



THE BINNACLE

Vol. 1, No. 12

MORROW COVE

October, 1943

Fresh Water Cruise

FIRST CLASS GOES SHOOTING

The long awaited day when the first class at last could exhibit its gunnery skill, came on Thursday 12 October. Getting up to an early reveille, they left the ship at 0700 and drove to the Point Montero Naval Anti-Aircraft Training Center. The Midshipmen participated in range firing and classroom instruction in the use of the 20mm anti-aircraft gun, which is standard on merchant ships.

The first class had lunch with the enlisted men at the training center and even contributed two "messmen." (Shades of swab days!) Due to the fact that four sleeves were shot down and the range was overcrowded, all of the men were unable to engage in the shooting. It is hoped that in the near future those who were unable to shoot will return for more instruction. It is obvious why such training should not go uncompleted.

THE SCHOOL DANCE

On October 9, a very enjoyable evening of dancing was spent by the Midshipmen of the Academy and their respective girl friends. It was an affair to be well remembered by all, being the first all-school dance to be held in about a year and the first C.M.A. dance since the training ship has arrived at the new base at Morrow Cove.

The evening's entertainment took place in the Italian Room of the Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco. The music was furnished by Joe Hornick's orchestra (whose unusual style and rhythms made the evening even more enjoyable.) During the intermissions, refreshments were served while the Midshipmen and their guests listened to several variety numbers by the orchestra.

All are agreed that we should have more dances of this type, because they develop more school spirit and allow the Midshipmen to know each other under circumstances that differ from the every day shipboard life.

A vote of thanks and our gratitude is due Dean Marcucci, Chairman of the dance committee, and his assistants for their untiring efforts in arranging this dance.

SECOND CLASS DANCE

With a promise of bigger and better things to come in their first class year, the second class held an informal dance on Friday, October 22 at the Lake Temescal Club in Oakland.

Those attending the terpsichorean fantasy found the setting as romantic as it was beautiful. America's favorite name bands were well represented by the record libraries of the musically inclined second classmen.

Dancing was restricted to J. T. McDonald and Don (Find Me A Gal Who Can Jig!) Tedsen. Highlight of the evening to many was the refreshment period which was extended until the termination of the "struggle."

Congratulations and thanks should be offered Fran Goetz, Don Tedsen, Stel Andrew and Bob Myers for putting on a fine dance.

STOCKTON AGAIN

Again on Thursday 14 October 1943, the Midshipmen of CMA invaded the city of Stockton on their semi-annual "good-will tour." This trip is always anticipated as being a chance to get a lot of liberty and have a rest from studies.

A dance was held in the Elk's Hall of Stockton in honor of the visiting salty mariners. A good time was had by all as they danced to the music of the best bands in the country — records. Extra liberty was granted to all classes so they wouldn't have any worries of being over leave.

A good percentage of the Cadet Corps was seen at the football game played at the College of the Pacific Saturday afternoon. The game was between COP and the Del Monte Navy Pre-Flight team. As both teams had an undefeated record it was considered one of the best games on the Pacific Coast. The COP Tigers were rated underdogs but came through with an overwhelming victory over the heavier and more powerful Navy fliers.

Sunday was "Stockton Day" at the school ship as she lay at Dock No. 2 (11??) Port of Stockton. Hordes of landsmen were shown how life aboard ship differed from the more confused life ashore.

School was resumed Monday morning although classes were accompanied with much yawning due to liberty being continued every evening.

A welcome change in the weather was had during the last part of the stay. Instead of the usual heat, the weather turned cold and then rain fell for the first time this fall. This brought out many dapper midshipmen in their overcoats and white scarfs.

Watches were stood alternately by the two divisions, the "off" watch division getting off the ship at 1300 and the watch-standing division at 1700.

During the week picked crews practiced for the inter-class boat races which were held on Tuesday and Wednesday.

The ship was opened to visitors from 1300 to 1700 every day.

On Thursday at 0803 the GOLDEN STATE cast off its lines and headed for the home base at Morrow Cove. Sighs were heard aboard the ship as thoughts about new acquaintances left behind diverted many minds. At 1430 the ship docked and so ended another trip to Stockton.

NEW STRIPES

Congratulations to Lieutenant J. F. Summerill and Lieutenant (JG) L. H. Erickson, who received notice of their raise in grade October 1, 1943.

It was a well deserved promotion for both, and everyone in the Cadet Corps was pleased to hear the news.

DONATED BY J. SUMMERILL
CMA ARCHIVES

THE BINNACLE WATCH

Monthly Publication of the California Maritime Academy

Editor-in-Chief	Associate Editor
HAROLD HUYCKE	ED GRUHLER
Feature Editor.....	M. H. FOSKETT
Sports Editor.....	R. E. MYERS
Staff Artist.....	J. G. CARPENTER
Alumni Editor.....	L. H. ERICKSON
Faculty Advisor.....	C. H. TUBBS
Business Manager.....	L. H. EVART

CONTRIBUTORS

L. B. SPIELLER	R. F. PAGE	F. GOETZ
----------------	------------	----------

This publication is conceived and printed by and for the Midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy on board the Training Ship Golden State. It is supported by subscriptions of \$2.00 per year. Mail checks to Editor, "The Binnacle," California Maritime Academy, Morrow Cove, Vallejo.

The class of December, 1943, is graduating in Mid-December so their time will be more devoted to finals and studies. Hence the Binnacle is taken over by the Second Class to carry on publication. Right now we're a little behind schedule due to the cruise period, but we'll be back on time, we hope, with the November or December issue.

—The Management

THE MATSON NAVIGATION COMPANY

Pier 32, 215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Due to war-time restrictions, present day activities of the Matson fleet are not revealed. Needless to say, however, the ships are all doing war work. The passenger vessels have been converted to troop transports and freighters to carriers of war materials.

Before the war the four big white luxury liners, MONTEREY, MARIPOSA, MATSONIA and LURLINE were familiar sights in the Pacific, around Hawaii, Samoa, the Fijis, New Zealand and Australia. There were some cargo vessels that carried passengers to Hawaii and coastwise, but that practice was discontinued several years before the war began in 1941. For the most part, the freighters ran coastwise and to the South Pacific.

When the Oceanic-Oriental S. S. Co. went out of business they sold their fleet of ships, which were pretty old, to the Matson Co. and American-Hawaiian S. S. Co. Those sold to Matson have been renamed in accordance with the rest of the Matson ships, having Polynesian names. The American-Hawaiian ships were renamed after the states.

At the last count there were about twenty-five CMA grads sailing as officers on Matson-owned ships. Two are captains: Captain J. M. Fitzsimmons, late of the *Matsonia* and Captain Aguilar. Others are: Italo Canepa, J. G. O'Donnell, D. N. Kofoid, R. W. Owens, W. L. Russon, W. A. Starratt, J. E. Gates, G. E. Haas, M. C. Dunn, W. C. Tourtillotte, R. Russell, R. Racouillat, R. D. Byrne, D. Campbell, C. G. Hansen, J. Dreyer, R. W. Dasso, R. Colfax, A. Morrison, O. Rutherford, C. F. Smith, A. L. Harvie (British DSC), and H. Hickman.

The Matson Navigation Co. is a good line to be tied up with for war-time advancement and post-war security.

FLOTSAM

J. Lewis Luckenbach, President of the American Bureau of Shipping, recently announced that despite losses the U. S. Merchant Fleet is now the largest in the world. It is larger than the combined fleets of the Axis Nations. Since the attack on Pearl Harbor more than 1,496 ships have been built and delivered by United States shipbuilding corporations.

This record is amazing in itself, but even more amazing is the fact that in the first seven months of 1943, the number of ships built was more than twice the number turned out in the entire year of 1942. Shipbuilding officials credit this increase in production to the drastic changes in shipbuilding methods, such as prefabrication, etc. The goal set for 1943 is 19,000,000 deadweight tons of shipping and already the two-thirds mark has been reached. At this rate of production American companies should have little trouble in attaining the 20,000,000 ton goal set for 1944.

The bulk of the ships in the new program will be the slow-moving, mass-built Liberties, with a few of the faster C-types and new Victory ships for special purposes. This record is one that all America is proud of and we offer our sincere congratulations to those who are making it possible.

The man-power shortage has given service men a chance to make a little money on the side if they have time on their hands. Part time jobs in factories, warehouses, etc., are not always to be had during the weekends, but when they are available it's a good way to do "double-duty" with good pay besides. For the Deck men on the School-ship, stevedoring would serve a dual purpose; getting some practical experience in cargo stowage and a chance to look over various types of merchant vessels and their cargo gear. If anyone is interested go to 33 Clay Street, San Francisco at 6 a. m. or 4 p. m. with a Social Security Card.

In the past weeks of the cruise, we have noticed a number of concrete oil barges in and about San Francisco Bay. It was the original plan of the Maritime Commission to build a large number of these new type vessels to relieve the tanker shortage, but additional steel and machinery has been made available so that construction of tankers was thought more advisable. Several companies which were building the barges had their contracts cancelled altogether and many others were drastically cut. The barges have no propulsion machinery and therefore were not wholly satisfactory.

Who said the Merchant Marine doesn't fight back? Not all the glory of this war can be claimed by the boys on the fighting ships of the Navy. Recently, during an Axis air raid on the docks at Casablanca, the *S. S. John McLoughlin*, a Liberty Ship, was outstanding in the fierce gun battle. Throughout the raid the ship's officers and the Navy officer in charge of the gun crews were said to be on the bridge directing fire operations with the coolness of men at target practice. Their deadly fire was credited with two enemy bombers and a number of fighters. This is the kind of news we like to hear.

The War Shipping Administration has announced a plan whereby merchant ships which have been severely damaged by enemy torpedo and bombing attack but which were able to reach port may be scrapped to permit the re-use of valuable machinery and materials. This plan was adopted in favor of the expensive job of reconditioning damaged ships.

48 more days 'till graduation.

SLOPSHUTE JERK

By "Fearless"

It is a wonderful October morning, just 77 days 'till Christmas and possible Liberty for our hero (his two month restriction will be over then). Exactly eight minutes have elapsed since he was awakened by a trumpet solo resembling a truck dumping a load of scrap iron, but he decides to roll over for a thirty-second snooze on his double Beautyrest innerspring mattress. When he finally manages to crawl up to the mess-deck, he finds that there is no hot chocolate because the cockroaches have carried all the cups away during the night. As he arrives on the dock for the regular morning contortions, the bugler has just donned his iron lung and is starting to blow assembly.

"Dress right—dress," blurts the C. C. in his Pepsi Cola soprano voice.

Jerk gets three broken ribs from this unexpected maneuver as he is left handed, and he is hardly able to last out, but the C. C. gives up the idea of developing the members of the cadet corps to look like Charles Atlas; so there is only a light workout.

The voice grates out again, "Fall out to cleaning stations."

Slopshute, his ribs still aching, decides to sleep instead of turning to; so he starts towards the suitcase locker, but he remembers the fate of his buddy from Fillmore and is back on deck working in less time than it takes Mr. Tubbs to mark a zero on a navigation problem.

He is leaning on the rail, rag in hand, when knock-off blows and pries one eye open to see his way down the ladder into the berth-deck. It is quite a problem finding enough clothing to wear to mess as he hung them all out a port in a laundry bag in order to pass a locker inspection and they were not there when he returned to get them. When he finally gets into his uniform (it matches his physique perfectly—bags under his eyes and in his pants), he hits his locker top for a "short one" before formation.

It is not until the M.O.B.D. is piping docking stations, as Jerk strains the last of the coffee grounds through his teeth completing his breakfast, that he realizes that this is the day the S. S. (Slave Ship) Golden State departs from Sewer Slough for STOCKTON!

Three hours out (the log now reads 5.4 miles), there is a man overboard drill which rouses Slopshute out of boat No. 7 where he has been sleeping. He walks toward the ready boat slowly enough to arrive too late to become involved in anything that might resemble work, and he gets there just in time to see "Smilin' Jack" giving out to Scuttlebut Sneezle with everything he has collected in his 10 years at sea, for not having any rowlocks in the boat.

We next find our hero stumbling over the gangway whistling the Stockton battle song, "All or Nothing at All" and thumbing through a "borrowed" volume of the current series of Stockton date books, with such things on his mind as women, Pepsi Cola, liberty and some place to eat besides Morgan's Greasy Spoons.

His first encounter with the Stockton "Amazons" comes while he is waiting for a bus. A car stops with two women in it who say they are going to a club meeting and would he like a ride into town? One look at them and Jerk decides that the club must be the A.O.W.S. (Ancient Order of Witches and Spooks), but he needs a ride and accepts.

Once in town, he meets his classmate, Nohair Crojack, who decides that they should throw away the jobbed date book and take in a football game. This appeals to Slopshute as he has not seen a "swineskin tussle" since he was water boy for the Tuckapaw "Tigers."

He enjoys the game even more than he had expected to (even if the seats are not like those in the Colorado Theater of Pasadena), mainly because of the beautiful woman that is sitting next to him (after he has changed his seat seven times). Being a B.T.O., Jerk starts to "motate" and gets a date with the beautiful creature and one with her sister for Nohair.



"... a voice that reminds him of a report mast."

The two schoolship boys are strolling down Walnut Street looking for a certain address when they see a sad looking character in a familiar uniform who is wearing out the seat of his trousers as he walks along. They approach with caution and find that it is their old friend, Lanyard Steamwhistle.

"Why so sad?" entures Jerk.

"It was all on account of Susu again," says Lanyard. "I call up the ship to talk to the Q. M. about sneaking a swab, who is double dating with Susu and me, over theg anway an hour late. Guess who I am talking to instead of the Q. M.—the Captain!"

Jerk and Nohair pull out their handkerchiefs to wipe their faces as they are bleeding through the eyes for Lanyard, and then they go on looking for the "castle."

Our hero and his buddy are on their third date with Lulu and Queenie and are just leaving a restaurant when Slopshute decides to have some fun and places a wedge under the revolving door. He has just taken his second step from the door, and he hears the sound of breaking glass, a falling body and a few words of disgust from a voice that reminds him of a report mast. As he turns to see what has happened, his face turns so red that you could not see the lipstick smeared on it, because it is the ship's Executive Officer. Jerk suddenly remembers that he should be some place else and cuts G. Haag's time in half for the next mile.

That day comes again so our hero has to leave Stockton and Lulu, and he has nothing but memories as his wallet is so flat that any draft board would give it a 4F without a second glance. Anyway it is time that Jerk leaves because he has run out of clean shirts. Nevertheless he and 134 others are looking forward to six months from now when they will again make the same trip.

GLIMPSES . . .

In Stockton . . .
 "Kop" Oliver directing operations at the Elks Club dance
 . . . Evert mumbling over the pros and cons of blind dates . . .
 "Fearless" Foskett's new man trap in Stockton Hotel's revolv-
 ing doors . . . Willy "What Do You Want To Quote Me On" Grundy
 and "Horatio" Boomer previewing all the shows in town . . .
 The "scarf-boys," Southwick, Andrew, Lewis and Fleming trying
 to drum up some business at the corner soda fountain . . .
 "Peepe" Ironsides at home again and fixing up dates for upper-
 classmen . . . Manning and Zeluff, gunner's mates . . . Stockton
 High day on the ship . . . Pease with a date every night . . .
 Molitor and Sieler climbing over the fence at the football game
 . . . Jenness with his "cough" in class . . . Alfsen taking liberty
 only one night . . . Steel staying aboard to fish . . . Rados stay-
 ing aboard . . . Harthorn with those headaches and bloodshot
 eyes and borrowing money from guess who? . . . G. Fay with
 those sixteen year olds . . . Putnam in love again . . . Huycke
 chatting with the Captain on the telephone . . . Amos running
 away from a certain blonde . . . Everyone reminiscing on the
 trip home . . .

Home again . . .

Ed Iselt borrowing combs to straighten the few hairs on
 his head . . . Joy scraping the green film from his teeth . . .
 Mvers and Tedsen in a froth over a lost nickle in the mess-deck
 . . . Lay lifting weights in lower No. 1; Anderson in lower No. 1,
 too . . . Harvey jitterbugging to "Tales of the Vienna Woods"
 . . . "Speed" Cummings making a formation on time . . . Pros-
 pective "swabs" already cluttering the ship . . . Some new shiny
 gold braid on the bridge deck . . . "Fog" Fay not going so
 steady no more . . . Fisk putting a permanent wave in the
 rear wheel of the messenger's bicycle . . . The boys now play-
 ing bridge instead of you know what . . . No more khakis on
 liberty . . . Guthrie I. G. M. . . Opferman still wearing his
 big block "V" . . . C. U. Jackson rolling his own, king size; his
 hair is growing back now, too . . . Wolfskill and his new toy
 bugle . . . Cozzi wearing gloves at turn to . . . Stanford in
 session again . . . Muhlstein "swingin' it" on the ocarina . . .
 Knudsen taking the "thirtys" apart and throwing the pieces
 overboard . . . Molitor at the phone with a roll of nickles calling
 his "one and onlys" . . . Woodard still scratching . . . Mark
 Hucci glowing with pride over the success of the CMA dance
 at the St. Francis . . . Two formations instead of one during
 inspections—the other in Sick Bay . . . Lush and Amos serving
 mess at Pt. Montara . . . Ironsides playing soccer with Myers'
 head every night . . . Mr. Miller auditioning a solo by Grundy
 in the classroom . . . Two lonesome but still playful pups . . .
 McDonald sleeping in class again . . .

THREE YEARS AGO AT CMA

"Wrestling is highlight of Second Swab Smoker . . . Party
 at Oakland Laundry . . . First Class Goes on Cruise aboard
 U. S. Coast Guard Cutter SHOSHONE . . . Boys Bring Belles to
 Belvedere and a beach party is held . . . Third class basketball
 team leads interclass competition, and formation of a varsity
 basketball team is contemplated . . . The Future of CMA
 as viewed by Commander Dodson: 'Our future is dependent upon
 the future destiny of the American Merchant Marine and our
 own ability to be outstanding in achievement of our mission,
 namely to develop a superior type of officer for the American
 Merchant Marine . . .'"



"Is this yours?"

OUR ENGINEROOM

Now that the cruising period has been concluded and studies once again resumed, the engineering Midshipmen of CMA can look back and appreciate the knowledge they acquired from the practical experience carried on while actually under way.

Besides attending to various needs of the engine while under steam pressure, they were shown the correct manner in which to take indicator cards, the procedure for using an evaporator system; and controlled the propulsion unit from the time they opened the plant for operation to the moment it was secured.

Various incidents can be readily remembered: the 2nd class cleaning tank tops during that blissful night at the shore base; the rather popular trend to stay aboard the Saturday following a boiler examination; that day when no 1st Classmen were about and the 2nd class were "real engineers"; dancing to the strains rendered by a symphony orchestra at the St. Francis; what caused the packing to blow from the deck machinery; how the safety valves just wouldn't stay shut; swimming in North Bay during the cruise, when not relieved from duty; the rapidity with which distilled water bottles broke; and those long black-inked report sheets, with the familiar initials. These and many other happenings will long be in the memories of some aboard the TS GOLDEN STATE.

As facilities ashore are normally better for studying, the Engineering Midshipmen are content to have the cruise past. But it can easily be said that the time spent under way was both instructive and interesting and was definitely enjoyed by those aboard.

"THE GREEN STRIP"

In a recent interview with Ensign Slagle, CMA athletic advisor, a prospective plan for sports during the winter months was drawn up, which at last may enable the sports-minded to engage in some form of active athletics. Confronted with little or no space in which to play football, basketball, baseball or other beneficial games, the midshipmen have been content with "playing catch" and utilizing the facilities in the newly-constructed recreation room, while at the same time not gaining completely the proper conditioning which is necessary for fitness and endurance.

Due to limited space, and construction still going on, participation in sports which require space or equipment must be limited to the weekends, when the cadet corps is invited to make use of an excellent gymnasium at the Vallejo YMCA. It is hoped that two or three afternoons may be devoted to physical conditioning at the "Y." Classes would be conducted in a similar manner to those experienced while the training ship was located at the Ferry Building near the Embarcadero."

With an eye toward a complete athletic program for the future, plans are now being laid for a court which would enable us to play basketball, tennis and volleyball on one large layout. The facilities for athletics after the war will be comparable to those of any sizeable college, with a large athletic field suitable for baseball and track; a swimming pool, and the aforementioned tennis-basketball court. Swimming will be the outstanding sport emphasized.

Fortunate indeed will be the post-war Cadet Corps. But we see the need for physical conditioning now. CMA basketball enthusiasts have been looking into the prospects of forming a team which would be able to compete with other schools. Unknown to the majority of the cadet corps, CMA has an abundance of fine athletes. Just a few of the best basketball players who are wasting away waiting for the opportunity to field the best basketball team the Academy ever had (and there have been others), are: Lewis, Parente, Alluevich, Atthowe, Tedsen, Vorous and Myers.

Although a little late in the season, the midshipmen have shown a keen interest in the old swinehide game, and from the looks of those fellows kicking, passing, running and falling all over the place, a mighty strong aggregation could be formed at a moment's notice. Looking very good as they "muff 'em" are Lewis, Huycke, and Spieller.

Wrestling and boxing should be emphasized along with swimming as conditioners.

It will be some time yet before the complete sports program is rounded out, but when it is, CMA will certainly be a part of an interscholastic sports program for the year round.

CREW RACES

Displaying fine form and an amazing burst of speed at the finish, the first class crew nosed out the third class huskies in a spectacular crew race waged during our semi-annual stay in Stockton. While cheering midshipmen watched from the ship and along the Port of Stockton Channel, the first class took a short lead at the start, holding it until fifty yards from the finish line where they put on the spurt that brought them victory by a boat length.

The mighty men of the winning boat included: Bernhardt, starboard stroke; Williams, No. 3; Whipple, No. 2; Metz, No. 1; Port stroke, McPhun; Rowe, No. 3; Walter, No. 2; Kenny, No. 1; and Joy as coxswain.

On the day previous the third classmen had shown a great deal of stamina and power in defeating the hitherto highly regarded second classmen by one and a half boat-lengths. Watching from the starboard side of the GOLDEN STATE, it appeared as though the practicing undergone by the second class stalwarts in preparation for the race was sufficient to give them some of the form necessary, but faulty planning and poor stroking defeated their efforts.

The crew for the third class was: Swanson, Sieler, Spieller, Vorous, Rados, Krog, Robison, MacFarland and Driscoll, coxswain. And the second class: Black, Huycke, Andrew, Clendenny, Marincovich, Ley, Kolda, Collins and Zeluff, coxswain.

PERSONALITIES

Paul J. Marincovich was born in San Pedro 4 May 1923. He started his seagoing career early, working his way through high school, and later through Compton JC, by assisting his uncle on his fishing boat. He left Compton and went to work in the shipyards. He became the youngest welding instructor at Western Pipe and Steel, and Calship and at the same time kept on going to school at UCLA at night. After a year of this, he started back to school at the University of Southern California, but due to the war his Freshman year was cut short. He then entered CMA feeling that he could do his best in the Merchant Marine because of his past sea experience.

In high school he participated in three sports: track, football and gymnastics. He is also an excellent boxer, as he proved to his classmates at a Schoolship smoker. His choice for the Rose Bowl this season is Southern Cal although he is prejudiced as he has a brother playing on that team.

For a hobby he is interested in foreign affairs and believes in changing our foreign policy. Marink's opinion as to how long the war will last is two years. He shows a very democratic and fair attitude toward the smaller countries who have been held down in their Maritime pursuits. There should be a definite change in post-war plans for world trade as compared to pre-war conditions.

He is one of the most popular second classmen because of his pleasing personality and never-ending humor. One thing he can't stand is having two Marincoviches in the ship, even though the other spells his name with a "k" and is from San Pedro, too.

ALUMNI NEWS

It is interesting to see how the eleven names listed below signed the roster at the last stag meeting of the C.M.A.A.A.

Ralph Newman—S. S. Henry Payne—A. H. S. S. Co. (Obtained Chief Mate's License—Now sailing Second Mate.)

Zed Gwartney—"Student." (Zed, you know, has been nearly two years as navigator with the Ferry Command completing successful trips to England and elsewhere. In anticipation of a change in scenery he decided to go to sea; now attending the "refresher" school in San Francisco.)

F. J. Peterson—"Picking walnuts." (One trip—one ship. unquote.)

Nat F. Main—"unattached." (Well, in a way!)

R. Murry—Instructor. (Lt. (jg) Maritime Commission, Deck Instructor at Coyote Pt.)

G. S. Karl—MooreMac. (Third Engineer.)

R. A. Pringle—"Unattached." (Just at present.)

J. G. O'Donnell—Sea Bass—Matson. (Just completed exam for First Assistant Engineer.)

J. G. Ellis—N.Y.M.I.

E. C. Miller—C.M.A.

L. H. Erickson—C.M.A.

This shows an outstanding representation of the class of '41, if others were so enthusiastic we would need an auditorium for our future meetings. The following information concerning the rest of "the gang" has been collected during the past month.

The parents of Duke McNabb, '39, have been informed that their son is missing in action in the European theater of operations. We join them in the hope that he may yet return to his home in Stockton.

Juliane now sailing chief engineer on his recently acquired license.

Tony Peck, '38, Navigator, T.W.A., Washington, D. C.

Dick Morrison, '41, Navigator, T.W.A., Washington, D. C.

Fred Nied, Jan. '42, Navigator, T.W.A., Washington, D. C.

Canepa, Jan. '42, Chief Mate on the Matson "Sea Bass."

Ben Schoenleber, '41, 2nd Mate on A. H. Freighter.

Ernie Kettenhofen, '41, First Mate on the Monterey.

Harry Doell, '41, Second Assistant Engineer on a tanker sailing for Atlantic Refining Co.

Fred Fuelle, Jan. '42, Engineer on a Steam Schooner.

Bill Peck, U. S. Navy, New York.

Joe Schwab, '41, Second Assistant Engineer, Matson, East Coast.

R. Dasso, Jan. '42, Second Mate on Matson Freighter, running in Alaskan waters.

J. P. Anderson, '41, Raise of grade to First Mate.

Zed Gwartney, '41, Raise to Second Mate.

Moon, Jan. '41, Raise to First.

Dorcey, Jan. '41, Raise to First Engineer.

Widdell, Dec. '42, Now attending Turbo-electric school at Marin Shipyard preliminary to taking out a new tanker.

M. N. Quinn, Jan. '42, Sailing Second Mate attached to Maritime Commission.

Russon, '41, First Engineer; O. Rutherford, '41, Second Engineer; C. F. Smith, Jan. '42, Second Mate; all on same Matson Ship.

Starrett, 2nd Mate for Matson.

Maland, in San Francisco for First Engineer's License.

Don Carnahan, Dec. '42, Still at sea since graduating and we're not sure if he knows that he is the father of a one-month-old baby girl!

NEW ADDRESS

The C.M.A. Alumni Association now has a post office box to be used for **all business**. In the future please send all the news or inquiries or changes of address to:

The California Maritime Academy Alumni Association

Post Office Box 766

San Francisco, California.

This will be our "clearing house" until a clubroom and office is established.

DECEMBER MEETING

The meeting of the Alumni Association on Friday, December 10th will be held at the base at Morrow Cove. There will be a dinner for all present starting at 1800 in the mess hall ashore. The present first class at the Academy who are now associate members will be welcomed into the Association by the older members.

The primary importance of this meeting is to acquaint the new and old members in an informal manner and discuss the aims and prospects of the Association in the future. Please send in reservations if possible!

The C.M.A.A.A. kitty swells to over \$600.00 this month.

CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY
TRAINING SHIP "GOLDEN STATE"
MORROW COVE - - VALLEJO