



THE BINNACLE

Vol. II, No. 3

CARQUINEZ STRAITS

March, 1944

GOLDEN STATE UNDER WAY

SUPERINTENDENT SPEAKS TO VALLEJO BUSINESSMEN

Recently Captain Mayo, accompanied by four members of the midshipmen corps, was entertained at lunch at the Casa de Vallejo Hotel as the guest of the Rotary Club of Vallejo. At this weekly meeting of Vallejo businessmen, Captain Mayo, as a new member and guest speaker, delivered an address or more properly an informal talk to the assembled members, all of whom are interested in the Academy directly or indirectly. The talk was in reality a word picture of the Academy.

Captain Mayo explained that the present buildings at the base are temporary and that we have on hand at this time \$775,000 for construction purposes, with a proposed program of close to \$2,000,000. It is hoped that the permanent construction work can be commenced in the early Fall. First in line for construction are the recreational facilities, parade grounds, officers' homes, engineering building, and other essential structures.

The Superintendent then went into the manner in which the midshipmen are selected, pointing out that forty are chosen for admittance into the Academy from upwards of a thousand applicants, of which five hundred are weeded out before taking the competitive examination for entrance. There are 132 men in the midshipmen corps at present and graduations are held semi-annually, at which time the men immediately take over their responsibilities as third officers or third assistant engineers.

Both Captain Mayo and the four midshipmen were graciously entertained by the members of the Rotary Club. Mr. C. Ferry Hatch as Chairman introduced the Superintendent, and he in turn presented Midshipmen Walter Bernhardt, Donald Tedsen, Fred Simpson, and Ed Gruhler to the members.

LT. (JG) BELLAMY ON ACTIVE DUTY

Lt. (j.g.) William B. Bellamy, First Assistant Engineer of the "Golden State" and Engineering instructor of the California Maritime Academy was called into active duty with the Navy last month, leaving the Academy on February 18. Mr. Bellamy graduated from the Academy in 1938, and returned in 1941 as a member of our officer personnel, in which capacity he has remained to the present when he was called to active service in the U. S. Navy.

As an expression of their best wishes and gratitude, the first class engineers presented Mr. Bellamy with a fine jewelry set before his departure. We are sure that "Bill" will not soon be forgotten in the ward room or in the barracks at the Academy, while thoughts of his "purges" and sense of humor are still left in our memories.

In losing Mr. Bellamy the Academy has gained Lt. George E. Brackett, EM, USNR, who has relieved Dr. R. C. Dwyer, Dean of Education, as Chief Engineer of the Training Ship and head of the Engineering Department. Mr. Brackett is adequately experienced in marine engineering, having spent twenty-nine years at sea, the latter two of which he spent on active duty with the Navy. Mr. Erickson replaces Mr. Bellamy as First Assistant Engineering Officer.

CRUISE BEGINS

Once again the GOLDEN STATE is plowing as well as plying the innocent waters of San Francisco Bay. Her decks lined with eager young midshipmen, the training ship makes quite a spectacle as she navigates North and South Bay. Yes, the time when the T.S.G.S. gets out for a little exercise is here again. The third classmen are familiarizing themselves with the peculiarities and favorite haunts of their transplanted home, as well as gaining the experience of being underway and participating in the cruising. The first and second classes, having spent the past few months ashore and away from their rolling home for the first time, are renewing their acquaintance with the GOLDEN STATE with added enthusiasm.

The cruise was officially underway Tuesday morning, March 14, and the auspicious occasion was marked by the graceful exit of the "Great Grey Ghost" from her dock out to parts unknown (until we anchored). The transition from the base back to the ship began the week preceding that memorable Tuesday morning, and the change is scheduled to be a permanent one until the cruise period is terminated. The beginning of the cruise period also brought an end to the first half of our academic semester; "mid-term" examinations were coming thick and fast at the end of the concluding week of classes. After such a tremendous strain, an opportunity to get a little diversion was very welcome.

Chances of the GOLDEN STATE going out of the Gate appear to be poor once more, due to wartime restrictions; the risk incurred by the Academy's mass exodus into the Pacific is probably unreasonably excessive to justify such a move. The process of milling about the well decks, pestering the officers on the ridge, haunting the lower holds involves a complete conversion from shore life to sea life, and so it looks like we have definitely left our beachcombing days for a seafaring life once again.

DEPARTURE OF LT. COMDR. SEVERIN

The Officers and Midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy were very surprised and saddened by the news on March 7 that Lt. Comdr. Hugh Severin had received orders to report to Washington, D. C., by March 27, for temporary duty pending further orders. Mr. Severin leaves Lt. John F. Summerill as acting Commandant of Midshipmen in his stead.

The loss suffered by the Academy in losing Mr. Severin is very great indeed. He has been at the Academy since October, 1941, becoming Executive Officer and Commandant of Midshipmen (the latter position being inaugurated at the Academy's new site and permanent home).

In a parting gesture the corps of midshipmen presented Lt. Comdr. Severin with a fine gift order before his departure to Washington. We sincerely regret to see Mr. Severin leave, as his part in bringing the Academy's status to its present stature is incalculable.

THE BINNACLE WATCH

Monthly Publication by the Midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy

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BINNACLE LIGHT

Out in Golden Gate Park hidden away in an old wooden shed lies San Francisco's most famous ship, rotting peacefully away. Maybe she could be called California's most famous ship, even though the average ship-lover may never have heard of her. Her name is GJOA.

Many years ago the poem "Old Ironsides" by Oliver Wendell Holmes was widely read by Americans. It awoke and resurrected American pride in the Navy's most beloved battle-wagon, long since out of service but half-way preserved because of her gallant performances in the Tripolitan War of 1803-04 and the War of 1812. Donations from school children all over the country provided funds for the rebuilding of the old CONSTITUTION and today she lies in state in the Boston Navy Yard, a Naval Shrine. Nor is OLD IRONSIDES the only old warship afloat. The CONSTELLATION, another U. S. vessel; HMS VICTORY, Lord Nelson's flagship; HMS WORCESTER, HMS CONWAY and others are afloat as memorials and training ships.

San Diego's STAR OF INDIA, an iron ship of later date offers the sightseer an air of bygone days, with her stained-glass poop skylight and ancient gear. Yes, San Diego has her own old ship, and San Francisco's, the gift of a world-famous explorer, lies rotting away.

In 1904-06 Roald Amundsen, a Norwegian explorer with a half dozen men sailed the famous Northwest Passage, around the world and appeared off the Golden Gate at the end of the two-year voyage. Their little ship, GJOA, was a 65' cutter, almost too small for such a trip. Amundsen was welcomed in San Francisco by everyone. As a result of his warm reception he made a gift of his little ship to the City of San Francisco to keep as a memento of the world-girdling voyage. The ship was beached just below the Cliff House and placed in her final resting place, only a hundred yards from the curling breakers of the Pacific.

For many years she lay exposed to all kinds of weather. Her topsides began to rot and the single mast began to dry out and crack. Mr. Walter MacArthur, the Shipping Commissioner of San Francisco, knew that she needed repairs and promoted a drive among shipping men of the Port to restore her. However, the deal fell through, due more to lack of interest than anything, and GJOA continued to decay. Then someone cut the mast off, and built a shed over her.

Today a rickety spike fence, leaning at crazy angles in the mud surrounds a bare board house in which lies Amundsen's GJOA. Is it worth any consideration at all? Modest Roald Amundsen would probably not say anything if he could see his old ship today, but you can bet he would feel bitter toward the powers that be who have no feeling for her past and his thoughtful gift.

One Thursday evening, early in February, CMA representatives shuffled their way through a crowded street in Vallejo and bought \$11,450 worth of baseballs and bats. The occasion was a bond auction going full blast in the 4th War Loan Drive. It seems the Maritime Commission set a quota for the Academy to reach in the 4th War Loan Drive, so within two days the quota was reached. Roughly \$2,000 more cinched it, and all concerned waxed a smile of content, not without a little surprise, too! Mentioning no names, there were parties who expended the usual amount of drive in excess and did more than their share. Whether a quota had been set or not by the MC, the "Marine University's" extra pushes would have put us over the top.

The baseballs and bats? That's what we did the bidding for. Now all we have to do is line the field up.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

311 California St., San Francisco

San Francisco is the home office of the American President Lines, owners and operators of the well-known cargo-passenger ships named after American presidents. In 1938 the Maritime Commission acquired majority control of the stock of the Dollar Line; shortly afterward the name of the company was changed to American President Lines, Ltd. The Dollar family retained its ownership of the Dollar buildings in San Francisco and Shanghai, and a minority interest in the stock of the American President Lines, Ltd.

In the normal pre-war period, the President ships were operated on three separate runs. One was the round-the-world cruise beginning at Boston, going from there to New York, Panama, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Honolulu, Japan, China, Singapore, Penang, across the Indian Ocean, through the Suez Canal to Genoa, Naples, across the Mediterranean to Marseilles and on across the Atlantic to New York. Another was the Straits-Atlantic run between Boston, New York, Panama, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Honolulu, Manila, Singapore and Penang. The third was the trans-Pacific run from ports in California to Japan, China and the Philippines and return.

Operating what was called a "package trade" instead of carrying the more general bulk dry-cargo, the cargo passenger liners had established a reliable schedule with a dependable service. Their cargoes usually consisted of tung-oil, tin, rubber, California cotton and so on.

Before the war there were 11-15 ships operated in the cargo-passenger trade. The ships were all combination cargo-passenger vessels, although four of them were operated solely as cargo ships. Actually there were 17 ships comprising the fleet. PRESIDENTS CLEVELAND, PIERCE and TAFT were all 535 feet long registering 12,500 gross tons capable of making 18 knots. Other units of the fleet were the PRESIDENTS HOOVER, COOLIDGE, POLK and MONROE. The COOLIDGE, it will be remembered, was sunk by a mine in the South Pacific while transporting troops in the earlier days of the war. The first-mentioned of these four, the HOOVER, hit a coral reef off Formosa in December, 1937. The PRESIDENT MADISON, later became flagship of the Philippine Mail Line and was lost when she ran aground at Tanega Shima, a small island south of Kyushu.

The PRESIDENT POLK and PRESIDENT MONROE were rated C3P ships—"C3's" carrying passengers. The fleet was temporarily swollen by the addition of five ships but the toll of war has decimated the fleet, and there are only a few of the originals left now.

The ships were immediately requisitioned by the government for use as troop transports at the outbreak of war. However, the American President Lines are agents for the government of their own vessels. A number of other cargo ships were placed at the disposal of the President Lines by the Maritime Commission for war-time operation.

When the war is over the American President Lines will get back on schedule as before with new ships and reliable service as before.

AS WE WATCH OUR GROWTH

Many years ago the Romans learned that good roads meant the success of building a national state. We have joined the base and the ship with a fine road so that travel between the two is swift and possible even during inclement weather. In conjunction with the building of the road, a parking area for the Midshipmen's cars was also provided.

Morrow Cove no longer exists since it has been completely filled in. Befitting the new geographic condition, the name of the home of the California Maritime Academy has been changed to Carquinez Straits. Carquinez Straits will soon be distinguished from Morrow Cove by its green slopes extending to the water. Many Midshipman volunteers became "tillers of the soil" and sowed pounds of clover over the hillside.

The Midshipman Corps is once more living aboard the training ship. For the third class it is a new adventure; for the upperclassmen it is an opportunity to put theory into practice. Patty McCarthy is back aboard the training ship after undergoing a major operation at the Marine Hospital in San Francisco. Patty is certainly not a new member at CMA, but his reappearance has brought the spirit of a happy ship back to the GOLDEN STATE. His two pals, "Itch" and "Scratch," welcomed him with another mascot "Harvey." Harvey, an English setter, is the third addition to the CMA kennels.

The major project now under construction is the tennis courts. A definite date of completion has not been set, but we are in hopes of a fast job. Any type of additional recreation is always very welcome to the Midshipman.

SLOPSHUTE JERK By "Fearless"

All hands arose early this morning as this is the day of the "Royal" moving. Jerk is more or less awake and has all of his gear piled on a bunk. He is awaiting his turn at the wheelbarrow to move his stuff to the ship. This is the first time that Slopshute is really thankful for the high rate of loss in the laundry as less gear makes for easier moving. Well, Jerk's turn has come; so he stows his gear on the one wheeler and is on his way.

In less time than it takes Mr. Miller to rig the sheer legs to make a tire change, Jerk is on the dock. He is at a slightly reclining pose, with his gear stacked in front of him and is in the middle of an attempt to devise a work-saving method of loading it aboard. This it does not take him long to do, he was born with a gold brick in his left hand. He throws all of his things in the motor whaler, which is secured in the "basin," and waits patiently for three days until the whaler is hauled aboard. It is then a simple matter of removing his gear one article at a time and throwing it into his locker. This method is not only a work saver, but it does away with the problem of rapid stowage.

"This is the life," says Jerk as he rolls over on his locker top.

"Yeah, but somebody took all the mattresses out of lower three and the blankets out of the suitcase locker," mumbles Brumpanick Snark. With this, they both doze off for a short one and do not rouse out 'till 1800 when they hit their respective sacks as it is almost time for taps.

At reveille the next morning, we find our hero in an unusual condition — awake. He has just gotten used to sleeping through the bells at the barracks and the bugle catches him off his guard. Anyway there is nothing to sleep for as cleaning stations have not been assigned and there are no exercises; so he crawls out of his sack. To top things off, he is in the wash-room combing his hair and singing his favorite tune, "She Was Only a Garbage Man's Daughter But She Wasn't to Be Sniffed At" when the D. O. inspects. And then for the first time in six weeks, he eats breakfast, and much to his surprise does not get very ill. The combination of the fresh morning air and Morgan's coffee seem to counteract each other and he lives.

This is a big day in the lives of the younger boys as it is their first cruise and they are kept busy looking for the key to the chain locker, the Port list and the Green Oil for the Starboard lantern, Charlie Noble and the Racetrack having been overlooked in the confusion. To make things a bit more exciting, the current release, rumor No. 44967 has it that the "vessel" is going to make a run to Mexico. Having been the victim of this sort of thing before, Jerk was not taken in altogether and exchanged only one-half of his last check for Mexican currency.

At 1100, the Grey Ghost departs leaving the entire dock behind, and the cruise has officially begun. Twelve hours later Slopshute, who is Midshipman Navigator, calculates the position of the Slave Ship to be 109.9784 yards off the light house at the entrance to Mare Island; however, on checking with Mr. Tubbs he finds that he is in error and the correct position is 109.97839 off the light house. Because of this, Slopshute decides that Mr. Tubbs is a better navigator and goes down to the berth-deck. There he remains, using Bowditch as a head rest, trying to sleep off his shame.

The next day is much more exciting for Jerk as there is a Man Overboard Drill and he is the first one to the boat which means that he is coxswain.

"Is the plug in the boat?" yells the Boat Officer.

Slopshute immediately searches the boat for the plug and finds it screwed in a hole in the bottom; so he promptly removes it, holds it high above his head and says, with a voice that only C.M.A. could develop:

"Yes, Sir."

As if this were not enough, when the Officer yells:

"Get the steering oar out, and make it chop, chop."

Jerk picks up the oar in question and, gathering every ounce

of strength in his "Pepsicollic" body, give the oar a mighty toss, getting it out as ordered.

The boat crew gets P.O.ed at this, and they throw Slopshute over the side. Fortunately, the Jerk floats as alcohol is lighter than water and he is rescued in short order.

The last few minutes have proven to the Jerk that what he needs less than anything is experience; so he makes a dash for the "Ole Locker Top" to remain there for the rest of the cruise.

Advertisement in the Birmingham (Ala.) News-Age-Herald:
WANTED: A medium-sized hand-operated wench.

—Reader's Digest

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From birth to age 18, a girl needs good parents. From 18 to 35, she needs good looks. From 35 to 55, a woman needs personality. And from 55 on, the old lady needs cash!

—Kathleen Norris

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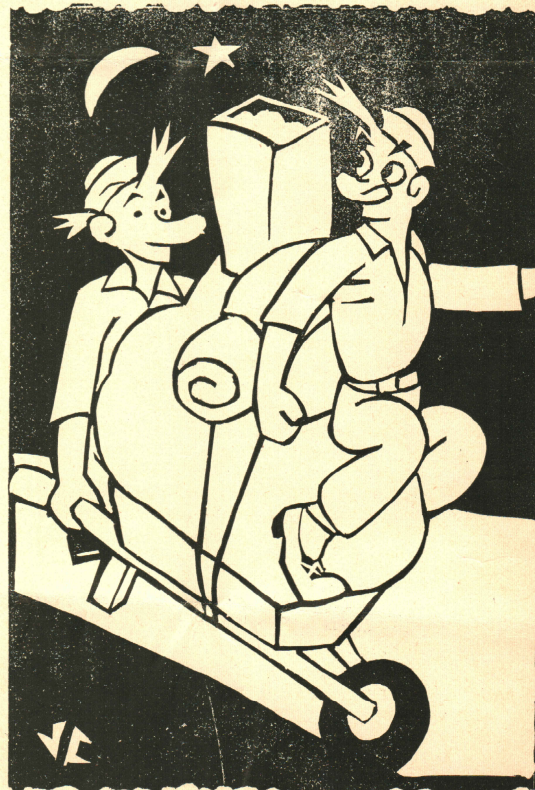
Navy variation: Sighted schooner, drank same.

—Reader's Digest

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And then there's the story about the window washer who stepped back to admire his work.

"AHEAD FULL—LEFT TEN DEGREES RUDDER"



FOR THE REST OF THE CRUISE

SPORT SPUTTERS

By Bob Myers

Recently the suggestion was made that CMA once again take to competitive racing and regain the outstanding position it once held as the producer of unbeatable crews in the Bay Region. We think the idea is well worth considering, especially since the Alameda merchant marine officer school has found time to organize a racing crew of oarsmen, which would make logical opponents for our men.

Soon the annual Vallejo run will be made by the best of San Francisco's yachtsmen (including Walt Fay last year). Here again the suggestion was offered that CMA organize a sailing boat, whaleboat with a sliding gunter rig, and compete with the other two Bay Region merchant marine schools in a special class for the day. This competition would provide an excellent opportunity to see if the Academy men of 1944 are as good as their predecessors, and here would be a chance to see just how CMA stacks up with its friendly rivals at Neptune and Coyote Point.

Irwin Rosa's surprising showing against the highly regarded Pedro Puncher, Paul Marincovich, was by far the most startling feature of the fine "swab smoker." After a shaky start, Rosa solved the puzzle of Paul's stalking style by staying away from him with some fancy footwork and good defensive fighting. Catching Marink, whose timing was completely off from lack of practice, with a few good punches Rosa had the rugged first classman especially perplexed in the second round. However, Paul's performance was by no means up to the standard which he has maintained throughout his blemishless career. If a rematch is set, we advise Rosa to expect a whale of a lot more of the deadly punching for which Marincovich has been justly feared.

Taking in the view from atop that rejuvenated hill overlooking the base, we observed that the possibilities of having athletic contests on that plateau up there in the near future are not so remote as once imagined. If plausible, everything should be done to hasten the day when our forthcoming athletic field is put to use. Interclass basketball got off to a good start in the week preceding the beginning of the cruise period, and it is hoped that interest in the interclass program will continue throughout the cruising months and into the summer in the form of basketball games on Mondays and weekends at the base and crew races on the Bay. The first classmen may have been a little lucky to have net teams weakened by the absence of several star players. Nevertheless, CMA's senior class exhibited more enthusiasm and spirit than did either of its opponents, and thus deserves the lead which it holds at this time.

Perambulations: Our tennis enthusiasts have been turning out pretty regularly for some good exercise in the afternoons . . . Everyone that has been out on that skating rink somebody jokingly called a basketball court is certainly anxious to see it resurfaced . . . We noted with interest and vexation the article in an Oakland paper recently stating that the attendance record for wrestling at the Oakland Auditorium had been broken with two feminine "rasslers" as the main event attraction . . . Dusky Jesse Owens, now 30, came out the other day with the statement that he ran a 9.8 hundred in Canada last year . . . It was quite apparent to all in the recent "smoker" that the condition of the men is at best poor; no, we don't need any more drill, just a little more exercise . . . If any ambitious young midshipman is anxious to get into condition for the coming track season, try running back and forth from the ship to the barracks for the mail twice a day . . . Some of us may be shipmates with Frankie Sinkwich, Georgia's All-American a couple seasons back, who recently signed up with the Maritime Commission . . . Has anyone ever seen Huycke sail? . . . A little stiff from those exercises on the cruise? . . . Almost everyone we've talked to is very much in favor of the old exercises in the morning to bring back a little of that fitness and open up those drowsy peepers at that despicable hour.

INTERCLASS BASKETBALL

In order to provide a logical substitute for the intramural program, which proved impractical because of poor weather conditions and interference with extra duty, special liberties, and radio programs, an interclass basketball program was arranged and inaugurated on March 7th. The intramural season was brought to a close largely from lack of interest, and so an interclass schedule was created to take its place and also stimulate added interest and enthusiasm amongst our athletic-minded midshipmen.

The first game found the upperclasses pitted against each other, with the first class exhibiting a little of their alleged superiority over the second class in a 44-32 count. The game was hampered in part by the inability of some of the stellar members of the intermediate class to participate (E.D., crap games, and sack-time were some of the interferences). Led by sharp-shooting Don Tedsen, the first class had more trouble playing together than against their adversaries. Dick Moore was the standout performer for his classmates, and with a little more support the tall, blond hoopster might have come through with a win.

Those competing for the first class were Parente, Tedsen, Huycke, Alsen, and Myers. The second class team was composed of Moore, Meadows, Swanson, Dunning, and Ironside.

The second game of the interclass competition virtually proved the supremacy of the first class in outfighting the third class, 46 to 30. Bob Athowe was outstanding for the first classmen in giving a good exhibition of passing and shooting for the benefit of the "swabs." The third classmen played a hard, rugged game and they gave the first classmen plenty of trouble throughout the encounter, especially in the early stages of the game. Ransome was outstanding by virtue of his backboard control and aggressiveness for the underlings. A little practice of playing together will make the third class a big threat in the interclass race; with Hehir and Koerber in the line-up those swabs may prove a big stumbling block for the arrogant upperclassmen.

Competing this time for the first class were Athowe, Gruher, Myers, Brown, and Clendenny. The third class five was made up alternatively of Detweiler, Ransome, Casey, Coleman, Strahlendorf, Robb, and Tripp.

PATTY RETURNS

Patrick J. McCarthy, CMA's "Sage of the Sea," brought the Academy back to normal a few weeks ago by returning to his adopted home after a successful operation at the Marine Hospital in San Francisco. "Patty" was welcomed heartily by all those Midshipmen present at the base to receive the beloved old man of CMA Sunday night, February 27. Among those who were happiest to see McCarthy, were the two young pups the Irishman brought up; they had a grand reunion, and the muts proved that they hadn't forgotten their benefactor.

While being treated at the hospital, Patty was visited by a few of the first classmen and presented with a very fine bathrobe. McCarthy may not get much use out of the accoutrement, but it will at least serve to scare the rats away. He is looking fine now as he goes about his business in the usual McCarthy manner; however, we haven't heard him complain yet, so we assume he hasn't quite returned to normalcy.

Did you know that Jim Muhlstein is a champion racquetier (tennis player, in case you're confused) . . . that Bruce Black was a "440" track star at U. C. until injuries intervened . . . that Jack Rados' brother Bob was a leading scorer in the Southwestern Conference (Texas) last football season (if you came near Rados then you probably do!) . . . that Hal Huycke's pappy was a football great at the University of Southern California . . . that Walt Bernhardt would rather wield a wire brush than a baseball bat . . . that Wayne Harthorn played basketball . . . and that Jerry Hodgkinson suffered untold agony one day until the players discovered that they had the wrong soccer ball.

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Item in the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald: Miss C. . . . H. . . . reported to police the loss of \$20 today. She said the money was concealed in her stocking, and the loss was discovered soon after the departure of a vacuum-cleaner salesman who had been demonstrating his line.

—Reader's Digest

FLOTSAM

By G. A. Fisk

It is said that we should win the war, then concentrate on our post war problems, but to plan our war with an eye to our post war conditions is to accomplish a dual purpose. It is this accomplishment that is represented by our new Victory ships.

The Liberty ship was a means of combating an immediate national danger, an urgent drive to fill a fast growing hole in the dike of our maritime defense. The tide has now been stemmed and the dike is satisfactorily reenforced so, in our new Victory ships, we have taken time and additional effort to secure ourselves from the future as well.

As compared to the Liberty ship there is very little difference in regard to outward appearance. The Victory ships are approximately thirteen feet longer and their breadth exceeds that of the Liberty by some five feet, they also have a raised forecastle and finer lines. The contrasting differences are within the hull, the propulsion machinery and the decks, the Victory ships having three as compared to the Liberty's two.

The propulsion is by steam turbine gear rather than reciprocating engines. Much of the auxiliary machinery is electrically driven, including the cargo winches. The engine horsepower is almost incomparable; 2,500 to 8,500 which develops for the Victory ship a higher cruising speed. The principle advantage on the new ship is its practicability for being easily converted into an efficient cargo liner for faster, more economical post war use.

Others are looking toward the future through a different colored glass. They see our trans-oceanic commerce accommodated by development of aircraft rather than the age-old use of ships. Kaiser at one time was very active in this respect when developing his cargo carriers of the air. At the time there was much discussion pro and con on the subject however, it has since been dropped and its plans placed away on the five foot shelf.

It seems very probable that the development of aircraft will, in a short time, incorporate all of the passenger carrier business, with the exception of the ever present element that goes abroad only for the ride. The probability of aircraft becoming dominant in cargo carriage seems rather improbable since economy is a more important factor than speed, and to build aircraft that can carry cargo for a lower price per ton than a ship can, seems to be little short of impossible.

To get back to earth and the sea again, one might even be more correct in looking forward to a Merchant Marine of such size as to be completely outfitted by existing cargo vessels of standard pre-war construction. Many of our ships will probably go on the beaches soon after the termination of this war, or within a few years thereafter, and possibly all those not actually applicable to the purposes required of them will just be set aside rather than reequipped and reconstructed. It is this very fact that has brought fear because it is the hope of many that our superior merchant fleet can be maintained. If it could, this would undoubtedly give us greater control of world economics than might otherwise be realized.

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Two London chawomen were discussing the inconveniences of the blackout. "But it's a necessary evil," said the proverbial Mrs. Malaprop. "Else we're likely to be blasted into maternity."

"Tis so," said her companion. "But the worst of it is, we'd never know who done it."

—Reader's Digest

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Baxter to Leo Ewart: "I am at attention, sir. It's my uniform that's at ease!"

OUR ENGINEEROM

By Fran Goetz

With the passing of time, the engineerom "middies" have increasing pride in the institution which shortly they will be calling alma mater. As this Binnacle goes to press the machine shop so long talked of, is now practically in full operation. This improvement has come about with greater speed than any of us had ever believed possible. The wiring was completed under the supervision of 1stc lassman Bob Macfarland with the help and instruction of Mr. Erickson.

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The new wardroom has been rewired by the cadets and many other helpful additions have come into vision during the past few weeks.

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Although the loss of Mr. Bellamy is regretted by the midshipmen, the appearance of the new engineering instructor Mr. Brackett has met with the approval of all. With his guidance, being directly from a naval combatant unit of high pressure, the cadets may benefit by learning the operation and maintenance of the latest types of marine equipment and installation of same.

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Now as the new cruise is underway we of the first class are implicated in actual conditions which will prevail throughout the life we are about to enter. The evaporators will be used throughout the cruise as will the indicator apparatus, giving us experience which would never be possible while at shore base.

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The throttle watch causes the most interest to the engineers as this is believed to be the control key to the seemingly monstrous engine which they have been gazing upon for the past year, wondering of the great thrill they should experience when actually becoming master.

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For the first time during our stay at the academy a watch has been initiated entitled the Midshipman Deck Engineer or in brief, MDE. His duties will consist of the supervision and maintenance of all machinery outside the immediate vicinity of the engineerom. Also, he will be responsible for the timely operation of same. This watch is one commonly found in the Merchant Marine and thus will be to our practical advantage, allowing for a more complete training upon graduation.

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After cruise period has terminated and our ship enters drydock for the annual overhaul, the first class engineers hope to be allowed residence aboard ship that they may gain experience in practical work which would not be available in regular training at the Maritime Academy. In the past the above procedure has been employed but the future seems rather doubtful. In any event the present will be amply full of new and constructive encounters with their coming life work.

ADDITION TO OUR DOG FAMILY

For the past few months a large, friendly, soulful-looking dog has been an unofficial resident of Carquinez Straits. "Harvey," which seems to be the general name directed at our bird chasing type of pooch, was taking in the sights here one day and became attached to the Midshipmen and Officers and contented himself with the base as a permanent home. The Midshipmen have likewise taken to "Harvey" who appears to be of the English Setter variety, and now that the feeling is mutual another addition to CMA's family of canines has been made.

During the latter part of February "Harvey" sustained a painful foot injury, which, through the efforts of the Midshipmen, Dr. Moore, and a few vets in a dog hospital, now seems to be well on the way to recovery. Housing problems were solved in our dog kingdom when a large domicile was constructed for old "Harvey." It yet remains to be seen how our new flea-attraction will take to the water. No one seems to know just what qualifications he has as a "sea-dog," but we're not worried about him making himself at home on the old T.S.G.S.

* * * * *

A woman who had just completed a First Aid course saw a man lying prone in the street and was shocked that passers-by callously paid no attention to him. So she rushed up and began giving him artificial respiration. The man raised his head and said, "Lady, I don't know what YOU'RE trying to do, but I'M trying to get a wire down this manhole."

—Reader's Digest

GLIMPSES

Forty-six young beach boys showing up at Carquinez Flats bleary-eyed and quite sick of train rides . . . Alfred working hard for Der Fuehrer, Herr Schlagle . . . "Butterball" McDonald getting a bad time in class again . . . Igor providing the example of stowage in Mr. Miller's stability class . . . It's rumored that Anderson is angling for a room with Zeluff, Dirty-Mouth, Harvey (the dog), and a box of big, black cigars . . . Casey and Messenger voted the "Most Loving Couple of 'B' Barracks" . . . Issett and Brown feeling like "lubbers" as they are towed in after a yachting excursion . . . Mr. Feely working for his stripes. . . . Hodgkinson.

The Doctor giving Grundy a little morning inspection . . . Krog making like Woodard at the Mark . . . Fay seems to be finally getting worried, he should be . . . "Ramona" driving the boys in the recreation room nuts every time Huycke roars in . . . The whole first class staying up to link the night before that horrible Friday . . . "A" Barracks shaking and groaning—it was only a community singfest . . . Quack, quack, quack! . . . Jenness trying to figure out how long it takes to get to Florida . . . Bauer giving lessons in the art of slopping 'em in on the pool table. . . . Hodgkinson.

Wollskill's Chinese art gallery on exhibition in Room 46 . . . Fake must have holes in his head . . . Annin believes in dressing up . . . Staar doesn't look happy anymore . . . Gullikson helping Anderson out of his sack comes the dawn . . . Ironside still letting that fuzz get longer . . . Baxter's posture seems to be improving with the help of a few first classmen . . . Pease leaving a cigarette in his mouth to get used to it . . . Opferman going to extremes to get out of turn-to . . . Hehir swishing 'em in from all angles on the gravel court . . . Issett still "motating" . . . They say Detweiler sounds more like Sinatra than Sinatra does . . . Coleman building himself up to a monster under the guidance of Ley . . . Boomer remarks that he'd read Harthorn's mind only the small type would be hard on his eyes.—Hodgkinson.

Jackson's sharp as a tack now, even on Monday mornings . . . Winslow Hall looking like the end of twenty-one days on a life raft . . . Fake trying to put a "barber dip" in his hair as Issett gives him a few pointers on the fine points of curling and hair cultivation . . . All the boys going on report—oh well, E. D. isn't so tough, Bernhardt, ask any second classman . . . Aluevich to Marincovich before Paul's entry into the ring, "I'll hold your knife for you, Marink" . . . They're thinking of buying dungaree hat covers now . . . And, Hodgkinson!!

Before we forget, here's the question of the month. When is the Binnacle ever going to be printed on time? . . .

"Bing" Detweiler and "Frankie Field-mouse" Tripp crooning over an A to C Barracks hook-up . . . Sieler, MC, at a Rain Rally, with Swanson leading the group in prayer on Friday evenings . . . (Admittance free, silver collection optional) . . . Long-buried talent blooming forth over the revamped pool table . . . Hodgkinson.

Stripes must have gone to Myers' head—he's always PO'd now . . . Hodgkinson.

When the cat's away, the mice will play—Lewis directing traffic at mess formations . . . Southwick hocking the wash basin in his room to buy Ellington's latest "Basin Street Blues." Appropriate, what? . . . Goetz wearing his uniform on liberty for a change . . . Hodgkinson.

Sales practicing the old grocery store tactics in First Aid class . . . FLASH! INS release: Woodard now has hired a man to scratch for him . . . Fay slowing down the business end of a pencil with his right eye-lid . . . Harvey turning over a new leaf and wearing shoes to formation . . . Fleming going to formation too, now that the rain has gone . . . Room No. 43 with .750 average to date . . . Hodgkinson.

Lt. Erickson: "That shows you never read the book." Midshipman Marsh: "Why, I never read the book" . . . Room No. 57 Blackout Office, Barracks C . . . Issett deploring the fact that the swab semester wasn't long enough; he's back on the laundry-toting detail . . . Fake and Muhlstein cutting the lids off cans behind the mess hall. . . . Hodgkinson.

They're thinking of lowering the limit on height for admittance in the Academy so that five or six midgits can be seated on one side of a mess table.

SWAB SMOKER

On Wednesday, March 8, the long awaited "Swab Smoker" was presented by our talented third class, and the evening's entertainment proved to be one of the most successful of the many given by the perennial lower class. The program was well prepared by quite a few fine entertainers, containing the usual amount of exciting boxing matches and an unusual amount of humor. In the opinion of many of the upperclassmen, George Detweiler stole the show with his humorous characterizations and Sinatra-like vocals. T. E. Casey, who acted as Master of Ceremonies, teamed up with Detweiler and Ransom in a number of amusing sketches; Alfred Baxter gave forth with some sparkling recitations, "A Swab in the Lion's Den," an original CMA version of an old classic, being the best received.

All due credit to the ingenious third classmen, Mr. Warwick was the sensation of the evening with his reception of Vaughn, one of the more glamorous of the "B-girls" roaming around. The other "cuties" were Carothers, Depew, and Cook; Rosa, Hesselberg, Coleman, Naylor, Gullikson, and Strahlendorf also contributed to the frivolity. Excellent piano solos were rendered by Pew (Liebestraum), Cook (Clare de Lune), Schlaman (Boogie Woogie), and that old tongue-twister, Staar (medley of In the Mood and St. Louis Blues).

Mervin Tripp did some fine singing of two of the currently popular ballads, preceding Detweiler who also warbled a couple ditties in the best Sinatra fashion.

The bouts again provided the greatest attraction of the "smoker" and this time a special bout pitting "Pablo" Marincovich of the first class and third classman Irwin Rosa augmented the regular card with a terrific match ending in a draw. The opening bout found Messenger gaining a TKO over Jim Staar in the third round. Peyton's second round flurry gave him a TKO over Strahlendorf, who gave a good performance in both rounds. Depew put up a good fight against his heavier and more experienced opponent Griffith before the referee stopped the battle in the second round, raising Griffith's right duke. The next bout of Lee versus Barton was a honey; the two Oakland boys gave the best exhibition of good sportsmanship and spirit of the night. Lee's educated left proved too much for Barton, but the latter demonstrated a good deal of boxing skill and plenty of courage. The last match before the final fracas between Marincovich and Rosa was an abbreviated bout between Pew and Ransom; Ransom took the judge's decision by token of a strong second round.

Palmisano, Dunham, Hehir, and Brandt did a fine job serving as posts for the ring.

A farewell speech by Lt. Comdr. Hugh Severin climaxed the informal affair; Casey expressed the sentiments of the midshipman corps in wishing Mr. Severin godspeed and all the luck in the world. The "smoker" was broken up with the traditional singing of the "Schoolship Song," and so another contribution from a very good third class became a memory.

IMPROVEMENTS

Due to the generous interest of Captain Mayo and through the efforts of Mr. Slagle and the Recreation Room Committee, our "den of enjoyment" has undergone major improvements. The formerly drab appearance of the recreation room has been livened up and renovated. The walls and ceiling are now painted in contrasting shades of blue with gold trimming. The pool table has been completely repaired, and pool has become one of the most popular means of recreation on the base. The piano has been painted in accordance with the color scheme of the room, greatly improving its appearance.

The furniture, rugs, curtains (very colorful, too), and shades have done an immeasurable amount toward creating a spirit of leisure combined with that home-like atmosphere. Our record library, if cared for, will continue to provide enjoyment to CMA's many music fans. However, we must have the cooperation of each and every one of the Midshipmen in maintaining the recreation room in the manner in which all of us want it kept. Please do your best to keep our furniture, ping pong table, pool table, phonograph and radio, and the general appearance of the room in good order.

Besides improvements in the midshipman recreation room, the ward rooms in the Mess Hall and "Golden State" have been redecorated and amended considerably. The ward room at the base has been increased in size, giving an attractive blue theme and made it a great deal more appealing. The "Golden State" itself has undergone a great deal of improvement, particularly in the forward berth deck and wash room. It looks like the old training ship is really being well prepared for its cruise, come what may.

PROPELLER CLUB NEWS

The California Maritime Academy was indeed honored with the presence of Mr. Arthur M. Tode, Honorary President of the Propeller Club of the U. S., and several members of the Board of Governors on February 4. After an inspection of the new base with Captain Mayo they reviewed the entire Midshipmen Corps at parade and later were members of the inspection party.

In his talk to the Midshipmen Mr. Tode congratulated Captain Mayo, the Officers and all others who were responsible for our new base and told us that it compares favorably with the base of the old, established New York Academy of which he was one time Superintendent.

He then met with the officers of the Propeller Club and Lt. Summerill, faculty advisor. Being a charter member of the Propeller Club of the United States he told them the history of the Club and discussed the future of the Midshipmen and the Club in the Maritime World. One of the interesting facts that he mentioned was that even today in many foreign countries, most of which are at war, the Club has active members, shipping men of the United States, and are still holding meetings.

PERSONALITIES

Among the most well regarded members of that unusual establishment known now as Carquinez Straits is a modest, good looking young man, called Gordon J. Fake for the first time some nineteen years ago on January 12, 1925, in Oakland. A remarkable believer in hardship, Gordon is convinced that Castro Valley is a fine place to live, a good indication of his fine physique and ability to overcome obstacles.

Not too long ago, "Gordie" left Fremont High School in Oakland, where he was Student Body President and an outstanding athlete, to come to CMA. Since his entrance into the Academy, he has become one of the best liked and respected members of the school, being thoroughly admired by his shipmates for his wonderful build, fine mentality, shy way with the women, and affable manner. Since his election as President of the First Class, Gordon has fully demonstrated his sound judgment and leadership ability.

In contrast to a character we once referred to regretfully, "The Ape" is the type of fellow you'd be glad to take home to meet your sister (and we're going to do so some time, too). He attributes his phenomenal success to clean living which may have been necessitated by his air conditioned Model "A." Among Fake's distinguished accomplishments are playing the comb, blowing bubbles—without gum, and making a face like an ape, which is one explanation for his colorful nickname.

The Academy points with pride at Gordon J. Fake, a fine example of the best type of officer the new American Merchant Marine can boast. If Gordon doesn't get the "big head" after reading all this bulloney, we shall express the sentiments of his classmates by saying we're proud to have known Gordon as a shipmate and buddy during our brief stay at CMA.

NEW HAWSEPIPE STAFF

CMA's two esteemed upperclasses convened in the early part of February to choose the next Hawsepipe Staff. Hugh Foskett, the eminent humorist from San Jose, was selected as Editor-In-Chief of the next Hawsepipe, which is scheduled to arrive about next January. Hugh's cohort and successor is Richard E. Moore, who was elected to the post of Associate Editor. Feature Editor of the mighty annual is R. E. Myers, and the Assistant Feature Editor post is claimed by the able Warren Swanson, President of the Second Class.

Staff Artist for the publication is John Carpenter, that talented member of the Binnacle Staff. The all-important position of Business Manager is left in the capable hands of Malcolm Walker Brown, the boy with the million dollar handle; his assistant is Lee Spieller, one of the best dealers in his class. Advertising will be handled by Jack Smith, and the photography is under the direction of Oscar Iahnsen.

The Staff is already readying itself to put out CMA's greatest edition of the Hawsepipe, and with Foskett at the helm it looks like our boys will do it. Any contributions will be more than welcome, so don't feel that each and every midshipman isn't wanted to do his part in the production of his annual.

* * * * *

Patient in sick bay: "Who goes there? Friend or enema?"

KAYDETS AT EASE

By Loop

Saturday morning brings such a hustle to get off the base that we thought we would follow one of our boys through one of his average weekends.

Now, provided he has no drill, no E. D., no study restrictions or conduct restrictions, he will "make his break" at 11:15 a. m. First of all to prove that freedom is really his, he stops at the local "bug-juice mill" for a tall blonde bottle of Pepsi-cola.

Grossly refreshed he starts walking toward "Frisco." His dignity won't permit him to stick out his thumb, but he is offered a ride by the first car to arrive, because it had to stop to keep from knocking him off the whiteline. Having arrived in the "beeg" city he heads for the Housing Bureau in hope of getting a nice quiet room. After waiting an hour or so he gets a bed in a ward of eight officers. Completely exhausted from the past week of school, excessive turn-to and the trip down he sleeps until 5. Then dinner, a "try" at a date, (nice try . . .), a show by himself, a few Pepsis and then sleep again.

He stirs at one p. m. Sunday and gets up at 2:30. After getting up he eats and then goes to a show. After the show he uses the same tactics of travel used the day before and arrives back at the base.

We wouldn't call this a weekend to write to Luella Parsons about, but it is certainly worth the hustle it gets on Saturday morning.

Jim Muhlstein is known at CMA for his musical talent but last week the "lip" released to the world his talent for women. Thumbing through last Sunday's society section we found a bevy of beautiful women surrounding a cake. Behind the cake was Big Jim looking so good that the name below was the only proof that it was he. Muhlstein was the only man from CMA to attend the first birthday party of the AWVS Cadet Hops, and the only man to be chosen as photogenic enough for the society section.

* * * * *

Our academy has a way of making its first classmen very tough fellows. In fact, the second class believes the class above it heartless; but we have found two men with very tender hearts. They are, without a doubt, the greatest authorities today on jazz, swing, and the men that make and play it. In fact, Southwick and Myers are, without a doubt, the only two men we have ever seen that could bring tears to their eyes at the mere mention of the "Duke's" "Frankie and Johnnie."

THREE YEARS AGO AT CMA

Three years ago this month found the cadets of CMA on the seas and being entertained at the various ports of call. The Binnacle for that month was filled with the many good things and times that go with cruises. Here and there is a serious note but most of the news was about that old favorite, liberty.

That March in 1941—

Swabs produced their annual smoker; the cadet corps took in a bull-fight in Lima; the commander of the Naval Mission gave a party for the boys . . . another party given, this time by the American Embassy in Lima. Many bigwigs presented at Lima Country Club . . . the polywogs joined the ranks of the shell-backs after a short initiation crossing the line; CMA had a good many encounters in the world of sports while in South America. For instance, Pedro Miguel beat CMA 6-2 in baseball, National Peruvian team beat CMA 31-13 at basketball. We also lost a swimming meet to the Red, White and Blue team of the Canal Zone, and last but not least, we got beat at baseball again, this time 14-5 by the "Liga de Callao" team. Well, the sailing was good in South America, anyway.

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When his barber looked at Lewis' sleek mop, the tonsorial artist asked if he wanted it cut, or just the oil changed.

* * * * *

Reporter: I've got a perfect news story.

Editor: How come? Man bite dog?

Reporter: No, but a hydrant sprinkled one.

—The Yale Record

ALUMNI NEWS

P. Jenson and Nat Main, '41, are Chief Mate and First Officer of that same Matson "White Elephant."

E. Kettenhoffen, '41, is Chief Mate of the other one—recently made a rescue in the Atlantic.

Mike Locke, '41, giving up the "white collar" job for active duty with the Navy.

Raymond Clayton, '41, message received from certain Navy tanker informs us that he has been on Submarine Duty for the last nine months.

Bill Chapman, '40, Chief on American Pres. Freighter.

Lt. Stanton Taggart, USNR, '35, is with Ship Sup. in Pearl Harbor.

Bob Hamsenn is attending M. S. Officer Candidate School in Alameda, having a lapsed license which doesn't do much good in these days.

"Mac" Crossman is now in command of said school at Neptune Beach.

Ray Russell, '34, had a C2 of his own for about a month, when the Navy came along to take Ray, ship and all. Tough! Ditto, Bailey, '38.

With deepest regret we report that Erwin Cooper, '38, has been killed in action. He was flying as navigator for the Army Air Corps in European area.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Norbury Kuechler announced the marriage of their daughter, Martha Norbury, to Robert Daniel Byrne, Lieutenant (jg) United States Merchant Service, on Thursday, the sixteenth of December, 1943, in San Rafael, California.

It's the straight stuff that the stork is flying in on the beam to the family of Lt. and Mrs. Roy Wimer, now in Seattle.

UNITED STATES MERCHANT MARINE INSIGNIA
AND HONOR AWARDS

In recognition of the heroic service rendered the war effort by merchant seamen, Congress has authorized the award of Merchant Marine Service Emblems. Awarded on the basis of proof of actual wartime service on American vessels, the attractive gold and silver emblem is designed along the lines of classic simplicity. The presentation of war zone and combat bars has also been legislated for the Atlantic War Zone, Mediterranean-Middle East Theatre, or Pacific Zones, and the Combat Bar issued to seamen who served in a ship which, at the time of such service is directly attacked or damaged by an instrumentality of war. There is a silver star added to the bar for each time it is necessary to abandon the ship.

The Merchant Marine Service Emblem, the War Zone Bar, and the Combat Bar are not licensed for sale. They are issued by the Seamen's Service Awards Committee upon voluntary application by seamen furnishing information of eligibility of such awards. Such applications should include the seaman's name, his license or identification number, the name or names of ships in which he has served, the dates of such service and his mailing address. All correspondence regarding the above awards shall be transmitted in sealed envelopes to the Seamen's Service Awards Committee, Washington, D. C. There are also a service flag and service lapel button that are prescribed for display by members of the immediate family of a seaman in the American Merchant Marine during the War period.

The Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal and the Mariners Medal are the outstanding awards given to seamen for outstanding service or conduct and injury, presented by the Service Awards Committee when eligibility is determined. (Further details may be obtained upon request.)

These decorations for undergoing the hardships and hazards of war equally with the men of other services are rightfully granted to the men of the U. S. Merchant Marine. The men who deserve these awards should be proud to show their service.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Ballots are now being prepared for election of officers of CMAAA, 1944-45. There have been few nominations as yet but space for "write-ins" will be left on each card. Those nominated are:

President—L. H. Erickson, Incumbent E. C. Miller.

Vice-President—H. Mollenkopf (Southern California).

Secretary—R. L. Peck, Incumbent J. F. Summerill.

Treasurer—C. H. Tubbs, Incumbent C. H. Tubbs.

Alumni Editor—Art Behm, Incumbent L. H. Erickson.

SECURITY REGULATIONS FOR MAILING

The War Shipping Administration announced again the new system of addressing Merchant Seamen's mail because of the recent relaxation of the security regulations.

To ensure delivery the following form should be used:

Seaman's name.

Name of ship.

c/o Postmaster, (San Francisco), (New York), (New Orleans), depending from which coast addressee sailed.

The return address of the writer should appear in the upper left-hand corner and the name of the steamship company in the lower left-hand corner. The address of the steamship company should not be given.

Any variance from this form is, not only a violation of the security rules, but delays the delivery of the mail. It is suggested that the Alumni on Foreign sailing ship adhere to this form and remind others of it too as it will be to everyone's advantage.

STAG MEETING

The next regular business meeting of the Association will be held at the Army & Navy Club, 560 Sutter St., San Francisco, Friday, April 14, at 8 p. m. There are several items on the docket which need your attention; let's have a quorum please!

HELP!

The social committee wished to entertain suggestions as to our next mixed meeting on May 12th. We are faced with a problem of trying to select some new place of celebration, in the interests of variety. This is most difficult at the present time, since it must be relatively accessible and of reasonable cost. Please send in suggestions if you know a suitable spot in San Francisco; we'll appreciate it no end.

Italo Canepa, July '42, is now sailing master. We wish to congratulate him on behalf of the Association. His rise will probably stand as a record for all time. Success and happy landings!

EDITOR, THE BINNACLE
CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY
CARQUINEZ STRAITS - - VALLEJO