

The Binnacle

MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY

VOLUME I NUMBER 5

DECEMBER 1940

"DEATH, INEFFICIENCY and DEMOCRACY"

You are out on a raft with two other fellows and things could be much better. The water is freezing and the raft is overloaded so that every little wavelet licks you on the kisser. The three of you are extremely dissatisfied with the accommodations on the raft. This is putting it mildly.

Just imagine it. Here you are in the middle of the ocean, and these two big bruisers with you begin whispering between themselves. They look at you coldly and whisper. Then they scowl.

"Look here," you finally say, "we are all partners in this catastrophe--let's not scowl at one another. Let's just try to make the best of things."

The ugliest of the two curls his lip at you and snarls: "Mister, there are just too many people on this raft. We have decided that for the good of the majority you will have to get off and swim."

"Yeah," the other one agrees. "You better get off. We're overloaded."

And, without considering the fact that at some time soon you might be able to help them save their lives, or without considering that you might at least be good company for them during the

vigil to come, they push you off the raft. All you can do is to start swimming.

What is this? Remember, it is in the middle of the ocean and the water is cold. Maybe there are sharks, too. Mister, this is Death! Stop swimming and get it over with. But, just a minute--

Here you are again. You are married and have a couple of daughters. And if you are inclined to laugh and say: "Impossible! Me? Never!"--- just consider Eddie Cantor. It happens.

Anyway, imagine this to be the case. You come bustling home some night and say, "On with your coats, women--we're going to the movies!"

"To see Clark Gable?" one daughter asks.

"No--Charles Laughton," you say.

"Ugh! He's hateful," the daughter exclaims. "We want to see Gable--don't we, Mother?"

"Yes, I'd rather."

Then the womenfolk begin to chant, clapping their hands in unison: "We want Gable! LAUGHTON, POCCIE!"

Without allowing you another word, they grab you and hustle you off to the movie, where you sit weakly through ninety minutes of Gable.

See what has happened? This is almost like when you were on the

raft. If the women had allowed you to speak they would have learned that you had in your pocket some complimentary tickets to the Laughton movie. So, of course, if you had taken your family to this movie you could have treated them to a snack afterwards with your money, and still been ahead of the game.

This is Inefficiency. Of course, the women might claim that they would not have enjoyed the Laughton movie at all, so what would be the good of going, free tickets or not.

But don't let that fool you. Women go to the movies to get a catch in their throats. They can get every bit as good a catch in their throats from Laughton as from Gable. It is not the physiognomy they adore--it is the half-stifled sob in the throat.

Now, just wind up that imagination again for another flight; and here you are, living in Mill Valley. Mill Valley is a fine little place with hills and trees and sunshine and 4199 people. this is correct--direct from the census taker.

Suppose 3000 of the people in Mill Valley vote that there will be no horse races inside the city limits on Sunday. What happens? Well, there just won't be any horse races there on Sunday. That is fine--it is the will of the majority of the people--that is Democracy. The populace have, by election, exerted their will. Isn't that the way it should be?

But remember the raft. Remember the movie. Remember that on the raft and before the movie the majority ruled. See? Sometimes the majority can be wrong. Sometimes, acting blindly, or in passion or prejudice, a majority can be at fault and very bull-headed about it.

For instance, if, instead of just throwing you off that raft

to make it ride higher, the two bruisers had talked it over with you, some better solution might have been found. And if the women had listened instead of being so hasty they probably would have enjoyed going to see Laughton on your free tickets.

Whoever heard of a hundred million people getting the same idea at the same time? Nobody. New ideas are never conceived by all of the people in the country at once. One man, or a few men get an idea. It may be a very excellent idea, one that will benefit the country tremendously. These men with the idea, however, are a minority--and the majority rules, remember. Then, it follows that it is the duty of the mass of citizens that make up the majority to listen to and understand these minorities, who alone can bring forth new ideas. Democracy depends on minorities with new and different ideas to keep it alive.

What does all this mean? This means "Tolerance." Of course this quite a number of words to put down on paper when all you mean is "Tolerance," but if the word "Tolerance" were the only one on these pages you would soon get tired of reading it. Tolerance, tolerance, tolerance. See? It sounds tiresome. But it is the very essence of Democracy.

We started in on Death and Inefficiency. See the connection? Without Tolerance, Democracy becomes inefficient through the loss of the new ideas that keep it moving ahead. And nowadays inefficiency and lack of progress easily turn into death.

Tolerance starts very close to each of us. When a friend proposes an idea that is new, and therefore probably repugnant to us, it is our duty as citizens of a democratic nation to hear him, and to allow him to express

It may be noticed that this is the first issue in which advertising was inaugurated. This was done to lessen the financial worries that arise in publication, in addition to the voluntary subscriptions that we previously asked for. It is hoped that this will sufficiently take care of all the necessary expenses that are present.

In the last issue of THE BINMACLE we appealed to our readers for voluntary subscriptions of one dollar. Because there have been so many responses since then, and because each one means so much lessening of the financial burden that is present in the production and improvement of THE BINMACLE, the Staff wishes to take this early opportunity to express their heartfelt appreciation.

You may be interested to see a few of the enthusiastic responses that were received with the paid-up subscriptions.

Mr. A.J. Owens
Sudden and Christenson Shipping Co.:

....It is a splendid idea that the cadets have a publication through which they can advise the parents and those interested in the institution of its activities....

Mr. and Mrs. D.H. Newman
Riverside, Calif.:

....We have enjoyed each copy of THE BINMACLE and are glad we can show our appreciation....

Mr. David Warwick
Oakland, Calif.:

....Keep up the good work...
Best wishes and lots of success
....

Cadet Captain George Kotnick
Penn. State Nautical School
Schoolship "Annapolis":

....I was very happy to receive your copies of THE BINMACLE...It was received with great enthusiasm by all hands
....

Cadet W.H. Prall, Jr.
Editor 1941 Tide Rips
U.S. Coast Guard Academy:

Thanks a lot for sending THE BINMACLE...Your illustrations and humorous situations are red hot!....

* * * * *

In the future, each issue will be written as much as possible along the idea of a theme. This issue is, of course, the Christmas number and is the last one of the year, 1940. Next will come the "Aloha Issue", which will be our official "good bye" to our parents, pals, friends, and readers before the annual four month cruise begins. We will also endeavor to dedicate the cruise editions to the various large ports visited in the course of our trip. In this way the folk at home will have a monthly letter of much greater length and more detail than a personal letter can possibly have. The good intentions of letter writing are always shattered by the busy routine at sea and by the excitement and thrill of arriving in strange lands. To this end the February, March, and April copies will be written.

The May edition will be solely dedicated to the graduating class before they turn over the helm to their predecessors.

As we look back at 1940 we see

a lot of toiling, a lot of play, a lot of mistakes, and yes--- a lot of learning. Our Academy has grown in prestige and in usefulness and by the looks of the future, will grow even more.

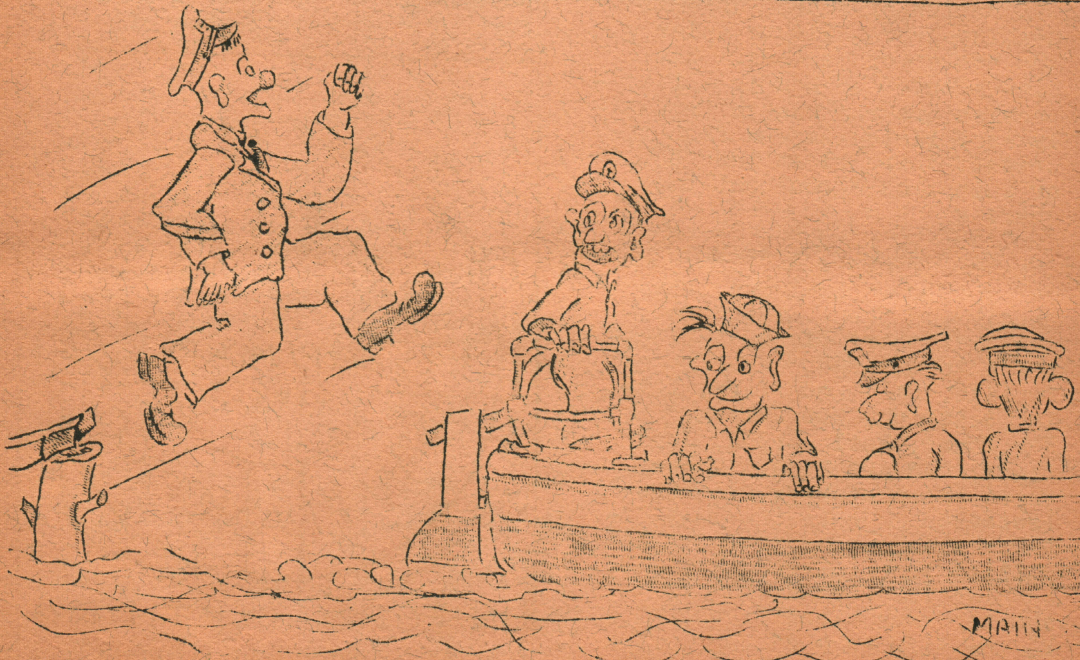
Picking out the bright spots in the past year we find there are many. We have gained a new captain and a new executive officer, who, in turn, have given us a better school and a better future, besides introducing social activities and athletics to a far greater extent. At a glance we see our year go by ----- the two jaunts out to sea on the destroyer "Montgomery" and the Coast Guard Cutter "Shoshone" -- The advent of Tuesday and Thursday athletic periods with pistol shooting, basketball, baseball, handball, etc. --- the Berkeley dance and the Oakland dance --- Thanksgiving leave --- Beach

parties and the rowing races at the Fair --- just to mention a few of the events.

It has been an industrious and not such a terribly easy year, but we have learned and gained in experience, which is, after all, what we are here for. Let us close with a thought then, of another year ahead just as busy, just as tough, but, at the same time, just as progressive and successful.

So, with that on our minds, let us say, "so long to 1940", and let us put out our hand and say, "welcome to 1941". May we, in turn, wish our readers a most Cheery Christmas and Prosperous New Year!

The Editor



HERE COMES "OOMLOUT" — ALWAYS LATE —

Propellor Club

The Propellor Club of the Port of California Maritime Academy was organized to further the acquaintance of students of the California Maritime Academy with maritime matters, and to foster the interest of the American Merchant Marine. This port adheres to the policies and principles of the Propellor Club of the United States.

With the Armistice weekend holiday, the final examination week, and Thanksgiving holiday leave to contend with, all altering the normal planned routine, the Propellor Club's program of events was side tracked, resulting in the cancelling of the speaker-meeting programs to future dates. During this period, the club got busy along other lines of activity.

A series of short business meetings were held to enlarge the roster of members. The plan adopted to handle this expansion program was to gradually assimilate members from the present third class into the organization throughout the year.

A membership selection board was chosen to nominate prospective members. The first group of third classmen elected into the club were Fred Feuille, Bill McCaffery, Irving Deltrich, Bob Wilson, Bob Young, Phil Marton, Jack Zenor, and Art Behm. These third class members were selected on a basis of merit after having demonstrated their ability to maintain a suitable scholastic average, and by showing exceptional interest in the fine work of the port and matters pertaining to shipping.

Jack Zenor was elected to the office of Assistant Secretary. He will assist Secretary Ray Clayton in the clerical duties of his office.

The speaker-meeting programs will continue up to the departure of the C.T.S. California State on the annual training cruise. Several excellent speakers have been contacted and will appear before the Cadet Corps assembly as soon as convenient dates can be arranged.

This year the Propellor Club of the United States is again sponsoring the American Merchant Marine Conference in conjunction with its own Fourteenth Annual Convention at New Orleans, Dec. 8, 9, 10, 11, 1940. Recognized authorities will address the conference on subjects of timely interest and importance to the entire American Marine Industry, the purpose being to provide an open forum for the discussion of



ACTIVITIES

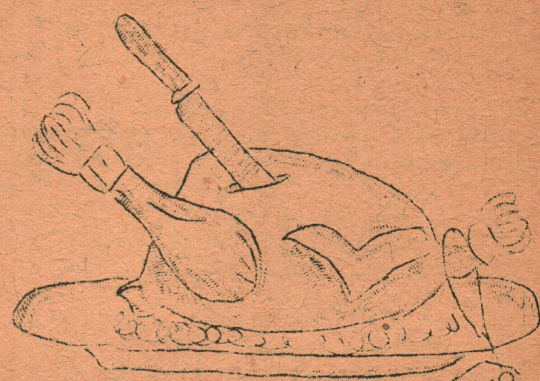
problems confronting the industry, to promote the spirit of cooperation, advance the American Merchant Marine in all its branches, and further develop public interest in American water transportation.

The Propeller Club of the Port of the California Maritime Academy will be represented at this conference by a delegate from the Propeller Club, Port of San Francisco.

J. G. O'D.

THE HAWSEPIPE 1941

It is a well accepted fact that everyday "bull slinging" makes up a good portion of a C. M. A. cadet's pastime. Perhaps this is the reason that the notices posted upon the bul-



Where art thou - little turkey?

letin board concerning this years Hawsepipe have been practically disregarded--like so much bull. This is definitely not the case! Although a very capable staff is working on the Hawsepipe for 1941, they are



WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING, SWEENEY?

not efficient enough to produce by themselves the yearbook that is fitting of this Academy. We need your support in many ways, especially in writing articles.

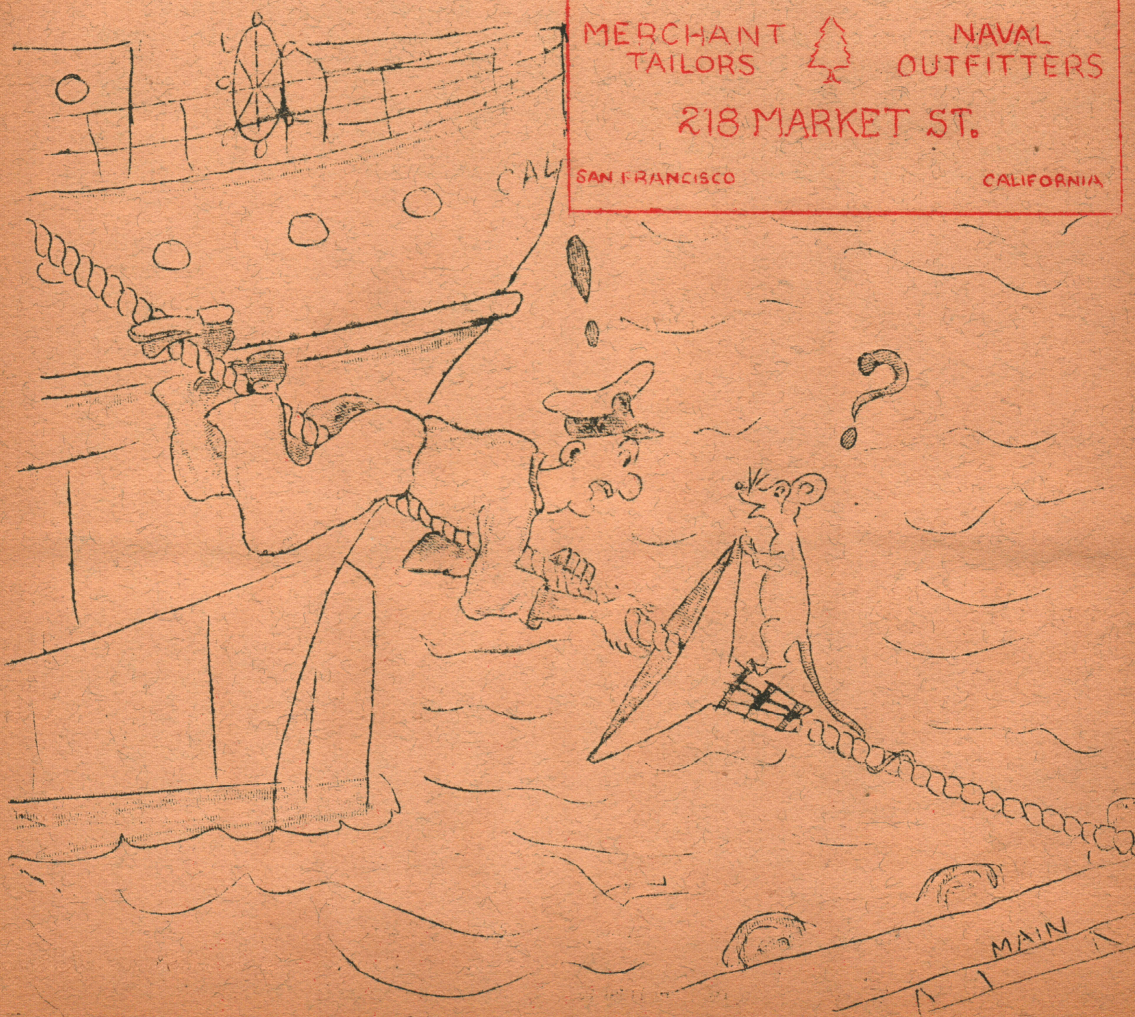
Perhaps a brief outline of what will be in this year's annual will give you an idea of why you will be proud to possess such a publication; and why you should jump at the privilege to have one of your articles printed in it. The cover will be a beautiful, high grade, bossed leather enveloping over 120 pages with formal pictures of Officers and Cadets, class histories, Academy activities, pictorial and written reviews of cruises,

es, and added poems and artistry that will impress you with the happy memories of C.M.A.

Any contributions, advertisements, or suggestions will be received and appreciated by the Cadet Editor.

L.H. Erickson

MERRY CHRISTMAS
from
THEO. PLANZ CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS  NAVAL OUTFITTERS
218 MARKET ST.
SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA



On Friday, 29 November, the C.T.S. California State was reported aground. Later reports showed all hands safe and accounted for. After having been gracefully brought alongside, under the experienced hand of Captain Mayo the "old bucket" outdid herself and, upon being moved up the dock, settled into a mud bank. It seems that the official report of water depth at the pierhead was 13 ft. BUT-- (un)official reports of the draft of our great white monster must have been 14 ft.

All of which simply announced the overhaul period beginning. After having found out that the tides were such a controlling factor, the ship was moved on to the marine railway the first thing Monday morning, 2 December.

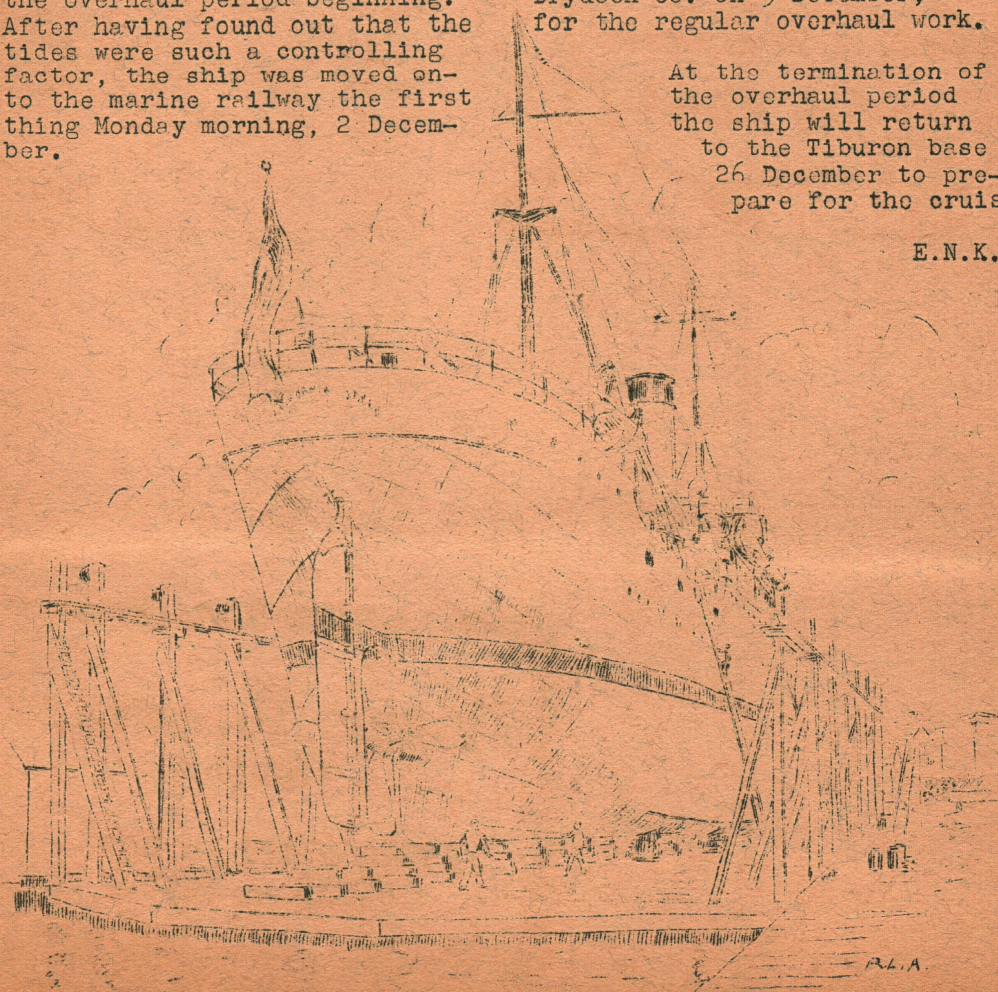
It was a big day for the "Swabs" because it marked the first time many of our youngsters had been aboard a ship underway.

This drydocking, which was at General Engineering and Drydock Co., was the first time since the original conversion to a training ship, that the California State has been worked on in any yard other than the Navy Yard at Mare Island.

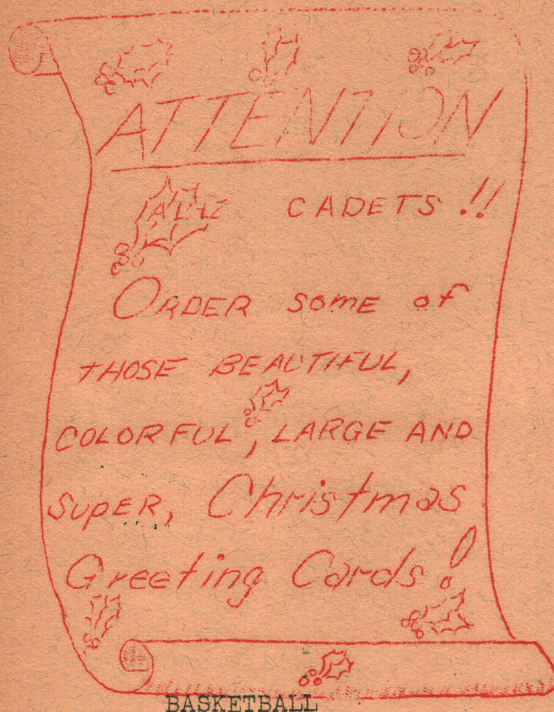
Following the drydocking, the California State was towed to Moore's Shipbuilding and Drydock Co. on 5 December, for the regular overhaul work.

At the termination of the overhaul period the ship will return to the Tiburon base 26 December to prepare for the cruise.

E.N.K.



SPORTS



BASKETBALL

Our first varsity basketball game of the season took place at the Tamalpais High School gym several days ago, and you will be delighted to know that it was another C.M.A. victory. Our varsity was elated to play once again on a shining hardwood court with good regulation backboards and hoops rather than our meager and somewhat rickety court and standards here at the base.

Our competitors were the Tamalpais High School varsity; a large and energetic bite to take so early in the season, but we shot forth into a nice lead during the first few minutes of play and managed to retain that lead throughout the game.

At the half, with a score of 23 to 10, Bob Young, captain of the team had the entire starting team replaced by the

second string who, with excellent teamwork, held a comfortable lead until the return of the first string to the court at the beginning of the fourth quarter. For the remainder of the game it was a matter of careful play and timely shots to keep the "Tam" Varsity on the short end of a 33 to 25 final score.

It might be of interest to note that the number of fouls called against Tamalpais was far in excess to that called against this allegedly "Rough-neck" team of ours. Very encouraging to say the least.

This victory and the great improvement shown on the part of the Academy's players gives promise to bigger and better games to come.

R. C. W.

STARTING LINE-UP
BOB YOUNG (CAPT.)
"STAN" STENDAHL
BOB WILSON
CLEN LAFRENTZ
"BUZZ" GEANDROT

SECOND STRING
BOB SMITH
"DUSTY" RHOADS
BOB DASSO
BILL KNIGHT
"WOODY" WOODS

MORRIS PHARMACY

TIBURON

HEADQUARTERS for XMAS
CARDS and GIFTS

TEL. BEL. 175
FREE DELIVERY

Handball

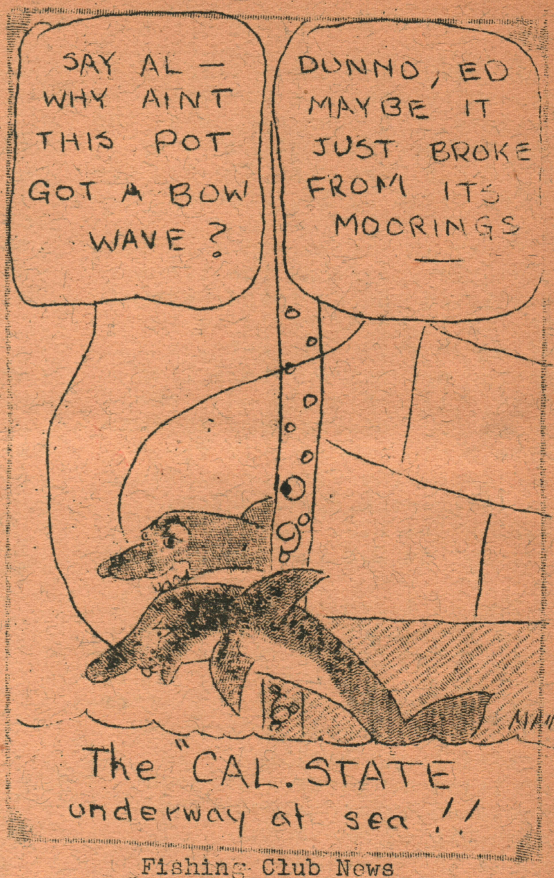
Up until the time that the handball court was covered over with wire rope, chains, and bouys the games were being played every afternoon until sunset, at which time, a white tennis ball had to be used.

In singles, Willie Weldon has remained the undefeated champion.

There is more activity among the doubles teams. Each section of all classes has organized partners to challenge Erickson and Heller, who have been on top of the ladder the entire season. C.F. Smith with Paul Heard, and Weldon with Zed Gwartney afford the close competition.

Only three-cornered regulation courts, as in Mill Valley, are used for such official games, which must be played off before the Christmas leave, at which time the tournament will be ended.

P. Haertel



We obtained an interview with the Fishing Club's technical advisor as to why no large bass have actually been landed this week. The results were, to quote: "Due to recent meteorological disturbances, resulting in precipitation in the Sacramento Valley and increasing the ebb tidal current the waters of that river have been very muddy. The Striped Bass have, therefore, moved upstream and out of the reach of the hooks of this Club. However, the fishing has not been at a standstill, as several catches of Rock Cod and Crabs have been reported".

So you see, dear readers, the Fishing Club is still active.

SAILING NEWS

In reviewing the sailing season activities, we modestly believe that much has been done due to the interest shown by the Cadet Corp. and the cooperation given by Lt. Winbeck.

Early in the season a meeting was held and among the ideas submitted and approved were the addition of keels to three of our 24 ft. whaleboats, a racing program on recreation days, all day sails on weekends, and outside competition. Five racing crews were formed and coxswains were appointed as follows: L.H. Erickson, M.F. Main, M.N. Quinn, B.C. Welch, and G.H. Settler.

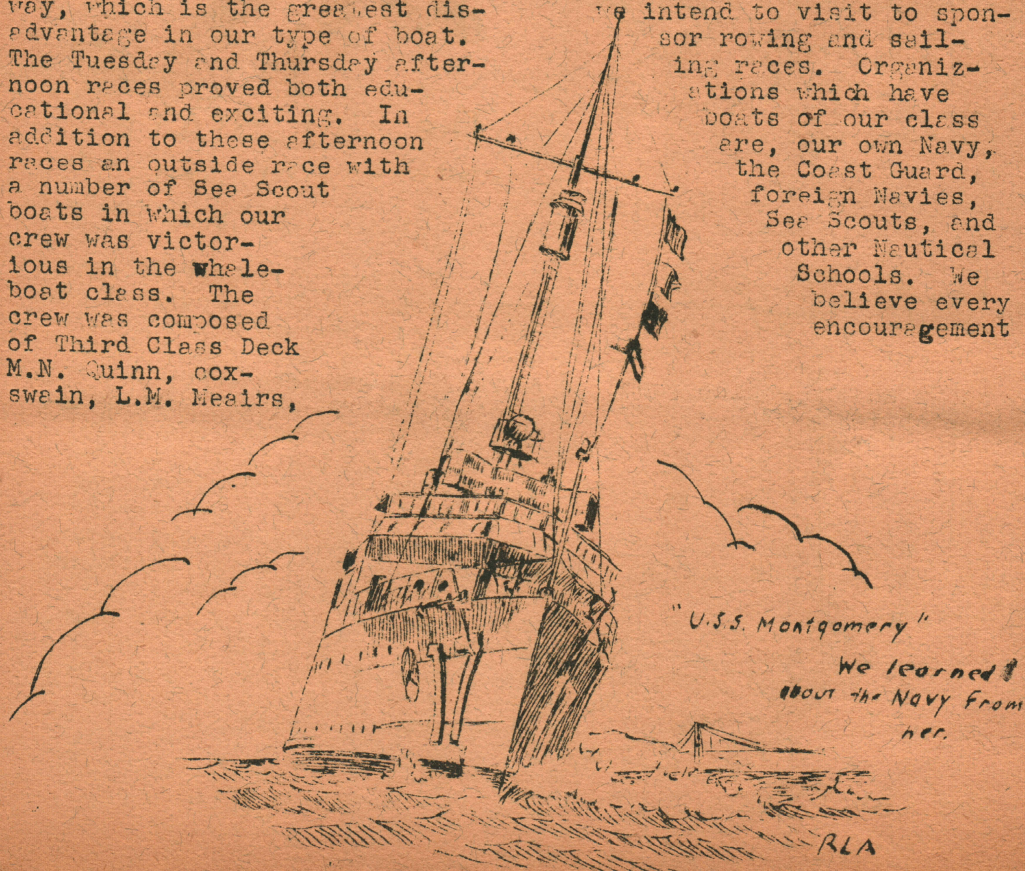
The addition of small metal fins (keels) eliminated lee-way, which is the greatest disadvantage in our type of boat. The Tuesday and Thursday afternoon races proved both educational and exciting. In addition to these afternoon races an outside race with a number of Sea Scout boats in which our crew was victorious in the whaleboat class. The crew was composed of Third Class Deck M.N. Quinn, coxswain, L.M. Meairs,

B.C. Welch, W.J. McGaffrey, F.R. Petersen, R.W. Dasso, and J.E. Kehlror.

Recently, we have been working on a super-whaleboat rig. A detachable bowsprit has been made, to which a jib or spinnaker may be rigged. This is to be balanced by a larger mainsail and the boat itself to be ballasted by water in kegs.

Unfortunately, the sailing season is over, due to lack of wind. Instead of giving up racing during our cruise and overhaul period we would like to arrange competitions with organizations of the different ports on our cruise. It has been suggested that our School Propellor Club could make arrangements through the Propellor Clubs of the ports

we intend to visit to sponsor rowing and sailing races. Organizations which have boats of our class are, our own Navy, the Coast Guard, foreign Navies, Sea Scouts, and other Nautical Schools. We believe every encouragement



should be given to sailing, both as a sport and as an aid in acquiring small-boat handling ability. Both the School and the Cadet Corps would benefit greatly if we improve our boat-handling ability and if we won a few more races in outside competition.

M.N.Q. & B.C.W.

PILOT YOUR CRAFT INTO
HOOPERS
 FOUNTAIN & DRINKS

TIBURON

Merry Christmas
 (or To Hell With the Hotwell)

T'was the night before Xmas
 on the Cal State Maru,
 All hands had turned in
 with the exception of two.

For they were roused out for
 the 12 to 4 watch,

To keep the pressure at one
 eighty two.

Now, down in the engine room
 they took their stand,

To keep watch o'er the dials
 with the little red hands.

All at once there rose a great
 clatter;

They looked in amazement, but
 they knew what was the matter.

It's nothing at all; just a
 thought of my own,

But I know damn well that the
 SAFETY VALVE'S blown.

As quick as a flash came a
 streak of brown.

As a dash of khaki came charg-
 ing down.

He whipped into the fireroom
 and spun quickly around;

"Lan' sakes", he said, "Keep
 that pressure down!"

"You're on the REPORT", said he
 with a grin.

"And you folks don't know what
 a spot you're in,

Before the Captain you'll have
 to appear,

And your time, my boys,
 is drawing near".

And at the mast the Captain said,
 "Your Xmas liberty now hangs
 by a thread.

Without further ado I'll cut
 that thread,

And you can spend the time
 aboard ship instead".

T'was Xmas night on the Cal
 State Maru,

All was not well, for our
 friends were quite blue;

Inside the Hot-Well, with
 scrapers in hand,

They had eight hours of extra
 duty to stand.

The 12 to 4 watch
 November 29, 1940

* * *

Word has been passed, also,
 that Cadet Howard Kubel is
 in the Marine Hospital with ap-
 pendicitis. Everybody aboard
 misses his cheerful friendli-
 ness and hopes that he will be
 able to return in the near fu-
 ture.

All hands are hoping for a
 speedy recovery and early re-
 turn to the ship of our carpen-
 ter, Mr. Eugene Harnwell, who
 has been with the ship for many
 years and is well liked and re-
 membered by the cadets and for-
 mer cadets of this Academy. He
 is, at present, seriously ill
 in the Marine Hospital from the
 complications following a recent
 appendectomy. We are pulling for
 you, Chips!

INTERPRETATION OF FISHING CLUB NEWS

Any news printed by those self-esteemed fishermen C.F. & R.L. should be swallowed with a grain of salt.

When the word "bass" appears it stands for a legendary species of fish which the authors have never seen, but which is considered quite a catch (they read in the newspapers). The word "bass" is usually substituted for the words "nibble" or "bite".

The phrase "not actually landed" means they didn't fish at all or they were standing near the rail when a splash occurred.

The catch line "due to strong tidal currents" means the two imminent Waltons have spent some time actually fishing, but did not get a nibble.

When they say, You should have seen the bass we landed"; it should read, "Yes we did get a nibble, but we didn't see

or land the fish".

PERSONOGRAPHIES

Jensen's new sport coat indicates the trend of progress in Hayward.

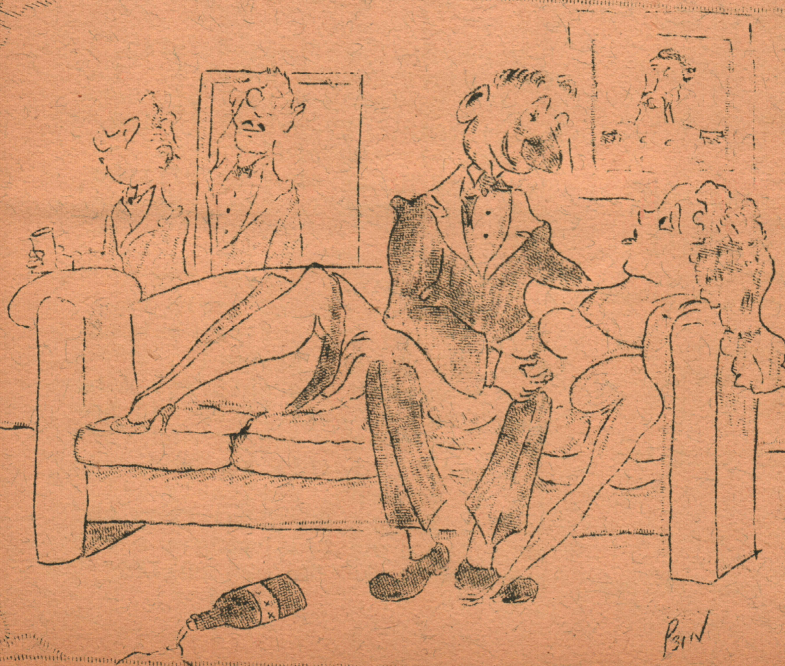
The Irony of it all:

Mr. Ellis: "Say, Dave, should I buy a pair of boots to wear in Alameda?"

Mr. Warwick: "No, get out that same rowboat you used in Long Beach last January!"

I never thought it would come to this--- U.S. Navy asking the Calif. State what time colors would be.

I just found out: Anderson makes his money parking cars on his front lawn before the "Cal" football games. Then goes to the game.



what do
you mean,
your wife
doesn't
understand
you

I AM
your
wife!



It is quite noticeable that Owens is going ashore in a hurry of late and not returning to the ship early anymore. He seems to have that "the Cat that ate the Canary" look upon his return to the ship. What is it Bob?

We seem to have some third class engineer in our midst who doesn't seem to know that when one makes a template it is for a purpose and not to be discarded before making the finished product. It saves jacking in the bulkhead to make it fit. How about it, "1/8 of a ton"?

We are all sorry for the members of the fourth class in that they had to learn by experience that some things in the Rules and Regulations are put there for a good reason and not to be disobeyed. Over the Hill is "no goot." I. G. M.F.Y. is O. K. but A.W.O.L. is N.G.

We are sad to admit that a few of the members of the fourth class thought that dock trials were for their own special privilege and that they would get a trick at the fine art of bringing the ship alongside the dock.

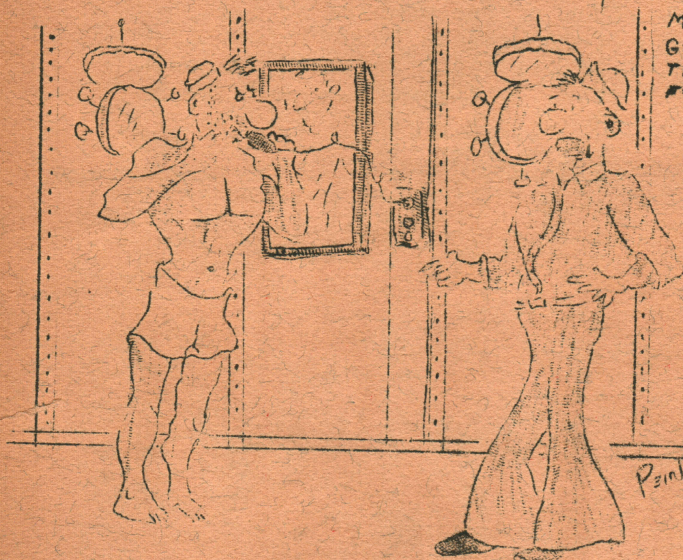


AND THEY CAME IN ON AUG. 6

Famous last words:
 "I didn't eat twelve pies -----
 ----- in the wardroom!"

"When better and bigger men are
 built I'll be one of them. You
 understand".

solitary confinement when they
 last "threw the axe" at him.
 We are wondering, if enroute
 to Sac. he didn't run into "Lon-
 nie" Pyle who "Loves to pet
 the rabbits and live off the
 fat of the land". We think
 "Lonnie" waylaid Severance
 and forcefully extracted all



We are sorry to inform our
 readers that we know of no
 definite results either for or
 against the possibilities of
 those who had to be aboard
 over Christmas and New Years
 last year, getting them off
 this year. We are led to be-
 lieve that the southern lads
 are against this move and
 the northern Cadets are in fa-
 vor of it. Why not let the north-
 ern cadets be restricted one
 year and the southern cadets
 the next year?

It seems that a few of the
 fourth class cadets still don't
 know who or what "Charlie No-
 ble" is. Swab Muirhead spent
 a good deal of his Thanksgiving
 day paging "Charlie Noble".

There is a shadow of doubt
 hovering around "Le Severance"
 and where they put him into

of the fuzz from "Georgie's"
 noggin'.

We all felt a little twang
 of pain upon having to give up
 our former base at California
 City. Not, probably, because
 it was so inaccessible, but
 because it had served us so
 well as both a home and a
 school, but we are indeed for-
 tunate in having a new base
 promised to us.

We have all missed the quiet
 quibbling of a certain real
 fellow. The third class engi-
 neers have missed his in-
 cessant prattling and fine
 sense of humor, probably most
 of all, as he was one of them.
 The noble personage was known
 as "Sho" Shoenfeldt. We are
 all sorry to see him leave the
 ship and his friends and we
 also wish him the Best of Luck.

WHO--

WHO--

There's a boy that goes to our school,
Who's really quite the guy.
His line is such a long one
It's very hard to tie.

The story goes (it's really his)
That all the world he knows.
But to have lived in all those places
He must have really had to go.

From Hong Kong back in '33,
To four years in ol' London,
Those twelve years spent in
gay Paroo,
Plus a certain amount of time in
Vladivostok, Berlin, Burma,
Grace Lines,
Water taxis in L.A. Harbor,
sailing ships, ad infinitum.

When he first hit our little ship,
His line went off quite fine,
'Til he defied the laws of matter
And was in two places at a time.

It's been kept up such a long time
That we can finally see
That he isn't as much the great guy
As he cracks himself up to be.

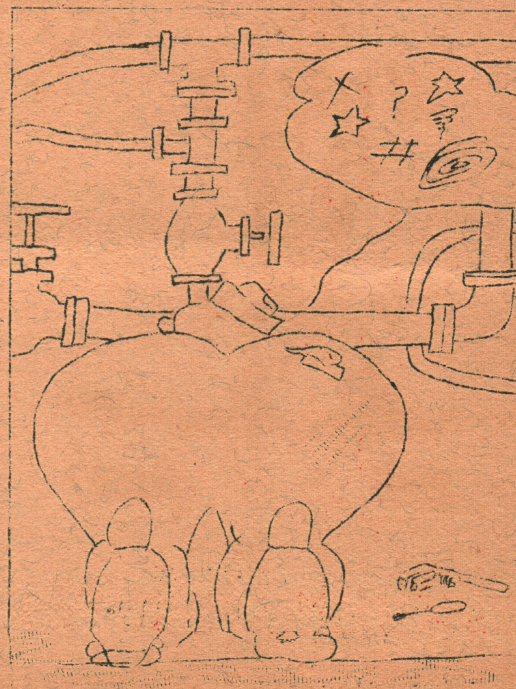
What successful graduate navigated a ship from El Segundo to Point Richmond, San Francisco Bay through a fog so thick it was impossible to see land? Through the use of dead-reckoning and a sixth sense our hero brought his craft to a plotted position; hereupon, he ordered the fore-castle gang to heave a line in a direction two and a half points off the port bow. Immediately after the throw he yelled into the fog, "Did you see the light?" and the expected reply, "Yeah!"

--was the swab who went into a S.F. cigar store to inquire about Philippine cigarettes and was given almost two cartons of them free?

--when shown that a dark body retained heat, wanted to know why polar bears were white?

--was the swab who spent all Sunday afternoon making a box to fit in a certain part of his locker, only to find that the finished product was the exact size of an ordinary cheese box?

--is the 1st Class Deckman that still thinks the anchor shape, mentioned in the International Rules of the Road has to do with the symmetry and contour of "da hook"? No, laddie, it just means that little black ball they hang up to keep the seagulls away when a ship is at anchor.



MERRY

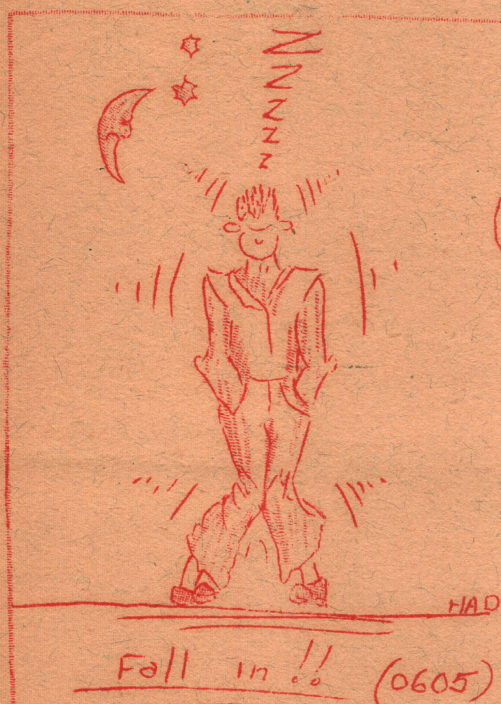
CHRISTMAS

OR--The Cruise of the Snark

This week Brumpsnick demonstrates his abilities as an accomplished boat coxswain, which is a very responsible position, by the way. To follow his day's work we write as a log, even going so far as to show the time between Brumoy's thoughts.

0500-Reveille sounds waveringly through the berth deck.-- No response from Brumpy.

0600-M.O.B.D. rouses Brumpy out with a loud "Rouse out of that -- sack and get your -- in the saddle; it's first call. Brumpy: "What a life; why did I ever come here? -- mumble, mumble ----".



0605-Brumpy stands out on deck, eyes half closed, trying not to wake up.

0606-Formation broken by a

terse, "Fall out to cleaning stations".

0606-Brumpy meets first classman on boat detail; "Let the third classman earn their stripes; let's look over the situation in the boat shed".

0607-Brumpy and friend are sound asleep in the boat shed bunkhouse.

0630-Snark's mattress, a wet life-jacket, soaks through his clothes, wakes him up. At



this time he usually gets a guilty conscience about loafing. He decides to reform, so he goes out screaming orders at the Swabs, who tell him to go back to sleep. He does.

0640-Brumpy rushes out again; startled, he rushes into mess deck--too late, nothing left to eat; oh well he can get better coffee in Hooper's anyway.

0655-Collects mail and climbs into boat. Assumes position of command.

"Cast off forward!

Full Astern!"

At this command the engine quits. "What's the matter with you engineers? My two year old niece could run that mill better than you".

Engineer, after an intense survey, finds the key missing.

0705 Engineer finds key in bilges, starts engine again.

"Full Astern!"

Boat backs fast and jerks to a stop. The Bowhook had tied it up while key was lost, gets the rough cussing out for his pains.

"Cast off Forward!"

"Full Astern!"

0707 C.S. #6 sputters eccentricly out of the slip. Brumpy as nonchalant as old Nick himself.

0715 Engine quits.

"Break out the anchor."

0716 Engine starts.

"Belay that and stand fast."

Bowhook gawks--never hearing such language before (It means that they don't need the anchor).

0720 Snark approaches the strongest temptation a cox'n ever has--The Tiburon Rock. He gauges the distance and steels his nerves. He'll do it or bust.



Temptation !!

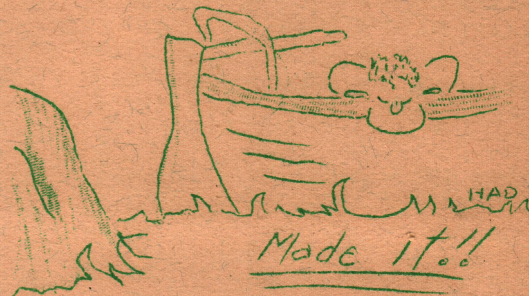
The boat heads for the gap.

"FULL ASTERN!"

Brumpsnick wipes a cold sweat off his face, "It ain't
---ti. At, it really ain't."

0721 Another dream of Snark's is smashed as he goes outside the rock.

"Heck, I bet there was plenty of room."



0725 C.S. #6 screeches to a stop alongside Sam's dock.

0730 Sharky gets breakfast in Tiburon, he intends to have ham & eggs, but changes his mind to a liquid diet.

0740 Collects mail and newspapers.

0745 Shoves off on return trip; no passengers.

0750 By this time Snark has built up his courage enough to try the Rock again.

0751 CMA #6 heads toward CMA's Northwest Passage.

0751½ Brump's knees shake and clatter, he begins to sweat profusely, but it's do or die this time.

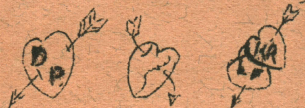
0751¾ Snark can stand it no longer--he closes his eyes, the engineer and bowhook do likewise.

There is a scream, and then a crash, the boat lurches crazily. They had got through the gap, but Snark had fainted. Even as he lay

in the bottom of the boat, though, Snarky's face had that "Possum eatin' " grin on his face.

0810 Snark delivers the mail in true mail service spirit, and is just as happy as a bird.

0815 Snark goes to class, draws hearts and arrows until 1215, with a smoke at 1030.



1230 "Chow down" Belly filled, coffee bad, same as usual.

1300 Brumpy still telling how close he came to the rocks.

1315 Turn to, Snark plays jockey to a paint scraper.

"Mumble mumble--don't they ever do anything on boat detail but scrape boats, wish I had a beer."

1400 O.D. tells Snark that there is a danger to navigation floating down the bay.

"I am your man", states Brumpy, "I will remove it immediately."

1401 Boat crew assembled.

"Cast off forward!"

Full Astern!

Stop! Full Ahead."

C.S. #6 is now a Coast Guard Cutter rushing to aid a wrecked ship. Snark dreams on until he is up on the derelict. He scans it with his seaman's eye and maps out a plan of action.

"slow astern", "Slow Astern"

"FULL ASTERN"--C*R*A*S*H!!

1415 Engineer wakes up with a, "What, what--what's that log sticking through the side of the boat for, and all that water---LAND SAKES! You folks

on dock shouldn't do that." One look at Snark rouses him out of his ____.

1430 Derelict abandoned - poor #6 limps back, filling fast.

1440 #6 reaches dock as water reaches Brumpy's knees.

1441 Snark is a very unhappy lad. He knows darn well that his story, "The engineer was asleep," will bring a look of scorn, when he tries to explain that missing plank or two.

1500 The little building in back of the boat shed--Snark can just sit and think, His only consolation:

"Anyhow, if I prove incompetent enough, I can -----."

* * *

R.P.C.

SWAB OPEN HOUSE

True to the good old Irish tradition, Johnny Donohue came through with a rousing "Open-house" for the Swab Class on Saturday night, November 31. Twenty four of the fourth-class cadets, who were lucky enough to take part in the free-for-all, were diverted by refreshments, supplied by the host and by former acquaintances of Cleary and Hansen.

A few of the boys beat Donohue home and the party lasted from then until 3 o'clock the next morning. Life-of-the-party honors were split by "Peaches" Gregory and Mrs. Donohue, Johnny's mother. The swabs owe a vote of thanks to Donohue and the same to Ed McDermott who threw a similar affair earlier in the year.

N.B.M.

Dear Santa Claus: (Via Editor)

In so far as I've been to no less than five report masts, and can't remember a month that I didn't make the C.A.D., it is your usual custom to bestow me.

However I shall submit a conservative list in the fond hope that the potatoe sack which I'm hanging to the furnace front will be filled with more than the holes, of which there are already more than I am able to ascertain.

A few pairs of black socks wouldn't be bad at all, and perhaps a black woolen turtle neck sweater to match. Rubbers? Ah yes, you will remember that my feet do get cold on those long wet roads. And say--you might as well throw a top coat in on the deal, and I wouldn't mind it a bit if there was a carton of cigarettes in one of the coat pockets. And that tie I'm wearing, tsk, tsk,--couldn't you drop one of those snazzy black silk ties on top of the coat? Sure you could and there is still plenty of room for a portable radio, some shaving soap, razor blades, a good looking cow hide wallet with, say five or six bucks just slipped in the side. Do you remember that keen two pound box of candy I had last Christmas? How about a five pound box this time?

This paper I'm writing on is the last sheet of your last batch--I could use plenty more and maybe some stamps too....

Need some new collars, black shoes, and one of those phoney white shirts that we wear. I've often wanted a good book, and since the portable radio just fell through one of the holes in that spud sack, I guess there's just enough room left for a neat little traveling bag and

a new pair of safety work shoes, and a flash-light. I guess that's about all Santa... That is unless you have a hankering to leave me one of those portable typewriters--It would save you the trouble of having to handle one of those little Parker fountain pen sets....

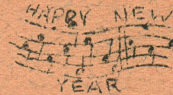
And Santa Claus I'm leaving that ice box door open again--You'll find the bottled goods in the same place.

As ever, your devoted admirer,

Cadet Hutobber Geveltopp

EDITORS NOTE:

Folks---take notice, this letter isn't meant for quite as much a joke as you might think. Cadet Geveltopp might be your loving son--get it?



Dear Editor:

It is with amazement that we view the scintillating rise in the communication field at C.M.A.. Not only is it noticable in the classroom, but inter-bunk communication in the 'tween deck is rapidly gaining in favor. Each night myriads of flashing lights approach the magnificent splendor of a meteor shower. The soundless messages pass from bunk to bunk, from originator to an addressee, from one tiny make believe ship to another, simulating the reality of an imaginary convoy. (Sign up for your call letters.)

Such rabid interest shouldn't remain unheralded, for it is an indicator, in fact it's an downright disclosure that Key Dett is showing a great deal of interest in his training as an

SAFETY VALVE (CON'T)

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officer.

One of the outstanding merits of the institution has been the coupling of the theoretical grains of knowledge in actual working conditions. Navigating from a blackboard is tedious, rowing a boat from the instructors description is boring, rigging a pair of sheer legs on paper nauseating, but in actual practice these tasks become an engrossing pastime. Signalling also falls into this class. In the past, when at sea, a cadet on watch, wishing to communicate with passing vessels, find it necessary to obtain permission from the duty officer via the executive officer who in turn notifies the Captain and after a general conference, permission is granted. By the time that the permission is received, the communication with the passing vessel is impossible. We believe a situation of this nature could be remedied. Would not it be possible for the cadet O.D. to grant this request? Let Joe Cadet harvest the fruits of his labors. Let there be more spontaneous signalling on this coming cruise, let there be sleep in the Berth Deck.

Cadets Neid and
Zenor

Dear Editor:

I have often wondered, and I know that other sick bay attendants have done the same thing, just what you, the Cadets of this school, would think if you walked into your home and saw cigarette butts, ashes and magazines scattered all over the living room.

During afternoon turnto I was cleaning up the classroom and I noticed that the above mentioned condition existed in there.

I will admit that there aren't many ash trays around, but those that we do have aren't very far from where you are sitting; so why not use them and keep the ashes and cigarette butts off the deck?

Also, when you are finished with a magazine, I'm sure that it wouldn't take much effort on your part to put it back in the rack.

How about it? Let's cooperate!

O.G. Rutherford

* * *

ROWING FLASH

The waters of the Oakland Estuary witnessed a mighty fete in rowing several days ago when the personnel of the Coast Guard Cutter Shoshone accepted a challenge from the C.M.A. rowing team to a whole boat race. It was beautiful to see. At the start both crews put forth every effort into a quick powerful stroke that seemed to make the very waters boil. At each sweeping stroke of the oars the boats shot ahead; stem to stem, they were for several hundred feet then, as the stroke lengthened and team work combined with power began to tell the cadets moved slowly but surely into the lead. Stroke! Stroke! bodies swaying with rhythm and strength of a locomotive, cox'ns barking out cadence and encouraging the members of their respective crews, and still the cadets moved ahead.

With all but one hundred yards of that mile long course disappearing in the wake, our crew broke into a sprint so swift that it might well have

been the envy of every oarsman in the country. It seems incredible that those fatigued muscles would respond in the least to the command of the heart to pull! pull! pull! faster! faster! Increase the stroke! don't let down! Win! Win!

But those muscles did respond and Cal State crew slipped across the finish line to win by four boat lengths. What a victory!

An important element that demands consideration in the outcome of this race is the lack of training on the parts of both crews. The challenge was made accepted on such short notice that neither team had more than three days to brush up on its rowing. As a result the Coast Guard has challenged us to a return match to be held early in January. We have accepted this challenge and are quite confident that with sufficient practice during the next few weeks we will be able to more than match their every effort.

CREW MEMBERS

Lt. Winbeck - ADVISOR

NAT MAIN - COXSWAIN

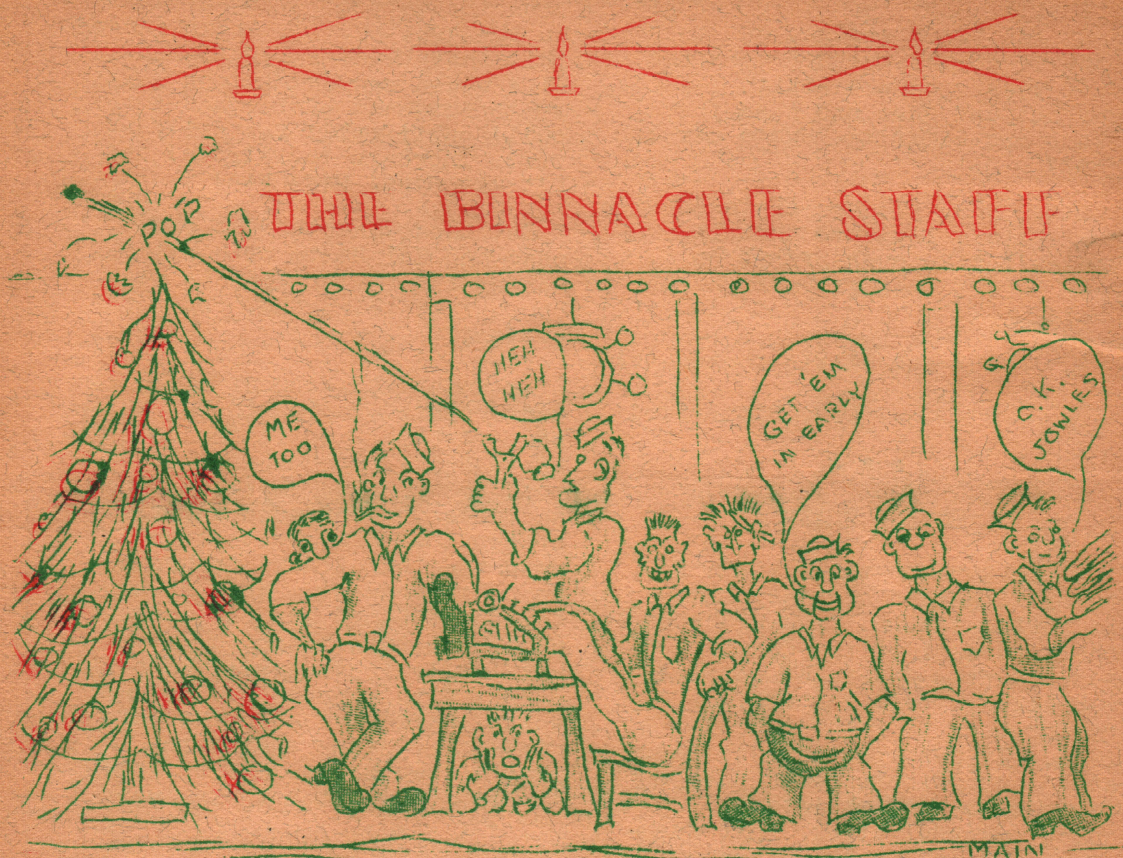
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PORT

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WISHES YOU ALL A VERY

Merry
Christmas