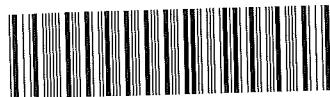
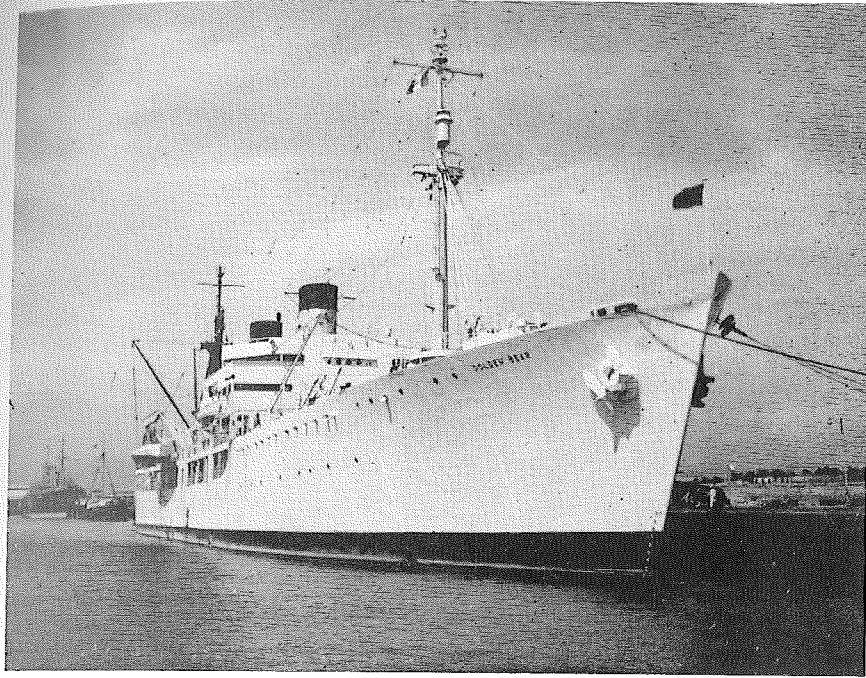


HAWSEPIPE



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THE
1950



HAWSES IPE

Twenty-first Annual Edition

1929-1950

RECORD OF THE CORPS OF MIDSHIPMEN

California Maritime Academy

Vallejo, California

CMA ARCHIVE
02.70.01.18

DEDICATION...

The Class of 1950 takes great pleasure in dedicating this book to two of the finest instructors, officers, and men who contributed their utmost to our future, and who gave us encouragement and did not lose faith in our abilities as individuals or as a class.



LT. (JG) N. F. MAIN
Now serving with the U.S. Coast Guard



LT. JAMES D. LAMBERT
Mare Island, California

FOREWORD...

The class of '50 has, in this annual, attempted to portray, literally and graphically, our three best years, and how they were spent at the California Maritime Academy. Each sentence, photograph, and caption will have a stimulating effect upon our memories, and a special significance to each of us.

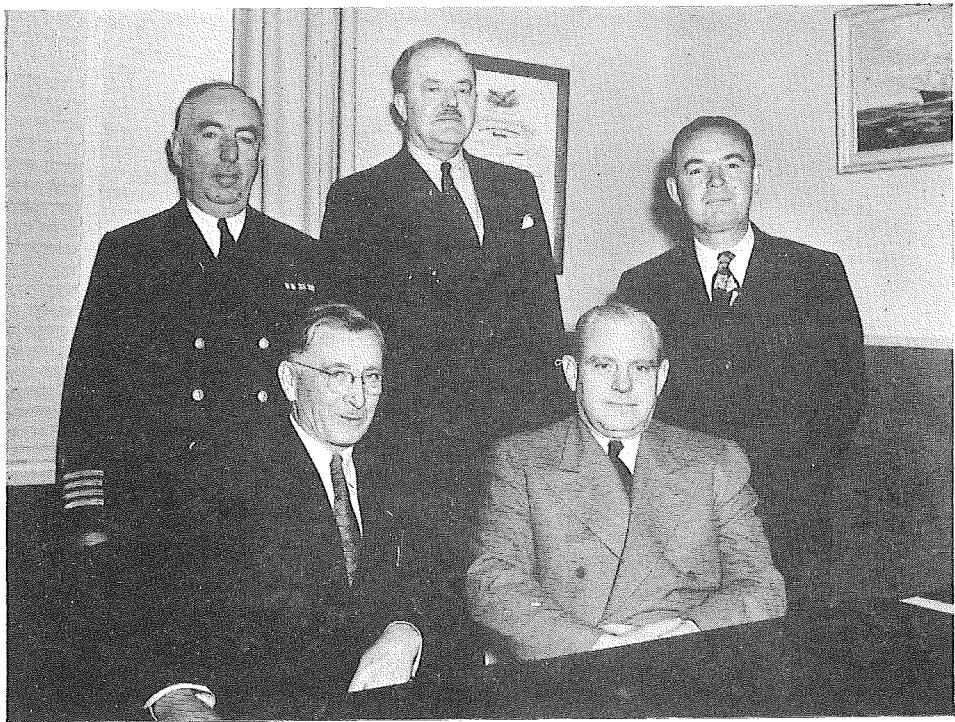
We believe that this edition will help fulfill the universal desire to be remembered through the years.

Our school, more than any other institution, affords the opportunity for us to become intimately acquainted with our classmates as we share the same tribulations, disappointments, joys, and interests. For this reason there is a strong fraternal bond between us which will be slow to weaken.

The success of this "Hawsepope" will depend solely upon the pleasure derived as reminisce through it in all corners of the earth throughout the years to come.



THE HONORABLE EARL WARREN
Governor of the State of California



BOARD OF GOVERNORS, CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY
SITTING, left to right: Dr. Burkman, Mr. Sweeney. STANDING: Captain Brenner, Captain Blackstone,
Mr. Gibson.



DR. RICHARD C. DWYER
Dean of Education

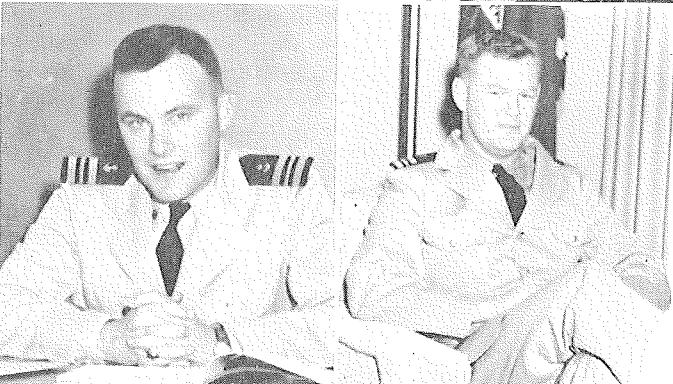


CAPTAIN
RALPH M. G. SWANY
Captain T.S. Golden Bear



COMMANDER
RICHARD D. HERON
Commandant of Midshipmen

COMMANDER
EDWARD E. KEELEY
Supply Officer



LT. COMMANDER
NOEL B. MARTIN
1st Lieutenant

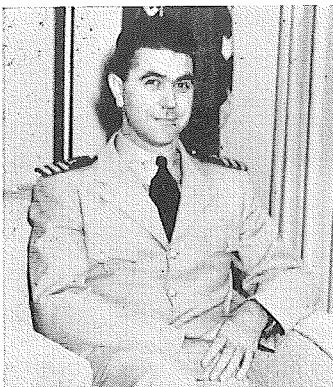
LT. COMMANDER
FRED A. NIED
Navigator



LT. DONALD PEDERSON
Seamanship

CHIEF BOATSWAIN
J. M. RENNICK
Seamanship

COMMANDER FLANNER
Chief Engineer



Lt. COMDR. AVERILL
1st Assistant Engineer

Lt. DUNHAM
Engineering Watch Officer



Lt. LaBOMBARD
Engineering Watch Officer

Lt. LANGE
Electrical Officer

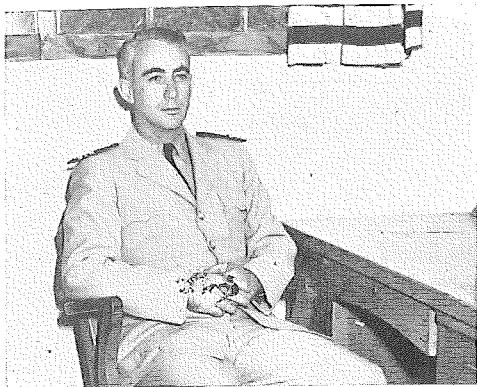


Lt. ELLIS
Engineering Watch Officer

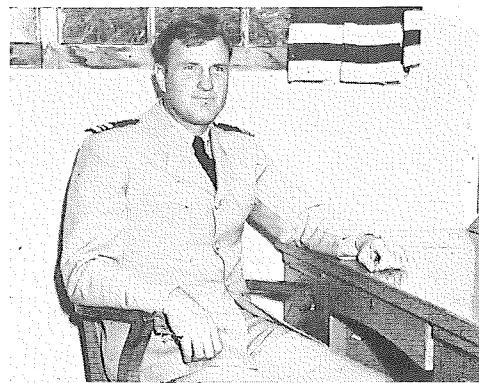
CLARENCE MORGAN
Chief Steward



EUGENE HARNWELL
Chief Carpenter



L.T. COMDR. ORAND
Head Naval Science Department



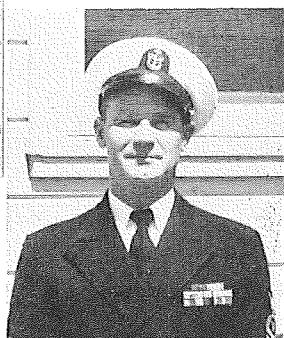
L.T. COMDR. WOODLUFF
Naval Science Department



CHIEF BARKER
Chief Hospitalman
(Detached June, 1950)



CHIEF BLAIR
Chief Fire Controlman



CHIEF SHOLAR
Ordnance and Gunnery



CHIEF PHARMACIST PRICHETT



L.T. AGEE
Naval Science Department



SQUATTERS

Congratulations and Good Health

to the

GRADUATING CLASS OF 1950



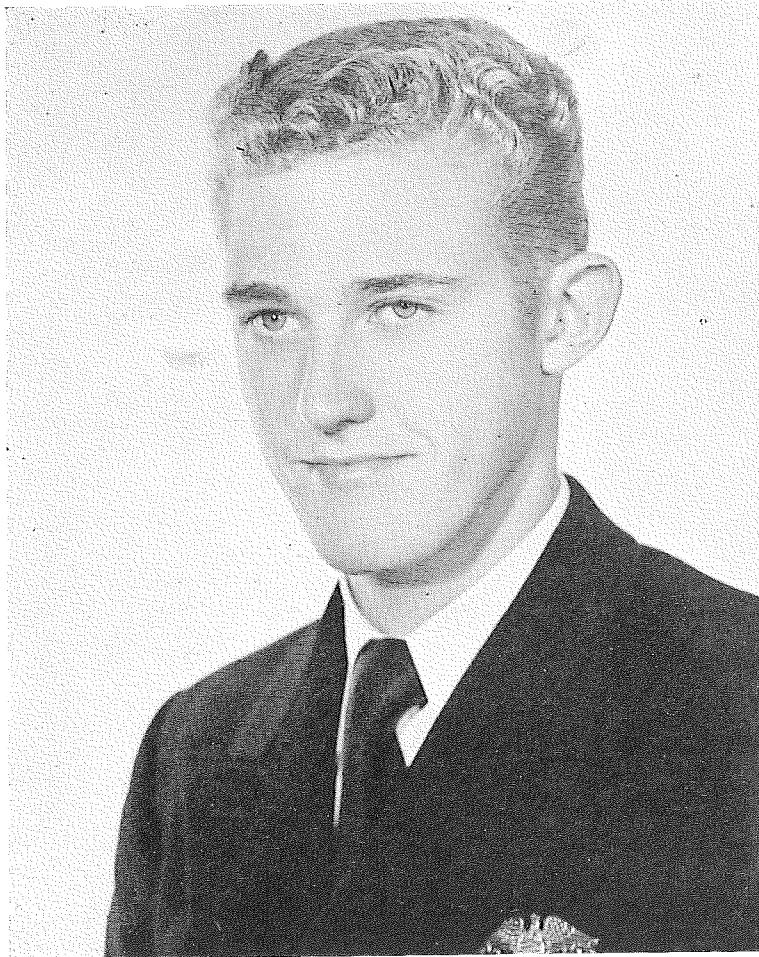
MAID OF CALIFORNIA
MILK CO.

18 Gold Medals Awarded for Purity and Quality

627 MARYLAND STREET • VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

Van Sterner Andersen

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

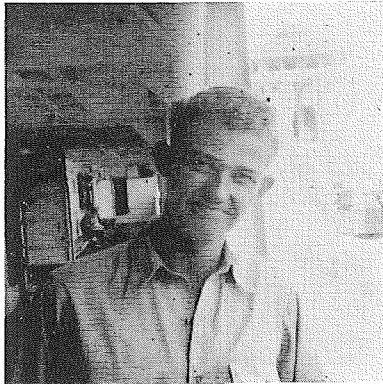


Alas!! Where dost our blonde bombshell hail but from that "Ciedad de la Bay," Oakland, in these United States.

Van (if you're working too hard try Van!) Andersen, just "Andy" would be apropos, possessor of many dignified talents, first found fame and fortitude at Ihrig Manor by amusing all with his Mauldinish style cartoons. Outside of claiming anonymity to numerous "causes for mutiny" drawings, Van is also as at home on the ivories as the Duke himself. Never to be forgotten were those "idle times"?? at sea when Andy's eight spring steel terminating members and thumbs would plink away hours of would-be-monotony into soothing relaxation.

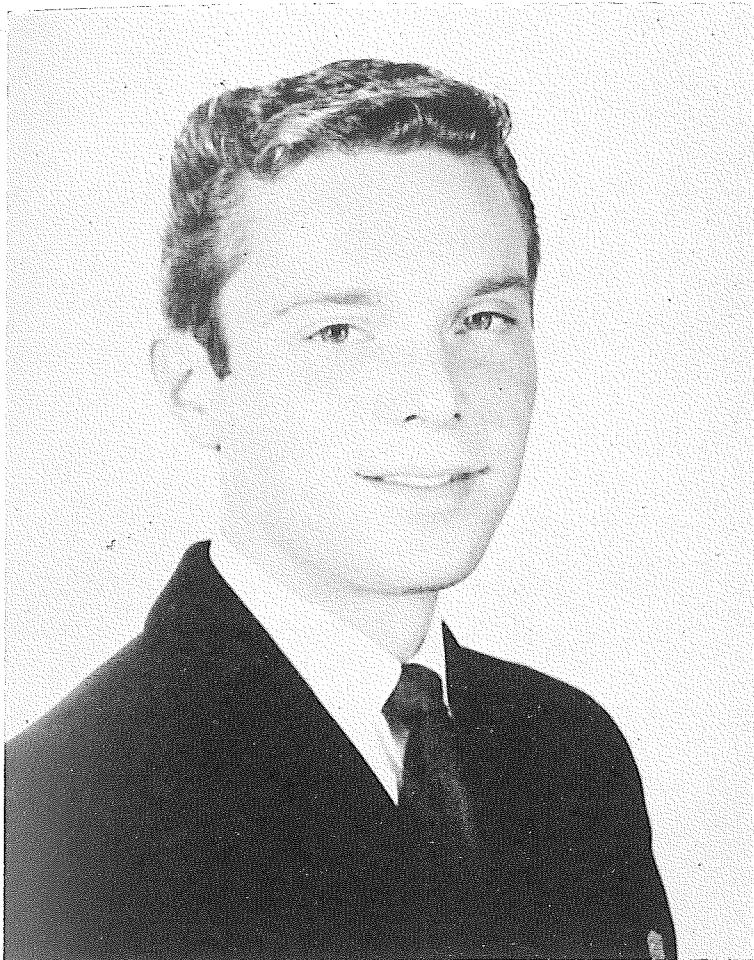
A great guy for ribbing, he can give and take with the best and his long, lanky, pendulous gait is a **SIGHT** which will linger in the minds of first classmen many moons after release.

Upon graduation Andrew plans to place that well known ring on a certain (we know who she is) miss's finger. We don't have to wish you good luck, Andy, because no matter what kind of future you plan, your deft ability and invigorating personality will catapult you topside.



Philip Barnes

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA



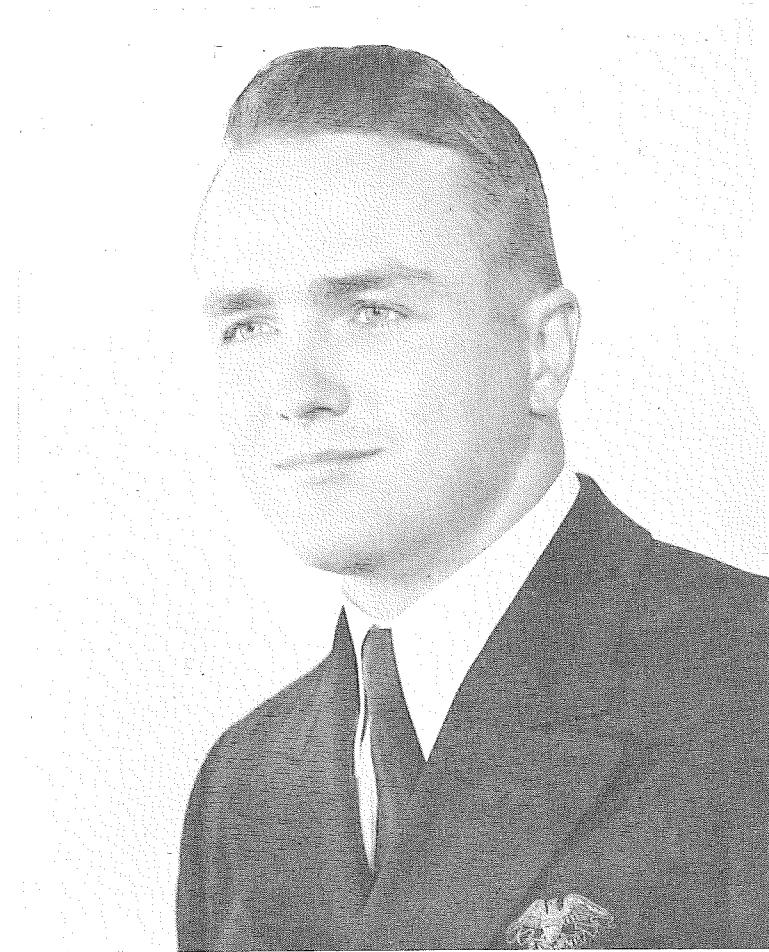
Sacramento College's contribution to the C.M.A. was Phil Barnes. Phil is one of the most humorous members of the class. In any group, any place, Phil can always be counted on for that additional lift so often accompanying his well-placed witticisms.

Among Phil's favorite pastimes are girls and boating. With his unusual and outstanding personality Phil is always a hit with women. Phil also spends his spare moments boating and is very proficient at small boat handling. As a member of the Athletic Council and the secretary of the Propeller Club, Phil contributed much to the success of these organizations. Phil has always shown a definite originality in his thoughts as well as his actions. He nearly always bases his actions on well-founded ideas and is generally very sensible in setting the high aims he has in life. Phil hopes to enter the Merchant Marine and follow the sea, at least for a few years. Best of luck, Phil. We know you will be especially successful in any enterprise you decide to tackle in the future.



James D. Caldwell

WHITTIER, CALIFORNIA



Able, Baker, Caldwell entered the gates of "pneumonia gulch" laden with wire brushes, chipping hammers, and a copy of "Hornblowers" days before the mast.

Gushing forth from his mouth came his exploits of those adventurous days during the war when he was sailing in the Merchant Marine. Being the modest type he seldom talks of his social life with the female species, unless someone brings up the topic of Perth, Australia.

Jim set his sights for "Chief"; worked hard dodging work; but was just nosed out by a nose. This has not discouraged our tinker for he has been trudging on until his day of parole in August.

Having been active in the Camera Club, Propeller Club, and dance committees, he will be best remembered for his leadership abilities when putting on the "Swab Smoker" which we hope will be the last of its kind.

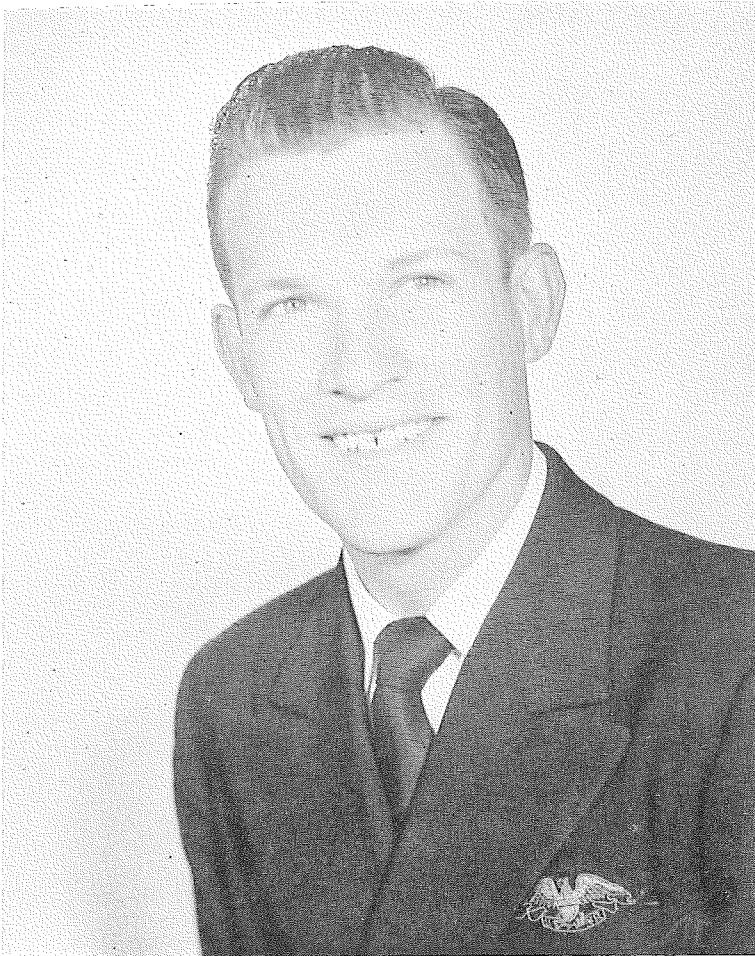
Jim spends most of his time at the base arguing with TAD Doyle on the size of clams at Pismo Beach as compared with those you pick up with tweezers at Stinson Beach.

The Catalina Cowboy hails from Whittier, but plans to spend the next few years in the Navy.



Jimmy J. Cochran

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

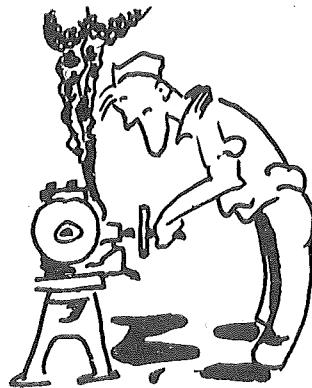


Jimmy John Cochran is his own contribution to C.M.A. by way of Mare Island Apprentice School, Rocks and Shoals, Joe's bar and greasy spoon. For Jim, C.M.A. not only meant the fulfillment of his wildest dreams (nightmares), but it also meant a chance to exert his sarcastic wit.

Jim was voted most unlikely to succeed—Commodore Ihrig as Superintendent. "The Chin," affectionately called by his classmates, had a hearty dislike for whiskers and decided to massage his face with rough towel shampoos. This probably was the main factor for the protruding of his lower jawbone. Notwithstanding this natural tendency for sticking his neck out, Jim was instrumental in the invention of the chin guard in sports in which he participated, namely in basketball, football, baseball, and boxing.

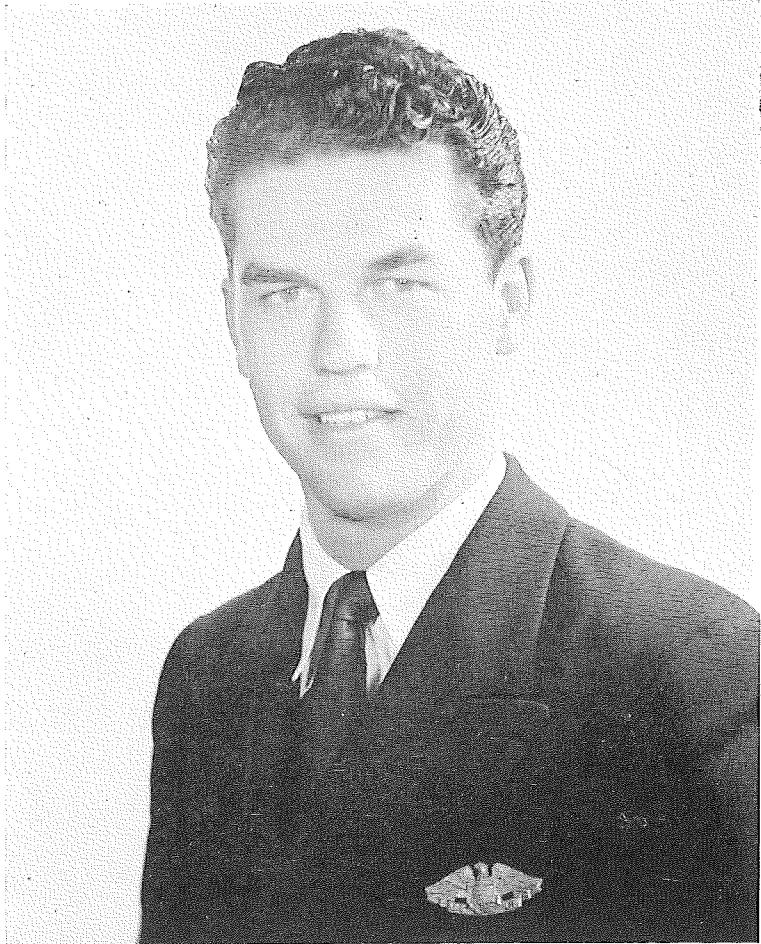
Jim was chosen as a cadet officer but resigned his commission for a much worthier cause. He heroically enlisted in C.M.A.'s Dept. of Public Health.

With all kidding laid aside, we all think Jim is one of the natural leaders of his class, his contribution to the school is not in material things only, although his mechanical ability helped to make the Golden Bear what she is today, but more so his frank, straight-forward personality, his ability to be just and his devastating humor did leave an impression on his classmates which will last and be appreciated when reminiscing through this annual.



W. R. Cochran

MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA

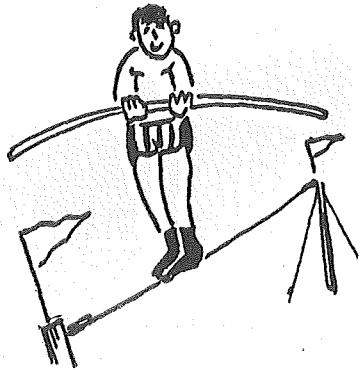
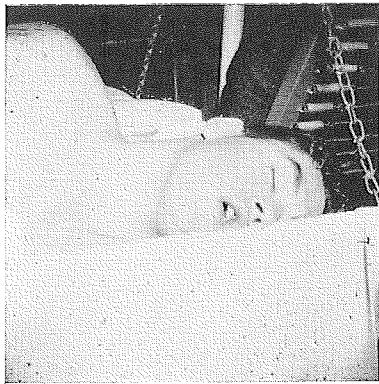


On a bright September morn in the year of our Lord 1947, we find our friend Dick Cochran undertaking an important step on his road to fame and fortune, and in his usual manner and form, he tripped himself, earning the name "Slewfoot" which has stuck fast to him during his stay at California Maritime Academy. Dick really isn't slewfooted; he just has trouble keeping his two left feet away from each other.

Because of his previous experience of working on his automobile and his buddy's Pontiac, he decided to become an engineer. This past experience has proven itself invaluable to him in the nightly bull sessions besides keeping him among the top ten of his class.

Dick has been active on various dance committees and class parties and was a member of the 1949 C company championship football team. He also played tennis and did considerable boxing during the cruise periods.

Dick plans to make the Navy life his career, having requested a destroyer with two port sides, and we are all confident that he will make a name for himself wherever he goes.



Loren F. Cochrun

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA



At the tender age of sixteen, the kid skipped into the California Maritime Academy with his all day sucker and rattle firmly gripped in both pudgy hands. Little did he realize what was in store for him when he entered his room and saw one of his roommates stumbling blindly over one of the chairs.

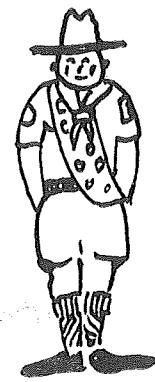
He immediately acquired all of the bad habits of a sailor's life such as drinking coffee (sugar and cream), staying up until ten o'clock, going out with the boys, smoking, and he could even listen to the murder mysteries if he wanted.

Loren had a basic background in engineering during his high school days, so he was favored with a good understanding of his classwork. This enabled him to wander off to other fields during study periods. One of his favorite dreams is his own power-plant in some desolate place in the desert.

To fill in the rest of his time, he was active in the Camera Club, being elected president in his first class year; played on the tennis team; and worked out with the judo team.

The kid plans to continue studies in the engineering field with the ultimate goal a master's degree.

During his stay at the Academy, the kid has grown older, namely three years, and has developed a more mature outlook on life. Rest assured that if he continues at this rapid rate, by the time he celebrates his twenty-first birthday he'll be old enough to vote.



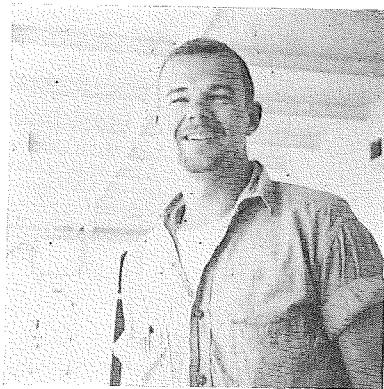
Peter J. Combs

UPLAND, CALIFORNIA



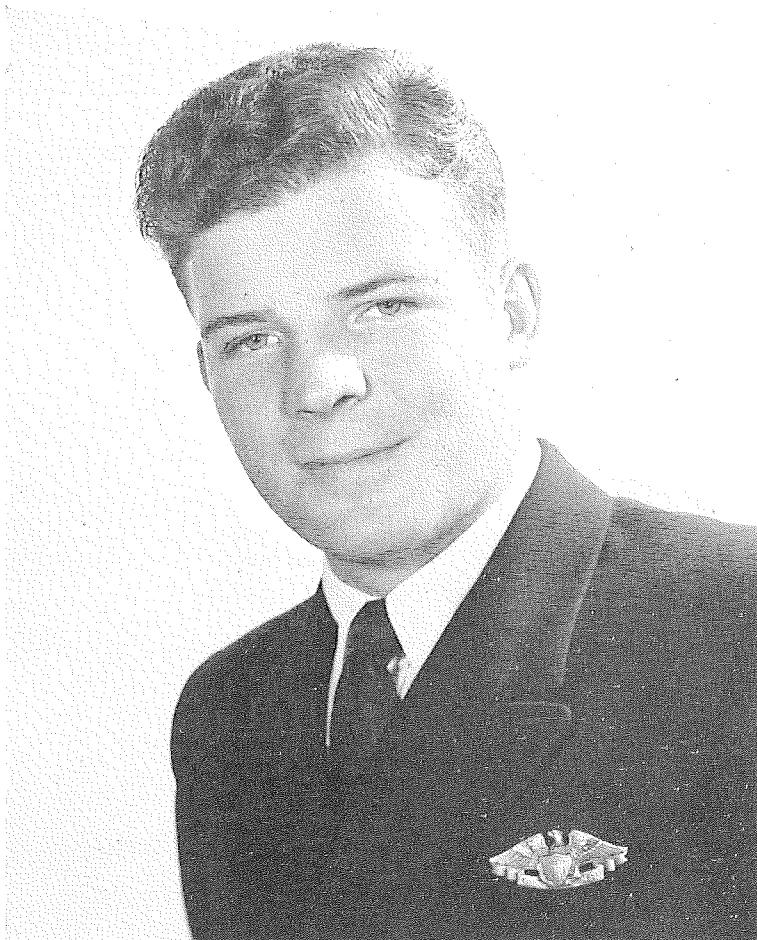
On a bright sunny day in September there came to the California Maritime Academy a little man dragging a suitcase almost as big as himself. This was the notorious Peter T. Combs, known to friends as "Peter the Rapid Rabbit." It wasn't until later, when he acquired the rank of Company Commander and Chief Engineer of the forward engine room that he was re-nicknamed "Tiger" Combs because of his pressing nature and his demanding attitude toward his men. The men always obeyed promptly and tried to imitate their Commander in every way. This is true with one exception — they wouldn't break their ankle. The story is that Tiger, or Tiger Combs, as he is known, fell off a "box" and broke his ankle. But the story we get from him is that he was skiing. This led to still another nickname—"Gimp."

His accomplishments at the Academy are many. He was an able member of the Ring Dance Committee, secretary-treasurer of Class '50 during his Third Class Year; vice president of Class, Second Class Year; vice president of Propeller Club, and taking part in swimming and tennis teams. From his many accomplishments it is evident that he will be a success in life as a Navy Officer, or any other field he may choose.



Clifford E. David

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA



Three years ago a burly lad walked through the portals of C.M.A. with tweezers and diagonal nail clippers in hand. Clifford thus started his career in the field of engineering.

Cliff is well on his way to design a new pusher type main propulsion engine, with which he expects to squeeze out a top speed of 194 knots. Because of this colossal invention, he has earned the title of "Sir Malcolm David."

David has, like most of us, been in some tight squeezes, but with his engineering ability he has been able to find a way out of most of them.

Clifford was given the rank of Petty Officer in his first class year and has done a wonderful job of it.

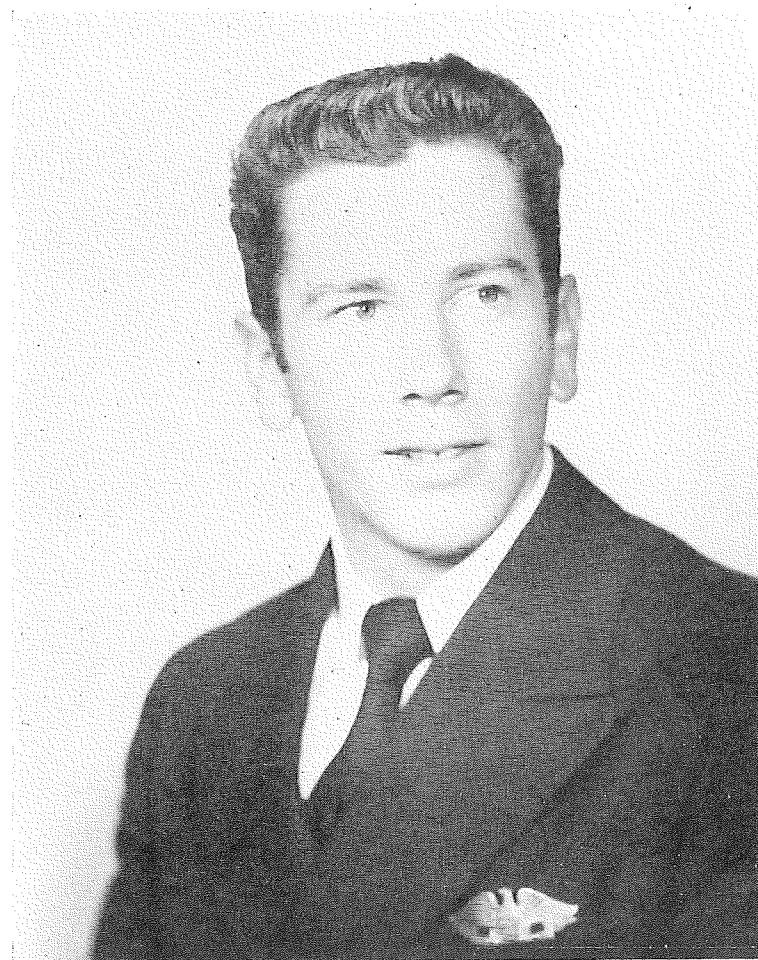
Come graduation, he has leased himself to Uncle Sam for a short period of time.

Wherever you go or whatever you do, David, act as you have in the past and you will always be on top.



Tom Doyle

LARKSPUR, CALIFORNIA



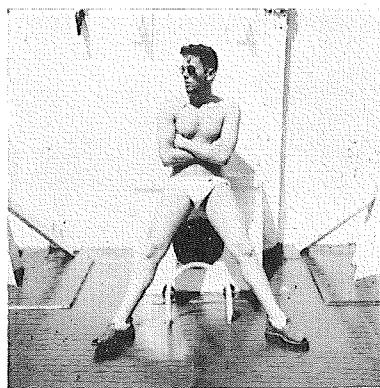
Tom arrived at C.M.A. bubbling over with lush and lurid tales of the sea (shaft alley oiler in the A.T.S.) and even more vivid and blood curdling tales of Stinson Beach.

A certain amount of mystery shrouds the evidently drastic circumstances forced the "Tool from Tam" to leave such an excellent job and come to C.M.A., but reliable sources have it that he got tangled up in a Giant Jackpot on "Stop the Music." At any rate, the class of '50 has been privileged during these three years to have in their midst a man of such infinite experience in the engineering field (shaft alley oiler in the A.T.S.).

Tom, a singularly refined individual, captured the hearts of his classmates with his shy and demure manner. This quality, coupled with his quaint sayings and priceless interpretations, has given a definite tang to both shipboard and base life.

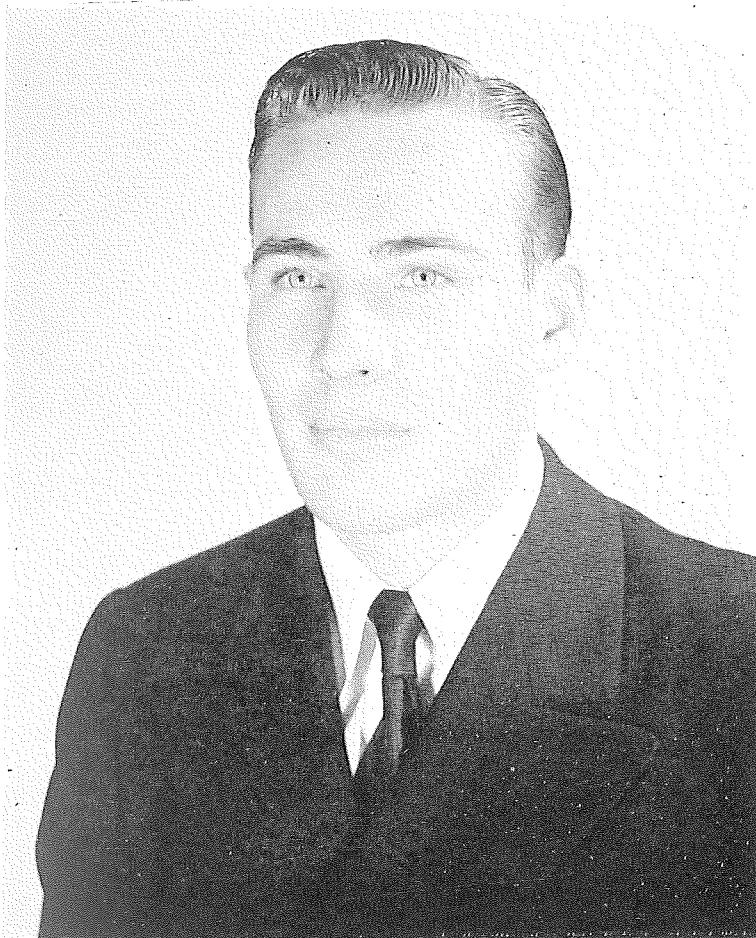
Tad's paramount athletic offering is tennis, but he participates in the indoor sports in no slight way. All in all, it might be said that Tom has been very active in a great number of events here at C.M.A.

We all wish him the best of everything, but somehow we are quite sure that his great abundance of drive, initiative, and doggedness will someday, we know, skyrocket him to dizzying heights in his profession (shaft alley oiler in the A.T.S.).



Robert C. Dunn

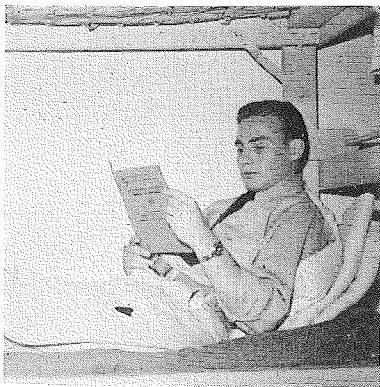
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



Bob has been the mainstay in C.M.A.'s soda fountain and canteen. As an exceptionally ambitious youth, he rescued the fastly failing canteen and in a short period of three years has built it into a very prosperous business; both for the midshipmen and the Academy.

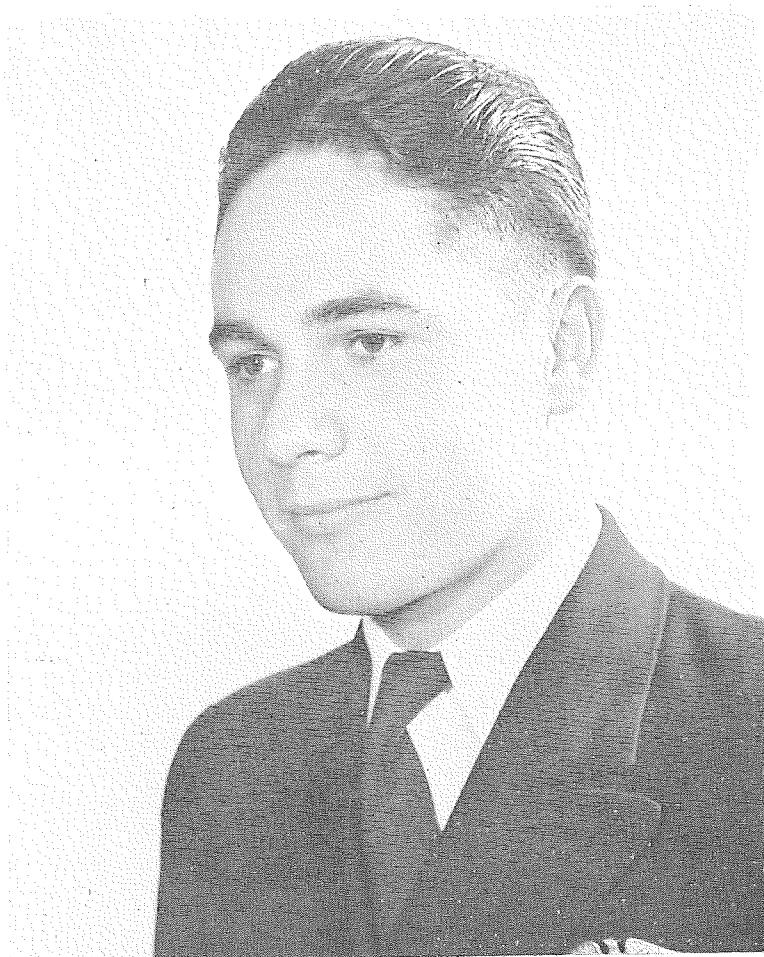
Bob was one of the unfortunate few who were unable to qualify for a Naval Reserve appointment as a Midshipman but through is extraordinary efforts he has been able to sustain himself through three hectic years. He has been very successful in his studies and has earned the title of Chief Petty Officer which he held during his last year at the Academy.

Bob hails from Los Angeles, and he anticipates Naval duty for at least one year. He hopes to someday further his education by attending Law School. We are confident that a person with the energetic attitude possessed by Bob will be a success in anything he attempts. We wish you good luck, Bob, in your chosen field.



Kenneth Fluke

LAYTONVILLE, CALIFORNIA

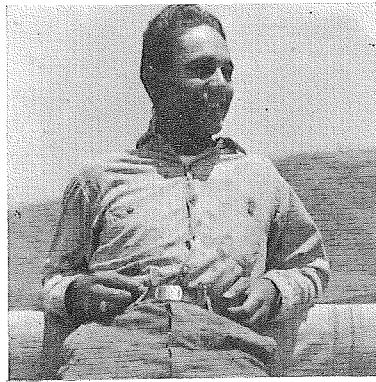


The "Timber Wolf" came to C.M.A. from the northern California lumber metropolis of Laytonville. We find it rather surprising that one with Ken's love for lumber mills should come to a maritime school, but he explains simply that the lure of the sea was too strong to resist. To this most will agree.

Upon first arriving at the Academy he had a slight preference for the deck department, but he soon proved his good judgment by joining the engineers. Though his previous training was not preparatory for engineering he has always managed to evade the clutches of the Academic Board.

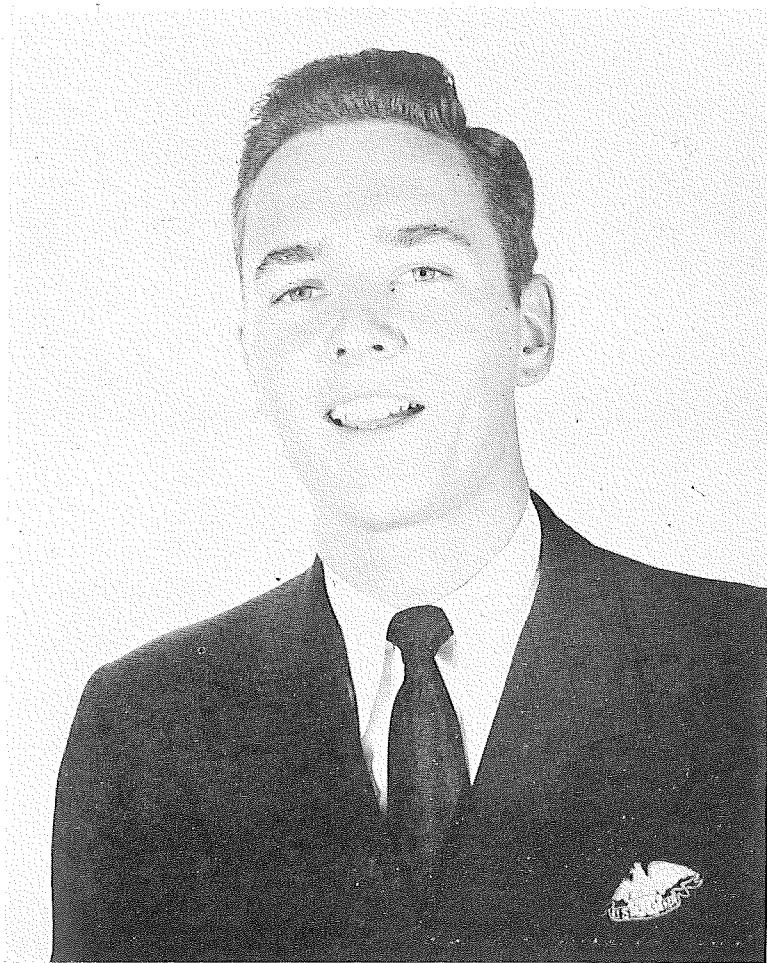
Ken has lived a very quiet life at C.M.A. but as he graduates we realize that sometimes a quiet life is conducive to friendship for he leaves behind many friends and no enemies. His favorite hobby since coming to the "Gulch" has been GIRLS. As a matter of fact, he holds an unchallenged record for meeting multi girls in every port to which the T.S. has taken us.

No definite plans have been made for his future either by Ken or by the Navy, but his present intentions are to take about six months vacation in a lumber camp and then try his luck at sea. Although he expresses this desire to ship out, we feel sure that the "Timber Wolf" will someday return to the timber from which he came.



Jack French

BOYES SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA



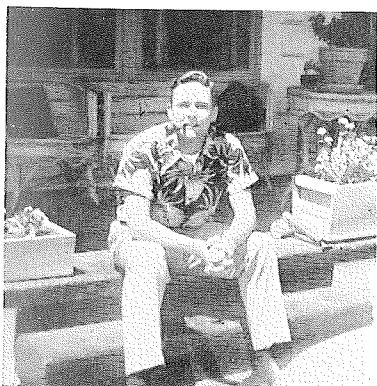
Jack lived a well travelled life before his entrance into the Academy. So to this we attribute his desire to make the sea his career.

"The Big Cook," that's the name we gave him, by the way, found the first cruise to Europe to be most interesting and fascinating. Many a tale he has to tell about his stay in Marseille—Ah, "La Femme"!

Having a service family is maybe one of the facts which leads Jack to carry on the fine tradition, as his future rests in the hands of the Navy Department.

During his first class year Jack held down the heavy responsibility as Cadet Service Fund Treasurer, along with a title of petty officer for "A" Company. Also, without doubt, Jack's ability as an oarsman has kept up the Academy's reputation as unpaid professionals.

A professional is the goal though, and we know that Jack is a long way up the well-known stairs of success. Good luck, and smooth sailing, Jack. Keep up the good work.



Richard E. Hett

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

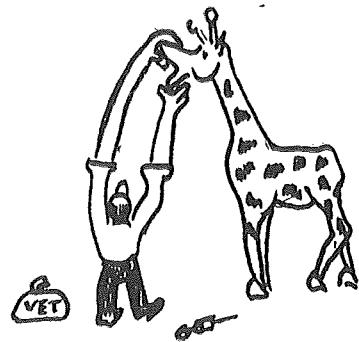
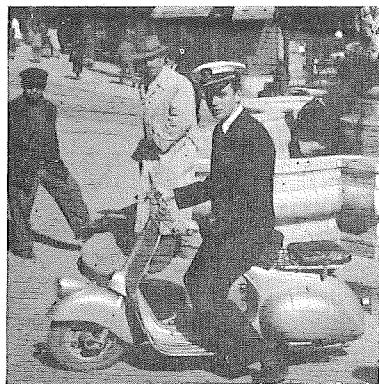


Richard, better known to his friends as just plain "Ep," hails from the great Southern Cal. Dick spent his younger days just a few miles from the town of Cucamonga where he was a familiar sight going through town on his hopped-up Salsbury Scooter. Epileptic joined the Sea Scouts when he was 16 which gave him his great taste for the sea and other liquids. Little did he realize that this was the first step toward the door of C.M.A.

Dick has made a record for himself at C.M.A. in many fields, number one on the list being the first one to turn out for turn-to on Wednesday afternoons.

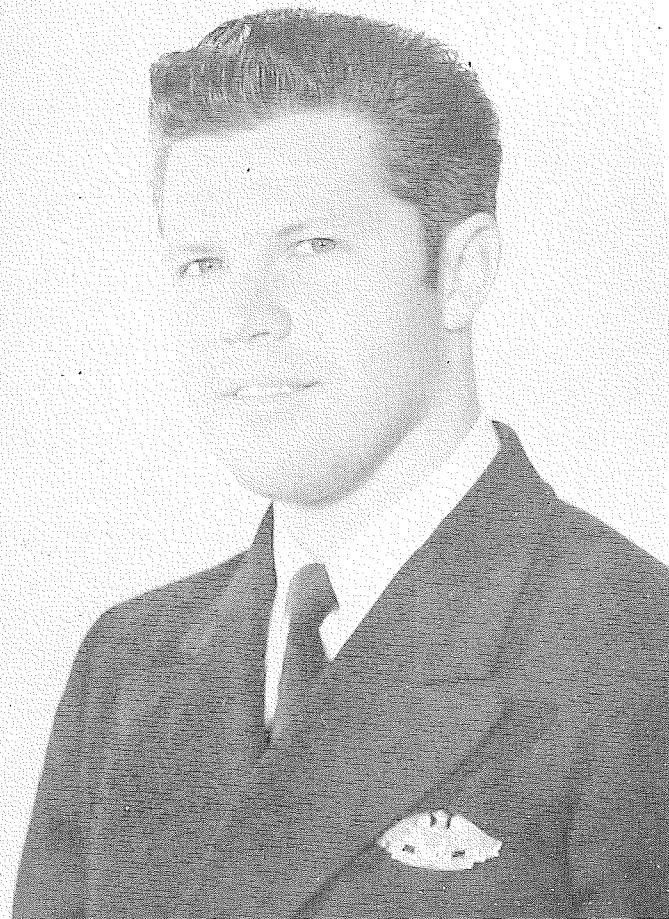
He has always bemoaned the fact that the good old days of harems have gone out. He has proved to himself his capability of solving the problem by telling each girl in each port he hit that the little cottage in the sky wasn't too far off. "Ep" had to give this practice up, however, because on Mid'n pay he couldn't afford the postage.

Hett is always ready and willing to help a friend out in need, never has he been known to borrow from anybody but his friends. Dick has been the main spring in the swimming team. He has also played football for "C Co.", softball, and been on our fine dance committee. We all wish Dick good luck and smooth sailing in the future.



Thomas H. Hoheisel

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



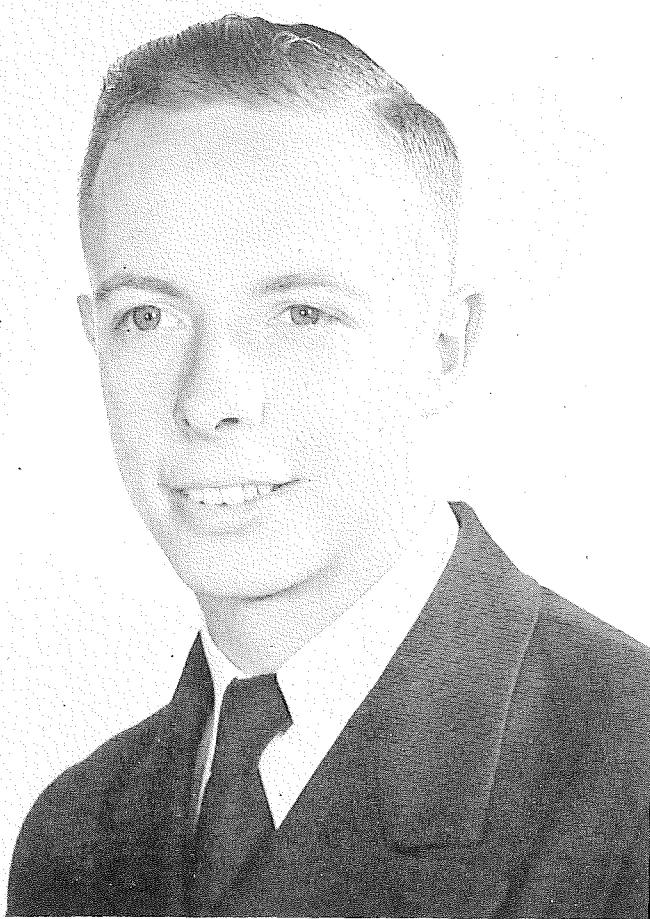
Tom is one of the older members of the class, born and raised in the City of the Angels. After leaving Marshall High, he took to the sea as Ordinary and A.B. Seaman for three years. Something must have changed his mind about the deck department, because he numbered himself as an engineer on that long past day in the fall of '47 when sixty-nine bodies of various shapes and sizes first shuffled their way through "Pneumonia Gulch." Quiet but extremely popular, Sam has been a hard worker since the day he arrived. His main interests, outside of life at school, center around motorcycle racing and auto mechanics, having started tinkering "many moons ago" in the Southland.

His hard work and natural ability paid off during our last cruise when he took over as Cadet Chief of the after engineroom "incorrigibles." Although he had to assume the responsibilities of this job under somewhat strained circumstances, he did his best, and everything worked out smoothly. According to first hand info, Tom will try his luck at a civilian sea-going position. If his stay at the Academy has been any measure of his capabilities, we all know he will be riding high in the near future.



R. G. Jacobson

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA



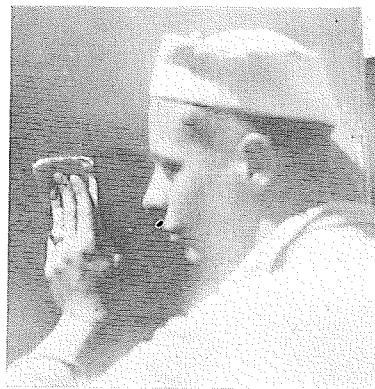
On the seventh of June nineteen hundred and twenty-nine Jake's dad received a horrible shock. On September 17, 1947 C.M.A. received a shock equaling that of the atomic pill. Having smeared his fingerprints on the application blank Jake became qualified as a competent engineer.

In the invasion of Curacao, Jake was one of the first to hit the beach, and he has been washing the sand out of his hair ever since.

The years passed fast for Jake and he became prominent as the organizer of the sailing club, "Oil Spill International," and "The True Blue Manual For Earnest Lovers." Of course his steadfast devotion to a certain young lady from San Francisco has caused some doubt in the minds of the Administration as to his marital status.

As his rest and comfort at the Academy had left a definite impression on Jake, it looks like the U. S. Navy will be the happy receiver of another cog in the reduction gearing. The value of his work at the Academy, including the feeding of stray animals will not be forgotten and his ability to buy beer at wholesale prices will always be coveted.

All in all to a swell guy we say good bye till reunion and good luck to Uncle Sam.



Ted Y. Johnston

BELMONT, CALIFORNIA

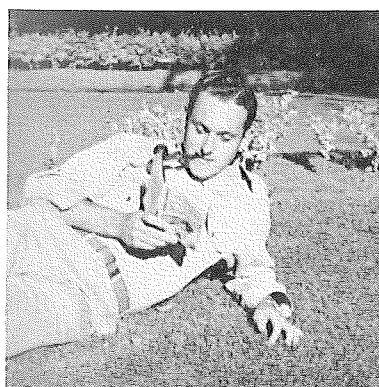


When grades come out, the name nearly always at the top of the Deck Department is—Johnston, T. Y. Not only is Ted able to keep himself at the top, but he is also always eager to help his classmates with any troubles they may have in their studies.

As a first classman, he has had the stripes of Adjutant, as did his brother two years ago. One of Ted's hobbies seems to be attempting to drive his roommates, as well as the populace within several miles, to insanity with his recordings of Chopin and Beethoven. Ted's 6 feet 3 inches places him in good stead on the basketball court, where he would spend most of his time if he could.

Although he has called many parts of the Golden State home, his true allegiance is to the beautiful San Francisco Peninsula.

Upon graduation, T. Y. hopes to ship on his Third Mate's License.



John J. Kelly

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

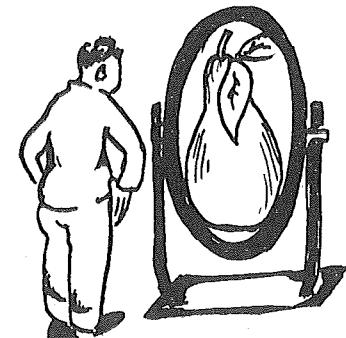
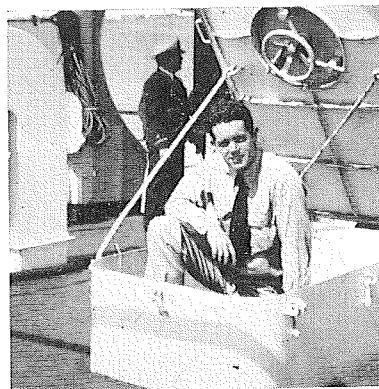


John is a Southern California lad who arrived at C.M.A. full of tacos and beans and an agenda of quick witticisms, which was to make him one of the most liked in his class, and one of the feared in everyday conversation.

Before coming to the Academy the pear-shaped one had two years in the Sea Bees, and after discharge made his mark in the shipping world by sailing on the "San Diegan," which makes its run between its namesake and Long Beach.

John was, in time, to relinquish his appointment as first class petty officer, due to circumstances which involve the Department of Sanitation and Public Health Services. Being one of the class's natural leaders has sometimes caused conflicting circumstances which brought woe to those who opposed his verbal blasts, but John has had a very efficient way of bringing things out in the open and making people come clean (so to speak).

To John, whose high spirits, top scholastic honors, and athletic abilities were an inspiration and a source of endearment to all of us, we wish to bid him farewell 'till reunion and the success which his engineering abilities have proven him worthy to attain.



Robert Leo Kelly

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA



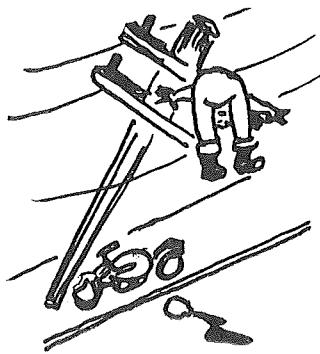
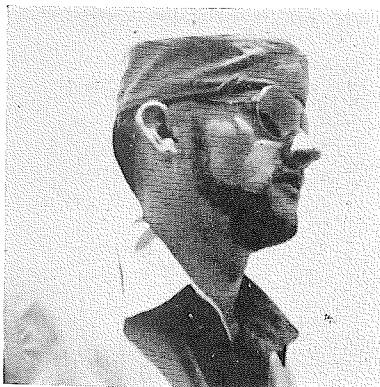
On Sept. 19, 1947, straight from San Diego to the grounds of C.M.A. came our Bob Kelly; sparse curly hair, big smile, cowboy boots, Levis and all. Soon after his arrival, Bob acquired the name "Jig" from his short curly hair and the expression, "Yeah mon."

In our first year here, besides being one of the most popular guys in our class, Bob was also active in athletics. He played on the "Seawolves" J.V. team his first year and worked up till he was elected "Captain of the Seawolves" in his first class year. "Jig" was also our leading game winning softball pitcher.

Besides being liked by the "middies" Bob, shall we say, had an in with the officers and being one of the fwd. engine room's top tinkers always had a fast witty comeback to their questions, in fact, he was the only one who could grunt, groan, huff, snort and puff with our chief engineer without having a 12-inch crescent wrench crease his "think tank."

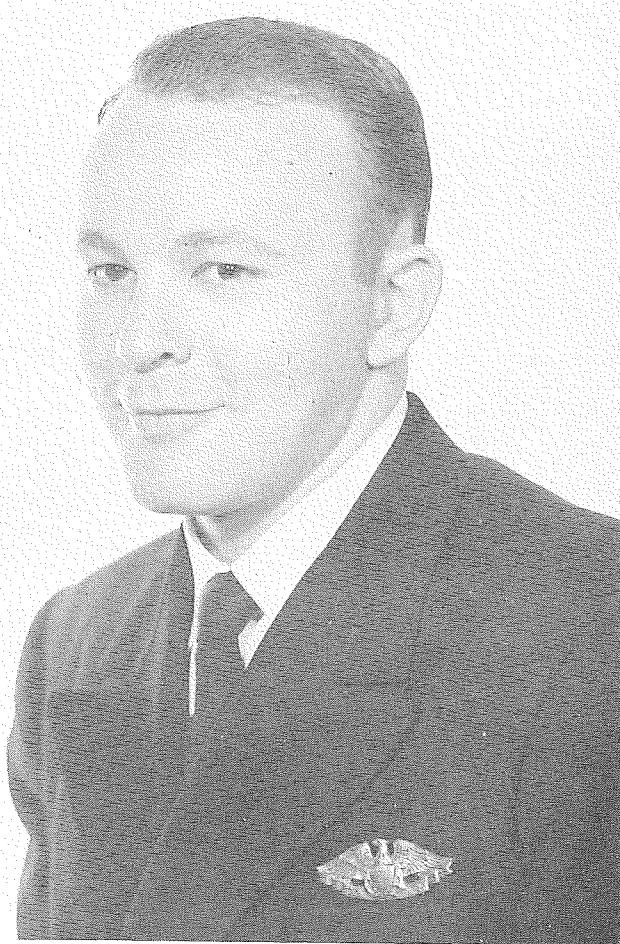
For love life, the bug finally bit Bob in his first class year and he came back from San Diego with a gleam in his eye and the name "Gerry" on the tip of his tongue. By his description she must be a "Venus de Milo" with arms, at any rate many a middie would like a glimpse of her.

To sum this up, Bob has "true blue tinkers" blood in his veins and will go a long way in the shipping after departing from the portals of C.M.A.



R. S. Kubel

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA



In September, 1947, the Sacramento Legislature thought it would be better for all if "Rock" were sent **abroad**; therefore, C.M.A. obtained another fair-haired inmate.

In his three years at the "Institution," Bob has been one of the top performers to the mutual jollity of everyone. Bob is the proud possessor of many talents, i.e.: In our first year cruise to Europe, the entire corps was put on salt water showers for two weeks; that is, most of us were. By some strange coincidence, Bob obtained the keys which unlocked the lock on the fresh water valve and a good time was had by all. The keys, incidentally, belonged to none other than Chief of Detectives Frank Flanner.

In the line of interior decorating, Rock is unsurpassed. An excellent example of this cultured art is the recently installed chrome-plated flushometer installed by Bob in "A" barracks.

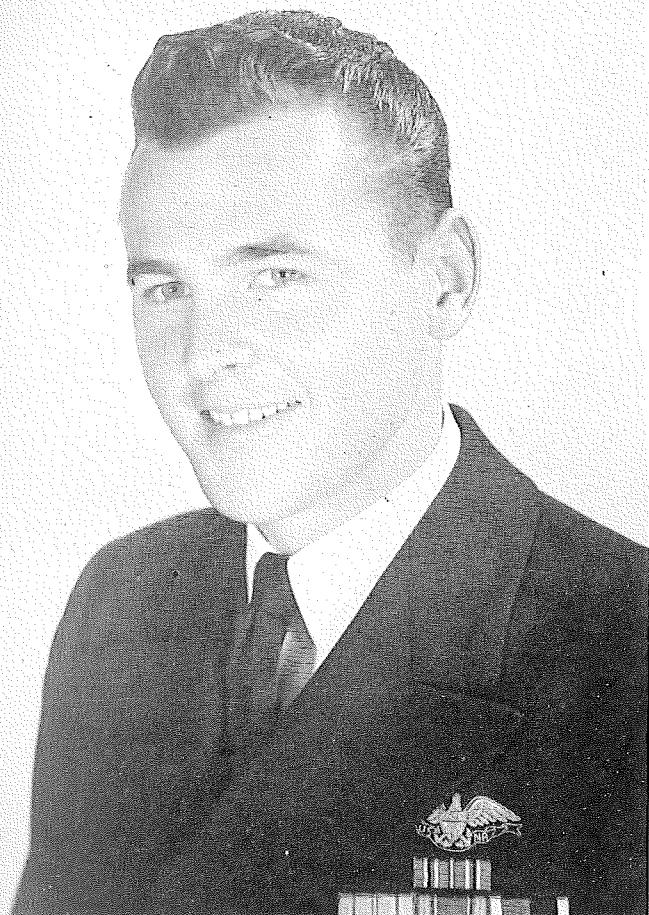
An ardent admirer of practically all sports, Bob is one of the best C.M.A. has to offer as halfback. A good punter and passer, Bob was a large link in last year's almost champion "A" team in football. Tennis is his latest passion and by the looks of things, Ellsworth Vines had better look out.

In closing I would like to represent the class of '50 in wishing Bob a great future and lots of luck.



Charles Brenner Lewis

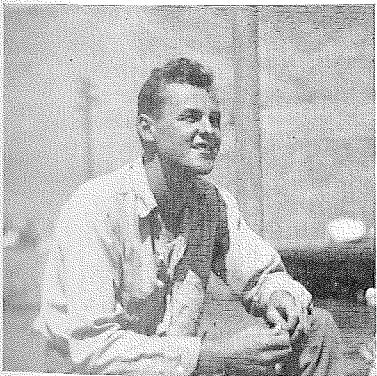
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA



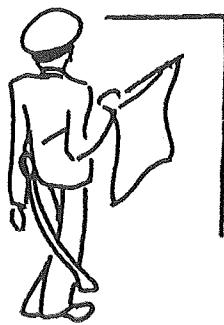
San Diego gave to C.M.A. an outstanding man in Charlie Lewis. His cheerful manner and eagerness to help has placed him in good stead and helped to get him elected as second class president.

Charlie has been very active in extra-curricular activities, and liberty sees Charlie the epitome of sartorial elegance, and his Terpsichorean and Dionysian prowess is legendary.

Charlie is a veteran of World War II, having served for two years in the Pacific theater in amphibious forces and submarines. His upbringing and future ambitions are parallel, having been raised in a service family and planning to make the Navy his career. With this background, and these aspirations, he very easily fitted in the quasi-military life of the Academy. After arduous efforts he obtained the coveted position of "A" Company Commander. We are sure that wherever chance or the U. S. Navy take Charlie he will be received as well as he has been here.



PERSIAN ROOM



Ernest E. Lewis

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA



"Beaky," a fair-haired lad from Vallejo, came to C.M.A. well prepared for his stay (even a pair of skivies marked J.O. Nicholson in his suitcase). He brought his well worn mit and basketball, not realizing that someday he was to be our star basketball player.

While getting his "higher" education, the Beak (sometimes called Red, Doc, and others we are unable to print) always had a smile for everyone during his term here.

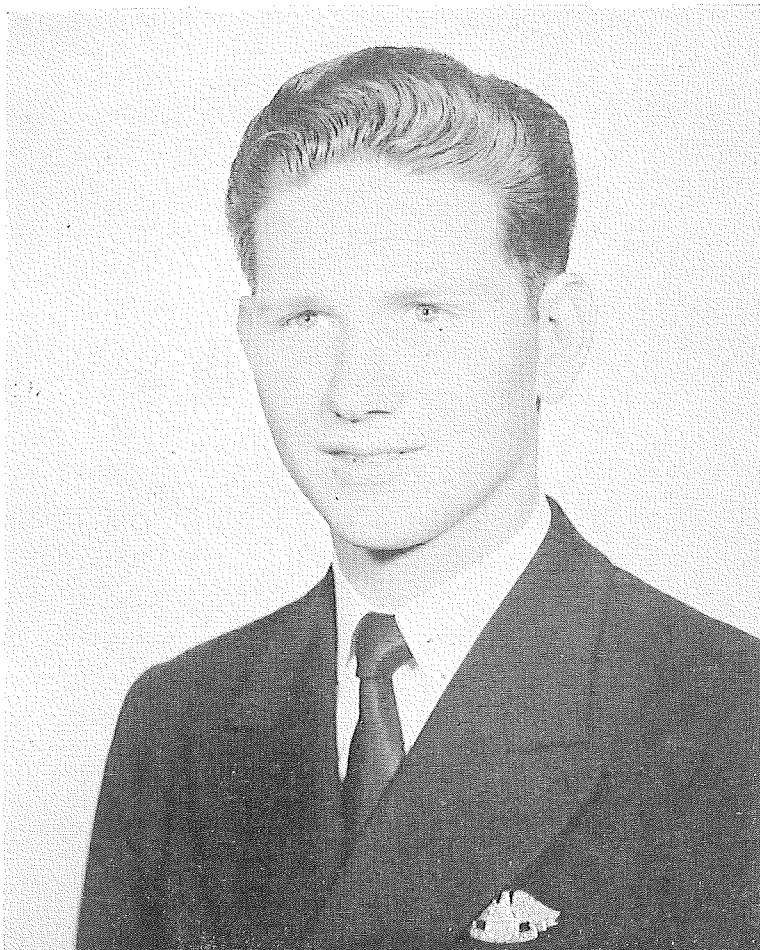
Ernie is quite interested in any kind of sports. His two favorites are hunting and outboard motorboat racing. Seems that his father was one of the top racers of the West coast. This is what we will probably see Ernie doing in the near future.

All will miss Beaky after graduation, especially we'll miss his ability to get into jams with gals and the administration. This is something unequalled by any other middle in the whole corps of C.M.A. Ernie has signed up in the Navy, so to a great engineer and a great guy we wish the best of luck, and smooth sailing for years to come.



William R. Lowry

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

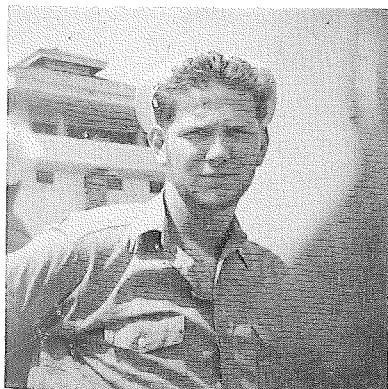


This young man came to dear old C.M.A. as a native of Santa Barbara, a well known beach resort on the way to Los Angeles. During his swab year, when one-quarter inch haircuts were the fashion, the name of Teddy Bear was bestowed upon him. This was not because of the hair on his chest.

Having decided that engineering was here to stay, he became one of Fighting Frank's Fumbling Firemen. Advancement was so rapid that it only took two and one-half years to work his way out of the tank tops and other extracurricular activities. He claims to hold the record for the number of times that the feed pump suction has been lost, but this could be disputed.

While attending this lower extension of Ogle's, Bill was outstanding on several of the athletic teams; being on the baseball, basketball, and swimming teams. He also served in the Propeller Club and Sailing Club.

After graduation, Bill plans to go on active duty with the Navy. After which his future is greatly undecided.



Isidoro Maggay, Jr.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA



Izzy migrated to C.M.A. from Balboa Park, upper Tijuana, more infamously known as San Diego, California.

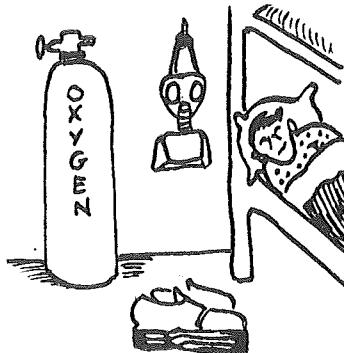
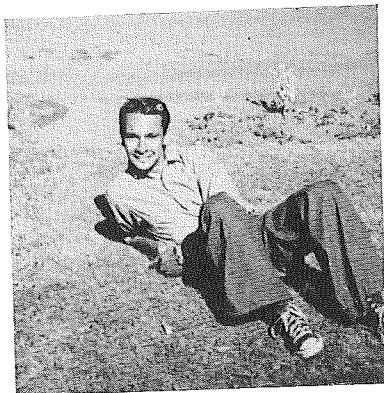
After being ceremoniously piped aboard, the welcome mat was rolled up and the gate locked behind him. The locked gate and the short hair cut didn't even faze Izzy. He promptly joined the ranks of Flannery's Bad Boys and proved worthy of the honor.

It has been noticed that Izzy has never missed first liberty formation. We have all seen him (from the rear) going out the gate at 15 m.p.h. singing away liberty boat.

He joins the very select few when we realize that he entered and left C.M.A. with the same fiancee.

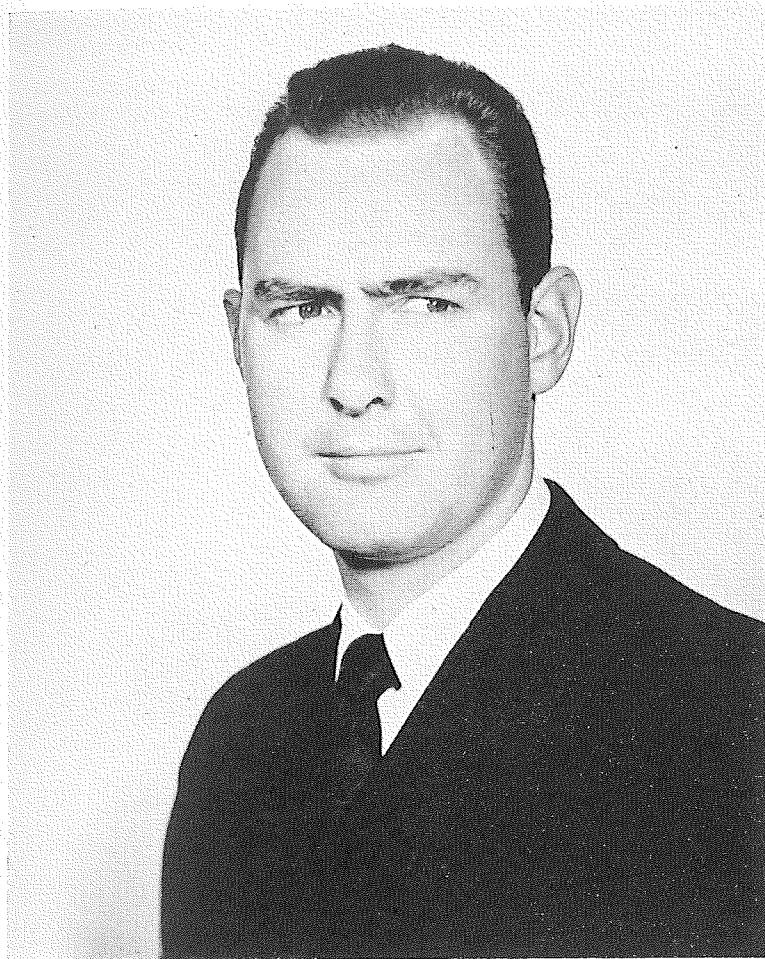
One of the better behaved individuals in the Class of '50 . . . he still has had his share of E. D.

All kidding aside, Isidoro is graduating as one of the best engineers in the class, practically and academically, working to prove more to himself than anyone else his own worth. We realize his intelligence and perseverance and know well he will go farther, in the Navy, his chosen profession, than any where else.



J. A. MacDonald

EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA



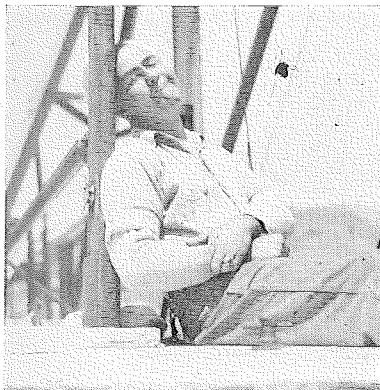
MacFoosh came to C.M.A. from the Navy (U. S., not Scottish) after a short interlude with the Railway Express and Standard Oil Co. Marine Division.

Mac, an ardent follower of Mr. Colin Glencannon, has become one of his class's outstanding humorists. This, coupled with a somewhat cynical attitude toward things in general, has, in many cases, gone over with the powers that be like the proverbial lead balloon.

At the tender age of 21 Mac learned that there were two sexes, and at present he divides his liberty time between perpetuating the good neighbor policy down in Mexicali, and someone by the name of Sue in San Francisco.

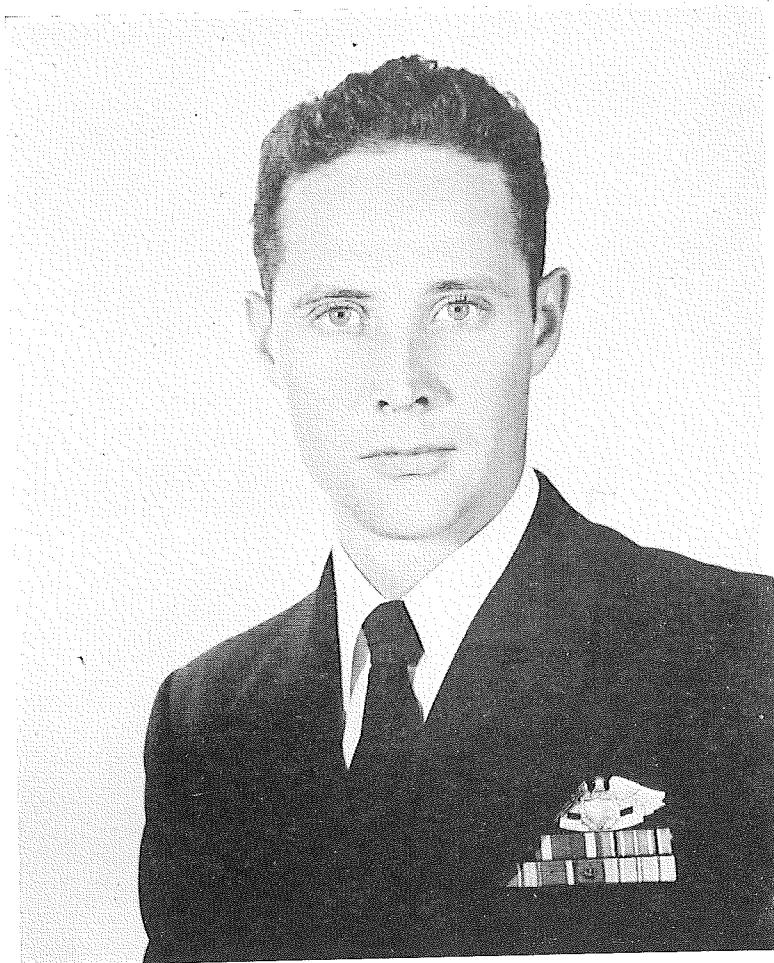
After three years at C.M.A., Mac plans a year of rest in the Navy, after which he hopes to go with some shipping firm preferably on a foreign run to continue his "education."

Well, Mac, as your friend Glencannon would say: "Foosh, noo, lad, and we'll be wishin' ye no but the best."



George Morrill

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

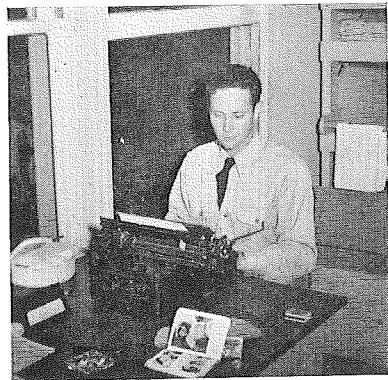


George, undoubtedly the quietest member of the first class, is also one of the best liked. His capabilities are also extensive as is shown by the many branches of school activities he leads. As business manager of the 1950 Hawse Pipe, president of the Propeller Club and Company commander, he has still found time to be nominated for the Pi Sigma Phi key, and have outstanding cruise grades three years in a row.

Due to George's previous military experience, he is somewhat of a specialist at treating minor ailments, and is in constant demand as the Corps unofficial doctor.

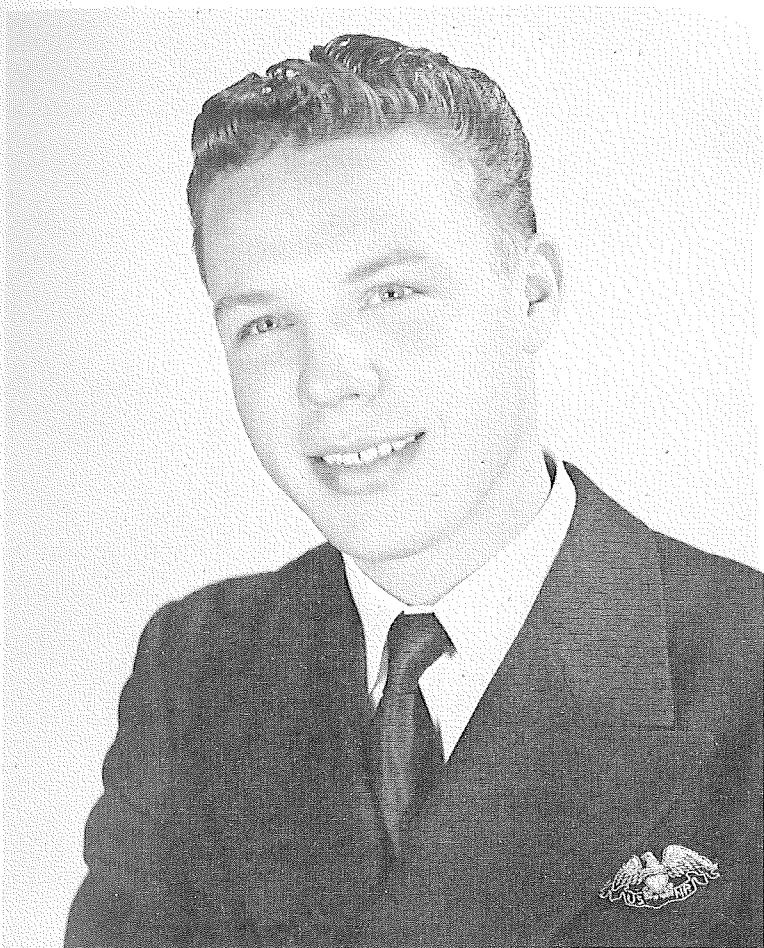
In years to come stories of liberties made by the infamous Morrill, and his pal Barnes will be talked about by citizens the world over. I'm sure you could still get George to blush if a certain girl in San Francisco were mentioned, and perhaps the same effect if you brought up the Bolivar hotel incident.

Upon completion of his studies George intends to make the Navy his career. We are all certain that the Navy will appreciate his abilities as much as the student body and faculty of the California Maritime Academy have during the past three years.



David Mulligan

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

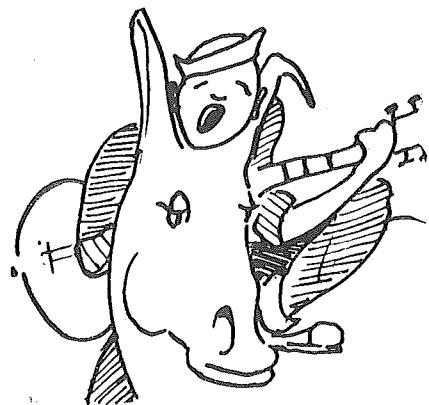
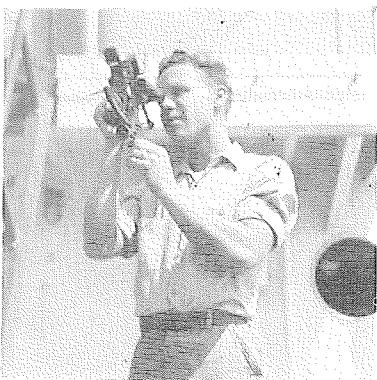


Dave hails from Salt Lake City? Willits? Los Angeles? San Diego? Just where are you really from, Dave? We would all like to know. At any rate we know you left the great north woods of Mendocino County behind, to live for three years in the frigid climate of Pneumonia Gulch.

The first cruise sold the idea of the sea to Dave, and from the records of his last two cruises, he has proven to be a typical sailor. A girl in every port, and not a dime in his pocket. The latter we contribute to his inland adventures, as he found travel expenses puts a heavy tariff on one's pocketbook.

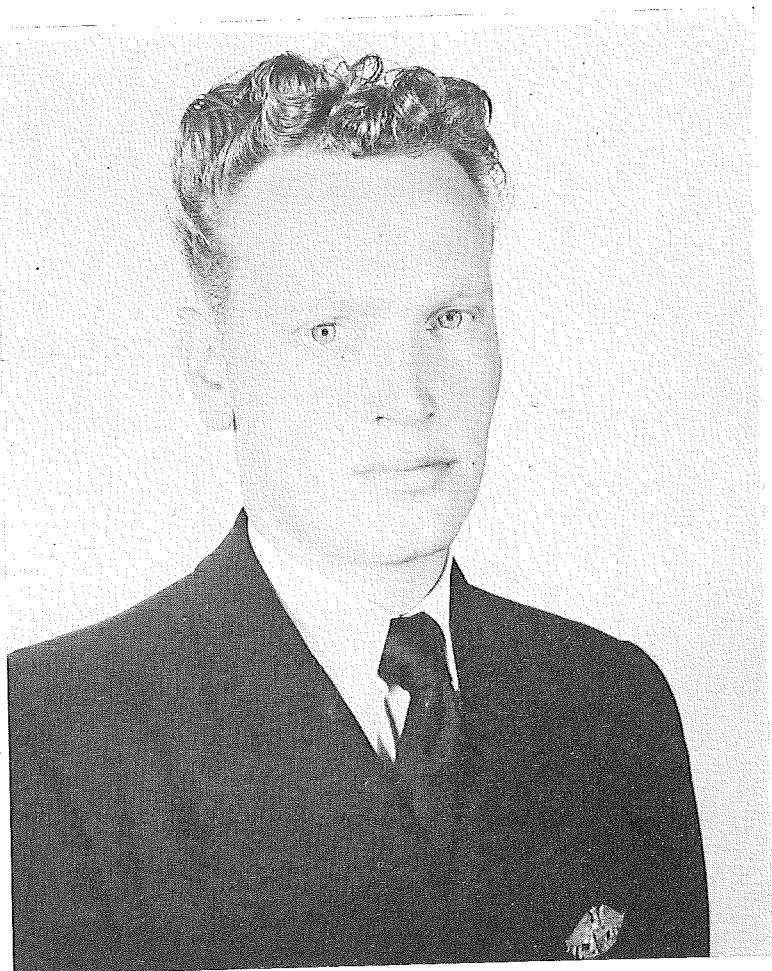
His nickname "Mule" was given to him by one of his growth stunted shipmates, who is also a wire brush and red-lead artist of the deck department. He never has found out why the name was given him, but it's just one of those things, we suppose. "Mule Train" didn't pan out, either!

Aside from the slams, Dave has taken his education here with great interest, and plans to make use of it in the commercial fishing industry. Our best of luck and good fishing, Dave. Perhaps we will see you in Magdalena.



Don L. Nay

ROSEBURG, OREGON



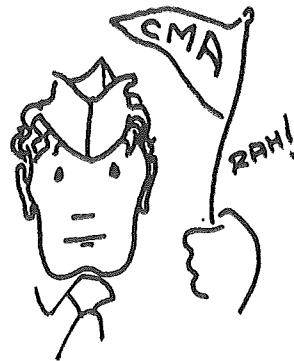
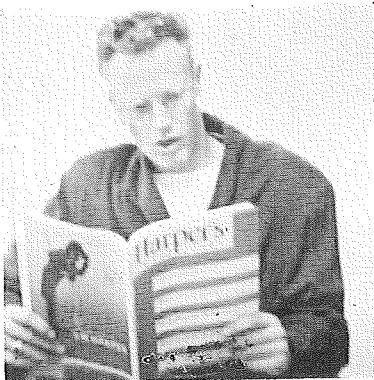
Don "Poet" Nay, a curly haired lad from the great state of the Douglas Fir, was chosen by the administration of this institution for the post of Midshipman Commander. It is unnecessary to mention the responsibility and prestige of this position. This was one of the first occasions that the ruling and ruled bodies of the school were in complete accord.

Don's prominent contributions to the corps are: out of state tuition, a caustic wit, and a facility with certain vernaculars. Especially for the benefit of those who have shared his classroom problems, and for the Hawsepope circulation this prodigious portion of portentous poetry is preserved for posterity so that we may recall a capital fellow and a dim Naval Science Classroom.

One sultry morn in fire control,
Thinking things quite far from droll,
I chanced to look around the room
And ponder o'er each person's doom.
There seemed to be an indifferent air
No one was listening to the blare
About our ship's course and bearing
rates

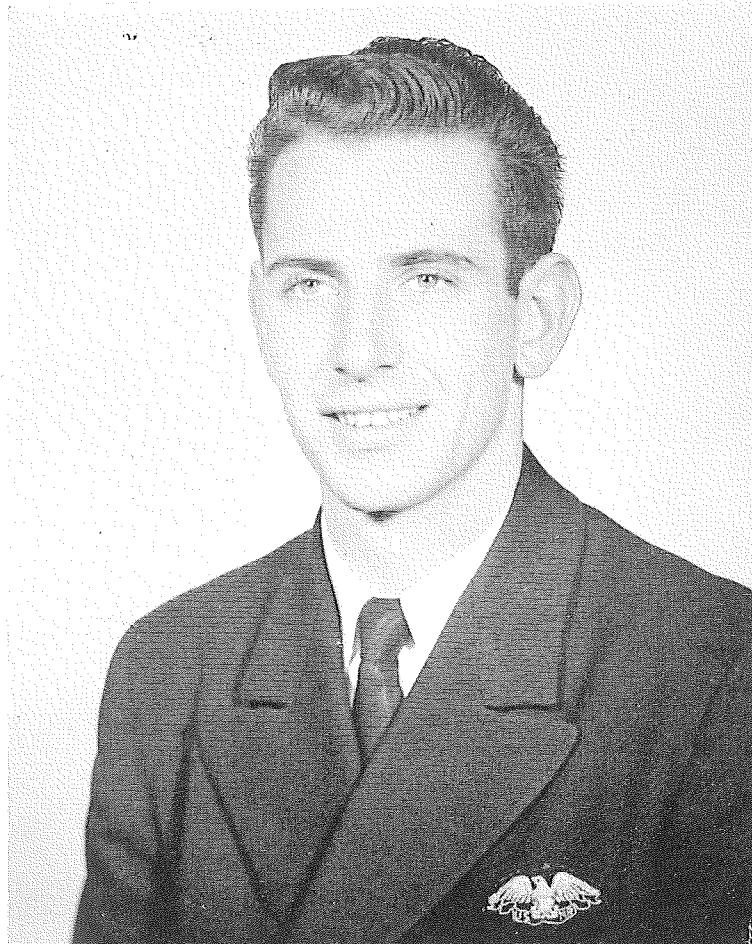
Or parallax . . . and gunner's mates.
Each person's head was slightly bowed;
As though if to himself he'd vowed
I'll make this course without a qualm,
And use this lecture for a balm.
To soothe my nerves and make me sleep
Despite the tiresome strip film beep.

We wish Don the greatest measure of
continued success in whatever endeavor
he may choose.



James Oliver Nicholson

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

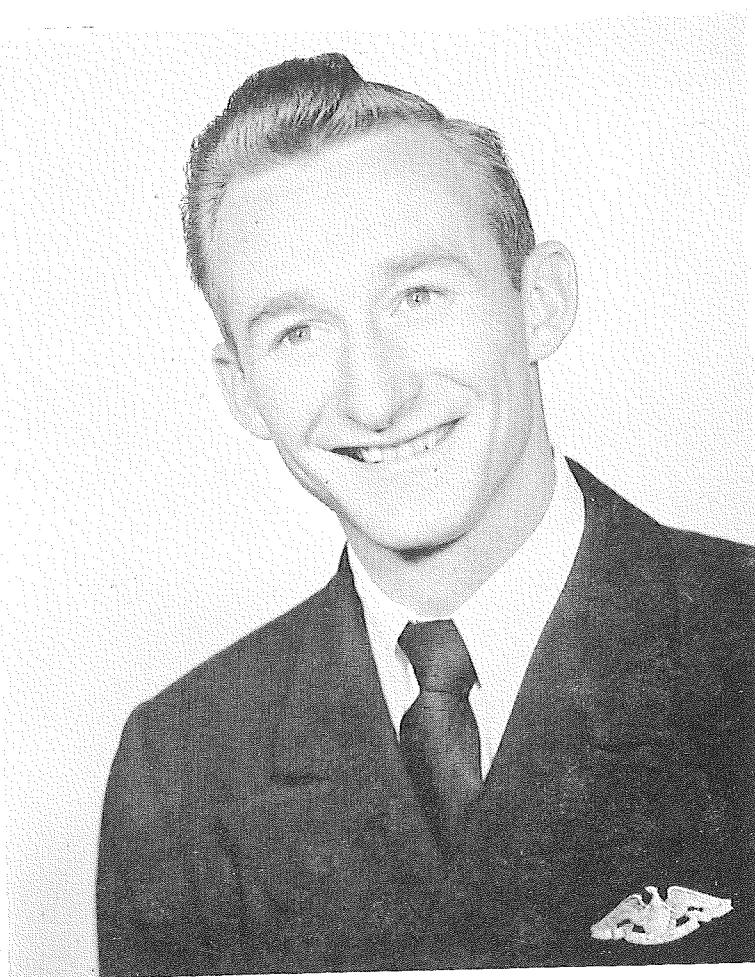


About three years ago, "Son James" came sprinting down to pneumonia gulch just in time to make the class of fifty. All six foot one inch of him came bounding down the hill with his suitcase of vital necessities such as his football, baseball, basketball, mitt and other such musts. Nick hails from the nearby village of Vallejo, where he went to high school (or so he claims). During the first half of his stay here Nick was a fine upstanding brain trust, being the second in class standing. Then during the second cruise something happened to him, and for just about a year the Chief Engineer would not relinquish Nick's rear extremities, but now all is quiet on the Southern front. Nick has been very active on dance committees and other functions of the corps. In his first year he played basketball, but he gave it up in preference of our intramural football team and two years of the Academy softball team. Upon graduating Nick plans to spend the first forty or fifty years recuperating from his stay here, then go into some type of marine work ashore if possible.



Anthony Roy Pearson

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA



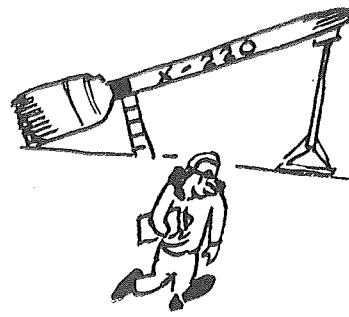
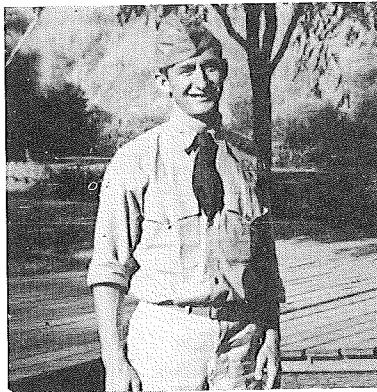
A diminutive fellow, from a diminutive town, of a diminutive state, Roy originally hails from Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and his distinct features stands him out among all other men as "THE RAZOR'S EDGE."

Roy has chosen engineering as his field of training and among the "tinkers" here at the Academy, has been tops. Not only down in the engine room, but also in academic work. Besides being a great "tinker," he is also an outstanding athlete. Of all the sports we have here at the Academy, which varies from tiddlywinks to football, Roy has participated at each and every one, always fighting to win and coming out on top.

Roy has served on the Athletic Council from the day it was established, and for the past year has piloted the Council with great success.

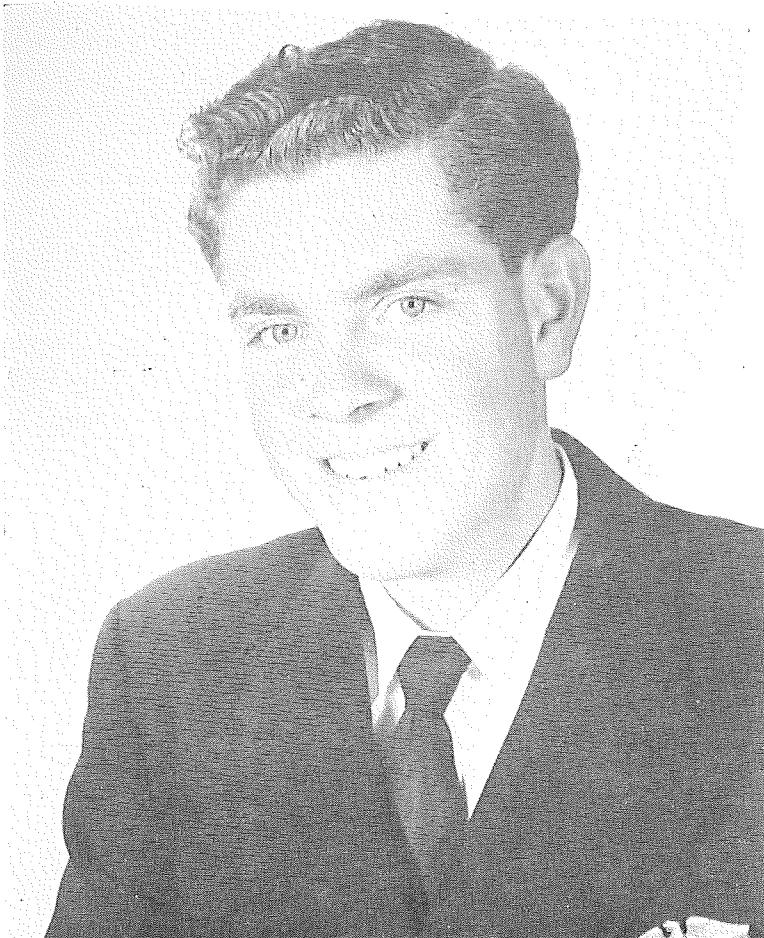
Roy's hobbies are, of course, sports, along with an extra special hobby of letter writing. It seems that Roy has a major interest back in Rhode Island that he cannot do without, and it seems also that shortly after graduation, Roy and his major interest may undertake a major consolidation.

Whatever your course may be, Roy, sail a true bearing and keep the turbines always turning.



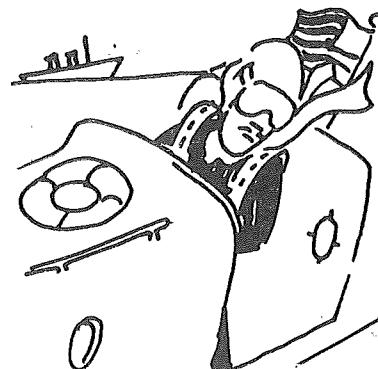
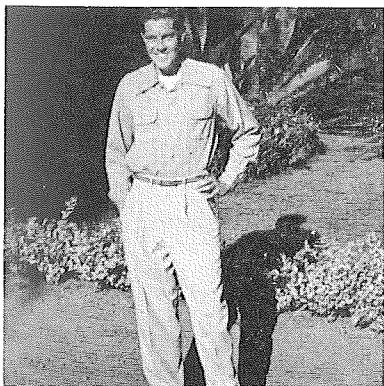
William A. Pearson

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA



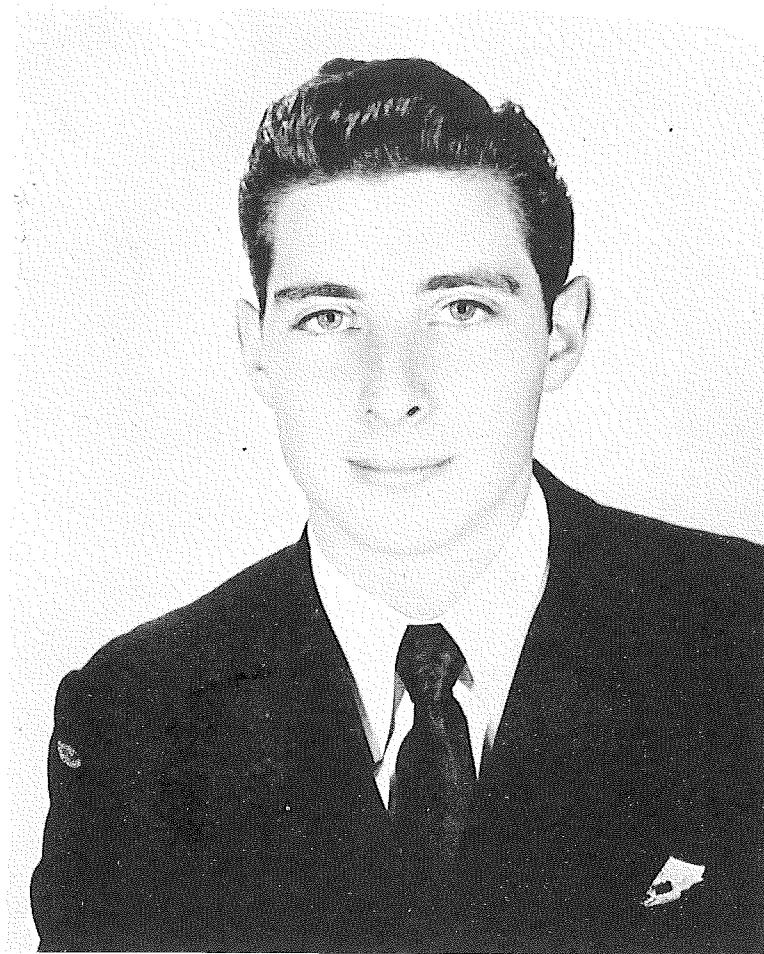
A confirmed Southern Californian, Bill came to C.M.A. upon graduation from Pt. Loma High School in the "Border City of the Sea"—San Diego. He is a known enthusiast in the field of yachting and small boat sailing, and has often been found on a Sunday afternoon sailing o'er the Straits of Carquinez. Bill's previous experience with the tools of his trade, while profitably spending his summer vacations doing yacht work, has made him an outstanding member of the Deck Department. He has been known to be a little shy where the fairer sex is concerned, but being the owner of a '49 Ford, this has not been a disadvantage to him.

As a first classman Bill earned the stripes of "C" Company's First Class Petty Officer. The future may present him with the gold wings of a Naval Aviator, and if so, we are sure he will be a credit to the fine traditions of the Service. Here's wishing you good luck and the ultimate success in whatever field of endeavor you may choose.



S. R. Racik

BURLINGAME, CALIFORNIA

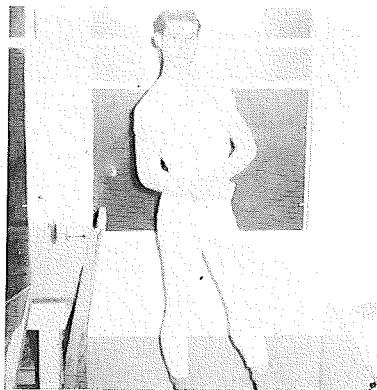


"Little Stan" came to C.M.A. directly from Sacred Heart High in San Francisco. His classmates quickly observed the darling trick nature had played on Stan; here was the human replica of that smallest of all rodents: the mouse. This at times proved embarrassing to Stan, it also provided him with an unending line of nicknames.

Stan was doubtlessly the most thrifty individual in the Academy. Although he chain-smoked, showered daily, kept his shoes immaculate, etc., he managed to stretch thirteen packs of cigarettes, four bars of soap and J. J. Cochran's shoe shine kit over the full three years.

Stan was editor of the 1950 Hawspipe and turned in an excellent job considering the meager funds at his disposal. He took an active interest in athletics during his three year stretch, taking part in such sports as boxing, basketball and weight lifting.

While at the Academy Stan won the most coveted of all positions, he was "one of the boys." When members of the class of 1950 get together they invariably ask about "Little Stan," because he endeared himself to everyone.



Herbert Paul Rosen

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



Herb was one of the earliest arrivals at the California Maritime Academy: an incident which typifies his eager and conscientious attitude toward the school. Few people have spent as many hours of constructive study here at Vallejo as Herb.

The tennis team will suffer a great loss this year when Herb will no longer be seen on the court wielding his veteran racquet with his hair shining green in the waning afternoon sun. He also has an unchallengeable reputation as a smallboat sailor.

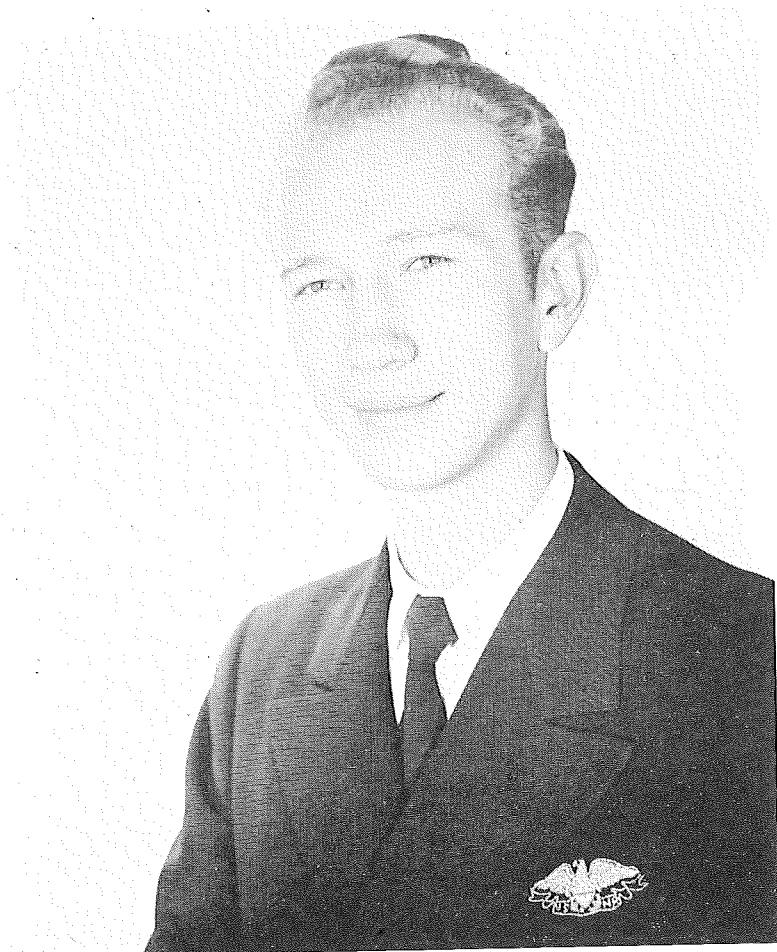
His scintillating sense of humor has never failed to produce several laughs during the course of the day, and it is understandable, because he has the sturdy blood of old Ireland flowing in his throbbing veins.

Rosie's paramount ambition is a position with a shipping company soon after graduation. We are as confident as Rosie himself that he will succeed.



Bobbie Eugene Shell

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

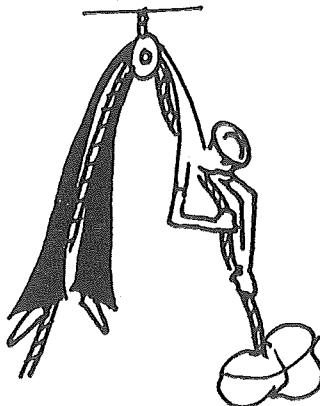
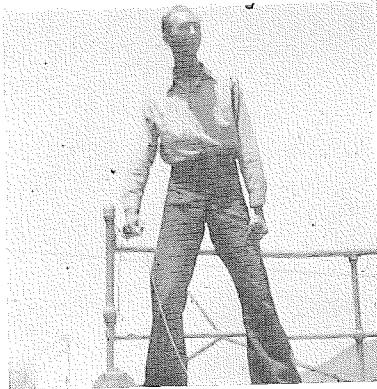


Bob, the wiry lad from Oakland, might well be called the most unforgettable man of the class of '50. His mathematical high school background, and experience in an organized Naval Reserve unit were invaluable assets during his three year sojourn at the Academy.

Throughout the years of regimented instruction Bob has displayed an indomitable desire to take his place among the esoteric faction of the class.

Midshipman Shell, by nature a supple youth, has made quite a name for himself as a swimmer; specializing in the submarine aspects of the sport. He is also well known as an escape artist, because of his agility, and an amazing ability to extricate himself from difficult situations.

Despite the alleged security offered by active duty in the U. S. Navy, Bob, like many of his classmates, has chosen to fend for himself in the highly competitive "Maritime World."



Edwin H. Smith

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA



To say that curiosity killed the cat, is to put it mildly when considering Smitty's presence here.

Smitty still claims that all he did was to inquire about the school, but before he got away he had signed his name on the dotted line and was sworn in. To an ordinary mortal this would have been a terrific blow, but to "Granger" this is the sort of paradox to which he is accustomed. Why, he can still remember when he joined the Navy to get away from school, and he promptly wound up in four of the Navy's finest schools including Electrician Mates, Gyro, and Submarine schools, and then went to bask on the beautiful island of Midway where he helped to operate a laundry.

Tiring of sea duty Smitty returned home to attend Temple University where he passed ping pong with an "A."

During Smitty's stay here in Pneumonia Gulch he has consistently kept himself near the top of his class scholastically, and he has also kept himself amused with his excursions in the greater Vallejo area on the week ends in search of congenial and unusual friends. Both of his pursuits have been a constant source of both utter amazement and amusement to those that know him.

In spite of his dislike for schools, Ed has been diligently preparing himself for the Battle-of-Life, by studying so hard that he has now managed to get himself a girl friend who is a school teacher to help him in his efforts.

Upon graduation, Smitty intends to live off his relatives for a while but the only one who will have him is Uncle Sam so it will be another tour of duty for our professional student, and we wish him the best of luck.



John Francis Stoll

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

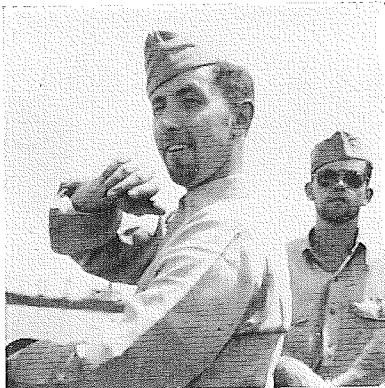


Stoll arrived at C.M.A. three years ago with two empty suitcases but is leaving with at least a half dozen full ones.

Jack has been a terror to the upper-class and faculty but a "Hail fellow well met" to his classmates. His roommates will remember him for his ability to talk them out of their last pair of socks and his intrinsic fear of examinations. Little Hooligan has been invaluable aid to all aspiring communication students because he is thoroughly conversant with the Morse code; a benefit derived from his extensive Coast Guard experience during the war.

Since the start of our second class year when the rest of the veterans in the class received their pay cuts, Jack has been the highest paid midshipman at the Academy. In spite of this advantage, he always ends up just as broke as the rest of us by the end of the month. Due to the fact that Jack does not keep a written expense account, no one has been able to prove that his G.I. check is spent on the "finer" things in life. Jack has been very active in extracurricular activities and sports. He has remained the undefeated boxing champ for his class since his third class year and always manages to end up first in both swimming and tennis.

"B" Company will remember Jack as a very capable first class petty officer, proficient conversationalist, and a true friend to all stray dogs, snakes and bugs. Here's wishing smooth sailing to a swell "Cobber" and shipmate.



Bill Strain

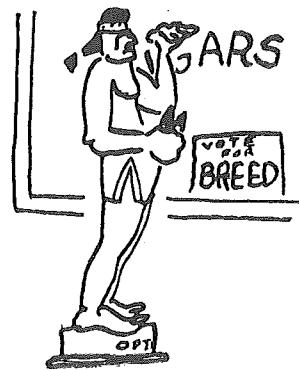
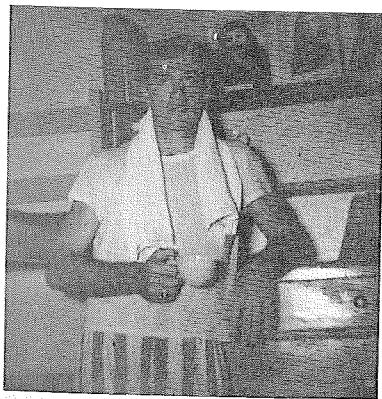
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA



Bill came to the C.M.A. from Illinois via the Navy and San Diego, which is now his home. His entrance into the Academy and his stay here has been heralded by a big line of talk which mostly has to be discounted, because he likes to hear himself talk and tries to make the underclassmen wary of him.

Bill has been active on the football and baseball teams, mostly on right and left bench ends. His other activities in his first class year have been concentrated on trying to make the conduct report sheet large with his name only appearing, as much as possible in the second column of names.

Upon completion of the course here and graduation, Bill is planning to go on active duty with the Navy. He also plans on spending much of his time with his true love, for twin reason, and having many ninos. Anyway, here's hoping that Bill is successful with all of his "big" plans.



John W. Ward

SAN CARLOS, CALIFORNIA



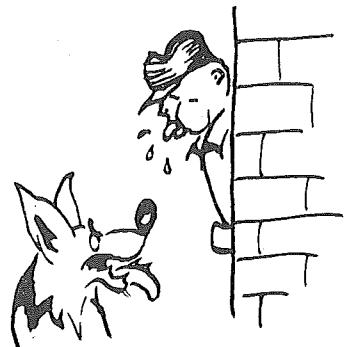
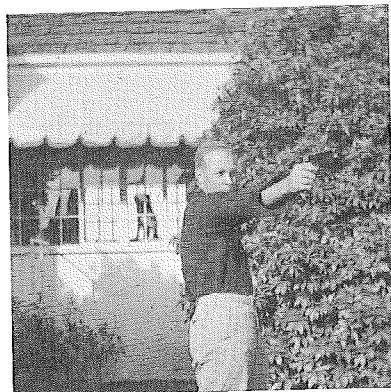
John is the second graduate of Sequoia High School to have been awarded the popular and responsible position of "Midshipman Sub Commander." His ambitious businesslike approach to the problems which confront midshipmen has proven to be an enviable virtue during his three years here in the engineering department.

Through assiduous interest, perseverance, and innate engineering perspicacity, he has attained one of the highest scholastic positions in his class.

John's diligence to his chosen profession, and to his avocation, displays the qualities which are possessed of men already successful.

The predominant activity occupying John's extracurricular time is target shooting. His reputation as a marksman is commensurate with his reputation as an engineer.

Active duty on a United States man-of-war will be John's first post-graduate adventure. We of the class of '50 are confident that he will continue to be outstanding in any endeavor.



GRADUATES

Andersen, Van S.	3606 Fruitvale Avenue, Oakland, California
Barnes, Phillip A.	2763 Eleventh Avenue, Sacramento, California
Caldwell, James D.	14015 Telegraph Road, Whittier, California
Cochran, Jimmey J.	123 Sims Street, Vallejo, California
Cochran, Walter R.	776 Cotton Avenue, Menlo Park, California
Cochrun, Loren F.	2011 Ninth Avenue, San Francisco, California
Combs, Peter T.	1007 West Twenty-third Street, Upland, California
David, Clifford E.	745 York Street, Vallejo, California
Doyle, Thomas A.	Box 305, Larkspur, California
Dunn, Robert C.	5544 Pomona Boulevard, Los Angeles, California
Fluke, Kenneth E.	Box 104, Laytonville, California
French, Jack T.	Box 325, Boyes Springs, California
Johnston, Ted Y.	2219 Cipriani Boulevard, Belmont, California
Hett, Richard E.	Route 1, Box 162 AZ, Fresno, California
Hoheisel, Thomas H.	2923 Allesandro Street, Los Angeles, California
Jacobson, Robert G.	20 Manor Road, Greenbrae (San Rafael), California
Kelly, John J., Jr.	4766 Constance Drive, San Diego, California
Kelly, Robert L.	4766 Constance Drive, San Diego, California
Kubel, Robert S.	741 Swanston Avenue, Sacramento, California
Lewis, Charles B.	4733 Panorama Drive, San Diego, California
Lewis, Ernest E.	100 Plov Way, Vallejo, California
Lowry, William R.	318 West Valerio Street, Santa Barbara, California
MacDonald, J. A.	1245 Vine Street, El Centro, California
Maggay, Isodoro Jr.	11 Twenty-fifth Street, San Diego, California
Morrill, George D.	2396 Comstock Street, San Diego, California
Mulligan, David D.	474 Seventh Avenue, Salt Lake City, Utah
Nay, Don L.	Route 4, Box 1245, Roseburg, Oregon
Nicholson, James O.	232½ Farragut Street, Vallejo, California
Pearson, A. Roy	236 East Lane, Apartment 947, Vallejo, California
Pearson, William A.	857 Rosecrans, San Diego, California
Racik, Stanley A.	1224 Cabrillo Avenue, Burlingame, California
Rosen, Herbert P.	455 North Genesee Avenue, Los Angeles, California
Shell, Bobbie E.	1342-105th Avenue, Oakland, California
Smith, Edwin H.	Box 883 Springs Road, Vallejo, California
Stoll, John F.	415 Carl Street, San Francisco, California
Strain, William E.	2317 State Street, San Diego, California
Ward, John W.	417 Hillcrest Road, San Carlos, California

FIRST CLASS HISTORY

In the years past it has always been that the future "salts" of C.M.A. have entered the gates at "Pneumonia Gulch" to get their first taste of the sea. However, the Class of '50, wanting to be different, entered the portals of the school numbering among them a good many men who were real "salts", having had previous experience in the Navy, Merchant Marine, Coast Guard, not to mention a few yachtsmen of no mean experience. Thus breaking a tradition upon our first day we have been steadily at it ever since. For the first few days we were allowed to attend "B—— Meetings" as conducted by the upperclassmen who were so lenient that they even took musters. As "swabs" our conduct was such as to cause the upperclasses to wonder if we would ever become officers of the corps of midshipmen. Would we ever be perfect "swabs"? True, we were "swabs" but our conduct and the "approved rules of tradition and courtesy" had a bit of difficulty getting together in spite of the Saturday afternoon turn-to being in operation on our behalf. In hopes of cooling our ardor we were ordered to prepare and stage an extravaganza to be known as a Swab Smoker, and our compliance with this hallowed tradition filled the spectators with dismay as all hands were liberally panned with such gusto and fervor that we were able to write finis to one more fine old tradition.

It was about this time that we began to notice our class was changing as a few of our original members were leaving due to being allergic to the dust being raised by scrapers, chipping hammers, and wire brushes, but others were pressing forward to take their place.

Came the long awaited order to move aboard ship and the T.S. Golden Bear set sail for Alameda for her annual face lifting. While at General Drydock we began to hear strange rumors that we were not to visit South America as originally planned but instead we were to travel to Europe on a mission of mercy. The rumor grew louder until it became reality and we loaded a cargo of milk for the children of France, Italy and Greece and so set sail for southern Europe. Our efforts to cement good relations with the femmes of the countries visited cannot be denied, nor can it be denied that the "Mercenary Missionaries" did not manage to become shrewd traders in spite of the fabulous offers of "hot" diamond rings and other fine goods. Upon the return voyage a controversy arose as to whether the proper time to clean the ship was during liberty time or regular working hours.

Upon our return to San Francisco some members of our class had become convinced that the life upon the sea was not for them and with fond adieu they left. Came midterms and more said adieu and other things, as our class was again reduced in size.

Soon the long awaited month of September rolled around and we were no longer the lowest form of life at this College of the Sea, but now those of us who were left constituted the second class and as such we were to help mold the pattern of conduct at the Academy. Only in our wildest dreams did this take place, as no sooner had we become the possessors of our coveted second class stripe than we found that our lot was to be that of second class "swabs." We had traversed

another rung on our ladder of success. Undaunted, we revived our lagging spirit with a small party at Watsonville which assumed gigantic proportions and under the skillful handling of several members of the class the celebration managed to last for two days.

Again a bid was made for recognition and our efforts were rewarded as feeling ran high and Wednesday afternoon turn-to became a standard feature of certain of the second class Midshipmen's schedule. Only the pain of enduring finals relieved certain of us from bearing our cross. However with the posting of the results of the tests we again bade goodbye to some more of our erstwhile comrades, and only the prospect of Christmas leave was able to erase the pent-up emotions that had collected.

The T.S. Golden Bear was readied for her annual trip to Alameda for a facial and manicure and this time Todd's was the lucky yard. Here the members of the class of '50 suddenly discovered that they were in great demand due to sheer strength of numbers and muscle. Our mental capacity was still being maligned. In spite of the unappreciative attitude shown we managed to handle the jobs of oiler, fireman, watertender, and even the privileged position of M.E.O.D. Thus firmly seated in a station of power (small) and responsibility (great) our every effort was bent in teaching the new firemen and utilitymen (high grade wipers) the secrets that would lead them to the dazzling heights of their profession. That our efforts were not in vain was proven by the fact that the schoolship was able to traverse the blue waters of the Pacific from San Francisco to Valparaiso and return without mishap to the base. But of course other things came to pass while on this cruise, notably the "Crossing of the Line" wherein some of the first class came to a belated but horrible realization that many shellbacks were numbered among the second and third class and this was a heaven-sent opportunity to settle some old scores. The scores settled with the hard resounding thwack of a saltwater soaked canvas paddle, the cruise continued down the west coast of South America and was culminated with a three-day liberty in Valparaiso which has since helped the post office department of both countries. The return jaunt northward was not as bad as had been expected in spite of the perfume-laden air surrounding the vessel. Our arrival at the base caused more goodbys as a few more members of our class were allowed to go forth and shift for themselves in the big outside world.

Soft music, soft lights, the beautiful Rose Room of the Palace Hotel, and the dates we had that evening all combined to produce the finest Ring Dance that had been held by any class at this Academy, and we are proud of this distinction.

Once again we turned our efforts towards learning our trades and with a zeal that was amazing to behold we came through unscathed in our bouts with messieurs Dwyer, Osborne, Dutton, Bowditch and other prophets. It was about this time that the thought dawned upon us that the following year we would be firstclassmen and as such we would be Cadet Officers and Petty Officers. With this thought in mind some of the class actually worked, but of course not in

anticipation of the coveted stripes. The cycle never quite ended, as in a short period of time we were again locked in a death struggle with the authors of several well known works, but our prayers, supplications, extra study, hot coffee, and benzidrene were not in vain as once again we emerged victorious and unscathed and could now be called firstclassmen, and the ruling body of the corps of midshipmen. This, too, was only a dream, but it lasted during the graduation leave period.

With the advent of our elevation to the exalted position of firstclassmen, the load of power and responsibility fell upon our shoulders and kept failing. In spite of Herculean efforts on our part, we saw more and more of the actual running of the corps being assumed by the Administration. The engineers never really got in the running as a class of thermodynamics took all of their waking time, and even made deep inroads upon their sleeping time, in spite of the fact that the course offered was not comparable to that of M.E. 110 at USC. Navigation was still the bugaboo of the deck department, and with the first class so occupied with these studies the fall semester slipped away rapidly until time for gyro school. Gyro school proved to be a welcome relief from the regimentation of "Our Portsmouth" as we were able to live like civilians until our Christmas leave arrived.

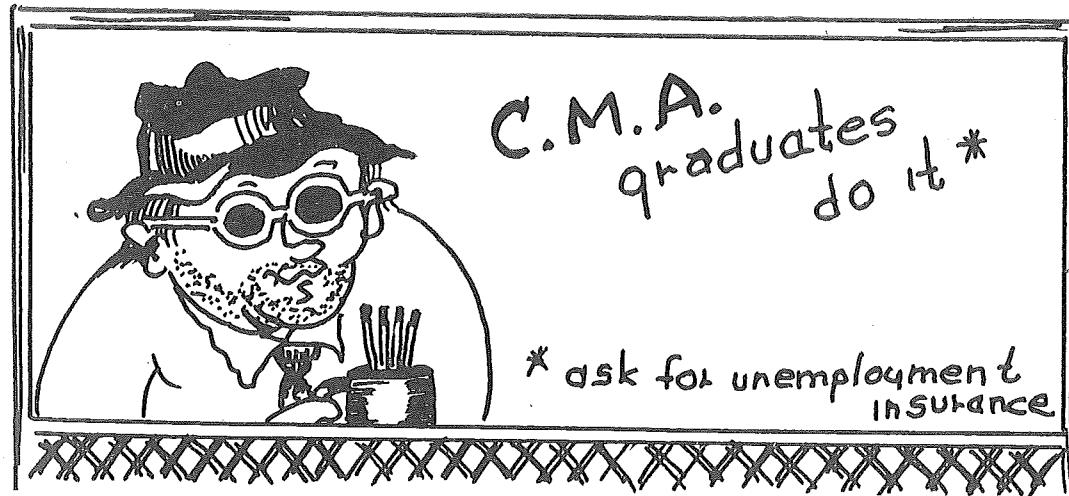
Todd's proved to be the lucky yard again when we returned to school at the beginning of the cruise period that was to be our last aboard the Golden Bear. Here the class of '50 came through in fine style as they handled the job of training, supervising, and helping accomplish all the manifold responsibilities of preparing the vessel for her annual trip. It was during this period that several Cadet petty officers resigned their stripes in order to effect better health and living conditions aboard the ship. There was a companion feature as slashed paychecks were sported by other men interested in clean living. However with the health of the ship in an improved condition the T.S. Golden Bear set sail from San Francisco for the Gulf Coast via the Panama Canal.

In spite of our unusual manner of operating the vessel the voyage was completed from the Caribbean Sea back up the coast of California with the loss of nothing more than the "good humor" of some of the officers, and the absence of some beverages from the suitcase locker, coupled with the loss of four days pay for our home port liberty.

Post cruise leave ended and once again we found ourselves at grips with the now feverish battle of preparing ourselves for our "Thirds." Suddenly it became quite an easy matter for the underclassmen to procure standby's for the week ends as our whole effort was bent towards cramming our minds with the useful and useless types of information that were required for the passing of our examinations. This program continued unabated until July 15, when the class of '50 held their graduation party at Adobe Creek, and this proved to be a real party beyond the wildest of our expectations. At the end of this break once again the heat was turned on and study, study, study became the order of the day and night, until the fateful week that we actually sat for our licenses, thus culminating three years of hard work, intensified mental labor, and many hours of griping.

On looking back over our stay here at the Academy, we can see changes for the good of the school, some hypothetical, some tangible. Our views have at one time or another clashed with different instructors but sometimes our criticisms were unfounded. The officers have had, possibly, a trying time and we would like to thank them for their efforts.

While we have had our share of joys during our stay, our record has its share of griefs. In spite of the dark side of life as a midshipman, we have learned to adapt ourselves to widely varying circumstances, to work in conjunction with people of different sets of values, and to develop our own characters under some very trying conditions. If these be the mark of a man then we can go forth with firm conviction that our time has not been in vain, but rather that we have gained something that is intangible but of great value and benefit to us in time to come.



SECOND CLASS HISTORY

The second class entered C.M.A. on September 15, 1948, and now that we look back on our entrance date, it hardly seems possible that in another 47 days we shall step into the shoes of the present first class, who upon graduation take their place in a world where a little peninsula named Korea may take over the reins of their future. With them go our best wishes.

In the early part of our indoctrination period we became as one mind, thinking and acting as one individual, which is rare at so early a date. There was, of course, the friendly rivalry between the "Black Gang" and the "Deck Apes" as the two departments have affectionately become known.

It wasn't long before we hung our civilian clothing in the Captain's house and donned white hats and blue denim dungarees—step one in the transition from John Doe, private citizen, to Joe Smoe, third class midshipman.

It didn't take us long to realize that the eager gleam in the eyes of the upperclassmen did not come from anticipation of happy days to come with new-found friends. In fact it was amazing to see so many smiling faces and to receive so many pats on our backs from our future shipmates. The very second day our dreams were shattered, a true example of Jekyll and Hyde, with most of the hiding being done on our part. On the very second morning, like a nightmare, heavy footfalls could be heard coming down the halls, shaking the barracks to their very foundations and our friends of yesterday had transformed into the monster, and with its long, hairy arms, was pulling us from the warmth and security of our humble little beds. It was hard to imagine that real live human beings got up at six in the morning and worked for forty-five minutes before breakfast. That was when a dark shadow of suspicion began to creep into our minds.

Days passed, (as they usually do) and we fell, or were rather pounded into the routine of life at the Academy. Swab Rules were issued, and we wondered if there was a lowlier creature on God's green earth than we. Our pride had been dented, but not broken. We crawled on! With the haircuts, our last line of defense fell. The wild stallion had finally been brought to bay. We were taught to stand and walk like officers and gentlemen and those of us in the engine room were inflicted with severe abrasions about the head and shoulders in our eagerness to carry out orders.

Weeks passed and for most of us we got our first taste of the briny deep in the shape of the USS Colahan. Manned by the officers and midshipmen of the Academy and with her regular crew offering assistance, we set sail for a weekend cruise to Monterey.

Months passed and the time for the general overhaul of the T.S. was at hand; we were, of course, officers and gentlemen of the highest caliber by now. The wheels of progress turned rapidly and the T.S. looked like the beautiful lady she is, dressed in her newest white gown, as we headed out the Golden Gate for Southern California and South America.

As we neared the equator those of us who were already shellbacks had that same eager look on our faces that was present upon arrival at the Academy. Then we passed over latitude 0 and those of us whom were pollywogs underwent a "healthy" indoctrination into the realm of King Neptune.

It was a warm, humid day as the "Great White Ship" slowly nosed into the harbor of Callao, Peru. After a short wait "riding the hook" our pilot, a small, frail man of approximately 350 pounds of Peruvian manhood, loomed into sight and boarded us. With an appreciable port list, we made our way alongside a dock and liberty was granted as soon as the pilot went ashore and the vessel righted herself enough to get a gangplank ashore. Employing our Spanish Señor Martin had taught us prior to our departure from Vallejo, we

found the whereabouts of every railroad station, restaurant, and toilet within a radius of twenty miles. Peru was a poor middie's delight, with the exchange rate being seventeen to one and beer and Pisco being so cheap. It was with heavy hearts and hangovers that we left Peru.

Our next port of call was Valparaiso, Chile. Vina del Mar, a neighboring paradise, held much in store to suit the gregarious tastes of the midshipmen. The gambling casino, a beautiful building overlooking the ocean, brought out the gambling instinct in most of the midshipmen and many a middie could be seen standing amidst the clatter of roulette wheels, a Chilean cigar clamped between his mute lips, dropping from thirty to sixty pesos a spin. The exchange rate in Chile was sixty-four to one.

After a brief stay in Panama we headed for Mexico land of pretty señoritas, tequila, and bull fights.

After leaving romantic Acapulco we headed home.

In no time we were secondclassmen and the new class arrived, a motley looking crew, but we'd whip them into shape in no time; why it was tough in the old days.

The early days of our second class year went by fast and it wasn't long before we once more were heading out the Golden Gate on our second cruise. The first leg of our journey took us to Houston, Texas. On our way up the Houston ship channel we wondered if the T.S. would not lie in mute testimony somewhat like the Battleship Texas; a mute testimony to the cream of California's youth who died at the hands of a speed-crazed Texan pilot. As we zoomed up the channel we caught what fleeting glances of the Texas countryside as we could.

Our next stop took us up ole man river to the Crescent City, the show place of the southland, the city of fabulous tales, Dixieland music and Bourbon Street. New Orleans welcomed us with open arms and we left it with empty pockets. The days swished by and we left St. Thomas, Virgin Island in our wake. Curacao, D.W.I., was great, but soon we were slowly easing the sleek prow of the "Bear" into the sparkling and translucent emerald-colored water of Acapulco, Mexico. After eight days of carefree carousing or lounging on the white sanded beaches, we headed for home.

We are proud of our accomplishment here, and in our final year when we graduate, we hope we can honestly say we have made our school a little better place to be than when we first entered.

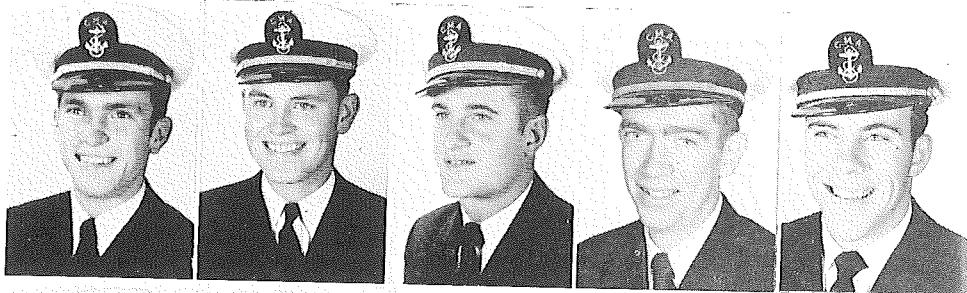
The last two cruises were experiences never to be forgotten. When men are drawn into such a close life as life aboard a ship affords, and they themselves take their ship over rolling seas to those "far away places," it cannot help but add up to adventure.

The second year at the Academy gave us our ring dance, which we feel was a huge success. It was at this dance that we, as secondclassmen, received our academy rings, where we, you might say, have won our spurs; for the bronco of life and circumstances has bucked off many of our members since our infancy here.

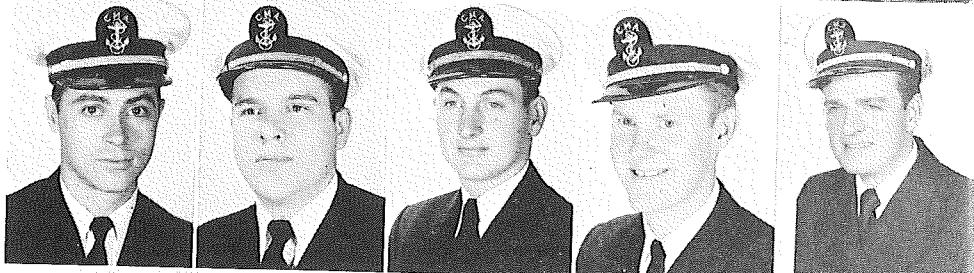
And now that graduation time draws closer, most of our time is honestly being occupied with studies and plans for our final and, we hope, our greatest year here at the California Maritime Academy.

SECOND CLASS

BAILEY, ROBERT D.
CARLSEN, EHRLING N.
CRAIG, JAMES H.
COLCLOUGH, JAMES R.
DEMPSTER, JEAN



DONALSON, C. M., JR.
FRANICH, MATTHEW H.
GALLAGHER, JOHN L.
GARDNER, JOHN E.
GLEN, JAMES A.



HALE, WILLIAM T.
HANF, DAVID L.
HOOD, JACK H.
JENKINS, ROBERT N.
LAUDENSCHLAGER, WM. P.



LIPMAN, DONALD L.
MARRS, CHARLES A.
MARSHALL, RODERICK
MENA, JOHN D.
NOWAK, RONALD E.



PARSONS, LLOYD J.
PIERSON, MALCOLM J.
RONSTADT, FREDERICK
SATTERFIELD, HERSCHEL
SIMMONS, HAROLD D.



SMIRENSKY, ALVIAN
STILLEKE, JAMES D.
STONEHOUSE, WILLIAM T.
TAYLOR, LYLE E.
WIDENOR, ROBERT D.



THIRD CLASS



ALLEY, RICHARD C.
BONITZ, PAUL N.



BURROWS, MARVIN D.
CAMPBELL, DOUGLAS B.
COMPTON, JOHN R.
COX, JOHN M. III



FENNESSY, THOMAS R.
FERGUSON, CHESTER C.
HANNA, BRUCE S.
IVERSON, JACKSON K.



JACOBSEN, RICHARD J.
KELLEY, DONALD E.
KELLY, PAUL E.
LABOSSIÈRE, UDOR S., JR.



LIGHHOUSE, G. A., JR.
MAATTA, GILBERT H.
MAHONEY, JOHN
MAIRS, WILLIAM H.



MARQUARD, RUSSELL W.
NEEDHAM, GORDON A.
PATTERSON, JAMES L.
FEDERETTI, DON



PETERSON, QUENTIN K.
REYFF, PAUL A.
SAGER, RONALD R.
SCHISLER, ROBERT A.



SHERER, NORMAN R.
SMITH, PINK, JR.
TERRY, ALBERT LEE, JR.
WEGNER, RICHARD T.

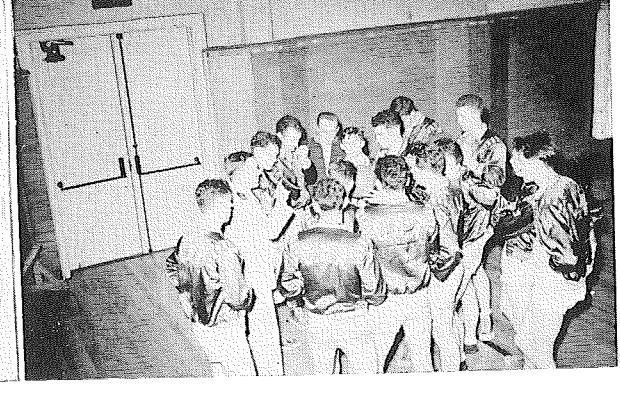
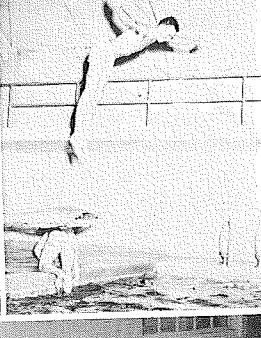
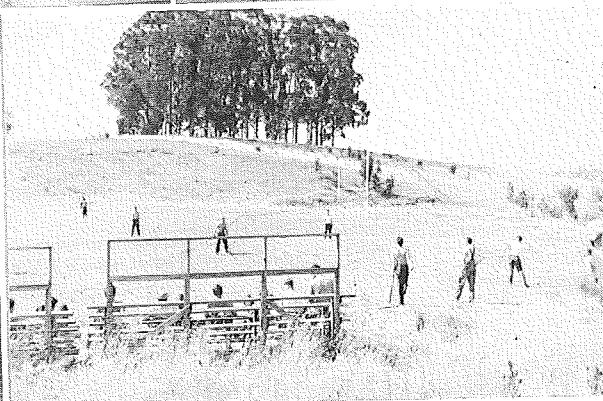
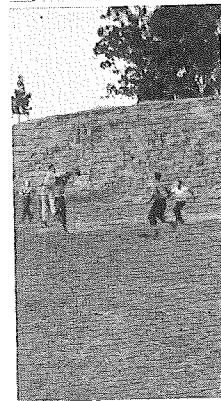
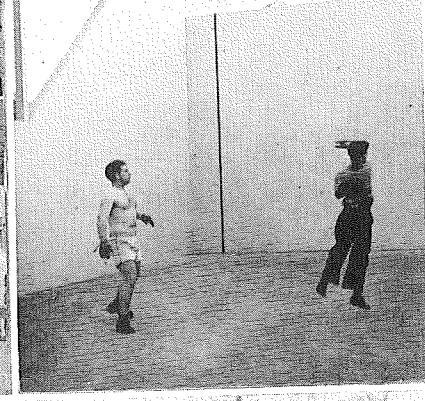
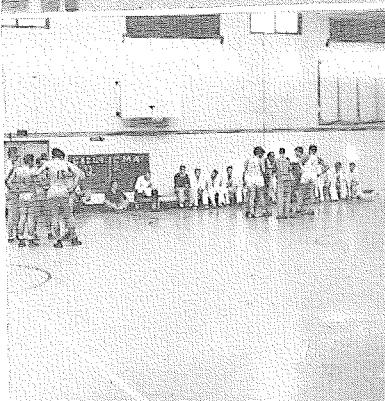
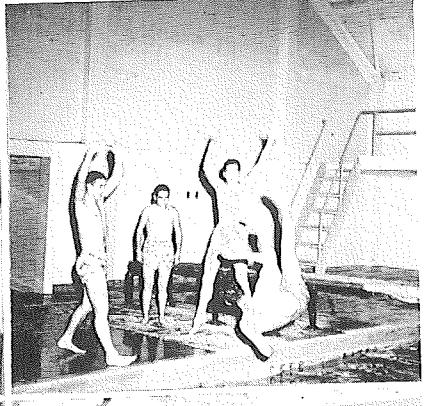
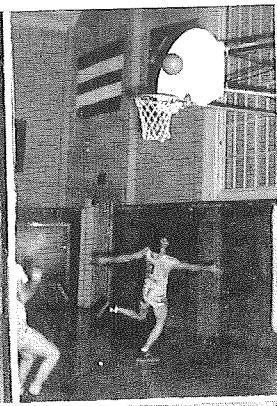


WHITE, JOHN E.
WILLIAMS, JAMES G., III
WILSON, RICHARD J.
WREDEN, CARL

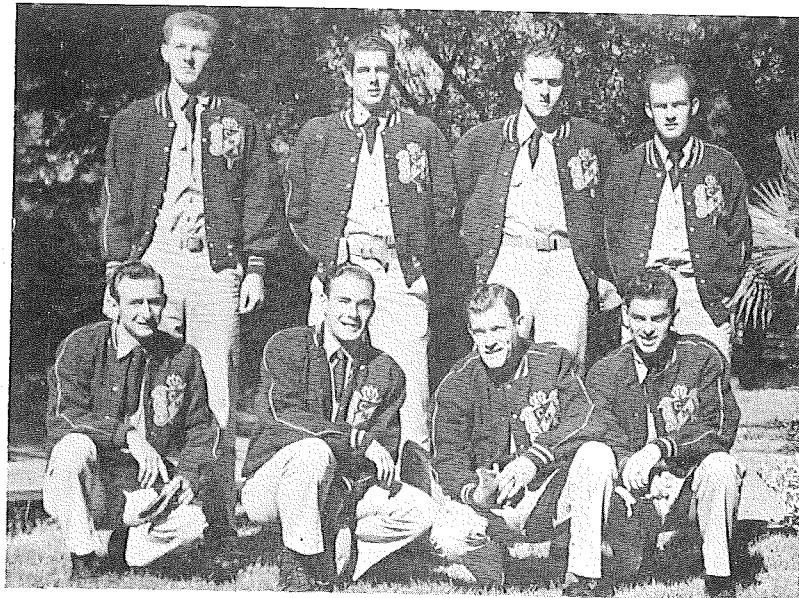
SPORTS



International Newport to Ensenada Yacht Race
May 3, 4, 5, 1950



BASKETBALL



BACK ROW, left to right: Burrows, Widenor, Johnston, Kelly, R.L. FRONT ROW: Pearson, Dunn, Cochran, J. J. Marshall.

The Seawolves got underway this year under the close eye and guidance of Mr. Noel Martin. Mr. Martin, our last year's J.L. coach, ventured into coaching a varsity team for the first time this year, and did a fine job with the material on hand.

Mr. Martin started practically from scratch, as four of last year's varsity stars, Jack Olsen, Ernie Lewis, Tom Childs and Bill Goodman, were lost to this year's squad due to graduating or by powers beyond their control.

In the face of this huge obstacle, Mr. Martin started his team with last year's veterans, Jimmy Cochran and Bob Dunn. He added our ever reliable guard and honorary captain, Bob Kelly; fast-stepping "Skeeter" Pearson; and the tall, high-scoring redhead, Marv Burrows. In reserve and always eager to get into the game were Matt Ash, Ted Johnson, Rod Marshall, Bill Mairs and "Jake" Jacobsen.

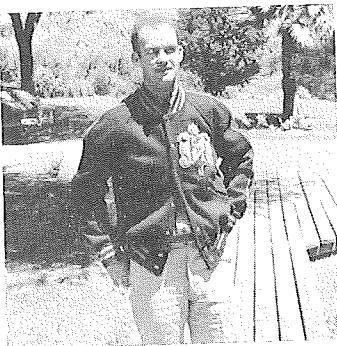
The middies started out in good fashion by downing the

Mare Island Naval Hospital by a score of 39 to 36, Burrows taking honors with a score of 14 points. The next game was a nip and tuck job with Armstrongs of Berkeley. We came out on the short end, with a score of 36 to 35. After this game the boys were hard hit by studies and gyro school. In losing three of their mainstays, the team dropped the next encounter to Vallejo J.C. In their next game with Shop 51, they came out on top by a score of 44 to 33, with Burrows again taking top honors, scoring 13 points. In the next two games the middies were completely outclassed by St. Mary's frosh and Sacramento J.C. We closed the season with a loss to the Lakeside Dairy team by a close score of 53 to 48.

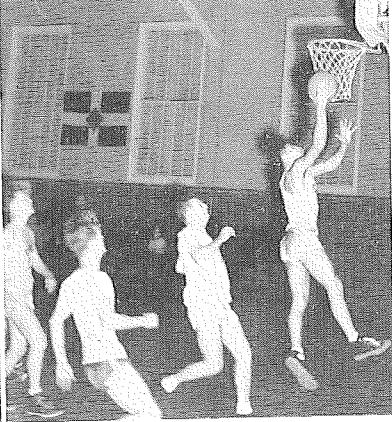
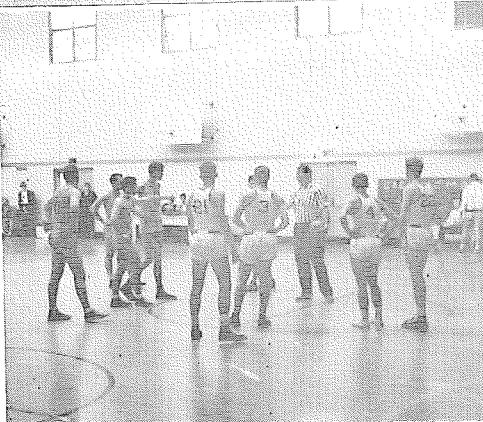
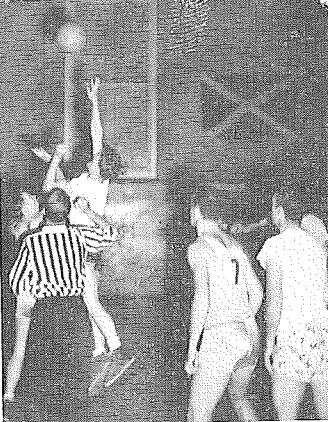
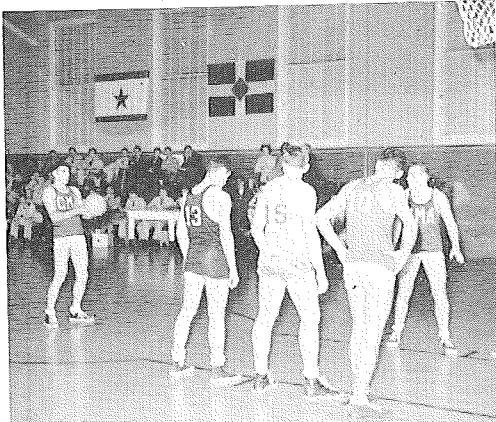
All in all, though the season didn't fare as well as expected, we were, for the most part, satisfied. Next year we can expect a lot with returnees such as Marv Burrows, Bill Mairs and Rod Marshall, to fill the shoes of Bob Kelly, Bob Dunn, Jimmy Cochran and Roy Pearson.

C.M.A. SEASON'S SCORES

39	M.I.N.H.	36	40	St. Mary's Frosh	60
35	Armstrongs	36	35	Sacramento JC	72
33	Vallejo JC	52	55	State Farm Insurance	38
44	Shop 51	33	45	Lakeside Dairy	53
27	Armstrongs	39			

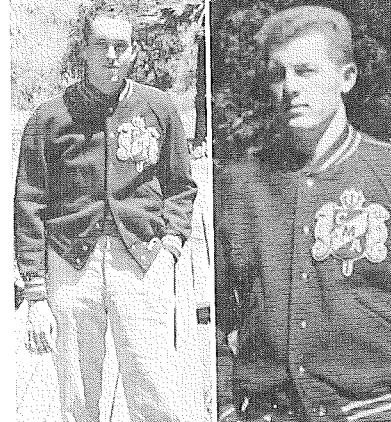
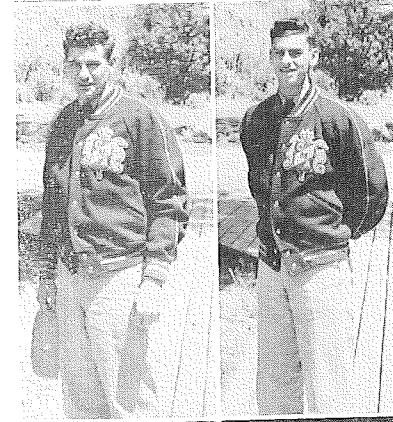


BOB KELLY
Honorary captain



Mairs gets a free one
C.M.A. at St. Mary's
Cochran lets fly for two points

Kelly moves in for the tip off
A big two points for C.M.A.
Two for Mairs on a lay in

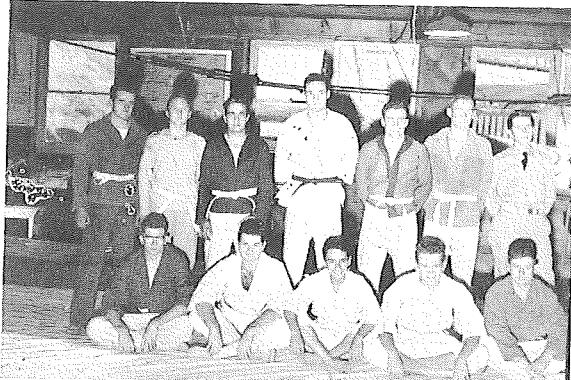


Roy Pearson
Bill Mairs
Ted Johnston
Jimmy Cochran
Rod Marshall
Marv Burrows

JUDO

On the fifth of November, 1948 at the Traditional Third Class Smoker, there was a judo exhibition as one of the acts. The act was very interesting and enjoyed immensely by all.

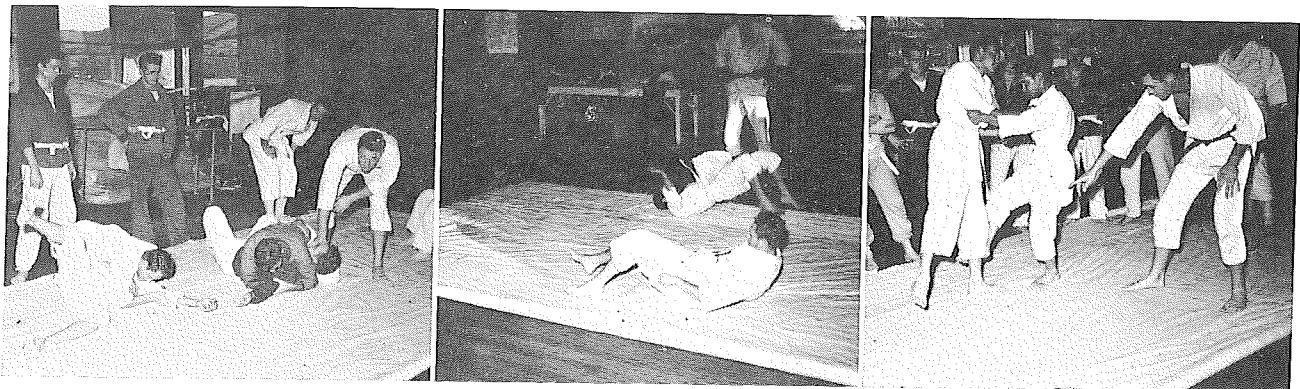
Soon after the smoker, much enthusiasm was shown by the midshipmen to learn the "ancient art" of judo. After much difficulty in obtaining the necessary facilities, Midshipman Robert Jenkins started instructing eighteen midshipmen in the art of subduing their enemy with the least amount of effort.



BACK ROW, left to right: Glen, Stonehouse, Lipman, Jenkins, Dempster, Simmons, Smirensky. FRONT ROW: Colclough, Marrs, Maggag, Carlsen, Taylor.

The study of judo is divided into three categories. The first is mental development, the development of mind and mental reflex actions. The second is physical development, or the development of a person's muscular structure. The last phase consists of learning the techniques of combat, such as the proper methods of throwing, holding and striking your opponent. The midshipmen are primarily concerned with the last phase.

In the future, after a little work on the part of the middies, it is hoped that they will be able to compete in Northern California matches. So, looking toward the future, it appears as though the middies are in for a lot of fun.



SAILING CLUB

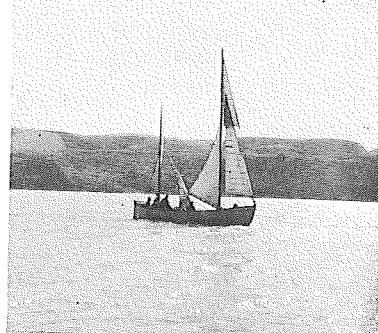


The Sailing Club of the California Maritime Academy is composed of midshipmen of the Academy who show an interest in learning and practicing the art of handling and racing boats under sail.

The club is a member of the Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Racing Association entitling the club to all benefits offered by this nation-wide organization.

Members of the club have participated in West Coast International Collegiate Yacht Races and in the Newport to Ensenada, Mexico, Yacht Race.

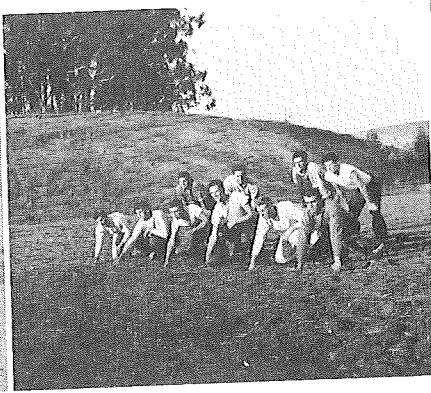
In addition to the Academy boats which are available to the members for sailing, the club, through the cooperation of the University of California Sailing Club, has three International 14-foot racing dinghies available for their use during the summer months.



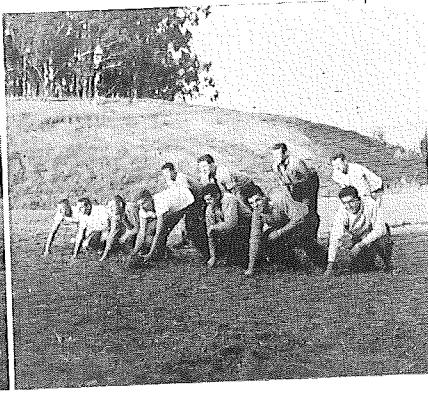
FOOTBALL



"A" COMPANY
LEFT TO RIGHT: Cole, Mahoney, Macdonald, Andersen, Williams. BACKFIELD: Miller, Kubel, Bailey.



"C" COMPANY
CHAMPIONS, left to right: Nowak, Cochran, W. R. Weir, Parsons, Lewis, Hett. BACKFIELD: Bonitz, Gallagher, Nicholson, Hale.



"B" COMPANY
LEFT TO RIGHT: Wreden, Roden, Ward, Regentz, Hoheisel, David, Campbell. BACKFIELD: Kelly, J. J. Lowry, Labossiere, Hood.

The fall of '49 brought a new era in C.M.A. sports. For the past three years, football enthusiasts had to pursue this sport on their own time, as it was not sanctioned by the administration. After much debating and verbal persus'cn the ban was finally lifted, much to the satisfaction of all midshipmen.

The league consists of three teams: A company, led by Bob Kubel, B company under the able direction of Jack Hood, and C company, with Tod Hale as captain.

Playing was hard, competition keen, and excellent sportsmanship was displayed at all times. A and C companies were evenly matched, both having the edge over B company. C company, which eventually captured the title of champion, boasted a record of never having a B company ball carrier cross their goal line.

Bob Kubel advocated a modified version of the Notre Dame box, utilizing the rifle arm of "slinging" John Mahoney. The most improved member of A company's team was Van Andersen, who became a top-notch end near the close of the season. The most valuable player was Jim Williams, a rock on defense and a demon as an offensive blocker.

With B company, Jack Hood had a lot of beef in Cliff David, Bill Lowry, Johnny Ward and John Kelly. During the playoffs, he decided to try his luck with a short punt. This worked well between the ten yard lines, but the boys from "B" just seemed to lack the punch to drive across for the six points.

Todd Hale had enough material to utilize the two platoon system and, therefore, had two offensive attacks: an unbalanced spread line with short punt and the T formation. Ernie Lewis did the passing and Hale, Jim Nicholson and Bill Strain were on the receiving end. With Dick Hett, Dick Cochran and John Mena in the line, they made a formidable front wall for anyone to crack. Bill Strain started the season as a mediocre end, but with tutoring and practice he became an ever dangerous threat to the defense.

Mention is not to be forgotten of such valuable players as Loyd Parsons, Jim Patterson and Paul Bonitz.

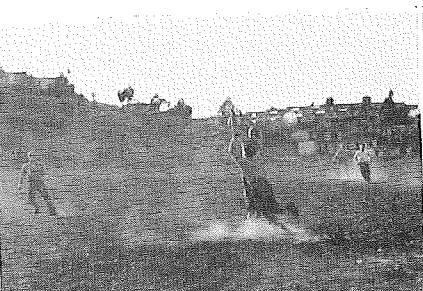
The final tally found:

C company—The champions
A company—One half game behind
B company—Out of the money

Andersen clears the way
Trouble for Hale



A forward pass—Incomplete
Nicholson and Lewis protect Hale



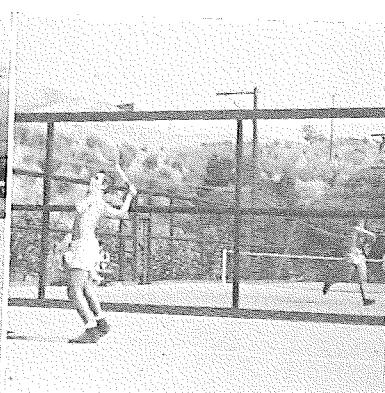
Roden intercepts
Lewis spells trouble for Williams



TENNIS



Action on the courts



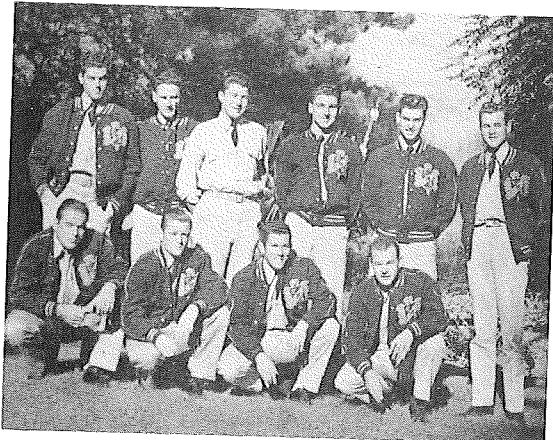
Doyle in action



Horseplay between matches

One of the most active sports here at the Academy is tennis, in view of our having one of the best sets of courts around the bay area, it is one of the most popular sports among the midshipmen.

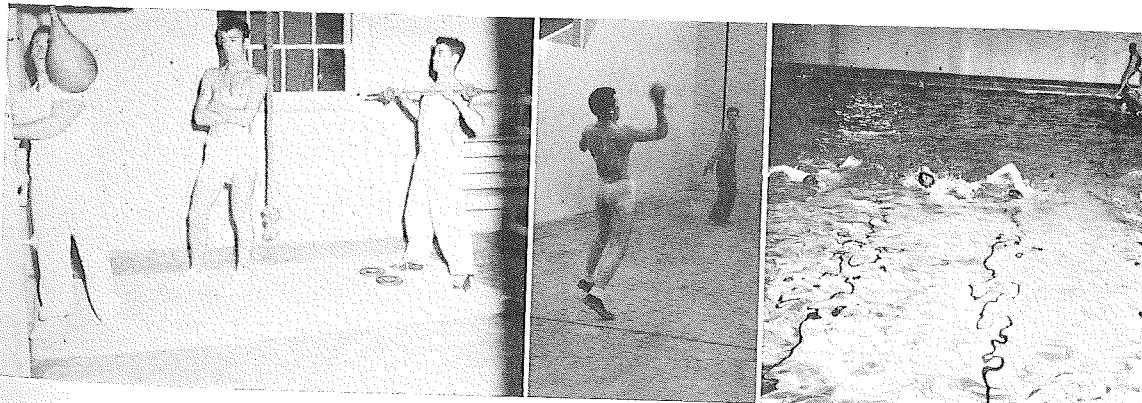
In our eyes, we have quite a few Don Budges and Jack Kramers, but



BACK ROW, left to right: Cochran W. R., Hanf, Rosen, Ronstadt, Marsnail, Lewis, C. B. FRONT ROW: Franich, Kelly, D. E., Doyle, Combs.

the powers don't feel that our team is quite up to accepting outside competition, as yet. Outside competition or no outside competition, the tennis courts are still jammed each day with the boys who enjoy playing merely for the enjoyment of the grand sport.

GENERAL ATHLETICS



SOFTBALL



BACK ROW, left to right: Lewis, E. E., Hanna, Hett, Schisler, Mahoney, Kelly, P. E., Mairs.
FRONT ROW: Bonitz, Dempster, Pearson, Parsons, Hale. MISSING: Nicholson, Lowry, Cochran, Mena.

Again this year, after a year's leave of absence, the C.M.A. Seawolves ventured into the field of outside competition in softball. Under the competent leadership and coaching of Mr. F. L. LaBombard, the Seawolves fielded a top flight team that entered one of the fastest leagues in Vallejo city competition.

In entering this fast league so late the Seawolves have gotten off to a slow start. They have been nosed out in all of their games up to date, but by showing improvement by leaps and bounds, the top teams left to face the Seawolves in the league are keeping a wary eye on them.

Up to date the team set up by Coach LaBombard consists of Jimmy Cochran or John Mena behind the plate, and Jean Dempster and Todd Hale being our most capable hurlers.

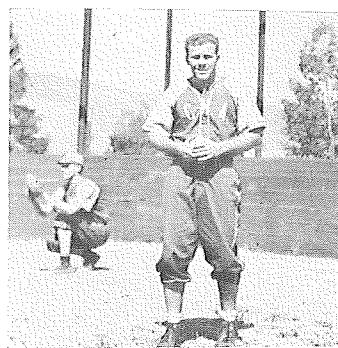
The infield consists of "Pat" Patterson at the initial sack, Bill Mairs at second, "Skeeter" Roy Pearson at the hot corner, and Ernie Lewis filling in the gap at the short patch. In the outfield two of the positions are solidly nailed down by the strongarm of the big centerfielder Jim Nicholson, and the capable hitting of Bill Lowry, while John Mahoney, Bruce Hanna and "Chick" Stilleke are fighting it out hammer and tong for other outfield positions.

Up to this time, the batting leadership of the Seawolves goes to short stop Ernie Lewis with a sizzling .545 average, being closely followed by Bill Lowry with .435.

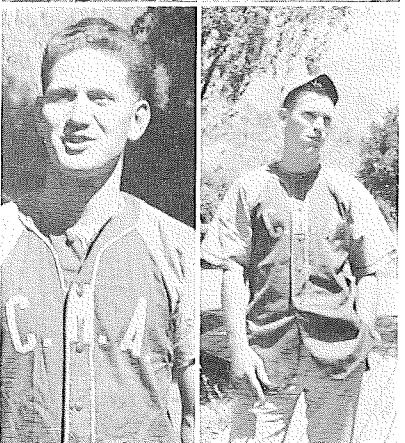
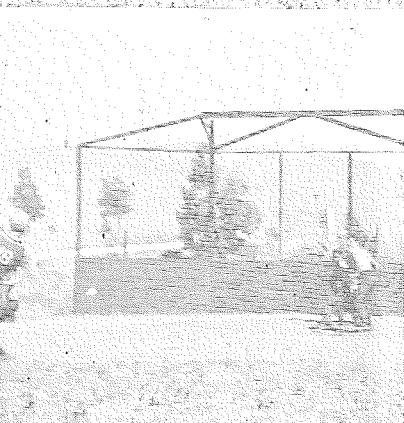
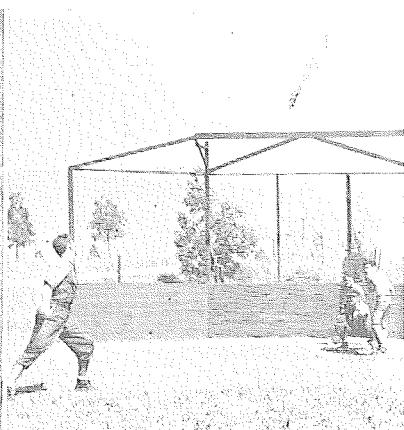
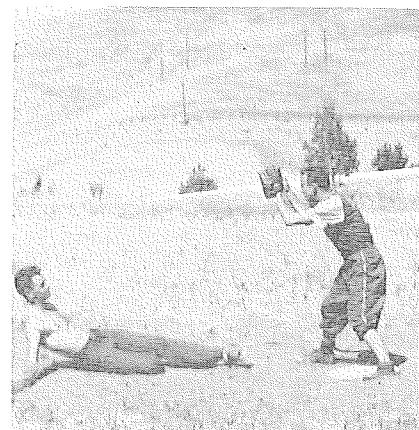
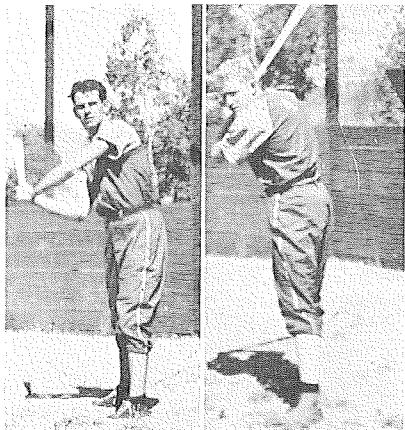
In going to press at this time, and not being able to follow the Seawolves through the remainder of the season, we wish them the best luck possible in their remaining games.

SOFTBALL SCORES

1	U.S.S. Sunfish	8	1	U.S.S. Sunfish	7
7	Fairfield	12	7	Guardsmen	8
1	Marine Reserve	3	8	Vallejo	9



Jean Dempster



Jim Nicholson

Roy Pearson

Bill Lowry

Ernie Lewis

Dick Hett

Jimmy Cochran

Pearson waits for the ball

The long awaited throw

Tension

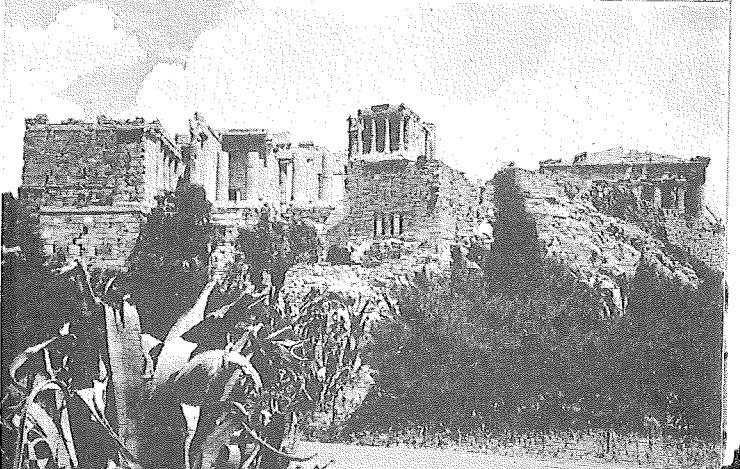
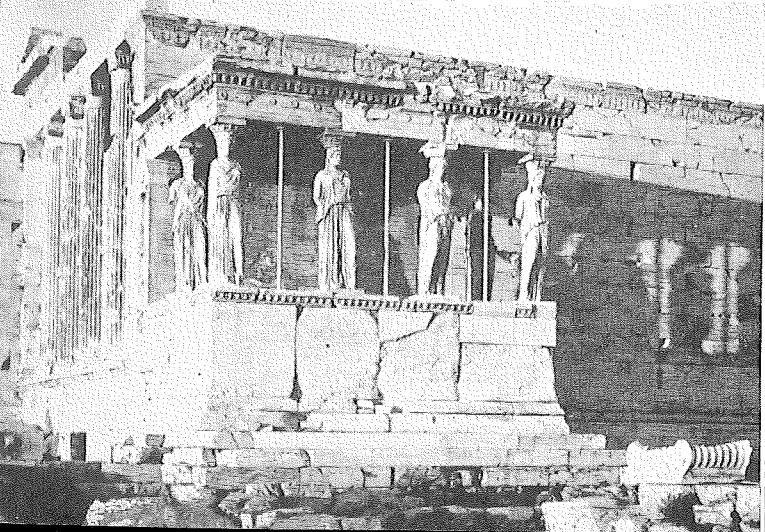
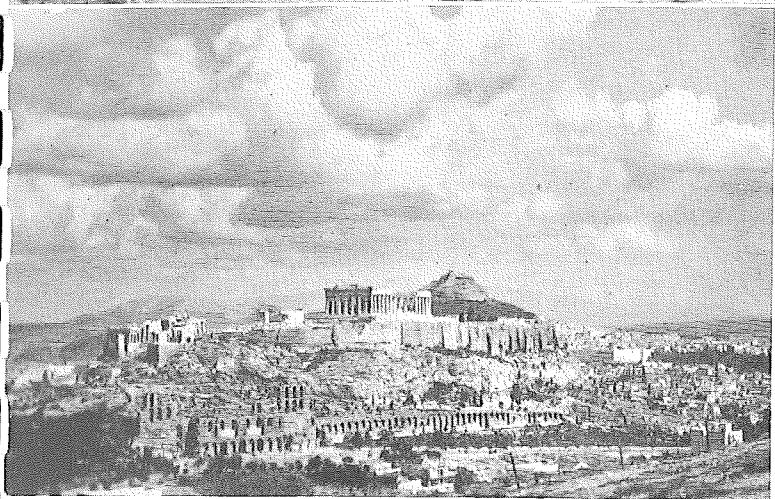
Dempster on the mound

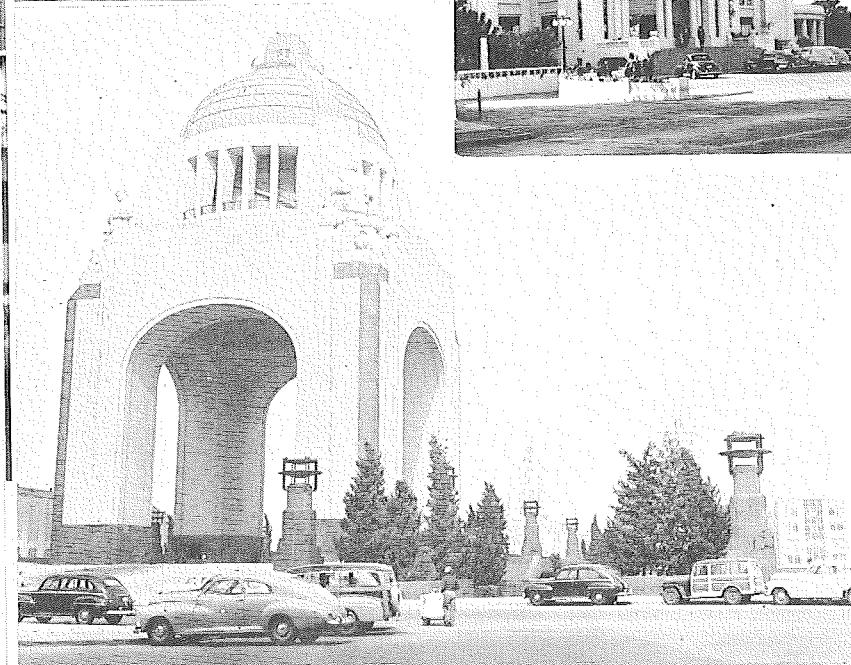
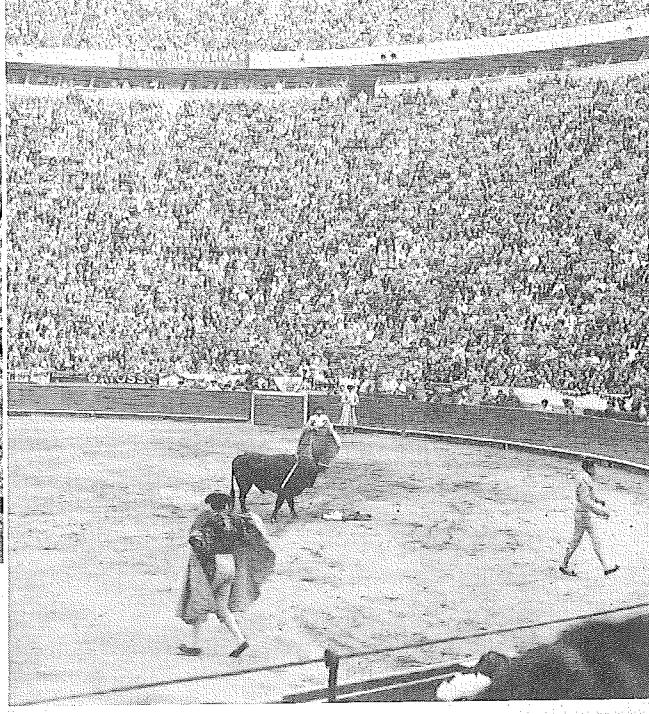
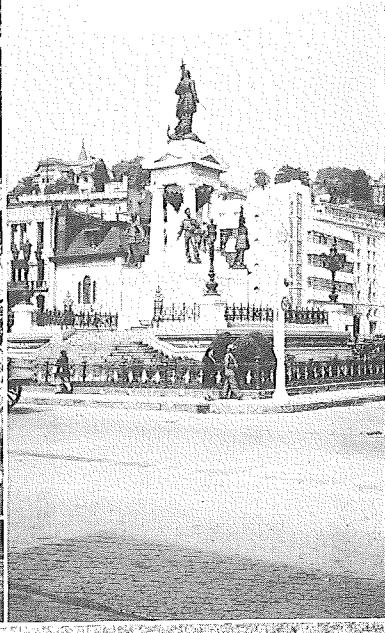
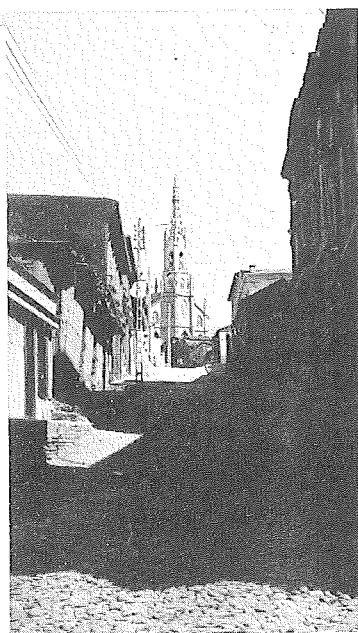
Hale lets loose a fast one

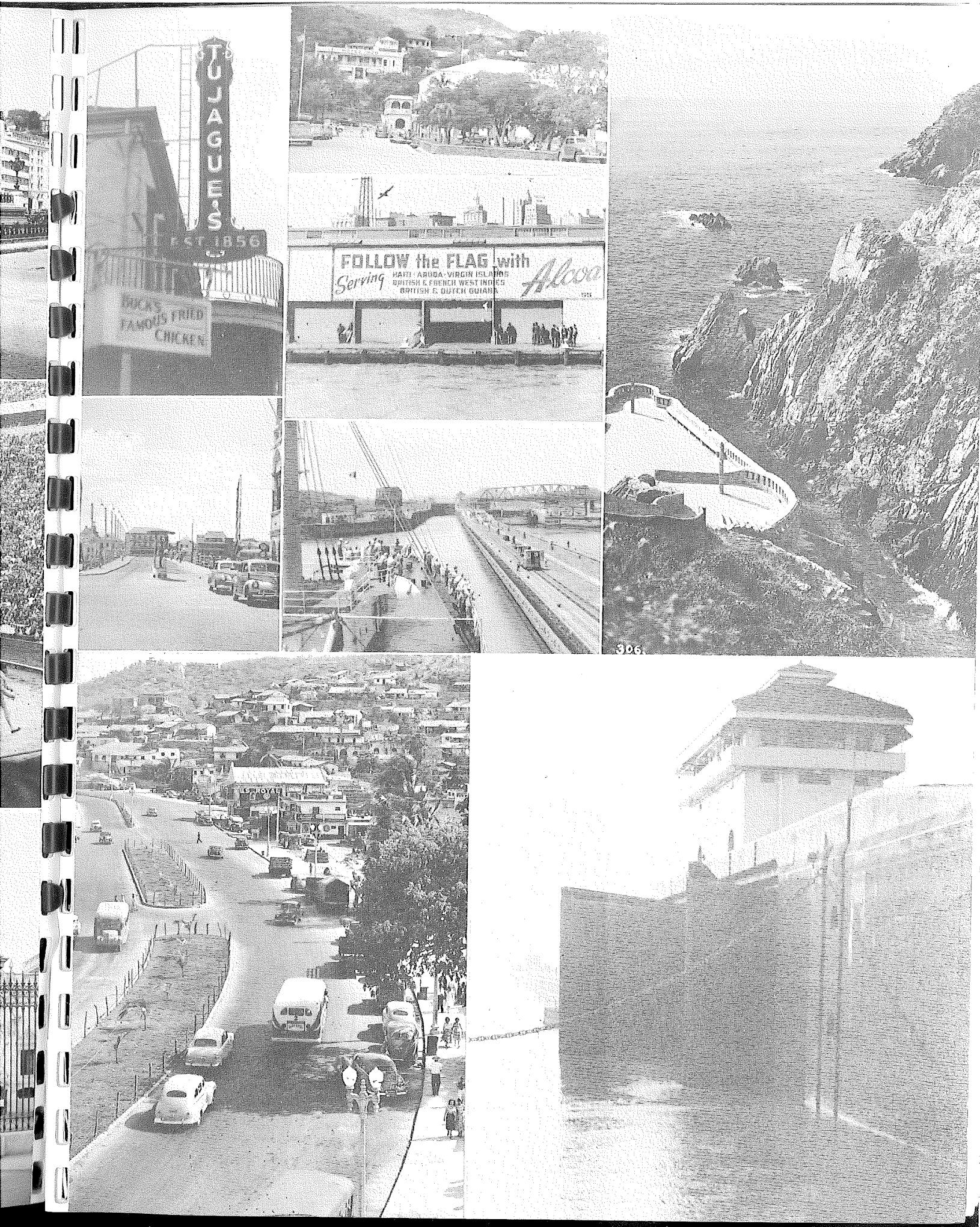
Lewis starts a twin killing

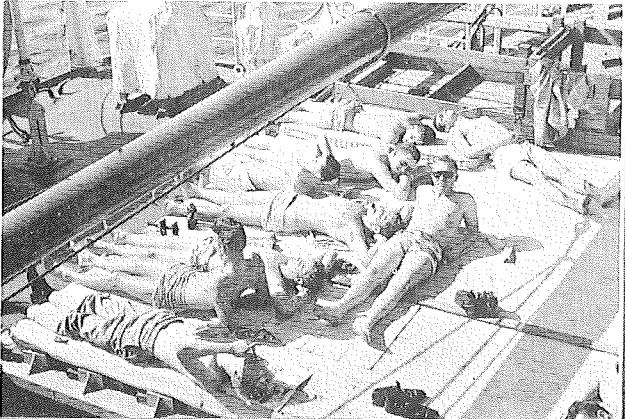
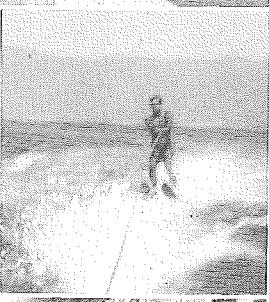
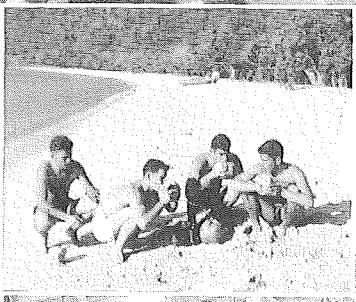
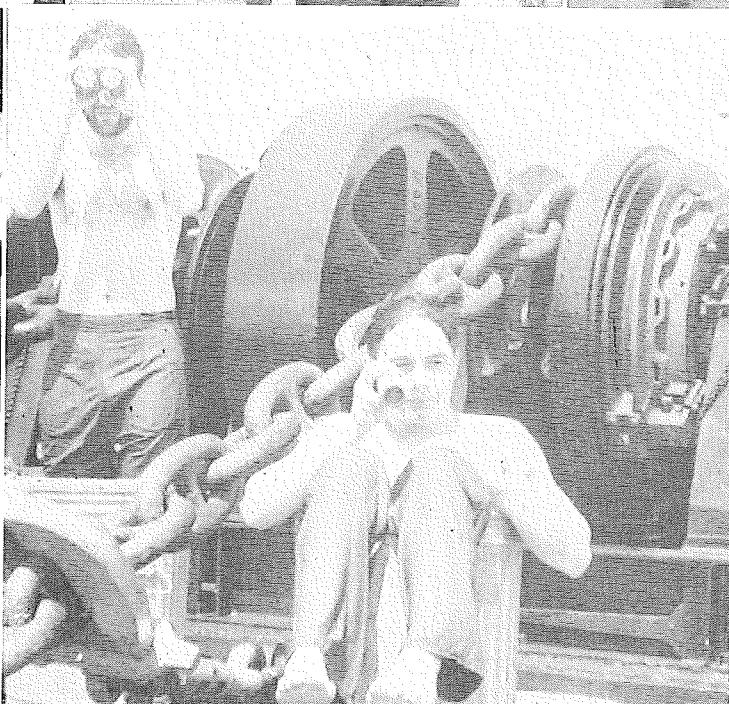
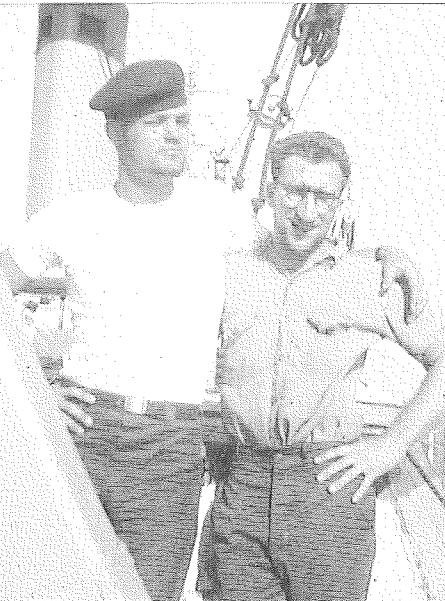
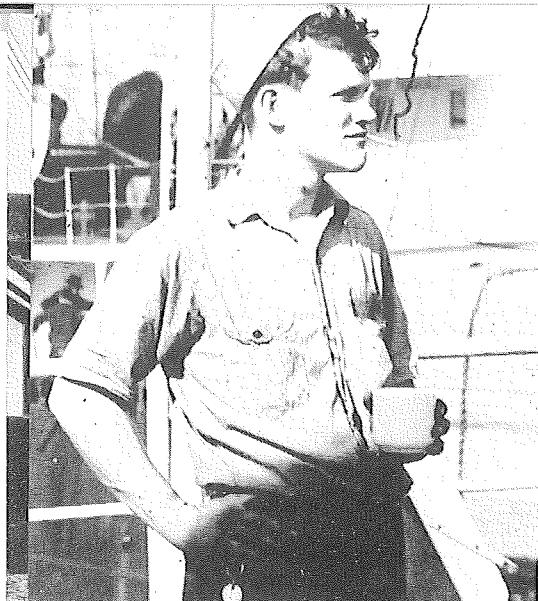
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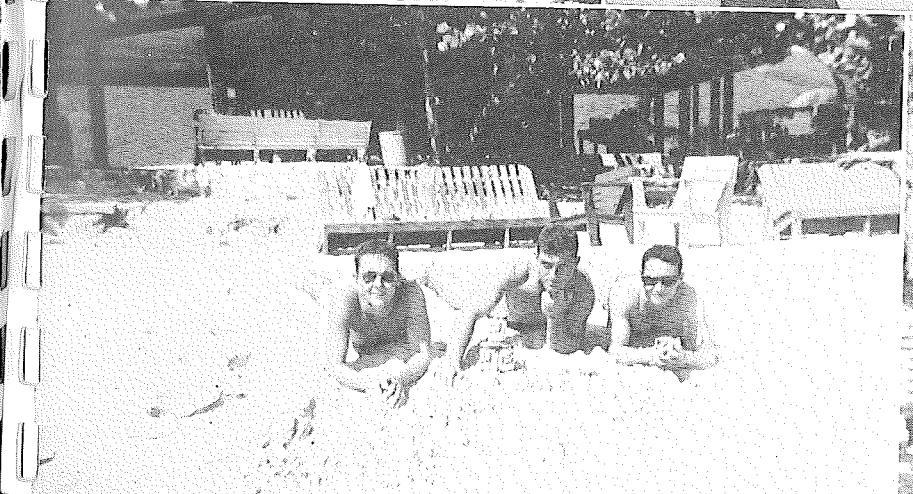
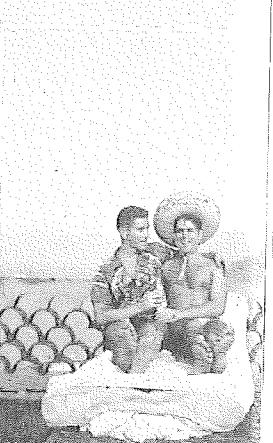
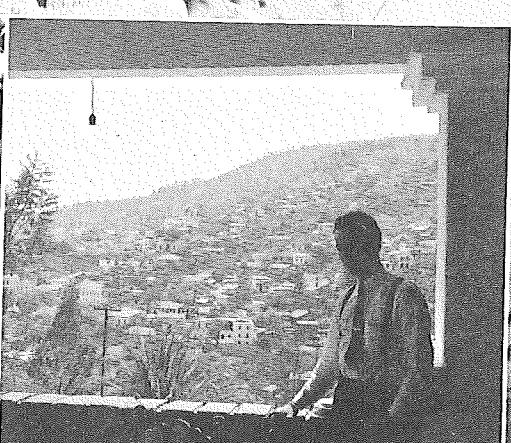
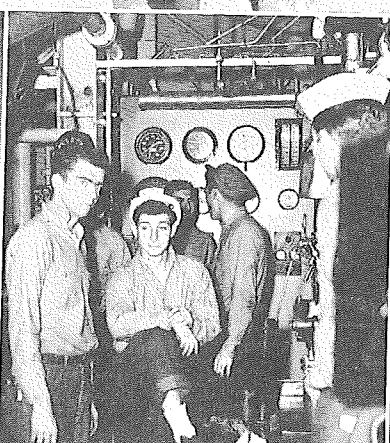
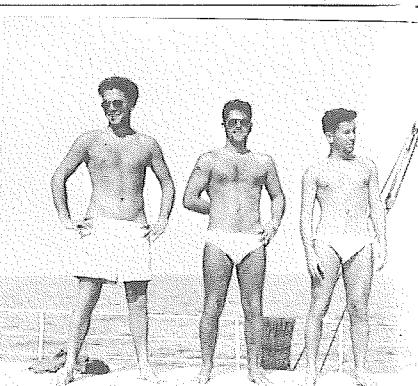
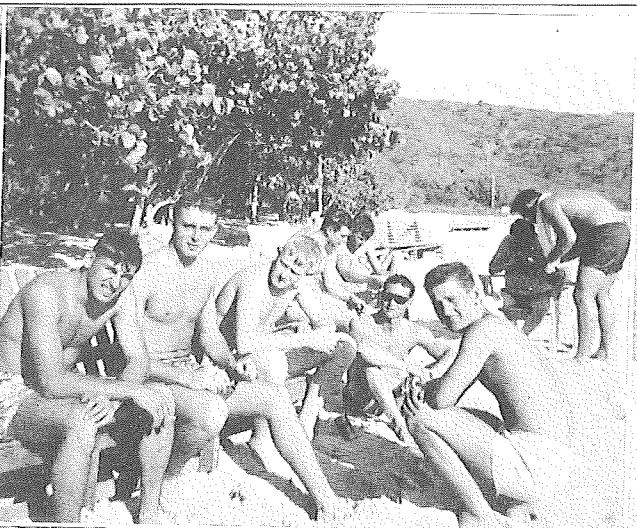
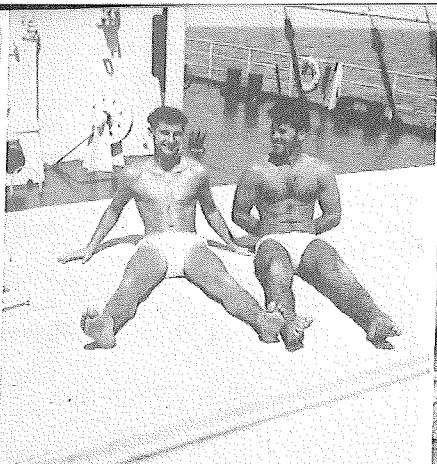










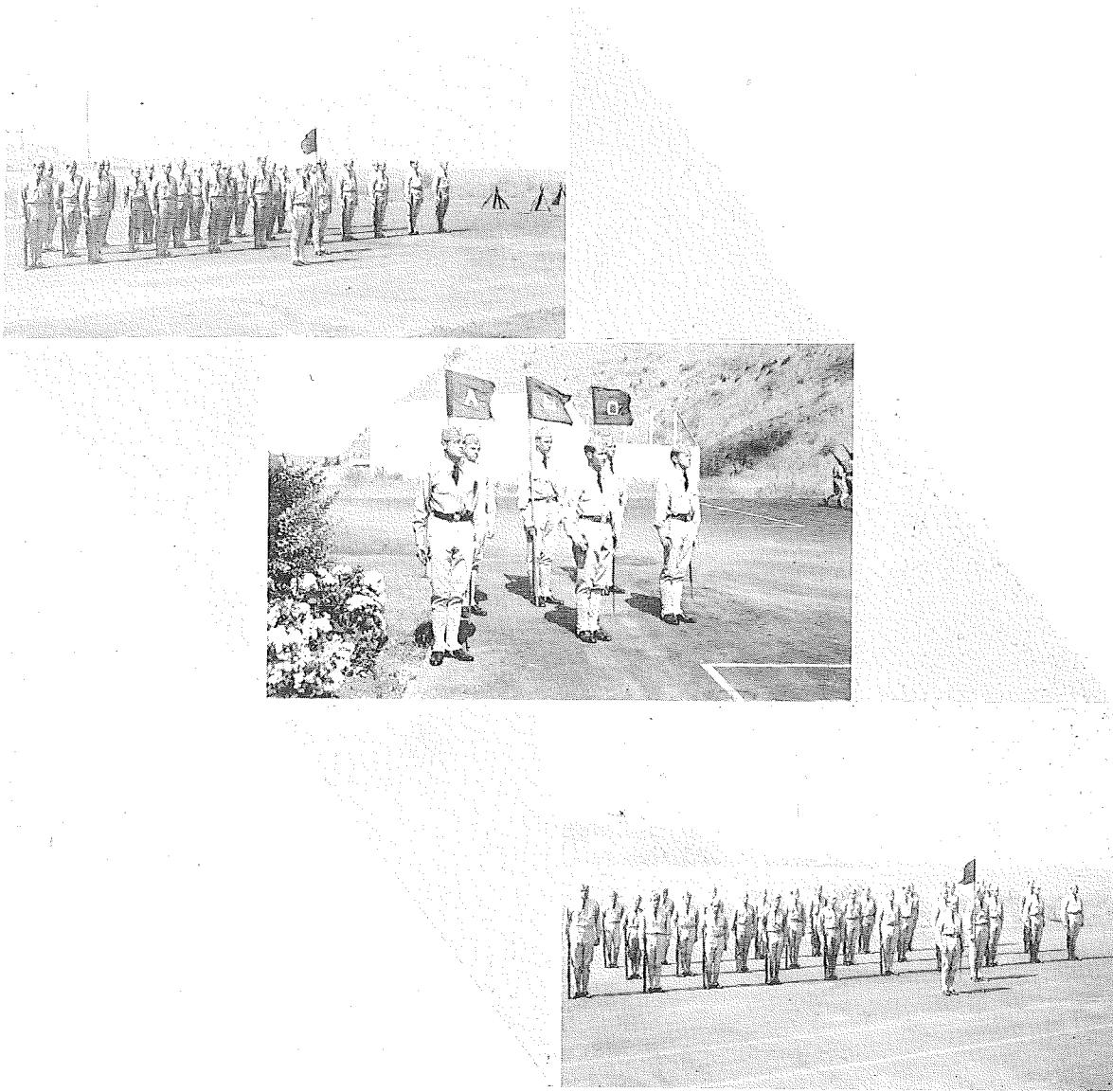


ACTIVITIES



T.S. GOLDEN BEAR — FLAG SHIP, MARITIME DAY
MAY 22, 1950 — SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

COMPANIES



From the day of entrance into the academy until the day of graduation, a Midshipman finds himself assigned to one of the three intramural companies. Each has its individual barracks, inspections, complement of midshipmen of all classes, and its own collective personality.

The companies are constantly engaged in various competitive activities which are: sports, military drills, and myriad inspections. Competitive spirit is at its zenith on the occasions of these contests. Every Midshipman is an integral part of one of the companies, and success, ir-

respective of the activity, can be attained only through the coordination of individual perseverance.

Saturday mornings might well be called the most colorful part of company life; it is at this time that midshipmen may be seen shined and polished in preparation for military review and week-end liberty which follows thereafter.

Life within a company means something different to each person, but all have in common the knowledge gained from living and working together.

RING DANCE



The annual ring dance given this year by the class of '51 turned out to be a real success, despite the opinions of a few pessimists in the class. Held in the beautiful Rose Room of the Palace Hotel on July 14, 1950, it was considered by many to be the finest dance of its kind yet given. Music furnished by the popular Bob Andersen and his ten piece orchestra was of excellent quality and was enjoyed by all. Many requests for songs were answered.

Highlight of the evening was the colorful ring ceremony. Each Midshipman escorted the lady of his choice under the large floral ring, which was beautifully decorated with yellow camellias and a blue center setting off the Academy colors. In the center of the ring the young lady placed his class ring on his finger and then the couple kissed. Fred Ronstadt introduced a new trend to the ceremony by kissing the girl before she put the ring on his finger as well as after. Then

there was Roy Pearson who enjoyed last year's ceremony so much that he wanted to go through the ring again this year!

Don Lipman, Charlie Marrs and Bob Widenor didn't appreciate northern California beauty so they imported their ladies from a little suburb of Tijuana known as San Diego. After viewing their merchandise we can understand why, although we are still wondering if they had to pay importation tax!

Although a great deal of credit for the success of the dance should be given to Jack Gardner, Herschel Satterfield and Clyde Donalson for their efforts in making the necessary arrangements, the real success of the dance was due to the fine attendance of the cadet corps. Our hats off to those who came for helping to make the dance a success and to those who didn't, we say, "You missed a grand time."

FIRST CLASS PARTY

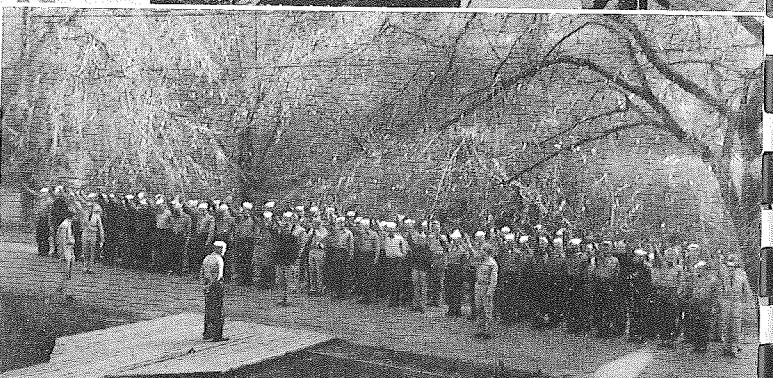
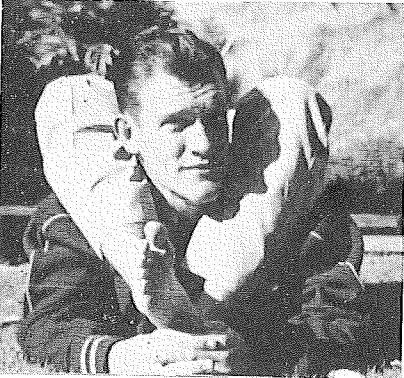
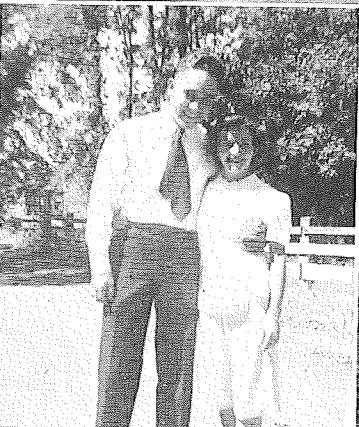
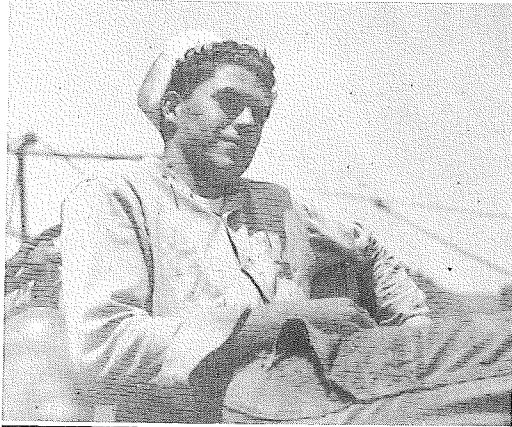


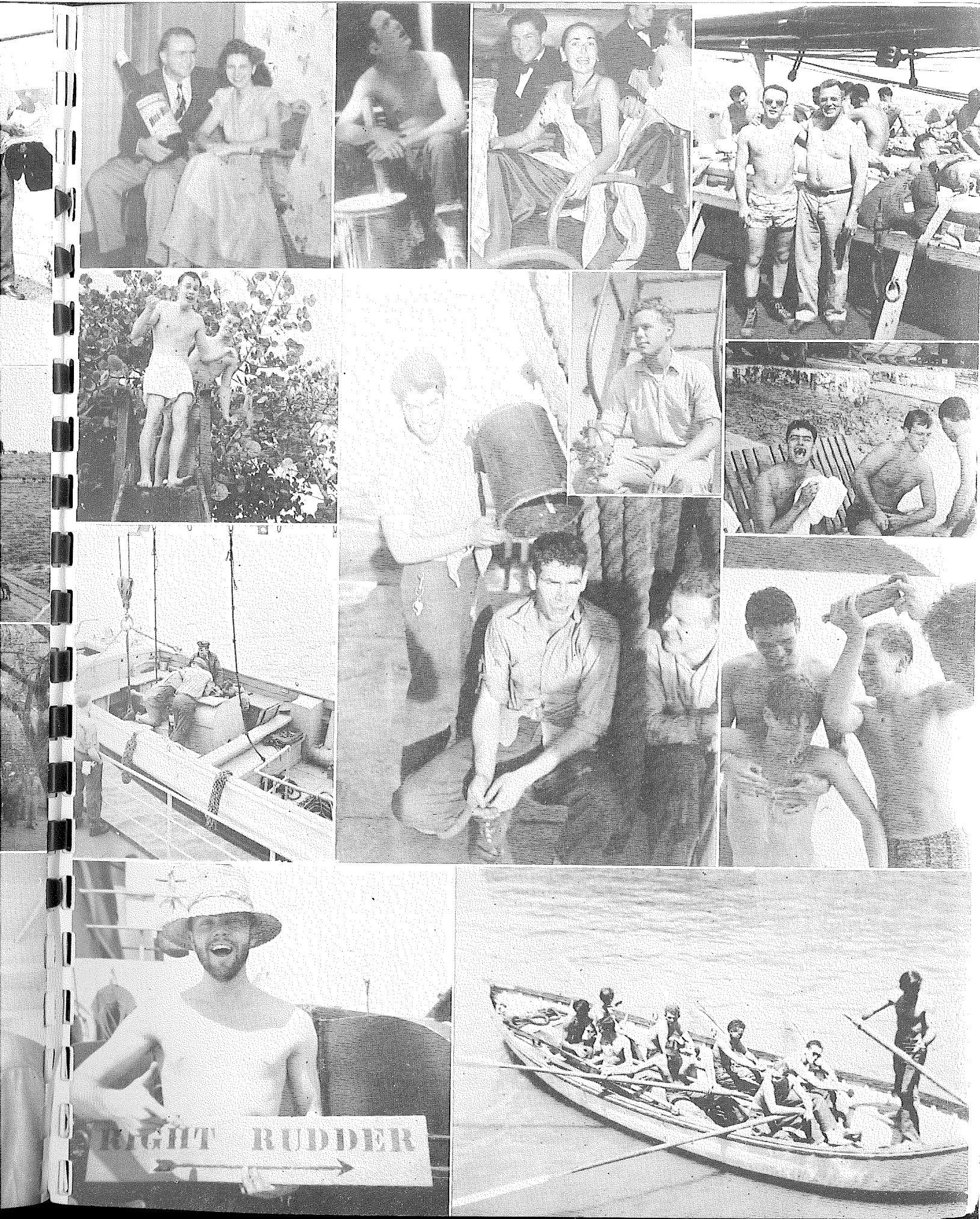
The place, Adobe Creek. The date July 15, 1950. The occasion, why the First Class party, of course. In keeping with the traditions of the Class of '50, it was decided that a big party honoring our final social function as a class would be enjoyed far more than the traditional Graduation Dance.

Thus it was that a caravan of cars, headed by "Beaky" Lewis' trailer, and the Kellys' Mercury, entered Adobe Creek, their occupants bent on producing a real party. The First Classmen and their dates spent the greater part of the day loafing, swimming, loafing, playing softball,

loafing, sunbathing, and loafing. In the evening a big bar-b-queued dinner was served in the outdoor dining pavilion which notably whetted the appetites of the pleasure seekers.

Dancing under the stars to the music of Bob Russell's band followed to bring to a close the wonderful day that was spent in the company of a great bunch of guys. We wish that this could have been the first social function of the Class of '50 instead of having to be the last, but we are glad to have been able to have this opportunity to be together.





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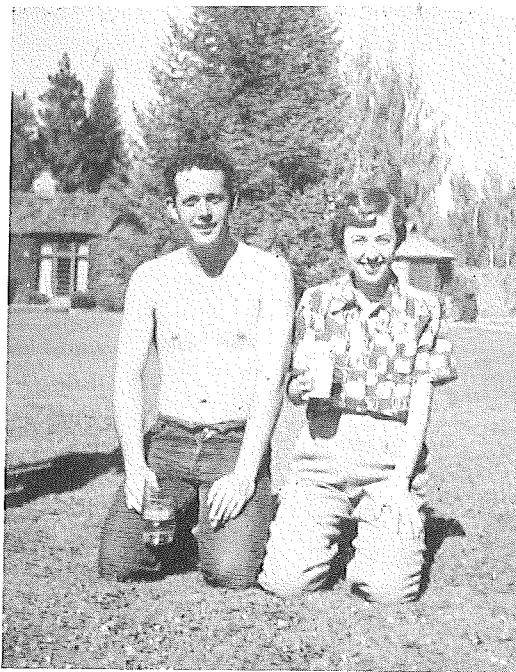
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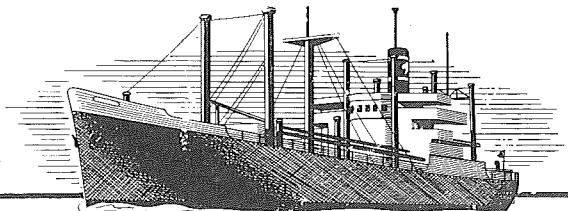


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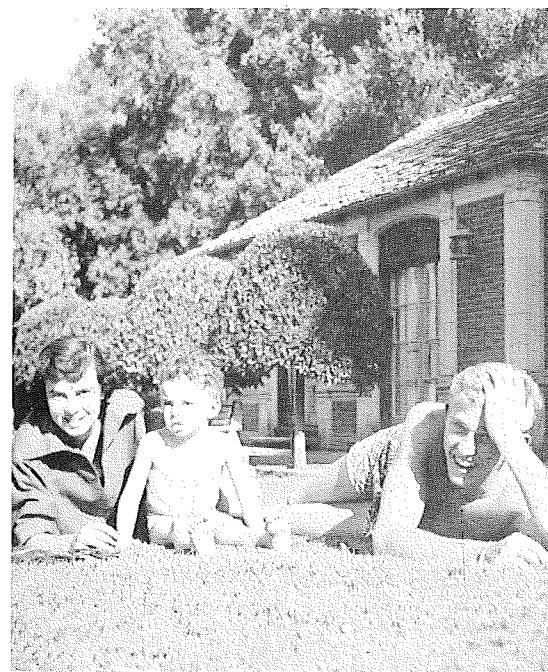
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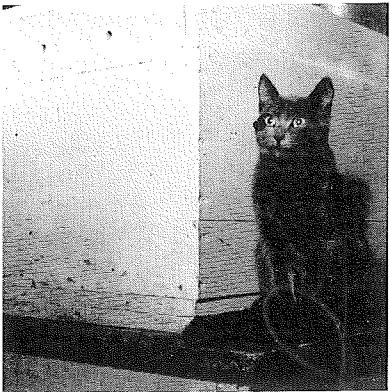
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