Emma, Annie Larsen and *Maverick*

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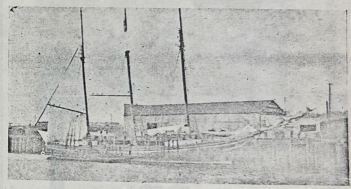
In the day of my youth Robinson Crusoe was popular reading. Little did I dream that a day would come when Starr-Hunt on the witness stand would describe me and companions as "castaways." While we hardly thought of our plight in that way, perhaps the term is descriptive. So I give you the yarn. Sometimes I was called Frank, other times George or "Chorche" as the Mexicans put it. This I mention so you will identify me when I lapse into third person.

In early January Axel and I shipped on the schooner *Emma* for a voyage from San Diego to the Gulf of Lower California for guano or other cargo. Clark was the master, O'Keefe the mate, and lastly one who was called Cookie. *Emma* was a small schooner of eighty tons net register. She wasn't old, having been built in 1909 at San Diego. She was built on a skipjack model with shallow draft. Her builder was supposed to have used her in treasure hunting at Cocos Island or other piratical haunts and finding failure only, the disappointment was fatal. Subsequently *Emma* was in the Cinema Navy and used in the production of the "Trey of Hearts"; she had a nice large wheel of elderly pattern and an actor sprayed with a fire hose could do a fancy bit of "Weather helming." Also it may be mentioned that she once crossed yards to appear in a pageant shewing Portuguese Jowawo Cabrillo discovering San Diego Bay for the glory of the King of Spain and the benefit of the ladies. Probably Clark bought her for a song of a promissory character; at least he said he owned *Emma*.

Emma sailed from San Diego, California, on the 15th of January, 1915. The winds were very light and from Northerly directions so that we coasted along the peninsula of Lower California mostly in sight of land. We rounded Cape San Lucas and came to anchor at San Jose del Cabo on the 2nd of February. Here we stayed, perhaps two

days, to enter the vessel and clear for Loreto, our loading port. It is usual for the Mexican Customs to check the loading of cargo and for the purpose Carlos Garziglia and Juan Fernandez came aboard.

There wasn't any yellow pennant over blue pennant flying when we left San Jose. But these could soon have been flown, that very morning in fact. It looked just like an ordinary squall out of the North, but the Mexicans did not like the color and said "chubasco." Clark paid little heed and did not shorten down promptly. As a result we had both lowers badly torn by the time we began to run off before it under the fore-staysail alone. A chubasco is a violent small storm of short duration. It was just the forerunner of a heavy northerly gale that blew us to hell-and-gone south and westward. It blew out in three days' time and left *Emma* rolling uncomfortably with a big job of sail-mending for her crew.



ANNIE LARSEN
Photograph from the collection of Carl Christensen, U.S.A.

The mate, Dennis O'Keefe, was properly an old time sailmaker rather than an officer. He had retired from the sea to employment as an awning-maker near Los Angeles. Things had been slack in the winter and he had joined Clark for a voyage until seasonal summer demands began. Axel had also been a deep sea man until the delights of sheep herding in Montana overtook him; after a few years he