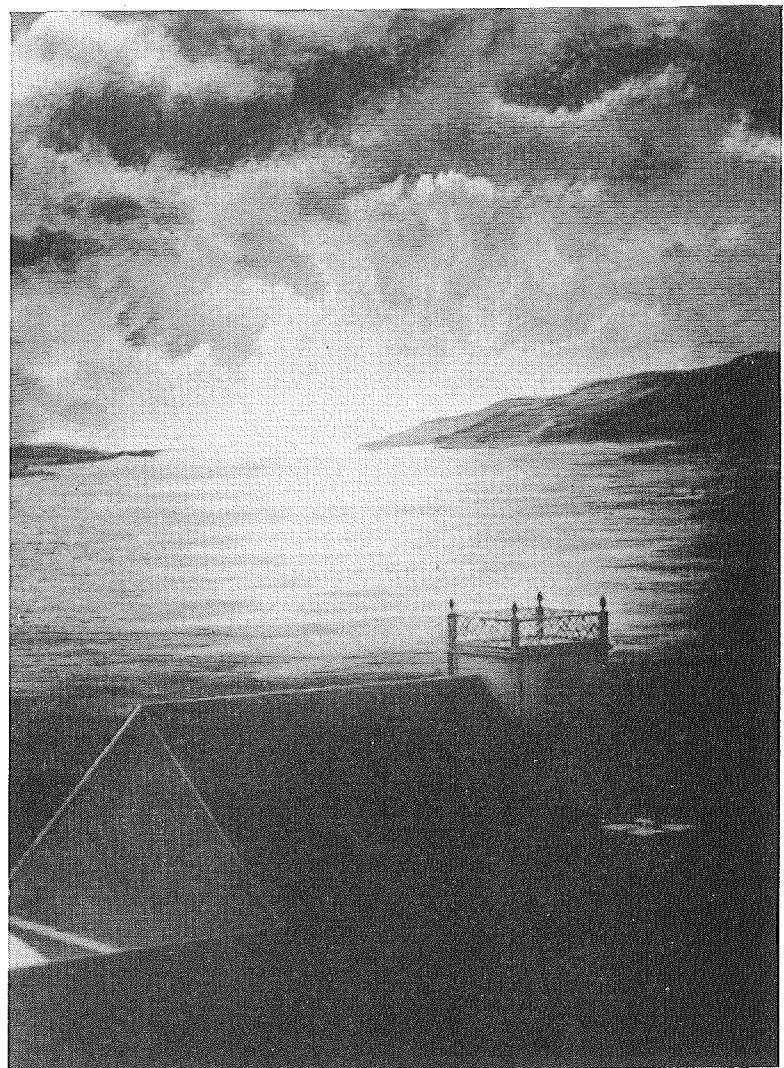


the **Hawsepipe**

Nineteen Hundred and Forty Eight

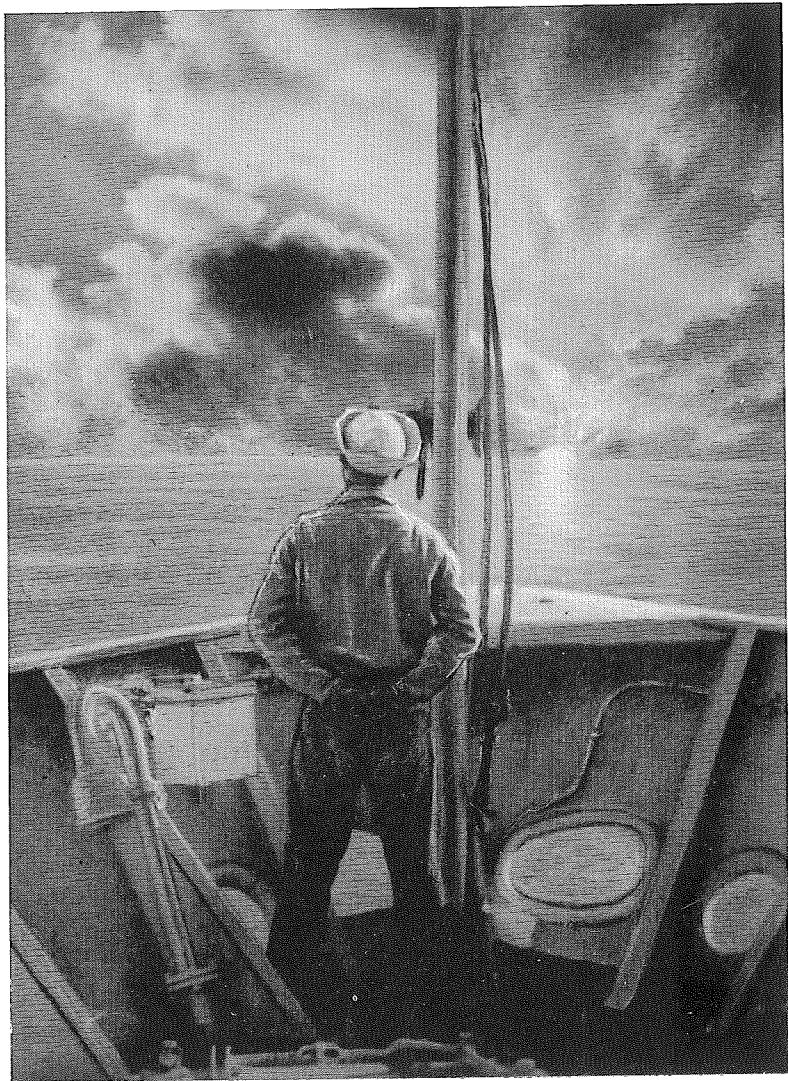
Compiled by . . .
the Midshipman Corps
California Maritime Academy
Vallejo, California



From crescive realization of homage due,
we dedicate this record to Capt. Claude B.
Mayo, U.S.N. (Ret.).

"'Tis wise to learn;
'tis God-like to create--"





Foreword . . .

Here it is — the story of our years at C.M.A. set down in words and pictures.

For three years we have lived as one—shared each other's joys, fears, and hopes. Our comradeship has formed a bond which can never be broken—yet our ways must part on graduation day. We will go forth into our varied fields of endeavor and bargain for success.

But at some time in his future, each midshipman of this class will be scanning his bookshelf for something with which to while some time away. His eyes will come to rest upon a familiar volume. He will take it from its place and rummage through the pages. Memories will flood his mind—the studies, the sporting events, the joshings, the beer busts, the little everyday happenings which formed his life when at the Academy. He will place the book back upon the shelf, but his mind will be loath to close upon the picture of the grand old days.

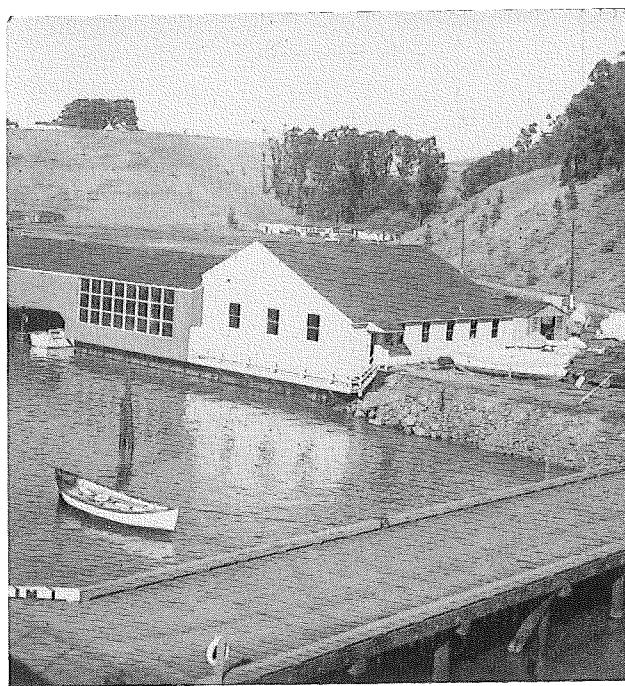
For this reason we publish this annual.



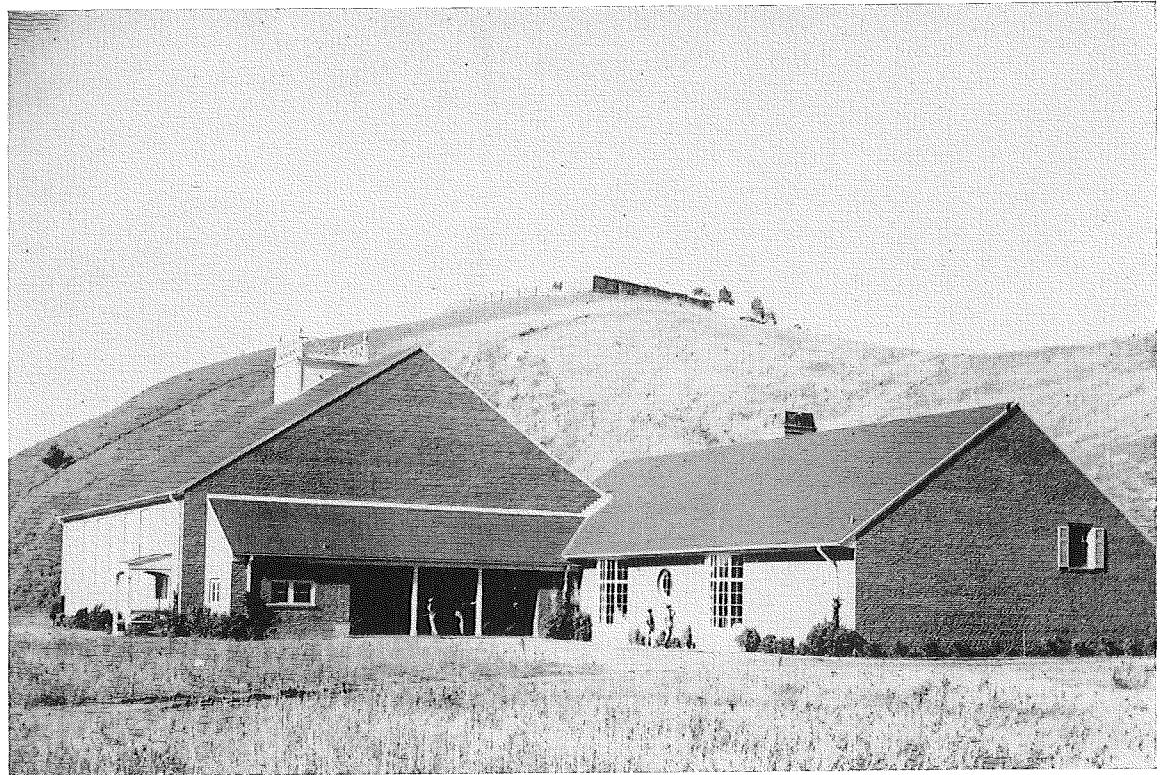


Through these portals . . .





Where all good
sailors meet.



Scene of fast basketball games
and relaxing swims.





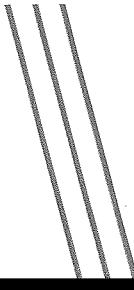
All quiet on the
western front.



Dedicated to the arts of sleeping,
studying, and bridge playing.



Administration





HO
G



HONORABLE EARL WARREN
Governor of the State of California

Administration



Superintendent's Message To The Graduating Class

By virtue of your graduation from the California Maritime Academy you have met successfully the first challenge each of you elected to accept when you chose the sea for your profession. Your training at the Academy has been conducted with a view to preparing you specifically for the bigger challenge of success in that profession and generally for the biggest challenge of all—success in life under any conditions.

You are entering a profession in which men, since first they ventured upon the waters, have been required to show high qualities of courage, vision, integrity and skill. All of these elements will be factors in your success in the sea-going profession. However, your real value to society as a whole will be measured not by your professional competence but by the sound principles to which you dedicate your personal loyalty and efforts. It is through these principles that the nation you will serve, either in peace or in war, has achieved greatness. Good luck and pleasant sailing.

—RUSSELL M. IHRIG
Commodore, U.S.N., Ret.
Superintendent

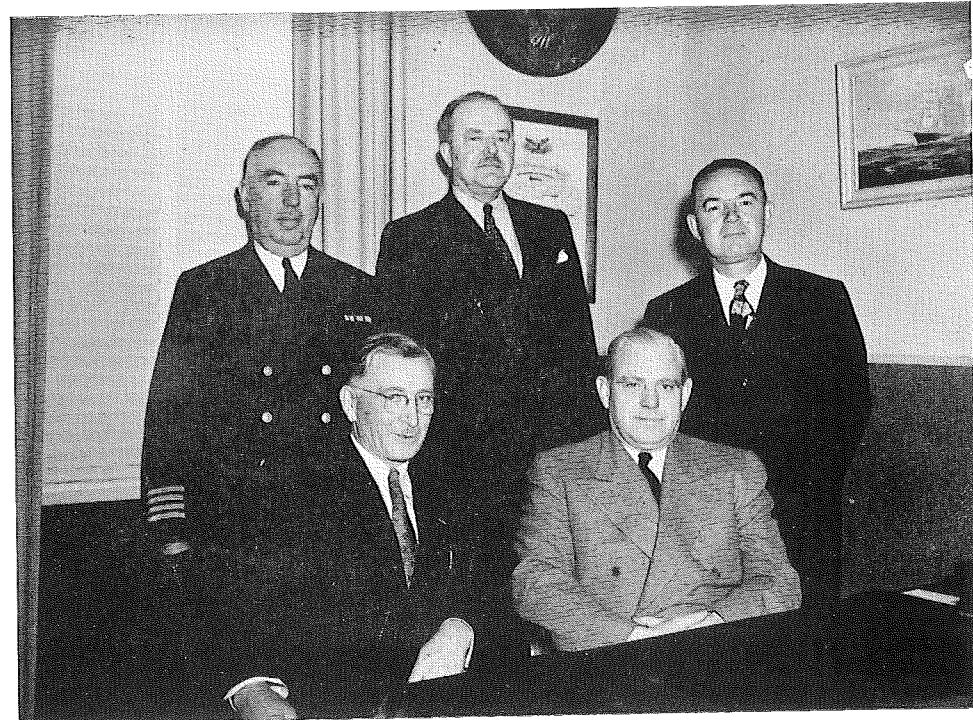




CAPTAIN CLAUDE B. MAYO,
U.S.N. (Ret.)

Captain Claude B. Mayo resigned his post as Superintendent of the Academy last November. By so doing, he retired from the world of seafarers, leaving behind him a brilliant record of achievement.

During his Naval career he instructed classes at the Naval Academy, founded the Navy Volunteer Courses, and commanded the U.S.S. Nevada. He then took over



ACADEMY BOARD OF GOVERNORS
STANDING, left to right: Captain Brenner, Captain Blackstone, chairman, Mr. Gibson.
SEATED: Dr. Burkman, Mr. Sweeny.

DR. RICHARD C. DWYER
Dean of Education



the re-
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member.
the
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over

the reins as our Superintendent, and under his surveillance the Academy rose from the "school ship" era to its present status.

Now he has passed from the active scene into retirement — to settle down and write books. But in the minds of the midshipmen and the rest of the seafaring world, Captain Claude B. Mayo, mariner, instructor, and leader, will never retire.



COMMANDER RICHARD D. HERON,
Lt. Comdr., USNR
Commandant of Midshipmen



COMMANDER J. M. CADWELL
Supply Officer



Department of Seamanship and Navigation



CAPTAIN R. M. G. SWANY
Commander, USNR
Head, Department of Seamanship
and Navigation
Captain, T.S. Golden Bear



LT. COMDR. C. W. ROYSTON
Lt. Comdr., USNR
Seamanship, Cargo



LT. COMDR. CHESTER H. TUBBS
Lt. Comdr., USNR
Navigation



LT. N. B. MARTIN
English, Spanish



FOSTER F. HALLMAN
Ch. Boatswain's Mate
Practical Seamanship.



Department of Engineering



COMMANDER FRANK FLANNER
Commander, USNR
Head, Department of Engineering
Chief Engineer, T.S. Golden Bear



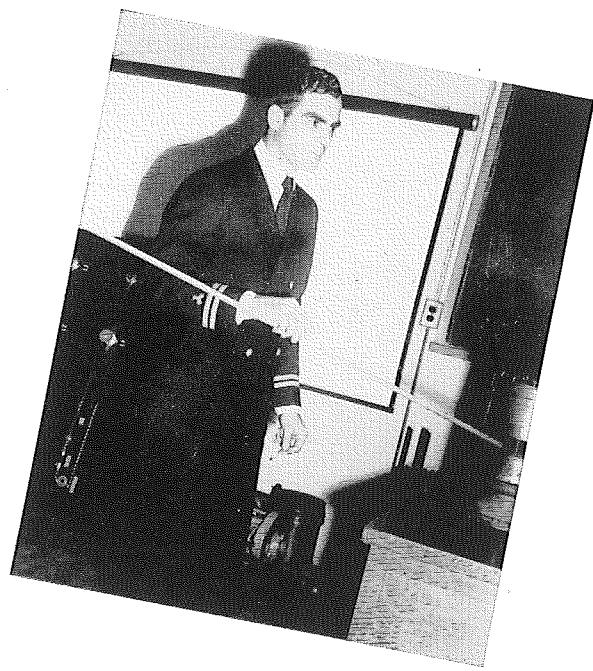
LT. COMDR. WESTON AVERILL
Boilers, Physics, Chemistry



LT. CHARLES B. DUNHAM
Mechanical Drawing, G.R.&R., Math.



LT. FRANK L. LABOMBARD
Auxiliary Machinery



LT. WALTER C. LANGE
Electricity, Diesels



Department of Naval Science



LT. DAVID C. HOLLY, USN
Head, Department of Naval Science
Transferred Dec., 1947



LT. CLIFFORD C. RICE, USN
Reciprocating Engines, Ordnance
Transferred Dec., 1947



LT. GEORGE W. KOSKI, USN
Auxiliary Machinery
Transferred June, 1948

LT. R. M. VAN HORNE, USN
Naval Science and Tactics



WILLIAM O. HENDRICKS
Ch. Pharmacist's Mate, USN
Ship Sanitation and First Aid

G. A. RAMSEY
Ch. Petty Officer, USN



GLENN A. O'BRIEN
Ch. Gunner's Mate, USN
Ordnance and Gunnery

MATTHEW HARTMAN
Ch. Fire Controlman, USN
Ordnance and Gunnery





LT. COMDR. ROGER H. SWAIN
Arrived December, 1947
Navigation

LT. JAMES D. LAMBERT
Arrived December, 1947
Reciprocating Engines, Boilers



CLARENCE A. MORGAN
Chief Steward



EUGENE HARNWELL
Ship's Carpenter





CLARENCE A. MORGAN
Chief Steward

EUGENE HARNWELL
Ship's Carpenter





Seniors



FIRST CLASS

KNEELING, left to right: Swain, Parker, Dux. STANDING: McCullough, Meyer, Ford, Carney, Rowe, Buck, Harvey, Johnston, Gibbs, Christensen, Otto, Cole, Wilkey, Olson, Bowersox, Ball.

Class of '48

August 14, 1945—Japan surrendered unconditionally, September 5, 1945—The Class of 1948 entered C.M.A. and promptly followed suit. The latter date marked the colorful beginning of the history of the Class of '48. This publication, our annual, marks the end of same, or "term" as we called it when we were "Swabs." Our first of many big surprises to come upon entering C.M.A. was, oddly enough, the meaning of the word "Discipline." The party in power (or First Class, as it is commonly called—other synonyms deleted by censor), put us through an ingenious physical indoctrination course, sometimes reverently referred to as hazing. As this lasted but three months, we were the last "Swabs" to be hazed—physically, that is. We were quite relieved when "double-time" and "push-ups" were brought to an end, but to our dismay "Swab-rules and matches" carried on—not to mention the "report sheet" and other worthy substitutes.

The T.S. Golden State emerged from its annual overhaul resplendent in its prewar colors—which consisted of white, white, and more white. Returning to the base, we worried about finals and prepared for cruise. We put on the traditional "Swab-smoker" which, to our complete astonishment, pleased the upperclassmen. January of 1946 found us steaming merrily southward on our first (home was never like this) cruise. We made the usual stops along the California Coast: Long Beach and San Diego to barter with the friendly natives and pick up souvenirs. Acapulco, Mexico, was our first taste of tropical liberty: swimming, fishing, night-life and a dash of turn-to thrown in to keep our minds alert. It was here that our laundry substituted a "Swab-ringer" for the mechanical type. An officer generously "volunteered" to fly to Mexico City to obtain the needed spare parts for said laundry.



Leaving Acapulco we raced down to Panama at the breath-taking speed of eight knots—with the wind and sea behind us, of course. After refreshing our spirits and viewing the ruins of old Panama, we left for Callao, Peru. After Peru, we headed farther southward, this time stopping at Valparaiso, Chile. Here we found the beautiful blonde women and "Lucy," first sweetheart of C.M.A. Incidentally, many people have seen women through a porthole but we "Swabs" had the distinction of shining them at the same time. The long trek homeward included a liberal application of "Saw-oil and soogie" to our Iron Mother with the ingredient elbow-grease thrown in. En route we frequently attended what we thought were musters—later, to our sorrow, we found they were report masts "Smilin'-Jack style!"

At Magdelena Bay, Mexico, we literally dipped the T.S.G.S. in a bucket of white paint and then all hands turned eagerly to the production of the traditional smoker. Another highlight burst forth in our history when our Third Class crew defeated the champion Second Classmen. At last the welcome sight of California hove into view. We made the usual stops plus Santa Barbara where a new watch for Third Classmen developed—a combination boats-mess watch. Apparently the practice of bailing the boats during the night was to keep one in rhythm for serving mess during the day. Returning to the base, all hands enjoyed a 14 day leave, the Third Class hastening home to recuperate.

With only a few months left for G-day, we learned of the acquisition of our new training ship, the *Mellena*. After it was refitted by the U. S. Maritime Commission, we went to work once again. When G-day rolled around (at last), we sadly bid farewell to our First Class Shipmates and thought that at last we could use our heads more and our hands less. Such plans ran amuck, however, as our new training ship required more attention than we anticipated. The *Mellena* was christened the T.S. *Golden Bear* and she was then officially ours. Shipyards once again and we were off on cruise. This being our second cruise, we now considered ourselves seasoned salts and everything as "usual routine."



CLASS OFFICERS
Ronny Parker, President
Bill Dux, Vice-President, Fred Swain, Secretary-Treasurer.

After passing through the Panama Canal, we found ourselves in Vera Cruz, Mexico. We liked the port so well that for a while we considered giving them our star-

board anchor as a small testimonial of our appreciation. The bus ride to Mexico City will be long remembered by the middies. The hectic night spent on the ride is proof enough that we do live dangerously. Next port was the highlight of the cruise—New Orleans. Arriving at the land of the Mardi Gras, we rapidly went native. After Kingston, Jamaica, we were once again homeward bound. Magdalena Bay brought forth the usual smoker and all. After leave we looked forward to another G-day. Our Ring Dance was enjoyed by all—some more than others. We struggled through finals and then (at last) we were the First Class.



We soon learned that responsibilities of a First Class are dependent directly upon the initiative displayed by that Class. Our Class Policy included many changes—some quite radical compared to previous years, most of which we have seen through to completion. For the first time, Midshipman Officers drilled with swords in parades and other ceremonies. Being placed on the other end of the report sheet probably went to our heads: if you doubt this statement, ask the Class of 1950. The First Class Party found us in the midst of an evening of merriment which extended to the following morning. We were "in power" for a very short time when C.M.A. adopted a Bold Look all of its own—khakis becoming the new fad during the winter and then during the summer they were replaced by the cooler, more fashionable blues.

Our Class fully realized the Academy's loss when Captain Claude Mayo announced his resignation. Shortly before he left, a parade was held in his honor and we shall long remember the meaning behind his farewell address: "Never compromise personal honor to attain any objective, regardless of how important that particular goal seems." The Superintendent's Office was filled by Commodore R. M. Ihrig who capably continued the Academy Program of Reconstruction started by his predecessor. We awoke one morning to the tune of chipping hammers and discovered that we were once again in the shipyard. Under the direction of our new Superintendent, plans were made for a Relief Mission to Europe instead of our scheduled cruise to Rio. Feverish preparations were made aboard the T.S. Golden Bear to prepare for the loading of the Relief Cargo. Back at the Base again, we commenced loading the Relief Cargo donated by the citizens of Vallejo and adjacent communities. For the second time in our First Class Year, the deck was cut and "stripes" were passed out. Once we were underway and bound for Europe, we found that our class had earned the privilege of additional responsibilities with respect to watch standing and various other duties. We saw Europe in our usual "tourist" fashion—cameras and all. On our way homeward, we toured the California Coast, the last time for our class. We then enjoyed our post-cruise leave which consisted mainly of traveling time home and then back again. The deck was cut for the third and last time as the final "stripes" were awarded. The Ring Dance was our first "social" after cruise and then we eagerly turned our efforts towards preparations for the "Third's."

The Class of 1948 was indeed fortunate in their course of instruction at the California Maritime Academy. Fortunate in the sense that we have had the experience of one cruise aboard the old Training Ship Golden State with a steam reciprocating engine for propulsion, which proved to be invaluable experience for both the Deck and Engineer Sections of our Class. Unique in the sense that our Class played an integral part in the Academy's difficult transition to postwar operation. Privileged in the sense that we were the leaders of the Midshipman Corps on the Relief Mission to Europe and thus combined with our training a definite aid to those in need. Well trained not only in the sense of our chosen fields, but in important general qualifications for any man. In this light we learned from the great leader to whom this annual is dedicated such things as "the easiest way to make men trustworthy is to trust them." And lastly, grateful to our State for the education she has given us. We feel that we are fully prepared "to serve the best interests of our State and nation in time of Peace or War." We sincerely pray that it shall always be Peace.



JOHN W. BALL "Tess"

A modest man with a quick wit is John Ball, Oakland's contribution to the engineering department. His capability and oily dungarees won him three stripes at the beginning of the senior year and later, during the cruise period, the position of Cadet Chief Engineer. John is famed as a great "party-timer," until we spent a few days in Stockton, that is. He tells us he will ship for a while, but as for the distant future, he would like to continue his engineering education at Cal.

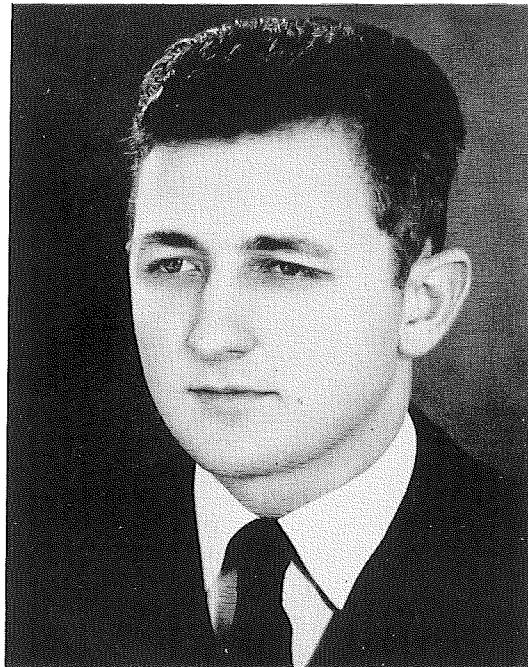
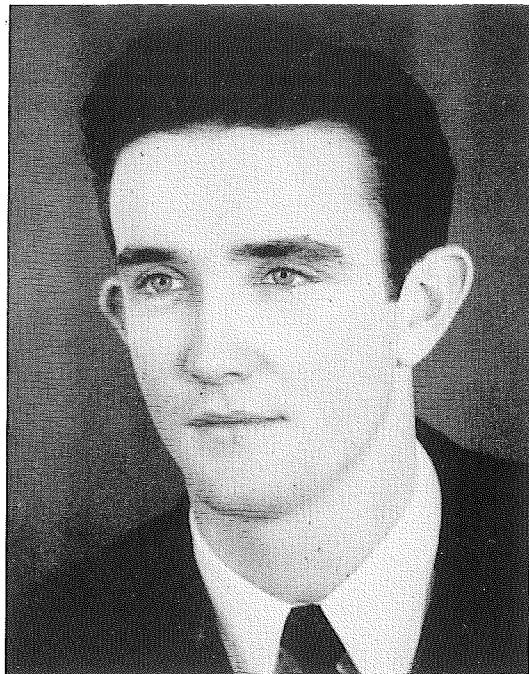
E. CHARLES BOWERSOX "Sox"

When it comes to operating that plant (from the mess table) it's E. C. Bowersox of San Diego who stands head and shoulders (well—head, well—) above most others. Earl is a little man of many activities, some of which are: football, baseball, basketball referee, and crew coxswain. During the cruise period, he occupied a Cadet Petty Officer's position, proof enough of his academic and mechanical abilities. If his poker skill continues for long, we think he will be playing solitaire instead of those "no-limit" games. Concerning the future, how can we be sure? As he is an individual of many horizons, it is hard to predict. Maybe the sea, and then the business world.



DONALD E. BUCK "Big Don"

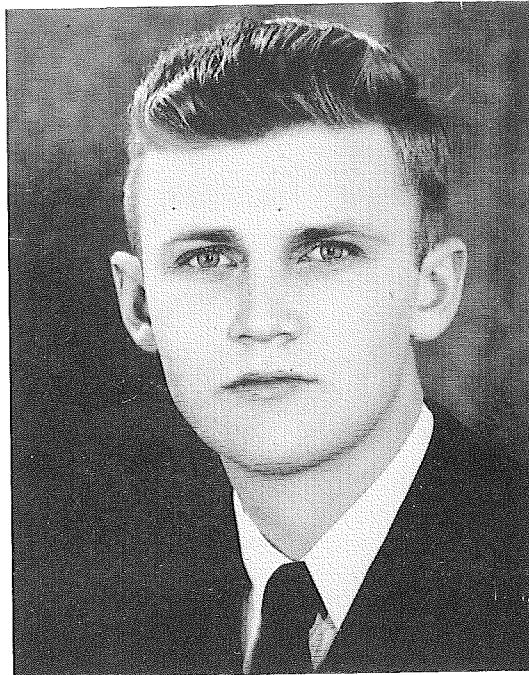
Ah, we can see him now—stepping before the footlights amid the sighs and grand acclaim of American womanhood. Don hails from San Diego, the notable suburb of Tijuana, where a man is a man. Don's undoubtedly fate is to inherit a million dollars, and proceed to set the world afire as a cosmopolitan socialite. As well as his primary interest, Don has served as chief-cook-and-bottle-washer of the Cadet Service Fund and has also proved himself a wrestler of no meager prowess. After he has received his diploma, Don intends to ship out for a couple of years, go to a business college—necessarily co-educational—and then go into the import-export business.



S. P. CARNEY, JR. "Stu"

San Pedro always does its share for C.M.A., and to the engineering part of our class it makes an apt contribution in Stu Carney. He is always at work on something which proves the adage, "If you want to get something done, give it to a busy man." As Editor of the BINNACLE and Division Commander during the first semester, he stood forth as a good and well liked leader. Special interests? Oh yes, we mustn't forget that little female over at Cal. We predict that Stu has a good future ahead of him in the shipping world.



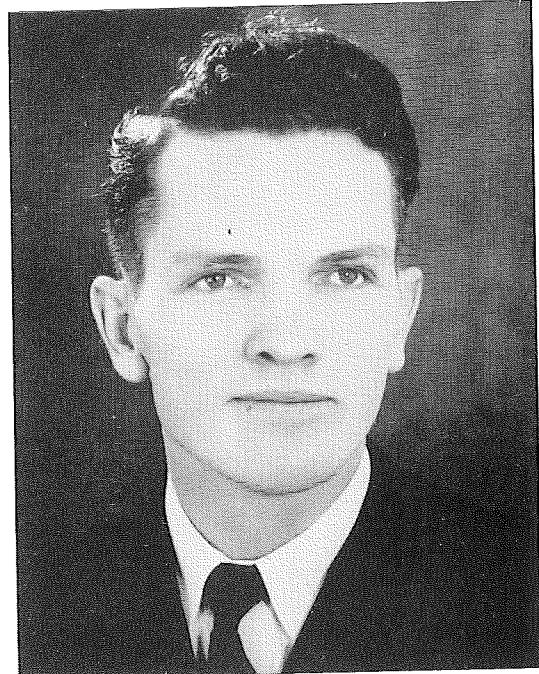


HARRY E. CHRISTENSEN
"Chris"

"Ya shure, In Svenska we're a salty lot." Such words announce the entrance of the old salt himself from San Pedro. As well as being a standout in the seamanship category, Chris does quite well for himself on the basketball floor and wields a fancy tennis racket. In addition to his many other activities, he acted as business manager of the HAWSEPIPE. As for interests, Chris feels at home in any atmosphere—especially if it happens to be social. After being graduated, Chris hopes to sail as a mate on a Catalina Island steamer for a few years, and then pursue the dental profession.

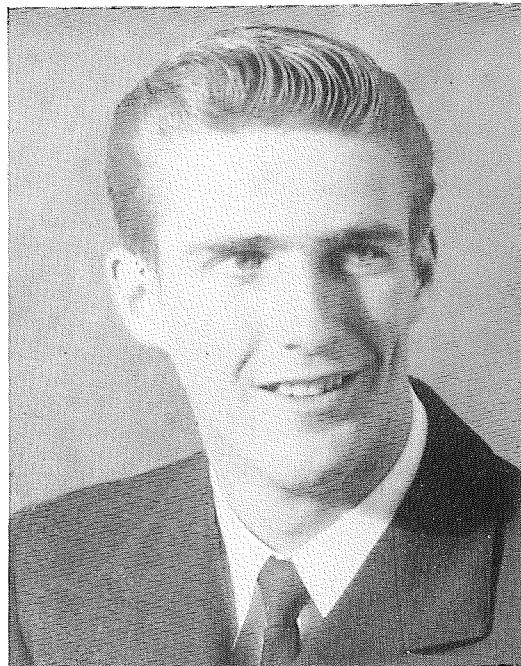
FRANK R. COLE
"Chief"

"Why certainly, the moon is always pink," he will tell you with a facial expression which generations of poker players have failed to develop. Listen to our man Cole long enough, and he would have you believing elephants roost in trees. Just as he can lead one's reasoning astray by his playful bull-slinging, Frank can handle people and has proved himself a leader since coming to C.M.A. When we became Second Classmen, we elected him president of the class, and as a First Classman, Frank has acted as co-editor of this yearbook. Frank intends to ship out for a couple of years after taking leave of our Alma Mater and then on with his education.



WILLIAM A. DUX, JR.
"Doc"

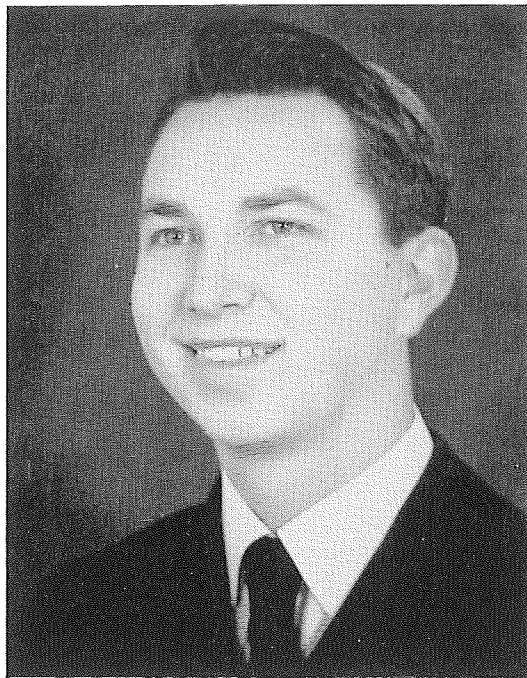
"Make Way!" Mill Valley lost about one per cent of its population and C.M.A. won a good engineer and a great guy when Bill "joined up." Great personality, good athletic ability (basketball and baseball), and fine mechanical aptitude are all rolled up into this lad. He won Cadet Petty Officer's stripes for the cruise period and, in addition, "served time" in charge of the forward engine room. Bill is one of those all-around good fellows and certainly has added to our memories of the Academy. We think he will fill an engineer's shoes to the credit of any company, but that ancestral home town hardware store looks mighty inviting, doesn't it, Doc?



JOHN W. FORD
"Senator"

Ever the mahatma of his class, John has set an enviable record at the Academy. He lived his pre-Academy days across the bay in Sausalito, where his seagoing background began. John is now a ranking yachtsman in the Bay area, having placed second in the star boat championships last summer. An eager and fascinating conversationalist, his natural wit and showmanship, combined with a thorough knowledge of a vast repertoire of subjects, make him welcome wherever people congregate. John has stood first in his class since he entered in 1945, and, on becoming a First Classman, he was awarded the four stripes of the Cadet Captaincy. Upon being graduated, John hopes to find his career somewhere in the maritime world.



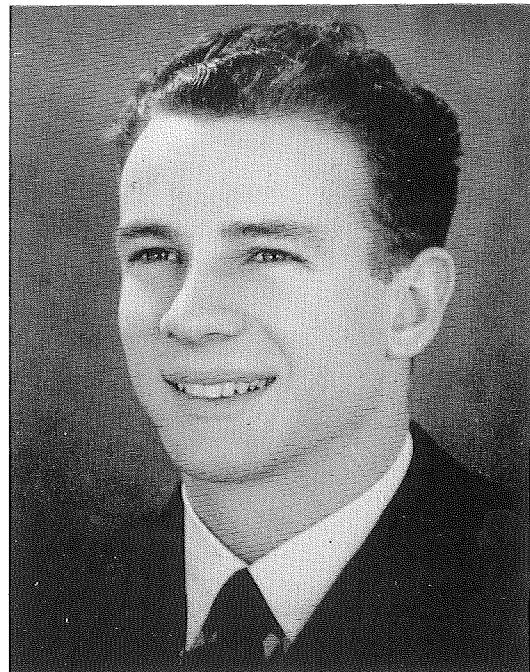


JOHN W. GIBBS
"Watt"

We shall tell you first off that John is from Fairfax Hi and that will, of course, mean L.A. is his home town. He seems to have that desired ability of being able to get along with everyone and mix in any crowd. As a whiz on the tennis courts, John has been one of the mainstays of our athletic program. Sharpness in the classroom and a cool ability in the engine room contributed to his wearing three stripes during the senior cruise. An interest in economics and finance qualified him as a devoted Cadet Service Fund treasurer. This same talent, we think, will eventually lead him into the business world.

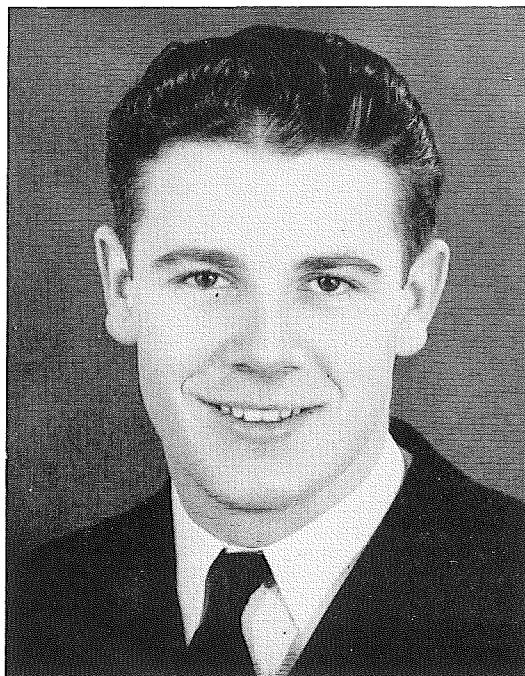
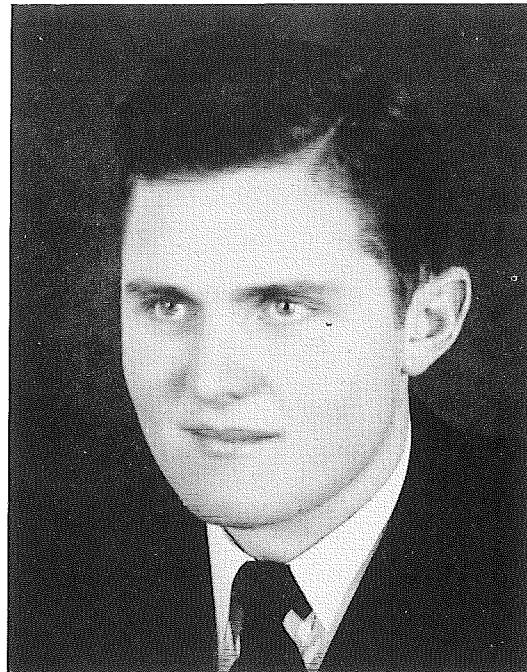
STANLEY E. HARVEY
"Rabbit"

Stanley is the type of fellow who leaves his classmates far behind when it comes to higher mathematics. Straight from Pasadena, down in "God's country," came this engineering student with a likeable chuckle to follow in the footsteps of an older brother. Skill on the handball court makes him rough competition for all comers. Present him with an engineering problem and in short order he will be talking over your head. Stan throws a wicked machine tool, and we don't doubt but what he could throw most of them. We understand it's back to P.J.C. after a short stretch at sea for Stan.



BRUCE T. JOHNSTON
"Big Chuck"

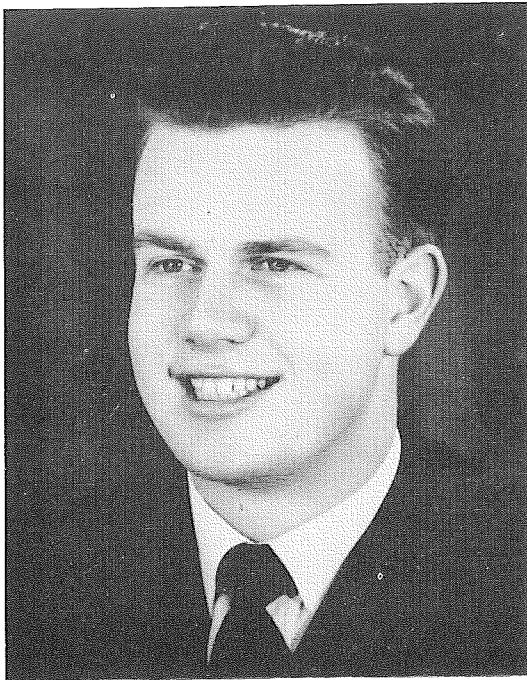
Just as his nickname implies, this man from San Carlos has been and will be a big man in any situation. His initiative carried him into the position of Cadet Captain during the cruise period of his senior year. An outstanding athlete, he starred as a defensive guard on the basketball squad, and swings a mean club on the baseball diamond. On the instant that liberty call is piped, a puff of smoke appears, and from it steps Bruce, resplendent in dress blues, ready to defend his title as "first man through the gate." Bruce intends to ship out for a few years, and then follow his father's footsteps into the highway contracting business.



FRANK L. McCULLOUGH
"Irish"

Don't ask him how Ireland got its name because—well, just don't ask, brother, especially while in Panama. Ah, 'tis the wearin' of the green—even had those four stripes indicating Cadet Chief Engineer tailored with a greenish tint. The one thing about Frank that strikes us as being most important is that a number "1" always seems to follow his name in class standing. He plays a good basketball game and what with that new "convert" each year, you just can't beat him. Frank says he will go back to his home town of Piedmont soon and continue his education, maybe in Business Administration.



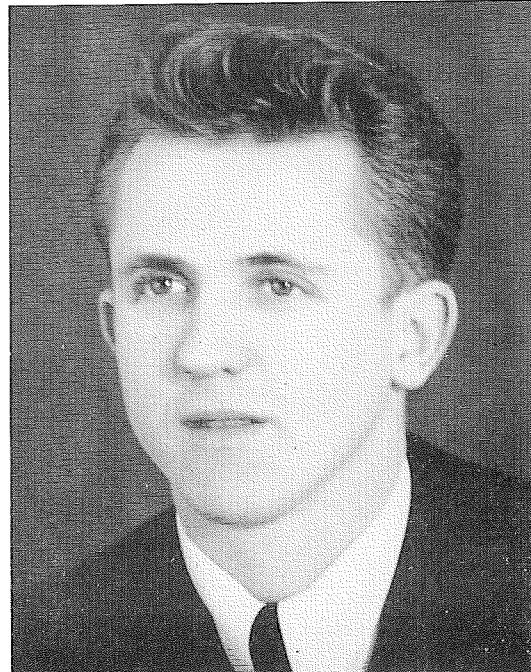


JOHN D. MEYER
"Big John"

From Sacramento, comes John (it's good those sacks are wide) Meyer to prove his worth as a good engineer and a fine student. Before going any further, we will inform you that John has a whale of a lot of phone numbers in that little black book—just in case you're ever passing through Sac. As Cadet Corps Adjutant during cruise, he threw a lot of weight around the Academy. Doubt if you have ever caught him without a ready smile and a quick tongue. He is one of those camera fiends and was elected prexy of the Camera Club in his senior year. Guess it's back to Civil Engineering after a few runs, eh John?

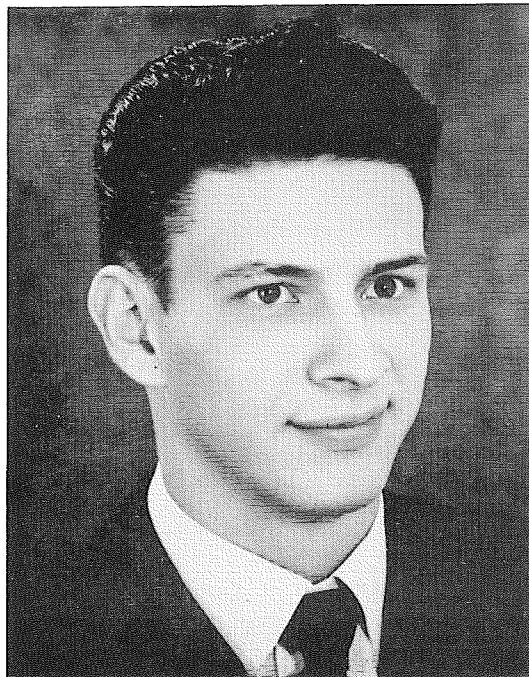
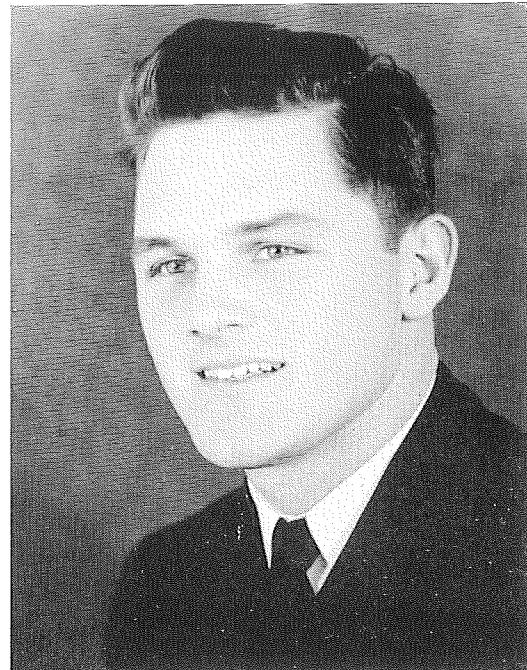
EDWARD S. OLSON
"Elmer"

Personality bubbling out all over signifies Ed Olson of Los Angeles. Engineer? Yes! Ever see him get greasy? Definitely not! As a star basketball player for three seasons, he has become synonymous with the game itself. Ah, if this place were only co-ed, then you would be in the right racket, huh Ed? Among his special interests are women and females, not to mention the fairer sex. As for the future, we don't think he'll spend too much time at sea. We're not too sure, but maybe it'll be U.C.L.A.



ROBERT W. OTTO "Malibu"

Bob is one of the foremost lads of the C.M.A. dynasty from Los Angeles. Not given to being quiet, he always has something to say, no matter what the situation, and is one of those individuals who just cannot help being friendly. In his senior year, Bob coached the Academy crew team, headed the ring committee, and served as Commanding Officer of B Division during the cruise period. Though he intends to go to sea for a brief period after being graduated, Bob hopes to attend the University of Southern California in order to round out his education.



RONALD J. PARKER "Hawk"

With a camera in one hand and a radio set under his arm, comes Ronnie Parker from North Hollywood. As a capable engineer, he wore Cadet Petty Officer's stripes during cruise. You can always find him tinkering with a radio or something even more complicated. It seems Ronnie spends time and a half in Vallejo—maybe he found something to tinker with there. He works as hard in his off duty hours on that "ham" licence as he does on "third's." His popularity won him the senior year class presidency and a vice-presidency in the camera club. After graduation, he will put his knowledge to work in the shipping world.





AL ROWE

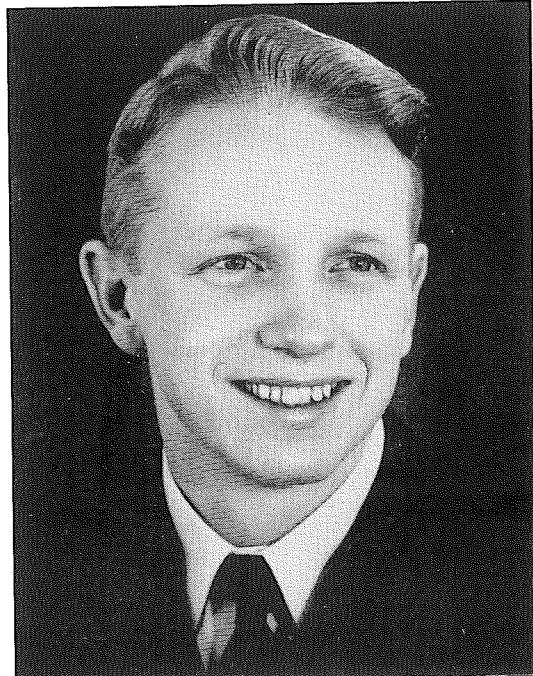
"Wow"

Here comes Fightin' Al Rowe of Walnut Creek, California. Be careful, because in five minutes he will be discussing Egyptian hieroglyphics or male extravertism in Outer Mongolia. He picked engineering so he would have plenty of free time to do research in uncharted fields. Al is the backbone of the boxing team and is also a pretty good swimmer. After being graduated, Al intends to ship for a few years and then continue his psychology major at the University of California.

FREDERICK C. SWAIN

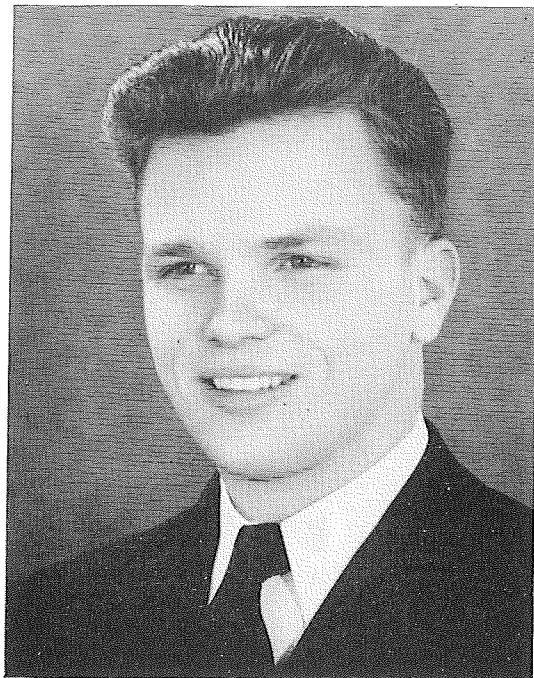
"Shimstock"

From Vista, California comes Fred Swain, one of the best engineers in the class. At the beginning of our senior year we elected Fred the Secretary-Treasurer of the class, and during the cruise period, he was placed in charge of the after engine room. He is noted around the Academy for his handling of a tennis racquet and that superb piano playing. It is rumored that Fred will make the sea his life's work and we feel pretty sure that some day it will be "Port Engineer" Swain.



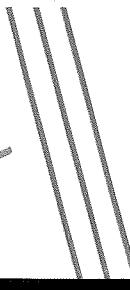
ROSCOE S. WILKEY, II "Dauntless"

Ros Wilkey, of Long Beach, California, whose personality (and cartoons) has enlivened many an hour, entered the Academy straight from Occidental College. As a hard working and studious deck hand, he came forth in his senior year as a Division Commander. Being one of our top tennis players and having an interest in basketball (the latter undoubtedly because of height) has made him active in our athletic program. Ros served as Vice-president of our class during the Second Class year and as Co-Editor of the HAWSEPIPE while a senior. It is said that he will return to college, probably Stanford, after getting a little sea experience.





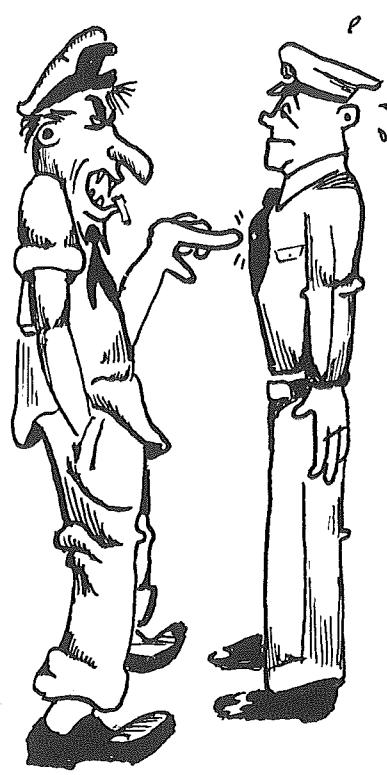
Underclassmen

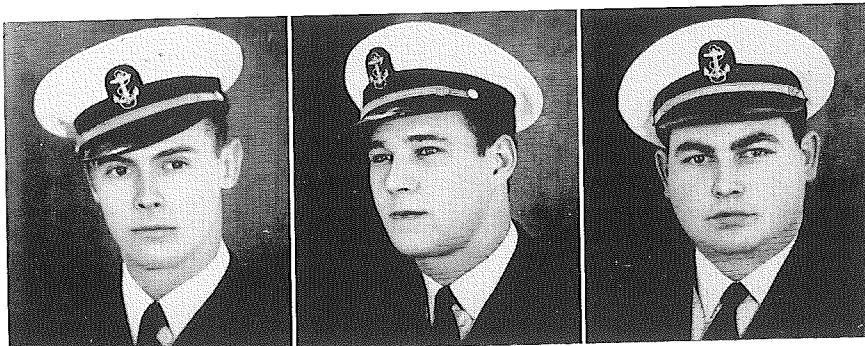






Underclassmen



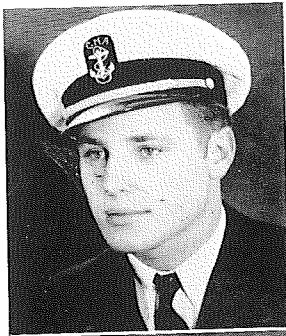


FRED UHRICH
President

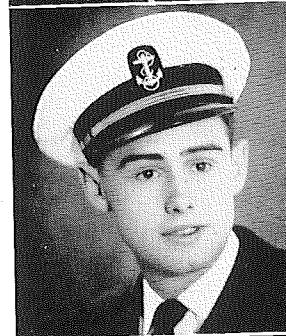
NORMAN BROWN
Vice-President

HENRY FERRERO
Secretary

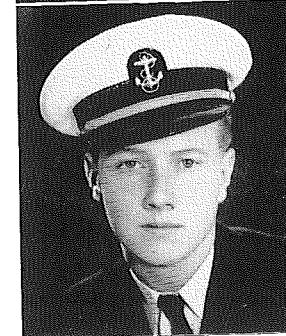
Class of '49



ELMER BANKE



WALTER BRUBAKER
ROBERT CRAIG



ELBERT ELLIS
GEORGE GATES
CARL HALBACH



After completing eight months of our first Academy year, the class found itself rather depleted in number. We, with our seven deckhands and a like number of tinkers, went ahead making ourselves, in the opinion of the upperclassmen, the worst bunch of swabs ever to honor C.M.A. with their presence. When the day that the First Class would graduate finally arrived, we stopped holding our breath, settled back, and sighed. "Jeez, me, Joe Schmoe, an upperclassman at last."

Upon the arrival of the new Third Class, we secretly dispatched Banke and Uhrich to their ranks to do a little spying on their opinions of the new life. When the time came for the Swab haircuts, a mass meeting was called and the two undercover agents were presented in their status of upperclassmen. Few Third Classmen slept well for several nights thereafter.

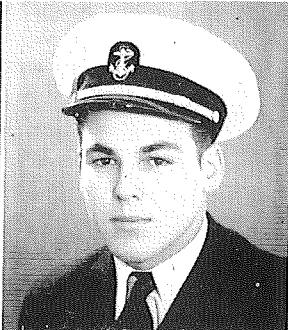
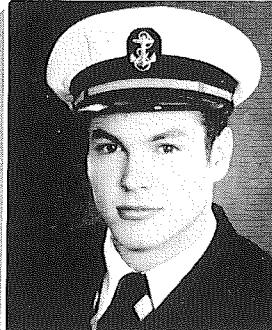
Probably the most carefully guarded secret of our Third Class year was the weiner roast held on the shores of the frozen Pacific Ocean near Bodega Bay. Firewood was scarce, so any farmers having claims for demolition may address their complaints to the Cadet Service Fund.

Summing up the Second Class, the best opinion was offered by Lt. Comdr. Averill. At the end of a very trying class he wearily commented, "You guys would argue about whether the turbine goes around or up and down."

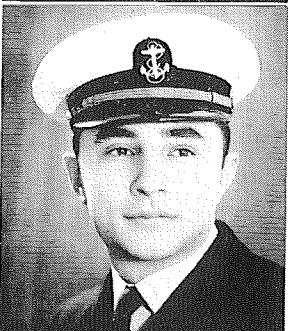
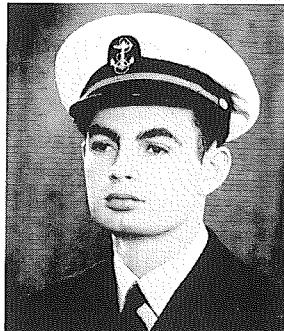
ALBERT McLEMORE



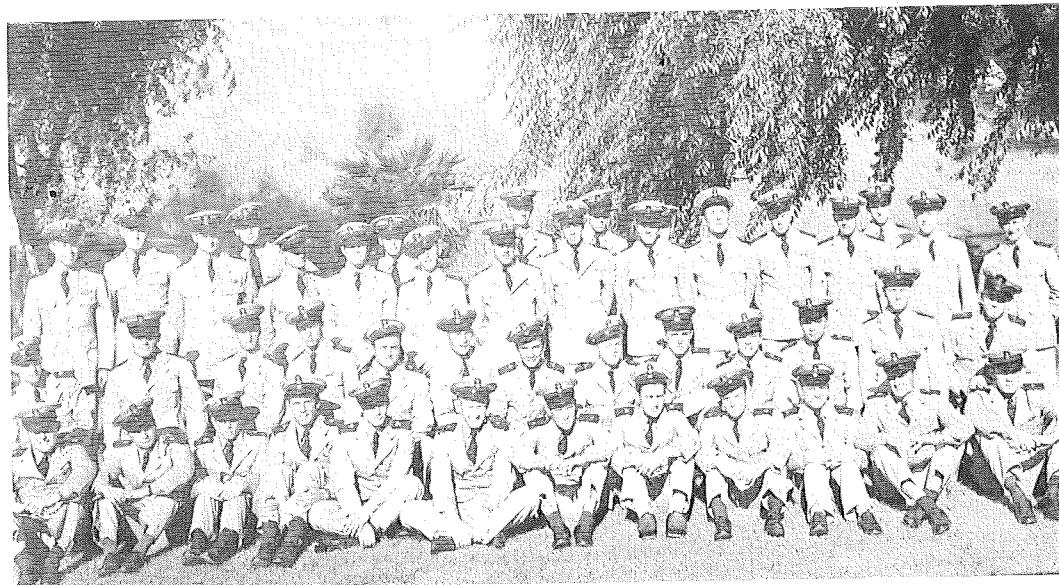
JAMES McCLURE
ALBERT MILANI



JAMES ORTON
EARL RICHARDS
MELVIN RICHLEY



Class of '50



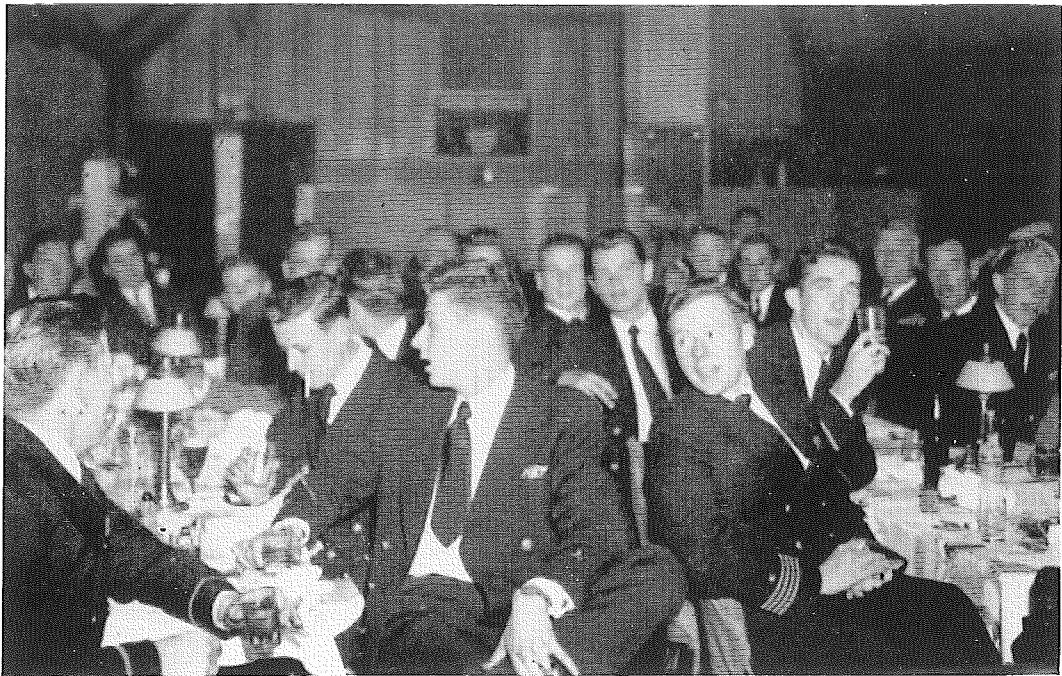
FIRST ROW, left to right: Goodman, Plante, Doyle, Nicholson, Olsen, Lewis, Cochran, Elliott, Barnes, Freeman, Akers, Strain. SECOND ROW: Racik, David, Bell, Hurlbut, Caldwell, Dunn, Maggay, Kubel, Hett, Combs, Fluke, Lowry, Andersen. THIRD ROW: Mulligan, Smith, Arnett, Plumlee, Hoheisel, Stoll, Shuler, Comstock, Pearson, French, Nay, Smith, Cochran, Pearson. FOURTH ROW: Rosen, Jacobson, Shell, Cochran, MacDonald, Roberts.







activities



LEFT TO RIGHT: Hendrix, Bowersox, Johnston, Flanner, Rowe, LaBombard, Parker, Harvey, Ball, Ford, Hartman, Ramsey, Buck, Koski, Meyers, Swain.

1st Class Stag

Each year the First Class runs a rough and rollicking one night gamut of wine and song. The hosts of La Vie Parisienne in San Francisco's International Settlement greeted us with open arms this year, and so began the spree. The jovial master of ceremonies rang up the curtain of the floor show and dedicated same to us. As ever striving to improve upon the accomplishments of others, the men of C.M.A. began to dabble with augmentations for the show. Earl Bowersox jounced across the stage behind a torch singer, a light bulb held on high, proclaiming himself Statue of Liberty. The Andolini Brothers, owners of La Vie, silently cursed.

Joe Dugan emerged victorious from a cheese-cake contest in which he, Frank McCullough, and Bos'n Hallman were close participants. From that point the Andolini Brothers were squelched and the floor became an all C.M.A. affair. After verses of the California drinking song, the School Ship Song, and various capers, Andolini and Co. became irate and we moved across the street to the House of Blue Lights to finish off a memorable evening. The guest of honor was popular Lt. Clifford Rice who was leaving for duty on Guam.

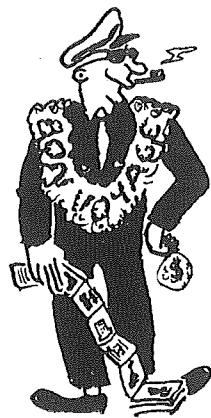


LEFT TO RIGHT: Olson, Johnson, Ramsey, Dux.





LEFT TO RIGHT: Olson, Wilkey, Rowe, Richards, McClure.



Halloween Dance and Pre-Cruise Dance

C.M.A. once again launched itself into the land of spooks for the annual Halloween Dance in Mayo Hall.

Several bales of hay, a general conglomeration of wagon wheels and jack-o'-lanterns, and an official uniform of levis made the scene one of complete informality and relaxation.

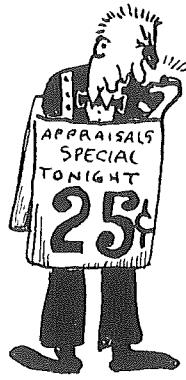
Lt. Dave Holly led a spirited Virginia Reel, and the merrymaking gained momentum through the evening. When it was all over but the shouting, all hands agreed that it was by far the best dance ever given on the Academy grounds.

Mayo Hall was again the scene of an Academy dance, the Pre-Cruise Dance, last social function of the middies before the 1948 Cruise. The Hall was decorated with flags and a huge Maypole with blue and gold streamers rising at the center of the floor. To add a nautical touch each table had a candle mounted in a small ship's wheel for a centerpiece. The music was supplied by Sid Reis and his orchestra. The dance was semiformal. Hosts were Bob Kubel and Bill Strain, and the refreshments were ably prepared by Mr. Morgan. Much credit is due Stan Racik, dance chairman, and the many others of the Third Class whose labor on details made the dance a success.



The Virginia Reel—Baltimore style. Al Rowe makes like the Golden Gate while Mrs. Swany and Ros Wilkey wade through a sea of hay.





Ring Dance

The Class of 1949 set a new high in Academy social functions with the third annual Ring Dance on July ninth. Never before had a dance met with comparable success or acclaim from the Cadet Corps.

The scene—The Gold Room of the Fairmont Hotel atop Nob Hill in San Francisco. Smooth music by the orchestra of Sid Reis and the traditional large flower bedecked ring provided an incomparable atmosphere for the event. The turnout was the largest ever present at an Academy dance. Many former members of the faculty, students, and alumni were on hand to join in the festivities.

At 2230 the traditional ring presentations took place with John Ford as master of ceremonies. Each member of the Class of '49 was personally congratulated as he stepped from the ring by Commodore and Mrs. Ihrig.

The merrymaking continued until 0100. Never had an evening passed more quickly or enjoyably.



Binnacle Staff ends ninth year

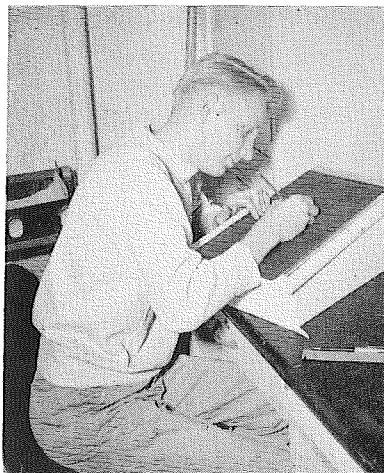


Editor-in-Chief Stu Carney

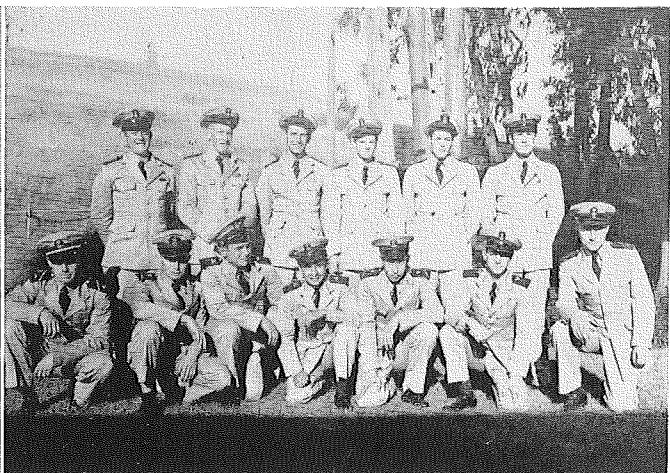
Again the Binnacle, the Academy periodical, was carried on in true C.M.A. fashion. Under the direction of Editor Parnell Carney and Fred Swain publication was maintained throughout the cruise period as well as at the base, facilitating a more complete coverage of events.

Bill Goodman, a newcomer to the staff, acted as chief photographer and turned out the best work in Binnacle history. Faculty spy (local lingo for Officer Advisor) was Lt. Charles Dunham who wasn't too hard on the boys and permitted some choice copy to sift through the dragnet.

Al McLemore, who will serve as editor next year, headed Carney's Conscientious Copy Creators—the men who slink behind the scenes to divulge what meager news which might dribble forth from within the walls. Al has a fine staff lined up, and next year's publication looks like a good bet.

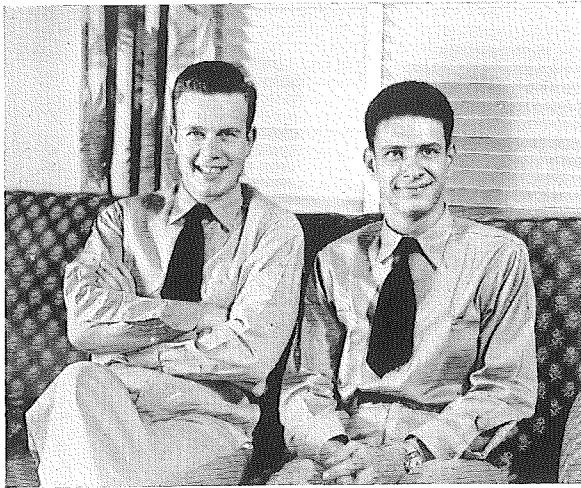


Associate Editor Fred Swain



Binnacle STAFF
FIRST ROW, left to right: Uhrich, Craig, Caldwell, Maggay, McLemore, Racik, Richley. SECOND ROW: Goodman, Lewis, Nicholsen, Olsen, McClure, Strain.

Camera Club moves aboard ship



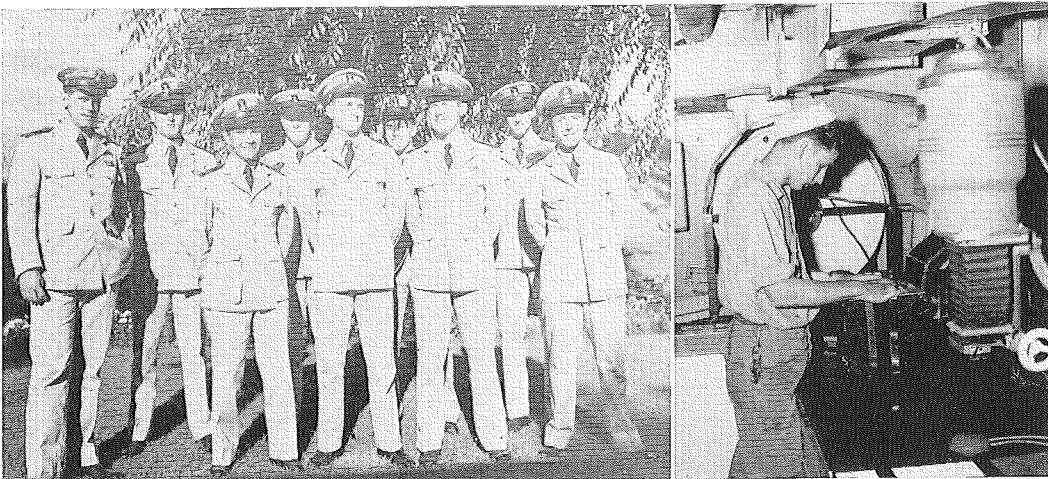
Club President John Meyer and Sec.-Treas. Ronny Parker.



The purpose in founding the Camera Club was to enable its members to record the various events taking place in their Academy life. The club provides a means to much valuable information; by association with others sharing the same interest, a comparison of ideas and standardization of practices, and by frequent appeals to officers who are more experienced in the art.

Though the club is more than nine years old, not until this year were dark room installations provided on the training ship. This facility has all of the latest and best equipment for all types of work, and is a definite improvement over the base establishment. As well as their personal work, the members have large orders to fill for the BINNACLE and HAWSEPIPE. Nearly all of the photographs in this issue are their work.

John Meyer and Ronny Parker headed the club this year, and did a capable job of handling things. The Camera Club is a growing thing at C.M.A., and bigger and better things can be expected in the future.



CAMERA CLUB MEMBERS, left to right: Smith, Akers, Maggay, Pearson, Caldwell, Cochrun, Goodman, Roberts, Gates.

Ronny Parker turning out a few shots for the Hawsepope.



Cadet Service

The biggest worry of any Academy function is that old money angle, and each year a Cadet Service staff is appointed to shoulder the load. The scope of Cadet Service is not limited to dances, parties and the like. Without it there would be no BINNACLE, no magazines for the Recreation Room, and no funds with which to operate the Camera Club, Propeller Club, or to increase recreational facilities. However necessary, the duties of the administrators of Cadet Service are an endless headache and also nearly thankless. This year these responsibilities fell to John Gibbs and Don Buck who have done an excellent job.



Secretary Don Buck and Treasurer John Gibbs.

Beard Growing Contest

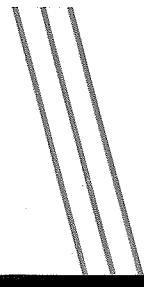
Reviving a prewar custom, all hands threw away their overworked razors upon leaving Algiers and joined in frenzied competition for the Official Annual Beard Growing Contest. The night before the Golden Bear arrived in Cristobal, the official judges: Dr. Scott, Mr. Heron, and Chief Hendrix, lined up the contestants and took scope of their accomplishment. The winners were divided into two classes. One being the longest and most luxuriant growth, in which Tom Hoheisel placed first with Roger Heatherly and John Ward following. The other was the trimmed beard class—that dapper, sexy, Latin look; Don Buck won hands down with Bob Kelly and Ernie Flores following in that order.

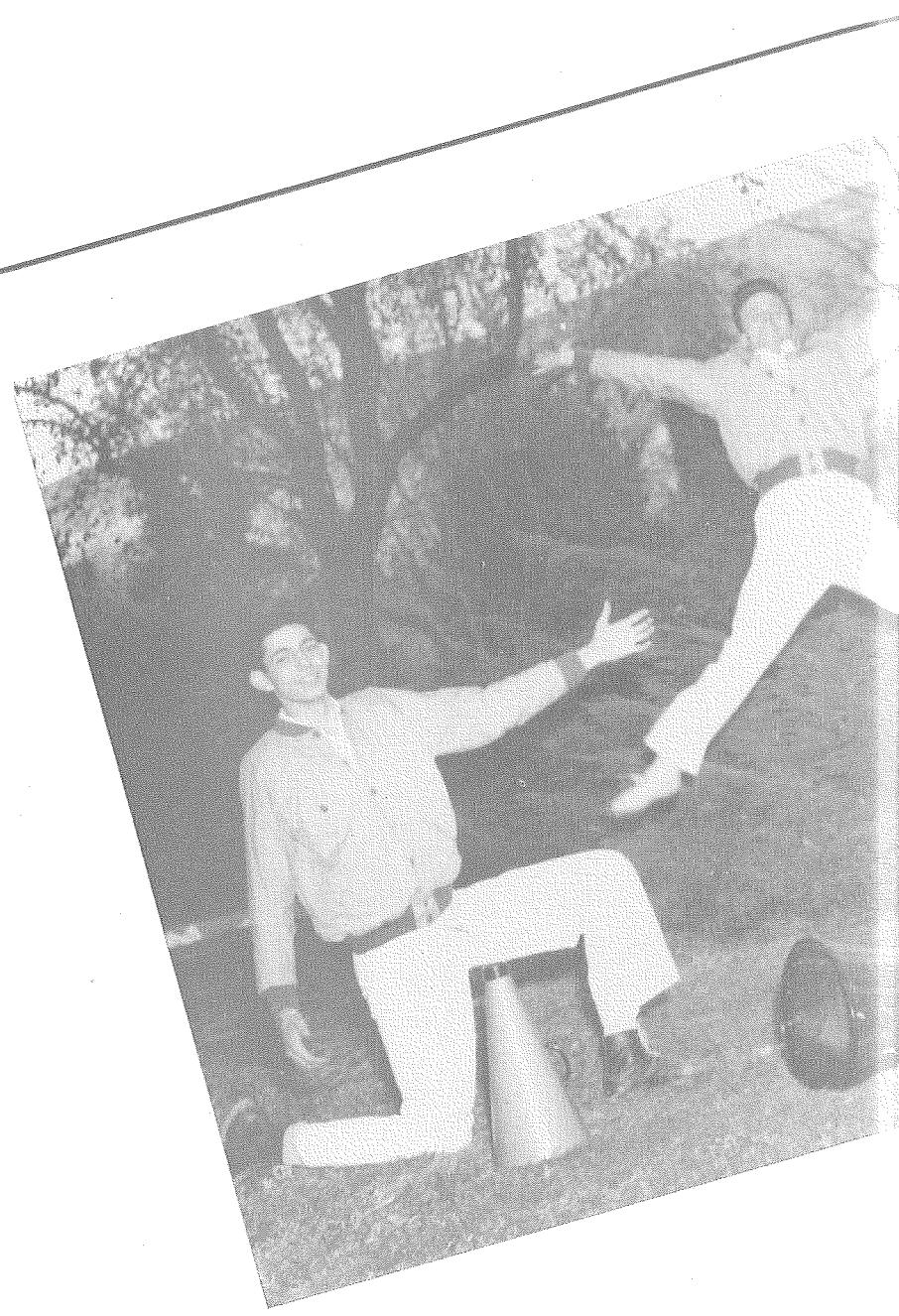


High Priests of Judgment Dr. Scott and Chief Hendrix; entrants Heatherly, Hoheisel, Ward, and Flores.



Athletics





4

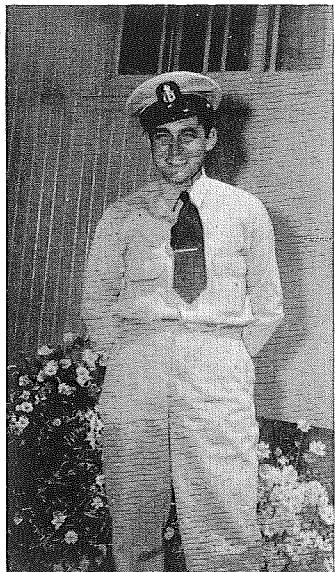


Athletics

Varsity Basketball Team has best season in its history



VARSITY BASKETBALL SQUAD, left to right: Christensen, Lewis, Olsen, Olson, Johnston, McCullough, Dunn, Dux.



G. A. RAMSEY
Varsity Basketball Coach

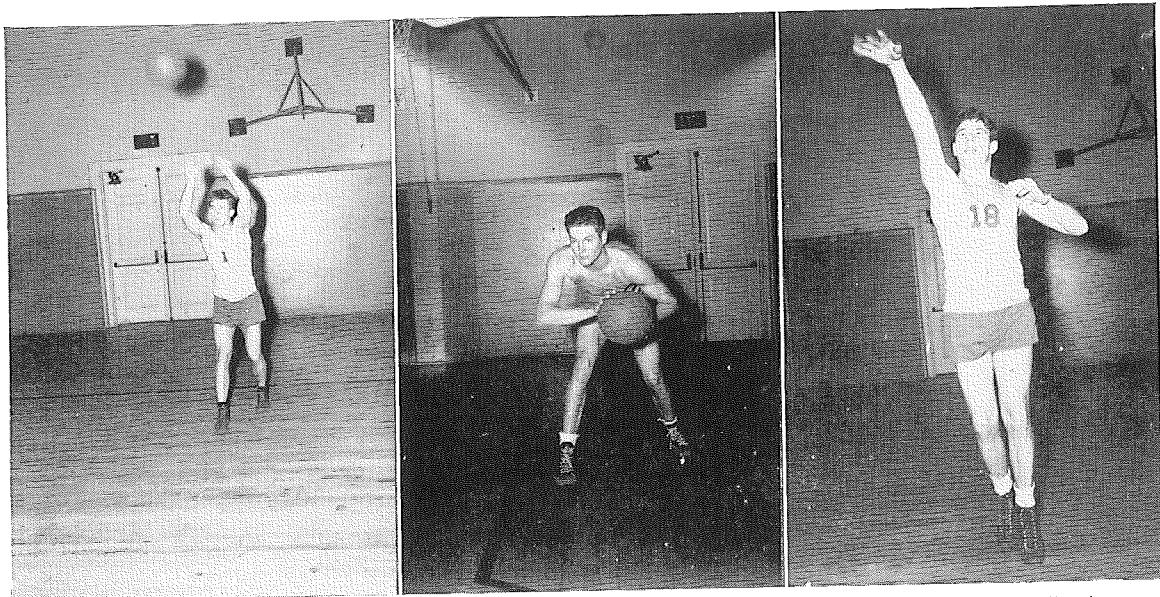
SEASON RECORD

C.M.A.	OPP.
37	U. S. Naval Hospital 35
36	M. I. Hospital Corps 23
37	U. S. Marines 35
59	M. I. Retraining 52
59	M. I. Retraining 58
46	Vallejo High 42
59	Vallejo High 40
42	Red Top Dairy 61
66	Twelfth Naval Dist. 17
45	M. I. Retraining 38
47	Shop 66 M. I. 44
45	Sacramento College 54
42	Hamilton Field 58
48	Twelfth Naval Dist. 32
45	Knights of Columbus 49
41	Vallejo J.C. 44
46	Marin College 54



L.T. N. B. MARTIN
Athletic Officer





Ed Olson's full court.

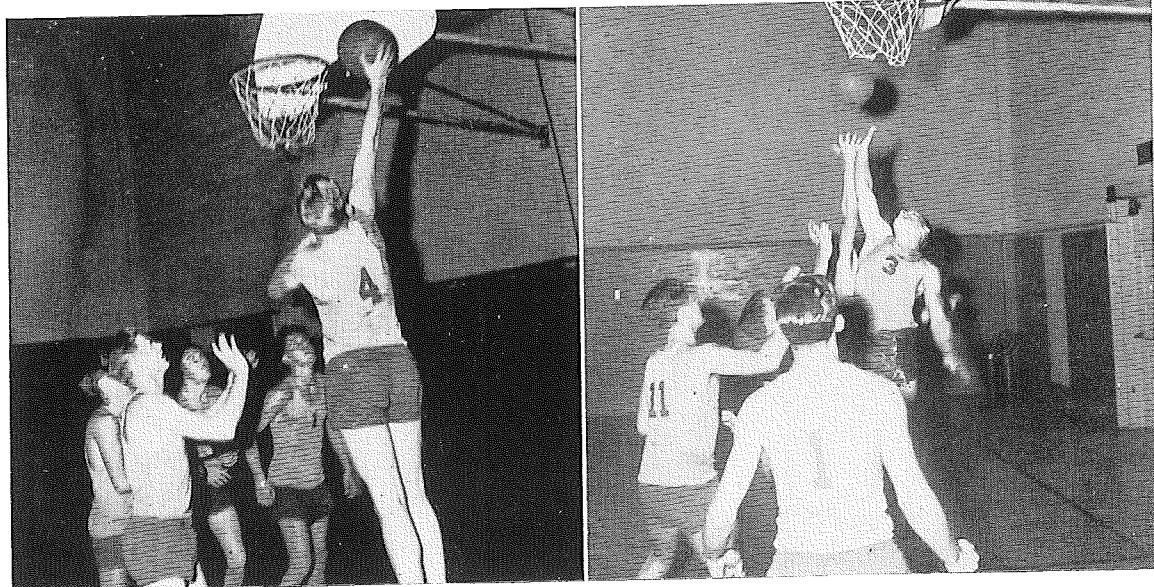
Jim McClure passes.

Long one by Frank McCullough.

Varsity Basketball

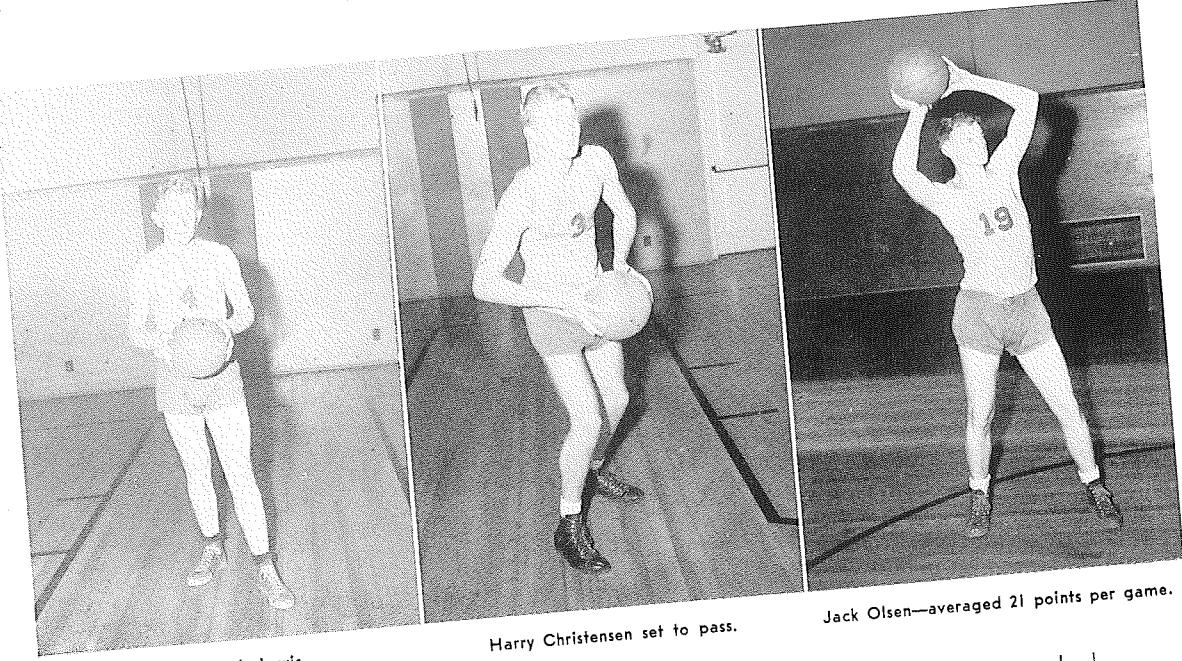
Great! Sensational! Yes, that's what we'll remember about our '48 Varsity basketball team. With a record of twelve wins to seven losses, the team was, without a doubt, the best that the Academy has ever produced. A great deal of credit goes to Coach Ramsey and his boys, whose fighting spirit and great sportsmanship were a credit to the Academy.

The Sea Wolves started their season when they met the Mare Island Naval Hospital followed by games with U. S. Marines, Mare Island Retraining Command, Vallejo High School and other service teams in the area. After six consecutive victories the first defeat came at the hands of the Red Top Dairy. The defeat was short-lived as we came back to overwhelm the Twelfth Naval District twice. The Sea Wolves then took to the



Ernie Lewis breaks through for set-up.

Scramble for the rebound.



Center Ernie Lewis.

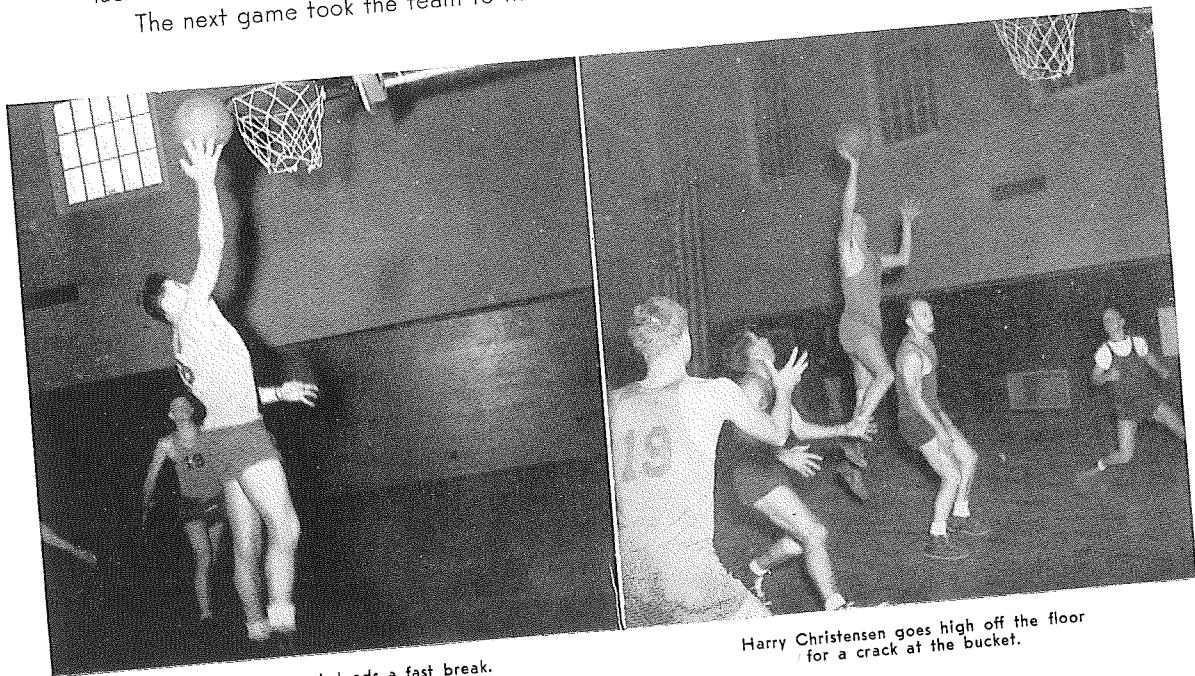
Harry Christensen set to pass.

Jack Olsen—averaged 21 points per game.

road travelling to Sacramento where they met Sacramento College. Before a packed gym the boys from C.M.A. matched Sacramento point for point throughout the game. Trailing by three points in the closing minutes, C.M.A. opened up and gambled for points but lost as Sacramento moved ahead. When the final whistle blew the score read Sacramento 54 — C.M.A. 45. Harry Christensen turned in a great game on defense while Jack Olsen's sensational shots made him high point man for the game. The next night found our lads drop another game to a very excellent Hamilton Field five. Hamilton's fast break and superior height was a little too much to cope with.

Vallejo J.C. played host for the Middies' next contest where the Sea Wolves met another acid test of their ability. After a hectic game the scoreboard read Vallejo 40 — C.M.A. 40. The team put up a great fight in the overtime but Vallejo was a little luckier and emerged victorious, 43 to 41.

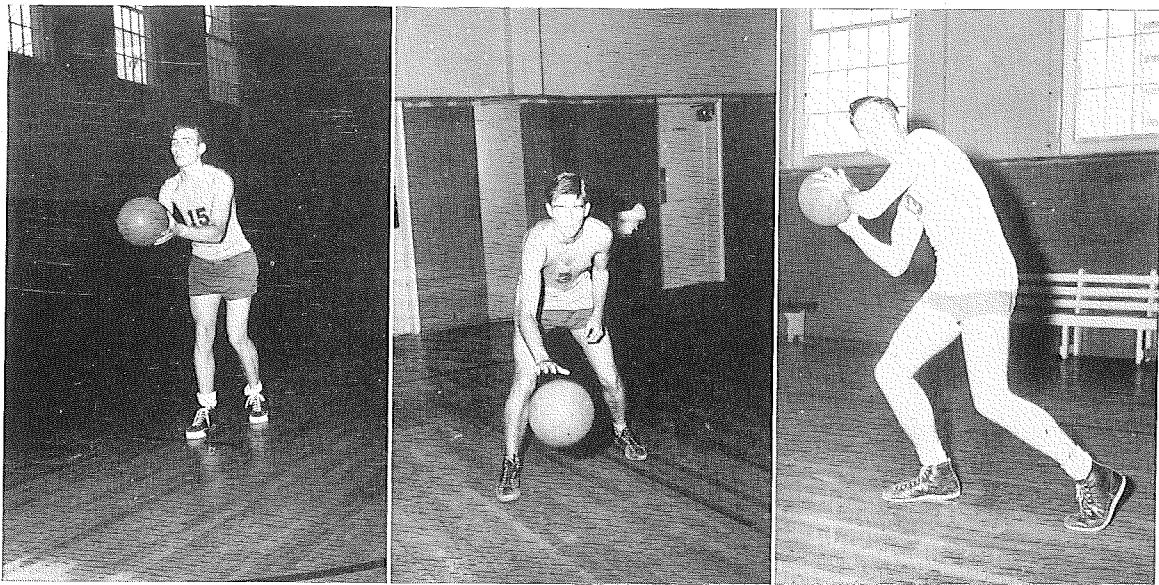
The next game took the team to the hills of Marin where they met Marin College.



Frank McCullugh leads a fast break.

Harry Christensen goes high off the floor for a crack at the bucket.





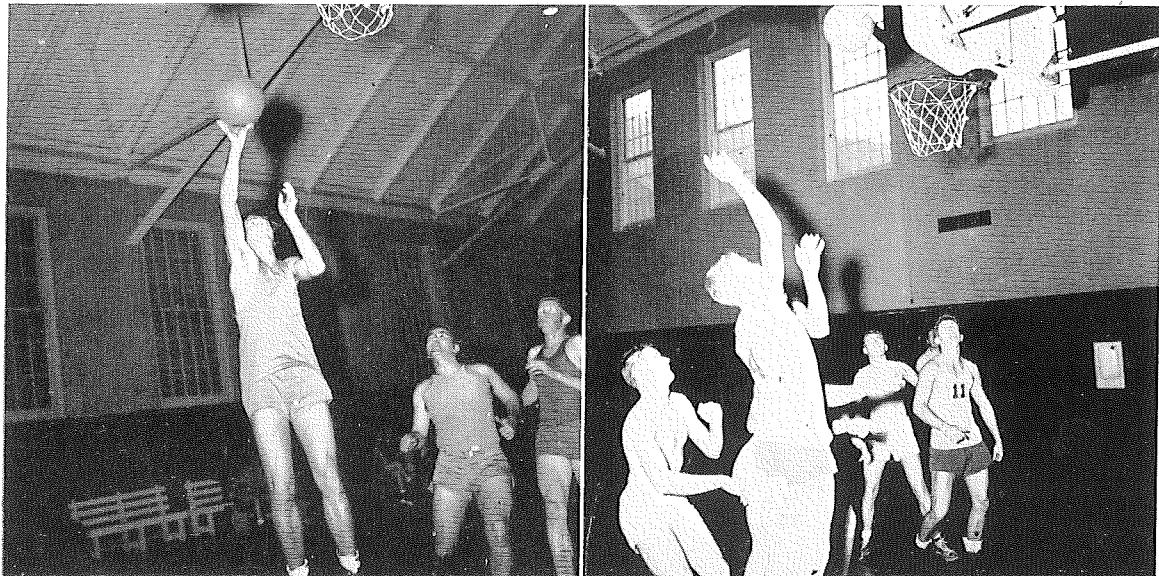
Set shot artist Bob Dunn.

Scrapper Bill Dux.

Defense stalwart Bruce Johnston.

National Junior College Basketball Champions. It was a close battle throughout with C.M.A. leading all the way until the closing minutes when Marin potted some long desperation shots to take the lead and win 54 to 46. Ed Olson's tricky ball handling kept Marin bewildered while "Red" Lewis, and Jack Olsen turned in good games at the center and forward positions respectively.

As the Class of '48 leaves the Academy with it will go some great ball players who will be sorely missed. We'll never forget Captain Ed Olson's great ball handling and coolness when the going got tough, or Harry Christensen's great defensive play and control of the backboard, or Bill Dux's deadly eye from the corner of the court, or Frank McCullough's and "Chuck" Johnston's steady defensive game. Each one leaves a big place to fill on next year's varsity. Hopes for next year are still bright with the return of Jack Olsen and "Red" Lewis, high point men for the team, and Jim McClure and Bill Dunn.



Bill Dux leaps high to rack up a field goal.

Ernie Lewis tosses for the hoop as Ed Olson follows.

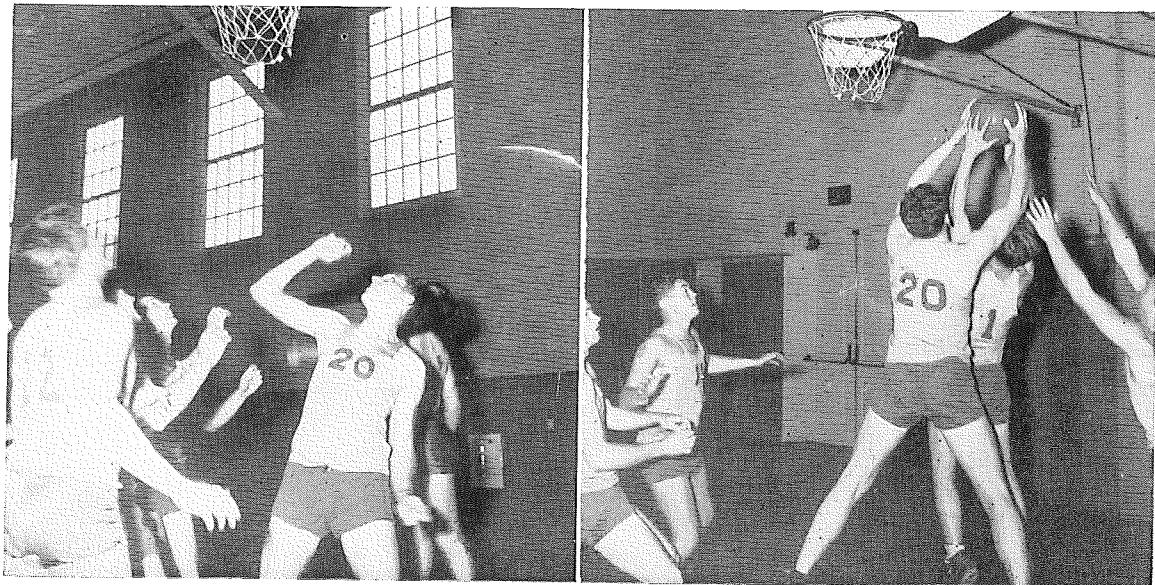


KNEELING, left to right: Roy Pearson, Captain Jim Nicholson, Jim Orton. STANDING: Ros Wilkey, Bill Goodman, Coach N. B. Martin, Ted Johnston, Bob Kelly, Jimmy Cochran.

Jr. Varsity Basketball

The Varsity team doesn't stand alone in taking all the glory for the basketball season. Those little fellows of the Junior Varsity, who lack the experience but still have plenty of fighting spirit, share the limelight when any praises are passed out.

C.M.A. may well be proud of the victorious record of its Junior Varsity. The little fellows turned in some stellar performances against some stiff competition. Featuring a fast break, the J.V.'s left many a bewildered opponent on the short end of the final score. Some excellent material for next season's Varsity team was uncovered and developed on the Junior Varsity. We'll be looking forward to seeing Jimmy Cochran, "Nick" Nicholson, Bill Goodman, Ted Johnston, Bob Kelly and "Tiger" Pearson trot out on the hardwood when next year's Varsity team takes to the court. Missing next year will be the only senior on the squad, Ros Wilkey, who turned in a fine job as forward.



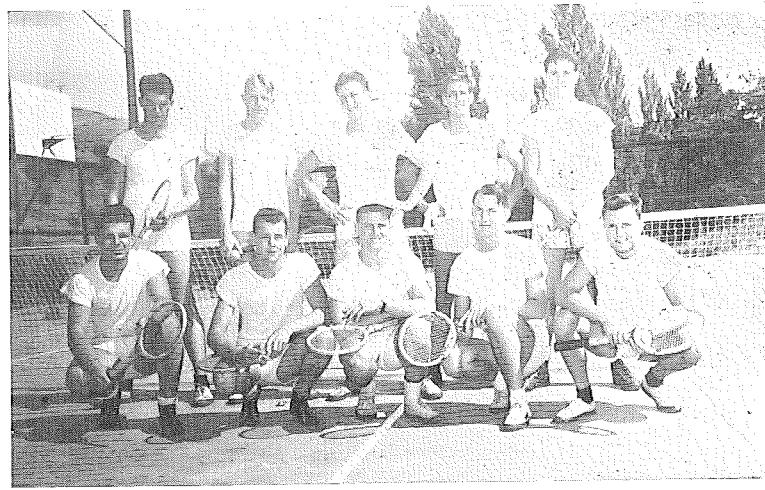
A tense moment below.

Ted Johnston snags the rebound.



Jennis

With some of the best talent to hit the campus in recent years, it looks like a good season for the C.M.A. netmen. Under the able tutelage of Noel Martin, athletic officer, many veterans are back on the court along with some promising newcomers. Some old timers back include John Gibbs, Ros Wilkey, Jim Orton, Harry Christensen, Parnell Carney and Fred Swain. Among the newcomers are Peter Freeman, Don Smith, Herb Rosen, Bob Craig, Loren Cochrun, Pete Combs, Cliff David and Bill Strain.

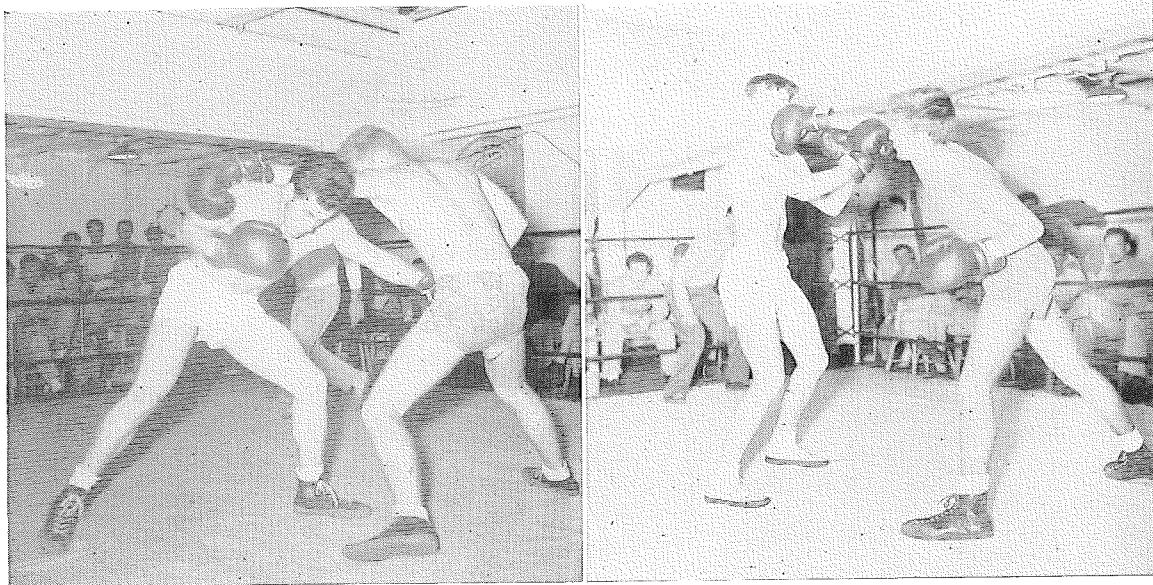


VARSITY TENNIS SQUAD
FIRST ROW, left to right: David, Lewis, Freeman, Gibbs, Wilkey. SECOND ROW: Cochran, Swain, Carney, Dux, McCullough.

Boxing

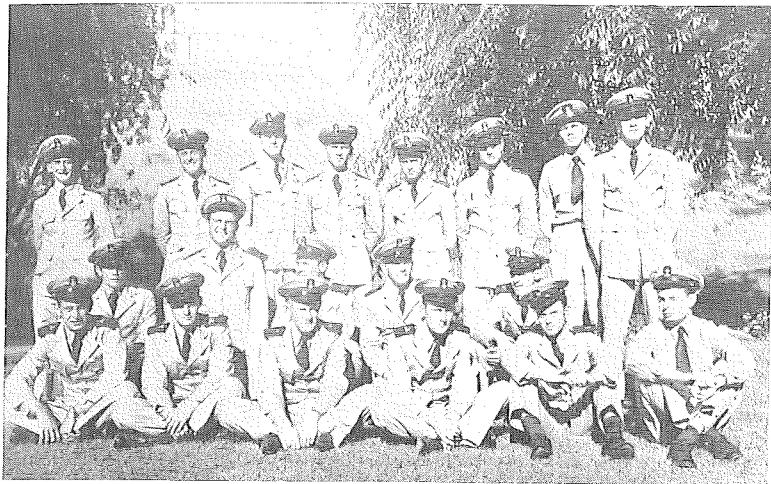
The lads from C.M.A. showed their ability when they met San Francisco State College and San Francisco J.C. in a three-way boxing match. The team, composed of Al Rowe, Wiley Peebles, Fred Uhrich, Johnny Akers, Dave Chamberlain and Don Smith, came out on the better end of most of the bouts.

More prospects were discovered in the Boxing Tournament held on the cruise. Al Milani won the heavyweight decision by pounding out a victory over Don Smith, and "Nick" Nicholson decisioned Frank McCullough for the senior light heavyweight championship. Fred Uhrich won a close one over Dave Chamberlain for the light heavyweight class while Tom Hoheisel and Jack Olsen easily won the middleweight and welterweight titles. Jack Stoll decisioned Al Rowe for the lightweight crown while "Tiger" Pearson took the flyweight class.



In championship bout Al Milani ducks Don Smith's left and counter-punches.

Before his lights dim, Bill Dux lands a few on Johnny Gibbs.



VARSITY SOFTBALL

FIRST ROW, left to right: Nicholson, Olsen, Lewis, Elliott, Barnes, Orton. SECOND ROW: Doyle, Caldwell, Cochran, Kubel, Smith. THIRD ROW: Pearson, Goodman, Smith, Lowry, MacDonald, Akers, Richards, Strain.

Softball

It was just a year ago that the first Academy softball team was organized. This new phase of the growing athletic program met with immediate enthusiasm on the part of the Cadet Corps. The team started slow due to inexperience and lack of facilities, but by the end of the season they had shown a tremendous improvement and turned in a majority of wins over local competition. Softball was at C.M.A. to stay.

This year Coach Ramsey has a bunch of smooth ball players rounded up for the start of the season. Newcomers Bob Kelley and Ernie Flores look very good on the mound, rounding out what looks like a winning pitching staff. Back from last year are Harry Christensen and Jim Orton behind the plate, and heavy hitting outfielders Al Milani and Elmer Banke. As was expected, the Third Classmen have shown well in practice and will comprise the bulk of the team. Those tentatively selected for the starting team are Jim Nicholson and Don Smith in the outfield, and Roy Pearson, Ernie Lewis, Bill Goodman, and Jack Olsen in the infield.



Harry Christensen hits the dirt in a close play at the plate.

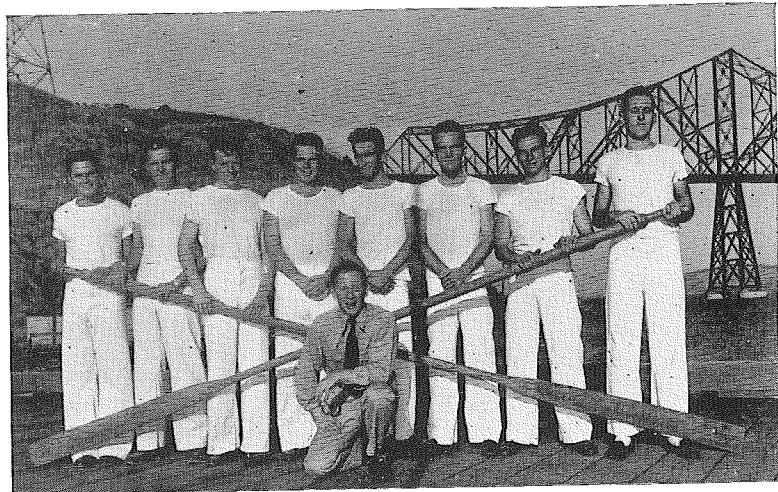
Ernie Flores sends one sailing.



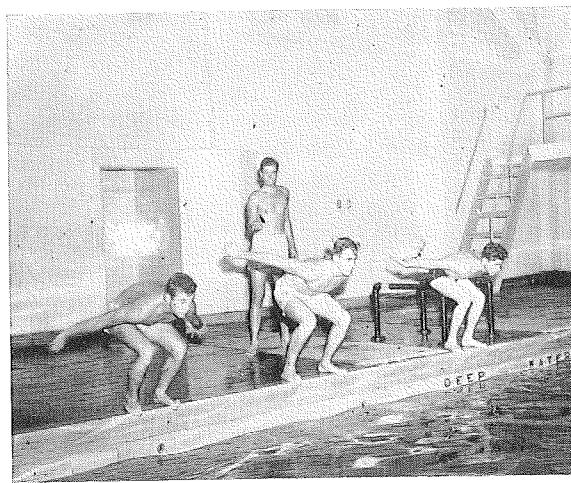
Crew

This year's Varsity crew, with one exception, was composed of the original Class of '48 team which had such a successful season during the championship year of its organization. The newest oarsman is "Tiny" Ted Johnston, member of the Third Class.

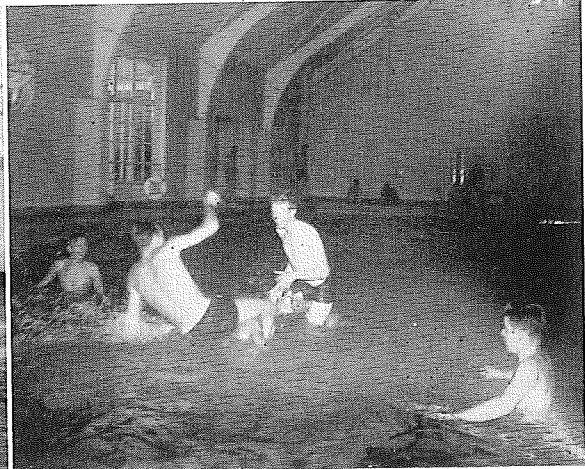
The team started this year's season with an undefeated record and worked hard during cruise to hold it. Members were confident as to what the outcome of the Maritime Day Race in San Francisco would be. During the final stages of preparation, however, due to an eligibility technicality, the Academy was unable to be represented in the race.



Coxswain Earl Bowersox backed by Bob Otto, Bruce Johnston, John Ford, John Meyer, Don Buck, Frank Cole, Stan Harvey, and Ted Johnston.



Pete Combs, Dick Hett, and LeRoy Shuler poised for a sprint trial as Walter Brubaker gives the signal.

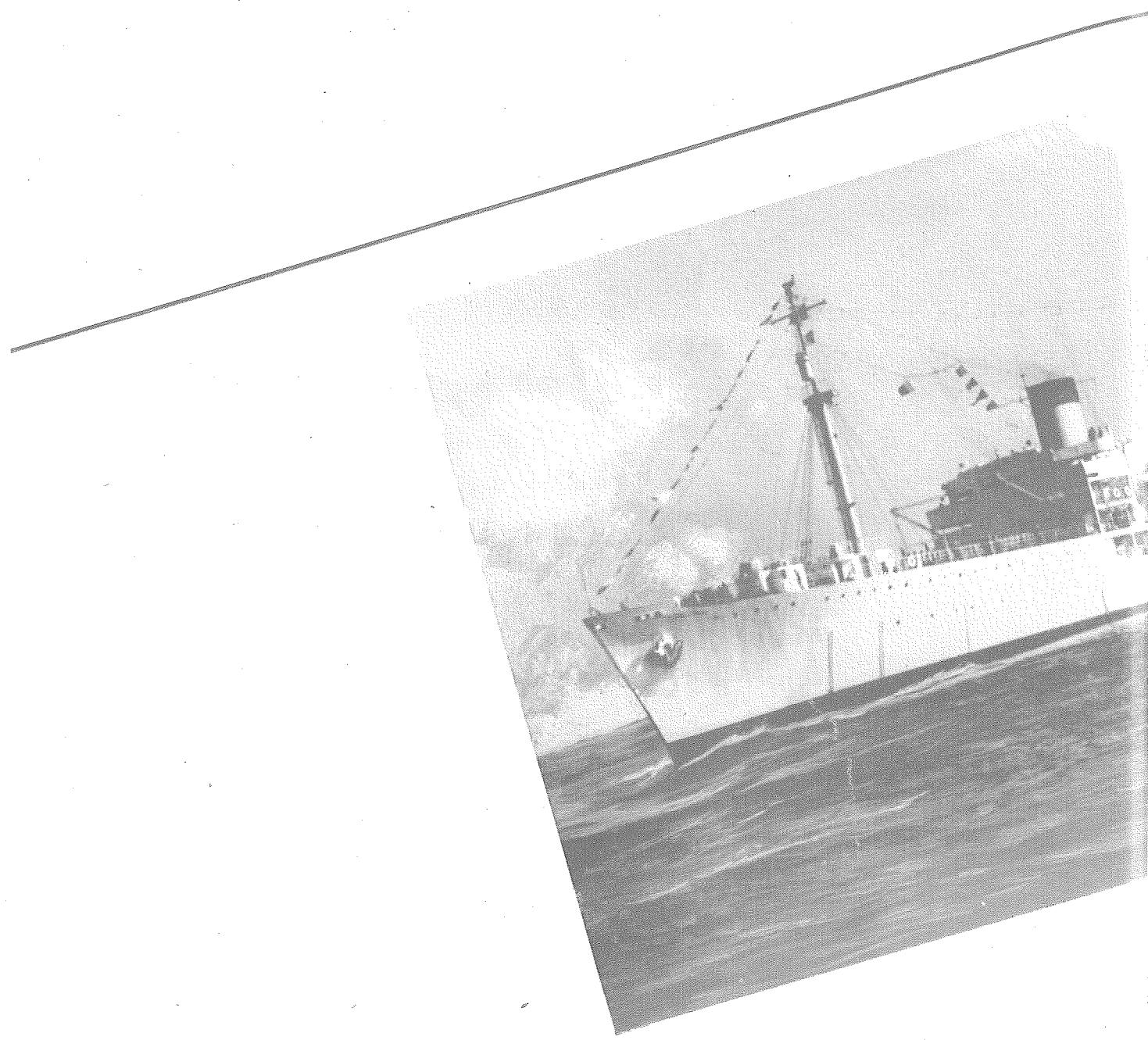


Elbert Ellis douses an opponent in a dunking duel.

Swimming

Swimming, diving, and other types of water sports appear to be becoming more popular with the Cadet Corps. With the arrival of warmer weather there has been a definite increase in the daily turnout at the pool. Even with this increase, however, the prospects for a swimming team are still only fair. With the fine facilities available we hope perhaps some day to develop a presentable team.

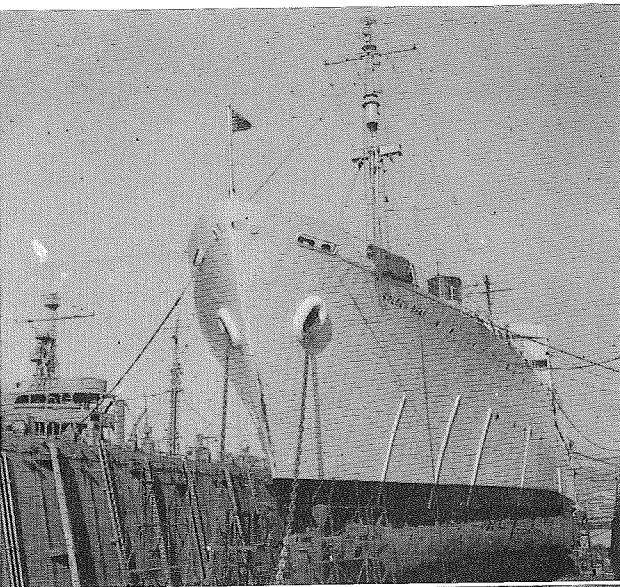
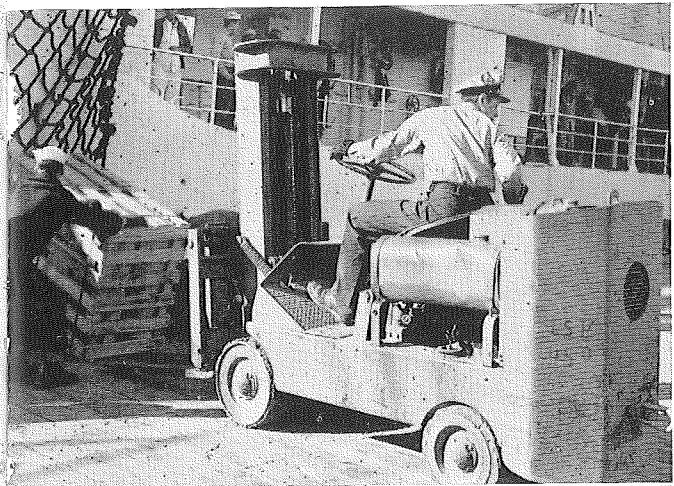




The prospects for a swimming team are still only faint. With the fine facilities already
we hope perhaps some day to develop a presentable team.



Cruise



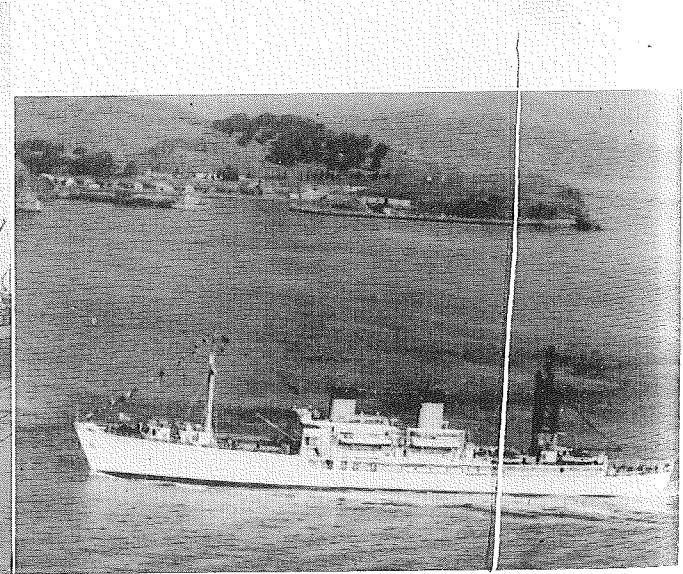
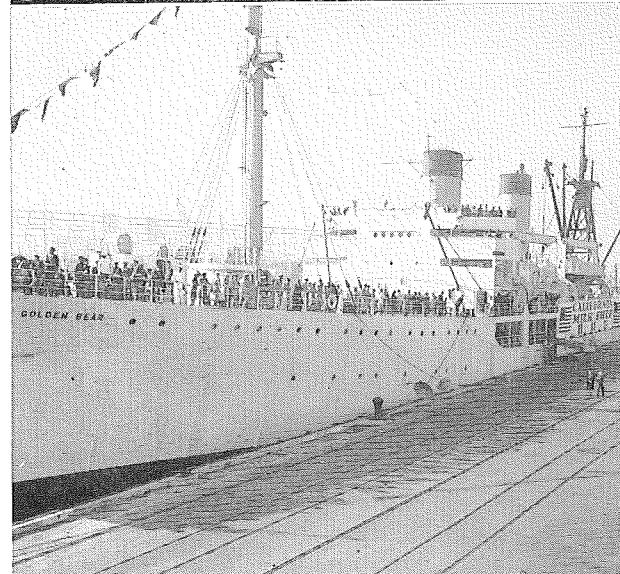
SHIPYARD, VALLEJO, AND STOCKTON

It was while the T.S. was in shipyard at Alameda when we heard that the coming cruise would take us to the Mediterranean on a milk delivering, mercy run. Three weeks of overhaul and repairs in December prepared us for the last school-ship cruise our "Class of '48" would take.

On returning to Vallejo, we began to load the first cargo of canned milk and clothing. Gov. Warren highlighted ceremonies held at the base prior to moving off on 10 January. A short run to Stockton was the first leg of this 21,000-mile cruise.

What? No liberty? Oh, well, long way to go yet. It took two days to add the Stockton area's contribution to our holds, and that checked loading port number two off the list—leaving still ahead Oakland, San Francisco, Long Beach, and San Diego. Back down the river, past the base, and we pulled into Oakland.

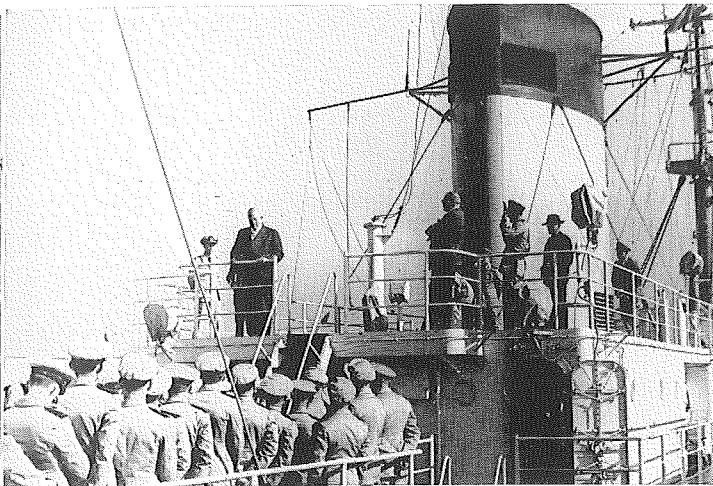




OAKLAND, SAN FRANCISCO, LONG BEACH, AND SAN DIEGO

We had just about enough time at the Navy dock in Oakland to load cargo and get haircuts. Ceremonies here were held on the afternoon of departure and were attended by quite a crowd. The U.C. band was planted on the foc'sle and added much color to the event.

During the run across San Francisco we stopped to check the compass and arrived that evening. Picture taking was rather dampened (literally) because of the weather. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce was well represented at ceremonies held before departure and Gov. Warren spoke briefly when he came aboard to accompany us to Long Beach.



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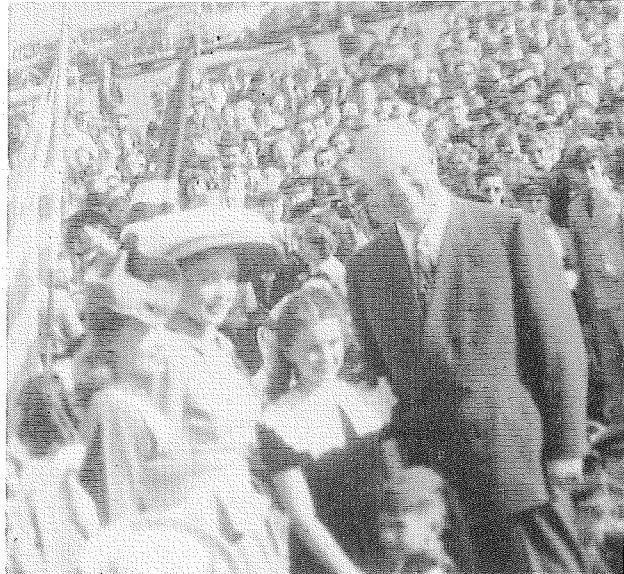
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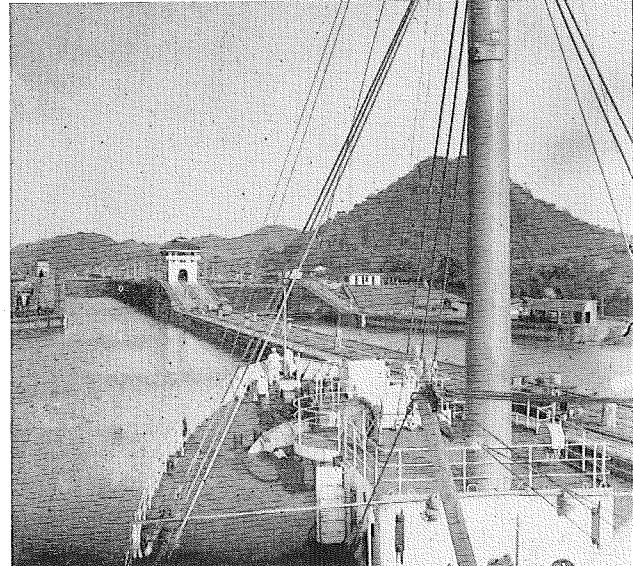
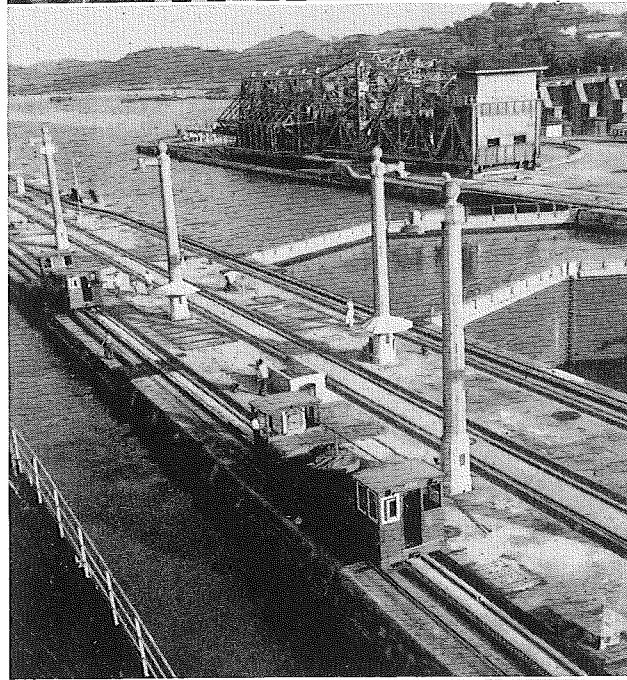
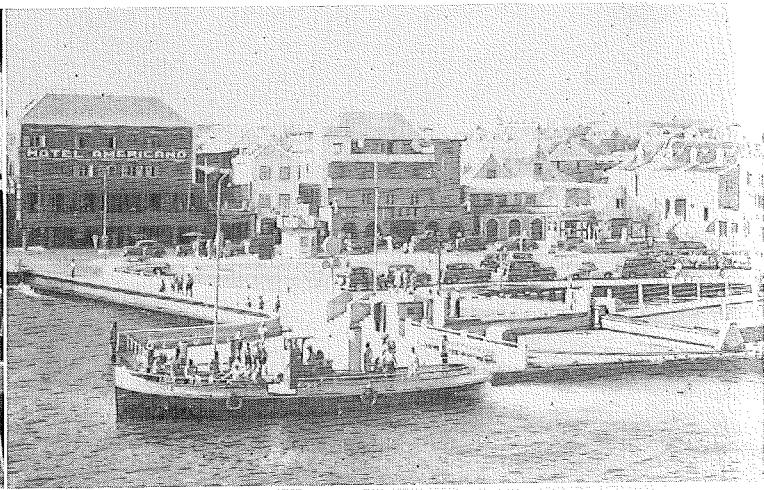
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Those from the Bay Area threw their last kisses and took long looks at home as the T.S. pulled away from the wharf under fireboat escort.

"Tuna!" Must be Long Beach, ahead. Fog was a little heavy that day. A crowd of families and friends was waiting on the breakwater as we pulled in. Men from the Los Angeles area made a mad dash for their blues as liberty was announced. Long Beach really did us up fine when Joan Leslie, Margaret O'Brien, Joan Leslie, Leo Carrillo, and Joan Leslie appeared on the bandstand to wish us well.

San Diego was warm and sunny—as usual. The natives here threw quite a parade for the great white ship of the north during our stay. While in this section of "God's country," we added the last cargo to the holds.





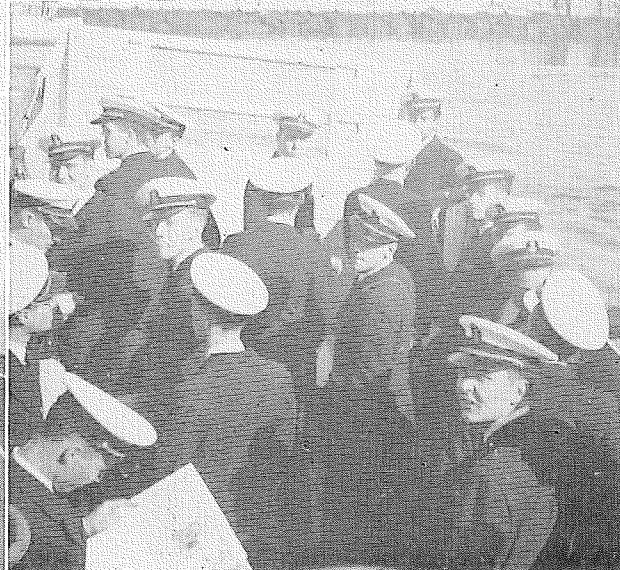
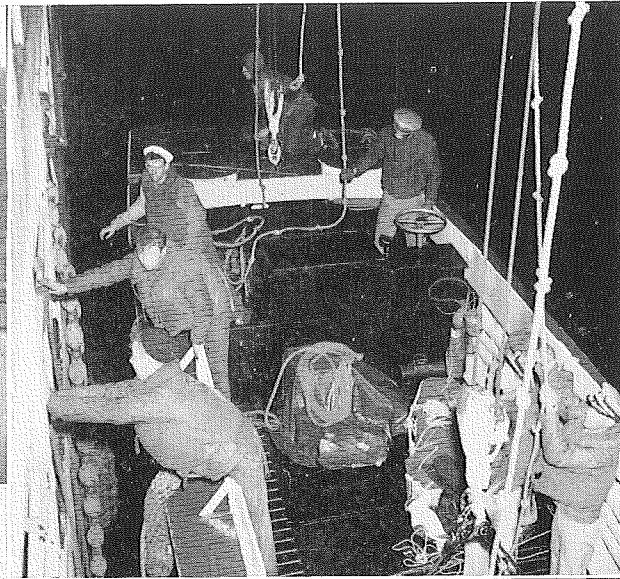
PANAMA AND CURACAO

On the twelfth day out of San Diego, the salt encrusted barbarians of C.M.A. lined the rails for a glimpse of the jungular depths of the Panamanian isthmus.

Just before arrival the forward engine room generator began to grunt and rumble, and it became evident that we had to put into Balboa for repairs. Once we were tied up at the Naval Submarine Base at Balboa, shopping and filling ourselves with good old American beverages occupied our few hours ashore. Next morning the Golden Bear left Balboa, made the canal transit, and sailed forth upon the Caribbean.

Two days after leaving Panama we put into the little Dutch island of Curacao for fueling. Now one of the leading oil refining centers of the world, Curacao was one of the first lands known to the early explorers who covered the new world. It was discovered by Columbus in 1497, and many old buildings still remain. Liberty consisted of the usual loafing, shopping, and giving our cameras a workout. At noon on the second day we fueled and set our course for Europe and the high points of the cruise.





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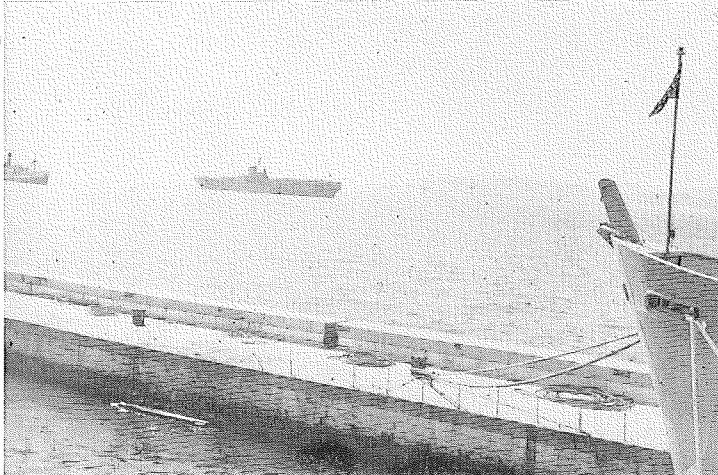
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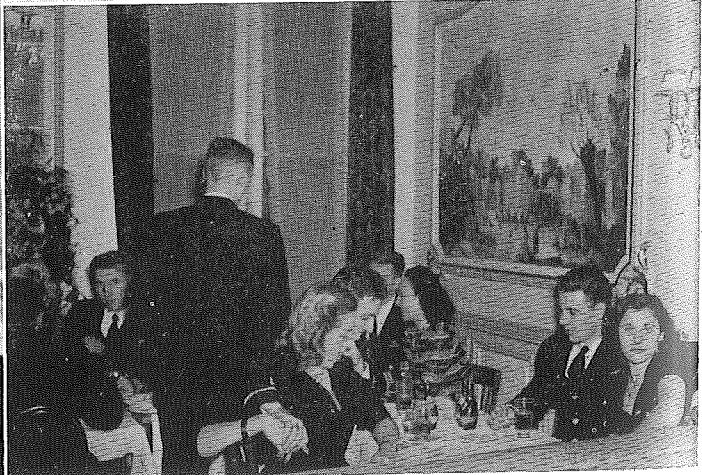
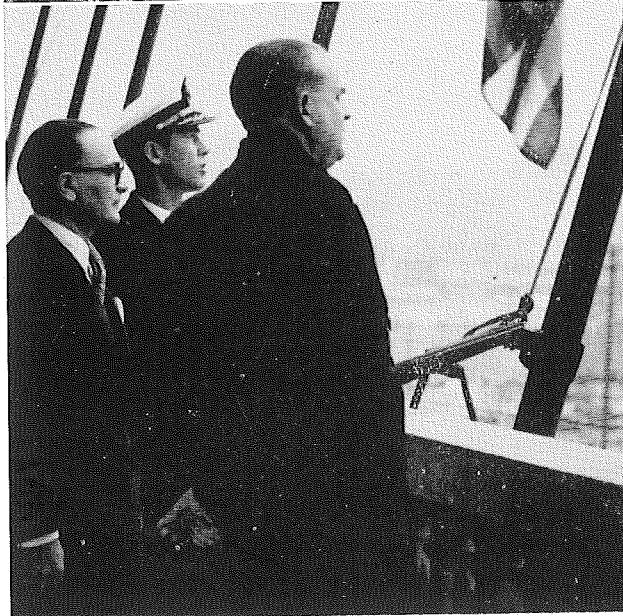
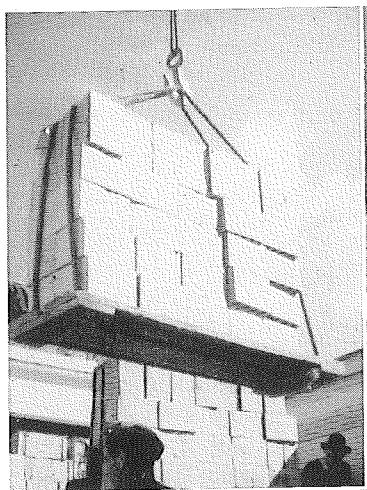
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GIBRALTAR

About half way from Curacao to Gibraltar, a radio message was received from another ship requesting a doctor. We put about and arrived late the next night. A V.P. was sent out to bring the stricken man aboard. It was an appendicitis case and Dr. Scott operated next morning. All was successful and the patient was able to walk off the ship upon arrival at Gibraltar.

This was the longest run we had ever had aboard the school-ship and land was certainly a welcomed sight. Cadets were eager to go ashore and see their first European port. The town was overrun with British sailors. C.M.A. moved in on the Officers' Club and soon had the situation well in hand. A few misled boys walked all around the rock looking for that "Prudential" sign. (We never could find the darn thing). Fuel oil was taken aboard from a Navy tanker in preparation for the Mediterranean.





MARSEILLE

The dawn of March 2 found us at our docking stations peering through the fog at the first port of our mission, Marseille. Our hopes of a warm reception were doubly reassured when the strains of the Marseillaise reached us from the shore. The wharf was crowded with people—mostly children—heralding our arrival. A military band kept time with the vigorous welcoming. We were amazed at the appreciation of the French for our friendship offering.

By noon we had broken open our hatches for unloading and were ready to step ashore for our first liberty in the land of parleyvoo and champagne. The populace started the ball of welcome rolling with a reception at the Prefecture, followed by an elegant luncheon. As the amazed waiter carried away the scattered remains of the repast, we made plans for an afternoon of shopping. No sooner did we thus decide than buses enveloped us and we were engaged in a sight-seeing tour. Yes, the scenery was fine—though not entirely in a countryside sort of way. A multitude of French girls snuggled into the seats beside us to furnish *tete-a-tete*.

Joe Midshipman's eyes popped out — never to regain their composure until we departed. We made





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a rollicking excursion of the city: the Cathedrals, Church of Notre Dame de la Garde, and the beaches. Soon day was done and we were hustled into private homes for a dinner which surpassed the luncheon. The stores closed with our shopping scarcely thought of. After dinner came the opera, accompanied by our friends of the afternoon. By this time we had polished up our "eyethers" and "nyethers" and considered ourselves quite cosmo. Dancing followed the opera—with champagne to make the outlook jolly—and expiration of liberty sneaked in out of nowhere. It was a tired, but happy, midshipman who climbed between his sheets that night to dream of French "Miss Americas."

Another day—a retake on the first: tours, luncheons, dinners, and still no time for that shopping trip. The evening brought forth a dance at the Salon de St. Louis which few had the desire to avoid. Champagne, dancing, more champagne—time was running short. Another quick dash to the punch bowl and we retired to the ship.

The day following, reluctantly, we manned our stations and cast off our lines. As we stood at the rail watching Marseille grow smaller and smaller, our thoughts were one. "What a sensational way to live."



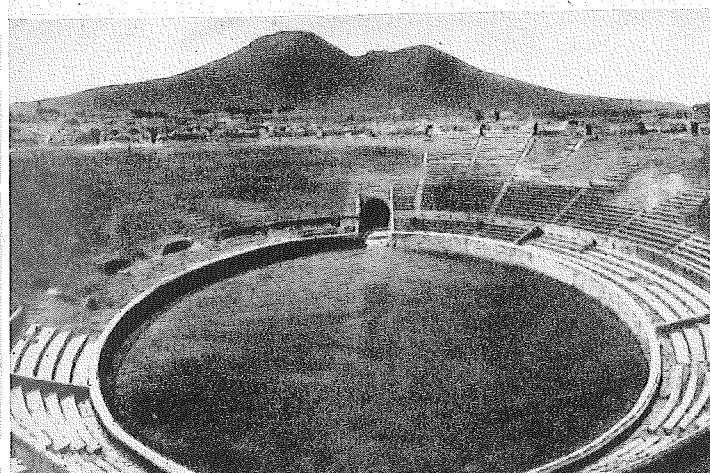
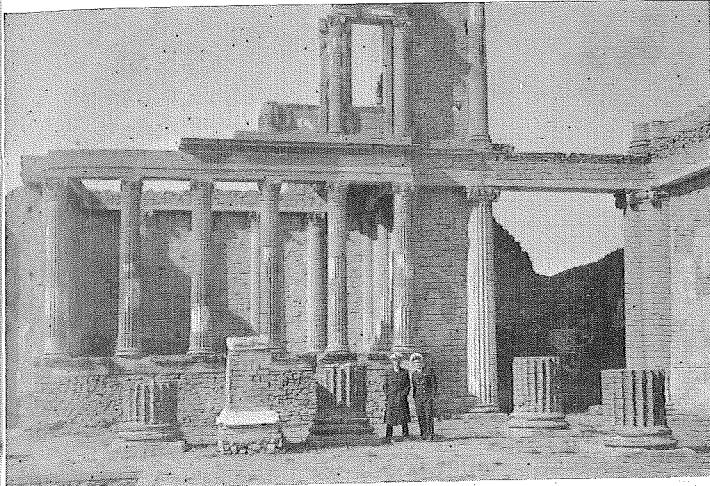


GENOA

Genoa was our first glimpse of Italy. The climate was good, contrary to what many had said we would experience. Genoa seemed to be a very busy town, especially when what appeared to be the entire population took its evening stroll.

Among the highlights of what the Middies saw were the home of Columbus and the "Golden Spider." Genoa Rotary arranged a tour down the coast to the Italian Riviera. First stop was at a small town called Porto Fino which surrounded a yacht harbor. Native residents made lace table sets, etc., and we left with a fair share of their handiwork. Tea and cookies were served at a nearby tourist hotel.

On the return trip to Genoa, a stop was made at an Orphanage which had just received part of our milk shipment. They were very grateful and turned out en masse to thank us during brief ceremonies.



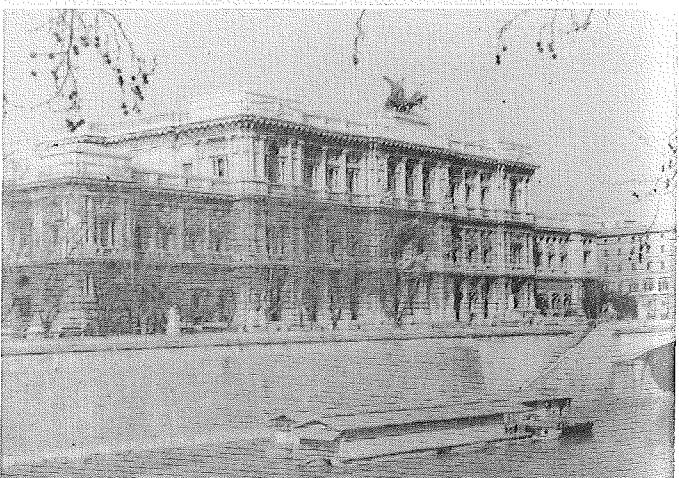
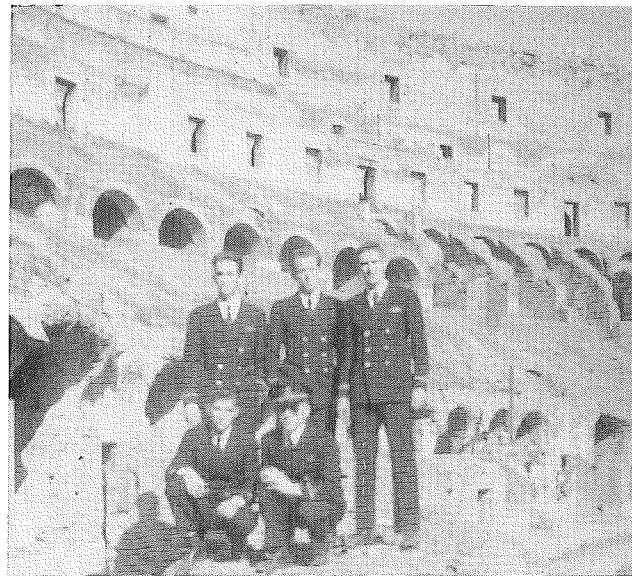
NAPLES

Two down and two to go, and in the distance we could see Mt. Vesuvius, marking the third port on our itinerary. The act of docking the Golden Bear in Naples somewhat resembled trying to put on a new shoe without the aid of a shoe horn. The pilot was determined that a 426-foot vessel could be docked in 427 feet of wharf, and our after flagstaff narrowly escaped a horrible death.

Someone once wrote a song in which the lyrics ran: "Oh the moon shines down on Napoli, and a handsome gondolier," or other words to that effect. Within the first two minutes of our sojourn in Napoli, countless erstwhile gondoliers crowded the wharf with welcoming shouts of: "Hey Joe, you buy good cameo;" "Hey Joe, I show you around;" "Hey Joe," We were appalled by their friendliness and eagerness to get their meat hooks into our bank rolls.

The days spent in Naples were jolly ones, though considerably transcended by the three days spent in Rome. The American Embassy gave us a jolomorous reception, and our spare liberty hours were spent in shopping and tours of the ruins of Pompeii.





ROME

During the six days in Naples, two three-day trips to Rome were planned to accommodate the number of Midshipmen who wished to go. American Express supplied the buses and guides who were to show us the "Eternal City."

The results of war were still evident in most of the towns passed on the way but there seemed to be much reconstruction in progress. Late in the afternoon we saw the wall surrounding Rome, much of it still standing. Ancient aqueducts were pointed out as we neared the city. Accommodations were available at the Hotel Flora and that evening went too fast as the Cadets familiarized themselves with the sights.

The next morning started with a tour of St. Peter's in the Vatican. The immensity and impressiveness of the Church was something we will long remember.





St. Paul's Cathedral in Rome, containing the famous statue of Moses highlighted the afternoon after which the foot-weary sightseers returned to the Hotel before an evening's "liberty."

The Pope granted an audience to the group next morning and spoke briefly to each Cadet and Officer. (Oh—we have pictures to prove it—too.) An afternoon was spent in the elaborate Vatican Museum viewing the famous paintings and sculptures that it contains.

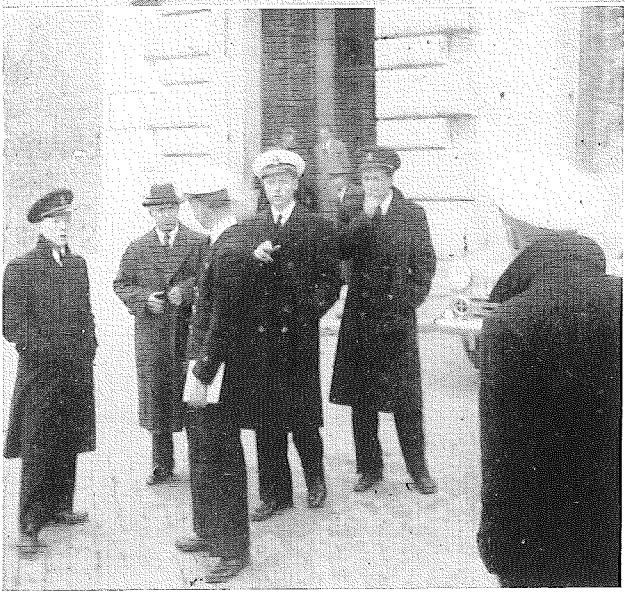
On the third and last day we toured the ancient Catacombs, guided by a very jovial Dutchman. "Ben Hur" was brought to mind as the Cadets later viewed the arena in Rome where that story had its climax. The Colosseum looked just as the pictures portray it and trigger-happy photographers were in their glory on the inside.

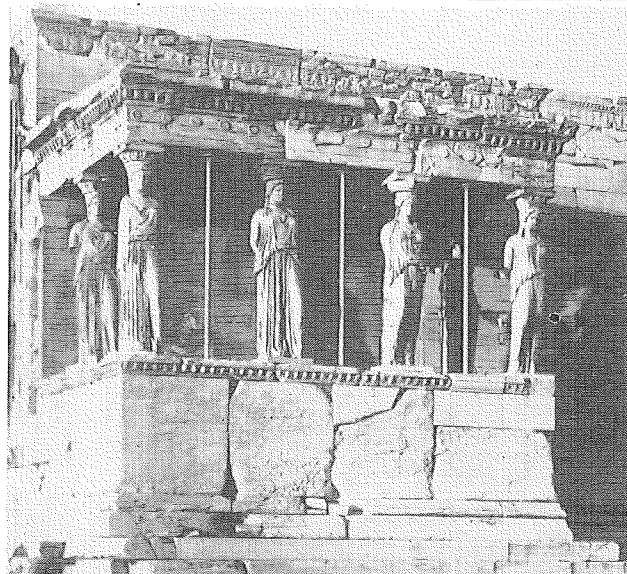
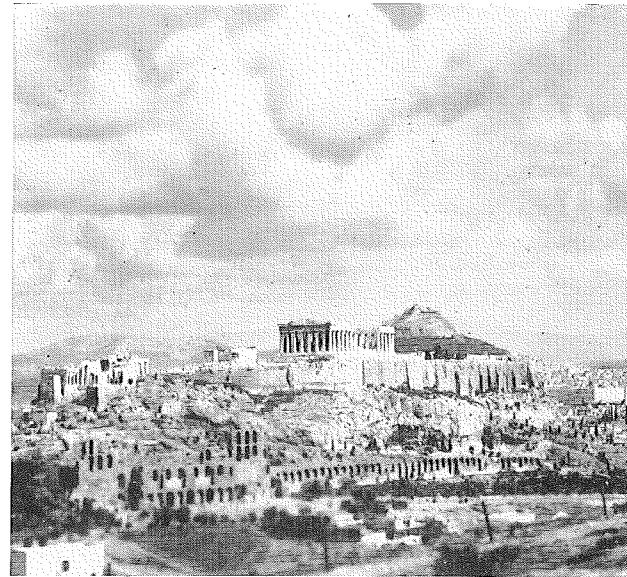
To most, the tour of Rome was the highlight of the cruise and few will forget that party-time at the hotel.

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PIRAEUS AND ATHENS

Socrates, Plato, Aristotle—this was their stamping ground. We tramped ashore to take a gander at the workings of those ancients. The Parthenon, Acropolis, Olympics stadium—we had seen them often in history books. Now we could overstride the printer, engraver, and cameraman, and find our own eyes where those of the camera had been.

Feeling that Piraeus was incidental and Athens was paramount, all hands made their way to the electric railway which leads to the latter city. This move was not without some difficulty, as our knowledge of only English and a smattering of Spanish met with little understanding among the Greek passers-by. The train itself is worthy of mention. In order to conserve precious Greek manpower, a cunning electrical contraption closes the sliding doors of the cars. This operation is done with amazing rapidity—rapidity to such an extent that several cadets were sandwiched between the converging doors.

Athens, temple of philosophers—the object which first held our gaze was the hill on the top of which stands the Acropolis. Our sight-seeing bus climbed the slope and we looked over the ruins. The complete



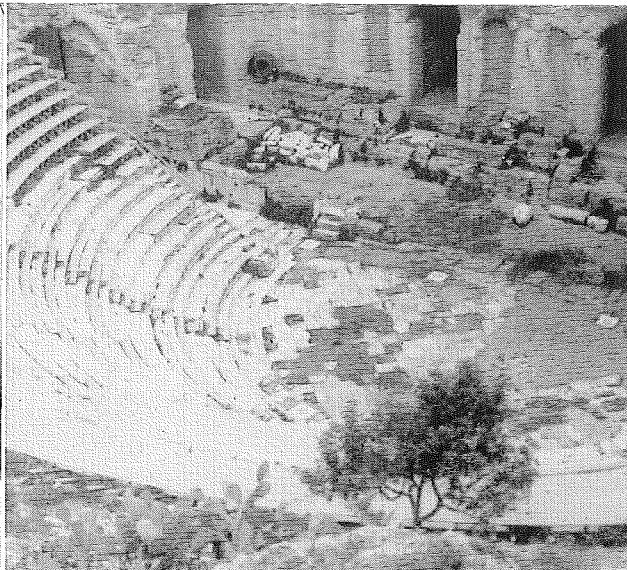
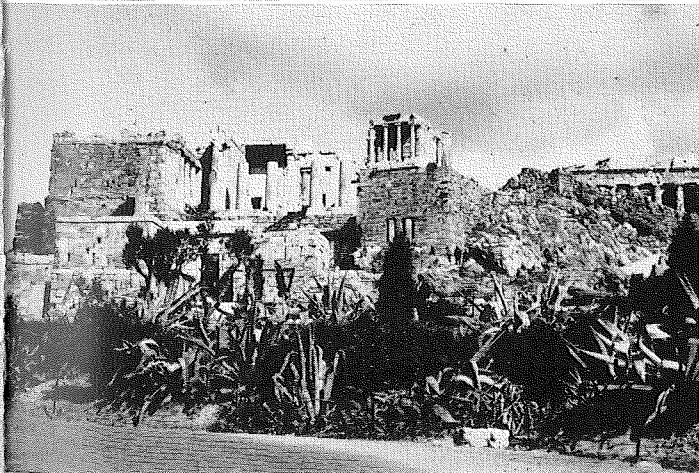
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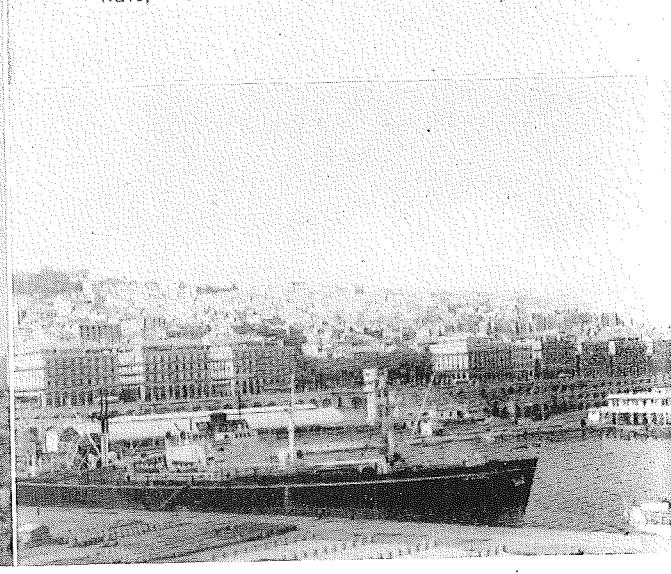
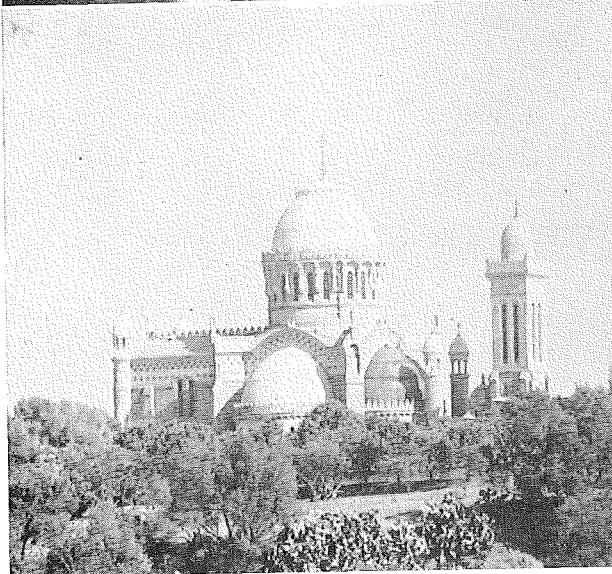
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tour of the Acropolis, with its Parthenon and temples took two or three hours. The shutter bugs among us worked furiously. When the guides had clarified our hazy knowledge of the significance of the ruins, we hopped the bus and descended to Hadrian's Arch and the Temple of Jupiter. Next we rounded out our excursion of Athens with visits to the stadium, the Royal Palace, and other points of interest.

Thus began our six-day sojourn in Greece. The remaining days were spent shopping, sight-seeing, and, oddly enough, pining for that day when we would cast off for the good old U.S.A. On the evening of the second day we were received at the American Embassy, which gave us a chance to hear English spoken by feminine voices and glance through the latest Life Magazines. On Sunday our stern lines parted and a fresh breeze swung our stern into the U.S. Destroyer Roan in the next berth. As we worked in a mad frenzy to kedge ourselves away, the skipper of the Roan was heard calmly addressing Captain Swany across the two-foot expanse of water separating the two ships: "Good morning, Captain. Coming aboard?"

The sixth day arrived and we cast off—this time it was westward ho.





ALGIERS AND MADEIRA

The last port in the Mediterranean was Algiers, where it was necessary to fuel. This was to be the last scheduled stop before Panama. Middies were entertained at a reception in the home of the American Embassy, which had been the headquarters of General Eisenhower during part of the war.

We left Algiers and passed Gibraltar fully prepared for a long voyage. Not more than a few days out there was a sick-bay "no-duty" expert who arranged to need more medical attention than was available to the Doctor, so we promptly put about and headed full speed for the Portuguese Island of Madeira. Further examination proved that there was nothing contagious aboard but, we were here so —yep, you guessed it—liberty. This was not the tourist season in Madeira but the Cadets managed to get the town moving. Empty paint cans seemed to be worth their weight (net that is) in gold to the business-like traders in bum-boats. Well, everybody managed to leave Madeira with his share of straw hats, wicker chairs, etc.



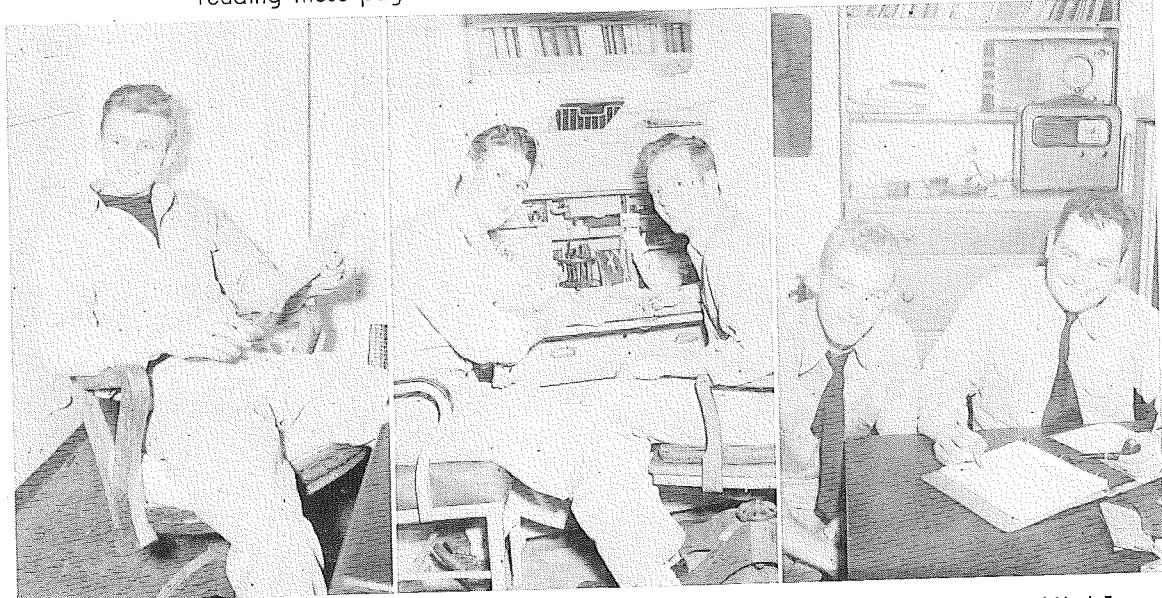
Co-Editors Ros Wilkey and Frank Cole earning extra liberty.

The Hawsepipe

We wish to take this space to thank our many constituents for their unselfish efforts toward compiling this volume—Harry Christensen and Bruce Johnston, who handled the finances—Frank McCullough, who covered the sporting scene—Hank Ferrero, who will take over the reins next year, was invaluable as associate editor—John Ford, who spent many a long hour proofreading and writing—Van Andersen, the best darn cartoonist we have seen—John Meyer and Ronny Parker of the Camera Club, who took most of the photographs which fill these pages—and the many others who contributed.

Our thanks also go to Mr. Robert L. Ozias of Lederer, Street and Zeus Co., Inc.; Mr. Joseph Holmes of the California Art and Engraving Company; and their associates for much needed advice in the ways of printing and engraving. The portraits and grounds photos are the work of Mrs. Alice Lewis and Mr. E. L. McKinsey of McKinsey's Studios, to whom we would like to express our gratitude.

As for ourselves, we wish our job were not yet completed. In an institution such as this, there is always so much more to be said and portrayed than can be set down in the space allotted. We have enjoyed every minute of it and hope you have enjoyed reading these pages.

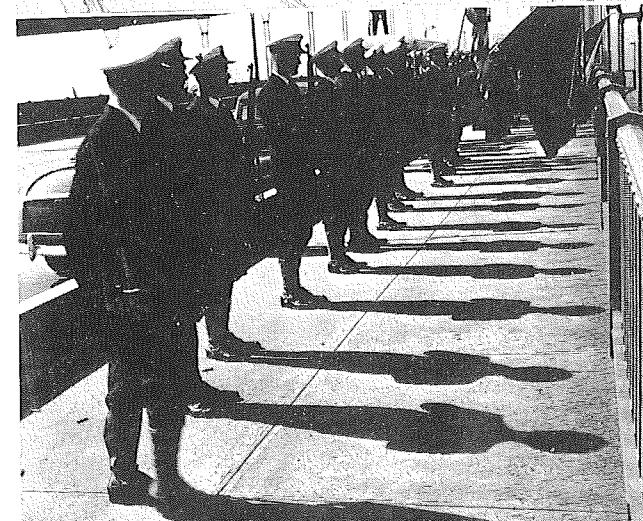
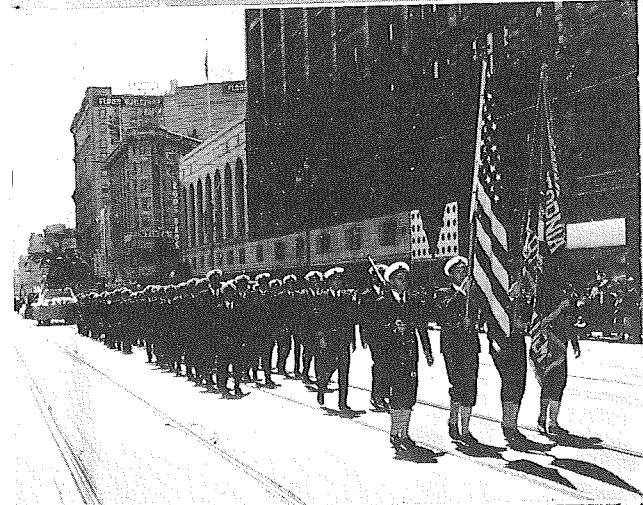
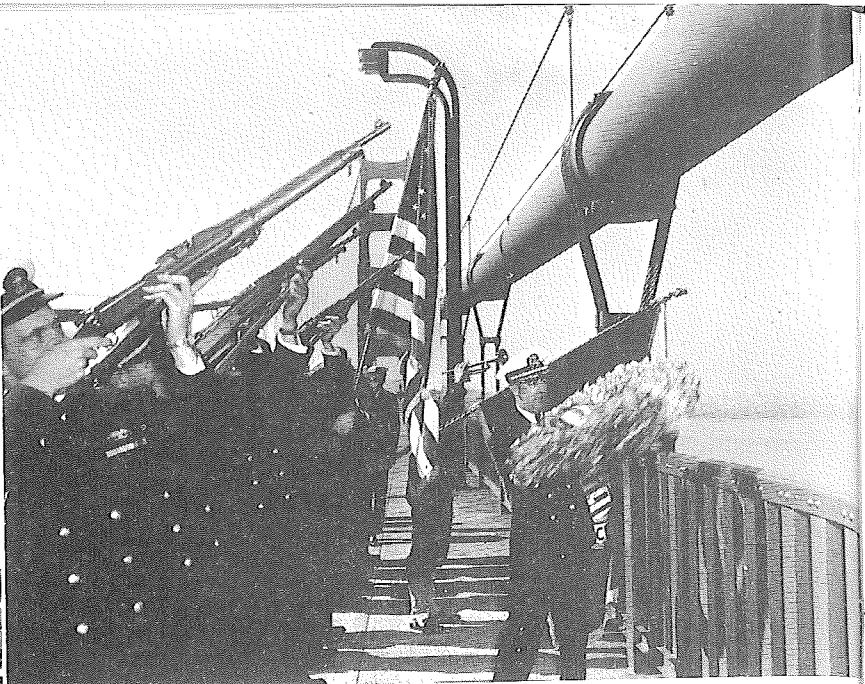
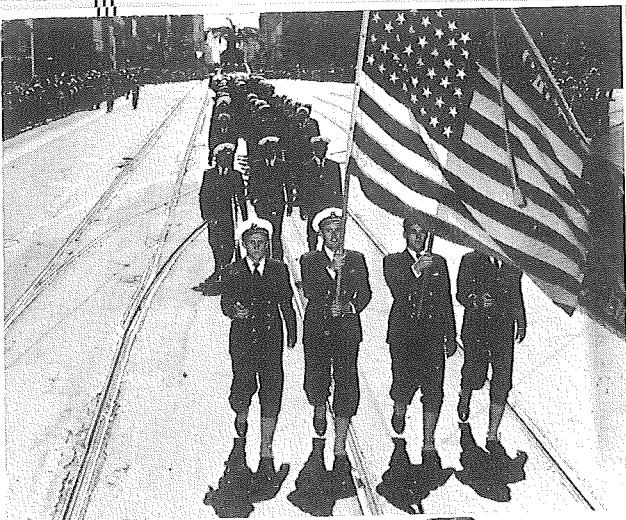


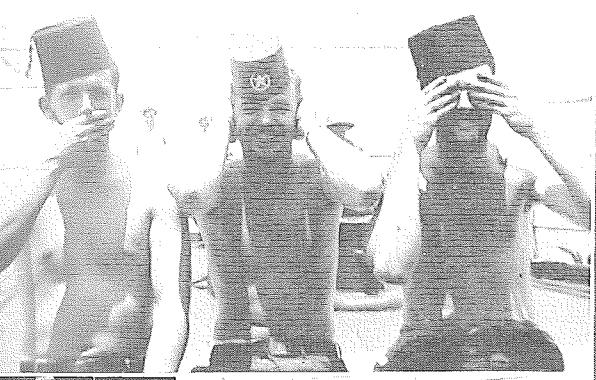
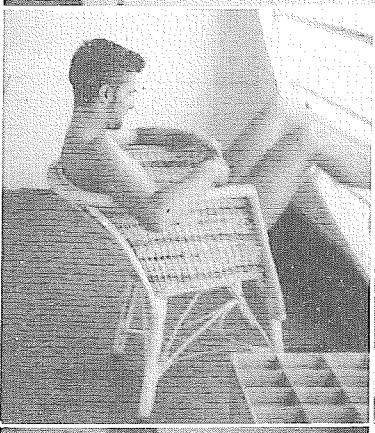
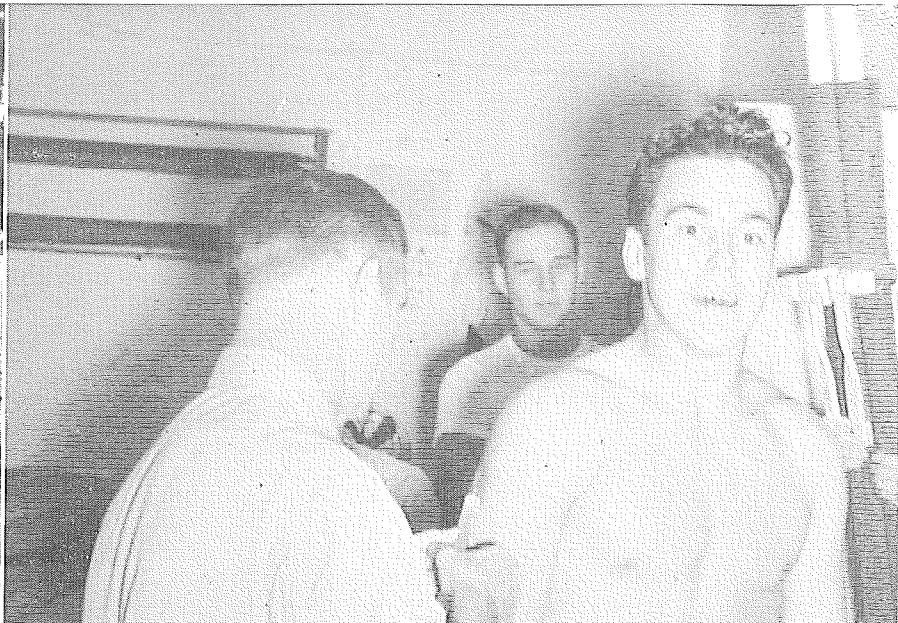
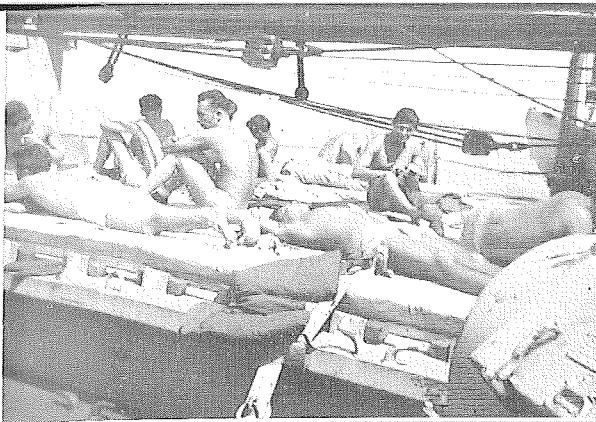
Business Manager Harry Christensen.

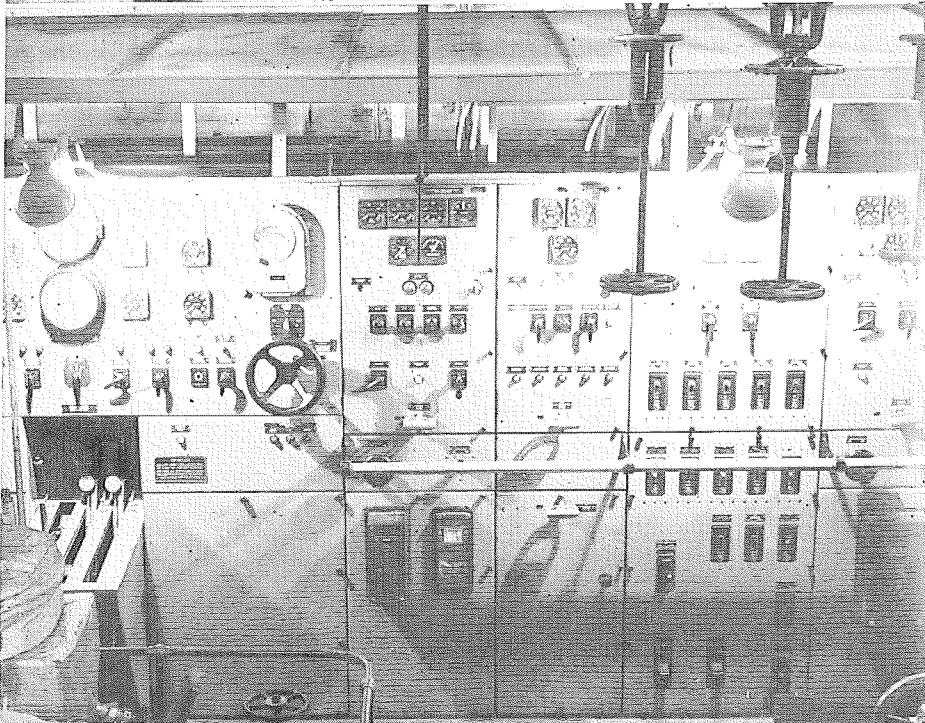
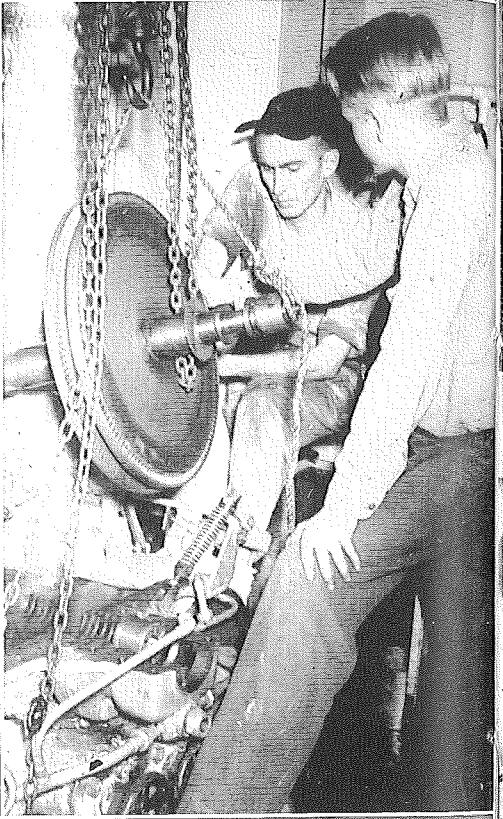
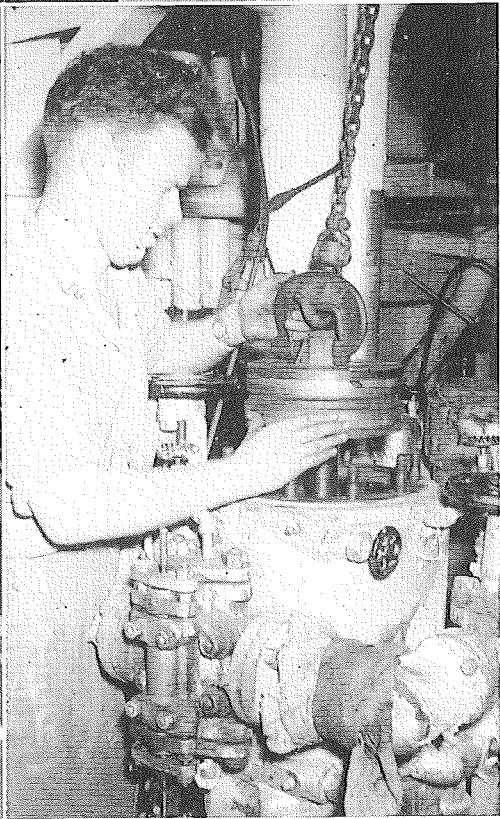
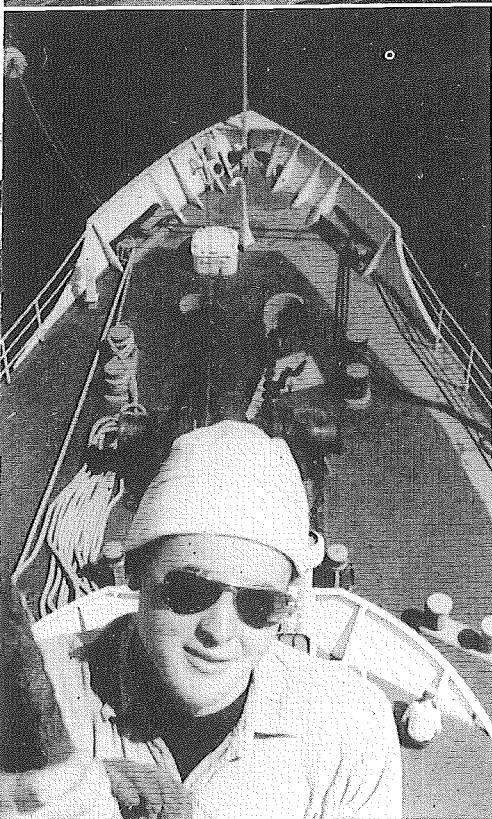
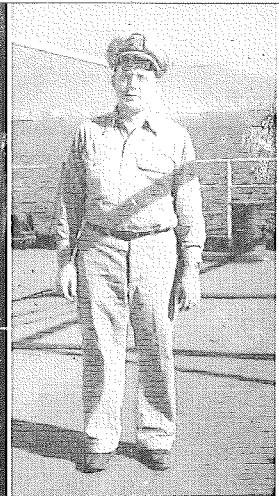
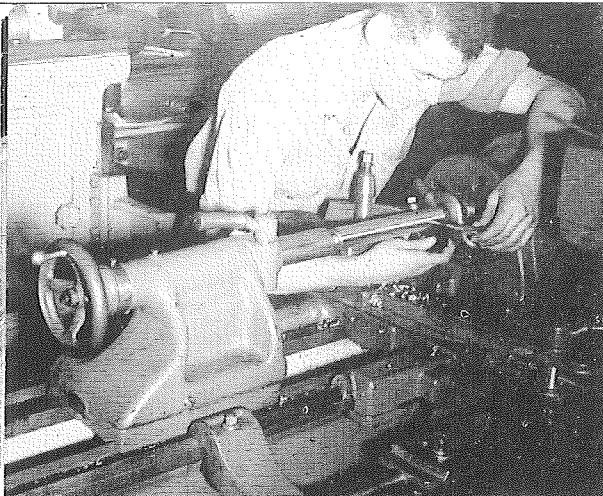
Sports Editor Frank McCullough talks it over with Senator Ford.

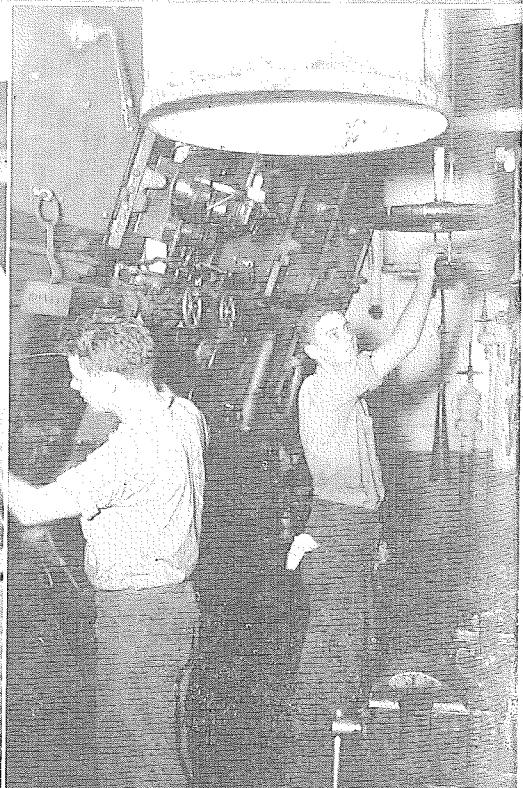
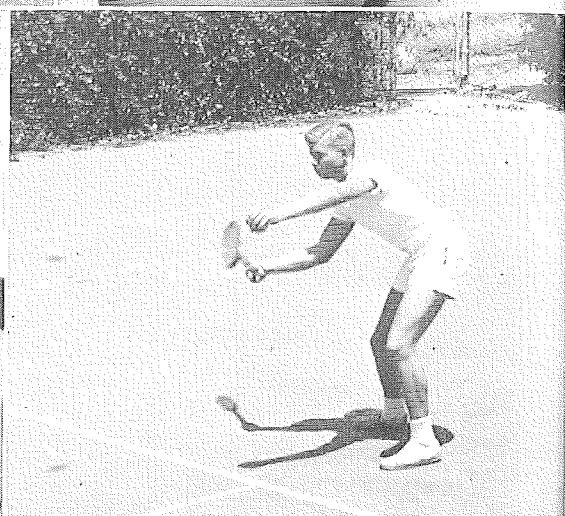
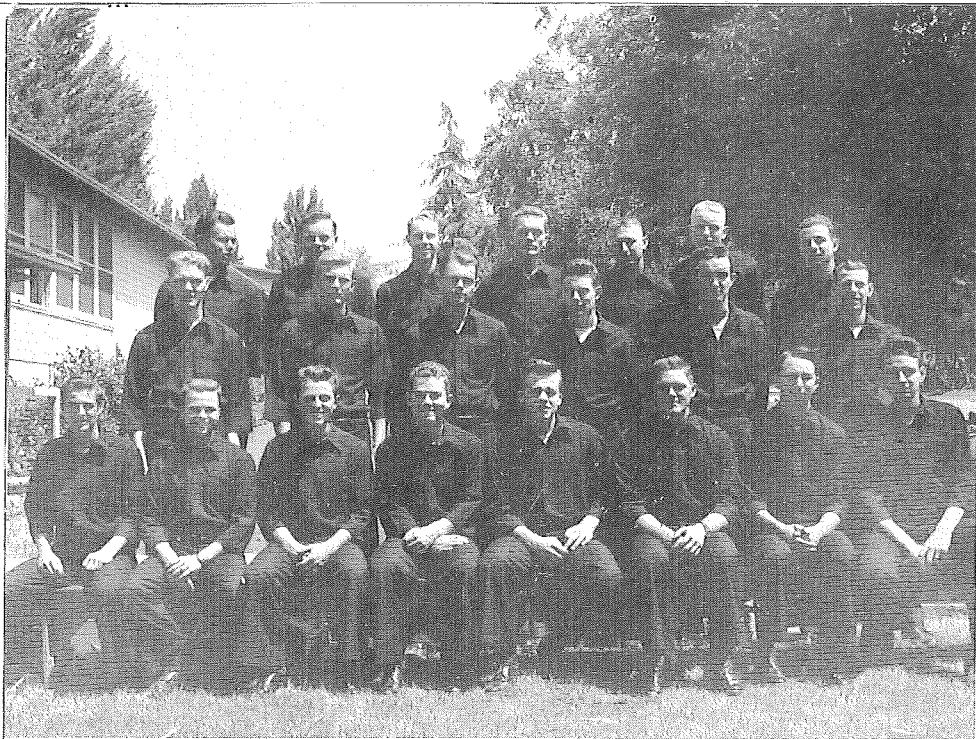
Van Andersen, staff artist, and Hank Ferrero, associate editor.











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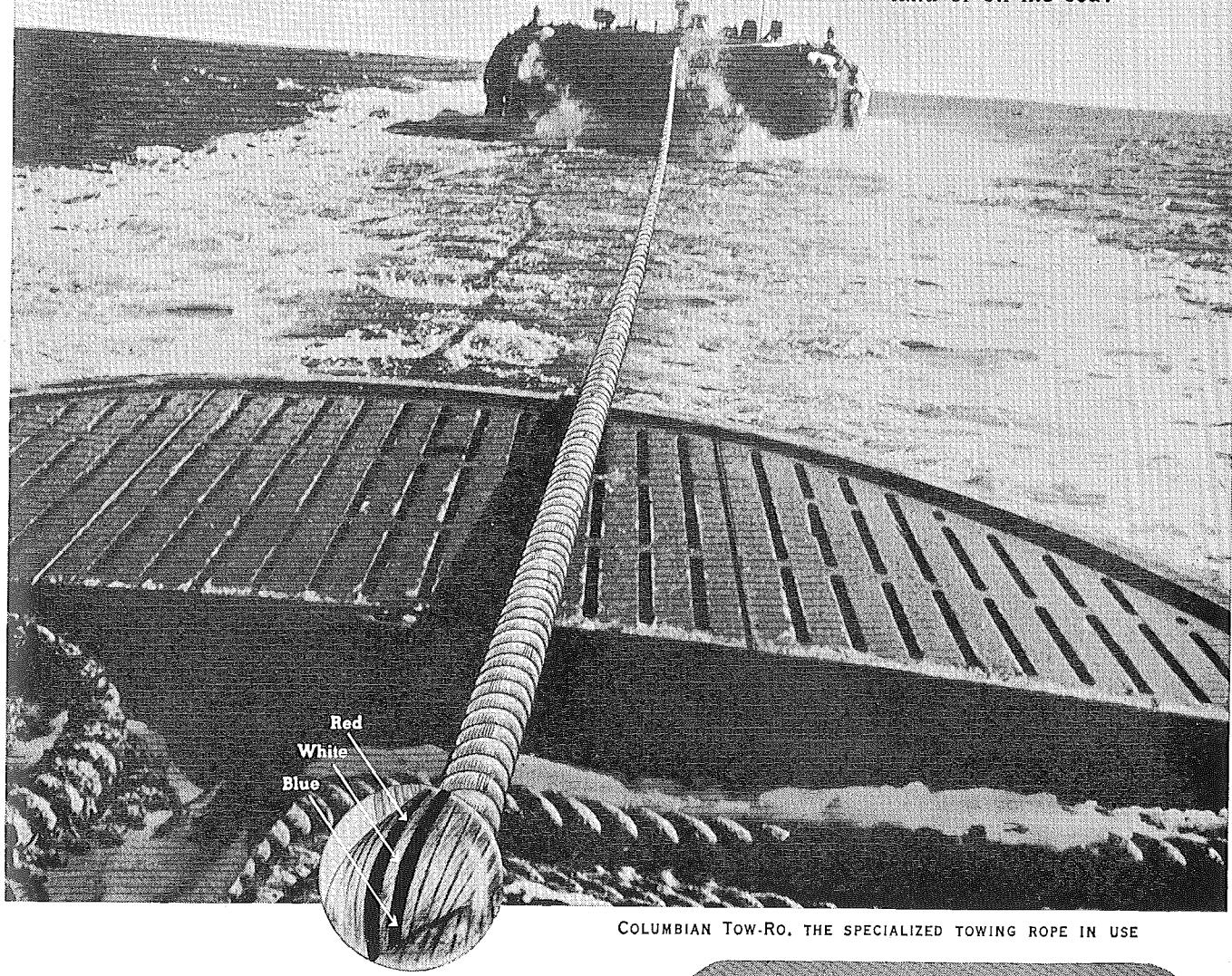


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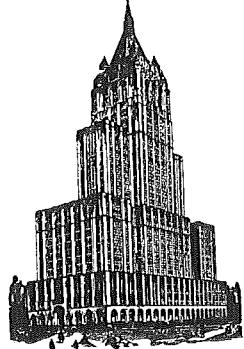
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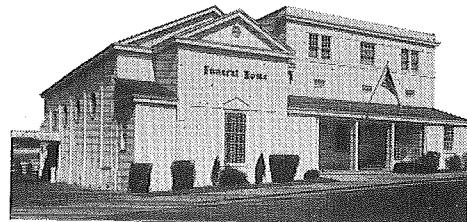
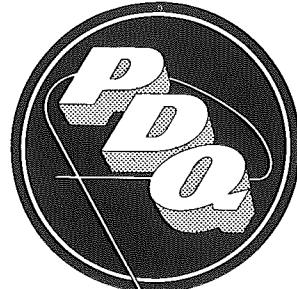
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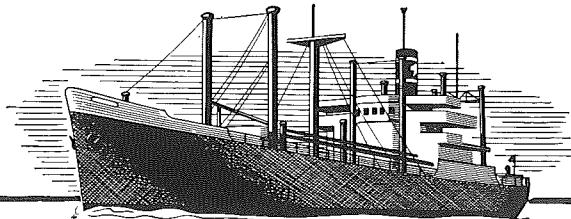
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Your school is the result of one of these programs and a fine one it is. Your schooling is a big step in the right direction and your knowledge of machinery and navigation will stand you in good stead.

There is, however, one single quality that will help the American Merchant Marine more than any other. It is not studied in books, nor can it be legislated. That is "loyalty." We are not speaking of this quality in a selfish manner. It is true that loyalty to your employer is important. More important, however, is your loyalty to duty, traditions of the sea, your vessel, and your senior officers. The latter must be reciprocal.

The writer once had the pleasure and honor of knowing a Master who had been in command of one vessel for sixteen years. To him she was a thing of beauty, but actually she was worn out -- a rust heap. The time came for her survey and the upshot was that she was to be laid up -- sold for junk. She was "cooled off," the crew paid off and she was tied up to run no more. That Master refused to leave the vessel for two days and finally when he was ordered to another vessel he left her, but as he walked down the gangway for the last time he was crying unashamedly.

That is real loyalty and in our opinion -- with your teachings and that one quality "loyalty" -- the American Merchant Marine will have no trouble maintaining its rightful place on the high seas.

Sincerely,

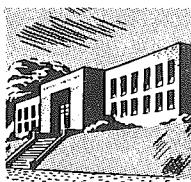


Manager Marine Department

THEY HAD A PROBLEM . . .



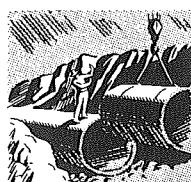
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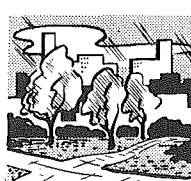
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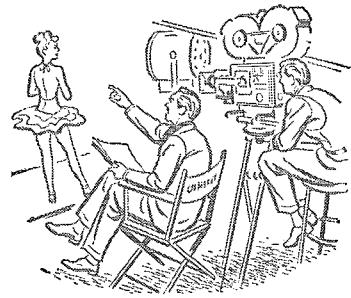
To solve this problem affecting the Nation's safety, Permanente STEAMSHIP CORPORATION was organized in October, 1940, as a subsidiary of Permanente Cement Company. Two ships were purchased, converted to bulk cement carriers and Permanente began stockpiling materials in the Pacific. By October, 1945, these veteran ships, SS PERMANENTE and SS PHILLIPPA, had achieved the incredible record of delivering 7,000,000 barrels of cement to the war zone without ever missing a convoy deadline!

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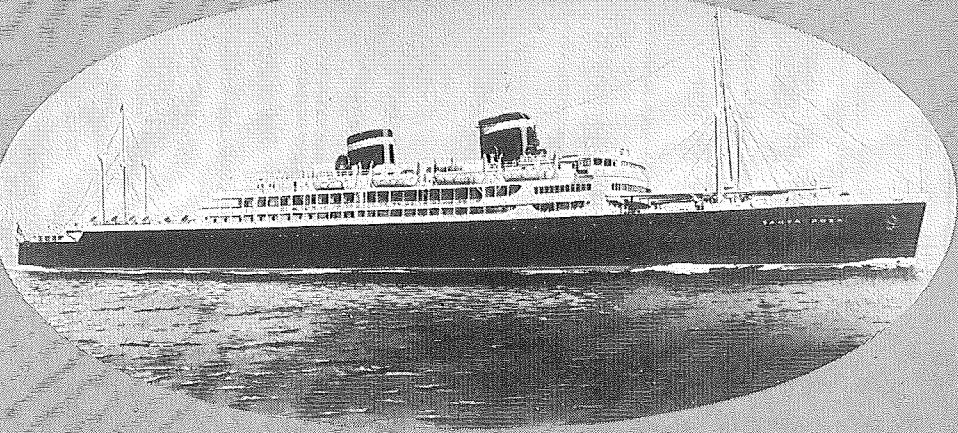
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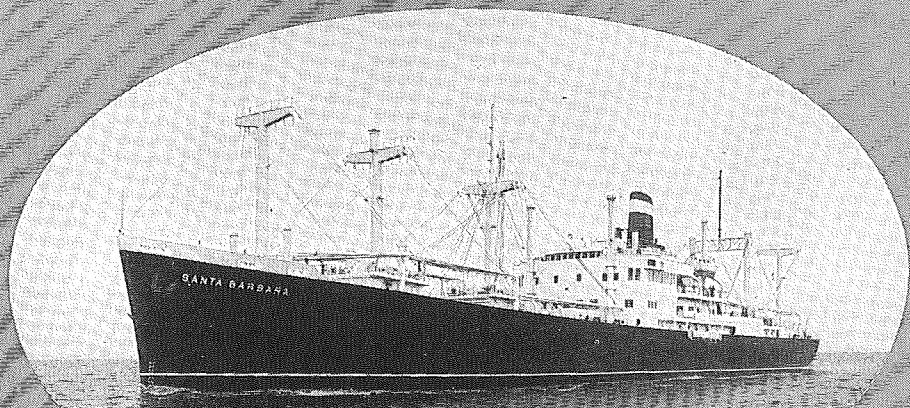


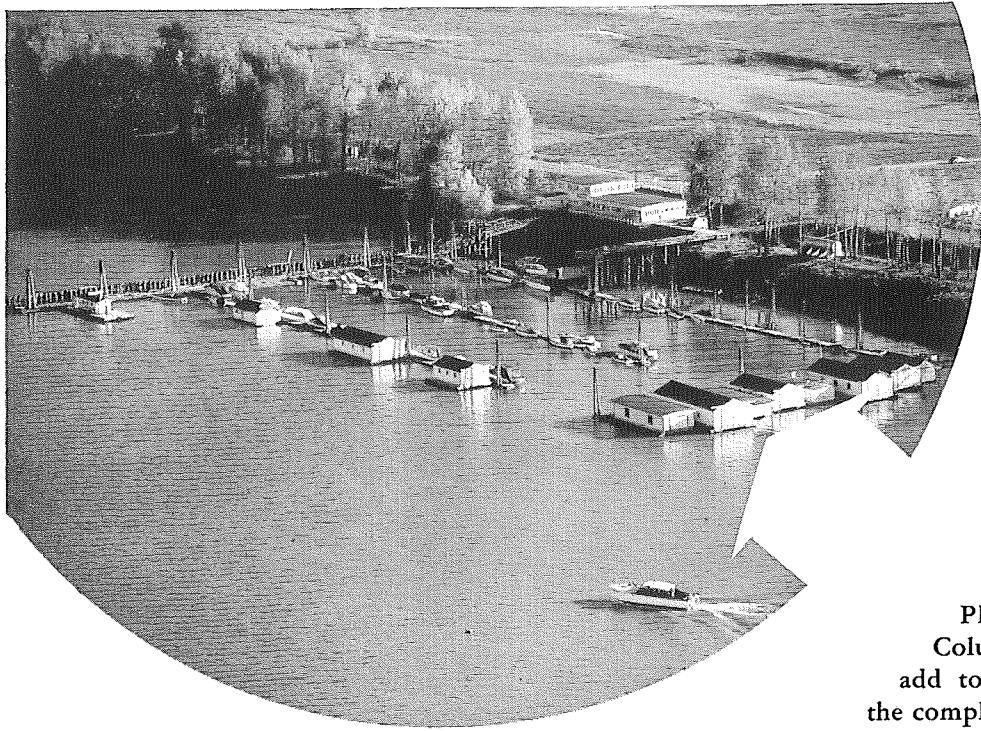
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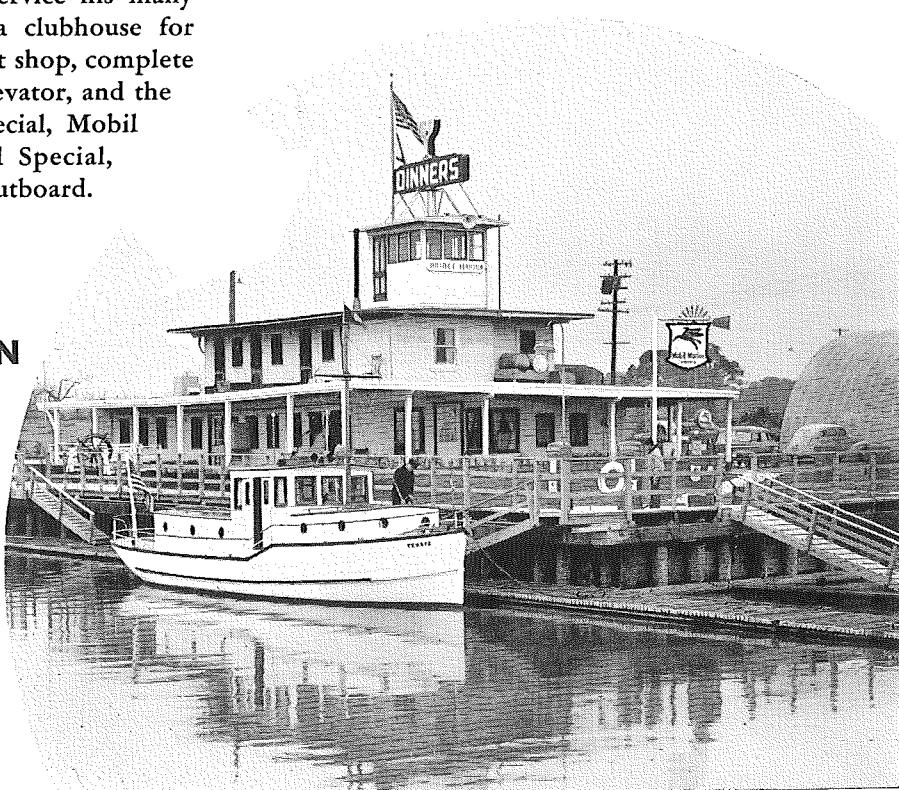
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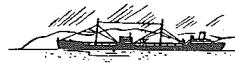
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