



THE DRAKE MONUMENT

GOLDEN GLENDE



Golden Hinde

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Historical Interest of the Voyage of Francis Drake & "The Golden Hinde"
Written by The Bishop of California.

The name "The Golden Hinde" in itself challenges curiosity, and if curiosity sometimes gets people into trouble, it may also be turned to an excellent purpose. If this quite original sheet can exploit the ship from which it takes the name, readers of it will find themselves drawn more and more into one of the earliest and most interesting chapters of Californian history. Almost before they know it they will be asking questions about the ship, its Commander, its stay in Drake's Bay, its Chaplain, whose story of it all, we read in the "World Encompassed" his first use of the Book of Common Prayer on the part of the continent now covered by the United States, the natives of California, its climate, gold, and any number of other things suggested by a glimpse of California in 1579.

In an article "Censored by the Archdeacon of the Diocese, to the end that it offend not moral law", as announced in most formidable and dark-visaged type — I dare not take more space than is my due, and so in response to the editorial request, will confine myself to some consideration

of the ship itself — "The Golden Hinde" with which Francis Drake "Plowed a furrow around the world," he being the first Englishman to put his hand to such a plough.

The ship's former name was the "Pelican" and Fletcher says of a storm they encountered, that, "She might have been now indeed said to be as a pelican alone in the wilderness" and we can well believe it of a boat of only a hundred tons capacity.

But Drake, "Withall in remembrance of his honorable friend and favorer Sir Christopher Hatten, changed the name of the shippe which himself went in, from the Pellican to be called the Golden Hinde"—from the device on Sir Christopher's coat of arms. The silhouette of the ship on the cover of the June number of this magazine, gives a fair outline of the ship of Drake's time. He had the "Golden Hinde" fitted "for ornament and delight" carrying with him "expert musitians, rich furniture [all the vessels for his table yea many belonging even to the cooke-roome being of pure silver] and divers shewes of all sorts of curious workmanship." "A leake at sea" was the cause of careening the ship on the shore of Drake's Bay, from June 17 to July 23

1579, during which time the ship's company were continually visited with "nipping colds" and fogs. It was while the ship was thus undergoing repairs that the services were held on shore with the natives who flocked about, and the first use of the Book of Common Prayer occurred. Dauntless they sailed across the uncharted Pacific, with many experiences, including the resting on a reef some twenty-four hours, and coasting past the Philippines. Much was made of the ship on its return, as, about the middle of September, 1580, worm-eaten and weed-clogged, she labored into Plymouth Sound. Queen Elizabeth went to a banquet on her, and knighted her commander. A suggestion was made a little later that the bark be "elevated and fitted upon the stumpe of Paul's steeple, in lieu of the spires that being discerned farre and neere it might be noted and pointed out of people with these true termes: 'Yonder is the bark that hath sailed around the world.'" Had it been so used as a lofty architectural feature of the St. Paul's Cathedral the sixteenth century London would have seen a very early instance of a real airship. But scholars of Winchester School are said to have written Latin verses and affixed them to the mainmast of the famous ship, and it was a custom of the time to use the cabin as a select place for dinner parties. "We'll have our supper on board Sir Francis Drake's ship that hath compassed the world" says Sir Petronell Flash in the comedy called 'England Hoe' by Ben Jonson and others, as quoted by Barrow in his Life of Drake.

Long afterward Charles II rescued from the decayed timbers enough solid oak to make an elaborately carved chair which he presented to the Bodleian Library Oxford, where it may now be seen, with the following inscription from the pen of the Poet Cowley

"To this great ship which round the world has run
And watched in race the chariot of the sun
This Pythagorean Ship [for it may claim
Without presumption so deserv'd a name]
Drake and his ship could not have wished from fate
An happier station or more blest estate
For Lo! a seat of endless bliss is given
To her in Oxford and to him in Heav'n

When Bishop Nichols first assumed charge of the Diocese of California, he was impressed by the historical importance of Drake's landing at Point Reyes, taking possession of the Country and his Chaplain holding a Prayer Book Service at that early date, and so expressed himself to G.W. Childs of Philadelphia, who there upon volunteered a gift of \$10,000 to commemorate the event, & mark the spot. Prof. Davidson had already identified the place of Drake's landing as being in the bight formed by Pt. Reyes Head on the Marin Co. shore. ("Identification of Sir Francis Drake's Anchorage" Prof. George Davidson. Pubs. of Cal. Hist. Soc.) But the Park Commissioners wanted it at its present site for the reason "that more people would see it." It is well that this same logical liniment was not applied in greater strength or the monument might have gone to Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne.

I heard or
Say, Pitt

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Charm of the Sea

*I heard or seemed to hear the chiding Sea
Say Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?
Emerson*

The young of any race, resemble its primitive type, say biologists; that chickens once were downy birds and horses all were long of legs. Following this reasoning, it would appear that the human race had its beginning on the ocean's edge, during some period like the carboniferous, when the sun was always obscured by warm, steamy clouds, and sea water was at blood heat. This would account for the unprotected skin of infants; the strong finger grip for clinging to slippery rocks; the toothless condition and habit of putting everything in the mouth, for on rocky coasts, between high and low water, nearly all things loose are glutinous and edible.

It is said that the youngest of babies can swim if put in water. In early youth even the most meager aquatic attractions are irresistible, & caves, the natural habitat of seashore fauna have a mysterious allurements not to be attributed to curiosity alone.

This inherited predisposition may account for the deep rooted love of ocean beaches, the satisfaction that comes only upon the shore. & perchance from the same cause arises the usual supremacy of coastwise over inland towns, more than would be warranted by geographic effects upon commerce. So strong is the Charm of The Sea.

There is in Marin County, an opportunity for San Francisco to obtain a sea side park with giant redwoods @ Mount Tamalpais in one inclosure and within an hour's travel from the foot of Market street.

California may be made the world's play ground, More and more people keep telling us that there is no place like this.

San Francisco must ever be its center. As a plain, common sense dollar & cents, business proposition, merely for the money there is in it, & with no more of sentiment about it than there is in the purchase of a thousand barrels of prime mess pork, San Francisco capitalists should secure Tamalpais and its sea slope for a National Park. It pays to amuse people.

A few thousand acres of this tract which is now being sold to Portuguese milkmen at milk ranch prices, would include, beside the peak of the mountain; several miles of sea coast, pleasantly varied with cliffs, sheltered sand coves and pebble strands, the big redwoods, and a salmon stream.

Such a park as could be here created, would more benefit San Francisco than any other expenditure of five times the money. The whole could be purchased for a sum not much greater than is spent each year in maintaining the city's parks.

Municipal funds could not be used but there are Californians who have paid as much for a single horse as would buy for San Francisco one of the most delightful of wild parks,

Here is a chance for a name to be carved on the Temple of Fame.

The Age of Women.

Women are now the ruling power.

Our entire mode of life is feminine.

Civilization of this higher type gives to them advantages that primal ways of life withheld.

When in earlier days muscular force alone could support and defend her, then woman was forced for self preservation to fly to the sheltering arm of man. Such a condition as feminine independence could not be.

Then man had to provide food for both. He must defend the woman against the beasts of the field.

With this dependence upon him, man became disproportionately strong and with the will and the arm to dare.

The woman of today is coming rapidly to absorb and possess all of those strong traits which had been supposed solely to belong to the male.

Women are the anchors who hold safe our property. The greater part of the realty is passing into their hands.

In matters of reform, both political and social, it is upon women that the country must mainly rely.

There is much laughing at women's clubs, but see for what serious purposes they are organized. How easy it is to get them to listen to, and act upon any scheme for social or municipal improvement. Who would think of applying to a man's club for the same purpose?

There is a change coming over the race. Men are day by day yielding ground to increasing activity and

attainments of the other sex. In business houses it is more and more the woman's face which looks out from the glass office, while the man ties up parcels and "steps lively"

There is more honesty among women, especially when it comes to small items of punctuality & conscientiousness. There are reasons. Women do not gamble; they do not drink or smoke. If a woman were to spend consecutive hours, dropping five cent pieces into a crack in a gambling machine, which retains with mechanical regularity, forty per cent of the money, it is difficult to imagine what would be said of her. Women are money savers. Their little extravagances are pitifully small, compared with the wanton wastefulness of a man who is trying to make his reputation as a "dead game sport."

There are in the prisons of California, perhaps five thousand men and about fifty women; a ratio of one to one hundred; which shows very plainly upon which sex, degeneration is acting.

Somebody said "There is usually a woman at the bottom of it. Perhaps when a man becomes a criminal it is for reason of some woman." But that is a weak excuse. Blame the woman — just like Adam.

No man was ever tempted to crime by a good woman. No good man ever allowed himself to be tempted by a bad one.

Carry Nation has been made a joke: she should be a heroine. She dared to do what was right. If more of the men had her spirit, how many abuses could be swept away?

The Human Scramble.

Would'n't it be a good thing to send all of the nice agreeable people away together, to some place where they could live as they wish, undisturbed. Once snugly settled, they could declare & maintain a perpetual war against the outland wicked world,— and be happy. For without fighting there cannot be friendships. Peace palls more quickly than strife. There is now scarce any such thing as a friend. There are no longer neighbors. We have acquaintance with many people, & there be others who live next door, or door after the next, but there were friends & neighbors truly, only in earlier times when the whole village was united to defend itself against the marauding Baron who lived in the fort on the rocky hill. Then, when neighbors fought shoulder to shoulder, & friends bound up wounds — then were there friends & neighbors. It is not that people have changed so much, but rather that communities and individuals are out of place. Steamer & train have "scrambled" humanity until it is coming to a Babylonian condition, & there is such discord as occurs when ants of many hills are mixed.

Civilization is on too grand a scale. We are not yet ready for it.

In the cosiness of community life there was something that just about

filled the human heart. Now we are too much thrown out into the wide world and there is loneliness gnawing at all.

It may have been narrow; that earlier life, but it seems to me that there is more breadth in five friends than in a thousand acquaintances, and since we find that the whole world is too lonesome, perhaps we may again be satisfied in the life of an independent self supporting isolate community.

It is pleasant to know that there are still among us, people who who have lived in the way of the early Californians.

James W. Keyes of Tomales, who is a candidate for the Superior Bench of Marin County, can remember the time when the custom of keeping open house was still observed in his father's hacienda near Point Reyes. That was in the days before The Gringo came so numerously. For the Keyes were here in 1837.

On an Ocean Island
Under Plumy Palm Trees,
You and I, all alone,
Evermore could dwell.
You should be my Queen, Dear.
I would be your vassal.
Tho you might a Tyrant prove,
No subject would rebel.
What a happy kingdom
You might have for asking;
On that Isle where your smile,
Would give you reign supreme.

"Foolish Drops."

Exercise gives Health.
 Industry gives Wealth.
 Study gives Wisdom.

Now if as some think, medicines that Doctors make, cause health, why not have them prepare wisdom medicines also. See how easy it would be to take a dose of "Symphony Syrup" or "Ragtime Relief" instead of practicing music, and a Grammar specialist, who could discover a "Double Negative Specific, something sure strong & cheap to check that distressing malady, so prevalent among certain classes, would amass great wealth. "Multiplication Tablets, Sure Cure. Can't miss your lesson. Take them & avoid vexation.

The Ungrateful Steer. A Feeble.

A Vaquero lassoed a mired steer by its horns and taking a turn of the riata about the pommel of his saddle was pulling it from the mud.

"Hold on," called a tender footed Spectator "You'll hurt him."

"§ ~~~~~ " ——— † ----- " answered the Vaquero, "Pull him out yourself."

The T.F.S. did so, with the aid of some equally tender footed assistants, and no sooner had the steer secured his freedom, than he knocked them all down in the mud and pawed them until the Vaquero led him ungently away.

Reason, We always hate those who help us.

N.B. The above is what is known as "A Feeble in Vernacular" Feebles are like Fables, only they

have reasons instead of morals. As to the why of the above reason Vernaculator knoweth not. But the way of the steer he truly knows.

Infant's Primer of Unnatural History.

An interesting book for grown up children, which tells of old things in a new way is 'The Infant's Primer of Unnatural History' containing 60 lessons, of which the following is a sample.

"Now Chil-dren come out in the Painted Woods, and we will study un-nat-u-ral His-to-ry. This is a Po-lit-i-cal Wild Hog. See how tame it is.

It will Eat out of your Hand with-out Coax-ing. It is al-ways that way just be-fore E-lec-tion. E-lec-tion is the time when A-corns are ripe and the Wild Hog wants some one to shake the Tree.

Af-ter E-lec-tion it is a dan-ger-ous an-i-mal and shows its Tusks.

It Ar-rests, Sum-mons, Tax-es, Fines and puts Peo-ple in Jail and Shows them who is Boss, Good and Hard.

Hear how Loud it can Squeal.

Now we will go and study Ed-it-ors. They are very Shy and Tim-id and we will have to Shoot one un-less we can catch it a-sleep. No it is not wrong to shoot Ed-it-ors in the Open Sea-son. It does not hurt their feel-ings as they are used to it. Per-haps if we can find a small one we can stun it with a blow from our fists if we are twice its size. Now keep your eyes open, for there are lots of Ed-it-ors and we may capture a nice spec-i-men to stuff for our Mu-se-um."

Rushes

Silver nodding, silver tipped,
 Sleepy silver heads;
 Growing fair & stately,
 From their mossy beds.
 Sprinkled with the moisture,
 From the flowing stream,
 Where with drooping eyelids
 Frail white violets dream.
 Silver nodding, silver tipped,
 Slender rushes tall,
 Standing there with drooping heads
 Where the shadows fall.

H.G.E.

Fog at Sea.

The whistles at sea are calling to me
 Come out and ride, come out and glide
 Thro oily waters under the fog.
 Swim or row Sail or tow
 Past bight and headland
 Swiftly go on dancing tide.
 There's the Siren's song from Bonita
 Head
 And the steel lunged bass of the China
 Mail
 And the bell boomed "Tong" and the
 whistled wail
 That are striving to rend the foggy
 veil,
 Are all of them calling in vain to me,
 "Why do'n't you come out where
 you long to be?"

Its a heavy fog that is over the Sea
 But a murkier mist, enshroudeth me
 And peer as I may there is no way clear
 To go on the Sea that I hold so dear
 But my Soul goes out with the tide.

The Mill of Romance.

The Mill of Romance still runs on.
 Neath empty Hopper clanks the stone.
 Who goes with grist must wend alone
 Thro Phantasy River's briar grown
 Path where the rest have gone.
 By its Millpond, Lily Creamed,
 Turns the wheel with flashing floats
 Beating time to plashing notes,
 Sending fleets of bubble boats
 With Rainbow cargoes to be dream'd
 So wastes the water past the Mill;
 Till driven on by genius' goad,
 Comes a Farer with a load
 Of rowan gleanings from his road,
 & the hopper hath its fill.
 Heave and hum the mighty works;
 Booms the stone as tho t'would burst;
 Takes the wheel a mighty thirst;
 Terror trembling all at first,
 Lest dread Failure somewhere lurks.
 The grind is done. The meal is bagged,
 & the Farer gone his way;
 But many a heart that's hunger fagg'd
 Will be fed by his work today.

CHURCH OF THE
 HOLY INNOCENTS
 CORTEMADERA

Archdeacon Emery in charge
 SERVICES

Sundays --- Morning Prayer - 11 a.m.
 Holy Communion--Saints Days 9 a.m.
 Sunday School - - 10 a.m.
 Ladies' Guild meets Wednesday 2 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
 OF CORTEMADERA
 SERVICES

At Cortemadera School Hall at
 12:30 o'clock each Sunday Morning.
 Sunday School at 11:30 o'clock.
 Rev. Charles G. Paterson, Pastor.
 Ladies' Missionary Meeting on The
 Second Tuesday of each month 8 p.m.

Why Horses' Tails Are Docked.

I have many times wondered why people cut off their horses' tails, and the following are some theories propounded to explain:

1st. That the owner, being in "society," and spending all of his money at his tailors, has been forced to cut off the tail bone to use in lieu of oxtail for soup.

2nd. That the horsehair sofa in the front parlor having become shabby, the hair was cut off and used in patching it.

3d. That the horse, having no pedigree, the tail was stumped off in order to make it look as though descended from Tam O'Shanter's mare Maggie.

"Ae spring brought off her master
hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail.
The carlin clought her by the rump
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

4th. That cheap grooms are too lazy to comb the long silky hairs and so cut them off.

That the owner being financially incompetent to keep a groom, gets up early in the morning and curries his horse, but has not time to comb its tail and so cuts it off.

5th. That the horses are cheap ones which have lost their tails by accident and are bought au bon marche.

6th. That the tails are cut off in wanton cruelty.

7th. That the owner has a vulgar imagination. (This was the opinion of Washington Irving, who did not admire dock tails as he had brains.)

8th. That the owner being unable to buy a spirited horse or to feed it enough oats to keep up its spirits, cuts off its tail, so that, being unable to drive away tormenting flies, it must needs caper & prance with the pain, thereby simulating high mettle.

Admitting the truth of any of these theories as to the original reason of the calamity, I cannot understand why anyone should continue to exhibit docked horses in public and so advertise his misfortunes.

Our ideas of what is moral or otherway, proper or shocking, are merely relative. Statements which would paralyze a whole subscription list, if they appeared on the news side of the column rule, may stand out across the thin black line in type four times as high & supposedly not cause a blush. Nothing is too indelicate for the columns of a "Family Paper,"

After.

Love was dead. His Adjectives laid
like Wreaths on his burial mound.
While "Yes my Dear" @ "No my
Sweet"

Had a knellish, funeral sound.
But no dear love you never were dead
You were only fast asleep;
For love you know to his rest, must go
Else drowsily nods his head.

Write Reversibly if not Rhetorically
"I'm in such a hurry that chewing's a
worry,"

Said a man who came in with a rush.
"I'll just pour it down in a gush.
O waiter, please bring me some
mush."

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