



THE BINNACLE

Vol. II. No. 9

CARQUINEZ STRAITS

September, 1944

North Bay - Here We Come!

THIRD'S QUIZ NOT FAR

Once more our fair-haired and fair-minded Midshipmen have come through the gauntlet of terrible torture, unscathed, as the first three months of this term come to a close with a "review" of the term's work.

For the first class, this particular set of examinations were not as before, determining whether or not you remain at CMA but, in a large sense, a "warning" of what was only three months (December 5th) ahead of them. Yes, first classmen, it is no longer a matter of just "existing" here at the Academy if it can be put so boldly, but you must gather and couple together all the knowledge and training you have acquired in the past fifteen months and prepare for the biggest test of all, that Coast Guard horror chamber, that evil of all evils, the Third Mate and Third Assistant Engineer criterion.

You might say that the members of the senior class were going on trial—charged with complete and thorough knowledge of seamanship, navigation, Admiralty law, electrical engineering, Diesels, and all the other various subjects that are necessary to the welfare of a ship and crew. ARE YOU GUILTY OF THE CHARGE PLACED BEFORE YOU??? — or are you the type that states: "If I can pass the test, one way or another, that's all I care about." It's always about the fellows that "just passed" that you hear these stories of hard times, arguments with their skippers and other rather intimidating facts. All that can be said is, "If you've never cracked the books before, boys, for God's sake, split 'em wide open now."

For the second and third classes, these exams proved to themselves whether or not they would be, in the distant future, capable of holding down a responsible merchant officer's position.

In the lower years of your life as a Midshipman, you can always fall back on the thought that there is "still plenty of time." DON'T BE FOOLED—with all the extra curricular activities, athletics, and turn-to that is being offered to the Corps, not one single minute can be wasted or thrown away.

All class standings have been posted on the starboard side of the mess deck if you want to know how you're doing.

BACK TO SEA WE MUST GO

The slap-slap of the breakers against the hull, the gentle roll of the vessel with the continuous ground swells, the sun beating down from overhead and the gull's raucous cries filling the air, the rhythmic throb of a mighty multi-horsepower engine below your feet—that's what we're returning to — the endless, unconquerable ocean.

To all the Midshipmen, the "cruise" means practical seamanship, real honest-to-goodness sea watches and a more interesting and time-consuming schedule. The First Classmen during the cruise period look forward to such watches as Navigator, whose general duties are to test all navigational gear before getting under way, take azimuths and check compass errors, take bearings and plot fixes; Watch Officer, who carries out the routine as planned and is more or less in complete control of the ship; Bo's'n, that ever-complaining, always required person who is in charge of the paint locker and storerooms and who lets go and heaves short the anchor; Watch Engineer who is the big cheese down below, he goes slightly nuts handling his first throttle watch and then goes completely off his stick when he takes a look at the boiler pressures. Yes, it's these first classmen that will be in charge of their own bridge and engine room soon, they know the answers.

Second and third classmen also get the opportunity to practice watches that they cannot try while at the dock. Helmsman is just about tops on the list with assistant quartermaster running a close second. Although blinkering is practiced frequently at the base, it goes on almost constantly while we are at sea.

Rumors before the GOLDEN STATE left the dock had it that our "secret" destination may have been Acapulco, that former Mexican haven for the Training Ship or just down the coast to San Diego, but, as it would be, the hook was dropped in good old Paradise Cove, San Pablo Bay, to quell all such evil thoughts (there must be a hole under that anchorage by now).

The cruising period will last exactly two months and a week, leaving ample time (we hope) for the first class to learn the final details involved in a Third's examination. All middies look forward with great enthusiasm toward that fateful day when we'll head "up the river" to you-know-where. Instead of a full week at Stockton this year, only five days are slated at the port of the College of the Pacific, so that means that all connections will have to be dealt with slightly faster.

THE

19TH

OF OCTOBER

THE BINNACLE WATCH

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THE BINNACLE LIGHT

By A. Xavier Baxter

A great achievement has been realized at CMA with the introduction of the athletic schedule.

One can not be mentally alert and mentally strong unless he has the physical strength to back up his mind. If a man tires physically he will also tire mentally. Sea-Officers must be mentally and physically equipped to meet any situation.

There has never been any argument about the fact that CMA men graduate with a wealth of theoretical and practical knowledge necessary to their career, but formerly only those interested in equipping themselves physically have done so. Only the "natural athletes" have kept themselves in physical shape.

Now, with better athletic facilities available at CMA—a baseball field, and the newly completed athletic slab available for tennis, volleyball, basketball, and other sports—more men will be able to participate in different games. Now, with more facilities available the men that need physical development as well as the natural athlete will be able and will be required to indulge in athletics.

When the gymnasium is built, an athletic program which has been very carefully planned by Captain Mayo, Mr. Slagle, and the athletic committee, will be put into effect. The emphasis will be placed on rowing, sailing, tennis, swimming, handball—sports which a person may play all his life to keep him physically fit. Basketball, football, and baseball will also figure in the schedule. The men more in need of development will be singled out and given extra instruction and exercise.

Because of this athletic program, graduates will be equipped in every respect to fulfill CMA's motto:
"TO WORK, TO FIGHT, WE ARE READY."

CADETS SWING IN VALLEJO

Last Friday night the cadet corps gave their fall cruise dance in the colorfully decorated girls' gymnasium at the Vallejo High School. The Midshipmen and their guests, the very charming girls of Vallejo, spent four hours of dancing to the gay and harmonious music of Mare Island's S.R.U. Orchestra. During the evening Doug "Hot Licks" Van Sicklen gave the crowd a thrill with a few numbers on the drums. Neil Cook and Duane Kollasch, Marvin Tripp and George Detweiler also performed for the benefit of the swooning guests.

Refreshments were served throughout the evening on several large tables around the dance floor.

Among those present were Captain Mayo, Lt. Commander and Mrs. Rasch, Lt. Commander and Mrs. Miller, and many other officers of the Academy's staff.

About one year ago these same girls who were entertained at the fall cruise dance gave a dance for the Corps in honor of their moving to Vallejo. These dances have been the subject of much enjoyment to the Midshipmen; they are deeply grateful for the kind and gracious way they were received by the people of Vallejo.

SWABS CAVORT AT SEMI-ANNUAL SMOKER

Again the officers and cadets of CMA were invited to attend another traditional "Swab Smoker." The third classmen, although handicapped with preparing for mid-term exams and having little time for rehearsal, managed to give a very original and smooth-running show.

The smoker included the third class interpretation of life at CMA, complete with imitations of officers and upper classmen; selections by the Academy's first real orchestra, lead by Third Classman Marsh; several songs by Kollasch and Ezell, and a number of exciting boxing matches.

One of the highlights of the evening was the introduction of a new and original song by Marsh called "We Are the Men of the Merchant Marine," a stirring march with clever lyrics.

Committee chairmen were: Kollasch, smoker chairman; Brodsky, skits; Marsh, music; Graham, boxing, and the clever Wieland acting as M.C.

Those participating in the fights were: Chambers vs. Sooy, with Chambers winning the decision; Cree vs. Mirkovich, Mirkovich winning the decision; Love vs. Karasky, resulting in a draw; Graves vs. Everson, the latter winning; Fogleman vs. Hatcher, decision to Fogleman; Bergum vs. Clendenny, Clendenny winning by a technical KO in the second round; Wilson vs. McLeod, McLeod's decision, and the feature fight of the evening, Corlett vs. Dazey, ending in a draw.

Those of the third class not mentioned here took part in the show as part of the orchestra, acting as gay cigarette girls, or helping out wherever they could.

As tradition would have it, the Smoker ended in the riotous singing of the old "Schoolship Song" by all in attendance.

The third class is to be congratulated and praised for the talents and efforts shown at their smoker.

APA LAUNCHED IN MEMORY OF FORMER TRAINING SHIP

On September 4th, at Wilmington, California, the California Shipbuilding Corporation launched the U. S. S. ST. MARY'S (APA-126).

The first ST. MARY'S to serve in the U. S. Navy was built just one hundred years ago. After a long and eventful career in the Navy, serving as one of the ships in Commodore Perry's fleet in the opening of Japan, this ship, in 1874, became the training ship of the New York State Maritime Academy and it was at their suggestion that APA-126 was christened the U. S. S. ST. MARY'S.

Chosen to command the new attack-transport was Commander Edward R. Glosten, USNR, who graduated in 1908, with the last class to train aboard the old ST. MARY'S. For the past year, Commander Glosten has been Commandant of Cadets at the Academy.

RUSH 262 NEW SHIPS ON JOINT STAFF BID

Contracts for 262 additional cargo ships and tankers were placed by the Maritime Commission recently at "the urgent request" of the Joint Army and Navy Chiefs of Staff.

All the ships are "vitaly needed for the prosecution of the war," the Commission's announcement said, and must be completed before July 1, 1945. The contracts called for 174 Victory ships, 7 large tankers, 36 coastal cargo ships, 30 vessels of the fast, standard C-1 type, and 15 vessels of the C-2 class.

Twenty of the 10,500-ton Victory ships were assigned to the record-breaking yard of the Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation, at Portland. Sixty-five of the Victories will be built by Permanente Metals Corporation, at Richmond, California; 45 by the California Shipbuilding Corporation, at Wilmington, California, and 44 by the Bethlehem-Fairfield Shipyard, at Baltimore. The new contracts lift the total of Victory ships to be built to 520.

All seven of the large T-2 tankers will be built by the Alabama Dry-dock and Shipbuilding Company at Mobile. The Mariner Corporation at Sausalito, California, already has received a contract for eight similar tankers.

The North Carolina Shipbuilding Corporation at Wilmington, North Carolina, received a contract for 15 additional vessels of 9,700 tons each, for the Commission's C-2-S-AJI type.

Contracts for four 5,000 ton ships of the C-1-M-AVI type were awarded to the Pennsylvania Shipyards, Inc., at Beaufort, Tex., and for 26 more to the Consolidated Steel Corporation, at Wilmington, California.

EXCHANGE OF DOCTORS

The Binnacle regrets to announce that Dr. J. D. Moore has left CMA. The Doctor came aboard some ten months ago ready to heal the sick and teach the art of healing to his first aid students. He had not conducted many classes before his subtle humor was discovered, only one of the many things that made him so popular with all who knew him. Dr. Moore, while on duty with the schoolship, was advanced from Lt. to Lt. Comdr. He is now going to San Diego to study surgery—then back to the business of war where men of his training are so badly needed. He will have with him all the luck and good wishes The Binnacle can offer him.

Dr. S. P. Norman is back on board the "Golden State" in Dr. Moore's place. Dr. Norman is not exactly a new officer here. He has served as ship's doctor on two previous occasions, the first in 1935 when he made a cruise to New Zealand on the "Golden State" (then the "California State"), and the second in 1943 when he spent a few months with us at the Ferry Building in San Francisco. The Midshipmen are looking forward to talking with Dr. Norman about the "old schoolship days," a topic often brought up.

The doctor practiced in Long Beach prior to his entering the Navy. He came to CMA after duty somewhere in the Southwest Pacific.

LIFEBOAT REQUIREMENTS CUT ON LIBERTY SHIPS

The number of lifeboats carried by all Liberty ships which received their first inspection certificates during the past year and a half may henceforth be reduced from six to four, provided each vessel making this reduction carries at least two new-type liferafts, under terms of an order issued at the request of the War Shipping Administration by Vice Admiral R. R. Waesche, Commandant, U. S. Coast Guard.

The order, which was issued after WSA complained that its operation of Liberty ships was being impeded by safety laws requiring 15 cubic feet of lifeboat space per man on all vessels, reduces the minimum requirement by one-third to ten cubic feet per man.

Acting under special wartime regulations, Admiral Waesche waived existing Maritime Inspection and Navigation laws "to the extent that ocean and coastwise vessels of the EC-2 (Liberty) type receiving their first certificates of inspection after January 1st, 1943, shall be permitted to operate with four lifeboats, each having a cubic-carrying capacity calculated on the basis of 10 cubic feet per person: Provided, that at least two of the liferafts required by Section 153.2 (b), Subchapter O, on such vessels shall be of the improved type which shall be carried so that one improved type liferaft shall be stowed on one side of the vessel forward and the other improved type raft is stowed on the opposite side of the vessel aft.

The waiver of existing safety laws was authorized under an order of the Acting Secretary of the Navy, dated October 1, 1942, authorizing such waivers in the discretion of the Commandant, USCG, in the case of vessels engaged in business connected with the conduct of the war.

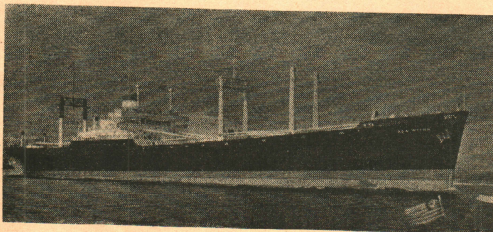


Photo shows the M. S. Sea Witch, first C-2 motor vessel built by the Tampa Shipbuilding Corp. The Sea Witch is powered by 4 twin Nordberg Diesel engines.



"Aw, come on. Slopshute honey. I haven't been to the 'Mark' in ages!"

WEATHER WISDOM

Editor's Note: This is the fifth of a series of articles on weather, compiled from the notebook of Captain Claude B. Mayo, and reprinted through his courtesy. Others will appear in each issue of The Binnacle.

"He that would have a bad day mawn gang out in a fog after a frist."—Scotch saying.

"When fog goes up, the rain is der,
When fog goes down 'twill rain some more."

"When the mist creeps up the hill,
Fisher out and try your skill.
When the mist begins to nod
Fisher then put by your rod."

One of the most common causes of fog is condensation which results from the radiation during the clear still nights of the Earth's surface heat when there is no wind to move the cold air on the surface. This type of fog is more prevalent in summer as there is a greater temperature range and more water present in the air.

The flow of humid air over relatively cold surfaces is another common cause of fog.

When the upper air is dry, a fog soon clears.

DECK SERIES No. 5



'SEA - KNOWS'

TAKING OVER WATCH

Study Chart before taking over the Watch;

Be familiar with vessel's position;

And, be certain that the course will clear all outlying dangers.

Know the deviation and variation for the present or for later courses occurring during your Watch.

Characteristics of lights should be known in order to recognize them when sighted.

(Continued in Series No. 6)

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DECK SERIES No. 6



'SEA - KNOWS'

TAKING OVER WATCH
(Continued)

Read the Master's Night Order Book carefully and sign it; look over the Bridge Log Book; note the Barometer; check your watch with the chronometers.

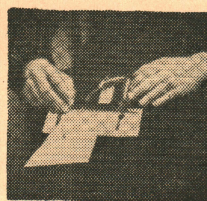
Make sure the wheel house and engine room clocks check exactly.

Before relieving the Watch Officer, be sure he gives you all the information required and that Lookouts and Helmsman have been relieved.

THE WATCH OFFICER IS NOT RELIEVED UNTIL THE COURSE HAS BEEN PASSED, AND THIS SHOULD BE DONE IN A RAPID AND EFFICIENT MANNER.

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ENGINE SERIES No. 5



'SEA - KNOWS'

HORSEPOWER

Engineers use the term "HORSEPOWER" in two meanings:

FIRST, as a measure of the rate of work;

SECOND, as an approximate measure of size, capacity, or "rating."

Some of the terms used by Marine Engineers, to define "HORSEPOWER," are as follows:

- (a) BOILER HORSEPOWER — This unit is defined as the evaporation of $34\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of water per hour from and at 212° F. This is a measure of the capacity of a boiler.

(Continued in Series No. 6)

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ENGINE SERIES No. 6



'SEA - KNOWS'

HORSEPOWER
(Continued)

- (b) INDICATED HORSEPOWER — This unit is the true measure of the work done within the cylinder of a steam engine of oil or gas engine.

- (c) SHAFT HORSEPOWER — This unit is the true measure of the work delivered by the engine to the propeller shaft.

- (d) EFFECTIVE HORSEPOWER — This unit is the true measure of the work done by the propeller in moving the ship through the water.

- (e) NOMINAL HORSEPOWER — This unit is convenient mode of describing the dimensions of a steam engine.

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VICTORY SHIP PRAISED AFTER GLOBAL MAIDEN VOYAGE

The first Victory ship to circle the globe has triumphantly completed her maiden voyage, the War Shipping Administration announced. She is the S. S. POLAND VICTORY, one of the speedy successors to the Liberty ship being built for carrying war cargoes and for post-war trade. Delivered from the Portland yard of the Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation for the Maritime Commission on March 19, she has already sailed 26,000 miles. In addition to being the first Victory ship to go around the world, the POLAND VICTORY was the first of its type to cross the Pacific, first to go through the Panama Canal, and first to visit the Atlantic Seaboard, where she has now reached port. She was the third Victory ship to go into service.

Operated for the War Shipping Administration by the Isthmian Steamship Company, New York City, the POLAND VICTORY is commanded by Captain Leonard Duks of San Francisco, veteran of 38 years at sea. Of the vessel's performance he says:

"The POLAND VICTORY fulfills every promise that was made for this type of ship even when it was in the blueprint stage. If ever a ship was suitable for post-war cargo-carrying operations that is equal to this one, which is second to none, and equal to the finest, I have yet to hear of or see it."

"This vessel is not only speedy but economical of operation. Even now I can see how satisfying it will be in post-war days to be able to guarantee quick delivery of our bills of lading. If this Victory ship is a forerunner of what is to come, there never need be any cause for worry about the future of the American Merchant Marine."

Engineer and Deck Officers of the POLAND VICTORY echoed Captain Duks' praise of the vessel's mechanical efficiency. In the course of the three and a half months' voyage several bad storms were encountered and once heavy weather came in the wake of a hurricane. The ship pitched considerably, they reported, but added that the flare of a Victory's hull is such that heavy seas are thrown off and only spray comes aboard. They said the vessel had no vibration and rolling was negligible.

LIBERTY SHIP'S GUNS POUNDED NORMANDY FOE

Liberty ships that took part in the invasion of France stood ready and loaded three weeks before D-Day, hidden away in British ports where they awaited word to join the greatest seaborne operation in history, the War Shipping Administration has disclosed.

Hundreds of civilian volunteer merchant seamen and officers took their ships to France to back up the bridgehead established by the Armed Forces. In at least one instance a merchant ship's guns were turned on German positions above the Normandy beaches, it was reported.

The W.S.A. also disclosed that more than 70 merchant marine Distinguished Service Medals had been awarded so far to officers and seamen and that more than 43,000 seamen who have served on a ship "directly attacked or damaged by an instrumentality of war" have applied for the Merchant Marine Combat Bar.

The Mariner's Medal with ribbon bar is awarded merchant seamen who suffer serious physical injury or death as the result of enemy action. Five hundred of these have been presented since the last National Maritime Day, May 22, when the first awards were made. Hundreds of other cases have been authenticated and medals are being presented constantly, the W.S.A. said.

Among those who have received the combat bar are three women crew members who were on voyages when the war broke out. These women had to abandon ship when the vessels on which they were serving were lost through enemy action.

STAG MEETING

There will be a short business meeting at the Army and Navy Club, 560 Sutter Street, on Friday, October 13th. Come in and try your luck with the pasteboards and refreshments.

This is not a dinner meeting; our next sociable is on November 10th.

Quarterly Financial Report: Gross assets, \$1886.41; gross liabilities, \$562.53; net assets, \$1123.88. Total 1944-45 paid memberships to date, 133.

TWO YOUNGEST MASTERS

It is now officially known that the two youngest Masters in the United States are California Maritime Academy graduates. The first to hold this title was William C. McCaffrey of San Pedro who graduated in January 1942. Young McCaffrey, who just recently celebrated his 23rd birthday, holds the rank of Commander in the U. S. Maritime Service.

Newest claimant to being the youngest skipper is Harlan C. Hall, class of July 1942, who still has months to go before his 23rd birthday will be completed. Harlan hails from Diamond Springs, California, and is now shipping with the Calmar Steamship Company.

Both men are to be highly congratulated on their "amazing" show of intelligence and initiative. It just proves that statement: "It's a youth's war, in the air, on the land, and on the sea."

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

Captain Mayo: "Whe' a' the Midshipmen?"

Lt. Comdr. Rasch: "We'll have to take some dis-CIP-linary action."

Lt. Comdr. Miller: "Where are the first classmen?"

Lt. Comdr. Tubbs: "How about that, Mr. Larson?"

Lt. Norman (Doc): "You won't ever run into that."

Lt. Brackett: "Take for arguments sake—"

Lt. Summerill: "Well, when I was in the China seas—"

Lt. Bennett: "Carry on, carry on."

Mr. Warwick: "Just a ——— hair more."

Lt. Davis: "Now don't get any funny ideas."

Lt. Dunlop: "You're close, but you haven't quite got it."

THE MISADVENTURES OF SLOPSHUTE JERK

By Carpenter and Casey

Cruise had begun! Once again the nimble middies have unraveled the results of Mr. Miller's unique system of knitting the mooring lines, and for the time being the Great Grey Ghost is at the mercy of "Perils of the Sea." Once again the call of wind and spray has called the midshipmen back to bay. As we set our scene, a bay laring man is dozing in the sun, his bronzed, hardened body gently undulating to the rhythmic roll that sailors learn to love. Far behind, the Stone Frigate is disappearing into a shimmering haze, and the cries of the wheeling seagulls is a sweet "Bon Voyage" to Slopshute's ears. "Stop here!" He snags at the swab who is pushing the wheelbarrow. "This is close enough, now help me get my gear aboard." He leaps down to the dock from a gigantic pile of radios, slates, bedlamps, and beer bottles. He turns, to confront Mr. Erickson. He turns again to confront the swab. "Do you want me to help you get YOUR gear aboard?" Now comes the problem of getting the gear aboard.

The gangway is no soogee, because it's high tide and he left his alpenstock in his room. Jerk gets a very subtle plan. Dividing the pile into two parts, he stuffs all the bulky articles into cardboard boxes and labels them "Pears," "Prunes," and "Peaches." After concealing them amongst the stores he details a swab to retrieve them after the messmen haul them aboard, and turns to the remaining pile. Walking down the dock he finds a port at just about the right height. He peers inside and sees his bunk, Flashback McFirebricks sleeping in the dimly lit interior. "Perfect" chortles Slopshute, "this must be right next to my bunk." He tosses the gear through the door and goes below to stow it in his locker.

No gear. So he rushes back to the dock to count the port holes. Number twelve. Back in the berth deck he counts up to eleven and bangs his head on a bulkhead. Two hours later he comes back to his locker, having fished all of the clothes he could locate out of the engine room bilges. Opening the locker he finds six assorted cartons of pears, prunes, and peaches—six trips to lower four gets Slopshute all hot and bothered, so inasmuch as it's just about time for turn-to anyway, he strips down for a shower. After about fifteen minutes of reveling in an alternately hot and cold, fresh water and salt water shower (liberally seasoned with choice blends of fuel oil and boiler compound), Jerk is electrified to hear issuing from the blower system the grim message, "ATTENTION! ATTENTION! Deck watch to berth deck—Deploy—Deplov—Khakie—Khakie—Sighted descending after berth deck ladder, bearing, Broadway, speed four sacks per minute, course, forward berth deck Out." "Roger, will-co," screams Slopshute.

It's Mr. Miller. Slightly mystified at a rather small turn-to formation (four men, if you can call swabs men) he heads for the after berth deck ladders, with the intention of thoroughly exploring the darkest inner regions of this inner sanctum of the sly ones. Scarcely has his mind been made up before there is a crescendo of rattling chain, as the lower sacks are triced up, he

hits the deck in a smoky haze of hurtling dungarees. The terror winces at the sound of clanging destroyer hatches. "Jiminy Crickets! They've done it again!" Suddenly his eyes light up, and he grins evilly. Clearly audible over the faint rustling sound of fugitive footfalls is the splashing of Jerk's shower. After checking his pockets for report sheet and pencil, Miller stalks the shower room like a Ranger-trained Raider on a Commando raid. As he stealthily sticks his foot through the gate, the shower goes off and he sees a towel disappear from the racks. With a sudden horrible anxiety gripping his heart, Mr. Miller plunges around the partition between the showers and the wash-bowls only to see the corner of a soap dish flash around the other end.

Spinning on a dime, he leaps over the partition just as the gate clangs shut. Pausing only to pick up the dime, he takes up the pursuit. Tracing the clamor of clacks he corners a suspicious puddle of water at the intersection of 42nd street and Passion Alley. He smirks in satisfaction, as the only escape possible would be through the six inch vent to the blower line. Stealthily he commences tightening the trap. Twice he comes into shadowy contact with his quarry, once as a locker top falls shut, and again when a dungaree shirt disappears from his hands as he is searching through the pockets. Finally he runs the fugitive to ground in the overheads of the darkest corner in Tinker's Hollow. Sighting a foot, he dives . . . clutches. After a brief struggle he finds himself in possession of the screen covering the outlet to the blower system. As he stares at the screen in bewilderment, he is startled by the screech of rending metal, and looks up in time to see a large bulge boring rapidly through the overhead blower pipes. With a howl of frustration he leaps to the switch and turns on the motor. There is a scream of agonized terror, and a blue shirt flops around in the fan. But the bulge escapes. Mr. Miller falls to the deck and beats his fists against the planks in a fit of pique.

Suddenly a horrible scream rings out from the after berth deck ladders. A gleam of hope flashes through "The Terror's" eyes. Leaping to his feet, he rushes to a scene of utter carnage. Thrashing about in the cleverly concealed net which is stretched across the companion way is Slopshute Jerk. He is hopelessly ensnared by the countless fish hooks that have been cleverly wired throughout the fiendish contrivance. "Cut him loose," orders the tiger of turn-to, "and make sure you don't bend those fish hooks."

Jerk is turning to. He has been given a three-man crew to help him move the after gangway 47 centimeters. (An interesting note concerning the three third classmen working for Jerk. For the past three months they have sat next to each other in class, all three of their names are Jasper McFrenzy, they all come from the same town, all their mother's names are Fanny McFrenzy, who also comes from the same town, their fathers are all in prison for embezzling the same bank, and yet they are not related in any way. They are also joined together at the forehead.) Jerk spends the first part of the turn-to period rigging a double Spanish burton off a triple shear-legged luff, with schooner guys to sky hooks. The hauling part he ingeniously leads through 42 fair leads to a nigger head on the carriage of a Binnacle office typewriter. "Have you moved that gangway yet, Jerk?" "Taking up 142 more fathoms of slack should do it, sir!" "Look! It's moving!" scream the three McFrenzies. And so it is. Just as Jerk's arm disappears through the first fairlead, the gangway falls into place. "Commendable" beams Mr. Miller. "Just the way I would have done it." Tears fill Jerk's eyes. "Don't try to talk now," soothes E. C. "Just let me hold you, I want to remember you always, just as you are now. A superb example of seamanship. Superb!"

SEA DUST

Middle: "Mother, are there any sky-scrapers in heaven?"
Mom: "Oh, no, son. Engineers build sky-scrapers."

Fred: "Why darling, your eyes are GREEN!"
Marcia: "Bout time you looked at my face."

The bus driver charged a lady full fare (10c) for her son. He had on long pants.

At the next corner a small boy wearing short trousers paid only 5c (half fare).

At the next stop, a lady mounted the bus and he didn't charge her anything.

YOU HAVE AN EVIL MIND—THE LADY HAD A TRANSFER.

First little baby in a maternity ward: "I'm a little boy baby."
Second of the same: "How do you know?"

First: "My name is Henry."

Viv: "Do you wanna spoon?"

Milt: "Spoon? What's spooning?"

Viv: "Why, look at those other couples over there; that's spooning."

Milt: "Well, if that's spooning, let's shovel!"

Dean: "Know you? Why, I knew you when your mother got kicked out of college."

Vivian: "Stop."

Mac: "I won't."

Viv: (with a sigh of relief) "All right, I've done my duty."

In order to classify the new pupil, the teacher was asking him a few key questions.

"Who gave us this beautiful school?"

"President Roosevelt," was the matter-of-fact reply.

"Who gave us our wonderful cross-country highways?"

"President Roosevelt."

"Who makes the trees grow and the flowers bloom?"

This time the lad answered, "God."

Immediately a voice piped up from the rear, "Throw that Republican out!" —Coronet

A native Californian—"and proud of it"—died and went to Heaven. St. Peter greeted him with a defensive glare. "Come in and look around," he said, "but I know you won't like it."

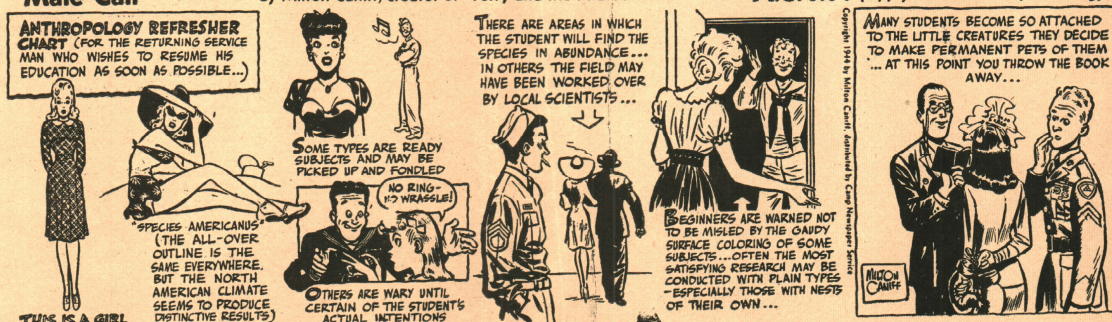
The three presidents who were assassinated—Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, and William McKinley — were all Republicans.

When someone asked Mr. Miller what single book he would like to have if he were marooned on a desert island, he promptly replied, "Thomas' Guide to Practical Shipbuilding."

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

A.S.T.P. (Apply Science to Propositioning)



GISMO

From now on, Ivan Brandt will be called "Dagwood." . . . Moeller has been named the "Biggest Bleeder" in the Academy and was awarded an appropriate token of authority. . . . Coleman's head is showing the results of extremely high altitude precision bombing. . . . "Uncle Bill" Zahl is finally giving up—the pace was too much for him. . . . Marvin Hall returning to Rio Nido soon to further his study in "Techniques of Bridge Maintenance." . . . Sweeney expects to hear from the Coast Guard soon about replacing one of the fog horns near the Golden Gate—he could be near home all the time that way. . . . Wolfskill walking on air since he got that "LETTER" from his "ENSIGN" (mine—all mine!!)

Schwimmer opening a canteen in the berth deck. . . . Hehr trying to insert a light bulb in the inspection glass. . . . Dunning, McKune, Rados and Stephenson practicing "big business" in the classroom with the monopoly set. . . . Klein studying navigation via Ernie Pyle's "Here Is Your War." . . . Marvin Hall (need we say more???) . . . If you need a wife, see Spieller (paid advertisement). . . . Stephenson (MEOD) putting Zahl on report for general principles (a mean one). . . . "Astern Full" Robison, or "You Steer—I'll Do The Rest."

Moeller starting a taxi service to the East Bay regions—his seats are reserved for the half-inchers. . . . "Beer for Breakfast" Barton, also known as "Boozer." . . . Stephenson, the Salt Water Engineer, providing the entire ship's company with a taste of the Bay. . . . The sacred berth deck area of Rados and Dunning—all the comforts of home.

Lt. Erickson imitating Task Force 58—quick, painful raids. . . . Rados has been expelled from the engine room.

ENSIGN ARLENE ZIMMERMAN — RAHI RAHI RAHI! (Wolfskill wanted six cheers for her but we couldn't give him that much space). . . . The Happy Valley Boys all have their rings back now (Spieller, Krog, Cummings, Sweeney, Klein). . . . Hall and Depew fishing for mermaids (an' we ain't kiddin'). . . . Stradley dropping a nickel in the slot and trying to make a long distance phone call in the middle of North Bay. . . . Hey, Hodges, when are you going to learn the laws of centrifugal force???. . . . Rados and McKune testing sound acoustics in their electrical engineering class. . . . Wolfskill and Greig sub-letting choice suites in their aisles to applicants of approved social standing. . . . Aluevich Aluevich Aluevich Aluevich Aluevich (you will see this in every issue—he ordered it).

HEY—JOHNSON, GET OUT OF YOUR SACK—IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR GRADUATION!!!!

Lt. Summerill wearing red and green socks with his khakis (very salty—teaches the boys the difference between port and starboard that way). . . . Sweeney washing down the classroom and Lower No. 3 by opening the valve on the fire hydrant, then removing the cap. . . . Dazey reporting strange, mysterious noises on the bridge (the clicking of the gyro repeater plus the usual water hammers). . . . Sooy rings the number of bells according to what time it is—1000, 10 bells; 1030, 10 loud bells and one soft one. . . . Presenting C.M.S.A.—The California Maritime Salvage Association, score thus far: Two wherries, two skiffs, and a brand new, beautifully equipped motor whaleboat (thnx to Stork). . . . Schwimmer catching up on his long-due correspondence with the help of the Third Class (wouldn't you like to write to a lonesome soldier overseas??)

Thanks to the Navy Drydock signalman for notifying Watch Officer Swanson to turn off his lights at sunrise, hoist the anchor, shape and lower the bean rag the other day in North Bay (Swanson even had to get a second classman on the bridge to read the blinker). . . . Smith asking Mr. Dunlop what class cruiser a "shakedown cruise" was. . . . Hatcher calls himself a "24-hour hot potato." . . . Gismo, in the last issue, calling a "Matthew Walker" knot a "Nathaniel Walker" knot. . . . Corlett washing the hawsepipe down instead of the anchor cable.

Mr. Brackett putting Baxter on report for smoking a cigarette (his first). . . . Ed Miller imitating Van Sicklen by saying "you get on the rear of a wave, then row like mad!" . . . Brodsky and his WAHOOMAGOOCHIE bird imitations.

Dunning COMPLETELY off his nut after handling his first throttle watch.

Corky Lawrence has a new hobby of collecting street lanterns on liberty—he now owns seven. . . . Everson has to fill out "honorable discharge" papers every time he goes to the head. . . . Detweiler sandpapering his way through the steel locker doors. . . . Lieutenant Commander Edwin C. Miller wants more naked pin-up girls in the Binnacle. . . . Alfred Johnson—kuwote—You gonna put my name in this issue??—unkuwote. . . . Baxter calling Krog a "wandering mental delinquent!!!!"

Toot (no answer)—toot (answering toot)—Golden State veers to starboard, LCT veers to port—toot toot toot toot—ASTERN FULL—ASTERN EMERGENCY FULL—LCT continues across bow of Golden State, oblivious of any signals—and that, ladies and gentlemen, was the saga of the almost inevitable collision between the "Great Grey Ghost" and an LCT.

With all the galley slaves backing on their oars with all possible force, a collision that may have spelled "finish" for the California Maritime Academy was averted. Evidently, the skipper of this landing craft had no knowledge of the basic fundamentals of the rules of the road as he cut across our bow with barely 40 yards to spare. Betting odds were high on the outcome of who would cross first but if our engines had not been reversed, the Navy would have had one less landing barge and possibly one less training ship.

Lt. Summerill thinks that the first class is now so adept at handling motorboats from WATCHING previous first classes that he now permits the lower classes to make the weekly trips in them. . . . Poor Dickie Moore—he's promised to take six different girls to the graduation dance. . . . Jahnson recently got an altitude intercept of 6,940.2 miles for the star Dubhe—that puts him in the wastes of the Siberian wilds. . . . Mr. Tubbs telling the first class about the farmer that used to be a third mate and made a mistake in navigation. . . . Carpenter taking a bearing on the forward anchor light then complaining that the charts weren't up to date. . . . Visit the HALLEPROBB-JOESPLAMISIMO arsenal in the forward berth deck—everything from Buffalo Bill's six-shooter to the latest German Luger. . . . Rados spending at least 12 hours in his sack daily. . . . Seems like since the last issue some of the engagements have been broken — Lee and Robb are on the loose again. . . . Marsh is quite the card in his seamanship class—the ass of spades.

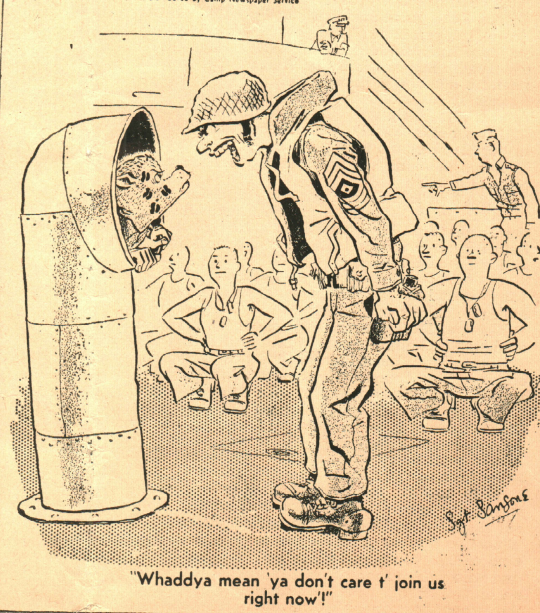
QUESTION OF THE MONTH: What is the technical meaning of "isobar?"

ANSWER: An "isobar" is nothing but a refrigerated cocktail lounge.

The Wolf

by Sansone

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ALUMNI NEWS

Ben Carlson, July '42, and Ed Berryman of the same class are together in the South Pacific helping out the Navy. Both were in on the invasion of Tinian and Saipan. How about writing—we'd like to have more details.

Gerald Hodgkinson, June '44, just completed his first trip. He says he's on one of McCormick's Victories and states, "Man—what speed!" Enjoyed himself immensely down in New Guinea and is looking forward to meeting some of the boys.

F. G. Doan, December '42, recently crossed the Atlantic with a convoy and spent his spare time blinkering with Dick Cole of the same class until the skipper disrupted their communications. How many of you have met a buddy or two "out there?"

Thanks again to Lt. Comdr. J. A. Paterson for being so helpful in the Alumni News department . . . you'll never know.

C. B. "Harpo" Carpenter is also a pilot in lighter-than-air craft. This brings to two the total of CMA grads that are in this service. The other is Lt. S. W. Grabowski, class of '39.

Lt. Joe Shader, '34, is the senior engineering officer on an ammunition ship. Lt. Comdr. Ed Haddon is on a new transport. Come on guys, send us some of those details so we won't have to worry so much!

Lt. Comdr. Paterson and Lt. Haddon ran into Ray Russel, '34, who just entered the Naval Reserve after being in command of a Matson ship for a year.

Paul Marinovich and Ray Alfsen, both of June '44, are shipping as Third and Junior Third, respectively, on a new Victory. Really enjoying themselves.

The class of June '44—Leo Ewart shipping Third on a C-1. Jimmy Muhlstein is Third on a Liberty, also Harold Banks. Dave Anderson is Junior Third on a Victory.

F. J. Doerr, June '43, is Second Mate on a C-2.

C. Urban Jackson, December '43, recently paid his Alma Mommy a visit. He's attending Up-grade School now and had lots to say—but we can't print it.

Scotty Anderson is navigator on a sub tender.

Charlie Hake requested that we send all his BEST REGARDS to the class of '38.

Bob Myers, '44, did himself up proud by sending in lots of dope. Here goes—He says it's really a swell feeling to find the schoolship men in some strange port when you feel friendless as a stray dog. Said while in Honolulu, he ran into so many you could've knocked him over with a report sheet. Imagine seeing Gordon Fake strolling down Fort Street in a brand new flowery Hawaiian sport shirt. "Ape" by the way, is on a C-2. Bob went on Dave Anderson's and Bob Kelly's ship. Saw Dean Ross on the beach. Bumped into Stel Andrew and saw Dave Campbell taking a dip at the officer's club.

Jack T. McDonald and Richard E. Jenness are shipping with A. P. L. and "Wild Bill" Grundy with General Steamship Co.

Louis Rossi, '38, asked all his brothers to pray while he went up for his skipper's ticket—are congrats in order????

Ralph Newman has been visiting Hollandia of late and sends regards to all.

H. C. Karr is a Chief Engineer with Union Oil.

M. C. Dunn is Second and Ray Racouillat is Chief Mate on the same ship. They saw Jensen and Main on the Matsonia, Seth Hargrave who is Mate on a C-2, and Crutcher who is Second Mate on a Liberty.

They passed the T.S.G.S. recently and Schwimmer and Cowan had a quick talk by blinker.

Gordon "DOC" Greene, December '43, is in San Francisco attending Up-Grade School. Marriage is in the near offing.

Gene Cozzi, December '43, still hasn't returned from his first cruise to New Guinea. He says that to punish the Japs after the war, the authorities ought to make them live there.

Alumni Note—In order to gain entrance to the Army-Navy Club when not in uniform in San Francisco, you must show your Alumni membership card. Those who wish to join the club should communicate with either Lieutenant Commander E. C. Miller here at the Academy, or Captain Williamson at the Club.

From now on, the Binnacle Staff is leaving all alumni news to you, the alumni. We're sick and tired of beating our brains out to gather odd bits of information about you guys when it's almost no trouble at all for you to drop a card and tell us what kind of ship you're on, where you've been, what rank you hold, and who you've seen. This is our ultimatum to you. No letters—no alumni column. But then again—thanks for the response on the information forms. We've received over 50 (8 per cent of total alumni).

THREE YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE . . .

By Milt

September, 1941.

The second edition of the HANDYBILLY was published. Its 48 pages revealed all—well, practically all—about life at CMA and only TEN cents, too.

"Ima Hermit" was solving problems of love for the candidates for the Foreign Legion. One bright young thing, in despair, asked: "Dear Ima, should I introduce my sister to an upperclassman?" Ima, always on the cheerful side, answered: "What has she ever done to you?"

The ship's classroom took on the appearance of a cocktail lounge with the addition of several new chairs and sofas. The Midshipmen were patiently waiting for the promised fluorescent lighting, an example of which they had already seen on the mess deck.

Mr. William Bellamy returned to his Alma Mater as an Engineering Officer on the training ship. He had just completed a successful three years in the maritime industry following graduation from CMA in 1938.

The fishing club finally made a positive statement: "Three mediocre bass of RARE specie."

The TS California State loosed her mooring at Pier 54, San Francisco, and, with the help of two tugs, made her way over to Slip No. 2 at the Ferry Building. All the boys were eager to help erect the classrooms in the Ferry Building, but were anxious to hear some good news about a permanent base. Meanwhile they were happy to be so near the "Y" and trolley service to all parts of the big city.

The Seapuppy, L. R. Petersen, introduced two bits of Sea Slang to end all sea slang, namely: "Boat your oars, swab; this table is full and down; rouse out and give way outboard." The second went: "Two block your impeller plates, slushpumps. It's getting so you can't get your B.T.U.'s without having to ship a lot of scuttlebutt rumors." Landlubbers' versions are as follows: "Put your silverware on your plate, fourth classman, this table is crowded enough. Move over and give me some room." The second, transposed, reads something like this: "Forefooters, (Fourth classmen), keep quiet; it's getting so you can't even eat anymore without having to listen to a lot of idle rumors."

EDITOR, THE BINNACLE
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