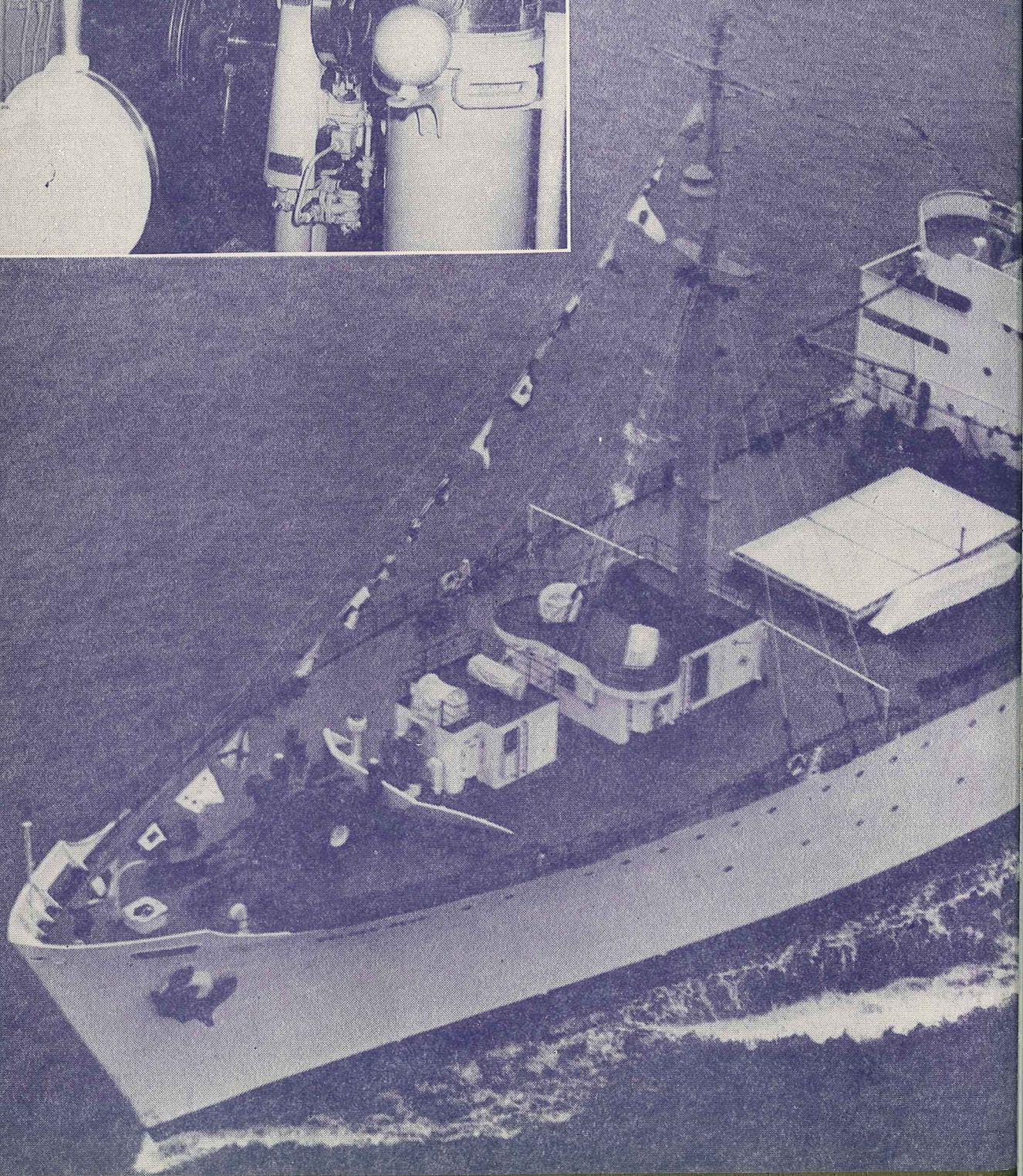
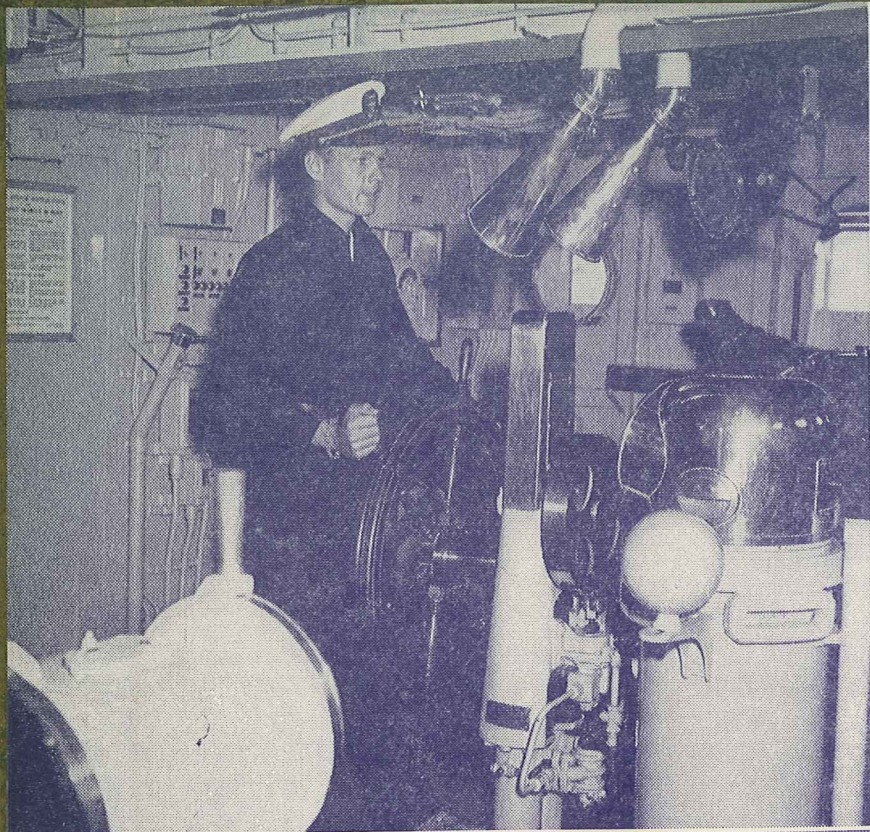


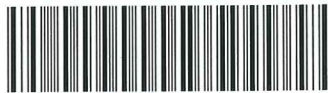
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HAWSEPIPE

VOLUME TWENTY-THREE

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Paul Kelly.....Associate Editor and Sports Editor
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Presented by

The Class of 1952

CALIFORNIA
MARITIME
ACADEMY

VALLEJO • CALIFORNIA

DONATED BY MRS. MARION STONE
WIDOW OF CAPT. JACK STONE, CMA 54-D

CMA ARCHIVE
02.70.01.20

FOREWORD . . .

The 1952 HAWESPIPE is published with the idea of helping our class recall their days at the Academy.

Three years of fellowship have not passed without our forming that bond of kinship so vital to our training. The bond we have formed we are reluctant to part, but through the nature of our chosen careers it is inevitable.

Some day as you thumb through these pages, the memories of CMA will be kindled again. The pictures and caricatures will help you remember the studies, the pranks, the working and the liberties together. Maybe you will remember the tax-free transactions in St. Thomas, the steaks in Lima, the parties in Vancouver, or will it be the hours of classroom electricity, smallboat seamanship, basketball games and a "last one" at Ogles?

If this book just serves once to bring someone a pleasant memory of CMA, then it will have fulfilled its purpose.



Walter C. Lange, CEM, USNFR (RET)
1903-1952

IN MEMORIAM . . .

"Dugan," as he was known by his shipmates, served with the U.S. Navy from 1920 to 1946. His entire naval career was spent in the Submarine service in which he did an outstanding job, receiving the Navy Marine Corps Medal, Presidential Citation, two letters of commendation from Admiral Nimitz, the Submarine Combat Pin with eleven stars and the Asiatic Pacific area campaign bar with seven stars. He came to the Academy in August of 1946 in the capacity of Diesel instructor and watch officer. His record at the Academy was a fine one and he will be remembered by all for many years to come as a right guy and square-shooter. For a 4.0 job we say, one and all, "Well done, Dugan."



DR. RICHARD C. DWYER
Dean of Instruction

DEDICATION...

Dr. Richard C. Dwyer has retired from the California Maritime Academy after 21 years of valuable and esteemed service. During those 21 years he served in three different offices; as the original chief engineer, as the second superintendent of the Academy and in recent years as the first Dean of Instruction.

Before coming to the California Nautical School, as our Academy was originally known, Dr. Dwyer acquired a wealth of maritime experience and knowledge. As early as 1908 he was sailing as a licensed engineer on ships in the Pacific. Later, 1917 to 1923, he was employed with Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Co. as quartermaster and as guarantee engineer. From 1923 to 1925 he was staff chief engineer on the S.S. Leviathan, the largest passenger ship to fly the United States flag up to that time. After leaving the Leviathan, he went with Matson Navigation Co. during the construction of the first of their large white passenger liners, the Malolo. He served as the chief engineer of this fine liner from 1926 to 1930. This ship was renamed in later years as the Matsonia.

Dr. Dwyer came to the California Nautical School December 26, 1930 as the original chief engineer. He supervised the conversion of the S.S. Henry County, a small cargo vessel, to the original training ship California State.

Dr. Dwyer was appointed superintendent February 1934 and served well in that office until July 1937. We all owe Dr. Dwyer many thanks for holding the school together during those hectic depression years when the budget was cut so low that no new classes could be admitted during '33, '34, and '35. After June graduation of 34 members of the class of 1935, there were no midshipmen in the Nautical School. Later, in the fall of 1935, the school was again functioning after securing a new lease on life with a new appropriation permitting a class of more than 70 midshipmen to enter. The survival of the school was a result of Dr. Dwyer's tenacity as superintendent.

On returning to his position as chief engineer in 1937, Dr. Dwyer was asked by the Maritime Commission to write a textbook on marine engineering. This book was used and is still used in several maritime schools throughout the nation. In recognition of this work, he was awarded, in 1942, the Doctor's degree by the Board of Governors.

Dr. Dwyer became the Dean of Instruction when that position was first established July 1, 1944.

Those who have known Dr. Dwyer well will always remember him and respect him as a scholar, a good teacher, and above all a truly fine gentleman. He was the last of the original officers of the Academy to leave its surroundings. We wish for you, Dr. Dwyer, many years of good health to enjoy your well earned retirement.

ADMINISTRATION





EARL WARREN
GOVERNOR

State of California

GOVERNOR'S OFFICE
SACRAMENTO

June 25, 1952

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS
OF THE CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY:

It gives me genuine pleasure to extend the greetings of the State of California and my own congratulations to the 1952 graduating class of the California Maritime Academy.

To have met the rigorous educational requirements of your school is only one indication of your worthiness to serve your State and Country in the Merchant Marine and Naval Reserve. I have every confidence that you will distinguish yourselves as officers and bring credit to the State and to the Academy in the years ahead.

I send you every good wish for your success and happiness.

Sincerely,


Governor

EW:ej



THE HONORABLE EARL WARREN



LUTHER E. GIBSON
State Senator



RALPH D. SWEENEY
Pres., L.A. Harbor Commission



MAITLAND S. PENNINGTON
Vice-Pres., Pacific Transport Lines



ROY E. SIMPSON
Superintendent of Public Instruction
and Director of Education

BOARD OF GOVERNORS

The California Maritime Academy, a state school, is part of the educational system of California but is under the direction of a board of governors consisting of five members. Four are appointed by the Governor of California and the fifth is the Superintendent of Public Instruction and Director of Education of the State.

The Board feels that it is responsible not only to the people of California in general but also to the shipping interests of the State in particular to see that good sea officers are graduated for future service in the Merchant Marine. It is responsible to the Navy Department that excellent young Merchant Marine Naval Reserve officers are ready in time of war. The Board coöperates with the U. S. Maritime Commission in seeing that proper standards are maintained. Not pictured: Captain Blackstone.

In Memoriam

The Corps of Midshipmen and the class of 1952 deeply regret the loss on 7 May 1952 of Dr. Aubry A. Douglas, Associate Superintendent of Instruction, Chief of Division of State Colleges and a member of the Board of Governors. Dr. Douglas was a valuable friend of the school and lent freely of his broad talents for the improvement and development of the California Maritime Academy.

To the Graduating Class of 1952



The members of the Class of 1952 have completed three years of arduous training and technical instruction with the objective of becoming eventual leaders in a great industry which is vital to every American. As you graduate from the California Maritime Academy, technically qualified to assume your dual professional duties as an officer either in peace or in war, you are merely moving on to the biggest and most difficult course of all—life.

As you face the demanding lessons of the school of life, I have every confidence that you will make your mark provided you carry with you the precepts of performance that have been given you at the Academy — unequivocal integrity, persistent hard work, cheerful coöperation, honest pride in a job well done.

You are entering a profession which will give honors only to real men and which will demand much of you

beyond your mere professional competence. The world at large, and the seagoing profession in particular, needs, and is looking for, the type of man which we have tried to help you to be—"the type of man who will do the right thing, alone, in the dark, unwatched and unafraid, whether or not anyone is going to find it out."

As you look at the pages of this HAWESPIPE many years from now, I believe you will be able to gauge whatever real success and happiness may have become your lot, by the care with which you have adhered to this compass course given you by your Alma Mater.

Russell M. Shrig

Commodore USN (Ret.)
Superintendent.



Captain Carroll T. Bonney, U.S.N. (Retired)
B.S., U. S. Naval Academy,
M.A., Stanford University.

DEAN OF INSTRUCTION

Captain Bonney was born in Wakefield, Massachusetts, and educated in the public schools of that town. After brief attendance in Norwich University, he went to the US Naval Academy, graduating in 1919. After retirement from active duty in 1950, he obtained his master's degree in education at Stanford. He was appointed Dean of Instruction at CMA in February 1952.

Captain Bonney's naval service involved assignments in all departments of both surface ships and submarines. During World War II he served as executive officer of the US Submarine Base at New London, as commanding officer of the submarine tender Bushnell, as commander of Submarine Squadron Fourteen, as commanding officer of the assault transport Goshen and as deputy commander of Service Squadron Ten. Shore duty assignments included instructor in the Submarine School, assistant professor of naval science at Yale University and professor of naval science at Harvard University. An interesting post-retirement billet was as advisor for operations and training to the Chinese Navy on Formosa.

CDR Richard D. Heron, B.S., CMA, 1938
LCDR DM USNR
Federal License: Second Mate, Steam and Motor Vessels, Ocean, Unlimited, Communications, Mathematics, Meteorology.



CDR Edward E. Keeley, LT USN (Ret.)
Supply Officer

TOPSIDE



CAPT Ralph M. G. Swany, CMA, 1933
CDR DM USNR
Federal License: Master, Steam and Motor Vessels,
Ocean, Unlimited.
Commerce and Law, Ship Construction, Marine
Rules and Regulations.

LCDR Noel B. Martin, B.S., CMA, 1942
LTJG DM USNR
Federal License: Master, Steam and Motor Vessels,
Ocean, Unlimited.
English, Mathematics, History.



LCDR Frederick A. Neid, B.S.,
CMA, 1942.
Federal License: Chief Mate, Steam
and Motor Vessels, Ocean, Unlimited.
Navigation.



LT Donald A. Pederson, CMA, 1934
Federal License: Chief Mate, Steam
and Motor Vessels, Ocean, Unlimited.
Seamanship, Cargo Handling, Small
Boat Instruction, Athletic
Officer.



CBOSN John M. Rennick
CBOSN USN (Ret.)
Practical Seamanship.

BELOW DECKS



CDR Frank Flanner, CMA, 1935
CDR EM USNR
Federal License: Chief Engineer, Steam Vessels,
Ocean, Unlimited.
Turbines, Reciprocating Engines, Steam
Engineering.



LCDR Weston F. Averill, B.E., CMA, 1939
LTJG EM USNR
Federal License: Chief Engineer, Steam Vessels,
Ocean, Unlimited.
Physics, Chemistry, Steam Engineering.



LT Frank L. LaBombard
CMACH USNR
Federal License: Second Asst. Engineer, Steam Vessels,
Ocean, Unlimited.
Steam Engineering, Shop Theory, Practical
Shop Instruction.

LT Charles B. Dunham, CMA, 1945
 ENS EM USNR
 Federal License: Second Asst. Eng.,
 Steam Vessels, Ocean, Unlimited.
 Mathematics, Mechanical Drawing,
 Marine Rules and Regulations.



LT Albert V. Milani, SMA, 1949
 ENS EM USNR
 Federal License: Second Asst. Eng.,
 Steam Vessels, Ocean, Unlimited.
 Electricity, Thermodynamics,
 Basic Engineering.



LT William T. Hale, CMA, 1951
 ENS EM USNR
 Federal License: Third Asst. Eng.,
 Steam and Motor Vessels, Ocean,
 Unlimited.
 Diesel Theory, Diesel Practical.

THE NAVY



LCDR Roy A. Woodliff, U.S.N.
Head Department of Naval Science



LCDR William L. Fields, U.S.N.
Naval Tactics



LCDR George W. Agee, U.S.N.
Naval Tactics



Karl E. Hoppe
Chief Yeoman, U.S.N.
Naval Law



James C. Bladh
Chief Gunners Mate, U.S.N.
Gunnery



Hollis F. Cockrell
Fire Controlman 1st, U.S.N.
Fire Control

WARRANT OFFICERS



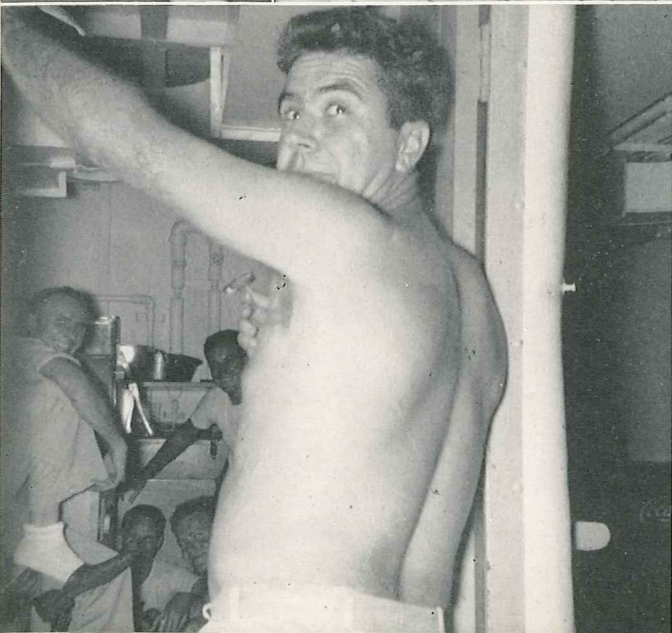
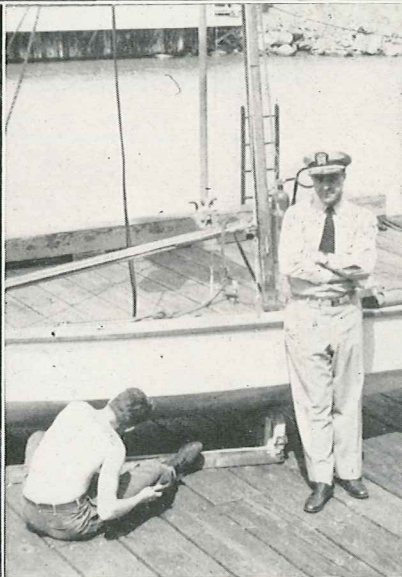
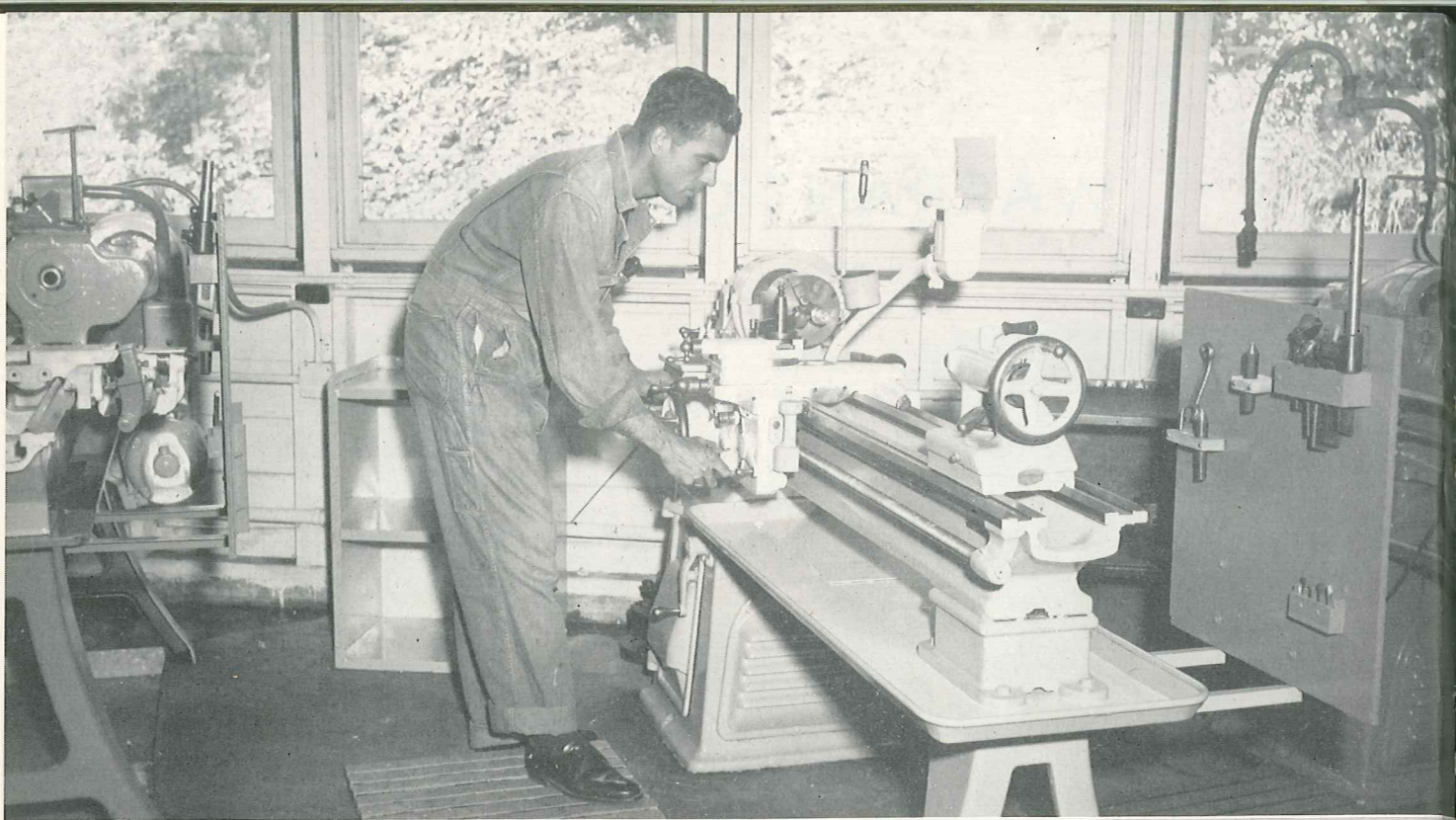
CHARLES PRICHETT
Chief Pharmacist



FRANK A. SKIPPER
Commissary Officer

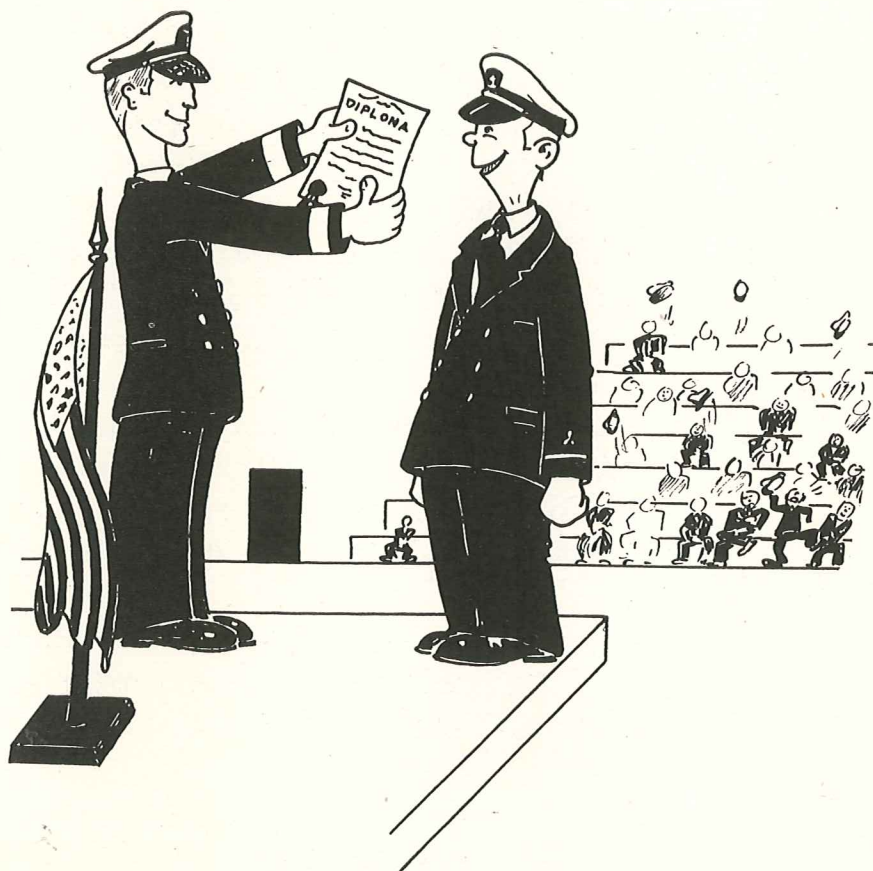


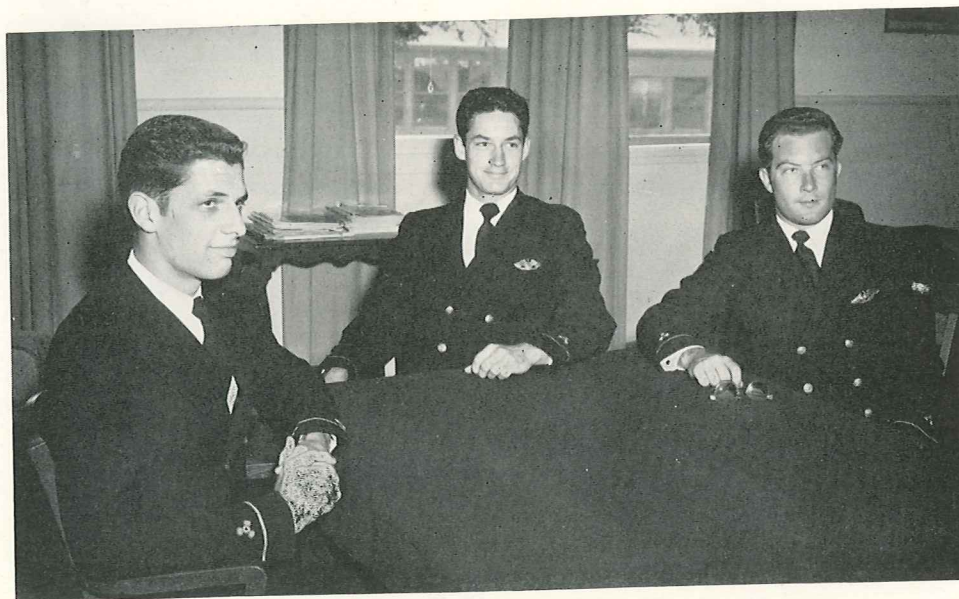
JOHN CUNNINGHAM
Assistant Commissary Officer



GRADUATES

BEFORE...





LEFT TO RIGHT: Compton, Vice-President; Kelly, P. E., President; Sager, Secretary.

FIRST CLASS HISTORY

On the 28th day of September in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-nine, there waddled and weaved through the portals of CMA a group so varied in composition that administration and upperclassmen immediately began wondering as to their future accomplishments. Quotations such as "Would the old folks last?", "Have all these lads completed high school?", "What will he do for a spittoon in the engine room?", "Isn't there some way to keep members of that certain township element from entering I.S.B.?" were brought up at this time, but only the future would tell. And so, the members of the Class of '52 began their training to become officers and gentlemen.

Veterans of the Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Merchant Marine were among us, University and JC students numbered highly on the roster. Some were fresh out of high school, some were not, and others were just fresh out. How about that, Greg? But to top it all off was one brave lad who came back for another try after a T.K.O. in the first round.

Marquard, Sager and Pedretti were elected president, vice-president and secretary respectively of the latest batch of California's cream-of-the-crop.

After handing out sizable sums of greenbacks toward tuition, clothing, books,

Golden Gate Fields and Bay Meadows, we settled down to tough encounters with Bowditch, Dwyer and Knight. These battles coupled with engagements between chipping hammers and scrapers on Saturday afternoons proved too strenuous for some and soon they bade farewell to Morrow-on-the-Carquinez. But while losing a few, we gained one who was delayed in joining his classmates due to a little difficulty in obtaining enough clothing for his wardrobe.

Christmas leave finally came . . . and passed. Tension mounted as we returned to Pneumonia Gulch, and we realized that we would soon be called upon to fill the roles of helmsmen and firemen. Making sure we had all the essentials aboard such as playing cards, ping-pong balls, and pocketbooks, we cast adrift the TSGB from her moorings and set sail for Todd Shipyards in Alameda. After one month, a new coat of paint and many good liberties in Oakland, we boarded "The Great White Ship" for the trip to Long Beach and a four-day look at the sunny part of sunny California. Next port of call was Houston, Texas, with its bourbonless bars, bottomless pits, and hot tips. New Orleans provided us with many an enjoyable evening accompanied by her traditional Dixieland music. Tax-free bottled goods, free wheelbarrow rides and blonde divorcees were awaiting us in St. Thomas. Curacao, D.W.I., was warm, the beer cold and the cocktail parties enjoyable. Panama was also warm, the beer was still cold and we had fun at our own parties. In preparation for Acapulco, the ship was straightened up, and all bottled goods disposed of, the importers restricted and socked pay. Those of us who were able to, took full advantage of the opportunities provided in Mexico's vacationland. Water-skiing, taco-eating, and dancing were some of the favorite pastimes. While the used clothing business flourished, the vessel was able to acquire a fresh coat of paint. With her new cloak of white, the ship was steered north. Tia Juana, San Diego, Long Beach, Santa Barbara and Oakland followed in that order with a four-day loss of pay accompanying each. The TSGB was finally brought to rest at the base and all went their way on post-cruise leave.

Upon returning to the base we found that a few of our contemporaries had decided that the life of a mariner was not for them. We then started out the final semester of our third class year with a still smaller number. Classroom sessions, sleeping and good liberty times brought us through the summer to that long-awaited day late in August. But first came the semester finals which took their toll of the class of '52. Those of us who survived were busy procuring the sixteenth-inch diagonal gold stripe that would adorn our uniforms upon returning from graduation leave.

Here we were at last . . . second classmen. Marquard, Fennessy and Pedretti were

elected to be our leaders as president, vice-president and secretary respectively. We found we were to be the guiding hand; under the direction of the first class, which would shape the incoming third class into top-notch salts. This turned out to be a little harder than most of us expected, because the new class was rather large. For an explanation of this one might inquire of the local draft boards. Things went fairly smoothly, however, and we were able to add one more able-bodied lad to the roster who thought everything was just "swell" except where his Uncle might reach him too easily. It was about half way through this semester that one of the more ambitious members of the class decided to try his hand at making a name for himself in the world of sports. The sport happened to be swimming and Lake Merritt was the scene of operations.

Surprising as it may seem, a few of us were still undecided as to which it would be better to be, deckhand or engineer, but a moonlight cruise around the straits soon convinced the lads that they had made the right choice. Finals sneaked up on us but we were able to get through them without any casualties. And so we went on Christmas leave knowing we would all return to be together again on cruise.

The shipyard was the same old story, for Todds was again our location for the overhaul period. Many of the lads made new contacts in and about the bay area which made for many an enjoyable evening. Finally the repairs and inspections were complete, and on the 28th day of January the TSGB was pointed on a northerly course for our second cruise aboard her. Portland, Oregon, was our first cold host; however, most of us were able to keep warm by the use of visitors' purchasing cards. Next stop was Seattle, Washington, where the use of rain covers and galoshes was very imperative. Evenings found us at the local dance halls testing the potency of the local tap beer by the pitcher. Vancouver, B.C., wasn't much drier, but a number of the lads found the native population to be very hospitable, and so, fond memories of that port will linger in our minds for many moons. In fact, a lot of our money still lingers there. Excitement increased to great heights as we headed south, for our next port was Honolulu, T.H. The atmosphere ashore turned out to be all that we had been expecting; the six days in port were full of sight-seeing, swimming, surfing, and peaceful evenings in the local establishments. Some of us went sailing, others went car-riding and one lad had become so accustomed to the way of the sea that he decided that the TSGB needed to be re-christened. As we pulled away from the dock it can be said without fear of falsehood that we were just as glad to leave as the islanders were to see us depart, for their marks on us were even more prominent than were our marks on their tropical island.

Hilo, on the island of Hawaii, was the next port to feel our quake, and let it be said that some of us felt one another's quake quite forcefully. Fantail liberty was the fad but this form of a good time was soon brought to a standstill through the diligent efforts of Inspector Flanner of "Dragnet" fame. Guitars and Mexican songs were the order of the day as we said goodbye to the populace of this fair island and one elderly, gray-haired lady, for our next port of call was once again that romantic spot named Acapulco. Paint sling, gook singing and tequilla swigging kept us occupied most of the time even though the rumor was that the Chief was lost. A one-man safari was formed to hunt him down, but all fears were soon quelled as the Chief turned up quite unexpectedly. All the bullfights had been seen and our legs were getting sore from so much water-skiing, so the only thing left to do was head for home. San Diego with its keg beer and Mom Kelly's baked beans went by too quickly for most of us. Long Beach was the same as always with the fun strip and hordes of white hats. Santa Barbara proved to be almost completely disastrous for "Butterball," but he finally managed it back to the liberty boat. Oakland had not changed since we left, and its neighboring community of San Francisco proved to be still good for laughs. Morrow Cove at last and cruise leave found us waving so-long to each other as we departed upon a ten-day leave.

Now began the long grind until graduation when we, the class of '52, would actually be First Classmen. It was hard to believe, but that day was just around the corner. While the deckhands enjoyed a five-week vacation attending Cargo, Loran and Gyro School, the plans were laid for the annual Ring Dance. The Saint Francis Hotel in San Francisco was our choice for the setting of our merrymaking. Most of us partook of an ample dinner at the Domino Club before the dance, and after the dance we could be found out on 15th avenue. All in all, the night of June 15, 1951, shall remain in our minds as one of the big highlights during our stay here at the Academy. But, of course, the good doesn't come without the bad, and so, after many nights of diligent study, one of the original members of the "Fellow Funsters" was forced to depart from the ranks of his classmates. You have our greatest sympathy, Marv. Yet we shouldn't get too serious, for what is this coming down the road but the "C" company drum and bugle corps. It was at this point that many doubts were raised as to a number of us becoming first classmen. When the smoke finally cleared and the B. of E. left, the "perfect alibi" turned out to be reality, but it did no good and things looked sad all around.

However, graduation came and passed, leave came and passed, and the quarter-

inch stripe came and passed. P. E. Kelly, Compton and Sager were the three new members of the political machine which would see us through the year to come in the roles of president, vice-president and secretary respectively. The engineers of the class of '52 proceeded to Gyro School and set a new record by breezing through the two-week course in the fast time of one week, only to return to the base to find out that their efforts would hold them back from obtaining a shipboard job. Never to be forgotten during this one-week period are the nights at Heinz Co. and the Squeeze Box, the phone calls between Leo and Fred (friend of all engineers), and the lengthy report sheet which followed. Extra study time was no problem for some of us as week ends were made available to us while waiting for the Board of Governors. Finals went by smoothly followed by a 12-day Christmas leave.

It was time to prepare the TSGB for our third and last cruise aboard her, and where do you think we went for the overhaul? You guessed it . . . Todds Shipyard. All went well until three days prior to departure when the after auxiliary set was hastily turned over, so hastily in fact that nobody checked the bearings for oil. Oh well, live and learn. It was about this time we came upon the joyous awakening to the fact that "on that's" and "in there's" would never be heard again. Amidst cheers of joy, Effie made her way down the gangway and into the liberty boat on a one-way trip. Nosing out under the Golden Gate we headed south on new adventures. Manzanillo, Mexico, was the first port of call. It wasn't much to write home about, and so, following the usual procedure, we didn't. Next on the agenda was a close call with the after main set, one day of misery crossing the equator while the shellbacks made use of wooden paddles and canvas straps, and last, but not least . . . Callao, Peru, seaport for Lima. Eight enjoyable days of cheap steaks, mellow pisco and dark-eyed señoritas. The Hotel Bolivar, the Hotel Crillon, the Bagatela and the American Bar in Callao were a few of the spots visited by the blue-clad middies, but time was growing short for a new port was awaiting all, officers included, by the name of San Jose, Guatemala. From the first look it did not seem very promising and proved to be so upon investigation. The more prosperous of us made our way to Guatemala City for a three-day visit and all who made the trip enjoyed themselves immensely. A ranch house on the outskirts of the city and the Pan American Hotel in the downtown sector were our base of operations for what might be termed "El Destructiones Magnifico." As soon as all were back aboard there was an early departure for our maintenance port which was none other than Acapulco for the third time in three years. Here the liberty hours were comparatively quiet as the middies engaged in water-skiing and bicycle-riding. The

last four days of the twelve-day stay provided time for a trip to Mexico City and from all reports of those who went it was just as fine as the trip to Guatemala City. The engine rooms were finally cleaned up and the vessel given a new coat of paint.

We lifted anchor and headed home on the last leg of our last cruise. San Diego was the scene of more baked beans, tap beer and home-port liberty. Long Beach provided some more home-port liberty, a few made the long trip to Hollywood and Vine, and others of us finally met Pat. Lots of good times were had in Santa Barbara and "Butterball" made a repeat performance of last year. Oakland was the same as always and many enjoyed more home-port liberty. The "Great White Ship" finally made it back to the base, and another ten-day leave started.

With the end of the cruise we found ourselves back at the base with the pulse-stopping thought of "thirds" in our minds. For this reason and also the lack of that green stuff, we could be found spending the week ends aboard the base. We were beginning to realize the true meaning of the word "study," but with the aid of many pounds of coffee, and late study periods in the Captain's house, we were able to re-learn enough of what we had forgotten and sufficient new material to sit for our license, putting an end to three years of week-end liberties, training cruises, classroom work and such unforgettable parties as our class party which took place on the 9th of August. When this went to press the setting of the party had not been determined, but the writer states without fear of contradiction that it was a beaut. Slowing down near the end of the semester we took time out for another little refresher which took place in the nearby community of Sonoma. Wish you could have been there, Speed!

As we look back over the three years we can recall many enduring moments, both heartening and disheartening, and as we look ahead we can see that all was not wasted, and maybe the officers were right more times than we thought, so let us inject a bit of thanks to all those who saw us through. Stepping out into life as professional men we can all feel strong enough to cope with any problem, both personal and professional which may face us, for our education and training as midshipmen has taught us many things which are not taught in textbooks. So, on the 23rd of August, 1952, we say, with strong hearts and minds, "Farewell 'til reunion," knowing that will be a beaut also.



RICHARD ALLEY

Berkeley, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

Dick, Berkeley's contribution to CMA, arrived with his alligator skin suitcase and drapes, looking wide-eyed at what was in store for him.

Decos' main interest centers around music and girls. Maybe it's pure folly to even mention music, but his wide latitudinarian outlook has enhanced many a young unwary dove into his snare. Besides quickening the pulse of dark-eyed damsels, Al's accomplishments include grandstanding on the ball field at center field and piano playing in the mess deck.

An outstanding feature of Al's record includes a number of sojourns during which he led the black shirt renegades to booming good times, visiting numerous night spots where Al himself drank nothing but water.

Decos' participation in "Operation Amigos" at Guatemala City enthralled the populace with his dare-devil antics high above the streets. Just to impress his many followers and exhibit the nerve possessed by some Americans, he jumped from atop a two-story building into his senorita's serape held taut by two other crowd-pleasing middies.

Decos' biggest decision while here at the Academy was to decide whether to be an Ape or a Sun-Dodger. One week end found him and his fellow compatriots enjoying a stimulating afternoon, cruising in a diesel-powered boat, visiting Dowrelios and other points of interest on the Straits. Each was taking his turn at being captain and chief engineer. It was at this time that Decos took to the smell of diesel oil and from then to now he has done a fine job below decks.

After graduation Dick is planning on sailing with the Merchant Marine. With his background and pleasing personality we are sure that he will go a long way.



PAUL BONITZ

San Francisco

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

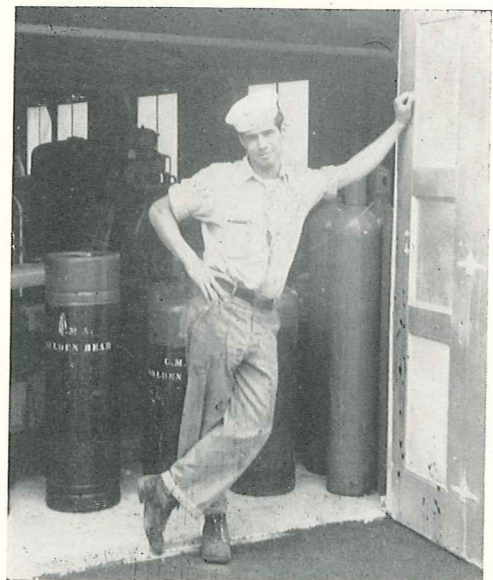
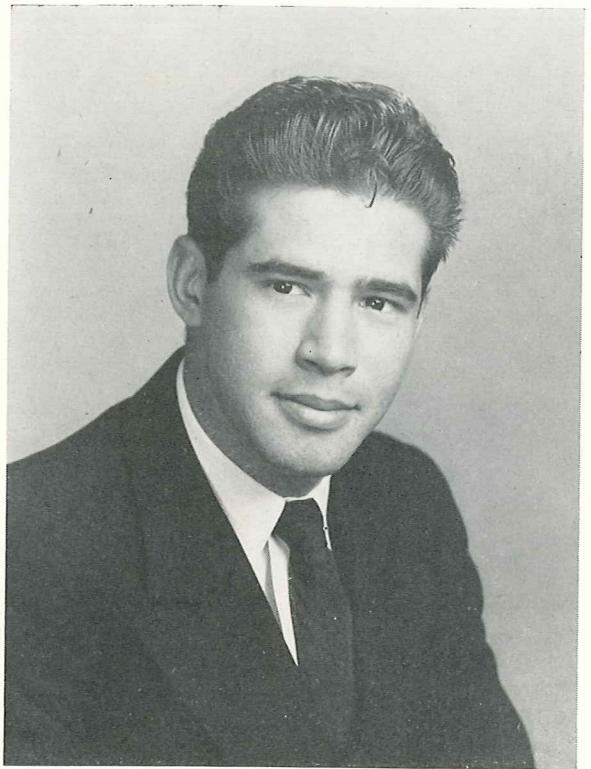
Paul, better known by his friends as Pablo, came straight from the renowned Mission High School in San Francisco to spend the best years of his life as a non-reserve student at CMA.

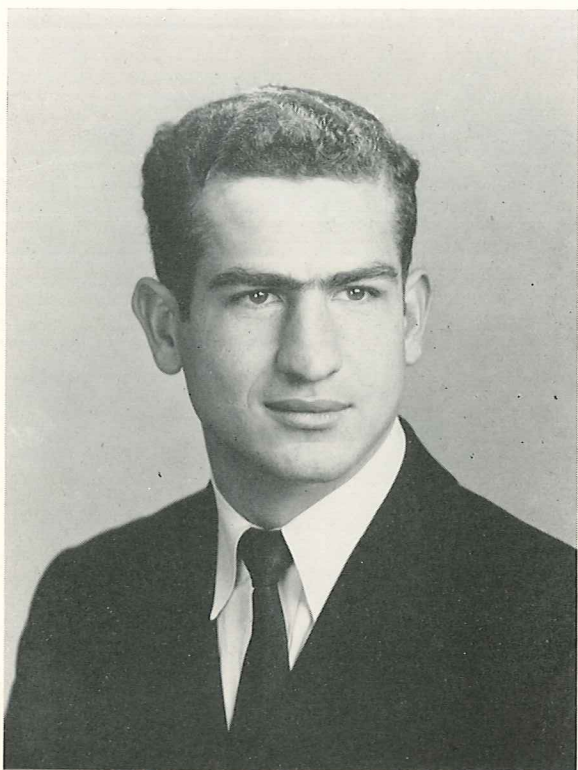
Pablo acquired his love for the sea in Panama, where he spent six years paddling his canoe and diving for coins in the Miraflores Locks. After learning to speak English, Pablo laid his tom-tom and blow gun aside to come to the United States to become one of the better engineers of the institution.

Not only does Pablo have real mechanical ability, but he has also been endowed with the power to stay in the upper half of his class all the time that he has been located in the "gulch." As an athlete he leaves another outstanding mark on his record. On the soft ball diamond he filled the position of shortstop intermittently for two years, playing in every game during his first year and then having to resign during his second year for reasons beyond his control. This year again finds him out on the diamond thrilling the spectators with his casual manner, indicative of an outstanding athlete.

After graduation, Pablo plans on getting a berth with the first merchant ship that offers him a cabin-boy job. There is no need to wish him the best in the years to come, for with his personality and good-natured manner he will climb up the ladder of fortune and prosperity rapidly.

Pablo shall long be remembered by his classmates in many ways; in a creek, on the highway, or in the Army.





DOUGLAS CAMPBELL

Santa Barbara, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

One day three years ago a young man came swimming up the bay to take his place in the class of '52. In a few days we came to know this young man, who bears a striking resemblance to a well-known personality, as Bruce Campbell.

Bruce was not unfamiliar with California's school of the sea, having originally entered the Academy with the class of '51. Due to an unfortunate accident, however, he missed cruise and finished out the year leading the casual life of a beachcomber near the quiet college town of Santa Barbara.

During his sojourn at the Academy, young Doug always took his turn at the books during the week, but week ends and leaves were all his own. Not one to be left behind if there was any excitement, he had more than his share of escapades, and just the mention of a name like Lake Merritt, billboards, small boats, Putah Creek, etc., brings back memories of good times.

Bruce has had an imposing record here at the Academy both scholastically and in contribution, being appointed a Sub-Commander of A Company in his first class year. He was captain of A Company's football team and dabbled in basketball and sailing. His cleverness with a pencil made him CMA's first cartoon laureate, and he is the creator of the cartoons in this year's Hawsepape. He has proved himself one of the top engineers in the class and scholastically has always been in the first five. His capabilities have made him one of the best all-around engineers in the school.

Bruce plans to ship out when he graduates, and we know he'll do a good job.



JOHN COMPTON

Palos Verdes, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

From an obscure community in the hills of Southern California came John Compton. He arrived here at the "College by the Sea" aboard his A.J.S. with shoe leather smoking and ears ringing determined to make the most of the unpleasant situation ahead of him. A graduate of Redondo High School who put in a year's time at El Camino JC, John was ready to take up the ways of marine engineering.

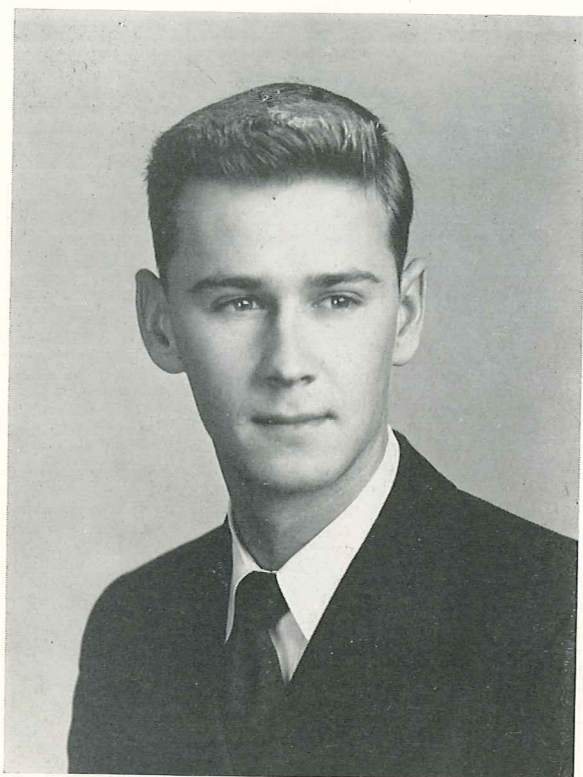
He was another member of the elite group of basketball players practicing in the afternoons but remaining unsuited during the games when he could have been in the thick of it making many points for his future alma mater.

Johnnie was one of the quieter members of the class of '52, but he never let a good time slip by. He could be counted on at any time to lend a helping hand to a friend in need. He was very active in the school organizations though he was consistently repeating that "one should be seen and not heard."

During his last year in the institution, Johnnie was elected vice-president of his class. He was a member of the Propeller Club and was very helpful in making the '51 Ring Dance a huge success. His just being there gave the rest of us enough nerve to make the reception line.

After graduating, Johnnie will be returning to suburban Southern California where he plans on making Los Angeles his home port. We wish him all the luck in the world and fair sailing to the far corners of the earth.





JOHN COX

Bellingham, Washington

THIRD MATE

"Capt'n Jack" we call him, and a more effervescent personality has seldom been seen among the ranks of CMA. For Jack Cox is a young man with spring in his heart and the sea in his blood.

Bellingham, Washington, produced this young fireball, and California trained him in his future profession. Jack is a determined lad, for all his carefree ways, and is serious minded in everything pertaining to his chosen profession. Continually ranking high in his class scholastically, he proved his proficiency as a future navigator. As Sub-Commander of E Company, Jack was a capable and efficient Midshipman Officer.

There is something about Jack Cox that stimulates an exciting existence. Gifted with an imaginative mind, he has the unique ability of making people light-hearted. Jack will be remembered as the "gay blade" of his class who threw convention to the winds and continually made new friends.

A resumé of his adventures could best be related by the "Old Capt'n" himself, for Jack was a past master at the art of weaving yarns. During his three years at CMA he has done more than his share to cement Latin-American relationships. He has experienced romance in Acapulco, adventure in Guatemala, and intrigue in Mexico City. There was never a dull moment in the life of Jack Cox.

Having completed his training, Jack is now ready to take his place as an officer in the Merchant Service. Even more fabulous years lie ahead, and the Captain, you can be sure, will make the most of them.



THOMAS FENNESSEY

Vallejo, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

Another of Vallejo's contributions to CMA was a retired Army tech sergeant, reefer mechanic and college student all rolled into one. This personage came here with devilment in his eyes, a yearning desire to learn and do right—and an "import export" business on the outside.

During the cruises, Tom managed to keep cold water flowing from at least one scuttlebutt at all times. It was during his first cruise that he tried to do a little more for the boys—in the way of refreshments, but the enterprise turned out unsuccessfully through no fault of his own. Later on the same cruise, in the liberty boat business, things looked great until the motor, missing, backfired and all operations had to be discontinued.

The second cruise found Tom leading the way as one of four model midshipmen by returning to the ship from every liberty four hours ahead of his classmates. It was in Hawaii that Tom had an unforgettable experience with a palm tree and its aloha.

During athletic periods, Tom started to play tennis and now has become very proficient at the sport. He has also shown great strides in his capacity as guidon bearer for A Company. He has been an active member of the Propeller Club and served on the Ring Dance committee.

After graduation, Tom is planning to spend some time with a tanker. Prior to enrolling in the Army he had sailed on tankers and found that the life aboard was very satisfying to him. Good luck to you, Tom, and we know that success will go with you to whatever far corners of the globe you may reach.





CHESTER FERGUSON

Long Island, New York

THIRD MATE

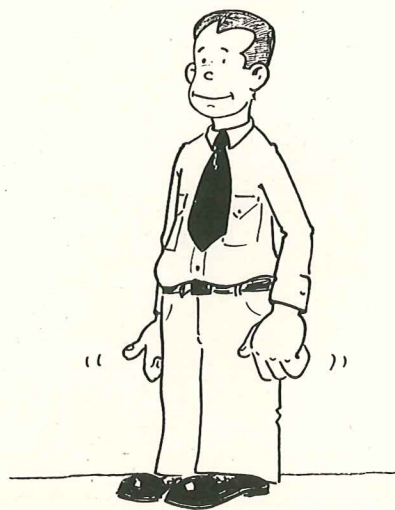
Chet, the wandering beachcomber from Rockaway Beach, Long Island, came to us via USMMA, Kings Point. After spending time watching ships pass in and out of New York Harbor, twelve-year-old "Fergee" went to work as an office boy for the Kerr Steamship Co. At the tender age of sixteen he found himself a seaman heading out to "blue water." Sailing during his summer vacations gave "Sol" enough taste of the sea to shape his course toward the Maritime Academy.

After spending a few nights together spinning sea yarns with his new classmates, Chet received a new title. Perhaps the title of "Sol" was adopted because of his manner of speech. It might well have come about by the use of his hands instead of appropriate adjectives.

During his last year, Chet was appointed commander of A Company. He has done a fine job even though it required many restless evenings and sleep-walking nights.

Never to be forgotten is the accidental failure of the telemotor. This incident resulted in more confusion and disorder than has been seen on the bridge of the TSGB since the last time. "Fergee" remedied the situation in due time and we feel that his part in the situation will serve as valuable experience for his future days at sea.

Chet plans on a sea career, and we wish him the best of luck always.



BRUCE HANNA

San Francisco, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

One day in September 1949, there appeared among all the shaking and shivering Swabs, one who was marked to vent his wrath on all who crossed his path. This young fellow signed his receipts as Bruce Hanna, alias "Booker T."

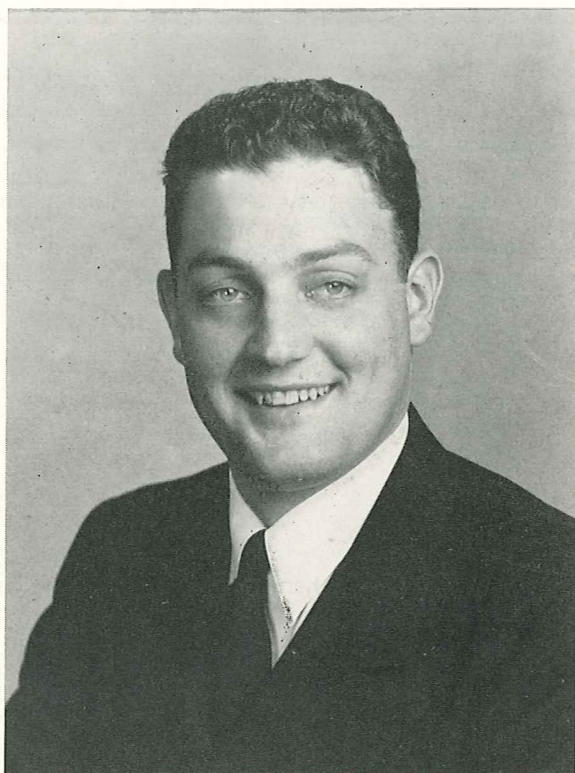
Hailing from San Francisco and a graduate of Sacred Heart High School, Bruce joined us to take up the theoretical and practical aspects of engineering. He was an excellent student and has remained in the upper half of his class, scholastically, during his three-year reign. This record has meant many week ends of concentrated study, but to Bruce it was worth it, for otherwise it might have meant Selective Service.

At the beginning of his first class year when promotions were in the making and all hands were getting their dress blues ready for the fold, Bruce was awarded one quarter-inch stripe. This remained with him until, after an eventful week at Gyro School, all quarter-inch stripes were shrunk to eighth-inch dimensions. Alterations were in the making, but again Bruce had the week end to do it in.

During the three years here, Bruce has been active on class dance committees supplying the entertainment and refreshments. Through his contacts with the BOE he has afforded us with much valuable information about a dipsomaniac.

After graduation "Booker" plans on taking up the ways of seafaring men. This will be best illustrated when he takes the vows of matrimony.





PETER HEINTZ

San Marino, California

THIRD MATE

During a typical day in September 1950, a big maroon Chrysler rolled down Academy Road past the barracks to the Administration buildings where it came to a sudden and permanent stop. Out of it leaped Pedro and into the business manager's office he went. Suddenly there came bouncing off the classrooms to the mess deck and then reverberating off the canyon hillsides the shrill cry of "Swell," "Swell," "Swell" (as if he really meant it).

It didn't take long for the word to get around that Pedro's Uncle Sam was looking for him and that he had returned to the Academy to straighten out the books and put the canteen on a money-making basis. The new third classmen stared at him with awesome bewilderment on their faces and we, the second classmen at that time, were wondering if we should accept this personage into our midst. Naturally we assented and soon he became a friend of all.

Pete has not only contributed much to the welfare of his class but to the whole corps. He has been in charge of the canteen for better than a year and the profits have been steadily increasing. This has made for bigger and better parties by all. He was elected Vice-President of the Propeller Club. He participated in many of the Sailing Club events and could be counted on as a good stand-by.

Pete is planning a tour of duty in the United States Navy, which will commence as soon as he graduates. Afterwards he would like to settle down to being a shoreside businessman.



JACKSON IVERSON

Palo Alto, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

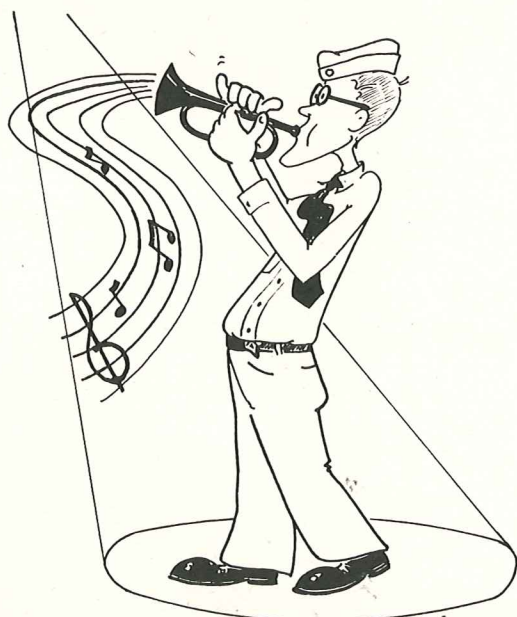
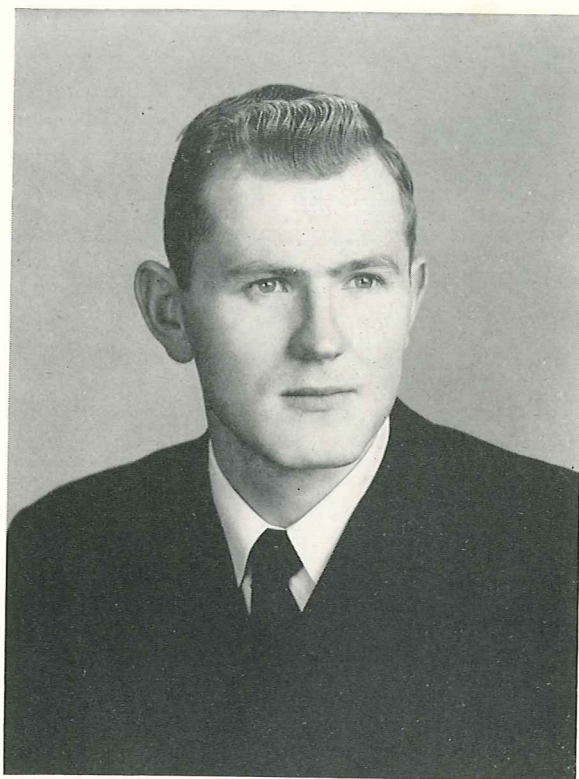
Palo Alto's contribution to CMA is Jack Iverson. After graduating from Sequoia High School, Jack attended San Francisco State College for two years, where he majored in music. This enabled Jack to organize and start our much-depended-upon Drum and Bugle Corps. Jack is always quiet, but in any group, any place, he can be counted on for that additional life so often accompanying his well-placed witticisms.

Jack, often referred to as "Scoops Iverson," always seems to have a little information about anything and everything, even before its origination. This knowledge, although often incorrect, has put us on guard for the inevitable on many occasions.

During Jack's first class year he achieved the position of Band Master. He served well and has improved his respective group to such a point that its members are almost musicians. Marching on Saturday morning has been a much more pleasant task with Jack and his "Fellow Funsters" supplying the laughs. Also, we have all listened to his jive sessions and enjoyed them to the utmost.

After graduation Jack is planning to work for the State Department. His monthly checks will be going to his sweetheart, a lovely girl residing in San Jose.

All in all, to a swell fellow, we say goodbye till reunion and best of luck to one of the engineers of the Class of '52.





RICHARD JACOBSEN

Palos Verdes, California

THIRD MATE

Richard Jacobsen's career at the California Maritime Academy has been largely determined by the seafaring history and Swedish blood of the Jacobsen family.

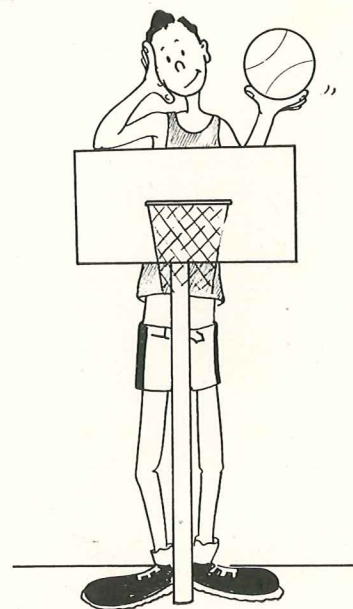
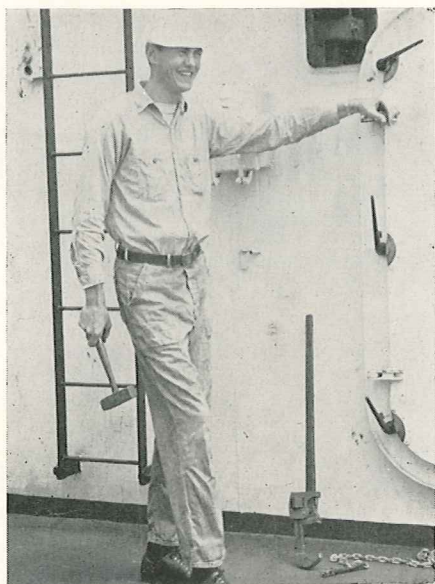
After graduation from the famous Chadwick School of well-educated individuals, Richard knew but one course to steer—the rhumb line from Palos Verdes Estates of Southern California to the clear, calm waters of Carquinez Straits. Upon passing through the great white pillars of CMA, Dick was given the usual fast shuffle by the helping hand of the Supply Officer, and when the fog lifted he found himself in "B" Barracks more anxious than ever to complete the course of training at CMA.

"Big Jake" was a good student. He carefully piloted his alert mind through the various wavelets of maritime knowledge, and he never missed an opportunity to gain that all-important practical experience of seamanship aboard the Golden Bear. Jake had his confusing moments, too, like the Friday night he drove all the way to Reno because he thought the Ring Dance was at Harold's Club.

In the field of sports Jake was an all-important star of inter-company and collegiate competition. As a skillful and tactful coxswain he gave CMA a smart and professional look in boat racing. On the basketball court, Big Jake was the pinnacle of strength of the CMA varsity team.

Jake was successful not only in studies and sports but also as a leader of his class. His outstanding officer-like qualities earned him the rank of Battalion Adjutant; and as a cadet officer he competently and efficiently did his job.

In that meticulous and exacting profession of going to sea, we are confident Jake will be successful . . . and we will be forever "looking up" to seeing him again.



DONALD KELLEY

San Francisco, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

"Forever foremost in the ranks of fun,
The laughing herald of the harmless pun."

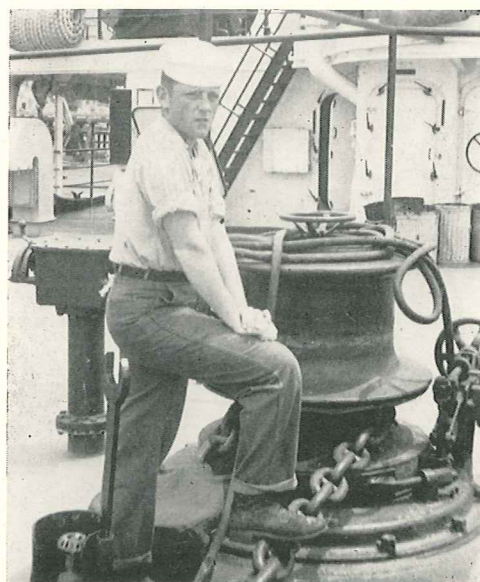
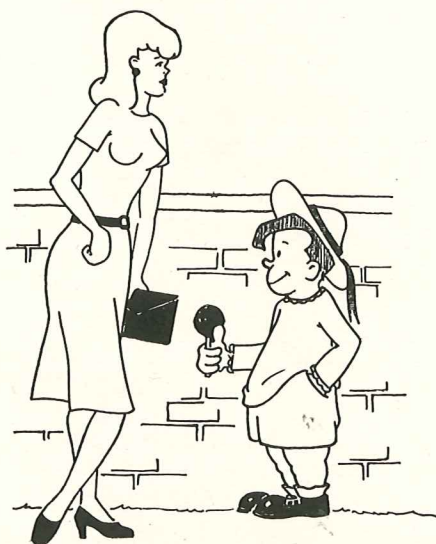
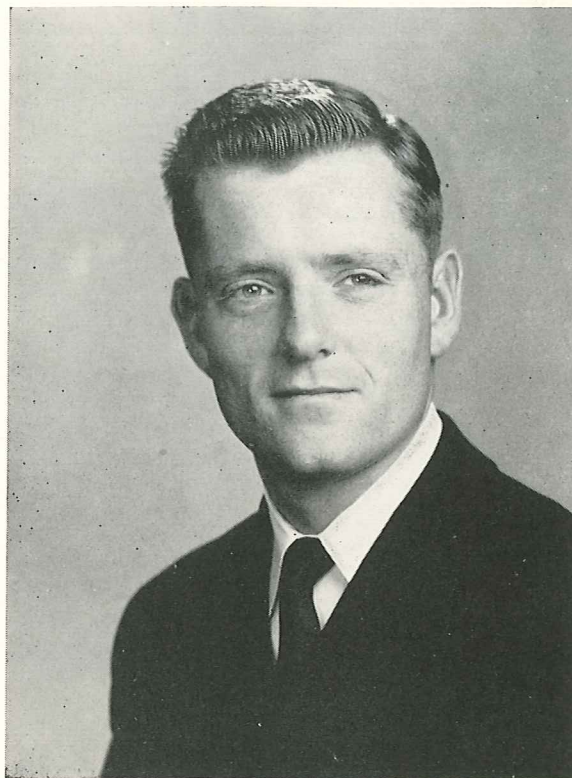
So went the story of Donald, another one of those engineers of the class of '52, who resembled the winds of March—coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb. From Donald's first Recip class to his last in Turbines he has been the object of many rebuffs, thus producing a man of very quick wit.

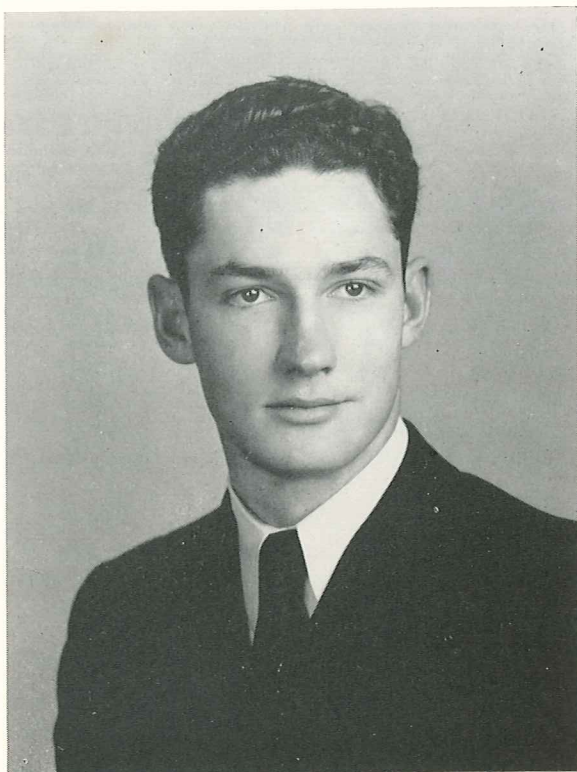
A year in the U.S. Navy gave Don the edge over most of his classmates as he was already halter broken. It was no surprise to us that at the beginning of his first class year he was given the title of B Company Sub-Commander.

No lover of tennis could be any more conscientious about the sport than Don. Most of his free time was spent on the courts. Don was an excellent player, and he succeeded in taking his company all the way to the top during company competition.

Other than learning a lot about marine engineering, Don has given freely of his broad talents. Canadian girls, Hawaiian wahenies and Mexican mothers have given much to win his affections, but the best way to this fellow's heart is through his stomach.

Having added four inches to his waist line Don now finds himself on the eve of graduation with the firm belief that he will go far with Pacific Tankers. Arabia may be hot, but here comes a fellow that is sure to make it even hotter.





PAUL KELLY

San Diego, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

"Just give the system a chance to work" was the war cry emitting from the Administration buildings the day that "Puds" arrived at CMA. This lad was so eager to fill the shoes of his two older brothers (both first class engineers at that time) he forgot to bring his high school diploma with him. But he is registered as having made the grade at Saint Augustine High School of San Diego.

Paul was one of the few basketball fanatics, and his loss will no doubt be a great blow to the coach. There aren't many fellows who will practice every day and then sit by and let a beginner take over, but that's the way Paul, as advised, wanted it.

"Puds" has contributed a lot of his time to the Academy and to many of its organizations and activities. He was elected president of his class. He has been active on the Hawsepipes staff, taking over the reins of Sports Editor. During his last cruise he was appointed Cadet Chief of the after engine room. He is also a member of the Propeller Club.

"Puds" shall always be remembered as having been one of the gayer blades of the Class of '52. For the next two years (or perhaps as long as C Barracks remains standing) its occupants will be hearing the PK Trumpet Blues ringing from the weather-beaten rafters at all hours of the evening and morning.

At graduation, Paul will still be undecided as to his future, but it is certain he will be returning to college in the not too distant future. If so, Webb Institute will be gaining a very fine engineering student.



GREGORY LIGHTHOUSE

Oakland, California

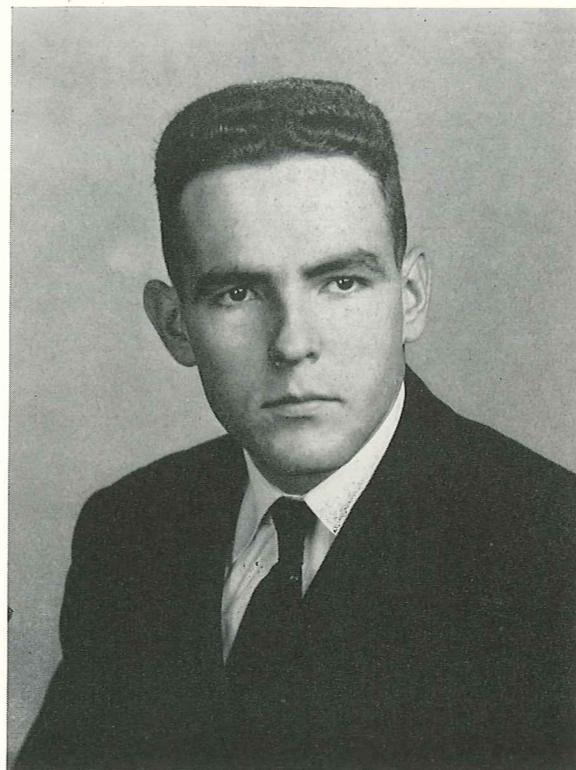
THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

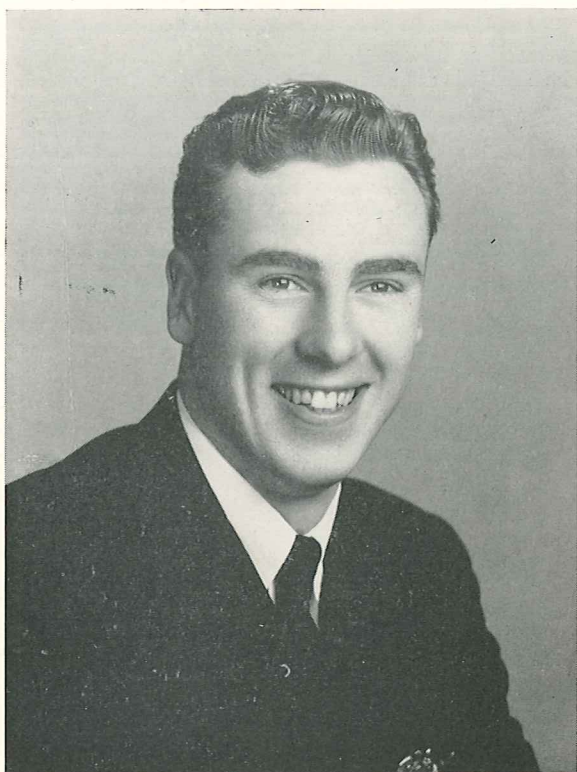
Due to high winds and the strong currents and the possible upsetting of his dugout canoe, Gregg arrived at the Academy a week late, but nevertheless he was in plenty of time to make all necessary deposits. Gregg's summer residence is in Oakland, and due to its proximity to Vallejo he has been fortunate enough to secure a job parking cars. The parking lot almost saw him through to graduation, but LSMFT was not so fortunate.

Gregg graduated from St. Joseph's High School in Alameda and spent a year at San Francisco City College. His choice as engineer was well founded because he was a "tinker" before he came to CMA, having spent many hours bent over and under a '36 Ford. Average grades were made by Gregg until he attempted to reconstruct the island of Hilo. This led to his becoming a better than average painter within the lower extremities of the forward engine room, besides having a thorough knowledge of closed piping systems.

As a first classman, Gregg was prominent as president of the Camera Club. He has also contributed greatly to the Hawsepope with the layouts and casual shots of Academy life.

After graduation Gregg is planning a life in the Merchant Marine. We are sure that he will go a long way, chain-smoking as he frequently does with the OP's, in whatever field he follows.





GILBERT MAATTA

Walnut Creek, California

THIRD MATE

A native of Walnut Creek, Gil wandered twenty miles westward to find the biggest irrigation ditch minus walnut trees he had ever seen. Further investigation revealed a startling fact. This body of water wasn't really an irrigation ditch at all; it was the Pacific Ocean. Gil had learned about these things at Acalanes High School in Lafayette. One thing led to another and not before too long Señor Gilbert decided to swap the adobe clay for the muddy waters of Carquinez. From the day he reported to CMA, Gil made the most of his training. Today he is an accomplished sailorman with a bright naval career ahead of him.

The Academy has profited by Gil's musical talent. During the pioneer days of the school band, Gil's initiative contributed much to the formation of a good drum section. Versatile as he is, he can entertain with most any instrument he can get his hands on.

The class has been able to keep abreast of the Latin American situation through Gil's correspondence with several señoritas. Due to the unusual pronunciation of his last name, which tended to sound slightly Oriental, he acquired the nickname of "Hidoki."

The best of everything is wished for Gil throughout his forthcoming naval career. The Navy will be receiving a scholar, gentleman, and ambassador of good will all wrapped into one.



JOHN MAHONEY

San Diego, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

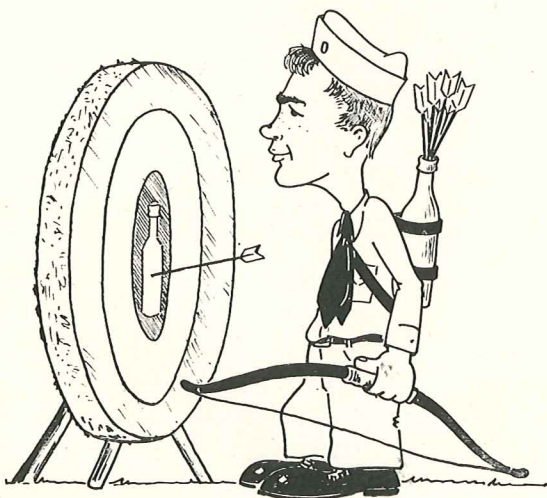
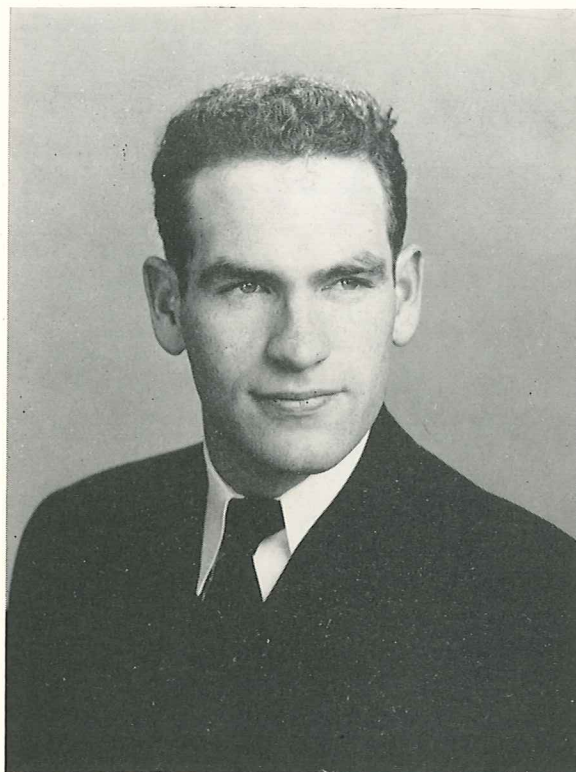
San Diego was getting hot the day that young Juan entered the protective portals of CMA, and it was not due to the sun. Certain persons were glad that he had left for again they could let their small children out to play, their doors open and their valuables in sight. The shadow of evil had enveloped their border city. A sigh of relief was heaved by the entire populace in knowing a night's slumber would not be ruined by the sound of a snub-nosed 32. This had been the life which preceded Juan, as his associates across the border call him, prior to arrival at the Academy. A well-known name of one world had slyly slipped into another.

During the past three years, Juan has continually kept us in stitches with his clowning and never-to-be-forgotten antics at the chow table. This is the first year spittoons have been placed throughout the engineering spaces to collect ever-abundant amounts of "cope."

Juan was very active in athletics. He has been on the baseball team all three years in the role of a fielder. He played on the company football team and was a strong factor during A Company's winning spree.

Down below decks, Juan has proven to all that he is one of the more competent engineers. Though he is not tops scholastically, he has what it takes when the chips are down and they've been down plenty. Wasn't it just the other day FE was nosing around?

As we approach the eve of graduation, we pause to wish Juan the best of luck and success with his new baby, the Merchant Marine.





RUSSELL MARQUARD

Pasadena, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

The oldest and by far the most experienced man in the class of '52 was Russ. His being called "Dad" by all the other children was only natural. In a very few weeks we came to respect this fellow and showed him as much courtesy as possible by helping him up ladders, holding his chair at chow and all the other fastidious treatment deserving to our number one decrepit.

"Dad" had had a great amount of practical experience prior to enrolling at CMA. Several years in the Navy, many months tinkering with machines, and plenty of good judgment laid the foundation for his becoming a leader and gentleman, too.

After becoming a first classman, "Dad" was awarded the position of Company Commander. He took over the newly formed "DOG" company and turned it into a surprisingly sharp outfit. During the last cruise he fulfilled the important position of "chief." He confined the majority of his tinkering to the forward engine room, but it was not surprising to find him in any part of the ship at any time helping anyone needing advice.

"Dad" has been very helpful in giving our class what success it has had. During his first two years he held the position of class president.

After graduation, "Dad" will be looking for a diesel ship, but prior to his departing for the far corners of the globe he will be stopping in Reno. Then a short honeymoon and all will be past.



GORDON NEEDHAM

Bellingham, Washington

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

"What's that you're shining, Gordo?" "Why it's a sword." Yes, Gordo had great ambitions pointed from the start, prodding the boys on to bigger and better things, carrying his company to fame via the barracks inspections and Saturday reviews.

Belying his jovial face and retiring nature, Gordo has sparked the corps in Romeo tactics since his first train ride from the great Washington woods. Sobbing girls, irate fathers and starrv-eyed fiances have marked his course as far north as Vancouver, as far south as Lima and as far east as Pennsylvania.

In the classrooms Gordon has proven his worth by consistently being high on the list with those that have a better knowledge of Thermo and Electricity. He has also done well over in the mess deck.

Aside from Gordo's ravenous appetite he has other qualities marking him as a leader of men. As Captain of C Company he has led the company from the bottom of the ladder to the top. C Company was the first to win the Bear Flag and was the winner in company competition, its first in many years. On the whole, grounds and disposal cans have been kept clear of miscellaneous glassware since the time that the C Company Drum and Bugle Corps had its last routine practice.

After graduation, Gordo is planning to ship out in the Merchant Marine and then take to farming. If "Blue Ribbons" were awarded for engineering we are all sure that Gordo would get the first. Here's to his possibly raising one on the farm.





JAMES PATTERSON

Pomona, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

Looming out of the fog (smog) one dismal day in September 1949, came Jim, suitcases loaded to the brim with Pomona propaganda. Our red-headed favorite had spent his early days snitching oranges and terrifying the girls at Mt. Sac. College whence he attended.

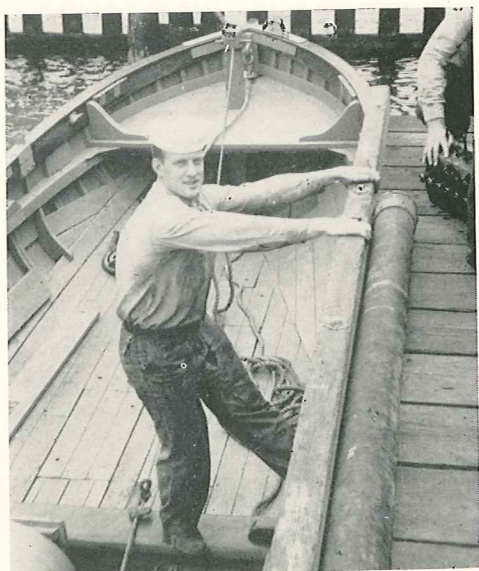
Jim left a lucrative auto parts business to his three partners to seek a maritime career through the channels of CMA.

Immediately recognized as an athlete and dubbed the "Red Devil," Jim was elected to represent his class on the politically-powerful Athletic Council, attaining the position of president during his last year. Being very interested in athletics, he has done much in arranging a schedule of intramural sports between companies.

Jim was selected Company Commander of the newly-formed E Company, and although his duty there was dreaded by all, he took his job in stride and brought his company into the lead of company competition. His final days were spent in quiet retirement at the base penthouse, furnished with tub and all the trimmings that a smog cutter could enjoy.

Probably the most memorable moment of Jim's three years here at the Academy was one night in Acapulco when he spent the evening looking for the Chief Engineer. He found him all right!

After graduation Jim plans on putting his time in the Merchant Marine. We know him to be a dependable, level-headed engineer whose career is just beginning.



DONALD PEDRETTI

Roscoe, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

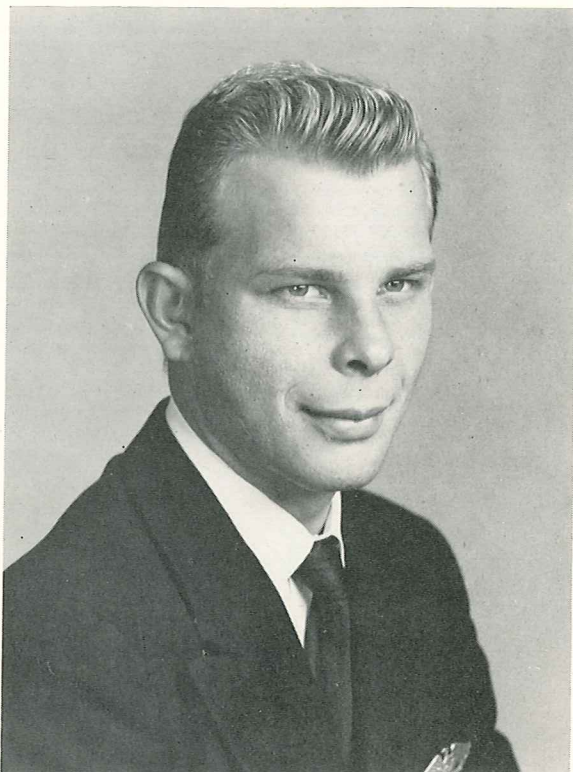
After a year and a half at UCLA, Don answered the call of the sea by making his appearance at CMA. He made quite an impression with his knowledge of boxing acquired in Boxing I. During his term at the Academy he has actively participated in two dance committees and the Hawsepipe and was secretary of his class for two years. His engineering ability and straightforward manner are admired by all excepting one lass in Houston.

During his first class year Donald was awarded the positions of Battalion Sub-Commander and Cadet Chief of the forward engine room. His capabilities are not, however, limited to engineering. He is an avid water skiing enthusiast. This hobby led to numerous social contacts with an influential personage in engineering circles. He was thus placed in an admirable position which led to an extensive amount of practical instruction in the internal disorders of ancient and defunct parked automobiles.

Don's marked resemblance to one of his classmates has caused many impartial judges to witness the relative merits of hairlines, nose length and attractiveness to the opposite sex.

Any wishes of good luck to Don would be superfluous as he makes his own luck and will be a success in the field of his endeavor.





QUENTIN PETERSON

Berkeley, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

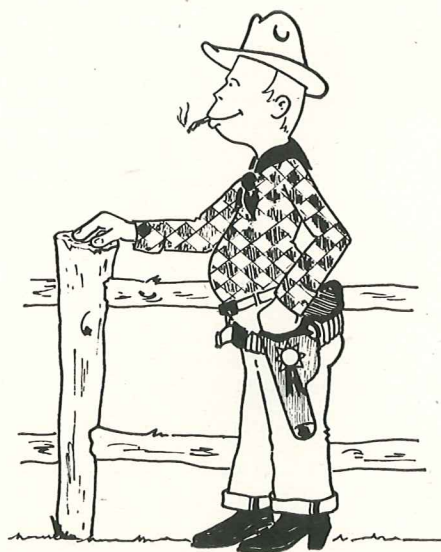
"Quent," our favorite cowpoke from Berkeley, is known to most of us for his love of fine music and his unsurpassed ability in rolling cigarettes.

Pete has attended a number of schools around the Bay area. He is a graduate of Berkeley's famous A to Zed High School, where he learned to spell all the other pupils down. He attended the King's Point Maritime Academy at San Mateo, but after deciding the deck course was not for him, he moved on to the Mare Island Apprentice School where he worked in the "largest machine shop in the world." A year and a half later found him as an oiler on a U.S. Army tug. Then it was the University of California prior to entering CMA.

"Gusher" is very gifted and has many abilities other than those of marine engineering. For example he was one of the best catsup lifters at the H. J. Heinz Company during several leave periods. It is said that he can pump gas better than any other part-time service station attendant in Berkeley. When it comes to oil, just ask the Chief; Gusher brought in two wells in two days which is some sort of a record. Sometimes we think the rumors that he only attends the Academy as a sideline for his used car sales are well grounded.

Pete is quite a celebrity, known to people all over the United States and Mexico. His exploits have been a fireside topic of discussion in California for quite some time, and long will we remember his famous "hurt looks" when one of his statements was questioned.

Pete has always been one of the best machinists in our class, as well as one of our top scholars. On graduation he plans to fill a Third Engineer's billet where we are sure he will be a success.



PAUL REYFF

San Francisco, California

THIRD MATE

"Engine room requesting permission to blow tubes." "Permission granted," echoed the bridge—and with this we delve into the fabulous history of Paul Reyff.

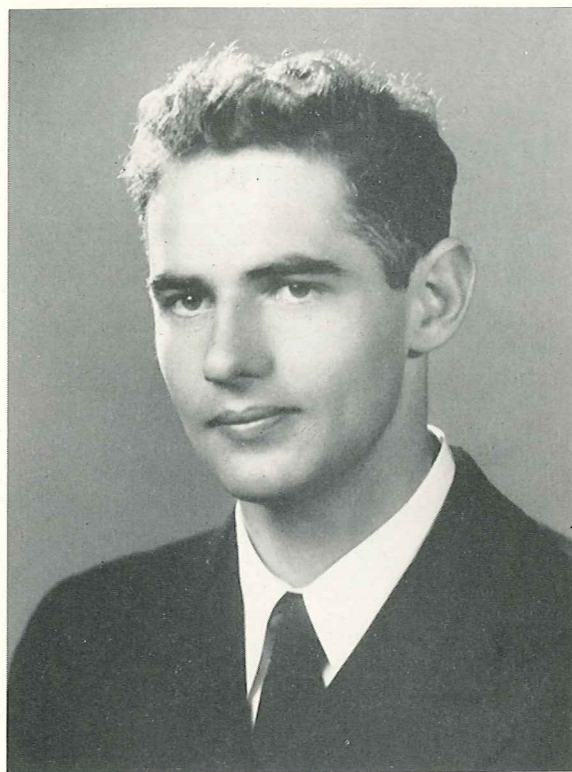
Paul's record will speak for itself. His first visit to the Superintendent's office was in the capacity of a hopeful entrant, with high recommendations and a scholarship awarded him by the American Legion. This hopefulness changed to confidence and Paul developed into a capable and more than average resourceful midshipman.

With an air of self-confidence, Paul accepted each undertaking as a challenge. His diversified talents and his faculty for the unpredictable set him apart from the average; thus he was awarded the title of "Doctor." In truth, those who knew him best could seldom anticipate his brilliant actions or scholastic accomplishments.

Paul has a magnetic attraction to people, for throughout his travels he left behind a host of friends. Young ladies were impressed by his wit, and dignitaries were amazed by his glib and convincing conversation. Guatemalans, Peruvians, and Mexicans will surely remember "el doctor" for his sense of values and his ingenious financial maneuvers.

In his second class year, Paul was given a special award for his good work with the basketball team. In his last year at the Academy, he was elected secretary and treasurer of the Academy's Propeller Club. He was also awarded a position on the Battalion staff as a Midshipman officer. He has also done much to foster relations between his class and the office staff, keeping both sides well informed as to what the other was up to.

Paul's next move is seaward as he embarks upon his career. Opportunity need only knock once and our confidence in his future success is indeed well placed.





RONALD SAGER

Vallejo, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

In the year 1949 a great loss was incurred by one of the U.S. protectorates—a tropical island of beauty called Guam. Ronald, later labeled Crazy Sage, because of his affinity for some of Charles Dickens' characters, has helped us all by his enlightening remarks, so timed that instructors were constantly frowning at him.

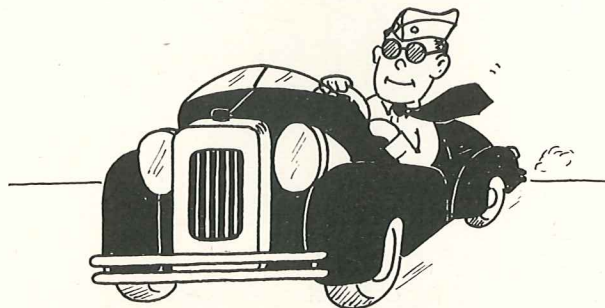
Crazy's first impression upon his fellow believers of "hobo justice" was an everlastingly sharp one, but he soon found out that a ten-pound press button shiv had no monetary value outside of town.

Crazy's favorite hobbies, strange as it seems, are very inexpensive for him. His latest creation only cost his parents one shoe box full of money. After he had his new Cadillac chromed, it hurt his eyes, so he had it scrapped. But his parents, like those of most Middies, just laughed and sent another box.

Due to Crazy's higher affiliation with the Administration Office he was a natural to hold down the position of secretary for the First Class.

It seems sad indeed to think that Ron would ever be induced to take leave of the institution, but during the past year a local construction company has been offered his services and he has been putting in the hours with them making, what he calls, gigantic buildings. These gigantic buildings described so aptly in Ron's own words, turned out to be merely small bungalows situated over emptiness.

Many happy occasions will enter the minds of Crazy's buddies as he takes leave of CMA. We of the graduating class wish him and his family a bon voyage.



ROBERT SCHISLER

Sacramento, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

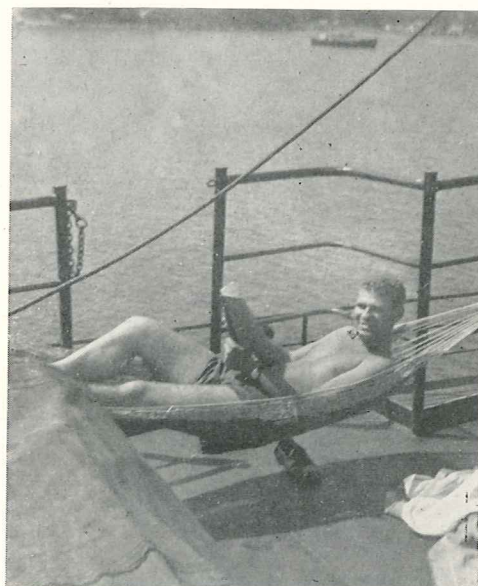
Sporting a flashy uniform of blue and a sabre of gold, Captain Bob Schisler broke ranks and formed in line with the rest of his bewildered classmates. On that eventful day in September when we were all taken to the cleaners, Big Ed got Schis's uniform and Schis got taken. Bob was so fresh from SMRA that he didn't even get home to Sacramento to retrieve his razor and shaving soap.

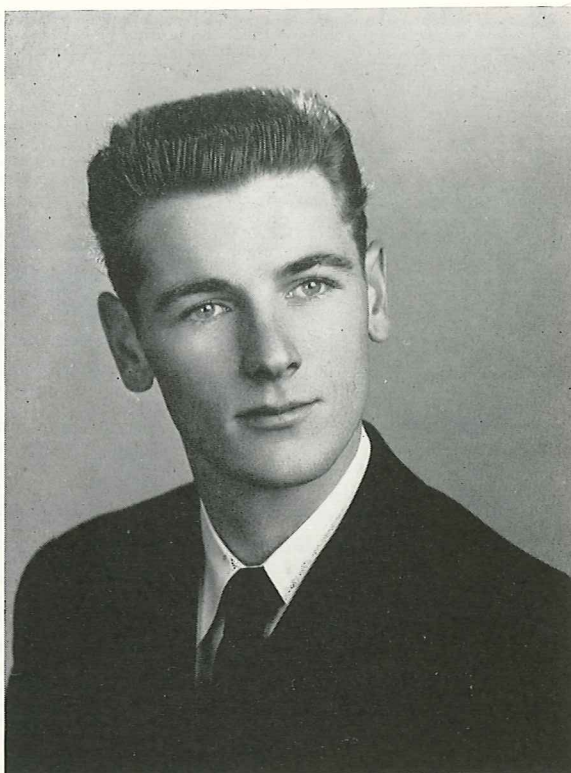
Cap'n Schis excelled in nearly all the athletics that CMA offers. Among his favorites are handball, table tennis, and football. In the latter he proved to be a big "asset" in helping C Company win the intramural championship.

In other activities he has also been very helpful. He took it upon himself to be the Associate Editor of the Hawsepipe. He has been an active member in the Propeller Club. It was the good Cap'n that taught many of us to do the manual of arms. In return he was awarded the position of guidon bearer for his company. He doesn't carry a rifle any more, nor does he carry the sabre, but he does a wonderful job waving his pennant in the mist arising from the Morrow.

In the classrooms, Cap'n Schis was quite deftly nimble with a pencil, thus becoming the third member of the "famous six."

After graduation Schis plans to ship out. Ten years from now many of us would not be surprised to see him back here at the Institution teaching Military Tactics to the greenhorns. Whatever lies in the engineer's future, we know he will go a long way in making his life a successful one.





NORMAN SHERER

Santa Monica, California

THIRD MATE

During the early dawn of enrollment day, 1949, the new class presented the Academy with a new species of homo sapien, the likes of which the world had never seen before. This lad, who was rather a miniature of his race, became known as "The Mouse" and "Squeaks," and from that day on Norm has proven to all that he is a true "mighty mouse," especially when he gets his hair ruffled.

A true lover of the sea, Norman has sailed all types of sailing craft but he has not kept himself restricted only to that field. It wasn't too long ago that he proved to all of us that he could run motorboats. With his new motor boat operator's license clutched in his hand, Norm delved into a highly specialized field of endeavor related to the field of navigation, cargo and associated courses; however, one must be cautioned to keep clear when "Squeaks" attempts to develop his wind on the piccolo.

During his three years at the Academy, Norman has been quite active in the various organizations. He was a charter member of the Sailing Club and has been a staunch supporter of the club for three years. During this time he represented the Academy in the Intercollegiate Meet of 1950. In his last year he was appointed D Company Sub-Commander, and was active in the Propeller Club.

At graduation, Norm will be leaving the school to embark on a career in the Merchant Marine. May the call of the "Mouse" be carried long in the memory of his classmates as a reminder of a first-rate fellow.



JOHN WHITE

Balboa, California

THIRD MATE

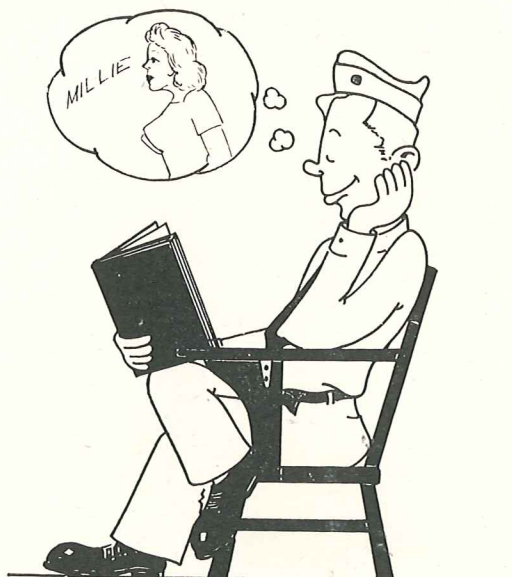
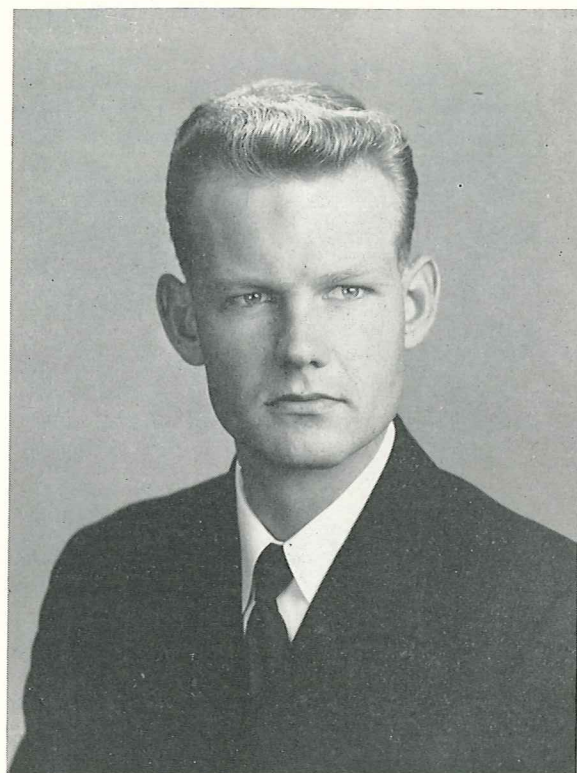
Not like most youngsters who want to be a policeman or fireman in their later years, John decided at the early age of seven to direct his interests towards sailing. As a man of action John immediately became master and crew of a Snowbird in his home waters of Balboa. After graduating from South Pasadena High, John deviated from his part-time interests by becoming a student petroleum engineer at the Colorado School of Mines. It took only one year in the foothills of the Rockies to convince John that he must return to the sea.

During his stay here, John has proven himself an excellent leader of men and a good student. As the Commander of B Company he has supplied the spark which kept his company high among the sharper units. John was also voted the president of the Sailing Club.

John has always been gifted as being a ladies' man. During his stay here at the Academy he has been the object of many women's affections. One lass from Missouri, whose magnetic personality we shall never forget, brought John many happy hours cultivating relations between Missouri and California.

Besides his Nautical Almanac and Sextant, John will probably take a pair of water skis with him on his next voyage south. We are quite sure they will receive as much wear as those instruments more relative to his trade.

During his spare time Johnnie may always be found on Balboa Bay sailing his Star or reading up on the latest racing rules of the road.





JAMES WILLIAMS

Santa Barbara, California

THIRD MATE

The story of Jim Williams begins in the old mission town of Santa Barbara. While still a lad, Jim was torn between his two loves—the sea and the soil. Finally adventure on the high seas won out, and Jim embarked on his chosen career. After spending a few years at sea his ambition prevailed, and he saw for himself a greater future as a graduate of CMA.

This was the one middie who was salty from the start, but Jim knew that he had much to learn, and determination carried him to the top of the class. Quiet and modest in manner, Jim captured the friendship and admiration of all his classmates.

Apart from his scholastic accomplishments, Jim distinguished himself as an outstanding leader, and no one was more qualified to merit the coveted office of Battalion Commander. Besides being a credit to the corps as Battalion Commander, Jim was prominent as president of the Propeller Club and as a member of the Athletic Council.

Although a stickler for discipline in his official capacity, off the base Jim assumed his easy going, carefree attitude. Many a day will his old shipmates recall the daring "wheel-barrow" episode in the Virgin Islands and his notorious evenings "South of the Border."

Jim, as yet, is undecided as to whether he will choose a Merchant or Naval career; however, we who know him best would not be surprised if he returns to "Pneumonia Gulch." Some day Jim may be found as an old sea dog, reclining in his hammock, watching over a nice peaceful lemon ranch near Santa Barbara.



RICHARD WILSON

Vallejo, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

And then there was Wilson, striding manfully through those bent gates, a confident smile and a weaving gait marking his entry into what unknown experiences and travels. Let's review young Wils as we have all known him.

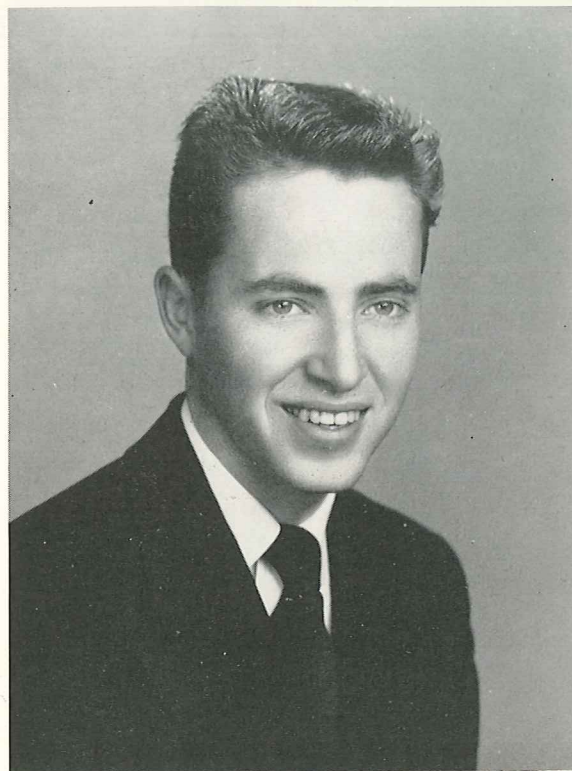
Upon arriving freshly graduated from Vallejo College, Wils at first appeared as an enterprising but inexperienced young man. But soon an experiment with a strange chemical "strong juice" exposed his true explosive nature, and the Vallejo element greeted him with open arms, claiming him as one of their own, affectionately labeling him the "Little Red Hen."

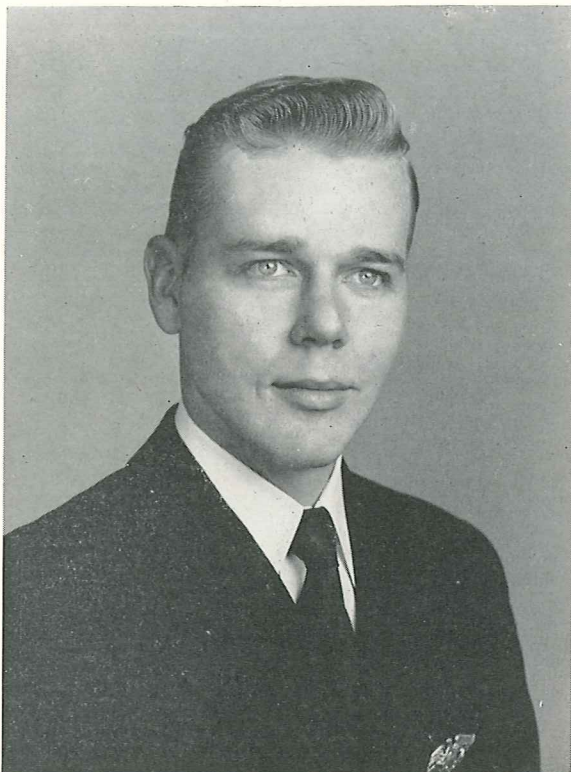
The Academy basketball team gained an invaluable asset when young Wils decided to pit his skill against his old Alma Mater, Vallejo JC, and many other teams the Academy has faced on the courts.

During our last cruise to South America Dick became Cadet Chief Engineer of the forward engine room and maintained a smoothly running organization all the way to Vallejo.

Young Wils also enjoyed the power of two stripes for a few days until he decided to join the C Company Drum and Bugle Corps, thereby sacrificing his gold for the love of music.

Dick, however, has scholastically sparked the class along for the entire three years, always in the foremost of his class, giving a preview of how he will get along in the field of engineering whether it be at sea or on the beach.





CARL WREDEN

Santa Barbara, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

Time: September 28, 1949, to August 23, 1952.

Place: California Maritime Academy.

Character: "Speed"—and what a character he turned out to be. Six foot two, with blond hair and eyes of blue make for a fine classmate.

Besides finding time to become one of the better engineers of the class of '52, Speed has been able to keep his classmates smiling with mirth-provoking witticisms and other unmentionables both in and out of the classroom, but mostly in, much to the dismay of his beloved instructors.

Girls, sailing, girls, parties, and girls have been this fair lad's greatest concern for the past three years. Maybe a few parties on the campus though, right Speed? Week ends would invariably find Speed skimming across the waters of the bay area by day and your guess is as good as ours where he could be found after dark.

For his great interest in and love of the sport, Speed was elected vice-president of the Sailing Club in his first class year. He was also editor-in-chief of the HAWESPIPE, spending much free time towards its success.

Having spent some time at college in his pre-lhrig days, Speed was very inclined to the gay social whirl that accompanies college life and therefore was earmarked to be one of the gayer party-time boys while learning to become an officer and a gentleman.

Fond memories of his stay at CMA will linger long in Speed's mind—such events as his hot tip fiasco in Houston and the used clothing business in Acapulco. But for all the laughs and good times the ones about "Soapy" will be among the last to fade from his classmates' memories.

Lots of luck to a fine classmate and good engineer—so-long till reunion.



... AFTER



ROSTER OF GRADUATES

RICHARD ALLEY

2151 Oregon St., Berkeley, Calif.

PAUL N. BONITZ

39 Coso Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

JOHN COX

530 Gardon St., Bellingham, Wash.

JOHN R. COMPTON

4000 Via Opata, Palos Verdes, Calif.

DOUGLAS CAMPBELL

125 East Ortega St., Santa Barbara, Calif.

CHESTER FERGUSON

100 37th St., Richmond, Calif.

THOMAS FENNESSY

217 Alameda St., Vallejo, Calif.

BRUCE HANNA

762 15th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

PETER HEINTZ

2804 Cavaris Rd., San Marino, Calif.

JACKSON K. IVERSON

971 Runnymede St., Palo Alto, Calif.

RICHARD J. JACOBSEN

4309 Via Frascaei, San Pedro, Calif.

DONALD E. KELLEY

2460 Polk St., Apt. 11, San Francisco, Calif.

PAUL KELLY

4766 Constance Drive, San Diego, Calif.

GREGORY LIGHTHOUSE

3021 Summit St., Oakland, Calif.

RUSSEL W. MARQUARD

409 Castano Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

JOHN MAHONEY

3685 First Ave., San Diego, Calif.

GILBERT MAATTA

2685 Overlook Drive, Walnut Creek, Calif.

GORDON NEEDHAM

3001 Marine Drive, Bellingham, Wash.

JAMES PATTERSON

554 Randolph St., Pomona, Calif.

DONALD PEDRETTI

11020 Cohasset St., Sun Valley, Calif.

QUENTIN PETERSON

1609 Spruce St., Berkeley, Calif.

PAUL REYFF

866 33rd Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

ROBERT SCHISLER

2701 Echo Way, Sacramento, Calif.

NORMAN SHERER

11983 Darlington Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

RONALD SAGER

3011 Coombsville Rd., Napa, Calif.

JOHN WHITE

115 Shorecliff Rd., Corona del Mar, Calif.

JAMES WILLIAMS III

328 East Padre St., Santa Barbara, Calif.

RICHARD WILSON

3021 Burnette St., Vallejo, Calif.

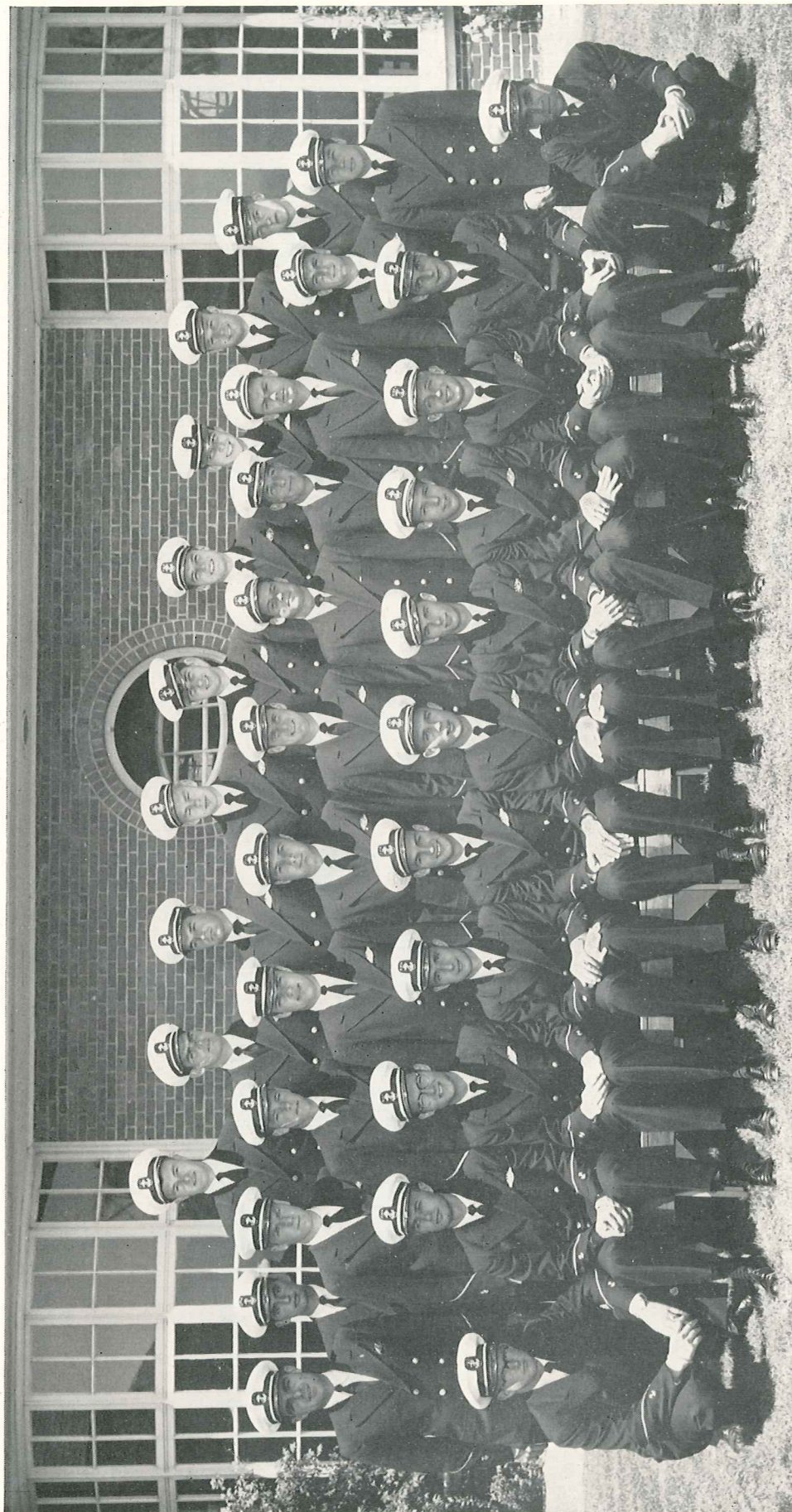
CARL S. WREDEN

2812 Kalmia Place, San Diego, Calif.

UNDERGRADS

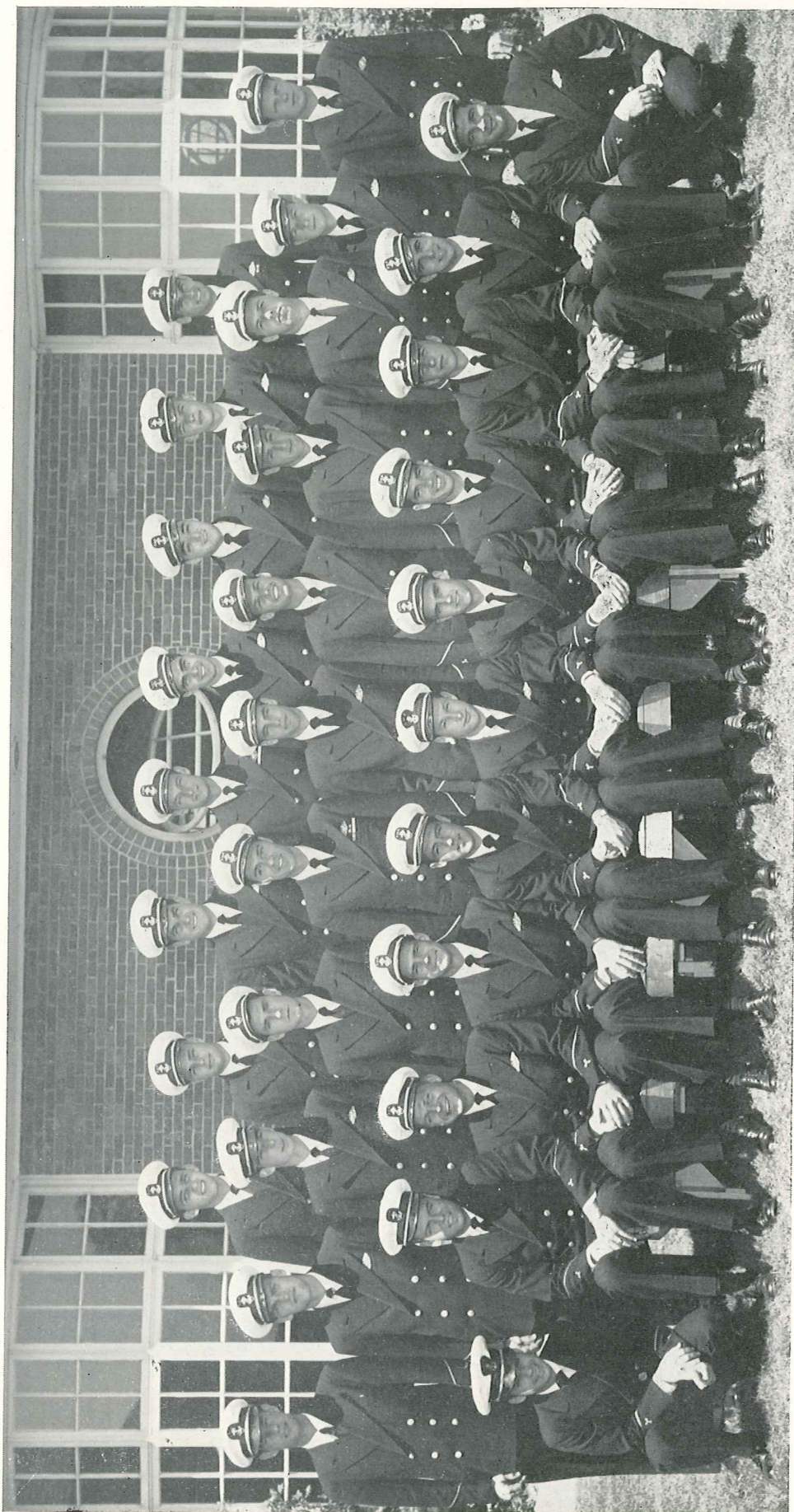


SECOND CLASS DECK



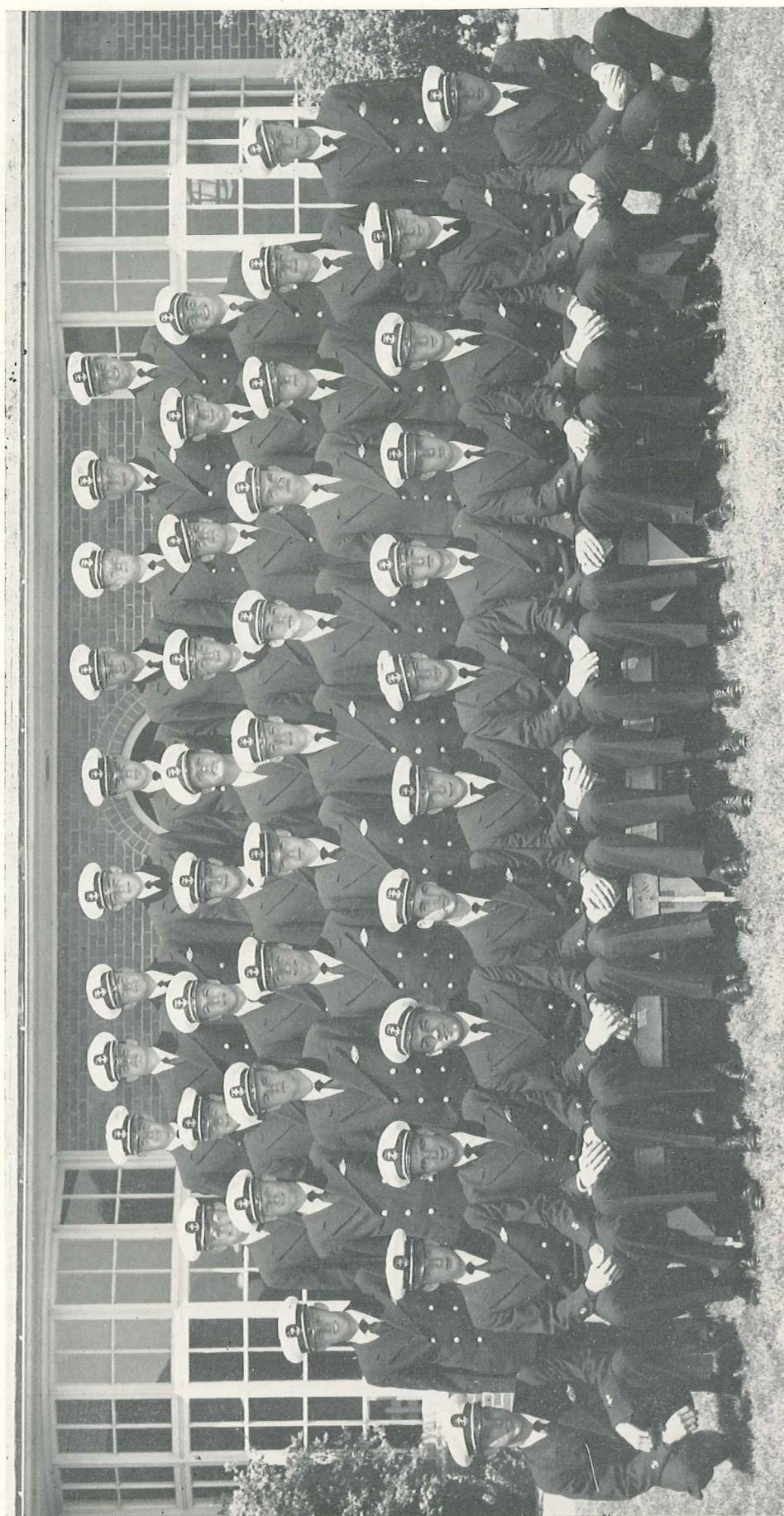
FRONT ROW, left to right: Bauer, Anderson, Campbell, C. A., Crowe, Alford, Gashler, Best, Crabb, Spade, Toscano, Hernandez. SECOND ROW: Martin, W. L., Templeman, Luckey, Gabelman, Martin, R. S., Luxenberg, Andrew, Jones, Gahart, Hunter, Varni, Loistrom, Stroud. THIRD ROW: Jardine, Gladser, Venturini, Dalgren, Furger-son, D. K., Lessard, Smith, D. N., Wentz.

SECOND CLASS ENGINEERS



FRONT ROW, left to right: Sellers, Wegner, Bowyer, R. W., Esber, Lindley, McGregor, Griffiths, Ban, Peterson, W., Mesa, Trapanese. SECOND ROW: Davies, Haines, Halton, Allison, Evans, W. G., Emery, Farrell, Futerman, Tolin, Shuster, Mattson. THIRD ROW: Lapporte, Rodger, Montey, DeNegri, Harper, Jacobson, R. E. Mairs. NOT PRESENT: Poellet.

THIRD CLASS DECK



FRONT ROW, left to right: Davis, D. W., Fee, Moore, Ruiz, Woodson, Hahn, Doty, Williams, O. F., Sage, Awalt, Maloney, Sreepier. SECOND ROW: Wisner, Leibelt, VanAntwerp, Wise, Kline, Graham, Arndt, Donnelly, McAdoo, Johnson, Venator. THIRD ROW: Alderson, Grossman, Sauers, Galli, Ryan, Bird, Townsend, Loynes, Davis, S. H. FOURTH ROW: Newton, Evans, W. E., Lynn, Deselms, Stone, Stanton, Silver, Swerling, Hyman.

THIRD CLASS ENGINEERS



FRONT ROW, left to right: Bowyer, C. H., Holmstrom, Short, Kelly, E. A., Wallace, Harding, English, Cerates.
SECOND ROW: DeWeese, Taylor, Thurn, Engelfried, Mund, Hammerland, Tuttle. THIRD ROW: Leedom, Apor, Record, Olson, Echols, Seifer, Carter.



Second Class Officers: Luxenberg, Vice-President; Stroud, Secretary; Futerman, President.

Third Class Officers: Leedom, President; Johnson, Secretary; Swerling, Vice-President.



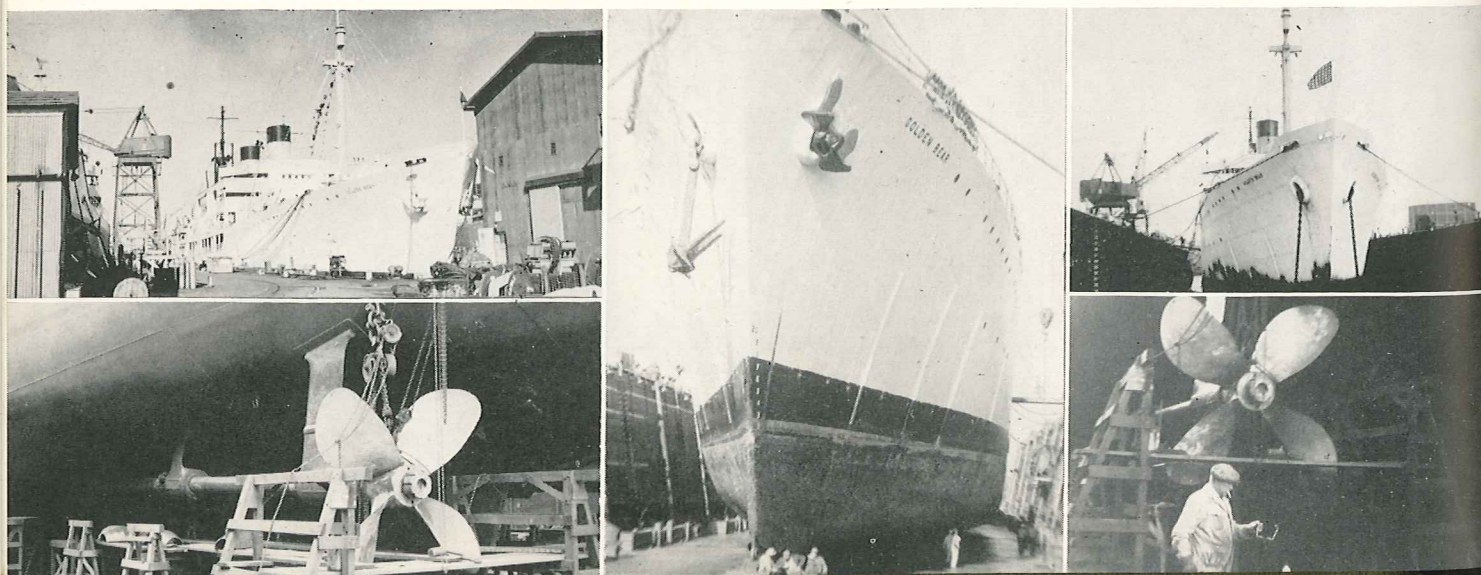
CRUISE



FITTING OUT

On the morning of January 4, 1952, the boilers of the T.S.G.B. were fired up and preparations were in the making for getting the ship underway. The following afternoon we left for Alameda for the annual overhaul prior to the cruise to South America. That evening we found ourselves berthed at Todd's Shipyards. The bottom side of the ship's hull was cleaned and painted by the yard crew. The auxiliary set of the after engine room was removed and taken over to the Westinghouse plant. A couple of weeks later it was replaced and a test run. The next evening found several engineers overhauling two main journal bearings.

The work on the ship was completed on the 24th of January, and we steamed out to anchorage under the Bay bridge. All gear was lashed down, pumps tested, and last-minute repairs made prior to departure for Manzanillo, Mexico. The last liberty boat ashore carried with it one of the well-known engineering personalities who was never to again return to his schoolship. The evening of the 26th, sea watches were set, anchors weighed and the T.S.G.B. was on her way.



MANZANILLO



A new adventure for some, a familiar experience for others; for everyone the 1952 cruise had begun.

Manzanillo meant merely the end of six days at sea to many, but it was not a typical port. Actually, this small village offered an insight to rural life that few travelers ever know. A picturesque bay provided the setting, while groves of palms and other tropical vegetation enhanced the interior.

On nearby Santiago Peninsula plans have been completed for a new beach resort and yacht harbor. In a few short years the Manzanillo-Santiago area should be equal to, if not better, than Acapulco both as a resort and as a deep-sea fishing area.

Amateur photographers had a real field day, for they found a wealth of local atmosphere and color. Night life, on the other hand, was practically nonexistent. A few large hotels served five peso steaks (filet mignon), and other questionable establishments offered, among other things, a full stock of carta blanca (prices geared to the budget).

Unspoiled by tourists, rural Manzanillo will be remembered as a natural and typical Mexican seaport.



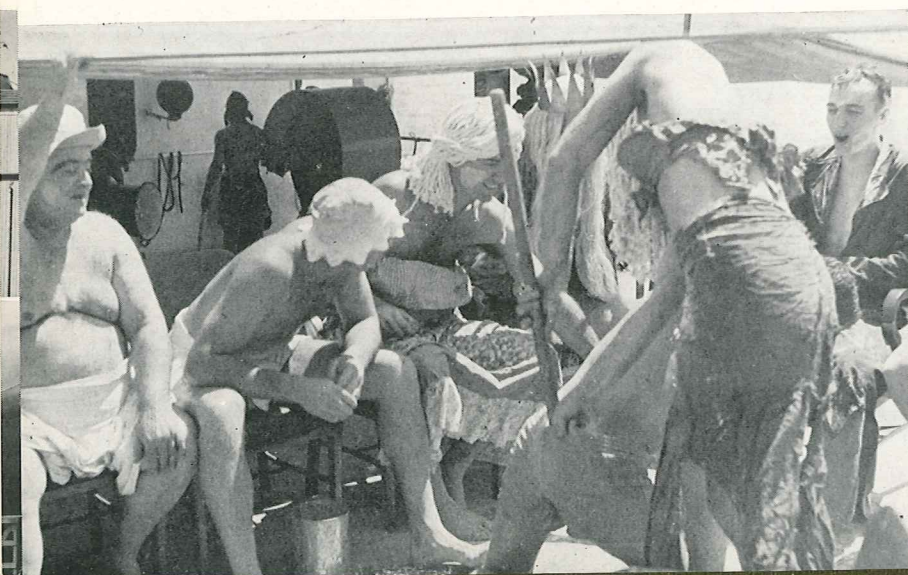


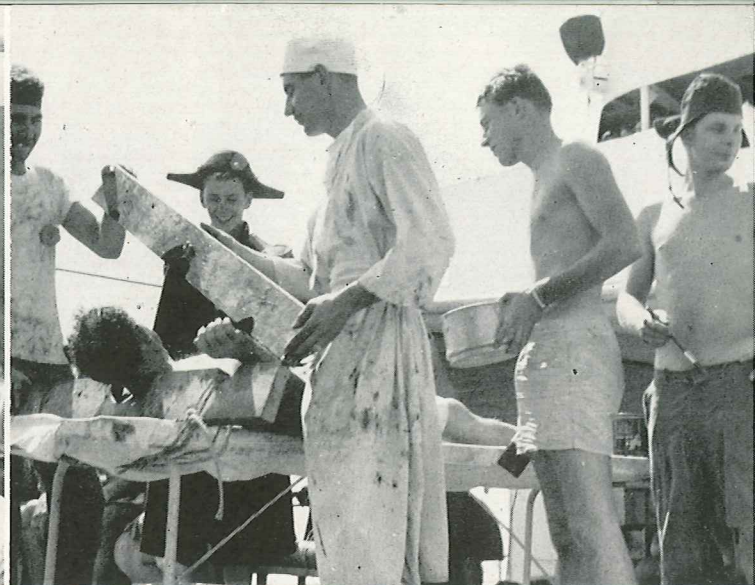
EQUATOR

"Hoist the Jolly Roger" was the cry, and Neptunus Rex boarded the T.S. with his entire court. The royal party took their places amidst a regal fanfare, and Shellbacks gathered in force as court convened.

The accursed pollywogs had invaded the sacred domain. These unholy foreigners were guilty of gross crimes against the royal order. "Guilty on all counts" was the unanimous verdict. Sentences were short and sweet, but the punishments would be prolonged and agonizing.

One by one, the wrongdoers came forth to receive their just sentence. The royal decree was severe yet just, and the accursed pollywogs paid for their numerous vile sins.



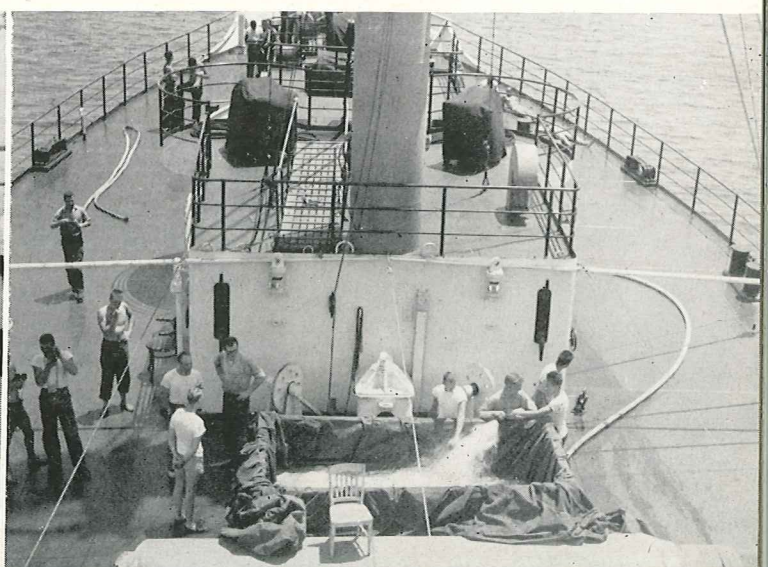


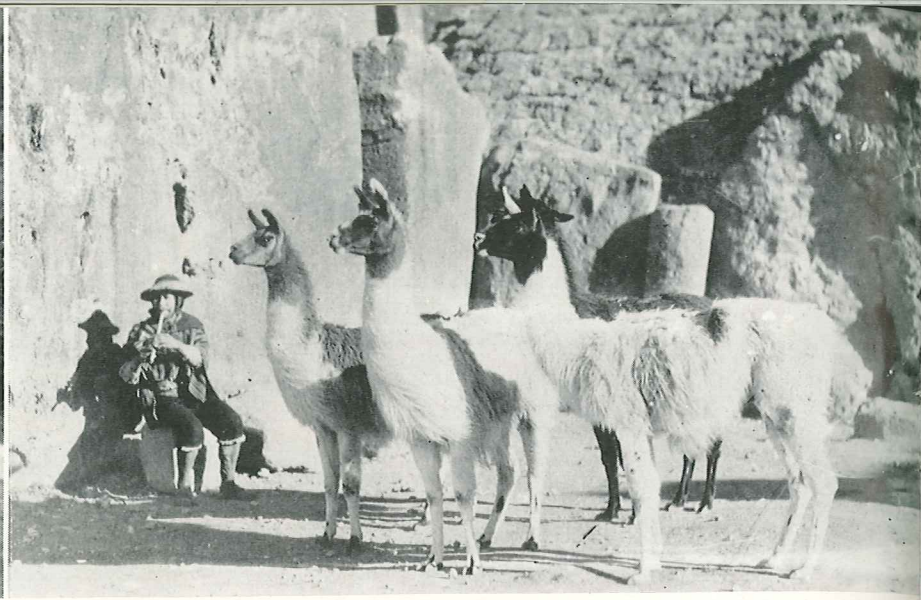
R

CROSSING

Royal guards assisted the swine on their way with affectionate prods. But the guards were weak and did not know the worthlessness of the vermin with which they dealt. His lordship was merciful after all, and a royal physician was on hand to administer aid in healing the wretched bodies brought forward. Further mercy was shown as all were allowed to cleanse themselves in scented water of the realm. In truth, the punishments were mild, yet effective.

Neptunus Rex was pleased. For his forces had been strengthened by a strong and healthy crew of newly-anointed Shellbacks. Trumpets blared as the Jolly Roger was majestically lowered, and the Royal Court withdrew to the deep.





CALLAO

The equator incident was a thing of the past, and the new Shellbacks eagerly awaited their South American destination—Callao. It had been many days since the last port and anticipation reached a peak.

Finally the Golden Bear steamed through the harbor amidst an atmosphere of antiquated steamers and sailing vessels of a bygone era. Activity subsided, liberty parties formed, and port routine was in full swing.

Callao, the port town, rapidly acquired a reputation as the spot to avoid; for almost all hands seemed to prefer the big city attraction of Lima, 10 miles distant. Dollars were exchanged for Soles, and Soles changed hands rapidly as the presence of the American tourist was again felt in Peru.





LIMA

Lima laid out the welcome mat in true Latin American style, and the visitors were not disappointed. For those with a surplus of cash, the merchants offered a multitude of bargains. Genuine crocodile wallets and belts and authentic llama skin rugs filled the treasure chest of more than one clever shopper. Others satisfied their appetites in the fabulous dining room of the Crillon Hotel, after which the exploration of Chilean night spots proved a popular form of diversion.

Our visit to Peru would hardly be complete without a mention of the CMA tourist's trip to the Andes. A specially chartered train took us up-up-up above sea level. And there we were, 10,000 feet up in the Andes. We entered the land of the llama, enjoyed the "hospitality" of a quaint mountain community, and completed the return trip all in one day.

As all good things, our Peruvian visit had to end. Tear-stained taxi drivers watched with dismay, frantic peddlers waved fuzzy dogs in hopes of a last-minute sale, and 150 midshipmen clutched their cartons as the T.S. headed north and homeward bound.





SAN JOSE

San Jose loomed as the big mystery port in the 1952 training cruise. For very few of the officers and none of the midshipmen had ever set foot upon Guatemalan soil.

It was evident that something new was in the offing as three anchors were required to hold the Golden Bear in her anchorage. In fact, there was no end to the many novelties encountered in this strange Central American port.

Each liberty party embarked upon an adventure as a native barge held the franchise on all ferrying to and from the dock. Then came the unique experience of being subjected to a makeshift barge-to-pier passenger hoist. Fortunately, few midshipmen were lost en route. And finally San Jose in all of its glory. Mere words cannot describe it; one must see it to believe that it actually exists. For San Jose, in all of its filth and backwardness, was hardly representative of Guatemala at its best.



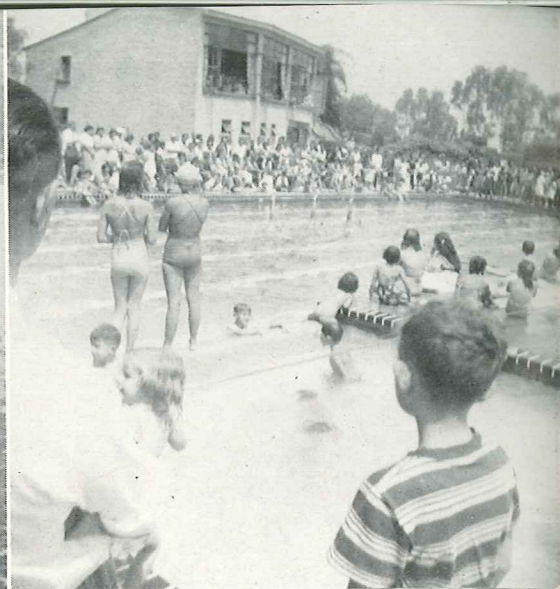


GUATEMALA CITY

To appreciate fully the real beauty of the country, we need only follow the travels of those midshipmen who were fortunate enough to make the trip to Guatemala City. For three days the Pan American Hotel played host to a band of pleasure-seeking CMA middies. And, needless to say, mucho pleasure was found by all. Guatemala City offered relaxation and excitement, scenic field trips by day and satisfying revelry by night. The food was superb, the climate was invigorating, and the service on all counts was above reproach. A few lost their heads, a few lost their wallets, but a unanimous decision declared it three days well spent.

A rather bumpy bus ride jarred us with the realization that our Guatemala holiday was at an end, but the training cruise was far from over. Some will remember the filth of a sorely neglected port town, and others will treasure memories of a visit to a capital city. For certainly Guatemala was seen at its best and at its worst.





ACAPULCO

Acapulco came to us four days early this year because of our shortened stay in San Jose, but not a soul aboard appeared gloomy at the prospect of four extra days of paint slinging. It was rumored that those with gold-lined wallets would be allowed to go to Mexico City, and so it was.

"Next stop, Mexico City" was the early morning cry at "Ze Airporto de Acapulco." With the screaming ovation of pursuing police sirens, nineteen of CMA's worthiest took to the air. Diving low over the beloved Golden Bear, the plane "El Destructionum" winged its way northward toward the fifth largest city in the world.

After receiving lesson three on "How to Fly," the pilot brought the plane to a screeching halt in front of the airport terminal and nineteen nervous wrecks staggered out. After refusing numerous Fords, Chevies, and other uncomfortable makes of cars, the midshipmen were accorded Cadillacs to properly transport them to Mexico City's finest hotel, the internationally-known Monti Casino.

The middies were accommodated with the finest hospitality and for four days enjoyed such choice items as filet mignon, oysters half-shell and avocado salads mornings, noon and night.





MEXICO CITY

Some made side trips to the Ruins, Palace of Fine Arts, and Floating Gardens as well as to many of the famous and infamous Mexico City night spots. Sunday's afternoon bull fight, missed by few, turned out to be quite a spectacular affair. Although everyone was in good spirits, those with too much spirits found side trips to the quiet mountain town of Cuernavaca most enchanting.

Returning to the ship on the fourth day, the more elite middies summed up their trip as "el magnifico."

While the rest of the crew gave the ship its new white face, some of the engineers finished the job "on top of old smokey." During liberty time most of us went water skiing or sun bathing out at Caleta.

Evenings found most of the fellows pretty well spread out over the entire area of Acapulco from Hotel Caleta and Las Americas to the dingy dungeons in the center of town where one might possibly witness a knifing or shooting incident.

After twelve enjoyable days here, all hands were ready to head back toward Estados Unidos for the scuttle running around the ship hinted of checks waiting to be spent in San Diego. So, as the Chilean training ship steamed into Acapulco, we took leave under her twenty-one gun salute.





CALIFORNIA PORTS

At 0800 March 25, the Training Ship Golden Bear entered San Diego Bay, the harbor of the last "foreign" port on the 1952 cruise agenda. Many of the midshipmen's parents, a few of their steady girls, and a couple of bill collectors were on hand to greet us at "B" street pier. As soon as the custom officials had gone through the vessel, liberty was granted to the home-port middies. While in San Diego, first classmen of both liberty parties were guests of Puds Kelly and his parents at their home. Party time was the order of the day, as Kelly's guests guzzled brew, swapped sea stories, danced under the stars, or renewed acquaintances with the opposite sex.

Long Beach came and went without much incident except for the party at Hollywood and Vine. Immaculate Heart College was the scene for a few of the middies' operations, but the majority of the couples worked their way down toward the Palladium where dancing and coke sipping were enjoyed. It all ended too early . . .

Next came Santa Barbara, a port to be long remembered. Wreden threw a typical party for the first classmen, but its success was due largely to D.E.'s interest in the affair. His activities on this memorable night remain a matter of conjecture to all concerned, including Kelley himself.

Final port of call was Oakland, where the largest contingent of fathers, mothers, sweethearts, and line handlers turned out to greet the Great White Ship. Oakland met her boys with open arms and in the same manner that Mills met her providers.

As all good things must, Oakland and consequently the '52 cruise came to an end. As we arrived at the Vallejo dock we were met by the members of the Dice Club and many gardeners playing the role of line handlers. Stores were taken back ashore that evening and post-cruise liberty was granted the following day.





HAWESPIPE

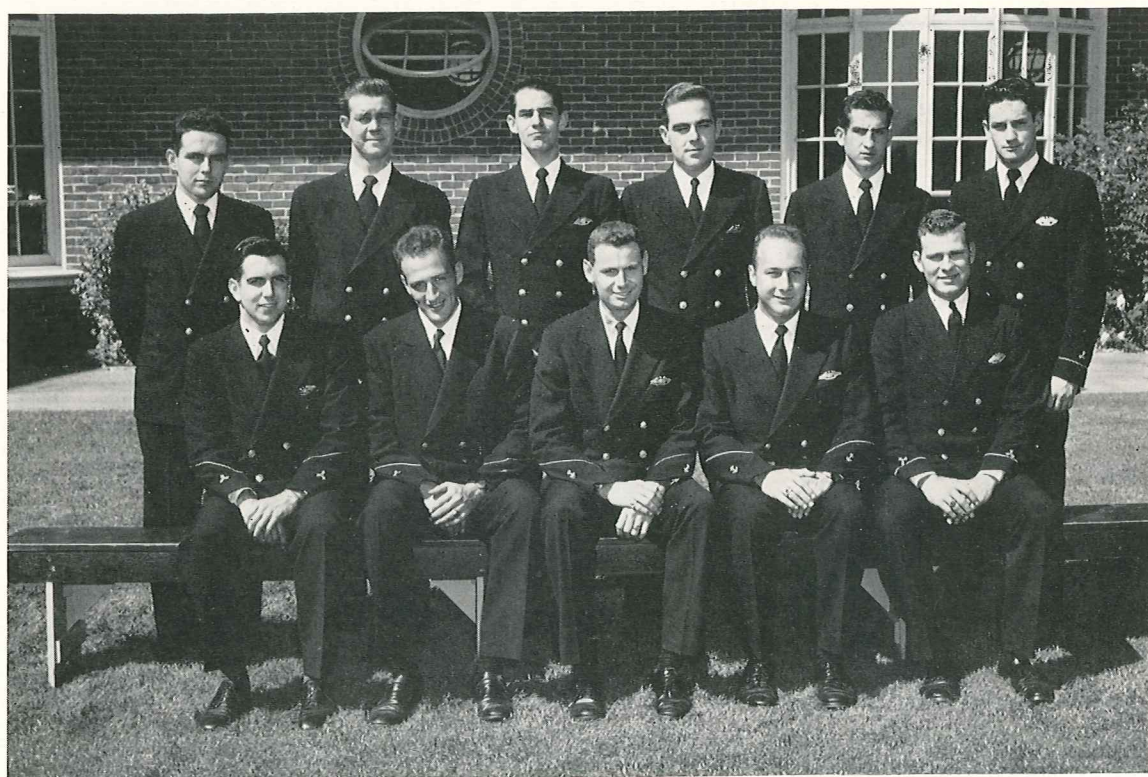


LEFT TO RIGHT: Wreden, Editor-in-Chief; Pedretti, Business Manager.

Editing a yearbook isn't as simple as it looks. It means numerous trips to the printers and engravers, months of battling against time and all-important deadlines. Thanks to Speed's originality and ingenuity this twenty-third edition of the HAWESPIPE is one in which every staff member is proud to have had a part. Credit also to "Puds" Kelly, right-hand man, whose untiring efforts helped Speed over many a rough spot; to Bruce Campbell and Jim Mesa for art work which will continually keep all hands smiling; to Don Pedretti for overcoming the innumerable problems as business manager; and to the rest of the crew, advertising and editorial, without whose assistance this publication would not have been possible.

A special word of thanks goes to Lt. Comdr. Martin, Faculty Advisor, for his reserved council.

The staff also wishes to express their gratitude to Mr. Robert Ozias and his staff of Lederer, Street & Zeus Co., Inc., without whose aid and patience this book would have long been given up as impossible.



SEATED, left to right: Mesa, Art; Futerman, Advertising; Hunter, Advertising; Luxenberg, Activities; Schisler, Associate Editor. STANDING: Lighthouse, Photography; Faber, Advertising; Reyff, Assistant; Martin, W. L., Advertising; Campbell, D. B., Art Editor; Kelly, P. E., Associate and Sports Editor.

On August 30, 1939, the Port of California Maritime Academy was officially chartered as the sixty-eighth Propeller Club Port of the United States.

This association of upperclass midshipmen was organized to further the acquaintance of students of the California Maritime Academy with maritime matters, and to foster the interests of the American Merchant Marine. It is especially befitting to the mission of the Academy that such an organization exists because by it the students learn about the industry to which their professional training is directed. Along with the highly integrated theoretical instruction ashore, and the practical training received aboard the GOLDEN BEAR, the Propeller Club gives the students that even broader education of the biggest business in the world—world trade and the American Merchant Marine.

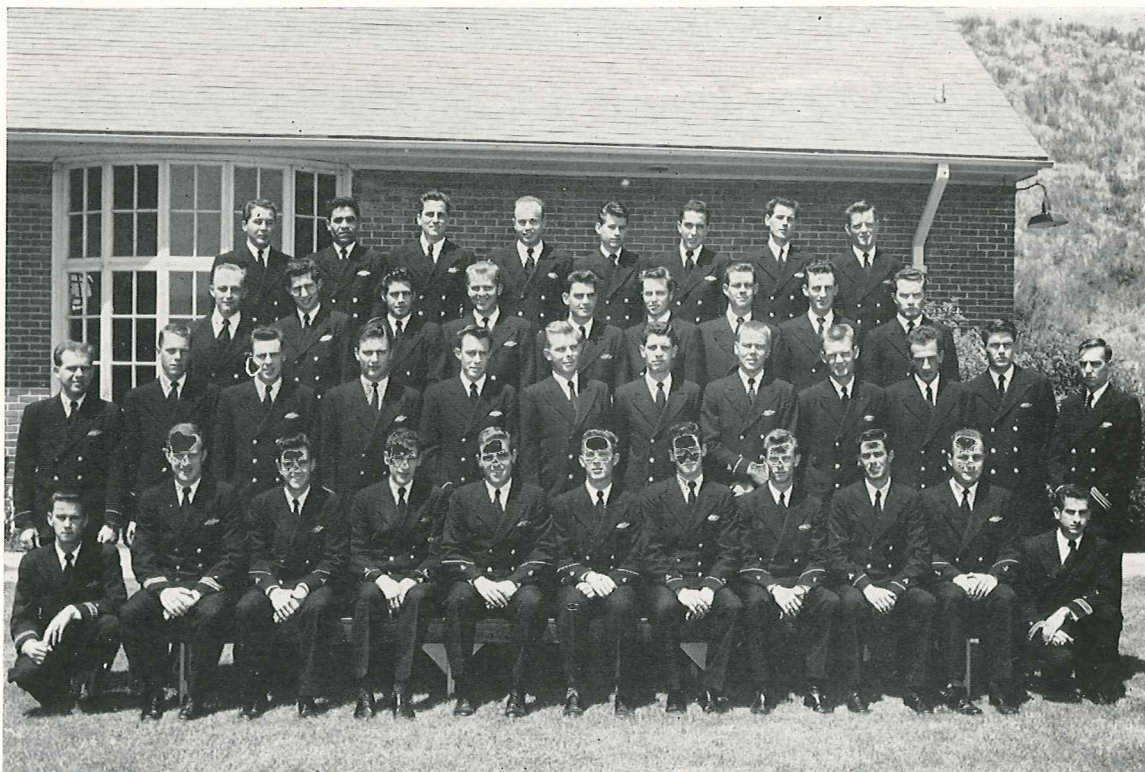
Annually the training ship, GOLDEN BEAR, plays host to thousands of visitors in San Francisco during World Trade Week and Maritime Day which are nationally sponsored by the Propeller Club of the United States. At the Academy the Propeller Club sponsored several timely and interesting lectures which were given by prominent business men; and also the Club supported and endorsed a resolution directed to the members of Congress urging the restoration of cadet-midshipmen's pay of \$65 per month.

Where the Academy has technically qualified the graduate as an officer of the Merchant Marine, the Propeller Club has provided the individual with a medium for working in concert with his contemporaries and associates toward improved conditions in the marine industry.

PROPELLER CLUB

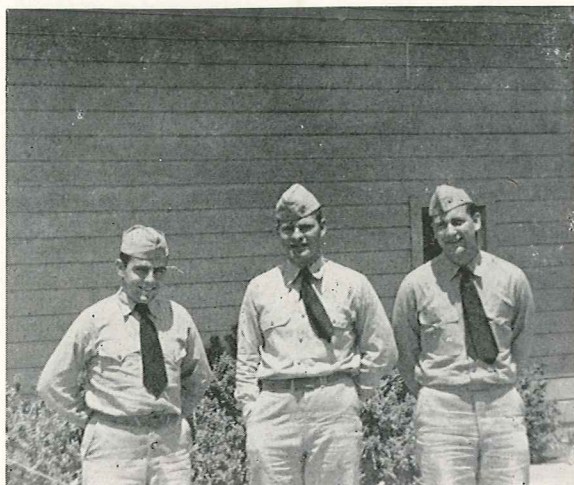


LEFT TO RIGHT: Reyff, Secretary; Williams, President; Heintz, Vice-President.



FRONT ROW, left to right: Cox, Patterson, Griffiths, Mahoney, Martin, W. L., Gashler, Kelly, P. E., Best, Hanna, Luxenberg, Campbell, D. B. SECOND ROW: Fennessey, Gabelman, Matta, Martin, R. S., Alley, Peterson, Q. K., Compton, Wreden, White, Futerman, Jacobsen, R. J., Pedretti. THIRD ROW: Ferguson, C. C., Furgerson, D. K., Bonitz, Bowyer, R. W., Gladser, Wilson, Faber, Alford, Sager. FOURTH ROW: Stroud, Hernandez, Varni, Wentz, Sellers, Smith, D. N., Sherer, Kelley, D.

CAMERA CLUB



Lighthouse, President; Schisler, Vice-President;
Needham, Secretary.

Continuing under the supervision of President Gregg Lighthouse and the surveillance of Commander Heron, the CMA Camera Club is again closing another busy and successful year.

The majority of the Camera Club's equipment is located aboard the Golden Bear, and it is also here that darkroom facilities are available. The cruises of the Golden Bear are a field day for all camera fans. While at sea, the darkroom is ever a scene of confusion as middies and officers alike are attempting to develop their latest masterpieces.

Many of the scenes appearing in this year's Hawespipe can be attributed to various members of the Camera Club, for they gave up much of their own time to take, develop, and print many of the pictures.

Now, as the time grows short and present club officers are about to graduate, the Hawespipe wishes to thank them, for without their efforts this book would be composed of many blank pages. To the new officers, we wish the best of luck. May continued success be theirs.



S. Davis, W. Petersen, Hanna, Mat'ison, Futcrman.

BAND



FRONT ROW, left to right: Matta, Iverson. SECOND ROW: Cerates, Campbell, C. A., Streeper, Lessard, Pcellof Johnson, Silver, Doty, Trapanese. THIRD ROW: Tolin, Roden, Townsend, Spade, Mund, Grossman, Crabb, Leedom, Swerling, Wentz, Evans, W. G.

The Drum and Bugle Corps of the Academy has consistently been an ever-changing group consisting of a few ambitious fellows endeavoring to make something out of practically nothing. This year, two members of the class of '52 are to be credited with what we think will be a permanent organization, the Academy Band. Midshipmen Iverson and Maatta have had a rough time of it, contributing much of their free time to conducting rehearsals, scheduling appointments with the higher echelon, and securing enough instruments to go around. Mr. Agee and Mr. Dunham are to be credited also for joining in and giving much needed advice gratis.

The band's first appearance on the drill field will live long in our memories as will the majority of their other appearances. Drill is a task we all dread, but with the band's presence it has been an enlightening

experience. The Wednesday afternoon concerts have also added a touch of pleasantness to our surroundings.

Many enjoyable hours were spent this last cruise listening to the Dixieland boys practicing for that ever-important concert that never materialized, but while in Lima, Peru, the whole contingent turned out for a special program serenading officials of the Peruvian government. In Acapulco, when the T.S.G.B. gave the long-awaited reception to the local populace, the band was there providing mellow music for the midshipmen and their señoritas.

It is at this time that the HAWESPIPE staff wish to all the other fellows connected with the band the best of luck in the future. May they continue to produce as they have this past year.

RING DANCE



The social activities of the '52-'53 school year had their climax with the presentation of the traditional Second Class Ring Dance, always the big social event of the year.

This year the Second Class hoped to present a bigger and better dance than ever before, and their hopes were fulfilled as the big night proved successful in every respect.

The Sir Francis Drake Hotel provided the setting with dancing in the Empire Room and refreshments in the French Lounge. Formal attire prevailed with bow ties setting off

the dress blue uniforms of the midshipmen, and formal dresses enhancing the beauty of an unusually attractive bevy of young ladies.

The highlight of the evening was of course the symbolic Ring Ceremony. With Jack Fisher and his orchestra providing a musical background, the ceremony centered around a gigantic florally decorated ring. Each Second Classman advanced toward the ring accompanied by his young lady, who had an equally important part in the ceremony. For her's was the role of anointing the class ring in the waters of the seven seas, and then placing it upon her partner's finger. An embrace beneath the floral ring concluded the ceremony, thus providing an ample reward to the nervous couples and the curious spectators. At this point even the more emotional and less modest midshipmen, temporarily oblivious to their surroundings, awakened to the realization that they had completed their part in the traditional Ring Ceremony.

To quote a certain midshipman: "I grabbed her, I staggered back, I stumbled out of the ring, a flash bulb popped in my face, I was through."

At 1 a.m. the Ring Dance was formally over, after which informal house parties culminated the evening's festivities. For the Second Classmen, however, the week end had just begun . . .



ALUMNI

Because of the world-wide scope of the maritime profession, California Maritime Academy graduates are scattered throughout the globe. This fact has made it somewhat difficult for an organized alumni association to be formed. A number of attempts have been made, but each time the endeavor failed simply because it was so difficult to get enough graduates together at one place long enough for a permanent organization to take shape. Understanding this problem, but believing that it can be overcome, a group of graduates came together in the summer of 1951 to again attempt to organize the California Maritime Academy Alumni Association. As a result of their work the San Francisco Bay Area Chapter and the Southern California Chapter have now been organized.

The California Maritime Academy Alumni Association is glad to have this opportunity to welcome into the fellowship of schoolship graduates the Class of 1952. It is hoped that the youth and vigor of this class will do much to make the permanent organization of the association a reality. All members of this class are therefore invited to take part in alumni activities. To do this it will be necessary to keep the Association apprised of changes of address. Those members of the class who will find the San Francisco Bay Area Chapter more convenient should keep in contact with CMA graduates on the Academy faculty. Those more convenient to the Los Angeles area should keep in touch with Mr. Leonard L. Gregory '42, Acting Vice-President of the Association, 4747 La Canada Boulevard, La Canada, California.

To the Class of 1952, the Alumni Association says "Welcome and best of luck."

MARITIME DAY



The operation was designated "SHOWBOAT." The mission was to exhibit the Training Ship Golden Bear to the best advantage as a participant in National Maritime and World Trade Week. The task was to proceed to San Francisco Tuesday, 20 May, and return to Academy Base Friday, 23 May, 1952.

Boilers were again fired up, watch lists made out, and a few personal belongings moved aboard as the vessel was made ready for her part in National Maritime Day. This day, by proclamation of the President of the United States, was Thursday, 22 May. World Trade Week had commenced Monday, 19 May. For the twenty-nine First Classmen aboard, it would be

their last time to handle the wheel and throttles, advise lowerclassmen, and in general operate the ship as they had so aptly done for three years.

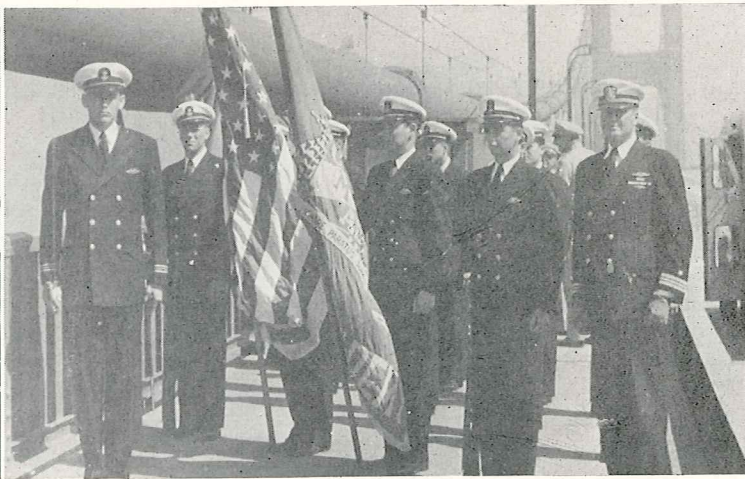
The jaunt to San Francisco went by without incident, and that evening, to the joy of the men concerned, liberty was granted to half the corps.

Wednesday, 21 May, the Superintendent entertained approximately 30 distinguished guests at a luncheon aboard the vessel. Among his guests were State Senators, Assemblymen, civic and shipping leaders.

Thursday, 22 May, the color guard and firing squad took part in the Golden Gate Bridge Memorial Ceremonies. Also, the Superintendent, with two guests, Midshipmen Williams and Pedretti, attended the National Maritime Day Luncheon at the Commercial Club.

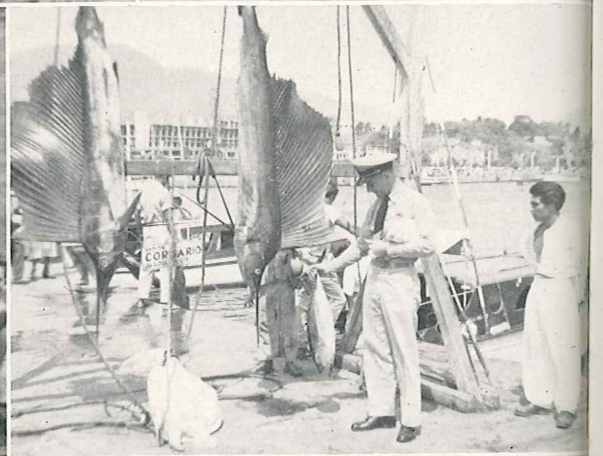
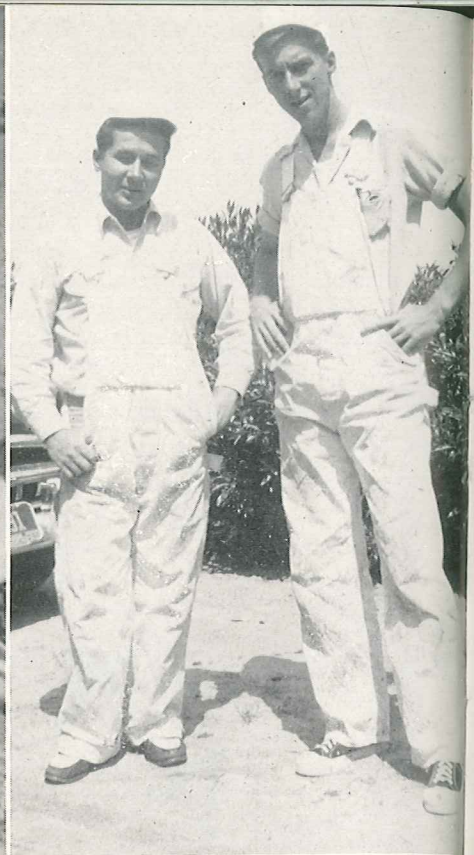
That evening, aboard the vessel, the CMA alumni held their dinner. Many alumni turned out for the affair and in general it was a successful event.

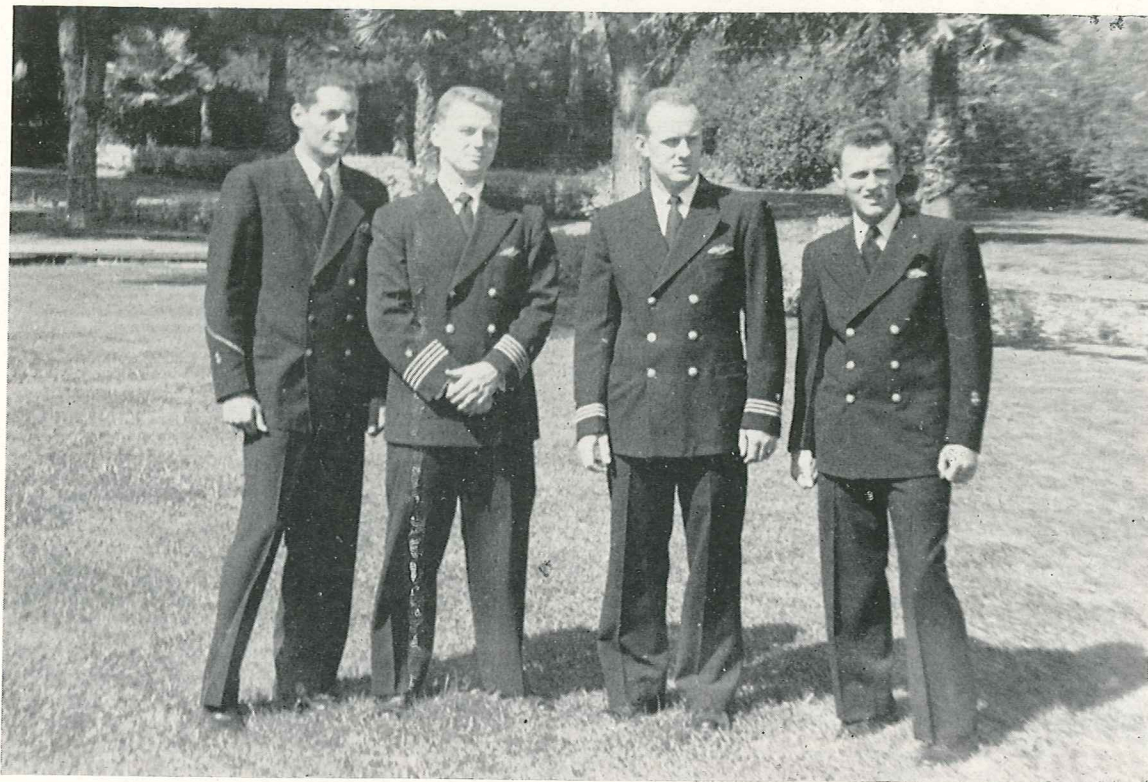
On Friday, 23 May, the Golden Bear made her return trip to Vallejo. Thus operation "SHOWBOAT" came to a close.



ATHLETICS







Toscano, Second Class; Williams, First Class; Patterson, President; Wiser, Third Class.

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

The Athletic Council under the guidance of Midshipman Patterson and the advisement of Mr. Pederson coordinates the athletics offered at the Academy. Its job is to see that the teams are adequately outfitted with uniforms, that games are scheduled with neighboring school teams, and that a sufficient number of athletic activities are offered to the midshipmen during their athletic periods.

The Athletic Council is made up of representatives elected from the first, second and third classes, a chairman from the first class presides over the council.

The Council begins each year by organizing the sports activities. The larger enrollment this year made it necessary for a reorganization of all activities in order to offer better facilities and more time for sports.

Because of the lack of sufficient time for competition with neighboring schools, sports, with the exception of basketball and softball, are confined to intramural competition. Sailing, though an activity offered at the school, has come under the auspices of the Sailing Club. They have participated in intercollegiate meets, international meets, and local regattas held here on the bay.

We hope that the Council will continue to maintain the high spirit of athletic competition now in existence and be able to find schools and organizations with which games or meets may be scheduled. Outside competition is really the basic incentive for a team to strive to better itself. It is the Council's endeavor to see that this great spirit of competition is continued, as it is the foundation of the high caliber of athletic teams developed here at the Academy.

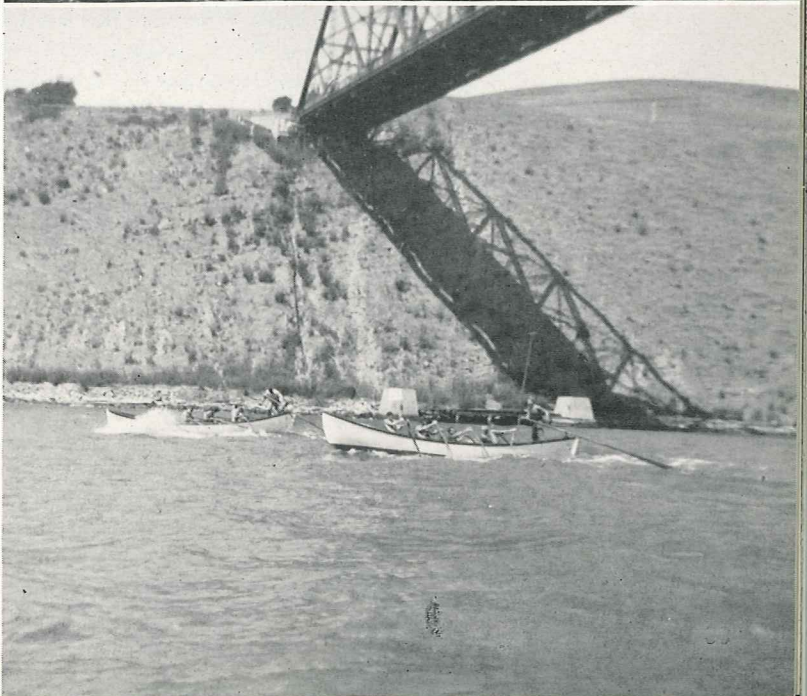
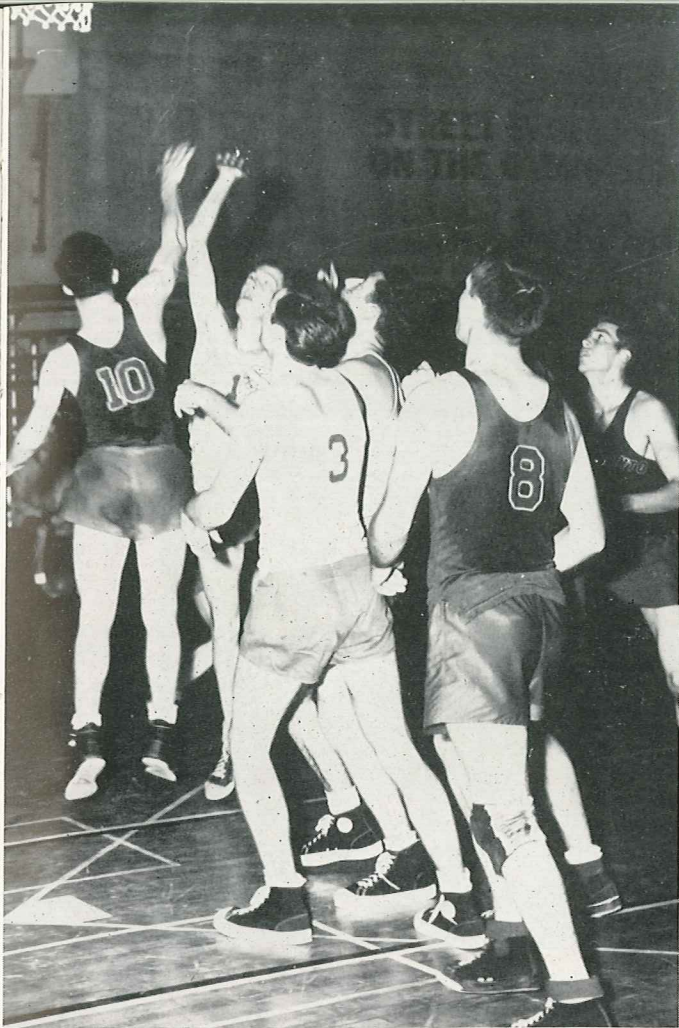


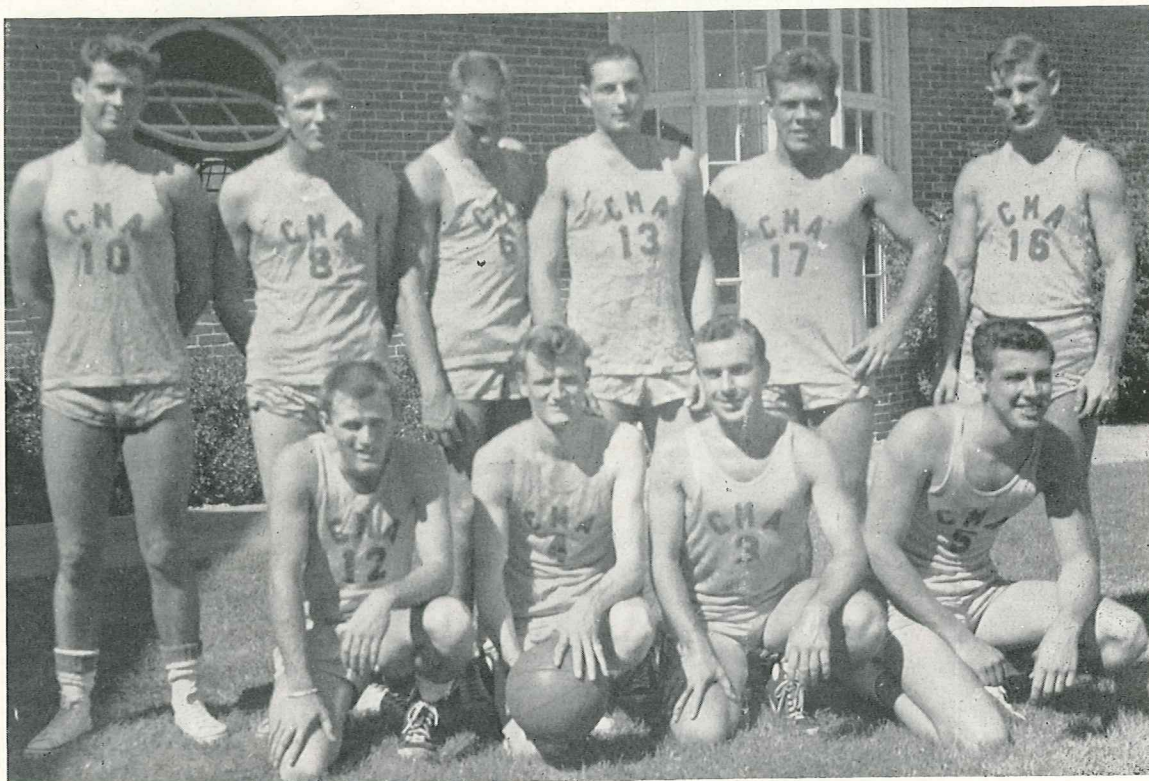
KNEELING: Jones, Petersen, Hammerland. STANDING: Gableman, Toscano, Andrew, Davies.

BASKETBALL

With the capable assistance of R. Davies, who was restrained from varsity competition due to a shoulder injury, our coach, Mr. Averill was able to round out a very capable and smoothly-operating aggregation last season. Obtaining some new material with the entrance of the third class, plus the previous year's returning players, the team played heads-up ball all season, and it was only to more highly-seasoned, faster-breaking teams that they lost. Although without the services of some of the first classmen, namely, Alley, Burrows, Compton, Jacobsen and P. E. Kelly, the Seawolves were able to compile a 5-6 won-and-lost record which may not look too red hot on paper but was pretty good considering the tough opposition and the close scores. The '51-'52 Seawolves lost close ones to such teams as Grant Tech, Sacramento J.C. and Naval Supply Center while beating Plaza Liquors, Elks and Crockett Club. In doing so the club established a 57.8 scoring average which is good ball in any league.

With such stars as Toscano, Liebel, Thurn, Jones, Van Antwerp and Hammerland all returning for action next year, we know that they will give CMA even better ball games than they did this year, for they are the ones who spearheaded the team to its top-notch season. And so for a season completed and one yet to come we say, "Nice going, gang."





KNEELING, left to right: Wiser, Liebel, C. Bowyer, Hammerland. STANDING: Jones, W. Petersen, Gableman, Toscano, English, Davies.

J. V. BASKETBALL

Under the same guiding hands as their big brothers, the J.V. was also able to turn in some fine performances last season. Although their record was not as impressive as the varsity, the little men played some good ball games, and the players showed fine ability on the hardwood, building themselves for possible varsity recognition next year. Wilson, D. B. Smith, Wiser and Ban were able team members, being helped along by Wallace, Doty and R. W. Bowyer.

A won-lost record of 1-3 is not too outstanding, but in the writer's opinion the boys were very poorly matched. It should be said that they drove themselves and played classy ball up until the last gun. All opponents found them a club of high spirits and stout hearts, and it was only by tight and fast ball playing that the other clubs were able to walk off the courts as victors.

With all except two team members due back next season, it seems fairly certain that the '52-'53 edition of the J.V. Seawolves will set a good record and play some very good ball games, as their potential was clearly seen last season.



FRONT ROW: Gableman, Alley, Schisler, Bonitz, Hanna, P. Kelly, Andrew. SECOND ROW: Milani, Doty, Tejeda, Mairs, Wentz, Lapporte, Wiser, R. Bowyer, Townsend, Faber.

SOFTBALL

The untiring efforts of Jim Patterson and the able assistance of Lt. Milani enabled the Academy to field another one of its fine softball teams this summer. This year's team was one of the snappiest aggregations to represent the Academy on the Vallejo diamonds in many a year. With Bill Mairs laboring on the mound, the Seahorse nine was able to walk off the field with more victories this year than the teams of the three years previous were able to obtain all told.

Working around the infield were such able players as Tejeda, English, Wentz, Lapporte, Ban and P. E. Kelly. Wiser, who injured his ankle early in the season, was unable to lend his ability to the team for a great part of the season. Snagging the long balls in the outfield were Alley, Hanna, Andrews, Gableman, Mahoney and Doty. Behind the plate to receive the Indian's fast ones was Townsend, with Schisler also doing a fine job when called upon. Supplying a large majority of the power at the plate when the team was on the offensive were Townsend, Tejeda, Mairs and Doty. As the Hawsepipo goes to press the season has not been completed, and a coverage of all games is not possible. We all know the team will win many more games as they are improving all the time.

FOOTBALL



Fast backs, good passing, a pair of ball-snatching ends and all-around good blocking was just too much for the opponents of "C" Company last football season. With R. Bowyer, P. E. Kelly and Andrews maneuvering out of the single wing formation behind an unbalanced line composed of such huskies as Needham, Holmstrom, Schisler, Galli and fine ends like Thurn and Gableman, the Wildcats had no trouble in rambling to an undefeated, untied, and unscored-upon season. Record was also an outstanding player doubling at halfback and end. Wiser was a dependable replacement in the backfield. Hientz, Griffiths, S. Davis and Wreden were also able replacements in the Wildcat gridiron machine, which so aptly was guided from the sidelines by Varni.

COMPANY

Due to superior numbers and more highly seasoned veterans of the hardwood, "C" Company was able to skip away with the basketball championship. Such stars as Liebel, Andrews, and Thurn, provided the big edge for the "Wildcats." Lending their able support were Wiser, C. Bowyer, R. Bowyer, Ban, Gableman, Bird, Galli, Quandt, Record, S. Davis and McClelland. P. E. Kelly returned in time from Gyro School to apply his sparkling talents in the last two games.

"E" Company was the runner-up, showing some fine ability on the court but not enough depth to go all the way.

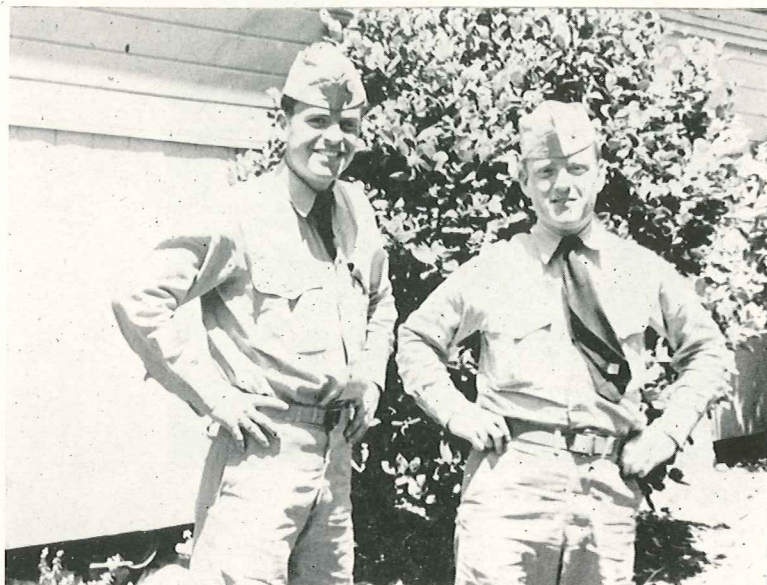
BASKETBALL



Although there are no Jack Kramers or Pancho Gonzales on our campus, we do have D. E. Kelley and W. Townsend. "B" Company was fortunate enough to have these two among their numbers and it was by their efforts (or effortless play) that the Tigers of "B" Company were able to walk off with the tennis laurels. The two "pros" had no trouble racqueting to their share of singles trophies, and they were invincible in the doubles matches.

Though outplayed and out-classed, "D" Company fought with great spirit and determination to end the competition as runner-up.

TENNIS



COMPETITION

ROWING



The wind was brisk and the Straits choppy as "A" Company came gliding over the finish line in the final race to cop the blue ribbon for rowing. C. C. Ferguson played the role of coxswain. Being impressed by the showings of "D" and "B" companies in the earlier races, the "A" Company aggregation spirited themselves to top morale, and in doing so gained a few points toward the final company standings. All the crews turned in fine performances in handling their boats, but C.C.'s smooth-stroking hands were just too much for them, which became more and more apparent as the boats neared the finish line and Fergy's happy hands spurted ahead to victory.

SAILING



LEFT TO RIGHT: Templeman, Treasurer; White, President; Wreden Vice-President; Harper, Secretary.

In both intercollegiate and pleasure sailing, the CMA Sailing Club has had a pretty busy schedule during the past year. Under the guiding hand of John White and Speed Wreden, the club has become one of the most popular extracurricular activities both at the base and on cruise.

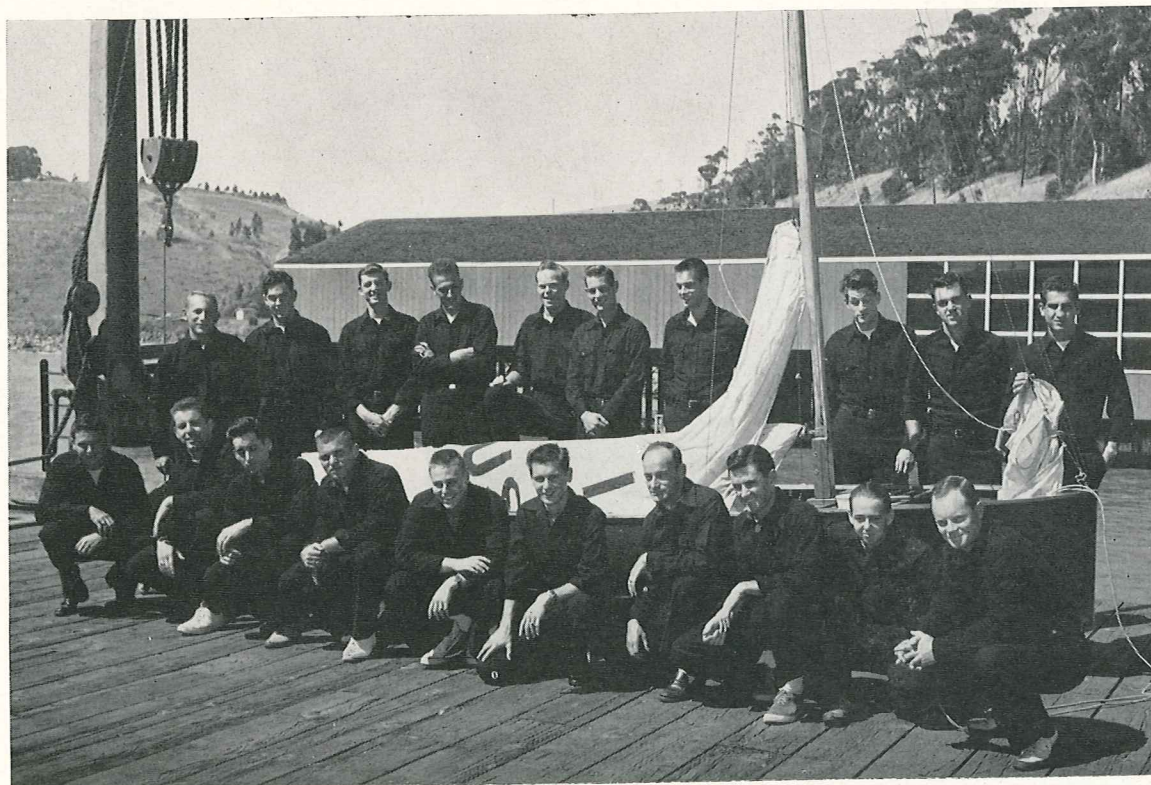
During the summer of 1951, the Sailing Club raced the 87-foot schooner "Eloise." The boat was sailed and crewed entirely by the Academy midshipmen. From June until August, the Club had three Int. 14's (racing sloops) on loan from the University of California. Intercollegiate sailing was the high point of having the 14's, but many enjoyable hours were also spent sailing them for pleasure.

During the cruise, the Club was invited to sail and race the Lehman Dinghy Fleet of the "Club de Yates" in Acapulco, Mexico. This year the score was much closer, but

due to the disqualification of an Academy boat the visitors went down to defeat.

Upon returning to the base, Mr. Averill's snipe was put into sailing condition. Several of the middies brought their own boats from home while others went to various yacht clubs securing berths for the racing season. One week end, most of the fellows got together on the 110-foot schooner "Ramona."

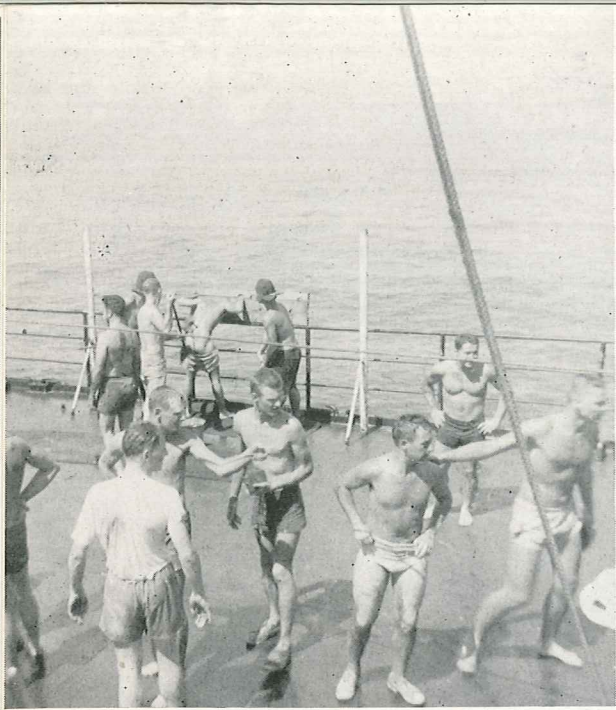
It is hoped that in the future the Club will have the same success it has previously experienced and we of the Hawsepipes staff wish the forthcoming officers all the luck possible.



FRONT ROW, left to right: Grossman, Tolin, Woodson, Streeper, Roden, Sherer, Morley, Taylor, Newton, Silvers.
SECOND ROW: Swerling, Doty, Johnson, Futerman, Mattson, Davies, Emery, Fee, Griffiths, Campbell.

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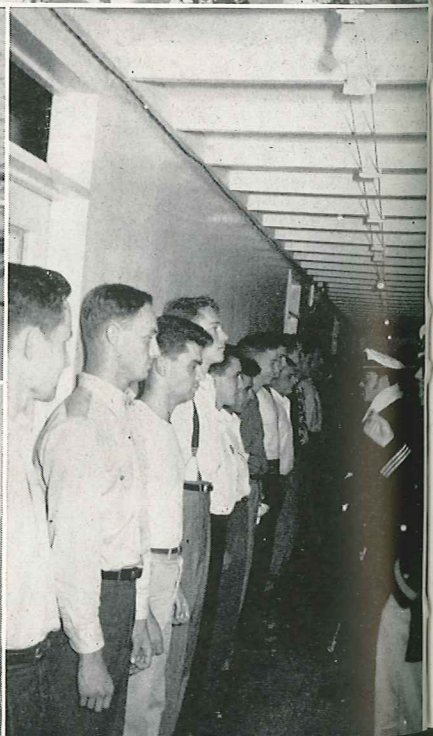
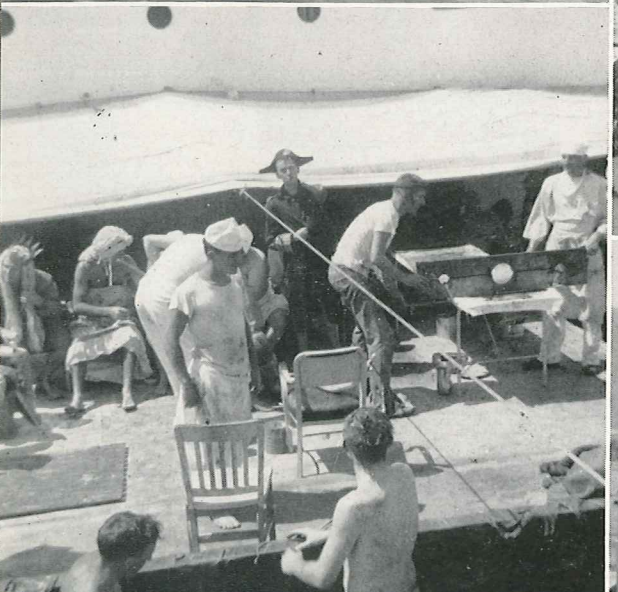
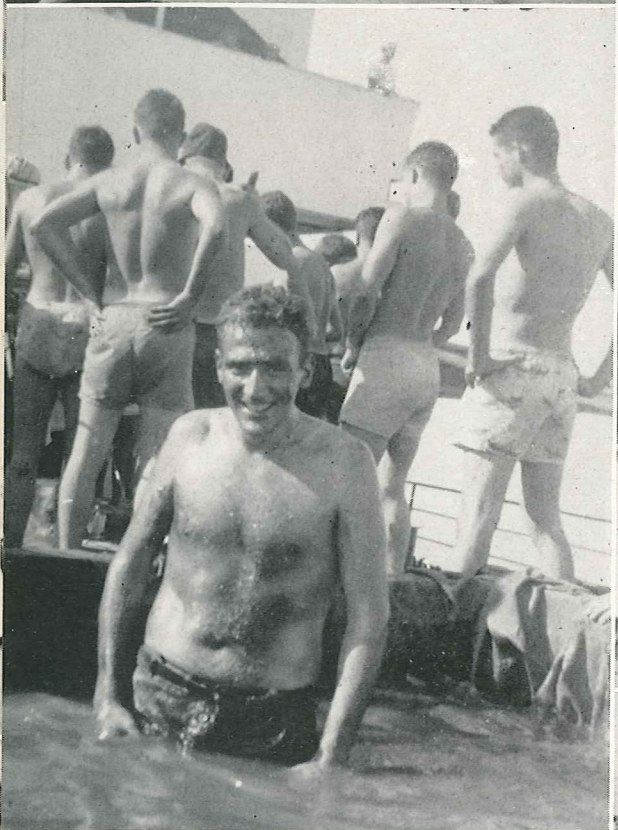
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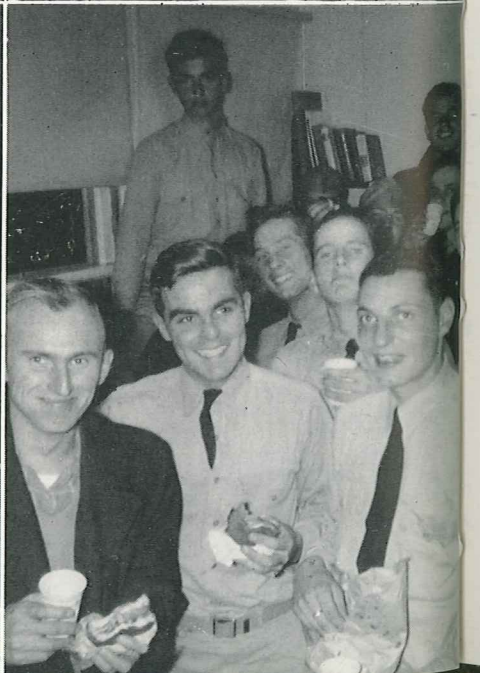
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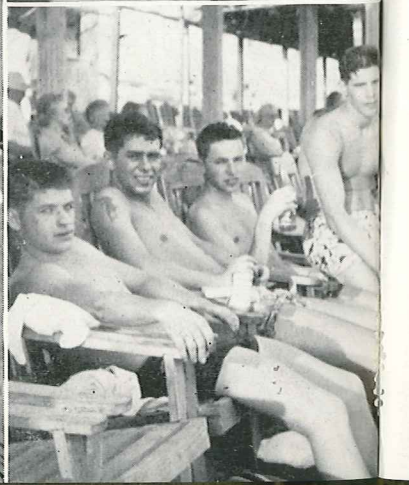
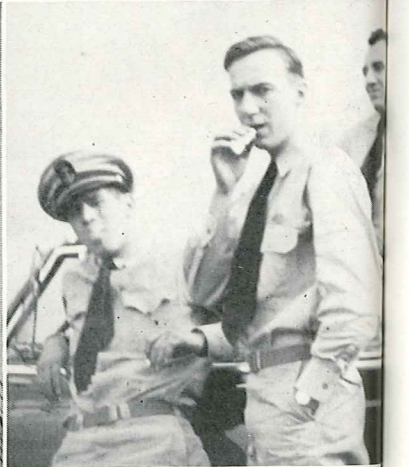
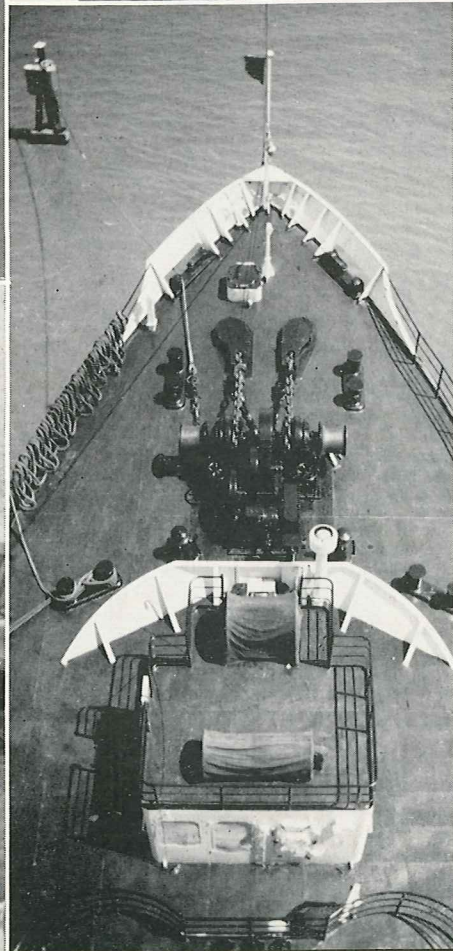
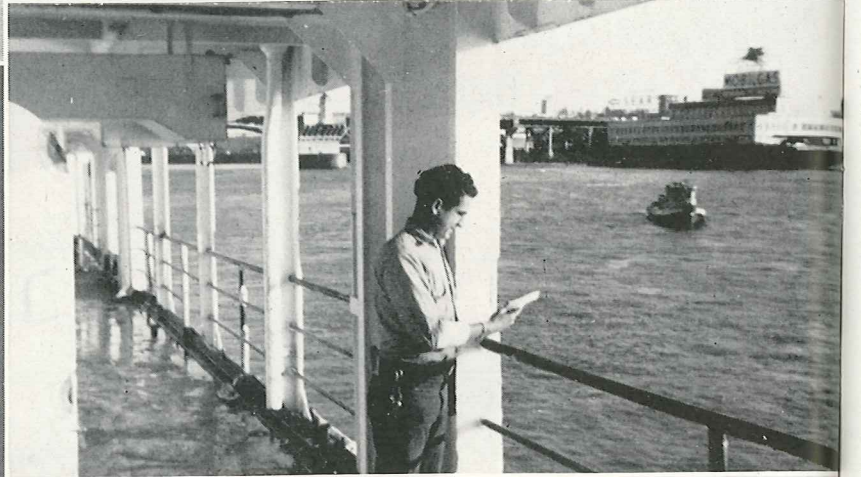
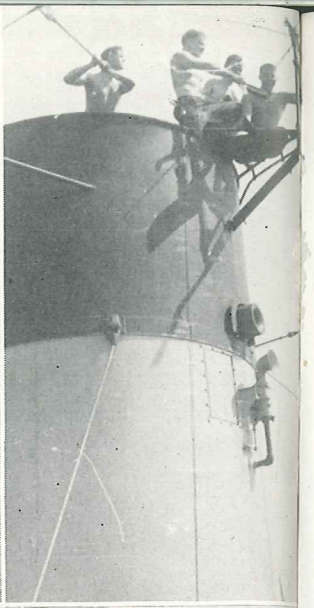
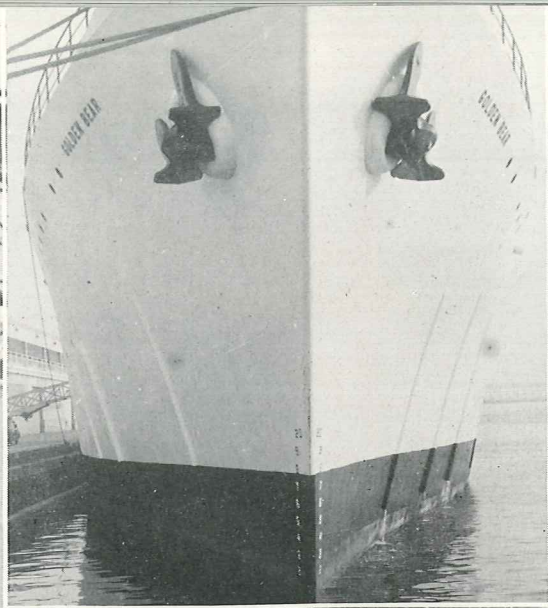
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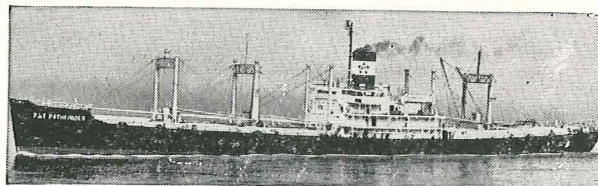
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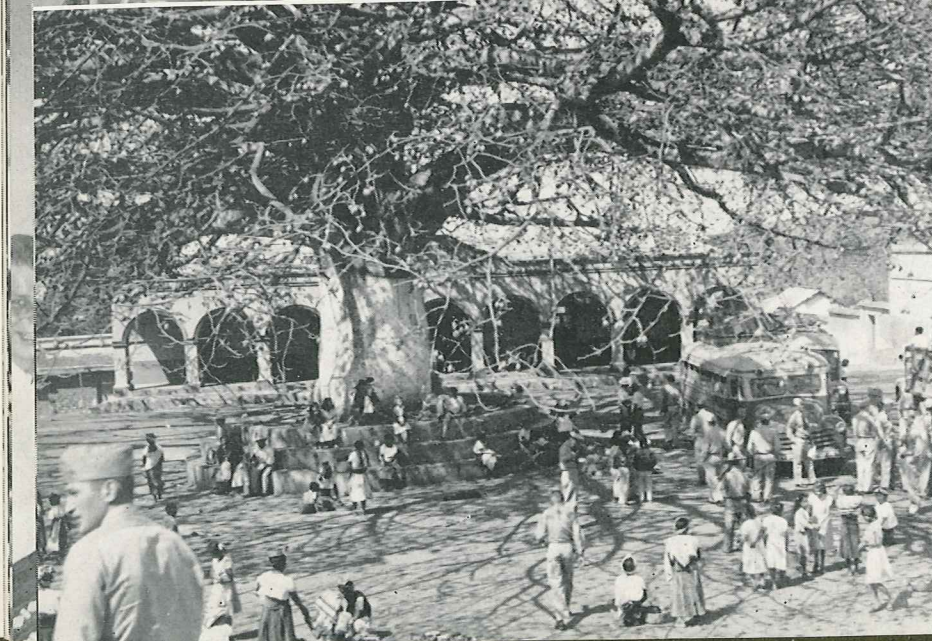
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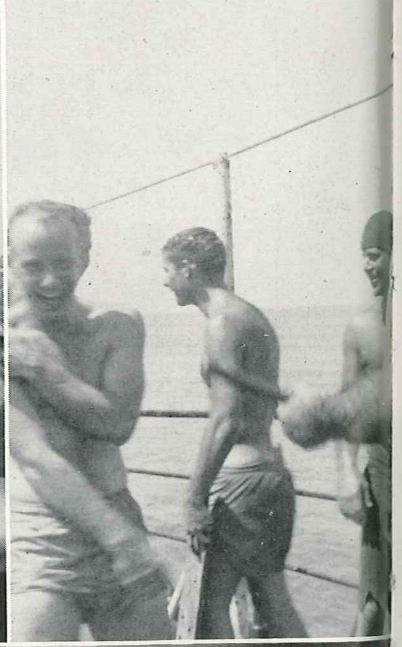
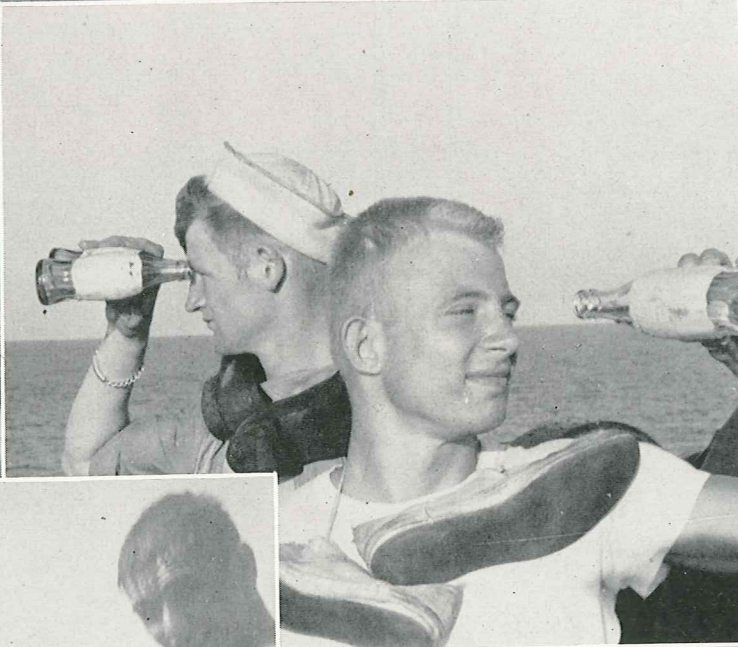
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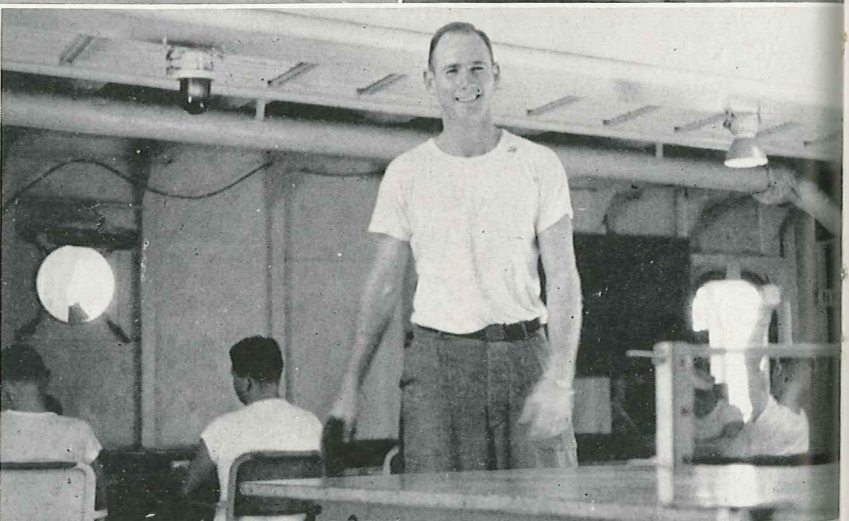
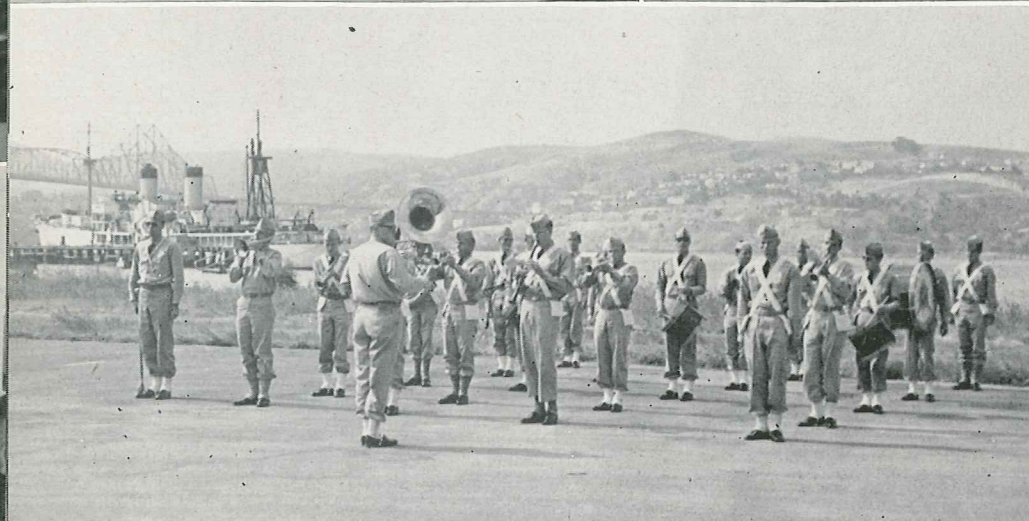
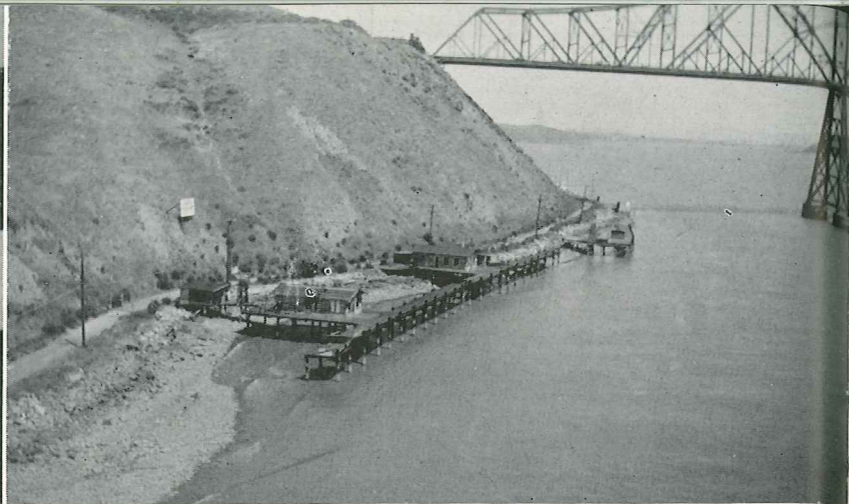
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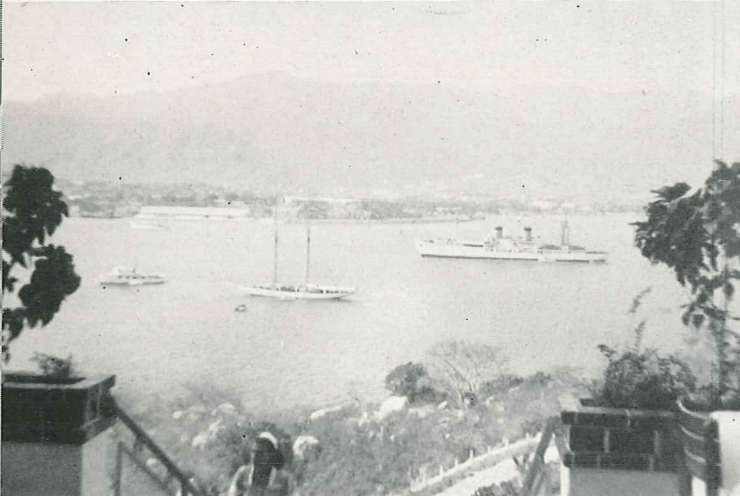
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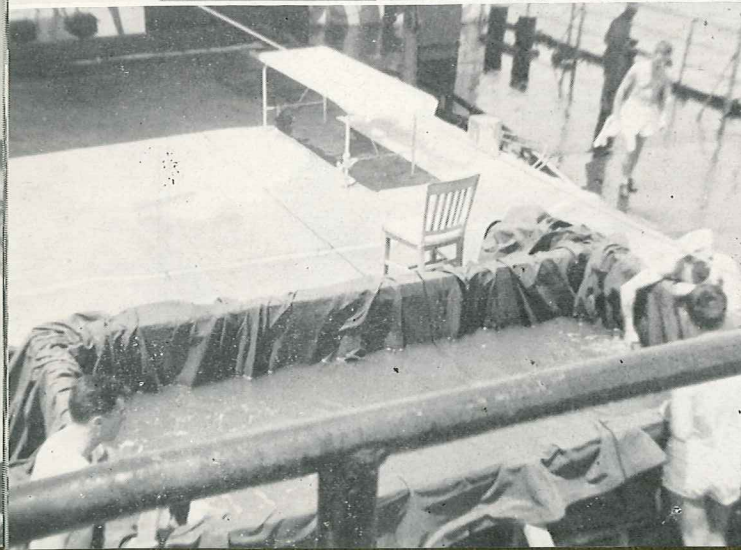


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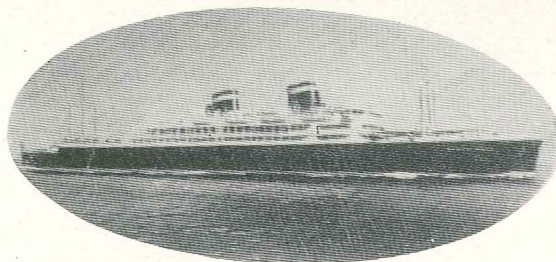
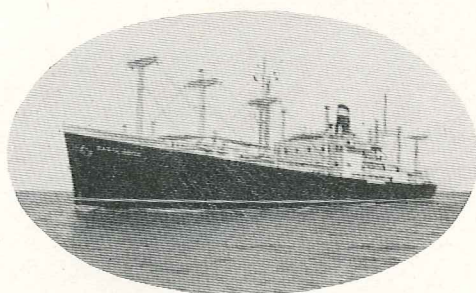
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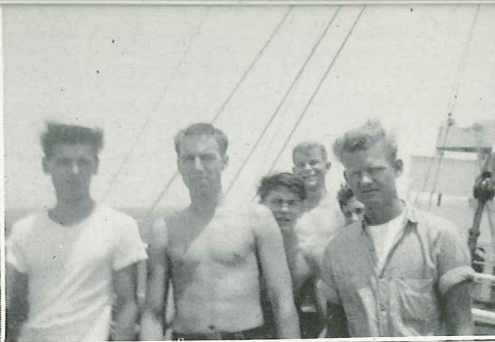
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Big Grass Blaze Threat To School

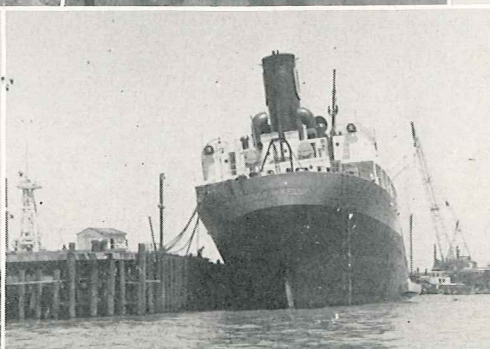
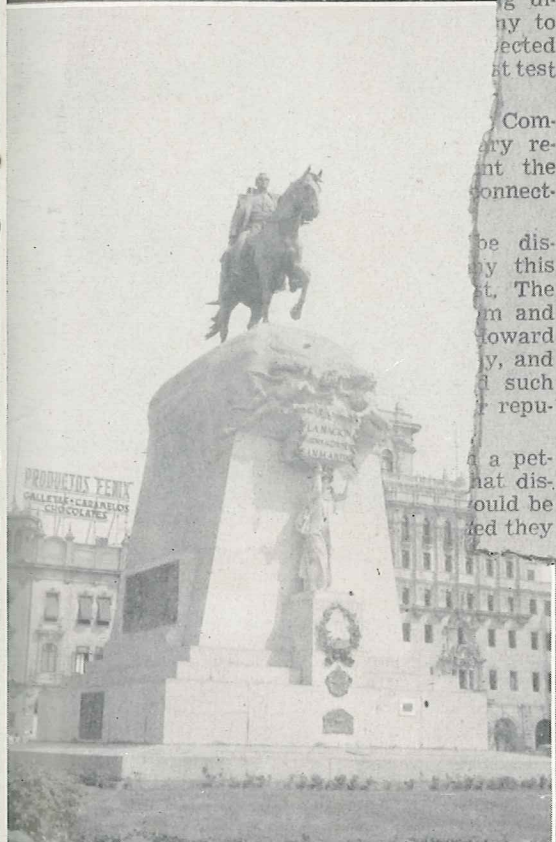
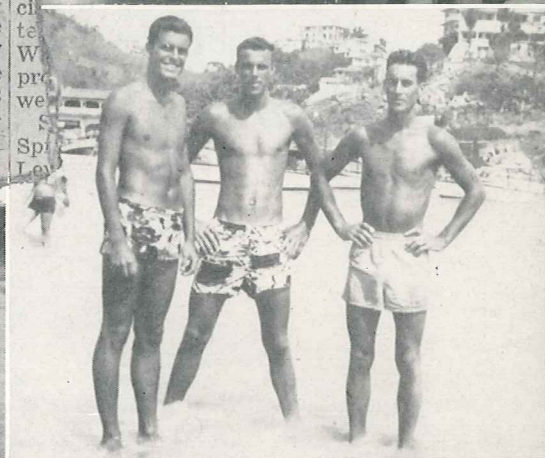
The alertness of a midshipman at the California Maritime Academy last night, may have saved academy buildings from damage by a rapidly spreading grass fire:

The midshipman, John Mahony, first noticed the fire blazing about 300 feet up the hill from the academy, and just off Highway 40. When first noticed it was burning in an ever-growing area of about 250 square feet.

Mahony immediately notified academy officials who turned in the alarm to the East Vallejo Fire Department. As another precaution, midshipmen rolled out fire hoses kept at the academy for just such an emergency.

The East Vallejo firemen soon had the fire under control, however, with no further damage. They attributed the blaze to a cigaret carelessly tossed by a passing motorist.

Academy officers said a similar incident occurred just off the highway about a year ago. Now midshipmen are cautioned to be on the watch for such outbreaks constantly during the dry season.





Ah! at last the truth is spoken,
 On these pages you have read;
 Though it meant late nights of labor,
 When we should have been in bed.
 But this book is left in memory
 Of the fellows who are gone.
 We say just smile and bear it,
 Lift the burden — "Carry on!"
 —"Speed"