



California Maritime Academy

JANUARY

— Contents —

1959

Cruise '59 — Leave Employment for M/S — Editorials

Carberry — Marmaduke — Vocational Q and A.

The BINNACLE is the monthly student publication of California Maritime Academy, Vallejo, California. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the corps, administration, faculty or our staff. All newsworthy items for publication must be signed and given to the Editor no later than four days previous publication.

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Contributors to this edition
Faculty Advisor

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL 2nd AND 3rd CLASS MIDSHIPMEN

At 1600, January 19, 1959 in room 110, Mr. J.G. Ellis, former instructor at the Academy and present business secretary of our alumni association will explain to all interested Midshipmen a leave employment plan brought to you through the joint efforts of CMAAA and major shipping companies.

For more details attend this important meeting at 1600. See you there.

THE PORT OF ASTORIA, OREGON
Second in a series on
CRUISE 1959

Ten miles from the Pacific on the lower Columbia lies the oldest permanent settlement west of the Rockies, Astoria, Oregon. Surrounded by historic reminders and beautiful recreation spots Astoria is the center of activity in Clatsop County. The visitor has a wide choice of things to do. Almost anything from swimming and skindiving to a guided tour of a local cannery may be had.

FORT STEVENS State Park - thirteen miles west of Astoria, offers camping, boating, swimming, and a chance to see the wreck of the famous sailing ship PETER IREDALE.

GEARHEART and SEASIDE -both to the south of Astoria, offer warm sand and beaches, golfing, and fresh water swimming.

CANNON BEACH - for sight-seeing, it is said to be a photographers paradise. No doubt a place of special interest to visiting Midshipmen.

Deep sea fishing, clamming, roller skating, theaters, night clubs and good resturants are also easily accessible in the area.

NEXT PORT: PORTLAND, OREGON...

Binnacle's

Editorials

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy or there is
none.
If there is one, try to find it,
If there is none, never mind it.

EDITORIAL . . .

It is the duty of an Editor to antagonize his readers. This must be so since popular opinion speaks, "The Binnacle is dull, nothing controversial!" And several have asked, "Are you being censored?"

One year ago, from an editorial similar to this the answer was: "No, we are not being censored. In fact, 99.9% of the censoring is done by the Midshipmen themselves after the editorials have been written. Last year's experience we remember. We're more cautious (or is "diplomatic" a better word?) this term: we have discovered that we are not granted the customary immunity which journalists usually are accorded: we are not, in other word, protected from the wrath of our readers.

"Then too, we think it is a mistake to assume that tranquillity is dull, that peace is hell, that there must always be controversy, that all men must be divided into warring factions proclaiming the theory of class conflict, that everything is right or everything is wrong with CMA. It is, of course, pleasant for the reader to be energized at someone else's expense: we criticize "x" whom "y" would also like to criticize, but "y" doesn't have the courage and so lets the Binnacle ("George") do it. Well, we have taken a stand on a number of issues in the past...but we feel no dogma compels us to be perpetually dissatisfied with everything! We have always welcomed letters, but few are the men who write them. We must remind our readers, and we do so regretfully, knowing it will disappoint their hopes, that the Binnacle is not a subversive organ carrying the red banners of antism. If your Binnacle is dull, perk it up a bit with a few of your own explosive ideas. Give us your name! You too can be infamous!"

Generally, this quote is in full effect today. We have limits, yes: the type of publication we are; the institution it is written for; and finally, our readers- -you, the administration and those

outside our hallowed gates.

Our purpose, which I have tried to work by, is to offer variety; to show that CMA life is not just books from dawn to dusk and back to dawn; not just the signature on a report sheet, or the "Here Sir!" in formation. However, through our long hours of preparation for one issue, perhaps the best message that is sent out is the importance of concentration on one's studies.

To my knowledge, one who has profited by this is myself. The BINNACLE will still struggle to bring out the Marmaduke, Carburry or McDuff in everyone; to tell tales of our T.S. while she served the Navy; bring you the requirements necessary in obtaining a Nuclear Reactor Operator's Licence or, as I have done, wait so long to announce the summer work program that the Alumni has set up for us.

In typical Academy tradition I say, "It's been fun. Good luck BINNACLE!"

LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

Editor's note: M/S John Ellis, Corps Commander, here offers two letters. The first being of interest to the deck personnel; the second is an answer to all Midshipmen who carry unbecomming thoughts towards this man who has proven to be loyal to his assigned position.

ARE THERE ONLY 32?

by J.T. Ellis lc/d

As every good deckie knows, the United States Coast Guard requires a nearly perfect score on the Rules of the Road section of the Third Mates Exam. The question is: how shall one know enough to go with confidence before the Unknown Inspector who has before him 400,000 4x6 white cards? On the one hand we hear that one need but memorize the rules. "It's the only way, the only way; really, it's the only way." Quite nice, BUT the student who told me this has forgotten that there

January 1959

5'

is the little question of INTERPRETATION. Besides this, contrary to the opinion of fifty or sixty Third Classmen and a few Second Classmen, there are NOT, in America at least, only 32 Rules of the Road. I have overheard groups of anxious voices: "I've got one learned! Only 31 more!" Too bad he isn't European and he would be nearly correct.

Americans, however, go in for things in a big way. Take sex, for example. Or more interesting, Rules of the Road. We don't just have 32. We have what are called INTERNATIONAL RULES and these apply to everybody, including Americans, who venture the high seas. Even Russia (God forbid!) follows these Rules. Even the Democratic Republic of Formosa! and Mao has been heard to admit that Red China will follow the proverbial 32. But Americans are difficult and so over the years DEMOCRACY has reigned so that today a poor man who wants to know the subject, say from Vallejo to Duluth, Minnesota, cannot with any degree of certainty light his craft. He must refer, at various times and places to the International Rules, the Inland Rules, the statutory amendments to the Inland Rules known as the Pilot Rules, to those statutory amendments for those vastly differing waters of New York Harbor and Vicinity, the Atlantic and Pacific Coast, the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway, the Great Lakes, and the Panama Canal. If by some accident of navigation the tow boat gets above the Huey P Long Bridge, then of course, the Master will have to dig for the Pilot Rules for the Western Rivers.

The alert reader will, of course, immediately remark, "But a third mate doesn't have to know these; at least not all of these." The Third Mate need not know the Great Lakes Rules, the Panama Rules, or the Rules for the Western Rivers. He must, however, know the rest.

Again, the student cries MEMORIZE. I do not wish to disillusion the innocent, but memorization can be deadly. For example, if you were asked what are the towing lights and their range and arc of visibility on the ATLANTIC and PACIFIC COAST it would be very nearly worthless for you to quote the rule. Alas, Farwell himself admits that there is "some doubt" as to what the Rule says or means and Chapman, the illus-

BINNACLE

trious author of the Power Squadron Course, himself admits that it is "interpreted differently on the east and west coasts!" Anyone who has studied the rules, all of them, not just 32, will understand that memory is one thing, court interpretation another. It may be truthfully stated that the man who memorizes Article 3 of the Inland Rules, for example, could not proceed therefrom and light his craft with any degree of CERTAINTY! I need but ask the question in NAUTICAL CIRCLES: "When the towing lights are carried as 20 point lights forward, is the range light required?" -- to bring mariners in violent disagreement and eastern and western towboatmen at each other's throats!

I do not mean this as a BRIEF against MEMORIZATION of the RULES OF THE ROAD; but men must soon come to the dark knowledge that MEMORIZATION is a deceiver, and words not always the trusted things they at first seem to be. Should I ever in one great miracle of strength regurgitate the 32 to my Captain, I hope that I shall never then believe at THAT ETHEREAL MOMENT that I UNDERSTAND the 32! Farwell struggled for hundreds of pages to state what the COURTS have said about the RULES, and he, although these may here be subversive words, has written that the mariner, no matter what he "thinks of the legal setup which has the effect of giving the courts more authority over the rules of the road than the Commandant, US Coast Guard, who enforces them through the local inspectors and supplements them with the pilot rules, the mariner MUST OBEY THE LAW AS HE FINDS IT, and that means IN PRACTICE, as the ADMIRALTY COURTS interpret it."

This is not a BRIEF for anti-memory. It is, rather, a call for a comprehensive study of the Rules of the Road at the California Maritime Academy: a study not of 32 relatively simple injunctions, but an academic and intellectually back-breaking study of all the Rules and what Farwell and Knight and Chapman and the MERCHANT MARINE PROCEEDINGS have to say about them, and what the Courts have said they really mean. We should know the Rules so well that we could

answer ANY Coast Guard question about them intelligently and comprehensively, rather than attempting to expend a great deal of energy memorizing what even few Captains can repeat! The time has come to end the illusion that there are only 32, and that 32 memorized is 32 known and that on the bridge of a moving ship the mate's mind begins "These Rules shall be followed by all vessels and sea-planes upon the high seas . . ." instead of COME RIGHT TEN DEGREES!

The time has at last come for a serious analysis of all the Rules of the Road, Inland, International and Pilot, and an awareness that in August the Coast Guard will be more impressed with our ability to discuss intelligently all the Rules, then to attempt to impress them with our ability to repeat, verbatim, the International Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea.

It is hoped that the fine start made by Mr Taylor since his arrival at CMA will be continued, and that those responsible for developing the curriculum will eventually provide a three year study of the Rules: a comprehensive study involving an integrated course making use of visual aids, training appliances, models, and a variety of source materials (Forwell, Chapman, Knight, Merchant Marine Proceedings, etc). It would be a credit to the Academy if our emphasis on the Rules were equivalent to our emphasis on NAVIGATION, and if we, as students, became such authorities that we could send out debating teams to other colleges to discuss the future hoped for revision of the rules. All this would lead to an understanding of the Rules and eventually to their improvement. As Forwell himself has written "The rules will not be better obeyed until they are better understood."

+ + + + + + + + ON BEING THE CORPS COMMANDER + + + + + + + +

by M/S Ellis

THE OLD WAYS WERE THE EASY WAYS . . . They were not, however, the best ways. Mr McLaughlin, the last Corps Commander, told me, in effect, one day, "Ellis, do something." He admitted that Corps Commanders were never popular and he admitted that many changes must

be made and he hoped I would have the "guts" to make them. He agreed that the old hypocrisy that placed the First and Second Class above and beyond any accountability should be terminated. But he too well knew the price of such termination.

I know the Old Guard here still yearns for the old concept of a First Class Year. Ah, the old "freedoms": Freedom to go AWOL by saying SENTRY YOU DO NOT SEE ME! Freedom to fling coke bottles down the aisles. Freedom to talk in ranks, wear the uniform beatnik style, and do just about anything one wanted to. The only limitation was the D.O., whose movements were faithfully plotted, more than any maneuvering board target. Midshipmen Officers had titles and privileges but were never considered as Serious Obstacles to any "fellow Midshipman's" desires.

These, then, were considered to be "rights" and every attempt to end these preposterous claims has been met with struggle. Every effort by Midshipmen to require "conformity" from other Midshipmen with regard to the basic military requirements has been labeled a "betrayal": after all, this was the Duty Officer's task: he was being paid for it.

I cannot explain, condone, or understand the past. I could not, with any degree of honesty, continue the past: it was illogical, dualistic, false. A Corps Commander is not the prisoner of any class: he is responsible to the Commandant for a uniform application of the basic military requirements. Past Corps Commanders were placed in the unenviable position of being first class hypocrites. They had to require 2d and 3d Class conformity and preach 2d and 3d class "military morality" and allow the First Class the status of "untouchables" who could butcher whatever sacred cow happened to come along.

The California Maritime Academy places considerable trust in its Midshipmen. There is probably no other school in existence where men control their own military lives. If CMA were severely military and harshly so, as many military academies are, there would be,

January 1959

perhaps, reason to complain. Actually here we are but quasi-military, and considering our future as merchant marine officers those in authority have decided, rightly or wrongly, that we shall be quasi-military. It is, therefore, rather astounding that the Old Guard should feel crucified when they are asked to keep their offices shut while in ranks, their blue jackets buttoned, their beam off the base, and their persons AWL. The old dream with difficulty dies. The present First Class, when Third Classmen, dreamed for their day of impunity; it did not come and they feel cheated, robbed of their "rights" and victim of the instrument of betrayal: the report sheet.

It has been difficult, I suppose, for the Midshipmen. It has been more difficult for the Midshipmen Officers who, after all, being human and fearing isolation, have had difficulty in asking for "concomity." Some have failed; others have had the courage of their (or as the saying goes, Ellis') convictions and have taken the obligations as well as the privileges of their office. Some have rationalized well, thinking all the difficulties at CMA are someone else's making and excusing their own inaction accordingly. On the whole, I am well pleased with the Midshipmen and the Midshipmen Officers. Those who have hung to the past can be understood: transitions are difficult and with difficulty the old dreams die.

The Old Guard have suggested that since I have made my task difficult that I should resign and let "sluggism" return to CMA. Granted, it would be easier. I am told "everyone would be happy". "Why be serious, you're not being paid for it." "It's too hard for the officers anyway." Etc. I shall not, however, resign, and I shall not retreat to the easy past. Others may do so. After all, it is easier to slide back than walk forward. In the past, new officers have written "policies" with enlightened objectives, many of them admirable. They were, however, words, and as the time passed the words got weaker and weaker until they were only embarrassing memories.

Ironically, everyone signed these policies: it ^{was} the "democratic" thing to do; it reminded one of noble "peace" treaties of the past, undone, undone at the first opportune moment. There was no "democratic" policy this year for everyone to sign. Therefore everyone has been spared embarrassment and hypocrisy. Everyone, that is, except the Corps Commander and the Midshipmen Officers who knew what the Corps Commander expected before they became officers. As we therefore approach August, only the Corps Commander and/or his officers can be accused of hypocrisy and weakness if they become slack and forget the early aims. Therefore, Midshipmen Officers should not resign until they reach the stage when they too yearn for the old days and the old "freedoms". And if they do reach that stage and do not resign, then they too are nothing but weak hypocrites who went on taking privileges of their position, forgetting the responsibilities of their posts.

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At this time I should like to thank all those who have contributed to this, my last edition of the BINNACLE: Commander Heron, our advisor, who has given his time to approve our copy; Commander Keeley for supplying us with the necessary materials; and CALL HALL for the use of their mimeograph machine.

Thanking you people,

R. H. Riddewold

Editor BINNACLE

April 1958 - January 1959

January 1959

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music, girls, sports, and economical,
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and.

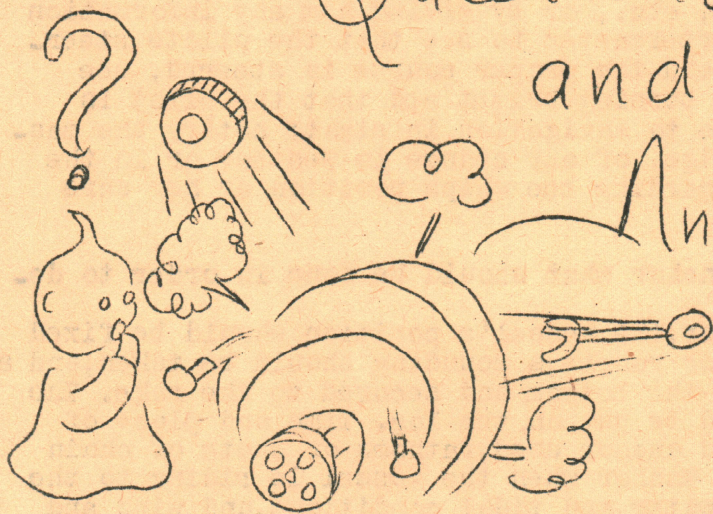
Dinner with your date at the beautiful
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January 24~~th~~; cordually brought to
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Vocational

Questions
and

Answers



Deck Department Questions and Answers
edited by M/S Young

QUESTION: Assuming that you are a third mate being on watch and underway and having a pilot on the bridge with you, what do you consider your duties in reference to the navigation of the vessel?

ANSWER: On watch with a pilot in charge of the navigation, the third mate should: check the steering gear, the whistles communication and signaling appliances between the pilot house and engine room, have the charts of the area out and give the pilot all assistance possible by taking bearings, etc., or by giving him any information he may request; con the quartermaster to see that the pilots steering orders are carried out and the proper course is steered, see that the running lights are burning bright and that the pilot is aware of any vessels or aids to navigation in sight; notify the master if he is not on the bridge, of any change in weather or in the event there is any doubt regarding the ships position or her safe navigation.

QUESTION: Upon coming to anchor what should be done in order to determine the ships position?

ANSWER: Upon coming to anchor, the vessel's position should be fixed by means of cross bearings or ranges, a sounding should be taken, and a drift lead should be put on the bottom and secured to the rake. The following information should be put on the log. Time and place of anchorings, port or starboard anchor used, fathoms or shots of chain out, relative bearing of the anchor when the vessel is riding to the anchor (if desired) depth of water and tidal conditions, and wind and weather conditions.

QUESTION: What does ". _ _ _ _ _" signify when sent during a communication by blinker?

ANSWER: The letter "W" used as a message in itself means: "I" am unable

to read your message owing to the light not properly trained or burning badly". This is to be made by the receiving ship at any stage of the message, if required, and should be answered by the transmitting ship showing a steady light until the receiving is satisfied and ceases to make "W".

QUESTION: What signal should be displayed by night when loading or discharging bulk oil at a dock?

ANSWER: During the transfer of bulk cargo while fast to a dock a red signal (flag by day, lantern by night) must be so placed that it will be visible on all sides. While transferring bulk cargo at anchor, a red flag only shall be displayed.

QUESTION: You are proceeding full speed ahead in a steam vessel on a dark night with the wind aft, and you see a red light and a green light ahead. What would you do and why?

ANSWER: Since only a red and green light is seen ahead, the other vessel is sailing, and, with the wind aft of the steamer and the sailing ship bearing ahead, she must be in stays and coming about. The steamer should stop immediately and back if necessary until the sailing ship pays off on either tack, which would be indicated by one of the side lights shutting off. The steamer could then proceed, passing under the sailing ship's stern.

* * * * *

ENGINEERING QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS edited by McIntire

Reciprocating Engines...

1. Why is there more piston clearance on the bottom end of a cylinder than on the top end.

2. How is steam cushion obtained and what is its purpose?

January, 1959

15

Turbines...

3. Are oil groves cut in turbine rotor bearings? If so, why?
4. Describe how you would clean out a reduction gear and replace the oil?

ANSWERS

1. To allow for bearing wear in the engine.
2. It is obtained by exhaust lap on valve. Exhaust is closed before piston has completed full stroke; thus, some steam is retained to provide a cushioning effect for the heavy piston and its parts.
3. No. (In high-speed engines, such as the turbine, it is essential that the journal run on an unbroken surface. The rotor actually floats in the oil; therefore, the oil must not be allowed to churn up by running into grooves.
4. Engage turning gear. Remove all oil from from sump. Fill lubricant headers or inner pan with flushing oil. Keep supplying fresh oil as long as strainers accumulate any dirt and flushing oil falling gear to make sure lubricating oil thoroughly floods all parts.

16

Binnacle?

16

Binnacle?

Turbines...

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ANSWERS

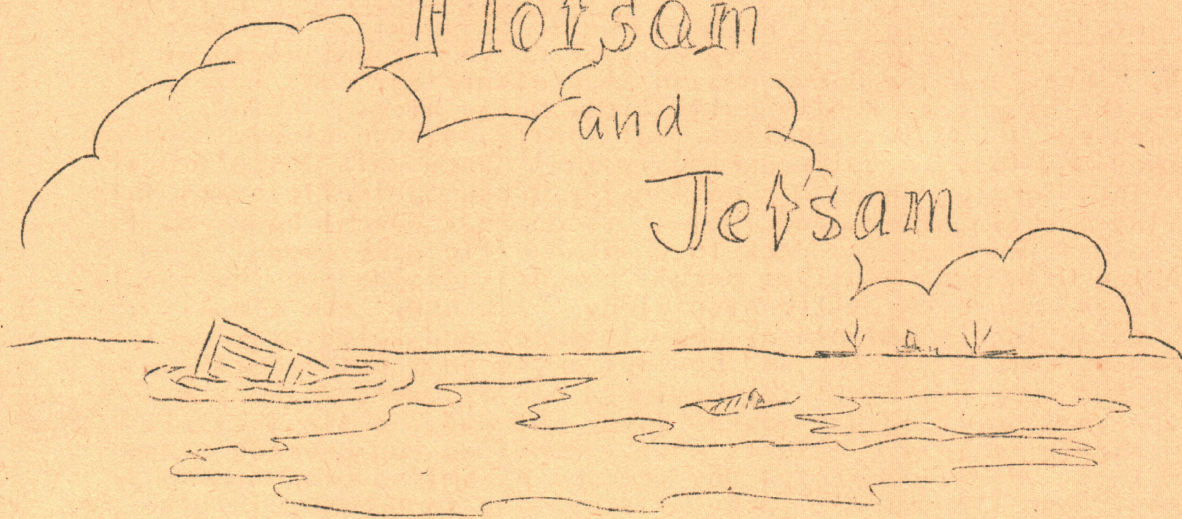
1. To allow for bearing wear in the engine.
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4. Engage turning gear. Remove all oil from from sump. Fill lubricant headers or inner pan with flushing oil. Keep supplying fresh oil as long as strainers accumulate any dirt and flushing oil falling to sump is dirty or badly discolored. Keep unit in motion with turning gear; use auxiliary pump to supply flushing oil if necessary. When clean, drain out flushing oil, replace with clean lubricating oil, turn unit for at least three hours with turning gear to make sure lubricating oil thoroughly floods all parts.

Accumulated

Flotsam

and

Jetsam



SLEEP TEACHING: BEING A SEMI-SERIOUS ESSAY ON AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE

Part I

John T Ellis, First Class Deck

Editor Riddervold tells me that he wants an article on sleep-teaching, the memory problem being what it is here at KEEMA. Where shall I go for the info, Editor? Riddervold suggests the Public Library, San Francisco. So I take the Greyhound from Vallejo, Home of Mare Island, and head for the big city.

The Main Desk referred me to Reference. Reference referred me to Periodical. Periodical referred me to Documents. I entered Documents and asked the small, polite and very young woman at the desk, "Where are the Documents on Sleep-Teaching?" She was so young she blushed. Really quite nice. Quite nice. Reminds me of that run I had last cruise. But that's another story. She blushed and told me quite seriously that "Documents Doesn't Deal With That Sort Of Thing." "Who does?", I asked, irritated at this continual chain of command that had occupied several hours as I was pushed from deck to deck in that magnificently poorly lighted building with the beautiful marble benches outside for the locals to sit on and drink Californian wine. "Ask her," she finally mumbled trying to get rid of me. I turned and spied an elderly matron of say, 50 or 60, who had put a few on for the last few years but who, nevertheless, reminded one of one's mother, no matter what one's mother looked like, and had a smile that all sympathetic moterly creatures have. "What do you have on Sleep-Teaching?" Her lips parted and wreaths of smiles broke forth on that poor librarian's face. It was the look of Dante discovering the truth of Hell! "I've always been interested! Tell me about it." "Madame," I said quite sternly, "I know nothing about it. That is why I come to Documents!"

Her smile faded and disillusion crept over the old frame and I felt guilty. I suggested that we hunt "together" through the Yellow Pages. This brightened her a bit. As coincidence would have it, under INSTRUCTION we found SLEEP TEACHING, 150 Powell. She smiled exultantly. I edged away, promising that Documents would have the information within 24! She waved me out of Documents. I can see her standing there yet. "I want to learn Latin so bad," she murmured.

Down to Powell I went. Took the elevator to the Second Deck. One gets out of the elevator, naturally, and turning left sees THE WHIG SHOPPE. This isn't it. Turn right (there's nothing dead ahead) and walk a few feet to SUITE 205 and the black lettering says SLEEP TEACHING.

I turned the bronze knob and entered. A rather tall and hard worked Secretary told me that she had only been here a few weeks and would I wait a few minutes and he would be there. He came in.

He was middle aged and balding. "Yep, it's the only solution. Now take Sonny. He was the lowest in his class but he wanted to go to college. Wanted to go to college and didn't have the scores; so I bought him the tape recorder and he turned it on every night. Know what? He graduated first in his class and with the highest IQ!" I was impressed. At last a machine and a method that could change the IQ. Ah, here was hope for every farm-boy and city-dweller cursed with Neanderthal qualities which previously no amount of good intentions and study could remedy. I thought of the girl back home with the fracture and I thought "Ah, dearie here is release."

He urged the literature upon me. There were many testy monials. For example, at Visalia, the prisoners of the Tulare County Road Camp have volunteered to listen to a nightly "message" It begins "Listen, my inner self and obey....."

January 1959

He admitted this was a form of painless self-hypnotism that had revolutionary possibilities! Was I a financial failure? Did I lack self-confidence? Was I physically run down? Was my marriage unhappy? Did I lack self-mastery, vitality, will-power, magnetic personality, hypnotic power, memory power? Was I over-weight and nervous all the time? If so, he had a series of records that listened to long enough, while I slept, would cause REAL changes. Was there any suffering for all this, I asked wistfully. None he assured me, none. Just listen while you sleep.....

He would sell me a clock that would start the record or tape for \$20.00 and a special under-the-pillow microphone for another \$12.00 and, of course, the entire tape machine or phonograph if needed.

"you know," he said, "you can learn anything this way!" "Rules of the Road," I fervently inquired. "What's that you said?" "Rules of the Road," I less fervently replied. "Yes, anything! Italian, too. Why the George L's of Hollywood, Mr. and Mrs. learned Italian in their sleep, together."

Convinced, I took the literature and had the Secretary mail one to Documents.

To be Continued

* * * * *
Marmaduke Surfaceblow.... From "Power"

MARMY'S LOOSE RIVETS..

Watching the submarine NAUTILUS pull up the Hudson River from my 26th floor window put a few mental gears in motion. For one thing, I was suddenly back at sea again. And that brought into focus that old seadog, Marmaduke Surfaceblow.

I've seen a lot of expert seamanship, aboard both merchant and navy ships while sailing around this old globe.

But navigating under the polar icecap called for something extra. "Boy," I said to myself, "I'll bet Marmy can't sound off on some experience to top that polar stunt." Still I was sure he'd come up with something.

An hour later I was walking along the bustling westside waterfront, heading for the Bent Propeller Bar—hangout for mariners, waterfront characters and local plant engineers.

Stepping inside, I could see Marmy's battered gray bowler above the crowd at the busy b.r. Edging nearer, I ordered a short beer, then calmly sized up the situation before opening my mouth.

The foxy old consultant was preoccupied as usual, staring at a bottle of Sandpaper Gin before him. Paying no attention to the weather-beaten characters about him, he appeared to be wrestling with some big problem, like trying to harness the sun's energy.

"That NAUTILUS sailing under the polar icecap took some real seamanship, eh Mr. Surfaceblow?" I ventured meekly, wondering if I should start shoving off. Nothing happened. But finally Marmy grabbed his bottle, worked up a vacuum of 16 inches on his cargo pump and blasted his holds in one operation.

Slamming the bottle down, he roared in his foghorn voice: "BILGEWATER on submarines. I'll tell you armchair engineers how I kept an ocean liner from popping her rivets and my only help was from the her bartender."

That did it. A sea of bronzed faces turned toward our hero. Here was a pronouncement that must be listened to, one spoken by the voice of authority, Yes, THE voice of authority.

Marmy turned toward his expectant audience, gave his bowler a starboard list, backed against the bar, then blasted away.

"Back in 1933 I landed in Genoa, Italy, aboard the steam yacht SS PETRAS. She was owned by a sharp New York playboy who never paid his bills. He was so much in debt that the local gendarmes slapped a lien against the PETRAS as soon as we tied up.

January 1959

"After we'd been on the beach for two weeks, the American consul had us placed aboard the liner SS Rex as second-class passengers. She was sailing on her maiden voyage to New York.

The Rex was the pride and joy of Mussolini and all Fascist Italy. Her 51,000 gross tons made her the largest ship ever built in Italy. Her date of departure was proclaimed a national holiday and she sailed with a full list of passengers.

"Her skipper was out to cop the blue ribbon for the Atlantic crossing from Gibraltar to New York. But two days out we hit heavy weather and the Rex began rolling like a drunken sailor. Then the proud maiden popped a dozen hull rivets in her plates amidships, about ten feet below the waterline.

"The exposed rivet holes were in the boiler room. Some passengers got panicky, but the captain assured everyone there wasn't any danger as the holes would be plugged.

"I was interested in knowing exactly how the Rex's chief engineer would do the job. I soon learned he'd had hardwood tapered plugs driven into the holes. But the strain on the plates that had popped the rivets in the first place loosened the wooden plugs in a hurry, and other rivets in the area were starting to loosen.

"Next morning word got around that the chief had asked the captain to put a sailor over the side in a bosun's chair. This seaman was to push a bolt through each hole from the outside while the engineer in the fireroom slipped a gasket, washer and nut over the threads and tightened the nut.

"That scuttlebutt was right because next morning there was plenty of excitement aboard. Up on deck the mate was having a bosun's chair rigged. It had a line running down under the keel and up the port side to keep the sailor from smacking against the hull each time the Rex rolled. And she was rolling plenty.

"As passengers swarmed all over the deck to watch, several seamen stepped forward and volunteered to do the job. With the ocean kicking up her heels, it took a brave man to go over the side, no mistake about it. When the first seaman was lashed into the bosun's chair, the captain changed the ship's heading to put him on the lee side.

"But still the Rex rolled, bringing the rivet holes out of the water one minute, then plunging them 20 ft. under water the next minute. The sailor rolled under the waves as he tried bravely to insert the bolt before getting waterlogged himself.

"By the time the first bolt was inserted he was half drowned. Talk about keel-hauling practiced in sailing-ship days, this was the nearest thing to it that I've ever seen. It took a sailor with guts, and that sailor was a hero to everyone aboard. But I felt sorry for him because I knew there must be a simpler way to do the job.

"With hundreds of passengers on deck yelling 'Bravo' as they hauled the sailor aboard, the second volunteer came forward with a do or die expression on his face. But I elbowed up to the chief officer who was running the show.

"Don't send anymore men over the side," I advised the mate. "I'll get those bolts into the rivet holes from inside the ship. And I'll do it quicker and no one will get drowned.!"

"Bravo," yelled the passengers near enough to hear me.

"When the noise quieted down, the mate wanted to know how I'd do the job. I told him I'd need the bartender's help.

"Bartender," he yelled, then he started getting pink around the gills.

"Look, I'm not joking," I told him. Just then the captain came down from the bridge to see what was holding things up. I explained to him and the mate that I'd plug those holes from the inside.

January 1959

But the bartender would have to bring a dozen bottles of Sandpaper Gin to my cabin. To show the captain I wasn't fooling, I asked him to send the chief engineer up so I could outline the plan.

"The skipper wanted the job done without losing that blue ribbon. So he said, 'Will do.' Soon as the chief, the bartender with his twelve bottles and the mate were in my room, I gave them my instructions. After pulling all the corks, I gave them to the chief and told him to fasten a fishline to each one. Then I told him to stick one cork at a time through a rivet hole from inside the fireroom.

"'You'll have to slow the ship down and fish the cork out of the water with a long hook,' I told the mate. 'Maybe you can make one from a long piece of heavy wire or tubing.'

"'As for you,' I told the chief, 'Have your machinist drill and tap the thread end of each bolt for a tiny eye-bolt. Then when the mate has a cork fished out of the water from topside, he can remove the cork and tie the line onto the eye-bolt. Then heave the bolt over the side and have one of your engineers put it into the hole from down below in the fireroom. Once the bolt's in place, slip the gasket and washer over the bolt as you did before. Tighten it and your job is done.'

"They all agreed that was a good idea. While I rounded up my shipmates from the yacht to do justice to the twelve bottles of Sandpaper Gin, my plans were carried out on the deck and below. Inside of three hours all the bolts were tightened in place and the Rex was brought to top speed again.

"When the job was finished I became the new hero. For the rest of the voyage I couldn't spend a cent. Everyone was treating me... and I even sat at the captain's table.

"The rex did win the blue ribbon for her crossing, making the trip in 4 days, 13 hours and 50 minutes. And all I had done was come up with what's known today as the Marmaduke THEORY OF BUOYANCE.

It goes like this:

"If you push a cork into a bottle, the cork'll float and maybe act like a check valve when you turn bottom's up. But that won't stop a seaman from getting lubricated if he's got his mind made up."

Having uttered this most unusual "theory", the most unusual Marmaduke Surfaceblow turned back to his bottle. I walked out of the place as if in a trance. My head felt light because my mental gears had slipped a few cogs after listening to Marmy.

-Steve Elonka

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WHY THE ENGINEERS ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE DECKIES
by Juris

It is a little known fact, but the Marine Engineers both here at the California Maritime Academy, and out in the business world in the United States Maritime Industry, are actually more important than the men who command the ships, the men who guide these tiny ships across the vast spaces of the earth's oceans, the men who are allowed to mix with the passengers on the most luxurious liners of the world's great merchant fleets, the men of the Deck Dept. These Engineers toil unceasingly and unselfishly in the greasy, grimy engine room doing the job, which although it did not exist for three thousand years, is much more important today than such old fashioned jobs as keeping the ship from getting lost in the middle of the ocean.

While the men of the Deck Dept. busy themselves with such ridiculously unnecessary tasks as unloading, loading, and stowing in the holds, the cargo which makes the majority of profit for the steamship companies of the various nations of the world, and

January 1959

figuring the courses along which they will guide the ship across the ocean to its destination, the Engineers easily perform some of their more important tasks such as providing "Luke Warm or Tepid" water for the passengers' baths and steam for the laundry to use when pressing the passengers' tuxedos and formal evening gowns. The importance of the Engineers highly technical job can be easily and greatly emphasized by showing that while the Chief Engineer and First Assistant Engineer spend their duty time checking their subordinates' reports on such essential items as the mean temperature in the freezer compartment where the ice cream for the current voyage is kept, the Master and Chief Mate are concerned on their duty time with such highly immaterial items as radio direction finder, radar, and Loran bearings, which along with sextant sights do nothing more than merely fix the ships position on the oceans of the world.

If I may digress just slightly from my original theme, I would like to spend just a moment depicting, not the importance of the Engineering dept., but the advantages of being a member of that so highly esteemed dept. Just think for a moment of the satisfaction that the Third Assistant Engineer can feel when he thinks, and realizes, that while he is sitting and doing a job such as figuring the amount of fuel consumed during the ship's daily run, his counterpart in the deck department, the Junior Third Mate, is wasting his time up on deck entertaining some of the more attractive of the younger female passengers.

In conclusion may I state that the reasons which I have cited above, are just a few of the many which make me feel that although it may soon be replaced by a small panel of push button on the bridge, the Engineering Department is definitely the most important department aboard ship.

The views expressed above are not necessarily those of the BINNACLE or the Engineering Department. The BINNACLE would welcome any contributions in the form of an answer to this "Factual Report."

(Written at the request of an anonymous 2nd c/engineer.)

SAVAGE AND THE PROFESSOR
by Small

It was thirteen hundred in the afternoon a week ago Sunday. There was a good wind, just right for sailing. Everything seemed normal, no one sensed what was about to happen.

Savage saw him first, an old man stumbling down the road with a big suitcase. He stopped there at the head of the pier as Savage approached. "Who could he be," wondered Savage; "why would such a fragile but dignified looking gentleman be carrying an old weather-beaten suitcase like that?" Without introducing himself, the old man asked Savage if he and some friends would like to go sailing. Savage knew who he was then; who else but the famed Professor Carberry. Overjoyed, Savage gladly accepted the offer and promptly raced through the ship waving his hands and yelling, "Carberry is here at last."

Soon, the suitcase was opened, the soy bean and plastic hull inflated and the titanium sails set. Carberry himself launched the boat with one hand to demonstrate the light weight and feasibility of a portable sailboat.

The rest of the afternoon was spent making test runs for speed and handling. When the professor finally left at eighteen hundred it was a

Carberry's.

Commander Flanner- Who put)(all over last tri-mester?

Commander Heron+ I never heard of Carberry, he must not be in the reg. book.

January 1959

27



(the foregoing was a paid political announcement
by the Midshipman "Carey for BC" committee.)

"AN AMERICAN CREED"

I do not choose to be a common man. It is my right to be uncommon if I can. I seek opportunity--not security. I do not wish to be kept citizen, humbled, dulled, by having the State look after me. I want to take the calculated risk; to dream and to build; to fail or succeed. I refuse to barter incentive for a dole. I prefer the challenges of life to the guaranteed existence; the thrill of fulfillment to the state calm of utopia.

I will not trade freedom for beneficence, nor my dignity for a handout. I will never cower before any master nor bend to any threat. It is my heritage to stand erect, proud, and unafraid; to think and act for myself; enjoy the benefits of my creation, and to face the world boldly and say: This I have done!

Anonymous"

M/S. _____
California Maritime Academy
Vallejo, California

TO: _____

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Stamp