The Maritime Museum of San Diego mourns the loss of one of its most beloved and unique individuals, Bob Evans. In 1934, Mr. Evans crewed the USS Constitution during her port visit to San Diego. See Story on Page 8.

On the ‘Tween Deck
• Elissa Stands Down
• San Salvador Construction Begins
• Four Months in a Clipper Ship

MMSD visitors took advantage of the Star of India’s poop deck for a prime viewing location of the naval celebration.

The MMSD was one of the premier locations for viewing perhaps a never to be repeated event in the skies over San Diego Bay. The U.S. Navy honored the centennial celebration of naval aviation.

On Saturday, Feb. 12, 2011 the unprecedented event featured several hundred contemporary and historic aircraft, including aerial skydiving demonstrations across the bay. The museum and the Embarcadero provided one of the premier viewing locations for the event.

On February 17, 1911 in San Diego, Glenn Curtiss

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
Aviation (cont)

Aircraft of the U.S. Navy, vintage and new filled the skies over San Diego Bay.

landed his hydroaeroplane near the USS Pennsylvania. The aircraft was then hoisted aboard for a few hours, returned to the water where Curtiss then retook to the air. Although during the previous year when pilot Eugene Ely successfully launched an aircraft from the deck of the USS Birmingham and his subsequent landing on the USS Pennsylvania in January of 1911, it was Curtiss’ notable exercise that influenced the Navy to invest in the A-1 Triad, Navy’s first aircraft.

The Navy will continue to celebrate its centennial throughout the year at various locations, but one must acknowledge that in the eyes of the U.S. Navy, San Diego is the birthplace of naval aviation.

Check, Call, Care

Museum Staff Trained in Emergency Response

Aboard Berkeley, staff employees practice cardio-pulmonary resuscitation.

New staff members at the Maritime Museum of San Diego spent a good portion of their Tuesday on January 4 as Julie Lorenzen instructed the employees in first-aid. The certified course covered several areas of first-aid but primarily dealt with cardio-pulmonary resuscitation. Driven home was the rule of thumb of “Check, call, care.”

Held on board the Berkeley, employees were instructed on various situations using a CPR training mannequin. In addition, tutorials and hands-on training using the ADE (Automated external defibrillator) was taken. There is currently a device located along the wall on the Berkeley at the model shop as well as one on the Californian. Aboard Californian, the device is located in the Captain’s cabin.

The course was Red Cross certified, passing the course certified one for a two-year period. As Jeff Loman noted in a presentation at the March staff meeting, falls were the prominent source of injuries requiring first-aid around the museum. As the class concluded, the museum and its staff is now better prepared to encounter any emergency however little or small.
The initial process in the construction of the replica galleon *San Salvador* began in March as the keel timbers arrived and the lofting process began at the site location at Spanish Landing. The replica of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo’s flagship has been a longstanding concept for the MMSD. After years of development, March 2011 marks the time when the dream comes to fruition.

As March dawned, 45 tons of Angelique, a tropical hardwood, from Suriname was delivered to Spanish Landing.

The lofting process is one that transfers the lines of a scaled drawing (i.e. a blueprint) to a 1:1 scale assuring an accurate reproduction of the complex curves in the vessel’s hull. The construction of the *San Salvador* is being supervised by master shipwright Allen Rawl.

Anticipated to occur during the Memorial Day weekend, the keel laying ceremony of the *San Salvador* will coincide with the opening of the site to the general public.

As the initial stages of layout progress, in Escondido a handful of volunteers are learning the age-old art of blacksmithing. The outcome will be hand-forged iron fittings for the *San Salvador*.

Even as she is being built, the *San Salvador* will quickly become one of the most anticipated and effective educational tools in the region providing San Diego with a tangible artifact of what Ray Ashley describes as “San Diego’s origin story.”
SAVE THE DATE
NATIONAL MARITIME WEEK
MAY 17, 2011

The Port of San Diego and its strategic partners invite you to celebrate Maritime Week 2011 with breakfast and an informative panel discussion on:

PORTS BRING HOME THE GOODS

When: Tuesday, May 17, 2011
Time: 8:00 to 9:30 a.m.
Location: San Diego Marriott Marquis & Marina

Unified Port of San Diego
Galveston’s 1877 Tall Ship Elissa To Undergo Hull Repairs

Galveston Island, Texas, March 2, 2011 – As the 1877 Tall Ship ELISSA nears the 30th anniversary of her historic restoration, 2011 will also mark another milestone for the Official Tall Ship of Texas. During a mandated United States Coast Guard dry dock inspection, various issues with the hull were identified as needing repairs. These repairs must be completed before she can be returned to sailing but will not prohibit her from operating in the water as one of Galveston’s main tourist destinations and landmarks.

Jamie White, Director of the Texas Seaport Museum says repairs are already underway to ensure the ship’s return to dock. “ELISSA has been so very fortunate to not have suffered any downtime during this run of 30 years. Not even a hurricane could stop daysails, but a few millivolts of stray electrical current and the resultant electrolytic corrosion that ensued have caused us to take pause and perform necessary repair work.”

The first phase of work is already underway with ELISSA scheduled for return to the Texas Seaport Museum on Wednesday, March 9th. She will then return to dry dock in October for the final phase of the estimated $2 million dollar hull repair for return to full sailing status and resumption of daysails.

During a time when historic ships in ports all over the world face the challenges of major restoration, permanent dry dock, or disrepair; ELISSA has remained one of a handful to maintain a presence as a historic operating sailing ship. The work being done currently on her hull will ensure the return to her rightful place in the water and under sail.

Stressing the continued commitment to returning ELISSA to the water, Dwayne Jones, Executive Director of the Galveston Historical Foundation states; “With the help of Galveston Historical Foundation’s commitment to sailing, the Texas Seaport Museum’s mission of restoration and operation of ELISSA and countless volunteers; we can undertake this project to ensure the Elissa adheres to the same standards and care as the original restoration.”

For more information on ELISSA and the Texas Seaport Museum, please contact Director Jamie White at jamie.white@galvestonhistory.org. For more information on the Galveston Historical Foundation please contact Executive Director Dwayne Jones at dwayne.jones@galvestonhistory.org or visit www.galvestonhistory.org.
Whale Magic Opens On the Orlop

Doc White stands proudly amongst examples of his work on the newly opened exhibit Whale Magic located on the orlop deck on the Star of India.

As the whale watching season continues, a new exhibit featuring many of these same immense creatures has opened on the Star of India. 25 images from the famed marine photographer Doc White are currently on display.

Spending much of his youth on the Outer Banks of North Carolina, both sailing and exploring, Doc would eventually discover his lifelong love of scuba diving while visiting Key West, Florida. During this period, a special fascination for photography became intertwined with his love of scuba diving.

After a career as a Navy fighter pilot, Doc White pursued his two hobbies even further to become a celebrated marine mammal photographer.

Marinisms

TRUSS (drosse de racage, ou servant de racage aux basses vergues, Fr.) a machine employed to pull a yard home to its respective mast, and retain it firmly in that position.

As the truss is generally used instead of a parral, it is rarely employed, except in flying top-gallant-sails, which are never furnished with parrals. It is no other than a ring or traveler, which encircles the mast, and has a rope fastened to its after-part, leading downward to the top or decks; by means of which the truss may be straightened or slackened at pleasure. The halyards of the top-gallant-sails being passed through this ring, and the sail being hoisted up to its utmost extent, it is evident that the yard will be drawn close to the mast, by pulling down the truss close to the upper part of the sail; for without the truss, the sail and its yard would be blown from the mast, so as to swing about, by the action of the wind, and the rolling of the vessel; unless the yard were hoisted close up to the pulley wherein the halyards run; which is seldom the case in flying top-gallant-sails, because they are usually much shallower than those which are fixed or standing.

Event Specials Aboard Star of India and Berkeley

Book your Company Holiday event or any celebration by April 1 and receive 50% off of the rental fee. Book during the Festival and receive a free upgrade on hosted bar packages.

For additional information, CLICK HERE.
The RC44s grace the bay with their tremendous speed and technology as the Oracle RC44 Cup was help in San Diego March 2 thru 6.
This editor had been at the museum but a brief time. In that short span, like other volunteers, I became familiar with Bob Evans who typically sat welcoming visitors under the shade of the canopy located next to the main information and ticket booth.

Mr. Evans was frail in appearance, but the conversations each and all of us had with him spoke otherwise. The breadth of knowledge, experience and generous nature to share made each encounter with him a memorable one.

At 97, the Maritime Museum Museum of San Diego has said goodbye to Mr. Evans. Bob passed away in his sleep Thursday morning, March 10. As a longstanding fixture of hospitality at the museum, he will surely be missed.

Bob’s unique experience with tall ships and the Star of India goes back long before any other individual at the museum. In 1931, the USS Constitution, Old Ironsides, following a restoration embarked on a national tour of the United States. This included a passage through the Panama Canal and the western coast of the United States. Aboard was Bob Evans.

Old Ironsides arrived in San Diego in 1934, mooring just forward of the Star of India. The Star of India had just been purchased seven years earlier and was a recent addition to the San Diego waterfront. Bob was the last surviving crewman of the

In 1934, the USS Constitution with Bob Evans aboard, moored near the Star of India.

USS Constitution prior to her arriving back at Boston where she became a permanently moored historical landmark.

“Bob Evans was a good guy and he was always sharp as a tack and gracious. He will be missed,” says Mister Mac. That comment echoes the thoughts across the museum as a whole.

A service for Bob Evans will be held on Monday April 11 at 11:00 am at the Ft. Rosecrans cemetery. Take the last cemetery entrance on the right.
Vessels for California.

Bark Baltimore, Capt. Le Bron, arrived at this port on Thursday, having sailed from Rio de Janeiro on the 18th of January, and brings intelligence from two of the vessels that have left the states for California since the gold excitement commenced. The U.S. revenue cutter Lawrence, from Norfolk, for Oregon, arrived at Rio on the 17th of January. The bark Whiton, Gelsston, one of the first vessels that left New York (Nov. 21) with emigrants for California, had been spoken off Rio, 46 days out, all well on board. [Baltimore American.]

Courtesy of the Boston Courier
Monday, March 12, 1849

from Bombay towards Rangoon

Saturday 3 PM Lat 8°20’ North
March 19th 1870 Long. 75 20’ East

William Cosens
Commander

Sydney Dawson AB while employed handing in the fore brace fell down in a fit, was picked up taken into the forecastle, and attended to, but died in less than half an hour, from the time of being taken in.

By Litchfield
Mate

SHIPPING

We expected that the south-wester of Sunday night and yesterday would have brought ‘down the due Home ships.’ The Euterpe, which left London December 2nd, and was off Plymouth on the 11th, has been 99 days at sea from her latter position. The ship Wellington, from London, has been 84 days at sea, an average passage for the Albion Company’s vessels; and the same Company’s ship Wild Deer is 83 days out from Glasgow. The barque Glocester, from Hong, Kong, is 66 days out to-day, and should be drawing up to her destination. She may put in an appearance at any moment. The Camille, from New York, has been, 63 days at sea, and maybe expected about the middle of next month.

Courtesy of the Otago Daily Times
Tuesday, March 20 1877

To Close Consignments.
Auction Sale of Merchandise.

MESSRS. SHARP & SONS have been favored with instructions from the Consignees, to Sell by Auction, at the Masonic Hall, Trafalgar street; on SATURDAY, March 23, 1859, at 11 a.m., sharp—
The following GOODS ex ‘Euterpe,’ and a late arrival:—about 500 Lots of Holloware, Hardware, Brushware, Earthenware, Cricketing Material, Fancy Goods, &c., &c.

Terms Cash, SHARP & SONS, Auctioneers
FOUR MONTHS IN A CLIPPER
A VOYAGE TO NEW ZEALAND

Poplar Church clock had just chimed 2 a.m. as the iron ship *Euterpe*, 1,197 tons register, hauled out of the East India Docks into the river by the midnight tide, on August 2nd, 1879.

The *Euterpe* was bound to Canterbury, New Zealand, with a full complement of passengers of all classes. At the outset she met with misfortune. We had gone down the river in charge of the Cambria, under easy steam, and at daylight were off Gravesend. The ship’s doctor was to have joined us at Gravesend; but, owing to some misunderstanding, of which I never learnt the precise nature, he was not forthcoming, and the inspecting officers would not sign our clearance papers until the doctor was on board. We lay moored all day within a hundred yards of the shore, and one of our ship’s officers was despatched to London in search of our doctor, or any other doctor he could find willing to undertake the voyage.

At ten o’clock that night the *Telford* steamship, from India, homeward bound, was coming up the river with the stream, and in trying to clear a large telegraph steamer, which was moored a little ahead of our ship, she ran into us and struck us on the starboard bow with terrific force. The *Telford’s* stem cut through our iron plates and penetrated several feet into the deck. I shall never forget the scene of confusion which followed. The agonizing shrieks of women, the cries of terrified children, and the shouts of men, mingled with the howling of the freshening wind and the creaking of the rigging, are all impressed upon my memory with a most vivid intensity. I was standing on the poop deck at the time, and, thinking only of my own safety, I immediately possessed myself of one of the life-buoys which hung from the stanchions. There was a general rush aft on the part of the steerage passengers as soon as the *Telford* struck us, and in an instant the life-buoy was snatched from my grasp by half a dozen frantic men. I looked around for another, but they were all gone. To make matters worse, the chain cable which held our ship fast to her moorings was cut through, so that we began to drift rapidly astern, and in another moment we fouled a Norwegian barque. When this second disaster became apparent it was the signal for another general rush forward, and all the efforts of Captain Phillips and his officers to restore order amongst the panic-stricken passengers were in vain. Our steering gear was completely carried away, and the iron stanchions were twisted and bent as though they had been wire; the spanker boom was smashed in two, falling with a loud crash upon the deck within a few inches of where I stood, and our fine ship, which only minutes before looked so trim and neat, now had all the appearance of a wreck.

It was quickly ascertained that the hole in our bows did not extend to the water line. Consequently there was no danger of the ship foundering. One poor sailor, who lay asleep in his bunk at the time of collision, had his skull severely fractured, and we heard afterwards that he died in hospital.

We returned to London next day to repair damages, and after a delay of seven days, made a fresh start on the 12th August.

The *Euterpe* was surely one of the unluckiest ships afloat. For three weeks we were beating down Channel in the teeth of strong westerly gales. For three long weeks we were tossed about mercilessly, surrounded by all the miseries of sea-sickness, and rain and fog. One evening, when off the Start, we saw through the haze about half a mile to windward and sailing at right angle to us, a large full-rigged ship. We were gradually closing upon each other, and a collision seemed inevitable. Being on the starboard tack, it was not our place to give way; but as the strange ship made no signs of altering her course, Captain Phillips...
gave orders to square away the yards and come up to the wind. We were only just in time. I read her name - Hurunui - as she crossed our bows. If the sails of our ship had not been squared to catch the wind from the front and so bring the vessel to a standstill, nothing could have prevented a disastrous collision. After our previous experience off Gravesend, it is easy to image the excitement and alarm which prevailed on board, especially amongst the passengers, and the intense relief it gave to see the catastrophe averted.

It was not until the 31st August that we cleared the Channel and bid adieu to Old England. Contrary to the general rule, we had fine weather and fair winds across the Bay of Biscay. It was here that the “dead horse” was thrown overboard. It is an old custom, and seems to afford immense satisfaction to the sailors, and amusement to the passengers. When the sailors join the ship, they are allowed a month’s pay in advance, and as soon as this month has expired they celebrate the event by rigging up a dummy horse, parading it round the deck to music and singing, then hoisting it up to the main yard-arm, and amid loud cheers and the burning of blue-lights, dropping it over board. From this time their pay begins afresh.

On the morning of September 9th, Madeira rose like a blue cloud above the horizon. It appeared to be a very small island, but we passed it at a distance of fifteen miles, though we could distinctly make out the houses and vegetation with the aid of the telescope.

All those who have made a long sea voyage know the wearisome monotony of life on shipboard, and I shall pass over this part of my “sketches” as quickly as possible. There are a few things more interesting or tend more to relieve this monotony than signaling a ship at sea. This is done by means of flags of different colors, which represent certain letters of the alphabet. For instance, we spoke a large ship flying the flags MJGQ, and upon reference to the “British Code List” we found her to be the “Baron Blantyre,” of Greenock, 1,623 tons. We signaled our name (VPJK) in return, and she responded with the letters BDWL, which meant she was from Cardiff; BLJD, bound for Calcutta; WCV, forty-four days out. We, of course, volunteered similar information respecting ourselves; and the Baron Blantyre then ran up DWG - “Are you all well?” We replied in the affirmative; and asked (DHK) “Who is captain of your ship?” The answer was CFWG, which denoted the syllable Wil: CFMH, so: WLP, n. We therefore knew the captain’s name to be Wilson; and wishing her “a pleasant voyage” by the flags FCSW, we dipped our ensign three times as a salute, and soon parted company.

Our amusements were various. We fixed up a boat’s oar in the mizzen-rigging and performed on the horizontal bar until we became as adroit as professional trapezists. We played at cards
occasionally, and quoits, those everlasting rope quoits, without no passenger ship is complete, and we bet daily upon the ship’s run to the extent of a bottle of Tennant’s ale or Guinness’s stout. But in addition to all this, the second cabin passengers, with laudable enterprise, were bold enough to start a weekly newspaper. It was certainly not a literary production of a very high order. But what did that matter? I do not remember the exact wording of the opening address, but it was something like the following: -

This being the first number of the Euterpe Times, we trust that our friends will view it with favour. The Editor feels that the duties he has undertaken in its successful management is an onerous and difficult task, and it if was not that he was unanimously nominated on the main deck by a meeting of the passengers, held last Thursday week, to fill the post, he would rather have resigned his position in favour of someone better qualified to fill the onerous post, never having had any experience before.

Our columns will always be open to just and fair criticism upon current topics, but at the same time I will not hold myself responsible for any inaccuracies which are likely to occur, while I will use every discretion in my power to promote the interest and success of the Euterpe Times, and omit from its columns all matter which the Editor thinks are not likely to promote the object which I have in view, viz, the welfare and amusement of our readers.

It is on this account that we ask you to view this out first number with that favour and consideration, which I think you will all agree with me unanimously is due to it and its promoters, i.e., the Euterpe Times, and I feel that its premature success will largely depend in the future upon the support which is contributed towards its success during the voyage.

But long before the end of the voyage the cares of the poor editor weighed so heavily upon his mind that he visibly lost flesh. He would pore for the whole week over his manuscript, framing his leading article, looking all the time very much like “a sick monkey on a lee backstay.”

Amateur concerts were of very frequent occurrence. At the close of each performance half a dozen or more of the steerage roughs would congregate around the saloon gangway as the audience filed out, and cry out, “Cab, sir, cab;” “Lemon drops ’ere, penny a packet;” ”’Ere you are now, taters all ‘ot;” and a stentorian voice every now and then chimed in, “Move on, please; move on.” It reminded me so forcibly of the close of a London theatre, and gave the whole proceeding such an air of reality, as to be perfectly ludicrous.

As soon as the ship passed into tropical latitudes, the usual “shaving” farce was gone through. But this process has been described so painfully often that a sense of decency forbids me to do more than refer to it.

While we were still in the tropics, and when we had been about two months at sea, I became painfully conscious of the fact that my stock of clean linen was rapidly drawing to a close. However, it was some satisfaction to find that two of my fellow-passengers were also approaching the same unhappy predicament. So the three of us decided that before we got out of the wet latitudes we would collect some fresh water and do out own washing. The idea was a capital one, and we proceeded to put it into execution. First of all we hung up on deck by its four corners and old sail, as the rain filled it became distended, and the water ran from it in a stream underneath. Then we collected in the ship’s buckets sufficient of this water to fill the batch (we had a good bath-room on board). We bundled in all our dirty linen, including socks and handkerchiefs of all conceivable colours - magenta, blue, yellow, crimson, green &c. Doubling up our breeches above our knees, we jumped in after, and made a capital “peggy-stick” of three pairs of legs. We used the soap unsparingly, and I felt happy in the thought that should every other prospect fail, there was one last resource open to me - I could turn washer-woman. We worked away with hands and feet until the lather rose up and the bath presented the appearance of a huge dish of whipped cream. Having satisfied ourselves that every
spot and blemish was surely eradicated after the trying ordeal through which our linen, &c., had passed, we ran off the dirty water and filled the bath again with fresh. Now began the rinsing process, and each article was carefully rinsed and the water wrung out. But here a difficulty presented itself. We had nothing to put them in, and we could not hang them out to dry because it was still raining hard. We were some minutes trying to solve the mystery, and a variety of suggestions were offered, when I remembered that I had once spied a small foot-bath in the cabin of a lady passenger. In a few minutes I returned with my prize amid the cheers of my two companions. Yet even now it seemed an impossibility to compress all the accumulated linen of three individuals into one small foot-bath. However, there was no alternative, so we set to work, and pressing each layer well down, we contrived with much difficulty to pack them all in.

For three days longer the rain lasted, but the fourth was fine and breezy, and we hailed it with delight. We could hang out “washing” to dry. After breakfast was over I repaired to the bath-room for the purpose of carrying our “things” on deck. Perhaps it was something suspicious about their appearance - I can’t account for it any other way - which prompted me to turn them over, and the spectacle which stared me in the face was truly harrowing. Beneath a layer of brilliantly coloured socks and silk handkerchiefs lay, front upwards, the remains of what had once been a white linen shirt. My blood ran cold as I recognized the name upon it, and the truth flashed upon me. The coloured articles ought to have been separated from the white, and we had never thought of that. No wonder, then, that after lying tightly packed one upon the other in a wet state for more than three days, the dye from the coloured socks and handkerchiefs had penetrated through the white linen, and depicted in vivid colours a very creditable representation of the solar spectrum. This was my first attempt at washing, and to the present day it was also my last.

Of whales, flying-fish, nautilus, porpoises and sharks we saw enough; and, mirabile dictu, a time came when the cry of “A whale” or “Flying-fish” ceased to have any attraction for us. We crew so indifferent to such sights as these, which were of everyday occurrence, that it was a bore to lift up our heads to look at them. But there was great excitement on board when we caught our first shark. It was a dreadful-looking monster; a dark olive-green body and white belly, with great fins stretching out from the sides, and a dorsal fin standing up from the sides and a dorsal fin standing up from the back; terrible rows of fine-pointed teeth lined his big mouth. He measured 13ft. in length from the tip of his nose top his tail-end. He lashed the deck with his enormous tail and snapped his teeth most ferociously. I shuddered as I looked at this frightful object, and I kept my distance, because I knew that a blow from his tail was more than sufficient to break a man’s leg.

How shall I describe a gale at sea? I have read many accounts of them - so has everybody - but no description, however graphic, can adequately picture to the minds of those who never witnesses it one of the grandest and most impressive sights which Nature ever presented to the eyes of mortals - a gale at sea.

Being naturalley fond of the sea, I awaited the even with deep interest. I had previously made a stormy trip across the Atlantic in the Cunard steamship Abyssina in the winter of ’76, and had experienced the hardships of confinement below deck, so I took the precaution of providing myself with an oilsuit suit and sou’wester, which I purchased second-hand from one of the officers early in the voyage. I bought a pair of topboots in London before starting, and these I found invaluable in wet or stormy weather.
On October 25th we encountered a gale of great severity, when about 250 miles west of the island of Tristan da Cunha. The wind was blowing hard at daybreak, and the sea was running high. At ten o'clock a.m. the wind had increased so much in force that all sail was taken in except the fore and main lower topsails, and the fore topmast staysail. At noon it blew with terrific fury, and the ship was running before the gale under close-reefed topsails. The crests of the waves were blown bodily away in sheets, and the air was so filled with spray that it was impossible to define a line which divided water from sky. The ship rolled fearfully; every wave dashed over her; the water poured in immense volumes over the bulwarks, filling up the main deck between the forecastle and poop, and completely covering the after-gangway, which stood five feet above the deck. One tremendous sea struck the ship, which smashed in the main hatch, flooding the 'tween decks, and the steerage passengers were consequently placed in a most uncomfortable and pitiful condition. Their bunks were washed out, the salt water penetrated into their boxes and trunks, and spoilt their clothes. The same sea also carried away the forward starboard lifeboat and part of the iron to'gallant bulwarks. The entrance to the saloon from the main deck had been barricaded with boards, but these were burst through, and the saloon and state-rooms flooded to a depth of three feet. Later in the day the main hatch was broken in a second time, and a large quantity of provisions, such as flour, rice, and sugar, was destroyed.

There are so many discomforts which attend rough weather at sea that I believe it is dreaded more on this account by officers and crew than for any actual danger which accompanies it. One day, for instance, the sea burst open the galley door and washed out the cook, with all his pans and cooking utensils, and put the fires out. Unfortunately for us, it happened to be baking day, which only come once a week, and the dough was spoilt, so we were compelled to put up with hard sea biscuit in the place of the bread for the rest of the week. Another time, as the under steward was bringing the porridge for breakfast along the deck from the galley, a wave dashed over and capsized both steward and porridge into the scupper. The consequence was we had to go without porridge - the thing above all others which we used really to enjoy.

Clad in my oilskins, sou’wester, and top-boots, I spent most of my time on deck during stormy weather, braving the fury of the elements. Many a time I have had to hold on “like grim death” to rigging or stanchions, lest I should be washed overboard. The Euterpe always behaved herself very well in heavy weather, though she thoroughly understood the art of rolling. Sometimes when I awoke in the morning I would find my clothes, boots, soap, towels, water-can, &c., all rolling about the floor of my cabin in promiscuous confusion, although I had secured everything to my satisfaction the night before. But I grew accustomed to this style of living, and it ceased to trouble me.

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**Euterpian No. 12**

At night soft strains of music
Woo sommos with their tones,
Tonco distilled and sincerely culled
From hook-pots and pork bones.

The music swells, it rolls, it peals
The harmony is grand
From platters and preserved meat tins
Used by the hook pot band.

There dancing, singing to the time
Is its skilled conductor
Famous chief of the “Hook Pot Band,”
Its founder and instructor.

Unlike a petted child of art
With nobles for protectors
He’s made himself the hook pot chief
By playing tin reflections.

Note: Euterpian No. 12. W. Beercroft of Bally he is the conductor of the tin pot band in the fore cabin.

Published by S. Ellis on board the Euterpe on her voyage to New Zealand in Lat. [blank] Long. [blank].

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In stormy weather when the sky is clouded over and the sun obscured, the position of the ship can only
FOUR MONTHS IN A CLIPPER (cont)

be approximately ascertained by dead reckoning. To find, the latitude it is necessary to take the altitude of the sun at noon by means of a sextant. For example, on November 10th, we were in latitude 42° 9' south. The sun's altitude as measured by the sextant was 65° 3' above the horizon. This must be deducted from the highest altitude is possible for the sun to attain, namely, 90°, or making allowance for the height of the eye above the horizon, 89° 49', which leaves a result of 24° 46'. To this must be added the declination of the sun south of the equator (the declination for each day is found in the nautical almanac). The latitude is therefore found to be 24° 46' + 17° 23' = 42° 9'. The longitude is determined by the difference between solar time and Greenwich mean time as shown by the chronometers, but knowledge of logarithms is required to work it out accurately.

In the southern latitudes, while running down our casting, the chief amusement was catching sea-birds, such as albatross and molyhawks. We baited an ordinary fishing-line with pieces of raw beef, and the birds would alight on the water and swim after it as it was dragged along, and take the bait just as greedily as a fish. Strong hooks and lines are required for this purpose. Some of the birds we caught measured from 9 ft. to 15 ft. between the tips of the wings, spread out. The breasts, when cured, make splendid muffs and collarettes.

On Nov. 11th we were 250 miles north of the Crozet Islands. About three years before the Strathmore, a fine iron ship, belonging to the same line as ours, bound to Australia, was driven ashore on these rocky desolate islands. The passengers and crew remained there for several months living chiefly on sea-bird's eggs, until a stray whaling ship happened to call and took them off. The ship and all hands had long been given up for lost. The account of the privations and sufferings which were endured are related by a survivor, and form an interesting and valuable addition to the records of shipwreck.

In latitude 42.15 S., and longitude 80.42 E., we passed a quantity of wreckage; spars with rigging attached to them; pieces of wood, planks, and a broken boat, bottom upwards, which passed close along side. The boat appeared to have been painted white, but the paint was mostly washed off, and she was too low in the water for any distinguishing mark or name to be seen on her. The sight of this wreckage excited considerable comment and attention amongst the passengers, but I understood that the officers did not attach much importance to it, as it was not an uncommon thing in these latitudes of prevailing westerly winds and gales to fall in with broken spars which had been carried or cut away from some ship during a storm. But on our arrival in Port Lyttleton, Canterbury, N.Z., we heard that the magnificent iron clipper ship Knowsley Hall, which left London for Wellington, N.Z., in May, three months before us, had not reached her destination. Then the circumstance of the wreck recurred to me. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that we saw the last of the Knowsley Hall. Her unaccountable disappearance, as in the case of the Collins Line steamship Pacific, and the Inman steamship City of Boston, remains a mystery of the deep.

After a week of foul winds and tempestuous weather, we sighted the Snares, December 12th, having been three months and three days without sighting any land. But the bad weather still continued, and it was not until the 24th December that the Euterpe cast anchor in Lyttleton Harbour, after an unusually prolonged passage of 135 days or four calendar months and twelve days. - R.K.H.

Passenger R.K. Hattersley
Courtesy of the Leeds Mercury
Saturday, March 4, 1882
The Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company’s ship *Euterpe*, in ballast from Melbourne, arrived off Otago Heads yesterday forenoon, and was towed into port by the s.s. Plucky, berthing at the Export wharf. Since her last visit here the *Euterpe* has changed commanders, and she is now in charge of our old friend Captain Tom Bowling, formerly of the ship Akaroa, whom we are heartily glad to see back in Port Chalmers. Captain Bowling brings the following officers: — Chief, Mr Findlay; second, Mr Rae; third, Mr Roberts. The *Euterpe* comes here to load for London, and is to meet with quick despatch. Captain Bowling reports having encountered a very unpleasant passage across from Melbourne, although the good ship comes into port in excellent order. She left Port Phillip on February 21, and met adverse winds in the straits which compelled her to run to the westward of King’s Island on the 25th, when she had light northerly winds, which veered to N. and N.W. light and unsteady. She passed the Snares on the 5th inst., at night, and since then has been hammering up the coast against gales and thick fogs. Passed Stewart Island at 10 a.m. of the 10th inst.; had variable winds with heavy rains, and made Cape Saunders at 8 p.m. of the same day. Stood off to the S. and E. until daybreak yesterday, when she headed in for the land and came into port as above.

*Courtesy of the Otago Daily Times
Monday, 12 March, 1888*

**SHIPPING TELEGRAM**

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*Courtesy of the Otago Daily Times
Monday, 12 March, 1888*
DENSE FOG (cont)

the Philadelphia and Marion had their boats in commission. When the fog set down again every one of them was in the bay, either bound for the shore or making for the transports. Finally, after a succession of whistling from the launches and ringing of bells on the transports, the launches made their landings and all was well.

Courtesy of the San Francisco Call
Sunday, March 11, 1900

Hawaiian Ship Registry

Washington, March 1. - Senator Nelson’s attempt to include in the general Hawaiian bill which passed the Senate to-day a provision extending the navigation laws of the United States to the islands failed when Senator Cullom withdrew the proposed amendment at the instigation of Senator Pettigrew under the amendment seven vessels that were granted Hawaiian registry after annexation and supposedly for the purpose of coming under the American flag with the rest of the Hawaiian merchant marine were not discriminated against although the Committee on Commerce had reported adversely on such action as contemplated in a separate bill.

The vessels are owned by J. J. Moore & Co., John Rosenfeld’s Sons and Captain William Matson all of

San Francisco. They are the Star of Italy, Star of Russia, Star of Bengal, Star of France, Euterpe, Falls of Clyde and Will Scott. It is said that the owners complied with the Hawaiian laws prior to January 1899. The difficulty arises from the fact that the islands were annexed in July 1898 and were not eligible to American registry. When the matter was called to the attention of Attorney General Griggs he decided it was against the policy of the United States any further granting of American registry to vessels of Hawaiian registry was prohibited. It is now said however that the Hawaiian bill will be so amended in the House as to permit all vessels now flying the Hawaiian flag in including the seven named above to secure American registry and that the amendment will be agreed to when the bill goes eventually to the conference committee of the two houses.

The clouds of mystery that have enveloped for days the circumstances attending the strange death of Daniel Kearney, former salesman for the Brooks-Follis Electric Company, whose body was found in the bay several days ago, have been exploded by the discovery of a new line of evidence which proves almost conclusively that the young electrician, after being scorned by a woman, deliberately planned suicide. Kearney and a man who jumped from the steamer Berkeley the day he disappeared are shown to be identical, by means of a hat which the woman who discarded him recognized as his property a few days after the young man’s death.

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REGISTRY (cont)
found, and facts, too, that will absolve from any and all responsibility for his death Mrs. Charles B. Harris of Sacramento.

While there is plenty of suggestion in the letters already published that Kearney and Mrs. Harris were on very friendly terms, there is ample evidence within reach, of the police to prove that she in no way figured in Kearney’s deliberate plan to destroy himself. This much The Call is prepared to substantiate in defense of a woman whose name has figured most unenviably in the case.

In establishing as a fact that Daniel B. Kearney drowned himself, The Call presents an entirely new line of evidence, which will no doubt interest the detectives who have been working on old clews in an effort to furnish material for the Coroner’s investigation scheduled for Saturday next.

POLICE ARE BAFFLED.

The police have followed every possible clew, beginning with that morning, but seemingly have neglected to learn where the young electrician was the previous night or “what circumstance might have occurred during the night to prompt him In an act of self-destruction. They have also neglected to connect existing and important clews that would have long ago established the exact place where the suicide occurred and injured the theory of self-destruction against all possible doubts.

In bringing to light those new and important facts a great obstacle was encountered in the peculiar attitude of one Charles Thelen, who worked with Kearney and was presumed to be his friend. Thelen is in possession of facts which he has denied, particularly concerning the whereabouts of the woman who can furnish much interesting information in the case.

At first he admitted that he knew her and then he denied any knowledge of the woman. He has also made other contradictory statements, showing clearly his determination to shield some one who might serve as an important witness before the Coroner’s investigation.

The Call, in its search for evidence, has easily traced Kearney’s movements during the greater part of the previous night and also during the early morning hours of the day on which he ended his life. There has been also discovered, through the medium of a woman with whom Kearney was very friendly, positive evidence that a man who was seen to jump off the ferry-boat Berkeley on its return trip to San Francisco on the morning of January 23 was none other than Kearney. A fact which the woman made certain by indentifying the hat, which was the only part of his apparel that the suicide left upon the surface of the bay.

On January 22, Kearney, who in his capacity of
outside salesman for the Brooks-Follis Electrical Company, was allowed to go and come as he pleased, spent the greater part of the day in the company’s place of business on Mission street and appeared to be in ordinary spirits. About 4:30 o’clock in the afternoon he left the store, after remarking to a fellow employe that he would be back in a few minutes. That is the last time he was seen by any of the employes, who however, discovered next morning that he had paid an early visit to the store.

EXHIBITS HIS SORROWS.

It has been learned that en leaving his place of business Kearney walked up Mission street to a saloon conducted by P. Christmann at 555, and remained there for several hours. Mr. Christmann says he is certain that Kearney left at 8:30 p.m. but others who were in the saloon say that the hour was nearer 10:30 than 8:30. During his stay Kearney, who it is claimed had been drinking earlier in the day, partook freely of liquor. Mr. Christmann admits that his customer was pretty well under the influence of drink. “He was not drunk, however,” said the saloon man yesterday, “for my idea of a drunken man is one who cannot navigate, and Kearney could.”

During the latter part of his stay in the saloon Kearney, so one of the other patrons says, became very despondent, and finally, after the liquor had taken a hold of him, he stepped into a side room, where he threw himself into a chair and placing his hands over his face began crying aloud: “I will meet her! I will meet her!”

Kearney’s conduct was very strange to the saloonman and his employees, for in frequent previous visits to the saloon the young man had conducted himself in a very quiet manner.

What became of Kearney after he left the saloon Christmann and Barkeeper Kelley cannot say, but it is believed that he walked up to Powell street, intending to call on the young woman to whom he had been very attentive and who, there is every reason to believe, had become indifferent toward him.

About 7 o’clock the following morning Kearney reappeared at Christmann’s Saloon. The night and day barkeepers had just prepared a breakfast for themselves and as Kearney entered they greeted him and invited him to join them at their meal.

“I’ll be with you in a few minutes,” said Kearney. “I’m going down to the store and will hurry back.” And returning as agreed Kearney ate a portion of the breakfast, took a drink and after a short talk with the barkeepers he said good-by and departed, so his companions thought, for the Brooks-Follis Company’s establishment a few doors below the saloon.

VISITS THE STORE

The electrical firm does not begin business until 8 o’clock and when the clerk who opens the store arrived that morning and unlocked the room he was surprised to find a trail of water alone the floor. It was raining hard that morning and the wet footprints on the floor plainly suggested that some one had preceded the clerk to the store. The trail on the floor led down a side aisle to about the middle of the store, where there was evidence that the early intruder had stood for a few minutes while he secured something from the shelves. Another trail of water and footprints showed the different direction which some one had taken on leaving the store. The clerk readily presumed that Kearney had paid an early visit to the place, for lie was the only one besides the former and the manager of the firm who had a key to the front doors.

Several days later, after Kearney’s strange absence had caused some uneasiness, the clerks made a discovery which has since convinced the firm that the purpose of the salesman’s visit was to secure weighty articles with which to burden himself so that he would sink quickly when he jumped overboard. The discovery was this: that twenty-five tins of fuse...
wire, each of which weigh one pound, were missing from the stock in front of where the wet pool a few mornings before had suggested that Kearney, drenched by the rain, had stood for a time during his early visit.

SUSPECT SUICIDE

That the missing man had committed suicide had become already a fixed theory in minds of those employed in the Brooks-Follis Company, for one of them had recalled that a man answering Kearney’s description had jumped from the ferry boat Berkeley on the return trip after carrying the latter across to the Oakland mole.

Kearney’s relations with the woman on Powell street was known to several of the firm’s employees, among them Charles Thelen, living at 1613 Scott street. He finally conveyed to Kearney’s female friend his suspicion that Kearney on landing at the mole had immediately reembarked on the Berkeley and when the ferry was about to enter the slip on this side of the bay he had jumped overboard.

Having learned that the suicide’s hat had been recovered by the Berkeley’s crew, which went to the rescue, the woman suggested to Kearney’s fellow employee and chum, Charles Thelen, that he go to the city front, get the hat and bring it to her. This he did and she promptly recognized it as belonging to Kearney.

This incident occurred in the latter week of January, but strangely the police did not learn of it. When the body of Kearney was found a few days ago the employees of the Brooks-Follis Company were eager to confirm their theory that he had weighted his body with the fuse wire, which had been mysteriously removed from the store. In this desire they were soon gratified to some extent, for two days later the Coroner requested one of the clerks to call at the Morgue, when he was shown a coil of the lead wire and promptly identified it. Coroner Leland’s deputies say that the pound package was the only one found on Kearney’s body. Whether the other twenty-four small tins of wire were removed from the remains by some of the parties who discovered the body or that they fell out of the pockets of the dead man while he was being tossed about on the bottom of the bay is only a matter of conjecture, but the remaining package, together with the remarks made by Kearney when the barkeeper invited him to breakfast clearly establishes the identity of the man who visited the electrical store early on the morning of January 23.

Why Kearney should have committed suicide, no one who knew him will or can explain, except one friend, who claims that he was despondent over the treatment lately accorded him by his lady friend residing on Powell street. This friend believes that on the night preceding his suicide, after leaving the saloon, Kearney was given to understand by the young woman that their friendly relations must cease and that her edict increased his despondency and his determination to end his life. It is a well supported theory that Kearney’s purpose on boarding the ferry-boat Berkeley was to jump from its deck while it was making the trip to Oakland, but meeting a friend, his courage failed him. It was to this friend that Kearney said he was on his way to Boole’s shipyard in Alameda, but the fact has been long established that he never Journeyed that far from the Oakland mole.

After the Berkeley’s passengers had taken their trains Kearney is supposed to have again boarded the Berkeley and finally carried out his rash act by plunging into the bay as the boat was nearing its berth.

That the suicide theory is not a pleasing one to the relatives of Kearney may be explained in the discovery made yesterday that he had an accident policy on his life for $5000 issued to him by an agent named Toy. The policy would have expired about the middle of February, three weeks after Kearney committed suicide. Toy was an intimate friend of Kearney and was intrusted with the insurance policy, which the agent had agreed to renew when the time arrived. He still holds the policy awaiting developments in the investigation as to the cause of his friend’s death.

Had it been established beyond a doubt that Kearney had met death through accident or foul play, as has been charged, the insurance company would have had to pay the face value of the policy over to the executors of Kearney’s estate, but a clause in the
document, specifically provides that the company is not liable in case of suicide. In view of these conditions it is easy to appreciate the anxiety of the relatives over the possibilities confronting them that suicide will be proved.

Thelen, the dead man’s most intimate friend, has been strangely reticent since the recovery of the body. At first he knew nothing of any woman in the case, except that he had read the letters written by “Sacramento.” When asked if Kearney had any other women friends he stated positively that he knew of none. This was but three days ago. Then, after his memory had been refreshed in an interview last night he made admissions, but later denied them all.

When a Call reporter called at Thelen’s home last night the clerk’s mind was at first a blank as to all the events told in the above story. The mention of the Powell-street woman caused him to be visibly affected and he feebly admitted that he knew of such a person. He also knew that the woman had seen the hat, but could not say that she was positive in her identification. When asked to give the name he first protested by saying that he did not know it, and then contradicted himself by stating he would not give it as there was no necessity for “dragging her” into the case.

“It wouldn’t do you much good to know her name,” he said, “for I doubt if you would find her in the city now.”

As the evening progressed Thelen was again interviewed, and this time denied everything. He said that he knew of no such woman; had not brought the hat to her and went so far as to profess ignorance concerning Kearney’s movements on the day of his disappearance and the taking of the wire from the store.

Thelen, in his first interview, told of his efforts in locating the whereabouts of Kearney on the night preceding his death. He said that he had inquired of people all over town and that no one could give him any information.

“It was not with the woman,” Thelen went on to say, “I know that. Where he spent the night no one seems to know.”

Charles B. Harris, husband of the woman who addressed Kearney in caressing language, visited Captain Martin yesterday for the purpose of examining the letters alleged to have been written by his wife. After he had scanned the handwriting, which he did without a tremor, he had nothing to say.

“I refuse to state whether or not my wife wrote those letters,” he said. “There will be an inquest soon and when called upon to testify I will tell all I know.”

The conduct of Coroner Leland in the case has caused considerable comment among the friends of Kearney, several of whom have not hesitated to charge that Dr. Leland is concealing certain facts in relation to the cause of death in order to insure the payment of the accident policy. But for the general interest shown in the case during the past few days it might have been possible to terminate the inquest with a favorable verdict, but the latest developments have prevented any such turn in the strange affair.

Courtesy of the San Francisco Call
Friday, March 20, 1903

Both Pilots Laid Off

United States Local Inspectors Bolles and Bulger handed down an opinion yesterday revoking for fifteen days the license of Captain C. H. Blaker of the ferry steamer Berkeley and for five days the license of Captain H. Miller of the steamer Point Arena for negligence in the matter of the collision between the two vessels on February 23. The damage to the Berkeley was $60 and that to the Point Arena $1000.

Courtesy of the San Francisco Call
Friday, March 17, 1905
The ship Star of Alaska, Captain Halvorson sailed yesterday for Chignik and the steamer Alitak cleared for the same port. Both vessels belong to the Alaska Packers’ association. Their departures marks the beginning of a general exodus of ships and men to the Alaska canneries. The ship Benjamin F. Packard also a salmon ship, left Seattle yesterday for Chignik. Although the departure of these vessels is the first outward and visible sign of the approaching salmon season, the work of preparation has been going on practically ever since the ships returned from the north last year. In Oakland Creek the Alaska Packers’ association maintains a great plant, where ships are laid up for the winter and where they are made ready for the next season. Every ship when it returns the north is stripped and fumigated, cleaned and painted: and generally, put in condition not only for sea service but to carry large numbers of cannery hands whose efficiency depends, upon their good health. The Star of Holland, which cleared yesterday, goes to Port Angeles for a cargo of coal to be used in the canneries. A large fleet will be sent north this year, as it is expected that the pack will be big.

Bark At Clay-Street Wharf

Commuters rubbed their eyes yesterday and took another look when they saw, berthed on the south side of Clay-street wharf, where for years nothing larger than a river steamer has been tied up, the big bark Sea Witch of the Alaska Packers’ fleet. At this season the ships engaged to carry from the Alaska canneries to this and other markets and distributing points the harvest of red-bellied salmon are being made ready for their work. Since last season closed they have rested in the mud of peaceful Oakland Creek. One by one they are now being dragged forth from their beds of ooze and towed to this side of the bay, where ship carpenters, calkers and riggers will overhaul and put them in condition for the sometime stormy voyage to and from Alaska.

The demand for berths suitable for large vessels is usually greater than the accommodations and at this port a fairly large fleet or merchantmen can be accommodated with dock space. The demand for berths for the salmon vessels has caused a good deal of congestion and it was to relieve this crowding that the south side of Clay street, which immediately

Clay-Street (cont)

adjoins the ferry slips, has been turned over to the bark Sea Witch.

First Salmon Ships Sail

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BARK SEA WITCH FIRST LARGE VESSEL EVER DOCKED AT CLAY-STREET WHARF

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Courtesy of the San Francisco Call
Wednesday, March 28, 1906

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Saturday, March 16, 1912

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The ship Star of Alaska, Captain Halvorson sailed yesterday for Chignik and the steamer Alitak cleared for the same port. Both vessels belong to the Alaska Packers’ association. Their departures marks the beginning of a general exodus of ships and men to the Alaska canneries. The ship Benjamin F. Packard also a salmon ship, left Seattle yesterday for Chignik. Although the departure of these vessels is the first outward and visible sign of the approaching salmon season, the work of preparation has been going on practically ever since the ships returned from the north last year. In Oakland Creek the Alaska Packers’ association maintains a great plant, where ships are laid up for the winter and where they are made ready for the next season. Every ship when it returns the north is stripped and fumigated, cleaned and painted: and generally, put in condition not only for sea service but to carry large numbers of cannery hands whose efficiency depends, upon their good health. The Star of Holland, which cleared yesterday, goes to Port Angeles for a cargo of coal to be used in the canneries. A large fleet will be sent north this year, as it is expected that the pack will be big.
I had for a very long time intended to sit down with Bob Evans and ask him about his life, especially his experiences aboard the USS Constitution during her last hurrah, the 1931 to 1934 world tour. The Constitution had recently been restored and was on a celebratory farewell tour. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ernest Jahncke commented during the restoration that he doubted that modern seamen of the 1920s and 1930s could still sail a traditional vessel. Mr. Evans along with a multitude of naval personnel proved those comments wrong.

I have, however, been left with one endearing encounter with Mr. Evans. Although every conversation with Mr. Evans was a enjoyable experience, while perusing Ebay one afternoon I came across something that caused me to stop. It was a cancellation postmarked envelope of Constitution during her brief stay in San Diego. I purchased it and once it had arrived, kept it with me until I next came across Bob. When that time came, I pulled out the postmark causing Mr. Evans to grin broadly. “Oh, I remember stamping plenty of these,” he declared. He didn’t sign the envelope directly, rather I had it affixed to a small scrapbook I keep, he signed the physical page it was on.

With Bob gone now, I still have memories, photographs and one tangible expression of Bob, which connects us all the way back to the toddling footsteps of the U.S. Navy two hundred years ago.

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

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