



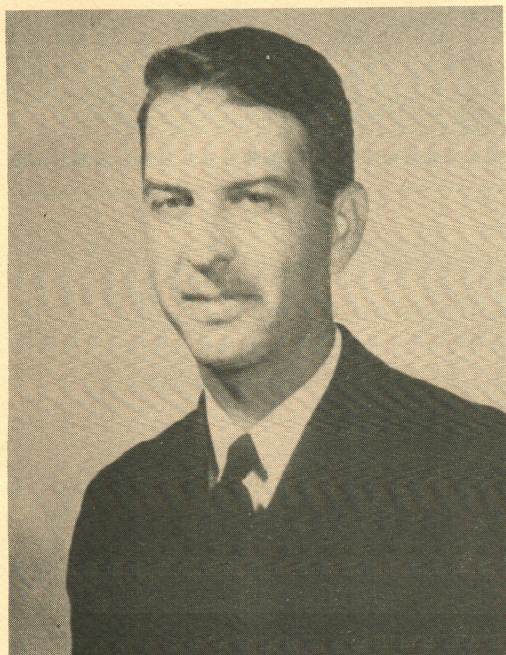
THE BINNACLE

Vol. 3, No. 2

CARQUINEZ STRAITS

February, 1945

MR. MILLER LEAVES



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER E. C. MILLER LEAVES

C.M.A. has lost one of its most respected and popular officers. After almost ten years of service as an instructor at the Academy, Lieut. Commander Edwin C. Miller is being transferred to sea duty with the U. S. Navy.

The following is a brief summary of some of his activities:

1929-31—Small Boats—motorboat operator—Santa Barbara High.

1931-34—California Nautical School (CMA)—Graduated Feb. 1934.

1934-Aug. '35—Grace Lines—Qm. and Third Officer—Inter-coastal and West Coast of S. A. run.

Aug. 1935—Present C.M.A. Instructor in small boats, practical seamanship, seamanship, navigation, cargo, construction, stability. First Lieutenant—Maintenance of hull, etc., during most of this period.

Having graduated from the Academy in February, 1934, Mr. Miller returned as an instructor a year and a half later. Since then his knowledge of good seamanship has been passed on to many midshipmen, and he has become an important part of Academy life. His unquestionable ability and the fact that he takes a keen personal interest in every man here has won for him the admiration of every midshipman who has come under Mr. Miller's influence. Calm and level-headed under any cir-

cumstances, he serves as an example to anyone who aspires to perfection.

Almost legendary has become his uncanny ability to thwart any possible "carelessness" by the midshipmen. It has been jokingly said of him that he has some supernatural power which enables him to walk through steel bulkheads unseen and unheard. Perhaps this claim exaggerates the truth a little, but few indeed are the midshipmen who have not sooner or later come to the conclusion that "You can't put anything over on Miller."

Mr. Miller's statement is as follows:

TO THE MIDSHIPMEN

It has been my pleasant duty, during the past nine years, to work with and instruct the Midshipman of C.M.A. in the science and art of their chosen profession. There have been many rough spots in the history of this interval, but always the corps has responded and overcome them to continue toward their goal of command on deck or in the engine-room at sea. Many have attained this honor, while the others are advancing rapidly on that course. I have watched their progress and taken considerable pride in the thought that I may have contributed in some way to the success of these men.

The future for you who are in training is very bright. Though not the miraculous days of command as experienced by some of the men of '42, it is definitely optimistic for all who have your background. Competition will be on the increase and your best weapon is the effort put forth NOW by each individual learning his job!

Cooperation and enthusiasm of the Midshipmen have been the most enjoyable factors in my association with C.M.A., while their success after graduation has been of greatest satisfaction!

Respectfully—E. C. MILLER

Mr. Miller's orders place him aboard a Navy cargo ship in the capacity of Executive Officer. As he leaves for his new post, he takes with him our undying gratitude for all he has given, and the sincere hope that he enjoys good luck and smooth sailing.

Z-MEN IS NEW NAME FOR UNITED STATES MERCHANT SEAMEN

Z-men is the new name for America's torpedo-and-bomb-defying merchant seamen.

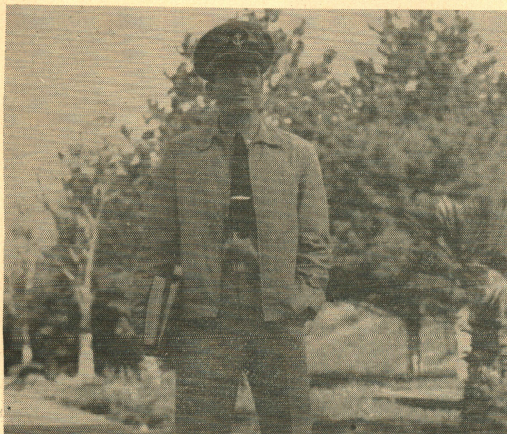
It was introduced for the first time just before Christmas when Bob Hope put on a special nationwide broadcast for the Merchant Marine and United Seamen's Service, a War Chest agency.

"Did you ever hear of Z-men?" asked the famous radio comedian as the program got under way aboard a Liberty ship at San Pedro.

"Sounds like a gag, doesn't it? Well, it isn't. Z-men are the guys without whom General 'Ike's' army and Admiral Nimitz' navy couldn't live. Five thousand seven hundred of them have died from enemy torpedoes, mines, bombs and bullets, before and since our zero hour at Pearl Harbor. That's a greater loss, in ratio to total strength, than similar casualties in the Army and Navy. Z-men are the men of the Merchant Marine."

Hope then explained that the name Z-men is based on the fact that most merchant seamen carry identification numbers prefixed by the letter Z. Throughout his broadcast he repeatedly referred to the men by the new term, which promises to achieve, as a Merchant Marine label, a popularity as widespread as that of "Seabees" for the Navy's Construction Battalion.

Budget allocations from the War Chest help maintain 125 recreation clubs, hotels and rest homes for these Z-men.



HOWARD R. ANNIN

PERSONOGRAPHY No. 1

INTRODUCING that suave, debonair, tall, dark and handsome HOWARD ANNIN! "Howie" took his first bow in the big little city of Pasadena January 4, 1926. Since then his "claim to fame" has risen steadily. In high school "Annie" made people sit up and take notice by being a two-year letterman in track. (This explains his ability to chase down the fairer sex.) His popularity earned him the office of Vice-President of the Senior Class at South Pasadena High. His high scholastic standing while attending South Pasadena netted him several honors and awards.

To prepare himself for an engineering career this enterprising young tinker enrolled as a math student at Occidental College in Los Angeles. After a short stay there (during which he pledged Sig Alpha) he was informed that he passed the entrance exam for the California Maritime Academy.

Ever since Howard entered C.M.A. he has been up in the top five of his class scholastically.

In his first class year he made the rank of First Class Petty Officer.

Upon graduation Howard would like to ship on a "C-2" turbine job, and maybe later go active duty with the Navy.

TWO YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE . . .

February, 1943—

G. W. Cowan was editor of The Binnacle.

Ensign W. Putman of the engineering staff left to become an engineering officer on a destroyer. Replacing him was Mr. R. L. Peck, a schoolship man who had been sailing with Moore-McCormick Lines.

Lt. Comdr. Bennett M. Dodson, former Executive Officer of C.M.A., was placed in charge of Navigation and Seamanship instruction at the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at King's Point, N. Y.

The good ship Golden State was ready to undergo her annual checkup. This took place at the General Engineering and Drydock Company in Alameda. The trip to the drydock was of special interest to the first and second class deckmen as arrangements were made for them to take a tour of the yard and observe general construction work.

Coming as a surprise to most of the Midshipman Corps was the marriage of Ensign L. H. Erickson to Miss Marilyn Firstenfield, at 2000, on the twenty-sixth day of December, 1942.

Slopshute kept things lively on the Schoolship with his antics while trying to hide from the duty officer, "Terror Tubbs," the Scourge of the Sleepers-in. (Editor's note: "The Terror" has since revived his famed title during the month of February, 1945, by catching a few of the "slower lads" sleeping-in. MIDSHIPMEN BEWARE!!

CMA's ORCHESTRA

Well it's here! . . . After many terms of constant trying, Mr. Brackett finally succeeded in convincing the faculty that a school orchestra would be more of a help than a hinderance. Thanks a lot Mr. Brackett for the fine work you have done in helping us get a start.

The orchestra is composed of nine Midshipmen, built around Doug Van Sicklen on the drums and Charlie Dunham playing tenor sax. Van really gets hot on those drums, while Charlie burns up the place with some of those terrific solos. One of the steadiest men on the crew, and another Henry King on the ivories is Bill Ezell. Working the slush pumps we have Dick Tobey who plays lead. (Dick has improved tremendously since practice started a few months ago).

Helping to make the brass section really loud are three of the best trumpeters this side of Harry James — Craig Swenson playing lead, and sending you into tantrums with his rendition of "Star Dust." His cohorts in noise making are Don Cohen and Rush Backer, both in there pitching all the time. On the other sax with Dunham is Wally Baitenger—it is revealed to us (on the sly) that Wally is the most improved man in the outfit—keep it up Wally.

Last but not least we have our vocalists. In this section we are by no means shorthanded. Marv Tripp and George Detweiler handle that department, and very well, too. Within the coming month Van's boys will make their first public appearance. It is being planned to have a bi-monthly "session" for the Midshipmen, but as yet no time has been set aside for it. Numbers such as "Nine Twenty Special," "Saint Louis Blues," "What a Difference a Day Makes," "Star Dust," and "Not so Quiet Please" are just a few of their selections.

PERSONOGRAPHY No. 2

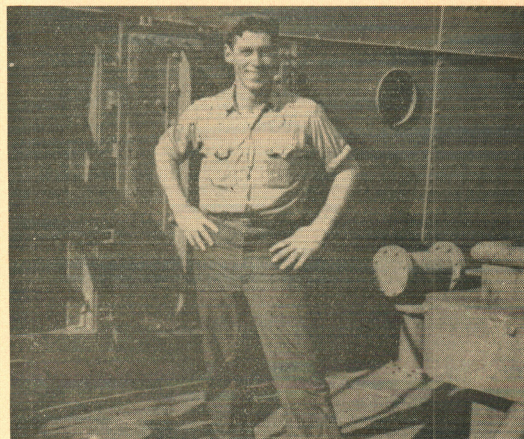
Here we have that rugged, muscular, indefatigable Midshipman Chief Engineer, FRANCIS JOSEPH COLEMAN, called affectionately by his comrades "Chief," "Ape," or "Tex."

"Tex" entered the picture deep in the heart of Texas on September 3, 1921, with a button set (the heavy kind) in one hand and an engineer's manual in the other. He claims Los Angeles as his old stamping grounds because he moved there at the tender age of seven months. (Francis' stamping marks may still be found in parts of Los Angeles).

Strictly an outdoor man, "The Ape" likes to play football and basketball, "Dogpatch" style. Any Midshipman will maintain that our Chief is hard to stop when he is on the move with the football. While at high school he made quite a record for himself playing football with the first string. His noteworthy muscular ability may be due in part to the fact that he has no vices.

Midshipman Coleman was one of the Second Class' main assets when the Second Class boat crew raced against the crews of the First and Third Classes at Stockton.

As an all-around practical engineer, Francis is hard to beat, and we know that when he graduates he will be a credit to the Academy and will rise quickly in his profession.



FRANK COLEMAN

GISMO

The "Little Beaver," Van Sicklen, wanting his cast off so that he can "turn-to." . . . Moeller is going to the dentist about a cavity in his chest. . . . Peyton finding some khakis that he considers too cheap to buy. . . . Coleman has met the "girl" of his dreams! She's a welder in Richmond and "she rolls her own." . . . Palmisano has become a member of the expeditionary force of the Mexican Patrol. . . . Overheard the other day at the mess table. Shooting the breeze about Hall being such a good photographer, one of the officers mused, "Do they call him Ace Hall?" . . . Word has it that Cree is hot for a trombone player over at Sweets. Tell us more. . . . Strahlendorf, the original Snafu. . . . Lawrence and his deadly animal kingdom foes besetting him at the Gate Sentry. . . . Gullikson telling Stacr, over a cup of coffee, about Dragon Tales in Ipswich by the Sea. . . . Detweiler at formation praising the slick chicks eligibility and their noteworthy capabilities. You mean to say that the little jewels are just waiting for US? . . . Dunham has a new interest in photography since that bust view came into his hands. . . . Lee and Barton; are your faces that red as a result of the sun or is it the after-effects of a rather carefree week-end? . . . We understand that CMA is blessed with a great lover of dogs. We won't mention any names, but his initials are Dick Naylor! (It seems that it happened on a recent Naylor-Hall celebration.) . . . Harrison painting his name on the back of sick-bay door. . . . Ralph Levin makes another score at Stanford. . . . The Robley Hall house mother now calls him by his first name. . . .

On the scene observers inform us that it was only a little twist of the oil pipe by Hatcher that turned the white bulkheads of the fireroom black. . . . In the way of social news, there is Merritt Nickerson, seen at the exclusive Claremont Hotel in Berkeley with—his mother. . . . Don Wilson is still standing an efficient watch during turn-to as Chief Watch Engineer of Lower Hold No. 4. . . . Has the fuel oil pump stopped, the pressure dropped to zero, the temperature risen right through the top of the thermometer and the oiler drunk, and the fireman asleep—or is that just Kollasch blowing smoke rings? . . . The southland planes leaving from Alameda Air Station don't consider the take-off official until they see Hadfield running across the field to find out if there is room for just one more passenger. . . . Barton was seen leaving the Lucky Market with two cops in hot pursuit. Ask him why? . . . The charms of Lake Merritt have carried away two more middies, namely Cree and Leavitt. . . . The Second Class is still awed by Marsh's sudden and unexpected haircut. . . . According to Depew and Shrader, Carquinez Heights holds considerable attractions. . . . We are still wondering how it was possible for Fiedler to "flub-the-dub" at the Sentry Gate. . . . Mr. Summerill: "The circumstances involved in the resulting penalty of \$100 and 20 days imprisonment might be worth it." . . . The sharp bugling of Amsberry has won wide acclaim. . . .

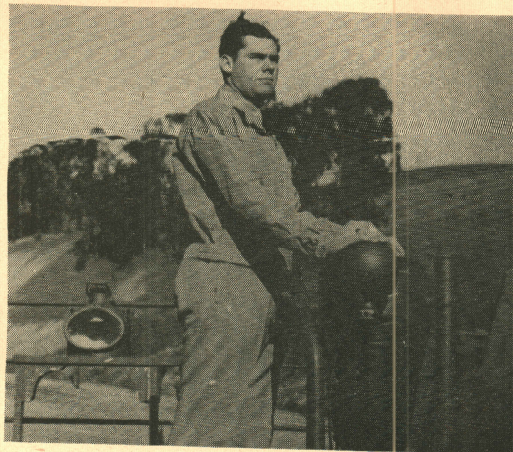
By the looks of the dark glasses, Cohen is either taking up motorcycling or planning a trip down Hollywood way. . . .

The physical culturist of rooms 46 and 48 are offering free instruction on body development to anyone who is interested. . . . Dazey's idea of comparing his favorite girl to our "Iron Mother" has backfired. . . . It seems that the letter found its way into the mails, much to his sorrow (now who could have done a thing like that?) . . . Understand that we have a new Midshipman at C.M.A.—Doctor Norman. . . . Dick Griffith in communications class: "Oh, did you say permit? I thought you said PERMIT!" . . . Speaking of the mail situation, you can always smell when Detweiler gets a letter! . . . Gullikson trying to instill a little army life into C.M.A. by reporting "BATTERY A, all present and accounted for, Sir." . . . Hall, always on the alert to make a little extra "lute," VOLUNTEERS to wash the "chief's" car for a dollar! (and did a good job, too. Next!) . . . M.O.O.D. Naylor jumping when Mr. Miller screams for a "messenger" in the office (must think he's still a swab?)

Now it can be told:

Overheard at the First Class stag dinner and farewell party for Lt. Commander Miller and Lt. Commander Rasch: Griffith coming back from the "powder room," seeing a hazy form in his chair, shouts: "Whoever stole my chair is a dead man." Mr. Rasch (sitting in the chair) eyes him coldly and remarks, "I hear you have a restriction next week-end, Mr. Griffith." . . . The waiter asking Hall, the oldest man at the table, for his ID card. . . . First Mr. Rasch and now Mr. Heron voting the girl on the door of No. 2 locker in room 69 as the most luscious looking creature he has seen on any door. (Editor's note: It is the young lady known as "Dottie"—Bill Bradley's girl.)

From the number of pictures appearing around the "Campus," we'd say that a Jo Stafford club was in formation. And, a J.F.S. leads the list (what's this we hear about forgets???)



ALFRED X. BAXTER

PERSONOGRAPHY No. 3

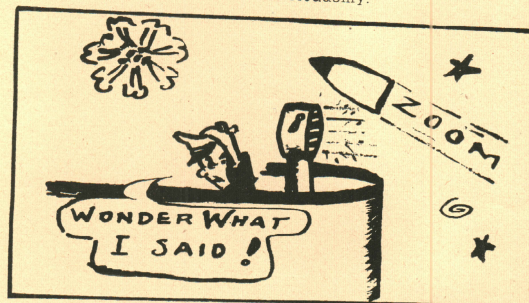
AL, ALFRED X. or XAVIER, as he is sometimes called, claims he was born in Yankee Stadium, July 22, 1925. He has attended Lake Forest Academy, and later Stanford, where he majored in dramatics.

Little known, as were the rest of his classmates, when he first came to the Academy that fateful 5th day of January 1944, Al soon gained public recognition. This was accomplished through his immortal recitations of "Mrs. Pettybone," and "Daniel in the Lion's Den," which were soon to be echoing through the barracks and classrooms. Hard-working Al literally single handedly wrote and organized the "swab smoker," which, it is said was one of the best in the history of the Academy. As club president, it was through Al's background and knowledge of photography that our Camera Club was organized and turned into a prosperous and growing concern. His other accomplishments are Photography Editor of The Binnacle, Editor of The Hawsepipe, and Cadet Librarian.

On sight, Al appears to be of the easy-going jovial type with a slight tendency to become frustrated upon finding himself in an embarrassing position. This is usually followed by a quick application of a large white handkerchief, a few scowls, and an inevitable quick comeback.

Al's main interests are horses, journalism, photography, dramatics, and girls. The latter takes up most of his liberty time, although he occasionally goes duck hunting or announces horse shows.

On graduation Al will probably enter the Navy. Regardless of the service he chooses, however, we all know he will make good and be a real credit to the Academy.



Scene in a San Francisco restaurant:

GI: "I think there's a fly in my soup."

Waitress: "Well, make sure," she replied, "'I can't be bothered with rumors."

SEA DUST

(These jokes are begged, borrowed, or stolen from any and all sources.)

Absent-minded salesgirl kissing her friend good-night: "Will that be all?"

A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon worn to keep an attraction from becoming a sensation.

Any girl can be gay in a classy coupe,
In a taxi they can be jolly;
But the girl worth while
Is the girl who can smile
When you take her home on the trolley.

We have learned of a cow
More athletic than motherly;
She hopped a barbed wire fence
And was destroyed—udderly.

Returning to camp one evening, a two-star general couldn't produce his identification, and the rookie on guard refused to let him pass. Exasperated, the general leaned forward pointing to the two stars on his shoulders and asked:
"Do you know what these mean?"
"Sure," popped the rookie, "you got two sons in the service."

Girl: "Here's your ring. I love someone else."
Robb: "Who is he?"
Girl: "You're not going to kill him?"
Robb: "Naw, I'm going to sell him the ring."

The Navy Department wired a battleship captain:
"Move heaven and earth; get her Friday."
A few days later the captain wired:
"Raised hell, arriving Thursday."

Gal: "How did you ever learn to kiss like that?"
Casey: "Siphoning gas."

One afternoon during turn-to, Palmisano was seen painting the following sign on the CMA truck:
"This truck stops at all RR crossings, redheads and brunettes and will back up 1/2 mile for a blonde."

Sign on a slot machine in the El Nido club:
"In case of an air raid, crawl under this machine, it's never been hit."

Mother: "Daughter, didn't I tell you not to let that strange man come over to your apartment last night? You know that things like that cause me to worry."
Daughter: "Don't be ridiculous, Mother. I went over to his apartment. Now let his mother worry."

A cute little lass approached the floorwalker and asked:
"Do you have notions on this floor?"
The floorwalker looked her over and then replied:
"Yes, madam, but we suppress them during working hours."

A fan dancer is a nudist with an auxiliary cooling system.

It is said of Washington, D. C. Give a man an inch and he'll rent it.

The best illustrated paper—a bank note.

MOBD: "Nevins, where've you been all morning?"
Nevins: "Filling the salt shakers, Mr. Baxter."
MOBD: "All this time?"
Nevins: "Yep, it ain't easy pouring salt through those little holes."

"Does your boy friend have ambitions?"
"My, yes, ever since he's been knee-high."

When Tobey was told his article was clear as mud, he replied: "Well that covers the ground anyway."

Rattray: "Is there much food value in dates?"
King: "That all depends on whom you make them with."

St. Peter was interviewing a fair damsel at the pearly gates.
"Did you, while on earth, indulge in necking, petting, drinking, or wild parties?"
"Never," she replied emphatically.
"Then why haven't you reported sooner; you've been dead a long time."

King Arthur: "I hear you've been misbehaving."
Knight of the Round Table: "In what manor, Sir?"

Lawrence: "How about a little kiss, girlie?"
Girl: "No, I have scruples."
Lawrence: "Well that's all right, I've been vaccinated."

Nickerson smiled at his girl friend and tenderly asked: "Do you object to necking?" "That's something I've never done," she murmured in wide-eyed innocence. "Never necked?" Nickerson asked in amazement. "No, never objected," she sighed coyly.

Depew: "Would you turn off the lights if we were on the davenport?"
Margie: "Of course not, you lazy thing."

"Humph! There's Brodsky's girl living up to her usual motto."
"What's that?"
"Never put off tomorrow what you can take off today."

There's a woman at the bottom of it, the farmer said when his wife fell into the well.

That finishes my tale said the cat as he backed into the lawnmower.

"You say the wedding went off without a hitch?"
"Yes, the bridegroom failed to show up"

Girl: "I'm telling you for the last time you can't kiss me."
Leavitt: "Fine! I knew you'd weaken sooner or later."

The Wolf

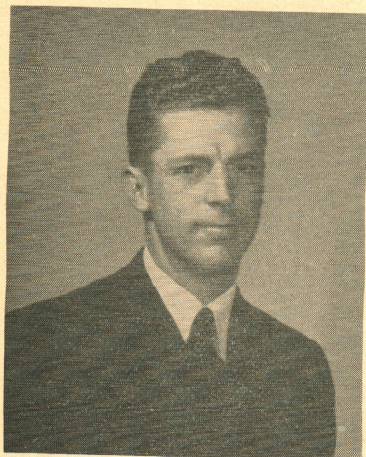
by Sansone

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"Oh... I'm terribly sorry! You put the accent on the wrong syllable!"

KNOW YOUR OFFICERS



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER CHESTER H. TUBBS

Mr. Tubbs was born in the town of Santa Paula, California, on October 2, 1910. Very definitely a "native son," he boasts four generations of California ancestry. Mr. Tubbs started his sea career early in life, shipping out during summer vacations to earn money for his schooling.

His opportunity to take advantage of a natural liking for the sea came eight years later, in 1935, when young "Chet" entered the California Nautical School. During his stay here he made a very excellent record for himself. His scholastic achievement was commendable, and this combined with his qualities of good leadership, won for him an appointment as Division Officer in his first class year.

After graduating, in September, 1938, Mr. Tubbs took employment with the American-Hawaiian Steamship Co., and remained with them until he returned to the Academy as an instructor in May, 1941.

At present a resident of Vallejo, Calif., Mr. Tubbs is a family man, being the proud father of two very lovely children, a son and a daughter.

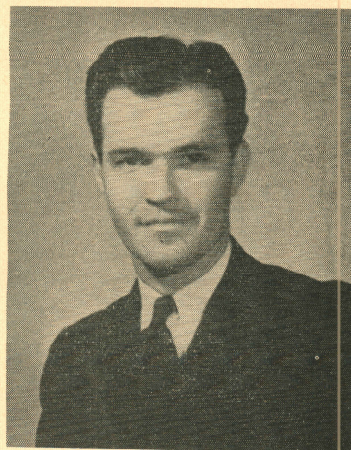
Here at the Academy Mr. Tubbs serves in the capacity of navigation instructor, and is the Chief Navigator of the T. S. Golden State. Since he took on this responsible task he has successfully guided eight classes of midshipmen through the complex (and sometimes painful) process of becoming proficient in the art of travelling the highways of the sea.

Certainly a more capable man could not have been chosen for the job, for Mr. Tubbs is considered by many to be one of the best navigators on the Pacific Coast. His successful record speaks for itself.

The deck midshipmen at C.M.A. feel the deepest appreciation for the expert coaching rendered by this fine officer, and sincerely hope that he will continue playing his important part in maintaining the high standards of nautical learning which are the tradition of the California Maritime Academy.

I do not mind the powder marks
You leave on my lapel
I don't object when cherry lips
Reveal our love too well
But oh my sweet I must record
In bold and seeping letters
My very strong antipathy
To white angora sweaters.

The trouble with the fellow who thinks he can read women like a book is that he is always forgetting his place.



LIEUTENANT JOHN F. SUMMERILL

On a summer day in August, 1917, John Summerill was born into this world, making the fair city of Los Angeles, Calif., his port of entry.

Before he was very old it became apparent to Jack that his desire for adventure would have to be satisfied. At the tender age of sixteen he began shipping out to the Orient during his summer vacations. He made several trips as an ordinary seaman with the Oceanic Oriental Lines.

On January 8, 1936, with considerable practical experience behind him, Mr. Summerill became a midshipman at the California Nautical School.

After establishing a fine record for himself here on the Schoolship, he again stepped into the active maritime world, armed with his diploma, his license, and a B.S. degree. During the four years that followed, Mr. Summerill rendered his sea-going services to American-Hawaiian and Richfield Oil.

In May, 1942, he returned to his alma mater (now renamed the California Maritime Academy) to serve in the capacity of instructor. Here at the Academy he has since been teaching Communications, Ship's Business, Admiralty Law, Meteorology, Laws Governing Marine Inspection, Cargo Handling, Boats, General Rules and Regulations, and Tankers.

While this in itself seems like a schedule that would keep any instructor busy, Mr. Summerill has also taken over most of Lt. Comdr. Miller's classes since that officer's detachment from the Academy a few weeks ago.

This very definitely makes Mr. Summerill one of the busiest officers on the base, and he is certainly to be commended for the manner in which he is handling this situation in spite of the numerous problems involved. The effects of a temporary shortage of officers in the deck department are being curbed mainly by his efforts, and The Binnacle staff wishes to congratulate Lt. Summerill on a difficult job being well done.

Girls when they swim
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard
Now they have a bolder whim
And dress more like her cupboard.

* * *

Swab, walking into office:

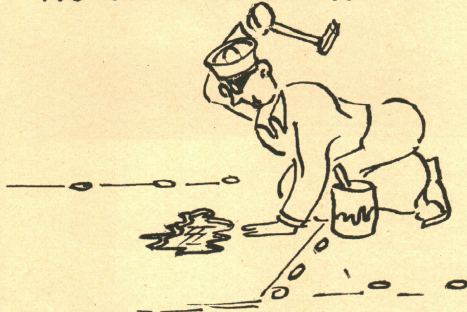
"Gimme that old pep talk again, I'm getting kinda discouraged."

* * *

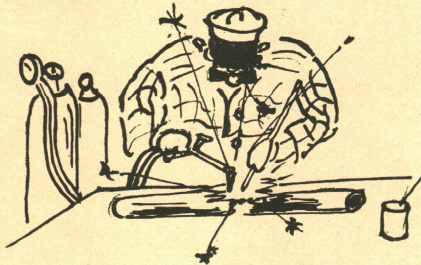
Mr. Tubbs: Assignment for tomorrow, "Timid Virgins Make Dull Companions."

SAFETY HINTS

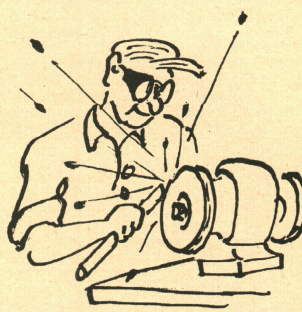
IT'S WORTH TAKING A FEW



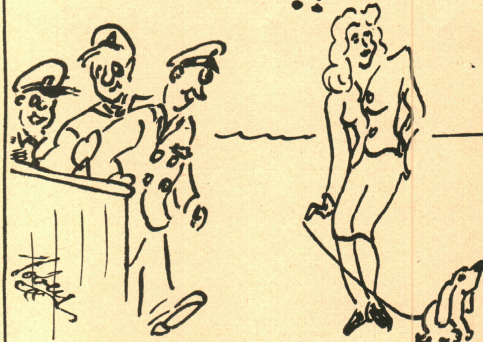
ONE CAN APPRECIATE



... PRECAUTIONS ... SO THAT



... THE FINER THINGS OF LIFE !!



Protect Your Eyes — Wear Goggles

In all shops, factories, and bosun's lockers, goggles are standard equipment. Protect one of your most valuable assets—THE EYES.

DON'T chip or scrape without goggles or a shield.

DON'T grind or buff without goggles.

DON'T do high speed lathe work without eye protection.

Have a sufficient supply of goggles and shields available.

Keep goggles and shields CLEAN.

The foremost objection to wearing eye protection is that it is usually dirty, chipped, broken or the elastic is worn out; it is good insurance to keep eye protection equipment in ship-shape condition.

SPORTS SPASMS

By Van an' Irv

C.M.A. sports have finally come to the stage where there is something to write about besides what is planned for the future. The basketball season is off to a fine start with the Deck and Engineering of the various classes fighting it out for the school championship.

To this date, the Second Class Deck seems to have "THE" team of the Academy. This team is sparkled by the brilliant playing of such stars as Baitenger, center; Corlett and Love, forwards, and Miller and Dickenson, guards. Although Baitenger seems to be the most outstanding, Bud Corlett and Miller are also strong backers.

The toughest opposition given to this smooth-working quint was the Third Class Deck. This is another very smooth team. The stars of the lower class were Welch, who played for the Cal Frosh just previous to entering C.M.A., and Kotelnikoff, whose record has not followed him as did Welch's, but whose superb playing against the favored Second Class won't be forgotten for awhile. Then there is Richardson, who, in the opinion of several ardent basketball fans, is the most outstanding player in the school. He has an eagle eye and a ball handling technique that hasn't been equalled on the local courts for quite some time.

Of course these men would not have been so flashy if it had not been for the support of Williams and Brown and a couple of other third classmen whose sturdy teamwork did much to hold the Second Class to a 27 to 25 score.

It seems that most of this column is to be taken up by the lower classes. Well that is true. Why? Because the First Class just hasn't gotten off of their well-known "rusty dusty" yet. When it comes to sports, the First Class isn't where it ought to be. The First Class Deck had to default to the Second Class because there weren't even enough First Classmen to make up a team. What's the matter? Remember you guys, that last "First" class were a bunch of "sack artists" ALSO and you all know where some of them ended. Let's get on the ball and get out to athletics—get some spirit into the class. You may think that you are really shot, but after a couple of months in your sack, you won't be able to move. The lower classes are really holding up the Sports program and they are all interested in it. If the Upper class would only get going, they could really give some competition. How about it?

The date of the cruise is coming up fast. The Second Class is training to beat all comers INCLUDING the First Class. That race is going to be good.

"Before they were married she called him the light of her life!"
"And now the light goes out every night!"

Dancing—A naval engagement involving the loss of no seamen.

Unto the hat the girdle said,
Proceed my darling dear
While you, sweet hat, go on ahead
I shall bring up the rear.

Beneath this sod an iceman lays,
They brought him here today,
He lived the life of Riley
While Riley was away.

A librarian sent out a card for an overdue book to a GI and received this reply: "Soldier AWOL." Title of the book: "Farewell to Arms."

As I was walking bi
I stopped to see a lovely thi
And as I peeked a little hi
Something hit me in the i.

Then there's the bachelor who was thrown out of his apartment when the landlady heard him drop his shoes on the floor twice.

Virtue—just the lack of opportunity.

First Wave: "I said some very foolish things to Tom last night."

Second Wave: "Yes?"

First Wave: "That was one of them."



Any Seconds on Cheese, Looie?

"Oh yes," said the pilot of the river steamboat, "I've been a pilot on this river so long that I know where every stump is." Just then the boat struck a stump which shook it from stem to stern.

"There," he continued, "that's one of them now."

Papa Gnu came home and Mama Gnu said to him, "I've got Gnus for you."

Who comforts me in the moments of despair?
Who runs fingers lightly through my hair?
Who cooks my meals, darns my hose?
Squeezes drops into my nose?
Who always has a word of praise?
Sets out my rubbers on rainy days?
Who cheers me up when I'm depressed?
Makes sure that all my clothes are pressed?
Who scrubs my back when in the shower?
And wakes me up at the proper hour?
Who figures in my every dream?
I DO MYSELF.

Fashion Note: The most popular shades this winter will be the ones left up in the gal's bedroom window.

He had sworn to be a bachelor
She had sworn to be a bride
But I guess you know the answer
She had nature on her side.

Stalemate—a wife you're tired of.

A nut at the wheel
A peach on his right
A curve in the road
Fruit salad tonight

KNOW YOUR FELLOW ALUMNUS

Allen's Press Clipping Bureau has been helping us by sending us clippings regarding former graduates of the California Maritime Academy. The following items are from that source:

Kenneth Allan Hulme, son of Allan K. Hulme, vice-president of the General Steamship Corp., has been promoted to chief officer on a troopship operating in the South Pacific, under the Mississippi Shipping Company's flag. A graduate of the C.M.A. in 1942, he has made a number of trips to the South Pacific as second officer on different vessels of the Mississippi Shipping Company.

* * *

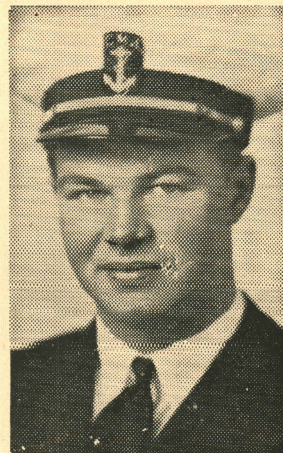
Lt. Martin M. Gregory, U.S.N.R., recently left for sea duty. He wife resides in Pasadena. The Naval Reserve officer was graduated from Wilson High School in 1931 and from C.M.A. in 1933. He served on several ships of the Merchant Marine from 1933 to 1936, when he came ashore to work at the Southern California Gas Company plant in Los Angeles. In 1941, he received his commission in the Naval Reserve and was assigned to Mare Island Navy Yard where he served as ship superintendent until 1943, when he was sent to the Bureau of Ships, Washington, D. C. A month later he was assigned to a ship as assistant engineer officer.

* * *

Capt. Raymond P. Calou, 24, of Oakland, is one of the youngest merchant marine skippers afloat. From sailboats on Lake Merritt to command of a ship in the Pacific is quite a spread of canvas for any boy to make in 10 years but Raymond Calou did it. Calou is taking over his ship, a Grace Liner, and soon will be back on the high seas with a crew almost to a man older than the captain. When only 14, he started building sailboats and trying them out on the lake. That he knew what he was doing was proved when he sold his first creation for \$16.00 and one of the last boats he built returned him \$40.00. Immediately upon his graduation from Oakland High School he started training at the California Maritime Academy in Marin County and graduated three years later, on May 5, 1941—his 21st birthday, as a third mate.

Calou was on his first real trip when World War II broke out, catching him on a Grace Liner returning from South America. The crew worked around the clock putting war paint on the ship as she steamed north under emergency blackout conditions. From then the youthful officer's career as a merchant mariner took on a new character. He worked harder for advancement and won his first mate's papers a year and a half ago. Calou has served for nearly a year as first mate, running to England, Africa, Alaska and the South Pacific. His ship took some of the first cargo to Casablanca after the invasion of North Africa.

He was married on October 16, 1942, to Miss Jane Rea, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Rea, and a high school classmate. Their daughter Diane, 1, is staying with the captain's mother at their home at 750 Trestle Glen Road while her mother sews the new stripes on her daddy's sleeves and he picks up his first command.



LT. WALTER GELBERT

Another C.M.A. graduate who has distinguished himself in the Merchant Marine is the young man pictured above. His achievement, as was printed in the last issue of The Binnacle, is the holding of the license of Chief Engineer at the age of 21.

One day a lifeboat crew returned empty-handed from a search for a man who had fallen overboard. General Muster was called and everybody answered 'Here' when his name was called. The mystery deepened.

Finally an embarrassed sailor reported to his superior: "Please Sir, I think the man overboard must have been me. I did fall overboard but grabbed the anchor chain as the current swept me past and managed to climb aboard again."

"Why didn't you report to me at once?"

"Well, you see sir," said the sailor brightly, "I would have but I was on duty with the lifeboat crew and as soon as I got aboard the P.A. called for us to go out and search for a man Overboard."

BUY WAR BONDS

Male Call

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



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PERSONOGRAPHY PAGE



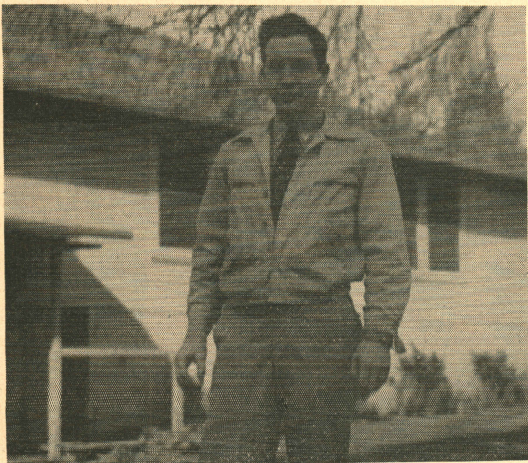
DONALD M. DEPEW

PERSONOGRAPHY No. 4

"The Turtle is my name." One year ago today if NEIL M. COOK were asked his name, and he was asked many times, he would answer with a slight crack in his low-toned voice. Neil was really adept at "sounding off" too; it has been proclaimed that the illustrious Neil was the best "Turtle" ever.

This quiet engineer was brought into this happy world of wine, women and song on the 13th day of January, way back in 1926. His arrival brought out the Mayor and city council of Martinez. They were said to have exclaimed, "It's not fair to humanity," or something to that effect. From that happy and joyous day 'til he left for the armed forces — C.M.A. — "The Turtle" crawled, waddled, walked, and ran around Martinez, leaving only occasionally for a summer sojourn, but never crossing the state line. Neil spent his high school days wooing the girls at Alhambra High, where he attained great heights—in academics, too. Neil claims he is a woman hater, but we think this is just so much of his Irish malarkey. What about it, Neil????

Like most Midshipmen at C.M.A., Neil's life ambition has always been to go to sea. His abilities, as shown to his shipmates, leave us with the firm conclusion that Neil will have a successful life at sea, and will no doubt obtain his chief's papers in the shortest possible time. You're OK, Turtle. Good Luck and smooth sailing!



CHARLES DUNHAM

PERSONOGRAPHY No. 5

What a terrific shock it must have been on that cold, dismal 30th day of January, 1926, when the Hollywood Express dropped our hero, DONALD MAYO DEPEW, into the Depew home in Hollywood, California.

De Stinky, as our 6'3" blonde, blue-eyed friend has been nicknamed here at the Academy, attended Hoover High School in Glendale. Upon graduation he left home and traveled all over the state, working on a Geophysical Survey Party. After quickly tiring of this job he decided to follow the sea as a profession, so he proceeded to C.M.A. where he is now a mighty First Classman—his only remaining tie with Glendale being a cute little blonde named "Margie."

"Liberty Hound Don," as they call him, chose the Deck Dept. at C.M.A., giving as his chief reason his love of the wide-open spaces.

His main likes are convertibles, four-day liberties, tennis, and Margie. Being an agreeable sort of fellow his only dislikes are crowds and crowded places. (Claustrophobia they call it where we come from).

De Stinky's greatest ambition is sooner or later to become master of his own ship. He plans to follow the sea for ten or fifteen years and then retire to a "Gentleman's" ranch and sleep (as he does here all the time) to his heart's desire.

We wish him smooth sailing and Good Luck from here on in.



NEIL M. COOK

PERSONOGRAPHY No. 6

We introduce CHARLES BISHOP DUNHAM, that dashing and resourceful engineer who hails from Vallejo.

Music being his principal hobby, Bishop plays a mean saxophone and a wicked clarinet with the Academy orchestra. He may be seen and especially heard, any week-day afternoon grinding out jive on his sax. Before entering the Academy he played saxophone professionally with various orchestras and even at one time had his own orchestra.

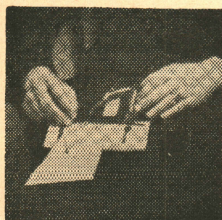
One of Charlie's few vices is propensity for collecting pictures of "pin-up" girls. It is his proud boast (and all the Midshipmen agree) that he has the finest collection of "pin-up" girl pictures at C.M.A. He has often been seen haggling and bartering with other Midshipmen for more precious pictures.

Chosen as "B" Division cadet officer for his first class term, he is very conscientious about carefully carrying out his duties. Proud of his division, C.B.D. maintains that "B" Division is consistently one of the smartest ones at drill.

His happy, carefree bachelor days numbered, Midshipman Dunham plans to marry a certain girl shortly after his graduation.

Here's wishing a successful future on the sea of matrimony as well for one of our best engineers.

ENGINE SERIES No. 15

'SEA - KNOWS'
THERMOMETER

There are three thermometer scales in general use and when a temperature is recorded the name of the scale is usually given. For various reasons it is at times necessary to convert the readings by one thermometer scale into that of another.

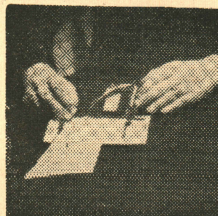
The Fahrenheit Scale is divided into 180 equal parts called degrees, between the freezing point and boiling point of water. From 32 degrees below the freezing point which is zero, the degrees are counted to 212 degrees more. The same scale is extended any convenient number of degrees below the zero.

The Centigrade Scale is divided into 100 equal parts between the freezing and boiling points, the freezing point being the zero from which the degrees are read each way.

(Continued in Series No. 16)

REPRINTED THROUGH THE SOLE COURTESY OF THE
AMERICAN-HAWAIIAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

ENGINE SERIES No. 16

'SEA - KNOWS'
THERMOMETER

(Continued)

The Reaumur Scale is similar to the Centigrade, except that it is divided into 80 equal parts between the freezing and boiling points.

By the following rules the reading of any thermometer scale may be converted into that of another:

Fahrenheit to Centigrade =	Degrees Fahrenheit — 32°	X 5
	9	
Fahrenheit to Reaumur =	Degrees Fahrenheit — 32°	X 4
	9	
Centigrade to Fahrenheit =	Degrees Centigrade	X 9 + 32°
	5	
Reaumur to Fahrenheit =	Degrees Reaumur	X 9 + 32°
	4	
Centigrade to Reaumur =	Degrees Centigrade	X 4
	5	

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DECK SERIES No. 15



'SEA - KNOWS'

FIRE

Fire precautions prevent fires.

Modern fire detection devices have been developed to a great degree of efficiency, but, it must be remembered — they are mechanical and may fail.

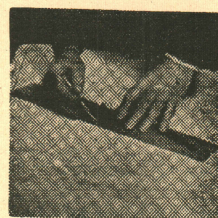
To promote greatest safety, frequent inspection of all compartments should be made.

Before entering a compartment, be on alert for poisonous gases, which no fire detection device would indicate. If in doubt, wear an approved type of gas mask.

Be guided by your sense of smell. If you detect any unusual odors—investigate!

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DECK SERIES No. 16



'SEA - KNOWS'

DUTY TO CARGO

"Duty to Cargo" should be the watchword of every ship's officer.

Knowing where cargo is stowed on a vessel is as important as how the cargo is stowed, therefore an accurate cargo plan should be kept.

Personal attention should

be given to dangerous as well as delicate cargo to see that careful and proper stowage is attained.

Always inspect any broken packages for damage to contents, as hidden damage is a great source of trouble to ship's officers.

Know that the vessel's cargo compartments are in a clean and ready condition before loading any cargo, and also take into consideration the trim and stability of your vessel and the nature of the various types of cargo when loading your ship.

Be familiar with the use of dunnage and the methods of shoring and securing cargo.

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NOTES FROM THE MARITIME WORLD

NOTHING SIGHTED TODAY

This is a story from life—of American men doing the task assigned to them in America's war.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 5. (AP)—Forty-seven men who wandered 32 days at sea, after the submarine which torpedoed their vessel on June 27 gave them false information about the nearest land, finally reached an East Coast port, the Navy disclosed tonight.

They were survivors of the second United States ship whose loss was officially announced during the day.

By authority of the Navy Department permission is given to identify the above-mentioned ship as "a Weyerhaeuser Steamship Company vessel." Except for omission of geographical names and some minor deletions the log kept by the survivors is presented on the following pages as originally written. All text was submitted to the Navy Department before publication.

Saturday, June 27th, 1942

3:52 P. M. in Lat.—Lo.—

Vessel attacked by submarine firing two torpedoes into No. 4 and No. 5 port side. Immediately stern in underwater. Vessel sinking stern first at 45° angle. Explosion blows tanks stowed on No. 4 into the air, hatches and tarpaulins following, water forced out of No. 4 and No. 5 cargo ventilators as stern settled, gave orders to abandon ship, managed to launch starboard lifeboat and four rafts from rigging.

These rafts were so rigged that the two forward ones could be launched by getting from bridge and two after rafts from after end of boat deck; an attempt was made to launch port lifeboat. This failed when boat was caught by suction into port side of ship, filling with water and going down with ship. Water over engine room skylights, no one in sight.

Master jumped from starboard side, from top of gangway, caught in suction from starboard across to port, fouling in smokestack stays, considerable lumber from cases, catwalk hatch covers, etc. Also in suction at smokestack. Master managed to get free from stay, but unable to get clear of suction and debris and again fouled jumbo stay and wireless aerial at fore topmast going down again, finally getting free, life jacket bringing master to surface.

All trace of ship gone excepting for debris. Life boat picking up survivors, finally picked up master. Some survivors had swam to rafts and climbed aboard.

A continued search made till 8:00 P. M. for any more survivors in and out among debris and vicinity of sinking. At 8:00 P. M. all four rafts gathered and left position of sinking, setting a WSW course, setting sails of No. 1 lifeboat and towing four rafts. Intend to abandon one or two rafts tomorrow after taking off water and provisions.

On final check of survivors found the following crew members missing: E. McKenzie, steward — last seen on main deck with life jacket on; Balio Paleragas, 3rd Asst. Engineer — last seen in swamped life boat but on there when master left—life jacket on; Adam Morris, oiler—reported to have been in messroom; James Burke, fireman—reported to have been in messroom; Hugh Kilpatrick, wiper—reported to have been in messroom; Stanley Fisher, OS—believed he was killed at No. 4—total of above—six missing.

Since a thorough search for four hours made and darkness coming on all hope is given up for these men. The missing who were in messroom was watch going on duty, believe force of explosion and torpedo into No. 4 either trapped these men or they were killed in messroom.

On checking the 49 survivors, which includes 16 of gun crew, found that only Master, deck engineer, Delatorres, and Harrison, carpenter, suffered injuries: (Personal Master's notes on self and carpt. and deck engineer).

The deck engineer's leg is swollen badly at knee and below knee. I am in stern sheets and unable to go forward to personally examine Delatorres' leg, from description of 1st Mate Larsen, it is possible that the leg is fractured, but if so, it is a simple fracture and since there is considerable swelling, will not be able to attempt setting fracture till swelling has gone down. There is no doubt that Delatorres is having severe pains.

Harrison, carpenter, has a severe gash above left eye—should be stitched, have no catgut in first aid equipment, but will try to draw together with adhesive tape at daylight tomorrow.

My personal injuries sustained when foul of smokestack stays caused by debris in suction, pounding against right ribs; believe that there is one broken rib, entire right side, right chest and right side of back has severe pain in breathing or to move body believe that rib slightly punctured right lung since there has been no more bleeding from mouth since being picked up by boat or possibly bleeding was caused from water pressure while under surface. At the smoke stack on foretop right trouser leg, and foot, right leg was only a numb feeling, but where skin is not scraped is black, yellow and blue swelling considerable at instep calf, knee and thigh to hip, right ribs skin turning black and blue.

If it becomes necessary for me to give up command, Mr. Larsen has been informed of position, the course to—, my plans concerning abandon of rafts. Although we have no chart or instruments to check our progress only a 2" compass which right now is showing 8 points or 90 degrees of deviation, he will get there if not rescued before.

For future records, have questioned men who were on raft when submarine surfaced approached their raft questions asked by commander of sub:

Where is your Captain?

What was ship's name?

Nature of cargo?

Where from and where bound?

What guns carried?

Sunday, June 28th, 2nd day

Weather ESE—Moderate breeze and sea—true course WSW.

Rations of Pemican 1/2 tin per man, cracker, piece of chocolate, 6 oz. water, issued twice in life boat, one raft abandoned, men shifted to other rafts, provisions taken off, also flares and equipment. Delatorres' leg swollen badly. Carpenter's eye about same dressed flesh drawn together. Master's condition about same. Some increase in swelling of right leg. Pains in ribs no worse.

Monday, June 29th, 3rd day

Weather ESE. Wind force 4 mod. E'ly.

Sea, occasion rain squalls increasing swells. Steering SSW by compass, making approx. WSW true.

Rations issued at 8:00 A. M., also at 5:00 P. M.

Injured show slight improvement.

Want to drop another raft, swells running little high to make attempt today. Nothing sighted today.

Tuesday, June 30th, 4th day

Weather—fresh to strong East wind—Rough ESE sea and large swells. In spite of weather, must transfer men from No. 3 raft as same is floating deep, tanks must be leaking.

11:00 A. M. Transferred men from No. 3 raft to boat—30 men now in boat, 10 on No. 1 raft, 9 on No. 2 raft.

Found that men on No. 2 raft not obeying my orders as to rationing. Nothing sighted.

Wednesday, July 1st, 5th day

Weather—moderate to fresh NE wind. Wind has moderated but sea has increased from NE with large swells from SE, life boat shipping seas over weather gunwale and pooping occasional sea. Necessary to pump and bail continuously, passing rain squalls, course steered by compass SW.

Thursday, July 2nd, 6th day

Moderate to rough ENE sea—wind ENE 5-6. Boat shipping continuous seas—bailing and pumping continuously. Course steer SW x W.

Friday, July 3rd, 7th day

Weather moderating—wind East 4 long Ely swell.

Injured improving. Delatorres' leg swelling going down. Harrison's cut eye healing nicely. Master's right side easier not so much pain when breathing, only severe pain when moving body, right leg setting gone down some except at inside thigh leg feels numb. Massaging with oil, sunburnt on account of exposure.

Saturday, July 4th, 8th day

Weather—Fresh E'ly wind—sea moderate.

John Celian, fireman, acting queer—towards daybreak, wild

look in eyes, possibly affected by sunstroke yesterday. Men unable to hold Celian, he jumped overboard, water had cooling effect, down sail, brought him back in boat, continuous watch set to watch him. Last of kerosene oil put in lantern, will have to run with no light tomorrow night. Wind and sea increasing. Nothing sighted today. Course SW.

Sunday, July 5th, 9th day

Moderate to fresh East wind—sea choppy, large E'ly swells. 3:00 A. M. Tow line from boat to No. 1 raft parted, downed sails shipped oars proceeded to pick up rafts, shipping water continuously. No trouble from Celian. Delatorres' leg still swollen believe that his leg is broken will have to wait till swelling goes down. Carpenter's eye healed clean. Master's leg healing fine, only knee and thigh still swollen with a feeling of numbness from knee to hip. Not much pain only when standing. Ribs easier still bruised badly, believe that no ribs are fractured.

Nothing sighted—course SW.

Monday, July 6th, 10th day

3:30 A. M. Sighted red sails to east heading for our boat. 6:00 A. M. Spoke to life boat—a Holland flag displayed by one man in stern. Captain or Officer spoke to me in English. Asked name of our ship, informed us that the nearest land is 100 miles SWxW. Magnetic, this distance must be in error. He promised to report me on his arrival, noted that none had beard of over one or two days growth of beard. Their boat was large, a sixty person boat at least rigged with jibs and flying jibs, a gaff main sail and top sail making at least five knots. SW course continued.

Tuesday, July 7th, 11th day

O'cast passing rain, squalls—hazy horizon, sail rigged for catching rain water. The water caught so far has been red from dye in mainsail, drinking water getting low — water rations cut to 4 oz. twice a day. Pemican rations cut to 1 can to four men, crackers and chocolate running low. Course SW—nothing sighted.

Wednesday, July 8th, 12th day

1:00 A. M.—Heavy large swells. Rough seas, considerable water breaking over, men kept pumping and bailing all night —morale low. 6:00 A. M.—Wind and seas moderating. A spirit breaking night has been experienced by all. John Miller, OS, bitten on left arm by shark — has badly lacerated arm, first aid rendered. Reduced rations issued, 4 oz. of water issued twice. SW course continued.

Thursday, July 9th, 13th day

Weather ENE—3 to 4—Mod. NE sea—course SW. Nothing sighted today.

Friday, July 10th, 14th day

Men proposed that I leave 10 men, all volunteers on one raft while attempts to make quicker landing and send help back to them. Since I believe that several days might pass before we get help, overruled idea but intend to abandon one more raft when sea moderates. Caught 3 gallons of water. Course SW x W, nothing sighted.

Saturday, July 11th, 15th day

Weather—Lt. E'ly breeze—small NE swell—transferred Lt. Lybran and 9 men from No. 1 raft to boat—total in boat 40. Scant rations left on raft taken on boat—last of Pemican issued today. Miller, OS, arm laceration healing found that Miller is drinking considerable in spite of repeated warnings, several of the men are drinking salt water. Course SW x W—no rain water caught today.

Sunday, July 12th, 16th day

Weather—NE 2—small sea—wind moderating light airs. Chocolate rationed to 1/2 tablet, 2 oz. water issued twice today. No rain water caught today. SW x W course continued.

Monday, July 13th, 17th day

Weather—NE 3—small NE sea. Very hot. All men are badly sunburned some blistered. Several men in both ships' crew and gun crew showing signs of hysteria. All cases of sunburn oiled with vegetable oil and men advised to massage themselves with massage oil. Few fish caught and cleaned, men eating same raw, drinking water low again 2 oz. only issued today, 1/2 oz. malted milk tablets issued each man. Prospects of squalls tonight. Nothing sight today—course SW x W.

Wednesday, July 15th, 19th day

Weather—hot, light ENE airs—small following sea. Believe that we are close to Islands expect to reach land now at any time. Transferred balance of men from remaining raft making total of 49 men in life boat, but don't expect to be more than one day making land or possible rescue by patrol. Dalby (radio operator) refuses to leave raft, he was forcibly taken from raft and relieved of hatchet. Caught little water today, 6 oz. of water per man today. Nothing sighted. Course SW x W. Men followed practice of Master and began eating berries from seaweed large patches of it drifting by.

Thursday, July 16th, 20th day

Light NE airs small following sea. A total of 3 oz. of water per man today. Last of malted milk tablets issued today. Nothing sighted today. Men getting restless, morale low. Course WSW.

Friday, July 17th, 21st day

Weather—NE 2 sea small E'ly swell. John Miller, OS, raving with fever and had to use force to stop him from drinking cups of salt sea water. Gave him extra ration of drinking water later. It was also reported that he drank massaging oil. Caught 5 gals. of water during heavy rain squall. 4 oz. per man issued. Some caught and ate a few fish raw. Most are eating seaweed. Nothing sighted. Course SW x W.

Saturday, July 18th, 22nd day

John Miller, OS, in coma, pulse very low. Ruggles of gun crew has attack of appendix. Cool water applications applied. Weather—East 2. Sea small. Course West true. Nothing sighted, but heard plane motor today. Total 6 oz. of water today.

Sunday, July 19th, 23rd day

5:00 A. M.—John Miller, OS, died.
6:30 A. M.—Simple prayer service and Miller committed to the sea.
8:05 A. M.—Heard and saw plane flying high from west to east.
1:35 P. M.—Saw 2nd plane going east from west.
3:10 P. M.—Third plane sighted high overhead.
4:00 P. M.—Down sail, gave men 15 minutes to dip and bathe overside.
Course WSW—4 oz. of water per man today. None caught.

Monday, July 20th, 24th day

Lt. E'ly airs and calm sea.
7:25 A. M.—Several planes passed overhead first at 7:25 A. M. None indicated that we were seen.
9:30 A. M.—All planes seem to be heading from and to a bearing WNW from us.
11:00 A. M.—Down sail while men dip and bathe overside.
4:37 P. M.—Plane passed from east to west over us. Believe that plane sighted life boat and flashed us with signal lamp. Down sail, men bathe overside. No squalls today. No drinking water since morning. 2 oz. issued then. Course West true.

Tuesday, July 21st, 25th day

1:00 A. M.—Plane passed overhead going west from east. Sent 2 rockets up and burnt one flare.
7:00 A. M.—Plane passed overhead heading SW. Weather light. E'ly airs—sea smooth. Not making any headway. No drinking water yet today.
Clouds forming in the east. Men catching seaweed, munching same.
9:00 A. M.—Down sails while men bathe over side. These baths are a big help and are worth 2 oz. of drinking water as the body absorbs water through the pores. This is proving to be a fact. Sun is hot today, not a sign of wind.
12:00 Noon—Down sail—15 minutes dip for men. All hands over. Those who are too weak to help themselves over gun-wale are lifted over and same assisted back aboard.
3:00 P. M.—Down sail and bathing repeated. Calm smooth sea. Temp 90 to 100 degrees.
7:00 P. M.—Clouds cleared no signs of squalls now. No water today.

Day ends calm, making no headway.

Wednesday, July 22nd, 26th day

Day comes in calm and smooth. A restless night for all, several times arguments flared up. Necessary to take more drastic measures. Quite a few are showing signs of weakening. Parson, 2nd cook, has been failing for several days. Saw or heard no planes during night.

9:00 A. M.—15 minutes dip overside for men. Noon—several sharks around boat. No bathing at noon.

3:00 P. M.—Sharks following boat.

4:00 P. M.—Light breeze from east, begin making headway.

5:40 P. M.—Raised land dead ahead.

8:40 P. M.—Landed on shore, touched on scattered rocks and reef, few dents in way of bilges, boat not leaking. Made landing on eastern side of island.

Men on getting ashore unable to stand or walk. All had dizzy spells which passed in about half an hour but none able to walk without staggering. Most were content to lay still on sand beach. A fire was started and kept burning all night. Fire started with signal flare. Matches gone several days ago. Captain and Mate climb to top of ridge. No village or sign of inhabitants. Walked only short distance but found no water. Bright moonlight. All hands get around fire for the night. From leaving ship to landing: 25 days, 4 hours, 40 minutes.

Thursday, July 23rd, 27th day

6:00 A. M.—From a daylight observation from top of ridge can see no signs of inhabitants. Only evidence of ponies or donkeys and goats foot prints of animals none of humans, but there must be water that these animals are getting.

7:00 A. M.—Sent the men that are strongest in different directions to search for water or signs of humans and food.

Found at low tide most rocks are well out of water, also that reef extends for a mile and one-half out as far as we can see in a north and south direction. Looks bad for leaving boat with any sea running even at high tide fortunate that life boat was not damaged more on landing.

3:00 P. M.—Most of searching parties return no village or sign of people found. No water found, but several donkeys and goats seen, also one dog.

Start digging in sand about 50 feet back from high water mark. Down to sea level.

9:00 P. M.—Struck water after several cave-ins. Well about 12 ft. deep. Water nearly as salty as sea water. Must try further back. Few conchs and welks (shell fish) found on rocks at low water. Some were ate raw. Some few put on fire and roasted. All hands exhausted, large fire made for the night.

Friday, July 24th, 28th day

4:30 A. M.—Start to dig for water 100 feet back from high water mark. This is nearly at foot of start of ridge or hill about 80 ft. at top. Volunteers ask to again go in different directions in search of water and food, others to stand-by and at low water to gather shell fish from rocks. Captain and Mate started for northern end of island along ridge to better observe reef and rocks and figure the best way to the sea and most likely place to start from, found an opening or split in reef and fewer rocks at a point approximately 2 and one-half miles north from landing place. Set up ranges and markers for getting out to sea, sent Mate back to camp. Captain continued to extreme north end climbing hill. A small island is seen due north, believe that the island we are now on is and the island due north must be This seems incredible, as distance is too great. On returning to camp found half of men returned finding nothing. Kennedy, fireman, is digging new well and down 8 ft. already.

4:00 P. M.—Two members of gun crew return with sample of water in bottle found about 1 and one-fourth miles west of camp. Tasted sample and found a peculiar taste—sulphur—but it is fresh water and from reports, it is a spring bubbling up between rocks and plenty of it. All hands that are able to go, go to spring taking 10 gallon keg—smallest keg—to fill and bring back for sick and those too weak to walk to spring. Keg lashed on oar for carrying. Stop digging well.

8:00 P. M.—About half of men that started for proposed spring return with water cask, balance going to stay at spring. 2 full cups, 24 oz. issued to each man, large fire made for the night. If no signs of humans found by noon, will leave this island tomorrow afternoon tide, as I am convinced there is no food or people on this side of island.

Saturday, July 25th, 29th day

5:00 A. M.—Sent 2 kegs back to spring with orders to fill and to get all hands back to beach, meeting at a point where ranges set up. This point not any farther from spring.

6:00 A. M.—The weak and sick put in boat rest of us walking boat close to beach to point set up for departure. Water given to all, extra to sick. No rations on water.

4:00 P. M.—Placed 38 men in boat, 10 with life jackets on to hang on to tow rope over stern. This was done to lighten draft.

10 men equals three-fourths ton. While getting outside reefs. Wind ESE. Gentle breeze. Small sea. Reef breaking all along except this one spot dead ahead—some submerged rocks between—can get around.

5:30 P. M.—All clear outside reefs, take the ten men aboard. Wind has changed to WE, forced to continue rowing, unable to hoist sail; will drift back on reef.

Making little headway. Men tire easily and only about half able to row and relieve each other, forced to row all night. 4 oz. water issued to men rowing only. Every two hours. None to others. Several times during night drifted on edge of rocks. Just outside of reef, and hit hard twice. Boat not leaking yet but has taken severe punishment, having a steel keel is what has saved us.

Sunday, July 26th, 30th day

5:00 A. M.—Raised and set sail for island due north of

10:30 A. M.—Made landing on island. Struck few submerged rocks in making landing on south side. In scouting found thick brush jungle to north. Nothing eatable either way except shell fish, which was gathered and boiled up; each man having half a cup of broth and several conchs and welks. Found plenty of cactus. Made landing close to plenty of fresh water bubbling up close to sea and running into the sea. Since it is impossible to penetrate brush jungle to lee side of island, decided to sail around western end tomorrow morning at high water slack. 2nd cook failing fast.

Monday, July 27th, 31st day

Filled water kegs. Gathered some shell fish and made broth. All hands had about 4 oz. of broth.

11:00 A. M.—Left island over reefs and rocks.

1:15 P. M.—Sailed south rounding point then west rounding SW point, then set course NNW. Cannot sail any closer to wind. Weather—Wind NE 4. Large swells NE, shipping water for'd under weather cloth and over weather gunwale. Men bailing water all night. 2nd cook in bad shape. 3rd Mate been suffering with some sort of stomach trouble which he admits having previous. 1st Mate feet and lower limbs swollen. A few gun crew members have same condition.

Tuesday, July 28th, 32nd day

Weather—wind NE 4-5. Seas NE rough. Large NE swells running NNW course till 2:30 P. M. when forced to fall off to WNW account of weather. Men wet and forced to bail continuously.

Heard plane about 6:00 A. M.

6:30 A. M.—Sighted 1st ship since sinking.

10:00 A. M.—Saw plane which looked like Navy plane overhead flying SE to NW, do not know if we were seen.

7:00 P. M.—Raised two islands, passed them up. Continued NNW head.

Wednesday, July 29th, 33rd day

12:30 A. M.—2nd Cook David Parson died.

3:00 A. M.—Raised light house. Sailed close and hove to for night.

6:00 A. M.—Sailed closed to light house. Found bad shoals. Start to round island to lee shore to bury Parson.

8:00 A. M.—Sighted dwelling houses on island 5 miles ahead. Headed for same.

9:15 A. M.—Landed near settlement; found from natives that the light house was Landed and arranged with one colored family to cook up oatmeal and meal mush for entire crew. This being only food suitable, available in quantities to accommodate for 47 men. Paid \$15.00 to lady. Sent for official at to arrange for burial of 2nd Cook.

10:00 A. M.—Constable and town officials arrive in sail boat and lead us to another settlement.

2:00 P. M.—Arrived Crew put up in school house. Arrangements made for chicken rice soup with vegetables. Life boat abandoned having several dents and had started leaking from landing over reefs and rocks at and Several men had to be carried from beach to school house account of badly swollen feet, ankles and legs. Also deck engineer with broken leg. These men carried by natives.

5:00 P. M.—Men fed chicken, plenty of broth and ground corn meal (no vegetables available) and bread (no fresh fruit). Message sent to island to by small sail boat; no other communications from here. Distance 50 miles to island. Managed to buy 62 pack-

(Continued on Page 16, bottom of Column 1)

ALUMNI NEWS

Melvin H. Gielow is now sailing as a Chief Mate with the A.P.L. We are so informed by Mrs. C. H. Gielow — thanks for Melvin's dues.

Mike Locke, '41, comes forth with the following: "Here are some long-due dues—Tell all my old shipmates 'HELLO' for me—I'm too damn busy in this area to write a longer note." Thanks just the same Mike; even a line brings news, and maybe soon you can sit back, put your feet up, and relax. When that time comes let us have a long letter, huh?

Our article in the local paper received some attention as Mr. W. L. H. Geldert wrote us that Walter, class of '42, is a Chief Engineer, Ensian U.S.N.R. (E) and Lieutenant U.S.M.S. (E). Little notes like that helps us keep our files up-to-date. Thanks for your assistance.

Kenneth Orcutt, class of December '44, is sailing on a Victory with the American President Lines, according to a change of address card.

D. R. Beaumont, '42, is sailing Second Mate and says he hasn't received his Membership Card. Could be—no membership card if no dues—could be. Would like to know: "Who is President? I've had three days in the U. S. in 16 months and I can't read Hindustani. What a life." Well the last meeting was held for the nomination of new officers, so watch for the results of the election in The Binnacle. (Or could you be a hopeful Republican???)

Would like to have the correct address of Mr. John W. Bauer as our mail had been returned "Unclaimed" from Roosevelt Base, Terminal Island.

H. A. Flood, '41, is sailing as Chief Mate. We have your correct address so you should be receiving The Binnacle from now on.

R. S. Haddow, class of December, '42, states his present employment status is "unemployed." Holds license as Second Assistant Engineer. Thanks for the dues, the card is enroute.

A letter was forwarded to us from Watson S. Clawson, as follows: "A recent communication, (press release) regarding the California Maritime Academy, and localized with the name of my son James M. Clawson, a graduate of the Academy in 1939, prompts me to inform you that Jim enlisted in the Army Air Corps December 20, 1941. He has been an instructor in gliders and for the past six months has had an assignment to write manuals for glider students and one for instructors. He has been stationed at Winston-Salem, N. C., for the past six months. Jim is a First Lieutenant, Glider Corps, Army Air Corps." Thank you Mr. Clawson for the information — we are sure Jim's classmates will be glad to hear he is doing so well and for recent news of him.

W. R. Giessner, class of June, '44, is sailing as Third Engineer. How come you changed your mind about ordering the class ring Bill?

Fred Schwimmer, class of December, '44, writes a brand new Victory pulled in next to his. Chief Mate Schoenleber, First Assistant Erwin Horn and Jr. Third Assistant Rados were all on board. Jim Jahnson is sailing Jr. Third on a Brigham Victory.

Paul Rodney Hartell is sailing as Chief Mate for American-Hawaiian. Reported to have been married in January — how about more "info" regarding the "great day?"

Second Assistant Larry Powell, Third Schwimmer and Jr. Third Milton Klein all on the same ship. Almost makes a miniature alumni association.

Dick Moore is in Pedro as a Third on a Victory for A.H.

Jack Harvie just returned from a 11½ month cruise, and got in on the Philippine invasion. Says his watch shot down the first plane—nice going. He is also sailing for A.H.S.S. Co.

Mrs. R. W. Atthowe did nice work by sending in some news

regarding her son Bob and Bert Pringle. Bob and Bert have shipped out together on a tanker for Keystone Shipping Co., an Eastern concern. Bob is Third Officer and Bert Jr. Third.

They left around Christmas time and visited Pearl Harbor and did a little celebrating there New Year's Eve. Around the 11th of January Bill Opferman passed them but was not able to signal. Bob's first trip was with Coastwise Lines on a C-2, cruising the waters of the far Pacific. He and Opferman were together then. Thank you very much for the news, Mrs. Atthowe, and would appreciate any items of interest to the fellow members of the Alumni that you might receive.

Rumor has it that Fred Schwimmer had an engagement party at the Beverly Hills Hotel last month. Congratulations to the both of you.

Ten of the faithful (?) gathered at the Army and Navy Club in San Francisco the evening of Feb. 9th for the monthly meeting. In view of the existing shortage of personnel, no nominations were made. Instead, a list has been compiled of the members stationed in the Bay Area. This list, together with a short note on the activities of each, and a reminder that dues for '45-'46 will be due in July, is being mailed to each member. All voting will be by write-in. Those attending were Summerill, Heron, Johannesen, Hickman, Klein, Ross, Shaw, Eldon and Tubbs.

A REMINDER TO ALL MEMBERS—When in port check in at the Army and Navy Club, 560 Sutter Street. There are bulletin boards in the club-room we share with some other organizations where notes may be posted, letters left, etc. Your membership card is all that you need for admittance.

Heard from Joe Wolfskill the other day. He had the following to say:

Dear Marv and Dick:

Had hoped to drop by and see you before leaving but hadn't the chance. Am thousands of miles from "Devil's Tails" and "Zombies," Marv can explain. But you, Dick, missed the drink of your life by not being down South over New Year's. Am now thousands of miles away from Arlene as well, and dammit, I'm lonelier than ever. When I get back, will try to bring some cheer and southern comfort into the lives of all concerned. Give Casey a hit in the head for me.

Sincerely, JOE

Word has been received from George Zeluff that he took, passed and received his Second Mate's Papers around January 13, 1945. As far as we know now he is the first of his class to receive his Second Mate License—Best of Luck, George, even though it did take a "torcherous" five days and 98 pages of writing. Jack Summerill says "Your Welcome" for the thanks regarding the instructions on Tankers. Next time you will know better than to open your mouth and inform the wrong people at the right time that you are a school-ship man.

Thanks, George, for your suggestion pertaining to doing away with the Final Exam Jitters. It has already been put into practice and going "great guns."

Dear Ed:

Feb. 12, 1945

Lt. Comdr. Fred Steele, USMS class of '35, was chief mate on a Liberty anchored just a few miles below us in the Philippine Islands. While there he received shrapnel wounds when a shell burst near him. Fred is now home recovering nicely.

Things were really hot in there last fall. Nearly every ship had several planes to its credit.

It's really an event to receive The Binnacle when you're out there. I have noticed it improving steadily, and hope it continues to improve.

Saw several others while in the South Pacific but see from the last issue that my good friend Bob Myers has already made their whereabouts known.

Good Luck, and keep The Binnacle going.

Your buddy—JIM LEY

ALUMNI NUPTIAL NOTES

Martha Neff to Wed Naval Lieutenant at Home Ceremony

Announcements were mailed by Miss Martha Neff and Lt. Robert Nelson Hargis bidding some 200 of their friends to their wedding which was slated for January 14th. Unexpected naval orders, however, necessitated a quick change in plans and the vow exchange was moved up one Sunday. Fremont Presbyterian Church was the locale of the formal ceremony followed by a reception in the Portals, 12th and X Streets. Charles Neff gave his elder daughter in marriage after she was preceded altarwards by her sister, Anne, as honor maid, and Misses Thelma Hallaran and Beverly Tibbals, bridesmaids.

Miss Neff plans to continue living here while Lt. Hargis reports for active duty with the Navy. He recently returned to the States after 18 months' service in the Pacific. Lt. Hargis is the son of Mrs. Clara N. Hargis, and a graduate of California Maritime Academy having received his commission as an officer in the Naval Reserve at that school. Prior to joining the Naval service, he was an officer for American President Lines.

* * *

Springtime Note Expressed in Wedding Ceremony

Striking a note of spring the four attendants for Miss Barbara Senner, recent bride of Lt. Comdr. John Hansen of the U. S. Maritime Service, were gowned in pastel shades. The wedding, a double ring ceremony, was solemnized at four-thirty o'clock the afternoon of January 6 in Old Saint Mary's Church, San Francisco. The bride, a recent U. C. student and Chi Omega sorority member is of San Francisco. The bridegroom, a graduate of the California Maritime Academy, was attended by four brother officers from the maritime service.

A wedding reception for the two was held at the home of the bride's parents. The young couple are spending their honeymoon at Lake Arrowhead, and will make plans on their return in accordance with future orders for the benedict.

* * *

Graduates of Compton College to Wed

The engagement of Miss Donna Dykes to marry Lt. Thomas J. Wood, Jr., of the Merchant Marine was announced by Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Dykes, the parents of the bride-to-be.

Miss Dykes was president of the Associated Women Students at Compton College. Lt. Woods is the son of T. J. Woods, Sr., of Long Beach. He also graduated from Compton College where he was in the Glee club. He graduated from the California Maritime Academy in 1942.

* * *

Hargrave Engagement

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Granville have announced the engagement of their daughter Miss Virginia Margaret Granville to Lt. Comdr. Seth Hargrave, U.S.M.S. Seth was Cadet Commander of the class of 1942, July.

ALUMNI DINNER

Place: Army-Navy Club, 560 Sutter Street, San Francisco.
Main Dining Room.

Time: 7:30 p. m., March 9th, 1945.

Bring wife or lady friend.

Contact Lt. (jg) E. Johannessen.

262 California St., S. F., EXbrook 6491, or
Sec. Alumni Assn. C.M.A. at Vallejo, 3-6434

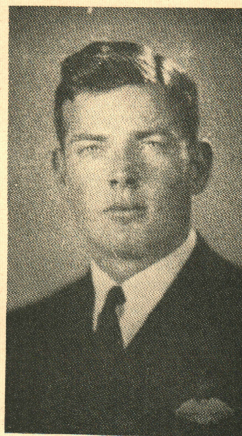
NOTHING SIGHTED TODAY

(Continued from Page 14, Column 2)

ages of American cigarettes. At the one and only small store in settlement purchased entire stock of canned goods consisting of 19 cans of peaches, 4 cans of tomatoes, 1 lb. can of butter, 24 cans canned corn beef. Some condensed and evaporated milk. Parson buried. The casket and funeral services furnished at island.

Footnote for history — After being returned to an Atlantic Coast port and paid off and newly outfitted, these men sailed again on other ships. They carry on, as Americans do, when there's war to win.

Give us the wisdom to know and to fulfill our debt to all those who have gone down to the sea in the cause of liberty.



KENNETH A. HULME

Kenneth Allan Hulme is chief officer on a troop ship operating in the South Pacific, under the Mississippi Shipping Company's flag.

Before joining the Merchant Marine he was well-known around the Bay Area as a yachtsman. He graduated from the California Maritime Academy in July, 1942, and although he passed the examination for a second officer's license, he had to wait for his 21st birthday in February, 1943. During this interim he secured a good groundwork in ship construction while working as a ship's draftsman in the Moore Shipyard in Oakland.

He had made many trips to the South Pacific as second officer on different vessels of the Mississippi Shipping Company, before his present assignment as chief officer.

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