



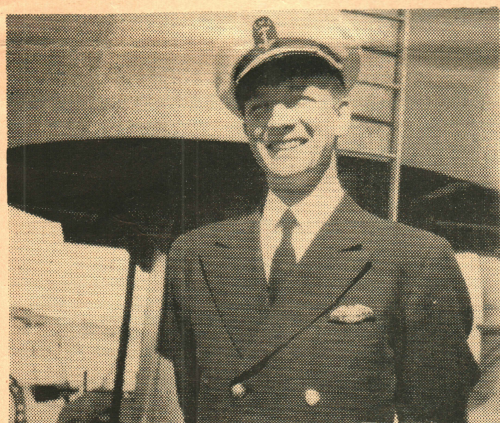
THE BINNACLE

Vol II, No. 7

CARQUINEZ STRAITS

July, 1944

Eventful Term Begins



MIDSHIPMAN JAMES G. SIELER

MESSAGE TO THIRD CLASS

Welcome to the new third class and congratulations upon your appointments as Midshipmen, M.M.R., of the United States Naval Reserve.

Although many hundreds have taken the entrance examination, you are among the comparative few who were chosen because of your scholastic attainment and indications of officer-like qualities. This achievement is not an end in itself but simply the beginning of the hard task of equipping yourselves with the experience and knowledge necessary to become leaders of men. You are indeed fortunate in entering the Academy because while fitting yourselves to serve your country at war, you are also preparing for a lifetime career.

Life at sea is not easy. It requires the utmost of brawn and brain. The training and discipline that you will receive and the problems you will meet and must solve will prepare you for the rigors of life aboard ship.

Regardless of what you have read in fiction or the public prints, life at sea is not a program of "Grog and Gravy" but a routine of self sacrifice and consideration for your men involving not only skill and intelligence but high principles and honor.

Many of your number are very young and most of you are away from home for the first time. Because of the emergency of the times, the course of instruction has been shortened and intensified. This means that you must give the fullest attention and cooperation in all situations that are presented to you. Here, COOPERATION is not an empty word but is broken down to its essential meaning—WORKING TOGETHER—and I do mean WORKING. An efficient life at sea depends upon your ability to work with and for others, therefore you will find this one of the fundamentals of your training here.

Nobody gets anymore out of a situation than he puts into it and your cooperation will determine the measure of your profit.

JAMES E. SIELER,
Midshipman Captain.

New Third Class Arrives

FIND CHARLIE NOBLE!

Once more the sacred grounds of CMA have been invaded by a group of aspiring young men hoping to achieve the position of Merchant officers. Truly one of the largest classes ever to enter CMA, these 51 ambitious characters are being molded into the type of leaders and technicians the sea-going forces of our country require. All over the Academy grounds, the shouts of "find Charlie Noble," "how cold is it?" "where is the port list?" and many other common nautical terms can be heard above the constant shout of "SWAB."

The new men soon learn to walk with a broom-stick posture and to keep that cap squared one finger above the eyebrows. Everyone but their own classmates are now Mr. and Sir (even the mascot) and there is no more anything like a wall, bed, steps, or up. Now the men go up the "ladder" "topsides" and go "below" to hit their "sack" which is near the port (left side looking forward) "bulkhead." Their heads now look like a 12-year-old boy that needs a shave.

On entering the Academy, a mimeographed sheet of paper was handed the third classmen stating: "SWAB" RULES OF THE CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY. These rules have been formulated as an aid. . . . Life aboard ship differs from the more irregular and confused life ashore. . . . Obey all orders cheerfully, willingly, and promptly. Never argue. . . . Watch your speech. Vulgarity and obscene language are not permitted. Thus the methods and means of accomplishing tasks are shown to the officers-to-be.

Just remember you men that recently entered, you are the cream of California's crop and you must conduct yourself as such. Don't think of the "suffering" you think you are enduring but rather the world of responsibilities that lies before you.

GRADUATION

Amidst the colorful decorations of the various flags of the Allied Nations, an impressive and dignified graduation was held for the sixth wartime class to graduate from the California Maritime Academy, the class of June, 1944.

Exercises began at 1430, 24 June, and the Academy's auditorium was filled with a capacity crowd. In fact, there were not enough seats available for the entire attendance and many friends and relatives of the graduating Midshipmen were forced to stand in the aisles and behind the doors. Estimates placed the number of people at over 550.

The commencement was honored with the presence of such dignitaries as Captain G. L. Markle, Captain Henry Blackstone, Dr. Joel T. Burkman, Rear Admiral M. Tisdale, Captain N. L. Queen, Mr. F. A. Bailey and many others, too numerous to mention.

Music was furnished by the Mare Island Navy Yard Band under the direction of Chief Musician P. K. Fisher, USN.

Farewell addresses were given by Midshipman Captain Walter E. Bernhardt and Midshipman Chief Engineer Thomas D. Lewis on behalf of their respective deck and engineering classes.

The fifty-four young officers-to-be were appropriately welcomed into the shipping world, and as Ensigns in the United States Naval Reserve. This was followed by the awarding of diplomas, commissions, and licenses.

THE BINNACLE WATCH

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Reporter	MIDSHIPMAN ALRED X. BAXTER

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

THE BINNACLE LIGHT

A word of warning to the third class concerning your position of Midshipmen, USNR. A short time ago you were civilians, considered by the nation as a potential source of power . . . for the most part unskilled in any craft that would be of use to a nation at war. Today, by the grace of your ambition and ability to pass an entrance exam, you are entitled to the uniform of an officer candidate. Through the generosity of a state and national policy that permits a worthy man to enjoy our profession without undergoing the impatient years that have in the past been the testimonial of your ability, you rank men, who, in experience, are far more qualified than you. For this reason, your uniform will command reserved respect. The final judgment is likely to concern you personally. Base your actions on this conclusion . . . if you choose to behave yourself in a manner befitting your position, you will be a credit to your uniform, otherwise, you will discredit both yourself and your shipmates. We say this because the Midshipmen of this Academy are few in number, and when on liberty, one man may be said to represent us all.

For this reason, we think that you will find that any deviation from the proper dignity and decorum, any indications of foppishness in dress, such as outside braid or non-regulation insignia will be dealt with harshly. Not only by the officers connected to the Academy, but by the senior Midshipmen . . . incidentally, until your dress uniforms arrive, your civilian liberty clothes will be under the strictest surveillance as to neatness and taste.

We think that upon consideration, the logic of the foregoing is apparent. But above and beyond any such argument the Binnacle may put forth should be your natural pride in your uniform as a badge of your position as a Midshipman of the California Maritime Academy. Such pride should be entirely sufficient in reminding you of the dignity of such position.

OPPORTUNITY AS ASSISTANT PORT REPRESENTATIVES, W. S. A.

The War Shipping Administration announced, recently, the opening of assignments as port operations assistants to graduates of State Maritime Academies and the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy who hold commissions as Ensigns in the United States Maritime Service.

Selected Deck and Engineer graduates, who qualify after indoctrination, will be assigned to important overseas shore positions at ports in which the War Shipping Administration is engaged in major activities. The principal purpose of these positions is to expedite the rapid turn-around of W. S. A. shipping in these ports; particularly in support of invasion forces. Deck men would assist in details concerning cargo handling, maneuvering of vessels, docking and anchoring in harbors; while Engineers will deal principally with repairs and fuel supply.

The pay and promotion system is similar to Civil Service, Foreign Duty; starting at approximately \$2,000 (base) and increasing through six pay grades to approximately \$5,600. Advancement is based upon experience in the position and merit of service.

Selections will be made from those graduates recommended by the Superintendents of the various academies. Credit will be allowed for business and foreign trade courses completed by the applicants or experience in this type of work.

California Maritime Academy Alumni who are interested in applying for these positions should submit a letter of experience and other qualifications to The Superintendent, California Maritime Academy, Carquinez Straits, Vallejo, Calif., for his recommendation and forwarding. Further information is available at the Academy.



Shown above is the new Binnacle staff. Left to right are Milton Klein, Managing Editor; John Carpenter, Editor-in-Chief; and Fred Schwimmer, Associate Editor.

UNITED STATES LINES

222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

The United States Lines can boast of owning the three largest American troop transports, AMERICA, WASHINGTON, and MANHATTAN. Besides this, this shipping company like others, is devoting all its resources to supplying far-flung battlefronts with vital war materials.

Data can be obtained on this line back to 1921, but it was not until 1930, when the fleet was acquired by the International Mercantile Marine Company, that the history of the United States Lines really began.

In 1921, a large fleet of vessels that had formerly been foreign ships and were interned at the outbreak of World War I, was used as an American-European run. This fleet included the ex-German liners GEORGE WASHINGTON and AMERICA and was operated under the trade name of United States Lines. In 1929 the fleet was again sold to a private company.

When the International Mercantile Marine purchased the fleet at the end of 1930, it consisted of the LEVIATHAN, then 20 years old, the PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and PRESIDENT HARDING, and two combination passenger-cargo ships of under 8000 gross tons. At the same time, the company purchased 5 Hog Island type vessels from another line to operate in the London service.

The United States Lines then completed the MANHATTAN and WASHINGTON, largest liners ever built in this country and the first large passenger vessels to be built here since 1905. These two vessels demonstrated to the management the soundness of their decision to turn from the building of giant liners to the medium sized luxury liner of about 22 knot speed and good cargo capacity as a much more profitable unit. In 1940, the new AMERICA came out, largest, fastest, and handsomest vessel ever built in this country, and although she was called to war service before completing much commercial experience, the few cruises she did make as a public vessel showed that she was what the public wanted in a ship.

A subsidiary of the U. S. Lines, the American Pioneer Line, maintaining a general cargo service to the Far East, Australia, New Zealand, and South Pacific Islands, had the largest fleet of Diesel ships in service, numbering twenty-one, and was constantly expanding with this growing trade.

Another subsidiary, the Panama Pacific Line, which pioneered in the passenger trade in the intercoastal field and owned the first ocean going vessel to transit the Canal (the KROONLAND, February 2, 1915) was still operating a fast weekly passenger and freight service when war broke out. The five ships of the line are now giving good account of themselves as combat vessels.

(Continued on Page 5, Column 2)

NEEDED!!!!

"One (1) conscientious Engineering Editor to let us know about all the latest "tinker" developments and write "Our Engineerroom."

One (1) hot-on-the-ball fellow to keep tab on the world of athletics around C.M.A. and be our Sports Editor.

Those that believe they have the necessary qualifications and abilities to fill these positions should contact the Feature Editor as soon as possible. At present, we have no one to write this news.

OFFICERS DETACHED

The latest rumors of Mr. (Lt. Comdr.) Severin tell that he is now overseas as Executive Officer of a special landing party composed of 3,000 men.

"The Looie" was detached from the Academy on March 7th of this year and reported to Washington. From there he was sent to the Norfolk Navy Yard in Virginia and thence to his overseas unit.

If you can keep it under your low pressure, we hear tell that his other half stripe will appear very very soon.

* * * * *

We are happy to announce the promotion of Radio-Electrician Joseph Feeley, USNR, to Chief Warrant Officer, but we also regret to announce the fact that Mr. Feeley was detached from this base and is now connected with a group of radio technicians stationed near San Bruno, Calif.

Mr. Feeley was an instructor of communications and was with the Academy over a year.

* * * * *

Bos'n J. Gordon has been transferred to a sea-going tug and is now operating in Alaskan waters. Mr. Gordon was an instructor of Naval Science and served as an Aide to the Captain.

* * * * *

Gunnery Officer E. A. Siegrist and Chief Machinist Bertram Walker have been detached and transferred but their new addresses are not known. They will be published as soon as possible.

PERSONOGRAPHIES

The world was hushed and tense, rather expectant, too. At last the cry rang out—"It's a boy!" and millions of people danced for joy and went out on huge drunks for that was the minute that ROBERT STURGES GRIFFITH entered the scene. Yes, that 24th of December, nineteen hundred and twenty-four, will go down into history as the date of one of the world's most sensational events.

Remaining in Los Angeles only a few years, the Griffiths purchased a mansion in San Pedro and lived there till little Bobby was about ten. This was where young Griffith picked up his habit and hobby of beachcombing. The next stop for this family was Rolling Hills, where Robert developed his skills in the arts of swimming, surfing, and horseback riding.

Our Mr. Griffith is known here at CMA as "The Man of a Million Nicknames." His buddies usually refer to him as either "Bird-dog," "Shinola," "Wobie," "Beach-boy," or "Bigamist." There are many more we could mention.

Upon graduating from CMA, Bob would like to be a mate on either a T-2 Tanker or a C-2 cargo vessel. Further on in life, he will try to complete his college training and receive his degree in Marine Architecture.

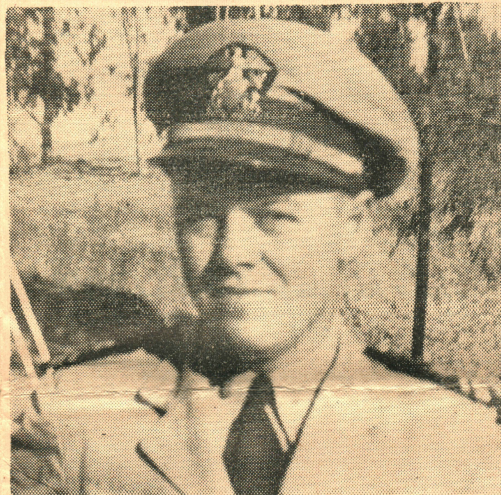
Here's a hint to Bob's friends. Never offer him anything but milk or Pepsi-Cola. Heed these words.

Sturges is looking forward to a complete tour of Europe after the war is over and would like to get a glance of as much of the world as possible.

On liberty, you will find Mr. Griffith at the Cirque Room in San Francisco. Need more be said?

At present, "Wobie" enjoys the company of the sister of a prominent deckhand swab.

We're sure that Bob will achieve all he tries for in life because he's a great guy and smart one. Here's wishing you loads of luck, success and all that sort of stuff.



LIEUTENANT GLENN L. DAVIS

PROMOTION FOR LIEUTENANT DAVIS

A recent Bureau of Personnel bulletin announced that Lieutenant (jg) Glenn L. Davis, USNR, had been selected for promotion to Lieutenant.

Mr. Davis reported to the Academy in March of this year after spending five months in the hospital recovering from wounds received in action in the South Pacific. He has been in the Navy slightly over two years.

The entire Corps of Midshipmen extend to Lieutenant Davis their most sincere congratulations and hopes he will see many more promotions in the near future.

FIRST CLASS ATTENDS FIRE SCHOOL

Four groups of eager beavers recently showed up at Fire-fighters' School at Mare Island Navy Yard in the form of CMA's new first class.

The two day course is divided into two parts. First, lectures and technical motion pictures school the neophyte in the chemistry of fire and the uses of the various pieces of standard Navy fire-fighting gear.

After familiarizing himself with fire and its extinction, the student gets a chance to really find out what it's all about. The old Navy principle, "learn by doing," is put into practice.

During the next few hours of the course, about two dozen fires are brought to the attention of the students, who organize into groups, and calmly proceed to put them out. The fires are started in spaces so built as to simulate actual shipboard areas; i.e. an engine room, a fore-castle, a lower hold, etc. By actually fighting these difficult fires, the student not only familiarizes himself with Navy gear and its uses, but he also conquers any traces of fear of fire which may have been prevalent before this knowledge was his.

The final phase of this training includes a race in rigging a handy billy pump, and its accessories. The average time for this job is about 34 seconds. However, a new record was established by one group of CMA lads consisting of Sieler, Krog, Larson, Sweeny, Moore, Aluevich, Zahl, Dunning, Rados, and Vorous when they finished in the remarkable time of 28 seconds!

APOLOGIES TO GORDON FAKE

In giving sketches of the June graduates in the last issue of The Binnacle, we inadvertently omitted the President of the class and one of its finest men, Gordon Fake. To rectify this slight error, we offer the following inadequate summary of Gordon's personality and Academy history:

"The Ape," as most of his admirers are well aware of, is an unusually good-looking, intelligent, personable young man. Gordon is also blessed with a very fine build, enabling him to excel in athletics, outstanding leadership qualities, and an amiable disposition. We expect the Castro Valley version of Li'l Abner to make one of the finest mates ever to graduate from the California Maritime Academy.

THE SECOND MILE

Condensed from a famous sermon by HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK,
Pastor of the Riverside Church, N. Y. C.

One of the most important things every man has to decide is how he shall meet the "musts" of the world—what shall be his attitude and spirit as he faces life's inevitable compulsions.

Jesus said there is only one right way—and that is to do more than you are compelled to do. He stated it dramatically: "Whoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him two."

It must have startled His audience, for it brought up a concrete and hateful picture. A Roman soldier, under his military law, could compel a Jew to carry his burden for a mile—a defiling business. So hear this new Rabbi say that under such compulsion a Jew should be willing to go two miles must have clashed with the Jewish temper, as it would with the American. This sounded like gratuitous surrender of a man's just rights. But let us see, Jesus' words are either stark nonsense or supernally divine sense. We, too, as we trudge our chosen paths, meet a courier at every milestone who impresses us into service. The body says "must," business says "must," social life says "must."

Underneath every other practical necessity is the elemental "must" of the breadwinner. Now this compulsion may be faced in one of two ways. If he will, a man may accept it doggedly, skimpily perform the bare requirements, and bitterly trudge that one scant mile. Thousands of men work that way, with their eyes on the clock. Or a man may welcome the necessity of work, recognize the dignity of honest toil, and in that way go the second mile, translating duty into privilege. Work, greeted like that, loses the frown of compulsion and begins to smile. When a man works that way he feels that it is his meat and drink, wishes there were more hours in the day than 24, and dreams of Heaven as a place where a man can work all the time at his best and never be tired. All the slavery of work has vanished for such a man.

The way to avoid the slavishness of necessity is of your own accord to be willing, if possible, to do more than is demanded. The first mile alone is drudgery. The glory comes with the second mile.

Another kind of compulsion faces every man in some degree. In one way or another, external circumstances or our own naturally restricted powers often shut us up to narrow and obscure activities.

History loves to record the names of men who conquered the malice of their fate by this spirit of the second mile—men like the old Greek chosen in a joke to be town scavenger, who filled the office with such high serviceableness that thereafter in all Greece the office was an honor; men like blind Huber becoming the great scientist, or blind Wavcott becoming postmaster-general of England; men like Cervantes using an imprisonment to begin Don Quixote, or Bunyan glorifying Bedford Jail with the Pilgrim's Progress.

And this same spirit is found in many humbler expressions, as when the young woman wrote her friend out of her invalidism, "At first I thought somehow to make the best of it, but now I am planning to make the most of it." These folk of the more abundant willingness travel with us the first hard mile of compulsion, but they make it beautiful with the second mile of consecration.

In our family relationships there are certain necessary duties, and some households do just as much as they have to do and no more. They are run in the spirit with which a miser pays taxes. Any overflow of spontaneous love, and volunteering of surplus kindness, is unknown. The members of the family keep the letter of the law, and look for a home to come of it.

But it is the unnecessary courtesies, the unexpected presents, the uncalled for thoughtfulness, the surprises of kindness over and above what can be required—it is this superabundance that make a real home. Here the difference lies between progeny and sons; between a housewife and a mother, between a breadwinner and a father. And the crown of all human relationships is the two-mile home, where always "the cup runneth over."

This principle of Jesus, then, divides a man's conduct into two parts, the compulsory and the voluntary, the things he must do and the things he chooses to do, the first mile and the second. It says, moreover, that only as the voluntary overspreads and saturates the necessary can life cease to be a slavery and come to its full meaning of dignity and value.

The roll call of the world's spiritual heroes reveals not a

RECENT LAUNCHINGS

The latest addition to the group of officers' children is CHARLES FRANKLIN, first child born to Ensign and Mrs. Charles Slagle at 0200, 21 June.

Best luck to little Charlie and congratulations to the parents.

WEATHER-WISDOM

Editor's note: This is the third 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.

Both size and color of the "ring around the moon" are used to foretell weather.

Coronas are small rings, light red on the outside, that encircle any bright object seen through a mist. The size of the corona depends on the size of the refracting rain drops. The smaller the corona, the larger the drops, hence contracting coronas foretell rain, expanding, fair weather.

Halos are large rings, red inside. They are commonly seen in cirrus clouds, harbingers of a coming storm.

"The moon with a circle brings water in her beak."

"The bigger the ring, the nearer the wet."

"When the wheel is far, the storm is n'ar."

"When the wheel is n'ar, the storm is far."

"When the sun is in his house, it will rain soon."

The moon, or its stages, has a tidal effect, but no appreciable effect on the weather. The appearance of the moon, however, depending upon atmospheric conditions, is frequently used to forecast weather.

"Pale moon doth rain"

"Red moon doth blow"

"White moon doth neither rain nor snow."

"The moon and the weather may change together"

"But change of the moon does not change the weather."

"If we'd no moon at all and that may seem strange"

"We still should have weather that's subject to change."

"The moon grows fat on clouds."

"Sharp horns do threaten windy weather."

"If the moon show a silver shield"

"Be not afraid to reap your field"

"But if she rises halved round"

"Soon will tread on deluged ground."

CAMERA CLUB FORMED

The first meeting of the newly formed CMA Camera Club was held last month in the Club's building on the dock. Midshipman Alfred K. Baxter was elected President and Midshipman Calvin Smith was chosen Secretary-Treasurer of the organization. Mr. Robert L. Peck is the Club's advisor.

The darkroom, consisting of two spacious rooms with running water, will be modern in all respects and the equipment will be adequate for every photographic need. Deep tanks are being installed to enable the Club to handle commercial work for the Midshipmen. Club plans also call for a portrait studio. A 3¼ by 4¼ inch Solar enlarger has been purchased and the members themselves are building such equipment as a contact printer and print washer, and are installing piping and electrical connections. The darkroom will be open to Camera Club members only and will be ready for use August first.

The Camera Club will undertake commercial work for the Midshipmen Corps. This will include developing, printing, enlarging and portrait work. Post cards depicting CMA scenes and photographs of life aboard the Training Ship will be offered for sale at the canteen.

The members will also be instructed in the various phases of photography and will carry out their experiments in the club darkroom.

Members, in addition to President Baxter and Secretary Smith, include Midshipmen David Bartlett, Casey, Harry Cummings, Gullickson, Peyton, Schlaman, Stradley, Staar, Vaughan, and Joseph Wolfskill. Any Midshipman may join the club upon application to the Secretary.

single one-mile man. They have all, in one way or another, gone the second mile.

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THE MISADVENTURES OF SLOPSHUTE JERK

By JOHNNY CARPENTER

The doctor smiled pleasantly at Slopshute. "Sure, I can put you to bed for a few days, but it will take a couple of pints of soapy water to do it . . ." Jerk thanked him for his kindness, and left hurriedly . . . without even bothering to open the door. As he picked the splinters out of his teeth he cast a baleful eye about for something to wreak his displeasure on. The glance fell on one of the younger boys . . . "SWABI!" screams the Jerk. The terrified creature fell to the deck, quivering. "Don't," it whimpered, "don't." Slopshute was instantly ashamed of his outburst, he helped the swab to his knees. "Oh, come now, I'm sorry I shouted . . . stop nuzzling my sleeve, will you?" Jerk heads toward his room, muttering that "Maybe we laid it on a little too thick the first day . . ." Noting that it was about time for turn-to, he changed from dungerees to blues, hung his watch belt over his shoulder, and sauntered down to the rec room. Stepping gingerly over the coke bottles, he checked his mail box, where he found two church circulars and a letter to one "Gantline K. Juryrig," who graduated in 1934.

It is now just after noon mess, and the barracks reverberate to the thundering hiss of a hundred and fifty glasses of bicarbonate of soda. Jerk decides to take a little nap before afternoon turn-to, so he has a swab hoist him to his locker tops and cover him with blankets.

Meanwhile, down at the ship, Mr. Summerill is looking for a good man. "Dash up to Mr. Jerk's room" he tells a swab, "and look under the pile of blankets on top of his locker. Tell him I've got a job for him."

"Who, me?" snarls Jerk, rubbing his eyes. "Tell him I went to fire school as a water boy for the first class!"

Minutes later we find Slopshute sitting disconsolately in the stern sheets of the captain's gig. Amidships, Crosshead McCrojack, his tinker buddy, is thoughtfully pounding on the engine with a crescent wrench. He is puzzled, the Chief told him to turn it over, and he can't figure out how to do it without ripping out some planks. Finally he catches the starter in his hip pocket, and the engine starts. Slopshute cunningly snarks out of the boat basin. The motor doesn't work very well at first because of the drag, but as soon as Jerk remembers to cast off, they forge ahead at a fast clip, fast enough to leave a wake, even. "Where are we going?" asks Crosshead. "Up-river," answers Jerk. Crosshead looks dubious. "Yeah, but we're only supposed to see if it runs." "Sure, that's what we're doing, seeing if it runs." All is serene for a few minutes, then the engine starts to alternately screech and rattle. "What are you doing to it?" Jerk asks. "There's a thinkameboob in here that's loose, it keeps going around and around," answers Crosshead, tightening up on the crankshaft. Jerk explains to the tinker that this is an old style engine, the kind where things are supposed to go around. As yet, the launch hasn't been fitted for jet propulsion . . . the greaseball looks crestfallen, by nature he is a progressive.

It is about an hour later when they find the girl, truly a beautiful creature . . . slender, tender, and tall, and partly white! She is washing out her dainties in a bucket of kerosene at the time. Both of Jerk's eyes light up. The left one reads "tilt!" He swerves over to the damsel's domicile, a salty version of "Tobacco Road" that is perched on the water's edge, and deftly comes to anchor in the living room.

Slopshute is superb, and his line seems endless . . . it is an easy conquest. After only fifteen minutes of honeyed phrases, sweet nothings, and ardent confessions of love, he gets her to the point where by one flick of her eyelid and a sultry sigh, he

need of many many "Pepsi-Colas." Accordingly, they change course, and before many breakdowns has passed, we find them in one of Benicia's higher class dispensaries (no children under twelve allowed unless on leash). Luckily, it is flanked by a pawn shop, and it is easy enough to make up a deficiency he has of coins. Besides, in a big place like C.M.A., who is going to miss two lifejackets and a trumpet. The pale pepsies prove to be a good investment, because they run out of gas near Crockett. Jerk fills the empties with sea water and peddles them from street corners until enough cash is gathered to pay the way home.

As it is getting late, Slopshute peers off to the ship to see if they are flying "FF." By shielding his eyes, he is able to make out "FYB" and "TT." He decides to go home.

"What ingenious fellows these tinkers are," murmurs Jerk, "while I was getting gas, you found time to paint the engine red." "It isn't painted," whimpers Crosshead, "it's red hot. We ran out of oil." They manage to reach the boat basin before the engine melts, the only further trouble being with the shaft. The propellor fouled a line and snapped it. The last few yards the canny Jerk makes under sail, using crossed semaphore flags for the purpose. On the dock they find Smilin' Jack, unsmilin'. Jerk easily changes the trend of conversation before it starts, by reporting, "I tested the engine in the launch, sir. I think it needs a little attention."

UNITED STATES LINES

(Continued from Page 2)

Other lines owned by the United States Lines Company are the American France Line, Oriole Line and American Hampton Roads Line, in cargo service to France and Northern Spain.

The company that is now known as the United States Lines has pioneered in many fields since 1871. One monument to its foresight was the Panama Pacific Line, organized to inaugurate the first fast passenger-cargo service through the Panama Canal. The new service prospered and in 1928 and 1929 the line brought out three deluxe liners especially designed for the trade and the first commercial vessels to have turbo-electric drive. These ships, maintaining the same high standards in catering to passengers as prevailed on the company's transatlantic liners gave great impetus to domestic travel and offered hitherto unobtainable service of coast to coast delivery of freight on regular fast passenger schedules.

When the United States enacted laws, in 1921, which reduced immigration to about one-quarter of its prewar volume, dealing a lethal blow to third class business, which was the backbone of most of the transatlantic lines, the American Line came up with an idea that was the beginning of one of the great fundamental changes of the decade in transatlantic travel. Third class quarters, then going begging, were improved and refurbished simply and attractively and given over exclusively, at third class rates, to college students and professional people who had never before been able to fit a trip abroad into their budgets. Ocean travel was made available to a new and very large section of the population. Rapid development took place in this new class of travel.

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Before the war the United States Lines had embarked upon

THE MISADVENTURES OF SLOPSHUTE JERK

By JOHNNY CARPENTER

The doctor smiled pleasantly at Slopshute. "Sure, I can put you to bed for a few days, but it will take a couple of pints of soapy water to do it . . ." Jerk thanked him for his kindness, and left hurriedly . . . without even bothering to open the door. As he picked the splinters out of his teeth he cast a baleful eye about for something to wreak his displeasure on. The glance fell on one of the younger boys . . . "SWAB!" screams the Jerk. The terrified creature fell to the deck, quivering. "Don't," it whimpered, "don't." Slopshute was instantly ashamed of his outburst, he helped the swab to his knees. "Oh, come now, I'm sorry I shouted . . . stop nuzzling my sleeve, will you?" Jerk heads toward his room, muttering that "Maybe we laid it on a little too thick the first day . . ." Noting that it was about time for turn-to, he changed from dungerees to blues, hung his watch belt over his shoulder, and sauntered down to the rec room. Stepping gingerly over the coke bottles, he checked his mail box, where he found two church circulars and a letter to one "Gantline K. Juryrig," who graduated in 1934.

It is now just after noon mess, and the barracks reverberate to the thundering hiss of a hundred and fifty glasses of bicarbonate of soda. Jerk decides to take a little nap before afternoon turn-to, so he has a swab hoist him to his locker tops and cover him with blankets.

Meanwhile, down at the ship, Mr. Summerill is looking for a good man. "Dash up to Mr. Jerk's room" he tells a swab, "and look under the pile of blankets on top of his locker. Tell him I've got a job for him."

"Who, me?" snarls Jerk, rubbing his eyes. "Tell him I went to fire school as a water boy for the first class!"

Minutes later we find Slopshute sitting disconsolately in the stern sheets of the captain's gig. Amidships, Crosshead McCrojack, his tinker buddy, is thoughtfully pounding on the engine with a crescent wrench. He is puzzled, the Chief told him to turn it over, and he can't figure out how to do it without ripping out some planks. Finally he catches the starter in his hip pocket, and the engine starts. Slopshute cunningly snarks out of the boat basin. The motor doesn't work very well at first because of the drag, but as soon as Jerk remembers to cast off, they forge ahead at a fast clip, fast enough to leave a wake, even. "Where are we going?" asks Crosshead. "Up-river," answers Jerk. Crosshead looks dubious. "Yeah, but we're only supposed to see if it runs." "Sure, that's what we're doing, seeing if it runs." All is serene for a few minutes, then the engine starts to alternately screech and rattle. "What are you doing to it?" Jerk asks. "There's a thinkameboob in here that's loose, it keeps going around and around," answers Crosshead, tightening up on the crankshaft. Jerk explains to the tinker that this is an old style engine, the kind where things are supposed to go around. As yet, the launch hasn't been fitted for jet propulsion . . . the greaseball looks crestfallen, by nature he is a progressive.

It is about an hour later when they find the girl, truly a beautiful creature . . . slender, tender, and tall, and partly white! She is washing out her dainties in a bucket of kerosene at the time. Both of Jerk's eyes light up. The left one reads "tilt!" He swerves over to the damsel's domicile, a salty version of "Tobacco Road" that is perched on the water's edge, and deftly comes to anchor in the living room.

Slopshute is superb, and his line seems endless . . . it is an easy conquest. After only fifteen minutes of honeyed phrases, sweet nothings, and ardent confessions of love, he gets her to the point where by one flick of her eyelid and a sultry sigh, he finds himself doing the dishes, sweeping the deck, and carrying out the trash.

When, however, he subtly suggests a boat ride into the hills, she takes one look at the predatory gleam in his lamps and professes an aversion to all things nautical. Upsetting his timing with a piercing shriek, she eludes the monster and heads inland to the waiting arms of the Army Air Corps.

This set-back puts our boy in a nasty mood. He feels the

need of many many "Pepsi-Colas." Accordingly, they change course, and before many breakdowns has passed, we find them in one of Benicia's higher class dispensaries (no children under twelve allowed unless on leash). Luckily, it is flanked by a pawn shop, and it is easy enough to make up a deficiency he has of coins. Besides, in a big place like C.M.A., who is going to miss two lifejackets and a trumpet. The pale peepsies prove to be a good investment, because they run out of gas near Crockett. Jerk fills the empties with sea water and peddles them from street corners until enough cash is gathered to pay the way home.

As it is getting late, Slopshute peers off to the ship to see if they are flying "FF." By shielding his eyes, he is able to make out "FYB" and "TT." He decides to go home.

"What ingenious fellows these tinkers are," murmurs Jerk, "while I was getting gas, you found time to paint the engine red." "It isn't painted," whimpers Crosshead, "it's red hot. We ran out of oil." They manage to reach the boat basin before the engine melts, the only further trouble being with the shaft. The propellor fouled a line and snapped it. The last few yards the canny Jerk makes under sail, using crossed semaphore flags for the purpose. On the dock they find Smilin' Jack, unsmilin'. Jerk capably changes the trend of conversation before it starts, by reporting, "I tested the engine in the launch, sir. I think it needs a little attention."

UNITED STATES LINES

(Continued from Page 2)

Other lines owned by the United States Lines Company are the American France Line, Oriole Line and American Hampton Roads Line, in cargo service to France and Northern Spain.

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Before the war the United States Lines had embarked upon an extensive building program that would put modern vessels, C-1 and C-2 types, and others especially designed for their trade into every one of its world-wide services. There is every reason to feel assured that this program can be resumed as wartime shipping needs are met, and that the standing trade that will follow the war will call for a proportionately expanded program and a corresponding increase in the need for picked, well-trained officers.

GISMO

"Killer" Moore pulled his dagger out of Sieler's back and stuck it in McLeod's chest. . . . Rosa's father has been giving him weekly lectures on the birds and bees. . . . Jackson M. Smith keeping the Corps entertained at formations. . . . Aluevich hazing commanders at fire school. . . . Sieler STILL working for them. . . . Has anyone noticed Krog's new ring? Was it a good trade, Chris?

We hear there was a COMMANDER staying at the Harbor Club last week (did you have to hang your uniform in the aisle, Hodges?) . . . sweet Shirley. . . . McFarland answering "yeah" to a j.g. and "yes sir" to a yeoman, third class. . . . Cornish brushing his teeth with Fitch's Dandruff Remover (no plug). . . . Spieller going with the same girl this week so there's no news from that section.

What third class deckhand asked Mr. Warwick if the circulating pump was a fireplug of the type that dogs like so much. . . . Robert Sturges Griffith having his shower "drawn." . . . "Mr. Scratch" (mascot) being saluted by swabs. . . . There are many barbers in the first class. . . . Aquaplaning is becoming more popular around CMU. . . . swab F. J. Coleman starting a revolt in the third class. . . . Brodsky giving "hot lights" with his nose.

Mirkovich on the alert all night every night to combat fires in the barracks. . . . Sooy removing his hat before saluting over the gangway. . . . Where did Detweiler develop all his secret torture methods? . . . Cummings trying to land the motor whaler on the dock without the use of davits. . . . beautiful Shirley. . . . Zahl is so in love with Hodges that he broke down his cabin door in order to see him. . . . Brodsky, the famous animal imitator of the schoolship, teaching the upper-classes how to "make like a rabbit." . . . Hey Mummy—does cement conduct electricity? . . . Latest statement from Lieutenant Commander Edwin C. Miller is, kuwote: Don't you ever comb your hair Pringle? unkuwote.

If you need a wife, see Spieller. . . . Turtle—sound off! . . . Shirley darling. . . . Milton Herbert Kleinstein. . . . Room 54's swamp project at the rear of the barracks will cut down malaria and yellow fever at CMA by 50 per cent. . . . When Lt. Erickson found Brodsky sitting up on the hill writing a passionate letter to Lana Turner, this was the explanation he received, "I was sent to the desolate part of the Academy so I wouldn't be disturbed, sir."

Note to Mr. Rasch—Don't miss Schwimmer's locker door on your next inspection. . . . everyone at CMA has pictures of beautiful girls on their locker doors but not Brandt, he has a technical photo of a mountain scene including trees, flowers, mountains, and birds (nuttin' wrong wit' him). . . . Moore is still waiting for his mail (please write to him Jeannette, the poor fellow is dying on his feet).

Question of the month: What do you do for "Broken Stowage?"

Answer: Next time, carry a cargo of leaking glue kegs.

Navigation quote of the month: When asked by Mr. Tubbs which direction would be to his left if he were facing South, Swanson replied promptly—South.

AUGUST MEETING

The regular stag business meeting will be held at 2000, 11 August, at the Army and Navy Club of San Francisco, 560 Sutter Street. Following the meeting, there will be refreshments (of the usual type) and poker for those who like it.
See you there!!!

SPORT SPUTTERS

By Ensign Robert Myers

It is with a great deal of regret that we close this column with this issue, however insignificant it may be in itself, because it has stood for a cause, a cause which has only begun. Some eight months ago this column appeared for the first time heralding the advent of an athletic program. Long before that, however, the idea of organizing a competitive athletic team had been harbored in the minds of a few ambitious young Midshipmen who saw the need and advantages of such a program.

With a great deal of effort and a strong desire to create something by which everyone could benefit, a few (very few) Midshipmen constructed a basketball court. It wasn't long before they managed to gather together some of the athletic talent which the Academy had kept in hiding, and a basketball team was organized and sponsored for interscholastic competition by the Academy.

During its short-lived career the basketball team gained more favorable recognition for C.M.A. than any other single thing had done in a comparable period of time during the Academy's history. The spirit of good fellowship, fine sportsmanship, and well being acquired by that team should be a standard, if not a goal for future C.M.A. teams to keep before them. It isn't that the team was good, because it never had a chance to be good. That team should be remembered because it stood for something—the full development of a great Academy, whose undergraduates and graduates will be renown throughout the world.

A crowded academic schedule prohibited the continuance of a team born a little before its time. Soon C.M.A. will be ready, but no sooner than that time when the whole school realizes the fact, from the lowliest third classman to the highest officer. The Midshipman Corps wasn't ready; that fact was conclusively shown by the meager, pitiful support which it gave the basketball team. Despite hindrances and apathy, this column continued to become a clarion for all those who saw the desperate need for physical education. A cry in the dark perhaps, but we like to believe that whatever little was accomplished by the sincere wishes of the Midshipmen and the Officers was just a step further along a road which will end in the near future.

The Superintendent has been more than gracious and understanding in his efforts to create a recreational program for the Midshipmen. His efforts were recently culminated by an Order which preceded the birth of an afternoon athletic period. The work of the Athletic Committee too has been instrumental in the development of recreational facilities at the Academy. But it isn't enough.

Our interclass crew races have been marked successes at every occasion and the introduction of a beautiful cup for the semi-annual winning crew was an innovation which certainly should bring continued success to interclass sports. Interest in other interclass competition has been lacking, but the main problem of facilities has blocked the way too. Smokers have brought out talent in the boxing field. Swimming classes have revealed fine swimmers and the need for more instruction for future sea-goers. Suggestions have been made by many for badminton courts, horseshoe courts, baseball diamonds, football fields. It's all in the making right now.

Some play baseball or basketball in the time allotted for athletics in the afternoon, others play pool, but most prefer to make the horizontal. There hasn't been time for a comprehensive program to be established with drydocking, overhauling, and graduation interfering. However, that program we spoke of eight months ago—it's here. And what becomes of it, and the wonderful advantages which go with it, is up to you. We were not ready then, but we can be ready now. If we may be allowed a bit of histrionics, it is the dying wish of this column that all those things it has striven for will be realized by the whole-hearted support of the Midshipman Corps in the ensuing years. The time is now.

NOTICE TO MIDSHIPMEN

Editor's note: The following letter is from Captain N. L. Queen to Captain Mayo. All Midshipmen should carefully heed its words.

Captain Claude B. Mayo, USN (Ret.)
Superintendent
California Maritime Academy
Carquinez Straits
Vallejo, Calif.

Dear Captain Mayo:

From the records of this office it is found that all of the graduates of the State Maritime Academies do not submit applications for appointments as Ensign in the U. S. Maritime Service either upon or prior to graduation.

All Cadet-Midshipmen of the U. S. Merchant Marine Cadet Corps are required to submit their applications for commissions in the U. S. Maritime Service upon graduation, and they are commissioned as such.

In the future it will be obligatory for all graduates of State Maritime Academies to be commissioned as Ensigns in the U. S. Maritime Service upon graduation. The reason for this policy is that due to the fact that all Cadet-Midshipmen attending a State Maritime Academy receive pay, subsistence, and uniform allowance from the U. S. Maritime Service while in training, that the request that they be commissioned in the U. S. Maritime Service upon graduation is not asking too much of them.

For those graduates who will request active duty with the Navy upon graduation, they will also be required to be commissioned in the U. S. Maritime Service and the arrangements will be made for them not to receive a clothing allowance from the U. S. Maritime Service inasmuch as they will receive a clothing allowance from the Navy.

It is assumed that after the war a great number of graduates from State Maritime Academies who are now on active duty will be released and they will then seek employment aboard a merchant vessel. Their seniority in the U. S. Maritime Service will definitely be to their advantage.

Very truly yours,

NORMAN L. QUEEN,
Captain, Supervisor State Maritime Academies.

CLASS OURIPS

Carpenter: "What kind of towboats do they use to dock sailing ships, Mr. Miller?"
Mr. Miller: "Oh, same kind they use to dock steamships."
Carp: "How come?"

While seriously discussing the various actions to take if on watch when any emergency occurred, the question came up of what to do if an explosion, similar to the one at Port Chicago, happened within a mile or two of your ship.

Midshipman Fred M. Schwimmer, after careful consideration, firmly replied, "I'd get the hell ashore!"

FIRST CLASSMAN RETURNS

We are very glad to announce the return of our good shipmate and comical buddy, Bill Johnson. Bill has been in the hospital a short while following an operation, but is definitely OK now.

Glad to see you back, Willie!

SEA-DUST

Officer: "Some of the best cooks in America are at CMA."
Middie: "What're they doing?"

"And upon what income do you propose to support my daughter."
"Five thousand a year."
"Oh, I see. Then with her private income of five thousand a —"
"I've counted that in."

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

"You married me for my money."
"Well, I've earned it."

"I'm stork raving mad," said the father of fifteen kids.

Junk Man: "Any beer bottles for sale, lady?"
Old Maid: "Do I look as if I drank beer?"
Junk Man: "Any vinegar bottles to sell, lady?"

The stork gets blamed for a lot of thinks that some other bird is responsible for.

Herb (putting five pennies on the counter): "Give me a can opener, please."
Clerk hands him a nickel.
Herb: "Thanks." (Leaves hurriedly.)

Captain: "Why didn't you salute me yesterday?"
Cadet: "I didn't see you, sir."
Captain: "Good, I was afraid you were mad at me."

Starkle starkle little twink,
Who in the hell I are you think.
I'm not under the affluence of inkohol,
Although some thinkle peep I am.
—Renee Siegel.

A strapping big soldier was being given a blood test by an inexperienced young nurse who jabbed half a dozen times with the needle before contacting a vein. When the operation was finally completed, the private made no move to go.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" demanded the nurse impatiently.

"The Purple Heart," replied the soldier.

During a discussion on girls, one middie remarked: "I like the shy, demure type myself. You know, the kind you have to whistle at twice."

Draft Board, New York City:

I'm in class 1-A. I hear that draft boards put men in class 3-A if they have children. Please put me in class 3-A, as I am working on this.

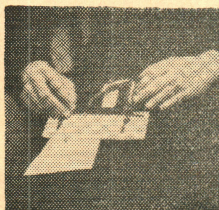
McPHUN MARRIAGE

Just received a late bulletin on the marriage of Benjamin Harding McPhun, class of December '43, and Miss Roberta Penniman Lewis who recently graduated from the Dominican Convent in San Raphael.

The nuptials took place in San Francisco and the newlyweds have two weeks for a honeymoon before Ben must rejoin his ship.

Congratulations and best wishes to Lt. and Mrs. McPhun from the Alumni Association and Corps of Midshipmen.

ENGINE SERIES No. 1



'SEA - KNOWS'

NOTICE

IN THIS ISSUE WE START
A SERIES OF "SHORTS,"
OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO
CALIFORNIA MARITIME
ACADEMY MIDSHIPMEN.

Each issue of The Binnacle will carry two
items pertaining to the engine department.

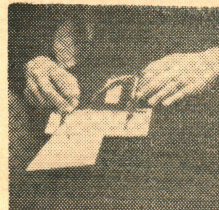
These facts will be carefully edited by ships'
officers, of long practical experience.

The matter will be so arranged that these
pages may be preserved for future refer-
ence.

A binder, for the purpose, can be had FREE
by addressing a Post Card request to Amer-
ican-Hawaiian Steamship Company, 90
Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

REPRINTED THROUGH THE SOLE COURTESY OF THE
AMERICAN-HAWAIIAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

ENGINE SERIES No. 2



'SEA - KNOWS'

A ship is a world unto
itself.

To operate efficiently,
a ship must be well
built, ably manned,
and well found.

Crew injuries, through carelessness, reduce
the efficiency.

Study all the gear carefully, immediately
upon joining a ship.

Fire is the greatest peril at sea; accordingly,
familiarity with the station-bill, the fire-
fighting and the life-saving equipment is
essential.

Leadership and mental alertness are im-
portant traits of a ship's officer.

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DECK SERIES No. 1



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ELECTION OF OFFICERS—C.M.A.A.A.

Returns of the annual election show all incumbents remaining in their present posts for the year July '44-'45.

President.....	E. C. Miller
Vice President (Southern California).....	H. L. Mollenkopf
Secretary.....	J. F. Summerill
Treasurer.....	C. H. Tubbs
Publicity Director.....	L. H. Erickson

"100 DAYS ON A REEF"

Gene Yates, '39, was Chief Mate of the "President Grant" which lay on a Pacific reef for three months until she finally broke up. Newspaper accounts told of the arduous efforts of her officers, crew, and Navy salvage units in their attempts to save the vessel. With success practically assured, a sudden violent storm made up and put her on for the count.

We'd like to hear more about it from Gene, himself!

LETTER FROM ALUMNUS

We wish to publish part of a letter received from Ensign R. E. Colfax, June '43, on board the U.S.S. Libra, Fleet Post-office, San Francisco, Calif.

"I have been aboard the Libra now for several months. She is a fine ship with a wonderful skipper and crew. You can imagine my surprise when I stepped into the wardroom, after first reporting on board, and there behind a steaming cup of "boiler compound" sat none other than Mr. (now Lieutenant, senior grade) Bellamy, still talking about the good old days on the fireboat. Yes, it reminds me of the Schoolship each time I hear his voice over the din of the chipping hammers.

We both appreciate "The Binnacle" as it enables us to keep track of our classmates and friends and also gives us the latest "scuttlebutt" floating around the Academy.

Please give my regards to everyone."

We sure like these letters and hope to have more of the same!

WEDDING BELLS

Announcement was received recently of the marriage of Bernice Pauline Reese, Second Lieutenant, Army Nurse Corps, to Ernest Kettenhofen, Lieutenant Commander, USMS. The ceremony took place in Honolulu on April 27th.

"Kett," '41, is Chief Officer with Matson.

In true sea-going style, the romance began in North Africa, burned brighter in New York, and reached its logical conclusion in "the Islands."

Congratulations and best wishes from the Alumni.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PATERSON, LT. COMDR. J. A., '33, U.S.S. [redacted], Fleet Post-office, San Francisco, Calif.

McPHUN, B. H., Dec. '43, 112 Market Street, San Francisco, 8, Calif.

PETERSON, D. C., Dec. '42, U.S.S. [redacted], Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, Calif.

WIMER, R. M., '41, 2009 East 126th Street, Willowbrook, Calif.

ELDEN, R. M., '41, 909 Fresno, Berkeley, Calif.

McCARTY, J. E., Jan. '42, 260 Lovell Ave., Mill Valley, Calif.

BEAUMONT, D. R., 1848 West 21st Street, Los Angeles, 7, Calif.

BERRYMAN, E. B., July '42, 1339 North Sultana Ave., Ontario, Calif.

ELLIS, LT. J. G., '34, Base LVT Repair Component [redacted], Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, Calif.

ROSS, B. T., '41, 2 Alhambra Street, (Apt. 102), San Francisco, Calif.

WALSH, J. M., December '42, 227 12th Street, Paso Robles, Calif.

Thanks very much to E. S. Aguilar and Lt. Comdr. J. A. Paterson who, thus far, have been the only alumni contributors to "Who's Where." Wish there were more like them.

THREE YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE . . .

July, 1941.

John G. Ellis, Electrical Engineer on the "California State," left for a job with General Electric.

The Propellor Club of the Port of California Maritime Academy held two meetings, presenting prominent speakers at each. The first meeting was honored by Mr. E. C. Kester, distinguished Marine Insurance underwriter, and the second by Mr. L. A. Quimby, Admiralty lawyer of San Francisco.

The Third Class threw a huge hayride in Sacramento and a very good time was enjoyed by all. Much energy and money was spent thanking the girls from Sacramento who donated their time and efforts showing the Cadets . . . around. Gates was chosen "the most suave wolf of the evening."

"Squeaky" Weeks came to drill on stilts and "Sea-Dog" McAllister became the only Boy Scout at CMA ever to be a year veteran in four years.

The Editor-in-Chief of the Binnacle (R. W. Dasso), uncovered the fact that Mr. E. C. Miller's cadet nickname had been "MODOC." (Wonder where it came from.)

A new system and schedule for athletics was devised and a CMA golf team took its place on the fairways with "Coach" Miller handling the job of whipping the boys into shape. Seems the best cadet golfers were Gates, F. R. Peterson, T. J. Woods, Durning, McDermott and Connell.

Slopshute broke up with "Rosie" and almost went berserk.



"Gee, Slopshute, it must have been swell—a whole week down south to recuperate in."

ALUMNI NEWS

Lt. Comdr. J. A. Paterson, '33, is definitely on board the U.S.S. ~~Corbett~~. We appreciate the correction.

Ken Rambo, December '42, is sailing Second Mate on the S.S. Floyd Bennett (American President Lines).

F. James Welch, '40, is Chief Mate aboard the United States Army Mine Planter Mills.

J. E. Wilson, '40, is on American-Hawaiian's S.S. Juan Cabrillo.

Russel Abbott, '40, is serving as a Deck Officer for the Union Oil Company.

W. L. Shaw, December '42, is Second Assistant Engineer on the S.S. George McFarland (Interocean Steamship Corporation).

S. D. Scott, June '43, is Third Mate on the tanker "Hission Santa Barbara."

Doug Barrett, '34, is now with the Hagan Corporation dealing with boiler water treatment on a new construction.

Dean Ross, December '43, is shipping Second Mate on McCormick's S.S. Absoroka.

E. D. Wentworth, December '42, is a Chief Mate for the Union Oil Company.

Ed Rowe, December '43, is Third Mate on the C-3 S.S. Mor-macsea.

Joe Devine and Cliff Thomas, June '43, are awaiting delivery of a new Naval vessel under construction at Bremerton.

B. A. Ruth, June '43, is Second Mate on Matson's Manuwilli?

D. Guthrie, June '44, is already shipping Third Mate on the Monterey.

We believe that Jim Jensen, '41, is Chief Mate of this vessel which figured in a fine bit of rescue work in the Mediterranean this spring.

Lieutenant Charlie Hake, '38, is First Lieutenant and Assistant Engineer of the U.S.S. ~~St. Lawrence~~ (sub).

Mervin Thomas, '34, is now Chief Mate on the Willet M. Hays of Hammond Lumber Company.

Dale Collins and Willie Opferman, June '44, are both Junior Thirds on a new C-2. They say the R.M.O. gives everyone a good deal.

Fred Joy and Lyll Surtees, December '43, recently passed their Second Mates' exams in the South Pacific. Both are sailing for Lykes Brothers and have been at sea since graduation.

Dean Ross, December '43, is now shipping Second Mate on a C-3.

Stel Andrew, June '44, is on a C-3 troopship for Grace Lines. Del Kolda and Al Wilcox of the same class are also shipping for Grace on a C-2.

Dick Jenness and Jake McDonald, June '44, are Junior Third and Third Mate, respectively, on a brand new Victory. Great going!

Dick Flickwir of this most recent class is Third on a C-3.

We received a communique about W. D. McCaffrey stating that he is now skipper of his own ship. Just twenty-three, McCaffrey, who graduated in January '42, is probably one of the three youngest Masters in the United States.

SOCIAL MEETINGS

The brave individuals who managed to show for the July social meeting enjoyed a superb Chinese dinner at Shanghai Low Cafe; but were disappointed at the sub-par turn-out.

Forced by an acute labor shortage to abandon Hon Yuen, we sent out 100 personal invitations to shipmates in the Bay area calling their attention to the change in plans. Did it do any good? Well, seven and one-half couples responded in admirable fashion!

Possibly, it's the type of get-together or lack of variety which frightens our friends away; so again we invite your suggestions. Without support these meetings cannot be successful, since their one objective is to get a bunch of the gang together on a pre-determined night every second month. We should be able to muster no less than twenty couples in spite of OPA, WPB, WSA, MC, MEBA, MM&P, RMO, WTD, WC, or (censored).

Remember the date—September the eighth.

WHO'S WHERE

AMOS, JAMES R., December '43, 202 Vallecito Place, Carpenteria, Calif.

BOYER, JOHN, '39, 721 Henrietta, Box 448, Martinez, Calif.

CONKLIN, DREW, December '42, 608 East Meta Street, Ventura, Calif.

DREYER, J., '38, 105 North Oakland Avenue, Pasadena, 4, Calif.

FRANKLIN, P. F., December '42, 1200 Viscano Drive, Glendale, Calif.

GREENE, GORDON C. (DOC), December '43, 637 East Orange Avenue, Burbank, Calif.

HOLZER, LT. C. K., '39, 1320 Pacific, Santa Monica, Calif.

JOHANNESSEN, E. L., June '43, Box 248, Pinole, Calif.

KOFOID, DONALD N., July '42, 807 Griffith Way, Fresno, Calif.

LUSH, JOHN S., December '43, 1032 Redondo Blvd., Los Angeles, 35, Calif.

MOLLENKOPF, H. L., '38, 1129 South Fir Ave., Inglewood, Calif.

McLAUGHLIN, K., December '42, Luckenbach S. S. Co., 120 Wall Street, New York 5, New York.

NEWMAN, RALPH, '41, Box 498, South Laguna, Calif.

OWENS, R. W., '41, 19 Seville, San Mateo, Calif.

PIEPGRASS, J. P., '34, Route 1, Box 258, Visalia, Calif.

REILLEY, R. E., December '42, 2126 Chestnut Street, San Francisco, Calif.

STERLING, J. E., '33, 1809 4th Ave., Sacramento, Calif.

THOMAS, C. T., June '43, 952 East Ave., Coronado, Calif.

WIMPRESS, M. E., December '42, 1614 Don Carlos Ave., Glendale, Calif.

RAMBO, KEN, December '42, S.S. Floyd Bennett, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

SHAW, W. L., December '42, S.S. George McFarland, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

ROSS, DEAN, December '43, S.S. Absoroka, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

WENTWORTH, E. D., December '42, Union Oil Company, Oleum, Calif.

ROWE, ED, December '43, 15 Hermann Street, Apt. 309, San Francisco, Calif.

HAKA, LT. CHARLIE, '38, U.S.S. ~~St. Lawrence~~, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, Calif.

Who knows the present ship address of R. L. Rhoads, on active duty in the Navy?

Also, who knows the new mailing address of F. C. Snow, class of '34?

HOLZER, LT. C. K., '39, U.S.S. ~~St. Lawrence~~, c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, Calif.

THOMAS, MERVIN, '34, Willet M. Hays, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

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

W. H. Aguilar
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Vallejo, Calif.

Form 3547

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