San Francisco Bay Area Post Card Club

April 2009

Next Meeting: Saturday, April 25, 12 to 3 pm
Fort Mason Center, Room C-260
Laguna Street at Marina Boulevard, San Francisco

Meetings are usually held the fourth Saturday of every month except December. Visitors and dealers are always welcome.

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PROGRAM NOTES: Gary Doyle, author and postcard and stamp collector, will speak on the Pan American World Airways seaplane “Clippers” of the 1930s and 1940s. The Clipper fleet was the first scheduled heavier-than-air passenger service across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, departing from Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay to Honolulu and the South Pacific.

SHOW & TELL: Collector’s choice—three item, two minute limit.

PARKING: Car pool, take public transit or come early as parking can often be difficult; park in pay lot, upper free lot on Bay Street or along Marina Green and enjoy the stroll by the yacht harbor.

COVER CARD

103 Years Ago
This real photo postcard shows father and son standing defiantly atop a pile of rubble as proof they have survived a catastrophe. The caption reads, “Hugo, Sr.-Hugo, Jr.-Hadrich - Still there. — April the 18th 1906.” Carl Friedrich Hugo Hadrich and his family lived at 820 Fifth Street in Santa Rosa—a Northern California town devastated by the 1906 earthquake as much as any other. Although their home received only minor damage, Hugo’s wholesale liquor business occupied one of the unreinforced brick structures in the central district and was totally destroyed. A few whiskey bottles can be seen among the bricks, and ruins of surrounding buildings loom in the background. Hadrich went on to rebuild his business in Santa Rosa and remained there into the 1920s. [Generously contributed to my Santa Rosa binder by Glenn Koch.] — Frank Sternad
MINUTES, March 28, 2009

The Club’s Annual Celebration of the 1915 Panama Pacific International Exposition

Blue skies and plenty of parking... a pretty as a postcard day. And it was a full house for the meeting and program. More than 50 collectors, dealers, exhibitors, members and visitors were there; 12 dealers set up as well as three (or was it five?) PPIE exhibitors. Displays included “a few” outstanding examples from Corey Cate’s collection of more than 300 PPIE souvenir spoons, PPIE trophies and awards brought by Paul Robertson (see Show & Tell) and the ever improving fiberlit display of Tower of Jewels Novagems collected by club member Jay Stevens. Several guests were with us, four of whom became new members on the spot. Clubster Per Schulze receives the award for furthest traveled to attend a meeting: he came from his home in Oslo, Norway.

President Ed Herny called the meeting to order at one o’clock.

Announcements: Ed reminded us of the Santa Cruz show next weekend.

Laura Ackley told of her talk on April 3 at the Marin Art and Garden Society on “Interesting People of the PPIE.”

Lew Baer reiterated that at the Santa Cruz show there would be no entry fee for club members. He also told that cards for Westpex were on the front table as well as the catalog for the Harmer-Schau stamp auction which includes a number of postcards.

Drawing: 20 lots!

Old Business: Ed Clausen showed the framed certificate for the tree the club had planted at Joaquin Miller Park in memory of Bruce Diggelman.

New Business: Hester Lox asked about a card she found in the 10¢ box. What language is it written in? [Turned out to be in Czech.]

Show & Tell: Darlene Thorne showed a strange and favorite PPIE card: the California sandwich: bread of SF and San Diego with LA the “meat”; also an advertising card for the Hamilton Hotel, “$5 a day, pay no attention to runners at the station; follow directions on card”; and a real photo of a plane that fell 1000 feet at the PPIE. … Jack Hudson’s S&T was NOT a postcard, he announced; it was the new Arcadia book on the Vanderbilt Cup races which started in 1904 on Long Island; 200,000 people stood too close to the road and the event moved to Savannah, Georgia where the National Guard kept the track clear. Jack called the author to ask if he had info on the little known Vanderbilt race at the PPIE; prize was $8000 in gold, $160,000 today. … Glenn Koch unbuttoned
his shirt and showed us... his new Sutro Baths T-shirt made by Gangs of SF, either on Castro Street or www.gangsofsanfrancisco.com.

Paul Robertson told of the silver PPIE awards he had on display: First Place trophy for the regatta, a large loving cup; a small cup from a trade association for the Best White Bread; and a long stem silver cup for the Shrine Band; Paul also brought some paper award certificates created by John Henry Nash, the exceptionally fine local printer. ... Dan Saks recalled that 30 years ago today was the Three Mile Island meltdown and showed a postcard of Unit 2 where the troublesome incident happened; he also showed two cards of the radioactive Atomic Spa in Serbia. ... Kathryn Ayres brought three cards from the series “Why San Francisco will get the Exposition,” 1. SF thought of it first, 2. The Panama Canal will make SF the commercial center of the US, 3. More people would come to a fair in SF than in New Orleans as the text implied folks in Louisiana weren’t intelligent; one of the cards showed the double bore of the Twin Peaks tunnel. ... Jay Stevens announced that he was holding a silent auction until 2:30 for a slightly chipped jewel from high up on the Tower.

—LEW BAER, RECORDING SECRETARY PRO TEM

Program:

ZOE HEIMDAL AND JAY STEVENS ON EXHIBITS AND AWARDS AT THE 1915 PPIE

The speakers began as the laptop and projector flashed into action with postcard images, many from the collections of Glenn Koch and Chuck Banneck. There were dozens of buildings at the PPIE which held thousands of exhibits, 30,000 or so, in all, which were entered in 800 classes. There were giant exhibits for foreign countries, US states, mega manufacturers; there were mini exhibits for individual people who were showing something they made or grew; and everything in between. And there were judging and awards to go along with the exhibits and items on display. An egg timer invention was sold by the hundreds to hospitals for timing sterilizers; 41,000 were ordered by manufacturers who thought they would be better than men standing around with stopwatches.

Much of the information the speakers gave was from the Todd books on the fair (THE STORY OF THE EXPOSITION..., Frank Morton Todd, five volumes; see google for online digitized version.)

Many of the exhibits were displayed in the 11 palaces of 250,000-300,000 square feet which cost $1.25/sf to construct. The Palace of Machinery was the largest. In the Palace of Transportation was an immense Westinghouse locomotive rotating on a turntable. The Palace of Agriculture had the most elaborate exhibits with farm equipment and appliances. Universities, colleges and schools were showcased in the Palace of Education, and in the Palace of Food the focus was on “Everything Mankind Eats” including all of the Heinz 57 varieties.

Technical exhibits included infant incubators with premature infants (on the Zone). The immense Remington typewriter amazed and entertained as it typed out messages; the gigantic Underwood typewriter was made over for the 1939 NY World’s Fair and then was at Atlantic City (right) until
it was scrapped for war materiel in 1942. The first transatlantic phone call was made before the fair, but at the fair the line was used and abused by workers and the public; the giant telephone, itself, was non-functioning. Diesel engines—a new concept—were installed in May 1914 and generated power for the fairgrounds.

Large scale exhibits filled several acres of the fairgrounds. The Grand Prize winning government sponsored Panama Canal exhibit covered five acres and required two million board feet of lumber and 200 tons of concrete. 1200 people at a time could view it in operation. The Union Pacific’s Yellowstone National Park exhibit filled four acres and included a hotel, the Old Faithful Inn, and working geysers. For the Grand Canyon exhibit 20 Zuni and Hopi Native American families were brought to the fair and quartered there. Tour coaches made the 20 minute trip through the “canyon.”

The Oregon state exhibit featured apples—671 varieties on one tree! New York state sent a 7-ton cheese which was sold at 25¢ a pound. Iowa’s River of Corn garnered the grand prize for the state competition.

A woman’s portrait appeared on the screen. Only Laura Ackley could identify her: Lorraine Collett Petersen, the Sunmaid Raisin Girl.

Among the 26 foreign nation pavilions, live beavers graced Canada’s exhibit; Japan sent 250 rocks, each weighing a ton or more.

Forty-six of the 48 states presented exhibits which were awarded 5700 medals. The California Building, below left and right, covered 250,000 square feet.

There were near countless small exhibits as well: Lace, portraits in seeds, a mother of pearl cross.... And animals: 100 ostriches, Percheron stallions, a big donkey and long tailed roosters.

In response to a two mile long petition signed by school kids, Congress approved the visit of the Liberty Bell. It has not left Philadelphia since its return from the fair.

Ford Motor Company created an actual assembly line that moved at 15 feet per minute. (Apparently no
postcards were made of it.) The Hearst Corporation set up the world’s largest color press and printed the *Examiner* on site. The paper used for a Sunday edition would reach across the US. At the 10,000 square foot Model Post Office over $100,000 in stamps were sold.

**LIBERTY BELL ON PARADE ABOARD A FLORAL FLOAT**

Fortunately for us all, postcards recorded many of the exhibits!

Applause!!!

[Much of the above, and more, has been added to www.sanfranciscomemories.com. Jay and Zoë are eager to hear from anyone who would like to gab about the PPIE: ppie4me(at)comcast.net; zoe(at)sanfranciscomemories.com.]

**—LB**

**TREASURER-HALL MANAGER REPORT**

As of April 3, 2009 ................................ $4,807.00

—ED CLAUSEN, TREASURER/HALL MANAGER

**WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBERS**

Andy Stewart, a photographer who collects real photo portraits and CDVs.

Linda Winchester enjoys researching cards of historical interest, both the fronts and backs.

Marie Grbac has a family postcard collection.

Zoë Heimdal, web woman at www.sanfranciscomemories.com, the web site she created and maintains. Zoë collects old San Francisco.

Charles and Carol Hammond, collectors of antique, airship, travel, sentimental postcards; they welcome approvals—confirm before sending.

Lorraine Williams: “I have only a small collection, but I love them.”

**POSTCARD CALENDAR**

Apr. 24-26, Fri-Sun, San Mateo, Hillsborough Antique Show, Expo Fairgrounds, Fri. 11am-8pm, Sat. 11am-6pm, Sun. 10am-5pm*
May 8-9, Grass Valley, Old West Antiques Show, Fairgrounds. Fri. 10am-5pm, Sat. 9am-4pm*
May 23-24, Sat-Sun, San Francisco, Vintage Paper Fair, Hall of Flowers, Golden Gate Park, 9th Ave. & Lincoln, FREE ADMISSION both days! Sat. 10am-6pm, Sun. 10-4*+
May 29-31, Fri-Sun, Glendale, Vintage Paper Fair, 1401 N. Verdugo Road, Glendale, Fri. 1-7pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun (FREE entry)10am-4pm+ Early bird 11am Friday.+
Aug. 8-9, Sat-Sun, SAN FRANCISCO, Vintage Paper Fair, Hall of Flowers, Golden Gate Park, 9th Ave. & Lincoln, FREE ADMISSION; Sat. 10am-6pm, Sun. 10-4*+ Now three times a year.
Aug. 22-23, Sat-Sun, SACRAMENTO, Capital Postcard & Paper Show, 6151 H St., Sat. 10am-5pm, Sun. 10am-4pm*+ Always fun and friendly plus dealers not seen in the Bay Area.
Oct. 3, Saturday, SANTA CRUZ, Postcard & Paper Show, University Inn, 611 Ocean Street, 10am-5pm; Free Entry for club members *+
Oct. 25, Sunday, SAN FRANCISCO, Golden Gate Park Book Fair, Hall of Flowers, 9th Avenue & Lincoln Way, 10am-5pm; free entry, of course. A new show brought to us by Hal Lutsky; info: ggpbookfair(at)yahoo.com
Nov. 6-8, Fri-Sun, SAN MATEO, Hillsborough Antique Show, Expo Fairgrounds, Fri. 11am-7pm, Sat. 11-6, Sun. 10-5*
Nov. 14-15, Sat-Sun, CONCORD. Vintage Paper Fair, 5298 Clayton Road, 10am-6 and 4pm*+

**Bolded entries** produced by SFBAPCC members.

* Ken Prag will be there; let him know what to bring: 415 586-9386, kprag(at)planetaria.net
+ R&N will have cards and supplies
See cards on sale at SF Antique and Design Mall, 701 Bayshore Blvd.; 415 656-3531.

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### SHOWTIME

This year’s early April Santa Cruz show is now history, and, as usual for this springtime treat, it was a fun and successful event on both sides of the table. Several dealers smilingly commented that “Santa Cruz is always one of the best shows.” Thanks and kudos go to Mike Rasmussen and Joseph Jaynes for their efforts and success. See you again October 3!

Next month, May 23-24, will be the now near legendary Vintage Paper Fair in the Hall of Flowers Building on the southern edge of Golden Gate Park. Whether it’s the mega hall filled with hundreds of boxes of postcards, the dealers from the length of the West Coast and beyond, the comfortable well lit hall or the free entry that has made this show repeatedly successful is immaterial. It is a great time for all, including the hundreds of first-timers who discover postcard collecting while strolling through the park. The show will repeat on August 8 and 9.

Later that month, August 22-23, we’ll be back in Sacramento for the Capital Postcard & Paper Show in the marbled Masonic Hall at 1651 H Street. This show draws Northern California dealers who don’t always make it to the “big city” events in the Bay Area.

Hal Lutsky gave up bookkeeping some time ago; now he’s trying book peddling... with a new show, at the Hall of Flowers, on Sunday October 25. There’ll be postcards there, too.

We’re gonna have fun!

### NATIONAL POSTCARD WEEK

It’s time to get our NPCW cards finished in time for mailing during the “official” week, May 3–9. The best cards are the ones we design and make ourselves, usually with the help of a copy machine. You will want to exchange your cards with friends, both within and without the postcard world. Demaris Swint gave guidelines for NPCW cards—remember, there are no rigid rules for postcarding—on page 12 of the January newsletter. Be sure to send copies to her (PO Box 703, Pharr TX 78577) and me, for the newsletter. NPCW is a fun way to share our love of postcards and to spread the word about them.

—Lew
Qualifying for membership in an organized group is as old as mankind. Both men and women’s fraternal organizations have simple or complex initiation rites to signify acceptance of a new member. College fraternities are infamous for hazing new pledges. In the maritime world, perhaps one of the oldest such initiation rituals is the “crossing the line” ceremony. The “line” referred to in this ancient tradition is the equator.

Before the completion of the Suez and Panama Canals, ships routinely crossed the equator on their voyages to distant ports. Every time a ship—especially a Navy ship—crossed the great circle, the crew prepared for a special ceremony. Ship’s personnel that had previously crossed the equator were known as “shellbacks,” while the uninitiated were known as “pollywogs.” An interesting side note is that the term “wog” is used in the Scientology religion for the unconverted–uninitiated. The founder of Scientology, L. Ron Hubbard, was once a junior officer in the U.S. Navy. [It is also an offensive racist term for nonwhites or non Western Europeans. The postcard precious Golliwogg thus became innocently and unfortunately eponymous. —Ed.]

There is a large cast of players in the crossing ceremony. The shellbacks assume the roles of King Neptune (some people refer to the crossing ritual as King Neptune ceremony), Queen Amphitrite, the Royal Baby, the Royal Doctor, the Royal Barbers, the Royal Constables, and lesser attendants to the King’s court. Each of these roles requires the wearing of appropriate costumes, as must the pollywogs. The pollywog outfit usually consists of regular clothes worn inside out and backwards.

The actual ceremony revolves around the pretext of preparing the pollywogs for their audience before King Neptune and his court, and it consists of any number of disgusting, dirty, deprecating and humiliating activities. When I crossed the equator back in the early 1970s on my ship the U.S.S. Hepburn, the majority of the black crew members did not want to participate in the initiation rituals as they did not want to submit themselves to the humiliating acts associated with the crossing ceremony. Typical hazing on board included measuring the length of the ship with a hot dog, crawling through a canvas tunnel full of garbage, eating specially colored food for

Sailors crowd the deck of the USS South Dakota to observe King Neptune’s Court.

Officers escorting members of King Neptune’s Royal Court

The Royal Barber has a polywog in his chair
A more modern task was to measure the ship with a hot dog. Before hot dogs, pollywogs might have to participate in a potato race along the more than 500 foot length of the ship. Breakfast, kissing the Royal Baby’s belly which has been smeared with foul tasting goop, and a shaving by the Royal Barber. In the old days, this shaving was actually performed with a straight razor. The modern beauty treatment usually consists of rubbing heavy lubricating grease in the pollywogs’ hair and then using a large wooden razor to remove the grease. Keep in mind that these and many other activities are all performed by the neophytes as they crawl around the ship on their hands and knees while dressed in their inside out and backwards clothes. The full day ceremony ends when the “catechumens” are baptized into the “order of shellbacks” with a dunking in a pool of water constructed on the ship’s deck. The newly minted shellbacks are issued a certificate of crossing and also a wallet sized card to carry with them at all times to prove they belong to the ancient order. The crossing is also entered into every sailor’s official records to prevent them from being identified as a pollywog on subsequent cruises and thus having to suffer a repeat initiation. The longitude of the ship’s crossing is an important entry into the crew member’s official records. If a ship crosses the equator at the Prime Meridian, then crew members become Royal Diamond Shellbacks; if at the International Date Line, the crewmen become “golden shellbacks,” because the International Date Line is known as the realm of the golden dragon.

If you check out a world map or globe, you will notice that there is actually very little land south of the equator. The Antarctic continent, part of Africa, part of South America, Australia, and New Zealand with many small islands sprinkled across the Pacific are all that there is below the midline. Then, when you add the facts that the Suez and Panama canals have eliminated the need to circumnavigate the southern continents and that the U.S. Navy has dedicated...
The final initiation rite of the crossing ceremony is the baptism of pollywogs in a pool of water. Here, a polywog is being tipped backwards into the waiting arms of some shellbacks.

Pacific and Atlantic fleets, there are few reasons in the modern Navy for a ship to cross the equator. I was lucky during my four year stint in the Navy to have crossed 0° latitude three different times at three different longitudes. At that time there were many officers and senior enlisted crew who had been in the Navy for more than a decade and had never crossed the equator.

During the day-long ceremony, all pollywogs are subject to the same initiation activities. Officers as well as enlisted personnel are all simply seen as either shellbacks or pollywogs, and the crossing ceremony is a time when all crew members are treated the same. Of course in reality, the officers often suffer more hazing than do the enlisted men as some shellbacks have viewed this as an opportunity for a little revenge.

Ceremonial activities would often get out of hand and participants would suffer more than humiliation, and, sometimes, actual pain was involved. Modern sensibilities railed against these situations and the Secretary of the Navy issued an instruction in 1997 emphasizing the Navy’s zero-tolerance policy for hazing. I don’t know for sure what the modern crossing ceremony entails, but the Navy policy is that the purpose of the crossing ceremony is simple: to have fun!

When I look back on my own crossing experiences, I am not sure that “fun” was the operative word. I did enjoy it more when 90 percent of the ship’s crew consisted of uninitiated pollywogs and so few shellbacks had all the power. When I crossed the equator subsequent times, the roles were reversed and now 90 percent of the crew were shellbacks. The hazing of so few by so many was not so enjoyable.

I assume that cruise ships recognize the crossing of the equator with some kind of certificate, but I don’t know if they have a ceremony. In my collection of King Neptune items, I have a couple of forms that at one time Qantas Airways passengers could send in to obtain crossing certificates from the airline “suitable for framing.”

Though I didn’t really have fun during crossing ceremonies, the memories are still strong after more than 30 years. They are good memories, and I enjoy revisiting them by collecting postcard images of ship’s crew members crossing the equator.
A MAN OF VISION AND EFFICIENCY, California Wine Association president Percy T. Morgan had long championed the gathering of San Francisco’s separate wine depots into a single unit. He argued the primary advantage of consolidating “under one economy-saving roof” was increased control over blending and aging to assure uniform quality, which in turn would improve sales and assure the growers and the Association reliable profits. Shortly before the earthquake, Morgan had convinced the board to construct a 2-story brick annex to the Third Street depot at 180 Townsend. Casa Calwa was to be a bottling plant and warehouse used solely for the storage of wine in glass—a surprisingly new innovation among wine merchants at the time. Fortunately, the walls of the building were not badly damaged and the structure was rushed to completion to assure CWA’s presence in the re-emerging city. It was also discovered that several thousand pint and quart bottles of burgundy, sauterne and other wines had survived in the Third Street cellar. CWA suggested that rather than being denatured, these sealed bottles had been “mellowed, ripened and aged by the heat;” and in Mid-May offered the curiosities for sale as souvenirs of the great fire—a humorous announcement of the organization’s resurrection from the disaster and re-entry to trade. Although Morgan was staggered by the devastation visited upon the California Wine Association, he recognized that fate had presented an opportunity to solve the long standing problem of efficiency. He was adamant there would be no rebuilding of the large CWA cellars in San Francisco.

After several months of careful consideration, a 47-acre site across the bay on the western side of

California Wine Association’s nearly completed winery and storage buildings at Winehaven in late 1908. The City of Stockton, a river steamer anchored at left, provided lodging for construction workers. Privately published postcard.
Point San Pablo was selected for CWA’s revival. Plans were soon developed for a huge winery, an even larger storage cellar, a bottling facility, cooper shops, brandy distillery, electric power plant, and shipping and receiving stations for both railroad and steamship. To accommodate bay and river steamers as well as ocean going vessels, an 1800-foot deep water wharf was constructed, with standard gauge tracks for a private electric railway laid its entire length. Work on the $1,500,000 complex of reinforced concrete structures began in late 1906 and continued in stages for several years. It is likely that Percy Morgan himself dictated appearance of the storage cellar and winery buildings, visible to every passing ferry and freighter. Veneered with red brick, the mock Rhineland walls were decorated with crenellated parapets and prominent turrets, adornments that perpetuated CWA’s commercial image already established by the now vanished Kohler & Frohling “castle” and Kohler & Van Bergen “fortress.” But this time, appearances of invulnerability and permanence would be more than skin deep. The new CWA compound, designed to defy temblor and flame, to protect production and profit, was fittingly called Winehaven.

Sheltered by the Potrero Ridge, the cool and even climate was ideal for fermentation and storage. Freshly harvested grapes and young bulk wine from Sonoma County, Napa Valley, and other CWA controlled vineyards and wineries were delivered by steamship and rail car. In turn, the Richmond Belt Line connected the plant to the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads for exporting Calwa, Sunol and dozens of other brands of red, white, and sweet wines. Combined with overseas shipping service at their wharf, Winehaven was an ideal setting for a worldwide operation.

The new facility was dedicated September 2, 1907; and a year later, with winery and storage buildings close to completion, 4,500 tons of the current grape harvest was crushed yielding 675,000 gallons of wine. On September 20, 1908 Daniel Robertson, general manager of the plant, hosted a group of 200 visitors brought over from San Francisco on the steamer Caroline. Touring through the buildings, he explained that the 3-story, 800 ft. x 185 ft. storage cellar could accommodate 10 million gallons; and with additional machinery the winery would eventually crush 25,000 tons of grapes annually. Cooperage lost in the San Francisco calamity was gradually replaced, but it took several years to acquire the necessary oak and redwood barrels, tanks and vats; and by one estimate the total capacity never exceeded 6.5 million gallons. In 1911, eight to ten thousand tons of grapes were delivered from CWA vineyards, producing a vintage of 1,250,000 gallons—enough to fill more than 21,000 barrels.

Ultimately, the model operation constituted a self-contained community. A string of cottages housed workers’ families, children attended the local school, a post office was established, and visitors could stay in a hotel situated above the complex. Year-round employment was 120, rising to as many as 400 at peak of the season. From 1911 to 1917 Winehaven was determined to be the largest winery in the world.

Too soon, however, Winehaven’s reputation for volume and efficiency became a moot subject. In 1917 the Anti-Saloon League and the W.C.T.U. were furiously beating their war drums, and they didn’t quit until the 18th Amendment was ratified January 16, 1919. Exactly one year later, when the Bureau of Internal Revenue started enforcing National Prohibition under dictates of the Volstead Act, the California
In the fall of 1912, before opening of the Panama Canal, 4,243 barrels holding a quarter-million gallons of wine were placed on the barge Nebraska at Winehaven and sent across the bay to San Francisco. This Mitchell postcard shows the cargo ready to be hoisted aboard the freighter Arizonan for delivery to an eastern port via the Strait of Magellan or Mexico’s Tehuantepec route.

Wine Association commenced its futile struggle to sustain operation. For several years sacramental wine for churches, prescription wine for medicinal use, and non-alcoholic CALWA brand grape juice continued to be produced, but demand for these former sidelines was not sufficient to keep the big plant running. By 1925 the vast Winehaven cellars had been emptied of wine, and over the next twelve years the cooperage and most of the production machinery were removed.

Years earlier, before Winehaven was built, Standard Oil Company purchased 500 acres of land on the east side of the ridge; and by 1902 its Richmond refinery was completed. After World War II became a reality for the United States in December 1941, and because of its proximity to the refinery, the U.S. Navy took possession of Winehaven. Enlisted to serve as a fuel depot, the former colossus of wine functioned in its new role for more than 50 years until decommissioned in 1995. Thirty-five surviving buildings, including the former winery and storage buildings, were added to the National Register in 1978 as the Winehaven Historic District. The preserve is located just north of Point Molate Beach Park and can be accessed from the Western Drive exit off Interstate 580 West.

NOTE-
This brief account of the California Wine Association and Winehaven has been enriched by the generous cooperation of Sonoma County’s premier wine historian and fellow club member, Gail Unzelman. Beside loaning CWA ephemera, including several of the postcards pictured, her two fine publications, *The California Wine Association and Its Member Wineries 1894-1920*, and *Sonoma County Wineries* served as invaluable references. Thank you Gail!

**Sources:**


Do you remember the *Gjøa*—the old sailing ship that was “parked” for generations next to the Beach Chalet on the western edge of Golden Gate Park? Ever wonder what was so special about her in the first place, and what eventually became of her?

On October 19, 1906, the old and battered sloop *Gjøa* entered San Francisco Bay after completing her successful transit through the Northwest Passage—the last major waterway of the world that was still unconquered. The voyage had begun more than three years earlier, in Norway, as a scientific expedition not only to sail across the top of North America, but also to determine the exact position of the Magnetic North Pole. The stunning success of her Arctic mission made the *Gjøa* one of the world’s most celebrated ships of the period. How ironic, then, that she was destined to personify the city’s bad conscience and her supporters’ biggest headache.

The sloop *GJØA* was built in 1872 as an arctic fishing vessel, and was named after Gjøa Sexe, the wife of her first captain, Asbjørn Sexe. Before going further, it would be best to learn how the name is pronounced in Norwegian. It’s yuh-aw, just like Utah without the *t*.

The *Gjøa*’s arrival in San Francisco was not without complications. The city had hardly recovered from the earthquake when a cyclonic storm struck the coast and the ill-housed populace. The 70-foot sloop *Gjøa* had almost made it all the way from Nome, Alaska to San Francisco, when the storm struck the sailing ship so hard that the crew had to pour oil on the sea in an effort to reduce the buffeting of the waves that were engulfing her. Fortunately, a passing schooner came to the rescue and gave her tow through the Golden Gate to safe anchorage in the sheltered waters of Sausalito.

The following week in San Francisco was pretty much a continuous celebration, with receptions and banquets in honor of Captain Roald Amundsen, his crew and their victorious expedition. Amundsen even met with President Theodore Roosevelt to talk about the voyage and its results. Amidst the praise and congratulations, discussions arose as to what to do with the *Gjøa*. The Norwegian colony in San Francisco had mixed feelings about new enterprises for the ship. They knew she was old and sea weary, and they felt it would be better if she remained in San Francisco as a memorial to her voyage through the Northwest Passage.

On June 16, 1909, on behalf of the Norwegian residents in the area, the *Gjøa* was formally turned over to the City of San Francisco by the Norwegian Consul, and the proud sailing ship became U.S. property under the San Francisco Park Commission. A few days later, as part of the July 4 celebrations, the *Gjøa* was towed from Mare Island out through the Golden Gate and past the Cliff House, and finally beached bow first on Ocean Beach in the northwestern corner of Golden Gate Park. The *Gjøa* was slowly hauled up on the beach to a berth that had been prepared for her, on an even keel with mast and yard standing. Her bowsprit pointed northwest as a symbol of the last chapter of more than three hundred years of exploration and human struggle to find a water route around the north of the American Continent.

In spite of the fact that the *Gjøa* was literally fenced in, to keep spectators at a distance, the “Ship in the Park” soon became a popular attraction that appeared on postcards, brochures, paintings and other souvenirs, and she was frequently visited by tourists and local people. The *Gjøa* was the Bay Area’s first historic ship, and for years she was a leading San Francisco landmark symbolizing bravery and perseverance.

Little, however, did all this attention contribute
towards her safety and preservation. The Ocean Beach location chosen for her berth proved to be an extremely poor choice from a conservation point of view, and the Gjøa soon began deteriorating. Despite a desperate need for extensive maintenance, very little was done. The Gjøa was more or less abandoned in the Park.

An editorial in the *San Francisco Chronicle* in 1939 entitled “The Shame of the Gjøa” triggered an avalanche of articles and comments on the city’s years of neglect. Demands were voiced for proper housing and restoration but, still, little or no effective action was undertaken. By 1940 much of the Gjøa was gone, and as the years rolled on, wind, sun, rain, sand, termites, fungus, rot and vandals continued to take their toll. After yet another generation, even less was left. Almost every item of the ship was crippled, stolen or deteriorated, and it was obvious that something drastic had to be done to save the remains of the ship from total disaster.

Reportedly, it came as a shock to San Francisco Mayor Alioto when, in 1970, he was told that authorities in Norway had asked if the ship could be repatriated to its native country. The mayor’s immediate response was to argue that the Gjøa was no less than a major landmark in San Francisco, and he was reluctant to consider returning her. Eventually, however, when he had familiarized himself with the dramatic facts of the situation, he agreed that from both a cultural as well as an economic point of view, her return was the best course.

On March 23, 1972, Resolution No. 8976 of the Park Commission was issued, for the moving, transportation of the Gjøa and freeing the County and Norwegian Maritime Museum at Bygdøy in Oslo. The collection of historic vessels includes the polar exploration ship *Fram* and Thor Heyerdahl’s *Kon Tiki*. The Gjøa, 1913 as many remember her, “The Ship in the Park.”
City of San Francisco from all and any claims. Even a complete cleaning up, redevelopment and nursing of the land where the *Gjøa* had been sitting for more than sixty years became the responsibility of the local Norwegian colony. For the idea of sending the *Gjøa* home did not originate in Norway. It was her “closest friends,” the people of Norwegian descent in the Bay Area, who in despair and distress over the City’s lack of responsibility nourished the idea of a transfer back to her old homeland as a drastic last resort to save the vessel.

And so it came to pass. During the early summer of 1972, the *Gjøa* was sent back to Norway as high and dry cargo on the deck of a 21,000 ton Norwegian freighter. She arrived in Oslo a few weeks later, where she was placed on a waterfront concrete foundation at the Norwegian Maritime Museum. The rebuilding and rerigging of the *Gjøa* began immediately, and following two years of intensive care she was in better shape than ever before. The *Gjøa* is now on permanent outdoor display at the museum and may be easily spotted from the main highway on the opposite shore. The *Gjøa* is once again an impressive landmark, but now at the starting point of her journey in Norway’s capital city Oslo.

Since the *Gjøa* was saved, several nations have excelled in preserving the last merchant sailing ships of the world for future generations to study and admire. San Francisco had to learn its lesson the hard way, by observing the sad fate of the *Gjøa*, but the city now has a fine maritime collection to inspire other cities, including historic vessels such as the 1886 square-rigger *Balclutha*, the 1895 schooner *C.A. Thayer*, the 1890 steam ferryboat *Eureka*, the 1891 scow schooner *Alma*, the 1907 steam tug *Hercules* and the 1914 paddle wheel tug *Eppleton Hall*. In addition, San Francisco is in the lead when it comes to rescuing and preserving the last-existing vessels of World War II, examples of which are the Liberty Ship *Jeremiah O’Brien*, the submarine *Pampanito* and at least seven other ships now located in the Bay Area.

It would seem that we, indeed, have learned an important lesson from the *Gjøa*!

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**BRYCE ALLEMANN FOUND US ONLINE**, was at the March meeting and then at Santa Cruz. He has about 2000 cards in his collection, which he claims are all in transit, as he sends at least a card a day to family and friends. His favorite category is Things That Should Not Have Been Photographed, such as an old rundown motel that appears on a more modern advertising card: “Why would anyone want to stay there!?” Bryce asks. He and his wife have taken a big step and commissioned a specially designed cabinet for postcards and ephemera. The drawers are different sizes—made to measure for standard and continental cards. The cabinet helps limit the size of the collection, as does his price limit: ten cents a card.

**FROM HAL OTTAWAY** came this card that struck a note. It shows the corner shop at the foot of California Street in the No. One Drumm Street building, where I worked in the mid ’60s. Unlike the new building that we relocated in, the windows could be opened for ticker tape, and the elevator operator would take bets, always have an extra cigarette and a shot of whiskey on request—all part of the old produce industry mystique. You can see the building on many chrome views; it’s the one with the Mobilgas Pegasus on top—the horse my boss rode on VJ Day. —Ed.
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