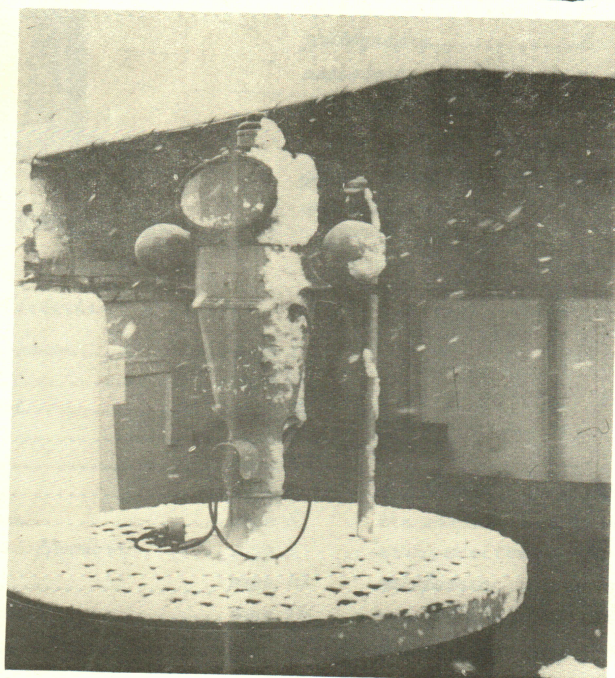


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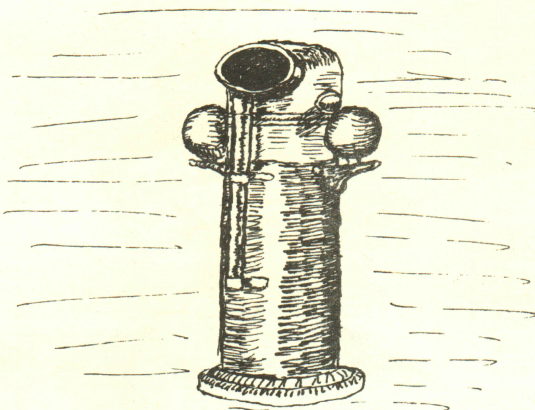
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spring 1966

BINNACLE



spring BINNACLE 1966

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contents

leadership by radm williamson.....	page 1
editorial by the editor.....	page 2
containerization by kempf.....	page 3
sports by mackey.....	page 4
cartoon by jackson.....	page 5
LITERARY SECTION.....	page 6
poems by nelson and lewin.....	page 8
coming of the cog by a staffmember.....	page 9
poem 1 by polywog.....	page 10
bittersweet by a staffmember.....	page 11
...by grant.....	page 12
poem by nelson.....	page 14
poem by nelson.....	page 16
poems by anonymous.....	page 17
distance.....	page 18

the BINNACLE is a publication of
the corps of midshipmen, calif-
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those of the corps, administration
or faculty.

any midshipman wishing to express
complaints, suggestions, misgive-
ings, etc., may submit these, in
a letter for possible publication.

LEADERSHIP

At this time when we are all starting out to know each other for the first time, it may be of value to you to have some idea of what I feel makes a good leader.

During my many active years in the naval service, I have always been intrigued with the question, "What qualities are necessary to make a man a good leader?"

It is my firm belief that a man's character expresses itself in everything he does, and a man with a strong character is invariably a good leader.

If one should read the comments of such great leaders as Napoleon, Frederick the Great, and Lord Nelson on leadership one will always find three traits that are common to the list of traits, that a man must have to be a leader of men.

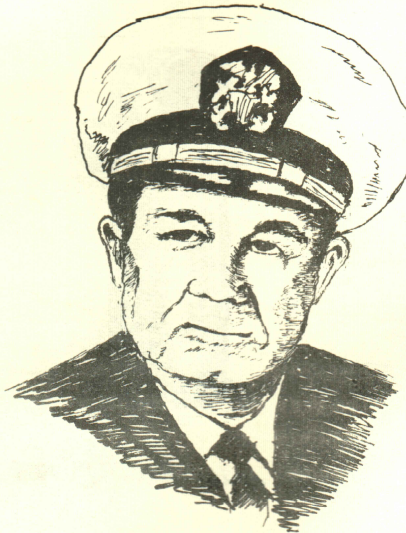
The first, and foremost is courage both physical and moral.

The second is good judgement or natural intelligence.

The third is good health.

You can develop the first by setting for yourself a high standard of conduct and living up to that standard. Develop the will power to do what is right and what is expected of you, no matter what the consequences or how much the personal embarrassment.

In order to acquire the second, you must always perform to the best of your ability in everything you do. It is your knowledge in your chosen profession that enables you to make sound decisions and gives you the ability to see then through



ADM F. T. WELLS JAMSON
SUPERINTENDENT

to a successful conclusion.

The third trait, good health, can only be acquired by developing clean living habits and participating in dual and individual athletic activities. These will give you the physical fitness and stamina to perform all your tasks in a dynamic manner.

I would like to see each and every one of the midshipmen in this academy making an honest effort to develop the three traits mentioned above. Those that are successful will find themselves leaders in their profession.

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editorial

Ambrose Bierce, the cynically famous columnist, once defined the word "Academy" as "a modern school where football is taught"; the word was derived from the term "Academe" which was "an ancient school where morality and philosophy were taught." In not such a sardonic tone, I ask you what is the function of C.M.A.?? Unfortunately its purpose seems to limit itself to just producing Merchant Marine officers, and as a side kick, C.M.A. trains Naval officers. I believe the purpose of the school should be widened to allow the moral and philosophic designs to successfully integrate themselves into our elite huddle of Merchant Marine officers. Man's life is not simply an occupation; diversification of the individual will develop an intelligent man, an interesting man, a man of culture and refinement, and a perceptive man of upgraded morals and high standards. Even without broadening our curriculum, the school could foster an atmosphere congenial to the elevation of a sagacious midshipman by slowly elevating the military and restrictive academy life. I think it is exceptionally desirous that the Admiral has realized the problem and has taken a step in the progressive direction. The abandoning of the senseless and degrading sound-off-gangway enigma and the granting of nightly liberty for first classmen is a first preparatory step in developing a school that produces thinking men and worthwhile men; not just men blindly trained to push the correct button at the given signal. With the loosening of the structure and form of the school the Midshipman can and will have an opportunity to stop trying to buck the system and have the chance to productively

initiate himself into learning his subjects in depth. Rather than cramming senselessly for an exam the following morning and forgetting the material by that afternoon, the midshipman will have time to devote to scholarly preparation of his studies and extra-curricular activities. By abandoning the form that is more detrimental than helpful and by creating a form which actively and flexibly compliments our function we can surely build ourselves "maybe not the biggest academy but the best academy" — perceptively a progressive academy!

CO-OPERATION MEANS GRADUATION

During my first week at this school in the fall of 1963, I had heard an expression which was sort of an unpublished motto of the school. Although I do not believe in that expression, it is an everpresent idea which serves to describe a far from ideal attitude toward learning.

"Can we be equal and excellent too?" John W. Gardener once asked, and although it was not actually asked with this subject in mind, it can be taken as a question which, if interpreted differently could be related. Can this Academy encourage academic excellence by constantly promoting an atmosphere and attitude of uniformity?

There is a constant attempt, and one which is very successful, to discourage any outstanding effort on anyone's part. This is particularly apparent in the Class of 1966 and is fortunately becoming slightly less predominant in the other two classes — but it is still there! With this very influential "voice" discouraging individual accomplishment, it is easy to see how a mutual cooperation effort can be encouraged. Everyone is encouraged to be the same and to aid in maintaining a sense of equality. As more and

more people are drawn into the influence of the "equality minded" individuals, it becomes increasingly difficult for any of the dwindling minority to be able to stand out as individuals.

Containerization

Early in 1947, when Pacific Far East lines began shipping reefer cargo to the Persian Gulf in containers, a reformation in the Maritime industry began. This idea that cargo should not be loaded article by article has revitalized the weathered shipping industry. What is the nature of this recent development? What are some of the problems to be faced as a result of the changes that are being created by current developments?

Several shipping companies have undertaken programs of containerization, the best known being Matson Navigation and Sea Land. Matson is a perfect example of highly containerized operation. The company now has nine ships which are fitted to carry containers. Matson jumboized the SS Hawaiian and the SS Californian from C-4's to bulk carrier-containerized ships. On the West bound leg of their voyages, each carries 349 containers stowed both on deck and in the holds. Upon returning their cargo is 280 containers on deck and bulk sugar in the holds for state-side refineries. The SS Hawaiian Citizen has been converted from a C-3 to a fully containerized ship. Her holds have been reconstructed to carry containers in specially built "cells." Total conversion cost the ship 24% of her cargo carrying capacity; however, actual annual capacity increased 52% because of faster turn-around and reduced cargo handling costs.

Special ships needed special gear to handle the containers.

Owners pondered upon the question of whether the container handling equipment should be placed aboard the ship or in permanent shore installations.

The final decision was made in favor of shore cranes because of lower initial cost, lower maintenance, and space saving aboard ship. A heavy deck crane requires stout lower deck support which is not possible in a container ship because of the absence of pillars in the holds. Since extensive shore facilities are required for a successful container operation, there was no trouble locating the cranes ashore.

In 1961 approximately 40% of Matson's traffic between the mainland and Hawaii was containerized. In September 1963 this figure had jumped to 70%. Reduced cargo handling costs, negligible pilferage, fewer damage claims and higher shipping capacity changed Matson's operations from deficit in 1961 to profit in '62. Can Matson's example be repeated on other trade routes?

The sea time between the west coast and Hawaii is only five days. Matson has cut time in port from five to two days resulting in a fourteen-day cycle instead of twenty days. On a route in which sea time is far greater than port time, cutdown of in-port-time will not result in such dramatic savings. On a long run the savings in time might not be enough to cover the costs of ship conversions, shore facilities, and containers necessary. Other forms of unit cargo carrying such as palletization appear quite attractive to carriers faced with long voyages.

The handling of containers in foreign ports is creating a real problem. Absence of shore facilities and differences between the dementsions of American trucks and foreign trucks dictates a need for worldwide standards. The US committee on Container Standards suggests.

lengths and cross-sections of 8x8 ft. These standards are adaptable and equipment investors maintain heavy surplus containers that are accepted. The container

The looks bright brandtzen a contract for container Atlantic Brothers come up container Gulf Coast ports. I arent the affecting as much together change the old into part of our strength.

Tim C. ing and B. fiery hit to an under closest reless record a 5-2 record season also place with vision 1-position. games were able super the softball should be job well done games have second class

lengths of 10, 20, or 40 feet and cross section measurements of 8x8 feet for all containers. These standard sizes are not adaptable to foreign conditions and equipment however. Early investors such as Matson will sustain heavy losses because of a surplus of under or oversized containers that will result if these recommended sizes are accepted. Matson has over 3,100 containers which are 8'x8'6"x24'.

The future of containers looks bright. American Export Isbrandtsen Lines has just signed a contract to convert two ships for container service on the Atlantic trade route. Lykes Brothers Steamship Company has come up with an idea to carry containerized barges from the Gulf Coast to Northern European ports. It is fast becoming apparent that containerization is affecting the maritime industry as much as automation; and together they will completely change the maritime industry of old into a modern and efficient part of our nation's industrial strength.

SPORTS

SOFTBALL

Tim Carey's flawless pitching and Big - Bad Bob Hannah's fiery hitting paced Division 1-D to an undaunted championship. The closest rival to 1-D's 7-0 flawless record was Division 2-E with a 5-2 record. The close of the season also found 2-D in third place with three defeats and Division 1-E captured the fourth position. All of the intramural games were conducted under the able supervision of Tom Pickford, the softball commissioner. Credit should be extended to Tom for a job well done. Two post season games have been arranged. The second class has challenged the

first class and the third class the winner of that contest. The unpredictable results of these contests should be interesting, but this reporter anticipates a third class conquest.

VARSIITY TENNIS

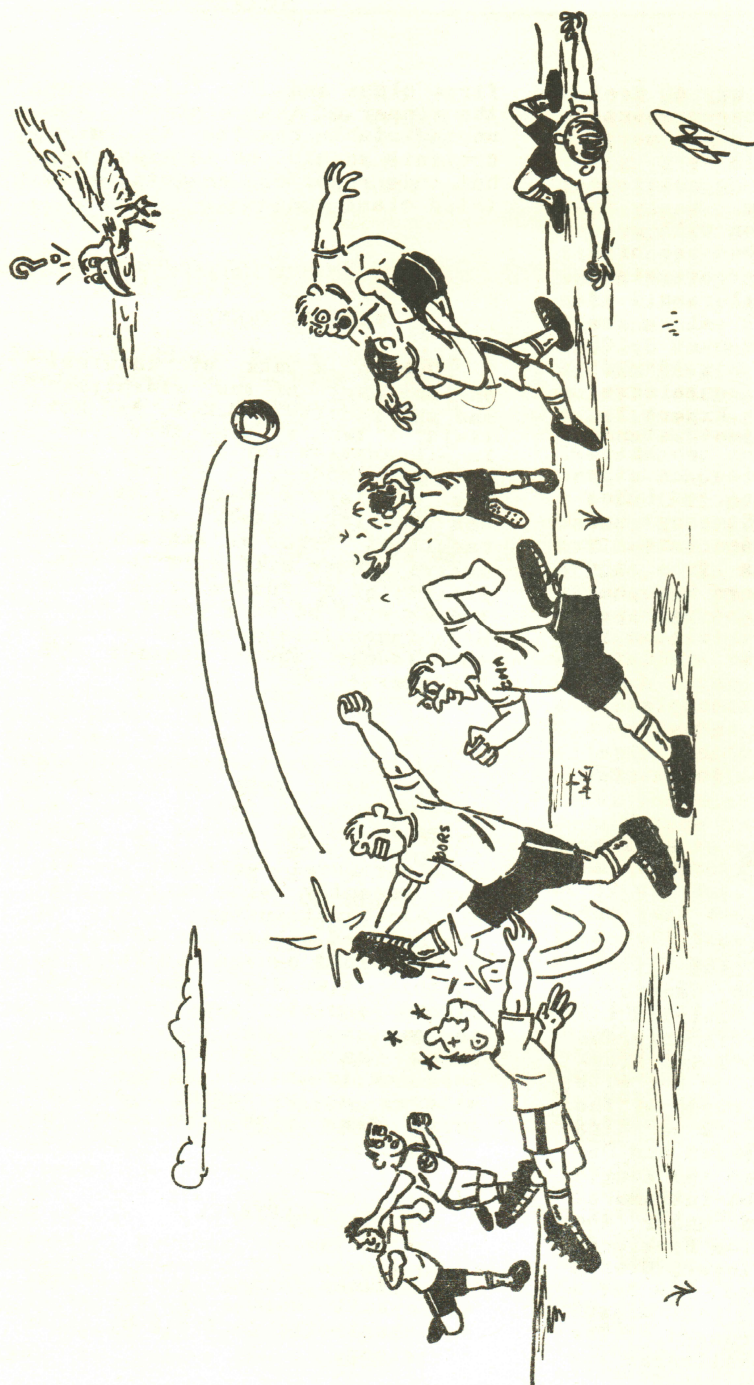
Due to a lack of interest on the part of the midshipmen and the faculty, C.M.A. did not field a tennis team this year. In preparation for a future team a tennis ladder, a visual ranking of players based on talent, has been instituted. With the faculties "show me" attitude, an active ladder will help the possibility of a future team. The ladder will be on a yearly basis. Midshipmen interested in joining the ladder should contact M/S O'Flaherty.

GOLF

Intramural golf got on its way recently with twelve midshipmen participating. All of the matches will be played at Lake Chabot golf course in Vallejo. At this time Steve Wallace and Dwight Annesley apparently are top contenders for the championship. Coach Vittti has done a good job in setting up the golf matches and arranging student green fees with the city of Vallejo.

VOLLEYBALL

A funny thing: 1-E became volleyball champs by virtue of unenthusiastic forfeits by other divisions.



SOCCER AT CMA

spring 1966

BONNACLE

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spring 1966

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YESTERDAY LIFE

Yesterday life remembered then forgotten,
Dreams gone empty full of sorrow,
Questions arise Live or Die?
Reward and punish both on high.

Yesterday life all books record,
Lessons learned by man's accord,
Creatures and things the earth absorbs,
Famous or nameless what difference now?

Pictures of spent light reveal,
Faces, places, some death departed,
Today realism cuts like a knife,
Follow those who seek yesterday life.

RTN

OH, FOR THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Oh that we could revive
The greats like:
Emerson, Lincoln, and
Earnest Van Clive.

These should be here to rule our country
Along with others like:
Poe, Jackson, and
Winfred Van Glee.

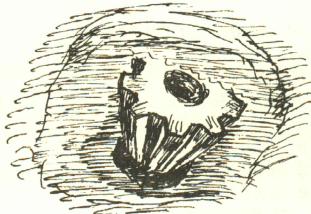
Hate is one thing we'd never have
With people like:
Hawthorne, Washington, and
Douglas Van Bravv.

Creativity, we'd have a lot,
If today's greats were:
Melville, Roosevelt, and
Henry Van Pott.

Now see sir, you'll have to do the best you can
With people alive instead of:
Greenough, Wilson, and
Norman Van Superannuation.

GSL

COMING OF THE COG



Wack! Waa! A new baby is born, As my father, nose compressed against fogged glass, viewed the future Masters of Creation, he saw crib upon crib of 1947 vintage babies. Somewhere, about the fifth row back, the third or fourth column over, I uniformly whimpered along with the neighboring young conformists. For years I was to remain like a bottle of

red wine, kept at room temperature, wrapped in white cloth and not to be disturbed in my wooden open-air prison.

There I sat patiently waiting and waiting patiently...twenty years after my ordeal of coming I remember my youth, millions of us growing and laughing in the warm sunlight, shouting and getting almost too fat for our stringy parents. Years lost in the sameness of selfness, discovering got and cold, seeking and knowing pleasure and happiness but wondering why these never stayed. My youth, like all sun-products, slowly did wither, and one day I lost my parental bond. You see, I understood I was part of a well cultured collection of spare parts to be used in the Right and Good Machine: my time to be used had come. Geared 8:5, oiled in reward and emulation, slowed by the dust of error, I functioned fairly well. In fact I got some others to believe my job vastly important to the operation of the Right and Good Machine. It was then, people loved me for what they could get from me, consequently I, they!

Being a man of good metal, I whirred on, long in the service of faithful groove and high capacity. Right or left, not me, for years clicked by with no deviation. Laughter slipping and thought production I was never truly guilty of. Security! God, how grand! You...you...y...asked me what I make? I...uh...I...I don't.... know...??

spring 1966

BONNACLE

POEM I

There sailed a ship from Vallejo,
A ship called the Golden Bear.
And on this ship were some middies,
Some strong, some tall, some fair.

This ship set sail for Rio,
A port 'cross the deep blue sea.
These two hundred-fifty middies,
Knew the rules from A to Z.

But as they crossed the equator,
Some found so distainfully,
That the quite indomitable polywogs,
Threw the shellbacks into the sea.

Now the training cruise is over,
The ship is at her berth.
And still the indomitable polywogs,
Can't quite control their mirth.

Polywog

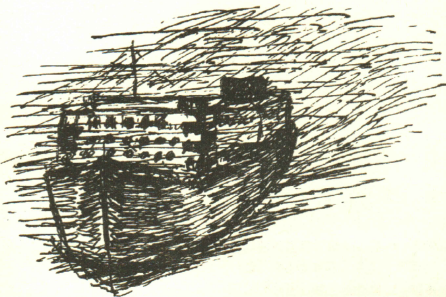
spring 1966

BINNACLE

BITTERSWEET

And to think they say death is sweet. Death is like an inchworm slowly transversing the worn paths of my brain: and with each step each slow deliberate movement the tiny feet force a new memory to discharge through my head now inutile. And with each resting of the slinky inchworm, the pain penetrates and pushes into my bleeding heart making it cry for the promised peace. The icy stinging of my warm blood, shadows of nightfall too soon, lipstick of bitter tasteless blood, the bending of my backbone inward - inward, petrified hands puncturing my throbbing lungs are all minor compared to the tortures of my memories. The razor tipped arms of memory gently caress my raw skull pushing mercilessly toward eyeballs of worlds unseen. Blackness is heaven, but the yellowness of my youth continues to drip slowly down cheeks slashed wide by those oh-so-gentle arms. The inchworm seems to have multiplied and is sending his kin in all directions. Some go up, stopping as they go, some down, some retrace the worn train, some proceed forward; all send back torture which pulsates in my brain in great coagulations of time gone by. Every possible memory rides a pinhead. The arm strokes my wounds as down pushes the pin, down through worn whiteness leaving a tunnel of nothingness that empties towards my skull; the pressure is final. The memories are riding through my mouth and out my body in one long scream: a breathless-hard scream, a penetrating scream, a timeless scream. And to think they say death is. . . .

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A profound and mysterious beauty is inherent in the swirling gloom of the fog as it creeps across the water and spills over the hills to envelope the land. The distant moan of a fog horn and the clang of a bell in the mist easily enable a person to momentarily isolate himself from his surroundings and to drift away into a dream of ocean voyages to distant

and enchanting lands. There is an intangible lure in the haunting mist which easily draws the mind into a dream, and from within that dream silently out of the gloom emerges the great black form of a freighter which has piled the oceans of the world for many long and strenuous years. Her sides are scarred and bleeding; long streaks of rust issue from her wounds as testament to the numerous battles she has fought and won with the nearly overwhelming forces of the sea. As she glides up the channel with a certain air of majesty about her, one can almost feel the raging power of the great tempests which she has battled in her years of heavily burdened service. Innumerable times the giant waves have pounded against and over her attempting to batter and crush her hull under hundreds of tons of dark cold water. The screaming winds have torn at the hair of her rigging, and the black swirl of the salt laden seas is ever attempting to eat through her skin. If only she could speak, a wealth of experiences would surely be recounted. But it is not really necessary that oral communication be established, for even as she glides silently by an unforgettable story is told in a language which is understood by all seafaring people. She has met her element, and although she bears many scars from her battles, there is none more ready and willing to brave the seas once more. Who dares to suggest that ships are not in some special way alive?

spring 1966

BONNACLE

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WRITTEN IN RECLINING RECLUSE

Laugh at me twinkling eyes,
A crime in the Age of Despair sighs,
Jungle dew thick as blood,
Now runs the Delta's flood,
Fight in green and die in silence
Rainless drop knows me from hence.

Laugh at me twinkling eyes,
But where are the other guys,
Insects of man's doing clog the sky
Drone and buzz now pass bye
Secret shroud once my amour
Can leaves prevent a bullet's clamor?

Laugh at me twinkling eyes,
Make Life grow prove Death lies,
Join your brothers stay pure in wonderings
Fuel of He who made all things
What of me? I'll go sight unseen,
Just another victim of red on green.

RTN

spring 1966

BONNACLE



ATTACHMENT

Into your being I commit my soul,
O beast of steel and red hot coal,
In hopes thin skin may keep me dry,
Safe when Poseidon yearns to lash low sky.

Lady of cantankerous wants and spoiled,
Love me 'til this voyage ends,
Leave me not with seaweed hair,
Life un-lived is such a void.

I'll paint your face in gay array,
Guide you when you walk astray,
Comb the tangles of wire hair,
But please, dear lady, get me there!

Dance before these walls of green,
Turn to foam each rude onslaught,
May fabled fury of salty water,
Be tamed beneath your lifted head,
From electric veins to boiling heart,
In life of death we shall not part.

HE-HE WATER

By the Straits of old Carquinez
By the muddy waters dull
Lives the mighty men of Keema
Midst quiet study's lull

From the mountains near Vallejo
From the shore of "Quiet Waters"
Comes the jolly cry of laughter
As homeward the Middie totters.

HHH: So You Call College Students
Chicken??-Your Favorite meat.

hara...har..ha.Humphry
Dumbphrey
Bumfree ride
for southern fried
chicken and chicken
fried southerners:
Fry man - see how the
chicken fried southerners
fried! chicken fried
southern man!

The incense shrieked Prometheus Shrine
The Golden-gray, "A good religion of mine?"
Polite as moth I replied, "Well...,
A better religion might be hell."

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Music is perhaps one of the most emotional forms of language. This paper, written to describe a music course which most Midshipmen will unfortunately never pursue, approaches nearly...music!

DISTANCE

The trill of the reeds; the mournful far-off sound of a French horn; the ominous rolling of the tympani; a blast of staccato trumpet fanfare — these are the sounds of a concert band at work. Instrumental music is a course which, when presented to a receptive and able class by an able instructor, is certainly one of the most personally satisfying and educational subjects taught anywhere. The playing of musical works offers any amount of challenges. Dynamics, intonation, entrances, and all other elements of proper musical interpretation vary with every composition. Thus a wide range of musical judgement; and appreciation and comprehension of differing styles of composition; and a rapid development of instrumental technique results. Instrumental music classes also afford enjoyment and relaxation to the participants. The rising of "goose-bumps" when a fine-point of musicality is reached is a completely different thrill. The peaceful sounds of a soft largo ease the mind and body to a wonderfully tranquil state. The personal enjoyment felt after the outstanding playing of a difficult solo is quite satisfying to the ego of a musician. This pride is even felt when another member of the group — or even the group itself — performs well. Emotion is also an important factor in music. A person can drain all his energies into a piece, and his aroused emotions discover latent strength that allows him to continue playing. An instrumental music course is not merely a playing of notes by a variety of instruments. Such a course changes the mind and body with theondrous beauty of music. By allowing the students to create the beauty of music, they are able to find a new insight to this beauty.

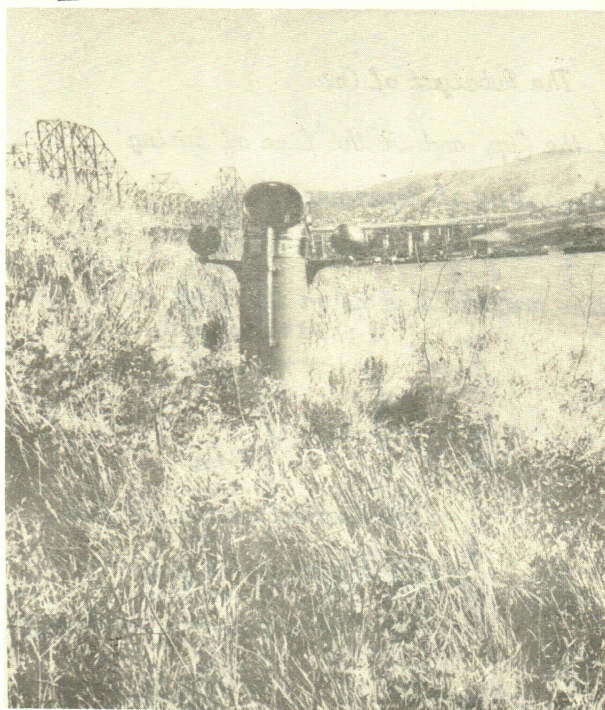
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spring tide