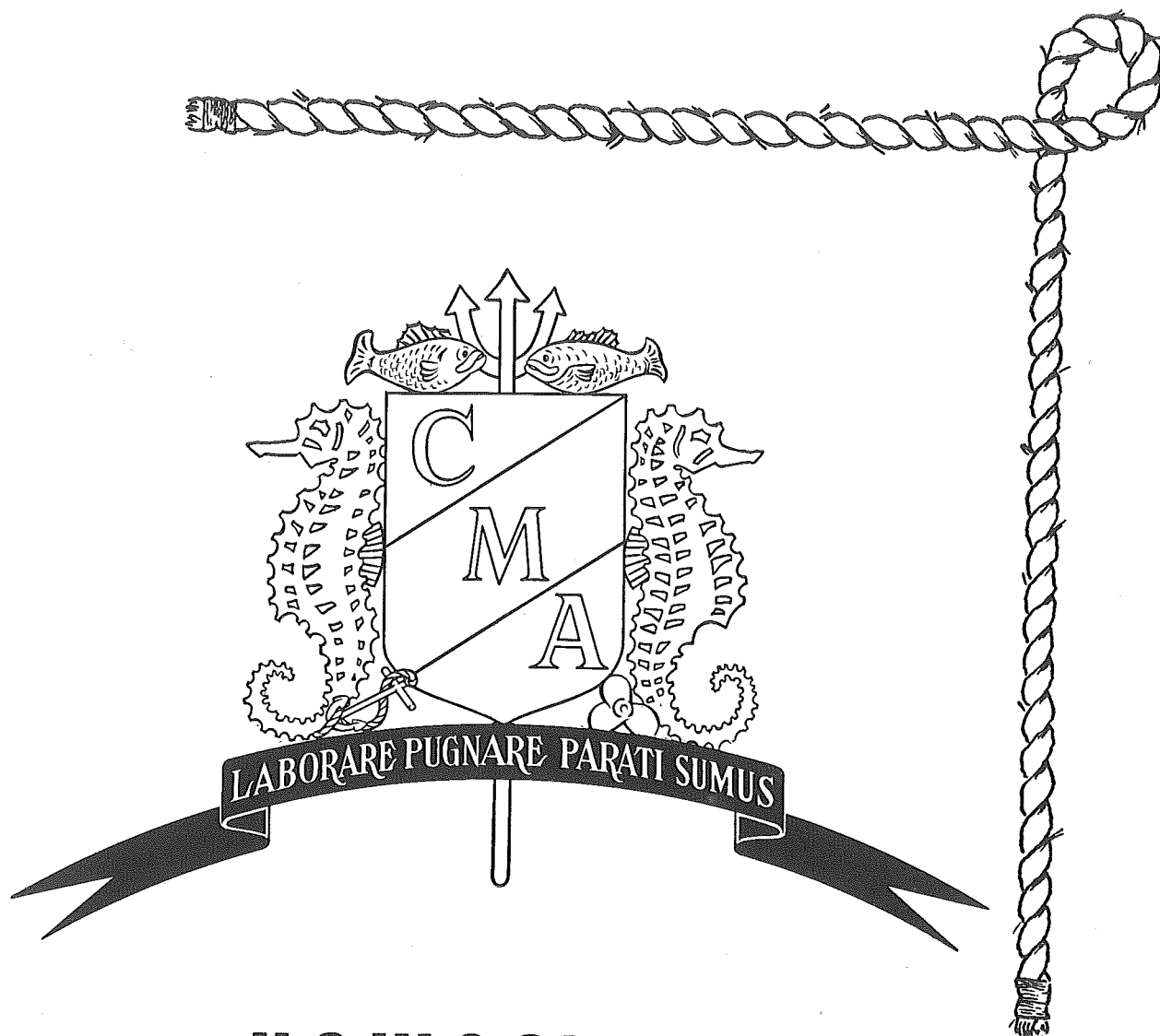


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HAWSEPIPE

Published by the Midshipmen
of the
CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY
VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

D E D I C A T I O N



The picture dims, the once violent emotions dull, the memories of a nation at war quickly fade to the far recesses of the brain—the gratitude of a nation to her war dead soon tarnishes and is lost from sight. Rather than follow this reproachful pattern we would like always to turn back to our memories of Academy days, with the thought firmly implanted in our minds of the honor due our war dead alumni. To these men then, we dedicate our Hawsepipe.

JAMES A. BUTTS.....September '38	H. D. McNABB.....June '39
JOHN A. CLEBORNE.....May '41	J. L. RADOS.....December '44
ERWIN N. COOPER.....September '38	WALTER C. SECREST.....September '38
JAMES M. HENDY.....June '39	WILLIAM H. VERDON.....June '35
ERWIN T. HORN.....June '42	WILLIAM C. WELDON.....May '41
RICHARD B. WILKIE.....May '40	
MERLE P. CLENDENNY.....June '44 (Tanker explosion, June '47)	

F O R E W O R D



This book is published for the sole purpose of enabling us to recall our days of training at the California Maritime Academy. By a hurried glance through this summary we will find heartfelt refreshment in seeing old faces and renewing long-gone happenings. We will remember some of the trials, disappointments and joys connected with our thirty-two months of living here together. It will stand the test of time and proudly proclaim in years to come the facts of the class of '47.

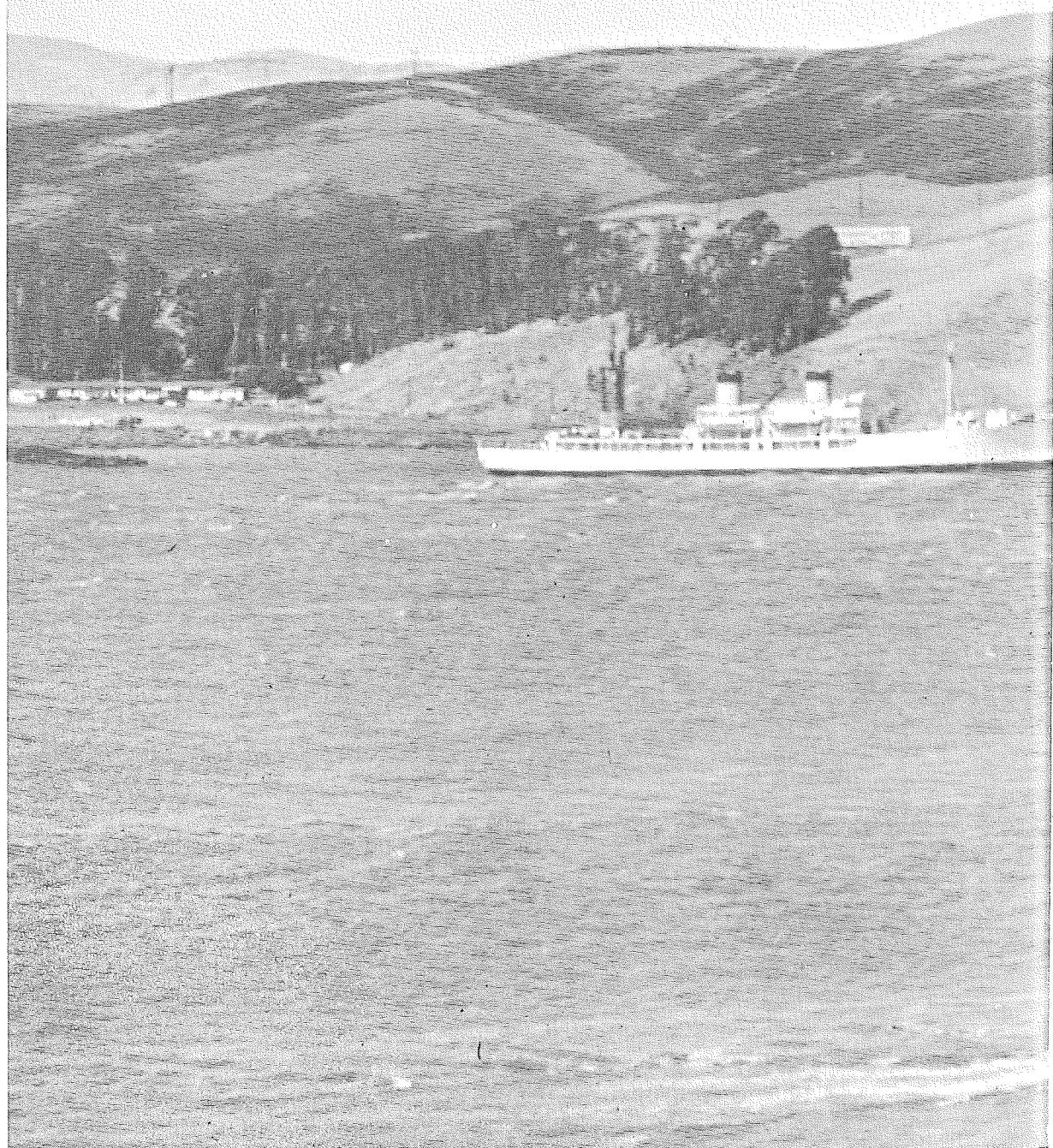
No matter where we spread over the entire earth it will serve as a bond of union between our members. Then will we be able to call this Hawsepipe a success.

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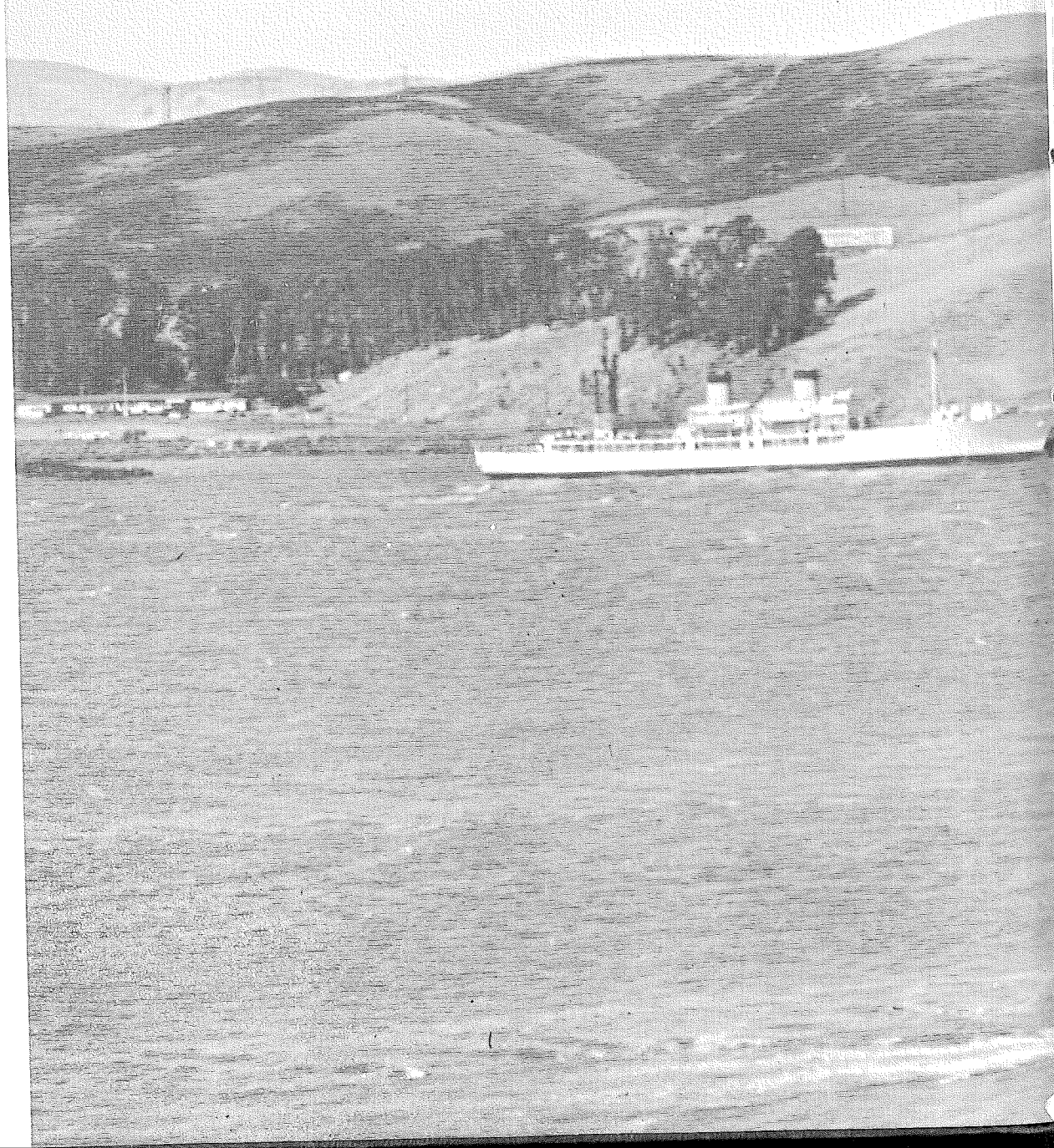


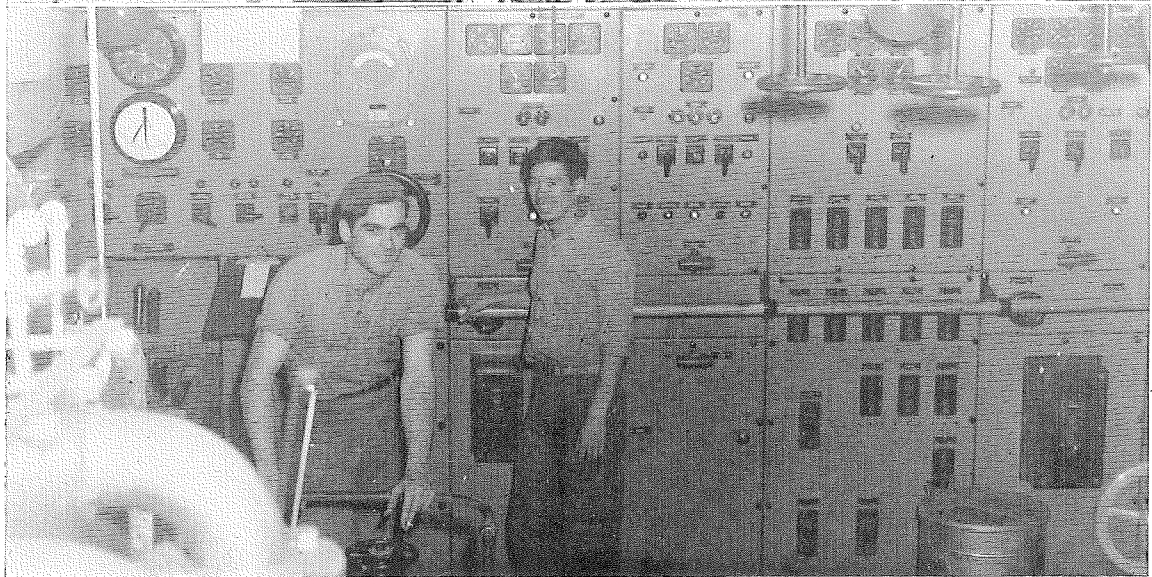
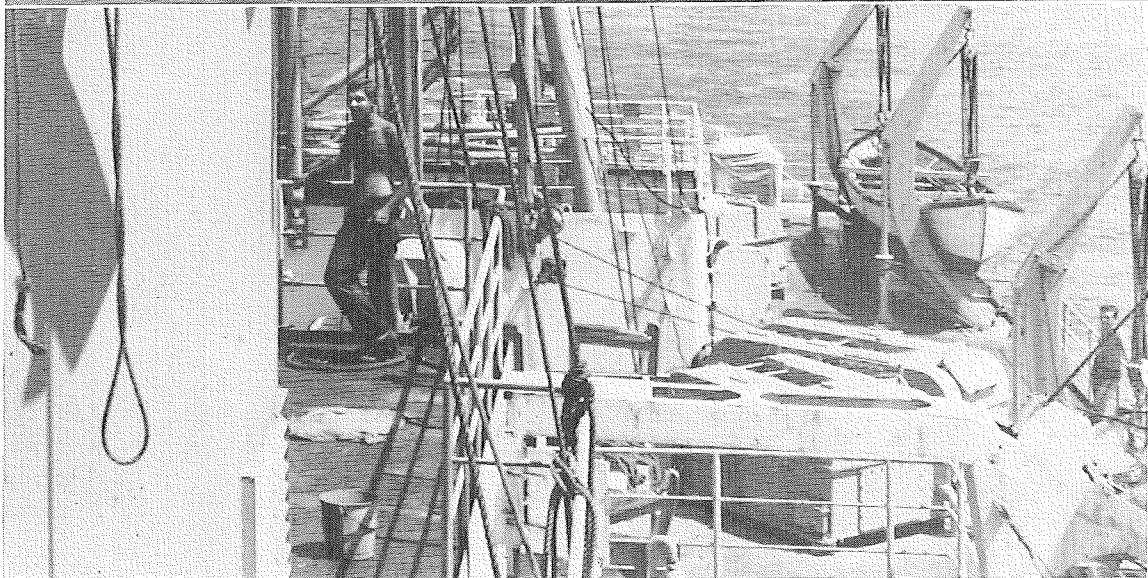
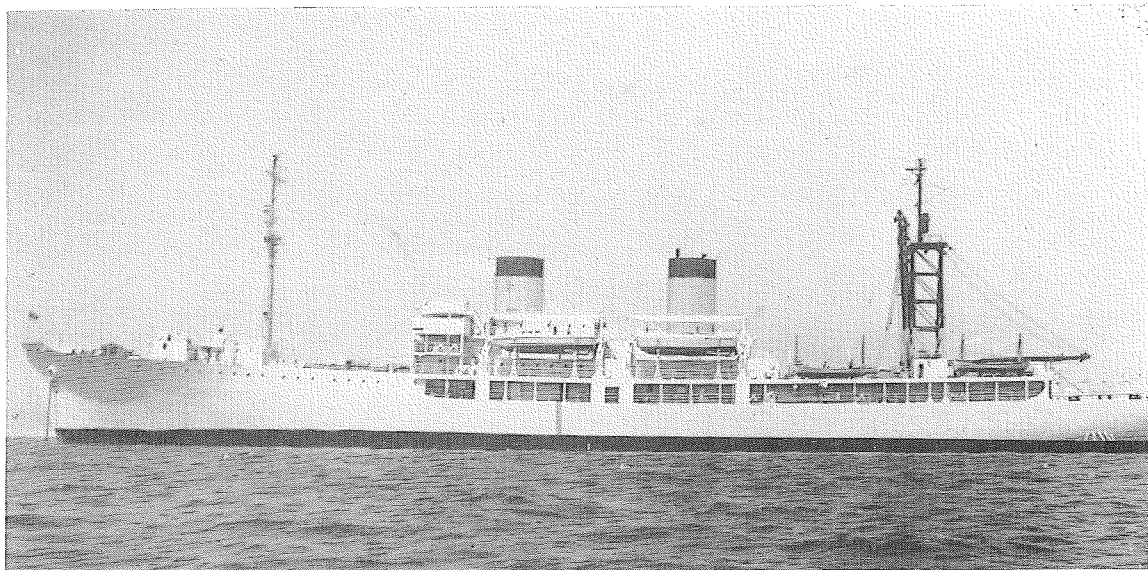
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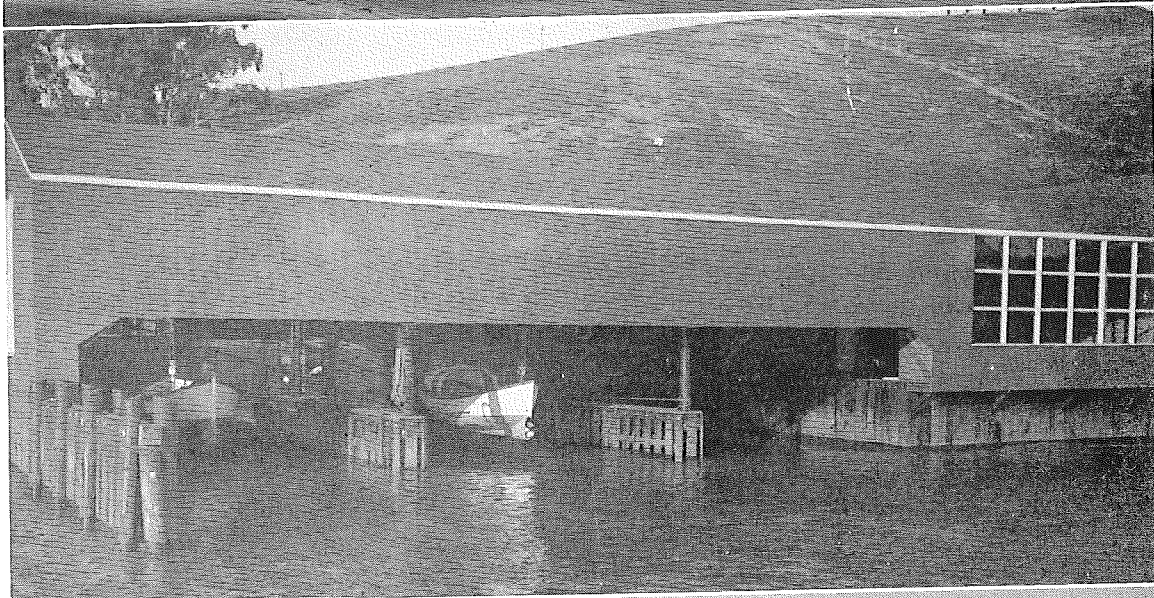
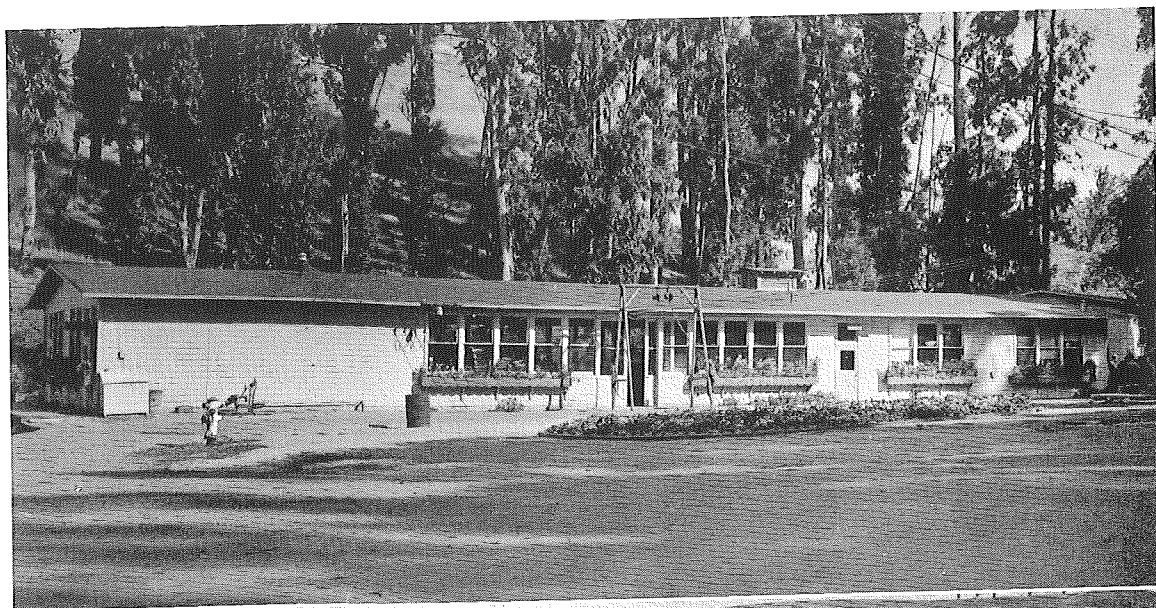
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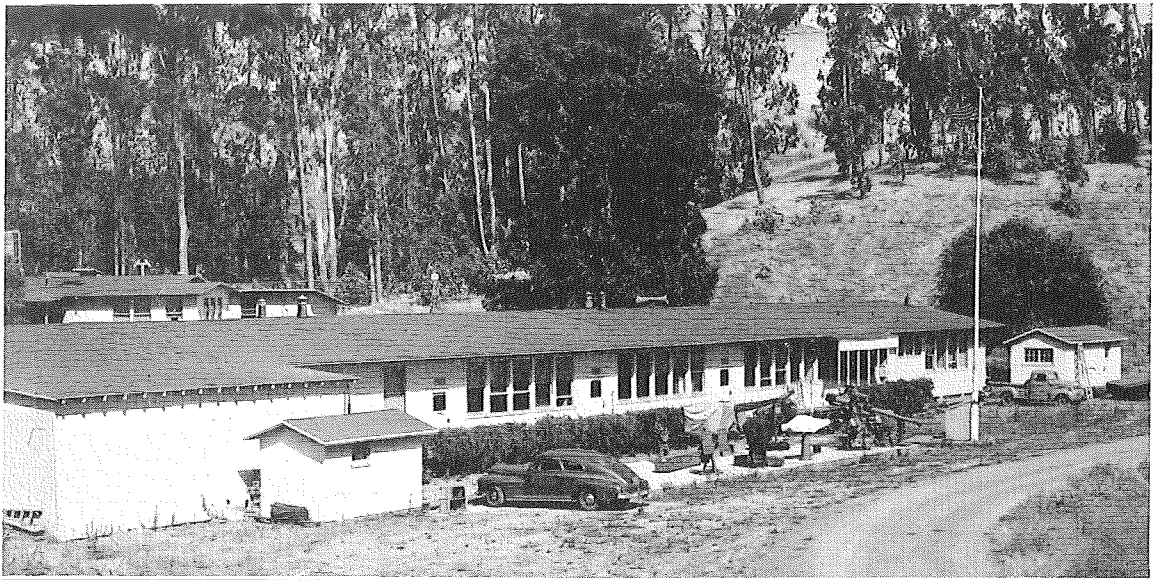




GOLDEN BEAR • ON DECK • BELOW DECK

MACHINE SHOP • BOAT HOUSE • NAUTITORIUM

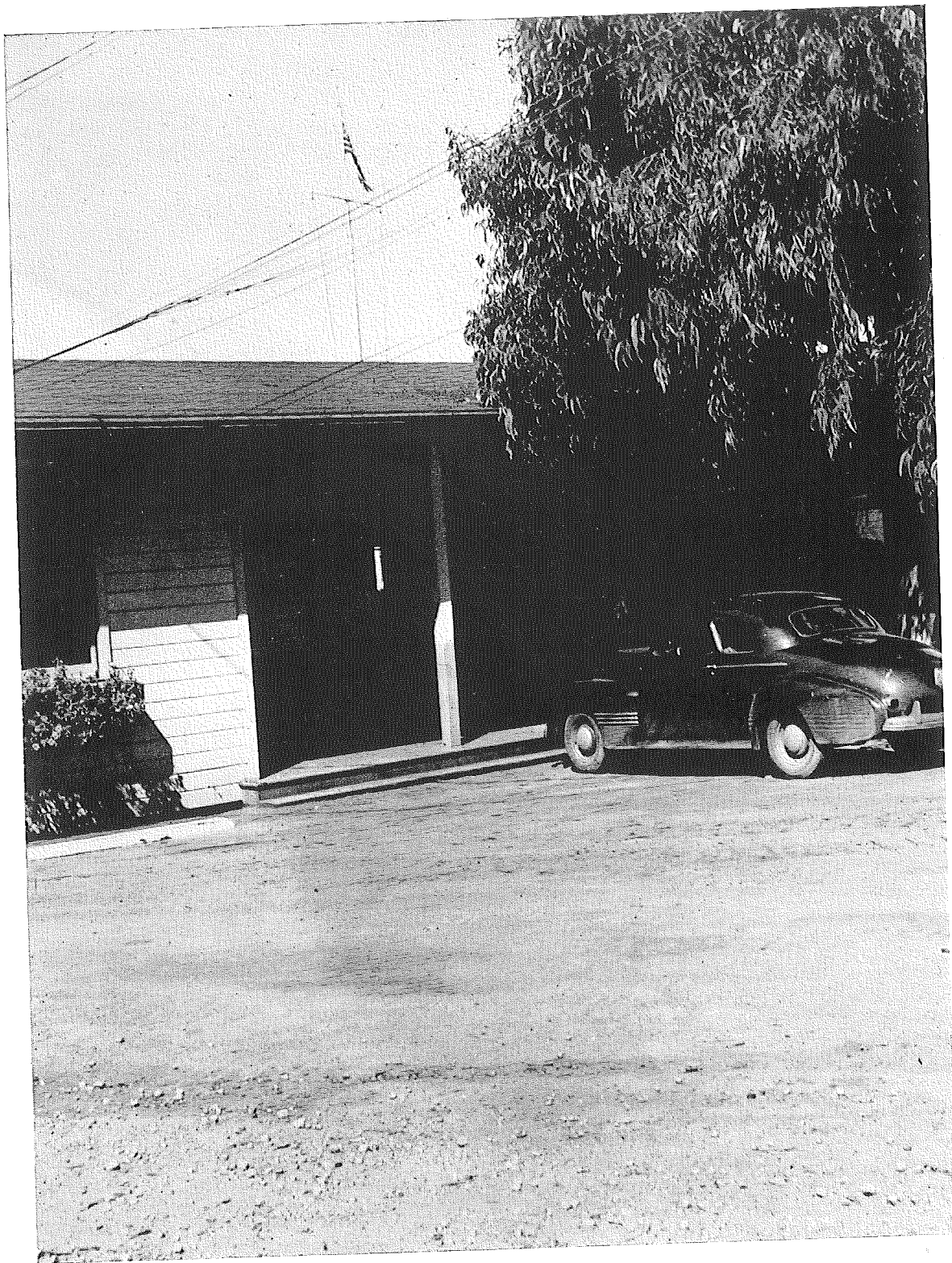




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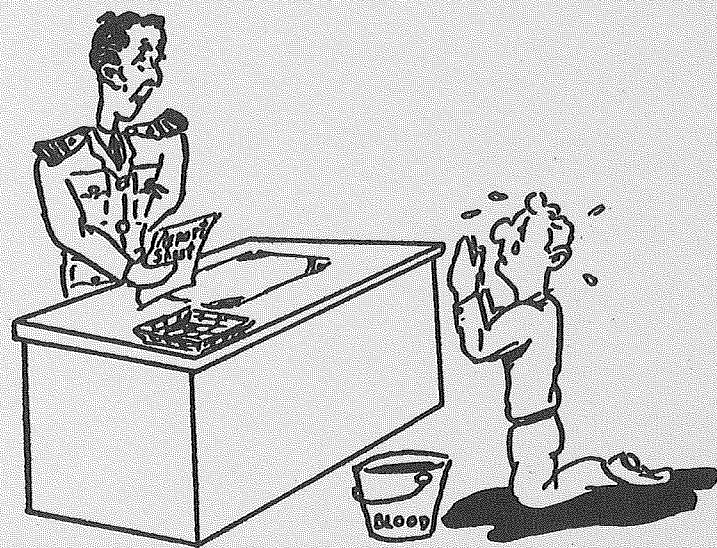
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ADMINISTRATION OFFICE

A D M I N I S T R A T I O N





BOARD OF GOVERNORS

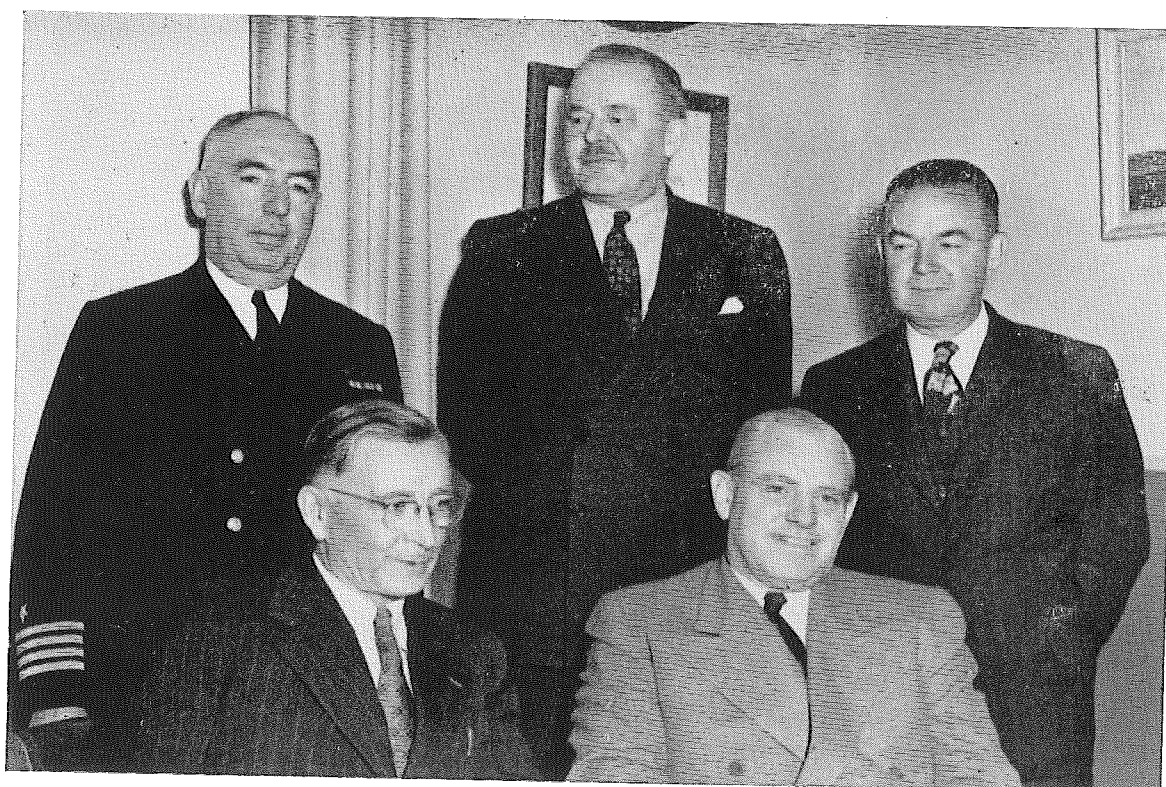
The California Maritime Academy, being a state institution, is therefore part of the extensive educational program which has and is still being accelerated to meet current needs. The California Maritime Academy is under the direction of a board of governors composed of five members. Four of these posts are filled by direct appointment of the Governor. The fifth member is a representative of the State Director of Education.

The members of the board of governors are civic minded citizens who allot their time to the administration of this Academy. These gentlemen serve without pay for a term of four years. They are generally men who have interests in education and in the maritime field.

All policies pertaining to the functioning of the California Maritime Academy are formulated and approved by the board of governors. At present there is no scheduled or periodic time for meetings of the board. However, its members are constantly on call to report to special sessions which are convened whenever it is deemed advisable by the chairman of the board. The members of the board are constantly vigilant in the interests of the Academy. They take an active part in its affairs and are doing all that is possible to expedite the transition from the short 18 months' course to the standard peacetime training program.

The board feels morally responsible to the people of California and to the shipping interests of the state that the high calibre sea officers needed in present-day shipping be properly indoctrinated for future service in the Merchant Marine and Naval Reserve.

STANDING, left to right: Captain Brenner, Captain Blackstone, Mr. Gibson. SITTING: Dr. Burkman, Mr. Sweeny.



HON. EARL WARREN

GOVERNOR'S
ADDRESS





EARL WARREN
GOVERNOR

State of California

GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

SACRAMENTO

July 29, 1947

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

I am happy to congratulate you on the completion of your course of study at the California Maritime Academy. You will now join the ranks of hundreds of Academy men who have gone before you to render outstanding service to the American Merchant Marine.

Your duties will carry you to all parts of the world and I know that you are eager to grasp the opportunities which will be yours to serve as emissaries of good will for your Nation and your State.

The good wishes of the people of California will go with you, for ours is a maritime State whose interests are closely bound, not only to the sea itself, but to the great American Merchant Marine of which you will now become a part.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Earl Warren".

Governor

EW:fl

SUPERINTENDENT

CLAUDE B. MAYO

CAPTAIN USN RET.



The Superintendent extends to the members of the Class of 1947 his very best wishes for their future success in the world they are about to enter. He feels that the Academy has given all of them good basic training and that the staff has been faithful to the purposes for which this institution was founded, which purpose constitutes the sole reason for its existence. This purpose is laid down in the Academy MISSION:

"To educate and train young men of California to become technically and morally qualified officers of the Merchant Marine and Naval Reserve in order to serve the interests of the State and Nation on the high seas in peace and in war."

OFFICERS



DR. RICHARD C. DWYER
Dean of Education

Doctor Dwyer, Dean of Education, is the "Old man of the Campus". Doctor Dwyer came aboard in 1931 as chief engineer on the old "Golden State" and has been extremely active in Academy life ever since. He holds a Doctor of Law degree, awarded in 1942 for his brilliant work on "Marine Steam Engineering" which is the standard text book in engineering for almost all Maritime Service Cadets. Dr. Dwyer also is a member in good standing of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers. To this capable man we can trace our strenuous curriculum.

Rounding out a high school lad into a highly trained and well voiced sea officer is his business. We might add Dr. Dwyer is an expert in this field. Besides being an educator, sailor, degree holder, and expert machinist, Dr. R. C. Dwyer is a true gentleman and well loved by all midshipmen both past and present.

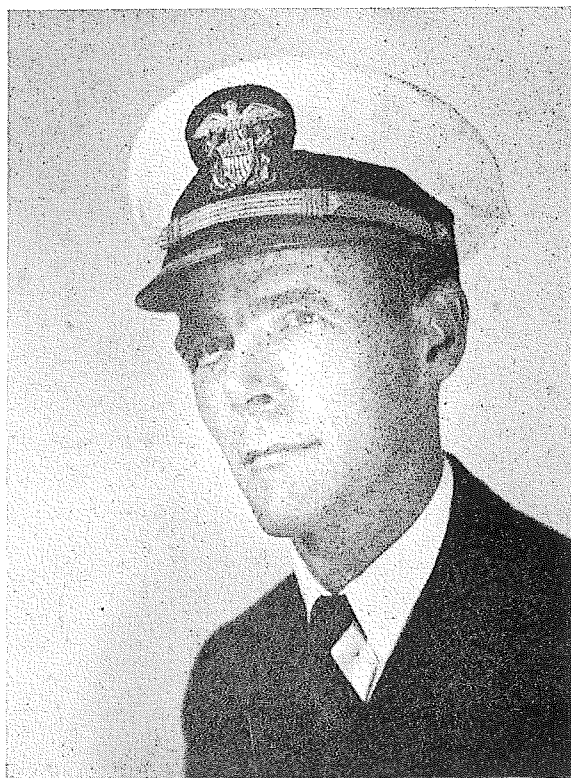


RICHARD D. HERON
Lieutenant Commander U.S.N.R.

Mr. Heron graduated from the California Maritime Academy with the notorious class of 1938. Like many of the present and past CMA midshipmen he hails from San Diego. After his graduation he shipped with the Union Oil Company for two years. In January of 1942, he was called into the Navy and served as communications officer in the Mediterranean and European Theaters of Operations for 27 months.

Mr. Heron has been with the Academy since January of 1945. He serves as Commandant of Midshipmen as well as advising the Hawsepipe staff and backing the camera club. He teaches Meteorology to the first class, Communications and Rules of the Road to the second and third classes.

Mr. Heron is married and like most of the instructors lives on the Academy grounds.





R. M. G. SWANY
Commander USNR

Captain Swany, a graduate of this Academy, has returned to instruct the midshipmen in the ways of the sea and to give us the benefit of his experience in avoiding the pitfalls of our profession.

Captain Swany graduated from CMA in the class of '33. Upon graduation he shipped with the Luckenbach Company for a period of seven years. While with Luckenbach he went from third to chief mate.

He went on active duty with the Navy in 1940, and while on active duty Captain Swany was ordered to this Academy to take over the duties of Captain of the T. S.

His experience in the maritime world also qualifies him to teach the following: Ship Construction, Rules of the Road, G. R. & R., and Maritime Law.

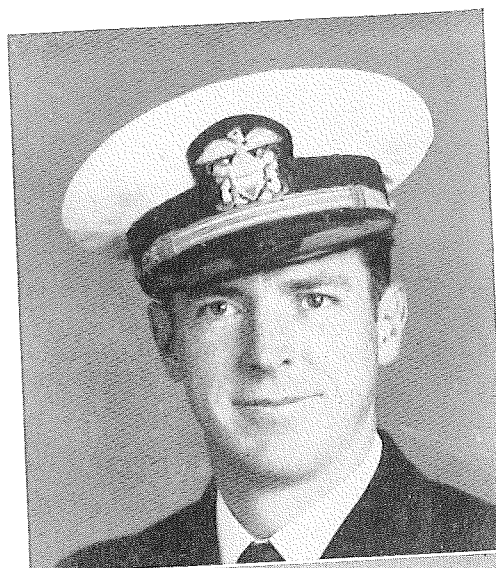


FRANK FLANNER
Chief Engineer

Hailing from the plains of Kansas, Frank Flanner took up residence in Southern California at an early age. He graduated from Marshall High School in Los Angeles and entered what was then called the California Nautical School. Upon graduation he shipped with Union Oil Co. for several years and then left the sea to take over a position at Firestone's Los Angeles plant. In 1941, with the outbreak of war Mr. Flanner entered the Navy and was assigned to the Merchant Marine Cadet Basic School at San Mateo as an instructor in Engineering. He served in this capacity until December of 1945, when he returned to his Alma Mater, CMA, sporting the rank of Commander and taking over the position of Chief Engineer. In his eighteen months of service at the Academy to date he has proved himself a competent instructor in Thermodynamics and Steam Turbines.

CHESTER H. TUBBS
Navigation Officer

Lt. Commander Chester H. Tubbs, known affectionately to the faculty and midshipmen corps as "Tubbs, the Terror" and "Senor Tubes", fills the position of math and navigation instructor and as navigator of the "Golden Bear". He entered the Academy in 1935 and graduated with the "notorious" class of 1938. After graduation he shipped for three years with the American Hawaiian Steamship Lines. During this time he acquired a B.S. degree and a chief mates license. His presence at the Academy since May, 1941 has been highly stimulating to all would be navigators.



WESLEY AVERILL
First Engineer

Mr. Averill graduated from CMA with the class of '39. He has shipped out on cargo ships and tankers, filling the berth of Chief Engineer for the American Export Lines on the latter. Before coming to CMA he also served a short period as an instructor at the United States Maritime Cadet School in San Mateo.

Mr. Averill came back to CMA last year to take over the position of 1st Assistant Engineer on the Golden Bear and also instructor in physics, chemistry, and boilers.



CYRIL W. ROYSTON
First Lieutenant

Mr. Royston who hails from the Bay Region and who was graduated from San Jose State College in 1935, entered the California Nautical School and was graduated with the class of 1938. While working for American-Hawaiian Steamship Co. Mr. Royston obtained his Masters papers. Aside from his duties as First Lieutenant, Mr. Royston teaches Seamanship and Cargo Handling. He has been with the Academy since September, 1946, and he hopes to continue on as a permanent member of the staff.





DAVID C. HOLLY
Lieutenant U.S.N.

With his home town in Baltimore, Maryland, and graduated from Johns Hopkins University in 1939, with a B.S. degree Mr. Holly has worked in the field of chemistry and has also taught in secondary and higher schools for several years. After being called to active duty in the Navy he had transport duty in the Atlantic, and duty in the Aleutians during occupation. During the Philippine and Okinawa campaigns, he had command of LST's in the Pacific Theater, command of a tanker in the Atlantic, and also logistics support of bases and fleet maneuvers. He reported to CMA as head of the Department of Naval Science on 15 December 1946.



CLIFFORD W. RICE
Lieutenant, USN

Mr. Rice arrived at the Academy in November of 1945. He came here to assume the duties of an engineering watch officer. At the present time he is attached to the Naval Science Department as an instructor in Naval Science and Tactics and Naval Ordnance. Mr. Rice is well qualified for his duties here at the Academy in that he has served 28 years in the Navy as an engineer on both major and minor ships. His last duty was that of Chief Engineer aboard the USS Moffat.



GEORGE W. KOSKI, JR.
Lieutenant, USN

Lieutenant Koski began his Navy career February 1, 1929. While aboard the cruiser Tuscaloosa, he was awarded the white "E" from 1935-38, for his outstanding engineering ability. He also has three bronze stars on his Asiatic-Pacific campaign ribbon, which was awarded to him before the war.

He served aboard the carrier Franklin Delano Roosevelt and the USS Bataan, which he brought from Tokyo to New York.

He came to CMA, December 1, 1945, as engineering watch officer and instructor. His home town is Brooklyn, New York.

CHARLES B. DUNHAM
Engineering Watch Officer

Mr. Dunham, a graduate of this Academy, returned here in July of 1946 to take over the duties of an Engineering Watch Officer.

Upon graduation from the Academy Mr. Dunham sailed for a period of one year as Third Assistant Engineer aboard a C-2 type cargo vessel for the Moore, McCormick and Pacific Atlantic shipping companies.

In addition to his duties as Engineering Watch Officer, Mr. Dunham instructs classes in Math, G R & R, and Mechanical Drawing.



GEORGE W. MYERS
Lieutenant (jg) U.S.N.

With his home town in Atlanta, Georgia, Mr. Myers has been with the Academy since November of 1945. He has had 18 years experience with the United States Navy on all types of naval craft and in all branches of engineering. In previous years, he has taught Diesel Engineering. At present, he is an instructor in the newly established Naval Science and Tactics Department. Lieutenant Myers has tirelessly devoted his energies and sympathetic understanding to the Academy.



JARRETTE M. CADWELL
Supply Officer

Mr. Cadwell will be long remembered by the graduating midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy. Perhaps the most frequent remembrance to be brought to mind will be the friendly and efficient atmosphere which greets one as he enters Mr. Cadwell's domain, the supply office. Mr. Cadwell has been business manager and has administered the Academy's financial affairs for the past sixteen years, having come here in May of 1931. Mr. Cadwell graduated from the University of Texas and is a veteran of sixteen years in the U. S. Navy.





FRANK L. LA BOMBARD
Engineering Officer

"The Chester" was born in Houston, Texas, in 1917 and had his education at the Sam Houston High School. He served as an apprentice machinist until he was eighteen when he joined the Navy in November, 1935, as a machinist striker. He served aboard the USS Chester until November, 1944, when he was transferred to the USS Vella Gulf and was later placed on inactive duty in December, 1945, as a warrant machinist. He came to the Academy in November, 1946, as third assistant engineer.



WALTER C. LANGE
Ship's Electrician

Mr. Lange served in the U.S. Navy from 1920 to 1946 during which time he served aboard the following vessels: USS S-8, USS S-22, USS Argonaut, USS R-10, USS Nautilus and USS Springer. During the last war he served aboard the submarines Nautilus and Springer and was awarded the Navy Marine Corps Medal, Presidential Citation, two letters of commendation from Admiral Nimitz, the Submarine Combat Pin with eleven stars and the Asiatic Pacific area campaign bar with seven stars. He has been at CMA since August, 1946, as instructor and watch officer.



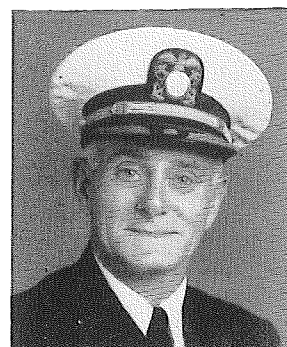
CLARENCE A. MORGAN
Chief Steward

Mr. Morgan came to CMA in 1939 as a cook with many years of culinary experience behind him and was promoted to the position of Chief Steward in 1941. A terse bellow from "Red" brings a hasty response from the messmen in the form of fragrant nutriment. The signal "Let's Feed the Boys" is a prelude to "Mother Morgan's" Southern gusto of setting a tray. His exhaustive efforts toward his work, and generosity to both the employees and midshipmen leaves us with a high appreciation.

EUGENE HARNWELL

Ship's Carpenter

A native son, "Chips" was born in San Francisco in 1885. He has spent 12 years with the Academy as Ship's Carpenter. After graduating from high school he spent 21 years with Bethlehem Shipyard as a ship builder. The first time he went to sea was on the training cruise of the Academy schoolship. Married, he makes his home in Fairfax.



FOSTER F. HALLMAN

Boatswain

Bos'n Hallman came to CMA in August, 1946, as sailmaker and was later promoted to Boatswain. Born in Smyrna, Delaware in 1900, he is a naval veteran of both wars, serving in the first as a sailmaker and in the second as Chief Bos'ns Mate. Between wars he served as a merchant seaman, and prior to coming to CMA he was a sailmaker at Mare Island. Known as "Sails" by the midshipmen he is always ready to give a helping hand when needed.



WILLIAM O. HENDRICKS

Chief Pharmacist Mate, USN

Chief Hendricks has had twenty-one years' experience as pharmacist in the United States Navy. He was Chief Warrant Officer during the war, serving as Administration Officer to all pharmacists during the occupation of Germany. "Doc" reported aboard the Golden Bear while it was still undergoing repairs in San Francisco early this year. He also doubles as the very capable coach of the CMA boxing class.



GLENN A. O'BRIEN

Chief Gunners Mate, USN

Chief O'Brien has had twelve years experience as Gunners Mate in the United States Navy. A native of San Francisco, he is a new member to our ever-growing Naval Science department. "Chief" is an able instructor in Naval Ordnance and Gunnery and since his arrival at the Academy has taken an active interest in the installation of our new ordnance equipment.



MATTHEW J. HARTMAN

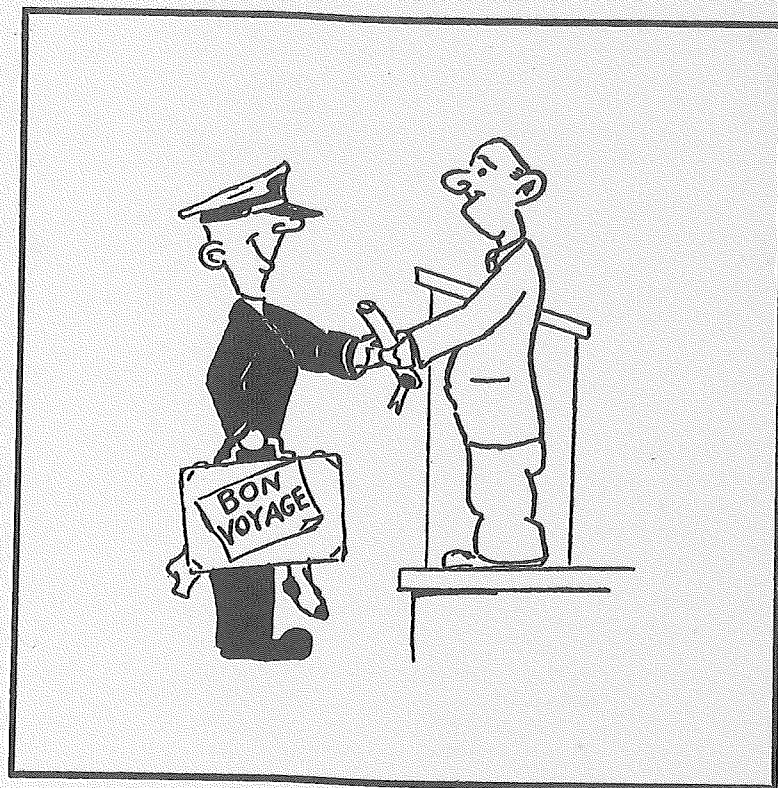
Chief Fire Controlman, USN

Chief Hartman has had nine years' experience as a Fire Controlman in the United States Navy. Another new member of our Naval Science department, he is the capable instructor of all fire control apparatus. Hailing from the state of Minnesota, "Chief" served during the war aboard the battleship Mississippi. Since his arrival at CMA he has been helping to install the new ordnance equipment.



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Almighty Father, whose way is the sea and whose paths are in the great waters, whose command is over all and whose love never faileth: Let me be aware of Thy presence and obedient to Thy will. Keep me true to my best self, guarding me against dishonesty in purpose and in deed, and helping me so to live that I can stand unashamed and unafraid before my shipmates, my loved ones, and Thee. Protect those in whose love I live. Give me the will to do the work of a man and to accept my share of responsibilities with a strong heart and a cheerful mind. Make me considerate of those intrusted to my leadership and faithful to the duties my country has intrusted to me. Let my uniform remind me daily of the traditions of the service of which I am a part. If I am inclined to doubt, steady my faith; if I am tempted, make me strong to resist; if I should miss the mark, give me courage to try again. Guide me with the light of truth and keep before me the life of Him by whose example and help I trust to obtain the answer to my prayer, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

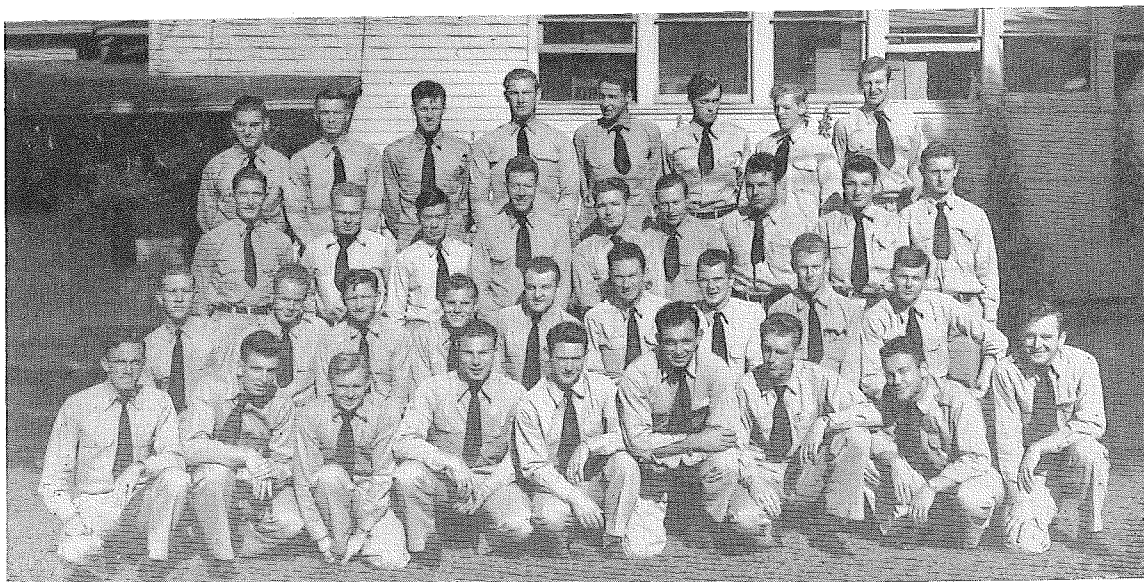
Any ardent Hawsepiper fan already knows the history of 1945 and 1946. We recommend that such persons skip the next three paragraphs. The class of 1947 entered the Academy on January 8, 1945, which seems quite a while ago to us. This country was still fighting Germany at that time. Most of us came to the Academy with the idea of taking an eighteen months' course and going to war. After four months of classes, we went aboard the Training Ship *Golden State*, still in her wartime colors, to take a two months' cruise around San Francisco Bay. After this period of practical training, we spent the summer putting gayer colors on the T. S. and preparing for the expected reconversion to peacetime colors. The unexpected end of the war in August brought permission for this sooner than we thought and the beginning of our second class year saw us with the *Golden State* in an Alameda shipyard, making her the first ship in the harbor to be reconverted.

After a brief interlude of classes, we had Christmas leave and then provisioned the ship for her first postwar deep water cruise. Commanded by Captain Lester Martin, the ship departed from CMA to the time of "Anchors Aweigh" on January 10, 1946. The ports we visited were Acapulco, Panama, Callao, and Valparaíso.

This cruise was spent in finishing the job we started in the shipyard. The ship was painted, shined, and polished fit for an admiral. When we returned we found that the Navy was making us a gift of the *USS Mellena*, an attack transport. So, upon returning to the base at the end of our postcruise leave, we commenced stripping the poor old *Golden State*. As soon as the new ship was made available to us, we went to work



LEFT TO RIGHT: Snow, President; Williams, R., Vice-President; Krambuhl, Secretary.



UPPER ROW, left to right: Ursich, Rogers, Quandt, Brune, Williams, R., Wainwright, Smith, Welch. SECOND ROW: Kuykendall, Holmgreen, Yee, Weller, Cunningham, Wash, Marinkovich, McLachlan, Fitzgerald. THIRD ROW: Fiedler, Brennan, Rall, Thomsen, Hargis, Kotelnikoff, Krambuhl, Porterfield, Chamberlain. BOTTOM ROW: Nevins, Alford, Snow, Tinsman, Williams, I., Richardson, Froehlich, Quittner, Hecey.

on her reconversion. The old ship was towed up to Suisun Bay and laid to rest with the hundreds of others. The work on the new one went forward all through the summer, climaxed by her official rechristening at graduation on September 6.

After another brief interlude of classes to start off our first class year, we went with the ship to the yards in San Francisco where a beginning was made on the task of putting her in shape. We left the shipyard just in time to make our second deep-water cruise, described elsewhere in this annual. On this cruise instruction, watches, liberty, even practical instruction were all sacrificed to the one objective of getting the ship in shape. Topped off by an icing of white in Magdalena Bay, the Golden Bear arrived in California as shimmering as the Golden State of the year before, and put in a month showing herself off in California ports to try to sell young men on the idea of attending the Academy.

After another postcruise leave, we settled down to the startling realization that with almost no classes under our belt we had only four months before our third exams, and the feverish race against time began, in which, unfortunately, many of us were severely handicapped by the neglect that had been given our training. Our hearts were lightened by the news that those who DID graduate would receive Bachelor of Science degrees from the State of California.

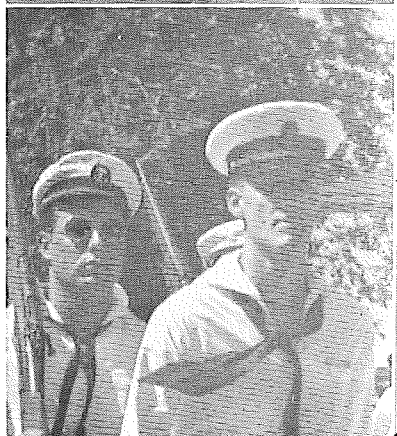
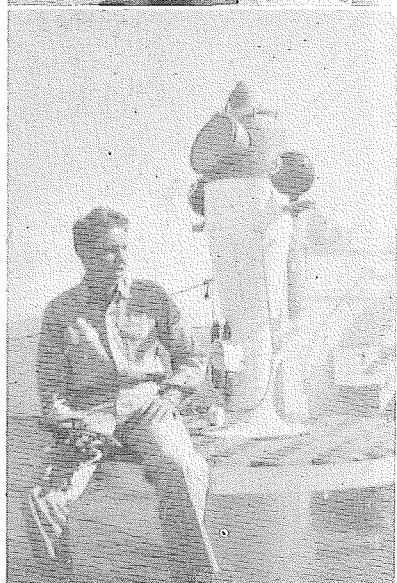
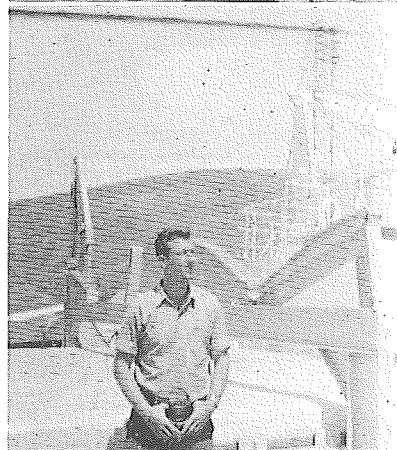
Into this prosaic, factual history, our class has done much to inject some points of interest. Trapped as we were, in a course twice as long as we intended when we entered the Academy, we have been particularly active in trying to assure that our three years here were not wasted. We have constantly tried to improve the Academy, and have not met with total failure. Through the efforts of this class, the childish system of hazing which existed at the Academy as the "class system" has almost completely disappeared, and we look to the classes which follow us to complete the work we have started. We have tried to introduce instead a feeling of friendly equality befitting an educational institution.

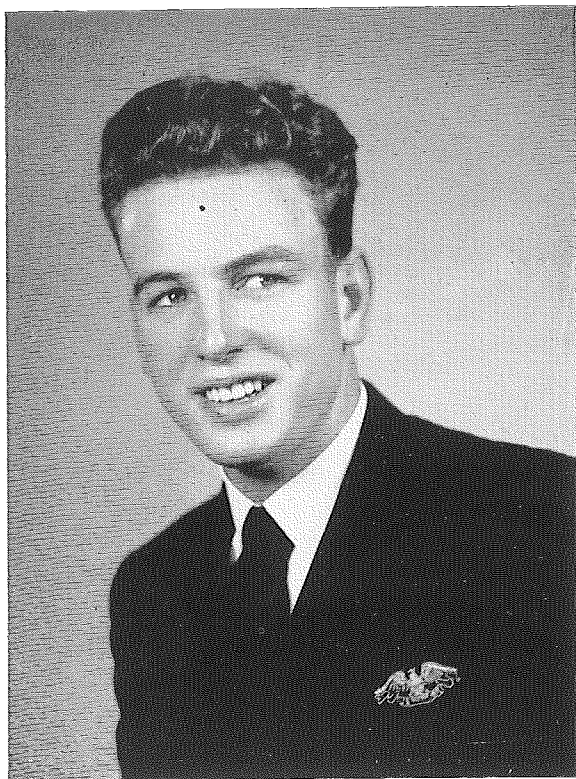
Our most urgent recommendation throughout our stay at the Academy has had to do with improvement of the technical training for which the Academy exists. We have repeatedly and consistently urged that the Academy staff itself with INSTRUCTORS, not officers, for it does us no good to have authorities on every seafaring subject around when they can't pass on their information to us. At the time of writing we are hoping that the forthcoming Stanford report to the Department of Education will produce action to test Academy graduates against outside standards to detect failures in the system immediately, and by keeping a check on the Academy, prevent it from again dropping as low as it has during the past two years.

The prejudiced and ignorant (especially some graduates of the "Iron Fist" era) have variously misinterpreted our efforts in this direction as insubordination, disrespect, ingratitude, and treachery. To lay aside such feelings we wish to point out that we are in a better position to know what goes on inside the Academy than anyone else, for we are to be its graduates, and we ardently hope to see it become, some day, an institution from which we can be proud to have graduated.



secretary.





ROBERT E. ALFORD
San Diego

"Say Pa, is that a full captain over there?" "Why, can't you tell by the nose, son? That's the famous Cadet Captain of CMA." Yes, indeed, that young man pursued by so many beautiful women is none other than Bob Alford; but his heart belongs to only one, himself. Entering CMA at the tender age of eighteen, Bob soon fell into the footsteps of "Pappy" Hoyt, demonstrating practical and classroom work that even surprised his fellow prisoners—oops, classmates from San Diego, eventually winning for himself those much-coveted four stripes. Upon graduation, Bob intends to ship until his bank account has grown and then—see you in college, Bob.

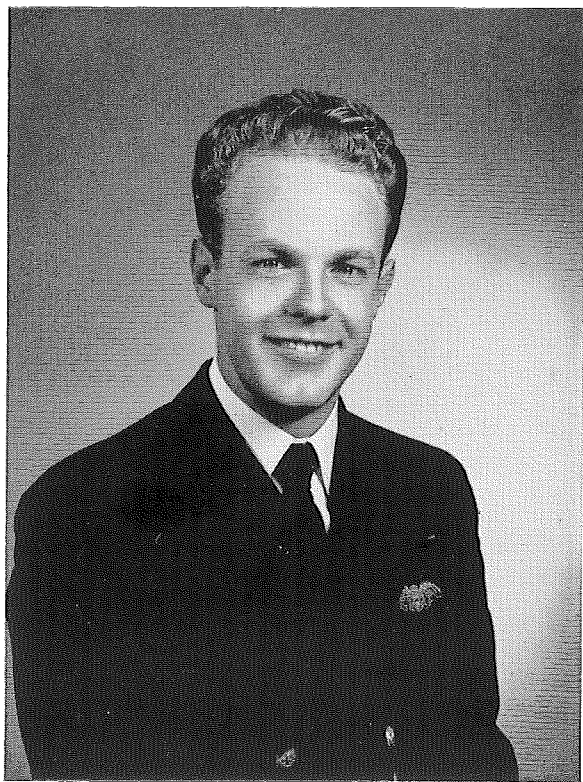
DALE AMSBERRY
Sacramento

One of the famous Sacramento "long hairs," Dingle, our noteworthy engineer, can usually be seen underneath a certain car in the parking lot or occasionally sauntering toward turn-to. His room, which always has a waiting list for haircuts and coffee, is colored by the addition of certain pictures of his "one and only," which stretch from Chile to Seattle. Not altogether sure of the future he hopes for a touch of the Navy followed by steady employment on a C-4. The Academy will miss its salty bugling but the Maritime Service has gained a good engineer.



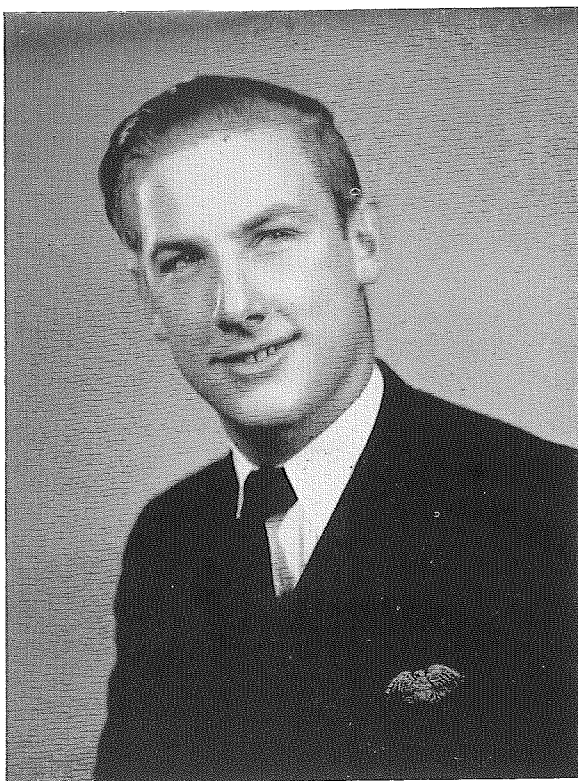
ALLAN BEEK
Balboa

This tall youth from the beautiful port of Balboa in the sunny southland has left an enviable record for posterity on the schoolship. Yes, it can be said that he is one of the few, if not the only one, in history to remain consistently near the top of his class without cracking a book. Allan can usually be found studying physics and calculus in preparation for his return to Caltech or writing a thesis on "Musical Scales" to send to Alice. Regardless of the watch list, good luck, Allan.



FRED C. BRENNAN
San Francisco

This super intelligent package of dynamite is known to his family and to a covey of feminine admirers as Freddy, but to his shipmates it's Freddog. None of us will ever forget the look on Fred's face on returning from liberty in Valparaiso, or some of the stories of his experiences in South America. Fred always has a smile and a good word for everyone. Although he is quiet and never boasts, Fred has probably experienced more in his 32 months at the Academy than most men in their entire lives. We wish him smooth sailing and good luck in everything he does.

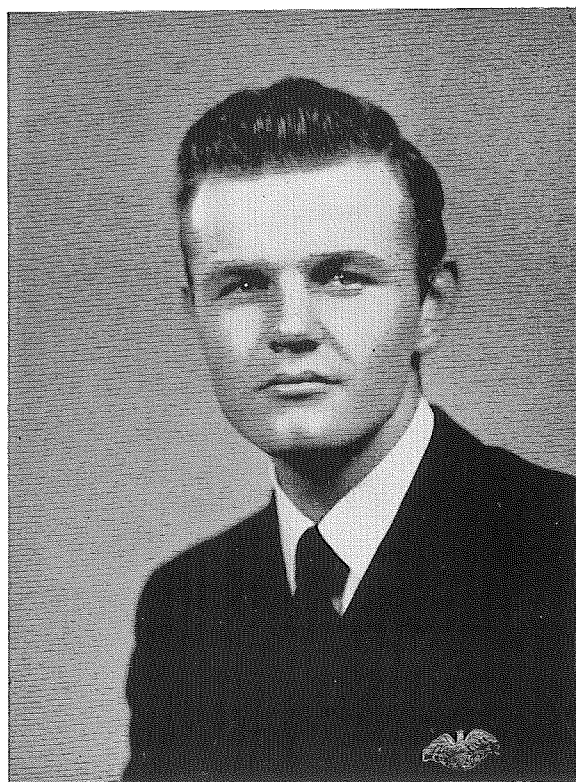


ALAN H. BRUNE
South Pasadena

"It was like this, men," said the husky man in the yachting cap, as he sipped a tall glass of pineapple juice, slipped a notch on his "Commander Belt," and eased his 250 pounds into the deck chair of his yacht. Big Al, better known to his classmates as "Gordo" or "Mr. Luki" and more formally as Alan (Hopkins, that is) Brune, was born in the Philippines and raised in Southern California. Gordo's future after graduation points somewhere between Honolulu and Berkeley and includes a cute little blonde, but a shipping line may end up with him . . .

HARRY KENNETH CHAMBERLAIN
San Diego

All the way from San Diego he carried his bags to CMA, thereby becoming the first "Admiral" ever to graduate from the Academy. Fostered in the Navy tradition, a career in the service is the "Admiral's" only thought, besides Ann, that is. The Navy Air Corps may be proud indeed to have this lad in their ranks some day in the near future. Looking into the yet unhallowed future, we would probably see the "Admiral" standing with his eyes squinted from long years at sea, his brow furrowed with meaningful wrinkles, with one hand pointing out to new generations the great heritage of our country.



ROBERT W. CUNNINGHAM
Monrovia

Noted for his cartoons that appeared in the Binnacle and famous for those that didn't, Bug's destiny was outlined the first time he started one of his classroom sketches. The extra curricular activities of this lad have become a part of the varied folklore of CMA. In addition to those bids for fame, "Bobbie" is the guiding light of our renowned Drum and Bugle Corps, which will long be remembered by many a midshipman. Plans after graduation embrace a career in Marine Architecture, where, with his experience and ability, he is bound to succeed.



RICHARD D. FIEDLER
Pasadena

Dick, the blushing baby of "B" barracks appears to be quiet and conservative, but comes liberty time he looks as if he had just stepped out of Esquire. When on liberty he can usually be found out on the local golf course trying to hit that ol' ball but usually ends up playing that sensational game in the nearest beer joint. Dick's love life seems to be non-existent but those in the "know" suspect something blooming down south—time will tell. As farewell, the class as a whole wishes Dick "good luck and smooth sailing."

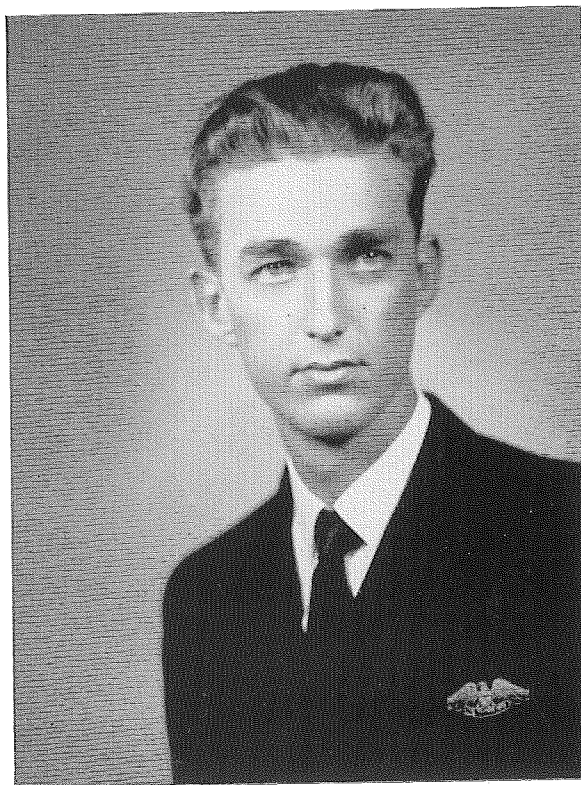


WILLIAM GERALD FITZGERALD San Francisco

A native of San Francisco and a born sailor, Gerry began his salty career as a star member in the crew of Saint Ignatius High. During his stay at the Academy he has upheld his prowess as a crewman, being a member of the crew winning the Claude B. Mayo trophy. Among his other activities, not to mention his dating some of the most attractive girls CMA has seen, he divides his time between swimming and baseball. Having attended the University of San Francisco, he wishes to return after graduation and study for the bar, law that is. Smooth sailing, Fitz.

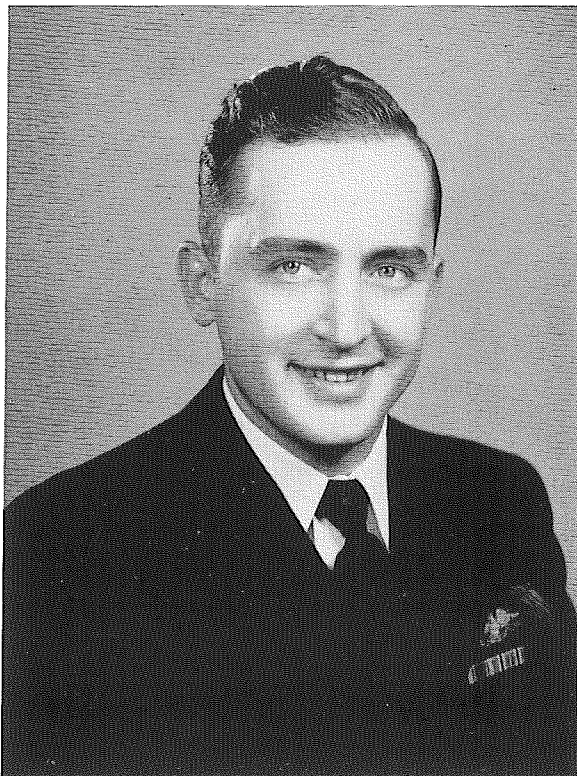
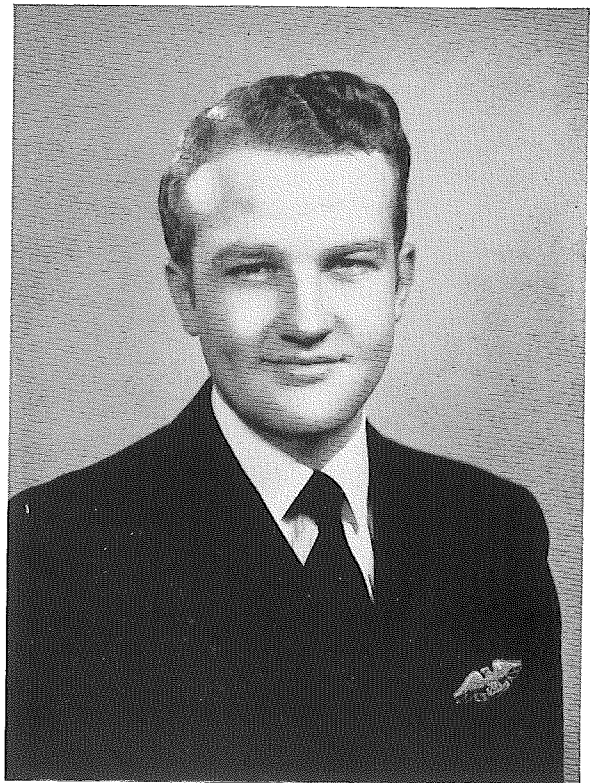
BILL A. FROEHLICH San Diego

Yes, sir, 6-feet-3, and still going. Say, we wonder when our co-editor will fill out. "Turtle" was our "wisest" swab but has done all right as a first classman. Besides driving a mental Ford and playing havoc at the ping pong or bridge table now and then, Bill might be seen on "99" waiting for a lift toward L. A. and vicinity—"Oh, my aching head." Surely it can't be long before we see this cosmopolitan young man with a "cool one" in one hand and a Camel in the other hashing over the business or the latest song hit with his associates—that is, as soon as the world "bends" in his direction.



JACKSON B. HARGIS
Sacramento

Jackson B. Hargis, better known as Jack to his fellow shipmates, hails from the land of politics, Sacramento. Easy going, studious, and being a good sport has won him many friends. Before coming to CMA Jack was a member of the NRO and won distinction by receiving a life membership scholarship at Sacramento High. "Speed" plans to sail several years preferably on a T-2 tanker before heading toward Michigan University. With his fine qualities we feel Jack will be a success in any field he enters. Lots of luck, Jack.



LOUIS J. HECCEY
Duquesne, Penn.

"Hess" to his intimate friends, is the only midshipman from Duquesne, Pennsylvania, which is near the industrial and business center of the world. With this background he is quite familiar with the steel and coal industries. In high school "Hess" excelled in track and was captain of the golf team. Lou established a very fine record in the Coast Guard before transferring to CMA. Everyone knows him as a swell shipmate who is always ready with a helping hand and ready wit no matter what the occasion. Good luck to you, "Hess."



DICK C. HOLMGREEN
Temple City

This handsome Viking must have a salty heritage, for since arriving at the Academy from the sunny southland he has impressed us all with his ability, persistence, and good nature. Consistently one of the top men scholastically, Dick still found time for diversion on those week-end jaunts to the "Beeg City." But despite the turmoil that sometimes seems to envelop the life of a middy, "Swede" can always be depended upon to maintain his composure. This trait will surely be a boon to him at sea. Good luck, Dick.

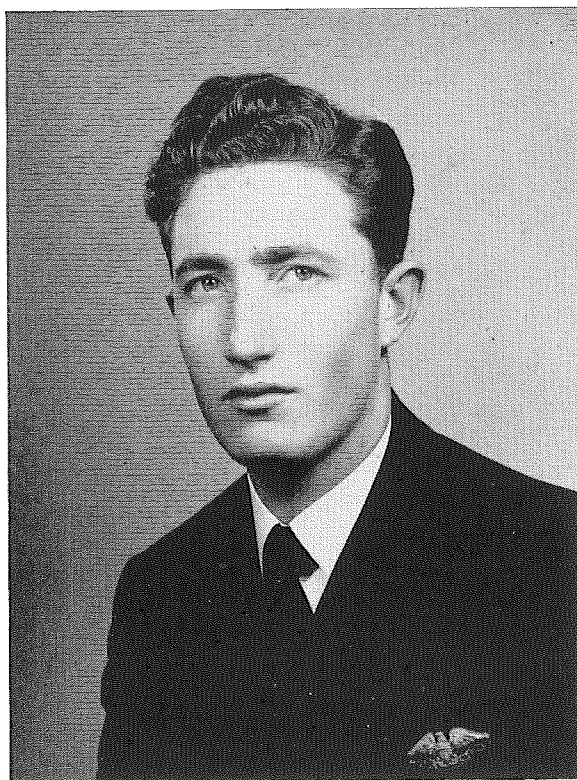
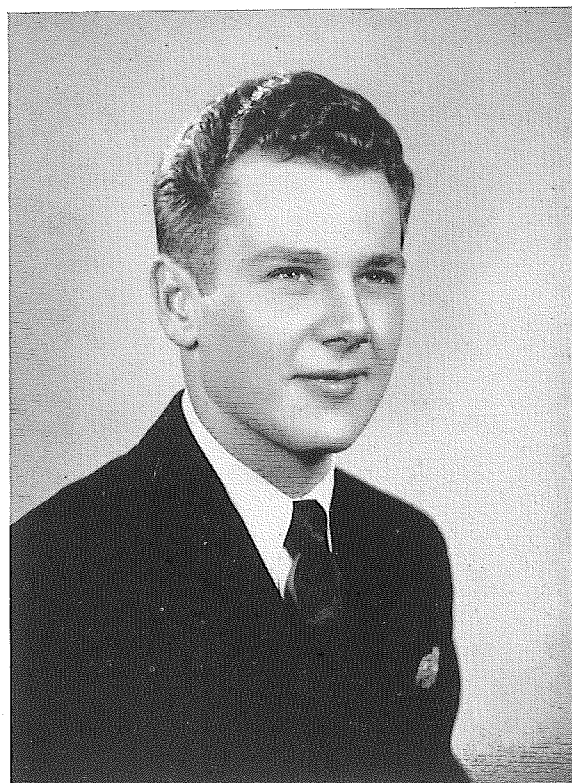
IGOR S. KOTELNIKOFF
Berkeley

Ever try to argue with a Russian? "Ike's" no exception. Igor claims to be the first in his class to go to sea, sailing from the Philippines to Berkeley in 1923. "Ruskie" has made an outstanding record at the Academy—top man scholastically three years running and "C" Division Commander in his first class year, Ike helped organize the basketball team and played two years on the varsity as a guard, and also pulled a stout oar in the crew. "Ike can do it." The watchword of CMA will be the same on any ship the "Mad Russian" sails. Smooth sailing to a great guy.



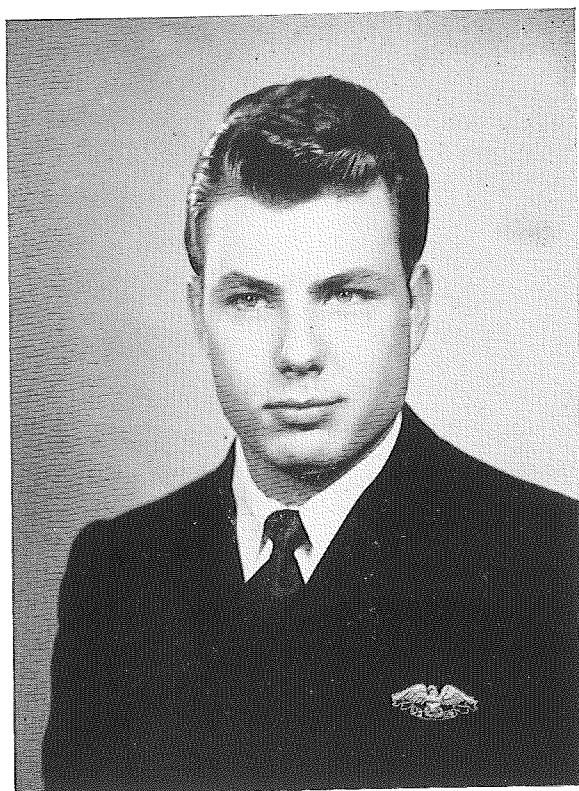
THOMAS P. KRAMBUHL
San Diego

"Young Tom," the dimpled darling of San Diego, landed at the Academy one very gloomy January morning in 1945 with a smile wider than the Golden Gate. Today he sports that same cheerful countenance, in spite of time, tide, and a 32-month stint at the Academy. A keen engineer, Tom has always ranked high both in class standing and the esteem of his classmates. Almost any time of the day he may be found in his sack—or some equally "athletic" spot. We're sure his winning ways will always assure him a place in the sun.



ROBERT A. KUYKENDALL
Altadena

Born in the fair city of Long Beach, California, on August 14, 1926, "Kuke" was introduced to ships almost as soon as he could walk. His father having had a third engineer's ticket and his uncle having a Chief engineer's ticket, it was only natural that this engineer came to CMA. His hard work on the advertising section of the Hawsepape has helped make it a success. He is known for his love of sports, record-breaking trips to "God's Country," also for his way with women. Following graduation he would like to ship to the Orient or South America. In later years he plans to go into his dad's business of ship's supplies in San Pedro.



JOHN T. MARINKOVICH

San Pedro

With a sigh of relief the City of San Pedro presented that good looking "Black Boy," alias J. T. Marine, and long a man of high repute among the women of San Pedro, to CMA. Prior to his entrance at CMA John attended USC, playing bit parts on the football team. His great spirit for the Academy has always been one of his outstanding characteristics. Each week he has contributed an hour or two of his free time in extracurricular duties. John's easy going manner, ready smile, and good word for everyone has made him a welcome member to any group. We all have deep confidence in his successful future.

ROBERT H. McLACHLAN

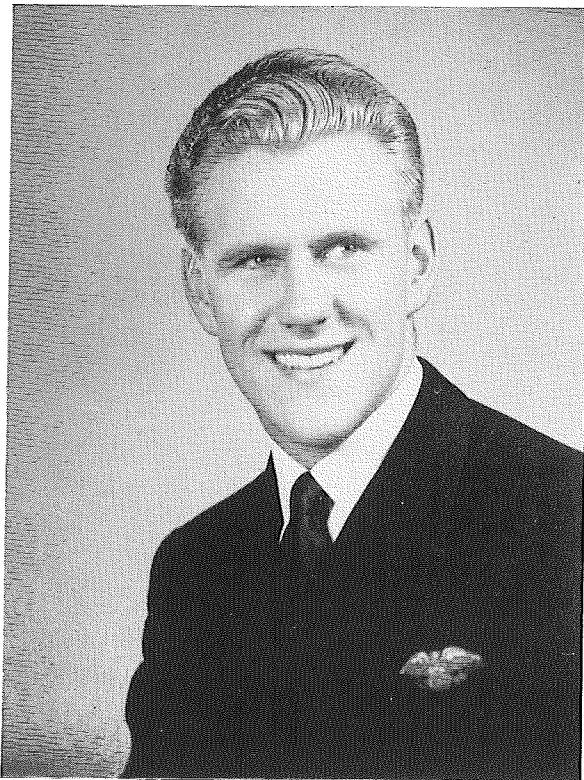
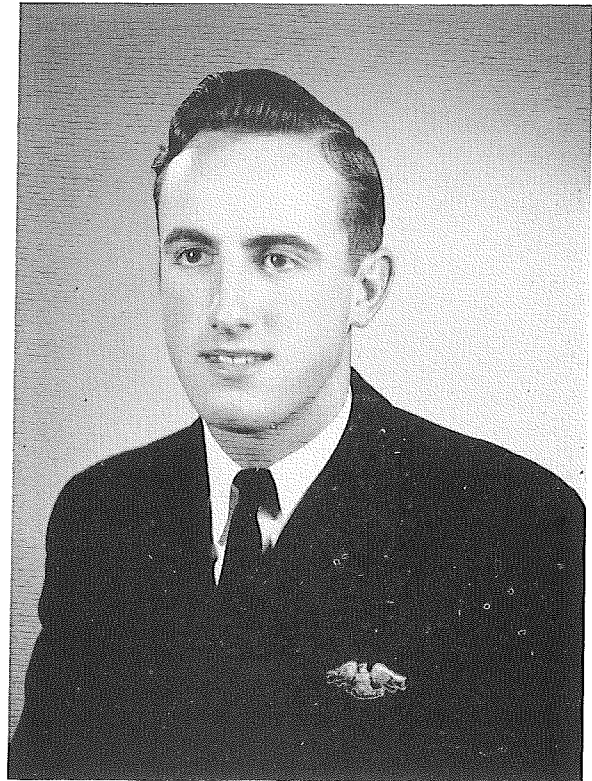
Los Angeles

Born in China, Mac lays claim to having crossed the Pacific when fourteen. In high school Mac was a two-year letterman in football and swimming and was an outstanding swimmer, becoming one of the stars of a great, but short lived, swimming team. A member of the Drum and Bugle Corps, Mac plays the snare drum. His ability to speak fluent French helped Mac make great time with the women of New Orleans and other ports visited on cruise, not to mention home ports. After graduating Mac intends to resume his studies at college. Smooth sailing, Bob.



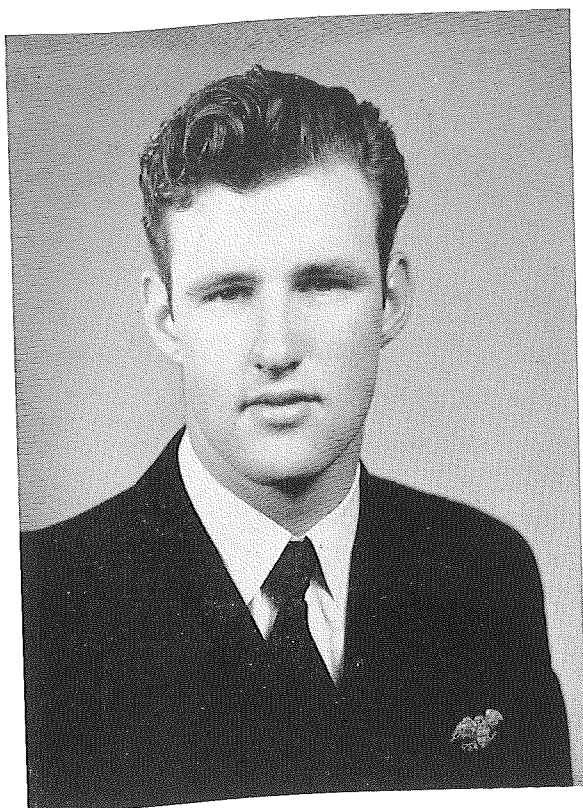
RICHARD E. NEVINS
Manhattan Beach

One of the "I used to play with boats in the bathtub when I was a kid" clan, it was only natural that Indian Dick should wander north upon graduation from SCMA and join the seafarers of CMA. Always mystified by navigation, Dick entered into the deck department with a gusto that has become his trademark, continually maintaining a standing in the upper half of his class. Determined to go to sea upon graduation, Dick should make himself well known throughout the maritime industry.



WALTER L. PORTERFIELD
Long Beach

Hailing from Long Beach-by-the-Sea originally and the 19th hole of Recreation Park Country Club, Boots emerged from our ranks leaving a trail of broken hearts which substantiates his claim as the greatest lover since Valentino. An astute athlete as well, his prowess has been felt in practically every athletic endeavor encountered on the campus. A golfer of exceptionally fine quality, an unquestionable sportsman and an eagerness to do what is right will provide him with a remarkable head start on the field of success.



KENNETH C. QUANDT
San Jacinto

CMA gained a fine engineer when the "Pride of San Jacinto" decided to leave the farm and join the class of '47. Ken, with his ability to get along with people and get the job done whatever it may be, was the man for Cadet Chief Engineer. Along with his duties as "Chief" he found time to be a member of the basketball and crew teams, and to keep the Cadet Service Fund out of debt. His plans after graduation are rather uncertain but he hopes to go to sea for awhile before returning to the farm.

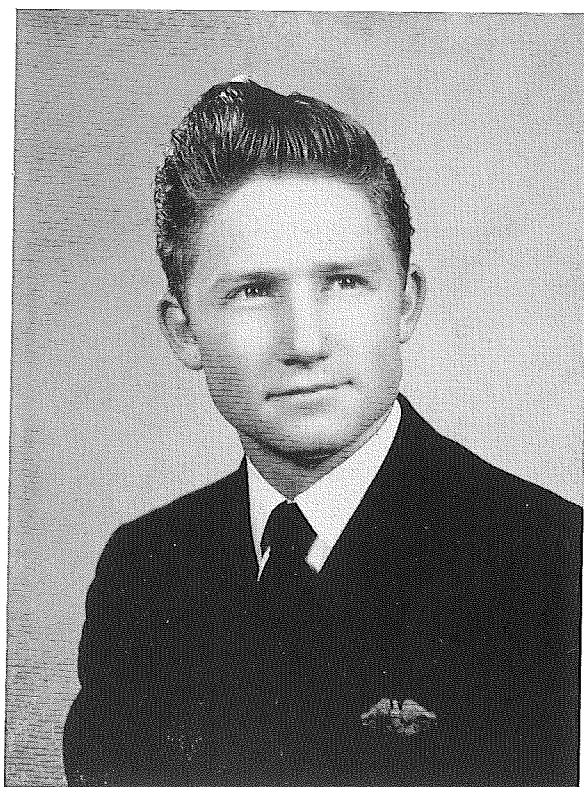
ARNOLD M. QUITTNER
Los Angeles

When September rolls around, it's back to UCLA for the curly-headed one, and the sighs of relief from shipowners can be heard from Yokohama to Oakland. Arnie edited the Binnacle and managed to pass Navigation successfully, but the "salty one" (that's a joke, son) was the nemesis of First Lieutenants from "Smiling Jack" to "Smiling Cy." As editor-in-chief of the Binnacle, Arnie brought it the first editorials in its history. When he's not on the base, you'll find him at Mills College, little gal named "Bobby," we understand.



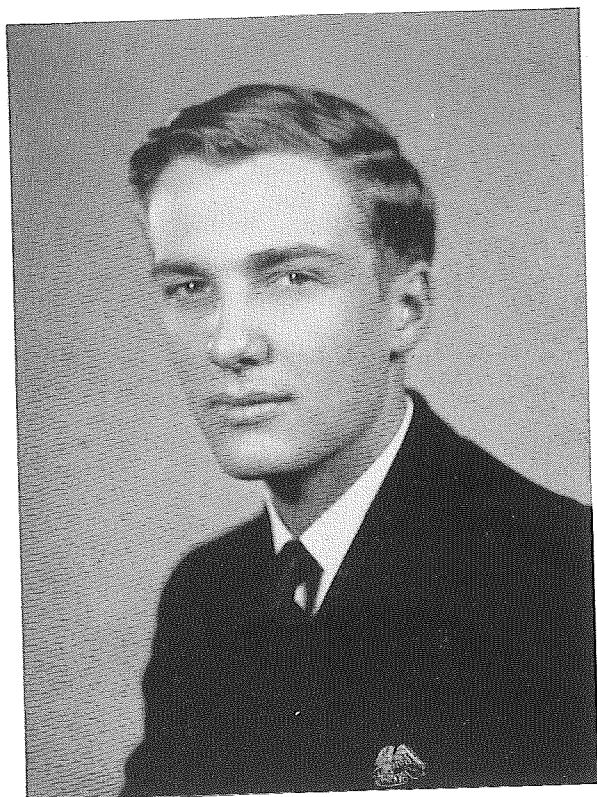
DIETER L. RALL
Los Angeles

Those who believe that big things come in small packages can well understand how CMA was gifted in receiving this bundle of energy and walking steam plant from Los Angeles, who claims Marshall High as his alma mater. Dieter proved himself to be one of the most promising engineers, leaving no engineering problem unsolved and winning two stripes for himself. Commonly called "Super Pigmy," he well lived up to the name. Dieter hopes to start his life at sea on a C-3 possibly with a trip to the Orient.



JOHN E. RICHARDSON, JR.
San Francisco

Affectionately known as "Sambo" to his friends, Johnny is a by-product of USF. He has that exceptional quality of a well coordinated mind and body. Rich was THE factor in producing the Academy's finest basketball teams. Captain of the team, he also pulled on the crew. An excellent athlete, as salty as they come, John was one of the crew chiefs. Always ready to do a good turn, Sambo doesn't know the words "Can't do." He'll be a success wherever he goes. Smooth sailing, Sambo—the best of luck.

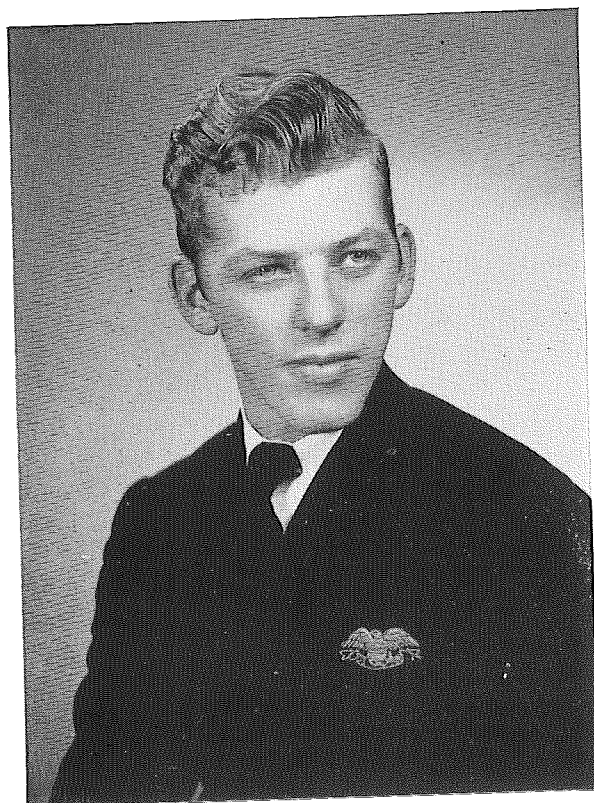


WILLIAM P. ROGERS
Baldwin Park

With no doubt about it, we look upon Bill "What's 'at man wid the camera gonna do" Rogers as the gab king of the Tink'rs. Hailing from Covina, Bill has most assuredly been one of our most capable and reliable engineers, as well as a first class petty officer and a participant on all Academy teams. At present Bill is planning on shipping out and returning to finish college, but we're banking on one little "Katie" to be the one to occupy the days to come. Best of luck, Bill, and sail it easy.

PATRICK ROCK SMITH
Hollywood

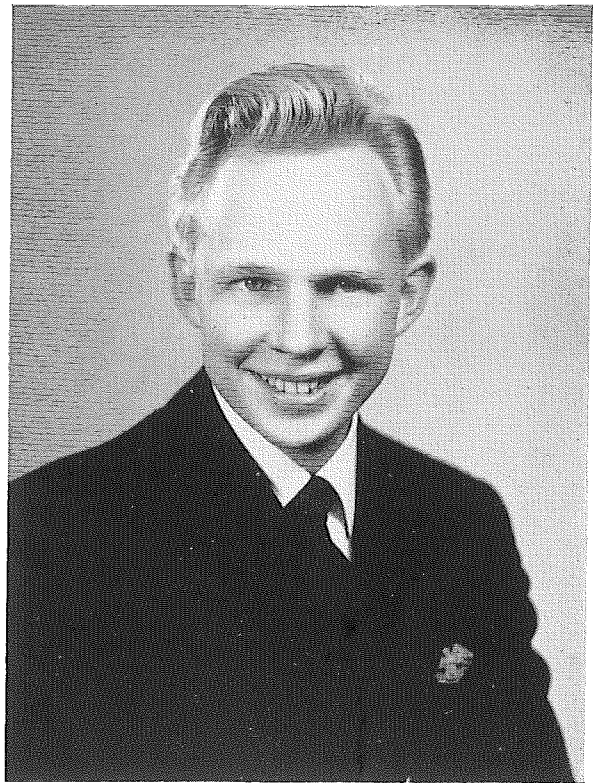
Smitty, the laughable character who stopped by the El Nido thirty-two months ago, liked their beer, and has been boarding at the Academy ever since, originally hailed from Hollywood, although of late his visits in that direction have been less frequent. Much credit is due "Party-Time Pat" for his tireless efforts in putting over two hilarious smokers aboard ship during the past two cruises and his smiling presence will be missed by both officers and midshipmen alike. Upon graduation Pat's plans for the future seem to include UCLA. Bon voyage, Rock!



JUSTIN LYSLE SNOW

Los Angeles

"Jus" claims the pisano pueblo of Los Angeles to be his stamping grounds. He distinguished himself as a second classman with a very mysterious case of poison oak, and his avid views on the sea. After two years at the Academy, Lysle finally learned that there are TWO sexes. Being the class prexy, he has kept all of the first class activities to a very high standard. May we wish Lysle the best of luck in anything he may undertake, even if it's going to sea.



ERLAND D. THOMSEN

Los Angeles

A clear thinker and conscientious worker, Dave has been a real asset to our class. His practical ability and diligent "finking," bringing him his rank of petty officer. Not only does the "Lub Oil King" stand high in his class, but also in the highest esteem of his fellow shipmates. This Blond Beau Brummel has quite a way with women, but we're not sure whether this is due to his "talent" or the fact that he resides in Los Angeles. To you, Dave, all of us wish fair sailing and the best of luck through life, both at sea and ashore.

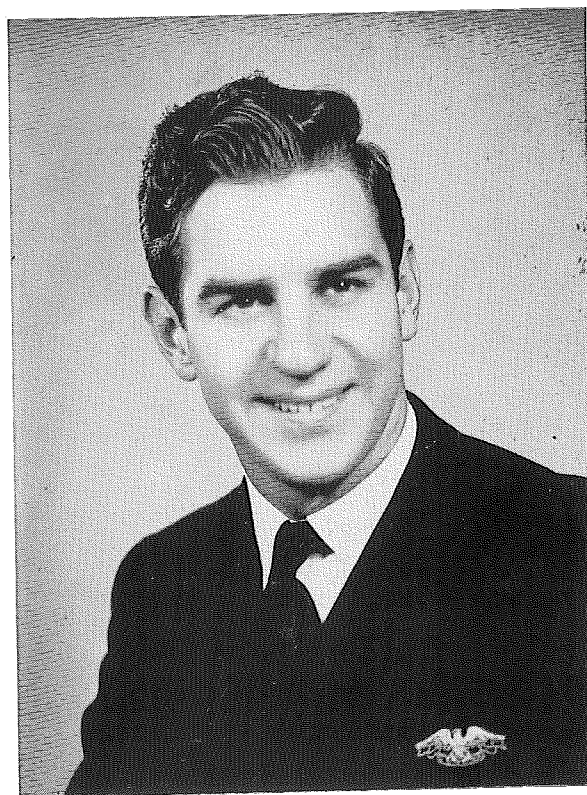


STEWART W. TINSMAN
Beverly Hills

He may be the Beau Brummel of Beverly Hills, but to the Cadet Corps, he's just "The Ape." When it comes to grades, many a man has tried to "ape" his way but all have fallen short. His ability to think any problem through thoroughly has made his opinions highly respected among the Corps. At present his main interests lie in liberty and women. Plans for the future include liberty and women. Serious plans for the future are still in the embryonic stage but of Tike's future we're sure of one thing, it's bound to be successful.

JOE URSICH
San Pedro

Joe hails from the fair port of San Pedro, where he attended, and graduated from, good old Pedro High. Before coming to the Academy Joe worked at the Terminal Island Navy Yard as a machinist. His experience there automatically put him into that great class of men that make ships go—the engineers. During the years here at the Academy Joe has shown outstanding practical ability—a good engineer's Godsend. Upon graduation Joe plans to ship for several years. Here's wishing you the best of everything in shipping, Joe.



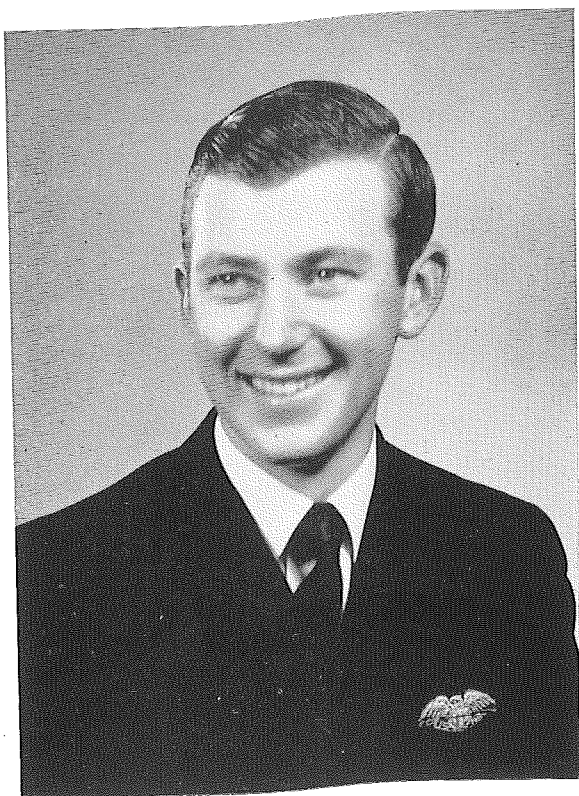
NORMAN WAINWRIGHT
Inglewood

"What, morning already!" These might have been his first words when Norm first saw the light of day. Southern California was Norm's world with Inglewood its capital. It wasn't until he entered CMA that his world began to grow. During his swab year Norm was named "Kissie," but as his non-scholastic grades will show, he didn't live up to it. As a second classman Norm re-entered with the incoming swabs, much to their horror, but he only remained with them long enough to obtain their reaction to CMA. Upon graduation he will go to sea—how long? Well, not for long. Good sailing, Norm.



BERT T. WALSH
San Francisco

Another of the local boys, Bert hails from the fair city of San Francisco. Bert is an exceptionally hard worker both at practical and classroom work, and with this in mind he has been elected vice-president of the Propeller Club. Even while attending the Academy, Bert has continued his work in the Sea Scouts. He is often thought to be one of the "saltiest" midshipmen at the Academy because of his work with ships and other things pertaining to the sea. After graduation Bert plans to go into professional Sea Scouting. Good luck, Bert.

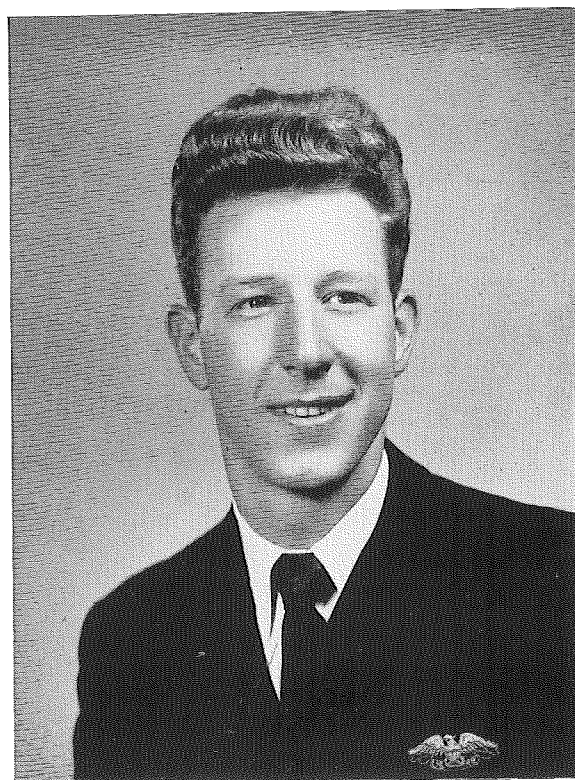


JOHN C. WELCH
Oakland

Jack was born in the great metropolis of Oakland in 1927. After graduating from Fremont High, he decided to give Cal a throw, so he took up chemistry. He did very well, too, but the lure of the sea brought Jack to CMA. Besides excelling in his academic studies he also majored in basketball, swimming, baseball, and other extracurricular activities. Women? U. C.'s gift to CMA is this mild, soft-spoken well-liked lad. Upon graduation he intends to go back to college. Whatever your venture, Jack, here's wishing you the best of everything.

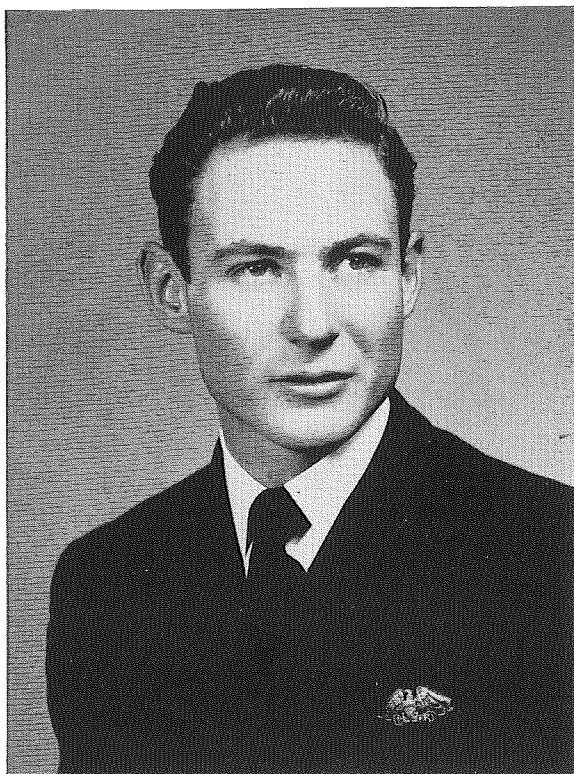
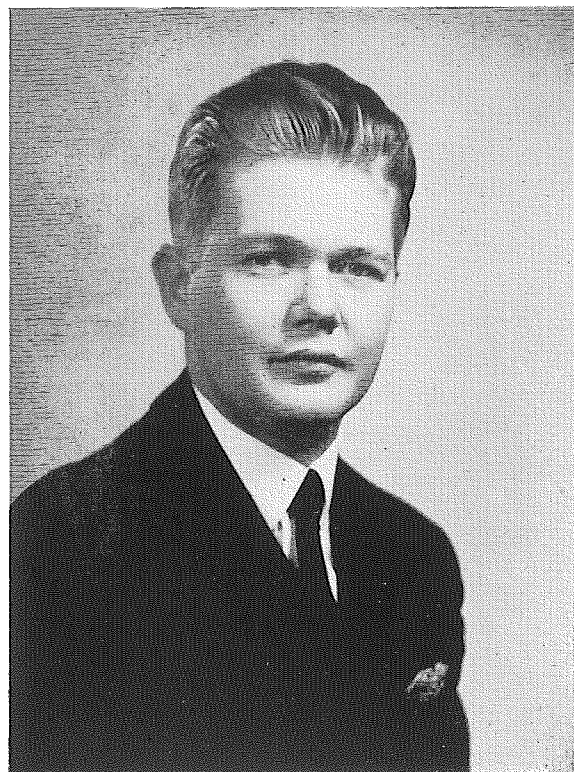
EDWARD J. WELLER
Los Angeles

The young lad with the red hair who is always seen on the run with a "special" clutched in his hands is none other than that man-about-town "Red Dog" Weller. Ed started life in October of 1926, and graduated, so he claims, with the class of 1944 from Fairfax High. On the subject of his love life Ed just winces and says, "Oh, no, please don't." Undoubtedly nothing but thirds on his mind. For the future Ed's shipmates wish him the best of luck and clear sailing in whatever he may do.



ROBERT M. WHALEN
Lafayette

In January, 1945, deep from the hills of Lafayette, came the smiling and jovial face of Robert Whalen. From that day on the cheerful voice and witty remarks of "Mooney" have been as much a part of the routine as has Saturday morning drill. The familiar sight of this engineer standing in the engine room with a puzzled look on his face will long be remembered by us all. Undecided whether or not to go to sea or to follow in his father's footsteps, we know that whatever he does he will make a success of himself.



IRVING PARKER WILLIAMS
Bakersfield

Irving Parker, known to us as "Ip," has been with us through fire and water. He is another punkin from the junction, Bakersfield, that is. His life at the Academy has consisted of trips from Vallejo to Lake Tahoe. "Bugzy" has decided it is about time to try his adventures on the outside world, after draining the Cadet Service Fund of all its moola. His motto on wine, women, and horses being "Always take a long shot," we wish "Ip" lots of luck on these subjects and any other field he may attempt.

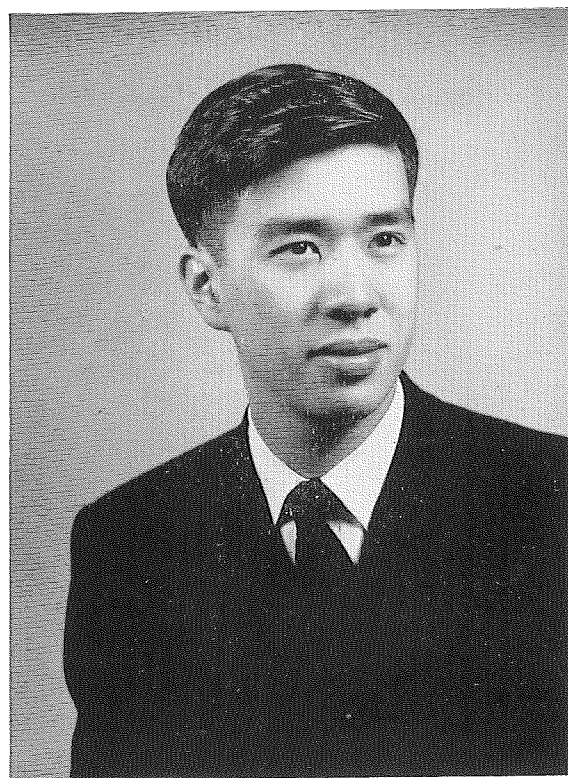


REED M. WILLIAMS
Riverside

This good-looking fellow from Riverside is known at CMA for his ability on the tone flute, "bones," and piano, and in Stanford sororities for those sad eyes that make your heart turn flip-flops. His contributions to CMA's basketball team have been valuable. He has handled "A" Division in an enviable manner. "Bird Dog" is shipping as soon as he graduates, and we know he knows his stuff. He doesn't intend to stagnate at sea, however. When he collects a big enough pile, it's college and the better things in life for him.

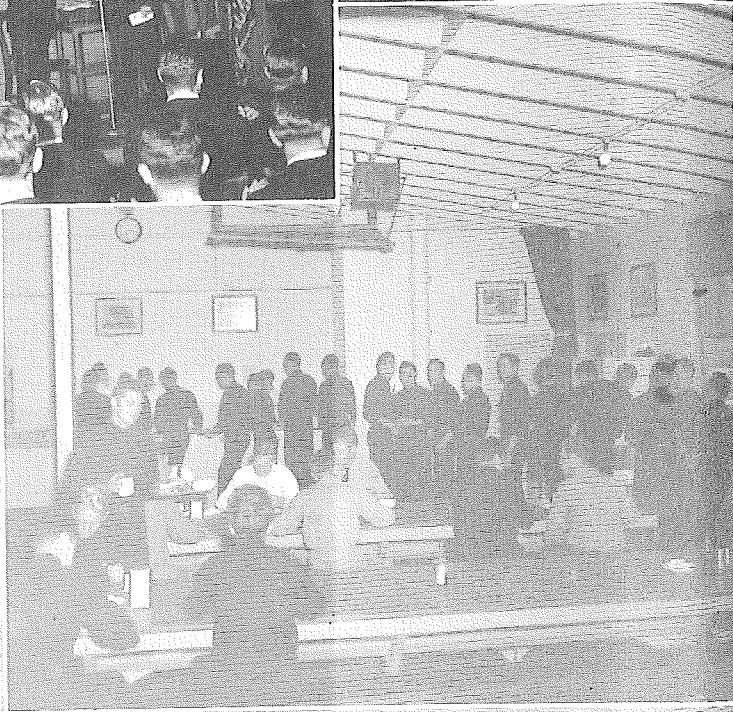
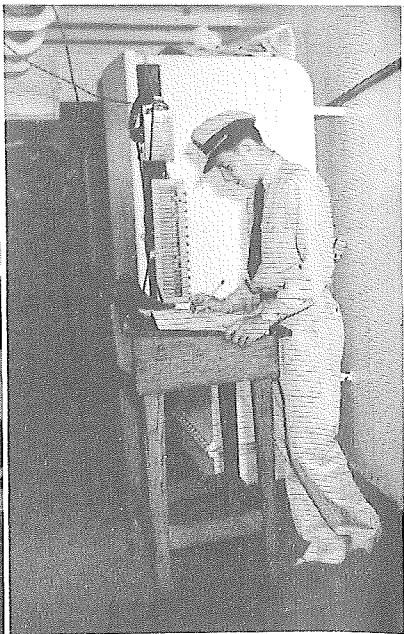
DANIEL O. YEE
Sacramento

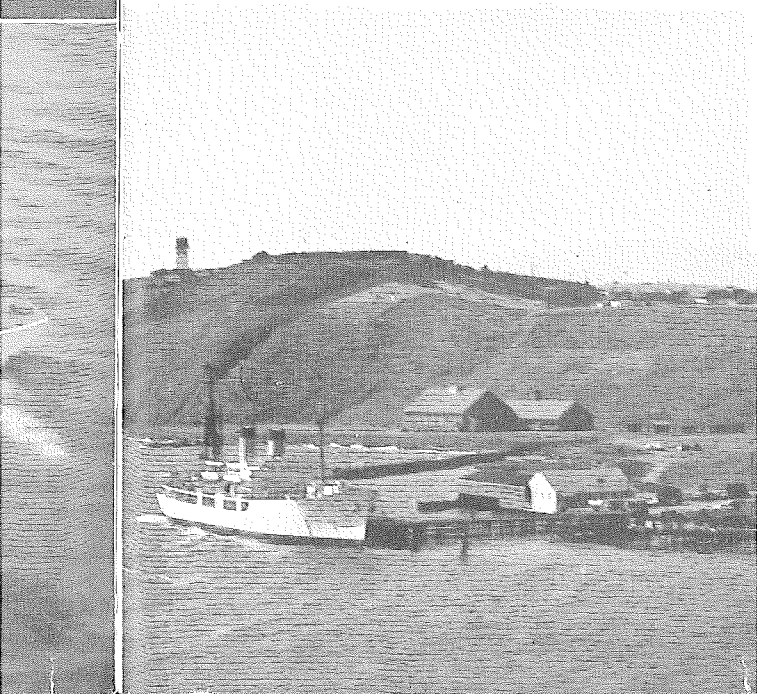
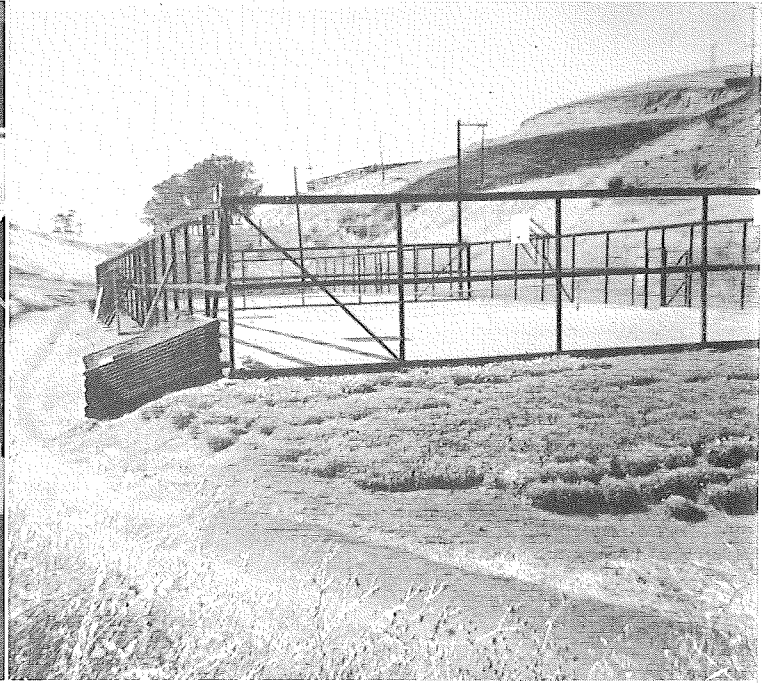
Danny is one of the most-liked first classmen in the corps. He started life on April 4, 1927, in our state capital, Sacramento. His most important interest is photography, and due to his interest and abilities has been elected president of the Camera Club. He is known for his hard work and square dealing. Upon graduation he hopes to ship to the Orient where he would like to establish business connections for years to come. Among his classmates he is known as "Sleepy" due to his unquestioned ability as a "Sack Artist." So here's good luck and smooth sailing to a great guy and a swell shipmate.

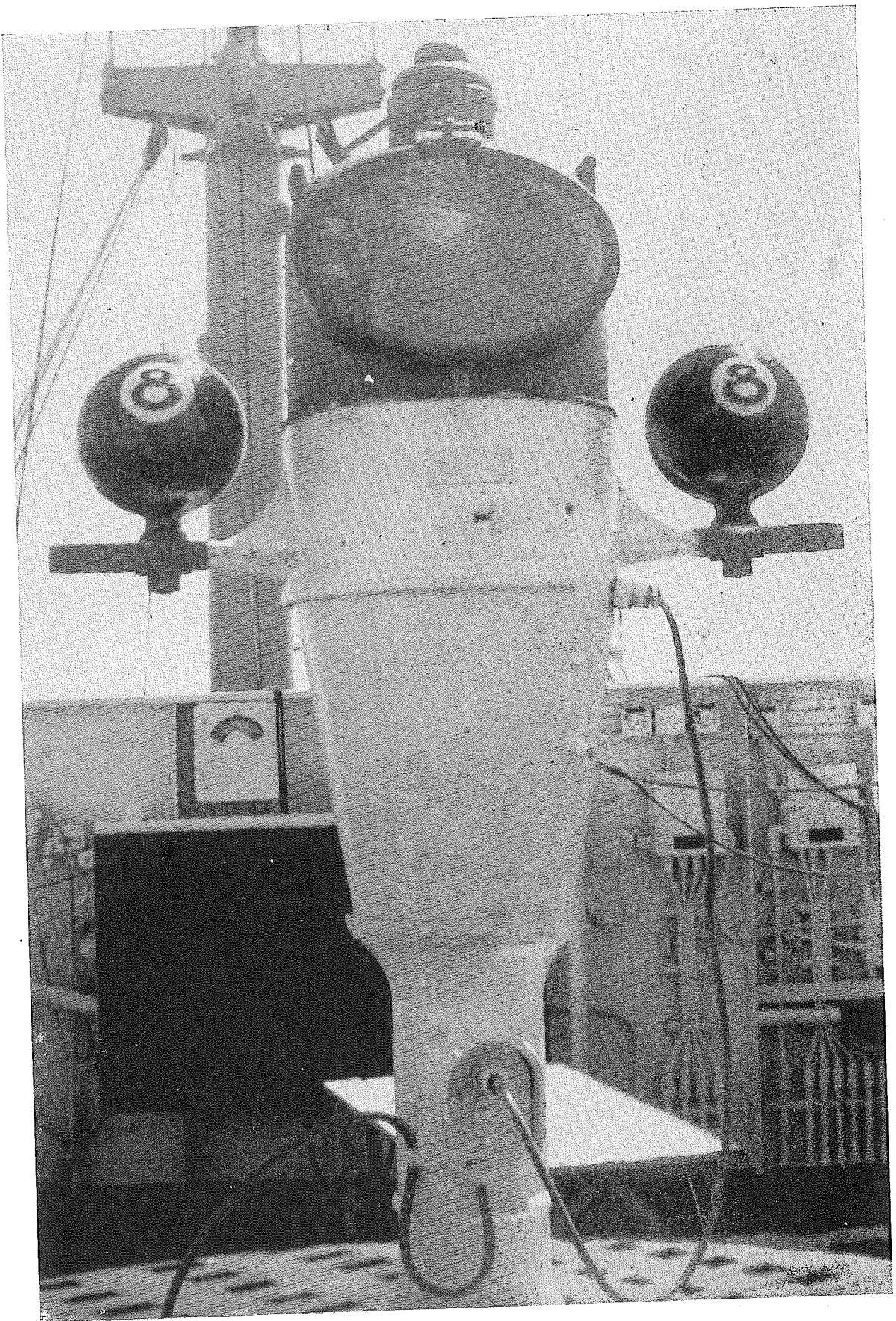


C A N Y O U I M A G I N E

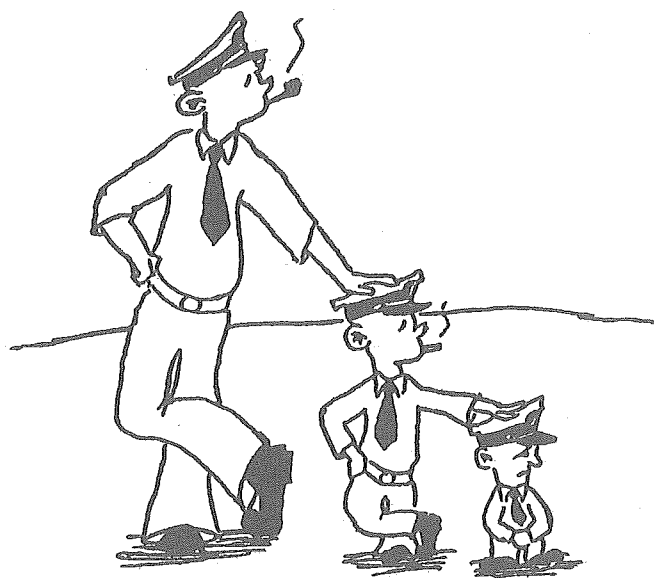
ALFORD—as AAU Yo-Yo champion.
 AMSBERRY—being a longhair.
 BEEK—and his poor wife.
 BRENNAN—selling Adler elevator shoes.
 BRUNE—as a ballet artiste.
 CHAMBERLAIN—getting the word.
 CUNNINGHAM—still standing after three beers.
 FIEDLER—going on the wagon.
 FITZGERALD—as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.
 FROEHLICH—as ping pong instructor at CMA.
 HARGIS—not complaining about that leg.
 HECEY—going back to the coal mines.
 HOLMGREEN—barker in a sideshow.
 KOTELNIKOFF—telling his grand children all about it.
 KRAMBUHL—working at Finocchio's.
 KUYKENDALL—hitch hiking south.
 MARINKOVICH—with a sunburn.
 McLACHLAN—as a woman-hater.
 NEVINS—taking just one GOOD picture.
 PORTERFIELD—and his dude ranch.
 QUANDT—playing it smooth.
 QUITTNER—coaching football at Mills.
 RALL—with a large steak.
 RICHARDSON—returning to Jamaica.
 ROGERS—with laryngitis.
 SMITH—being bashful.
 SNOW—All-American guard for UCLA.
 THOMSEN—as a playboy.
 TINSMAN—returning to Chile for Lucy.
 URSICH—looking intelligent.
 WAINWRIGHT—raising chinchillas.
 WALSH—madly in love with "Stormy."
 WELCH—starring with Lily Pons.
 WELLER—in love with only one girl.
 WHALEN—as mayor of Moonieville.
 WILLIAMS, I.—running a bar in Vallejo.
 WILLIAMS, R.—doing rescue work in the Alps.
 YEE—starting a Tong war.

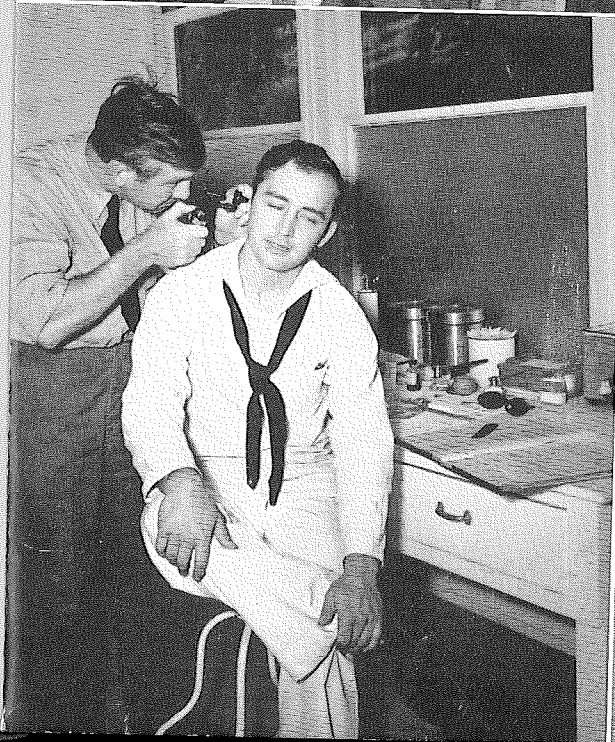
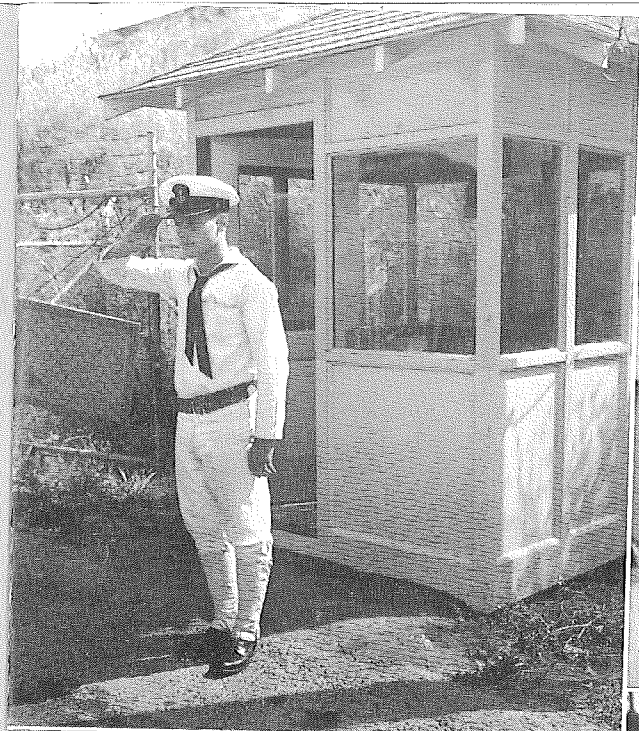




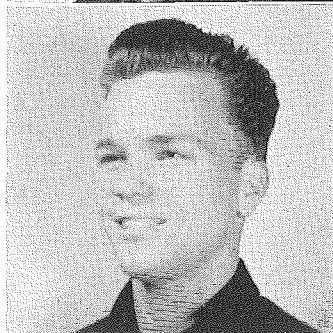


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SECOND CLASS



COLE
WILKEY

HISTORY

Those who are familiar with the history of the class of '48 must be aware that in no way can justice be done to it on paper. Many things have changed and taken place at CMA since the arrival of over forty innocent and original "Children", as it were. We humbly like to think of our stay at the Academy as the Renaissance of CMA.

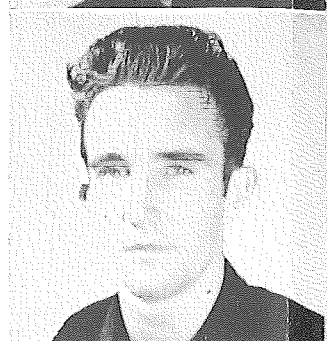
Our "Initiation" began 5 September 1945 and we numbered forty strong and "Swab" Wainwright. Children, no—men, no; "Swabs," yes—that was it. We were "Swabs" and that gave us a distinction at the Academy. Only one class at a time is referred to as "Swabs" and we were the chosen few. But, in order to maintain this privilege there were a few little customs and traditions that were necessary to live up to (for the first half year or so) and then, but we never could figure this out, the two upper classes decided that the class of '48 was so eager, unique, and original that many of the traditions were, well . . . overlooked.

The "Score", "Yes Sir", No, Sir", all seemed to come naturally to us. It had to because the "Swab Rules", our Bible of Discipline and courtesy, seemed to be hanging over our heads twenty-five hours a day. It was a very short while before we were "In the Groove" and "Toeing the Line". We learned about "Special Liberties", the "Little Round Washing Machines" aboard ship, "No Duty", and many others.

During a four month cruise in our swab year, the "Iron Mother" took us down to Valparaiso, Chile and back. Now, there was a memorable trip. Nothing but relaxation in the sun on spacious No. 3 hatch which was reserved



BALL
BOWERSOX
BUCK

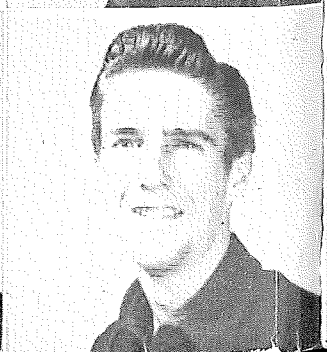
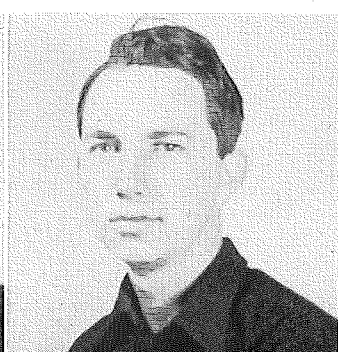


CARNEY
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HARVEY

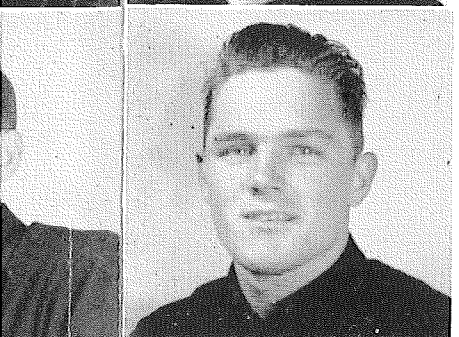
GIBBS

FORD





JOHNSTON
McCULLOUGH
MYER

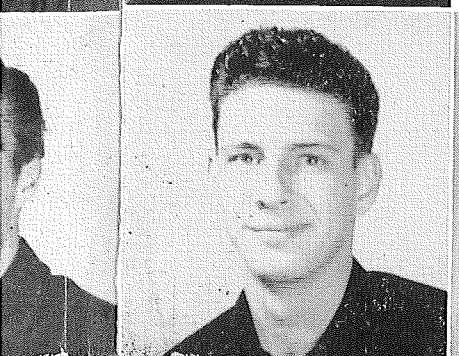


OLSON
OTTO
PARKER

RICE

ROWE

SWAIN



for us, the potato bins, and "Scratch", the lovable mascot (if he felt like slumming).

It was near the termination of this cruise that the third class whale boat racing crew victoriously raced the champion second class crew in Magdalena Bay. Cruise ended, as cruises have a way of doing, and we resumed a leisurely life at the base once again. Finals were upon us near the end of that first year. Before long our shipmates, the first classmen, would be leaving us. But first they must pass their "Third's Exams", so, everybody pitched in and hit the books in preparation for the coming finals. The first class studied "Bowditch" and "Osburn's", the second class studied "Dutton" and "Dwyer", and we studied "Culbertson" and "Hoyle".

"Graduation Day" was a sad day. It meant little to us of course, except losing our first class "Buddies". We would have to assume added responsibilities now and our nickname, "Swab," would be lost forever. The new third class arrived and we cordially (Heads bowed in silence, please) referred to them as "Swabs". To begin the second class year, class officers were elected and plans were laid for the coming period.

Work began on the new training ship in preparation for our second blue water cruise. Class studies were increased, routine was expedited, and time seemed to travel pretty fast. In December, we took the ship to undergo its overhaul at San Francisco. Cruise led us around to New Orleans and we were given an idea of what "work" meant. Not so much sun bathing this time because we were second classmen and didn't have the free time to which we were accustomed.

When cruise ended and we were back at the base, class rings began to arrive just in time to become the theme of the social highlight of the year, our presentation of the annual second class ring dance. Under the dance committee chairmanship of Frank McCullough and with eager backing of each member of the class, the "Hop" was a great success.

Another graduation day is approaching and we will soon become first classmen, i.e, first in leadership, first in ability, and first in—well, added power. We look forward to the coming year with anxiety and hope that some day we will be able to repay CMA.

THIRD CLASS



CRAIG

ELLIS

FERRERO

GATES

The morning of September 24 so long awaited by us had finally dawned. By ones and twos, we left our buses at the top of the hill and eagerly turned our footsteps toward CMA . . . had we but known.

Although we were small in number we figured ourselves large in experience. About one third of those who made this fateful walk down the hill came with the rolling gait of men already used to the slanting deck of a ship at sea.

At the end of the first week we were positive that the world consisted of only two kinds of people, ourselves and those who existed only to make life miserable for us.

First came the struggle to memorize and obey our Swab Rules. Just as we thought we were on the way to becoming perfect third classmen we received the crowning blow to our ego. The orders were: Do not return from liberty with hair that is more than one quarter of an inch in length.

Before too much time had passed, third classmen began to meet in small conspirative groups. It was not at all unusual to see members of the new class speaking furtively across the backs of their hands. Soon word got around that the third class smoker was in the first stages of development. Almost before we knew it the night for the performance was upon us.

Soon we had to put away thoughts of extra curricular activities. It was time to see what the inside of our text books looked like. The period immediately preceding mid-terms was at hand.

Thanksgiving leave. For some of us this meant dinner with Capt. and Mrs. Mayo. For others, an opportunity to show the gang at home how we looked in uniform. Great was our disappointment on returning from Thanksgiving leave. We were again forcibly reminded that swabs constitute a very low form of life.

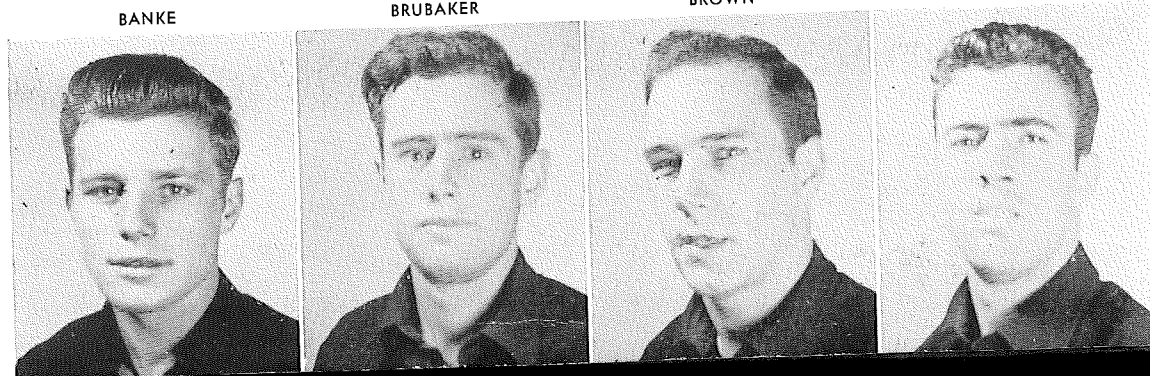
Soon after we had unpacked our handbags after logging in from Thanksgiving leave, we received orders to move aboard ship in preparation for getting underway for the

BANKE

BRUBAKER

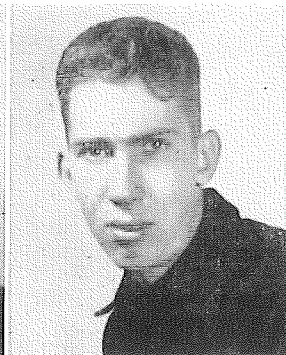
BROWN

BRUN

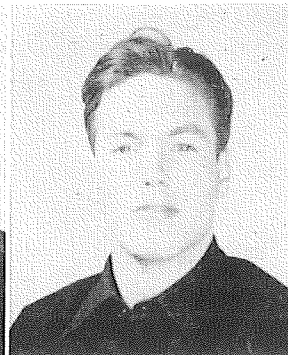




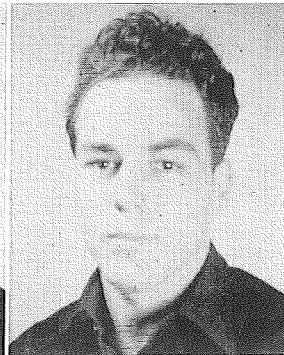
HALBACH



McLEMORE



McCLURE



MILANI

shipyard. For many of us this was the beginning of an entirely new and exciting experience.

After being in the shipyard for a few weeks we were bothered with a very disturbing thought which kept bobbing up in our minds. Could we possibly get underway after all the tearing down and putting back together was finished?

There follows a short period back at the Academy to take on stores and provisions and then underway for deep blue water.

If any of us had considered the studies and routine at the Academy drudgery the cruise can only be described as interesting and pleasant. Although it took a lot of work to maintain the ship many brighter moments were experienced in Latin American ports and the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. It will be a long time before we forget Cooper, his parrot, and El Capitan, being escorted aboard under a guard of honor. For those of us who got beyond the Ladies Bar in the Regis, Mexico City also left us with many memories and not a few hangovers. We can't skip over this cruise without at least mentioning queens and the Venus Ball. All things must end and it was with considerable reluctance that we dropped anchor in Magdalena Bay and made things shipshape for our reappearance in California ports.

Now back to the Academy and then home for two weeks' leave.

When once again we took up our studies at the Academy we began to notice a subtle change. First classmen were studying for the first time in three years. It was time to cram for finals and thirds. Second classmen started taking over the responsibilities of first classmen. The third class began to lose some of its landlubberliness and began to assume part of the saltiness expected of second classmen.

The last two months we marked time and awaited with eager anticipation the day when we would be entitled to sew on our second class stripe and start on our September leave.

UHRICH

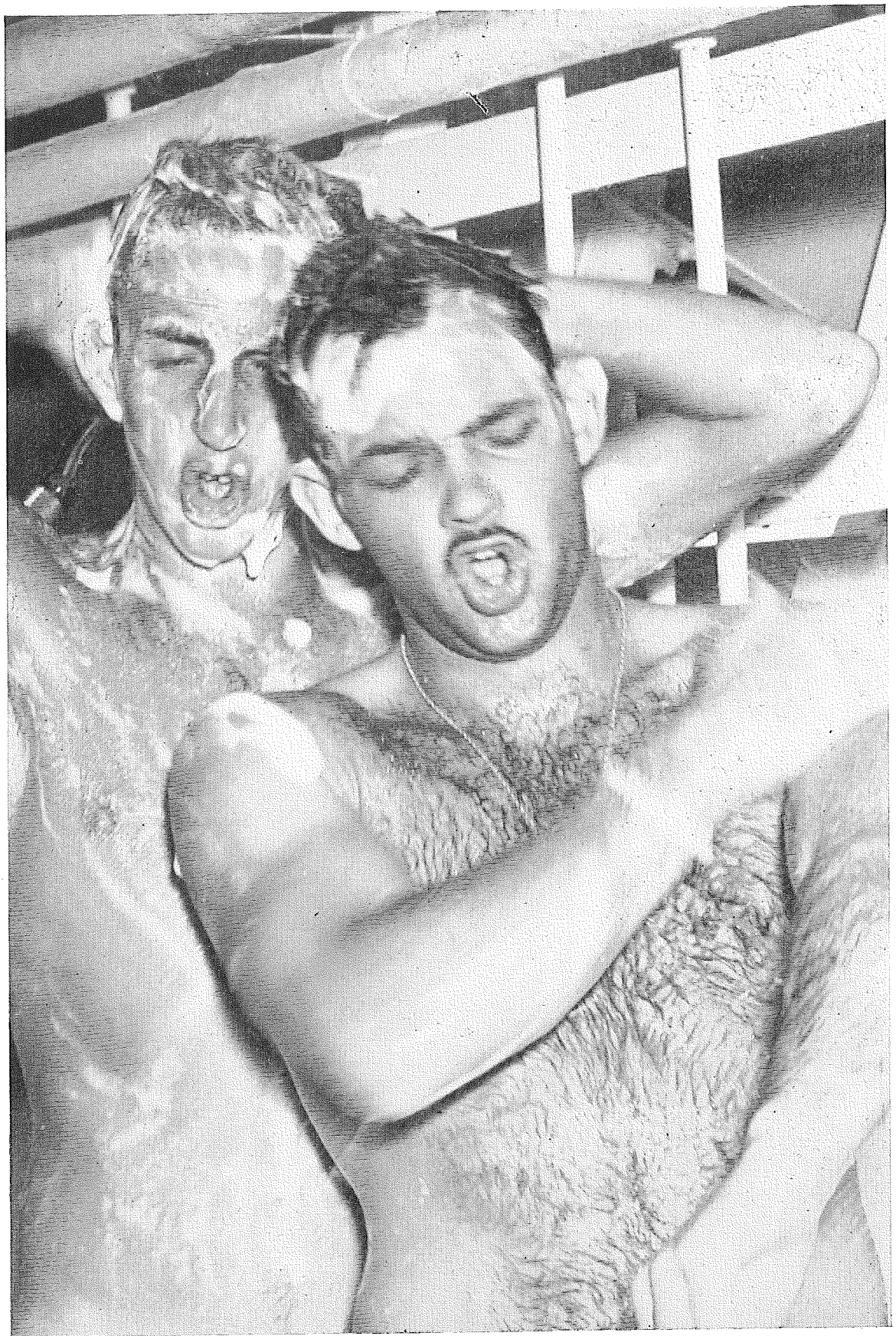


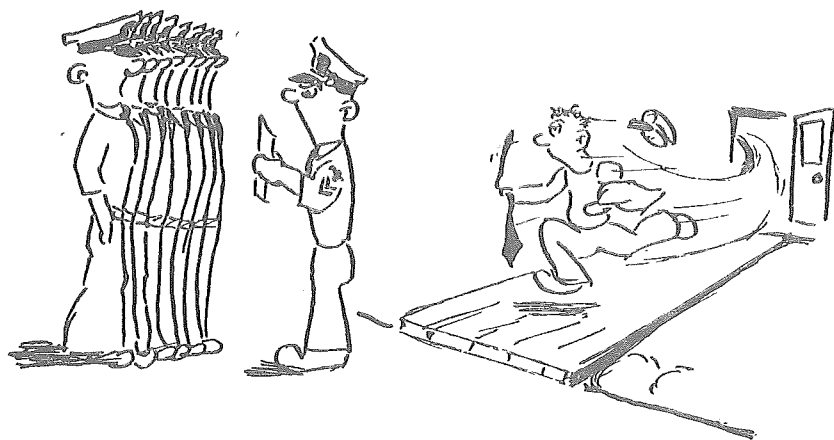
ORTON

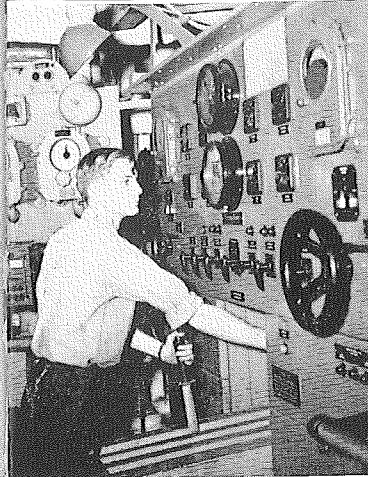
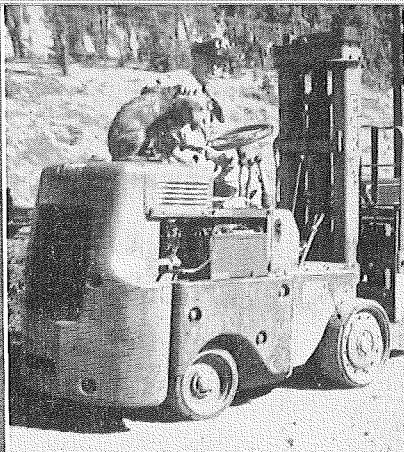
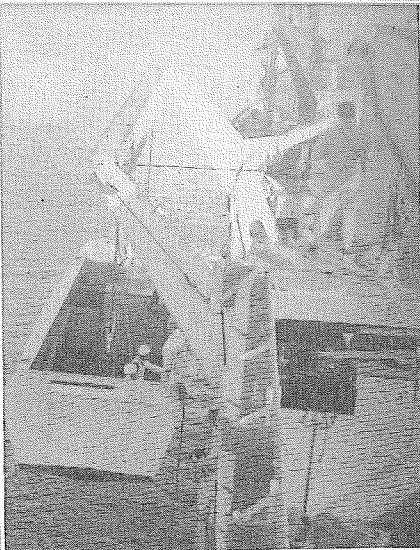
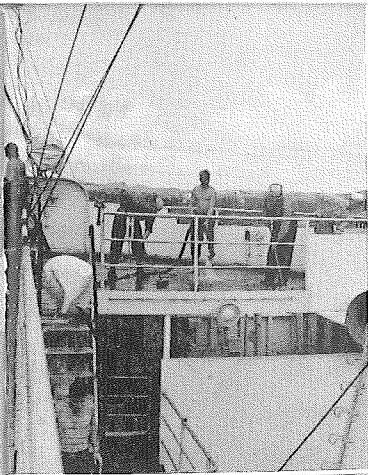


RICHARDS

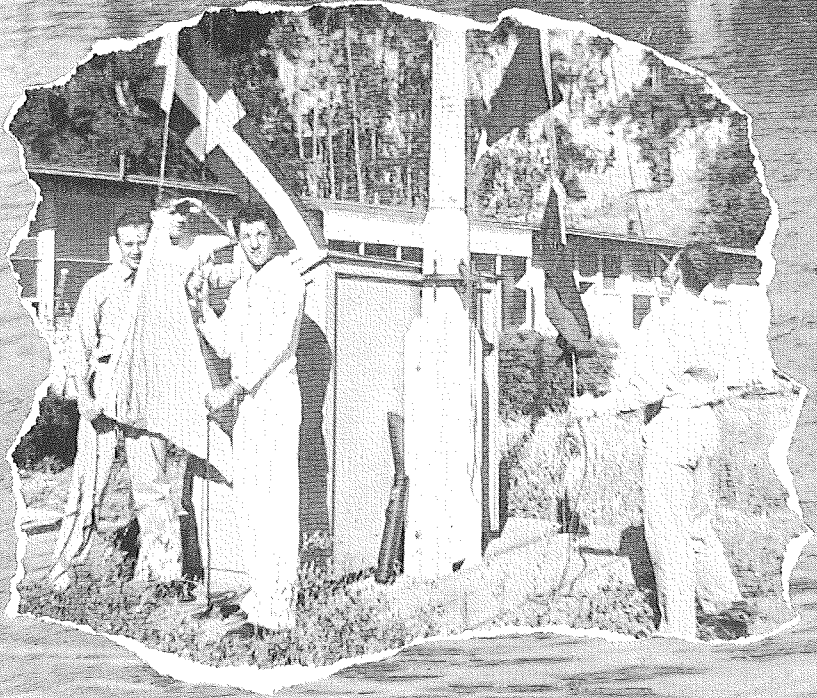




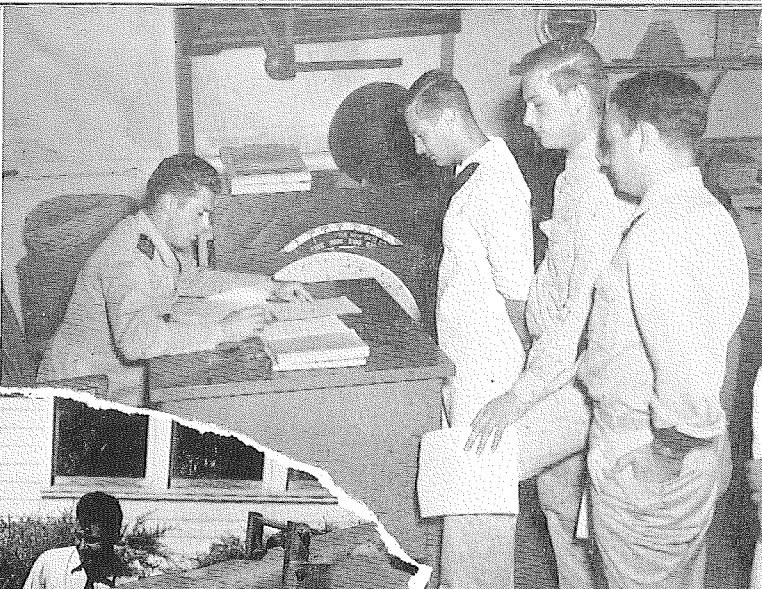
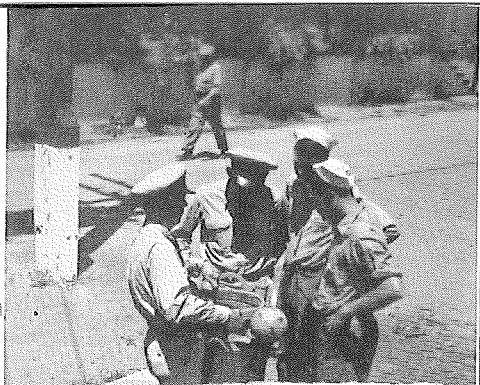


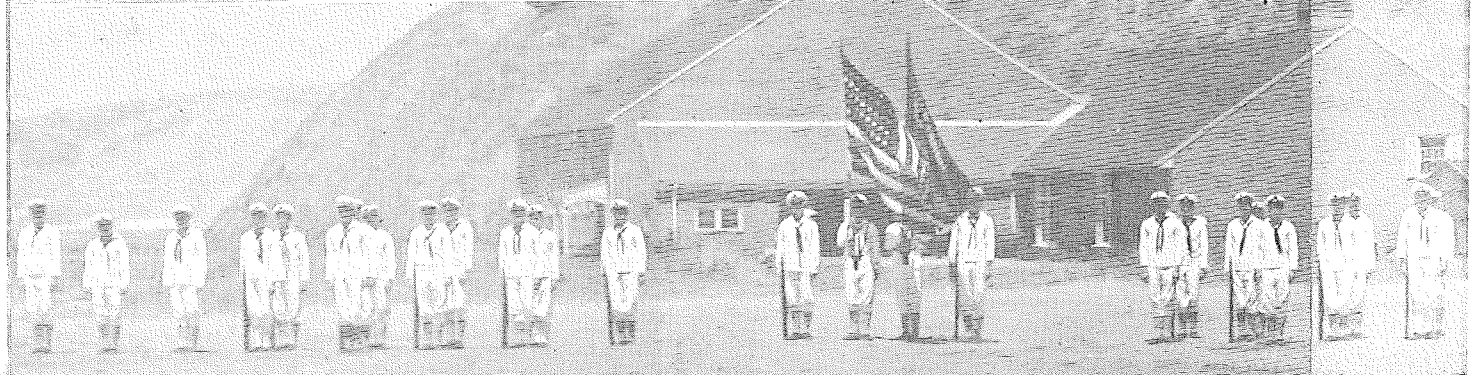
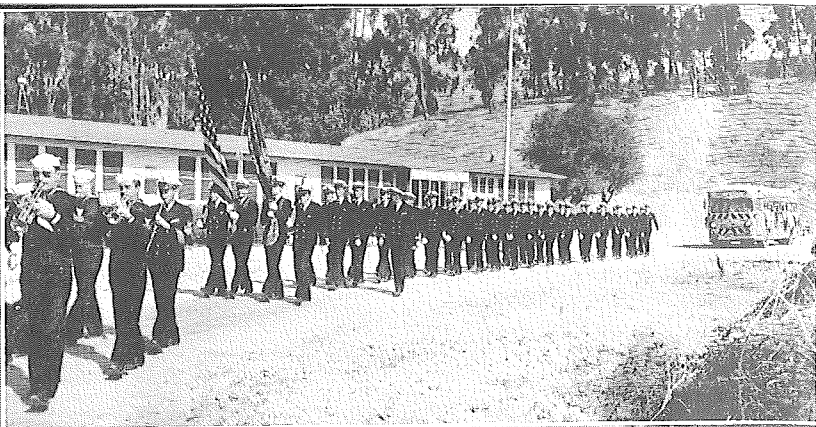
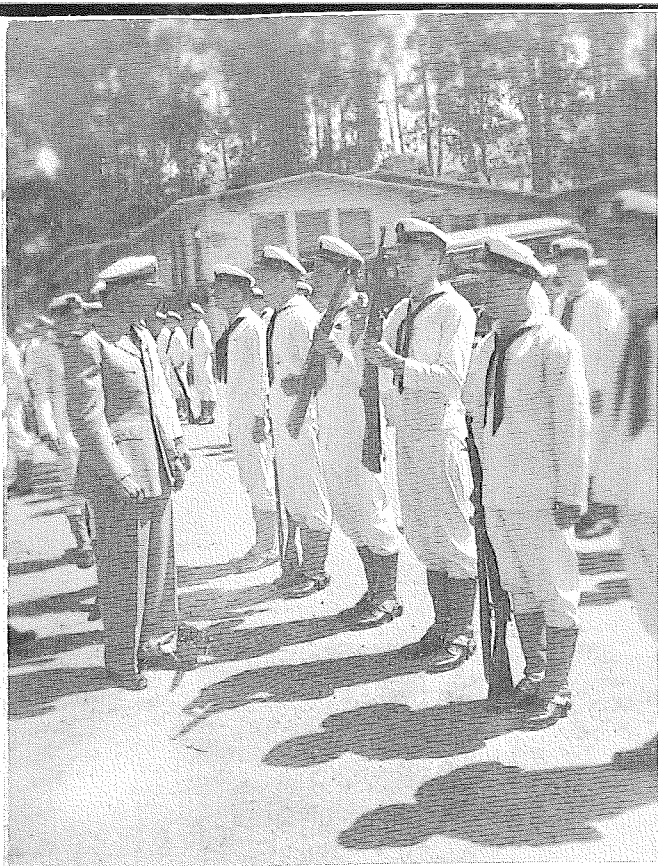


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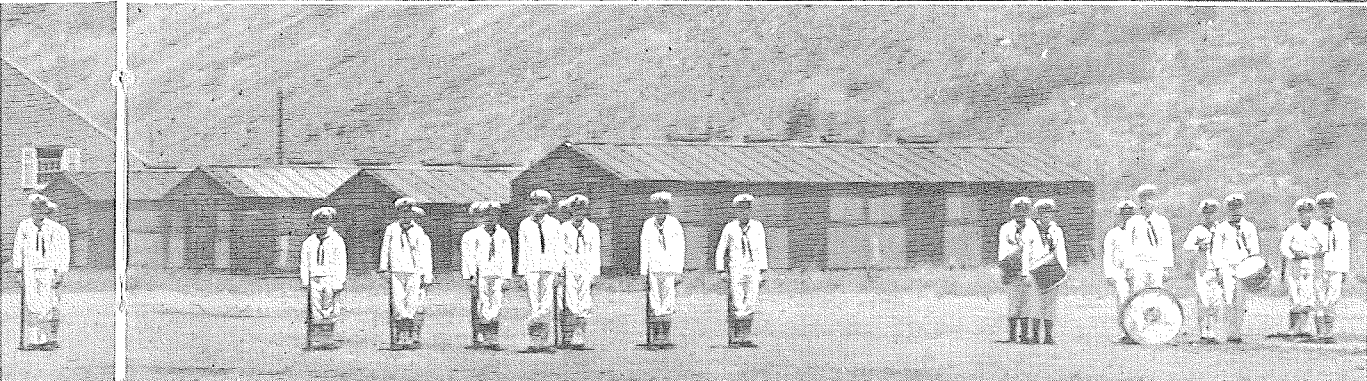


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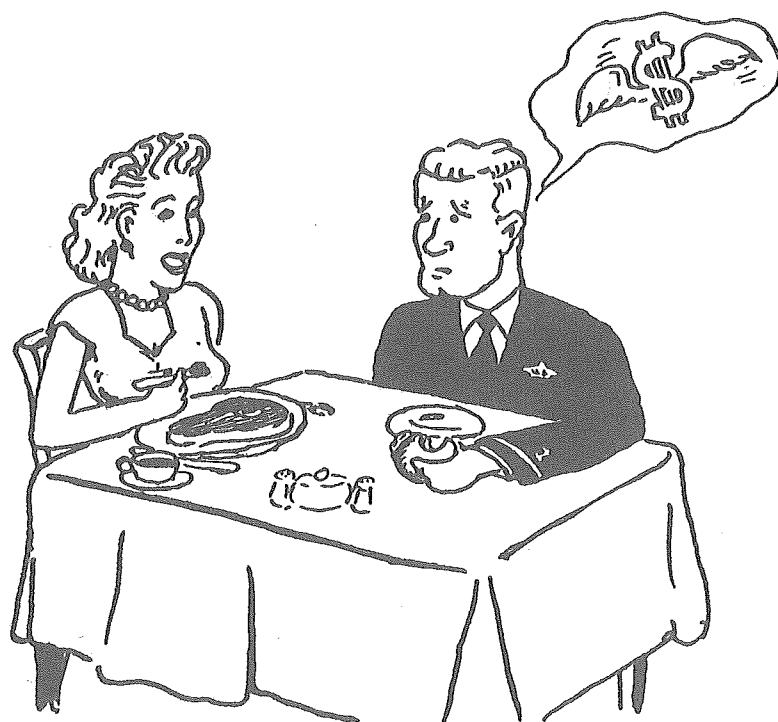


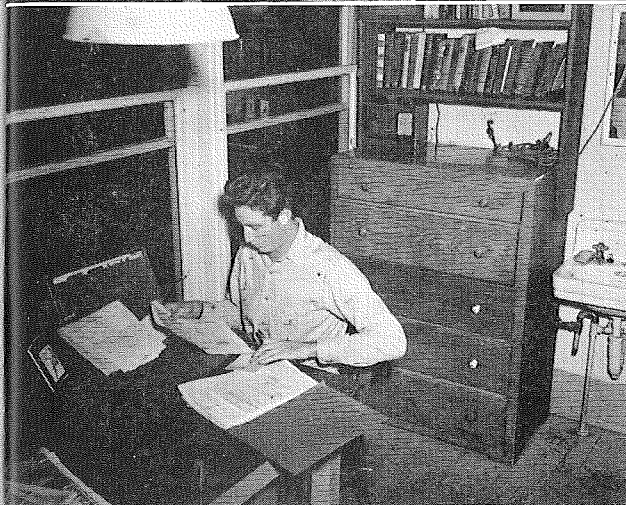
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A C T I V I T I E S





With the graduation of each class goes an assemblage of many different and outstanding personages and events. To gather together and record as many of these features as possible, a group of us have organized the Hawsepipe Staff and through the coöperation of many of the cadets have been able to produce this yearbook. It has entailed a good deal of tedious work for many of us which will be rewarded only by the comments received upon its successful completion. Yet there have been a number of enjoyable moments connected with the numerous investigations and contacts made. Yes, when we consider the future references to this book we can't help being proud and happy to have done our bit to help publish this edition.

Under the fostering hands of Bill Froehlich and Bob Alford, who acted in the capacity of co-editors, this Hawsepipe was drawn up. Without the work of Bob Kuykendall, who managed the financial end, we could never have reached the publication stage. Dick Nevins is responsible for nearly all of the pictures appearing herein. That was a large order. With the hard work and free time given by John Richardson as sports editor, Pat Smith as social editor, Lyle Snow on features, and Reed Williams as proofreader, things were well organized. We also recognize Beek, Kotelnikoff, Quittner, Tinsman, Rogers, Uhrich, and Ferrero as outstanding workers. Of course wonderful coöperation was given by both Officers and Cadets alike, which greatly lessened the task.

H A W S E P I P E

Froehlich, Alford, Co-editors.
Kuykendall, Business.
Nevins, Photography.
STANDING, left to right: Nevins, Snow, Ferrero, Williams, R.,
Richardson. SITTING: Alford, Froehlich, Smith.

B I N N A C L E

As sure as death and taxes the Academy's monthly publication, the Binnacle, may be relied upon to appear on the scene anywhere from 15 days to 3 months late, and never, no never, on the first of the scheduled month. But after all, every other publication in the country makes meeting their deadline of utmost importance, thus the Binnacle's bit of rugged individualism serves simply to give it character. Though the passing of the years has seen no improvement in punctuality, the Binnacle readers have seen the paper grow from a poorly mimeographed double page to a professional looking 12 page magazine of news articles, Academy gossip, pictures, and alumni features. The past year has seen a change in type style and page form resulting in a greatly improved appearance and allowing of greater flexibility.

Under the direction of Editor Arnold Quittner and Associate Editor Lysle Snow, certain policy changes have been affected. The publication of technical excerpts from the Coast Guard Bulletin, the personographys, and the Sea Knows were dropped and various other features introduced. A Sweetheart of CMA contest and Football pool marked the fall issues and stories and pictures of cruise filled the pages of the later issues. Other columns introduced included a Yachting Column and Chips from the Editor's Desk. The latter column marked the first time editorial comment on Academy policies were presented in the Binnacle. Also an innovation, an issue was prepared on cruise while running across the Gulf from Vera Cruz to New Orleans and the copy mailed to the printers in Oakland. The officer's wives stamped and addressed the Binnacles and mailed them out to subscribers while the training ship was on her way up the West Coast of Mexico to Magdalena Bay.

The Binnacle arrives on the scene through the work of a small but efficient staff of Midshipmen and the ever thankless but much appreciated work of its guardian, Mr. C. H. Tubbs, faculty advisor and censor extraordinary.

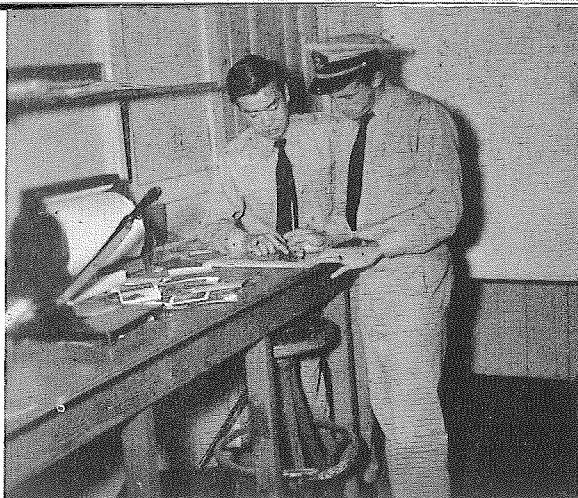
Quittner, Editor

Snow, Associate Editor.

STANDING, left to right: Wilkey, Snow, Nevins, Williams, I., Cunningham. SITTING: Carney, Williams, R., Quittner.

A Few Editions.





Yee, President; Nevins, Secretary.



BACK: Chamberlain, Meyer; FRONT: Quittner, Amsberry.

Existing under the capable supervision of President Dan Yee and Treasurer Dick Nevins, the CMA Camera Club is again closing out another successful year of operations. Even though the club is only three and a half years old, it is well equipped.

The Caribbean cruise provided a haven for camera fans. Many interesting and beautiful pictures were the product. Not only was there an everlasting supply of black and whites but multi-color transparencies showed up. Oh, those beautiful creatures!

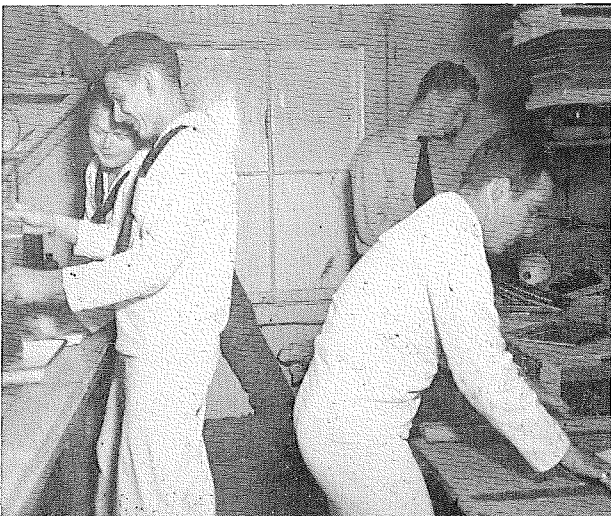
During the cruise much of the Camera Club's equipment was moved to the ship's darkroom, making this the first cruise where darkroom facilities were available. Many a Middie has spent long dark hours to see his latest masterpiece slowly appear on a piece of white paper. Some of the Middies have captured scenes on film of the thrilling Mardi Gras celebration in New Orleans and had prints of them home before they were for sale! That is one of the most thrilling things a person can do, "Be first," and this is precisely what we have done.

The camera shack is once more buzzing with excitement, enlargers kept busy, print washer running continuously, print dryer working overtime, and eager eyes waiting to see the results. Yes, pictures are being made in mass production for the Hawsepipes and for friends and relatives.

Now, as the time grows short and the club officers are about to graduate, we find that elections must be held again. In our high office we find John Meyer taking over, and the treasurer's books and headaches go to "Ronnie" Parker. Both men are expert photographers and we wish them happy shooting for the coming year.

Whalen, Parker, Alford, Gates.

STANDING, left to right: Chamberlain, Gates, Parker, Milani, Amsberry, Meyer, Whalen. KNEELING: Alford, Krambuhl, Snow, Yee, Quittner, Nevins.



CADET SERVICE

With the graduation of each class, the duties and responsibilities upheld by the members during their previous year are passed on to the new first class. One of the more important functions administered by the members of the first class is the Cadet Service Fund. This fund, although primarily designated to finance the midshipmen on their occasional sprees, is also used for the purchase of recreational equipment, the maintenance of subscriptions to such periodicals as daily newspapers and magazines of general interest. It also handles funds of other Midshipman activities such as the Propeller Club, Camera Club, and the Binnacle.

With the approval of the Superintendent and under the guidance of the Commandant, two midshipmen act as custodians and "check-signers." By tradition, the two appointed administrators are Cadet Chief Engineer from the engineering class and a qualified man from the deck class. This year those duly authorized are Kenneth Quandt and Irving Williams.

At regular intervals throughout the year all books, funds, and statements are checked by an auditing board composed of three officers of the Academy selected by the Superintendent.

Upon entrance into the Academy each Midshipman places a standard fee into the fund and from this is drawn sufficient amounts to cover expenses for such approved activities as may be planned by them.



Williams, I., Quandt

PROPELLER CLUB



Wainwright, Walsh; Officers

The purpose of the Propeller Club of the United States is to provide an organization of the men and women of the allied maritime industries to further the promotion of the maritime industry of the United States including: world trade, national defense, ship repair, federal legislation, inland waterways, cargo handling, public relations, research, safety, training, and seaman's welfare. Each year the Propeller Club sponsors the American Merchant Marine Conference designed to study and coordinate these activities of the Maritime Industry.

Since the conception of the club in New York in 1927, one hundred and three ports have been chartered. The port of California Maritime Academy was so honored on 30 August 1934 as a Student Port, the thirteenth educational institution chartered. Other Student Ports include Yale University, University of Washington, University of Notre Dame, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

In 1938 the University of Washington inaugurated the Phi Sigma Phi award for students who were outstanding in the field of transportation and shipping and to give these students a ranking similar to that accorded students in other fields such as law, chemistry, engineering, and medicine.

In the last twenty years the Propeller Clubs have endeavored to promote the Maritime Industry. It will be through these efforts that the United States will maintain its place in world trade.

TRAINING SHIP GOLDEN STATE

Here we find the final picture of the well-known Training Ship Golden State on its way to the graveyard, stripped and cleaned of its gear, going under the Carquinez Bridge for the last time. Knowing that her work has been given to a good cause she will always be looked upon as a great ship by the graduating classes of CMA.

GYRO SCHOOL

It was Leo's day that Thursday. Ah, yes, Gyro School San Francisco. Gyroscopes, girls, phantom element, drink element, Phil's Fish Bowl and back to Gyro. Here we spent two weeks of hard studying, learning how to take a gyro apart blindfolded—blindfolded from the previous night, that is. All in all, it was a very exciting two weeks.

CHRISTENING

Miss Virginia Warren, the lovely daughter of Governor Earl Warren, christened the new Training Ship with the name known to all of us as Golden Bear. The ship is now a full-fledged training ship and is now docked at the base in Vallejo. Other things happened that day: dedicating the new gym, speeches by admirals, teas, etc., and, oh yes—a graduation.

LORAN

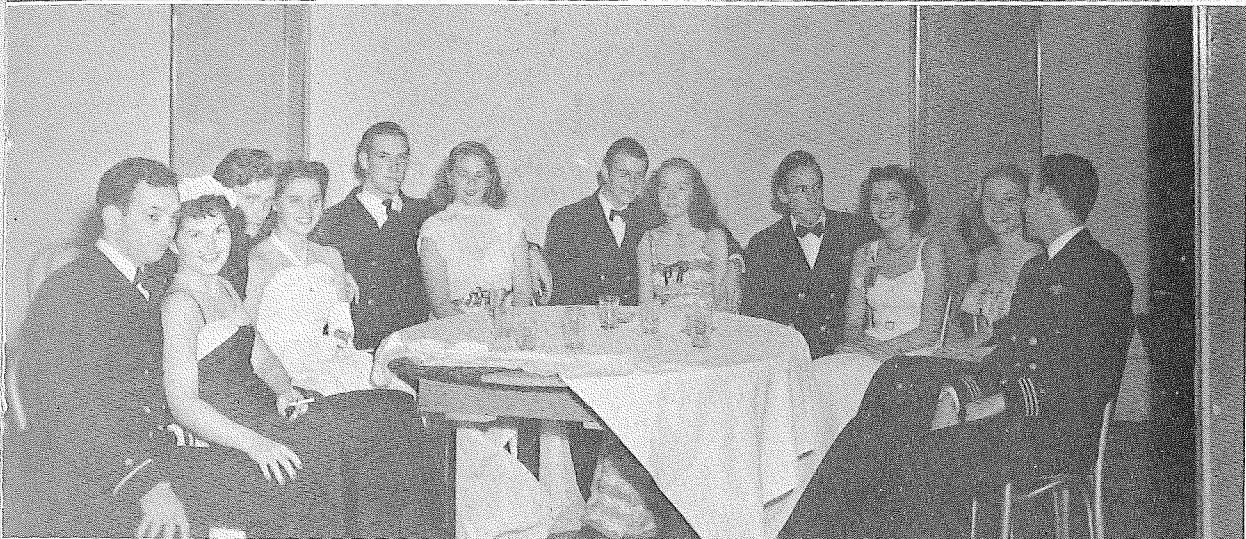
For the men who can't place the word, it means "Long Range Navigation." How we remember our trips every day across the Bay Bridge to the navy base known to all of us as T. I. Here the class learned all the uses of Loran and Radar. We have only one set aboard the T. S., sooooo, "Radar" seems to have a monopoly.

REMEMBER HAZING?

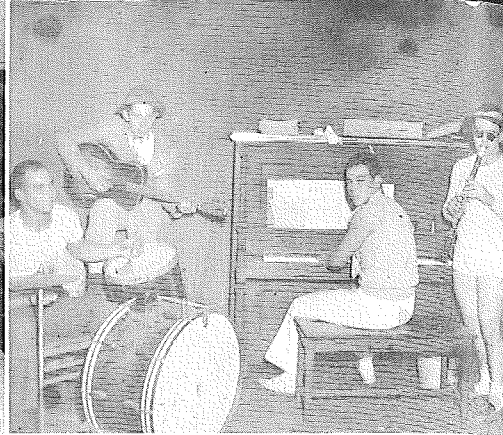
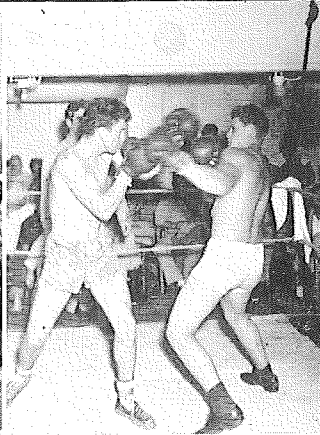
What? Hazing? Never heard of it before! Of course, we remember men like "Doc" Murk, "Mary" Morgan and some of the finer graduates who helped us through our swab term. We will always remember those first two meetings with the upperclassmen, not to mention the many chalk talks throughout our swab term. Them days are gone forever, we hope.



R I N G D A N C E

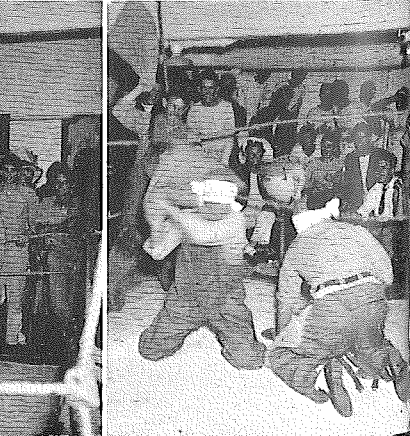
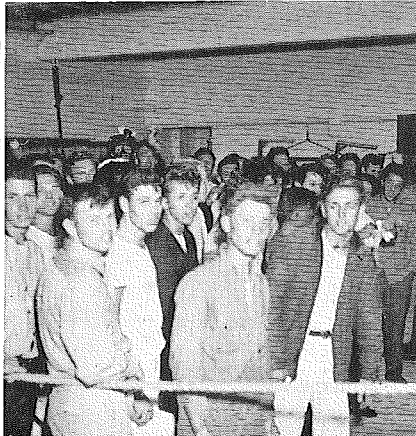
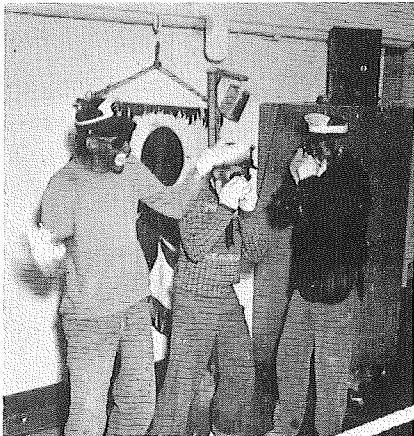


S M O K E R

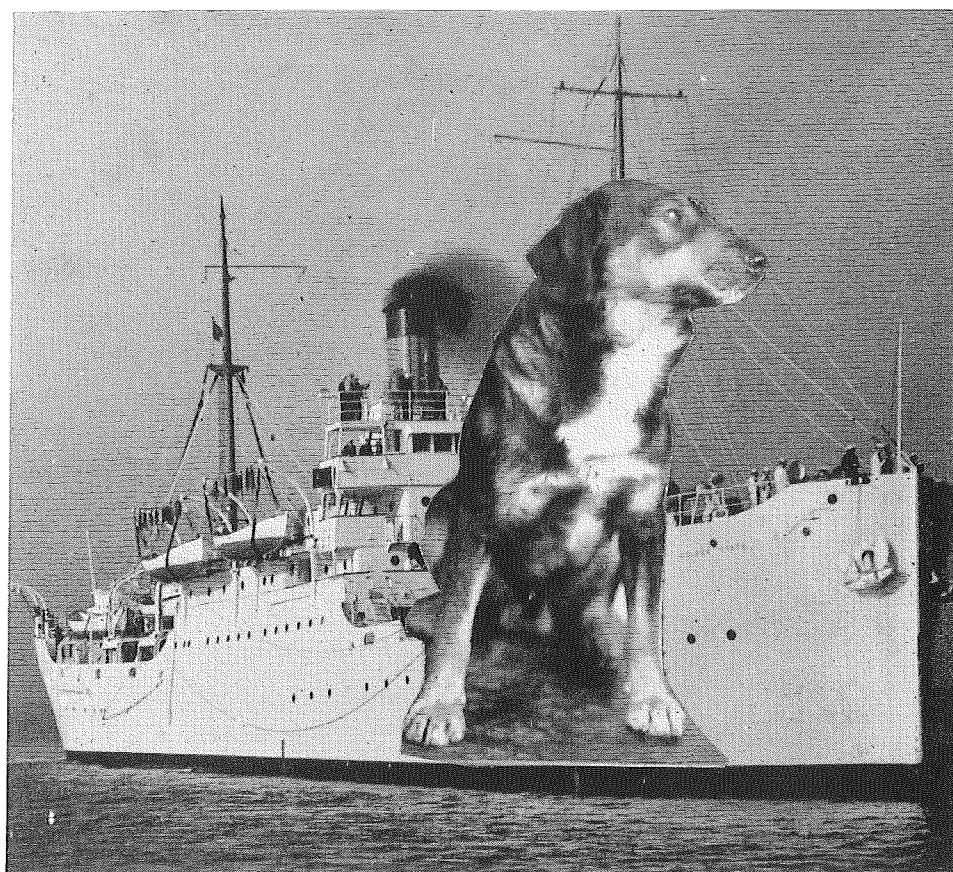


It was on Saint Patrick's day, March 17th, Magdalen Bay, that the traditional cruise smoker took place. It started at 0800 with the raising of the "Irish Pennant" on the foremast while the formation of men sang "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." Mr. Holly was seen peeping through the port with his green hat.

That evening the smoker truly got underway. There were such things as the crazy goon Pat Smith as M.C., with the help of Bill Rogers. Mr. Halman was the first to sign the Irish Pennant because of his skill in making the pennant and the costume worn by the M.C. There were excellent skits by the 2nd and 3rd classes, Ford as Captain Mayo and Bowersox as Doc McLin. As usual Tinsman and Porterfield came through. Igor (Eager) Kotelnikoff and P.S. came through, giving the officers egg shampoos, water baths, and pillow fights. These and many other exciting things happened, not to mention the exciting boxing matches, followed by singing and refreshments by Mr. Morgan.

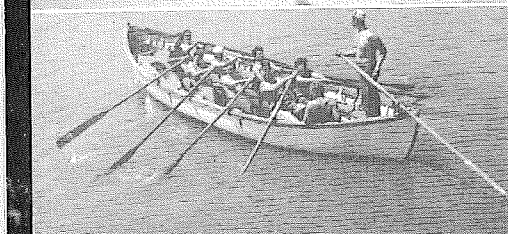
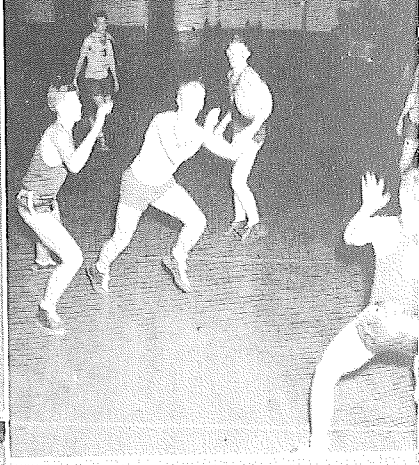
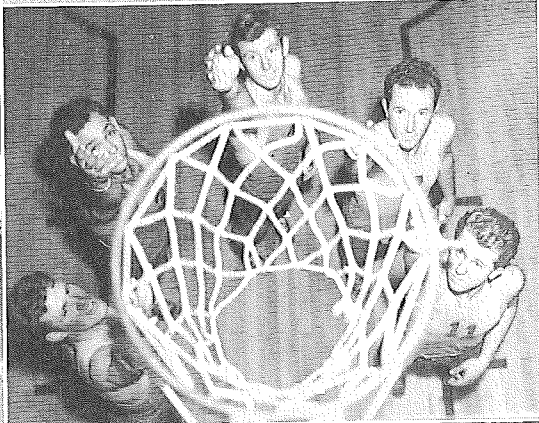
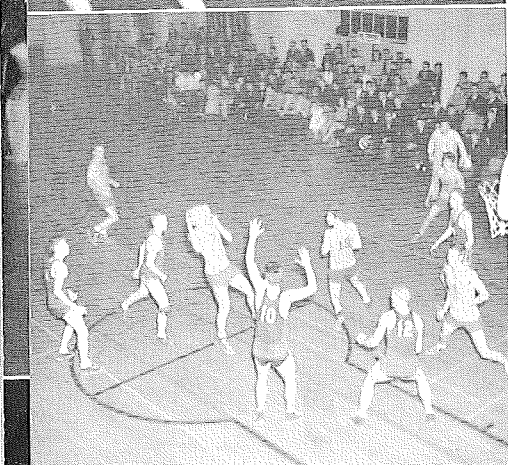
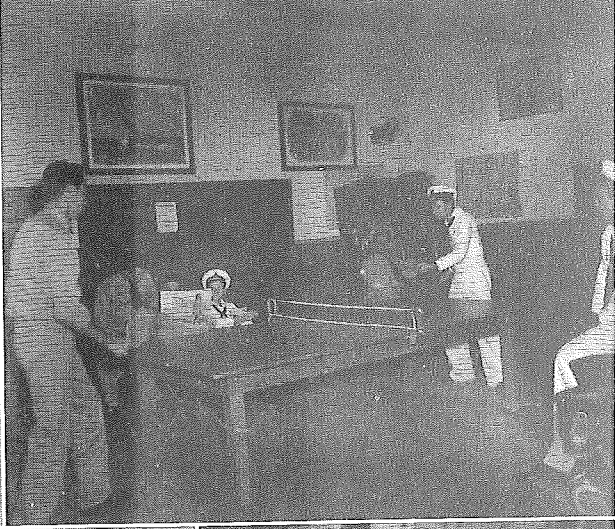
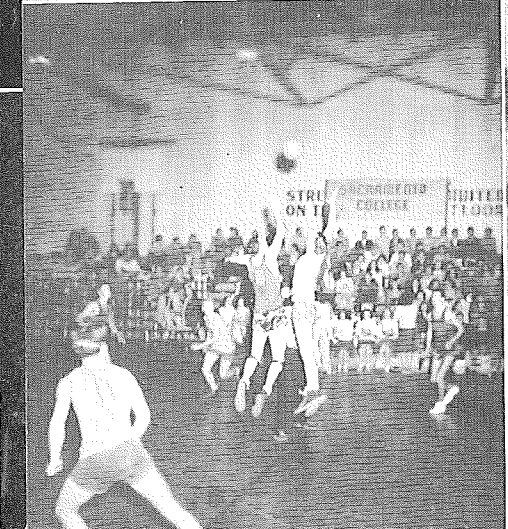


I N M E M O R I A M



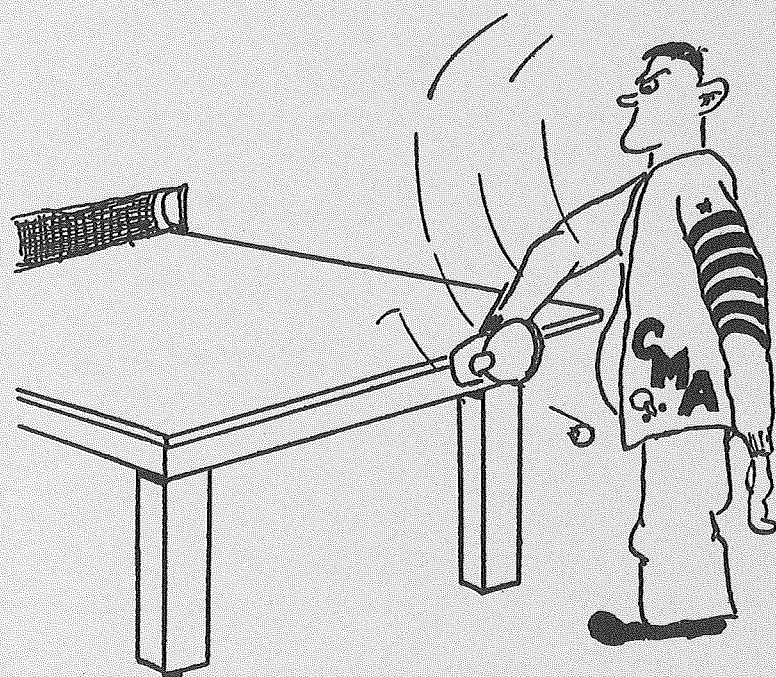
For the last four years there has been one thoroughly dependable personality at the Academy. "Scratch" could be counted on to be a friend in need, to be here for company on lonely weekends, to be at mess regularly. He has never been known to put anyone on report, pass out a weekend restriction, or complain about a dirty uniform. In the "good ol' days" of hazing. Scratch was the only friend the Swabbie had. He provided us all with endless laughs at his incredible store of looney ideas. That half-ton stick he could never manage to catch kept his idle moments busy and ours full of laughs. He seemed to have an inexhaustible flow of ideas for new and crazier things to do. Scratch was in some ways as salty as they come (he loved swimming), but managed to be pretty ill in rough weather.

Scratch never adjusted to the atomic age. The timetable had to be met, and we left New Orleans with Scratch still ashore (or maybe he just couldn't stand the thought of some more Caribbean weather). We have tried, but have been unable to locate him. It has been said that one who loves dogs should never own one. We think that in a way we have gotten around this rule. Scratch was separated from us in his prime, and we can always feel that he is still having happy hunting somewhere in that exotic city of the Mardi Gras. Whatever happens to him, we wish him good luck.

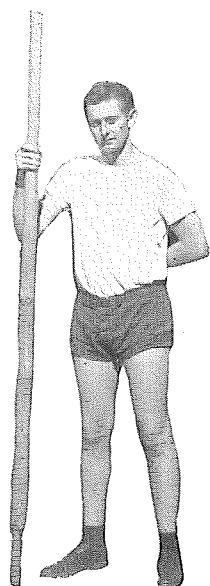


A T H L E T I C S

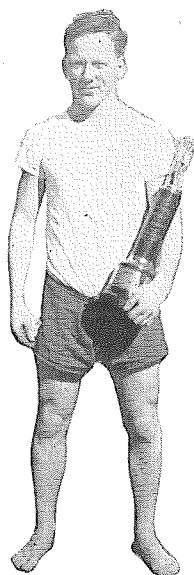




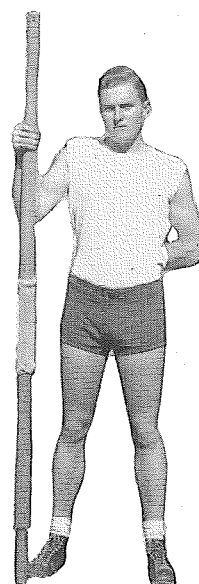
BOATS



FITZGERALD



BOWERSOX, Coxswain

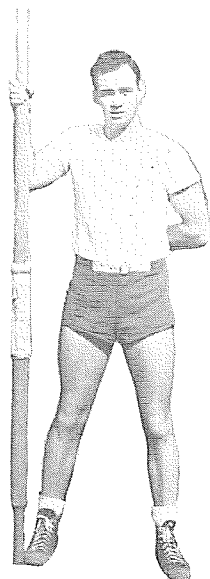


JOHNSTON

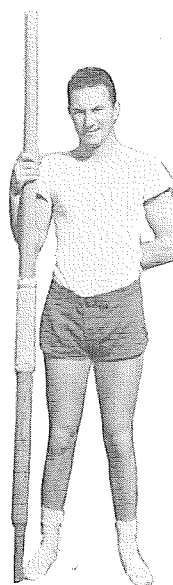
California Maritime Academy has a record which is envied by everyone—that of never having been defeated in a rowing race in its history. This record was again successfully defended in Long Beach Harbor, March 1946, when the Academy crew consisting of Fitzgerald, Johnston, Richardson, Braly, and Kotelnikoff and coxswained by Bowersox, defeated a crew from the Alumni over a 2,000-yard course and was awarded the C. B. Mayo perpetual trophy for their efforts. That same afternoon the Academy sailing boat coxswained by Walsh was defeated in a spectacular race by the Alumni.

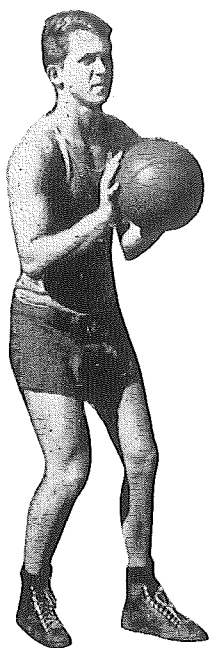
Rowing and sailing are part of the Academy's curriculum and every Midshipman participates in both sports. (With the addition of the new Seamanship building and boat-house ample space is now provided for expert instruction in sail repairs and other vitally important fundamental necessities of a good sailor.) These are the oldest forms of sea travel known to maritime nations, and are thus ever important in the training of the future followers of the sea.

RICHARDSON



KOTELNIKOFF





OLSON



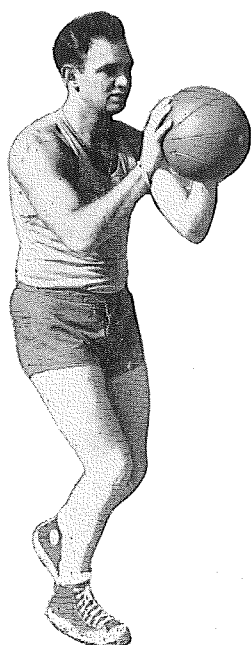
WELCH



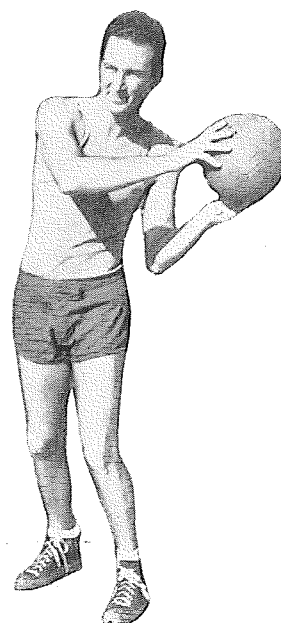
QUANDT

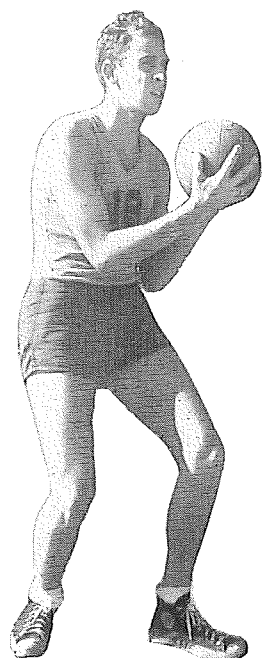
October 30, 1946, marked the start of the second season of basketball for the Academy in the new "era." Hopes were high on the campus for a great season with the return of such veterans as Kotelnikoff, Richardson, and Welch from the '45-'46 varsity. The Academy hoopsters fulfilled all the expectations and anticipations of everyone by returning from 16 contests with 11 victories and five defeats. Among those defeated by the Sea Wolves were such formidable teams as the San Francisco Navy Yard, Letterman General Hospital, USMTS at San Mateo and the YMCA team of Kingston, Jamaica.

RICHARDSON

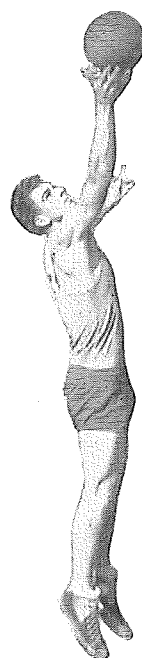


KOTELNIKOFF





WILLIAMS, R.



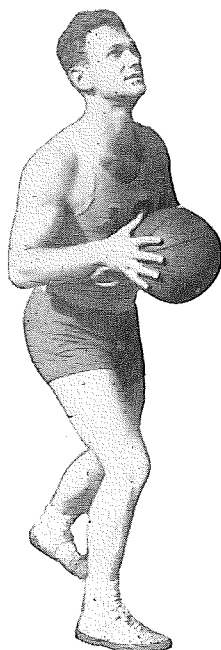
ALFORD



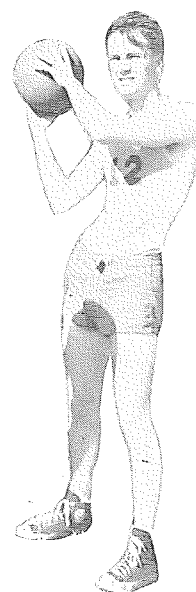
PORTERFIELD

It is hard to single out any one player as the star of the team. There was no outstanding individual. The team played as a unit, thus working together to merit victory. Each man had his own attributes which helped make the season a truly great success: Olson's deadly eye, Quandt's aggressiveness under the bucket, Welch's speed and height combined with his sensational hook shot, Kotelnikoff's tight guarding and those two points when you needed them, Richardson's cool leadership and ability to pull two points out of impossible situations when needed most. These combined with height, coolness, agility, speed and quick thinking of Quittner, Porterfield, Alford, Williams, and Rogers helped mold the victorious unit which was the pride of CMA.

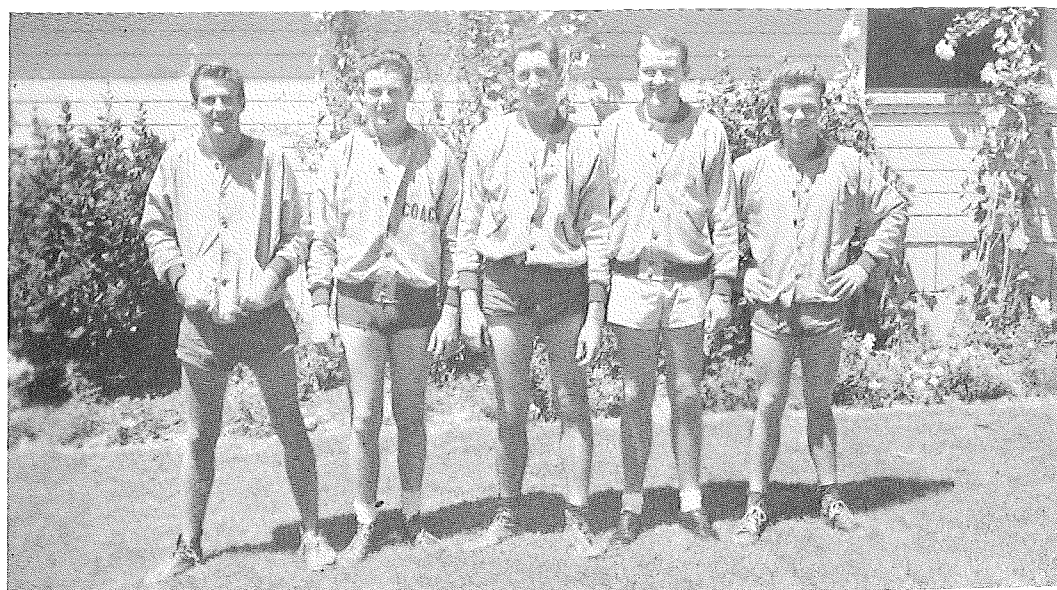
QUITTNER



ROGERS



B A S K E T B A L L



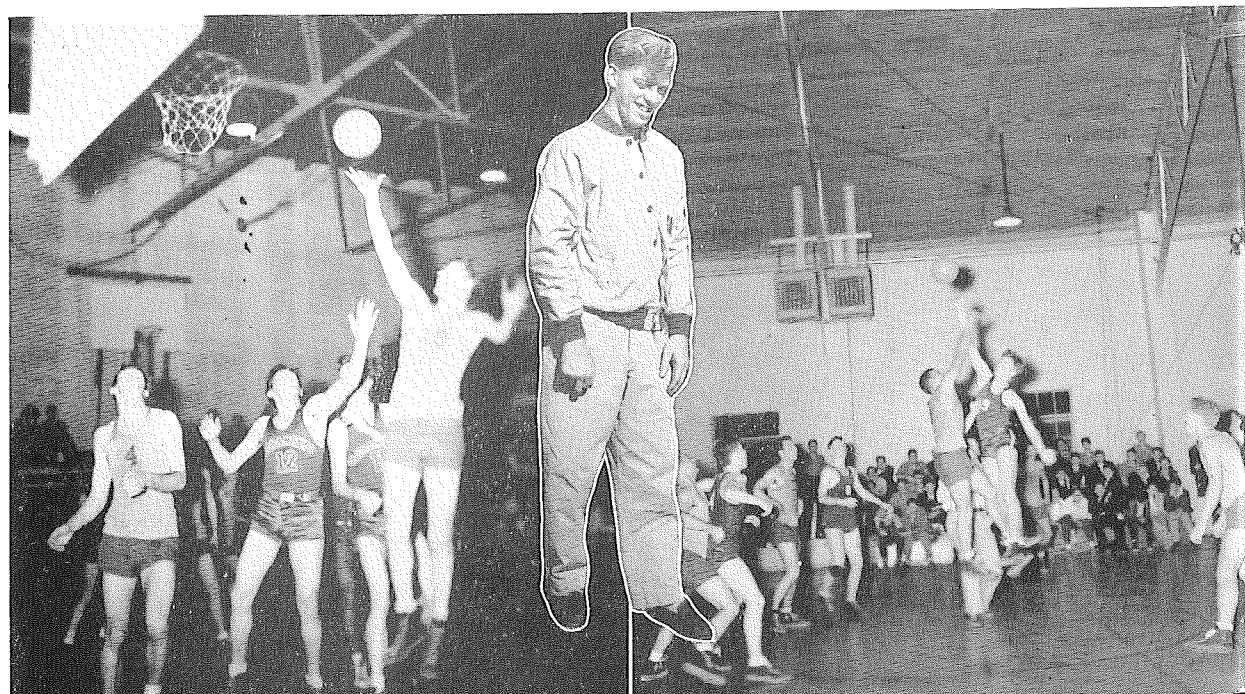
LEFT TO RIGHT: Dux, McCullough, Kuykendall, Hargis, Wilkey. MISSING: Johnston.

Junior Varsity Basketball, a new innovation at the college of the sea, has as its prime purpose the giving of experience to players who lack not in ability, but in the valuable playing time needed to develop a good basketball player. The JV's were not as fortunate as their seniors, winning only one of their numerous practice games and scrimmages, but scores don't mean everything. A world of talent was unearthed in their outings. Future CMA greats such as Johnston, McCullough, and McClure were discovered. Other men in their senior year whose ability and quick thinking gained on the hardwood may help them in later life were: Kuykendall, Brennan, Hargis, Snow, and Smith, who was the varsity manager and a truly hard worker.

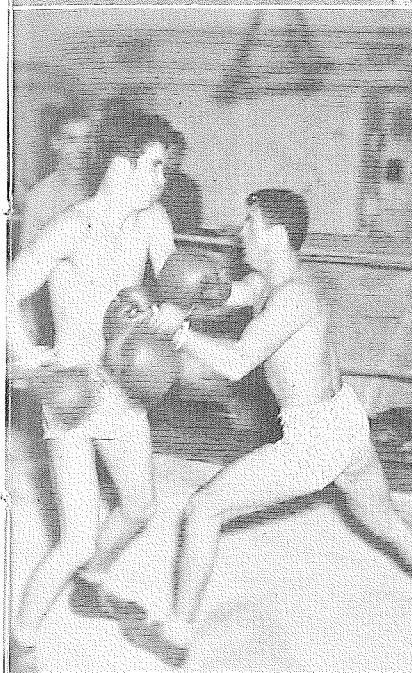
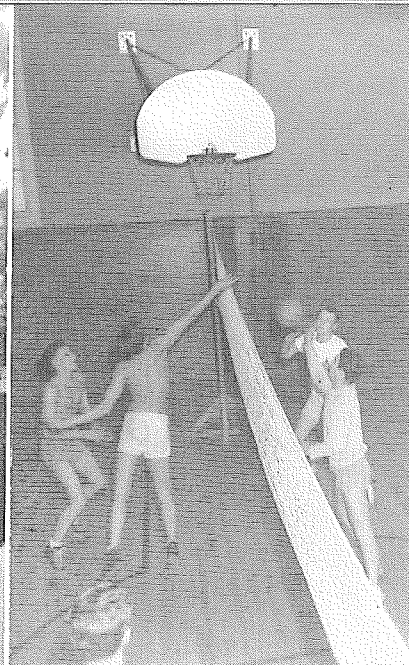
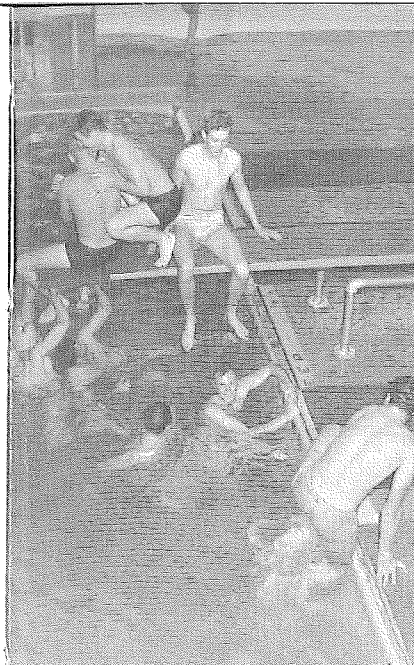
SEASON RECORD

CMA	Opposition	CMA	OPPOSITION
68	U.S.S. FULTON	47	YERBA BUENA ISLAND
35	M. I. NAVAL HOSPITAL	29	U.S.M.T.S. SAN MATEO
31	VALLEJO J. C.	45	OLYMPIC CLUB J. V.
39	OAK KNOLL	45	AZUSA DONS
40	LETTERMAN HOSPITAL	39	RED DEVILS
48	VALLEJO HIGH	44	U.S.M.T.S. PASS CHRISTIAN
39	S. F. NAVY YARD	60	Y.M.C.A. KINGSTON
36	SACRAMENTO J. C.	35	WESTMONT COLLEGE

SMITH, Manager.



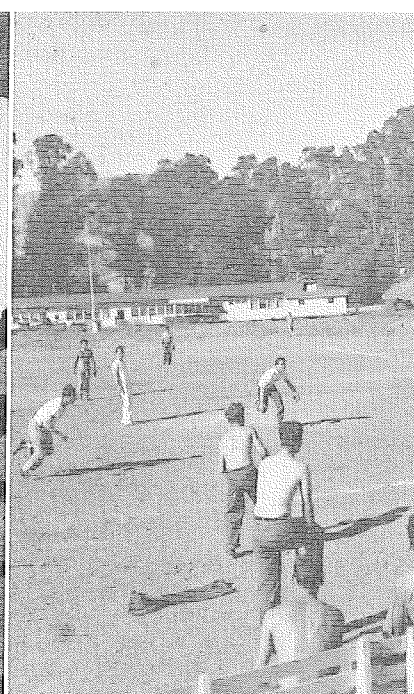
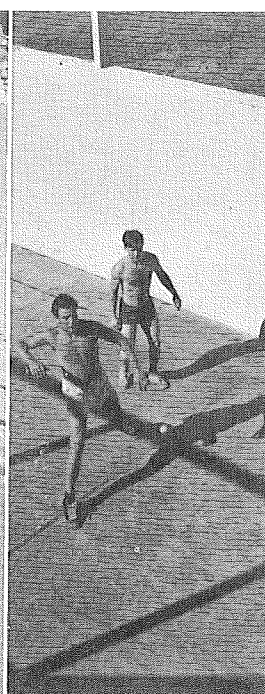
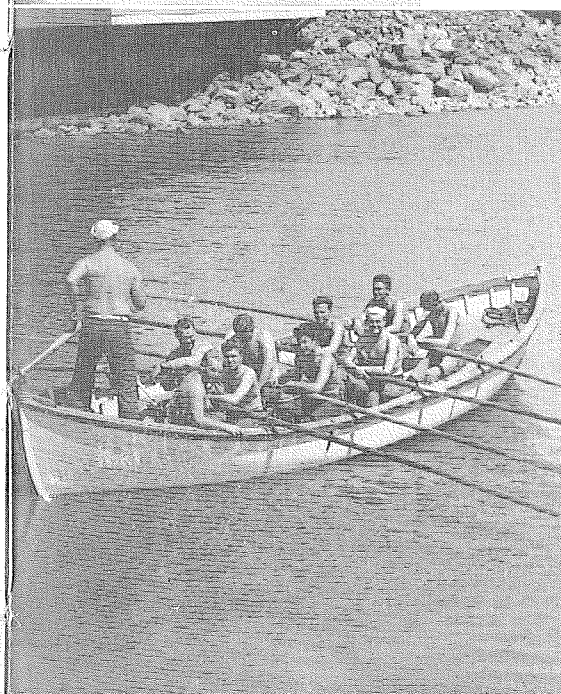
GENERAL

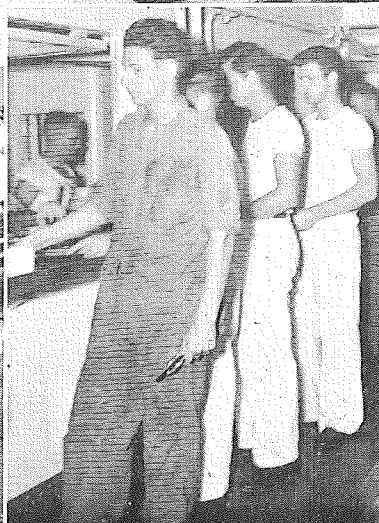
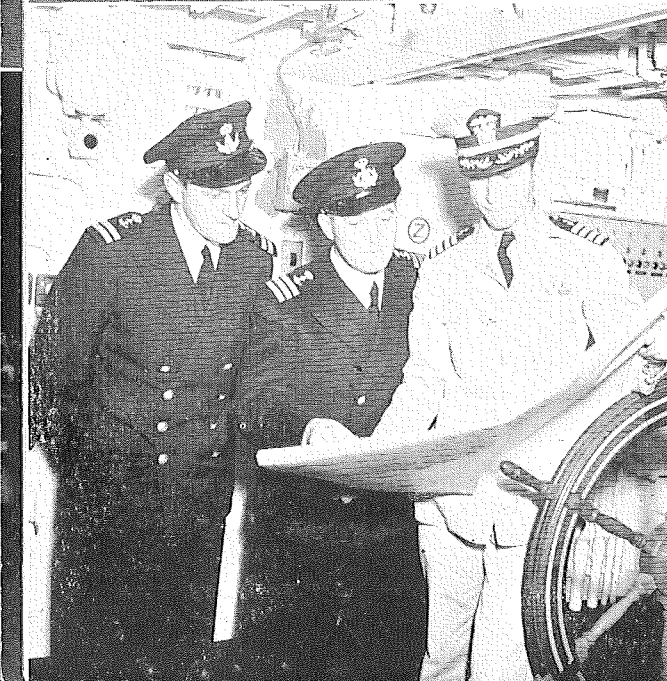
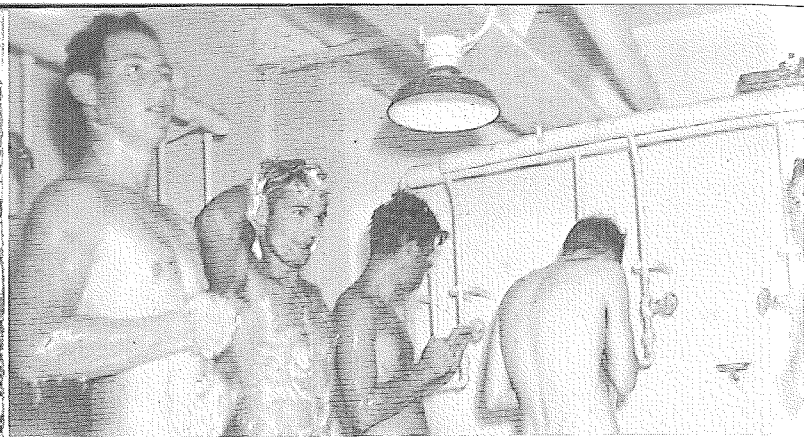


In addition to organized Academy teams, every Midshipman participates in some other sport. One of the finest gymnasiums and natatoriums in the Bay Area affords the best possible background for extracurricular activities. Daily the swimming pool is crowded and competition is keen in all types of water sports. Inter-class volleyball holds the spotlight on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons; on any of these days you'd be sure to find Deiter Rall and Bob Whalen blowing off steam over some minor technicality. Tuesday and Thursday find the attention shifted to the baseball diamond where inter-division games are being played. All divisions have a strong representation but "C" Division and the Officers always seem to come out as the winners.

Those Middies who wish to play golf are able to use the nearby Vallejo City links. Tennis, boxing, and tumbling hold the interest of many, as does handball.

The old proverb "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is truly realized at the "Campus of the Sea," and with this in mind every opportunity for extracurricular activities is encouraged and provided for the Midshipman.

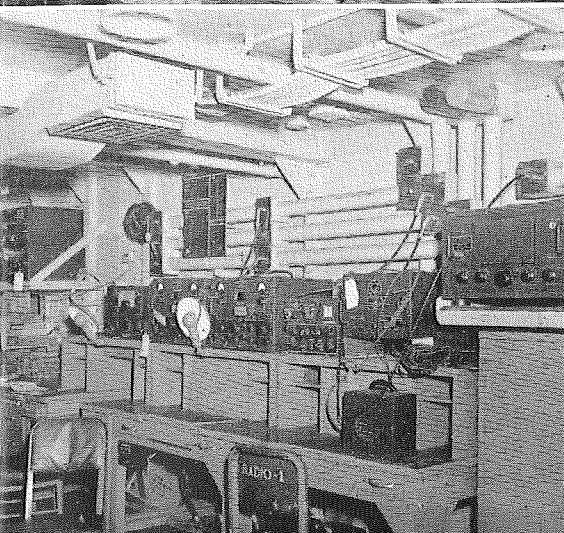
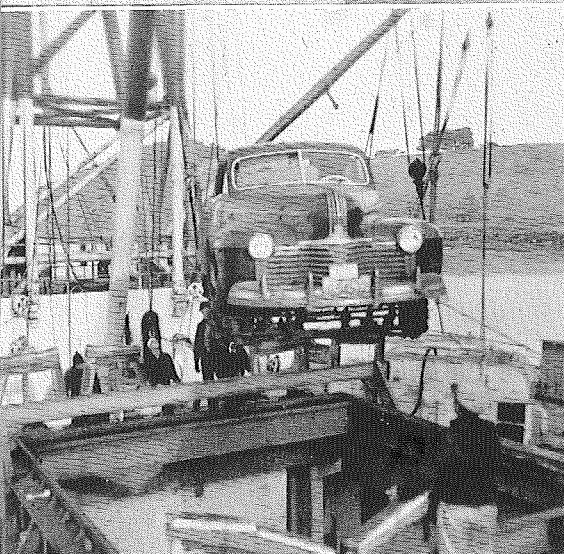
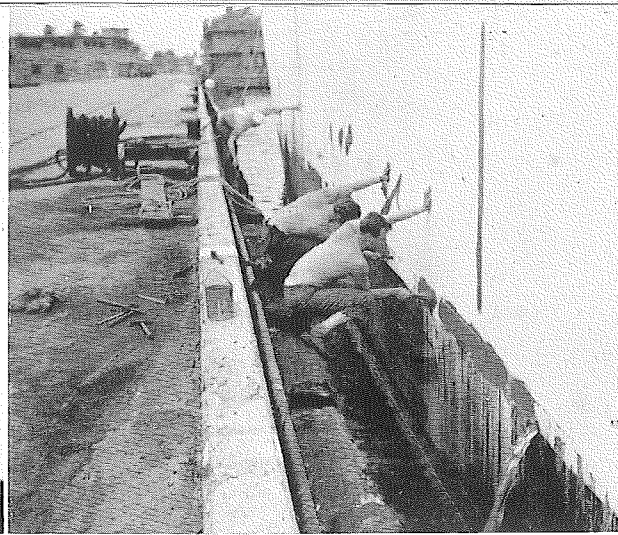
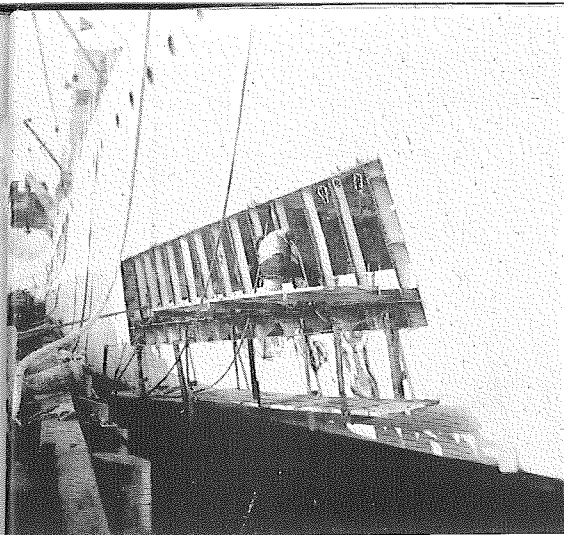




C R U I S E





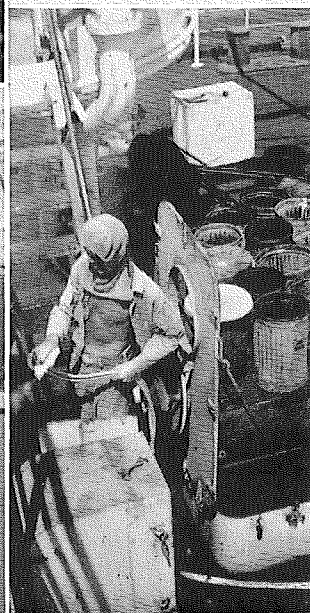


"Hey, Pa, Gee look at that sleek ship." Such may have been the remark as the Golden Bear sailed into San Diego on the morning of 21 March. How true these words were and how proud the Cadet Corps was. For in the space of several months, a small but efficient group of salty seamen had converted the ex-Navy ship into a trim craft—the pride of California.

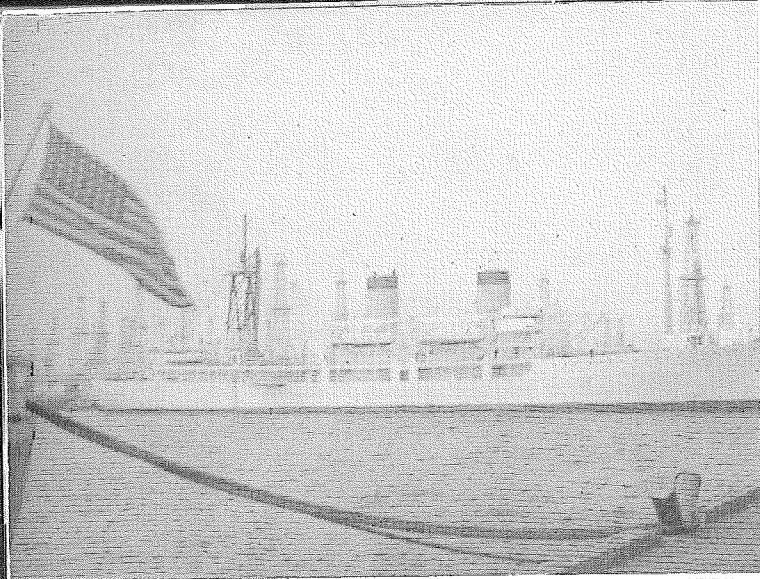
However, it was not done overnight or entirely by the Kaydets. The navy decommissioned the U.S.S. Mellena in June 1946, at the Sperry Dock on the Mare Island Channel. From that date 'til early in January when the '47 cruise began there followed an intense reconversion with the salts tearing down and the shipyard's men painting and building up 'til the Golden Bear was ready for the briny deep.

Then the cruise—new ports, picture taking, Cerveza, No, No, No, Chip, wire brush, red lead, paint—"Quick, more paint, my bucket is empty." Paint—white, red deck, buff, more white—and black boot topping.

And so we sailed into San Diego, beautiful ship; fine lines, and Kaydets, tired, paint covered—but proud of the new training ship—the Golden Bear.



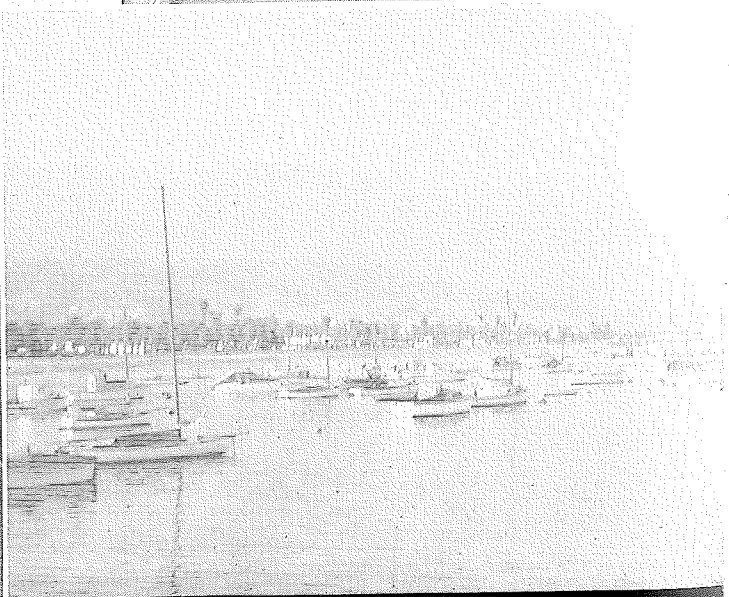
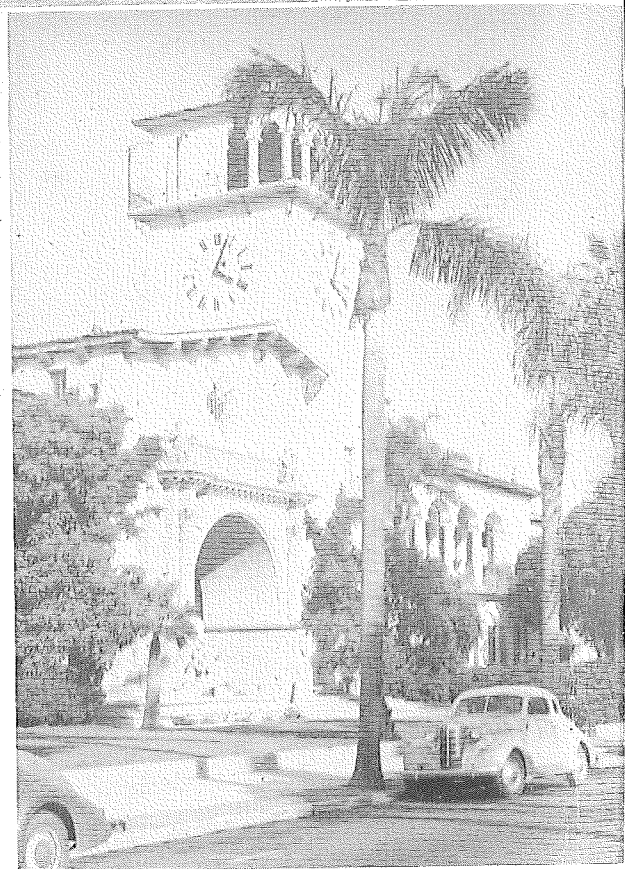
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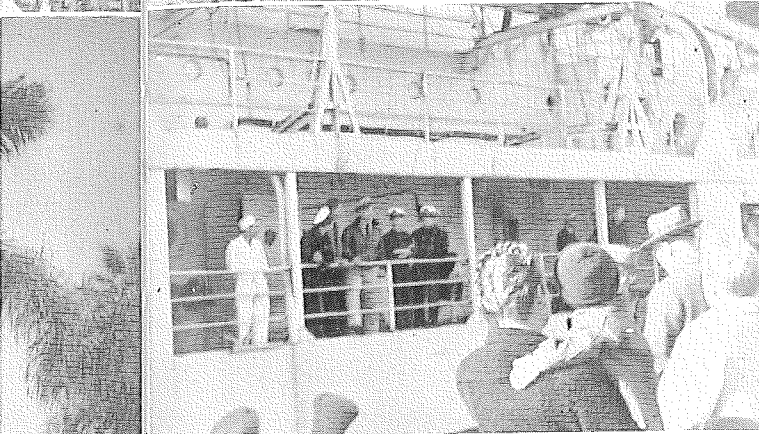
Just one more foreign port, San Diego, and then home to the Estados Unidos. March 25, a morning long anticipated by many a cadet, was a beautiful day and San Diego never looked better. Lines were thrown ashore—many of the San Diego cadets trying to volunteer as monkey-fists. Many an old acquaintance was renewed, and many an old acquaintance was not—ah—well it's O. K. Tom, we'll give 'er hell in the next port. Being so close to the border, J.T. Marine was a natural. Usual question was "Tiajuana?"

We reluctantly took leave of "Dear Diego" and steamed on to Long Beach. We used C.M.A.—San Pedro radar (Ursich on the helm and Barabara on the dock) to dock at Long Beach.

Long Beach, multi liberty time in L. A. and Hollywood—well, liberty time, anyway. Had quite a little soiree for the alumni one day—they swarmed all over the ship, then that afternoon sailing and rowing races were held between the Cadet Corps and the Alumni Corpses. Well, we at least won the rowing race. This was followed up with a buffet supper and meeting—Porterfield had a party at his abode for the children while the big boys sweated it out at their meeting. Quite a party, too—damn it Quandt, I bought Millie, remember? And as for you, Hose Nose—I doubt it—Well, leave us say a good time was had by all and continuing on our merry path to Vallejo—



C A L I F O R N I A



This just about wound up matters here, so we took leave of Long Beach, land of sunshine, oil wells, and Millie.

Next stop was Santa Barbara—played a basketball game here — we wuz robbed. Hecey had a golfing date. Here a "poor" group of ten cadets had to depart from the confines of the Bear to take their post cruise leave.

Santa Barbara, a town where we actually did visit the museums, parks, and other points of interest. Red Dog won a bottle of champagne and a "chit" in a Rhumba contest.

That just about winds up things Santa Barbara-ily speaking—so let's go on to the fourth stop on our "Cook's Tour" of California—Monterey. As for the trip to Monterey, suffice it to say that many of our number went by rail.

Easter Day was spent in Monterey. The time here was spent mainly in resting and taking in the many beautiful sights of this famous old town—the townspeople had a



monstrous coke and dance for the "boys". Mister Morgan started serving carrots—to the crew so that our eyes would be good in spite of the weather we expected to encounter in our next port. McCullough carries on the good neighbor policy.

Next stop—San Francisco—and she wasn't all that opened her Golden Gates — Marilyn dived off the Golden Gate Bridge into the waiting arms of Richardson. Maria unloaded a banana boat, all by herself—just to prove to Norman she was strong. Carol was "ready for Freddy"—that's French for—sorry I can't go out with you, but I promised my folks, etc. — McClure, the conquering hero, went home to see Margie. "Who? Margie? Oh—yes sir, well you see sir, she is sick and, ah, well she'll be well by the time we get to Oakland."

So much for San Francisco—back out to sea again—after braving the briny deep—standing rugged sea watches—sweating it out—we docked at Oakland. All Oakland was out to greet us—at least Ivory Joe sent out a couple of his emissaries to help tend our lines.

Dear old Oakie-land, sweet old Oakie-land—well we caught up on our shows and generally took things easy—McClure went home to Margie. "Well—you see fellas, it was this way—she, ah, well, she forgot I was coming home today so she and one of her GIRL friends went to the show, but I'm sure I'll see her next time, I left her a note. She'll be home next time." Maria swam over to see the ship, anything to beat the gate toll. Oh yes, Mills was still there. Strange how some people do the same things in every port. — Some go to shows, soda fountains, museums and some of the boys went to Fleishhacker Zoo in San Francisco and where do they go in Oakland? That's right, Mills. There was a parade down 7th street to welcome J.T. Marine back.

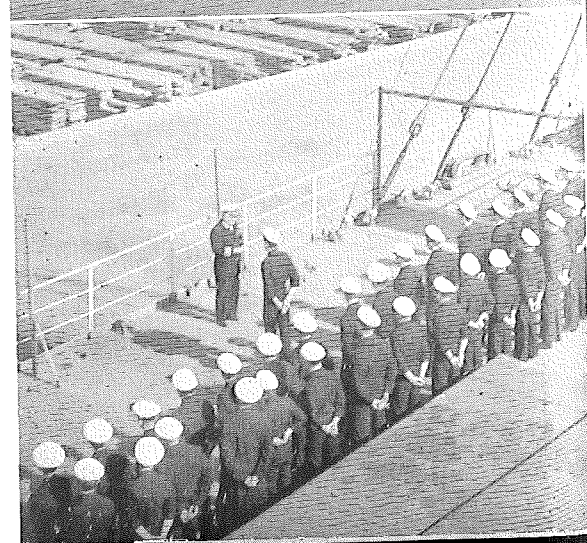
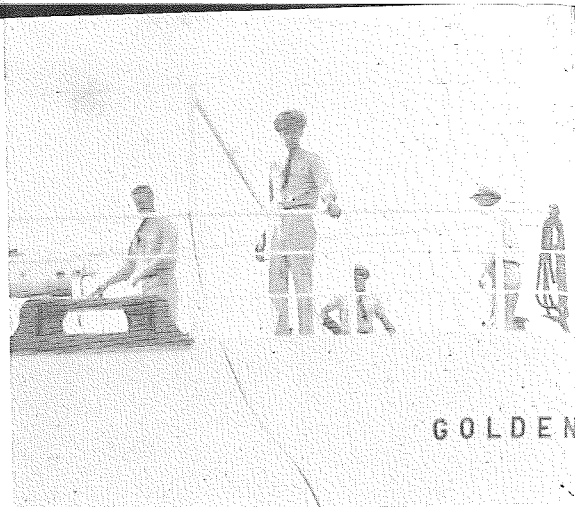
Well, not much more took place—except we left. Strange thing, Ivory Joe sent those same two guys down to see us off. They even waved good-bye to John.

Next on our list was Stockton. Had a great time here. College of the Pacific was having a Mardi Gras. Between C.O.P. and Mattie's a good time was had by all. Several women wandering around looking for company—and just by coincidence there were several of our company wandering around looking for women.

McClure went home to see Margie. "Well, ah, no sir, she was at the dentist's, but you believe me, next time will be it." Fiedler was quite the boy—attempted to wipe out the town and their clothing styles. A few of the boys visited the front steps of the library. Stayed over for an extra day—the governor or a member of the Board of Governors or a prospective cadet, somebody important was to come aboard.

As all good things must, Stockton and consequently the cruise came to an end. We steamed back down the river to Vallejo. We were greeted by a group of gardeners and Aurora—but—well, maybe Margie got her dates mixed up.

So we say finis to our California ports, and it all prompts us to bring up that old Shakespearean quotation—"Next time try the train."

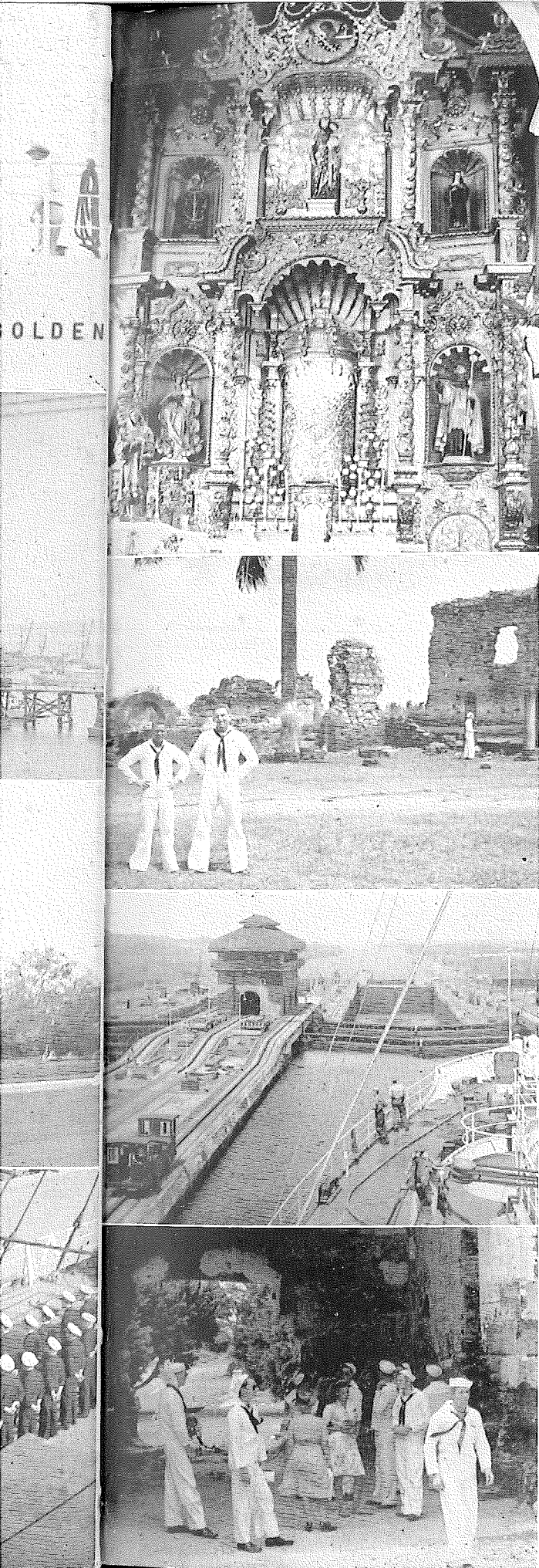


AFTER DOCKING DETAIL.
MONTEREY HARBOR.
MISSION SANTA BARBARA.
COMMENDATION IN SAN DIEGO.

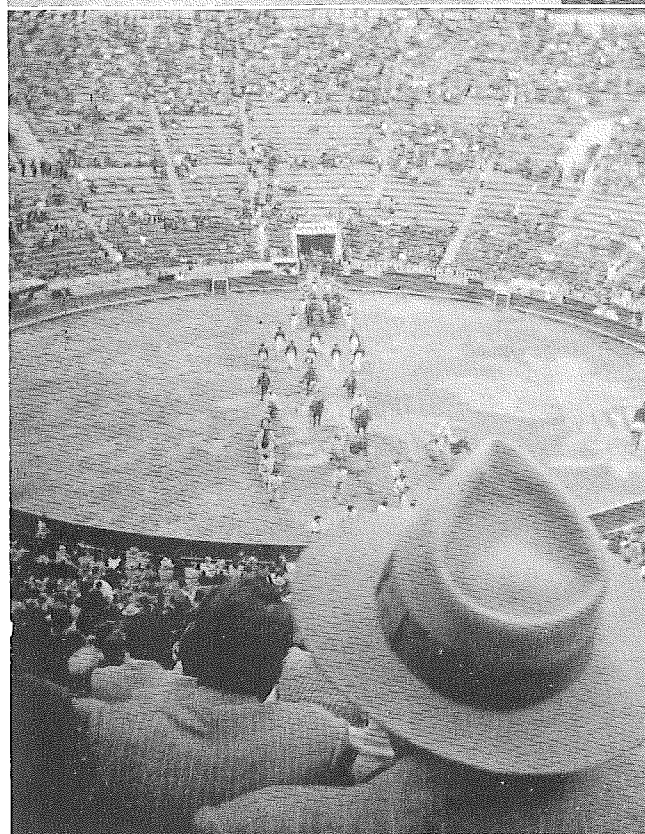
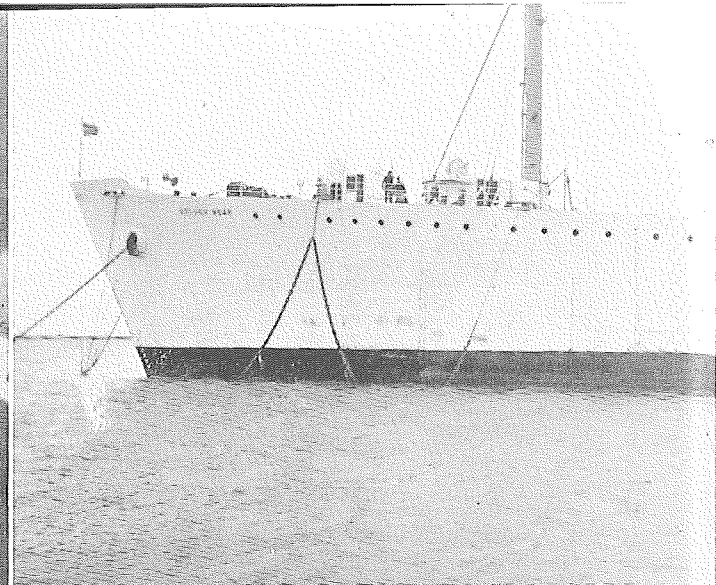
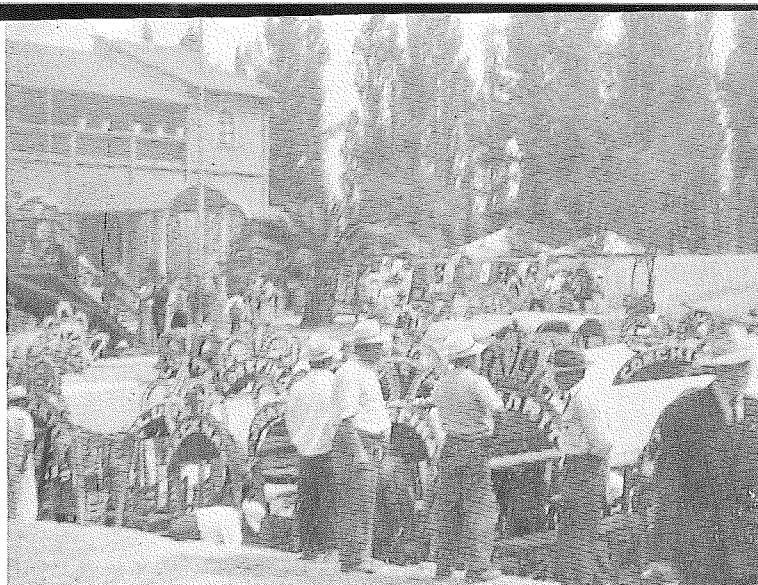
Balboa and Panama—Quite a change from last year. Captain Swany was quite pale as the pilot took us in against the current. We tied up at the Sub Base across the stream in less than forty-eight hours. Uniform of the Day for liberty in the sweltering tropical heat—dress blues. The Middies didn't laugh, but everyone else did. Daytime pastimes: eating chocolate sundaes and drinking malts; shopping for alligator purses, watches, and Chanel No. 5; trip to the miniature experimental canal, and excursions to Old and New Panama. Passenger Quintana did some fine organizing—basketball and baseball games that were never played. Nightlife: Middies cavorted at the Sailfish Club with candidates for queen of the coming carnival; enjoyed beer at the Atlas El Rancho and Balboa Gardens; whistled at the Dance of the Doves at Happyland; lent ears to the fine vocalist at Kelly's, and entertained the "entertainers" at the Casa De Amor. Highlight—"Jailbird" Jackson's run-in with the local gendarmes for driving his girl to the hills without a license.

Transit the Canal—0430 reveille—my aching head. The T. S. received a fresh water bath. While transiting the Pedro Miguel locks the water was turned an opalescent green by Allan "the genius" Beek playfully flushing a Navy sea marker down a head and our boy Red Dog gave the pilot one-third astern for one-third ahead. On entering the Caribbean it was heave-ho—mostly heave. Mother Morgan fed the more salty hands beans, weiners, and sauerkraut.

Cristobal and Colon—Again only 48 hours—tied up at Coco Solo (C.S.). Uniform of the Day—whites (hurrah) and clean-shaven faces. Daytime pastimes: Deck apes enjoyed turning to for Cy, was it worth it, gang??? Engineers paddled in the beautiful Coco Solo swimming hole, staggered on draught beer from the commissary, and shopped in Colon (money will buy anything). Nightlife: dinner at the old Hotel Washington and ringside tables for Copacabana's superb floor show led by the Sullivan Girls. Two and one-half hours of singing, dancing, and strips such as you have never seen. Memories of Doreen and Alice linger yet—and how.



GOLDEN ALTAR.
OLD PANAMA RUINS.
GATUN LOCKS.
SIGHTSEEING TOUR.



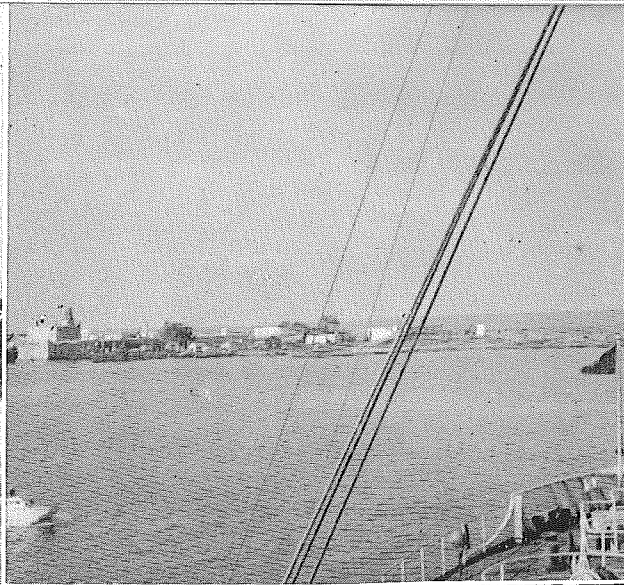
South of the border, down Mexico way. To be precise, Vera Cruz and "Mehico" City. Sights to see and letters to write—well, the letters Manana. We're finally moored, the starboard hook in the water—somewhere.

Liberty, that magic word and half the Midshipman Corps is ready to conquer lands unknown. Where to go—stay by the sea and Vera Cruz or hit for the hills and Mexico City? For the fellows staying in Vera Cruz there were several nice hotels to call home for a few days. The Mocambo, a luxurious homestead for the turista, and the Oriente. Tea dancing and swimming at the Mocambo drew the young men in blue for daytime entertainment. Sightseeing was naturally the order of the day. San Juan de Ulua, the famous old fort and prison, was interesting and well worth seeing. Then as the sun set and night life started, the midshipmen woke up. The Market Place, Plaza de armas, joining the señoritas and young gauchos on the promenade, Christina, soul-stirring Casablanca, The U.S. Air Corps jeep, muy bueno.

Others braved the journey to Mexico City. Believe me, if you haven't taken an all-night trip on a Mexican bus—DON'T. The midnight snack at Chalco, delicious, if you aren't too discriminating. Finally Mexico City, the modern among the ancient. The Kaydets were to stay at the Regis, one of the best hotels in the city.



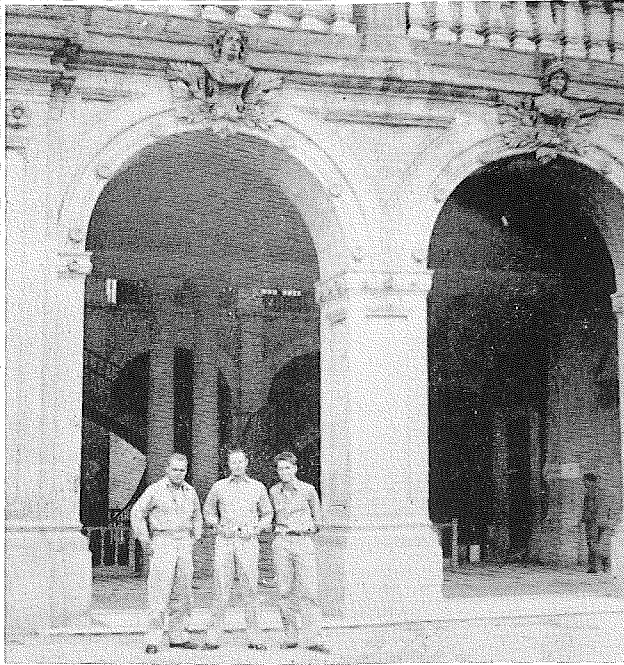
V E R A C R U Z

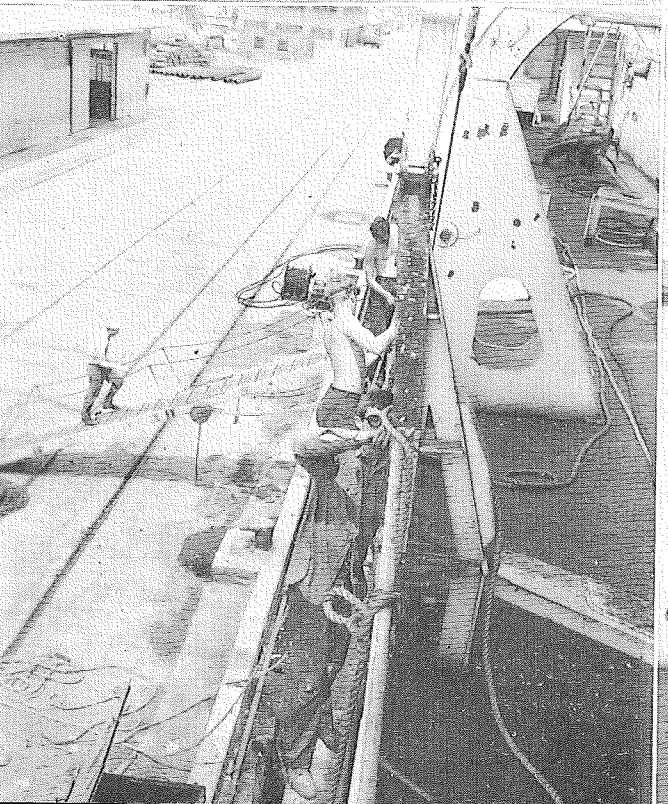
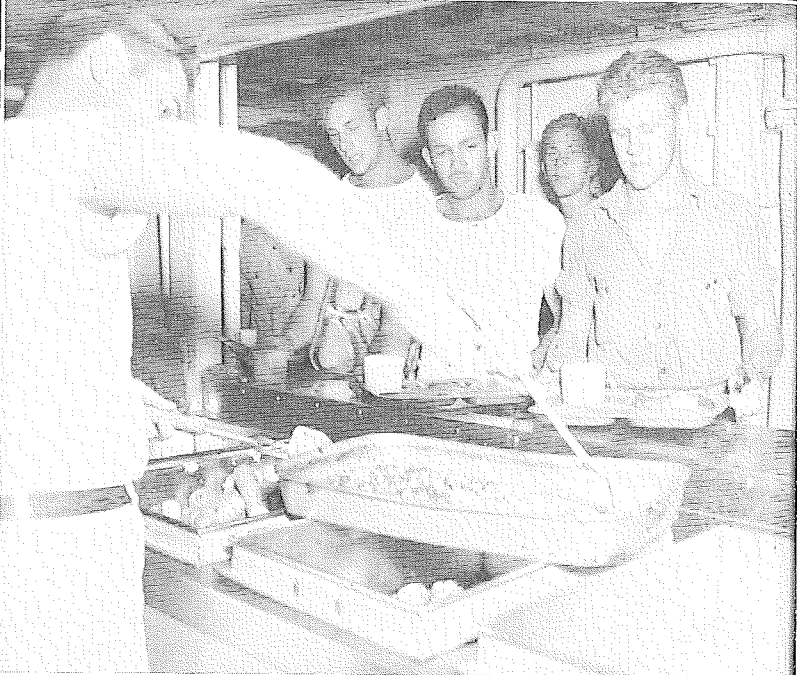
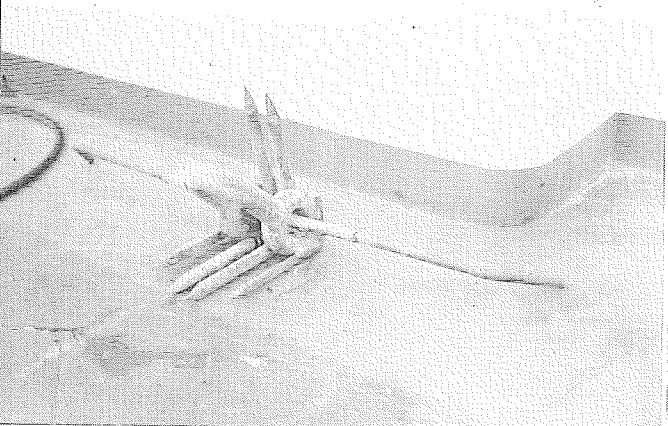
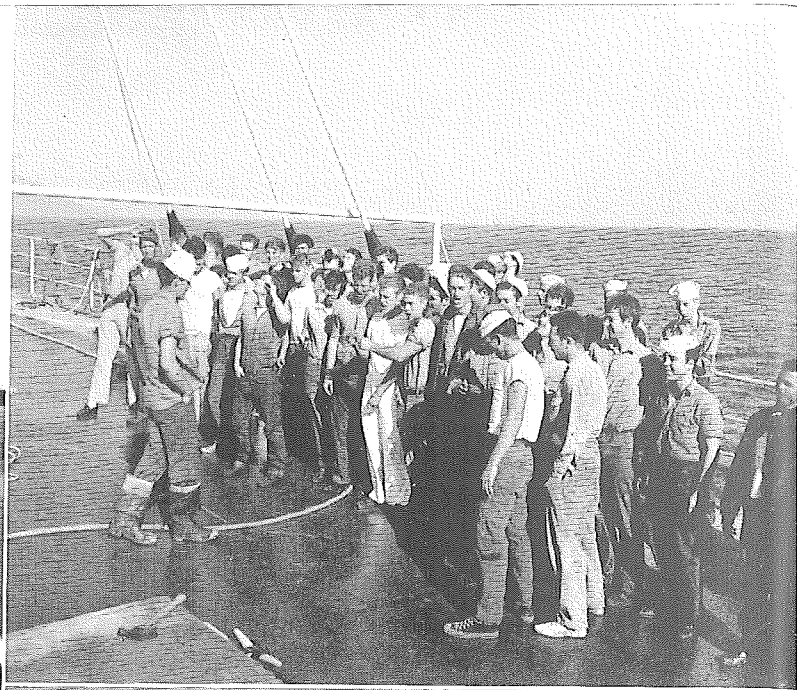


Then a moment to clean up, breakfast in the Ladies Bar, and we were off. Mexico City greeted us with open arms. Xohomilcho, the floating gardens, the ultra modern structures, the art building and opera house, beautiful churches . . . oh there was much to see. But the night life was famous, and justly so. Rio Rosa, Ciro's, Minuet, San Susuit, Patio, the ever-crowded Waikiki—midshipmen saw all, awed by the glamour.

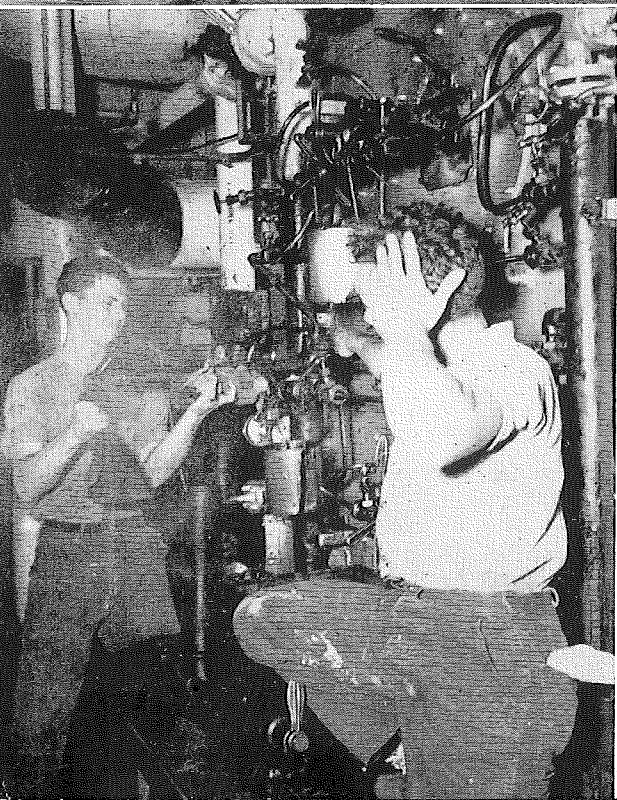
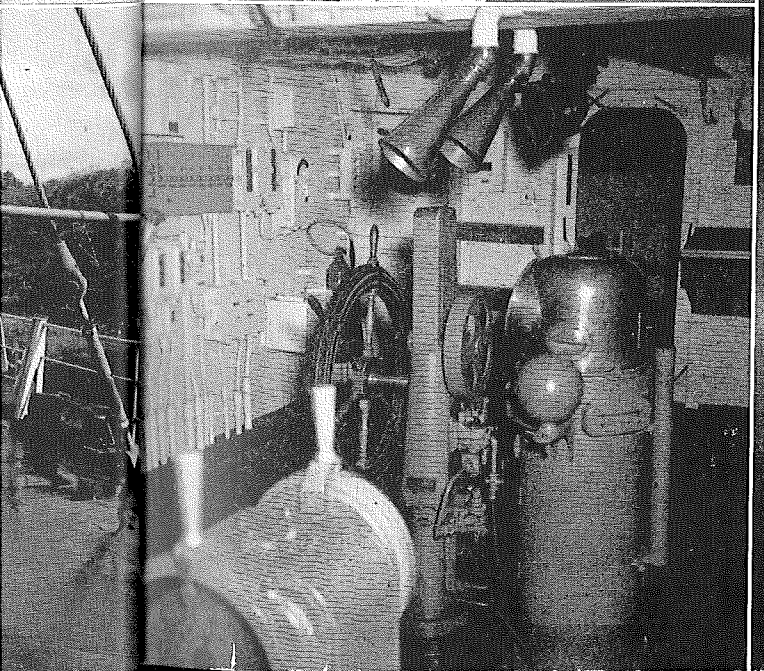
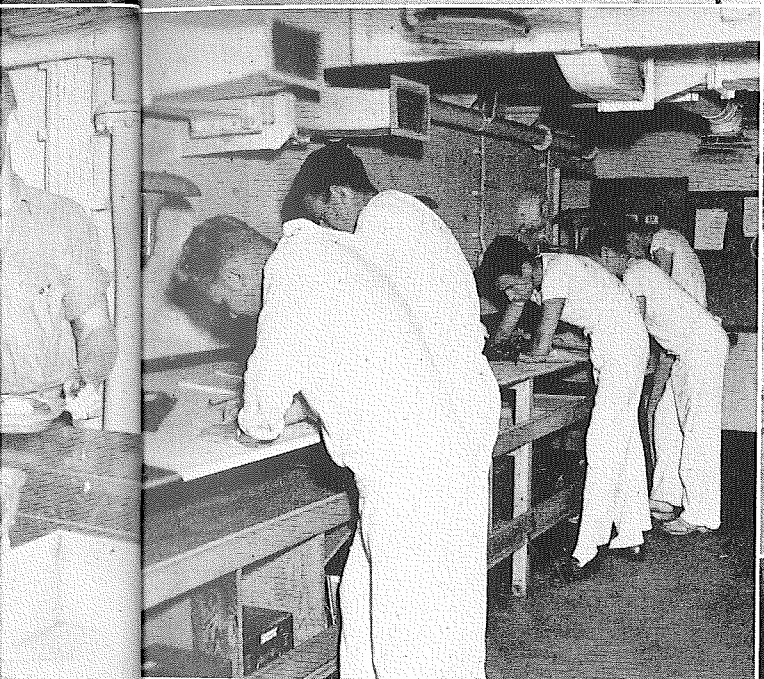
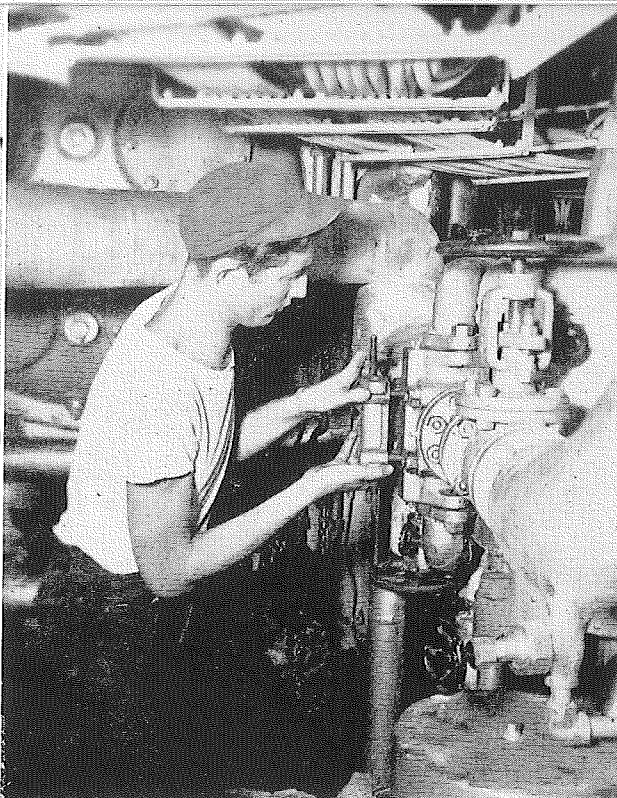
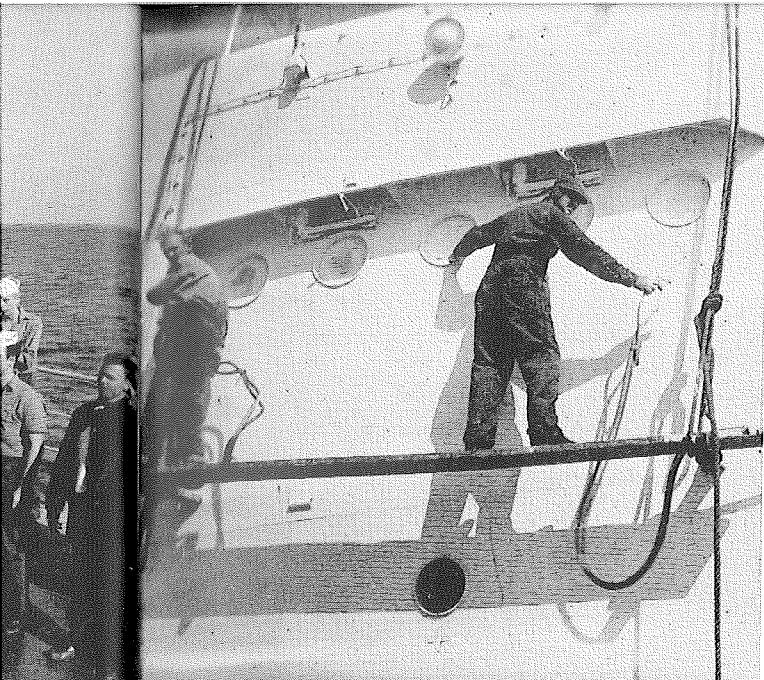
Sunday and the "Bool" fights. The Kay-dets were betting 2 to 1 on the bulls, especially when one tried to climb into a senorita's lap. Dinner at Sanborn's. Fresh strawberries and cream. What, it's winter at home? You don't tell me—Maestro, more strawberries. That friendly bartender at the Ladies Bar. Good tips on where to go from the local American inhabitants. Tequila.

Alas, all good things must end, however, so, Souse of the Border, Hasta la Vista, Mexico, we must go, the Mardi Gras awaits us.





WATCH AND TURN TO



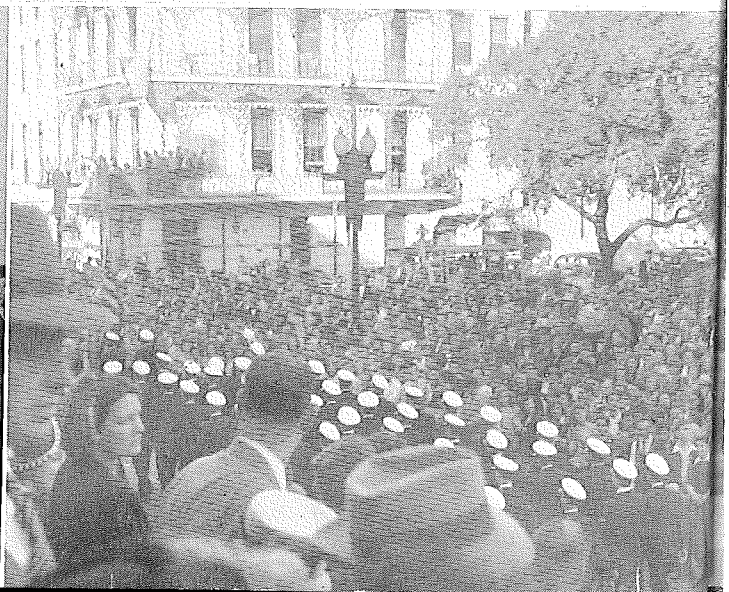


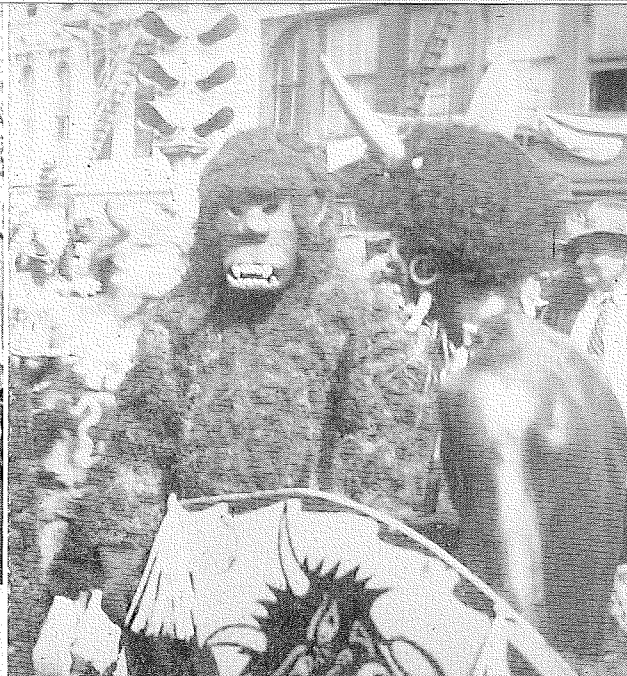
The Cadets stay in "Nawlins" was nothing more than one big party. . . . We docked early one Saturday morning and according to the calendar we left six days later, with nary a sack disturbed. To describe a bit of the life of Mardi Gras Day would be to describe our stay down in "New Orleans, Land of Dreams."

Mardi Gras, which is French for "fat Tuesday and to devil with Wednesday," is a wild, frantic affair. In the language of the day it's an atomic, cyclonic celebration. It's a gaudy, colorful pageant in a style that Hollywood never dreamed of.

There are between thirty or forty balls preceding the top of them all, the Rex Ball which features the King of the Mardi Gras. As Mardi Gras Day approaches, these balls become more important and coincidentally more expensive. The Venus Ball, which the Middies were able to attend while in New Orleans, was the third most important and cost in the neighborhood of thirty-five thousand dollars to stage. The Rex Ball and any of the nearly important soiree's are strictly S.R.O., and by that I mean Standing Room Outside, unless you're the seventh son of a seventh son and are slightly financially shellacked.

As for Mardi Gras Day, it's a once in a lifetime spectacle. During the day five gigantic parades of about a hundred floats apiece criss-cross the streets of old New Orleans. The entire town joins in the festive celebration by getting in some gay costumes or at least being masked from sun-up until sun-down. All enter into the spirit of the whole affair and it's





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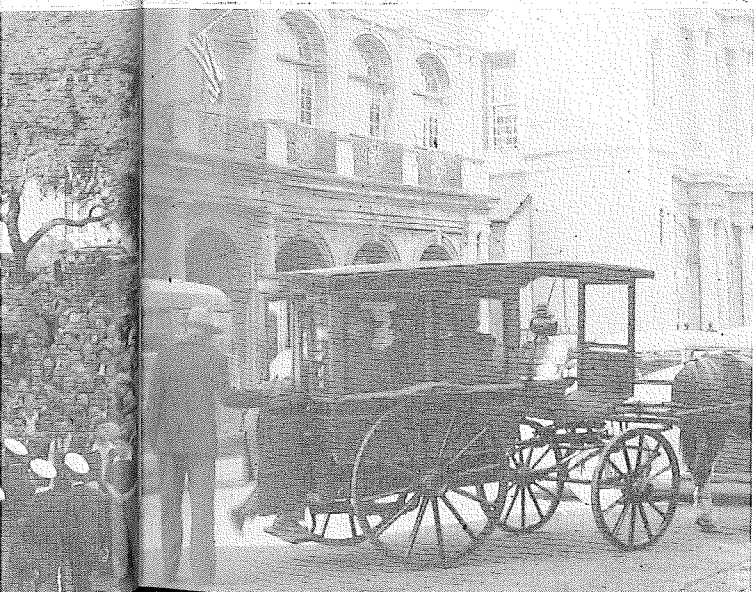
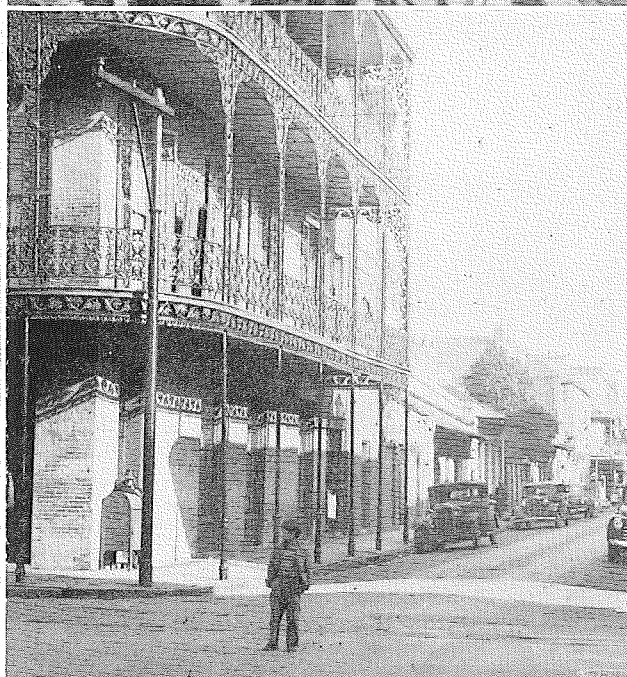
an all-day party, need I repeat, "Oh my aching head."

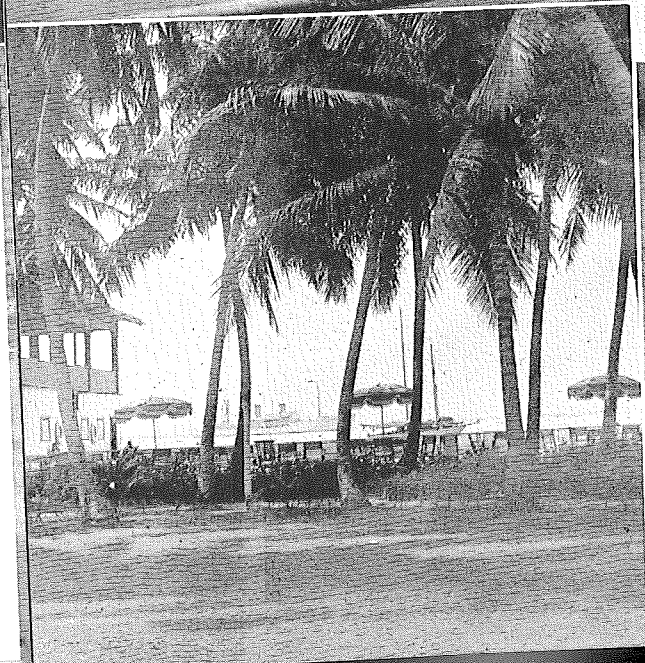
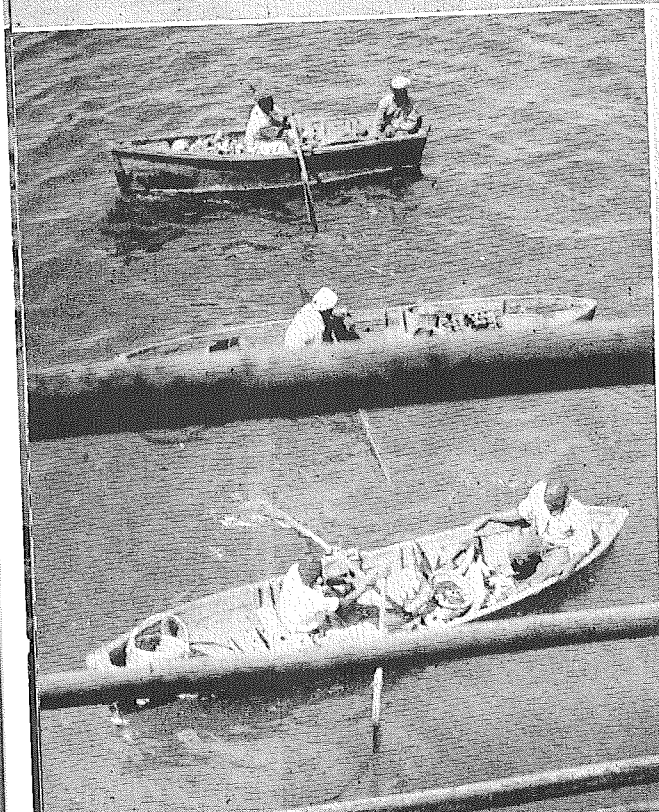
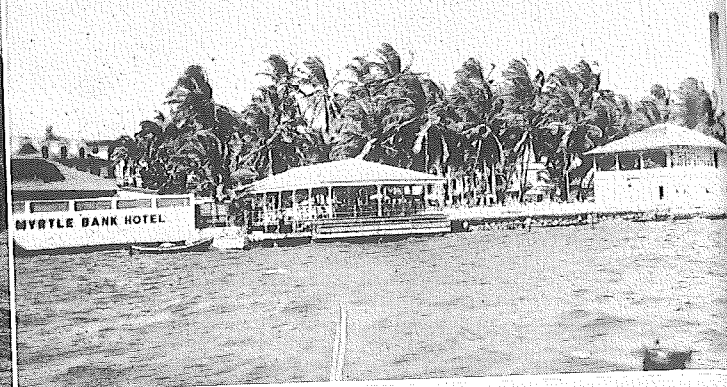
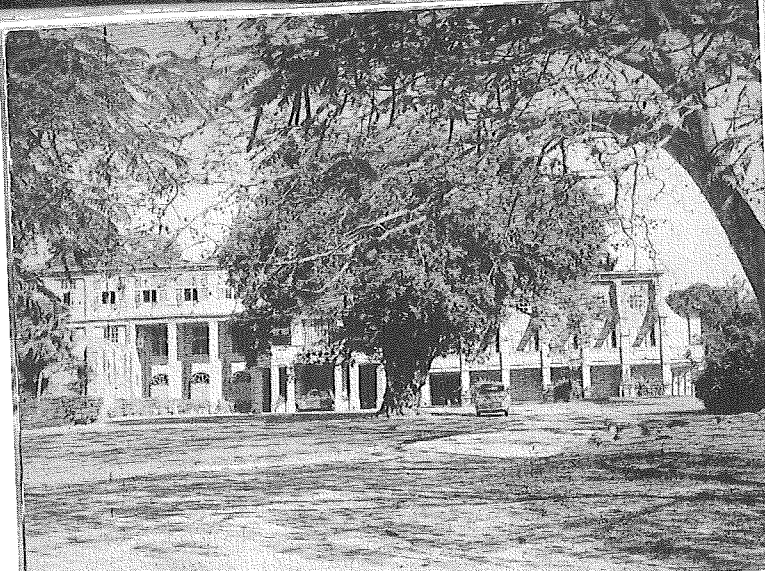
Affairs get under way early in the morning and are really moving along in high gear by noon. Street celebrations are at their peak up until about six at night as over a million people line the streets, and an additional million people line the "Fountains" adjacent to the lines of the parades. Between six and eight they tell me that most people go out and get a little something to eat—then it starts all over again. The festivities rise to a thundering crescendo and then as suddenly as if a giant conductor has dropped his baton, at midnight near silence prevails. Operation Mardi Gras has now ended.

Now the warm streets that were filled with gay celebration people are quiet, the streets are damp as the parades of floats have given away to another procession. It is now the turn of the city's street cleaners to have their hey-day.

"Hail, King Street Cleaner, final ruler over all. What? King Rex? Oh, my aching head."

Believe me honey—this is too good to waste.





On February 25, after taking a tour around the harbor due to a misunderstanding between the Pilot and Port Officials, we finally dropped the hook in Kingston. The boats lost no time getting ashore where we found a warm reception had been provided for us. Many parties and dinners had been arranged for us during our stay and soon after liberty was announced the middies and the local talent were well acquainted.

The first night after having enjoyed dinner at various places, the cadets and their new friends all met at the "Glass Bucket," one of the many fine clubs to be found in Kingston. Soon all hands were enjoying rum and coke and dancing to a fine calipso band.

Some of the boys visited various night spots—Morgan's Cove, Colony Club, and Springfield's, where Sandra was giving out with some fine songs, were the places to go. After traveling several miles in taxis of 1925 vintage, the middies found taxi fare somewhat inflated as the fare was usually about equal to the price of the car. After a few incidents the boys were doing more walking and bargaining before entering a taxi.

The second liberty party found hospitality as warm the next night as the first group had enjoyed. After the many parties they all met at the Colony Club where a fine dance was enjoyed by all the middies and many officers were seen performing with the boys.



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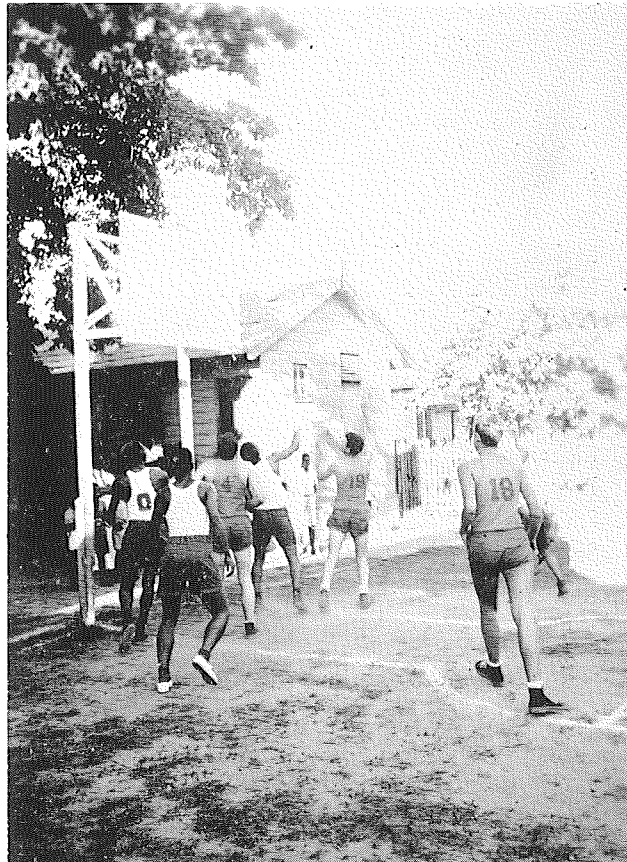
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A basketball game was arranged for us with the Y.M.C.A. and although it was played outside in the terrific heat, the team won a hard-fought game. Everyone enjoyed the game and although it was rough at times the team from Kingston exhibited the finest sportsmanship we have seen in our many games.

The low prices on Cashmere sweaters, English Gabardine, and doeskin gloves; the tremendous sea monsters discouraging work over side; using the dock at Myrtle Bank for liberty boat landing; the little street urchins calling themselves "Po'kchops;" the English lords. Cheerio's and misusing "h"s; and the wonderful friendships—all helped to endear to us this wonderful island of the British West Indies.

Reluctantly, Saturday afternoon, 29th of February, we left the harbor and set our course westward. Port Royal, Morgan, the pirates, famed city of cities, that disappeared beneath water in the 16th century passed under us and we looked back to bid a fond cheerio, pip-pip and all that sort of rot and turned our thoughts to home.



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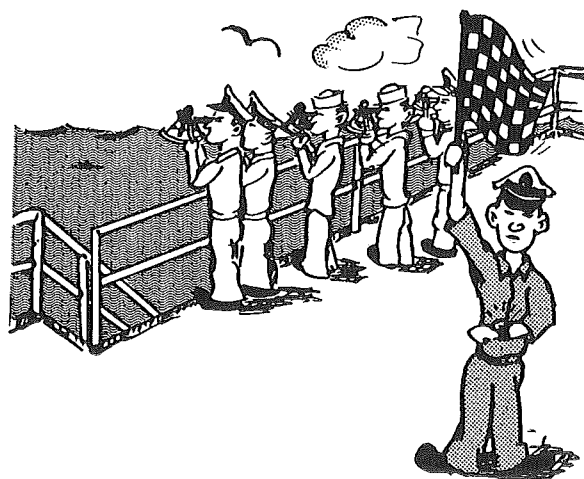
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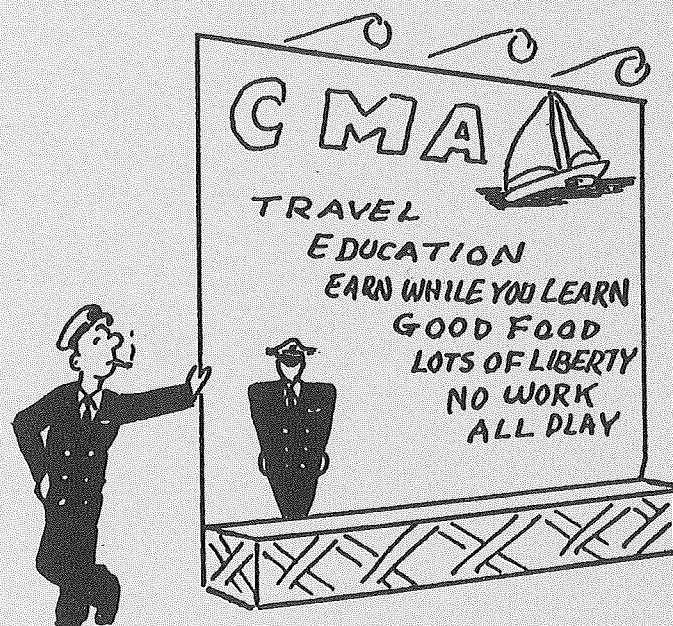
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The Editors of this book wish to express their appreciation to Mr. Robert L. Ozias and his associates of Lederer, Street & Zeus Co., Inc. Their help and advice in planning has greatly aided in the printing of this Hawsepipe.

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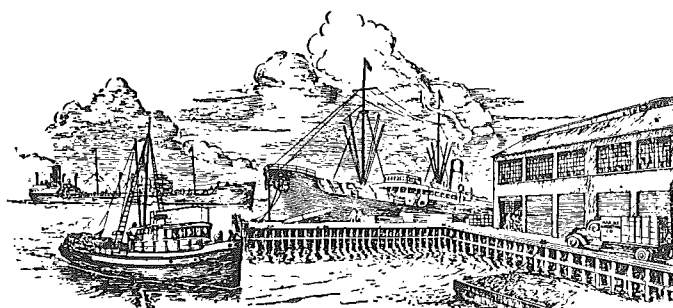
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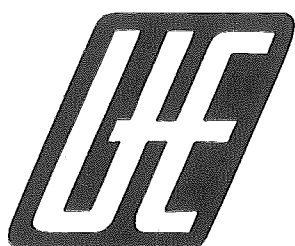
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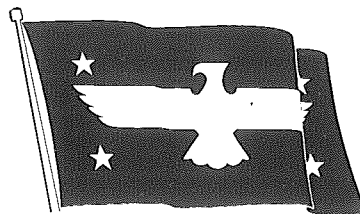
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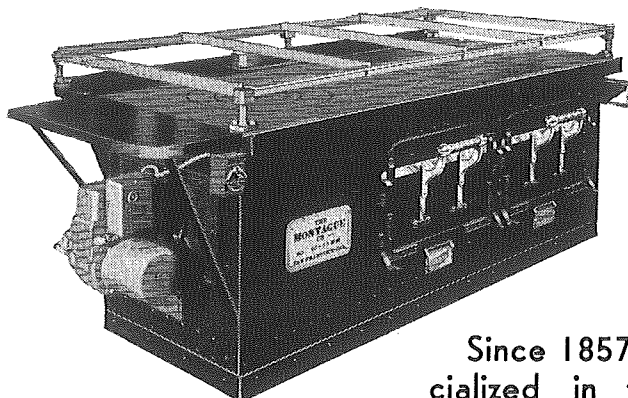
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