

THE BINNACLE

Vol. II, No. 6

CARQUINEZ STRAITS

June, 1944

GRADUATION CLASS OF JUNE 1944, LEAVES

SIXTH WARTIME CLASS BIDS ADIEU

Once again the time has come for 54 well-trained young men to join the ranks of professionals. It is with an air of happiness, yet remorse, that these men leave our midst and venture forth on their own to carry out their chosen careers.

Following is the graduation program:

PROGRAM—GRADUATION CLASS OF JUNE, 1944

PROCESSIONAL

INVOCATION

Captain George L. Markle, (ChC), USN, Yard Chaplain, Navy Yard, Mare Island.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Captain Henry Blackstone, Member, Board of Governors, California Maritime Academy.

GODSPEED FROM CALIFORNIA

Honorable Earl Warren, Governor, State of California; Dr. Joel T. Burkman, State Department of Education.

WELCOME TO THE SERVICES

Rear Admiral M. Tisdale, Commandant, Navy Yard, Mare Island; Captain Norman L. Queen, USMS, War Shipping Administration.

WELCOME TO THE SHIPPING WORLD

Mr. F. A. Bailey, Executive Vice President, Matson Navigation Company.

Mr. Charles L. Wheeler, McCormick Steamship Company.

Mr. Eugene F. Hoffman, American President Lines.

RESPONSE BY MIDSHIPMEN

Chief Engineer Thomas D. Lewis.

ADMINISTERING OF THE OATH

Commander W. I. Stevens, USNR, Office of Naval Officer Procurement.

AWARDING OF LICENSES AND COMMISSIONS

Captain Claude B. Mayo, USN (Ret.); Commander W. I. Stevens, USNR.

SALUTE AND FAREWELL

Captain Claude B. Mayo, USN (Ret.).

BENEDICTION

Captain George L. Markle (ChC), USN.

RECESSIONAL

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

COMMANDANT'S FAREWELL MESSAGE

It has not been my good fortune to be here long enough to know many of the First Class personally. Those that I do know, give every evidence of developing into the kind of officer which this Academy desires to turn out. I feel sure that the conduct of each man will reflect credit upon himself and the officers responsible for his training.

To each and every one of you I say, good-bye — and good luck.

P. J. RASCH
Lt. Comdr., USNR
Commandant of Midshipmen



CAPTAIN CLAUDE B. MAYO

SUPERINTENDENT'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

We bid the sailor's farewell of "So Long, Shipmates" to the Class of 1944; I, with perhaps more than the usual reluctance. This class has endeared itself to us all by the conduct of its individuals and by the qualities of leadership it has so consistently demonstrated.

At each of these war-time graduations there is a feeling of solemn pride in our hearts as we see these fine young Californians go out to sea in the service of their country.

And they go out as leaders of men.

They sail beyond the distant sea horizons as Watch Officers in charge on the high bridges of our ships and deep down below in command of their engine room watches.

They are well prepared by their long hours of study and work; by the constant devotion of their instructors who have been faithful to their tasks.

We will follow your sea careers with an affectionate interest. In your keeping as graduates of the California Maritime Academy is the reputation and honor of your "Iron Mother."

We know that you will not fail.

So long, Shipmates, CMA 1944.

CLAUDE B. MAYO
Captain, USN (Ret.)
Superintendent.

THE BINNACLE WATCH

Monthly Publication by the Midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy

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THE BINNACLE LIGHT

C.M.A. has again graduated a wartime class. These boys have, in a way, been handicapped by the short course. Not as in regards to their proficiency in the art of seamanship, but rather in the sense that they have missed the sobering influence of the three-year peacetime course. While proficiency in technical subjects is merely a matter of study, the greater lesson, that ability to accept responsibilities that is an integral phase of command, or the elements of leadership, come from experience.

The graduate of a Maritime Academy may find the going a little rough for these very reasons. While no one is prepared to dispute his proficiency in the aforementioned technical subjects, the more practical aspect of his officer-like qualities, the congenial relationship between him and the men under him, and the dispatch with which he disposes of routine situations, are under continual surveillance by his superiors.

This observation by his superiors of his works will form their opinions not only of him, but of his school.

C.M.A. graduates have achieved an excellent mark in the Maritime world. When you, the class of June 1944, ship out as sea officers, you will be stamped with this mark. On you will rest the responsibility of upholding this mark. In your efforts to uphold the fine reputation of C.M.A., you should be ever watchful of the shortcomings caused by the shortened course. You have thought, a responsibility even greater than this. You have the responsibility of showing the fine, efficient, and gentlemanly instincts characteristic of a C.M.A. graduate.

Mariners know the C.M.A. mark. Lower this mark and you will drag down the name of every man who has graduated before you, and the name of those yet to enter C.M.A. Worse than that, you will ruin the name of your own classmates.

Keep the C.M.A. banner flying proudly and the reputation of its bearers will fly with it. Let the banner drop, the bearers drop with it.

GISMO

Stephenson kissing Detweiler in the berth deck . . . the "Bloody Broadway Battle" between the first and second class Engineers — McKune and Marinkovich favored over Bauer, Marsh, and Simpson . . . Roswell Howard Annin . . . Grundy, the scavenger of the mess deck, running around stealing all the bits of milk left in the pitchers.

Jeez Pipi, I put it in last time. What else do you want?

McDonald is having our new piano delivered right after graduation . . . say Rattray, it never took that long before to cure measles . . . Coleman says he was born with his chin on his chest and that's the way it's going to be—even when he eats . . . Chester "Hays" Tubbs.

Corrine Corrine,
The huge machine.

Cook sure has a lot of things to do on his next liberty . . . Woodard, according to latest communiques from the front, has had to replace his fingernails at last . . . where does "Arbuckle" find his new routines?

Sales being married the sixth of July—sweet dreams . . . Sieler finally got Moore's dagger out of his back . . . what conscientious quartermaster turned on the anchor lights in dry-dock? . . . we can still hear the echoes of Schwimmer cracking the whip over the awkward squad that afternoon . . . paging "Commander Tex Wolfskill" . . . Spieller still practicing communications with Patty Anne . . . the "Boat Deck Boys"—Cummings, Schwimmer, and Jahnson . . . Rados washing down the

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AMERICAN CARGO SHIPS MUST HAVE MEN TO SAIL THEM

By ADMIRAL EMORY S. LAND, USN (Ret.)

Chairman, United States Maritime Commission
Administrator, United States War Shipping Administration
(Reprinted through the courtesy of Mr. Ben Hibbs,
Editor, The Saturday Evening Post)

America is again a major sea power of the world. We have resumed the leadership that was ours in the great days of the Clipper Ships 100 years ago. In the four years since the debacle at Dunkirk, we have made up for the slump of that century. Our 2000 ships place us in the world as operating the greatest merchant fleet in history.

In peace, the merchant marine carries the nation's commerce, but in war the first obligation of the American Merchant Marine is to meet the requirements of the Army and Navy. Without this merchant fleet, we should be fighting on our own beaches. It would be impossible to bring the war to the enemy. But as the war is carried closer and closer to the enemy, the task grows harder. Five new ships a day are coming down the ways. Soon 4000 ships will be at sea. Those ships must support the attack that will bring victory.

Many of us seem to think that machine alone are the answer—so many planes, so many tanks, so many ships, and the job is done. Too few realize that our merchant fleet is useless without the work and sacrifice of thousands of merchant officers and seamen. Ships without men are helpless hulks of steel captive at their docks.

We who deal every day with the officers and men of the merchant marine see this as more of a job of men than of machines. These merchant seamen are not glamorous. They do not wear brass buttons or gold braid.

They are skilled and ready workers. They need to be, for their duties are as nerve-racking as any in the war. More than 5000 merchant officers and men have lost their lives in the service of their country. That is a higher ratio of loss than any other service. These men get little recognition for the part they play. They are paid for their work. Medals are given for outstanding acts of heroism and for battle wounds. Yet medals and pay are not what keep these men at their tasks.

Every day, five desperately needed ships come down the ways to carry cargoes needed by our fighting men and our fighting Allies. Eighty thousand men are needed this year to man those ships. Half of those men must be experienced and qualified men who have left the sea for better, more secure jobs ashore. They must make the same decisions those men already at sea have made. There is no way to force them to go, for the merchant marine is a volunteer service. We cannot afford to have a single experienced seaman or officer ashore, if he is physically able to go to sea. So great is the need that the Army will release experienced men for sea service. If they need retraining, the Government will send them to refresher schools.

The other half of those 80,000 men must come from those who have never been at sea. Their decision is even harder, but the need for them is just as great. They will be trained at Government expense. They will fill out the skeleton crews of experienced men borrowed from other ships. As rapidly as they gain experience, they will be trained for higher responsibilities. These men must be over twenty-six.

They must stay on the job. At present, 25,000 men are leaving the sea every year. Some are worn out, others in ill health. Yet many leave because of the attractions of home and shore jobs. Those who have stuck to their jobs are different. The skipper of a Liberty ship in the blazing hell at Bari reports, "I was very much satisfied with the splendid discipline shown by the men. Everyone was standing at attention in a perfect line, awaiting orders; there was silence among them; some were still assisting the wounded into lifeboats without crowding or excitement; yet there was the constant roaring of gunfire, explosions from ships burning, the S. S. Motley alongside ablaze, and the two other vessels alongside ready to explode at any time."

Now, as at other times in our history, American ships are carrying American cargoes to win the ultimate victory. And when victory is won, many of these men who sail in war will continue to sail in peace. They will if we get enough men now.

FIRST CLASS SAILS

On Friday, 26 May, members of the First Class undertook the semi-annual sail boat cruise that is sponsored for each First Class.

With the charts and plans already drawn up, preparations began at 0630 that morning for the trip. Boats 3, 4, 7 and 8 were rigged and fully equipped. The motor whaler also received special attention and was loaded with spare equipment and food.

Sail was set at 0800; fair weather and light breezes prevailed. The airs were so light that the boats barely kept steerage way until they reached the first objective. Upon arriving at point "A," the wind picked up and a new course was set. Right here let it be said that all hands evenly participated in carrying out the plans and figuring the calculations that were required. Even the Engineers proved fairly adept at a crude form of navigation and seamanship.

Rounding Angel Island into Raccoon Straits, our boys were becalmed, and remained so for the better part of two hours. However, sufficient "Westerlies" sprang up to allow them to reach their anchorage at Belvedere.

The motorboat arrived with the lunch at 1230 and took the men ashore. After eating one of Mr. Morgan's hearty and enjoyable meals on the beach, the Cadets spent quite a while meandering around the San Francisco Yacht Club. Many thanks must be extended to the Yacht Club for their courtesy in allowing Mr. Summerill the use of their dock to tie up our motorboat.

After a short sightseeing tour, the men returned to their boats and the motor whaler towed all four craft into the clear where there were gentle zephyrs playing with the waves. In fact, while passing by the Golden Gate, the wind increased to such a high velocity that all hands in each boat were forced to perch on the weather rail to keep the lee gunwhale from going under. None of the boats did any reefing although it looked several times as if they would have to. The waves are exceedingly large and every man became thoroughly drenched from the seas and spray.

The final average speed for the 24-foot whaleboats was 10 knots; for the 28-foot whaleboats it was almost 11 knots.

Considering all, the first sailing day of 1944 turned out to be a grand bunch of fun for the first classmen and Mr. Summerill.

"On the whole," declared Lt. Summerill, "the sailing day was extremely successful. All hands did a good job, handled their boats smartly, and I think the event was enjoyed by all."

The orders printed below are exactly those that the first classmen had to follow.

1. Take departure off the stern of the GOLDEN STATE with all sails set and the boat underway.
2. Proceed on True Course NORTH to Bell Buoy "A"—distance 2.2 miles. What is the compass error on this heading? What is the boat's speed?
3. With Bell Buoy "A" alongside, set course to 330 TRUE to Bell Buoy "B"—distance 1/2 mile. What is the compass error on this heading?
4. With Bell Buoy "B" abeam note time and change course to NORTH. Note time abeam BLUNT POINT and estimate speed. (Distance .8 miles.) Continue on course one mile. Take and record soundings at this point.
5. Change course to NORTHWEST and proceed to NORTH-HAMPTON SHOALS LIGHT abeam. How far off are you and what distance from last position? Take and record soundings at this point.
6. Proceed on same NORTHWEST course one mile and/or until BUOY No. 1 bears 45 DEGREES on PORT BOW. Note time.
7. Change course to SOUTHWEST and proceed to TIBURON TOWER ABEAM. What distance from last position?
8. From TIBURON TOWER abeam change course to WEST and proceed to BELVEDERE YACHT ANCHORAGE. ANCHOR and note time. Await other boats' arrival. Routine as per BOAT OFFICER. LUNCH.
9. Up anchor—note time—and proceed to PENINSULA POINT BELL BUOY No. 1. Note time.
10. From PENINSULA POINT BELL BUOY abeam and close to, change course to SOUTHEAST and proceed to BUOY No. 2 abeam. Estimate distance and speed. Take and record soundings near buoy.

11. Proceed SOUTHEAST ONE MILE, NOTE TIME, AND CHANGE COURSE to EAST.

12. Continue on this course until BLUNT POINT AND "A" PYLON of the S. F.-OAKLAND BAY BRIDGE is in line. What is the distance of this point? Change course and proceed in to ship on this range.

13. NOTE TIME OF ARRIVAL—TOTAL DISTANCE—TOTAL TIME—DETENTION—AVERAGE SPEED UNDERWAY.

(s) J. F. SUMMERILL,
Lieutenant, USNR, Boat Officer.

CADET OFFICERS CHOSEN

In an impressive flag ceremony, the new Cadet Officers for the July-December term, 1944, were announced:

The new officers relieved the first class of their duties June 5th.

Midshipman Captain.....JAMES E. SIELER
Midshipman Chief Engineer.....WILLIAM H. MCFARLAND
Midshipman Chief Petty Officer.....JOHN G. CARPENTER

DIVISION OFFICERS

JACKSON M. SMITH
JAMES B. HODGES
B. W. GILBERT SWANSON

* * * * *

PETTY OFFICERS, FIRST CLASS

FRED M. SCHWIMMER
MILTON H. KLEIN
RICHARD U. ROBISON

* * * * *

PETTY OFFICERS—SECOND CLASS

CHRISTIAN N. KROG
PAUL R. LAWRENCE
DAVID S. BARTLETT, JR.

We know, because of their outstanding qualifications, that these 12 strong-willed young men will lead the Corps of Midshipmen in bigger and more successful undertakings than ever before.

FIRST MEMBER OF GALLON CLUB

Hail to Milton Herbert Klein, that diminutive member of the second class who, on May 20th, donated his eighth pint of blood to the Red Cross.

We feel that donating blood is one of the most important bits of service a man can do for his country and we're mighty proud to have a "galloner" among us.

Great work, Milt!

MIDSHIPMEN MARCH

Doing their bit toward the successful launching of the 5th War Loan Drive, the Midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy participated in a Bond Rally Parade over which Captain C. B. Mayo, the Academy's Superintendent, presided.

Transportation to the scene of the parade was provided for the Midshipmen by the City of Vallejo.

Amidst band music and general excitement, the parade began. At 1700, the procession began to move. The gala array of service men and women were led by the city's mayor, Honorable George Demmon.

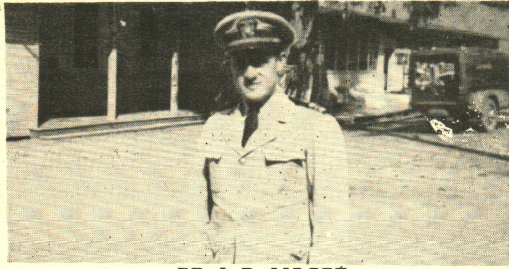
Included in the parade were members of the WAC, WAVES, Marine Corps, Army, Navy, and Boy Scouts.

Members of the Midshipmen Color Guard were: Robert Reynold Larson, James E. Sieler, and Richard Emerson Moore. Bugler for the Midshipmen was Kenneth Orcutt; drummer was Frederick Van Sicklen.

Because of their splendid marching ability demonstrated in the parade, all hands that participated were granted a special overnight liberty.

GIGGLE OF THE WEEK

When asked by Mr. Tubbs to explain different types of fog horns, Frederick Douglas Van Sicklen replied, "One type of fog horn is the kind that makes like B-O."



DR. J. D. MOORE

We are happy to announce the marriage of Lt. Comdr. J. D. Moore, M-C, USN, to the former Miss Bette Kennedy of 807 Trestle Glen, Oakland.

The nuptials were performed at Our Lady of Lourdes church in Oakland at 4 P.M., June 10. Immediately following the ceremony, a reception was held at the home of the bride.

Dr. Moore, of C.M.A., "soap-suds" fame, has been with the Academy about six months, reporting here at the beginning of this year after serving in the South Pacific area.

SKETCHES OF THE CLASS OF JUNE, 1944

In contrast to those comments printed by The Binnacle upon the graduation of the last class, this year we thought and thought and tried to dream up something good about the happy graduates. Here's an attempt to give a word picture of how many of us will remember the class of June, 1944, and we have also added a little about their future plans, just in case the shipping companies are interested.

Alsen, Ray V. "Duck"—Meticulous Ray is generally acknowledged as the leading scholar of his class. While at the Academy, the tall blond, Huntington Park boy distinguished himself by being appointed First Class Petty Officer, being elected Secretary of the Propeller Club, having a very large skull, introducing the "Alsen Shuffle" to the Academy, gaining favorable comment as chief helmsman during the cruise period, and being a member of the basketball team. Ray plans to go to sea and later on possibly finish his engineering education at college.

Andrew, Stelios M. "Stel"—Good natured Stel, perhaps the only Greek nationalist at CMU, will be remembered for his hair style abdominal build, provocative profile, and as a Second Class Petty Officer. Grace Line's pride and joy plans to stay in the Merchant Marine after completing studies at Stanford when the war has ended.

Anderson, David G. "Captain"—Dave's time at the Academy was divided between oratory and discussing the situation with Buddy George Zeluff. The former Mare Island worker is a strong Union supporter who has a tremendous flare for tobacco in the form of odoriferous pipes and cigars. Dave intends to stay with his seagoing profession.

Atthowe, Robert W. "Honk"—Athletic Bob, San Leandro's own, gained a great deal of recognition while at CMA as a member of the basketball team, Vice-President of the Athletic Committee, President of the Proboscis Club, and a boat lover. Bob plans to own and operate a tugboat after shipping out.

Bernhardt, Walter E. "Pop"—The Midshipman Commander for the "spring semester" was outstanding as the finest C.C. the school has ever known. His characteristic walk, pipe, and bridge deck manner identified the venerable Walter wherever he ambled. The guiding light and protector of the Cadet Service Fund bore the antics and abuse of his classmates with the understanding and forbearance of a father. Pop will ship on a seagoing tug and plans to stay with tugs after the war.

Banke, Harold M. "Hal"—Even-tempered Hal is first remembered as one of the finest musicians of that talented group of unpredictables who entered CMA on January 6, 1943. The big, amiable Dane was known as a great sleeper, liberty hound, and likeable fellow. Hal contemplates a career at sea—"if he doesn't ram somebody."

Bauer, John W. "Pee Pee"—The tall, southern boy was a constant companion of Marsh and Simpson. Bill has hordes of women as his admirers. With the advent of his career in the Navy we wish Bill all the luck in the world.

Black, Bruce B.—Serious, settled Bruce ranked high among the engineers as a Division Officer and a student. Bruce was a member of the famous first class crew and is well versed on interesting subjects. He's looking ahead to a career in the Navy.

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GRADUATION CLASS OF JUNE, 1944

DECK

Ray V. Alsen
David G. Anderson
Robert W. Atthowe
Harold M. Banke
Walter E. Bernhardt
Philip Boomer
Malcolm W. Brown
Merle P. Clendenny
Leo H. Evart
Gordon J. Fake
Frederick W. Fay
Gordon A. Fisk
Richard F. Flickwir
Hubert M. Fosskett
Edgar V. Gruhler
William L. Grundy
James D. Guthrie

Wayne A. Harthorn
Gerald Hodgkinson
Harold D. Huycke
Edward B. Isett
Richard E. Jenness
James Ley
Paul Marinovich
Jack T. McDonald
James S. Muhlstein
Robert E. Myers
William H. Oplerman
Louis W. Parente
Walter E. Pease
Roger H. Putnam
Donald F. Tedsen
George N. Zeluff

ENGINEERS

Stelios M. Andrew
John W. Bauer
Bruce B. Black
Dale B. Collins
Richard O. Fleming
William G. Giessner
Francis E. Goetz
Arthur R. Harvey
Robert C. Kelly
Delmar L. Kolda

Thomas Douglas Lewis
Robert H. Macfarland
Gene T. Malcolm
James D. Marsh
Lewald C. Marshall
William L. Sales
Frederick Simpson
Archie R. Southwick
Miles F. Steel
Allen S. Wilcox

STILL WAITING

We're still waiting for word about Ensign Slagle's heir-to-be. The arrival story has been written for three weeks but Delivery-Day just hasn't arrived for the new addition.

Hope those cigars don't get stale, Mr. Slagle.

BRUMPSNICK SNARK, CADET ENGINEER

By Phil Ransom

The hot sun of a Friday afternoon is beating down on Morrow Cove and gazing across the wheat, or rather drill field, we see our good friend Brumpsnick Snark emerging from the "Bangor."

After adjusting his eyes to the bright sunlight, Snark looks at his watch to find that he has just enough time to work off a half hour E. D. and get his ID card out of hock before going ashore on watch stander's liberty.

A hasty talcum powder shower puts him in the pink of social condition and turning a paper collar inside out, he discovers that the other side is dirty too and one of his buddies has to come through with one. When fully dressed, we find him at the office.

"Sir, may I have permission to—." "What's Sentry Rule number fifteen?" "Duhhh, that's the one that always gives me trouble, Sir."

As we shuffle through a pile of inserts and corrections, we discover Snark just finishing his 18th book of Navy Regulations so once more redeeming his ID card, Brumpsnick makes for the oh-so-hard-to-pass sentry gate. But not so fast. The sentry is asking for some small means of identification. Brumpsnick, who has begun to get into the swing of things, produces a brief case containing Swab Rules, Sentry Rules, ID card, birth certificate, and a membership card in Buck Rogers' Space Rangers but no passport from Morrow Cove to Vallejo so this sad lack causes another hour of delay.

Undaunted, our hero again trudges up the road and this time breathes the air of freedom which, on this particular day, is blowing from the Bayshore Highway.

He is fondly patting himself on the back when he notices he has both hands in his pockets and it is really the messenger who has run out with the gay news that Snark, Brumpsnick O., is in debt 8c for a 3c stamp and an old Aba Zaba. Once more within the confines, Snark looks through his drawers (dresser) for the pennies which have filtered through everything to the bottom, and settles this outstanding account.

As he wanders again through the dark, he is guided by the sentry relieving the twelve to four. He begins to wonder if his date for 7:30 will still be waiting.

At the gate the sentry says, "Just one thing, let me see if you're on the list that owes \$1.7c for a hot water faucet." Without a word Brumpsnick turns on his heel to spend a quiet evening in the room, or maybe catch the end of "The Great Train Robbery" which is now playing in the mess hall.

In the silence of the barracks, you could hear a pin drop—a bowling pin from 1000 feet. Oblivious to the murmur of Judo bouts and third class midshipmen tromping to four alarm fires in the ends of the barracks, Snark feels his way gingerly into his sack. Remembering the fate of some of his roommates who were shell-shocked from eating peanuts in bed, he wiggles his toes safely through the cracker crumbs and the folds in his short-sheeted sheets and falls into a deep coma broken only by sweet dreams of torturing the upper class and an occasional messenger rousing out the wrong guy.

It is not long before the golden voice of the bugle announces a new day, in fact, a beautiful Saturday, with the motherly voice of the mate calling sweetly, "Up, up boys, or you'll miss your breakfast." As Snark opens his eyes with a handful of water from the basin, he notices his roommate's socks taking a well-earned bath in said receptacle. Unphased, Snark proceeds to use his electric razor until the call of "turn off the damn razor!" booms from radio owners throughout the barracks, but with most volume from Room 63.

Now running to mess formation, the rocks on the road remind him to get a couple of Morgan's fried eggs for insoles.

Brumpsnick prepares for drill in the few minutes after drill and with the brass hooks on his leggings clicking together he arrives just in time to say, "here sir" to a loud "SNAAAHK!!" After a rib-crushing right dress, the ranks look very neat except for one man (?) staring left into the face of the next one. You guessed it. Our hero is checking on the alignment of the boys further down the line. "Right hand salute." "What'er you doin' Snark—lookin' for Indians?" At the order of inspection arms, Brumpsnick drops his rifle and calmly rolls up his right sleeve but before he can get at the left one he hears, "Present Arms" and glad to be rid of the heavy thing he picks up his piece and hands it to the inspecting officer. Giving up the manual of arms as a complete failure, Snark is put into the marching squad. This episode of mangled ankles on the man in front and

near scalping by bayonet of the man in back only makes his position of first on the awkward squad more secure. In an effort to redeem himself, Snark goes beyond the line of duty and counts to thirteen at the order "count cadence." He is terribly hurt when he sees unappreciation in the eyes of the division officers. At the order "fall out and stow your rifles," Brumpsnick makes his first and last fast move until next week at the same time.

Then once more, at his usual velocity, Snark meanders back to his room to watch the others go on liberty while he stays to wait for 1400 and extra drill formation.

Oh well, there'll be other weekends. Trouble is—they're all the same.

THOROUGH FUMIGATION

Following the overhaul of the ship and engine, the T. S. underwent a complete fumigation with cyanide gas on May 30. As the day chosen for fumigation coincided with Memorial Day, the unrestricted Midshipmen were granted liberty from 0830 to 1600 for the Second and Third Classes, and to 1800 for the First Class.

A special schedule was required in order to clear the ship by 0830, the time that the "gas-house gang" would start cooking. At 0820, there was a complete muster of the Midshipmen, crew, and mascot. The men going on liberty attended in their dress blues and the restricted watch were in port blues.

Mess facilities were transferred to the barracks at the end of the dock, formerly occupied by National Guardsmen. Fortunately, the barracks were comfortable and warm. They were provided with a piano, showers, spring bunks, and a fine patio for sun-bathing.

Upon the return of the Midshipmen from liberty, all hatches and ventilators were opened, bedding aired, and in general, the whole interior of the ship was well vented. A windsail was hoisted and rigged over number one hatch to help free it of gas.

Certain men were kept busy after the "gassing" testing bits of food and fruits left in various Midshipmen's lockers. There were a few reports of pictures being discolored and tobacco becoming rotten from the cyanide.

CLASS OF DECEMBER, '45

The following men are those expected to report to the Academy at 1000, July 10:

DECK

Backer, Ruston O.; Baitinger, Wallace V.; Bolding Frederick A.; Clendenny, Carlton H.; Cohen, Donald B.
Corlett, Benjamin C.; Cree, William H.; Dazey, Frank C.; Dickinson, George W.; Graham, Alexander; Hoyt, Ralph B.
Karasky, Joseph C.; Leavitt, Bruce A.; Love, Donovan S.; Marsh, Edward E., Jr.; Miller, Richard A.; Mirkovich, Anton R.
Nay, Harold E.; Schill, William F.; Shrader, James E.; Tobey, Richard S.; Uroff, Shayle; Valentine, Richard A.; Wieland, John W.; Wilson, George O.

ENGINEERING

Bergum, Jarle A.; Bradley, Charles W.; Brodsky, Joseph E.; Carlberg, Robert M.; Chambers, James A.; Dreyer, Curtis; Ever-son, Donald B.
Ezell, William H.; Fogleman, Samuel F.; Graves, Willis C.; Hadfield, Robert H.; Harrison, Curtis B.; Hatcher, James L.; Hecey, Louis J.
Kollasch, Paul D.; Lawrence, Robert E.; Levin, Ralph C.; McLeod, Denny A.; Nickerson, Merritt R.; Reina, Homer J.; Schutt, Jerome W.
Sooy, Donald W.; Sullivan, William J.; Swenson, Craig J.; Wahlgren, Maurice T.; Wilson, Donald J.

The records of these fellows' entrance exams showed that they surpassed any other marks previously attained. Using this as a pointer for the future, it seems that the scholastic marks of classes to come will rise higher and higher until an absolute peak is reached.

(Continued from Page Four)

Brown, Malcolm W. "Marley"—Tall, slow, easy going Mal stood out among his "deck ape" classmates as a great "link" (which means a guy who studies at CMA). San Diego's conscientious, obliging Brownie is not only a good looking ex-U.C.L.A. fraternity man, but also an enthusiastic sailor. Mal plans to ship with American-Hawaiian (if the R.M.O. doesn't see this), study law at Cal.

Boomer, Philip G. "Boom-Boom"—Bashful, hard working Phil came from a large Oakland family to the brotherhood of seagoing intelligencia. Phil is truly a swell friend and the quiet, strong type. Phil plans to ship out and make the shipping world his future (a prospective master).

Collins, Dale B.—Deck man turned "linker," Dale is famous for taking the after berthdeck blower apart and having eyelashes that even Rita Hayworth would envy. He is a great sailor and makes drinks and gals his hobbies. Dale plans to pick up a little education at college and at the same time make the sea his future.

Page, Richard F. "Flick"—Tall, blond Dick has joined the ranks of the Stockton "regulars," but that doesn't seem to distract from his allure with the feminine gender. The Beverly Hills boy was the very capable manager of the basketball team as well as one of the best basketball players in the school. "Flick" hopes to complete his college education after shipping out, and is considering a career in the Navy.

Parente, Louis W. "Loopie"—Star of the basketball team, Second Class Petty Officer, and liberty hound, Lou was quite active during his career at the Academy. Possessing a fine taste in music and a pleasing personality, Lou is famous for expressing himself in all sorts of ways. The hirsute eulogist will "let happiness guide his future."

Pease, Walter E. "Skinhead"—An expert signalman is Walter, but he also excels as an oarsman, being one of the mainstays of the first class crew. Acquiring a newly found way with women, Walt has really been converted since that historic time when he left Nevada City.

Putnam, Roger H. "Duke"—Affable, natural Roger will probably be remembered to some extent for his homespun humor and funny faces, recorded for posterity by numerous photographs of the Duke in action. Roger was famous for getting haircuts every four day leave, but usually not sooner.

Sales, William L. "Chic"—Hard working, good humored Bill distinguished himself at C.M.A. by being a member of that oft-mentioned crew and being selected as a Second Class Petty Officer. He could usually be found with his hat on the back of his head and a smile on his face. After shipping out Bill envisions a life on the farm.

Simpson, Frederick "Chubbie"—Good looking, likeable Fred is renowned as a physical specimen, beach boy, and expert on gasoline engines. Fred was a First Class Petty Officer during his first class year while making a name for himself as a fine engineer.

Southwick, Archie R. "Ray"—Ray was very prominent as a Midshipman, garnering offices as Treasurer of the Propeller Club, Chairman of the Cadet Service Committee, and Second Class Petty Officer. Regular fellow Ray was also a Stockton "regular," and the leading exponent of the "righteous" in music. The good looking Long Beach boy plans to get married and follow an engineering career.

Steel, Miles F. "Mousey"—Quiet, loving corners of classrooms, Miles is the Academy's foremost fishing and hunting expert. An indoor and outdoor man, friend of "Boots," he plans to stick with the shipping profession.

Tadsen, Donald F. "Alfred"—Don's accomplishments are too varied and numerous to be covered here, suffice to say that without a doubt he is one of the finest men to ever attend the Academy. As a Division Officer, President of the Second Class, high point man of the basketball team, and terrific humorist, Don will always be his classmates and shipmates at the Academy. "Ski-snoot" intends to follow the sea and the shipping profession.

Wilcox, Allen S. "Alcox"—Covina's pride and joy and only service man (?) loves oranges and arguments. Personable, likeable Al is reported to wear his nose in a snood, but we fear that is only a nasty rumor. Despite his many years' experience at the Terminal Hotel, Al still intends to ship out!

Zeluff, George N. "Zooloo"—Point Loma's distinguished fisherman distinguished himself at C.M.A. with his thoughtfulness, ability to make anything that Anderson did, and advice to Cowan. The good looking Second Class Petty Officer was also the fine coxswain who brought the first class to victory last Spring. George expects to continue on in the Merchant Marine with the added possibility of continuing his commercial tuna fishing business.

(Continued Page Nine)



BRACKETT RECEIVES PURPLE HEART

Photo shows Captain C. B. Mayo, (left), and Lt. G. Brackett. Lt. Brackett was awarded the Purple Heart medal for wounds received in action while serving aboard the cruiser "Vincennes."

GRADUATION DANCE

Dancing to the melodious strains of Maurice Anger and his orchestra, the first class, in a most spectacular manner, held their farewell dance at the Rockridge Club in Oakland. Last night was a great one indeed, the many appointments including beautiful spring flowers in the traditional colors of the Academy. Added for refreshments were favors from a local establishment, Zombie Village, which were well received and in short time little was left to show of the gala evening which was enjoyed by the Corps of Midshipmen.

Preceding the affair, the near graduates with their escorts enjoyed a formal dance. Programs set at the table also bore the blue and gold colors of the Schoolship.

At twelve midnight, the Cinderella-like evening came to a close, leaving many memories of a wonderful dance, probably the most wonderful in the history of the Midshipmen productions. Let us hope a new era has arrived and the many Academy dances to follow will bear the same new mark of quality expressed in Midshipman Fran Goetz' production, FIRST CLASS FAREWELL.

Guests of honor at the dance included Captain and Mrs. Claude B. Mayo, Lt. Comdr. Philip Rasch, Dr. R. C. Dwyer, and Lt. and Mrs. George Brackett.

PARTICIPATE IN THE 5TH WAR LOAN DRIVE!

OUR ENGINEEROOM

By Fran Goetz

GRADUATION AT LAST

After eighteen months of study, the eventful day has finally come to pass. Today, twenty new engineers will grace the engineering personnel of our ever growing modern merchant marine. To say the least, we are contributing in our own manner what we consider to be a vital factor in the winning of this total war. In the three-week vacation which is allotted us before shipping, all of the time or a great majority of it will be allowed for our last fling at the pleasures of life from which we are taking leave. Upon entering CMA, Captain Mayo believe it then nor would we admit it thereafter. Today, and for these last few weeks of cramming, we have, for the first time, commenced to realize that our place in the war is to be an important one. Our responsibilities to be many, our rewards to be great. When this war has reached its termination, we who have been a part of the merchant marine will not quit our war-lound life, no, we will continue, with our training for ours is not a training for war but really an education for peace. Never again will the United States allow the country's merchant fleet to become so inadequate as was evident at the beginning of the present fiasco. Of course our cargoes will vary, but whether we carry munitions, petroleum, armored units, or the peacetime shipments of edibles, clothing, and other luxury cargoes, we'll still be a vital part of peacetime reconstruction and after that, normal commerce.

Among the speeches to be given today will be the ensuing one by our own Midshipman Chief Engineer whom, with his inequitable charm, his boyish smile, and finest working ability, has won himself a place in the hearts of both midshipmen and officers as a person who will long be remembered as one of the many nicer memories of the schoolship.

FAREWELL ADDRESS

By Thomas Douglas Lewis

"Captain Mayo, honored guests, parents, and friends.

On behalf of the engineering class of June, nineteen hundred and forty-four, it is my privilege to bid farewell to the Schoolship of which we have been an essential part.

For the past eighteen months we, a cross-section of average American manhood, have put forward our best efforts in an attempt to do our part in the government's war program. Before the advent of World War II, many were students at various colleges throughout the state, others were still to complete their high school curriculum. Naturally, with the declaration of war, each of us wished to do his part. Thus, our entrance at the California Maritime Academy.

Schoolship life introduced many hardships which had never been a part of our civilian life. At first it was difficult to realize that routine was the basic fundamental of life at sea. After a time, this obstacle was overcome and the self-discipline resulting from our new schedule led to an increasingly enjoyable existence for all. Because of the wartime emergency, a three-year engineering course of normal study was reduced to the allowable time of eighteen short months. This did not mean the subject matter was to be less, rather the leisure time would be curtailed. However, under the supervision and instruction of our Dean of Education, Dr. R. C. Dwyer, and his able assistants, the new course was presented in such an adequate manner as to preserve the same high standards of previous engineering graduates.

Today will probably be the last time for a number of years before this graduating class, once again, will be together. It is my wish, as Midshipman Chief Engineer, to take this final opportunity to publicly thank my subordinate Midshipmen officers for the efficient manner in which they carried out their duties throughout the past school term. Also, it would be hardly possibly to allow this eventful day to pass without expressing sincere and heartfelt thanks to the engineering Midshipmen as a whole for the cooperation which has been to me without which nothing so successful as our senior term could have been accomplished.

On leaving this auditorium today, we shall go forth never to return as Midshipmen, but we shall be back as officers; we will meet again; nothing could possibly erase the memories which have been so firmly planted in our minds.

Many is the time I have looked back and remembered the days when, as a third classman, I had to clean boilers. Damn, they were dirty. As second classmen, my classmates and I were firing boilers on cruises with the temperature at 140. That's hot! And, as a first classman, I had the responsibility of running a watch, my first watch. I was actually able to operate the throttle. That was a thrill!!! Believe me I'll never forget those times.

Really, friends, I have no special qualifications for speaking to you, every one of my fellow classmates is equally qualified as myself for speech making. We're engineers. In the past months of learning, we have accomplished the honor of becoming licensed officers in all fields of Marine Engineering. It is our purpose to help win the war just as it is the purpose of every other American. These men before you will, within a month, be scattered over the four corners of the earth. They are men of whom you will be proud, just as proud as you are of the men who are even now marching on the enemy. The Merchant Marine is the lifeline, without it our armed forces would be severely hampered—possibly even defeated—in their purpose. Prize these men highly, they are going to help win the war. Yes, they'll win it; they're Americans.

Well, fellows, this is it—smooth sailing."

THE LAST MONTH

During their last month at the Academy, the graduating engineers have had much to do in both studies and practical training bringing them to the close of their student careers at a breath-taking rate. The officers have given instruction in setting the safety valves and those of the main engine, the new auxiliary condenser has been placed in operation as have many improvements via the shipyard overhaul of a few weeks back.

Much of their time has been used in Naval and Maritime interviews while some was needed for the study of lifeboats and chemical warfare. The new machine shop is now in full operation and great things may be expected from the new classes in the way of accomplished machinists, the equipment furnished is of top calibre and the lighting and other working conditions could not be better. All in all, the past term has seen many improvements at C.M.A. which will tend to make for a better graduate engineer as time passes.

We have been very fortunate to have had the help and instruction of all the engineering officers and I know it is the whole graduate class for whom I speak when I say thank you, gentlemen, thank you very much for the trouble, the patience, the effort you have put forward in our behalf during these past eighteen months at the Academy. We know it is not easy to instruct students in engineering, we know it is even harder when some of us have had no past training, but believe us, we'll be back, maybe not in person but in reputation which will confirm the belief you have had in us by allowing us to graduate and hold the reputation of this institution in our hands.

AN APOLOGY

In the last edition of the Binnacle, a poor reference was made of the work done by the shipyard workers. This was brought to attention by one of the officers whom rightfully pointed out that such was not the case and with this opportunity, I want to clarify the whole of the matter. What was meant, and still is meant, contrary to all the interpretations of the last Binnacle, is wholly in accord with the attitude of Lieut. Brackett. The men of the Matson Navigation Company who undertook the overhaul job of the "Golden State" did the most work possible in the time allotted them of any crew to have worked on the ship in the history of my class. Much of the work done was not required but done in the spirit of true, hard-working, honest people. Their foreman, a graduate of the University of California, was truly helpful and most willing to do anything within reason to help the short overhaul program made possible by the government. My personal apologies are extended if he obtained the same interpretation as that of some readers. They were "swell," and if ever a ship I am on is in San Francisco for an overhaul, it's my hope that Bob and his crew will be around to do the job.

(Continued Page Ten, Column One)



(Continued from Page Six)

Clendenny, Merle P. "Turtle"—Division Officer Merle was a tremendous asset to the victorious crew of Spring, '44, as well as one of the most practical men on the T.S.G.S. (N.G.). His fine disposition, accommodating manner, and friendly smile combined to make Merle one of the easiest fellows to get along with at the Marine University. Turtle plans to make the sea his future.

Ewart, Leo H. "Clown"—Famous for his wit, being an expert navigator, and loving to ski, Leo will forever live in the memories of his classmates and shipmates for being so outstanding. The Clown can easily be distinguished by his patriotic eyes and a way with the women.

Fay, Frederick W. "Fog"—Pleasant, fun-loving Walt will be remembered as that congenial character who brought in the first boat during CMA's annual "boat day." Master of his love-life, a man among boys, Walt plans to stay in the shipping profession.

Fisk, Gordon A. "Cork"—Gordon, one of the smarter young men of the June class, can be credited with the construction genius on that basketball court job. Gordie, a sincere and generous lad, was the most capable carpenter on the ship, and he also contributed materially to the success of THE BINNACLE. He will probably ship with A.T.S. and resume studying architecture at U. C. after the war. Ambition: to become the greatest architect on the Coast.

Fleming, Richard O. "Big Dick"—Quiet, tall, good looking, liked by all Dick is a fellow to be proud of knowing. The big Irishman was Vice-President of the First Class and a sunbather of some note. Dick is scheduled to go tanker for Pacific Tankers.

Foskett, M. Hubert "Fearless"—Hugh is probably one of the most intelligent and prominent men to go through the Academy. A few of the honors he picked up while showing card tricks to the boys were being President of the Propeller Club, Editor of the Hawsepape, and Secretary of the Second Class. A renowned humorist, Hugh was one of the most popular journalists on THE BINNACLE staff. He figures to ship out, get married, go to college, and become a good confidence man.

Giessner, William R. "Nick"—Tall, blond Bill admires women—he admits it. Nick is reputed to have a wonderful personality, great sense of humor, and a good looking physiognomy (a little thick, but oh well—). Bill drinks everything; being good natured, he takes a beating. He plans to go T-2 for Pacific Tankers.

Goetz, Francis E. "Goats"—Fran was very active in arranging school functions, and being a smart boy who knows all the angles, he is a very handy boy to have around. Fran will be remembered as a liberty hound, good business man, and the possessor of a line of women.

Gruhler, Edgar J. "Little Admiral"—The Honorary President of the Nose Club was also a First Class Petty Officer and a member of the basketball team. Notorious for coming from Stanford and Sacramento and having a lovely family, congenial, personable Ed was a very popular man at CMA. He will be shipping with Buddy Ewart for Isthmian, and later on he plans to finish college and continue in the shipping world.

Grundt, William L. "Nash"—Noted for his artful candor, Bill is being recognized as one of the smartest men of the class. Air-minded Nash is a great music lover and an able classroom debator. He established a fine record for sleeping and an opprobrium for being referred to as having red hair. After shipping out Bill plans to continue his engineering education at college.

Guthrie, James D. "Guts"—Don is a fine looking, tall young man who is almost as proficient as Bill in being candid. Possessing beautiful auburn hair and a clever wit, Don is universally known as the son of a celebrated personage—with two and a half stripes!

Harthorn, Wayne A. "Wino"—Carefree Wayne is practically a resident of San Jose. Wayne is a friendly, likeable, good looking fellow, who is also known as a chemical wizard in some parts (of Fillmore). He's pretty fair at pool, too.

Harvey, Arthur R. "A.R."—Arthur is the quiet, casual type who surprises you at times. He is a mathematical genius and loves to argue. Art prefers beer and Pasadena. He hopes to go to Cal after shipping out.

Hodgkinson, Gerald S. "Little Hodgie"—Loquacious Jerry has the distinction of being the smallest man to graduate from CMA. Despite his lack of size, Jerry is a very keen, ambitious man. He has "confidence that whatever happens, he will make the best of it and be happy."

Huycke, Harold D. "Little Oskie"—The incomparable Harry was another outstanding personage at CMA, putting out an improved BINNACLE as Editor and being Midshipman Adjutant. Possessing an ingenious mind, a love for sailing ships, and a screwball complex, the original "toolie-bird" was considered the cutest man on the ship. After shipping out Hal plans to make use of his three years of college football eligibility.

Isett, Edward B. "Ed"—Most everyone who knows Ed describes the winsome, well-mannered Pasadena motorist as a wonderful fellow. Conscientious, congenial, meditative, and salty, Ed is a grand friend and a darn good bunkie. He plans to go with American-Hawaiian, eventually going into foreign trade, and if possible attend Georgetown University.

Jenness, Richard E. "Dick"—Identified by his high water hair-line, disarming smile, and amicable personality, Dick proved his worth as a business man in his work for the Cadet Service Fund. McDonald's favorite sidekick is planning.

Kelly, Robert C.—Quiet, gentlemanly Bob is that studious, ambitious farm boy who came to CMA after a spell at Mare Island. Bob is a fine photographer and rated a First Class Petty Officer's position in the class; he is also considered able to be a good deck hand. Bob intends to ship out with Moore-McCormack or Pacific Tanker.

Kolda, Delmar L. "Del"—Well liked, congenial, able Del is regarded by his classmates as a top fellow. Maybe it's because of his well personality, pleasing appearance, and musical talent. The intelligent young man from Weed was honored at the Academy in many positions, such as holding offices as a member of the Cadet Service Committee, Vice-President of the Propeller Club, and being a Division Officer.

Lewis, Thomas D. "Chief"—Energetic, genial Tom was named Cadet Chief Engineer in his first class year at the Academy, and the tall, dark Van Nuys boy more than proved his worth in the capacity. Tom is reported to have wonderful taste in women and to have become a permanent fixture at Oscar's. Tom proved a very valuable asset for the basketball team, and was also made Vice-President of the Second Class. Outlook for the future: "darn good."

Ley, James E. "Igor"—Possessing amazing sense of humor, a wonderful physique, and an appetite for pills, likeable Jim never ceases to amuse or astound his friends. Jim lent his strength to that first class crew, but his favorite sport is riding around Rosemead in his big, red car. Jim expects to ship out, later on attending college and opening up a physical culture studio, "selling sunshine and exercise."

McDonald, Jack T. "Scotty, Mac, Jig Tare, ad inf"—Jack is very well liked by all and considered by everyone to be a terrifically fine fellow. Mac gained recognition at the Academy by being a First Class Petty Officer, eating in between meals, sleeping in class, playing the piano, and being easy to get along with.

Macfarland, Robert H. "Little Gargantua"—He loves to swing through the overheads, guzzle gingerballs, and grunt in his cocoa. A tall story teller, the mighty atom is a great wrestler and collector of calendar gals. Bob is engaged, hails from southern California, and is hard to wake up (apologies to Cathie).

Malcolm, Gene T. "Laughing Boy"—Number one in his studies, good looking Gene was chosen as a Division Officer in his first class year. He can open any plant in ten minutes and has the best collection of pictures on life at CMU obtainable. Erudite Gene plans to ?????

Marincovich, Paul J. "Marink"—Ambitious, efficient, conscientious Paul was very prominent in all phases of Academy life during his eighteen months' "training." Paul was a Second Class Petty Officer and the finest boxer seen at the Academy in some time. He plans to ship out and at a later date go to college and take up admiralty law.

Muhlstein, James S. "Jim"—Intelligent, talented, tall Jim will be remembered as the finest musician of the class, and also as a good buddy, even on liberty when he was accumulating more of his women admirers. Jim would like to attend a university after going to sea and possibly take up some business profession.

Marsh, James E. "Frank"—Confident, able Jim will be remembered as that fellow with a way with the women and head of hair. Sidekick of Bauer and Simpson, Jim was outstanding as a practical engineer and a pool and card shark. He would like to enter a career with the Navy.

Marshall, Lewald C. "Creber"—The quiet Oakland boy in the corner who doesn't say much but accomplishes a great deal is Lee Marshall. Lee, like many another classmate, has quite a way with the women. Sidekick of Fran Goetz.

Myers, Robert E. "Bob"—Bob can be remembered for his slanderous cracks in THE BINNACLE, liberty hound, being on the basketball team, being selected as Second Class Petty Officer, and being President of the Athletic Committee. He plans to follow foreign trade after shipping out, if a juke box doesn't lure him away.

Opferman, William H. "Willie"—The Jeckyl and Hyde of the first class, serious—inane, shy—forward Bill Opferman is a living contradiction. Within it all, however, he is one of the best loved characters in the June class, and a swell pal.

(Continued from Page Seven)

NOTICE

In order to gather reliable information for the coming issues of The Binnacle (Our Engineerroom), the staff requests the assistance of you, the engineering Midshipmen, and the ship's officers.

Our aim is to produce a column of such quality that all will take an active interest in the enlargement of same. It is necessary that The Binnacle have an engineering section of this type, as it is the only means by which records of activities, improvements, really, a unity of purpose may be obtained. Spirit will help bring cooperation, cooperation will bring efficiency, efficiency is the goal for which we have been ever striving.

We should like to have your opinions on any matters concerning your own organization or that of another class. This material should be placed in the hands of the new editor who will be named at a later date.

In closing, it is my wish as Engineering Editor to express thanks to all those who have helped me compile what I believe to be at least a step forward in the organization and promotion of the engineering Midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy.

Sincerely,

FRAN GOETZ,
Engineering Editor, First Class Engineers.

P. S.: So long, shipmates!

WEATHER - WISDOM

(Editor's Note: This is the second of a series of articles on weather, compiled from the notebook of Captain Claude B. Mayo, and reprinted through his courtesy. Others will appear in each issue of The Binnacle.)

A gray morning sky indicates an atmosphere filled with water globules, refracting and reflecting light of every color. These water globules are collected by dust particles from morning dew.

"A red morning sky shows a humid atmosphere."

"A gray morning sky implying a dry atmosphere above it (radiation) justifies the expectation of a dry day."

"An evening gray and a morning red
Will send the shepherd wet to bed."

"Evening red and morning gray
Two sure signs of one fine day."

"Evening red and morning gray
Help the traveler on his way."

"Evening gray and morning red
Bring down rain upon his head."

The prevailing wind, and local showers, move from West to East. The rainbow is always on the opposite side of the observer to the sun. These two facts give rise to a great number of weather sayings, as a shower in which an evening rainbow is seen is moving away from the observer, while those of the morning move toward him.

"Rainbow to windward

Foul fall the day;

"Rainbow to leeward

Damp runs away.

"Rainbow at night, shepherds delight,

Rainbow in morning, shepherds taking warning."

"If there be a rainbow in the eve

It will rain and leave;

"But if there be a rainbow in the morrow

It will neither lend nor borrow."

(Continued from Page Two)

mess deck, and Hodges, with a pitcher of clear, cool H₂O . . . if you're late to school, be sure to stop at the vice-principal's office and pick up your tardy slip . . . Huycke giving Number three hold back to the Academy.

Fine as Klein . . . Spieller and Gruhler going back to the reservation for two weeks after graduation . . . after all this recent gasoline siphoning, the FBI is taking a saliva test at Morrow Cove (Myers beware) . . . now that Johnson's pulse is back, he can try and give blood again . . . Messenger trying to catch the lower two hatch cover with his forehead.

(Continued Page Eleven, Column One)

SEA - DUST

The first time Vorous looked up at the Empire State Building in New York, he said, "Damn, wouldn't she hold a lot of hay."

* * * * *

Love is a sweet dream and marriage is the alarm clock.

* * * * *

M. C. reporting to Commandant: "I think we've got their morale a little too high sir—they want to know if it's true that someday they may have to return to civilian life."

—Reader's Digest

* * * * *

Middie: "Pretty hard wire, does you have on?"

Middie: "Oh, it protects the property but does not obstruct the view."

* * * * *

Toast of the Month—"Here's to our wives and sweethearts—may they never meet."

* * * * *

When a guy goes out with a gal who's an angel and comes back feeling as if he's in heaven—you can be sure he had one helluva good time.

* * * * *

Sign over C.M.A. Entrance—Anyone who volunteers for active duty is a coward.

* * * * *

"Not drunk is he who from the floor
Can rise again and drink some more;
But drunk is he who prostrate lies,
And who can neither drink or rise."

* * * * *

The reason a modern girl is such a live wire is because she carries such little insulation.

* * * * *

Bill: "To me, love is peace, quiet, tranquillity."

Rich: "That ain't love—that's sleep."

* * * * *

An Admiral, watching a young inductee labor eagerly but clumsily on the quarterdeck, asked: "How long have you been in the Navy, son?"

"Two months," the boy replied: "How long have you been in?"

The Admiral was taken slightly aback but he good-naturedly answered: "Thirty years."

"It's hell, ain't it?" the youngster said sympathetically.

—Reader's Digest

* * * * *

"What would you do if I kissed you?"

"I'd scream."

Silence. A kiss. More silence.

"Well?"

"I'm still hoarse from last night."

* * * * *

Hotel Page: "Telegram for Mr. Neidburkdoshvanciouslye, telegram for Mr. Neidburkdoshvanciouslye."

Mr. Neidburkdoshvanciouslye: "What initial please?"

* * * * *

Some girls are not afraid of mice. Others have pretty legs.

* * * * *

First Classman: "You want to keep your eyes open around here."

Swab: "What for?"

1st C.: "People will think you are crazy if you go around with them shut."

* * * * *

J. E. S.: "All hands on deck. The ship is leaking."

Voice from the chain locker: "Aw, put a pan under it and go back to bed."

* * * * *

Middie: "Hello."

Gorgeous gal:

Middie: "Oh, well."

* * * * *

"You're the only girl I ever loved," he said as he shifted gears with his foot.

(Continued from Page Ten)

Zeluff finally removed the chains from his bunk so he won't ever have to worry about it being triced up . . . Boozier Barton . . . the Marincovich-Aluevich dance team giving hot boogie exhibitions in the classroom . . . the first time W.E.B. handled a chipping hammer, he chopped a hole in the forward winch bed (Sales take note—he is the source of your aggravation during the rainy period) . . . "Sonny" Pringle wants to be another fourteen-year-old groom . . . Willie (Opferman), the Wolf of the West . . . did we all vote for Hal McIntyre's band? . . . Lawrence and his new "baby" bowl . . . Many men running around wearing "chest spinach"—specially Pringle and Krog . . . what swab is memorizing a certain girl's exploits?

Conn's "voluntary" subscription to the Binnacle . . . Dunham asking Mr. Brackett if, when your ship has been torpedoed and is sinking rapidly, you should secure the boilers and pumps . . . watch out for Cummings whenever he gets an agonized expression on his face . . . Richard Emerson Moore, the "Voice of Experience" of CMA, helping out all the boys with "wimin" problems . . . Larson cleans his own tray now that mess watches are back in style.

Krog "lend-leased" a few of his wavy, blonde locks to Swanson . . . Harthorn and Fay, scavengers of "The Binnacle" office . . . what's all this scuttlebutt about the Dee-Gee house . . . "five-hound" Miller seen beating it out to the rhythm of J. Luncelord and ork . . . Mr. Summerill would like to know if the oxygen bottles are all empty because the restricted second classmen are throwing huge binges using the pure oxygen as a stimulant . . . hong foo tuey la spitanya (ask Larson what it means) . . . "Hey IGOR, where's your life-jacket?" (J. F. S. note) . . . Carpenter is the new "Cadet Chief Laundryman," he gets to wear a broken one-eighth.

Why Mr. Morgan, did we see you "physically" hazing some swabs with a wet towel?

Moore is practicing to be an expert bigamist . . . why does "Alfred Xavier Brackster" always stare at Larson and say "Euthanasia is the only answer" . . . if anybody sights a ladybug, call Cummings immediately . . . everyone vowed not to get sick this week when they found out that Ironside was the attendant . . . typical Swanson question—"What is—that is—what causes the common meo of the everyday cow?" . . . Marvin Hall has been studying bridge construction and maintenance up at Rio Nido . . . Barrett's constant displays of enormous strength are undermining the morale of the entire third class . . . FAMOUS LAST WORDS: "Hit the road! Dincha hear what I said—hit the road!"

SIX YEARS AGO AT CMA

Summerill sleeping in between sacks—and getting caught. What's wrong Zeluff and Anderson, are you too good to live with the rest of the Corps? . . . What prominent Commandant of Midshipmen was seen in a Social Science class at San Francisco J.C.? (How is Horowitz?) . . . Gentlemen, we are very lucky to have received a direct statement from Midshipman Captain James E. Sieler. Mr. Sieler says, kiwote—"No comments."—unkiwote . . . that BETTY HANSEN sure can hand out the passion, eh Moore . . . Greig asked Mr. Miller if the T. S. was "keelhaunched" while she was in drydock . . . no Johnson, you don't coil the taffrail log line by hooking it onto the propeller.

Moore plans to settle down after a trip or two and be the head of the School Safety Program at San Mateo. This decision comes after years of service as a member of the "Millbrae Traffic Boys." "You'd be surprised at how much fun you can have leading little boys (???) and girls (mmmm) across the street. I plan to be the best walker-across-the-streeter from Burlingame on the north to Redwood City on the south," says Mr. Moore.

Cummings says you shouldn't stow coffee near the firewood bulkhead . . . too bad, men of B barracks, Pipi is dated up for weeks in advance . . . Bauer is now a permanent fixture in Room 47 . . . Mr. Dwyer challenging each and every first class engineer to a boxing match . . . who will stand by for Harvey and Southwick while they attend their own graduation . . . you can see bits of half inch gold braid beginning to sprout up around the base—the more expectant first classmen.

Question of the month: Where does 99 44/100 per cent of Moore's paycheck go the day after payday? Answer—sehsur-briah.

Number two question of the month: Who ever told Moore he could sing?

Has she given you back your wings yet Cummings? Moore says he has tried to keep his high school nickname, "SNAKE," away from CMA but the truth is out . . . C. E. Smith seems to be getting just a little too big for his tailored uniform . . . Krog, while kissing Donna said, "Oh Dora, I love you!" . . . Schwimmer has a reserved seat at the local maternity ward . . . Klein'll give you the docking station you want for a price . . . Griffith's accepting no more of Krog's blind dates . . . we hear Johnson's sold all his dungarees now that he's a first classman.

THREE YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE . . .

Robert W. Dasso was Editor-in-Chief of The "Binnacle."

Brumpanick Snark I graduated from the California Maritime Academy and one of his more intelligent buddies, Slopshute Jerk, enrolled as a deckhand (really intelligent). . . . The prominent C.M.A. Fishing Club made its formal striped bass debut and didn't get a bite in six hours. . . . Those fateful June 28th CMA entrance exams, so important to a great number of young men. . . . The Assembly passed our \$1,250,000 construction appropriation and creosote covered pilings were obtained from the Navy Department to begin work on the wharf at Morrow Cove. . . . The first class engineers threw a frankfurter roast that was quite a success—they called it "WEENIE BAKE A LA TINKER."

"Gruesome Gossip" was the monthly scandal column and how they did toss it around. . . . "Advice to The Lovelorn" was started for the sake of the unhappier and perplexed middies.

The engineers whipped the deckhands, 17 to 15, in a vicious game of softball—Karr and Weeks were the battery for the tinkers.

R. W. McAllister had a clitullion different nicknames and he resented every one of them.

Slopshute Jerk and his constant companion, Messkit Fink, inaugurated "self-stowing clothes lockers" at C.M.A., knocked-off turn-to and made liberty formation in 1 minute, 11.3822 plus seconds. Brumpanick Snark I was a Third Mate over at the Army Transport Docks.



"I finally got him to propose, but you should've heard what he proposed."

ALUMNI NEWS

Kenneth McLaughlin, '42, is now a Second Assistant Engineer and was last operating in the Mediterranean area.

Walter Geldert, '42, is now a First Assistant Engineer (Lt. (jg) U. S. Maritime Service). He is sailing with the Deaconhill Steamship Company of San Francisco.

Franz Obrikat, June '43, is sailing Third Assistant on an American-Hawaiian C-1. On the same ship is Ralph Bernhardt, December '43, sailing Third Mate.

Bruce Burford, June '43, and Paul Mead, January '42, are sailing on the S. S. Cape Sandy. "Barf" is Second Assistant Engineer, and Paul is Chief Mate.

H. O. Lindgren, '33, after putting in sea time for his master's license, is now located at the Merchant Marine Academy at King's Point.

L. D. Woods is now Chief Engineer of the U.S.S. Sterett, c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, Calif. Congratulations again, "L. D.!"

Lt. (jg) R. D. Connell, USMS, is apparently located at the Maritime Service School on Catalina Island. His mailing address is: P.O. Box 613, Avalon, Calif.

F. James Welch, '40, First Mate with the Army Mine Planters, took the fatal step recently with his marriage to the former Lorna Sheveland, sister of Mrs. W. H. Aguilar. Jimmie has been carrying the torch for several years. Congratulations and much happiness to both!!

ALUMNUS MARRIAGE

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Robert William Owens, married Friday, May 26th. Bob Owens, class of '41, is now sailing Chief Mate. The announcement read:

Mr. and Mrs. Orson L. Reeve announce the marriage of their daughter, Carol Jane, to Robert William Owens, First Officer, United States Merchant Marine on Friday, the twenty-sixth of May. One thousand, nine hundred forty-four, little Church Around the Corner, New York City.

LAUNCHING

Their second daughter, Pamela Ann, was born to Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Charles Sauerbier on April 29th. Charlie, class of '34, is Educational Officer of the U. S. Merchant Marine Cadet Basic School at San Mateo.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY BEING FORMED

The Propellor Club, Port of San Francisco, announces that they are organizing a women's auxiliary and have invited all California Maritime Academy Alumni Members of the Propellor Club whose wives would be interested in joining the auxiliary to contact either the Port of San Francisco chapter or the Port of California Maritime Academy chapter.

FREE BINNACLES (?)

It has been suggested that free Binnacles be sent to members of the Armed Forces who are graduates of the Academy. We feel that the majority of our men at sea are actually in the service of their country, and deserve the same privileges and consideration as those in the "Armed" services. Therefore it would seem unjust to single out a group as being entitled to complimentary Binnacles. However, if you know of a special case, don't hesitate to submit the name, address, and reason; the Association will be pleased to act upon it. In this connection, it seems questionable that The Binnacle would be cleared by censorship to our shipmates that are prisoners of war.

APOLOGIES

Our most humble apologies must be extended to those men that were included in the last column of "WHO'S WHERE." It seems that certain dates were mistaken for others and as a result many of the dates of graduation that were printed were grossly in error.

Hope there're no hard feelings, gentlemen, just a simple blunder.

WHO'S WHERE

Due to the poor response on the part of the Alumni, this column will be very limited until a more promising correspondence is developed. You men must understand that this information is purely a connection between former classmates or shipmates and cannot hope to exist unless you forward whatever data you may know that we don't or that which you may require.

Come on, let's get this thing rolling.

AGUILAR, W. H., '34, 1416 Carl, Vallejo, Calif.

BERGERSON, H. N., '38, 236 Carmel, El Cerrito, Calif.

CALOU, R. P., '41, 750 Trestle Glen, Oakland, Calif.

DAHLOFF, LT. R. L., '35, Vp-53 c/o Postmaster, Morgan Annex, New York, New York.

ERICKSON, A., '39, 365 Channing Ave., Palo Alto, Calif.

FEUILLE, FRED, Jan., '42, 1346 W. 9th St., San Pedro, Calif.

HAKE, LT. C. R., '38, U.S.S. Elliot (DMS 4), c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, Calif.

JACOBSEN, J. E., Dec., '42, 4309 Via Francati, San Pedro, Calif.

LUCHSINGER, FRANK, July, '42, 1440 So. Orange Dr., Los Angeles, Calif.

OLDFIELD, H. L., July, '42, 2064 Pepper Dr., Altadena, Calif.

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

ROCHE, R. M., July, '42, 28 Kittridge Terrace, San Francisco, Calif.

ROSS, SHELTON D., Dec., '43, Box 308, Pomona, Calif.

TRANTUM, W. E., '40, 314 No. Comstock, Whittier, Calif.

WIDELL, CLIFF, Dec., '42, 5410 Dover St., Oakland, Calif.

YOUNG, ROBERT L., Jan., '42, 1114 So. Rimpau Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

GEORGE BOLDRICK, '35, 4th C. A. M. P. Battery, Fort Winfield Scott, San Francisco, Calif.

CONNELL, R. D., Jan., '42, P. O. Box 613, Avalon, Calif.

CRANSTON, W. H., Dec., '42, 640 Helmar, Santa Clara, Calif.

CRONIN, J. A., '41, 909 Fresno Ave., Berkeley, 6, Calif.

CRUTCHER, W. E., 2103 Clinton Ave., Alameda, Calif.

ENGs, M. N., '33, U.S.M.M. Academy, King's Point, Long Island, New York.

GRABOWSKI, Lt. S. V., Blimp Trainron, U.S. Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, New Jersey.

HAAS, GEORGE E., July, '42, 209 Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, New York.

HAAS, DONALD M., '40, same as above.

KELLAM, R. R., Dec., '40, 866 Regal Rd., Berkeley, Calif.

LINDGREN, HALVER O., U.S.M.M. Academy, Great Neck, New York.

LOCKE, M. P., '41, U.S.S. Rutilicus, c/o Fleet Postoffice, San Francisco, Calif.

SINNES, A. E., Dec., '42, 1449 8th Ave., San Francisco, 22, Calif.

WARE, PHILIP, '33, No. 8 Stratford Rd., Berkeley, Calif.

WEEKS, LLOYD M., Jan., '42, 625 38th St., Richmond, Calif.

WELLS, E. J., '41, 3828 Ruby St., Oakland, Calif.

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