

MEET THE QUEEN MARY 2

By Ken Blue all photos here taken by Ken Feb 4, 2007

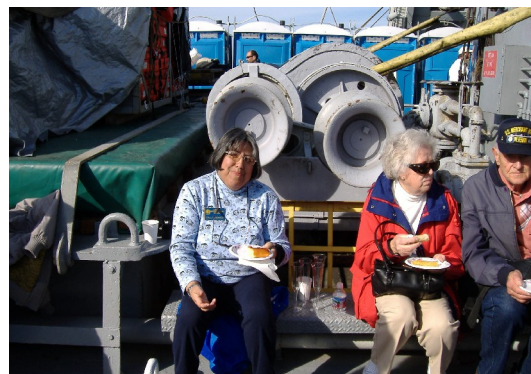
On Sunday May 4 I had the pleasure of riding the Jeremiah O'Brien out through the Golden Gate to greet the RMS Queen Mary 2 on her first trip into San Francisco Bay. For a February day, it was very mild. The bay was calm with just enough breeze to fill the sails of the hundreds

of sail boats that had joined in the celebrations to greet the new Queen. With more than 900 people on board, the O'Brien left her Fisherman's Wharf berth and sailed around Alcatraz Island and then proceeded out through the Golden Gate. We "hove to" and turned around off Mile Rock and waited until about 3pm while the New Queen Mary sailed in from the Pilot Station further out in the ocean.



Photo to the left. Bill Fairfield is at the helm of the SS Jeremiah O'Brien.

Sacramento Valley Chapter Members Fairfield and Walter Duering are members of the Jeremiah O'Brien crew. In the photos below **right**, I catch Sally Raanes and others enjoying the Jeremiah O'Brien food and **center** Larry Lydon points to some activity off the starboard bow.



I seldom make the trip to San Francisco that I don't generate fond memories. Of course I was in and out of

"The Bay" several times during WWII and made Ports of Call from The Embarcadero to Avon above Martinez. I really get nostalgic about my first trip into San Francisco. In the summer of 1941, at the age of 16, I got my first job as a wiper on the SS Mojave, a general Petroleum tanker. We came up from San Pedro and arrived in "The Bay" on a Saturday. Though born in Southern California, I had never been in San Francisco before. It was beautiful to sail under the quite new Golden Gate Bridge with the old Fort Point nestled underneath and then pass the Palace of Fine Arts, the Marina and Fisherman's Wharf with the big Ghirardelli sign. I drank it all in. On the port side, was Alcatraz and Treasure Island. The Worlds Fair of '39 (extended to 1940) had just closed and the exhibitions buildings were still there. The Mohave docked in Oakland so we went under the Bay bridge as well. A great deal of what I have described is still there, though mellowed with time but – maybe so have I. Ken (The author, Ken Blue, is a long time member of the Sacramento Valley Chapter and serves currently as Secretary and Editor.)

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