



THE BINNACLE

Vol. II, No. 4

CARQUINEZ STRAITS

April, 1944

STOCKTON CRUISE ENDS

FLASH!!!

A recent Bureau of Personnel bulletin announced that Lieutenants E. C. Miller, D-M, USNR; C. H. Tubbs, D-M, USNR, and J. D. Moore, M-C, USN, have been selected for promotion to Lieutenant-Commander, pending physical examination. This promotion follows a minimum of eighteen months' service in present rank and recommendations of the Commanding Officer.

Heartiest congratulations to these fine officers and we know they will uphold the highest standards of the naval service.

FIRST CREW DANCE

Climaxing a great cruise to Stockton and the boat races, our middies spent a beautiful evening dancing, romancing, dining, and wining at the famous Encinal Yacht Club in Alameda.

Music was furnished by Ben Watkins and orchestra of local "Sweet Ballroom" fame, and it can be emphatically stated that our young gentlemen and their ladies truly enjoyed themselves the night of April 22nd.

With festivities beginning at 2100, the night orders reading "Ahead full," no one wasted a moment swinging into action. All evidences of the buffet refreshments were destroyed in short order and other battles were being won over the entire area.

Honoring a glorious and victorious first class boat crew, the theme of this occasion was "Victory Tempo."

Besides sponsoring this memorable affair, the first class presented their crew with a perpetual trophy, the crew's names being inscribed upon it. This now brings to three, the number of "firsts" the members of the first class have thus far compiled, namely (1) winning the boat race, (2) first class to bring a perpetual crew race trophy to CMA, and (3) the first ones to sponsor a dance in tribute to a victorious nine.

Abandon ship was blown at 0100, 23 April, and a pleased and contented group of young men and women boarded the shore launches to return to their respective ships. Good night—till we meet again.

The Corps' most honorable mention directs itself toward Midshipman Fran Goetz who, disregarding personal time and expense, spent numerable hours checking the details of this event in his capacity as chairman of the dance committee.

Members of the first class, after presenting this dance for the Corps of Midshipmen, not only wish it to be a remembrance of the past, but rather a suggestion for the future. With the semi-annual cruise to Stockton and the inter-class boat races being the high point of each term, it has been proved that this time is the ideal one for giving some type of entertainment to especially honor the winning crew.

It is with all sincere thoughts that everyone concerned with this dance hopes such pleasant occasions will stay popular in the years to come.

NEW BINNACLE STAFF EDITS APRIL COPY

Pretty good— isn't it!!

Yes—the new, vivacious, ambitious, untiring, hard-working Binnacle staff under the competent leadership of Midshipman John Greeves Carpenter has produced its first edition.

Comments and criticisms gratefully accepted (if good).

"VACATION" IN STOCKTON

With sorrowful good-byes and half-hearted waves, our boys in blue stood on the deck of the T.S.G.S., as she pulled away from the Port of Stockton, but the Corps' fondest thoughts and thickest paychecks remained on the dock. Yes, it is with torn and bleeding hearts that we leave behind this city of dreams. But, except for the first class, there's always next year!!

Terminating a pleasant cruise up the San Joaquin river, the Golden State tied up at 1730 on the 13th and all hands began preparing for the huge ball being given that night by the Rainbow Girls and Job's Daughters. A featured array of musical disks and the presence of multitudes of gorgeous gals helped make the evening an overwhelming success. Pencils and scraps of paper were at a premium. The recreational facilities in the Elks' Club were also enjoyed greatly by our sports-minded young men.

With plenty of liberty being offered to unrestricted hands, all local methods of transportation were constantly crowded in the rush for Tiny's, Matty's, and Matteoni's—the three best soft drink spots in town.

The Hotel Stockton was the designated meeting place for cadets and coeds.

During the entire stay in this active city, this question was asked again and again by members of the Academy, "Can a degree in Nautical Science be obtained at C.O.P.?"

Came Saturday morning, bringing with it the second and third class boat race. Disregarding the fact that the second class crew slyly used a motor whaler, the race proved to the third class and Corps that experience is necessary to produce winners. Then on Sunday morning, repeating the performance of previous first class crews, nine stalwart young hardies of the first class nosed out a gallant second class crew by two seconds.

Sunday, being the last day of liberty before departure, was the time chosen to complete all jobs the boys had started in the former days. Whatever addresses and telephone numbers had not already been checked upon were now predominant in the technical minds of our men. All over this fair village, tearful and heart-rending farewells could be heard, but above all the din rang out the firm answer of each fellow, "I'll be back!!" Comes hell or high water, I'll be back!!

Enters the dawn on the morning of 17 April and the old familiar cry rings through the air, "Let go number four." We steam away from the wharf leaving behind the cheering throng of Stockton citizenry. As of a single mind, the Corps of Midshipmen look forward to another rapturous "vacation" in Stockton next term.

ADDITION TO SUMMERILL FAMILY

On the morning of March 30, 1944, Miss Adrienne Kay Summerill, daughter of Lieutenant and Mrs. J. F. Summerill, was launched at St. Mary's Hospital in San Francisco.

At the date of birth, Adrienne displaced nine pounds, ten ounces.

The Binnacle Staff presents its congratulations to the mother and father and wishes Adrienne a full cargo of health and happiness.

THE BINNACLE WATCH

Monthly Publication by the Midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy

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THE BINNACLE LIGHT

Papers, like political parties, are built on definite platforms . . . and the Binnacle is no exception. In the hands of a cadet staff, the Binnacle has been used in a dual capacity. Primarily for the edification and amusement of the midshipmen, the Binnacle, through the medium of its impressive subscription lists, also serves as a link between the Academy and the outside world. Here, in the proverbial nutshell, is the paper's policy. It is our privilege to serve our shipmates, but our duty to serve our subscribers.

The Academy has an excellent record, one her graduates may not only be proud of, but profit by. For our own protection, as well as theirs, this favorable reputation must be maintained. The graduate holds up his end of the bargain through the performance of his duty. As for the contemporary corps of midshipmen, our voice to the world is the Binnacle. Through the Binnacle, outside opinions are formed. Comparisons will be drawn.

Most school or service publications are confronted with the difficulty of being uninteresting to individuals who have not been connected with the institution in some manner or mean. The Binnacle will attempt to hurdle this problem by printing articles that even the traditional "landlubber" would enjoy. Of course, to appreciate such articles as Slopshute and Gismo, one really should have gone through the institution.

The Binnacle would also like very much to hear from graduates who have left the "old schoolship" to start on careers of their own. In the past, it is unpleasant to say, the majority of graduates failed to keep in touch with their Alma Mater. The Staff of the Binnacle feels that the California Maritime Academy should be held in the hearts of the grads as a fraternity rather than just a place of education.

Let it be said in closing, that the Binnacle will appreciate any and all comments, criticisms, and suggestions.

PERSONOGRAPHIES

We present to you that 6 foot-3 inch, 190-pound hunk of muscle, Thomas Douglas Lewis.

No city slicker is this range rider for he was born on the barren plain of Milnor, North Dakota. Two weeks after his birth on the 24th of September, 1922, the Lewises moved to Los Angeles (smart people) where they have lived since.

Tom's hobby is sports and more sports. In high school he participated in track (high jump), softball (pitcher), and most of us know his ability in the basketball field.

Tommy completed one year of engineering at UCLA before entering CMA and plans to return to the Univ. of California at Berkeley at the termination of the war.

"Chief" would like very much to get on a high pressure turbine ship after graduation. By the way, "Chief" is the nickname for the Cadet Chief Engineer if you didn't know before.

Anytime you might be looking for Tom, you'll most likely find him, and his bosom buddy, John Collins, at the coke bar of "Oscar's" in Oakland.

Here's wishing Mr. Lewis a huge draft of success during his life at sea. With his indefatigable sense of humor and his overabundance of brains, we're sure he won't have to rely on much of our wish to handle his engine room.

WITH AN EYE TO THE FUTURE

The question uppermost in almost every young man's mind as he undertakes to begin a life at sea in this time of war is, "What kind of a future will I have after the war is over?" In an attempt to find some of the answers to that all-important question, we recently interviewed an executive of one of America's greatest steamship lines, and here are a few of the things which should at least give a hint as to what a prospective mariner can anticipate from a life at sea.

Our tremendous ship-building program has opened up enormous opportunities for young men in starting a career at sea. The demand for licensed mates and engineering officers has grown to heights never before reached, and this has made way for a colossal development in a new version of the old seafaring profession. With the education of thousands of young men to the maritime profession, a new field has been developed out of the old field, largely from the dire necessity of expanding our obsolete merchant marine in time of war. In that period of semi-depression in America's shipping trade, it was no longer the vogue for youngsters to long to go to sea in a quest for adventure and worldly knowledge; the modern adolescent has much preferred to direct his attentions to the sky or a try at Hollywood. Now the trend has started anew.

These young men who are courageously carrying on in the constant struggle of transporting men, equipment, armament, and supplies to our fighting forces have had, for the most part, little or no experience before. We hear they are doing a fine job, and we're proud of them. But as future deck and engineering officers, what have we to expect when this nation is ready to resume normal peacetime activities? It is reasonable to believe that America will do its utmost to continue an extensive foreign trade program after the war. In line with this, many of the men who are going to sea now may be expected to carry on the gigantic enterprise which will be necessary in the ensuing struggle for world commerce. Those that stay with the merchant marine will continue to have the advantages of a profession in which there are great opportunities to save and gain comparative rapid advancement.

Herein lies our advantage over the boy who will come back to a different city from that which he left and attempt to secure a position. The city he comes back to will apparently be the same he left, but in reality it will have undergone important changes, heart-breaking changes. The officer in the merchant marine has already established his ability with his employer and has been actively engaged in promoting his career for a considerable period of time. In a comparison of the seagoing profession and the average business organization, we can see a distinct analogy between the different levels of employment in the two fields. In each there is a definite stratification of employees; the same basic system of hierarchy existent in the business enterprise is found on any average size passenger or cargo vessel. The masters and mates are comparable to the executives and department heads of a commercial firm in regard to income, and the seamen may be compared to the clerks in regard to salary.

The distinction between the office boy and the executive is obvious, and the jump from the former position to the latter is an extremely difficult one. The road to the top for an aspiring clerk is a long, arduous journey, and to succeed in reaching his destination he must have such outstanding ability as to eclipse the merits of all those who comprise the great majority of employees in an average large company. The neophyte entering the seafaring profession as an officer has the great advantage of rank and pay from the outset; his advancement is practically assured and his career is well on its way.

Despite expansion in business organizations, there will be little increase in the number of people at the top, the higher few. But there will be direct increase in the amount of officers on the payroll of a shipping company that adds to its fleet. A well-trained, conscientious officer is a great asset to any steamship company, and while a number of men may be just as competent ashore, the chances for the man at sea to arrive at the top are many times greater than for the man ashore.

Thus it can be seen that the young man who is preparing to go to sea has a number of distinct advantages; whether they outweigh the disadvantages that are present in every profession will be the deciding factor in whether he shall endeavor to retain the future promised him after the war.

SLOPSHUTE JERK

"Twenty minutes sir!" Slopshute's eyelids flutter, he rolls over and yawns a mighty yawn — the messenger recoils as if struck, his face turns green and all the enamel drains off his teeth. It is the Monday after liberty and Slopshute's breath conveys the impression that the tide is out — his mouth tastes like a Jap family has just vacated. The swab is insistent. "Twenty minutes sir!" Jerk painfully pries open one bilious eye and smiles at the child. Leisurely he reaches into his locker for a fid. The swab is wise, this is the second time that he has jacked this living fungus off his locker top. Jerk's vicious swipe with the fid only serves to dump him on the deck.

Our boy, leaving the horizontal, is a reasonable facsimile for a freight train getting under way from a dead stop. His reciprocating hip action holds all eyes as he hauls himself up to the mess deck.

Pausing only long enough to haze a few of Morgan's galley slaves who are busily building a greasy pancake in the bakery, Slopshute docks at the watch table. He is too excited to eat much, this is his first Watch Q.M., and the night orders read Stockton. Besides, in the condition he is in, his head couldn't stand the sound of clanking ivory anyway, so he comforts himself with a cup of jav and a drano chaser.

The anchor is aweigh and the plug is in place. Jerk gropes through the efficiency haze for the engineroom telegraph—sixty-four bars from the "Anvil Chorus" and the pot has a bow wave — "One blast on the whistle," Slopshute reaches for the lanyard with his left hand and the bell book with his right. "Ahead slow." He rings ahead slow — he gets the bird — no, it's the battle phone. "Discolored water five points abaftward of the quart porterdeck, sir," pipes the look-out in his third class soprano. Jerk replaces the phone with his teeth, working feverishly he logs ahead slow in the night orders.

Ships are converging on the T.S.G.S. from all sides. There is danger of being swamped as the Avalon is heaving into sight. "We'll run for it — ahead full." Jerk rings ahead full and pivots for the bell book. The telegraph handle catches in his back pocket and rings astern full. Great fountains of water arise as the connecting rods hit the water. The look-out falls out of the crow's nest but he is not hurt much. What with the new angle on the masts, it is only a drop of a few feet. The most damage was sustained by the first class as it is turn-to period and they pick up a lot of splinters sliding along the locker tops. Meanwhile the screw has stopped—having wound up all of the tail-rail log line it can handle.

Slopshute is sweating pure gin now, it looks like he will be doing janitor work around the base six months after he graduates. He picks himself off the deck and cringes, waiting for the blow to fall.

"Mr. Jerk" screams the speaking tube — Slopshute is almost hypnotized by the iridescent glitter of gold that twinkles down the tube. "Come here!" Mr. Jerk almost loses his ears trying to climb up the trumpet.

The next thing Slopshute realizes is that he is in the Valhalla of schoolship men — the flying bridge. At first, Jerk is blinded by the glittering braid, but with the \$1.95 sun glasses purchased at the canteen, which incidentally was responsible for many a proprietor's "first million," Slopshute is able to endure this ordeal. With all the finesse of an Admiralty lawyer, the Jerk commences to vindicate his contingency; should it be insanity or negligence. As Slopshute lets it flitter through his mind, he realizes that the latter might possibly be a dismissal offense. Visions of rumbling tanks, KP, and the traditional hard-boiled Army sergeant begin to permeate his mind. Slopshute drops to his knees and goes into the act that won him a reprieve with his draft board. As they are about to drag the Jerk away with grappling hooks, a voice rings out from the forecandle, "Stockton ho."

As the personnel of the United States Training Ship Golden State rush to the port side to view the great Navy yard of Stockton—the old training ship takes on the appearance of a night at the Roller Derby.



As the "Great Grey Yacht" pulls into her berth, the Jerk sees jubilant throngs with flags in hand breaking the human barricade set up by the Stockton police — it is truly a great day in Stockton, California. No sooner than the gangway touches terra firma, does the Jerk proceed across like a paladin of the round table, returning from the Hundred Year War, tossing a salute that had written all over it, "When it rains, it pours." Slopshute is showered with gifts of flowers and fine wines. As the Jerk is about to deliver an allocution that he is sure will eclipse the famous one at Gettysburg, he finds himself surrounded by a lei placed there by none other than Chili Williams herself. With strains of the Hawaiian War Chant in his ears, the Jerk places his arm in hers and together they proceed to the Stockton museum to study a unique collection of Colonial dolls.

A group of American and British sailors were swapping yarns about their ships. "I'm curious about your aircraft carriers," said a British tar. "How fast are they?"

"To tell you the truth," said the American sailor, "I don't know. We've never really opened them up. All they've been required to do so far is keep up with the planes."

D. O.: "What's the idea of taking toast out of the mess deck?"
Swab: "I just wanted to make some charcoal sketches, sir."

A Stockton citizen asked the United States Navy to build him a new front porch, because so many midshipmen came calling on his pretty daughter that their combined weight finally caved in the porch floor.

OUR ENGINE ROOM

By Midshipman Fran Goetz

Time passes—

With the end close at hand, the first class midshipmen have begun studying with a real fervor. Turbines, their long awaited course, is at last becoming completed . . . as are all the regular subjects at the Academy.

The termination of the cruise, and with it a return to the regular study routine, is awaited eagerly by all of the engineers as the only solution of the desperate need for study.

* * * * *

The second class, as in the past, are using all the various means at their disposal to improve their scholastic standing at the Academy. Some have even gone so far as to join the local Scout troop. Some people will do ANYTHING to get stripes.

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While cruising, the engineers gained much experience from such events as the taking of indicator cards, the operation of evaporators, arrangement of a new watch, being Midshipman Deck Engineer, control of the throttle valve, and . . . of course . . . the social education gained in Stockton. Strangely enough, the "safeties" were abnormally quiet on this cruise, even with the addition of "Abie's Irish Rose" to the roster of engineers. It looks as though at last one of them saw the light soon enough.

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All the engineers are looking forward with anticipation to the newest CMA venture; to pass a complete class before graduation through the Turbo-Electric school at Marinship, Sausalito. This has never been done before, but it seems now a very real possibility. If this extra schooling does succeed, graduation day will see a much larger group than ever before following the way of third assistant on a tanker. The new era is here.

* * * * *

Among the midshipmen to enter the naval forces will be Bruce Black, Johnny Bauer, and Jimmy Marsh. Hope you fellows get the assignment you are after.

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Through the sponsorship of Stel Andrew, he, Al Wilcox, and Del Kolda are already signed to ship with the Grace Lines . . . C-2, they hope.

* * * * *

On April 22nd, led by Mr. Erickson, a group of engineering midshipmen left their Vallejo base to inspect a turbo-electric tanker at Marinship which, by the way, holds the record for mass tanker building. All the middies expressed favorable impressions following the visit. While there, they were allowed glimpses of equipment which, heretofore, had only been studied in principle. Some of this included a turbo-electric drive unit, D type boilers (Combustion Engineering), Bailey Combustion Control, oil pressure governor, and many other interesting and instructive pieces of the marine equipment.

On returning to the TSGS, the midshipmen including Bruce Black, Billy Giessner, Ferd Simpson, Jim Marsh, Bill Sales, and Gene Malcolm, were invited by Mr. Erickson to have refreshments at his home, which same was enthusiastically accepted . . . and a good time was had by all. How about it Giessner—do the girls really go for you???

* * * * *

How about those merit badges fellows, don't we get them for cleaning tank tops? Something in the Scout Handbook expresses merit for cleanliness. Just think—in two months we'll all be Eagle Scouts!

* * * * *

Favorite job to be left to the coming first class by the graduating class in their last will and testament seems to be the sounding machine on the poop.

* * * * *

DEDICATION

After twelve long weeks of toil, we, the graduating class, hereby dedicate the above-mentioned piece of work, still incomplete, as a lasting monument of gigantic effort and strife in furthering the modernation of the TSGS. We understand that in allowing this work to be completed by the underclassmen, we are entrusting them with a great masterpiece to be either ruined or painted. But really—we just haven't time to get it done.



NEVER MIND—I'LL PIN IT ON MYSELF!

Speaking of examinations, we can only say amazement is being felt all around. Last week, Dr. Dwyer claims, the first class engineers submitted the first real set of turbine papers since the commencement of the course. On the other hand, the middies are startled to have received three tests in one week, graded and returned the very day after taking the examinations. Our sincere compliments, gentlemen.

* * * * *

It seems that although the machine shop is practically completed, the present first classmen will have little to do with its operation. In the remaining two months of our program, an overhaul period must be included, which will probably extend two weeks and will be in the port of San Francisco, the turbo-electric school which we hope to attend will take another three weeks, then comes the third assistant engineer examination which will last three days starting on the 17th or 19th of June. All the time in between these dates, as well as throughout them, will be truly needed to build up our supply of knowledge in order to take the final examinations and those supplementary but necessary before license issuance is permitted.

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Thus, if space allowed by the paper shortage were extensive, we could continue relating occurrences and histories of our fellow engineers indefinitely. But we must terminate here with a parting "thank you" for your diligence in reading this column and a thought, that each one of us may be able to ship on turbine propulsion units upon graduation.

GISMO

Carpenter's cigar follows him to the showers . . . Say Guthrie, will a battleship float? . . . Johnson sure tosses those cookies around . . . Special phone being installed so Greig can call Vallejo every hour on the hour . . . Hesselberg "smoothing" right in with the visiting Admiral . . . Midshipman Nancy Spieller.

Who wants to sell a good drawing set? . . . Dunning thinks the doctor's class is very funny—something about a crushed and fractured shoelace . . . Swanson's running out of routines . . . PG Boom-boom "motating" at the dance . . . How many acres in an island, Merle? . . . Special July 5th graduation for Wilcox.

All right Pipi—I'll put it in, I'll put it in, I promise!

The general alarm does look like a light switch Barret . . . Larson leaving for China soon . . . Van Sicklen bleeding "red lead" and playing patient with Doc Banke . . . Well muss my hair and call me Zahl . . . Pringle broke an electric razor taking his first shave . . . Inspection of lower two berth deck soon men . . . Get off the standard compass Moore!

Carpenter spent an evening in Fay's sack—just dropped in . . . "Square Root" Gruhler he was know'd as . . . Barret's unsuccessful invasion of the mess deck after first call to exercises . . . Ransom can play the piano, tooooo . . . M. Hall is profiting from his cigarette "lend-lease" program . . . Nancy Spieller.

Schwimmer's giving three to one boys—DON'T MISS HIM!

Malcolm thinks the shots are too weak—no reaction at all . . . Rattray calls it measles but it looks like the second stage to us . . . Alfisen telling P. Marinovich the character of a certain girl . . . Mr. Brackett thinks J. Smith is "terrific" — he's giving him six . . . Dr. Moore wants to turn the berth deck into a sick bay —likes it very much . . . Van Sicklen playing a "Yehudi" drum solo at the dance . . . REMEMBER BETTY HANSEN . . . Tedsen's "schnuzzling" playing horrible tricks on his nose.

You can tell that Black's going on subs by the way he stands on the tank tops and yells, "Fire one, fire two." . . . Alcox gets many, many demerits for not opening the plant on time . . . Goetz gathering dollars — "No report sheet but you'd sure as hell better be there."

Some of "the boys" wearing civies at the mass physical . . . Mr. Miller says he heard someone calling off push-ups in the mess deck, tsK tsK tsK . . . Care for a sandwich Foskett? . . . No Harvey, we won't take any more cards . . . Klein'll get his—asking E. C. where we'll stow the new "metal" lifeboat . . . Southwick's going to have four swabs carry him and his bunk to Stockton . . . Just found out that the Captain's been borrowing Klein's collar buttons, he's got 'em cinched . . . Andrew is now the Chief Junior Commando of the Grace line . . . How come one first class engineer has night watches every week? . . . Nancy Spieller (remember the name) . . . first he's married, then he's not . . . Detweiler bites . . . Nothing else now but let us know about anything.

FIRST CLASS COMES THROUGH

With one of the greatest finishes ever put on, the underdog first class crew defeated their second class rivals in a thrilling race staged during our semi-annual sojourn at Stockton. Odds were running as high as three to one in favor of the husky second class crew, victors the day before over the third class crew, but that made little difference to a determined bunch of first classmen, who were out for vengeance after being defeated by those same second classmen, last October.

As the spectators enthusiastically followed the struggle of the two boats making their way up the channel that cool, overcast day at Stockton, it was quite evident that a very hard-fought contest was being waged. The two boats seemed almost even after the start, with the second class pulling slightly ahead by virtue of a faster stroke. However, their form was not quite as good as that of the first class stalwarts, giving a slight indication of the fine timing and teamwork achieved through practice and experience by the senior class.

Nearing the finish of the race, with about a hundred yards to go, the second class huskies made their bid and pulled ahead about a half of a boat length. It looked as if they'd do it again. Then it happened! Whether the first class crew was conscious of the exhortations of their classmates on the ship as they neared the finish line is conjectural. Possibly it was that certain something that makes a first class able to maintain its prestige and rise to great heights, but whatever it was, the boys had it, and they put on one of the most impressive spurts we've ever witnessed. Their boat fairly leaping out of the water with every stroke, the first class crew pulled steadily away from the straining second classmen as the whole ship went wild. A final effort and the mighty first class boat finished a quarter-length ahead of one of CMA's finest crews. Into the water went the happy winning coxswain, George Zeluff, and thus the CMA semi-annual rowing classic once again went to a hard fighting first class.

The day previous, the second class had won the right to vie for the mythical title by leaving the third class in their wake by a margin which we were unable to estimate. The spirit was willing, but the experience and teamwork needed weren't on hand, so the third class couldn't quite make that zig-zag course good enough for a win. Some said they zagged when they should have zigged, but not being an expert on that kind of stuff, we don't know. All we do know is that at the next meeting of the three classes for supremacy in whaleboat racing and possession of that beautiful, new perpetual trophy, which was presented at the Victory Dance in honor of the winning crew, the present third class will put up one whale of a fight and the excellent second class crew will again do its best to uphold the honor of the reigning first class. Good luck to both classes.

Position	First Class	Second Class
Coxswain	Zeluff	Pringle
Stbd. Stroke	Clendenny	Spieller
Port Stroke	Marinovich	Swanson
Stbd. No. 3	Fake	Krog
Port No. 3	Sales	Rados
Stbd. No. 2	Pease	Sieler
Port No. 2	Ley	Marinkovich
Stbd. No. 1	Black	Vorous
Port No. 1	Bernhardt	McFarland

Those competing for the third class were: Ransom, Griffith, M. Hall, Smith, Detweiler, Coleman, Lee, Naylor, and Casey.

NEW OFFICERS

The Binnacle takes great pleasure in presenting to you, a short resume of the recent life of our new Commandant, Lieutenant-Commander Philip J. Rasch. Commander Rasch has been in the Naval Reserve since 1937 and reported for active duty in 1940. His first assignment was as assistant to the Director of Naval Reserve in Los Angeles, 11th Naval District. In February, 1942, he began training at anti-submarine warfare school at San Diego. Completing the course there in April of the same year, Mr. Rasch took command of a patrol vessel and from then, to the beginning of 1944, spent his time in the Caribbean and Mediterranean. He was next transferred to OPERATIONAL TRAINING COMMAND at Treasure Island. Before entering the service, Commander Rasch attended Fullerton Junior College and the University of Southern California.

Another man to enter the ranks of C.M.A. is Lieutenant Harold M. Bennett, D-V (S), USNR. In the two years that he has served in the Navy, Lieutenant Bennett was a midshipman at Northwestern University, went to sub-chaser training school in Miami, and spent a good deal of time on a sub-chaser in the Mediterranean-Caribbean area. Panama was his base for operations.

A third addition to our staff of officers is Lieutenant (jg) Glen L. Davis, graduate of the University of Utah. Lieutenant Davis is finishing his second year in the Navy, has been stationed at Bremerton, San Francisco, San Diego, and served time in the South Pacific. Before arriving at C.M.A., he spent five months in the hospital recovering from wounds received in action.

The Corps of Midshipmen sincerely welcomes these three fine officers and hopes they will enjoy their stay here.

ALUMNI NEWS

Ralph M. Shallenberger, Jr., class of June '43, has just returned home after leaving a west coast port in July, 1943, on a new Liberty ship. He sailed as third mate, traveling around the world. He visited ports in the South Pacific, Tasmania, India, throughout the Mediterranean Sea to North Africa and finished up in New York. After a short stay in this city, he sailed the North Atlantic to England, returning to New York about a month ago.

On this same ship was DeLacey Cook, class of June, '43, sailing as third engineer until they reached New York. Here Cook was advanced to the position of second assistant engineer for the trip to England and back.

Cook remained with the ship for another trip across the Atlantic. Shallenberger entered the U. S. Officers up-grade school in New York, receiving a commission as Lieutenant (jg) in the United States Maritime Service. After finishing the course at the school, he sat for his second mates license in New York City.

He is now awaiting assignment as second mate for a ship at a west coast port.

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Walter L. H. Geldert, class of December, '42, received his first engineer's license while in port early last March. He is serving on a turbo-electric tanker.

John Boyer, '39, who has been sailing as chief mate for American Hawaiian, has just received his master's license and is in line for a ship.

Jack Zenor, January '42, who was senior navigator for TWA in the Burma theatre for eighteen months, has given up the air and is back at sea. He sailed for United Fruit out of Honduras and has recently been in San Francisco for a raise in grade.

Art Behm, January '42, is in the District Supervisor's office of the Merchant Marine Cadet Corps, as is Ed Johannesen, June '43. Commander B. M. Dodson, our former Executive Officer, is now in command of this activity, having transferred from Pass Christian Basic School.

Ensign Gene Colfax, June '43, is now on active duty with the Navy.

Dick Roche, July '42, and Charles Jackson, December '43, are second and third mate on one of Matson's cargo vessels.

ALUMNI RETURN

Among the recent members of the alumni seen in the Bay area were Cal Reed and Joe Devine. Both were in attendance at the Victory dance.

Dave Baird was seen in Matty's in Stockton and quite a reunion was in order.

For those who exploit San Jose over the week-ends, Bill Cranston may be found at home. He only weighs 125 pounds now but the women still approve.

Bill was married a short while back.

ALUMNI MEETING

The Social Dinner meeting of Friday, 12 May, will be held at El Jardin on lower California Street. Dinner at 2000, \$1.75 per plate. Please contact Signe Anderson at Underhill 8700, local 804, if you wish a reservation.

The regular business meeting of Friday, 9 June, will be held on board the T. S. Golden State at the Academy base. Dinner with the first class midshipmen will start at 1830. The purpose of this meeting is to welcome the graduating class into the Association. We would like a big turnout of the old grads, so send your reservations to E. C. Miller, California Maritime Academy, Carquinez Straits, Vallejo, or phone Vallejo 3-6434.

EXTENSION COURSES

Graduates of classes since 1942 are advised that Dr. Dwyer is preparing extension courses that will enable them to qualify for their degree. One requirement will be a year of sea duty.

Correspondence regarding this course should be addressed to Dr. Dwyer, Dean of Education, California Maritime Academy, Carquinez Straits, Vallejo.

ALUMNUS HONORED IN DEATH

The Alumni Association of the California Maritime Academy deeply regrets to report the loss of Ensign H. D. McNabb, '39; but we are proud of his record of service.

Duke McNabb, after graduating from CMA, sailed as third and second mate aboard ships of the American Hawaiian and Standard Oil companies. In the latter part of 1940, he began working for the Stockton Fire Department, where he stayed until December, 1941. He then went on active duty with the Navy.

The Silver Star Medal has been awarded posthumously to Ensign McNabb, USNR, for conspicuous gallantry while serving aboard a United States naval vessel during the invasion of Italy last September, it was announced by the 12th Naval District headquarters.

The citation signed by the late Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, for the President, reads: "Prior to the assault operations, Ensign McNabb skillfully organized and trained salvage boat crews, and acting as officer in charge of a salvage boat during the assault, worked courageously and with untiring zeal under continuous enemy fire and assisted in returning many damaged and stranded craft to active service."

Undeterred by the grave hazards, he continued to carry out his mission until the boat in which he was embarked was sunk by enemy fire. His exceptional bravery and outstanding devotion to duty were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States naval service."

Girl: "I'll stand on my head or bust!"

Middie: "Just stand on your head."

Commandant Bellowing at a Swab: "The afternoon off—the afternoon off! What do you think you are—a human being?"

EDITOR, THE BINNACLE
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CARQUINEZ STRAITS - - VALLEJO

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