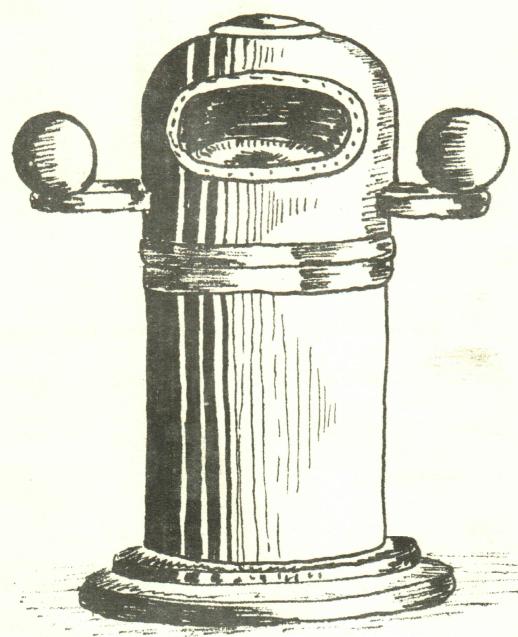
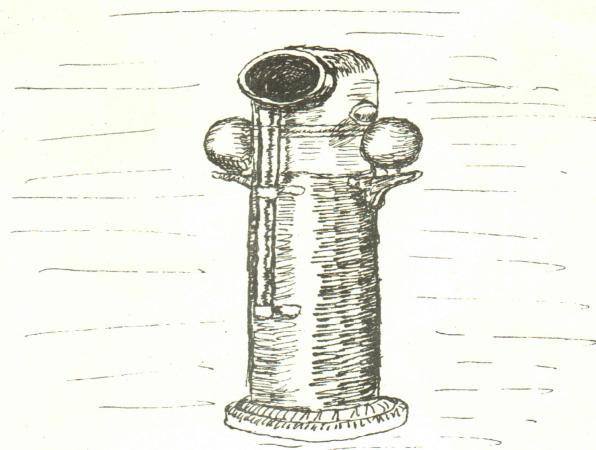


BLINNAGE...



1967....



artwork and design bostdorff

cartoon maltman

the inside lewin

mahoney

whitaker

plus two works by two graduates

advisor i. e. kiger



RAOM F.T. WILLIAMSON
SUPERINTENDENT

To most Midshipmen discipline means punishment, chastisement, or training through suffering; which is a negative method of approach to high standards of conduct.

A more positive and correct approach is to think of discipline as instruction, teaching, training, rather than in terms of punishment and penalties.

The conduct of a well disciplined person comes from enlightened training that has caused him to accept and live according to an instilled code of conduct. He will act without conscious effort to an established behavior pattern that he has acquired and maintained over a long period of time.



from the
admiral's desk

Letters

Dear Editor,

I think the Binnacle would be a much better paper if you published it sometime.

A Midshipman

Dear Mr. Midshipman,

Apparently you have one of the most superb literary minds in this school. Please feel free to submit more of your work for future publication.

The Editor

The following are two excerpts from letters received by the administration.

L

It was a rejuvenating experience for me to have lunch in the GOLDEN BEAR and it was pleasant in all respects.

I particularly would like to mention my impression gained from this observation as related to my many years at sea and dealing with men of the sea. The moral value of a ship is so dynamic it always overcomes the physical entity by speaking of its men, what they think and how they carry these thoughts into action. When the anchor breaks ground and the ship makes a voyage it tests a completely independent community of people, maturing all of them.

At the end of this trimester schedule, it seems to me there has been accomplished something quite momentous that was visible aboard the GOLDEN BEAR. The mixture of each little guidance provided by the permanent crew, the response of the midshipmen, their innovations, their leadership engendered by Academy effects upon their personalities, their industry, willingness, spirit, and competence painted the picture. It is one of those fine pictures we see so seldom today. I feel privileged to have seen it.

One might feel a pang of injustice these men have to struggle so hard in the educational world as contrasted with those who can afford to spend their time mounting protests (born of childhood) in other arenas of California's educational system--yet perhaps struggle develops strength, and leaders are the result. At least California is getting a dollar's value for each educational penny it grudgingly supplies to the California Maritime Academy.

I spent two years as an instructor at the U. S. Naval Academy, a subsequent duty in that institution's executive department and organized and led a cruise in the USS Missouri composed of both regular and reserve midshipmen. On one of my commands at sea, the outstanding officer in the ship was a graduate of the California Maritime Academy. I just want to say that you don't have to take a back seat to anybody.

Please let me congratulate you for the results your services will be bringing to this institution.



An interesting side note comes to my attention in that a few days ago an attorney friend of mine mentioned he is now presently working for Governor Reagan in evaluating the cost and overall benefits of the California Maritime Academy. In his analysis it was found that the State received much more return and benefits from their dollars invested in training graduates from the California Maritime Academy than any other state institution in the entire California State. This is a very impressive fact and I am certain that the graduates of this school have proven themselves to be very successful and productive in order to achieve this kind of recognition.

Sharks

A few weeks ago three middies spotted a $2\frac{1}{2}$ foot shark swimming around in the boat basin. With such an immediate danger threatening our campus, we thought a word about sharks would be appropriate.....

Nearly seven-tenths of the earth's surface is covered by salt water, for the most part an area of mystery. Since that first day in the dim past when man walked out of his cave and down to the beach to look at the sea, he has been fascinated by it and by the creatures that live beneath its restless surface. In the million years that man has been on the earth, he is finally coming close to conquering his land and the animals with which he must share it. He

no longer has to live in fear of beasts of prey coming out of the forest to devour him. Except in a few remote corners of the earth, the lions, tigers, and bears have retreated from the advance of civilization.

During his conquest of the earth, man has always been casting questioning and even fearful glances at the sea. As time passed, he discovered that, living in the shallow tidal pools near the beach, out near the reef, and further out in the open ocean, there was a multitude of organisms of all sizes, colors, and shapes; he called these creatures fish. He soon learned that most of them were harmless and supplied a very abundant amount of food. However, a few of these creatures of the sea proved to be dangerous to man. It did not take him long to discover that the most dangerous of these was the shark. He found the shark in shallow bays where he waded in search of shellfish; he found the shark also out near the reef where he speared larger fish. When man learned to build ships to cross the ocean, he found the shark dogging his wake.

The shark is one of the oldest inhabitants of the sea; if the name were loosely applied, he could even qualify as a prehistoric monster. At least one shark, the Cladoselache, was in full command of the sea three hundred-million years ago. This shark was undoubtedly the most fearsome sea creature that ever lived; he was over one hundred feet long, and his smallest tooth was the size of a man's hand. He was cruising off shore when the dinosaurs were ruling the earth, and he was still there when man made his appearance one million years ago.

On land man could kill the bears and lions until he had driven them from the places he wanted to live. However, the sea

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was quite a different place. When man stuck his head below the surface of the water, he found it rather difficult to breathe. Even the smallest fish could easily out distance him. Even worse, his natural enemy, the shark, was not in the least bit impressed when threatened with a club or a spear. His efforts at extermination also failed to make an impression upon the shark population. Sharks were always present in the same bay or lagoon that they had occupied a week, a year, or a million years before.

The shark did not have a popularly used name until nearly one hundred years after Columbus discovered the New World. As far back as 492 B.C., Herodotus wrote of sailors of the Persian fleet being killed by "monsters" off the Thessaliary Coast. There is little doubt that these monsters were sharks, but the actual word had not yet been coined. Pliny the Elder knew the shark, but he referred to this animal as the dogfish. It was not until the middle of the sixteenth century, when an English sea captain named John Hawkins exhibited a large shark in London, that the word shark was added to the English vocabulary. It is not known for sure how the use of the word was started, but it is believed that English sailors picked-up the German word schurke, which meant a villain, and applied it to this particular fish.

A shark is not covered with scales as are other fish. Rather, he has a hide made of countless thousands of tooth-like dermal denticles. In fact, from a technical standpoint it is very difficult to tell just where his hide stops and his teeth begin. This hide is so rough that swimmers under attack by sharks have had large areas of skin ripped away by a shark's brushing them. Hooked sharks have been known to strike boats with such force and vigor that they strip paint off

and even to through a few plies of marine plywood. When tanned, this hide becomes a leather of unbelievable durability. Old-time cabinet makers and ship's carpenters called it shagreen and used it extensively until a cheaper sandpaper replaced it. Military men have also known about these properties of shark skin for ages. It has been used as a sure-grip handle for swords almost as long as swords have been in use.

The durability of a shark's hide, combined with the attractive designs found on such species as the tiger shark, has been a windfall to, of all institutions, the garment industry. Many a well-dressed man is justly proud of his sharkskin suit.

Due to the fact that people swim in the ocean, sharks swim in the ocean, sharks eat people, and some of them swim in the same areas, there are bound to be cases of people being bitten, maimed, and even being eaten whole by sharks. One of the greatest reasons for shark attack is the fact that sharks have very poor eyesight. If a shark is swimming in murky water and a swimmer passes overhead, chances are that the shark will attack a passing hand or fluttering foot thinking that it is a fish, without considering that it is only part of a much larger creature, in many cases a creature much larger than itself. Another reason is that a shark is always looking for an easy meal. Ninety-nine percent of the time a shark enters a swimming area it is merely curious. However, when a swimmer, skin diver, or surfer sees a shark, he often starts swimming in a panic toward the shore. The erratic vibrations sent out by a scared swimmer are evidently the same as those sent out by a wounded fish. When a shark hears or feels these vibrations, he immediately attacks, intent on devouring this large, easy meal before another shark arrives to help him.

Is it possible that sharks, like man-eating tigers, acquire a taste for human flesh? This theory seems to be substantiated by a series of attacks, the most famous of all American shark attacks, which began on July 2, 1916 and ended on July 12, of the same year. During this time five people were attacked by shark(s) and four of them lost their lives. In each of the cases a "big" (6 ft-9 ft) white shark was described. One of the attacks occurred twenty miles upstream in Matawan Creek, New Jersey. On July 16, 1916, four days after the last attack, a taxidermist named Michael Schleissinger caught an eight-foot-six-inch white shark in Raritan Bay. When he opened it, he found fifteen pounds of flesh and bones identified as human remains. One piece of shinbone proved to have belonged to Charles Bruder who had been killed one week earlier by a "big white shark." Whether or not all of the attacks were made by the same shark has never been proven. However, the fact remains that the attacks stopped after Schleissinger's catch of the "big white shark."

The best known attack involving a school of sharks and a group of people happened during World War II and centered around the sinking of the U.S.S. Indianapolis.

On July 29, 1945, the Indianapolis was making a top-secret speed run to Leyte after delivering the atomic bomb to Tinian. Approximately nine hundred men survived the torpedo attack of a Japanese submarine. The men spent five days and nights in the water before they were rescued. Of the original nine hundred, only three hundred and fifteen survived; the rest were eaten by sharks.

Under the circumstances, it is surprising that so many survived. However, the men were prepared for such an eventuality and took action to protect themselves. They stayed in large

groups, splashed and kicked only when the sharks were attacking, and kept their clothes on. In general, they followed advice given in Danger, Shark!:

1. Always swim with a companion; don't become a lone target.
2. Stay out of the water if dangerous sharks are in the area.
3. Don't enter or stay in the water with a bleeding wound. If skin-diving, don't carry dead fish attached to your belt.
4. Don't swim in muddy or turbid water or at night.
5. If a shark approaches, swim calmly and deliberately to shore.
6. Never molest a shark, no matter how small or harmless it may seem.
7. In warding-off an attack, hit a shark with bare hands or feet only as a last resort.
8. If approached by a shark while skin diving, stay under-water as long as possible before reaching a boat or shore. Wounded and dead fish are found at the surface.

Even Pliny the Elder had ideas about preventing attack. In 45 A.D. he wrote that the best defense against the attack of the dogfish was to swim directly at it, thus scaring it off.

In the event that none of the above tactics work, the next course of action is to save the life of the victim:

1. Get the victim out of the water as soon as possible. It should be noted that once a shark singles out a victim, he has been known to knock rescuers out of the way of his intended meal, rather than attacking them also.
2. 50% - 80% fatalities in shark attacks are due to massive loss of blood and tissue, as well as primary shock.

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3. Bleeding must be stopped as soon as possible. Except in the hands of an expert, a pressure bandage is more effective than a tourniquet.
4. Keep the victim warm and give transfusion as soon as possible.
5. Hospitalize quickly and give a tetanus shot.

While all of these rules about what to do in the event of attack by a shark are good, the best advice is to swim in shark-free areas. Since sharks inhabit nearly all depths of all oceans, this advice is really a mythical idea. However, during the last century, efforts have been made to free certain beach areas.

In Durban, South Africa, wire fences were erected around swimming areas. The fences proved to be of no value, as swimmers continued to be attacked. In Australia fences were blindly depended upon coast lines, until careful studies showed that dangerous sharks were actually living inside the fences.

Sea Grit, New Jersey, tried enclosing a swimming area with a bubble curtain. This "shark fence" received wide acclaim, but experiments proved it to be of no value.

Australia, who leads the world in shark attack, has been the most active in the field of attack prevention. At one time a spotter plane was put into use. The idea was for the plane to fly over popular beaches and report any sharks. On clear days its use was doubtful, but when the water was roiled, it was completely useless. The plane idea was abandoned after a short time.

So far, the only really useful protection of beaches has been the use of a technique known as "shark meshing." A long net is spread each night

along popular bathing beaches. This net is designed to trap any foraging shark the same way a commercial fisherman would trap a common mullet. Support is given to this technique by the fact that between 1922 and 1936 there were fourteen attacks on swimmers in the Sydney, Australia, area. When meshing was introduced in 1937 in this area the attacks ceased and there hasn't been a single one since. Due to the obvious effectiveness of this method, Durban introduced meshing on a two mile span of beach in 1951. Since that time there has not been an attack there either.

All of the ways of protecting human life from shark attack put forth in this paper have proven more or less effective in one instance or another. However, due to the unpredictable nature of the shark, none of them is always effective. So treacherous is the shark that the only positively effective method of survival in a shark attack is to be a bigger, meaner shark.

the BINNACLE is a publication of the corps of midshipmen, California Maritime Academy, Vallejo, California. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the corps, administration or faculty.

any midshipman wishing to express complaints, suggestions, misgivings, etc., may submit these, in a letter for possible publication.

1967

LITERARY SECTION.

BINNACLE

1967

WITCH
WADDETT

DIXIE
SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE

What's Wrong With The World?

No two people are the same. Many are similar.

We shall overcome-Who? Them, the evil ones.

We are good and "they" are bad. Well, no, we're not all good and they're not all bad; but we are basically good. They are the antithesis of all that we stand for. All? Well, not all, but the major things that we believe in.

Do you believe in freedom? Yes, but they don't. So they must be stopped. I am a civil rights worker; they are ignorant bigots. I am an intelligent Southerner; they are rabble rousers who grabbed at a cause because it gave importance to their job and try to win !!! but don't ever wonder just why they are killing. I am a soldier who will die in order that others may live; I do the ugly task of killing my brother soldiers so that civilians can live in peace and comfort; they are idealists who claim "virtue" and don't take any responsibility for their actions. I'm a worker who keeps this company alive; they are the owners who think that I'm just one of a crowd of cattle. I'm an owner who made this company my life; they are men who didn't do the work I did but still want what I bled for. I'm a striving

midshipman; they are parasites who sit at a desk all day. I'm an administrator who works, hard, to make a real academy out of this school; they are adolescents who complain no matter how much you do for them.

I'm an atheist who doesn't kid himself about life; they are hypocrites who preach one thing and do another. I'm a believer and have sense enough to know that I'm not perfect but must keep on trying to be; they are cynics who have only hate in their hearts.

I'm an American who wants to preserve freedom and democracy; they are dirty Communists who want to enslave the world.

I'm a Communist who believes in the brotherhood of man and wants to end the misery of mankind; they are wretched capitalists who take advantage of their fellow man for personal gain.

I am a practical man with a conscience who is looking for good in the world; they are naive idealists who are destroying everything I have worked to build. I'm a practical man with a conscience who is trying to build a better world; they are people who will tolerate evil for the sake of peace.-

"Those who hate in the name of love."

Sean McCabe
December 16, 1965

The Never End

Child afire, you die so brightly
Somehow I can take this lightly.
You are wrong and I am right
For freedom's sake I fight
For God and home and mother.

The Beauty of It All

The screaming and the shrieking,
The blasting crashing earthshake,
The flaming folks,
The legs and arms and rubble tossed,
War is hell - ha!ha!
Like 4th of July fireworks.

Lone

PHINEAS

Lone

Lone

Phineas was not what you'd call a very lucky guy, but considering everything, he had done pretty well for himself. At twenty-five he found himself with a loving and loyal wife, an enviable position with the Red Mountain Bottling Company, and a winning personality. Phineas' looks were his major misfortune in life. He had been born in the shape of a head. Phineas was a good looking head, but in any event trying to get around on stubby arms and legs was definitely a hinderance. One day Phineas discovered he could have himself changed into a normal man due to the tremendous advances in surgery. Phineas immediately ran down to the hospital for the operation. The operation was a complete success. Phineas was so elated when he saw himself in the mirror that he ran out of the hospital and into the street - and was promptly squashed by a run-away Good Humor ice cream truck. Moral of this story: Quit while you're a head.

Dear

Loner

Loneliness: Like the summer flower,
Now limp with heat and lack of compassion;
Once weakened, never completely healed.

Loneliness: It should be an art for some, seldom, flowers
survive the heat; the aloneness.

Loneliness: Inborn in the soul of few and created in many
it is not the self, nor the seclusion; but
the lack of involvement.

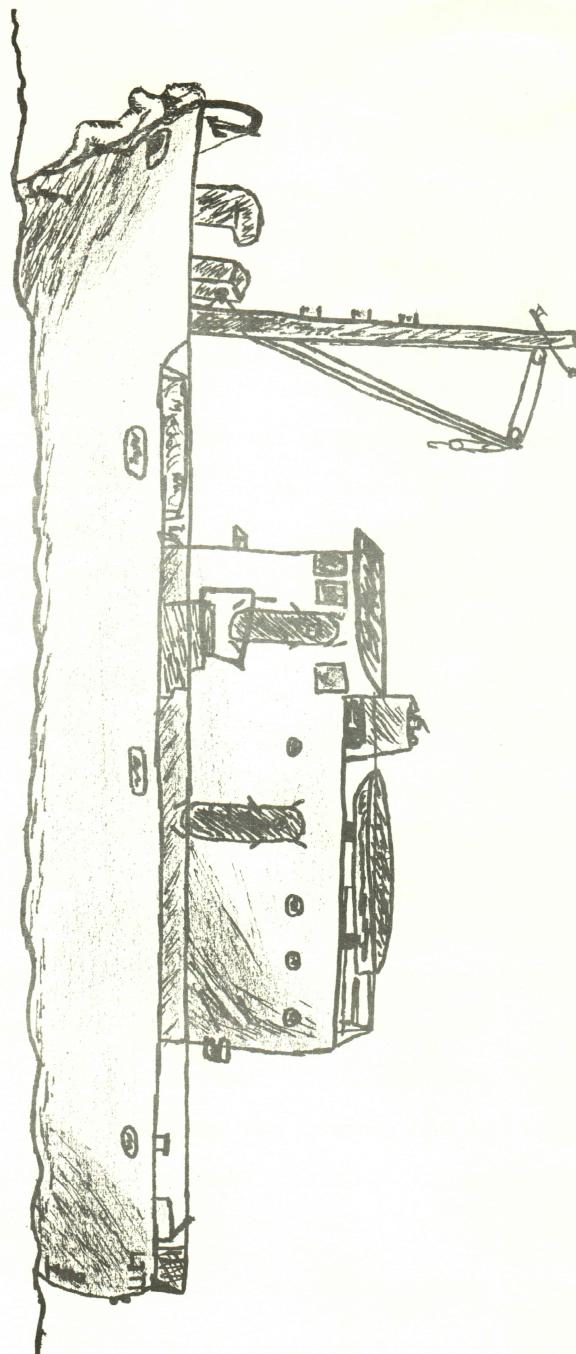
For involvement is living, life.... the fear is
great; so not all my laughter, but
moreover, not all my tears.

Loneliness is living, nothing more.....

Dear God, teach me the ways of the lonely
for I accept the effect of my
actions in an unforgiving world?

Patrick O'Flaherty

67/D



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=POWER=

Two teams are playing a facimile of baseball. One team is colored and is wearing all black uniforms with white hats. The other team is white with white uniforms on. The whites are at bat. An invisible ball is pitched and the white swings his invisible bat and misses. Two colorless umpires chop his head off. The second batter hits the ball and races to first where the umpires proceed to operate on his head. So the game goes until all the whites are decapitated....The blacks choose up new teams amongst themselves and start a new game.

Guiding Light

Star light, star bright,
Guiding beam of spirit's flight,
Is there heaven, is there hell?
Are there gods at all, pray tell.
If not, prithee, tell me why,
Men can just for morals die?

From Me to Whit

It must be a beauty of the mind
To leave these writings far behind
In a can or barrel somewhere,
To the prince of garbage, a noble find
To escort to the burning pit
Alas - the witisms of the Whit.....

I

Why should I care if you get punched in the nose?
Or get beat halfway to death with a hose.
Why should I care if you get stuck with a knife.
Or if someone runs away with your wife.
Why should I care?
I don't even know you!

II

I look around and what do I see?
A lot of creepy freaks looking back at me.
Why should they look, I say why do they stare?
I already told them once that I'm not really there.
What is it they want? I mean, am I strange?
They don't look so hot to me either.

It was the last day of the annual Tripping Contest, and the unpopular Wallace still remained undefeated. The night was rolling in and with it came the last contestant. He was a limping old man with a brown paper bag under his left arm. The old man's arthritic hands fingered the paper sack and out jumped a rarey bird. Wallace thought the rarey to be no challenge. He strolled up and thrust his foot out in his usual thrusting fashion, but just as the foot came close the rarey jumped up, and Wallace missed. This did not bother Wallace, for he had missed the first try on many occasions, so he started running circles around the bird and going faster and faster until the rarey was looking the wrong way. Unexpectedly, the rarey jumped just as Wallace kicked and missed. Quickly Wallace tried his full repertoire of maneuvers. Each time Wallace missed. Each time the crowd went wild. In a moment of undue desperation Wallace charged out of the stadium and hailed a nearby taxi. Arriving at a pier, he caught a ship bound for the Orient - took a plane from there to England - bicycled from the airport to the coast where he caught a training vessel bound for New York - grabbed a jet to the West Coast - motorcycled back to the arena where he sneaked in the back entrance, ran out, and tripped the rarey bird: which just goes to show it's a long long road to 'trip a rarey.'

(Tipperary)

BINNACLE

KMPX-FM
107
STEREO