



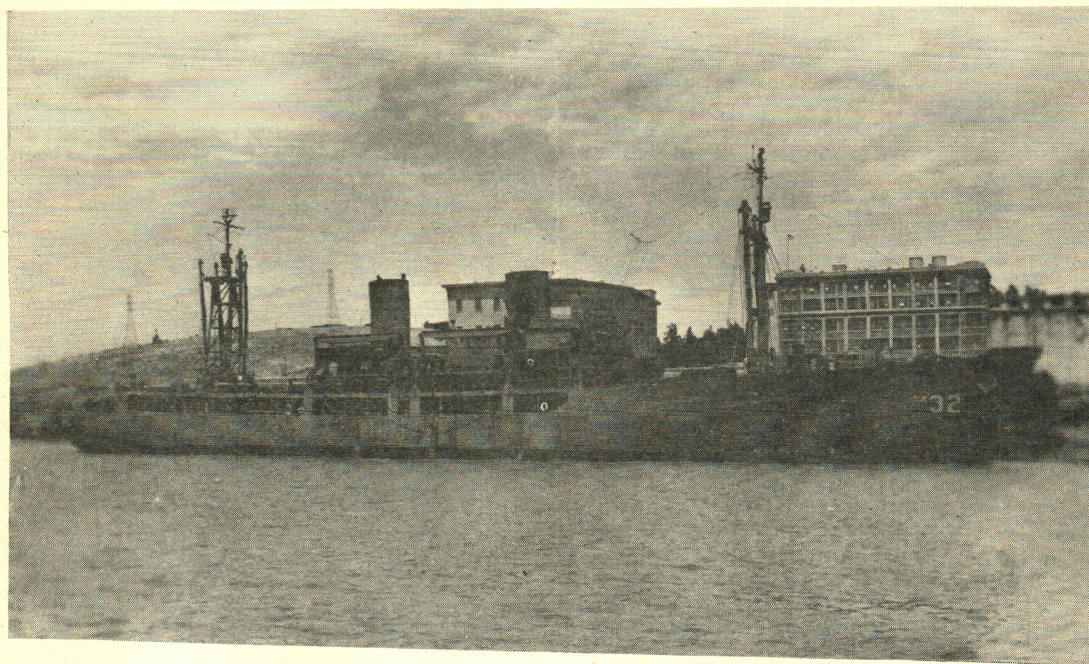
THE BINNACLE

Vol. 3, No. 13

CARQUINEZ STRAITS

June, 1946

CONVERSION OF MELLENA CONTINUES AT NEW BERTH



The California Maritime Academy's pride and joy, the USS Mellena, is pictured above resting majestically on her lines at the Sperry Flour Mill dock where she is being readied for her trek to drydock in the near future.

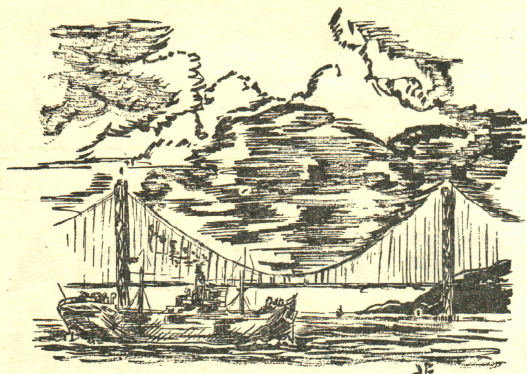
ACADEMY TAKES OVER U.S.S. MELLENA

The midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy were first formally introduced to their new training ship, the "AKA 32, USS Mellena", on May 24th when the entire midshipmen corps sailed her up and down San Francisco Bay on a preliminary shake-down cruise.

Familiarizing themselves with the new 426 foot training ship, the midshipmen explored her hull from bow to stern, and discovered not only two huge berth decks but also an ice cream and soda fountain, post office, laundry and hospital, not to mention the four landing barges and flashy Captain's Higgins craft.

At present, the "Mellena" is docked at the Sperry Mills Inc. wharf about two miles northwest of the Academy in Vallejo. Work aboard her by the midshipmen consists of a daily clean up routine in order to prepare the ship for a visit to the drydock in the near future. While in drydock, the "Mellena" will shed her wartime grey colors and will be remodeled after the present white and buff color scheme of the "Golden State."

Future plans announced by Captain Mayo recently, stated that the "USS Mellena" would be formally christened the "Golden Bear" at the graduation exercises of the present '46 class next September first, and that the present training ship "Golden State" will then be fully decommissioned.



THE COMING WORLD TRADE

By The Editor

With the observance of Foreign Trade Week, May 19-25, and National Maritime Day, May 22, it is becoming more apparent day by day that America is conscientiously aware of the important role she is to play in the coming world trade markets. It is well that the importance of world-wide commerce is being brought before the eyes of the American public for it is only through them that this nation will be enabled to gain the full reward resulting from such commerce.

With its industries once again engaged in the task of producing the necessities of a world at peace, America is looking for new markets amongst her neighbors the world over. Backed by the industrial might and production genius of the country's war expanded factories, we are taking the necessary steps to export the ever increasing flow of goods that are so eagerly awaited by ravaged and less fortunate nations of the world. If America acts quickly as well as wisely the benefits to be gained from such steps are limitless.

Until recent years the struggle to maintain our position in world trade was anything but easy. We continually found ourselves running into a stumbling block in the form of cheaper foreign labor and modes of transporting goods. Rather than lower our standard of living to that of our competitors, we offset our higher costs of production and transportation with the advent of yankee industrialization and ingenuity in such fields. We were soon to learn just what could be accomplished by such methods and now the world marvels at these accomplishments.

Today, by the grace of our good fortunes, we stand heir to a realm of heretofore undreamed of wealth and opportunity. Shall we make full use of it or shall we let the opportunity slip into the hands of others more aggressive and farsighted? That is the question to be answered by Americans and which must be answered now.

It is no secret that this country now possesses sufficient wealth, resources and production capacity as to make it the greatest nation the world has ever seen. With such a potential to draw from the question is how can it be geared to a peacetime output and where will be its outlets. When we are ready to export, these questions will be answered by the numerous people the world over that have waited long for the opportunity of purchasing our goods. They have had ample proof of American manufactured product's superiority over others on countless battlefields if not in their every day living and will certainly testify as to its desirability. These goods are most needed now and we are ready to meet the demand.

Needless to say the picture would look extremely bright were it but for the fact that the majority of the world is in no state of condition to offer a market for our products. People that are ravaged severely by starvation, famine, inflation and all the other aftermaths of war being experienced throughout the world have little care, much less capital to purchase our exports. You may talk about the markets to be expected in the Far East, Europe and elsewhere, but until we help these people back on their feet it can be no more than a pipe dream of the Post-War Era. In other words we can not sell to those who have nothing to give in return, be it money or goods. Once these markets return to normalcy we can expect an abundance of importing and exporting. At the same time we must not lose sight of the fact

MARITIME DAY

May 22 is the day set aside to honor the men of the Merchant Marine. This year the Midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy, being members of the Merchant Marine, had reveille at 0430 to make sure they would get their money's worth.

This rather dubious privilege was accorded the Cadet Corps in order that they might march in the Maritime Day parade held in San Francisco. The mighty "T. S. Golden State", in what was probably her last official act, was the mode of transportation for the Cadet Corps.

In spite of the threatening weather, the Midshipmen brushed their dress blues spotless and shined their shoes to a mirror-like finish. But all the weather did was threaten, so about noon something resembling the lost battalion staggered aboard the "T.S."

All in all, the Cadet Corps performed quite well. The runs and car tracks gave the whole affair a sort of homey touch. Just as the cadets are at "eyes right" the band in front halts and makes the corps look like a folded accordion. Yes, all in all, things went quite well.

The afternoon was spent showing guests around the ship. Wednesday night, a group of very tired boys dock at Morrow Cove and, in a flurry which would have put the light brigade to shame, make for their blanket covered heavens.

NEW DE AWAITED

The evergrowing fleet of C.M.A. was increased by the announcement that a destroyer-escort vessel was to be turned over to the Academy.

At the present time, the ship is located in Suisun Bay and, although definite plans are impossible at this time, it is probable that as soon as the "Mellena" is squared away, the D.E. will be brought to the base.

Then, the boilers and all machinery will be taken off the ship and installed in the new engineering building.

THE BINNACLE WATCH

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that these two factors of reciprocal trade go hand in hand and to have one without the other is inviting financial chaos in one form or another. We have learned through bitter mistakes of the past that in order to rely on exports alone makes it necessary to play Santa Claus as a means of selling goods. Conditions such as this tend to deplet our foreign market more than anything else and are indirectly caused by our own mismanagement. Therefore to prevent further blunders and to bolster our economy as well as others it is imperative all enter into a healthy intercourse of free trade amongst nations of the world. Therein lies America's future.

FRANK DAZEY

Befriended and well liked by one and all, rank has made his presence at the Academy known through his colorful and amiable personality as well as a strong desire to do well by his shipmates. These qualities have proven rank to be no ordinary midshipman. On the contrary he is as exceptional and versatile as they come. These assets have enabled him to adapt himself to almost any situation that arises.

To get a clearer picture of Frank's life we must go back a number of years, in fact we must go back to the early hours of October 15, 1926 from whence his story unfolds. For on that bleak morning in a New York hospital a Dazey entered the world to add to its radiance and color. Not satisfied with the ordinary pastimes that characterize a boy's life, Frank set out to make a name for himself at an early age. There is no denying that he was successful in his endeavor as is witnessed by his excellent tennis game which won a prominent place for himself in Southern California tennis circles. This sun tanned lad was not the kind to rest on his laurels, but went on to win other honors while a member of the Webb School basketball and track teams.

Frank has been no less versatile in the role of a midshipman of C.M.A. Along with his many interests and activities he has become proficient in the art of small boat handling which he has frequently put to good use on Carquinez Straits. Another environment that he is well adapted to is boxing which combined with his muscle building prowess has given him an enviable physique.

We can not over look the fact that it is his easy going manner that has won the friendship and high esteem of all acquainted with Santa Monica's gift to C.M.A. Frank's sterling qualities as proven here at the Academy will go a long way toward attaining his goal.

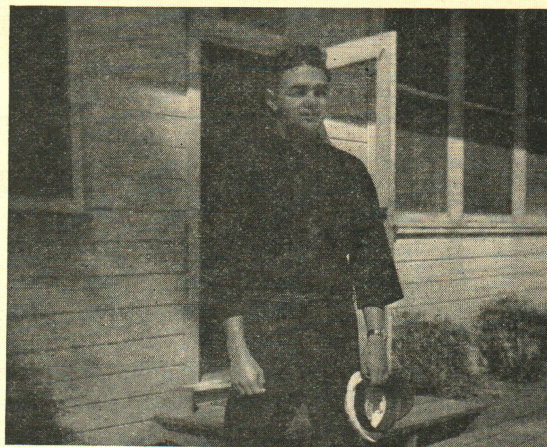


ANTON RAYMOND MIRKOVICH

Adding to the din of the "roaring twenties", Anton Raymond Mirkovich roared into San Pedro on February 15, 1926. Living a rather dull life in which nothing happened, according to our subject, he found time to be on the basketball and track squads at San Pedro High School as well as write the constitution for the local student body. Came graduation time, and "Mirk" found himself an Ephebian.

Turning down a V-12 appointment for C.M.A., he came to Morrow Cove on July 10, 1944. It took him until his second class year to come out of his shell. He is now one of the better known first classmen, and as such, has won titles of distinction from both classes.

After graduating, he intends to make a few trips, preferably on the Atlantic seaboard, and then his charts call for a chemical engineering course at Cal Tech. If determination plays any part in success, one may be sure that "Mirk" will not lack that quality in the future!



JAMES E. SHRADER

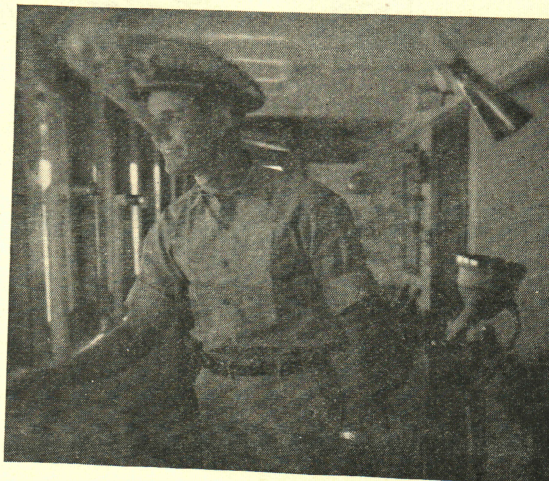
Today's hero by virtue of his impending graduation is Jim Shrader. Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, Shrader shares his birthdate with another famous American person, Abraham Lincoln . . . Shrader having been born slightly later, February 12, 1926 to be very exact.

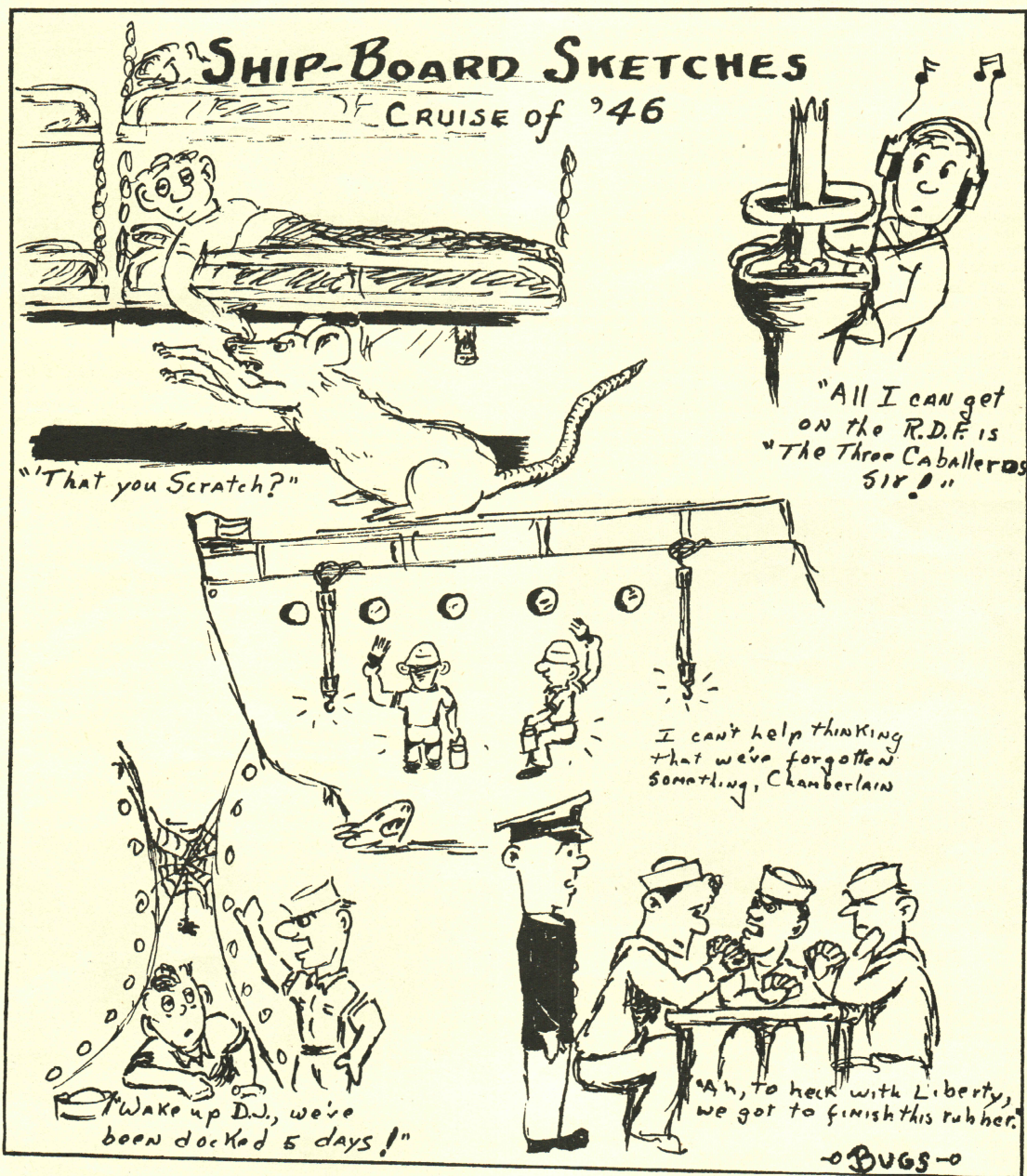
Shortly after his birth, the family took Greely's advice, and miles later ran out of gas in an empty lot, just two tumble-weeds and an orange grove from Covina, called Glendale.

Jim is a graduate of Glendale High School. While attending there he was a big gun, and "rifled" away many medals while on the rifle team.

A veteran of all the usual C.M.A. swab encounters, such as lower No. 1, youth rallies, swab rules, waxing parties, athletic meetings and such, Shrader has two incidents which will live for years in the hearts of all true swabs. Soon after his arrival at C.M.A., Jim took a keen interest in drill and so in a very respectful and military way he asked an upperclassman if there was any special drill unit at the Academy. The upperclassmen, in a very friendly and all too legal manner, arranged for "Jitterbug" Jim to drill with the special Saturday afternoon drill squad. About the second incident details are rather hazy, but rumor has it that Shrader took a mess formation one night and by some quirk of fate, the third classmen were marched to mess ahead of the upperclasses. The bulkheads of lower one really echoed that night.

His self assured attitude and exacting mind give a strong indication that Shrader will be another man C.M.A. will be more than proud to call one of her alumni.





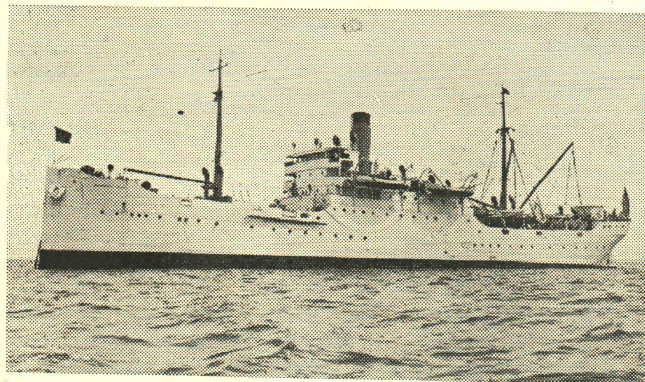
THREE OFFICERS DEPART

Making a hasty exit, overshadowed by the entrance of the "Mellena", Lieutenant Barlow, Ensign Esch and Ensign Osterdock, silently stole out of Academy life last month. Needless to say, their absence was noticed by the midshipmen with sorrowful feelings and hope for best wishes for all.

First of the three to make an appearance at Morrow Cove was Ensign William Esch. A regular navy man, his knowledge of boilers and firerooms seemed unlimited and it was a dull pupil who did not come from one of his classes running over with new information about these subjects. While on the cruise, Mr. Esch proved himself even more to be an engineer's officer by discarding blues for dungarees and working countless hours on the evaporators and boilers. His transfer from the Academy was very unexpected, and a big loss. He is now serving as a refrigeration man in conjunction with the atom bomb test.

Following Mr. Esch, came Anthony Barlow, Lt. (jg) USNR. Mr. Barlow, being a deck officer, immediately found favor with the midshipmen of that department. It was not long before his unusual ability was noticed and he became aide to Captain Mayo. In this capacity, he had less contact with the Cadet Corps, but his reputation as a capable officer grew nevertheless. A graduate of King's Point, he has applied for "regular navy", and is on leave.

Coming from the South Pacific theatre, Ensign Larry Osterdock, although looking younger than some of the midshipmen, soon showed that he was no novice at being an officer. Taking over the responsibility of the sports program as well as teaching deck classes, he rapidly became the most popular officer on the base. The midshipmen will never forget his good humor, willingness to help them with their particular sport, and sincere efforts to improve the Cadet Corps. Although a Golden Gloves champion, he also is a fine artist and entertained many with his renditions on the mandolin.



THE DECOMMISSIONING OF THE T.S.G.S.

By Richard H. Brown

After seeing service in all parts of the world for more than 27 years, the "Iron Mother" of the California Maritime Academy is finally being replaced by a new training ship.

The "Golden State" was commissioned in 1919 as the Henry County in Lorain, Ohio. She first saw service as a "Laker." She was taken over by the navy and converted at Mare Island into a school ship for the California Nautical School. Her name was changed to the U.S.S. California State. With the beginning of the Maritime Commission she changed hands again and with the establishment of the California Maritime Academy she was renamed the "Golden State."

With the decommissioning of the "Golden State" many wonderful memories come back to refresh our minds of wonderful times and interesting ports all over the world. She has truly been a vital part of every midshipman's life during his stay at the Academy.

The midshipmen went to work feverishly removing the bunks and lockers in the berth deck and removing all gear from the lower holds. All equipment which belongs to the Academy was taken off leaving a rather empty cargo ship. And so with the decommissioning, the midshipmen await the arrival of the new training ship.

"WATCH CHANGES"

NOW HEAR THIS! The time has finally rolled around for The Binnacle Watch to change. After twelve grueling, grinding months the hour of relief has finally arrived. Our Editor-in-Chief, may now retire with the well earned laurels of complete success in his possession. With the aid of a high geared staff, Carlton H. Clendenny has maneuvered the "Sheet" through thick and thin. Deadlines have been made, proofs prepared, and all generally squared away by this hard working, constant plugging Editor-in-Chief. His success however was not gained without the help of his staff: Karasky, Bradley, Cree, Brown, Quittner, Brodsky, Snow, Tobey, Cunningham, Williams, Mirkovich, Carney, Wilkey, Bacon, Hecey, and Bowersox.

The relieving watch under Arnold M. Quittner, holds as their aim the fine work done in the past year by this industrious staff. The first issue under the new staff management will appear in July. The new watch list is as follows: Quittner, Snow, Williams, Carney, Bowersox, Cunningham, I. P. Williams, McCullough, Wilkey, Bacon and Swain. It is hoped that young blood will appear on the scene in September to strengthen the depleting ranks being made by departing first classmen.

As the last bell sounds, and the old watch stands by to hit the well known road, the entire staff wishes Mr. Clendenny and all of our departing brotherhood, good luck, good sailing, and well done.

SEA DUST

Third Classman: "Sir, what is a bachelor?"

First Classman: "A bachelor is a man who didn't have a car when he was young."

* * *

Guide: "This tower goes back to William the Conqueror."

Harvey: "What's the matter with it, isn't it satisfactory?"

* * *

Joe: "Say, got a cigarette?"

Chris: "Yeah, but they are all promised!"

Wally: "I fainted. They brought me to. So I fainted again."

Doc: "Why?"

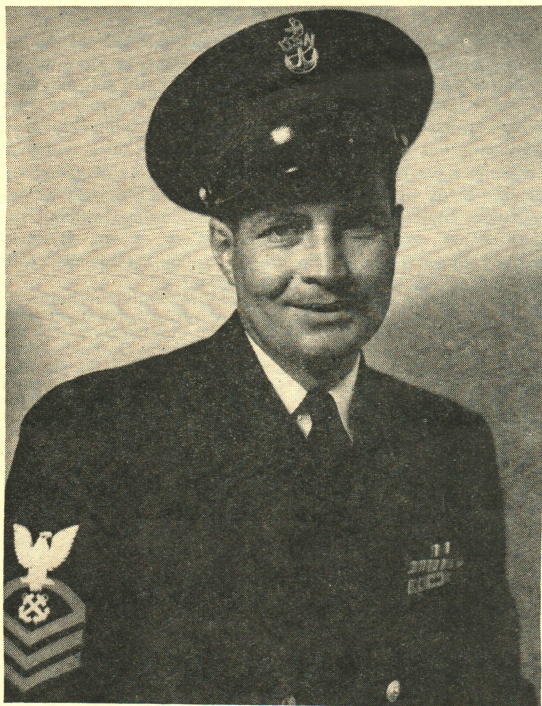
Wally: "Well, they brought me two more."

The Wolf

By Sansone



"Don't leave... There's a girl for everybody!"

**HALL M. NEWHALL**

With a great deal of blue water sailing behind him, including three years of sail and seven years of steam experience, Chief Warrant Boatswain Newhall comes to the Academy tabbed as a very salty character.

"Boats" claims San Francisco as his hometown, and from the great port city, shipped merchant for several years, later entering the Navy where he took over as Chief Boatswain on the USS California. In addition to being ship's bosun, Mr. Newhall will teach practical seamanship, and as the deckhands will testily, Boats can get a job done and move the boys into high gear with the least amount of gripes.

SPORTS VIEWS

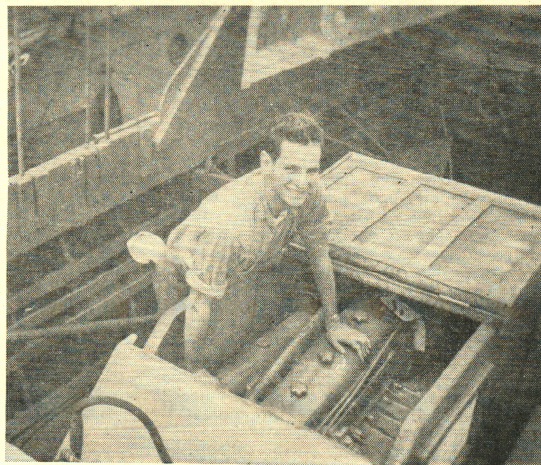
By Richard Valentine

Until now C.M.A. has been unable to boast of a past or present in athletics. It has had only a future to look forward to. Shortly that much awaited future will be here. If planned and organized correctly this athletic future can more than make up for the dead past.

The completion of the new gym and swimming pool should be the beginning of an athletic program that compares favorably to most colleges. There will not be a major sport and hardly any minor sport that cannot be played on the Academy grounds.

The following is a partial list of the equipment that Captain Mayo has requested from Navy surplus:

Full baseball equipment for fifty men, including uniforms; forty eight football uniforms, pads, shoes, etc.; 150 basketball sweat suits; 36 laceless basketballs; 50 sets of 10 ounce and 50 sets of 12 ounce boxing gloves; 24 light and 12 heavy punching bags; 36 tennis racquets; 24 badminton racquets; 6 rowing machines; 4 dozen track shoes and sweat suits; 2 high jump and pole vault standards; 3 discus; 6 12 pound and 6 16 pound shot puts; 5 javelins; 6 stationary bicycles; 2 bowling alleys and full fencing equipment.

**RALPH LEVIN**

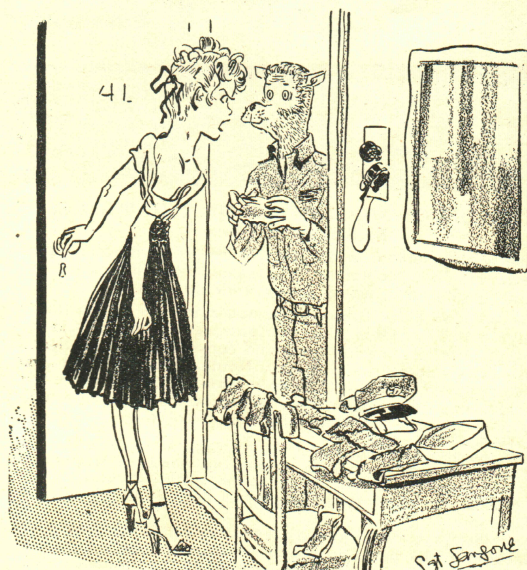
Knowing that there was no maritime academy in Virginia, Ralph's native state, he persuaded his folks to move West. Here at the California Maritime Academy, Ralph has shown himself as an industrious individualist.

Perhaps, it was the mechanical training that our future officer received at Marshall High School, only to be polished off at C.M.A., that enables us to depend upon Ralph for a first class job.

We are sure that with his good looks and personality he will go a long way.

The Wolf

By Sansone



"Just what have you been telling your friends about me?"

AS WE SAID FAREWELL TO THE LITTLE PORT OF —

By Don Cohen

The eager young faces of the students were turned in breathless anticipation toward the young man at the head of the class who stood before them in the blue and gold uniform. The teacher of the high school Spanish class, Miss Estrelita O'Riley, introduced him. "Children, today we have a young man who is a Midshipman at the California Maritime Academy, and who has just returned from a romantic cruise from the romantic lands below the border, and who has generously offered to tell us today of the romance of South America." It was obvious that Miss O'Riley's life had lacked a certain amount of romance.

Mad, riotous applause greeted Mid'n. Shipman. Having come back to see his old school, and having gotten a good start with one of the sweet young things of the school, he had been overheard, while talking of his recent travels, by this Spanish teacher who had promptly dragged him off to her class. She removed the handcuffs now, and he held up a bronzed hand for silence, flashing his gold cuff-links in the sun. An awed silence filled the room.

"Well kids, where'll we start? Acapulco was the first stop — beer, known in Mexico as cerveza, like nothin' you've ever drunk. Boy, what beer! You got to be careful though, and drink it out of the bottle. Don't touch the glasses or you'll end up in sick-bay with the dysentery, sure as shootin'."

A look of mild surprise came into the teacher's eyes. "And Panama", continued Shipman, "what a place! Beauty and the Beast, the hottest show I ever seen. You can get Scotch down there by the case, too. Then there was Miss Mexico's." He winked slyly. The boys in the class laughed knowingly; the girls tried to look innocently embarrassed; Miss O'Riley turned a shade whiter and desperately clutched the edge of her desk.

"And Lima — we had a diplomatic reception at the American Consulate there." Miss O'Riley relaxed a little. "What a grog party!" Miss O'Riley fell to the floor. "Boy, did we get stinkin' in Lima. Good lookin, guail, too, except they smell from garlic so bad you can hardly stand it. Garlic, you know, is their national food.

And Valparaiso — they're definitely anti-American in Chile. The men, that is, not the women. No sir, not the women!" His grin, from ear to ear, left no doubts in their young minds as to his meaning. "Boy, these babies would meet us down at the dock and —

"Thank you, thank you Mid'n. Shipman —" It was Miss O'Riley, who had sufficiently regained composure and who now, white-faced and still somewhat shaken, was gently easing him out the door with the aid of a yardstick. "I'm sure we've all profited by your—I mean, we've all greatly benefited by your very informative—I mean—oh get out, get out for God's sake!" She fell in a heap on the floor.

Stunned, not understanding, Mid'n. Shipman left the room in a quandary. "Jeez, she wanted to hear about South America, didn't she?"

SEA DUST

Captain: "All hands on deck. The ship is leaking."
Voice from the berth-deck: "Aw! put a pan under it and go hit your sack."

* * *

Hoyt: "How much are your peaches?"
Man: "Nickel each, Mister."
Hoyt: "I'll have one, please."
Man: "Givin' a party?"

* * *

They laughed when they saw how my white ducks had shrunk, but when I sat down, they split!

* * *

Davies: "Fine car you have there, John. What's the most you've gotten out of it?"
Ford: "Nine times in one block!"



DR. NORMAN DEPARTS

A very reluctant farewell was given by the Midshipman of the Academy to Doctor Sylvester P. Norman when they gathered on the mess deck to bid an old friend goodbye and good luck, and present him with a token of their appreciation.

Doctor Norman has been with the Academy for an aggregate total of thirty-three months, this being his third farewell. He first came to the Academy in 1936 for a period of six months, C.M.A. then being the California Nautical School.

In 1942, the doctor returned to the Academy, this time in the garb of a naval officer, for another six month period, after which he transferred to sea duty with the Navy in the South Pacific. After having spent a year with the Navy afloat, he again returned to the "boys" at C.M.A., where he has been stationed until his departure.

The Midshipmen will miss "Doc" Norman. He has had, and will always have the respect and admiration of those who were associated with him during his stay at the Academy. The midshipmen appreciate highly his care and his promotion of the better interests of the Cadet Corps.

Doctor Norman will also be missed in the capacity as one of the Academy's ablest instructors. His classes were always something to look forward to. His instruction was filled with wit and humor, but was so ably presented in a thorough and concise manner that was easily retained and proved very useful in time of need.

Upon leaving the Academy and the Navy, the Doctor plans to settle down to practice medicine in Long Beach.

The Midshipmen of the Academy wish him success and satisfaction in his new undertaking.

CADET CORPS ON HAND AS USS MELLENA NAVIGATES TRIAL RUN

By Richard H. Brown

On Friday, May 24 the entire Cadet Corps except the fire watch, left the base at 0800 for Mare Island where the midshipmen boarded their new training ship to be. The first and second class engineers moved aboard the Mellena a week before in order to get the feel of the highly complicated engine room.

At 0900, the ship left the dock and headed down the Mare Island channel and out into Carquinez straits.

For the midshipmen it was a field day because it was the first time that both departments would actually get "underway" experience on the new ship. The crew of the Mellena were helpful in every way. The deck midshipmen were allowed to try their skill at the helm, the engine room telegraph, the RADAR equipment, and any ship's equipment they desired to handle.

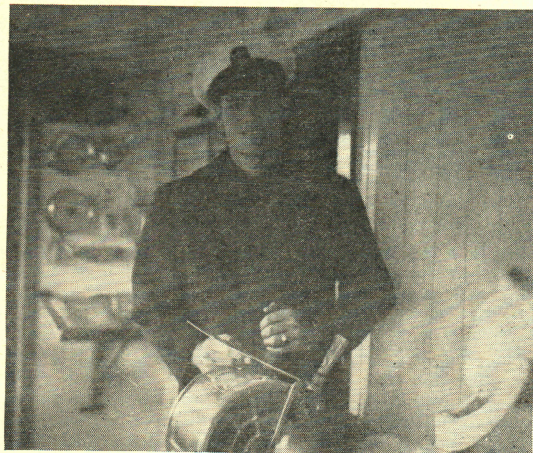
The engineers were trying their skill below decks. The midshipmen were taking to the Mellena like a duck takes to water.

In the afternoon the ship returned to Mare Island and the Cadet Corps returned to the base, having completed an interesting and exciting day on their new ship.

SAM FOGELMAN

May 13, 1926 marks the time when Samuel Frank Fogelman joined hands with his fellow men. He proudly claims his birth in the first city of the West, Los Angeles. Sam, like other boys in their early teens led life along the fashion of the river bank idol, Huckleberry Finn. Plenty of fun with an accent on mischief and with a determination to stay as far away from that tyrant, Mr. Work, as possible. Attending high school at Newport Harbor, Balboa, he established quite a name for himself in sports. He won his letter in football and is credited with holding six high school track records: relay, shotput, broad jump, decathlon. He also participated in public speaking. Finishing high school, he tossed civilian life aside for the prescribed life of one who follows the sea and came to California Maritime Academy.

Sammy is well known for his fervent ardor when hitting the books in the pursuit of knowledge. He holds the position of Midshipman Adjutant. It can truthfully be said that Sammy is the only person who employs all his muscles while executing a salute. Moore McCormack rates high with Mr. Fogleman and he hopes to make a career with that company. After a few years of sea time, he wishes to go to the University of California, get an engineering degree and return to the shipping world. Maintaining a bachelor life doesn't quite cohere with the man we know, but that's what he says. The color, the glory, and the gold of South America have had great influence on him and he probably will spend part of his future life in South America. Smooth sailing Sammy and a sincere hope that all your future plans materialize.



CLARK GRAVES

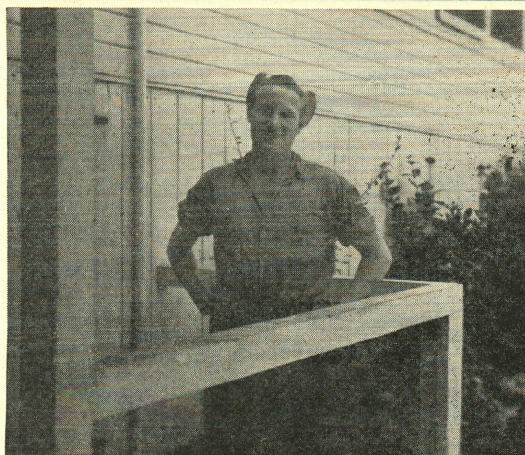
Born in the "Cosmo" city of Los Angeles on August 25, 1926, the "Clock", as he was named by his roommate "Hadfield", went to Harvard Military Academy in Los Angeles for five years. While at Harvard, Clark played three years of varsity football as well as tennis, and excelled in swimming and horseback riding. During the summer months, Clark worked as a lifeguard which accounts for that golden brown tan which comes from the love of the southland and its beaches. During the last cruise, Acapulco was his favorite city. The "Cerveza" was good too.

Women and liberty are his favorite pastimes and just recently, Clark has become a one woman man. He says that his two best companions are his girl and his "sleek black beauty," a '41 Ford club coupe.

On liberty, the "Clock" can be found making time at Alpha Chi Omega house on the University of California campus.

When asked about music he replied, "I feel that music should fit the occasion. I like hot stuff, but when I am with my girl, I like sweet music."

Upon graduation, the blond terror intends to take up engineering at U.C.



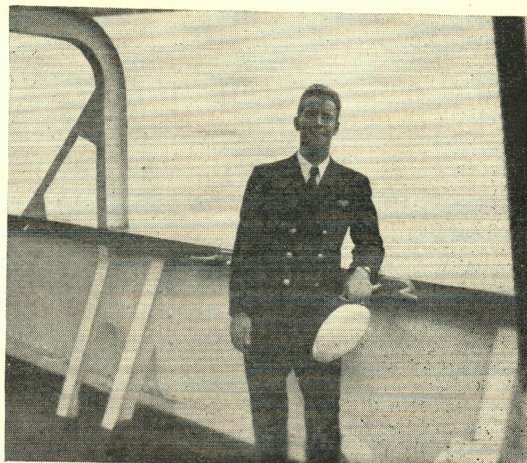
BILL CREE

In the fabulous city of Long Beach on June 30, 1926, a blessed event took place which made Rudy Valentino, Tommy Manville, Don Cohen (by request), and many other famous lady killers realize that they were to have a real competitor in the years to come. The fellow who caused all this concern is none other than our mighty deck hand, Bill Cree. He is one of those tall, smooth, friendly hombres who is well liked by all.

Bill attended Poly High School in Long Beach. Very active in all phases of high school life, he was a member of Boy's League and played football, tennis and golf. In his spare time he enjoyed hunting, fishing and tinkering with various motors, machines and what-have-you. He was also widely famed as a "Beach Boy."

Upon his graduation, Bill came to C.M.A., worked and studied hard, and now ranks high as a First Classman. He came here with desires to see the world, learn the seafaring way, and have the experience of academy life. One of his favorite recreational interests is liberty, during which time he enjoys exploring the geography throughout the bay area and particularly the Russian River and Santa Cruz. He values highly the swell friendships and associations he has made here and is very proud of the fine group of fellows that makes up the Cadet Corps.

Bill graduates in August and plans to ship out and thoroughly see the world, after which he may try to get in a few years of college. Bill's friendliness, understanding, and capable leadership have won him the respect of every cadet. We know he has a great future in store for him and wish him the best life has to offer.



NOTES FROM THE MARITIME WORLD

Editor's Note: The articles used in this section are compiled from the Marine Engineering and Shipping Review.

REMOTE CONTROL FOR AIDS TO NAVIGATION

As a wartime measure, it was found necessary to extinguish certain lighted aids to navigation except when absolutely necessary for friendly use, to prevent their being helpful to possible enemy craft. In the case of unattended aids, such as buoys, this involved a considerable effort and consumed time, so long as each buoy had to be attended to manually and individually. The solution was finally reached by devising a method in which the operation of the light, whether gas or electric, was controlled from shore by radio.

This system is now being extended to the control of fog-horns, electric bell-strikers and other features of unattended aids, so that they operate only when necessary. Lights can be extinguished in daytime and controllable fog signals need only sound in thick weather. The advantages to be gained are economy in men and in power and the reduction in some measure of the annoyance of continuous sound signals to residents in the vicinity.

The system consists of a control station transmitting ultra high-frequency signals, and special receivers on buoys and other aids. The radio waves emanating from the control station transmitting antenna travel out to the aid, where the receiving equipment converts the signal to direct current pulses which open or close electric relays or gas valves, to extinguish or re-light lanterns, or control the other types of aids.

The Research and Development Division is actively working on a project to carry this remote radio control even further and through it to operate aids which otherwise would be manned, such as lightships on which the expense of the crew is an item of some magnitude.

TRANSFER OF SICK BY BREECHES BUOY

During the war many emergency situations arose during convoy operations which had to be handled differently than would be the case had these emergencies arisen during peacetime movements. Because of the dangers to be expected from lurking submarines it was against convoy procedure for a vessel to stop or to straggle except where it was unavoidable. Consequently it became necessary to devise methods of handling situations such that it was not necessary to stop a vessel, or to have the vessel leave the protection of the escort screen.

Among the new practices developed were those of fueling the escorts while underway and transferring of personnel from one ship to another.

In the latter case the normal peacetime procedure was for both vessels to stop while a boat was lowered and the person was transferred to the other vessel. Obviously, this could not be done while traveling in convoy for the vessels would become "sitting ducks" for any submarine lying back for stragglers.

The principal reasons for the transfer of personnel from ship to ship while underway was to render medical aid. This was accomplished either by transferring a doctor from an escort vessel to the ship requiring his services or by transferring the patient to the escort.

The method developed by Navy and Coast Guard vessels was to effect the transfer by means of a breeches buoy, or where the vessel was not supplied with a breeches buoy, by a boatswain's chair.

The transfer was made while both vessels were running at convoy speed, and at times when the sea was other than smooth. Many such exchanges were made between merchant ships and escort vessels. The latter had on board all the equipment that goes with the standard breeches buoy outfit. The merchant vessels had a placard posted in the pilothouse, which placard contained instructions for making fast the hawser on which the breeches buoy was to ride. These instructions were supplemented by a blinker message from the naval vessel.

The most important part that the merchant vessel had to play was to maintain her course and speed. This was vital to the success of the maneuver. Once the hawser was made fast on the merchant ship her sole responsibility was to hold her course and speed. All the tending of lines which is so necessary is done by the escort vessel. As the ships are only from 50 to 75 feet apart the strain on the commanding officer of the naval

ship is considerably lessened if he is assured that the other ship is holding steady.

Prior to running the line, it is essential that the vessels run alongside each other on parallel courses to synchronize courses and speeds. Once this is done the hauling line and hawser are passed by means of a shot line, and the line and hawser are made fast on the merchant ship. On board the escort vessel the hawser is led through a snatch block located well above the weather deck and then through one on deck. In order to keep a constant strain on this trolley hawser it was tended on deck by a number of seamen. This manner of tending the line proved more effective than attempting to do so with a winch.

With the "trolley" hawser made fast and kept taut, the breeches buoy is hauled back and forth and the transfer effected.

On one vessel which made a number of such transfers the fastest time recorded for the transfer of one person from the time the gunner's mate fired the shoulder gun until all lines were back on board was 6½ minutes.

In cases where the patients had broken bones, or were unconscious, a stretcher was substituted for the breeches buoy. These transfers presented more difficulties than in the ordinary transfer. Special care had to be taken to insure that the patient was well balanced in the stretcher before any attempt to haul away was made.

It is realized that merchant vessels do not carry breeches buoy equipment, and for that reason the likelihood of a transfer from merchant ship to merchant ship by this method is a slim one. However, those who have had occasion to transfer personnel by breeches buoy are sold on it and much prefer to effect the transfer in that fashion than by means of a boat.

If a service vessel approaches for the purpose of removing a sick member of your crew, the chances are that the breeches buoy will be broken out and use. If so, the master of the merchant vessel has but one responsibility, that of maintaining course and speed as set by the aiding vessel.

TURBO-GENERATOR EXPLOSION DUE TO DISREGARD OF STARTING INSTRUCTIONS

The first assistant engineer on a Victory ship was killed because starting instructions for a turbo-generator were not followed. This accident illustrates very graphically the need for knowing and observing the starting instructions for a turbo-generator-makers of machinery used on board vessels.

In the case in question the first assistant engineer of the vessel, assisted by the third assistant engineer, the unlicensed junior engineer, and an oiler was attempting to start a turbine driven electric generating unit. On the make of the machine under discussion a hand operated lubricating oil pump is fitted. This pump supplies oil to the bearings and governor until the direct connected oil pump begins delivering oil after the machine starts. As part of the governor mechanism, a small pin is fitted in the oil relay valve. Unless this pin is in place, increased oil pressure caused by the turbine getting under way tends to close the operating valve, thus making it impossible to hold the valve lifting fork open by the use of any ordinary force. The pin is mechanically linked to the lever operated by the over-speed governor in such a manner as to cause the latter to be inoperative when it is not in place.

On this occasion the first assistant engineer opened the exhaust valve, drained the turbine, assigned the oiler to operate the hand oil pump, and opened the combination trip and throttle valve wide open. He then ordered the junior engineer to lift the operating valve by means of the valve lifting fork mounted on the oil cylinder cover. The machine started rolling but stopped shortly thereafter, presumably because the oil pressure developed by the direct connected pump overcame the pressure on the valve lifting fork which was applied by the junior engineer. The oil pressure would so act as set forth above when the pin on the oil relay valve was not reset for starting the turbine. The first assistant engineer ordered the junior engineer to apply increased pressure to the lifting fork indicating that he was to stand on it for this purpose. The turbine was started three times in the manner described but always stopped when the oil pressure overcame the force the junior engineer was able to apply. When the first assistant engineer again ordered increased force to be applied to the starting lever, the junior engi-

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(Continued on Page 10, Column 1)

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(Continued from Page 9)

neer placed his back against some piping fitted immediately overhead and forced it down with both feet. Immediately thereafter and while the junior engineer was in this position the turbine overspeeded and destroyed itself.

The bolts securing the halves of the turbine casing ruptured and the top half lifted approximately 20 inches. The rotor shaft was broken and bent in several places to an angle of approximately 40 degrees. The coupling between rotor and pinion shaft was destroyed and many other minor parts of the assembly were damaged or destroyed.

The first assistant engineer was standing on the inboard side of the generator, leaning over the hand rail that was fitted around the machine. He was struck in the left chest by part of a broken diaphragm and was thrown over the inboard generator onto the grating surrounding the main turbine. He was killed instantly. Luckily no one else was seriously injured.

In the case of accidents it is always easy to blame the man who was killed and for this reason some hesitation might be felt in blaming the first assistant engineer for this wholly needless tragedy. However, the facts seem quite plain and they all indicate that he acted in a manner totally contrary to good engineering practice. It seems apparent from the description of the accident that the governing mechanism acted in exactly the way that it was supposed to. In other words, as the governor pin had not been inserted, thus actuating the governor valve, the increasing oil pressure caused by the starting of the turbine tended to shut the lever actuated operating valve. As shown by the several false starts, the tendency of the valve to close was strong enough to overcome any ordinary effort that could be exerted by a person attempting to move the valve lifting fork. It was even strong enough to overcome the whole weight of the man's body, but when, in addition to his weight, the junior engineer placed his back against an overhead beam and exerted his full strength, it was too much for the governor oil pressure and the valve remained open with disastrous results.

Investigation of the casualty indicates that three mistakes were made by the first assistant engineer:

1. The pin was not inserted in the governor valve, thus leaving the governor inoperative.
2. The steam valve was opened wide open before starting the machine, thus making a runaway certain in case the governor failed to act.
3. Most inexcusable of all, the junior engineer was ordered to stand on the hand starting lever.

The first mistake could have been made by anyone in a careless moment and, provided he was warned by the action of the starting lever, no harm would result. The second mistake is considerably less excusable and represents a serious error in judgment. Opening the steam valve to any steam-driven machine wide open before it is under the control of the governor is a proceeding which, as stated above, renders a runaway inevitable in case the governor fails to act. It is bad engineering practice to throw away a single one of the safeguards which are provided against accident by the designers of modern machinery. As the vessel in question was comparatively new, it seems probable that there was an instruction booklet on board. This booklet states very clearly that in starting this type of machine, the steam valve should only be cracked until the machine is running and then the throttle should be gradually opened until the governor takes charge. If the machine had been started in this manner no accident would have occurred. In any case the engineer had had the starting procedure explained to him on the day before by the chief engineer.

For the third mistake there is absolutely no excuse to offer. It represents pure ignorance in its most dangerous form. The fact that the man holding the second highest engineering position on the ship should have made an error of this character shows why the Coast Guard requires a certain period of experience before allowing anyone to sit for an engineer's license.

When starting any steam machinery, always obey every instruction found in the maker's rules. If these instructions are unobtainable, seek information from someone already familiar with the machinery in question and if no such person is available, take it easy, crack the throttle, get the machine rolling slowly and make sure the governor is operating before opening the throttle wide and, above all, if any unusual resistance, peculiar noises, or other untoward incidents develop, stop the machine, investigate, and be safe—rather than dead.

PIGTAIL PETE

"Into the Whoknowsasphere"

By Earl C. Bowersox

As we peer through the vapor laden gloom of Pigtail Pete's underground laboratory, we find Pete feverishly working on his new inimitable, unbelievable invention. As we sift under the dense cloud and draw even closer, we observe Pete, his friend Crosshead McCrescentwrench, and the "Ultra-Ultra-Ultra-graph," our hero's pride and joy. Wafting up from multi-sized retorts the small spirals of gas of many colors, densities, and odors. The laboratory walls are cool and clammy, yet the room itself is stifling. In the center of the compartment stands a mystic maze of many odd shaped radonbaum ray tubes. Pete, is talking to his assistant.

"There it is, complete to the last Nuftrump bolt. Yes, ha, yes, truly remarkable. Now I am sole master of time and space. With this little button I can toss anyone, anywhere I want them. I can put them back into Ancient Greece or into the New York of 2500. Eureka, I am a God. Yes, 'Pigtailius Petorius' shall be my title."

"Now wait a minute," Crosshead interrupted at this point of Pete's exultations, "How do we know the gosh dang contraption works?"

"Why, ha ha, why, ha, preposterous," Retaliated the mastermind. "Doesn't XZY2A2 equal FLY3B7? And doesn't IIG9M2 equal RHIP? Haven't I put in the necessary Ray tubes, Rah tubes, and Heliogriftofic Numeritorities? Well speak up my idiotic friend; why won't the 'Ultra-Ultra-Ultra-graph work?"

"Well," drawled McCrescentwrench, "We haven't tried it yet."

"Why so we haven't," the thought laddened genius replied. "So we haven't." "We need a vict—I mean a volunteer."

"Let me see," thought Mac out loud, "Henry the Blimp, no he would use a years supply Catharodiednortic juice. Norm the goat, no, no, his pea brain would be lost in the experiment and our efforts would be nil, mummum, I have it John Monk."

"You've hit it, you've hit," mused Pete. "We will volunteer him at once. First he shall sign over all his possessions to us just in case of an irregularity. Then he will be ready for the super test. The projection of the human body into the Whoknowsasphere. Eureka, hah hah, the test, hah, Mac, get the Monk."

The Monk's eyes were bloodshot, his hands were sweaty and tingling, his face was deathly white. "Fellows," he persisted, "I have a watch." "What watch," questioned Pete? "Any watch," screamed the Monk. Too late. The syringe of Apholgladistic Arcadina had been injected.

Feverishly the gruesome twosome worked over the Monk's still body. They strapped the lieless body into the chair. Pete took the control board, Mac the Hydrotosh Feteer. "Now," quizzed Mac? N-O-W!

A blinding flash of molten light ensued. When the lurid air quieted down, there was left Pete and Mac. The Monk had departed to parts unknown.

Be sure to read next month, Part II of this thrilling serial: "The Dangling Dope of Dorium."

AROUND THE CORNER

Definite progress is being made on the long awaited engineering building. At present, detail plans and specifications are being drawn up by the Division of Architecture in Sacramento. The new engineering building will dwarf the present shop, being 284 feet long and approximately 60 feet wide.

It will be located next to the seamanship building, making it the second structure up from the waterfront.

The building will include foundry and forge shop, machine shop, electric shop, chemistry and physics laboratory, electricity and diesel classroom, and power plant.

The machinery, tools, and equipment are, for the most part, on hand awaiting installation. The power plant is a high pressure steam job, to be taken from the DE 230, which has been given the Academy and is now in the laid-up fleet in Suisun Bay.

The building itself will be concrete with brick facing, particularly designed to meet the needs of the extensive three year engineering course. Upon completion of the building, a good part of the practical instruction which could be received on cruise only, will be given on the diesel, steam, and turbine plants to be housed there. The facilities offered by the new engineering building will allow a greatly elaborated course to be taught future classes.

ALUMNI NEWS

THE SECRETARY'S LOG BOOK

6 May—

Congratulations are in order for Lt. (jg) and Mrs. E. B. Berryman ('42 July) who recently announced the birth of a son, Anne, March 12. Word was also received that Ed has been transferred to the USS Ashtabula (A.O. 51) and was last reported in Singapore.

Nice note from Walte Pease ('44 June), hibernating in the mountains. Your questions have been passed on to the Dean.

Walt Geldert ('42 Dec.) and Geo. Detweiler ('45) were visitors yesterday. Look like a couple of beach-boys—well and happy.

8 May—

Nice note from the mother of Wm. Elliott ('43 Dec.) She says Bill has been at sea practically all of 1945, had a week at home for Christmas, and has been in the Pacific since then; has had his first papers since April '45 and will sit for Chief when he gets home; now sailing on the lying Scud (UniFru). Many thanks Mrs. Elliott, and our congratulations to Bill.

11 May—

The regular bi-monthly social last night was a pleasant evening for about ten couples and four stags. Our Pres. Matt Engs missed out because of an attack of intestinal flu, but we hear that he is up and around again now. Because of lack of a quorum, no regular business was undertaken, so our 14 June meeting will be a busy one.

J. Viegas ('42 Dec.) writes in that he has just recd. his Masters Papers and expects a ship soon (APL). Congrats from all of us Joel.

15 May—

R. Calou ('41) has changed his address to Rt. 2 Box 336, 300 Morgan Blvd., Lafayette, Calif.

20 May—

Gene Cozzi ('43 Dec.) was aboard today. Has big plans for a future in Naval Architecture or Design. Thanks for the dues Gene, and good luck.

21 May—

Captain Don Kofoid ('42 July) is busy packing his gear preparatory to a trip in command of a Liberty for So. Amer. (Grace). He was home on leave, and hoped for a pleasant vacation, but got a hurry-up call and is by now back on the briny. Says Ken Shafer ('41) is skipper on a combined harvester, sailing out of Fresno.

28 May—

The local press carried a news item this morning that will be of interest to the old-timers in particular: "Captain and Mrs. Wm. Aguilar of Napa are the parents of a son born at the St. Helena Sanatorium, weight 8 pounds. The infant has been christened William Sheveland. The parents have two older children, both daughters." Congratulations to you all Bill.

29 May—

A grand letter from Howard Mollenkopf ('38). The SoCal AA was officially organized 24 May at the Lafayette Hotel in Long Beach, 18 members in attendance, and the following officers were temporarily elected: Joe Shafer ('35) Pres.; H. L. Mollenkopf ('38) Secy-Treas.; P. F. Franklin ('42 Dec.) Chairman of Publicity. Interested grads should contact Howard at 1130 17th St., Hermosa Beach, Calif. At present, meetings will be held on the same nights as the parent organization, and will be at the Lafayette Hotel. Some minor problems or organization remain to be ironed out, but it looks from here like the SoCal gang have gotten the ball rolling and would have a big, busy outfit.

5 June—

A note from R. Heintz ('43 Dec.), busy in the office of Purcell-Heintz, Pacific Factors, 323 West Sixth St., Los Angeles 13.

S. M. Andrew ('44 June) writes in "a temporary change of address from the Pacific Ocean to PO Box 1204, Stanford University. This is a great life compared with going to sea. Very happy to report I received the equivalent to 37 units here for work completed at C.M.A. Got my 1st Asst. license in March." Stel also sent along dues for '46. Congrats from us all Stel, and good luck down there on the "farm".

Mrs. R. A. Elliott, mother of Wm. ('43 Dec.) sends in another nice note and dues for Bill. Many, many thanks Mrs. Elliott.

A nice letter from Phil Ranklin ('42 Dec.) 1768-C Seaciff Circle, San Pedro. The SoCal AA is really getting "on the ball." The SoCal column in The Binnacle sounds grand from here. We

will have more dope for you after our meeting this Friday Phil, in the meantime, our best wishes.

Looks like another dead-line is here. Seems like only a week ago we were sweating out the last one. So long till next time gang.

FLASH—Comdr. R. M. Swaney ('33) has reported aboard to serve as C.O. of the T.S., replacing Captain L. Martin, who leaves us this month. Ralph steps into a large pair of shoes. All hands wish him the best of luck.

Don't forget—meeting second Friday of every month.

Dues for 1946-47 are owing for many members. Binnacle subscriptions will be terminated 1 July unless payment recd.

The questionnaires are being tabulated by Pres. Matt Engs. Thanks for the replies. Those of you who haven't sent them in yet, please hurry, we would like to get busy.

You older grads have had no chance to meet our shipmaster, Capt. L. Martin. We could wish nothing more than that you could all meet him or sail under him. He is a grad shipmate, and one of the finest skippers we have ever known. His influence on the midshipmen here has been tremendous and extremely beneficial. We hear that he will have to leave us when the Navy withdraws its support, sometime near 1 July, and the officers return to State employee status. His loss will be a great one to the Academy, and in particular to the Midshipmen who will not know the benefits of his tutorage.

FIRST CLASS PARTY

For a second time, the First Class braved the elements of nature to thoroughly enjoy themselves at a good old fashioned beer bust May 25th. The fellows and their girls settled down amid the beautiful trees and greenery of Garber Park and proceeded to devour the contents of the two kegs before them. Even though the rain which had held off all week chose this time to let go with all its fury it failed to dampen the spirits of the occasion. Finally it was decided however to seek any place with a roof before being completely washed out. "Curt" Dreyer kindly extended the use of his home and so the party was continued in full swing. Valentine's girl tenderly took him in her arms and sprinted with him the entire distance to the new location, gently setting him down on a beer keg.

Hot dogs with all the trimmings were served throughout the evening. Paul Kollasch assisted by a girl pianist furnished the musical entertainment.

After the 3,878th beer, Midshipmen McLeod and Schill were found to be getting along famously with each others girl, finally, completing the evening with a trade.

When both kegs of beer were polished off it was noticed that the distance between McLeod's knees increased from the usual two to a staggering four feet.

Everyone at the party wishes to thank "Curt" Dreyer for his generous hospitality without which the party could not have continued.

TWO YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE

The 1944 class graduated, including the original "Turtle," Merle P. Clendenny; McBride's predecessor, "Little Gargantua," Robert H. McFarland; and (Duh-huh!) Arthur R. Harvey.

The Binnacle was really super that month. Fifty three men graduated from the Academy, Lt. G. Brackett received the Purple Heart for wounds received in action while serving aboard the cruiser Vincennes, and (Wow!) some disciple of Petty's inserted cartoons.

True to C.M.A. tradition, Dr. J. D. Moore (Lt. Cdr., M-C, USN) married Miss Bette Kennedy of 807 Trestle Glen, Oakland.

Harold Huycke edited The Binnacle this month.

Their jokes were as bad as ours—
M. C. reporting to Commandant: "I think we've got morale a little too high sir—they want to know if its true that they may have to return to civilian life."

"You're the only girl that I ever loved," he said as he shifted gears with his foot.

OFFICERS DEPART

Things are rapidly changing back to pre-war conditions and C.M.A. is no exception, for 1 July, the Academy will go back under state and Maritime control with the Navy bowing out of the picture.

The new change will mean nothing to the status of Midshipmen, but will bring a change in personnel. Of the present roster of Naval officers, those scheduled to remain are Commander. Flanner, Lt. Commanders Tubbs and Heron, and Lieutenant Bailey. All will be on a civilian status, having received their discharges from the Navy by this date.

Departing officer-instructors are Lt. Commander Summerill, Lieutenant Rice, and Lieutenants (jg) Koski and Meyers.

In an interview granted before press time, Mr. Heron stated that three naval officers would be assigned the Academy at a near date for the purpose of teaching Naval Science and Ordnance.

SEA DUST

Gypsy Rose dressed very thin
Gypsy Rose sat on a pin
Gypsy Rose!

* * *

Bus Conductor, calling from the upper deck: "Is there a mackintosh down there big enough to keep two ladies warm?"

Voice from below: "No, but there is a McLeod that's willing to try."

* * *

McBride: "How do you like our little town?"

Davies: "It's the first cemetery I've ever seen with lights in it!"

* * *

Dickinson: "I hit a telephone pole last night."

Miller: "It's a wonder your neck wasn't broken."

Dickinson: "Well, it wasn't broken, but it was sadly interrupted."

* * *

Men who kiss and tell are not as bad as those who kiss and exaggerate.

* * *

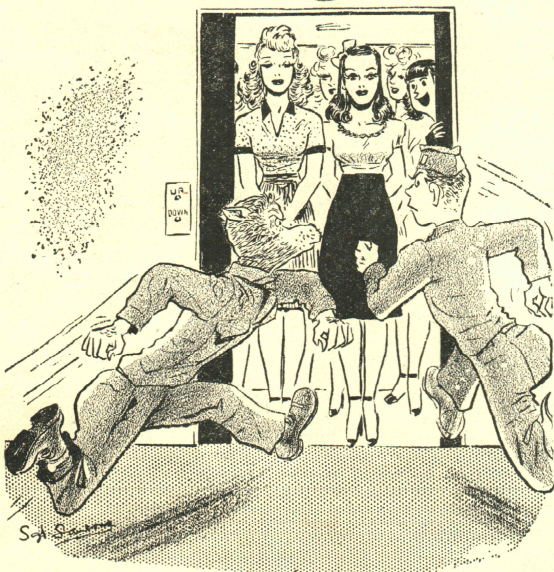
Kollasch: "And there I was, cast away on a desert island with a lovely woman."

Hatcher: "What did you do for food?"

Kollasch: "I'll be darned if I can remember."

The Wolf

By Sansone



"Room for just one more!"

GISMOS

The draft goes on . . . much to McBride's sorrow, and so do Gismos . . . much to Clendenny's despair.

Biggest thing, next to Nay's head, at C.M.A. is Kuykendall's new '46 Dodge . . . Ford got something new, a cash register . . . Nickerson's fans in South America keeping him posted . . . Leavitt loses his moustache . . . Rollins and "Monk" Cummings lose Lazar . . . Tinsman looking like "One Wing Low" . . . "Plebe" Chamberlain doing his best to make Annapolis . . . Swain becomes the "Ghost" . . . Cole and McCullough show the second class engineers how to make a "Golden Bear" motivate . . . Hatcher shows the Navy engineers how . . . Room 69, the most popular room number since the cruise . . . "B" barracks gets a firing line . . .

Ursich hearing most every day from Barbara, that's what naming a boiler for your girl will go . . . Something fishy about Mirkovich . . . Ezell and Marsh go big game hunting . . . Mr. Rice lays in wait for a cat, rifle in hand . . . "Hand's Up Roscoe" . . .

"Evie" gets a new rod . . . Dux doesn't . . . Dickinson gets sea sick everytime he sees Mr. Bailey rolling around . . . "We work hard, but we play hard too" . . . Hadfield buys a ticket to carry four in the front seat . . . Christensen waits to hear from Betty . . . Levin and Otto meet at Stanford . . . Cohen turns jitney driver . . . Lawrence gets a chance to win another bronze propeller . . . Krambuhl and Snow dig Beethoven's ninth . . . Kollasch takes "C" division through its paces without Chambers, Dryer and Vandegrift, to win drill . . . Beek drops a rifle . . . McLeod loses a tooth brush . . . Wieland walks it off as messenger . . . Gibbs and Bowersox paint Chinatown green and look it the morning after . . . Mystery of the year: Who put the rifle behind the signboard?

If it ain't one thing it's another—

Ten years ago we worried about having a chicken for ever pot—but now where are the pots?

Two men named Wood and Stone were standing on a corner. A pretty girl walked by. Wood turned to Stone. Stone turned to Wood. The girl turned into a restaurant.

Barber Hoyt: "You say you've been here before? I don't remember your face."

Third Classman: "Probably not. It's healed up now."

EDITOR, THE BINNACLE
CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY
CARQUINEZ STRAITS - - VALLEJO

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