



1940

LD 721
C6142
1940
Ref.

THE

THAW'S EDITION

1940

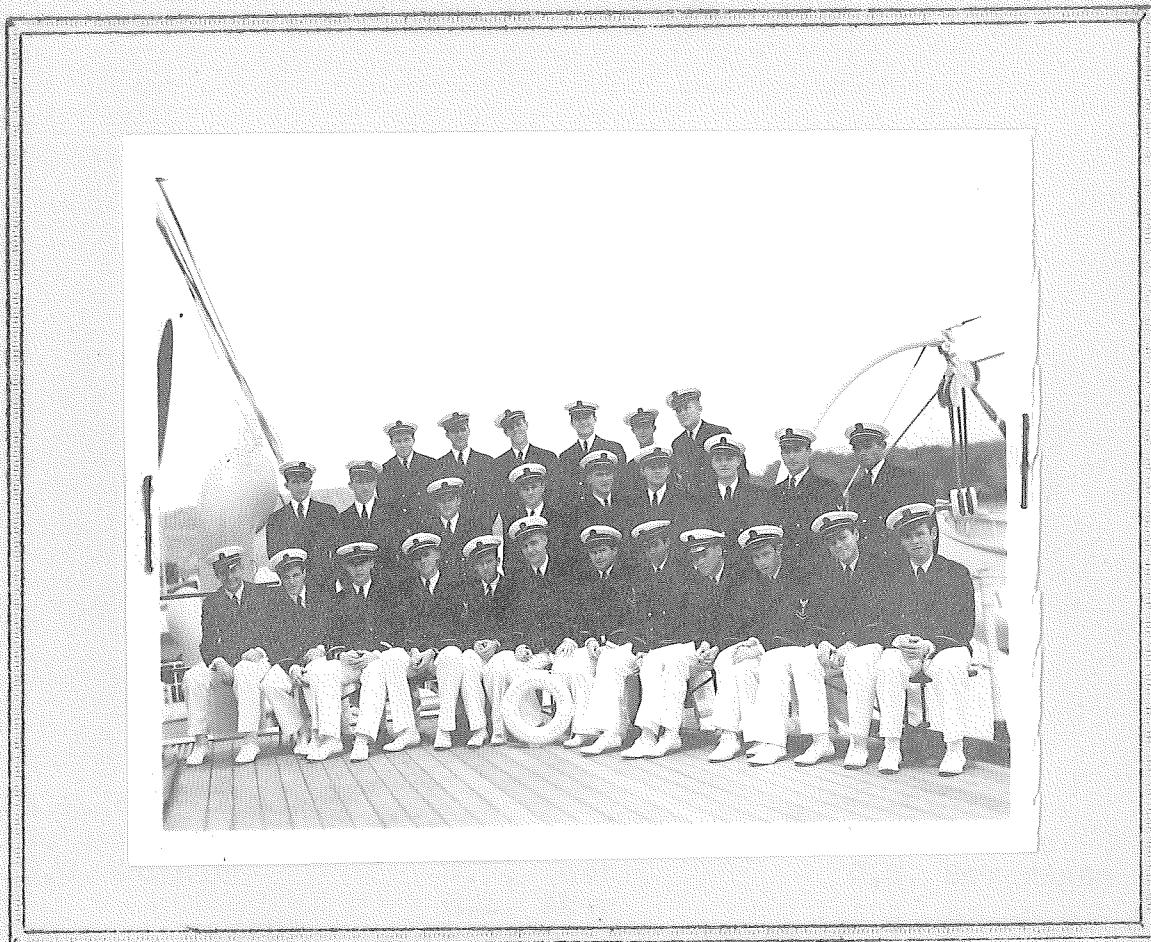
For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

PROPERTY OF THE
CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY
MIDSHIPMEN'S LIBRARY

1940-c.1

PUBLISHED AT SEA
BY THE CADETS OF
CALIFORNIA
MARITIME
ACADEMY



DEDICATION

To The
GRADUATING CLASS
of
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY

STAFF

Editor
D. Schulman

Associate Editors
R.R. Snyder J.G. O'Donnell

Art Editors
H.A. Doell L.H. Erickson

	Contributors	
A.E. Gallant	A.L. Harvie	G.W. Prada
R.M. Elden	R.I. Clayton	J.A. Cronin
R.G. Coggins	W.W. West	C.S. Severance
	R.L. Aker	

Typing-Mimeographing
L. Heller R.W. Newman
R.F. Huldtquist

Advisors
G. Barkley E.L. Robberson

EDITOR'S NOTE

It was the intention of the staff, this year, to have the "Hawsepope" printed by a commercial printer as was done last year, but due to the fact that the date of graduation so closely coincides with the termination of the cruise we have found it necessary to present the "Hawsepope" in this form. We hope you will realize and appreciate our reasons for doing so.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank those Cadets who so kindly gave their time, and without whose help it would have been impossible to have completed this publication.

We sincerely hope that you will enjoy these pages and that they may in days to come recall some of the little incidents that might have otherwise been forgotten.....

The Editor

Message from the Superintendent-Commander

Fate decreed that the Class of 1940 was to be disproportionately small. This has had the effect of forcing on its members more and greater responsibilities than habitually fall to First Class Cadets.

These responsibilities have been fully and most creditably met and the Class now goes out as individuals to make their separate ways as units in one of the nation's most important institutions, the United States Merchant Marine.

Each carries with him the sincere wishes of those left behind for a successful and happy career.

N. E. Nichols

PRE - CRUISE EVENTS

At the termination of the South American Cruise of 1939, the usual liberty was granted to the second and third classes. The northern California Cadets hit the jackpot for the first twenty day leave.

While the northerners were orienting themselves to the life of a civilian, the ship, manned by the First Class and remaining southern lads, moved to Treasure Island to be on exhibition at the Golden Gate International Exposition. The ship was moored to some specially laid piles just off the Eastern side of the island near the Federal Buildings and the Coast Guard Exhibit. The purpose of the visit was to gain publicity for the school and to afford the Cadets the opportunity of seeing the fair. Special cards were issued to all hands for admission to the fair grounds, however, these proved to be a pass (if worked right) to practically every paying concession on the island.

A dance given in our the island California Throng of boarded the ship during our stay of six weeks. Transportation to and from the ship was greatly relieved by the issue of a thirty-six foot Motor Launch by the Navy.



Graduation was held at the fair, with impressive ceremonies sponsored by the Propeller Club of California, at which time Bachelor of Science Degrees were conferred upon the graduates and Licenses were awarded. The late Joseph Sheenan, former President of the famous American President Lines, was the principle speaker.

The ceremonies were broadcast over a coastwise NBC network.

Leaving the fair, we returned to our California City Base to start the long summer school term. Our peaceful routine of classes, study, work, and more work, was somewhat altered by the activities of the Navy on the school base. Two Cadet Corps dances were given at the Sausalito Womens' Club to break the monotony of study.

Halfway through the school term, the school was honored by a visit from the Hon. Arthur Tode, Honorary President of the Propeller Club of America. Mr. Tode's purpose of visiting the school was to organize a propeller club. This memorable day arrived a few weeks later with the presentation of a charter to the Propeller Club of America, Port of California State Nautical School.

Next in line to alter the peaceful school routine was the arrival of the new Swab Class. A mangy collection of Hollywood Indians, Sea Scout Skippers, Lodi Farmers, and Landlubbers formed this 'destined for greatness' group. After a hectic week, the new swabs were cordially invited to an excellent Smoker given by the upper classmen with swab entertainment.

The newly formed Propeller Club visited the launching of the "Sea Arrow", a C3 Maritime Commission ship, at the Moore Shipbuilding and Drydock Co. Plant in Oakland. Included also in the Propeller Club activities were the sponsoring of a series of open meetings featuring several distinguished maritime speakers.

Just before the end of the school term a formal announcement was made concerning the name of our great institution. The Board of Governors changed the name from Nautical School to Maritime Academy. So, overnight we found ourselves Academy boys. With a brief sojourn during Thanksgiving holidays, the Academy's school term came to an end.

It was hard to convince the swabs that the ship actually would go after being tied up to a pier so long, and it wasn't until we were half way up to Mare Island for our annual pre-cruise drydocking that the aforementioned swabs stopped rubbing their eyes with amazement.

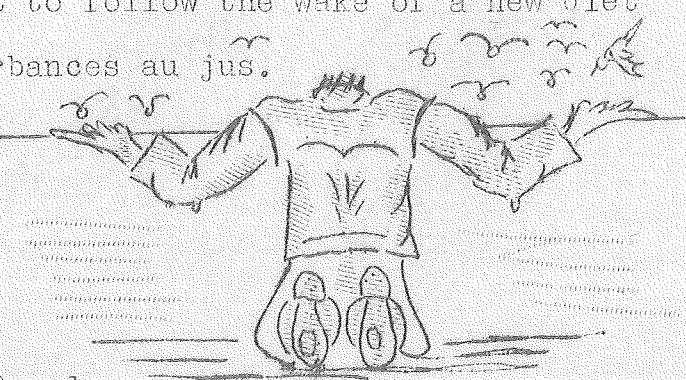
As usual, our stay at Mare Island Navy Yard and metropolitan Vallejo was greatly enjoyed by all hands. A highlight and welcome break in the tiring routine of chipping and painting was a dance, given for the Cadets by a group of Vallejo's younger female set, under the sponsorship of Mr. Wm. Aguilar. Many pleasant acquaintances were renewed and made, resulting for many of the Cadets in an altogether new outlook on this period of our school work.

With the ship in tip-top shape, we again steamed back to our California City Base. A dance was held in our honor at the Army and Navy Club of the Fairmont Hotel, following an official inspection of the school by the Naval Reserve. A fast two weeks of loading stores and supplies slipped by unnoticed and before we knew it the day of sailing arrived.

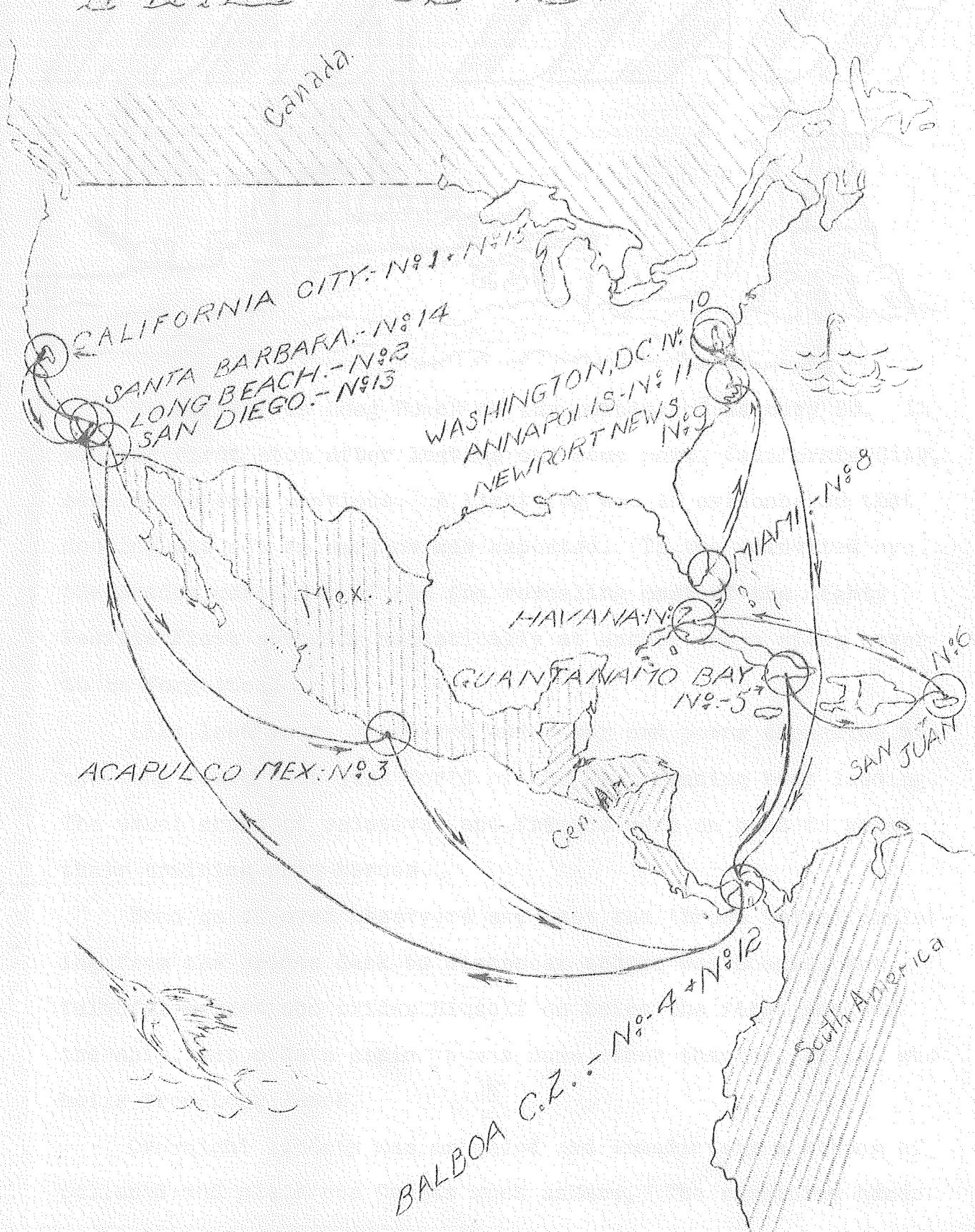
Mommas, Poppas, Sweethearts, and Friends all gathered on the dock to see us pull out. The usual caravan of cars followed us along the Tiburon highway tooting and waving friendly gestures to which a solemn three blasts of the whistle retaliated. Noon time mess was served as we passed under the Golden Gate Bridge. Some say it was the hot chocolate, others, the greasy potatoes, but the wiser ones said it was just plain old sea sickness, as the sea gulls from the lightship abandoned their post to follow the wake of a new diet consisting of gastronomical disturbances au jus.

Soon, however, the graceful white yacht settled into its monotonous sea routine and plodded peacefully down the picturesque

California Coast -----Long Beach Bound.



THE CRUISE





We arrived in Long Beach on the morning of January 20. It was our first stop after leaving our home port, California City, some three days previous. A light fog was in evidence so that docking was not so easy as was expected. To the uninvited eye, the sudden unfolding of the fog revealing most of the mighty Pacific Fleet swinging majestically at anchor was a sight never to be forgotten.

Like last year, we docked under our own power alongside the new Long Beach Pier just for'd of the Navy running boat landing. The usual crowd of relatives and friends were on hand to greet their training ship heroes.

Some quick-eyed observers say that the 'Brown Swish' emulating from the bridge deck to disappear ashore was Soogie, our faithful mascot who prides himself on being the first one off the ship, but others claim it was none other than Mr. Ellis, who hails from Long Beach.

Overnight liberty was extended and immediately a stream of polished and glamorous Cadets went ashore. The remaining hands spent their time cleaning up the ship preparatory to showing

visitors aboard and having their picture taken for propaganda purposes.

Tuesday afternoon a luncheon was given to visiting dignitaries and although a light shower prevented the guests from sitting on deck and listening to music played by an orchestra on the pier balcony, everyone seemed to have an enjoyable time. Movies were shown of the previous training cruises after which the guests departed.

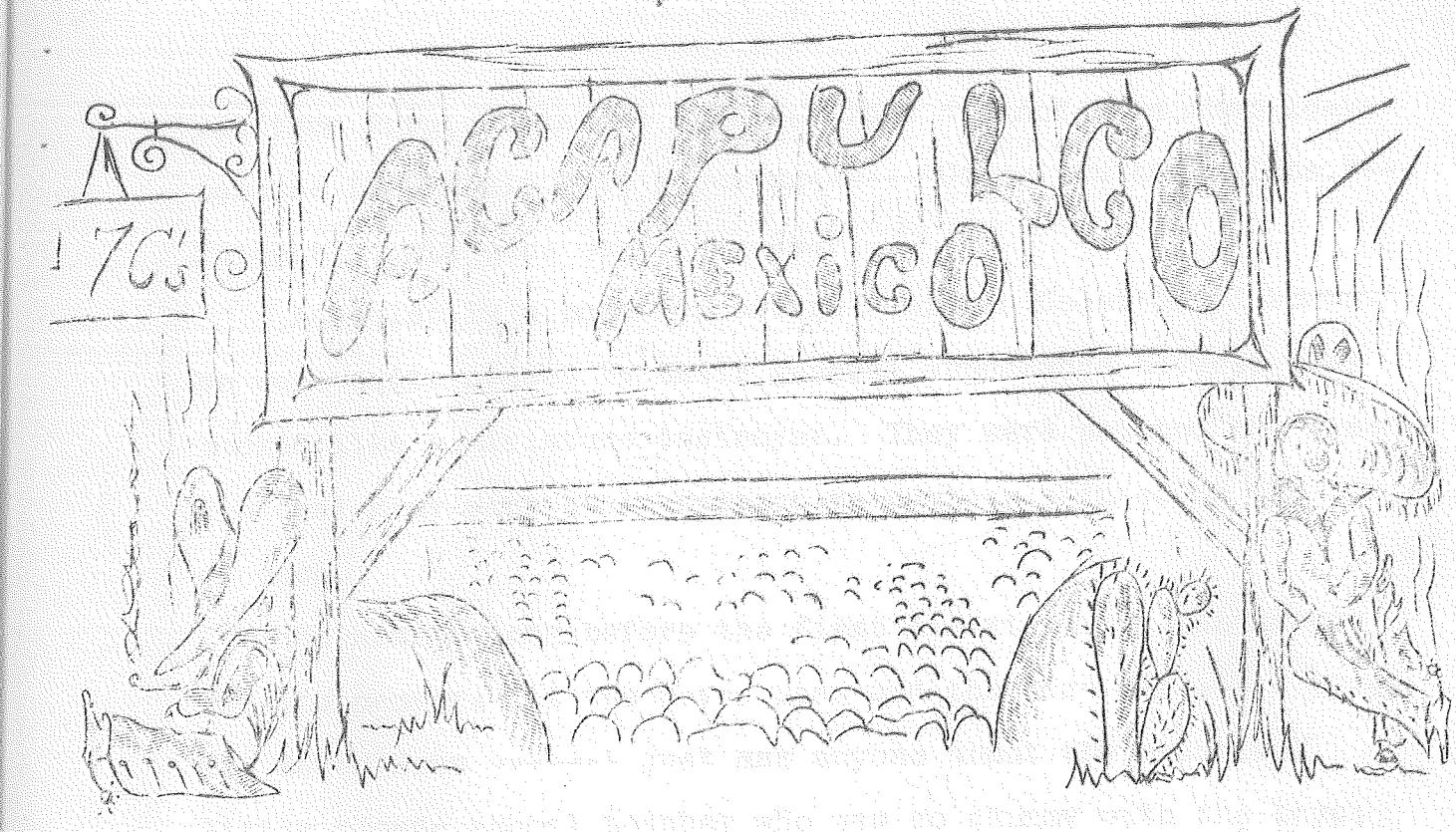
The port liberty watch was then granted leave and upon going ashore found that the sunny southern California sunshine had condensed of the mild form of a boisterous thunderstorm. After a few futile attempts to remain dry, all pretenses were abandoned and the local movie houses did a thriving business.

Preparations for the next moving were soon terminated, when, by noontime we were again gliding past the breakwater. Already we were looking forward to our first foreign port, Acapulco, Mexico.

XXXXXXX

-0-

While still in the Academy, many Cadets become sure of themselves in their training. They have to. They have to have the knowledge to know what to do, and precision in doing it. One of the things that a Cadet must watch most carefully is that any self assurance, confidence, sureness, or whatever you want to call it, does not lapse over into his contacts with other people as one of the more overbearing qualities that man foists on himself. Too often, this form of confidence needed at sea, manifests itself ashore in social contacts as conceit.



Seven days after leaving Long Beach with an uneventful passage behind us we arrived in Acapulco. Everyone looked forward to this port because of the enjoyable time that was had by the first class who visited there on the Honolulu-Acapulco cruise of 1938.

The California State, without the aid of the pilot, made her way into the quiet bay to suitable anchorage just off the old Spanish fort. Although there were several new buildings and hotels the port had the same general appearance as it had two years ago. It wasn't long after we were secured that bum-boats came alongside selling everything from huaraches to the national drink of tequila.

As there was a standing order "no trading with the bum-boats", they soon tired of making a show of themselves and left, leaving behind little "chamocos" who would dive for anything from money to buttons. The little kids were usually disappointed because much to their surprise most of the money they dove for

was from Peru, Chile and Panama. This did not make them leave because they would keep shouting-----"Gimme tin can, mista."---- Evidently, tin cans were very dear.

Acapulco is a base for several Mexican Coast Guard boats. We were quite amused by their general appearance because they looked like a miniature destroyer. They were painted the traditional gray with their respective numbers painted on the bow of each.

It wasn't long before the first liberty party was ashore and its members hit the Seven Seas and the Mira Mar----- !Oye! The Seven Seas ----- just ask anyone about the beautiful little blonde school teacher who was so chummy with the boys; and the Great American Tourist who overruns the best places in every city, and just because you have a "sailor suit" on they won't talk to you; but that's O.K., who gets all the good-looking girls and the best bargains? ----- not the tourists but the Cadets.

"Get your Social Security plates with your name and number on same for twenty-five cents!" ---- That's San Francisco. ---- In Acapulco it's: "Get your yarn spun here----you can tell the best stories of anything and you can always say 'I got my _____ ! ". Three years at C.M.A. and you will know the secrets of love and marriage and you have a successful career ahead of you. It says so in the Joke Book-----.

The good old Seven Seas isn't what it is cracked up to be. The place was remodelled and it doesn't look like the place it was. They don't give out a bottle of Coke and a bottle of rum like they used to. Just a plain old Coke with a twist of lemon in it.

This town is the tropics with a little bit of old Mexico thrown in. The Mexican part is supposed to offer much charm, of course. Yes, there were a few Americans around. Ask two eagle beaks..... The sun rises just after four at this particular time, so they had no trouble. Probably a little wet, however.

Almost everyone who was with us on the Honolulu-Acapulco cruise wanted to go to Mexico City. We know Tommy did. He tried to 'phone there often enough.....

There was plenty of swimming at old Caleta Beach. Ask some of the officers.

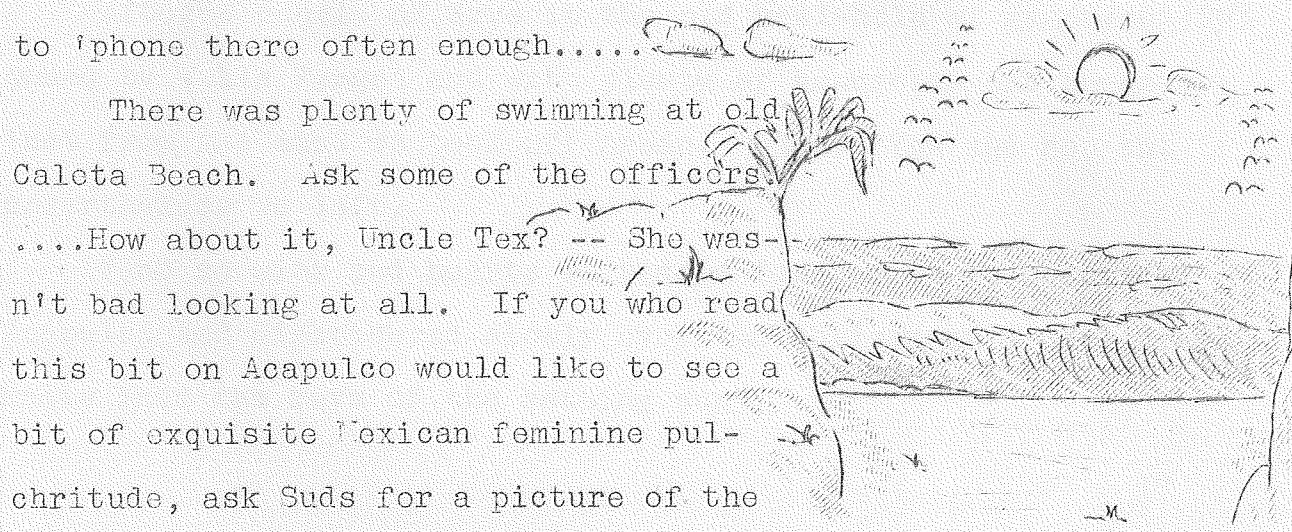
....How about it, Uncle Tex? -- She was-
n't bad looking at all. If you who read
this bit on Acapulco would like to see a
bit of exquisite Mexican feminine pul-
chritude, ask Suds for a picture of the
Mexican girl with the long locks. Whoever did that did well for
himself.

The old Plaza isn't what it was. There are no more stands around the park. Just a bunch of little Mexican kids running around trying to bum you for a nickel. If they ever come to San Francisco all they will have to do is go along the Embarcadero and pay the nickels back. Ask the Class of '40 about a year from now.....

We were rather lucky in Acapulco this time, not having to take aboard any of that choice Mexican water(?)

The dances at the El Mirador with the Super Swing, a la "Joe Mex" were swell, the only trouble being that we had to be back so early. We have a good idea why.

It was too bad that we had to let that engineering officer go in Acapulco, because he looked so good in that uniform with



two stripes and a propeller on each shoulder. What a fit that was.....!

With a little of that Monterey beer under your belt and a couple of motorcycle wheels around your neck, you could have plenty of fun. Ask any joker who rode one of them. Some wouldn't trust themselves with a 'motorcicleta', contenting themselves with a bike.

After a couple of days in the old hell-hole of Acapulco (99% owned by Wells Fargo) and with plenty of headaches and hangovers (not from the sun) we took off again. Glad? Yes and No, but nevertheless we left.

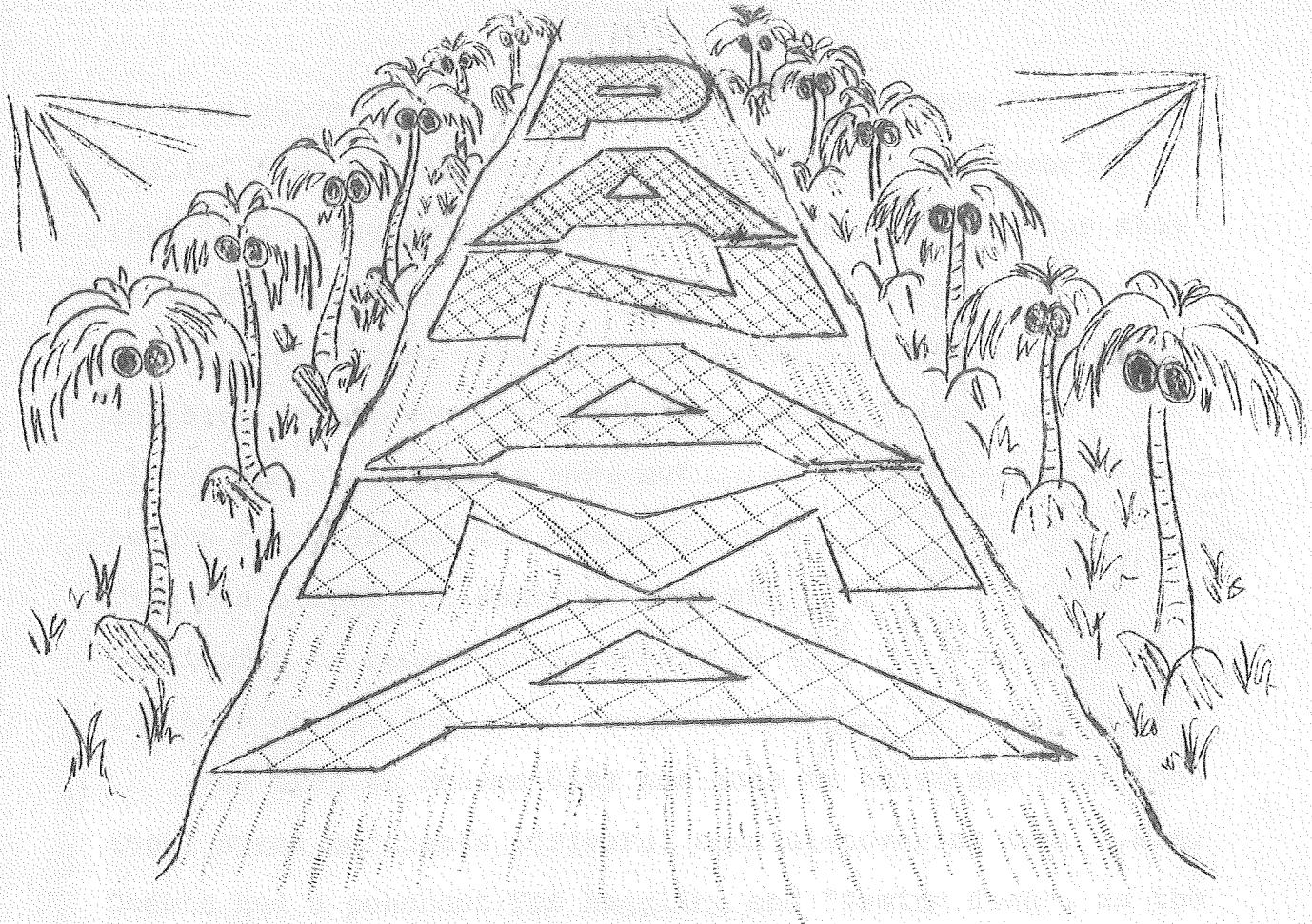
"And so with sad hearts we bade a fond adiós to beautiful Acapulco and disappeared slowly over the horizon at a cool nine knots into the rays of the setting sun".

--000--

A subject of great mirth and constant grumbling among the ranks of the Cadet Corps is the "Verse Padded Menus" that appear each day in the galley for cooking instructions to the culinary dept. To read one of these choice morsels is enough to make any outsider lick his chops with delight, but to those of us in the Cadet Corps "PRIME BRAZED SHORT RIBS OF BEEF, AU JUS" are just plain old 'dog bones' with a fancy name.

o/----/o

Rat guards are used on schoolships to keep rats off and Cadets on.....



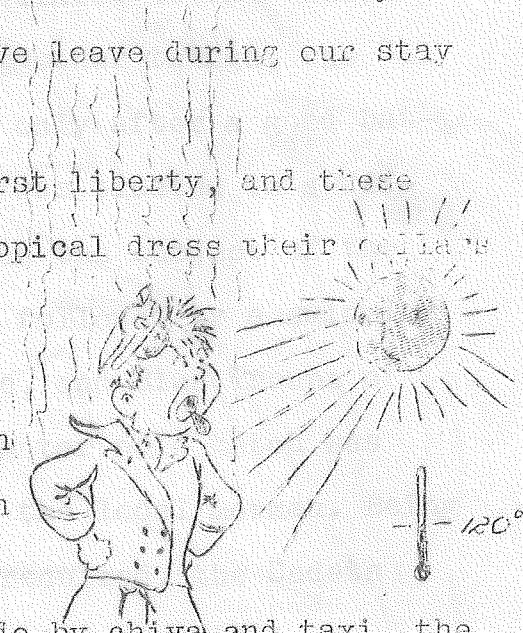
The run from Acapulco was made in seven days, during which time the Cal State experienced her first bit of rough weather. A few cases of mal de mer were suffered by some of the swabs, but this was just a taste of what was to come later.

All hands being at docking stations, the ship tied up at the Customs Docks at Balboa late in the forenoon of the eighth of February. The docking was made with the assistance of the tub Gorgona. Just astern of us was the S. S. West Portal, of the McCormick Line, which was visited later by several of the first classmen, and an opportunity for the study of the deck lumber stowage afforded.

Quite a crowd was assembled to see us in. Most of these

were relatives or friends of the two Cadets from Balboa, "Baldy" Russon and "Swab" Hulquist. It is a noteworthy fact that these two were given native leave during our stay in this port.

The starboard watch had the first liberty, and these worthies soon found that even in tropical dress their ~~skins~~ wilted and their shirts were wet before they reached the gangway. This was alleviated somewhat through permission to remove coats ashore in the heat of the day.



The trek to Panama City was made by chiva and taxi, the local speed merchants (drivers) soon discovering that C.M.A. Cadets had a penchant for haggling and "Jewing down", as the phrase goes. This penchant was amply shown later in the shops and bazaars of the city. The hawk-nosed merchants along Calle Central rubbed their hands gleefully and with anticipation when they spied a blue and white uniform approaching, but soon would be perspiring freely and wishing they were quit of the glib and price-downing talk of the Cadets.

Several of the third class Cadets made a visit to the ruins of old Panama City to see the havoc wreaked by pirate Henry Morgan, but they too were unimpressed, as had been the Cadets of the year previous.

The local Beer Gardens, Balboa, Atlas, and El Rancho were heavily favored by Cadet patronage. Good meals and excellent beer were to be enjoyed there, along with just lazing under the spell of tropical inertia. A lower afternoon price on drinks was discovered at El Rancho, and all hands soon took advantage of

On Saturday, the tenth of February, the California State basketball team met an Army Air Corps quintet at the Balboa Y.M.C.A. Due to lack of practice, among other things, the Cal Staters came out on the short end, but only after a good battle. The next morning, the Cadet Corps was treated to a fifteen minute movie at the Balboa Club, on the subject of the workings of the Canal locks, which was followed by a swimming and diving exhibition by the Red, White, and Blue Troupe of Balboa. Following this, an exhibition water polo match was played, with a team of Cadets opposing the local mermen. Being unused to water polo and the teamwork required, the Cadets again came out losers, but only after stiff competition.

On the morning of the thirteenth, preparations were made for our transit of the Panama Canal. The boats were swung in and parties told off to man the forecastle head and poop. Cadets lined the rail during all the daylight hours of the trip through, putting their cameras to good use photographing Gaillard Cut, Peter Miguel and Gatun Locks, and the electric "mules" that furnish motive power to put ships through the "Gash". It was found necessary to anchor for about two hours in Gatun Lake before passage through the Gatun Locks.

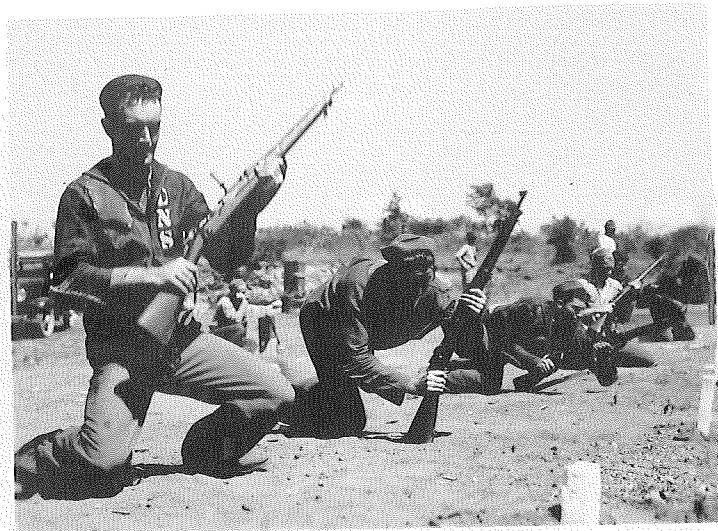
The transit took about ten hours, the California State entering into the Caribbean Sea about 9:30 that evening. The boats had to be swung out, and that completed the Cadet Corps turned in after a memorable day.



It was the morning of February 17 when we arrived in Guantanomo Bay only to be ushered in by a series of Uncle Sams' scouting Neutrality Patrol planes and destroyers. The intent of our six day visit was to make use of the Navys' rifle and pistol ranges along with the capitalizing of a balmy landlocked harbour ideal for small boat maneuvers.

The Bay is held by the United States as a Naval Base under treaty. It lies near the eastern end of the south coast of Cuba. Activities are carefully planned in advance at this post and owing to the secrecy of the operations of the Neutrality Patrol, as well as the station itself, Cadets' liberty parties were restricted to the base proper. As an outcome, there was nothing to do except to visit the several small canteens which were well-stocked with thirst quenching beverages and ice cream.

The day after we arrived parties began going to the rifle range. It was the first time many members of the lower classes



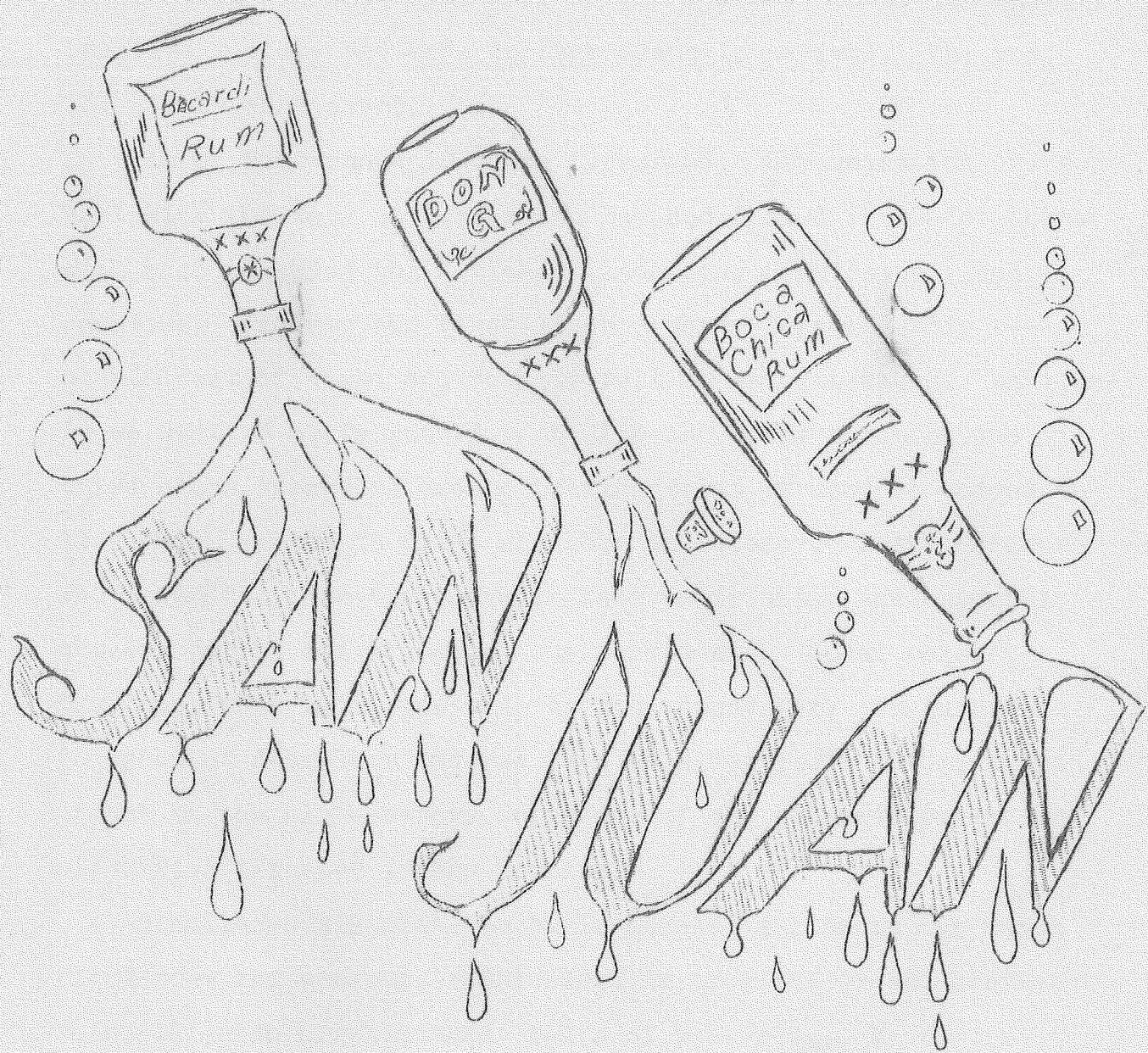
had shot a rifle of any size, consequently, there were many sore shoulders for the next few days.

Expert marksmen were furnished by the Navy Department as instructors. The first classmen were the only ones who were instructed in pistol shooting.

On alternate afternoons the second and third classmen had instruction in handling small boats both under oars and under sail.

The most enjoyable part of the time in Guantnamo was every afternoon when Cadets were allowed to go "shark dodging" over the side. Of course, "Soogie" always dominated these sessions, as he is probably the most diligent, if not the best, swimmer aboard.

After six semi-eventful days, all hands were eager and ready to leave, as was evidenced when we upped anchor and slipped out of the harbour bound for San Juan, Puerto Rico ---- the land of rum, coconuts, and tropical sunshine.



There was Mexico; there was Panama; there was Cuba and then there was Puerto Rico! Ah! San Juan! Land of rum, women and song. Land where coconuts are two for a nickel and if you haven't got a nickel --- what the.....?

The blue Caribbean sparkled under a morning sun as our good(?) ship glided gracefully under the rusty guns of the old fort guarding San Juan's harbor entrance. As we approached the dock three stalwart, sun-tanned Cadets sprang into the wherry and rowed off in all directions. Believing our ship to be in imminent danger of colliding forcibly with the dock they courageously offered to sacrifice their lives and placed themselves between the piling.

of the dock and the white side of the old Cal State. The Calif. Maritime Academy had made another dramatic arrival. Oh, yes. The Cadets were saved.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed. Communication and contact with the Navy at Guantanamo Bay had filled the Cadet Corps with such names as the Riviera, Blue Moon, Mississippi, and Paradise. Eagerly the first liberty party left the ship ---- hearts full of hope, and pockets full of what it takes. Anxiously we awaited their return. At 2150 the early birds of the third class straggled aboard bearing tales of wonders beyond belief. Rum -- low in price and high in potency. Dusky Maidens who loved the life they lived. Natives friendly and cheerful; streets narrow and aromatic, but packed with 'local color'. San Juan, they said, was all they had hoped for. We turned in to dream of dark eyes and red lips as a few years before we had dreamt on the night before Christmas of the electric trains and air rifles expected in the morning.

Simultaneously with the bugle heralding liberty our watch filed down the gangway, resplendent in tropical dress, confident we could outdo our brothers' feats of yesterday. Past warehouses we went, past rugged, weatherbeaten, little inter-island schooners. Past, with faltering steps, the Don-Q rum distillery. There it was -- dead ahead, the Mohammedan's seventh heaven come the earth. With parched tongues and palpitating hearts we climbed the stairs and let burst upon us all the tarnished glory of -- the Riviera. True, rum does aid the imagination, but we weren't disappointed in what the first liberty party had led us to believe. Most (perhaps we should say some) of what they told us was true. The rum was there, the Minnies, the Annas, the Marias and the Luples were there (All there).

Music there was, and laughter and friendliness -- not in the least diminished by the uniforms and the pesos of the 'Americanos'. Atmosphere there was aplenty, and to nostrils that had inhaled only salt air for days on end, even the typical domestic smells of a Latin-American town were not unwelcome. The night clubs were by no means all San Juan held to interest the Cadets. The city and its people were charming in their slow grace. Languid, shady plazas punctuated the business district. Color was everywhere from the brilliant costumes of the native women to the pastel shades the weather had given to the architecture of man and nature. In no other place can be found such a splendid combination of climate, natural beauty, industry, and agriculture. A tour kindly provided by the Propeller Club, Port of San Juan enabled the Cadets to see some of the interior of Puerto Rico. Because of a stop near a coconut palm grove we returned to the ship covered with nuts, cuts, and bruises. But the delicious milk and meat of the spoils made it worth while.

The highlight of our stay was a formal dance given by the San Juan Chamber of Commerce for the Cadets at the exclusive Excambon Club. Hostesses were the very lovely sorority girls from the University of Puerto Rico. The English of the young ladies was but little better than our Spanish, but then often in such cases conversation isn't too important.

As we made our way slowly out to sea after our all-too-short stay, Cadets lined the rails for a final look at the friendly city. Faces were solemn, for some had lost a part of themselves that never could be regained and still others had gained something that never would be lost. Minds were full of memories of tropical nights, laughing maidens, soft, flower-scented air -- Gosh, she shure wuz purty!!!



A bewildered swab compartment cleaner named Minkbang Push-broom stumbled upon these choice literary accomplishments one day as he was gold-bricking through his tedious afternoon chores in the after berth deck. Being patriotic in spirit and conscientious in mind, Minkbang has turned over these dittys to the Hawespipe for publication. They, the following, are a series of three letters written by Schnaffblock Twilbury Huntschitz to his mother, his best pal, and to his girl friend. We certainly hope "Schnaffy" Huntschitz won't get sore at this exposé.

Dear Mother,

We glided into Havana harbor early yesterday morning, the majestic Morro Castle on our port and beautiful parkways along the sea wall to our starboard. I never dreamed th city was so large and cosmopolitan! From the harbor, the skyline of the city extends as far as the eye can see. Once through the channel and inside the harbor, we anchored near the new Dutch liner "Nieuw Amsterdam". The usual rush of bumboats to our ship followed, but to no avail, for we are a school ship, not a cruise liner.

The first liberty I wandered bewildered through the narrow one-way streets, then took to riding buses and streetcars to get a getter idea of the size, beauty and arrangement of the city. The capitol, located in the center of the city is a very large and magnificent white building. The climate is perfect -- not too hot and sultry like most tropical ports.

The first afternoon we went to "La Playa" for a refreshing dip in the ocean. There I met a beautiful Irish girl from New York. Ah! Such dazzling red hair, hazel eyes, a few freckles and a brogue to boot.

We danced that night at the Hotel National, then went to a sidewalk cafe. There a native (well, they looked native) girls' orchestra did their best at murdering stale stock American song hits. They did better on rhumbas and tangos. One semi-saturated Cadet planted himself before the girls' orchestra and ate lemons until he succeeded in making the whole brass section produce a gurgling rhythm that would put Shep Fields off the map.

My following liberty I etc, etc, etc,

Your Loving Son,

Schnafflock Twillbury Huntslitz

Dear Bob,

The S.S. Cal State Maru barged into Havana yesterday in her usual manner (about three knots). Amid a flare of this and that and what have you, we planted both hooks in the mud and left the tides to twist the anchor chains into knots. The Dutch ship "Nieuw Amsterdam" lay in the harbor near where we anchored. Those aboard her didn't seem to notice us come in (just figured that a tipsy tourist, not yet over a Bacardi bender threw a bath tub over the side).

This is the largest foreign city so it took a little longer to find the hotspots.

The first day I went to "La Playa" where I met a skirt from New York. She's a dancing girl and a model (and I do mean model) and slays the crowd each night at the Casino with a few slithering hip movements. I have some movies of her that'll knock you for a loop (if she didn't burn up the film with her flashing red hair.) I asked her out that night. We danced at the Hotel National, then went to a sidewalk cafe where drinks flowed and entertainment was furnished by a girls' orchestra. A nice taxi ride in the aire libre, then..... It was rather an expensive evening for the short time but I made it back to the shore boat by 2300 when my liberty was over.

Next day we went to the beach again, did some shopping and wound up again in the sidewalk cafe; not with the wench though, so I hit the bunk a little earlier the second night.

That winds up the leave in Havana, Bob.

Adios,

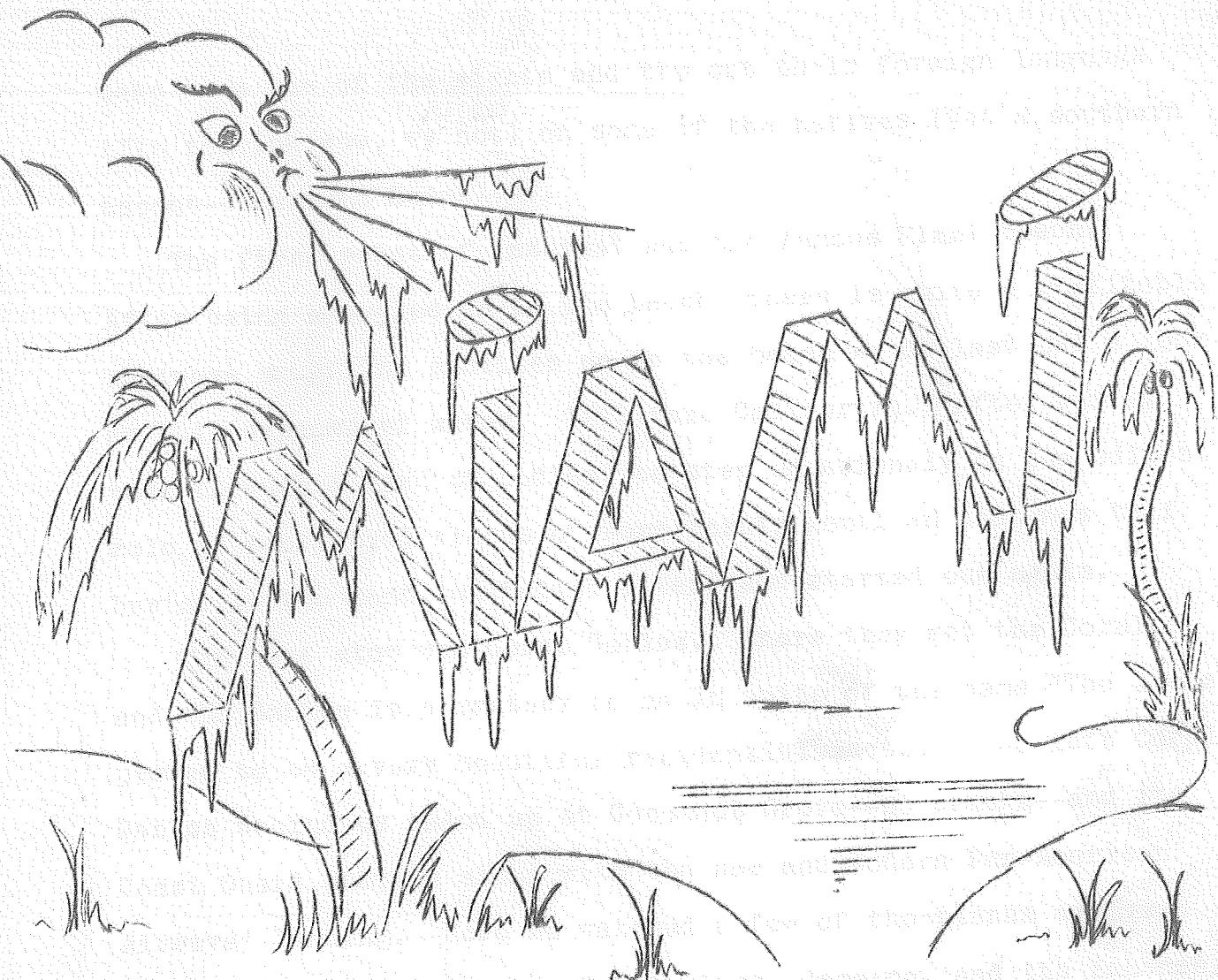
Schnapp

My darling Annette,

My last evening in Havana I sit and look at the reflections of the silver crescent moon dancing on the ripples of the black harbor water. My mind is still a confusion of two jumbled liberties, but my homesick heart tells me how grand they would have been if you had only been here with me -- etc, etc, bla, bla,----

Forever your lover,

Twilly



The California State, like a peanut shell in a bathtub, pitched and tossed her way up the Florida coast to drop her mud hook on the bottom of Biscayne Bay, nearly taking the stern off of a well meaning tug and turning the chain locker inside out (by the way - "Mr. Sheaf, where is the anchor?"), and breaking the consular flag out at the jack-staff.

Soogie was first ashore as usual, beating a well known member of the Bridge-deck gang to the gangway, to greet the curious crowd that had collected on the dock to watch this epoch-making landing, and incidentally look for a few car wheels.

After things were squared away liberty was granted to the happy Cadets of the Starboard watch in order that they might

take in a few of the sights and try out their foreign language
(I'm tellink you, vy not) on some of the natives (Wat a southern
accent--southern Brooklyn).

The first point of interest was the famous Miami beach.
After being smuggled on to the beach (there is quite a profitable
business smuggling gentiles on to the beach we at last had a look
at this expanse of water. I'll take California. After wading
back through a mass of bodies, to step occasionally on the edipost
buried in the sand, we hailed a taxi and started out again.

The next stop was Coral Gables. Where they get the Coral
and the Gables is a mystery to me In spite of the name "The Gables"
proved to be a very beautiful residential section. We left Coral
Gables behind us ended up at Cocoanut Grove--no cracks--and its
Coast Guard station along with the new and modern Pan-American
Airways' landing. Here we watched a few of the planes arrive.

They had come from Panama, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, and the Bahamas.
This was all very interesting but we were a little short on time

After saturating our bridge-work with a glass of suds we
departed for the Hialeah race track and its famous red Flamin-
goes.

Before reaching the Club house we shelled out a dime and had
a look at the birds through a telescope which, about time you
had the thing focused gave you the time's-up signal so you look
at them otherwise and think of what that dime would have bought.

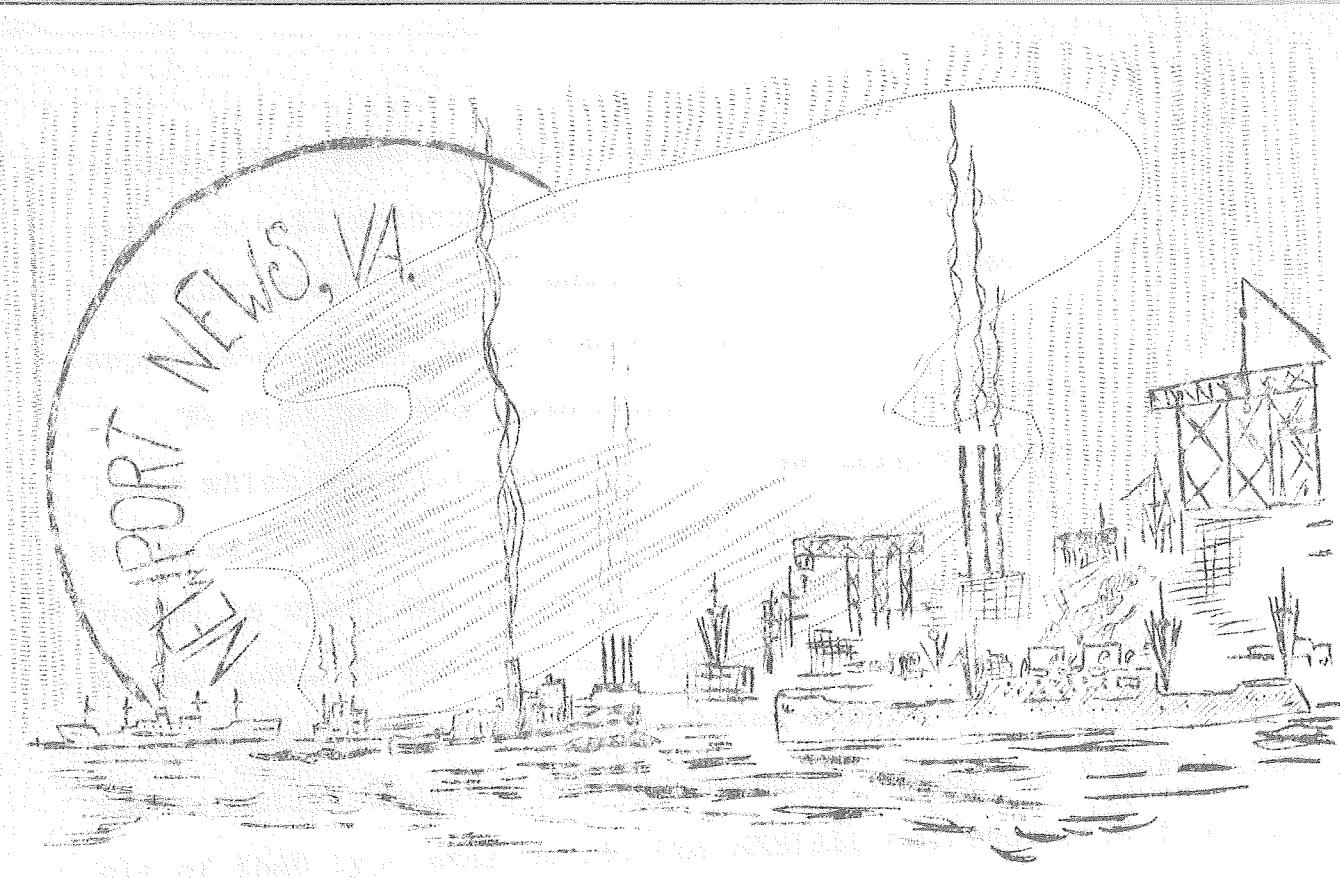
One interesting thing about the race track is, that it is
used as a public park when the racing season is over and every-
body is broke from betting on the horses. Nice of them.

We're off again (in more ways than one) at the break-neck

speed the driver insisted on using. Give some of these Florida drivers an inch and they'll take a fender; but this is all beside the point. Once more our magic carpet, moths, cigar-ashes and all, moves onward to spend an inexpensive evening at some tavern (Beer parlor to you, mug) where the cover charge was less than the national debt. And so dear bored readers we will call it quits on this tour as there isn't much that can be seen from under the table where we'll be in a little while.

Just one thought to leave with you--Take California, dig a few canals, decrease the temperature, sprinkle a few palm trees around and you have Florida, liquid sunshine and all.





the ocean, and the ship was now about to enter the harbor of

It looked at first as if we wouldn't get to see anything in Newport News after all, as the pilot certainly had his own system of docking. The dock was about twenty-five yards ahead and the old Cal State was still heading right "smack head on" into it. But we soon found out that the pilot knew exactly what he was doing, and we docked safely.

The Cadets certainly had a chance here to see ship-building in every stage and of most every type. The Newport News Ship Building and Dry Dock Co. is one of the largest commercial ship yards in this country.

The Cadets of the first and second class were taken on a tour of the yard where they had the opportunity of seeing ship building, from the drawing room to the completed vessel, inasmuch as there were vessels in almost every stage of construction, both commercial and naval.

vessels. Everyone was quite impressed with the fine work and minute detail necessary for successful ship building. The work that goes into the building of a ship cannot truly be appreciated until one has seen it.

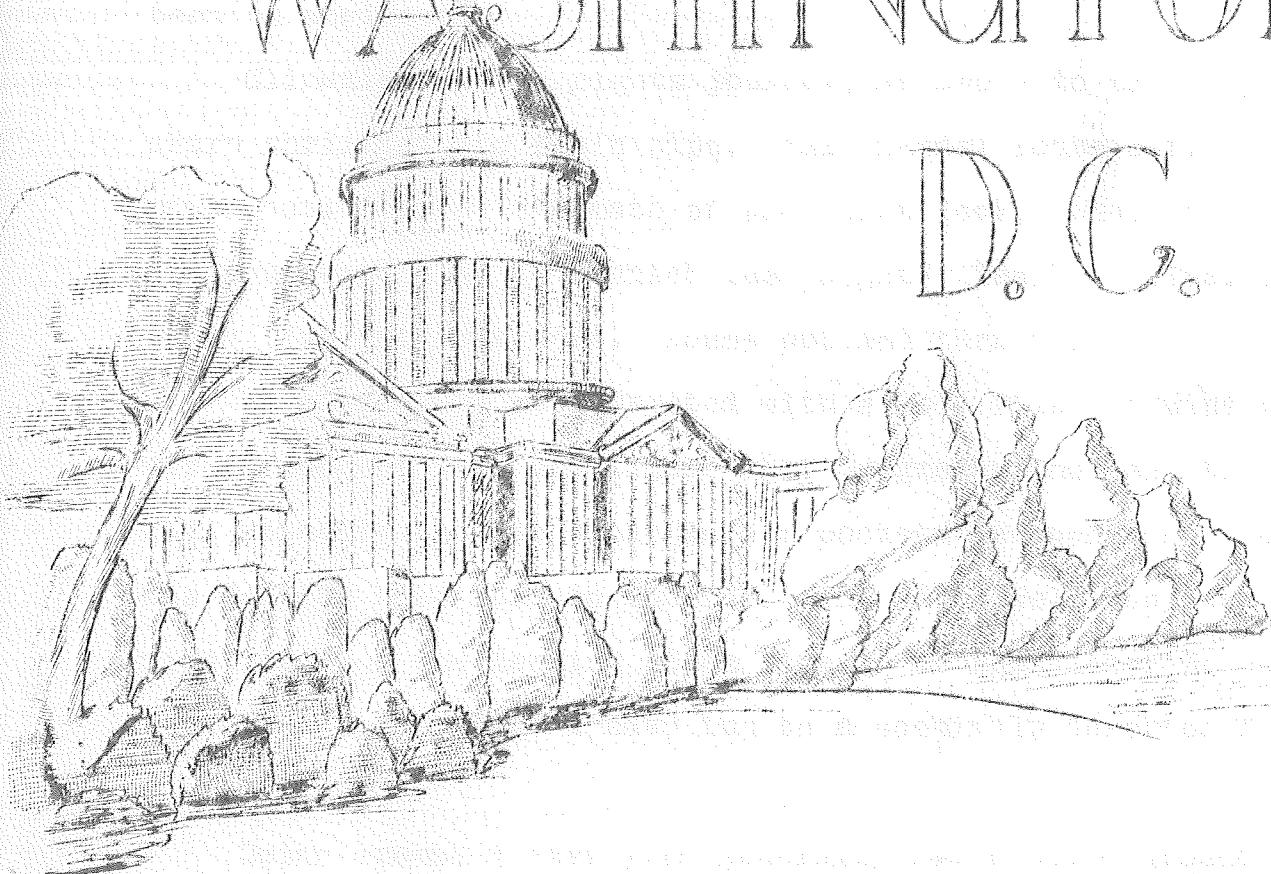
We also had the opportunity to visit the "America", the liner which when finished, will be the largest commercial vessel owned by the United States. One cannot realize how large a vessel is until one has started to wander over her and begun to get lost. It was all very impressive.

The same day we were also taken aboard the "Santa Teresa", the recently completed C-2 and probably one of the finest vessels of that type ever built. The NNSB&DD Co. requested from the other large ship building companies their ideas for a perfect cargo vessel, and then taking what they believed to be the most desirable features, they compiled the ideas and built their perfect ship. We were all very much impressed by the spacious accomodations for the officers and crew, as well as the fine lines and general appearance of the "Santa Teresa." She will be operated by the Grace Line.

As a rule the Cadets do not go in much for sight-seeing, but every Cadet extremely enjoyed the trip given for us by the Junior Chamber of Commerce to the Mariner's Museum, Williamsburg, and Yorktown. Virginia is overflowing with history and tradition and we had a real taste of their ideals on this fine trip. The history of this section is very colorful and also very important to this country, and the people are "right proud" of it. Each Cadet couldn't help but learn a lot in this port, and that along with listening to their southern drawl made this a very enjoyable stop for everyone.

WASHINGTON

D. C.



With our visit at Newport News shipyard coming to a rapid close, the trim white Training Ship ah! she's a happy ship. . . . Gave up a gust of "light brown haze", a blast of her whistle, and Tai Tai went the bugle as the last line was hauled aboard. Yes, it was a sad farewell to a great shipyard, but a memorable occasion for all hands as we steamed out of the James River into the mouth of the historically famous Chesapeake Bay and up the icy Potomac to the nation's capitol.

Enroute the weather got colder, with a sea temperature drop from 53 to 38 F. It was at this stage of the cruise that the poor deckhands wished they were engineers. Well just imagine. Standing a two hour foc'sle lookout watch with the cold wind

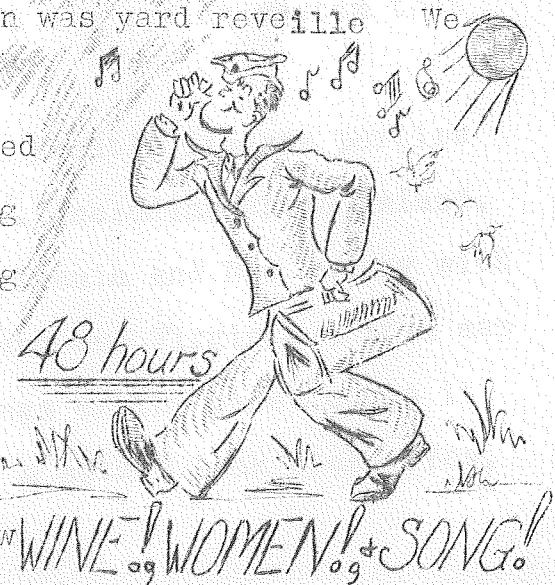
a-blowin and the thermometer a-droppin and the only chance to sound off being the half hour. Then all to be said was the usual "lights are bright, sir". No, Kaydet! you should have been an engineer.

Climaxing a cold nights journey, we awoke to the familiar sharp shrill of the bos'n pipe. "all hands! rouse out! its 0600, rouse out!" barked the mate of the berth deck, "whats that you? say you stood a 12 to 4 watch last night? Tea. . . . Tea. . . . Buddy I've got my orders. Rouse out and turn to!"

Up on deck we were greeted with a cold blast of wind that was so pungent with chilliness that Quagmeyer Smullen, the Sonora kid, actually had his hands in his pockets and conceded that it was "colder here than in Sonora". The after well deck was blotched with ice from the leaking steam lines. An hour later we were efficiently docked by a navy tug to a seemingly deserted Washington Navy Yard.

Being around a navy yard generally means being around regulations, and Washington Navy Yard was not in exception. Liberty parties were limited to three formations a day, and complying with orders, we marched in formation to the main yard gate to go ashore. The most popular regulation was yard reveille. We were permitted to sleep in to 0700.

The highlight of the cruise occured in Washington when the day for the long planned 48 hour liberty arrived. Being centrally located, Washington afforded Joe Kaydet a real opportunity to visit those distant relatives or long lost friends in the east. Actually a fellow

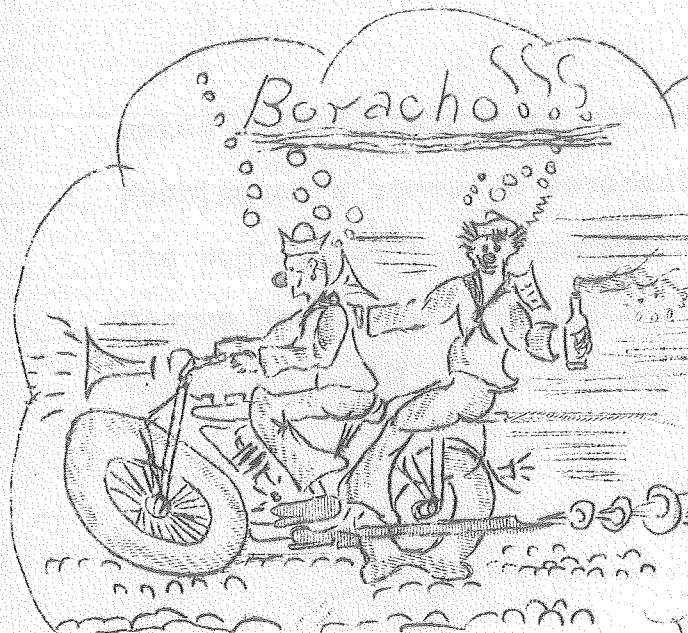


could spend a hundred 48's in Washington and not be bored from lack of interesting places to go and see. As a result, the majority of the Cadets stayed right in Washington to heckle their Senators or Representatives to get passes, privileges etc., in order to see the true workings of our great capitol. Two Cal Staters even bunked at their Congressman's house. . . . all proving the fact that ole Joe Kaydet really knows his way around.

The average cadet corps Washington tour included visits to both Houses of Congress, tours through the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Smithsonian Institute, the White House, the Library of Congress, the Washington Monument, Arlington Cemetery, Lincoln Memorial, Mount Vernon and a series of other places too numerous to mention.

Gadding about the city of Washington wasn't as easy as the ports visited before on this cruise, so Joe Kaydet went rather highbrow. Taxis were restricted in thier monetary demands, thanks to a very efficent zoning system, so Cadets traveling in pairs found it just as cheap to ride taxis as to wait for street cars. It was quite a change to see a couple of previously chronic Hitch Hikers hail a cab and jump in as big as life to cavort from one spot to another. At one glance one might think the cadet corps was going to the dogs, but it was just the zoning system that caused this minor mutiny.

The long arms of the Great White Yacht's liberty parties extended as far north as Boston, Mass. including Rhode Island, New York, the entire states of Pennsylvania and New Jersey with casual stop overs in Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. If a map were to be drawn marking the wanderings of the cadet corps it would resemble a web that would make a spider look sick. Yes,



Joe Kaydet really covered mileage, and just think, last year on Easter Sunday he was riding a motor bike in Manzanillo, Mex.

Washington was the "Valparaiso of the Cruise" as far as most hands were concerned. First, like Valparaiso last year, it was elected the most popular port visited for this year's cruise.

Second like Valparaiso last year, it was the port where the swabs were to make one of the most important selections in their gleaming young lives. What to choose? That was the question. Choose Deck Seamanship and Navigation for a major or Marine Engineering for a career? As it was, twenty-three chose deck and exactly twenty-three chose engineering. Half and half it came out in numbers, but the greater engineering dept. claim they drew the best men.

Two cadets left the ship in Washington to enlarge the muster list of the lost battalion. George W. Clark hit for Baltimore and signed on a Chesapeake run, while Jack H. Newton headed for his old home town of Annapolis.

The day after Easter Sunday was the scheduled day to pull away from Washington. The thermometer was hovering around 19 about 1300 as the gangway was lifted away and the last lings were pulled aboard. But hark! What ho? are those stages and purchases on the dock? That couldn't be our sea ladder and heaving line resting peacefully on the dock? What shall we do stop the engines? Hell No! Change the uniform! And sea blues it was as we slid gracefully down the Potomac, minus the aforementioned gear.

Despite the piercing chilly wind hovering on deck parctically all

hands welcomed the view afforded up top side of Mount Vernon and Washington's home. A reverant feeling surrounded all of us as the bugle blew taps honoring the memory of truly a great american, George Washington, the father of our country. And so past Mount Vernon we moved ----- Annapolis bound.

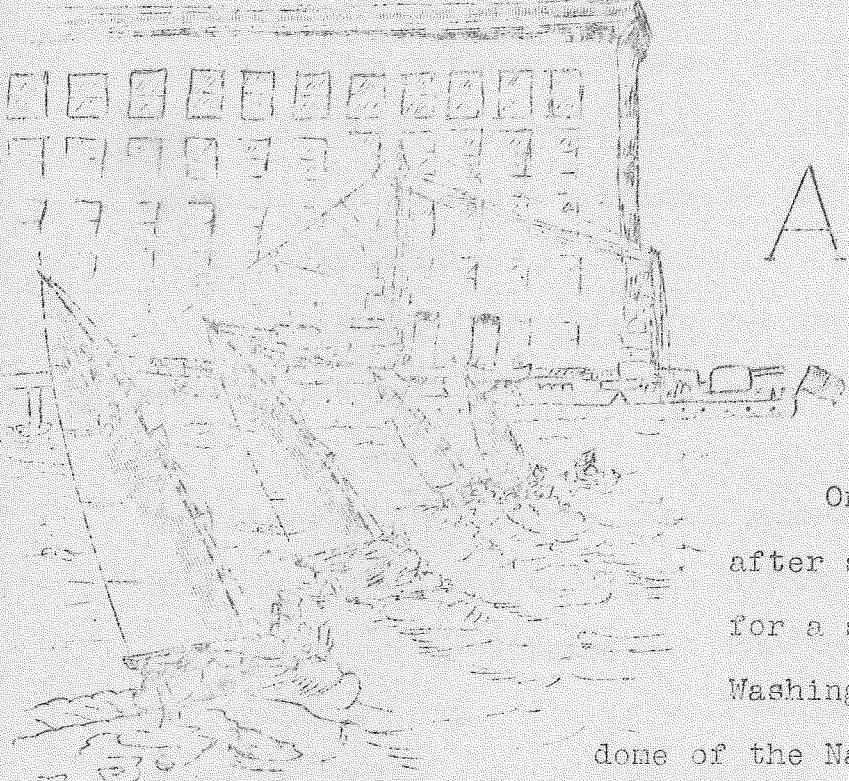
.....

Among things of note around the Training Ship are the articles of different ports of the cruise and published in the Sonora Union Democrat under the title "Sea-Going Sonora Boy Writes of Travels." These, written by Stanley Q. Smullen, are a source of never-ending wonder to the rest of the Cadet Corps.

.....

The joy that reigns at a Bacchanalian Festival is little compared to that experienced by Cadets when the Mate of the Berth Deck pipes "No locker inspection".

And even this gladness is insignificant compared to that feeling that comes over a Northern Cadet as the ship passes under the Golden Gate Bridge on the way in.



ANNAPOOLIS MD.

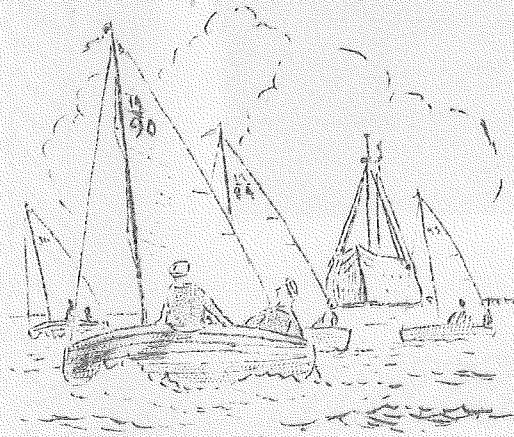
On the morning of March 26, after steaming up Chesapeake Bay for a single day and night out of Washington, the prominent Chapel dome of the Navel Academy finally hove into view, followed by the lookout's cry of "land Ho", late as usual. "30" was dropped in the Bay and the customary respects were then paid by the Academies' Superintendents.

Immediately following arrival liberty was granted the Starboard watch for the afternoon and evening, including a conducted tour of the Academy throughout the afternoon. During this tour the Cadets observed the Midshipmen at close-order and infantry drills, athletics, small boat sailing, and the many activities that make a Midshipman's day a full one. In the course of the afternoon Cadets also viewed from within and without, Bancroft and Memorial Halls, the Chapel and John Paul Jones' Crypt, the Academy Gym and Armory, the recently incorporated Museum, Steam and I.C. labs., and last but not least, the one, the only, Isherwood Hall. Upon sight of the gleaming models therein the Engineers immediately deployed in all directions to seek the model reversing ram they had traveled 6,000 miles to see. When, at last, it was fereted out from the thousand odd models in the

hall it proved to be a perfect working model, a true gem. We are sure that the authors of "Naval Machinery" did not speak too excessively of their Isherwood Hall models. The Midshipmen are truly fortunate to possess a supplement such as Isherwood Hall to their Engineering studies.

Astounding to the Cadets was the revelation that the law forbids the sale of "liquid delights" to the Midshipmen. It is said that a certain group of Cadets induced one Midshipman B----- to accompany them to the local tavern for a scuttle o' suds. Entirely surrounded by Cadets and in no way conspicuous, Mids. B----- insisted on slipping his schooner beneath the table after each surreptitious sip. It may well be seen that he was a nervous wretch by the time the scuttle was drained. At the next round our worried friend barked for a slug o' mud and immediately regained his former composure. (Does this not make thee thankful thou art a Cadet within easy reach of Ma Hooper's Inn?)

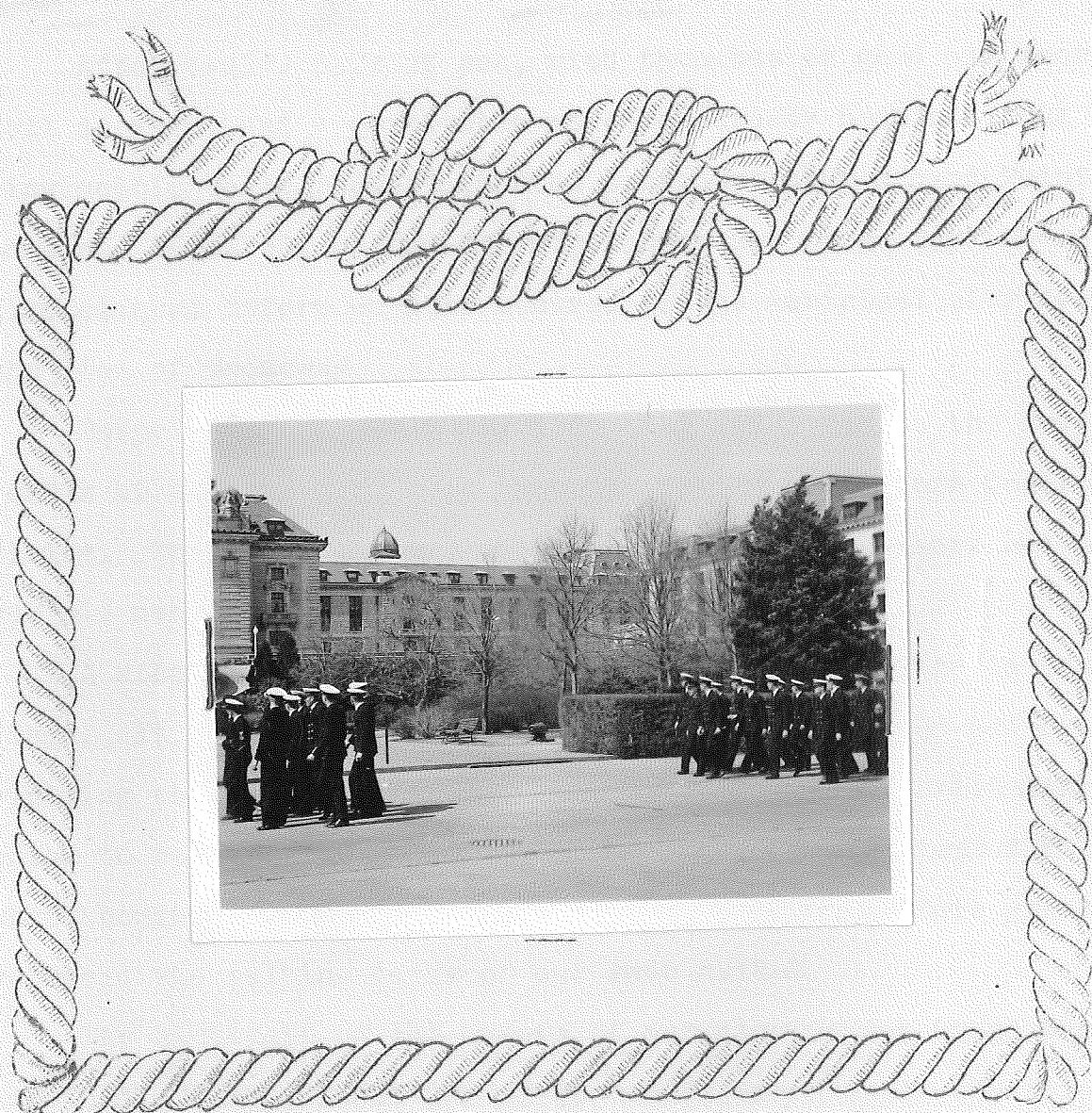
The second day at the Academy was indeed a full one as departure was scheduled for 1730 that afternoon. The Port watch was granted the same tour that the Starboard watch received the previous day but the big events of the afternoon were two dinghy races, Cadets vs. Midshipmen. Taking into consideration the fact that none of the Cadet participants had ever had experience with

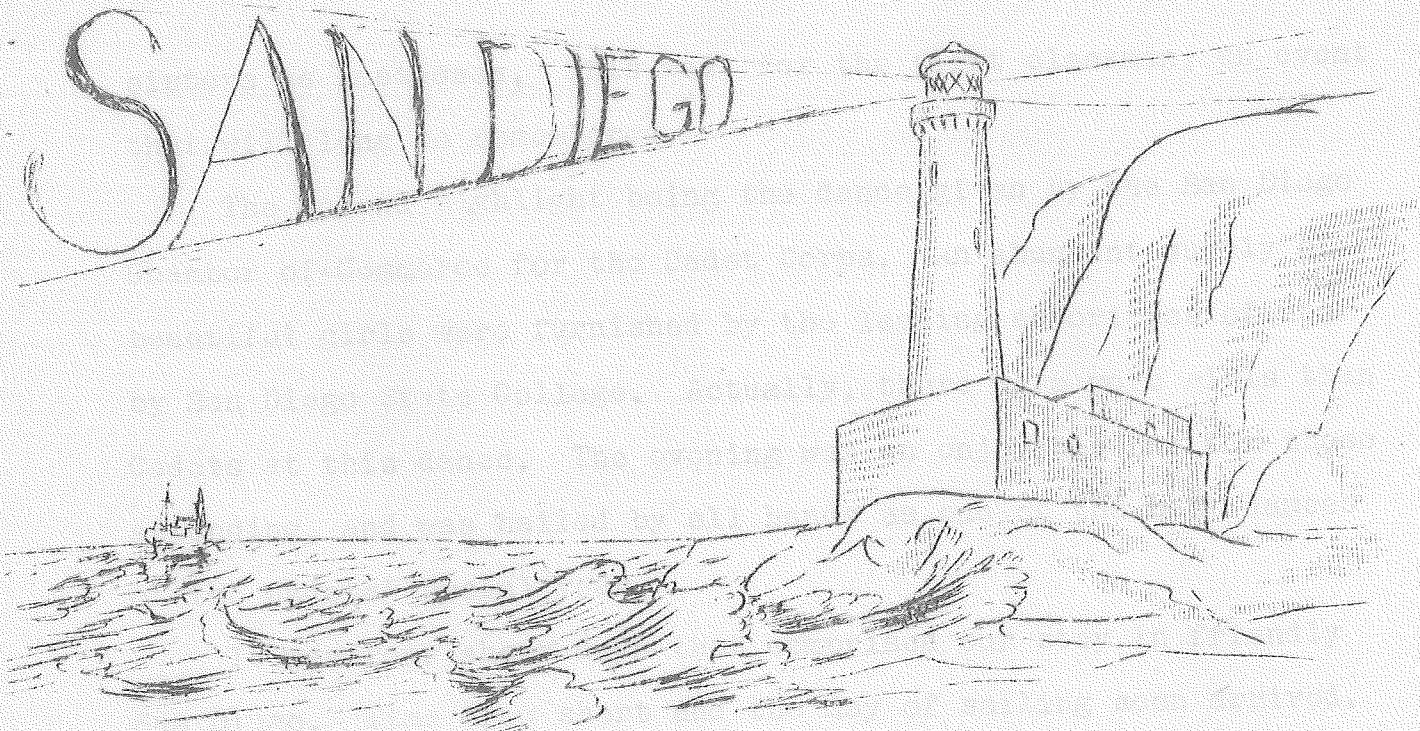


the type of craft used and were entirely unfamiliar with the prevailing winds and currents of the course, they did remarkably well. The Naval Academy entered five boats in each race to four entered by C.M.A., this in itself was a slight handicap. De-

Despite these disadvantages Cadets Gallant and Foot took one second and one sixth place while Cadets Erickson and Sattler won two consecutive fourths. Cadets Kettenhofen, Calue, Davis, and Abbot made up the other two crews.

Many were reluctant to leave Annapolis with so much yet unseen but all hands realized that our long trek homeward was about to begin so with chorouses of "California, Here We Come" breaking out from all parts of the ship, the anchor was weighed and we were homeward bound.





After twelve days at sea, with thoughts of good old American soil in view, and a hospitable welcome already promised, the "invincible white rocket" snouted her blunt nose around Point Loma and leisurely pushed her way inside San Diego Bay. A short time elapsed before we were secured to the municipal pier just at the foot of Broadway.

Surprisingly, no native liberty was extended to the local yokels at this port or to Cadets from near by Southern California cities. The result being the usual alternate day leave set up for all hands.

A steady stream of visitors boarded the ship here in San Diego. It is remarkable that a greater percentage of the people visiting the ship had already heard of this great institution prior to reading of our arrival in the papers and boarded the ship knowing ahead of time what it was all about. This greatly relieved the talking tasks of our swab guides.

The highlight of the events of our stay in San Diego was two-fold. First, Cadet Commander Joe Shreve's super-special dinner party for his classmates at his home with his two lovely

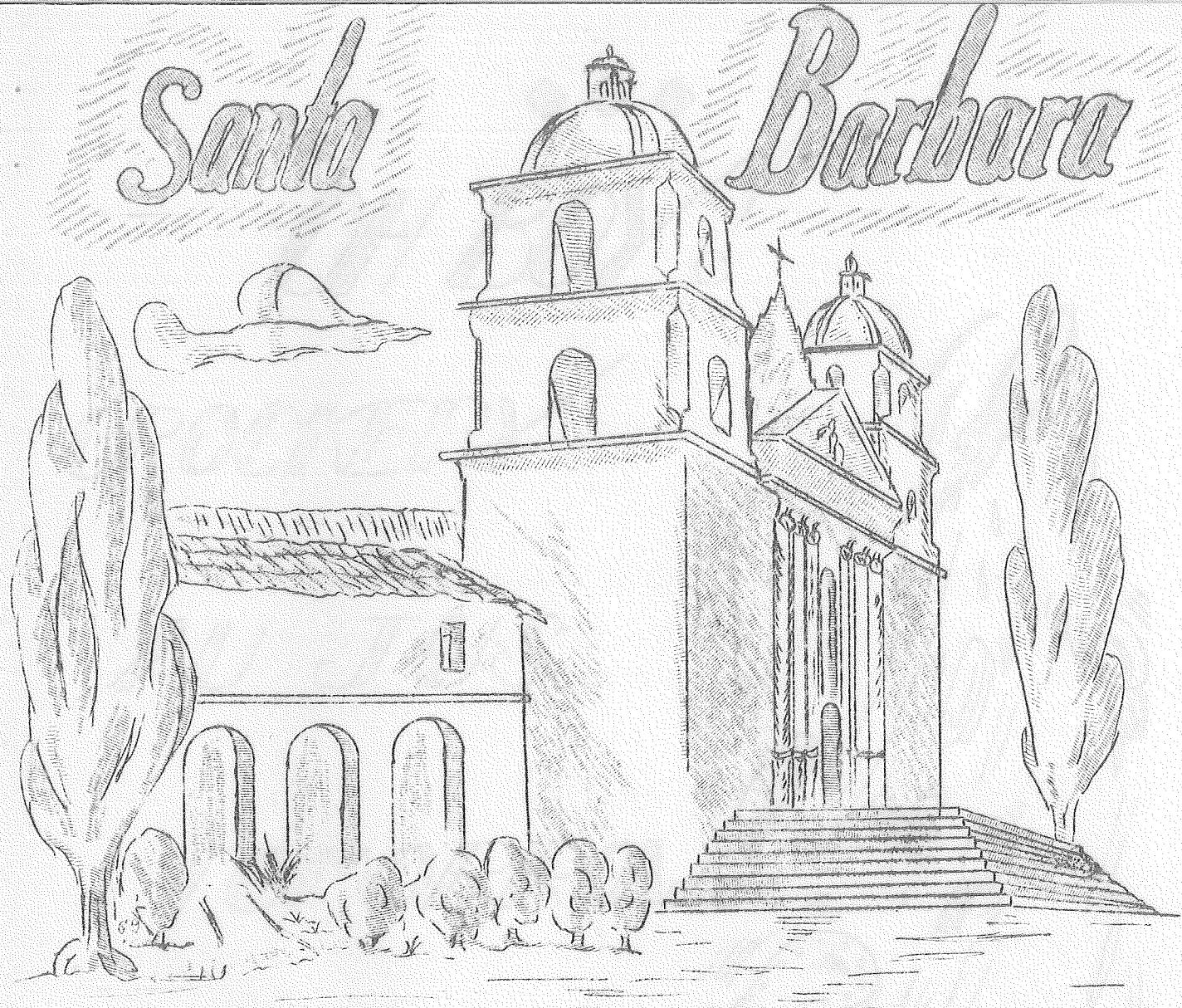
sisters as hostesses. This was, for the first classmen, an event that will long be remembered.

The second highlight being the dance given by the San Diego Chamber of Commerce for the Cadet Corps. An abundant supply of beautiful girls were furnished by the leading sororities of near by San Diego State College. Actually, there were more girls than Cadets at this dance. The evening was an enjoyable one for those attending, and was hailed by all hands as one of the best dances of the Cadets' social year.

It was four short days that comprised our stay in friendly San Diego. Time drew short and the day of sailing soon arrived. With smiles, gratitude and appreciation, we waved good bye----- Santa Barbara Bound.



The California State going through the Panama Canal-----



Ah Yes, Santa Barbara ----- Truly a gem in a natural setting. The beauty of the situation, the ideal climate through out the year, the luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation, the historic interest, and the picturesque modern architecture, combine to make it one of the most delightful resorts of the state. (Quote Harry Doell, Nat Main, The Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce, Encyclopedia Britannica, or the Propaganda Literature of any Southern California Burg.

Yes, Santa Barbara----- Home of the Tom Crawford and his Sea Scout Navy, Chief Booster and supplier for C.M.A. and the Cal State's perennial Passenger to San Francisco each cruise year.

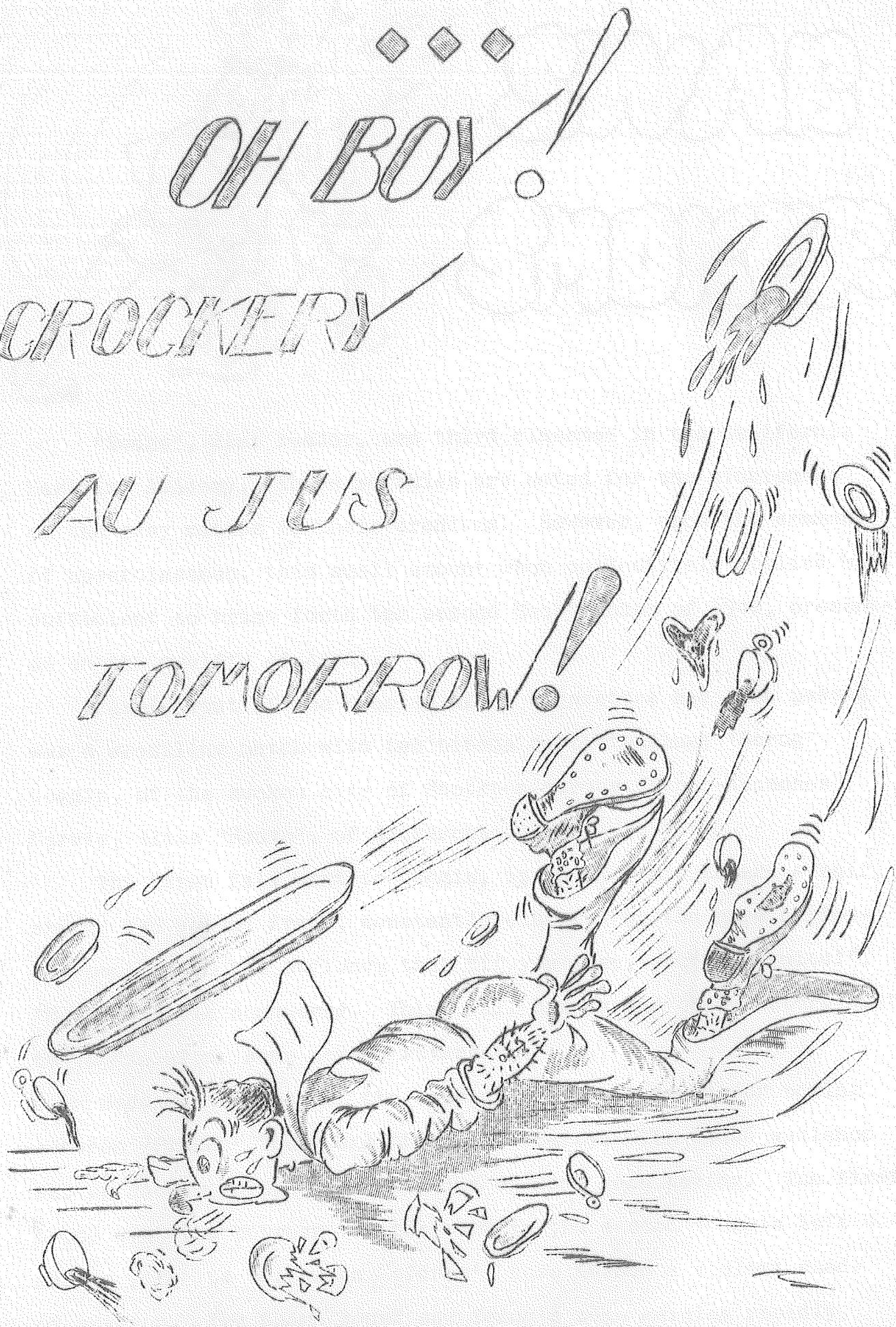
It was a great Day for everyone when we dropped anchor off this little slice of heaven on earth. At noon on the first day, a buffet luncheon was given by the Naval Affairs Committee of the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce aboard the ship for some prominent citizens of the community. After this the town was ours cheerful smiles greeted us as we toured the high spots, Bus rides were free for the asking, the New Municipal open-air swimming pool with its varied athletic facilities played host to the Kaydets, as did the leading movie houses. Needless to say, it was with sad hearts and a fond farewell that we upped anchor and churnned our way up the coast-- Homeward bound---- To good ole Calif. City.

OH BOY!

CROCKERY

AU JUS

TOMORROW!





"Swabs", dear reader, are third classmen in the California Maritime Academy. These worthies are noted for the minuteness of the gray matter in their craniums. However, upon the command of upperclassmen, this small amount when collectively applied was sufficient to bring forth the second Swab Smoker of 1940, presented on the twelfth of April.

First event of the program after cigarettes had been passed was a wrestling match with two titans participating; "Scrog" Coggin, of the sunken city of Stockton versus "Hippo-Haunches" Harvie, alias "Heave", of Sacramento.

The first fall went to Coggin, in an easy minute and a half, and in the second frame, constantly exhorted by the more murderous members of the audience that "if you lose, you lose twice!", "Heave" Harvie conquered. Third fall honors and bout victory went to Coggin after some narrow reverses.

Second encounter of the evening was three rounds of boxing between "Tinker" Young and "Huevos" McCarty. The blasé audience sat up once more upon the stimulus of some good boxing. The first round was even between the two, but in the second Young's left began to take its toll when McCarty's nose turned a violent shade of crimson. The third round saw Young's edge gaining rapidly,

and the crowd's opinion that "Tinker" had earned a victory was confirmed as referee Gwartney raised Young's hand at the end of the bout.

The third bout found "Grampa" Durning raining such a flurry of blows on "Half-acre" Aker that the bewildered Aker could muster no defense and the fight was stopped after two minutes of the first round, and Durning's hand raised.

The fourth and final match of the evening saw the ambidextrous "Thundering" Heard defeat "Beam" Behm due to a straining of the latter's arm muscle late in the second round.

To open the dramatic part of the evening, "Rass" Rasmussen gave the first of his interpretations of George Petty's drawings, being clad in the loveliest of pink scanties. He was introduced by Master of Ceremonies Severance.

M.C. Severance then presented Ivan Skavinsky Nevolitch, the Russian Musician, played by Severance decked out in a rope yarn wig and tails. The onlookers remarked at this, saying that it might well be called a "Severance" Smoker rather than a Swab Smoker.

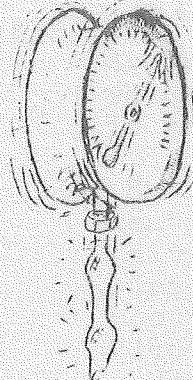
To add to their consternation, the next bit was a drama describing the problems of the inventor of the Enlargograph, a machine that enlarges anything placed within it. Swab Severance played the lead, assisted by Swabs Wilson, Pyle and Rhoads.

Last of the evening's entertainment was a song and dance act by "Trapper" West and "Surly" Nied, portraying "Peaches and Cream -- we are the boys on the rhythm team.....!"

The smoker afforded a welcome break in the monotonous routine of thirteen days at sea and was gladly received by all hands.

You're On, You're On

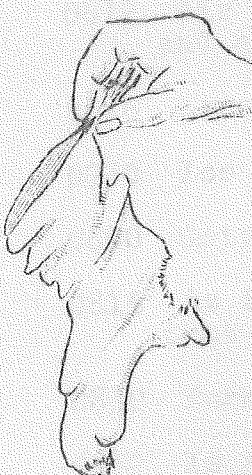
From morn' till night,
We cringe in fright,
From words without retort.
You're on, you're on,
You're On Report.



A guage does flicker,
The black gang snickers,
And the pressure mounts on high.
Like a thunderbolt in a ghastly gleam,
The "Safety" screeches blue white steam.
And once again we hear him snort,
You're on, You're on,
You're On Report.

The sun is bright, we're all in white,
And it took an hour getting clean,
Our hats are square, and we've taken care,
Of everything it seems,
But suddenly he pulls up short,
You -- No, not you!
You're On Report.

With nervous eyes he scanned the skies,
And searched the bridge-deck too,
He grabbed a pack of cigarettes,
And passed them to the crew.
No time now ---- no last resort --
You're on, you're on,
You're On Report.



Where's my other sock?
The one that granny knit,
It's the only pair I got,
You know --- the ones that fit?
Gear adrift! Your granny's gift?
You're on, you're on,
You're On Report.

Between two bunks a figure slumps,
With a body tired and worn,
Dreams are sweet in deadened sleep,
The blanket's nice and warm.
Then through a port, words loud and short--
You're on, you're on,
You're On Report.



The Day of Cadet Snark

We believe that the Cadets of C.M.A. can vie with anyone for a full round of happenings in any one day, and just for example we will take Cadet Brumpsnick Snark, Second Class Engineer, in a day in Balboa, C.Z., which is typical (more or less) of any one liberty day in the tropics.

0325 Our hero lies asleep in his bunk dreaming of a large cold glass of beer which always dematerializes just as he is about to blow off the foam

0730 Snark is awakened by a very vulgar gentleman who informs him "It's three-thirty Snarky get the hell out of your straw, yeah and de damn air pump's stopped thirty times this watch" faced with this information Snark arises and slowly dresses

0510 Trampy drags up the mess deck ladder and finds that there is no coffee and all the night lunch has been eaten. The glass of beer still haunts him and in desperation he drinks some water.

0400 Relieves the watch and starts air pump for first time

0516 Starts air pump for 13th time. Thinks 13 is a significant figure and figures air pump will not stop again

0612 Air pump has not stopped but gets shot of water in fuel oil and all fires go out

0625 Fires lit but Shark loses 20# boiler pressure

0730 Ice machine freezes back

0800 Gets relieved and eats cold breakfast

0815 Is informed that he must turn-to as he is going on liberty that afternoon

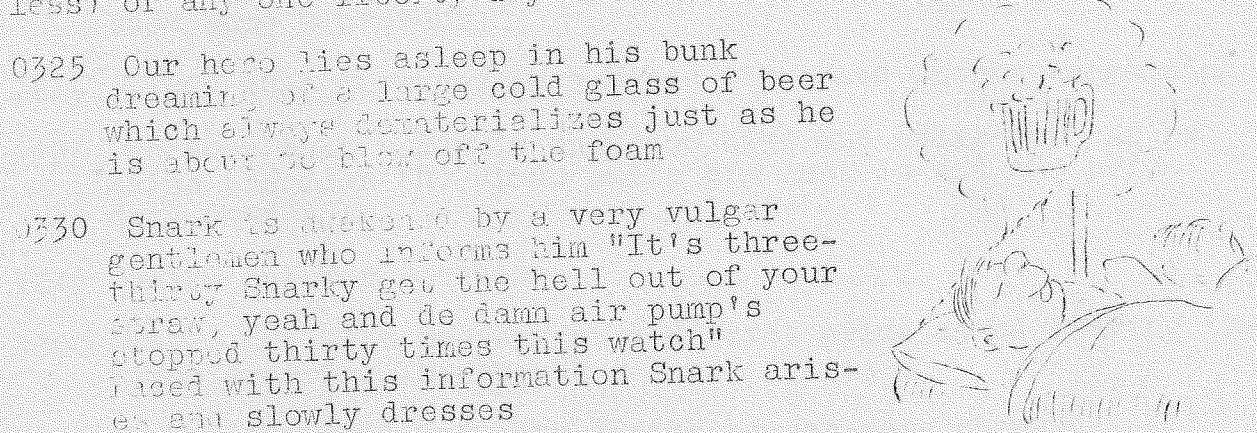
0830 Turns to at scraping port bilge

0932 Is awakened by another vulgar joker who pronounces those fatal words "I'm placing you on the report for sleeping on the job"

1100 Wakes up just as bugle blows "Recall". Makes rush to washroom to get in the shower but finds them all taken so washes face and hands and lets it go at that

1130 Just makes inspection and finds large black spot on dress white pants. Snark forgot that in lighting fires this morning his right leg absorbed a lot of fuel oil and without the benefit of a shower this has just come through pants

1131 Covers spot with white shoe cleaner



1132 Goes ashore
1140 Drinks first beer
1150 Drinks 10th beer
1155 The beer makes him sentimental so he decides to get his girl back home a present
1215 Finds what he wants in a Hindu store and starts bargaining
1225 Decides that price is much too high and walks out. As he gains the door the Hindu pulls him back in and the price goes down 25¢
1245 Walks out for 6th time
1300 Walks out with present at 1/4 first price asked leaving the Hindu grasping for breath
1305 Meets shipmate and both decide to get some chow
1307 Contact taxi and go to the El Rancho
1430 Finish meal and start back to Central Ave
1440 Snark meets some Zone people who ask him usual questions about ship (what? you don't get paid?)
1450 People invite Snark and shipmate to big blowout at local golf club. Following the scent of a free meal he accepts
1455 Drops in at Otto's to see gang and finds that one of the boys got a ten spot from home and is setting them up
1500 Drops glass of beer on leg. This washes away white cleaner. He has to pay a shine boy double to get him to put cleaner on pants
1515 Leaves Otto's to start to golf club
1520 Finds that shipmate is not with him
1525 Contact friend and drags him away from half-finished beer
1600 Arrive at golf club
1615 Introductions are compiled and Brumpy finds a bar-b-q in full swing with several kegs of beer being dispensed with great gusto
1700 Snark is quite full. He sees a nice grassy spot and lays down to get a few winks
1800 Wakes up and finds that he is laying half-way between the traps and shooters in a trap-shooting meet and that grass is an ant hill
1810 After safely getting out of shotgun range finds that pants are full of ants

1830 Extracts last ant and finds the beer keg run dry

1900 Second keg arrives and Snarky turns to on the portigee beer pump

1910 Meets daughter of host and after some conversation invites her to dance at the Balboa that night. She accepts and finds another girl for Absconk Fromp his shipmate

2000 Arrival Balboa beer garden. Snark, Fromp and girls get nice table under stars and near dance floor

2100 One of those nice little tropical showers drives Snarky and party to cover and makes dancing impossible as dance floor is in the open

2115 Rain stops and dancing resumes as quickly as it stopped

2200 The boys leave for the girls home

2210 Girls are delivered at home and fond farewells are stated

2245 Last goodbys are said and the boys make a dash for the ship via taxi as liberty is up at 2300

2259¹/₂ "Check me aboard please" says our hero

2302 As tomorrow is sailing day Snark looks at sea watch list and sees -- Snark, 12-4, MG Oiler. Comment on this watch as follows: "/*@¹/₂X¹/₂& p/ that Cy putting me on that &¹/₂?&/¹/₂ watch"

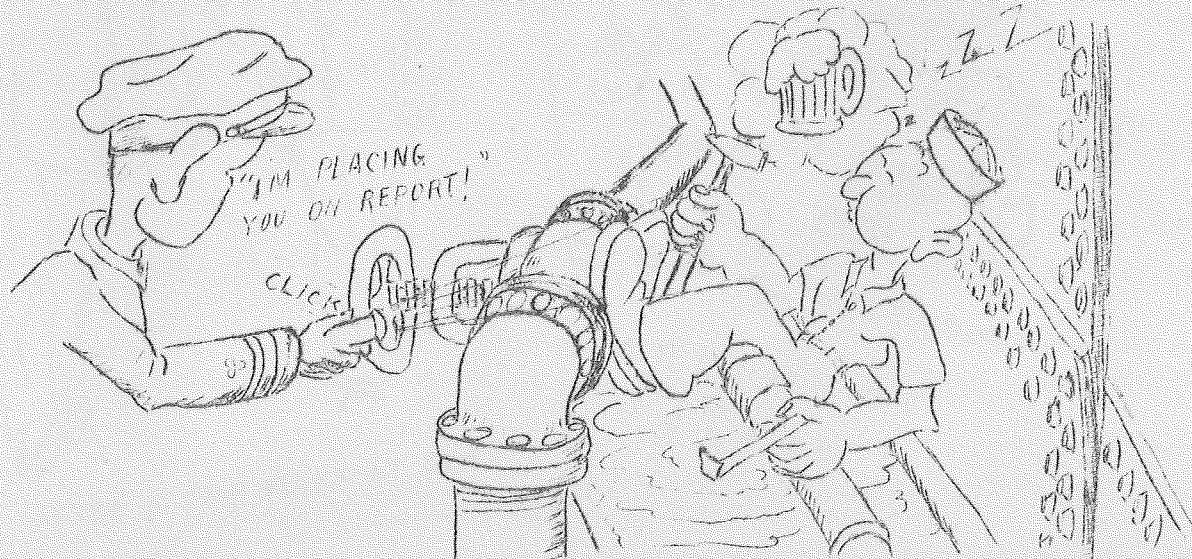
2305 Picks up letter from girl and retires to washroom to read same

2330 Finishes reading letter for 6th time

2345 And so to bed

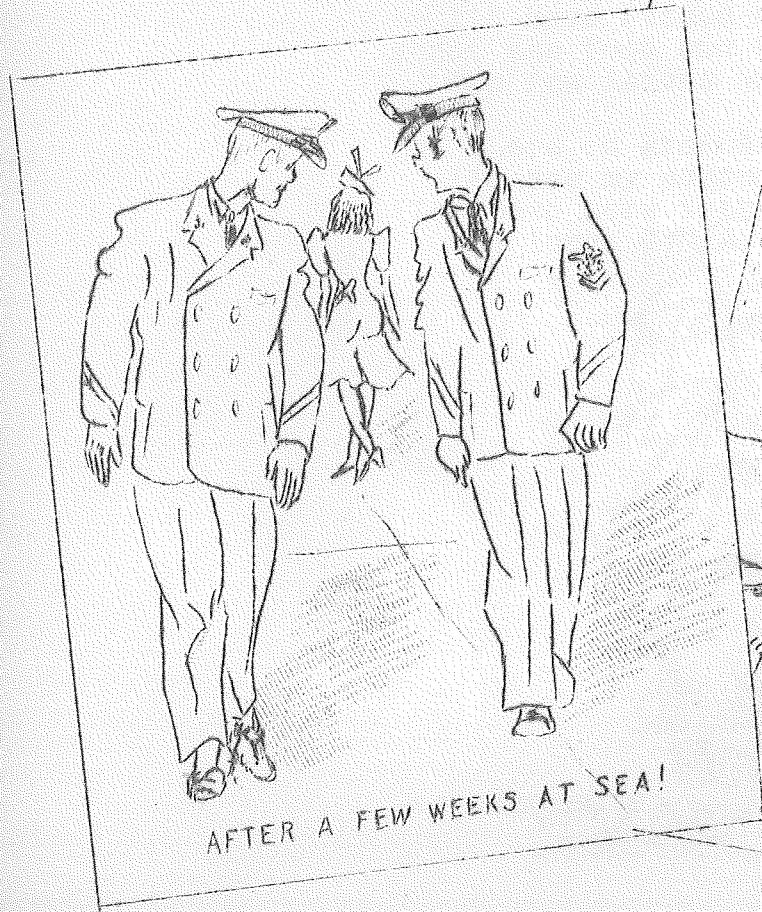
X X X

And so, dear readers, you can see that C.M.A. is almost the answer to the question -- "How much can the Human Body Stand?!"





— and he said that, that
that, that he used, is that
that on the end of, ON THAT



If I Were A Boy
----By A Girl

If I had only been a boy,
I'd sail the seven seas;
I'd enter good old C.M.A.
T'would be a home to me.

I'd be a swab like all the rest;
Serve on mess and scrub the deck;
I'd take it on the chin from those
Who make my life a wreck.

I'd take my first long trip at sea;
Lots of fun I'd have;
But glad to get back home I'd be
On solid U.S. land.

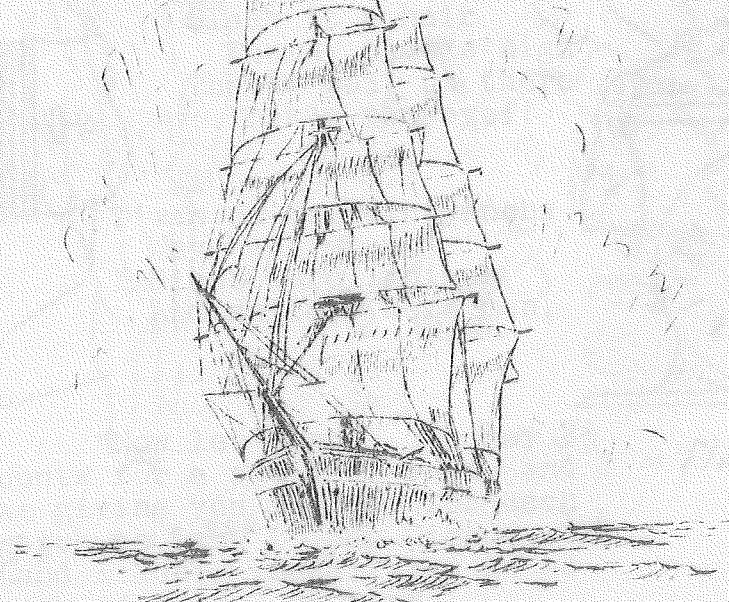
After one long year I'd have
My first gold stripe to show;
I'd shout and grumble at the swabs
For being too darn slow.

Then would come the time to choose
The line I'd want to take;
Would I be a deckhand or an engineer
On the second cruise to date?

When I'd get back home again,
The months would soon fly past;
Then I'd get my second stripe
And realize its my last.

Through all the years that I'd be there,
I'd have fussed and been depressed
About the food and beds we'd get---
Too few leaves and not much rest.

But there on graduation day,
I'd see my comrades true;
'Its been more than worth it all, I'd say,
'So long, C.M.A. -- many thanks to you'



I accuse

John Paul Jones said--"I have not begun to fight", John Wilkes Booth shouted--"Sic semper tyrannis", and Sydney Carton gasped--"It is a far, far better thing I do--", but to a C.M.A. Cadet, the most famous words that he will remember throughout his life are--"You're On Report".

The crack of doom could not at times sound so ominous as these five words, uttered by some petty tyrant. These words seem to most receivers like the judgment of a feudal king or baron, sentencing a vassal or serf to the torture dungeon. The mortal anguish that one incurs as he climbs the ladders to the boat deck is such as was suffered by the souls of the "Inferno".

The criminal's name is called and he steps forward with a shaky salute. Before him seems to be all the gold braid in ten navies. When asked if he has anything to say for himself he cannot answer beyond an incoherent "brumph", only to hear the Captain's reply "that is no excuse", before realizing what he is saying the Cadet lets out a "that is the best one I can think of right now, Sir". A whispered conference then ensues between the many-striped members of the judgment board. Glared at, nodded at and pointed at, the accused becomes more and more self-conscious, scrapes his feet and finds the palms of his hands wet.

Out of his agonized unconsciousness he is abruptly drawn by the sound of his name. Judgment is about to be pronounced! "Twenty demerits" comes out of the pain-filled void. A wave of mingled self-remorse and anger sweeps over him as these words snite the consciousness. A muttered "Thank you, Sir" is dragged out by the unlucky culprit as he renders a still more shaky salute than the first, wheels, and drags himself away from the group and off the boat deck.

As he walks through the mess deck, on his way to his quarters to bemoan his fate, he sees on the bulletin board an extra duty sheet with his name on it, proclaiming the fact that he has two liberty restrictions, and ten hours extra duty.

He wonders--"Gee, those guys in the office sure work fast, I wonder how long this has been out?" He touches the sheet to see if the ink is wet and finds it dry. "Why, the dirty....." "They had this made out BEFORE THE REPORT LAST"

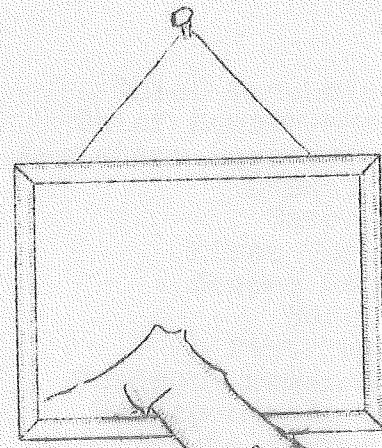
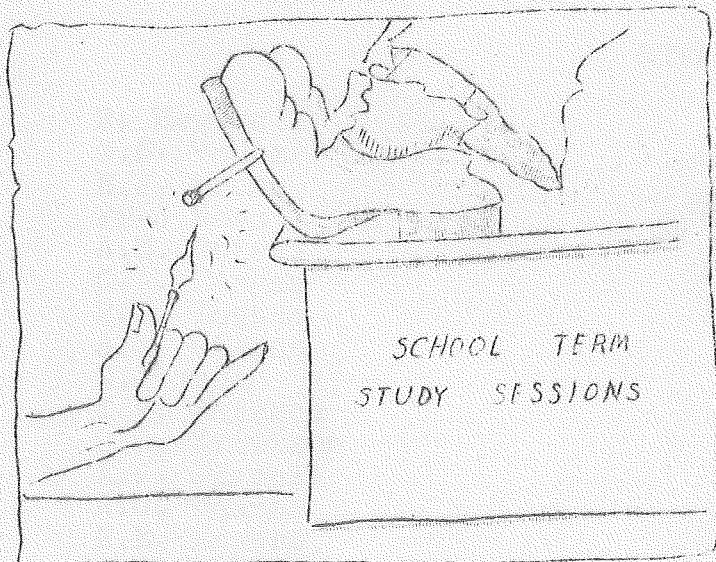
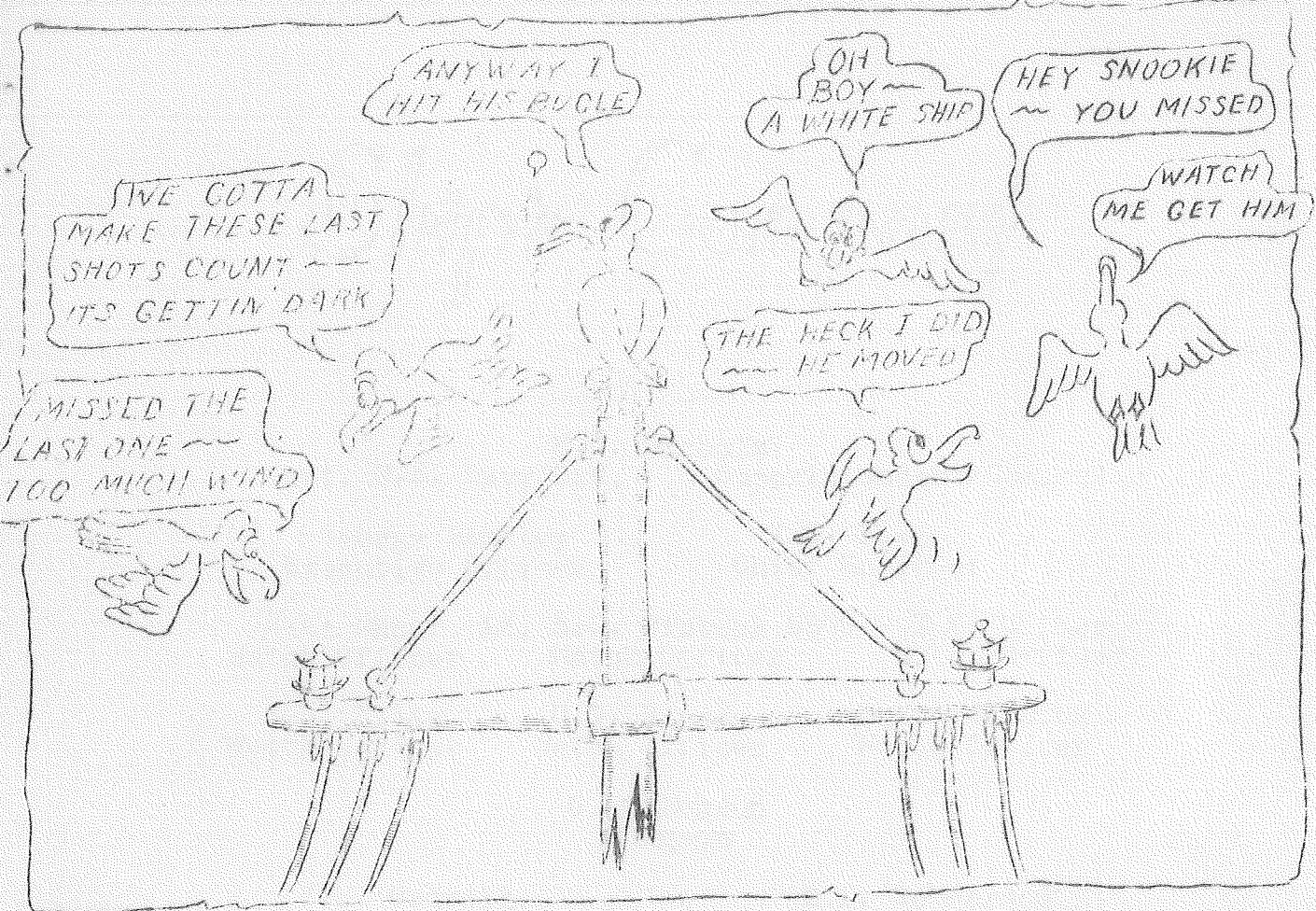
-000-

Slack it a hair
There; that's high
That's well up there
That's the eye!!

T'was on de Point Ancha
Way back when,
Indians were Indians
And sailors were men.

"Now let's see. We pay $8\frac{1}{2}$ cents for a pound of rags, and I am giving you 12 lbs. for each watch to last to San Diego. Why Land sakes! You'll have to go easy on those, on that."

Main, you win
On That!!



Ship's Company

N.E. Nichols
Capt. U.S. Navy Ret. Superintendent-Commander

George Barkley R.C. Iwye:
Executive Officer Chief Engineer

R.M. Sheaf Lt. A.G. Winbeck USCG E.C. Miller
Watch Officer Watch Officer Watch Officer

J.G. Ellis C.G. Hansen David Warwick
Watch Officer Watch Officer Watch Officer

G. B. Benson
Surgeon

J.M. Cadwell E.L. Roberson
Commissary Officer Communication Officer

CREW

E. Harnwell	Chief Carpenter
G.C. Goetz	Chief Laundryman
E.J. Brown	First Assistant Laundryman
Fred Ross	Steward
A.E. Stierl	Butcher
C.A. Morgan	First Cook
E.H. Topham	Second Cook
A.A. Wilson	Baker
G. Osborn	Pantryman
E.R. Jackson	Wardroom messman
G.G. Erickson	Wardroom messman
A.J. Russell	Galleyman
R.O. Weamer	Crews messman
E.E. Meyers	Cabin messman

Radio Operators

Verl Buck	First Operator
D. Sturtevant	Second Operator
B. Healy	Third Operator

CADET CORPS

J.E. Shreve
Cadet Commander

R.B. Wilkie
Cadet Officer Deck

R.R. Snyder
First Class Petty Officer

R.W. Racouillat
First Class Petty Officer

FIRST CLASS

DECK

*Abbott, R.H.
Clague, J.
Davis, L.E.
*Foot, F.W.
*Fox, W.M.
*Gendreau E.A.M.
Meeker, R.
Sonneran, R.H.
*Schulman, D.
Thompson, F.V.
Urbani, V.N.
Welch, F.J.
*Wilson J.E.

Moe
Johnny
Jeep
Stew
Red
Dapper
Meek
Solly
Chico
Pancho
Urby
Lover
Spike

Los Angeles:
Carmel
Coronado
San Pedro
Lodi
Mare Island
Hollywood
Carlsbad
Girard
Puebla, Mexico
San Jose
San Mateo
Los Angeles

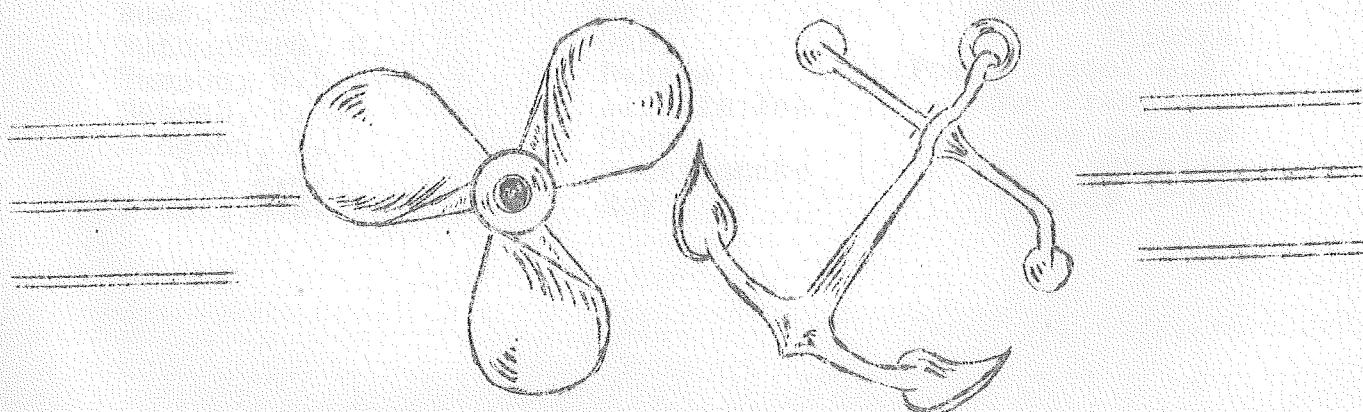
ENGINEERS

Chapman, W.
Gallant, A.E.
Gilchrist, F.C.
*Greer, R.H.
*Haas, D.M.
Miller, C.H.J.
*Peck, W.J.
*Puckett, R.C.
Smullen, S.Q.
Trantum, W.E.

Greek
Tack
Freddie
Bob
Don
Hankery
Bill
Puck
Frog Haid
B.A.

Carmel
Los Angeles
Salinas
San Diego
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Pacific Palisades
Kentfield
Sonora
Whittier

* Denotes Petty Officer.



CADET CORPS

SECOND CLASS
DECK

Anderson, J.P.	Rastus	Berkeley
Calou, R.P.	Porky	Oakland
Carter, J.I.	Jack	Oceanside
Cavins, R.T.	Mr. America	Taft
Clayton, R.	Little Skipper	Los Angeles
Cleborne, J.A.	Clay	Orinda
Donaldson, R.E.	Whitey	Taft
Flood, H.A.	Gussie	Los Angeles
Gwartney, Z.A.	Dutch	Los Angeles
Haertel, P.	Paul	Hollywood
Jensen, J.	Jenny	Hayward
Kettenhofen, E.N.	Jowls	Los Angeles
Main, N.	Natty	Santa Barbara
Morrison, K.R.	Snakes	Tujunga
Murry, R.A.	Mur	San Francisco
Newman, R.W.	Finky	Riverside
Owens, R.W.	Beaver	San Mateo
Peterson, F.J.	Pete	Pasadena
Prada, G.W.	Warren	Berkeley
Schoenleber, B.	Stinkie	Pasadena
Shaffer, R.C.	Ken	Oxnard
Weldon, W.	Willie	Tehachapi

ENGINEERS

Cronin, J.A.	Arty	Napa
Doell, H.A.	Dooley	Santa Barbara
Elden, R.M.	Fido	Los Angeles
Erickson, L.H.	Eric	Los Angeles
Heller, L.	Drawers	Los Angeles
Kubel, H.	Chink	Sacramento
Locke, M.P.	Ships' Mail	Riverside
O'Donnell, J.G.	Blackie	Vallejo
Peck, R.L.	Knobby	Fair Oaks
Ross, B.	Mouse	San Francisco
Rutherford, O.	Ossy	Tujunga
Russon, W.L.	Panama	Pedro Miguel C.Z.
Schwab, J.H.	Alfalfa Joe	San Francisco
Singman, I.	Goop	Los Angeles
Wells, E.J.	Rattlesnake	Brawley
Wimer, R.E.	Roy	Willow Brook

CADET CORPS

THIRD CLASS DECK

Aker, R.L.	Half-acre	Menlo Park
Blankenburg, T.	Janet	Berkeley
Boggess, W.R.	Beau Geste	Eureka
Coggin, R.G.	Coggie	Stockton
Dasso, R.W.	Little Effie	Los Angeles
Graham, M.G.	Body Beautiful	Burbank
Heard, P.	Thundering	Alameda
Kehlor, J.M.	Jr.	San Francisco
McAllister, R.W.	Mac	Alameda
McCaffery, W.D.	Mac	San Pedro
Mead, P.S.	Luke	Los Angeles
Meairs, L.M.	Laddie	Chino
Nied, F.A.	Surly	San Bernino
Peterson, F.R.	Pete	Taft
Quinn, M.N.	Shanty	San Francisco
Rhoads, R.L.	Dusty	Hoopa
Salsbury, J.B.	Jack	Glendale
Smith, R.L.	Snuffy	San Leandro
Stendahl, S.J.	Swede	San Francisco
Welch, B.C.	Shallow Tank	Ventura
West, W.M.	Mr. Gump	Cummings
Wilson, R.C.	Stud	Los Angeles
Zenor, J.L.	Chesty	Los Angeles

ENGINEERS

Behm, A.S.	Beam	Oakland
Connell, R.D.	Reverend	Los Angeles
Doring, K.L.	Dopey	Alhambra
Durning, R.F.	Grampa	Los Angeles
Feuille, F. ll.	Albino	San Pedro
Freeman, B.W.	Benji	Los Angeles
Harvie, A.L.	Heave	Sacramento
Hazelton, S.T.	Dumb John	Los Angeles
Horn, E.T.	E.T.	Los Angeles
Huldtquist, R.F.	Panama	Balboa C.Z.
Karr, H.C.	Homer	Los Angeles
Marton, P.C.	Charlie	Culver City
Smith, C.F.	Smitty	Whittier
McCarty, J.E. Jr.	Huevos	Mountain View
Pyle, C.E.	Enormous	Lodi
Rasmussen, A.K.	Rass	Berkeley
Rocca, A.H.	Rocks	South San Francisco
Sattler, G.H.	Bing	Fullerton
Schoenfeldt, F.	Hoiman	Walnut Creek
Severance, S.	Spence	Sacramento
Towar, J.W.	Jim	Los Angeles
Weeks, L.H.	Squeeky	Gilroy
Young, R.L.	Tinker	Los Angeles