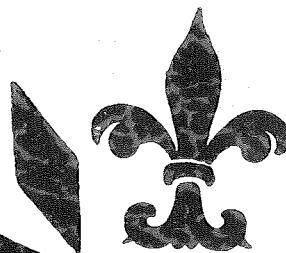


HAWSEPIPE

1937



CRUISE
1936 — 1937

Hawsepide
1937

Published at Sea by
the Cadets of the

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DEDICATION

To our mother's love that shines above,
And glows as the evening stars
Like the ebb tide's pull when the moon is full
Is her faith in we wandering tars.

From we who roam, to the girl at home,
Her last word, the promise to wait,
While an unshed tear bespoke her fear
Of the whimsical vagaries of fate.

To our loved ones all, who late last fall,
As we sailed from the Golden Gate
Bid us fond adieu o'er the widening blue----
This Hawsepipe, we dedicate.

INTRODUCTION

The California Nautical School was created in 1929 by an act of the State Legislature, conforming to Federal legislation which provides for such schools. It is supported by both the State and Federal governments. The Navy Department contributes an annual sum towards the support of the school, with the State appropriating the balance necessary for operation. The Federal Government provides the Training Ship and the educational equipment. It is under the control of a board of governors appointed by the governor of the State of California. Of these governors, four are men with commercial shipping background: the fifth being the state superintendent of education.

The base of operation is located a few miles north of San Francisco on a reservation including about fifty acres. It is fully equipped with shops, laboratories, and class rooms. Near Tiburon in Marin County, it is only an hours ride from the metropolitan cities of the bay region.

Qualifications for entrance are as follows: a male citizen of good repute, a legal resident of the State of California, not under seventeen nor over twenty-one years of age and ability to pass a physical examination comparable to that given by the United States Navy. Competitive examinations are held annually throughout the state and by this method the cadet corps is selected.

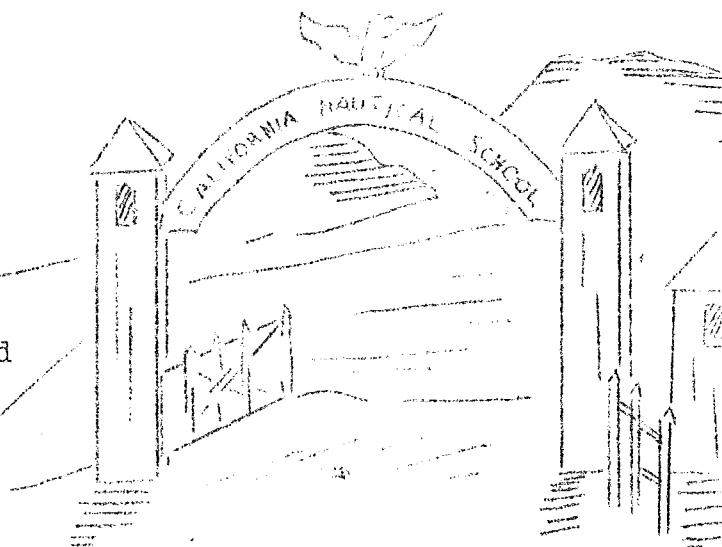
The course of instruction requires three years, each of which is divided into a shore and cruise term of approximately five months duration, the remainder being taken up by the annual overhauling at the navy yard and short leave periods.

The school year begins October 1st of each year, when the ship is taken to the Mare Island Navy Yard for approximately six weeks. After overhauling the ship, is provisioned and made ready for cruising. On these cruises the class-room knowledge is put into actual practice. Cadets of the two departments serve in their respective branches. On their first cruise cadets are given duty in both the engineering and deck departments. After completion of the cruise, the individual is then better suited to decide the field that he wishes to enter. At the same time this dual instruction gives him a better knowledge of ship management.

Graduates are licensed as either third engineers or third mates on ocean-going vessels of unlimited tonnage.

Through this Hawsepope we will briefly try to describe the adventures and events that occurred on our annual cruise of 1936-37.

September 29th was one of those days, very full of anxiety and relief, which are destined to come into every ones life. Days of anxiety for their respective scholastic standings, and relief from the mentally pedagogic state in which they had existed for the past five months, came as an exhilaration to the newly elevated second class. Then too, there was the anticipation of delightful moments spent in the ruthless humbling of the already ill-fated third class.



On the afternoon of final examinations, the decks of the faithful schoolship were desecrated by the pitiful patterings of many hopeful, yet alien feet. They were not a bad selection of farmers, walnut huskers, and Hollywood playboys, but as future hopefuls, the slow but sure hands of time and the report mast would either mould them into great officers, or, humbled, send them back to their boyhood pastures.

A clumsy person than a swab never existed, and to have half a hundred confined in the cadet quarters, trying to achieve what to each was impossible, created a greater disturbance than one can imagine. About fifty articles of clothing to procure, mark and stow kept the youngsters a very busy lot. However, as most young ones are, where the subject of food is concerned, they were eagerly awaiting their first chance to "mess" in their strange new home. When three bells struck in the newly augmented cadet corps, they marched with their elder brothers to what was the start of a well regulated life in the inner sanctums of the school.

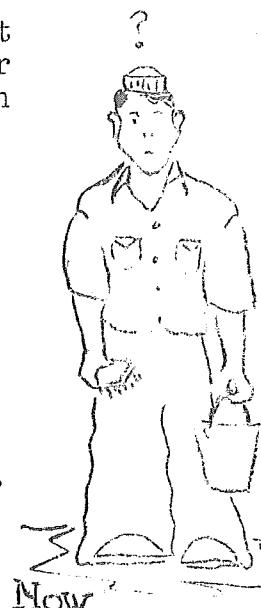
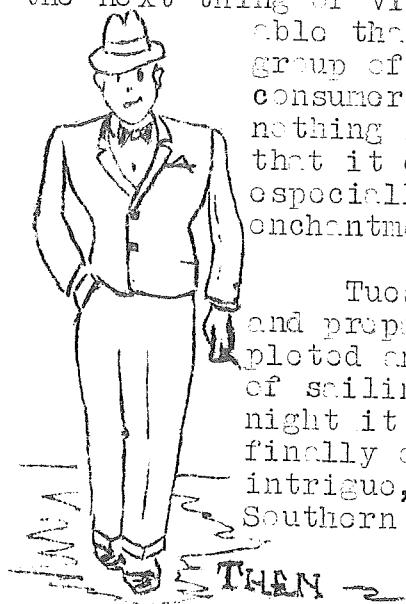
Six days after the matriculation of the third class, the U. S. S. California State, steamed from her base to the Navy Yard at Mare Island, for her yearly overhaul. This period is one of the great events, of the year, next to the cruise, for there most everything may be had free or as nearly so as it is possible for the government to make it. The little city of Vallejo is just across the channel with all the feminine companionship a cadet may desire; while in the Yard are diversified means of entertainment and a great wealth of experience and learning. The opportunities of seeing a first class shipyard in operation is well received by the cadet corps as a whole, for here workmanship is seen at its best.

The ship remained at Mare Island for about a month, getting herself into the best possible condition for the proposed cruise. Fuel oil and a greater part of the stores were taken aboard before leaving, because of the comparatively short time that would remain at the base before putting to sea. After returning to the base for a weekend, the ship moved to San Francisco and anchored off the Marina to participate in the Bay Bridge celebration.

After returning to the base, trouble developed in one of the

main generating units, which necessitated a second trip to Marc Island for a replacement. The crew, while at the Yard, prodigiously labored all that night and the following morning we were ready to sail again for the base.

At the base the remainder of the supplies to be taken aboard the next thing of vital concern, for there is no one more disagreeable than a crew short of supplies and a group of hungry cadets are the world's best consumers. It was not a tedious task, for nothing is so difficult to impatient youth that it cannot be accomplished quickly, especially when they are lured on by the enchantment of the South Sea islands.



Tuesday, November 20th, all plans and preparations for the trip were completed and we could do little but think of sailing on the following day. That night it was a very restless sleep that finally overcame us; what lure, what intrigue, what adventure did those Southern Isles of the Pacific hold for us?

"YOU'RE ON REPORT"

"You're on Report", sounds the cry
An innocent cadet heaves a sigh
Three sixty five days out of the year
Pray those words you never hear

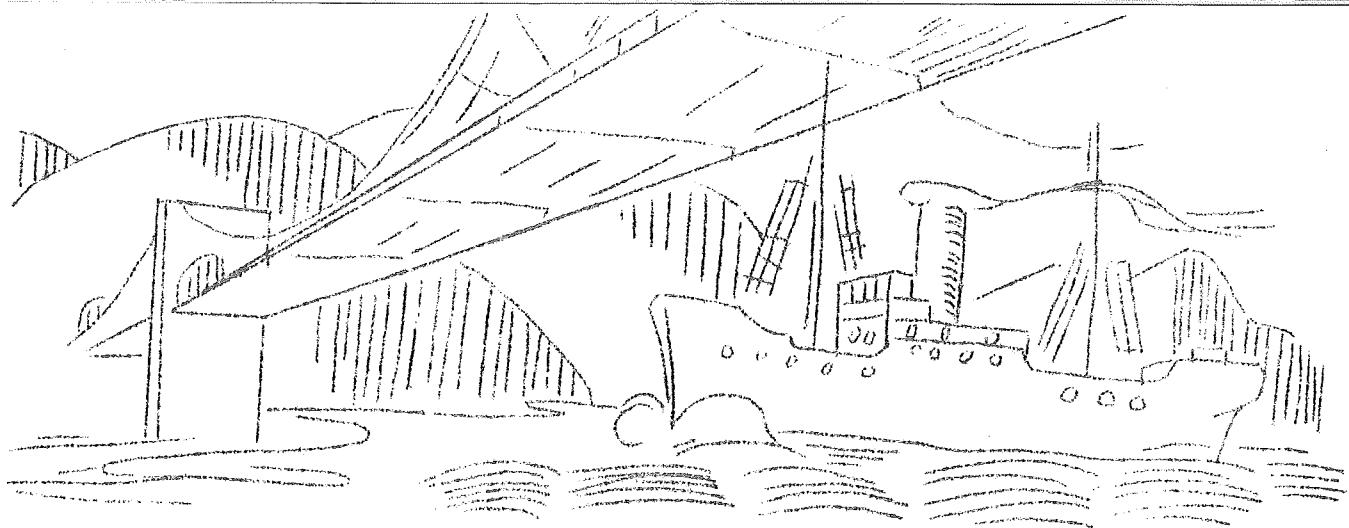
You may be right, also wrong
Whichever it is you sing the song
Take it and like it, forget the regret
Lead the life of "Ye Old Cadet"

Locker unlocked, or cloths adrift
You were too hasty in making a shift
Maybe at home you could throw clothes around
Advice as to here "it's not very sound"

Was it your bunk, that was unproperly made
Or maybe your blankets weren't properly laid
Whichever it spells, you are guilty and wrong
In C.N.S. you sing the song

Uniforms, dirty, shabby and torn
Regrets towards your mother? Why were you born?
When three years are passed. Glory is won
The thought of that cry, will make your eyes run.

"Demerit King"



At eleven A. M. November 21, 1936, we were, at last, underway on our cruise through the Southern Seas of the Pacific. The raising of the gangway was all that compensated for the long months of work and anticipation, and, for a time, it was difficult to realize that this was not another C.N.S. rumor, but an actual truth.

Mothers, with tear-stained eyes, protuberant chested fathers, and girls who had promised to be true to the cadet of her choice, all waved good bye and were soon hidden from view as the U.S.S. California State disappeared into the dense fog in the bay. Our trend of thought became mobile and we moved without purpose about the ship for the following four hours. At that time the fog had lifted enough to permit us to proceed through Golden Gate and into the open sea.

The combination of a billowing sea and a speed of ten knots proved a tragic recipe for incapacitation cadets Blodgett and Clawson, as well as being very disagreeable to several others. This nausea, which comes once to every sailor, was only temporary and three days later a trim corps of cadets was reported, healthy and hungry.

Our first Sunday at sea, November 22, was one for celebration. Being the Captain's birthday, he was invited to have dinner with the cadets. At the culmination of the meal, Captain Dwyer doubtlessly thrust his knife into the cake. It is said that at a previous birthday, the Captain was jocularly presented with a cake, which in reality was not a cake, but a frosted coil of rope. This time, however, the Captain was spared the embarrassment of practical jokers. Following dinner the party met in the classroom below.

During the meeting, the Second Division was presented with a trophy, donated by the San Francisco Junior Chamber of Commerce, for winning the interdivisional races at the Marina. The Boat Crew, which participated in the whole boat race was presented with medallions in commemoration of its victory. Captain Dwyer, with great ceremony, was given a token of esteem in honor of his birthday; a gold



end wrench of watch chain size. A short program, presumably to entertain the ship's company, was presented by the third classmen, after which the happy gathering was brought to a fitting climax.



Thanksgiving, with turkey as a major feature, broke the monotony of routine in the following days, the feast being received with great joy by the cadets. The next day was one of everlasting remembrance. It is known as "The Hair-cutting Escapade of C.N.S.". Swabs were herded into the classroom by their beloved seniors, and relieved of their windtossed locks in a style most unbecoming.

Evening routine on the ship bespoke a calm that offset the noise and activity of the day. The upperclass deck men took the honors for mental stress in study. "Rules of the Road", which had to be memorized by the time of arrival at Auckland, caused many supposedly sane cadets to stumble aimlessly about, muttering to himself. Other cadets were to be seen reading, playing cards or gathered into groups, discussing matters of small or great importance.

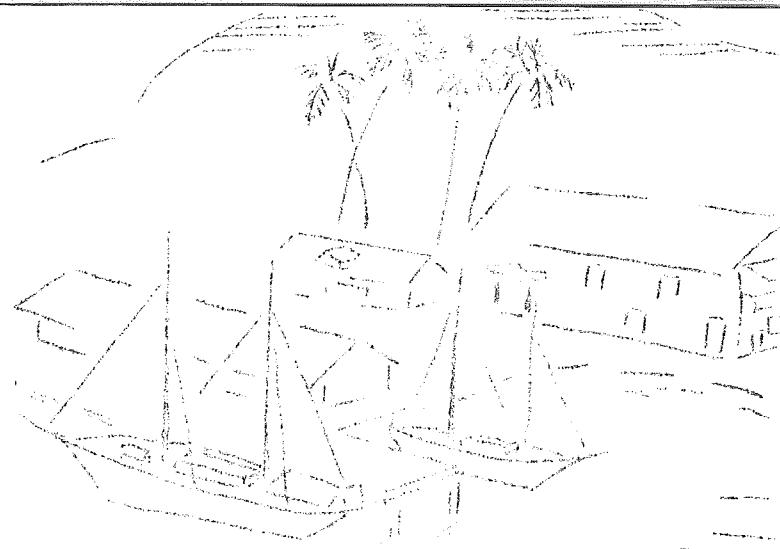
But horror of all horrors! This calm was not destined to remain undisturbed. Lurking in the minds of terrorstricken "pollywogs", like the deep sea squid who retreats to the darkest caverns of the sea, were the dreaded thoughts of King Neptunus Rex. The latter came aboard in full regalia and with his entire court at the time the ship arrived at the Equator. The warnings, previously sent to the swabs by Long John Silver, as His Majesty's Royal Scribe, were carried out to the full extent of the Law of the Raging Main, each swab being tried and given sentence before the royal court. This procedure, being an international tradition of the sea, is inescapable to any pollywog on crossing the Equator for the first time. Colorful, elaborate costumes, little discretion and no justice, help to make this incident unforgettable in the minds of the now proud "shellbacks".

From the time of departure, an urgent problem had been predominating; the proper care of the ship's mascot, a tiny police dog, christened "Suggy". So a meeting was called and Cadet Service was elected to the position of "Master of the Hounds." At the same time the staff of the annual publication, The Hawsepope, and a Recreation Cadet officer were chosen as follows: Editor--Coker, assistant and business editor--Butts, Art Editor, Bergeron, Recreation Cadet Officer--Taylor, and first, second, third and swab division representatives respectively, Howell, Aye, Dreyer, and McMurtry.

On Monday morning December 7, 1936 the dim outlines of the islands Tahiti and Moorea came into view through the early morning mist. A fragrant tropical breeze, blowing from the islands and scented with Tiaris, the native flower, filled our nostrils. No island of the Southern Seas has a more gorgeous appearance than Tahiti with the jagged peak of Orohona, jutting seven thousand, three hundred feet into the sky. Never before had "Channel Fever" been so pronounced as we waited for the Tahitian pilot to come aboard and guide us safely through the barrier reef surrounding Tahiti, into an island of Polynesian beauty and romance unexcelled in the South Seas.



TAHITI



Rounding Point Venus, on which we made out the lighthouse and the memorial to Captain Cook's famous observation of the transit of Venus, we sighted the pilot boat, tossing in the swell, waiting to put aboard the pilot who would guide us through the treacherous reef and into the harbor of Papeete. As we approach the glimmering reefs, to find amazing panoramas of beach and shore, the blue line of the sea becomes broken by the white of the crests of waves, breaking silver sheen upon the coral reefs. And now, beneath us, is a world of enchanting marine life, while across the shimmering water we glide slowly to a bizarre little town of wooden shacks and twisting streets sprawling amidst heavy green trees--Papeete.

The morning sun rose on a scene of island splendor, as we hove-to for a short time off quarantine island and then moved slowly up to the quay and made fast. Almost immediately a group of natives came aboard to welcome us and extend leis of flowers,

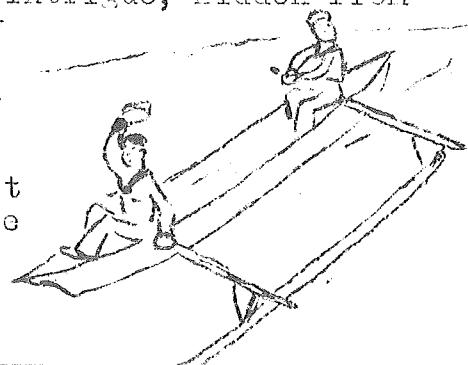
Fragipanni, Jasmine, Tiare Tahiti, Hibiscus and many other native varieties.



Formalities concluded, liberty parties soon formed and we commenced to explore this beautiful island. We found exceptional opportunities for recreation and sightseeing; bicycles, horses, busses, and cars were for hire everywhere. A noonday turpor sits upon the little village, where all life seems exhausted, as we move through the quaint little capital of crooked streets and Chinese faces. Polynesia seemed to laugh at us with slanting eyes, with just a tinge of yellow showing through a skin of pagan brown.

There were numerous expeditions to the far-famed Fautua Falls, but in spite of their beauty, all hands agreed that one of the greater attractions was swimming in the numerous pools below the falls, pools, deep in color and intrigue, hidden from the island by hibiscus and alamanda. Many of the cadets tried to master the art of handling an outrigger canoe, and few ended by swimming ashore.

Several groups made a complete circuit of the island by motor car, visiting at the many native villages that dot the shore.



This trip included a visit to the bay in which H.M.S. Bounty landed in 1788. Natives of the island were very hospitable and the cadets were given their fill of tropical fruits. Opportunities for souvenir collecting were speedily taken advantage of, many fine articles being obtained from the natives and from the many Chinese shops that occupy a greater part of the business district.

At the Theatre Moderne, which has been adapted from a large copra shed, talking pictures were actually being shown. Douglas Fairbanks went to Tahiti to make pictures, which he exhibited while there, and the equipment, now in use, was left by him with the proprietor of the theatre. During the performances a Polynesian, standing at one side of the screen, interprets the dialogue for those who do not understand the English.

Chinese tailor's shops soon to buzz all night as their cutters and sewing machines work upon a never-ending order of silk and linen beach togs and duck suits.

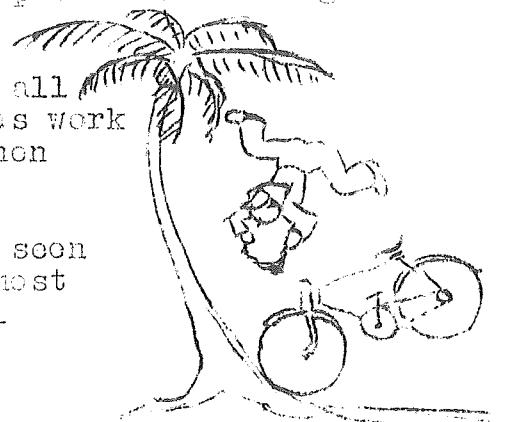
Of all the interesting things to be seen in Papeete, that which is the first and most integral part of the Tahitian's life will probably remain to us as outstanding--the market.

Located on one side of the central square of Papeete; the building, which houses the individual stalls, consists of a multitude of iron bars supporting a central roof. It appears not unlike a large cage at first glance, but a closer inspection reveals diverse articles, which the populace will soon purchase and carry off to their homes.

Strangely enough, the business of the market begins quite early in the morning--about four-thirty, and lasts only until about seven. In this brief time, however, one is able not only to observe a typical cross-section of the inhabitants of Papeete, but to also gain a considerable knowledge of their life from their purchases.

Here the Chinese obtains fish to combine with his rice--and what a variety to choose from! Nowhere in all the world, is found a more abundant and varied collection of fish than that which inhabits the South Seas. Fish and Crustaceans too, form a large part of those people's diet, and all are magnificently displayed at the market.

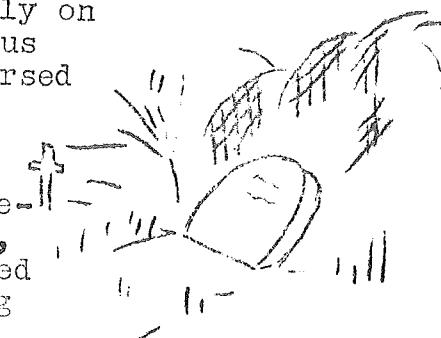
Most noticeable however is the fruit. Every tropical and subtropical fruit known is laid out for inspection. All the people buy fruit, for even the Chinaman is fond of his lichee, and in Papeete, even the poorest can easily afford it. The luscious pineapples, delicious mangoes and papayas, and large quantities of bananas, oranges, lemons, and limes are bought by all. Even the small children succumb to the attractions of the sugar candy stalks and may be seen everywhere, happily chewing a juicy joint. Milk and meat coconuts comprise a goodly portion of the markets stock, but by seven it is nearly depleted, and there are left only a few small stalls stocked with fruit. They are presided over by a few old Tahitian women who sit in the now deserted market place until late at night, weaving baskets and mats;



earnestly hoping for a late or chance customer to buy their few remaining wares.

Ever since the days of its discoverers, hosts of adventurers have gone to Tahiti's shores; some to write, some to paint, most of them to forget. Some have carved their names on palm-trees, but many have left their names only on tombstones in little cemeteries amidst hibiscus and alamanda. No doubt at times they have cursed the bewitching isle of magnificent crags and swaying palms, but all have loved her.

Thursday morning, December 10, we were reluctant to bid good-bye to our gracious hosts, and our hearts were heavy as we silently glided out through the barrier reef, our leis dotting the water, as we tossed them overboard in the hope that someone would pick them up. As we sailed through the channel between Tahiti and Moorea, we glanced back at the port to which all ships steer through the trails of romance in the South Pacific, the melting pot of all bloods and creeds, strange and dangerous, but always beautiful and bewitching, and once more the curtain falls on the scene of great adventure, tragedy and romance -- Tahiti.



THE C.N.S. PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
Grant that no lousy swab shall take,
my shoes and pants before I wake.

Dear Lord grant me in my slumber,
that no one tear my bunk asunder,
And may no gripe or lashing break,
and smash my dome before I wake.

Keep me safely in thy sight,
and grant there be no drilis tonight,
And in the morning let me wake,
mid wondrous smells of pie and steak.

Lord protect me in my dreams,
and make things better than they seem,
Grant three years may quickly fly,
and all report masts pass me by.

Guard me through the long dark night,
and grant me more of wondrous sights,
And then do this poor sailor bless,
with no more tricks of serving mess.

Then take me back to solid land,
where they scrub the decks with soap not sand,
Where there's shelter from the rain and blows,
and the WOMEN wash the dirty clothes.

K. Dett.



Auckland, N.Z.

On midnight, Monday the 21st. of December, the "California State" once again let go her anchor. After the comparatively short run of ten days from Tahiti, we had arrived at Auckland, New Zealand. Most of the ship's company were below in their bunks upon arrival, but to those cadets on watch, the lights of the city were a most welcome sight, for here we were once again in a modern port, having life as we were used to it. Also, we were anxious to see the scenic wonders for which New Zealand is world famous.

The next morning the usual feverish shore-going preparations were being made by the cadets of that day's liberty party; while the watch aboard had to content themselves with gazing at the green verdure covered hills surrounding the harbour. The most prominent of these being the famous "One Tree Hill", Mount Eden, on top of which is the compass on which is marked the direction of, and distance-to, the principal points of the world, and majestic Rangatata--- an extinct volcano rising out of the sea; the rock and soil structure of it still in the formative stages. Closer by was the naval base at the Auckland suburb of Devonport, and directly across the bay from the city itself. In between the two, on the waters of the bay, scurried little passenger and automobile ferries, hurrying from the city to the island-like suburb. The weather was very unusual, in that we had anticipated hot weather, and instead, it rained continuously for eleven days out of the fourteen that we spent there.

The night following our arrival the ladies of the auxiliary of the Overseas League of Auckland sponsored a dance for the cadets in the League's clubrooms in the Queen's Arcade. Many new friends were made, a goodly number of which developed into close acquaintances by the time we left.

Wednesday afternoon found us alongside the Western Wharf, and since Thursday was the day before Christmas, the cadet corps gave a "tea", with some fifty Auckland girls in attendance. They began arriving about three in the afternoon and, after sightseeing about the ship, an entertainment was given on the forward well



Heron and Summerville rendered two duets with guitar accompaniment. Audet gave an impersonation of Yogi Yorgeson, which seemed to make a hit with the girls, the big feature of the act being the fine make-up employed. Following this, Lee stole the hearts of the ladies by playing several selections on the piano. Audet and Nagle, both lower classmen, came on to make another hit by "pulling off" a large number of the latest knock-knocks direct from the good old United States. Here again the make-up was fine and unusual, to say the least. The entertainment was closed with Louie Rossi's "Carolers", singing sea-chanties and Christmas carols, accompanied on the accordian by Cadet Nichols. Following the program a buffet luncheon was served in the mess deck.

Christmas morning "all hands" assembled in the classroom for the distribution of Christmas presents by Santa Claus (Mr. Clark "dolled up" in a red suit, with all the trimmings but a beard!) Some of the boys received large packages and others small ones but everyone was in a fine fettle, and all left the classroom more than contented with their remembrances. During the remainder of the day cars arrived at frequent intervals with Auckland girls and their families, who took many of the cadets on interesting drives through the surrounding country, and to their homes for Christmas dinner, English style. These cadets who remained aboard for dinner were treated to delicious roast young pig, with all the trimmings.



The first week was spent by most of the cadets in seeing the city, going to shows and sampling milk shakes at the "Milk Bars" (An Auckland milk shake or malted milk is a never-to-be-forgotten drink), the second week in seeing the country, in the company of the most hospitable New Zealanders. The chances to see the interior of the island were helped along considerably by the two periods of three-day extended liberties, which were granted over Christmas and New Years, respectively. Principle objects of interest were, Mount Eden from whose lofty summit the vast panorama of Waitemata Harbour, the city and its suburbs, and the Tasman Sea was unfolded; the War Memorial and Museum, where interesting examples of Maori art were exhibited; and Remuera with its lovely homes, bathing resorts, cricket grounds, and race track. Also it was of interest to see the island on which that famous old sea dog, Count Feliz Von Luckner, was imprisoned.

Auckland is a city of some two hundred thousand people, mostly of pure English and Scotch descent. The city is situated on a narrow isthmus, which nearly bisects the North Island, and which is formed by two bays extending almost completely through New Zealand, one from the Tasman Sea and the other from the Pacific side. It is in the eastern bay that all shipping centers, for the western bay, although deep enough to handle ships, once inside, is barricaded by a shallow bar. The government is contemplating the construction of a canal through the isthmus to the present docks of Auckland, however it does not seem probable that it will be constructed until such time as the entrance to western bay is dredged and made safe for ships at all times.

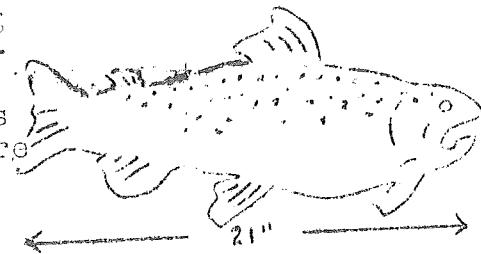
The Aucklanders were typically English in their customs and

speech. The traditional "Limey" phrases, such as "Righto" and "Cheerie", were common, and after two weeks many of the lads spoke as if they were born now Zealanders. Another custom that met with approval was the afternoon teas. In fact the cadets tried to get the cooks on board to set out tea and cakes at afternoon recall, but met with little success.



During our stay the ship's racing crew was challenged by the British cruiser "Achilles". The race, though longer than our customary races, and with the added disadvantage of using boats of an entirely different type than ours, was won by our crew. Our rifle team was invited to compete in a match with the "Legion of Frontiersmen", and lost by a very small margin. In both cases the fine sportsmanship of the hosts was commented upon by the cadets.

A large number of the cadets made the trip inland to that famous wonderland of the south seas, Rotorura. Here in this wonderful thermal region they viewed many strange and interesting things. Fairy Springs was the first stop, and there those who enjoyed angling had the opportunity of trying to catch a few trout. Next the area of boiling mud, geysers, and sulphur springs was visited. From here the guide took the Cadets into the Maori Village of Whakarewarewa, where they were entertained by natives with Indian songs and dances.



When our day of departure had arrived, and the ship once more made her way out through the busy harbour, the thoughts of all were upon the great friendliness and courtesy shown us by the New Zealanders and that someday we might return.

Old Faithful

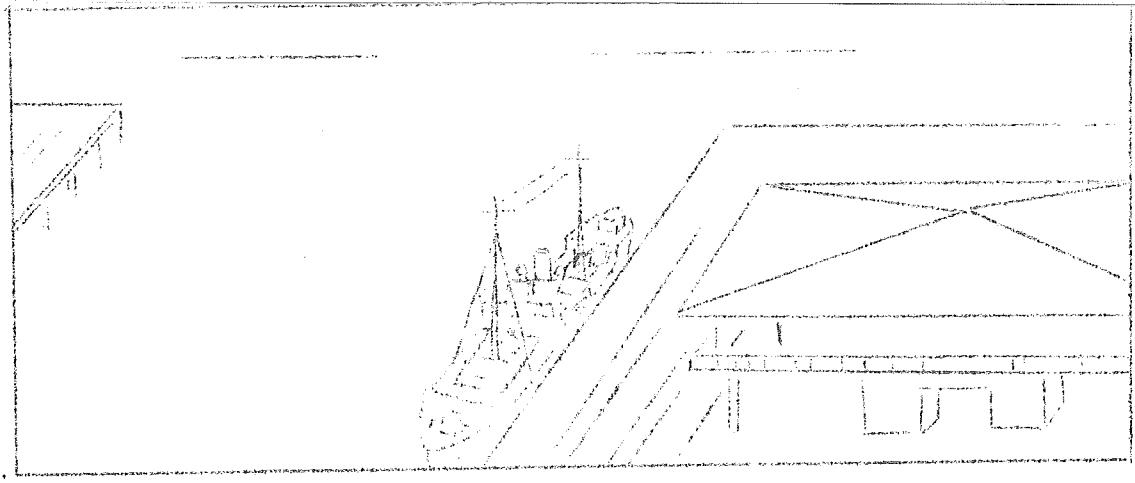
We're just a bunch of youngsters
for an engineer's life we yearn,
T'was at C.N.S. that we found out
some things we have to learn.

Who tries to teach us all he knows,
out where the wind blows free.
Yes, who could show us half as much
as the old man of the sea.

He's not a Robert Fulton,
nor a dark skinned Gunga Din,
But down below when things go slow,
He's there to bring us in.

So when our time is over,
and two bells, is our call,
We'll be thankfull "to you old Dave"
Yes thank full one and all.

Black Gang



Melbourne

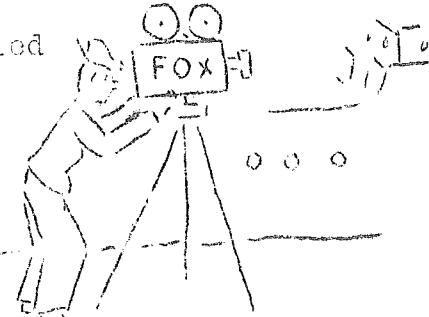
The Tasman Sea lived up to its reputation as the roughest sea in the Southern Hemisphere when the California State crossed from Auckland, New Zealand to Melbourne, Australia. Consequently the sight of land was a god-send, and heralded with a terrific blast by our bugler, we were secure at Prince's Wharf at eleven o'clock, the morning of January the twelfth.

The dock was crowded with newspaper and cameramen. None of the cadets could complain about not "making the news" so if they missed having their picture taken it was their fault. "Hold That" and "Righto, Thank You" were the pass words of the day.

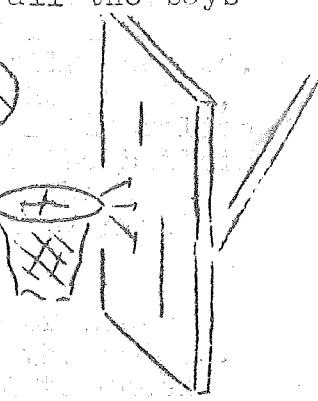
The four days spent in Melbourne were filled to overflowing with varied activities. Two dances were given for the cadets, two baseball games were played with the pick of the local teams and one exhibition soft-ball game was staged by the cadets. A basketball game completed the list. In addition there were innumerable places of historic and educational interest to visit. The government extended many courtesies, outstanding of which was free train transportation from Port Melbourne to Melbourne, a distance of some five miles.

A formal dance was staged for the starboard watch at the Embassy Club by the English Speaking Union, and the following evening a somewhat less formal party was given for the members of the port watch by Mrs. R.A. Daynes and her two daughters at the John Davis studio. All who were in attendance at either gathering voiced their approval and everyone seemed to agree that the Australian girls had plenty of what it takes.

The baseball games were rather disastrous as our boys were severely beaten in both contests. However the boys are to be congratulated upon their ability to put up a stiff fight in the face of heavy odds against them. Mr. Clark stole the show when he unlimbered the old arm and pitched a few innings and then pulled out a three bagger that would have been a homer if he hadn't had to push so much around the base line in front of him. "Dixie" Howell and his fourteen inch feet created no small sensation. The newspapers ran full length pictures of "Dixie" and his feet; in fact, these feet are famous in Australia now.



Nobody recognized "Dixie" by his face, they just tracked him down. The baseball team was feted at St. Kilda Beach, the Coney Island of Melbourne, and since everything was free all the boys proceeded to enjoy themselves to the utmost, as guests of the Melbourne baseball team. The basketball team seemed to share the luck of the baseball team as they were also beaten badly in a hectic game played at the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium. Following the game the boys were guests of the winners at a last evening tea at the Victoria Hotel Tea Room.

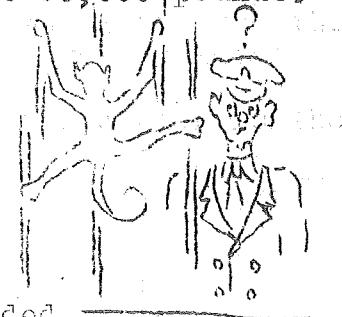


"The Shrine of Remembrance", the Australian war memorial corresponding to our "Tomb of the Unknown Soldier", was one of the places that attracted a large number of the cadets. The shrine is situated in the center of a vast expanse of rolling green lawns and fine gardens. It stands in solemn dignity atop the highest hill in the vicinity where it can look out over the entire city. The building is constructed of white granite and is a very inspiring sight when viewed in the bright sunlight.

Inside the shrine is of rather peculiar construction. There is an inner chamber, which is surrounded by narrow corridor, and has four entrances from this corridor but none straight from the outside. The chamber extends the full height of the building and is crowned by a glass dome, through which enters the only light that makes its way into the chamber. In the center is the dedication plaque on which is inscribed "Greater love hath no man", and it is so situated that on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month a beam of light will shine directly upon it. High up on the walls are wonderful mural depicting war scenes in which the Anzacs were primarily engaged. Along the dimly lighted corridor, which encircles the chamber, are books in which can be found the name of any Loyal Australian who gave his life in the great war. From the top of the building is unfolded a most wonderful panorama of Melbourne. The Australians can well be proud of the fine monument they have erected to their dead heroes of the last war.

The Parliament Buildings, with their long rows of steps and stately columns, were another source of interest to the cadets. The buildings were erected in 1860 and are dedicated to Queen Victoria. Inside its portals are to be found many examples of unusually fine craftsmanship. There are many wonderful Mosaics done by Italian craftsmen brought especially from Florence. All of the chambers are done in a combination Doric, Ionic architecture, and everything is tinted with nine carat gold, which has never been re-tinted since it was put on. In the library can be found any book of value that has been published since 1860, also there is a huge chandelier in this library that is made of hand-worked crystal and silver and is valued at some 30,000 pounds.

A large number of the cadets favored the fine parks that lined River Yarra, which flows right through the main section of the city.

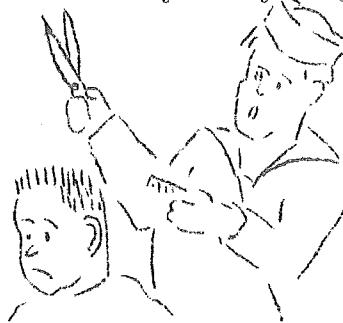


In these parks were acres on end of wonderful gardens in which could be found plants and trees gathered from the far corners of the earth. Also the boys were able to view their brothers from whom science tells we are descended,

in any one of several fine zoos maintained by the city.

Melbourne is a highly modern city of slightly over a million people. It is ~~supposed~~ to handle a huge number of deep sea vessels at its spacious docks. The streets are wide and straight; lined with fine, new, modern buildings. Building laws in Melbourne do not permit the erection of a building of more than seven stories, consequently there is always plenty of sunlight on the streets in the downtown sections. Her parks are famous the world over and Australia can be justified in its pride of Melbourne.

The people of Melbourne treated the entire ships company royally and many lasting friendships came out of their hospitality. When we again put to sea it was with a feeling of regret that most of the cadets said good-by to their friends and expressed the sincere wish that some day they might again return.



Second Classmen Lament

When first they joined our loving flock
Their heads were wreathed in flowing locks,
Blond and dark; short and long.
But now a new day's come along.

Their noggins now must needs be neat
which means a haircut once a week,
We have our barbers to be sure
But some are really amateur

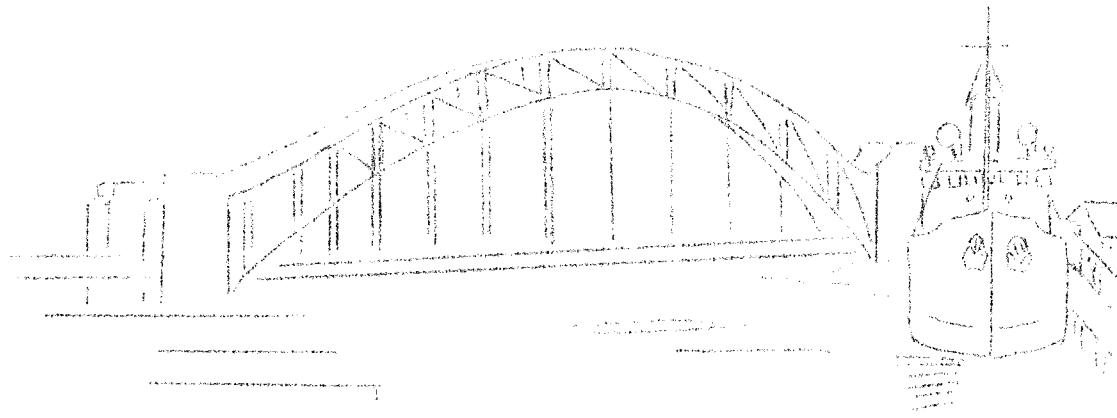
Fair damsels take one look and say,
"Why not buy a good toupee?"
At this our swab must never flinch
A wig must also be one inch

So they wear their hair cut short
just so we may have our sport.
They wore their hair cut short until
One sorry day, and then the mill.

Here crisscross and there a square.
denuding mister swab of Hair.
For this we paid in full, by geo
By loss of half a liberty.

Our swabbies now look quite demure
Because they choose their own coiffure,
But its over now and all is well
So what the hell, boys what the hell.

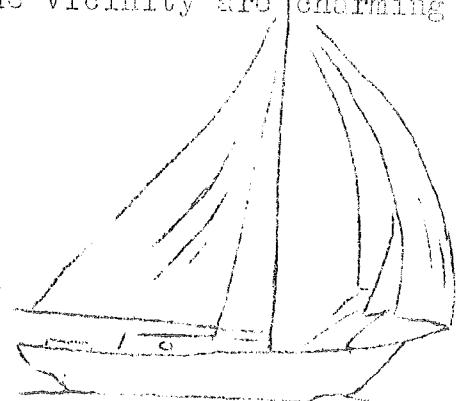
"Barber"



Sydney

The harbour of Sydney has been yr claimed by world travellers as being the most beautiful in the world. To this we all heartily agreed as the California State steamed through Jackson Heads, the entrance to the harbour. It was early morning and the warm verdure scented air seemed as a tonic. From seaward, the cliffs of Fort Jackson had assumed a rather formidable appearance, but here their tree and grass covered slopes invited us to dock and explore them. On both sides of us were numerous coves and islands having occasional strips of snow white sand, sparkling at the water's edge. Rounding a point we behold Sydney's colossal arch-bridge, the largest of its kind in the world. We were intrigued by the beauty which opened at every turn. Although there were no steep hills rising directly from the water's edge and no mountains quite nears in some of the other fine harbours of the world, no harbour has more delightful bays or more attractive headlands.

Though only thirteen miles long in a direct line, Sydney harbour has one hundred and eighty-eight miles of foreshores. One of the best viewpoints is from the heights of Vaucluse and from here on a bright day there is scarcely a more beautiful view in the world. Around about, below, and on the numerous bays and points in the vicinity are charming homes and gardens. These together provide a delightful setting to the great blue harbour, with its three green islands, which stretches away to old Fort Denison. In a distance, as a background, is the magnificent arch of the Sydney Harbour Bridge, while in every direction Sydney and its suburbs slope up from the foreshores to the heights beyond. On saturday and Sunday afternoons the hundreds of yachts sailing around the islands add immensurably to the enchanting scene.



About an hour had elapsed since entering the harbour until we were tied up at a dock in the city's pictureque Circular Quay. We had a decided advantage in docking here as it was but a few blocks from the heart of the city. Here, as in every port, the liberty party lost no time in getting ashore, and disappeared singly or in groups a few blocks away from the ship, eager to explore this delightful city set around the shores of a harbour that is never failing in its attraction. later we wondered whether it was more attractive by day or by night

when the foreshores and the heights beyond are a blaze of lights, when the ferry boats look like huge fireflies and the great Harbour Bridge merely a long curved line of brilliantly lighted lamps.

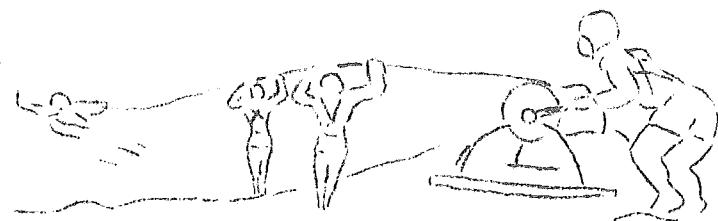
The winding streets of Sydney, the fourth city of the Empire and Gateway to the Pacific, are one of her greatest charms. Many devices have been and are being tried to cope with the enormous growth of the city, and arcades of small shops are found in all manner of surprising places. Some of the buildings are very beautiful and the larger shops compare favorably with those of the other large cities of the world.

The beauty of some of Sydney's suburban areas is intoxicating. Here one finds an alluring beauty all her own; there, the soft tender beauty of England or the sharp bright beauty of Spain and Italy and over it all the glory of the Australian sunshine. It is, indeed, a city of infinite charm.

Thursday, following our arrival in Sydney, the cadets on the Port Watch were taken to Manly Beach as guests of the city. Arriving at their destination, following a half hour trip across the harbour, the cadets were welcomed by the Mayor of Manly with a short talk at the Town Hall. This was followed

by an interesting demonstration of life-saving on the beach, after which the cadets were entertained at luncheon. The remainder of the afternoon was spent

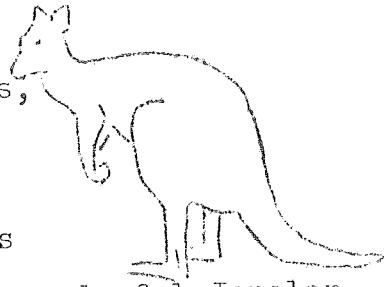
swimming in the surf, which is shark proofed by huge nets. Manly has the largest and perhaps the most popular surfing beach. Thousands throng this beach during the summer months and not even the Lido at Venice can present a more animated or attractive sight. Carnival time is a riot of color, fun, and noise, and the display of life-saving clubs is worth going many miles to witness. On the harbour side is a splendid new swimming pool which is providing one of Manly's greatest attractions.



On Sunday, the Starboard Watch had a similar outing at Sydney's famous Bondi Beach, a very serious rival of Manly. Here hundreds of cars are drawn up on the esplanade and bathers in bright costumes throng the beaches. The pageantry of the life saving displays at Carnival time is a sight which should not be missed. Some comment was made at the two beaches about our American habit of swimming in trunks, which had to be remedied by adding singlets as the upper part of our costumes.

By this time our fellows, having become acquainted with the city and its people, were making many interesting side trips, a favorite of which was Taronga Park and the Zoological Gardens. Taronga Park, which includes Sydney's Zoo and the Aquarium was a delightful spot and competent critics agree that it is one of the finest in the world. The views over the harbour and the wealth of flowers and shrubs are by no means secondary attractions. Here were to be seen the Koala bears of all ages and sizes, kangaroos, wallaroos, wallabies, emus, kookaburras (laughing jackasses), and other Australian animals and birds. The Koala bear, known as "Billy Bluegum", possibly the world's most whimsical mammal is also undoubtedly, the most lovable little animal in the world. A inhabitant of eucalyptus forests in eastern Australia, he is virtually extinct in South Australia and New

South Wales, has been sadly decimated by pelt-hunters in Queensland, and has been saved in Victoria only by official activity. Kangaroos, Wallabies and Wallaroos are in the same class of mammals, there being over fifty different species in Australia. Following the visits to these parks, cadets generally returned aboard ship with stuffed Koala bears as souvenirs of the most loveable little animal in the world.

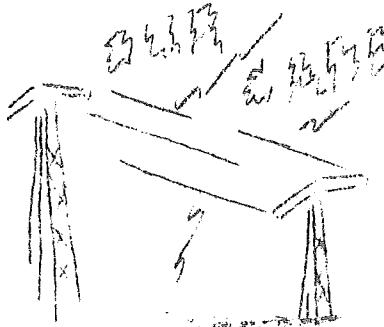


Within three hours from Sydney are the famous Blue Mountains which have many holiday resorts and well-known beauty spots, chief among them the wonderful Jenolan Caves. A few of the more fortunate Officers and cadets aboard ship were able to enjoy this side trip. The road to the Caves winds through magnificent mountain scenery and in the deep gorges on the roadside bellbirds and shipbirds may be heard. The Jenolan Caves are among the great wonders of the world. The explored caves number eleven, the more beautiful being the Orient, the Lucas, the Temple of Baal and the Right and Left Imperial. Nature has formed stalactites and stalagmites into the most exquisite and marvellous patterns imaginable. Here are miniature ruined cities, wonderful Indian shawls, almost transparent in their delicacy, a jewel casket, beautiful minarets, domes, columns and cathedrals and bird's nests and miles of other wonders. To even the most blasé of world tourists the beauties of the Jenolan Caves come as a delight.

Other cadets made trips into the country to see the real splendor of the Australian bush--tree ferns, waratahs and other distinctive Australian flora, and beautiful gum trees, some with snow white boles, others pink, and others again mottled, and the glory of colour when the sun strikes on the new gum tips was beyond description. One of the most intriguing bits of flora was the bottle tree, strangest product of the Australian forest, whose trunk assumes the exact shape of a tall bottle. On these excursions one would pass through hundreds of Basal trees and later through orange and lemon orchards which filled the air with fragrance.

Many cadets went to La Perouse to see the Native Aborigines and to attempt to learn how to throw the boomerang, which were common among the souvenirs purchased in Sydney.

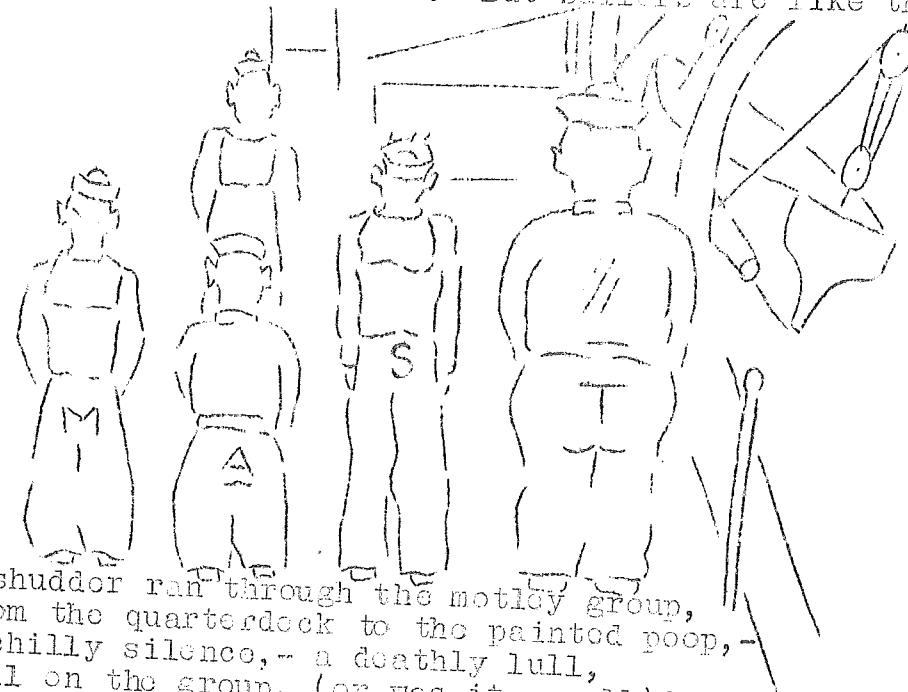
Days that were spent in sightseeing were generally followed by evenings in attending one of the many theatres which had granted free admission, dinners at the homes of newly gained friends, or dancing in one of the various places for that purpose. Trams and ferry boats were also placed at the disposal of the officers and cadets which helped to make our stay more enjoyable.



While in Sydney Mr. Barkley gave a talk over the radio, discussing the purpose of the school, while Cadet Commander Taylor spoke on the life aboard ship. Cadets Lee, Heron and Sumnerill also obliged with a few musical numbers. As in other ports, our basketball, baseball, and rifle teams met with the local teams.

Our ten day stay passed with unbelievable rapidity and on the morning of January 30 we were making our final preparations for getting under way. We would willingly have stayed longer in this metropolis of Australia and unanimously voted Sydney the greatest attraction of our cruise.

As we once again steamed through the harbour we took a last look at the shore and the countless red-roofed houses showing through the trees, and for a time we knew not wheather to reminise over the hospitality of the Australians or look forward to the intrigue of Fiji and Samoa. But sailors are like that.



A shudder ran through the motley group,
From the quarterdeck to the painted poop,
A chilly silence, - a deathly lull,
Fall on the group, (or was it a gull)?

Three fifty five, - five minutes more,
A gull swooping by croaks nevermore, -
Nevermore to be free, (no use to beseech)
In Pago, or Hilo, or Wakiki beach.

Two minutes more, then the bell chiming eight, -
"(line up there you swabs, here comes the Mate)"
cold beads of sweat, A quaking; "here Sir",
(Tell Mother I lied thinking of her)

Fifty demerits, - his eyes start to glaze,
(Mother did tell me, Crime never pays,)
Back on the farm things won't like this, -
Port holes and bugles, with that damn verdigris.

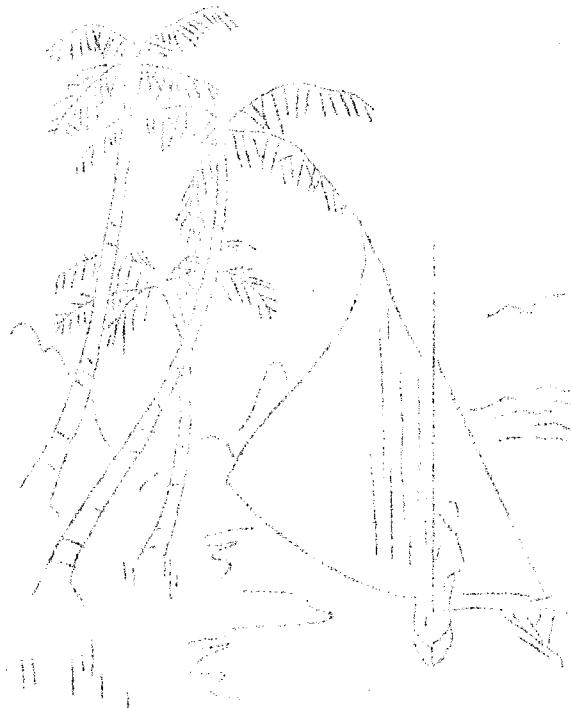
Pa never made me sugy the plow,
And I could talk back when milkin' the cow
(I wonder what Pa could ever have done, -
That the sins of the father should visit his son.)

Fifty demerits, - He means it no doubt, -
Wait till I'm Captain, - will I dish it out.
Liberty, Justico, - Oh death sting me quick,
Or they'll sure make a Sailor out of this hick.....

Suva, Fiji

Fiji could never be as bewitching as Samoa or as romantic as Tahiti: but who has not heard of the Fijian and his famous hair? We were all very anxious to see him as well as fulfill our childhood ambition of going to the Fiji Islands.

Delayed by rough weather we had just about given up all hope, when the surprise came one evening about four bells. Little did we realize how disappointed we would soon be.



The welcome cry of land ho! proclaimed the fact that we would soon be ashore again. The landfall being made toward dusk there was doubt for a time as to whether a pilot could be secured. Fortunately we were not too late and soon after picking the pilot up we moved slowly into the harbor, through the reef--on one point of which lay the rusted ruins of a wrecked ship, a grim reminder of the dangers of these reef locked harbors--and to our anchorage. While we were coming in and after we had anchored we were privileged to witness one of the gorgeous sunsets for which the South Seas are justly famous. Here in Fiji, particularly, conditions seem to be especially suitable for the display of nature's handiwork in colored light. Beautiful and awe-inspiring cloud formations were brilliantly illuminated in red, orange, yellow, and pink and as it grew dark, these colors grew darker until dark blood reds and bright purples vied with the blue of the sea to present a never to be forgotten spectacle.

No sooner had the anchor splashed to the bottom than the quarantine officer came aboard. Then almost immediately the ship was surrounded by numerous natives in bumbos, offering their wares before we had even a chance to get ashore and change our money. What optimism!

The next morning we docked and got our first good look at the natives. They are singular to the utmost! With their dark skins and prominent features they would resemble any island race except for their hair and dress. Certainly no race in the world wears their hair like the Fijians! Straight up! As though they are constantly frightened or perhaps a huge bush, trimmed carefully like an evergreen hedge.

Going ashore we did not find the colorful native life of Tahiti but a more varied, conservative type. Here live many Hindus and Indians, and the caste system is noticeable. Practically all the souvenir trade is carried on by the natives. Commercial trades, such as; silversmiths, tailors, barbers, and shopkeepers are Indians. Most of the domestic help is also Indian while the Chinese operate the cafe and grocery business.

The Town Board had made its baths available, free of charge, to officers and cadets in uniform and the swimming pool at Nasinu was also made available to the visitors, being arranged to take out any who desired to go.

Most of the cadets, however, preferred to do the town, and many of them spent the afternoon and evening around the town. Hotels and restaurants seemed very popular, meals being in big demand.

The captain and officers were made honorary members of the Defence Club, and the facilities of the Golf Club were also made available to them.

Representatives of the Rotary Club also called upon the Captain, and the Rotary Club arranged for cars to take a party of thirty boys on a drive, including a visit to Queen Victoria School.

The last evening was engagingly spent in bartering with the native souvenir dealers on the dock. Such shrewed bargaining! Clothing, razors, bolts, knives, even toothbrushes were traded for the various tortoise shell, wooden, and coral novelties offered by the natives.

All over the dock and adjoining grounds groups of native traders squatted about their stock. Oil or gasoline lanterns near each group gave light to enable the trading to reach its proper conclusions. The reflection on the faces of the cadets as they squatted in the circles of light with the natives gave a truly colorful aspect and those of us who drove those Shylock bargains will probably talk about them for many months to come.

We sailed early the next morn, this being agreeable to all hands as we had enough of Suva and its rain.

Our Ship

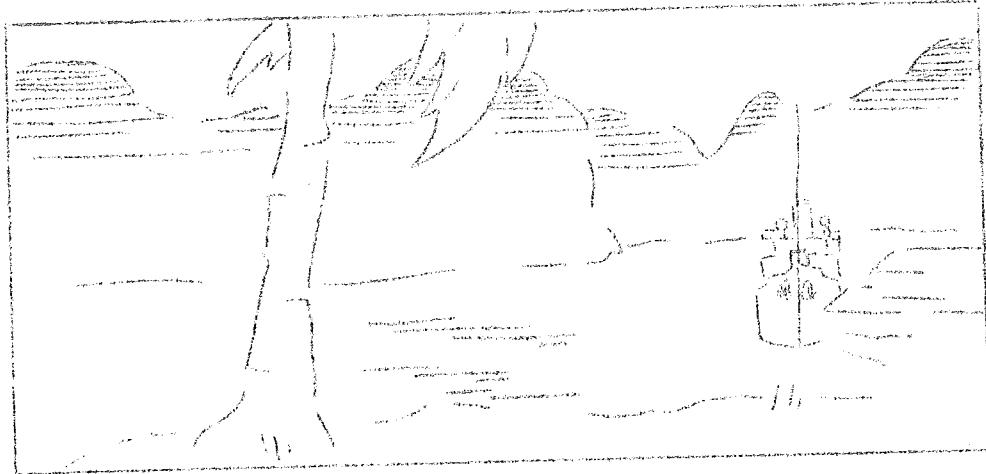
God bless the "Cal. State" man,
Who rides the seas in an old tin can.
They call her a ship maybe there right,
She rolls and she pitches worse than a kite.

She smokes, black and heavy, it rolls like gravy,
The old scow thinks were in the U.S. Navy.
"Hot, hell" its hotter than Hades,
Three years aboard and your pushing up daises.

An outboard motor just crossed our bow,
Hang on you "Swabs" she bucks like a cow.
Our stern out, now its our bow,
Hang on I tell you she raises a row.

What would she do if the Queen Mary sailed by,
She'd lurch and she'd pitch, probably head for the sky.
When she is old and covered with rot,
A power house she'll be just parked in a lot.

"K-Dett"



Pago Pago

As we approached Tutuila, American Samoa, we were at first, unable to make out a harbor or even an entrance. We seemed to be approaching a solid shore line. Rising from behind the hills a short distance inland, we could see the tops of the Naval Base wireless towers. The island was very mountainous, the higher ones in the interior being fringed with vapor.

Soon, however, we were able to discern a road skirting between sea and cliff and following this we perceived the entrance to the harbor of Pago Pago, a narrow, winding channel between twin mountains.

It was not long until we were alongside the small dock at the naval station and were greeted by the navy personnel and the lava-lava clad, barefooted Samoans, who had come down to see the first ship to dock there in several months.

As we were behind schedule in arriving, our three-day liberty was reduced to one. The first liberty party, being anxious to make the most of their short time ashore, were soon thronging the public markets, bargaining with the native souvenir merchants. These colorful people lined the main road with their goods spread out on the grass around them, and great quantities of tapa cloth, dug-out canoes, kava bowls and other curios were soon being brought aboard ship. Need we mention those virtuous souls who invested in huge stalks of what they supposed were bananas, only to discover that they were plantains?

Here on the island of Tutuila, not far from Pago Pago, lie the remains of the great Robert Louis Stevenson. A privileged few of us were able to pay homage to this shrine.

Somerset Maugham, who created the immortal character of "Sadio Thompson" in his play, *Rain*, chose this romantic isle to write his literary masterpiece. An inn, dedicated to that character and named after her is still in operation there.

Many of us were taken inland to visit the native villages that surround the Naval Reservation, and were received with the hospitality for which these people are so renowned. Here and there we would see modern houses with galvanized iron roofs, usually of very poor architecture and marring to the unity of the scene. The old lava-lava is still worn by the men; it is also worn by the women but it is covered by an upper garment which reaches below the hips. These lava-lava are now almost entirely of cloth, which is more suitable and practical than the tapa. Pants for men, in many cases, have replaced the lava-lava and the person who wears pants feels he has a certain status above men who wear the lava-lava. Around the Bay we saw both the barefoot and shod, though outside the Bay region it is very uncommon for the Samoans to wear shoes. Only in the Manu's district do the women do the siva siva with bare breasts as of old.

During the afternoon the native siva siva dances were performed in the grass covered central square in our honor, and there were not many of us who were unable to picture in our minds the native life on the islands before the advent of the white man. At sunset, we were privileged to view the Samoa division of the United States Navy pass in review before the governor of the island.

As we left this bit of the United States, where we felt almost at home, the colorful navy band played several selections on the dock, consisting of marches, "California Here I Come" and a native farewell song. Although no one will admit it there was undoubtedly a lump in our throats as we slowly nosed our way out under a tropical shower towards Honolulu.

Outlaw

Mr. Barkley is the Jury
Mr. Barkley is the Judge
Mr. Barkley takes the case in hand
And settles out the grudge.

Attorney is the bearded man
And a lawyer for the state
He issues verdicts to the swabs
Then beckons for the mate.

Whether a man is guilty
Mr. Barkley has the say
Whether he is free to go at will
Or stay aboard to pay

He bats his eyes uneasy like
Maybe he has a scare
But after everything is proved
He's not afraid to blare.

One hundred dollars will buy a drink
To the landsman may seem odd
But to the "Kay-Dott" on the "Old Cal State"
Mr. Barkley is our God.



Honolulu, Oahu.

Well on in the evening watch the lookout cried out "Light Ho", as faint twinkling lights marked our Honolulu landfall. By ten o'clock more appeared in rows and lines behind and on each side of Honolulu as far as Diamond Head on the East and Pearl Harbor and Barber's Point on the West.

In addition to the docking detail, several cadet "come backs" were straining their eyes for familiar lights on Oahu; and as we drew nearer, the black bulk of unmistakable Diamond Head loomed up against the stars.

Range lights aligned themselves and soon the pilot was aboard. Passing in thru the channel and to a creditable landing, we were secure shortly after eleven o'clock.

The vigilant Aloha committee surprised us at that late hour; so all hands were roused out and aboard trouped the hula gals. To a heavy cyclinded cadet, whose subconscious mind still rested in his bunk, but whose physical sense responded, the next few moments were very pleasurable. The girls wreathed leis on everyone (even innocent Soggy) then the hatches were cleared and those coming to their senses and those awakening to their mental capacity were treated to the real McCoy. The singing and hulas brought the others around shortly.

The "Aloha" was concluded with flash light pictures of the cadet corps and officers. By eight bells all hands were turned in. These photos later convinced some of the densor cadets of the specie (Kadoti Americanus) that they had been on deck "on corpus" during the welcoming the previous night.

Wednesday was ordered as a holiday to the entire cadet corps, except the watches, as a reward for working on George Washington's

birthday while at sea. A big event that day was mail for all hands. Barging ashore and tramping around honest to goodness good old Yankee establishments was quite a pleasure, but cosmopolitan Honolulu abounded with names like Hop Chung, Manila Pearl, Bucarte Bar, Hogichi Shoten and Nippon choy mixed in with names of our Rudyard Kipling.

And then our veteran globe pacers marched out to the mecca of meccas, the paradise of parades, and the disappointment of disappointments, Waikiki Beach - worldrenowned - brain child of an ambitious chamber of commerce.

Our tender footed cadets, being products and champions of Southern California beaches, were foundered by the coral; beached by the shallow water, and only appeased their boisterous selves on the long rolling surf. Thrills at last, rivalling surfing at Manly and Bondi; but oh, what a let down from boiling breakers fifty yards off shore and deep water beyond.

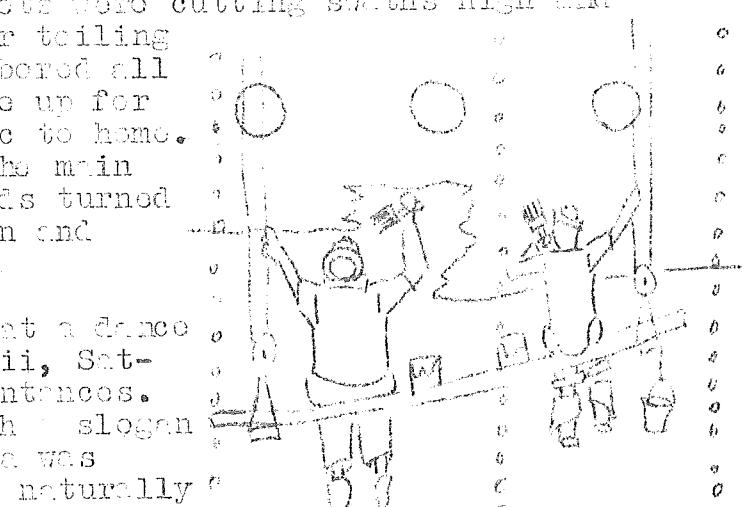
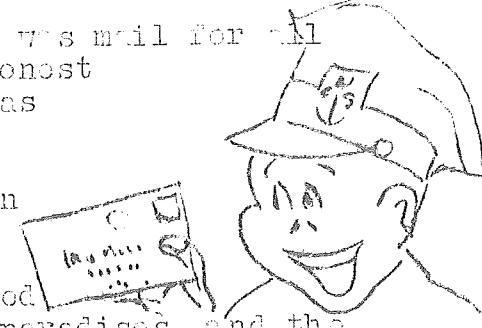
The Kanaka beach boys at Waikiki put a decided crimp in our "gigs's" style when it comes to squiring the howli whinies; but why not? It was their paradise before the howli's came in.

We'll pass on from Waikiki leaving some cadets behind who with proprietary airs are parked in the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and Ala Moana using up the best hotel stationery as if they were paying guests, writing home to the old flames, folks, and friends. "Yes I'm staying at the Royal" etc.etc. Yes, Yes, until the captain of the bell hops gets wise and runs you out the galley exit or ash hoist.

In the evenings different theatres cabarets and cafes attracted these still on the gold standard, but those interested in the fascination of seeing the other side of life and the realistic living of the Orient, wandered down to the river district. Prowling around Chinese shops poking fingers at fried shark fins, octopus, and fish alternated with ten cent bowls of Japanese sashimi washed down with ten suited these home spun individuals to a turks head.

However though certain cadets were cutting swathes high and low all around the island, their teeling brethren on the ship aboard labored all day, tuning the California State up for its last dash across the Pacific to home. The engineers swotted away on the main bearings; while on deck all hands turned too on the topsides, washed down and painted her from stem to stern.

A general social turn out at a dance given at the University of Hawaii, Saturday night, led to many acquaintances. A face to face introduction with a slogan of the Future Farmers of America was undoubtedly heart felt by these naturally inclined individuals.



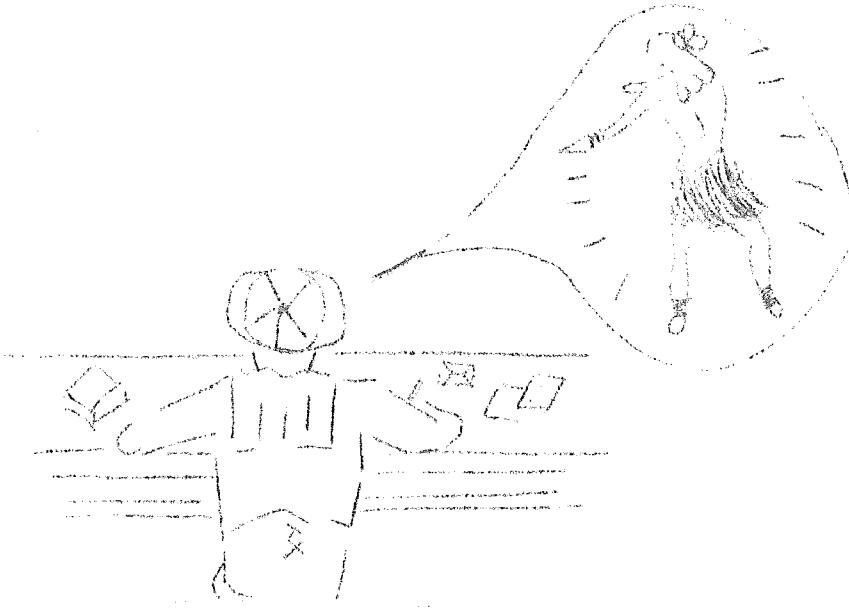
Sunday a pleasureable jaunt around the island taking in all sights such as the Pali, Koko Head, Makapu Point, Wainanala, a panorama of Kanooke Bay and then around Punalou, Kahuku, Waialua, and back by Schofield Barracks, was arranged for by former sea scouts aboard by the S.S.S. Esbank of Honolulu.

While the liberty watches flourished and waxed on the fat of the land and their hospitable acquaintances, work aboard progressed steadily to completion under the toiling hands of the watch on board. The ship looked her best ever on the topsides and was proudly pointed to as "our ship".

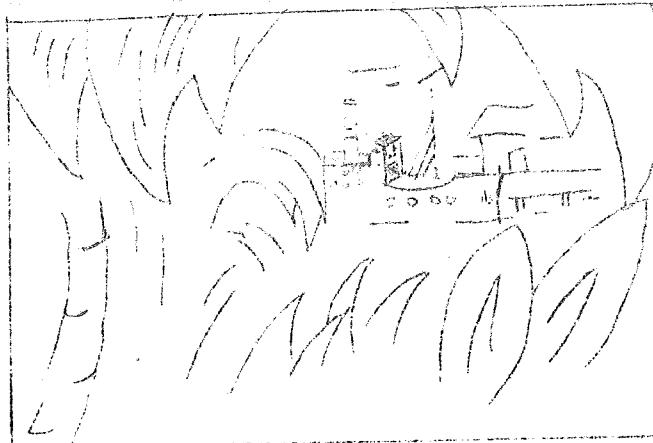
The remaining days in Honolulu tapered off with a visit to the pineapple cannery where activities sounded like a young hurricane on a tin barn. A small group favored a visit to C.Q. Yee Hops' American Brewery where they were shown through the plant by no less a personage than the "browmeister", who broke out a box of cigars and then loosed the visitors on all the beer they wanted to surround. The survivors staggered back under half speed ahead.

Our departure Friday morning for Hilo rivalled that of the popular Pacific Ocean ferries. Proud cadets who had struck pay dirt sweetly smiled and cast kindly looks at their less fortunate ship mates as dainty hands fluttered about, wrenching leis on their own noble necks. The less fortunate stood on deck eying the North and the East with that experienced gaze. Seemingly occupied by the more serious business of putting to sea, they seemed indifferent to all the sweet leave takings and looked with disdain at their mates on the dock with the fair wahines having their last aloha's. Some of the burlier type of seagoing specie drolly rolled their own weeds just to show the gals what ho-men looked like on leaving port.

After a short delay by a maneuvering freighter in mid-harbor, we finally swung out to sea past noisy pier two and Eastward around Diamond and Koko Heads, on to Hilo.



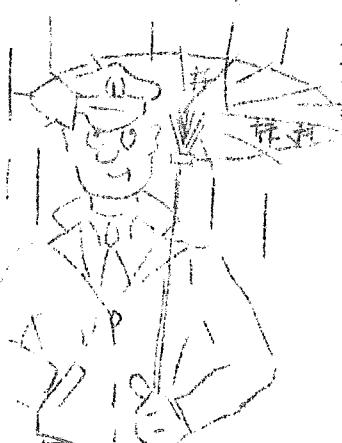
HAVING A SWELL TIME "MA"



Hilo, Hawaii

Hilo, the thriving center of population on the island of Hawaii, the largest of the Hawaiian group, was barely discernable through a blinding rain when we rounded the breakwater and headed in but it was to prove a pleasant stop before starting the long run to the coast, despite the fact that the rain never ceased.

Hilo's chamber of commerce must be made up of men who were unable to agree with either the chambers of commerce of California or Florida; for in Hilo, when the sun shines the weather is "unusual". At the time of our arrival we were informed that the rain hadn't let up for some three months, and no one was able to note any change, of any sort, either for better or for worse, in honor of or in spite of our visit. The town is about one and one-half miles from the docks and it was necessary to wear either a pair of boots or hire a canoe. In so much as no canoes were available the cadets compromised and rode the small buses, that hold the transportation monopoly.



All the native population, which consists to a large extent of the Orientals who work in the cane fields and sugar plants, carry Japanese oiled paper parasols, and soon many of the cadets adopting the "when in Rome" axiom, were seen wandering the main avenues with parasols, varying in size and color. In fact the "Bumbershoot Brigade" created quite a sensation when they paraded down Kamehameha Avenue in a terrific downpour.

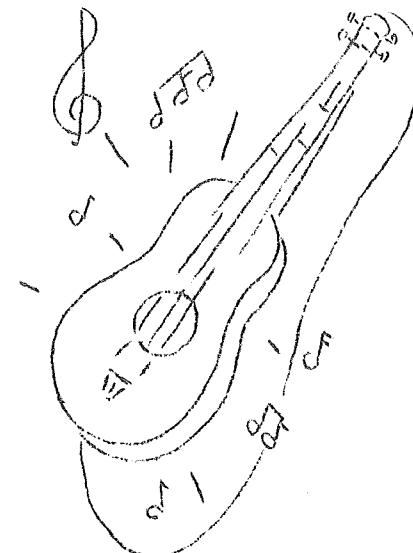


Our primary reason for visiting the island was of course to see the world famous volcano, Mauna Loa. Many of the lads braved the weather and ventured forth to stand on the edge of a huge hole and gaze enraptured at a huge pile of smouldering ashes. They all said the sight was wonderful and impressive but most of the fellows agreed that they could see all the rain they wanted in the town and all queried, "Does the rain in a volcano look any different than the rain down here by the sea?"

On the island of Hawaii are to be found miles, apparently endless, of sugar cane, with some thirteen refineries located at various points. The particular reason that the cane does so well is that sugar cane requires a great deal of water and on this island the average rainfall is around two hundred inches a year. Also rumor has it that Cadet William F. Schopler has finally decided to set up his stock ranch and poor house for former cadets on this wonderful island. He promises all those who drop in on him in the future free beer and barbecued beef sandwiches to be served under specially made sheet iron umbrellas to keep the boys from getting rheumatism.

The evening prior to sailing a large number of Hilo's local talent boarded the ship and gave the boys a very delightful two hours and one-half of Hawaiian songs and hula dances. "Tiny" Brown, who tipped the beam around two hundred and fifty, lead this diminutive aggregation with her interpretation of Mae West, "which wasn't so bad". Group hulas, solo dances, and all that went with them went to make up a fine evening's entertainment. At the conclusion of the program Mr. Barkley presented the entertainers two autographed pictures of the ship as a token of appreciation.

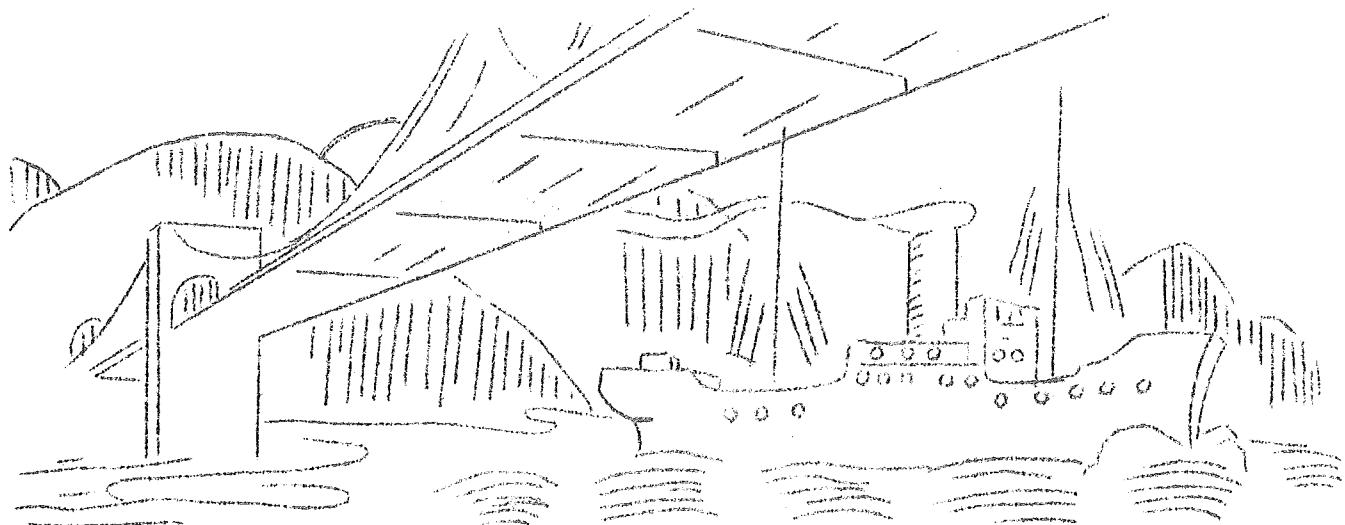
As when we arrived so was it when we departed. Expressed in a word, rain.



"Kay-Detts Tale"

"Our son has come home from over the waves
and, Ma, look at the money he saved".
Your money this trip didn't dwindle so fast
I really can't feature how you made it all last.
"But enough of that son, say, "how was Papeete?
the feel of good sod once more neath your feet,
And how were the damsels so fair and so young?"
"Not quite so fair, "Pa, "just very well done".
"You really must have enjoyed things down there"
They say there's nary a place quite so fair."
Was swimming down there in Bounty Bay
As good as the old sea dogs say?"
"Come on son, loosen a bit
Tell us some stories concerning your trip"
"All right, Pop, here's all I can say"
"The darned old sea looked the same every day"
"I hate to get in and miss all the sport
and look at the beach thru a damned old port"
"But when ever on board you don't do so well
They just stick your name of the old S.L."
"And then once a week they have me at mast
My name tops the list and also the last"
"Again in the middle they call out my name
They're trying their best to put me to shame"
"They ask me then if I've got an excuse
I say to myself, 'Oh hell what's the use'."
"Fifty demerits", in stern voice he says,
"No shore leave for me for a week or ten days"
"A week passes slowly its over but then,
I'm up at that infernal mast again"
"So thanks again, Pa, for the money you gave,
Its no help on board so it might's well be saved".

A. Martyr



CALIFORNIA HERE WE COME

"California Here We Come" was the song that all hands sang as we shoved off from Hilo bound for the mainland. After a quite comfortable and comparatively fast passage Point Loma loomed up over the horizon and presently the San Diego boys were greeting their sweethearts, (who no doubt had pining away for the past five months?) and fond parents.

San Diego has always occupied a warm spot in the hearts of the cadets, and this year the chamber of commerce again delivered the goods in the form of a fine dance. "What was your favorite port of call?" "Have you any extra Koala Bears?" "What does a Fiji Island cannibal look like?" were a few of the questions the kadets had to answer for the fair damsels. Over in some secluded corner could be over heard things such as these, "Now when I was in Sydney-----" "Hey Bill, remember the time we found that free beer-----" "Boy oh baby, you should see those hula dances-----" As a result all hands spent a very enjoyable evening recounting their adventures in the South Seas. (Note: Each and everyone of the boys secured Cook's travel guides before they left the United States.)

Upon our arrival in San Pedro all the Los Angles cadets were given native liberty that amounted to about sixty hours. Tons of souvenirs went over the side, when the fond parents started carrying the beloved heir home to the fireside; where comfortably settled in the old armchair each told his story of the trip. After the family reunions were over many and varied are the tales of the ensuing hours spent in the old hangouts.

During the stay a trip to the planetarium in the Griffith Observatory was arranged. Here the cadets tried to soak up a little of the knowledge that Mr. Engs had tried to pound into their heads the previous spring, but no one met with much success. The same day a large group of engineering cadets visited the Naval Repair Ship "Madussa", and all returned with a lot of good pointers picked up from the Navy men. The following day a luncheon was given for the cadets and their parents by the Los Angles Junior Chamber of Commerce at the Los Angles Yacht Club. Tremendous steaks were served, and it was reported that even Cy Royston, the biggest eater on the ship, had a hard time surrounding only one instead of the usual four. Following the repast several short speeches were made by the various men of importance present at the conclusion of which the assembly was adjourned.

Leaving San Pedro at midnight the Cal State made the short trip to Santa Barbara in good time and arrived early Saturday morning. In a short time the Santa Barbara Navy was put ashore and soon reports came drifting in that they had the situation well in hand. Rossi and Mollenkopf spent the day driving the old beer truck just like in the days before they joined the C.N.S; "Barnacle" Warnekros went back to the good old grocery business just to prove he could hold down a grocery store clerks job. Also the upper classmen met a famous old pal of theirs in the former ship's mascot "Baron". "Baron" liked the rolling motion of the ship so well that he now rides the cab of all the beer trucks in town so as to feel at home again.

The evening was well taken up in an informal dance given at the Santa Barbara Recreational Center. All the girls hailed from the local state teachers college and once more the lads scored heavily on the same stories that they had been telling in the last six ports. It seems that a few of the boys had a slight lapse of memory the next day, however all hands agreed that it was an evening well spent. Also free shows were available for the cadets and everyone took advantage of the situation. Late Monday evening, March 29, Tom Crawford's Navy returned loaded with spoils and triumphant, and once more the gallant old ship put to sea, this time bound for San Francisco and home for a large number of cadets.



DREAMS

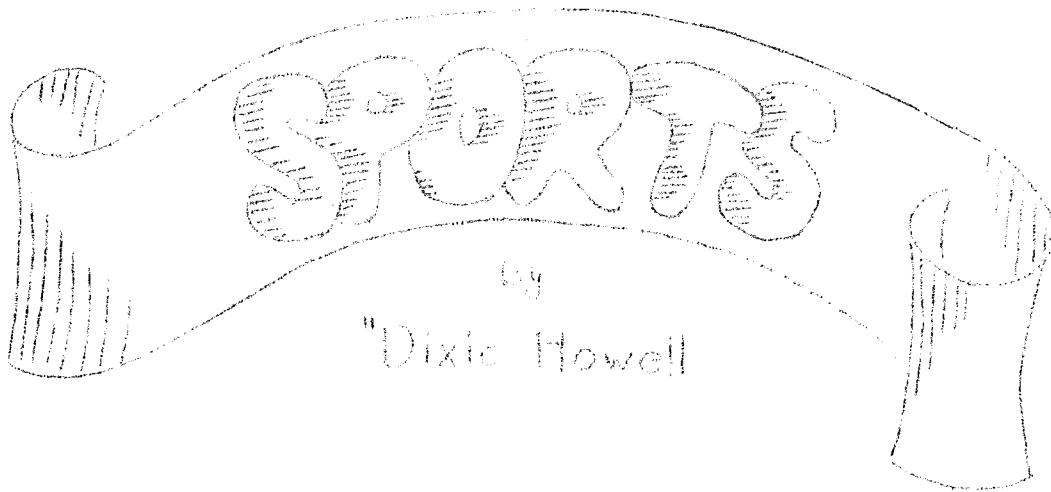
For a year we had slaved and studied,
with week-ends off - less we slipped;
And dreamed of the far Southern-Seas,
and the places we'd see when we shipped.

Of Tahiti and Fiji and Pago,
and a bright sunny Yule in Auck-land;
Grass skirts in Oahu and Hilo,
and nights on the silvery sand.

Of the cities of Melbourne and Sydney,
and days of pleasure and ease;
Of the weeks on the endless ocean,
cooled by a gentle salt breeze.

Now that our cruise is over,
our ship's got her teeth on a bono;
And just oe'r the misty horizon,
lies the end of our wandering-home.

We've sailed oe'r the course of our dreams,
We've seen many far southern shores;
But were glad to get home to our loved ones,
and to dream of far places once more.



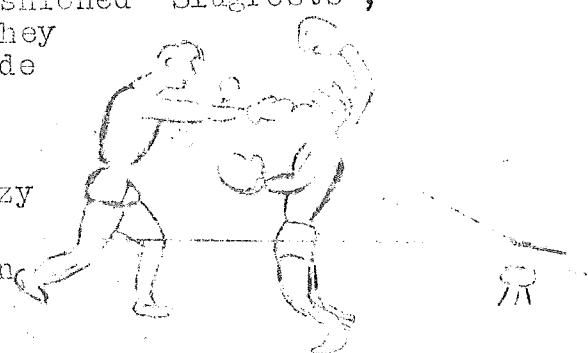
While the third classmen were busy securing proper fitting clothes and stenciling their gear on the afternoon of their arrival within the gray walls of the C.N.S., two upperclassmen, namely; Jack Dreyer and Paul Kusse, wended their way back and forth through the berth deck sizing up the individual swabs. A smoker was in the making. (Strange as it may seem all hands had plenty of free stogies).

At the beginning of the program "Mars" Coker, master of ceremonies, displayed a ticket, which same he declared would admit the swab, who in the opinion of Captain Dwyer, put on the best individual performance of the evening, to the California - St. Marys football game to be played the following Saturday at Berkeley.

The Slate held a series of nine bouts for the evening and it is to the credit of the matchmakers that the men were so well matched, considering the impromptu way in which they were arranged, without any previous knowledge as to the ability of the respective fighters. All the boys entered into the spirit of the evening, and put on a good show for the sport loving cadets, filled with plenty of thrills and spills. As usual a goodly number of the matches turned out to be just good old fashioned "Slugfests", however several of the lads showed that they understood plenty about the scientific side of the game.

Between fights several of the swab orators were allowed to give vent to breezy orations on a variety of subjects. Two were outstanding enough to be mentioned in that time honored publication, The Hawse Pipe. Swab Buwalda rendered a stirring bit of chamber of commerce chatter on Salinas and the lettuce industry. He failed, however, to vindicate that fair city in the eyes of the Los Angeles, cadets who have to duck lettuce heads every time they pass through on their way home. Another budding oratius, swab Sype, burst out with a glorious repertoire on "What I Think of C.N.S." It was easy to see that the poor disillusioned boy couldn't have been in California City more than forty-eight hours. To add to the din of evening swab Smith did his best to blow the end off his trombone as he murdered two selections.

The entertainment ended with the "Battle Royal", an event that



has become traditional at all C.N.S. smokers. Charley Hake, last years winner, was in charge and handled the event in fine style. All the swabs who had not participated were called into the ring; blindfolded; given one glove, and turned loose. The winnah "Honest Doug?" Diffin very discreetly stayed near the ropes until the others had eliminated each other, and then he boldly strode to the center of the ring and issued a challenge to fight any and all comers.

Following this Captain Dwyer called Juanel into the ring and presented him with the prize ticket as a reward for the best individual performance of the evening. Presently all hands began slowly drifting down the hill and into their bunks after which silence again invaded the coal piles.

The results of the evening were as follows;

1. Holzer took a well earned decision over Espey.
2. Fell and Nagle fought on even terms to a draw.
3. McNabb carried too much dynamite for McElroy.
4. Machle and Hendy slugged it out to a draw.
5. Juanel was just a little too good for Charbancau, with a technical K.O. in favor of the former.
6. R.E.S. ab Simpson carried the fight to Audet for a clear decision.
7. Boyer's reach held Boyce at bay giving the former a technical K.O.
8. Too much Pottus for Drummond to take care of at one time.
9. After a hard tussle Greer was awarded the decision over Dancy.

REFEREE Jack Dreyer

Swab Smoker

On Tuesday evening January 22, the third class presented a smokeless smoker for the benefit of all hands. An improvised ring was set up in the classroom and a series of six bouts was run off with Doug McMurtry as announcer and Jack "Fagin" Dreyer handling the referee's job.

The opener was between "Red" Frey and "Cueball" Sype. Although Sype put up a game fight he was hopelessly outclassed by Frey's fast right. The bout was ended in the second round after Sype's seconds, decided he had taken enough punishment, and threw in the towel.

The second fight of the evening was Leichel, the Santa Barbara Sea Scouts versus Doug Ridgley, representing that infamous township of San Diego. Although Leichel carried a decided weight advantage, Ridgley, by virtue of his superior boxing ability, was able to make it a very close match. However, much to the chagrin of the San Diegites, the decision went to Leichel.

The next bout was a "slugfest" between Bob Machle and Had Lee. Although Machle entered the ring under a slight handicap, as the motion of the ship slightly "discomfooborated" him, it was a fast fight packed with thrills and spills. Lee gained a slight edge in the last round to take the decision.

Next was a fight between the widely heralded "Bullion" Drurmond, the Sydney Fl. ch, and Duke "Fibber" McNabb, the versatile Stockton Riverman. "Bulldog" in spite of his newspaper publicity, was quite easily taken into camp by McNabb with his colorful boxing and fast pace.

The fifth match of the evening was the "big little" tussle featuring "Bull" Trevannion and "Killer" Martin. Both boys, although light, were fast and plenty willing to mix it up. However the "Bull" carried the fight to the "Killer" all the way, and in so doing caught the eye of the referee and walked away with the honors, which proved to be quite a popular decision with all hands.

The main event was between Kusse, second class fighter, and Wilson, a cagy third classman. Both boys had plenty of respect for each other and sparred easily in the first round with Kusse having a slight edge. However Wilson came back in the second score repeatedly to the body to take the round. The match called a draw but there were those in the crowd who voiced their disapproval.

The final event of the evening was the "Battle Royal" At the stroke of the bell all hands went at it hammer and tongs, every man for himself. Most of the time they swung on emptiness but occasionally, one of the boys would groan and slump to the deck in blissful slumber after meeting somebody's haymaker. Some say it was blind luck, others say it was skill, however the fact remains that Julianel carried away the blue ribbon.

BOAT RACING

Whale boat racing has been and still is the favorite sport at C.N.S. also the only one in which the school has not been defeated. Another victory was added to the string the day of the San Francisco - Oakland Bay Bridge celebration, November 12, 1936. At this time the ship was moved over to the Marina Anchorage where we lay for the day, so that our boats could compete on the Marina Yacht Harbor race course. In honor of the occasion the old California State was decked out in "Full drell".

The first race of the afternoon was the inter-divisional race which was won by the second division crew. The water was fairly smooth and the race was off to a good start, with the second division grabbing the lead and holding it. The other two boats were on the inside and the coxswain of the first division crew was forced to cut in on the third division boat in order to avoid piling up on a few rocks. As a result the second won easily with the other two crews straggling in away behind.

The crews were as follows:

1st division	2nd division	3rd division
Bergeron, Cox.	Aye, Cox.	French, Cox.
Witmer, Stroke	Walton, Stroke	Heron, stroke
Roberts	Maehle	Cooper
Johnson	Gough	Feck
Horton	Soderlund	Schwarz
Boyer	Kusse	Gregory

This was followed by a race between two San Francisco crews and our varsity, using our whaleboats. By the time the crews were ready the wind had blown up quite a chop, which made really hard rowing when coupled with an ebb tide. The three crews lined up with the cadets in the center lane. The California State boys jumped into the lead with a fast start, and as the race progressed, widened it considerably. Although the boat was bouncing like a cork, the cadet crew rowed a beautiful stroke, caught no "Crabs", nor missed any strokes they crossed the line fully five lengths ahead of the Frisco crews, and although it was unnecessary, they put on a fine sprint at the finish.

The crew was as follows:

Secrest, Cox.
Warnekros, Stroke
Rossi
Mollenkopf
Royston
Howell

While in Auckland, N.Z. the cadet crew was challenged by the New Zealand Navy to a two mile race in which the navy boats were used. The boats were English Clinker built cutters, twenty six feet in length, rowed with spoon oars. Although their boats were longer than ours they were of a lighter construction.

Both boats made a fast start with the New Zealanders obtaining a half length lead within the first hundred yards. "Spike" Secrest the Cal. State coxswain, held his crew in for a while, allowing the navy to show him the way as these were unfamiliar waters to him. After carefully sizing up his opponents "Spike" shoved his crew into full ahead, took the lead and set the pace. The New Zealanders used a long stroke while the "Yanks" used a shorter stroke with a good snap at the end. The cadets soon had a lead of seven lengths, which they maintained until time for the finishing sprint, when the Cal. Staters started to sprint they really walked away from the challengers, and finished a good fifteen lengths ahead.

The crew was as follows:

"Spike" Secrest, Cox.
Bill Warnekros,
Howard Mollenkopf,
Cy Royston
Louie Rossi
Bob Walton

BASKETBALL

CALIFORNIA STATE VS Y.M.C.A.

The Melbourne Y.M.C.A. soundly tounced the California State basketeers to the tune of 58 to 20 in a hectic game played in the Melbourne Y.M.C.A. gymnasium the evening of January 16th.

The Australian men played a dedicodly different game than the California boys were accustomed to. The Australians were fast and accurate passers. Although they used none of the popular offense and defense systems as practiced by American teams in the United States, still it cannot be denied that their game was fast and deceptive and proved to be just a bit more than the California boys

could cope with at the time.

Basketball is a comparatively new game to Australia and consequently the game played is a bit old fashioned. They still cling to the old idea of the man to man defense and the standing guard, who never comes up over the center line. The whole offense system depends upon four men with the forwards doing the bulk of the ball handling.

The crowd was good sized and a round of applause greeted every good play made by either team. Even though the game is new the public is showing a definite interest and as the playing develops all things seem to indicate that basket ball is destined for a great future in this country.

For the winners Jones and Stevens were the big scoring threats of the home team and try as they would the California State boys just couldn't stop this pair and their dead-eye shooting under the basket from all angles.

Simpson at forward, Howell at center, and Les Dietrich at guard were outstanding for the California basketeers.

Dixie Howell and his fourteen inch feet proved quite popular with the crowd. However, Dixie met his match in the standing guard for the home team who towered some six feet seven inches over Howell's mere six feet five inches.

The line ups were as follows:

Y.M.C.A.

L. STEVENS
G. KETTLE
A. COUGHLIN
G. KIP
R. SMALL
J. DAVIES
E. DAVIES
J. JONAS
S. ROBERTSON
R. BURNS

CALIFORNIA STATE

E. HOWELL
W. DIEDRICH
C. ROMAGGI
R. B. SIMPSON
H. LITTLEFAIR
H. FUTREL
G. ERICSON
C. KRAUCHIK
B. ADDISON

UMPIRE--H. W. GIBB

REFEREE--D. MCDEROTT

CALIFORNIA STATE VS SYDNEY Y.M.C.A.

In Sydney another game was arranged with the local Y.M.C.A. team. In this game the cadets were "hot" and couldn't miss the basket. As a result they were never headed coming out on the long end of the score 56-23.

The Sydney boys were altogether unfamiliar with any rules; in fact they were rougher than the Melbourne players, if such a thing is possible. However, the cadets took them on in their own game plus a little fast ball handling and easily scored time and again. A large number of players from both teams were soon eliminated for personal fouls even though Mr. Ellis, referee, was rather lenient in calling fouls. As a result there were no hard feelings and the game was enjoyed by all hands.

Here again as in Melbourne the cadets showed the local boys a few passing and dribbling plays. Strangely enough the Australians do very little dribbling, using only short passes. Also they are allowed two steps while in the American Game none are allowed, consequently the "Aussies" looked like marathon runners at times. Also the foul "charging" is known as "coming through" and is the most frequently called foul, while "hacking" and "holding" seem to be quite the proper basketball etiquette.

BASKETBALL

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

Prior to the beginning of the cruise inquiries were made through the consular service to the various ports, at which we were to call, as to the possibilities of arranging baseball games during our stay in the individual ports. A reply was received stating that we could have three games in Sydney, Australia, where we were to spend ten days. Apparently those in charge of the arrangements were expecting big things of the Americans as the games were to be with the leading teams of New South Wales.

A few days before arriving in Auckland, New Zealand a group of forty baseballers were lined up. Soon after our arrival practice began at Victoria Park, a cricket field, under the coaching of Mr. J. H. Clark, chief engineer and former baseball player.

Although the cadets had never played together the squad had some good players. The team, however, lacked pitchers, and after five days practice the squad was divided into two teams and a game was played for the benefit of the "natives" who had never seen a real baseball game.

The first team, U.S.S. California State, defeated the second team, California City, twelve to seven. Tubbs, pitcher for the first team, kept the hits and runs scattered while the second team hurler, Hake, had two bad innings and very poor support.

A good sized crowd turned out for the game even though the weather was rather damp. Countless questions were asked, especially by cricket players, concerning the game. Several tried their luck at pitching and batting but with poor results.

THE TEAMS:

CALIFORNIA STATE

ROMAGGI

MCNABB

DLETRICH

RICH

TUBBS

O'LAUGHLIN

SACREST

WILBY

ERICKSON

LB.

2B.

S. S.

3B.

T.

R. F.

C.

L. F.

C. F.

CALIFORNIA CITY

TRBY

BOYER

DUPUIS

ROLLINGHOFF

HAKE AND HOWELL

SCHULZ

SODERLUND

PUTNAM

BURGESS

BASEBALL, MELBOURNE

A two game schedule was awaiting the baseball team when the ship arrived in Melbourne. This was all unknown to the cadets upon leaving Auckland.

The first game was played the day after our arrival with the 2nd best team of the Victorian Summer league. The cadet team was defeated 14-7. This defeat was due to the lack of practise as the team had just spent the previous ten days rolling across the Tasman Sea from Auckland.

The hot point of the game was Mr. Clark's hit he made when he went into the game as a pinch hitter. He smacked the first ball pitched "out of the lot" good for a home run but he stopped at 3rd base for a rest. "Happy Jack" then pitched the last two innings and really showed the Australians some real "clicking."

The 2nd game, with the best team of the Victorian Summer league was another defeat for the cadets, 13-2. The night before the cadet team had been guests of the baseball association for a beach party, dinner, and entertainment at Melbourne's Coney Island, Luna Park. Perhaps this played a part in the cadet's defeat.

BASEBALL, SIDNEY

In Sydney the team was greeted by reporters and Cameramen. The squad was amazed to learn that the natives were eager to see the Americans play baseball. Newspapers, published the day of the game with the City Houses team, contained pictures of the individual "Yankee" players.

Our team, however, failed to come up to the expectations of the Sydneyites as it suffered a 22-7 defeat.

The game started off good with Romaggi scoring on flies by Howell and Hake in the 1st inning, but the City Houses collected 2 runs in their half and then the merry-go-round was on. In the sixth inning little "Spiko" Secrest started a late rally with a three base hit. The cadets then played real baseball and collected five runs but it was too late in the game.

Four days later the cadet team played the Goodyear team at the Goodyear park. For this game our team borrowed the City Houses pitcher and catcher as Tubbs' arm had about given out.

Again the cadets were defeated, 13-0, although they played much better ball than they had in the previous game.

The following day, Monday, The Lustre Silk Mill in Sydney took the squad on a tour of its plant, after which the squad was treated to a luncheon.

In the Afternoon the cadets played a game with the silk mill's team. For no reason at all our team lost, 8-7. The Americans lead until the last inning in which the Australians pushed across two runs.

The game was interrupted in the 4th inning by a terrific hail storm, the heaviest any of the cadets had ever seen. After the storm the game continued in a field of mud.

Although the baseball team was defeated in every contest, they enjoyed themselves and made many friends among the players which added to the pleasures of our stay in Sydney. The Australians realized that the Americans had little opportunity for practise while roaming over 7000 miles of ocean.

The cadet squad consisted of the following men:

Romaggi, 1b; McNabb, 2b; Dietrich, ss; Rice, 3b; Tubbs, Hake, Howell, pitchers; Secrest, Soderlund, catchers; Erickson, Mollenkopf, Frey, Putnam, Wiley, Tubbs, Hake, Howell, fielders.

TREMENDOUS, COLOSSAL

This extremely extraordinary bit of poetic action which shows romance, love, hate and a touch of art was accepted from the wonderlist who for years has bothered and soothed, channel fevered cadets by reciting or singing his brain storms, his melodious voice vibrates for monotonous hours, lacking knowledge of tune or rythym. Impersonation resembles, hog calling or "Swiss cheese mold blower offer".

BEGINNER'S LUCK

The old "Cal State" rolls too late,
Regardless of luck, you can't stand her buck.
For, green at the gills, it's sure sign of your ills,
Your a sea sick swab, sick of your job.
Longing for the farm, safe of all harm.

"AH" to be pitching hay among rolling hills,
So much better than these salty chills.
A sailors life's not gay as a fife.
It's set to the tune of a roaring monsoon.
So, sea-sick swab, lay below
When we hit home, a-farming you'll go.

The Five Apple Pies

A day and a night did he labor and sweat,
That long lankey baker so fine
To produce a dessert that was tastey and sweet
Lo! five apple pies in a line.

They sat cooling themselves on a table inside,
succulent, fragrant and prime;
And tonight they would be just a hundred thin cuts,
not five apple pies in a line.

We all paured as we passed to smell and admire
tasting each one, in our minds;
And wishing perhaps that we might elope,
with the five apple pies in a line.

But some sneaking villian did happen along,
at some very unguarded time,
And all that he left was a smell and a spot
of those five apple pies in a line.

We fumed and we cursed and pulled out our hair
and threatened the culprit with crime;
But it did us no good and not one did we find
of those five apple pies in a line.

But the baker decided to find what he could,
and he proved a real sleuth the first time;
For a trail of crumbs pointed aft long the deck,
after five apple pies in a line.

So he stooped and he crawled through the mess deck and aft
and right up the ladder behind;
On that trail of crumbs and a stray scent or two
from those five apple pies in a line.

But there the trail ended outside a screen door,
through which he dare not to climb;
though through it came wafting an odor so pure,
of his five apple pies in a line.

So he sadly turned round and retraced his steps,
with his spirits morsely a pine;
And that night he served cooking peaches instead,
of his five apple pies in a line.

Oh shame on that villain so portly and gray,
who stooped to a living of crime;
And robbed the cadets of their hard earned dessert,
those five apple pies in a line--

"Hungry"

The sickened swab is next sent to the Royal Doctor for internal treatment where he is given a liberal dosage of a very unsavory liquid composed of caster oil, lubricating oil, fish oil, and any other foul tasting substance that can be found. The stench and sight are enough to nauseate any strong healthy soul. The Royal Doctor is generally some retired abortionist, or by this time the victim thinks so, and he takes great brushes of goo-- and paints palapating tonsils with same.

The swab is by this time too groggy to care much what is to happen next. He merrily lies complacently stupified wondering mildly when deaths sting will be felt. He cares so little by now that as through glazed eyes he meets those of Mr. Barkley dressed in undertakers black with a coffin under one arm and a large black cross on the other - he sneers- yea, he is that near to eternity, that in a final gesture, he sneers back into those leering eyes.

Up the thirteen stairs to the Royal Barbers chair where an old egg is opened and (gently??) massaged into the skull, care being taken to get plenty in the ears and nose. From the trap chair the victim does a swan dive in reverse into a tank of sea water in which hardened shellbacks stand waiting to perform such experiments of great scientific value, as to how much salt water the human carcass will hold without becoming water logged. The body is lifted from the tank and left to dry in the sun. If after a few minutes it shows signs of life there is one more shell back.

We CNS boys went through it all, and came out better in spite of the rough treatment. Our only consolation being the thought that we perhaps might some day play the part of the royal court. Then will the hidious tortures of the ten cent thrillers seem as a Spring outing. Until then we have only to wait with our sadist ideas. God pity the next group of third classmen if we ever enter the domain of King Neptunes Rex again.

BILGE STRAINS

Rumor has it that Schepler the big orange and lemon man from Chatsworth has gone thru six pens and ten bottles of ink, not to mention reams of paper and a fortune in stamps, in writing to some female person back in the old home town. We hate to put a fly in the soup, but how can you explain the blond in Melbourne that gave all that fancy grub for our poor little invalid?

Comming soon and on sale at all the best newsstands will be that new mystery thriller- "How to see Honolulu on Three Dollars"- by Conover, Black, and Lambert. The mystery of the thing is how they did it.

Oh we've seen Gable
And we've seen Powell
But for face and figure
You can't beat Howell.

It must have been the climate, because even Butts (James A) was observed escorting a skirt thru the various byways and high ways of the fair city of Sydney. It seems as if a even good engineer is not safe any more these days.

The calendars last trip really took it on the chin with every guy and his brother figuring the number of days to go till we would get back to Gods Country.

In connection with this a certain gay young blade from Yuba City was heard to mutter something about there being 923 hours to go before we hit San Francisco. Any guy that would go to all that strain on the brain must be pretty hard hit, what say Kenny?

From the strained and anguished looks on the faces of certain of our worthy fellow caydots their theme song this day must be "I Wonder Whose Kissing Her Now".

And then theres Morris Aye
A deck hand thru and thru
You had better watch him closely swabs
Or he'll make one out of you.

To the engineer, Public Enemys No.1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc, etc, are the deckhands who delight in chirping down, at all hours of the day and night, a cheery little "Your port boiler is smoking badley, see what you can do about it, please.

The crack that always stops them is that one that goes "Can't you mugs even tell when the galley is smoking".

Or those guys who cheerfully let us stew in our own juice, and later on, swear on a stack of Bibles that "thero was no wind", anyway, so what was the use of trimming the darn ventilators?"

Famous last words - - " Hey Louie, how about seconds on apricots?": (After three solid weeks of the darn things, fresh from the can.

Three loud cheers
for a guy named Butts
He likes to work
But we think he's nuts.

The long distance cycling record is undoubtly held by four of our most prominent (?)

It seems that some native in Suva spread the word there was free beer back in the bush. Hako, Taylor, Soderlund, and Coker went 24 miles before they found it, back in town.

One of our favorite sons seems to have had a little heart trouble back in Auckland to the tune of 24 bucks. Give us the low down Black.

A very poppy guy
Is Chubby Charlie Hako
He hollers at us loud and long
And keeps us all awake.

Dixie Howell - our San Diego flash seems to have had a little trouble on leaving Sydney - She tried to cry on his shoulder but could only reach his manly (?) chest. Why don't you pick on somebody your own size, Dixie?

A true sign that the money situation is getting acute is when all hands (the socks we mean) are heard to say. Gosh, I wonder if they will set em up for us when we get in.

Suva Society Note. Seen enjoying the sights of our fair city (from hurricane deck of a bicycle) were two very prominent visitors here, namely Mr. Clark and Mr. Engs. They expressed a deep feeling of pleasure at the beauty of our principal thorough-fare (pardon our main drag) and will be delighted to return in the near future.

Editors Note. This startling bit of information, relayed to us by native runner, has been carefully checked and rechecked but no confirmation can be had.

The swabs have it doubly hard to keep from that vile art of "goldbricking". The upperclassmen had no seniors to set examples for them last year.

"Efficiency" Fell, one of our San Diego Boys, seems to like holidays. He takes them and leaves them.

We all think of "Red" Frey as the model messman. The engineers are in danger of loosing a good man if he is put on mess much more. Rumor has it that he is thinking of becoming the proprietor of a public salon where red weiners are given free with every glass of beer purchased.

The for'd scuttle shall always have a soft place in our hearts. Still dearer would be its memory if it were only wider to accomodate the stampede at knock-off.

"Nautical Dan" Dancy, Pasadena's pride and joy, has become more serious minded of late. It's good the Cal. State didn't stay any longer at Sydney, or we might now have been minus a man to diligently polish the bell during morning turn-to. Don't forget the girls in South Pasadena, Dan!

Then there are those C.N.S. public enemies who go about folding bunks up on unfortunate dozers. The choice prey is always the droopy twelve to four watch. We might suggest the use of South Sea war clubs but these implements all seem to be securely stowed away by now. A chipping hammer or scraper would make very good

substitutes.

The biggest event in Suva since the native uprising in 27 took place during the visit of the Cal. State to that fair city. It seems that Coker wanted some free souvenirs so he promptly pushed a 6 x 6 wooden pole thru some unsuspecting Chink merchants plate glass window. We have pictures on file to prove this startling bit of "dirt". His story is, he leaned against the post.

It seems that Harry Littlefair, the lumberjack from Eureka, came out second best in an argument with an oar in the surf at Manly. Blood and gore all around - but the kid can take it.

Our annual award of a rubber monkey wrench (suitably engraved) goes to the swab, who, on starting to blow tubes, was heard to ask. "How do you cool the furnaces off so we can crawl in and blow the tubes. Could it have been Sims?

From the tons of souvenirs brought aboard in Suva and Pago, it seems that the C.N.S. can start a museum of native relics. The fellows really went to town on the gullible (??) natives, trading such worthless articles as broken watches, old razor blades used toothbrushes etc. for equally worthless spears, clubs bows and arrows, and green bananas. As this goes to press, some of the fellows are still waiting for their bananas to ripen.

Those dumb natives, Oh Yeah!!!

Pipes Brannon the pride of Pasadena seems to have really turned on the personality this trip as witness Auckland. Reports from those in the know say that the lucky lady had pigtails. It's hard to believe it of you, Pipes.

Jack Droyer, our big bulge and biceps man was doing all right in Melbourne, in our humble estimation, till some low lifer spread the rumor that the gal had, of all things a nifty pair of glass choppers (False teeth to you).

A cadet can do any thing it seems. Remember that night on watch when Irving was trying to teach Jimmy Lambert how to knit. The boys are getting along famously. Having finished one sock each, which they take turns wearing.

From Enginroom to Deck

Dock hands be gad, "flies in the jungle".
Its parents mistake, "drowned the wrong bundle.
One out of two is an engineer.
That is one out of two carries no fear.
The worst O de earth tis the man on de dock.
Brains of such man result in a wreck.
Dat Swab O de dock received all de praise.
The Old Engineer stands back in de haze.
Dat Swab could not work "Lack de Engineer".
He would cry on de bridge and tremble mit fear.
Every ship, in its heart below.
Carries the man who fear no blow.
Praise the man who holds no fear.
Two to One he's an Engineer.

Remember?

Remember the Neptune Party, with Fish-Oil and Slop and Goo;
The green beard of old Daddy Rex, and the shape of his fair Sirens too
The parade of the boarding party, down our two ranks so true;
And the bath that they finally gave us, in a tub that smelt like our
stew?

Remember the Isle of Tahiti, and the girls that came agoard there;
With leis of perfume and flowers, and fruit to add to our fare?
The hike through the virgin green valley, then a cool soothing
fresh water swim.

The wine and the beer in the city, and French-fries and steaks at
Quinns?

Remember that two weeks in Auckland, and the rain that just wouldn't
stop;
And our tree and the star on Christmas, and the cider and songs so hot
The girls like so many milk-maids and the cars on the left of the
street;
Gone are those dear days for ever, but our memories will always
be sweet.

Remember our short stay in Melbourne, the four days of never say stop
With dancing and touring and parties, and our atheletes who
pulled such a flop?

Remember the boat trip they sponsored, for sailors on their day off;
The swimming behind shark-proof barriers, and the Blue Law which
made us all cough?

Remember the pleasures of Sydney, the bridge and the boomerangs too;
The girls that liked Yanks in brass buttons, and promised they'd
always be true?

The riot we caused without uppers, free rides and free shows were
ours too?

Remember the hole they call Suva, black natives with wooley red hair;
How we bartered with pants and what nots, for the souvenirs on
sale there?

Remember the haven of Pago, native sailors in white towel skirts;
The dance in the park by the natives, with Tapa Cloth and leis for
a shirt?

Remember the beach at Waikiki, the outriggers and surf boards and sand
The smoking volcano at Hilo, and the climb up the mountain so grand?
Remember the days on the ocean, bouncing and rolling so free;
And the boys who gave up their vittles, in a rip-snorting "whooping -
up glee"

Then Remember the girl who is waiting, her shaded eyes peering to sea;
The time when you first held her hand, and whispered "Sweetheart-
please wait for me"?

And forget all the long months of sailing, the ports and the sights
and the fun;
In the pleasure of siting and dreaming of your girl and the swell
time to come.

SHIP'S COMPANY

Captain R.C. Dwyer	Superintendent-Commander
G. Barkley	Executive Officer
J.H. Clark	Engineer Officer
J.M. Cadwell	Commissary Officer
Dr. S.P. Norman	Medical Officer
M.N. Engs	Watch Officer
E.C. Miller	Watch Officer
B.M. Dodson	Watch Officer
D. Warwick	Watch Engineer
J.G. Ellis	Watch Engineer
C.G. Hansen	Watch Engineer
A.C. Fox	Communications Officer
E. Harnwell	Carpenter
G.C. Goetz	Laundryman
E.J. Brown	Asst. Laundryman
R.F. Higgins	Chief Cook
C.F. Baker	Second Cook
F. Goeway	Butcher
G.R. Brownell	Radio Operator
P.T. Harper	Radio Operator
F.W. Torchia	Radio Operator
W.A. Croxall	Messman
J.K. Fienstein	Messman
F.C. Gilchrist	Messman
L.J. McGrath	Messman
W.C. Watson	Messman

CADETS
SECOND CLASS ENGINEERS

	NICKNAME	HOMETOWN
Bellamy, W.B.	Bellyache	Napa
Black, R.B.	Block	Alhambra
Brannon, R.H.	Pipes	Pasadena
Butts, J.A.	Wipper	La Jolla
Coker, D.W.	Coco	San Diego
Conover, G.D.	Denny	Beverly Hills
Dietrich, W.E.	Detch	Marysville
Duncan, R.S.	Dunk	Los Angeles
Gough, W.H.	Guff-Guff	Sacramento
Hake, C.R.	Finnegan	San Diego
Howell, E.C.	Dixie	San Diego
Huber, R.P.	Hubber	San Leandro
Irving, B.R.	Bert	Berkeley
Lambert, J.	Lambie	Alameda
Lowe, W.E.	Oiler	Hercules (California)
Mollenkopf, H. L.	Molley	Santa Barbara
Putnam, W.M. Jr.	Putty	San Francisco
Schepler, W.F.	Sheppy	Chatsworth
Schwarz, E.C.	Stymie	Oakland
Secrest, W.	Spike	Santa Barbara
Sokerlund, K.C.	Kenny	Yuba City
Taylor, K.	Kell	Sacramento

NOTE:

Engineers first, monkey before man.

Signed

D.D.

SECOND CLASS DECK

	NICKNAME	HOMETOWN
Anderson, B.H.	Scotty	Los Angeles
Aye, W.M.	Morrey	Los Angeles
Bailey, J.S.	Little Bailey	Burbank
Bergeron, H.N.	Bergie	Berkeley
Cooper, E.N.	Madame	San Francisco
Dreyer, J.	Fagin	Pasadena
French, G.W.	Friger	Beverly Hills
Glick, M.	P.Martin	Stockton
Gregory, A.	Greg	Davenport
Hendriksen, M.H.	Hank	San Jose
Heron, R.D.	Dick	San Diego
Horton, G.V.	Rudder	Los Angeles
Johnson, F.L.	Red	Los Angeles
Kusse, P.F.	Kussie	Compton
Littlefair, H.S.	Eureka	Eureka
May, R.D.	R.David	Los Angeles
Nichols, F.H.	Jew Boy	Los Angeles
Peck, T.A.	T-Tony	Pacific Palisades
Rice, T.W.	"Beff"	Whitties
Rossi, L.	Lou	Santa Barbara
Royston, C.W.	Cy	San Rafael
Schroeder, H.H.	Dutch	Redding
Service, L.A.	Servicid	Glendale
Simpson, R.B.	Simp	Burlingame
Summerill, J.F.	Mad Russian	Los Angeles
Tubbs, C.H.	Tubby	Santa Barbara
Uhl, M.J.	Mel	Hollywood
Walton, R.W.	Watson	Long Beach
Warnekros, W.S.	Barnacle	Santa Barbara
Witmer, A.	Leedle	Santa Barbara

THIRD CLASS

Audet, G.W.	Frenchie	North Hollywood
Averill, W.F.	Screwdriver	Dixon
Bird, N.V.	Birdie	Oakland
Blodgett, A.H.	Stroke-oar	Rio Linda
Boyce, J.L.Jr.	Koala	San Diego
Boyer, J.H.	Tankerman	Martinez
Buwalda, L.L.	Margie	Salinas
Charboneau, A.B.	Charbie	Los Angeles
Clark, K.W.Jr.	Sonny	Carmel
Clawson, J.M.	Hill-billy	Exeter
Dancy, D.A.	Nautical	Altadena
Diffin, D.B.	Pop	El Cajon
Drummond, S.J.	Bulldog	Riverside
Dupuis, H.C.	Harlan	Santa Barbara
Erickson, A.J.	Erik	Palo Alto
Espey, J.E.Jr.	Sloppy	Pasadena
Fell, W.W.	Jelly	San Diego
Finlay, L.H.	Lee	Glendale
Frey, H.A.	Petaluma Kid	Petaluma
Grabowsik, S.W.	Ski	Los Angeles
Greer, R.H.	Legs	San Diego
Hargis, R.N.	Killer	Sacramento
Hendy, J.M.	Cousin	Carpinteria
Holzer, C.K.	Chuck	Santa Monica
Jensen, P.	Jenny	Torrance

THIRD CLASS

	NICKNAME	HOME TOWN
Julianel, V.E.	Juicy	San Diego
Kilburn, G.R.	Kaybee	Santa Ana
Krauchi, C.A.	Assistant	Maywood
Lee, G.H.	Ellington	San Bruno
Leichel, H.L.	Hermie	Santa Barbara
Machle, R.I.	King	Manhattan Beach
Martin, F.L.	Super-charger	Santa Rosa
McElroy, R.D.	Mac	Los Angeles
McMurtry, D.R.	Mac	San Francisco
McNabb, D.	Fibber	Stockton
Nagle, G.A.	Stoop	San Diego
O'Laughlin, R.E.	Nigger	San Pedro
Pettus, H.L.	Pudgy	Rancho
Ridgely, R.D.	Doug	San Diego
Romaggi, J.E.	Rummage	Angels Camp
Schulman, D.	Giggle	Los Angeles
Simpson, R.E.	Romeo	Los Angeles
Sims, A.R.	Rube	Los Angeles
Smith W.A.	Nephew	Salinas
Sonneman, R.H.	Rabbi	Carlsbad
Sype, W.D.	Sap	South Pasadena
Travannion, T.B.	Tank	Hayward
Twitchell, G.S.	Twitch	Hollywood
White, L.T., Jr.	Taxi-cab	Sunnyvale
Whittington, C.A.	Toots	San Gribble
Wiley, F.L.	Squeek	San Diego
Williams, W.J.	Ancient Mariner	Pasadena
Wilson, H.M.	Slugger	Ceres
Yater, E.A.	Spider	San Francisco
Young, N.B.	Grandma	Long Beach