



"A MAN THAT REBUKES HIS PAST IS LOST!"

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## More about a ship: "WILLIAM DOLLAR" ex "WAGNER" ex "ALSTERBURG"

Through the good auspices of the eminent marine author, Captain Harold Huycker, "Clippers" has been granted the privilege of publishing excerpts from Captain Huycker's book, "To Santa Rosa—Further and Back".

Clipper wishes to take this opportunity to extend great thanks to Captain Huycker.

### A CONTINUED STORY

#### PART THREE

It was customary on Pacific Coast sailing ships for the cook to be called at the same time the morning watch was called, around 3:30 a.m. There was no change from this practice as the William Dollar passed through her first night at sea, somewhere in the vicinity of Point Arena.

Shortly after the sound of one bell had been struck, there came a knock on Mr. Moller's cabin door, and Mr. Wigsten said slowly:

"I called the cook, but he won't get up."

"Well, get him up," replied the mate as he swung his foot out of his bunk and into cold leather shoes.

"All right, I'll try it," was the second mate's rejoinder as he moved on down the passageway.

Within a few minutes Mr. Moller was dressed and had come out on the main deck, where he found the second mate standing in the darkness.

"Well, did you get the cook up?" he asked.

"No, he won't get up."

The cook's room was under the poop, just abaft the saloon on the opposite side of the ship from the old Man's quarters. Stepping inside the cook's door, Mr. Moller asked:

"What's this, you won't get up and make coffee?"

"I won't get up for no man this time of night," came the sullen reply from the big negro cook.

"You'll get up for me!" snapped the mate, and with one hand

he yanked the blankets off the bunk and stood up. Assured now that the galley stove would be lit off soon, with coffee soon to follow, Mr. Moller returned to the main deck and stood underneath the galley frames where one heavy lifeboat was secured. Mr. Wigsten was there, the quiet second mate who sized up Mr. Moller and watched him stir the sleep out of his bones. Moments later the cook appeared in the doorway, holding a hurricane lamp in his hand, and swinging this heavy piece of equipment menacingly at the mate.

"Put out that light!" yelled Mr. Moller, who knew more than the cook could have known, that sudden light on a darkened deck leads to momentary blindness, fumbling, and groping.

With a quick jump out on the deck, the cook swung the lantern at the mate's head, hitting him a glancing blow and lighting up the waist of the ship for a moment. It was the only chance he had to use the lantern as a weapon. With a well-aimed jab, Mr. Moller connected with the cook's jaw and felt him go flat on the deck, but not for long.

"Go get my gun!" Moller yelled at Wigsten who was standing by. "Oh no, oh no—gun," quavered the second mate without moving.

The cook stumbled to his feet again, only to meet with a second deliberate well-aimed blow in the face which landed him in the scuppers. This ended the affair and the cook regained his footing, keeping clear of the mate whose arm was cocked for a third blow. He lumbered forward toward the galley muttering something to himself about returning in short came. The cook who originally was signed on for \$40 a month, quavered immediately disgraced to a messboy at \$45 per month.

The tow up the coast took six days. On 26 October the Sea Lion delivered the William Dollar to Port Angeles where the Puget Sound Mills and Timber Company sawmill dock was located, owned by the Charles Nelson Company.

From this mill was to come the William Dollar's entire cargo.

Mooried port side to the William Dollar's gear, was rigged for loading through her two main hatches. The beginning of the loading operation was the Old Man's immediate concern, because the total amount of lumber the ship might eventually load would be determined by the light stow in the bottom of the ship. One hundred thousand lath pickets were stowed in the frames, where no lumber could go, and then the floors were started. These Port Angeles longshoremen knew no other type of cargo, and there was not much they could be told about loading lumber cargoes. But longshoremen rarely followed the ship to sea, and the ultimate responsibility and eternal watchfulness for right stowage was always on the shoulders of the mate, who in turn had to answer to the captain.

For a month the William Dollar lay at the mill wharf, loading lumber. The barkentine Aurora had sailed within hours of the William Dollar's arrival, loaded with cargo for Guaymas. Thereafter, the Nelson Company's fine schooner, Minnie A. Caine and Doctor Oliver's four-masted schooner, Melrose put in for cargoes of lumber. It was reassuring to note that at least one big mill owner was still clinging to the sailing ship tradition, as did the Nelson Company, in 1921.

By the time the "twendeck" had been stowed and the deck load was begun, it was apparent that the ship was going by the head with the even stowage. The crush of red rock had been stowed evenly in the lower holds in San Francisco, when it now became obvious it should have been trimmed further off. This temporary obstacle was overcome by increasing the height of the deck load at, tapering it off forward along the spacious main deck.

An early snowfall whitened the piles of lumber in late November when the longshoremen were employed to load firewood into a few remaining free spaces under the hatch boards, fuel to be used in the firebox of the donkey boiler in

### William Dollar and James Dollar

China when it came time to discharge the cargo. The ship was loaded to a mean draft of 24'-04". Lumber, fuel oil, ballast, stores, and firewood added up to a total of 5,250 long tons, which was near the previous maximum deadweight, the ship had carried during her dozen years of tramping under German ownership. The Pilsnits mark was just bisected.

The crew was not complete, but with the ship nearly ready for sea, the Dollar Company in San Francisco picked out a crew there and sent them all up to Port Angeles in the steamer Nome City. They were a bitlier lot of men when the William Dollar and made fast fore and aft single lines, just long enough for the seamen to go aboard the sailing ship. Then they discovered that the William Dollar was not a steamship.

"Curse windbag! Not for me!" And with a quick glance and quicker pace, a number of the replacements climbed aboard the ship, over the offshore rail, across the deck load and over the inshore rail to the dock, vanishing amongst the piles of lumber in the

yard. With her passengers delivered, the Nome City let go and proceeded on down the Sound toward Seattle.

Take what the owners send you and be satisfied. That seemed to be the new system on crews, thought the Old Man. The William Dollar was still short-handed now, and the historic prerogative of the shipmaster to at least have a look at the prospective sailors, or assume some of the responsibility of hiring a crew, was no more.

Not too many years before the captain would have ridden down to Port Townsend, a few miles to the eastward, contracted with Maxie Levy, a widely known boarding house master, to provide him with a crew at a given price per head, and be done with it. But the teeth had been pulled from this devil-designed system and the monopoly in sailor traffic had been broken at last, some five years before. The Seamen's Law had outlawed it. The practice certainly had its bad features—no one denied that—but it was more satisfactory in many ways in picking out a crew.

And yet, Maxie Levy was still in the picture.

(Continued on page 2)

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