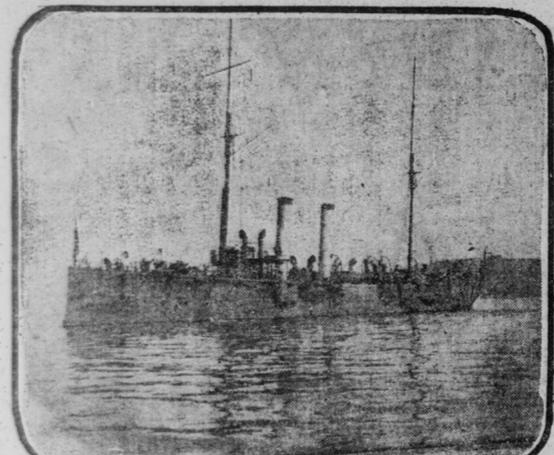


The LANDLUBBER'S WARSHIP

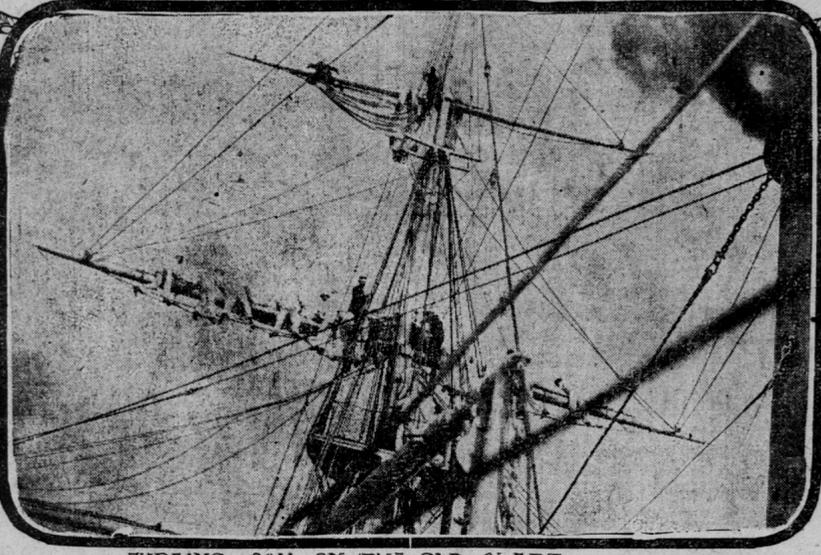


THE MARBLEHEAD, ON WHICH THE NAVAL MILITIA IS MAKING ITS SUMMER CRUISE

THE naval militiaman asks nothing better of the world than two weeks a year on the open sea, where he can pass coal, oil engines, sculliee decks, train guns or do whatever his billet calls for to his heart's content.

ness has been well looked after by the militia, in whose "black gang," all mechanics by trade, are many who have helped to build warships at the Union iron works.

How the militia works as a unit may



FURLING SAIL ON THE OLD ALERT

Energetic San Francisco Business Men Are the Officers and Crew of the Naval Militia Cruiser Marblehead Which Sailed Yesterday to Show the Natives of the Northern Ports

By H. G. Thompson

was below and in penalty had to buy beer for the entire black gang. As Examiner Dennis carries only the best bottled beer the joke was rather expensive. But the "Doc" had the pleasure of keeping up his end with the judge, who is the ship's athlete. The medicos have another husky in Dr. Paul Castellhan, formerly a Berkeley football man.

The artistic honors go to Father Robert F. Sesson, the chaplain, whose magnificent voice underwent seven years of training by the best masters of Paris. During the visit to Santa Cruz the officers of the torpedo boat flotilla at anchor there threatened to shanghai the father from the Marblehead, as being just the kind of chaplain needed in the navy. But anything like that would quickly show the fighting quality of the militia bluejackets, who need him themselves.

On rare occasions Commander Morey of Santa Cruz unbends in a jig, acquired in camp during the civil war.

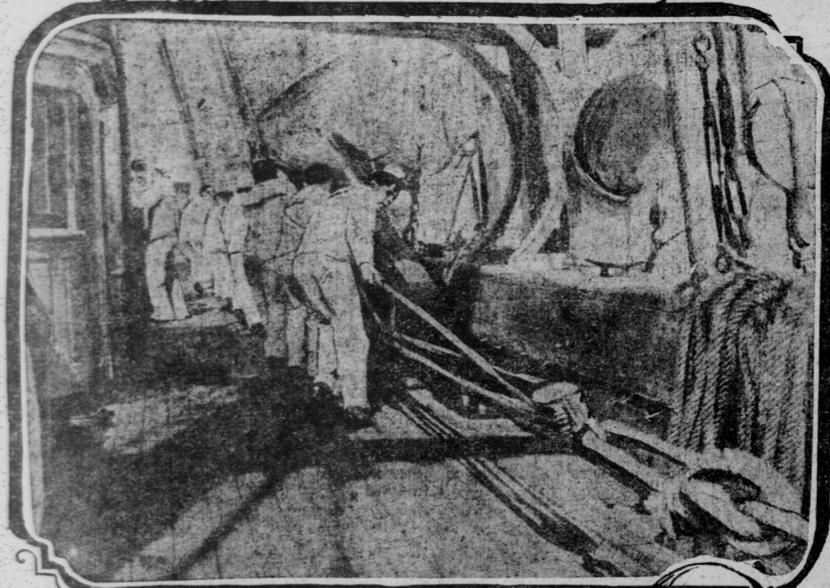
Like his chief, Dr. Otto F. Westfeldt is another surgeon who never misses a cruise. It is like home to him, for there is scarcely a sea in any quarter of the world he hasn't sailed.

Louis Ferrari, assistant district attorney under Langdon, and William P. Cauby, who holds the same position under Fickert, are both ensigns on the ship, a grade also held by Emanuel Mosbacher, the ship's wit. John W. Miller and Chris J. Bauer are lieutenants, acting respectively as assistant paymaster and equipment officer.

PHOTOS BY G. F. MCGEE



NAVAL MILITIA OFFICERS OF THE MARBLEHEAD



HAULING ON DECK TACKLE

There is bliss in swinging into a hammock, in standing watch under the stars, and no small satisfaction in cleaning a plate of beef and beans and sitting with a pipe in the lee of a coaming while the smoking lamp burns. To this end he has given up one evening a week and spare Sundays during the year. Now he is enjoying the first day of his reward on the cruiser Marblehead, which got under way from the cove of Sausalito at midnight last night and headed up the northern coast.

The naval militia has its critics. The friendly critics are the regular navy, and the hostile those that know nothing about either service.

Whatever its imperfections, the sea and land militia form the nation's first line of defense. The regular establishments realize this and are doing all in their power to put our auxiliary force on a practicable working basis, only to find their efforts checked and hampered by a certain class of civilians, who make "tin soldiers" and "land sailors the butt of misguided wit.

If the navy department were not in earnest it would not have turned so sound a cruiser as the Marblehead over to the naval reserve of California last April with the special request that the summer cruise cover the northern ports of Seattle, Tacoma, Bremerton and Portland in order to inspire the organizations there, which are yet feeble and unassisted by the state.

This gives the knackers their first opportunity. Why, they ask, should the militia touch any ports at all during these cruises, instead of keeping up continuous practice out at sea? The answer is that the officers and men serve without pay, while even the land militia draws the regulation sum at its annual camps of instruction. Social visits of this kind are their sole recreation.

be shown in an account of the recent "shake down" trip to Santa Cruz on Memorial day.

The bluejackets came aboard, for the most part, in the early evening, each with his bag. But some had been on for several days, keeping company with the more ambitious officers.

Before she was turned over to the militia the Marblehead lay up two years at Mare Island. The yard officials were kind enough to put the engines in working order and clean up generally before the transfer was made, but she was still unequipped in many points. Captain George W. Bauer was therefore forced to devote more time to the ship than to his own affairs in hunting down the missing details. Chief Engineer William Speck put in his week ends and often week days to the neglect of his own machine shop in overhauling his department. He and his assistant officers, Henry A. Leopold and C. S. Hendry, got into dangerous and did not rest until the intricate electrical system was again in order, leaks stopped in the pipes and the various pumps, fans, holts and other things beyond the understanding of laymen were again in service.

It was the first night the men had been on the ship, and many did not know what to make of their tickets, by which they were assigned their station, watch, mess, hammock number and other odds and ends. Here was the old sailor's chance. There are in San Francisco's complement 40 men who have served an enlistment or more in the regular navy. They furnish the larger part of the petty officers and instruct the green men in their duties. They show the recruit how to lash a hammock and call down those who say "up stairs" or make other nautical breaks. The men want to learn the right way.

The Marblehead's bos'n, Mr. Schnalle, served for many years in the old navy, and when he goes after the deck force there are lively goings. It is he who gets the anchor and boats up and has the men out in bare feet at dawn to scrub the decks.

The militia follows the same routine as on the regular man-of-war. The engines are always busy. At night are the numerous watches. In the day there are the drills, such as boat gun and fire drills. Eagerness to learn takes the place of the harsher forms of discipline in this work. So while no officer would think of making a man walk up and down with a spit kid under his nose for thoughtlessly violating the sanctity of the poop deck, there is a more effective way of getting at the man who intentionally misbehaves. He can be denied the cruise.

Captain Bauer's aid is John T. McMillan of the United States hydrographic office. Lieutenant McMillan is an Annapolis graduate and teaches navigation in the night schools. He is always on the bridge with the captain in

going in and out of port.

The line officers are qualified under the federal regulations to navigate vessels in the Pacific. Captain Bauer holds a master's license, and Lieutenant Commander George E. Kammerer, executive, a chief mate's. Second mates' certificates are carried by Lieutenant Henry Pierre Smith, Lieutenant John A. McGee and Lieutenant Thomas S. Harloe. Lieutenant Speck can be a chief engineer in the merchant service, and Lieutenant Leopold first assistant.

The Marblehead is a "happy ship," and especially so in the ward room, which is a social club for every one at mess hour and at all times for those off duty. Community of interests go beyond mere fun making, for all are men of education and affairs, most of them college graduates.

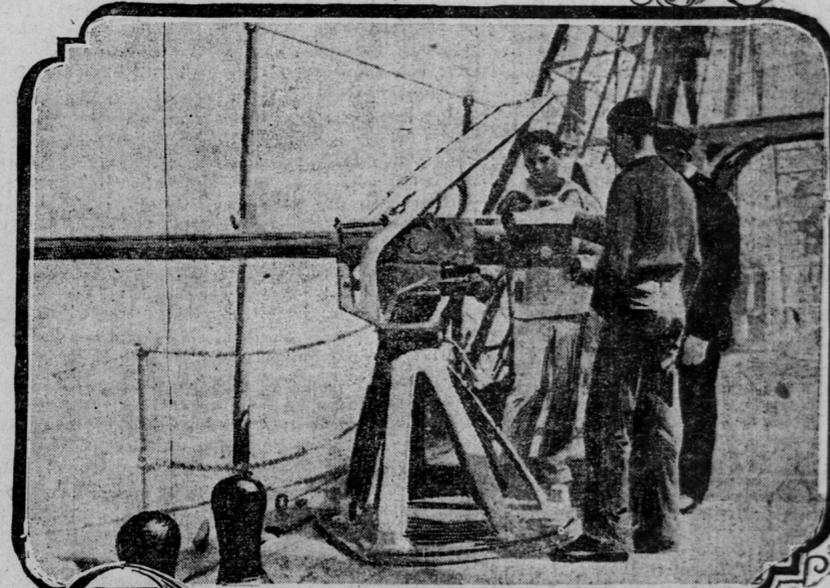
Some of the fun on the cruise is not strictly regulation, as this incident shows.

Dr. T. B. W. Leland, late coroner of San Francisco, dared Judge Alfred J. Fritz, who is a junior lieutenant at sea, to stoke in the boiler room. The cruise is "Doc" Leland's yearly vacation, so he is game for anything. The two shoveled coal as long as the watch

It was a great satisfaction to the reserve during last year's cruise to hear the naval officer detailed as instructor confess to seasickness during a gall off Point Concepcion. This is an ailment many men in the regular service never overcome entirely. So it is not unnatural that the rail should be the first day out, popular with the men. The officers are generally pretty good sailors, and no storm could upset the appetites of Lieutenants Bauer and Fritz. But some of the others on occasion have been accused of retiring to their rooms to look out the port-hole.

Bos'n Schnalle, being a true shell-back, has only one remedy for the men: Work. When he sees any bilious hued youths tucked away in the lifeboats he rousts them out and calls for the scrubbers. His theory is that no medicine can take the place of a little elbow grease on the deck. The bos'n's pipe is as active as the proverbial canary when the seas run high and roll deep. This leads to the general scheme of the militia, how recruited, trained, officered and maintained.

Like the land branch of the state militia, the naval reserve puts applic-



HANDLING SIX-POUNDER

cartridge shows what the actual hitting conditions would have been with a full charge at sea.

In the engineering division the men start as coal passers and work up as firemen and water tenders to machinists. As said before, the steam fitters and boiler makers come mostly from the Union iron works, where the Oregon and many other battleships have been built.

The most encouraging thing about the work of the militia, a naval officer has said, is the willingness of these men to slave down in the torrid boiler rooms for mere love of the service. The furnaces, fed by men whose backs are shining with sweat and begrimed with coal dust, make always the most picturesque sight on the ship.

Back in September, 1891, the naval militia was organized by Captain Bauer, who had been colonel of the coast corps at the turn of the century. The first practice craft was the sailing launch Mayflower. There was one company of 100 men here, and another of about the same size in San Diego. In 1895 the navy department, in an experimental mood, turned over the Comanche. The Comanche was a wild Indian in more ways than one. She had come around the Horn in sections toward the close of the civil war, and was put together here as an ironclad, almost a duplicate of the original, historic Monitor.

When the Comanche belched her last war whoop out of her smooth bore guns, and yielded to the Marlon.

The Marlon was the dodo of the Pacific fleet—a wooden frigate with a muzzle loading battery and round shot. But she could steam all around the bay, and offered some practice.

It was not until 1906 that the navy department was moved by a proper sense of shame to turn over a comparatively modern ship in the Alert, which had served as a training vessel up to that time. She was rigged like a revenue cutter to give the old fashioned sea training. But her engines were so weak that her patrol log sank like a sounding lead during the blow off Concepcion during last year's cruise.

San Francisco is the only station in the state having a ship. At the other ports the men belong necessarily to the deck force. Eureka has 80 men, Santa Cruz 70, Santa Barbara 65 and Los Angeles and San Diego 70 each. San Francisco, which furnishes the black gang, numbers 300. There are 80 men in the black gang, of whom 27 have the arduous job of coal passing.

At the other ports the men receive their sea drill in a cutter. They learn to sail, row, land through the surf and other work of this kind, in which the San Franciscans are perhaps less proficient.

Army drill is alike in all. It includes the ordinary infantry and field artillery drill, with practice in signaling by all systems in use in the navy, knotting and splicing.

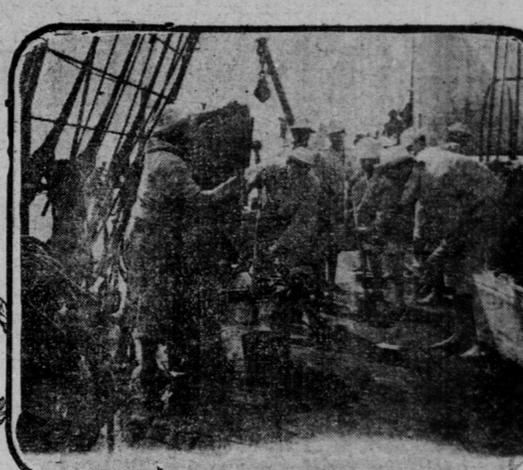
automatic machine and two 2 pounders various ports of the state, the ship is repaired in the bay for the purposes of drill, adjustment of machinery, compasses and such work. The Sunday drill, which all must undergo at least once a month, is largely with the boats, guns, "man overboard" and the like.

On the regular cruise professional sea cooks are hired from the water front and mess boys for the officers' quarters.

The navy furnishes one of its own officers for the cruise to preside at the officers' school. Lieutenant McMillan also regularly holds classes in navigation and theory.

In view of the many divisions at the various ports of the state, the ship is necessarily topheavy with officers, as many of whom as possible take the cruise for the instruction gained.

Besides San Francisco's quota, the other officers are, in order of rank: San Diego—Donald M. Stewart, John E. Parrish, Henry C. Buckle, John H. Davis; Santa Cruz—Thomas W. Kelly, James H. Willey, Leroy A. Sprague, William C. Tooner; Eureka—Edward McLaughlin, Adolph B. Adams, Walter E. Torrey; Santa Barbara—William C. Day, James D. Cavalletto; Los Angeles—Alonzo H. Woodbine, George E. Link, Ernest M. Vaughan, Joseph L. Armstrong. There should also be added to the staff Dr. Willis R. Congdon, Dr. Louis D. Baegaup, Dr. Robert F. Winchester and Dr. Alfred J. Murrleta, Adjutant General Lauck, who has done much toward securing the naval militia appropriations, and Colonel Smith of the Fifth Infantry, N. G. C., are frequent guests on the ship's shorter cruises.



DECK FORCE SCRUBBING DOWN

Each port, including the local armory at California street and Van Ness avenue, has a one pounder Hotchkiss field gun to drill with and a four inch rapid fire gun fitted with Morris tubes. The Morris appliance is the thing that has brought up the navy's shooting record. The target reproduces the sea motion and the inner tube with its 22 caliber



ON THE BRIDGE