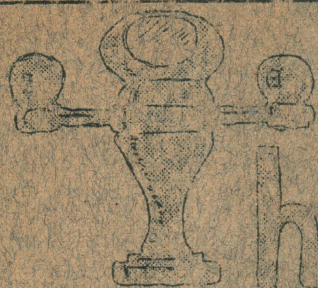

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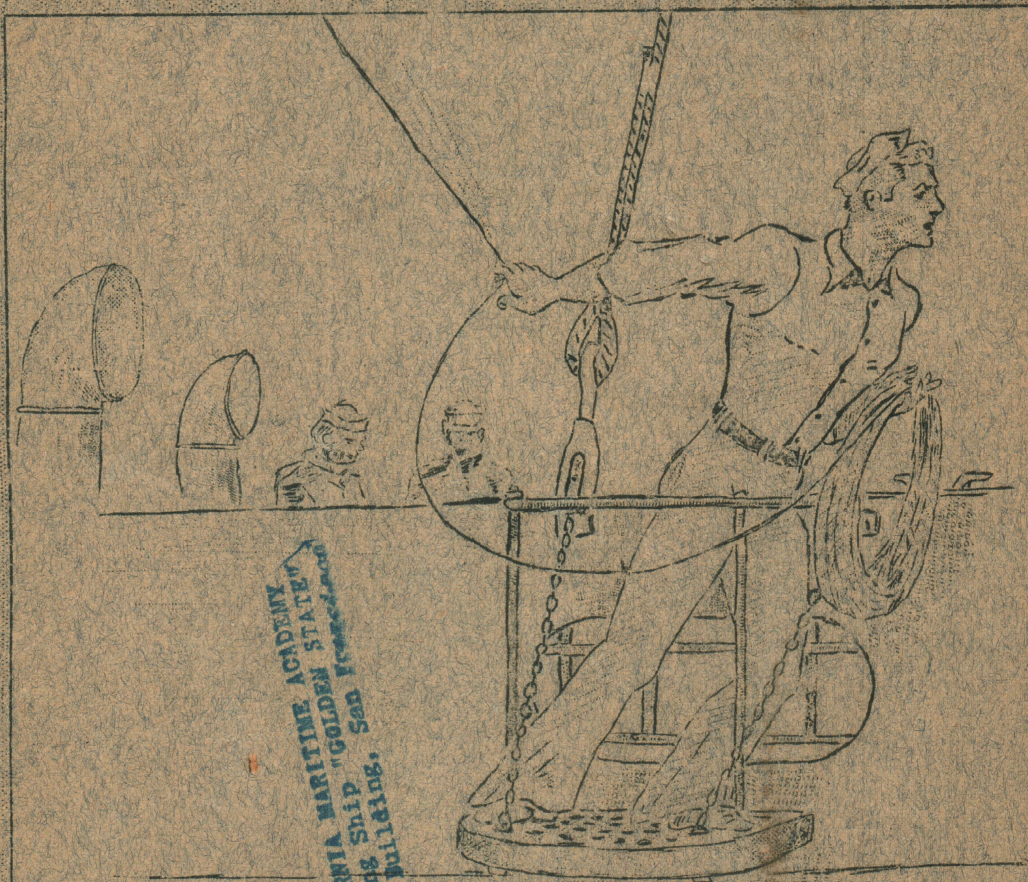
June 1942



The Binnacle

VOLUME III NUMBER 3

JUNE 1942



CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY
"GOLDEN STATE"
Training Ship
San Francisco
Training Building
Ferry Building

"HEAVING THE LEAD"

MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY

THE Binnacle Watch

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PATIENCE, PLEASE

No doubt you have all noticed the extended period between publications of the Binnacle. The Cadets know, and we want the folks at home to know, that it has not been entirely the fault of the staff.

By the various bulletins you parents have received at home you are probably informed of our speed-up schedule of study. Well, the Binnacle is published during

free time, and, because of the pressure of studies, there is little of that.

Anyhow, we got this issue out. We hope you like it and will bear with us patiently waiting for the next issue. We will try to keep a more regular production schedule in the future.

Thank you,
THE EDITOR

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty one
except
Those who have less than twenty
eight.

The future Masters and Chiefs are straining in the home stretch. They soon will take their place in America's growing Merchant Marine. With license exams a snort way off and graduation close behind it's no wonder the first classmen are touchy.

There has been some friction between our classes but that is to be expected. And recollections of our "Swab" year sometimes arouses ill feeling. But all in all, we are glad to have worked and lived with the Summer Class of 1942.

We wish them lots of luck and look forward to the day when we will ship out with them as a part of the forces of Democracies
D.R. Beaumont

TYPICAL DAY AT C. M. A.

Reveille: Get up, take off pajamas and put on dungarees.
Mess Gear: Take off dungarees put on blues.
Turn to: Take off blues put on dungarees.
Docking Stations: Take off dungarees and put on blues.
Turn to: Take off blues and put on dungarees.
Noon Mess: Take off dungarees and put on blues.
Turn To: Take off blues and put on dungarees
Knock off: Take off dungarees and put on blues.
Taps: Take off blues and put on pajamas.

A true resume of March 23, 1942.
L.R. Petersen

On March 15, the Golden State began its annual cruise. Instead of anchoring in the ports of old Mexico, Panama and Peru, the cadets had to settle for North Bay, South Bay and Stockton.

As the Golden State pulled out of slip #2, the cadet rumor mill still insisted that Java and Australia were our destinations, but soon the bow was pointed in the direction of South Bay. All hands were carried away by the fact that we were actually under our own power, and more than one "tinker" was on the middle grating just looking at the old grinder turning over.

First classmen were observed telling salty tales of the preceeding cruise to the second and third classmen, stressing their first mess watches, ground swells and Panamanian Hindus.

The cadets soon fell into the new routine, presented by the ship under way. As far as the engineers were concerned, cruising in the bay presented excellent practice in maneuvering, and South Bay could just as well be Pago Pago. The deck hands were kept busy trying to report the numerous vessels plying the bay. Navigation proved difficult due to the absence of a horizon, but docking practice was successful.

South Bay, directly east of the "Cow Palace," was the anchorage for most of the short hops, variations being made on two trips to North Bay and Stockton the week preceeding Easter and in the middle of May, another round trip to Vallejo and back.

The cruise has been instructive in ship handling, emergency station drills and boat handling.

W.L. Shaw

SPRING DANCE

C.M.A.'s annual informal spring dance was held Saturday, April 13. The scene was the Italian Room of the St. Francis Hotel. Although Homer Cockrill was supposed to have furnished the music, the initials F.A. that appeared on the orchestra stands are still a mystery. Between Hilo Hatide and Harry Owens in the Mural Room and our dance in the Italian Room the cadets and their ladies spent an entertaining evening at the St. Francis. Mr. Dodson, Mr. Severin and Dr. Rendell were the officers present. A fast conga was the highlight dance of the evening. Although a four hour alert traffic tie-up on the bridge brought some in with the milkman, everyone agreed the dance was a success. Our thanks go to the dance committee for their work and we hope another one will be planned shortly.

F.G. Dean



"PINKY" MAKING OUT THE
ENGINE ROOM LOG

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED

Not so many months ago C.M.A. acquired a new much-needed twenty four foot whaleboat. Through the efforts of Mr. Miller this boat was equipped with a center board which made it ideal for sailing, yet, still a pulling boat.

When it came to rigging this boat something more was wanted than the conventional standing lug rig, so cadets Dunn and Harlander in cooperation with the boat officer worked out a sliding gunter rigged sloop; it was rigged so that it could be stowed in the boat.

The sails were made with the help of Bos'n Mc Clarty and the boat was fitted out. It has now passed the tests as a capable sailer.

Alan Dougall

NEW BINNACLE

In the near future you may receive a very much improved Binnacle--a "streamlining" of the publication is in process. The word "may" is used because the modernizing is not yet definite. Finances and time are the main obstacles.

If subscriptions from alumnae and parents reach a sufficient number, the Binnacle will be a printed, instead of mimeographed, paper of four pages with a supplement of cartoons. Subscription will be \$2.00 a year.

So far, a few bids have been received from printing companies, but actual publication under the new method will not be realized for a time, yet.

P.F. Franklin

SLOPSHUTE JERK

Well, here it is, only thirty-three days to graduation and our hero has finally settled down to the life of a scholar.

As we find the T.S. Golden State anchored in South Bay (where else would you find it? The ship just pulls out of the Ferry slip and heads toward the anchorage on its own accord because it is now in a rut, just like the Cadets. We all wish it could dock itself, too, as it would save a lot of confusion.) we find Slopshute in the classroom reaching for his G.R. & R. (to civilians this means "Greatest Required Rubbish"). As we find Slopshute, he is murmuring:

"Life boat equipment, bucket, bailer, blonde (you can see where his mind is). Aw, nuts! This stuff is as dry as the toast we had for breakfast."

He starts to study, again, whenCRASH! followed by "look out below".

Slopshute turns his head and finds about half a cow looking him in the face. Tilting his head back he sees the butcher grinning down and saying, "I dropped something, didn't I?"

Disgustedly, Slopshute heads for his bunk where he falls asleep reading Rules of the Road. He is rudely awakened by the messenger, who says, "Are you the meteorologist? Mr. Tubbs wants to know why you aren't on the bridge."

"It was so crowded I was pushed off four times this morning, so I gave it up. I'll be there in a few minutes."

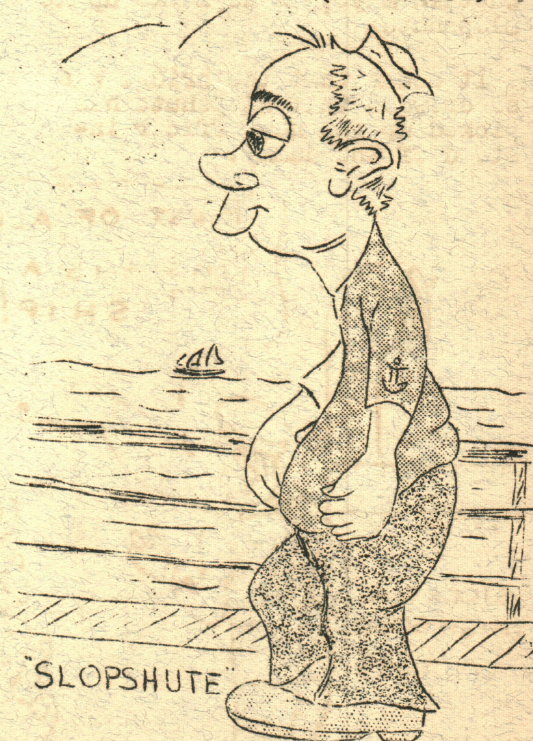
Slopshute goes up on the boat deck and the Cadet Watch Officer, who is acting as usher, whistles that there is room for one on the port wing. Finally, after the most skillful navigation, best in the history of the schoolship, Slopshute gets near enough to talk to Mr. Tubbs.

"I wish to report that no meteors hit the ship last night."

"Well, what about this morning?" asks Mr. Tubbs.

Slopshute is about to answer when six bodies go shooting across the bridge. When the dust has cleared, Slopshute finds himself sitting on the engine room speaking tube.

(continued)



SLOPSHUTE (cont.)

He finally finds time to go out and get a sextant to take a sight. Get's a sight and works it out. A startled look comes over his face as he looks at his answer. He runs out on the wing and looks for the sun.

"*#&!!???. Why don't they keep the beacon off the mast?"

Mr. Tubbs comes up and says, "Go up on the flying bridge and stand by for a man overboard drill."

"Yes, sir," answers our hero and he starts on a great circle course via the poop.

"Put that man down!" screams Captain Mayo, as he looks up at Slopshute.

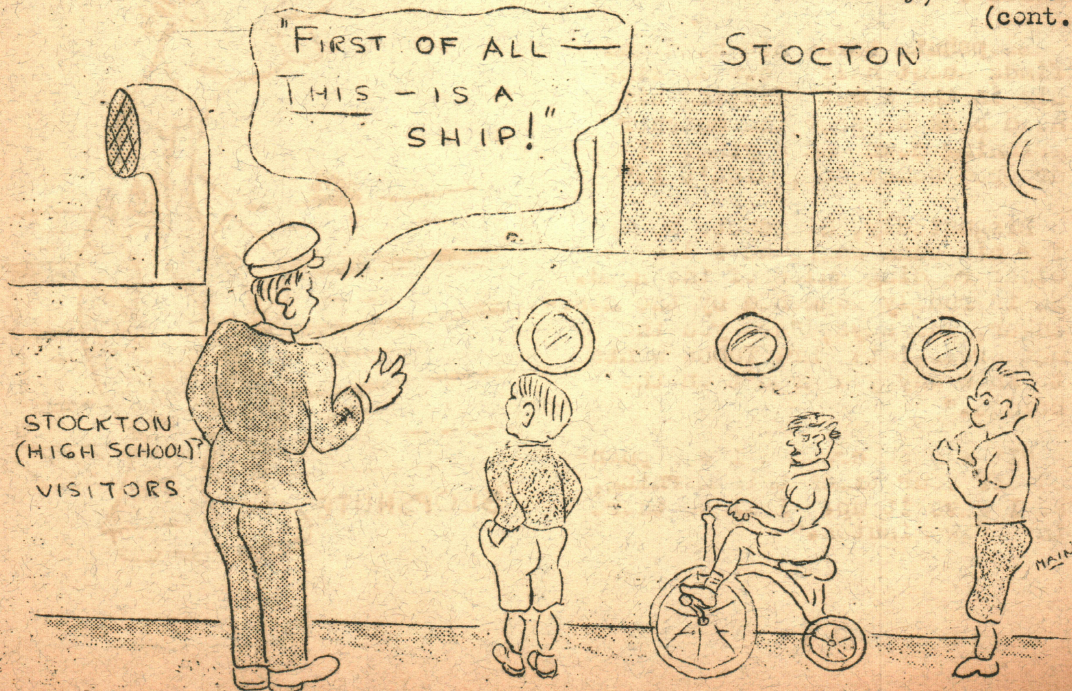
It seems that the bridge was so crowded that Slopshute has picked up the new officer instead of the dummy.

Finally the right body is found and the "man overboard" is under way. Slopshute tears down and climbs in the boat.

"Whoops! Garden me," as he finds himself in someone's lap. After Knight's and Reisenberg have been consulted the boat hits the water (meanwhile Slopshute has said a prayer that he may never fall overboard while on the Golden State as it is impossible to stay afloat for twenty-four hours). The body is finally located and returned.

The ship is anchored and the bearings are taken. Then Slopshute makes out the weather report for the past eight hours by Skinner's constant and interpolation.

Jerk goes to supper and (CENSORED). The only reason he went was to get some more sugar to take home. Some study, then bed. (cont.)



(MORE SLOP SHUTE)

Revellie blows (so what? Slopshute stood a night watch three weeks ago and hasn't fully recovered, yet). He is finally awakened by a thrashing noise and finds the Cadet Commander jumping on his head trying to rouse him out. Finally he gives up and goes away; Slopshute sleeps on.

"Mr. Jerk, why aren't you at exercises?" asks a stern voice.

"Aw, go----." SWISH! Slopshute sits up in his bunk (he can even see khaki in his sleep. His father scared by a draft questionnaire).

"Why aren't you up?" asked the voice.

"Well," Slopshute starts to explain-- but too late, the officer has all ready spotted another unfortunate Cadet (why did the Doc say six hours sleep was enough for a growing Cadet?).

Our hero has breakfast and goes up on the bridge (the saying is "The early Cadet gets a place on the bridge", but who wants to get up at 0500?). He discovered that the ship is going into the dock this morning.

The ship gets under way and he goes out on the wing to take a bearing. He finds the CWO sitting on the repeater (he wants to see, too). Slopshute gives up and goes to his docking station. After getting another set of blues dirty and enduring much grunting and growling the coowab is back in place in slip 2, and the ship goes on.

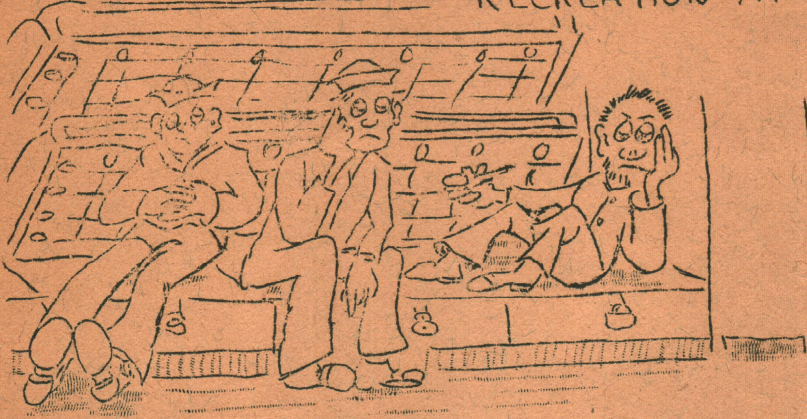
Finally liberty is granted and Slopshute goes uptown to relax after a hard day at "sea(?)".

Bill Dorsey

OUR FIRST CLASS



RECREATION AT C.M.A.



"ONE OF THE FINER SPORTS
THAT IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY
POPULAR AT OUR LITTLE COLLEGE"



REVERIE OF A NOAX (or something)

After receiving a battering series of blows to the head dished out by a sort of hip shodding, mind shattering ball-throwing finals our hero, Barnacle Willy, staggers back to his desk for his final exams of the period. He has just been out getting a shot of adrenalin to last him through to the end. He is too bleary eyed to even know what his exam is about.

After Willy turns the paper over several times, his blood-shot eyes are able to focus on the questions.

"Oh cripes! Weather! Oh why didn't I study Weather?!"

He begins to chew his nails, his pencil, and anything else in reach. After valiantly getting up steam in the old boiler, he manages to darken the lines of his paper with a little pencil lead. The results were astounding to say the least, especially to Barnacle Willy who had passed out after the first ten minutes. With special permission from the Azooza Home For The Feeble Minded, where Willy is now resting, we have printed that memorable document.

Weather

1 Describe sure signs of approaching bad weather.

- a Evening paper says fair, mild, and gentle north westerly wind.
- b All rain gear is missing from lower #1 and I have turn-to detail tomorrow.
- c I'm going to beach this week-end.

2 Define the following:

- a Cyclone--a cyclone is a fictional character in Homer's "Odyssey"
- b Isother--refrigerated cocktail lounge.
- c Doldrum--type of native drum used in Africa.
- d. Typhoon--a big business man connected with railroads.
- e. Monsoon--a type of small wiry rodent capable of killing cobras.
- f. Roaring Porties--Title of Jeldon G. Fen on's newest novel for Ace Western. (Ed. Note this tasty tidbit was consumed the night before by Willy when he was supposed to have studied Cargo.)
- g. Aurora--a near relation to Dolores and Tangerine.
- h. Back of the Wind--Sequel to "Gone with the Wind"
- i. Barograph--found in all gas stations; a chart directing you to the better establishments.
- j. Blizzard--small reptile with four legs.
- k. Halos--Spanish for 'hello' (Ed. Note letter 3 years of it)
- l. Dewpoint--a company noted for cosmetics, paints, guns etc.
- m. Coronas--higher priced cigar
- n. Kazo--that which formerly (?) happened to 3rd classmen.
- o. Mist--past tense of verb meaning not to hit.
- p. Drizzle--a dud, a guy who isn't her. A drip going steady
- q. Hail--one of two places mentioned in the Bible.

K.P. Jambo

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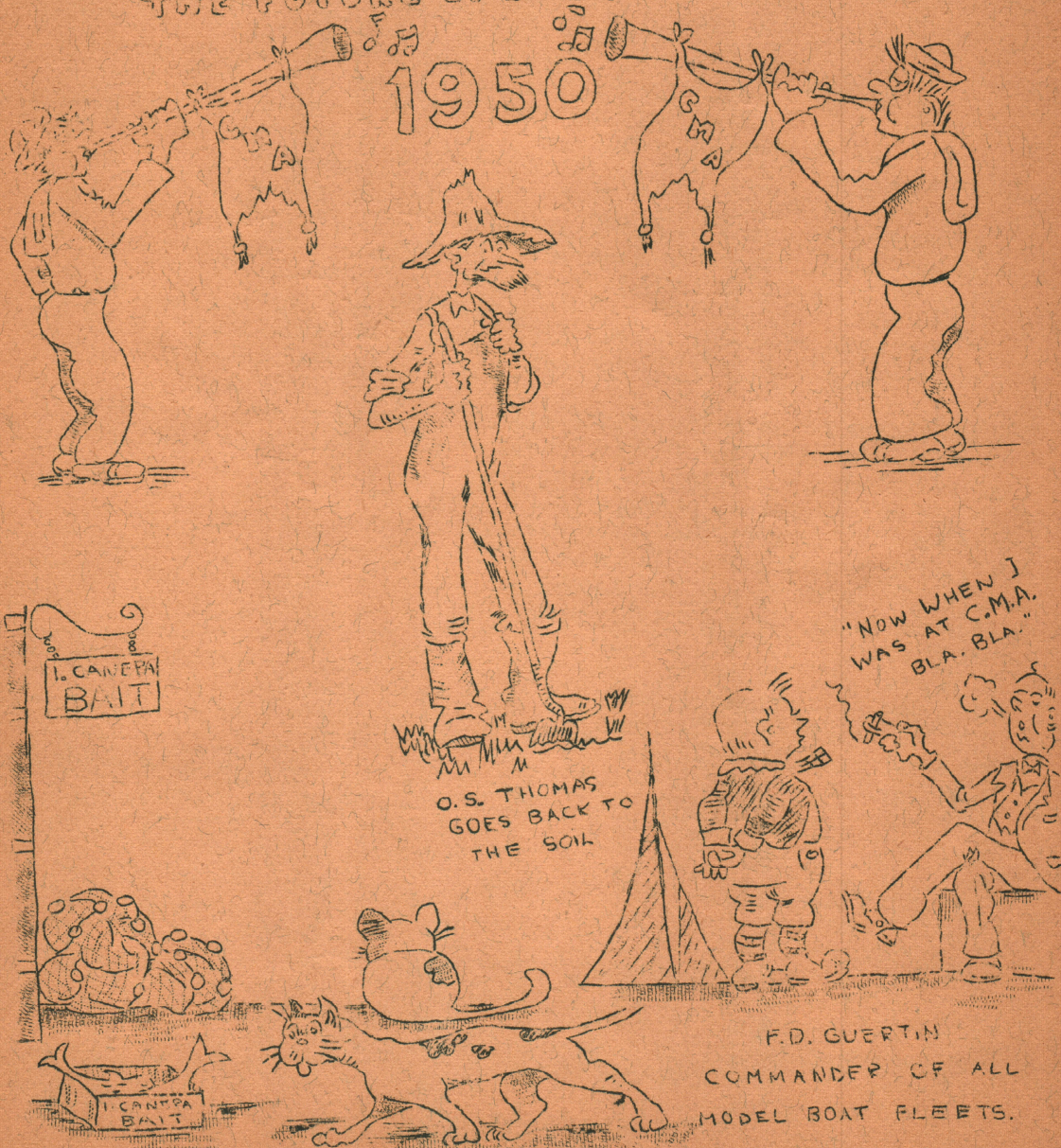
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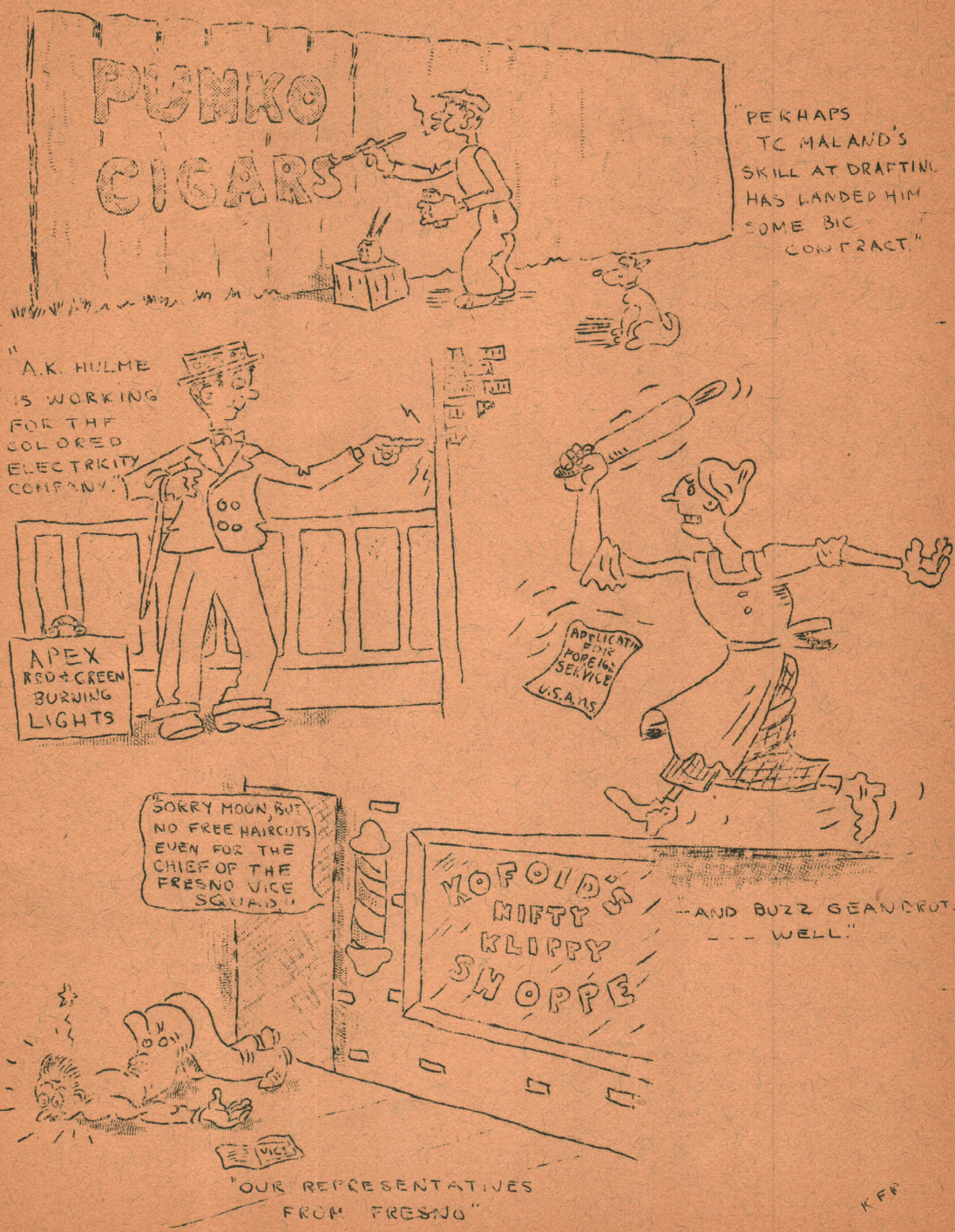
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K.F. Rambo

SUBTLE GLIMPSES INTO THE FUTURE OF OUR FIRST CLASS





K.F.F.

ALUMNI

A.H. Brannon, '38 3rd assistant with American President Line has been in port saying hello to friends. Pipes has been right in the thick of it.

E.N. Cooper, '38, is now in the Army Transport Service.

C.H. Tubbs (Pappa Tubbs), '38, is stepping high these days since Suzanne, a daughter, arrived at his home on April 11.

Paul (Moose) Meyer, '34 has been called to active duty in the Navy. We were sorry to hear of the death of the young daughter of Mr and Mrs. Paul Meyer.

J.A. Cronin, '41, has received his license and is now with the Union Oil Company.

Harry A. Doell, '41, and wife were in San Francisco recently. Mrs. Doell came up from Long Beach while Harry's ship was in the ship yard. Harry is 3rd assistant engineer with Union Oil Company.

Former Cadet Graham is in the U.S. Navy and Cadet Doring is in the Coast Guard.

R.A. Murry, '41, arrived in San Francisco after being in the thick of it and losing his ship in the South Pacific. He is 3rd mate. While in port he is sitting for his 2nd mates license.

J.G. O'Donnell, '41, has been in port saying hello and resting after a close call. Grant is still with Matson as 4th assistant engineer.

Fred Nied, January '42, just recently dropped in to say hello. He was full of stories and exciting tales of his recent experience.

NEWS

L.H. Erickson, '41, is back to sea as a 3rd assistant engineer.

C.K. Holzer, '39, is now on active duty in the Navy.

L.M. Weeks, winter '42, and Homer Karr, winter '42, have been in recently while their ships were in the ship yard. They are with Union Oil.

J.N. Jensen, '41, is now 3rd mate with Matson.

We hear that A.H. Blodgett, '39, and W.F. Averill, '39, are 3rd and 2nd assistant engineers with Moore-McCormac.

W. Secrest, '38, was in town while his ship was in the yards. Spike is getting his first assistant license. He is second assistant with Union Oil.

Howard L. Kubel, '41, is at the U.S. Naval Academy. His address is Howard L. Kubel, U.S.N.R., Bancroft Hall, Room 4250, U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

Mike Locke, '41, made the leap and Mr. and Mrs. Locke are living at 1530 Gough Street, San Francisco.

D.R. McMurry, '39, and Mrs. McMurry, J.G. O'Donnell, '41 and J.G. Ellis, '34, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Locke just recently.

H.S. Wells (Rattlesnake) '41, was in town recently. He is with Matson Line as 3rd assistant engineer.

Stanley Smullen, '40, R.R. Snyder, '40, and R.E. Gullint, '40 are in the Navy and dropped in to say hello recently.

V. N. Urbani, '40 was on the Ruth Alexander when she went down but escaped and is alright.

Suñen Christinson

Heard, P. W.

3rd Officer

H. A. Flood, '41 is 3rd Mate with American Hawaiian.

Coast Wise Line

Kehler, J. H.

3rd Officer

Ossie Rutherford, '41 is 3rd assistant Engineer with American President Line.

Isthmian Line

Fouille, Fred 3rd Asst. Engineer
Mead, P. S. Jr. Officer

CLASS OF '42 TAKES ITS PLACE

These men of the Class of January 1942 are doing their parts to defeat the Axis by delivering the material.

Army Mine Planter Service

Welch, B. C. Warrant Officer

Aviation Cadet U.S. Navy

Matson Line

McCarty, J. E. Jr.

Aker, R. L. Jr. Officer
Blankenburg, T. Jr. Officer
Dasso, R. W. Jr. Officer
McAllister, R. W. Jr. Officer
Smith, C. E.
Hervie, A. D. 3rd asst Engineer
Morton, P. C. Jr. Engineer
Nocca, A. H. Jr. Engineer
Severance, C.S. Jr. Engineer
Sattler, G. H. 3rd Engineer

American Hawaiian Line

Connell, R. D. 4th Asst Engineer
Horn, E. T. 3rd Asst Engineer
Pyle, C. E.
Rasmussen, A. K.
Tower, J. W.
Young, R.H. Jr. 3rd Asst Engineer
Dietrich, I. C. 4th Officer
McCaffery, W. D. 4th Officer
Hemire, D. H. 4th Officer
Nied, P. A. 4th Officer
(ship sunk but Nied is alright)
Peterson, E.R. Jr. 3rd Officer
Quinn, H. M. 4th Officer
Smith, R. L. 4th Officer
Stendahl, S. J. 4th Officer
Zenor, J. L. 4th Officer
Wilson, R. C.

Alcoa Steamship Company

Huldtquist, B.F., Jr. 3rd Engineer
Freeman, B. W.

Union Oil Company

Karr, H. C. Oiler
Weeks, L. H. 3rd Engineer

American President Line

Burning, R. E. Jr. Engineer

R. L. Rhodes is a Bark Clerk in
Tampa.

Moore McCormack Line

Bohm, A. S. Jr. Asst. Engineer

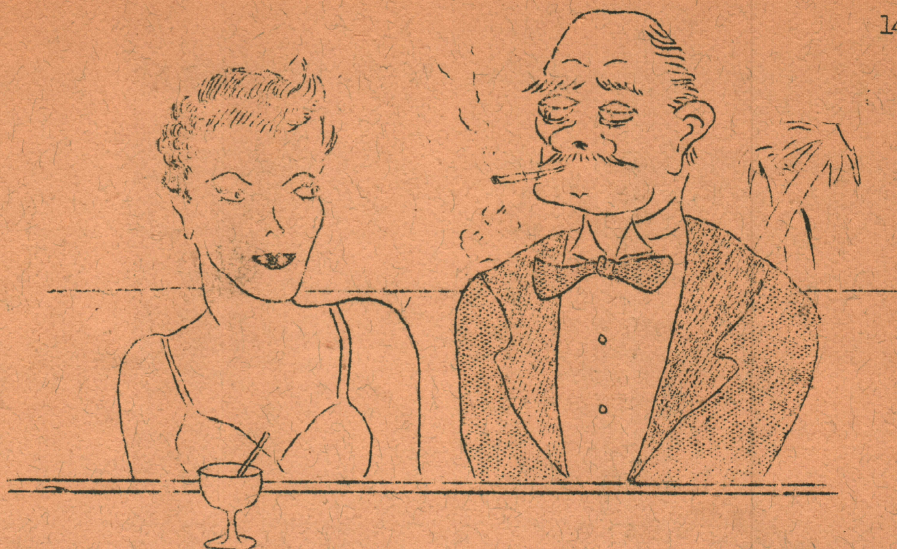
CLASS PROPHECY

by Dougall & Oldfield

In the past for each graduating class there has always been someone who has looked into the crystal ball for the future of the new third mates and third engineers. So let us take you ten years into the future when no Germany or Japan will exist and the world is at peace. We find the graduating class at the following tasks in life.

McDermott--owner of the Mill Valley Central Market where every buy is a good buy.
 C.R. Anderson--fireman on the Kiawia.
 W.C. Tourtillotte--manager of the Huratado Bros. marimba band. High Lama of Atherton, also a Moose.
 Geandrot--owner of sporting goods store and coach at Y.M.C.A. summer camp.
 Haas--teaching electricity at C.M.A.
 Carlson--half owner of the Fontana Chicken Hatchery & Feed Store.
 T.J. Woods--selling insurance in Long Beach, California.
 Gregory--part owner of Ajax Garage of Glendale specializing in 'hot irons' and 'hop ups.'
 Medina--garter salesman of Oakland.
 Maland--working at San Pedro Salvage.
 La Frenze--in charge of scraping net tenders at General Engineering Ship Yards in Alameda.
 L.D. Woods--teaching advanced calculus at La Verne College while coaching basket ball after classes.
 L.R. Peterson--operator of the Better Service Cafes of San Francisco.
 Dunn (Capt.)--owner of schooner carrying guano to South America.
 Oliver--junior third on Capt. Dunn's guano schooner, in charge of cargo handling.
 Phillipow--(Master Mariner) PhD, BS, etc., studying for Doctors degree in communications.
 Moon--swivel chair job in the Fresno Police Department.
 Oldfield--navigator for Tanner Motor Coach Service, Pasadena.

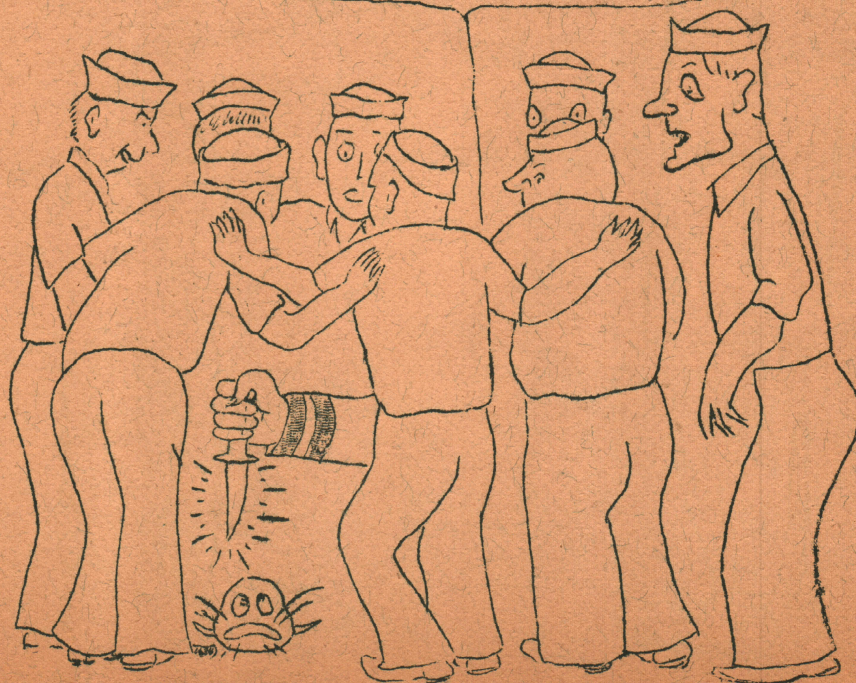
Barrett--Peter Pan Store salesman in San Diego.
 Hall--movie star with many South American fans.
 Gates--big time bootlegger and racketeer of San Diego.
 Hansen--Better Clothes Shop in San Pedro.
 Hulme--selling red oil for port running lights and green oil for starboard running lights.
 Roche--good will ambassador to Latin America (an official).
 Kofoid--senior captain of Stockton Navigating Co., also fishing parties on safe inland waters.
 Hargrave--Commodore of the St. Francis Yacht Club.
 Guertin--Executive Officer on the yacht Brenta of Los Angeles.
 Crutcher--Commodore of the Alameda Sea Scout Fleet, full five stripes.
 Lucksinger--chief bos'n on some ship in the American Merchant Marine.
 Fennick--inspector of tank vessels and tanks.
 Robinson--chief librarian at L.A. City College.
 Swain--ski instructor at Sun Valley.
 Canepa--junior salesman for San Jose Butane Co., by marriage.
 Muirhead (ret.)--present address, Sailors Snug Harbor, New York.
 Martin--editor-in-chief of the Pacific Shipping Gazette.
 Peck--now working for the U.S. Light House Service.
 Starratt--caddy master of the Claremont Country Club.
 Cleary--manager of the Gotham and owner of 'joints after two.'
 Thomas--retired engineer for S.P. now dog catcher in Eagle Rock, California.
 McCullum--fourth ass't. on the Metclif Castle.
 Davidson--owner of San Leandro Friendly Barber Shop, originators of the 'moe hair cut.'
 Dorsey--ambassador of good will to the Philippines.



OF COURSE I'M AN "OLD FASHIONED" GIRL...
IT'S MY FAVORITE DRINK.

IN STOCKTON

It's been so long since I
last skinned a catfish.
But when I was a boy
bla-bla-bla-etc.



LIBERTY—

"Seven Days of FREEDOM,
Seven Days of LIVING."



A MESSAGE FROM THE FIRST CLASS

We the class of July 1942, are about to terminate our course of instruction at the California Maritime Academy. To each of us this period has been one of the finest, and will be the most cherished period of our lives.

The realization of a goal for which we have worked and set ourselves to attain is in itself a source of pride and accomplishment. To the instructors of the Academy,

who so unselfishly set before us the knowledge we desired, we are deeply grateful. We want the officers of the school to know that only through their competent guidance are we able to take our place in the maritime world.

To the second and third classes we say, "do your work honestly and well, and be proud of it."

S.E. Hargrave

ALUMNI ATTENTION

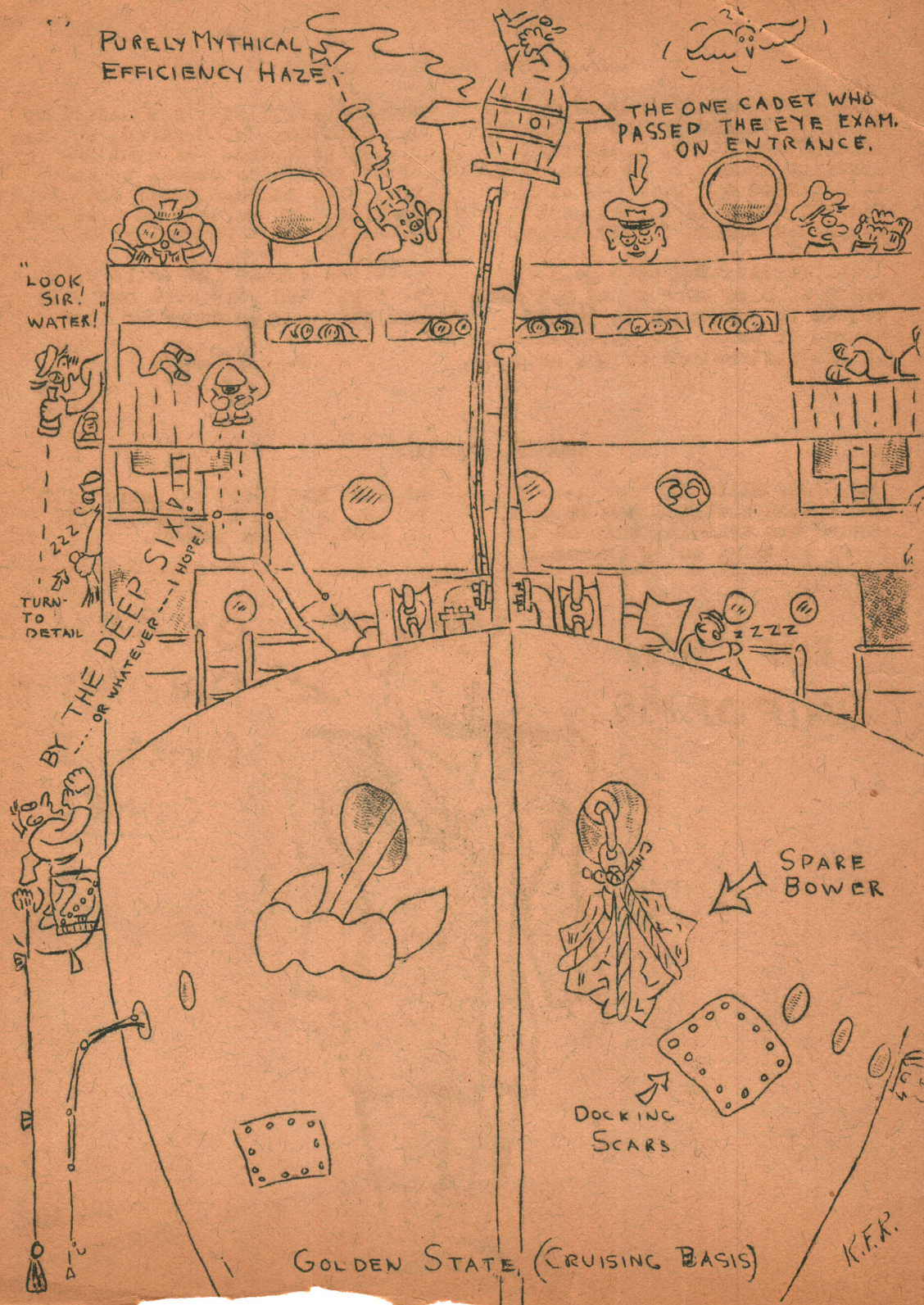
Mr. J.G. Ellis has arranged it so alumni meetings can be held aboard the training ship at the Ferry Building every Thursday

night. The first of these will be the evening of July 16. If in port, please attend.

THE NEW
UNIFORMS ..



"OH, BOY!
PALLADIUM
HERE I
COME!"



PURELY MYTHICAL
EFFICIENCY HAZE

THE ONE CADET WHO
PASSED THE EYE EXAM.
ON ENTRANCE.

"LOOK
SIR,
WATER!"

TURN
TO
DETAIL

BY THE DEEP
OR WHATEVER
SIX D
I HOPE!

SPARE
BOWER

DOCKING
SCARS

GOLDEN STATE (CRUISING BASIS)

K.F.R.