

The
HAWSEPIPE
1941 YEAR BOOK

CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY

Dedication



WITH the building of a new base and, soon, the construction of a new ship, the cadets foresee the California Maritime Academy in a new era in which the students will have a better opportunity to learn that which is essential to become the best in American Merchant Marine officers. To the completion of the new base and its success in training cadets in the future, the HAWESPIPE Staff of 1941 dedicates this annual.



The Staff

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	LESTER H. ERICKSON
<i>Art Editor</i>	ROY M. WIMER
<i>Business Manager</i>	JOHN A. CRONIN
<i>Advertising Manager</i>	WARREN G. PRADA
<i>Staff Photographer</i>	ROBERT LEE PECK
<i>Secretaries</i>	{	CHARLES E. PYLE
	{	DUNCAN CONNELL



A Word of Thanks

It was still fall in 1940 when the HAWESPIPE Staff was selected by the cadets of the first class and immediately that staff decided to make for its goal the biggest and best annual ever brought to this Academy. Only through the generosity of the cadets who have given part of their own time and friends who have contributed in many ways has the

HAWESPIPE Staff been able to reach
their goal.

Foreword

THE CADETS who are presented within these pages have come to the California Maritime Academy to become officers of the American Merchant Marine. Together, they have felt the misery and glory of this particular training. They have fostered the spirit and respected the traditions of the field in which they seek to become leaders. They have lived through the labors, revelries, achievements and failures of their classmates as well as themselves; and the long years to come shall never dim the memories or break the friendships created in those three years.



CAPT. CLAUDE B. MAYO
U.S.N., (Retired), *Superintendent*

Officers



B. M. DODSON
Executive Officer



R. C. DWYER
Chief Engineer

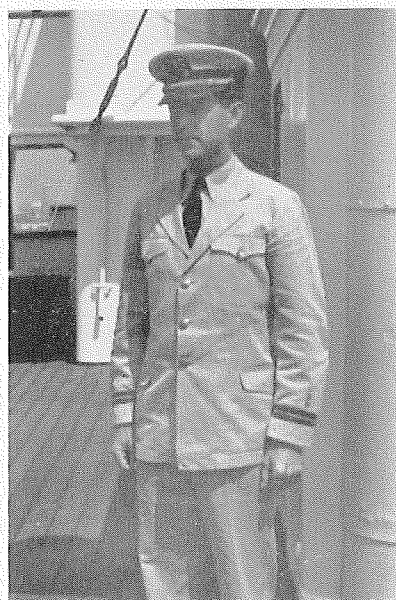
Officers



LT. A. WINBECK
Deck Watch Officer



M. N. ENGS
Deck Watch Officer



E. MILLER
Deck Watch Officer

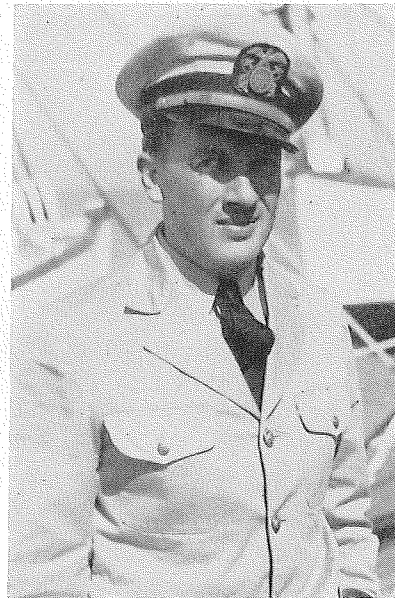


J. CADWELL
Commissary Officer

Officers



D. WARWICK
Engineering Watch Officer



J. R. SHAFER
Engineering Watch Officer

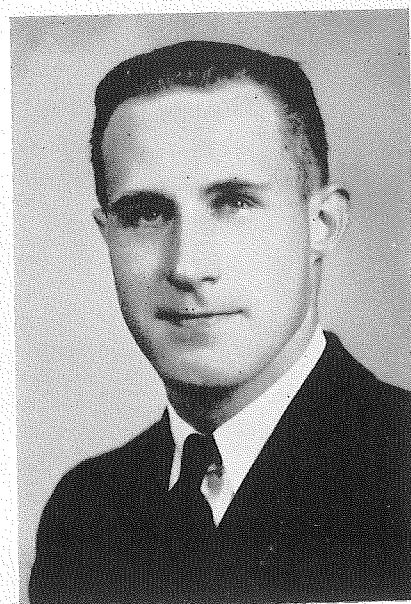


J. G. ELLIS
Engineering Watch Officer

Book II

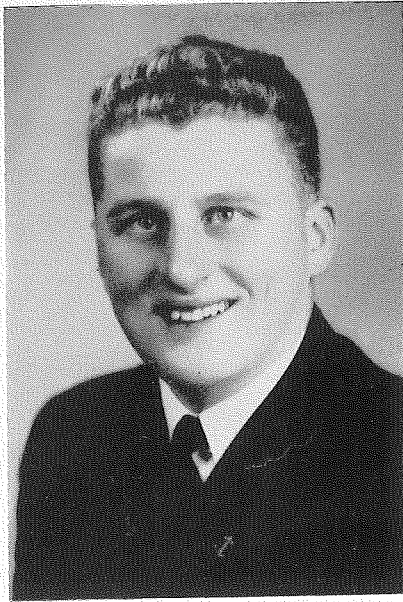
*The 1941 Graduates
of the
California Maritime Academy*

JAMES P. ANDERSON



"Rastus"

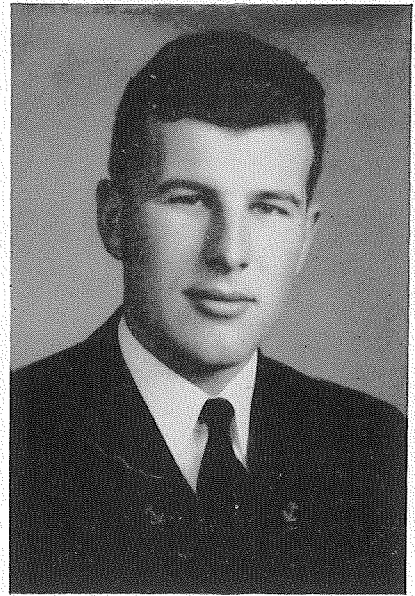
"Jimmy," as his mother calls him, is known commonly among his shipmates as "Rastus." The derivation of this name comes from his love of the "Dark South" and from the tales of his childhood in Tennessee. But don't let the name Rastus cast any shadow on his appearance. He is a rosy-cheeked young fellow with a fair complexion. James P. Rastus Anderson has been the main subject of many a bull session for his unequaled escapades ashore. These can be readily understood, because of his handsome appearance and friendly personality, which make him welcome anywhere. We have heard many rumors of Anderson's prowess on ice skates, but as yet, he has been too modest to prove said ability. Nevertheless, he has proven his ability at the game of golf. Rastus has gained a host of friends during the past three years, and the respect and admiration of all his shipmates.



RAYMOND PIERRE CALOU

"Lucky Pierre"

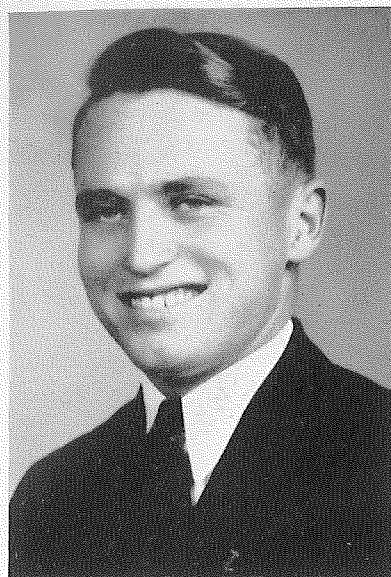
What a lucky day for C.M.A. when, two months late, the class of '41 was blessed by the arrival of "Pierre" Calou, straight from the Oakland Creek Sea Scouts. Pierre comes from a long line of French laundries with which he has spent much of his past and, we hope, not the future. We will remember him as a rigger supreme. Whenever there was a rigging job to be done, we could count on this Frenchie to find a very complicated but efficient solution. Yes, at fixing gadgets or manufacturing any low-cost necessity, the inventive genius of the fair, fat Frenchman is supreme. Along with "Lucky" we think of a jovial personality with a keen sense of humor and a sharp eye to a clever practical joke. With Calou's inventive genius and practical ability, we have no fear that he will have any trouble getting to the top in anything he might undertake.



JACK I. CARTER

"Umlaut"

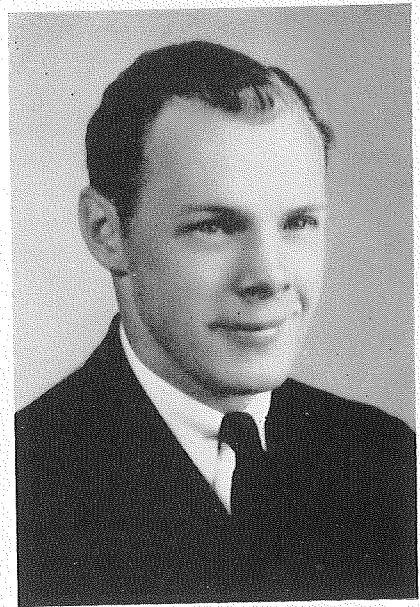
STOMP, STOMP, STOMP—this familiar sound tells us that "Umlaut is coming—late as usual!" The only difference between the regular routine and Umlaut's is that his is three minutes behind. Maybe if Jack keeps it up, he can have the whole thing moved back. Through his easy-going and likeable nature, he has gained popularity, and for his sense of fair play and loyalty to his friends, he has gained the respect of his classmates. When it came to representing us as a typical cadet, Jack's pleasing voice and pleasant personality won him a personal interview on a local radio program. Although he's a country lad at heart, (straight from a bean farm) he seems to have that certain something that sets feminine hearts aflutter. With the aid of his bosom pal, Owens, he made an easy conquest of San Mateo and is now on the road to realizing every sailor's ambition—a girl in every port.



RICHARD T. CAVINS

"Mister America"

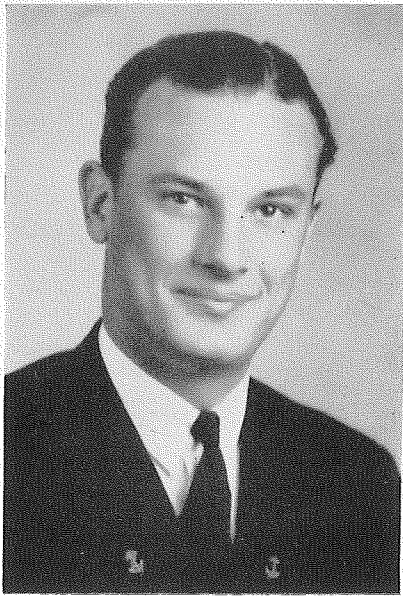
Cadet Richard Trueheart "Dickybird" "Mister America" Cavins hails from the original boomtown, namely, the little outpost of Taft, nestled 'way back in the oilwells off the San Joaquin Valley. In spite of the smart military influence of the Academy, little (very little) was done in overcoming his certain inhibition — of living in that apparent state of rigor mortis. Richard was quite a stranger about the ship on weekends and leave periods; but if one were to wander around College Avenue in Berkeley it is very possible that he would see a yellow flash with the top down swish by. This dazzling apparition would be none other than Mr. America, his overcoat about his ears and that lovely lady by his side—bound for the biggest thing in his young life, a dance. Seriously though, Dick will always be remembered by his friends as a person always in good humor and ready (we *do* mean ready) for a prank.



RAYMOND I. CLAYTON

"Ray"

Ray set a new "high" at C.M.A. by having the honor to be the shortest cadet to exit from the portals of this institution into a maritime career. His height was the prime feature of his character, and because of this, a number of nicknames were bestowed upon him. "Little Skipper," "The Little Colonel," "Small Fry" and "Sut Tatersall" are all picturesque nomers, but "Ray" became the most popular because of its brevity. Most prominent of Clayton's officer-like qualities is his mastery of military drill—backed by many years of experience before his entrance to the Academy. Under his supervision, the swab class of '43 was ready to step into formations with the upperclassmen in record time. Ray's geniality and command of English make him the type of officer that would be very popular on passenger vessels; and that's where most of us will expect to run across him some day.



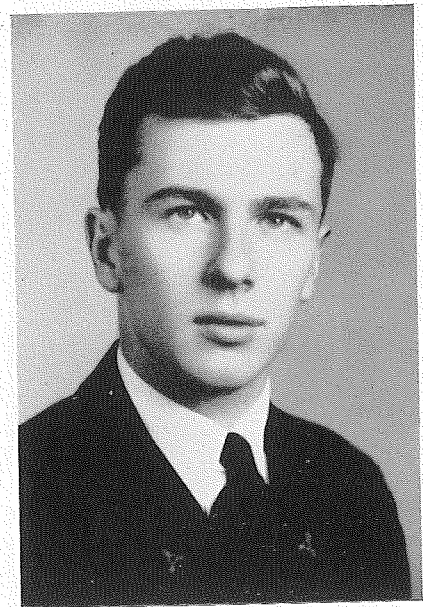
JOHN A. CLEBORNE

"John"

John is easily recognized by his winning smile and his booming voice which could very readily be substituted for a fog horn. He is one of the few cadets who has escaped the embarrassment of being nicknamed. He has, and always will be, known to his shipmates, as just John or Johnny.

John is noted for his ability to make friends among the fairer sex, but sad to relate, these affairs got beyond his control—then John spent weeks aboard in woeful meditation, and then he started anew, ending up in the same manner. He is a tall and slender lad that hails from Orlinda and is the only "Navy Junior" in the first class. We think that John chose wisely when he preferred the Merchant Marine to the Navy.

John has been playing basketball on the ship's team ever since he was a swab. During the last school term he has been the leading figure in managing inter-class and school games.

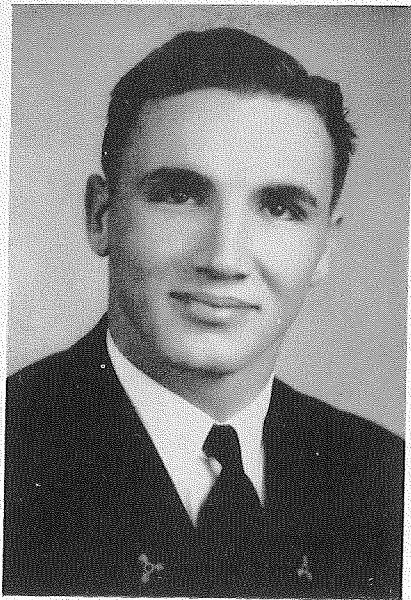


JOHN A. CRONIN

"Art"

"Arty" Cronin came to the Academy with a powerful disdain of all deckhands, and with full intention of never setting foot on the bridge. He came from a long line of Chief Engineers—all his male relatives for the last hundred years have been making their livings in engine rooms. He is one of the few members of our class who had "previous experience" and he is a died-in-the-wool tanker man.

Art has bored us stiff at least once a day with some story of life in the California National Guard; however, we noticed that he was a little pale when his former regiment was called up for service. With his whiskey voice he received the title of "Saloon Sergeant," as he bawled out orders at Saturday morning drills. We will remember him best for his loyalty to coal for fuel for marine boilers, and to our three-legged, knee-action turbine.



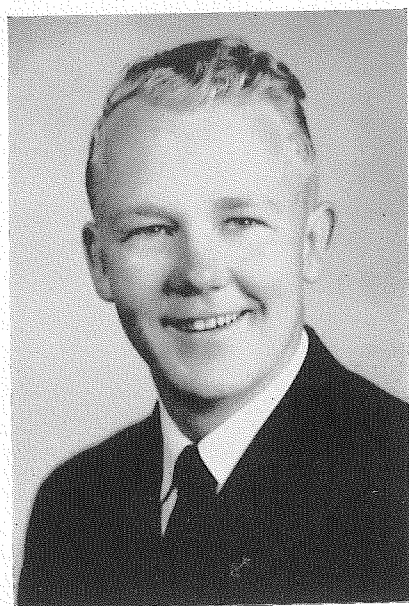
HARRY A. DOELL

"Harry"

This stalwart lad came to us direct from Tom Crawford's Sea Scout Navy of Santa Barbara. His previous background padded him verbally and left him well versed to carry on a conversation or an argument any time, any place, on any topic, but usually it was Bull Slinging superb; and if it was a bull session, of any note, you may rest assured that Doell was right in the middle of it.

His cartoons and drawings were much in evidence as was the sound of his voice when he was up to his devilish pranks. To top it all, Harry has proved it of himself to be an excellent practical engineer. With this combination of qualities one need little worry about the brilliant future that is in store for this lad in his chosen profession.

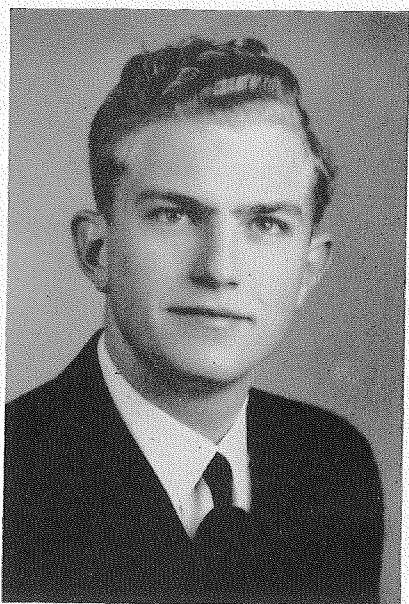
ROBERT E. DONALDSON



"Donny"

When first you gaze upon this blond, bland and benign young man you are lead into a false sense of security. You cannot imagine that behind that innocent face there lurks a brai terrific in its potentialities and searing in its acuteness. When little "Donny" Donaldson first hit our ship, we were charmed by his naive manners—but just as the schoolship changes most all of its seagoing students, Donaldson, the man, appeared on the scene. Donaldson, the man of irrentless logic and scathing wit, who can start, carry on, and finish any subject presented for debate—to his advantage.

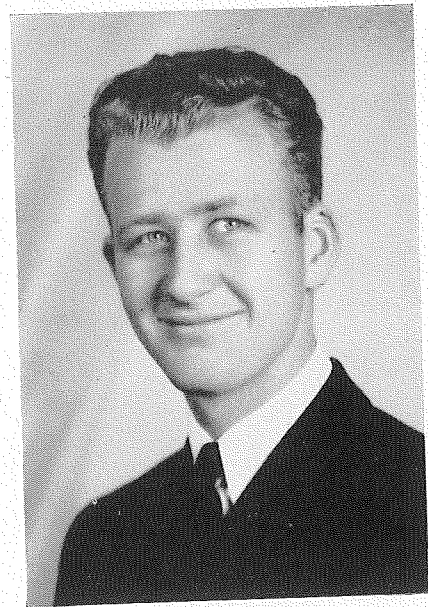
Donaldson has a real appreciation for fine music and is a terror on the trombone. We wonder if the seaman lucky enough to be on the same ship as Donny in the future will enjoy his blaring renditions as much as the cadets have.



RODNEY M. ELDEN

"Rod"

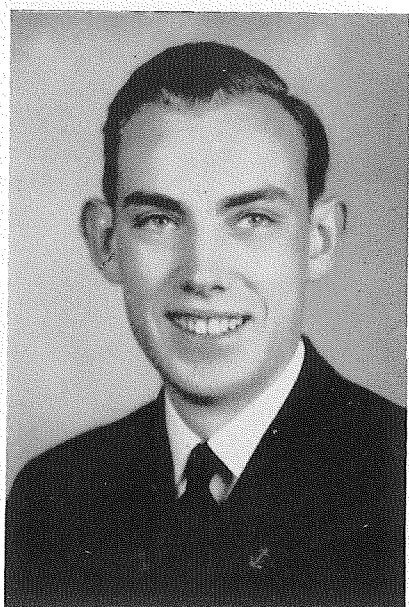
A veteran of the "black gang" in the U.S. Naval Reserve, Rod came to the Academy with a monkeywrench in his pocket and a grim assurance that the skilled labor department would be more to his liking. He is best remembered for his plaintive classroom wail, "Please be quiet, I'm serious." Rod must have meant it, for he broke the tape in first place at the end of the last school term. Having proved himself capable in both the classroom and in the engine room, he was chosen for our Cadet Chief Engineer. Rod's crowning glory came in Acapulco on the second cruise when he and John Henry had quite an exciting adventure via shark-infested waters. We know that he still shivers when he thinks of swimming into that jellyfish. Bon voyage, Rod; good luck.



LESTER HENRY ERICKSON

"Eric"

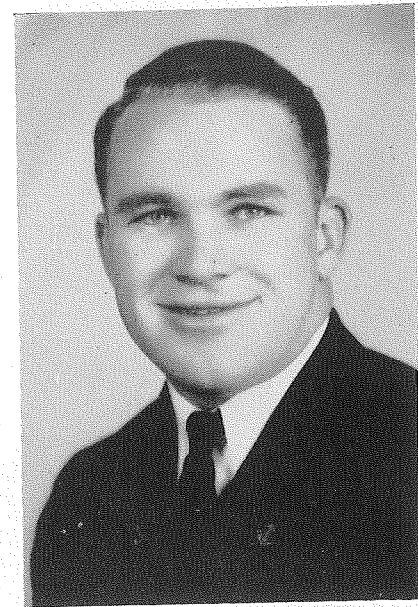
"Eric," a tall, blond example of pure Swede stock, stood at the dock at California City casting amused glances at the "California State." The reason for his mirth was that the ship he beheld had no sail and he was sure that it would never get away from the dock. A member of a Southern California Yacht Club, his former training did not let him admit that steam was here to stay. On the first cruise, however, he saw the light and became one of the best engineers in the class, and his Swede sailing ancestors are turning over in their graves. Eric, although endowed with all the things it takes to make the gals want to follow the sea, gave the fair ones not a chance until his last year. His taking the job as Editor of the HAWSEPIPE '41 will no doubt leave him with haunting memories of typewritten papers and the phrase, "How's the HAWSEPIPE coming?"



HENRY A. FLOOD

"Gus"

Ladies and—gentlemen, let us introduce at this time that dynamic propaganda minister of C.M.A.; that walking Britanica; that one man information bureau;—Gus Flood, the "Medford Tiger." Henry has been the only man in our experience that has awed us by quoting any time schedule, any price for any means of transportation—ANYWHERE, including the arrivals and departures of dog teams from Alaska (via Portland) to the North Pole. Gus' locker is the only known complete collection on file of time tables, road maps, charts, dates and vital statistics in the world. In spite of this, his classmates, one and all, can recall times when they were stuck on some problem; whether it be school work, politics, national or personal debts, gift suggestions, or how and when to get where you are going; and were assisted over this difficulty by Henry. Take our advice, folks, don't ever bet on anything with Flood—we did—he won.

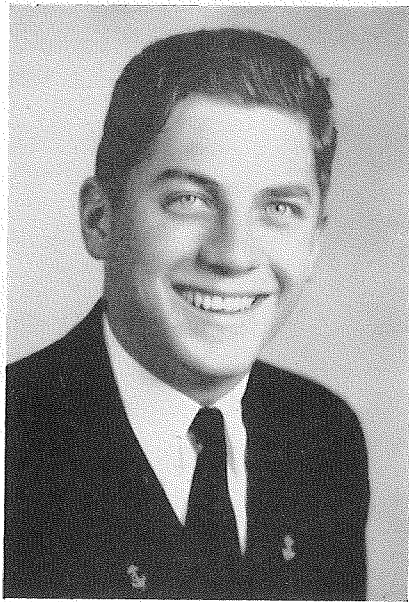


ZED A. GWARTNEY

"Dutch"

The great metropolitan city of Los Angeles gave us the Dutchman with that ear to ear smile and laugh that never fails to make any joke successful. Dutch, as you may have guessed by his picture, is an authority on boxing, having had amateur and professional experience. Boxing is only one of his many sports. As a member of the varsity rowing crew, he has broken as many oars as the rest of them. He is a champ at handball and even a game of tennis.

Because he was Treasurer of the Service Committee, he has developed quite a knack for writing out checks and special liberty requests. Even though he stayed up nights figuring out how to spend the cadets' money and is responsible for the number of polkas on board, we knew that our money was in safe hands.



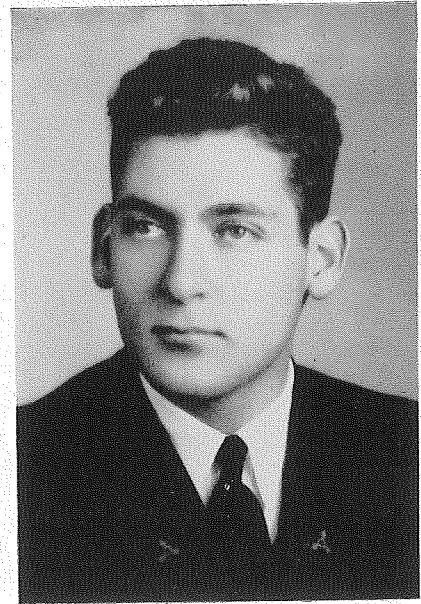
PAUL RODNEY HAERTEL

"Paul"

Here is Paul from the capital of the moving picture industry. Contrary to the general stock here from Hollywood, we found that he was not a flashy, latest-thing eccentric, but a well mannered gentleman. Paul is one of those who were endowed with a winning smile. When he smiles, you know you can count on him to be a true and sincere friend.

A little fast on the scholastic side, this lad made us all stay on our toes to keep ourselves away from the clutches of the Scholastic Board, and also as a constant reminder that "it can be done." At work there was never any thought to check his jobs. They were always done properly and in a cool, collected manner such as you would expect from such a personality.

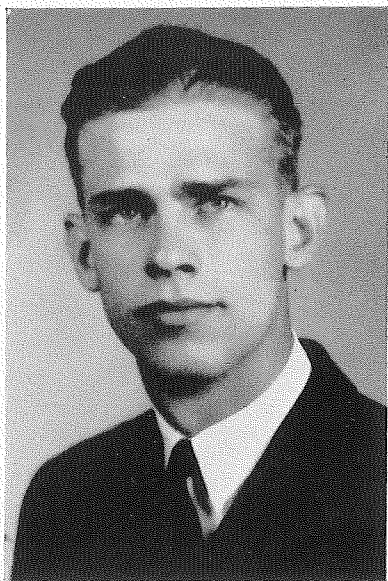
Possibly more than anyone else in our class Paul has the one thing we all cherish the most, the respect and friendship of his shipmates. It will always be thumbs up for this lad.



LEON HELLER

"Sam"

Sam's capacity for food almost parallels the immortal Schwab's all-time record; but unlike the carnivorous Schwab, "Wabbit" Sam has a vegetarian tendency. A great music critic, Sam could tell many a tale of his experiences as a professional musician. He's a jitta-bug, a rug-cutter, a cat, a 'gator, and every other term that one might label a swing addict. We could hardly believe our eyes when we saw our silent prodigy step out on the dance floor and perform. His involuntary reactions to swing music are so affected that all control is lost within him, and he dances wherever he is like a Harlem hep cat—thus the moniker "Sambo" which has gradually diminished to just plain Sam. An outstanding member of the purity squad and chairman of the "Lee Rainers," Sam holds all the respect of his classmates and associates.



JAMES N. JENSEN

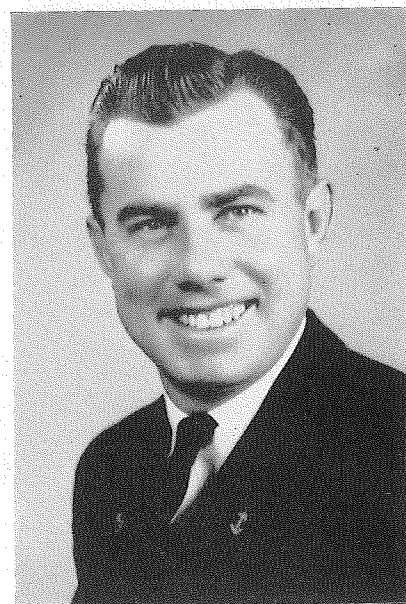
"Ensign"

Hailing from a long line of Hayward farmers, the "Ensign" is living proof that country lads make the best sailors. By virtue of his leading the class for two years he was wisely chosen the senior cadet for our final year.

A large general knowledge and a logical mind used with good common sense were the assets that gained him credit for his work and many victories in his favorite hobby, arguing. Despite his genuine love of good food, we believe he would rather argue than eat.

Jennie has carved himself a niche in the Hall of Fame at C.M.A. with his untiring and patient willingness to go to bat and get a square deal for his shipmates, the cadets.

In spite of the fact that he probably won't need it for his climb to success, all hands wish him plenty of luck.



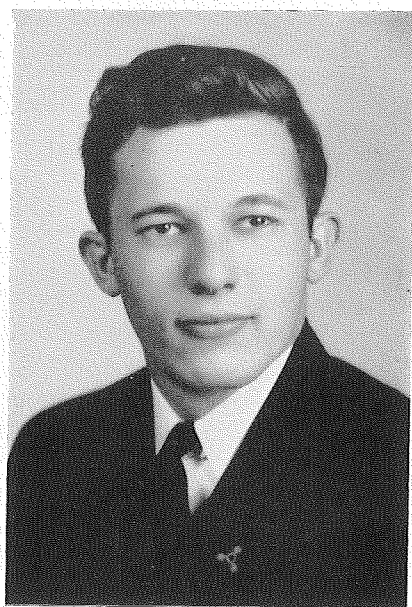
ERNEST N. KETTENHOFEN

"Kett"

As one of the older members of our class, "Ket" has had an advantage over most of us. His three years at sea, before he came here, have given him a wide practical knowledge of ships and their operation as well as a positive knowledge of what he wants to do.

Ernie is of average height and built a little on the husky side. His jovial personality along with his unquestionable proven ability to talk himself into or out of any situation—with the most remarkable and seemingly logical reasons, has made him our spokesman on many occasions. Besides being an outstanding seaman, Ket has proven himself a capable manager by successfully editing many editions of our paper, *The Binnacle*.

Ernie has always been a true friend to us and we shall always think of him as the man who talked so convincingly in helping us out of our many jams.



HOWARD L. KUBEL

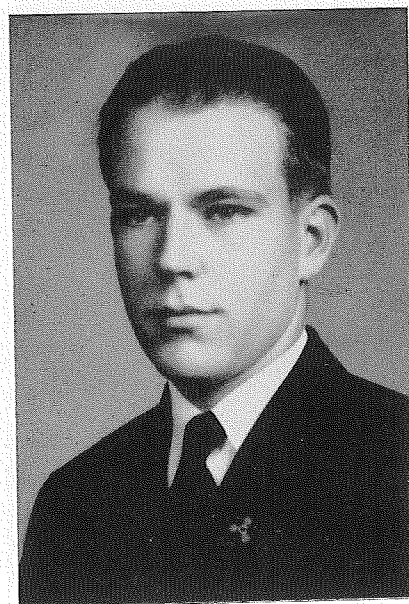
"Howie"

Howie came to us, a short, easy going city dog from the Capitol City of Sacramento. His super wit soon found an out and it wasn't long before we were enjoying his various expressions of complaints. "Rumors a la Kubel" played havoc with the cadets' desires of peace and satisfaction. We'll never forget when "The ship was scheduled to tie up to the Ferry Building and all hands were to bunk ashore."

A lasting memory of his hospitality was the Kubel expedition to Sacramento with the whole first class.

Our little giant was probably the most feared man in the class as far as the swabs were concerned. To be on mess duty and not bawled out by Kubel was unheard of by the youthful marine aspirants. Three years has changed him though, and when he receives his justly awarded degree the Academy will lose one more future merchant marine officer of particular merit.

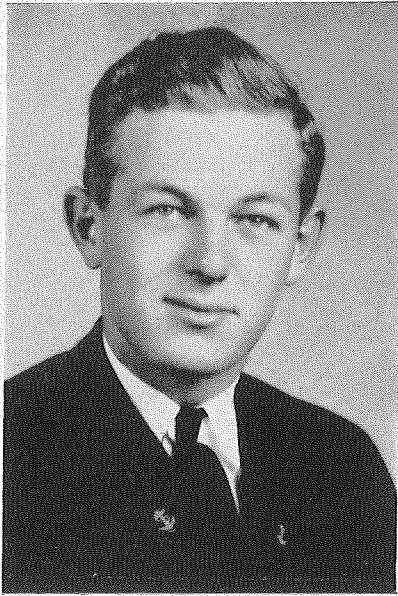
MICHAEL PAUL LOCKE



"Mike"

No matter if the ship lay at anchor in a foreign port or if she is tied up at the base, the general procedure of distributing the mail was to give "Ship's Mail" Locke a good portion of the stack, then hand the remainder to the hopefuls standing by. Well equipped with paper, envelopes, stamps, pads, and a fast action typewriter, most of Locke's spare time is taken by correspondence with his foreign and domestic pen-pals, and supporting the United States revenue by continually buying all of the canteen's stamps.

His younger days on a grove in Riverside provided him with an abundance of knowledge covering the raising of citrus fruits and the benefits derived from eating them. Many of the principles of Southern California smudging are often demonstrated by Locke with the aid of a portable incinerator he calls his pipe.



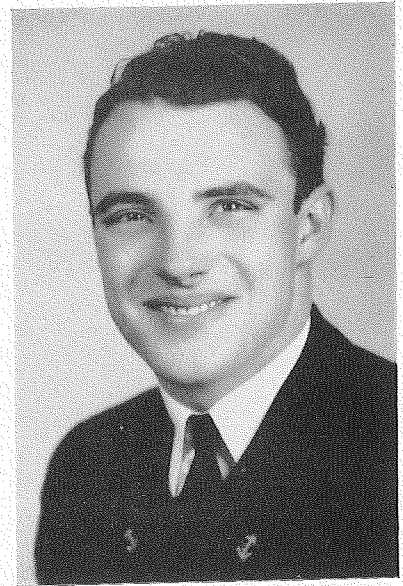
NATHANIAL F. MAIN

"Nat"

Nattie Main, the boy recruit from Tom Crawford's Navy of Santa Barbara, came sailing into our lives with a shy grin; a battered suitcase, and with a Sea Scout hat on his head. Little did we know that this boy would turn out to be the young officer and gentleman of C.M.A., the heart-throb of San Rafael and the pride and joy of Santa Barbara.

We can all remember those especially clever and original cartoons that Nat has given us in the school paper, *The Binnacle*, not to mention those stupendous murals at study sessions in that little green roofed school house on the hill.

When Nat first came to C.M.A., he was our perfect Coxswain with all his fiery speech and light weight; but lo and behold, as the months passed by, he grew as big as the oarsmen, but still he rode in the stern for every race we had. His increase in ability seemed to have overshadowed his increase in size.

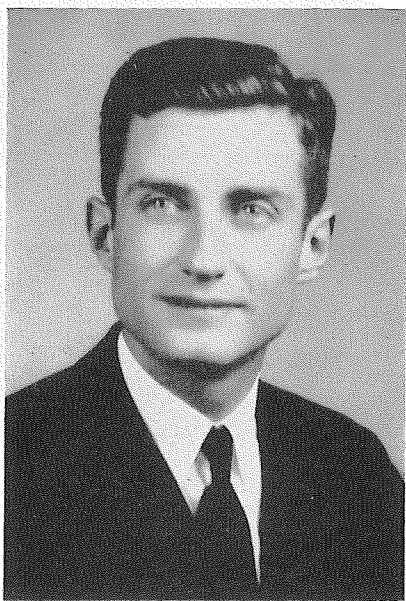


KEVEN RICHARD MORRISON

"Papito"

That little town of Tujunga, nestled in the mountains back of Los Angeles, gave us an unforgettable person in Kevin Richard Morrison. Dick, our personality kid, will always be remembered as one of the outstanding men of his class; especially for his unceasing good humor and readiness for a prank, in addition to his willingness to give a classmate a hand in any and all ventures.

No cruise would have been really complete without the ship touching some Spanish-speaking port where Dick, otherwise known as "Papito," could astound the native with his limited (very limited) knowledge of the Spanish language. Be it his contagious grin, his flashing dark features or just plain old fluent and smooth-spoken lines; Papito will always have that enviable knack of finding and keeping friends anywhere and everywhere.

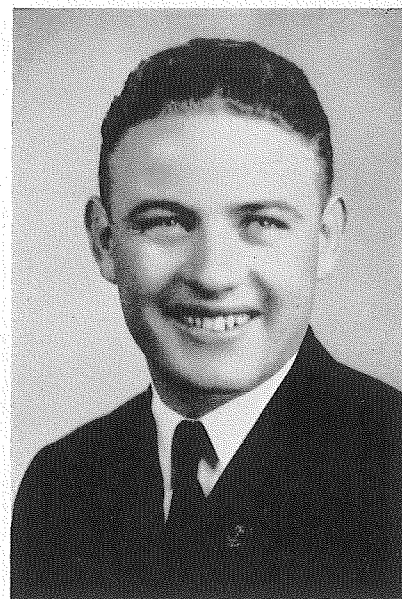


RICHARD A. MURRY

"Murr"

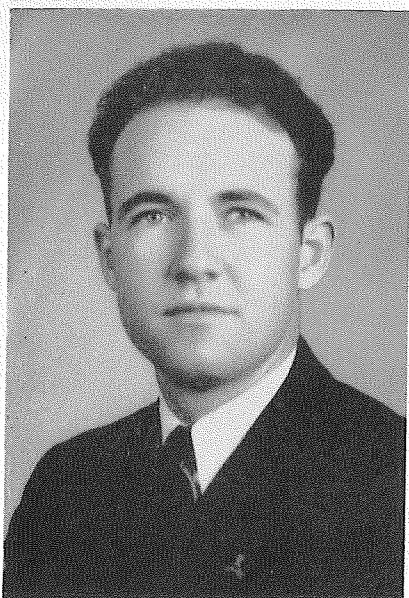
From the Army Camps of New Mexico and the lumber mills near Susanville, came "something about a soldier," Dick Murry. For a man that loved the Army and lumber camps so much, it was indeed a surprise to see him make such a successful start of his sea-going career at C.M.A. Dick became by far one of the most capable men of his class; this was proven by the manner in which he carried out the duties and responsibilities which are required of the rank given him. Maybe with his former background it was not all-together a coincidence that he should land the first job in his class—on an Army transport. If he is as well liked there as he has been at the Academy, we are sure that he will be successful and happy.

RALPH W. NEWMAN



"Finky"

(Through no fault of his own) the second of "The Twins" began his sea-going career sailing the bounding main of Three Arch Bay on a surfboard. From general appearances, this sun-tanned sleepwalker is a "jump the gun," "ready for anything" seething mass of energy, and yet we must take our hats off to one of the only two men given the breath of life, the ability to sleep through 105 hot foots and sing a torch song in his slep. This last accomplishment he shares with no one; and the song he sings is his, and his alone. We salute Mr. Newman, the man who returned to popularity (while unconscious) that beautiful song, "Paddlin' Madeline Home." On top of all this we say and mean that our prodigy is as good a friend and as apt a sailor as any man with whom it's been our pleasure to associate.



J. GRANT O'DONNELL

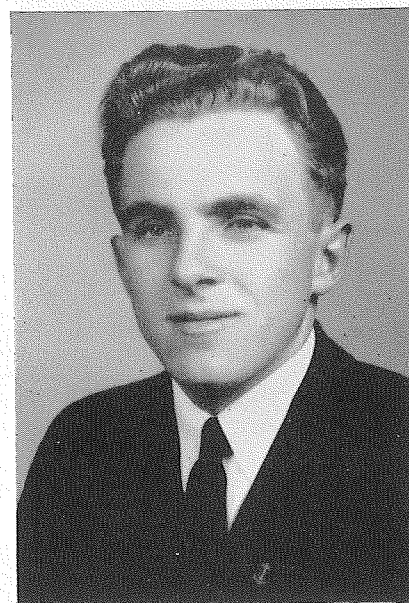
"Blackie"

To us, the first class, goes the high honor of being the classmate of J. Grant O'Donnell. Grant hails from the metropolitan town of Vallejo, and unofficially, is a member of the Chamber of Commerce. He says it never gets cold!??

Always ready to take an active part in a debate, pro or con, Blackie is a constant victor. He is a mastered violinist, and engages in the playing of various instruments that the ordinary layman has never heard. Blackie has served the school well, being active in almost every activity for the past three years. A very capable President of the Propeller Club, etc.

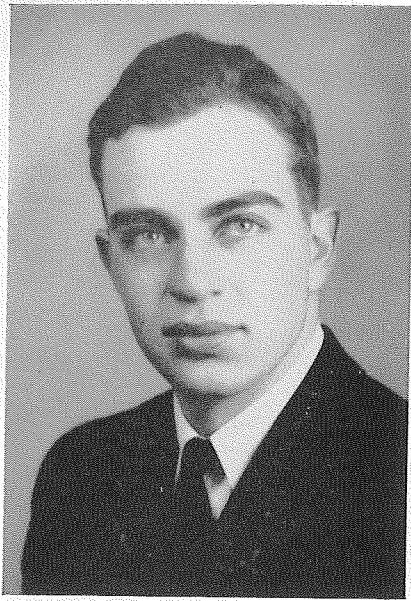
A corn organizer, Grant's card is always shuffled in the deck for any deal; usually the top card. This black-haired, blue-eyed, handsome, amiable Irishman, through his talented wit and unending humor, has won the affection and life-long friendship of the Cadet Corps.

ROBERT W. OWENS



"Rollo"

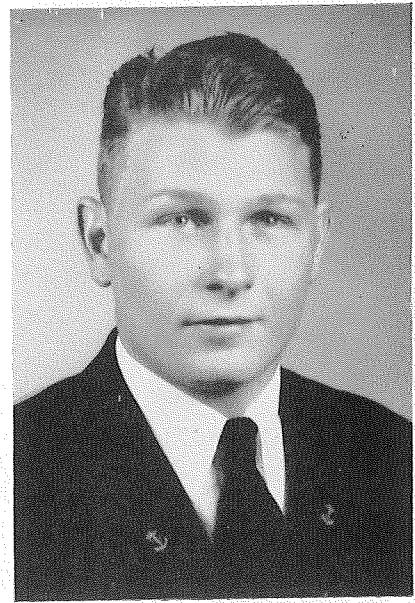
Bob is a rather quiet, soft spoken lad and is one who can fool all of the cadets most of the time; nicked-named "Rollo" because of his boyish appearance and flashy smile. Now it is unanimously agreed that Rollo is not a fitting name for such a staunch character as he has revealed; he surprised all of us when he was still a second classman by knocking the stuffings out of a first class bully twice his size. He is a hard worker and enjoys studying. He has made the most of his time here and has come out on top. He has a vibrant and varied personality, varied in that he is not as serious as he might seem. He has been noted for several escapades, one of which included a flashlight, and was very humorous. We'll never forget that his home in San Mateo has always been a standing invitation for week-ends.



ROBERT L. PECK

"Knobby"

Knobby, alias "Bindy," came to us as a carefree, happy-go-lucky country lad. He didn't attempt to hide the facts that he was raised on a farm, that he had fed the chickens and milked the cows, and that he drove the tractor during planting and harvest seasons—no! not Knobby. Possessing a keen sense of humor, Knobby would accommodate any joke teller with a pleasing chuckle. His genius at electricity is his next favorable asset. Many an item cast aside has been fixed by our uncanny tinkerer. His rural outlook on life, together with his "do-anything-for-you" complex, has gained him many friends during his stay with us. We're all fond of Knobby and hate to see the day of parting come.

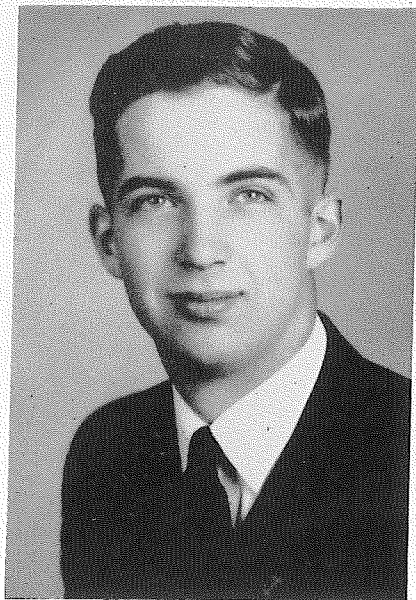


FRANK J. PETERSON

"Pete"

Frank Jennings Peterson, "Pete" to all his friends, and that includes just about everyone, is a tall, good-looking Swede from Pasadena (another suburb of Los Angeles). He often professes to be the proverbial "Dumb Swede" but don't let him fool you. From the impression that he made in the ring at our first swab smoker, nobody has ever argued with him about the story of his boxing for a "Golden Gloves" title.

He's quite the hunter, coming back from many short leave periods with tales of stalking giant "jacks" in the hills (?) near Tehachapi. He has done his part for the school varsity rowing team by breaking oars with the best of them.

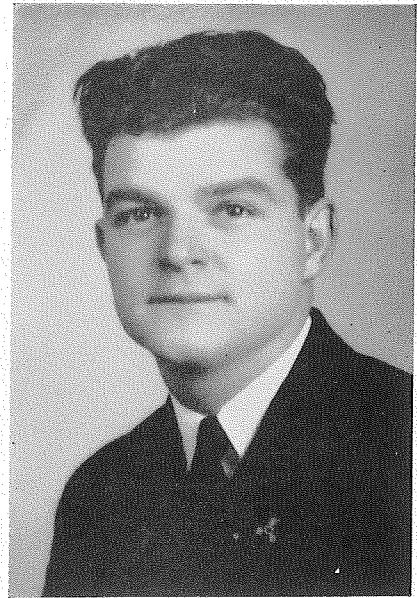


G. WARREN PRADA

"Prada"

Prada possesses an affable smile that never ceases to bring him friends, a smile backed by a character, personality and manner that makes all his classmates envious. His character manifests itself in the unselfish way he has served his class and shipmates, having worked with the dance committee, the Binnacle Staff, and as advertising manager of the HAWSEPIPE 1941. He shows remarkability in both practical and class work. His personality exhibits the ideal "home man," stalwart, quiet, pleasant—and no vices. His manner is Post to the "T."

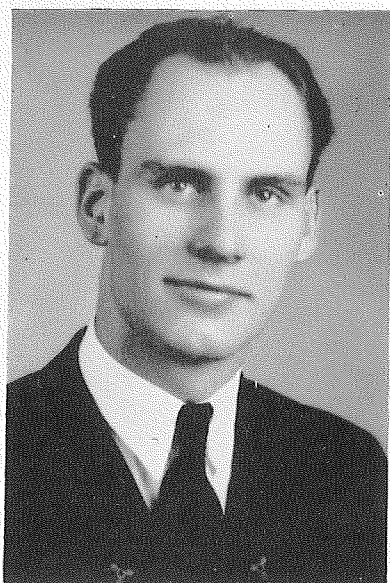
How the girls let this idol escape from the rolling green hills of Berkeley is more than the cadets can perceive, but we do know that whether his future lies in the rolling hills or the rolling swells, it will be a happy and successful one.



BERNARD T. ROSS

"Mouse"

Before you is a product of the fair metropolis of San Francisco. His ready smile, hearty laugh, and never-ending wit have not only become a part of the Academy, but have trapped many a member of the fair sex into half believing his promises; though they couldn't help but realize that his interests practically changed with the "Watch-list." Then there's the problem of the origination of his nickname "Mouse." Some say it came from an encounter of fisticuffs in which he sustained quite an ebony hue around the left eye, while others maintain it's the result of his love for cheese. The "Mouse" will be well remembered for introducing into the Cadet vocabulary the phrase, "Sharp as a tack," meaning O.K., or just plain Esquire. Wherever seafaring men shall gather, we are sure that Barney will be ever welcome.



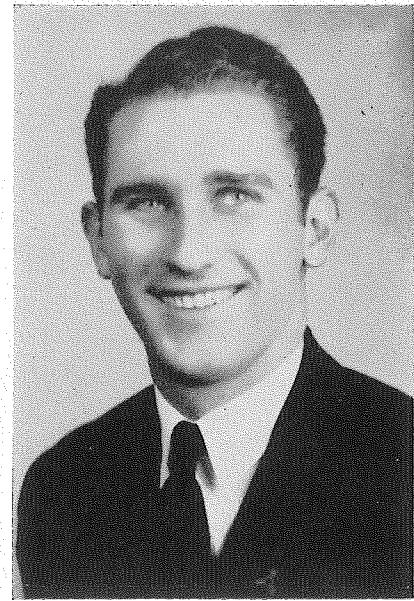
WILLIAM L. RUSSON

"Bill"

From out of the heart of the crossroads of the sea came this hardened, two-fisted marine engineer. "Panama Bill" he was nicknamed as soon as word came around that he hailed from Pedro Miguel, Canal Zone.

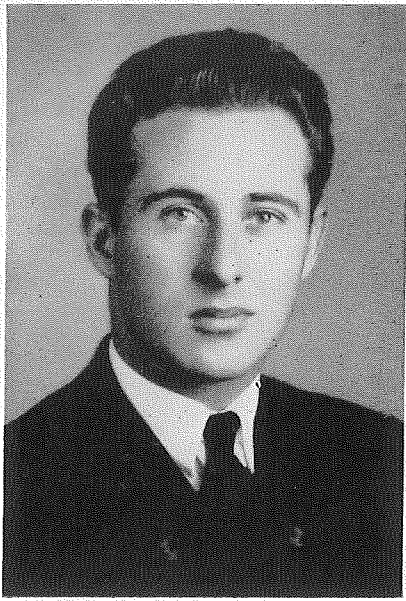
Never one to let the grass grow under his feet, Bill was a constant plodder. His zeal for work, combined with a natural conscientious manner, enabled him to accomplish every task that he found worthy of undertaking. Next, he is famed for his bid for the all-time lover among the greatest competition that one could ever wish for—he always fared pretty well winning the distinction of being classed as a gay dog with the fairer sex. However, it is most likely that Bill's classmates will remember him as a quiet and prudent gent who looks at the world over the rim of his pipe with great consideration and confidence.

OSBORNE G. RUTHERFORD



"Ozzie"

From Tujunga, California (wherever that is?), comes this handsome lad bearing the title of Osborne Rutherford. This tall, lanky, easy-going engineer immediately won the everlasting friendship of his classmates with his personality smile. Flash! Always a perfect picture pose. Ossie, who incidentally is a double for Errol Flynn, has quite a way with the women, and don't we know it! One of his great affinities is horseplay. Yes, whenever there is any prank being played, Ossie is right in the middle of it usually raising the most hell. Remember those nights when we were supposed to be studying? A great guy for kidding, our Ozzie; and one thing that you will always remember about him is his sly smirking grin. (A grin of satisfaction revealing another practical joke.)

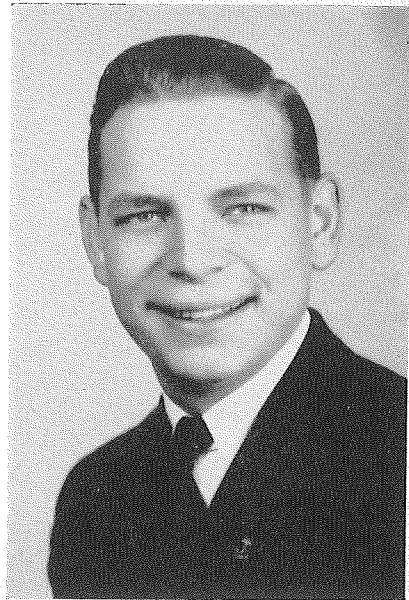


BEN SCHOENLEBER

"Little Ben"

From out of the blue haze and a suburb of Los Angeles came this mass of muscle, good looks and an equal amount of brain matter. Ben, like all the rest of the cadets, snared his share of hearts and whenever you see the Cal. State making ready to leave, you can always see some poor heart-broken girl giving her last bit of sweetness to our "Little Ben."

As a friend, Ben is as good as they come and if ever there was one to donate his last shirt to the cause it's Scheny. We are very proud in having his friendship. Best of sailing, Ben!

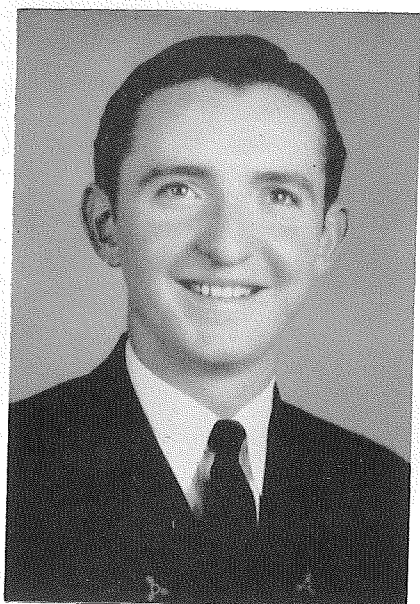


KENDALL S. SHAFFER

"Ken"

"Ken," as he was dubbed by his shipmates, seems to have more woman trouble, both at home and abroad, than the average cadet. We of the first class have found Ken a very likeable chap when he's not wrapped up in the above mentioned sorrows.

This "Oxnard by the Sea" lad is gifted with one of those booming voices you read about, which will undoubtedly make some ordinary seaman cringe one of these days. You may rest assured that same seaman would quit the sea if he could have seen Kendall in the role of Davy Jones in our Neptune ceremony, as his performance scared many a cadet aboard this ship. We feel that "Ken" will be one of the first to attempt to prove false the idea that "you can't marry and go to sea at the same time."



JOSEPH H. SCHWAB

"Joe"

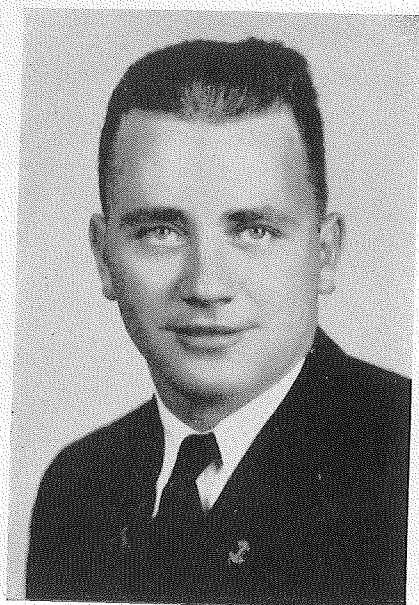
Mere words could never describe our Joe. Though quiet and conservative, he has had his moments. As the first school term rolled on we found a brainstorm in our midst as Joe topped the list in scholastic standing. With his feet propped up on a chair and his pipe filling the air with blue-white smoke, we usually found him buried in a book or magazine on his time off. "Pass the steaks" was Joe's usual request at the mess table as he used to look up and find himself the only one left at the table. How he satisfied that tremendous appetite and still maintained those well-groomed proportions is still a mystery to all of us. Being an easy-going, industrious chap, Joe has always been regarded as a swell fellow, a true gentleman, and an ideal shipmate. We'll all be glad to see Joe again and hope our courses cross soon.



IRVING SINGMAN

"Goop"

From out of the heart of the great southwest came this 140-pound gliding frame. (Goop's stride is a dead give away.) As he walks, his body sways, his knees bend, his head bobs, and his arms swing,—all contributing to the most unique method of obtaining motion as one might find anywhere. Behind his distinguishing smile lies a repertoire of amusing stories that would fill two joke books. But Goop's real fame lies in his ability to cavort at will from San Francisco to Los Angeles simply by accepting rides from the roadside. The first note of liberty call would find him all set, then swish—over to San Francisco. Sixteen hours later when the Southerner's train would be pulling into Los Angeles, Goop would be home eight hours before. How he does it no one knows, but the Singman smile plus the Singman personality is the only logical answer.



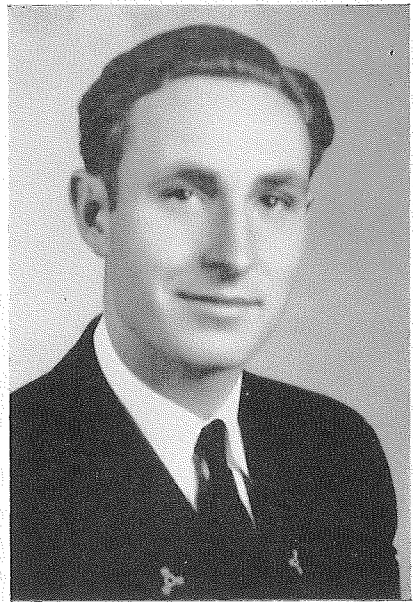
WILLIAM C. WELDON

"Willie"

Willie, sometimes called "The Bear," entered this school a bashful and bulky "Indian from Tehachapi," where he was quite the man about town; high school football star and going steady with "The Blonde," the only girl in town.

From the first day we knew him he has been liked and admired by all, and when he graduates, everyone, even the swabs, will be sorry to see him go. His keen sense of humor and ability to tell a story make him popular in every Bull session. He is active in sports, being the top handball player and stroke oar on the Varsity rowing team.

His ability to get a job done efficiently and quickly, along with his personality, which makes him friends with anyone, will take him to the top in no time.

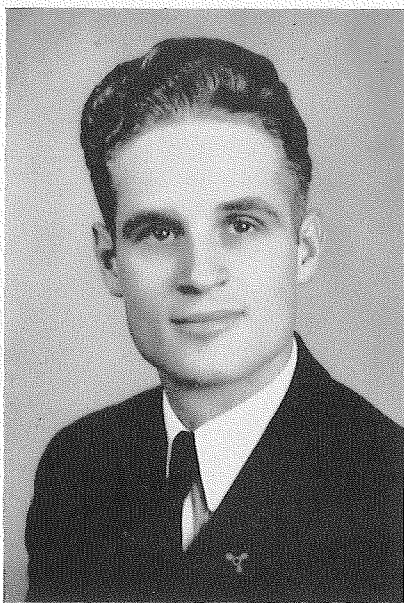


ERWIN J. WELLS

"Rattlesnake"

Say, here's the roughest, toughest, steer ropin' hombre that ever carried a six-shooter. Yes, and it's of little wonder that the title of "Rattlesnake" was graced upon him the first night that he was aboard the California State. This all came about when it was his misfortune as a swab to be called upon to tell of his views and experiences in the wilds of El Centro, Brawley and the rest of the Imperial Valley, America's Lone Frontier in the open West; the results of which he has been kidded for the past three years.

Seriously though, our combination of the Lone Ranger and Superman has etched a soft spot in the hearts of all of us. None of us will ever forget that dramatic build-up in our confidential chats with him, when at that psychological moment, the break in the conversation would come as Rattlesnake would climax the story by slowly lighting up a cigarette—as only Rattlesnake could do.



ROY M. WIMER

"Roy"

Ladies! Here's that wavy-haired, soft spoken college lad of which you've dreamed. Here's that easy-going, "do-anything-for-you" pal that you've always hoped to meet. And finally, here's that understandable gentleman with the winning smile and open heart. Yes, here's Roy Wimer, the shy Naval Reservist who set aside his college books to seek a career as an officer in the United States Merchant Marine. But, before we go any further, we must inform you that here is also the greatest individualist and hermetically inclined sea dog that has ever set his foot on the Honorable Governor's Yacht. This artistic Roy has been our class and shipmate for the past three years and we value his friendship. At this time of parting on our ways, we will remember Roy as one fine fellow.

History of the Class of '41



First School Year

ONE fair afternoon in October of 1938, the station wagon jostled along the winding road from Tiburon to California City, the last "lap" of a trip from anywhere to the dock of the "California State." The after section of this station wagon was packed with jibbering youngsters—yes, that's all they were as yet, young and lively flesh, bones, and brains from which officers were to be moulded. These were the hopeful graduates to-be of C.M.A. '41, and future Masters and Chiefs of the American Merchant Marine. Their thoughts jarred from their lips between the bumps in the road, "Gee, where are they taking us?" "We're not going to be disturbed away out here!" "What a road!" "How'll we ever get a liberty?" and finally, "That must be the ship down there behind the coal." It was the ship, their "home" for the three years to follow. The thrill of living on a ship and really being "on their own" for a change was new to them. They shall never forget the quick shuffle and conversation of the first few minutes after arrival.

"O.K., you guys can come aboard now."

"HIS room is to the right from the top of that ladder."

"Paid up? Check; draw your stores in lower number one."

"A little large now, old-timer, but you'll put on ten pounds in a couple of weeks."

To acquire the qualities becoming an officer and a gentleman, the new cadets were soon given rules to follow with precision. They were taught immediately how necessary are the "sirs," matches, and physical culture, to break them of the unprincipled habits developed ashore by living an irregular and confused life. The first week was a hectic jumble of stenciling gear, stowing the gear, hauling stores, swab rules, drills, and orders from the powers that were; but it didn't take long for these hearties to deliver salutes and "aye, aye, sir" with their hand and knees steady.

Their routine was soon made to coincide with that of the upperclassmen, and ambitious '41ers started their school year at what was then the California Nautical School. With open minds they cracked their new textbooks (and some of the officers believe that is all they did with these books—cracked them). Seamanship, Navigation, Physics, Communications, Mechanical Drawing, and Metallurgical Processes comprised the course of the first term. During this period some of the new class found their mental capacities insufficient to harbour these subjects, so they dropped out.

The close of the first term found most of our class ready for the annual overhaul of the California State, anxious for their first Christmas leave, and still looking for those ten pounds. The Schoolship made her way to Mare Island as the curious, wide-eyed swabs observed every detail of the ship's maneuvers. She made fast, and quicker than you can recite Anthony Adverse, the yard workmen covered the California State and were pounding, chipping and welding on the nineteen-year-old hull. All hands were given Christmas leave from which the swabs returned early to develop proficiency in the manly art of chipping, painting and scraping. A few more of that class decided that the work aboard ship was simply too—well, it didn't agree with them, so they dropped out.

'39 Cruise

With the usual amount of tears and advice from the loved ones on the dock, the California State left California City at 11 o'clock in the morning, 17th of January, 1939. Many of the swabs had their first opportunity to see the Golden Gate Bridge from the water. At dusk the following day, a few acute attacks of channel fever were noticed when the California State lolled with the current through the Catalina Channel; the lights of Avalon twinkled off the starboard beam, and flying fish scattered from the stem as the last rays of sunlight reflected from the drifts of scarlet clouds. Next morning "Nicks Yacht" slipped past Point Loma into San Diego Bay.

The highlights of the San Diego visit were a group of luncheons by the Hammer Club, Optomists Club and Executives Club; the selection of popular records for the cruise, and visits to relatives and friends. The cadets took the opportunity to see good shows and attend dances because it would be a long time before they would be returning to the progressive and modern U.S.A.

Here is really a place to receive an impression of one's first foreign port, La Union, El Salvador, the pristine of laxity. Their Navy was rather amusing; it consisted of one motor boat and a number of dugout canoes manned by barefooted natives in dungarees. The horses that the cadets rented (?) for excursion were so small that they might just as well have been carried by the cadets. It was baffling to see some boys of a native marimba band expend enough energy to whip out some of the most colorful music the cadets had ever heard. Our basketball team was slightly taken by their Olympic team, "Los Rapidos." The outcome of the baseball games with their army post is still doubtful.

The anxiety of the swabs to see Panama was brought to a boiling point by the tales of the upperclassmen. Now that the Training Ship had tied up in Balboa, Canal Zone, the '41ers had their chance to dine, dance, dive, dissipate and depart with impressed ideas of how not to buy souvenirs in the Hindu shops. Swimming races and a water polo meet were held between the "Red, White and Blue Team" of the Canal Zone and the Cadets. Historical and photographic-minded cadets took a trip out to see what Pirate Henry Morgan left of Old Panama.

En route to Callao, Peru, the lower classes were given the privilege of entering the Domain of Neptunis Rex. 'Mid a flurry of fish-oil, emulsion, paint, deepsea stew and seawater, the pollywogs were transformed into shellbacks. And they, for over a month, carried with them a smile of pride on their faces and a bouquet of forget-me-nevers on their posteriors.

A peculiar sight in the formation of flying ducks made the entrance to the Harbor of Callao very interestig. An unending line of these fowl, thousands upon thousands of them, skimmed over the surface of the water in a close single file from the Island of San Lorenzo to the mainland—and the California State broke through the procession. Before anchoring, the California State exchanged courtesies with a French training ship and a Peruvian supply ship. The constant flow of ships in and out of the port, the war-

ships, freighters and square rigged vessels gave proof that Callao was a busy West Coast shipping center as well as a picturesque harbor. It was mostly the Southern California "beach boys" who spent a good portion of their liberties at the popular bathing beach nearby, and returned to the ship to relate tales of its many attractions; and a group of "lug nutty" cadets sailed one of our whaleboats across the bay to the four-masted barks at anchor. The rapid transit service from Callao to Lima will never be forgotten, the street-car galloped up to 70 miles per hour in many stretches.

Now Lima is a city where the cadet gets another lesson in salesmanship. Having sufficient "quenchers" and enough Peruvian money to put him in a magnanimous mood, the cadet enters a souvenir shop to buy gifts for those loved ones he left on the dock. Exit same 47 minutes later with pockets bulging with that "900" hand-worked silver, fingers decorated with black "horn" rings, a llama skin over one shoulder, several blankets under the other arm, sweat pouring from his brow, and scarcely enough change in his pocket for carfare back to the ship. He flunked this course, for if he were smart he would have spent most of his time visiting and perhaps taking pictures of the plazas, statues and cathedrals, then entered the shop when he was very sober—with small change to back his barter.

Valparaiso, or "Valpo" to the cadets, leaves them with memories of a large city of patriotic people, cable cars, good food and a *rich* feeling due to the exchange of \$32 to \$1 American. There was the Grand Municipal Casino at Vina del Mar, the "Monte Carlo of South America," the "Hollywood of Chile," with memories of beautiful gardens, charming women, drinks and tangos, and a *poor* feeling due to the remarkable ability of the roulette wheels.

A 48-hour liberty gave the cadets a chance to take the electric train trip to Santiago over a range of mountains that reminded them remarkably of the Ridge Route of Southern California. No time for siestas—our boys took rooms in the best hotels of the city, stowed their bags and then sought entertainment. Natives of Chile found cadets in every well known (and unknown) place near Santiago. Avinida de los Delicias, Santa Lucia, Cerro San Cristobal, horse races, hotels, theaters and bars were all adorned at sometime or other by the Beau Brummels of the California Schoolship.

When the California State put her bow around the breakwater of the beautiful bay of Valparaiso, there were many broken hearts and broken promises left there by the ambassadors of good will, who took back with them broken pocketbooks, broken arches and memories of one of the most thrilling and romantic ventures they may ever have. The class of '41 was now divided into deck and engineering departments according to their choice. This is an important decision to make, in that they would work their whole career in these respective departments. Guayaquil was avoided on this cruise because of an outbreak of bubonic plague there. Panama was again visited by the cadets, but in a much more conservative manner.

Manzanillo was more than the cadets expected; they were impressed by the cleanliness of the tropical town and the appearance of the natives. Liberties were at the height of hilarity; motorbikes furnished a good portion of the entertainment. Each boat trip back to the ship set her lower in the water with souvenirs of this port. Huaraches and hangovers became the unofficial order of the day.

Very few of the cadets had not been to Long Beach at some time or other, so they

had figured how and with whom they would spend their liberties long before the ship had tied up to pier A. A reception aboard the Training Ship was attended by government officials, executives of steamship companies and others interested in the Nautical School. A buffet luncheon for over a hundred, addresses from the guests of honor, ex-Governor Frank F. Merriam and Captain Vossler of the U.S.S. North Hampton, talks from Captain Nichols and Mr. Robert Foulke, motion pictures of previous cruises shown in the recreation room, with Captain Henderson as master of ceremonies for the day, provided an interesting afternoon for the guests. Beside this, there were thousands of visitors who made themselves acquainted with the ship and the cadets. Several cadets were invited to attend luncheons given by the Long Beach and Los Angeles Kiwanis Clubs.

The attractions of Santa Barbara were the swimming pool, the mission, theaters and girls from the State College. This port always holds fun in store for the cadets, but nevertheless all hands were anxious to get back to California City, the Journey's End.

While the first class took their license exams, all the lower classes took their spring leave; but all of the lower classes did not return from this leave. A few more had to drop from the corps—for various reasons, the most prominent of which was the lack of coöperation between certain digestive systems and the roll of the deep blue Pacific.

Second School Term

During the time the cadets of Northern California were on their leave, the ship was moved to the Golden Gate International Exposition at Treasure Island. The purpose of this move was to gain publicity for the school and afford cadets the opportunity to see the Fair. A dance was held in honor of the cadets in the California Building at the Fair. For six weeks throngs of visitors boarded the ship; interested they were, too; and still more thrilled by the fact that the trip to the ship in our new motor launch cost them nothing.

Very impressive and magnificent were the graduation exercises held for the class of '39 in the California Building. The Licenses and Bachelor of Science Degrees were awarded the graduates, and the eloquent speech of the late Joseph Sheehan was broadcast over the NBC network.

Immediately after the return to the base, the class schedules of the school term were organized, and a five months' session of steady routine was under way. The monotony of this term was broken by several affairs received with interest and pleasure by the cadets. There were two dances given at the Sausalito Women's Club, the organization of the Propeller Club Port of California Nautical School, the arrival of the new swab class '42, a tour to the launching of the *Sea Arrow*, smokers by the swab class, meetings of the Propeller Club with distinguished maritime speakers, and the changing of the name of the School to the California Maritime Academy. Who would have expected to see the class of ambitious '41ers again diminished? Low grades again took its toll of flunks.

Again the cadets took their brief Thanksgiving leave for turkey and pumpkin pie, as only mamma can cook it, and then returned to the base. In a few weeks the ship was ready for annual overhaul at Mare Island, and the second classmen then knew what was in store for them. The eight hours of work each day was well worth the evenings off at Vallejo or the Navy Yard where they could swim, bowl, see shows, or pass recreational activities for practically noddings. The Rodman Club—ah, yes—but somehow our class preferred the Marine Canteen where the buffalo backed coin seemed to go farther.

A welcome highlight in the routine of repair work was a dance given for the cadets by a group of Vallejo's younger female set. Christmas leaves passed in rapid succession. The ship, in tip-top shape, then steamed back to the base at California City. A farewell dance was held at the Army and Navy Club of the Fairmont Hotel; an official inspection of the school by the Naval Reserve; and a fast two weeks of loading stores made up the prelude to the 1940 East Coast cruise.

'40 Cruise

Carefree hearts beat as eager eyes watched the skyline of San Francisco and the Golden Gate Bridge fade into the distance. The East Coast cruise of 1940 had begun.

Parents, relatives and friends proudly waved and cheered as T.S.C.S. berthed in Long Beach. City officials were welcomed aboard and treated to a turkey dinner. Cadets of the "land of perpetual sunshine" made their way through a cloudburst for a short stay at home while the boys of the North enjoyed the beauties of Long Beach, Hollywood and Los Angeles.

With the wind and current behind her, the "porcelain packet" steamed swiftly down the Mexican coast to the tune of 240 miles per day. Cadets lost track of time while basking in the tropic sun and admiring the majestic mountains of the Mexican coast.

The thunderous cascading of our trusty anchor into the blue waters of Acapulco harbor marked our arrival at this colorful southern Mexican city. A peaceful besiegement of the schoolship followed as a fleet of dugouts manned by dark-skinned boys and girls surrounded the ship to bum pennies, cigarettes, candy or tin cans. Acapulco stirred restlessly from its stupor as its streets and alleys resounded to the clatter, bang and shouts of cadets on their noisy rented motorcycles. Cadets could be seen everywhere in their tropic undress whites—in the parks, mounted and walking; at the beach, basking and swimming; at the bars—; enjoying every moment of the spell of Old Mexico.

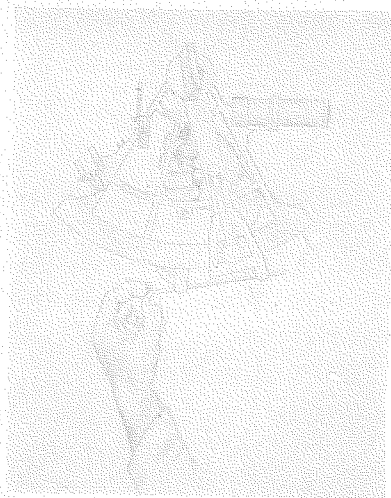
In Panama the boys spent their time and money bargaining with Hindus over gifts for their loved ones, or seeing the unique sights that Panama has to offer. They learned to love the broad shady avenues of Balboa, the many clubs and the mild climate.

The trip through the Canal was of utmost interest. All were amazed by the smooth and efficient operation of the locks and the green flower-studded jungles along the Canal banks.

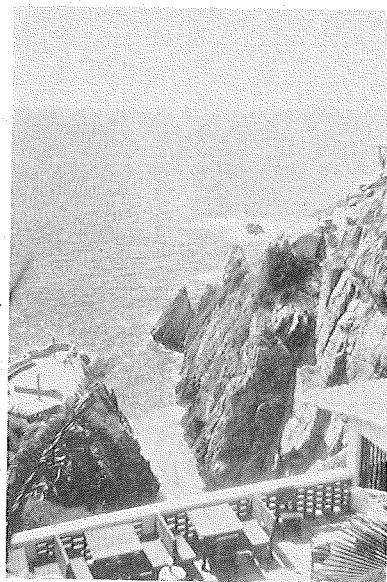
After a rough passage across the gulf, the anchor was again dropped, this time in Guantanamo Bay. Many happy hours of swimming and sailing were spent on the warm

blue water. Cadets received practical instruction and a wealth of experience at the rifle range. Among the flora and fauna of Southern Cuba, a bank of fossil coral and shells was of particular interest to the geology fans. Guantanamo was branded with the name of "The Last Outpost" and hearts were buoyant with hopes of new wonders as they left for San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Cadets were left almost breathless as they gazed at the magnificent sight of El Morro, undefeated fortress of ancient Spain. Especially beautiful was the breaking of the sea at the base of its mighty walls. San Juan received the ship's company with open arms. Its gay population was over-hospitable. The climax to the visit was an excursion to the cane fields and broad beaches, followed by a dance at the leading tourists'



*Sextant —
an Aid to
Navigation*



*"Hell Divers'
Paradise,"
Acapulco,
Mexico*

hotel. Departure brought heavy hearts, as though they had left something cherished behind them.

Havana—gay metropolis of the West Indies, also has the ancient touch of a Spanish fort guarding the entrance of the busy harbor. The first liberty party ashore lost little time in finding and returning to the ship with detailed instructions and accounts of the popular spots. Not uncommon was the sight of groups of cadets strolling along the Prada, a broad elevated and walled promenade planted at intervals with luxurious shade trees and surface-inlaid with marble. Afternoons were spent at La Playa or on excursions to rum and tobacco factories, while the evenings brought the same throbbing feet to the sidewalk cafes where entertainment was provided by girl orchestras and dancers. No wonder our itinerant pleasure-seekers were reluctant to leave this port of innumerable attractions to head out to sea, a very rough sea.

It wasn't as though the cadets expected better weather in Florida than they have in California, but it was a good thing that the snow melted from the streets of Miami before the sun-tanned sailors arrived there—or there might have been some very severe cases of double pneumonia. The multitude of cold weather refugees from Brooklyn appeared disappointed, too, but the cordiality of the Miamians more than compensated for the unusual weather. A sporting spirit was shown by the cadets who

made the best of it and went swimming—after all, they were used to it—the sordid water at California City is no hot springs.

At Newport News tours were conducted of the great shipbuilding yard and new ships under construction; namely, the *Santa Teresa* and the luxury liner *America*. Other visits were to the Mariners' Museum, the restored Colonial Capitol of Virginia at Williamsburg and the site of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

There wasn't a puddle left on the deck of the California State that hadn't frozen solid by the time it reached the Navy Yard at Washington, D. C. Their dress blues covered many experimental and futile manias of how to keep warm in Washington when the cadets started off in typical tourist style to the Capitol, the White House, Congress (both houses), the Supreme Court, Treasury, Department of Justice, Federal Bureau of Investigation, Washington's Monument, Lincoln's Memorial, the Congressional Library and Mount Vernon. A 48-hour liberty gave some a quick trip to New York and the Great White Way. Various notables, including congressmen from some of the home districts, came aboard to greet the California ambassadors.

It came more or less as a surprise to the cadets when they were greeted like lost brothers by the Midshipmen of Annapolis. They proudly showed the merchant marine minded lads how and why it is done in the Navy scheme of things. They had something of which to be proud—and the cadets were glad to take their hats off to their brothers in a different branch of the sea-going service. The cadets entered crews to participate in sailing races with the midshipmen. International racing dinghies were furnished by the Academy at Annapolis and competition was keen, but lack of experience with that type of boat put our team on the losing end. Quick capers through "Crab Town" gave impressions of a typical picturesque small town of the Eastern seaboard.

The next two "hops" of the trip proved to be of utmost value in that they provided much time for valuable practical experience—11 days to Balboa and 13 days to San Diego.

Minutes were counted until the ship's company had their chance to tread again on California soil. The highlight of the San Diego stop was the dance given by the Chamber of Commerce at which the Sorority girls of the State College were partners for the up and coming officers.

It is said that Santa Barbara was by far the most hospitable port in the U.S.A. The cadets have always been guests at their expense; the movies, swimming pools and transportation open for them.

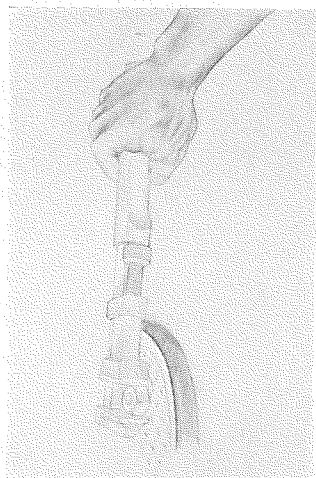
Very early one morning the California State ran into a fog that almost dented her bow. This could mean only one thing—that the ship was getting near San Francisco Bay. She wallowed around by the Lightship for hours before the fo'c'sle could be seen from the bridge of the ship, then she made her way under the Golden Gate Bridge and to California City where the same loved ones were waiting for "their boys."

At long last dawned the day of May 3, 1940, and with the coming of this dawn, the class of '40 disposed of their decrepit calendars and stopped counting days. Graduation was held in the Gold Room of the Fairmont and was indeed an impressive affair. Cadets who had been outstanding in scholastic and manual attainments as well as leadership were presented with various coveted awards, Cadet Commander Shreve being named as the cadet who had contributed most to leadership of the Corps. Several prominent speakers were present to address the class before they were

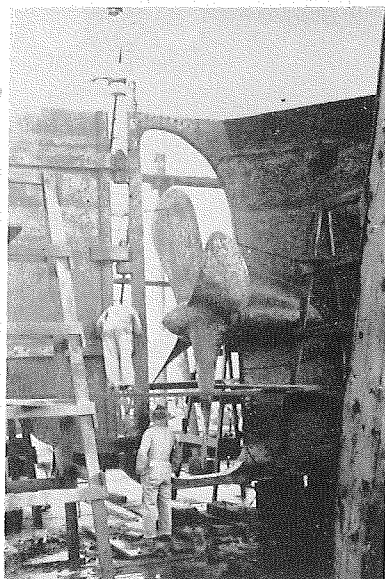
presented with their licenses and degrees, and of course the shipping companies were camped outside the door waiting to snatch all the grads. Seriously, though, as the last notes of the recession faded away we were all quite sad at having to face the reality that the class of '40 was going on leave and wasn't coming back.

School Term and Pre-Cruise Events

With only one school term and one more cruise left between them and their great future, the class of '41 returned from the spring leave and found it rather difficult to back into the swing of things. Thoughts still wandered back to the cruise, some back to the vacation, and some jumped ahead to the next cruise. Some thought



*An Engineering
Cadet at Work*



*Overhaul at
General
Dry Dock Co.,
Alameda, Calif.*

liberties were too few and dances too scarce—turn-to wasn't bad, but concentrated study was their last consideration. Or maybe it was that they didn't have to study—their grades weren't very low. In time, this situation ended, for a new leader came to the Academy. Captain Claude B. Mayo took command as our new Superintendent-Commander to replace Captain Nichols who was leaving up for a well-deserved retirement. Captain Mayo brought many new ideas to the Academy. The inauguration of a sports schedule created a better general spirit than one could have imagined. Little confusion came to C.M.A. with the new class ('43); they only brightened the setting with their lubberly questions and very novel smokers.

And then came the blitzkrieg! It all started one morning when a barge loaded with Caterpillar tractors and bulldozers slipped onto the beach by the dock. The "Bulls" were taken ashore and were soon chewing at the foot of the beautiful wooded hills surrounding California City; the loosened dirt was pushed into the empty coal yard under the gantry. Buoys and cables were brought in and landed. A miniature railroad was formed. More and more men converted the quiet base of C.M.A. into a humming scene of activity—the U. S. Naval Net Station No. 2—for the protection of the west coast harbors and the security of Americans. One by one, the acres of the

base were covered with cables, buoys, anchors and machinery; one by one, the classrooms of the building were cleared of cadets—that subtle touch of Billy's horns was very impressive.

That school term boasted for its social events dances at the Fairmont Hotel, Berkeley Country Club and the Oakland Hotel, a few beach parties in coves near the Base, and any number of class parties and get-togethers. The Propeller Club again furnished a series of entertaining meetings in which some prominent speaker always held the interest of the Corps.

Esprit de Corps ran high during the latter part of 1940 and so did the grades. Thirty-eight of the original fifty-five finished their last school term without flunks. Thirty-eight who clicked through their finals in rapid succession with visions of another Thanksgiving with those at home.

Because of the fact that the Maritime Commission took over the Navy's interest in the California Maritime Academy, they regretfully departed from the usual run to Mare Island for overhaul. Instead, the contract for drydocking was let to General Engineering and D. D. Company, and the overhaul took place at Moore's Shipbuilding Company in Oakland. The Christmas leave periods were given to the cadets at this time—the yard unions wouldn't permit their doing much of the work anyway. The cadets on second leave were lucky enough to have both Christmas and New Year's off; they returned to the ship slightly more than a week before the time set for the California State to sail.

Book III

The Propeller Club

The general mission of the Propeller Club movement throughout the world is to bring to the eyes of the public the United States Merchant Marine, its problems, its accomplishments and basically, to restore it to its rightful place in world-wide tonnage that it enjoyed during the Clipper Ship Era. Throughout the years the Propeller Club of the United States has stressed the importance to the Nation of building up a modern, efficient Merchant Marine to further our foreign trade in peace time and to form a valuable national defense unit in time of national emergency.

The Propeller Club, Port of the California Maritime Academy, was organized to further the acquaintance of students of the Academy with maritime affairs and to foster the interests of the American Merchant Marine. The Port adheres to the policies and principles of the Propeller Club of the United States, being rated as a student or "junior port" in the family of 78 ports spread over the globe.

The activities of the Port have dealt with the Academy's public relations program,



*Luncheon Sponsored
by Propeller Club
at Hollywood Bowl
Tea Room*

bringing to the ship a series of prominent Maritime figures as guests of the Club to speak to the entire cadet corps and officers on various subjects directly connected to the world of shipping. These occasional Friday night programs have done wonders to break the monotony of the school term.

Highlights of the numerous activities carried on during the past year are as follows:

SPEAKERS

Capt. Claud B. Mayo, U.S.N. Rtd.: "The Elements Surrounding the National Policy in Regards to National Strategy."

Mr. James Moore, Vice-President and Chief Engineer, Moore Shipbuilding and Drydock Company: "The Rejuvenation of the Shipbuilding Industry."

Capt. Demereste, Marine Superintendent, Sudden and Christenson Steamship Company: "Forty Years in the Maritime Profession."

Prof. C. D. Shane of the University of California: "Nautical Astronomy."

Mr. A. J. Owens, Operating Manager, Sudden and Christenson Steamship Company: "What the Steamship Company Expects of the Schoolship Graduate."

EVENTS

Luncheon for Propeller Club, Port of Los Angeles, aboard training ship in Long Beach Harbor. 225 guests.

Tour of Moore's Shipbuilding and Drydock Company plant with the inspection of three C-3 Maritime Commission ships in various stages of completion.

Evening of movies describing the operation of Schat Skates on modern merchant ships.

Sponsoring of tours of Southern California oil fields, M.G.M. Movie Studios, California Institute of Technology in Pasadena and Griffith Park Planetarium.

Sponsoring of the cruise "Beard Growing and Pie Eating Contests."

Members of the Port are cadets of the first class and a limited number of third classmen who have been selected upon a basis of merit, whereby a third class member must be in the upper two-thirds of his class before he is eligible for membership.



The Service Committee

From the six sections of the Cadet Corps are elected representatives which compose the Service Committee. There are two representatives from each class, one from the engineering department and one from the deck department; the first class elects the officers, Chairmen and Secretary-Treasurer, from their class. A member of the committee is elected to represent his section of the class for the term of one year and he may be re-elected if his class so desires.

The purpose of this committee is to maintain control over the allotment and expenditures of the Cadet Service Fund money; a fund kept up by the cadets for the use of the Cadet Corps as it sees fit in the purchasing of athletic equipment, repairs, recreational and other facilities, planning for and supervision of Academy dances, etc. This committee also sets aside a laundry fund which is used in paying for the cadets' laundry services.

The entire committee is responsible to the Cadet Corps, the Supply Officer and the Superintendent of the School for the financial status of the fund at all times. The members for the past year are:

Chairman	Morrison
Secretary-Treasurer	Gwartney
First Class Deck Representative	Murry
First Class Engineer Representative	Erickson
Third Class Deck Representative	Stendahl
Third Class Engineer Representative	Rocca

Soogie

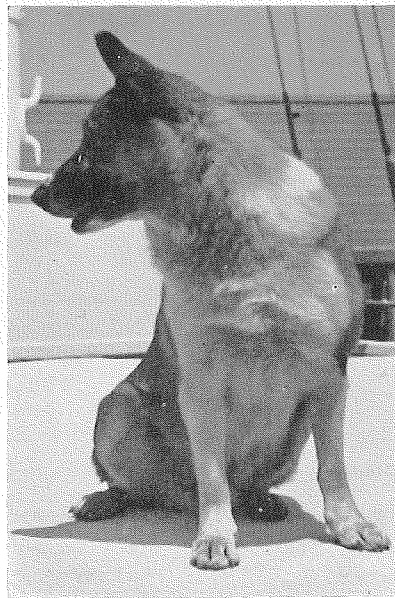
"Soogie," friend and mascot of the Cadet Corps, master of No. 2 hatch, was born in the month of October, 1936, at California City, since which time he has taken an active part in the development of the Cadet Corps' sense of humor, as part of its training for the past five years.

"Soogie" was "drug up" rather than brought up, being instilled very thoroughly with the routine of the Academy to such an extent that reveille is never reveille without his accompaniment to the notes of the bugle, nor can inspection end without his personal voice of approval.

Providing the cadets with work at turn-to is one of his many requisites by planting dirty paws on the hatch covers and walking in fresh paint.

Probably more traveled than any other member of the canine family, "Soogie" has crossed the equator six times and visited every country in which the California State has docked or anchored.

Last of his many duties is that of life guard while cadets are swimming. His record, very enviable to say the least, no lives lost!



Book IV

Sport Section



Rowing

Rowing is recognized as the major sport at the California Maritime Academy, principally because it is so closely allied to our training here. This school term, whale-boat racing was boosted mostly by the first class deck cadets who have been actively engaged in races ever since they entered the Academy.

Harbor Day at Treasure Island was the big event of the year. Arrangements had been made, through Lieut. Winbeck, for a crew of the Academy's best oarsmen to race a crew from the Maritime School at Government Island in Oakland. This race to be in addition to the inter-class race already planned. This resulted in a crew being picked



*The Coxswain Is
Hauled Aboard after
a Victorious Race*

by Lieut. Winbeck from all the present crews. The final "Varsity" crew consisted of: Main, cox'n; Weldon, Morrison, F. J. Peterson, Stendahl, Wilson, Nied, Gwartney and Cavins. When this crew was finally picked, it was found that the first class deck crew was greatly handicapped, as most of their best oarsmen were on the varsity.

Then, at last, Harbor Day, the day for which we had all been working for so long, was at hand. The inter-class race was first. Boats were chosen and the crews went out for a little warm-up row. As we had but four boats, but four classes could be represented by crews. They were, first class deck, first class engineers, third class engineers and the fourth class as a whole. The race was off to a very even start, and all boats were bow and bow in the first few strokes of the starting sprint. Soon the first class deck team had the lead and held it until the end of the race. During the race, they were closely followed, and probably surprised, by the fourth class crew who made a very good showing, despite little experience. Members of the first class deck crew were Calou, cox'n; Schoenleber, Kettenhofen, Carter, Donaldson, Newman, Jensen, Murry and Anderson.

The Varsity race with the crew from Government Island proved to be a walk away for the cadets, who finished about a quarter of the course ahead of the other team.

Each member of the first class deck crew received a sweater and the Varsity was awarded a plaque, both prizes being presented by the San Francisco Junior Chamber of Commerce. Each member of the Varsity also received a sweater, compliments of the Cadet Service Fund. Letters, a new thing at the Academy, were given to the crew members, to be put on their sweaters.

With Harbor Day over, the cadets being very tired from their hard practicing, races were not anticipated until the cruise at least, but while in drydock in the Oakland Estuary, a race was arranged with the Coast Guard Cutter Shoshone. This was all planned on very short notice and gave the cadets only two afternoons in which to practice. Since none of the cadets had been near a boat since the Harbor Day race, it was with grave misgivings that they entered the race the afternoon of December 4, 1940. The crew was the original Varsity crew with Cadets Donaldson and Schoenleber added, making a ten-man crew. The race was about three-quarters of a mile in length, and was run in the Estuary. The race was very good, both crews giving everything they had right to the finish. At the start, the Coast Guard crew edged a little ahead, but the cadets got together and pulled like he—, soon establishing a slight lead, which gradually grew larger as they neared the finish line. The cadets finally finished about two lengths ahead, winning the second race of this year.

In Long Beach, the Varsity crew chalked up its last and final victory of the year in their race against the N.Y.A. Maritime Training ship under the auspices of the Long Beach Junior College. The race was about a mile in length and during all this distance the two boats moved as one and not until the last moment did the Varsity crew nose out their adversary, although it was unknown to them until they had come within hearing range of those who had seen the finish of the race. So the cox'n, Main, took another ducking, which is the custom of victorious rowing crews.

Sailing

At the start of the school term sailing, with our equipment, was thought by the Athletic Committee to be impractical, and was therefore dismissed. However, the cadets most actively interested in sailing rallied together and with the enthusiasm and valuable assistance of Lieut. Winbeck, soon had chosen five crews of eight cadets each.

Keels were designed and attached to the whaleboats which made them even more efficient than the highest expectations. A system of rules for racing, starting and scoring was made and list of sailing dates posted. The racing season was off to a fine start.

Despite a few unfavorable days for sailing, enough races were run so that scoring points could be totaled. L. H. Erickson's crew, with the able assistance of Cadet Aker, emerged the winner of C.M.A.'s first organized racing season.

Basketball

Basketball season started at C.M.A. 'way back in September, 1940, when an inter-class league was organized by John Cleborne, and all classes whipped teams into shape for the competition. The league was so arranged that each team would play each others quintet twice.

From the very first it was evident that the big battle for championship would be between the third class deck and the fourth class "B" section. When league action was underway these two teams ran over their respective opponents with flying colors and when they met on the court, the third class deckman whipped the swabs in both games, leading the league with all wins and no defeats.

After the league schedule, a playoff was arranged between the two top teams. Of the three games the third classmen won two and the fourth class "B" section won one, thereby making the deck boys of the class of '42 the official winners.

At the end of intramural competition, Mr. Hansen, then acting as coach, selected a Varsity squad. The squad, arrayed in their new gold and blue uniforms, started its season by beating Tamalpais High School and then lost by a very narrow margin to the Oakland High School Varsity.

After drydock at Moore's, the ship moved to pier 54, San Francisco, where the casaba stars entered a few church and fraternity games.

The starting and second string lineups are as follows:

First string: L.F., Geandrot; R.F., Lafrenz; C., Stendahl; R.G., Wilson; L.G., Young.

Second string: L.F., Horn; R.F., Rhoads; C., Woods, L. D.; L.G., Smith, R. L.; R.G., Knight; F., Dasso.

Mr. Hansen left the ship at the beginning of the cruise and Mr. Engs took his place as coach and faculty advisor. He showed his enthusiasm by arranging two games for the Varsity at Long Beach. These games, which were played against the Maritime boys of Long Beach J. C., were won by the kaydets by scores of 50-21 and 53-26. Although losing by such large scores, the Junior College boys put up stiff competition and there were times when the score was much closer.

At San Diego, the second port of the cruise, two games were arranged for the Blue and Gold five. The first game found the Academy hoopsters matched against the Marine Air Corps, San Diego base. From the start it was apparent that the Marines weren't going to be beaten very easily. The teams, never more than three points apart, battled to a do-or-die finish, which saw the C.M.A. quintet the victors by a score of 30-29.

The second game, another one arranged by Mr. Engs, found a very similar situation. Both teams, matched down to the last reserve, battled neck and neck all the way, but the final gun saw our opponents, men of the U.S.S. Reagle, leading by the score of 30-29.

After three weeks of cruising down the picturesque Mexican and Central American coast, we arrived in Panama to tangle with a team representing the City of Panama. C.M.A. quickly forged ahead and stayed so throughout the game, winning by the large margin of 50-22.

Continuing our way southward, we rounded in to Callao, Peru, there to find the Peruvian Athletic Commission very anxious to arrange a match between the cadets and the Peruvian "Champs." After taking a very decided beating of 37-13 from these young gentlemen, we learned that they were the league winners of South America, and to top that off, they had also played in the 1936 Olympics.

Upon reaching Long Beach after the long voyage home, the beaten but undaunted kaydets moved to a quick revenging victory of 32-25 over the Junto Club.

The end of a very successful season found the Blue and Gold five with a total of six games won against three games lost, with all hands eagerly looking forward to the starting of the next season.

Ramapo

The game Ramapo was originated by Captain Mayo as a diversion for the men aboard the Naval oil tanker "Ramapo." It was designed as an outdoor sport which would give the maximum exercise and enjoyment in the confined spaces of a ship at sea. It is played in the same manner as volleyball except that a nine-pound medicine ball, a smaller court and a higher steel net are employed.

Ramapo was inaugurated as a C.M.A. sport in August at the California City base. Captain Mayo, at a preliminary game, outlined the various rules and demonstrated the technique of the new game. It immediately became popular and a new court was laid out to accommodate the increased number of players. At the conclusion of the series the winning team was to be awarded a cup donated by Captain Mayo.

The first game of the series resulted in a victory for the third class engineers over the first class engineers. The swabs staged exciting matches with section A defeating section B. Section A followed their first victory with two successive wins over the third class tinkers and the third class deck hands. In the deck department the first class was decisively beaten by the third class in two games. Swab section B made their comeback with three straight victories, defeating the third class deck and the third and first class engineers. The climax of the series was the victory of section B over section A with the B team of Cadets Canepa, L. S. Peck and Dorcey acknowledged the champs of the Cadet Corps.

Handball

Faculty advisor, Mr. Robberson, can take a very low bow for introducing and sponsoring our base handball court. The idea, which was suggested at the introduction of the sports program, immediately caught fire with the cadets and became one of the most popular sports at the base. A brief history of the court shows that:

The humble shack at the pool contributed its walls to form the backboard of the court. Cadet players contributed the soles of countless shoes to wear down the rough cement. "Sammy" Heller claims to have left more rubber on the court than any other cadet, having gone through the soles of one pair of work and two pairs of tennis shoes. The generous Service Committee supplied gloves and regulation handballs to the cause. A pesky clump of poison oak took a terrific toll of these balls but the committee sportingly supplied more until N.Y.A. men cleared off the horticultural menace. This problem removed, another soon appeared. The Navy decided to store their chains and buoys right up to the sidelines of the court. Players, however, looked on the bright side of the problem and were glad the obstruction kept them from having to chase far flung balls. The cruise tore us away from our court, but cadets interested in the game kept playing handball on every Y.M.C.A. court in each port.

Winners in the doubles division of the tournament were: "Sammy" Heller and Lester Erickson. Winner in the singles was Willy Weldon with Erickson the principal

challenger. These results were no great surprise to other cadets because it was a foregone conclusion that these players would win, although the C. F. Smith and Paul Heard combination offered stiff competition.

Horseshoes

As the art of horseshoe pitching came to life at C.M.A., under the guidance of Chief Engineer R. C. Dwyer, there was a great number of aspirants, but they soon dwindled down, the "city slickers" being the first to fall by the wayside. It was decided that horseshoes would not be a major sport at C.M.A., because there were so few who could stand up against the pitching of E. T. Horn, "Squeeky" Weeks, "Panama" Huldquist, "Lenny" Pyle, Homer Karr and the late "Sho" Schoenfeldt. During the cruise this quartet felt capable of defeating any foreign competition that might be offered, but, much to their surprise, the foreigners just haven't found out that there's a darn good game to be played with those old horseshoes that lay around Ye Olde Village Blacksmiths Shoppe, and they still have plenty of them south of the border. So the C.M.A. "pitchers" will close another year of pitching undefeated, untied and unplayed.

Baseball

All through the school term hearty interest was taken in the intramural softball games by all hands. The beginning of the school team series brought the first class engineers and the first class deck cadets together. The game was played in a drizzling rain that made the ball hard to handle. The game proved to be exciting, but it was called in the last half of the seventh inning because of the rain, with the first class engineers on the short end of a 10-8 score. The next game was between the first and third class deck teams. The first class deck triumphed again by beating the third class men 12-10. The first class engineers triumphed over the fourth class engineers in an exciting game ending with a score of 7-6. The game between the first class engineers and the third class deck and engineers was forfeited to the third class engineers. The first class deck at the top took on the third class engineers for the final play off in an exciting game which proved to be the downfall of the first class deck. Brilliant playing was shown by both teams, but the third class engineers came out on top with a score of 12-10.

The '41 cruise brought a new idea for an organized ball club for the Academy. "Squeeky" Weeks started the ball rolling by getting Mr. E. L. Robberson interested. When we arrived in Balbao, C. Z., a game was arranged and played with Pedro Miguel, who beat the Academy boys with a six run rally in the last half of the fifth. The game was called in the first half of the seventh because of darkness with a final score of 6-2. Upon arrival in Callao a game was arranged for and played with El Higa de Callao. The cadets started out strong in the first four innings with four runs; from there on they seemed to be in a rut. The cadets were beaten again by a score of 14-5.

The members of the club for the Pedro Miguel game were:

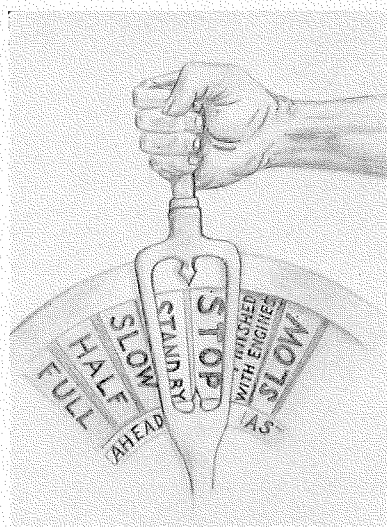
Weeks, c.; Horn, p.; Herd, 1st; Canepa, 2nd; Newman, 3rd; Knight, ss.; Rutherford, lf.; Dorsey, cf.; Prada, rf.; Pyle, utility; Owens, utility.

Callao game: Weeks, c.; Huldquist, c.; Horn, p.; Geandrot, p.; Heard, st; Durning, st; Canepa, 2nd; Newman, 3rd; Knight, ss.; Rutherford, lf.; Dorsey, cf.; Prada, rf.; Schwab, rf.

Book V

Practical Instruction

How often we have heard that all the "book larnin'" in the world will do us no good unless we can apply that knowledge in a practical manner. No doubt this idea was held prominently in mind when our curriculum was organized. Our plan of instruction might appear crude and disheartening to a newcomer at our Academy, but before his three years of intensified work and study are completed, he will realize that most important of all was that practical instruction which inculcated the principles of ship handling, construction and maintenance, and developed each cadet's power of reasoning. Yes, the theoretical side of our nautical future is also studied extensively, but it is that power of reasoning through practical application of our knowledge that inspires the confidence necessary to meet the perplexing situations encountered at sea.



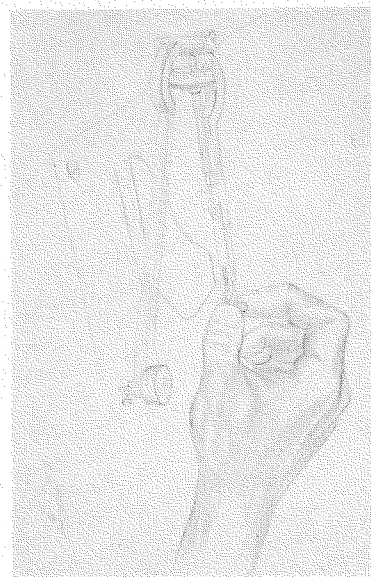
*Engine
Room
Telegraph*



*Knot-
tying*



*Plotting
with
Dividers*



*Use of the
Planimeter*

The Academy Alphabet



- A** is for apples, we polish so bright,
So that the officers will grade us right.
- B** is for boats, we've rowed and sailed,
Scraped and painted, launched and bailed.
- C** is for cruise, we look forward to,
And we're more than happy when the trip is through.
- D** is for duty, it always comes first,
We've taken it smiling and silently cursed.
- E** is for efficiency, we perform in a daze,
To try to obtain that "light brown haze."
- F** is for failing, horrible fate,
By which one becomes "a guest of the State."
- G** is for girls, we try to impress,
With chivalrous gestures and neatness of dress.
- H** is for home, we wish we were there,
When worries of studies cause us despair.
- I** is for initiative, which we should use,
But when we try it, complaints are profuse.
- J** is for "Java," we like ours strong,
When watches are tiresome, and hours are long.
- K** is for knock-off, hark! bugle so sweet!
Recall from work, get ready to eat.
- L** is for liberty, the love of our life,
To escape for awhile this confusion and strife.
- M** is for mast, where demerits are given,
Liberties are lost, and life ain't worth livin'.
- N** is for nuts, they grow on a tree,
Or come on bolts, or go to sea.
- O** is for oars, those rough strips of ash,
Bent by the brawn that's built by the hash.
- P** is for pancakes, round and thick,
Used as collision mats, they sure do the trick.
- Q** is for quartet, of first class engineers,
Requests are for silence, augmented by jeers.
- R** is for report, sometimes "You're on,"
And you stay aboard when your friends are gone.
- S** is for Soogie, our canine mascot;
He's a very true friend, we love him a lot.
- T** is for the "Ticket," we hardly can wait,
For the day when we get it and graduate.
- U** is for "ultimatums," again we have scored,
Like handbills they're tacked on the bulletin board.
- V** is for valves, all over the ship,
Pack them tightly, or they surely will drip.
- W** is for watches, in port or at sea,
"Four on and eight off"—wherever it may be.
- X** is for xylophone, on a Mexican hill,
No word will do, so this is a fill.
- Y** is for yachtsmen, we meet here and there,
They cross 'neath our bow and get in our hair.
- Z** is for zeal, the quality dear,
The P.O.'s have shown throughout the year.

The Class of '42

The third classmen feel now that they are fully capable of assuming their new duties during their last year at the Academy. During the past twenty-two months they have worked hard, studied hard and played hard, each one striving to make the most of the opportunities afforded to him by this school.

In their work they have been thorough, doing each job to the best of their ability — ability which is constantly being improved by the painstaking efforts of the instructors. It is also felt that they owe much to the graduating class, for they have willingly, and often at a sacrifice of their own time, helped the third class to a better knowledge of ship handling, maintenance, navigation and the intricacies of marine engineering.

In their studies they have been diligent, acquiring as much of the theory of maritime work as possible, both in classes and in conversation with instructors. They are all looking forward to the opportunity to apply their theoretical learning on other vessels as well as the California State.

They have played hard, too. Though this is not a school in which athletics plays a major role, they have, and will continue to keep up the powerful crews and splendid teams of basketball, tennis, baseball and water polo. The third class appreciates the extra hours of recreation given to them by the adoption of the new school schedule and feel that it plays an important part in building the cadet sound in body as well as in mind.

The Class of '43

On the eventful day of August 6, 1940, fifty-three young men began a new life. A lot of water has passed under the schoolship since then, but like all the other classes, the time most prominent in their memories is that first week. New gear, stencilling, mess, "yes, sir," "no, sir," "mister," "deck," "overhead," "ladder," "bulkhead," etc., all new experiences and terms drilled into the bewildered "swabs."

The class was very quick in discovering that in unity there is something or other that made the group function much better as a whole. W. C. Tourtilotte was elected the class President with various other officers to complete the organization. In order to acquaint themselves with one another, several open house parties were held at the home of fourth classmen. For entertainment of the whole school, they put on several "Swab Smokers," which became better and better as the members of the class lost their shyness.

After a long overhaul period in which the swabs did their part of scrubbing, chipping and painting, the great day arrived—the beginning of their first cruise. A rivalry sprang up between the cadets of Northern and Southern California, but the rain in both San Francisco and Long Beach settled the argument, temporarily. The waters of foreign lands were safely navigated and the fourth classmen learned of new illnesses they had not encountered in their youth such as sea-sickness and "channel fever."

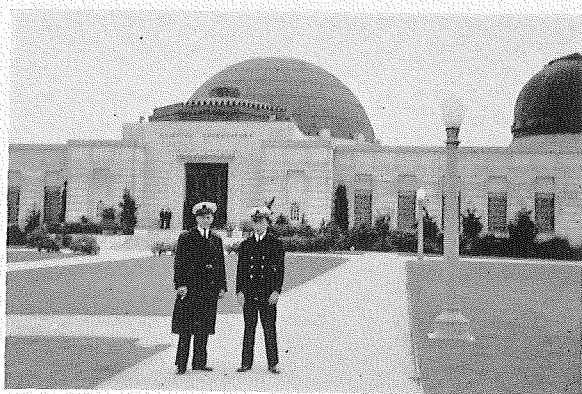
By the finish of the cruise they had definitely made up their minds as to whether they were best fitted for engine room or deck work; but no matter what the choice, the cadets are determined to be loyal to the class of '43.

Book VI

The Cruise of 1941

THIS cruise might be brought to you in the form of a boring travelogue with a scattering of strange and picturesque names to keep your eyes from wandering from pages of solid print; but why do that? We can bring you the whole cruise through the colorful adventures of a typical cadet from the Bay Area, Abskonk Fromph.

On the morning of January 15 the California State was ready for the annual cruise of 1941, her hawsers nearly pulled the bollards from pier 54 as the main engine warmed up. Abskonk was on the pier in the rain with his best (so far as she knew) girl



*Cadets Visiting
the Planetarium
at Griffith Park*

and his folks rendering eloquent farewells that he practiced the two years before.

"Yes, yes, I'll take care of myself, you do the same—yes, plenty of money,—I'll remember, etc." And then to his girl with a warm embrace, "I'll miss you, honey, I'll be thinking of you every moment of the time, and every moment will be like a century." Then he left her dripping with sorrow, San Francisco rain. While he lumbered up the brow to the forward deck the mild cloudburst outdid itself and the heavens really opened up! The last line was pulled aboard; the last wave was gestured; the ship set her bow towards the Golden Gate, and Fromph stepped into the messdeck from the rain in time to hear some Southern California "beachboy" make a crack about the sunshine they would have within two days.

Long Beach

Fromph, a resident of the Bay Area, was positively delighted at the bluish hue that crept upon his face when the California State rounded the San Pedro Lighthouse; —a hue brought about by the "warm sunshine and gentle breeze" that swept across the world's greatest man-made harbor. The pilot came aboard and brought the ship into the dock just west of the Navy landing—across the street from the Harbor Department Building, so the crowd that waited for the ship to come to pier "A" greeted the cadets

a bit late. The first group of visitors to cross the gangway was the welcoming committee from the Long Beach Chamber of Commerce.

The itinerary called for ten days in Long Beach. Ten days that meant many glorious liberties for those lads whose homes were in Southern California — ten days that couldn't possibly mean anything but boredom to Fromph. His remarks about the

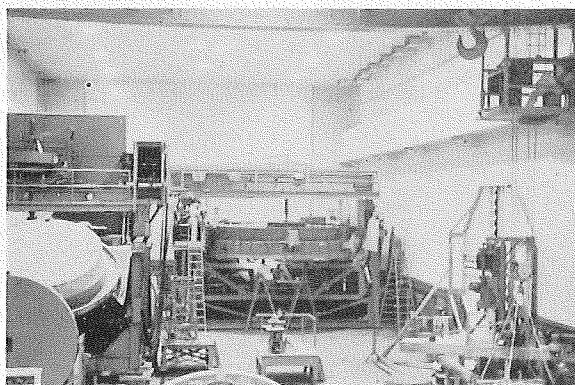


*Visiting Hours
Aboard Cal. State
at Long Beach*

weather bit deeply into the hearts of the "beachboys" when they returned from their liberties through torrents of liquid sunshine. "How did you make it back to the ship, on a ferry on the Los Angeles River, or in a rowboat down Long Beach Boulevard?"

Between rains and watches he made one trip to the pike at Long Beach. The latter took a terrific toll on his billfold so he decided to stay aboard until the buses pulled up on the dock to pick up the cadets for a tour.

When Fromph found that the tour for the cadets included an excursion through the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios his mind suddenly became a maelstrom of beautiful



*Grinding of 200-inch Lens
at California Institute
of Technology*

feminine movie stars, and with his uniform brushed "sharp as a tack" he made it a definite point to be the first one in the bus. The bus drove through acres of studios with one brief stop and no girls! The guide attempted to console Fromph by saying that it was a bad day, all the stars were home at the time and the studio was far ahead of production schedule. Fromph still did not believe that all the famous old scenes compensated for his not seeing the movie stars. From the studio the buses proceeded to the world famous Hollywood Bowl where Abskonk indulged in some first class scenery and a home cooked luncheon in the Tea Room. After the luncheon the swift Greyhounds transported the cadet engineers to the California Institute of Technology

and the deck cadets to the Griffith Park Planetarium for the remainder of the afternoon.

It turned out to be a lucky thing that Abskonk had a good friend from Los Angeles who found him a date for the Long Beach dance for the cadets and officers; although the dance with a great entertainment program turned out to be a great success, a member of the Chamber of Commerce failed to make arrangements with some thirty girls for some of the boys from the North. That night Fromph fell for his date in a big way. He went into Los Angeles on one of his liberties to see her; there she promised to be on the dock to say goodbye to him if he would come to see her again sometime.

The rain slackened during the week until Wednesday, the twenty-second of January, when the sun broke through the clouds and brought forth an ideal day for the luncheon aboard the California State. Members of the Long Beach Chamber of Commerce and the Los Angeles Propeller Club were present and each cadet was introduced to one of the distinguished guests to entertain and guide about the ship. The forward well deck under the awning provided an ideal spot to have the buffet style luncheon, as well as to listen to the speakers of the occasion: R. C. Chandler, Capt. C. B. Mayo, Mayor Gentry and Capt. Kaufman.

The sight of the crowd on the dock and the slowly turning propeller in the water meant that the schoolship was ready to cast her line loose and start the second leg of her 1941 cruise. The tires of a bright blue roadster squealed as the car pulled up to a stop near the dock. In it was the girl that Fromph had taken to the Long Beach dance. The squeal had attracted his attention as he watched the crowd through a porthole; as soon as he had recognized her, Fromph made a quick dash over the gangway and left the O. D. spinning in the draft. They rushed into each others arms and with a rib-crushing hug he left her with, "You almost didn't make it, Honey. Surely I'll write you. Gee, I'll miss you every moment—and every moment will be a century."

When the training ship docked again in Long Beach on the return trip several of the first classmen were given liberty for a full week-end. Instead of Fromph's staying aboard for the luncheon given by Capt. Henderson, he and two other cadets hit the road in a borrowed ja-lopy for a trip to Lake Arrowhead. The dazzling white snow there provided the brightest possible background for the happy cadets as they sledged and skied quite gracefully in their dress uniforms.

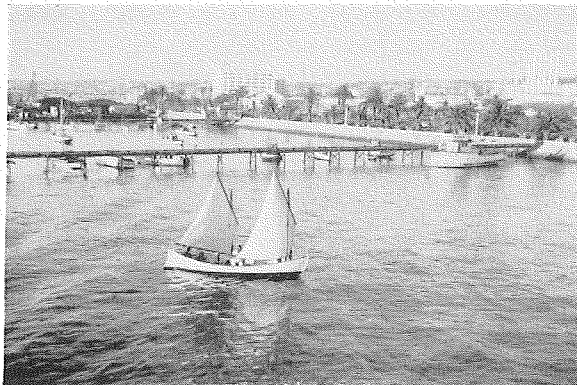
A cold developed from this hilarious playday which kept Fromph aboard most of the stay. This was sad, for he didn't get to see that "Honey" that he had met on the way down the coast (not that he particularly intended to see her).

San Diego

It might be well to mention that Abskonk Fromph was, and indications show that he always will be a 'gator; so in this port the most important thing to him (outside of the girls) was the Service Committee's purchase of several popular records for the entertainment of those aboard during the cruise. At sea he was always able to "chase away the "blues" by letting the phonograph blast out with a few swing numbers.

Experience from the two previous cruises taught Abskonk that conservation of

financial resources was of paramount importance in order that the last half of the cruise may be enjoyed as well as the first half. He knew the ins-and-outs of San Diego almost as well as he knew his home town, but upon close observation of his wallet and his little black address book he decided that the first liberty was going to be one of relaxation and education at Balboa Park. Naturally, the zoo attracted his interest more than any other of the classic sights; he seemed to feel quite at home sharing his peanuts



*Cadet Sailing Crew
in Waters of
San Diego Bay*

with the monkeys. The trained seal performance must have left a great impression on Fromph, too, for the next day he was discovered in remote corners of the berth deck trying to balance cigarettes and marlin spikes on his nose.

His next liberty was on the day that the Chamber of Commerce held the dance for the Academy, so Abskonk waited until after evening mess before he snapped those collar buttons in place for the last time that evening. It seemed that quite a group of cadets had discussed having a get-together at "Ye Golden Lion Tavern" before the jig, so as soon as Fromph left the gangplank his instinct became his guide and just after seven o'clock he stomped into the tavern while a brightly-colored, nickle-devouring music contrivance blared out the corny strains of "San Antonio Rose." In order to keep from being driven to insanity by this tune, Fromph rushed to the juke box and regulated the buttons for four bits worth of jive. He sat at a table near the music with a coke at each elbow, knocking his bony knees together with the rhythm, and scowling at anyone who showed the intention of tinkering with the source of his simple entertainment. Cadets soon filled the tavern and ordered drinks. Fromph, the culmination of fortitude, stuck to cokes and left early for the dance; he knew that the girls there were from the best sororities of the State College, and aside from the fact that the "early bird gets the worm," worms were very hard to hold.

After checking his hat and entering the ballroom, he lamped the sweetest dish in a black evening dress near the entrance. With a forced air of nonchalance he started across the floor only to be nosed out by a popular member of the first class deck class. Fromph fell again, for although he danced with several beautiful girls during the evening, he could not take his eyes or mind off his dream (of the evening) who was gliding about in someone else's arms.

His last liberty in San Diego covered the latest shows—it would be the last he would see of popular pictures for quite a while. Then on the morning of February 4, the "invincible white rocket" again turned her sharp bow out of the Harbor of San Diego headed for the first foreign port of the 1941 cruise.

Acapulco

He had been trying for hours to get some sleep on a locker top, but when he heard that the ship was rounding Roqueta Island, Abskonk could not withhold his anxiety. He ran up topsides in time to see the anchor splash into the pale blue of the former volcano crater, now a prominent Mexican harbor in which the California State



*At the Old
Spanish Fort in
Acapulco*

seemed a mere model among the beautiful surrounding hills. The running boat's short trip ashore hardly gave Abskonk enough time to get good pictures from the bay of the historic Spanish fort and the town, nestled down by the water's edge.

Armed with the sad information that the water in Acapulco was not to be touched, Fromph sauntered directly to the "Siete Mares Tea Room and Dinette." There he sat with a coke at each elbow while cadets came and went. The cool glasses formed wet rings on the table, and with his pocket knife he formed a sharp "A.F.-'41." Olaendora and Ilodia, two little native girls selling shell necklaces, remembered Abskonk from the year before and they cemented their friendship by selling him another necklace and taking him to the post office. He spent a horrid half an hour trying to buy an airmail stamp from the clerk, and decided to brush up on his Spanish before taking another liberty.

Returning to the Plaza, Abskonk is overcome by the sight of a bright but slightly battered Harley Davidson (which incidentally belonged to a Lieutenant of Highway Police). His emotions overcame his good sense and he proceeded to take the motorcycle for a spin over Caleta Beach and vicinity. He parked the vehicle, exposed his boney body to the powerful actinic rays, snatched a pair of diving goggles from another cadet and plunged into the warm tropical water. He found much in the way of submarine beauty, and especially interesting was the scientific species of porcupinus needle-fus which peacefully resided between the rocks and didn't like company.

On his return, the Lieutenant, much to Abskonk's amazement, proved to be a good guy and instead of throwing him in the klink, said that he could use the Harley the next day. Well, Abskonk had no liberty the next day so he promised the Lieutenant a tour of the Great White Yacht and when the Lieutenant left on his tour of duty he lingered on watching the bootblacks scramble for smokes.

Panama

At 0500 in the morning there was barely a glow in the eastern sky when the starboard anchor smacked the black, still water of the Canal's outer harbor, but Abskonk who had already stood the 8 to 12, had been sitting by the night lunch for over an hour, guzzling coffee and dumping his sorrows to a sleepy classmate, Rusty Schoenfahl. "—so I got only two hours sleep, so I'll wait until we have collision mats for breakfast, so I turn to all morning, so if I can still walk I get liberty about noon." "Yea, I know some gals here, but they couldn't hold a candle to those back in God's country."

It so happened that Abskonk left the ship just before noon mess with the same classmate that he sat up with in the morning. They raised as little dust as possible with their white shoes until they came to the shady trees of Balboa Drive—then the Balboa Clubhouse. It was lunch hour for all workers as well as for the nearby Canal Zone J. C., so the clubhouse was packed. As they stumbled past crowded tables and black waitresses, Abskonk made some comment about the improvement in the beauties there. They were about ready to give up looking for a place, when a pair of queens in a far off corner signaled that they would share their table with the discouraged ones.

"Keep your fingers crossed, Fromph," whispered Rusty.

"Yea, forget what I said this morning, we're steppin' tonight."

A ten-minute period before the girls left was ample time to learn that their names were Rosita and Victoria, have three sodas and make dates for that night. As the crowd thinned out, they settled back in their chairs and ordered sizzling fillet mignon.

He had some shopping to do, and as a grim grin of vengeance crept over his face he thought of the Hindu shops that "stuck" him the year before. "I'll make those slant-eyed chiselers wish they had never seen a cadet!"

There was something different about the shops, each had a sign displayed in front "uno precio." He didn't know that it was only a new law that required the sign and it didn't mean a thing, so he thought to himself as he entered a well-known shop, "Well, maybe we can get a square deal now." Everything did have a price tag on it, but what prices. Abskonk took no chances and began sparring for a lower price right off the bat. The Hindu gave way to his strong bargaining, but not much. Soon Abskonk was a writhing puddle of perspiration; the Hindu's smile changed to a serious frown, and his brow was covered with beads of sweat. Not until half an hour later did the oral storm subside and Fromph considered himself the victor as he walked out with ten "T" shirts, a dozen pair of black socks and several dollars worth of souvenirs. The Hindu waved his fists in the air wailing about the money he had lost on the sale until the triumphant uniform disappeared, then he pulled out his handkerchief and mopped his brow; a broad smile crept over his face.

Fromph glanced disgustedly at his scuffed white shoes as he stomped along the dock toward the bow of the California State; he hesitated before ascending. The sun was setting behind the wooded hills bordering the canal entrance; shafts of bright orange poked from the crest of the sharpest hill as they reflected from purple-tinted

clouds that disappeared over the gray Pacific. "I still like California better," he said to no one but himself, and hurried over the gangway. Below, he dumped the packages into his transom locker, and called for Rusty. A muffled answer drifted from between two folded bunks, "Whassamatter?"

"Rouse out of that f— s— and get dressed, Vic and Rosie will be by for us in less than twenty minutes and I'm starved."

Rapid progress was made in the line of shower, shave, shine, etc., by the quick-change artists which brought them on deck twenty-five minutes later adjusting their ties. The girls hadn't arrived. Darkness deepened while Abskonk and Rusty nervously paced a coat of "red deck" off the forward well deck. Only forty minutes late, the girls drove up to the foot of the brow in a new sedan. The cadets ignored the feeble excuses of the girls as the four sped off to Balboa Beer Garden.

A storm of Panamanian rhythm fell upon their ears when they entered the Garden and a neatly attired but very lazy and very black waiter guided them to a small table in one corner of the moonlight-flooded patio. A round of drinks was ordered, and a typical Panama liberty was under way. Just like the year before, the cadets decided that this orchestra had too many intermissions and before their appetites were fully whetted they made their way to El Rancho for a dinner of fillet mignon. Between dinner courses the cadet 'gators, fresh from the States, got the girls hep to the latest jive while they reciprocated by improving the boys' rhumba; the orchestra, of course, tried every type of number for the entertainment of all, but did their best on the moracas, bones and tomtoms.

The four rounded off the evening by driving to the Atlas Beer Garden and watching the entertainment until it was nearly the midnight hour—when the sea-going cinderellas had to be aboard the ship.

The farewell to Rosie and Victoria was a "mushy" affair, the cadets made dates for their return to the Canal Zone and Abskonk's parting words had something to do with moments and centuries. The cadets checked aboard at 2359½ laughing over the fact that since they have come to the Academy they have been driven by girls back to the ship more times than they have driven any girls to their homes.

Callao, Peru

On a bright morning in February (February mornings in South America are bright), 85 new shellbacks awoke to behold for their first time the Harbor of Callao, Peru, and the anchor of the California State dropping in line with those of four German vessels on the seaward side.

Abskonk and other members of the first class who visited this port in 1939 had already passed word to the newcomers regarding the superiority of Lima over Callao; therefore, there was little wonder that the first liberty party all but trampled the "bums" on the dock when the boatload of cadets swarmed up and over the stone steps that comprised a boat landing. The cries of the "merchants" such as "Gimme 'Merican cigarette" and "Look, senors, alpaca fina, joost feel the quality!" went unheard.

When Fromph had his money multiplied by 6½ and counted in "Sole," he gave some swabs a demonstration on "beating the taxi racket" and six of them hopped

into the cab and started off to Lima for half the price the driver had asked. Eight miles later they got out of the taxi by the Hotel Bolivar and Fromph stood for over a minute on the curb and blissfully reminisced, "Yep, the plazas, theaters, parks, shops, restaurants still the same—dammit, shops battened down like hatches for siesta time." "Come on, let's put away a little grub, it's too hot to shop now, anyway," and he started across the street at a good pace. He entered the "Trocadero," woke up the



*Bull Fight
in Lima*

proprietor, and demanded a round of fillet mignon. Half an hour later the waiter, who seemed badly in need of the remainder of his siesta, nearly passed out when Fromph ordered "Sies filets mas, pronto."

About four in the afternoon the shopkeepers finally pushed aside the strong iron grates that guarded their window displays from "troubles" and our experienced bargainer worked on about eight shopkeepers to get the idea of prices before he settled down to conscientious buying. He haggled in English, Spanish or sign language, which ever seemed easiest at the time, for purchases of blankets, furs or silver, until his person was so loaded with the Peruvian cargo that his knees began to give out. "Well, that settles the souvenir problem for Lima—gotta find a swab to bring these blankets



*Hotel Bolivar (right)
and City Square, Lima*

back to the shop. Wheww, just enough Soles left to see a show and have a couple of filets before liberty's up."

The next day Abskonk was restricted aboard, so late that afternoon he settled down to see what he could do about all those letters he had promised to write. He thought out loud to himself as he hauled his writing equipment down to the recreation room, "I know, I'll make a stock letter for all my friends, then change each one

a little—Hmm, the encyclopedia—Cab, cad, cam, Ha! Callao.” With a slight mark of surprise he read, “Callao is the chief port of Peru, having 60,000 citizens. It is eight feet above sea level. Its important exports are wool, silver, hides and copper.” “Now wouldn’t that make a hellova letter!” and from then on he proceeded to paint his word-picture to home on onionskin paper, outlining strictly the cadet’s viewpoint of Callao and Lima.

Other cadets who returned from the first two days of liberty had impressed Abskonk that the only way to spend the afternoons was to go bathing at the Heradura Beach. Because he had the shopping problem off his mind, Abskonk spent



*Guards at the
Governor's Palace, Lima*

the remainder of his afternoon liberties at the beach until he had acquired the most radiant coat of what he thought would be a tan—until it peeled off a week later.

The day before the California State weighed anchor in the Port of Callao, our pen-pal was again seated in the ship’s recreation room finishing the last of his letters to home. “—cadets were often heard to remark of the great number of Americans and Englishmen living in Peru. These people proved to be exceptionally friendly and interested in the cadet corps, and many fine friendships were formed. The hospitality of the Americans in Peru was shown by the reception given for the officers and cadets on Saturday evening following arrival at Callao. This reception was given by the American Ambassador to Peru at the Lima Country Club; many subjects of the British Empire and Peru were present. Cadets and señoritas danced to the music of a Peruvian rhumba band and we had a swell time. I and a great many others from the ship went to see the bull fight in the Plaza de Toros at Lima. Of course it’s only my opinion that six days are entirely too few to spend in what most of the cadets consider the best foreign port of the 1941 cruise.” But the next day there was a very noticeable gleam of anxiety in Fromph’s eyes as he stood on the forward well deck watching “land on the starboard side.”

Santa Barbara

The short trip from Long Beach to Santa Barbara was made during the night so when Abskonk awoke at reveille in the morning he could tell by the silence of the main engine and the lazy roll of the ship that she was anchored in the harbor of Santa Barbara. From deck he beheld the beautiful harbor with waves lashing against the breakwater and yachts peacefully moored within. The sun rose in golden splendor lending brilliance to the stucco homes that covered the green hills surrounding the town and valley that leads to the waterfront.

No liberty for Fromph on this first day either; he was on the running boat detail. Optimistically he figured that this was better, because with the return of the other cadets he could find out what to do and what not to do in the way of pastime in this port, thereby profiting from their losses. Each boatload of cadets bound for the ship had favorable comment. "All the buses are free for us." "All the shows are free—good shows, too." "We're going to have a tour through the State College tomorrow." "The draft has swept most of the boys into the service and the girls are in a majority of three to one—what a town!" And with one of the boat trips, late that evening, came real music to his ears, "There's going to be a dance tomorrow night—fifty girls with cars will be on the dock for us at eight o'clock."

During this part of the cruise Fromph's billfold became very thin, well, more than thin, he was counting his financial figures in negative numbers. He wanted to pay back the money he owed, yet he wanted money for liberty. Like a flash an idea hit him and before going on the tour to the college he stuffed a pocket with Peruvian silver ornaments; yes, some of the presents he was bringing back to the folks, but who would know the difference?

One o'clock that afternoon his buddy, Rusty Schoenfahl, met him practically skipping out of a hock shop and whistling. Upon being questioned about the mirth, Abskonk showed a small roll and laughed, "Look, I just cleaned a sucker out of twenty per cent more than I paid for those cheezy souvenirs." "I'm hungry, come on and have a fillet mignon dinner on me."

Maybe living together all the time had something to do with it, but somehow, all of the cadets who were going to the dance that night struck on the same idea, namely, "The hell with waiting on the dock, I'm walking over to the hall and get first choice of the gals." Again there was a discrepancy in arrangements, for there were not enough girls to go around. Nevertheless, Abskonk got his, while many were turned away from the door with tears in their eyes. The girls, a gorgeous lot, were an organization called the Coedets and it seems that like a fleet of angels they have taken it upon themselves to provide entertainment for such groups as Flying Cadets or Nautical School Cadets. Fromph never was too observant and half the evening had passed before he noticed that his date was wearing a ring exactly like one that he had sold that day to the merchant for a dollar. Quote she, "It's a real Peruvian silver, you can tell by the '900' mark, and after a strenuous session of bargaining, I practically stole it from the man for three dollars." It took three glasses of punch and quite a bit of slapping to bring Fromph to again.

Music (?) was furnished by an uncontrollable juke-box that specialized on a

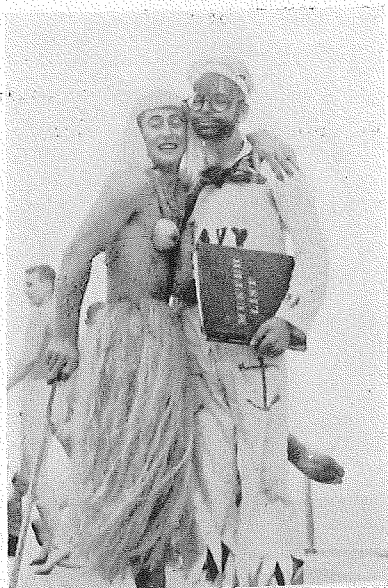
Viennese waltz and the over-popular "We Three." The lack of jive was getting under everyone's skin so they were all glad to start leaving early "to be sure not to miss the last shore boat."

Towards midnight the cars started to fill the beach near the breakwater and the guys and gals sat in the cars anxiously waiting for the shore boat not to come landing. But without fail it has always showed up on time and this night was no exception. The zero hour brought the cadets over the top—of the breakwater and upon the float with the girls. Fond (but definitely fond) adieus were being exchanged while the cox'n and launch motor both roared impatiently to get back to the ship.

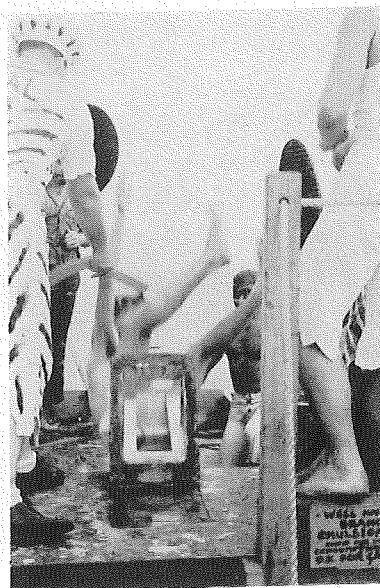


The Initiation of Shovey Smythe

SHOVEY SMYTHER dashes madly through the mess deck defying all laws of equilibrium. At the door to the forward well deck, starboard side, he comes abruptly to a halt, but not for long. He begins to mash and push his way through, along with a



*Davy Jones
and
Royal Princess*



*Into
the Tank*

score of other stampeding pollywogs. Ah! Fresh air, he ergs as he burst through. Shovey quickly and eagerly finds a place in the double rank of cadets.

A shrill and definite command of silence breaks through the babble of voices. All hands come to attention.

From out of the twilight, that highly honored old man, Davey Jones, and his retinue appear. There is John Silver and his bold buccaneers and the sea hag with her squad of gruesome goons.

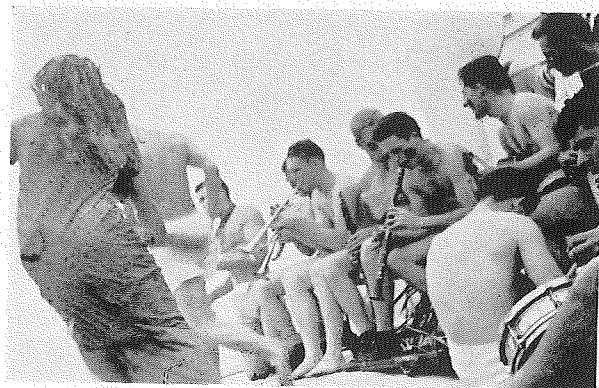
Shovey sneaks a glance to the side. What he sees awes and terrifies him. Davey

Jones breaks the silence and reads King Neptune's warrant. Shovey trembles as he hears himself referred to among other things as beach comber, sea lawyer, plow deserter, Culbertson addict, etc.

The warrant having been read, Davey commands, "Open ranks for inspection." John Silver, his bold buccaneers followed by the vicious and comical sea hag with her goons, fury creatures with a perverted sense of humor, pass poor, bewildered Shovey and his fellow pollywogs.

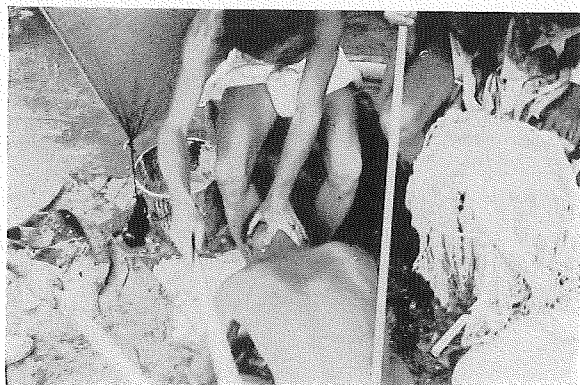
"Put out your chest! Stand erect!" Whack! Shovey gets it from both sides at once.

"Your tie is slipping!" A goon jerks Shovey's hat down over his eyes; another makes a noose of his tie. Shovey's last bit of courage slowly ebbs.



The Royal Band

"Here's your summons," cries a buccaneer. The trembling Shovey reads it. He expects only the worst. "Hey, you, up on the hatch." "Here! take this pan, those eggs and this salt, pepper and red lead and make a deep sea omelet." Shovey obeys



*Kissing the
Royal Baby's Feet*

trembling and perspiring profusely. Finished, the gorey mess is sampled by our hero. After futilely protesting, others, too, taste the glorious dish.

"Now dance!" Shovey puts on an amazing exhibition of something that appears to be a cross between a conga and the highland fling, aided, of course, by the circle of goons and their long bags of rope yarn. Whack! Crack! Shovey's ego is squelched now.

There as quickly as it happened, the royal retinue disappears into the gloom. The pollywogs have had a taste of what is to come at high noon the next day when old Neptune himself appears.

Shovey falls out and rushes back into the mess deck to escape it all.

"On your knees," a voice commands. "Help," thinks Shovey, now what? Before

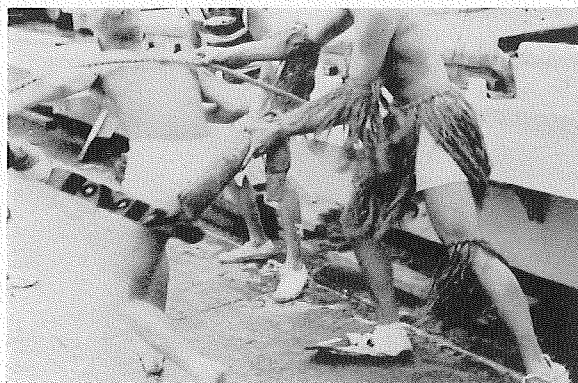
him stands the biggest, most gruesome goon Shovey has ever hoped not to behold. Shovey drops like a rock to his knees. "Now salaam and cry 'Praise to Allah'!" shouts the goon. "You must do this henceforth whenever you pass under an article of clothing of his royal highness, King Neptune." Shovey glances aloft. There from the overhead hangs a very dirty and holey sock. "What, bow to that," he cries in disgust. Whack!



*Inspection
of the Polywogs
by Neptune's Party*

Shovey commences to adore the object. Having paid tribute, he finally makes good his getaway and reaches his bunk. He prepares for a night's rest and is soon sound asleep.

He is awakened with a start—the goons have him again. It is two a.m. and Shovey protesting the while, is efficiently dressed and handed a can of brass polish. "Go out and polish the bell," he is ordered. After what seems to him an eternity, Shovey is relieved by a comrade in misery and sent below to clean the tank tops in the fire room.



"WHACK!"

Tired, dirty and very confused, Shovey climbs into his little sack and makes the most of what is left of his sleeping time.

Our scene opens again at high noon. Shovey in spotless dress white uniform and glistening black shoes stands at attention at formation of pollywogs on the starboard after well deck.

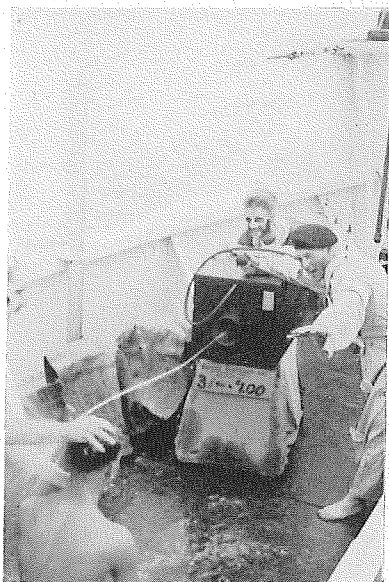
After about fifteen minutes of rigid attention, the silence is broken by far off strains of weird music gradually growing louder. Through the doorway files the retinue of the previous evening, all more horrible looking than ever. The royal band follows.

"Open ranks!" The inspection commences. "Pull in that gut, put out that chest, chin in." "Stand at attention." "Your face is dirty." A goon crows delightedly at Shovey as he smears Shovey's face with soot. "What a mess your tie is," says another, as he

nonchalantly tweeks Shovey's nose. A round of this and the pollywogs are ordered to go below, put on trunks and stand by in the mess deck.

Shovey's humble figure is seen first in line at the closed mess deck door port side. He is backed to a man by his fellow pollywogs, all eager to be first. The door is opened by a buccaneer. Shovey tries hard but can't quite get through in time to beat a rapidly descending paddle, Wack!

"Horrors," thinks he, as he beholds a line of goons and pirates through which he must pass to reach the throne of Neptune. Ropes are placed along the deck, Shovey crawls through, skoots under them. The paddles descend as he progresses. Inside the mess deck his shipmates hear a sound like the patter of hail on a tin roof, then silence. Shovey got through. "Bow down, you scurvy shiny, pollywog!" Shovey does so, eager to please. He kisses the emulsion-coated feet of his "royal highness," Neptune Rex.



*The Royal Photographer
Does His Stuff*

"On your way, bum, over here and have your picture taken." Shovey dashes to the seat before the camera and puts on his best smile. Swish! A stream of water issues with surprising speed from the camera. Shovey grins and bears it.

"Get over there on the hatch and dance!" Shovey does so but is soon stopped. "Here!" cries a voice. "You must try some of the royal porridge." A greasy, gooey, gorey dish is held to his nose. Quicker than he can bat an eyelash Shovey's face is smeared with the gooey stuff.

"Now for your bath," a goon gleefully shouts. Shovey is rushed up the ladder and seated on a chair with a hinged back at the top of large wooden tank. "First a shave," says an attendant. Shovey's face is smeared with a mixture of oil and water taken from the engine crankpits. Emulsion it is called, and looks like whipped cream.

Shovey submits and his head and body are well coated, then without warning, over backwards and into the warm tropical water. A gull winging by glances at the mad scene. Shovey's presence in the tank is indicated by a growing stream of bubbles. He shoots to the surface and hears the cry, "Hail shellback."

Tired, bruised, and gloriously happy, Shovey goes below and then to the showers.



Congratulations

Book VII

Third Class

DECK DEPARTMENT

Ramon L. Aker	<i>Ramon</i>
Theodore Blanckenburg	<i>Janet</i>
Robert W. Dasso	<i>Bob</i>
Irving C. Dietrich	<i>Irv</i>
Paul W. Heard	<i>Thunder</i>
James M. Kehlor, Jr.	<i>Kaylor</i>
Robert W. McAllister	<i>Seadog</i>
William D. McCaffrey	<i>Mac</i>
Paul S. Mead	<i>Navy Paul</i>
Laddin M. Meairs	<i>Laddie</i>
Fred A. Nied	<i>Fred</i>
Fred R. Petersen	<i>Pete</i>
Michael N. Quinn	<i>Mike</i>
Robert L. Rhoads	<i>Dusty</i>
Charles F. Smith	<i>C. F.</i>
Robert L. Smith	<i>Smithey</i>
Stanley J. Stendahl	<i>Swede</i>
Bob C. Welch	<i>Shallow Tank</i>
Robert C. Wilson	<i>Stud</i>
Jack L. Zenor	<i>Chesty</i>

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Arthur S. Behm	<i>Art</i>
Ralph D. Connell	<i>Reverend</i>
Richard F. Durning	<i>Dick</i>
Fred Feuille II	<i>Fuel Oil</i>
Ben W. Freeman	<i>Ben</i>
Alan Harvie	<i>Heave</i>
Erwin T. Horn	<i>E. T.</i>
Rudolph F. Huldtquist	<i>Panama</i>
Homer C. Karr	<i>Homer</i>
Phillip C. Marton	<i>Phil</i>
John E. McCarty, Jr.	<i>Mac</i>
Charles E. Pyle	<i>Lennie</i>
Anders K. Rasmussen	<i>Rass</i>
Andrew H. Rocca	<i>Rocky</i>
George H. Sattler	<i>Shadow</i>
Carlton S. Severance	<i>Sevie</i>
James Towar	<i>Tower</i>
Lloyd M. Weeks	<i>Squeeks</i>
Robert L. Young	<i>Bob</i>

Fourth Class

DECK DEPARTMENT

James T. Barrett	<i>Fangs</i>
Italo Canepa	<i>Al</i>
Joseph P. Cleary	<i>Joe</i>
William E. Crutcher	<i>Crutch</i>
William J. Dorcey	<i>Bill</i>
Milton C. Dunn	<i>Panama III</i>
William J. Fennick	<i>Wild Bill</i>
Francis A. Fillipow	<i>Poo-Poo</i>
John E. Gates	<i>Doc</i>
Frank D. Guertin	<i>Gertie</i>
Harlan Hall	<i>Halzie</i>
John Hansen, Jr.	<i>Johnny</i>
Seth Hargrave	<i>Seth</i>
Allen K. Hulme	<i>Kenny Boy</i>
Donald N. Kofoed	<i>Don</i>
Frank Luchsinger	<i>Lucky</i>
Noel B. Martin	<i>Tad</i>
John E. McDermott	<i>Mac</i>
Ralph L. Moon	<i>Tubby</i>
Ronald H. Muirhead	<i>Snuzzler</i>
Harold L. Olfield	<i>Sabu</i>
Edward F. Oliver	<i>Francois</i>
Leonard S. Peck	<i>L. S.</i>
Lothar R. Petersen	<i>Pete</i>
Richard M. Roche	<i>Cucaracha</i>
Hans E. Roehl	<i>Me and Rockerfeller</i>
Gordon C. Robinson	<i>Robbie</i>
Worth A. Starratt	<i>Worth</i>
Roger H. Swain	<i>Rodge</i>

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Charles R. Anderson	<i>Andy</i>
Edward B. Berryman	<i>Ed</i>
Benjamin R. Carlson	<i>Benny</i>
Robert R. Davidson	<i>Davie</i>
John F. Donohue	<i>L. C.</i>
Alan Dougall	<i>Doogit</i>
Weston C. Geandrot	<i>Buzz</i>
Leonard L. Gregory	<i>Peaches</i>
George E. Haas	<i>George</i>
Clen La Frenz	<i>Clen</i>
Theron C. Maland	<i>Chris</i>
Robert M. McCullam	<i>Mac</i>
Earl M. Medina	<i>Earl</i>
Donald S. Peaslee	<i>Peas</i>
Owen S. Thomas	<i>T. T.</i>
William C. Tourtilotte	<i>Turtle</i>
Leonard D. Woods	<i>Woodie</i>
Thomas J. Woods	<i>Tom</i>

Ship's Crew

SURGEON

DR. RUFUS W. HOOKER



RADIO OPERATORS

Earl R. Friis	First Operator
Carl F. Antone	Second Operator
Sirio Braccini	Third Operator

CREW

Eugene Harnwell	Chief Carpenter
Edgar J. Brown	Chief Laundryman
Allen B. Maas	Asst. Laundryman
Fred Ross	Steward
H. L. Rusher	Butcher
Clarence A. Morgan	First Cook
Charles E. Flaxon	Second Cook
George D. Gerhard	Baker
Walter E. Langren	Pantryman
Elmer Hazard	Wardroom Messman
Ralph R. Carter	Wardroom Messman
M. A. Seliger	Galleyman
J. J. Wujcik	Crew Messman
Ivan W. Noble	Cabin Messman



The Oiler's Lament

*To be thrifty they say, is wise indeed;
But why scrimp on oil when it's in need?
Though a penny saved be a penny earned,
The lack of lube means a bearing burned.*

J. E. McCARTY

AMERICAN-HAWAIIAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY



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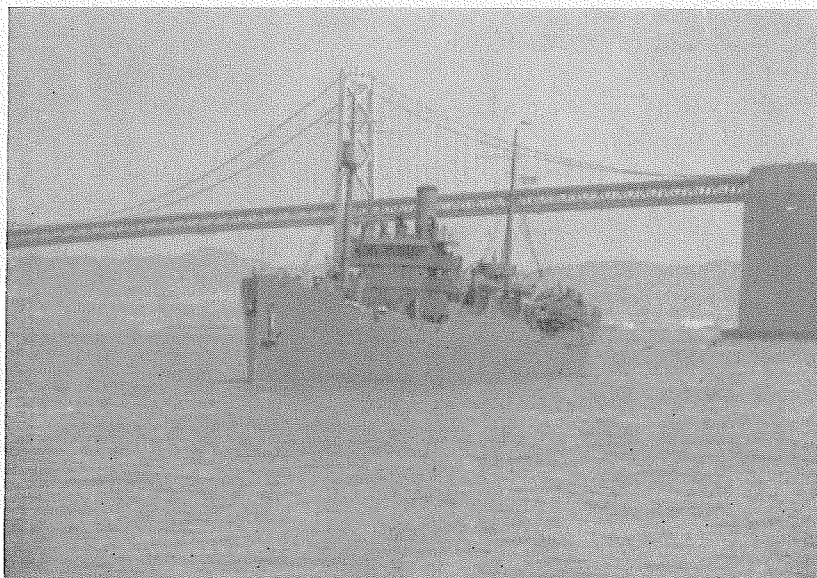
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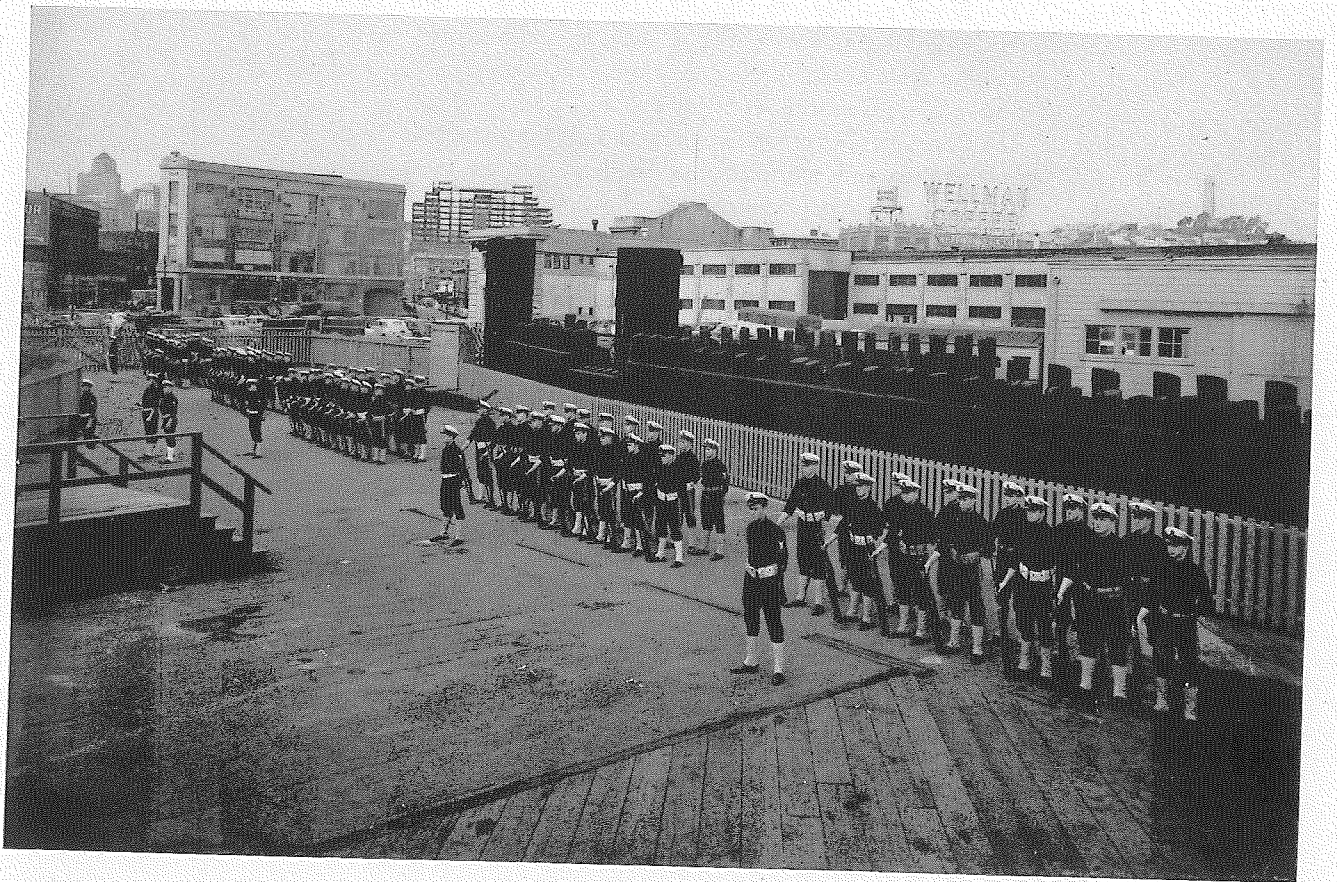
FOREWORD

This, the 1942 Hawsepipe, presents in word and picture the cadets of the California Maritime Academy. This yearbook was conceived and created in a particularly troubled period for the Academy. All through 1941 the schoolship was without a base. San Francisco's dingy Pier 54 was home to the Golden State for the greater part of the year. The cadets meanwhile continued their routine amid the crowded facilities of the ship, with ill-lighted classrooms and little or no recreational opportunities. In the fall of the year the old, unused north end of the Ferry Building was offered to the school. Shortly thereafter the ship tied up at Slip No. 2, landing of the Sausalito ferries of pre-bridge times. Only since then has there been any semblance of being settled. The classrooms and space for athletics were welcomed by the cadets, who had long craved a little elbow room.

Then the U. S. entry into the war made it necessary for the first class to graduate in January instead of June. A complete reorganization of the yearbook staff followed, with the present staff taking over. The transition from a peace to a war basis brought with it the customary excitement and confusion. The staff of the January class had to suspend all extracurricular operations to prepare for the examinations. The formation of the new staff took time, of course, but by the middle of February the yearbook which these words precede was well on its way.

The work on the book has been entirely outside of routine school activities. The staff has given freely of its meager spare time in order that the annual could be published. To these unselfish cadets, to Mr. Dodson, wardroom advisor; to H. S. Crocker Co., Inc., publishers; to Wesley Swadley, photographer, and to our advertisers, the editor is much indebted.

With this preliminary word, the Cadet Corps presents the 1942 Hawsepipe.



MILITARY DRILL

THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

The Board of Governors of the California Maritime Academy is composed of five members, four of whom are appointed by the Governor of the State of California and a fifth member who serves ex officio from the State Department of Education.

The Board of Governors is charged with the responsibility of the administration and control of the Academy and are in charge of its general operation and management. These men serve without remuneration and the thankless and sometimes fruitless battle for the interests of the school has been tirelessly waged by them. They are responsible in large part for the improved conditions and promising future of the California Maritime Academy.

The following are the members of the Board:

Mr. Mitchell Bourquin, Chairman, prominent San Francisco attorney, served in the Navy during World War I.

Mr. Ralph B. Sweeney, member of the law firm of Hansen & Sweeney of Los Angeles, is a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy, Class of 1920.

Mr. C. Rey Robinson, lawyer from Merced, is a Lieutenant in the U. S. Naval Reserve and represents the Navy in Civil Defense operations on the Coast.

Mr. Alonzo Owens, operating manager of Sudden, Christenson & Co., shipping brokers of San Francisco.

Dr. Joel A. Burkman, Assistant Director of Education, represents the State Board of Education, and has long served in the interests of the school.