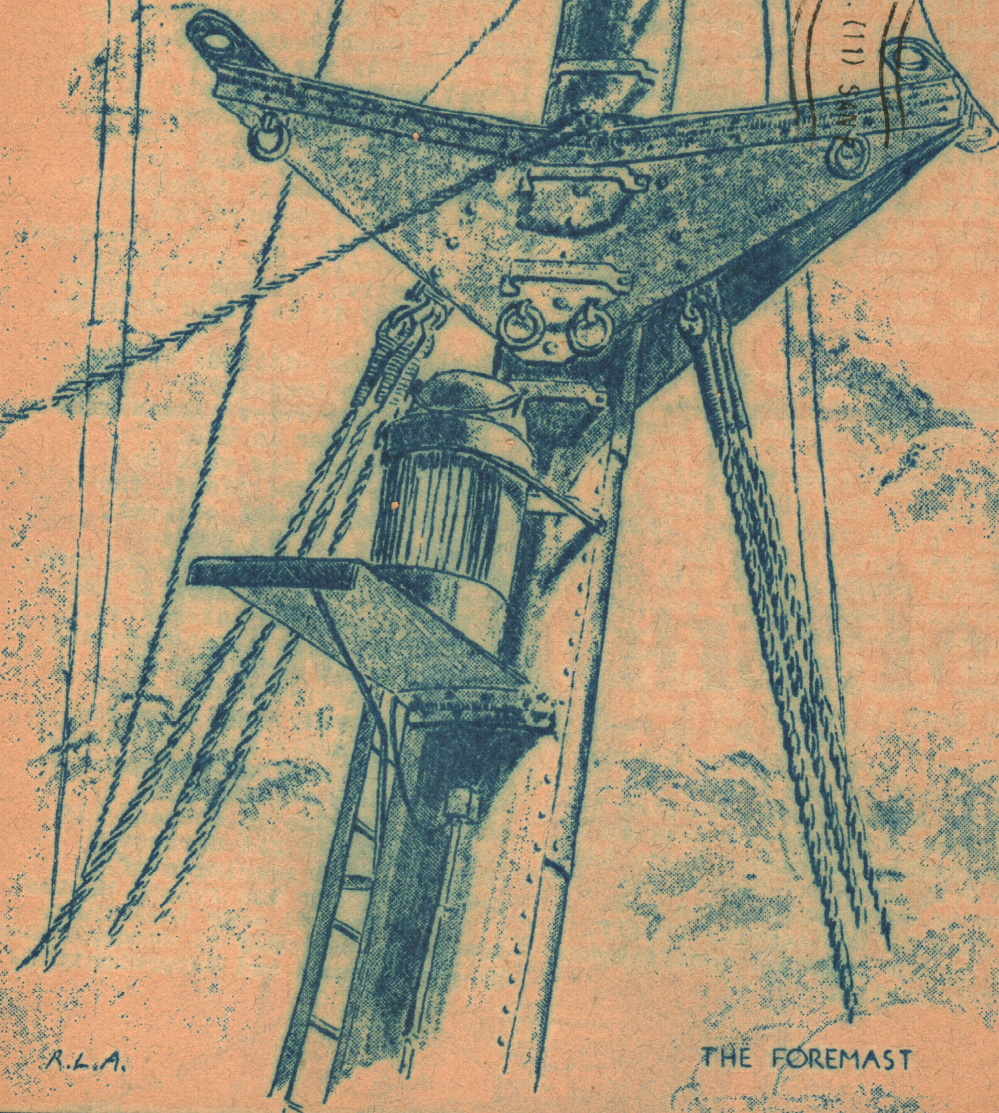


The Binnacle

VOLUME II NUMBER 4

OCTOBER 1941



A.L.A.

THE FOREMAST

MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY

THINK IT OVER

And there till Christ call
 forth the dead,
 In silence let him lie;
 No need to waste the foolish
 tear,
 Or heave the windy sigh;
 The man had killed the thing
 he loved,
 And so he had to die.

---Wilde

In clipper ship days our merchant service was good enough to be called American. Because Americans are primarily sentimentalists, the Yankees were slow to give up the wind and sail that had served them so well. Thus, while our competitors were eagerly experimenting with steel and steam, we were nursing the out-of-date, consoling ourselves with talk of the old days; resting on our laurels.

When we recovered from our blindness it was too late. Our competitors had the business. The trade of all nations was now gone from the holds of our ships. The black days had come. It is only today, half a century later, that the shameful condition of this all important phase of our country is even recognized. The U.S. of the 20th century has been strong internally; wealth has been near at hand. No need to look overseas. And so our merchant service has suffered. The sequel to the first, the great, unforgettable chapter in American shipping has been an inexcusable failure. Since 1890 the U.S. Merchant Marine has been in sorry shape; due not so much to the service itself, but to the criminal indifference of the public.

During the latter part of this period the California Maritime Academy (then Nautical School) was created, the result of some latent germ of interest. A birth in such dark times could be followed by nothing but a troubled infancy. And sure enough, the dismal, fatalistic attitude of a shunned and slighted profession was inherited by the school. Unfortunately, this negative outlook was never eliminated; it is still with us.

But now the attitude of the people is in transition. The awakening has come: Ahead lies a third chapter in U.S. shipping which may well be comparable to the first, the glorious day of the clipper. Nearly gone is the public indifference. The "average man", pivot point for success in any field, is getting interested. If this interest is accompanied by the honest effort of the maritime service itself, the day will surely come when the U.S. shall again rule the seas. Without the serious endeavor of those within it, the U.S. merchant marine is doomed. It is the hour to rid ourselves of this fatal pessimism of yesterday, for the reason behind it is gone. No easy task this. One which can only be accomplished by seriousness and determination.

THINK IT OVER(Cont'd)
But it must be done.

that Wilde's words will not
apply to us.

3

Economists agree that after the war boom, foreign trade will be of vital importance to this credit-ridden nation. Without it the United States, as we know it, cannot survive, for our internal self-sufficiency died with the Western frontier. National life-blood must be looked for far afield. And so we of the maritime profession will occupy a key position in this post-war battle for our homeland. And say what you may, grin if you feel like it, America sans flagwaving is beloved to all of us. Let us be sure

N.B. Martin

Author's note: The above marks a new BINNACLE policy to have editorials written by the cadets instead of the officers. Certainly you who read this first editorial will have ideas on kindred or diverse subjects. If so -- don't waste words; write them down! Since the BINNACLE is now entirely cadet-written, let's make the future editorials good.

N.B.M.

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This publication is conceived and printed by and for the Cadet Corps of the California Maritime Academy on board the Training Ship California State. It is entirely supported by subscriptions of \$1 per year. Mail checks or money orders to : Editor, The BINNACLE California Maritime Academy, 515 Van Ness Ave. San Francisco, Calif.

PROPELLER CLUB

Wednesday night, the third of September, the Propeller Club, Port of California Maritime Academy was host to some eighty members and guests of the Propeller Club, Port of San Francisco. As the guests arrived aboard they were conducted on an informal tour of the training ship by cadets of the first class. Following the inspection of the ship, dinner was served in the mess deck.

After dinner the members adjourned to the classroom where student president Jack Zenor called the meeting to order and presented Mr. Charles Wheeler, president of the San Francisco Club, who presided over the joint meeting. Mr. Edward Harms, general chairman of the National Convention, was called upon to present the plans for the October Convention. He extended an invitation to the cadets to attend the meetings to be held at the Fairmont Hotel.

The next part of the program consisted of short talks by our four cadet officers. Cadet Willson and Cadet Young discussed the activities of the deck and engineering departments. They were followed by Cadet Horn and Cadet Nied, who told of the highlights of the 1940 and 1941 cruises.

Captain Claude B. Mayo, the superintendent, discussed the future plans and needs of the Academy and a program for expansion. Mr. Dodson concluded this part of the program by presenting the officers of the California Maritime Academy.

The special guest speaker of the meeting was Captain Edward A. Macauley of the U.S. Maritime Commission. He discussed the aims and accomplishments of the Commission's building and training program. Mr. Telfair Knight, Director of Training, U.S. Maritime Commission, followed with a short talk.

The meeting was adjourned after a brief response by President Wheeler. This joint meeting marked the first fall meeting of the Port of San Francisco.

*

The Port of California Maritime Academy had two meetings previous to this session with the San Francisco Club. One consisted of an educational lecture on boilers, the principle speaker being Mr. Hill of the Babcock and Wilcox Co. His talk was accompanied by numerous slides showing various types of construction of boilers and their accessories.

The second of these meetings brought Lieutenant Commander Cronk, U.S.C.G., before the Cadet Corps, who spoke on the history, purpose and activities of the U.S. Coast Guard. Forty minutes of interesting motion pictures were shown with the lectures.

These three events bring the review of the Propeller Club activities up to date; of course many more functions are looked forward to in the future.

J.L. Zenor

The BINNACLE Staff owes an apology to its readers because of the absence of the September issue of this paper. The added load of mid-terms and the two weekend holidays of Labor Day and Admission Day interfered too greatly with the publication of that issue; consequently, we were forced to let the paper slide for that month. If the readers remember that publication depends upon the industry of the cadets during their spare time, we are sure they will understand and accept our apologies.

The Editor

DANCE TO BE HELD AT AQUATIC PARK

A semi-formal dance will be held on October 10 for the cadets, officers, and Board of Governors and their ladies by the California Maritime Academy at the Aquatic Park in San Francisco. The affair will commence at 8:30 in the evening and all hands are expected to attend if possible. Incidentally, this will be the first function in which the new fourth classmen will participate. It promises to be an evening well spent and everyone should have an exceptionally good time.

* * *

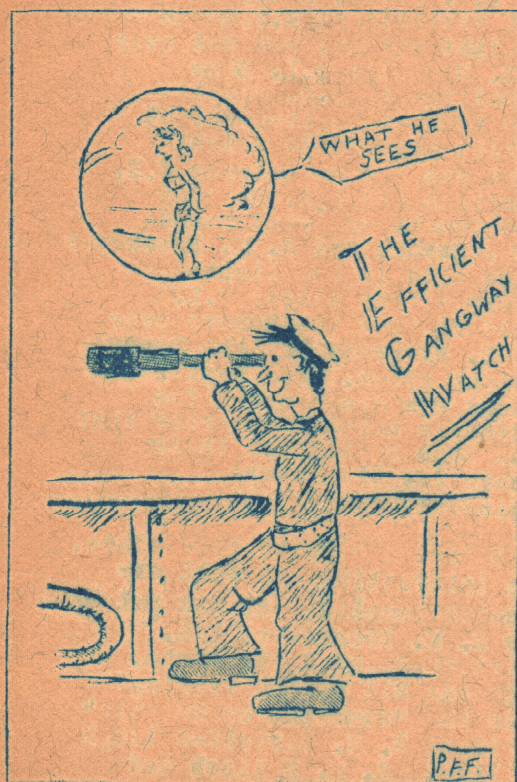
SHIPNOTES

Well, it seems that the days of eyestrain at C.M.A. are limited. This seems to be the general conclusion to be drawn from the recent installation of fluorescent lighting in the mess deck. When the installation is extended to the classroom as planned, our happiness will be complete.

And speaking of the classroom, the new chairs are certainly a bit of all right. The place looks more like a cocktail lounge than a class room.

The swabs are as happy as birds, and the morale of the Corps, as a whole, has risen about twenty per cent since the razing of the canvas lean-to on the forward well deck, that has served as a class room for the above-mentioned swabs.

H.L. Oldfield



On September 2, 1941, three years to the day that he left the Academy on September 2, 1938, Mr. William Bellamy boarded the California State to fill the vacancy left by Mr. Ellis, as an engineering officer.

During his three years away from the Academy, Mr. Bellamy has varied his services among several companies. American-Hawaiian was his first venture. He worked on the Floridian and the Obioan. While on the Floridian he worked along with three other schools in men. Next, he worked with Moore-McCormack Lines on their Mormacsea. Following that he served as a safety engineer for an insurance company. With Matson he was night engineer on several Matson ships. Then came a job on San Francisco fire-boats. A job with Luckenbach was in the offing before he decided to come here.

Mr. Bellamy has his second's papers and in three months, he plans to have his first's. In his few days here, Mr. Bellamy has come to the opinion that the Cadet Corps is, in general, a good selection of officer-like material to put into the American Merchant Marine. He stressed the point that the Academy has bottered itself since he was here by placing more responsibility on the Cadet Corps, thereby enabling the Cadets to learn more.

Mr. Bellamy has never had trouble getting a job. He has found out that school-ship graduates are favored for third's and fourth's jobs, but that the preference is still inclined to "old-timers" for chief's jobs.

F.A. Fillibow

SWAB SMOKER

The fourth class smoker came off with a grand and glorious puff with plenty of gags, skits, and laughs. The only thing lacking was an abundant supply of smokes for the "Swabs". Marohn was chief smoke dispenser.

For an opening, F.G. Doan ripped off a piece of the "Twelfth Street Rag" and soogied the ivories. Immediately following, came the boxing matches which were exceptional. Although there were no knockouts, much to the disappointment of the upper classmen, every bout was fought with a grim determination. In the feather weight duel of T.G. Kelly vs L.M. Platz, Kelly came out victorious; K.F. Rambo a light weight, won out over J.S. Wadfell; W.L. Shaw submitted to C.R. Widell who took the walter-weight title; the middle weight bout was a draw between J.E. Jacobsen and L.A. Darnacy who fought an extra round; E.N. Savage and S.M. Brookover also tied in the light-heavy weight class; W.L. Geldert took the honors over M. E. Wimpres of the heavy weight crown. The fact that blood was drawn and a few shiners arose gave proof that the boys really did their share for the entertainment.

Before the skits took place, an interesting and well executed tumbling act was put on by S. M. Brookover, L.A. Highlander and K. F. Rambo. The gag hit of the evening was the "dummying up Guestin" bit of R. E. Garrett—a laugh a line. J. M. Kolisch and his company received a good hand for their parody of

Charlie Chaplin's parody on Hitler. The acting was good and the upper classmen roared out -- (author of skit unknown). Other character parts were taken by P.F. Franklin, M.P. Clinton, B.K. Harrison, D. R. Beaumont, and R.E. Reilley. Other participants and actors in the evening's performance included J.E. Jacobsen, J.S. Waddell, W. L. Shaw, H.D. Hickman, and F. G. Doan. Due to the lack of time the Tri "W" instrumental trio of Waller, Walsh, and Wimpers was omitted. They had some good numbers and will be looked forward to at the next smoker. Although J.J. Viegas did not take an acting part, it was through his and D.O. Conklin's managerial attributes that the program was organized. Congratulations fourth class for a smoker which, in the eyes of the upperclassmen, was first class.

F.G. Doan

* * *

SIGNALING

Combining a little practical work with studies, members of the third class deck have been signaling with the various naval vessels in the harbor. Among those ships contacted were the United States Ships Tennessee, Oklahoma, Antares, Henderson, Lawrence, Vega, Wharton, Castor; Lieutenant Col. Emery S. Niles, U.S.A. Quartermaster Corps, and the new Alcon Puritan. The conversations have been not only interesting, but quite instructive. We hope to be able to continue this practice as it enables us to become proficient.

S.E. Hargrave

Here we go for another dip into the mysterious language of the old salt----sea slang.

While at mess the other day the following conversation was heard among some of this ship's company.

"Boat your oars swab, this table is full and down; rouse out, and give way outboard."

Quiet reigned at the table for a while when the forefooters began a loud conversation.

"Twoblock your impeller plates, slushpumps. It's getting so that you can't get your B.T.U.'s without having to ship a lot of scuttlebut rumors!"

For the benefit of the landlubbers here is an interpretation:

Put your silverware on your plate, fourthclassmen, this table is crowded enough. Move over and give me some room. Forefooters (4th classmen) keep quiet, it's getting so that you can't even eat anymore without having to listen to a lot of idle rumors.

L.R. (Seapuppy)
Petersen



SLOPSHUTE JERK

The great white yacht is now moored at the Ferry Building and the cadets are still in the same rut; especially Slopshute, who has just received his class standing. It seems no matter how hard he works, he always bats below .500.

The only bright spot in his dull existence is the arrival of the new class. Slopshute is power crazy. As we look in upon Slopshute now, we find him sitting in "Happy Valley" screaming for a swab.

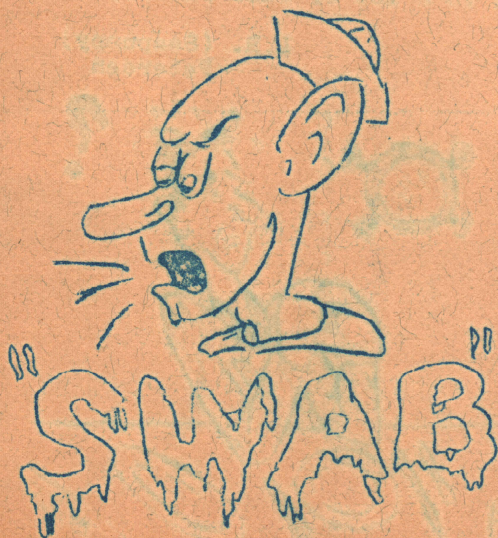
"SWAB!! *?%&# Where the \$#%&!! is a swab?"

"Here, sir," comes a weak terrified voice from "Broadway".

"Get the %\$&#* over here before I make you do 1000 (Censored)", counters Slopshute.

"Yes, sir", answers the swab, and he stands shaking before his superior.

"Go get Mr. Snurd and tell him that Mr. Jerk would like to see him".



Slopshute lies back on his locker top and dreams of home, women, liberty, women, the past, women, cookies, and women.

"Mr. Jerk! Mr. Jerk!" cries the messenger, as he hands out the mail.

"Here!" yells Slopshute, tearing to get his fan mail (one letter a week). He grabs it out of the messenger's hands and looks at the handwriting. It is from Rosie, his one and only (well one anyway). He tears it open and starts reading.

"Women! Aw %\$&#*!" Rosie is going out of the state to college. Slopshute is a ruined man, until he hears Stinky Klink, the swab who bunks next to him, say that he has an 18 year old sister.

"Klink, come here!" says Slopshute, in a soothing voice.

"Yes, sir", says Klink, not knowing what to make of the sudden change in Jerk.

"Did I hear you say you have an 18 year old sister?" asks Slopshute.

"Yes, sir" (Klink has now caught on and is trying to think of a way to avoid the issue).

"Have you a picture?" is the next question of the routine.

"Yessir-er-nossir", but the slip has been made.

"I'll give you ten seconds to get it over here", hollers Jerk (getting back to the real Jerk).

"Here it is, sir", says Klink, handing Slopshute the picture.

"Hummm, not bad!"

"What do you want, Jerk?" It is Snurd who has come at the wrong time. "What have you got there? Let me see it. Whaceuu - not bad", counters Snurd. "Let me have a good look."

The swab who has procured Snurd comes around the bunks and says, "Is Mr. Snurd here yet?"

"Yes", snaps our hero, who has been scuttled before he could attempt a maneuver.

The swab walks away, mumbling "What the %\$#&S#* do you have to do to please these upper-classmen?"

Between Jerk and Snurd, Klink gives out his sister's specifications: length, tonnage, dead-weight, and registered breadth. It sounds pretty good, so they agree not to knife each other in the back (unless they turn around).

After mess, Slopshute returns to the berth-deck and starts a one man reign of terror. When study blows, the swabs give a sigh of relief, for they are rid of that maniac for an hour and a half.

Slopshute goes to study, but somehow he can't concentrate (he's worrying about his grades) so he takes out a magazine and starts reading.

"Mr. Jerk! What are you studying?" Slopshute looks up and there is an officer.

"Navigation, sir", answers Slopshute, who has opened a book in the meantime.

"All right, then close your Seamanship book." (Slopshute has picked up the wrong book).



Study does not amount to much so when recall blows, Jerk adjourns to "Coffee Club" meeting.

After a long and lengthy discussion they decide that C.M.A. should be co-educational and that there should be twenty girls for each cadet.

Tattoo blows, the meeting adjourns and Slopshute goes to bed to dream of home, women, cookies, women, liberty, and women.

W.J. Dorcey

CARQUINEZ INN

AT TOLL GATE OF

CARQUINEZ BRIDGE

CANDIES-SOFT DRINKS-GOOD FOOD

CARLSON & CARLSON

PROPS.

FIRST CLASS ENGINEERS VISIT U.S.S. OKLAHOMA

On Monday, Sept. 29, the first class engineers were privileged to spend an interesting and educational day aboard the U.S.S. Oklahoma. Early in the morning the class was ferried over to where the Oklahoma was dry-docked for repairs. Once aboard, no time was lost in shifting into dungarees, which were brought along to wear while inspecting machinery spaces. The cadets were divided into groups of four and with the aid of a chief petty officer, were taken through engine rooms, boiler rooms, pump rooms, and given first hand ideas of how and what makes a battleship operate.

At noon chow was served and all hands quickly finished off full plates. After lunch an inspection of the gun turrets and powder magazines was made, which, to the engineers, was new and interesting.

The day passed quickly, too much so for the "tinkers", who again shifted into dress blues and prepared to leave the ship. To Ensign William Keefe of the U.S.S. Oklahoma we owe a debt of gratitude for this opportunity of seeing the "innards" of a battle wagon.

R.D. Connell

* * *

SALTS RETURN SEASONED WITH EXPERIENCE

Note: Recently it was suggested by Editor R.W. Dasso and Ass't H.L. Oldfield that a chronicle be kept of the remarks of graduates who returned to the schoolship. This is written in retrospect and includes only

WE MOVE TO NEW QUARTERS

After four months moored to Pier 54, on the San Francisco waterfront, the Training Ship California State cast loose her lines and, with the power of two tugs, moved to slip number 2 at the Ferry Building. This happened on the morning of September 30. The launch and motor whaler followed the ship and towed several whaleboats along with them. Many problems faced the deck department in mooring the ship in a ferry slip but by evening everything was well in hand, the ship secured, and a permanent gangway put to shore.

Still to be tackled is the job of readying our portion of the Ferry Building for shore equipment and classrooms. Our dock has not been finished and restricted areas will have to be made.

Probably all of this work will have to be made to last some time. In December the Legislature again meets and we will know then where we shall stand as regards a permanent base at Morrow Cove or elsewhere.

In the meantime, we are here at the Ferry Building and we shall make the best of it. It's handy to downtown "Frisco", the "Y", and street cars to all parts of town. It's better than Pier 54, and better yet than no place at all.

F.A. Fillipow

* * *

such comments as are recalled by the writer. No exact quotations can be made, nor does this article pretend to be complete. In the future, completeness and accuracy will be more nearly approached.

CONT'D FROM PAGE 10

FISHING CLUB NEWS

11

Gus Flood (41 Deck)-"All my dough goes for clothes!-All I could see my first watch was small boats. Do I like it? You bet!"

Dick Morrison (41 Deck)-
"Think I'll take a vacation and go hunting. The mates seemed glad to hear about the 22½ degrees-45 degrees bearing. What do I do in a fog when the mate on watch collapses? I bring him to. Hey, Feuille, how about a miniature ring?"

W. Bellamy (38 Tinker)-"One minute after we got the fire alarm we were at the end of the dock doing 12 knots, everything turning over, and the safety blowing! Any further questions on fire boats?"

"Scotty" Wells (41 Tinker)-
"Why, I tell you the Matson Co. can't get along without me. The "Planter"? She's a dream! Dames, Phoebe! What do you want for a miniature, Feuille?"

L.H. Erickson (41 Tinker)-
"My God, but it's hot down there!"

Singman and Doell (41 Tinkers
"Where's Effie? Made one trip and \$600.00. Paid off in New York. Drove out and cracked up a 37 V-8 in Indiana. Confused life ashore? Wow!! We're broke, but man, we're happy!"

M.N. Engs (33 Deck)- "Keep your mouth shut and nobody'll know how dumb you are!"

Calou (41 Deck)- "I tell you I didn't even see that swab's dough".

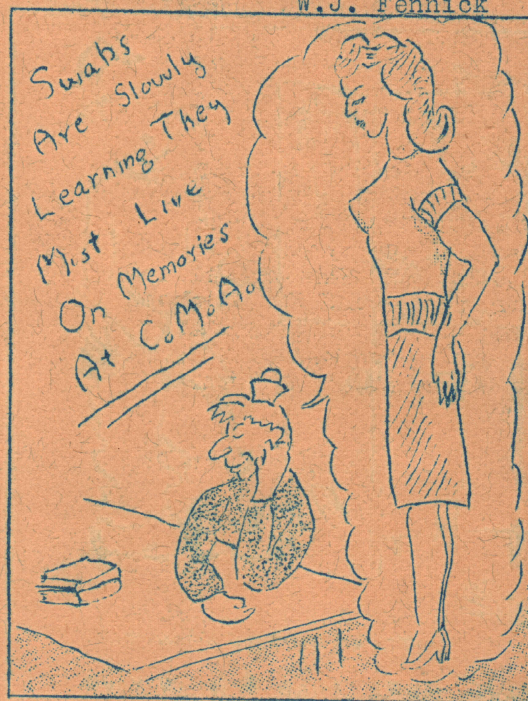
N.B. Martin.

The Fishing Club of the California Maritime Academy proudly announces a catch of three mediocre bass, of a variety rarely found in the frigid and desolate bay region. However, we of the area a little bit south of North California are well acquainted with this variety, as well as many other game fish that are smart enough to stay where the sun shines, the birds sing, the quail hover, and extra thick malts are only a dime.

The fish were brought to gaff by the daring anglers on light tackle in record time.

An enjoyable time was had by both fishermen, and another successful trip is due to be planned in the near future.

W.J. Fennick



IMA HERMIT ADVISES THE
LOVELORN

Dear Readers:

I hope you realize that this column is for you as well as the editors. If there are any questions about the Cadet Corps please write Ima Hermit.

C.T.S. California
State

Ferry Bldg.
San Francisco

P.S. All girls will please include pictures and address.

Dear Ima:

My girl is going out of state to college. What should I do?

Slopshute Jerk.

Dear Slopshute;

Start quoting prices on fraternity pins.

Ima.

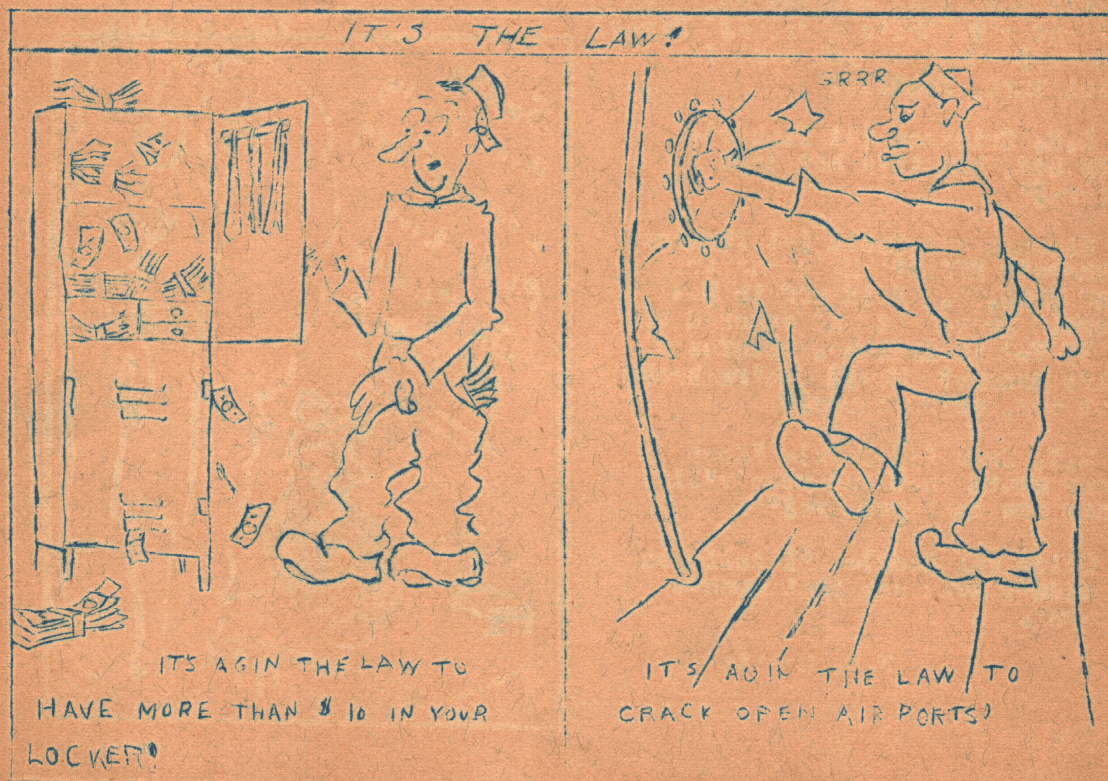
Dear Ima:

I am continually being chased by a 15 year old girl. What should I do?

T.J.W.

Dear T.J.:

Wait for her to grow up. Meanwhile it will build up your self confidence and tear down your



IMA HERMIT (CONT'D)

Letter to an O.A.O. or
Cadets Lament

13.

moral standards.

Ima.

Dear Ima;

I have been here 13 months and
I am worrying because I am afraid
I am losing my girl.

Tubby.

Dear Tubby;

Stop worrying; you have al-
ready lost her.

Ima.

Dear Ima;

Should I introduce my sister
to an upperclassman?

R.R.K.

Dear R.R.K.;

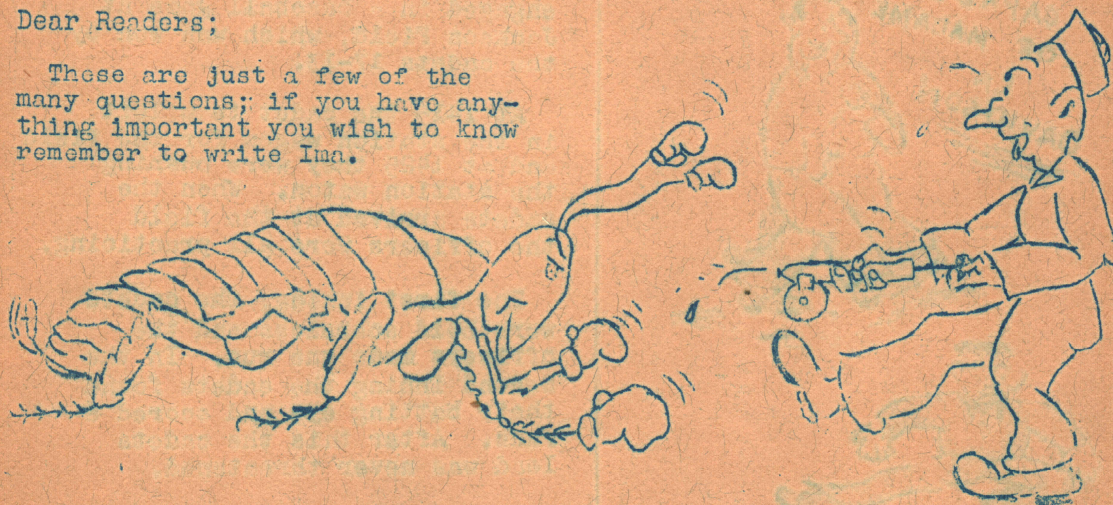
What has she ever done to you?

Ima.

Dear Readers;

These are just a few of the
many questions; if you have any-
thing important you wish to know
remember to write Ima.

Hello, Lucille;
How do you feel?
I hope just fine and dandy.
How's tricks? What's new?
What do you do
With spinach that is sandy?
My brain is jarred
From Working Hard,
This effort will be lousy.
It's late at night
Try as I might
I can't help feeling drowsy.
And so to bed
To rest my head
And its wheels that whirl.
With all this strife
In my young life
Why the hell ain't I a girl?
Turn out the light
Prayers recite
And start in a counting sheep;
One, two, three, four
Ten thousands more.
God, I'd love to get some sleep.



NEW WAR FRONT: BATTLE OF THE MESS DECK!

peaches

Cont'd. from page 13.

Bells shout "Hey"
A brand new day---
I didn't even close my eyes---
Oh lay my head
On trundle bed
And let me sleep---paradise.
Alas! methinks
This meter stinks;
I'm not much of a poet--
The rhymings sad,
The timings bad.
It's pretty foul--I know it.
But shall I weep?
Nay, not a peep.
I was not meant for weeping.
To this, anent,
Would I were meant
For just eternal sleeping.

I'd love to sleep,
And sleep and sleep
And dream while I was sleeping,
Sweet pleasant dreams;

Successful schemes
And fortunes I'd be reaping.
Why I'd be king
Of everything.
The world would be my "erster".
So now I'll end
This little blend
Of blasphemous stuff and things.
To you my dear
Bon soir! Good cheer
And the gifts that patience brings.
I'll see you soon
'Ere one more moon
has made its heavenly ruh.
Kisses by mail
Are pretty stale;
The other way s much more fun.

R.E. Reilley.

(Handwritten signature)



CADETS SLAUGHTER OFFICERS (IN BASEBALL)

During recreation period on 24 Sept. the cadets and officers of the C.T. S. CALIFORNIA STATE engaged in a baseball game at Jackson Field, which was won by the cadets 17-13.

At 1415 the cadet team left in the station wagon for the field and at 1425 they were pushing the station wagon. When the cadets arrived at the field the officers were all practicing.

The first inning, the cadets were held scoreless and the officers made one run. In the second inning the cadets found their batting eye and scored 8 runs. After this the cadets lead was never threatened.

Mr. Tubbs pitched good ball, but after the sixth inning he had to walk to the plate and retrieve his arm after each pitch.

Mr. Dodson got a little confused on a slow ball and the bat went farther than the ball. Mr. Engs mixed up a few of his sights and missed first base completely. Mr. Bellamy was kept busy at first base chasing wild throws. Mr. Shafer plugged the holes in the infield but bit the dust a few times. Mr. Miller, Mr. Warwick, and Mr. Cadwell were kept busy in the outfield with flyballs. Two members of the crew, Fred Ross and Harry Meilink played for the officers in the infield.

Homer Karr and Charles Pyle pitched good ball for the cadets while Pyle, Salsbury and Wilson led in batting. Both teams looked ragged at times, but it was a fast game.

"Snake" Tourtillote and "Gruesome" Gates did their best to confuse the players by umpiring and most of the time succeeded. Little attention was paid to the game because they were congratulating themselves on every decision.

LINE UP

Officers:		Cadets:
Mr. Dodson	C	E.T. Horn
Mr. Tubbs	P	H.C. Karr
Mr. Bellamy	1st	C.E. Pyle
Fred Ross	2nd	J. Salsbury
Harry Meilink	3rd	W. Dorcey
Mr. Engs	SS	W. Geandrot
Mr. Miller	LF	R. Wilson
Mr. Warwick	CF	F. Lucksinger
Mr. Cadwell	RF	A. Rocca
		W. Starratt
Mr. Shafer	SF	I. Canepa

W.J. Dorcey

NEWS FROM THE OTHER SCHOOLSHIPS

As we browse through "SPUN YARN", the breezy publication of the Pennsylvania schoolship, we note that they have just completed a pleasant cruise through the Caribbean. Even though the first of the cruise seems to have been marred by a certain prevalence of "mal de mer", all indications seem to point to a highly successful voyage.

After hearing of the of the slightly super prowess of the Pennsylvanians on the Campeche Bank, and their stupendous catch of rockfish, our own "Wild Bill" could only growl and make a few disparaging remarks. The jealousy of the true angler runs deep. Just you wait, Pennsylvania, and the old master will show you, (he certainly hasn't shown us yet).

In closing we can draw the following conclusions; a schoolship, no matter what part of the country it is in, is always a schoolship - and cadets are the same the world over.

H.L. Oldfield

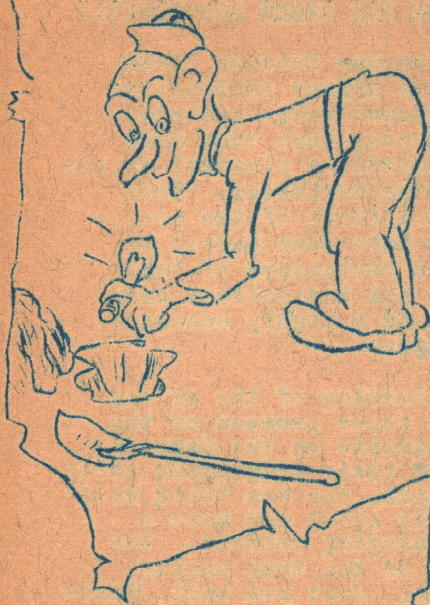
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BLESSED EVENT

The Cadet Corps joins in congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shafer on the birth of their daughter, Nancy Jane, who came to bless their home on the 23rd of August, 1941.

N.B.M.

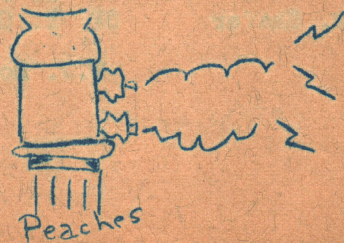
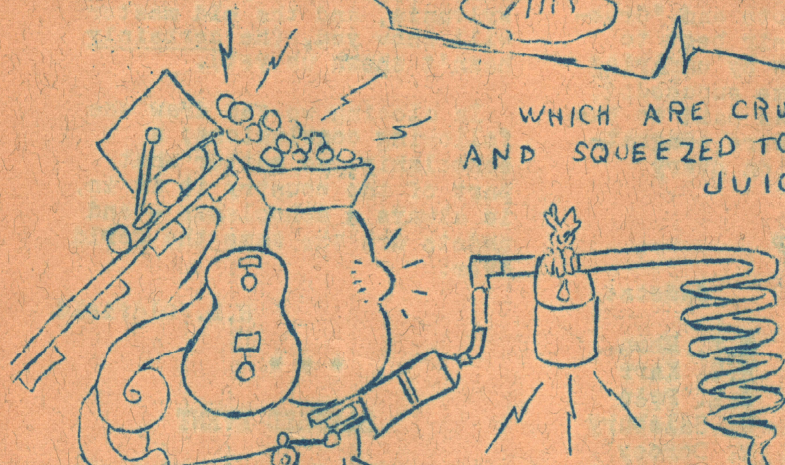
PLANT A LIGHT
BULB!



AND UP SPRINGS
A POWER PLANT
WITH CURRENTS
ON IT!



WHICH ARE CRUSHED
AND SQUEEZED TO PRODUCE
JUICE!

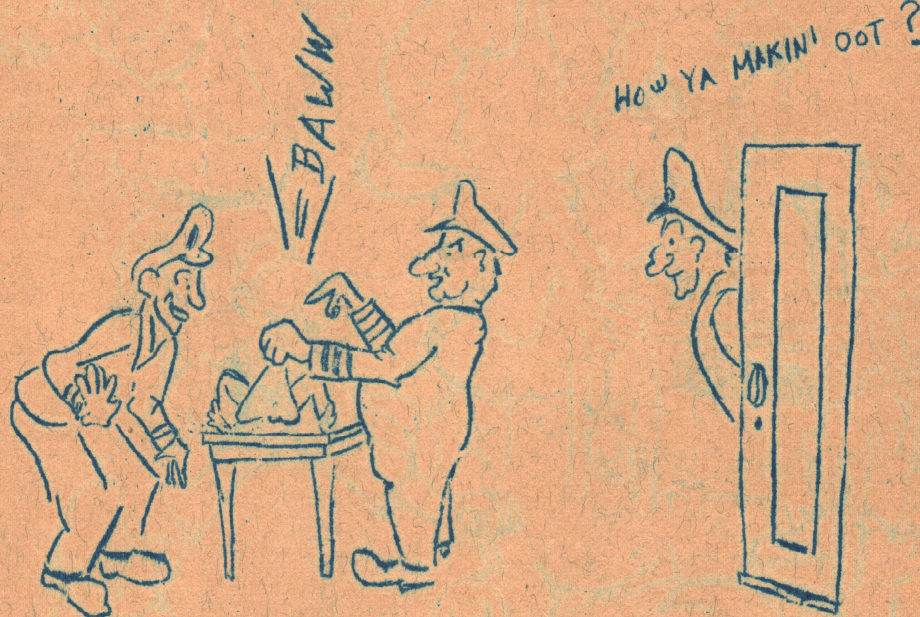


At C.M.A. sailing is a popular sport enjoyed almost all year 'round. Although it doesn't get the support that baseball or basketball does, everyone enjoys an afternoon sail sometime or another.

While the ship was at Pier 54 sailing was in the direction of Hunter's Point or toward the bridge. Usually the afternoon breeze was a westerly, thus providing ideal conditions for sailing. The deck hands are having instruction in small boat sailing so it won't be long until there are plenty of good available cox'ns.

We are still using the 24 ft. whale boat rigged with a fin keel. Much has been said about the lack of equipment but for those who really enjoy sailing the old whale boats and their gear can still be used to an enjoyable advantage. As we have just moved into slip 2 at the Ferry Building, thus being a little closer to the "Gate" and there being a larger area within sight of the ship, sailing should be good for weeks to come.

A. Dougall



SEE JOE! YA JUST PIN IT HERE AN' THERE'S
NOTHIN' TO IT. IT'S SIMPLE, SEE?

Peaches

LITTLE PEEKS BEHIND THE SCENES:
THE BINNACLE GOES TO PRESS

