



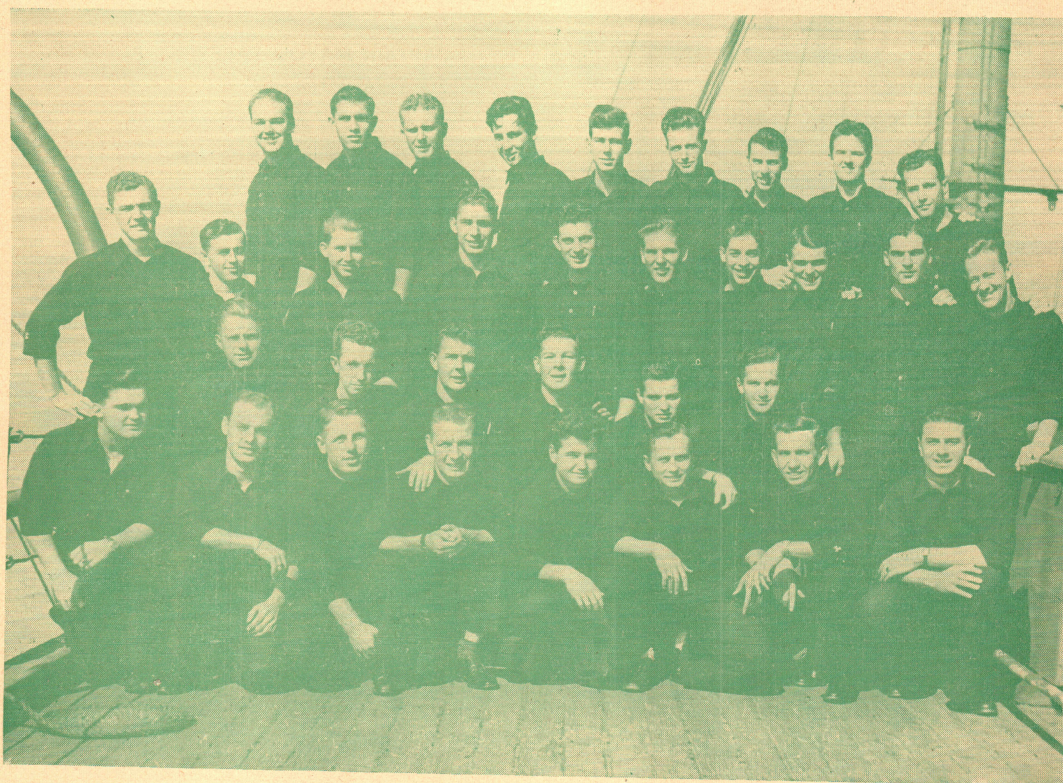
THE BINNACLE

Vol. 2, No. 11

CARQUINEZ STRAITS

November-December, 1944

SO LONG SHIPMATES!



Top Row (left to right): Swanson, Vorous, Krog, McFarland, Stephenson, Hodges, Bartlett, Cummings and Carpenter. 2nd Row: Moore, Zahl, Meadows, Rados, Aluevich, Marinkovich, Schwimmer, Sweeny, Spieller and Smith. 3rd Row: Wolfskill, Johnson, Griffith, Jahnsen, Curry and Klein. Bottom Row: Dunning, Greig, Orcutt, Sieler, McKune, Pringle, Lawrence and Robison.

Stradley

THE BINNACLE WATCH

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**THE BINNACLE LIGHT**

Another graduating class is on its way. They have studied hard for this day. They have had many gay, carefree times, but they have also had sober and unhappy memories. Their first six months as a "Swab" seems to dominate their recollections. But then, this is true of all of us. When else could so many radical changes in our lives take place in such a short time? A "Swab" term is something that cannot be forgotten. It is too bad that more people in this world can't go through a similar training, for it is indeed a training that builds character in a man.

The past month has seen many a worried young Midshipman cramming his spinning brain with additional knowledge that may be asked on the Third's Exam. Not just a few found themselves taking a thirty-day course in navigation—learning many facts that they somehow had never seemed to pick up in the previous seventeen months. In spite of all the worrying and doubt, everything came out all right.

The graduates who leave us today to take their place in the Maritime world, will do well to remember their creed, "Labore Pugnatore Paratus Sumus" — "To Work or Fight We Are Ready." They have completed a year and a half of intense study and training—a training few ever have the chance to receive. These men are well stocked with theory and good practical knowledge. They will go out and show the world what Men C. M. A. builds. They will show them that they are well prepared to step into the shoes of their forefathers.

Carpenter: "Do you believe in clubs for women?"
Schwimmer: "Yes, if kindness fails!"

Aluevich: "Your husband looks like a very brilliant fellow. I suppose he knows everything."

Untied Wife: "Don't fool yourself. He doesn't suspect anything."

Schlamen (to little boy standing on his head): "Don't you know that if you do that, you'll never get to be president?"

Little Boy: "That's all right Mr., I'm a Republican."

**CAPTAIN MAYO'S FAREWELL ADDRESS****TO THE GRADUATING CLASS:**

Our graduation falls in a happy season. Americans at sea or on land, at home or abroad, are drawn closer in a common celebration of the Christmas festival. But our joy this year of 1944 is tempered by thoughts of the millions of our comrades in combat all over the world from the Arctic to the Tropics, on land and at sea. Our heart goes out to these brave warriors who are so gallantly suffering that freedom shall not perish from the earth.

We feel that the Class of 1944 December, now going out to join this glorious company, will worthily represent the Academy and those they leave behind. We hold that these young men have shown by their work and conduct here that they are worthy to carry the Stars and Stripes over the ocean-seas from pole to pole, that they will serve well their country as leaders of men on the bridges and in the engine rooms of our ships.

These young graduates may go to their new duties with a quiet confidence in their ability to meet the requirements of their first billets. They have been well trained for these duties, lacking only the broader experience which the sea exacts of her followers. They will, however, be surrounded with men who do have sea experience. If they be wise they will speak softly, question and learn.

The life of a sea officer is not for the weak. The long hard periods at sea will furnish many a trial of skill and hardihood to our people now leaving us. And the liberty periods in port are also dangerous, for the sailor on shore-leave is tempted as are few other men. They must be on guard that the fine, hard, clean life of their ship-home is not fouled and soiled by unworthy conduct "shore side."

Two virtues are fundamental in the character of a proper sailor. These are honesty and unselfishness. Old Benjamin Franklin was preaching no moral sermon when he said, "Honesty is the best policy." You can fool other people, you can fool yourself, but you **can't** fool "Old Devil Sea." The enormous forces of nature which have free play over the surfaces of the sea will search out and take swift toll of dishonest work or duties dishonestly performed.

In the close life of your ship where you are in forced companionship with others, selfishness has no place. Thoughtfulness for others, a willingness to always "pull your weight" and a respect for the rights of your messmates will earn for you the name of a Good Shipmate. There is nothing finer.

Lady: "I want to see some kid gloves for my eight-year-old daughter, please."

Polite Clerk: "Yes ma'am; white kid?"

Lady: "SIR!"

He who laughs last is trying to think of a dirty meaning.

CADET OFFICERS CHOSEN

The Cadet Officers for the January-August, '45, semester are as follows:

Midshipman Captain.....George Detweiler
Midshipman Chief Engineer.....Frank J. Coleman
Midshipman Chief Petty Officer.....Phillip J. Ransom

DIVISION OFFICERS

Midshipman Irwin H. Rosa
Midshipman Marvin R. Hall
Midshipman Charles B. Dunham

FIRST CLASS PETTY OFFICERS

Midshipman Thomas V. Pew
Midshipman Howard R. Annin
Midshipman Joseph S. Palmisano

SECOND CLASS PETTY OFFICERS

Midshipman F. Douglas Van Sicklen
Midshipman Henry M. Gullikson
Midshipman Robert B. Peyton

A MESSAGE FROM OUR NEW CADET CAPTAIN

I feel very much honored by being selected Midshipman Captain for the coming term and I am sure that with the fine staff of Midshipman officers my job will be made much easier. At the suggestion of our Commandant, there will be an increasing tendency for the administrative duties of the Midshipman Corps to be distributed among the Division and Petty Officers, so that they may be given more experience in assuming responsibility. As these duties will add much to their regular work, any support given by the Midshipman Corps will be greatly appreciated. With the next term extended to eight months we will have a greater opportunity to concentrate on making the desired improvements in the recreation and training of the Midshipmen.

With the close cooperation of the Midshipman Corps we will have a neat, orderly, and well disciplined ship—consequently a happy ship.

Thank you, very much.

Respectfully,

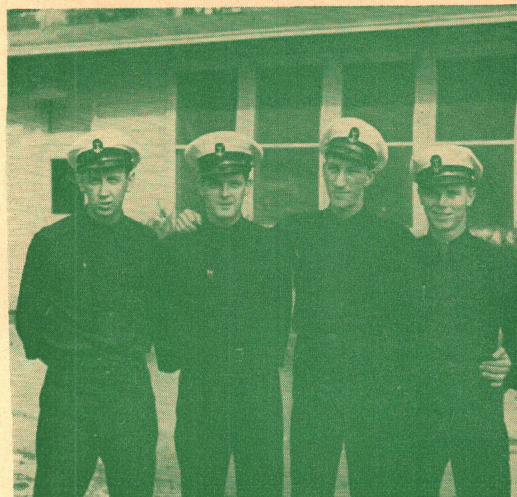
GEORGE DETWEILER

NAMES OF NEW THIRD CLASSMEN

At the time of this writing, only the following names of the new third classmen could be obtained due to incomplete records:

ABEL, ROBERT E.—Antioch, California—Engineer.
ALFORD, ROBERT E.—San Diego, California—Deck.
AMSBERRY, DALE S.—Sacramento, California—Engineer.
BRENNAN, FRED C.—San Francisco, California—Engineer.
BROWN, RICHARD H.—San Diego, California—Deck.
BROWN, JOHN Q.—Sacramento, California—Deck.
CHAMBERLAIN, HARRY K.—San Diego, California—Deck.
FIELDER, RICHARD D.—Pasadena, California—Engineer.
GARY, WRIGHT W. JR.—Los Angeles, California—Engineer.
HARGIS, JACKSON B.—Sacramento, California—Engineer.
HECEY, LOUIS J.—Crescent City, California—Engineer.
HOLMGREN, RICHARD C.—Temple City, California—Deck.
KOTELNIKOFF, IGOR S.—Berkeley, California—Deck.
KRAMBUHL, THOMAS P.—San Diego, California—Engineer.
KRUSE, RICHARD F.—Los Angeles, California.
KUYKENDALL, ROBERT A.—Altadena, California—Engineer.
MADSEN, DONALD L.—Oakland, California.
MARINKOVICH, JOHNT.—San Pedro, California—Engineer.
McCULLOUGH, PAUL E.—Pasadena, California—Deck.
MEFFORD, GEORGE W.—Los Angeles, California—Engineer.
NEVINS, RICHARD E.—Manhattan Beach, California—Deck.
PORTERFIELD, WALTER L.—Westminster, Calif.—Engineer.
QUANDT, KENNETH C.—San Jacinto, California—Engineer.
QUITTNER, ARNOLD M.—Los Angeles, California.
RALL, DIETER L.—Los Angeles, California—Engineer.
RICHARDSON, JOHN E.—San Francisco, California—Deck.
ROGERS, WILLIAM P.—Baldwin Park, California—Engineer.
SNOW, JUSTIN L.—Los Angeles, California—Engineer.
TASSOPULOS, PETER W.—Los Angeles, California—Deck.
TINSMAN, WILMONT S.—Beverly Hills, California—Engineer.
URSICH, JOSEPH P.—San Pedro, California—Engineer.
WAINWRIGHT, NORMAN—Inglewood, California—Deck.
WELCH, JOHN C. JR.—Oakland, California—Deck.
WELLER, EDWARD J.—Los Angeles, California—Engineer.
YEE, DANIEL ONG.—Sacramento, California—Engineer.

It is expected that there will be twelve more men added to this group, making a total of forty-seven.



Your new Binnacle staff—reading from right to left—Midshipmen Hall, Naylor, Casey and Robb.

COMMANDANT'S FAREWELL MESSAGE TO GRADUATES

At the time of leave-taking it is appropriate to review the accomplishments of the graduating class. This year the Midshipmen can well be proud of their record. Under the guidance of Midshipman Captain Sieler and his staff of Midshipmen Officers, an Academy flag was designed and obtained. A color guard and a bugle and drum corps have been formed. A Camera Club and a school band have been organized for the pleasure of the Midshipmen. A social obligation that was the responsibility of the June class has been very successfully liquidated. Old readers of The Binnacle consider this year's issues the best ever, and surely no better Hawsepape has been produced. Both publications are left financially in the clear. Changes have been made in the uniform and conditions in the barracks improved.

Probably no single previous class has accomplished as much, but the true value of such extra curricular activities lies primarily in the training they give for leadership in future life. The favorite prayer of that great sea rover, Sir Francis Drake, is said to have been, "O Lord God, when Thou givest to Thy servants to endeavor any great matter, grant us also to know that it is not the beginning but the continuing of the same until it be thoroughly finished which yieldeth the true glory." Your lives as sea-going officers are just beginning; may they continue as successfully.

Good-bye and good luck!

PHILIP J. RASCH
Lt. Commander, USNR
Commandant of Midshipmen

FIRST CLASS GOES TO GYRO SCHOOL

Upon the completion of their Third Mates and Third Assistants examination, the first class deck and engineers attended Gyro school in San Francisco for ten days. This course is not required for Third's tickets, but the Midshipmen from C.M.A. attended one hundred per cent.

The object of the ten-day instruction period is to teach the Cadets the construction, maintenance, and operation of the Sperry Gyro Compass. The course covered, as far as possible, every situation in connection with a Gyro compass that a mate will run up against at sea. Because of the lack of time, the instruction did not, of course, cover every minute detail in construction and theory connected with a Gyro compass, but it will be a great aid in remedying many situations.

Upon the completion of the course, the Midshipmen received certificates stating that they had passed the course and have qualified in the school.



SEA DUST

Kodiak, the Eskimo, was sitting on a cake of ice telling a story. He finished and got up. "My tale is told," he said.

Jahnsen: "Do you Rhumba?"

Doc: "No, that was my stomach."

Overheard in a University of California classroom:

"Rogers."

"Here."

"Rosenethal."

"Present."

"Mary Smith."

"Here sir."

"Wannamaker."

"Hell yes!"

Little Willie: "Mama, where do elephants come from — and don't try to stall me off with that gag about the stork!"

How fat she is
She used to wasn't—
The reason is
She daily doesn't!

Lady in a Furniture Store: "I can't make up my mind whether to buy that divan or that arm chair."

Salesman: "You can't make a mistake on a nice comfortable arm chair."

Lady: "O.K., I'll take the divan."

Smith: "Quite a few of our graduates are now working girls."
Vassar: "Well, quite a few of ours are now working men."

The scene was in the reading room of a large public library. A man was reading birth and death statistics. Suddenly he turned to the man at his right and said, "Do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?" "Very interesting, replied the stranger. "Why don't you chew gum?"

The girl (Dorothy) met an old flame who had turned her down and decided to high-tail him. "Sorry," she murmured when the hostess introduced them, "I didn't get your name." "I know you didn't," replied Hall, "but you certainly tried like the dickens."

Even his best friends wouldn't tell him — so he flunked his third!

Jim: "Why darling, your eyes are green!"
Audrey: "Bout time you looked at my face."

Taken from a freshman paper at U. C.
"A morality play is one in which the people are goblins, virgins, and other supernatural characters."

First Co-ed: "Gonna be busy tonight?"
Second Co-ed: "I donno. It's my first date with a C. M. A. man!"

A traveling salesman was registering at a hotel and a bed-bug crawled slowly across the page.
"Well," he said, "I've been bitten by all sorts of bugs in hotels, but this is the first time I ever saw a bug crawl down to see what room I'll be in!"

"Could I see the captain of the ship?"

"He's foreward miss."

"I'm not afraid. I'm used to men."

"Oh dear, I've missed you so much!" And she raised her revolver and fired again.

Hall: "My folks are coming up this week-end. They are bringing my girl and Snooky."

Naylor: "Who's Snooky?"

Hall: "Oh, that's the guy she goes with!"

A bargain is a good buy. A good-bye is a farewell! A farewell is to part. To part is to leave. My girl left me without a good-bye. She was no bargain anyway.

Doctor: "Have you any physical ailments?"

Larson: "Yes sir, no guts."

GISMO

Overheard while the first classmen were taking their Naval Reserve physicals—"But honest lady, I haven't got a police record! I didn't steal a sextant—they're my buddies, they're just kidding you! HONEST!"

Sieler reading Klien's color chart for him. . . . All the contestants being overweight—probably from eating too much, but more likely from lack of work! . . . Carpenter, built along the lines of a corkscrew—completely amazes the medics! . . . Sweeny getting a date with the snazzy blonde body in the WAVE uniform at the Office of Naval Officer Procurement! . . .

Six doctors trying to find Larson's chest—also seemed to have trouble in getting any blood pressure. . . . Curry couldn't get his motorcycle into the elevator in the Central Tower Building. . . . McFarland having trouble with a three-striper over a trivial thing like color-blindness.

Dread of the second class deckhands—Mr. Tubbs walking into class saying "Assianment for tomorrow, memorize Bowditch! Any questions? (last exit-per usual). . . . Who was the prominent first class deckhand who asked Mr. Miller the difference between a seapainter and a bow painter? ts, ts. . . . Van Sicklen "tying up" Detweiler as he fore-in-hands No. 1 boat-falls. . . . Everson giving his "unique" but original "manual of arms."

A prominent engineering officer gives his version of how to get along in the Navy: "Keep your eyes open, your ears open, your bowels open, and don't volunteer for anything!" . . . Detweiler: "This key just doesn't spell right Mr. Davis! . . . McLeod "making like an ape". . . .

Won't you ever learn not to make bets with room 42, Schlaman?

Detweiler, in Mr. Tubbs' class, "Well, Dutton says . . .", Tubbs, "Dutton says a lot of things, so what?" . . . Tobey going to L. A. with thirteen cents in his pocket. . . . Messenger fixing up his "old buddy" Rosa with a babe—or perhaps "baby" would be a more appropriate term!

"Cradle robbers" Robb, Rosa, Schlaman and Messenger. . . . Another prominent engineering officer was heard to say "What do I know about sex, I've only been married thirteen years?" . . .

Sieler: Aw, come on Swanson, lay off the noise! There are other fellows in this barracks!

Swanson: Yeah Sieler? Who are they?

Brodsky pleading to stay off the Gismo column for one week. (His mother doesn't like it). . . . "Doc" Larson learning to navigate in one night. . . . Van Sicklen's "red hot seven" are getting so that they can almost play what's on the paper. . . . Wolf-skill's letter of criticism to Esquire about Varga Girls. . . . Sieler applying for his Master's papers instead of his Third's. . . . Ezell getting in practice. "Turn off that — electric razor!" . . . Mr. Tubbs to the third class: "What kind of a study period is this?" . . . Doctor Norman surprises Aluevich in his sack with a swab. . . . Love is eager to see the new Swabs as he finishes his seventh mess swatch. . . . McLeod is eager to see the new swabs. . . . Hatches—just eager.

Mr. Davis: Gaining weight Schlaman, or do you always wear your pants that way? . . . What's that intellectual game the lads of room 68 are playing, huh? . . . "The Language Uplifters Association" of rooms 42 and 70 is going strong—the "Kitty" is growing steadily.

Schwimmer: What do red and white buoys mean, Cummings?

Cummings: Uh, I dunno — Stanford, maybe? . . . The following is a paid advertisement: Margie Margie Margie Margie Margie. . . .

Young is still making his weekend expeditions to Stockton (Who wouldn't for that much gasoline!) . . . Swanson winning a double or nothing bet with Mr. Rasch to see whether or not his room would go on report. . . . Mr. Rasch calling Sweeny the "sleeping beauty" as he finds him sleeping-in at 0630.

Gullikson: "You know, it's wonderful how the movies have advanced in the past few years."

Young: "Yes, first, there was silent pictures, then talkies, and now this one smells."

Two stuttering blacksmiths had finished heating a piece of steel and placed it on the anvil.

"Hhhhhhhhhhhhit it," said the first helper.

"Wwwwwwwwere?" the other asked.

"Oh, hhhhhhhhhhell, we'll have to heat it over again now!"

Caller: "Is your mother engaged?"

Little Boy: "I think she's married."

HYDRO-PLANES AND SPEED BOAT RACING

By Jimmy Staar

(Editor's Note: Midshipman Staar is not new at this boat racing game. He has been actively interested in this sport since 1941. He has participated in no less than seven regattas. In the Hearst Regatta, 1941, his boat, the "Sweet 60," placed third. He has several times neared the record of 70 m.p.h. for a 125 cubic inch boat. Jimmy has trophies to his credit, for placing in races. In our next issue we will run a story by another famed boat enthusiast, Midshipman Richard Tobey.)

All vessels fall into two general classes as far as hull design is concerned. Practically all craft from the largest liners to the smallest skiff employ the displacement type hull. This hull adheres to the principal of Archimedes as it displaces an amount of water equal in weight to the weight of the vessel. Thus, in moving ahead, it is necessary for the displacement hull to push aside a considerable amount of water in comparison to the weight of the vessel. This naturally requires considerable power.

The second type is the planing hull or hydroplane. The object here is to get as much of the hull as possible out of the water in an attempt to plane over the surface. At high speeds this design is extremely efficient. It is necessary to attain considerable speed before the hull will start planing.

In speedboat racing the most common designs are the step hydroplane and the three-point suspension hydroplane. The step hydro has a step in the bottom, approximately amidships. This provides two riding surfaces extending athwartships across the bottom, one just forward of the step and the other at stern. Up until 1940 this was the most common type seen at regattas.

Until the war curtailed speed boat racing, great strides were being made in the development of the three point suspension principal. Briefly, a three point hull consists of a flat bottom with two sponsons or pontoons located amidship on either side and extending below the bottom. Thus we have three riding surfaces—one on either side amidship and one aft, as in the step hydroplane. With this design there is less of the hull in the water and the boat is much safer and faster turning, as the weight is supported outboard. Many hulls are designed so an air pocket is formed in the tunnel between the pontoons—thus tending to lift the boat further out of the water. Daylight can be seen under the hull about the pontoons when the properly designed three pointer is at planing speed. The introduction of this principal of design has increased records considerably in every class in which it has been used.

The three most popular inboard hydroplane classes for racing on the Pacific coast are the one hundred and thirty-five cubic inch, the two hundred and twenty five cubic inch, and the Pacific "one" design. The designation one thirty-five and two twenty-five pertains to the maximum allowable piston displacement of the engines.

The modern trend in the designing of one thirty-five hulls is to make them as light as possible. Some of the newest and fastest craft look like hardly more than an ironing board with sponsons attached. The driver kneels in a small cockpit abaft the engine. The hulls are made of marine plywood, some of them weighing less than two hundred pounds. Due to the lightness and balancing of their hulls these craft approach speeds of eighty miles per hour with small motors. On the Pacific power V-eights. As no "hopping up" of the engine is allowed, sixty horsepower V-eight automobile engine using high compression cylinder heads, etc., many of these engines are turned as fast as sixty-five hundred revolutions per minute. On the East coast the trend is more toward professional racing motors such as the Grey and Lycoming.

The two hundred and twenty-five cubic inch class is just a larger edition of the one hundred and thirty-five cubic inch class. With the Ford eighty-five horsepower engine, speeds of eighty-five miles per hour are neared.

As in sailing, speedboat racing has its one design class. The Pacific "one" design hulls must all be built to the same specifications and must be powered by stock Ford sixty horsepower V-eights. As no "hopping up" of the engine is allowed, success in this class requires the utmost in engine performance and driving ability. These boats exceed speeds of fifty miles per hour, which is pretty fast when it is considered that these are single-step hydroplanes of none too modern design.

The war has greatly curtailed racing. Only two important regattas were held on the West coast this year. The Hearst Gold Cup Regatta at the Long Beach Marine Stadium drew over twenty thousands spectators, although due to the war, comparatively few boats were entered. In both America and Europe there are many fellows who are longing for the day when peace has come and they will have the time and opportunity to build fast race boats once again.

SPORTS SPASMS

By Van and Irv

In the Pacific Coast Conference its U.S.C. all the way without any substantial opposition. The Trojans well rounded offense, combining the powerful running of Callahan and the conference rivals. U.S.C. has been improving with every game and will undoubtedly make a great showing for the conference against Tennessee in the Rose Bowl. The conference rules of the Big Ten prevented the post-season game between U.S.C. and Ohio State, which would have been a natural, and another test of the Big Ten's supremacy in football.

* * * * *

The C.M.A. intramurals in basketball, which were to have started weeks ago, should get underway soon. As soon as the various classes are able to get teams together, a schedule will be made out; and perhaps, at least, the organized athletic program will start rolling. The second class engineers will probably be one of the top teams sparked by the accurate shooting of Koerber and Hehir. The third class teams also look potentially powerful with such players as Baitenger, McLeod and Miller. The competition should be keen and the athletic committee may be able to arrange for awards to be given to the winning team.

* * * * *

C.M.A. "Pro-Football" has progressed slowly, but surely. It all started about six weeks ago, when a combination deck and engineering Third Class team challenged the Second Class combo, to a smooth game of touch football on the athletic field.

The Third Class team got away to a fast start with McLeod and Valentine keeping things pretty well in the running. The Second Class got in a rut and didn't pull out of it until the final seconds of the game. The Second Class eked out a winning score of 24-18. The stars of that game are not important. Who made the flashy runs and passes will be easily forgotten, but what will be long remembered is that the game WAS played, there WAS competition, and all concerned had fun.

Since that day six weeks ago, the only ones that have kept up the spirit of football are the members of the Second class. It is not this writer's idea to put in a plug for the Second class, but exactly what "DID" happen to that Third class team?

Every afternoon, during athletics, the Second class has held competition between the deck and engineer depts. (the engineers having a very slight edge). Why doesn't the "future" Second class do the same. NOW!!! Ask anyone who has ever been out playing ball in the afternoons with the Second class and they will tell you how much fun it is with just deck and engineer competition. If the Third class would whip up a team and come out and play a little ball, in a short time, there would be more interest than in the Stockton crew races.

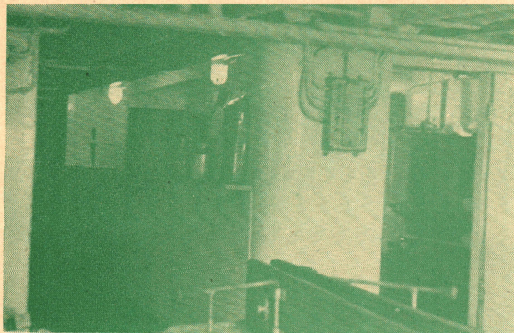
As representatives of the Second class, we, the writers of this column, CHALLENGE THE THIRD CLASS to a game of football. The teams will be composed of the six best players, combined deck and engineer, of each class. The game is to be a regular timed game of touch. It will be played out in the field by the Bangor. Its plenty turned out there, but if the Third class think they can produce a team, send representatives of your class to see us and we can arrange the details.

GRADUATION DANCE

The Berkeley Tennis Club was the scene last night of one of the gayest dances ever held in honor of a graduating class. Officers, Midshipmen, and their escorts flocked to the club and danced until the wee small hours. The band which played was Mare Island's Ship Repair Unit band which also played at the Academy's Vallejo dance. The dance floor was large enough to comfortably hold all couples and even large enough to give steerage way to the energetic "jitterbugs." Tennis courts and rolling lawns outside provided ample room for interesting intermissions.

Decorations for the event were provided for by the second class under the able direction of the president, Erwin Rosa. They included flags of all the nations, anchors, cross-oars, and other material connected with the sea. The punch for the festivities was concocted by Zombie Village—punch makers of great note, indeed. First classmen on the dance committee were Lee Spiller, J. A. Sweeney, and Floyd McKune.

Before the dance the graduating class and their escorts attended a formal dinner at the Claremont Hotel. Guests of honor were Captain and Mrs. C. B. Mayo and Dr. R. C. Dwyer.



Many a square meal has been served here. The steam serving table in the mess deck of the T. S. GOLDEN STATE.

ANNUAL DINNER MEETING

By Lt. Commdr. E. C. Miller

A crescendo in onion soup greeted the writer's ears as he descended into the shadowy lower sanctum of Ripley's Restaurant Francaise, on the night of November tenth. Who done it? Probably all thirty-six of our hungry grads and ladies assembled therein, who were just starting a very successful evening. In spite of the fact that our highly advertised steaks tasted very much like chicken or duck, the dinner was delicious, and conversation flowed like wine—it's a good thing because the wine didn't!

Following the main event, most of the group drifted over to the Chinese Skyroom for a "coke", floor show and dancing.

Everyone agrees that the high spot of these meetings is in recalling experiences which were shared on the "Training Ship." As in the case of most stories, the humor varies directly as the number of years which have passed.

The ladies and gentlemen assembled were: Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Doerr, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Pennebacker, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Flanner, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Lindgren, Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Engs, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Johannessen, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Russon, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Towar, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Miller, R. Lee Peck, Miss Mary Hough, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Cy Hansen, Art Morrison, George Haas, Leonard Gregory, Ernia Kettenhofer, Fred R. Petersen, Nat Main, Dick Graham, Leo Dempsey, Dick Cole, and "Spike" Wilson.

* * * * *

Wives, Parents, and Relatives of graduates; Please help us by forwarding the Binnacle to our shipmates whenever practicable. Some of the boys have written us to ask when their's will be forthcoming. In many cases we have sent the paper regularly to the best available address, only to hear that it has not reached the ultimate destination. If you prefer that we send The Binnacle to a more direct address, please let us know!

* * * * *

When they graduate on Saturday, December 16th, the class of '44-2 will become full members of the Alumni Association, taking their rightful place in the shipping world beside the thirteen classes which have gone out before them. We take this opportunity to bid them, "Welcome, shipmates, you've a real job ahead! Keep in touch with your Association; it's going to mean more to you as we gain in strength. You can contribute best by being active members."

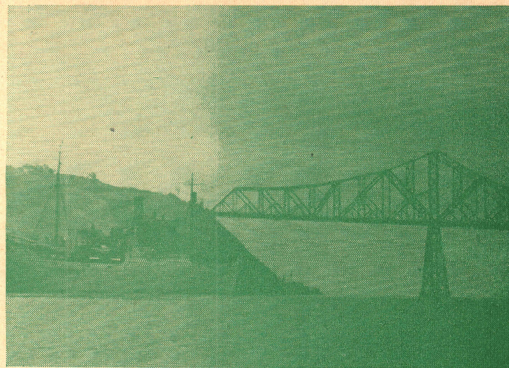
Fraternally,

E. C. MILLER, President.

Sighted during the 4-day on Hollywood Boulevard: "Women's Lingerie, one-third to one-half off." . . . Frankly indecent we call it!

* * * * *

When you drive, don't drink — When you drink, invite me over!



This has been the home of the Midshipmen for the past eighteen months; may they long cherish its memories.

A MESSAGE FROM THE NEW CADET

CHIEF ENGINEER

Upon being selected as Midshipman Chief Engineer for the ensuing semester, I indeed feel proud. It will be my pleasure to work and strive along with my Midshipman Officers and Petty Officers for the betterment of the Academy. While watching the last two classes pass through the Academy, I have arrived at some very different ideas as to how the engineering department should be handled. In all sincerity, I do feel that I will be able to handle the position with the able assistance of the engineering officers.

On December 7, we took over command, and from then on the Academy was in the hands of the Engineering and Deck Midshipman officers of our class. It is a great responsibility, and I am sure that all our class will give us their utmost cooperation.

During the coming semester it will be our goal to surpass the high standards of efficiency that have been established in our engine room, and to make improvements, wherever possible.

Respectfully,

FRANK COLEMAN

TO THE ROOKIE

You make with a swab
And not with a mop,
Topside, not upstairs
To get to the top.
You stand on the deck
Though it's green with grass,
And it's chow, not food
You get with your pass.
Boat is to ship
As hill is to mountain;
And you drink from a scuttlebutt,
Not from a fountain.
The gentleman's lounge
Is known as the head.
You sleep in your sack
And not in your bed.
You stow your gear
Not put things away,
And say 'Squared away'
Instead of 'O.K.',
It's port and it's starboard,
Not left and right;
A rope is a line
And a loop is a bight.
You square your hat
When you make it round.
You hit the deck
At the bugle's sound.
But our favorite phrase
That phrase of our dreams,
Comes payday, then
THE EAGLE SCREAMS.



CLASS OF DECEMBER '44

ALUEVICH, LUKE A.—The Pedro lad. Luke will always be remembered for his great talent with the women and his wavy black hair. Luke is quite a sports enthusiast and was on C.M.A.'s basketball team. Well liked by all for his happy-go-lucky manner and good humor, Luke will do O.K. as an engineering officer. Upon graduation Luke would like to ship out on a "C" ship and later resume his schooling.

BARTLETT, DAVID—Another of the Marin County boys—and a name-sake of "Davy Jones" — who have "come through" at C.M.A. Dave is a quiet lad who knows his engineering and has done some "salty" jobs while at the Academy. During his last term at C.M.A. he served as a Petty Officer and was an ardent drill fan. The underclassmen will remember him as a "square shooter" and a "right" guy. May the good wishes of "Pappy Neptune" be upon him.

CARPENTER, JOHN G.—Easily distinguished by his "starboard list" and tall torso, "stork" will be long remembered by C.M.A. As Cadet Adjutant "Carp" did a swell job in keeping the lads in constant fear of the "Awkward Squad." "Carp" has an exceptional talent along the line of commercial artistry which he used to great advantage in his work on The Binnacle, The Hawsepape, etc. "Carp" was staff artist and, incidentally, Editor-in-Chief of The Binnacle. "Carp" would like to ship out with American-Hawaiian upon graduation.

CUMMINGS, HARRY—He hails from the far south, comparatively speaking, San Diego. Picked up the name of "Speed" when he was a third classman and it has stuck all through his stay at C.M.A. He can usually be found any week-end he's off in San Francisco. Due to his likable personality and ability to get along with people he has become one of the best-liked members of his class. At the present time he has no definite plans upon graduation.

CURRY, DAVID—"Dave" will be remembered by his unruly black hair and his "sentimental feeling" towards his bunk—he always hated to leave it. Dave's main interest is centered at Portland, Oregon, and he flies north at every opportunity—can you blame him? One of Dave's most obvious possessions is a black leather jacket—tell us Dave, do you sleep in it too?

DUNNING, WALTER—The beach boy from down Southern California way. "Wally" could invariably be found sunning himself on the after-ward deck or the barrack's lawn—trying to recaptivate that S. C. "tan." He plans to ship out with Standard Oil—he hopes on one of their "T-2" Tankers. Sometime after the war he would like to go to the University of Southern California to further his education (and perhaps get back that tan).

GREIG, GENE C.—"Sunshine" is the nick-name that has stuck with him since his "Swab" days. Gene is one of the local Vallejo lads who came to C.M.A. immediately after graduation from Vallejo High School. On liberty he can always be found at 338 Nevada Street—Eleanor is her name. Gene spent most of his spare time making out the deck watch lists as a first classman. His main diversions and hobbies are sailing and making love.

GRIFFITH, ROBERT S.—"Bird-dog," "Beach boy," "Bigamist"—those are just a few of the nick-names Bob has gained. Bob is C.M.A.'s authority on "Who's Who" in the Cirque Room. Griff is quite the man-about-town, but he is just a trifle shy (shy of what, we're not sure). Bob would like to find himself a mate's berth on either a "T-2" Tanker or a "C-2" cargo vessel. Here's wishing you a lot of the best, Bob. You're a great guy!

HODGES, JAMES B.—"That handsome lad from Covina." "Big Jim" was destined to become a leader, having started as student body president of Covina High School. "Commander Hodges" of "B" division was very efficient and understanding, consequently he was well liked by his subordinates. Among Jim's many other achievements he has made himself well known for his amazing knowledge of gasoline engines. "Smiling Jim" is quite a sports enthusiast, he himself excelling in baseball. "Hod" hopes to go Navy upon graduation. Lots of luck to a great engineer.

JAHNSEN, OSCAR J.—"Jahnse" and "O. J." are this old "salt's" nick-names. Jim has been an East Bay inhabitant for the past 19 years. He has spent many valuable years on the Bay and has had a good deal of experience in the handling of tugboats. Oscar hopes to own and manage a tugboat company of his own someday. Jim was the Photography Editor of the 1944 Hawsepape. You're a great leader "O. J."—more power to you.

JOHNSON, WILLIAM ALFRED—"The Lover," "Curly," "Dizzy" and "The Youngster" are just a few of Bill's alias'. Alfred dazed the citizens of San Pedro with his spectacular achievements on the baseball diamond. Curly is looking for a "C-1." After ten or fifteen years at sea, Bill plans to take over his father's ship's chandlery business. That big grin and swell sense of humor will take you a long way Bill, don't lose it. You're O. K.!

KLEIN, MILTON H.—"Stripes"—also known as "Irish." Many have felt his wrath as he efficiently carried out his important position as First Class Petty Officer. Milt is not new at this "power mad" game, having been president of three organizations before his role as Midshipman. For his untiring efforts and efficiency as MOOD during the cruise period, Milt was awarded an official commendation from Captain Mayo. Milt also distinguished himself by being the first Midshipman to donate a gallon of blood to the Red Cross Blood Bank. Smooth sailing Milt.

KROG, CHRISTIAN—One of the top fellows in the graduating first class, he is known most commonly as "Chris," sometimes "French Neck." Because of his hard work his first two semesters at the Academy he earned his "stripes." He was a Second Class Petty Officer and helped to command the famed "A" division. Because of his outstanding personality and jovial good nature he is well liked by all. Chris pulled starboard No. 3 oar on the first class crew. His outstanding leadership will make him one of the best officers graduated from the Academy.

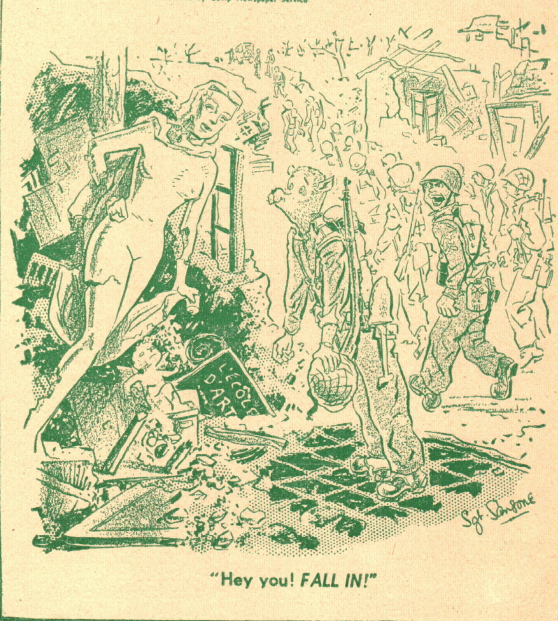
LARSON, ROBERT R.—The bearer of the traditional name of "Doc," also known as "Bolor." Bob is an ardent gun and pistol man, having quite a reputation for his marksmanship. The barracks will long echo his booming commands—"Make way for my alcoholic body and my broad shoulders." "Bolor" has quite a marvelous sense of humor—hang on to it, lad. A "T-2" tanker with San Pedro for its home port would fulfill Bob's dreams after graduation.

(Continued on Page Ten)

The Wolf

by Sansone

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"Hey you! FALL IN!"

CLASS OF DECEMBER '44 (Continued from Page Nine)

LAWRENCE, PAUL "CORKY"—Born on August 19, 1922, in Kansas City, Missouri, Paul came bouncing into this world with a trumpet in his hand and a desire for an education. Having considerable mechanical drawing background, he landed a job at Mare Island as a Sr. Engineering Draftsman. It was here that he first heard about C.M.A. and decided to come here. Some of his leisure time he spent in playing in a dance band. Plans of Paul's are to get married on graduation night! Nice going, buddy.

MARINKOVICH, JOHN JOSEPH—John was born in Southern California on June 30, 1922. He really made studying his hobby, but took enough time out to be a three-year letterman in sports in high school. His only other hobbies are women and song (mostly Ring Dang Do). John's future plans are to design engineering plants in Tuna Clippers with Diesel Electric Drive, and in ten years to have a shop with his name on it. John is unattached because he believes in rotating one's dates to be the best policy.

MEADOWS, ROBERT—Bob was born on a hot summer's day in Fort Pierre, South Dakota, on August 16, 1925. At the time the temperature was somewhere around 112°, which may account for him always being cold around C.M.A. He is a quiet fellow who spends a great deal of time studying. He says he has a little trouble with his love life (must be that he's a little bashful), but as far as we can see he doesn't do so badly. Bob would like to ship out on a tanker upon graduation, but as yet, doesn't have any preferences. We want to wish all the luck in the world to a great guy.

MOORE, RICHARD EDWARD—Better known as "Curly," he was born in San Francisco on one of the brighter days of July, 1925. He has battled with Sieler for the title of "Best Basketball Player" ever since he's been here. Curly is one of the most likable members of the first class and we have it on good authority that he is partial to the name of "Betty." He is also able to keep at least six girls on the string at one time (quite a feat for any man). Dick has added to the success of The Hawsepipe by being editor of the edition this semester. He hopes to be able to ship for American-Hawaiian on the completion of his training at C.M.A.

McFARLAND, WILLIAM N.—"Mac" was rather a quiet lad at Dorsey High in Los Angeles, spending most of his time studying, no doubt. "Little Bill" (6'2") distinguished himself in the field of test-busting—no exam being too tough for him. His high scholastic standing and amazing ability in mechanics brought him the job of Midshipman Chief Engineer. Mac also pulled a "mean" oar on the first class crew team. Upon graduation he will be looking for a "C-2" or a "T-2" turbo-electric job. Smooth sailing Chief!

McKUNE, FLOYD—"Mac," as he is usually called around C.M.A. is considered one of the top members of his class. He is well liked by everyone because of his ability to get along with people and has a good personality. Mac is of Scotch decent and, because of this, has been the butt of many a joke, but he always takes it good-naturedly. Mac says that there are three things that he appreciates most in life. Those are sleep, good food, and a rub-down before he goes to bed. He has not made up his mind as to which company he would like to ship with after graduation, but whatever his choice, we know that he'll make good. More power to you, Mac!

ORCUTT, KENNETH B.—"The navigator" of his class. In his youth, Ken was the star quarterback on a state championship High School team. Kenny is also an expert when it comes to small boat handling, especially boats under sail. He is considered to be one of the more conscientious men in his class. "KO's" ambition is to follow the sea for the rest of his life (to avoid the fairer sex we are told), and someday become Master of his own ship.

PRINGLE, BERTRUM—"Berty," the likable chap from Oakland, sometimes known as "Sunny" among his classmates because of his blond hair and light complexion. His sincere attitude and jovial outlook on life will take him far. He was the coxswain on the winning first class crew which raced at Stockton. He expects to enroll at the University of California after the war is over. At the present time he has no plans as to which company he expects to ship out with, but whatever his choice, we know he'll go far!

RADOS, JOHN LAWRENCE—Known as "Radar" around C. M. A. He was born on September 19, 1922, in San Pedro where he spent most of his life. He was very active in school sports and also in the lives of many a girl, but as yet, has not been unfortunely enough to get tied down. John's plans for the future are going to college after the war and building boats as his life's work. John was noted for his ingenuity and getting out of tight places. He's one of the few persons we know that could talk his way off the report sheet when he was put on by an officer.

ROBINSON, RICHARD—Known as "Dick" among the men at C. M. A. A member of the Engineers Department and a high ranking student. He came to us from the southland Los Angeles to be exact, where he was famous for his gymnastic feats before entering the Academy. He became a First Class Petty Officer in his senior year and performed his duties efficiently. He would like to ship out with Isthmian Lines upon graduation, and perhaps attend college at the end of the war. Smooth sailing, Dick!

SCHWIMMER, FRED.—Another southern boy from Dorsey High School. Doesn't mind being called "Report Sheet Schwimmer"—a nickname he picked up as a second and third classman. Became Feature Editor of the Binnacle in his senior year and also wore the stripes of a First Class Petty Officer. He could usually be found around C. M. A. Gathering up information for his "Gismo" column or just worrying about the paper. He would like to ship out with American-Hawaiian Lines after graduation on a "C-1."

SIELER, JAMES E.—"Midshipman Captain Sieler"—also known as "Dad", and "The Terror." Jim has distinguished himself here at C. M. A. in the field of athletics, namely rowing and basketball. "CC" Sieler has exerted much enthusiasm in building a keen spirit of competition in Saturday Morning Drill. The special result is much in evidence in the improved military appearance of the Midshipman Corps. Jim would like a "C-2" or a Victory upon graduation. Lots of luck to a born leader.

SMITH, JACKSON M. ALFRED.—Known by the names of "Red", "Jake" and "Smitty", or "The Old Man." Jackson was an outstanding Division Officer during his first class year. During his spare time, Red likes to listen to some of his large collection of classical records, Tchaikowsky being his favorite composer. He is also quite an opera and musical stage show fan. The great comedy team of Jackson and Swanson will be long remembered. Lots of luck, Smitty, we know you'll get along all right!

SPEIELER, LEE—Lee got his first look at San Francisco's skyline on a December day in 1924. "Blakie" is an ardent lover of wine, women, and song, and a very congenial fellow indeed. He claims only one hobby, and that is stamp collecting—liquor stamps. Lee did an excellent job of handling the office of first class president, and is very popular with his classmates. Our best wishes go with him, and may he enjoy every success in his career at sea.

STEPHENSON, EDMOND—If you were here while he was a second or third classman, then many were the mornings you awoke to reveille as rendered by "Steve" and his talented bugle. In spite of the fact that he was often responsible for breaking people's beauty sleep. Steve has been very popular with his shipmates. Here's wishing you smooth sailing, Ed, and may you enjoy a long and successful life at sea.

SWANSON, WARREN—No introduction is necessary for "Swede" Swanson, robust, likable commander of "A55 Division." A former Cal. man, he has made an excellent record for himself at C.M.A. His good-natured spirit and quick humor added much to that intangible thing called "morale" while Swede was here. We have no doubt that he will get along whatever he does, and will always have the good will of his associates. Good luck, Swede!

SWEENEY, JOHN A.—If you like the sort of fellow with a ready smile and a good sense of humor, (and who doesn't?), then Johnny is your man. With considerable experience as a seaman behind him already, he entered C. M. A. in the summer of 1943 and promptly began acquiring lots of new friends. An extrovert, Johnny is very sociable, and never takes long to become popular in any sort of group. "Bon voyage, Johnny, and may you enjoy many of them!"

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

ENGINE SERIES No. 9



'SEA - KNOWS'

SMOKE

The color of smoke coming from the stack of a vessel indicates the efficiency of combustion.

STEAM VESSELS:

Black Smoke—Not enough air;

White Smoke—Too much air;

Light Brown Haze—Proper amount of air.

NOTE—This is true, only when burners are clean and oil temperature is correct.

(Continued in Series No. 10)

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ENGINE SERIES No. 10



'SEA - KNOWS'

SMOKE (Cont'd)

DIESEL VESSELS:

Black Smoke—Solid injection 2 cycle diesel: Engine overloaded, or lack of sufficient compression to get perfect combustion; scavenger air pressure below normal; exhaust ports clogged with excess carbon.

4 CYCLE DIESEL: Leaky valves, lack of proper compression, in case of air injection, blast air too low.

White Smoke—Too much air; very light loads; one or more cylinders not firing.

Clear Stack—Usually indicates proper combustion. Some engineers like a light brown haze, but it has been generally conceded that the engine operates more efficiently with a clear exhaust.

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DECK SERIES No. 10



'SEA - KNOWS'

COMPASS

The Mariner's Compass is an important and essential instrument.

An alert Watch Officer will always compare vessel's Standard and Steering compasses after a change in course;

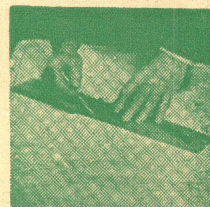
He will make certain that the helmsman is steering the proper course;

He will insist, that the helmsman pass the course being steered to his relief in a clear loud voice;

He will be sure, that the helmsman reports that he has been relieved and gives the course he has been steering.

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DECK SERIES No. 9



'SEA - KNOWS'

TEXT BOOKS

Every ship's Officer uses some Nautical Text Books for reference and as a guide.

There are many Nautical Text Books on the market, including certain different methods of Navigation, and Mathematical tables.

Do not ignore the American Seaman's Bible, "Bowditch," which contains the standard methods of Navigation, useful information and excellent tables.

However, the young officer should not hesitate to use new and short methods that are accurate and in current use.

It should be carefully noted, however, that short cuts in Navigation, if only approximately, are dangerous.

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WEATHER WISDOM

(Editor's Note: This is the seventh of a series of articles on weather, compiled from the notebook of Captain Claude B. Mayo, and reprinted through his courtesy. Others will appear in each issue of THE BINNACLE.)

WIND

"Every wind has its weather."—Bacon.

"When the wind backs and the weather glass falls
Then be on your guard against gales and squalls."

"A veering wind, fair weather.
A backing wind, foul weather."

"When the smoke goes West,
Gude weather is past;
When the smoke goes East,
Gude weather comes neist."

"When the wind is in the South,
The rain is in the mouth."
The wind from the Northeast
Neither good for man nor beast.

"The wind is in the West,
Suits everyone best."
"Do business with men when the wind is in the
Northwest."

Most of the weather sayings on wind bear on the direction of the wind, and are well founded in scientific learning.

The prevailing winds, due primarily to the earth's rotation, move from West to East. Winds from a different direction indicate an atmospheric disturbance, and the approach of a storm of some kind.

Storms move from West to East. The cyclones (winds blowing spirally inward to a low pressure center) show a changing wind direction. Storms generally have precipitation on their "forward fronts," clearing weather on their "rear fronts."

A "backing" wind indicates the near approach of a barometric low (wind changes direction counter-clockwise). As the storm recedes, the wind veers (shifts clockwise). When the wind is from the East, a storm is close at hand.

"The winds of the daytime wrestle and fight,
Longer and stronger than those at night."

FOUR DAYS DOWN SOUTH

By Stinky

The California Maritime Academy is more or less divided into two separate groups of Midshipmen; those being from Southern California and the rest from Northern California or the Bay Area. This article is written to show the boys from the north where a good time can be had, namely Southern California.

After all the Southern boys had basked in the good old sunshine and stuffed themselves with Thanksgiving dinner, they went out to prow and have a grand time with all the girls (there are an abundance of swell gals down south, fellows).

As we prowled around town, we saw Palmisano "staggering it" and going to see the "white hot Tonya" in "White Cargo," a spick stage show. Dick Griffith was really getting around, taking in the Paladium, Earl Carroll's, and the Coconut Grove. Incidentally Harry Owens is being featured in place of Freddy Martin at the Grove.

Annin and Ransom were seen going into see Billie Reed in the Main Street "Follies" (There were some hot strip tease acts being shown also, we understood) and Dickenson and Miller were seen roller skating with their dates and were seen later at the great U.S.O.-U.C.L.A. football game (U.S.C. won 40-13). Hadfield was spotted with his old "Hop-up" gang at Beverly Hills Simon's. Later, Chambers and he were seen at the big game. King, "The Covina Kid", went to the game, then to the Paladium where Woody Herman was featured. Graves took in the U.C.L.A. Home-coming bonfire and also the big game.

"Stug" and "Mutt", alias Staar and Gullikson, killed four bottles and raised "cain" around Glendale. Nay saw his old alma mater, Pasadena J. C., get trounced by the Fort McArthur football eleven.

Depew was seen with a different girl every night, but swears that Saturday night with Margie was the best of all. Leavitt slept all week-end (the lazy dog). Marv Hall, "The C.M.A. Casanova," had fifteen girls to get rid of, but was seen at the U.C.L.A. Home-coming at the Beverly Wilshire with his sister (a very neat number, incidentally). Brodsky ate too much on Thursday and was sick all week-end. Tobey made \$115 on a car deal

MISADVENTURES OF SLOPSHUTE JERK

Casey

Again Capt. Mayo and his men have retreated to Morrow Cove for winter quarters. We find our hero, Slopshute, laying in his sack. He is covered with a heavy layer of frost and large irregular shaped icicles hang from the overheads. It is 0559 in "A" barracks. Suddenly the air is shattered by ten buglers joining in horrible sounds of reveille. Jerk's roommate, Studlink McSpillpipe, whimpers and sobs quietly while Joe McRowlock-socket, who bunks under Jerk, slashed the cold air with his fists and screamed wildly. After several minutes Jerk managed to raise his head and laid there resting on his elbow. "Let's see", he was thinking, "I'll be able to hit my sack again in five hours and thirty-seven minutes". The strain is too much and Jerk falls forward, his head lodges between his bunk and the book case. Gradually Jerk's head works loose and he lands in a pile of dungerees and old cargo test papers on the deck. Quickly he dresses, picks up the room's peacoat, and is off to turn-to formation in the "A" barracks furnace room.

It is now 1140. Class is over and we find Jerk and his buddy, Backstay O'Cablelaid, helping Mr. Miller near the Administration building. The first heavy rains have just passed and the three of them are busy rigging a sea anchor to E. C.'s car so he can drive it down to the ship. "Thanks," says Mr. Miller after the job is finished. "Stripes", says Jerk and O'Cablelaid in unison.

Slopshute keeps thinking of his girl, Agnus Stockpuller, who has been chosen "Queen of the Asparagus Trimmers" of Cherry Junction. Tonight she is to be crowned at the gala dance held annually at Logan's Barn in Cherry Junction. Slopshute is in a tither—! At last it comes—1600, the beginning of watch-stander's liberty—and Jerk's long trek to Cherry Junction.

Quickly Jerk showers and dresses. Then he runs down to the office to check ashore. Only one small detail—to consult a watch-list to see if he has liberty or not. (He has), so he's off to Highway No. 40 with his gleaming thumb. The local citizens are very kind to all the Midshipmen and do everything they can to help them out. After only an hour and a half a man gives Jerk a lift. It turns out that the man is Orgie Smellmore, who owns a pig farm near Cherry Junction. Two hours later Slopshute has just finished changing the third flat on Mr. Smellmore's Model "T". "Cherry Junction and Logan's Barn are just around the turn in the road, son", says Jerk's benefactor. "Stripes" says Jerk and departs.

He hastens to Agnus Stockpuller's, pauses only long enough to pick several large water-lillies and fashioning them into a lovely corsage, set off with a few three foot ferns growing near the pool. Satisfied with his work, Jerk wades on through the pond to Agnus.

After only a few minutes, Jerk is greeted by Agnus, his love, who is in a fit of excitement awaiting her crowning at Logan's Barn. Agnus' father was kind enough to let Slopshute use his Pierce Arrow to drive Agnus to the dance in style. So, after a quick Pepsi-Cola with the old man, Jerk is off for a gay evening with the Asparagus Trimmers.

Logan's Barn is decorated with several bushels of Asparagus, cleverly woven together and fashioned to the walls and overheads. Jerk is astounded. The entire populace of Cherry Junction has turned out for the affair and they go to no end to make a fuss over Jerk since he is escorting the Queen of the ball. Slopshute fascinates the people by using "salty" terms and tying "Turk's Heads" on all the girls legs (much to Agnus' dislike). The evening progresses gayly however, and Jerk blushes modestly whenever anyone offers congratulations to Agnus for being chosen Queen.

Finally, the last dance is announced and those few lingering couples line up for the last "Turkey-in-the-Straw". It is very late—besides, Logan wants to lock up the barn and go to bed.

Slopshute helps Agnus into the car and pushes her home through the moonlight. Finally they arrive at her home. Jerk and Agnus walk up to the gate, then he leans over her to enjoy a last sniff of her Asparagus crown. Her mother leans out of a window and shouts, "Agnus, get in here at once. It's nearly 9:30!" "Good night Jerk. It was awfully nice of you-all to come way up here to take me to the dance", she says, as she disappears into her house-trailer. "Stripes," says Jerk!

and was later seen spending it at the Grove. Ransom spent a day at Balboa and fell in love with a little lass named Peg. Coleman stayed here at the base with Koerber. Bradley was seen at the Paladium on Saturday night along with Shrader and Depew and King.

These are just a few of the high-lights of a four-day leave in Southern California, so if any of you Northern boys really want a good time—"Go south, lads, go south."



CALL THE COMPARTMENT CLEANERS—HERE'S ANOTHER JOB FOR THEM

DR. DWYER'S NIGHTMARE

By Dr. Dwyer

It's the eve of the first class engineer's diesel license exam, and down on the Ship, in a fit of restless sleep, lies Dr. Dwyer. The tossing, turning and groaning is not solely due to the over-large helping of Morgan's meat-balls, consumed earlier in the evening, but rather the fact that his distraught mind was being extended to it's limit by a mental picture of what might happen if the first class were asked to overhaul a diesel engine in the license examination.

Opposite is a reproduction of this mental picture.

The little fellow sticking his "noggin" out of the exhaust, in the upper left corner is Rados, gloating over his newly-found hiding place and watching his less fortunate buddies who lack his years of diesel rowboat experience at Harbor Boat.

The two characters in the lower left are Curry and Meadows who have just mastered the intricate workings of a monkey wrench and we quote them when we say "The wrench is here to stay."

The fellow in the lower right wrapped up in the electrical cord is our "juice" wizard, Marinkovich, trying to figure which is the plus side of the plug by applying Ohm's Law.

The talkative fellow in front of the flywheel is "Howden" Zahl telling a "cornered" third classman about the double acting, combined horizontal and vertical diesels on the new "C9's" at "Mooahs".

Lower left we find "I. Q." McFarland going a little deeper into "pull card" analysis than the average engineer and ending up with a formula for determining propeller pitch.

We'd like you to note the little gent sitting above the flywheel with the pipe in his mouth. This is "Pop" Smith, who claims that "with men who know tobacco best it's oilcup horse-hair two to one."

To the extreme left can be seen Aluevich pointing out to a deck-hand the periscope attachment soon to be found on all modern diesels for navigating from the engine room and thus eliminating the nuisance of a deck department.

On the left with his stethoscope at the "heart" of the engine is Hodges who claims to have heard a valve "murmur."

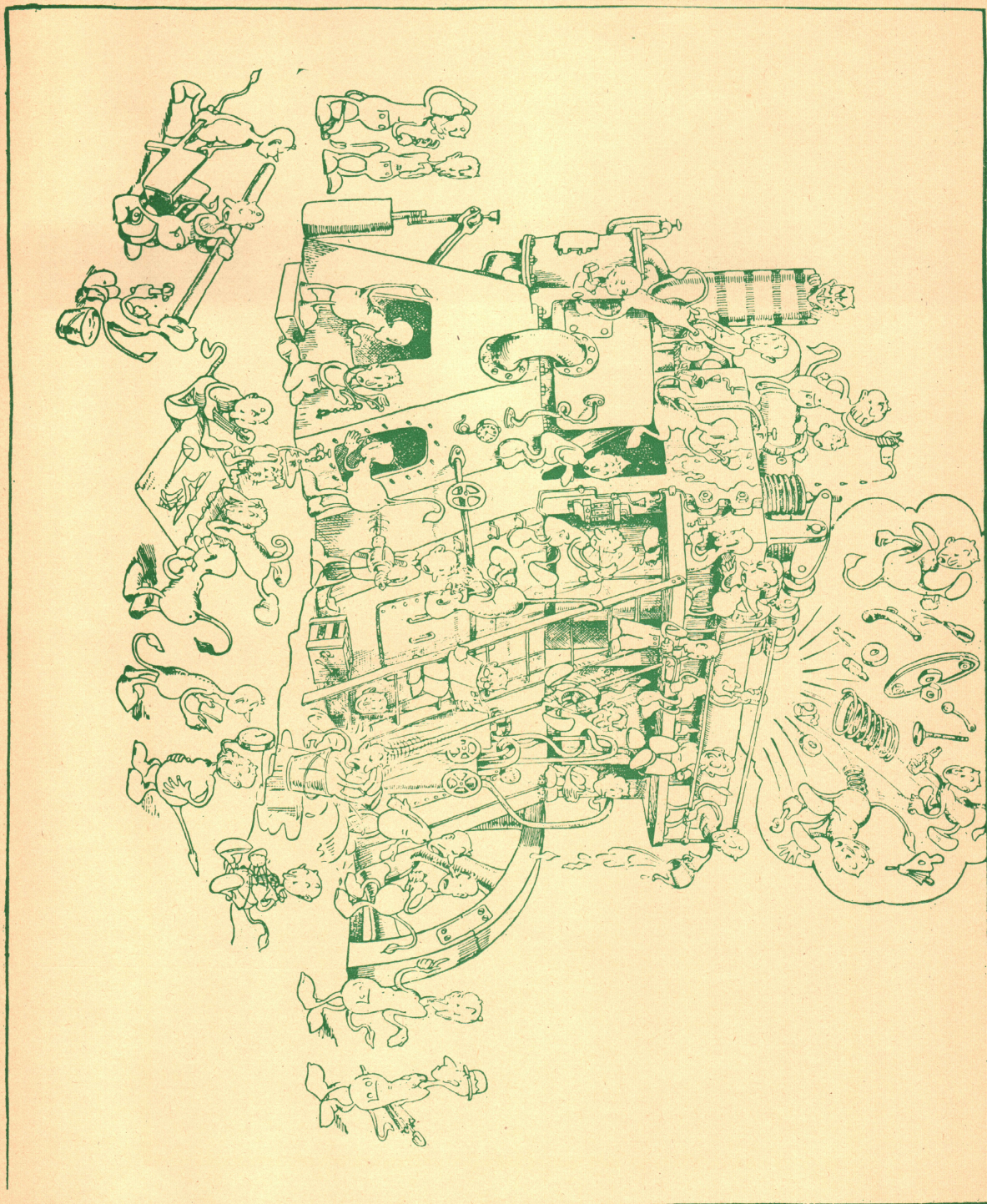
Calmly oiling the valves on the cylinder head is McKune, who, unaware that although at times he has been well-oiled by Four Roses it's viscosity is a little off as a diesel lubricant.

That unfortunate explosion has just broken up a "hot" poker game between Stephenson, Dunning and Robison, who, thought the No. 2 cylinder furnished an ideal spot to "cork-off."

In the foreground may be seen Bartlett who thinks he might win an extra liberty if he rings a bell on the pressure gauge while Lawrence looks on in amazement.

The pious fellow right above the clock is Vorous who is praying that the inspectors won't ask him any diesel questions.

This frightening episode was mercifully ended by the messenger who was pounding on his door and shouting: "It's 7 o'clock, Sir." With a sigh of relief Mr. Dwyer consoled himself with the thought that this would be his last nightmare for another six months.



CLASS OF DECEMBER '44

(Continued from Page Ten)

VOROUS, FRED—A native of Lincoln, California, Fred, alias "Moose", bowed in for the first time on July 2, 1925. His main interest is sports, and he could be found practicing them in whatever spare time his busy life as an engineer at C. M. A. allowed him. Fred claims only one dislike—the OPA. This is due to some unpleasant experience, no doubt. If he has his way, he will ship out of San Francisco on a C-1 or a C-2. Here's hojio your wish comes true, Fred.

WOLFSKILL, JOE—If at any time during your stay at C.M.A. you have had occasion to buy anything in the canteen, you no doubt have run into "China Joe", it's proprietor. A likable chap in spite of his role as the hardened, efficient business man, Joe assertedly has two special interests: "Dating Waves and mixing weird drinks." Joe leaves with our sincere good wishes and the hope that he has good luck with that C-2 on which he wishes to ship out on.

ZAHL, WILLIAM—Here's that well liked engineer with the tousled hair and a twinkle in his eye. With a definite attempt to look notorious, "Wild Bill" tells us that he likes to spend his liberty time with wine, women, and song, and that his greatest likes and dislikes are bourbon and gin, respectively. Billie doesn't fool us though. Beneath it all is a heart of gold and a strong sense of fair play. Best of luck, Bill!

REPRESENTATIVE FROM AMERICAN-HAWAIIAN
S. S. CO. SPEAKS TO MIDSHIPMEN

Mr. A. E. Stow, operating manager for American Hawaiian S. S. Co., delivered an excellent informal talk to the officers and midshipmen on the subject of "accident prevention," last month.

Mr. Stow, claiming not to be much of a speaker, held the group's intense interest for an hour. His humble manner and pleasing personality won the officers' and midshipmen's complete admiration.

"The most important thing is the accident that was prevented by your vigilance. Although you may not be openly slapped on the back and congratulated by your shipmates for your carefulness and vigilance in helping to avert accidents, it should be a personal moral boost to know that you have saved lives. I am not a safety engineer, but I am a fanatic on this subject." It cannot be over-emphasized that a little safety goes a long way in saving life and property. It has been shown by Mr. Picard, American Hawaiian's safety engineer, that 15 per cent of the accidents are due to the carelessness of the worker. A safe, accident-conscious crew, working with good equipment will save a company many thousands of dollars. If you don't think of safety from a lifesaving standpoint, then think of it from a purely dollars and cents view. The money saved from accidents that don't occur will more than pay for the time lost due to using a little caution and common sense on a job.

Take care in securing lines and halyards—especially when working aloft. Be careful not to drop paint buckets, brushes, hammers, etc., when working above your shipmates. DON'T leave scrapers, chipping hammers, staging, etc., lying around the decks. Stow your gear when finished—CLEANING UP IS PART OF THE JOB. Don't leave oil on deck plates, clean it up; slippery decks mean sure accidents, and serious ones. DON'T tamper with things you aren't familiar with.

And again "don't be griped because somebody doesn't pat you on the back when you prevent an accident — pat yourself on the back—you aren't supposed to be there to get praise from others, but you ARE there to get results! Individually you will not receive much credit, collectively you will."

Mr. Stow has been with American Hawaiian for 21 years, having started working for them in 1923. If anyone has had the opportunity to see the results of accident prevention it surely would be he; so take it from one who knows.

We sincerely appreciate Mr. Stow's talk with us and wish to thank him and American Hawaiian S. S. Co. for taking time from their important work to visit us.

MR. SUMMERILL "DREAMS UP" ANOTHER PROBLEM
FOR LAW FINAL!

The S. S. Everett is arriving at Honolulu. Pilotage is not compulsory, but due to the fact that the crew is a little "bit under the weather", a pilot is picked up. Enroute to her berth, she negligently collides with the S. S. Henry County, who is pro-

WISE AND OTHERWISE

By M. R. Hall

A new column being run for the first time. It is not devoted to any one subject, but to a number of subjects. A little serious thought, a little humor. As the proverbial saying goes, "—Of shoes and shits and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings." Any constructive criticism you might have to offer will be greatly appreciated.

Now that the first class has graduated and the other classes have, in turn, moved up a grade, all eyes are on the new third classmen about to enter the Academy on January 8th. It will be a great day for them—and for us too. To them it means giving up a life that they have become accustomed to over a period of years, for an entirely new one. It means hours of study and hard work, giving up their many habits and likes to which they have been used to, for new modes of living. It means rationing of time, living by regulations, getting up in the morning with bugle calls, and innumerable other trials and tribulations.

To us it means added responsibility and more hours of work and study too—but with it also comes the privileges of a higher rank and the drawing closer of that eventful day when we all take our Third Mate and Third Assistant Examinations. That period of our careers here that we spend two years training for—the time we all look forward to with mixed emotions of fear and expectation. Yes, the time and effort expended are great, but the final results will be, by far, more than a just reward.

ABOUT C. M. A.

Flash!! Livestock invades C. M. A. Third classman Lawrence was gently awakened from his "day-dreams" during his twelve-to-four watch one night not so long ago by the affectionate carresses of a "walking milk factory" who had wandered down to the Academy gate, apparently from one of the local farmer's pastures. Lawrence, a quick thinking lad, brought his senses to bear upon the situation and finally, by employing his "farming ability", persuaded the cow to divert from her intended course through the Academy grounds. He was heard making the comment that he "didn't think that we could have used the extra milk anyway." (Editor's Note: We could have used a few steaks though!)

Well, the rains have started once again. Along with the hardships of trying to get to class without getting your books too wet, and the everlasting job of scraping the mud off the decks of the barracks, they also bring a brighter side. The possibility of not having to drill on Saturday morning affords a consolation for some. At any rate, it isn't as difficult as it used to be. Back in the old days before the roads were improved, we all stood in mud up to our knees and laid planks from the base to the ship to constitute a walk-way between the two places. Whenever there was a formation, we waded from the barracks to the place where the road now is, and answered to our names as we sank down several inches in the oozing muck. Trying to keep shoes shined and blues brushed clean was an everlasting task. Since the barracks had just been completed there was always the possibility of waking up in the morning with a few inches of water in your bunk, but with the new improvements and the construction of roads, this has all been eliminated, much to the relief of all concerned. Yes, the old days are gone forever. In the years to come when the new dormitories have been completed, and the grounds take on the appearance of a sedate institution of learning, we hope there will be some thought of the men who spent long hours in furthering that goal, and of the men who were the "Trailblazers" of the present sight of C. M. A.

ceeding at a speed in excess of that permitted in the harbor. Continuing to her berth, she strikes the wharf and in so doing, a seaman is thrown from the forecandlehead to the dock, where he knocks down a longshoreman in flight. A fight ensues between the already injured seaman and the longshoreman. During the fight a gasoline can falls over on a burning cigarette setting fire to the wharf. A thoughtful mate warps the ship out, but in so doing, rams and sinks two small fishing boats and a tug. The inshore stern line fouls on a piling, causing the wharf to collapse, thereby putting out the fire, but also drowning the injured seaman and several longshoremen.

QUESTIONS:

1. Was the injured seaman liable to the city under the ordinance for smoking on the dock?
2. Is it probable that the "Henry County" could attain a speed in excess of that permitted in a harbor?
3. Who has my Topcoat?



DO YOU KNOW

This little column is something in the way of a reminder of what the December graduating class is leaving behind at old C. M. A. Perhaps one day, when one of the graduates finds himself wondering how to pass a few of the many long hours out watch at sea, he will appreciate, for the first time, the life and routine he left aboard the school-ship.

For instance, he might remember that as a Midshipman, he changed his uniform approximately six times a day and made five (six with E. D.) formations between reveille and taps. Another item of interest (this found even the writer dismayed) was the fact that during one day of cruise routine there was the necessity for no less than thirty-seven bugle calls through the day. Other interesting notes of a "Kay-dets" life were condensed from one week of the last fall cruise.

Summarizing the subject of discipline, for this week there were recorded sixty-three different conduct reports dealing with forty-eight different offenders. This same week found the Cadet Corps hindered with two hundred and ten hours of extra-duty (about 1.9 hours per man) and some seven week-restrictions.

Turning to a lighter side of this average Academy week, we find the pleasant subject of liberty. Here is noted the "Privilege of Rank". During this week the first class enjoyed an average of 30.75 hours of liberty per man (not counting special liberties). While the second class averaged an even 25 hours per Cadet, the lowly third class came through with a low 21.2 hours per man.

Just something for the boys to remember when they are out on the briny deep.

FIRST CLASSMEN HOLD SHIP'S DANCE

The first dance to be held aboard ship in well over a year was cleverly presented by the first class on the evening of November 10th in the ships classroom. Under the able direction of the dance committee consisting of Midshipmen Carpenter, Moore, Spieler and Aluevich the dance progressed according to schedule with the couples starting to arrive at 2030.

The classroom was decorated in a typical "salty" atmosphere with cross oars, Lyle line throwing gun, and anchors added to give it that final touch of the sea. From the overheads hung flags of many nations and International Code flags spelling out a message which was read by few. The lights were dimmed while the couples danced to the tunes of their favorite recording bands broadcasting over the Public Address System rigged by Midshipman Halle P. Robb. Humor was in effect too, through the efforts of Mr. Carpenter and his "Power Room" signs and the "Report Sheet" offences. "Oscar," the ever-famous "Man Overboard Drill" dummy was also present, and in a rather unusual place—the Ladies Powder room.

Although "Old Man Weather" didn't help conditions any, the Midshipmen proved once again that it takes more than a little rain to alter their plans. As the dance drew to a close, refreshments were served, having been previously prepared by Mr. Morgan, Chief of the Commissary Department, to bring the evening to a climax. The dance was acclaimed a success by all who attended and plans are already under way for another one in the near future.

MARITIME NEWS

(Taken from a Maritime magazine.)

By the first of 1945 the twenty thousand deck officers of the Merchant Marine must demonstrate their knowledge of "War Time Instructions for Merchant Ships," by taking a test designed to show the applicant practical working knowledge of the three volume set of manuals issued jointly by the American and British governments.

A U. S. Navy certificate will be issued every Merchant Marine deck officer who passes the test. Commercial radio operators have also been invited to qualify for a similar certificate, but it is not mandatory.

Pamphlets containing all the facts and instructions are being distributed to every port in which the Navy, War Shipping Administration and Coast Guard have representatives for further distribution to the deck officers. The pamphlets contain a joint appeal to deck officers from Vice Admiral E. S. Land, U. S. N.-Ret., Administrator of W. S. A.; Vice Admiral R. R. Wexsche, U. S. C. G., Commandant of the Coast Guard, and Vice Admiral F. J. Horn, U. S. N., Vice Chief of Naval Operations.

Officers may prepare for the tests by reading the three volumes aboard ship. They may also "brush up" on all or any portions of the volumes at any of the nine War Time Merchant Ship Communications Schools located at Baltimore, Boston, New Orleans, Newport News, New York, Norfolk, San Francisco, San Pedro and Seattle.

NEED FOR SEAMEN

Granting of a nation-wide priority by the War Manpower Commission for the recruitment of inexperienced men for merchant seaman training by the Maritime Service emphasizes the current and urgent need for eight thousand trainees a month between the ages of seventeen and fifty, Commodore Talfair Knight, Assistant Deputy Administrator for Training, War Shipping Administration, pointed out this week. "Because of the distances involved, about three times the number of merchant ships are needed to deliver the safe firepower to the Pacific as were needed to deliver the goods to Europe," Commodore Knight said.

Maritime Commission shipyards have been ordered not to give shore employment to any experienced sea-going personnel applying for shore jobs.

(Editor's note: The new graduating first class is the first class that has been required to learn WIMS. A lot of memory work is essential for this, as the examination is very thorough.)

DECKMEN TO STRIKE FOR SIGNALMEN

At the suggestion of the new first class, Lt. Glen Davis, Communications instructor, has set the requirements for the rate of Expert Signalman for the Midshipman Corps. This rate has been attained by Midshipmen in the past by passing examinations in semaphore and blinker. For some unknown reason, this traditional bit of competition was not carried out during the July-December '44 term. We hope that the Midshipmen will again resume interest in this chance to better themselves in signaling. Here are the requirements:

Semaphore—15 words per minute; Blinker—10 words per minute; a thorough knowledge of International Code Flags and Pennants.

Midshipmen who pass the necessary requirements are entitled to wear the insignia of Expert Signalman, crossed semaphore flags. First, second, and third classmen will be eligible to compete for the rating.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"



Pets Beget Whet Threat



ALUMNI NEWS

We would like to have the correct address of Mr. Erwin Horn and Mr. William J. Peck.

Lt. Commander Tubbs was in receipt of a V-Mail letter from Lt. (jg) L. D. Woods stating that he had a chance to see Lt. Frank Anderson of his class and had a good time talking "things" over with them.

J. J. Watson, '43, was inquiring about a card to the Army-Navy Club in San Francisco. For general information, your membership card is all that is necessary.

We received a card from L. S. Surtees, '43, who just finished his leave after a 9-month tour of the Pacific. Fred Joy was on the same trip. They took their Second Mates licenses in Sydney. Surtees is now shipping as Second on an A.P.L. Liberty. He also states that Martin, Ross, and Kenny signed on an ocean-going tug as First, Second, and Third, respectively. Glad you like our "bigger and better" Binnacle.

Lee C. Marshall, of Oakland, is sailing with the Grace Lines.

Received word from H. S. Pennebaker that he married Bettie M. Giessner of Long Beach, on August 26, 1944. Our heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

Merv Thomas reports from "somewhere in the South Pacific," that there is no news and he hasn't run across any old shipmates, but would like to hear from some of his old classmates.

Eugene A. Yates reports that Meeker, Class of '40, will be navigating on the same ship. He also says that from "Scuttlebutt sources," "Spike" Wilson is a Master of an American-Hawaiian C-2.

Ens. Calvin Reed says that he's "freezing to death at N. S. N. T. S. Newport, R. I." He is to serve on an Attack Cargo Ship.

Mrs. E. J. Ley writes us that James Ley is "somewhere in the South Pacific." He hopes to be in sometime around December. Says that he enjoys The Binnacle immensely.

Helen Pederson really does it up right by reporting the following: Ralph Moore and Don Pederson are Second and First Mates, respectively for General S. S. Bill Strain is a First Lt. in the Army Engineers in New Guinea. Cresent is a skipper "down there" as is Jeff Blackett. Gene Porter is a Second Assistant Engineer and Larry Slapp is a Chief Engineer. Don and Strain met in Australia and "hoisted a few."

Mrs. John Luchsinger informs us that Frank is sailing as Chief Mate and is "somewhere in the South Pacific."

Allen McGowan is sailing on a Liberty and has been in the South Pacific, Australia, and New Guinea.

Jack Gate's mother writes us that he is sailing as skipper for Matson Company and, incidentally, is now married.

Wayne Harthorn's father mentioned in a letter to us that Wayne is sailing as Third Mate on an Inter-Ocean S. S. Corp. vessel and is in the Pacific. He also says that he was the first graduate in the June '44 class to make a complete round trip from the United States.

Daniel W. Bailey is Second Assistant on board a C-2 High Pressure ship and has sailed continuously on the same vessel since graduation.

Stelios Andrews is reported serving "somewhere in the South Pacific."

Noel B. Martin's activities have been thus: First, married on August 18th; second, licensed Master on August 19th; third, now Chief Mate for Moran Towing and Transfer Company.

Captain and Mrs. William Aguilar are in Galveston, Texas, while his ship is undergoing repairs.

We are sorry to hear that Ens. Robert M. McCullan is in the Oakland Naval Hospital, recovering from pneumonia — here's wishing you a speedy recovery.

Bob McAllister's mother informs us that Bob is, at present, on a transport as Chief Mate for American President Lines and he received his Master's ticket last April.

Joe D. Woodward, '43, is in the South Pacific acting as Second Mate on a Liberty ship.

Keith Kenny tells us that L. Powell, '43, is sailing as Third Assistant for American-Hawaiian on a C-2.

Fred Feuille is on a Union Oil Tanker (Liberty) putting in time coastwise. At the first of the year he expects to go to up-grade school. He just returned from an eight-months' trip on a Swan Island Tanker during which time he saw Conklin Drew. He expects to be at the base for some of our meetings after the first of the year.

E. Durning is sailing as First Assistant Engineer on an American-Hawaiian S. S. Company Victory Ship. He has been very busy since January 10, 1942, sailing the seven seas.

John A. Cronin, '41, reports he has been on the same trip for two years. He is First Assistant and has filled this position for the past fifteen months. He was offered Chief on a T-2 operated by Union Oil Company, but prefers this class of Tanker. Rod Eldon is Chief on a C-1 operated by American-Hawaiian.

Guy Horton, Sr., writes us that First Lt. Guy V. Horton — one year in the Central Pacific. He is a B-25 pilot with fifty missions. He has the Air Medal, D.F.C., and three Oak Leaf Clusters. NICE GOING!

Bill Sales is sailing with Moore McCormick and has been in the South Pacific for three months on a Liberty Ship as Third Engineer. He was married on July 6, 1944. Congratulations and best wishes.

On August 17, 1944, "Scott Hanlin Anderson" made his appearance into this world for the first time. He is the son of B. H. Anderson, '38. Could he be a future C.M.A. man?

D. G. Burr gives the following plug: "From all appearances, (Continued on Page 20, Column 1)"

The Wolf

by Sansone



(Continued from Page 19)

the association seems to be going great." He is Chief Engineering Officer on an A.G.-45.

John Clague comes across with the following: Lt. Al Glendreau, '40, is now Executive Officer on a D.E. Lt. Stan Smullen, '40, is sailing as Chief Engineer, and Lt. Lee Hiltner, '41, is also Chief Engineer on a D.E. Lt. (jg) Joe Shreve, '40, is Engineering Officer on a transport.

Jack McDonald writes us that he ran into a graduate of '35 by the name of Steel, sailing as First Mate. Dick (Flickwir) Page was berthed next to him, and Steel, Dick, Jenness and himself had a bottle of beer together (three bottles, that is). Jenness and Jack are Third and Junior Third on a Victory and have been making out pretty well. Merle Clendenny is on a Tanker out of Pedro and is acting as Second. He asks us to give his regards to all the Pedro boys and to "Big and Little Griffith."

Drew Conklin is Second Mate on a Tanker, so stated Mac Fayden who visited the base on October 27, 1944.

Lt. Stanton Taggart and Frank Barnes, both of '35, are at Valjejo for awhile. They've been on active duty with the Navy since "Pearl Harbor" days.

Gordon Pollard, '35, a prisoner of the Japs since those first hectic weeks of the war, was reported well as of August this year. We wish that it were possible to communicate with him, but thus far the Nips have been "so sorry!"

You will probably recall the press release concerning one of Matson's "White Ships," which picked up some 2000 survivors of a sinking transport in the Mediterranean. It was accomplished with the ship under attack from the air and the Master was subsequently decorated. Well, the officer in immediate charge of the boats which did the almost impossible job of locating and picking up all those people was none other than Ernie Kettenhofer, '41. We think it was a perfect job under extremely hazardous conditions, and wish to congratulate "E. K." and his crews for their meritorious achievement.

Thomas Lewis and Gene Malcolm visited the ol' T.S.G.S. last month. They are Third and Assistant Third, respectively, on a "C" ship.

Walter L. H. Geldert, '42 (Eng) received his license as Chief Engineer while at a port in the Canal Zone. He has been sailing as a First Assistant Engineer on a turbo-electric tanker operating in the South Pacific war zones. He has been assigned to another tanker as Chief Engineer, the ship being operated by the American Republic Lines of Houston, Texas. (Thanks a million Mr. Geldert for sending us this information about your son.)

Dick Page is shipping as Third Mate with the American-Hawaiian Lines on one of their new Victory ships.

Fred Joy is Second Mate on an American-Hawaiian Victory ship. (The same one Page is Third on).

John M. Boyer, '39, is now a skipper on a Liberty. Captain Boyer is the youngest skipper, it is believed, in the history of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company. He has been with American-Hawaiian since his graduation in 1939.

Captain Boyer sailed from New York the day Germany and Italy declared war on the United States. He made Persia and India on that voyage. His ship was torpedoed off the coast of Florida in May, 1942, with a loss of seventeen men. Boyer and the rest of the crew were rescued by craft which set out from the Florida coast. Congratulations on your success, Captain Boyer!

Now look, little beauty, I think it's my duty
To tell you this stalemate can't last.
My liberty's fleeting and I'm overheating;
I've talked all I'm gonna of Buna and Gona.
I've showed you my ribbons and scars,
I've subsidized taxis from Reuben's and Maxie's,
I've taken you round to the bars.
Your curvulent chassis entices me, lassie,
So let's not encumber the plot,
With doubtful equations and pretty evasions.
DO YOU WANT TO RASSLE OR NOT?

THREE YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE—

By Naylor

November—December 1941

The 15th annual National Propellor Club convention was held in San Francisco—October 20th. ~~Handwritten note: Handwritten note: 1941 delegates being at the Fairmont Hotel. Cadets from C.M.A. participated in showing guests around the city and also attending the functions.~~

The laundryman made a confession—It's the acid he uses to clean the shirts and not his ironing that smashes the buttons! "IMA's" Advice to the Lovelorn column is still pouring out the consolation for the more unfortunate lads.

The Maritime Commission changes the name of the C. T. S. California State to the T. S. Golden State.

December 7th, 1941, the Day of Infamy. From this date on things begin to change for C.M.A. The class that would ordinarily have graduated in May of 1942, is scheduled to graduate in January of 1942 instead. Our creed, "Labore Pugnare Paratus Sumus" took on a grave meaning. (It is interesting to note that with this class was William McCaffrey, who is now one of the two youngest Masters in the United States. The two skippers are both from C.M.A., the second being Harlan Hall, Class of July, 1942).

The fishing Club comes through with this amazing bit of juggled statistics: In November one trip was taken and no fish were actually brought to gaff. Thus the average was .0000 per cent for that month. However, during the month of December, no trips were planned, contemplated, or completed. Thus we assume 1.0000 per cent as our December average. We, therefore, have a batting average of .5000 per cent—which is by far better than the New York Yanks have for this year! If conditions continue to be as favorable, we expect another sizable gain in our average next month. (Some figures, we'd say!)

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EDITOR, THE BINNACLE
CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY
CARQUINEZ STRAITS - - VALLEJO

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