



THE BINNACLE

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CARQUINEZ STRAITS

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NEW THIRD CLASS

FIRST CLASS AT MARE ISLAND FIRE SCHOOL

The first class was recently present at a well organized "Navy hot-foot." During the weeks of January 17 to 28 inclusive, groups of ten to twelve men attended a two-day course at the Fire Fighters School located on Mare Island.

With the usual CMA morning vitality, a group of men would start bright and early for their two day "vacation." After fighting off the usual "red tape" necessary to crash the large "island prison," the boys felt that they were in for a "huge" holiday when they received their instructions—a cartoon! However they soon learned it was the Navy's way of building you up before breaking you down!!

Before the first hour had elapsed "our heroes" found themselves in foul weather gear, fighting fires. Of course this startling bit of drama took the wind out of some of the fellows' sails; but in typical CMA fashion every man pitched in and gained valuable information about the types and uses of the standard Navy fire fighting gear.

In the minds of many men of the first class, the fire school is the most interesting, well organized school that they have ever attended. The course is a well balanced diet of practical instruction, lectures, humor and entertainment. The instructors lead you through the first day and let you fight alone the second day.

It was truly amazing to see how quickly a fellow learns to fight a fire when he is surrounded by menacing flames. Failure to control the man started fires would and has resulted in the injury of many lazy and careless men. The proper use of the correct equipment at the right time is a lesson well learned.

Every man who took the course has mentioned that he is no longer afraid of fire. In fact one crew of men from CMA (Jan. 24 and 25) got so ambitious about getting to the fires that they came within one second of breaking the record for the handy-billy contest, held at the termination of each course. Congratulations to those men and thanks to the Navy for some very practical knowledge.

FIRST CLASS ANNIVERSARY

The greatest loss the feminine world had suffered in a long time was suffered last January 6. The entire first class went out stag. After one year of hardships, being emancipated and changing generally, the men of Class Number One, June, took their woes and restraints to the Club Kona in El Cerrito and completely dazzled the public with their fine upright appearance. (A slight pause for those who didn't appear above the tops of their tables.)

At the "Kona" the usual procedure for a successful evening began the festive occasion. Among some of the high-lights that came with the meal and "tomato juice" was the sterling introductory speech by that master of all Oxe-tossers "Afraid-Of-Naught" Foskett. Mr. F. took fifteen minutes introducing a man who needed no introduction: "Wild Bill" Grundy, "WB G" had little to say except, "It ain't true; I've been framed."

As we recall the course of events that took place that night, we found blood smeared all about the "cave of amusement"—blood from fifty-three CMA men, all killing each other to gain the confidence of the local chorus queens. The most noted winner, if you will have it, was one T. "Chief" Lewis who was last seen leaving the Club "K" with a blonde cutie (A machine of nondescript variety).

That's the picture in the rough as we recall it now. (Deadline for this paper has long been past . . .) We may forget that night and we may not—it doesn't matter, but who is going to forget that year, so reverently celebrated on January 6, 1944?

SWABS ARRIVE

On January fifth, forty-three young men citizens of our fair state sloshed jauntily through the mud past the sentry and didn't bother to look back. There was nothing there to see, actually, but they had thoroughly read the joke book, so there wasn't any apparent need to doubt the continuance of their freedom. By noon CMA had forty-three new "Swabbies", and the upper classes may lay back, to work no more.

Neatly attired in pretty blue dungarees, the young aspirants went through a brief orientation meeting, and came out with their hats squared, a broom-handle posture, and a look of thorough bewilderment on their young faces. The following morning things were again back to normal, running along smoothly the CMA way. . . .

In those two hours after passing through the sacred portals of CMA's Morrow Cove base, one of the greatest changes in the lives of the new third classmen took place. After they have been here for a while—quite a while—they will begin to realize this. They'll know it for sure when their parents beam proudly and say to their friends, "My, how he has **changed!**" Or when they are on liberty and hear their faithfuls exclaim, "My, how you've **changed!** (Horror!)"

On entering the school, a mimeographed page was handed them with some rules to be followed. "Life aboard ship differs from the more irregular and confused life ashore . . . Discipline in itself builds character. . . Each man of this ship has his own outlined duties. The cheerful and efficient manner in which these are carried out will tend to maintain the congenial living conditions which have been established in this ship. . . Obey all orders cheerfully, willingly and promptly. . . Maintain a correct posture. . . ."—so read the new Midshipmen from the mimeographed page.

For more than ten years California's sons have gone through three years of life aboard the School-ship, and emerged leaders, January 1942 found the course of study cut 50%, and responsibility increased 100%.

To the new swabs, let us say: You have been picked from the thousands of California's young men to attend the only Maritime Academy on the Pacific Coast. Overlook the troubles you think you are going through and try to get an idea of the responsibilities that will be yours within eighteen short months.

GRADUATION

Graduation for the December class of 1943 was more distinctive than for any of the past class. For the first time the exercises were held on the Academy's own base.

Dignitaries, parents and friends were able to observe the construction now rapidly approaching the day when the California Maritime Academy's base will be the dream of Pacific Coast.

At 1430, 18 December guests assembled in the mess hall, which had been colorfully decorated with the flags of the Allied Nations, and witnessed the ceremonious graduation of thirty-eight Merchant Marine officers.

The program was honored with such distinguished guests as: Rear Admiral W. L. Friedell, then Commandant of the Navy Yard, Mare Island; Commander N. D. Queen, Commander W. I. Stevens, Lt. Commander C. M. Drury, yard chaplain, Mare Island; Dr. Joel Burkman, State Board of Education, member of the Board of Governors, CMA; Luther E. Gibson, member of the Board of Governors, CMA; and Ralph W. Myers, President of the Shipowners Association of the Pacific Coast. Captain Mayo, Superintendent of the Academy introduced the speakers.

(Continued on page 4, column 2)

THE BINNACLE WATCH

Monthly Publication by the Midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy

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THE BINNACLE LIGHT

Little space should be devoted to reminiscing and going over old editorials, but the editor dug one up some months ago that interested him a little.

There were two types of factions in this editorial, that were trying to impede the progress of the Academy. The first, luckily enough, has been overcome. It shan't be mentioned now. But the second is the one in question. "Those who criticize the type of ship, discipline, etc., are generally somewhat like the old maid giving advice. They mean well, but are not always in a position to speak from experience. It has been said many times 'What they (meaning the Academy) need is a full-rigged ship. Teach them to tie knots, go aloft, trim sail, etc.' Well, if I were going to teach a man to be a competent bus driver, I most certainly would not give practical lessons on a stage coach."

Yours truly will not attempt to speak from years of experience. Instead, there are a couple of letters here with some appropriate statements, which he will present.

"You should get ahold of an article on Japanese training ships that wrote for the Naval Institute proceedings 3 or 4 years ago for good arguments on sail training. I forget his exact words, but there was something about weeding out the indolent, inept and mildly curious that I thought was particularly appropriate. These steamer men usually compare sail training to teaching taxi drivers with a horse and wagon, but the comparison is not justified. Sail training serves the same purpose as the Navy Pre-flight schools do in training aviators. They learn nothing at all about flying, but just get into condition; play football with slugging allowed and so on. Going to sea in a sailing vessel is about the equivalent of playing dirty football 12 hours a day; with the same chance to learn a lot about weather, seamanship and so forth thrown in."

In a letter from the United States Coast Guard Academy in New London, Connecticut, which has taken advantage of the opportunity to use the Danish training ship DANMARK, the following is noted. "I am in agreement with Captain Hansen, (captain of the DANMARK) as to the advantage of training in sail, even in modern times.

"On board a sailing vessel the instructor has an opportunity to stress the fundamentals of navigation, seamanship, signaling, the effects of wind, current tide, etc. All this, of course is based on the understanding that students will be later brought up to date in the more modern aspects of seagoing. . ."

"In considering the disadvantages of training in sail, especially on the DANMARK, I find it hard to make a strong case. One thing is that a fairly large group is required to operate this vessel. More time is required to take full advantage of this type of training. This training cannot be of much value without a full staff of officers who have had experience in square-riggers. Fortunately we have all the Danish officers who came over on the DANMARK. . ."

LUCKENBACH STEAMSHIP COMPANY, INC.

San Francisco, California

"The largest and fastest freighters in the Intercoastal Trade" was the slogan of the Luckenbach Lines. In the prewar period they operated twenty-three "dry-cargo" ships on two separate runs. One was called the Luckenbach Steamship Co., Inc., making runs from Pacific Coast ports such as the Columbia River, Puget Sound, San Francisco and Los Angeles to the Atlantic ports of Boston, Philadelphia and New York. The other run was the Luckenbach Gulf Steamship Co., running from the same Pacific Coast ports to Houston, New Orleans, Mobile and Tampa. Nevertheless they were all under the same ownership as the Luckenbach Lines. This prewar fleet was comprised of vessels ranging in size from the smallest of 7700 tons deadweight to the largest of 14,150 tons deadweight. As freighters they were fitted to accommodate from one to twelve passengers, the latter number being the limit to be carried by vessels classed as cargo ships.

Luckenbach's home office is in New York, with the Pacific Coast headquarters located in San Francisco. At present they are agents for the War Shipping Administration, managing a number of Liberty ships for them as well as their own fleet. The Intercoastal runs have been temporarily abandoned, while the fleet goes all out for the war-time job of carrying supplies, but after the war they will again be followed, with the largest and fastest freighters at their disposal.

After nearly ninety-five years of service Luckenbach is an outstanding name in Shipping circles. Around 1850 the name of Luckenbach came into prominence in connection with a tow-boat service in New York!

In the above, the Japanese mentioned just happened to be the subject matter chosen because the Jap ship was visiting San Diego. Any one of ten maritime countries could be substituted: Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark—these four particularly hold to the practice. Germany, Italy, Poland, Russia, Greece, Yugoslavia, Argentina, Chile, Brazil and lately the United States and England have all maintained sail training ships, both naval and maritime in some cases. Finland has required that her merchant marine officers have two years in sail before they can apply for their tickets; British pilots are required to have a year of sailing ship experience.

Why has Great Britain already begun to remodel two old windjammers for training purposes? If Norway has gone "modern" with her turbine-driven merchant fleet, why did she build the full-rigger CHRISTIAN RADICH as late as 1937. Why does Finland require sail training for her merchant officers? And why has our Maritime Commission and Coast Guard taken over sailing vessels for training purposes.

The Steam vs Sail training question is a never ending argument, and has been hashed and rehashed for the past fifty years. While this is, short as it is, not an extensive treatise on the subject, it may serve to arouse a little interest in a subject that has a wide variety of diversity and answers.

SLOPSHUTE JERK

By "Fearless"

It is about 88 days before the Vernal equinox, and the sun is about to transit the local meridian. New Year's eve is nothing but a headache and an awful thirst (Pepsi-Cola will do that you know), and we find Jerk up and around, more or less. He is removing the gear from his locker on the vessel preparatory to moving to the base. His locker is a mess as he has not cleaned it out since the last inspection, and he finds many items of interest including a dress shirt which brings his total to two. He also finds a pair of dungarees, but as he has no use for them and as they are stenciled with a "friend's" name, he promptly discards the blue item and rids his mind of the horrible thought of turn-to, with little difficulty he packs his clothes and his books, including his Rainbow azimuth tables, and is practically moved into his room in the new quarters. Another thirty minutes, and his gear is thrown into place and Slopshute is in a bunk.

"I am sure going to like this", says Jerk. "This really beats the old locker tops."

He is talking to his room-mates Skinflute McGee, Lanyard Steamwhistle and that ignoramous from the first water, Brumpnick Snark. Everything would be satisfactory for Jerk except for having to live in the same room as a tinker, as they are always in trouble, especially Snark. As far as Slopshute is concerned, tinkers are alright when they are asleep, but as Snark is not sleeping, Jerk goes to sleep, and he remains in that condition until tattoo when he rouses out, drops his "dainties" into a bucket of soogee to sock for the night and hits his sack.

He rouses out in the morning with a stiff neck, Jerk has acquired a sea back from sleeping so much in lower one that he now sleeps with a list. (Note: A sea back is all the same as sea legs). Being in typical physical condition, Slopshute decides to correct it by doing his daily dozens every morning. When he finishes counting to twelve, he dresses and proceeds to mess.

A short while later the one time quiet quarters are crawling by a noise not unlike that of a group of girls on a picnic. He creeps to the window and is confronted with the horrible sight of many, many little boys. Their mothers are combing their hair, straightening their ties and leaving them with a pat on the head and a kiss on the cheek.

"Skinflute, come here.", screams Jerk. "Look out there—it looks like Troop 20 is here for a tour of the place."

"N-N-N-N-aw.", say Skinflute. "Them's new swabs."

A short while later the one time quiet quarters are crawling with ex-sea scouts and boys who left high school early, all asking questions of our hero.

"Mr. Jerk, will you fix my tie?"

"Mr. Jerk, will you please tie my shoe?"

This is enough to bother the average man, but it doesn't phase Slopshute. He merely crawls further under the covers and proceeds to enjoy his nap.

Turn-to on the base offers quite a problem for our hero, as there is no lower one and no more bilges in which to hide from the "prowlers". There is only a limited amount of air and space in the drawers of the chests in the rooms which all goes for making it uncomfortable. Sick Bay is not good for light duty any more as you must have a temperature of close to a zillion to even get a salt gargle. (This is tough for Jerk's famous hypochondriacally inclined friend.) Then too, by going to sick bay you stand too much of a chance of getting some of that soapy water.



"Here, boy, take my bags to my room while I register."

Because of all this and more too, Slopshute is a happy lad when he hears that the first class is going to fire school. By hiding in the back of a car, he can get into Mare Island and meet some of those gorgeous WAVES, at least he has hopes that he will be able to latch on to a SWELL.

It is with little difficulty that Jerk gains entrance to the Island by his ingenuous method, and in no time is fitted with foul weather gear, holding a hose in one hand and a fire axe in the other.

"Run into that room. Don't be afraid, those flames are only fifty feet high", says the instructor.

Slopshute immediately has huge visions of receiving a DSC for extinguishing the flames, but soon changes his mind when he feels the heat. In less time than it takes Mr. Miller to reach into his pocket, withdraw his chronometer, check the time and replace the old faithful watch, Jerk drops the hose and is well on his way back to the base. He is so frightened that he actually turns-to in order that he might forget his horrible experience. He even outdoes himself and keeps busy for almost one whole hour, but he soon tires and feels that a short doze is in order; so he climbs into the nearest tree, lashes himself to a convenient limb and is soon dreaming of that beautiful little brunette. He sleeps as soundly as though he were in a class until the knock-off bell rouses him out. As he climbs out of the tree, he thinks of the good old days of the bugle. He could sleep through any call, Liberty Call excepted, but these bells will take some time to get used to.

GLIMPSES

Fewer men in Sick Bay since the new doctor has found a use for soapy water other than to wash his hands... Strahlendorf fraternizing with Ironside... That head of hair walking around the base has Marsh under it... A new song popular in "A" barracks, "He Couldn't Get It On The Truck"... Hodgkinson eating mess with chop sticks and calling Wolfskill in to decipher letters from U.C.... A new terror of the barracks, he is a good basketball coach too... Brown proving that he too can get the "hard nose"... Swab Smith giving knuckle sandwiches to all the upper-classmen... Morgan still patting the meat as he puts it on the trays... CMA's adoption of the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as they would do unto you—before they do it to you"... Naylor trying to figure if a zillion is greater than a cudoolion or vice versa... Latest reports from the Maritime Commission have it that Woodard is STILL scratching... What a card that fellow Cummings is—you can tell by the way he shuffles his feet... Hesselberg starting Spring track practice now... Looks like a wounded gazelle... A new fund for a good cause—to buy the mess-boys each a pair of gloves so they won't have to handle the food with their bare hands... Robb asking permission to stop using "Sir" and "Mister"... Sick Bay "full and down" until Friday morning... They sure ruined a good one when they put ears on Alsen... Goetz stringing wire all over the base... Harthorne, the original khaki-clad monster... Sweeney still aboard... Swanson leading a revolt in the swab class... A statement from Ley on his sideburns, "I owe it all to weight lifting and "B-G Phos"... Fisk and Andrew are conserving razor blades by only shaving from the nose level down... All right, room 411... Muhlstein getting less mail from the southland... The new turn-to uniform is blues with three horizontal stripes on the left sleeve... Fisk taking muster at Fire School: "CMA, Count Off!!!" Evidence of normal routine: Ru or of a four-day leave in the offing... "Chief" Lewis still trying to figure out how he got a watch... First Classmen playing night-watchmen aboard the USTSGS, as quartermasters are again inaugurated... Huycke forever bleeding for 3 cent stamps... Bernhardt forever bleeding for chocolate bars... That same "laughing boy" holding an orderly meeting for his cherubs, the Foist Class... Detweiler putting the boys in "A" Barracks to sleep singing through the ventilators... Why does that handsome boy Christian Krog forever hound us about not having his name in the Binnacle... Moeller and his "What's this ONE cup of milk" stuff... Fokett finally finishing Slopshute... And at this writing it looks like we're finally finishing the January Binnacle!

Fake frequenting the "Y" fountain nightly; he's getting sick of cokes, but declares the scenery is beautiful... Swab Griffith giving his earthquake version of the "Balboa"... Vaughan getting caught by a drunk barber... Lewis storming up and down "A" barracks... Schwimmer "guarding" the swabs as they turn-to... Grundy sending his pants to the cleaners regularly—that anti-freckle lotion is darn hard on clothes... Banke taking soundings submerged... Tripp singing Barracks "C" to sleep every night... Athowe advertising his favorite house through the nose; his beacon now listed in Aids to Navigation... Fay making up to the second class....

All right!! Room 411... What first class engineer is called "Chubby" by total strangers?... Wilcox, where are the reversing links on an automobile engine?... Brown coming back in blackface from Fire School... Which money-mad first class engineer finally took a night off to see his "Ideal"?... Hehir—the sleeping beauty... Koerber seemed to enjoy throwing second classman Griffith's books in a convenient mud puddle... Brandt, the boogie-woogie bugle boy from barracks "C"... Baxter and Mrs. Pettybones are still very close... Lee, the solemn old judge only cracks smiles for Klein... Ransome has as large a vocabulary as Webster—all original... Depew loves to keep the whole barracks awake discussing Jerrie's charms... Turtle, the woman hater has gotten letters from girls. Oh, but so soft...

Ley in his glory as sick bay attendant—there must be a zillion pills in there... Latest engineering problems: How to eliminate water hammer and how to make billie hammer... Why the mighty parade, Mac—we've all seen the bathrobe?!



What's a Main Brace? He says he just remembered he promised a friend he'd help him splice one.

Second class engineers being acclimated at the sentry box... Parente getting the secret of How to Make "Friends" and Influence "Acquaintances" from Tedsen via the conviviality route... Zeluff, Anderson, and Lewis going after the local talent at the Club Kona...

Fisk taking a collection to by a pair of turn-to shoes... Guthrie surprising Mr. Tobbs as well as the class with a correct answer in Navigation... Brown with a blank stare and Berkeley on his mind... Myers buying new sets of dungarees because they cannot take what he gives them... Detweiler letting Hodgkinson in on the secrets of life...

GRADUATION (Continued from page 1)

Music was furnished by the Mare Island Navy Yard band, under the direction of Chief Musician P. K. Fisher, USN.

Midshipman Commander R. E. Walter bid CMA farewell on behalf of himself and his classmates.

The graduating class was duly welcomed into the Shipping World, and into the Naval Reserve as Ensigns, followed by the awarding of diplomas and licenses.

For all the members of this class, graduation was the answer to a sixteen-month-old desire—a desire which will continue to send American manhood to sea.

AS WE WATCH OUR GROWTH

The beginning of the First semester of 1944 found CMA's midshipmen living ashore, going to school ashore, and eating ashore. For the first time in the Academy's history, the GOLDEN STATE has been "deserted" except for a few watches kept aboard as a necessity, while the life of the school started on a new routine amongst shore installations. For a long time class after class had looked forward to "moving to the new base" at Morrow Cove—at last we're in it. During Christmas vacation the First and Second Classes moved ashore, taking with them practically everything that they had accumulated during their time at CMA.

The Class of December, '43 was the last class to have spent the entire training period aboard the ship; the present Third Class will be the first to graduate as the first to spend the entire training period ashore. This of course does not include the periodical cruise schedule which is part of each semester.

The whole routine ashore is far different than the one most of us just left. We cannot help but feel there are advantages and disadvantages alike, in the change; the disadvantages will have to be made up for during the short time we are on the ship, and the advantages of better living conditions, better study conditions and more space in general will be more than appreciated by the whole Cadet Corps.

The "fill" of Morrow Bay is completed as far as we can see, and a piping system is being installed. The side of the hill in the Mare Island direction has been smoothed down, looking like the edge of a dish. We can walk out to the Ghost Armada now, which will no doubt be demolished pretty soon. The old BANGOR has been lying on the mud since the Carquinez Bridge was finished years ago.

Even the classroom on the ship has an equivalent ashore. The ship's piano, radio and record player were all taken off and moved to the new recreation room. The canteen still supplies the Middles, from a much larger stock now. There is a ping-pong table; one of the pool tables has been recovered, and new "three-holders" have been added. Around the recreation room and the mail box the life of CMA still centers, but the silhouette of the GOLDEN STATE still reminds us of past days, months and years,—reminds us of the cruise period to come soon.

CALL THE MATE

When the ship begins to roll, call the mate.
 If the cook runs short of coal, call the mate.
 If the Old Man goes to bed; if you see a squall ahead;
 If you need a sounding lead, call the mate.
 If the running lights go out, call the mate.
 When the latitude's in doubt, call the mate.
 When the wind begins to howl; if the sailors start to growl
 If the whistle string gets foul—call the mate.
 When you're coming into port, call the mate.
 If the midnight lunch runs short, call the mate.
 If the cargo starts to shift; or the work-boat goes adrift
 If the fog begins to lift—call the mate.
 When you want to drop the hook, call the mate.
 If you are looking for the cook, call the mate.
 When you run a light abeam; if the chief can't furnish steam;
 If the mess-boy has no cream, call the mate.
 When you need the crew on deck, call the mate.
 If the gangway is a wreck, call the mate.
 If the captain is on the blink; or a load falls in the drink;
 If you don't have time to think, call the mate.
 Yes, call the mate, Call the Mate, CALL THE MATE
 And at that the poor old bird, never gets a pleasant word.
 Thank the Lord, I'm just the Third—and not the mate.

—From "Full and By", Publication of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

OUR ENGINEROOM

With the change of quarters from ship to shore, there will probably never be the same feeling instilled in the future cadets that has been a part of the life of those now leaving the TS GOLDEN STATE. Sure, we've called her a tub, rust-pot and lots of other names not be mentioned here, but in telling people about our school and the life we lead here, we have also told them, proudly, of our ship and of her engine with its long name so earnestly learned in the classroom. Yes, we are proud of her name—almost as long as the ship—the triple expansion, direct, inverted, double acting, reciprocating, vertical, condensing steam engine, installed within its supports. It has been meat for our discussions of CMA vs Federal Schools.

Now with the start of the new term the engineering midshipmen have already seen new developments in this wonderful newly occupied base of ours. Drop cords have been made so that reading lamps may be installed in every room, thus improving the already greatly improved study conditions. The Sick Bay, a part of "A" quarters set aside and furnished especially for hospitalization, has been completely rewired. A siren has been mounted on the roof of the Mess Hall to be used in case of fire; a complete bell system to be used for changing of classes and to supplant the old bugle calls has been installed. Both are controlled from the office of the Commandant of Midshipmen in the Administration building.

Among the improvements of the new base, accomplished by the engineering department, have been the mounting of a beacon-search-light on the channel-side of the Administration Building; the installation of an electrical contact system between the various operating offices; construction of blinker practice set; wiring of the aforementioned Sick Bay; the setting up of the new machine shop, constructing a pipe line between ship and base, and setting up a lighting system on the new pier. Many improvements are still to come of course. In the near future a large crane will be constructed in conjunction with the deck department and the engineers will rig up a propulsion unit to motivate and operate it.

Engineering watches have been cut to a minimum, as many of them are not necessary with the move ashore. Much of the machinery acquired from the government has been found to be in need of a few minor repairs, and these are being rapidly put into good shape. The engineers are awaiting the new forge which has been constructed from special drawings and made to fit the new machine shop.

New classes have also been added to the academic routine, which include Mechanical Drawing, and Engineering Chemistry, the latter heretofore touched upon only in electroplating. Arc-welding units have been added to the new equipment, and will be used to start a new course in practical welding. A working knowledge of this practice will doubtless prove invaluable in solving the constructional problems to be met with later.

As time passes we can't but wonder what will be next to help out school produce the much-needed and long-awaited Merchant Officer. We can proudly say our future is becoming ever brighter with each milestone passed—each piece of machinery added—each new subject learned.

PERSONALITIES

Mama and Papa Bernhardt welcomed little Walter E. into the world on November 8, 1919. At first he looked just like other babies, not capable of amounting to very much, but as always time was a great healer.

The present Midshipman Commander of the California Maritime Academy has led a more colorful life than most of his shipmates. The greater part of his activities started in 1941 when he joined the Pacific Naval Air Base Construction Company. Walter led a very quiet but industrious life on Midway Island until December 7, 1941. After war had been declared, W.E.B. and the tiny band of men on the island were shelled by Japanese ships. For one month Walter remained on Midway manning five inch guns with the Marine Reserves.

From Midway he went to Hawaii and became a foreman of underground construction on Red Hill.

However, real adventure greeted Walter in the good old States. In September, 1943, after he had been living a quiet life at CMA, he met Miss Betty Larson. He looked at her and she looked at him and on January 1, 1944, they became engaged.

The best of luck and good wishes from the entire Midshipmen Corps, Walt.

CMA Loses To Mare Island Quintet, 44-43

SPORT SPUTTERS

By Bob Myers

We don't know if anyone was really conscious that we possessed a basketball team at the Academy, and so when we say that CMA no longer has a basketball team, our words may not even agitate a little curiosity, and at most all we may hope for is a shrug of the shoulders or a wrinkled brow. Some people may be annoyed by this turn of events, others might show a little concern and a very few may even become very downhearted, but of course they are in the minority—they must be.

A few first and second classmen traversed to Vallejo High the other night. There they met a well balanced and experienced group of casaba players from one of the Mare Island shops. Before a few admirers of the industrial basketball team, these few boys set out to meet and defeat the sharpshooting M. I. quintet. Perhaps you've heard of the outcome of the ensuing struggle—uh huh, CMA's harrassed group of athletes were again defeated. Oh yes, the score was 44-43, and it was one of those games that is almost as fatiguing for the spectator as it is for the participant. That night there were several low-spirited Midshipmen returning from their last game, probably for years to come, probably forever. They were low in heart not only because they had tried so hard against odds of little or no practice and superior experience, and had met defeat, but because they were told that if they had won tonight there was a bare possibility that one or two more games might be played. With that one point defeat had gone all hopes of a team that could bring a spirit and pride never found at CMA.

We don't know if those same boys are still downhearted because their sole means of recreation and diversion was taken away—we haven't asked them. Why don't you try?

It looks like we haven't put it strongly enough—CMA needs a nickname. Whether you believe it or not, there will be a definite need for some name for the Academy, and that need will increase as the Academy's prominence grows. The Athletic Committee has accumulated several appropriate names to submit to the Superintendent for approval, but they would very much like to have many more suggestions from the Midshipmen as well as the support of the cadet corps itself in the matter. We hope by the time our curriculum permits an inter-scholastic program our teams will have the benefit of some nickname they may be called besides those unmentionables by which they have been known in the past.

Perambulations: Gordon Fake seems to have benefited greatly from the venom in cupid's arrow, if his superlative performances in practice are any criterion . . . But the sensation of one basketball practice was that auburn-haired bundle of energy, "Nash" Grundy, who had to pay with a cracked wrist for his first and last excursion to the hardwoods . . . Walt Fay one of our foremost swimmers felt a little hurt when we didn't build up the possibilities of a swimming team (and Fay) enough . . . Unfortunately our basketball team wasn't able to arrange a game this season with one of the University of California's three teams, as U. C.'s dates were all filled up for the season; because of wartime circumstances the Bears engage only one opponenet a week. An informal interview with "Nibs" Price, Cal basketball mentor, gave an insight into the coaching policy of our universities and colleges in these times; the accent now is on the game for the player's sake, and fewer and fewer are driving their men for victories—it isn't necessary when there is so much more real importance to be won by the same young men.

Sudden thought: Wonder how the Mare Island games would have turned out if the Midshipmen could have sneaked in just one more practice. Thing of the possibilities if our boys could have obtained four or five practices before a game.

Shop 31 Nips Academy in Thriller

Before a sparse audience of Mare Island fans in Vallejo, CMA's young, courageous basketball team met a strong, sharp-shooting championship quintet from Shop 31 of Mare Island. When the smoke cleared the scoreboard read 44-43 in favor of the industrial team, but the victorious Mare Island men left the floor feeling just a little fortunate to have edged out the eager but unpolished young mariners, despite their advantage in experience and height.

It was a nip and tuck battle, with the midshipmen setting the pace for the first half, holding a half-time lead of 24-22. A letdown by CMA gave the Shop 31 veterans a chance to exhibit some of their fancy shooting and ball control. Sensational as he was in the first half, Cook of Shop 31, was even greater in the second half, proving a spark plug for the shop team and a nemesis for the determined Sea Dogs.

As the game drew to a close and the tempo of the contest increased to a frenzied speed, players of both sides outdid themselves. CMA drove to a striking distance and then grasped the lead, and the spectators and reserve players went mad. However, it was a little too much for the poorly conditioned midshipmen to swing, and the clock found them one point and many practices short of victory.

Tommy Lewis played a large part in CMA's fine showing, counteracting Shop 31's height advantage and giving his greatest performance at the Academy—one which was always felt forthcoming, but which had heretofore never appeared. The other five Academy casbamen played their hearts out, and they deserve all the credit they can receive for putting up one of the toughest fights we've witnessed in some time. High point man for the tussle was Cook of Mare Island with a modest total of 25 points; Lewis of CMA accounted for 16 tallies, taking the honors for the Morrow Cove athletes.

Perhaps some time again the Academy will field an athletic team; if that team can show a little of the spirit, just a little of the guts this 1944 outfit has shown, the school will have just cause to feel very proud indeed.

ACADEMY RESERVES TOPPLE SHOP 63

CMA's rugged reserves provided the Academy with a split in the double-header in taking Shop 63 of Mare Island, 22-16. By giving a good demonstration of fight and effective fumbling the midshipmen gained a clear cut decision to compensate in part for the heart-breaking defeat suffered later on in the evening. Despite the fact that the scoring was light, the game had its share of thrills and spills and kept the on-looking varsity occupied giving encouragement and advice.

From the outset there wasn't a great deal of doubt as to CMA's superiority over their industrial rivals, and the midshipmen jumped to an early lead and held it throughout the game. Ray Alfsen again looked good for the reserves and gained high point honors, accumulating 11 points; Eddie Gruhler followed with 7. All of the mariners turned in good performances, topping off an abortive season and a lot of hard work with a well earned victory.

ADDITION TO ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

Taking the first step toward active participation in the affairs of the Academy, the new third class elected four members to serve on the Athletic Committee, on January 19. Those selected from the lower class were Howard Annin, Irwin Rosa, Marvin Hall, and Mervin Tripp. The addition of these new men to the Committee has strengthened the position of the Committee and created unity amongst the classes, which should accelerate the action of Committee in furthering recreational activities.

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL

In order to utilize more completely our recreation facilities and create an activity providing diversion and exercise, intramural basketball competition was begun on Dec. 14. Organized and maintained by the Midshipmen, the season has progressed nicely in the limited amount of time in which the participants have had to schedule the games.

Several exciting games have been played to date (the weather has restricted play to a minimum in January and early February), and a most promising season seems in store for those energetic midshipmen who have turned out to participate, officiate, or watch the contests. Possibly we may have the services of Dr. Moore and Mr. Gordon in arbitrating the games; it is assumed that their presence would give that certain amount of authority lacking before when the "refs" were piled continually.

After the entrance of the new third class, a good number of the neophytes were seen enthusiastically tossing the casaba about the court. In order to give the "younger boys" a chance to actively participate in our athletic program, two teams were organized, composed entirely of third classmen. These teams will be given an equal opportunity to garner the laurels in the journey as well as the chance to demonstrate what class spirit they have.

Thus far the intramural season has progressed quite satisfactorily despite handicaps of officiating and the poor condition of the court. As we are about to go to press, the "Terrors" appear to be the team to beat, and the rest look to follow closely on their heels. Perhaps the "Blues" will finish the first round with the services of all its mainstays, which event will make it one of the best balanced and most powerful squads in the running. The "Morons" may come through unexpectedly, especially will they be dangerous with Aluevich in the lineup; and like the "Morons", the "Toughies" have the power to come through and cop the title. The two swab teams are the big question mark, and just how good they are, we shall soon see; it wouldn't surprise us a bit to see them carry on the old third class tradition of knocking the wind out of the upper-classes.

THREE YEARS AGO AT CMA

January 1841

Three years ago, CMA was on a peace-time basis. The cadet corps today will be more than a little envious to read that three years ago in January the Academy was receiving Bon Voyages from its friends, and steaming out the Golden Gate in the training ship, starting a three and a half month cruise to Acapulco, Balboa, Hawaii, and many Pacific Coast ports.

The Binnacle of January, 1941, is filled with, among other things, many farewells and Bon Voyages; a report and excerpts from a speech given at the National Convention of the Propeller Club of the U. S., a big farewell dance, Propeller Club activities. An article "Concerning the New Base" in which Morrow Cove was chosen as the site. (It was also stated that it would be ready for temporary occupancy in May). The Hawsepiper for 1941; Alumni News, Cadet Corps makes trip en masse to Sacramento and is received by Governor Olson; Johnny Swab finally puts to sea; cruise itinerary and sailing information about the cruise . . . "And so goodbye" . . . a forecast of what the cruise should be like (mostly liberty) . . . Cruise sports . . . prospective activities on the cruise . . . letters to the editor . . . The adventures of Brumpsnick Snark . . .

MUSIC IN OUR EARS

In line with the current policy of establishing an extra-curricular program that will aid the regular and paramount curriculum of officer training and also provide a diversion for the midshipmen in their free moments, a promising trumpet quartette has been organized and may burst forth with its talents any day now. Under the leadership of Jim Muhlstein the group has progressed very well, and by virtue of much laborious practicing will soon be ready to present the midshipmen corps with a short initial concert.

At present the quartette is attempting to overcome the difficulties encountered in mastering several works of a difficult nature and in getting in shape again after little or no practice for the past year. The works to be presented are of a semi-classical nature; however, various other numbers are to be developed, giving a more colorful and diversified library.

Concerning the chances of a larger dance band or reasonable facsimile, it has been brought out that while we have an abundance of trumpets, there seems to be a sad lack of rhythm and reed instruments at the Academy. Then too, it would be very difficult to obtain the necessary time required for a well organized band to practice and work on arrangements, specialty work, etc. However, many of the men who would be able to participate are ex-sidemen of professional orchestras, and their experience would be invaluable in forming a small band or an orchestra of the average dance band size.

Possibilities of a drastic improvement in drill could be expected with the aid of a drum and bugle corps; the impetus to keep in step would be so strong as to keep even Gordon Fisk in step. In addition a small organization of brass and percussion instruments would bring spirit aplenty to our athletic contests, as well as create a very favorable impression on the public. But here again lack of instruments prevents the formation of a drum and bugle corps until such time when CMA can afford to sponsor an entire outfitted band.

If our new quartette meets with success in its prospective noon concerts, and we have every reason to believe it will, there will undoubtedly be an enlargement of our library, which may prove a valuable asset to coming CMA musical organizations. The quartette at present is composed of James Muhlstein, "Corky" Lawrence, Delmar Kolda, and Ed Stephenson, a group of very capable musicians who will give us a bit of pleasant music in our ears in an unusual CMA manner.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

ALUMNI NEWS

Leslie Harlander, Dec. '42, sailing Second Mate for American President Lines.

Fred Doan, Dec. '42, Second Mate on new Liberty Ship for Moore McCormack.

Thomas G. Kelly, Dec. '42, has been sailing for the Mississippi Shipping Co. for the past year; now ready to sit for Second Mate License.

M. E. Wimpless, Dec. '42, Second Mate for Union Oil on one of the new Swan Island tankers.

James Lafitte, June '43, sailing for American Hawaiian S. S. Co. in the South Pacific.

Kenneth McLaughlin, Jr., Dec. '42, has been serving aboard several ships of the United Fruit Co. He has been acting as second engineer and will sit for that License sometime in March.

Ens. O. T. Thomas, June '43, USS President Polk.

Halo Canepe, July '42, is now sailing for the Army Transport. The Alumni Association has been delighted with the incoming correspondence during the past months. The letters are very interesting in that they often give the whereabouts of the graduates and some of their experiences; they are a great boon to the moral of the Association because of the enthusiasm and well-wishes manifested in each phrase; besides they usually contain a check for six bucks that form the financial backbone of the C.M.A.A.A. and will, along with the development of the new base, provide the niceties of a clubhouse and privileges that should be enjoyed by the members.

Through the medium of this Academy Paper, the "shore staff" would like to extend to all the graduates, and their families the best of luck and happiness for the year of '44. We would like to see more meetings like the last one in Chinatown, San Francisco, so that everyone might become better acquainted and the bond of fraternity be welded into the strongest possible union.

Those interested in pictures of Alumni Dinner of Jan. 14, 1944, contact R. L. Peck, Calif. Maritime Academy. Prices — 8 x 10 \$0.40, 5 x 7 \$0.20.

NOMINATION FOR OFFICERS

Nominations for the offices of president, vice-president (Southern California), Secretary and Treasurer for the next fiscal year are in order at this time. The nominations will close May 1st.

DINNER MEETING

The next meeting of the association will be a social gathering at the Army and Navy Club of San Francisco on the evening of March 10. Dinner will be served at 8 PM in the main dining room of the club. \$1.50 per plate. Those desiring cocktails will be accommodated in the lounge at 7:30. Please plan to come and make the evening a success.

TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS

The Army and Navy Club has offered to post information concerning the site of our regular meetings on their bulletin board and to relay this information by telephone. Men who are in town should go to the Club at 550 Sutter St. or call EXbrook 6000 on or about the Second Friday of each month. Our stag business meetings in February, April, June, August, October and December will normally be held on the second floor of the Club. Captain Williamson, Secretary should be contacted by association members desiring to use facilities of the Club at other times.

R. L. Young, Jan. '42 is Chief Engineer of a new turbo-electric tanker. Congratulations, Bob! Lt. R. H. Greer, '40, trod the middle aisle with Marjorie Jane Nelson of San Diego on January 14th. The strain of two years at Pearl Harbor must have worn the lanky one down. Cy Royston, '38 is master of a new Liberty for American-Hawaiian, and J. S. Bailey '38, is master of a new C2 for the American President Lines. Congratulations to these two for being the first masters in the class of '38. Best of luck in their commands.

We read with deep regrets that Lt. Erwin Cooper, '38 is reported missing in action in the European area. He was navigator with the Army Air Corps. We sincerely hope that he may be merely "grounded."

CMA ALUMNI DINNER

On Friday, January 14, 1944, the much renowned second Friday of the month, the CMA Alumni Association held a dinner party in the "Blue Room" at the Huen Yuen Cafe, corner of Kearny and Jackson Streets in San Francisco. The affair was made doubly attractive by the fact that the members were accompanied by their wives and girl friends. One of the main highlights of the evening was the fact that practically the whole class of July, 1942 was represented. The joy of these fellow elbow benders in seeing each other again was evidenced by their repeated appearance in the adjacent cocktail lounge.

The cuisine, prepared by Mary and her cohorts in the age-old and traditional Chinese style, was pronounced to be exquisite by all present. It consisted of: Fried Prawns, Egg Fu Yung, Chow Mein, Fried Noodles, Tea, Cakes and Ice Cream. —"Alright, you 'Stay-at-Homers', it serves you right for not being there, so just stop your drooling and shut up!" —Those of you who were "in town" and did not receive any notice of the occasion should check with our secretary in regard to correct address, etc.

As a whole the party was considered a huge success by all attendee. Your humble correspondent believes it to be one of the largest gatherings of the clan that he has ever had the pleasure to attend, and certainly one of the most enjoyable.

Pictures were made of the occasion by our smiling "little-guv-with-the-big-camera," R. L. Peck. Information concerning the securing of aforementioned photos may be had by getting in touch with him at Calif. Maritime Academy, Morrow Cove, Vallejo, Calif.

Those present were: Louis Rossi, Cy Royston, Theron Maland, Leonard Gregory, Lothar Petersen, Ossie Rutherford, Bob Davidson, Ben Carlson, S. B. Berryman, S. E. Hargrave, W. E. Crutcher, J. E. McDermott, B. T. Ross, W. L. Russon, R. L. Peck, H. S. Littlefair, D. N. Kofoid, C. R. Anderson, Patrick B. Read, Glen Lafrenz, W. Tourtillotte, R. Cleary, C. F. Smith, N. F. Main, Edwin C. Miller and J. Kehler, all with wife or friends.

R. E. MYERS
CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY
CARQUINEZ STRAITS - - VALLEJO