



# San Diego Ship Modelers' Guild

1492 N. Harbor Drive

San Diego, CA 92101

September 2006

NEWSLETTER

VOLUME XXX No 9

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Established in

1972 by

Bob Wright and

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The August meeting was our annual Guild celebration of the founding of the club back in ought seventy something. As per usual, a balmy San Diego evening was the highlight.

Due to conflicting ship commitments for our usual Wednesday evening, the meeting night was changed to Tuesday without our too many problems. I did hear of one individual that came with his wife and potato salad for 12 Wednesday, but I'm sure they had a pleasant evening too. Not too much in show & tell

San Diego Ship Modelers' Guild is affiliated with and supports the Maritime Museum of San Diego



Michael Potters Brit destroyer



Ed Trasoras & USS Constitution



**Cherri Wessel and Jackie Jones**



**Jerry & Harriet Coburn**



**Tony Bunch and Sydney Bunch**



**Ernie Andrews and Bob Wright**



**Dressel enjoys sweets**



**M. Potter & Brit Destroyer**

## CALIFORNIAN CRUISE



A contingent of SDMSG and Fine Woodworkers Guild members who had worked at the San Diego County fair sailed the bay on the *Californian*. A calm, steady breeze cooled the afternoon heat as Captain George Sutherland gave our “safety” instructions: “We’ll fire the gun – not the cannon – the gun, so use your ten digit noise suppression devices. Don’t sit on the bulwarks or the travelers. If the crew tells you to do something – do it!” Our first order was “Hoist the mains’l.” We did it! Gray heads, rounded backs and skinny arms worked together as we all made light work of hauling the halyards (“haul yard”). The diesel cut, the sails filled, and the *Berkeley*, *Star of India*, *Surprise*, and San Diego skyline silently backed into the distance.

In the aft of the two cabins below deck, nachos of a sort, crackers, chips and dips, by John Wickman, and a case of beer by Miller Brewing restored nourishment to our haul-worked bodies. We watched the passing scenes and the regular red-shirt crew, which included our own Cheri Wessel,

(at left) trimmed the sails and coiled the lines. I looked aft, and saw a wonderful and surprising sight. Ernie Andrew was at the helm! Anyone who wanted could take a turn. I followed Ernie at the wheel. “Keep a watch out,” the Captain said, “for sailors, motors, buoys, and ‘flying ass-holes’ - jet-skis” A 1.2 knot tide caused us to yaw, slowing forward progress. As the ship neared the steamboat restaurant across the bay, the wind shifted slightly. Then the Captain called “Ready About!” He clued me in: “Turn left as hard as you can.” “Aye, aye, sir!” The *Californian* crept



sluggishly (to me) into the wind. We stopped. We

would soon be in stays. An hour passed. How embarrassing! I had stopped the ship dead in the middle of the bay under a spanking breeze! But not to worry. Finally, 150 tons of seafaring wood, metal, canvas, and cargo came about, the sails filled again and we headed for the carrier USS *Nimitz*.

*Californian* was a 130 foot revenue cutter, designed for speed. She could carry 7,000 square feet of sail, but we had hoisted just the mains’l, fores’l, inner jib, and outer jibs. Captain Sutherland said “She doesn’t like to pinch. Her best speed comes with a beam reach 50 to 90 degrees off the bow.” We made, at best moments, 2.5 to 3.0 knots, he guessed. Her agonizingly slow tack made me wonder how in the world the USS *Nimitz*, now looming over us, maneuvered and gave new meaning to the slow hell that 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> century sea battles entailed.

We sailed back to the dock.

As we got about half way



there, a large party yacht called the *Emerald Hornblower* came close off our starboard bow. “Prepare Gun,” called the mate. In rapid order, the gunner seized the gun into its port, rammed, and loaded it. We readied our digital suppression devises. “Fire!” A cloud of smoke puffed with a boom toward the *Emerald Hornblower*, which turned to flee. Our way home was clear.

*Californian* carried us happily to the Museum dock, where we disembarked, freshened, filled with companionship, clear air, beer, and thanks for the captain and crew and a memorable cruise.



**Broken record, NRG..... Broken record, NRG..... Broken record, NRG..... Broken record, NRG.....**

Sorry about this guys, but we're gettin' down to the short strokes. We're going to have volunteer sign-up sheets and press gangs at the next Guild meeting to fill our manpower requirements. This entire event will be very informative, a lot of fun, but hard on the pocketbook (vendors) and I hope you will all join in, in some way. As much as I would like to give all of our members a free ride, this event has been expensive to put together, so I hope you will all register (\$\$\$) and participate both as hosts and conferees.

We will have at least two more organizing meetings; Thursday, September 21, 2006 and Thursday, October 5, 2006 aboard the Berkeley. In addition, on Saturday, October 7, 2006 we could use as many hands as are available to put together registration packets and "Goodie bags". More on this at the next meeting.

Finally, if you have not registered, you may do so online at the Museum Website <http://www.sdmaritime.com/> or pick up a brochure in the model shop aboard the Berkeley.



**Lord Nelson, Hero and ... *Cad***

From the Smithsonian magazine February 2004 by Michael Ryan

"I can only say that no woman can feel the least attention from a husband more than I do," Francis Nelson wrote to a friend in 1801. Her husband was openly cohabiting with another woman, and a married one at that. Most everyone in English high society seemed to know about the affair that Nelson was carrying on with Emma, Lady Hamilton, a striking beauty and wife of one of his closet friends, Sir William Hamilton.

More tragedy than farce, this soap opera would not end well. The admiral would leave two women's lives devastated as certainly as he devastated the French fleet. One would die wealthy but heartbroken, the other would know depression and disgrace.

Many historians accepted the view that Francis was the cause of all of this anguish. She was said to be incompatible with him, cold and whining. Now that view is changing, thanks to the discovery in 2002 of some

seventy letters from Francis, Emma, and Nelson to Nelson's friend Alexander Davison. Written between 1798 and 1806, the letters and some other Nelson artifacts were sold at Sotheby's for more than three million US dollars.

The two women in Nelson's life could hardly have been more different. Francis came from a wealthy family living on the Caribbean island of Nevis, where they owned a sugar plantation. Her handwriting, steady, legible, and neat, reflected her upbringing. Emma Lyon, on the other hand, was a woman of volatile temperament; her handwriting wanders in crooked lines, her letters large and often all but unreadable. Born in Cheshire in 1765, she became a maid in London at the age of twelve. She became a mistress of Sir Harry Fetherstonehaugh and bore him a daughter. After being jilted, she took up with Charles Greville who introduced her to Sir Joshua Reynolds and George Romney, both of whom did paintings of her. Unlike Francis, who is remote and expressionless in her portraits, Emma appears both fetching and flirtatious. In 1782 Greville's aging uncle, Sir William Hamilton was widowed. In exchange for Hamilton's debts, Greville sent Emma to Naples to become Hamilton's mistress. She eventually married him, acquiring a title and a mansion.

The letters might never have come to light but for the fact that the Davison family decided to sell a brooch that was given to Emma. It is believed that she sold it to Davidson when she was strapped for cash. Martyn Downer, head of jewelry at Sotheby's London office kept asking the Downer family if they had any other artifacts, and they finally said 'why don't you come to our house, we have a few papers.' The artifacts included swords, pistols and a blood-soaked purse, believed to be carried by Nelson when he was shot by a French sniper at Trafalgar. The letters from Francis, Fanny as she was known, were the real treasures. She wrote to Davison stating that she had not received a letter from Nelson for months.

During the battle of the Nile, Nelson received a wound to the head which forced him to recuperate in Naples, where he would visit his friend Hamilton and his wife Emma. In late 1798 he began his affair with Emma under the nose of her doddering husband, who apparently overlooked the matter. By this time Davison was hired to overlook Nelson's affairs both private and economic. Davison also helped Nelson juggle the demands of two women in his life. In the spring of 1799 Francis offers to come to Naples to help nurse Nelson back to health. He rebuffs her in a terse letter. It is quite clear that at this time Fanny does not realize what's happening, and in a letter to Davidson she blames herself. There are even letters from Francis to Emma. In 1800, Nelson returned to England and spent a few days with Francis, but soon returned to the Hamilton's who also returned to London. The two women met on two occasions, the second at a theater where Francis helped an ill Emma out of the theater. Emma was in the last stages of pregnancy with Nelson's child. The affair between Nelson and Emma probably became known to Francis at this time.

Nelson again went to war, defeating the Danes at Copenhagen. When he returned home he did not visit Francis. His attitude toward her had deteriorated and he returned a letter from Francis with a terse note: "opened by mistake by Lord Nelson but not read".

After Nelson's death, Emma began a slow slide into poverty. She received a pension from Lord Hamilton, not enough to support her lavish lifestyle. Nelson also asked the government to provide for Emma. The Prince of Whales was at that time inclined to grant the request until he stumbled across some papers in which Nelson ridiculed him. Emma never received a penny from the Crown. Emma soon had to borrow money from Davison and it is believed that is how the artifacts came into the possession of the Davison family. She was eventually thrown into debtor's prison, and when released, fled England with Nelson's daughter, Horatia. Emma died in 1815.

Francis' loyalty paid off and she received a generous pension from the Crown. She died in 1831, having never remarried. Davison benefited from his relationship with Nelson and amassed a good fortune. But his ambition got the best of him. In 1802 he tried to bribe voters to win a seat in Parliament and was sentenced to prison for a year. In 1808 he was again sent to prison for fraud in connection with his role as a purveyor of supplies to the British Army. He was released from prison in 1809, and died in 1829.

What made the hero such a scoundrel? Fanny was devoted to her husband and cared for his welfare, but not in the way he craved. The theory is that Nelson remained a small boy from a large family who lost his mother very young and spent his life searching for uncritical love. He was disappointed in finding it in Francis, but found it larger than life in Emma.

Robert Hewitt

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**Next meeting is Wednesday September 13, 2006 on the Berkeley**