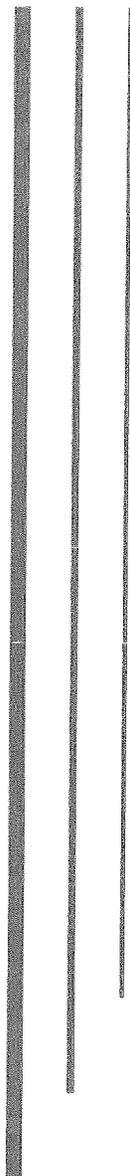


**THE
HAWSE PIPE**



**1938
CRUISE**



3 0060 00052469 2

LD 721
.C6Hx2
1938
Ref.

HAWSEPPIPE

(Hawseppe
1938)

PUBLISHED AT SEA
BY THE CADETS
OF THE

PROPERTY OF THE
CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY
MIDSHIPMEN'S LIBRARY

1938 - c.1

CALIFORNIA NAUTICAL SCHOOL

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1938
AND THE MEMORY OF THEIR DEPARTED
SHIPMATE CADET MERLE SCHROEDER

STAFF

H.S.LITTLEFAIR-EDITOR

R.B.SIMPSON-ASSOCIATE EDITOR

E.C.SCHWARZ H.N.BERGERON-ART EDITORS

R.D.HERON-MIMEOGRAPHING

L.ROSSI-CIRCULATION

G.BARKLEY-ADVISOR

CONTRIBUTORS

G.V.HORTON

A.R.SIMS

N.B.YOUNG

M.CASE

H.L.MOLLENKOPF

R.C.TREANOR

H.P.HELMEY

FOREWORD

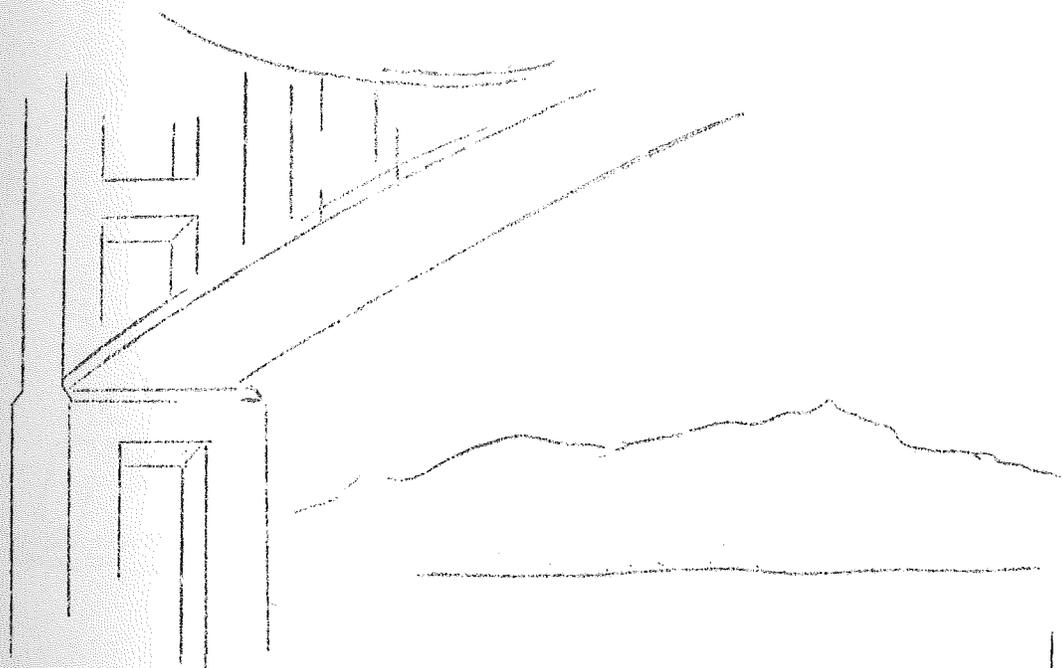
An efficient Merchant Marine is of vital importance both to the national defense and to the prosperity of the United States. One of the prime needs of an efficient Merchant Marine is an adequate supply of well educated, well trained, and well disciplined officers. It is for this purpose of supplying such officers that the Federal Government, and the State of California maintain the California Nautical School. If its members keep in mind that worthy purpose there can never be any doubt that our graduates will always be a credit to this School, and to the American Merchant Marine. The California Nautical School will have justified itself.

To the class graduating this year go the sincere good wishes of all of us who have been identified with the school. May their future careers be always happy and prosperous!



N.E. NICHOLS
Superintendent

THE CRUISE



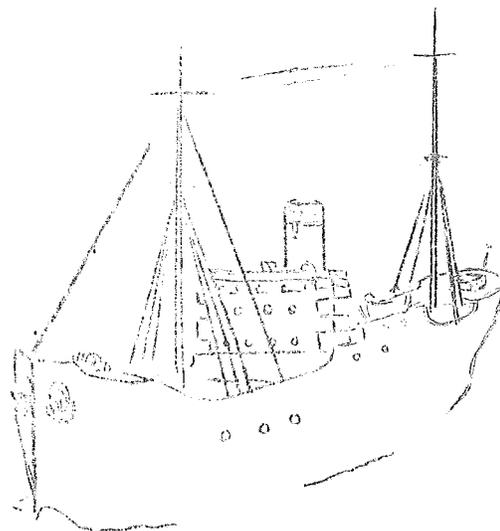
HONOLULU T.H.

ACAPULCO MEX.

MEXICO CITY.

MAZATLAN MEX.

CALIFORNIA PORTS.



HONOLULU

The departure of the California State on the annual cruise was brightened by three unusual occurrences; first, a warm and sunny day, second, a record breaking crowd of fare-wellers on the dock, and third, Espey's heroic last minute taxi dash from the Fairmont Hotel. Noteworthy also was the huge quantity of sea stores carried aboard by far seeing cadets.

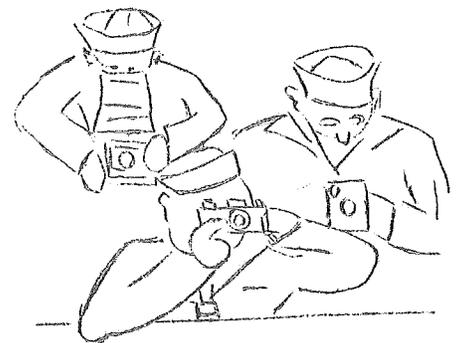


As the "Cal State" steamed under the immensity of the Golden Gate bridge, the last contact with the mainland was had by those cadets who waved futilely up at tiny forms leaning over the bridge railings.



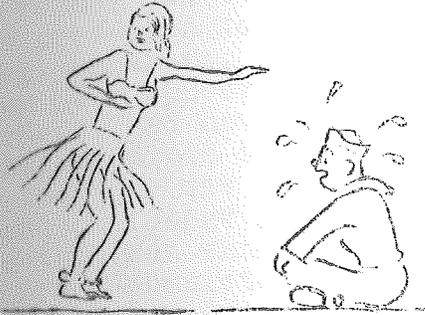
The California State, hitherto possessed of the magic power of attracting clouds, rain, and dank fogs to itself, was blessed by sunshine and clear skies all the way to Honolulu. The first day, therefore, was no exception; although just outside the heads some large swells from a far distant storm disturbed the gastronomic equilibrium of some of the boys.

Soon, however, the "Cal State Maru" settled into its monotonous sea routine and plodded peacefully over the Pacific, undisturbed, until Weston F. Averill, the pride of Dixon, came down with a case of appendicitis which required urgent treatment. A few radio messages and the "Roger B. Taney", crack Coast Guard Cutter from Honolulu was on its way, transference of the ailing cadet being made the following day. This event proved that at least 75% of the cadet corps is composed of camera fiends. Every foot of available space was occupied by squinting cadets busily engaged in snapping pictures of all stages of the proceedings. The actual transference was effected smoothly, and Averill, heavily bundled and looking very forlorn indeed, was soon bouncing toward the "Roger B. Taney" in the Coast Guard motor boat. Parenthetically, it might be added that Averill was operated on in Honolulu, recovered rapidly, and rejoined the ship before it sailed for Acapulco.



Two days later the Great White Ship rounded Diamond Head and, parallelling famed Waikiki, headed for its berth in Honolulu Harbor. Newcomers saw mountainous Oahu at its best and were duly impressed. Even cynical come-backers admitted it looked pretty good. From a distance Honolulu

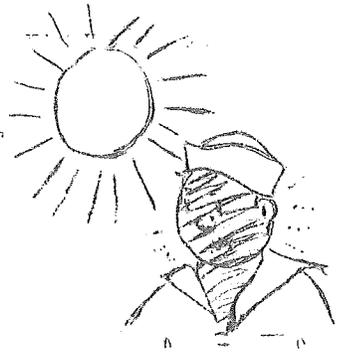
appeared as if it might truly be the Paradise of the Pacific. Liberty parties, however, soon confirmed the fact that, aside from its polyglot population and tropical setting, Honolulu is pretty much the average modern American City.



The renowned Hawaiian hospitality was, however, by no means lacking, exhibit one being a first rate show given on number two hatch by native Hawaiian singers and dancers from the Alexander-Young Hotel. The unquestioned sensation of the evening was the performance of a vivacious brown damsel called Salome. Mr. Barkley's goatee was apparently an irresistible attraction for Salome, and, when she tweaked it gently, the cadet corps roared their delight. Several cadets approached hysteria, and some observers credit Rice with having collapsed.

Number two social affair of the Honolulu visit was a dance given by the white students of the U. of Hawaii to which cadets were invited. Chief item of interest that evening was the occurrence of Honolulu's first recorded earthquake, an event which caused considerable consternation among cadets and local inhabitants alike.

After five hectic days the "Cal State" forsook the pleasures of Honolulu in order to practise maneuvering at Lahaina Roads, about 75 miles south between the islands of Maui and Lanai. Here the first class deck men sizzled on the flying bridge under a hot sun for four days while waiting their turn to bring the ship alongside an innocent looking buoy which, however, proved to be singularly elusive when the ship was in the hands of cadets. Meanwhile, in the bowels of the vessel, black gang cadets were taking their turns at the throttle and having their troubles too. The training period was climaxed by an abandon ship drill, and next morning the anchor was hoisted and course set for Honolulu.



From arrival back until departure, the "Cal State" was a mecca for swarms of Honolulu's sweet young things of all colors and descriptions, but nearly all very, very young. High school classes were deserted, and young Honoluluans complained bitterly that former girl friends had been in a state of dreamlike ecstasy since meeting the dashing young cadets.



The less (or more) amourosly inclined cadets were meanwhile exploring the enormous Japanese section, and eating and drinking strange and exotic products of the orient. "Lousy" Chai's eating establishment drew a heavy patronage, as did lesser Chinese and Japanese places.

Waikiki had its daily contingent of sun bathers and coral dodgers, but rain reduced the clientele considerably. In this connection, it might be mentioned that the

weather the last five days in Honolulu was "very unusual", the natives claiming it was the first rain in six months. Unfortunately, Californians are inclined to be a bit skeptical about "unusual weather".

One more semi-social event merits mention. That was the tour of the island given to former sea scouts. The number of cadets who professed to be former sea scouts was simply amazing. To suspicious souls it might even have appeared that some of the boys, perhaps, had never been sea scouts. This conclusion was of course unfounded. Highlight of the tour was a speech of thanks given by "Handsome Jack" Summerill who, up to the time the trip was announced, had somehow managed to keep his sea scout record a complete secret.



As sailing time approached, all hands tried feverishly to account for mysteriously vanished funds, each convinced that he could not possibly have spent that much. After a little memory refreshing it was decided that, "Well, if I hadn't spent it here I would have blown it somewhere else". Contented with that nifty bit of rationalization, cadets started looking forward hopefully to Acapulco for more funds.



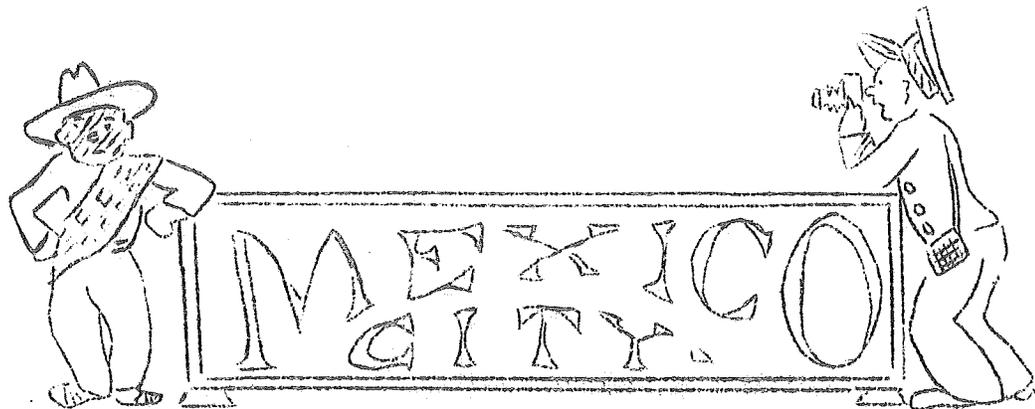
Sailing day saw, despite a drizzly sky, a goodly throng on the dock and any number of leis draped around cadets necks. Averill and Putnam resembled Kentucky Derby winners, so high were the flower wreaths piled on their shoulders.

The "California State's" final act on leaving the dock was to rip off one of her own huge wicker fenders, much to the secret delight of onlooking cadets who had expended much perspiration stowing and unstowing the awkward monstrosity.

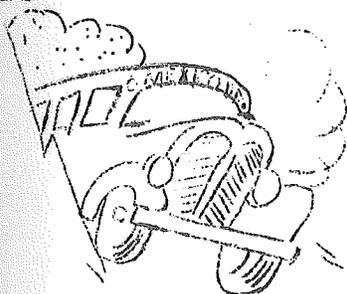
All hands, succumbing to the eternal urge to move on, were glad to leave Honolulu, but even those who were most disappointed last year left with a vastly increased affection for the city.

R. B. Simpson.



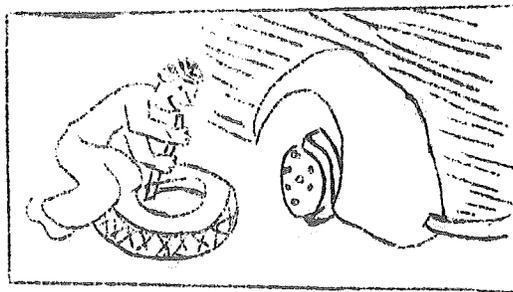


All hands going to Mexico City were roused at 4:30 A.M. and, after a hurried breakfast of cold coffee and stale salami sandwiches, hurried ashore in the boats to meet the busses bound for the big city. Several special busses from the Red Arrow and Gold Star companies were waiting at the boat landing, consequently it was only a matter of a few minutes before the long dusty journey was started. Little did they realize what they were in for, but everyone was hopeful— even the worst road could be smoothed out with a little "Javanero."



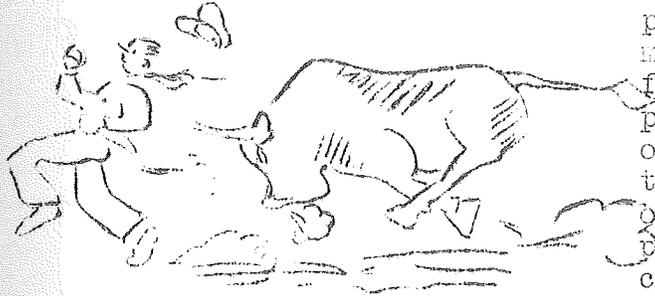
A Mexican bus driver would be absolutely lost without a horn; as he makes up all his lost time on the few straight places in the highway, which are invariably the main street of some small village. The major part of this great highway was made up of detours through creek bottoms and boulder strewn roads, where the dust lay six inches deep. Like a mid-western dust storm it rolled up behind the bus, swallowing up the laborers working on the road and settling on everything in the bus until all felt as grimy as firemen blowing tubes. One of the most amazing things to most of us was the fact that along a 150 mile stretch of new highway being built not one steam shovel was seen, although great cuts in the mountains were very frequent. Large gangs of peons with picks, shovels, wheelbarrows, and a few sticks of dynamite take the place of almost any machinery.

Frequent stops were made for eating, but the majority a necessity due to flat tires and engine trouble. After thirteen hours of this hell on wheels, from the summit of the Sierra Madres, a very travel worn lot cast their bleary, dust filled eyes upon the glittering lights of the great city of Mexico. An hour later this same lot shuffled into the lobby of the Hotel Regis, ending what was probably the worst journey of their lives.



Sightseeing among the ancient cathedrals and palaces; bargaining for souvenirs; visits to the floating gardens; and eating huge meals were the chief daytime occupations of the cadets. Eating supper and then a little night life until the sun started to come up the next morning, took up the rest of the day. Maybe Nick did something else for his amusement. Quien sabe?

Through the patronage and inspiring personalities of two ardent barespecialists, the bar attendant in the hotel hit upon the fine, if extremely potent, drink. It was quickly and quite officially named the "Cal State Special", and proved to be quite an aid to spirits. In fact, it was so much so that no one recalls the exact mixture of the drink. Too bad!!



Many of the cadets had the pleasure of witnessing Mexico's most enjoyable sport, the bull fight. Notices of the event were posted all over the city so everyone was sure to see or hear about the event, which usually occurs on Sunday. They arrived at the park one evening to find a large crowd fighting for admittance to the arena. After considerable pushing and shoving, with the help of the cadets present, the

crowd finally succeeded in breaking down the gates. This was well worth the little effort put forth, as it would otherwise have been hours before they could have reached the ticket of ice. Seats were found as quickly as possible and the fights were soon underway amid the shouting and clapping of 24,000 people. The program consisted of the torture and finally death of eight bulls. Although not Mexico's prime fighters, they seemed very vicious to the spectators witnessing their first contest. From the minute the bull entered the ring until the torreador made his last bow, the crowd thunderously voiced their approval or disapproval of the performers. A visit to Mexico City without seeing a bull fight would be like going to a report mast and not receiving demerits..

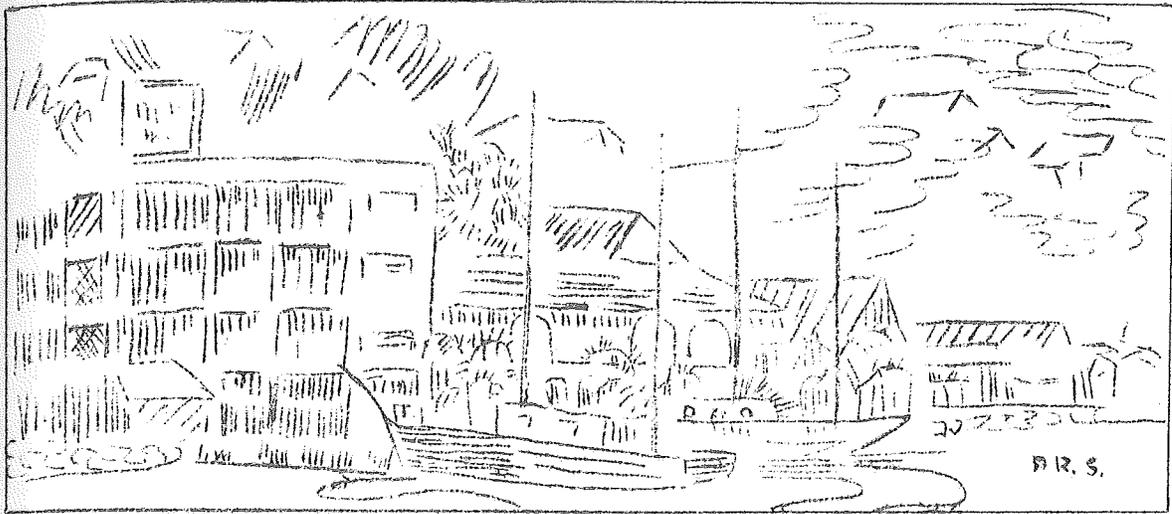
A few of the fellows who happened to have a few pesos decided they would like to see some of the city from a saddle. Spirited mounts, at a reasonable price, were rented from a stable near the Spanish palace of Chapultepec. The ride consisted of mad racing through streets and parks, ending in a visit to the West Point of Mexico.

They were fortunate in making the acquaintance of the captain of artillery, who was kind enough to show them through the buildings and grounds of the college. Standing up was the most comfortable position for these boys the next few days. Ask "Brando".

The return trip to Acapulco was similar to the one going up except that a few worse detours had been made while we were gone. A dusty, tired, and penniless group of cadets arrived at the ship that night, ready to leave for Callao the next day.



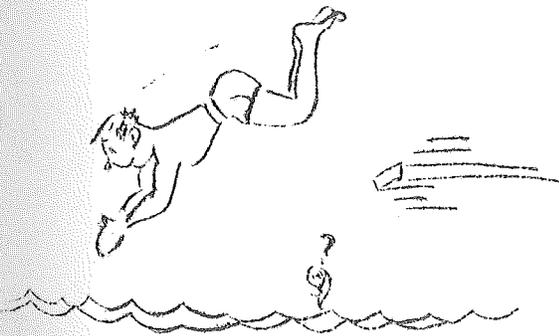
H. Dupuis



Acapulco, Mexico.

To tourist agencies, forever giving birth to enchanting descriptive phraseology, Acapulco is known as "Mexico's Tropical Paradise". Acapulco is unquestionably Mexican and tropical, but many cadets taking their first long look after the ship was safely anchored expressed their belief that the "Paradise" was a "dirty hole". And certainly at first glance Acapulco did not appear to offer many charms. The hills surrounding the bay were sparsely covered with the grey shrubbery so familiar to Southern Californians. The town itself, with the exception of the skeleton of a half finished hotel and a new pink colored government building, appeared to consist of aged adobe huts covered with the dust of centuries. And when the first liberty parties went ashore they found the streets 100% unpaved and overrun with loudly grunting pigs and half starved dogs.

However first impressions are sometimes deceiving. After recovering from the initial shock of an incredibly filthy market place and the omnipresent pigs; the handful of cadets, who were not going to Mexico City began to discover the pleasanter features of the town.

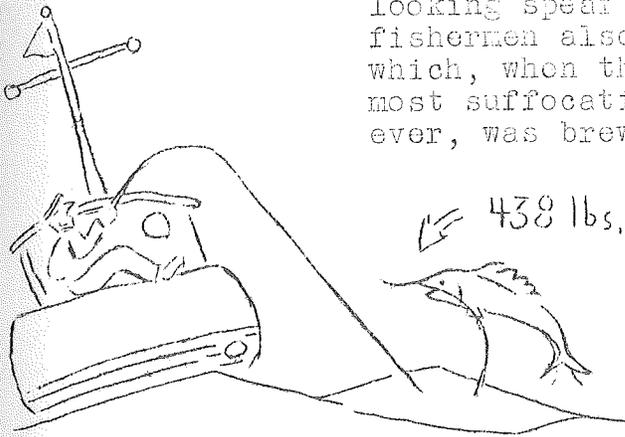


The most consistently popular of all places of recreation was Callieta Beach, whose clear temperate waters and warm sand provided a welcome relief from the mid afternoon heat and dust. Some cadets, however contented themselves with dividing their time between the Seven Seas

and El Rancho Grande, the two principal cantinas on the plaza. Here it became the custom to sit for hours on end in relaxed and solitary grandeur, completely oblivious to care, worry, and the surrounding squalor. To attain this blissful state it was, of course, necessary to sip now and again at a glass of Mexican beer or a mint julep.

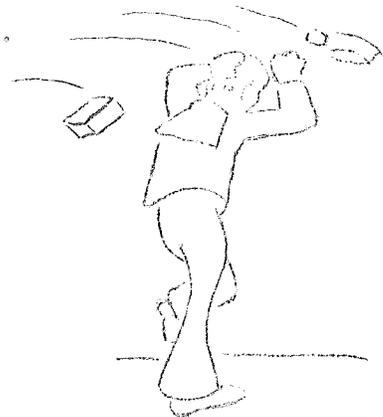
While cadets busied themselves with activities ashore, a few officers with sporting blood went off in search of big game on the blue Pacific. Chief Dwyer, Doctor Du Puy, Mr. Ellis and George Goetz (Suds to you) hired a boat and went in pursuit of the elusive sword-

fish. Father Neptune, recognizing true sea dogs, rewarded their efforts with a mammoth marlin. (Note: Ichthyologists say that a marlin is a species of swordfish, or perhaps it is vice versa. In any event the fish was very large and had a formidable looking spear on the end of his snout). The fishermen also captured two ponderous sea turtles which, when they were dissected, gave forth a most suffocating odor. An excellent soup, however, was brewed from the corpses of the aquatic reptiles.



The citizens of Acapulco, noted for their leisurely attitude toward life, surprisingly became energized for three days, and celebrated with great abandon the annual pre-Lenten Fiesta. The plaza, dusty and lifeless by day, became at night a magic

square of lights, color, and music. Old women, squatting on the curbs, sold thousands of colored egg shells filled with confetti. Scores of young girls, of surprising beauty, strolled endlessly around the plaza inviting young men by a smile or toss of the head to crush the egg and confetti bombs against their dark hair. However, cadets attempting to enter into the spirit of things were set upon by hordes of noisy young fiends, who were apparently unacquainted with the moral stigma attached to the practise of hitting from behind. The technique employed by the little devils was to sneak up from the rear and pound madly with a closed fist on the hapless cadet's skull. The cadet, wheeling round to repulse the attacker would receive a flying egg on the left eye thrown with great speed and accuracy from a distance of ten feet. This was the signal for an intensive barrage of paper wads, eggs, rocks, and small brown fists. The now thoroughly discouraged cadet, deciding on a sensible policy of retreat, would eventually fight his way to the more peaceful areas outside the plaza. There to watch the screaming urchins attack the next unfortunate cadet.

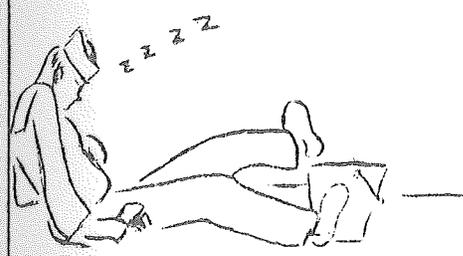


To prove that homicidal tendencies are not confined to the younger generation, two brothers a day or so later demonstrated their courage and skill with firearms by killing an "enemy". Although the shooting took place in the crowded plaza the killers escaped, pursued by threats of vengeance from relatives of the deceased.

Every day and night during the Cal States visit in Acapulco Bay, fresh water was pumped aboard from an evil looking barge operated by a pair of Mexicans blissfully unaware of the rudiments of sanitation. It is rumored that while the barge was being unloaded the pump broke down, and that in the two hours of enforced idleness the water level in the barge rose two inches. Be that as it may, grave doubts as to the quality of the water be an arising in the minds of the cadets, and those fortunate enough to have liberty quenched their thirst in Santinas ashore.

Here it must be noted that American bartenders have much to

learn from their Mexican brothers. For example, swab Shephard ordered a rum coke at the Seven Seas. Instead of the usual insipid American style drink, the gentleman behind the bar procured a very tall glass, dropped 1 or 2 pieces of ice in it, and then filled it completely with pure rum. He then placed this and a bottle of Coca Cola before the astonished Shephard. Such acts of hospitality did much to ease American-Mexican antagonism and replace suspicion with confidence.



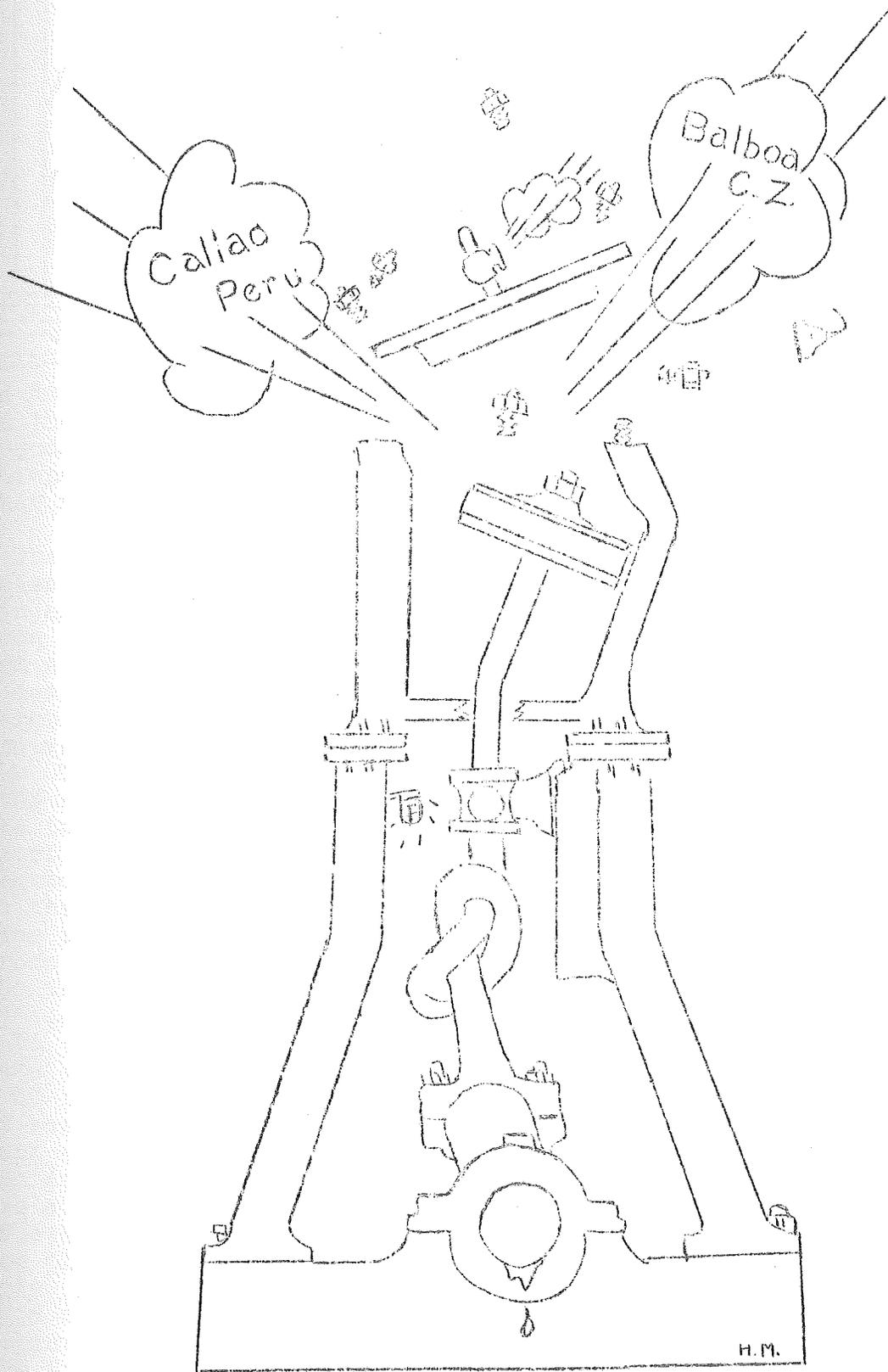
Life was easy and pleasant for all hands in Acapulco, both on board ship and ashore. Many ports have offered more entertainment, natural beauty and hospitality, but never before, perhaps, has such a feeling of relaxation permeated the California State as it did in the sunny bay of the "Mexican Paradise". Perhaps the absence of a large percentage of officers accounted for this, but then again it may have been merely the infiltration of the Mexican manana spirit.

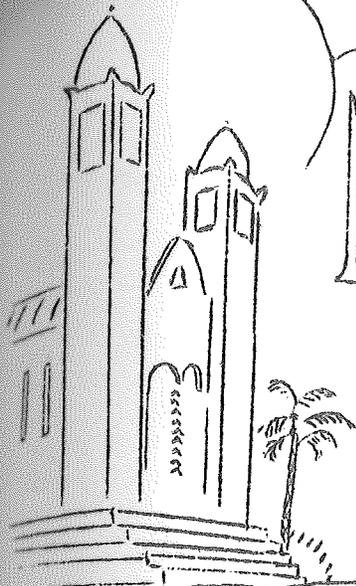
Life was easy and pleasant for all hands in Acapulco, both on board ship and ashore. Many ports have offered more entertainment, natural beauty and hospitality, but never before, perhaps, has such a feeling of relaxation permeated the California State as it did in the sunny bay of the "Mexican Paradise".

ANONYMOUS



THE REASON WHY!





MAZATLAN

On the eventful day of March 5, 1938, the California State nosed out bound for Callao, Peru. The sea was calm, the breeze was gentle, even the cadets were content on full stomachs and pleasant memories of Mexico City. Out of this picture of ease and well being came a riot! The ship was swinging about and heading for Mazatlan and the States!

The whole cadet seemed to be grouped on about ten square feet of deck arguing pro and con on the sudden decision. As a whole, it seemed to be in general favor judging by the beaming faces of the upperclassmen. The engine, affectionately known as the "coffee grinder," was on another rampage, and that was that.

The trip up was quite pleasant, and was certainly full of flavor in choice arguments. Reaching Mazatlan in the early morning the captain anchored about two miles off-shore. Two arms of land extend out into the Pacific to form a natural harbor. The harbor itself isn't deep enough to afford accommodations for the larger ships but it does break some of the wind and strong current for those anchored outside. There being only one Grace Line freighter and two small Japanese vessels in port the town was taken over by the cadets in very short order.

Starboard liberty party was first ashore much to the surprise of those fellows so used to taking second-choice. Although the California State rode steadily in the water, the two motor boats had one sweet time making it to shore without soaking the freshly cleaned dress blues. The pier at the landing was a laugh, all except to the crews of the boats. Rotting timbers, slimy steps, and the brace was all there was to the pier, landing, and "hitching-post". On top of that it was some walk into town, but it was justly deserved.

It seems as though each Mexican town visited has something different about it and Mazatlan is certainly no exception. The central location is the plaza. Everything starts and stops there. The business district being located there, the homes for the greater part being further out. The shops welcomed the cadets with open arms, believing them to be some more American suckers. However they were certainly given a run for their money. The most fun in buying comes from good old fashioned "chiseling"; and everyone on the ship paid different price for the same thing. Quite a blow to the fellow who gave the first price quoted.

In Mexico City hundreds of taxis were seen but none as antiquated those seen on the streets of Mazatlan. Buggies, model 1878 drawn by horses that look like the next step is the last were heralded as taxis. The distances are so short that a car only has to start and



stop, while one can spend a nice afternoon going a few blocks in these antiquated heaps. At least it was different, in fact very different.

The horses acted as an inspiration to some of the well known riders and ex-polo players among the first class. A party was seen cantering down the broad sweep of the main street composed of Aye, Secrest, Rossi, and Warnekros. Secrest dismounted to loose the strap on his sombrero which was chocking him and turned to find his pony well on the way back to the stables. The wellknown Cerveza sign was near by so he managed to take the sweet with the bitter. Some of the others equestrienne minded cadets were seen riding down the boulevard. They seemed to be slightly differently inclined though as they were mounted atop sturdy Mexican bicycles May, Gregory, Holzer, Wilson, H.M., Fox and Fostiak were among the participants.



Everyone had the idea of getting all the fun they could out of the day as each liberty only had one day ashore. Consequently the late boats were loaded to capacity and then some upon returning to the ship. Souvenirs were loaded on by the bushel as this was the last time to get anything in a foreign port. Everything was full except the pocketbooks, and these made up for it in emptiness.



It's a long long way to Tipperary, and its a long long way home via a compound engine. The H.P. was disconnected during the short stay, and consequently we were forced to lomp along at a leisurly speed of five knots all the way to Magdalena Bay. By stretching the imagination the chuckles of the crews of the fishing boats could be heard as they sped by.

The general order of over the side was given in Magdalena Bay and the starboard skin was painted as well as the forward well-deck, after well-deck, and in fact the entire ship. Messrs. Dwyer, DuPuy, Ellis, Dodson, and Miller had a good chance to get in some fishing while here, and they brought back enough fish to feed the whole Corps from then on.

The distance between Magdalena Bay and San Diego was traversed at the amazing speed of four knots, the extra knot mentioned before having been swept away by the wind. Eventually, however, Point Loma loomed over the horizon, and San Diego cadets were delivered safe and sound into the arms of lonely sweethearts and doting parents. The remainder of the cadet corps simply shrugged their shoulders and muttered darkly about the last Mexican port before arrival in God's country-"Los Angeles"

M. Case

CALIFORNIA PORTS



The last of the "Mexican" ports, San Diego, was finally reached the morning of the nineteenth of March and.....

While the local boys were at home filling up on mother's home cooked food and enjoying the company of their favorite heart throb: the rest of the cadet corps tried to find some thing to do. The only catch was the natives didn't speak the same Spanish that the cadets were accustomed to hearing. However several of the boys managed to find their way into the Hof Brau, where "Gervosa" still means Beer, and rumor has it that these same cadets had trouble finding their way out.

The Chamber of Commerce came through again and gave all those who could attend a fine dance. The girls were invited from the State College, and for the first time in C. N. S. history there were too many girls. Many of the fellows lost no time and after the dance several large groups of people roamed around town disturbing the peace in general. However the big catch proved to be in the person of the sorority housemother, affectionately misnamed

"Soppie", who finally caught up with her charges in the Southern Pacific depot.

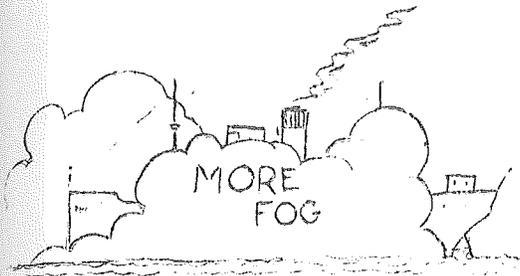
"Come girls you must go home now" were the first words she spoke, and did some twelve cadets burn. However they took their defeat as gentlemen should, and stood-by until the girls were safely aboard a streetcar bound for home under the eagle eye of "Soppie". Relatedly they split up and several started back to the ship in the company of "El Senor Bones".

"El Senor Bones" is tall, dark, and handsome. What is more he acts like a doctor. "Bones" saw a locomotive setting on a track, like any other nice locomotive, and immediately he decided to commandeer it. Slinking silently along in the darkness he soon mounted into the cab. Nothing is heard or seen until suddenly two deep blasts on the whistle were heard. Brakemen, engineers, firemen and trainmen of all descriptions poured out of the station and ran toward the engine. About three blocks down the street the panting "Bones" pulled up and slowing down to a fast walk he panted out "Gosh



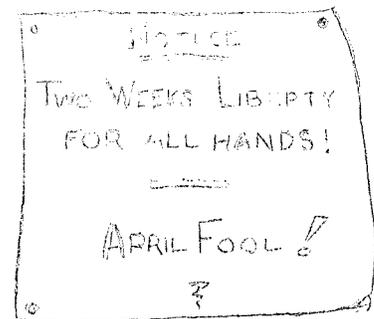
I had the darn thing just about ready to go, and I had to go and hit the whistle cord".

Leaving the sea wall early in the afternoon of the twenty third the Cal State once more started on her weary way to San Francisco via San Pedro and Santa Barbara. The passage was made at night and all was well until early the next morning at which time some of the famous southern California Sunshine condensed into what is known to most people as a fog. As result the landing made after a slight detention of some two hours. "Unusual weather" quoted Los Angeles men, however it was rather forcibly brought to their attention that the "Cal State" has been delayed by fog longer and more often in southern California than any other place. As usual, with all the Los Angeles cadets on native liberty, San Pedro



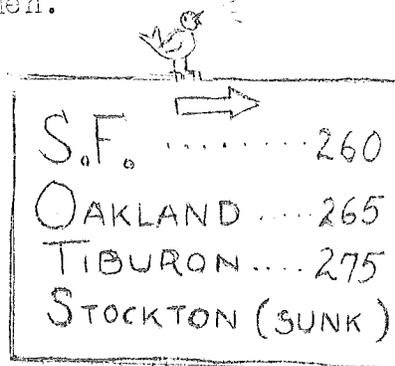
had very little to offer in the way of entertainment for the northern lads. However many went into the big city, and those who are used to the thriving cities of the north invariably agreed "What a farm town". Of course the southern boys came to the defense of their fair cith, and the war was on.

Leaving San Pedro in the late afternoon the Santa Barbara boys looked forward with keen anticipation to coming back to the farm or whatever they have in Santa Barbara. The anchor was dropped early the morning of the thirty first, and the local boys lost no time in getting ashore. The Chamber of Commerce and Tom Crawford's "Navy paid the usual visits, however apparently nothing was accomplished. The most astounding thing of all being the fact that no one knew the "Cal State" was within miles of the place until she anchored off the breakwater.



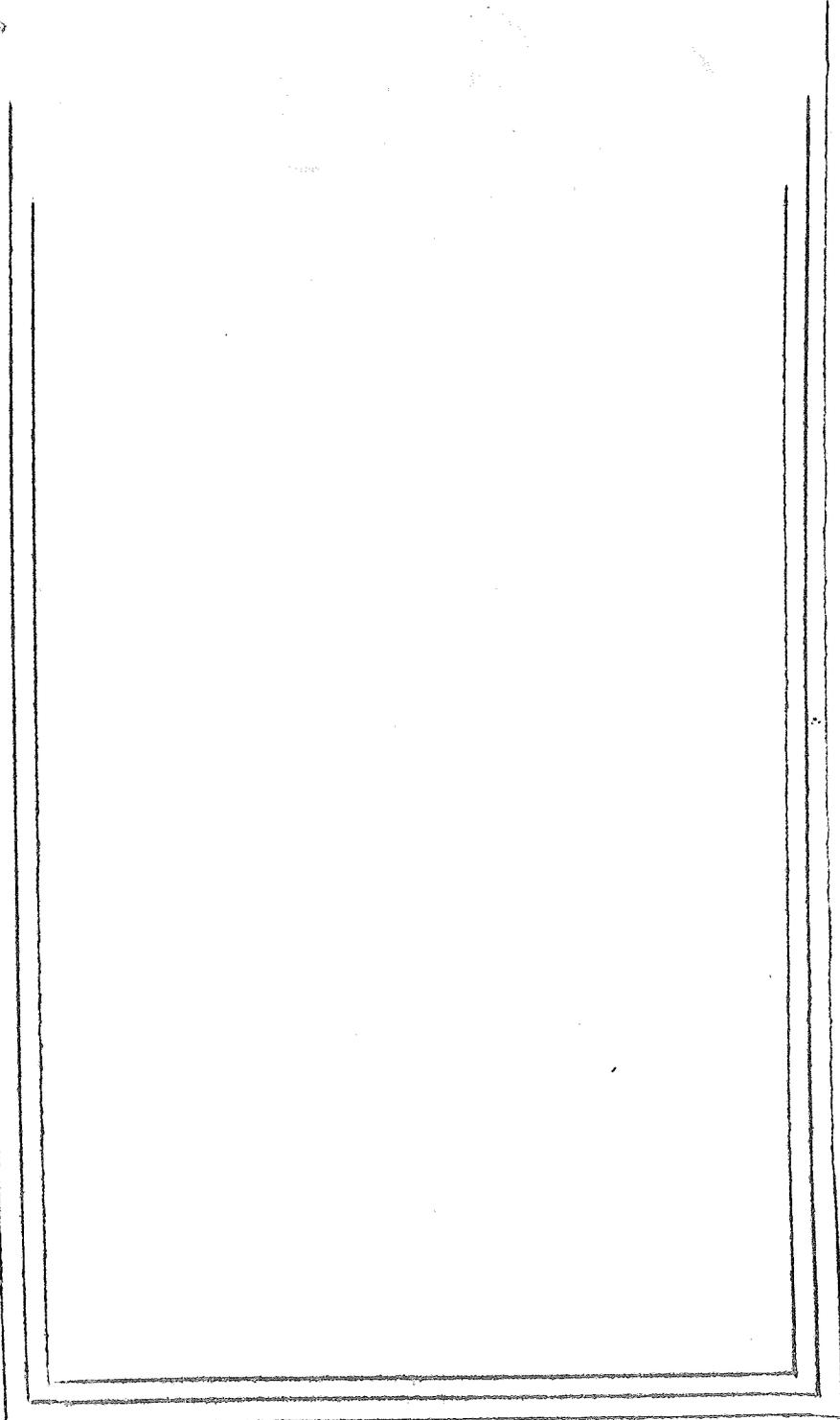
Sightseeing, including a trip to the Mission Santa Barbara occupied the time of many cadets, and others not tourist minded Managed to locate the best establishments, where steam beer could be quaffed in unlimited quantities.

Liberty expired late the afternoon of the third of April and with the last of the local boys aboard the good ship once more weighed anchor and headed north on the last leg of the cruise of 1938. Home for the northern cadets, and the beginning of the last stretch for the first classmen.



Anonymous

SPORTS



Basketball

The basketball season, commencing at Mare Island and ending at Honolulu, was notable chiefly for its complete vindication of the Hanson System of Coaching. Briefly, the Hanson Theory of Basketball consists of letting the natural abilities and talents of the individual have free play. In other words, given an average group of basketball players, it would be not only useless but positively harmful to practise. In further support of this policy it might be added, that since all C.R.S. cadets are automatically inculcated with the virtues of discipline and cooperation, practise for development of team work is obviously unnecessary. Sceptics may scoff, but Coach Hanson can proudly say, "Let's look at the record"; and it is indeed an astonishing confirmation of his new and revolutionary, but nevertheless exhaustively thought out theory.

The "Cal State" entered a team in a league, sponsored by the Vallejo Y.M.C.A., consisting of eight other teams from ships undergoing overhaul in the Navy Yard and the Naval Hospital. Without any practise what green clad proteges encountered three highly trained and experienced Navy teams, and were nosed out by 5, 2, and 1 point margins, respectively. These games were classified as moral victories. At this point the Coach, succumbing to pre-informed persons, better judgement, session. The Next two games were disastrous.



The recuperative powers of the cadets were such, however, that in one week they shook off completely the detrimental influences of the practise and went on to beat a highly favored opponent. Almost unstoppable now, Captain Howell and his team mates crushed their next opponents and, in three terrific battles with the best teams in the league, scored one stunning upset and lost two games by narrow margins. One of the latter contests produced an amazing incident. The "Cal State" was trailing by two points with seconds to go and, despite frantic efforts could not tie the score. As the whistle blew that ended the game, a foul was committed on a C. R. S. lad, and he was given one free throw. He missed and one of the opposing players, joyfully celebrating the victory, retrieved the ball and swished it through the basket with a beautiful one handed shot. The referee promptly made the astonishing declaration that the score was now tied since, according to a little known article in the rules, one more play is allowed if a foul is committed at the instant the game ends. The player who had so nonchalantly flipped the ball through the hoop turned a pale green color. His team mates blazed forth in furious argument, but to no avail. The score was tied and an extra period of play was necessary. But the Gods, having had their little prank, relented

and permitted their badly shaken victims to win in the extra period.

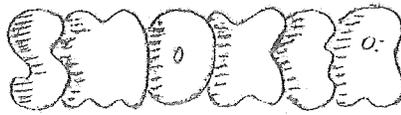
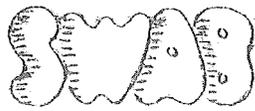
The Mare Island league over with, basketball was temporarily forgotten. Not till Honolulu was the next one played, and this proved to be not only the first but the last contest of the cruise. The destroyer "Talbot" innocently scheduled a game with the "Cal State", little knowing that it had been more than two months since the green devils had had either a game or practise. The result was so obvious to Coach Hanson that he did not even bother to attend. Assistant Coach Helmev was delegated to act as master of ceremonies at the slaughter. In a final smashing triumph for the Hanson System the C. N. S. won an effortless 56-25 victory. The only remarkable feature of the game was the fact that the captain of the opposing team was acting as timekeeper. This surprising fact was not discovered until late in the contest when, after the second half had already lasted about twice the agreed upon time, the Captain of the Talbot team announced that the game should last about five more minutes. It was not until this worthy individual became fully convinced that his team could not overtake the "Cal State" that he permitted the contest to come to an end.

In this, as in previous games, Captain E. C. "Dixie" Howell was a standout. H. Dupuis established a reputation for consistency and unremitting effort. The starting lineup was chosen from Howell, Littlefair, Dupuis, White, and R.B. Simpson or Frey. Other players who saw active service were Tubbs, Erikson, and Averill. Jesse Boyce rendered sterling service (at times) as manager.

Baseball

The baseball season consisted of exactly one game, that played in Honolulu with the 55th. artillery from Fort Ruger. Viewed solely from the standpoint of score, the game was not exactly a success since the Army boys made 9 runs to the "Cal State's" none. However the C. N. S. horsehide artists claimed a semi-moral victory on the grounds that all the runs were made in only two innings and, that for the other 7 innings, the powerful artillery team was held scoreless. C. "Tubes" Tubbs was on the mound for five innings and except for 1 inning, completely blanked the opposition. "Dixie" Howell performed in similar fashion the remainder of the game also, with the exception of one inning. Ragged infield play was responsible for much of the damage done in the two fatal stanzas. The languid Hawaiian atmosphere, combined with a dazzling speed ball, prevented all hands except "Spike" Secret from registering a hit. Even the coaching genius of Yoeman Helmev could not train the boys in the art of hitting in one afternoon. The only spectators were great numbers of young sons of Japan, who were waiting their turn to take over the field when the game was over.

		C.N.S. Lineup		Subs.	
Catcher	Secret	Short stop	Dupuis		McKabb
Pitchers	Tubbs-Howell	L. field	Foot		Johnson
1st base	Rice	R. field	Wiley		Anderson
2nd base	Frey	C. field	Fox		Bats.
3rd base	Thompson-Snyder	Manager	Jensen		Clague.

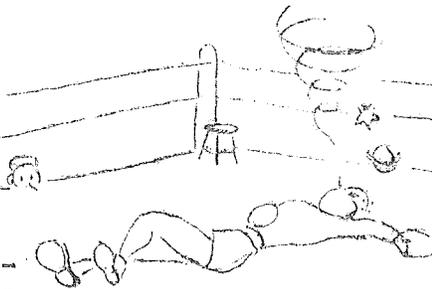


Not more than two nights after their arrival at California City a goodly portion of the class of 1940 was paired off and herded into a ring, there to have at each other for the enjoyment of blood thirsty first and second classmen. Various entertainers (?) also did their bit to the accompaniment of assorted jeers, howls, and moans from offended upper classmen. This apparently murderous mob was watching the traditional swab smoker, organized and directed by the second class.

In order to soothe the emotions of the onlookers, and also because a Smoker must have smokes, cigaréts in large quantities were passed out freely, much to the joy of cadets with empty cigarete cases and pockets. No potential Max Schmeling's were uncovered, but most of the bouts had enough thump to satisfy even Cadet F.H. "Bucket o' Blood" Nichols.

M.C. Jensen Referee "Honest John" Dreyer.

After having to get acquainted class was able, ize its own smoker drama, and boxing. presented for the upper classmen and short of Acapulco. or-less musical class Thespian Soc- slapstick burlesque, to the class room, Hero Severence bent from a fate worse



had several months with itself, the swab and willing to organ- complete with music, Such an affair was edification of all officers one day Following a few more- numbers, the third iety performed in some featured by a descent via a ventilator, by on saving little Hell than death.

A series of boxing bouts followed, in which Snyder and Reading proved themselves capable glove men. The "Piece de resistance" was a titanic battle between Palmerston; the baby faced killer, and Hall, the terror of Inglewood. The fight, billed as a struggle between the two toughest men in the third class, was fought with unprecedented fury. At crucial stages, Hall's countenance became so frightening that many spectators blanched in terror. This nerve wracking affair safely over, first classman W. "Pile it high" Coker invited all participants in the beard growing contest, under way since departure from Honolulu, to step up and be judged.

Captain Nichols selected Spike Secret, who bore a strong resemblance to Gen. U.S. Grant, as the man with the heaviest growth of foliage. Other prize winners: Best trimmed beard, Huber; Reddest beard, R. B. Simpson; Longest blond beard, Butts; Complete lack of beard, Davis; Best all around beard, Mr. Barkoly.

Credit Smoker to Baxter, Chief of Staff, and Gendreau, H. C. Referee "Honest John" Dreyer.

R.B. Simpson.

F
E
A
T
U
R
E
S

THE INTREPID TRIO

OR
TWO'S COMPANY AND THREE'S A CROWD

You parents and girl-friends seem never to tire in your interrogations as to what we, the Cadets, do ashore for amusement in these mysterious foreign ports. Until now you have all been neatly sidetracked to less embarrassing topics of conversation. Well ladies and girls, (we purposely omit the old man from this category because he probably already has a pretty good idea as to what goes on during these "expeditions of debauchery" ashore) here it is at last, an accurate, unexpurgated account of what actually happened to three of our lads on a sultry evening in Honolulu.



To avoid any possible embarrassment to these boys, we shall withhold their actual names and divulge only the familiar colloquialism generally applied in lieu of same.

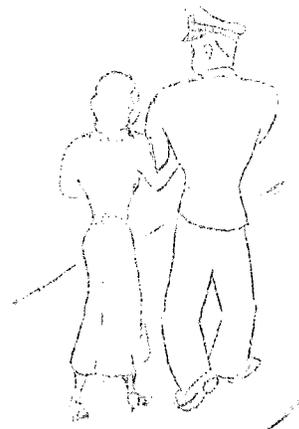
It was Fagan and Tinker and a handsome red-headed youth (no name substituted available) who strolled down the gangway on that memorable evening in search of adventure as sailors before them have done for many centuries.

Adventure-bound they were; and they showed it in their lanky, casual, walk as they proceeded leisurely up the main thoroughfare of the city. The three were first-classmen and carried the easy nonchalance of veteran shellbacks with a grace that only first-classmen can accomplish.

At this point, ladies, we shall leave our heroes for a moment and return to them almost immediately. Well! what have we here? What has happened? The boys are still strolling up the avenue as before, but who is this with them? They seem to have acquired some companions. Two members of the fairer sex have somehow joined the party and all seem to be enjoying themselves immensely. Our handsome Red-headed friend has on his arm a young lady of somewhat ample proportions. Fore and aft as well as athwartships. However she carries said bulk neatly and her graceful head is crowned with all the glory of her "store-boughten" tinged hair that somewhat resembles a mast-head light on a foggy night.

Brother Fagan is accompanied by a damsel of questionable vintage, but who, nevertheless, exudes a personality all her own. But look at Tinker. The poor boy trails behind absolutely alone. He has not been so fortunate apparently. However the night is still young.

It soon develops that the two ladies are in possession of an automobile, and it is with this convenience that the group proceeds to the residence of the two ladies and there request the companionship to their tiny Oriental house-maid, who gladly acquiesces and joins the gay throng in their night of revelry. Tinker is now joyously happy.



Now, what to do. The petite blonde maid shyly suggests that they attend the President's Birthday Ball which is being held that evening at the Alexander Young Hotel, and forthwith produces a sufficient quantity of tickets to enable the entire party to be there with the bells on. Well, after all, what can a fellow do if a situation like this comes up? That's right, and they did.

The Ball was a huge success, and from what we can learn of the account, Tinker fairly radiated with joy because he had at last found a maid of the proper stature and temperament. They danced divinely together. Soul mates. Fagan and the handsome red-headed youth however did not appear to be enjoying the affair so completely. It seemed that their companions expected them to be the 'life of the party' for the three-odd hours that the dancing continued.

After vainly trying various types of 'life-of-the-party' personalities and each time failing rather miserably, they grew just slightly disgusted with the business. It's asking a little too much when the girl-friend expects you to be a combination of Fred Astair and W.C.Fields.

So the Ball ended, to the relief of Red and Fagan. Tinker, however was loath to see it go. Too bad though. It had to be. As the group jogged down the street again two brains were hatching a foul plot as to how to 'ditch the party' as it were. Suddenly a stroke of genius. Then a terse, "you can let us out here". As the car stopped, the two stepped down and prepared to bid goodnight to a very surprised pair of maidens. You can't tarry long with sentimentalities though, for a sailor's time ashore is very limited. Tinker was forced to bid a reluctantly hasty farewell. "Soulmate, I shall return." The car drove away.

Again the scene is the same as before; the utter nonchalance of a rolling gait. Three sailors ashore in a foreign port, unimpressed by all the mystery and adventure through which they are passing.

Presently the second of man's appetites, hunger, made its presence felt, and the three strolled into a Chop-Suey Joint in the mysterious Oriental Quarter and ordered a big round of some tasty dish. Satisfied then, they returned aboard, and there ladies ends our authentic tale told to us third-handed by one who knows. You may well take this series of incidents as the average experience ashore. Nevermore shall you be cautiously guided to the less delicate subjects for we have revealed all and there is nothing more.



Anonymous

SEA STORM
By
E. L. ROBBERTSON

Formerly of the U.S.S. MEMPHIS and now Radio Officer
of the
CALIFORNIA STATE

Mis-ocean, beleaguered, the ship wallows and struggles with
night as it howls around;

Sinewy tentacles, slimy and grasping, tear and slash at grey
steel-

Steel that was born midst showers of sparks from the fiery
womb of a furnace,

Battles this night the howling gale and towering hellions of
water.

Dark night alone is the witness, its eyes heavy-lidded with
clouds;

Serene bright Venus has hidden her face and Jupiter designs
not to watch;

Ineffectual shafts of white stab from the ports, lost in the
bosom of ocean;

And a flickering phosphorescent wave-crest is the only light
on the horizon.

Keel-shaking blow after blow is struck behind blinding curtains
of spume-

Desperate white mantles that hiss and flash with incandescent
fury;

Mad shining blots on the blackness around that smother and
squeeze

And cut by the steel fall back to suck strength from the depths-

Each blow crushing and smothering ominous groanings of backbone
and ribs

Of the ship as it plunges and drunkenly reels, waving its masts
and willowy yards

Like burnt black arms of a suffering soul to the unheeding sky
above.

The crackling radio says, "...easterly gales and the sun will be
shining tomorrow..."

But tonight hell is loose and the scream of its trumpets beats
time for the monstrous dance

And the feeble moan of the laboring engines is the drone of a
distant bee.

A SAILOR'S LETTERS

January 20,

Dere Mable

I wold have writen soner but I was sea sick. Hav you ever been sea sick? I no you aint cause the only boat they have in Cube Center is Mistr Smiths boat wat he used for to go fishing on the mil pond. Well it maks your stomak come up to your mouth and then go back in agin. Except that somtin it dont go bak in. We got to Honolulu which is a town biger than Cube Center on an islan in the Pasific Ocen. Ther is siposed to be Hulu girls here and pam tres but ther is no hulu girls now as the movie man in Holiewod hav them all now. It is also siad tohave a bathin beash named Wakakikie that is the best in the worl. But it is like stain out on the rok pil in the guare in Cube Center. Only this rok is kalled koral and has bugs in it. I tok a ride to the tother sid of the islan in a bus. It cost 1.60 so that is the reason I kould not sent you a present. It looks the same on the tother side as it dos on this sid only there is no city lik Honolulu. The Kadets had an danse at the Kintry Club and had to danse with themselvs as ther was not enough women to go round. Ther is Chinises Japaneses and Hawianns living here. Mostly Japaneses. It maks you think that you are in Chinatone in Cube Center. Hope the ole cow is not sick again and that this finds you the same.

Yours til the Dok gets me

Bill

January 15,

Dear Mable

Im on the Trainin Ship California State now. It is a big white boat with two ankors on the front end. I have a litle rome in the celer which has a round window in it. The bed is like the one that is in the Countie Jail in Cube Center only there is no bars at the dore. The hed man in called the Kaptin His bodie gard is called the Exetitive Officer and looks like Unkle Charlie with hiskers only Unkle Charlie dont trim Hisen. They train Kadets on here to be Kaptains of Kargo boats. A Kadet is a farmer boy what wears clothes with bras butons on it and works all day washing paint then studies all nite about stars and the sun and how to get to a place what is on the map. They got enjins on hear in the celer to. I no cause I hare them every nite turnin over. Well Mable give my regards to Missess McGinises cat and the same to you.

Yours til the cat howls

Bill

26 February 1938

dear Bill:

Just reseved yur last tu leters, and i wus sure glad to heer frum u. I ment to anser yur fust leter but i had tu go ovur an take keer of tha Jones kids while Missus Jones was ovur ta farmar Browns tendin Missus Brown and tere nuw babie. It wus a leetle boy and they done named him Bill after u. Now ant thät tritu moce?

Bak hear we is all soo proud uf U Bill and i jist know thät tha kaptain asks U-all befor he dos anythin. We ar all waitin and hopin thät U will be hom in tha neer footure, so thät we kin heer all tha storees U wil no dout bee able to tel us. Rev. Smith he sez thät we kin also hev a spechial big meetin at tha church in yur honer when U git hum. Sum stuff i say!

Now Bill dont go gittin all lickered up like U used to whin u and the boys used to broke into pappys still. Save yur money to buy stuff fur yur mom and ME. I wil be waten fur U always.

Gudby mi darlin Billy
yur
Mable

Mazatlan, Mexico
9 March, 1938

Dere Mable

I got your leter and was some glad to here from u. I wood hav writen sooner but honst Mable I was havin to much of this Mexican tecquila. Pa made som rite powful stuf in his old stil but thes here Mexicans haf got Pa bete a mile. This is a funnie tone where in the evning all the people go to the litle park they hav and walk around until ten oclock and then go to sleep. As for sleep, they all just lay down in the stret and sleep any time. The onle troubl with the Mexican people is thätthey always talk in a mumble which no one but them can savie. You herd thät our engins brok down abot 50 times. Wel we are goin back to the tone of San Diego insted of to South America When I get there I am levin and comin back to Cube Center where I can foler the plow onec mor insted of the cee. When the ole Ford breks down you can be sure thät you are alrite, but when there engins stop out in the midle of the ocen no one is sure thät you are alrite. So Mable brush off the front porch and git redy to have a big fed for as the good book says the wnadrin son is comin home to stay. Tel Pa thät even slepin in the barn with the mare is beter than slepin on a boat thät wont keep stil. So Mable look for me on numbr 1 when it gits in about the tenti first cause i will be ther on it. Yours till they mak boats what run on whells insted of ocens of water.

Bill

TRAINING SHIP

Feb. 6, 1938. At sea. Cadet A.B. Rolyoly, First Class Deck, assumes duty as Quartermaster of the 12 to 4 watch. Time 1200. Cadet Rolyoly repairs to poop to procure noon reading of patent log. Enroute knocks hat off on wire pennant stretched over poop deck ladder. Hat falls in scuppers and soaks up goodly portion of salt water, sand, and fuel oil which is lying in scuppers. Retrieves hat. Lurches with roll of vessel and removes approximately three and a half square inches of skin from starboard ankle on steering rod. Mutters to himself. While taking log reading wind blows neckerchief into log flywheel which immediately takes up slack in neckerchief and causes Cadet Rolyoly to become very blue in the face. Extricates himself with difficulty. Lays below into classroom to obtain check on gyro compass. Spends several minutes ringing telephone bell until messenger comes down and tells him to press button on the telephone to make connection. Presses button. Makes connection and checks successfully in that order. Repairs to bridge. Finds he has forgotten log reading so adds previous hours run to previous hours reading and enters total in compass course column. Mutters unintelligibly. Makes correction Steps out to starboard wing of bridge and scans horizon intently. Seeing nothing walks over to port wing. Enroute lurches with roll of ship and collides with whistle lever. Ricochets off lever and fetches up against binnacle. Breaks consecutively pencil point, shoe-lace, and watch crystal. Sweeps up glass, muttering.

Time 1400. Stumbles into chartroom to obtain chronometer time tick. Doffs hat and lays it on clean plotting sheet. Fuel oil on hat soaks readily into chart. Flings hat into wastebasket. Dons earphones and bends intently over chronometers. Vessel rolls violently causing chartroom stool to capsize and strike big toe with considerable force. Springs back quickly, grimacing with pain and rips earphone wires out by roots. Glances around quickly and, no one having seen him, stuffs wires back in jagged hole and decides not to take time tick today. Saunters out to bridge wing.

Time 1515. Perceives helmsman is eleven degrees off course. Steps up beside helmsman with critical frown and makes original remark about dotting i's. Takes over wheel. Vessel twelve degrees to left of course.

Time 1520. Vessel twenty-seven degrees to right of course.

Time 1525. Vessel thirty-one degrees to left of course. Gives wheel to helmsman and saunters off.

Time 1550. Making final weather entries in log. Steps out to lee wing, unaccountably carrying logbook in hand. Strikes pelorus stand going full tilt as vessel rolls steeply. Logbook knocked from grasp and wind carries same overside. Leans heavily on rail watching logbook drifting astern.

Time 1600. Relieved of duties.

GOING AND GETTING IT

It is generally taken for granted that the favorite pastime of millions of people in this world is eating, and this is especially true of sailors. In fact, eating is easily conceded to be the sailor's favorite indoor sport. It holds the interest to the end, and builds the body up as only food can. Also men must eat.

Cadets on the California State have proven beyond a doubt that they can hold fast company in this the first port of Chinese dishes held Yee Chai's two the scenes of many end. Chicken Chow Saimin being the the downtown arena was fought with However all were "Wimpy" Royston, who very calmly of ease polished Chow Mein with all

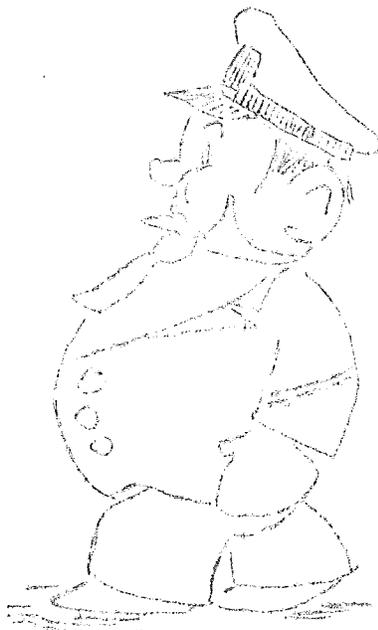
After eight-food on board seemed and as a result hurled in all Acapulco several

were reported. However, nothing of any great importance was accomplished. Reports dribbling in from Mexico City carried many rumors of Royston and various other lesser personalities achieving victories in that city. However, as the Mexicans are not heavy eaters they can not be considered as really first class competition.

In Macatlan that indomitable protege of the art of eating Robert B. Simpson, Cadet of the first class, beat several of the other boys wuite handily at an afternoon of oysters on the half shell. The scene fo the combat veing the Hotel Central. He consumed THIRTY oysters along with a few sandwiches as a side order during the afternoon. Then at seven the same evening he strides into the dining room of the same hotel and puts away an EIGHT course dinner. It was truly a magnificent feat worthy of mention in any man's country.

However, that mighty little men of the third division, George French, protests that he could have won easily if Simpson hadn't bribed the oyster vender to run out of oysters at the opportune moment when he, Simpson, saw French down EIGHTEEN with the greatest of ease, and come back calling for more; a bottle of Tobasco Sauce in one hand and a fork in the other. However, it was a tremendous bout and the spectators cheered long and hard. As to whether or not Simpson won by fair means or foul there is no answer, and it will always be a subject worthy of debate.

Then back to the good old U.S.A. where one can eat huge stocks and fried potatoes, tender spare ribs, and choice chops. Not lost to sight are the wonderful salads that are concocted in our beautiful land. Also think of the choice cakes, pies, and puddings that one may procure in the Fatherland. Indeed there is no place like these United States for a sailor to indulge in his favorite sport.



their own in pretty game. In Honolulu, the present cruise, the spotlight. Lai establishments were bitter battles to the Mein, ChopSeuy, and chief weapons. In a most bitter battle ten cadets engaged. soon vanquished by the Morgan Hill Wolf, and with the greatest off three orders of the trimmings. cen days at sea the rather monotonous, challenges were being directions. In mediocre engagements

C.N.S.

TODAY OR ANY DAY

Scene: Mess Deck CALIFORNIA STATE

Time : Today or any day, at mess.

Characters: Russ----- The Pantryman

Mess----- The Third class messmen, otherwise known as Swabs.

We go now:

Cadets: "Hey swab, tell Russ to come here, muy pronto!"

Mess : "Russ, they want to speak to you over on the port side."

Russ grudgingly puts down a pot, mumbles something about those darn fussy gourments in the second division, and walks over to the port side. "What's the trouble, what's wrong now, what do you guys want, and what's the big beef now?" All in one breath.

Cadets: "What's the big idea of putting sugar in the salad?"

Russ : "I didn't put much in; hardly any, this time."

Cadets(menacingly): "You want to keep in good with us don't you? You won't put any more sugar in it again will you?"

Russ(Giving in slightly) "No----O.K." and he starts back to the pantry twitching his red sideburns enroute.

Cadets final fling at the tried patience of peaceful Russ. "Hey Russ any more pie?"

Russ: "Hell NO" Exit Russ into the pantry.

REWARDS FROM THE CADET HEAVEN

Liberty ashore in Acapulco after "knock off" from work or watch La Fletcha Roja(Red Arrow)bus, of the cheapskate line, beating the Estrella de Oro(Gold Star)bus, of higher fare, into Mexico City by three hours.

"Excused, BUT don't let it happen again; you must watch those things."

All this from the captain at report mast.

Reporting a light before the watch on the bridge sights it. This is, of course, a very rare case.

The bakery unwittingly left open and a very delicious pie found in one of its shady corners.

Getting by morning inspection without shaving.

The welcome cry "No captains inspection, and no locker inspection today." piped around by the M.O.B.D.

In the middle of the Pacific--- This is K-- broadcasting from our Hollywood studios----- We will now bring you the voice of-----

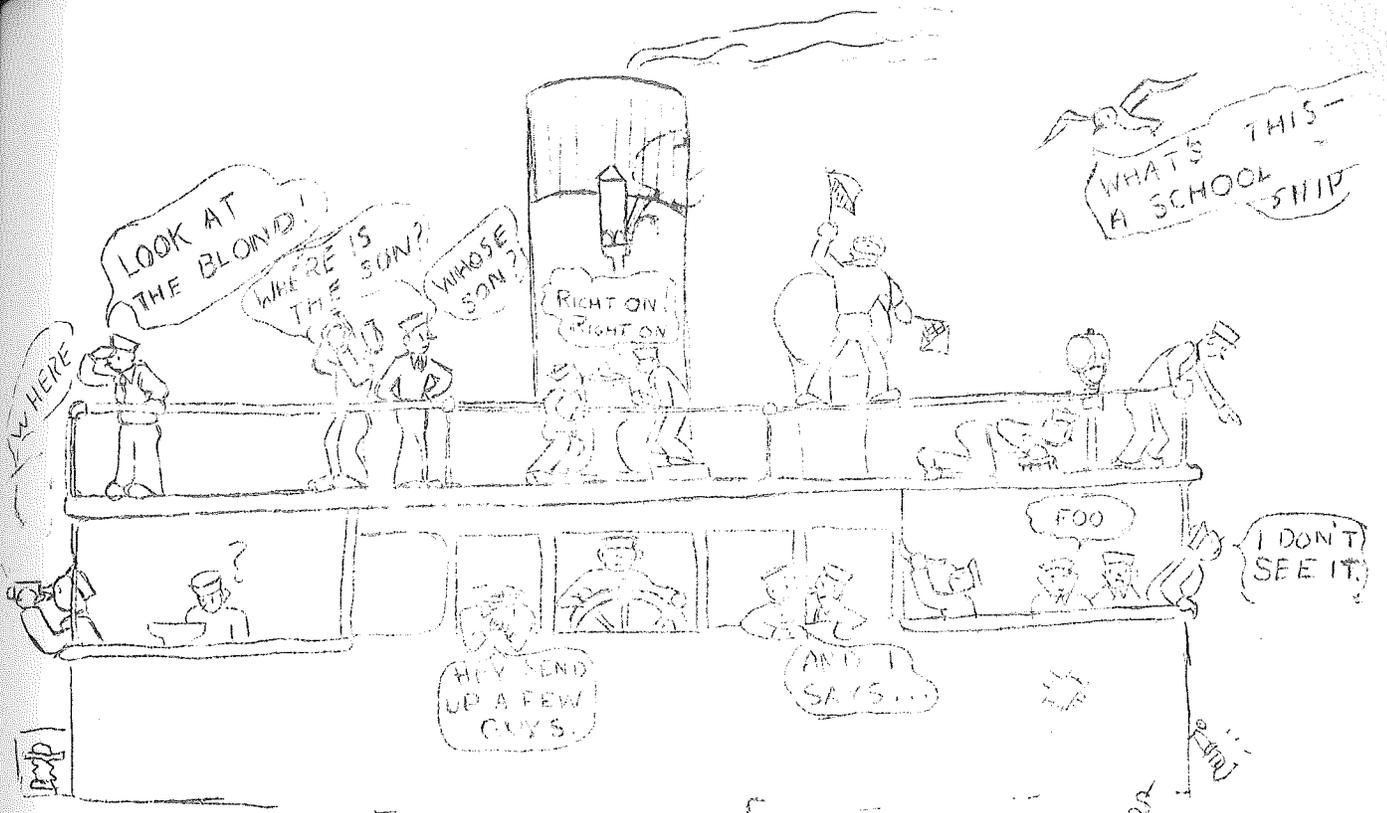
"The water in this port is unsuited for drinking, but the excellent beer obtainable here is recommended." This notice found in Pilot Rules and Sailing Directions. Meets with general approval.

"Son, you look pale today. Hammm Let me see your tongue. Now, say Ahhhh that's right. Slight fever, better lay off for the rest of the day."

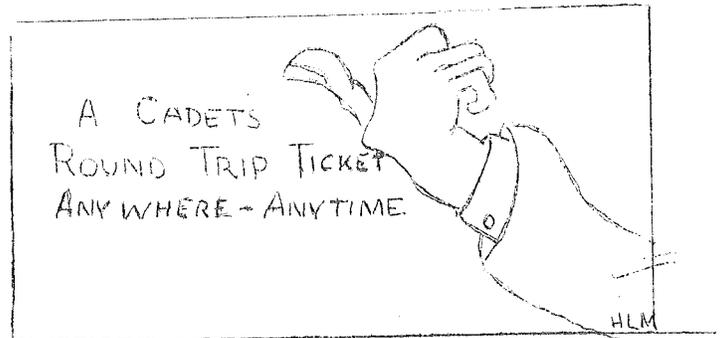
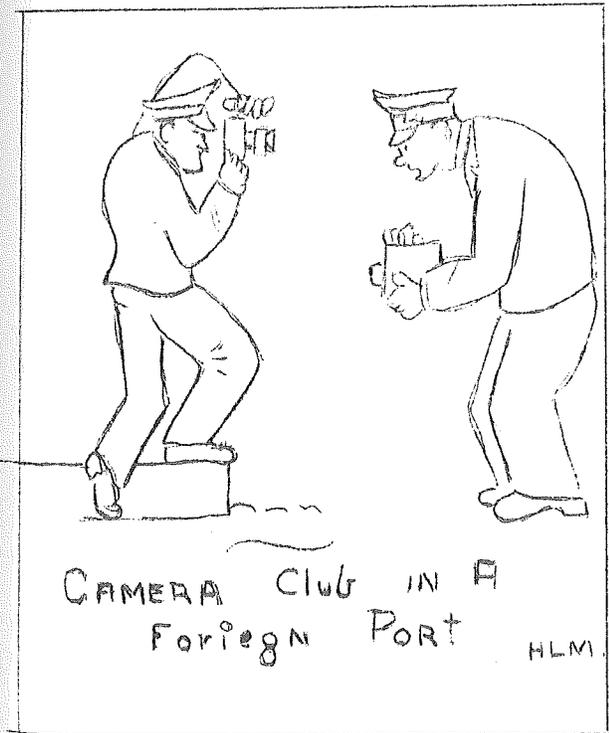
This from the "Doc" just when you feel like you need a little rest.

Seconds and sevenths of chocalate iced cinnamon rolls.

M.O.B.D. "Will the cadet who took the extra desert, please eat it, or-



FREEDOM OF THE SEA



Episode

His body turned slowly in midair a moment before he struck the water. As he felt himself go under he lashed out furiously for the surface, but his arms and legs had become like lead. Instead of rising he sank deeper, and the salt water stung in his nostrils. It was then that he became conscious of each detail in its tiniest form. The sound of the vessels propellor whipping the water somewhere near him beat dully on his ears, and as he jerked his head upward he could see the millions of tiny bubbles that had followed his body down through the pale-green water. He bared his teeth in a grimace, gagging on the water that was forcing its way down his burning throat.

A high buzzing note began in his ears and was punctuated by the now receding throb of the propellor. An eternity passed. The bubbles were still there but they seemed not to move. Time for him had ceased to exist. Nothing around him moved and his body became like a block of stone with a monstrous brain in the center. His thoughts came to him clearly and he pondered idly at his own calmness. Then his slowly moving hand came into his field of vision and he looked at the dirt under his fingernails as he watched it creep downward and behind him. His body became warm and fuzzy as though he were standing in front of a fireplace. The note in his ears became more insistent and then was broken suddenly as his head broke the surface and his lungs took in great gulps of cool, clean air. The blazing sun knifed into his burning eyes and time began once more.

He paddled feebly, resting, and then glancing around saw the ship receding slowly in the distance beyond the huge swells. The newly painted stack glistened in the sunlight, and he could see the halyards whipping in the breeze. Shouting hoarsely he waved an arm high in the air, but his voice died in a gasp as he realized that no one could see him from that distance. He felt the sheer despair well up within him and he swallowed hard to relieve the tightness in his throat.

The water was not cold but he shivered slightly as he watched the ship disappear behind the long running swells. Something struck his shoulder lightly and he turned and saw the life-ring floating beside him. He clutched at it hastily, thrusting an arm through the center. Oh God, they had seen him! But the surge of hope died as suddenly as it had come as he remembered that it was the ring that had broken loose when he toppled from the high poop of the vessel.

Well this is something, he thought, this is it. The works and there is nothing to do about it. It was hard to believe. Here he was and those on the ship would be going about as usual as if nothing had happened. Well maybe it had'nt happened. Maybe he was just dreaming. No, no use fooling himself. It was all too real.

With his free arm he brushed the hair from his eyes and then looked around searchingly. There was nothing to be seen but the

endless expanse of water tossing restlessly about him. He was alone.

How long will it take to die, he thought, two days, three, who knows? Christ but that's a long time! But there is nothing to do about it! The realization struck him hard and he wondered how he remained so calm.

He began paddling aimlessly to be doing something. His shoes felt heavy and he kicked them off watching them sink slowly out of sight through the clear water. Again a chill passed through him as he closed his eyes against the piercing brilliance of the sun. That way he felt better.

"Shine on, shine on harvest moon, up in the sky----". There was no reason for the song to come into his head and he wondered at it detachedly. There was no sound but the wind in his ears and the water lapping softly at the life-ring. A cigarette would taste good now, he thought, and felt half-heartedly in his shirt pocket, realizing the uselessness of the movement. There was nothing in his pocket but a soggy box of matches. He scattered them and watched them floating before him. He licked his lips slowly.

"I aint had no lovin' since January February, June and July--". The song passed through his brain insistently and he tried beebly to dismiss it. "Shine on----". How long had he been here? Two hours, three? It seemed longer. "I'll have a hamburger and coffee." Strange he should think of that. He wasn't hungry yet but the thought of something to drink felt good within him. He glanced up at the sun, trying to tell the time but he shut his eyes quickly, feeling them burn in his head.

It was hard to believe that he was to die out here. How was it to happen? There were no sharks this far at sea. No, and no ships either. This was far off any shipping lane. It was all up with him and there was nothing to do but wait. But with all the sick despair and anger at his fate there remained in the back of his brain the fact that there was still a chance for him. A chance yes, but what a small one!

"-----harvest moon up in the sky. I ain't had no lovin' since January, February,-----". He could see only only one of the matches now. The rest had drifted away from him. He watched it closely, grasping it in his gaze as though it had become a symbol of his small chance of living through this most important episode of his life. He wished now that he hadn't scattered those matches even though they were useless to him. The tiny bit of wood dipped suddenly out of sight. He licked his lips slowly and looked up at the sun. It was setting now and presently it would be dark.

G.V. Herten.



TIME STAGGERS ON

Time, tide, and life go on eternally; years have come and gone, each with a seemingly different entry, but all with apparently the same finish. Looking back on them they have been unchanging. So it is with no great alarm or excitement that we look into the crystal ball of prophesy to determine the doings and the achievements of the various members of C.N.S., class of '38', ten years hence.

At first glance, the crystal sphere is clouded and misty. Gradually, wafted by unseen currents, the scene is cleared wisp by wisp, until we see clearly the former cadets' activities as they innocently move about engaged in their pursuits, unaware of our curious eyes.

We see-----"Scotty" Anderson, "Big Timber" Littlefair, "Tony the Swipe" Peck, "On the counter, Three for a Quarter" Tubbs, "Iron Man" Uhl, "Barnacle" Bill Warnerkros, "Willy, Aint I the funny guy?" Coker, and "Billy the Kid" Gough---- These gentlemen are volunteers in the recruiting service for Miss Weston's Temperance Society. They are enlisting the aid of their old shipmates to battle the devil and his demoniacal princes.

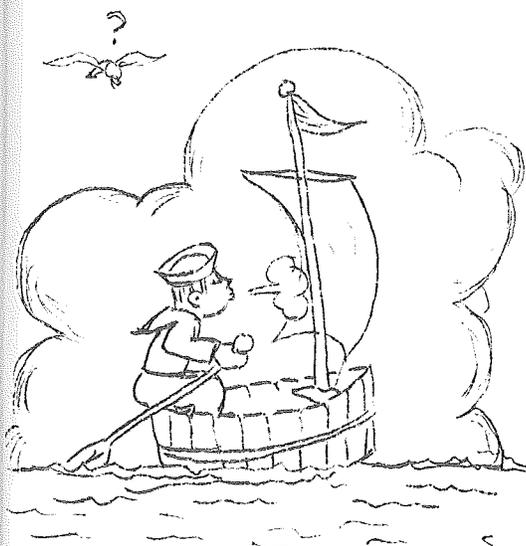
On the street corner of a small inland town clothed in faded dungarees (small stores issue), "Jailbird" Nichols just back from a bums tour of the United States with "Liatherchest" Walton and "Lou the Louse" Rossi await the arrival of the next freight. All three report the land in fine shape, cattle fat, silos full, fields lush, jails clean, and relatives hospitable (for one day visits).

The scene changes, the crystal clouds up, slowly it clears; revealing amidst a maze of machinery, several well known former cadets. Climbing over and into this vast assemblage of metal, they are: "Stymie" Schwarz, "Uncle Bert" Irving "Jimmy the Gimp" Butts, and "Bad Boy" Putman, engaged in perfecting equipment to produce metals that will not crystallize if they were ever used on the "Cal State". For this, thanks and appreciation are given by the founders of the C. N. S., because they see the trials and efforts of former cadets dedicated to the benefit of marine engineering.

Presto-Chango----- a ship at sea; a tub; a tramp to the out-of-the-way ports of the world. Her stack is decorated with a fading white ensignia, "H.M.", one of the Hendricksen-May Line's non-subsidized freighters.

Moving about on board, we spy on the skipper's deck, "Sailor John" Bailey- Master, and, hanging in a rope tub, its chief mate, "El Gro". (generallo) Gregory is directing a small handful of sea-

men laboring with holy stones on her splintered boat deck. On the bridge, asleep on the chart table, his peaked hat pulled over his eyes, a Swede's bible pillowing his head, and totally indifferent to our intrusion, is none other than "Giddy Guy" Horton.



Below, amid the grease, din, and oil cans, "El Jefe Knauty" Kenney Soderland is bending a pipe around "Pinero, Wah-Tah, Willy" Bellamy's head with a Stillson wrench. Seeing C. N. S. so much in evidence at sea, we feel reassured that it was not all in vain. Further in the ship's papers we find the following: "Divine Dick" Huber, second assistant engineer, and "Able Al" Witmer, signed as a mate.

Again a new vista, a crowded harbor, towering skyscrapers casting shadows seaward, busy tugs chugging around ships. A pier shed houses a chandlery reeking of sea gear. Seated in a dimly lighted office, hunched over accounts, is "Fast Fagin" Dreyer, a kit full of cigarette butts at

his right hand, Outside the office, seated on empty kegs and drums, a small group is "chewing the fat".

We listen-----

"Well I tell ya", yaps "Kopey" Morrie Aye---He is interrupted shortly by a burst", Aw you are confusing the issue, this is the point----" from "Nasty" Hevin Cooper. From this point it swells into a roar, but we recognize "Moocher" Martin Glick getting his oar in, "Talker" Ted Rice boosts his voice one notch higher than anybody else. We depart.

Across the surface of the seer's crystal, another scene appears HOLLYWOOD. Inside a barn like stage, a group are engaged in producing one of those super realistic screen sagas of the sea. The director, "Doughty" Dick Heron, fumbles with his megaphone. The target of his orders is "Puritan" Paul Kusse, who is struggling to keep his lead in the face of heavy competition from "Just for the Ladies" Summerill, who is cast as the hard-hearted company man. At a word from the director, mechanics hop aloft to rig lights at better angles. We recognize "Handsome" Howard Mollenkopf with a pair of pliers in one fist and a roll of tape clenched in his teeth. His assistant is none other than "Boney" Bob Duncan, trooping aloft with a coil of wire

In the cab, old "Choppy" Charlie Hake sits at the throttle, Fiddling around with the fire box, is old "Katty" Kelshaw Taylor, the fireman.

A long period ensues before the next scene unfolds itself-- We traverse seas, plains, valleys, and a range of mountains, before we stop above a little town in Mexico. Descending closer, the town is seen to be much like all Mexican pueblos- the square, church, and houses of various sizes and appearances. Settled there on a modest farm is "Cyclops" Cy Royston, proud owner of his land, two cows, four burros, two horses, six chickens, a cat, a dog, and bonded to a dark eyed plup mujer. He is also the father of four chamacos.

This town has evidently fallen before C. N. S. 's adventurers for we learn "Push em up" Pipes Brannon is the alcalde de decorregid-ores. "Willing" Walter Secrest is the jefe ingeniero of the local power plant. The maintaining of the power lines and repairs is rested on the able shoulders of "Everready Edgar" 'Dixie Howell, who keeps the whole system in operation without leaving the saddle of his burro.

We are happy and contented to learn that Bearded Boy Simpson Toils away in the nearby hills knocking nuggets of the hills while making little ones out of big ones.

The crystal clouds again. The surface darkens and voidness is evident. Cut quest is over- We are satisfied that for better or worse, C. N. S.'ers are still actively about.

TO THE GOOD PEOPLE

Rum-fum boddle-boo,

Ripple dipple nitty dob.

Dum cum doodle koo,

Raffle taffle chitty boo.

ALL HANDS

Captain N. E. Nichols, USN (Ret)
Superintendent
George Barkley
Executive Officer
Richard C. Dwyer
Chief Engineer

Bennett M. Dodson	Watch Officer	John G. Ellis	Watch Engineer
Edwin C. Miller	Watch Officer	David Warwick	Watch Engineer
Ralph M. Sheaf	Watch Officer	Cyril G. Hansen	Watch Engineer

J. M. Cadwell	Commissary Officer
Dr. Victor G. DuPuy	Medical Officer
Elbert L. Robberson	Radio Officer

COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT

Fred Ross	Steward
Herman B. Hensley	Butcher
Charles W. Brown	Chief Cook
Wilfred F. Reynolds	Second Cook
Edward L. Parrette	Baker
Russell G. Saboe	Pantryman
Harold J. Gaeden	Cabin Messman
George R. Osborn	Wardroom Messman
Chester N. Thompson	Wardroom Messman
Clifford H. Myers	Crew Messman
Cornelius L. Heyroth	Galleyman

LAUNDRY DEPARTMENT

George C. Goetz	Chief Laundryman
Edgar J. Brown	Asst. Laundryman

RADIO ROOM

George P. Jordan	Jr. Radioman
William G. Ellis	Jr. Radioman
Herbert T. Blaker	Jr. Radioman

CARPENTER SHOP

Eugene Harnwell	Chief Carpenter
-----------------	-----------------

OFFICE

Henry P. Helmey	Chief Yeoman
-----------------	--------------

CADET ORGANIZATION

Kelshaw Taylor
Cadet Commander

Chester H. Tubbs Cadet Officer
Charles R. Hake Cadet Officer
Louis Rossi Cadet Officer

FIRST CLASS

Kenneth G. Soderlund Petty Officer, First Class
Walter Secrest Petty Officer, First Class
Alexis Witmer Petty Officer, First Class

DECK CADETS

Bruce H. Anderson
William M. Aye *
John S. Bailey Jr.
Harold N. Bergeron
Erwin N. Cooper *
John Dreyer
George W. French *
Martin Glick
Alvin Gregory
Melvin H. Hendricksen
Richard D. Heron *
Guy V. Horton
Frank L. Johnson *
Paul F. Kusse
Harry S. Littlefair
Robert D. May
Frederick H. Nichols
Towsend A. Peck
Theodore W. Rice *
Cyril W. Royston *
Robert E. Simpson
Melvin J. Uhl
Robert W. Walton *
William S. Warnekros *
John F. Summerill

ENGINEER CADETS

William B. Bellamy
Richard H. Brannon *
James A. Butts
David W. Coker *
Robert S. Duncan
William E. Gough
Edgar C. Howell *
Richard P. Huber *
Bertram R. Irving *
Howard L. Mollenkopf *
William H. Putnam Jr.
Edward C. Schwarz

* Denotes Crew Captain; Petty Officer Second Class

SECOND CLASS

DECK CADETS

Charles W. Audet
Noel V. Bird
John M. Boyer
James M. Clawson
Dan A. Dancy
Stanley J. Drummond
Harlan C. Dupuis
John E. Espcy Jr.
Stanley W. Grabowski
Robert N. Hargis
James M. Hendy
Charles K. Holzer
Phillip Jensen
Gordon R. Kilburn
Charles A. Krauchi
Herman L. Leichel
Robert M. Maehle
Douglas R. McMurtry
Duke McNabb
Ross E. O'Laughlin Jr.
Warren D. Sype
George S. Twitchell
William J. Williams
Eugene Yates
Norman B. Young

ENGINEER CADETS

Weston F. Averill
Arthur H. Blodgett
Jesse L. Boyce
Lee L. Buwalda
Adolph J. Erickson
Kent W. Clark Jr.
William W. Fell
Theodor S. Fostiak
Harvey A. Frey
Robert H. Groer
Volney E. Julian
Franklin L. Martin
Davis D. McElroy
George A. Naglo
Robert E. Simpson
Allen R. Sims
William A. Smith
Lloyd T. White Jr.
Francis L. Wiley
Harroll M. Wilson

THIRD CLASS

Russell H. Abbott
Fred R. Brizius
Mason Case II
William Chapman
John Clague
Lawrence E. Davis
Frank V. Foot
Walter M. Fox
Alfred E. Gallant Jr.
Elphage A. Gendreau Jr.
Frederic C. Gilchrist
Horace H. Gillette
Donald M. Haas
James R. Hall
Charles M. Larson
Russell Meeker
Charles H. Miller
John H. Newton Jr.

Powell Palmerston
William J. Peck
Robert C. Puckett
Raymond W. Racouillat
Anders K. Rasmussen
Stokes Royal
James J. Shepard Jr.
Joseph E. Shrove Jr.
Stanley Smullen
Rawson R. Snyder
Frederick V. Thompson
William E. Trantum
Richard C. Treanor Jr.
Vernon N. Urbani
Frederick J. Welch
Richard B. Wilkie
Jack E. Wilson
Carlton S. Severance Jr.