During the San Francisco Festival of Sail from July 25th to the 27th, the museum's tops'l schooner Californian experienced a series of equipment failures that culminated in the destruction of the jibboom.

The onset of problems began with the stays'1 outhaul. According to Paul Kay, the stays'1 outhaul had been swapped out for a lighter line on the 25th. Under the high winds of San Francisco Bay, the stress on the new outhaul, very quickly, caused two-thirds of the stands on the outhaul to snap, sending (Continued on Page 2)

"In issuing this number of our bantling to the Euterpe public, we assure our friends that our pages will ever be open to open and fair criticism whether of ourselves, our friends or of those few who do not come within the latter category." - Stead Ellis, 1879
As final preparations continue for *HMS Surprise*'s northward sail, Peter Durdaller released the assigned crew for her 5 day cruise to Los Angeles and back.

Congratulations to the following personnel for being both available, qualified and hard earned efforts.

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**Jibboom (cont)**

Museum sail crew engage in untangling the jibboom from the netting prior to setting about on repairs.

fragments as far aft as the brace bench. The frayedouthaul began to erode and batter the stays’l boom. It was then observed that the aft end of the boom had begun to mushroom.

By the 26th, the outhaul was again swapped out, but the problems continued. The boom continued to mushroom, although the new outhaul seemed sufficient for the time being. First mate, Bob Nelson, using a section of fire hose and hose clamps, fashioned a clamp to the end of the jibboom.

By the 27th, it was thought that the stays’l problem had been stabilized. During a gun battle with her longtime foe, the *Lynx*, with strong winds, Captain McGohey ordered the tops’l furled. Without warning, the metal collar on the martingale parted due to a weld defect. The port cat whisker bent upwards to a 90 degree angle. With the shifting pressures on the rigging, stays, etc. the jibboom gave way.

(Continued on Page 4)

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**Surprise finds a crew**

Additional damage is seen here on the aft end of the stays’l boom.

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**Mainmast Captain Scott Goldman assists in rigging repaired blocks aboard *HMS Surprise*.**

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Welton, Chris - Captain
Herndon, Scott – Senior Deck Hand
Slate, John – Senior Deck Hand
Black, Fiona
Carlson, Jim
Carrano, Carl
Cochard, Steven
Davis, Lauren
Eberhardt, David
Flores, Hector
Garmon, Mike
Goldman, Scott
Harrison, Clive
Haws, Christine
Holderman, Brad
Johnson, Barry
Kay, Aimee
Keoughan, Joe
Kinnane, Adrian
Lindsay, Ron
MacSavenny, Tom
McClure, John
Nadal, Graham
Pack, Chris
Richards, David
Robertson, Charlie
Schafer, Darla
Sinclair, Holly
Tilton, Roger
Williams, Stan

Burger, Frederick
Carothers, Gregory
Clark, David
Creighton, Bert
Deegan, Angela
Fiedler, Paul
Gaida, Elinor
Gay, Gene
Harrison, Clifford
Hatay, Mark
Hermanns, Linda
Innes, Rod
Kalthoff, Ken
Kay, Paul
Kerley, John
Knapp, Steven
Litzau, David
Massey, Tom
Morrison, Ann
Osborn, Dale
Radwanski, Joe
Richardson, Brian
Saponara, David
Sharp, Pete
Stevens, Robert
Wermuth, Paul
July 27th, this editor finally found himself as that last idle hand that got the dirty job. Like many other crewmembers, I found myself in the work punt, deciphering the best way to scrap algae from the waterline of the Foxtrot submarine. This is compounded with the other crewman in the boat, for me it was Adrian Kinnane, figuring out the same problem in a somewhat different way.

With a “Scrape, scrape, scrape,” one realizes that they had just pushed oneself away from the submarine. Time to reel the punt back to the submarine. “Scrape, scrape, scrape,” “reel, reel, reel,” over and over again in the July summer heat, with a life vest in a tarred down work punt.

In discussing the work on the submarine casually with Dr. Ashley, the maintenance on the submarine represents one major benefit to the future of the museum and the crew’s skill set. The Foxtrot represents, in some way, “practice” for the arrival and permanent display of the U.S.S. Dolphin.

Idle chat revealed another glorious task recently of the maintenance crew, the finishing work on “Big Blue.” The museum’s new barge is hardly that. Exposed to the elements for many years, perhaps decades, the accumulation of avifauna debris on its surface left a thick layer of feather, guano, dust and gravel. To prep the exposed “deck,” crewmen labored to shovel the material off. As Bert Creighton said, “I smelled like guano for two days, I couldn’t wash it out.”

Knowing the museum has been featured on two occasions on Discovery Channel’s Dirty Jobs, again I found myself asking, “Where’s Mike Rowe when you need him?”

The museum volunteer is just that, the mule’s back that enables the museum to thrive. Its not all going aloft and sailing. From moving exhibit cases to shoveling guano, there’s plenty of dirty jobs to go around.

**Sutherland’s Law**

The job’s not done until the tools are returned.
Demolition begins on Star of India’s Fo’c’sle Head

To CALK, or CAULK, (calfater, probably from calage, Fr. hemp,) to drive a quantity of oakum, or old ropes untwisted and pulled asunder, into the seams of the planks, in the ship’s decks or sides, in order to prevent the entrance of water. After the oakum is driven very hard into these seams, it is covered with hot melted pitch or rosin, to keep it from rotting.

CALKERS, (calfats, Fr.) are first mentioned in the reign of Charles the First, as employed and victualled, as occasion required, in our dock-yards.

CALKING IRONS, (fers a calfat,Fr.) are iron chisels for that purpose. Some of these irons are broad, some round, and others grooved.

Jibboom (cont)

Heads’ls dipped towards the water, idle hands were called forward, as Bob Nelson managed to nursemaid the jibboom into the netting.

According to a crewman aboard the Lynx, “it was like, Damn! We shot the jibboom away!”

Ann Morrison comments that “the passengers were great” in their reception to the circumstances.

With tourists, sightseers and passengers looking on, Californian limped back to the dock where the crew began untangling the rigging. The museum was notified and by morning, Jim Davis, David Burgess and Paul Dempster had arrived to assist in repairs.

Via museum contacts, quick arrangements were made for a new jibboom. The same group working on the restoration of the C.A. Thayer, hurriedly had a new jibboom in place on Californian.

With a new jibboom, the stays’l boom has been removed for the remainder of the sail festivals. The stays’l now flies in a more traditional loose-footed rig, but the crew has quickly realized the increased safety risks involved.

As the drama of the days came to an end, the rare occasion of a verbal “pat on the back” by Captain Chuck McGohey was well received by the crew. There wasn’t any panic, only the cool heads and professionalism instilled by the museum.

As more information comes in, the crew returns and the business of the sail festivals comes to a close, it is hoped a more detailed account of the drama will be told.

July saw the initial stage and start up of the fo’c’sle head demolition and restoration aboard Star of India. Crew set about removing the handrails and removing deck planks along the starboard side. The exposed portions of the deck allowed crew and visitors to learn a bit more about the bark’s anatomy, and to the knowing eye, the condition of the deck planks.

With Festival of Sail due within just a few weeks, other ship crews along with tens of thousands of visitors will be able to see first hand the process and continuing results of the maintenance crew’s ability to maintain the Star of India.

Work will continue through the summer, including the Festival of Sail in August, continuing through the fall until completion.
“Never was there a finer launch…”

*C.W. Lawrence* is launched.

Gold was barely a murmur on the East Coast of the United States in 1848. The previous five years in the United States saw a flowering of international affairs in a country still less that a century old.

In 1844, Caleb Cushing, the first American commissioner to China, was able to enact the Treaty of Wang Hya. This treaty opened trading ports in China to the young United States, ports originally enjoyed exclusively by Great Britain. With the end of the Mexican-American war, and the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo on February 2nd, 1848, the U.S. now possessed the new territories of California, Nevada, Utah along with portions of Arizona, New Mexico and Wyoming. San Francisco became a major port for the burgeoning China trade and the launching point for trade ships that would eventually evolve into the famous clipper.

Perhaps the birth certificate of the C.W. Lawrence, this invitation is the prologue to the Lawrence’s short, excited, ill-fated life.

Cutters of the U.S. revenue Service had been used extensively in the Mexican-American War. By 1848, the service was in desperate need of a new class of cutter to replace the previous generation. The next class of cutter built was known as the *Campbell* class, clipper built for speed. The *C.W. Lawrence* is typically accepted as a *Campbell* class cutter, although she was brig rigged and was laid down prior to the *Campbell*. The tops'l schooner *Campbell*, later renamed the *Joe Lane*, was completed in May of 1849.

Initial newspaper accounts suggest that the *Lawrence* was originally assigned to duty in the Oregon region as well as additional Pacific Coast ports. However, by the fall, the accounts of gold in California and the population rush into the region of San Francisco, would redirect her there as her assigned port.

William Easby’s shipyard is seen here located between Mason’s Island and the Observatory in this map from 1851.
C.W. Lawrence (cont)

She was constructed at the shipyards of William Easby, commonly known as Foggy Bottom. Foggy Bottom had been developed in 1830. Describing the yard, Wilhelmine Easby-Smith recounts, "On square south of 12 the ship lofts were erected and afterwards the wharves. At first and until after the residence was completed, he and his young sons, Horatio and John, boarded with a family at the "Stone House," only returning to their home near the Navy Yard for weekends. On square south of 12 was the furnace where the timbers were steamed (I suppose to make them pliable), and later the ice house was built there. This building is still standing. On this lot some years later, in connection with the blacksmith shop, the sheet-iron buoys for the Government were constructed." In 1841, Easby constructed the revenue cutter Forward.

As her inaugural Captain, Alexander V. Fraser would see the Lawrence round the Horn and the opening salvos to the epic settlement of California.

As Delgado notes, the Lawrence was probably laid down in late 1847 or early 1848, "the first mention of the ship appears in Revenue Marine correspondence in December of 1847 when Messrs. Kirby and Whittington, sailmakers in Baltimore, were ordered to make sails, Awning, Bags, Hammocks, Hammock cloths, Tarpaulins &c for the new revenue brig...have them ready for shipment to this City on or before the first day of May next."

By August, she was ready. Clipper-built, the Lawrence's hull was 96 1/2 feet in length, 24 feet abeam at 144 tons. Built of white and live oak, yellow pine, cedar, locust, and mahogany being copper fastened and sheathed, she supported two raking masts.

As her Captain, she had been assigned Captain Alexander V. Fraser. Fraser was a long standing veteran of the service and had been pivotal and critical of the implementation of steam in the revenue service.

The Launch

A large assembly of ladies and gentlemen, officers of the Government, citizens of Washington, and strangers was collected yesterday about 12 o'clock to witness the launch of the tidy and beautiful revenue cutter, which had been built for the Treasury Department at Capt. Easby's yard, back of the Observatory. But the brig, impatient to join the element for which she was destined, was very near giving them all the slip. Scarcely had some of her blocks been knocked away, when she began, at first imperceptibly, to slide down her slippery ways, and Capt. Fraser and his lady, to whom was assigned the honor of christening the vessel, could scarcely, with all his exertion, find time to leap upon her deck before she plunged into the bosom of the Potomac. Never was there a finer launch - although it took place more than half an hour before it was intended; and hundreds were consequently disappointed in seeing the beautiful spectacle. She was launched with all her masts and rigging on board, and with colors flying from every elevated point of the vessel. She was christened in the usual way, with a bottle of wine broken over her bow, by the name of Cornelius W. Lawrence, in honor of the respected collector of the customs of New York.

This handsome specimen of the naval architecture of Washington is intended as a revenue cutter for the coast of the Pacific, whither she may be expected to sail in the month of October. She will be commanded by that experienced commander, Capt. Fraser; and we have no apprehension that under his auspices she will double Cape Horn without danger, and successfully assist in collecting the customs of the new and admirable ports which we have acquired on the coasts of the Pacific.

Everything went off well; and, among the rest, the abundant and elegant collation which was spread in the loft of one of the houses of the yard. The board groaned with everything substantial, and the wine in every variety flowed like water. - Union.

A large number of ladies as well as gentlemen partook of the elegant ediation, and good humor and enjoyment graced the scene throughout. Many sentiments were given, and several brief addresses were called out, expressive of the warmest wishes for the prosperity and happiness of Capt. Fraser in the
new and distant post of duty to which he is about to repair, and for his estimable wife, who was present, and who, with her family, is to join her worthy husband in California. To these kind sentiments Capt. F. responded in an appropriate and feeling manner, and returned his hearty good wishes for the prosperity of Washington and its esteemed inhabitants.“

By the time the *C.W. Lawrence* was painted, fitted out and readied for departure by November of 1848, the situations on the Pacific Coast had altered dramatically. Gold fever was now in high pitch, San Francisco as its central hub. While in route to her duty station, James Collier, newly appointed customs collector of the district will depart in April of 1849 with a party of dragoons on an overland trek to San Francisco.

By the time *Lawrence* arrives in the fall of 1849, the bay of San Francisco and the city itself will have been overwhelmed by the pursuit of wealth and its ever present companion, failure. Smuggling, desertion, revenue, taxes, crime violence and fire mire the city. In the *C.W. Lawrence*, the Pacific Coast now had its beat cop.

~ Brad Holderman – MMSD volunteer crew

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Plans of the revenue cutter *Joe Lane*, ex-*Campbell* illustrate the lines of the *C. W. Lawrence* and the Campbell class of cutters in addition to the tops'l rig adopted for the *Californian*.

REFERENCES


Delgado, James P. "In the Midst of Great Excitement: The Argosy of the Revenue Cutter C.W. Lawrence."


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The work of getting the ships of the salmon fleet off to sea is proceeding rapidly and yesterday six of the Alaska Packers’ Association’s vessels cleared for Bristol Bay. The ship *Tacoma* got away late on Thursday. Those that cleared yesterday and will sail today and Sunday were: The bark *Euterpe* and the ships *Bohemia, Star of France, Star of Italy, Standard* and *Orient*.

~ San Francisco Call – April 14th, 1906 ~
Ships of the APA
Part 13 – The Star of Italy

The platform above alluded to was erected immediately underneath the bow of the new ship. At half past eleven o'clock the bell sounded, work was suspended, and the men crowded all the points of vantage from which the platform was to be seen. Nor were they silent spectators, for with that energy, good-will, and hearty loyalty which so conspicuously characterize the island men, they made the air resonant with their cheers...Shortly after ascending the platform, the blocks were removed, and the vessel began to glide into her native element. On her doing so her Grace, most affably taking the old-fashioned and orthodox bottle of champagne, broke it with right good will against the sides of the departing ship, and named her the "Star of Italy." The crowning act in the imatory career of the noble vessel was hailed with repeated cheers. The launch was most successful, the Star descending into the water with the utmost steadiness and gracefulness of motion.

For 20 years, Star of Italy plied the routes to the east, primarily engaged in the jute trade. Under the command of Captain W.J.M. Shaw, she didn't set astounding records of speed, but still was respected for her quick turnarounds. By July of 1880, reports of her summer voyage to Calcutta were reporting a severe and trying voyage. Arriving on June 28th, she reported:

Experienced exceedingly tempestuous weather at times during the outward passage, but more especially about lat. 30 S. and long. 27.28 E., where during a heavy gale the vessel was struck and nearly swamped by a tremendous sea, which breaking on board washed away the quarter deck boats with their skids, the platform and bridge, and tilled the space under the break of the poop, forced up the front part of the poop deck, forced the deck in the vicinity of the after hatch downwards, nine of the main deck beams and their stanchions having either been broken or seriously bent by the force and weight of the water.

In 1887, she took on a new Captain, Michael Cotter. Occasionally, she was chartered for additional loads to various ports. In August of 1892, she set course for San Diego and the Pacific Coast. Capt. Cotter died before the ship arrived at San Diego on August 21st. Her first mate saw her through the remainder of her voyage, which included Los Angeles and Tacoma, Washington. By February of the following year she was back home in London. By August of 1897, she set sail for San Francisco on a voyage that would end her life as an eastern trader and a British ship. After her arrival in 1898, she was sold to J.J. Moore of San Francisco for 6,550 pounds, acquiring a temporary Chilean registry. By September, she was docked in Hawaii. On September 30th, the Star of Italy became the object of a court case that would affect the maritime industry in Pacific Waters. An application by Lincoln Spencer for Hawaiian registry had been denied, and the subsequent lawsuit made the Star of Italy
Star of Italy (cont)

a major player. By November, the refusal had been overruled by the Supreme court and Star of Italy, now on the Pacific Coast, was a Hawaiian registered ship.

It was a short lived existence as a Hawaiian ship. Along with the Star of Bengal, in June of 1900, Congress passed an act granting American registry to the two ships. In the opening years of the 20th century, Star of Italy was active in the lumber trade between San Francisco, Honolulu and Newcastle, Australia. In 1901, she and other hundreds of ships were interrupted by a longshoremen strike.

In May of 1902, Star of Italy set sail for the first time to Bristol Bay in the salmon packing trade. Her departure and its instant in the papers illustrates quite well, the racial and contractual tensions existing in the trade at the time:

The farewell exercise, which made Fremont-street wharf hideous on Tuesday afternoon, were continued on board the vessel after she pulled into the stream and Captain Webster and his officers were kept busy through the night, quelling incipient riots and patching up broken heads. A number of the passengers tried to leave the ship yesterday morning, but were prevented by Captain Webster, who managed to persuade them that the contract they had signed with the packing company was a tie of binding qualities.

The Star of Italy.

Now a regular part of the Alaska salmon trade, the Star of Italy was purchased by the Alaska Packers’ Association in December of 1905. By April of 1906, she departed with the Star of France and Euterpe for Bristol Bay. By now, the APA had several ships beginning with “Star of...” The APA had the notion to rename the rest of their ships with the same surname. By the time they returned that year, the Euterpe had become the Star of India.

Star of Italy would continue in the salmon trade until 1927, when she and many of the other sailing ships of the APA were put out of service. In that year, she was sold to Darling-Singer Shipping and Lighterage Company, being reduced to a hulk. The last known mention of her was in 1935, still as a hulk in Buenaventura, Columbia, where she fades into history. Her fate remains unknown.

Sammy Ofer helps another Greenwich landmark

Courtesy of The Cutty Sark Conservation Project

Tuesday, 24 June 08

The Cutty Sark Trust is delighted to announce that Mr Sammy Ofer, the shipping magnate and philanthropist, has stepped forward with a gift of £3.3 million to secure the future of the world’s most famous sailing ship.

The Cutty Sark, an international icon of the sea, famed for its speed, quality of build, reliability of performance and unparalleled design was already undergoing a major conservation programme before the terrible fire one year ago. Mr Ofer recently gave £20 million to the National Maritime Museum for the creation of a major new wing. His splendid donation closes the Trust’s funding gap, following the Heritage Lottery Fund’s exceptional £10 million grant increase awarded in January, taking their contribution to a total of £23 million and will now allow the programme to proceed.

The Trust’s CEO Richard Doughty said:

“We would like to express our deepest gratitude to Sammy Ofer for his extraordinary donation. His commitment and personal generosity aptly reflect the reputation he has earned for leadership and commercial enterprise within the international maritime trading community and now in preserving our maritime heritage.”

Lord Sterling, Chairman of the National Maritime Museum, a great personal friend of Mr Ofer, was the catalyst in securing this most generous gift. He said:

“Mr Sammy Ofer’s further splendid commitment to Greenwich is most timely. Cutty Sark is a piece of history that quite simply cannot be remade. I am delighted that his commitment will ensure the ship is given the future she deserves, here at the very heart of Maritime Greenwich, the UNESCO World Heritage Site.”

Carole Souter, Chief Executive of the Heritage Lottery Fund, said:

"This is exactly the news we've all been waiting for! The Heritage Lottery Fund has been a long-term supporter of the Cutty Sark Trust and we had been hoping that another funder would also step forward to help them. Private philanthropy is incredibly important when it comes to protecting the UK's heritage - in partnership with Lottery funding and government support - and we applaud Mr Ofer's generosity which now means that the Trust can go ahead and realise their vision for one of the UK's best-loved historic ships."

Andy Burnham, Secretary of State for Culture, Media and Sport, commented:
"Mr Ofer’s donation of £3.3 million towards the conservation of the Cutty Sark is both extremely generous and enormously appreciated. The Heritage Lottery Fund has given more than £23 million towards the repair bill, and £8 million in donations have already been received, Mr Ofer's philanthropic contribution will help ensure the complete conservation of this iconic vessel and beacon of our maritime heritage for generations to come."

Cllr. Chris Roberts, leader of Greenwich Council, commented:

“This is great news for the Trust and for Greenwich. All of the borough and our millions of visitors are keenly awaiting the re-opening of Cutty Sark, and the Council is working hard at this very moment to secure funds for the regeneration of Cutty Sark Gardens, to give the ship the setting she deserves.”

Richard Hamilton, Chairman of the Cutty Sark Trust said:

“This is truly an inspirational gift. By helping to complete the project, the benefit of Mr Ofer’s generosity will be realised by millions of visitors and the local community over the decades to come.”

When the project is completed in March 2010, Cutty Sark will ‘float’ once more, suspended three metres above the bottom of her dry berth. This space will become a magnificent gallery and will also give visitors a unique opportunity to see the wonderful shape of the ship’s hull. During the day the space will be a focus for learning and at night it will take on a truly enchanted atmosphere, making it a unique venue for all manner of community events and functions. In addition the gallery will be rededicated as a memorial to the men of the Merchant Service, both those lost during the great days of sail and during the two world wars.

The Trust intends to recognise Sammy Ofer’s significant gift by naming the gallery created underneath the ship in his honour. It is intended that this space will be called ‘The Sammy Ofer Gallery’.

My father was a Merchant Marine and worked on the "Great White Steamer" every summer. What a treat for us children, because this meant frequent trips to the island every summer. Such excitement would run through our bones, from boarding the ship, getting a seat on the top deck, hearing her horn blow, as we left the pier. Year after year we sailed on her and never got bored. (I believe this is what got me hooked on cruising) I remember Cappy the Clown, the Mariachis greeting the ship as she pulled into Avalon, the coin divers at the pier, the bird park, the glass bottom boat and the "flying fish". We got to know that island like the back of our hands. My father had friends that lived on the island, so we were allowed to travel to parts of the island that was off limits to visitors. And I loved the return trips back to Wilmington on the ship. We would go down to where the band was playing and join in with the dancing. With the ship rolling and trying to dance, it was a blast!

The SS Catalina was such a big part of my life as I was growing up. She was part of our family along with the crew who sailed her. My Father would also paint her inside and out during her off season. (He also worked as an Contractor Painter when he wasn't sailing) I will truly miss her, but my memories will be with me forever.

~ Roberta Jackson Grajeda

A conceptual view of the Museum’s future. The North side will represent the mechanical propulsion craft and its history.
A Few More Knots –
Robands on Stays’ls with Iron Hanks

Robands (from “rope bands”) are lengths of marline or seine twine used for bending on sail. On staysails, they attach the luff of the sail to the hanks that run on the stay. At MMSD, robands are usually made from one fathom of #60 tarred seine twine, cut with a hot knife to keep the ends from fraying.

The method for making off staysail robands to the iron hanks on Star of India and Californian is explained on some excellent practice boards that were built by MMSD crew members John McVey and Mike Fitzsimons. The text below and figures 1 to 7 are from those boards. The explanation on the practice boards refers to a two-pass marline splice through the sail grommet; figures 8 to 10 show how to make one.

For access to the practice boards, see Bosun George Sutherland. Use the practice boards to learn how to bend on sail before you lay aloft!

Tying Robands for Staysails

John McVey and Mike Fitzsimons

Start with roband fastened to the sail grommet with a two-pass marline splice. Equal lengths of line should extend beyond the marline splice. Each length passes through each hank eye from bottom to top (Fig. #1), passes through the grommet (Fig. #2), passes through the opposite hank eyes from top to bottom (Fig. #3), passes back through the grommet, passes through the first hank eyes from bottom to top, and finishes back through the grommet (Fig. #4). These are the wrapping turns.

Each length winds around the wrapping turns in the opposite direction (Fig. #5), crossing each other on each pass. These are the frapping turns. Each frapping turn lies next to the previous one, working from the grommet toward the hank. When there is approximately 4” of line left, the roband is finished with a tautly tied square knot (Fig. #6). Tuck loose ends into the area between the wrapping turns and the hank.

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NOTE: This is optional material. It is not on the list of basic knots that Maritime Museum sailors are required to know. Before you spend any time learning this knot, make sure that you are completely confident of your ability to tie the required basic knots, which include the bowline, figure eight knot, square knot, clove hitch, two half hitches and stopper hitch. First things first!

David S. Clark – MMSD volunteer crew
Recollections of the Rose

In 1998, I returned from a one-week trip on the "HMS" Rose, a square rigged training ship which is a 500 ton replica of a 1750's 24 gun Royal Navy Frigate which terrorized the US East coast during our slight unpleasantness with the "Mother Country." As you might also know, I participate in an Internet group centered vaguely around the works of the author Patrick O'Brian, who writes so beautifully about the Napoleonic War, the Revolutionary War eras and the Royal Navy that many people re-read the 18 books published thus far, and are eagerly awaiting the 19th. I have listened to the collection twice on audiotape, and discover something new each time. The narrator of the audiotapes, Patrick Tull, recently organized a mainly Patrick O'Brian group trip on the tall ship "HMS" Rose, a two-week affair going from New York city to Bermuda and thence to Savannah, Ga. I couldn't make the Bermuda trip, but did sign up for the next one, billed as a Tall Ships Race, from Savannah to Glen Cove, on Long Island Sound, where to my great surprise we were an integral part of a huge festival and special gathering of Tall Ships. Upon the completion of that trip I wrote the following. It is probably the first in what will be a series of my impressions of that voyage. It is posted primarily for my fellow Patrick O'Brian fans (we call ourselves Listswains, or "Lissuns" for short,) and there will undoubtedly be some allusions or such which will make no sense to you. I have neither the time nor the talent to try to write two versions, so you'll just have to wade through this one if you are interested. I certainly don't want to inflict anyone with this if they are not interested, and if you feel that your time could be more profitably spent sorting your socks, washing the car or just smelling the roses I understand.

13 Jul 1998

It is now 0600 on Monday, the 13th day of July in the year 1998. I am up very late, or am I up very early? My watch for the past week has ended at 0400, and I was usually fast asleep by 0420 or so, as 3hrs+ of uninterrupted sleep was about all a “Hell Watch” member could hope for if he/she also wanted breakfast before starting in on Bosun’s chores at 0830 and then going back on watch at 1200. I dressed an hour ago in absolutely, totally, unquestionably clean clothes after a shower of sinful length. But the clothing was strange- jockies, undershirt, dress shirt, tie, trousers (long pants, for all love!) Then socks, shoes of an odd hue, cut and color. A strangely cut coat. I still felt naked and incomplete. Where was my rigging knife? How could I get thru the next watch without my Leatherman on my belt (more on Leatherman envy and who has one that is longer in a later post.) My God! I couldn’t find my
drinking mug and it had been last washed only a day and a half ago. Without it I wouldn’t be able to tell which meal was which. T’was a simple rule -- If it was lemonade flavored coffee it had to be breakfast, whereas it was coffee flavored lemonade it was usually lunch. On that wonderful morning when it was beer flavored coffee it somehow made the memory of the dockside pubs a bit more vivid. Driving into the office at speeds of 30 and 35MPH a few minutes ago seemed tame and dull when just two days ago I was hurtling down Long Island Sound at the wheel of a Frigate at an exhilarating 9 knots or so, under all sorts of sail -- square, triangular and trapezoidal. I cannot remember when I had last gone so fast. It was all I could do to restrain from screaming out from the sheer joy of it, but under the watchful eye of the captain, the mate of the watch, my own AB mentor and hundreds of curious boaters, sail and motor alike (all edging dangerously close to get a better look at that intrepid helmsman) I dared not. Instead, I made it look like an everyday, normal affair. For 90+ glorious seconds I even managed to get the rudder, the sails, the keel, the strong wind and my ego all in proper (nay, perfect!) balance, and took my hands off the wheel and let all 500 tons of that magnificent, glorious, backbreaking 18th century technology continue proudly ahead in such a straight line that Jack Aubrey would have turned to Stephen and said “Yes, she is surely good on a bowline, better than any ship I know!” (You can bet, however, that I was certainly ready to get my hands back on that wheel in a split nanosecond had the Captain turned around. As it was, my permanent crew mentor saw what I was doing, gave a big wink, gave a thumbs-up sign, and said not a word.) I have already performed triage on the pile of email that awaited me and I have listened to the telephone messages left despite my warning that I wouldn’t be able to respond for various reasons until today. (Query? Should I call them back right now at 0600? After all, I am awake, alert and there is not a moment to be lost. On the other hand, I would probably just get their machines or voice mail.) I am about to peek -- just peek, mind you -- at the Gunroom and Searoom traffic which managed to go zipping about without me for the past week. I shall resist temptation to weigh right in, and shall instead just look for Emails concerning clients and business and other mundane matters. Perhaps tonight when I am off watch I shall make sure they are arranged in proper chronological order (in this the computer is usually - only usually mind you - better than wonderful, beautiful, but illogical Sophia) find my bit of personal, private space on deck, and read them. I did call the skipper who is desperate for crew for a long distance race which starts Saturday, and told him that with luck I might be able to make it. After all, I can hand, reef, splice and steer and thinking of not just one but many high speed, powerful winches instead of 4 Ibuprofen and/or Tylenol for dessert is almost equivalent to contemplating prize money. It will be strange, however, to be on just 30 feet of plastic.

I have so many thoughts about this past week they overpower the mind. I am going to try to sort them out and put them in some logical, readable order, but that certainly shall not be done today. My guess is that I will be making a series of posts to both the Gunroom and Searoom-L, and thereby committing what is a bit of the sin of double posting. (I found out that many friends frequent only one or the other, and I am incapable of trying to find two different ways of saying essentially the same thing. It is easy to tell that I am still more the sailor afloat than the lawyer ashore just yet.) I’m not too worried about the penance I might have to pay for said sin, as one of the things I did while aboard the Rose was tattoo the Catholic priest! Surely he will at least remember me in his prayers, and ask a small dispensation for “Young Jack Donohue.” After Warren and John of the Other Watch I was undoubtedly the most senior in age amongst trainees and crew, and like many another sailor probably bored the younkers with tales of perfect grandchildren, etc. Like many voyages whether by ox-cart, camel, airplane or ship, it is the happy return which makes them so special. It would be impossible to do proper justice to the sensations of ending that magical trip on the Rose, but let me give just a hint. I experienced the sailor’s dream. I was greeted in the flesh by the List Greeter Himself, met at dockside by Two Amiable Sluts, spent the night with them, and then flew home to a loving wife and children.

God—it was perfect.

Thus far this morning I have managed to forget my wallet, lock myself out of the house, struggle to remember the procedure for taking the top do of the car, and found myself thinking I was the overtaking vessel on McCormick Boulevard. I damn near got killed when I knew I had the right of way over a converging Buick. I am awash in a sea of anachronisms. Last week I was an anachronism asea in a beautiful ocean. It is going to take me awhile to straighten things out -- assuming I really want to.

John Donohue - Evanston, IL - where the water has no salt in it, and the salt pours freely from the shaker. Miraculous!
A preliminary sketch of the proposed renovation of the former *Reuben E. Lee* Restaurant on Harbor Island. This rendering is for illustrative purposes and is subject to change.

more efficient use of its previous space. The new design will include an outdoor area for events, plus bar and banquet facilities that will be located on land next to the barge. The project will also be designed as a LEED (Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design) Certified project.

Local architectural firm Graham Downes Architecture is designing the restaurant, which will be operated by partners David and Lesley Cohn, with chef/partner Deborah Scott.

The project is expected to begin late next year and take about two years to complete. Other aspects of the project include improved public access near the restaurant, as well as improved landscaping, lighting, signage, paving and utilities.

**Reuben E. Lee on Harbor Island to be Renovated**

Courtesy of the San Diego Unified Port District website: http://www.portofsandiego.org/newsletters/chair/2008/06/#a3

The former *Reuben E. Lee* restaurant, a fixture on Harbor Island and the venue for many high school prom dinners and other celebrations, will be given a new life. Sunroad Harbor Island, Inc., a subsidiary of Sunroad Enterprises, presented the Board of Port Commissioners with designs for a $9 million renovation of the floating restaurant, which was constructed in 1969 on top of a barge. The proposed project will completely renovate and remodel the restaurant, resulting in a smaller and
The Museum has offered up for free one of its trusted work horses. Unfortunately, she is currently holed, but is otherwise sound. The Ward Cleveland came to the museum as the original tender for the Californian upon her donation to the museum in 2002.

David Eberhardt sets about polishing the brass aboard the 1904 steam yacht Medea.

With the absence this year of the Star of India from the Maritime Museum’s annual November sail, efforts have been made to put Medea into “her gear,” in order to re-certify her through the Coast Guard.

For a lot of the crew, sailing on the Medea has been one of those last things on one’s “to do” list. With hope, in November, her boilers will be fired up and the entire crew will experience a new aspect of the museum’s fleet.
Thomas Ledward was among the 18 set adrift with Bligh. He suffered extremely during the open boat voyage to Timor, and barely survived.

It was the 10th of June 1789 that Bligh wrote in his log; "People begin to appear very much on the decline. Lawrence Lebogue and the surgeon cannot live a week longer if I do not get relief. An extreme weakness, swell'd legs, hollow and gasty countenances, great propensity to sleep, and an apparent debility of understanding, give me melancholy proofs of an approaching dissolution of some of my people, if I cannot get to land in the course of a few days. This is the 8th day from New Holland and from meeting with weed and gannets I hope to fall in with Timor every hour. The surgeon and Lawrence Lebogue are indeed miserable objects-I issue them a few teaspoonful of wine out of the little I have remaining, which may secure their existence as long as it lasts." Well survive he did. 43 days and 3800 miles later, Ledward and the other 17 remaining loyalist arrived at Coupang [today called Kupang], Timor a Dutch settlement on Timor, on Sunday, June 14, 1789. It was then, about four months later at Batavia, that Ledward and Bligh and the few remaining survivors boarded Dutch East Indies ships for their return back to England. Dr. Ledward was the last to leave as he did not return with the majority of those he had survived the open boat voyage with.

Landing at Tofua, the loyalists attempt taking on water, but are attacked by the native Tofuans.

The Ship was taken from us on the 28of April 89 by our people off one of the Friendly Islands, & we sailed to Timor in one of the Ship’s open Boats, a passage of more than 1200 Leagues, in somewhat more than six weeks. During this time we were constantly wet: had only the weight of a small musket bullet of Biscuit, & a gill of Water twice a day: after a month however we allowed ourselves the same quantity three times a day, because we found the former allowance would never do.

When I arrived at Timor I was so weak, I could not walk, so that had we been at sea two or three days longer I should certainly have perished: & it was full six weeks before I gained any tolerable firmness.

The sad affair happened early in the morning watch: as soon as I was informed fully how the matter stood, I instantly declared I would go with the Captain, let the consequence be what it would, & not stay among Mutineers. As the articulars of what followed to our arrival at this place will be Immediately in the public papers, I shall say nothing further of them at present, but leave them until I shall have the long wished for pleasure of seeing you & my Aunt.

But I have been at great & unavoidable expenses: first at Timor, where I arrived among the Dutch naked, who I must say behaved extremely well to us: & secondly at this place which is extremely dear. I am now at the only Inn, where
strangers are entertained, along with to appear like an outcast or a beggar. When I am paid off for the ship, if I can only clear 50 pounds I shall think myself very well off.

There is one thing I must mention which is of consequence: the Captain denied me, as well as the rest of the Gentlemen who had not Agents, any money unless I would give him my power of Attorney & also my Will, in which I was to bequeath to him all my property: this he called by the name of proper security. This unless I did, I should have got no money, though I shewed him a letter of Credit from my Uncle & offered to give him a Bill of Exchange upon him. In case of my death I hope this matter will be clearly pointed out to my relations.

I hope you & my Aunt have been in good health since I left England, which I hope in God again to see in about seven months: please give my respectful duty to her & believe me to be with the greatest truth.

Your Dutiful Nephew
Tho. Denman Ledward.

After a journey of thousands of miles, Bligh, Ledward and the other loyalists arrive at Timor.

When he did return, he immediately sailed again, on George Vancouver’s ship Discovery from 1791 to 1793 as ships surgeon. Thomas Ledward became gravely ill during this voyage and returned with William Robert Broughton who joined the Chatham the second ship of the expedition of George Vancouver. on 01 January 1791 as commander, who left the voyage at Monterey on 25 November to carry dispatches back to Britain.

Vancouver’s expedition was well outfitted and equipped with the finest scientific instruments available. His crews, totaling approximately 150 men, were handpicked. His flagship, the Discovery, was a sloop of war of some 340 tons, named after the ship on which Vancouver had accompanied Cook on his last voyage of exploration. Lt. William Broughton commanded the Chatham, the second ship in Vancouver’s expedition. Sailing to join the expedition later was the supply ship, Daedalus.

In March 1792, the ships set sail from the Hawaiian Islands, where they had spent the winter. A month later they arrived off the coast of California at 35 degrees north latitude. As the expedition sailed north from Cape Mendacino to Cape Flattery, Vancouver checked latitudes and noted previously unrecorded features of the coastline—but he missed the Columbia River.

For reasons unknown, Archibald Menzies was placed as ‘senior’ surgeon at the Cape of Good Hope, replacing Cranstoun who was sent home at the Cape after suffering a stroke. Dr. George Goodman Hewett, surgeon’s mate of HMS Discovery continued on in lieu of Ledward but became a bitter critic of Vancouver as he felt he should have been made senior surgeon while at the Cape of Good Hope.

Broughton reached London in July 1793. Among his [Broughton] achievements on the voyage was surveying the Broughton Archipelago north of Vancouver Island and the Columbia River. No journal or log for Broughton on the Chatham now exists.

When Thomas Ledward returned to England, he settled in to a quiet life at home, never to be heard from again. It is believed that Thomas Ledward died about 1841 in Uckfield, England between the ages of 75-79. Making him the longest living survivor of the crew of the H.M.A.V. Bounty. He

outlived William Purcell (ships carpenter), who died on 10 Mar 1834 at Haslar Hospital, on the Gosport side of Portsmouth harbour in England. He was the last of the crewmen to sign on board the Bounty and the last of them to die.

And so ended a family history of a father and son serving in His Britannic Majesty’s Royal Navy.

David Townsend © Copyright 2008 COPYRIGHT NOTICE: Information contained in the foregoing message is the property of the originator. Use of the material in publication by any form should conform to copyright “fair use” guidelines, or permission for use must be obtained from the originator.
July 2nd: The ship was nearing Cape Horn in mid-winter with constant demands on the crew and 16 hours of darkness at night. McPhee wrote "A bad storm, on deck 20 hours at one stretch. Took in all sails but making as much as 4 knots.

Rowley was hit by a big sea and wrenched his leg. "There are now three men laid up and it sure makes more work for the rest of us. Shipping big seas, helmsman lashed to the wheel. One sea went clear over the poop deck and galley, smashed the lifeboat then came right back in the cabin door. It caught the mate in the saloon doorway, knocked him to the floor and all but drowned him. I never worked so hard in my life, even in a forest fire."

When the sun rose the next day, all hands saw that the cargo had shifted, giving the ship a dangerous list to port. Any further movement could start a slow capsize. Many ships had been lost this way, with the crew struggling vainly to restow the cargo or dump it overboard.

July 10th: "Double occasion today. First it is my birthday and second, we passed the Horn and were in the Atlantic about noon. Raised the main, mizzen, jigger and inner jib, but the ship heeled so far we had to drop the jigger again."

The deck load continued to slide downhill until it came up against the stanchions and rail, which began to bend under the load. The Captain considered diverting to Montevideo to re-stow.

(The four-masted bark Pamir was the last Cape Horner to undertake a commercial voyage. On September 24, 1957, it was overtaken by hurricane Carrie in the North Atlantic. Before sail could be reduced, a gust forced the ship onto its beam ends. The cargo of bulk grain shifted and held the ship down until it filled through the hatches and sank. Only six of the crew of 86 male and female cadets were rescued. Similarly, in 1984 the Marques and in 1986 the Pride of Baltimore were laid over on their beam ends by squalls, flooded through off-center companionways and lost.)

McPhee and Bitte were getting homesick and wondered how much this mishap would slow them down. Gundersen decided he would rather jettison the deck lumber than risk meeting a German raider further north. (In 1943, the coast of Uruguay did become the site of the Battle of the River Plate, when the German pocket battleship Admiral Graf Von Spee was cornered by three British cruisers.)

While inspecting the lifeboats for storm damage, Bitte found they were rusted through. He soldered sheet metal over the weak spots and plastered them with cement on the inside. Things weren’t getting any easier for the crew.

July 18th: McPhee wrote "All hands on deck at 4AM to take in the jigger. " At 11 AM the wind had torn a two-foot rip along the leech of the inner jib and pulled out five hanks.

"Snowed twice today. Sea tore up the deck load and shifted it some more. Hooked some giant albatrosses with about a 15 foot wingspread. Talked the Greek into staying in the galley for a while longer. He uses a lot of garlic and is the only one who can make the salt pork and beef taste good."

July 22nd: McPhee noted "Snowed all day, heavy wind. On this tack we are heeled to windward and ship a lot more seas, but they might straighten her out. Doing about 8 knots with 2,300 miles to go." Surprisingly, this worked and the deck cargo slid back into the center, where it was re-lashed.

On July 25th the outside world was remembered when Bitte wrote "The news over the radio isn't good with Russia about to lose the Caucasus and Rommel in Egypt. The machinery is going to pieces faster than I can fix it." In case they were surprised by a German submarine or raider, the crew slept in their clothes, kept their valuables in their pockets and prepared emergency food and water supplies. However, as the Tango drew closer to Capetown, the captain worried more about submarines and even ordered the generator shut down. The silent ship sailed on without lights.

For the fourth time, the crew experienced a near-miss when gybing one of the huge sails in a blow. The 50' boom, a solid tree trunk, slammed over and nearly caught some unwary men in the sheets. (This underlines the great virtue of the square rig: the sails were broken into smaller units and their forces were always balanced on each side of the mast.)

After 105 days without sighting land or another ship, McPhee climbed a mast and caught the first sight of Table Mountain and the African continent. Soon after, he spotted a ship approaching them. Was it a friend or foe? The crew held their breath until a plodding Liberty Ship came up astern, then the breeze picked up and the Tango pulled ahead. A tug came out and pulled the last American windjammer into Capetown, South Africa. On its 22nd and last successful voyage around the Horn, the Tango had covered 15,000 miles at an average speed of 6 knots.

Only those who needed medical attention were allowed to go ashore. Bitte managed to send a cable home. No agent arrived to pay off the crew, who were now seething against the officers, the owners and the system in general. They filed a complaint with the U.S. consul charging that the Tango was unseaworthy and that the lifeboats and pumps should be replaced. After nearly 3 months in port, five replacements for sick crew arrived for the 750-mile leg to Durban.

Another American schooner, Star of Scotland, was loaded for a return to the Americas and departed for Brazil with a cargo of coal. The tip of Africa was the great crossroads of shipping, which made it all the more likely to attract German attackers. The Tango's captain took a cautious, circular route, covering 2,000 miles and resulting in a one-month
Archie McPhee was promoted to second mate before the ship set out again on February 9th 1943. Only five of the original, northwest crew remained. On the Tango's last passage there were seven nationalities on board -- a multicultural bunch that recalled the good old days of the age of sail.

On the second day out, smoke and gases began escaping from the hatches. This was the worst nightmare for any sailor on a ship with only primitive motors and pumps--that
Jewish love for those great sailing ships

By Donald H. Harrison

Courtesy of San Diego Jewish World, July 11th 2008

photography as Morris and Stanley Rosenfeld knew—is not simply a matter of waiting for the right shot to come along, and hoping your finger is on the shutter at the time. Rather it is a matter of aggressively seeking that right shot, knowing how a ship will turn, how the sun will play on the sailors faces and on the ship’s sails, and getting into position and being ready well before the shot comes into view.

Berman has utilized such boats in the past. But next time, Berman will have an envied position aboard another tall ship, the U.S. Coast Guard’s Eagle from which to attempt capturing what he calls “the perfect sailing moment, that brief instant when the sea light and wind embrace a yacht or ship, creating a bold gesture or revealing a subtle and beautiful abstract pattern.”

A sailor himself, who has navigated from Maine down the Eastern seaboard to the Bahamas, and across the Atlantic from the Canary Islands to St. Lucia, Berman has a well-honed appreciation for sailing ships. In particular, the tall ones, he says “are the perfect subjects for exploring the emotional and

PING, PING—Shor Masori walks alongside hull of Star of India on which Michael Berman’s photographs are mounted and where one can hear the ping of pistol shrimp outside.

SAN DIEGO — If you put your ear to the hull of the Star of India in the gallery where Michael Berman’s photographs of tall ships are on display, you can hear tiny sounds—ping, ping, ping. According to exhibit designer Maggie Walton, the sounds from the waters outside are those of “the pistol shrimp—their claws are snapping, and it picks up the sound in the iron hull of this ship built in 1863.”

You can get into see Berman’s photographs, such as the copyrighted one below showing the schooner Californian and the bowsprit of the Star of India, but the pistol shrimp are out of luck. The ship has remained seaworthy now for 145 years and if they want to see Berman’s photos, they’ll just have to pay the price of admission like everybody else.

One of the things that Berman “likes about this exhibit is that it is a floating ship exhibit, an exhibit of ship portraits on the oldest sailing vessel in the world that still sails,” according to Walton.

The majesty of the Star of India has prompted Berman to travel from his home in Pt. Ludlow, Washington, to San Diego to be part of the photographic flotilla that participates in the Festival of Sail when the famed ship sails from the entrance of San Diego Bay at Point Loma back to its regular berth on Harbor Drive at the foot of Ash Street.

Berman’s photographs, says the appreciative Walton, help exemplify the art of nautical photography. “He gets in for some close ups and details, brings in a lot of action and drama, shows a lot of light and dark. He has detail, gracefulness, dark, light and greys, and drama.”

Getting a wonderful photograph of a ship—as Berman and such fellow Jews and predecessors in the field of nautical
aesthetic appeal of sailing more deeply, because their complex silhouettes and multiple sails create a constantly changing palate of fascinating shapes and patterns.”

At the beginning of August, on its headquarters ship, the 1898 ferryboat Berkeley, the Maritime Museum officially will open an exhibit of photographs by father and son Morris and Stanley Rosenfeld—prompting Berman to enthuse that he was a fan of the Rosenfelds’ works. As Morris’ photographs date back to the late 1800s, and Stanley’s through the late 1900s, the display of Berman’s contemporary pieces means that three centuries of Jewish love for sailing are documented within a short distance along Harbor Drive.

Berman’s exhibit of 15 tall ship photographs, including several featuring Star of India, HMS Surprise, the Californian - all ships of the Maritime Museum’s collection - will remain on display through December 2008, whereas the Rosenfeld collection, according to exhibit designer Walton will be in San Diego through August 2009.

Ed Jones and Maggie’s husband Ted Walton were helping to mount the Rosenfeld collection on Monday, July 14, to have it ready for a special book signing and preview presentation July 23 by Stanley’s daughter-in-law Margaret Anderson Rosenfeld.

Telling a story that one imagines Berman would have loved to hear, Jones recalled how in 1992, during the America’s Cup races in San Diego, he had the privilege of skippering a 28-foot Bayliner on which Stanley Rosenfeld himself, then in his late 70’s, was one of four photographers on the first day out.

“We had to coordinate closely together because he would say ‘I need to be down-sun’ or ‘up-sun,’ and we couldn’t lay any wake on the boats, and we had to stay out of the way and follow these rules,” Jones related, relishing the memory. “He liked the way I did it, and afterwards he said, ‘I’m going to keep going out on your boat,’ and I said ‘great.’ And when the other photographers found out that Stanley was going to go on my boat, they all wanted to be with the great Stanley. It was like a badge of honor to be on the same boat with Stanley Rosenfeld. So we had Paris Match, Sports Illustrated, Associated Press, Los Angeles Times… all these photographers fighting to go on Stanley’s boat.”

The photo boats “had to go fast,” Jones said. “At the first leg you saw the boats out, and they went at 9 or 10 knots and you had to break off and go way off to one side (away from the race course) and get out and set up at the mark because you wanted to be there when they popped that spinnaker—that’s when disasters happened—so we would go racing around. We had to go 30 knots. And of course you are going over big swells and you are bouncing around like in a cigarette boat, and you don’t do it sitting down, because if you do you hurt your back. So you stand up and hold onto something, and as the boat goes up and down you go up and down like a jockey. You take the shock with your knees.”

PREPARING EXHIBIT—Ed Jones admires "Flying Spinnakers," a Rosenfeld masterpiece, and exhibit designer Maggie Walton displays book by Margaret Anderson Rosenfeld, who will make a special presentation July 23 at the Maritime Museum

Through all this, Stanley Rosenfeld remained “a sweet old guy, you would never know that he was famous. He was just a nice old guy, soft spoken. He would say ‘do you think we could get a shot up-sun?’ And we would say, ‘okay Stanley, whatever you want, you’ve got.’”

Jones said watching Rosenfeld work, he learned to understand how much preparation a good photographer needs in knowing exactly how the sun will strike its subject. “You come up to the windward mark, and you want the light on their faces, on what they’re doing,” Jones said. “But on the other hand, let us say they are coming down wind, and the spinnaker is up. You could be on the down side, when the light is coming through the spinnaker, backlighting it. That was hard to do, you didn’t want to get in front of them and lay a wake on them, so to get a shot like that was tricky. But those were the kinds of things that he instinctively understood, and I didn’t.”
Great sailing ships (cont)

What a way to watch a race! While most spectators wait near the starting line for the sailing vessels to come back, the photo boats tear along a parallel course on the ocean, then cut over at a safe distance beyond the mark to get into position. “Most of the photographers had at least two cameras, and they ran through a lot of film. They had motor drives, and they would rip off a roll as they rounded the turn, then sit that camera down, take out another camera, and then rip off another 35 shots!”

Those were the days before digital cameras, when film had to be processed and negatives painstakingly examined in order to find just the right shot to be sent by the photographers back to their publications.

“Flying Spinnakers” is an iconic photograph of an old sailing ship—taken in 1938—that Jones just loves and which will be the featured photograph of the Rosenfeld exhibit. “It was a sensation at the time and it still is a sensation because I personally think of all the iconic photographs I have seen, this is the best ever. It received rave reviews when it came out—pretty sure it was in Life Magazine. Everything about it is perfect. The composition is perfect. The photo boat is in exactly the right position, the sun angle is just right. He has the shadows and the light together to make a stunning image.”

Ted Walton, a commercial photographer, said what many people may not realize is the process that the Rosenfelds used was platinum palladium photography—those large images were printed from negatives that were just as large. The negatives were created by gradually regenerating the film. “I’m guessing these were all shot with a 4 x 5 camera, then reshot onto a negative, and then they paint the emulsion on,” Ted Walton said.

“That produced an image that will last 1,000 years—the paper will fall apart before the image deteriorates because the chemicals are metals. They are going to stay there. It is a wonderful process, but very time-consuming.”

The luck of the Tango, ex-Mary Dollar, ex-Hans, was fast running out. There were no buyers for the 1500 tons of coal that subsequently had to be given away. It was June 1944 when the ship's papers were officially transferred and the last crew paid off. Ira Cheney had been on the ship the longest—2 1/2 years. Another year passed before the renamed Cidade do Porto was loaded, ironically with coal again. The story was familiar: headwinds, blown sails, stops in Durban and Capetown. The last leg of the journey to Portugal was made under tow. The once-proud ship never moved from the Tagus River until 1948, then it was a last journey to the breakers.

One member of the Tango's original crew survives, he is Gene Luce, the radio operator, who was an 18-year old working at Boeing in Seattle and also attending a beginners' radio class at the YMCA. Luce caught typhoid in Mozambique and was slowly nursed back to health at a British hospital in Aden. He retired in North Carolina and only heard about Larry Barber's book from relatives after the first edition was published.

Remarkably, the Tango's sister ship, the Moshulu is still afloat and well in Philadelphia. After 25 years as a derelict, the rig was restored and the ship re-appeared in 1976 as the Moshulu Restaurant. A fire ended this business in 1989, but a recent search on the internet revealed that the ship is again open for lunch!

The book Tango Around the Horn By Lawrence J. Barber is available through:

Peter Marsh,
#1-249 12th St
Astoria, OR 97103
for $13.95 postage paid

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The Euterpe Times!

New contact information:
c/o Brad Holderman
P.O. Box 773
San Marcos, CA 92078
619.916.6965
August

1879, August 1st - Passenger Stead Ellis and his family begin their trek to the London docks to board the emigrant ship *Euterpe*. The voyage would be the best documented of her existence.

1850, August 3rd - The Revenue Cutter *C.W. Lawrence* is struck by the *George Pollock*.

1790, August 4th - The United States Revenue Marine Service is created under the Tariff Act of 1790.

1849, August 9th - Off the coast of Peru and in need of coal, the San Francisco-bound bark *Lagrange* hails the revenue cutter, *C.W. Lawrence*. (See Euterpe Times Volume 2, Number 21.)

1961, August 14th - General public fundraising for the restoration of the *Star of India* begins with a luncheon at the El Cortez Hotel.

1899, August 17th - The attorney general of the Republic of Hawaii gives “an opinion that the provisional registers were not recognized."

1914, August 17th - The pilot boat *Pilot* is launched in San Diego, CA.

1920, August 17th - As they clear Unimak Pass, Alaska, Captain Marzan of the *Star of France* challenges the *Star of India* to a race in their return to San Francisco. The *Star of India* would enter San Francisco on September 9th, 3 days ahead of the *Star of France*.

1848, August 20th - The Campbell class revenue cutter, *C.W. Lawrence* is launched at Easby shipyard in Washington D.C. (SEE STORY, PAGE ??)

1904, August 29th - The steam yacht *Medea* is completed in a record time of 51 days.

From the Editor

There are times when real life gets in the way of this publication. This month has been one of them.

This edition of the Euterpe Times is being finished in compartment C of *HMS Surprise* as she sits in San Pedro at the Los Angeles Sail Festival.

However, it is, yet again, another unique experience. And this becomes the crucial benefit of being on the volunteer crew for the Maritime Museum of San Diego. Being on the crew for only two years now, I still am quite a green seaman. That said, like a lot of the other crew, I’ve met people of fame, sailed on more than one traditional square-rigged ship, including the world’s most active. I’ve now sailed to a “distant” port, woken up from a watch to a ship surrounded by feeding dolphins, met a variety of people from around the world that have traveled that far to see the place that I am standing in. Then there are the crew who now represent a new level of friendship in my life.

With the real world settling down, the next issue shan’t be so tardy. With the hopeful appearance of U.S.S. Dolphin, “Big Black,” and the construction of San Salvador, the next year proves to be an even more exciting time.

All this for an annual membership.

As always, I’m sure the crew would enjoy anything you have. Photos, drawings, poetry, or even technical items can be sent this way.

As a reminder, there is a Yahoo group available at: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/starofindia/
If you have any thoughts, news or contributions, please send them along to euterpetimes@yahoo.com.