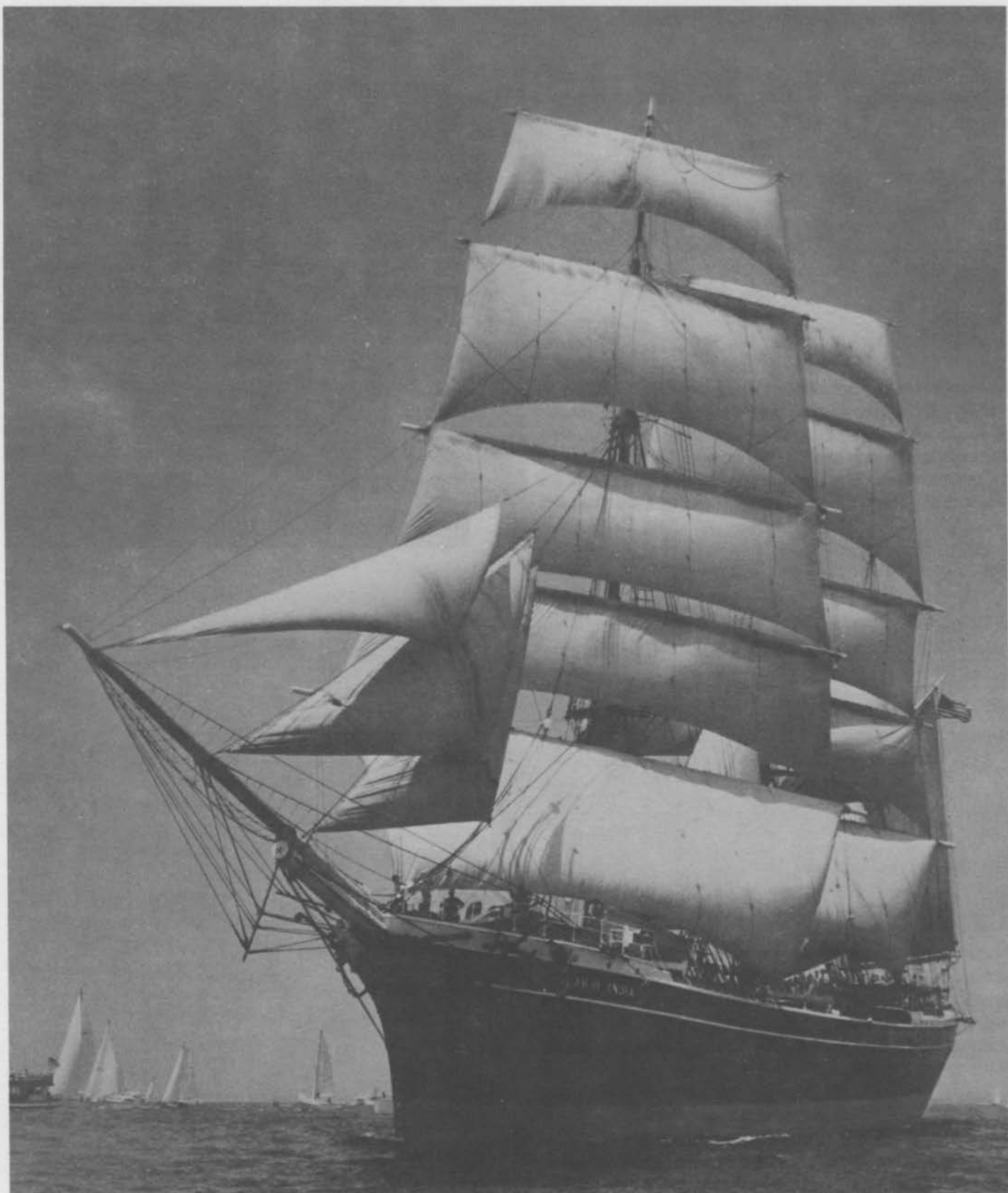
Launched on the Isle of Man on November 14, 1863 as the full-rigged merchant ship EUTERPE, she hauled general cargo, transported emigrants from London to New Zealand, and made twenty-one round-the-world voyages before the turn of the century. Edward Ries painted her in her Shaw Savill Line colors on a run to New Zealand.



As part of the Alaska packers fleet from 1902 to 1923, her name was changed to STAR OF INDIA and she was cut down to a bark, as shown here in Charles Rosner's painting. This picture also appears on the cover of Jerry MacMullen's book, STAR OF INDIA: The Log of an Iron Ship.



Though joined by the ferryboat BERKELEY and steam yacht MEDEA in 1973, STAR OF INDIA remains the centerpiece of the San Diego Maritime Museum and is one of the most painted and photographed sites in town. John Yato has captured her in detail at her Embarcadero berth.



The STAR arrived in San Diego in 1927 but was not restored until the 1960s. Her proudest day was July 4, 1976, when she sailed for the first time in fifty-three years.

SAIL THE STAR GALA

* * * * *

PARADE OF LIGHTS PARTY

Your invitations to two social functions on November 11 should be in your hands. In the morning of that day we will wish the *STAR OF INDIA* Bon Voyage with a Champagne Continental Breakfast on the *BERKELEY*. You'll have the best seat in the house to watch as the lovely lady leaves the dock. The Welcome Home Reception starts at 4 p.m. with a magnificent cocktail party. Come give your congratulations to the crew. Space is limited, so send in your reservation early.

The Parade of Lights party is Sunday, December 23. Your invitation will arrive in late November for this event. We have the same caterer as last year. This was such a great party, join us again this year. Please bring your family, as there will be a special price for children under twelve. Valet parking, as before, will add to your enjoyment of the evening.

HEAR THIS! '76 STAR CREW

Any members of the '76 *STAR OF INDIA* crew who have not been contacted and who are interested in being a crew member for the 11 November 1984 sailing, please contact Captain Eddie Fredericks by letter or phone at (619) 234-9153.

CURATOR'S CORNER

The main emphasis of our curatorial work before the sailing of the *STAR OF INDIA* on November 11, 1984, has been the safe-guarding of artifacts and securing exhibits in general. Our "exhibit building" is going to sea for the day, so it is very important to protect her valuable "cargo." As a result, the ships-in-bottles, ship models, navigation instruments, dishes, etc., have been removed, and various exhibit panels have been stowed. Rounding Cape Horn is not planned, but we have to prepare for the normal pitching and rolling of the *STAR* as she proudly returns to sea.

A new group of volunteer Curatorial Assistants known as the Dustbusters is being formed with the help of Star of India Auxiliary member Lois Dahl to improve on the preservation of the artifacts and to clean inside exhibit cases on a regular basis. The artifacts will benefit, as will the Museum's 180,000 annual visitors. Good impressions are made by good appearances. If interested in joining the Dustbusters, please contact me in care of the Maritime Museum.

An exhibit about the ocean liner S.S. *NORMANDIE* has been placed aboard the *BERKELEY* near the Jerry MacMullen Library. The highlight of this exhibit is a fine diorama model of the ship beginning to list at a New York pier during the major fire of February 9, 1942. This excellent model was built by Commander Bill Benson and is on loan for this exhibit. Other items on display from the Library archives are a deck plan, photographs, cruise ship brochures, a baggage ticket, and a Bureau of Ships report

STAR OF INDIA AUXILIARY

On Wednesday, September 26, the Auxiliary started its year off with a BANG. A busy and exciting day included our first General Meeting, the dedication of our gift to the *STAR* (the outer jib), a marvelous salad luncheon catered by our own gourmet cooks, an awards ceremony for our docents and tour guides, and a fun silent auction.

October 1 saw the beginning of the Curatorial Assistants, better known as the Dustbusters. With Dave Brierley as our mentor, we will be trained to clean and care for the Museum exhibits. First impressions are so important for the viewing public; we hope to keep the exhibits on all the fleet in "Bristol" condition. All Museum members are invited to join this illustrious group. If you can spare two hours per week, please call Lois Dahl at 270-5899, Gregg Chandler at 222-3502, or Dave Brierley at 234-9153.

November brings the sailing of the *STAR* with two social functions sponsored by the Auxiliary. Renee Rasmussen, Fran Viertel, and Mary Allen are planning these gala events. Norma Newton has the crafty ladies busy creating wonderful gifts for our Fourth Annual Christmas Bazaar. Then on to December for the Parade of Lights party chaired by Edie Pavey.

Marilyn Fulton, President

on the salvage of the USS *LAFAYETTE* (ex-*NORMANDIE*).

At the time of the fire she was being outfitted for use as a troop transport for World War II action. Originally she was launched in 1935 as the pride of the French people. Her quick passage on her maiden run of four days, three hours, and two minutes captured the Blue Riband for the fastest Atlantic crossing to that time. The average speed was 29.98 knots. Had the fire not occurred, her speed and passenger-carrying capacity would have contributed greatly to the Allied cause.

A collection area of the San Diego Maritime Museum that most members are not aware of is our small-craft collection. In addition to the ships *STAR OF INDIA*, *BERKELEY*, and *MEDEA*, we also have: the 1902 harbor workboat and yacht *BUTCHER BOY*; a gig from the USS *HARTFORD*; several dugout canoes; a salmon fishing boat similar to ones used by the Alaska fishermen aboard the *STAR*; a Pocock rowing shell; two yacht tenders aboard the *MEDEA*; two lifeboats on the *STAR*'s deckhouse; the Kettenburg PC sloop *WINGS*; and the newest arrival, a 1919 Monterey fishing boat. The long-range plans of the Maritime Museum are being explored to enable proper shoreside exhibit space and long-term preservation of a small-craft collection. Additional small craft that represent types indigenous to the San Diego area, ones significant to San Diego from a use standpoint, or those that relate to our existing collection will be added as they become available.

Dave Brierley, Curator

WELCOME ABOARD!

New members since the last MAINS'L HAUL:

Kathleen DeFalco	Mike Miller	Ann C. Lampkin	F. C. Bradman
Phillip Acker	Beatrice E. Cooke	W. W. Bemis	Philip E. Firmiss
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Denes Noon	Patricia Jonas	Jim D. Miller	George M. Foster, Jr.
Ernest H. Boldrick	Peter M. Phinney	Glenn A. Savage	(LIFE)
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Russell G. Peterson	R. McIntosh	Allan F. Fleming	Irving Loube
W. R. Gossett	Robert L. Cramer	David Nash	Walter J. McManus
Steve Hyman	Gary J. Magill	Robert J. Gorton	Everett C. Ross
A. N. Tillett	Arnold L. Busse	A. F. Fischer	Harley C. Greaves
Larry Thompson	Theodore H. Runyon	Louis H. Guertin	Mae J. Fredericks
Malcolm MacDonald	Robert C. Boe	William P. Gorski	Donald P. Baty
Wilbur S. Kelley	Frederick H. Nusbickel	Logan McKee	Al Melone Custom Covers
William B. McKinney	Leonard B. Allen	Stephen H. Porter	Frank E. True
Allen S. Beddoe	Remington G. Gsoell	Albert L. Grigsby	Edgar A. Northrup
Patricia Fleming	Betty McDonald	J. Brockway Clark	James R. Corr
Allen B. Crowley	Bernard F. Burns, Jr.	Elizabeth M. Kearney	Herbert A. Krause
Carol C. Craig	Hugh G. Story	Mary Cunningham	Thomas J. Bassett
Delmar L. Souther	Fred Delaney	Larry Scott	David J. Young
Patricia Messi	Ken Coward	Walter E. Lippert	Romanus Hirsch
Laura L. Braley	Peter G. Severance	Elizabeth A. Gillen	C. R. Oliphant
George W. Glade	J. F. Thompson	William A. Evans	William A. Ancker
Ruby J. Deggendorf	L. Walter Jewell	George Bostrom	Enrique Brunet
Ruth L. Sorver	George L. Mason	Richard E. Moore	Robert J. Plumbley
Rolfe W. Stewart	John B. Beazley	William Teague	Fredrick Nicolet
Florence C. Nagler	Merle B. Cheney	Jay Craig Evans	John H. King
Louise L. Redelings	Robert W. Bell	Gabriel Raphael	Linda Gair
Beatrice Stretcher	Darrell G. Walls	Wayne A. Strunk	Joseph L. Hill
Mrs. Fillmore Gilkeson	Jeffrey Frost	Peter F. Van Horne	Ronald L. Johnson
Matthew Kosvic	Edwin Letzring	Geneva E. Box	William A. Minkler
John W. Maloney	Henry Callihan	Arthur J. Aylott	George J. Gilson
Patti Roscoe Associates	F.C.B. Jordan	William J. Fay	Mrs. H. Williams
Oscar J. Vogel	Bruce Barnes	C. Allen Bates	Martin C. Voves
Cecil Johns	Charles Carl	Rupert A. Linley	Charles B. Persing
Wilson Fischer	Roger J. Leonard	William Blackburn	Mel A. Richley
Gordon Stebbings	Daniel Backus	Miles R. Finley	Stanley B. Neander
Bill May	Henry F. Lippitt	F. A. Brandley	Marguerite Morris
San Diego Padres	Cyril Oberg	T. P. Wilson	Oscar C. Palmer, Sr.
Thomas L. Robinson	Linc Ward	Joseph B. Stefanac	Paul J. Nies
Lloyd E. Olson	Shirley A. Gardella	Herbert M. Sevel	Camesa, Inc.
Raymond J. Wallig	John G. McLenachen	J. W. Grosdidier	Otis R. Cole, Jr.
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Charles T. Wilder	Mark C. Darius	George A. Uberti	Heidi J. Kelley
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Alfred L. Pilgrim	Herbert J. Worsham, Jr.	Jeannette H. McCurdy	James M. Sullivan
Stanley A. Mahr	James P. Stevens	Augustus Cheatham	Dana D. Hawthorne
Baker Marine Instruments	Allan J. Phinney	Stephen E. Nelson	Bjarne Lund
& Repair	William L. Hall	Eric D. Hytrek	Elliott C. Nyrup
Roy E. Disney	Charles B. McCracken	Socorro E. Perry	M. Veronica Ludwig
Donald M. Moss	William C. Meanley	Robert L. Engler	Rosalyn C. Smyth
Robert Yount	Forrest E. Huggin	Thomas T. Kenney	Arthur W. Swann
Lillian C. Murphy	John R. Olinger	William F. Smerdon	William Massey
Elizabeth Potter	Steven L. Lee	Elvin C. Ogle	Horace B. West

Hal Higgins
 F. C. Luchsinger
 Robert L. Koningsor
 Earl Balch
 Charles Hodgson
 Edward P. Ripley
 Harry C. Schraeder
 Allan E. May
 Peter H. Picksley
 Robert A. Mercer
 Nancy J. Baumann
 Frank Curran
 Joseph R. West
 Louis E. Holz
 Michael B. Bixler
 Henry G. Turner
 Harry G. Miller
 Jo Ann Benson
 Merle Ploman
 Dennis Hemingway
 Charles Hochart
 Vernon G. Rodgers
 Carl A. Scragg
 Dwight Lee
 Kenneth M. Hurd, Jr.
 Jerry W. Redling
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 Dennis Mahar
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 Joseph Donahue
 Elf Products
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 Arthur Roemmich
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DIRECTOR'S COLUMN

As we continue to move along in 1984, I am able to report that your Museum still maintains a sound financial and operational status. Attendance and attendance-related revenues have perked up but are still down in comparison to last year. We have felt the dampening effect of the Olympics, as have all other museums and tourist-related activities in the San Diego area. We are continuing to counter this effect by making our Museum vessels as attractive as possible to the visiting public.

Our "Sail the *STAR* in '84" campaign is progressing well, as it appears that our goal will be achieved, even though it has jumped up from \$200,000 to \$235,000 in the last couple of months due to unanticipated expenses. We still have about \$60,000 to go for a complete suit of new sails, which we will not have for this sailing. Instead we will sail with a mix of old and new, as was quite customary for the *STAR* in her past sailing career.

The *Star of India* Auxiliary witnessed the unfurling and dedication of its very own sail, the outer jib, on 26 September 1984. It was a gala occasion.

The Walter Anderson Family has donated a new t'gallant sail, which is now in the making at Henderson Brothers Sailmakers. It is our most recent sail donation, bringing our total in new sails to nine, approximately half of our complement of nineteen.

The *STAR* is back to her old berth at the Embarcadero but in reversed position in preparation for a proposed repositioning of all Museum vessels to accommodate forthcoming cruise ships. She was the centerpiece of a gala christening ceremony of the newest and most modern drydock in San Diego, the "Pride of San Diego," at Southwest Marine on 15 September.

The membership continues to grow along with our *STAR* sailing campaign. We are now about 1,900 strong and still growing toward a possible 2,000 by the time the *STAR* sails.

A hearty "Welcome Aboard" to all our new members. We hope you will enjoy being a part of—and help us further develop—the finest maritime museum on the western seaboard. With your help it can be done and will be done!

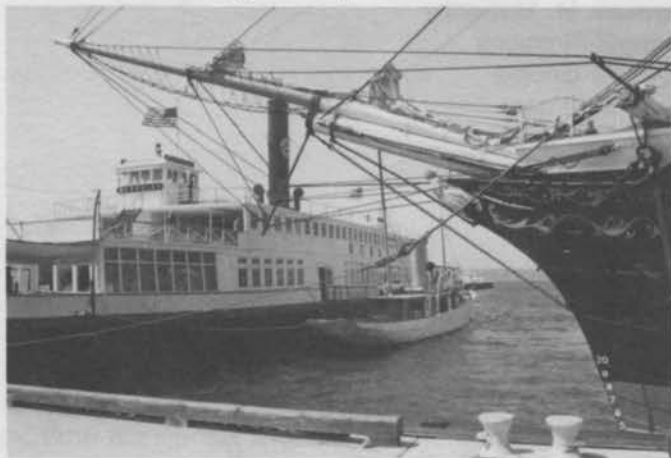
Eddie Fredericks, Executive Director

MUSEUM NEWS

Annual Membership Meeting—November 14, 1984, at 7:30 p.m. we will assemble on the *BERKELEY* for our annual meeting and election of trustees. The program is scheduled to be "Ship Models" given by our Curator of Models, CDR. Bill Benson. This is also the *STAR OF INDIA*'s 121st birthday, so come join us for cake at the social hour starting at 7:00 p.m.

Our Mobile Museum—Contrary to our projection in the last MAINS'L HAUL, when the *STAR OF INDIA* returned to the Embarcadero after drydock, she found the *BERKELEY* and *MEDEA* in their old berth at "B" St. Pier. The *STAR* then docked in a reverse position from before and is now bow-to-bow with the *BERKELEY* awaiting further word on the Port District's plans to move the Museum. Our next location will be known more definitely by the end of the year.

New Museum Offices—Due to the *STAR*'s drydocking, our Museum offices had to be moved. They are now on the *BERKELEY*, main deck starboard midships, where the crew under Maintenance Supervisor Fred Krone built spacious new offices for our secretary, Katy Wilkens, and bookkeeper, Marge Robison. Stop by and visit next time you're aboard during working hours.



Museum's present configuration

Photo by Dave Brierley

Membership Contest—Congratulations to the winners of our membership contest who sponsored the most members to the Museum over the past year. The following members won a luncheon cruise on the *MEDEA*: Marian Bridge, L.A. Bryan, Ken Ames, Marge Robison, Walt Jacobsen, Charles A. Chapin, Bob Cornett, Susan Fastenau, and Robert Foster.

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

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MAINS'L HAUL is published quarterly (wind and weather permitting) at the headquarters of the Maritime Museum aboard the bark *STAR OF INDIA*, 1306 North 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

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MARITIME MUSEUM ASS'N. OF SAN DIEGO

Bark *Star of India*

1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, Calif. 92101



MAINS'L HAUL



MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

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Photo by Dennis Mock

SAIL HO! STAR OF INDIA RETURNS TO SEA

By Dave Brierley



Crew and guests enjoy the day aboard STAR OF INDIA

Photo by Dave Brierley

For only the second time since 1923, the historic bark *STAR OF INDIA* ventured to sea under full sail on November 11, 1984. A glorious celebration of her 121st birthday attracted thousands of well-wishers who lined the shore or viewed her from a large armada of small craft. It is hoped that many of our Maritime Museum members had the opportunity to share in the celebration.

The Fall 1984 issue of *MAINS'L HAUL* covered much of the preparation stage, which entailed the drydocking of the *STAR* at Southwest Marine in September with towing services supplied by Pacific Towboat. These donated services helped make the sailing possible as did the many other donations from longtime and new Museum members. We can all be proud of the fact that she was readied for sea and sailed through contributions and not by tax support.

Once the *STAR OF INDIA* was physically fit for her birthday sail, a crew had to be trained to safely and effectively sail her. The task of molding an enthusiastic group of volunteers with varying degrees of square-rigged expertise that ranged from zero to very capable, fell on the experienced shoulders of Captain Carl G. Bowman. He and his first mate, Paul Seiler, worked together as they had for four years aboard the Coast Guard's training ship *EAGLE* in the 1950s.

The crew was comprised of Maritime Museum employees, volunteers from around the country, and from among

the crew of the 1877 sailing ship *ELISSA*. Formal training began October 27. We had four-hour sessions on each Saturday and Sunday for two weekends and then a final session on November 10. Calluses appeared on many hands as the training progressed but they were equally paced by a developing familiarity with the many lines and commands involved in sailing a square-rigged bark. A sense of working together developed and sailors pulled in unison rather than against each other. With no powered equipment to rely on for heavy work, old-fashioned "Norwegian steam" was a must.

The morning of November 11 arrived with a hopeful note for blue sky and good wind of 12 to 18 knots. Members of the crew arrived early Sunday morning to attend to last-minute details and with an eagerness to sail. Departure was set for 9:30 with a pre-sailing ceremony beginning at 9:00. The ceremony included festive music provided by the Madison High School Band and interesting speeches by Senator James R. Mills, the Honorable Gloria D. McColl, the Honorable Patrick M. Boarman, and Commissioner William B. Rick. The Point Loma High School Junior NROTC Color Guard and Chaplain Wendell R. Begg, CHC, USN, provided appropriate recognition of our veterans on this Veterans Day 1984. The President of the Maritime Museum, John E. Hamrick, introduced Captain Carl G. Bowman to the large audience. Captain Bowman gave the command to "Man the Star!" as the excitement level inten-

sified on the *STAR* and along the Embarcadero.

Once everyone was aboard, the temporary gangway was removed and the lines were cast off. The *STAR OF INDIA* was moved away from the shore by the Pacific Towboat tugs amidst the sounding of the steam yacht *MEDEA*'s whistle and a balloon salute provided by the Star of India Auxiliary on the *BERKELEY* and KXYX FM on shore. KXYX had announcer Clark Race on board to issue sailing accounts to the many people following the *STAR*'s progress.

As the *STAR* moved away from the pier, the crew reflected on the impact of the celebration and what it meant to them. As I stood talking on the fo'c's'le head with Senator James Mills and new Museum Trustee Richard Blackington, we commented about the excitement of sailing on the *STAR*, her history as a working sailing ship, and her preservation. Dick Blackington had a major role in arranging for the drydocking at Southwest Marine. Jim Mills recalled that when he first became involved with the *STAR* in the 1940s, the big question was whether or not she could be saved, much less sailed. Today would show all that she can sail very well and in a "Bristol fashion" appearance. The three of us, as with others on board, all felt a great satisfaction in differing ways at seeing her sail November 11.

Because November 11 was Veterans Day, a special wreath-laying ceremony was planned for when the *STAR* passed Fort Rosecrans. The Aloha Lei Company contributed two wreaths that were thrown overboard from the waist of the ship to honor our deceased veterans and sailors lost at sea. This ceremony had a special meaning to me in view of the loss of a good friend with the sinking of the sailing ship *MARQUES* last June.

The PacTow tug was cast off near Ballast Point and we sailed outward bound under full sail. What a feeling! The *STAR OF INDIA* sailed in fine order under the watchful eye of Captain Bowman and the crew. The *STAR* was then put through her paces by Captain Bowman performing various maneuvers, tacking six times. This was all recorded on film and tape by KPBS TV, documenting both the event of the Sail and the actual task of sailing a square-rigged vessel. Museum member Bill Kelly-Fleming videotaped the

event for the Museum as well.

The teamwork of the crew was evident as they went about their business. Their prime duty this day was to carry out the commands for sailing the *STAR*. When time permitted, crew members took photographs, swapped sea stories, and sang songs of the sea when the *STAR* was homeward bound. The crew was well-fed due to clam chowder and sandwiches provided by Anthony's Restaurants.

At times, the *STAR OF INDIA* achieved 10 knots under sail and heeled over with a good bone in her teeth. She was an "alive" ship this day as could be felt as we walked about her pitching and rolling decks. This same feeling of an alive ship can be felt even while she is moored at the Embarcadero, although not to the same degree.

As the wind diminished in mid-afternoon, our intention to re-enter the harbor under full sail had to be changed to that of a towline ride. We returned to the pier to an enthusiastic greeting provided by many spectators and the bagpipers of Helix High School. Once the *STAR OF INDIA* was securely moored, the crew gave three rousing cheers for Captain Bowman, Paul Seiler, and Steve Hyman out of our respect for their competent leadership and because it had been one heck of a great day.

We were then joined by friends and family (my parents had flown in from Minnesota for the Sail) aboard the ferryboat *BERKELEY* for a welcome home celebration hosted by the Star of India Auxiliary. A good time was had by all and each crew member received a certificate and personal anecdote from Captain Bowman for serving as a member of the crew.

The *STAR OF INDIA* had completed her day at sea and had been wished a "Happy Birthday" by thousands of admirers. The Maritime Museum, the members, and her many friends can all be proud of the efficient campaign headed by Ed Fredericks to "Sail the *STAR* in '84." Those of us in the crew hold even more respect for the *STAR* and what is involved in sailing a square-rigged vessel. This gallant and historic bark will continue to be preserved in a sailing condition with exhibits to explain her history and she will sail again.



STAR OF INDIA crew

Photo by Dave Brierley

SHIP'S LOG, STAR OF INDIA NOVEMBER 11, 1984

By Captain R. A. Bowling

(Ed. Note: Captain R. A. Bowling was aboard *STAR OF INDIA* for her historic Sail on November 11, 1984. We present the following highlights from the log he kept during this thrilling event.)

8:00 a.m.— Guests begin arriving in force.
8:45— Tugs arrived and made up: *PALOMAR* forward, *PACIFIC SATURN* aft. Pilot, Captain William Jarrel, boarded and assumed conn.
9:05— Chief Mate and foremast/fo'c's'le captain Paul Seiler addressed the crew and guests.
9:09— Word passed: "All ashore who's going ashore."
9:37— Take in the stern lines.
9:38— Take in all lines.
9:40— Underway. Pilot has the conn. Pulled out sideways until stern cleared Anthony's pier. Tight but safe. Pilot did excellent job.
9:50— Headed fair. Passing *VIKING PRINCESS* abeam to port. Royal send-off with toots, whistles and cheering passengers.
10:13— Passing North Island Naval Air Station to port.
10:16— "Lay aloft, loose and let fall all sail except t'gallants and royals," is the command.
10:44— Ballast Point light abeam to starboard.
10:45— Dropped commemoration wreaths over the side in honor of deceased veterans and sailors lost at sea.
10:46— Captain Bowman assumed the conn. Fore t'gallant and royal set. Main t'gallant set.

10:47— Tug *PALOMAR* cast off. Underway on sail power.
10:48— Main royal set. Cannon salute from Sub Base.
11:11— "Man the braces. Brace her up sharp on the starboard tack."
11:40— Wind freshened, now about eight knots. She fills and heels.
12:05 p.m.— Full and by on the port tack.
12:15— Wind freshened to about 15-18 knots. *STAR* logged at 9.5 knots by pleasure boat with pitlog pacing us alongside.
12:28— In irons. "Man the fore braces. Brace fore yards around to leeward (original tack)."
12:36— Full and by on the starboard tack.

(Ed. Note: *STAR OF INDIA* continued to sail in her natural element, the open sea, until 2:10 p.m., when she received a tow wire from the tug *PALOMAR*. Her glorious hours of freedom were drawing to a close.)

2:12— Under tow by *PALOMAR*. Inbound.
3:04— Tug *PACIFIC SATURN* made up on starboard quarter. Docking pilot assumed the conn.
3:06— Ballast Point light abeam to port.
3:40— Stowaway reported on board. No charges filed.
4:03— Moored port side to Embarcadero, San Diego.
4:30— All sail furled. Thus ends another brief but exhilarating experience to be remembered forever by "the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sails shaking."

KATY AT THE HELM

By Katy Wilkens

Think of it . . . for 45 minutes out of my life, I, at one particular moment on a sunny Sunday afternoon in November, was doing something that nobody else in the entire world was doing at that particular moment. I was at the helm of *STAR OF INDIA* as she was sailing out into the Pacific Ocean, assisting Trustee Gordon Frost in following Captain Bowman's instructions to the letter. We were in the process of turning around to head back to the dock when Captain Bowman said that I could assume the wheel. Even Roget's Thesaurus would be hard-pressed to come up with enough adjectives and adverbs to completely describe the thrill of it all. "Indescribable" pretty well sums it up, though.

Having been a secretary for the past dozen years (the past five here at the Maritime Museum), it would be fair to say that I have done a considerable amount of typing, answering phones, filing, taking dictation, etc., in my time. During that time I have also experienced some "highs" not normally associated with your everyday secretarial job. I was with the San Diego Padres in 1976 when Randy Jones received the Cy Young Award and also in 1978 when Gaylord Perry received the same award. But even with those "highs," sailing aboard a 121-year-old vessel and being at the helm has got to be the *highlight* of any secretary's career.

When I wasn't at the helm, I spent some time in the *STAR's* galley serving clam chowder and sandwiches to the crew and invited guests, and even an "uninvited" one as well, the infamous stowaway. (He even came back for seconds!) Nobody went away hungry. There is something about the sea air that turns even the most petite of appetites into those of football players at a training table.

From the opening notes of the National Anthem to the releasing of hundreds of gaily colored balloons into the sky, to the tugboats escorting *STAR OF INDIA* out into the harbor, everywhere one turned there was more excitement than in the moment previous to it. If it's possible for one's goose bumps to get goose bumps, then that's what happened to me on that sunny Sunday afternoon in November.

Just being aboard the *STAR* for those six to seven hours, I could easily understand how thousands and thousands of people have been attracted to sailing down through the ages. To be at peace with one's self, to experience the total quietness, the tranquillity, sure beats hitting Interstate 8 at rush hour!

STAR OF INDIA is a testimony to what you can look like and how beautiful one can become upon turning 121 years of age. I'm ready to sail in *STAR OF INDIA* again. Let's go!

A MEDEAN ENCHANTMENT

By Craig Arnold

(Ed. Note: Museum member Craig Arnold recently accompanied an excursion aboard the Maritime Museum's 1904 steam yacht *MEDEA* in San Diego Bay. The excursion was a reward to those who have volunteered various services to the Museum.)

Who was Medea? Let us go back a few thousand years:

"Jason and his band of heroes, among them Heracles, Orpheus, Castor and Pollux, sailed in the ship *ARGO* in search of the Golden Fleece of a fabled ram. After many adventures . . . the heroes, called the Argonauts, reached Colchis on the Black Sea. Jason seized the Golden Fleece and fled, accompanied by the sorceress Medea, daughter of the King of Colchis. Jason and Medea lived happily together until Jason left her to marry Creusa. Medea murdered Creusa, then killed her own children and took flight in a chariot drawn by dragons. Jason, distraught, went wandering. One day he lay down in the shade of the *ARGO*, his old ship, and died when the rotted prow fell on him."

Classical Greece
By C. M. Bowra

Well, Captain Jason. It would appear that you let the rot go too far. No such problem, this writer is pleased to report, aboard the Maritime Museum's equally classic vessel, *MEDEA*.

She's a grace, this one. She is elegance afloat and asteam. She may even be a bit of a sorceress, come to consider the mysterious way she works on those who venture forth with her.

On December 6, 1984, *MEDEA* sailed again. Steam was raised shortly after noon, guests embarked, captain and crew ready at stations.

Captain Carl Bowman, all-around master of vessels, sail as well as steam, took her out. Merrill Day served as helmsman, with Paul Kettenburg standing at his elbow, working the engine-room telegraph. Other members of the Museum and *STAR OF INDIA*'s crew assisted in putting this fine old Scottish yacht through her paces.

She steamed like a charm—like an ancient myth still working her particular magic. Her condition appeared to be excellent in every respect. Brass and oil gleamed from her engine compartments, where a small but devoted "black gang" led by Commander Bill Benson kept her chuffing at the bridge's slightest command. Teak and brass glinted in the sun along her topside decks. Past modern pleasure craft she went, past graysteel guardians of our defense and heedless speedboats, till she rested briefly behind Shelter Island.

There an efficient galley crew laid out a feast: sand-

wiches with treasure of tuna and shrimp; fresh greens; a compatible selection of wines.

Luncheon consumed, with *MEDEA* quietly abiding in sheltered waters, the talk fell naturally to ships. Storm-beaten ships, long in the mast, now keeping watch at moorages around the world—where their respective fates are determined by cold economic facts.

Pleased reports were informally exchanged—but regrettable ones were also heard. The original USS *CONSTELLATION*—"the hard-luck frigate"—was said to have struck to a desolate approach of fake cannon and decay at Baltimore.

(It should be recalled by all loyal to the sea heritage of these United States, that *CONSTELLATION* was the U.S. Navy's first major warship to engage an enemy. She took the French frigate *L'INSURGENTE* in 1799, during the "Quasi-War" to protect American shipping. In 1800 she battered a supposedly superior French man-o'-war, *LA VENGEANCE*, into a butcher's shambles. She served against the Barbary pirates, and in 1813 she was instrumental in repelling a British attack on Norfolk, Virginia.)

But talk, as anchorage, soon finds change: *MEDEA* tilted her nose toward the sea. She steamed to the harbor mouth, a chill wind whipping her decks. There we put her helm hard over and she swung smart about to port. Circling around a slow-moving sub with orange-jacketed sailors toiling topside, we chugged back into harbor.

Soon *MEDEA* came home. As she glided up the Bay, a pale autumn sun gathered those aboard into a complicity of silence. On her all-weather bridge a group of onlookers huddled. Words were not much required; they wished to see her brought to the tether.

She was not too willingly brought. Hoydenish and sheering yet away, she resisted being easily captured. A young deckhand leapt out on *BERKELEY*'s side to keep *MEDEA*'s bowsprit from snapping off as she was worked in. He succeeded, with steady push and sweaty grin, and a minor disaster was thus averted. Lines were hove fore and aft, and our bluff little lass—she with the spirit of her Greek namesake—submitted to another period of enforced idleness.

She is hardly of a mind to take this lying down. You may visit her today, stroll her decks, and reawaken her ancient magic. Stand quietly alone with her, and listen to the wind as it spins the olden yarns of the sea. Peer, if you will, into the mysteries she unfolds in shadowed cabins and compartments. And pay her—as you might any weaver of spells—a measure of your own bemusement.

She is, after all, an enchantress . . .

TIRED OLD STEAMER LAID TO REST FULL OF POISON GAS

By Jerry MacMullen

A great brouhaha has exploded in the United States Senate over the discovery—by an anti-Defense Department senator—that the Defense Department is planning to load up a couple of rusty Liberty ships with the poison gas we didn't use in World War II, and scuttle them in mid-Atlantic. And if you hear weird groaning and grating noises, they are coming from the ghost of the steamship *EMMA ALEXANDER*, for many years a favorite in the passenger service between San Diego and Puget Sound.

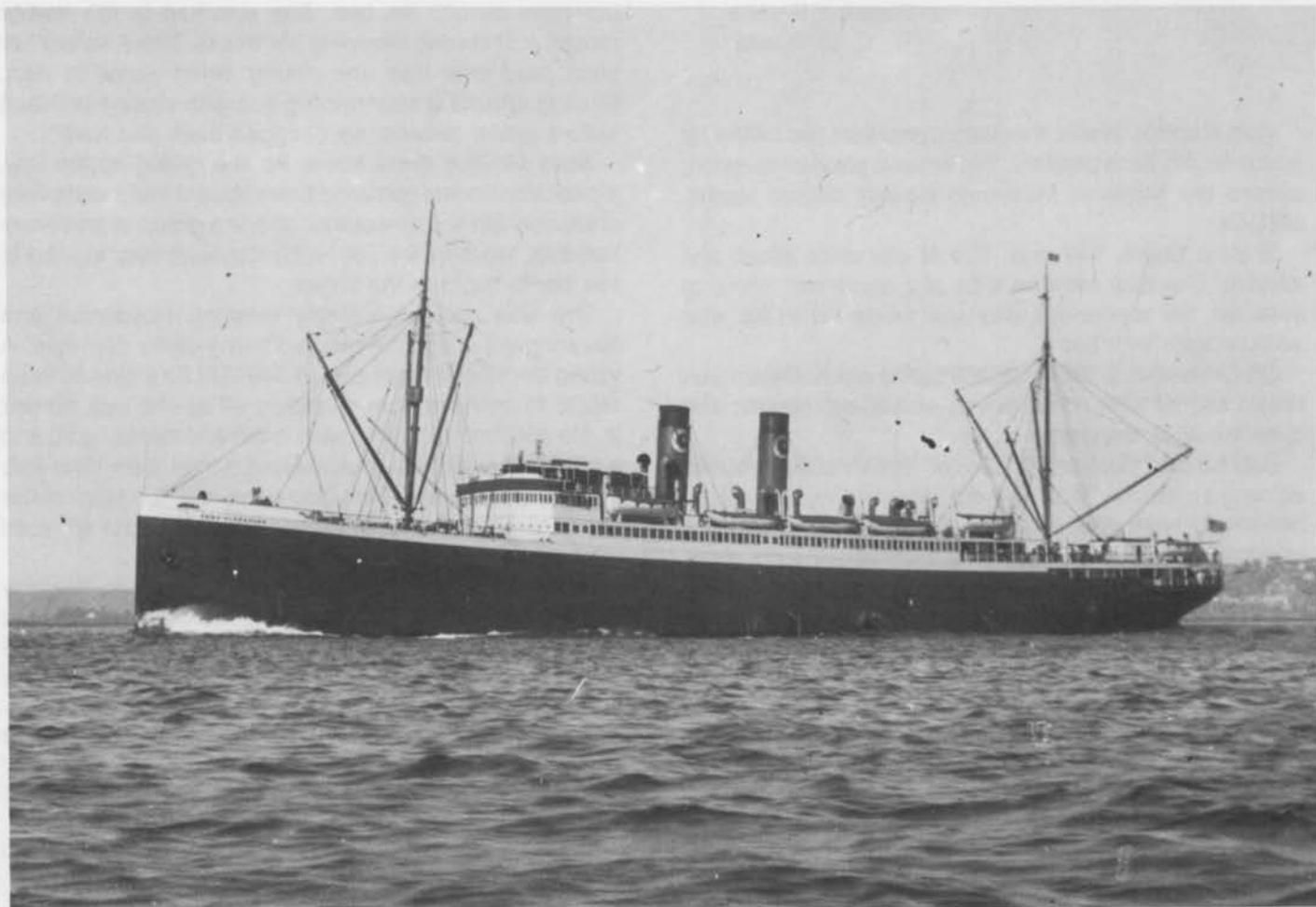
Really, it's a pity; when you consider all the things that happened to the *EMMA ALEXANDER*, they ought to leave her alone. Luckily, the senator probably never heard of her, or it would be worse than it is. So, in the interest of maritime history and good clean fun, let us check back on what once was a very fine and very comfortable steamer.

Originally she was the *CONGRESS*, named after the fine old USS *CONGRESS*, which played an important part in San Diego's "early American" days. She was launched from the Camden yard of the New York Shipbuilding Co. in 1913 and her owners, the Pacific Coast Steamship Co., intended her as an answer to the competition of the speedy *YALE* and *HARVARD*—for which she proved to be just a trifle too

slow. Grossing just under 8,000 tons, she was 423 feet long and her twin screws were driven by a beautiful pair of triple-expansion engines that put out a total of 7,000 horsepower.

San Diego greeted her with flags and whistles when she came in on her first trip—which doesn't seem like 56 years ago—and she got right to work with passengers and fast freight between here and Wilmington, San Francisco, Seattle and Victoria, B.C., and then came misfortune; in September of 1916 she got afire when off Marshfield, Ore., and was completely gutted. Luckily the weather was calm and all of the passengers and crew were saved, well-conducted lifeboat drills having paid off. Before abandoning her they got into shallow water and anchored, and when she cooled off the salvage tugs brought her in.

The hulk was sold, at bargain-basement rates, to the China Mail Line, which completely overhauled her. Now she was the *NANKING* and for some years shuttled back and forth between San Francisco and the Orient. Her crew, they say, developed an unfortunate tendency toward opium-smuggling, and the astronomical fines—which were against the ship—are said to have run China Mail into bankruptcy.



EMMA ALEXANDER in her prime

MacMullen Collection

Finally her old owners bought her back and she got her third name, *EMMA ALEXANDER*. Now her bad luck seemed to have run out; she went back to her old, original run, as an unusually popular ship.

But more trouble was ahead. The *MORRO CASTLE* disaster of 1934 touched off such a rash of new federal laws on safety that, to make her legal, they would have had to practically rebuild her; it was the 1934 and 1936 maritime strikes, however, which finally put her out of business, together with all of America's coastal passenger ships. She was laid up, and when World War II broke out, she was sold to the British Ministry of Transport.

They renamed her *EMPIRE WOODLARK*, if you can imagine anything more frightening, and she wound up in that famous convoy that was supposed to save Singapore

from the Japanese but got there too late; they were in the middle of the Indian Ocean when Singapore fell. For the rest of the war she puttered around here and there, and finally, at the war's end, was laid up in England.

And then, in 1947, Britain decided that really something should be done about all that poison gas that was ready for Allied use the minute the Axis tried such a trick. It was never used—but there it still was. So they picked out a tired old steamer, loaded the cylinders of gas aboard, sent her out into mid-Atlantic and scuttled her. What ship was this? Why, it was the *EMPIRE WOODLARK*—ex-*EMMA ALEXANDER*, ex-*NANKING*, ex-*CONGRESS*. The exact location was never disclosed.

(*The San Diego Union*, June 1, 1969)

EARLY NAVAL HISTORY IN SAN DIEGO PART 11

By Captain Eddie Fredericks

(*Ed. Note:* This is the eleventh in a series of articles by Captain Fredericks tracing the history of the U.S. Navy in San Diego prior to World War II. This harbor was first used as an American naval base during the Mexican War but was virtually neglected by the Navy until the turn of the century. About that time dreams of making San Diego a permanent naval base gradually became reality, with the Navy's activity here accelerating as World War I approached.)

1917

On April 6 the United States declared war on Germany, and the nation assumed a wartime footing.

Early in 1917 the Navy decided to abandon Goat Island Naval Base in San Francisco Bay. Congressman William Kettner commenced efforts to influence the Navy to consider seriously San Diego as a possible site for a naval training station in Southern California. The City of San Diego offered Balboa Park with its Exposition buildings as a temporary base. The Navy accepted the offer and maintained a temporary base there during World War I. At this site the Navy established a Naval Training Station, a Naval Dispensary—which later became a Naval Hospital—and a Marine Corps Recruit Depot. Approximately 4,000 naval personnel were quartered in Balboa Park during World War I.

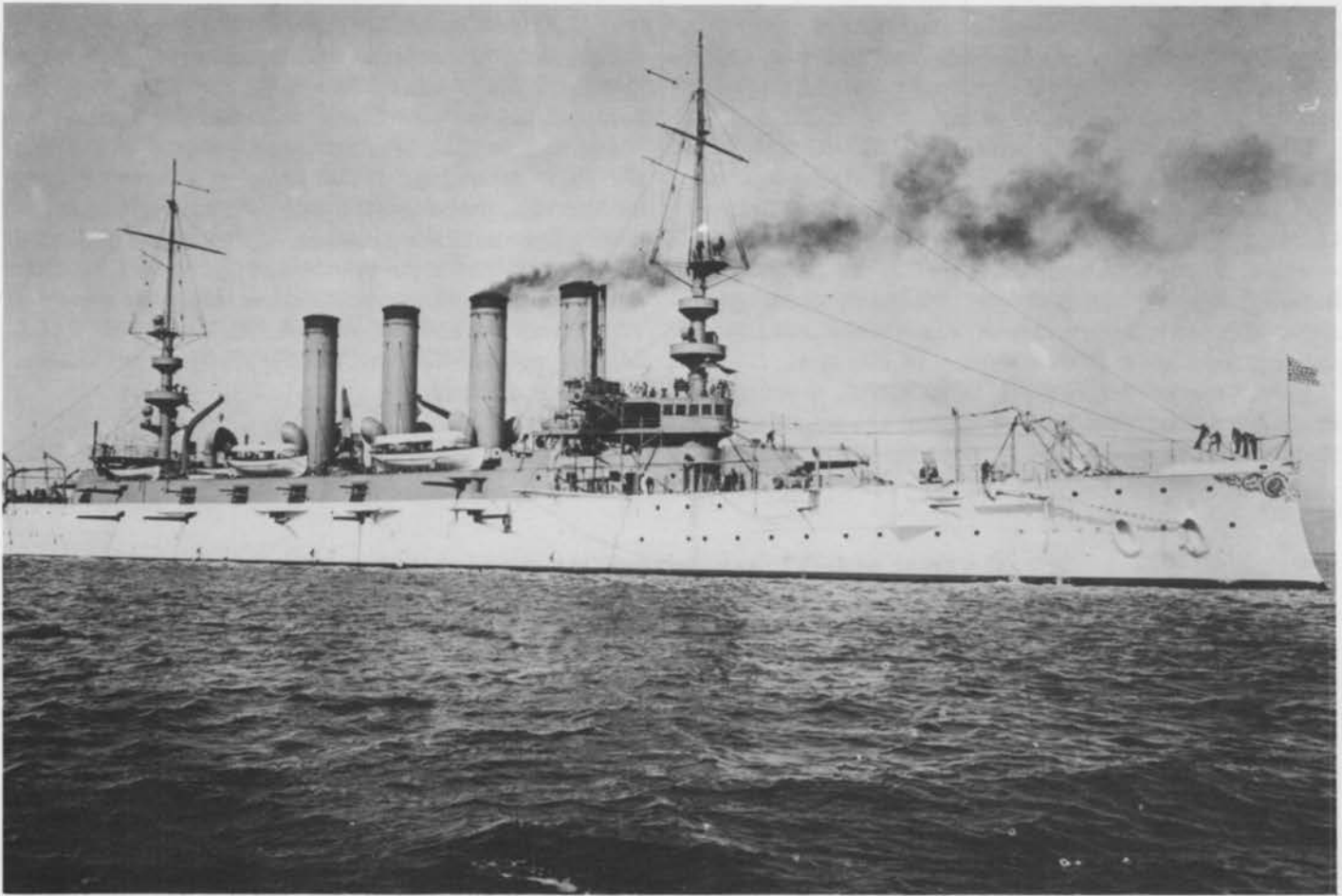
The Chollas Heights Radio Station was commissioned by the Navy on January 26. The 75-acre site had been acquired on January 10, 1914, and construction of the 600-foot towers was completed on January 26, 1916. Designed for communication with ships at sea, the radio station was equipped with the world's most powerful transmitters of that time. It continues today as one of the most important radio stations in the Naval Communication System.

On April 13, San Diego's Third and Tenth Divisions of the Naval Militia entrained at the Santa Fe station for Mare Island and assignment to the expanding Navy of World War I. Most men saw service initially in armored cruisers *USS SAN DIEGO*, *FREDERICK*, and *PUEBLO*. Forerunner of today's Naval Reserve, the Naval Militia came into being in the early 1890s, when seaboard and Great Lakes states were authorized to establish maritime components as a part of the National Guard. In California, the First and Second Divisions were organized in San Francisco along with the Third in San Diego. The Fourth and Fifth were at Santa Cruz and Eureka, the Sixth at Santa Barbara, and the Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth at Los Angeles. The Tenth and final division was organized at San Diego shortly before World War I. The organization, upon call to federal duty, became the National Naval Volunteers and finally the U.S. Naval Reserve. In San Diego the driving force behind the Naval Militia was Lieutenant Commander Don M. Stewart, the battalion commander and—after World War I—San Diego's Postmaster and Councilman.

The Secretary of the Navy on May 30 recommended that aviation and submarine bases be established at San Diego and that \$500,000 be set aside for the development of North Island.

On July 20 the Army changed the name of the Signal Corps Aviation School on North Island to Rockwell Field.

Congress on July 27 authorized the President to take possession of North Island for joint use by the Army and Navy in establishing permanent aviation stations and schools. The bill was signed into law by the President on July 30. The U.S. Army took possession of North Island for the U.S. government on August 11, as at that time the Army was the sole occupant. Joint tenancy plans and agreements were drawn up by local Army and Navy authorities on August 16.



Armored cruiser USS SAN DIEGO

MacMullen Collection

Lieutenant Earl W. Spencer, USN, reported to San Diego on November 8 to establish the Naval Air Station on North Island. This date is considered to be the official beginning of that station. The Navy was allocated 524 acres of the island.

During the latter part of 1917 the War Department leased a site on Linda Vista mesa and established a training camp. It was named Camp Kearny in honor of General Stephen Watts Kearny, U.S. Army, who led the Army of the West to San Diego in 1846 during the Mexican War. This site contained 3,254 acres within the city limits and 9,466 acres in the county. The Army trained men from California, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico and Utah here during World War I. This was to be the future site of Miramar Naval Air Station.

1918

On March 16 the permanent dividing line between Rockwell Field and the North Island Naval Air Station was approved by the secretaries of the Army and the Navy.

In May, Congressman Kettner arranged for the Scofield Engineering Company to establish a shipyard on city-

leased land at the foot of 32nd Street. Two of the best concrete ships built during World War I were constructed there. In November, Kettner recommended that upon completion of wartime concrete ship construction, this site be turned over to the Navy as a future naval ship repair base site.

Construction was completed on the 3,050-foot causeway between North Island and the City of Coronado on June 1. Full-scale operations began at North Island Naval Air Station on June 14.

On June 19 the cruiser USS *SAN DIEGO* sank off Fire Island, New York, after an explosion. Six men were killed. It has never been definitely established whether the ship was mined or torpedoed.

The Armistice was signed on November 11, ending World War I. By the end of the war the Navy had spent almost \$2,000,000 on the Naval Air Station, North Island, which then had a complement of 40 officers, 110 student officers, and 800 enlisted men.

A VISIT TO STAR OF INDIA'S BIRTHPLACE

By Bob Wright

On November 11, 1984, each of us who crewed on *STAR OF INDIA* had our own feelings. It was an emotional high to see and feel a 121-year-old sailing ship come alive.

For me, the thrill goes back five months earlier to when my wife and I were standing in the shipyard at Ramsey, Isle of Man. We had flown into London for a few days, then took the train to Liverpool. We boarded the Isle of Man Steam Packet *LADY OF MAN* for the 3:30 p.m. departure. This ferry line has been in continuous operation for 154 years. The Isle of Man is in the Irish Sea between England and Ireland. The Irish Sea can be the roughest in the world during the winter months. However, on June 19, 1984, it was like San Diego Bay. Four hours and 80 miles later we were passing the Tower of Refuge in Douglas Bay. This is a castle-like structure built on Conister Rock, which has snared more than one ship. It was built in 1832 to shelter shipwrecked sailors who had had the misfortune of striking this bit of rock. The piers in Douglas are nearby.

Douglas is an attractive city fronting on the bay and climbing the low hills behind. It is somewhat a larger version of Avalon with an English flavor. The whole setting is pleasing to the eye. Tourists from England and Ireland come here to visit for a day or two. (The time *not* to come is the first part of June when they have the international motorcycle races!)

The Isle of Man is about 30 miles long and 15 miles wide. It is an old island in that it has many sites of Viking

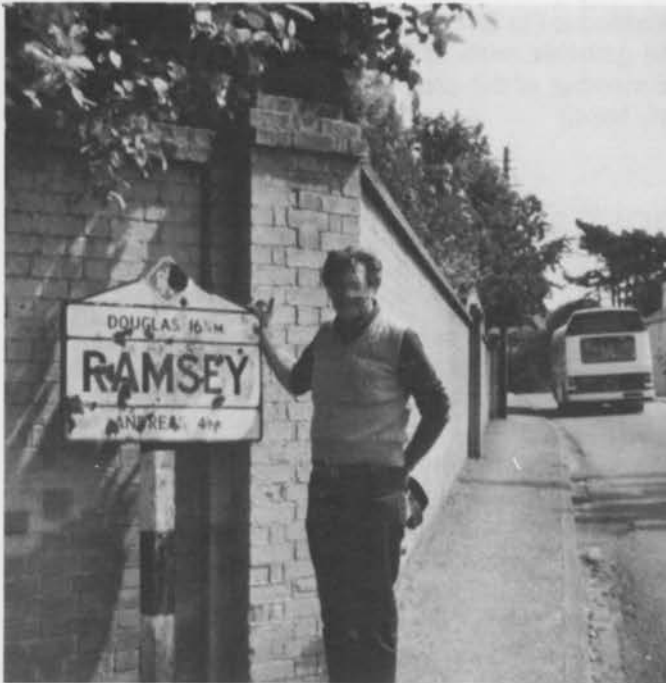
inhabitations and proof of other civilizations. The countryside is made up of rolling hills and mountains up to 1600 feet with valleys where you find streams and trees. The vegetation is mostly grass and low bushes used for grazing sheep. There is some farming. Reforestation projects are under way and are easily spotted because of the neat rows of trees.

The Isle of Man is a dependent territory of the British Crown, but autonomous in that it controls its own affairs. Being British, it acknowledges Queen Elizabeth II as sovereign and Lady of Man. The origins of Tynwald (the island's legislature) are lost in antiquity but date back to the ninth century when Vikings first settled there. The Manx Tynwald is thus over a thousand years old and has the longest continuous history of any legislature in the world.



The shipyard that gave birth to EUTERPE, 121 years afterward

Photo by the Wrights



Bob Wright poses in Ramsey, Isle of Man

Photo by the Wrights

Transportation is excellent. There are buses running throughout the island. An electric train goes from Douglas to Ramsey, and a steam train from Douglas to Castletown.

Accommodations are plentiful, from bed-and-breakfast facilities to first-class hotels. We stayed in a charming B & B for around £8 each (\$10.40).

The natives are friendly. We still correspond with them in regard to *STAR OF INDIA*. Many of the names are in common—like Corlett and Kneale. They can be a bit formal, calling each other "Mr. Corlett" or "Mrs. Kneale."

Ramsey is about 16 miles north of Douglas. It has changed little in 121 years. I took photographs from about the same places that you see in Jerry MacMullen's book,

Star of India: The Log of an Iron Ship. The shipyard has changed in how the ways are laid out, but many of the original buildings are there. A lively Mr. Billy Kneale runs the yard now. He said there are no records of any kind at the yard. They are now doing hauling and repairs on fishing trawlers.

Not only did I take many photographs, but tape-recorded a number of people. Of course I interviewed Mr. Billy Kneale, an old salt; Mr. Jim Corlett; and Mrs. Edward Cortern, whose family owned the Royal George Inn which catered the launching luncheon in 1863. Mr. Tom Clark, Ramsey City Clerk, gave me a plaque and a framed photograph of Ramsey which I backpacked through Ireland, Scotland and England. The Maritime Museum now has them as well as the pictures and copies of the tapes. What was planned to be a two-day research visit turned into four days. Not enough time!

The post office on the Isle of Man plans to come out with a stamp of *STAR OF INDIA* based on the information I gave them. I also gave books and literature to the Manx Museum in Douglas and to the library in Ramsey.

What helped in accomplishing so much in four days was meeting Mrs. Sue Woolley of the *Manx Star* newspaper, who lives just outside Ramsey. She spent several hours showing us about and introducing us to people with an interest in *STAR OF INDIA* and shipbuilding in Ramsey. Mrs. Woolley wrote a complimentary article about our visit which appeared in the *Manx Star* on July 16, 1984. The Jerry MacMullen Library of the Maritime Museum has a copy.

The added feeling for me while under way on November 11, 1984, was climbing out on the jibboom and watching the bow slicing through the seas. I realized that not long before I was at the site where *STAR OF INDIA* (then *EUTERPE*) was created in 1863 and yet here she was, flying through the water as if she was set free!



Ramsey, looking much as it did in 1963

Photo by the Wrights

(Ed. Note: Bob Wright was born in New England and moved to San Diego with his family in 1941. He spent 1945-46 in the Army medical corps. He went to work for Convair in 1951, and is still employed there in electronics. Bob volunteered to help restore *STAR OF INDIA* in 1962 and spent weekends engaged in that work for the next seven years. He moved aboard *STAR OF INDIA* in 1973, working as nightwatchman and evening ticket-taker for the next seven-and-a-half years. He left to be married [aboard the *STAR*] in January, 1981. Last year Bob and his wife traveled to the British Isles, visiting the Isle of Man, where he gathered material for the above story. Bob sailed as a member of the crew of *STAR OF INDIA* on November 11, 1984.)

THE CABIN BOOKRACK

By Craig Arnold

(Ed. Note: In this issue we resume our reviews of books relating to maritime history.)

The Jonah Man

by Henry Carlisle.

New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Illustrated with etchings. Hardbound.

260 pages. \$13.95.

Of all the sea's callings in the age of wooden ships, whaling was one of the most compelling and most brutal. In this novel about the men of nineteenth-century Nantucket, Henry Carlisle tries to fathom whaling's odd appeal as well as its horrors.

After the War of 1812 the American whaling industry boomed as never before. To all oceans and seas whale-

men carried their search, darting irons into the "life" of bowheads, humpbacks, grays, and mighty cachalots. The slaughter was not without economic import: millions of lamps kept the evening gloom at bay with oil from the beasts, and the baleen of some species served for everything from buggy whips to corset busks. Whaling men killed not for sport, but to sustain themselves and their families.

As for the hunt, whales could be assailants as well as victims. In 1820 a massive sperm whale in the Pacific turned on its tormentors fiercely enough to ram and sink their ship, the *ESSEX*, and left the survivors to endure a long voyage by boat. As starvation reared its death's-head in the open boats, the castaways turned to cannibalism. After their rescue the gruesome story began to leak out. Their ill-starred captain found another command, lost it,

and finished his life on the beach, a nightwatchman and a pariah.

Such are the bare historical facts from which author Carlisle has fashioned his tale. (It should be noted that he is hardly the first to do so. Herman Melville conferred with the mate of the *ESSEX*, Owen Chase, before splicing elements of this tragedy into a book called *Moby Dick*.)

The Jonah Man is written in a spare, extremely dry style. Even its accounts of whale-killing seem almost bloodless. Given this detachment on the part of the author, writing in the first person through Captain Pollard's voice, it is difficult to feel any tension or apprehension. The most violent scenes, whether of the hunt, a storm at sea, or a confrontation between characters, flow flat as millstreams to their conclusions. Perhaps the author feared making flourishes, perhaps he is too much the man of letters rather than a man who had pulled an oar and warmed to the try-

works, as was Melville. Perhaps he is simply not exceptional.

To be just, the author exhibits a craft in all the "mechanical" aspects of his novel—plotting, exposition, grasp of historical detail. But something in the nature of visceral grab, of the clutch at a whaleman's heart when his harpooned prey blows black blood and rolls fin out, eludes him.

Sad that our feelings are not so engaged for Carlisle's Captain Pollard as they are for Melville's Captain Ahab. Ruthless yet moodily poetic, Ahab dies fighting his nemesis. We admire his fortitude as much as we abhor his mad arrogance in both playing and challenging God. Pollard merely plods off into the darkness, toting his watchman's lantern. A pathetic darkness, surely. But scarcely a cosmic one.

MEET YOUR NEW PRESIDENT

Paul A. Kettenburg, the new President of the Maritime Museum Association, is no stranger to the maritime history of San Diego. A native San Diegan and Past President and General Manager of Kettenburg Marine, Paul Kettenburg has been involved with boats, ships and historic maritime vessels for many years. A Life Member of the Maritime Museum Association and immediate Past Vice President, Paul has a depth of knowledge and experience of our historic vessels and their care and administration which makes him an ideal person for our President.

Paul is a Staff Commodore of the San Diego Yacht Club, the Southern California Yachting Association and the Pacific Coast Yachting Association.

As a member of the San Diego Aero-Space Museum, Paul Kettenburg recently participated in the reproduction of the Curtiss A-1, the Navy's first production seaplane. Adding to his depth of historical interests and talents is the restoration of classic automobiles. We are most fortunate to have Paul at the helm of our Association during the forthcoming year.



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Happy New Year, and a special thanks to all those who gave of their time and money in support of the San Diego Maritime Museum Association during the past year. Without your help, our beautiful *STAR OF INDIA* would not have been able to celebrate her birthday by once more setting her sails and moving into the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean. Thanks to you, it was an event which those who witnessed will not soon forget, and was the high point in another good year for our Museum.

As we look forward to 1985, we shall again need the

strong support of all our members. Many changes are coming to San Diego's waterfront, including the first cruise ship to be home-ported here for the first three months of 1985. Our goal will be as it has always been in the past: to be a Maritime Museum that all San Diegans will be proud of, one that exhibits to all who come aboard that we have a fine maritime heritage. With your help we can succeed in achieving our goal.

Paul Kettenburg, President

MEET YOUR NEW TRUSTEES

Larry Briggs is President of *INVADER* Cruises of San Diego and former President of Windjammer Cruises of Hawaii. He is an international yachtsman who circum-navigated the world in his 53-foot motor yacht *CHAMPION*. He brings to San Diego a depth of experience and expertise in harbor cruises and maritime affairs. Larry's community-oriented *INVADER* Cruises is well-known for supporting deserving community causes and organizations, including our own Maritime Museum.



Larry Briggs

Judd Grosvenor is Chairman of the Board of the Grosvenor Inn. Judd and his son are the owners of Grosvenor Square, a 204-room hotel and shopping complex at Rosecrans and Sports Arena Boulevard.

Born in Canada, raised in Michigan, an alumnus of Michigan State and a graduate of the New York Institute of Finance, he has been managing partner of one of the largest member firms of the New York Stock Exchange in the western United States.

A 28-year resident of San Diego, Judd has long been involved in many community service organizations, including the Navy League, San Diego Chamber of Commerce, Peninsula Chamber of Commerce, YMCA, USO, Freedoms Foundation of Valley Forge, and the San Diego Stockbrokers Society, to name a few. He also serves as a member of the Board of Directors of Franklin Resources, Inc., a publicly-owned company. Judd also holds a State of California lifetime teaching credential.



Judd R. Grosvenor

Dick Blackington is President of Blackington & Associates, Shipbuilding and Repair Consultants.

Dick is a retired naval officer with extensive shipboard and command experience. He is a graduate of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. The Blackington family has long been associated with ships and shipping over a span of generations extending into the age of sail.

Both Dick and his wife, Laurie, have been leaders in community organizations and affairs. Dick is a member of the Propeller Club of San Diego and Laurie is President of the Globe Guilders of the Old Globe Theatre.



Dick Blackington

CURATOR'S CORNER

The *STAR OF INDIA* returned to her berth after a wonderful day at sea to celebrate her 121 birthday. There were no mishaps with the historic bark and her usual exhibit cargo of artifacts has been returned to the appropriate display areas.

Since all of the artifacts had been removed or safeguarded aboard prior to sailing on November 11, their return was organized for cleaner and updated exhibits. New artifacts were blended in with existing exhibits, several older exhibits were removed and are being replaced with new ones, and the exhibit cases were treated to new fabric-covered bases during the reassembly phase of sailing the *STAR*.

It was not possible to complete the Pleasure Boating

exhibit aboard the *BERKELEY* due to the emphasis on sailing the *STAR*. However, progress was made in collecting artifacts and research for the exhibit. 1985 should enable the Maritime Museum to finish this exhibit. Once opened, members and visitors will be able to gain an insight into the interesting development of pleasure boating in the San Diego area. Many aspects of pleasure boating in the past and present will be shown with a view toward the future. These aspects include design, building, youth training, racing, cruising, maintenance, media coverage, etc. Please contact me if you can help provide an added insight into San Diego's pleasure-boating history.

Dave Brierley, Curator

DIRECTOR'S COLUMN

As we start a new year in our mission of preserving and perpetuating our maritime heritage for present and future generations, I am pleased to report that your Museum has been able to weather a very active year faced with some challenging and trying conditions, and maintain a sound financial and operational status. This could not have been possible without your loyal and dedicated support, along with that of many friends and charitable agencies who rallied to our support in times of need.

In the face of deteriorating attendance and related revenue losses tied to the depressing effects of the Olympics on the San Diego area, our Museum was presented with a challenge to accelerate the restoration of *STAR OF INDIA* to a sailable condition for a possible 1984 sailing. This required a campaign to raise over \$200,000 in funds or services in addition to funds budgeted for basic Museum operations. The challenge was accepted, and thanks to you and many others in our community it was met: *STAR OF INDIA* sailed on November 11, 1984. That date was declared "*STAR OF INDIA* Day" throughout the state of California. Your loyal and dedicated support is deeply appreciated. On behalf of our Board of Trustees and our crew, we thank you all and we shall strive to continue to provide you with a progressive Maritime Museum befitting your loyal support.

On behalf of our Board of Trustees and our membership, the Star of India Auxiliary is complimented for their year-long efforts in many ways to provide support for our Museum and its staff. A special compliment is in order for their holiday efforts in providing a Christmas party for our crew and their families and for another festive and highly successful Parade of Lights party in *BERKELEY*. The beneficial impact of these two events on the morale and well-being of Museum personnel, as well as for the benefit of the Museum itself, are immeasurable. We all owe a vote of thanks to this wonderful group of ladies.

In this issue we are paying tribute to a very special group of supporters. These are the foundations, corporations and family trusts or funds established for the purpose of supporting deserving organizations and activities, generally in their local communities. Larger foundations spread their support throughout the state, and some do so nationally. This year we are privileged to be recognized and be among the recipients of their generous support, which was a vital factor in our successful year of 1984.

With the repositioning and separation of our Museum vessels to accommodate cruise line operations at the "B" Street Pier, we are faced with another challenging situation—one which will require a period of readjustment in both Museum operations and in the care and maintenance of our historic vessels. We are meeting this challenge with a positive attitude. Within the Museum we shall be resuming restoration and preservation projects and other Museum activities as soon as our readjustment requirements are accomplished. Your understanding, cooperation and patience during this period will be appreciated.

Eddie Fredericks, Executive Director

STAR OF INDIA AUXILIARY

Three very successful parties and a beautiful Christmas bazaar have been the highlights of the last two months. Carolyn DeFever chaired the "Sail the Star" brunch, while Fran Viertel and Mary Allen planned the afternoon reception. Both parties were lovely and very well attended. Norma Newton spent months with her "elves" arranging our Christmas bazaar. This was the biggest and best ever. Our second annual Parade of Lights bash sold out in a week! Jody Stewart transformed the *BERKELEY* into a festive holiday scene. Thank you Chairman Edie Pavay for a party to remember.

The Auxiliary's annual rummage sale is scheduled for early March. Please clean out your closets, garages, that cupboard where you keep the "what is it" and "maybe I'll use it again" items. Bring all this wonderful stuff to the *BERKELEY*. Tax letters are available at the front desk. Call Chairman Sandy Gillis at 291-8088 to arrange transportation for large items.

Marilyn Fulton, President



Shown toasting the STAR's happy voyage on November 11, 1984, are, left to right: John Hamrick, President of the San Diego Maritime Museum at the time of the Sail; Captain Ed Fredericks, USN (Ret.), Executive Director; Captain Carl Bowman, USCG (Ret.), Trustee and Master of the STAR OF INDIA; Paul Seiler, Mate of the STAR OF INDIA (BMC USCG); and Marilyn Fulton, Trustee. (Note: "Cooks" was the gracious donor of champagne for the Bon Voyage Brunch. The local representative for "Cooks" is Mesa Distributing Company, Inc.)

BON VOYAGE TO CAROL KETTENBURG

After doing a great job in running our Museum's Jerry MacMullen Library for the past several years, and as Editor of *MAINS'L HAUL*, making it one of the finest museum quarterlies in the country, Carol retired at the end of 1984. She has announced her engagement to marry Jack Dubbs, one of the Museum Trustees, and we wish them all the happiness in the world.

WELCOME ABOARD!

New members since the last MAINS'L HAUL:

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MARITIME MUSEUM CALENDAR OF EVENTS FIRST QUARTER OF 1985

JANUARY

All Month: Maple Leaf Days for Canadians
12: SAIL-A-BRATION of cruise ships' arrival
12-Feb. 28: NOAA exhibit
20: Docent Tours of all ships for Canadians
30, 7 p.m.: Members Program aboard *BERKELEY*
(Gray whales)

FEBRUARY

1-28: Charles Howe maritime painting exhibit
18, 1:30 p.m.: *INVADER* whale-watching trip
24: Kendall Whaling Museum Members Tour

MARCH

All Month: Photo Contest of "Sailing of the *STAR*" pictures
9-10: Rummage Sale
27, 7 p.m.: Members Program aboard *BERKELEY*
(Photo contest awards)

A TRIBUTE TO OUR CHARITABLE SUPPORTERS

As a charitable, non-profit, non-tax supported organization, our Museum depends heavily on community support. Over the years, foundations, family funds, and corporations have played a key role in this support. During the past year, the following foundations, funds and corporations, predominantly from our community, have provided much of this support. We salute them and express our gratitude for their joining us in our mission of preserving our maritime heritage:

The Ahmanson Foundation
The Burnham Foundation
James S. Copley Foundation
Reuben H. Fleet Foundation
Samuel I. and John Henry Fox Foundation
Joseph and Pauline Guest Foundation
Guilford Glazer Foundation
The Jewett Foundation
Las Patronas
The Parker Foundation
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Harry G. Steele Foundation
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Walter Andersen Family
Senator James R. Mills
Norman Neely Family
Col. Theodore Tate Family
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Guild Mortgage Company
Henderson Brothers Sailmakers
INVADER Cruises
Kettenburg Marine
KyXy 96.5 FM Radio
Pacific Towboat Company
Pro-Line Paint Mfg. Company
San Diego Gas & Electric Company
Southwest Marine, Inc.

WHALE-WATCHING TRIP

Captain Larry Briggs has donated the use of the schooner *INVADER* to the Maritime Museum for a whale-watching trip on Monday, February 18, at 1:30 p.m. All proceeds go to benefit the Maritime Museum.

The trip will last three hours. A narrator will be aboard and a film on whales will be shown below decks. Reservations are limited to 250. To avoid disappointment, please reserve early.

Send your check to the Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Drive, San Diego, CA 92101.

Adults	\$15.00
Seniors (55+)	\$10.00
Children (under 12)	\$10.00

PLEASE NOTE: This event is limited to Maritime Museum members, Star of India Auxiliary members, and their families ONLY.

LIBRARY ANNOUNCEMENT

Commencing January 1, 1985, Museum members, students and researchers should make appointments if they wish to use the Museum library facilities. Appointments may be made by contacting Gregg Chandler, either through the Museum (234-9153) or direct (222-3502).

WANT ADS

C-clamps, all sizes; shackle pins; woodworkers clamps.

CORRECTIONS

In the previous issue, the names of two of our Museum members were inadvertently misspelled. Their correct names are:

R. E. Staite Engineering, Inc.
Harry C. Schrader

We apologize for the errors.

STAR OF INDIA PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST/DISPLAY

Thousands of the *STAR OF INDIA*'s many friends viewed and photographed her during the November 11 Sail. The Maritime Museum is pleased to announce a photography contest/display for members and the general public.

Photos are to be submitted in the 8 x 10 size in either color or black and white and must be framed for their protection. Photos should be mailed or delivered to Dave Brierley, Museum Curator, by March 1. The photos will be on display through March 31. All photos will be returned. Classifications will include both members of the Museum and general public categories.

Prizes will be a cruise on the 1904 steam yacht *MEDEA*, plus sharing your photographs with the Museum's visitors.

MARK YOUR CALENDAR

The second annual Members' Day will be held on Saturday, April 27, 1985. Plans are under way to make this an entertaining, educational and exciting event. We urge you to mark your calendar now and reserve April 27. There will be door prizes to share with those members in attendance. More details will be forthcoming this spring. For now, save April 27 for the Maritime Museum.

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

A non-profit, educational corporation
Council of American Maritime Museums
Conference of California Historical Societies
American Association of Museums
International Congress of Maritime Museums

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

Gregg Chandler, Editor
Craig Arnold, Associate Editor

MARITIME MUSEUM ASS'N. OF SAN DIEGO
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MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

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SPRING 1985

NO. 3



Photo by Dave Brierley

THE *BERKELEY* TODAY

By Craig Arnold

Today she rests broadside to the Embarcadero—a great, gleaming white bulk of a vessel that attracts visitors from near and far. There was a time, however, when this Victorian lady did not appear so serene. In 1973, when she arrived at the "B" Street Pier to join the Maritime Museum, *BERKELEY* was boarded up all around, to protect her from the elements on her sea-passage here.

She looked a bit then like a floating fort, expecting a war or a riot to greet her. Instead, the people of San Diego took her to their hearts—as they previously had the *STAR OF INDIA*. Section by section, item by item, the work of

restoring her went ahead. Her stained glass windows, fine woodwork, and construction details reflect a more opulent era, and they were brought back to a shining beauty by the hands of our skilled craftsmen.

Meanwhile, another form of restoration was occurring below decks. There, men with engineering skills labored at restoring her engine to an operational capability. Today her engine room is in superb shape, thanks to their countless hours of effort.

Her main engine is a reciprocating steam, triple-expansion system. Today as in yesteryear, massive piston rods



BERKELEY's upper-deck passenger cabin, decorated for a party

Photo by Dave Brierley

gleaming with oil pump up and down, turning the crankshaft and transmitting power toward both ends of this "double-ender" vessel. All her small engines operate by compressed air, but will still operate on steam. These include a bilge pump, oil pump, centrifugal sea suction pump, and boiler feed pumps. (These are original machines, bearing such stamps as "Union Iron Works"—*BERKELEY's* builder on San Francisco Bay—and the date, "1897.")

Bunker C crude was her oil, and it had to be pre-heated in order to make it flow. Restoration work continues in these spaces, particularly in the boiler room, where the frequent sounds of chipping and scaling remind us that a ship's maintenance is never-ending. (The Maritime Museum is especially indebted to the J.W. Sefton Foundation for funding the ongoing restoration of the *BERKELEY's* boiler room.)

At the engine-room telegraphs, you can stand today where a crewman always stood when she was under way, and listen to the vibrant clang resound as you simulate a signal from her wheelhouse for "Full Ahead" or "Slow Astern." All in all, it's an engineer's delight.

On her main deck is a growing treasure trove of exhibits. Ship models of the very best quality abound. (*Ed. Note:* See the article on the *RALEIGH* in this issue.) Around this deck, the visitor's attention is directed to three exhibits of fairly recent origin: Near the forward end, the models depicting San Diego's ferryboat history make a magnificent display. (Again, we are indebted to the J.W. Sefton Foundation for its help, this time for donating six of these models. We also must thank Commander Bill Benson for his ongoing expert attention to our entire ship model collection.) Farther aft, on the Embarcadero side

of the *BERKELEY*, exhibits of aircraft carrier identification models and the "Twentieth Century Merchant Marine" attract many.

Also located on this deck is a ship model shop and a maritime research facility, the Jerry MacMullen Library. Named after the man who made a prolonged and successful effort to establish the Museum, the Library holds some 3,000 books, 5,000 photographs, and 25,000 other items, all relating to maritime history. Authors and researchers, as well as students, visit the Library from around the world. A typical week may see us assisting tourists from New Zealand (whose ancestors emigrated there aboard *EUTERPE*), an author from Alaska, a genealogist from Australia, and a treasure-hunter seeking Spanish gold. If their queries pertain to maritime subjects, we give them every assistance.

In her upper-deck passenger cabin, *BERKELEY* retains the Victorian elegance of her beginnings. In fact, this cabin has become a popular setting for weddings, parties and receptions. The Maritime Museum maintains an ongoing policy of renting this space for such functions, besides employing it for our own meetings and members' programs.

Thus a grand old lady, with the help of many friends, carries on. The *BERKELEY* is a splendid survivor of an era when steam ferries were vital to California's more important harbors. As these "queens of the bays" disappeared one by one, we can be thankful that this one, at least, was saved. Come aboard today!



Thomas Sefton, Honorary Trustee, in the BERKELEY's restored engine room

THE SALVING OF THE EDMUND

By Senator James R. Mills, Jr.



The EDMUND, having escaped the rocks of Santa Rosalia, lies in San Diego Bay with Point Loma in the background.

(Ed. Note: Senator Mills served in the California Legislature for many years. From 1961 to 1966 he was in the Assembly; from 1967 to 1982, in the Senate. He served as President Pro Tempore from 1971 to 1980. In addition, Senator Mills has been a Curator of the Serra Museum, and is a Contributing Editor with *San Diego Magazine*. He is a Life Member of the Maritime Museum and has made many generous donations.)

On Sunday, February 10, 1901, pilots Dunnells and Dill of the port of San Diego, California, were wallowing about in the pilot boat *LOMA* in a flat calm off Point Loma when they became aware of a large tug approaching from the southwest with a huge battered tow; they were forced to take to their dinghy to meet the incoming vessels. The ship proved to be the big German four-masted bark *EDMUND* of Hamburg. Not only were her topmast spars down, but she was very deep in the water, and had a pronounced list to port. It appeared that there was no time to waste in getting her into port. Her master, Captain M. Gertau, gave the pilots a hearty welcome.

As the *EDMUND* the vessel was not well-known; however, under the name *WILHELM TELL* she was the possessor of no small reputation. Built by Ramage and Ferguson at Leith for the Swiss firm of Ehrensperger, Eckstein and Mead, she wore the British flag for her first few years. During those years, from 1891 to 1898, she ran into more than her share of trouble. She was dismasted on her first voyage, from Leith to Cardiff, in 1891, and was towed into Hull. Two years later she was wrecked on a sandbank at the mouth of the Hughli River. Captain Alfred Green was sent out to supervise her rebuilding and to take charge of her afterwards.

Three years later she was almost lost off the Horn while bound from Cardiff to San Francisco when her cargo shifted and she lay over on her beam ends. Although he admits that her notoriety was the result of her mishaps, Captain Green, in his book *Jottings from a Cruise*, claims that she would have been well-known even without them. He said she was: "... most accurately sparred, not erring on the side of parsimony, but rather the other way, for she is lofty and square. People come from far and near to see her and beyond doubt she is a most magnificent ship." He also mentioned that she was a particularly smart vessel; her officers were all men with naval backgrounds. Even her crew were required to be in uniform when they went ashore. She was further noted as the last big sailing vessel to sail into the Mersey unassisted.

She was lost to her German owners, G.T.H. Siemens, as a result of the First World War. In 1920 she was sold to French owners to become the *FAULCONNIER* of Dunkirk.

Reverting to 1900: After delivering 5,000 tons of coke to the copper mines at Santa Rosalia, Lower California, the big four-master took on 1,600 tons of sand ballast, and departed for Portland, Oregon, where she was to load wheat for the United Kingdom. She was less than a mile along that road when she drove bows on to a sandy shore. As she was riding easy, there was little excitement. Captain Gertau sent a boat to request the steam dredger from Santa Rosalia to help get the ship off, and had everything brailed up and furled again. When the dredger took a hand and could not shift the *EDMUND*, not even when the sailer's donkey engine was straining its utmost to warp the bark off with her anchors, the situation took on a more serious aspect.

It was not long before a gale began to blow up from off shore. The bark swung around, broadside on to the beach, and began to leak, at first only slowly, but as she began to grind and lose rivets she filled more rapidly. Before long the flood coming in amidships indicated that a large rock in the sand had holed her. The crew stayed with her, even though the breakers were coming over the ship. They remained until Christmas Day, when the cabin and galley were washed out. Then all hands went ashore wet and hungry, and were invited by the officers of the mining company to a very welcome Christmas dinner.

In order to refloat the ship, San Francisco underwriters chartered John D. Spreckels' large tug *L. LUCKENBACH*, loaded her with machinery, and sent her off posthaste. She averaged 13 knots all the way and arrived in eight days. Upon arrival in Santa Rosalia the salvors found the *EDMUND* was in bad shape. Not only was she holed and had lost many rivets, but she was also badly hogged; her beams were twisted, and she was otherwise heavily strained.

The crews of the ship and the tug were immediately put to the job of rigging pumps at each hatch, including a large centrifugal one which was set up in the 'tween decks at the forward hatch. After the rivet holes had been plugged by the tug's divers and the hole temporarily patched from within, the pumps were set to work discharging the water. Then the German crew worked her sand ballast out of the hold and everything was set for the first efforts to pull her off the beach. Not until the seventh attempt did the powerful *L. LUCKENBACH* drag her free. Her own winches and donkey boiler were needed, as might be expected, to

accomplish the feat.

Although the *EDMUND* was afloat on January 16, 1901, it was not until February 2 that the *L. LUCKENBACH* started for San Francisco with her. As she was entirely without ballast it was necessary to send her topgallant masts and their spars down. Before she left her leaks were repaired in a rather more substantial manner, but even then she had rather a close call. The weather remained fine for five days; however, on February 7 one of those famous Californian south-easters (first described by Richard Henry Dana) blew up and caused the vessel to work her patches and plugs loose; everything then depended on the continued good working of the pumps.

The water was gaining, of course, but not at an alarming rate, for only three days away lay San Diego and safety for vessel and crew. The bark's poor old donkey boiler could not stand up to the strain, unfortunately, and gave up the ghost in short order, depriving the pump at No. 4 hatch of steam. It looked as if it might be necessary to abandon the crippled vessel at any hour. Then the big boiler the salvage crew had put on board in Santa Rosalia gave out and started to spout water from its flues.

However, the Coronado Islands off San Diego were just in sight, and John D. Spreckels' tug really had her shoulders to the harness, so there was a happy ending for Captain Gertau—who may have been too tired to care. It is certain that that night in San Diego provided the good man with his first sleep from the time that south-easter had arisen. The following day they were off again for San Francisco. This time they made it.

THE STORY OF THE *RALEIGH*

By John C. Washington
and Dr. Charles A. Stern



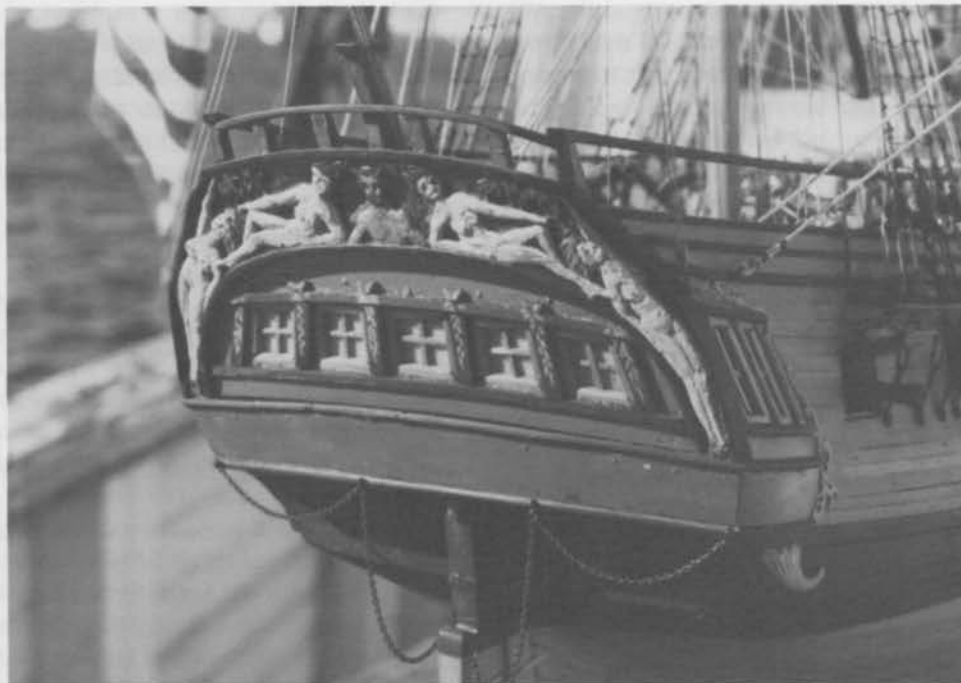
Set against the waters of San Diego Bay, the Washington/Stern model of the *RALEIGH* shows off her fine workmanship.

Photo by Ed White

(Ed. Note: The Maritime Museum's collection of ship models was recently enhanced by the addition of a very fine model of the *RALEIGH*, a Continental Navy frigate. The model was built by the late John C. Washington of Coronado, and we publish here his 1933 article detailing both the history of the ship and the modeling specifications he employed. As an afterword to the article, we include comments by Dr. Charles A. Stern, member of the Maritime Museum and the man who restored the model.)

The *RALEIGH*, a frigate of 32 guns, was one of 13 vessels authorized by the Continental Congress in an act dated December 13, 1775. These were the first men-of-war laid down by the new government. The *RALEIGH* was presumably designed by James K. Hackett of Salisbury, Massachusetts, who also designed the *RANGER*, 18, the *ALLIANCE*, 32, and the *AMERICA*, 74, during the Revolution. She was built under the direction of John Langdon at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Her keel was laid March 21, 1776, and she was launched in May of the same year.

Due to much difficulty in obtaining her armament, she



Close-up view of RALEIGH's stern shows details of her carvings.

Photo by Ed White

did not put to sea until August, 1777, when under the command of Captain Thomas Thompson and in company with the *ALFRED*, 24, she sailed for France to transport military supplies for the American army and to prey on British commerce. At noon on September 4 a large convoy was sighted, under the protection of four English men-of-war.

The two American vessels maneuvered all the next night in a vain effort to separate some of the ships from the fleet. In the morning Captain Thompson decided to leave the *ALFRED*, a dull sailer and crank, and attack the convoy alone. He engaged the *DRUID*, a 22-gun sloop of war, and after a brisk action of 20 minutes the *DRUID* was totally disabled. This is said to be the first engagement either on land or sea fought under the newly designed American flag.

The approach of several other British vessels of war, together with several armed merchantmen, made it impossible for *RALEIGH* to take possession of her prize, and she rejoined *ALFRED* on the fleet's outskirts. As no further opportunity for attack presented itself, the two vessels resumed their course for France.

They arrived in France without further adventure, and after loading with military stores they sailed in company from L'Orient in February, 1778. On March 9 two British sloops of war were sighted, which proved to be the *ARIADNE* of 20 guns and the *CERES* of 14. The *RALEIGH* was at this time several miles to leeward of the *ALFRED* and hove to in the expectation that the English vessels would divide their attack. Both, however, attacked the *ALFRED*, which surrendered before the *RALEIGH* could draw near enough to render assistance. Seeing the fate of his consort and presumably having in mind the great

value of his cargo to the American army, Captain Thompson made all sail before the wind to escape. The enemy gave chase, but the fine sailing qualities of the *RALEIGH* enabled her to run them out of sight. For this episode Captain Thompson was severely criticized and shortly afterward relieved of his command. A court-martial finally acquitted him.

Her next commander was Captain John Barry. She sailed from Boston on September 25, convoying two merchant ships. Two sails were sighted at noon, and Captain Barry ran down to reconnoiter. By dusk the strangers were made out to be English men-of-war, which later proved to be the 50-gun fourth-rate *EXPERIMENT* and the 28-gun frigate *UNICORN*. The convoy was ordered back into port; the *RALEIGH* cleared for action and resumed her course.

The enemy was lost to view as night came on, and the following morning was foggy. Toward noon the fog lifted to show the two Englishmen running nearby on a parallel course. Captain Barry crowded on sail to escape, and soon the fog shut down again. The following morning the English vessels reappeared, whereupon the *RALEIGH* went about and stood on the wind N by W. On this point of sailing she proved her superiority, and soon dropped her pursuers out of sight. At noon the wind fell, however, and the leading enemy ship appeared over the horizon and rapidly drew near. At this time a number of low islands were sighted to the westward, making an action unavoidable. Captain Barry turned to engage the *UNICORN*, which came up about dark. Early in the action the *RALEIGH* had the misfortune to lose her fore topmast and mizzen topgallant mast. This, together with the approach of the *EXPERIMENT*, made escape impossible. Captain Barry ran his

ship aground on one of the aforementioned islands, partially identified as the Wooden Ball, some 20 miles from the mouth of the Penobscot River. His plan was to escape to shore with the crew, after blowing up his ship. A portion of the crew got ashore, but before the boats could return for the rest the first lieutenant had surrendered.

Subsequently the *RALEIGH* was floated off and taken into the Royal Navy under the same name. She was docked at Plymouth Yard in July, 1779, and her lines taken off. The model is based on this draught.

* * *

The model is built to a scale of 3/16 inch to the foot, or 1 to 64. It is not framed, except for the decks, but is planked over the hull, upper deck, quarterdeck and fore-castle. Except for the hollow "core," which is of Southern gum, the material is boxwood. Guns, anchors, etc., are of brass. The rigging is linen.

In the absence of actual data on the painting of the *RALEIGH*, I have colored the model as a sort of cross between a British man-of-war of the period and American merchant practice. It has bright sides with green stern and quarters with black rails. (British men-of-war at this time had black sterns and quarters with yellow rails.)

The guns and many other deck details not shown on the draught were taken principally from Falconer's *Marine Dictionary* of 1769. Articles and pictures in *The Mariner's Mirror* and elsewhere were also consulted.

There is, so far as could be found, no data on the *RALEIGH*'s spars or rig. It was therefore necessary to improvise. The earliest known American rigging plan is shown in *Captain Truxtun's System of Masting*, dated 1794,

and since there were a number of changes in rigging between this date and that of the Revolution I did not consider this plan a reliable sole authority for *RALEIGH*. In the absence of contemporary American authorities, I was forced to rig the model in accordance with British practice. Presumably this differed very little at the time from American; at least I trust it did not. Most of the rigging details are taken from Darcy Lever's *Young Sea Officer's Sheet Anchor*.

Although rated at 32 guns, the *RALEIGH* presumably carried 36. This is the number of gun stations shown on the draught. The main battery would consist of 12-pounders, 13 on each broadside. There would be eight 6-pounders on the quarterdeck and two more on the fore-castle. All of these would be long guns, the carronade having not yet come into use.

In design and appearance the *RALEIGH* shows a combination of English and French practice. The American colonists were not accustomed to building warships, and presumably they followed foreign practice. The only discernible difference in hull form between American frigates of this time and their foreign prototypes is that the former had rather less depth. Presumably their softwood construction resulted in lighter ships requiring less draught.

Certain decorative features may be traced accurately to foreign sources. The head and quarter galleries are unmistakably English, although English of a quarter century earlier. So is the decoration of the taffrail, although the actual shape of the taffrail is decidedly French. Except for the taffrail, however, and a general paucity of decoration, she closely resembles a British vessel of the same



The *RALEIGH*'s bow is posed above the waves. Note figurehead.

Photo by Ed White

size and date.

The lack of representations of American Revolutionary War vessels, either in pictorial or model form, makes of possible interest a comparison between the *RALEIGH* and the better-known ships of the 1812 period. Perhaps the most striking difference is in the checkered sides of the later vessels. They had less sheer, and were built with wide gangways connecting the forecastle and quarterdeck to form a continuous spar deck with a very large main hatch. Their forecastles and quarterdecks were also barricaded against small shot. The earlier vessel carried no davits, the boats being stowed amidships or towed astern. In rig, the main differences were that the *RALEIGH* carried no dolphin striker or flying jibboom, and still retained that survival of medievalism, the lateen mizzen yard, although the fore end of the mizzen had been cut away to give a sail similar in shape to the later spanker.

Such changes as took place in shipbuilding and rigging between the Revolution and the War of 1812, however, were in no sense radical. They were improvements rather than changes. A sailor accustomed to the ships of one period would have been equally at home on those of the other.

FURTHER COMMENTS BY DR. CHARLES A. STERN

History, Napoleon said, is merely agreed-upon fable. Thus, the story of the *RALEIGH* can be viewed from the account of the British lieutenant who commanded the *DRUID* after her captain was killed, in the action of September 5, 1777.

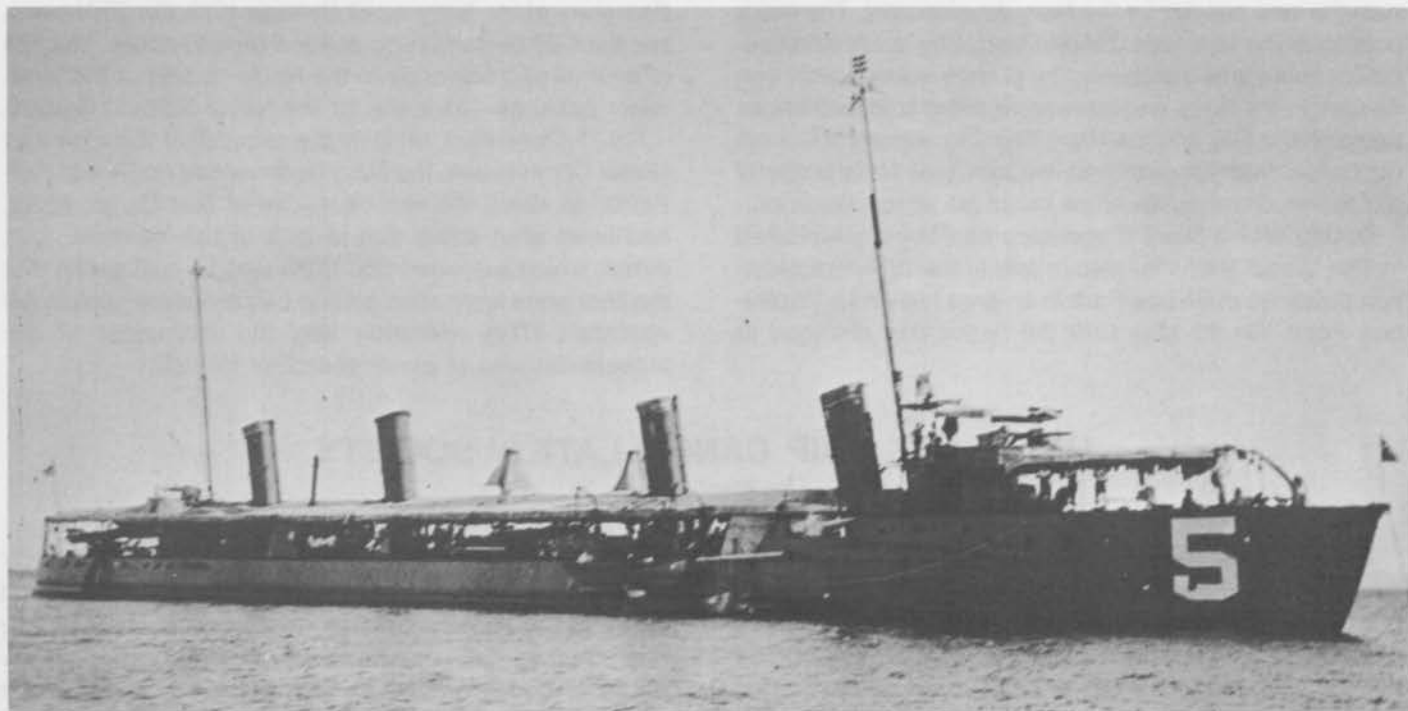
HMS *DRUID* was built in the colonies as a merchant ship, sold to the British and converted to a naval vessel. Although extensively damaged in the engagement with the *RALEIGH*, she never struck her colors and was able to sail for England after the *RALEIGH* and *ALFRED* were chased from the convoy by two British men-of-war.

Captain Thomas Thompson, first master of the *RALEIGH*, was an inspector of the Portsmouth, New Hampshire, shipyard. He was also a former slave ship master and, according to John Paul Jones, "unfit for command."

After her capture, the *RALEIGH* became HMS *RALEIGH* and served until 1783. Thus we have the paradox of one of our first and finest naval ships serving almost twice as long under the Union Jack than beneath the Stars and Stripes.

EARLY NAVAL HISTORY IN SAN DIEGO PART 12

By Captain Eddie Fredericks



USS DECATUR (DD-5) lies at anchor, c. 1919. This early "four-piper" is typical of destroyers at San Diego in this period. Captain Fredericks's father served as a quartermaster in her. Official U.S. Navy Photograph

(Ed. Note: This is the twelfth in a series of articles by Captain Fredericks tracing the history of the U.S. Navy in San Diego prior to World War II.

1919

In 1919 Rear Admiral J.S. McKean, USN, was named to head a new committee appointed by the Secretary of

the Navy to study future naval operations on the Pacific Coast. The McKean Commission agreed with the Helm Report that San Diego was ideal for expanded aviation training, but went further to say that fleet operations would require additional facilities in San Diego harbor consisting of a large supply base, a repair base for all but capital ships and a large addition to the Fuel Supply Base, as planned. The wartime activities had already taken care of some of these recommendations.

During this year San Diego was to become the principal operating base of the Pacific Fleet. The Secretary of the Navy, in his annual report, approved further development of NAS North Island, plus other naval facilities needed to provide a main operating base for the Pacific Fleet and a repair base for destroyers, submarines and small craft. The facilities planned for or under construction were: the Marine Base, to be relocated from Balboa Park to a permanent site on "Dutch Flats"; the Naval Training Station, which would move from Balboa Park to a new Point Loma site; a new Naval Hospital, to be located in Balboa Park; a Naval Supply Depot at the foot of Broadway, including a waterfront area which would accommodate a supply pier; a Ship Repair Base along the harbor in a portion of the concrete shipbuilding plant controlled by the Emergency Fleet Corps. In addition, the Naval Fuel Depot on Point Loma would be expanded.

A Plans Committee headed by Captain B.F. Hurchinson, USN, formulated the details of the San Diego development. Congressman Kettner prodded the City to obtain and donate the land needed for the Navy development. The major portion of the land was deeded from City lands and tidelands; some was purchased by private subscription and deeded to the Navy, and there were some land exchanges between the City and the Navy. The City agreed to dredge the harbor from the pierhead line along the Navy property out to the channel, so ships could be accommodated.

During 1917 a Navy Dispensary had been established in San Diego. It was located in one of the 1915-16 Exposition buildings in Balboa Park in an area known as Inspiration Point. On 20 May 1919 the name was changed to

Naval Hospital so the Navy would be in a position to make application to the City of San Diego for a grant of land in Balboa Park for the establishment of a naval hospital. This is considered to be the official date of the establishment of the hospital. The initial site of 17.35 acres was deeded to the Navy on 3 September 1919. Subsequent land transactions expanded the Navy ownership to 77.78 acres of land, including the Inspiration Point site. The first buildings were completed in August of 1922.

On 3 September the City of San Diego deeded 77.2 land acres and 21 water acres to the U.S. Government as the first parcel of land for the establishment of the U.S. Navy Destroyer Base, which would be officially established on 23 February 1922.

In August of 1919 Admiral Hugh Rodman brought all of the Pacific Fleet units into San Diego harbor except the battleships, which were anchored in the Coronado Roadstead. With the Fleet was Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels. On 8 August the Secretary told a large group of San Diegans that he would not be satisfied until Congress had appropriated sufficient funds to make San Diego one of the greatest harbors of the world. At this time the Pacific Fleet consisted of 8 dreadnoughts, 7 old battleships, 54 destroyers, 1 scout cruiser, 14 submarines, 2 tenders, 12 minesweepers and 22 auxiliaries.

To accommodate the new Naval Training Station on Point Loma, the San Diego Chamber of Commerce raised \$280,000 by public subscription to purchase 135 acres of privately owned land. The deed was delivered to the Secretary of the Navy on 10 October 1919. On 20 November the City of San Diego deeded an additional 79 acres of submerged tidelands to the Navy—a part of the land-water package—as a site for the Naval Training Station.

On 15 December 1919, at the request of the Fish and Game Commission, the Navy commenced an "Aerial Fish Patrol" to assist the fish canneries of San Diego, which had been shut down due to lack of fish catches. This patrol, which extended into 1920, was so successful that the canneries were soon getting fish and were back in full operation. This operation was the forerunner of the present-day use of aerial searches for fish.

UNIVERSAL SHIP CANCELLATION SOCIETY

By Neal Eskew

The Universal Ship Cancellation Society is an international philatelic organization with nearly 2,000 members throughout the United States and abroad. Members are interested in covers from ships and related installations ashore. This includes naval ships from all countries, Marine unit markings, naval shore stations, merchant ships with and without seapost or paquebot markings, related cachets, and other naval-related memorabilia.

The USCS was founded in 1932 and has functioned continuously. The Society and its members have brought the collecting and study of naval covers to the forefront in philatelic circles. The stated purpose of this non-profit cor-

poration is to "promote the study of the United States Navy and its ships; to promote and develop the collection and study of the postal markings of the United States Navy and other maritime organizations of the world; to disseminate knowledge relative to such materials; and to foster a spirit of fellowship and cooperation among collectors." At present the USCS has 24 chapters in the United States and one each in Belgium and West Germany.

USS SAN DIEGO No. 27 is the local chapter serving the San Diego area. Programs for monthly meetings cover some phase of Navy or maritime activity related directly or indirectly to philately. One of the primary items of inter-

est is the cover. Some may not be familiar with naval covers, but they are similar to First Day Covers, except that the cancellations are primarily aboard ships where postal service is available.

Chapters sponsor or produce covers from time to time. A good example is the cover produced by the San Diego Chapter in connection with the sailing of the *STAR OF INDIA* last November. The chapter arranged for special covers by designing a cachet (the wording and/or drawing on the left-hand side of the envelope which describes the event). It also arranged with the U.S. Postal Service for a special commemorative postal cancel for use on November 11, 1984. The chapter designed the cancel from which the Postal Service produced a rubber stamp cancel, which was applied to envelopes on which cachets of the event had been printed and U.S. postage affixed. It took a major effort within a short time to have covers available

to sell to the many people who came to see the *STAR* sail. Two members of the chapter set up a table on the pier that day and sold 500 covers at \$1.50 each, presenting the \$750.00 to Captain Ed Fredericks at day's end.

In addition to the souvenir covers, another group of covers sailed aboard the *STAR* and were canceled at sea by an employee of the Postal Service. This group of covers has been signed by Captain Carl Bowman, master of the ship, and others certifying that they were postmarked at sea. These covers should be most sought after by collectors and those interested in this special event.

Chapter No. 27 meets every third Wednesday (except in December) aboard the *BERKELEY* at 7:30 p.m. Individuals interested in the hobby are invited to visit chapter meetings to learn more about the activities of the Universal Ship Cancellation Society. Two members of the Maritime Museum Association are members of the chapter.

PORTRAIT OF A SAILOR

By Craig Arnold

The calm, benign, rather wind-worn face you see here is that of Captain Frank Weidemann, last master of the *STAR OF INDIA* in her days of working sail.

Four times between 1920 and 1923, Weidemann took our iron lady up to the icy waters of Bristol Bay, Alaska. By all accounts he was highly respected, and known for his bluff sense of humor as well as for his seamanship.

North to the barren wastes of the Arctic they went, to Nushagak, where the canneries were. Once there, the fishermen aboard the *STAR* set forth in their boats, to begin the process of filling her "down to her marks" with salmon.

On the way back to San Francisco, judging fogs and shifting winds, Frank Weidemann sailed the *STAR OF INDIA* with consummate skill; indeed, one year he bested the normally faster *STAR OF FRANCE*, commanded by the proud Captain Woldemar Marzan. (Weidemann knew Marzan, of course, and reported the latter's indignation with a jovial gleam in his eye: "Yesus!" chuckled Weidemann. "Vas Marzan mad!")

At last, in 1923, *STAR OF INDIA*'s days of sailing for commercial profit had ended. She came back one more time from Bristol Bay to San Francisco, where, after her fishermen-sailors had departed her and her cargo had been discharged, she towed over to Alameda on September 6. There Frank Weidemann watched the mate and four longshoremen double up her mooring lines for the winter—and for years to come in port. After the men had finished their work and gone ashore, her captain took a final look around. The old iron vessel was silent at last. Satisfied that all was in order, her master departed over the side, and left her to her memories.

(Ed. Note: This photograph of Frank Weidemann recently came into the possession of the Jerry MacMullen Library of the Maritime Museum. This is believed to be its first publication.)



FLEET TUG PART 5

By Don Snowden

(Ed. Note: In this issue Museum employee Don Snowden resumes his account of life in peace and war aboard the Navy tug *SEMINOLE*. We pick up the story in Hawaii, not long before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.)

Our ship left Honolulu Harbor briefly for the short run around to Pearl Harbor to take on fuel and stores, then back alongside the dredge and off on the final leg of our next cruise—the 2,300-mile run to Wake Island. We cleared Honolulu Harbor and set a course for Wake, but we never arrived there—that trip.

The clumsy dredge followed along with us as before. The mighty old Pacific was in a happy mood, coupled with sunny days and starry nights, and we cruised right along at our usual towing speed of five or six knots. Somewhere in the latitude of Midway Island we learned that the USS *VIREO* was enroute to relieve us of our tow and we were to return to Pearl Harbor. *VIREO* was an old minesweeper left over from the fleet of ships that handled the North Sea mine barrage of World War I.

A few days later we passed the tow to the *VIREO* and reversed course for the run back to Pearl Harbor, all hands feeling somewhat puzzled, wondering what was going on. At the time, not even our captain knew what we were getting into, and we were not enlightened for several days. In the meantime, it was the familiar order—take on fuel and stores to capacity.

It was a routine order, but for some reason none of us could put a name to, there was a distinct impression that we were headed for something unusual. We learned that the captain had been given sealed orders, which he verified, but at the moment all he was free to tell the crew was that he did not know where we were going, and until he was ready to open those orders it would be a mystery.

When all was ready, we left Pearl Harbor to go to the degaussing range at Lahaina Roads, Maui, for a check and test of our degaussing cable, which had been installed as a protection against magnetic mines. When that was completed and we were ready to get under way, our captain gave us the news. We were going directly to Panama, through the Canal and on to the island of Martinique, a French possession in the Caribbean Sea. (This was after the Germans had forced the capitulation of France and the cease-fire which was signed on June 21, 1940.)

None of the Allies wanted the French fleet to fall into the hands of Nazi Germany, for it would have been a great asset to Hitler and they were hoping mightily to get their hands on those ships. Most of the French Navy was still at the naval base at Toulon, but some of the ships had escaped to Algiers and some to Tahiti and New Caledonia in the Pacific, and the French aircraft carrier *BEARN* was at Martinique. The *SEMINOLE*, with other units of our Navy, was supposed to take some action to prevent the

BEARN from falling into Nazi hands. That is about as much as we ever knew concerning whatever part in the operation was to have been ours. It was a mystery because although our Navy was active in patrolling the Atlantic and our alliances were clear, we were still, at that time, almost six months from an actual declaration of war.

From Honolulu to Panama is 4,685 nautical miles, and with all four main engines on the line we held a steady speed of about 14 knots. We had covered more than 4,000 miles and were within 48 hours of the Canal when orders were received to turn around and go back to Pearl Harbor where we arrived after a total of 24 days at sea. That was the second time we had been turned around without completing a job. Since leaving Portland with the dredge we had covered about 12,000 miles, which is a good bit of seagoing for anyone, any time. Anyway, we never did learn the real story of why we were ordered to Martinique.

After our arrival back in Pearl there was time for a few tours ashore. Supplies to build the base at Wake Island were a priority and so *SEMINOLE* was given a large sea-going barge loaded with building materials and construction equipment to tow to Wake. Also, we had on board a number of civilians as passengers—all specialized construction men, many of whom became prisoners of the Japanese when Wake was captured.

SEMINOLE made several more runs with barge loads of construction materials, and on one trip we were under way 54 days. That many days at sea on a fleet tug with its limited storage space means that many of the comforts taken for granted aboard larger ships just do not exist and the supply of food, especially, begins to run low.

Around December 1, 1941, *SEMINOLE* was ordered to San Diego. All hands were looking forward to being united with their families for Christmas. Before the ship left Pearl, most of the crew had done their shopping, buying presents for wives and children, so everyone was happy at the prospect of getting back to "gob's" country and all the families knew that the ship was on the way. Though speed was maintained at 14 to 15 knots, it seemed to the crew to be slow going, almost as though we were still towing the dredge. The days dragged by, the hours seemed doubly long and everyone was filled with restless anticipation when the estimated time of arrival was down to a matter of hours. And then came the shock.

It was on the twelve-to-four watch, somewhere about mid-afternoon, December 7, when the captain, who had just received a message from Pearl Harbor, came onto the bridge. Usually of a calm nature, a man who gave his orders quietly, his voice was obviously charged with strong emotion as he turned to the helmsman and said, "Come right 180 degrees. We are going back to Pearl Harbor. The Japanese have just bombed the hell out of it." That night was the first of many to come in which we darkened ship

and doubled the men on lookout.

At that time, the whereabouts of the Japanese Navy were unknown, so the run back to Pearl was one of deep concern and tension of a kind that was a new sensation for all hands. When we arrived off the entrance to Pearl Harbor, the alert destroyers patrolling off the island were evidence of the change that had taken place in the days we had been making our fruitless run for home. Entering the channel, the first chilling sight was that of the battleship *NEVADA* aground and down by the head. Then, as we rounded Hospital Point, the entire wreckage of the fleet came into view. That was the moment when we began to realize the true extent of what the Japanese had done by their stab in the back.

The story of the Pearl Harbor debacle has been told many times. The whole island of Oahu was almost totally blacked out. At the Navy Yard, repairs to the damaged ships were vital and so there was no attempt—nor was there a way—to cover the flashes of the welding arcs and the slashing sparks of the cutting torches.

Shortly after our return all hands were issued gas masks and steel helmets, the latter of the World War I type, which we had to carry when on liberty. Some thirsty characters used to go ashore with the gas mask carrier stuffed with paper and come back aboard with it full of cans of beer. They were able to get away with it for a while until the Marines at the gate were given orders to inspect all gas mask carriers on men returning from liberty.

SEMINOLE was now assigned to the duty of meeting

incoming convoys off Diamond Head, escorting outgoing convoys to the same area and standing by for rescue and salvage in case any ships were torpedoed. Enemy submarines were supposed to be in the area, and if they were they missed many opportunities to sink some of our ships. Maybe it was the destroyers cruising back and forth which deterred them, for they dropped depth charges when they thought they had a contact. This we knew, for we could hear the explosions, especially when on watch in the engine room, and feel the shock waves against the hull.

That kind of duty seemed too good to last. It was.

One afternoon, shortly after the first raid on the Gilbert and Marshall groups of atolls, *SEMINOLE* was given orders to report quickly across the harbor to the Navy Yard. As soon as the ship was secured to the pier designated, a large crane began to pick up salvage pumps, diving equipment and the largest manila lines that the Navy owned. We took on board a salvage officer and divers, along with a full load (as always) of fuel and stores. As soon as everything and everyone was on board and just as the sun was setting we were under way and headed out to sea.

We were all alone in what was a hostile sea once we left the patrolling destroyers astern. We were on our way, unescorted, to a place most of us had never heard of, a place within bombing range of the Gilberts where the enemy was all riled up from the recent raid on their installations—a place called Canton Island.

A NEW COLLECTION

The Jerry MacMullen Library has recently received a very valuable collection donated by Richard E. Brown of Bakersfield, California. The collection consists of books, magazines, photographs, manuscripts, artifacts and other maritime memorabilia, representing over 30 years of collecting by Mr. Brown.

This collection is currently being processed into the Library, following a thorough survey of its contents. The collection includes a wealth of data on passenger liners and ferryboats, with extensive other data relating to all types of ships. We are certain that, once processed, it will be of continuing research value for years to come.

Rich Brown is well-known in maritime circles in the United States and abroad for his excellent magazine articles. These have appeared in such periodicals as *Steamboat Bill* (the publication of the Steamship Historical Society), *Sea Breezes* (an English publication), *Marine Digest* of Seattle and many others. He is an outstanding authority on ferryboats and riverboats. Members of the Museum will recall his excellent articles on ferryboats of the West Coast, which appeared in *MAINS'L HAUL* a couple of years ago. The Museum is extremely grateful to Mr. Brown for this fine collection.

CAPTAIN FREDERICKS

After serving as Executive Director of the Maritime Museum for over two years, Captain Edward Fredericks (USN, Ret.) has resigned from that position. His dedicated service during that period will never be forgotten by members of the Museum.

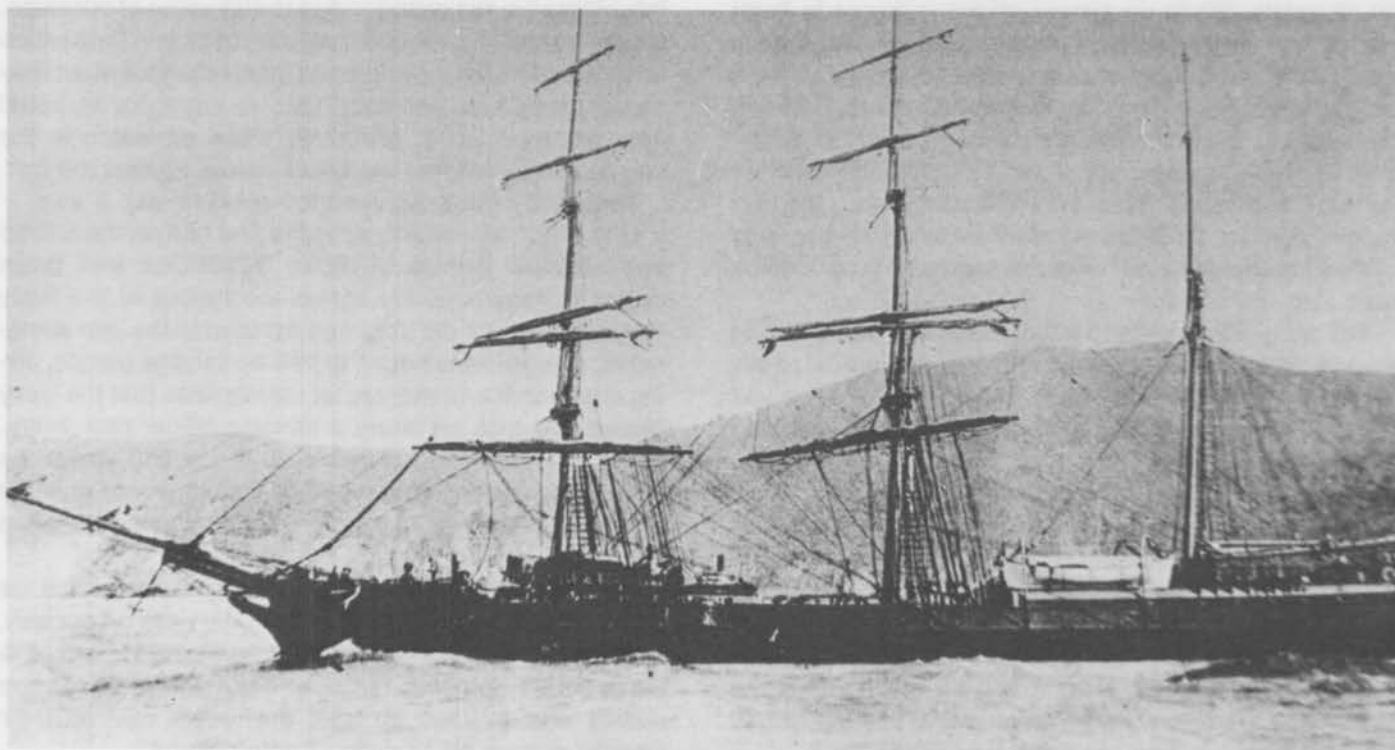
As head of the Development Program, he raised several hundred thousand dollars. This includes last year's "Sail the *STAR*" program—which alone netted over two hundred thousand dollars. Without Captain Fredericks's tireless efforts in this direction, it is extremely doubtful that our beautiful *STAR OF INDIA* would have sailed in November, 1984.

Along with this ambitious task, he was able to carry out the duties of administration, keep a careful eye on the budget, and, all in all, "run a tight ship." His example in serving as our Executive Director will certainly be hard to follow.

Captain Fredericks has agreed to stay on as a development consultant and will undoubtedly be of great help to the next Executive Director.

"SHANGHAIED" ABOARD STAR OF INDIA

By Mike Manos



A heavily laden STAR OF INDIA is apparently being towed out of the Golden Gate, bound for Nushagak, during her years of service with the Alaska Packers.
Alexander Turnbull Library

(Ed. Note: Mike Manos, writing from Orland, California, give this version of how it was for a green young hand who shipped in *STAR OF INDIA* during her Alaska Packers period. Her voyage of 1916, under the command of Captain Woldemar Marzan, a rugged "sailor of the old school," began on April 8 and concluded on September 22.)

I went to Alaska on that ship in 1916. I was working in a butcher shop in Fresno, California, getting \$70.00 per month. The Fresno employment office was hiring men to go to Alaska, a six-month trip, for \$200.00 per month plus "room and board." Twelve men got on the bus to San

Francisco. As we got on the ship they gave us \$10.00 and had us sign our names on a paper—*no questions asked*.

We worked day and night and brought back 40,000 cases of canned salmon.

When we got back to San Francisco, the Alaska Packers paid me \$130.00 for the whole trip of nearly six months!

Five of us men went to see an attorney. He said, "You guys were *shanghaied* when you signed that paper for the \$10.00 they gave you as you got on the ship."

I learned the hard way.

THE CABIN BOOKRACK

By Craig Arnold

Jack Tars & Commodores: The American Navy 1783-1815
by William M. Fowler, Jr.
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
Illustrated. Hardbound.
318 pages. \$19.95.

Maritime history is in essence the history of the world. Colonization and conquest, trade and economic develop-

ment, the movement of people, ideas, technology—all have prospered via the open highway of the sea.

"Trade follows the flag" went a saying of yesterday. So it does. But even more often, a quest for profits over the sea has put trade in the lead, forcing a nation to forge sufficient naval power to protect that trade, and, in a larger sense, to lay the very brickwork of a national prosperity.

This was the challenge to the infant United States after

the Revolution. The new republic had a vigorous merchant marine, trading around the globe. But at the dawn of peace, the American navy consisted of just two ships—and these were quickly disposed of. This meant that our merchant vessels became easy prey for pirates and foreign powers alike. Great Britain in particular exercised a lordly dominion over the waters of the world, thanks to the Royal Navy's supremacy in ships of the line. The French also had a strong fleet. In the Mediterranean, the Barbary corsair states (Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli) plundered shipping at will.

By 1794 the Americans had to act. The U. S. Navy was scratched into life with quill pens, and six frigates began building. Within a few years these ships were exchanging broadsides with the French in the West Indies. The so-called Quasi-War is now nearly forgotten, but the Navy cut its teeth well, rending the French in several ship-to-ship actions.

By 1801 this clash with France had been resolved through diplomacy. Now, however, the Barbary pirates signaled war by an unusual method: chopping down the flagpole at a U.S. consulate. A small but aggressive American squadron sailed "to the shores of Tripoli" and eventually forced that nest of seagoing vipers to sheath their fangs. The Pope proclaimed that the Yankee tars had done more to suppress piracy than all the European powers combined, and Britain's Admiral Nelson praised one slashing U. S. raid as "the most bold and daring act of the age."

Nelson's friendly comment had been forgotten by 1807, when a British warship stopped the U.S. frigate *CHESA-PEAKE* at sea and forcibly removed four of her crewmen. This hated process was called impressment, and the Royal Navy commonly employed it in order to replenish its manpower. The United States, however, was outraged.

Ultimately, war erupted over the issue of impressment and other acts of harassment by the British. The War of

1812—which dragged on into 1815—is sometimes recalled almost as a series of slogans: "Free Trade and Seamen's Rights!"; "Don't give up the ship!"; "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

The slogans were grand, but the shot was real—and murderous in its work. Common tactical doctrine, dependent on the crude smoothbore weaponry of the day, called for warships to work in close to each other and slug it out almost muzzle-to-muzzle. While cannons spewed their iron hail across the decks, the cry of "Boarders away!" might be raised. At this, sailors and marines swarmed over the bulwarks to a grappled enemy vessel. Wielding cutlasses, bayonets, and pikes, they hacked the foe into submission—or were themselves cut down.

Early in the war, the British were stunned: the Yankees captured three British frigates in rapid succession. Commodores Isaac Hull, Stephen Decatur, and William Bainbridge earned these laurels in their superior 44-gun frigates. At least, they did until a tight British blockade was clamped on the American coast. Even with this handicap, the U.S. Navy won 14 out of the 26 major naval engagements.

At last the conflict came to an end. If it settled nothing else, it showed that the U.S. could—and would—fight effectively at sea to defend its rights and commerce.

New work was at hand, however. In 1815 Stephen Decatur led a squadron back to the Mediterranean to compel the Dey of Algiers to cease his piracy against the Americans. The commodore's expert gunnery soon persuaded the Dey to adopt a more respectful posture.

The sailors of our early Navy combined great skill at sea with a singular fiery pride. Brooking no slight to their flag or their personal honor, as quick to fight a duel as a battle, they collectively won a higher estimation for a struggling young sea power. Professor Fowler is to be commended for a crisp, straightforward look at these men and their hour.

CURATOR'S CORNER

One of the many enjoyable aspects of sailing the *STAR OF INDIA* on November 11, 1984, has been the opportunity to view many fine photographs of the event. In order to share some of these photographs with visitors to the Maritime Museum, an exhibit of photographs ran from March 1 through April 21. Both black and white and color photographs were included; they depicted views from on shore, spectator boats, airplanes, and scenes aboard the *STAR*.

The Maritime Museum is indebted to the following people for contributing their excellent photographs for the exhibit:

Phyllis Burns
Bob Sharp

Sharon O'Shea
Robert Garrison

Dale Fink
Barbara Horner

Victor Armfield
Bob Covarrubias
Karen Rakestraw
Thomas Meyers
Zan Zerach
Roberta Rose

Ted Umland
Fred Wetzel
Walter Gutjahr
Bill Mullins
Alan Spire
Red Thompson

Corwin Crowell
Ronald Carlson
Ken Clark
Cris Ballinger
Chip Slater
Martin Montague

A project is under way to use a profile view of the *STAR OF INDIA* for a commemorative stamp by the Isle of Man postal service. Four profile views of her sailing on November 11, 1984, have been submitted for consideration. The photos are by Ted Umland, Robert Pigott, Chip Slater, and Roger Bartlett.

Other new exhibits at the Maritime Museum are ones on the USS *DIXIE* (AD-14), the inclusion of the model of

the frigate *RALEIGH* in the naval history exhibit, and a loan exhibit of the marine watercolor paintings of Museum member Charles Howe. The *RALEIGH* model is described elsewhere in this issue, and I wish to thank Mr. Howe for the loan of his paintings.

The *DIXIE* exhibit focuses on a ship type that is seldom studied as compared to major warships, but which served a very necessary support role as a destroyer tender. Her mission was to keep the destroyers going, unless a yard period was required for major repair or overhaul. This exhibit evolved from the interest of Chief Petty Officer William Banks, who knew the value of the *DIXIE*'s 42 years of service and felt this history should be preserved. From his concern came a visit to the *DIXIE* to earmark certain items from the ship for disposition to the Maritime Museum. The cooperative spirit of her officers and men ensure that the items came to the Museum after she was decommissioned on June 15, 1982. At that time she was the oldest operational U.S. Navy ship in commission.

San Diego is celebrating National Maritime Day this year on a larger scale than in past years. The date is May 22, to be followed on May 23 by a special luncheon open to the public by reservation at the Bahia Hotel. (For further information, contact the Museum.) There will be a display by maritime organizations at the Fashion Valley shopping center on May 25, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. The Maritime Museum will participate in the display. National Maritime Day is a yearly opportunity to focus on our

nation's merchant marine and to emphasize the need to rebuild it.

On March 28, I had the privilege of participating in the annual meeting of the Society for California Archaeology. I sat on the panel of a session titled "Digging in the Archives." The session provided practical insights to enable archaeologists to find resource information about a variety of questions. There are many resources for maritime research both in our own Jerry MacMullen Library and elsewhere, and many ways to go about conducting research depending on need.

Dave Brierley, Curator

IN MEMORIAM

It is with deep regret that we announce the recent passing of Colonel Theodore R. Tate, a loyal and dedicated member. Colonel and Mrs. Tate played a major role in the November 1984 sailing of the *STAR OF INDIA* and were special crew members on that second historic sailing of the *STAR*. They have also been closely involved with the ongoing overall development of our Maritime Museum, as well as other deserving non-profit organizations of our community. On behalf of our entire membership we extend our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Tate and her family. The Colonel will be missed but long remembered for his good deeds in our behalf.

WELCOME ABOARD!

New members since the last MAINS'L HAUL:

Marilyn Fulton (LIFE)
Maudie K. Fredericks
(LIFE)

Carol Chapin Westfall
(LIFE)

Carolyn Alexander
Leonard De Pew
Donald Erle

David Mehus
James Haberland
Geoffrey Fahring

Richard Erley
Helen Norman
Rear Admiral David F. Lauth
Arthur T. Welch

William Sutherland
William Werner
Larry Berggren

N.L. Roy
Michael J. Anderson

Ed Zebrasky
James Malaney
Neil Mibus
Thecla Florkovska

L.C. Chamberlin
Marion Bovee
Kelco (Business Member)

Wayne Hanson
James Wilson
Robert E. O'Brien

Tama Sperling
James Sutter
Lynn Smith

Michael Grinnell
Ronald Tarbox, Jr.

Edgar Sakariasen
Dr. Rex McKeever
Donald Duck

Dr. Ty Given
Home Savings of America
(Business Member)

Jeffrey Andrews
Variable Annuity Life
Insurance Company
(Business Member)

Kathy Aiau
Robert Becker
Nancy Hollenbaugh

L.F. Coffman
James W. Davis

(Museum employee)
Alfred & MacLeod
Fred J. Clark

Benjamin Kantor
Susan Thomas
(Student Member)

W.C. Gutjahr
Anthony Fulford
Gary Darr
Albert Carne

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Spring has arrived, and your Maritime Museum continues to steam "full ahead."

We have a number of interesting activities taking place at the Museum, which are detailed elsewhere in this issue of MAINS'L HAUL. We hope that our members will take advantage of these scheduled events to fully enjoy the Museum.

Also in this issue, the recent resignation of Captain Ed Fredericks as our Executive Director has been reported. We are glad to note that he has agreed to stay on with the Museum as a development consultant. Captain Fredericks was a first-rate Executive Director, and his day-to-day guidance of our affairs is sorely missed. However, candidates for this key position have been interviewed. We shall keep the membership apprised of developments in this area.

Another item of concern to the membership involves the positioning of our fleet. We plan to conduct negotiations

STAR OF INDIA AUXILIARY

Our thanks to all of you who donated items to the Rumage Sale. Many hours of hard work are necessary for such a fund raiser and raise funds it did—over \$10,500! Chairman Sandee Gillis worked magic on this one.

A fun bus trip to the Getty Museum in February was ably directed by Barbara Benedict. What a beautiful setting for such lovely art treasures.

For April there were two fashion show luncheons scheduled at Miguel's Cocina on Point Loma. Chairman Renee Rasmussen planned these events.

Joan McKesson is the chairman for Founder's Day, to be combined this year with our May luncheon and installation of officers. Our beloved Charter President Marnie Woodworth will install our new officers and Carole McLenachen and Joan O'Keefe have planned a festive luncheon. The Museum's Trustees will be our guests on this happy occasion.

Marilyn Fulton, President

JERRY MACMULLEN DAY

On Saturday, May 18, 1985, from 1 to 3 p.m., the Jerry MacMullen Library of the Maritime Museum will celebrate something special. On that date, the fine collection of maritime memorabilia left us by the late Mr. MacMullen will be made available to researchers. In honor of this occasion the Library will be open to all of Jerry MacMullen's many friends and those interested in maritime research. This collection of some 3100 items consists of books, magazines, manuscripts, correspondence and other data. The Library staff will be on hand to explain more about the MacMullen Collection, and refreshments will be served.

with Port of San Diego officials in regard to this matter. The discussions will be on a continuing basis, with several optional plans being considered. Again, we shall keep our members informed of developments.

Our thanks go to all our members for their vital support during this period.

Paul Kettenburg, President

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED!

New Volunteer opportunities exist aboard the *STAR OF INDIA*, *BERKELEY*, and *MEDEA*. The Volunteer Program has a need for a number of people to use their interests and skills to preserve and support the Museum's fleet, as well as educate others about it.

Projects needing Volunteers include: ship and boat preservation and restoration, Docents and Tour Guides, maritime craft demonstrations (knot tying, scrimshaw, etc.), school group outreach and education, artifact care and record-keeping, maritime research, oral history interviews and transcriptions, special mailings, fund-raising research, typing, speakers' bureau and photographic programs.

Prospective Volunteers are encouraged to contact the Maritime Museum (234-9153, M-F, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.). Ask for Katy Wilkens, Museum Secretary, or Ross Parmer, Volunteer Coordinator.

EXPLORE THE OTHER MARITIME MUSEUMS

The San Diego Maritime Museum has joined with the other maritime museums that comprise the Council of American Maritime Museums (CAMP) to offer special membership admission considerations. Shortly, all of our members in the Development (\$100), Business (\$100), and Life (\$500) categories will receive a special card to be used as a special benefit for admittance to 34 maritime museums throughout the United States and Canada. (Most museums are offering free admission for the card holder and his or her family. The Maritime Museum is among these.)

This new membership benefit is a great way to explore other interesting maritime museums. Members currently not in the above categories might want to consider renewing their membership to participate in this special program. This in turn will provide needed support for our ongoing preservation. For further information, please contact the San Diego Maritime Museum.

MARITIME MUSEUM CALENDAR OF EVENTS

APRIL

27: Members' Day

MAY

4-June 16: Exhibit of World War II Navy photographs by Edward Steichen, aboard the *STAR OF INDIA*

7: Volunteer Docent training (call Museum for further information)

14: Volunteer Docent training

15: Auxiliary General Meeting (Founders' Day)

18: Jerry MacMullen Day (see announcement elsewhere in this issue)

22: National Maritime Day (see Curator's Corner)

25: Display by maritime organizations, including the Museum, at the Fashion Valley shopping center, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

27: Memorial Day (legal holiday)

29: Members' Program aboard the *BERKELEY* (a humorous look at yachting) Social gathering, 7 p.m.

JUNE

14: Flag Day (Show your colors!)

22-Aug. 4: Exhibit of luxury liner photographs aboard the *STAR OF INDIA*

JULY

4: Independence Day

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

A non-profit, educational corporation
Council of American Maritime Museums
Conference of California Historical Societies
American Association of Museums
International Congress of Maritime Museums

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MAINS'L HAUL is published quarterly (wind and weather permitting) at the headquarters of the Maritime Museum aboard the bark *STAR OF INDIA*, 1306 North 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 Masfield

Craig Arnold, Editor

Gregg Chandler, Associate Editor

MARITIME MUSEUM ASS'N. OF SAN DIEGO

Bark *Star of India*

1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, Calif. 92101



MAINS'L HAUL



MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

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Photo by Bob Sharp

SAIL TRAINING IS UNDER WAY

By Craig Arnold

"READY ABOUT!" "HELM'S ALEE!" "LEFT FULL RUD-
DER!" "EASE THE HEADS'L SHEETS!"

One by one, the commands ring out across the decks. Old sea dogs and novices alike scramble to obey, as the days of sail come to life again on the weather-beaten decks of the *STAR OF INDIA*.

Beginning on June 23, 1985, the oldest windjammer still afloat and in sailing trim became a school for sailors. On that date the Maritime Museum's sail training program commenced, under the able supervision of several steady old salts. Chief among these is Mr. Carl Jensen, a Navy and Coast Guard veteran with a rolling gait, a briny lingo, and a thoroughgoing knowledge of sail.

The trainees—as with many of the crews of old—were a mixed bag: the young and the not-so-young, the green and the somewhat seasoned. They trooped round the old iron lady's decks and began to learn all her nautical terms; they descended to the musty gloom of the orlop to tug at strings simulating rigging on a training model of the ship. They scribbled notes, asked questions, squinted high into a latticework of lines framing the sky.

At length they began to fumble with the lines in the waist of the ship. They practiced coiling and faking down lines on deck. They made up a rat-tail stopper to keep a line running aloft in place. They secured lines to belaying pins, unsecured them, secured them again. At a shout of "Heave-ho, *heave!*" they hauled hard at the braces—and saw the ship begin to respond as her fore course and fore tops'l yards quivered far above.

They learned to tell a brace from a sheet, a sheet from a tack, a tack from a clewline, and so on. Little by little their confidence grew. Soon the time came to "lay aloft."

The first challenge here is climbing the shrouds to her foretop or maintop. You grip the shrouds as you go, always placing your feet on the ratlines next to a shroud for maximum support. When you reach the futtock (a corruption of "foot-hook") shrouds, you find yourself climbing at a steep outboard angle; for a critical moment, you cannot see what you are grasping at above the top; then you have a shroud there firmly in hand, transfer the other hand, and haul yourself up into the top. From there you climb on up to, say, the upper tops'l yard. You step out on a cable, holding the shroud with one hand until you transfer the other to the jackstay along the yard. Then you simply step to the footrope and work your way out to the yardarm.

By this time, you're beginning to feel a little like a circus tightrope walker; the deck lies dozens of feet below, with its knots of tourists gaping aloft and snapping pictures. You cling to the jackstay and bob on the footrope, shifting your weight a bit, getting the feel of this strange new world. (Meanwhile, Jensen or one of the other old hands is swinging past you like Tarzan on a spree, as much at home aloft as if they'd been born there.)

The program starts with the basics and keeps on emphasizing them. "Safety first" is always the foremost

rule. The trainees are taught not merely the tasks they are to do, but the correct seamanlike form in which to do them. (They are taught, for example, that one coils line on the *deck* rather than in one's hand. "I don't want cowboys," says Captain Carl Bowman, the ship's master. "I want *sailors!*")

And woe betide he or she who puts a hitch on a line!

With a sailing master giving the commands, the novices practice swinging the yards and tacking the ship on a large model. This way they can see the results of running the rigging quickly and clearly—before they try it for real. The master's orders are repeated by the mast captains (all experienced sailors) and then carried out by the greenhorns. The critical command in tacking ship is "MAINS'L HAUL!" If all goes well, the main yards swing around and the sails bent to them catch the wind from the other side. The ship is now falling off her old tack and coming about on a new one. The next steps will be to shift the heads'l sheets and ease the spanker. When the mainsails start to fill and drive the ship forward, the cry becomes: "LET GO AND HAUL!" Then the foreyards are braced quickly around to the new tack.

Trainees learn how to make the ship's complex system of tackle work to secure mechanical advantage. Various blocks, handy billys, and other tackle can greatly reduce the amount of raw muscle power (also known as "Norwegian steam") required to manipulate the rig. Still, there's plenty of the old heave-ho.

One further important subject is that of marlinspike seamanship. Becketts, bowlines, blackwall hitches—all and more are indispensable in handling the rigging of a windjammer. You'll soon find yourself tying many knots to be put to practical use later.

The sail training program will continue most Sundays until *STAR OF INDIA* noses into the Pacific again. All members and prospective members are welcome aboard—provided they are willing to pitch in and learn. For further information, contact Carl Jensen through the Museum.

The feeling of all this was best said by a man named Henry Brammar, an old hand before the mast in the *FALLS OF CLYDE* and the *WRAY CASTLE* back around the turn of the century:

"When you confront a true sailing-ship sailor, there's a big difference between him and a steamboat man or a landsman. He speaks a different language although he may be of the same race and color. He speaks the language of the sea, which most steamboat men and landsmen alike don't understand."

(*Ed. Note:* Those working with Mr. Jensen in the sail training program include Captain R.A. Bowling [USN Ret.], Colonel Merrill Day [USMC Ret.], Mr. Kevin Hulbert, Mr. Ken Andersen, Mr. Bob Henderson and Mr. Gordon Jones. These men are doing an excellent job and the Museum appreciates their assistance.)



A superb portrait of EUTERPE in her very early days. The date is 1874, and the place is Gravesend on the Thames, to which she'd returned after her voyage of 1864-66. She is moored to a buoy, with emigrants crowding her fo'c'sle head. Note arrangement of boats, accommodation ladder, and the "Red Duster" flapping at the gaff.

The National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, U.K.

EUTERPE'S ORDEAL IN THE BAY OF BENGAL

By Jerry MacMullen

(*Ed. Note:* The recent massive cyclone which swept the Bay of Bengal, obliterating islands and killing thousands, was for all its tragedy nothing new. These storms, the equivalent of Atlantic hurricanes and Pacific typhoons, pack winds in excess of 100 knots. Such tempests power north from the Indian Ocean into the narrowing funnel of the Bay of Bengal. Piling up force as it goes, overwhelming all obstacles, a Bengal cyclone may expend energy equal to nine million megatons of atomic power. On December 31, 1864, the full-rigged ship *EUTERPE*, still remembered as "one of the big Liverpool East Indiamen," set sail from that port for the Raj. [*EUTERPE*, of course, was our *STAR OF INDIA*'s name when she was under British colors.] The ship was commanded by Captain William John Storry, her first master, and at her main truck flew the house flag of Wakefield, Nash & Company, her first owners. Jerry MacMullen, author of her history, now takes up her story in Indian waters in the autumn of 1865.)

There are parts of the *Sailing Directions* which make grim reading, and these include the section devoted to the open roadstead of Madras, where *EUTERPE* lay in November of 1865. October is described as the most

dangerous month, "... weather uncertain ... cyclonic storms likely ... a stormy sky should be heeded ... November-December: Unsettled until early in December. Cyclonic storms often occur in November and even in early December ... During the prevalence of suspicious or threatening weather, the master of every vessel anchored within the limits of the roadstead is required not to be absent from his vessel between sunset and sunrise ... and to maintain his vessel ready in every respect to proceed to sea on short notice. ..."

On November 23 the "suspicious" weather appeared, with ugly skies and a falling barometer. The situation deteriorated with such swiftness that there was no time to get in the anchor; *EUTERPE* slipped her cable and stood out to sea, in the vain hope of escaping the onrushing gale.

For three terror-filled days she struggled on, trying to outrace the storm's hurricane force. Then the wind apparently shifted and caught her broadside. Over she went, further and further; those generous washports now were admitting the deluge to her flooded deck instead of dumping it overboard. Seas tore at her deck gear, at her hatches—and further down went her lee rail into the wind-

torn foam. Reluctantly Captain Storry gave the order to cut away her weather rigging, and let the masts and spars go by the board.

Now the hemp lanyards with which her rigging was set up, in place of the more up-to-date turnbuckles, stood her in good stead; the fibers gave way quickly to the axe blows, and with a thundering roar of rent canvas, snapping cordage and splintering wood, her topmasts and upper yards went over the side. Slowly, sluggishly, *EUTERPE* got back on her feet, but she was dead in the water. Her crew, many of them hurt, now had the task of cutting away the tangled mess of gear which banged along her lee side.

With things as they were aboard, it is understandable that Captain Storry had little time left for the niceties of paperwork, and so the details of their struggle to free the useless gear which clung to them, and to set up a jury rig of some kind, are lost to us. Apparently it was not until *EUTERPE* again was making headway of sorts, and more or less answering her helm, that he found time to jot down a brief account:

"Nov. 23, 1865, Madras—This day we slipped from Madras to avoid an approaching Cyclone which unfortunately overtook us on the 26th & to save the Ship from foundering we was obliged to cut away the Masts, after which the sea broke over the Ship in a terrible fury, Severely injuring a great portion of the Crew. With the remainder of the Crew we erected Jury masts & made the best of our way towards the land."

And then, under date of December 4:

"This day we arrived in [illegible] Bay, Trincomalie." [sic]

For three dismal months they lay at Trincomalee, patching up the ship—and themselves. A thorough inspection by Captain Storry and the mates and the carpenter showed that the iron hull was undamaged. There were letters to the owners, and letters from the underwriters, and plans to get her to some port where she would be re-rigged; Calcutta was the nearest place.

A good deal of her rigging and canvas appeared to be

usable. Whether they were unable to get a tug, or her owners (or master) were unduly frugal, is forgotten now; the fact remains that they decided to strengthen and improve their jury rig as much as possible, and try it under sail. So on March 5, 1866, she quitted Trincomalee under her own canvas, and ten days later she made Calcutta.

The stay in Calcutta, with its tropic heat and the annoyances and frustrations of refitting in a strange yard, thousands of miles from home, must have told heavily upon all hands, especially the master. And added to that, he picked up some sort of tropical fever which was shortly to prove fatal. Eight months had passed since their ordeal off Madras, when she cleared Calcutta for home on July 26—with a dying man in command.

Light and baffling airs were all that they could find as *EUTERPE* stood on slowly to the south, under the Bay of Bengal's sweltering heat. She was making good an average of only 65 miles a day, and on August 8, 1866, her noon position was Lat. 8° 30' north, Long. 90° 29' east. (Ed. Note: Or, not far west of the Nicobar Islands, and due east of Ceylon.) On that day, Captain Storry's troubles ended, the cause of his death being logged as "remittant fever." (Ed. Note: It is not certain which space aboard *EUTERPE* Captain Storry died in, but the most likely location would have been in the farthest cabin forward on the starboard side of the saloon. This is believed to have been the original cabin for the ship's masters, while the large cabin aft served as a sail locker. At any rate, William John Storry remains her only master ever to have perished aboard.) The main yards were backed, the ship was hove to and the Red Duster (Ed. Note: i.e., the Red Ensign or merchant flag of Great Britain) was lowered half way from the gaff. Chief Officer A. J. Whiteside read the service for burial at sea and with "... a sudden plunge to the sullen swell ..." the weighted, canvas-shrouded body was committed to the deep. The long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope and back to England continued, with Whiteside in command, and they reached Gravesend on November 27, 1866.

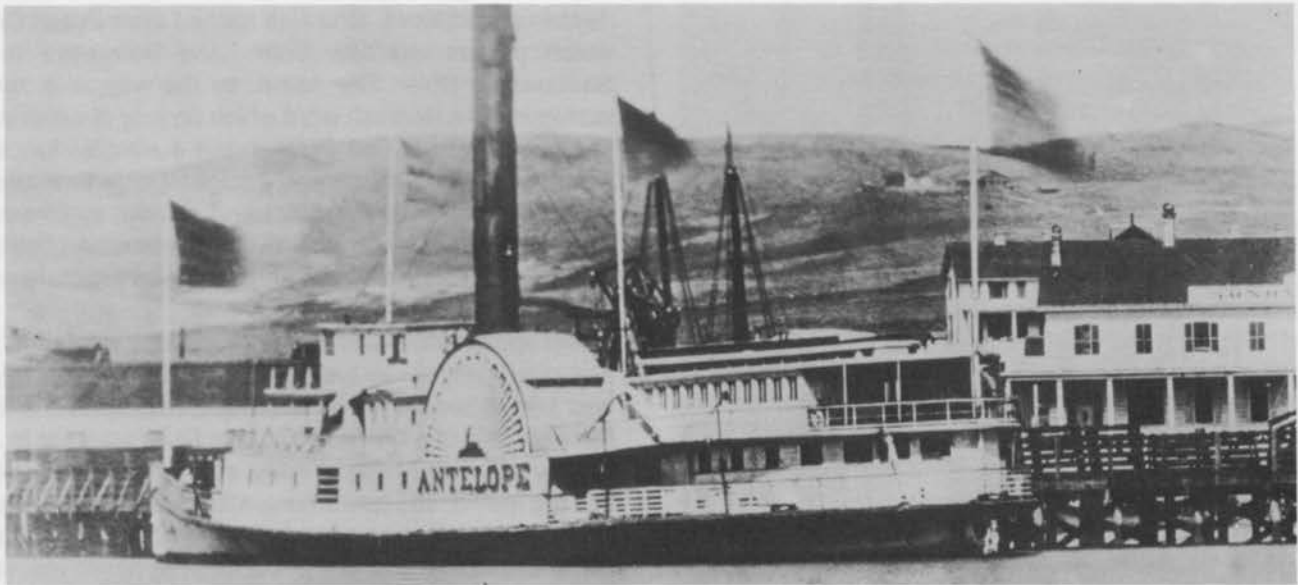
FAMOUS RIVERBOATS OF THE GOLDEN STATE PART 1

By Richard Edwin Brown

(Ed. Note: Richard "Rich" Brown is a well-known West Coast riverboat and ferryboat authority. A graduate of Stanford University, with degrees in journalism and history, he has taught at the college and high school levels, worked as a newspaper editor, and written many articles on historical subjects. Some of the publications Rich has enriched include *Marine News*, *Steamboat Bill*, and the excellent English journal, *Sea Breezes*. He also has written in the past for MAINS'L HAUL [see the February and Spring issues of 1982 for two fine pieces on California's ferryboats]. This is the first of a two-part story on our state's

riverboats.)

By the 1940s, the wave of the future appeared to be airplanes for long-distance journeys and autos, busses and trucks for local travel. Coastal and transoceanic queens began abdicating; already the commercial passenger-carrying riverboat was believed to be as extinct as the dinosaur. California's last passenger sternwheelers, the palatial *DELTA KING* and *DELTA QUEEN*, put up a fight for survival but surrendered to the new forms of transportation on September 29, 1940, according to historian



The ANTELOPE (1847-1888), a link in the Pony Express route of the early 1860s, pauses here at Donohue Landing on Petaluma Creek. This photograph was taken sometime after 1875.

MacMullen Collection

Robert W. Parkinson.

Then a new generation—deprived of the pleasures of their parents and grandparents for the sake of being “modern”—discovered that riding ships was fun. After all, you could see the sights from your own self-contained floating resort hotel, without the strain of driving or constantly packing and unpacking. The result was the ocean cruise liner, popularized on television as the “Love Boat.” Now rivers are also being rediscovered from the decks of “Junior Love Boats.”

The *DELTA QUEEN*, following World War II transport service, left California in 1947 under tow for the Mississippi where she joined the *GORDON C. GREENE*, the ex-*CAPE GIRARDEAU*, of the Greene Line in continuing cruises designed solely for pleasure. At this writing, she's still at

it, with her new (1976) running mate, *MISSISSIPPI QUEEN*. The Mississippi and the Hudson (with its Day Line) were the exceptions. Most rivers went totally “dark” after commercial steamers quit, and the Sacramento, Columbia and Yukon were among many which went into periods of dormancy.

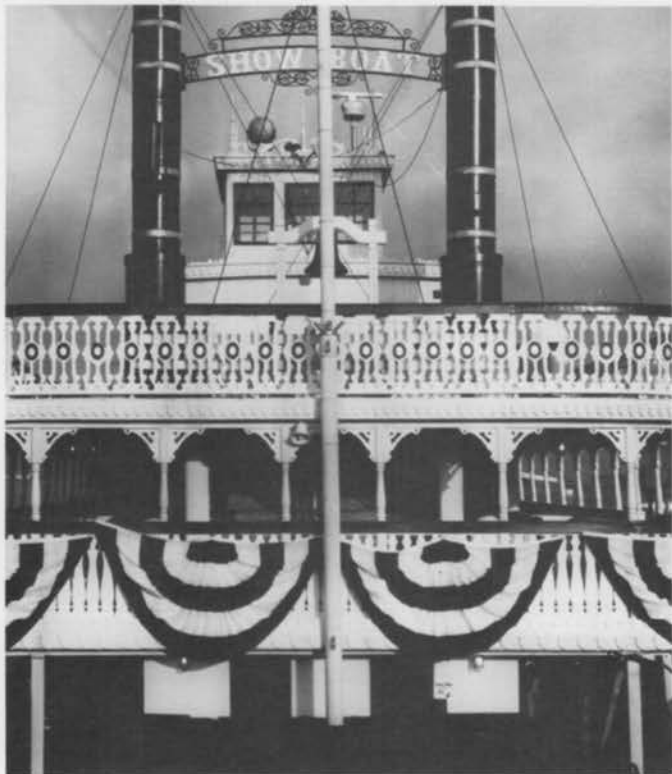
But with little fanfare, riverboating has undergone a revival in California, and practically any weekend between April and October you can again take a riverboat ride between San Francisco and West Sacramento.

Today, the Sacramento River passenger boats could be considered to be in a revival era. The previous era, from the 1849 Gold Rush until 1941, was divided into two distinct periods: that of the speedy sidewheelers until 1869, when a combination of the railroad plus silt from hydraulic min-



DELTA KING, FORT SUTTER and J.D. PETERS (from foreground to rear) line up proudly like a trio of monarchs. This photograph was apparently made between 1935 and 1938.

Richard E. Brown Collection



SHOW BOAT (ex-MANSION BELLE, ex-PUTAH) is chugging along in a new career as a harbor excursion boat in San Diego Bay. This bow shot was made in 1984.

Maritime Museum photo

ing drove them off the run; and the slower, shallow-draft sternwheelers until 1941. The sidewheelers strove to make the San Francisco-Sacramento run in six hours; the sternwheelers were content to take all night, and usually called at many landings along the way, although the later *DELTA*s operated non-stop.

It was San Diego's own *SHOW BOAT* which started the revival of regularly scheduled passenger service on the Sacramento River during the mid-1950s. Her dinner cruises out of Sacramento were relatively short and did not continue many years. Later she moved to Oakland Estuary, then Los Angeles Harbor, and more recently, San Diego Bay.

The next milestone came in 1962 when the Pacific Coast Chapter of the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society chartered the *HARBOR PRINCE* for a cruise to Sacramento, going upriver one day, quartering the passengers at El Rancho Motel, then returning downriver the next. This group turned the cruise into an annual spring event and offered occasional trips to Stockton, Petaluma or Napa. When a travel agency began providing much more frequent service, the rail group pulled out of the picture.

San Diego's *SHOW BOAT* deserves additional attention. Built in 1942 for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers as the diesel-electric sternwheeler *PUTAH*, she plucked snags from the Sacramento River and performed other non-

passenger services. She was named after Putah Creek, which carries overflow from Lake Berryessa to the Sacramento River. The name, by the way, is a Yankee corruption of a Spanish word which no lady of virtue would like to be called! The *PUTAH* had a simple, functional design. Her main deck was enclosed only fore and aft, around the diesel generators and electric motors which turned the wheel with chains. A big, boxlike pilothouse sitting well forward was the only enclosed structure on top of the main deck.

Her appearance would be altered twice, slightly in 1955 and drastically in the early 1980s. In 1955 a second deck was added behind the wheelhouse, mainly as a prop for her portrayal of a Chinese Yangtze River steamer in John Wayne's revival of *Blood Alley*, still seen on TV re-runs. For the movie, she had smoke-producing dummy stacks. After the filming was over, Sacramento interests bought her and utilized the added upper deck as passenger space for dinner cruises. They gave her a new name: *MANSION BELLE*.

During the 1970s the *MANSION BELLE* alternated with the diesel-electric sidewheeler *PRINCESS* (1924), a former glassbottom excursion vessel from Santa Catalina Island, in offering sightseeing trips from Ports O' Call in Los Angeles Harbor.

Her major metamorphosis of the 1980s, in which she assumed the appearance of a Mississippi River steamer, saw the addition of a promenade around her second deck, the installation of a Texas deck, and the building of a new wheelhouse on top of the Texas (although it sits down about a foot into the deck below). She was given two stacks forward, one a dummy, the other an uptake for diesel exhausts. The old wheelhouse was gutted and then filled with a broad stairway, using parts of a staircase from the San Francisco Bay ferry *SIERRA NEVADA*, formerly (a) *EDWARD T. JEFFERY*, (b) *FEATHER RIVER* (1913). She got her new name, *SHOW BOAT*, and offered dinner cruises which circled Terminal Island before she pulled up stakes and moved to San Diego.

Sacramento River steamboat service started meagerly in 1847 when the bark *NASLEDNICH* brought the disassembled 37-foot sidewheeler *SITKA* from Russian Alaska to San Francisco Bay. Soon put together again, the *SITKA* took her own sweet time of six days, seven hours to the site of present-day Sacramento, then part of John A. Sutter's vast empire. On her downriver trip, an ox team beat her to Benicia. A big wave sent the *SITKA* to the bottom of San Francisco Bay in February 1848; her hull later became the schooner *RAINBOW*, while the engine was used to run a coffee grinder.

While the *SITKA* was being reassembled in 1847, Sutter's employees were constructing a mill at Coloma on the American River; about the time the *SITKA* sank, James Wilson Marshall was discovering gold in the same millrace.

Although gold had been found periodically in California previously, it was the Coloma nuggets which literally set the world on fire with a mass migration to California.

Men could come around Cape Horn by sailing ship to San Francisco, but they needed steamboats to take them up the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers—as well as their tributaries—to get as close as possible to the goldfields.

So a fleet of East Coast steamboats, most of them built for sheltered inland services, followed the forty-niners and in some cases transported them, paddling south along the east coast of South America, navigating the Straits of Magellan, and then proceeding north along the Pacific Coast to San Francisco Bay. Several stopped in San Diego to refuel. Some flimsy craft didn't make it and put into South American ports for early retirement.

Probably the best fitted for ocean voyages was the 226-foot beam-engined *SENATOR* (1848), built for the open sea between Boston and St. John, New Brunswick. After larger steamers replaced her on the Sacramento River, she served the coastwise route as far south as San Diego. Replaced by screw propeller ships in 1882, the *SENATOR* was converted to a sailing ship and went to New Zealand in 1884, finishing her career as a coal hulk.

Three other better-known East Coast imports included the *ANTELOPE* (1847-1888), the *WILSON G. HUNT* (1849-1890), and the *NEW WORLD* (1850-1879). The *ANTELOPE* earned her niche in history by being the first San Francisco-Sacramento link in the Pony Express route of the early 1860s. The *WILSON G. HUNT* distinguished herself by her unusual steeple engine, which literally hung from

the top of a "tower." The *NEW WORLD* escaped creditors in New York, then carried enough passengers to California to more than pay off her debt. She brought real speed to the Sacramento in 1851, paddling the 120 miles from Sacramento to San Francisco in five hours, 35 minutes. A decade later the Golden Gate-built *CHRYSTOPOLIS* would better the record by 16 minutes, averaging 19.8 knots or 22.7 mph, according to historian Jerry MacMullen.

A myriad of separate ownerships came to an end in 1854 with the formation of the California Steam Navigation Company, which operated vessels not only on the rivers but also along the coast. To be sure, independent outfits would surface periodically, but more often than not they would succumb to price wars which California Steam was better able to afford.

Later, California Steam would be gobbled up by an even larger, more powerful monopoly, the Central Pacific Railroad, which the public knows today as the Southern Pacific (and which operated the *BERKELEY* between 1898 and 1958). The railroad would either sell its sidewheelers (several to the Pacific Northwest) or convert them into double-end ferries for use on San Francisco Bay.

With the era of railroad-owned sidewheelers coming to an end, several independent operators would move in with sternwheelers to fill the vacuum under the name of California Transportation Company on the Sacramento, while on the San Joaquin River the leading company became



The elegant interior of OAKLAND's upper deck, after she had metamorphosed from CHRYSTOPOLIS. When the CHRYSTOPOLIS was rebuilt as the OAKLAND, her entire superstructure was replaced. The photograph dates from 1876, about a year after the rebuilding. Note oil-lamp chandelier, upper left.

MacMullen Collection

the California Navigation and Improvement Company. The railroad did keep its fingers in the steamboat business, with sternwheelers such as the *APACHE* and *MODOC* of 1880, the *NAVAJO* (1909) and the *SEMINOLE* (1911), but it was no longer the domineering force on the rivers.

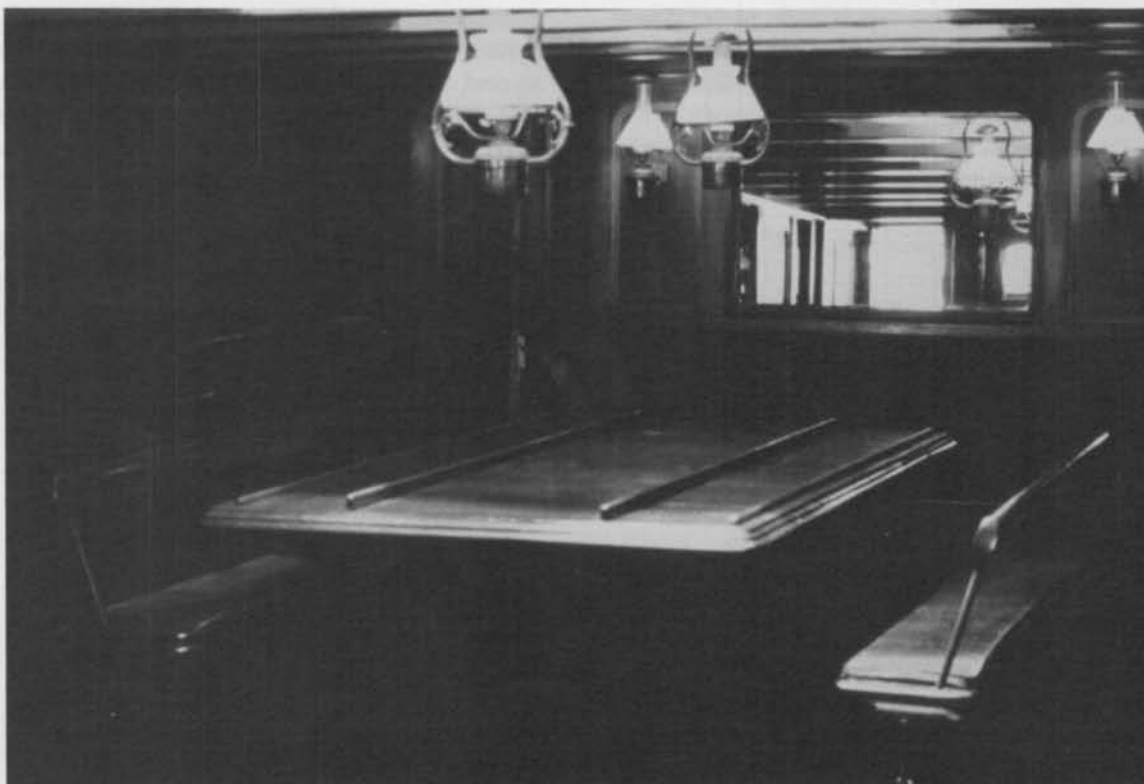
Later, because of the Depression, most of the non-railroad-affiliated companies merged in 1932 under the operating name of "The River Lines." Keeping abreast of the times, The River Lines added trucks to its operation. However, it later spun them off under the name of Delta Lines, still very much in evidence, while the maritime portion of the company ultimately was absorbed by Crowley.

While the San Francisco-Sacramento route is best known in California, followed by San Francisco-Stockton, there was a separate breed of "upriver" steamers which regularly served above Sacramento and Stockton into the twentieth century. These were much smaller stern-wheelers, open on the lower decks and lacking extensive stateroom facilities or other luxuries. Red Bluff was the commercial head of navigation on the Sacramento.

Exploratory steamers reached some interesting places: Redding on the Sacramento, Oroville on the Feather, Coloma on the American, and a landing near Fresno on the San Joaquin.

Long a downplayed part of California's riverboat history, the upriver craft have finally received extensive attention in the Spring 1985 issue of *California History*, the quarterly of the California Historical Society. However, this story must focus on the highlights in the history of California's steamboats.

(Anyone interested in obtaining information concerning current riverboat excursions between San Francisco, Sacramento, and Stockton may write to the author, Richard E. Brown, P.O. Box 1161, Pico Rivera, CA 90660-1161. Similarly, anyone having questions or wishing to offer comments or additional information relative to this article's subject area may contact the author by mail. Mr. Brown will resume his account in MAINS'L HAUL's next issue.)



*The saloon of EUTERPE, where Captain Streeter and Steward Trimmer played out a bit of drollery.
Photo by Dave Brierley*

"A LITTLE VENISON TO-DAY"

(*Ed. Note:* This sidelight on cuisine aboard *EUTERPE* was extracted from *The Flag of the Southern Cross* by Frank C. Bowen. It was sent to Jerry MacMullen in 1963 by Mr. David Savill, of Shaw Savill & Albion Ltd., London, owners of *EUTERPE* from 1871 to 1898.)

The old *EUTERPE* was as slow as ever, but under Captain Streeter (*Ed. Note:* R. Streeter, who commanded the vessel in two voyages around the world in 1891-93), with Mrs. Streeter as a real mother to the cadets, she was the happiest ship afloat. They had no children of their

own and they made the ship a home whose benefits extended from her own cadets to many a lonely visitor from other vessels.

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 pleasantries 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?"

FARAWAY PORTS WITH STRANGE-SOUNDING NAMES

By Gregg Chandler

(*Ed. Note:* Captain Chandler drops anchor in MAINS'L HAUL again for one of his studies of fascinating ports. This time he takes us to Scotland's lovely Isle of Skye.)

Portree is certainly one of the more colorful of the small and lesser-known harbors in the world. It is only in recent years that some of the larger cruise ships have added this port to their itinerary, and it is rapidly becoming a favorite of ship passengers. From the time the ship drops anchor in the bay, the blue waters, the interesting ships and houses lining the shore, and the beautiful mountain range known as the Cullins forming the background, all go to frame a picture that is not soon forgotten.

The Isle of Skye is one of the larger Hebrides, with a population of about 8,000. It was originally called "Skuyo" (Island of Clouds) by the Norsemen. The Cullins dominate the island and in winter provide scenery that resembles the Alps. After one steps ashore at the dock and starts to walk up the cobbled stone streets it is apparent that you are in a part of Scotland. The townspeople are very friendly and the brogue of the natives quite charming. Handwork still thrives here and ancient crafts are being practiced in the small shops in town. Pottery, hand-weaving and other goods are designed in a way unique to the land.

The island's history is full of clan warfare and feuding often as rough and rugged as the country's terrain. The MacDonalds and MacLeods battled for more than four centuries, resisting even the intervention of King James V, who made a special voyage to Skye in 1540 to try and bring peace. Dunvegan Castle has been the home of the MacDonald clan for 700 years, making it the longest-lived-in castle in Scotland. It is well preserved, has beautiful grounds, and is well worth a trip if you are paying a visit to Skye. Before you leave Portree, if you have a liking for good Scotch whiskey try the local brand called Talisker. It's a "nippy nip" from the Cullins!

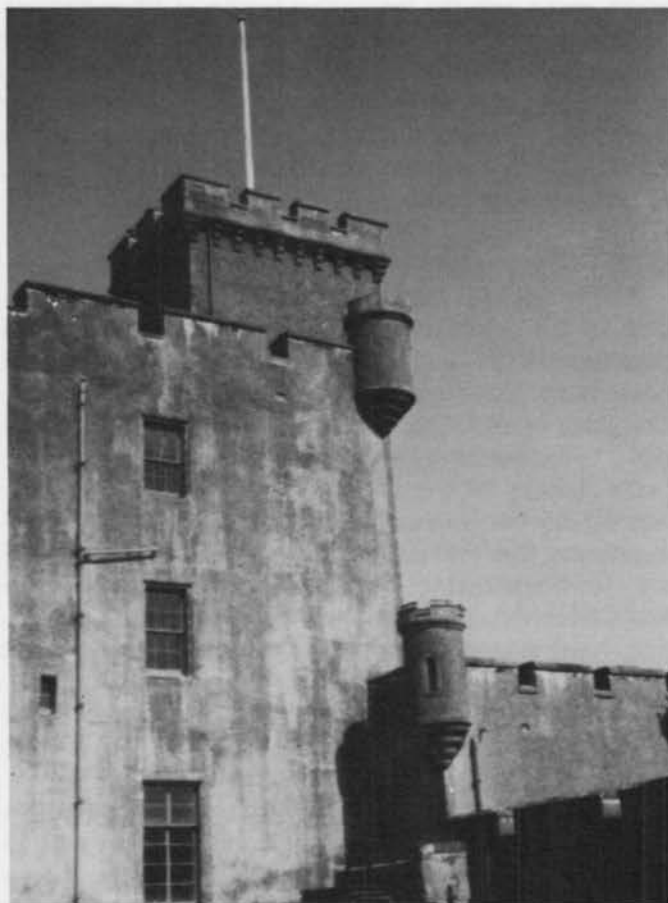
As your boat pulls away from the dock, and you are steeped in the island's folklore and history, you may even

"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 maître d'hôtel—but it was always the same old "salt horse."

Many a senior master who served under Captain Streeter as a cadet or officer remembers his simple, kindly humour and the sweetness of his wife, and happily they were not the only ones under the flag which became famous for its cadets.



Dunvegan Castle on the Isle of Skye

Photo by Gregg Chandler

imagine you hear the sound of bagpipes! It could very well be the real thing. North of Dunvegan lies Macrimmons' Cairn, a pilgrimage locale for pipers. The Macrimmons were the great bagpipe musicians of the mid-1500s and have reigned as the supreme teachers for the past 250 years.

So with music in your ears, a beautiful harbor and colorful mountains beyond, you leave Portree reluctantly, hoping that someday you may return to the Isle of Skye.

EARLY NAVAL HISTORY IN SAN DIEGO PART 13

By Captain Eddie Fredericks

(Ed. Note: This is the thirteenth in a series of articles by Captain Fredericks tracing the history of the U.S. Navy in San Diego prior to World War II.)

Major Expansion: 1920-1930

This was a period of building a naval base which had been planned and authorized by Congress. Part of this base was to be a naval aviation facility which would accommodate operational units of that day and of the future—and the future was already coming on strong with the development of the aircraft carrier. This major development, along with the increasing tempo of other aspects of local naval aviation, made it apparent that the Navy should eventually be the prime or exclusive user of the North Island aviation base. This premise was not readily accepted by the Army. It was during this period that the Navy made its case for the exclusive use of North Island, to complete our naval base complex.

1920

During this year the Navy and San Diego lost the services of the individual who had contributed much to the development of San Diego harbor as a major seaport and naval base. Congressman William Kettner retired from Congress in 1920. As a lasting tribute to him, a street close to the harbor bears his name—Kettner Boulevard.

On January 20, the San Diego Naval Operating Base was established as a unit of the 12th Naval District Headquarters at San Francisco. This unit was later to become the 11th Naval District Headquarters of San Diego. The first Commandant hoisted his flag at the Naval Air Station, North Island. The naval units under his command were: the Naval Air Station, North Island; Naval Hospital, Balboa Park; Naval Fuel Depot, Point Loma; Naval Radio Station, Point Loma; Naval Radio Station, Chollas Heights; and the Navy Public Works Department.

At North Island, the first Navy non-rigid airship was flown on March 1, 1920, initiating lighter-than-air activity at that base. This was a short-lived activity, as it was suspended in 1921, except for terminal facilities for the

larger rigid airships.

On December 29, the Navy's first long-range seaplane flight of squadron size, consisting of 14 aircraft, departed San Diego for Panama, a distance of thousands of miles. They returned at a later date. Three aircraft were lost in forced landings, but all crews were saved.

1921

During this year the Navy made unsuccessful overtures to the Army for the exclusive use of North Island. Looking forward also to its future large airship operations, the Navy made plans to acquire Camp Kearny for use as a lighter-than-air base.

On February 15, the Navy acquired approximately 98 acres of tidelands and certain buildings and machinery from the U.S. Shipping Board for use as part of the future U.S. Destroyer Base. On June 10 the destroyer tender USS *PRAIRIE* proceeded to the vicinity to take over the property preparatory to receipt of World War I destroyers which were to be placed out of commission.

In April of this year the 11th Naval District Headquarters was established and relocated on filled tidelands on the San Diego side of the Bay. The site had been deeded to the Navy by the City on September 11, 1919.

The first U.S. Marine Corps Post in San Diego was commissioned by Colonel Joseph Pendleton, USMC, on the site of the present Marine Recruit Depot on December 21, 1921. Construction of permanent buildings started in 1922. The name was changed to the U.S. Marine Corps Base on March 1, 1924.

1922

The U.S. Navy Destroyer Base, San Diego, was established on February 23, 1922. By the latter part of the year 84 World War I destroyers were located at that base. The primary mission of the Destroyer Base at that time was the upkeep and preservation of decommissioned destroyers.

The Naval Supply Depot, San Diego, was established August 8.

FROM THE HELM

(Ed. Note: In this new feature, we shall combine comments from our President and our Executive Director on Museum affairs.)

As our members are aware, the repositioning of our Museum fleet continues to be a prime concern because of the pounding the *BERKELEY* is taking while she sits broadside to the harbor swells. Also, we wish to bring the *MEDEA* back and to have all our ships together again.

A letter has been sent to Port of San Diego officials

expressing our concern over our current position, and outlining a plan for repositioning. Arrangements for the permanent berthing of our ships are in motion; but until such concepts come to full development, a temporary plan involving the *BERKELEY* and the *MEDEA* is receiving study. Under this proposed temporary plan, a floating pier would be put into place perpendicular to the Embarcadero, with dolphins as a part of the new arrangement; this would permit *BERKELEY* to be turned 90 degrees, to lie parallel to the floating pier approximately 200 feet north of the "B"

Street Pier. *MEDEA* could then be safely brought back alongside *BERKELEY*. We would hope to have this temporary solution in effect by this coming winter.

As far as the "jewel" in our crown is concerned, we are working toward a sailing of the *STAR OF INDIA* in May, 1986. These plans are still tentative, but funding efforts are now in motion.

In line with the projected sailing of the *STAR OF INDIA* next spring, a sail training program has been aggressively launched here at the Maritime Museum. Many fine volunteers and Museum personnel are involved in this effort to train a first-rate sailing crew, literally "from the decks up." You may see them going through their paces on most Sundays from 9:00 to 12:00, aboard the *STAR OF INDIA*. Call the Museum for details.

Your Maritime Museum is also planning to "go com-

puter." Thanks to a sum raised by the wonderful ladies of the Star of India Auxiliary, we plan to purchase a computer and software compatible with our growing needs. The Museum library, the Curator's department, and the office staff are all expected to benefit from this move.

In August, representatives of the National Historical Trust will present the Museum with the proceeds of a program sponsored by the Jack Daniel Distillery to raise funds for the preservation of the *STAR OF INDIA*.

We thank our members for their support—for without it, all that we seek to accomplish here would be in vain. With your help we'll forge ahead to preserve a great maritime heritage.

Paul Kettenburg, President

Peter S. Branson, Executive Director



Captain Edward Fredericks, his daughter Ann, granddaughter Marianne, and wife Maude at the reception on "Captain Edward Fredericks Day," June 18, 1985.

Photo by Bob Covarrubias

A GRAND RECEPTION

On June 18, 1985, a reception was held in the *BERKELEY*'s upper-deck passenger cabin to honor Captain Edward Fredericks, past Executive Director of the Maritime Museum.

A highlight of this reception was the reading of a proclamation from the Mayor of San Diego, proclaiming that day as "Captain Edward Fredericks Day" in the city. A large crowd of "Eddie" Fredericks's friends and well-

wishers were on hand to salute the man who gave so much to the Museum and to San Diego.

The Maritime Museum can never really give enough credit to this dedicated individual. For by his leadership and strenuous efforts, he made possible not only the continued growth of our institution, but also the great sailing of the *STAR OF INDIA* in 1984. His fine work will long be remembered and appreciated.

THE CABIN BOOKRACK

By Craig Arnold

Origins of Sea Terms

by John G. Rogers.

Mystic, Conn.: Mystic Seaport Museum.

Hardbound. 215 pages. \$15.00.

Ever had a problem telling a "pungy" from a "punt"? Don't know a "brass monkey" from a "billet head"? Does your skipper or mate bawl at you to fetch the nearest "handy billy"—leaving you utterly at a loss?

Well, if so, this little tome will square you away. Mr. Rogers, a trustee of the National Maritime Museum at San Francisco, has assembled a marvelous collection of 1,248 nautical terms. More than a marine dictionary, this book gives the historical origins and lore concerning such lingo as "Bristol fashion" ("neat, clean, and in good condition—in a word, 'shipshape'"); "periplus" (sailing directions, from the ancient Greek); "Norwegian piano" (a foghorn); "rope yarn Sunday" (a half-day's holiday at sea—usually on a Wednesday but never on a Sunday); "leg-o'-mutton" (a triangular sail, forerunner of the Marconi or Bermuda); and "lazy jack" (not, as one might guess, an indolent sailor but a line rigged from high on a mast to the boom on a fore-and-after, to facilitate dropping a sail).

Many of the terms are humorous. To "splice the main brace" was a way that British officers had of saying to each other, in a kind of code, "Let's cut away from these shore-side visitors and gather in the wardroom for a drink." The phrase is held by some to have started on board HMS VICTORY. The "lubber's hole" is an opening in a square rigger's top next to the mast. It was so named as a

passage aloft suitable only for a landlubber—a real sailor going "out and around" by the futtock shrouds. A "rose box" was a strainer in the bilges—not the most nasally pleasing part of a ship.

The largest groups of entries are those concerning hulls, rigs and rigging, and sails and sailing. Some other sections are Craft Types, Engines, Ground Tackle, Navigation, Natural Phenomena, and Naval Terms. (My favorite here is "loblolly boy"—the poor lad who had the job of assisting the surgeon in old men-o'-war. "Loblolly" was a gruel or porridge served to the men in sickbay.)

A number of tongues, going back to that of the ancient Phoenicians, have contributed to the argot of the sea. The Greeks, the Romans, the Arabs, and the Vikings all chimed in, along with most of the modern peoples of Europe. But English—a universal form of English—remains dominant at sea. As the author notes, "... in sailors' English there are almost no differences, except for local terms. And, in the Red Sea, you might hear a Greek officer conversing with a Jordanian pilot, or in Le Havre a Danish captain talking with a French tugboat skipper in—you guessed it—English."

Every widespread occupation has its own jargon, but those who trade and toil on the sea have among the most colorful and descriptive of vocabularies. Mr. Rogers has fashioned a fine etymology and glossary of this.

(P.S. A "pungy," like a "punt," is a small boat, but the former is strictly of Chesapeake Bay origin. A "billet head" is a scrollwork ornament at a ship's bow, while the "brass monkey" is the house flag of the Cunard Line—a gold lion rampant on a red field. That "handy billy" your jaunty was crying for is a light tackle for a variety of uses. And if you want to know any more—get the book, old salt, and look 'em up!)

CURATOR'S CORNER

The volunteer docent program of our Museum is making significant strides. We have had special training sessions, hosted the annual meeting for the San Diego Docent Council, and are planning this fall's training sessions.

What is a docent? A docent is a volunteer who is trained to present subject material to the Museum's 180,000 visitors per year. Training begins with basics and develops a good working knowledge of our ships and exhibits.

There are many opportunities for being a San Diego Maritime Museum docent. Participation is open to Museum members, Star of India Auxiliary members, and volunteers from throughout the community. Involvement varies, but at least half a day per month is required. Docents are needed on all three ships, but a person can opt for their choice.

Beginning in October, we shall be conducting six morning training sessions. Attendance will be required at all six sessions, starting Tuesday, October 1 at 9:30 and ending at 11:30.

There is something for everyone and we need many

docents to properly interact with the visitors. The Museum's visitors come from all parts of the U.S. and beyond. Occasionally, a visitor will come through the Maritime Museum and reveal a family tie with one of our ships or an exhibit. We have struck pay dirt a number of times by one of our docents being alert to the Museum's research needs and we have learned more about one of the ships.

How does one become a docent? It's easy. Please contact the Maritime Museum (234-9153) and leave a message for Lois Dahl or Ross Parmer. They will contact you and tell you more about helping the Museum and our visitors as a docent.

* * *

Members of the San Diego Maritime Museum in the Life, Development, and Business categories should now have received their special admissions pass to the 34 maritime museums in the Council of American Maritime Museums (CAMP). This pass and your San Diego Maritime Museum membership card will provide the privilege of free admission for yourself and (in some museums) for

family members and friends.

Members in other membership categories might find this a good time to upgrade your membership to take advantage of this new benefit and to assist in the Maritime Museum's preservation program. We should also like

to take this opportunity to remind all current members to please renew their memberships on time.

Thank you all for your support—in whatever capacity.

Dave Brierley, Curator

COLORS OF THE SEA AND OF A FAR COUNTRY

By Craig Arnold



Photo by Dave Brierley

Not many in the Maritime Museum have known it, but this bright and starry flag, which flies from the main truck of the *STAR OF INDIA*, once was the national color of New Zealand.

According to the Alexander Turnbull Library, Wellington, N.Z., ships built in and trading with New Zealand in the early 1800s could not fly British or any other national colors. At this time, New Zealand was not yet a British colony and until it became one (in 1840), a sort of legal limbo existed regarding its flag—or, more correctly, the lack of one. The issue was significant because ships trying to sail into or out of New Zealand without an officially approved color could be seized by Customs authorities.

Clearly, this sort of situation could not continue. A flag

would have to be invented. The first one sent out was turned down because it carried no red, the color that denoted rank. Then a missionary, a Rev. Henry Williams, set to work on his own designs. On March 20, 1834, the Rev. Williams presented his flag on the lawn of the Residency at the Bay of Islands, there to be approved by the Maori chiefs of New Zealand. A plurality of the assembled chiefs showed their approval of the Williams color over two others. Its design consisted of a red cross of St. George on a white field and, in the canton, a red St. George's cross bordered in black on a blue field set with four eight-pointed white stars.

The color was swiftly hoisted—to the booming of guns aboard HMS *ALLIGATOR* anchored in the bay, the huzzas

of her officers and the captains of 13 British and American vessels, and the cries of a horde of Maoris.

From that day until New Zealand became a British colony six years later, this was to be her ensign. The flag was officially recognized by the British Government and a drawing of it lay in the Public Records Office, London. At an unknown date, the black border of the canton cross was dropped and the points in the stars were reduced to six. The first settlers of the New Zealand Company carried this flag, and it was duly illustrated in the *Australian Almanac* (1835) and the *Admiralty Book of Flags* (1845).

After 1840 New Zealand adopted colors more closely resembling Great Britain's. Many have commented, however, on the striking resemblance of the Williams flag to the Royal Navy's White Ensign. Doubtless there was some inspiration there for the Rev. Williams.

The saga of this banner unfurled further when Shaw Savill & Co. (later Shaw Savill & Albion Ltd.), a young British merchant shipping firm, adopted it with official approval as their house flag in 1858. As ambitious young traders hoping to capture a major and lucrative part of the

trade to and from New Zealand, Robert E. Shaw and Walter Savill had shrewdly selected a color already well-known. (Ed. Note: More on this brace of sharp-witted shipowners and the business they built in a forthcoming issue.)

When the ship *EUTERPE* was acquired by Shaw Savill in 1871, she of course hoisted these colors along with the rest of their fleet. She continued to carry them proudly—through the gales of the Roaring Forties and the sweltering heat of the Doldrums, from the emerald waters of the Irish Sea to the iceberg-littered wastes of the Southern Ocean, until she passed from the registers of British shipping in 1898.

Both ship and colors endure. And, appropriately, they have been reunited with the restoration of *EUTERPE* (now the *STAR OF INDIA*) at the San Diego Maritime Museum. Today when you board her, glance upward through the maze of rigging to her main truck, 124 feet above the deck, the highest pinnacle of the ship. There you shall see these historic colors lofting in the breeze of San Diego Bay—these colors of the sea and of a far country.

STAR OF INDIA AUXILIARY

This is the time of year that allows Auxiliary members to look both backward and forward! The glow of our just-past accomplishments is fresh and warm in our hearts, and the anticipation and enthusiasm for a whole new year of productivity is exciting indeed.

Our existence is focused on only two purposes. One of these is to raise money for the maintenance and development of the Maritime Museum. We happily give ourselves an "A+" for our work during 1984-85! An array of activities including luncheons, silent auctions, plant sales, raffles, the annual rummage sale, three huge galas, and several personal donations made it possible for us to present the Museum with \$25,250.

The other of our two purposes is to foster community interest in the Museum. Our program in this direction includes a contingent of Tour Guides and Docents who work diligently imparting information about the ships, serving as hostesses and hosts, and being general goodwill ambassadors to members of our community and touring guests. Additionally, there is an active troop of "Dustbusters" (more formally known as Curatorial Assistants), who help keep things shipshape for our visitors.

The program for the coming year is presently under development. We know it is going to be a great year and, we hope, we shall again top our own best efforts! As news of our various activities becomes publicized, we'll count on each reader of this article to join us in active support and participation. We'll do whatever is necessary to develop and enhance our one-in-a-million Maritime Museum of San Diego.

Renée Rasmussen, President

* * *

Those of you who've recently been aboard the *BERKELEY* or simply strolled by her along the Embarcadero may have noticed her flags. Yes, she's "dressed overall" with signal flags purchased with funds provided by the Star of India Auxiliary. We wish to extend our thanks to them for this splendid gift. Well done, ladies!

TWO FINE DONATIONS

The Jerry MacMullen Library is pleased to announce the acquisition of two treasure-troves of maritime information.

The first donation came to us from the renowned maritime authority Dr. John H. Kemble. It consists of a number of publications, including several volumes of the increasingly rare *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies in the War of the Rebellion*. This donation also puts us in a fair way to acquiring a complete set of the U.S. Naval Institute *Proceedings*, going back one hundred years. Dr. Kemble has been invaluable in assisting us in this quest.

The second donation came to us from Mr. Gordon Jones, a longtime member and stout supporter of the Museum. This one contained 115 books, all relating to maritime history. A high proportion of the bequest is devoted to windjammers—and much of it has not been back in print for years.

We are extremely gratified to receive these gifts. We assure the donors that they will be put to good use.

OUR NEW EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

On May 1, 1985, the Maritime Museum welcomed aboard Captain Peter S. Branson, United States Coast Guard (Retired), as our new Executive Director.

Captain Branson has an extensive maritime background. He graduated from the Coast Guard Academy with a B.S. in marine engineering, and holds an M.S. in physical oceanography from Scripps Institution of Oceanography. In his Coast Guard career, Captain Branson served in eight USCG cutters, including three commands. At the time of his retirement he was Chief, Marine Sciences Division, Headquarters, Washington, D.C. In this capacity he was responsible for the operations of the Coast Guard's major cutters and icebreakers, and their oceanographic capability. At an earlier time he was oceanographic officer in the International Ice Patrol, determining iceberg drift into the North Atlantic shipping lanes.

Captain Branson retired from the Coast Guard in 1968. He then worked as an oceanographic specialist for

General Dynamics for four years, followed by an eight-year period with Scripps as Marine Manager for their fleet of six research ships, based at the Scripps Marine Facility on Point Loma. This was succeeded by a stint in real estate sales and as a consultant for Southwest Marine.

This wealth of experience in matters maritime makes Peter Branson an ideal choice to carry on the work of past Executive Director Ed Fredericks. "Eddie" Fredericks had done a superb job—so the Museum knew that it had a tall order to fill. In selecting Captain Branson from a field of well-qualified applicants, the Museum feels that it has chosen wisely.

"Pete" Branson is married and has three children. He has been a member of the Marine Technology Society, the Propeller Club of America, the Retired Officers Association, the San Diego Chamber of Commerce and the San Diego Maritime Museum Association.

A SPECIAL MEMORIAL

There is a special way in which the Maritime Museum can help you. The next time you wish to honor a departed friend or loved one you may do so by sending a memorial gift (in any amount you choose) to the Maritime Museum Association of San Diego. Families of those whose memories you have honored will be notified by an appropriate card and the names will be listed (without mentioning the amount given) in the next issue of MAINS'L HAUL.

Your gift does double duty with memorial giving. You properly care for a personal obligation and at the same time lend a helping hand. Moreover, it's private and non-competitive. The amount of your gift is confidential and the same beautiful acknowledgment card is sent regardless of the size of your gift. Another point to keep in mind is that it's tax deductible. Your check to the Maritime Museum, covered by an official tax-deductible receipt, will take care of your memorial giving in an effective manner.

Simply enclose your name and address with your check, and specify who is being memorialized by the gift. You may also include names and addresses of surviving family members whom you wish cards sent to. Mail to:

The Maritime Museum Association of San Diego
1306 N. Harbor Drive
San Diego, CA 92101

Your memorial gift will be an appropriate way of remembering a friend or loved one, and will benefit a worthy cause.

IN MEMORIAM KENNETH N. BAKER

The Board of Trustees and the members of the San Diego Maritime Museum lost a devoted fellow worker and friend last month in the passing of Kenny Baker. In the many gatherings and activities of the Museum's members through the years, Kenny's friendly presence was always visible. A longtime member of the Board of Trustees and an active and dedicated supporter of the Museum, his absence will be sorely felt by his many friends.

MARITIME MUSEUM CHRISTMAS CARD

The Maritime Museum would like to ask our members' assistance in producing a 1985 Christmas card. We are looking for a suitable photograph of the *STAR OF INDIA*, *BERKELEY*, or *MEDEA*. A combination of two or more of the historic ships is also possible. Please submit your photograph or illustration by September 16, 1985.

SEPTEMBER MEMBERS' PROGRAM

The scheduled showing of the film, *The Ways of Wallace & Sons*, about the building of the wooden-hulled schooner *JOHN. F. LEAVITT*, has been changed from September 25 to September 18. The social gathering begins at 7:00 p.m. and the program at 7:30 p.m. aboard the *BERKELEY*.

MARITIME MUSEUM CALENDAR OF EVENTS

AUGUST

- 4: Ferryboat reunion aboard *BERKELEY*,
11:00-5:00
4, 11, 18, 25: Sail training aboard *STAR OF INDIA*,
9:00-12:00

SEPTEMBER

- 4: Auxiliary Board Meeting
8, 15, 22, 29: Sail training aboard *STAR OF INDIA*,
9:00-12:00
18: Members' Program: the coasting
schooner *JOHN F. LEAVITT* (aboard
BERKELEY, 7:30)
18: Auxiliary General Meeting
21: Photo exhibit of the North American
maritime museums opens aboard
the *STAR OF INDIA*

OCTOBER

- 1: Docent training sessions begin,
9:30-11:30
6, 13, 20, 27: Sail training aboard *STAR OF INDIA*,
9:00-12:00
25-30: The "Haunted Star" aboard *STAR OF INDIA*,
in conjunction with Station
KYYX, San Diego (call Museum for
details)

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

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

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MARITIME MUSEUM ASS'N. OF SAN DIEGO
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