Chalupa is launched, Chalupa is Born

As the shallow Chalupa is prepped for hoisting into the water in preparation for the annual Cabrillo celebration, September marks the birthday of this workhorse of a boat. (See story inside).

Star of India Moves to Dry-dock

The Star of India rests comfortably with Diligence, BAE Systems floating dry-dock to be retired after this summer.

On Tuesday, August 18th 2009, the Star of India left her moorings for her 10-year cycle of dry-docking. Along with the need for repairs to the jib-boom, fore royal yard and fo’c’sle head, and the limited the availability of the dry-dock at BAE Systems, the dry-dock has resulted in the cancellation of the Star's annual sail, and in some way influenced the postponement of HMS Surprise's dry-dock until 2010.

Before a crowd of onlookers, staff and volunteers, both onboard and dockside, the tugs in eased the world's oldest active sailing vessel from her longtime spot on the Embarcadero.

The Star was towed to BAE's floating dry-dock Diligence accompanied by a flotilla of watercraft including the museum's Pilot and Californian.

(Continued on Page 2)
Dry-dock (cont)

Accompanied by Pilot and Californian, the Star of India makes her way south to BAE Systems dry-docks.

From a public perspective, the timing at the height of the tourist season in San Diego seemed a bad decision on behalf of the museum was unfortunate. However, as Dr. Ray Ashley explained in a letter to the San Diego Union-Tribune, “we learned from BAE Systems that they plan to retire the dry dock Diligence this summer after many decades of service in San Diego. Diligence is the only dry dock left in town appropriately sized for Star of India.”

Among normal routine maintenance of her hull below the water line, including scraping, patchwork, and painting, the Star of India is also receiving a layer of Ceram-Kote, a ceramic coating intending to extend the life of the Star's hull. The coating was applied to the hull of the Berkeley during her last dry-dock.

A first look at the Star of India’s hull reveals the work to be done.

The Star of India is expected to be in the dry-dock for approximately 3 to 4 weeks at a cost of $225,000 or more. Additional sandblasting of the hull was one of the many unexpected additional repairs required to the hull.

A more complete report on Star’s dry-dock and her return will be published in the October issue.

Going Green for the Star; a story of Splash Zone

MMSD Volunteer Aimee Kay preps the Splash Zone to applied to the Star’s hull.

Steve Weigelt sent out an email around the 27th of August, asking for those who had attended BAE’s "how to not fall off of scaffolding and pollute the bay" class to respond if they could come in on Saturday and/or Sunday (Jul 29/30) to apply Splash Zone and work on preparation for the Star of India to get her ceramic coating. I was unable to go on Saturday but mustered at 0700 on Sunday to drive a team down to BAE.

There were a LOT of places to apply splash coating! This epoxy coating is comprised of two materials, a black goo and a yellow goo, which must be mixed together until it looks like, and is the consistency of, no graceful way to put it, newborn baby poo. Meconium green. No warning is needed to NOT sample this product; it is unappealing. Susan and I followed George and other people with grinders, as they took down places in the hull where proud bits of metal were, at the top level of the scaffolding. This would be at about the water line of the ship. After grinding down any proud bits, the crevices and pits would be moistened, then filled with bits of the splash guard. Careful attention was paid to make sure that the coating got driven deep into the pits to completely cover the crevices so that the bond would be tight. Meanwhile, Capt. Chuck and Dave Burgess were working on the rudder. This work went on all morning. Find a hole, splash water on the hole, listen to the people on the levels below yell as green, slimy water hit them, fish around in the bucket of green, slimy water for a chunk of splash guard, find a piece too small to do the job, curse and find the black and yellow goo cans, carefully grab a handful of each color and mash/knead/punch/squish both colors together until gadawful green, put back into the bucket of slimy green water so it won’t harden, lug bucket to previously mentioned hole, re-moisten with green slimy water, shove green goo into hole, wipe green hands on forehead, curse as you deposit green goo on forehead, go find another hole, repeat. Repeat.

After lunch, Ellie and I were tasked to go to the bottom level of scaffolding with acetone and rags to mop up one very large and
Get Downsized at the Maritime Museum

Explore the Berkeley’s Miniature Masterpieces and Build a Paper Mini-Sailboat

Embarcadero? Find out what all the excitement is about at the Maritime Museum of San Diego’s Fall Family Day. Explore our newest exhibit of miniature creations of historic origins, many that took years to build. Kids can build their own miniature paper sailboat to take home as a souvenir. A Historic Bay Cruise on San Diego Bay aboard the historic Pilot boat is available for just $3 plus the cost of admission. And best of all—kids 12 and under get in free all day! Also, kids and adults can enjoy cold and frothy ice cream floats for just $2.00.

Special family day activities take place Sunday, September 27, 11:00 a.m. – 3:00 pm. For more information call 619-234-9153 ext. 101 or visit the museum’s website at www.sdmaritime.org.

Splash Zone (cont)

David Burgess works on splash-coating the rudder.

several smaller oil spills. This was from the "girdle" of metal on the Star; I'm hoping someone with more knowledge of this will chime in with details of this work. People on the middle level of scaffolding were kept very busy for most of the morning detecting these oil spill holes and plugging them, as well as tapping areas where there were leaks. This was pretty much an impossible task as the only way to get this scaffolding clean was to take it up, take it out, and use a brush and acetone on both sides. However there was that “don’t move any of the scaffolding” rule that we had pledged to honor. So, we concentrated on getting enough up so that no one would slip and fall when moving over the oily places. Then we were sent all the way to the bottom of the dry dock to splash guard areas that were chalked off by Jim Davis and George. Thank goodness for tall people! Even at 5'9", I was climbing up on stuff to get to some of the pitted places!

All in all a VERY dirty day. My hands turned Hulk green and even two days later, with periodic scrubbing, I look as if I skinned a green alien with my fingernails. Sorta like the green pox. Thus ends my tale of Splash Zone.

~ Aimee Kay, MMSD Volunteer

Mr. Weigelt’s Maritime Dictionary

SHEATHING, (doublage, soit de bois, soit de feuilles de cuivre, &c. Fr.) a sort of casing or covering nailed all over the outside of a ship's bottom, to protect the planks from the pernicious effects of the worms, particularly in hot climates. It consists of a number of fir boards or deals of fir, or what is far preferable, sheets of copper, which last is always used in the royal navy, as well as in the East India Company’s service, and is coming into general use in the merchant-service, as all transports are sheathed with copper.

In many of the islands with which the Indian Ocean is covered, the inhabitants have a custom of paying the bottom of their vessels with chunam, a composition peculiar to the country, and which is said to be more useful and serviceable than sheathing with copper or any other article hitherto known or discovered.
Rascal Joins the Collection, Car Float 37 to Open to the public in October

The Starlet Rascal now sits upon Car Float 37. The barge will open to the public in October.

August saw the arrival of the Starlet class sailboat after a brief tour of local yacht clubs. Christened Rascal, she has recently been restored, arriving at the museum sometime in the last week after a short term publicity tour around the yacht clubs, including the opening day at the San Diego Yacht Club. The Starlet class was a 16 foot design for junior sailors originating in 1927. Considered a mini-Star Boat, the original Star boats had been developed in 1923, about the same time Star of India was being laid up for the final time at Fortman Basin. As the 22 1/2 foot Star boats were taking the first steps to San Diego becoming a an international yachting arena,” the Starlets were having an impact of their own. Refined by Kettenberg Boatworks, the design was an accepted blueprint for the junior “Starlet Kids” of the San Diego Yacht Club.

Joining the small craft collection on the floating barge Car Float 37, it was announced the barge will be open to the public in October. Adding to the extended exhibit space, a protected staircase, the result of the Star of India’s dry-dock, will enable visitors to see the collection from an elevated viewpoint.

Historic Map Collection to Visit the Museum.

On August 31st, the Daily Astorian announced the donation of a large historical map collection to the Columbia River Maritime Museum.

Dating between 1540 to 1802, the Henry and Holly Wendt Collection includes 29 of the earliest maps of the north coast of North America.

"Some of the documents, books and engravings refer to explorers like Sir Francis Drake, Captain Cook and Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo. They span the European Renaissance to the Age of Enlightenment."

The traveling exhibit is currently on display at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut as part of the Mapping the Pacific Coast: Coronado to Lewis and Clark, The Quivira Collection. After its conclusion in December, the collection will be moving to the Autrey National Center in Los Angeles, the Maritime Museum of San Diego and the National Maritime Museum in San Francisco.

On completion of the tour, the maps will arrive at their home at the CRMM. Samuel Johnson, executive director of the CRMM was quoted, “It is truly a national treasure. The guys at the Smithsonian would love to have this. It is an incredible addition to our collection.”

America's Cup, Then and Now

Bayshots caught the Oracle BOR 90 alongside of Dennis Connor’s America’s Cup Experience’s replica America. The BOR 90 is considered to be the challenger to the Swiss Alinghi, current defender of the cup.

The 33rd America’s Cup will be held Ras al-Khaimah in the United Arab Emirates.
Matthew Perry Takes to the Sea Again
NASSCO Launches the T-AKE 9

On August 16th, 2009 General Dynamics NASSCO launched the USNS Matthew Perry, the U.S. Navy’s newest dry cargo/ammunition ship. Designated T-AKE-9 (Lewis and Clark Class), the ship was launched at high tide. Replacing the aging T-AE, General Dynamics is expected to deliver a total of 14 ships.

Although open to the public, the staff and crew of the Maritime Museum of San Diego were reminded by crewman David Kolthoff, extending the open invitation to a near once-in-a-lifetime event. General Dynamics NASSCO is one of the last shipbuilders to launch ships traditionally, sliding down the ways into the water.

The T-AKE ships being built by General Dynamics NASSCO are being named after noted explorers in American history. The Matthew Perry is named in honor of Commodore Matthew Perry, who in March of 1854 established diplomatic ties with the Empire of Japan with the Convention of Kanagawa treaty.

The editor was on hand for the event, bringing along three children for what was hoped to be an unforgettable event. The atmosphere as a whole was telling as the ship's hull loomed large over the public seating. Merchandise sellers, a naval band, and digital countdown clock enhanced the anticipation.

The USNS Matthew Perry is named after Commodore Matthew Perry who established diplomatic ties with Japan in 1854.

After several speakers, including Vice Admiral Richard Hunt concluded the launching's introduction, Ms. Hester Evans, the great-great-great granddaughter of Commodore Perry and the ship’s sponsor, christened the ship after repeated attempts at breaking the bottle of champagne.

Amidst the applause, the ship's air horn, the naval band erupting in tune, fireworks and balloons, the Matthew Perry slid backwards away for the cheering crowds, almost imperceptibly at first.

According to General Dynamics official Press release, more than 2,000 people attended the event. On the ways, the USNS Charles Drew is nearing completion.

NOTICE!
The EUTERPE TIMES

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New Haunted Tales of the Ship and Carnival
Fun for the entire family this Halloween

EMBARCADERO—It’s time again for all aspiring ghosts, goblins, pirates and princesses to gather on the Star of India for some ghostly tales of enormous proportions. Enjoy lantern led tours around the ship and hear eerie legends from the Star of India’s past. Hear the tales of how young John Campbell fell to his death from the rigging, how an Army Captain on the ship slit his throat and more creepy events. Carnival, games, prizes, food, costume contests and more for parents and kids of all ages.

Lantern led tours will be held from 5pm-8pm on Friday, October 30 and Saturday October 31. Carnival will be held on Saturday, October 31 from 11am-4pm. All activities will take place at the Maritime Museum of San Diego on the Embarcadero. Tickets are $8-$14 for admission to the museum; includes lantern led tours. An additional $5 will get your hand stamped for carnival activities, with unlimited play for kids of all ages. Advance tickets are available on the museum’s website at www.sdmaritime.org after Labor Day. The public can call: 619-234-9153 ext. 101 for more information. Tickets include same-day admission to the Maritime Museum.

MMSD Awarded NEH Humanities Grant

It was announced in August that the Maritime Museum of San Diego had been awarded $158,303.00 in grant funds by the National Endowment for the Humanities for their Landmarks of American History and Culture, We the People projects.

We the People is a project section of the NEH designed to awards grants to institutions, “to encourage and enhance the teaching, study, and understanding of American history, culture, and democratic principles.”

Supervising the program, Susan Sirota, Director of Education comments that:

“This award will fund two single week workshops for a national audience of K-12 educators in the summer of 2010. The workshops will use the historic vessels of the Maritime Museum and local historic sites in San Diego to address central themes and issues in American history, specifically the exploration of the United States Pacific West Coast. Leading University Historians and pedagogical specialists from the County Office of Education and San Diego Unified will be working with the museum on this project. The workshops are scheduled for July 11-16 and August 1-6 2010. It is a highly competitive grant, and it is also a competitive process for teachers to apply for the workshop spots. More information about our workshop, titled, ‘Empires of the Wind: Exploration of the United States Pacific West Coast’ will become available on the museum’s website as we post information to perspective teachers.”

2010 expects to be an even busier year than 2009, as the expected programs will be planned alongside the construction of the San Salvador, the Museum Underway Initiative, readying Star of India for sail after two years of stand down and developing relationships with the Lynx Foundation and Dennis Connors’ America’s Cup Experience.

September 19th-20th
At the Oceanside Harbor. The event will feature arts and craft exhibits, great food and fun activities for the entire family. The event is open from 9:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. each day.
My name is Joachim Esteban. I have come aboard this very special ship *Californian* outward bound on this singular voyage in secret. I come in the service of my Capitan, Senor Juan Rodriguez, who in this day you know as Juan Cabrillo, Capitan of His Majesty’s ship *San Salvador*, de Espania.

My Capitan has charged me, his personal scribe, with a solemn sacred duty to stow away and re-visit this archipelago, what you now call “Channel Islands,” to discover and report to him what resources there may be, whether gold, silver, or merely slaves to enrich ourselves, Spain, and our Holy Mother Church. Many long years have passed since our brief visit to these islands and we humbly pray for a time to come when we shall return and rightfully claim them as ours.

My Capitan and I gave our all, our very lives in our long ago quest for the wealth of these islands and we now find ourselves trapped between this earthly world and the heavens above unable to escape our predicament or complete our mission. We are souls condemned to wander these seas endlessly searching for our lost ship *San Salvador*. We must somehow find her and our crew, muster all aboard and sail forth to complete our duty, or we shall have no rest.

Sixty years after our time in these islands came a certain El Capitan Vizcaino and his ship of thieves and villains to undo our good works. He changed our charts, navigation, and even the rightful names of these lands.

Now comes this wonderful ship of sail, the *Californian*, setting out on a journey to visit each of these islands sailing forth in the ancient manner much as we would do. My orders are to come aboard this fine vessel, observe and then report what I have seen, felt and heard.

I have found one aboard knows something of us and our needs and suffering and has deemed our cause a worthy one. His name is Joao, and through his eyes and ears and senses he will allow me to hear, see, smell and yea walk again upon these lands. It is through him that this report to my Capitan is written, and so what follows is my faithful report of our voyage of rediscovery to these treasured lands.

On the sixteenth day of June in the year 2009 we leave the ship’s home port, El Puerto de San Miguel, which some now call San Diego, and I am immediately disappointed to hear that strange rumbling sound that so often emanates from so many of the ships that ply these waters in this so called “modern” time. I know not from whence this sound comes forth or why so often it is there.

Then, still within sight of the docks, I observe a most remarkable occurrence. A worthless piece of orange colored flotsam is cast overboard by the First Mate, himself, only to be followed by a general bedlam among the ship’s company as they all scramble about and point after it in a most curious way. The captain, incredibly, turns the ship back towards the dock from whence we came and with great finesse moves the ship to within a boathook’s distance. The flotsam is retrieved and all aboard cheer in great rejoicing and thanksgiving!

Such as this I have never witnessed on any ship upon any sea in this world. If such foolishness as this so easily turns us away from our mission then what chance have we to ever complete it? Will every lost hat or chamber pot dropped over the side cause us to immediately alter course and turn back?

The ship’s officers and crew seem suddenly to come to their senses, resume on course and proceed out of the harbor. All hands set to and raise sail in a credible fashion as the rumbling from the bowels of the ship suddenly ceases. Oh what joy to once again feel a ship’s deck lurching under my feet as she fetches her wind and to feel the fine breeze upon my face!

Late into the night during the third watch my host, Joao, walks the dark deck, and I with him. He is startled as he alone among the ship’s crew and passengers is witness to the ethereal forms of my long lost shipmates clambering over the sides of the ship to join us on her quiet, peaceful deck. They hover about in the shadows, taking a moment’s peace and rest from their tribulations in the sea.

They feel the familiar rise and fall of the ship as she plows onward, and great is their sorrow and longing for our long lost *San Salvador*. Through these many years since we were lost in the shipwreck we have often, on the dark nights of the new moon, boarded passing ships to rest our weary souls; but never on such a wonderful ship as this! She is trim, well kept and fair, and sails like a dream. They say she can make better than 12 knots: twice as fast as our old *San Salvador*.
A pleasant morning dawns as we approach the first of our eight islands, Santa Barbara; a small island undiscovered in our earlier times in these waters.

**SANTA BARBARA ISLAND**

33°28’N  119°01’W

All the ship’s company are encouraged to go ashore in the small boats, but I am astonished to see them step ashore completely unarmed. I know not whether to praise such bravery or scorn them for their utter foolishness, but they go forth with neither sword, shield nor pike.

It is with regret that I must report that this first island we visit is a profound disappointment. Few resources do we find. No gold in the sands of her shore, no water, and no game to shoot. Her only inhabitants are sea lions and seals. Woe be unto he who finds himself castaway on this terrible, windswept rock of an island. This is the kingdom of the gulls, cormorants and sea lions, and naught else.

Someone has to do it.

I know not what may be the purpose, if any, of this quaint ritual. Perhaps it is just a long practiced custom to follow when coming ashore on a new land whose true reason and meaning have long been forgotten and now is practiced more from rote habit than for any practical reason. It would be infinitely more practical, as we did in our day, to plant a flag when we come ashore and leave certain writings and mementoes of our passing and thus claim that land for Spain.

However, great thanks be given that this has not yet been done, for someday we, or other worthy mariners may return to these lands and properly claim them for Spain and the Church.

**SAN SEBASTIAN ISLANDS (SANTA CRUZ)**

34°01’N  119°41’W

We set our course for the third island we are to visit, San Sebastian, or what is now called Santa Cruz with high hopes of finding the gold and treasure we are searching for. At least we know that there are great numbers of the native peoples on this island, as we encountered many villages of a stubborn, warlike people when the San Salvador visited here long ago. Our hopes are high that this land will someday provide us again with a great source of slaves to do the necessary work of building our great empire.

Alas, as we go ashore, complete the ritual with the black box and wander about on the few trails we are greeted by nothing and no one. We find only birds, seals, and silence. Profound is our feeling of loss. We would have welcomed the sight of at least some few natives even if they were to attack us with their spears as they always did so in those days of the distant past.

We do find some evidence of credible commerce; buildings, fencing, docks and the like that would have been used within the past 100 years or so, but are now abandoned. One must wonder what became of these industrious people. What forces overcame them and caused their demise? Perhaps somewhere in the vast interior of this huge island some descendents of Queen Califia and the Amazons still hold power, and they attacked and conquered these peaceful, coastal cowherds. W can only hope that someday the murdering savages shall be brought to justice.
As the new day dawns we weigh anchor and proceed along the coast of this vast island, ever vigilant for some sign of the natives, but none are to be seen. By and by we have to at the mouth of a prodigious great cave that is surely an opening into the underworld. Many brave souls among the ship’s company take the small boats into and are swallowed up by this evil cave, but, thanks be to God, all return to the safety of the ship and we proceed on through the fog as we make our way across a great channel and on to the next island on our journey.

**SAN LUCAS ISLAND (SANTA ROSA)**

34°01’ N 120°02’ W

As we approach San Lucas Island, or as it is now called, Santa Rosa Island we are struck by the stark barrenness of the landscape. Again, it is known that native peoples once widely populated this place and carried on trade and commerce with the main island now called California. Some tiny evidence of civilization can be seen, but we must anchor far out in a harbor called Becher’s Harbor and can see the land only from a great distance. Only a few of the ship’s shore party make it to the shore through the breaking surf, complete the ritual of the black box and return safely to the ship before we are accosted by a great wind.

As the night falls the ships company enjoys another wonderful repast and settles into the relaxed stupor of the overfed. Most are lying in their bunks half way between wakefulness and the dream world when suddenly all are shocked awake by a thumping great rattle emanating from the fo’c’stle chain locker as our anchor drags loose from its hold on the bottom.

“All hands on deck” calls the first mate and all the ship’s company quickly tumble up to take turns bearing a hand on the capstan. No one is spared and all take their turns, passengers and crew, in cranking in the chain and anchor. Many a ship has dragged anchor in this way, struck a reef or blown onto a lee shore and foundered with all hands lost. Such was the fate, many long years ago, of our own dear San Salvador some time after our first voyage to these very islands.

Our fearless, imperturbable Captain Ashley, working in league with the rumbling demon living in the bowels of the ship, which he has now awakened, contrives to move the ship forward, magically, into the wind and with no sails set! After much hard labor by all hands the anchor is retrieved, catted, and reset in 6 fathoms closer to the shoreline. A second anchor is also set and the ship and crew are saved in the midst of a near gale wind.

Many things have I seen that I do not understand on this voyage, but I do understand now that this rumbling beast in our ship’s hold can be a most kind and benevolent demon; one that can save us from certain disaster. Perhaps our captain has, through some magic, found a way to force this devil to do his bidding. I care not even if he has sold his soul to gain its help. I can only give thanks for the salvation our demon has delivered unto us. Often, during the voyage the Captain commands the demon to assist us through long stretches of contrary winds or to carry us directly to our next destination, but, no matter how kind this demon may be - never shall I descend below decks to gaze upon its awful face!

I now must make some comment upon our captain, Senor Ashley. Some say although he is a great man of letters he is but a mere scholar and pedant. Some say, even, that he is the kind of man who would be, say, the director of a museum or some such lubberly occupation. I do not at all agree for I find him a truly good and capable ship’s captain and a thorough going seaman of the first rank, as he proved in his command of the great demon and ship’s crew in the winds of Becher’s Harbor.

However, I do not understand the way of things between Captain Ashley, his officers and crew. He makes little distinction between himself and them. It is almost as though they see each other as equals! This is a thing that is not right. Discipline and order on any ship are maintained through the knowing of everyone aboard that the officers are our betters and must be obeyed immediately and without question, else we face a merciless flogging.

Aboard the Californian one even finds great difficulty at times in telling who is who. However, when orders are given all the crew hop to immediately and without hesitation, but without the fear of the whip. It is apparent that any of the captain’s orders will be obeyed, even unto the death, such is the loyalty and love they hold for him. I know not how these things can possibly be, but I have seen them with my own eyes.

**CIUDAD SANTA BARBARA**

The next morning all the ship’s personnel toil mightily to raise both anchors, spread all canvas and set our course for the modern city of Santa Barbara on the main island of Alta California. Here we encounter a city much like San Diego, the home port for the Californian that lies at the back of San Miguel Harbour.

Little good can be said of this place, Santa Barbara, as it was long ago spoiled by so-called modern man beyond any point of saving. So many mysteries and so much confusion make it lie
beyond any comprehension. I and my crewmates from the old El Salvador can only wait outside the harbor for Californian to again return to sea and continue this voyage.

We take shelter, as we have so often done, waiting on the channel marker buoys with the sea lions. Our presence there greatly upsets them and thus they proceed with their interminable barking even though we mean them no harm. Most people still in the mortal body cannot see us, but almost all the other mammals see us perfectly well.

**SAN MIGUEL ISLAND**

34° 03' N 120° 21' W

On San Miguel Island, the valiant crew poses alongside the Cabrillo historical marker.

Two days later, as the Californian passes by I again join the good ship, and my host Joao, as the ship leaves this port sailing north and west up the coast toward windy Cabo De Galera, or, as it was renamed by that dog Vizcaino, Point Conception. Within site of the Point the ship changes course sailing on a beam reach toward our next island, San Miguel, upon which many of the modern people believe lies the body of our Capitan, Juan Rodriguez. There has even been a monument erected there as though he is buried on that very spot, but he is not buried on that island. He grave is well hidden on Limu in a place that will remain a secret always.

We approach this island visited several times on the first voyage and the ship’s crew is alarmed when the bow watchman shouts “rocks ahead!” We deftly alter course, enter the harbor and again go ashore in turns to perform the ceremony and walk up to a high point to see the pretended grave, upon which the Capitan’s name is even misspelled. Much in the way of true knowledge has obviously been lost since our first voyage, leaving these ignorant, modern people adrift in superstition and false belief.

**SAN NICHOLAS ISLAND**

33° 17' N 119° 30' W

After a long night’s passage with the assistance of the great, rumbling demon and with late night visits from old San Salvador’s spectral crew we arrive at an island called San Nicholas. This is an island not discovered on our glorious first voyage in 1542. In this day we come here with high hopes of finding the riches we so earnestly seek.

Alas, it is but a small, barren and windswept place, but, never the less, occupied as a military outpost of some sort. We are met on shore in a most cordial and kind manner, ushered into carriages that are not yet even hitched to horses, and then bade to wait. Members of the crew express this as being a local military procedure known as the “Hurry Up and Wait” policy.

After a while, one of these island officials boards the carriage and contrives to make it move even without the benefit of any apparent horses in the fore! I am astonished at this development and can only conclude that the horses are there, but have somehow miraculously been rendered invisible.

We are then conveyed from one end of the island to the other at breathtaking speed until we arrive at a point on the shore at which we disembark from the carriage to observe, of all things, sea lions! Possibly these islanders are trying to distract us from observing what a stark, barren wasteland their little island is by pointing out the only mildly interesting thing on it that appears to be alive. No doubt this is their sad way of trying to save face.

Although we were perfectly well treated while on this island it is well known that this may very well be a kind of dumb show to cause us to drop our guard and thus open ourselves to sudden attack. And so, our wise captain orders a rolling broadside from our four great guns to be delivered as we sail from the island.

This serves notice on these militaristic people that we are not to be treated in a trifling manner, and to let them know in no uncertain terms we are a force to be reckoned with. Henceforth they will think twice before engaging in any provocative actions toward our future vessels visiting these godforsaken shores.

We now raise all sail to stand for San Clemente Island, another land not found during the first voyage, and one which shows great promise of riches due to its size and remoteness. This may well prove to be the modern day refuge of the Amazons, and I am most anxious to give good report of it to my Capitan.
SAN CLEMENTE ISLAND  
33° 01’ N    118° 33’ W

We arrive on a grey morning to cruise along the north shore of this splendid island and marvel at its wondrous sites; the buildings and the strange machines. Again, like San Nicholas Island, we sense that the real purposes of these natives may be of a more sinister, militaristic nature.

One would suppose that the original natives, the Amazons, would have been conquered long ago, unless they have invincible fortifications that resist defeat by this tribe, or a truce has been made. Nevertheless, this is an island that surely must be defeated all cost. To vanquish this land, bring it under the protection of our Holy Mother Church and bring its gold home to Spain will be a great challenge. What a great day it shall be when we mount a ship and return in triumph!

Once again we are welcomed with great courtesy, leaving us somewhat uneasy about the possible sinister motives of these people. We are again carried about in the carriages pulled by the invisible horses at frightening speed, and are taken to an area of supposed ancient habitation.

Evidence of this habitation, shells, arrows, pottery and the like, are shown to us and we are told that the people who once lived here all died long, long ago. What manner of fools do they take us for? We can see with our own eyes the many observation points and strategic locations in destroyed condition all around us, as though a war had been fought here in some recent time. Once carried back to the docks and out to our ship we make all haste to set sail and escape from this place before they find out that we have uncovered their ruse. We vow to someday return to this land, conquer all its people, and claim the treasure that is rightfully ours.

We now have but one last island to visit to complete this hurried journey. So short a time has been spent on each island that I and my friend Joao both agree that a return to search more thoroughly for what we seek is demanded, and we have pledged ourselves before God and Spain that it shall be done. Again, that accursed dog Vizcaino has shamed the memory of our first voyage by unnecessarily renaming the next and largest of the so called “Channel Islands”, Santa Catalina.

LIMU (SANTA CATALINA)  
33° 21’ N    118° 19’ W

Great is our joy as our beautiful Californian comes to life sailing on a larboard beam reach, under full canvass, making 9-10 knots. As we approach the mountainous, even today, seldom visited west side of this massive island, we see a thousand places to hide all manner of treasure. Precipitous ramparts fall from exceedingly great heights straight into the sea on this windward shore.

As we approach the harbour we lose our wind and again must rely on our kind and helpful demon to move us to our mooring. In some small way, the village, here, reminds us of our own dear

After eight days at sea, an anxious crew returns to San Diego.

Spain, and some few of my old shipmates and I stay aboard hiding in the dark corners of the dark deck, wistfully watching the shore.

When this was a nearly barren harbor, and after the ferocious natives caused his injury, and later, death at a place lying easterly of here, we brought our Capitaine to this very cove and buried him upon a great height that can be seen, now, from the deck of this very vessel. Only Joao has been told of the place, but he is sworn to secrecy.

Many of the Californian’s crew go ashore at this place called Avalon, undoubtedly to indulge in those excesses of the flesh that all sailors in all ports of the world are heir to. After carousing in the local taverns and bawdy houses and staggering back aboard, they appear remarkably sober and composed with no apparent injuries from the usual tavern brawls. We give thanks for the deliverance and the blessing and set all sail for our return night voyage back to our beginning at San Miguel Harbor. My mission is now near complete and my report will I deliver to my Capitan, but still he and I and our old shipmates are forever condemned to aimlessly wander these seas searching, searching for our lost ship: endeavoring to gather our lost crew, board her and re-conquer these islands: then sail north to the Straits of Anian and ultimately discover the way to the West.

My love and gratitude to these strange, modern day people who crew this fine ship, Californian. They, like us, seem to be caught between the two worlds, even though they still have lives in the earthly one.

If only there was some way we could ask of them, to contrive a way, to help us find our dear ship so that once again we might lay aloft and unfurl her sails, feel the pull of the wind on her sheets and walk her decks. If only they could help us find our own dear San Salvador and bring her back to life as she once was. Of course this is but a hopeless dream…, or is it?

~ Joao (aka Joe) Keoughan, MMSD Volunteer
The Wreck of the Acadia
By David Townsend

Our story of the British ship, *Acadia* begins with the American farmer. And as we cannot fully understand the disaster of the wreck of the Acadia without understanding the events that led up to the wrecking of the *Acadia*, we shed some light as to the causes that helped bring about this unique shipwreck in one of the worlds most desolate Pacific Ocean regions of the world, the Pitcairn Islands. Specifically, Ducie Island of the Pitcairn group.

We learn of the events leading up to the wreck of the *Acadia* from the hearings that took place after the crew returned to England through legal proceedings of the investigation into the wreck.

We then proceed with the evacuation of the crew of the *Acadia* from her shipwreck on Ducie Island and to their safe arrival at Pitcairn Island proper.

We find briefly how the crew of the *Acadia* were saved by the Pitcairn Islanders (descendants of the Mutineers of the HMAV Bounty of the well known piratical seizure of this ship in April of 1789) who were the only inhabitants in this desolate outpost in the Pacific thousands of miles from any near civilized regions of the world. And, how both the Islanders and the crew became involved in each others lives where today, both descendants of the crew of the Acadia and those of the Pitcairn Islanders are now transposed in continuing generations of Pitcairn Islanders.

In 1880 and two generations earlier, the American farmers had been producing wheat in an abundance to meet world demands. But at this time, the American government was seeking to have the American farmers to produce less and become more involved in the diversified industries. Congress was in the process of enacting a tariff act for their own good, as it was explained to the American farmer.

Meanwhile, the farmer was being charged more and more for the steel produced in the US for the manufacture of their plows. The American farmer was also the victim of International exports when it came to wheat.

"Since 1880 it has fallen from $1.24 a bushel, since 1882 from $1.18, and since 1884 from $1.06. The American farmer is getting more and more on a footing with the pauper labor of Europe and Asia. Last year Europe received nearly 44,000,000 bushels of wheat from India. From all sources the United Kingdom received the following supplies of wheat in 1886: From India, 11,026,504 bushels; United States, 36,073,832: Russia, 3,743,272; British North America, 3,851,298. It is estimated that the countries that do not grow sufficient wheat for their home consumption will need for the current year from 240,000,000 to 260,000,000 bushels. The supply will about equal the demand."

We next find that America was involved in an International Rivalry at this same time for the British wheat market.

"Whatever its political significance may have been, the repeal of the British Corn Laws in 1846 signaled the emergence of a large-scale international wheat market with England as its center. The next two decades marked the transition from relatively small shipments in response to scarcity prices to a situation where large imports from all parts of the world were regularly handled with relatively little regard to price levels. In this period the American wheat economy was becoming fully committed to production for the English market, a dependence that later became stronger and more constant. The accelerated expansion of American agriculture after the Civil War was a continuous growth in wheat acreage and production until the turn of the century and created a large, steady surplus. Great Britain provided by far the most important market for that surplus, just as she did for other major products of America's farms. From 1870 to 1914 Britain absorbed about half of the wheat and flour exported from the United States, and in some years she took as much as two thirds. Conversely, in the last three decades of the nineteenth century Britain came to regard the United States as her most dependable source of breadstuffs, purchasing about half of her annual imports from Americans."

It is here that our story really begins. As San Francisco was one of America's major shipping ports on the West Coast, American wheat found its way there via the Transcontinental Railroad from the mid-western states that produced it.

In San Francisco in 1880, Mr. George Burk Crow, the owner of the British ship, *Acadia* arranged to transport 1,788 tons of the American wheat to Australia.

Launched in 1872 in Clifton, Nova Scotia, the full-rigged wooden ship *Acadia* was registered by Lloyds in 1880 at 1,213 tons. Rated A1, she was 188 feet long, 37 feet abreast, with a depth of hull at 23 feet. Registered out of Liverpool, she was owned by Crowe and Burke of Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

After discharging cargo in Chimbote, Peru, the Acadia had sailed in ballast, arriving in San Francisco. Upon arrival, her first mate, Stephen George was appointed Captain of the ship. Her previous captain had been ordered home to take command of another vessel.
On the 29th of April, 1880 she sailed for Australia carrying 21 hands and a cargo of 1,788 tons of wheat, drawing 21 feet 10 inches of draft.

Ducie Island, the red square marks the wreck site of the Acadia.

Bound for Australia, the Acadia encountered good weather as they entered the Pitcairn Islands. On June 5th, the ship was determined to be at Lat. 23.51S Long. 125 W, Capt. George estimating the ship's distance from Ducie Island to be approximately 52 miles distant. Setting a course for SE 1/2 S, with a wind at NE by N, the Acadia sailed along at 5 to 6 knots. This course would take the Acadia within 15 to 20 miles east of Ducie Island.

As the Investigation Report continues:

“At 6 p.m. the first mate took charge, and soon after, when darkness came on, an A.B. named Osborn was placed on the look-out, but no particular directions were given to him as to keeping any special look-out for land, the master giving as his reason that he had no expectation of being sufficiently near the island to see it at all, and certainly not before 8 p.m.--at the rate at which his vessel was going--at which hour the watch would be changed. The night was fine, with a bright moon, about one day past the first quarter. By 7 p.m. the wind had become more northerly, and about 7:30 p.m. orders were given to square the yards. While this was being done the mate thought he saw a white line on the water across the ship's bows, and for a moment he thought it was white or phosphorescent water, common enough in those seas, but he almost immediately came to the conclusion that it was land, and he at once ordered the helm hard-a-starboard, and it was about half way down when the ship struck. At the same time he called to the master, who was in the chart room, and who, as he came out, heard a low rumbling noise, which was caused by the ship cutting through the coral reef, which the master, on going forward, saw plainly enough all along. On asking the look-out man why he did not report it, he said he did not see it, and that even when he did see something two or three ship's lengths off, he thought it was a cloud. The master ordered the sails to be clewed up and the boats to be got out. Two were got out, and a anchor was carried out astern, with a thick Manila hawser, of which 90 fathoms were let out, in order to try to haul the ship off. On sounding they got 5 ½ fathoms under the stern, and from 3 to 3 ½ fathoms from the main rigging forward; they then threw over some cargo to lighten the vessel forward, and in from three to four hours the ship floated, and up to that time she had made no extra water. They were unable to carry the anchor further astern, as the water deepened so rapidly, and so the master determined to make sail, setting everything but royals; but as they were passing a spring from forward the anchor came home, and she went broadside on to the rocks. This was about mid-night. Soon after she began to strike heavily, and to leak badly, and both pumps were set to work, but they could not keep the water under, and at 2 a.m. on the 6th there were 8 feet of water in the ship. About 6 p.m. they left the vessel, which was then breaking up, and took to the boats, going away in three, but shortly slipping one, and in those two boats they made for Pitcairn Island, distant nearly 300 miles from Ducie Island, and reached it on the 13th. They were hospitably received there, and the master, mate, and some others came home in the "Edward O'Brian," an American ship which touched there, leaving some of the crew still on the island.”

**DISASTERS TO VESSELS.**

**LONDON, Sept. 27.—**

The British ship Acadia, Capt. Fowler, which sailed from San Francisco April 28, for Queenstown was wrecked June 8 on Ducie Island. Her crew was saved and landed June 15 on Pitcairn Island.

By September 28th, news of the Acadia's end reached the newspapers as here in the New York Times.

The crew made sail for Pitcairn Island, stopping for a day at Henderson Island. Pitcairn and its inhabitants are famous throughout history as being descendents of the crew of the HMAV Bounty and native Tahitians that landed there in 1790. Acadia crewman Phillip Coffin, a sail maker from Nantucket, Massachusetts USA, found a bride and settled down on Pitcairn. Lincoln Clark, another Acadia crewman, settled on Pitcairn many years later. His son, Roy Clark, married Philip Coffin's daughter.

The crew were able to save a considerable portion of their clothes, and, putting into their two boats as much provision as they could safely carry, made sail for Pitcairn Island, stopping for a day at Elizabeth Island. On leaving the ship, one of their number, the boatswain, received the untimely discharge of a pistol in his body, which fortunately did not prove serious.

As Rosalind Young recounts:

“On leaving Elizabeth Island, the wind, being in their favor, enabled them to make a speedy passage to the place whither they were bound, and on the morning of the second day the shipwrecked mariners were gladdened by the sight of the English flag hoisted on the high peak above the landing place. As before, the men were taken in by the different families, in twos and threes, until they should have an opportunity to leave. This
soon occurred, Captain George, the first officer, Mr. John Simpson, and two or three of the lads that were with them on the

It may not be out of place to say here that, the trial that awaited them having terminated favorably, Captain George and Mr. Simpson each accepted a berth on board the steamer Escambia, the former occupying the position of first officer, and Mr. Simpson a grade lower. The Escambia left London for China, going thence to San Francisco, where after loading, an attempt was made to put to sea before the cargo had been properly adjusted. This imprudent act ended disastrously, for the vessel kneeled over and sank in a few minutes. Most of those on board went down with the ship, and amongst those who thus perished were the late captain and mate of the ill-fated Acadia. Of the rest of the crew left on the island, three took passage for England on the American ship Alfred D. Snow, and, later on, the remainder returned to San Francisco, with the exception of three, who chose to remain on the island, and a youth, whose home and parents were in San Francisco, but who had been unfairly left behind. Nor did he have an opportunity to return home until after a nine months’ stay on the island.

Two of the men whose choice was to remain were after while married, one making his home on the island, while the other, after a stay of three years, left with wife and two little children for his home in Wales, where the wife and mother died in less than a year.

The third, the carpenter of the ship, had also decided to follow his two shipmates’ example, and succeeded, not wisely but too well, in winning the affections of a girl who was shortly to be married to one of the island men. But the unfortunate attachment ended unhappily, for some of the young woman’s relatives, indignant at the turn of affairs, set themselves to put the matter right, according to their judgment, and enlisted the sympathies of the magistrate in their favor. He so had an opportunity, from a fancied insult to himself, to order the Englishman off the island. The act, unjust in itself, was carried out, and he left the island on the British man-of-war Sappho, in July, 1882. Captain Clark, of the Sappho, did not conceal his opinion of the whole proceedings, but openly declared the injustice of the act. However, in accordance with the magistrate’s strongly expressed wish, he received the carpenter on board his ship, and gave him a passage to Honolulu, where he obtained suitable employment.

In letters received from him he denounced bitterly an in unsparing terms all who had shared in the unworthy strife that ended in his being sent away. Before leaving, Captain Clark, by special request, framed a law which forbade henceforth the marriage of a stranger to any of the islanders, with the intention of settling amongst them. Several reasons were given why such a law should be made, the principal one being that the population was increasing quite rapidly enough without any addition from the outside. The law as afterwards amended by a clause stating that should anyone whose stay could benefit the island, wish to settle there, he might do so. But as the island offered no inducement whatever to anyone outside of its own inhabitants as a desirable place for a home, there was no danger of any addition to the population from outsiders, and the law might have remained as it was originally written.”

Today, a historical marker now rests at the site of the Acadia shipwreck. It reads:

The sailing ship Acadia ran aground at Ducie Island in June 5, 1881 with the loss of no lives. Discovered on November 13, 1989 by divers off the M.S. Society Explorer, the main anchor was later raised on March 17, 1990 and relocated to Pitcairn Island aboard the M.S. World Discoverer. Seaward of this monument in 10 meters of water lays the Acadia, which remains the property of the People of Pitcairn and should not be disturbed.

This monument was dedicated on March 17, 1990 in commemoration of the Bicentennial of Pitcairn Island by Society Expeditions, Inc.

Seattle, Washington
United States
The Wreck of the Acadia (cont)

Nails recovered from the Acadia site were donated to the author.

In 1882, an investigating committee concluded that, "Assuming the correctness of the position at noon, the master's course was a correct one, and should have taken him 15 miles east of Ducie Island. Either there must have been some inaccuracy in their calculation of the ship's position at noon, or some unknown current (and the currents in the neighborhood of these islands are stated to be irregular) must have affected the vessel to account for her stranding on Ducie Island."

Concluding that there was no guilt on behalf of the ship’s Captain, the Acadia drifted into maritime history. In 1989 divers from the MV Society Explorer discovered the wreck of the Acadia. Recovering the ship’s main anchor, it was transported to Pitcairn Island where it remains today.

REFERENCES


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In 1927, after 18 years of annually sailing as part of the fleet of the Alaska Packers' Association, the four-masted barque, *Star of Scotland*, ex-*Kenilworth* lay idle at her berth during that year's fishing season. Two years prior, the Alaska Packers' had purchased their first large-scale fishing steamer. During the early years of the 1920s, the Alaska Packers' had already begun to retire and sell off vessels of their legendary fleet. During the same year the *Star of Scotland* lay idle, the *Star of India* was beginning her voyage south to San Diego where she remains to this day, the centerpiece of the world renowned Maritime Museum of San Diego.

The state of the sailing vessels nor their age spoke of the demise of the sailing fleet. Simply, as steam and diesel power usurped the age of sail, experienced square-rigged hands became harder and harder to come by. Motorized vessels also required a smaller crew, an aspect not exclusive to them. For decades, most Alaska Packers' vessels were commonly down-rigged to barques to save on crew size. Economics and experience were having their impact on the fishing fleet. The Wall Street Crash of October 29th, 1929, Black Tuesday, played the final death card for the greatest sailing fleet of the twentieth century. The following year, only one single windjammer headed north, the *Star of Alaska*, ex-*Balclutha*, and that was at the end of a towline. By a more indirect route, the *Star of Alaska* would voyage in the same direction as the *Star of India*, today on display and preserved at the San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park in San Francisco, California under her christened name, *Balclutha*.

In the early 1900s, fishing became an increasingly popular recreation activity along the Pacific Coast. Piers sprang up along the entire coast, commonly packed with anglers of all ages. Around 1921, A.B. Hohenshell developed an idea that would not only alleviate the piers, but provide a unique aspect to fishing on the coast. Purchasing an old scow, the *Paproca*, Hohenshell's concept of an offshore fishing platform quickly became the rage. Other entrepreneurs caught on adding not just scows and barges, but old square-rigged ships as well.

In 1930, the first diesel engine automobile trip was taken, Mickey Mouse first appeared in a comic strip, and scotch tape was developed by the 3M Corporation. In 1930, Clyde Tombaugh discovered Pluto, the first sex change operation occurred, and Mahatma Gandhi began a peaceful resistance against the British Crown. On April 6th, 1930, Twinkies were invented while later that month, the United Kingdom, the United States and Japan sign the London Naval Treaty regulating submarine warfare and shipbuilding. In 1930, the World Cup was played for the first time and the Shadow aired on radio for the first time. On October 5th the British airship R101 crashed killing 48 people during her maiden voyage in France, ending Great Britain's Imperial Airship Scheme.

For the *Star of Scotland*, since her launching in 1887, the world had drastically changed. And now, laying idle for the third consecutive fishing season, it would change for her again. In 1930, she was purchased by Charles Arnold for use as a fishing platform in Santa Monica. She was towed south to Santa Monica Bay, "with her masts and rigging intact and even a few of her headsails still bent."

Although at the end of a towline, the *Star of Scotland* proved that there was still a lot of sail left in her. As Ed Ries notes:

*Arnold hired Capt. Jules DeSassisse, an experienced mariner, to oversee the tow. He had a few sails hoisted and in a favorable breeze the big windjammer nearly overran her tug.*

Over the next year, her masts were down-rigged save the spars on her foremast. By 1931, she was actively supporting the poles of hundreds of fishermen.
The fourth life of the *Star of Scotland* as the gambling casino-ship *Rex*.

As Ries notes:

“Arnold decorated his ship with lights strung from the bowsprit to the mastheads and generated extra business by offering a 6 P.M. to 5 A.M. trip on week nights for only 25 cents fare. The low cost, just relaxing or fishing under the floodlights attracted hundreds of patrons every night. Ping pong and shuffleboard could be played in the salon. On Saturday nights the fare was one dollar, but there was a four-piece dance band and floor show. In 1933 alcoholic drinks again became legal and a bar was added and cabins were available for overnight visitors. “

On May 26th, 1935 disaster stuck this seemingly innocent enterprise. The guard rail along her upper platform broke, spilling about 30 anglers into the ocean. Ed Ries' father, thus Ed Ries himself may have been there to witness the accident. Reported in the San Francisco Chronicle the following day, S.G. Ries was quoted, "I saw big pieces of the broken rail fall in the midst of the crowd in the water. It looked to me as though a number of people were hit in the head. I couldn't tell, then, what happened to them."

Although shipwrecks and stranding were common among fishing barges, injuries and fatalities were an extreme rarity. Surprisingly, however, the only other major catastrophe involving a fishing platform was another former APA vessel, the *Star of France*. On September 4th, 1940, renamed the *Olympic II*, off of San Pedro, she was struck by the Japanese steamer *Sakito Maru* and sank within three minutes and killing eight people.

By 1937, stricter regulations were being enforced on the fishing barges. Living aboard the *Star of Scotland*, its owner Charles Arnold saw fit to apply for a certificate, signing himself as Captain. An inspection by the Bureau of Marine Inspection resulted in 37 discrepancies of which Arnold seemed unable to or unwilling to make the repairs, Arnold fell under violation of the law. Selling the *Star of Scotland* became the easiest alternative.

By 1938, she was in the hands of another legendary figure of southern Californian history, Nevadan gambler Tony Cornero.

Tony Cornero had another unique idea, taking advantage of the 3-mile federal boundary. Stripped of her masts and rigging, "bowsprit and figure-head removed, bulwarks burned off forward and aft to a horizontal line, and a deck-house built covering all the vessel except the fo'c'sle head."

Cornero, under the Rex Corporation, also owned another vessel which was to inextricably become intertwined with the remaining years of the *Star of Scotland*. The *Tango*, ex-*Mary Dollar* and steamer *Texas*, ex-*Star of Hollywood* had also been purchased by Cornero and others. In an attempt to take full ownership of the *Tango*, Cornero bet on a roll of the dice and lost.

Within a year, the *Rex* and *Tango* were the pre-dominant gambling ships off shore. Recounted in the first portion of this narrative, the Battle of Santa Monica Bay resulted in the *Tango* and *Rex* sitting idly in Santa Monica as the world prepared for war.

Ironically, the *Texas* also involved in the Battle of Santa Monica Bay fell into the hands of Charles Arnold. Refitting her with fishing galleries, he renamed her the *Star of Scotland* as a connection to the previous venture in the thirties.

By 1939, Japan was aggressively eating up the Pacific while Europe became embroiled in the early stages of World War II. Shipping and shipping costs rose to dramatic levels, and American entrepreneurs were there to take advantage of them.

Early in 1941, she was purchased by Frank Hillenthal. Cornero had never officially altered her name to *Rex*, thus she was easily re-named back to her prior identity as the *Star of Scotland*. Through 1941, she was re-rigged as a six-masted schooner with the purpose of engaging in lumber charters to Africa.

The *Tango* followed a similar course. By 1942, with the United States fully involved in the war, the *Star of Scotland* was ready to put to sea.

Loaded with lumber at Grays Harbor, WA, she put to sea in late January of 1942. Extreme weather along the southern voyage along the Pacific Coast forced her into San Pedro for repairs. It was here the Ed Reis again laid eyes on her. “It was a thrill to see her again, even with a much altered rig. I was pleased once more she was resuming her career as an honorable working vessel.”
Capt. Flink remained behind long enough to save the papers, a sextant, a chronometer and binoculars and then abandoned ship in a second boat. A rubber boat from *U-159* not only searched for the chief mate, but they boarded the *Star of Scotland* to retrieve any possible provisions on board and temporarily took Capt. Flink prisoner. With this, they asked him "to promise he would not command another ship sailing against Germany and the survivors were given four cans with black bread and cigarettes."

Taking more than thirty shells in her, the *Star of Scotland* sank by the bow into the south Atlantic in mid-afternoon. The crew in a single lifeboat, made landfall after 1040 miles at Santa Maria Lighthouse in Angola on the 1st of December, 1942.

The *Star of Scotland* didn’t finish her life as scrap metal, a lonely hulk, nor a celebrated museum ship. However, over her 54 years she sailed the Pacific Ocean as a cargo vessel, became part of the Alaska Packers’ Association legendary sailing fleet, served the United States during World War I, was a fishing barge, gambling ship and finally a six-masted lumber schooner. As the world changed, she changed with it, experiencing the variety and ever-changing economic endeavors of the Pacific Coast of the United States. For all but a brief time, she was an American vessel, built in America, a witness to America's historical changes in the late 19th and 20th centuries. She was the quintessential workhorse of sail, a windjammer.

REFERENCES


Uboatarchive.net. *U-159 attacked by a PBM-3C of VP-32, July 28, 1943.*
Mr. Editor: - The ship masters now in this port, and those who may arrive, would be under obligations to you if you would draw the attention of the government of this country, to the great evil which now exists with regard to the desertion of crews arriving at this port, an evil which if not checked, will amount to a prohibition of ships coming here, or if they should be so unfortunate as to enter will render their departure very uncertain. The great temptations which are now offered at the gold regions, induce people to forget duties which they are under contract to perform, and at present, there seems to be no efficient law or means to enforce a compliance with the most binding agreements. The case now is that every ship which arrives here loses the majority of her crew within eight and forty hours after her arrival. In many instances the vessels are plundered and their captains have to apply in vain for assistance to the authorities. In a case recently occurred, a part of the crew went into the cabin armed, and threatened death to the officers if they offered resistance, while others loaded the boat with the cargo from the hold, with which they all escaped up the Sacramento unpunished. You may say that this is all known to the community here, - true it is, but it should also be known abroad, and we feel that it is your duty as a conductor of a public press, to state these facts for the benefit of commercial men elsewhere. But the protection of commerce seems to demand that an efficient revenue vessel or guard boat should be stationed here, as they are in our Atlantic ports, to assist ships in such emergencies, and we feel that our gentlemanly and efficient collector would then afford us the protection which is now so much needed by one of MANY SHIPMASTERS.

For the Californian.

From “The Voyage of Cabrillo,” by Ferrel, Californian Illustrated Magazine Volume 1, No. 2 January 1892, pp. 100-108.

Feeding the HMS Rose

We the signing Officers of His Majesty's Ship the Rose, do hereby certify the Commissioners for Victualing His Majesty's Navy, that there was received on board the said ship in kind, between the 22d day of July and the 30th day of September 1775, Six Thousand nine hundred and thirty-two pounds of Fresh Beef, from Mr. Christopher Champlin, agent to the Contractor for supplying His Majesty's ships at Newport, Rhode Island therewith. That is to say, on the 22d day of July 1775 Fresh beef 6841bs. is issued as Beef and Pork to 200 men. [and then follow the issue of each day to the 30th of September inclusive] And further, that all the said Beef was good and fit in all respects for His Majesty's Service, and that the particular Quantities thereof were furnished and delivered on board said ship, and issued for Beef or Beef-Pork, as is against each day above expressed, and that the number of men to which the said Beef is mentioned to be issued as above said, were actually borne and mustered on board the said ship, as is particularly against each day above expressed. Given under our hands, and dated on board the said ship at Newport Rhode Island, this 30th day of September 1775.

JAS. WALLACE, Captain.
SAVAQE GABDNEE, Master.
JAM'S THOMPSON, Boatswain.

Log of the Euterpe, 1868

Official Log of the Ship ‘Euterpe’ from London toward Calcutta

Sept 20th 9039’ North
88032’ East

Lime juice served out to the Crew according to the Act of Parliament.

John Kyle Master
Walter Walpone Mate

Taken from "The British Fleet in Rhode Island," by George C. Mason, Collections of the Rhode Island Historical Society, Volume 7 1885 pp.299-325.
The Great Potatoe Tragedy
In Five Acts & Epilogue

Epilogue

No question at home not even the Eastern
Has caused more heated discussions
About the potatoes there’s been so much talk
As probable war with the Russians.

More entitled to spuds our contract’s say so
Is cried by the party of war,
The peace party says, they’re not worth them
And wars’ not as good as the law.

The party in power most certainly scored
Where the Editor diddled the cook,
Diplomacy triumph & government boasts
They’ll kill ‘em “by hook or by crook.”

Walter Peck - Euterpe Times Volume 1, No.10 November 15th 1879, Lat. 43.15 S, Long. 66.67 East long.

DEPARTURE OF 800 NONCONFORMIST EMIGRANTS FROM THE EAST INDIA DOCKS FOR NEW ZEALAND, ON THURSDAY WEEK

PROJECTED DEPARTURES

The following is a list of the Shaw-Savill and Albion Company's vessels which had sailed and were on the berth for New Zealand on the 13th ult.: For Timaru and Poverty Bay - Lochnagar, Captain Perriam, sailed 18th July. For Auckland - Euterpe, Captain Hoyle, sailed 8th July; Jessie Roadman, Captain Gibson, sailed 8th August; Hermione, Captain Roberts, to follow. For Wellington - Zeelandia, Captain Phillips, sailed 16th June; Canterbury, Captain McMillan, sailed 31st July; Helen Denny, Captain Fames, sailed 13th August (from the Clyde); Pleione, Captain Renant, to follow. For Lyttelton - Hudson, Captain Thomas, to sail 14th August; Wellington, Captain Cowan, to follow. For Port Chalmers - Himalaya, Captain Culbert, sailed 1st July (from the Clyde); Marlborough, Captain Hird, sailed 24th July; Helen Denny, sailed from the Clyde via Wellington, 13th August; Westland, Captain McWilliam, to follow; Arawa, s.s., sailed 17th August. For Nelson and Oamaru — May Queen, sailed 8th August. For the Bluff — Gazelle, sailed 31st July.

Courtesy of the Timaru Herald
September 26th, 1885
Charters

The Aker loads lumber on the Sound for Buenos Ayres 73s 9d; Euterpe, lumber on the Sound for Fremantle.

Courtesy of the The San Francisco Call
September 12th, 1899

Photographed on September 17th, 1899, the Euterpe is seen at anchor shortly after her lumber ports were installed.

The Euterpe Saved by the Fearless

Captain Brockaw of the Spreckel's tug Fearless has again scored another point and put money into the purse of the owners by saving the American ship Euterpe which went ashore at Kahului The log of the Fearless is as follows:

"Left harbor at 9:15 a.m. Monday, September 17, for Kahului Got alongside Euterpe and had hawser aboard at 5:20 p.m. Started to pull at 5:45. Pulled full speed till 6:30 then slowed to half speed. Ran at full speed and half speed alternately about one-half hour each till midnight.

"Tuesday, September 18, from 12 to 1:35 a.m., pulled half speed and then full speed till 2:05. Slowed to half again. Full speed again at 2:45. Ship has thrown over about 100 tons of coal. At 3:05 she came off the reef. Changed hawser and started for Honolulu at 4 a.m. Set sails on ship 5:30. At 10:30 Molokai Settlement abeam. Stopped off Waikiki at 5:45 p.m. to shorten hawser. Lot go of ship in stream at 6:45."

Courtesy of the Independent (Honolulu)
September 19th, 1900

Refining Medea

6th Sept., 1904

A few months ago, The Californian published the journal of the pilot, Ferrel, of the expedition of Cabrillo, who in 1542 discovered Alta California, and at various times reference has been made to this distinguished explorer. On the 27th, 28th and 29th of September, the city of San Diego proposes to celebrate the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of the bay by Cabrillo's ships. This is a movement which deserves commendation, and should not be confined to San Diego alone, but should be taken up by every town along the coast of Southern California. Cabrillo was the original pioneer, the actual discoverer of the Golden State, and should be honored in some substantial way. While San Diego celebrates the date of his discovery, Los Angeles with its scores of wealthy citizens, could well afford to erect to the adventurous Spaniard a fitting monument in one of its many attractive parks. If one of the progressive papers of the City of the Angels would take this up, there is little doubt but what it could be carried on to a successful issue. Mrs. Leland Stanford has set an example in the statue of Father Junipero Serra, and the memory of many of the pioneers of two or three centuries ago should be perpetuated in some enduring manner.

From Californian Illustrated Magazine
Volume 2, No. 2 January 1892.

A MONUMENT TO CABRILLO

Captain Hall
S.Y. "Medea"
GOUROCK

Dear Sir,

Your telegram of yesterday evening came duly to hand, and was followed by one from Captain Martin intimating the arrival of "Medea" at Gourock.

We sent Mr. Kelly, the Manage of our Engine Shop, to the steamer first thing this morning. He reports that the only things requiring attention in Machinery were extremely trifling: merely an alteration on suction pipe, and one or two brazings on pipe joints. These are put right.

As to the davits, we can supply and fit these if desired, and would charge them moderately. But the matter was discussed before the vessel was completed, and we understood the Captain was quite satisfied without them. Most yachts of this size have nothing but the catheads and the tackle from the mast for working anchors.

Yours faithfully,
ALEX. STEPHEN & SONS, LIMITED,
Alex. Scott,
SECRETARY

Courtesy of the Medea: The Classic Steam Yacht by Craig Arnold, page 43.
Knives Flash in Fight at Sea but No Blood Is Spilled

The forward deck of the ship Star of India, which arrived yesterday 23 1/2 days from Ugashik, was the scene on Friday of a blood-curdling engagement between Italian fishermen and Mexican cannery hands. There had been bad feeling between these two nationalities throughout the voyage, but until Friday the ill will had been confined to what the elder of a vaudeville sister team used to call "spurnery and contemptuousness." On Friday one of the Mexicans flashed a knife, and in an instant the air was filled with Latin oaths and knives and daggers appeared in all directions. The opposing forces mingled, and to the onlookers it appeared as if a carnival of wholesale butchery were in progress. The ship's officers with drawn pistols compelled a cessation of hostilities and then prepared to care for the dead and wounded. There were no casualties, however, and there was no more fighting.

"It's a good thing they were Italians and Mexicans," said the mate yesterday. "If there'd been one Irishman among them somebody would have been hurt."

The Star of India, which brought 34,700 cases of salmon, spoke the fishing schooner Fortuna August 16 about 20 miles west of the Ugashik river. The Fortuna, had 50,000 codfish.

Another salmon ship, the Llewellyn J. Morse, 22 days from Nushagak, arrived Fridays night with 36,000 salmon.

BARK IS WRECKED AND 110 DROWNED

Star of Bengal, Belonging to the Alaska Packers' Association, Blown on Island

SEATTLE, Sept. 2 - Advices received tonight from Alaska by the United States signal corps say that 110 men, including nine whites were drowned in the wreck of the American bark Star of Bengal on Coronation Island, west of the Prince of Wales archipelago.

Twenty-seven of the vessel's crew and passengers were saved. The Star of Bengal belonged to the Alaska packers' association and was on her way to San Francisco with a cargo of 45,000 cases of salmon.

In addition to her crew she carried 100 Chinese and Japanese who were employed, in the canneries of the company taken aboard at Fort Wrangell. The Star of Bengal was being towed to sea by two tugs and was blown ashore on the west shore of Coronation island. The tugs were obliged to abandon her in order to save themselves.

The Star of Bengal, which was not insured is valued at $75,000. The cargo, insured in London, is valued at about $200,000. The Bengal was an iron vessel of 1,877 gross tons register and was built in 1874 by Harland & Wolff at Belfast. Captain Nick Wagner who was in command of the vessel, is an able and experienced mariner and has been in his present employ for many years.

Courtesy of the San Francisco Call
Wednesday, September 23rd 1908
LAUNCH FIRE BOAT TO PROTECT FLEET
Alaska Packers Take Steps to Guard Idle Vessels in Estuary From Flames

ALAMEDA, Sept. 24 - In order to protect from fire its large fleet of salmon carriers that is laid up every winter in the estuary, the Alaska packers', association has had a fire tug constructed. The boat was built by the United engineering works and was launched from the yards of that plant yesterday. The new fire fighter will be known as the Phoenix. The tug is equipped with a 150 horsepower engine and strong pumps.

Neither this city nor Oakland has a fireboat to afford protection to shipping in the harbor. The management of the Alaska packers' association decided that it could not afford to run any further risk of damage to its vessels and therefore had a private fire tug constructed. The association had one of its vessels destroyed by fire in 1905.

There are now five of the packers' vessels in the estuary and the idle fleet will be increased steadily as the salmon packets return from the northern canneries and go out of commission until the fishing opens again next spring.

The packing association has enlarged its realty holdings on the waterfront by purchasing a strip of land running from the north end of Paru street to Buena Vista Avenue. The estuary off the association's wharf and yards is being dredged to accommodate the big ships of the commercial fleet.

New Propellers Broken

The Southern Pacific ferry steamer Berkeley has never made satisfactory speed and when a proposition was made some weeks ago to add to the vessel's fleetness by the installation of four bladed propellers of a patent design it was taken up at the first opportunity. So confident was the inventor that he agreed to do the work on the basis of no cure no pay. The Berkeley was hauled up on the ways at the Southern Pacific shipyard on Oakland creek, the old wheels taken off and the new ones installed. The work was finished Wednesday and that evening the Berkeley was put back into the water. The black squad put up steam and the steamer left the shipyard for the mole.

To reduce the headway as the steamer approached the pier the pilot telegraphed for full speed astern and the order was obeyed. All of a sudden the engines went on a fearful rampage and an investigation made yesterday showed that all four of the patent propellers had broken off. The old propellers will be replaced, but the Southern Pacific company is still open to propositions for adding to the Berkeley's speed.

Courtesy of the San Francisco Call
Friday, September 30th, 1910

The Summer Season Comes to an End

Six years after arriving in San Diego, the fo'c'slehead of the Star of India was photographed in September, 1933. (P-11286).

Bertie Grahame and Irene enjoy a leisurely cruise aboard Medea in September, 1910 (P-07133).
September 8th, 1939, this bluejacket shines the bright work on one of the guns of a destroyer being rehabilitated during the program to recondition more than two-score such ships, once tabbed as "obsolete." Work is being hurried on the long idle craft as the Navy strives to bring its sea defenses to the maximum of efficiency. Rehabilitation of the craft was believed caused by the European war.

“The ruin was practically complete.”

On September 13th, 1962 ballast is brought aboard the Star of India by crane.

The Deepest Torpedo Launch
U.S.S. DOLPHIN (AGSS 555)

“Operations during the period July through September 1969 were involved with stability and control trials and a continuation of torpedo test launchings out of Newport, R.I. Thus concluded DOLPHIN’S Phase I operations which covered the period September 1968 to October 1969. Theses operations were primarily directed towards proving that a deep-diving submarine capable of independent operations at sea could be built; and to testing weapons and launches at depth.”

Chalupa Launched!

On September 24th, 1992 the shallop Chalupa was launched from the deck of the Star of India. The Chalupa was primarily destined to re-enact the Cabrillo landing at Point Loma in 1542.
Francis Drake Visits the MMSD

In September of 1988 the replica *Golden Hinde* was in port alongside the MMSD. A replica of Sir Francis Drake’s ship that circumnavigated the globe between 1557 and 1580, she had just completed a visit to the 1987 World’s Fair in Vancouver and was finishing a Pacific Coast tour before sailing back to the Atlantic through the Panama Canal.

The Bitter End

I have this notion, or perhaps a desire to own a boat. I’m sure a lot of us at the Museum either already do, or want to as well. I also want an old boat, an aspect which in my current standing in life, makes it an even more unrealistic goal. Still, Dr. Ashley put me in contact with the owner of the *Madeline O*, a 1929 motor cruiser located in the San Diego yacht club. On contacting the owner, I toured the *Madeline O*, astounded by the amount of original hardware, beautiful workmanship, all those things typical of high craftsmanship of the early 20th century. There, aft, both several planks and the transom spoke of wood rot, placing any kind of restoration project well beyond my current means.

A week later, I was with my kids watching the *Matthew Perry* slide into San Diego Bay in an atmosphere that caused me to think of epic ships like *Titanic*, or even that celebrated day in November of 1863 when the *Euterpe* came down the ways. The birth of the *Matthew Perry* was simply exciting, and not just for my kids.

The start of the school year prevented me from any involvement with the *Star of India’s* move to dry-dock, or even the work on
September

1899, September 1st - The full-rigged ship Euterpe, under Hawaiian Registry arrives at Seattle, WA.

1849, September 2nd - On her initial voyage, the Revenue Cutter C.W. Lawrence sight the “island of Owyhee.”

1849, September 3rd - The Revenue Cutter C.W. Lawrence enters the harbor at Diamond Head, island of Oahu.

1923, September 6th - The tugboat Sea Queen tows the Star of India to Alameda after arriving at San Francisco on August 30th. The voyage to Alaska of 1923 would be her last sail as a working vessel.

1920, September 9th - The Star of India enters San Francisco on September 9th, 3 days ahead of the Star of France after an unofficial race is provoked by Captain Marzan of the Star of France as the two barks cleared Unimak Pass, Alaska.

1975, September 9th - Final installation of the replacement silver-zinc main storage battery was completed on the U.S.S. Dolphin, pier side at the Naval Undersea Center, San Diego. This was the first time a silver-zinc battery replacement had been accomplished outside of a shipyard environment.


1879, September 13th - Aboard the full-rigged ship Euterpe, passengers Stead Ellis and Joshua Charlesworth publish the first issue of the Euterpe Times.

2008, September 15th - The replica full-rigged ship HMS Surprise departs the Maritime Museum of San Diego for her first out-of-area sail after becoming a part of the museum fleet.

1779, September 19th - The frigate HMS Rose is scuttled in the Tybee River in an attempt to block the French ships from aiding American forces in their attack on the British held Savannah, GA.

1799, September 20th - The British 28-gun frigate HMS Surprise, ex- L’Unite is dispatched from Port Royal Jamaica to intercept the Spanish frigate Hermione.

1873, September 24th - After departing New Zealand, the full-rigged ship Euterpe enters San Francisco Bay and is placed under the consignment of Dickerson, Wolf & Co. in order to obtain cargo.

1992, September 24th - To celebrate the landing of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, the Maritime Museum of San Diego launch the shallop Chalupa.

1940, September 25th - The steam yacht Medea is acquired by the British Ministry of War Transport and is reallocated for use at Peterhead, Scotland.

1850, September 27th - The Revenue Bark Polk arrives in San Francisco, freeing up the Revenue Cutter C.W. Lawrence for coastal survey and patrol.

1899, September 27th - The U.S.S. Dolphin departs San Diego to conduct Scripps Institute of Oceanography (SIO) Gravity experiment. This experiment was unique in that the data collected could possibly change the way the scientific community looks at gravity. Also this at-sea period was a benchmark for Dolphin being the longest independent at-sea operation in Dolphin history.

1849, September 28th - The Revenue Cutter C.W. Lawrence departs the Sandwich Islands to report to her assigned duty station, San Francisco, CA.

1542, September 29th - Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo aboard the San Salvador enters the bay of San Diego, landing at Ballast Point naming it San Miguel.

The Bitter End (cont)

the hull itself. Still, contact with other crew certainly connected me indirectly to the event.

In August, I encountered a boat possibly at the end of her life, one just starting, and the MMSD's continual dedication to the preservation of another for however long the Fates deem it. The history and memories that rest in the hull of a ship or boat are never-ending. The Star's did not end in 1923. They continue on today in every muster aboard her main deck on Sundays. But for anything, there are beginnings and there are ends, it simply rests on the resolve of its caretaker.

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.

The Madeline O.