

The Binnacle

VOLUME ONE NUMBER ONE

13 AUGUST 1940

CAPTAIN'S EDITORIAL

The honor of having been requested to write the first editorial for the first issue of the first periodical publication of this Academy is appreciated. But this request carries with it a responsibility. The opportunity for influencing our future by what may be said in these following lines is valuable. How shall we grasp this unique chance for responsible and effective expression? Not saying what a fine thing such a periodical should prove to be for the Academy, its Officers, Cadets, and Crew---we can all see this. Not by congratulating editors, staff, and future contributors on the fine training in written self-expression thus afforded them; for that, too, is evident. Not by pointing out how welcome the little paper will be to parents who are so deeply and lovingly interested in their Cadet Sons. Nor by reminding you how countless "girls we left behind" will wait with palpitating hearts each issue to scan with eager lovely eyes its lines for news of some Cadet sweetheart. That, too, may be taken as a matter of course, for we have visited many ports. We need a guide for our choice of a message. What better Pilot or Sailing Instructions can we find than the Good Book itself, which speaks so feelingly to:

"They that go down to the sea in ships;

"That do business in great waters";

for you are to be leaders of such men. What was Jehovah's command to Moses and what was His estimate of the kind of men, He demanded as the leaders of his people?

"Thou shalt provide out of all the people, able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness; and place such over them to be rulers of thousands, and rulers of tens."

After three thousand years does not this conception of the qualities essential to leadership still hold good? Is it not directly applicable to us?

Let us then keep close in our secret heart a shining ideal towards which to strive. Let us choose as our Objective the attainment of good character requisite for good leadership. Learning to obey as first step in learning to command, strengthening our bodies so that we may be "two-fisted" men ready to squarely face with equal confidence evil weather or evil men; training your brains to think, not to be smothered in only the dull rote of the parrot-like classroom scholars; loving truth for its own sake and hating falseness or double dealing; keeping your bodies, your minds, your hearts as clean as the open sea, your future home; striving ever to be "good shipmates"--courteous, char-

itable helpful to your fellow Cadets, loyal to your seniors, jealous of the good reputation of your uniform and of your Academy; and remembering always that in the future America lies in the hands of your generation, of whom you are to be leaders over the broad waters of the seven seas.

Captain Claude Mayo

* * *

NEWS OF THE SCHOOL

The California Maritime Academy is so situated that the unhappy condition of the world is requiring the service of her graduates to an unprecedented degree. Perhaps this is the finest tribute that has yet been given to the school, that in times of stress when strong and competent men are wanted at the helm all agencies that are concerned with our navy, our shipping, or contacts with foreign agencies are anxious to obtain graduates.

Yet this demand has resulted in uncertainty in the detail of The Academy's program. The fundamentals: training in loyalty, courage in the face of discomfort, sacrifice of self in the interest of the whole; such are qualities that our average graduate possesses in full measure, and these are the qualities that are esteemed by prospective employers. So whatever the detail of our curriculum and facilities, The Academy, by fostering the essentials that make good citizenship and leadership will be esteemed. The future demands that your academy expand, and this expansion is inevitable.

There has been much discussion of site for The Academy's campus for the Academy will have a campus of its own. It is of interest to compare the development of this school with that of

the Naval Academy. The Naval Academy was instituted aboard a frigate, with its value questioned. After some years of activity limited to the decks of a man-of-war, the training ship was based at Fort Severn with facilities that did not compare with those we have now at our own school. Until after the Civil War the Naval Academy did not have its own site. With the Civil War the worth of the Naval Academy was proven. Closely paralleling has been the story of our own academy. Your school has proven its worth to every agency concerned with the employment of our graduates. The school has support that did not exist a few years ago. Discussion of re-location and expansion of The Academy will result in a better site and increased facilities and activity. We are convinced that this will be so, and shortly.

The transfer of jurisdiction over The Academy from the Navy Department to the United States Maritime Commission involves much change in administrative detail. In so far as individual cadets are concerned there is no prospect of any immediate effect. The change will draw the school closer to the broad program of training sponsored by The Maritime Commission. Detail of the overhaul process is yet to be worked out in Washington, for this is supervised by the Washington headquarters of the Commission. We know that the Training Ship will go to a commercial shipyard for overhaul this year, but beyond that there is nothing available for report.

The Navy's interest in the school is enhanced by the critical state of world affairs. The Navy is, in general, anxious for the enrollment of graduates on the active list of Naval Reserve officers. Many of our last class and earlier classes have

THE BINNACLE WATCH

Editor-in-Chief
L. H. Erickson

Associate Editor
R. L. Rhoads

Faculty Advisor
E. L. Robberson

Faculty Contributors
Captain Mayo
George Barkley

Reporters
Mears
Owens
O'Donnell
Horn

Cartoonists
Main
Nied

Typists and Mimiographers
Kettenhofen
Locke
Newman

Contributors
Calou

already gone to the fleet for
an extended period of active
duty.

It is a pleasure to join in
congratulating the staff of The
Binnacle on a successful launch-
ing of the craft it is spon-
soring. Smiling skies and
smooth seas for The Binnacle is
my hope.

George Barkley

EDITOR'S NOTE

While every American is suf-
fering (more or less) from a
"war scare" complex, the world
situation has not yet affected

us to the extent that we are
deprived of the factors that
contribute to our liberty. One
factor is recreation, being able
to spend our extra time the way
we please, to strengthen our
spirits, to forget our troubles,
and make our lives more enjoy-
able.

The California Maritime Aca-
demy is going through a trans-
ition period. In the future
many new provisions will be made
for recreational activity with
the view in mind that our spirits
will be strengthened and the
routine of everyday studies and
work will be broken with the
activities that will create what
we can truly call "a happy ship."

Your paper, THE BINNACLE, wants
to take part in this programme
by giving you a few moments of
pleasure. Articles of general
interest and of humorous nature
will be included in your mag-
azine for this purpose. The
staff is working for your pleas-
ure and feels that if you have
found an article that aroused
your interest or caused a slight
smile to crease that "sourpuss"
of yours, we have served our
purpose. If you have any sug-
gestions as to how the staff can
improve THE BINNACLE the editor
will appreciate a letter from
you.

L.H.E.

NEW OFFICER AT C.M.A.

We were surprised to hear of
Mr. Sheaf's leaving the school,
having taken a year's leave of
absence. The "Big Spud" was
famous for his ability to keep
the ship looking first class.
We are sure that the Cadets will
remember his tales of when he
was on "de Point Ancha".

A very capable man has repl-
aced him, Mr. Engs, a former
graduate and employee of Stand-
ard Oil.

R.W.O.

PROPELLER CLUB

The general mission of the Propeller Club movement throughout the world is to bring to the eye of the public the United States' Merchant Marine--its problems--its accomplishments and, basically, to restore it to its rightful place in worldwide tonnage that it enjoyed during the Clipper Ship Era. Throughout the years, the Propeller Club of the United States has stressed the importance to the nation of building up a modern and efficient Merchant Marine to further our foreign trade in peacetime, and to form a valuable national defense unit in time of a national emergency.

Rapidly coming to the front as a much needed service club among the cadet corps, the Propeller Club Port of California Maritime Academy is performing a fine service to the Academy and the American Merchant Marine. The history of the Port of California Maritime Academy dates back to last September, when Arthur M. Tode, honorary President of the National Propeller Club visited the Academy in an effort to establish such an organization here. The only service club organized at the time was the old Keel Club, headed by Val Thompson and advised by Mr. Barkley. Members for the new Propeller Club were drawn from the Keel Club together with elected outstanding members of the present First Class. In the middle of October, 1939, the new Charter arrived and the Propeller Club, Port of California Maritime Academy, was finally affiliated with the international organization.

The California Maritime Academy Port is rated as a Junior or Student port. As a Student Port, naturally the worldly doings of the organization are limited.

However, the gap between the members of the cadet corps and the outside shipping world is now bridged, thus paving the way for a programme that will benefit the Academy, the American Merchant Marine, and the cadets themselves.

At present, the activities of the local port have dealt with the public relations angle, bringing to the Academy a series of prominent Maritime figures as guests of the Club to speak to the entire Cadet Corps and officers on various subjects directly connected to the world of shipping. These occasional Friday night programs have done wonders to break the monotony of the school term and to promote interest in one of the oldest and most honorable professions of all time--the livelihood of the sea.

J.G. O'D.

* * *

JAMES MOORE ADDRESSES CADETS

Rejuvenation of the ship building industry formed the keynote of a timely discussion which Mr. James Moore brought to the school ship a few weeks ago. The Propeller Club was instrumental in acquiring the services of this authority on ship construction, and he was introduced at one of the regular meetings, with the entire cadet corps and a group of officers as guests.

Mr. Moore was introduced by his brother, Mr. Joseph E. Moore, who pointed out that there is still plenty of romance left in the sea. He cited several incidents related to him by captains who have served in the war zone. Mr. James Moore, talking on the subject of shipbuilding as it is carried on today, presented an interesting

subject with which he and his brother are very well acquainted, as both are heads of the Moore Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, one of the largest ship yards on the coast.

Mr. Moore pointed out that while America has always built good ships, those of the past were few and scattered, resulting in a resulting in a wild scramble to fill the deficiencies when vessels were badly needed during the World War. The well-developed at this time and received world acclaim. Another famine in the industry followed until 1935-36 when the Maritime Act brought about a new interest in construction and with the present impetus from Naval orders, American yards are running full blast.

The Moore Shipbuilding and Drydock Company has built 51 ships, and at present are busy with 5 cargo ships of the C-3 class contracted by the government but soon to be taken over by private companies.

There has been a great change in ship construction since 1930 due to the advent of large cranes and welding processes introduced from eastern plants. With a trend towards simplicity in construction and with the keel no longer important, today we find the double bottoms being built separately in sections, and then lifted into place. Some of the frames of the sides are also built this way as this allows the sections to be turned at the best angle for welding. A small new machine has been developed for this work which has both speeded up and improved welding to a new high.

Mr. Moore followed his talk with an informal forum, answering questions for his audience.

The interest in the new C-3 ships was marked, bringing out the information that they are 492 feet in length, have a draft of 28 feet, are of 17,600 tons displacement and have a speed of 16.5 knots. They are steam propelled with water tube boilers and double reduction turbines, while the steering is electro-hydraulic. These ships have made as high as 19.2 knots during trials and can accommodate 12 passengers.

In concluding his talk, Mr. importance and significance of embarking on this marine rehabilitation. The United States is in possession of some fine types of ships, which compare very favorably with ships of other nations and are excelling them in accommodations for the crews. He feels the regular shipping companies will take over the construction orders now being placed by the government, and he has very high hopes for the future of the American Merchant Marine.

L.M.

* * *

THE USS MONTGOMERY VISITS US

Heard on cleaning stations Saturday morning, 3 August. "They say that 'Tin Can' is coming over here." "Just another rumor; why should they put in here?" "Maybe to teach the First Class some gunnery." "Betcha a buck she doesn't tie up here." "Ask Clayton, he ought to know." Clayton, trying to act mock, "Yep, she's going to tie up here along side the Cal. State. Hmm, I'm in general charge." "Give me that buck!" The destroyer Montgomery did make fast to the California State. She was handled mostly by Naval Reserve men: there being only 5 officers and about 20 enlisted men in the regular

service aboard her.

The usual Saturday morning drill was abandon in order that the cadets could make the best of the short time the Montgomery was along side. The Gunner's Mate did a fine job of instructing the cadets in the operation and use of the 4-inch rifles, a 3-inch anti-aircraft gun, and fifty calibre machine guns; and was very cheerful about answering any of the cadets' questions.

The cadets took much delight in training the guns on the sea-gulls, buoys, lighthouses, and yachts everywhere on the bay. Imagine the sensation that a happy group of sun bathers on the deck of a small motor cruiser had when they rounded the stern of the California State to see the destroyer and find themselves looking into the muzzles of 4-inch, 3-inch, and machine guns. Cadet R.L. Peck said that he could see through the telescope sight, the expression on the yacht skipper's face as he frantically tried to send some garbled Morse code on a weird air horn.

In a while the groups that were originally sent to observe the guns were more or less scattered throughout the ship. The Deck Cadets found the bridge and deck equipment most interesting while the "Tinkers" went below to see what made the wheels go 'round.

When the cadets left the destroyer opinions were expressed to the effect that we're glad to live aboard a ship that is not so cramped as to include the use of a folding-handled tooth brush. And, "Do moichant mercoons aint so bad."

L.H.E.

CAPTAIN DISCUSSES NATIONAL STRATEGY

The Propeller Club, Port of the California Maritime Academy is responsible for the interesting and educational lecture by Captain Mayo on the evening of August second.

The prime topic of the Captain's discourse was the elements surrounding the National policy in regards to National Strategy. The Captain further qualified his statements by differentiating between the factors of warfare; strategy and tactics. Strategy may be defined as the plans for war and tactics the carrying out of these plans on the field. The lecture was interspersed by references to action taken by this and other nations in the past in regards to strategy and how this action resulted in ultimate victory.

To degrees from the main topic, a short outline as to the disposition of the fleet in time of battle was given.

R.I.C.

* * * WELMIE BAKE

According to the reports from various sources, one of the nights to be remembered, was enjoyed by members of the Friday night liberty party, last July 19th. The subject of this article was the hilarious beach party held on that night.

Through some miracle, that wonder boy Bob Welch, came through with an interesting bit of information at study, that on the following evening twenty local maidens would be breathlessly awaiting at Paradise Cove. A hasty survey was made of those who would have liberty on that

night, and most of them were firmly convinced that Paradise Cove was the only place to go that night.

On the fatal day, the Cadets, resplendent in port blues, took their departure from the base and the evening got underway.

The evening was a great success; a bonfire, complete with songs, portable radios, weenies, marshmallows, potato chips, and liquid refreshments. The entertainment was furnished by Jim Kehlor who tried to prove Newton's law of gravity by repeatedly rolling down a hill. The party broke up at 1 o'clock when the girls returned the cadets to the ship.

R.L.R.

* * *

THIRD CLASS BEACH PARTY

Yesser--that stag party that the third class had over at Paradise cove was a hum dinger to say the least.

We left the ship around 1700 and hoofed it over to the cove in a cloud of hot dawgs and mustard with the idea of really getting back to the soil and into the meat of things. Welch trucked over cases of Coca Cola which was indeed a happy reminder of our too short sojourn near the equator. And when we ran out of Cokes, Rocca and a couple of our stouter men went back for more! At last we were in a land of plenty. It was after our gastronomic extravaganza of water melon, ants, pickles, and other stuff that the melodic tendencies of our now happy throng bloomed forth. We sang everything from Red Wing to "Quanto Quiere Por -- something or other, I forget right now. Anyway we sang all of the old favorites to the great delight of all hands. Somewhere along the line our former Boy Scouts introduced

a game which they called "capture the flag". Really its nothing but a barbaric perversion of Football and Badminton. We didn't mind the Badminton part so much, but that Football stuff quieted the gang considerably in less than thirty minutes. Time marched joyfully on as some scattered down to the bonfire on our two by one beach or mud-flat as it were. Others rambled through jungles of Poison Oak as our happy-go-lucky land lovers dissappeared into the hills.

Yes we had some fun!

C.S.S.

DANCE

The second dance of the year is to be given by the Academy. The first was a huge success. If the second one shows a fall in the attendance it may restrict the number of dances we will be allowed to hold in the future.

Second, but equally important are the interesting facts concerning the dance. As is probably known, the dance committee has gone to a great deal of trouble in locating one of the finest bands in the Bay Area. It's a ten piece outfit complete with a singer and, according to the local boys, is one of the most popular band around.

The location of the affair is the Berkeley Country Club, a drawing card in itself, with the beautiful building and the surrounding landscape. This location is convenient to those Vallejo "Beauties" and not too far from the San Francisco night life. As for the Berkeley and Oakland "Lads", it is a veritable no-toll-bridge paradise.

R.L.R.

The panting of huge diesel engines and the clanking of caterpillar treads brought all the aspects of an invading army to California City recently. Looking about the grounds today, we find a tortured landscape with its uprooted trees, torn earth, plus the large steel monsters sitting around, like Tanks in a Tank-Park, in the background, only adding credulence to this supposition.

While the barge and tug which pulled into our docks several days ago didn't bring to us a real blitzkrieg, the caterpillar tractors, bulldozers, and grading equipment aboard, had in a small way the same effect. Whole hillsides have been moved about with little regard for the scenery. However, in this case the purpose is a good one, for the worthless coal piles will be filled in and leveled to a point where they will make a fine parade ground and furnish ample room for construction work to be undertaken by the Navy.

Along with making this contract to push dirt in to the coal bed, the Navy has several other little projects in operation here; including reconditioning of both the gantry and sundry other electrical equipment around the grounds. This work is taking care of a long needed improvement and is rapidly progressing towards completion in spite of the long strings of fish which the workmen manage to take home every evening.

L.M.M.

* * *

S. SMULLEN

S. (for Sonora) Smullen, one of the most illustrious engineers to have copped a diploma in these hallowed passageways, has been reported by the Maritime Commission Mr. Nerney, to have been assigned to active duty as an Assistant Engineer officer on the U.S.S. New Orleans.

E.L.R.

The initial and most important aim of our organization of a sports program is to provide recreation and relaxation from the routine of the instruction and work. A second dividend is realized in the conditioning of one's body. Our afternoon turn-to has never, nor will it ever provide us with adequate physical exercises that are necessary to keep our bodies functioning normally. Other considerations are the comradeship and cooperation fostered by team sports. The effort to work as a unit with our fellow shipmates on the athletic field will show its benefits in future professional associations.

BASKETBALL SHOTS

Basketball seems to be our first sport on an intramural basis as well as an inter-scholastic basis. Last year the Basketball team was the only group to represent the Academy against outside competition. Games were played at Mare Island and on the cruise. Since last year's team was composed mainly of "Swabs", prospects look bright for a veteran club.

Among those who have signed up are -- Young, Stendahl, Erickson, Wilson, Weeks, Dasso, Rhoads, Horn, and Smith. The new class ought to contribute some talent to the Academy. Yes Sir, --- Things look bright.

ROWING

These balmy days we find the boat crews diligently pulling up and down the bay in preparation for the inter-class rowing race to be held on Aug. 24th in celebration of Harbor Day. At this early date no "info" is available about the personnel of the various crews,

but it looks like the First Class Deck will be the pre-race favorites with the Third Class Engineers a dark horse--- and what's this rumor about the winning team getting sweaters?

E.T.H.

TENNIS NOTES

Tennis takes its place in the limelight of major sports at the California Maritime Academy with a group of some 26 racquet swingers turning out for the open tournament. The survivors of the successful tournament have narrowed down to McCaffrey, Owens, and Wilson who will no doubt finish the finals this week. Upon completion of the matches a ladder will be established whereby players can challenge one another and work up on the chart giving those who lost their matches a chance to advance towards the top of the list and, of course, making the top men fight for their places. The highest men in the final standings on the ladder will form a team with matches planned with other schools and probably matches during the next cruise.

All cadets who have signed up for tennis may rest assured that they will see plenty of action in tennis this year. We are trying to arrange it that we will be allowed to travel to neighboring courts on Tuesdays and Thursdays. This will give all tennis cadets a chance to play, as our one court will not be sufficient to accommodate the large turnout which will probably increase with the entering of the new class.

The Service Fund was kind enough to donate a new net and two racquets for our cause. We take our hats off to the Service Committee who was largely responsible for getting the well needed equipment.

R.W.O.

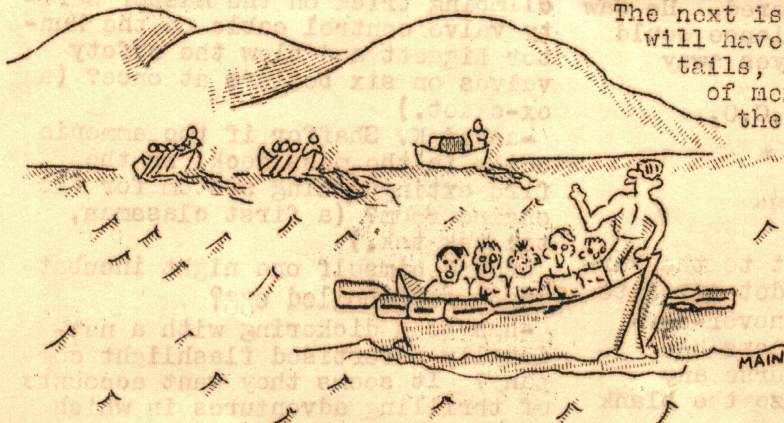
RAMAPO

The game "Ramapo" has been inaugurated at C.M.A. A court and net is now being made and some cadets who have tried the game believe it will be very popular.

Originally, this game was designed for the diversion of the men aboard the Naval Auxillary "Ramapo", the idea being for a group of muscle-men to choose sides and toss a nine pound medicine ball over a steel net into opposite courts as in volleyball.

The next issue of "THE BINNACLE" will have the rules and details, along with a list of men signed up to play the game.

L.H.E.



ALL RIGHT - WHICH ONE OF YOU GUYS YELLED "OARS" -

"RATTLESNAKE WELLS"

Among the more interesting characters aboard the "Cal-Statecliff Castle" is the most fastidious person named E.J. Wells. Claiming ancestry from the Highlands near Glasgow and self-styling himself as a modern Sir Gallahad, this illustrious Scot has sent up certain projects that, do or die, must be carried out.

Now the extent of these chores cannot be fully illustrated nor explained until a peek into this knight's past is first presented. Probably the outstanding incident being the recent devastating earthquake experience by the thriving Hell-hole of Brawley.

It's a well known fact that without this combination Lone Ranger, Superman, and terror, the entire Imperial Valley would have dried up along with the Salton Sea. But due to the pace set by our hero, the local firemen who evacuated the fireproof mass of bricks wretchedly heaped in a pile where once stood a firehouse were rallied to the support of the townsfolk and their little Nell was saved.

From this horrible orgy of twisted bones and broken hearts our hero stalked his way through unparalleled odds to deliver his compromising self back to the gangway of the great white yacht. Tall were the tales he bore, unsurmountable were the obstacles he conquered. He saw his duty and his conscience would not let him turn his eyes away from the call.

J.G.O.

* * *

"LOVELORN"

It may be of interest to the various members of the cadet corps to know that one of our "never-say-die" first class engineers has fallen in love. Of course any fellow who can recognize the blank

look on his pan, the far away dreary look in his eyes, and other symptoms too numerous to mention will know without being told who the man in question is.

Like many love stories, this one too, has a sad part. It seems that certain unhappiness must come to all Romeos at some time or other. In this case Juliet took a powder, she went home to Mount Vesuvius, or maybe it's Mount Shasta. Anyway she left him.

It must be a terrific blow to our Romeo to find his romance heading for the rocks so soon, but, with a little more experience he will probably learn that it is best to leave the female sex entirely alone..... but if he's a normal "Kaydet" he will start looking for another gal.

M.P.L.

WHO-----
-was seen about the beginning of the school term waiting for a formation on the after-well deck at 0609? (When we exercised on the dock at 0610.)

-was seen swimming in the slip, fully clothed, on July 18, while the cadets cheered "Happy Birthday."

-knows whether certain ship's bottom paint tastes like tinfoil?

-tried to perform a Hindu rope climbing trick on the master safety valve control cable on the Hunter Liggett and blew the safety valves on six boilers at once? (an ex-cadet.)

-asked K. Shaffer if the ammonia coils in the mess deck, is the fire extinguishing system for the engine room? (a first classman, to: tsk tsk.)

-found himself one night incubating a soft-boiled egg?

-has been dickering with a nationally advertised flashlight company? It seems they want accounts of thrilling adventures in which a flashlight plays a major part.

L.H.E.



DANCE AUG. 17

As you all know, there is to be a dance next Saturday, you know where, too. (At the Berkeley Country Club, for you guys that are in a daze.)

This next dance MUST be a success so if you want to spend a little more of your money in the Service Fund for some other good times, then; GET GOING, TURN OUT FOR THIS DANCE 100%. (tough luck, you invited this time.

watchstanders, you'll be missing a treat.)

You fellows that live around here how about rounding up a date and a ride for the poor guys from Southern California? It isn't too much trouble, so, how about doing somebody a good turn?

P.S. Sorry Swabs, you aren't

N.F.H.



DON'T WORRY MOTHERS - WE'LL
TAKE CARE OF THE LITTLE FELLOWS -

P.B. IN

INSPECTION
(Tune to "Playmates")

Oh, Shipmate,
Come here and shine my shoes,
And then go brush my blues,
Don't give me that excuse.

Ain't got no clean socks,
Ain't got no "skivy" shirt,
My hat is smeared with dirt,
There goes first call.

He ran to the dock right away,
Then G.B. came his way,
He had no chance,
With shifting glance,
Oh, I could hear George say ---

Cadet -----
"You leave me no resort,
But to place you on report,"
Was his acuter retort.

Ain't got no clean blues,
I must have stubbed my shoes,
I've got E.D. to do,
Boo Hoo, Boo hooooooooo.

L.H.E.

IT NEVER FAILS
FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"The schoolship is my first love."
George Barkley

"I don't like the fresh air."
Rodney M. Elden

"Gentlemen, I dislike El Centro
thoroughly !!!"
Erwin J. Wells

"Juice, Juice, What kind of
Juice ??"
John G. Ellis

"I decline any bugling, sir."
R.W. Mc Allister

"I came from a bean farm down
south."
Jack I. Carter

A MONUMENT
DEDICATED TO THE ENGINEERS

It has been suggested that a certain air pump that is now in our engine room be erected as a monument now that we have a new one to replace it.

In the past years there has been much difficulty in making this antiquated contrivance operate. The situation became so bad that the engineer or the oiler would spend his whole watch working on it alone. He persuaded this pump to operate only by gently tapping on the valve gear with a button set and repeating the magic phrase, "You *% pump!" He actually expended more energy than the useful work obtained from the pump.

With this pump erected as a monument, embedded in solid concrete, the wrathful, feverish, engineer who has "lost his temper" can take a button set and reap vengeance from this air pump to his heart's content. The gay, generous engineer, light in heart, can toss pennies at the pump; while others can pray to it for better results in their examinations. The pennies can be spent for new button sets or brass polish for the "swab" engineers to polish the brass dedication plate which will be mounted on the air pump.

L.H.E.

NO RELIANCE IN OUR EQUIPMENT?

Many cadets, especially the lower class engineers, are wondering about the Operation Number Fifteen in our "Routine To Be Followed In Opening Up Plant". It states, "Open all valves to the circulating pump and start running."

BRUMPSNICK SNARK

Because of popular demand, the "Adventures of Brumpsnick Snark" first appearing in the 1940 edition of the HAWSEPIPE will be continued in the various issues of THE BINNACLE.

The Day of Brumpsnick Snark--

Tuesday, August 6, 1940

0800...Brumpsnick returns from morning boat trip and is informed that he will be required to make a trip to Tiburon at 1200 in the 36' launch in order to save the new "swabs" the ordeal of walking to the palatial yacht "Calif. State"

1130...Snark dashes down to the ship from his fourth period class; hurriedly eats the little food the pantryman happened to have prepared, changes to dungarees, grabs his battered Stillson, and a suction gun, and is in the launch by 1155.

1200...Launch still refuses to start. Brumpsnick gets his assistant and they install another battery.

1210...Primes boat engine for third time.

1217...Boat engine coughs, sputters, coughs again, and then decides to run (on 2 of its 4 cylinders). Coxswain mutters "damn Tinkers" as boat weaves out of slip.

1240...Boat arrives at Tiburon. Gently crashes head-on into dock. New swabs in gaudy sport clothes are being told to "Stand Steady" and to "Wipe it Off." They already have a very blank look.

1300...California City and the training ship come into view; the sight is met with longing sighs from the quivering mass of "swabs."

1313...Unlucky hour! Swabs gaze at the "Big White Boat," run into

stanchions, meet their "Shipmates" have their pictures taken, are greeted by Mr. Barkley, and are issued clothing (all fine fits) in a period of about 45 minutes. Brump leaves on another boat trip.

1403...Snark returns with second load. Mentions fact that they seem to be even more useless than the first bunch.

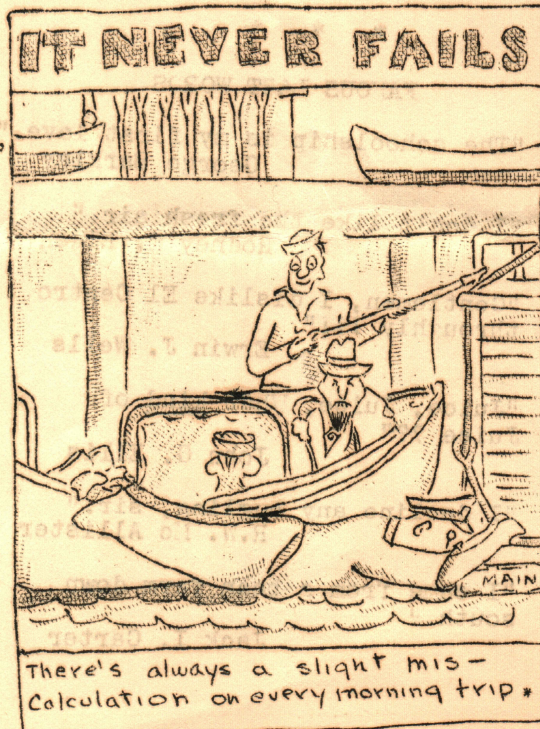
1404...Brumpsnick is load into the boat for the fourth boat trip that day, starts engine and curses as he remembers that he forgot to turn on the cooling water at 1217.

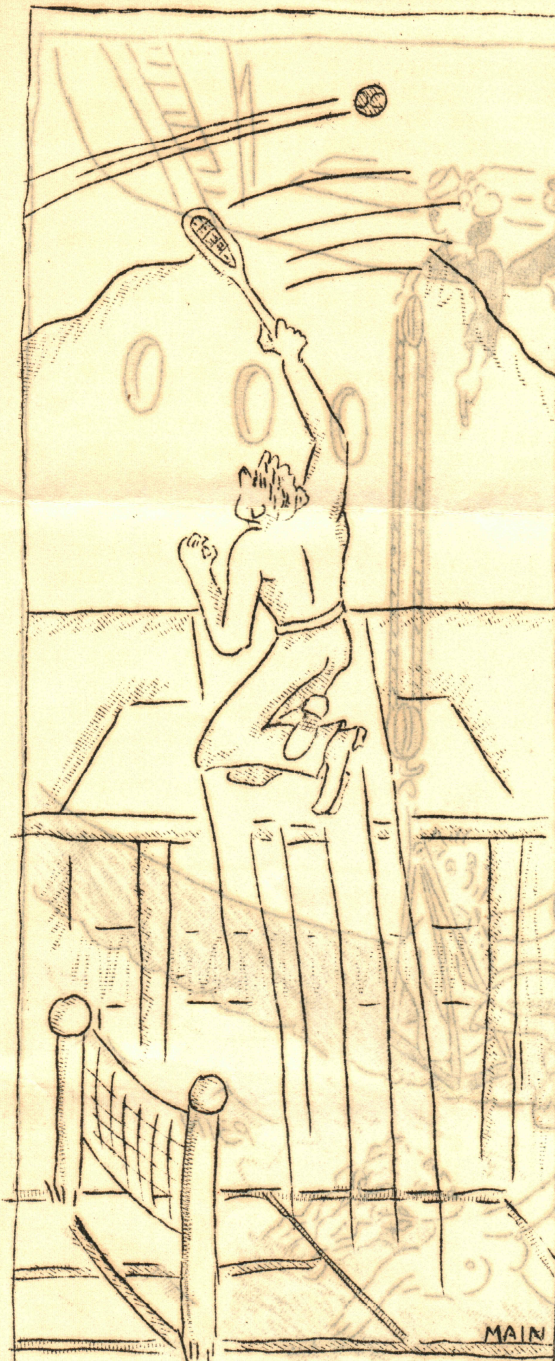
1625...Snark flops on a locker top and breathes a sigh of relief.

1627...Brumpsnick istold that he has 3 minutes to get Number 6 boat started for the afternoon mail trip.

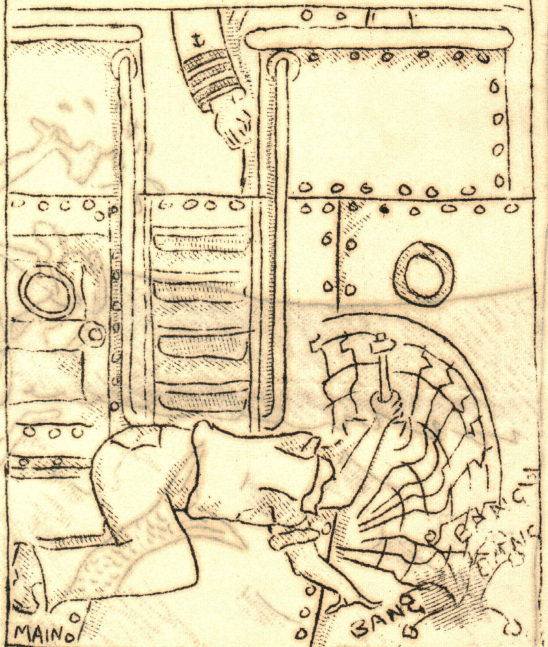
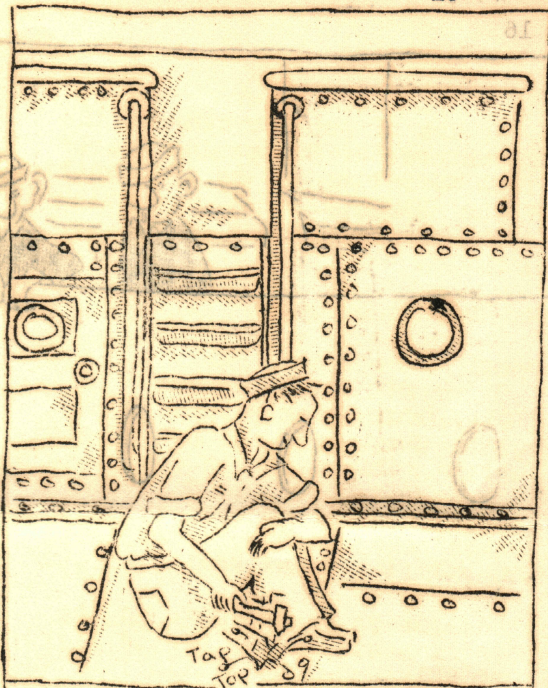
1627½...Brumpsnick passes out cold.

M. P. L.

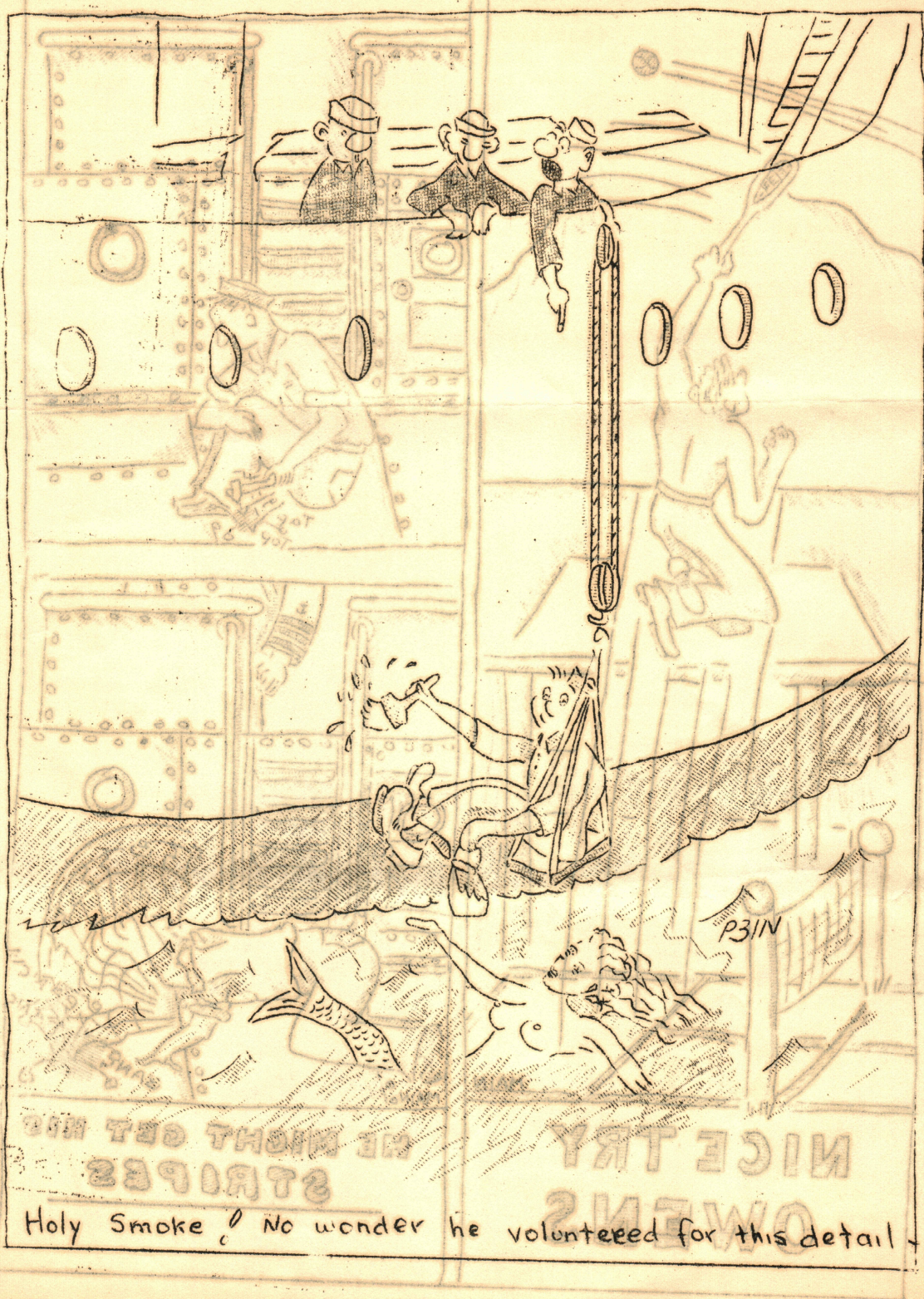




NICE TRY
OWENS



HE MIGHT GET HIS
STRIPES



THE "SAFETY VALVE"
(Letters to the editor)

17

Dear Mr. Editor:

Today has been my big day. I was tickled to death to be accepted by the Academy, and every minute has been thrilling since I got that letter telling me "to report to the T.S. California State on Tuesday....."

Only one thing marred the complete triumph of my entrance day. It was like this:

We were driving out the road from the Alto "Y" to Tiburon, my Uncle Luigi and I. He is a good driver but he gets rattled easily. Any how, there was a sign under a railroad trestle that pointed off to the left, to a rough dirt road, and said "Calif. City". Well, we turned off on this road.

That is where my Uncle Luigi getting rattled easy comes in. There were chuck-holes and rocks and cows all over the road. I got rattled, myself. Then we got on the asphalt pavement again--the one that snakes around the bay-front. After about a hundred turns, we came to the gate to the Academy. My Uncle Luigi is rattled, see? We back and turn and bump the bank and somebody else's fenders and finally get around in the right direction to go down the road to the school.

After we have come aboard, my Uncle finds out from somebody that it is better not to follow that sign out under the railroad trestle, because the road through Tiburon is not as rough or crooked, and you then come up to the Academy gate at the right angle for driving in.

He jumps on me then. "Why you tell me to turn at that sign for? You want to make troubles?" Then he took me by the ear and was go-

ing to kick my pants (he does that when he gets rattled) but I managed to tear away from him and hide.

So now I am afraid to go home, unless somebody can explain to my Uncle that it isn't my fault that he got taken for a ride by that sign. Somebody ought to change that thing.....

Yours truly,
A. Swab

* * *

To The Editor:

It is, by the virtue of the name of this Academy, one of the prime requisites that we know how to sail. Well, do we? The answer is obviously No. It's very true that we do have boats, but what good are they when there is very little, if any, pleasure derived from sailing (?) these boats. To qualify the above statements, let us take, for example the Dinghy...The first complaint is the equipment in the way of sails. The antiquated rings that are supposed to keep the sail on a track as it is hauled up the mast do everything but run up the said mast. This writer was, correctly, admonished for the "lubberly" manner in which his crew set the sail on one occasion. Without exception, the only way in which the mainsail may be set is to shove each and every ring up the mast with an oar. You can imagine what it should look like to a passing boat to see a crew of cadets hauling for all their worth on a line and another cadet brandishing an oar like Cervantes "Don Quixote" trying to overcome the resistance of those stubborn rings. Now that we're about exhausted from this bit of exercise to settle down to sail. Now to come about....This particular boat refuses to come about in an orthodox manner. It either won't come about or it will

THE "SAFETY VALVE"

gather sternway; and after putting out an oar, we get it around. It won't point any higher than about 6 points into the wind. The results are we can't tack back to the ship and therefore, we have to row which we should have done in the first place and forgotten about sailing.

It is not this writer's intention to criticize but to start the ball rolling to obtain some decent boats to sail. With everything else this Academy has been able to obtain, why not at least one good boat? Surely some yachtsman would give his right arm to have his boat taken care of during the out-of-season, and with over a hundred cadets and officers, there must be some one with contacts ashore that could help us realize this dream.

If such a boat were loaned to the cadet corps, it would receive FREE, far better care than it now receives, being kept from deteriorating by the loving care that cadets would feel honored to bestow upon it; it would have a fine berthing space. In other words, it would cost the boat owner nothing to have his yacht kept and cared

for so that she would be in perfect shape all of the time and ready for the owner's pleasure. Instead of letting it lie idle between times, it would be performing a most noble mission, for the mental, spiritual, and physical enrichment of the California Maritime Academy Cadets (who are certainly deserving of it.)

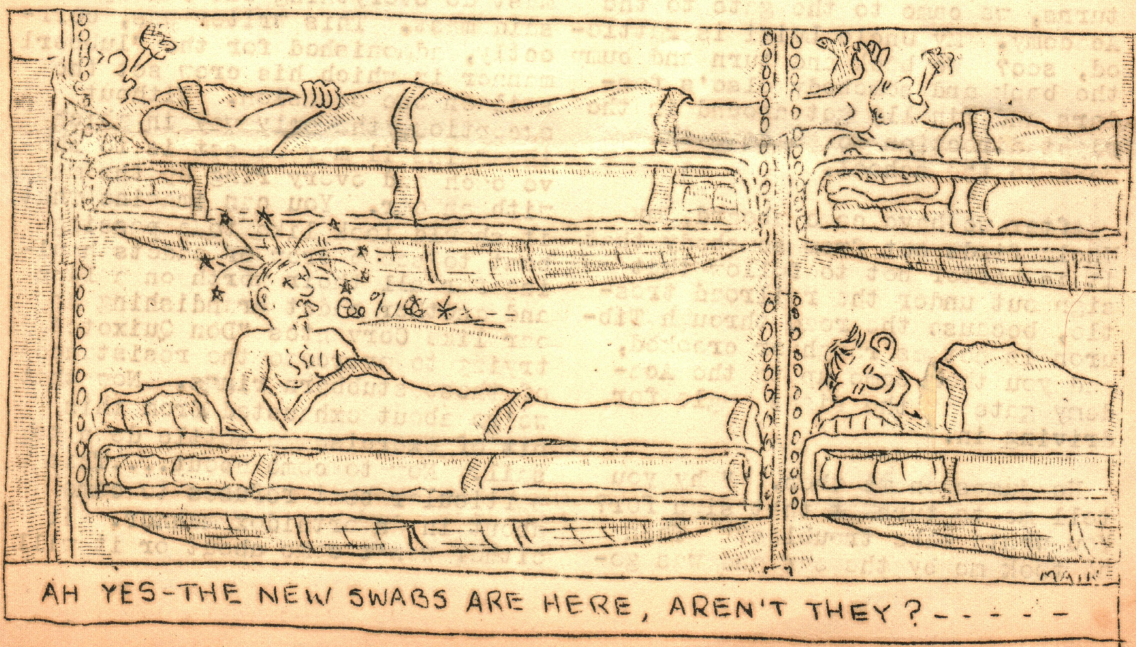
It seems to me that a campaign to obtain such a boat (or boats) is worthy of receiving the full assistance and power of the California Maritime Academy's new voice--THE Binnacle.

Raymond I. Clayton

* * *

These two letters are typical of the type we would like to have each month in the "Safety Valve" section of "THE BINNACLE". If you have criticisms, make them constructive, give us a discussion along with your suggestions. These are the letters that will "strike gold", literally and figuratively rather than anonymous dirty cracks.

The Editor



AH YES--THE NEW SWABS ARE HERE, AREN'T THEY? - - - -