



MAINS'L HAUL



VOL. V

SEPTEMBER, 1968

No. 1

MARITIME MUSEUM ASSOCIATION OF SAN DIEGO

A non-profit, educational corporation

Member:

Western Museums League

Conference of California Historical Societies

Mains'l Haul is published quarterly (wind and weather permitting) at headquarters of the Maritime Museum Association aboard the bark *Star of India*, 1306 North Harbor Drive, San Diego California 92101.

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

— John Masefield

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD LIGHTHOUSE

Although its complete restoration as a working lighthouse of the last century is not scheduled until 1972, the old lighthouse near the end of Point Loma has had an "interim restoration" by the U. S. National Park Service which might well serve as a guidepost for the treatment of other historic structures.

Many years ago the building was "restored" with more enthusiasm than research, and it is not difficult to imagine the joy with which Tom Tucker, Superintendent of the Cabrillo National Monument, watched them rip out the electric wall-lamps which had been placed over the mantel-piece in the tiny living-room, and apply plain white over the ivory-enamelled walls. Due to follow them into oblivion are the random-width oak flooring with simulated wooden pegs (pure 1929 Hollywood Early American) and the neo-nautical porch-lights. Where would they have obtained electricity for such lamps in 1855? Why — from a Delco plant left behind by Father Serra!

Today, with well-selected antique furniture of the most simple kind, you get the feeling of the living-quarters of a lighthouse-keeper and his family in those grim days when a keeper got \$800 a year and earned every dime of it. There are kerosene hand-lamps and plain muslin curtains; it is obvious that they have dealt sternly with any suggestion of "gussyng-up" the venerable structure, or over-loading it with furniture and gimcracks.

Regrettably, there is one problem which remains. There still are people who insist upon calling it "The Old Spanish Lighthouse", despite the fact that it was built for the United States government by two Baltimore Irishmen, more than 30 years after the end of the Spanish regime. Around the turn of the century, people called it merely "the old lighthouse", and it has been popularly supposed that the "Spanish" bit was invented by a garrulous tourist entrepreneur, a colorful Negro known as Reuben the Guide. But it this so? Member Don M. Stewart, whose memory is frighteningly accurate, places the blame on an un-named man from Chicago, who operated a horse-drawn tally-ho for sightseers around 1910, and who was less concerned with veracity than with packing 'em in.

As a boy, Stewart visited the lighthouse many times. This was in the 1880s, when it was still operating, and he recalls a unique bit of signalling equipment then in use. It was a large, black ball (probably cloth over a wire



NO GAS-RANGE, NO PERCOLATOR

"Interim restoration" of the kitchen/dining-room of the old lighthouse at the Cabrillo National Monument. The light went into commission on the evening of Nov 15, 1855, with James P. Keating as keeper. Longest tour of duty was that of Robert D. Israel, who served from 1873 until the light was abandoned in 1891.

— U. S. NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

frame) which was hoisted on the flag-pole when a ship was sighted, as a signal to the pilots that there was a customer approaching.

MORE ON THE CYANE PAINTING

First to identify Carlton T. Chapman, who did that fine painting of the old U.S.S. *Cyane* which appeared in our last issue, was Capt. Roy C. Smith III, U.S.N.R. (Ret), Director of the U. S. Naval Historical Display Center at the Washington Navy Yard. Chapman, a noted artist and illustrator, was born in New London, Ohio, in 1860 and died in 1924.

From Capt. Dale Mayberry, U.S.N. (Ret), Director of the Museum at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, we learn that Chapman studied at Oberlin, the National Academy, the Art Student's League of New York, and the Julien Academy in Paris. He specialized in marines and landscapes, and in 1898 was a war correspondent and artists for *Harper's Weekly*, covering the Spanish-American war. The Naval Academy has 24 of his paintings.

TRIUMPHAL RETURN FROM MARTINEZ

With the tide in her hull, the fine old schooner *Forester* has been slowly falling apart in the shallows off Martinez, on the upper reaches of San Francisco Bay; on a recent vacation trip, Capt. Ken Reynard gave her a long, hard look, and finally got aboard via a crazy cat-walk of flimsy planks.

The result was a deal with her lone owner-occupant with regard to the name-planks from stern and bows (they were incised right into the hull) as well as her bowsprit, trail-boards and other items—and his return to Martinez, accompanied by Bill Limberg, Chuck Richardson and a truck-load of sledge-hammers, saws, chisels, "come-alongs" and what have you. Meanwhile O. J. Hall, Jr. of Star & Crescent had been busy, and tug and barge and derrick were awaiting their call, in San Francisco. The job was far from easy—but it ended triumphantly, and the load of priceless maritime artifacts has landed aboard the *Star of India*.

The *Forester*, one of the last big wooden four-masters, was built at the famous shipyard of Hay & Wright, at Alameda, in 1900.

COMES THE JOLLY YULETIDE . . .

Don't look now—but that little dot on the horizon astern of us is Old Saint Nick, and he's overhauling us too fast for comfort.

It won't be long until the Post Office will be pleading for early mailing, and the air will ring with electronic carols. Have you thought of your Christmas shopping? Aboard the *Star of India*, away aft on the starboard side of the 'tween-deck, our small but well-stocked Slop Chest has added some items of interest to its supply of good nautical books and artifacts. Members of the Association in good standing are entitled to a 10% discount.

ANNUAL MEETING

In accordance with our by-laws, the annual meeting of the Maritime Museum of San Diego will be held at 8 p.m. Monday, Nov. 4, 1968. As usual, the place of meeting will be aboard the *Star of India*, and Captain Reynard's color slides of the *Forester* will be shown.

WELCOME ABOARD!

Since the last issue of *Mains'l Haul*, the following new members have "signed on":

Mr. James L. Currie
Mr. Edwin S. Larsen

Mr. Alfred L. Porter
C. A. Stern, M.D.

MARITIME MUSEUM ASS'N OF SAN DIEGO

Bark *Star of India*

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



MAINS'L HAUL



VOL. V

DECEMBER, 1968

No. 2

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ABOUT A ROCK — AND A BISHOP

Some 90 miles to the westerly of San Diego lies Bishop Rock, which has no ecclesiastical connotation and which no doubt has, from time to time, led to the kind of language about which the less said the better.

Older copies of the *U. S. Coast Pilot* cite the fact that the rock was named after the American clipper ship *Stillwell S. Bishop*, which bumped into it in 1855. Away out there, all by itself on Cortes Bank, the rock comes to within 15 feet of the surface, and in addition to being the furthest offshore of any hazard on our coast, it is an excellent location to avoid.

The specific circumstances of the rock's discovery are obscure, and this is a shame, because anything about the *Stillwell S. Bishop* should be of passing interest to San Diegans, she being the only one of the famous California Clippers of Gold-Rush days which called here. En route to Benicia from Baltimore, she paid a visit in June of 1854, to discharge government stores. Homeward bound, she cleared San Francisco Aug. 1, and was back in the spring of 1855, under Capt. Wm. Shankland — who said nothing about hitting any rocks. And if he had, you can bet that it would have been duly reported in the *Daily Alta California*, whose coverage of nautical news was nothing if not thorough.

Coming up from Cape Horn it is unlikely that, in the latitude of San Diego, she would have come within 90 miles of the coast. On her voyage home from San Francisco, however, she might well have been in that vicinity — but would her master have risked another 17,000-odd miles at sea after hitting a rock — even lightly? Efforts have been made to check her return to the East Coast, with a report on Bishop Rock in mind, but they have brought no results.

Dr. John Lyman, formerly of La Jolla and now of Washington, D.C., advances the idea that instead of hitting the rock, the ship may have merely sighted it, and probably in 1854, when making her way in to San Diego. There was no mention of it locally where, as of 1854, the media consisted of the *San Diego Herald*, whose interests were more political than maritime. As the ship didn't get back to "civilization" until 1855, someone could have confused the date of the formal report with the actual date of the discovery.

At any rate, a look at the log of the *Stillwell S. Bishop*, for the actual day of the discovery of Bishop Rock, would be rather interesting.



LONLIEST OF OUR BUOYS

Two and a half miles southeasterly from Bishop Rock, the Cortes Bank Buoy is the furthest offshore of any American aid to navigation. A lighted whistle-buoy now marks the spot — but this is the original, unlighted one, from a photo taken some 35 years ago by the late Capt. W. K. Bode, USLHS, while it was being serviced by the lighthouse-tender *Manzanita*.

"RELIEVE THE WATCH!"

At the annual meeting in November, Joseph E. Jessop was elected as President of the Maritime Museum Association of San Diego for 1969; elected respectively as First and Second Vice Presidents were William F. Wilmurt and Ward W. Waddell Jr. Marvin T. Herrmann was re-elected as Secretary and Clinton McCracken will continue as Treasurer.

Elected to the Board of Directors for three year terms were J. A. Gest, Charles F. Hansen, Rear Adm. Charles C. Hartman USN (Ret), Joseph E. Jessop, Lt. Comdr. Edward J. Matlin USN (Ret), Rev. Paul L. Robison, William F. Wilmurt and C. C. Woodworth.

NO HOLIDAYS FOR SAILORS

At sea, holidays come and go like any other days, so it was no surprise when the telephone rang on Thanksgiving Day — and on the other end of the line was Capt. Fred Klebingat, whose ship was in port with lumber.

Captain Klebingat first visited San Diego in 1911, as donkeyman in the barkentine *S. N. Castle*. Since then he has served as chief mate in the four-masted bark *Falls of Clyde*, as well as in the old liner *City of Topeka* and in the steam schooners. Retiring in San Pedro to do a bit of writing and to act as consultant in the *Falls of Clyde* and *Champigny* restorations, he heeded the call that merchant marine officers are in short supply, and has gone back to sea as chief mate and relief captain in the M/S *Coos Bay*. Naturally, he wound up aboard the *Star of India* — and his comments on her restoration were most flattering.

The *Coos Bay*, incidentally, is a converted Navy LST, and has been nick-named "The Last of the Steam Schooners".

WELCOME ABOARD!

Since the last issue of *Mains'l Haul*, the following new members have signed on:

Mr. Frederick A. Frank
Mrs. Frederick A. Frank

Mr. J. A. Gest
Worth Martin, M.D.

BACK TO THE ORIGINAL

When our ship was the *Euterpe*, it is certain that the five-rail at the foot of the foremast was an ornate affair of hardwood. Then came her Alaskan fisheries days, and during a refit it was replaced by a far more austere affair of Douglas fir, painted "box-car" red.

The new one, just installed by Capt. Ken Reynard and our crew, is once again a thing of beauty. The lathe-turned ballusters which support it, as well as the belaying pins for buntlines, clewlines and the rest, are "genuine Reynards" — and it is amazing how the appearance of the foredeck has been improved.

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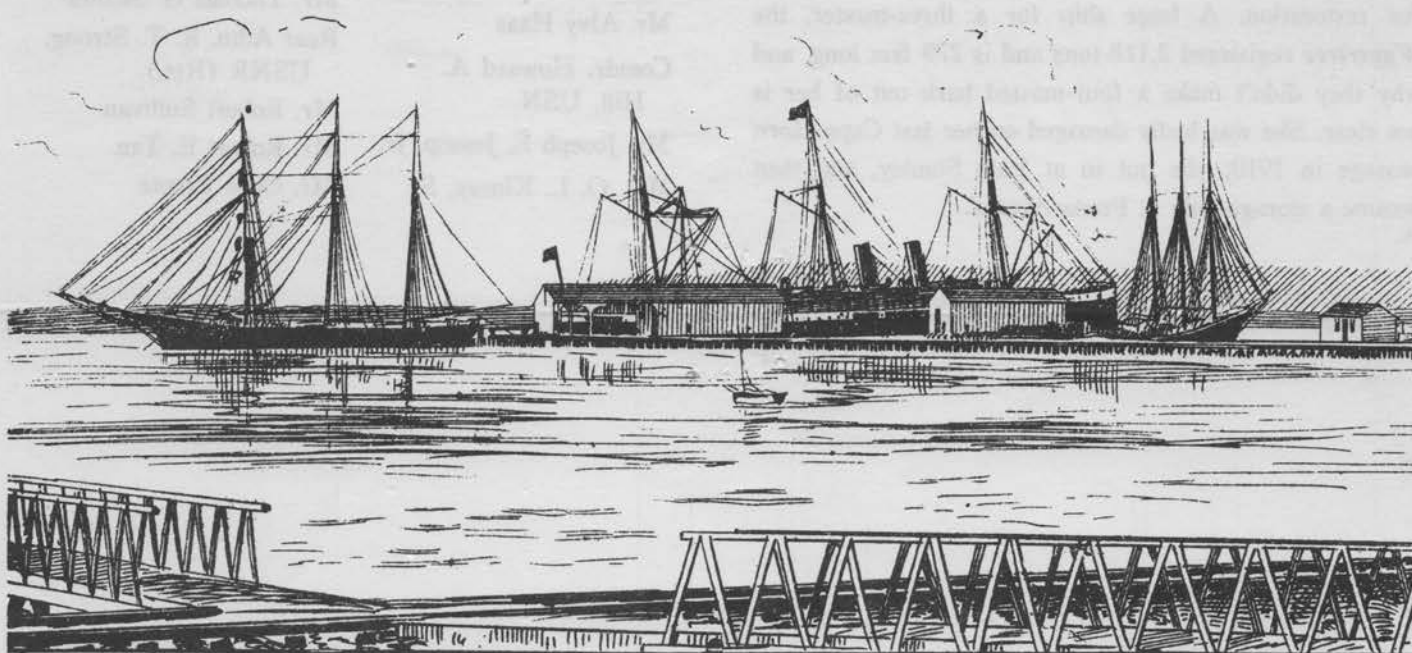
MAINS'L HAUL



VOL.V

MARCH, 1969

NO. 3



PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S WHARF.

"A DIME, IF YOU BRING YOUR OWN TOWEL"

San Diego's bath-houses once were an important item on the bay, away back in the pre-progress days when the bay was lined with clean beaches of yellow sand, and you could see a boat's anchor lying on the bottom in eight or ten feet of water.

What brings this up, at this late day, is the pen sketch reproduced above; the board walk with the diagonal railing-stanchions led to the Caroline Bath House at the foot of Sixth, a recreational facility operated by "Dutch John" Heerandner, who was also a house-mover. The year? Back in 1885.

The track in the foreground is that of the old California Southern Railroad, which preceded the Santa Fe, and it was right on the edge of the bay. In the background is the Steamship Wharf, with its whitewashed board-and-batten sheds, and the steamer with two funnels and

three masts could only be the famous *Santa Rosa*. The barkentine to the left and the schooner to the right are, unfortunately, unidentified.

There were, at the time, other bath-houses; down around the foot of E Street, George E. P. Hunt had a boat-works, with a bath-house as a sideline. When Heerandner retired in the late Eighties, his place became the Model Bath. John Kyle shows up as proprietor of the Star Swimming Bath at the foot of Fifth in 1895, and of Kyle's Bath House — famous for many years — two years later. By the turn of the century Los Banos was located at the foot of D Street (Broadway) where the big power station is now. Diagonally across the tracks was the San Diego Bath house, for in those days Pacific Highway, then known as Atlantic Street, was right on the edge of the bay. Further north, at about the foot of Date, was Riecken's Wharf (habitually mis-pronounced "Regan's") with its accompanying corral of laths driven into the mud, so that you could walk around without having sting-ray problems. Among the less affluent it was more popular than the 25-cent Los Banos, and the word among the small-fry was "Chee! If ya take ya own towel, swimmin' at Regan's is only a dime!"

The illustration produced herewith came purely by luck. It is from a full page of San Diego scenes printed in the New York *Daily Graphic* for Dec. 12, 1885, and it turned up recently in San Francisco, where it was rescued and sent to us by Karl Kortum, director of the San Francisco Maritime Museum.

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VICTORY ON SOUTH STREET

New York's ambitious plans for re-creating a century-old seaport were given a boost recently when, by a vote of 19-0, city officials upheld South Street as an historical asset, and prevented the demolition of famous old buildings by developers.

Not only will Schermerhorn Row be saved, but they have acquired the former British sailing-ship *Wavertree* for restoration. A huge ship for a three-master, the *Wavertree* registered 2,118 tons and is 279 feet long, and why they didn't make a four-masted bark out of her is not clear. She was badly damaged on her last Cape Horn passage in 1910; she put in at Port Stanley, and then became a storage-hulk at Punta Arenas.

WELCOME ABOARD!

Since the last issue of *Mains'l Haul*, our "crew" has been increased by the following:

Mr. Robert K. Cleator	Miss M. Eileen McAfee
Maj. Chas. E. DuBois, USAF (Ret.)	Lt. E. K. Pulsifer, USN
Mr. Don K. Elder	Dr. Richard H. Redding
Mr. Earl Elliott	Miss Donna Regan
Mr. Alvy Haas	Mr. Claus O. Sildorf
Comdr. Howard A. Hill, USN	Mr. Thomas G. Skahill
Mr. Joseph E. Jessop, Jr.	Rear Adm. R. T. Strong, USNR (Ret.)
Mrs. O. L. Kinsey, Sr.	Mr. Robert Sullivan
	Mr. Robert E. Tan
	Mr. Gene Trepte

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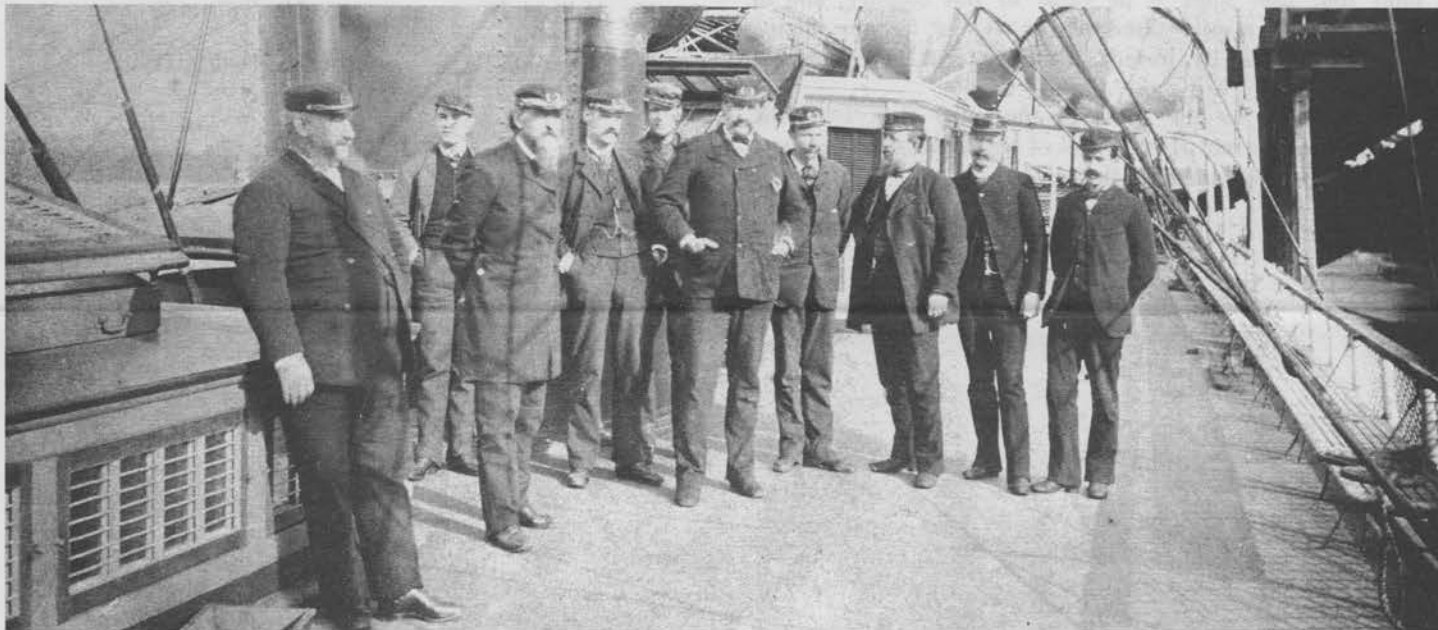
MAINS'L HAUL



VOL. 5

JUNE, 1969

NO. 4



Standing between the funnel and the engineroom skylight, here are the officers of the old passenger-liner *Geo. W. Elder*, which served San Diego in the 1880's and again in 1915. Unfortunately, only the Freight Clerk (far right) is identified.

—HISTORICAL COLLECTION, TITLE INSURANCE & TRUST CO.

A FINE-LOOKING BODY OF MEN!

She was one of those long, skinny little iron steamers which were much in vogue in Victorian times, was the *Geo. W. Elder*, being 250 feet long and only 38 feet wide, but she didn't roll too badly, and the food, if plain, was plentiful. Moreover, San Diego's less affluent passengers appreciated the low fares, and she had a lot of faithful followers.

They built her at Chester, Pa., in 1874 and she set off, via the Straits of Magellan, to enter the coastal passenger service of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Co., between San Francisco and the Columbia. Steamers changed ownership rather frequently in those days, so by 1885 we find her running regularly between San Diego and San Francisco, under the colors of the Pacific Coast Steamship Co., along with the *City of*

Puebla and *Queen of the Pacific*, and the ageing wooden side-wheelers *Orizaba* and *Ancon*. The collapse of the great land-boom of the late 1880's brought a reduction in the need for passenger ships to and from San Diego particularly to — and she disappeared from the local scene.

Then came the 1915 Exposition and our old friend was back. Now she was operated by the North Pacific Steamship Co. as a rival to her former owners, and in the ensuing rate-war there was a time when you could get to San Francisco in the *Elder* or her lone fleet-mate, the *Roanoke*, for a mere \$10, berth and meals included.

The photo reproduced above was taken about 1885 and is tantalizing, for only one of her officers is identified; the dapper little man at the far right is Freight Clerk Sim Johnson, who first came to San Diego as a deck-boy in his father's ship, the barkentine *Modoc*. Later he was, for many years, the local agent for the Pacific Coast Steamship Co., and at one time was a City Councilman. From his gold-braided cap and frock coat, the man third from left obviously is the Captain. The chap at the far left, with the weight-control problem, must be her tobacco-chewing Chief Engineer, note that he keeps close to that homely bit of deck-furniture, the wooden sand-box.

The *Geo. W. Elder* was sold to the Mexican American Fruit Co. in 1918 and is said to have been wrecked in Puget Sound two years later. Can any of our readers give the details or help identifying the men in the photo?

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IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY

Robert W. Cleator, recently elected to our Board of Directors, has more than ordinary interest in the *Star of India*; his grandfather helped to build her.

The grandfather, also named Robert Cleator, was born in the Isle of Man May 1, 1849, and in 1863 was an apprentice shipwright with Gibson, McDonald & Arnold at Ramsey, I.O.M., while they were building her — under her original name of *Euterpe*. After the yard shut down — they only built four iron ships — he came to this country, and in 1879 became a naturalized citizen at the famous mining town of Virginia City, Nevada. He died in San Diego April 22, 1922.

In addition to the *Euterpe*, the same firm built the *Eurydice*, *Erato* and *Ramsey*, all of about the same tonnage, but varying considerably in design.

WELCOME ABOARD!

Since the last issue of *Mains'l Haul*, our "Crew List" has grown by the addition of the following members:

Mr. Eugene W. Boehme

Mr. Fred A. Peck

Mrs. Carol Sandviken

Mr. Jerome B. Pendleton

Mr. Gaylord Chitwood

Mr. Richard Raming

Mr. Al Frost Jr.

Mr. William Scherer

Mrs. Anita Martin

Mr. Paul E. Osolin

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