

Mac Mullen

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But I am sure, that the Captain was not forgotten and shared in the saving that was made by the Stevedore Co.

But we had a fine time discharging the cargo, although it was very warm we had a nice supply of "San Diego . the Quality Beer " in a tub that was filled with ice and was stored in the donkeyroom, right handy for the man that dove the donkey (myself of course) and his friends, the Burton Man and the Hatwender. And for ~~some~~ years after that labals of this brew could be found stuck to the bulkhead in the Donkeyroom.

And of course I was shown the town by my friends acting as guides. Near the wharf we used to stop at the " U & I " Saloon. but our favorite place was the " Golden Lion " it was owned by a man by the name of Strauss . It did a fine trade with Navy and Merchant Seamen. It was well conducted, and very few fights occurred. I have seen the bar lined three thick. There was a fountain in the middle of this roomy locale, and one evening a bunch of gobs took it into their heads that they needed a swim, and into the fountain they went , ocerflowing it, and flooding the place. Bu these things were rather rare. The object of the visit of most of the customers was to get some drinks in and orderly place.

Then I was ~~also~~ introduced to the " Cowyard " which had a rather greater supply of dusky Maidens. Seemingly it was also well conducted and bussiness like. At least I was not being rooked, wherever I went. my friends knew the ropes in San Diego and saw to that.

Our cargo discharged we hauled across the bay to the Marine Railway, which was in charge of an elderly chap. Whom I took to be a State of Mainer He gave us a generous supply of crayfish caught right of the end of the cradle where he used to set his traps. He told us, that moving of the cradle of the Marine Railway up and down, disturbed them somewhat, but after a day or so they would be as plentiful as ever. I bet to day, there is not a Crayfish with in twenty miles of this place.

We hauled over to the City side again after painting the bottom and made ready to be towed by the steamship " Exelsior " to San Francisco , She had arrived from Mexico from Santa Catarina with a load of Onyx. She was commanded by a young man by the name of Sundberg, whom I met many times after that in the years to come. We must have waited a day or so, for her to get ready. Then she hauled alongside and we shskled both of our anchorchains to her hwaser. In the ~~crew~~ ^{bow} we also had Charley and Martin who were going to help us steer behind the steamship. We let go and towed out past four or five Cruiser, moored to bouys in the middle of the bay. We dipped the Ensign to each one of them as we passed.

Next day we anchored of Ventura, the Mate of the Steamship, and a few of his men giving us a hand to disconnect the hawser and shackle on the anchors. The " Exelsior " now went alongside to load a cargo of Lima Beans. Now loaded, she hooked on again. By the way, we also had the Captain's wife on board, and that was the only time she sailed with us. The Mate's name was

