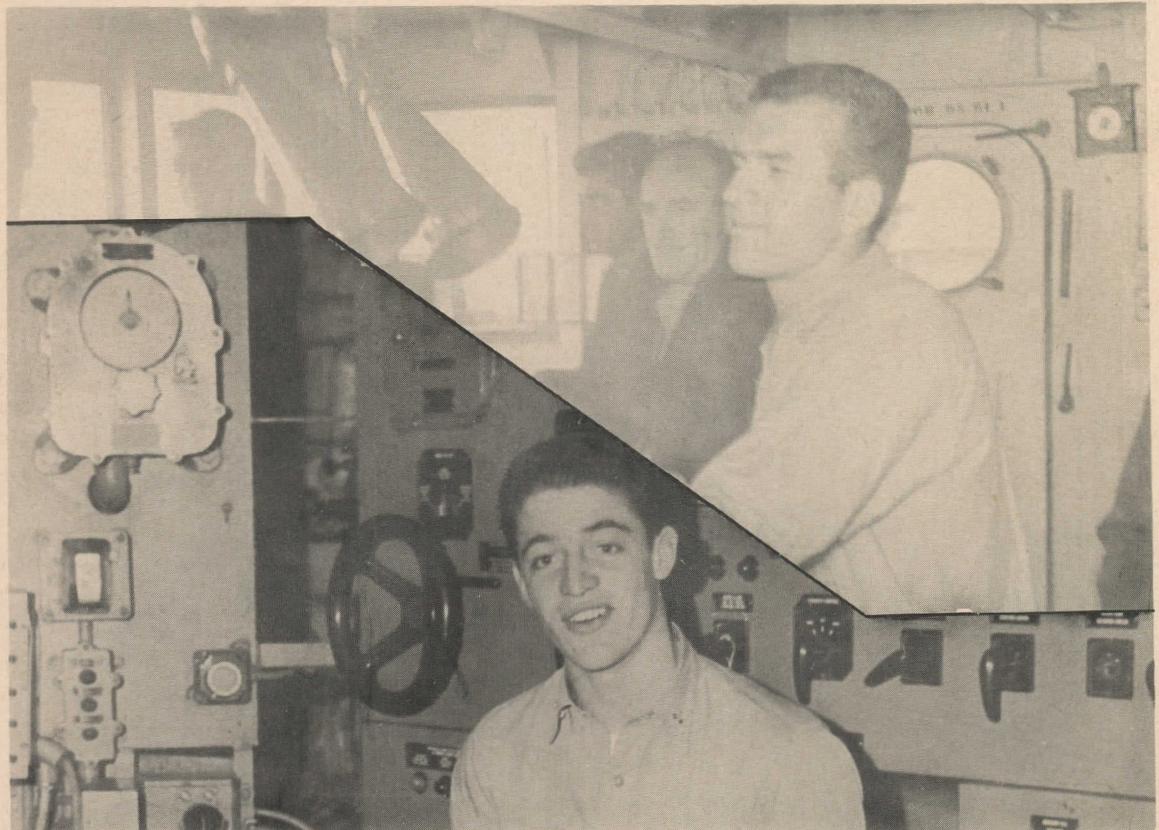


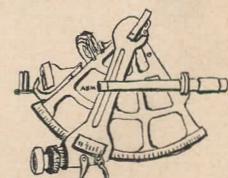
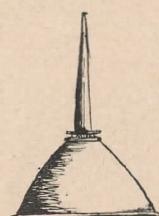
BINNACLE

California Maritime Academy

April 1960



**SPECIAL
CRUISE
ISSUE**



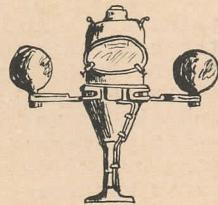
The BINNACLE is a monthly publication of the Corps of Midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy

The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Corps, the Faculty or the Administration of the Academy, but are merely those of the staff.



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BINNACLE SPEAKS

I received a very nice letter from someone we all know, if only by name, who is more or less directly responsible for the well being of the Academy and our education.

The letter was written by Mrs. Hugh Gallagher for Mr. Hugh Gallagher who you will remember was in the hospital for a long spell last year. M/s Riddervold made a card which we all signed and sent to Mr. Gallagher and the letter that I received by way of Captain Richter is in appreciation of our gesture.

The letter reads as follows:

To the Corps of
Midshipmen of the
Calif. Maritime Academy

I wish it were possible for me to write to each of you who signed the beautiful Xmas Greeting Booklet for my husband, Hugh Gallagher. Because he can't thank you now in person, I'm thanking you all, each one for us both.

None of you can realize I'm sure how much this meant to him. He was very moved and very greatful to you

all and so proud of each one of you. His sincerest wish for each and every one of you is that first, you will lead a good life knowing that it will bring you success and happiness. We hope you'll all achieve your highest ambitions. It means hard work but so well worth it all finally.

This booklet will be one of his treasures, Thanks to ALL of YOU.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Hugh Gallagher

for Hugh Gallagher

I am sure that we all recognize this letter of thanks as one which shows much appreciation. We also hope that Mr. Gallagher is doing much better as we have had no word on his progress since cruise began.

I would also like to say that it was M/s Riddervold (a former editor of the BINNACLE) who was responsible for not only making the card but for circulating it.

HENRY

AWOL??



Any Day

"Reville, reville, rouse out and trice up." And so another day aboard the good ship Golden Bear is heralded in at 0545. Everyone jumps out of their pads, eager to meet the new day and all it may bring forth. Men are swiftly dressing, most humming, all very bright and cheerful, all issuing forth pleasant "Good Mornings" to their neighbors.

The next hour is spent slowly piddling around here and there, as they wait for breakfast. My what a sparkling mood our firstclassmen are in this morning, but then the upper-classmen are always cheerful, and ready to help where they can.

Ah, now breakfast, served in the best style. Always steaming hot, and the milk ice cold. With the large quantities of utensils, every Midshipman is assured of obtaining a knife, spoon, and fork. Of course on board ship, meals are served cafeteria style and lines are long, but everyone is willing to wait in turn and there is no crowding in evidence.

At 0800 everyone is topside. Smell that good clean sea breeze.



What a morning! What a day! Makes a man glad he's alive. A short formation is held and we're off to tidy up our cleaning areas for a few minutes. A

quick stroke of the swab and our heads and showers are sparkling. The thirdclassmen are fast and efficient and everyone works willingly. Our upperclass, being in a more authoritative position act as supervisors. By this method they learn the proper way to handle men.

Once done, we wonder what to do



next. Someone suggests "LETS PAINT." A wonderful idea! Everyone is in complete agreement, and off we go, paint brush in one hand and a bucket in the other, our heads up, whistling with our leader at the head of the procession. he suggests where and what to paint and all hands fall to work eagerly.

Noon meal is served at 11:30 and 12:00. All hands jump into line, mouth watering for that soup, meat and potatoes. This noon we have lemonade. What a treat! No worry about quantity. There's plenty for everyone, down to the last man in line.

A short rest and then about 1:00 we're getting ready for a formation when, BONG BONG BONG BONG BONG BONG RRIIINNNGGG. Abandon ship drill. Everyone moves swiftly to get to their lifejackets and then their respective lifeboats. All know their station and heed the traffic pattern to the

cont. on pg. 7

PANAMA

About 14 days out of San Francisco, the California Maritime Academy attacks Panama. We are given a semi-royal welcome by the Rodman Naval Base Officials in white shorts, no less.

After an enthusiastic Liberty formation (chuckle, chuckle) the Midshipmen are confronted with a difficult problem. We will always remember that cry "Hey Mon, you dont want take that bus, take cab and see the 'real' Panama.

At this point we should realize that the Rodman Officials have extended to us all their officer's facilities, the pool, PX, officers club etc.

A few middies stop at the pool and PX, but most go on in search of new and wilder adventures.

Old Panama had such highlights as the "Phoenix Club" and many others just as interesting and different.

The Panama Hilton seemed to be quite an attraction to the Middies. It is the biggest building in Panama, and is visible from the waterfront. It also had many shops and provided an excellent place to eat.

In downtown Panama there were many small shops which offered the Middies a chance to buy articles for folks at home.

At the end of the day after the sightseeing and shopping the Middies drifted back to the Officers club for dinner and then back to the ship.

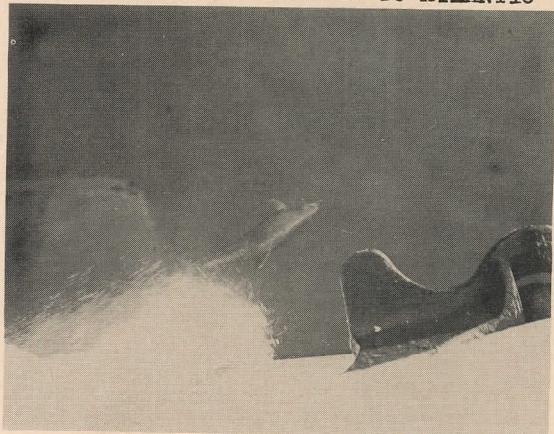
One of the highlights of our 3 day visit was a free tour given by the Rodman Officials. The tour took us to the famous ruins of old Panama, and on to an Alligator Farm where we were able to buy both alligator and leather goods quite reasonably.

From the Alligator Farm we went through the better residential areas, and on to the British and U.S. Consulates.

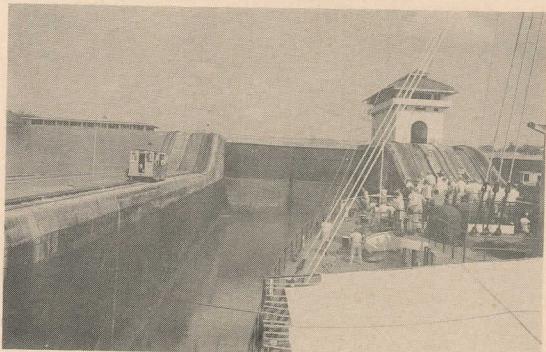
The people of Panama were not as hostile as we had been told to expect but there was a definite feeling that we weren't completely welcome.

All and all the stay in Panama was very new, different, exciting and NECESSARY after 14 days at sea.

SHORT CUT FROM PACIFIC TO ATLANTIC



PACIFIC



THE BIG DITCH



ATLANTIC

NEW ORLEANS

As a result of being able to use the Panama Canal we put into the Port of New Orleans for the first time. Being second only to New York in the volume of shipping done in the United States, we were all anxious to see what she was like, and we were not disappointed.

New Orleans is inland 100 miles or so, on the Mississippi River and, the "MUDDY MISS." lived up to her name, being a rich brown in color. The country side was flat, and not too picturesque. Leafless trees lined the banks, and now and then a town, or mill would slip by.

At New Orleans we found a busy port indeed! Ships passed us regularly going out to sea and we became one of a line of seven ships waiting for pilots for docking. We tied up at 10 A.M. and scanned the river and surrounding area waiting for "Liberty" At 5 P.M. the Starboard section had the honor of being first ashore, and brought back tales of the night life, and better attractions of the city.

We were quite lucky in that we docked near the famous Jackson Square location of the equally famous St Peter's Cathedral. This was one of the first pictures taken by many Midshipmen.

Across Toulouse Street from Jackson Square was the location of the Jax Brewery. The management offered a "tour" accompanied by a talk on the production of their beverage, and this also was added to the memoirs of the C.M.A. boys. To climax the tour we were the guests of the personnel manager in the "sampling room" where we all enjoyed a toast to the management.

New Orleans is considered by most of us to be quite a city. We arrived two weeks before the Mardi Gras but there was still plenty of action. By far the most frequented part of the city was the world famous Bourbon street and surrounding French Quarter. Not many of us will forget Pete Fountain and his group at Dan's Bateau Lounge. That was real music! Then there was the Old Absinth Bar looking

just like it did back in the 1800s. Its walls were covered with calling cards, both old and new, and the bartender, who was a whiz at slight of hand, kept us guessing about the cards and coins. There was the Paddock Lounge with its Dixie Land band playing from the top of the horseshoe bar.



None of us will forget Al Hunt and his trumpet at the Pier 600 Club, and Pat O'Briens. That was probably the favorite spot of the Midshipmen. The two women on the piano were great but I think the M. C. was the star attraction with his rendition of "18 Old Ladies," "The Girl From Agnes Scott," "The South Shall Rise Again," all his armed service songs, and the jokes will be remembered for some time.

Female companionship was provided at a dance-party put on by St. Anthony's Catholic Church, and the Southern girls were as charming as we had heard. Free refreshments were taken along with the excellent hospitality, and many new friends of the Academy were made.

The fourth day in port we took on fuel. and early the fifth day we cast off the lines, headed down the Muddy Mississippi, and saluted away many pleasant memories of the south, to relate to our friends back home.

JAMAICA

For days the song on the crew's lips was "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans" but for those two anxious days en route from the bayou country to the British West Indies, it made an abrupt change to "Island in the Sun" and Jamaica Farwell."

Jamaica turned out to be every bit as "Beautiful" as the travel folders back home had pictured it.

Many activities were lined up for us after our arrival. There was a tour of the Island, a dance at the Myrtle Bank Hotel in the heart of Kingston, and a cocktail party at a private residence.

The tour of the island was one of the highlights of the entire cruise, and worth every bit of the 5 dollars it cost. The dance was a memory few of us at Keema will soon forget. As for the cocktail party, according to all first class reports it was a staggering success.

The beauty of the island made itself known the first time we laid eyes on it. Travelling down the coast to Kingston we could see the towering mountains and white beaches, but the one thing we could not see was the poverty in which most of the natives lived.

The economics of the island seemed a little strange to us; There were the many poor and the few rich. The wealth seemed to be controlled by the Britishers who live on the island however no ill feeling exists between the natives and the Britishers. In fact the Crown Party is the most popular political party on the island. The poverty centered in the cities and towns, and once on the outskirts

of the larger settlements nature unfolded in all its splendor.

The Midshipmen who went on the previously mentioned tour of the island were witnesses to this "splendor". We saw winding rivers, hills dense with tropical foliage, cascading waterfalls, breath taking vistas overlooking acres and acres of fertile farmland, and most memorable of all-we saw the famed white Caribbean beaches to which no travel agency can do justice.

Yes, Jamaica supplied us with many memories: The brown skinned girl bustling off with a tray of fruit perched precariously on her head, the



sharply dressed Bobbies, the straw hats, and the value of a pack of "Yankee" cigarettes. But along with our memories we are left with one regret----- we stayed only two short days!!

BIRDS OF A FEATHER



ANY DAY cont.

letter. No confusion. No time lost. Muster is then swiftly taken. The boat is lowered ably and surely. Keema men know that practice is learning (yes) and there is no grumbling here.

Then the rest of the afternoon is spent in essential tasks such as preserving deck plates or painting, topside. It's the spirit that counts. All working together toward a mutual goal.

Time passes swiftly and soon dinner is served. The seconds line is almost as long as the firsts line was. Can't help but stay healthy on meals like this.

The evening? It's the midshipmans. Various parlor card games are in evidence and there are also the



ping-pong enthusiasts. Or this night might be one of those for a showing of one of the many recent big hit movies we have. All Keema men are on the ball and they chip away at their cruise notebooks little by little. None of this last minute stuff for us. Model shipbuilding can be seen, and diving equipment is checked over in anticipation of Jamaica.

As for me? Well I have to hit the sack. You see I have what is called a midwatch tonight.....



SAN DIEGO AND LONG BEACH

Most every cruise has lead the Golden Bear and her crew to these two California ports. Many of the midshipmen are from the southern California area. Each year there are a number of parties and girls awaiting the middies in these ports.

This year San Diego was welcomed by all after the long run from Jamaica. Also, the cool winter climate, was a welcome change. ????? Finally, San Diego has entertainment, in the south of the border variety.

In Los Angeles we always land in Long Beach, which is a distance from the city itself but offers many opportunities to have a blast. That's just what happened there this year.

The best part about these ports though is leaving them and proceeding back to Vallejo and SPRING LEAVE. It is then that we realize the meaning of the saying "There's no place like home".



FROM M/s _____ 44

CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

