



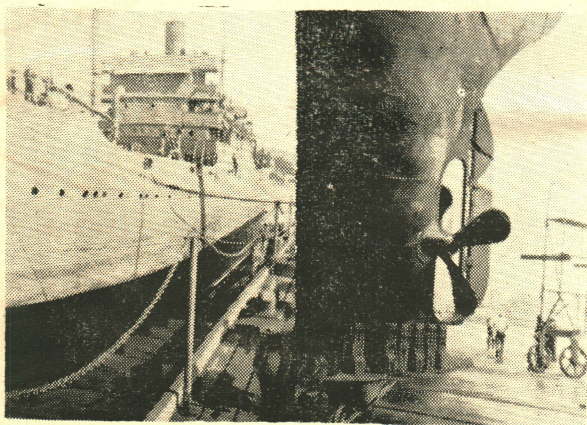
THE BINNACLE

Vol. II, No. 5

CARQUINEZ STRAITS

May, 1944

OVERHAUL COMPLETE



T. S. IN DRYDOCK

Fore and aft views of the Training Ship in Alameda drydock.

"T.S.G.S." UNDERGOES OVERHAUL

During the past two weeks, the Training Ship has been the victim of a complete overhaul job, including drydocking at United Engineering in Alameda, and repair work being done by the Matson Navigation Company at the ship's old home at the Ferry Building in San Francisco.

It is estimated that the work will cost approximately \$25,000. The most welcome phase of the overhaul is the removal of the "war protection" including the gun tubs and the concrete and steel protective plating from the ship.

The work done on the ship includes the following: Scraping, cleaning, and painting the bottom; removal of cement splinter shielding from the wheelhouse, radio shack, and radio direction finder; repairs on radio direction finder and antenna; removal of steel plate splinter shielding from fore part of wheelhouse; installation of metal deck and wire sides in vegetable locker for rat proofing; repairing the ice box; repairs on the feed water system; preparing the auxiliary condenser for operation; installation of a smoke indicator (extremely needed by the engineers); repacking of valves and replacing worn-out flange gaskets; replacing 800 square feet of linoleum in the mess deck and officer's staterooms; repairs on winch beds and installation of doubler plates where needed, the application of bitumastic around the winch beds to prevent water pools; the removal of the gun tubs from the boat deck and the crow's nest from the foremast; installation of four cruciform bits on the after well deck, and necessary repairs on our safety valves.

In addition to the above work, the midshipmen themselves have been turning to painting the crew's quarters aft, the after berth deck, and the hull of the ship. This is the first trip "over the side" for many of the third classmen. The midshipmen have gained much valuable knowledge in observing and helping with the repairs being done.

The removal of the gun tubs and shielding is thoroughly appreciated by all, as it is now possible to pull lines on the boat deck without getting them tangled in a mass of steel, and it is no longer necessary for the Cadet Watch Officer to stand on his tip-toes in order to see out the wheelhouse window.

FIRE AT BASE

"Fire at the base!! Rouse out fellas!" With these words, and a few others (?;c(1\$1/2&*), the midshipmen aboard the training ship the weekend of May 13th and 14th, 1944, were greeted at 2322 on that fateful Saturday night.

Arriving at the Administration building six minutes later, the midshipmen found units of the Vallejo Fire Department already fighting the blaze, so they immediately began to assist by laying out hose and setting up emergency lights.

Thanks to the fine work of the Vallejo Fire Department, the siren announced the fire "under control" at 0006, 14 May, only 44 minutes after it had been discovered.

The fire in question had been first noticed at 2320 by the messenger at the switchboard. Running outside to find the source of the smoke blowing through the open window at his side, the messenger saw billows of smoke emitting from the windows of Messrs. Tubbs' and Miller's rooms. He notified the Duty Officer, Mr. Siegrist, then phoned the Fire Department, the Captain, and the Watch Quartermaster on the ship.

The Fire Department arrived in the remarkable time of four minutes and directed a small stream of water at the fire while the hoses were being attached. As the electricity was off throughout the base and ship, emergency lights were put into use.

The fire seemed to have its center at the intersection of four rooms, those of Messrs. Tubbs, Miller, Peck, and Brackett, and, as was stated the following day by the Fire Chief, probably was started by the heating stove in Mr. Peck's room.

All four rooms were damaged heavily by the fire and water from the hoses. Slight damage was done to the expensive model of the "Buenos Aires Maru," former Japanese luxury liner, which was in Mr. Miller's room.

Midshipman Milton Herbert Klein is to be complimented on his prompt actions in notifying the proper authorities.

FINAL EXAMS APPROACHING

With the completion of another term drawing closer by the second, once again must we forget common pastime pleasures and concentrate on the texts of modern sea-going education. Liberty is now being spent in quiet hotel rooms with plenty of book and elbow space. Now, as six months ago, the thoughts of nautical science and marine engineering are prevalent in our tortured, crowded brains.

For the deckhands, navigation, rules of the road, general rules and regulations, and cargo stowage are the ones which most of their studying time will be spent on. In the case of the engineers, the tests on electricity and Diesel hold the spotlight as those most feared.

Let it not be said that the Midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy were ever found lacking in education necessary to the good welfare of a ship or crew. It is up to each and every individual cadet to boost his grades to the highest possible marks. Standards can be set, but they can also be surpassed.

Looking over records of previous classes, we find that the average grade for deck and engineering cadets has steadily risen to a height now, that is above any mark hoped for by the authorities.

Need more be said? Nothing but the fact that it's up to us, and us alone, to keep the reputation of the Midshipmen and graduates at the highest peak of knowledge where it has stood for so long.

THE BINNACLE WATCH

Monthly Publication by the Midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy

Editor-In-Chief	Associate & Feature Editor
MIDSHIPMAN JOHN G. CARPENTER	MIDSHIPMAN FRED M. SCHWIMMER
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Circulation	MIDSHIPMAN FRED M. SCHWIMMER
Alumni Editor	LIEUTENANT (JG) L. H. ERICKSON
Faculty Advisor	LT. COMDR. C. H. TUBBS
Contributors	MIDSHIPMAN ALFRED X. BAXTER
	MIDSHIPMAN HAROLD D. HUYCKE

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THE BINNACLE LIGHT

The training ship has returned from drydock. Her bottom has been scraped of its accumulations, and she glistens with new paint. Workmen at the Ferry Building have removed the more or less extemporaneous wartime emergency equipment, and the ship has undergone a general overhaul.

Now styles in ships change as do styles in clothes. Perhaps the T. S. does give the impression of a cut-down "Model A" in the parking lot of the Mark Hopkins when she cruises the Bay region. Her age is against her. Still, we can be proud of the "Grey Ghost" because she is a clean ship. We can feel a certain sense of satisfaction when we steam by the grimly beautiful ships of the Merchant Marine, or the sleek units of the fighting Navy. The satisfaction of belonging in such company, or being a part of the orderly existence that emanates from the heart of a ship. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to enjoy the same sense of satisfaction if one served on an indifferent ship — one whose officers allowed her to become neglected and tawdry, either through a lack of interest or through a mistaken sense of economy.

So much for the individual outlook. Consider the all too prevalent attitude of the group. For some reason, the individual as a unit is apt to disregard even the most inherent of his characteristics when faced with the peculiar environment of group living.

Our recreational facilities are a prime example. Lying at ease amidst the general clutter that goes to make up a room devoted to leisure, even the most fastidious midshipman finds it easier to dispose of a cigarette by dropping it on the deck, rather than moving five feet to the nearest spit-kit. Actually, this is nothing more nor less than a weakness of character. It should be a matter of pride to conduct oneself in a manner befitting a gentleman in such matters. Yet, disregarding the generally fine appearance of our ship, there is always evidence of this careless attitude at hand. Gum wrappers, rope yarns, cigarette packages, and various other minor trash constantly litter the deck.

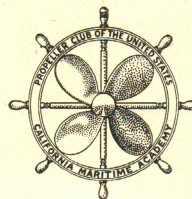
It is our duty to ourselves to take this situation in hand. It must be approached from the standpoint of hygiene, as well as personal indifference to the state of the common environment. But more important still, from the standpoint of appearance. Consider the impression this litter makes upon the casual visitor, or upon officials aboard in a business capacity. Opinions are formed on first impressions. Obviously then, this condition tends to be a detriment to the Academy's excellent reputation.

The answer to the problem is a challenge to each and every one of us. It has been pointed out that the responsibility rests with the individual. This then, is an appeal to you, the midshipmen. Take it upon yourselves to respect those minor requisites to congenial living conditions. This ship is our home. Surely you would not tolerate such conditions in your private quarters. Why then, should you tolerate them at the Academy?

Captain William Watson of the American Revolutionary Army is said to have proposed the following toast in 1790, at the Eagle Tavern in East Poultney, Vermont:

"To the enemies of our Country! May they have cobweb breeches, a porcupine saddle, a hard-trotting horse and an eternal journey."

PROPELLER CLUB MEETS



On the evening of 25 May, the Officers and Midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy gathered in the classroom of the Training Ship to attend a meeting of the Propeller Club, Port of California Maritime Academy.

Highlighting the business section of the meeting were the timely addresses presented by Dr. R. C. Dwyer, CMA's Dean of Education, and Mr. Eugene Hoffman, Secretary-

Treasure of the Port of San Francisco.

The graduating members of the first class were presented with membership cards greeting them as official members of the organization.

Following the business of the evening was a motion picture.

We feel that the initiation of these young officers is an important marker in their lives. The Propeller Club is a vital organization, with a definite purpose—"To Promote, Further, and Support an American Merchant Marine, and To Aid the Development of River, Great Lakes and Harbor Improvement."

WEATHER — WISDOM

Editor's Note: This is the first 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.

The evening sky near the western horizon has long been used as a medium of weather forecasting.

If the evening sky is yellow-green, or some other short wave length color, then the chances favor fair weather. A red evening sky means that the temperature has not fallen below the dew point, and so little moisture is present that rain within 24 hours is not probable.

"The weary sun has made a golden set
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives token of a goodly day tomorrow."

—Shakespeare

An overcast of uniform gray shows that the dust particles have become loaded with moisture, the atmosphere is saturated, and a condition favoring rain exists.

"If the sunset is gray, the next will be a rainy day."

"If the sun goes pale to bed, 'twill rain tomorrow, it is said."

THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

225 Bush Street, San Francisco, 20, California

Standard of California is an outstanding name among tanker companies on the Pacific Coast. With main offices in San Francisco, Standard tankers have been sailing in the Pacific for many years. Prior to the war, there were about twenty sea-going ships in the fleet running coastwise, to Alaska and Hawaii and in the general off-shore trade. These ships ranged in age from 1 to 20 years and varied in deadweight tonnage from 5,000 to 18,000 tons, the older ships driven by steam reciprocating engines. In 1940, a new ship was added to the fleet, and in 1943, two more, all three being high pressure steam-turbine ships. To date, the fleet is driven by steam reciprocating, diesel, diesel-electric, and steam-turbine power. In San Francisco Bay, they load and discharge at the Richmond docks, where the Standard Oil refinery and terminus is located. In San Pedro, the ships tie up at berths 97, 98, 101, and 102.

Standard of California was formed about 1900, its predecessor being the Pacific Coast Oil Company. Like American-Hawaiian Steamship Company, Pacific Coast Oil was also a "first"—first of the oil companies to own and operate a steel tanker on the Pacific coast.

Today, the Standard tankers are operated under requisition time charters for the War Shipping Administration, carrying cargoes of oil and gasoline for the Navy, and fighting forces throughout the world. They are manned by regular Standard crews and officers, being promoted "from the ranks" in general, whenever possible. The ships carry the usual number of deck and engineering officers for ships of their size.

At the last count, there were about six C.M.A. graduates in the service of Standard of California.

GRADUATION BALL APPROACHES

With another term drawing to a close, the entire Corps of Midshipmen again looks forward to the semi-annual "Graduation Ball."

As before, this dance is being sponsored by the first class and is in honor of their graduation.

This memorable occasion is to be held Friday night, 23 June, at the Rockridge Club in Oakland. Music will be by Maurice Anger and Orchestra, recently of the Hotel Claremont.

Preceding the dance for the whole Cadet Corps, the first class will have a private dinner at Zombie Village, in Berkeley.

Decorations at the dance will be furnished and designed by art students of the San Francisco Junior College. The outstanding display of the event will be a large maritime crest which is to be exhibited above the bandstand.

The Rockridge Club affords a beautiful reception room, to be reserved for the officers and their escorts, and an accommodating balcony which will be reserved for the exclusive use of members of the first class.

Buffet refreshments are to be furnished by Zombie Village.

Dancing will be from 2000 to 2400 and, of course, formal dress. Small dance bids will be distributed carrying the traditional colors of C.M.A., blue and gold. Entertainment will be provided by those two "Sea-going Sinatras," Marvin Tripp and Georgie Detweiler. In addition to these two accomplished young artists, ballads of old will be rendered by a Barbershop double quartet composed of first classmen.

Now here is the tentative surprise of the evening. Following the main dance at the Rockridge Club, further dancing and entertainment for all the midshipmen possibly will be found at the Claremont Club in Oakland, with music by Ben Watkins and company. This orchestra played at C.M.A.'s "Victory Dance" last month at the Encinal Yacht Club and was acclaimed by the ladies and gentlemen present. Plans are still being drawn for this part of the evening.

Members of the first class are urged to arrange for their dinner reservations as far in advance as possible in order to avoid any unnecessary worry or confusion.

Because this is the last social function the underclassmen will have with their graduating shipmates, maximum attendance is expected.

GYRO SCHOOL

In quest of their gyro ticket, the first class deckhands attended gyro school on May 19th. Ahead of them lies more instruction in this field and the final examination at the completion of the course.

PERSONOGRAPHIES

"Buy me a tugboat, mamma," were the words heard on that fateful day of May 27th, 1924, as ROBERT WILLIAM ATTHOWE appeared in this business-like, hustle-bustle world. There being an absence of towboats in San Jose, the place of his birth, Bob Atthowe and family moved to San Leandro, where he spent his childhood.

At the tender young age of fourteen, young Atthowe ventured forth into life and enrolled at San Leandro High School. Here, in the field of athletics, he astounded the local citizenry and state officials with his amazing feats of strength, endurance, and variable ability. On the basketball court, he was a three year letterman and made second string all-city. On the diamond, he again was a three year letterman and a unanimous choice for all-city. On the gridiron, Bobby made the all-city team but was only a two year letterman.

Following a career at sea, Bob plans to (retire) own and operate a modern tug in the Bay. He has spent a year working on various boats around the Bay, and has a complete and thorough knowledge of all river boats and tugs operating in this area.

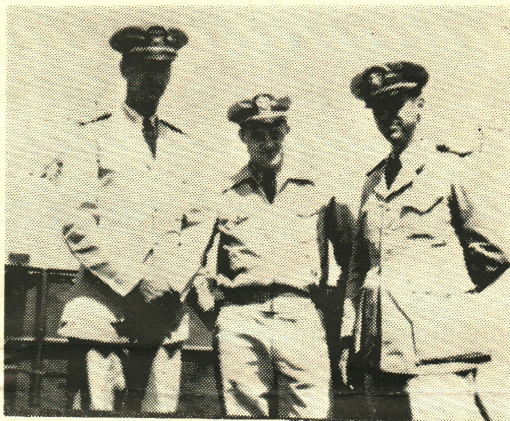
Upon graduation, he would like to catch and hang on to one of those new, 130,000 barrel capacity Mariner tankers.

Bob's spare time is spent collecting all types of boat pictures. He is reputed to have over a thousand good maritime photos in his possession.

Because of his profound and time consuming interest in the study of "femalis humanitarius," Bob had only these two direct statements to be quoted: "More liberty! More beer!"

In the field of thrilling excitement, Robert can tell you about his huge tugboat collision and sinking.

We'll all feel mighty sorry to see Bobby Atthowe leave us as he's one grand guy and just about irreplaceable as far as good shipmates go. Good luck kid!



INSTRUCTORS RISE IN RANK

Shown are, left to right: Lt. Comdrs. E. C. Miller, D-M, USNR; C. H. Tubbs, D-M, USNR, and J. D. Moore, M-C, USN, three of C.M.A.'s most popular instructors.

Recently, these gentlemen were proud to announce the addition of another quarter inch of gold to their shoulder boards.

PHOTO CLUB ORGANIZED

With a temporary roster of ten charter members, the Camera Club of C.M.A. has been organized. This club was formed with the idea that the members will directly represent the Academy in all their functions.

To further their education in this field, much instruction will be given to the members including illustrated lectures provided by the Eastman Kodak Company.

From time to time, members will be given various assignments to perform. Then, when each has completed his set of action shots, portraits, landscapes, etc., the photos will be mounted and a salon-type contest held.

This organization will not be for the diversion of the entire Cadet Corps, but rather, a chance for those who are really interested and have had previous experience with this subject to increase their knowledge of photography.

PATTY IN HOSPITAL

Patty's back in the hospital but we're sure it's only for a physical diagnosis.

We hope you'll be back very soon Patty, because C.M.A. just isn't the same without you.

For you who want to write, address letters to:

Patrick J. McCarthy, Marine Hospital, 14th and Lake Sts., San Francisco, Calif.

THREE YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE . . .

The class of May, 1941, graduated. . . R. W. Dasso was the editor of The Binnacle—a swell guy then and a fine officer now.

. . . The entire Corps of Midshipmen traveled to Sacramento to view the state capitol and meet Governor Olson—all the cadets were present at a meeting of the State Ways and Means Committee where plans for the new base at Morrow Cove were being discussed. . . The T.S.G.S., after the annual cruise, spent ten glorious days in Stockton where they were danced, romanced, fed, and bled by the gorgeous girls of COP . . . the fourth class was very prominent.

The ship's officers put on a hot South American conga show for the boys. . . Lester Erickson was editor of the Hawsepape, first in his engineering class, and winner of the \$50.00 prize drawing set.

The memorable third class dinner with guest speakers Captain C. B. Mayo, former Executive Officer Lieut. G. Barkley, and Mr. R. C. Dwyer, Chief Engineer.

Examinations for future middies were given.

Mr. Chester Tubbs, class of '38, returned to C.M.A. as an officer-instructor. Mr. Tubbs graduated first in his class; served as second mate aboard American-Hawaiian's S.S. Virginian; Taught cargo and steamship.



THE MISADVENTURES OF SLOPSHUTE JERK

Jerk felt a surge of confidence from the feel of the cold steel in his hand. Stealthily he advanced, his muscles tense like those of a stalking cat. With a snarl he lunged, thrust, parried, and thrust again. No soogee. Not a dent. Glumly he surveyed the twisted blade, the serenely undamaged meatball. Three tables down, his buddy, Highline McShroud, solved the dilemma through the judicious navigation of a fire axe. The vicious whine of the resulting bovine shrapnel unnerves Slopshute. He does his bit for the Artichoke Growers' Union, slips out from under a water treatment, and leaves the table.

It is cold out, so Jerk snags his pea jacket off a passing shipyard worker before braving the 98 proof Embarcadero westerlies. For a few moments he stands on the forward well, contemplating the bright lights of San Fran and mulling over Smilin' Jack's discourse on "After Women or Liquor." "What the hell," mutters Jerk. "There's no muster tonight and the sentry is no doubt asleep." Halfway down the inshore headline, he runs afoul of a king sized rodent of the Pennsylvania class, picking his teeth with a fid and considering the best way to crack the rat guard. "This dumb beast does not know when he is well off," Jerk says to himself. "I will endeavor to wise him up." He advances down the line. The rat makes the first move, he parts Jerk's hair with the fid. It is too soon after the evening meal, and Slopshute is in no condition to tangle with a plate of spaghetti even. The encounter is definitely one-sided. "Cheer up," the rat tells him, "you couldn't have had much fun in Frisco anyway. Your wallet is flatter than a slab of galley cake." He puts the wallet in his pocket and heads uptown. Slopshute picks himself up off the deck and heads toward the berth deck.

Slopshute hits his sack early, as this will give him valuable time for research on his latest brain fever.

The sly Jerk thinks that by sleeping face down on the pillow, his whiskers will be forced to reverse direction. Then, while his buddies fight for a position before a wash basin, he can just bite

his beard off. The one angle he can't work out is the fact that sleeping with his face in the pillow has a slight tendency to suffocate him.

Reveille comes, with all the tone nuances of a depth bomb exploding in a bath tub. Jerk ignores this shifting sheet iron rhapsody, and takes the Southern route to forty winks. No sooner has he bounced back into the arms of Morpheus, than his bunk makes like hiccups. The Mate snatches the pillow off Jerk's head and lays heavy hands on our hero. Slopshute's libelous screams ricochet off the granite countenance of Stockless O'Bower, one of the more prominent members of the horizontal one-eighth club. In a flash it comes to him—first class mates—the new order. In less time than it takes O'Bower to add his name to the list, Jerk reforms.

We now find that dynamic devil trudging up to his cleaning station on the boat deck. I mean the Duty Officer finds him trudging up to the boat deck. "Good morning Jerk," he says pleasantly, what have we here? Cocoa and blankets, eh? "Oh yes, the blankets," stammers Jerk. "I was going to use them to—er—wipe rails. . . ." "No doubt. And the cocoa?" "For removing rust?" asks Slopshute hopefully. "Of course . . . how stupid of me. It's for removing rust. Well, don't work too hard Jerk. If you did, there wouldn't be any point in your coming up here to work off your E.D. today, would there?" The D.O. strolls off, chuckling fiendishly.

The day grates on. All over the ship, budding young officers are applying theory in the most practical manner, for today is the day of the big facial. Forward, a little man with a big torch, has just succeeded in cutting off the crow's nest. (His timely warning saves a large percentage of the people grouped below.) The crow's nest new strategic position in the berth deck has moved the eminent financier, "China Joe" Wolfskin, to stocking it with candy and soft drinks, thus adding a new link in his chain of pleasure spots.

Meanwhile, the boat deck hums with activity. The floating crane is endeavoring to remove the port gun tub. "I can't understand it," mutters the operator. "We have two and a half tons lift on her now, and all we've managed to do is pick the ship out of the water. Maybe if I hold her out over the Bay and shake her a little it will come off." He tries. It won't. All hands come forward to survey the situation. A large gathering of gold braid argues over stresses and strains and thumbs through impressive looking volumes. After a long discussion, a swab suggests that unbolting it might do the trick. It does. The gun tub is removed, leaving only a small pile of rubble and Slopshute Jerk, curled up in his blankets and dreaming of knock-off from cleaning stations.

Two report masts later, we find Slopshute healing nicely.

He is now working under the assumption that inasmuch as he has drawn down some quadrillion hours of E.D., daily turn-to would be asking too much. Consequently, here he is in sick bay, bleeding through the eyes to the doctor about a mythical sore throat. "I see," murmurs the Doc, meaning the heat lamp just behind Jerk. One can expect almost anything out of Slopshute, but not a temperature of 112 degrees (Centigrade). "Stick out your tongue. Hm. . . . No wonder you're sick with that thing in your mouth. Tell me Jerk, have you noticed any of the symptoms of Aurora Borealis?" "Hugh?" "You know, an itching sensation under the fingernails." "Gee, no Doctor. Nothing like that." Slopshute begins to look a little worried. "You haven't? Hm. . . . that's bad. Generally speaking, a person with your Eurasian pallor would have definite signs of digitium." Slopshute gulps. "Maybe I can come back tomorrow. . . ." "Out of the question! I can't let you out without making sure that this is curable." Jerk now turns green, which confuses the diagnosis somewhat. The doctor spends a few eons with a large book, every so often pausing to frown at his victim. Then he walks over to Slopshute. "My boy, I want you to take this like the man you are. After careful consideration, I have concluded that your condition is the result of a bad borborygmus of the liararria controlled motor sensory nerves. Also, a slight diaphrase of your rheostat. We must face it. However, I think that if we advance the spark, we can take the knot out of your throttle." "Can you save me?" sobs Slopshute, who is now down on his knees. "Yes, I think I can. Now stop licking my shoes. Fresh air is the thing. Fresh air and plenty of exercise. Such as lifting heavy weights. The strain should take your sorgum off your spinnerblatt and relax your carainial muscle. Report to me every three days on the progress of the growth. Let's hope it isn't malignant!" The Doctor turns away, grinning ghoulishly.

Slopshute's little world crumples around the big ears. He is just in time to make turn-to formation.

BRUMPSNICK SNARK, CADET ENGINEER

By Phil Ransom

It is 2330, and the occupants of the berth deck have been lulled to sleep by the drone of the blowers. Suddenly the messenger flies down the after berth-deck ladder (the forward one would be closer but it's his only chance). He is going about the fiendish job of singing a private reveille to the unfortunate of the twelve to four. He seems to derive some sadistic pleasure as he turns his umpty-million candlepower spotlight into the face of his first victim. Who should it disclose, but our dear buddy and boon companion, Brumpsnick Snark, who has been entrusted with the fireman watch for a week.

Muttering something about a terrible dream, he rolls over on his face and snores on. However, the messenger, who has donned a gas mask, braves the halitosis a second time and gives the Snark a violent shaking which causes jars of jam and peanut butter to shower down from the overhead.

Finally getting the idea that he is to go on watch, Brumpsnick pulls himself over the edge of his sack and plants his feet firmly in the face of the first classman below him. After slipping into the pile of dungarees he had set out the night before, he makes his way to the ladders with only minor cuts and bruises from locker doors and light switches.

Upon emerging into the light of the mess deck, Snark discovers his shirt on inside out and that he has picked out a white hat. Of course, he won't notice his liberty shoes until he has covered them with a few cans of fuel oil.

A hasty peek at the night lunch discloses a huge pile of raw bacon and no means of un-raving it.

Promptly, at ten of, he steps into the engineroom only to knock heads with a fireman who announces the auxiliary pressure and speeds onward to his sack. Once on the bottom grating, Brumpsnick makes an inspection of the bilges and rouses out some shipyard workers who are furious to find that they have been sleeping in the shaft alley on their own time. The oiler retires to the ice machine flat with his magazine and Midshipman Snark refreshes himself with a lovely bath in the hot well.

Now in the fireroom, Snark finds the oil is nice and warm—about 260 degrees—and that the red needle on the steam gauge is missing. Looking more closely, he finds it behind the white one, and so he shuts down two of the fires. A warm feeling begins to creep up Brumpsnick's ankles—a feeling which suggests that this would be a peachy time to pump the sump.

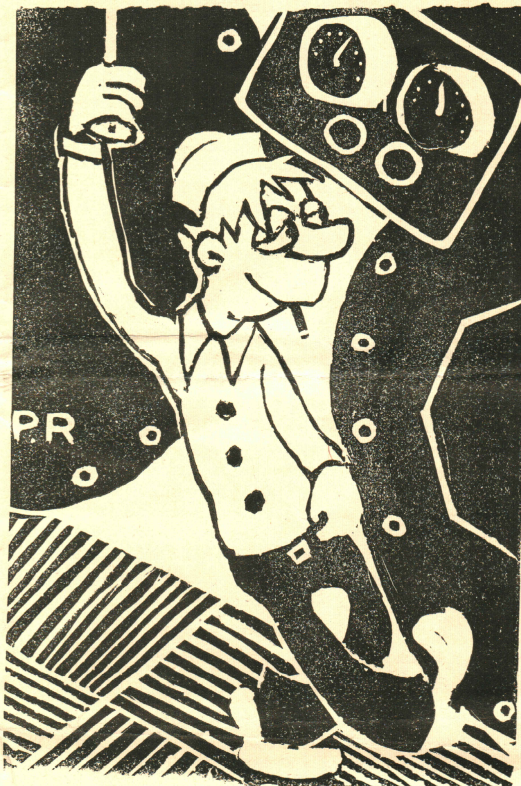
It is take-the-reading time, and the Snark is an expert at this. He looks into the hot well and figures it should take about one drop. He can read the auxiliary gauge from the bottom grating so why should there be any change in the condenser temperature from the last watch? Also, the efficient Snark has found that immense quantities of oil can be saved by merely passing the meter. Other money-saving ideas had been tried by our hero such as not using burners and lighting off without a torch. The first is responsible for the large laundry bills and the latter accounts for a slight limp and several missing teeth.

Brumpsnick continues his rounds, winding the port watch and coiling the shore line, and making frequent inspections of the golden rivet with his oiler. Snark's oiler hates to see him go off in the shaft alley alone so he always comes too. They talk of the Stockton females and what their impressions were when they first went down in the engineroom.

It has been several hours since water has been seen in the gauge glass, so the clever Snark, noticing the absence of the fusible plug, decides to put a little H₂O in the boiler. By a sly cross connection known only to Snark, and the drunk pipefitter who installed it back in 1919, he manages to pump from the bilge and the port settler into the boiler. This mixture, after passing through the condenser, is reputed to have great medicinal qualities. When mixed with equal parts of Morgan's "coffee," it is indispensable as a cure for body lice. Taken internally, it will cause one to go stark raving potted.

After distilling several gallons of this "nectar of the googoes," the Snark invites his oiler down for a little midnight snack from the engineroom pantry, which is supplied by the chillbox. Then to make the evening complete, Snark's bosom buddy, Rosebox Downcomer, produces his dark glasses and they have a lovely dance over the deck plates to the music of leaking packing glands and dry piston rods. Now and then comes the crash of a pile of cocoa cups, left by the first class engineers at cleaning stations. Incidentally, Brumpsnick's baggy pants are from saw-oiling decks.

The Snark feels the light tap-tap of a buttoning hammer on his shoulder and upon awakening finds that it is his relief who wants to cut in. However, Brumpsnick screams "last dance" and



refuses. The Snark pulls out his Mickey Mouse watch and sure enough, it is hit-the-sack time. After leaving an application for membership in the "Blue Flame Club" with the boys, he lashes himself to the chain falls and hoists himself to the top grating. At last between the lovely sheets, Brumpsnick falls asleep, still considering whether or not to give his girl a petticoat for her birthday.

Read the next issue and see if Snark gives his girl the slip.

SEA DUST

It's alright to compliment a girl on her ankles, but not too highly.

* * * * *

Saleslady: "Here's a very nice sweetheart card,"—"To the one and only girl I ever loved."

Midshipman: "Fine—I'll take a dozen."

* * * * *

Doc: "I have to pick up a girl at Hollywood and Vine at six o'clock."

Chris: "Who is she?"

Doc: "How do I know who's going to be at Hollywood and Vine at six o'clock?"

* * * * *

Reporter: "I've got a perfect news story."

Editor: "What? Man bites dog?"

Reporter: "No, but a hydrant sprinkled one."

* * * * *

There's something about that girl I like but I just can't put my finger on it.

* * * * *

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

"No, it was very astonishing. I though she was home taking care of the kids."

* * * * *

It's those little things that break up marriages: those little brunettes, those little blondes, those little redheads.—Polaris

OUR ENGINEER ROOM

By Fran Goetz

— OVERHAUL —

A few weeks back, the Training Ship put in at the United Engineering drydock in Alameda for the start of the annual overhaul period. Here, the engineering midshipmen of the Training Ship were allowed to visit, in groups, the various ships that were near the T.S.G.S. and undergoing, as ourselves, construction and repairs. Many opinions were formulated as a result of these excursions and to say the least, the time spent was well worth while.

The yard afforded various types of ships progressing from a Russian operated, American lend-lease, Liberty type, to the latest in turbo-electric tankers. It seems, from the "scuttlebutt," that a C-1 turbo-reduction gear type ship docked just below us was the answer to the graduating midshipmen's dream. The ship was very well laid out and seemed to sanction the authority of the Training Ship's instructors by the honest feeling each midshipman felt with the knowledge that he could open the plant with little help other than the knowledge already gained from the text of Dr. Dwyer's Engineering Course. Some of the fellows were slightly worried about the operation of a Naval tanker that was being completed next to us in the drydock, but all had the desire to some day ship on a vessel of the turbo-electric type. Of course, there was that "smart" fellow who could open up the complete plant in ten minutes, but it still remains that some of us would like more experience before tackling a job of the T-2 tanker type with complete assurance.

— REPAIR —

After leaving drydock, the Golden State proceeded to her base at Morrow Cove, where an overheated crankpin bearing which had wiped, was taken down and scraped. On the following week after repairs had been completed, the Training Ship set sail for her former home, Slip No. 2 at the Ferry Building in San Francisco. Here, the overhaul period was quickly commenced, and the entire engineer room remodeled like new, or so one would think after listening to a few of the many extra men who, theoretically, were working an eight hour shift. After watching our "sturdy" crew, one can easily see that \$20,000 spent in overhaul has not been wasted.

— EDUCATIONAL PICTURES SHOWN —

Throughout the overhaul period, various education pictures were shown through the sponsorship of Dr. Dwyer, for the primary benefit of the engineers, as well as the Cadet Corps. Among the most interesting of these was the one first shown which entailed a complete description of the construction and operation of the old style Westinghouse Turbine, composed of two impulse stages and the remainder of the reaction type. The picture exhibited the method of casting and machining the turbine casing, advancing to the assembly of same, a great deal of which was done completely by hand workmanship. The operation of Marine Turbines followed, showing the flow of the steam from the boilers throughout the complete turbine unit, the accompanying explanation describing the governor, overspeed trip, throttle valve, thrust bearing, dummy piston, and labyrinth shaft packing. Impulse and reaction blading were shown in blown-up cuts explaining the means by which the steam flow and expansion allowed for the successful operation of turbine propulsion units.

— TURBO-ELECTRIC SCHOOL —

While the first class engineering midshipmen had hoped to attend turbo-electric school at Marinship in Sausalito before graduation, their hope was not realized because of a last minute message from Washington. It seems that the school is overpopulated at the present and could only be used for those engineers who are positively shipping on vessels of this type in the near future. Although this news was rather expected, it still was disappointing. At any rate, the incident cannot be forgotten without extending the midshipmen's heartfelt thanks for time taken and unstintingly given by Dr. Dwyer in attempting to obtain what certainly would be a new and helpful innovation in the Academy's engineering curriculum.

In all probability, by the time this edition of The Binnacle is issued, the overhaul period will be ended and the midshipmen once again will be living in shore housing. Much studying is still to be done before the third's examination can be attempted by the engineers. At the present time, questions given in sample examinations of the Coast Guard are being issued to the first class. After these questions are answered by same, the engineering instructors correct them and add advice as to the manner in which the inspector would accept their construction. It has just been disclosed that both the steam and diesel license examinations must be successfully completed before either certificate may be granted.

All in all, the midshipmen are really beginning to look forward to the time when being a licensed officer will soon become a reality rather than a paradoxical dream in the eyes of themselves as lowly "swabs" during the early months of life at C.M.A.

SPORT SPUTTERS

By Bob Myers

The biggest step, in our estimation, that has been taken toward the establishment of a real curriculum at the Academy was undertaken during the first of May when a complete athletic program was finally inaugurated at the Carquinez Marine University. Following a special memorandum by the Superintendent endorsing the plan which was submitted to him by the Athletic and Recreation Committee in an effort to create a balanced academic and recreational routine, an athletic period in the afternoon was brought into being with the purpose of providing a physical training program as well as supplying the Midshipmen with a means of diversified recreation.

Active interest in many forms of athletics and the obvious need for physical conditioning prompted the action and resulting survey by industrious members of the aforementioned Athletic Committee. The success of the program is entirely dependent on the enthusiastic support of the Midshipman Corps, which should be wholeheartedly given in view of the tremendous opportunity which the new revised schedule offers—opportunities which have never been enjoyed by any other group of classes at the Academy. Upon completion of the plan now underway there will be a chance for every Midshipman to daily participate in some form of organized athletics.

The Superintendent emphasized in his Order that he wishes EACH MAN to benefit by athletic activity, and in so doing we can turn out men from C.M.A. who are physically as well as mentally equipped to meet the tests which lie before them. Some of the sports which will be incorporated in the program are baseball, touch-football, basketball, tennis, swimming, and badminton—all of which are to be indulged in now, not in the future when the prospective athletic field is a reality (and incidentally, when all of us are gone). Intramural and interclass schedules will be utilized in each of the organized sports in order to give each man a chance to play the sport of his choice and to benefit from competitive athletics.

While the ship underwent repairs at its old berth in San Francisco, a number of Midshipmen were being instructed on the vital art of conducting oneself in the water. Swimming classes for those unable to swim (or so they said) were conducted by Dr. Moore and Mr. Slagle, aided by a few able instructors from the first class. We don't have to elaborate on the importance of being able to swim; just being able to swim may get you by on the beach where your main interest lies outside the water, but when your life depends upon your skill in keeping afloat or reaching a raft, you'll wish you had spent a little more time splashing instead of sparking.

Perambulations: Putnam establishing a new pool record at the Embarcadero "Y"—for the underwater crawl... U.S.C. seems headed for another national track championship if they so desire—we wonder how all those V-12 boys end up at Troy, eh Dean?... There's been talk of a rifle range and team at the base... Cummings has been nominated the best shortstop of the year (along with some other jerque)... It must be that old spring fever or ants in the pants; at any rate, a number of horsehide fans have been making daily peregrinations to the "plateau" for some stimulating (and amusing) exercise... Evart's still enjoying instructing the gals in judo.

GISMO

Various COP opinions of the boys in blue: Too fat—passion pools—crazy Casanovas—jolly jerks—slip drips . . . new song to be heard on the Hit Parade soon is "The CMA Jerk Went Berserk at the Cirque" . . . "Stork" losing ten pounds at the hospital, as if he could spare it . . . Wolfskill moving his bunk into the canteen so he can spend ALL day in there . . . new swimming pool in lower two rounds—Jahnsen giving life-saving instruction down there every afternoon . . . Hiya Sue . . . Swanson, with Mr. Miller's persuasian, volunteered to chip all the cement off the wheelhouse and radio shack.

Marinkovich and Boomer going steady . . . congrats to Bob McFarland and Kathie, just engaged . . . Pew still wearing his "freshly toasted" low pressure . . . who sprayed that enveloping, odorous, after-shave lotion around the berth deck? A thorough investigation is in order . . . Steel serenading Mr. Tubbs on the after well deck . . . Mr. Summerill asking the second class how to stow castup and Klein answering "Right side up, sir." . . . Southwick buying a life pass on the Stockton Limited.

Larson seen in Chinatown last Saturday night . . . Clendenny's fashion show in the mess deck . . . Smilin' Jack, at the docking of the ship in San Francisco shouting, "Persian Room, here I come!"

. . . McKune rubbing cigarette ashes in his hair . . . alright Pringle, maybe you are the handsomest dog at CMU (apologies to Guthrie, Gruhler, Dunning, and Curry) . . . heard by a Stockton female citizen: "Gosh Myers, I don't see how any girl can keep from falling in love with you!" So long Sue.

Question of the month: What bright McGee was seen sprinting toward the blazing classrooms with a bucket of gasoline in each hand?



"An enemy task force was repulsed in an attempt to extend its line—our blackout was effective."

EX-EXEC. RETURNS FOR VISIT

Seen on board the 19th of May, 1944, approximately 1300, was Commander B. M. Dodson, former Executive Officer of the Training Ship Golden State.

Commander Dodson's only statements were that he was highly pleased to be aboard and experienced quite a thrill viewing the numerous changes recently made on the Golden State.

Commander Dodson is now stationed at the District Supervisor's office of the Merchant Marine Cadet Corps. His home address is: 1124 Cortez, Burlingame, Calif.

NOTICE TO FAMILIES OF ALUMNI

It has been brought to our attention that too many "Binnacles" are being mailed to the homes of alumni that are to be found elsewhere. All that is needed to remedy this situation is a notification on the part of the graduate's family or friends of his mailing address, not his home address. In this way, "The Binnacle" can be mailed directly to an alumnus instead of being by-passed through various former residences. In all cases, tell us whether we should send The Binnacle to the home or shipping company.

We, The Binnacle Staff, sincerely thank you for any help you can give in this matter.

GRADUATION

Graduation exercises will be held at the Academy on June 24th, at about 1430. All Alumni are invited to attend.

WHO'S WHERE

Editor's Note: In the wake of a recent letter from a sea-going alumnus, "The Binnacle," in the future, will publish a list of C.M.A. (C.N.S.) graduates and their last known addresses.

As you must realize, this column has nothing to work with except the requests of those alumni that would like to know the location of former class or shipmates. Because of this, we, The Binnacle Staff, are asking you, the Alumni, to do one of two things or both. The first is to send us the addresses of C.M.A. (C.N.S.) graduates that we may not have on file and the second would be to write us and ask the whereabouts of former schoolship men.

With the cooperation of as many outside alumni as possible, this column may, in the very near future, prove to be an important link connecting former "buddies" from the Training Ship.

So don't forget you men out there and everywhere, let's hear from you. If you send an address, give the full name and rank, the name of the ship or company, and the home port. All of these items are necessary.

NOEL B. MARTIN, S.S. Charles Contant, Polaris S.S. Co., 17 Battery Place, New York, N. Y.

R. W. DASSO, '40, care of Alexander & Baldwin, 814 - 2nd Ave., Seattle, Wash.

E. N. KETTENHOFEN, '42, care of Matson Navigation Co., Pier 32, San Francisco, Calif.

LT. COMDR. J. A. PATERSON, '33, U.S.S. Regulus, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, Calif.

W. T. PECK, '42, U.S.S. Surprise, Fleet Postoffice, New York, New York.

EDWARD SCHWARZ, '42, care of Standard Oil, Marine Dept., 225 Bush Street, San Francisco, 20, Calif.

GEORGE BOLDRICK, '42, U.S.M.P. "Niles," Fort Winfield Scott, San Francisco, Calif.

B. G. BURFORD, '43, S.S. Frank Springer, American-Hawaiian S.S. Co., 215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

I. A. CANEPA, '42, S.S. George Bancroft, care of Postoffice, New York, New York.

B. R. CARLSON, '42, care of Grace Lines, 2 Pine Street, San Francisco, Calif.

JOHN CLAGUE, '42, U.S.S. Cimarron, Fleet Postoffice, New York, New York.

ENSIGN R. E. COLFAX, '43, U.S.S. Libra, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, Calif.

LT. J. G. ELLIS, '42, E8 No. 201 Advanced Base, Personnel Department, Camp Allen, Norfolk, 11, Va.

B. J. FENNICK, '42, care of Matson Navigation Co., 215 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

H. A. FLOOD, '42, American-Hawaiian S.S. Co., Pier 28, San Francisco, Calif.

LT. A. E. GALLANT, '40, U.S.S. Pennsylvania, Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, Calif.

C. G. HANSEN, '33, Isthmian Lines, New York, New York.

M. HENDRICKSEN, '42, care of Matson Navigation Co., Pier 32, San Francisco, Calif.

ALUMNUS WRITES

On behalf of the California Maritime Academy Alumni Association, Lt. (jg) L. H. Erickson is publishing this letter from Lt. A. E. Gallant, Jr. We hope that all suggestions and comments will start some sincere and idea-originating thoughts in the minds of our far-spread Alumni.

* * * * *

May 13, 1944

Dear Mr. President (C.M.A.A.A.):

I would like to drop you a note or two asking for a very small favor. It is not the habit of the members of the C.M.A.A.A., to put in a squawk about anything, at least as far as complaining to the Association itself. Ever since the war started, the graduates of C.M.A. (C.N.S.) have been doing a damn fine job pushing around a bunch of buckets not fit in a lot of cases for the junk pile. Once in a while we run into each other in an out of the way port or when a can comes alongside to receive ammunition or fuel. We, of course, are delighted to see each other. In most cases, the two interested parties never knew that any C.M.A. (C.N.S.) graduates were on such and such ship. We will all admit that we don't write to one and another as if we were brothers or the like, but we all put in our time on the Schoolship and there isn't one of us that has anything but good feeling toward the School.

I would like to quote a part of the Alumni News in the February, 1944, issue of The Binnacle: "... The Alumni Association has been delighted with incoming correspondence during the past few months. The letters are very interesting in that they very often give the whereabouts of the graduates and some of their experiences." All this is fine, but who consists of the Association; the people on shore duty back in the States only? Let us see some of the letters, too. To go on: "They are a great boon to the morale of the Association because of the enthusiasm and well wishes manifested in each phrase." They haven't affected our morale out here. "... Besides they usually contain a check for six bucks that form the financial backbone of the C.M.A.A.A." We all know that the dues are six bucks. So far I've received The Binnacle fairly regularly and enjoyed it to the extent of the first seven pages. The C.M.A.A.A. of course gets its two bits worth in on the eighth page, along with the address, etcetera.

How about using a wee bit of the six bucks we send in each year, to send us a bit of dope including the current addresses of all the graduates by classes so we will at least know where they are, if possible, and who they are working for. They all write a letter now and then, so if the individual concerned gave no statement otherwise and they were written for the information of the Association, pass them on about once a quarter. Mimeograph them if necessary. It's easy to copy the letter, so no brains will be necessary there. Just get someone around school to cut a few stencils on the typewriter and have some of the "shore staff" run them off and mail them.

Respectfully,

A. E. GALLANT, JR., Class '40

* * * * *

May 25, 1944

Dear Al:

Your letter was turned over to me for publication and upon reading it I said to myself, "At last—not only constructive criticism, but suggestions, too."

We have received letters from the Alumni (like those published) stating, "We enjoy getting The Binnacle" and "It's good to read the news about the old Schoolship," etc., but never have we had a resounding kick in the pants to really open our eyes. You were certainly right when you said, "It's not the habit of C. M. A. A. members to squawk"—for if they had, I (who am more or less responsible for the "two bits worth on the eighth page") might have gotten off the dime months ago. Here's the editorial situation as it stands:

On this page we tried several ideas to keep the interest of the readers—"Brumpsnick Snark" only ran competition to "Slopshute Jerk" and with what comments we could gather from a few members, it wasn't liked. Next, the idea of writing stories about experience of graduates was tried and several sources were contacted to obtain "adventure stuff." Well, some were too modest to have their story printed, others could not be bothered with the trouble of writing up a little info—but we did get one story! This story, however, contains a lot of names of ships and ports and dates the censor will not let us use. We could use the story without these names but it would lose a lot of punch. We still have hopes of printing it and others too with lots of added fiction as well as factual events.

The "Alumni News" column always had interest to graduates but it has been too brief as I see it. I think we should concentrate on that phase of the page and make the write-ups as complete as possible. It can also be improved in view of the fact

that certain censorship restrictions have been lifted and we can use the name of a ship (also with restrictions) which means a lot more than just "a Liberty ship" or "a Can."

The idea of printing the letters written to us is probably the best yet, but it would be even better if the Alumni would write to each other. This page should be a link in bonding together a fraternity otherwise scattered and hopelessly uninformed of the progress of the Association. What better way is there to make this a strong link than to keep in contact with each other through a medium common to all members? Another good column would be "Letters To The Editor" or "Letters To The Staff," but there are two good reasons why this is not so good: First, the letters are not so personal as those sent to each other; second, all the work is on the shoulders of one man who has to answer them all. (There should be enough interest for the members at sea to put a few minutes—even hours—instead of someone already over-busy to take it all. This is not meant as an excuse, Al, but before I came ashore, I remember having too much time on my hands, while now it seems that I can never get caught up with my work laid out.)

You will notice that your letter has given birth to several new inspirations which should soon develop into more concrete adaptations of what an "Alumni Page" should be like. About the mimeographing of sheets with addresses and "dope," we're hot on that too; but constitutionally, it'll take a meeting to put the idea through. Maybe something even better will come out of it. They say two heads are better than one.

I'm sure that everyone appreciates your letter as well as your interest in the Association. Thanks from the Officers.

Respectfully,

L. H. ERICKSON, 'Class '41

ALUMNI NEWS

Shallenberger, June '43, and Lush, December '43, are together on a C-1.

Rod Clark is enjoying a few days' leave with the little woman after a ten month voyage on a Liberty.

Bob Owens, '41, is First Officer of the "Mariposa."

Ben Freeman, January '42, sailing first assistant with Alcoa, is back on this coast. He hasn't seen any of the old gang in eighteen months.

Dick Kellam, December '42, has been sailing second with A.P.L. and is considering active duty.

John Wadell and Guy Harrison, December '42, are second and third mates for Matson on the gravy run.

"Swede" Stendahl, January '42, and his third mate, Joe Devine, June '43, are back after a long passage. A heavy weather trip for sure!

Joe Woodard, December '43, just returned from Milne Bay with his Liberty and is waiting for a new ship.

At home now is Keith Denny, December '43, who just returned from a complete coverage of the South Pacific area on a Liberty.

Seen in New Guinea recently were Ray Wright, Fred Joy, Lyll Surtees, and Ed Rowe, all of December '43, and "Jake" Jacobsen, December, '42.

On board the 24th was O. I. Miller, December '43. After leaving Alaska, Orv's tanker was reported lost but everything turned out O.K.

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

SEC. 562, P. L. & R.



W.H. Aguilar
1416 Carl
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