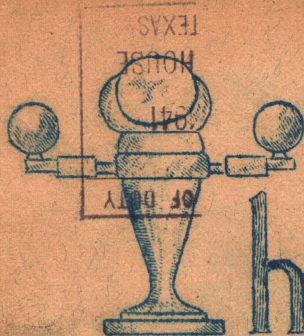




The Binnacle

MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY

VOLUME I NUMBER 7

FEBRUARY 1941

THE ASSUMPTION OF RESPONSIBILITY

Upon being asked to write an editorial for the "BINNACLE" I was confronted, in choosing a subject, with the fact that the things about which we should be told, are usually the things which, to us, are the most palling.

In view of this fact and of my choice of subject (one particularly well adapted to preaching), it behooves me first to make an appeal for serious weighing of, if not adherence to, the following words.

Leadership has as one of its integral parts, the assumption of responsibility.

No one has gone far in this world without first having taken unto himself a few tasks, and more important, seen them through to their completion.

Let us talk in terms of tangible things for a moment.

You have been told to wash white work. You draw your cleaning gear, go to the assigned station. You think to yourself, "This white work is

certainly clean", but you proceed to move your swab in slow, calculated, deliberate motions.

The climax to this little drama is not a viewing of your finished work with pleasure, the important thing, but rather an inward discontent brought about by the solemn conviction that there was nothing to do in the first place.

Was there nothing to do? Possibly the white work was clean.

If such were the case, then here was an excellent lesson to be learned.

Good leadership must, in the assignment of work, avail the man of the opportunity to accomplish something. If this opportunity did not exist, then why should we not profit by this episode? When our turn comes, we shall be the better for it. Remember, we can learn by the mistakes of others as well as by the example they set.

On the other hand, however, it is very unlikely that the white work was clean! At least a little dusty, don't you think?

Continued-

Complete the assigned task and allow your imagination full scope. See if there isn't one thing, one idea, which, if carried out would make the ship more handy or even just more pleasing to the eye.

If you but realize that the people who ridicule ideas such as these are the very ones who complain most and most loudly about their lot in life, then you will have made of yourself a better man, more fully capable of performing a man's work.

In each and every act of your life can be found the potential betterment of yourself.

Give some serious thought to self-analysis, and don't dwell too much on excusing what you see. Profit by it by bettering yourself.

M.N.E.

EDITOR'S NOTE

This issue of the BINNACLE was made and published at sea en route to Acapulco. In it we have tried to include every incident of note and every person to whom we are indebted for their generous hospitality. These people have done much to make our cruise a happy one.

Due to the extra stress of studies and cruise routine the staff has been hard pushed in order to keep up the schedule of production. Mr. E.L. Robber-son and Mr. M.N. Engs, both officer instructors aboard the ship, have kindly donated time and energy to lessen the amount of work necessary to publish the BINNACLE. For this we are grateful.

Because of the necessity of his presence ashore, Captain Mayo was unable to continue the cruise with his ship. In his absence Mr. B.M. Dodson, Executive Officer, has been placed in command for the duration of the cruise period. We fully appreciate the sacrifice made by Captain Mayo and we know that the affairs of the Academy are in competent hands. The entire personnel joins in wishing that he could be enjoying this trip with us.

E.N.K.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

Due to a last minute change in the training cruise, special note should be made of the information listed below to facilitate prompt delivery of mail to the ship.

Arrive

2/18/41
2/28/41
3/12/41
3/28/41

Balboa
Callao
Balboa
Long Beach

Leave

2/22/41
3/ 6/41
3/15/41
3/31/41

Mail: Exact dates of closing for steamer mails cannot be given owing to constant interruptions in service, and air mail schedules are subject to weather conditions and change without notice.

Ordinary mail for Balboa, 9 days in transit.
Ordinary mail for Callao, 21 days in transit.
Air mail for Callao closes on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Fridays. Delivery on the 4th day.
Air mail for Balboa closes daily except Friday. Delivery 3rd day.

O.G.R.

The 15th of January 1941 is an eventful day in the lives of all C.M.A. cadets----we are to leave San Francisco on our annual cruise. At last the great day has arrived. It is a dark, cold, dismal morning-----typical S.F. weather. We are to sail at 1330 in the afternoon, but before noon parents, relatives, and friends have begun to show up, bringing packages of fruit, cookies, candy, all sorts of good things to eat, stationary and stamps; "Now be sure to write to us often, son." By one o'clock the entire dock is covered with automobiles. Just as "ALL VISITORS ASHORE" is piped around, it starts to rain, and how it rains! Bobby Owens has kissed his girl goodbye for the benefit of the press photographer; most every person was wished a bon voyage; Swab Donohue's farewell telegram from the Marine Hospital (where he has been residing with a broken arm) has been posted on the bulletin board; all the farewells are over with when the idle swabs are sent down to #1 to break out the rain gear for the deckhands who are preparing to bring lines aboard. By this time it is really raining! All but a few brave souls, lucky enough to have umbrellas, raincoats, newspapers, or anything they could get their hands on, have scurried to the shelter of their cars. We pull away from the dock in a semi-cloudburst to the blare of all the auto horns. The last thing we see is Rollo's car stuck on the dock with one wheel in a huge hole. Capt. Mayo does a right neat job of taking the ship out. We are off to a grand start!

Then the Golden Gate! Big, long, green swells under the bridge. Geez, it's getting rougher all the time! Ah! the lightship..... the spot where

so many would-be sailors have decided they weren't fit for a life at sea. Then we begin our custom of winging ship and taking bearings on the lightship to check the compasses. By this time, there has been a great rush of swabs to both rails. "On the lee side, you dopes!" Fourth classmen aren't the only ones feeding the fish...the more experienced officers (in a qualified sense) are right there with them. They finally get through fooling around, and head south. We're on our way to Long Beach.

The whole trip between S.F. and L.B. is just one long argument between Murry (of S.F.) and Newman (of Riverside) as to what sort of weather we'll encounter. They are the two cadet meteorologists, and can't seem to get together; Murry is predicting nothing but rain, and Newman insists it'll be fair and warmer. The rest of the Cadet Corps is very busy with the soogee and paint trying desperately to make up for the time lost due to the weather up north, and get the ship looking shipshape for Long Beach.

Nothing exciting happens, and we awake on the morning of the 17th to find ourselves in "God's country". We can see the Palos Verdes Hills and Pt. Vicente. Pretty soon we spot Pt. Fermin and the breakwater of greater L.A. Harbor. We round the light-house, and all hands stare in awe upon beautiful San Pedro. We pick up the Port Pilot, Mr. Jacobson of San Pedro, and proceed across the harbor toward Long Beach. On the way in we pass the U.S.S. Brazos, a tanker, and receive a message from Ensign S.W. Grabowski (Res.) who was a dock cadet of the class of '39. In no time at all, we're tied up at the dock, west of the Navy landing. All hands expect the ship to berth at the same place

we've stayed the last two years. But, the pilot fools us. There we are right across the street from the harbor department building, with lumber stacked up all around us, and oil wells as far as the eye can see.

There's a big crowd on the dock to welcome us; including Mayor Francis H. Gentry of Long Beach, City Manager Erickson, Frank J. Parr and John L. Kelly of the Long Beach Harbor Department, Assistant Port Engineer Charles L. Vickers, and gentlemen of the press, including Mr. W. B. Cave, a resident of San Pedro, who represents the Los Angeles Times. There are some proud parents on the dock, too. Also present, with his wife, is Bill Trantum, C.M.A. '40, now employed by the Southern California Edison Company.

Our stay in Long Beach is a most enjoyable and memorable visit, what with the club luncheon aboard, dance, tours, rowing race, sailing race and other events. The splendid weather is enjoyed by all the Northern California cadets not used to such a climate. We're mobbed with visitors every afternoon (don't fail to read Brumpsnick Snark's latest adventure in this issue). One of our engineering officers can't understand where all the people who visit the 'Great White Yacht' come from, and wonders if there aren't any working people around here. Among the visitors are ex-cadets: A.R. Sims ('39), now attending U.S.C.; Ensign C.K. Holzer ('39); Ensign R.R. Snyder ('40); R.W. Racouillat ('40), on the S.S. Mariposa; J. "Spike" Wilson ('40), at present with the American-Hawaiian Co.; and J.E. Shreve, Jr. ('40), sailing on the S.S. Lurline.

We stay in Long Beach 10 days. Some of the cadets are wondering why we don't get the hell out of there...the Pike is taking all

their money. Finally, on the afternoon of the 27th, we sail! No rain this time. Large crowd again, and we are off for San Diego.

We drop the hook off the entrance to the harbor around two in the morning, and just sit there until 8. "Porky" Calou catches the first fish of the '41 cruise out of a berth deck port early in the morning.

Eventually, we get inside the harbor and tie up at the Coast Guard dock. Another excellent landing in a difficult spot by the schoolship.

Good weather in San Diego, Too. And more visitors...among them the ever-popular ex-cadet George Clark, who came aboard without his blocks and clay. Two distinguished visitors there are: Capt. N.E. Nichols, U.S.N. (Ret.), now a citizen of Coronado, formerly our Supt.-Commander, and "Cy" Hansen, engineering officer on the U.S.S. Tippecanoe.

Captain Nichols entertains a group of cadets at a dinner party given in his home. Reported by the lucky first classmen who attended, to be a huge success.

The San Diego Chamber of Commerce gives us another dance this year, which is just as successful as the one last year. Commander Strong throws a dinner party at his home for 10 first classmen.

One day after lunch Captain Mayo tells us he will be unable to make the cruise with us. He has been ordered to go back to San Francisco by the Board of Governors. He also informs us that we won't go to the Islands. We are all sorry to hear this as we have been looking forward to our first cruise with him.

We are privileged to have aboard an old pal of Captain Mayo's, Chaplain Tennyson, U.S.N. He speaks to us in the class room before we sail, and gives us a very fine talk on "The Code of The Sea!" While in San Diego, we are presented with a fine oil painting of an old wind-jammer by Captain Josiah Grundy, curator of the nautical museum in the Spanish Village in Balboa Park. Several years ago, Captain Grundy made the Academy a present of the STAR OF INDIA which now rests in the recreation room.

Tuesday morning, the 4th, the Captain turns the command of the ship over to Mr. B.M. Dodson, our executive officer, before the other officers, cadets, and crew. A couple of hours later, we sail. There is a small crowd of parents and friends of the local cadets there to bid us farewell. We clear the harbor and are soon in Mexican waters. It's almost 3 weeks since we left San Francisco, and we're just getting out of the country.

The 2nd day out, the uniform is changed to whites. It is definitely getting warmer. Two days later, we shed the jumpers, and everybody breaks out their new regulation T shirts. Santa Barbara's pride and joy, Nat Main, certainly shines when the uniform is scivvy shirts...my, what gorgeous colors! We have lots of fire, abandon ship, and man over board drills. Those who aren't sure of their stations, learn them damn quickly. Even "Soogee" is wearing a life preserver.

One night we pass the A-H steamer, Georgian with V.E. "Juicy" Julianel (39) aboard. Benny Schoenleber had a bad moment one night, when, as Cadet Watch Officer, a submarine is sighted on his watch. They are much relieved to learn that it is a U. S. ship. It is noticed that the

entire swab class have had their heads cropped rather closely. Donaldson didn't do so badly either...tsk,tsk, and a first classman too. We are enjoying (7) a new routine this cruise... a new deal for the cadets! Every one has instruction in the morning, night watches included. In the evening, the whole cadet corps attends Dr. Hooker's interesting lectures on medicine and first aid. Dr. Hooker is also going to hold divine services every Sunday morning on this cruise. A good idea...something we haven't had on the last two cruises. Some of the more foolish cadets in their efforts to get tan, have acquired very choice sunburns. The worst ones seem to be on the first classmen. Those actinic rays of the sun, you know...mighty powerful!

Well, it finally happened! For days we've been expecting to sight the S.S. America, which is bound for Los Angeles on her initial voyage to the West Coast. There were all sorts of rumors going around as to when we would pass her. We passed her about 0300, 9 Feb. The only ones to see her were those on the 12 to 4 watch. All the tinkers came out of the engine room (not at the same time) to have a glance at the floating palace.

As THE BINNACLE goes to press, we are approximately 20 hours from Acapulco. Lots to do and see, swimming is fine there. It's too bad that we've all reformed. There is a swell bar across the street from the plaza called the Seven Seas...or Siete Mares, if you wish. Not a dive, mind you, but a nice, quiet place which is about the coolest spot in town. A good place in which one can relax in the shade and watch the life of a Mexican town go by. Oh well...they serve cokes too'.

F. F. II

LONG BEACH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DANCE

Through the auspices of the Long Beach Chamber of Commerce, the officers and cadets of the CTS California State were guests at a formal dance given in their honor at the Veteran's Memorial Hall in Long Beach, California, on the night of the 25th of January 1941.

To this 'Ballet Russe' goes the honor of being the first dance of the cruise. While many difficulties ensued due to the cordial hospitality of sunny Southern California, the dance, in a social sense of the word, was a huge success. The orchestra, floor show, etc. were extraordinary.

A memorable scene to be remembered is when our own Electrical Officer, Mr. John G. Ellis, defied all dangers to become the hero of the present hour. It seems this roller skating champion, who was exhibiting his various feats, took on the task of twirling some innocent by-stander around by their arms, sort of like an airplane. Which to say the least, became quite nauseating, especially when you were the innocent by-stander. Anyway, the young lady who was under the guiding hand of Mr. Ellis got caught in the draft, and -----oh well, you know the rest! Cadet Tourtillotte, to his vague dismay, was the equivalent of No. 158. Quite naturally, he's still dizzy! Cadet Schoenleber still insists that he had both feet on the deck during the dance, incognito with his body. D--n Jitterbugs! Cadet Ross is perhaps the most surprising member of our fair institution, for who would think that this mouse-like creature tutored Fred Astaire to stardom. Cadet Feuille with Jean, who is practically his wife, finally show-

ed up for the last dance; late as usual. Cadet Kottenhofen, who insist on being called Ernie, chopped around as usual. That's a cute blond you've got there Ernie. Pauly -----who? Oh well, I'll get it next year.

The evening rounded out around twelve and parties split up to go their separate way, and the dance became a thing of the past, as must always be. But I'm sure that with each of us went a sincere thanks to the Long Beach Chamber of Commerce as most conventional hosts to a group of wandering seafarers.

H.L.K.

* * *



YEAH... ~ "WHY DANCE"

On Thursday the 23rd various Southern California Organizations were kind enough to arrange a trip for us through several of the high (?) spots of Southern California. After the regular hocus-pocus we were marched into several waiting busses and whisked through Los Angeles to Culver City.

Our visit to Metro-Goldwyn Mayer had been a much-talked-of subject, especially all of the "Glamor" that was going to come up and introduce itself to us. I must say that our trip through the studio was a disappointment. We went through it like the proverbial dose of salts.

It happened, according to the guide, that we missed every known "star" by one day. The day before, they had finished the "Ziegfield Girl" and all we had the privilege to see was a few pieces of scenery. We also took a trip through a city they had there, which was interesting, as we could recognize various scenes in pictures we had seen.

After we left we were taken up to the Hollywood Bowl Tea Room, where we had a meal that put our "Mess Gear" to shame.

After lunch the "Tinkers" went to "Cal Tech", while we deck-hands went to Griffith Planetarium. The Planetarium was for the most part educational and very interesting. Before the seance with the stars we spent one hour looking at the various exhibits such as experiments, light rays, etc. The lecture on astronomy was a prediction of what the skies would look like in 1941. We were able to see the relative motions of the planets, sun, and stars. This should be of most interest to us this cruise. (If we understood it) Looking at that perfect sky, studded with stars, leaning back in a chair,

more than one felt the inclination to doze off as if on the hatch at sea. We left the planetarium with the idea that maybe there were a few things in this world we didn't know everything about.

We are indebted for that fine trip to Mr. N.E. Dunnivant of the L.A. Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Howard Hartry of the L. A. Harbor Dept., Mr. Remington Mills of the Long Beach Harbor Dept., Mr. George Moore of the Water-front Employers Assoc., and Mr. Lloyd D. Moore of the Bilge Club.

R. E. D.

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Upon finishing a satisfying meal in the Hollywood Bowl Tea Room, the engineering cadets departed from their colleagues on deck and pulled out for Pasadena's California Institute of Technology. The trip out was hampered somewhat by the low visibility caused by the heavy rains and that usual "unusual Southern California Weather."

Howard Hartry of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce accompanied us on the hazardous journey. Included also in the party were Chief Engineer R. C. Dwyer and Engineering Watch Officer J. G. Ellis.

After considerable detouring we arrived safely at the main entrance to the campus. The first league of the tour brought us to the gallery of the Astrophysical Laboratory to witness the slow and tedious job of grinding the famous two-hundred inch telescope for that Mount Palomar Observatory. Next came a short tour of the campus that led us to the Mechanical Engineering Dept's. Machine Shop, for an inspection of the fine machinery

and tools that the Institute's die makers use. The climax to the tour came when we inspected the Electrical Engineering Laboratory and witnessed the spectacular display of the high voltage experiments.

Everyone found the tour to be an enjoyable as well as an educational one. The sleek Greyhound Bus pulled up to the gangway in Long Beach just as mess gear sounded, thus completing an ideal sight-seeing tour.

* * *

OIL FIELDS TOUR

On Friday 24 January the Long Beach Harbor Development Committee sponsored a tour through the principal oil fields of Southern California for a group to the sites of several oil wells in various stages of drilling. The trip ended at the completion of an illustrated tour through the Shell Dominguez Refinery.

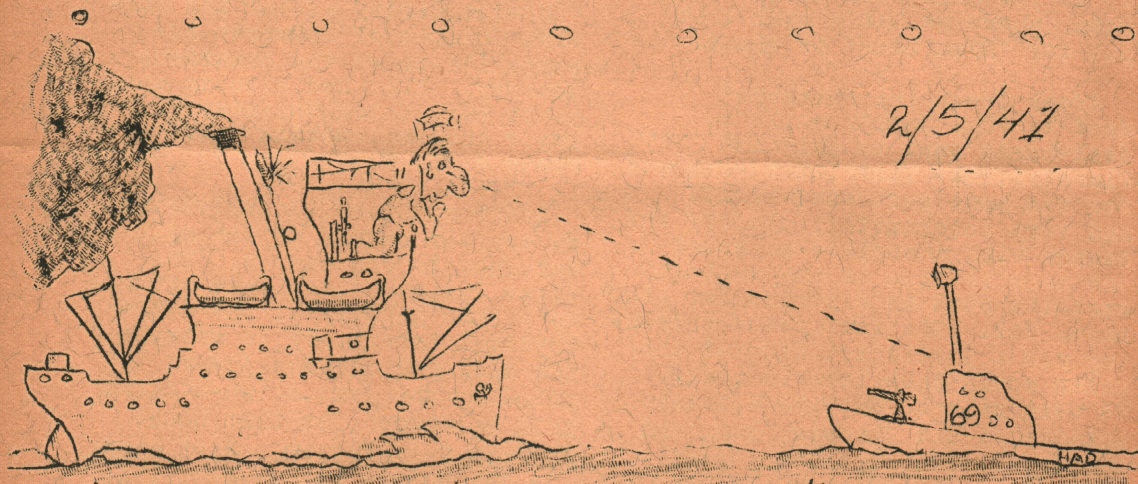
J. G. O'D.

Perhaps you have seen an increase in activity among the members of the fishing club lately. Rods are being varnished, reels are being oiled and even trolling lines may be seen made fast to the taffrail. (It is rumored that the quartermaster tried to take a reading from a trailing line the other night instead of the log.) Although several strikes have been reported on these lines no large fish have actually been landed.

Big things (in the way of fishing) are being planned for Acapulco. Plans are now afoot for a fishing trip in quest of marlin and sailfish. (provided, of course, that the cost is not prohibitive.) Several local tries from the ship and close vicinity are also planned.

All in all, big things in the way of fishing are being planned for the fishing club in Acapulco and all hands may expect fish for mess at some time during our stay there.

R. L. & C. F.



"Please God!!!" ----- "Ben Schönleber
(And it turned out to be the U.S.S. Sailfish)!!!

PROPELLOR CLUB

Highlighting our stay in Long Beach was the luncheon given aboard the training ship for the Propellor Club, Port 66, Port of Los Angeles. On Wednesday, January 22, some 200 Los Angeles members were greeted at the gangway by Faculty President B.M. Dodson who introduced each visitor to a previously assigned cadet.

The cadet, in dress blues, escorted his newly acquired shipmate aboard the ship, showing him the hull in its entirety. Following the tour of inspection, a buffet luncheon was served.

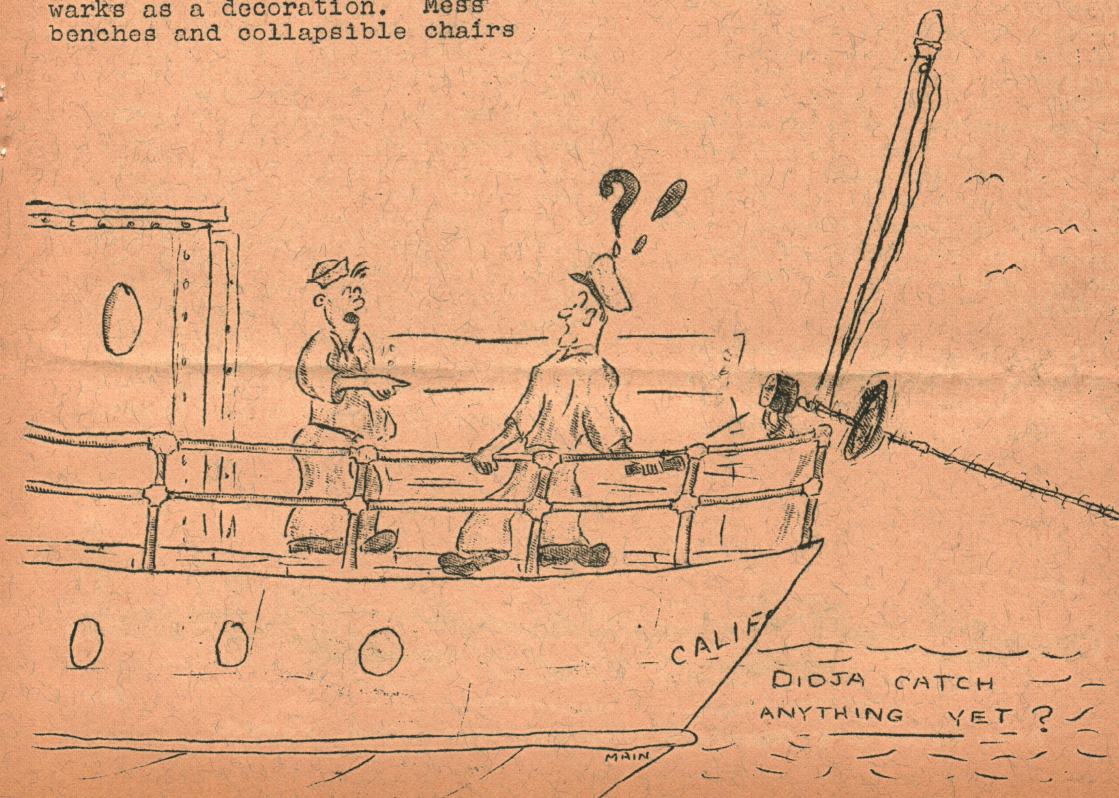
The forward well deck awning was rigged for the occasion with code flags strung along the bulwarks as a decoration. Mess benches and collapsible chairs

served to accomodate the large group along the decks. A series of short talks was heard, following the luncheon.

Mr. R.J. Chandler of the Matson Navigation Co. and President of The Los Angeles Propellor Club, acted as Master of Ceremonies. Captain Mayo delivered a timely message to the gathering concerning the outlook of the Maritime Academy. Other speakers included Captain Kaufman, U.S.N. Chief of Staff, 11th Naval District, and Mayor Gentry of the City of Long Beach.

J.G.O'D.

* * *



In the past few years there have been many ideas expressed as to when, where, and by whom the California Maritime Academy was actually originated.

One interesting version was published in the November 25, 1940 issue of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce's publication, "Southern California Business" in the column titled, "The Voice of Foreign Trade" and is reprinted here.

"Once upon a time, as the story books say, an American consul located at Hull, England, retired and came to Beverly Hills to live. That was in the dawn of Southern California's maritime history -- something like fifteen years ago, which you will note was in the dim and distant past. This gentleman called on the foreign commerce and shipping department of the Los Angeles Chamber to pay his respects and incidentally to ask why California had no nautical school. He said that three eastern states had such schools, and as an American consul he had noticed the high class of American ship officers that came out of these schools, compared with the ordinary mine run of sailor who had no such training.

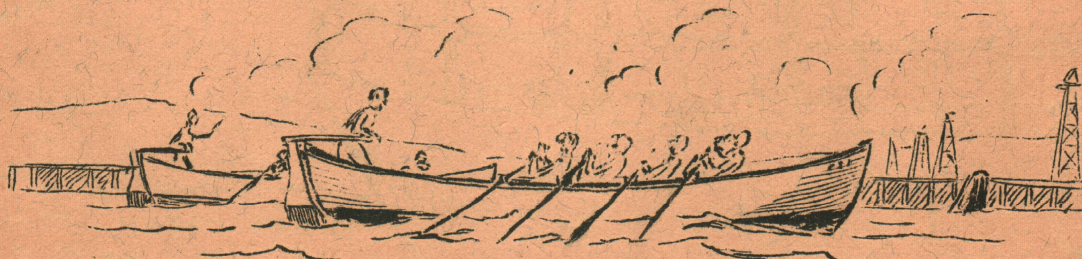
"It so happened that a law had been on the United States statute books since 1911, authorizing the Navy department

to supply old navy ships for nautical training schools at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, and a number of other cities. It so happened that the first three cities had taken advantage of this act, but none had done so on the Pacific Coast.

"A Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce committee took up the idea and Joe Crail, then a member of Congress, introduced a bill to include Los Angeles as one of the ports where the Navy might add a nautical training school. The Los Angeles committee, however, proposed to make the school a feature of the Los Angeles city school system. It was found that that could not be legally done, and the project was temporarily dropped.

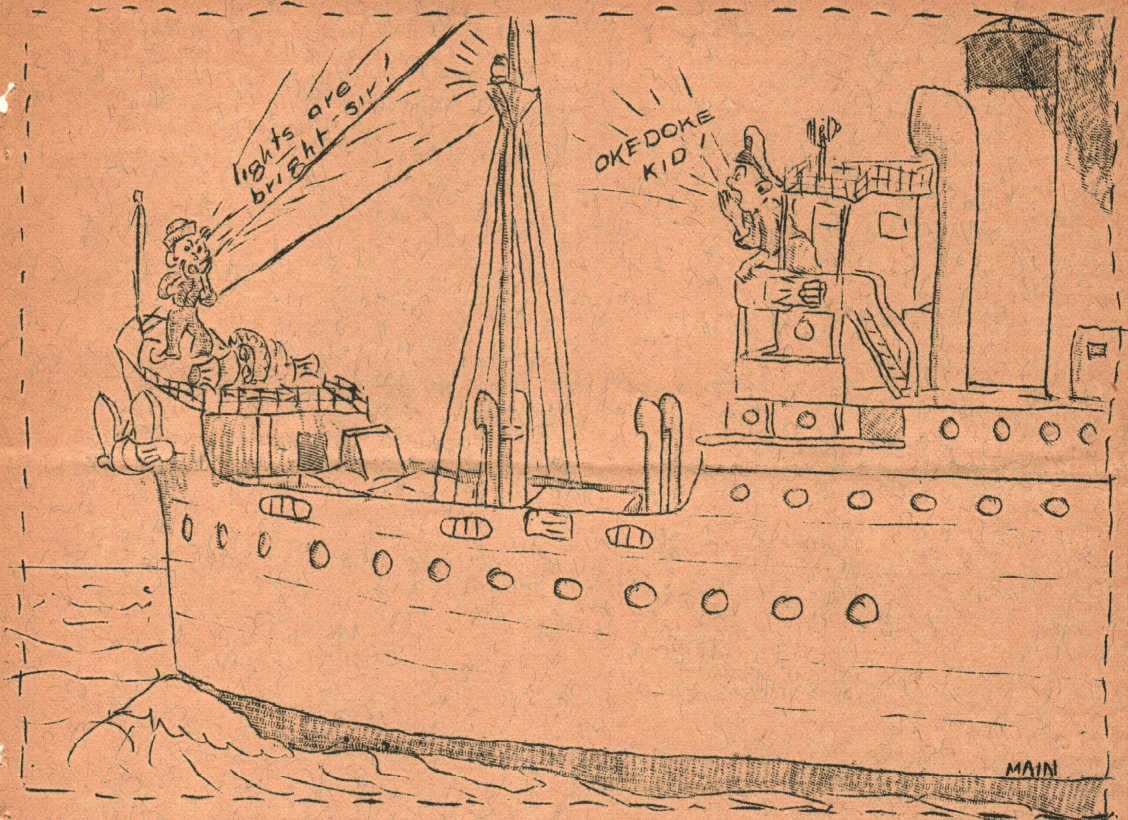
"Publicity given the nautical school idea had taken strong hold on California, and at the next session of the legislature, Los Angeles forces joined with San Francisco in the establishment of a maritime training school by the legislature, with government aid. The late Captain Paul Chandler, when he was manager of the Marine Exchange of Los Angeles, made the nautical school his special hobby and some of its problems were settled by his quiet but persistent work. Thus, in reality, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has been closely allied with, and responsible for, the present California Maritime Academy from its inception."

* * *



Long Beach J. C. Maritime students race C.M.A. cadets.

R.L.A.



The new system of answering reports from the fore'sle head is now in effect.

The latest reports on this new system, direct from Gus, the Bridge Race Track reporter, state that the accepted retort to the lookout's sloppy report of, "Lights are bright, Sir", is, "Okedoke, Kid". This is being used, it is understood, because it cannot be confused with anything else. "Okedoke" is always "Okedoke", and it tends to show a friendly attitude on the part of the O.D. and makes the lookout think that the O.D. has been worrying about the sad plight of a lookout on watch.

The discarded answers are, "Aye, Aye", which is obviously no good because of its similarity to "My, My" and "Lie, Lie", which would distress the lookout to the point of jumping over the side,

which would be very fatal indeed. The term "Very well" was in vogue for a while, and was a decided improvement over "Aye, Aye", until it was discovered that the lookout thought that he was being told where to go, so now, this has been discarded.

The new answer had been decided upon, by the consulting and construction technicians, of C.M.A. because it is fool-proof, cannot be mistaken for anything else, shows that the O.D. has seen the lights or the ship a full hour ahead of the lookout, and because it lends a friendly attitude to the watch as a whole, making routine duties 100% more pleasant and efficient, which is, of course, most important of all.

It is hoped by all that this dream child of the Bridge Deck Gang will be met with favor by the watches concerned.

Gus-Your poop deck pal.

The evening of Saturday, the first of February, in San Diego proved to be a very enjoyable one for ten cadets of the first class. At this time Lt. Commander and Mrs. Ronald T. Strong USNR, were hosts to these cadets at their home in San Diego. Commander Strong's daughter, Miss Marjorie Strong proved to be a most charming and efficient hostess and must be given a word of thanks for her providing of seven classmates of hers from San Diego State College as partners for the cadets. Of course we must not forget the assistance given her by her two sisters, Barbara, and Marion.

Upon arrival, the cadets were introduced to and greeted by the young ladies. This immediately brought up the pleasant task of getting acquainted, which proved very successful for all concerned. After suspension of preliminary formalities, the cadets escorted their young ladies to a most bounteous and tasty buffet supper. Served under the capable and understanding eyes of Mrs. Strong, everyone left the table with well satisfied appetites.

Supper completed, the rugs were removed and space cleared so that dancing became the primary activity of the evening. Entertainment was provided between dances in the form of group singing led by Mrs. Strong at the piano. During the dancing a lengthy discussion of the two favorite arguments was carried on. These were, as we all know, Northern California versus Southern California, and Dock Department versus Engineering Department. Miss Estren Shrove, sister of Joseph Shrove, former Cadet Commander (Engineer), proved to be a not too partial referee, in spite of the influence family loyalty might have had, which it usually does.

Everyone being convinced more or less as to the good or bad of each; dancing was continued, to last until 0200. The combined opinion of all was that it was a most enjoyable evening and will remain a topic of conversation aboard ship for days to come.

Those present in addition to Commander and Mrs. Strong were:

Misses McNealy, Marjorie Strong, Barbara Strong, Marion Strong, Margaret Heryet, Norma Holcomb, Ruth Lindley, Estren Shrove, Grace Tupper, and Heanne Walden.

Cadets Anderson, Eldon, Erickson, Jensen, Kettenhofen, Kubel, Murry, Newman, Peck, and Russon.

E.N.K.

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SAILING

So far on the cruise the Sailing Club has been very active. The first days in Long Beach and San Diego, the keels were rigged and sailing gear stowed in the boats. Almost every afternoon after knock-off, we set out and had some very pleasant sails. The wind was consistently good and we had an opportunity to gain a first hand knowledge of the harbors.

In Long Beach a race was arranged with Long Beach J.C. and in San Diego with the Sea Scouts. Both races were in our boats evenly matched, and in which we were victorious both times.

Our last Sunday in San Diego was spent in an all day cruise down the bay. We brought a lunch, landed, and took a dip in the ocean.

B.C.W.

BASKETBALL

The second basketball game we played in San Diego was with the team from the U.S.S. Regal, Receiving Ship. This team has quite a reputation as being one of the best of the enlisted men's stationed in the vicinity, and it may be said that they were favored to win over us by a large margin. However, we presented a bit more competition than was expected, as you will see later.

In the starting minutes of the game the Regal's team came out with some fast and fancy ball handling that had us worried, but we soon found the loop holes in their system, and in a short time managed to break up their combinations. During the first three quarters of the game both teams were matching each other, move for move. At times the C.M.A. players jumped ahead by one or two points, then the Regal team pushed to the front. Stanley Stendahl was plenty hot on the side shots with a lot of good support from Geandrot and LaFrenz. Our zone defense worked very well with the Young, Wilson and Stendahl combination covering the hole like a blanket.

Until the final whistle sounded ending the game it was a toss up as to which team would win. With but two minutes to play C.M.A. found itself trailing by five points. It looked bad for a minute but with a sudden burst of energy L.D. Woods broke through the Regal defense and dropped one through the old hoop. A split second later "Buzz" Geandrot sank a beautiful long side shot that left us only one small point behind. In the very last seconds of the game there was a mad scramble for the ball right under the Regal's basket. Suddenly, out of the mass of play-

ers, the ball shot upward and headed for the basket; it struck the hoop, balanced for an instant, then fell disconsolately to the floor as the whistle sounded thus ending a real basketball game leaving C.M.A. on the short end of a 30 to 29 score.

This was the most exciting match we have had this year. We are proud to have had such a good showing when the odds were so much against us, and though we lost this game by a matter of less than an inch on that last shot we feel that we have won a moral victory.

R.C. W

* * *

NEW BASKETBALL ADVISOR

When Mr. Hansen left us we not only lost a good officer but, also, the basketball team lost their faculty advisor. Basketball, as you may know, is one of the main sports at C.M.A. and an advisor is most essential to the welfare of the team. It was decided by the members of the team that Mr. Eng would be their choice for the new advisor, a move, by the way, which has never been regretted. Mr. Eng was very glad to accept our request and since that time he has been of greatest help in assisting the team and has not missed a game. This is the first time, in the present season, that anybody, including cadets, has taken such a keen interest in C.M.A. basketball.

Mr. Eng's enthusiasm and loyalty gives that extra push to the team that is appreciated more than the writer or any of the team members can express. If only the cadets would show half

of his enthusiasm C.M.A. could have a team that would make any school proud. It is said that games are won by rooting sections. If this is true the last game, which was lost by one point, might have been a victory. So fellas, let's have a little support towards a team that is really sincere in their efforts.

S.J. S.

ROWING

That C.M.A. rowing team has another victory to chalk up on its unblemished record of wins of two years standing. In a mile long race with the N.Y.A. Maritime School from Long Beach our team realized that it had come up against some real rowing competition. All during that long, hard

mile the two boats moved as one. Regardless of the effort put forth neither team could take a lead. The final sprint was so close that it was impossible to tell from the boats just who had won. Not until our boys rowed into hearing range of those who had seen the race from the outside did they know that they were the victors. Cox'n Main took another of his numerous salt water baths assisted by a boat load of very happy oarsmen.

We wish to thank Captain Glines and all of the members of the N.Y.A. Maritime School for their splendid competition and sportsmanship shown us not only in rowing, but in basketball and sailing as well. We are looking forward to equally happy associations with their organization in the years to come.

R.C.W.



EN GARDE FRIEND !!!

The Mate squinted with one eye at the new Sparks and with the other at the bunk. "You got to do something," the Sparks complained. "This here groan-sack is only five-feet six long--and just take a look at me!"

The Mate used both eyes on the Sparks. "Yeah," he grunted. Thoughtfully, he rasped a horny hand over the bristles on his cheek. "Won't do. Six feet tall." He brightened. "Can't you fold up your knees?" "Naw, it gives me cramps. My muscles ache and I get pins and needles in my feet." The Spark complained. He reflected for a moment.

"Knock out the bulkhead?" he asked hopefully. "Naw--spoil the room. Could maybe cut a hole for your feet--naw. Then they'd be sticking out in the passageway all the time. Look like hell--feet sticking out there all the time."

"How about a box? Just poke a hole in the bulkhead and button a little box over it--nobody'd know there was feet in it then." The Sparks beamed with the brilliance of his idea. For a moment the Mate cogitated on this. Then he made a thumbs-down gesture. "Won't do," he growled. "Too much trouble making a bunk then. Messboys would growl like the devil if they had to stuff blankets down into the box to cover your feet. That's out!"

"Say, tell what," the Mate blurted. "Got it! Put your head in the box. Don't need blankets on your head--no trouble for the messboys, either!" He rubbed his hands enthusiastically.

"I'll get Chips on it right away."

The Spark's face clouded, and his lip jutted out. "Naw," he growled. "Won't do at-all! I'm not going to sleep with my head in no box! No sir, no air, no light, be bumping my head all the time."

"Look," argued the Mate, "We can punch holes in the box for air--make it just as good as home! The Sparks was adamant. "No soap," he insisted. "I'm not sleeping with my head in no box!"

The Mate flared, sticking his face up to Sparks. "So you won't be reasonable, eh? Can't be satisfied? Well, get up to the shack and send a message. Tell the office you're fired and for them to send a new operator at the next port!"

He paused for a moment, thinking, then he blurted; "A short one! Tell them to send a short one." E.L.R.

SOFTBALL

Because of the interest shown by all hands in the Softball games that took place back at the base, some games are trying to be arranged at Panama.

The First and Third Class Engineers will challenge the combined forces of the First and Third Class Deck to a series of two out of three games.

The Engineers expect to field a "sharp" team from such ball-players as; Singman, Hultquist, Durning, Schwab, Rutherford, Horn, Freeman, Young, Feuille, Rocca, Doell, and O'Donnell. "Homer" Karr will have his old soup-bone out of the moth-balls to do the pitching for the Engineers, and "Squeaky" Weeks will do the catching for his old battery mate.

L.M.W.

Dear Editor,

Some time ago a new wherry was added to our boats. It was taken on our last cruise instead of our old wherries which were on their last legs. This new wherry was used for recreational purposes, until we went on the cruise, then it was used as a work boat for working over the side. Soon it was in horrible condition, the varnish was ruined, the bottom was dirty, the topsides and water line smeared with tar, inside paint was splattered all over, and some of the bottom boards were missing.

Finally she was laid up for a new paint job, resulting in that it was no longer available for recreation. In a port, when two or three cadets want to go for a row instead of going ashore, they could not get the wherry, "it was being repaired", so, for most of the cruise, the wherry was not available. As a matter of fact, it was not until the middle of the last school term

that she was ready for use.

At the start of this cruise, one of the old wherries was brought along expressly for a work boat. She was laid on the skids with the punts, so that she could be put over when we were over the side.

Yet, ever since we started to paint the sides for this cruise, the good wherry has been used instead of the old one. It is rapidly becoming wrecked and will soon have to be laid up again, probably for just as long a time as last cruise.

Since we brought the old wherry along for a work boat, why don't we use it? It is just as easy to put over the old one as it is to put over one of the punts!! Let's save the good one for some rowing on our off time in these ports!

Nat Main

* * *



-Heaven Help me if that "Closed for ONE HOUR" sign is up!

Main

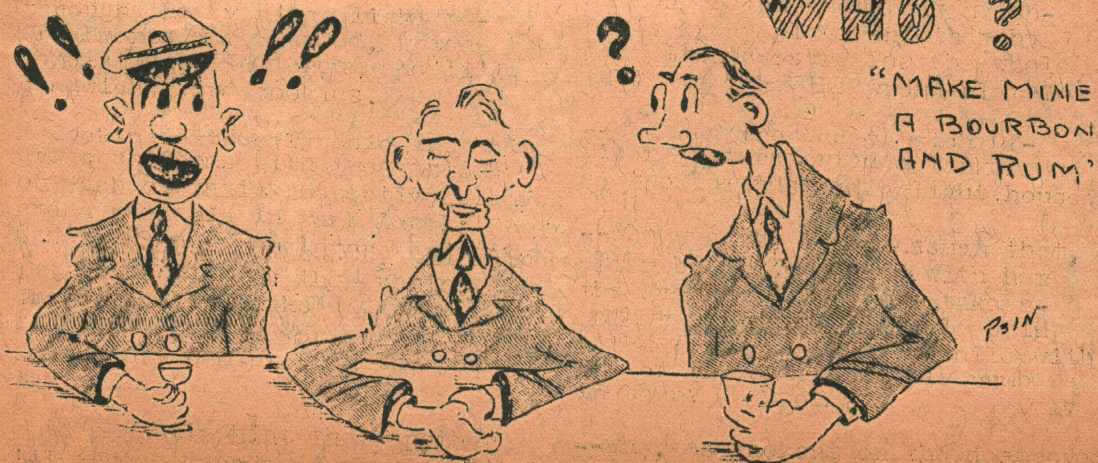
On the evening of Jan. 30th, the San Diego Chamber of Commerce played host to the Cadet Corps and a group of sorority girls from San Diego State College at a formal dance given in the Chamber of Commerce auditorium. Amid the fragrant aroma of gardenia corsages and the rustle of silk and chiffon formals came the romantic and enchanting strains of the Naval Training Station orchestra. Midway through the evening, light refreshments were served, which consisted of ice cream and lil' sandwiches and cookies.

Looking extremely chic in their dress uniforms with two stripes on each of their respective sleeves and a gardenia in each lapel; Cadets Calou, Donaldson, and Main set the style for the evening. The specialty marks and service stripes were a never ending source of comment from the young ladies.

As a subtle hint that another '41 cruise dance was nearing its grand finale, the orchestra broke into "Show Me The Way To Go Home". Many new friendships were established by the officer-like (in a qualified sense) gentlemen of this sea-going university.

C.E.P.

Famous Last Words ...



--who, when Chief Engineer of the S.S. Malolo, was nicknamed "Patsy"?

--what 1st class dockhand still doesn't know that the ice machine flat is where the ice machines, and not the fresh water pumps are located?

--who, when dining with some very important shipping people in Long Beach, took his neighbor's bread plate and thereby made it necessary for the whole table to take the wrong plate?

--who was the Cadet Watch Officer that reported a tanker as two islands and a light house?

--who was the 1st classman that, after breaking a date with her the evening before, to take another gal out, fell asleep in a theater in San Diego while with one of the cutest little numbers in town?

--who, as lookout on the destroyer Humphreys, reported a team of horses on the starboard bow?

--who, as Cadet Officer of the Deck was invited by the Watch Officer to bring up coffee for the watch and showed his appreciation by serving the coffee without offering the Watch Officer concerned a cup?

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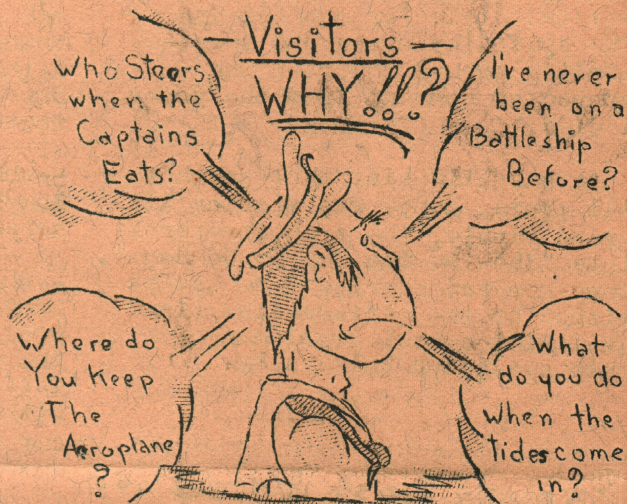
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VISITORS WELCOME(?)

Due to the fact that the Cal State is now one of the very few U.S. vessels that extends an open-armed welcome to visitors, we play host to huge numbers of citizens in every port. These visitors are conducted about the ship by cadets who strive to explain the intricate workings of a modern ship in a simple way that is understandable to the layman. This is a duty that is not especially difficult, but, due to the exploring mind and body of the visitor, is nerve wracking. This month we meet Brumpy conducting a party of visitors in, say, Long Beach, Cal.



1400 Brumpy meets first group of visitors, who have been milling around on the dock for some time, waiting to come aboard, at the gangway and forms his party to begin the tour of the ship.

1402 "This is the mess deck where we eat". Visitor: "What do you do when the tide comes in?" B.-"Well, we close the ports and let her come. Down that ladder is the berth deck, where we sleep. No, ma'am, you can't go down."

1410 "This is the laundry. No, we don't have to wash our own clothes; in fact, we have a regulation against it. What, ma'am? Sure they want us to keep clean. Then why a regulation, you say? Why any regulations? I say... especially #602."

1420 "This is the Engine Room. No, I'm sorry, you can't go down. No, not because of Naval secrets, ma'am. No sir, there is no carburetor on our engine."

1425 "This is the after well deck. No sir, there are no wells on deck. We keep our water in tanks. No Ma'am, not war tanks, just water tanks."

1430 "This is the machine shop. Our cannon? We keep them in the hold when we're not using them. No sir, we don't get much pay... just enough so it costs us 80¢ an hour to work overtime."

1440 "This is the officer's quarters, and galley. We don't have to peel spuds, sir (I don't give a darn if you did have to peel them in the Army). Yes ma'am, the food is swell. Simple, but wholesome and abundant. Just like living at home! (in a pig's eye). Yes ma'am, I love the sea."

1450 "This is the navigating bridge. Who steers while the Captain sleeps? Well, we take turns. I mean the deckhands do. No ma'am we don't stop at night. Yes, we sleep. Well we stand four hour watches in rotation. No, I don't ever steer. Don't I feel cheated? Hell no, I'm an engineer!! Yes, that is the barometer. Where does it fall to? It doesn't fall, it drops! (That'll get her)."

1500 "This is the radio shack. No, I don't play music. Sure it's good for something; we send

messages and get our orders over it. No, we don't usually have sealed orders that are to be opened at sea!"

1510 "These are the lifeboats. No sir, we've never been shipwrecked or torpedoed."

1512 "How do we wash the sides of the ship? Why, we just submerge."

1515 "Yes ma'am, that's the smokestack."

1520 "No, you can't blow the whistle."

1530 Snark takes two men to the engine room after seeing the rest of the party over the side.

1535 Visitors see furnaces in boilers and ask what they are. Says our hero, "Why those are the torpedo tubes. We keep the torpedoes in the magazine. Why it's usually in the sandbox."

1540 "No, that's not the main engine, it's just the coffee grinder. We drink a lot of coffee."

1545 Visitors complain about the heat, so Snark takes them up in the fidley to see the safety valves.

1600 "ALL VISITORS ASHORE" The hot, fainting rubbernecks are conducted from the fidley wringing wet by Snark who pushes them into the mob leaving the ship, and goes below.

1610 "Geeze, what a bunch of hay seeds! I'll be damned if I'll ever show another bunch around. But I love them anyway, *!#/?!#/?/!....."

J.A.C.

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