

could either be put to bed in the spacious sail loft, or quietly stowed away under trapdoors in the hull. The Honolulu Race, in 1912, was won by the *Lurline*, with "Cap" Harris in command and the San Diego colors aloft. In 1914 there were 142 members on the rolls—a number not exceeded until 1923. In fact, things went so well that the yachtsmen should have suspected trouble. And it came—the most trying years in the club's life.

First they had to move again. The only available site was Coronado. "Too far away!" howled the ultra-conservatives. "You're signing the death warrant of the club!" And to prove it, they withdrew. But the club went to Coronado, mainly because it had to, and its dwindling membership seemed to point toward truth in the prophecy. Even the old *Silver Gate*, the light of her glory. She developed a list to starboard, a drumfish which disturbed the keeper's slumbers, and dry rot. The year 1914 had seen a record race on San Diego Bay—62 yachts crossing the line on a single gun. A few years later it was frequently necessary to invoke the rule that "at least two yachts must start in any class to make it a race for that class." The move to Coronado was largely responsible for the drop. The absorbing of the Coronado Yacht Club, in 1916, was an effort to bolster the membership list—but it was like fighting a two-alarm fire with a garden hose.

Then came the war. Crippled as she was, the poor club contributed well to the colors of her country. Practically every member who entered the service came back an officer. Was the nation grateful for this bitter sacrifice? It was not. In common with the other yacht clubs, the San Diegans suffered under a load of unjust and confiscatory taxes, to say nothing of the "fines" imposed by every petty official who could get his fingers on a Federal letter-head. And there were the "harbor regulations"—screamingly funny, they seem now. Such, for example, as the time when a race was sailed out around the bell buoy. The officer on the patrol boat had not been informed of the race by his superiors, and opened fire on the leading yacht with a one-pounder. He feared that she was taking gasoline to the German submarines in the North Sea.

The handful of members, numbering about twenty, who were left when the war was over, had managed to keep their heads above water, heaven knows how. Then the old *Silver Gate* lurched a little further to starboard and an investigation was made. It revealed the fact that her day was done, and a wrecker bought what was left of her. Little by little she was pulled apart and carted away. Some of the old timers would come and stand on the shore while the unpleasant business went on and then would turn away, silent and with heads bowed. It is not a happy sight to see an old ship—and one's old home—go that way.

Homeless—penniless—almost friendless. That was the condition of the San Diego Yacht Club in 1919. Spasmodic meetings were held in Clem Stose's garage, in the Coronado Hotel boat house, and in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce. Even races were held—pitiful in their air of forced gaiety. There was a little change for the better in 1920, when the club was granted the use for a limited time of the old Naval Militia armory at the foot of 28th Street. It was here that the club's first new boats in many years were planned—ten Sea Mews—the nucleus of the fleet to come. And it was in that old armory that the indomitable spirit that had smoldered through the trying years once more burst into flame. There would be a new clubhouse, a hundred new members, yachting would be re-established!

Sea



When, about a year later, the Navy ordered the club to vacate the armory, the plans for the new house were already under way. The bay was surveyed from one end to the other, and the Coronado shore, just South of Glorietta Bay and adjoining Coronado Tent City, was selected as the site. The committeemen in charge overcame untold difficulties, and it was a gala day when the members gathered for a picnic around the new foundations.

Ever since then all has gone well. On August 18th, 1923, in the presence of a large crowd of yachtsmen and prominent citizens, Rear Admiral Ashley H. Robertson, commanding the Eleventh Naval District, raised the national colors to the club's signal mast.

The following summer the club acquired the old Roseville wharf, which will be remembered as the scene of the 1924 regatta of the SCYA and PCYA and of the 1926 and 1927 speedboat races.

In 1935 the club again took on the SCYA regatta. The

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—Drawings by Gerald F. MacMullen
Members who can recognize all the SDYC clubhouses shown below are rare indeed. The old ferry boat was considered the most distinctive clubhouse in America of its day.

