

"NAME TRAINS" by Jerry MacMullen

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a gorgeous Victorian passenger-cabin with its original intricately moulded woodwork, nicely set off with plate-glass mirrors and a clerestory of multi-colored windows in leaded glass. Their survival was due to her first bit of good luck—the fact that, unlike the other ferries of the Bay Area, she had never been extensively rebuilt in the more gaunt decor of the 1920's.

Ferryboats have their distinctions. The *Encinal* had the tallest pilot houses. The old *Newark* had the slowest engine, a gargantuan bit of ironmongery which turned over at only 11 revolutions a minute—but that was plenty, for it drove paddlewheels 40 feet in diameter. And the *Melrose* had a single-cylinder engine with a piston-stroke of 14 feet. The *Berkeley*? She had the tallest smokestack of them all, a fact which her crew was not slow to point out to anyone who would listen.

So now she has come to San Diego, the latest addition to the growing fleet of the Maritime Museum Association of San Diego's bishing her goes on, slowly as such things must go when you have a small crew, are up to your ears in debt, but still insist on nothing less than perfection. It is, actually, the crew of the *Star of India*, led by Capt. Ken Renyard, who brought that lovely 111-year-old three-masted bark up to her present state of beauty and strength. It is quite appropriate that included in that little group of dedicated workers are two former officers from the Coronado ferries, First Mate Bill Cooper and Second Mate Fred Krone.

Although completion of the job is years away, she already has been opened to the public; when you have to borrow money—and lots of it—from a bank at 11 percent, it is essential to get

things rolling without delay. And past experience with the *Star of India* proved that one of the best of all museum exhibits is quiet men with obvious know-how, carrying on all of the myriad tasks of restoration.

Exhibits, covering oceanography and the fisheries, already are in place. The Navy League has joined forces with the Museum Association in collecting artifacts and other display material for a Naval Museum aboard. And there is slowly taking shape a ferryboat exhibit, enclosed by the glassed-in desk at her bow. In case you ask how a steam ferryboat which runs first with one end ahead and then with the other one can have a bow and a stern, there is a legal answer: the end nearest the boilers is the bow, and the end nearest the engines is the stern. So the *Berkeley* is lying with her starboard side next to B Street Pier; on her port side is berthed the beautiful little steam yacht *Medea*, also open to the public.

From the time she was completed in 1898, she put in about three score of years, faithfully serving Bay Area commuters and railroad passengers, and in those years she carried millions of both Big Shots and Little Shots, including the thousands whom she evacuated from San Francisco to the East Bay area at the time of the great earthquake and fire in 1906. Hordes have eaten quickly—but well—in her below-decks dining room, hopefully to be restored some day, or have tossed off a martini or a highball in her small but well-stocked bar room. A recent dinner party aboard the partly restored *Berkeley* by local alumni of the University of California, recalled the days when the length of an evening in The City was governed by the stark fact that the last Key Route ferry left the foot of Market Street at 1 a.m., and the last Southern Pacific boat at 1:20.

As ferries and bridges seem inevitably to get mixed up with one another, it might be well to jot down the incident of a San Francisco visit by the late Lincoln Colcord, in his time an important figure in American literature—and deep-sea yachting. A

forthright man, he once sailed in the Bermuda Race wearing his usual pince-nez with black ribbon—and who but Link Colcord could have got by with that? Friends met him when The Overland Limited got in, and escorted him, aboard the *Berkeley*, to San Francisco. As they passed under the then-new East Bay Bridge, his friends silently watched the thin-faced man from Maine as he looked aloft at the steelwork of San Francisco's pride and joy—or perhaps "glared aloft" would be the better term. His reaction to the bridge came quickly.

"God!" he said, "Why did they let them do that?"



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maritime museum: companion to the "Name Trains"