

The Binnacle

MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY

VOLUME II, NUMBER I

JUNE 1941



STUDIES AGAIN

FHA

WHERE WE STAND TODAY

In the past week we have begun the eleventh shore term academic schedule of the academy. The first class having entered that little known institution, called the California Nautical School, located in the hills of Marin County near Tiburon in March, 1931.

How many of us have stopped or paused in our daily duties of being, and studying to become Merchant Marine officers, to think of what the future has in store for us?

In the next few lines let us reminisce. How well the class of 1933 will remember the arduous hours spent in cutting weeds and in painting the buildings that were to become the class rooms for themselves and those to follow. The organization of classes in which engineering, navigation, and seamanship were taught without an ocean-going ship in which to try their hand at the practical side of the sea-going profession.

During this time the ship known as the C.T.S. California State was being reconditioned at the shipyard. About the first of December, 1931 the California State made its first appearance at California City and in two weeks another group of prospective officers of the Merchant Marine arrived to take their place as the Class of 1934. In a few weeks the California State sailed on its first cruise with officers directing a green crew of cadets in operation of a 4000 ton ship. Those on board will recall the hours of chipping, scraping, and painting required to place the ship in condition

after a layup period of twelve years.

During that first cruise, as well as cruises since, many a cadet, and we'll say officer too, has, while at night in their bunks or on watch on deck or in engine room thought of family, friends, and things ashore, weighing them in their minds as to whether their choice of profession had been wisely taken. Some have decided in the negative, but a majority have been in the positive, finding that old saying true: "Once you get the salt of the sea in your blood it is hard to get it out."

Another year rolled around and the Class of 1935 entered. By this time the depression was being felt by all. In the spring of 1933 the days were dark for the California Nautical School. The state, cutting its support until the cadets were doubtful whether they would be able to finish their courses. They questioned, if they did, would they find a job, with ship after ship being laid up for lack of cargos? By the close watch of finances and hard work of the officers, the classes were graduated and the school kept alive until times were a little better and a new class was entered in the fall of 1935. By this time the graduates who had received their Third Assistant Engineer's or Mate's licenses in 1933-34-35 had, by taking unlicensed jobs at first, been able to prove, through hard work and use of their knowledge, that they could do the job required in the operation of a ship of the U.S. Merchant Marine. As classes have gone out from the Academy, that reputation of sin-

THE BINNCLAE WATCH

Editor-in-Chief
Robert W. Dasso

"Where We Stand"
J.G. Ellis

Front Cover
F.A. Fillipow

Art Staff
F.A. Nield
R.L. Aker
C.S. Severance
L.L. Gregory

Business Staff
R.F. Hultquist, Mgr.
H.C. Karr
W.A. Starratt

Production Staff
S.J. Stendahl, Mgr.
L.S. Peck
W.A. Starratt
L.M. Meairs

"Slopshute Jerk"
W.J. Dorcey

Contributors
C.E. Pyle W.J. Fennick
H.L. Oldfield N.B. Martin
B.C. Welch R.D. Connell
W.C. Tourtillotte J.E. Gates
C.F. Smith P.W. Heard
R.L. Smith L.M. Weeks

This publication is conceived and printed by and for the Cadet Corps of the California Maritime Academy on board the C.T.S. California State. It is entirely supported by subscriptions of \$1 per year. Mail checks and money orders to: Editor, The BINNACLE, California Maritime Academy, 515 Van Ness, San Francisco, Calif.

*** BINNACLE ADVISOR LEAVES

Mr. E.L. Robberson, faculty advisor of this paper ever since its origination, has left us to take up another position ashore. We sincerely appreciate all he has done for us and wish him luck in his new venture.

The Editor

WHERE STAND TODAY(Cont'd.) 3

cerity, being able to do the job well and meet the problems, both practically and theoretically, has been strengthened by the success of the graduates. The Academy has been rated first in Engineering and second in Navigation and Seamanship over all other similar institutions in the United States.

During the present emergency jobs are plentiful and the undergraduates and graduates have a different situation than those of previous classes. However, they must not be lead to believe that they know it all, but instead, must enter upon that job with the frame of mind that they will do the job to the best of their knowledge, but always willing to take advice or a tip from others with more experience. At present the undergraduates are without proper facilities for classrooms, but should remember the trials of previous classes and do their best with what they have, looking forward to the new facilities being provided, by which it will become easier to attain that goal set by those in the past and in many ways be able to surpass it.

Those present cadets and those to come in the future should profit from the past and during their time at the Academy should strive to obtain as much theoretical and practical experience as they are able to receive. It is the most sincere hope of the writer that practical experience will not be sacrificed, as it is so very valuable to a young officer taking his place on the ships of the United States Merchant Marine, plying the seven seas.

J.G. Ellis

4.

THE CLASS OF '41 IN THE SHIPPING WORLD

The following is a completed list of placements of the class that just graduated in May:

J.P. Anderson Deck Cadet officer with the U.S. Maritime Commission. SS Mormacsun.

R.P. Calou Deck Cadet officer with the U.S. Maritime Commission: aboard S.S. Mari-
posa.

J.I. Carter Deck Cadet officer: American Hawaiian Steamship Co.

R.T. Cavins Deck Cadet officer: American Hawaiian Steamship Company.

R.T. Clayton Deck Cadet officer with the U.S. Maritime Commission: aboard S.S. President Coolidge.

J.A. Cleborne Deck Third Mate: U.S.A.T. Meigs

J.A. Cronin Engineer Third Assistant Engineer: SS Lansing (British) Carpenter Line.

H.A. Doell Engineer Jr. Engineer: M.S. American Manufacturer.

R.E. Donaldson Deck Cadet officer with the U.S. Maritime Commission: aboard S.S. Mormacsun.

R.M. Elden Engineer Jr. Engineer: S.S. President Garfield

L.H. Erickson Engineer Jr. Engineer: S.S. President Cleveland.

H.A. Flood Deck Cadet officer: S.S. Mexican.

Z.A. Gwartney Deck Cadet officer: S.S. Pennsylvanian.

P.R. Haertel Deck Cadet officer: S.S. Kentuckian; American-Hawaiian.

L.S. Heller Engineer Jr. Engineer: S.S. Flying Cloud, Grace Line.

J.N. Jensen Deck Jr. Officer Matson Navigation Co. S.S. Lurline.

E.N. Kettenhofen Deck Jr. Third S.S. Monterey: Matson Nav. Co.

H.L. Kubel Engineer With the Matson Navigation Company

M.P. Locke Engineer To sail as Jr. Engineer: Matson Nav. Company. (New ship)

N.F. Main Deck Jr. Third S.S. Alabaman: American-Hawaiian S.S. Company.

K.R. Morrison Deck Cadet officer: U.S. Maritime Commission, S.S. Pres. Coolidge.

R.A. Murry Deck Third Mate: U.S.A.T. Caspar.

R.W. Newman Deck Jr. Third American-Hawaiian S.S. Co.

J.G. O'Donnell Engineer To Sail as Jr. Engineer: Matson Nav. Co. (New Ship)

R. W. Owens Deck Fourth Mate: S.S. Harry Luckenbach.

R.L. Peck Engineer Jr. Engineer: S.S. President Taft, American President Lines.

F.J. Peterson Deck Mate on dredge: San Francisco Bridge Co

G.W. Prada Deck Jr. Third Officer: S.S. Columbian, American-Hawaiian S.S. Company.

B. T. Ross Engineer Third Engineer on Richfield Oil Tanker.

W.L. Russon Engineer Jr.
Engineer; S.S. Monterey; Mat-
son Navigation Co.

O.G. Rutherford Engineer Jr.
Engineer; S.S. Matsonia; Mat-
son Navigation Co.

B. Schoenleber Deck Cadet of-
ficer; Amer.-Hawaiian S.S. Co.

J.H. Schwab Engineer To
sail as Jr. Engineer; Matson
Navigation Co.

K.C. Shafer Deck Jr. Third
American-Hawaiian S.S. Co.

I. Singman Engineer Jr.
Engineer; M.S. American Man-
ufacturer; American Pioneer
Lines.

W.C. Weldon Deck Cadet Of-
ficer; S.S. Georgian; Amer-
ican-Hawaiian S.S. Co.

E.J. Wells Engineer To
sail as Jr. Engineer; Matson
Navigation Co.

R.L. Wimer Engineer Jr.
Engineer; M.S. American Man-
ufacturer; American Pioneer
Lines.

R.W.D.

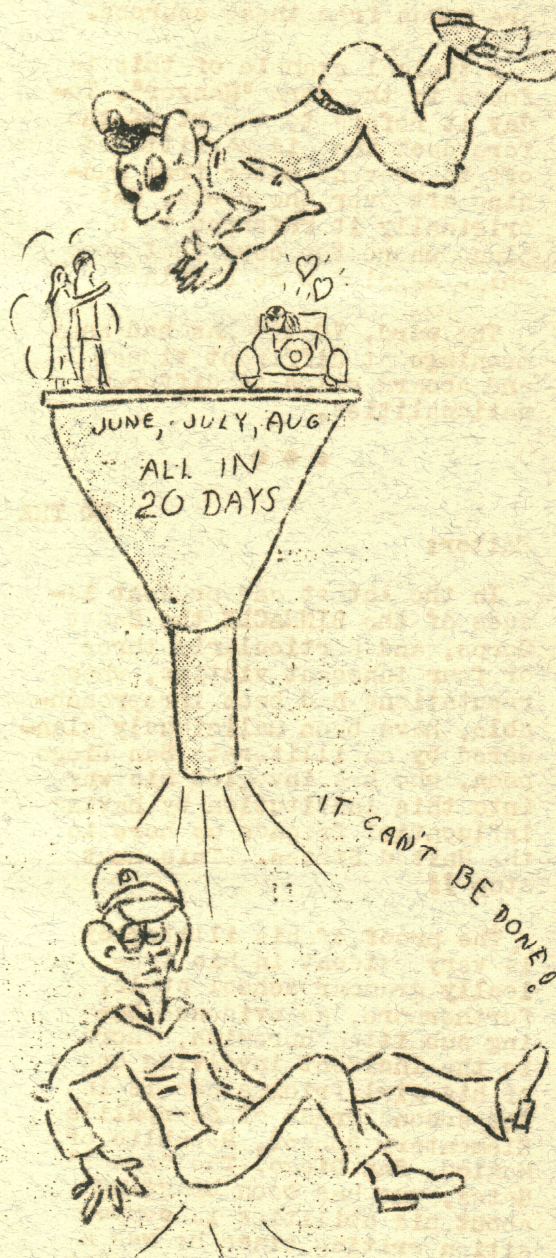
* * *

1941 HAWSTEPIPE

You can still receive that
colossal and sensational An-
nual of the California Maritime
Academy for \$1.20. This year's
edition has more pictures
than any previously under-
taken, with 94 pages. If you
wish to secure the story of the
cadets' innermost doings, by
all means write to the Editors,
HAWSTEPIPE, C.M.A., and enclose
\$1.20, which includes cost of
handling.

Don't miss this opportunity.

C.E.P.



THE ORIGIN OF SEA SLANG

A sailor's life must, of necessity, take him away from any form of life connected with farm yards and animals. Therefore, it is strange to see just how nautical words and phrases are taken from these sources.

A typical example of this is found in the word "Manger". Today it refers to a part of the fore deck that is partitioned off to prevent water from running aft over the decks, but originally it referred to a place where the cows that some ships carried were confined.

The word, "Cat," has had many meanings at different times and aboard ships of different nationalities.

* * *

As early as the thirteenth century it denoted a rowing boat with one hundred oars and two hundred oarsmen. Not so long ago it was used as a contraction for the infamous 'cat-o'-nine-tails. The Spanish fishermen, for some reason, used the word as a synonym for cabin boy. In America today it is the name of a rather common type of small sailboat.

And then there are the well known "dog" watches. Just how this came to be applied to short two hour watches is not clear, but it is probably a contraction of docked. The reader shouldn't pay too much attention to the story of their being "curtailed".

- H.L.O.

* * *

TO THE EDITOR

Editor:

In the latest and present issues of the BINNACLE the Cadet Corps, and particularly three or four innocent victims, whose reputations had been irreproachable, have been maliciously slandered by an illiterate San Diego peon, who has inveigled his way into this institution by having influential friends up here in the United States. This must stop!!

The proof of his illiteracy is very evident in his typically grammar school style. Furthermore, as evidence being submitted herewith, there is the incident involving one of his girl friends who is in the second grade of Scarpulli's Elementary School, Republic of Mexico, San Diego. The "great" Gates, who has been bragging about his abilities in composition writing since he was a migratory worker near Acapulco

was flattered into spending 3 weeks composing a so-called master-piece for her. This thing handed in by his innocent young victim, received a failing grade, and was even so poor that her teacher decided her possibilities were very limited. The poor child was heart-broken. What would her friends say? What would you, or any other red-blooded American say if your daughter was deceived and betrayed by this (CENSORED)?

In conclusion, fellow Americans, let this expose put you on your guard against such propaganda to ruin the reputation of C.M.A. by this foreign element from south of the border, down Diegoland way.

Incidentally, an investigation is being held currently by the Dies Committee on this ghastly gabbing in such a gruesome manner.

-THE CRUSADERS OF THE TRUTH



MEET SLOP SHUTE
JERK

As most of our dear readers know, our old friend, Brumpsnick Snark, has graduated from the California Maritime Academy, and is working for money, and perhaps a change of scenery. He is employed as officer on a U.S. Army transport.

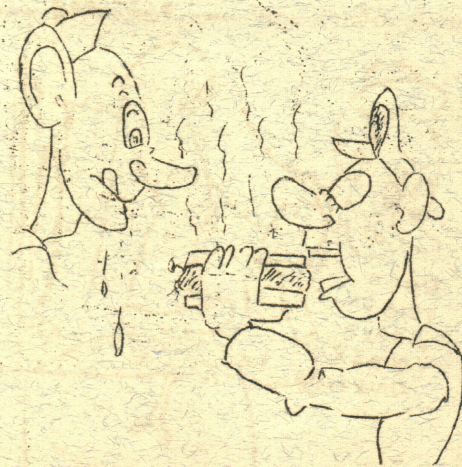
Since our beloved ship mate has left us we will now deal with the exploits of his younger shipmate, "Slopshute Jerk".

Slopshute has just returned to the C.T.S. California State after 24 days of glorious dissipation. He climbs the gangway and nobody is in sight, but there is a dim light in the mess deck. He opens the door and is overcome by the smoke and the smell of cheese sandwiches which comes pouring out. After three minutes, maybe even more, the air has cleared enough for our Slopshute to see Messkit Fink serenely stretched out on one of the benches and devouring one of his famous concoctions. Slopshute's mouth begins to water

for he's been on the road a long time and is pretty hungry. He throws his bag on the floor--- (pardon me, I mean deck, but that is what 24 days ashore will do to you. I just ain't salty anymore, *shiff!*) and with a sigh lowers his weary frame onto a mess bench. There is something clawing on his leg, but it is only 'Soogie', who immediately rolls over on his back when Slopshute tries to pet him.

Messkit has finally recognized the hungry look on Slopshute's face and has offered him the contents of a delicious cheese sandwich. (Minus the butter of course, you can't eat like a king and save much out of the two bucks you're allowed a day.

A bull session drags on with frequent interruptions by returning cadets. Meanwhile all the latest rumors have fallen on Slopshute's gullible ears. Between big bites of cheese sandwich, Messkit continues, "And then they say that the first class will graduate early. Most likely in January."



Slopshute Jerk (Con't)

"Yeah," replies Slopshute, "Gee! that means we ought to get out sometime around August."

"Then I hear we are all going to get dress whites", says Messkit with a gleam in his eye. "Won't that be swell?"

"Yeah!" answers Slopshute. "but we'll probably be going to Alaska for the cruise. What good will they do up there?"

You're certainly cheerful," replies Messkit as he lifts himself from the chair (imported from the ship's classroom) to make one of those infrequent inspections and check to see if the "great white yacht" has broken away from its moorings. (As if it could!!)

In the mean time, Slopshute has stowed his gear in his self-stowing locker and after much grunting and groaning is able to force the top down and even lock it. Having completely mastered this little trick, he starts a tour of the berth deck. Here and there we see the bodies of various cadets recuperating from their leaves, but those sappy smiles are still on their faces. Probably they are dreaming of the girls they left behind and who are of course out with some other guy --- *&#%\$* ---



As he rounds a tier of bunks he spots the new bunk assignments. He puts his nose next to the glass and looks for the name of Jerk. Up and down goes his nose in quest of his name. Where in the h--- is it?

All of a sudden a terrific scream issues from the berth deck, followed by noisy exclamation, "Why those dirty \$%#\$ they can't do that to me; I pay to come here". He tears up the ladder to confer with Messkit, who is O.K., and is again putting the ingredients of a cheese sandwich together, to see how he can remedy the situations.

"Say, Messkit, did you see what they done to me!" exclaimed Slopshute. "They treat me like I was a swab."

You think you are bad off; why I'm on Broadway." returns Messkit.

A smile comes over the face of our hero, because Messkit is worse off than our comrade.

Now our friend is very tired so he throws back the top blanket and climbs in his sack. With a heavy sigh, he sinks into the arms of Mopheus. (Better not let the bridge deck know there is a girl aboard.) Jerk just gets to sleep, when a distant odor reaches his nose. Is it the smell of the food cooking in the galley? Like h--- it is; it is the feet of the cadet who bunks over him.

Times marches on! But Slopshute passes out!

Next morning a bugle blows, but there is no response from the berth deck. Again the bugle blows, but still no response. Then the Mate of the Berth Deck comes tearing down the ladder pulling his hair and screaming (con't on next page)

SLOP SHUTE JERK (Cont'd)
at the top of his lungs, "Get
you # \$ * /! ## % ! or you
won't get any holiday liberty.
Three minutes to formation."

Crash! bang! smack! There
are streaks of blue running
toward the after ladder. Cad-
ets climb over cadets in the
mad scramble and when assem-
bly blows they are all mirac-
ulously in formation. Two notes
are left of the bugle call
when a streak of blue comes
out of the messdeck and skids
to a stop at the end of the
line. There is still one note
left when he snaps to right
dress. Guess who? Slopshute
has just made it again.

Flash!!

Our man, Brumpsnick, has just
been promoted to junior officer
on one of the Matsen Ships.

For morning cleaning stations
Sloppy is placed on the after
welldeck gang. He feels su-
perior this year, though. Last
year all he ever did was sweep
and swab, but this year it is
better. He gets to swab and
sweep.

Knock off blows and another
bull session starts. Breakfast
is served but it's not like
home; something is missing;
Slopshute's appetite.

All through morning turn-to
Slopshute works, cleaning up
the "great white yacht". This
list of the new P.O.'s (petty
officers) comes out and guess
what? Wilson is the new cadet
commander. The morning does not
accomplish much, except to prove
that the cadets have not for-
gotten how to gold brick.

Word comes around that lock-
ers are to be changed in the af-
ternoon. The boys are still

moaning about the changes, when 9
knock off blows, so all is for-
gotten.

Dinner is served (that's all).

One o'clock comes and everyone
is ready for the mass migrat-
ion. A figure in khaki comes
down and hollers at the top
of his voice, "Get on your
mark, get set, GO!" The mad
scramble is on. Cadets run
here and there with arms full
of clothing, books, or what have
you? (junk) For about two hours
the orgy keeps up without any
let up. Things begin to settle
down when word comes down from
the bridge deck that liberty
is granted at 1600. The cadets
are off again. About 1515,
Slopshute has just finished
tidying up his locker when his
one track mind is switched.
Where is that picture of Rosie,
his gurl friend. Things fly
out of the new locker, it is
not revealed. A streak heads
for the pile of junk. Papers
fly and a cloud of dust rises
and when it clears, there sits
Slopshute holding his picture.
It is all right, except that
some cadet has left his heel
print across her pretty face.
"Oh well, the picture flattered
her."

Slopshute decides to get a
drink of water, and as he passes
the bulletin board he spots the
new watch list. Sloppy looks
for his name and falls dead in a
faint; he has an unrestricted
watch. He gets up and starts
thinking, "What should I do
with my liberty." The first
thought that comes to his mind
is, "Go Home!" so he tears down
to the berthdeck and starts to
put on his dress uniform.

FLASH!!

Brumpsnick Snark is now a Third
Mate over at the Army Transport
Docks.



The sound of first call spurns our hero to new heights in speed. He puts one foot into his sock. ---Rip!--- I mean through his sock. O well, why take it off? All of the rest of his socks have holes in them anyway.



Liberty call blows and who should be standing there, but Slopshute Jerk, ready for liberty, and who should check him off, but Mosskit Fink, who has been lucky enough to draw another gangway watch.---T.T.---There is a rattle as a streak tears down the gangway and heads for Third Street.

Hiegh to! Flitzer! Slopshute rides again.

P.S. Dear Reader:

The latest word from Brumpsnick Snark is that, because jobs are so plentiful, he is going home for a two month vacation.

W.J.D.

FISHING CLUB NEWS

11

The prominent C.M.A. fishing club, led by Kingfish C.F. Smith, made their first formal striped bass debut last Sunday morning. Expectations of a large catch were high, due to the fact that the three representatives of the fishing club are regarded as experts in this field. However, due to the insurmountable obstacles that had to be encountered they were sadly handicapped from the very beginning.

First, a hard four hours of maintaining a vigilant watch literally sapped their vitality, both mentally and physically.

and left them far below the peak of perfection necessary to outwit the most cunning of all of the numerous denizens of the deep. Second, proper bait was practically impossible to acquire. By the time that this obstacle had been surmounted, it was impossible to arrive on the fishing grounds in time for the morning run.

This Article is not to be taken as an excuse. Its sole purpose is to inform the skeptics, of the reasons why no large bass have been actually landed as yet.

- Wild Bill & C.F. & R.L.



ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS

DO YOU KNOW A YOUNG MAN WHO
WISHES TO BECOME A MERCHANT MAR-
INE OFFICER?

Entrance examinations for the
California Maritime Academy will
be held on Saturday, June 28,
1941 at 9:00 o'clock at the fol-
lowing places:

Los Angeles - Room 203
Metropolitan High
School
234 Venice Blvd.

San Francisco - Civil Service
examining room
City Hall
Civic Center

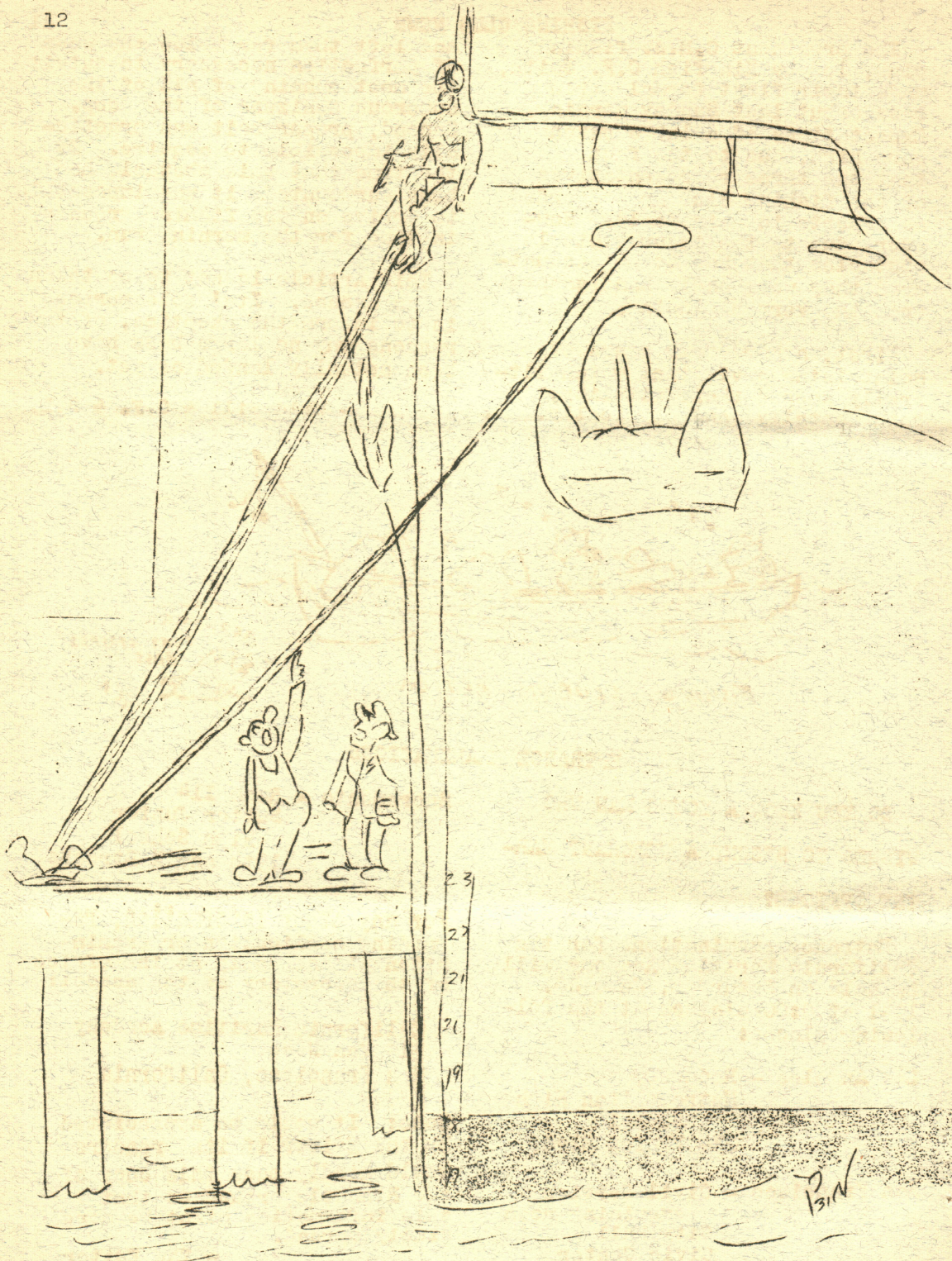
Sacramento - Room 114
Sutter Junior
High School
19th and K Streets

For any other information, re-
garding application or examin-
ation please apply at the office
of the secretary of the school:

California Maritime Academy
515 Van Ness
San Francisco, California

Note: It would be appreciated
by the Editor if its readers
would kindly pass this copy of
the Binnacle around so that
this information might be more
widely spread.

- The Editor



... OH HIM, HE USED TO BE AN ELEPHANT MAHOUT....

Lending an aura of reality to the dream of the California Maritime Academy as a complete educational institution, Captain Mayo told of recent progress in a short talk Friday afternoon, June 6th.

The bill, shrunk by a state finance committee from the \$2,500,000 to \$1,250,000 has been unanimously passed by the Assembly, lower house of the legislature. Thus the first hurdle has been cleared. There still remain the Senate and the Governor to be vaulted before the steepclimb of legislative action is over and actual work can begin on the shore establishment. The Captain placed on exhibit an artist's sketch of the new college. This pictures Morrow Cove partially filled in to make room for a

combination drill and football field and a small radio station. The bill as it now stands also calls for a school building including classrooms and offices; a gymnasium; a dormitory which will have individual rooms for every two men, messhall, galley, and reception hall; engineering building; sail loft; etc.

Creosote pilings have been obtained from the Navy Department for construction of the wharf at Morrow Cove. Captain Mayo stated that work should begin at once on the dock. He anticipates that the California State will be berthed at the cove before the entrance of the new class.

-N. B. M.

WEENIE BAKE, A LA TINKER STYLE

On Friday evening, May 16, the now first class engineers from the sunny southern part of our state, gathered on the south side of famous Castle Rock for a good old-fashioned weenie bake. Yes! of course the girl friends were there and were unanimously placed in charge of the eats, of which there were plenty (thanks to Homer Karr and Jim Towar.) The girls proved to be good listeners to the tales of the past experiences in the engine room, told in the illustrative jargon that only the C.M.A. cadet fully understands. As the night wore on the pungent aroma of sizzling "dogs", burnt buns and roasting marshmallows (not to mention the sand in the food) all became a pleasant memory as

the dying fire brought to a close a perfect evening.

To the engineers who live in that cold North land; we wish they could have been there to enjoy it with us. All hands had a swell time.

Those attending this affair were:

Misses, Bonnie Jean Brown, Norma Thompson, Maxine Thomas, Annie Rose, Jean Messenger, Gladys Grimm, and Yvonne Yelton.

Cadets, Jim Towar, Homer Karr, Bob Young, Phil Marton, Erwin Horn, Fred Fueille, George Sattler, and Duncan Connell.

-R.D.C.

Streamliner Short:

"Chest" Zenor, prominent boy deb from down Los Angeles way, was heard to drop this quaint remark on the train, enroute to the schoolship, after the twenty day leave: "Every time I leave Los Angeles my girl cries and cries." Of course there is no conceit shown on the part of "Chesty", but this is a watery item.....

Third Class Chatter:

'Tis said the new third class has always enjoyed the company of the girls in the bay region, but it has never come to light, until last week, just which girl occupied the third class cadet's time.

The radio announcer of a popular request program received this message from afore-mentioned third class. "Would you kindly play "White Heat" for the unemployed girls of San Francisco?".....



Market Street Slip:

As Jack Salsbury, well-liked new third classman, walked down Market Street with "Knob-Nose" Welch, first classman, a well-built young blonde approached said "Knobby" with a cheery: "Hello!" After talking with the young lady for a short time the little trio parted ways. After leaving the young lady far behind, Welch asked Jack what he thought of the blonde. Replied Jack, "Fine, Bob, but she does need a shave!".....

Beware! In our midst there lurks none other than the original Jack Armstrong. This writer had great difficulty in tracking down this item for the interested public, due to unseen circumstances. Our little story originates in Los Angeles. It seems that "Stud" Wilson, our Cadet Commander has been masquerading under this title in the Penny Arcades of the previously mentioned metropolis. Anything to impress the fairer sex!.....

Berth Deck Booty:

"Swede" Stendahl has a right to feel very downcast this week, due to the actions of the third class. "Swede" had, and I do mean had, a very nice young lass attached to that short string of his until "Buzz" Geandrot and Clon LaFrenz acted the all-important address of said young lady out of his locker. The third classmen are now trying to sell the address for a small consideration.....

Silly Shorts:

Could something be done to "Nose" Fourtillotte from trying to get his name put in his urn at the cemetery?

Kid Swain has promised at least 30 third classmen dates for a hay ride in Sacramento on the twenty-eighth of this month. Either Swain is a modern Romeo or he really has something on the ball.

Frank Luchsinger and Ed Roehl were seen heading south of the border during the twenty-day leave. Last reports had it that two dark senoritas are still trying to elude the Border Patrol. I could tell you about the wonderful dates in "Dago"!

Who was the young man who felt so tight that he had to go out and get oiled in all the joints?

I feel it necessary, at this time, to warn the readers of this paper that there are two cadets, referred to earlier in this article, who are trying to publish some bad points of this writer. May I warn the readers to take anything that comes to light about myself with a grain of salt. You know, "Children will be children"!

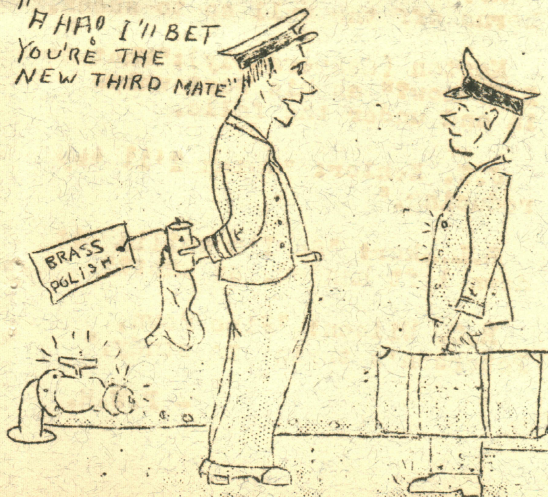
J.E.G.

P.S.

This column is noted for its veracity.

* * *

"HA! I'LL BET
YOU'RE THE
NEW THIRD MATE"



Is it true that James "T" Kehler is wearing a girdle nowlays?.....

From this date forward I hereby renounce any right to the title "Shallow Tank", and bestow that said title on one, A.K. Rasmussen.

/s/
B.C. Welch

What well known first classman is carrying on highly subversive activities in the berth-deck. He brings to mind ambulances and grease on the highways....

That man with the long list of names, R.W. McAllister, alias --Sea Dog; Edy Mae, Voodoo, Swamp Rat, MAC, Arf Arf, Hey You, Gangway, and Beat me Daddy, is on the prowl for that vandal who sewed his sheets to his pillow, his pillow to his pajamas, his pajamas to his mattress, then turned the mess upside down.

What third classman isn't a union caddy?.....

What first classman reads "Nana" with a dictionary?.....

* * *

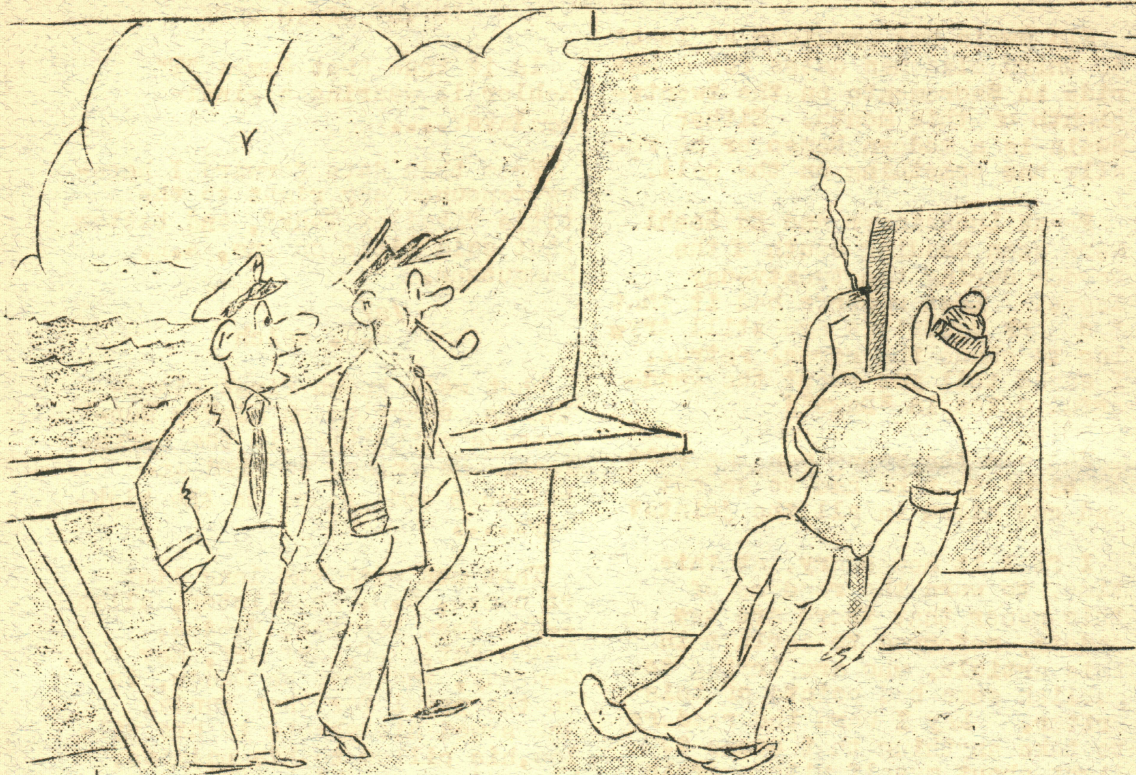
P.W.H.

/// FLASH ///

NEXT BINNACLE

Due to the fact that many cadets have unexplainable misunderstandings with their feminine interests, the Binnacle will strive to help the hapless cadet with an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column, by that well known matrimonial expert, Ima Hermit.

Any cadet who wishes advice will drop their questions in the Binnacle Box.



P.B.N.

HE ALWAYS WALKS THAT WAY, THE LAST SHIP
HE WAS ON HAD A BAD STARBOARD LIST.

"TO QUOTE"

What 1st class deck hand
said, "This makes me better
than you."

R.W. McAllister: "Hey you
buntline reefers, go aloft and
tend that moonsail."

J.B. Salisbury: "Are you sure
it comes under a tankerman's
duties?"

C.F. Smith: "I'm for longer
hours and less pay."

W.J. Fennick: "You don't know
what wolfing is!?"

Mr. Engs: "Sort of taking the
horns off the bull so to speak."

Marton (desperately): "What do
I do now?" as his boat whips
in and under the falls.

J.T. Kehlor: "Think I'll try
reducing."

R.L.Aker: "So I'm coiling it
down left handed, so what?"

R.C. Wilson: "Pipe down,
Peterson's tryin' to study."

- P.W.H.

SOFTBALL

Last Wednesday afternoon the combined forces of the First and Second class Engineers took on the deck forces in a softball game and came out victors to the score of 17 to 15.

The game started out looking like a free scoring contest and the team with the most hitting power would likely come out on top. The score was just about even up to the last inning when the engineers scored five runs off of the pitching of Luchsinger and Wilson. The deck hands came to life and scored five runs before Barney Oldfield, the speed demon, ended the rally by being put out trying to steal second.

Highlights of the game:

Charlie Pyle's running of the bases after putting the ball out of the lot. Clem LaFrenz trying to catch the ball with something besides his glove. Wilson and Salsbury, that keystone combination, always giving the old college try for everthing, and Mr. Tubbs umpiring the contest and doing the best job that has been seen around here in many a decade.

LINEUP

Engineers		Deck
Weeks	c	Robinson
Karr	p	Luchsinger
Horn	1b	Smith
Woods	2nd	Wilson
Hultdquist	3rd	Stendahl
Geandrot	ss	Salsbury
Freeman	cf	Oldfield
La Frenz	sf	Dorcey
Rasmussen	rf	Starratt
Pyle	lf	Duceo

- L.M.W.

SUMMER SWIMMING

Now that summer has arrived and everyone, including the Cadet Corps will probably be refreshing themselves in some blue river or the cool waters of the Pacific, it will do us some good to remember that even the best of swimmers drown, and care should be taken in choosing our beaches or streams. An incident, which almost resulted in a tragedy and would have struck home, was caused by lack of foresight on the part of two well-known cadets, Oliver and Tourtillotte.

This incident occurred when the "Cal State Maru" was in San Diego, at the first of our last cruise. "Turtle", Oliver, and "Peaches" Gregory, decided that a fish picnic at the world-famed Coronado Beach would be an enjoyable pastime. "Turtle" and Oliver left "Peaches" tending the fire to swim in the surf, and upon termination of their swim, they were dismayed to find the strong current pulling them out. To make the story short, Oliver, aided by a couple of waves, and after a hefty struggle, was finally able to pull Tourtillotte out, completely.

This near tragedy would never have happened had they gone to a beach where a lifeguard was or where the condition of currents, etc. were known. A word to the wise is sufficient.

- T.A.T.

CARQUINEZ INN

AT TOLL GATE OF CARQUINEZ

BRIDGE

CANDIES-SOFT DRINKS-GOOD FOOD

CARLSON & CARLSON

PROPS.

SCRAPPY

