



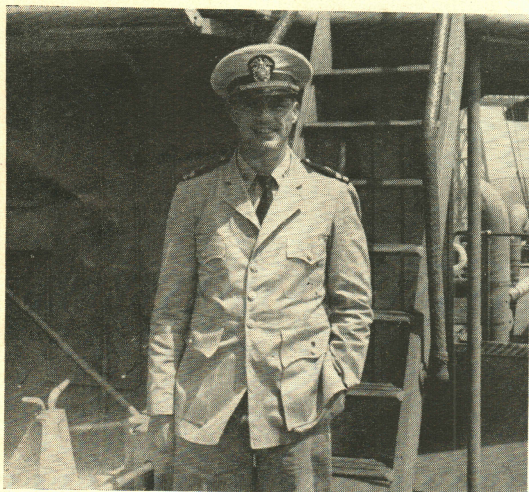
THE BINNACLE

Vol. 3, No. 7

CARQUINEZ STRAITS

July, 1945

NEW OFFICERS ARRIVE



LT. D. C. HOLCOMB

LT. D. C. HOLCOMB WELCOMED ABOARD

The officers and Midshipmen of CMA have the good fortune to welcome another new and very capable member of the engineering department, Lt. D. C. Holcomb USNR. "Life at the Academy" is no strange thing to him as he is an alumnus of the class of '33, the very first class to graduate from this institution.

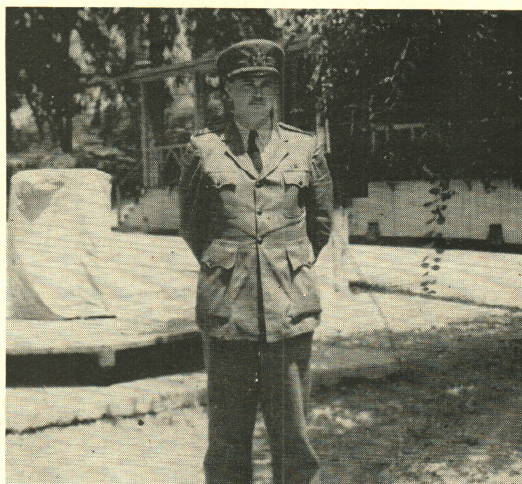
Lieutenant Holcomb comes to CMA after three years of service with the Seventh Fleet in the Pacific. During this time, he served as engineering officer aboard a seaplane tender and a destroyer. He served aboard the AVD-10, the U. S. S. Ballard, from January 1942, which was just immediately after receiving his commission, until September of 1943.

He was then detached from the Ballard and sent back to the states to join a Navy test crew as its engineering officer. The Hobby (DD), which had just completed her maiden voyage was his first assignment with this group. It also proved to be his last, as he received a permanent appointment as engineering officer on the Hobby. A month later, he and the Hobby sailed to join the Fleet for action with Task Forces 38 and 58. As a member of the Task Force, the Hobby took part in the operations at Iwo Jima, the Philippines, and lastly, Okinawa, screening the big ships and bombarding Jap shore installations.

Mr. Holcomb was born in Iowa and raised in Los Angeles. There he graduated from Los Angeles High, and completed a semester at UCLA before entering CNS, which was then taking in its first class. CNS was a far different place at the time of Mr. Holcomb's entry than CMA is today. At that time there was no school ship, nor were there any shore installations comparable to those of CMA today. Mr. Holcomb recalls that his first six months as a cadet were spent hoeing away the weeds and white washing the buildings at the Academy's first base at Tiburon, California.

Life at the Academy today does not differ in many respects from that at the time of Mr. Holcomb's stay at the Academy.

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LT. DAVID TALLMAN

REPLACEMENT MADE IN DECK DEPARTMENT

In this issue of The Binnacle we take occasion to welcome Lieutenant David Tallman to C.M.A. and to the communications department. He replaces Lieutenant Glenn Davis who is again being transferred to active duty. Aside from serving as a line instructor, Mr. Davis was well known as every Midshipman's friend. Subsequently when Mr. Tallman arrived, although he had quite a gap to fill, he readily tackled the job. Standing a good six feet three, he of course demanded everyone's attention and when we found out more about him, communications as a subject took on much new interest.

Mr. Tallman was born August 1, 1910 in Gillespie, Illinois. Throughout his school years, he showed great interest in athletics of all types and excelled at most of them. During his days at Shurtleff College, he not only played football but also made the baseball and basketball squads. After graduation he participated in several years of professional athletics and at one time or other, has played pro-football, baseball and basketball. Upon enlisting in October 1942, and applying for a commission, he was sent to naval communications school at Noroton Heights, Connecticut. After a grueling six weeks course there, he was commissioned a Lieutenant J. G. in the United States Naval Reserve.

His first assignment was aboard the Monterey on which he shipped between Casablanca and the United States for several months. At the approach of the Sicily invasion he was transferred to the S. S. Robert Rowan which had been especially fitted for just that type of action. It was during this operation that his ship received three direct bomb hits from German dive bombers, and was sent to the bottom. As a result of his part in this battle, Mr. Tallman received a letter of commendation from our late Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox.

After a short visit with his family in Carlinville, Illinois, he was again assigned to active duty and sent to the Pacific

(Continued on Page 2, Column 2)

THE BINNACLE WATCH

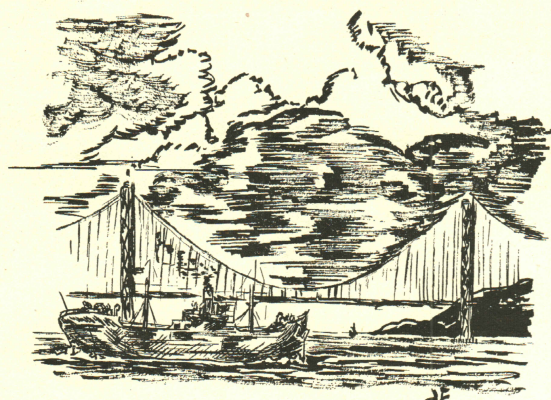
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NEW STAFF TO GUIDE BINNACLE

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Now that the responsibility of piloting The Binnacle through another successful year rests in the hands of another group it is fitting that due praise should be given to the parting staff members. Through their efforts The Binnacle has continued to improve and expand to a point of which they can be proud. Not only were the standards of The Binnacle maintained throughout the year, but were surpassed in such a way as to make the year's editions the best yet seen.

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Much of the success of The Binnacle as in everything else is due to the head of the staff. Richard Naylor as Editor-in-Chief proved himself more than capable of handling this assignment in the past year. His own personal touch resulted in such innovations as the sixteen page issues, "Personographies" and "Know Your Officers." Under his direction the staff operated with increased efficiency and each successive publication came out on time. Relinquishing his duties as editor, Dick has gained the satisfaction of knowing that his job has been well done.



LT. GLEN L. DAVIS

CMA BIDS FAREWELL TO LIEUTENANT DAVIS

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Mr. Davis could properly be called a mystery man around CMA for it is surprising how many people knew so little about him. When Mr. Brackett was asked to give us some information on Mr. Davis he could only reply, "The only thing I can tell you about him is that he was a heck of a good shipmate." We do know that Mr. Davis' home is near Salt Lake City and he is a graduate of the University of Utah.

Mr. Davis' orders place him with the 7th Fleet in Manila for further assignment. We of The Binnacle Staff together with the entire midshipman corps wish him the greatest luck for whatever the future may offer him.

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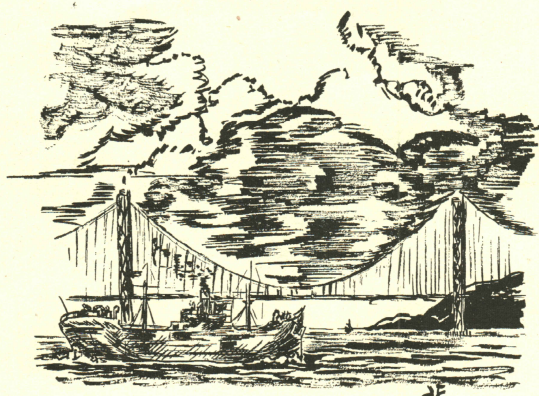
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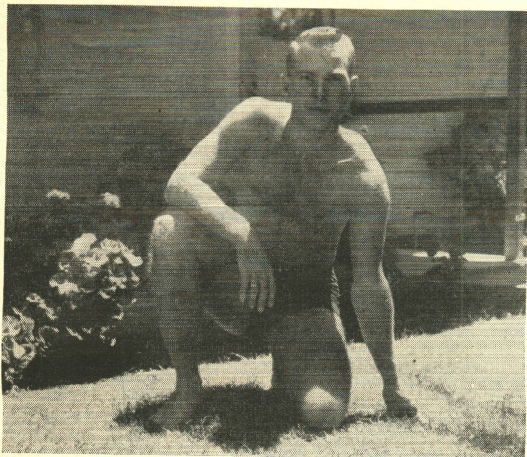
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IRWIN H. ROSA

"Weller! Whalen! Williams! Yeel... 'C Division—'ten-shun." "The Binnacle" brings to the Personography the third and last of the Division officers to be interviewed. "Three stripes" Irwin H. Rosa was born in Honolulu some 20 years ago when Oahu was still the paradise isle. He lived in Honolulu for 16 years, coming to the states after Pearl Harbor. The fateful 7th of December found Irwin working in a first aid casualty station—but fortunately for the patient, they had no casualties that Sunday morning.

He split his high school education between Punaho in Honolulu and Menlo down Palo Alto way. In high school Irwin was a member of the football and track teams, and continued with his hobby of boxing. In Honolulu, he developed a Waikiki tan and the art of body surfing—both of which combined with his boxer's build have made him quite a bit of a beach boy. He finished up his "time" at Menlo by being Senior Class President and then moved on to neighboring Stanford. Irwin spent six months on the Farm, majoring in Civil Engineering. He lived at Buchanan Hall on the campus. In the way of sports, Irwin proved his fisticuff ability by being a finalist in the Middle Weight class. His Stanford experiences can be briefly summed up in a statement which Irwin himself finds most descriptive, quote: "When speaking of Stanford women, I have seen better sacks around peanuts."

Irwin's plans after graduation are as yet indefinite.

ALUMNI OFFICERS FOR THE TERM 1 JULY 1945 TO 1 JULY 1946

Lt. Comdr. M. N. Engs USMS, President (Class August, 1933)
Lt. Comdr. C. H. Tubbs USNR, Secretary and Treasurer
(Class September, 1938).

THIRD MATE EXAM

The week of graduation looms rapidly over the CMA horizon, bringing with it the annual fear of the dreaded third's exams. The three day test of how well the respective first classman has applied himself to the nautical knowledge to which he has been exposed for the past year and a half, is scheduled for August 27, 28, 29.

The Coast Guard booklet, G. R. & R., lists a number of subjects, 15 to be exact, in which the hopeful third must be proficient. These 15 subjects are covered in the three day test—which allows limited yet ample time—the subjects are as follows: being so listed specifically for deck only:

1. Latitude by meridian altitude of the sun.
2. Longitude by chronometer.
3. Deviation of Compass by tables.
4. Ship's position by Dead Reckoning.
5. Middle Latitude sailing.
6. Distance off by run and bearing.
7. Chart Navigation.
8. International rules of the road.
9. Cargo handling.
10. Storm signals.
11. Sea terms.
12. Seamanship.
13. Instruments and accessories used in Navigation.
14. Rules and Regulations of the Board of Supervising Inspectors.

15. Such further examinations of a non-mathematical nature as the local inspectors may require.

Upon successful completion of the exams, the men become licensed third mates and third assistant engineers respectively. Almost all the graduates have qualified for commissions in the USNR, and a good number of CMA men will request active duty, some reporting within a few days of graduation to their naval stations. The graduates receive commissions in the United States Maritime Service, and from the USMS receive a uniform allowance entitling them to one dress blue suit, cap and overcoat.

As another fine class of officers prepares to leave CMA for their Navy and Merchant Marine ships, all of us here wish them "God speed and good luck!"

LT. D. C. HOLCOMB

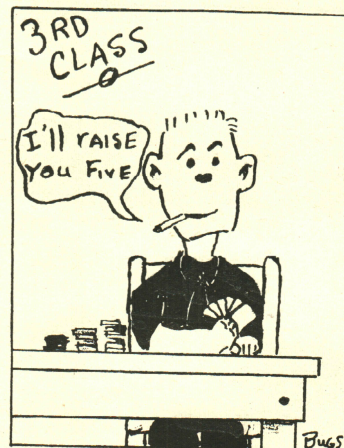
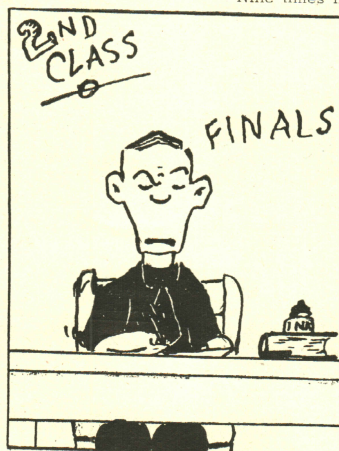
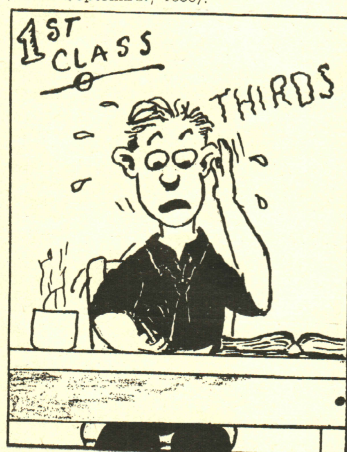
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It seems that many of the same traditions which were initiated by his class are still upheld and honored by the Midshipmen corps today, especially the "SWABS." It might be added that the famous "School Ship Song" was originated by this class at Mare Island when the "California State" made her first trip to dry dock.

After graduating from the Academy, Mr. Holcomb shipped out with the Grace Lines. He subsequently held positions with McCormick, the Alaska Packers, and most recently the United States Navy.

"Fine car you have there, Brennen. What's the most you've gotten out of it?"

"Nine times in one block."



THE MISADVENTURES OF SLOPSHUTE JERK

By Don Cohen

SLOPSHUTE GOES SAILING ON THREE SHEETS TO THE WIND

"Scuttle your rudder! Hoist the starboard porthole! Helm your poop Buy War Bonds!" The familiar cries of the sailing ship men ring out from the dock, where Mr. Summerill instructs the attentive, eager boys in the boats below as how to convert their merchant life-boats into racing yachts for an afternoon. Slopshute watches his buddies racing about like mad in the boat, and decides to get up and help. He finds his job—in the stern of his boat is an untidy pile of canvas. Approaching it industriously he glances toward the dock and hastily crawls under the canvas.

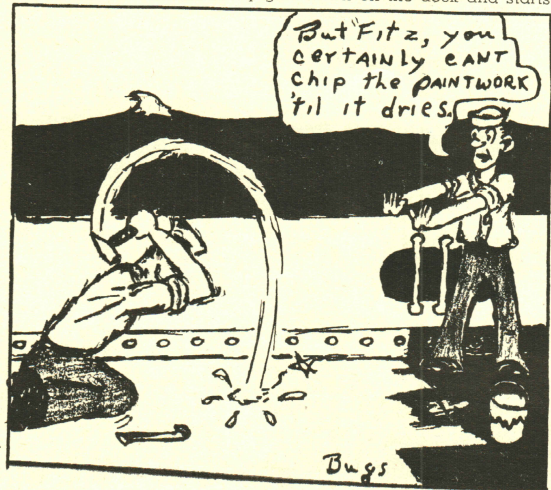
After the boats are rigged and all is ship-shape, twelve oars are loaded in each boat and they set sail. As the gleaming white canvas is hoisted into the sun, the sleeping form of Jerk is revealed in the stern. He awakens to see Mr. Summerill angrily jumping up and down on the dock. "I'll have your stripes for this, Jerk," cries Mr. Summerill. "No, but I'll trade you, Jack," screams back the witty Jerk. "That's telling him, Jerk," his admiring shipmates tell him happily. "I guess I told him, all right," Slopshute boasts, as he notices Mr. Summerill and the Academic Board holding an emergency meeting on the dock.

Although they are in a dead calm, it is not long before they are sweeping along at a good 15 knots. But since they are going in the wrong direction, the coxswain, who is a fine, eager lad, decides to lower the sails. After the sails are lowered and they are still doing 15 knots, astern, the coxswain decides that there is a slight current, and that they had better take out the oars. "Take out the oars!" he cries. "Get out the beer," yells a member of the crew. "Who's got the cards?" queries Jerk. "Out oars!" screams the coxswain, who is a fine, eager lad.

As the coxswain swims frantically for shore the crew is saddened by the loss of so fine and eager a lad. They are beginning to feel that they shouldn't have pushed him, when there in the stern they beheld a man to end all men. With the tiller in one hand, a bottle of beer in the other, a huge black cigar between his lips, and a fishing line made fast to his big toe, Jerk is an awe-inspiring figure.

Jerk senses the danger they are in as his little craft passes Benicia. He orders the signal flags "ZQ" hoisted at the mast-head, which is the code signal for "We are going the wrong way, nobody in the boat knows how to sail or wants to row, we are almost out of beer, Buy War Bonds." Scanning the shore line for a life-saving station, Slopshute's eyes suddenly light up with relief. "Don't despair, men!" he cries, as he heads for a small shack with a large red sign over it, proclaiming it to be the "PUT EASTSIDE INSIDE" life saving station. After replenishing their supplies at this dandy little rescue establishment, and bidding the bartender a fond farewell, the crew starts rowing like mad in all directions, stopping only long enough to throw a line to a passing tugboat, manned by two former C.M.A. cadets, who tow them back to the ship.

"Well done, Shrdlu" says Mr. Summerill, running up and kissing him on both cheeks. "Thank you, sir," says the slightly flushed Shrdlu. "Well done, Incovich." "Thanks—oh gee, I don't know what to say—thanks, Jack." "The Smile" approaches Slopshute, who automatically gets down on the dock and starts



TWO YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE

By R. M. Williams

On August 24, 1943 the "Golden State," her decks piled high and her sides bulging with a variety of gear which had been loaded aboard her, hauled in her mooring lines, and, backing out of Slip 2, blew a long blast which marked the close of an old, and the beginning of a new era in the history of the California Maritime Academy—a blast which meant farewell to the Ferry Building, which had long been a home to the "Golden State." So, turning her stern on the past, the ancient, but seaworthy, "Iron Mother" pointed her bow northward and got underway for her new home at Morrow Cove.

Upon arrival at Morrow Cove, about noon, the training ship was taken in tow by three Navy tugs, with whose aid the docking was handled very efficiently. After noon mess, all hands took a trip ashore to look over their new home.

As the weary day came to a close and the "middies" settled down in their sacks, the weary "Golden State" came to the realization that, after fourteen years as a training ship, she at last has a permanent address. The California Maritime Academy no longer is a transient institution, but has a home of its own.

In keeping with the traditions of the Academy, the third class proved no acception by presenting an excellent smoker to the officers and cadet corps. Since the loss of "Soogie," the former mascot, the midshipmen had been sadly in need of a mascot. A canine of obviously pure bred blood, although we'd hesitate to say how many kinds) was at last found. The midshipmen were just becoming used to their new mascot when one morn, there were suddenly seven. A contest was held to select names for the six new additions. Capt. Mayo was the winner and the pups were named Fore, Main, Mizzen, Spanker, Jigger and driver; the names being those of the masts on a six masted schooner.

VALLEJO SUB OFFICER COMMENDED FOR HIS MERITORIOUS ACTION

At a submarine base in the Pacific. For distinguishing himself by meritorious conduct in action in a submarine on war patrol, Lt. Charles R. Hake, USNR, whose wife lives at 1307 Beach Street, Vallejo, California, was awarded the Letter of Commendation with Ribbon.

The citation read in part: "He was of valuable assistance to his commanding officer in conducting attacks which resulted in sinking of enemy shipping. His calm manner and devotion to duty contributed directly to the success of his vessel. His conduct throughout was an inspiration to the officers and men in his ship and in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval service." Before entering the Navy, Lt. Hake was employed by the American-Hawaiian S/S Co. Charles Hake graduated from the California Nautical School, now the California Maritime Academy, with the class of September, 1938.

MARE ISLAND SHIP FIRED FIRST SHOT IN P. I. CAMPAIGN

The USS Hamilton, a veteran destroyer-minesweeper whose gunners are believed to have fired the first shot of the Philippines invasion, has been undergoing routine repairs at Richmond after gaining the reputation of "workhorse of the Pacific Fleet," the Navy disclosed. Built at Mare Island for destroyer duty in World War I the Hamilton was converted into a fast minesweeper after the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor. She has been in the forefront of so many Pacific invasions—sweeping mine-filled waters under the very noses of Japanese shore batteries—that her crew believes she should be nicknamed "D-Minus-Three." After participating in the North African invasion of 1942, the Hamilton took part in the following Pacific operations: Marshalls, Aitape, New Guinea, Saipan, Guam, Palau, Leyte, Lingayen Gulf and Iwo Jima. While sweeping the main channel in Leyte Gulf before Gen. Douglas MacArthur's forces poured ashore, the Hamilton's guns chased away an enemy snoop plane. As far as is known this was the first firing of the campaign.

Her skipper is LT. COMDR. JOHN CLAGUE, whose parents live in Carmel. Lt. Comdr. Clague graduated from the California Maritime Academy with the Class of May, 1940.

knocking off push-ups. "Stand up and flex, Jerk," says Jack. Tears well up in Slopshute's eyes as his beloved instructor pins the ribbon on his chest. "For excellence in the Battle of Carqueez Straits," Mr. Summerill reads. "This man brought his boat back in spite of a hostile current which completely destroyed the other three boats." Slopshute is speechless. "Well done, Jerk," says Mr. Summerill. "Hic," says Jerk.

SPORTS SPASMS

By Dick and Don

The sports scene at C.M.A. is pretty dead now as the first class is preparing for their third mates exam, the second class working for their stripes and the third class working. The daily athletic periods have been well attended and have been featured by some torrid basketball games and rugged handball matches.

Captain Mayo presented the Second Class basketball team with miniature gold basketballs as a reward for winning the school championship. The following players received awards: Backer, Baitinger, Bergum, Corlett, Cree, Dazey, Dickinson, Karasky, Love and Miller. Congratulations to a good team.

With this issue we start a new regular feature called Sportadilities. This will get our readers acquainted with some of the accomplishments of their classmates before they entered C.M.A.

SPORTNALITY NO. 1

Wallace Virgil "The Hawk" Baitinger

Virgil had no difficulty at all in making the 110 pound basketball team while only a junior in high school. Not satisfied with this "The Hawk" worked hard all year and after putting on a little weight was rewarded the following year by becoming Captain of the 115 pound team. This athletic athlete was not limited to basketball as evidenced by his pole vaulting ability. "Hawky Tully" swears he hit an effortless 13 feet, thus taking all the competition out of this sport so he retired.

But all kidding aside "Wally" was an outstanding athlete in High School. He played three years of basketball and was Captain of the varsity in his senior year. He was also an excellent tennis player, a fact well known around the school and put to good advantage in his third class year. In years to come Wally will be remembered as one of the best basketball players this school has ever seen.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony announce the marriage of their daughter Clelia Mary to Lt. Comdr. Louis Rossi USMS on Sunday the 15th of July, 1945, in the Mt. Carmel Church, Redwood City, California.

SEA DUST

Brackett: "I believe you missed my class yesterday."
Porterfield: "Oh, no I didn't sir, not in the least."

Dunham: "Is it a fact that married men live longer?"
Doctor: "No, it only seems longer."

A very satisfied man arrived at the gates of heaven and asked for admission.

"Where are you from?"
"California."

"Well you can come in—but you won't like it."

Motor Cop: "Hey, you! Didn't you hear me say 'Pull over there?'"

Driver: "Why, I thought you said, 'Good afternoon Senator?'"

Motor Cop (Smiling): "Isn't it a warm day today, Senator?"

The Amoeba hugs himself in the middle and then he's two other people.

"It's the little things in life that tell," said Rora as she dragged her kid brother out from underneath the sofa.

New third classman: "Who yuh shoving?"

Second classman: "Dunno, what's your name?"

"My goodness but that skirt is tight around the bottom."
"Yes, and around the rim, too."

"I'm stork raving mad," said the father of 15 kids. (I guess he just didn't know. Ed. note.)

The honeymoon is over when she starts throwing kisses.

Absent-minded Prof: "Madam, what are you doing in my bed?"
She: "I like your bed, I like your house, and I like your neighborhood. Furthermore, I'm your wife."

"Look here, Mary, is this peach or apple pie?"

"Can't you tell from the taste?"

"No, I can't."

"Then what difference does it make?"

GISMOS

"Honest Mr. Dunlop, it was an accident," pleaded Ezell, as he drenched Mr. Dunlop with salt water . . . Middies seen in the city taking scalp treatments for the obvious. Harrison, Whalgren and "DJ" (Wilson) . . . Brodsky is a walking example of the scalp cure. He is sporting a mean gray head. Worries about turn-to so much . . . Dreyer, the lover, staying up nights worrying over a tie-up in inter-state commerce . . . Shrader shocked his intelligent Vallojo girl friend (?) by asking her if she believed in using detergents . . . Tobey, was seen sailing wing and wing with no canvas out—his ears of course . . . Mr. Brackett: "Where does your efficiency go, Swens?"—"I can't seem to think today," was Swenson's reply . . . A swab's excuse for being overleave. "I happened to meet Mr. Hatcher Saturday and before I could get in a word I found liberty was up and I was overleave . . . Nay goes merrily on his way—having made many friends in the swab class (?) . . . Yes Chambers, of course you're innocent, we know you didn't dig all those ditches. It was a gopher . . . There'll be a shortage of toasted cheese sandwiches. The boys in room 56 (Moeller, Lee, Hehir and Barton) are scheduled to graduate . . . Since the Academy doesn't have a skeleton, Doctor Norman is planning to use Bill (Bones) Bradley in the instruction of human anatomy . . . Now included in the deck courses seem to be: Banks, Turns, Climbs and Glides, etc.

The shock was almost too great as Richardson was seen back in blues again. The secret of the second classes successful oarsmen was discovered during the recent sailing fest by that class—the answer was plenty of hard experience. Recent scuttlebut around CMA—Mr. Tubbs plans a journey in the near future—maybe into the third class deck room. Showing the full benefit of a nautical education, Ivan Brandt was heard explaining the using of checkered bouys as markers for airplane races. "Better come down to sea," Ivan. Brennan's "RED ROCKET" flies to Frisco every Saturday—the eagle helps a lot. Bill Cree and a personal friend down Santa Cruz way having a hard time deciding who's robbing the cradle.

SEA DUST

St. Peter: "How did you get up here?"
Latest arrival: "Flu."

A wolf is a guy with a biological gleam, while a fox is a wolf that sends flowers.

"Doctor, what can you say to a girl who's so scary she jumps into the nearest man's arms every time she's frightened?"
"Boo."

Then they were married and lived happily ever after. (After drag of course.)

"I'm a dairy maid in a candy factory."
"What do you do?"
"Milk Chocolates."

Richardson: "Mama, where did I come from?"

Mama: "Ah, er . . ."

Richardson: "Tell me, mama."

(At this point Mama proceeds to explain to Richardson about the birds and the bees, and the flowers, and mama and papa.)

Richardson: (With intelligent look smeared upon his face): "Oh!"

Mama: "But why did you ask, darling?"

Richardson: "Oh, the little girl next door said she came from Missouri."

There was a young lady named Banker
Who slept while the ship was at anchor

A pretty young doll named Brenda
Went out in a jeep on a bender;
After riding for miles,
She lost all her smiles:
It seems that Brenda was tender.

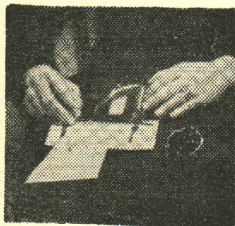
She awoke in dismay
When she heard the mate say,
"Now hoist up the topsheet and spanker."

They laughed when they saw how my white ducks had shrunk, but when I sat down, they split!

And a weasel is a fox that steals other guy's chickens.
(What's that you said Cree?)



ENGINE SERIES No. 25



'SEA - KNOWS'

RECORDS

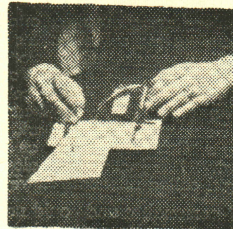
All machinery of a vessel should be examined periodically.

A card index file should be kept of each separate machine and the date of examination noted thereon. At the time of examination, any necessary repairs or preventative measures to forestall future failures should be carried out. A complete and concise record of such repairs should be entered in the file.

(Continued in Series No. 26)

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ENGINE SERIES No. 26



'SEA - KNOWS'

RECORDS
(Continued)

It is advisable to keep in mind the much repeated, but still apt phrase, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

A complete record of U.S.C.G. inspections, classification surveys, and dry-dockings should be maintained. Likewise, a complete report of all accidents and damages to any part of vessel should be recorded.

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DECK SERIES No. 25



'SEA - KNOWS'

FIRE FIGHTING
EQUIPMENT

The United States Navy Fire Fighting School has developed the use of "water fog" in fighting fires. Great success has been achieved fighting oil fires such as occur in fire rooms and engine rooms of ships. At the school, demonstrations have been shown that fires of great intensity may be approached and overcome with little or no difficulty or danger. Officers should attend the school and become familiar with the latest methods and equipment.

(Continued in Series No. 26)

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DECK SERIES No. 26



'SEA - KNOWS'

FIRE FIGHTING
EQUIPMENT
(Continued)

While fighting fires in closed compartments on vessels, the following should be remembered:

First: upon discovery of fire, make sure there is no person still in the compartment; Second: in order to confine the fire, immediately close all ports, ventilators and other openings before giving the alarm or attempting to use fire fighting equipment.

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FREDERICK DOUGLAS VAN SICKLEN

It was July 9, 1924 when Frederick Douglas Van Sicklen began bouncing out a boogie rhythm in rattle time near the pulsating mining village of Kamloop, Canada. Nothing spectacular happened in the following years until he entered High School in San Diego. There he became very active in extra curricular activities. Among his accomplishments it could worthily be said that he was Captain of the tennis team for three years. Music was always viewed with Van as having great importance. Playing in well known orchestras and having a band of his own have prepared him for an all important position as director and arranger for C.M.A.'s versified orchestral entertainers. Van is practically the oldest in his class and stated with a solemn experienced eye, "I've wanted to go to sea ever since I can remember." The thrill of his life will be when he can embark on a career of the sea with his own ship a "C-2." The "Goat" as he is sometimes called (we know not why) has inclinations along a certain line toward a very pretty girl called Elizabeth Rowe.

Van has a type of "let's hurry" personality and could not be mistaken for his friendly, witty conversation. No matter where his future takes him we are certain he will be happy. So—best of luck Doug, and we will be remembering your "Artistry in Rhythm."



MARVIN R. TRIPP

Another one of the room "47" boys is Marvin Tripp, first class engineer, who incidentally is the best looking man in room "47." "Marv" came into this world on November 17, 1925 in the city of Los Angeles, California. "Marv" says that after living in Los Angeles for 15 years and the bay area for five years, he considers Los Angeles the best place to live.

"Marv" attended Junior High School in Los Angeles and graduated from High School in Oakland. He then came to C.M.A. While in High School "Marv" played basketball, football and was a letterman in track. He is a member of the first class basketball team and member of the athletic commission. His favorite hobby, as agreed by all, is singing. "Marv's" talent as a crooner was noted when he was a third classman. Besides crooning "B" barracks to sleep he has been a member of the Pacific Philharmonic Chorus for the past four years. He is also a member of the famous Warbler's Glee Club of Los Angeles.

It has been said that "Marv" is the only man who can cool piston rods with ice packs.

On liberty "the voice" spends his time in Oakland where his best girl resides. She is a senior at the University of California. Upon graduation "Marv" wants a "C" or Victory type ship and intends to stay at sea long enough to enable him to go to college later on in his career. He prefers Cal or U.S.C.

"Marv" says that he would like to travel, but will probably settle down and get married and has slight intentions of supplementing musical interest with regular occupation.



BEN STRADLEY

The most exclusive room in "B" barracks is room "47." In this room lives that tall, good looking, first class engineer, Ben Stradley.

Ben, called "Strad" by his close friends is the electrical genius of the first class. Ben's home town is Delano, Calif. (where the sunshine spends its summer). He can no longer claim himself as Delano's only service-man as his sister recently entered the cadet nurses.

Ben graduated from Delano High School and attended Bakersfield, C. for one year. Before entering C.M.A. he worked as a projectionist in a theater for one and one-half years.

Ben's hobby is experimenting with electricity and radio. He also is a charter member of the C.M.A. camera club. His roommates claim that room "47" is the only room in the barracks with a clock which turns on their radio at reveille and turns it off again at taps. Among Ben's other inventions and devices are fluorescent lighted sacks, also a private phone whose construction was delayed for some unknown reason. It has been rumored that his roommates are afraid to go to sleep at night on account of Ben's numerous electrical devices installed in their room. During the cruise the music heard in the berth deck every day was through the courtesy of Ben Stradley.

Liberty usually finds Ben in the big city of San Francisco where his favorite hangout is Phil's Fish Bowl.

Upon graduation Ben wants to ship out on a "C" ship. He wants to remain at sea until he gets his Chief's license. He then intends to go back to college and take up chemical engineering.



NOTES FROM THE MARITIME WORLD

Editor's Note: The articles used in this section are compiled from the Marine Engineering and Shipping Review.

THE CHALLENGE TO OUR MERCANT MARINE

By Arthur B. Homer

When the war is won, we shall have over 50 million tons of Government and privately owned merchant ships. That vast fleet of vessels, larger than the combined merchant fleets of all other countries, has thrust upon us an opportunity and a responsibility.

Recently much prominence was given to a proposal that the United States could best serve its own interests and those of the world by contenting itself with a total merchant fleet of not more than 10 million deadweight tons, sufficient to carry its coastwise trade and 20% of its foreign commerce, and by distributing its remaining ships to other nations at nominal prices. In addition, it was urged that shipbuilding activities in the United States be restricted to work of an experimental nature at one or two shipyards. I believe that such radical curtailment is completely unsound economics. It would be turning our backs on one of the prime lessons we have learned from this devastating war, namely, that we must henceforth be World-Minded.

In a world in which New York and New Guinea are merely hours apart—we must plan for international peace and cooperation in comprehensive and realistic or forward-looking to plan now to depress the activity of our Merchant Marine to a point below where it was before the war began. We must think in terms of expansion rather than contraction. We should be planning for larger foreign trade in the wider world markets which are opening as a result of this global war.

Just as our railroads furnished transportation to new continental frontiers after our own Civil War, so now our Merchant Marine should be utilized to furnish transportation to the new world frontiers. Transportation has always been the greatest stimulant toward increased industry and commerce—and our Merchant Marine can offer us that transportation over the four-fifths of the globe which happens to be water.

But the Merchant Marine plays a dual role in our National picture. It is a prerequisite of our national security. Our post-war security will be keystoned by sea power. We will have a Navy probably three times as large as the pre-Pearl Harbor Navy, plans are being laid for the enlargement of existing Naval bases and for acquisition of new bases in distant quarters of the world, and for the post-war training of our young men. This will call for a fleet of Merchant ships of proportionate capacity.

World trade and international agreements should not be our only contribution to the world effort to secure enduring peace. We must also preserve and maintain the strength to resist aggression. Sea power can most effectively form the basis of that defensive strength, for it does not instill fears of invasion unless backed up by a large army.

Admiral of the Fleet, Ernest J. King, has recently stated that "Sea power equals surface ships plus submarines, plus aircraft, plus merchant ships, plus naval bases, plus trained personnel, plus the production capacity to build, equip, operate and fight them."

That statement leaves no doubt in our minds as to the component parts of our defensive requirements.

The existing maritime policy of the United States, as stated in the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 is that an American Merchant Marine, owned, operated and manned by American citizens, sufficient to carry, not only our domestic water-borne commerce, but also a "substantial portion" of our water-borne foreign trade, is necessary for our national defense and the development of our foreign and domestic commerce. We all agree then that we need a merchant fleet. The question is: How large a fleet?

In 1937 the Maritime Commission recommended for purposes of national defense a minimum merchant fleet of 1,000 ships aggregating 7½ million deadweight tons. However, at that time there were available 40% more ships of suitable types and the Commission raised their figures to include these, making a total of 10 million deadweight tons. With the outbreak of war in Europe, we once again surveyed our merchant fleet and found the existing 11 million tons woefully inadequate. The merchant vessel construction program was doubled therefore in 1939, and again in 1940, and in 1941 it was doubled a third time; but the ship deliveries up to that point were a mere trickle compared to the torrent of ships that eventually poured forth from our shipyards. I wish to emphasize that we were put on our guard by an advance warning of danger, and we were given time to build.

With the increased tempo of offensive war, with the advent of robot bombs and long-range planes—we dare not assume for

the future that we will be given the vital time in which to prepare our defenses. We must from now on keep an active nucleus of ships sufficient to supply our increased Naval strength.

If the size of that Navy is to be three times our pre-Pearl Harbor strength, we may need a merchant fleet of 30 million tons—three times our pre-war tonnage. However, it seems obvious that during peaceful years the Naval and Military demands on the merchant ships are far less than during war years. Consequently, any tonnage required in excess of our merchant fleet could be held in strategic reserve.

It would seem realistic therefore to correlate our defense needs with our commercial needs, in order to arrive at a merchant tonnage which will be adequate for national security and at the same time will not be monopolistic in world trade.

* * *

HEROIC ACTION BY SEAMAN SAVES SHIP

At 11:55 a.m. last April 9th at Bari a bomb-laden Liberty ship exploded. The blast hurled large pieces of steel, ammunition, doors, decks and other pieces of steel debris over a wide area, setting afire three other ships in the harbor, leveling several buildings, and exploding bombs and gasoline cans stacked on the docks.

The M S Sun was in immediate danger. Less than 800 yards away scraps of Liberty ship floated on the water, ships nearby still rocked in a huge tidal wave from the explosion, and the dock was ablaze with gasoline under stacked crates of bombs and shells. Hot small-arms ammunition was exploding. Steel and was raining down on the tanker, smashing catwalks, piping and skylights. All doors and glass amidships had been ripped away, and there were three large holes in the deck.

The Master of the Sun, Norman E. Walls, Jr., ordered the CO2 firing system into action to save the tanker's 100,000-barrel cargo of 100 octane aviation gasoline, and made ready to leave port. Two steel cables and six nine-inch Manila lines held the tanker fast. Captain Walls ordered the two cables cast off from the ship, but hesitated to cut the Manila lines, fearing they would float and foul the propeller.

Without the Captain's knowledge a Seaman, Val Stanley Zdun, jumped overboard and swam to the dock, which shook almost constantly from explosions, had cast off the six heavy Manila lines. He hung on to one line hoping to be pulled aboard by it but that sank and he was forced to swim back to the dock to get a row boat to return to his ship.

Because of the quick action and valor of the entire crew, and particularly the heroism of Seaman Zdun, the Sun was the first ship to leave the harbor—clearing in 35 minutes after the explosion.

Seaman Val Stanley Zdun is the first seaman to win the Sun Oil Company's J. Howard Pew Award, established by the company last year to honor employees who distinguish themselves by heroic action beyond the call of duty incidental to employment.

J. Howard Pew, President of the Sun Oil Company, for whom the award was named, made the presentation at a colorful ceremony held aboard the tanker.

There will be a social meeting of the California Maritime Academy Alumni Association, September 9, 1945, at the Army-Navy Club, San Francisco. Please bring your wife, sweetheart or girl. This will be the first social meeting under the rule of the new Officers so let's make it a merry one.

Hall: "You men were fifteen seconds late in forming. Y'know what? You guys don't rate liberty this weekend."

Voice from the ranks: "Give me liberty or give me death."

Hall: "Who said that?"

Voice: "Patrick Henry, sir." * * *

"A woman's physical charms are her chief weapons in the battle of love."

"Well, you'll never be arrested for carrying concealed weapons." * * *

Mary: "Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose."

Mary, three dances later: "Been waiting long?"

Rattray: "No, but I've looking all over for you to give you your compact."

LETTERS OF INTEREST TO FELLOW ALUMNI MEMBERS:

The following is a letter from Lt. Comdr. W. A. Keefe (DEM), USNR, which we believe you will find as interesting as we did. "With unflinching regularity, 'The Binnacle' has come each month, bringing the news and pictures. Each time, during the first few minutes after I open the sealing stamp, ten years seem to vanish into obscurity, leaving the old familiar sounds, calls and voices of CNS.

For the past eleven months, the substance, composition and general qualities of 'The Binnacle' have improved immeasurably. I've saved these issues for No. 1 son, (aged 7 years) prospective Midshipman, CMA '58.

After five years of active duty in combat Naval vessels, I feel that the Navy is tops—now and for keeps. I spent a year and a half as division officer of various engineering divisions on a battleship, then a year and a half as Engineer and Damage Control Officer of a modern destroyer, and two years as Engineer and Repair Officer of an escort aircraft carrier, leaving her while acting as Executive Officer to put this new cruiser into commission as First Lieutenant and Damage Control Officer.

Although classified as (DEM), USNR, at present, I am expecting an opportunity to transfer to the Regular Navy by 1946. Each ship, each assignment, whether it was Deck or Engineering, has proved intensely interesting, instructive and absorbing, so when you feel that way about a profession, logic directs you to pursue it permanently.

It's always great to find a CMA man, ashore or afloat, but I seem to have made but few contacts in the past two years. Saw Vic Buengle '34 last summer in the Portsmouth, Va., Navy Yard—he was Engineer Officer of the escort carrier Mission Bay, at the time I was Engineer Officer of the Prince William. We had made Lt. Comdr. early in 1944, so the occasion called for celebrating. However, our plans were rudely disrupted by OPNAV.

Frank Barnes and Kenny Robertson, two of my classmates ('35) were instructors at the Destroyer Pre Com Engineering School at NOB, Norfolk, Va., for a year or so. Barnes is now Engineer Officer of a tanker converted into a water distilling ship, (AW) and "Robbie" has recently reported to the Cruiser Montpelier for Engineering duty. My brother-in-law, Joe Shafer ('35) is still Engineer Officer of the Navy Cargo Ship Hercules, a very fine C-3 conversion. Joe has been hauling everything from bombs and ammunition to Admirals, to the combat areas for almost three years. Stan Taggart, ('35) is in the production Dept., of the Navy Yard, Mare Island. He did a beautiful job as Ship's Supt., and Asst. Machinery Supt. at Pearl Harbor for three years straight. You could always count on Stan to get you and your ship back into the fight, **on time**, during the hectic and uncertain hellish months of the first year after the Pearl Harbor blitz. I wonder how many people know what a career man our own Earle J. McConnell, Jr. turned out to be? Earle, ("Dirty Earle, the unwashed Peon", of '35) after shipping with good old Union Oil for two years after graduation, packed his ditty box and sprouted wings—Navy wings, at Pensacola, graduating high in his class in 1939. He was in VP-26 at Honolulu until 1940, then transferred into the Regular Navy. Soon thereafter, he and his PB4Y's went to Cavite, P. I., and it was there that he began the war against the dastardly Japs on December 8, 1941. They couldn't get old Earle—they weren't good enough. He had three PB4Y's shot out from under him, they tried to strafe him in a rubber 'doughnut', they tried to bomb and torpedo him in the two ships he climbed successfully aboard in the Java Sea Battle, and still he fought and killed them at every opportunity, winding up in Australia, flying Spitfires and God knows what, with the R.A.A.F. Later in 1942, Earle got back to continental U. S. and began training Navy pilots to fly PB4Y's—Consolidated 'Liberators', at Camp Kearney. Right now, I imagine Earle is making daily ferry trips between various well known islands and the Mikado's domain, leaving little one-ton mementos and jellied gasoline in those places that the slopheads never dreamed we'd find.

Can't forget George Musser ('35)—Engineer Officer of the cruiser Honolulu—he hasn't any more space left on his Pacific Theatre Ribbon for combat stars.

Examining the twelve-year record of CMA Alumni, (all Classes inclusive) inspires a most profound pride and admiration; pride in being able to say that I had the privilege to graduate from that same, closely-knit little Academy which has turned out, in twelve years, a generation of men whose aggregate record of accomplishment is incredible—and admiration in the universal adaptability demonstrated by those men in their



STRAHLENDORF

"Strallie" is the saltiest man at CMA. This very coveted honored was agreed upon by the first class in a recent poll. John Charles Strahlendorf was born in San Francisco on August 27, 1925. He was a student at George Washington High School there. Any extra time he had was spent walking around Yatch Harbor admiring the trim ships with their fast lines. There he found a desire to have his own ship, now at CMA he takes a personal pride in the school ship which is shown by always being present at turn-to. As for sports there isn't any one for which he would not ably qualify. JC has the distinction of having added something to CMA History, and that being in the way of vocabulary. Several Midshipmen of the third class were dubbed with new titles such as: Moosenose, Owl and Moonface. He also had a vital part in naming Turtle—"The Turtle." Wherever you hear a cheerful, friendly, "Hi Guy" you will know it comes from JC. At present he has but one overwhelming thought, to pass his thirds. After that, well there is always Mother's wonderful cooking and oh yes, his baby (a T-2 ship). We know that all your wishes will materialize and we extend the best of happiness and success in the future.

ALUMNI NEWS

Lt. Bird, we did receive your dues and a card was mailed to your home address, and your new membership card showing you in "good standing" until July, 1946 is on its way. Guess a view of the States would be more than welcome after being out for so long. Ray Russell is aboard the same ship. A letter was received by Lt. Bird from Chuck Holzer who is now skipper of a new large Navy tanker. Also while at Okinawa, some time ago, he saw Ted Rice and Jack Fitzsimmons.

Gordon A. Fisk is sailing as 2nd Mate on, as he says, "The Queen of all the ancient and outmoded vessels," but expects the trip to be interesting and educational. Hope you won't be disappointed.

Lt. Comdr. Tubbs saw Bill Grundy and Malcolm Brown while on a recent visit to San Francisco and reported they both are sailing for U. S. Lines on a Liberty.

Ralph Moon is now a very proud father of a baby girl—born on May 5, 1945. Congratulations. Ralph is also serving as Master aboard a troopship for American President Lines. He reports that Rodger Swain is now serving as Chief Mate, for the same company, and is due to get his own ship in the near future.

performances in the assignments they fought for, won, and undertook.

There is a lot more to be said, and even more to be done—but in the meantime, keep THE BINNACLE coming.

Sincerely and fraternally,

BILL KEEFE, 35."

ALUMNI NEWS

Lt. Howard Hickman is somewhere in the Central Pacific and is sailing first assistant for Sun Oil Company—turbo-electric tanker. Hope you have better luck in running across some alumni in the very near future, Howard.

E. F. Oliver gives us a neat job of reporting, as follows: E. F. Oliver '42, and N. F. Main '41, Navigator and Jr. First on the same ship. R. Swain '42 is the Chief Officer on one of the President Line's outfits. Reilly '42 is now a Lt. (jg) in the Navy and on flying duty now. Jeck '42 is married to Charlotte Richardson—on March of 1945. E. Kettenhofen is soon to be a father. He married an Army nurse in Hawaii.

Francis W. Daily didn't come thru—"Serving in Silence."

J. E. McCarty Jr. '42 June, is now first assistant engineer of a 8500 H. P. Victory, Seas Shipping Co. He reports the only "old grad" he has seen is Campbell at the beer dispensary located on one of the Marshal Islands. McCarty intends to sit for his Chief Engineer's license soon—the best of luck to you. Your membership card is on its way to you.

George Twitchell '39 brings us up to date on his activities the past few years. He was married in April 1941, no children, and is now a Lt. E-M USNR serving as "A" Division Officer on board an AP—21 decks and a straw bottom. He has been on active duty since August 1942, first serving on an AW which he says Dave Schulman should remember. Also for a short hitch at the Naval Drydocks, Hunter's Point and now his present duty. We are sending you a book of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Alumni Association—so be on the look-out.

John A. Cronin '41 sent in his dues because he says: "I have not received any dunning letters from you regarding dues for the period July '45 to July '46 so am enclosing my check for \$6.00." Thank you, others TAKE NOTICE. John is still Chief Engineer on the same ship, a Union Oil Company tanker. He states his ship recently fueled a Liberty on which Ben Schonlieber '41 was Master but didn't get to see him. Here is the "info" John reports: Bill Russon '41 is Chief on a Liberty, the same ship he was Chief on some 18 months ago, before he went on a Diesel to get Diesel time. Ben Ross '41 is in the hospital at Fort Baker, the result of a fall in the engine room of the mine planter in which he was First Assistant. Ben if you read this, we all wish you a speedy recovery. Rod Ellen just left on the second voyage in the Victory which he took out of the Richmond yards as Chief. There are three CMA grads sailing Chief in Union Oil—Howard Mollenkopf '38 is in a geared turbine job—myself in a geared job and Homer Karr '42 in a T-2. John, we hope to see you soon and will be glad to discuss the future of that son of yours as he writes: My ship is going into blowdown in the future and I hope to get up to the Academy during that time to 'case the joint' as I have a three year old who may be interested in fifteen years or so." We, too, are sorry about that blank page in The Binnacle—but with exams the time is all too short. Also your suggestion about the coffee "mugs" has been put before the Cadet Service Fund, but the trouble is—there is a war on and no cups to be had.

Robert Knudsen, visited the base July 2, 1945, and is soon to be stationed in Seattle for the Alaska Steamship Co. He has been sailing for that company as second engineer for some time. He would like to hear from Harry Slavin and H. J. Williams—so how about it, just address the letter to Robert Knudsen in care of the Alaska Steamship Company, Seattle, Washington.

Thomas Woods Jr. came through with quite an interesting letter: "Just got back from one of those Pedro to New York trips the long way. Ran into G. O. Robinson, July '42. He seemed to be sporting one of Deconhill's secretaries around. Tells me he has been "skipper" on a T-2 for some time. Not a block further along I walked up behind Fred Nied, January '42 trying to talk the USMS out of a raise in rank. He also imparted some news which I was sorry to hear. R. C. Wilson, January '42, Cadet Commander, who has been leading a squadron of the Navy's best airmen into battle, was injured in a mid-air crash. Stopped at the L. B. Naval Hospital to see "Bob" but was told that he is now at home recuperating. Good to hear! A few days later called J. E. "Ed" McDermott, July '42, and he told me that he was "sitting" for his Chiefs then he was going up to Washington to take out one of AH's C-4's as first Assistant. Nice going John Edward." TO THE BINNACLE STAFF: "To those of you that are

behind "The Binnacle" certainly deserve a hand, those new items and the continuation of the old are the things that help bring back fine memories of C.M.A." "Any of you fella's that pass through the Panama Canal Zone drop over to the War Shipping Administration Port Engineer's Office and we'll throw—a brawl to toast to "Auld Lang Syne." Thank you so very much Tom for the wonderful letter—you complimented the staff—well it's people like you who send in such swell letters that keep our column so interesting.

Zed Gwartney tells us that Dick Morrison '41 became a father last June 17th, a girl. Zed had been visiting Dick so helped him sweat out the ordeal for the last two weeks. Dick is still navigator for TWA. Tony Peck, '38 is now Assistant Chief Navigator for TWA. Thanks Zed for the news, but how about some about yourself, too.

L. R. Vanoni says: "Sorry nothing to report but enjoy getting The Binnacle." We are sorry, too.

W. D. McCaffrey is still sailing as "Skipper" for Weyerhaeuser S. S. Company on the East Coast. Also says "That is about all of the news except that I happened to be one of the unfortunate ones involved in the recent 22 ship fog and iceberg collision in the North Atlantic. Appreciate the arrival of The Binnacle very much. Hoping to be able to pay you a visit soon." We will be looking for you one of these fine days.

Clén Lafrenze, July '41, is Chief on a U. S. Lines vessel. Bob Davidson, July '42, got his Chief's ticket. "Buzz" Geandrot, July '42, is now in Merchant Marine after Mine Planter Service. The above items came from C. R. Anderson.

Joel J. Viegas: "Just a few lines to let you know that I have and still do think a great deal about our association and the work it is doing although due to present conditions I have not been able to attend any of our meetings. The Binnacle has kept me well informed as to the activities of the Academy and of the fellow graduates. The school paper has made great improvements since I was a cadet and I take great pleasure in reading it and showing it to my friends." Thanks Joel for your well wishing and good luck.

Mr. Martin, The Binnacle staff has been notified of your home address for future mailing of The Binnacle, and we hope you will have delivery. We received a notice that it was to be sent to Mrs. Ione Martin, 202 W. 5th, Redwing, Minn. Henceforth it will be sent to 1052 Rosedale Ave., Glendale.

During the past six months four CMA graduates have been serving aboard a C-2 for Matson. Frant Foot, Chief Mate; Owen Thomas, First Assistant; Earl Medina, Second Assistant; Gordon Faye, Third Mate.

Lt. Crutcher was 2nd officer on an ammunition ship in the Philippines during the Luzon invasion. He is now on his way to the South Pacific as Chief Officer on board a Liberty Ship. This makes his 7th trip overseas.

Archie Southwick just hit the States after a 11½ months trip on a T-2 tanker as Third Assistant. Says he saw none of his class while away, but received The Binnacle regularly and admits it is really great. He is now sitting for Seconds in San Pedro and going to try for a Victory after his leave is up. He asks the good work be kept up on The Binnacle—well we will try.

G. H. Sattler, January '42 writes: "The reason I have not been attending the activities is probably the same reason many have been giving, 'Just haven't been shore side.' A year ago this last June I took one of the first Victories out as First Assistant. She made a short trip, then was loaded with ammunition and given an important assignment as a 'Fleet Amo.' While passing many long months out there saw Starratt, who was on a Victory. His ship was also assigned to the same duty and we kept running across one another. Also met Meeker in Siapan, sailing as Chief Mate on a Victory. My wife and I just returned from a two weeks vacation at Lake Arrowhead and am now attending Upgrade school for my Chiefs."

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome I. Siegel announce the marriage of their daughter Shirley to Ensign Fred M. Schwimmer, USNR, on Monday, the 28th of May, 1945, at Beverly Hills, California.

ALUMNI NEWS

L. S. Surtees gives forth with the following: "Just returned from a seven months tour of the Philippines including original Lingayen Gulf landing. Only respite was three weeks in Sydney. Hotel Australia and King's Cross still going full blast. The old Norwegian blockhead for skipper, that sounded kind of like one Swanson recently wrote about, 'Ve don't know vere ve are' and 'You can't do dat—it's against all the rules and regulations' are typical remarks. Spent four days on top of the only shoal in Lingayen Gulf—he was really a bright boy. At present moment am undergoing my fourth training trip to Stockton. Ship is tied up to the same old dock too. No formations to make anyway." Surtees would like you, Kenny and Ross, to get in touch with him—if no other way you can do it through The Binnacle.

* * *

Howard L. McCalla is now assisting the Alumni Column with items of interest about CMA Grads who come his way.

1. On the same new Victory for American Hawaiian S/S Company:

- (a) Weston F. Averill, '39, Chief Engineer.
 - (b) Lawrence Powell, Dec. '43, Second Asst. Engineer.
 - (c) Fred Vorous, Dec. '44, Third Engineer.
 - (d) Fred Joy, Dec. '43, Chief Mate.
 - (e) Richard Page, June '44, Second Mate.
 - (f) Fred Schwimmer, Dec. '44, Third Mate.
2. On a C-3 for Isthmian S/S Co.:
- (a) C. R. Anderson, July '42, Chief Engineer.
 - (b) Theron C. Maland, July '42, First Asst. Engineer.
 - (c) E. L. H. Johannessen, June '43, Second Mate.
3. On a C-2 reefer for U. S. Lines:
- (a) Wallame Lafrenz.
4. On a C-2 for Luckenbach S/S Co.:
- (a) Robert M. Davidson, July '42, First Asst. Engineer.
 - (b) Weston C. Geandrot, July '42, Second Asst. Engineer.
5. Santa Rita—Grace Lines C-2:
- (a) Dale Collins, June '44, Third Assistant.
 - (b) Wm. Opferman, June '44, Third Mate.
 - (c) Dave Anderson, June '44, Second Mate.
6. Upgrade school to Second Assistant:
- (a) Stelios Andrew, June '44.
7. Victory:
- (a) Edmond A. Stephenson, Dec. '44 Second Assistant on waiver.
8. For Grace Lines:
- (a) Thomas MacFayden, Dec. '42, First Engineer.
9. Victory:
- (a) Leo Ewart, July '44, Second Mate.

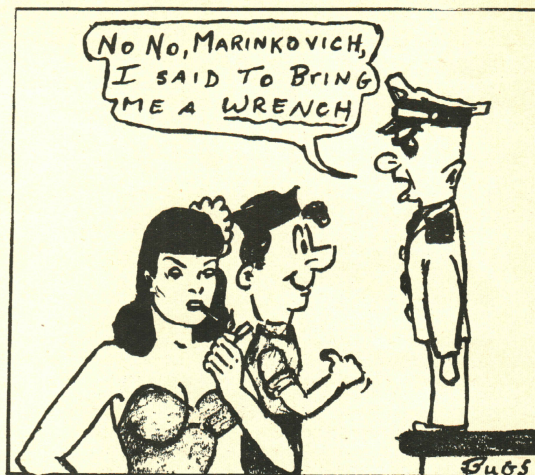
NUPTIAL NOTES

The marriage of two popular and well-known young Vallejoans, Second Lieut. Dorothy M. Johnson, Army nurse and Lt. John Donald Rankine, USMS was announced here by the bride's parents. The ceremony was solemnized at the Episcopal church on Friday, June 15, at 8 p. m. The bride who has been on duty at McCaw General Hospital, U. S. Army center, at Walla Walla, Washington, went to the east coast to meet Lt. Rankine, whose ship was due in port for a short time.

White flowers were used to decorate the charming old church, a small colonial building which is reported to have had George Washington as a vestryman. Dressed in her Army nurse's summer uniform of beige, accented by maroon bands and tie, she carried a prayer book ornamented with lavender orchids. Attending the bridal couple were Lt. USNR and Mrs. Peter I. Brown. Mrs. Brown, a former roommate of the bride at the University of California, wore a beige suit, matching straw hat, turquoise blouse and carried an old-fashioned bouquet of mixed flowers. The former Miss Johnson is a graduate of Vallejo High School with the class of 1940, where she was prominent in sports and was a member of the California Honor Society. In 1944 she received her B. S. degree from the University of California and later completed her nurse's training at the U. C. Hospital in San Francisco, subsequently entering the U. S. Army Nurse Corps with a second lieutenants commission. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Rankine, former Vallejoans, and is also a graduate of Vallejo High School in 1940. He graduated from the California Maritime Academy in 1942 and is now second officer of his ship. He has Masonic affiliations and has always been interested in sailing, a hobby shared by the new Mrs. Rankine.

* * *

June 19, 1945, Captain Gordon Robinson of 11932 Mayfield Avenue, West Los Angeles, California, became engaged to Miss Maudie Burns of Wilmington, California. The wedding will take place the latter part of this year. Miss Burns is a graduate of



Mt. Lebanon High School, Mt. Lebanon, Pa., and B. T. College of Pittsburgh, Pa. Captain Robinson graduated from the California Maritime Academy in July, 1942, as a Third Mate. He received his Master's license in June of 1944, and has been shipping as Captain since October of 1944. He is now Captain aboard a ship operated by Pacific Tankers.

* * *

August 1, 1945, not only being the first month, was also a great day for Mat Engs, he received notification of his change of rank, to Lt. Comdr. USMS. He is also the new President of the California Maritime Academy Alumni Association—congratulations and congratulations.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Merriman Richardson announce the marriage of their daughter Lois Kaye to Fredric C. Joy, Lt. USMS on Sunday the 24th of June, 1945, at Los Angeles, California. Richard Page was best man. Page and Joy are shipping as Mate and Second on a new Victory for A. H.

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