



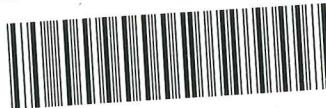
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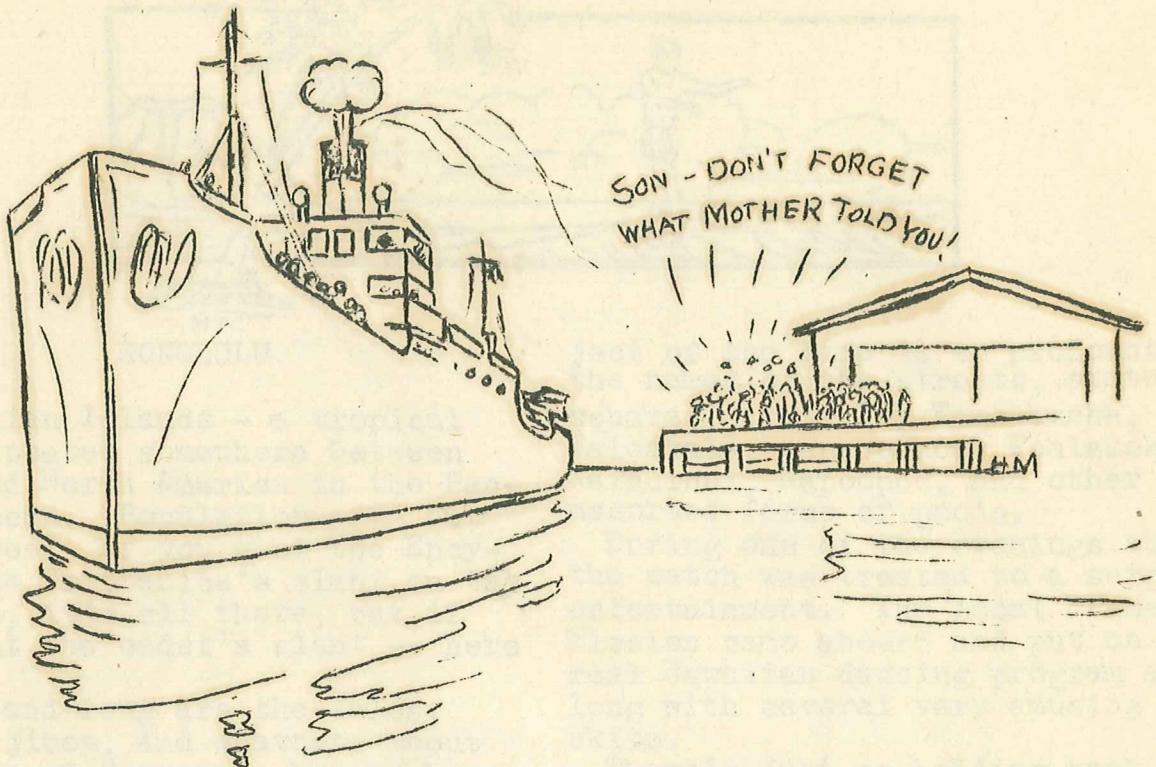
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THE SEND OFF

It was a gala occasion. Just like the home-coming of Pottsville's finest son, who has made good in the big city; but the conditions were reversed. "California's finest" were leaving on a cruise of conquest around the world.

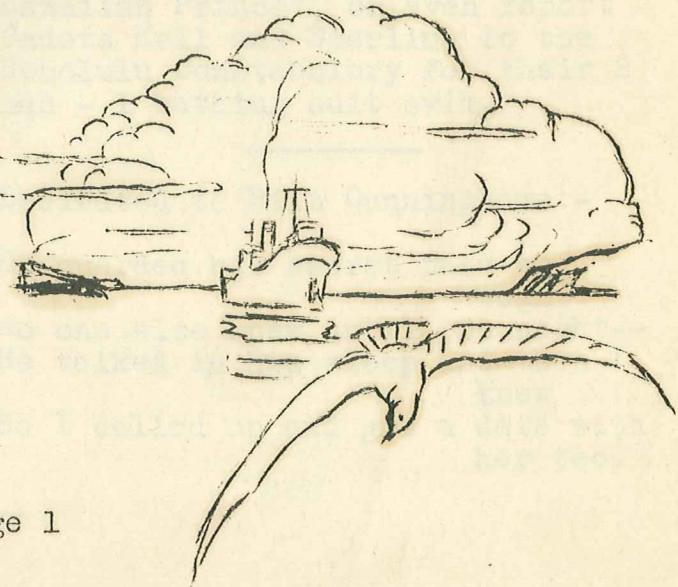
The dock was crowded with admirers of both sexes. Good-lucks, and "bum voyages" were being handed out in car-load lots. Everybody felt important, from the Governor down to the lowliest of the low - the cadets. Last minute tete-e-totes were being held behind bulkheads and ventilators; from the looks of things one would be led to think that many broken hearts were being left behind. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder---!" Oh, yeah?

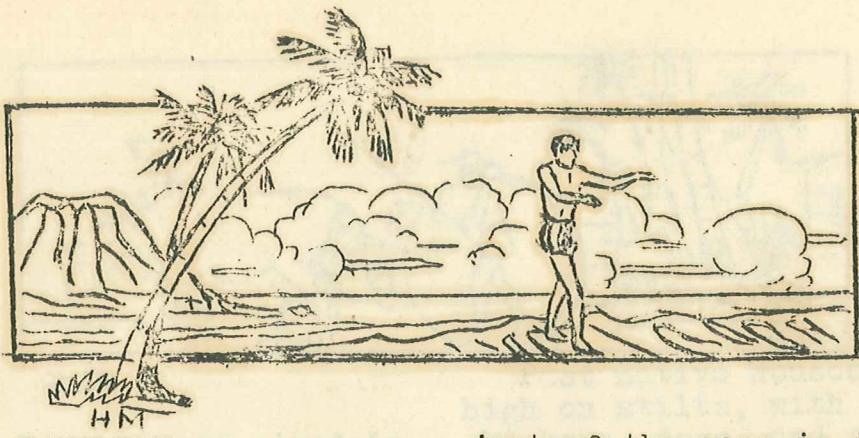
The Governor of the State of California honored the assemblage with his presence. His speech to the cadets was dynamic. He warned them of all the dangers to the "local boy" in foreign lands. Mothers and fathers applauded, but the veterans of South America smiled grimly

to themselves. They had been, and they knew.

Would the ship sail? Some were beginning to doubt it when suddenly the Bos'n piped, "All ashore who's going ashore". Frantically last minute caresses were completed and at last the ship was cut off from the civilized world.

Handkerchiefs, hurried shouts, a blur of white, strained faces-----ad infinitum.





HONOLULU

Hawaiian Islands - a tropical group located somewhere between Asia and North America in the Pacific Ocean. Population----- but who cares? If you want the Encyclopedia Britannica's slant on the Islands, it's all there, but if you want the cadet's slant -- here it is.

Many and long are the tales, jokes, jibes, and whatnots about Chambers of Commerce, but we know of one at least (outside of Los Angeles) that sure does it's best to put a place over. The Honolulu C. of C. came right out with open arms and a huge box of flower leis and told the whole personell "Aloha" while we were still picking up the pilot, and, when we sailed up to the dock in the harbor, there was the world famous Royal Hawaiian Band on the dock playing the "real McCoy" in Island music.

Entertainment was rather diversified; swimming at Waikiki, haircuts, feeds, street car rides, and bus rides. Speaking of bus rides calls for another large vote of thanks to the Chamber of Commerce who provided buses to take all hands for a really fine trip around the island---Pearl Harbor, Honolulu, Nuanuu Valley, the Pali (where King Kamehameha drove an entire army over the towering cliffs), Waikiki, the University, and gosh knows where else. It was on this ride that the new game of "Pronunciation", successor to jig-saw puzzles, was originated. The ob-

ject of the game is to pronounce the names of the streets, statues, squares, etc. Try Kamehameha, Haleakala, Lapahoehoe, Kealakekua, Wainuinui, Napoopoo, and other assorted forms of poo's.

During one of the evenings aboard the watch was treated to a surprise entertainment. The local Seamen's Mission came aboard and put on a real Hawaiian dancing program along with several very amusing skits.

There's just no holding back the facts, folks. Cadets had a lot of fun there. If you're inclined to doubt this statement, just ask one of the O.O.W.'s how many "tons" of fresh pineapple and bananas were hauled aboard by individuals, and then ask Doc Jones how many bellyaches resulted. Ask Anderheimer, Charley Shields, Ed Hochuli, and a couple of others about obliging young ladies at the Moana who will fix you up with steaks and flowers. Make Medico Jones discuss "Why I Turned Down a Chance to Become a Hawaiian Prince", or even report Cadets Kell and Sterling to the Honolulu Constabulary for their 2 man - 1 bathing suit swim.

Dedicated to Milt Cunningham:-

He guarded his secret fast and tight
No one else knew until one night--
He talked in his sleep and then I knew
So I called up and got a date with her too.



GUAM

Guam looks like a good sized island, and it is fairly large - twenty miles long and seven miles wide. It is the largest of the Marianna Group - Japan having a Mandate over the remainder of this group. The regularity of the plateau table land is broken about midway where it gently slopes down to the sea, forming the harbor. Tropic growths of palm (arecnut and coconut), banana, and other luxuriant greenery lay a carpet down the harbor slopes to the sea. A dream come true.

Dreams are often rudely interrupted at sea - this time by abandonment drill. Feature this - Abandon ship drill in a South Sea Island lagoon, (after weeks at sea) on the most perfect of days! But, it has to be done; so in a comparatively short time every lifeboat was in the water - and every lifeboat had to be hauled up into its chocks once more - a hot, sweaty, heaving, grunting business.

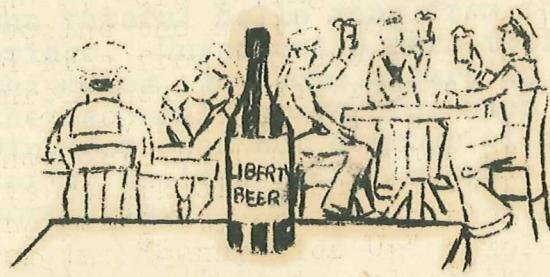
Then Liberty - sweet liberty. Liberty to change into clean whites, to be ferried (by a big Navy launch) inside the spray-tossed coral reef and across the lagoon of pale blue waters to the beckoning paradise.

And it was quite a Paradise at that! A Paradise made real by a motley collection of slightly ancient Navy trucks - from Chevrolets boldly emblazoned with "Fire Fire Only" to more elaborate conveyances inscribed "For Official Use Only". Gayly the landing party commanded these - and the cavalcade pointed its head towards Aguana, a village a few miles inland.

Past native houses, perched high on stilts, with perhaps a few chickens, dogs, and children playing serenely beneath. Brown faces smiled from doorways exposing white teeth. Old rickety "picture-book" carts lumbered lazily along; the driver asleep, and the water buffalo nearly so. Farms, here and there, were having a tough time keeping the small areas of cultivated rice from the ever jealous encroachment of the rampant verdure.

Sumay was the "big city". Here the variety of amusements presented was remarkable - one theater, showing Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in "Sunny Side Up" completed the list. That is unless the "drug store beer garden" combination were considered. In their cool interiors could be purchased refreshments, ice-creams and sherbets plus the swellest ice-cold beer.

Only a few hours ashore, - only a slight break in the Pacific's even tenor; but it was as welcome as "the flowers that bloom in the Spring". (Tra-la) Most of the gang who went ashore that red-letter day in Guam may never be, in the ordinary course of events again privileged to see it; but it must always remain in their reminiscent thoughts as one grand Shore Leave.





MANILA

Manila, the ancient, the romantic, was first occupied by the Spaniards in 1563. For three hundred and forty years the Spanish remained. They fortified their position so well that the city was impregnable against invasions from the Dutch, British and other enemies. The old "Walled City" of Manila still stands to silently testify - a glorious past! Within the walls and without the populace of an Americanized oriental city flows.

Calesas, carometas, and bullock carts mingle with the modern wonders of the present age, making the streets of the city both odd and interesting to the foreign eye.

What is the prevailing idea within a sailor's mind when he sets foot upon the beach? Or again, what is one of many prevailing ideas? In short, Food!

The Great Eastern Hotel was innocently made the official headquarters of the cadet corps for "driving in and loading up." Fantastic tales were circulated about the berth deck such as: "fifteen course for only four bits," "no extra charge for seconds or thirds," "cigarettes and wine included," "no tips accepted by the attendants." Result - the Great Eastern Hotel had more than its share of brass buttons. But, seriously, in spite of the exaggerations, without a doubt the cadet corps was more than satisfied. Especially after extracting their quota of hotel stickers and loose ashtrays.

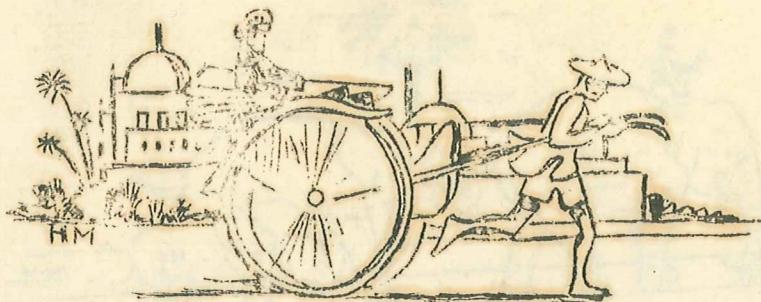
Manila boasts many exclusive social and athletic clubs for the

elite. Among the ultra exclusive was the "Polo Club." On a certain Sunday afternoon a tea dance was in progress, and amid the gentry could be seen a few fortunate members of the cadet corps, thoroughly enjoying themselves amongst charming surroundings and most charming company. The guilty ones were: - "Moose" Meyer, Bob Hamsenn, Bob Fox, Al Rohrback, and Paul Rink. At least they were gentlemen for an afternoon; or rather appeared to be.

Throughout the world all ports of call have their places of amusement. To sailors those places are known as cabarets. Within Manila there is one of the most unique cabarets in the world, commonly known as the "Santa Ana."

It is a great barn of a place - long and narrow, a bar at the near end with tables on both sides; at the far end is the orchestra. Here for a few short hours, during the evenings, could be found many true sons of California.

Manila was very pleasant, perhaps too pleasant, considering that certain cadets who lingered overlong did not return to the ship until after the "zero hour" had struck. Fortunate were they who raced over the gangway as the fateful bells rang from the bridge. Unfortunate were their shipmates, who came aboard in the wee small hours; for them Singapore was but a group of chattering natives seen through a port hole.



SINGAPORE

Singapore (hearalded as a tough hole) called the cesspool of the East, the city of a hundred smells (all bad), had been looked forward to with eager anticipation by everyone who had the least touch of romance in his soul.

Early on the morning of Feb. 12 we tied up to the dock, and our first sight was certainly a fulfillment of many of the strange fantasies we had conjured in our minds. On the dock was the strangest collection of human beings imaginable. There were brown-skinned Malays wearing little round pointed straw hats and entirely shoeless, Hindus waring turbans and a cloth wrapped around their bodies, Chinese, and Japanese wearing wooden sandals, Englishmen in cool white linens and sun helmets, and men in dresses and women in trousers. One individual had nothing on but a suit of under-wear.

Nor did the city betray our first impression. Narrow, noisy, crooked streets, filled with crowding people and rickshaws. It had the usual large market place, dirty, crowded, and smelly. But Singapore, like every other city is not all its cracked up to be. At night it was quite dead, and you can't buy a glass of beer after 10:00 P. M..

Here, certainly, is the East!

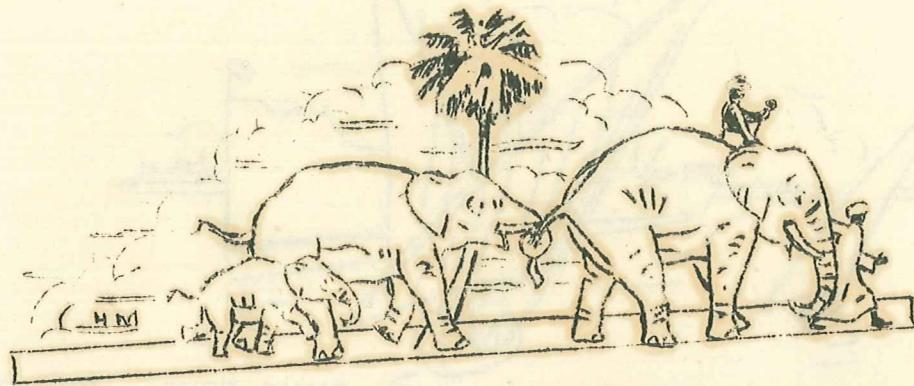
Our first day in port we were entertained by the Firestone Rubber Co.. What a day that was! It really was one of the highlights of the cruise. A few hours after our arrival we departed for the

Firestone plant where we saw raw rubber going thru its last stages of manufacture, before being dispatched to Akron, Buenos Aires, Los Angeles and other big manufacturing centers. Then we drove out into the country to one of their plantations. Here we saw the rubber being tapped, and some of us attempted a bit of tapping ourselves. Natives work on these plantations for twelve cents a day, and it's hard work. From here we all filled the buses up again; and, in a short while, we were at the Sea View Hotel for "Tiffin".

It may have been "tiffin" to them, but to us it was the most welcome sight in many a day. It was a delicious meal, and we were asked to order everything we wished to drink, but champagne - which we did! We thank you, Firestone Co..

That Evening Anderson, Langran, Davitt, Holcomb, Bright, and Fitzsimmons were entertained at the home of a group of English fellows, where they were wined and dined and had a great party from all accounts.

The next day twenty of the "chosen" (three finger boys) were invited to the government House for tea, where they were royally entertained. After tea (which by the way includes everything but tea; an "old English custom") which was served on the lawn by black servants, they played a few sets of lawn tennis; were shown around the gardens and thru the house, a very beautiful building. A delightful afternoon was spent which will be long remembored.



COLOMBO

"Maybe the Rajah will throw us a feed", many cadets were heard to prophecy. The California State was due in Colombo, Ceylon in a few days.

Colombo was dead as far as entertainment for the cadet corps was concerned. They spent their leisure time getting tattooed. Harry Sweetser, future side-show-man, had several more works of art added to his collection. A few third classmen had their virgin skins marred by an anchor or a sweetheart's name.

"The fall guy" was McTussel. This gallant martyr had not one amorous epistle from his amarata, since the start of the cruise. In Colombo her name, Bernice, was artistically inscribed in the center of a large heart upon his noble biceps. Later while at sea our hero became down-hearted, melancholy, and forlorn. The lady had not written! "Sharper than the serpent's tooth, is a love that is scorned". Shaking his blond curls with determination, McTussel burned the inscription off his arm with a red-hot iron. "Love's labor lost". The very next port he received a number of letters from the object of his agonies.

"Paddy" had all his famous masterpieces revamped. Now there reposes on Paddy's arm, the frigate Constitution. And now earnestly claims that he once shipped on "Old Ironsides".

No one doubts him for a minute; but Paddy has done so much and been so many places, that a person not knowing him might be inclined to doubt some of his famous tales.

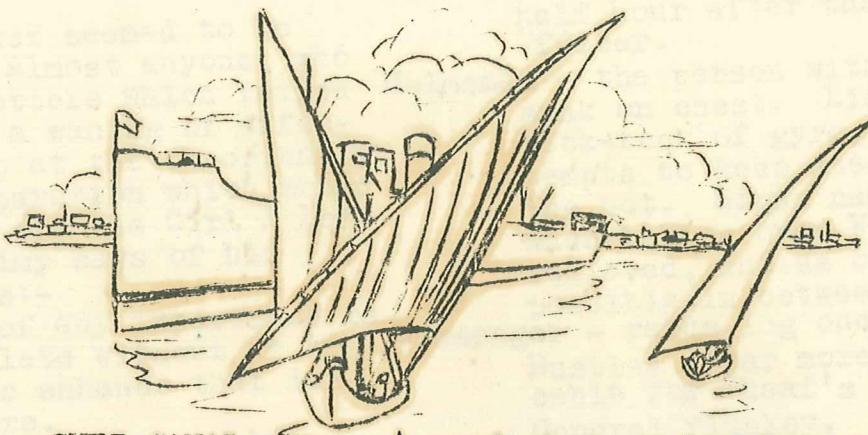
A trip to Kandy was immensely enjoyed by the cadet corps. They viewed the jungles, wherein many elephants labored, and also saw the mountains and tea plantations which make Ceylon famous. The Botanical Garden were very interesting also. Kandy is the site of the Temple of the Buddhist Tooth. This is a typical semi-ruined Indian Temple.

The elephant's bath was the most interesting thing to the cadet corps (it would be). After the nice elephants had their baths and were all fixed up, the cadets enjoyed riding upon their backs. Capt. Topp, Mr. Crossman, and Dr. Jones also favored the elephants.

Bananas were devoured by the cadets in carload lots and seemed to be exhilarating, for Gullikson brandished his banana stalk just like the Indians do in Fortuna.

WET MEASURE

Two pints one quart
Two quarts one fight
One fight two cops
Two cops one judge
One judge ninety days.



RED SEA - SUEZ CANAL

The Red Sea wasn't red; It didn't even have a reddish tint, and, as soon as the high, white, South African country had faded in the dusk, it looked like any other ocean. But, as Arabia on one side and the Sudan on the other began closing in, the Red Sea began to take on a more interesting aspect.

Mount Sinai, where Moses is purported to have received the Ten Commandments, loomed up above the high range of mountains in the Arabian Desert which paralleled the Red Sea at this point. Then the approximate position of the "Well of Moses" passed by, and down went the hook just off Suez.

Suez from a distance looked much like the apartment House District of eastern Long Beach or Alamitos Bay, but it wouldn't have been the same, irregardless! No one went ashore here as the ship was awaiting her turn to go thru the Canal. Everyone was kept busy enough in their first (but not last!) experience with the resourcefulness, ingenuity, and unequalled gall of the Egyptian variety of Guide or Dragoman. The word, "Guide", gets extremely repellent to all Globe-Trotters; but the qualification, "Egyptian" Guide makes the appellation a shotgun occasion.

These fellows, who forced their unwelcome presences aboard in the flurry of official launches round about, weren't exactly Dragomen in the strictest sense of the word, but Fuller Brush men, vacuum cleaner demonstrators, or perfume salesmen. They were darned nuisances

A good shot or two from a high pressure hose worked wonders at scattering these High-Pressure salesmen and their "Vulgar" boatmen. They came out in tubby dhows with a single lateen sail; and went ashore in the same manner, though "madder than a wet hen" - and twice as wet!

The entrance to the Suez was just like entering any little Estuary, except that there isn't always a landscape of low, level sand country - easily comparable to a Southern California beach subdivision. There is rather a striking War Memorial to the Indian Army at Port Tewfik made up of an obelisk sided by two tigers. Following the light beacons through the Small Bitter Lake, the supposed track of the Israelites in crossing the Red Sea. Then more straight canal, Timsahe Lake (famous for crocodiles) breaking the monotony, and then Port Said on the morning of March 10th.

Here at the Northern end of the canal, all hands had liberty for a few hours. "The wickedest city in the world" didn't run true to form, if movie stories are taken as models.

Guides hawked amber beads, amber cigarettes, and amber paste, whispering, "You like something make all girls love you?" Shops and bazaars displayed Egyptian perfume, tapes-tries, and cigarettes, plus the usual line of Chinese and Japanese silk goods and Colombo ebony elephants. On every street corner a "Mohamet Ali" dangled a fez or a box of "Turkish Delight", and then followed anyone for blocks who evidenced the most casual interest in his wares.

The amber racket seemed to be quite an idea. Almost anyone, who felt that the letters which failed to arrive meant a waning of affection, would jump at the opportunity of buying a preparation which would revive the love of "the Girl I Left Behind Me." Shimy says of his Amber Cigarettes:-

"No occasion of any importance is considered complete without an Amber Cigarette to enhance that luxurious atmosphere.

They never fail to please the ladies, and are smoked by many gentlemen, whether they are husbands, lovers, or just bachelors getting experience.

Shimy's Amber Cigarettes transport you to the sweetest heights of happiness and bliss. No smoker should be without them - no lady ever is."

Brother Shimy produced "Daffy Davits" (supposedly genuine) to the effect that all the "Crowned Heads" of "Yurrup" bought his love potions. However, those whose curiosities lead them to try the magic weeds could feel no years slipping off their shoulders, and felt stung, due to the expense. Added to this, they have the distinct aroma of Woolworth's perfume counter on a hot summer day.

Port Said may be wicked; Port Said may be mysterious, seductive, sensuous, exotic, etc., but it doesn't smell like it! It smells like a good sized tenement house on about the fifth floor, with someone cooking cabbage in the basement.

But you might feel better after looking at the marvelous statue of Ferdinand De Lesseps, genial Frenchman who built the Suez Canal, which is on the left hand going out. Not at all - you're welcome!

BRIEF EXPLANATION OF WATCHES

DECK

Lookout - Man who stands staring into space on fo'c'sle, often see objects only a

half hour after the Watch Officer.

Helmsman - the person with head sunk on chest. Listens to tick-tock of gyro, and attempts to keep steering engine hot. Signs name in wake when taking over Watch, when relieved, and as often as possible in between.

Messenger - reads log once an hour.

Bustles after more telephone cable for Sheaf's knot-tying. General flunkey. The "Watch (ed) Pot Never Boils" when he makes coffee!

Cadet Watch Officer - assumes look of importance when sure Watch Officer isn't looking.

Imagines himself Master of Leviathan in spare time (i.e. - all the time).

Lifebuoy - lonely looking person on the poop. Still valiantly trying to discover what he's doing there.

ENGINE

Middle-grate Oiler - feverish browned individual who pours liberal quantities of lube and steam oil on Bottom-oiler's neck.

Bottom Oiler - man who receives liberal quantities of lube and steam oil on neck.

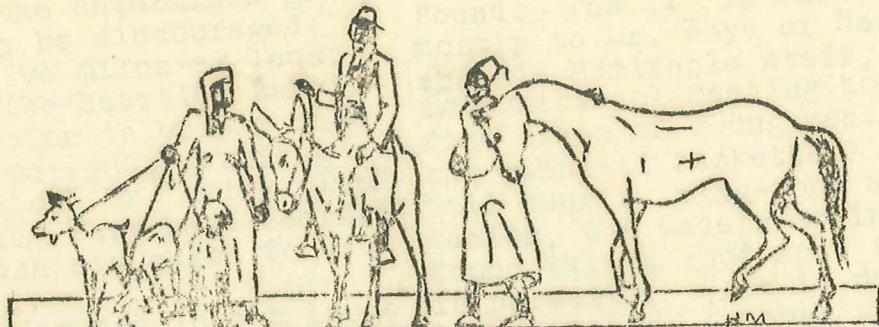
Auxiliary Oiler - the stair climber. Rides herd on the baby engines.

Watertender - listens for safety-valve to pop off and for fusible plug to melt out.

Fireman - peeps into little round holes to see if fire is lit. Practices Boy Scout test of lighting fire with two matches. Makes snake tracks on the Chief's "Tattle-tale".

Platform Man - book-keeper who puts down figures on big white sheets of paper. Mumbles numbers frequently to himself.

There are two kinds of women; those who shut their eyes when kissing and those who look to see if you do.



ALEXANDRIA

Alexandria, City of Kings, is so named from Alexander the Great of historical fame. It was this shipping center of the Near East which long supplied Europe with sandal-wood, musk, and frankincense, and silks and spices of all sorts. Carthage and her contemporaries passed into the ages long ago; but Alexandria still remains Egypt's and Northern Africa's foremost port.

The types of vessels found in the older section of the Port present fantastic contrasts. The crack ships of the American Export Co. loom above the old time dhows with their one or more lateen-rigged sails. There a three-masted barkentine serves as the country's Nautical School Ship, and the nearby yacht of the King is tied up just across from the oldest lighthouse in the world, Ras el Tin. There is also a Palace Ras el Tin, in which King Fuad is supposed to keep a few of his wives, and in which he spends some of the summer months while Cairo is intolerably hot.

English and Irish officials operate in the Police, Customs, and Quarantine departments of Alexandria and Anglo-Saxon faces look out of strange uniforms everywhere.

The city has been carefully restricted for British service men into "Out of Bounds" and "In Bounds to His British Majesties Forces" districts, and acceptable play houses, bars, and restaurants are also marked. And there is some reason for this strict censorship. Notorious "restricted"

districts, in which filth and disease go hand in hand, such as Sister Street and the immediate vicinity, (scene of the sensuous "Can Can" dances), are indeed sections of the Arab Quarter which visitors frequently find not a little disturbing. In spite of all precautions and a rigid patrol system, foreigners, usually somewhat the worse for drink, form the incentive for dangerous riots.

The worst institution for intimidating the sight-seer is the Dragomen's Co-operative Nuisance Society. Stepping ashore is the signal for a vicious series of skirmishes with nervy individuals who cannot be rebuffed, or insulted. They specialize in peddling Hoboken beads, bracelets, and rings, or they insist on selling their services as a guide. If their continuous line of hooey were believed, one would be led to imagine that it was impossible to walk or ride anywhere in Alexandria without a guide.

The guides are quite interesting with all their faults. They usually dress in the native flannel night gown arrangement and have the choicest collection of names imaginable - mostly Irish. "Mahoney Galleger", "Slim Jim from Kalamazoo", "Michigan", and "Slide Kelly, Slide" convincingly chatter, one above the other as to their superior qualities, and as to the untrustworthiness in general of all other guides.

To get rid of guides is a wearing down process. In the first mile of walking, cursing, and emphatic rejection of their proposals, the

first half of the determined group of hecklers may be discouraged; but it takes five miles at least to get rid of the heartier survivors. The solution is simple once it is discovered; just carrying a small "black-jack" or "billy club" keeps them off. They have learned that the British are quick to use them.

The city is divided into a large number of quarters; i.e., Arab, Greek, French, British, and isolated groups of Romanians, Bulgarians, Smith, and Stephenson in regards to Italians, etc. Except for the Arab and French districts there isn't a very distinct line of divisions, one from another; but the difference in general types is readily distinguishable in travelling about the city.

The Arab quarter is a city in itself. Here Greybeard the Prophet, and Ali Babi walk side by side. Strange narrow, crooked alleyways lead past strange sights and stranger smells. Bazaar after bazaar invites the passerby to a closer inspection of tapestry, silks, brass ware, or parched peas, dates, and goat's milk in patched bladders. Old patriarchs forgather in dim coffee shops, quietly sipping their drinks and placidly pulling on water-pipes (narghils). In the streets there is a great deal of elbowing and consequently free use of invectives as donkey carts and burdened men collide. The sidewalks (when they can be located) are used by beggars - "the lame, the halt and the blind" - all calling for "baksheesh". Some have such foul, livid, crawling sores that, upon their approach, the chosen victim tosses largess at them for fear they may come nearer, if ignored. But this backward section is quite confined to itself. Horse cabs make the distance between the quay thru the Arab quarter to the business district in ten minutes. (Except when the last liberty boat is waiting!)

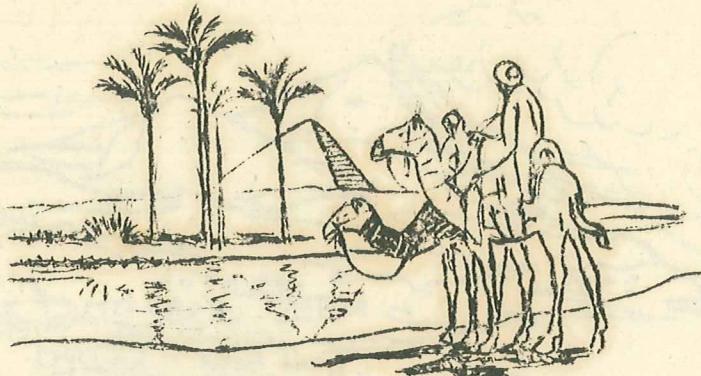
Here the Y.M.C.A.'s cool interior or any one of a number of choice

Brasseries or Restaurants are found. The "Y" in Alexandria, due mostly to Mr. Boyd of New Jersey, and his admirable staff, forms an international meeting house for a fine class of young men. Besides the standard basketball and hand-ball courts, ping-pong and billiard tables, the Cadets so inclined found this a good spot for philatelic pursuits. Here it was also that the finishing touches were concluded between Mr. Boyd and Miller, the dance tendered the "three finer boys" of the ship by the local Y.W.

The interesting local color consists of men in flannel nightshirts, women mysteriously shrouded in black with only sparkling kohl-darkened eyes exposed, and burnoos-darkened Arab sheiks from the "Never, Never Land". The Catacombs and their time-hallowed array of bones and skeletons is a Cook's Tour Traveler's delight. To this must be added Pompey's Pillar and Ptolemy's Pillar.

At this latter obelisk the hoard of ragamuffin boot-blackers (children, for the most part) dispense a very creditable shine (good for three inspections, at the very least) at, roughly (?), a cent and two fifths.

A strong affection for Alexandria is out of the question, but a deep and intriguing interest in the new and old stories found here is inevitable. Saladin and Richard (he of the Lion-Heart), Sohrab and Rustum, The Pharoahs and the Cat of Bubastes, the Israelites and the Prophet Mchammed and the "True-Believers" all pass by in fanciful splendor - and a spell, difficult to cast off, follows one lucky enough to sojourn with them.



CAIRO

"Ladies and gentleman, stop right over this way and see La Belle Fatima, the world renowned muscle dancer. Every bone in her beautiful torso quivers and shakes; it is a fantastic and unique performance that you cannot afford to miss."

This was the light in which many cadets had seen Egypt in their imaginations. Cairo was a little different. The streets of this famous city contained a really queer gathering of people. Men dressed in multi-colored robes, women in black, hiding their faces behind veils, if they happened to be married. Hawkers, guides, and chisolers.

The Bristo Hotel was the headquarters of the cadet corps. They took the place by storm. E. J. Haddon could be seen at all hours of the night roaming the corridors, dressed in a fanciful costume that was supposed to portray "A-Bull-Bull". It consisted of a lampshade for a headdress and a shawl of some kind for the remainder. The Bristol Hotel's commissary stores were in a desparate state. The demand for jam, tangerines, and fried eggs was terrific. Something had to be done; so 'ol Gugglehcimer (or whatever his name was) announced, "de excursion iss starting. Dis way pleaze."

All during that day the cadets saw the pyramids, sphinx, rode on camels, visited the mosques, and traded at the bazaars.

Certain districts of Cairo were dangerous to visit at night; so the cadet corps were informed. A celebration of Egyptian independence was apt to get a little dangerous for foreigners. As soon as possible some of the most adventuresome of the cadet corps (all of them) proceeded to these forbidden districts, insolently wearing their newly acquired fezzes.

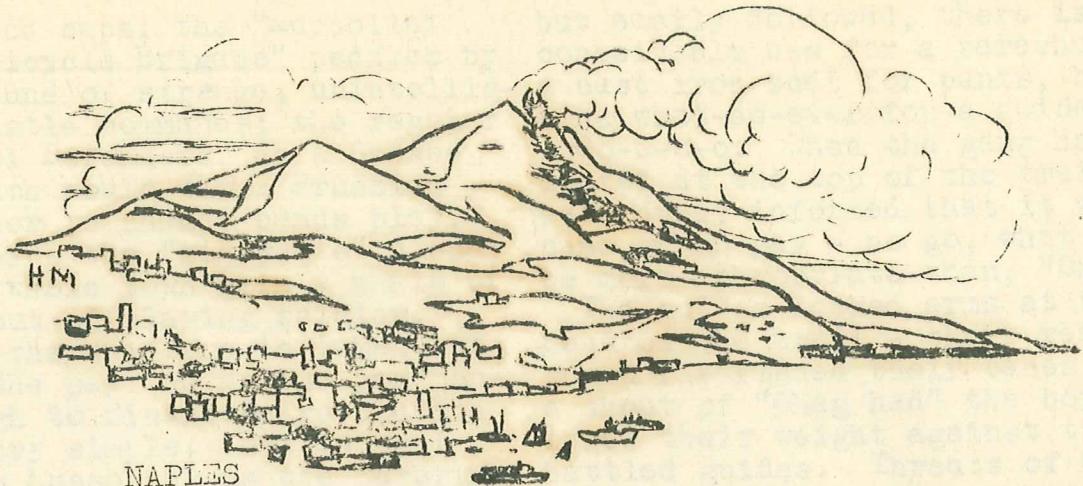
Nothing serious happened however, outside of the fact that certain cadets were challenged by the Egyptians as to their right to wear a Foz. "Only men can wear Fezzes," quoth one indignant follower of Mohammed.

During the visit of the "Port Watch to Cairo, a sensational uprising occurred. E. Solar Hochuli (Grook God), decided that what Egypt needed was a severe spanking. He promptly started to administer punishment to the populace, incited by some reason or other. He progressed admirably for a while, until some of his shipmates had to rescue him from spending the night in the Egyptian free boarding house.

Both watches left Cairo in high spirits and several cadets were heard to state, "A damn nice place to spend a honey moon."

Mr. Jaeger: Say, Hughes, "did you take physics in High School?"

Stan Laurel: Yah, what do y'a wan'na know.



NAPLES

Deeply sunk in a Chesterfield with "the girl of their dreams", many cadets had heard the romantic strains of the "Neopolitan Nights" over the radio.

Time passed, and the cadets arrived in Naples, only without the "girl of their dreams". Would that she were there for protection. The cadet corps proved to be "meat" for the exiled Italian bootleggers from the States.

One of the so and so's led Meyer, Hansenn, McPheeters, and Haddon to an innocent little restaurant. The quartette seated themselves and prepared for a nice Italian feed. Seemingly by coincidence, a very enticing Neopolitan beauty was seated at the table opposite. Naturally our heros could not help but notice her; after all they had been to sea for a long time.

She appeared very innocent and discreet. Before long she made it apparent that she desired a cigarette. It's a wonder the boys weren't killed in the rush. They almost upset the table and did upset several chairs. McPheeters was there first and he had the honor of offering the lady a cigarette. After that it wasn't long before the lady was seated at the same table with the boys. Of course Haddon had to put in his "dimes worth". He occupied her attentions for the rest of the meal.

Results: the bill for the meal

was 150 lires, and the lady expected elaborate entertainment for the evening. It seemed the boys had been taken.

However, at the zero hour, a group of American students who "knew the ropes" intervened. They cut the bill in half and gave the lady and her boy friend the well known "air".

In spite of being expensive, Naples was a very interesting place. Tours were arranged to Pompeii and Vesuvius, and they proved to be well worth while. Vesuvius rises up above Pompeii, far across the Bay, belching out great gusts of malevolent smoke to join uninterrupted with the fluffy clouds above. Sorrento with her vineyards and greenery; and Capri, magic isle to conjure with, seemed to beckon in the crisp, invigorating Spring air. Life is very full, very young, and most optimistic - until the rosy picture is wiped out by a sudden gust of rain.

The Funicolare Centrale is the best way to descend from the hilltop to the center of town - and any way will do when it's raining. The Funicolare is an enclosed cable-car, always travelling at the same angle, and not changing suddenly from uphill to downhill as San Francisco's do.

Everyone and his brother (hunchbacks excused) is in uniform. The "Bambino Fascisti" toddle by in knee pants, black shirts, and

and trench caps; the "Mussolini Junior Bicycle Brigade" peddles by to the tune of strange, unintelligible whistle commands; the regular "Fascisti Defenders" do a Goose-step which would put a Prussian drum-major to shame; bands play, horses pack the "big shots" along; and the whole town gets a whale of a kick out of playing soldier. Cost of the uniforms is taken out of the pay; so no one has money enough to finance a revolution - all very simple. But to most Italians Mussolini is the harbinger of better times. Those who aren't quite in accord keep quiet - the secret police are well trained, too! Mussolini rules Italy from the toe of the boot to the uppermost lacing.

The small glove factories are the places to buy presents. The only difficulty is in remembering Aunt Gussie's size, but this doesn't matter so much as the helpful proprietor will undoubtedly give you a pair big enough for one glove to fit both hands.

The "nice" people go to the hotel dances. The Club Royale, scene of man; a Cadet's subjugation to the terpsichorean delights, proves to be an ideal meeting ground for genteel natives and foreigners alike. Nowhere are there girls more beautiful than the higher type Italians from fair, blue-eyed blondes of Trieste and Genoa to the more brunette Neopolitan queens. Naples is "naughty", Naples is nice, and Naples is remembered. Selah!

BATTLE OF MT. VESUVIUS

Fight on men, fight on. - Famous war words of the C.N.S., once again carried the day. This time in foreign conquest.

Atop the famous "burier of cities" the 1st Classmen were met with demands of from 5 to 15 lires a head for guide services into the crater of the volcano. As the trail is narrow and precipitous,

but easily followed, there is a conceivable use for a parachute or a cast iron seat for pants, but none what-so-ever for a guide.

So-o-o-o. When the gang had collected at the top of the trail and been duly informed that it was a case of no pay - no go, what could be more appropriate than, "Oh Yeah?"

The guides locked arms at the head of the trail - their rear guard flourished their canes. With a shout of "Chag had" the boys threw their weight against the embattled guides. Threats of Cops, cracks with canes, danger of being flung over a cliff into the steaming, hissing, bubbling crater were forgotten - and aside went the guides.

The day was successfully carried, and as yet no one has been "jugged" for it. Needless to say, the guides felt quite "put out" about it and said so. But who cares?

THE FRENCH ALPS

While the ship lay at Villefranche, not everyone went in for the night life exclusively.

There were some who wanted to get away from it all, (the old blase attitude) and find peace and solitude in some out of the way spot.

That spot was Beuil (pronounced by holding nose with one hand and grunting forth a noise like Beuil, which should sound like boy, bey, bouy, bail, bah, or booh! This was a tiny hamlet located high in the French Alps about three hours from Nice by bus.

"Devil May Care Pierre", the 1/2 breed (Anderson), "Concorde Baptiste the guide" (Langran), "The Dapper Trapper" (Holcomb), and "Ug Mug the Esquimaux" (Bréght) made an all day trek thru the snow, and climbed one of the highest Alps in the vicinity (?). They skied back, sometimes on the skies, but most of the time on almost every other part of their anatomy.

Ware, Carpenter, Aguilar, and Greathead also favored Beuil during their leave.

ROME

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears". Ben Hur, Quo Vadis, and all of the rest of the boys had done their bit in Rome. Now the cadet corps did their's. The ancient Romans would have turned over in their graves had they known that their sacred city was being used as a playground for California's prodigals.

At three o'clock in the morning a quartette composed of "Moose" Meyer, E. J. Haddon, Schultz, and McKinnon could be seen scrabbling a certain "fair maiden" beneath the balcony of the Beau Site Hotel, while "Cahtah" Houston reposited in blissful sleep atop a near by gatepost. At the Boston Hotel (royal sanctuary of the upper class) "Butch" Adams demonstrated his ability as future pilot. As captain of an unfortunate wheelchair that had gone astray, he disturbed the inmates by shouting the orders, "full ahead, full astern" as he tottered on the brink of the hotel's steep staircase. "Milt" Cunningham and "Red" O'Connel were the engineers.

A real special arrangement allowed the cadet corps to visit Mussolini and the Pope. Also, a privileged few enjoyed themselves at the American Embassy. In the educational line, the cadets visited the Italian Naval Institute where many models of ships and marine engines were on display. The Coliseum, the Forum, and the Catacombs were visited in brief round of sight seeing. The cadets had an honor extended to them in Rome, perhaps the greatest honor ever conferred upon the corps; they occupied a special section in the official reviewing stand during the Facisti parade. News reel cameras recorded the glory of the occasion for proud relatives to see back home.

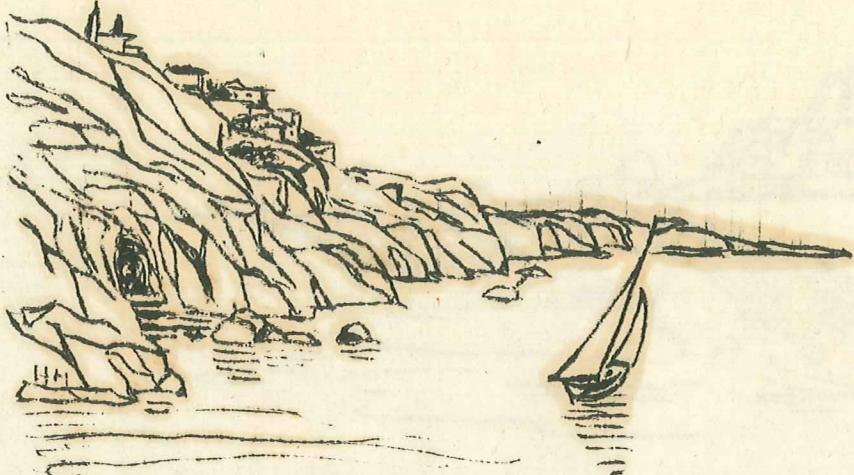
Among the officers, Mr. Crossman was quite fortunate in Rome. He made the acquaintance of a real-dyed-in-wool countess. The countess proved to be very charming company for our "Exec", and he could be seen with her about the many fashionable clubs of Rome.

The train pulled out of Rome for Naples at eight thirty with a very happy and tired bunch of fellows aboard. Two of them were so exhausted, on account of them having enjoyed themselves too much, that they selected a nice first class compartment in the rear of the train and went to sleep.

They woke to find themselves headed for Venice. The last car of the train had been switched and sent to Venice! Finally when the unfortunates got back to the ship they were three and a half hours over leave. Mr. Crossman was very charitable however, and they were released. (Lucky Boys). Maybe they didn't get side tracked at all? Anyway it was a good alibi.

ODE TO BRILLIANTSHINE

What care we cadets for light beer
and wine,
As long as we've plenty of ol'
Brilliantshine
It's good for all ailments, - the
poor and the rich,
Halitosis and crabs, and the seven
year itch!
It makes a swell cock-tail and good
for your corns,
When used on the toe-nails they
into horns,
Its hair-growing merits are beyond
mere deceit,
It was once used by Einstein as a
cure for flat feet
It's used as tonic for the cadet
corps en-masse,
But it ain't worth a dam for
shining up brass!!



CAPRI

Everyone aboard had expressed the opinion that they would certainly like to visit Capri. Imagine then, the delight when word came that the ship was going to Capri, and further that the Duke and Duchess of Capri (the latter a former San Franciscan) were giving a dance in our honor. The affair was arranged by the U.S. Consul General to Italy, and the Consular staff at Naples accompanied the ship to the "Isle of Blue Waters".

The ship left Naples in the morning, and a short three hour run found us anchored off the little port at the foot of the tall cliffs and hills comprising the island.

The Starboard watch were the fortunate ones who received liberty, and while most of the gang began to climb the hill to the town, a few made the trip to the Blue Grotto, famous in Roman history, and to the Green Grotto.

These Grottos are a marvelous sight. In the Blue Grotto the water is a very decided golden-blue when churned to a froth by the boatman's oar, and similarly, the deflected light rays color the water green in the Grotto of that name. As the whole of this section of Italy is gradually settling, the old tile floor on which the old Romans held their orgies of wine, women, and song is below water.

The town of Capri is fairly interesting, but a bit too "artistic" to suit the rough and ready temper- ments of "embryo ossifiers".

Practically the whole liberty party made its way in short order to the Sports Club, the courtesies of which had been graciously extended. Here the hospitable members dug up shoes, rackets, (and even pants) for those of us who "play at tennis". Several fellows at that time had the pleasure of being severely trounced by the Austrian "Pro" Champion who

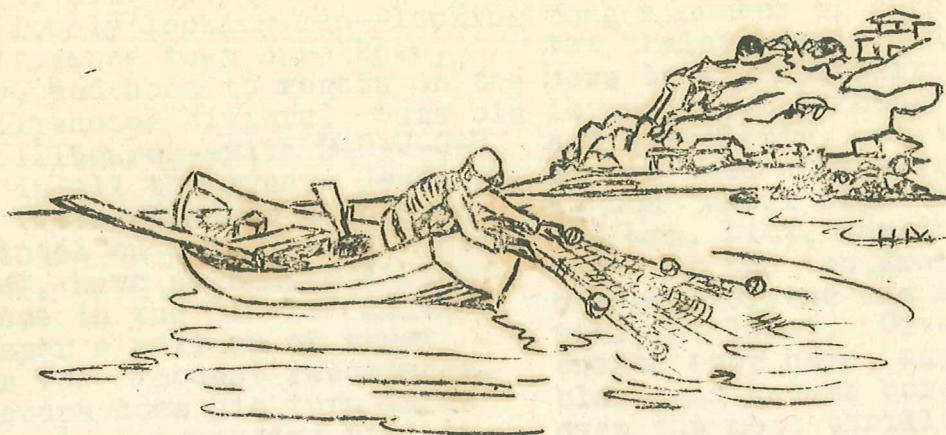
very nonchalantly smoked cigarettes while making monkeys of his opponents.

At the same time those who weren't playing tennis were very well entertained by the hosts and hostesses with a dance and tea (Yeah, darn it, we mean tea).

That night, after a wonderful dinner of raviola and spaghetti specially ordered by the Duchess herself, the gang met at the Quisisana Hotel for the dance. This latter was a peach of an affair; so much so that the liberty was extended "until you all want to quit". One of the humorous parts of the evening came when, owing to a slight girl shortage, it was announced that all dances were tag dances. It seems that the Italians have very definite ideas of what escorting a young lady implies. And among other things it does not imply is allowing strangers to "tag" the escorted at liberty. Several of these scowling lads had to be led aside by the genial host and warned to either comply with the American custom or betake themselves hence--They grudgingly complied, and finally got into the spirit of the thing.

We had had a wonderful time when we dragged our weary seoves aboard in the early hours, and we extend our genuine thanks to the Host and Hostess.

The Port watch got their chance at seeing a bit of the island the next morning before we sailed off for Villefranche at about 2:00 P.M.



VILLEFRANCHE SUR MER

The sign says, "Welcom Hotel". In spite of all evidence to the contrary, it is doubtful of a room could be engaged--for one person. To see those things which make French magazines famous, one does not have to travel further than Villefranche.

Villefranche has cabarets and cantina. Many were raided periodically each week by the gendarmes, who seem rather to enjoy running in a mess of screaming, squalling females somewhat the worse for drink and general wear and tear; but beautifully whitewashed and be-carmined. The mere fact that the Riviera is a general rendezvous for the British Mediterranean Fleet is enough for the sucker shops surrounding the navy landing place.

This little French village has a more wholesome aspect when seen from anywhere except the alcoholic district. There are picturesque villas dug into the Riviera hill-sides--colorful and typical of this section of France. Parlor buses and luxurious buses speed over the upper and lower Corniche roads, the Monte Carlo-Nice road, and a few others that Oppenheim forgot to mention.

The harbor makes an effective background for the Italian super-liner "Rex", the British Navy ships "Revenge", "Sussex", "London", and a yacht or two of visiting plenipotentiaries.

Well, let's get going. Can't

stay all day in Villefranche. Might get clued around one of those porch beer tables and never get away; but with five days straight liberty! Shall we pay two francs and take a look at Nice? O.K.

After a few minutes ride on a narrow cliff road Nice comes into view suddenly around a sharp corner. Here, if it is still daylight, a good prospectus of many entertainment places suitable for later in the evening may be taken. There are the Casino Municipal, Maxim's Cabaret, and the Opera marked by a huge street sign. That will do temporarily; and the Promenade Des Anglais is the place to go just before lunch to see all the "Who's Who'ers" plus the rich Hoosiers--these being the only ones who can afford to "do the Riviera" just at present. Up and down--and then down and up, they go. Some have dogs--others look wistful as though they keenly feel the absence of a Beagle, St. Bernard, or Bloodhound. The Schnitzlebenders followed a bevy of Dachshunds, the pseudo-Russian Countesses toted starved, gaunt wolf-hounds; ill-natured looking dowagers wrangled with petulant yelping poodles; and these "oo-la-la" French fluffies flashed by with cream puff Pekincsors.

Hasn't devote all the attention to dog fanciers, however fascinating the study becomes. There are also people who blank down a franc or so for a chair and the privilege of watching the world pass in review. Some are faded, lonely look-

ing women, some are middle aged, equally lonely looking men--looking for the romance they once knew, possibly, and hope to regain on the lush bally-hooed Riviera. Some old female billboards--with D-O-U-G-H written in all the ornate jewelry hung on their withered carcasses (like tinsel on a held-over Christmas tree), have purchased a form of romance in the "la-la" gigolos who whisper a maximum of sweet nothings for a modest recompense. Then Grandpa does his turn in another sector, expanding visibly as his "kept" cheri gazes so artistically at him, as though she really thought him the man his flattered ego makes of him for the moment.

Presently the painting will begin to fade. People will drift back to their pensions and hotels for luncheon. Only the few hardy souls on the beaches will remain, and the desolate, wide, cold, cement promenade will look too matter of fact once more. It is, for all of its frivolousness, rather a cold cement vault wherein lost souls are interred for "the Season". There are some people who are "regulars"; but they stand out so conspicuously against the background of demi-mondes, gay old dogs, gigolos, and re-vamped Grandmas that they seem negligible in numbers by comparison.

The beaches are best in the early afternoon during April because the morning and late evening chill is too much for tropic thinned blood. The Ruhl Plage and the Niciiea are the favorite hang-outs of the younger British and American expatriats who enjoy a touch of sun now and then. The beach is all small, round stones, very uncomfortable to the back of the lap, necessitating canvas chairs or a robe on the cement slab solarium places.

The Tea Dansants proved an ideal meeting ground for cadets and the cosmopolitan collection of young women who came to these in groups, with fond mamas, and, happily,

occasionally alone. Best known among a number of such places was the "Palais de la Medit errane". Here in the upstairs ballroom there is music for dancing between four and six-thirty. At that time it is recommenced downstairs in the "Hollywood" until eight-thirty. Mr. and Mrs. Litt, Americans, see to it that for the ten francs cover charge everyone has a "different" time, at least. Given half a chance over here, anyone will go blase and become bored to death at even the most thrilling entertainment.

No tale of Nice would be complete without mentioning Charlie Coleman-debonair young English song-writer, a pensioner on his wealthy London family between ditties. With his versatile piano and singing talents he combined variously with Meyer, Haddon, Stevenson, Russel, Hochuli, Farmer, and Smith to turn Nice's smartest Night Clubs inside out. The Broadway, Hollywood, Maxim's and some less definite places fell under their combined attack.

Doc Jones was quite responsible for the boys enjoying the tea dansant. His introducing them to Margaret Warhurst (Canadian) and Elaine Jose ("foreign" American), paved the way for many similar introductions.

CANNES

Let's leave Nice and take a fast parlor bus to Cannes, and watch Jimmie Walker entertain Betty Comp-ton and her mother.

In Naples Jimmy Walker dug himself into the seclusion of a hill-side hotel entered only by an outside lift from the street below. It seems he wanted to remove himself from the generally unwelcome society of the "gentlemen of the press" following his shoot-the-shoots in New York. In Cannes few would recognize in the pale introspective Jimmy the wise-cracking Beau Brummel mayor of a short while ago. He seems to sink into

his striped canvas chair on the beach gratefully.

Crowds no longer find Jimmy's little puns so pungent. He's forgotten most of them himself. Possibly he may also be trying to forget the middle aged wife he shelved for the better preserved Betty. Maybe the pace of the Cannes night life is beginning to tell on top of the Seabury strain of the previous months.

MONTE CARLO

Monte Carlo falls short of its fast-and-loose reputation on a bright morning. Children play with governesses in sand piles and swing within the shadow of the Casino; gentle old men salute each other gravely as they pass; flower girls hawk nose-gays along the formal gardens; pastry shops advertise hot-cross buns; and the tense gambling atmosphere just isn't. The Prince of Monaco's children go about their business in much the same way as children in other French localities.

Like a flame moth breaking from its dull, oppressive cocoon to spread its gorgeous wings, so does Monte Carlo unfold its true colors as daylight wanes. Flashy limousines deliver carefully turned out men in evening clothes, and women wearing the latest from Paris. All look as though they had probed deep down into life's experiences, and hadn't profited greatly thereby.

"A fool and his money are soon parted!" It isn't long before many of these who cut such gay figures are on the outside looking in-- wondering how so much actual cash slipped from their fingers into the croupier's hoe as he pulls in the loot. The grandeur, the elegance, and the comfort of the Casino lulls the victims into a feeling of plenty and extravagance impossible under less haughty roofs.

The Hotel de Paris has a doorman who looks like a general. This big buck nigger has his fancy red

great-coat emblazoned across the bosom with as classy a collection of medals as any museum ever sported. But, come closer! Most of these have to do with:

"Champion beer swiller of Monaco". "Blacker than the ace of spades".

Ciro's world famous bar is the place to get the choicest collection of big time scandal and gossip of the "big shots". Here the honor of countesses and queens have gone by the board, while mere males are all rakes to this auspicious, suspicious gathering of cosmopolites.

King Gustav of Sweden came in for his ribbing. The old boy gave a command invitation to a visiting American tennis star to compete with His Majesty in his favorite sport. His Regal Rustiness gradually dropt further and further behind as his ill-concealed displeasure kept pace with his opponents score. Only dint of strategy were the Knights of the Bath and Garters, respectively, able to secretly talk the Yankee into giving the King the ride his childishness insisted upon. The big Swede finally wound up on the heavy end of the score, all radiant with royal good humor.

Girl back home: "Harry, what do you do when the ship gets in a foreign port?"

"I get off the ship; I get off and off and off."

"Then what do you do?"

"Why, then I get on and on and on

Goog: "Oh love, you funny thing, look what you went and did to me!"

Kustel: (while enjoying the entertainment of the Floradora Cabaret) "When ya gotta go, ya gotta go!"

TOURISTS

Long before our arrival at Villefranche there were numerous requests for special liberty at that port. Most of them were granted.

Upon receiving liberty, cadets started out in every direction. Robertson went to Scotland; Kell and Taterson to England; Hansen, Sterling, Sheward, Duncan, Goorgan, Bank, Barrett, Schellete went to Paris. Vanoni crossed the Alps into Switzerland. Gregory and Phelps went as far as Marseille, while Hicker and Bob Lindgren wandered as far as Grenoble.

A FIVE DAY IMPRESSION OF MERRIE ENGLAND ---W.G. KELL

Gas lamps, Hyde Park, toy trains, bicycles, external plumbing, and the white cliffs of Dover, these are some of the outstanding impressions during five days in England.

Coming across the English Channel the chalk cliffs of Dover loom up like a gigantic wall. Beyond this wall is a country so distinct from other foreign nations that if one were to be led there blindfolded, and his destination unannounced, he would know where he was immediately when the blindfold was removed.

The first thing noticeable would be the trains, seemingly about the size that junior plays with in the parlor. The passenger coaches are of a fairly decent size, but the freight cars are nothing more than wheelbarrows or packing boxes on four wheels. But what the English trains lack in size they make up for in speed. It is a standing joke there that the American laughs at the size of these trains, and then become scared at the speed of them. The American side of this is: a rather frightened looking American passenger upon being asked whether the speed was too much for him, replied; "no, but I'm afraid the train is going to run off your darn little island!!!

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and breast plates- long white
plumes, white shoulder straps,
scarlet coat revealed under the
armor; white breeches and black
boots. The horses are beautiful
and they are just as well dis-
ciplined as their riders. Horse
and rider stand absolutely
motionless while sentry duty for
two hours at a time.

It is hard to realize how ancient everything is. Houses that are two hundred old are considered comparatively new. I was discussing this with a friend whose house was not quite so historical as most, and she replied that it was practically a new one, being only forty years old. Any thing like that in California would be put on exhibition by the native daughters of the Golden West.

The most quaint thing about England, however, is the country-side. Filled with trees, grass, streams, flowers, and hedges it is as green, for the temperate zone, as the tropic jungles are for the torrid. Narrow lanes, scarcely wide enough for two cars to pass, (unless they are Austins), and bordered frequently

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The next thing one will notice is the abundance of chimney pots. No British chimney is complete without two or three of them. Chimney pots and the helmets of the Bobbies will give England away every time.

England is a country built on conservatism and tradition that most of the streets of London are still lit by gas; water, gas lines, and electric conduits trail over the interior walls of the houses like some large grapevine.

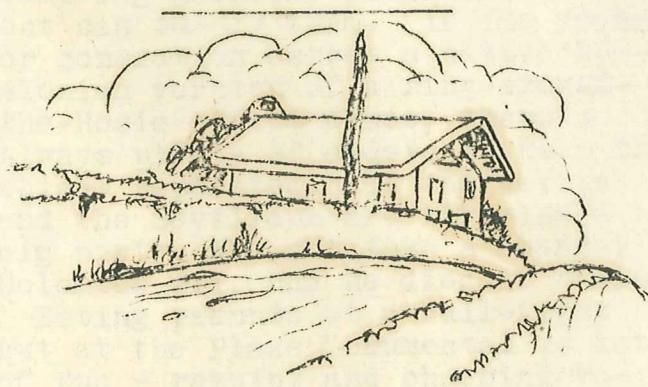
As for tradition, that is brought home to one when he sees the uniforms of the Guards - the Scottish Guards, the Irish Guards, Horse Guards, Beefeaters of the London Tower, and many more. The most conspicuous of these are the Horse Guards, they wear a uniform which is a cross between a Roman centurians and a Prussian General's. Bright silver helmets and breast plates- long white plumes, white shoulder straps, scarlet coat revealed under the armor; white breeches and black boots. The horses are beautiful and they are just as well disciplined as their riders. Horse and rider stand absolutely motionless while sentry duty for two hours at a time.

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The most quaint thing about England, however, is the countryside. Filled with trees, grass, streams, flowers, and hedges it is as green, for the temperate zone, as the tropic jungles are for the torrid. Narrow lanes, scarcely wide enough for two cars to pass, (unless they are Austins), and bordered frequently

with dense hedges, meander across the country like so many cow paths. If you want to get across country and are not a native citizen, your best guide is a course in navigation. Thatched roofs will sometimes be seen, though they are dying out with the thatchers who make them. These lanes are covered with flocks of bicycles on week ends. Because of the high tax on automobiles the populace has taken to every form of vehicle that has less than four wheels. Whole families will be piled into a motor cycle with a side car attachment of such a shape that it looks possible to spend a pleasant day canoeing in it. When I first saw one of these processions to the country and beaches, I thought they had ransacked a museum, and were staging a comeback of the Gay Nineties, because of the number of tandems. But the riders looked so serious that I soon realized that the old tandem bicycle is now an accepted form of conveyance in England.

However, with all the peculiarities which make a Yankee chuckle to himself occasionally, one must remember that England is a grown up country, having acquired a settled, firm and steadfast civilization. There is something very solid and straight about this country, and you feel that it will surmount any emergencies and last through all upheavals.



CORRIDA de TOROS

Almost everyone who visits Spain goes to at least one bull fight. And many of them go only to one, because it seems a disgusting, bloody affair wherein the bull has little or no chance. It goes against their code of sportsmanship.

One should realize that it is not a contest between man and bull. The man is supposed to win. The manner in which the bull is prepared for killing, and the kill are the determining factors by which the fight should be judged.

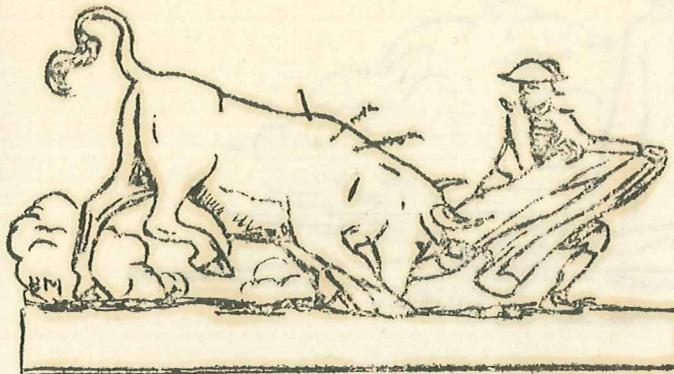
The bulls bred for these fights are probably the bravest and most dangerous of animals. They have killed both lions and tigers.

In the past decade, especially since Juan Belmontes time (one of the greatest of matadors) the cape work has become one of the most important and interesting parts of the fight. There is always danger for the man, but almost always death for the bull. This danger can be increased by the man at will in the measure in which he works close to the bull's horns.

He should, however, increase this danger within the rules provided for his protection. It is to his discredit if he runs danger thru ignorance, thru disregard of the fundamental rules, thru physical or mental slowness, or thru blind folly.

The matador must dominate the bull by knowledge and science. In the nearness in which this domination is accomplished with grace lies the beauty to be seen. Strength is of little use to him except at the moment of killing.

Every move of the matador is watched by the true aficionado (fan), and if the matador is not performing correctly, whistling and perhaps the throwing of cushions and beer bottles start in good old American baseball style.



BARCELONA

La Paloma, La Golandrina, Valencia, and In a Little Spanish Town are only a few of the Spanish tunes no one heard in Barcelona. But if you care to discuss slow dreary tangos, or just hot rumbas, or the very latest in American jazz, step down the Spanish equivalent of Tin Pan Alley and raise the blood and steam pressures.

Taxi dances, cabarets, and hotels combine to aid the señoritas and caballeros in tripping the light fantastic in accepted "talkie" style. The American talkies are the fashion and what's what dictators to the youth of Spain. Greta Garbo, Clark Gable and kindred celebrities have taken the popular fancy. Anyone from California must be from Hollywood - "Isn't California the capitol of Hollywood?"

"Si, Si," say the cadets, and enter into the spirit of the *placo*. If the dark-eyed queens stroll up and down the Rambla in search of admiring glances, California's finest can supply them. If the younger generation dances a native Cat- alonian version of a ring-around-the-Rosie street dance, there's always plenty of cadets to keep the chicas separated. If the Petite and the Sevillana are throwing a big party, why not take a chance? Columbus did, and he died in chains.

Eating peanuts at a bull-fight out at the Plaza Monumental is lots of fun - razzing and cheering vociferously as the occasion seems to demand are all one, if the gang is

tuned up like so many guitars. Then strolling down Calles, Paseos, or Avenidas, trying school-book Spanish on friendly belles is all so much gravy. Shades of last Spring's South American Cruise!

"Meet you at the Automat", was the old fight talk in Barcelona. The reason may be found in the simplicity with which a complete meal could be procured by merely getting a handful of Spanish coins of small denomination into the proper slots. Snails, sandwiches, pastry, meat, and fish-balls, vermouth, beer, malaga wine, and other more indeterminate delicacies rolled out upon applying the "Golden Touch" of King Midas. Once full, a more roseate view of the town was possible.

Plazas - La Universidad with one of the oldest Spanish universities; Plaza Macia of formal gardens and tall date palms; Cataluna, just up-town a short distance (where the army sits on the edge of playing fountains making love to maids and waitresses); Espana of the statues and clever lighting effects; and Monumental, where all Barcelona foregathers on a holiday to watch the premier matadors touch off Andalusian bulls.

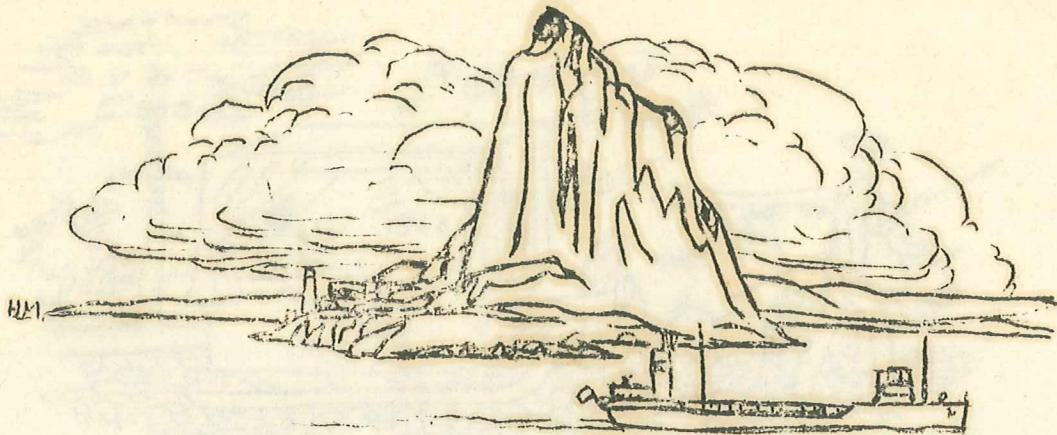
Paseos and Avenidas - full of flowers and tree-bordered Avenida 14 de Abril, Paseo de Gracia and others equally impressive. Parques and monuments Cristobal, Colon, Cortes, and familiar conquistadors.

Cathedrals - Templo de la Sagrada Familia - other whose names faded out with the grape juice of the Grande Hotel de la Oriente.

Start - 212 to 210? - "Sure" - "Bet ya a buck".

Halfway mark - 229 by three scales.

Home stretch - Bread and gravy, gravy and bread, bread, and just plain gravy - Good luck, Chief.



GIBRALTER

With official instructions not to dynamite fish, rob bird's nests, disturb Governors, nor to create other outrages in His Brittanic Majesty's possessions ringing in their ears, the corps was turned loose on the city of Gibralter.

Gibralter is a city that has just as much background and history connected with it as any of the rest of Europe's famous cities, although one does not hear of Gibralter as frequently or as gloriously as of others. On account of the strategic position of this city, it's ownership has been disputed by several prominent powers throughout the centuries.

Because of Gibralter's being a free port, the cadet corps had valiantly saved their "plasters" for a last minute splurge of souvenier hunting. Also, it was here that the renowned Rolls Razor resided in state, and only for the nominal price of four American dollars! They sold like hot cakes. After the California State departed there were very few Rolls Razors left in Gib. Among other things that ran in the popularity race with the razors were: perfume, amber, silk, Dunhill pipes, English cigarettes, cigarette lighters, and chocolate; but they did not even come near touching Rolls Razors in the race.

The only one who left Gib with more money than when he arrived was

"Mexican Pete" Russell, the gambling kid from Tia Juana. Down in "Cockney" Ben's place the kid broke the bank of a Pence slot machine. "It was a cinch", said the debonair lad from south of the Tonto.

He did not divulge that he was down to his last pence before "Lady Luck" smiled, however.

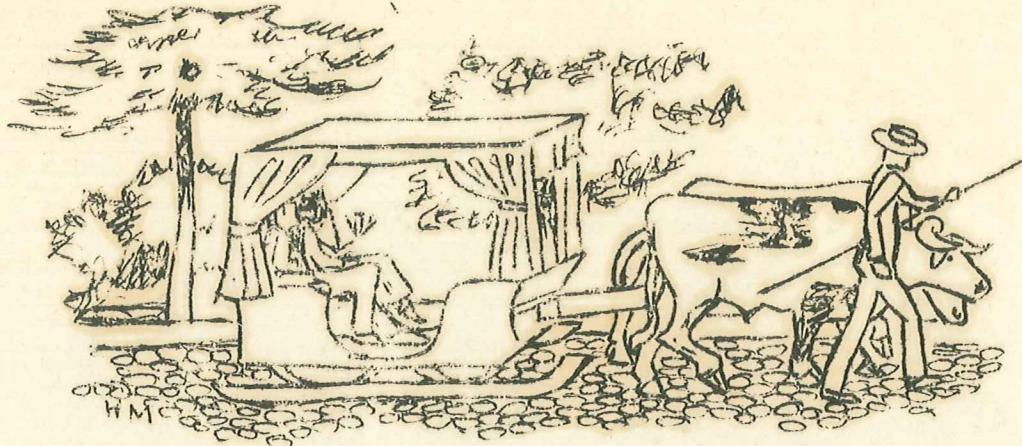
P.S. No one found the Prudential Life Insurance sign. Wonder who got it?

HOPES

When I leave home to wander
About the world a space,
To see what's "over yonder"
In some fardistant place.
I hope when I have started
Wherever I may flit,
Friends won't be heavy hearted -
Not a bit.

I trust they will not worry
When we are out of touch,
Nor get in any flurry
If I don't write them much.
I hope they'll do without me,
And shed no tears at home,
Nor greatly fret about me -
As I roam.

I shall not feel resentful
If comrades still are gay
Amid their lives eventful,
While I am gone away.
But still I cannot stifle
The hope, friends, countrymen,
You'll miss me - just a trifle
Now and then.



FUNCHAL

Perhaps the quaintest port visited by the California State in her wanderings was Funchal. It was with some difficulty that our ship was finally anchored. There was a stiff inshore breeze that made the surface of the water very rough in the shelterless open roadstead. The "Cal State" barreled right into Funchal in a blaze of glory.

Ashore the search for food, shelter, refreshment, or what-have-you began. Soon the cadets became absorbed in the famous linen work of Funchal. In one particular shop, Bos'n Hayes was clumsily trying to select a baby dress for Patrick Junior. He seemed uncertain whether to buy pink or red. It wasn't that he didn't know the gender of his offspring, but which color fitted. Found out yet, Bos'n?

Moose Meyer searched in vain for a table cloth 90 by 99 in dimension. Maybe he was looking for a tent that would shelter him on the boatdeck at night, or maybe he just didn't want to part with his good Sacramento "glue". Tourists from the Empress of Australia got under foot continually and spoiled the usual cadet drive to undermine prices. Phelps, Leon, Shields, and a few others were able to buy lilies and flowers for the poor watch standers and "light-duty-men" (Sweetser and the Goog).

The wine in Madiera was excellent. The reputation Madiera has gained for its famous "seasoned" Muscatel

was verified by the corps. Swany, Pederson, and Minshall can testify of its quality.

The streets of Funchal are paved with small, round, smooth rocks set on edge. The purpose of this pavement is to provide a path of little friction for the iron shod runners of the queer Cartes de Bois. The Cartes de Bois are the native ox-sleds used for centuries by the natives of this island. The above illustration gives an idea of their appearance. Walking on the cobble-stoned streets was mighty disagreeable even if you did wear Blue Jay Corn Plasters.

Owing probably to depleted finances, the only use the cadets made of these strange vehicles was in using them for objects at which to pon

MISTAKES

When a plumber makes one,
He charges twice for it;
If an airman makes one,
Seldom worries him a bit;
If a doctor makes one,
He puts it six feet under clay;
But when a bachelor makes one,
He's got grocery bills to pay.

If a merchant makes one,
Some poor clerk he cans;
If a carpenter makes one,
He makes changes in the plans;
When a moonshiner makes one,
Then the undertaker grins;

BUT IF A CADET MAKES ONE,
FOR HIM A WEEK-END THEN BEGINS.

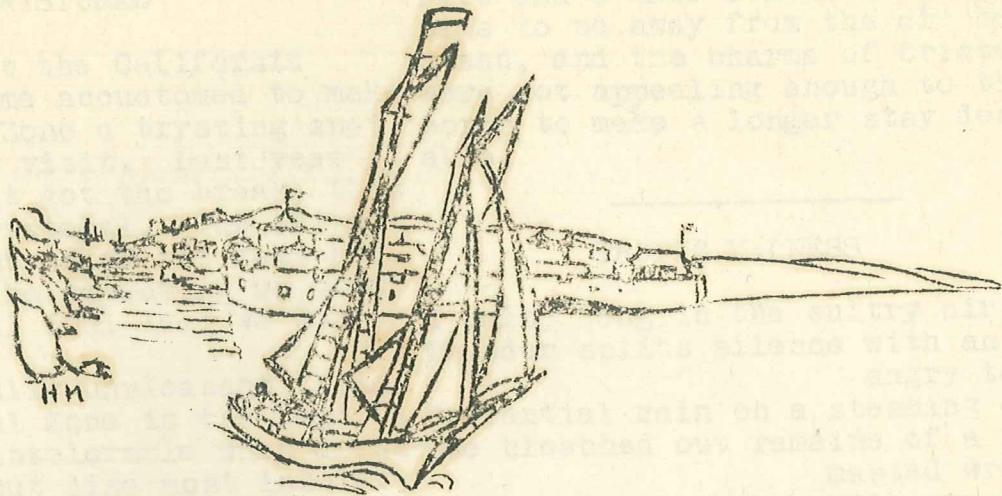
IN MEMORIAM

LOUIS KARPY

CHIEF COOK

BURIED AT SEA MAY 11, 1933

LAT. 18 02 00 N. LONG. 57 15 00 W.



CURACOA

This important little island of the Dutch West Indies, although typical of the more southern islands in the group, has many features of peculiar interest. It has absolutely no natural fresh water supply; the water used by its inhabitants being distilled or salvaged from the frequent rains. Its mainstay is oil, brought from Venezuela in the crude form and refined on the island. Situated as it is in the steamer lanes of Panama Canal traffic, it has a huge oil trade.

Curacao is owned by the Dutch, and populated mostly by Barbadoes negros, who make a living working as laborers in the refineries, operating fishing schooners, water taxis, stores and saloons. Very little agriculture is carried on in the island.

During the stay of the California State, much damage was done to the ice cream and pastry crop. Since the exchange was very poor, combined with the emaciated state of wallets, the cadet liberty party kept fairly free of headaches.

The "Summer Garden" was the most popular rendezvous for ice cream hounds and lemonade tipplers (beer was two bits). In this cool re-

treat several prominent cadets, roused to hilarity by their third pineapple ice, became harmoniously inclined, and gave the passers-by a treat. E. Solar Hochuli and Seaman Saurbier led the congregation.

Probably Curacao's most outstanding claim to fame is that it is the home of the famous liqueur of that name. It is made from bitter oranges which are raised only on this island. The Curacao is shipped to all parts of the world (except, of course, to the U.S. where it would do us any good). It was sampled by many of the cadets and found to be an excellent liqueur. Many of us had encountered it previously in the Mediterranean.

The ship being tied to a convenient dock for swimming, most of her "Passengers" took to the water during the afternoon of departure. It was clear and cool, providing a good antidote for "that sticky feeling" acquired by painting overside. But a refreshed ship's company sailed out, Panama bound, into the sunset, with "a fair wind and following sea".

The Hawsepope is absolutely in favor of birth-control--for crabs.

CRISTOBAL

It seems that the California State has become accustomed to making the Canal Zone a trysting spot at each yearly visit. Last year it was Balboa that got the break; this year it was Cristobal. The chiselers have caught on to the fact and will probably be expecting us next year, but we'll fool 'em; we won't be there.

The only really unpleasant thing about the Canal Zone is the heat. A Torrential rain on a steaming deck; heat that is intolerable when dress-The bleached out remains of a four masted wreck; able things that cannot be endured, Palm-studded beaches with crashing surf; the cadet corps endured it anyway. A few, in desperation, sought the refuge of the Y.M.C.A.'s swimming pool; others begged off complaining that it was too hot to undress, and amused themselves by bargaining with the merchants, even though they were broke. However, a few cadets got "sucked in" as they always will. Jeff Durham finally bought some kind of a table cloth, or bridge set or something. Five dollars was the original price, and Jeff, after much beefing, finally bought the thing for three dollars. It was probably only worth one dollar, but Jeff seemed satisfied as he jewed the chiseler down two dollars, which everybody thought was good for him.

The quantity of ice-cream that was "sloughed" in Cristobal was stupendous. All the boys were there with their respective quarts, and Doc Jones would have had several more beds installed in the Sick Bay if he had known of the orgy.

In the "Y" pool hall, Larry Stapp was seen taking the boys down the line like he used to do to the city slickers back home in Los Gatos, while Blase Barlow looked on rather bored at the whole thing. He was just finishing his third quart of ice-cream.

All in all the cadets enjoyed their few hours ashore in Cristobal, but they were very anxious to get back to the ship and get under way.

Five and a half months is a long time to be away from the ol' home-stead, and the charms of Cristobal were not appealing enough to the corps to make a longer stay desirable.

TROPIC MADNESS

A salty tang in the sultry air; Thunder splits silence with an angry tear; Tropical indolence, warm, lazy turf fragrance, heavy on a zephyr breeze, Breathes o'er the coral islets and key; Oh! beautiful land of lotus and flowers- May fate lead me back to your tropical bowers.

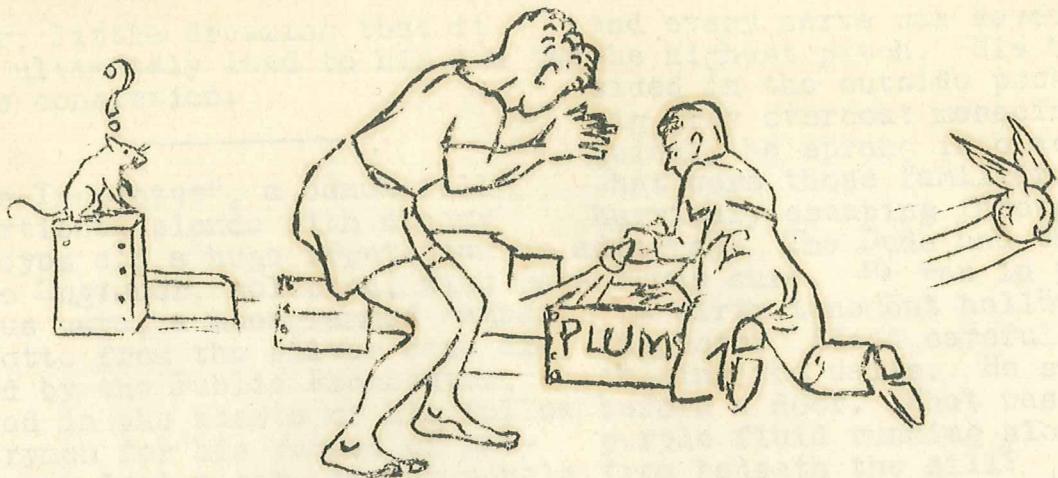
C.C. Goetz

RIM O' THE WORLD

Alone on the sea! Blue waters billow and roll; Alone on the sea! Restless, yet restfully good to my soul; The great blue of Heaven, embroidered in lace, Draped like a curtain and hanging from space, Descends all around me till it touches the Rim; A great splash of glory, in the distance grows dim. Alone on the sea! and daylight has ceased.

Now a cold moulten ball comes up in the East, Like a strange yellow discus that Atlas hurled, In its slow, measured flight o'er the Rim O' the World.

C.C. Goetz



THE THEFT OF THE PHANTOM PLUMS

Silence--a dull deep ominous silence. Only the dull throbbing of the engines could be heard. It seemed as though they were somewhere a long way off; yet they beat the pulse of the great ship as it ploughed through the Mediterranean.

The Dude, prominent clubman and leader of many of the social events among the younger set of Monterey, lay crouched in the dimly lit corridor. He was immaculate in evening clothes (his skivvies). Suddenly, a low muttered curse came from his tightly drawn lips. "What was keeping the man?" The "Lizard" was now way overdue.

Minutes flicked by; they seemed an eternity all crammed into one short space of time. Suddenly, a light blinked in the blackness. "The Lizard, at last", muttered The Dude. The Lizard gradually took form as he emerged from the darkness.

"Wot's de lay?", grunted the Lizard, who, by the way, acquired his alias while doing handcuff escapes with a Booneville Medicine Show.

The Dude gazed at the Lizard with disgust. Why should fate have led him into such close intimacy with the beast? He, a gentleman born and bred, coming from one of the first families; it was revolting yet necessary. For the Lizard was an expert in his line. There was nothing in existence that the Lizard could not fathom. That is,

in the line of safes, locks, strong boxes, etc. Amid crime circles in the underworld, the Lizard was the acknowledged master of the art. The Dude just had to possess that white case, wherein reposed those perfect round shapes. They were so tempting, so perfect, so delicious,---The Dude just could not resist.

"I have arranged everything", whispered The Dude, "the alibi and all." Your job is to get the stuff and get it damn quick."

"Don't fergit, I gits me split pronto", snarled the Lizard.

The Dude stiffened, "why of course. Even if I have resorted to being a common thief, I have yet a sense of honor."

Everything being arranged, the ill-matched pair melted into the darkness.

Number four hold was black as pitch. Suddenly a thin stream of light pierced the murk, only to be extinguished in an instant. The Lizard was working feverishly. The Dude stood by burning with impatience. The Lizard let forth an exclamation of triumph, the door swung open, and the evil pair entered.

Soon they had the precious contraband. The Dude's nerves were worked up into a feverish pitch. He ripped open the case, seized a tin of plums and fled. Not so with the Lizard; he was there to get what was his just due. But he lacked in one thing--foresight. He took all he could carry and cast the empty case away in a careless

anner; little dreaming that it would ultimately lead to his and the Dude's conciction.

"The Inspector", a beautifully proportioned blonde with dreamy blue eyes and a huge reputation as a Marine Engineer, selected, with meticulous care, a monogrammed "ambar" cigarette from the silver case extended by the Public Prosecutor, beloved in the hearts of his fellow countrymen for his record of having never lost a case in the annals of Maritime jurisprudence. The latter's face was set into hard grim lines. Plainly there was something that troubled him greatly.

"Inspector, the crime element in our midst has reached its zenith. Doubtless you already know the particulars of our most recent case, the strange disappearance of the "Phantom Plums"?" The Inspector nodded coolly and extinguished his cigarette with grim determination.

It was down in old Joe's speakeasy; the place literally reeked of tobacco smoke and stale tobacco smoke and alcohol. In a secluded corner sat the Lizard and the Dude. "Curse you for a clumsy ass," snarled the Dude, "why did you leave such damning evidence?" That super-ferret "The Inspector" is now very warm on our trail. He never fails; the man is uncanny in the way he tracks down his victims.

"We'll scram, dust, blow de coop ----."

The Lizard stiffened, his shifty eyes were riveted on the narrow stairs that served as an entrance to the dive. The subject of his alarm was the tall blond figure of "The Inspector" silhouetted against the grimy wall. "Migawd", babbled the Lizard, "de cops".

"The Inspector stood surveying the scene before him. He blinked, his blue eyes unaccustomed to the dull light of the place. His trim figure, attired in the latest Scottish tweed, was tense

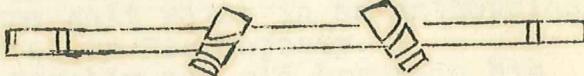
and every nerve was keyed up to the highest pitch. His hand resided in the outside pocket of his big grey overcoat menacingly. Very quickly he sprang into action.

What were those familiar figures hurriedly escaping through a narrow doorway? The Dude and the Lizard that he was sure. He ran in pursuit.

A dirty tenement hallway - "The Inspector" stood carefully scrutinizing the walls. He stopped before a door. What was that purple fluid running slowly out from beneath the sill?

"At last", he cried, "the question of the "Phantom Plums" is at an end". With a mighty lunge he threw his mighty frame against the thin door, which gave readily enough, and he plunged into the room with drawn revolver.

The culprits were resigned to their fate. They confessed without a great deal of coaxing. Another triumph was added to the score of the great "Inspector".



I, K. CAMERON, ADMIT THAT I AM THE HARDEST-WORKING MAN ON THIS SHIP!



NEPTUNE PARTY

Sax Rohmer is one of the boys who can fill his Dr. Fu Manchus full of the most delightful ideas on human torture. Starved Shanghai rats gnaw on one's vitals; soft, slimey, slitherey horrors crawl in between appendages, and hollow, mocking, unearthly laughter follows the victim relentlessly. Edgar Allen Poe also pulled off one or two rather nice jobs in "Murders in the Rue Morgue"; and his steady drip, drip of water upon his walled-in victim in the "Pit and the Pendulum" are calculated to drive even a casual reader to sleep-walking and fearful nightmares.

These boys were all pikers! Spanish Inquisitors, Blue Beard, Ghengis Khan, and Attila the Hun all fade into insignificance before the recognized superiority of His Majesty King Neptune's over-zealous Shellbacks. Who but a Shellback would conceive of such cold-blooded punishment as cleaning Engine Room floorplates and oiling the Middle Grate in blues, peacoat, watch cap, and leggins? But Neptune's honor and dignity must be preserved at all costs. To this end, landlubbers must be made to parade in "decently warm" clothing, handcuffed plus leg-

irons, and carrying bottle telescopes on a sharp lookout for the Royal Party. Other conscientious individuals marked X's on deck rivets in an effort to keep an accurate count for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lower Classmen, or "Mugs", raised brimming stiens of pure salt water in an entheusiastic Skoal to His Majesty.

Finally the old boy rode his fiery sea-horse over the bow, spread his retainers judiciously, and soon had the situation well in hand, as it were. The Royal Orchestra struck up such soul-stirring ditties as "Ye Worms Crawl In", "Prisoner's Song", Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie", and the "Marche Funebre". Two velvet-covered thrones were moved forward on the ornate dias and Pop Neptune (alias "Chief" Dwyer) squatted. "Bring on the candidates to our exclusive order", boomed the Old Boy, between his mossy beard, rattling his solid brass crown and causing the retainers to make even humbler obeisance.

To amuse the crowd, the Royal Babys Blahnipple (Snow and Meyer) lolled contentedly around the Kings number twelves. The Royal Dancers, "Lindy Lou" Lindgren and "Sister" Kell, shook a mean torso, and made the welkin ring with the swish of grass skirts and the clank of coco-

nut breast plates.

In they straggled, clad only in one forlorn pair of dungarees, stark, hysterical fear in every eye, gently (?) coaxed along by the Bears and Beaters. "Salaam! Salaam!" rang out as individuals hastened to show proper filial respect and reverence to "Ye Royal Pot" and "Ye Royal Clod Hoppers".

The Royal Undertaker, (Bright) in silk topper and mourning clothes, did his level best to bring up falling spirits with a shot or two of Jamaica Ginger (accent on the Ginger!). Then the "goat" knelt on a wet copper plate before the throne as the official Electrocutioner deftly shocked various and sundry parts of the revealed anatomy. The Royal Attorney for the defense (Durham), with emblem "I Never Win", feebly responded, "Guess we ain't got no defense", as the gruesome charges of "Gooping with intent to gawk", or "Wearing clothes right side out" were stentoriously read off. The Prosecuting Attorney (Phelps), marked "I Never Lose", described in minute detail the awful and heinous crimes of the accused. The perfunctory "Give him de woiks", from His Majesty was hardly necessary.

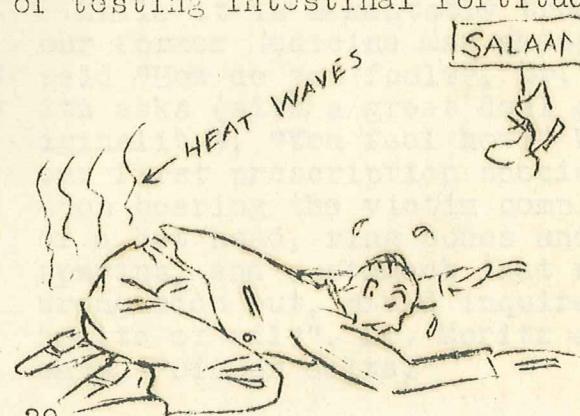
A bed pan is a great relief in its place, but not as a dish from which to eat a savoury (?) concoction. It appeared to have its jaults, judging from the looks of disgust exhibited on the pale pans of the persecuted. An invigorating fishing trip on the side with an electrically charged pole, perked everyone up just dandy. In fact, the Supreme Surgeon (Leon, the Drunken Indian) found each case extremely tractable and open to suggestion.

Have you ever had a starved Phillipine Game Cock rapaciously peck good corn feed off various and sundry tender and private parts of your torso? - Ha, what a treat you've missed! Haven't you even felt your mouth close over a

nice, juicy egg, broken somewhat, in which fish glue has been substituted for the usual pre-chicken material? Tisk, Tisk! Maybe you have felt a cold, slimey egg run down the back of your lap and legs while it was spread by a nice flat paddle as someone sternly suggested - "Pull up your pants! Too bad. You'll never be a Shellback!"

But read on - Next the Royal Barber in barber-pole striped shorts, on a raised platform, lathered up the boys with billboard paste, and gave them a good shave with a nice dull wooden Rolls razor. Upon completion, the Barber pronounced the benediction of "Pox Vobiscum", as he squashed another egg for a final shampoo treatment. Upon hearing the blessing, the barber chair tilted over backwards, depositing its burden in a canvas tank full of a portion of the briney. The solicitous Bears pulled the inert forms of the successful candidates from the tank bottom when they ceased to struggle. Those who drowned were not graduated.

It is beyond the bounds of reason that Neptune Inc. could expect spirited youth to suffer stoically without attempting reciprocal measures. The riot of deck-hoses and fresh paint daubing contests was only stopped by prolonged blasts on the steam whistle. Many "mugs" were heard to say, "But I wouldn't treat my own brother that way!" Next year it will be these same soft-hearted (?) individuals who will work out new and novel ways of testing intestinal fortitude.



(Extract from a Colombo, Ceylon daily newspaper. The English angle on the game)

EXHIBITION
of
BASEBALL
American Cadets at Play

In spirit of sheer curiosity spectators turned up at the Race-course yesterday afternoon to witness a display of baseball given by two teams from the American cadet ship "California State"

Whatever the appeal for baseball may be - and it counts its votaries by the million in America - the game seemed to fall flat for local spectators. Baseball is nothing more than an elaborate game of "rounders". The field on which it is played must necessarily be large. At one corner of it is marked out a square 90 ft. by 90 ft., each corner of which forms a base. A fieldsman is stationed at each of these posts and the "Pitcher" or thrower of the ball takes up a position inside the square 6-ft. away from the base at which the hitter stands. Five men act as out-fieldsmen while the "catcher", similar to the wicket keeper in cricket, stands behind the hitter. The catcher wears a wire mask over his face while his body is protected with a shield. Each member of the fielding side wears a heavy padded glove in his left hand with which to catch the ball. The umpire stands just behind the pitcher in order to judge the correctness or otherwise of the throw. The ball is shied with as much force as possible on to the off side of the hitter whose object is to hit it as hard as possible. As the bat used is a rounded club it entails considerable quickness of eye on the part of the hitter to make a hit, particularly as all good pitchers have acquired the art of swerving the ball.

Liveliness

The hitter is given four chances

of striking the ball and if it is a fair hit he has to run to the first base before the fieldsman at that point receives the ball. If the pitcher in the opinion of the umpire throws four foul deliveries the hitter is entitled to take up a position at the first base. A certain amount of liveliness is imparted to the game by the attitude adopted by the fielding side and the spectators. The fieldsmen presumably are permitted to make any kind of observation they choose to about the hitter, the idea being to get him "rattled". The spectators on the other hand shower comments freely on the players and even the umpire does not escape this form of good-humored barracking.

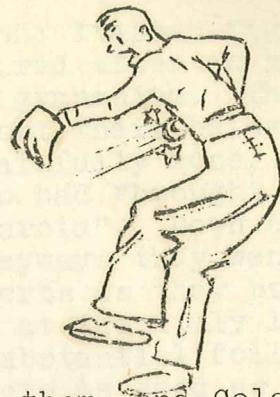
"Dr. MORITZ"

It is true that we had a splendid Medical Officer last cruise; and it is a deep pity that he finally succumbed to wine, women, and song; but in Dr. Moritz we have an equally competent practitioner. Dr. Moritz comes from a very old family of quacks and alchemists, not to speak of "faith healers" and chiropractors. He is a graduate of the "Goodnight Vienna" School of Obstetrics and is the man with the long white beard who eats yeast to cause gas on the stomach and uses Palmolive Oil Soap to keep his Schoolgirl Complexion. Dr. Moritz is the author of such famous works as "Pushing Pimples as a Profession", and "What Makes the Wheels Go Round".

While it is lamentably true that our former Medicine Man always said "How do you feel?", Dr. Moritz asks (with a great deal of originality), "You feel how?" While our first prescription specialist, upon hearing the victim complain of a hot head, ring bones and spavins, and a stomach that was wrong side out, would inquire, "Salts or oil?", Dr. Moritz always says, "Oil or salts?"



OLYMPICS A LA C-N-S



C. N. S. OLYMPICS OF 1933

Those responsible for the "weal and woe" of the corps have been ever ready to encourage athletic events within the ship's company, and with foreign sporting organizations, whenever feasible.

Singapore was the first opportunity for the baseball team to try its mettle. Here the British-American Association had a well organized ball team which was eager to take the youthful mariners in tow. However, this wasn't as simple a matter as the Maylaya champions had foreseen.

The hot sun, on top of most satisfactory eating and drinking at the Sea View Hotel had slowed down the Cadet team (however imperceptibly), but the daily whisky sodas had begun to tell on some of the opponents to even matters. But at that, the contest was close enough until the fourth inning when the younger generation started a rally which took all the sap out of the old boys. With a seven to four lead at the end of the fourth inning, the Cal State coasted to an easy 11-4 victory, thus annexing the Maylay Peninsula championship.

In the stands the salts were wetting their whistles with the company's bottled refreshments and razzing both sides indiscriminately in accepted American sand-lot style. British and Americans alike (not to mention the picturesque natives) wilted perceptably as the game wore on.

The news of their baseball prow-

ess preceeded them, and Colombo insisted upon an Exhibition game. The newspaper write-up concerning the contest were far from flattering; but, to the fellows, the game was quite a worth while battle. This was due mostly to the teams represented - the Officers and "mugs" contrived to vanquish the two high and mighty "Upper" classes.

Experience and skill won out. The Upper Classes decisively walked the young upstarts and those Officers still able to circumnavigate a base or two. The Officers keenly felt the loss of Mr. Clark in the umpire's position. Mr. Jaeger and Mr. Sheaf did their level best; but alas, the years have taken their toll.

Egypt had nothing to offer in the way of physical competition. That is, unless Langran and Anderson's forceful singing against Holcomb's feeble piano accompaniment at the Y.W.C.A. dance could be so listed. "Fagin" Massee tried to cut down the local Arab record for pyramid hill climbing.

On Friday, March 24th, the Club di Sport Napoli arranged a spirited basketball game. The cadet team, organized only the previous day, were lacking in the co-ordination which comes with continuous practice together, and were beaten 25-7 by the Naples champions. In the stands the large Italian-American crowd applauded both teams indiscriminately when a particularly nice play was executed.

The play was rather rough; strict umpiring would have ruled

out most of the contestants. In this sort of football tactics the Neopolitans seemed superior, as both "Butch" Adams with a broken finger and "Olaf" Lindgren with a sprained knee were quite capably removed from the competition. Both sides were plenty entheusiastic however.

Following the basketball game, a baseball game took place. The Cal State team took on the Italian-American Medical students who had played on their college teams back home. As it was getting late, this game only lasted a few innings but it was long enough for a 4-2 victory.

Two days later a return basketball engagement was consummated. Naples lost her crown as the premier proponents of fair Italia by garnering the small end of a 21-5 score. As proof of their friendliness and sportsmanship, the Italians presented the ship with a magnificent trophy - a loving cup held by three of the staves surmounted by hatchets, used by the ancient Roman Censors as symbols of office; all of this on a hard-wood base.

Boxing is one sport which one can practice at sea. The corps has some good exponents of the gentle art of fisticuffs, among whom are "Doug" Barrett, "Fighter" Saenz, and "Juicy" Gulliksen. Through the efforts of the Consul-General a few bouts had been promoted with an Athletic Club. Unfortunately, some interested but misguided Fascisti officer passed the word around on the fateful evening that the fights were indefinitely postponed. Acting accordingly, the Cal State gladiators repaired to an eating emporium and "sloughed" enough "jape" and topped off with enough milk (?) to last the ship's supply department a month.

Along about ten o'clock, as they were pushing back the third bowl of spaghetti, a feverish-browed young junior-consul burst in with

the news that the Italian fighters were getting tired after an hour of waiting at the gymnasium. The champions let out their belts a little more, painfully rose, and followed he who had "brought the message from Garcia". Down avenues and up alleyways they went, gathering converts as they proceeded, winding up at the dimly lit gym with quite a substantial following.

The fights were as good as could be expected under the unusual circumstances. "Juicy" Gulliksen fought a tough hombre for a loss, unfortunately. Barrett took on an old-timer who certainly knew his stuff. In the first round Barrett seemed somewhat too rough to suit the Italian gentleman's idea of the manly art, so in the next round he proceeded to exhibit his bag of tricks to Barrett's discomfiture. The third and final bout was rather disappointing in as much as both contestants clinched unforgivably. They fought a good fight, but many wished it had gone longer to settle the "even up" decision.

"Fighter" Sainz was the hero of the evening. His exhibition of style and true sportsmanship against a clever, but greatly overshadowed puncher, was fine. Saenz let the Italian "stay with him", while it was evident that he could have rung down the curtains at any time, if he had so chosen. The decision quite rightly went to "Fighter", but his opponent had the satisfaction of realizing that his finely chisled Roman nose was still intact and that he had been fairly beaten by "a better man than I, Gungha-Din."

In France the only workouts consisted in "kicking that gong around", but Barcelona was waiting impatiently. On the 21st of April the first baseball game was well started with the globe-trotters on the long end of a 3-1 score when the game had to be postponed to give the rain the field. On the 23rd the Seleccion Catalonga, plus an importation of Cuban stars, took

the boys over the hurdles 4-12 in their first baseball defeat. This was hardly a disgrace, as the Catalonians were plenty classy ball players.

Basketball was a different story. Despite the unusual publicity and printed handbills, California came through again. The 2nd Comandancia de Intendencia of Barcelona (despite the reinforcement of such a lengthy name) went down 27-15 before the vigorous attack of the American invaders. The flashy style which characterized all previous contests was intensified to leave nothing wanting in the spectators minds. The entheusiastic audience were perfect sports, cheering good play irregardless of teams. Barcelona's athletic reception left a feeling of comradeship between the Spanish and Americans worth a good deal more than the Longbeards squabbling at Geneva.

The athletic events of the cruise formed an invaluable counter-weight to balance intensive practical and theoretical study. Added to this must be included the fine friendship brought out between members of the Cal State teams and foreign contestants.

The harbor of Barcelona was chosen as a fit place in which to decide the superiority of the three rowing crews of the California State. The event had long been discussed and the merits of the competitors had been boosted sky-high by their respective backers. Each class had bet their emaciated "rolls" on their favorites. The officers had high hopes that the third class would completely annihilate the two upper classes.

The course was picked, the lanes chosen, and the respective boats selected. This was all accomplished, fairly enough, by drawing straws. The usual false start that characterizes all boat races did not fail to come about. The third classmen, due perhaps to the tension of the moment, became

fouled with the motor sailer.

Finally the race started and the second class gained the lead, but not for long. Soon the first class boat and the third class boat passed them. The first class led by two boat lengths until the turn, when the third class greatly closed the gap. From the turn until the finish the third class slowly pulled up on the veterans, but they had not quite the good fortune to pass them. The first class won by and Ant's whisker.

Many upheld that the third class actually won, but the judges favored the first class. Also it was opinioned that the third class had every advantage in the lane, the boat, and even the oars.

It was perhaps the most spectacular race in the history of the C.N.S.

BASEBALL

Gulliksen	Adams
Davitt	Aguilar
Cunninghame (C)	Smith, W. T.
Lindgren	Tofft
Tatterson	Saenz
Substitutes: Engs, Stephenson, Mc Connell, Shaffer, Ferris, Barnes, Corridon, Steele, Mr. Jaeger, Mr. Clark, Dr. Jones, & Hansen (mgr).	

BASKETBALL

Doholf	Tofft
Shields	Adams (C)
Aguilar	Smith, M. F.
Cunninghame	Dallas
Gulliksen	Lindgren
Davitt	Melanson
Hansen, Mgr.	

ROWING

1st	2nd
Durham, Cox.	McPheeters
Lindgren, H.O.	Hochuli
Fitzsimmons	Barrett
Lindgren, R.J.	Stapp
Anderson	Thomas
Langran	Pederson
3rd	
Saenz	
Dohloff	
Smithies	
Tatterson	
McKinnon	
McMichel	

OUR SHIP

Oh! we're a bunch of jolly tars,
We love our ship so well,
That we fly right back on Sunday night,
Yes we do - like Hell.

We love to go to bed at nine
And wake up at the bosn's yell,
We love to scrub the shiny decks,
Yes we do - like Hell.

We hate to go out with the women,
If we do, we never tell,
'Cause we love to stay on the "Cal State",
Yes we do - like Hell.

And when our hitch is over,
We'll bid a sad farewell,
And we'll weep so sadly at the parting,
Yes we will - like Hell.

OUR HITCH IN HELL

I'm sitting here and thinking of the things I've left behind
And I'd hate to put on paper what is running thru my mind.

We've heaved a million tons of coal; cleaned ten miles of grating,
And a meaner place this side of Hell, I know there can't be waiting.
But still we have one consolation - gather closely while I tell,

When we die - we're bound for Heaven
For we've done our hitch in Hell.

We've built a million different things for our ship's company's use,
We've stood a thousand watches and drank ten lakes of booze,
We've washed a ton of mess gear, and peeled a million spuds,
We've cleaned some back connections, and washed a million duds,
The number of parades we've had is very hard to tell,
But we'll not parade in Heaven
For we've done our hitch in Hell.

We've met a lot of different men who didn't like our sort,
But we've messed 'em up and drubbed them just for jolly sport,
But when we hit the one way trail, our friends behind will tell,
That we'll not parade in Heaven
For we've done our hitch in Hell.

So when the final taps is sounded, and we lay aside our cares,
And we make our Last Long Liberty - walk up the Golden Stairs,
When the Angels bid us welcome and the harps begin to play,
When we make a million dollars and spend it in a day,
It is then we'll hear St. Peter tell us loudly with a yell,
"Just take your seat in front, Sailor,
You've done your hitch in Hell".

A YARN AT THE CAPSTAN BAR

The "Mary Jane" stood out to sea; she lay two points nor'east,
She cleft a wake behind her that was like to foaming yeast.
The Captain stood with glass in hand and peered into the fog.
He picked his teeth contentedly with a chip from off the log.

For forty days the wind was fair, but little did he reck,
To every tar he pitched a coin from off the quarter deck.
The cook leaned out the galley door, "I want an egg", cried he.
He found not one upon the hatch - the crow's nest yeilded three.

"Avast there", piped the man aloft. Avast wave hurled them high.
And the crew observed him warily at the weather-cock his eye.
The sky was filled with scudding clouds, the gale began to sing.
The fighting tops came down to spar inside the aft port ring.

The cable fouled a sea biscuit and jammed inside the hawse.
The hands from off the watch were sent to ascertain the cause.
"What shall we do", the Captain yelled. In rage he bit the mast.
He fetched some needles from his bunk and knit his brows, aghast.

He heaved a broken sigh or two; the ship hove to at once.
He cast a half deadeye aloft and cursed the elements.
The seamen snarled in sullen rage, the rope snarled more and more.
The bos'n gave a blast that blew the crow from out the fore.

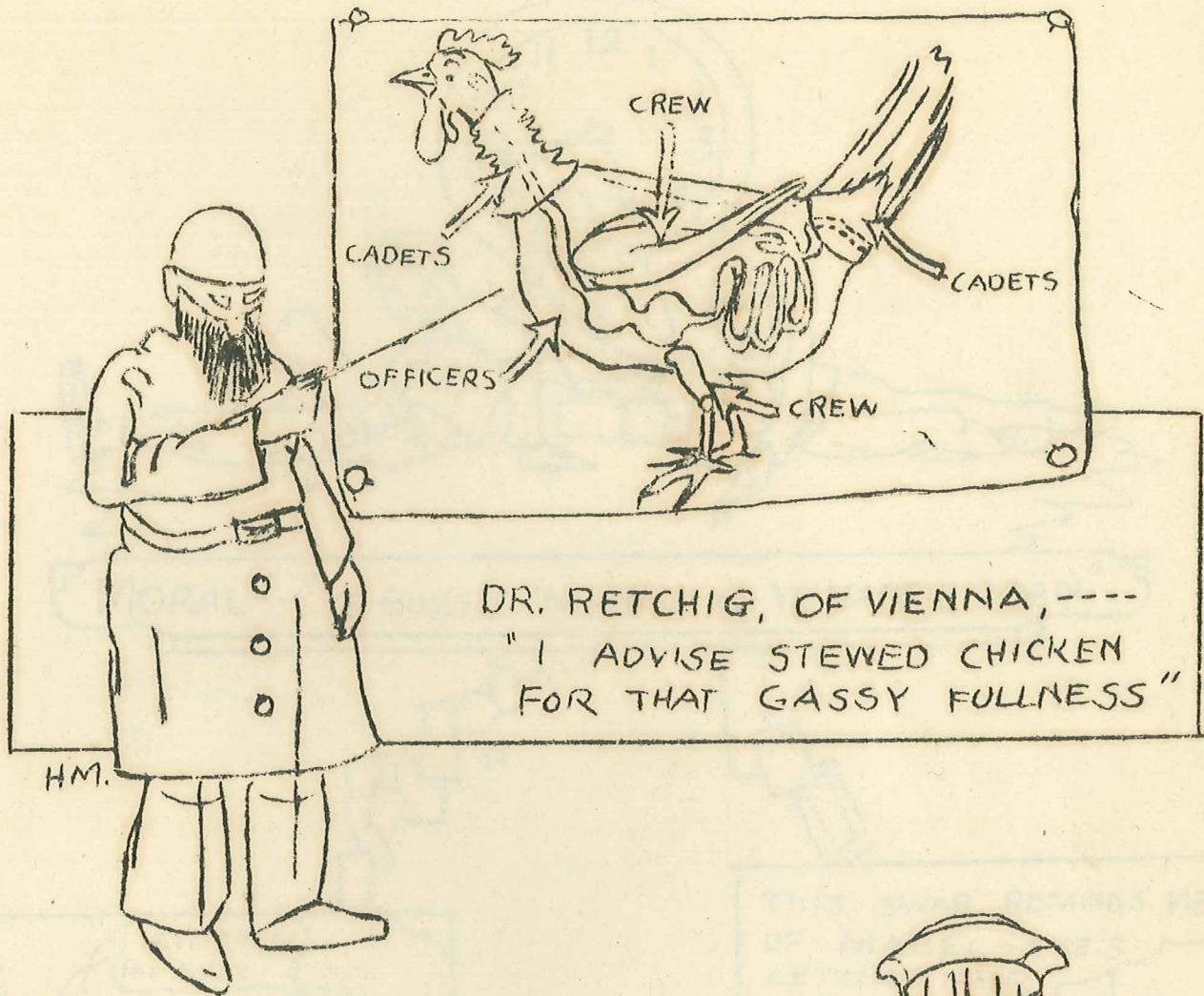
"The donkey engine's balked!" he yelled, "the thing's an ass," he said.
He quickly took the hurri-cane and beat it dead ahead.
The jibboom made a loud report and loaded gun'als missed.
The dogwatch gave a frightened bark, and the catheads spat and hissed.

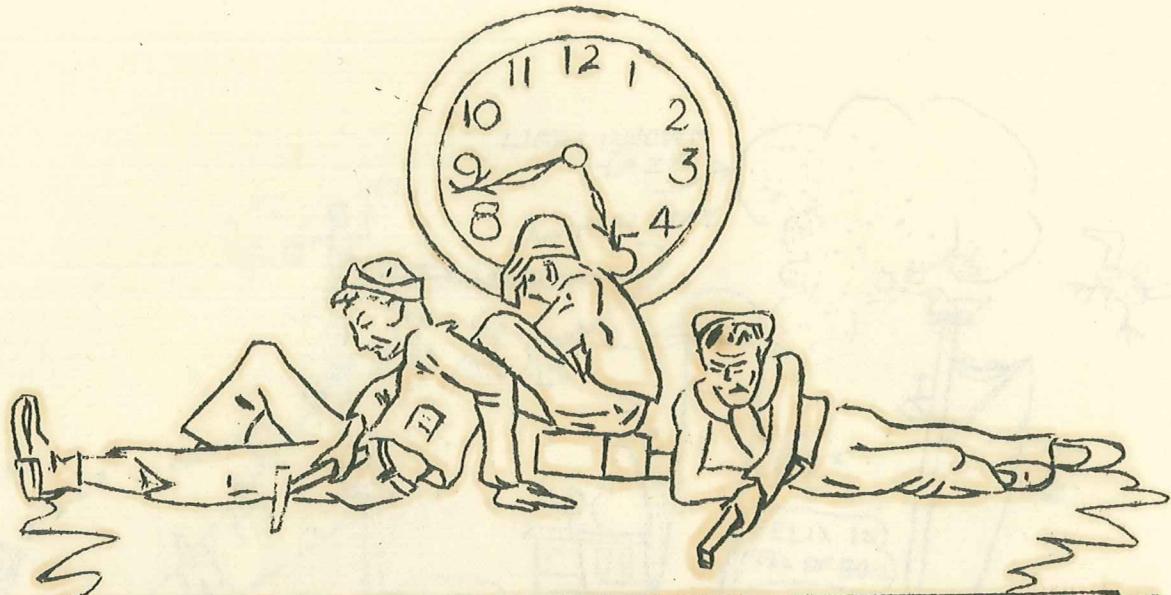
To overflow their seething cup, the funnels broke away;
They took a tack and fastened them to the fore-top-gallant stay.
Into the teeth of the gale they steered, and false teeth that they were
The sailor's hides were bitten deep, and the ratlines lost their fur.

"All hope is gone", the third mate roared, "there's naught, men, we
can do!"
The bos'n brought his camera out, and snapped a rope in two.
They stood their ground in dripping groups. They hungered for a bight.
They filled their pipes and lighted them on the forward port skylight.

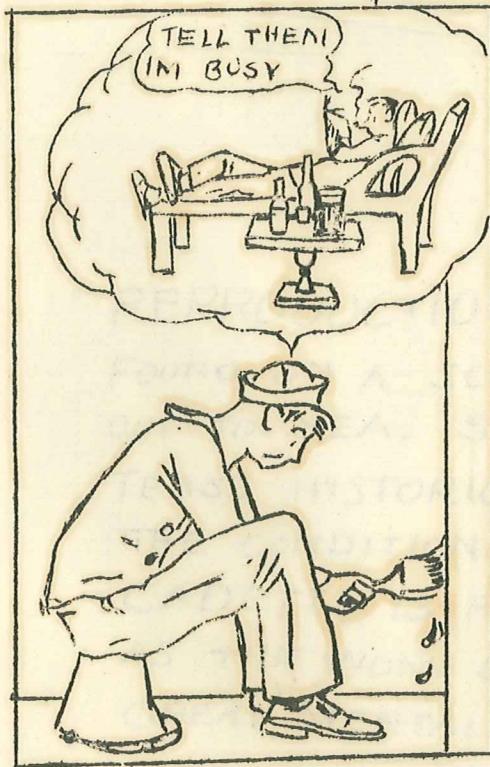
Then Captain Swab piped up his men, his knitted brow was stern;
He gave them wine from the port portholes, and a bow to each in turn.
The sun rose in the eastern sky - a windlass sky of blue,
They loosed the sheets and laid them down, and the noble ship lay to.

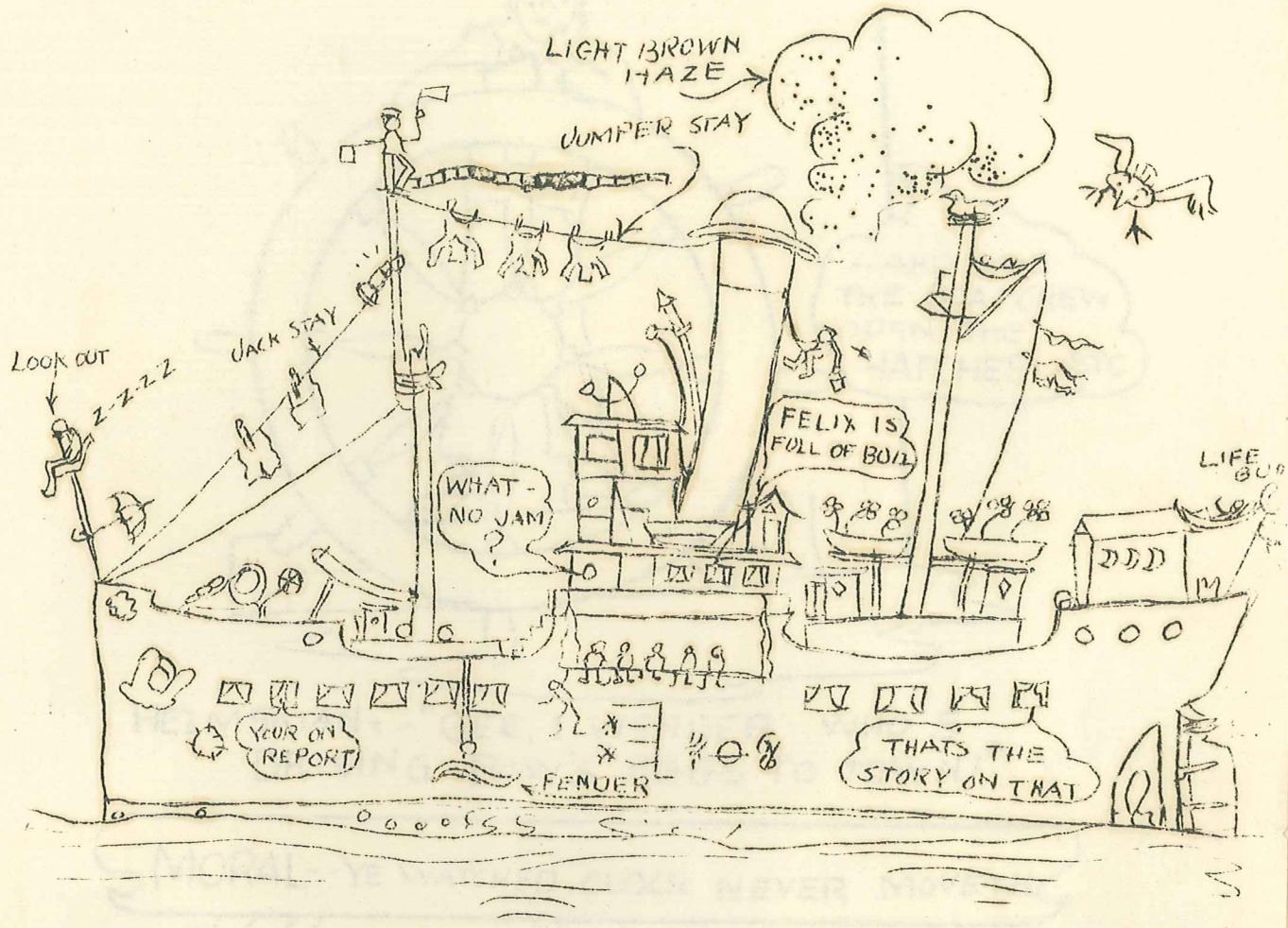
LAST FIVE MINUTES
OF FIVE HOUR DECK
WATCH.



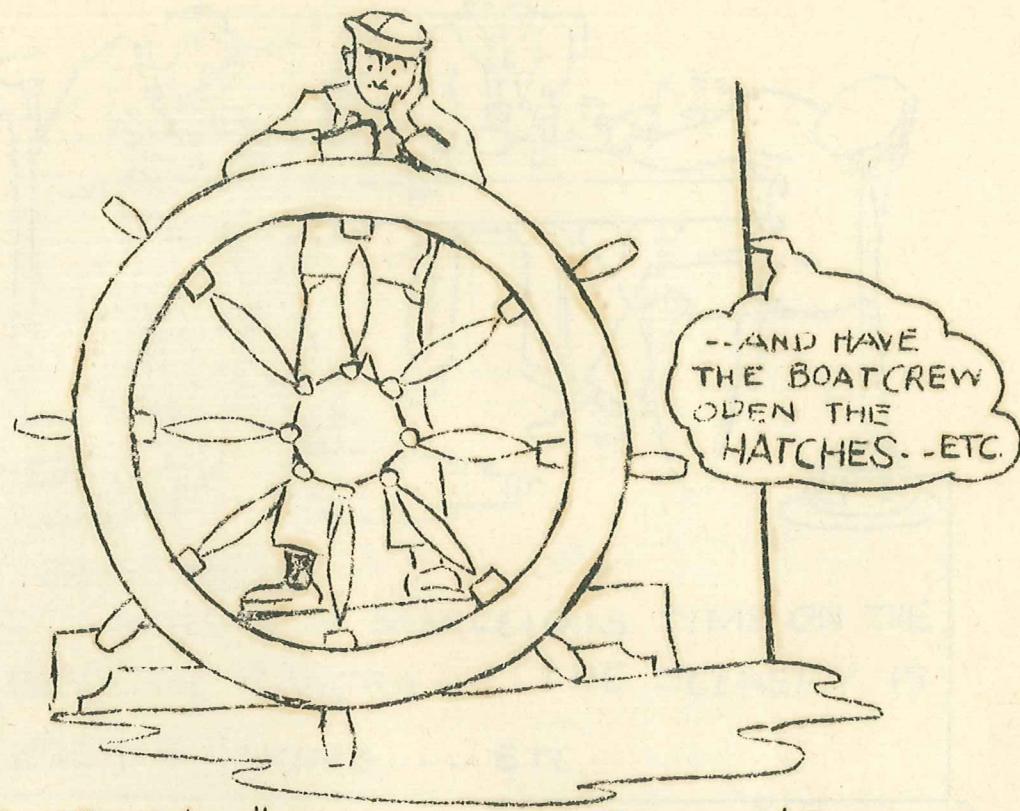


MORAL---"YE BUSSIE MANNE IS YE HAPPIE MAN"



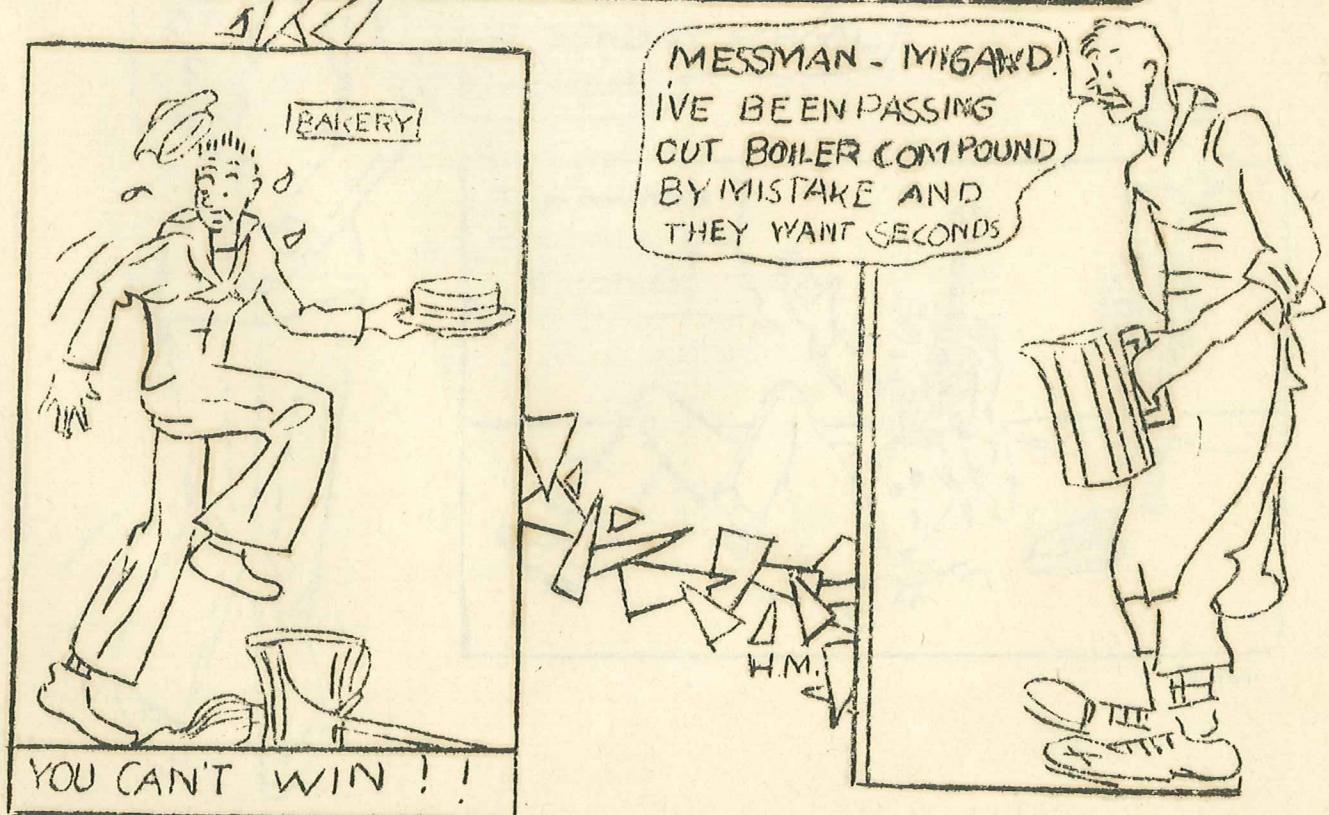


REPRODUCTION OF STRANGE HIEROGLYPHICS
FOUND ON A SCRAP OF LENS PAPER FLOATING
OUT TO SEA. SCIENTISTS SAY IT IS OF IN-
TENSE HISTORICAL VALUE AS IT PORTRAYS
THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THE GENUS
CADETTI IS FORCED TO LIVE. IDENTIFIED
AS THE WORK OF FITZSIMMONS WHILE UNDER
GREAT MENTAL STRESS.



HELMSTAN: - "GEE, I WONDER WHO'S DRIVING PAW'S EGGS TO TOWN!"

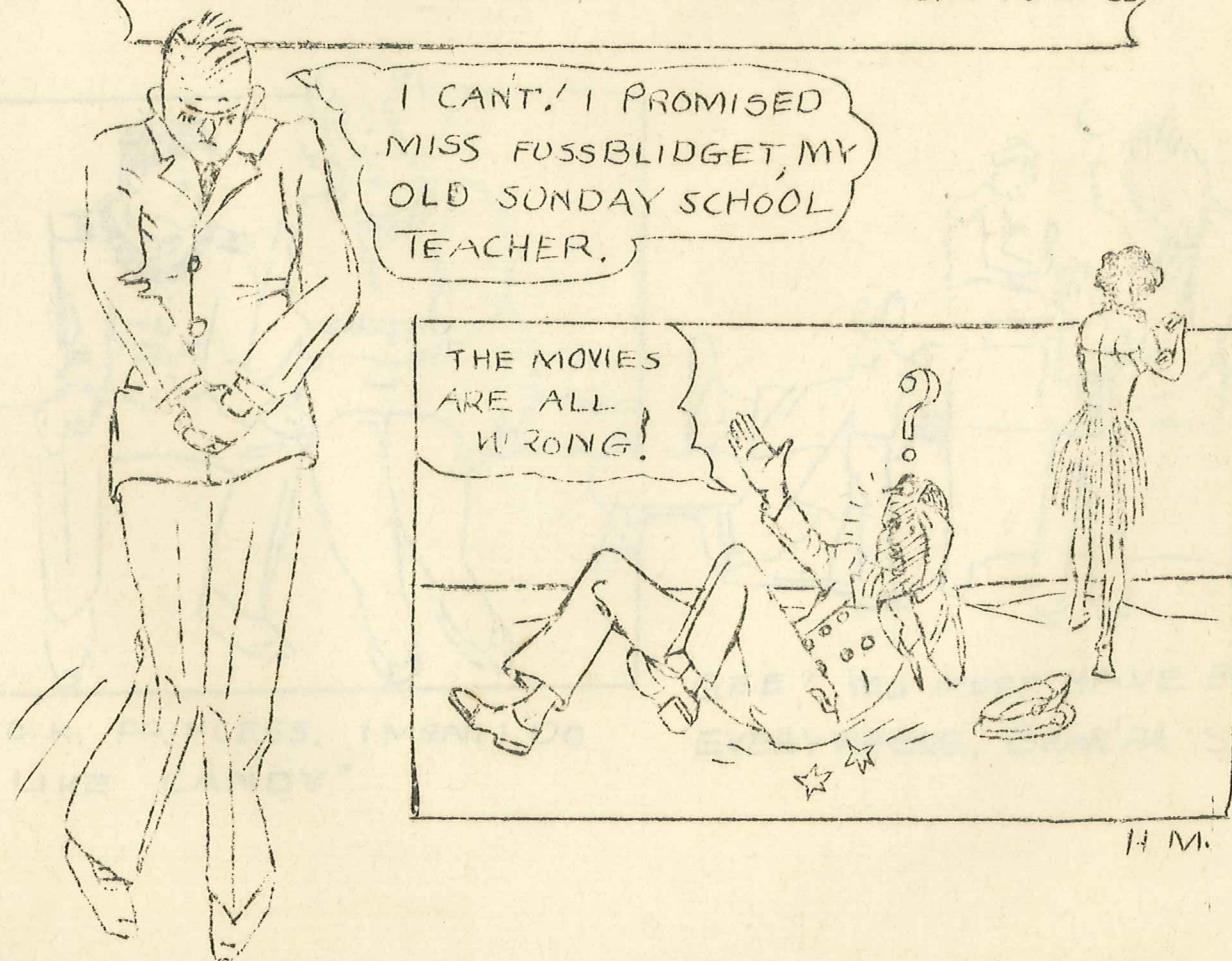
MORAL - YE WATCHED CLOCK NEVER MOVETH

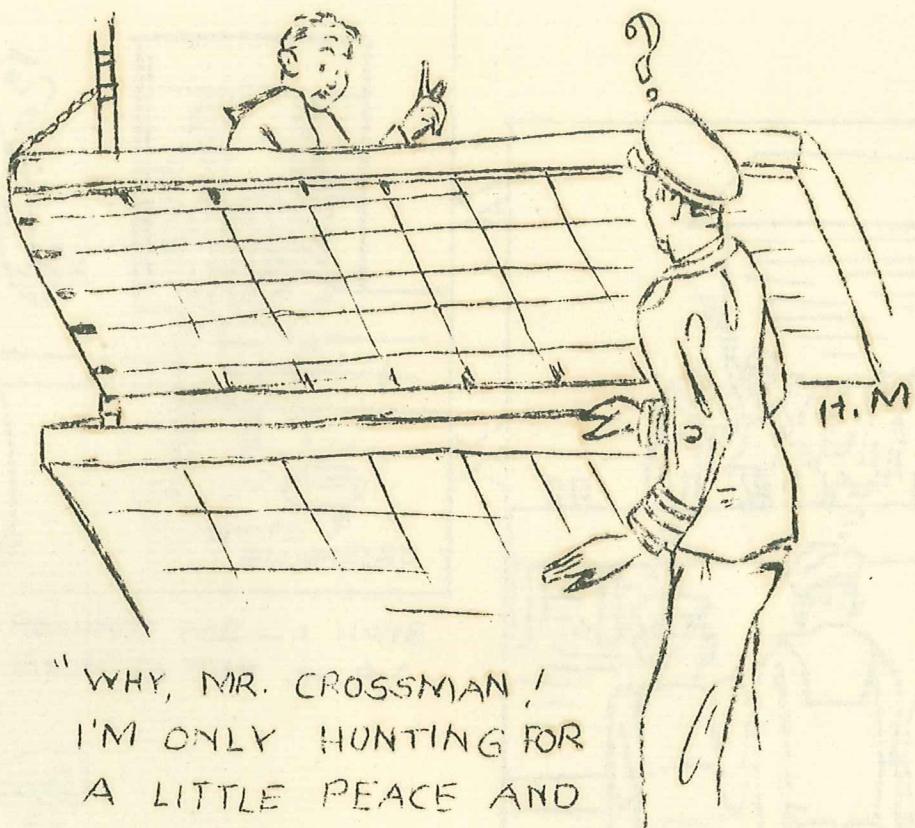




DEAR FOLKS
HAVING A MARVELOUS TIME ON THE
BEAUTIFUL RIVIERA --- THE SCENERY IS
BREATH-TAKING --- ETC.

MORAL--YE STRAYING LAMBIE GATHERS NO MOSS.

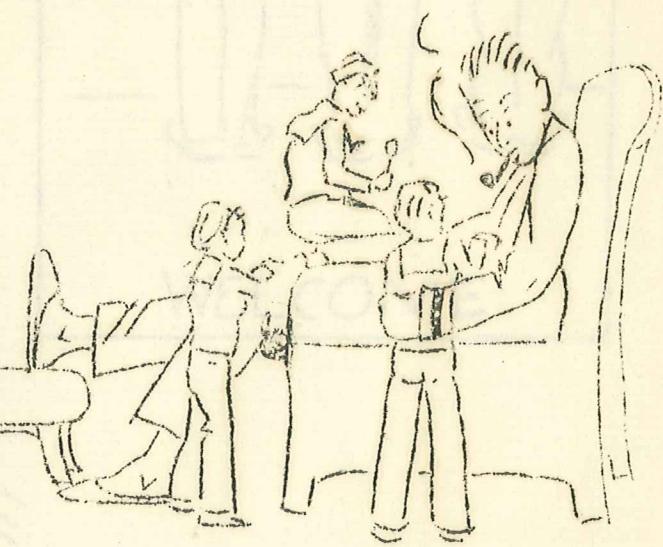




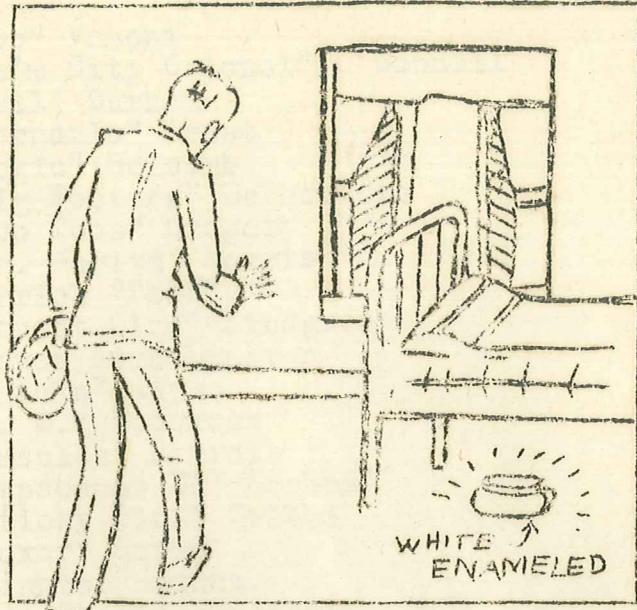
"WHY, MR. CROSSMAN!
I'M ONLY HUNTING FOR
A LITTLE PEACE AND
QUIET."



"O.K., PRINCESS. I MEAN I DO
LIKE CANDY."

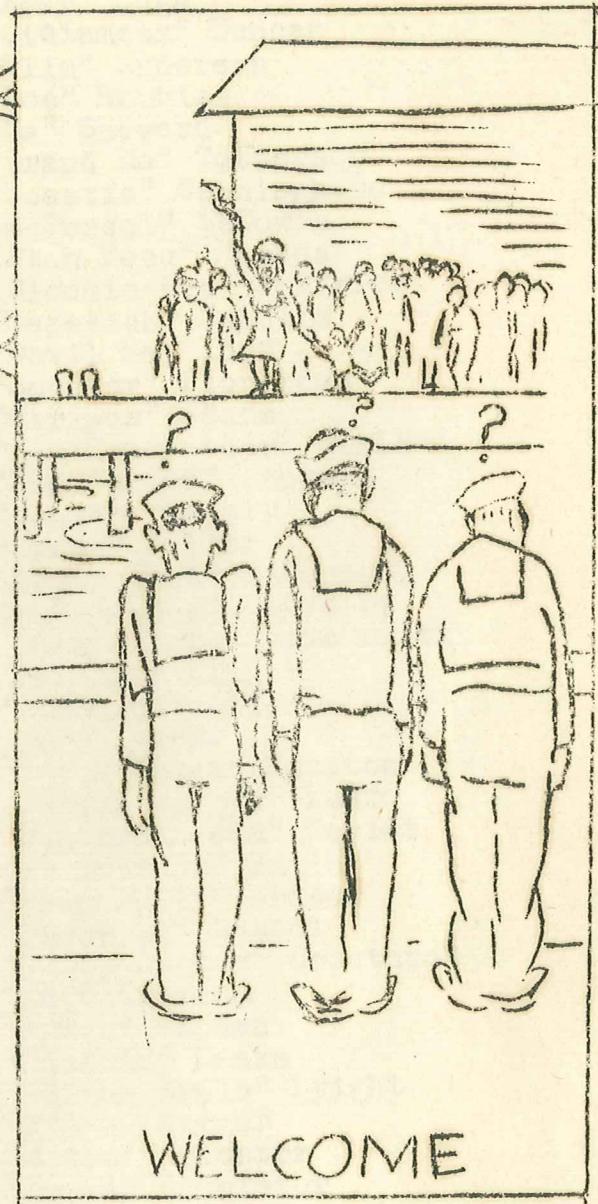


GEE! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN
EVERWHERE, GRAN'PA SHEAF

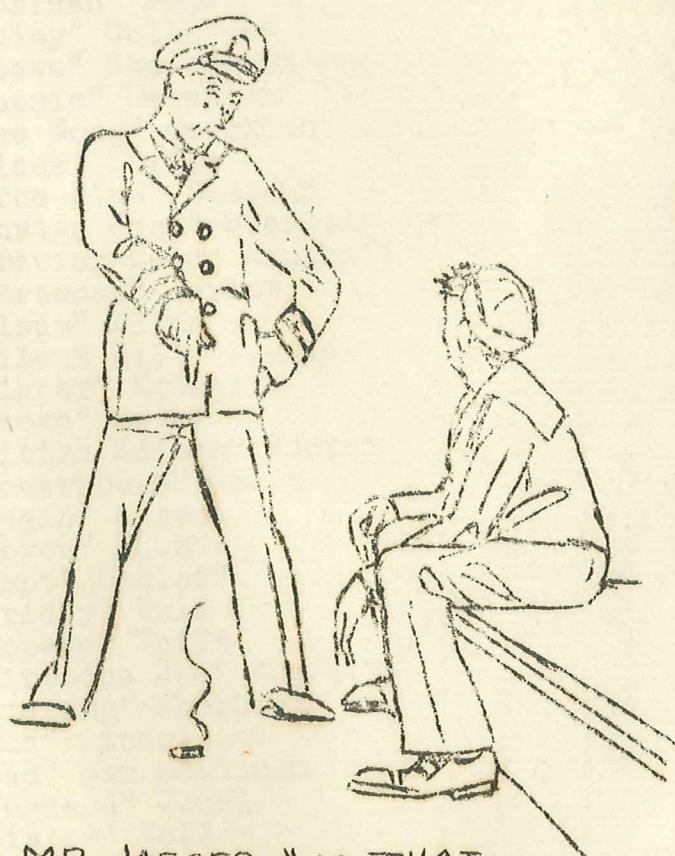


WHITE
ENAMELED

THAT REMINDS ME - I HAVE
TO GET BACK TO THE SHIP!



WELCOME



MR. JAEGER: "IS THAT
YOUR CIGARETTE BUTT, NEILSON?"

HONEYBEAR: "NO, SIR, GO AHEAD,
YOU SAW IT FIRST."

WHO'S WHO & WHAT OF IT

"Joo" Vanoni
 "Pa'm City Colonel" O'Connell
 "Bull" Durham
 "Terndalo" Frust
 "Hokie" Holcomb
 "Big Feeters" McPhooters
 "Two Tons" Gregory
 "Dr. Moritz" Morris
 Carrick "Bond"
 "Honest Olaf" Lindgren
 "Lower Limb" Langren
 "Knucks" Adams
 "P. O." Pederson
 "Muscles" Barrett
 "Popsodont Ed" Hochuli
 "Tricky Dick" Graham
 "Boxer" Harry
 "Fighter" Saenz
 "Ten Shoot" Schlette
 "Seaman" Saurbier
 "Iron Mike" McMichael
 "Ex-King" Snow
 "Mexican" Pete
 "Juicy" Gulliksen
 "Steve" Stephenson
 "Gussie" Melanson
 "The Goog" Goorgian
 "Blase" Barlow
 "True Blue" Hamsenn
 "Ensign Jack" Sterling
 "Drawing Card" Minshall
 "Hortense" Harlow
 "Elsie" Ellis
 "Silent Bill" Aguilar
 "Nigger" McKenzie
 "Moose" Meyer
 "Little Edison" Hadden
 "Powerhouse" Stapp
 "Fagin" Lassie
 "Lover" Thomas
 "Capt" Dohloff
 "Friday" Wulf
 "Popeye" Tofft
 "Virtuous Joe" Shafer
 "Roaring" Rhorback
 "Red" Nichols
 "Sad" Sam McKinnon
 "Jughead" Jakel
 "Sister" Kell
 "Spider" Nugent
 "Car" Barnes
 "Boy Scout" Bower
 "Red" Blackett
 "Kingsbury" Goddard
 "Elmer Hog" Verdon
 "Shoes" Boldrick
 "Harpo" Carpenter
 "Lindy Lou" Lindgren
 "Chico" Ware
 "Souse" Leon
 "Bat" Taylor
 "Ja'hoolligan" Jernegan
 "Bugler Murphy" Paterson
 "Pear" Engs
 "Steinmetz" Duncan
 "Slim" Anderson
 "Doc" Hopkins
 "Ma" Showard
 "Grand Ma" Tatterson
 "Boastic" Cunningham
 "McTussel" McGowan
 "Stan Face" Hughes
 "Gloomie Gus" Joffries
 "Haystack" Schultz
 "Devil May Ker"
 "Senator" Piepgrass
 "Stripes" Adams
 "The Honey Bear" Niclson
 "Big Julius" Kressin
 "Gunner" Swaney
 "Modoc" Miller
 "Dirty Earl" McConnell
 "Mad Genius" McCrary
 "Unconscious" Maxs Smith
 "Hickory" Ficker
 "Lidonius" Liden
 "Lord" Bryan
 "Quick" Trick" Houston
 "Window Weight" Keefo
 "Gentleman Jim" Davitt
 "Watertight" Smith
 "Slug Nutty" Fraser
 "Tiger Al" Lustel
 "Ugly Rugley" Groathead
 "Eby" Kaufman
 "B & W" Mcclown
 "Blackie" Banks
 "Editor Ernic" Bright
 "Tripe" Farmer
 "Radio" Brewster
 "Speed" Bannister
 "Slow Foot" Hanson
 "Deacon" Buenzlo
 "Teddy" Longford
 "Two String" Phelps
 "Stud" Borst
 "Flash Corridon
 "Governor" Rolfe
 "Shefield" Steele
 "Turnip" Turner
 "Ted" Lewis
 "Scoty" Robertson
 "Hartriggah" Thompson
 "Scratchy" Musser
 "Polly" Follard
 "Rinky Dink" Rink
 "Baby" Face" Taggart
 "Jeb" Bullock

"Beardy" Flanner	"Stud" Mc
"Farmer Rod" Rodriguez	"Freddy Jape"
"Scout Master" Smithies	"Mike"
"Jitters" Jenkins	"Alice Wardroom"
"Curly" Dallas	"Chief Dave"
"Java" Jack Fitzsimmons	"Bulky" Eddie
"Nosy" Nilan	"The Sailor"
"Big Time" Charley Shields	"Pink Slip" Jack
"Razor Face"	"Eddie the Jeag"
"Junglebreath"	"Burp Burp the Bark"
"Porky" Junior	"Mec the Mate"
"Cape Horn Keny"	"The Little Marine"
"Paddy"	"Quack Quack"
"Billy" the Bos'n	"Jefe"
"Chauncey"	"Jimmy"
"Southern Aristocracy"	"Frisco Frank"
"Suds"	"Mail Pouch"

A NEAPOLITAN NIGHT-Houston

It came to me as the bells struck three
 That night on the twelve to four,
 A little flask might lessen my task
 Who could tell what its contents bore?
 A knife I took from the galley hook,
 And applied it to the cork
 "Too great a strain", I cried in vain:
 So promptly applied a fork.
 The gods did bless with much success
 That handy instrument
 "At last", I cried, as my eye espied
 The amber nourishment.

It didn't look bad, and I was glad,
 For the night was bitter cold;
 And 'tho my guts did squirm, my hand was firm
 On the bottle in my hold.

Before I knew my troubles flow,
 And my heart was light and gay;
 I thought of the boys amid the noise
 Of the city and gay white way.
 Here I sit while my mates--"Dammit!"
 Are raising Holy Hell.
 Another drink, so I won't think,
 Of what they'll have to tell
 About the girl with the auburn curl,
 Or the show, or maybe the meal?
 Another swig and I'll light a cig

This stuff I'm beginning to feel
 One more swallow and soon will follow,
 That quiet sense of bliss -----

Her hair like down so soft and brown,
 Sweet red lips so fair to see;
 You come in my dreams and yet it seems
 Sweetheart, you cry as you wait for me
 Tho' my heart does burn; I swear I'll return
 To you by the fire side

To admire your charms, and rest in your arms,
And forget the flowing tide
"Wake up! Wake up! you're on report.
" Drunk and disorderly! That's pretty bad.
Tomorrow appear before the court
And take your punishment. You won't be glad
To spend two months aboard the ship
A working, and slaving, and biting your lip!"
Be warned by my fate, and don't be the sort
That sadly gazes at the world thru' a port.

-A WARNING -

A word or two to the coming crew,
of the California State;
Of the things we've done neath the tropic sun,
is a yarn I'm to relate

You've read tales of old about pirates bold,
and the adventure of the sea,
But you've got to go or you'll never know,
of the life a sailor sees.

A lonesome sight are the stars at night,
They twinkle and seem to say,
"If you can stand the gaff that's only half,
Around the world's a long long way

When you feel bum 'cause you banged your thumb,
trying to do your part;
Your darling's eyes wander to the other guys,
she's forgotten her old sweetheart.

Music has charms with a girl in your arms,
the lights turned soft and dim;
But when reville shrieks and the dawn light leaks thru
the port holes brass lined rim,
Then you grunt and groan and wearily moan,
and sleepily gaze around;
"Get up you tramp and light the lamp,"
This damn ship's Singapore bound.

The sun it beams and the ship it steams
forever on and on,
The stars come out and dance about
along the horizon.

The months they pass and the ship at last
sails thru the Golden Gate;
You're coming home from o'er the foam-
What a grand and glorious state!

CLASS PROPHECY

It was the summer of 1943 and I was ready to take my vacation to the west coast. On calling a taxi, to my great surprise, Ware was at the wheel. Stepping out on the field I saw Bob Lindgren warming up his 32 cylinder Super Soarer. He told me that Phelps was working on the field on one of his inventions, a wooden bearing, motionless diesel airplane turbine.

The trip to Chicago was uneventful. On arrival I went to the Shields Tourist Agency and Charlie himself was in the office. He told me he was going to buy Wagon Lits-Cook out. We decided to see the opera which was opening that night. On the street we saw Duncan in a little booth on the sidewalk exchanging money. The opera that night was "No----At All," and was quite good. Kell and Hopkins were featured. After the opera we went to a speakeasy, and who should we see behind the bar, but Bat Taylor. The next morning as I was in the station waiting for my train, I saw Georgian. I asked him what he was doing and he told me that he was a super train caller, and had been to Egypt selling Fezzes but it hadn't paid. After boarding the train, I went into the dining car for lunch and was waited on by Paterson. He told me that Gregory was the head chef so I went out to the kitchen to see him. He opened a can of pineapple and we "sloughed" it just like in the old days.

Just before getting into Los Angeles we stopped for a few minutes at Watts and I heard that Sterling was Mayor of the town. Soon we pulled into Los Angeles, which was the largest city in the world, with a population of over 10,000,000. There was an immense crowd and a band, and two very beautiful young ladies were carrying a sign of welcome. As I was wondering who the big shot was I saw McGowan step off the train and he was handed the key to the city. He had become one of the most

popular of movie actors. I got on a street car and was very much surprised to see Durham as the motorman and Smith as the conductor. I got off at Sixth and Olive to see my old pal Holcomb who was now one of the biggest plumbers in the city (he weighed 220 pounds). After exchanging greetings we went up to the 79th floor to Dallas's office. Dallas was a successful building contractor. We decided to go out to the Studios so we all got into Dallas's new Duesenberg and got under way. At the studios we saw director Swaney in charge of an Engs Comedy, and also cameraman Sheward and prop-boy Carpenter. Driving back along Hollywood Blvd. I noticed a large Neon sign advertising "Natures Remedy". Holcomb told me that N. R. Massee had invented it, he also told me that Harlow was president of the Flit Corporation. We had dinner at Brewster's Cafe and then went to Hicker's new show house where we saw "Hearts Aflame" with Robert McGowan, and on the stage were Anderson and Langran the Croono Brothers.

The next day I left Los Angeles for San Francisco. Stopped off at Santa Barbara and saw Freddy Niclson. He suggested that we go to the Circus which was in town. At the circus we saw "Butch" Adams who was a Barker and general Bally-hoo man for the side show tent, in which Sweetser was exhibiting his completely tattooed body. In another tent there was a medicine show and Dr. Morris was selling Patent Medicine at a dollar a bottle.

At Oakland I met Leon who was a missionary there, converting the natives. He was also Scoutmaster of the Hiawathan troop. Isham was president of the Chamber of Commerce. In Berkely I met my old pal Davitt who was a nut and bolt salesman. At the post office I saw O'Connell who was the Postmaster. He told me that Liden was the Postmaster of Stockton, and that Graham was managing a chain store. Davitt and I decided to go up to Eureka.

While crossing over on the ferry we largest ranches in the vicinity saw Hal Lindgren who was a second and B.R. Adams who was raising deck hand. Davit told me that turnips. At Eureka we called on Cunningham was catching for the Melanson who was owner of the Soals and that Hansen was managing "Rubo" Kennols, and saw Fitzsimmons them. We stopped off at Marysville who was skipper of the steam and saw Jenkins who owned one of the schooner Tuscarora.

Good Luck!

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