



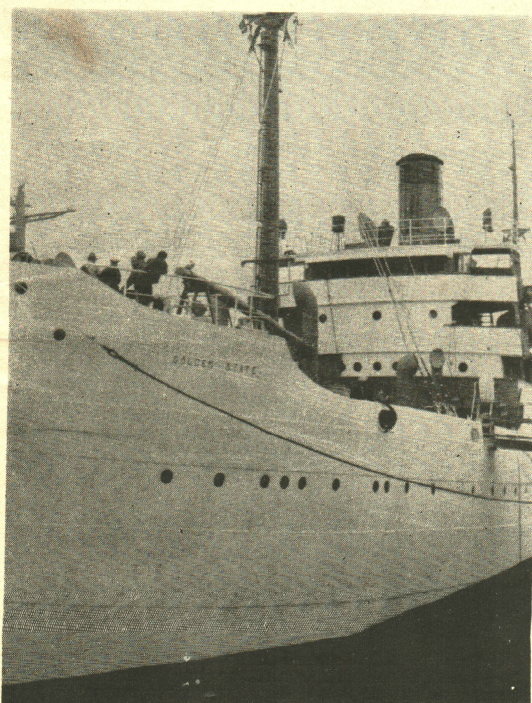
THE BINNACLE

Vol. 3, No. 9

CARQUINEZ STRAITS

October, 1945

TRAINING SHIP GOLDEN STATE IN DRY DOCK



DRY DOCK

By R. S. Wilkey

Early on the morning of Thursday, October fourth, the Golden State cast off her mooring lines at Craquinez Straits and steamed toward San Francisco Bay. We were heading not to South America or around the world, but about twenty-nine miles to Alameda and dry dock. This event was something new for the third class, because for them it was their first cruise aboard the training ship.

In the afternoon, with a pilot aboard, we entered the estuary between Oakland and Alameda. That night we moored alongside the Liberty ship "David Thompson" while waiting for space to dock at the General Engineering Company's yard across the channel.

The next day two tugs docked us across the channel at GEDDCO pier No. 2 where we were to wait for several days before entering our dry dock. This we did the following Monday.

Things started happening fast once we were in dry dock.

FIRST CLASS DINNER

The new first class got off to a fine start with a class dinner at Tiny's on August 29th. It once again inaugurated an old tradition that has been neglected for several years. Namely that of having a banquet before embarking on the first class year.

Though the plans for the affair were decided on the spur of the moment things went off quite smoothly. Within the confines of the banquet hall everyone was able to let go and enjoy themselves a real good time. In addition to partaking of a delicious chicken dinner and toasting the Officers with fine wine we enjoyed colored pictures kindly provided by Mr. Summerill. The films were a full length story of an imaginary cruise made up of pictures taken on past cruises and pieced together. They were thoroughly appreciated by everyone and created an even more anxious feeling among the fellows in regards to our hoped-for voyage in January. Such good times as were experienced on those excursions are a thing long to be remembered and the first class is in great hopes of being among those lucky midshipmen to have such a happy occasion for memories.

The entire class wishes to extend deepest appreciation to Mr. Heron for his generous help in making the dinner, our first class activity since becoming first classmen, possible. It was through his cooperation and counseling that a good time was had by all. Thanks also to Commander Martin, Mr. Summerill, Mr. Brackett, and Dr. Norman whose attendance at the party not only made it more pleasant but also helped to develop a closer understanding between the Officers and Midshipmen. I am sure all the first classmen came away with a feeling of determination to do all in their power as leaders of the Midshipman Corps to make it a banner year.

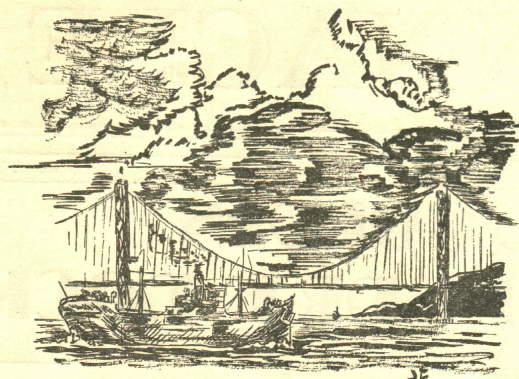
This is only one of the many extra curricular activities the first class is planning for this year, and we are eagerly awaiting the dates of the other get-togethers.

First of all, the bottom was scraped and painted. The hull was painted white with a strip of black boot-topping. From here on the ship began to look like its pre-war self. All three classes turned to and with little class distinction toward jobs the superstructure was painted white; the masts, sack and hatch combings were changed to buff; and the red decks were given a fresh coat of paint, adding the final touch to the post-war Golden State.

While all this was taking place, many improvements were made below decks. In the engine room, the main engine was partially overhauled. One cold storage box in the classroom was recorked, the sick bay was remodeled, and the port wing on the bridge was finally enlarged, to mention only a few of the changes.

In some of their spare time the midshipmen took excursions through nearby ships and saw nightly movies aboard our neighbor, the U. S. S. Eldorado. In general, our visit to the shipyard was very interesting and highly successful.

Finally the alterations and repairs were completed Thursday, October twenty-fifth, and we steamed out of the estuary back to base, bringing our sojourn to an end. The ship is now ready for the cruise to South America next January to which we are all eagerly looking forward.



POST WAR AND CMA

Back in the days when C.N.S. was little more than a training ship situated at an old coaling station, there was a vision deeply rooted in the minds of the more farsighted men associated with the school. The origin, of this vision dates back almost as far as the Academy itself. In the succeeding years this vision transformed itself into words both written and spoken about the planned academy which was one day to graduate the best of sea officers. Years passed as the vision grew in support and popularity and definite steps had been taken only to all go up in the smoke that was December 7, 1941.

Upon the advent of war only one aim was uppermost in the minds of those who went forth from the Academy. All others were temporarily shelved, but not forgotten was the vision. On the contrary, as the United States Merchant Marine grew in size and numbers the necessity for such a school was clearly seen and developments took on new proportions. The vision now took on the aspects of immediate post-war development for C.M.A.

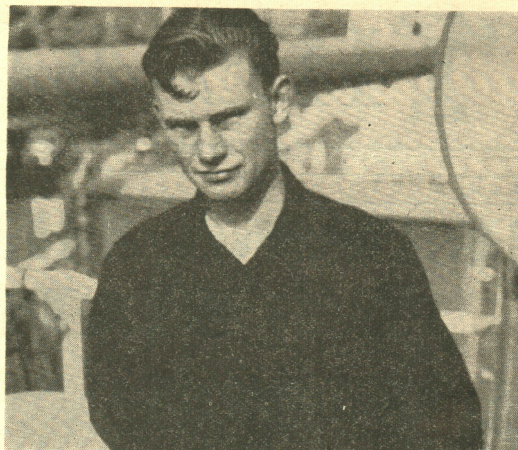
With the post-war plans in the process of formulation the necessary steps for obtaining the location upon which were constructed the temporary structures were taken. Much had been said and printed concerning the bright post-war outlook. The vision had now been projected onto paper in black and white by the architect for all to see. The groundwork had been laid and all was in readiness.

Not to be caught napping, actual construction was commenced as the war rapidly drew to a close. The arrival of V-J Day found the Academy and its compliment prepared for reversion to a peacetime basis. The return of peace brings with it the realization that now is not the time for words or visions, but rather the time for ACTION. For too many years the word post-war has been associated with a vague, make believe world of the distant future. The word has now lost its former meaning. No longer is it to be looked for in the future for its conditions exist now. And if full use of its benefits are to be made, the time is now.

It is indeed fortunate for us that the conversion had been anticipated. Through a process of gradual lengthening of semesters the Academy once again finds itself on a peacetime basis. Advancing the semester to a year in length, the academy training period returns to the three year course as was the case before the war. Thus the Midshipmen embark on their initial peacetime semester without the threat of a sudden alteration in their training period as was thrust upon the school at the outset of the war. Profiting greatly from the above developments, the new third class, the first enrolled since the war, will be the first to gain its full advantages.

In addition to the revised three year course another asset appearing on the training program is the four month cruise to foreign waters. Such a cruise is nothing new to C.M.A., since they were considered the highlight of each year's training in the pre-war years. The knowledge and experience gained through these cruises should prove invaluable. The metaling of the midshipmen by such an undertaking should enable them to become in more ways than one true masters of the sea.

The course that has been plotted before us grows clearer by the day. We must not and will not deviate from this course for we have the necessary instruments to keep us heading true. Our skills will be further exploited as the required tools are placed at our disposal. Our speed shall not be slackened, but



G. D. WILSON

On the bright day of December 22, 1925, in Sutter Hospital, Sacramento, the sophisticate, George David Wilson took his first look at the world and a short one at his nurse. Spending his earlier years on a farm in Clarksburg, where he resides, he had the advantage of a healthy extensive background of outdoor life. When he arrived at the proper age, he attended High School in Clarksburg, there becoming very active in sports. To his credit are four years of basketball, three years of track, and two years of football. For the ears of the Sacramento Alumni George claims the sweetest girl East of the Bridge. He relishes his liberty as well as any member of C.M.A. George is a regular jive hound. He never tires hearing the melodious strains of Miller, Dorsey, Herman, Shaw, or Armstrong. Hang-outs—well, Santa Cruz on the weekend with Bill Cree speaks well. Before coming here, he worked on his father's ranch and plans to return to that occupation after he has been to sea a number of years. He has a tendency toward wanderlust, and intends to combine his desire of a C-3 passenger ship with seeing the world.

THE BINNACLE WATCH

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MIDSHIPMAN CARLTON H. CLENNENY

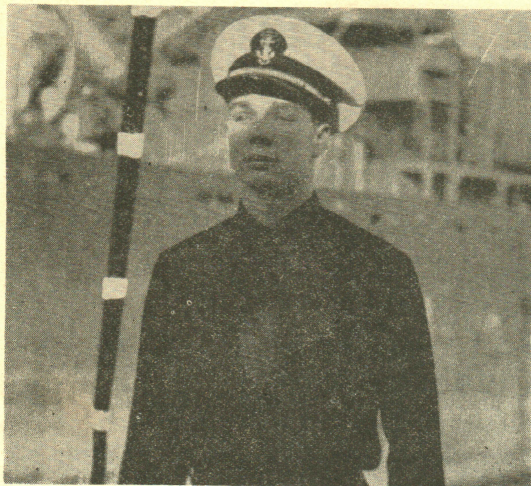
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This publication is conceived and printed by and for the Midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy on board the Training Ship Golden State. It is supported by subscriptions of \$2.00 per year. Mail checks to Editor, "The Binnacle," California Maritime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

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rather multiplied by each improvement made in our training course. With access to such a plant as will soon be C.M.A., the midshipmen will fulfill every expectation of the vision.



Denny McLeod

WELCOME THIRD CLASSMEN

I extend a warm welcome and congratulations to you men of the Third Class. You have proven yourselves through severe competitive examination and carefully conducted personal interview to be the most promising men of all those considered for the 1948 class. It should give you a comforting feeling.

As Midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy, you share in the traditions and honor which has been passed on by those who have graduated before. These many customs and traditions you will accept and carry out as underclassmen — as upperclassmen you will doubtlessly add a small part to these traditions yourselves as this academy is still in its day of development and ripening. I hope you can be proud of the part which your class adds.

There is much to expect of and look forward to for your class. Peace time operation is again coming into its own shown by the extended cruise in January. The new gymnasium will soon be among your base recreation facilities as will the new deck and engineering projects be among the training facilities. Right at the start as you are, if the old equation of return = effort can be put into practice and remembered it will serve you well. C.M.A. has a reputation which is worth a great deal to you if you have the earned ability to back it up.

The "Swab" year is expected to be a bit unpleasant, but it efficiently weeds out those unfit here and during this period is when you will make firm comradeships which will last for many years. Living and working in such close unity allows these steadfast friendships to foster easily. You have tasted of this life for two months and with its many bitter first year flavors I believe you can well figure out the sweeter future.

When you have completed your three years here I sincerely believe you will emerge a well trained engineer or seaman and a better man. Good luck.

STATE ACADEMIES HOLD CONFERENCE

Dealing with the all important question of the future operation of the five State Maritime Academies, a conference was held at the New York State Maritime Academy on the sixth of September by delegates from the State Academies and representatives of the Maritime Commission and the Navy. Through the course of the conference the peace-time problems confronting the Academies and their relations with both the Maritime Commission and the Navy were brought to light.

Present at the Fort Schuyler Conference were Rear Admiral J. W. McColl, U.S.N., Superintendent of the Main Academy; Commodore Telclair Knight, U.S.M.S., Commandant of the U. S. Maritime Service; Captain Claude O. Bassett, U.S.N.R., Superintendent of the Massachusetts Academy; Commander Raymond C. Dollar, U.S.N.R., then Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Academy and Mr. Ralph D. Sweeney of the California Maritime Academy Board of Governors.

Much importance was given the discussion centered around changes in academic curriculum for the Academies. A decision



William Schill

WELCOME ABOARD THIRD CLASSMEN

It has been about two months since you, the Third Class, entered the Academy. For many of you it has been a rough two months. The problem of adjusting yourself to a shipboard or an academic life is not an easy one. This adjustment involves not only getting over the homesickness, but the learning and the living up to the traditions, customs and courtesies of the service, the development of a seagoing vocabulary and a strict following of the regulations. For the most part you have done a good job of making this not too easy transition from a civilian to a Midshipman of the California Maritime Academy.

The benefits you will gain from the Academy are many. But aside from the fine education that will be yours, I think the most important thing you are going to gain is friendship. It is a wonderful education in itself just meeting and living with fellows of your own age. Fellows who have come together from all parts of the state for the same purpose. As you go through your Swab, Second and Third class terms you will come to know each one of your classmates as you would know your own brother. The importance of good fellowship and class spirit can not be emphasized too strongly.

You have probably already realized that it takes an awful lot of work to keep a ship clean and in good condition. Being third classmen it is only natural that the dirty jobs should fall to you. Here is a word of advice. Anyone can do a halfway decent job on interesting work, but it takes a good man to dig into a hard, dirty job and finish it up ship shape. The man who takes pride in his work won't go unnoticed.

You are to be congratulated on your appointments to this academy; the exam was tough and the competition stiff. Welcome third classmen, we're glad to have you aboard.

was reached concerning the granting of a Bachelor of Science Degree. This necessary step was taken by the three Academies, New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania as the California and Maine Academies had already included the degree in their courses.

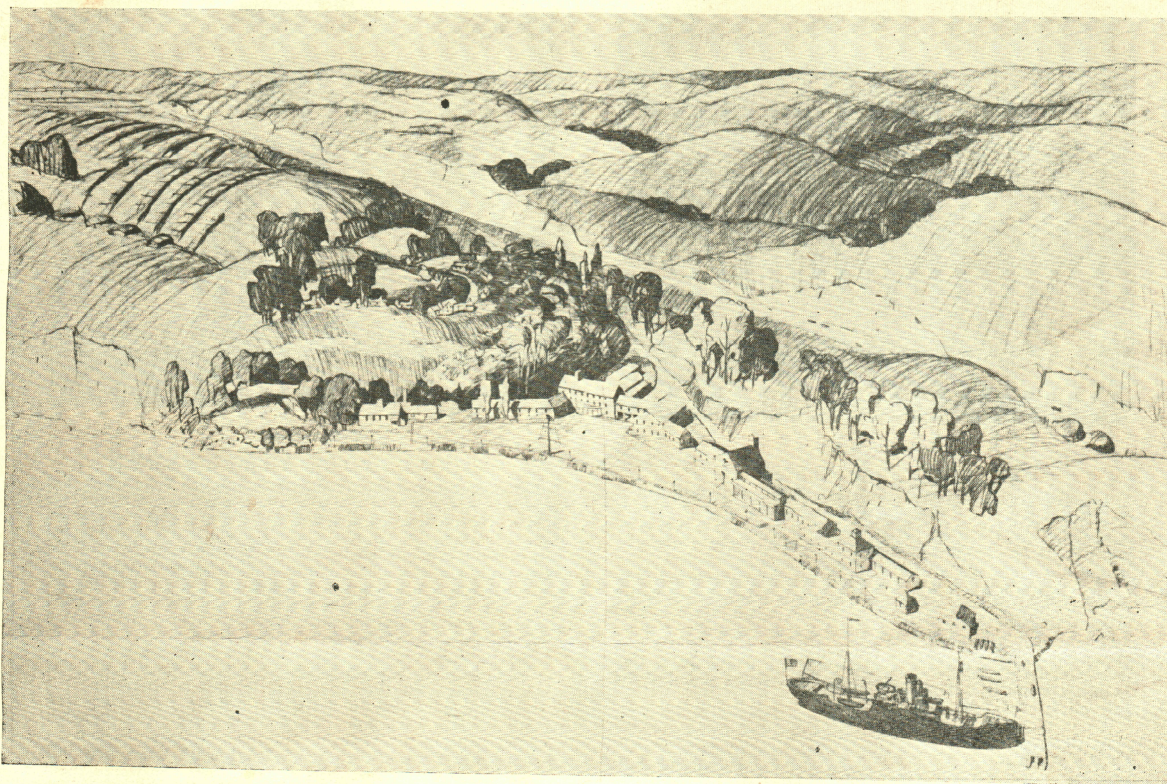
Captain Dashed Maderia, U.S.N., assured the Conference that the Navy would continue to grant graduates a Naval Reserve Commission as long as the Naval Science course was continued at the various institutions.

The important question of governmental subsidy of cadets through the War Shipping Administration was brought out by the Conference. After conferring with Commodore Knight it was quite apparent that subsidies would not be discontinued for the State schools until the government stopped such payments to the National academies.

LT. COMMANDER HERON RECEIVES PROMOTION

Congratulations are in order for Lieutenant Commander Richard D. Heron who was promoted in rank the first of this month. Mr. Heron has the whole hearted congratulations and best wishes of the Cadet Corps for taking this step up the ladder.

AROUND THE CORNER



(Ed. Note: The boat shed as described in the following article may be seen in the above artist's conception of the future academy just left of the foot of the dock. Lying next to the boat shed are the boat ramps and stretching out to the wharf is the boat basin where small craft rest on their moorings. Behind the boat shed stands the sail loft.)

"MANANA"

This article is the first in a series dealing with the Academy of the "near future." Since it is impossible to define just how "near" certain of the projects will be undertaken, the author thought it best to entitle the series "Manana"—which as every good paisano knows — means maybe tomorrow and then again, maybe not.

The Binnacle brings to your attention this month, as the first of the series, Mr. Summerill's "pet" — the sail lofts and boat slips.

The sail loft, boat slips, and rigging loft will be a part of the new seamanship building to be built . . . "manana." The

entire undertaking will be on a large scale with half a dozen slips planned for 30 footers. All slips will be roofed over. (The boats watch breathes a sigh of relief — no more bailing out California sunshine in the wee small hours) and an over head railway system will be installed to hoist the boats out of the water and move them to any desired part of the building. It is expected that some dredging will be necessary between the present shoreline and the dock, and in addition, the shoreline will be pushed back somewhat to allow ample room. A type of breakwater will be placed in position to give adequate protection to the boat slips. At one end a working platform will be erected where the boats will be overhauled and kept ship-shape. There will also be a sail loft and rigging room where the gear may be stowed and canvas work done. All in all, the entire unit will be self sufficient to a high degree.

The boats will include 30 footers and 24 foot Monomoy type sailing lifeboats. There will be no "pleasure sail-boats" — as the entire plan is a part of the practical seamanship course. Indoor classes in practical seamanship will be held in the building.

TWO YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE

The first school dance of the Cadet Corps since the arrival at the new base at Morrow Cove was held at the Hotel St. Francis of San Francisco in the Italian room on October 9 and was followed by a second class dance on October 22 at the Lake Temescal Club in Oakland. Both affairs were successful and the latter was only the beginning of the current second class activities.

First classmen ventured to the Point Montara Naval Anti-Aircraft Training Center for instruction in the use of the 20mm anti-aircraft gun. The sharpshooters ate with the enlisted men and shades of swab days were recalled when two were designated as mess boys.

Cadets of the TSGS invaded the shores of Stockton on the

semi-annual goodwill tour. In celebration of a successful landing, extra liberty was granted all classes so that none would return overleave from a booming brawl at the Elk's Hall. High spot of the occupation was the grid tilt between College of the Pacific and Del Monte preflight. The underdog, COP came through to warp the potential pilots soundly.

Inhabitants of Stockton were shown how life aboard ship differs vastly from the intensely confused and disorganized life ashore and classes were continued throughout the stay. Hardest part of all to take was the every night liberty.

Giving Stockton something in return for its hospitality, the third class crew finished ahead of the second classmen by a length and a half only to lose by a length the following day to the first classmen.

SPORTS VIEWS

By Fred Bacon

The Midshipmen of C.M.A. have been eager to get together this year to raise some fine sporting spirit and games. However, with a month taken out on the T.S.G.S. at the overhaul in Alameda and the rainy weather, the spirit soon became very lax.

This article to be a success should stress a strong appeal for a school team. In September, there was some good effort put into basketball. Even in the short two weeks of practice, we developed a fairly coordinated team.

Now the Sport Editors and Managers want to impress the officers with a good team so that we might be able to play a few games with outside colleges and J. C.'s. Nothing could boost our school spirit more than to play with outside teams and perhaps chalk up a victory.

This new basketball team which we want to get under way as soon as possible can be made up of midshipmen who show a definite ability for the sport. There will be no class distinction. Anyone any everyone has a chance.

For those that don't make the Varsity, there will still be intramural games. No one should feel that he cannot have fun during athletic period even though it is called drill.

We've got good talent at the Academy this year, so let's get athletic minded and show some good team spirit. All it takes is a discussion with a small group, a little push in the right direction, and we'll be off to a better start pretty soon. For any other question or suggestions see the Athletic Committee. They will be glad to help and thankful you're interested.

LETTERS OF INTEREST TO FELLOW ALUMNI MEMBERS:

U. S. S. Rotanin (AK108)
At Sea—13 October

The Class of 1945
California Maritime Academy

Gentlemen:

Your dedication of the 1945 Hawspipe was a very great honor and a delightful surprise to me! That expression of your regard will be my proud possession through the years.

It was my intention to arrive at C.M.A. with Mrs. Miller and our youngsters, at the conclusion of your graduation exercises, in order to wish you smooth sailing. Unfortunately, we were a few minutes late and many of the fellows had left or were assembling their gear for departure.

Our visit with the others was very pleasant, though brief. We looked around the ship and base, both of which showed the results of your efforts during the year.

I was informed that you made excellent grades in the Third's exams. Please accept my heartiest congratulations on a job well done!

Thanks, again, shipmates; I'll anticipate seeing you out in these water. Just look for the big white letters on the bow—K108.

Your Friend,
ED MILLER.

(The following letter was received from Ensign John A. Sweeny, U.S.M.S., class of December 1944.)

After eight months Sweeny and the "Cape Martin" are still steamboating from one lump of coral to another in this all too gigantic body of salt water, the Central Pacific. We have become a permanent fixture, a floating retail warehouse at practically everyone of the lousy tropical dumps we have barged into, after everybody is about ready to go stir and beat brains against bulkheads somebody in the port director's office happens to remember that yipe! we are still here—and we go chugging off to another island to get rid of our cargo.

But all merchant ships don't become floating warehouses and get stuck passing their cargo out in retail lots as "Cape Martin" has on this Navy Fleet Issue.

But now the war is over perhaps the Navy will be so busy demobilizing we might be able to ship home unnoticed (loud cackles of rancious laughter!). The war ended out here at 0900 August 15th, and peace was greeted with roaring of every ships' whistle, much guzzling of lukewarm beer, hoisting of flags, and even cutting loose with a few smoke screens. Some enthusiastic jasper on our ship cut loose with the smoke screen contraption, rather threw a blanket on revelry of LST anchored near. The two ship's monkeys cut loose completely, tore up the bridge log, almost ate it before the mate threw a bowditch at

them which they tried to drag off, comprised by tearing a few pages out for future reference.

The cat threw a fit and the whistle got stuck, deafened everybody for miles, used-up the tinker's steam, but what the hell, wars don't end every day.

My congratulations to class of September 1945, for getting their tickets to wander the empty wastes. I hope they like the sight of billions of gallons of shiftless sea water — like the Pacific will show them much of. But at least their won't be any more little rooms under the ocean with some character down there giving you the evil eye, wishing you would stay still awhile so he could see a good fireworks display—at your expense.

Tell 2nd classman, Mefford (I think that's his name) I had dinner with his brother and an old Cal friend of mine on board LST 102 here in the Marianas. Schwimmer forgot to throw in Sweeny and the "Cape Martin" in his hugely detailed letter of the June Binnacle. Yes I was at Ulithi then too but then this ship carries such touchy cargo few people want to be sociable — I don't blame them.

Sorry I haven't written sooner but there hasn't been much to write about except military. Good luck. See you someday—

Yours in CMA,
JOHN SWEENEY.

The Army psychiatrist at the induction center eyed the prospective new soldier suspiciously.

"What do you do for your social life?" he asked the GI prospect.

"Oh", the man blushed, "I just sit around."

"Hmmm, don't you ever go out with girls?"

"Nope."

"Don't you ever have any desire to go out with any girls?"

"Well—sort-of—"

"Then why don't you?" asked the doctor pointedly.

"Aw gee, Doc, my wife won't let me."

Three slightly deaf old maids were motoring to London in an old noisy car and hearing was difficult. As they neared the city one asked, "Is this Wembly?"

"No", replied the second, "this is Thursday."

"So am I", put in the third, "Let's stop and have one."

House Mother: "Young man—we turn the lights out at 10 o'clock in this house!"

Williams: "Gee, that's darn nice of you."

The Wolf

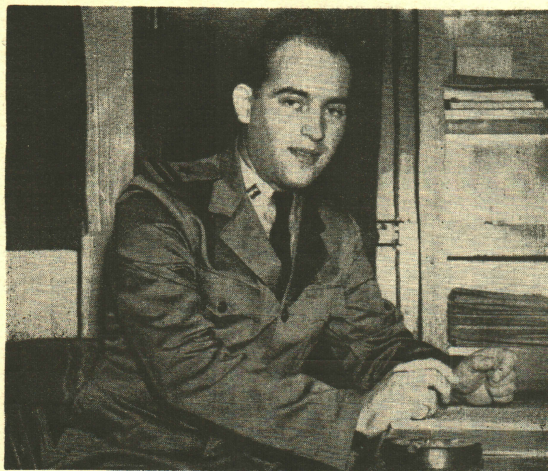
by Sansone

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"Ain't it strange!—I got a feelin' we're bein' followed!"

KNOW YOUR OFFICERS



Lt. William B. Arnold

C.M.A. WELCOMES LIEUTENANT ARNOLD

The year 1938 seems to have a strange attraction toward the officers of the Academy Faculty. In addition to Messrs. Tubbs, Heron, and Summerill who already can point to this year as the one in which they received their first license, we have another officer who can put forth the same claim: Lieut. **William B. Arnold**, newest instructor in the Engineering Department, and graduate of the hoary and tradition-filled Massachusetts Nautical School.

When Mr. Arnold went there, the Mass. Training Ship — the "Nantucket"—an old single deck three-masted barkentine, fitted with a coal burning, compound, horizontal, reciprocating engine that sometimes did eight knots—was all there was to the Massachusetts Nautical School. In comparison Mr. Arnold states our training ship, **Golden State** "seems like a Palace."

After graduation, he shipped with the Moore-McCormack Lines until 1941 when he went ashore to accept an engineering position with the Cargocaire Company. In July of 1942, the Navy called Mr. Arnold to active duty, assigning him as an instructor at the then one year old Maine Maritime Academy. Late in 1943 the Navy transferred him to sea duty as Engineering Officer aboard the USS Shasta AE6 which in plain language means ammunition carrier. The diesel engine of this C2 first took him to the theatre of operations in East Asia where he took part in the invasions of Saipan, Palau, Iwo-Jima and Okinawa. Here his ship, the Shasta, became the first ammunition ship to transfer cargo at sea, and where as a part of the immortal "Task Force 58" he took part in the first carrier raid on Tokyo.

Though Lieutenant Arnold may soon receive his discharge, we welcome him aboard for as long as he may stay, with the assurance that his fine background of experience will enable him to ably perform his duties as Watch Officer and Instructor.

A SWAB'S LIFE

You make with a swab
And not with a mop,
Topside, not upstairs
To get to the top.
You stand on the deck
Though it's green with grass,
And it's cleaner, not looser.
You get with your pass.
Boat is to ship
As hill is to mountain;
And you drink from a scuttlebutt,
Not from a fountain.
The gentleman's lounge
Is known as the head.
You sleep in your sack
And not in your bed.
You stow your gear

THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE

September 1st, 1945, will be a day long remembered in the history of the California Maritime Academy. It was on this day that the corner stone for the first building of the Academy was laid. Since this was graduation day also, it was attended by the families and friends of the graduating class. It was highlighted by the presence of Captain Claude B. Mayo, Superintendent; Brigadier General Victor R. Hansen, the Adjutant General of the State, (representing Governor Warren who was unable to attend because of previous engagements); Rear Admiral Tisdale, Commandant, Navy Yard, Mare Island; Captain Tiedemann, USMS, and the head Chaplain of Mare Island.

Each of the distinguished guests lent his hand to the actual masonry involved.

Within the corner stone's metal box was placed the following articles: A newspaper for that day; the latest copy of The Binnacle; a drawing of the new academy and two plaques. One plaque had the picture of the graduating class inscribed upon it and the other the names of C.M.A. graduates who were killed in action in World War II. The ceremony was closed with a prayer offered by the Chaplain of the Mare Island Navy Yard.

The ceremony itself was not an extravagant affair, but it was a very impressive one.

The new academy will have a gym, a swimming pool, new dormitories and the latest in the way of machine shops, and class rooms. The Academy's small boats will be adequately taken care of in the new sail loft and boat shed. The California Maritime Academy of the future will be the finest of its kind in the world.

Not put things away,
And say 'Squared away'
Instead of 'O.K.',
It's port and it's starboard,
Not left and right;
A rope is a line
And a loop is a bight.
You square your hat
When you make it round.
You hit the deck
At the bugle's sound.
But our favorite phrase
That phrase of our dreams,
Comes payday, then
THE EAGLE SCREAMS.

The Wolf

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by Sansone



"EEEEEEEE—there's that mouse again!"

GISMOS

"Gismos", a six letter word meaning, "if your name isn't here, you're not on the ball and if it is, it's an insult." Starting off another year at C.M.A. found Froehlich trying to corner the market on used uniforms with Tiger Tinsman yelling that the Swabs didn't have to buy . . . Kotelnikoff and "Party Time" Brown taking a poll among third classmen as to which of them had the most power with all voters losing . . . Kollash's first statement to the new third class. "When I yell SWAB, I want to hear the pitter patter of little feet on the deck." On liberty (What's that?) you're a white man; but here, you're just a swab." Kuykendall demonstrating to Beechinor and Cole how to make a perfect pigtail . . . Swain trying to light off without a burner . . . Levin and Schraeder still holding all truck drivers in the lowest form of contempt . . .

Off the base, Lawrence showing Swab Christensen how to operate on a Santa Fe Bus . . . Rodgers and Fiedler leaving Krambuhl holding the bags . . . all three of them . . . Mefford and Tassopulos developing a sudden attachment to the fair city of Bakersfield . . . Ursich showing a Santa Monica H202 the Pedro technique as learned at Vallejo . . . Mirkovich leering sinisterly at three scared Swabs in the Bay City . . . Bacon voted the most popular man of the Southland as long as he drives his station wagon down with a full load . . .

Around the ship, King William, the pearl diver trying to get McLeod to make something that will push the button . . . I. P. Williams leaving Quittner on the port anchor between the devil and the shallow gray Oakland-Alameda Estuary . . . Rush Backer offering everybody a piece of Carquinez sewer bass . . . Harvey still trying to convince the third classmen that he's one too . . . Schill and Weiland patiently waiting for Rice to bring the Port List . . . Cohen making all appreciate Clyde McCoy more . . . Everson still wondering how the boat keys got to Mr. Pederson's room . . . Hoyt voted unfair by the barber's union (and Wainwright) . . . D. J. Wilson, rapidly catching up with Brodsky as to who looks most like a cue ball . . . Admiral Chamberlain feeling for frogs in his sack before he hits it every night . . . Mother Hatcher measuring milk with a graduated cylinder . . . Weller bemoaning the fact that he didn't have a camera to catch Daze's face when Nay boarded the TSGS with a woman . . . Mr. Brackett's exclamation at Gibbs' first fireman's watch. "What're we on, a coal burner?"

GLOSSARY

- A. B.—Standing for the words able bodied; a class of seamen.
 Adrift—The new swab's state of being.
 Anchor Man—There, but for the grace of God, walks a civilian.
 Average Raiser—Opposite of anchor man.
 Battle Light—Used in the Navy to prevent deception during maneuvers; at C.M.A. to help the Midshipmen sleep.
 Belay That—Hold everything, as you were.
 Bridge Deck—Officers' quarters.
 Cadet—See Webster, unabridged.
 Canteen—Ships department store.
 Canned Cow—The evaporated equivalent of milk.
 Chips—Carpenter.
 Collision Mat—Hotcakes.
 Charlie Noble—The galley stack.
 Drag—A date, a girl, a puff on a cigarette.
 Deep Six—Over the side.
 Foxtail—A merger of wood and hair sometimes used for sweeping small areas.
 K. A.—Not to be done.
 Gripe—A sailors prerogative, to complain.
 Handsomely—Slowly and with care.
 Holiday—Unpainted places on a paint job.
 Hop—School dance.
 Honey Barge—Garbage scow.
 Knock Off—Recall, legal quitting time.
 Ladder—A seagoing stairway.
 Liberty—Liberty!
 Lucky Locker—Poor place to keep belongings.
 Mess—A sufficient quantity of a special kind of food, also
 Mess—"A confused or disagreeable mixture of things," (we quote Webster.)
 Mess Gear—A ten minute warning concerning the above.
 O.A.O.—The one and only, a rarity at C.M.A.
 Polywog—One who has not been presented at the Court of Neptune.
 Red Lead—Used on nearly everything, taste killer, catsup.
 R.H.I.P.—Rank hath its privileges; explains many things.
 Scuttle—Hatchway—swabs used the forward.
 Scuttle Butt—Drinking fountain.

SEA DUST

"So you met your wife at a dance. Wasn't that romantic?" asked one sailor of another.

"No, it wasn't. I thought she was home taking care of the kids."

* * *

A gentleman is a wolf with patience. A lady is a woman who makes it easy for a man to be a gentleman.

* * *

"Don, never darken my bathtub again."

* * *

"Do angels have wings mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"Can they fly?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then when is the nurse going to fly? I heard Daddy call her angel yesterday."

"Tomorrow, dear."

* * *

An argument between two small boys attracted the attention of Lt. Col. Holland French of the Salvation Army. He listened.

"My father is a doctor, and I can be sick for nothing," shouted one of the boys defiantly.

"Huh!" exclaimed the other. "My father is a preacher, and I can be good for nothing."

* * *

Don't ever try to fool your mother, boys. It can't be done. Remember the young man who pawned his nice suit of clothes and didn't want his mother to know anything about it? He finally redeemed them and brought them home in a suitcase. When he was busy in his room, his mother, in the parlor, started to unpack the suitcase. She found the pawn ticket on the coat and called:

"John, what is this tag on your coat?"

John lost little time in calling back:

"Oh, I was at a dance last night and checked my coat."

A moment later mother came across the trousers tagged in the same way. With a puzzled tone, she asked: "John, what kind of a dance was that?"

* * *

CO-ED'S PROVERB

Better the lips be calloused than the feet.

* * *

"Pop, I need an encyclopedia for school."

"Encyclopedia, hell; you can walk to school like I did."

* * *

Mother: "Mabel, get off that young man's knee."

Mabel: "Like heck I will. I got here first."

* * *

Sweet young thing: "Have a cigarette, Mother?"

Mother: "What! Smoke a cigarette! I'd rather kiss the first man that comes along."

Sweet young thing: "So would I, but have a cigarette while we're waiting."

* * *

The female mind is always clean,

If I'm the one to judge;

Because it's changed so frequently

There isn't time to smudge.

* * *

Doctor: "Why do you have BF9287 tattooed on your back?"

Patient: "That's not tattooed. That's where my wife ran into me when I was opening the garage doors."

* * *

Sonny: "Dad, what do you call a man who drives a car?"

Dad: "That depends on how close he comes, my boy."

* * *

"My only sin is vanity. I look into my mirror every morning

and think how beautiful I am."

"That's not a sin — that's a mistake."

Shellback—Opposite of Polywog.

Skivvies—Underwear.

Soogee—With a swab, works wonders on white work.

Shipmate—A particular Cadet who uses your cigarettes, money and stamps, then dates your best girl. A pal.

Smoking Lamp—An allegory indicating when smoking is permitted.

Two Blocked—Close up, as in the manner of wearing neckties.

Wallsafe—Not a depository; a porthole.

Swab—In a mental class with the Amoeba (almost).

M.O.B.D.—The dispenser of information, A go-between from the bridge deck to berth deck.

WALLY BAINTEGER

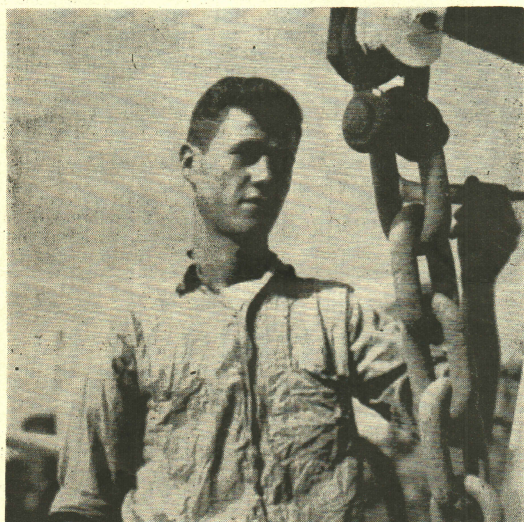
Wally is not a native Californian, but adopted this sunny state as his own after leaving his birth place, Seattle, Washington, at an early age. He makes his home in San Mateo with his parents and a younger sister. Here he attended the local schools and was quite popular at San Mateo for his prowess in track, basketball and tennis.

When reaching the age of eighteen Wally became a member of C.M.A. Here at the base Wally is a member of the Deck class and hopes to put his hard earned knowledge to good use on a C-2 upon graduation.

Wally is a member of the first class basketball team which was champs last year. He also finds time to play a good game of tennis when need be.

"The Hawk" who was a member of the orchestra last year will take over the duties as leader this year. The saxophone is the instrument which he plays so well.

Liberty will find Wally in the vicinity of Stanford U. He doesn't pick Stanford for his week-end hang-out because of any one girl but just for girls; so he says! (Cal is much closer). Those horrible week-ends that he must stay on the base, because of duty, will find Wally sailing in his spare time for he is quite the sea-faring man and enjoys sailing.

**D. J. WILSON**

"Rowe — trice up that sack." These choice words are the first that escape from Donald J. Wilson's lips at the crack of each dawn. Don, better known to all as D. J. or Curley, because of his curly (?) locks, was born in the hustling village of Berkeley May 20, 1926. D. J. struggled through his infancy and early childhood until one day, sometime in 1939, he observed a petite blond creature walking toward Oakland High. Unsuspecting he followed her in and this was the start of Curleys high school days. High school was to Don as it is to the average kid today, nothing out of the ordinary. Classes, the corner drug store, dinner and back to the corner drug store.

Don claims his athletic six foot one inch, one hundred and seventy-five pound body is chuckfull of muscle and bone. This is well shown by the way D. J. excels in the aquatic sports; swimming and water skiing. Oh yes, Don is a champ at C.M.A. in sun bathing which accounts for his year round tan.

Don entered the Academy in July, 1944. He chose to be an Engineer which he intends to follow at sea and on land until he becomes old and feeble. D. J. spends most of his spare time playing classical music on the piano. When asked his favorite pastime here at C.M.A. Curley promptly returned with the reply that he spent most of his time looking forward to liberty and contriving ways to go on liberty. It is said that D. J. knows all about South America and you can be sure he will not miss any liberty on the coming cruise this winter to Mexico.

In the summer Curley spends his time basking in the sun at Clear Lake, and hopes to retire there in the future.

**RUSHTON BACKER**

"Rapid Rushton" first burst forth unto this earth some nineteen years ago. This event took place in a little settlement for old and moldy paisanos called Los Angeles. According to Backer the only descendants of the settlers of this aboriginal village is a man named Sou-Wee.

A most unusual man this Backer. He attends classes regularly, studies with a vigor seldom seen, always turns-to, and is a stranger in sick bay. Truly a most remarkable man this Backer.

At Fairfax High School, Rush was president of the Student Body, a Major in the R.O.T.C. unit, stepped off a 4:45 mile for the track team and "occupied" a football suit. Occasionally he took time, to breathe, but only occasionally.

Backers stay at C.M.A. started as a bugler. In spite of this fact he is one of the most liked men on the school ship. He is president of the first class, and one of the intelligencia of his deck class.

The boy Backer lays claim to no special hobbies other than the usual, i. e. girls. Although a great deal of his free time is spent "flying low" down good old U. S. No. 99 in the general direction of home, among other things. Changing hot air to music with the help of a trumpet is also a sideline interest.

Future plans for Backer include girls, shipping, girls, college, and girls. He has no particular college preference as long as it is co-educational. As I said once before, truly a most unusual man this Rushton Backer.

Possessing an unstapable desire for improvement Rush never leaves a job until its done and done right. Never shirking his duty and even going out of his way to improve a situation that is bad. Backer's quest for success is bound to be answered. From the title of "most perfect swab" to most perfect upper-classman, Rush is a man the school ship is really proud of.



NOTES FROM THE MARITIME WORLD

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

DUTIES OF THE CHIEF MATE

Next to the Master, the position of Chief Mate is probably the most exacting and responsible position on board a merchant vessel, primarily because of the fact that the Chief Mate is expected to assume the position and responsibilities of the Master should that officer for any causes be unable to perform his duties.

On vessels carrying three licensed mates, the Chief Mate usually stands the morning and evening watches, not only because they are the most desirable watches and are his by prerogative but also that he may have closer supervision of the work going on during the day.

Because of the nature of his position and the broad scope of his duties it is the practice on larger vessels to assign an additional licensed deck officer to relieve the Chief Mate of his watch standing duty.

It seems to be the impression among certain seafaring personnel and operators of vessels that the fact that the Chief Mate is relieved of watch standing also relieves him of all responsibility toward the vessel other than the maintenance and policing of the deck department, or, in other words, makes the Chief Mate a "glorified Bosun."

In a recent investigation of the grounding of a vessel it was ascertained that the Chief Mate paid very little if any attention to the navigation of the vessel, being presumably interested in the supervision of maintenance work and discipline of the deck crew.

The Coast Guard believes that the position of Chief Mate is of extreme importance and that it requires considerably more than a mere routine supervision of day work of the crew.

The Chief Mate is second to the master in chain of command and therefore is the master's direct representative, and all officers are under his orders in matters pertaining to operation and maintenance of the vessel except insofar as such matters are the direct responsibility of the Chief Engineer, Chief Steward, and heads of other departments. He is in charge of the cleanliness, sanitation, condition, appearance, and safety of his vessel.

The Chief Mate is always on duty and is responsible for the proper execution of the master's orders. He has charge of the maintenance of the vessel's hull and equipment, of life saving and fire fighting apparatus, and of the discipline and efficiency of the crew.

He should arrange and coordinate the ship's work and drills, prepare daily routines, and lay out work for the deck department. He should consult with the heads of other departments relative to coordination of work and drills.

He should correct abuses, prevent infractions of discipline, and suppress disorders.

He shall aid the master in every way and see that the other officers are vigilant in the performance of their duties and that they conform with orders. He should be able to instruct the watch officers in the performance of duties and take over if necessary in the absence of the master.

He should set an example for the officers and crew under him and should make frequent inspections.

He should be familiar with all parts of his vessel and equipment and make frequent inspections.

As personnel officer of his vessel he should be familiar with the crew and their abilities and deficiencies.

When not standing a regular watch the Chief Mate may relieve the watch officer for convenience, and in any case should keep close track of the location of the vessel and be ready to assume command if the master is incapacitated.

In times of emergency or disaster to the vessel it is expected that the Chief Mate will be in charge of the damage control or emergency squad and direct the crew in combating the particular peril.

The position of Chief Mate with its broad administrative and executive authority requires unusual ability and good old fashioned common sense and is one toward which all junior officers should aspire.

"So this woman shot her husband at close range with this pistol?" the coroner asked the eyewitness to the colored tragedy.

"Yessah."

"Are there powder marks on the body?"

"Yessuh. Dat's why she shot him."

A VOYAGE IN A BURNED-OUT LIFEBOAT

Several instances of the ingenuity and resourcefulness of merchant seamen under conditions of extreme adversity at sea have occurred in the reports submitted by survivors of war-action casualties.

Some time ago, a tanker loaded with 80- and 100-octane gasoline was torpedoed and immediately broke into flame. The two boats aft could not be reached because of the enveloping flames, but part of the crew abandoned ship in the motor lifeboat and on a raft and doughnut float. Those on the raft, including the master, lost sight of the lifeboat in the darkness, and the next day found one of the after lifeboats floating nearby, gutted by fire. The chief mate transferred those on the raft and float to the boat and proceeded to see what could be done before rescue.

Everything wooden in the lifeboat had been consumed by flames and most of the equipment, including the boat compass, had been destroyed. A few items, however, were salvaged from the bilges: the bilge pump, the signal pistol, the marlinspike from the sailmaker's kit, the hatchet heads, and some nuts and bolts from the repair kit. The water tanks were also intact, and they salvaged two paddles from the float, plus the complete equipment from the life raft. With this gear they proceeded to rig their boat for the voyage.

To make a mast, they loosened the end of the releasing gear pipe and bent it upward at right angles to the keel. A yard and topmast were fashioned with planks from the raft. The sail was sewn with line from the fishing kit, which was forced through the canvas with the point of a knife. The problem of a rudder was solved by taking the metal from the buoyancy tanks and pounding it flat with the hatchet heads. They then used a marlin-spike to pierce holes in the piece of metal and inserted the wing bolts to attach it to an improvised wooden stock.

The next morning watches were set, the sail hoisted, and a course laid for the coast of India. They steered by the sun and wind by day, and the stars by night. The jury rig performed creditably — the chief mate calculating that they averaged 40 miles a day.

Planes were sighted three times but, although they used flares and signalling mirrors, the distance was too great for them to be seen. Unfortunately, the signal pistol did not work, which was not surprising under the circumstances.

About five days after they set out, the lifeboat was picked up by a British steamer and the survivors landed at an Indian port for treatment. All were in excellent condition, however, and were released from the hospital in a day or two. Even had they not been picked up they would doubtless have reached land within 36 hours.

This story illustrates forcibly what can be accomplished by resourceful and determined men under capable leadership.

Math Prof explaining the use of the slide rule: "Now, gentlemen, this little instrument you will find very useful to an engineer. Take the square root of 49 for example. A simple use of the rule shows that it is six and eight-tenths or thereabouts."

* * *

Some of C.M.A.'s engineers show great talent with stationary engines—Where do you park?

* * *

"Drink Canada Dry!" screamed the billboard.

"And how!" drifted back from a northbound car.

* * *

Clink: "You say that you were just dancing with the girl and her father threw you out of the house?"

Pancho: "Yes, he was deaf and couldn't hear the music."

* * *

It was a rather dull day, and the two little sardines were swimming aimlessly about in San Diego Bay. In a bored tone, one of the sardines suggested they go up to San Francisco for the week end.

"Oh, no," objected his companion. "It's much too long a swim to San Francisco."

"We could make the trip on the train," ventured the first sardine.

"What!" shouted the second, "and be jammed in like a couple of soldiers!"

MISADVENTURES OF SLOPSHUTE JERK

by Reid and Mac

Sloshute Goes to Geedco or "Forbidden Cargo Returns to the Base

"Man the port and starboard yardarms. Hoist the tiller. Secure the bottom. Sound the shrouds."—And once again the massive bulwarks of the Great Grey Scow shudder as the three cylinder reciprocating "nemises of Marine Engineering" turns over a hearty 13½ revolutions as she prepares to take off from her mooring at Carquinez Straits. "Stand by to batten down the exhaust," shouts Commander Martin and once again we are on our way; this time to General Engineering and Dry Dock Company in Alameda via the Oakland Estuary.

Two and a half days later, the T. S., boosted by a strong wind aft and with two navy tugs pushing and pulling with all their might, is finally laid to rest in Dry Dock number three. Upon the queries of the engineering crew as to why the T. S. had to be shoved around by tugs, Sloshute explains that had we used our dynamic engines, the drydock would have been torn asunder.

Upon the announcement of overnight liberty for all hands by "Happy Boy", Sloshute dispatches his most worthy scout, Shroud McBackstay, who returns to the "Iron Mother" with the report that Al's Place is the place. "Whoopie" cries Jerk. "Make with the shotglass", as all 200 of his buddies dive for their footlockers.

"Gripes" cries Robbin M'hawser as he points an accusing finger at Wally the Wino. "Who went south with my last keg of Bourbon?"

"Don't look at me you inebriated beast," cries our hero as he lifts his alcoholic body from his sack.

Next morning, Sloshute and his arch-rival, Gravity O'Davit, have a race to see who can get rid of the most Du-lux. As the morning wears on, each can be seen with a paint brush in either hand as they vigorously bathe the forward bulkhead of the after mizzen in white. Suddenly far below, Jerk spies the khaki garb of the MOOD—so he thought, "Ahhhh, to even things up." So saying, a bucket of gleaming white paint soils down, down, down. A shrill cry of rage is muffled as the paint bucket descends around "Smiley's" ears. Above the tumult of pneumatic hammers, scrapers, and chippers a stifled curse is heard as several of the more eager stripe-happy lads rush forth with crow-bars and marlinspikes. As the midshipmen proceed to remove the outside white from our beloved stanch shoulder boards, the latter can be heard issuing vehement sounds of speech. "You're a naughty boy, Jerk!" he profoundly exclaims. "What have you to say for yourself?" "Sorry Sir," croaks Jerk, "it just slipped." "Tough," says Jack as he walks off counting cadence much to Jerk's dismay and uneasiness.

As the last crimson wolf strip is painted across the hull and the gangway is taken ashore, a committee of shipyard workers steps forward and presents, Jerk, O'Davit, M'hawser, and company with a plaque made from the bottom board of a life raft and reading as follows: "Aided and abetted by you young men, Geedco has succeeded in establishing a new record in decommissioning and stripping ships."

ALUMNI NEWS

28 Aug.—Gene Greig ('44 Dec.) was aboard today. Says he went to the Philippines in a pool. Message for all hands re. same —DON'T DO IT. Took three ships and fifty plus days to get there. His last job was Third on an AV1 for Lykes Bros. Has hopes of sailing for A-H or Matson next time. Likes married life fine, and looks as though it agreed with him. In the professional line, says it's nice to have the Army load for you — sugar and flour intermixed; general cargo over matches over gasoline — sure sounds like the text-books, don't it?

Finally read, a comment from the membership regarding the curriculum here. We DO appreciate it, and would like to have more. We were asked "how come there is no instruction in the working agreements of the various Unions, and a few facts about our maritime life as it will be after we are graduated." There is a point that you will all no doubt heartily second, and so do we. It will be amended for future classes. No definite plans as yet, but something will be worked out with the co-operation of the various Unions and the Employers. Got any more?

Work on the B. S. schedules is still underway, but it is a slow and tedious procedure. Look for an announcement soon.

29 Aug.—The class of '45 finished their License Exams today. You all know what they looked like and how they felt. We hear

that they distinguished themselves and C.M.A. with a fine performance.

* * *

On the same subject, but on the other side of the ledger, we have reports from one member that he has heard some very discouraging remarks about the caliber of the graduates of recent years. This was something of a shock, and the first we had heard. Do any of you out there in the Industry have any reports for us here on the home front? Let us repeat our plea to all hands — please send us any comments, suggestions, beefs, etc. that come to your attention regarding the Association, the school, or that could be of benefit to the training here at C.M.A. The only way the success of the training program can be accurately evaluated is through the success of the products. We must depend on you for those reports. Drop us a line. Your comments will be treated as confidential, secret, anonymous, or by quotation, as you want it; but we do want your comments.

* * *

Note to Navigators—there is an interesting article on the application of current to R. Fixes in the Aug. issue of the Naval Institute Proceedings. When you read it, remember the classroom debates the same subject once created. Incidentally, we think there is a more simple and logical solution of the same problem. If interested, drop us a line and we will send it along.

* * *

30 Aug.—The names of the graduates who have given their lives to their country and their fellow men during the progress of World War II are to be enclosed in the cornerstone of the new Gymnasium, first of the permanent buildings of the new Academy to be started, at ceremonies which will precede the Graduation exercises 1 Sept. according to plans announced by the Supt. today.

* * *

30 Aug.—Merle Clendenny ('44 June) was aboard this morning for a few minutes. He says he is still on the ancient cylindrical tanker Charles Kerrz for Keystone. He expects to get a new assignment when they reach Pedro this trip, and hopes for a C2. Plans on sitting for his Mate's papers soon. Looks fine, and says he feels fine. No news.

* * *

You will note that with this issue we are resuming our P. C. (pre-censorship) practice of printing the mailing addresses of grads. We plan on running a few each issue, and in every issue—SO, keep us posted of where you are (and don't forget to send us new and dues.—adv.)

* * *

Just got a nice note from Bob Macfarland (yeh, it IS a small it), who says, "I can't understand it. I've been cruising all over this d--- Pacific for the last eight months, and if I'm to believe all that the paper says, so have almost all the friends I have. But — do I ever see them? Guess I just wasn't born lucky." Bob is an Ensign on the U. S. S. San Saba, A. P. A. 232, a converted Victory, and is c/o F.P.O. San Francisco. How about some of guys on the briny dropping him a line. The list of addresses of the '44 June Engineers will be taken care of Bob (when our gal of all work gets back from her vacation). Thanks for the Moolah. Your Binnacle will keep coming, and we hope you get it.

* * *

A reminder to all hands—The fiscal year of the Alumni Association is from 1 July to 30 June. Dues are \$6.00 per year, out of which we support The Binnacle and the Hawsepipe (we have built up an operating fund of \$1,642.72 for our post-war plans). And—there is a meeting every month on the evening of the SECOND FRIDAY—usually at the Army and Navy Club, 560 Sutter St. Special blowouts are planned ahead so that we can get the place and date published as far ahead as possible. We hope to have a super affair the end of this year. How about letting us have your ideas?

* * *

We have a few copies of the Constitution on hand if any of you have lost or misplaced yours.

* * *

Does anyone know the address of Lt. Charles B. Carpenter ('33)? He came aboard one week-end, but failed to leave a mailing address.

* * *

31 Aug.—The radio last night announced the liberation of Charles W. Audet ('39), prisoner of the Japanese since the early days of the war. We all join his family in welcoming him home.

* * *

First of the class of '45 to join the Association is Robert M. Griffith, brother of Robert S. ('44 Dec.). We speak for the entire membership when we say to them "glad to have you aboard."

ALUMNI NEWS

"Bud" Jahnsen, Jerry Moore, Milt Klein, and Dave Bartlett and Ken Orcutt (all of '44 Dec.) graced the graduation ball of the class of '45, held at the Sequoia Country Club, Oakland, tonight. Faculty representatives of the CMAAA were Dick Heron, J. Summerill and Chet Tubbs, all of '38). Almost an Alumni Dance. Everyone seemed to have a good time—but oh that pink stuff they called punch!

1 Sept.—Big day at C.M.A. today. Cornerstone laid for the new gym, with Admiral Tisdale, General Hansen, Capt. Tiederman and Capt. Mayo doing the labor. The Gym was dedicated to the ten grads who gave their lives during the course of the war. Bud Jahnsen, Ken Orcutt ('44) and Bill Sales ('44) were the only grads we saw. The graduation that followed was the largest and best to date. Pictures in the local papers were added to our scrapbook.

4 Sept.—The Alumni files of C.M.A. chronicles are gradually assuming some resemblance to a completed article. We now have Hawsepipes for '37, '38, '41, '42, '44 and '45, and most of The Binnacles of the past two years. Any contributions will be appreciated, and we hope enjoyed by all hands in the future when our members will have a place to browse and relax.

Leave starts today for half of the hands here. Not due back till the 17th. What a pleasure this is going to be. There will be a few blank dates in these chronicles though. We'll try and catch up before the deadline.

9 Sept.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bishop Dunham request the honour of your presence at the marriage of Miss Irene Louise Nagy to Charles Bishop Dunham, Jr., Ensign, United S. M. S., on Sunday afternoon the 9th of September in Vallejo, California.

17 Sept.—Back to the labors again. It has been a busy but pleasant two weeks. Quite a stack of mail to catch up with. Howard Hickman ('42 Dec.) says he hasn't seen any grads for well over a year. He comes through with his dues for '46-'47 though, and says he's sailing First Asst. on the S. S. Tullahoma, c/o Postmaster, S. F., Calif. When we find out his new civilian address we will print it. Stan Brookover ('42 Dec.) just signed off after a ten month cruise on the Grand Mesa, a T-2 of Union Oil. He was First Asst. and his Chief was Homer Karr ('42 Jan.). He says that both of them tied the "long splice" when they got in. (How about some details for our Nuptial Notes). Sorry, there is no new data on the B. S. Degrees as yet. We will keep prodding the Dean though, and hope we can give you some dope soon. Thanks for the note Homer Karr. We are sorry that there has been a mix-up about the cards. They were formerly the product of three separate offices, and a few mistakes were made. Hope it won't happen again.

78 Sept.—Captain J. P. Cleary ('42 July) (Our congratulations Joe) phoned in from the City by the Bay to say hello. He is taking out an AV1, the "Coastal Viking", soon from Southern California. Destination as yet unknown but rumor says the East Coast. Says he has seen that inseparable pair Gates and Tourtillote, John and Bill (both '42 July) and Frank Guertin ('42 July) while in San Francisco, but no one else, and there is no news. Thanks for calling Joe, it is always nice to hear from the gang we knew "when." Hope you have lots of nice traverses and see lots of the old gang out there.

19 Sept.—H. L. Mollenkopf ('38) writes from Long Beach with a few notes—S. M. Brookover ('42 Dec.), Chief on the S. S. Cathwood, was married to Frances Sargent 18 Aug. in Pasadena. H. C. Karr ('42 Jan.), Chief of the S. S. Grand Mesa, was married 11 Aug. in San Diego. E. Wentworth ('42 Dec.) is sailing First Mate on the Orson D. Munn. Sounds like Southern Cal and Union Oil are pretty busy. Thanks Howard, and lots of luck on that Electrical Degree and the college work.

20 Sept.—Got a very nice note from F. D. Van Sicklen ('45). Says he and classmate F. J. Coleman are Thirds on the Hattiesburg Victory (American-Hawaiian), and that I. H. Rosa and T. V. Pew ('45), are the Juniors. (We think that this is the first time we have had a ship with four classmates serving at the same time). Their Master is the fleet commodore, Capt. Carlisle. They are loading for the Orient and expect to leave in a week or so. Lots of luck, Van, to you and the rest of the gang on your first voyage, and on all the others that will follow.

22 Sept.—Got a nice note from Ginny Hargrave. She says Seth ('42 July) is Master on the Thomas N. Walker, and is now somewhere near Manila. He had a nice deal, flew out from Hamilton Field to the Marshalls, where he took over the ship.

24 Sept.—Comdr. Ben Dodson was aboard today for a short visit. For those of you that missed him during that long tour of duty out in the SouWesPac, he looks grand. Says he has put on a few pounds. He has been reassigned and is leaving in a few days for New York. Doesn't know just what he will do or where he will be sent, but for the present his address will be the U. S. Merch. Marine Acad., Kings Point, N. Y. Lots of luck, Ben. It sure was nice to see you again.

26 Sept.—Stel Andrew ('44 June) checked in today. When asked about his experiences, he said, quote, "very quiet," unquote. Just for the record and his classmates, he served for six weeks on the "Greece Victory." Thanks for dropping in Stel, it was nice to see you. Anybody have a good job waiting for Stel? He is on the beach and "darn near broke."

Helen Vierra phoned in with some news about Bob Knudsen ('43 Dec.) (see Nuptial Notes). Bob sailed 24 Sept. from Seattle on the Howard Victory, James Griffith and Sons, bound for Okinawa and/or Japan. Hopes to get back in a couple of months. (He does, she does, and so do we). Thanks Helen. I know we speak for all of Bob's shipmates when we say congratulations to you both.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Vierra, 16 Howard Ave., Vallejo, have announced the engagement of their daughter Helen to Robert M. Knudsen ('43 Dec) on 9 August. Miss Vierra was recently honored at an informal shower, at which time the engagement was first publicly announced. Shipmates of Bob will remember Helen for he squired her while a midshipman at C.M.A. No definite plans have been made as yet for the wedding, but Miss Vierra hopes to be a June bride. Bob is at present serving on the S. S. Howard Victory, James Griffith and Sons.

28 Sept.—President Matt Engs ('33) writes in with some info. of general interest. At the last meeting (14 Sept.), Ed Miller ('34), Lou Rossi ('38), Bob Walton ('38), Gene Yates ('39), Frank Flanner ('35), Dave McMichael ('35), and Matt had a very pleasant evening together. Rossi, Yates and Walton shared lunch with Matt later in the week at his Alameda base. Rossi is Mate on the Lombardi, SOCONY, and is sailing under Matt's brother; Yates is skipper on a C-1 for A.P.L. (congratulations Gege), and Walton is master on a Liberty (nice going Bob).

Social Meeting, 9 Nov. 1945, dinner at the Army-Navy Club, 560 Sutter St., San Francisco. Please send reservations to the Secy. CMAAA, Morrow Cove, Vallejo, or to Lt. Comdr. M. N. Engs, 547 Athol Ave., Oakland 6, Calif.

Stag Meeting, 12 October 1945, at the Army-Navy Club in San Francisco.

Meetings are held on the SECOND FRIDAY of EACH MONTH, and are usually at the Army-Navy Club, 560 Sutter St., San Francisco. Drop in—one of your friends will be there (Matt says "namely me").

Mimeographed forms are in the mail to all members with the above meeting information. Let's make the 9 November meeting a record one. Send in reservations early.

1 Oct.—One of the first Vallejoans to be imprisoned by the Japanese, Gordon J. Pollard of the U. S. Maritime Service has been liberated and is on his way home. The news was given in an official War Department telegram received by his father, Thomas B. Pollard, of 1634 Alabama Street. The young man was listed as "missing" when the Matson freighter "Malama" of which he was first officer, was reported lost immediately after outbreak of hostilities in December, 1941. Following six months of silence, during which his fate was in doubt, he was reported interned in Shanghai with other members of the crew. According to letters received by his father since the American forces entered Japan, he had been transferred to a camp on Hokkaido, northern island of the Japanese home land, and one of the last to be occupied. His condition is believed good, as in one letter he told of being supplied with food and medical supplies while

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awaiting the arrival of the American forces. "Impatience is our only ailment," he stated. Mr. Pollard graduated from the California Nautical School (California Maritime Academy) with the class of June, 1935.

2 Oct.—N. F. Main of the Class of '41 gives us the following information of interest: E. F. Oliver is at home after just getting off the Monterey as Jr. First Officer. Roger Swain is still Chief Officer on the President Johnson. En. N. Kettenhofen is Master of the Peter White, a Liberty, hit a mine off the east coast of Luzon, however, is now in Samar in drydock. Has a darned nice little house in Berkeley Hills, where his wife, ex-Army Nurse, is living and expecting. T. T. Thomas is on the Morning Light for Matson, also Frankfort. Saw R. W. Owens in Manila, and he is Master of a Liberty for Waterman. Franklin is in town, "making arrangements" for his tanker to come in for dry-dock. J. N. Jensen is still Chief Officer of the Marine Tiger for Matson. Ruth is Jr. First Officer on the Masonia, also Guthrie is still on the Lurline. We are sorry about those Binnacles going to the wrong address—our address on the Alumni files is correct and has been, but guess The Binnacle file wasn't brought to date—all errors remedied so should be coming in in fine order from now on.

3 Oct.—Received word that Jack Dreyer is now sailing on a Matson Liberty—but woe to him, hasn't been into the San Francisco port for over two years. That will really call for a celebration, won't it?

4 Oct.—B. J. Fennick is now Master of the "Eethelbert Nevin", and ship of the Moore McCormack lines and is bound for Valparaiso, Chile, LeHarve, Rotterdam and to New York. Congratulations on that Master business and while on part of that cruise, keep an eye on the "Ole School Ship", which will be hitting a couple of those ports after January 1st.

5 Oct. 5—Anders Rasmussen, class of January '42 is Chief Engineer of the S. S. Czechoslovakia Victory. He has been Commissioned Commander in the U. S. Maritime Service and holds an Ensign's Commission in the USNR. Our congratulations on that new commission in the USMS. He has seen duty on the Atlantic and Pacific as well as the Mediterranean theater. That is what you might call being around. Naturally he is now around that Tokyo area—bring us back an article or two of importance for those of us that won't get there.

8 Oct.—Nothing new to report, says Richard "Pipes" Brannon of the class of '38, except that he is Chief Engineer on the Sea Corporal, an Army WSA APL C-3. He is ferryboat running between the Philippines and San Francisco. He also says he has run into two or three of the gang out there and always feels a little proud of the school when he sees the way they put C.M.A. men in key jobs over older fellows. That we are proud of too. How about you, "Pipes", dropping into the school at Vallejo on your next trip to San Francisco and also maybe there will be a meeting about that time and certainly would like to have you "aboard."

10 Oct.—Frank Oliver hasn't been receiving The Binnacle—a check is being made with The Binnacle crew to see how and why, so let's hope that big-little paper comes your way without fail from now on.

12 Oct.—Sorry, too, Harry, that you can't make that dinner party on the 9th of November, but will surely be looking forward to seeing you at one of the future meetings. Harry Doell class of '41, is now living on "good old Mother earth" as he so warmly puts it.

12 Oct.—A meeting was held on the 12 of October at the Army-Navy Club in San Francisco with the following attendance:

B. H. McPhun ('43 Dec.) sailing Mate for Matson,
R. M. Davidson ('42 July) First Assistant for Luckenbach,
J. Hansen Jr. ('42 July) Lt. Comdr. USMS "on the beach",
T. C. Maland ('42 July) First Assistant of Isthmian,
E. F. Oliver ('42 July) Mate on a C-4 for Matson,
R. M. Eldon ('41 May) Chief for American-Hawaiian,
C. R. Anderson ('42 July) Chief for Isthmian,
R. M. Wimer ('41 May) Lt. Comdr. Eng. Officer on a Seaplane Tender,
B. T. Ross ('41 May) Warrant Officer, USAMPS,
M. N. Engs ('33 August) USMS School, Alameda,

C. H. Tubbs ('38 September) CMA.

15 Oct.—Born to Warrant Officer and Mrs. Bernard T. Ross May 41) a baby girl at the Letterman Hospital, San Francisco. Carol Ann bore the weight of 7 lbs. very well and is doing nicely. Any one in San Francisco is invited to look the proud parents up at 421 Second Avenue, and view the new little wonder.

Lt. Comdr. and Mrs. Louis Rossi are making their home in Redwood City following a brief honeymoon in Boulder Creek, while the Santa Barbaran is on duty with the Merchant Marine. Mrs. Rossi, the former Miss Clelia Roveta, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Roveta. Comdr. Rossi is a graduate of Santa Barbara High School and the California Nautical School. Mrs. Rossi graduated from Sequoia Union High School in Redwood City and San Mateo Junior College.

16 Oct.—James Seiler paid the base a visit and also gave us some current information: Warren Swanson is second Mate on the Aberdeen Victory, O. J. Jahnsen is Second on a C-2, Ed Rowe has his Chief Mates license and is waiting assignment. Dick Moore stopped long enough to get his Second Ticket and left on the "Mandarin" and A-H. C-2. Bert Pringle is Third on the "White Swallow", a Moore McCormack C-2 and Sieler himself is Second on the Cape Stephens for Moore McCormack.

At the present time there are twelve reservations for the 9 November dinner already in. Get yours in as soon as possible as it looks like it is going to be a real GALA evening. There will be a short business meeting during the evening.

The Mariner's Medal "in commemoration of the greatest service anyone can render cause or country" has been sent to Mrs. William C. Weldon of the Park Plaza Apartments, Larchmont, whose husband, a first officer in the service of the War Shipping Administration, was lost 18 December 1944, when his ship was mined and sunk.

Mrs. Weldon has also received a letter from E. S. Land, administrator of the War Shipping Administration, paying special tribute to Officer Weldon and offering "the country's deep sympathy" as well as gratitude "for his devotion and sacrifice." Officer Weldon was a native of California and graduated from the California Maritime Academy and had served five years in the Merchant Marine.

17 Oct.—Received a note, with his Alumni Dues, from Thomas M. Morgan that he has been assigned to the S. S. Pierre Victory and is due to sail for Wake Island this week.

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