

January 1962

# BINNACLE

MONTEREY  
SAN DIEGO  
LONG BEACH

ACAPULCO, MEXICO

BUENAVENTURA, COLOMBIA

GALAPAGOS ISLANDS  
(ECUADOR)

CALLAO, PERU  
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Almighty Father, whose way is the sea and whose paths are in the great waters, whose command is over all and whose love never faileth: Let me be aware of Thy presence and obedient to Thy will. Keep me true to my best self, guarding me against dishonesty in purpose and in deed, and helping me so to live that I can stand unashamed and unafraid before my shipmates, my loved ones, and Thee. Protect those in whose love I live. Give me the will to do the work of a man and to accept my share of responsibilities with a strong heart and a cheerful mind. Make me considerate of those intrusted to my leadership and faithful to the duties my country has intrusted to me. Let my uniform remind me daily of the traditions of the service of which I am a part. If I am inclined to doubt, steady my faith; if I am tempted, make me strong to resist; if I should miss the mark, give me courage to try again. Guide me with the light of truth and keep before me the life of Him by whose example and help I trust to obtain the answer to my prayer, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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# ORGANIZATIONS

## PISTOL TEAM

The California Maritime Academy boasts a fine pistol team this year. The team is composed of members of the Gun Club and is now in its second year of varsity competition at CMA. At present, the active members of the club are Ron Stone, the team captain and club president; Rich Carter, vice-president; Tim Kirkby, sec.-treasurer; Manny Aschemeyer; Bob Goodrich; John Athanson; Jeff Quinn; John Freeman; Chris Short; and Roy Zimmerman.



In the past few months, the team has grown from a group of interested middies to a well functioning team capable of establishing the Academy as a forceful power in pistol shooting. With only two returning lettermen this year, the credit for this accomplishment goes to the team coach, Chief F.W. Sargent. The team competes in matches in the Bay Area, including monthly matches held on the Academy grounds.

The Academy pistol team won its first match Sunday, November 5, 1961, at Oakland, California. In addition to the



team's first place, individual firsts were won by Rich Carter 2/D, shooting a 267 to win in the pro-sharpshooter class, and Ron Stone 2/D, shooting a 260 to win in the pro-marksmen class. Besides the regional matches this trimester, the team has shot against the University of Wisconsin, Ohio State, and the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point. Wisconsin downed the middies by 40 points, Ohio State forfeited, and the middies came thru' to top the "anchor clunkers" of Kings Point by a close 4 points. This month, the team expects to compete in the U. S. Inter-Collegiate Pistol Championships. If the improvements and recent showings of the team are any indication of the potential available, the middies should place nationally.

Practices are held every Tuesday and Thursday at 1600 on the Academy range. Any midshipmen interested in learning how to shoot competitively and who would like to be a member of this fast-rising and enthusiastic team, contact M/s Stone 2/D, or attend the bi-weekly practices.



# ORGANIZATIONS

## SKIN DIVING CLUB



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Possibly unbeknown to many of you, the California Maritime Academy Skin Diving Club is now an active and recognized organization of Midshipmen divers. This club was formed by middies interested in diving and in promoting interest in the sport. At present, the club has about fifteen active members with more becoming interested all the time. The club is fortunate in having skin diving enthusiasts within the faculty including the sponsor, Mr. Beland, the new physical education director, Mr. Ross, and Mr. Dunn, the latest addition to the engineering faculty. Officers of the club are Tim Kirby, President; Bob Goodrich, Vice President; and Mike Hunsinger, Secretary-Treasurer. Other members of the club are Ron Stone, Jeff Salfen, Dale Krabbenbachmidt, Barry Paulsen, Tim Mealiffe, George Conrad, Fred Jones, and Bruce McNulty.

To date, the club has had one organized diving weekend trip. On the weekend of 14-15 October, a group of about eight divers went to Half Moon Bay. The trip was made in the Pegeen II belonging to M/s Krabbenbachmidt's family. Arrival at Half Moon Bay was around noon Saturday, and after a few minor details were taken care of (buying beer and waiting for the A.R. crew), a dive was organized. The water was not at all good for diving; visibility was close to zero, but during the slack water, it cleared up enough to enable some of the divers to gather some abalone. Saturday night was spent shooting the breeze and working on gear with almost all hands turning in early. On Sunday morning the divers combed the deeper water in search of better visibility, but to no avail. At noon, it was decided to call it a day and head back to San Francisco. Although the catch was

of fun.

With an eye on cruise this year, it can be assured that the club will be active during the winter months. According to all the "scoops" obtainable, the waters around the Galápagos Island are some of the best in the world for skin diving. The water is always warm and clear, and fish and lobster readily available. A diver with mask, fins, and spear should be able to obtain in a day more fish than he could possibly eat.

When the club is firmly instituted, it will affiliate with the Underwater Society of America and the Cen-Cal Council of Diving Clubs. Through these organizations, the C.M.A. Club will be able to enter diving tournaments.

Diving Club meetings are generally held every other Tuesday night at 2130 in the conference room. Any midshipmen interested in diving are urged to attend.



Ode to a Mariner and His Wife

Of all the women doubly blessed,  
The seaman's wife is the happiest.  
For all she does is stay at home,  
And knit and darn--and let 'im roam.

Of all the husbands on the Earth,  
The seaman has the finest berth.  
For in 'is cabin he can sit.

# ORGANIZATIONS

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# WHO'S WHO



*Superintendent*

Captain Henry E. Richter

Our beloved Superintendent, Captain Henry E. Richter, U.S.N. (Ret.), has pursued a very interesting and productive career in the service of our country and the Academy.

Captain Richter was born and reared in New York City. He attended public schools there, including Evander Childs High School, before entering the U.S. Naval Academy in 1920. Upon graduation from the Naval Academy in 1924, Captain Richter served on the U.S.S. Richmond and U.S.S. Hannibal. He later returned to the Naval Academy for a Post Graduate course in Mechanical Engineering. He also did graduate work at the University of California, Berkeley.

Captain Richter then returned to sea as the Engineering Officer on the U.S.S. Brooks, and later, he became Assistant Engineering Officer for the staff of Commander, Destroyer Squadron 5.

His next tour of shore duty took Captain Richter to Charleston, South Carolina, where he served as Machinery and Shop Superintendent at the Naval Shipyard. Afterwards, he returned to sea, where he served as Executive Officer of the U.S.S. Coyngham. Soon, he took his first command, the U.S.S. Roper.

At the outbreak of World War II, Captain Richter served his country at the U.S. Naval Mission at Colombia, South America. Shortly thereafter, he was named Commander, LST Flotilla, Pacific Fleet. After the war, he accepted a command at the Recruit Training Center at the Naval Training Center, San Diego, before commanding the U.S.S. St. Paul (his last sea duty) in 1949.

Ashore once again, Captain Richter led a busy life; he attended the Industrial College of the Armed Forces, served on the Joint Chiefs of Staff, taught at the Industrial College of the Armed Forces, and served as a consultant on the Hoover Commission. He retired in 1955 and, shortly thereafter, was named the Superintendent of the California Maritime Academy. He resides on Faculty Drive at the base with his wife. The Richters have one daughter and one son--both married--and are the proud grandparents of four grandchildren.



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## WHO'S WHO



M/s Terrence Michael Purdom 1/E

"Lucky Terry" was born on May 30, 1941, into an era of war and devastation. The memories of his early years on the face of this earth escape him; nevertheless, he managed to give the Binnacle something to print.

He can remember his happy, carefree days at Woodrow Wilson Elementary School where he attended kindergarten through the fifth grade. He then switched to St. Cornelius Parochial School to finish the sixth through eighth grades. By some quirk of amazing luck, he received a scholarship of \$100. to St. Mary's High School in Berkeley.

His four years there seemed to fly. He claims he never really knew what he was working towards while he was there. He did, however, fancy himself becoming a naval air cadet; he had always wanted to fly. When he was a baby, his folks used to tell him how he jabbered at an aircraft they couldn't even see yet (He's normal??).

Soooooo! He graduated from high school non cum laude and spent a year at St. Mary's College in Moraga. While at St. Mary's, he partook of a membership in the Fire Age (Youth of Ireland), more commonly known as

His studies were of the liberal arts variety--German, mathematics, philosophy, English 2A, advanced rhetoric, Greek literature, and other "useless" studies. At the same time, he played for the St. Mary's Rugby Club-- they lost almost every game, but drank their esprit de corps back to livelihood afterwards.

The year before he entered college, he caught a tanker from Los Angeles to Honolulu as a wiper. He also traveled to Vancouver island and Seattle on the same trip. He never knew at that time that he would be working for a Third's license at CMA. Everybody on board had always told him to go to "that school where you get learned proper." He remembered some old chief talking to him about CMA all the time; he never paid any heed to him, however.

After the first college year (exactly four hours after his last final exam) he had an unbelievable stroke of luck and hopped a tanker heading south for Tahiti, Samoa, and Makatea. "There's really nothing as good for a fellow as being on his own at sea and in foreign exotic places", Terry told the Binnacle. He had a wonderful time down there and found it very handy for his second trip to Tahiti aboard the Golden Bear. He rode the tanker up to Portland and caught an airplane back to San Francisco. The next day he entered CMA.

He has spent almost two and one-half years here now, and in the interim, he has met a very wonderful girl whom he plans to marry when he gets out of CMA and has a few dollars in his pocket.

That's really all there is to say. He has spent twenty years on this earth and has no gripes. He only hopes the human race

# WHO'S WHO



M/s William T. Ruff 2/D

William T. "Watertight" Ruff is class President again this year. He can usually be seen with the second class Vice-President, Gary A. Cramer (another 24-year-old failure), discussing various methods of recuperating from Commander Heron's physics tests, and scheming about how to get back to Tahiti.

"W.T." was born in Annapolis, Maryland, but was reared in California, attending high school in San Diego (St. Augustine's) and Vallejo (St. Vincent's). He then spent nearly five years in the Navy before coming to the California Maritime Academy.

Ruff's hobbies include water-skiing, record-collecting (progressive jazz mostly), and coffee-drinking. His ambitions are to stomp out Rock 'n Roll and to graduate from CMA; he then plans to ship Merchant Marine. He was influenced to follow the sea by his term served in the U.S. Navy. Attaining the rank of second class signalman, he also wants to emulate his father. His dad retired from the Navy in 1958 after serving his country for 37 years.



M/s Howard W. Rieschel 3/E

Howard W. Rieschel was born in San Francisco on April 3, 1940. Soon after the war broke out, he and his family moved to Mississippi, where his father was to attend an infantry officers' school. Afterwards, his father was transferred to Alaska; he and his mother returned to San Francisco.

Here, he attended the public schools, including Alamo Grammar School, Parkside Grammar School, Aptos Junior High and Lincoln High School. Graduating from Lincoln High School in the fall of 1957, he went on to attend City College of San Francisco.



In 1958, he joined the Naval Air Reserve and attended an eighty-five day boot camp during the following summer. Here he was a platoon leader. He graduated as an airman in the fall of 1959 in time to return to college. During the summer of 1960, he attended the Naval Electronic Fundamentals School at Memphis, Tennessee graduating 14th in his class. Soon afterwards, he started to fly as an aircrew man with the Naval Air Reserve Squadron, VS-876, at Alameda Naval Air Station. He then returned to City College, graduating with an Associate of Arts degree and a certificate of completion in Electrical Engineering Technology.

He started flying in Memphis this summer (where he received his private pilot's license) and has continued to fly here in the Bay Area. He was unanimously elected as third class President this trimester.

# Going Places

## THE S. S. CHESTER E. HARDING

Every midshipman at the Academy has, at one time or another, noticed a strange looking ship steam out of Mare Island Strait toward the Golden Bear, rise a few feet out of the water, then return to the Strait. This strange vessel, the Chester E. Harding, is one of four suction dredges operating on the West Coast under the Army Corps of Engineers. This dredge was the subject of a field trip for the second class deck midshipmen. The trip turned out to be extremely interesting. Dredging is an operation that is quite remote from the ordinary seaman's life.



The Harding is equipped with two suction hoses, one on each side of the ship, that operate on the same principle of a vacuum cleaner. These hoses are lowered to the bottom by a wire rope which falls to a maximum depth of sixty feet. A conglomeration of mud, slime, and garbage is sucked through the hoses to two large tanks, one forward and one aft. When full, the tanks are flushed out the same way a toilet operates.

Diesel power is used for propulsion and pumping, with all maneuvering controls located on the bridge. Also located on the bridge are the controls for the controllable pitch propellers;



The dredges operated by the Army Corps of Engineers are manned by Merchant Marine Officers under a civil service system. The officers and crew are paid union wages. The four-on, eight-off watch system is used. The personnel enjoy four days ashore every ten days water-borne.

Taking a position on one of these dredges is something all midshipmen should look into. It is not necessary to join a union and the work is steady.

## THIRD CLASS FIELD TRIP

On two consecutive Friday afternoons the third class Deckies and Engineers, accompanied by Lieutenants (jg) Eckenrod and Ekstrom, toured the Mare Island Submarine Training School.

The purpose of this school is to teach the principles of modern submarine warfare to newly commissioned, active, and reserve officers and to give refresher courses to the "old hands" of the sub service. To aid in this training, three rooms of the center have been equipped to simulate battle conditions. The first room, and certainly the most interesting, was the conning tower which housed the periscope and tracking gear. This is the "heart" of the boat from which all operations are directed. Adjacent to the conning tower is the information center where the

## Going Places

ning tower is the "feeder room"; it is here where the "battle" takes place. On a deck having the exact curvature of the earth's surface, scale model ships are maneuvered in various formations by remote control. In this room, any battle conditions can be produced by the use of a rheostat-controlled lighting system which can vary the amount of light and "visibility". The next stop was the building which housed the diving controls. From this station the simulated ballast tanks and diving planes could be operated. This was of special interest to several midshipmen who took the helm and put the sub through her diving paces. After this, the engineers viewed an ageless Victory at Sea movie which dramatized the history of the submarine and a movie which explained the inner workings of the boat. The trip was climaxed with a tour through a reserve World War II fleet-type submarine. Here, it was interesting to note the measures taken to protect the boat from the elements. Then, back to the motor launch, home again, and LIBERTY!

### THE U.S.S. O'BRIEN

On October 11, the entire second class embarked on Navy buses to visit Mare Island and the U.S.S. O'Brien, DD 715. As soon as the class was on board, the O'Brien cast off lines and headed down Mare Island Straits into the bay. Built in 1944, she saw action in the Pacific and received battle damage.

The O'Brien has recently served as flagship of the Destroyer Screen Commander in the Far East and in Hunter-killer Forces in the U.S. Pacific Fleet. The ship has just completed a seven-month overhaul and modernization (FRAM conversion program) and is now carrying the latest

in anti-submarine weapons.

As soon as the ship was underway, tour groups were formed, and several of the ship's officers took these groups around the ship. The tour included a demonstration of the new Variable Depth Sonar, VDS; this allows a surface ship to penetrate the thermal layer and detect submarines. Also demonstrated was one of the twin 5"38 caliber mounts, the Navy's most versatile weapon, as well as a firing of one of The U.S.S. O'Brien's eight torpedo tubes. When fully armed, she will carry the latest in acoustic and homing torpedoes. However, not on board as yet, is the new drone helicopter; nevertheless, it was possible to see her hangar and flight deck. The tour was completed with a look through the quarters, Combat-Information-Center, and the surface and air radar plotting room and the bridge.

A good many of the midshipmen went below to the engine and boiler rooms, although these were not included in the tour itinerary. This also proved to be interesting since it gave the midshipmen a chance to see how the Navy runs the "snipes". During the entire trip down the bay to the "Gate", interesting sights were called to our attention over the ship's pipe.

The O'Brien sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge and then did a high-speed turn to begin her journey back to Mare Island. An interesting ship sighted along the way was the Navy's new DLG, a guided missile destroyer undergoing trials in the Bay.

Coffee and sandwiches were provided by the ship's company, who were very willing to answer almost every question asked of them.

The second class wishes to thank the Naval Science Department and the men and officers of the O'Brien for allowing us to learn about the many things we are all studying.

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# Going Places

## THE ADMIRAL FARRAGUT REGATTA

The second Admiral Farragut Regatta was held at Mare Island on October 26-27-28. On Saturday, October 29, the inspection of the sea scout boats and their personnel was held. Midshipmen from CMA were asked by the Regatta Committee to volunteer to inspect the boats and personnel. A number of midshipmen volunteered for this worthwhile event and showed up bright and early Saturday morning to begin their "tour of duty." These midshipmen included first-classmen Skibbe, Noblitt, Schaumburg, and Felland; second-classmen Boyd, Maddox, Slattery, Dustman, Gray, Gully, and Donahue; and third-classmen Green, Caughey, and Cummings.

At the outset of the inspection, check off lists were provided for the inspectors, and the maximum number of points for each piece of equipment to be inspected were supplied. The inspector decided just how many points the particular item deserved. This decision was based upon the condition, operation, and placement of the apparatus. Since there were about thirty-five boats awaiting inspection, they were divided into three classes. Four groups of inspecting midshipmen were assigned to each class. These groups of midshipmen were to inspect the engineering, deck, bridge, radio and habitability spaces as separate teams. A cursory inspection was held for each class so that a basis for grading could be established.

The majority of engineering spaces aboard the sea scout boats showed good care and maintenance. However, in one situation, the inspector requested that the valve cover be removed from a malfunctioning diesel. Once the valve cover was re-

were covered with thick grease and grime that caused them to stick. This showed poor maintenance procedure and the boat lost points in this section of the inspection accordingly. On another occasion, during the bridge inspection, the inspector asked to see the boat's pelorus. The inspector then asked that the pelorus be mounted upon the compass. It would not fit in a satisfactory manner so that accurate readings could be taken with it. Consequently, this boat lost points in this part of the inspection.

The inspection of the deck spaces included safety devices, first-aid kits, general condition of all equipment, and the status of all surfaces of the boat. At one stage of the inspection, the inspector asked to see the ship's first-aid kit. A small tin of band-aids and a bottle of iodine were produced by the captain as their only first-aid supplies. The boat received a zero for this discrepancy. Only minor discrepancies were found in the radio and habitability section of the inspection. At 1130 hours, the events of the day were interrupted so that the inspecting midshipmen could be the guests of the Regatta Committee for dinner.

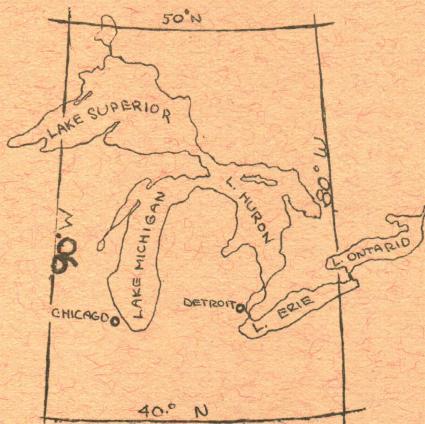
After eating dinner, the inspection continued until 1600 hours. The overall results of the inspection showed that all of the sea scout boats were in good condition.

The midshipmen were again the guests of the Regatta Committee at evening supper. Then, at 900 hours, all of the sea scouts were formed up in their inspection uniforms and were prepared for the final event of the day: the personnel inspection.

Upon completion of the personnel inspection, the inspectors and sea scouts retired to Rodman Center to attend the Regatta

# AMERICA'S FOURTH SEACOAST

by M/s Creasey 2/D



## A. HISTORY

In 1959, the St. Lawrence Seaway was completed. This, in effect, gave America a Fourth Seacoast rating in potential equal to, or above the other existing. Approximately 43% of the total U.S. manufacturing value and an equal percentage of agriculture production originates in the Great Lakes area; sixty-eight million people live and work in the Great Lakes water basin.

The movement of bulk cargoes over the Great Lakes is the cheapest transportation available. In past years, the majority of the trade had consisted of raw materials for industry. The basic items carried were iron ore, coal, limestone, cement, salt, sulphur, and cereal products. These items still comprise the majority of the tonnage on the Lakes; however, with the completion of the Seaway, more and more tonnage of finished products is destined for the markets of the world via the Great Lakes.

amount of shipping carried over our Fourth Seacoast, here are a few statistics. Day and night, for eight months of the year, a vessel passes the Coast Guard Station in Detroit every 19 minutes. In round figures, there are approximately 300 American vessels operated on the Lakes and 400 foreign vessels (most of which are Canadian). The cargo that these vessels carry annually can be broken down as follows: 87.5 million tons of iron ore; 51.5 million tons of coal; 27.5 million tons of limestone; 12.5 million tons of grain and 15 million tons of petroleum products. When considering the other commodities moved in smaller amounts, the annual total of shipping comes to more than 200 million net tons!

During the first year of the Seaway's operation, Cleveland boasted a 300% increase in export tonnage; Chicago's exports increased by 132%; and Toronto's by 100%. Similar increases in export tonnage have occurred in all the major ports of the Great Lakes. This serves to illustrate the potential of foreign commerce that can, and will, be carried over the Great Lakes.

## B. PLIGHT

In general, it can be seen that the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway will be highly beneficial to the economy of the Great Lakes area; however, it will be highly detrimental to the American Merchant Marine. The reason for this is one which we are familiar with: the low cost of building and operating a ship under a foreign flag. For example, previous to the opening of the Seaway, U.S. vessels carried 25% of the grain; on the Lakes and the Canadians moved 75%. During 1959, our ships carried 13% of the grain; the Canadians moved 60%; and other foreign grain moved 27% from ore

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## AMERICA'S FOURTH SEACOAST (Cont'd.)

was used because the trend towards foreign shipping is most obvious with this commodity.

Another aspect to be considered here is that U.S. vessels move the ore down the Lakes to the steel mills, and then return to the Lakes empty. As it is known, anytime a ship sails light, she loses money. The foreign operators have put one over on the U.S. shipowners. They haul iron into the Lakes from outside sources, and then sail out of the Lakes with a load of American grain. With this method, their bottoms are always full.

### C. PROGRESS

The Binnacle does not profess to be a source of economic prophecy; but, from what has been read, the Binnacle feels that the situation can, and will, be improved.

The first step towards improvement would be to keep U.S. ships' holds full both upbound and downbound on the Lakes. This would necessitate American ships (rather than foreign) transporting the raw materials to the industrial areas on the Lakes via the Seaway; in turn, these ships would carry on the transportation of finished products out of the Lakes to the marketing areas of the world. Since the Seaway has been completed, only two companies have started regular runs into and out of our Fourth Seacoast. These two are Grace Lines, Incorporated, and American Export Lines; both operate from the Lakes to the Caribbean and South America. Thus, it is obvious that better coverage is needed----especially to Europe, the biggest marketing region in the world.

A major complaint of American ship owners is the corporate tax structure. High taxes prevent our merchant marine from competing on the same level with

same lines, vessels operating on the Great Lakes are not subsidized by the government. This fact alone discourages American companies from establishing regular runs to Europe and prevents us from competing with even our own vessels sailing from the coastal areas.

The situation has become drastic enough that there has been talk of Congress's taking action to require that "a substantial portion of the water-borne export and import foreign commerce" across the Great Lakes be moved in U.S. vessels.

The Binnacle has tried to illustrate the potential of shipping that lies within our Fourth Seacoast and the plight of our merchant marine operations in that area. There is much needed improvement in this situation when looking at it from a professional standpoint; nevertheless, as the potential is developed and exploited, opportunities for people with maritime college training should increase greatly.



TO EACH HIS OWN...

Early in the fall trimester, Lt. R. T. Sommer announced that he would be leaving CMA just before cruise; his statement came as a shock to us all, yet we accepted his decision with smiling faces and sad hearts. Indeed, CMA is losing a fine man -- a man quite talented in his knowledge of the Maritime Industry and who is willing to help young men to attain positions in this fine profession. The Editors and Staff of the BINNACLE, on behalf of everyone at CMA, would like to offer our very best wishes to Lt. Sommer in his new calling. May the wind be at his back; may the roads rise up to meet him; and may the sun shine

# S.S. *La France*

by M/s FIONDA 2/D

The new flagship of the French Line, La France, is scheduled to make her trans-Atlantic debut February 8, 1962, with attendant fanfare. Weighing in at 68,000 gross tons (55,000 tons displacement) and measuring 1,035 ft. long and 110 ft. wide, La France cost more than 80,000,000 francs to build. Reputed to be the world's longest and most luxurious passenger liner, her length exceeds that of the Queen Elizabeth by 4 ft. For comparison, the Normandie measured 1,029 by 119 feet, was 83,423 gross and had a speed of 29 knots. The 8 boilers on the new ship will provide the same power -- 160,000 h.p. as the Normandie's 28 boilers. La France is designed to make 46 crossings per year, providing more accommodations than the Liberté and the doting Île de France combined.

Since the Normandie (the pride of the French Line and in the opinion of some savants, the most beautiful passenger liner of all time) was burned out in a fire in New York Harbor early in World War II, France has been without a majestic liner she could really call her own. The present flagship of the French Line, the 51,839-ton Liberté is the old Europa, which, before World War II, belonged to the North German Lloyd Line and was handed over to France as reparations in 1946.

Built by Chantiers de l'Atlantique, Saint Nazaire, La France was delivered to her owners, La Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, better known as the French Line, for her sea trials in the latter part of October. Early in February, La France will make a trip to the Canary Islands, followed by her maiden trans-Atlantic voyage to New York which should be made in

Intended to introduce new standards of comfort and luxury never before experienced at sea or ashore, she has eleven decks to gratify even the most pampered travelers. Along with the usual expectations of a liner, La France sports the largest cinema-theater afloat, seating 700 people. Other addenda include two swimming pools, numerous lounges, two cabarets, and a soda fountain; a color T.V. for all first-class cabins, midnight supper club, a 100-car garage... steam baths and even Finnish saunas.

Some of the liner's vital statistics are steam turbine engines with a quadruple screw to insure a maximum speed of 34 knots, two pairs of stabilizers, air conditioning, passenger accommodations for 2,044 in two classes with a crew of 1,000. Except for a wooden chopping block for meat in the kitchen, La France is made entirely of fireproof materials from the top of her two funnels to her keel-- a distance of 136 feet! Vive La France!



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# BOTTOM'S UP!

BY  
M/s KEITH 1/D  
and  
M/s YOUNG 1/D

On the morning of October 30th, a Monday morning, there may have been a few bewildered thoughts by people living across from and passing by C.M.A. The great white Golden Bear was nowhere in sight! Had she sunk? Was she a victim of piracy? Did she answer a call from the "Berlin crisis"? The unexciting answer to this enigma was that she was proceeding ingloriously under tow to San Francisco to have her bottom scraped and tail shafts pulled.

In previous years the Golden Bear went to drydock immediately preceding cruise, which is usually during the wet month of January. This wet weather is not conducive to the adhesion of bottom paint; thus resulting in a poor protective coating. Our provider, the Maritime Administration, decided that the bottom should be painted in dry weather. As a result of this decision, a part of the Corps had to withstand some inconvenience.

At 0400 that Monday morning, all first class deck midshipmen were politely reminded that they were to get up and take the Golden Bear to Bethlehem Shipyard in San Francisco. The tentative time of departure, 0500, arrived, but without the appearance of the required tugs. Departure was finally taken at 0600 with two Red Stack tugs providing propulsion.

During the four hour voyage to San Francisco, the first class midshipmen practiced their piloting skills making use of magnetic bearings and radar information. Power for the radar and lighting was provided by the emergency generator. A diversion for the middies during the trip was a climb down to the powerful

Immediately after the T.S.G.B. was in the floating drydock, the pumping operations commenced. Not more than one hour later the only water that was under the Bear was in the six inches of moss clinging to her hull. Her bottom had the appearance of an oyster bed hidden in grass. Also revealed by the drydocking was a port bilge keel bent upwards about five feet and a loose starboard bilge keel. The following work was done by the shipyard workers:

1. Upturned bilge keel burnt off.
2. The bottom scraped and painted.
3. Tail shafts pulled and inspected.
4. Garboard strakes thoroughly sandblasted;
5. All underwater fittings inspected.

All of this was done for the cost of approximately \$32,000, which was announced as being \$10,000 less than what the work would have cost in January.

On Thursday, November 2, the ship was refloated without any complications. Friday, a group of first class deck and engineer midshipmen went to San Francisco by bus to bring the Bear home. The return trip was faster since the ship's hull was relatively clean. At 1945 the ship was secure alongside with much manila and wire led through the chocks. Before the tugs departed, several of the midshipmen boarded for a trip back to San Francisco.

The drydocking of the training ship may seem to be a matter of routine; however the upper-class midshipmen can really appreciate an unfouled bottom after last year's slow Tahiti cruise. This year we won't waste any time getting to those enchanted Galapagos Islands.



# Success

The qualities that a young man must have to be a successful merchant marine officer are vast in number. California Maritime Academy recognizes ten such qualities as the most important: pride, loyalty, sincerity, responsibility, leadership, example, forethought, seamanship, and common sense. All ten of these qualities are necessary to become a successful maritime officer; consequently, it is rather difficult to isolate any one as being the most important quality. Because of their being closely related traits, pride and example have been made the first quality. Another is leadership and its related sub-topics: fairness, forethought, responsibility, common sense, and loyalty. Seamanship is the last quality expanded. By grouping these qualities as such and by expanding them briefly, the prospective maritime officer will be presented to the reader. Through a recognition of and retaining of these qualities, this officer is always successful in his field.

Pride and example are one within each other, for where there is pride, there is surely an example set. The individual desiring to become a successful officer must have pride--pride in himself, pride in his ship, and, most important, pride in developing the same pride in subordinates:--setting an example, in other words. It is up to the individual to make the example good or bad; California Maritime Academy states that the prospective officer should always set a good example. This is a logical suggestion that can create a very favorable impression for the individual carrying it out.

Leadership is much more than simply giving orders. A good leader---and officer---has forethought: he is capable of

fairness, for which there is no other standard interchangeable. He has responsibility and acts accordingly. A good leader has and uses, common sense, and for it there is no substitute..... Lastly, he maintains loyalty "up and down", in word and deed and towards God and country. If all these qualities are not possessed together, inherently, by the individual desiring to become a successful officer, then leadership cannot be present; hence, the individual will never become an officer, for an officer must be a leader.

Seamanship is, of course, important; a merchant marine officer who is not a seaman can hardly command respect. He must know "all the ropes" as well as "tricks of the trade". He must possess the experience of being one who had to take orders. A good, successful officer has sincerity in his work and knows not only what has to be done, but also how to do it, and how long it should take to do it. This makes him a real seaman.

It has been brought out, then, that to be truly successful as a merchant marine officer, an individual must possess ten qualities in three main divisions: 1) Pride and example; pride in himself, in his ship, and in the example he sets. 2) Leadership; he must display absolute fairness to subordinates, have the "gift" of forethought, live up to responsibility, have and use common sense, and maintain loyalty "up and down". 3) Seamanship; through his sincerity in his work, he maintains his ever-growing knowledge of seamanship and commands respect. All of these qualities must be possessed by the prospective merchant marine officer if he wants to be successful and be a "real" officer. As California Maritime

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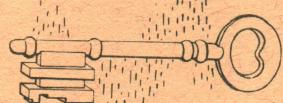
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SUCCESS . . . . . (Continued),  
the officer and the leader in  
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"FIRE!!"

Some very unusual happenings occurred at the Academy on Monday, 13 November. It seems as though a bridge workman or a passer-by in a car threw a burning object off the bridge. A fire was started by the object, and within minutes the fire had spread over about five acres, aided by 15 knot winds.

Academy personnel were called upon to assist in the suppression of the fire, since the fire front was moving across Academy grounds. The Vallejo Volunteer Fire Dept. arrived and went to work extinguishing the fire with Midshipman assistance. The fire was suppressed and mop up work began within a few minutes after the arrival of V.V.F.D.....another job will done by the Middies.

It just goes to show that what Jeff "Smokey" Salfen says is true. "Remember folks, only you can prevent forest fires."

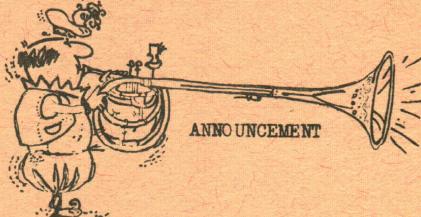


He-He Water

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

From the mountains near Vallejo  
From the shore of "Quiet Waters"  
Comes the jolly cry of laughter

(Anonymous)



To refresh your memory, here are some "scoops" on the Ring Dance. As previously mentioned, it will be at the Claremont Hotel in Oakland on May 5, 1962. Murray Petersen will be there (you know the band leader) from 2100 to 0100.

A prime-rib dinner with all the trimmings will be served at 2030. Look for future announcements concerning the complete menu. Bid prices will be lower this year, with the down-payment set at two-dollars and the total price at \$13.00. If you have the down-payment or the full price, contact M/s Creasey or Salfen. Since the modern trend is two-dollars down and the rest when you get caught; ask about easy budget terms for long-range investments.

This seems to be the season for things to think about. First, a date is in order (this gets you past the bouncer); second, never put off till tomorrow what you could have done yesterday; and third, if you don't have a date yet you should begin to look now because there is only five weeks between the time we get back from cruise until the Ring Dancer rolls around. THINK ABOUT IT ....



# an open letter

## YARNING

Gents, I want to talk to you about things around here. It seems to me that there is a lot going on that would be unheard of, if the meaning of one word was known and adhered to.

**That word is..SHIPMATE.** Webster's dictionary inadequately defines the word as "sailor on the same ship; fellow sailor". Well, he can be forgiven for his ignorance because he was a landsman, but there is no excuse for anyone here at the Academy to be unaware of its full meaning. We're all here because we are seamen, or because we have a fond desire to become seamen.

We should all be proud of our chosen profession, since it is one of the oldest and most respected societies in the world: those who have chosen to go down to the sea in ships. Believe it or not, Gents, the letter you got upon acceptance was indeed a signal honor. The California Maritime Academy produces some of the finest deck and engineering officers in the country and in the world.

We are following traditions that have been around for hundreds of years, or at least we should be. It is obvious that some of us are not. If any of you have ever read a story of ships and sailor-men, and I'm sure you have, you should understand what I'm trying to say. Shipmates have a very special bond between them. It is a closer bond than can be known by landsmen. Basically, this bond can be defined as mutual respect, stemming from traditions and pride, but it is much more than that. It is the closest bond that can exist between men.

Respect is probably the biggest factor of this bond and it stems from the close association of seamen - a condition not shared by their counterparts a-

tual respect exists. It is so obviously a necessity, that it is never even thought of -- it just is. It is not enforced (it couldn't be), but for the true seaman, enforcement is totally unnecessary.

Shipmates need never worry about having anything stolen, for instance. They know that if they need to borrow anything, all they have to do is ask. They also know that if one of their mates needs something, he will ask, not just take it.

This mutual respect goes much further than theft, though, it is an underlying element in every dealing a man has with his shipmates. Every man on board a vessel is a shipmate to all the others - from the Skipper right on down, and this respect works both ways - up and down. Seamen respect the mates and the Skipper for the time they have spent at sea and the knowledge they possess in things relating to the sea - especially that wondrous science, Navigation. I don't mean to slight engineers by referring to Navigation, either, but it is purely a nautical science, and one not taken up with landsmen. Engineers have a source of pride in the knowledge that few, if any, shore-side engineers could go aboard a ship and take over, whereas most marine engineers can handle about any shore-side plant.

Every sailorman, deck or engineer, should be proud; they have every right to be. They are a special breed. Their every day job entails more dangers and rigors than a landsman would ever dream of enduring; yet sailormen face these as routine occupational hazards that have accompanied the profession for centuries, secure in the knowledge that he and his shipmates can cope with any situation or emergency that might arise. It's

## YARNING

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YARNING ..... (continued)

"Honor - Duty - Tradition", have you ever seen that before? Sure you have. You may have been misinformed that it is the "Motto of the Messman" but don't you believe it. The clown that gave you all that bum dope just doesn't have guts enough to live up to that motto. Think about it, Gents; it's difficult to tell where one of the words in our motto leaves off and the others begin, but look at it this way. This is about the only field left that hasn't been taken over by women. I'm all for keeping it that way. I'm damn proud of my chosen profession. I want to keep alive all the traditions that have been passed down by seafaring men of old.

We've all attained a goal by gaining admittance to the Academy; Gents, don't lower your sights. Respect your shipmates; in so doing, you will gain respect. Fulfill your duties, that is the test of a man. Try to keep the age-old traditions alive; it was probably the glamor of these traditions that brought you here. If you don't think you can handle any of these small tasks - get out - for there is no place at sea for you. If it is your desire to remain, try to remember that everything you do makes an impression on those around you. If you've made good impressions, chances are that people around here will want you for their Shipmate.

Recently the Third Class had to write an essay on what the word **SHIPMATE** meant to them. I would like to commend those who know and understand the word.... Well done to: M/S Sherry 3/D, M/S Davison 3/D, M/S Lane 3/D, M/S Kuncl 3/D, M/S Piianaia 3/D, M/S Piorek 3/D, M/S Engemann 3/D, M/S Hogan 3/D, M/S Schutt 3/E, M/S Tarr 3/E, and M/S Zimmerman 3/E. I hope you men will live up to what you have put down on paper, and try to instill this meaning on all hands.

THANK YOU



The BINNACLE wishes to extend our deepest thanks and gratitude, on behalf of the Corps of Midshipmen, to Mr. Harry Ross, Mr. John Cunningham, and the entire Commissary Department for their main "feasts" presented to us on evenings before Thanksgiving and Christmas leave commenced. A job well done!

Flotsam and Jetsam

The best time for the stairs is held by a third classman. Speed --a mere 20 seconds.

Virtues are learned at Mother's knee--vices, at some other joint.

Survey by former third classman:

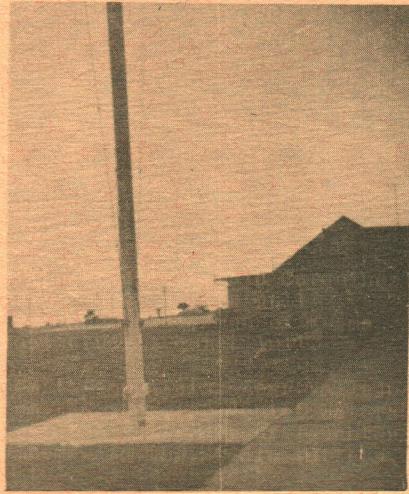
There are 4,584 bricks on the south side of the formation area in the Residence Hall. (We dare you).

For every evil under the sun,  
There is a remedy, or there is none.  
If there is one, try to find it.

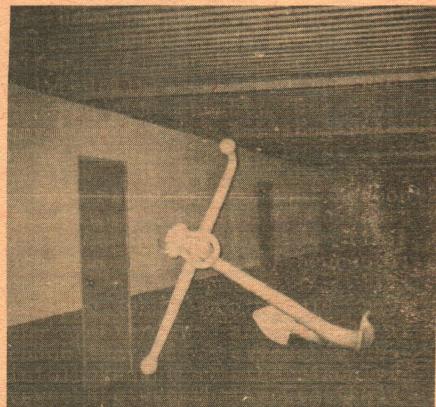
# THE ANCHOR SAGA

by M/s ASCHEMEYER 2/D

New traditions are constantly being born at CMA. On Hallow'-een a year ago, the class of 1963 instituted the saga of the "runaway anchor". Working under cover of darkness, forty members of the class moved the heavy stock anchor (3600 pounds) from the cement platform opposite the old classroom building to the center of the formation area. It lay dormant in its new resting place until last spring. This time, the team from the class of 1963 moved the anchor to the clearing opposite the residence hall road and nearly buried it. Then the fun began! M/S Savage 1/D, last year's battalion commander, informed the class of 1962 that the anchor would be returned to the grinder the following morning by members of their class, or all would have to make first call to formations. The anchor was returned that very afternoon. Having their pride somewhat hurt, the class of 1962 initiated a purge on the underclassmen for a week afterwards.



Peace and contentment reigned for the few weeks following the purge. Still desiring recognition, a few members of the class of 1963 painted the anchor a "passion pink" late one night. Following this escapade, the class of 1961 got into the act by painting black stripes and polka-dots all over the pink covering. This was too much; Commander Heron ordered the anchor painted flat white, then gloss white. In the interim M/s Savage 1/D posted an "anchor watch" for a week or so; as supposed, the third classmen made up this position. Everyone finally had enough of playing with the anchor, for it was left alone for the remainder of the third trimester.



The class of 1964 entered this August and, after hearing of last year's happenings, soon had plans for an anchor movement. Plans were not long in materializing; during the Labor Day Week-end, nine ambitious third classmen moved the anchor from the grinder to the arcade. Indeed, they brought to life the words of Samuel Johnson: "Great works are performed not by strength but by perseverance."

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The second class returned the anchor on the evening of September fourth. As last year, a purge followed; the third class ate "square" meals for a week. To add spice to this year's purge, "triangle" meals, "helical" meals, "Circular" meals, and various others were employed to those who considered the escapade humorous.

Unsatisfied with the results of the Labor Day movement, the third class---inspired by an elite group of first classmen still seeking revenge for their troubles of last year----planned a second movement. Catching the entire second class off base on a field trip, members of the class of 1964 moved the anchor to the corporation yard and made a vain attempt to hide it. Returning that evening, the second class vowed to let the anchor rest in its place, for foul play was evident.

Nevertheless, after a hide-and-seek game with the first class TV sets, the announcement that the second class would wear uniforms off on liberty, and still another decree declaring that the second class would march between classes (with worse to come), the class of 1963 submitted. The anchor was soon returned to the grinder via

Cochise's iron horse and the restrictions placed upon them were announced "canceled" by M/s Aspland 1/D shortly thereafter.

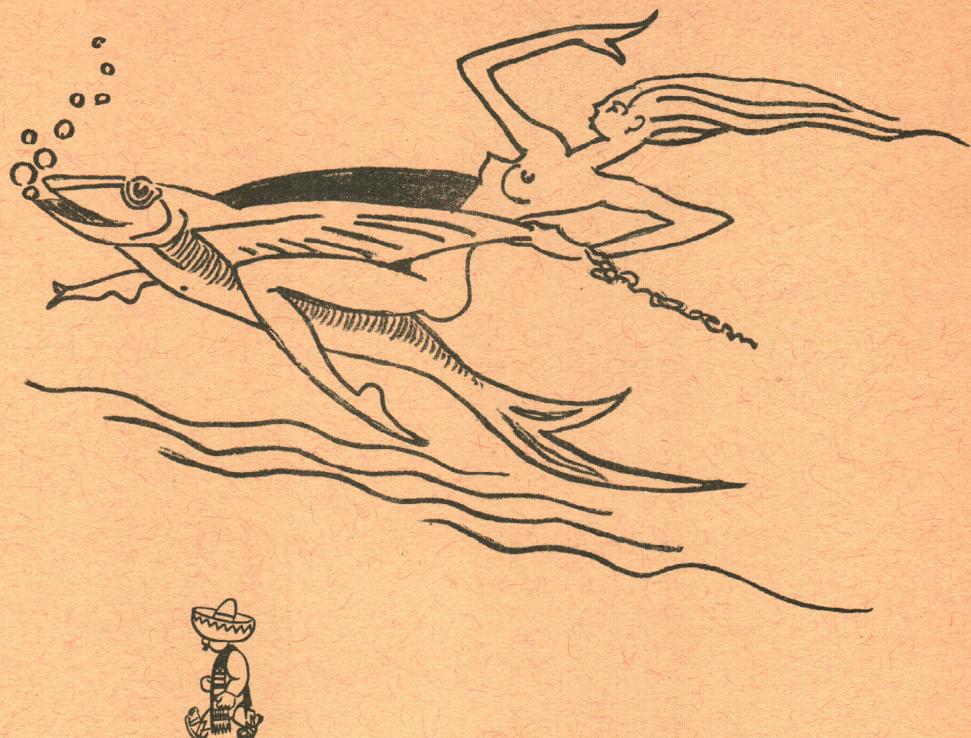
Most recently, the third class out did themselves by moving the "white beast of CMA" to the intersection of the residence hall road and Academy road. The second classmen's big argument against this movement was that it took place during final exams. Still in all, the second class returned the anchor to its position near the flag pole, and no purge took place due to the strict schedule of examinations. Perhaps later....



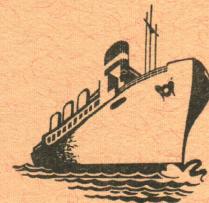
All is peaceful at CMA once again. When next will the great anchor take flight in the midst of darkness for another runaway escapade? To be sure, it will not rest permanently in its place. The anchor has become a symbol of challenge, fun, luck, and teamwork; more so, it has become a tradition. Each year, the entering class will recognize this tradition that has been uniquely created by the saga of the runaway anchor. Behold! The anchor moves!

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Navy has its goat,  
CMA has nothing, so  
The anchor we must tote!

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# Cruise



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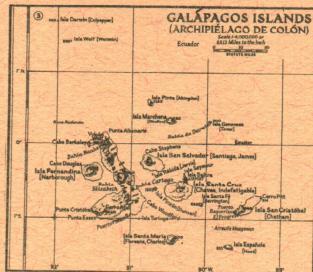
TRAINING SHIP GOLDEN BEAR

1962 Cruise Itinerary

<u>PORT</u>	<u>ARRIVAL</u>	<u>DEPARTURE</u>
San Francisco		16 January
Galápagos	28 January	5 February
Callao, Peru	9 February	13 February
Buenaventura, Colombia	19 February	23 February
Acapulco, Mexico	2 March	7 March
San Diego	13 March	17 March (0900)
Long Beach	17 March (1700)	21 March (0800)
Monterey	22 March (1000)	23 March (0001)
Vallejo	23 March (0900)	



# Galapagos



"In no world but a fallen one could such lands exist," wrote Herman Melville of the Equator-straddling archipelago. Known by such divergent descriptions as the "Isles of Enchantment" and "Hell-on-Earth," the Galápagos Islands have long been one of the few areas in the Western Hemisphere of which so little is known and so unappreciated. Cut by the Equator, they know not autumn, and they know not spring. While already reduced to the lees of fire, ruin itself can work little more upon them. Little but reptile life and avi-fauna is found; tortoises, lizards, frigate birds, boobies, flightless cormorants, flamingos, and that strangest anomaly of outlandish nature, the iguana. No voice, no howl, no cry is heard; the chief sound of life is a hiss.

Discovered in 1535 by the Bishop of Panama through a quirk of fate, the isolated group of islands lies about 600 miles due west of the Republic of Ecuador. Spanish navigators surnamed the Galápagos, "los Islas Encantados", (the Enchanted Isles) for capricious currents that seemed alternately to attract and repel ships, as if by magic. Though the appellation, enchanted, seems misapplied, the presence of the tortoise, from which is derived its second Spanish name, Galápagos, many mariners have long cherished a superstition, more appalling than grotesque. They

## *Islands*

ed sea-officers, more especially commandants and captains, when at death (and in some cases, before death) transformed into tortoises; thenceforth dwelling upon the hot aridities, sole solitary lords of Asphaltum. Of course, in our case, we do not believe in superstitions, but . . . .

Shifting winds and capricious currents, accompanied by hurricanes peculiar to the Dol-drums, can be expected as we near the equatorial islands. Curiously, the Galápagos Islands, though so close to the Equator, are washed by fairly cool seas. Unusual oceanographic conditions exist because of the famous Humboldt Current, which brings cold water from the Antarctic along the coast of Chile and Peru, then bears west at the Equator and heads towards the Galápagos Islands, after which it loses its identity in the ocean depths. Besides tempering the climate, this cool oceanic stream swarms with plankton and fish. Warm days and one-blanket nights can be anticipated.

Following our toast to King Neptune, we should raise the heights of Isabela, largest island of the chain. A clammy veil of fog hovers precariously over most of the islands in the early morning. High on the precipiced shore, looking like the dross of an iron furnace, one can read the white-painted names of yachts and vessels that have anchored there--Svaap, Zaca, Yankee, and many more. Togus Cove is usually the first landfall of almost every Pacific voyager, and according to Togus Cove tradition, he paints his ship's name on the encircling rocks. Adventurous tuna fleets also anchor under the desolate cliffs and above all the vessel's names, some temerarious tunaman facetiously had painted "Chicken of the Sea." Being tradition-minded Middies, the T.S.G.B. will undoubtedly make her presence known to all

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If we anchor in Post Office Bay, a visit to the wooden barrel that has served as a nautical mail box for more than 100 years should be contemplated. (Yes, there is such a thing as a mail buoy). Mariners deposit their letters in the barrel; the next passing vessel picks them up and posts them at their first port. Through the years, grateful seamen have refurbished the floating post office when necessary. Tradition obliges necessary repairs and repainting to be done to the buoy. Many seamen have tucked in letters and weighed anchor; two months later, they subsequently learned, their mail reached its stateside destination.

Much has been noted on the islands' biological curios. Of the fauna there, the tortoise (rapidly nearing extinction) is a prime example of antediluvian life. Pirates knew the islands intimately for they provided an ideal base for preying upon Spanish galleons plying between Peru and the Isthmus of Panama. They, and whaling skippers, lauded the succulent meat and the pureness of the oil of these behemoths. Best of all, these giants could hibernate in a ship's damp hold for more than a year, thusly providing meat in prime condition. This ideal stowaway was often found in the bilges by landlubbers years later---C.M.A. engineers take note. The tortoise, indeed a slow freight, has a top speed of a dazzling 360 yards an hour! He is almost oblivious to sound, with his sight slightly keener. The other interesting reptile is the marine iguana. Averaging about 3½ feet in length, this hideous, prehistoric-looking creature is completely harmless. Not to be confused with its land cousin, which can inflict serious bites, it is totally unafraid of humans. If you catch a sea-iguana, two jets of aqueous vapor will issue from its nose--this being only a pretense to anger. Here is a test of Darwin's theory on iguanas: toss an iguana into it will invariably decline back



to shore, precisely from where it once stood!!!

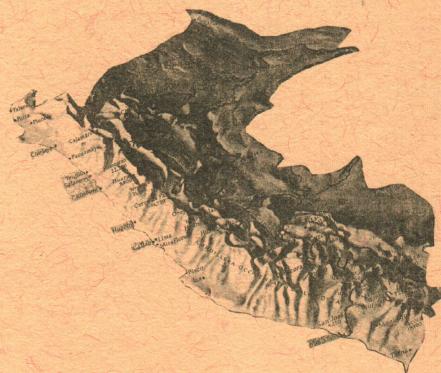
Of the avi-fauna to be seen are species of the great-blue heron (Commander), colorful frigate birds, a type of albatross, and rose-pink flamingos with their long legs flailing as they lumber across the shallows to gather speed for take-off. There are blue-faced boobies of which legend has it that its droll name was given to them by seamen because they would light on the decks of passing ships and allow themselves to be caught without trying to fly away. There is also the cormorant with such stunted appendages that, in mockery of the evolutionary process, they render the bird flightless. Typical Antarctic penguins, with their black and white delegation, as in a reception committee, usually come along side in their friendly inquisitive manner.

For the fruit lovers, there are "silgueños", a tiny, plum-sized fruit, cool and sweet as honey. Extreme care must be taken when plucking these fruits however, as the ubiquitous manzanillo bushes from which they bear, when wounded, drip a poisonous welt-raising milk on the skin. Tropical fruits such as oranges, bananas, melons, papayas, and avocados grow luxuriantly in the sheltered coves on the

CALAPATOS . . . . . (continued).

With eight days to while away, with due regards to the work to be performed there, a unique sojourn can be expected. If any Middies have been entertaining secret hopes as to the beauty and availability of the island girls, the first sight should convince you that there is so pitifully little of the former, that the latter isn't worth investigating. Besides, most of the men carry large business-like machettes. For the imbibers of that cooling liquid refreshment, so little is available that the phrase "B.Y. O.B." is an auspicious one.

These "encantadas" seem to instill a strange interlude in the wanderings of seamen. Their bleak gorges, blasted alternately by an equatorial sun and a chill Humboldt rain, seem to mimic the loneliness of the sea itself. And although new landfalls will displace the Galápagos in our thoughts, their bizarre pinnacles will be fixed in our memories for time to come.



*Lima,*

*Peru*

As the plumbline drops southward from San Francisco to Lima, unique sojourns can be anticipated at the several ports of call. Following the intermediate stopover at the Galápagos Islands, the Middies should be eagerly anticipating "dropping anchor" in Callao. With its finger-like breakwater protruding far into the bay, Callao should revive many dampened spirits, for much is to be seen and done in its environ. Callao, Peru's chief port of entry, lies on a quiet bay a scant eight miles from Lima. It is the historic bastion of the viceroyalty and scene of the glorious victory of May 2, 1866, against the Spanish. Today 65%

through Callao which boasts one of the best equipped harbors on the South American west coast with twelve general cargo berths. A modern dredge is used to maintain the harbor which silts up periodically. Perhaps the most scenic aspect of Callao is the demure island which lies just outside the harbor. Teeming with small pelican-like birds, called guavi, it is reputed to be quite a colorful subject for camera enthusiasts. The excrement, guano, of the birds whitens the coastal islands and provides millions of dollars' worth of agricultural fertilizer for Peru. Not much more of interest is to be found in the port itself, however, as

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squalid. The wonted waterfront bars and brothels can be expected, but is not recommended as Lima offers a finer quality of merchandise. Invariably, it will be cloudy and overcast, but little rainfall quenches the land, though it has a moderate, benign climate.

Only eight miles inland from Callao, Lima is easily reached by taxi, bus, train, or electric streetcars. The city lies at the foot of San Cristobal and occupies both banks of the Rio Rimac, then declines toward the sea. Once Spain's mightiest stronghold in the New World, dowered with viceregal pomp and churchly might, Lima remains, in spite of modernization, a city of fiestas, inflexible etiquette, and colonial aspect. An atmosphere of ancient events half remembered hangs over its plazas, its palm-shaded avenues, and its centuries-old churches, palaces, and mansions. Lima, a calypso among cities, lies just 12° south of the Equator where the Humboldt Current skims the tropical steam off the mercurial weather and tempers the air, propagating a gray overcast which keeps the city moist, but blessedly cool. The grandeur is a combination of majestic, crumbling, Spanish colonial, architecture and equally imposing white modern buildings. Lima is a city to explore and meander through, as every street beckons and promises delectation. A mere block from the bazaar-like bustle of Union St., where tourists (Middies) haggle over pottery, silver, and rugs is one of the treasures of old Lima, the Torre Tagle Palace on Ucaybli St.; a supreme example of the 17th and 18th century school of Spanish baroque, rococo style architecture called Churrigueresque.

Along almost any of Lima's imposingly-titled streets, one will find a dusty curio shop laden with its complement of Indian handicraft. At bargain prices, alpaca rugs, llama rugs,

carved gourds, slippers of llama fur for the little miss, and the precious furs of the vicuna can be purchased. The vicuna, a wild ruminant of the Andes related to the alpaca and llama, is valued for its lustrous undercoat. The llama, an Andean beast of burden, with the disdainful expression of a grand duchess, is apt to expectorate in the face of people for no reason whatsoever. Indians crave llama, especially in a dish called pachamanca which is smothered in banana fronds and cooked in the ground (much as the pig at the memorable Tahitian Feast) and served with sweet potatoes. An indispensable liquid accompaniment of the spicy cuisine is the fiery pisco, a sapid brandy, which is the soul of the revelries at which one dances and listens to music as gay as it is elegant: the marinera, the tondero, the meringue, and the samba.

Silver is a Peruvian specialty handed down from the Incas, who worked metal with finesse and tempered bronze granite cutters in a manner that is unknown today. In the cloistered shops around the corner from the Boliva Hotel, you must sift through the souvenirs and trinkets to unearth the better ones. Places recommended by the Binnacle are: Old Cuzco at 835 Jeron de la Union for oddities, antiques, and pendants; the Casa Welsch on the same street for silver goods; and Vascos at 697 Camana St. for handmade jewelry and uncut stones.

As the day wanes, stroll to the Presidential Palace where the guard, analogous to the protectors of Buckingham Palace, are a resplendent sight with their black horsehair plumes spewing out of silver helmets, and their black tunics adorned with gold buttons while they impeccably stand at attention. Inside the Palace, it appears immense, imposing, and almost oppressive as one gazes with awe at its arts and treasures. From a terrace one can view the

LIMA . . . . . (continued)  
Cathedral on Plaza de Armas. Here it was that Lima was founded on January 18, 1535, by the man who lies inside the church, Francisco Pizarro. In a catafalque with glass windows lay the withered ruins of the Conquistador, his head wired to his shoulders and a hole through his chest, visited upon him by his assassins, still visible.

In passing, it is worthwhile to note that Lima dines late, with the dinner hour no

earlier than 9:00 P.M., offering superb cuisine at moderate prices. For the lighter, gayer, and more titillating pleasures to be sought in the wee hours, floor shows are few, but . . . well, these are left to your own inquisitions, as is the quest for "les dames delectables" of which Lima coquettishly winks her eye. And then, there is always Buenaventura . . . .

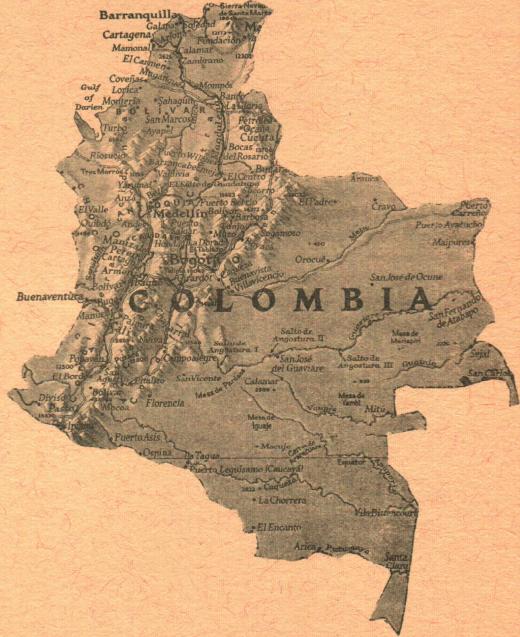


## Buenaventura, Colombia



### BUENAVENTURA

"Boredomventura," the metropolis of the coffee bean, lies in the heart of the Doldrums—a fitting vicinity for such a port. Construed from the Spanish, it imports "fortune" or "good luck" of which the Pinnacle offers much. The most interesting thing to do is to take a motor launch excursion up the Rio Agua Dulce to see the jungle. Averaging 350 inches of rain annually (it rains every day), this crossroads of "espresso" is the epitome of ennui. Perhaps recuperation after Lima will justify this anomalous layover.... Acapulco, beware!



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# Acapulco, Mexico



On the upward swing of the cruise itinerary of the Golden Bear, after a trying stay at Buenaventura, we should raise the heights of Acapulco, the Riviera of the Pacific. Nestled 'neath the brooding Sierra Madres, this south - of - the-border playland should quench the parched anxieties of the middies with the twinkling of her eyes. To be sure, this deluxe seaside resort will culminate this memorable cruise.

Deeply rooted in tradition, Acapulco dates back from pre-classic times, through the resplendent Aztec Empire, to its present, and equally as glorious, self. The name "Acapulco", stems from the Nahuatl patois, a bastard of the Aztec language. It signifies "in the place where the reeds were destroyed." The Spanish established the town in 1530 as a launching site for Cortes's proposed conquest of China. Being neither sedate nor sultry, Acapulco coquettishly lingers in the shadows of her Pacific zephyrs. Most of Pacific-coast Mexico can boast the same assets of tranquil breezes, broad, fine-sand beaches, and a sea of incredible turquoise blue. What distinguishes Acapulco from its counterparts is the contour

of its shores, its much indented peninsula, its rocks and islets, and its mountain backdrop. Deluxe hotels perched on cliffs, headlands, and promontories vie for the multitudes of North American tourists who swarm to this mecca during the winter months. To meet and sustain such waxing popularity, Acapulco constructed dozens of hostellries ranging from the luxurious down to the humble. Proportionate to the pocketbook ratio, the amount of gilt-edge trimmings desired will depend on the amount of "gaming" done in the previous ports of call. Few souvenirs can be expected at bargain prices as Acapulco looks with askance at barterers (midshipmen). During "the season", mid-December to late February, rates for everything are exorbitant. In the interim, or off-season, the rates dip, but only slightly. On the brighter and cheaper side, much is awaiting. The strands of each Acapulco beach are like gold satin, and the water temperature has never induced a human shiver. La Calista, its perfect crescent cleaved and dominated by an island castle, is the enticing morning beach, invariably crowded until one or two, but comparatively deserted thereafter. Los Hornos is the



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ACAPULCO . . . . . (continued)  
afternoon beach with its long-  
rolling, undulating waves caressing  
its shoreline. Revolcadero  
has the strongest surf; Pie de la Cuesta boasts the most glorious sunsets as well as a treacherous undertow that prohibits swimming there; and Cocoteros gloats over the fact that it owns the highest incidence of bikini-clad beauties. Sadly, the beaches have been assaulted by vendors of everything as are the more familiar ballpark bleachers.

For the sports enthusiasts, Acapulco vaunts such diversity that the novice, as well as the skilled, will find delectation in his endeavors. Fishing, deep-sea, bay, or fresh water, for sailfish, marlin, bonito, and barracuda is superb and reasonable along with other marine activities such as skin diving, water skiing, and sailing. Fron-ton, popularly known as "jai alai", the fastest game in the world, is a spectator sport which should not be missed. The stimulating and tingling Corrida (bullfight) in which Torero pits his skill against El Toro in the "hour of truth" is a must. Cock-fighting is also well-attended, probably because it is illegal. Glass-bottomed boats sail to Roquette Island intermittently observing marine flora and fauna while passing a scant twenty feet over the statue of the dark-skinned "Virgin of Guadalupe", protectress of fishermen, the world's only shrine installed underwater. Pelicans, solemn and sober, can be seen basking on the rocks offering a vivid contrast to the bustling humans.

For nightery (at last) look to the hotels for this "joie de vie." Showing nightly at the hotel El Mirador's La Perla is a spectacular floor show which has a stunning climax of native cliff divers soaring from the 136 foot-high top of the La Quebrada into a foaming ocean gorge with fiery torches. Analogous to this feat at the Ski Club, a water skier wearing a kite rig soars 200 feet

400 foot--a spectacular breath-taking feat. Few hotels can boast such features, along with underwater bar stools where you can soak and sip 'til your heart's content. For attire, the lightest clothes are worn (slacks, shirts without ties for dinner) . . . . for all other occasions, including christenings and wakes, wear bathing trunks or shorts (non-reg). "Litter flasks" are also brought to the beaches, the water apparently not being wet enough. The Copacabana offers dancing barefoot in the sand 'til dawn..cha, cha, cha. One of the newer hotels for nightery is Bum-Bum (Boom-Boom) on the beach where you can howl to the moon in the Cannibal Bar. The elegant El Presidente Hotel, where Acapulco's young crowd swings, serve a popular concoction aptly called Coco-Loco. Directions.....one topless half-filled green coconut (the other half is for the second round), fill shell with ice cubes add two jiggers of rum, gin, or tequila. Yes, two jiggers! Add four teaspoons of sugar, a spot of lemon juice, and a dash of bitters. Serve with two straws with a warning not to bump heads. An excellent accompaniment is Ceviclie--a delectable cuisine.



For honky-tonk, where hostesses outnumber guests and merchant seamen and señoritas do the bunny hug, the juke boxes at Pie de la Cuesta sing late.

With such diversity, little time is reserved for siestas. Reviewing your Spanish will prove to be invaluable, though not dire. This land of Mananas should culminate a resplendent memorable cruise of which many sublime moments can be had in

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## San Diego

San Diego offers the best in California beaches, golden sunshine, glamorous resorts, varied and colored flowers, palm trees, and year round warmth plus all the sports, music, theaters and arts one could desire. Then, just across the border, a foreign country beckons with a different language and culture, unusual sights and sounds, and activities to add spice and excitement to one's stay in San Diego-Land. Everything--from Mt. Palomar to Mexico, from the golden desert to ocean beaches--is within a two hour drive. This is perhaps the greatest variety offered by any area in the world!

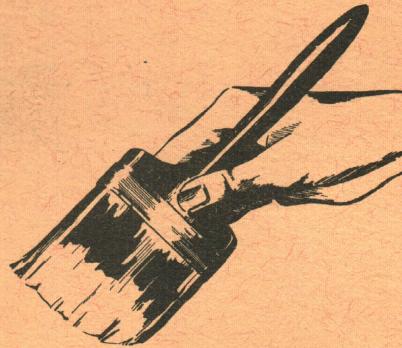


Old San Diego, the oldest community in the state, "where California began", presents historic adobe buildings and quaint restaurants and shops. On the hill behind San Diego, is Presidio Park and Serra Museum, the original site of the first mission and Spanish fort.

If you're looking for history and sights, San Diego is literally full of both. Old missions, the lasting influence of Spanish rule, such as San Diego de Alcala (the oldest in California), San Luis Rey ("most beautiful"), and Pala Mission (still used by the Indians) offer the best.

For those deeply interested in the Shakespearian Theater, The Globe Theater, an authentic reproduction of Shakespeare's 16th Century Globe Theater, presents modern plays during the winter.

Those who do not mind a little traveling should visit Tijuana, Mexico, only fifteen miles "south-of-the-border". No red tape and passports confuse the industrious middle wishing to enjoy the colorful shops, restaurants, and sights of Mexico. With its population of 150,000 preying off the tourists, three main vistas of fun are offered. Jai Alai (pron. "high lie"), a fast and exciting Basque game is played in Tijuana's million dollar hotel, Fronton Palace, on nights the year round. Oh, yes--there's mutual wagering. Another amusement-investment center is the famous Tijuana Caliente, where horses race by day and greyhounds (the canine variety) by night. Then, too, one must not forget the two bull rings which promote the national sport on Sunday afternoons in the spring, summer, and fall. Have fun!



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## Long Beach

Long Beach ("the nearest thing to heaven"), near Los Angeles, offers much in the way of recreation to the natives of the great white ship, T.S.G.B. The closest funland, Nu Pike, a mile long amusement park on the ocean front, is down on Pierpoint Landing. A little farther away is Disneyland in Anaheim where one may enjoy all of the adventures of Frontierland, Adventure Land, Fantasy Land, and Tomorrow Land with millions of kiddies. Knott's Berry Farm and Ghost Town presents a really good steakhouse and old-fashioned community. Marineland, Catalina Island, California Missions, and Santa Anita Race Track in Arcadia offer its own particular enjoyments.

Southeast of Long Beach is an unique residential community called Naples. Entirely surrounded by man made canals, the residents enjoy to the utmost sailing, swimming, boating, fishing, and other water sports. Signal Hill is nature's largest and most picturesque oil deposit in the world. Historically, it was an important factor in the development of Long Beach. Drilled in 1921, it began to produce in 1923, 188,522 barrels of oil a day. Here a drive offers a fabulous view day or night of the city.



### Deck Midshipman

A young man who knows a great deal about very little, and who goes along knowing more and more about less and less until finally he knows practically everything about nothing.

### Engineering Midshipman

A young man who knows very little about a great deal, and who goes along knowing less and less about more and more until finally he knows practically

## Monterey

Once again, after an elongated interim, the T.S.G.B. will call at "Old Monterey". This quaint sea coast town, blended with old and new, is indeed a scenic wonder. Timelessness is perhaps the key to the enchantment of the Monterey Peninsula. Here the age-old conflict between land and sea reaches an endless and dramatic climax in wild surf bounding against gray crags.

Here, gnarled Monterey cypress--found nowhere else in the world--cling tenaciously to crevices in the rocks, their trunks and branches twisted and soured by the elements. The aroma of pine forests blends with the salty tang of the ocean. Silver gray in the mist and incredibly blue in the sun, sky and waters stretch vastly to touch the horizon.

Monterey is rich in history, being California's capital for some seventy years under four flags--Spanish, Mexican, Californian, and American. Today you can meander along the "Path of History" through the old town--marked by a painted red line that guides you to forty main places of interest, each identified by a placard. Cannery Row, immortalized by Steinbeck, has become transformed during recent years into an avenue of delightful restaurants and shops. Places worth noting are Fisherman's Wharf, rivaling that of San Francisco; the famous Hearst Castle; scenic 17-Mile Drive; the seafarers village of Carmel, and the exquisite cuisine served at the many unexcelled restaurants. Though our stay is brief, Monterey's charm will be warmly felt.



### Instructor

A strange fellow who starts out knowing everything about everything, but who ends up knowing nothing about anything due to his continued association with deck and engineering mid-

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# Binnacle



# Bookshelf

"BOOKS ARE THE COMPASSES  
AND TELESCOPES AND SEXTANTS AND  
CHARTS WHICH OTHER MEN HAVE PRE-  
PARED TO HELP US NAVIGATE THE  
DANGEROUS SEA OF HUMAN LIFE."

(JESSE LEE BENNET)

## THE SILENT MENACE

On the Beach, by Nevil Shute,  
New York: The New American Li-  
brary, 1957, \$5.50, 250 pp.

By M/S ASCHMEYER

Nevil Shute is not with us today; he is gone, but his On the Beach remains. His novel is truly the most thrilling, shocking, and, above all, thought-provoking novel of today's troubled times. On the Beach should be read by everyone, for it presents to the world an urgent warning--a warning stating that the devastation of mankind by man is more than just an abstract possibility.

On the Beach is the story of the last survivors of a nuclear war. Just a group of common, everyday people, they live at the brink of death--death under the silent menace. This silent menace is lethal radio-activity in the very air they breathe. Each person faces this common fate in his own way. A young couple gallantly makes plans for its infant daughter's future; a pretty girl drinks too much and falls in love with a man she can never marry; a man wants to return to his family in a destroyed America; a brilliant scientist purchases a high-powered Ferrari and enters racing competition. Many novel actions take place in this hopeless community.

Somewhere in the midst of all this confusion, the reader finds himself quite alone and helpless in this wave of coming destruction. It is natural for a person to become a part of the book he is reading; seldom is it, however, that a book becomes a part of the reader. Such a

book is Shute's On the Beach. Shute, with his sheer imaginative brilliance, brings his idea off so realistically, that the reader cannot help but feel a notable, emotional experience. The people are real; the background is real; the circumstances are real; the time is real. These four qualities make the plot of On the Beach outstanding--and rightly so.

Shute's motive in writing this book is quite evident. Like many of us today, he felt the posing threat of atomic warfare. Although the many powerful nations promised to promote atomic energy to peaceful uses, he saw more nuclear bomb tests take place; he heard of new nuclear combat vessels; he read about the advent of atomic missiles. In his opinion, all these things "boiled down" to the fact that the world was headed for trouble. We may rest assured that his opinion would remain fixed if he were now living in our troubled world. Shute wanted to tell the everyday person about the threat of atomic warfare and its possible after-effects; but more important than that, he wanted his reader to live this tragedy. On the Beach does just that; looking at it from this viewpoint, it is a masterpiece, indeed.

As mentioned before, On the Beach becomes a part of the reader--a living part that reminds him often of the terror he "experienced on the beach" in Australia. This living part subconsciously will lead the reader to preserve and promote brotherhood and love for the world. Here, then, we finally come to Shute's goal--his ideal

THE SILENT MENACE.....(continued)  
behind his many hours of writing. Such is the way this powerful novel has affected many; such is the way it will affect every reader.

In this last of meeting places  
We grope together  
And avoid speech  
Gathered on this beach of the  
tumid river . . . .

This is the way the world ends  
This is the way the world ends  
This is the way the world ends  
Not with a bang but a whimper

T. S. ELIOT



TWINS THE PALISADES

Andersonville, by Mac Kinlay Kantor, New York: The World Publishing Company, 1955, \$5.00  
767 pp.

By M/S FIONDA

For an historical novel, Andersonville, by MacKinlay Kantor, is remarkably economical in construction. This dramatic unity gives the book the concentrated "power and fire" that make an engrossing and memorable story. Kantor, solidly basing his narrative on fact, has created several consummate portraits of characters in anguish. Although Andersonville is often hideous, it has the commanding stature of one of the great books to stem from the Civil War.

Andersonville was a Southern prison camp--twenty festering acres, hacked out of the Georgia wilderness. Over fifty thousand Federal troops were confined in it during the last fourteen months of the war. There was little shelter, no sanitation, and very little food. Thousands died; that many survived attests to their amaz-

the story of this prison and its inhabitants. Most of the officials of the camp and several of the prisoners are drawn from history, while the neighboring families are fictional. Henry Wirz, the vindictive, painracked commander of the stockade; John Winder, who hated and wanted to kill the Yankees; the dregs of the Confederate army, guarding the prison; and the gangster Willie Collins and his raiders--these were the brute forces that worked for death. Opposed to them were Harrell Elking, a prison surgeon; Ira Claffey, a humanitarian planter; and Cato Dillard, a kindly parson. Lucy Claffey provides a fragile romantic interest.

The author's use of setting is reminiscent of Thomas Hardy's. Environment does not quite assume the proportions of an adamant fate overwhelming the characters as it does in The Return of the Native, yet it is a malevolent force actively working against the captives. The sun, the rain, the stench, and the palpable confinement are not invincible, but they are pitiless. Andersonville approaches the Greek unities of time and place. The story takes place almost entirely within, or in the immediate vicinity of, the stockade during a period of little more than a year.

Kantor's writing, though compact and graphic, is fluid. His omission of quotation marks and frequent use of the one-line paragraph and the broken thought for emphasis are mechanical devices to heighten this effect. His words achieve their greatest eloquence when he writes of simple things. Almost poetic are the passages in the last chapter describing the harvest season before the war and some of the earlier scenes relating to the beauty of nature. There are, however, some disconcerting inconsistencies in the book. For instance, the words of Seneca MacBean describing his

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he'd been given command of all  
the armies of the United States.  
Man by the name of Grant." This  
is an extremely trite and arti-  
ficial use of the surprise end-  
ing. Fortunately, such lapses  
are infrequent.

The theme of Andersonville,  
as in almost any war novel, may  
be interpreted as a denunciation  
of the horror and futility of  
conflict. But Andersonville is  
more than that. It is the study  
of the effects of crisis on men.  
In this, lies the primary appeal  
of the book. We are universally  
fascinated by the reasons why  
the same experience will make  
one man heroic, another craven,  
another brutal.

Andersonville is a grim, of-  
ten sordid book; yet though  
there is the expected quota of  
sex, sadism, and ghastly detail,  
the novel achieves its brooding  
horror from genuine tragedy. The  
killing of the gracious and res-  
olute Nathan Dreyfoos by Floral  
Tebbs, bedraggled in body and  
spirit, is such a futile waste  
that the reader is appalled.  
The author also makes liberal  
use of a macabre irony. Judah  
Hansom, who loved open spaces  
and freedom, was smothered to  
death in a tunnel cave-in.  
Willie Collins bragged that he  
would have to be hanged twice;  
on the vigilantes' gallows his  
ponderous bulk broke the rope,  
and, only half-killed, he was  
dangled a second time.

The war and the stockade  
were common experiences for  
everyone in the novel, and the  
portrayal of their effect on the  
minds and souls of the character  
gives Andersonville its elemen-  
tal power. Kantor has a gift  
for quickly and minutely de-  
lineating the background, mo-  
tives, and aspirations of the  
prisoners. On these largely  
rest their chances of survival.  
Although the author's imagina-  
tion occasionally runs too free-  
ly and the motives of some char-  
acters are rather strained, his  
figures are lusty and vital.  
An exception is Harrell Elkins,  
who is a rather pallid, feature-

less symbol of mercy.

The greatest contrast in the  
book is between Ira Claffey and  
Henry Wirz. The stockade draws  
out and magnifies the good or  
evil inherent in their natures.  
Wirz's suffering from his shat-  
tered arm and a persecution com-  
plex viciously turn him against  
the prisoners. Yet, he is es-  
sentially a pitiable figure. He  
lived in constant fear of the  
troops in the palisade as in his  
childhood he had feared the  
bears in a cage. His infantile  
mind could not comprehend suf-  
fering; when his arm hurt, he  
struck out blindly against the  
prisoners. Claffey also had  
felt agony. His three sons had  
been killed in the war, and his  
wife had been driven to insanity  
and death---a madness patterned  
rather closely after Ophelia's.  
He was tempered by his anguish  
and recognized maturely that  
hurting others could not lessen  
his pain. Instead, he did what  
he could to ameliorate condi-  
tions in the prison.

Through dramatic handling of  
setting, a universal theme, a  
faultless use of controlled  
savagery, and an analytic and  
perceptive portrayal of charac-  
ter, MacKinlay Kantor has pro-  
duced a haunting book of great  
impact. Its grim adherence to  
fact makes Andersonville even  
more terrifying. It is a tale  
that cannot be easily forgotten.



THE BEST READINGS FROM  
THE Binnacle Bookshelf

1. Citizen Hearst by W.A. Swan-  
berg
2. The Agony and Ecstasy by  
Irving Stone

holds for them and their loved ones all that is good and prosperous. Academy had a most joyous and blessed Christmas and that the New Year and every midshipman, officer, and employee at the California Maritime the Editors and Staff of the Binnacle sincerely hope that each

LATE, BUT....

think about it....

gether, such as this issue was, what could 50% or 60% of the corps do? Now, if less than 25% of the corps can help to put a paper to-

Light...and Good!

the corps. Truly, they have shown to us that many hands can make work hard work, only a fraction of this paper could have been presented to make this edition of the Binnacle possible. Were it not for their we pause now to salute those men who sacrificed their time to the hard work put into it, and this issue is tangible proof of this. The Binnacle is YOUR paper; its quality is directly proportional to helped create this issue were, indeed, the cause of its fine quality. of the finest the Academy has seen in some time. The many hands that this issue of the Binnacle--if we may say so--is certainly one

also; we are determined!

ture, we of the Binnacle feel that this "stone wall" can be hurdled through our messenger budget still presents itself as a threat to the Binnacle message to accomplish this (notice the staff page). Al- midshipman can be the hardest "stone wall" to hurdle; nevertheless, lack of student support. In the latter category, a distinct release budget which may affect later publication; and, at first, a total has been a complete change of Binnacle, a misconception of the within this trimester, this paper has faced many "stone walls"; there

"My captain,  
"The time ha  
"My last fix  
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"What course  
"One seven  
"Come left  
The helmsman

The plot wa  
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The captain

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Don't trust

WHERE ARE YOU?

"My captain, oh my captain," the navigator said,  
"The time has come to change our course, to clear the shoal ahead."  
"My last fix shows that we are here; we're doing fifteen knots,  
We've half a mile of water, before we hit the rocks."

"What course is good, oh pilot mine," the captain then replied,  
"One seven two should put us clear," the navigator cried.  
"Come left with standard rudder, new course one seven two."  
The helmsman put her over, and the ship began to slew.

The plot was good and all looked clear, when crunch and grind of hull  
Made faces blanch and whistles blow; then came the deathly lull.  
That half a mile was all used up, the plot took two five oh,  
The captain's query took some more, there wasn't much to go.

Advance took all the rest, and showed they weren't on guard.  
For with a thousand yards to go, they missed by half a yard.  
The moral of this little ode is plain for all to see,  
Don't trust a plot as "where you are," it's where you used to be.



THE FALL GUY

If the ship begins to roll, call the mate.  
If the cook runs out of coal, call the mate.  
If the old man goes to bed;  
If you see a squall ahead;  
If you need the sounding lead, call the mate.  
If your running lights are out, call the mate.  
If your latitude's in doubt, call the mate.  
If the winds begin to growl;  
If the sailors start to howl;  
If the whistle string gets afowl, call the mate.  
If you want to drop the hook, call the mate.  
If you're looking for the cook, call the mate.  
If you run a light abeam;  
If the chief can't give you steam;  
If the mess boy has no cream, call the mate.  
If you need the crew on deck, call the mate.  
If the gangplank is a wreck, call the mate.  
If the Captain's on the blink;  
If a load falls in the drink;  
If you don't have time to think, call the mate.  
Yes, that's who the fall guy is, it's the mate.  
All the petty griefs are his, ask the mate.  
And at that, the poor old bird,  
Never get's a pleasant word.  
Thank the Lord, I'm just the Third, not the mate.

-courtesy LCDR Taylor-

FROM M/s \_\_\_\_\_  
CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY  
VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA



What is a Midshipman?

A Midshipman is a guy who is worked too hard, gets too little sleep, takes verbal abuse no civilian would tolerate, never seems to get paid, seldom gets a jump ahead of the system, rarely has a spare moment, is often asked the impossible--yet he stubbornly refuses to give up. You may wonder why this fellow is willing to stand watch 'till he's dead tired, to serve extra duty for numerous petty offenses, to lose the precious little liberty he rates, to sacrifice the many privileges most people take for granted. It's not because he likes it, he doesn't; it goes much deeper than that. This fellow is looking ahead. He has weighed the possibilities and sees, somewhere beyond the horizon, much to be gained. What he often doesn't realize is that he's learning things many fail to assimilate in a lifetime. He's learning to forget the words "impossible" and "discourage", to face a job squarely regardless of its difficulties, and, most of all, to combine knowledge and ambition with common sense.

-Anamuensis-