

Home Port...

She looks so peaceful today—San Diego's Little Old Lady, the bark **Star of India**, living monument to a lusty age which has passed.

You'd hardly guess, looking at her now, that next November 14 will be her 104th birthday, and that more than once this grand little ship has been very near to the end. Take, for instance, that wild night off Madras when a gale rolled her down so far that to keep her from capsizing, they had to cut away her masts. Somehow she staggered into Trincomalee and they patched her up enough so that she could make Calcutta for a refit; that was more than a century ago.

She went on about her business, which took her around the world more than a score of times. She brought jute from India and she carried emigrants to New Zealand. Below her hatches you might find such diverse cargo as casks of Scotch whisky—and of gunpowder for Her Majesty's troops in the Colonies. Later it would be Australian coal for Honolulu, Puget Sound lumber for Fremantle and Alaskan salmon for San Francisco.

She had her moments of excitement and peril, throughout her life. She dodged icebergs in the high southern latitudes and she hung herself on a reef in Hawaii; she was on fire in Liverpool and later, frozen in, she was carried by the ice almost to her doom in Alaska. Our Little Old Lady has been around!

Her last cruise was in 1923—San Francisco to the Nushagak River and return. Then she was laid up at Alameda, and there were ominous remarks about scrap-iron. The late James Wood Coffroth bought her, to serve the people of San Diego as the nucleus of a projected maritime museum and aquarium. Then came the Great Depression, and years of neglect. Ironwork rusted, wood rotted, her topmasts were sent down, and slowly she began to fall apart. Again came talk of scrap-iron, or of turning her over to the Navy for use as a target. In 1959 dedicated men and women came to her aid, when in another year or so it would have been too late. Raising funds by doorbell-ringing (and arm-twisting) they accomplished a small miracle. Men with the all but lost art of rigging were found, as were those who were willing to spend their spare time chipping rust, sandpapering and doing a myriad of generally grimy chores. The work continues as indeed it must—for, to quote an old sea proverb, "A ship is never finished until she's sunk!"

JERRY MacMULLEN
Author, "Star of India
The Log of an Iron Ship"

CHOICE SPIRITS

DISPENSED FROM THE STAR'S BARS

WHISKEY JOHNNY ★ THAR SHE BLOWS ★ THE RED-EYE MAN
HEAVE AWAY ★ SOUTHWESTER ★ JOLLY BOAT ★ DIEGO'S BOLD SHORES
★ FIRE BELOW ★ LOST NAVIGATOR ★ HARPOON ★ HANGING JOHNNY ★
PEARL OF INDIA ★ SWINGING BOOM ★ TRADE WINDS
★ SAIL-HO! ★ A LADY'S SIN ★ FLYING JIB ★ ON THE WIND ★

EMBARCADERO MENU

Whale Boat Oysters

Celery Victor

Fish 'N Chips, Nantucket

Pacific Salad Bowl

Marinated Kidney Beans

Coral Flower Louie

Golden Desert Melons

Unpressed Wine, Sweet and Dry

Wedges of Forbidden Fruit

Fresh Maui Pineapple

Artichoke Barnacles

Smoked Sea Chicken

Iced Crawdad

Hard Tack

Coffee

Appropriate Dress for Bleacher Seating... Free Parking, Courtesy Evan Jones' Embarcadero Parking Lot, Harbor and A, and Port Authority Parking Meters on Harbor Drive Near Star of India... Gentlemen Encouraged to Accompany Their Ladies... Free Admission to Star of India, for any day other than May 2, with each fashion show ticket... In Event of Rain—Please Do Not Appear. Your Monies Will Be Refunded...

Handsome Donations Honoured as Fair Exemptions