



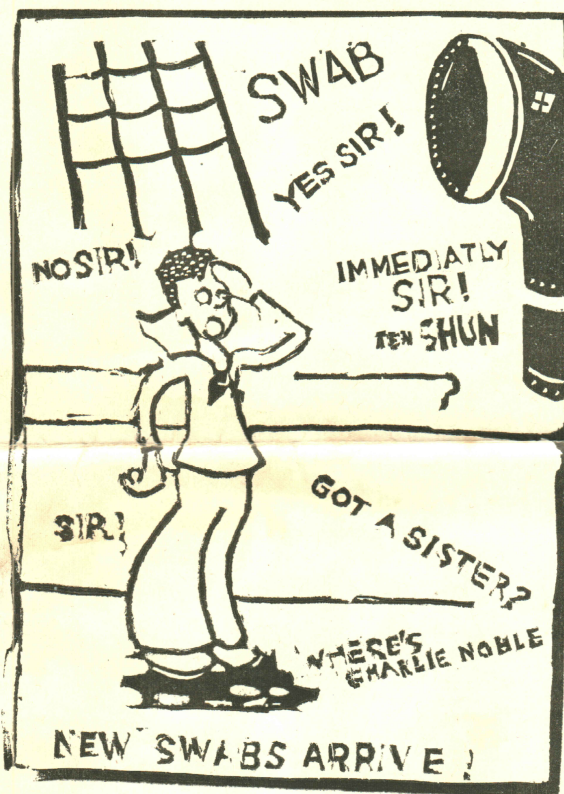
THE BINNACLE

Vol. 1, No. 9

SAN FRANCISCO

July, 1943

NEW CLASS ARRIVES!!



AIR RAID ALARM

While their shipmates were dancing away the morning hours on June 20th, a skeleton crew on the schoolship underwent their first air raid alarm. At 1:15 the siren almost directly above the ship broke into the silence with a deafening wail which lasted some five minutes. Within one minute, Gunner's Mate Kenny, who had been "blown" out of his bunk by the alarm and was holding up his pajamas with one hand, had thrown the switch for the general alarm with the other.

Mr. Siegrist told the messenger to have all lines singled up, steam gotten up, and to have all hands without duties lie below. When he came up on deck Mr. Siegrist jokingly accused the deck watch of causing the alarm to provide themselves some company. He expressed the hope that any invading planes would come in low enough so our "fifties" could reach them. He also explained that we would get out into the "stream" only in case the dock or Ferry Building caught fire. All ports and hatches were dogged, water tight doors closed, and gangway purchases rigged to complete preparations.

Dr. Martin appeared in a short time and soon had morphine, hypodermics, bandages, and tourniquets ready for any eventualities.

(Continued Page 4, Col. 1)

ENTER THE SWABS

SCENE: The morning of July 7, 1943. The gangway of the T. S. "Golden State." The fog has not yet lifted, neither from the minds of the First and Second Classmen, who had liberty the night before, nor from the atmosphere in general. A group of apprehensive individuals in (of all things) civilian clothes, bid farewell to freedom at the sentry gate and, laboring under the burden of their suitcases, grips, Gladstones, overnight bags and steamer trunks stumble up the gangway.

The curtain rises on a scene familiar to us all. A scene which we have all enacted at some time, and the memory of which we shall carry to our graves. Our first day aboard the "Golden State."

Yes, once again old Father Time has hopped his way to a date circled in red on more than one calendar. The Class of December '44 has started the long voyage that will eventually lead to the securing of Third Mate's and Third Assistant's licenses for its members. Like their predecessors, they too, shall never forget their first day: Stepping from an organized life into a seeming muddle of confusion; Being hearded like animals amidst a mass of strange faces; Finding that they would use "Mister" and "Sir" to prefix and affix their every statement: Having their arms piled with strange clothes and blankets, and sheets, and towels, and stencils; Finding that their "home" consisted of one upper bunk (6x2 1/2) and two small lockers; Hauling stores; And learning to say "ladder," not "stairs," "above" and "below" not "upstairs" and "downstairs," and "sack" or "bunk" not "bed," and learning to say "deck," "overhead," and "Bulkhead." It was all a labyrinth of hodge-podge and confusion.

Then came the night. Oh glorious night! To seek shelter in sleep! Yet there was no sleep to be had on this night. How could anyone sleep on a slab of rock suspended six feet off the deck? And then with First Classmen coming down the ladder, on their return from liberty, there was too much noise. Every time one of them opened his locker it sounded as if the whole ship were shaking. How could these upperclassmen sleep through it all? They certainly were asleep for a chorus of snores was audible throughout the entire berth deck. Finally, bleary eyed, and after trying every conceivable position, they dozed off. No sooner had they closed their eyes (it seemed) than the blaring notes of reveille tumbled them out of their sacks into the bedlam again.

So the curtain dropped on this, their first day. A first day that paralleled that of every class that has entered the California Maritime Academy. But the final curtain will not fall for a good long time yet. Sixteen months to be exact.

MERCHANT MARINE FILM

"Action In The North Atlantic," the first important picture dealing with this war's Merchant Marine, is so technically exact that the King's Point Academy has made it part of their curricula. It features a cadet who faces the characteristic criticism of a captain who has "come up through the Hawsepipes."

It is a blood and thunder story of ships ramming U-boats and U-boats ramming lifeboats. In one instance a record player renders "Why Don't We Do This More Often" as the crew of a torpedoed tanker abandons ship.

The picture reaches its peak when a seaman tells his shipmates he's sick of dodging submarines and being away from his family. The other seaman tell him he's a coward, that the security he wants must be fought for, and that getting supplies overseas is one of the most effective ways to fight.

Now in the making is another film dealing with the Merchant Marine entitled "Lifeboat" from a story by John Steinbeck and with direction by Alfred Hitchcock.

DONATED BY J. SWENY-144
CNA ARCHIVE
2008-5-203

THE MISADVENTURES OF SLOP SHUTE JERK

—By Doc and Harry

June 19th, heavenly day! Undoubtedly the turning point in the history of C.M.A.

The big twenty-nine were ground out from the C. M. U. political machine into certified sea going janitors and hammer mechanics trained on the raging main of South Bay.

Equally as potent in its effect on the remaining inmates was the unexpected, the eighth wonder of the globe, spoken of reverently as "our 15." Fifteen days of freedom to see how the other half lives.

As the "Great Gray Pot" emerged victoriously from graduation, a bedlam of confusion, irregularity, and the usual hub-bub of liberty crazed bodies broke out in full swing. Through this mael of half clad bodies, and amid wild cries of poor lost souls shrieking for their "misplaced" gear screams Jerk, twisting, wrenching and elbowing his way to the lucky locker (Lucky, that's a laff) intent on appropriating his buddies X-gear. He is now completely garbed for a fast lap to the salubrious south. "Saddle up," roars Jerk to the "three Muskies" of the lofty north who have the good fortune and privilege of making their first run south.

With official permission of the Q.M. on watch, Joe, Bruno the "Bear," and Jerk are off in a cloud of smoke. Blazing a trail to the S. P. depot where Jerk is lugged aboard in a gigantic suitcase, appropriated and donated to the cause by R. B. P. (Just call me Nellie) "God's gift to the M. S. girls."

What a streamlined affair this elongated baby-carriage is. The San Joaquin fire trap on wheels, the engine boiler having been designed by Robert Fulton, himself, a few years back. Jerk was thoroughly convinced that the club car was a throw-back from World War number one days. It was outfitted with Coleman lanterns, chain drive window wipers, and burlap tapestries. Butter milk with one olive was served on the hour.

Once under-way, Jerk used an hour glass to count the telephone posts. The refreshments on board being limited to white wash, Jerk stepped off the train from number one car, grabbed a slug of amber juice at a nearby fruit stand and swaggered back to the club car which was just passing.

Jerk becoming restless, followed the glow of his neon nose and started wandering from stem to stern. In car No. 1 he sights a buxom blond and logs her for future reference, saying to himself, "the lights must go out sometime." Screaming through car No. 2 he brushes off a pert skirt. In car No. 3 he spies the one and only red headed ball of fire, and stops to chat with Boob MacReed, "King of the Opera," the only man that can make a mule laff. Cars No. 4 to 12 offered no temptation, and like running the Beaufort scale he ran aground in car No. 12, a hurricane no less, occupied by junior G-men returning from their annual conference with J. Edgar Hoover, and costing our boy 25 Wheaties box tops to get out of the car. With a curse on his breath, but led on by his berry beak he settled down once more in the club car.

With this picture in mind one can readily reason why Jerk and his companions got off at Bakersfield. With no other alternative they ankled their way to the golden road, highway 99. Risking their lives in a cut down '28 Mexican Greger and listening to the southern jive by means of a Crystle set and ear phones, finally they arrived within the city limits of this metropolis of the deep South. Only a scant 200 miles remained to the downtown district (the heart of queer city).

Beating the train by a cool 2 1/2 hours, "Joik" and mob immediately rushed over to Hanger No. 7 (the clubhouse) at the nearby Lowhead plant (anything in Southern California is "near-by" to Lockhead), where the four horsemen showered, shaved, shampooed and sh-hot out for Pershing Square, (known lovingly in LA as "Lil' Odd Times Square") where they "picked up" their dates. Thence to the playspot of the world, the Garden of the Gods, the goal of every actress, HOLLYWOOD. Beating down Sunset Blvd., they pulled up to what they thought to be a signal and found themselves staring into the winking bloodshot eye of one Pancho Pachuko. This being "Be kind to dumb animals week," they let him off easy and continued their search for "Wine, Women, and the Rancho Grande."

From there they slid down Vine St., cranking off to port, and running a great circle course to the Palladium where they dropped the stream (anchor) and glided in on a tide of ebbing spirits. After laying down a 'reet' bit of leather to Anita's sexy notes, they started on the usual (?) rounds, dropping in to have a malt with Anatole at Ciro's and then drifting on to the Swing Club, where they knocked everybody out by reciting the classic lines of the swab rules and singing the "Schoolship Song" to the melodious tones of Wingey Manone and his "Clambake 6."

After having a rendezvous with the "King of the Kleigs," the only man to make a mule laugh, they traveled on to some of the lesser known joints, such as, "The Mocambo," "Cocoanut Grove," "The Troc," "Brown Derby," and then decided to, "Eat at Joe's."

(Continued Next Column)

WHO—

By I. C. U.

—Was the erstwhile swab who got good and salty in his Seamanship class a while back and changed salt water to "moisture?"

—Was the wiseacre who spilled a bottle of glue in the Binnacle Office that took three swabs, a man and two days to get loose from the desk?

—Is the 2nd Class Messenger-Sentry who feels he doesn't get enough to eat and gets up in the middle of the night for a cheese sandwich for himself and his bunkie?

—Is the 2nd Class bugler who was seeking relief by saying to the new swabs, "We're starting a band, what do you play?" And who's the 1st Classman who doesn't know when to quit this swab job?

—Is the 1st Classman who wears the pea-soup colored stone in his ring because he says, "It looks dignified?"

—Was the Petty Officer who had two 2nd looies pop to with a salute while he was going through his uncle's bomb works?

—Is the swab whose nickname is "Ish" or "Corny" and who "really" doesn't like the old thing?

—Is the swab who sleeps in maroon pajamas with pretty white flowers on 'em, and who is his classmate (from San Pedro also) who paraded around the berth-deck in his blue and white stripe PJ's asking everybody how long the afternoon siesta lasted?

—Is the 1st Classman who has recently spent three sleepless nights? We don't know yet whether he was worried or just had insomnia.

—Is the wise swab who, when asked if all his "G I" clothes fitted him, came back with, "Yes" I've tried on everything but the laundry bag."

—Is the swab who took a stroll over the gangway one morning with his hat and coat over one arm and was surprised to see the whole Cadet Corps drawn up at attention before him? (Not for him, but on their way to mess)!

—Was the new Third Classman who kept up a CMU tradition, not knowing it of course, by coming across with a Sea Scout salute at the gangway?

—Is the 1st Classman who already has his post-grad run chosen, and is renting his heavy-weather, Arctic, sheep-skin-lined gear to shivering fellow quartermasters?

—Was the swab who came up to an upper-classman with a bucket of water and asked, "Where shall I throw this bilge, sir?" A refugee from the NROTC, no doubt.

—Is the First Classman, formerly a confirmed woman hater, who shocked his classmates by disclosing his engagement?

SLOP SHUTE JERK (Cont.)

The next morning, after having been roused out by "Barnyard" Woodhall III, (who still retains his "Rooster" instincts) they decided to make a run to one of the many famous southland beaches, arriving there, they encountered a slight delay caused by the restriction of the water due to the terrible disease, "The Blue Goofus." (Everybody knows that the sewer broke five years ago anyway) they finally settled for State (muscle) Beach, where they amused themselves by dashing madly up and down appraising the various "fixtures" to be found on any southern beach, and hazing the 4-F fugitives from Paramount.

"Meatnose" and Co. played host to Jerk and His Bandits, now having been joined by Ed. Rogue and all hands had a grand finale, visiting 20th Century Fox. They first witnessed the world famous Gams of Betty O'Grabble who was making a scene in her latest serial, "Pin Up Girl." After passing some of the sets used in the fantastic "Crash Dive" they were interrupted by the frantic actions of numerous talent scouts who were "hot after" Ed. Rouge. After seeing his rugged as a "brick paint-locker" build, they decided to cast him in the new "POPEYE" series. On the last lap they entered the casting directors office, where they saw the usual "Pack" encircling Alice (Bird-Legs) Faye asking her to attend Church services with them.

Jerk, being fed up with the "Solid South," and all its artificialness, stepped forth and cried in a scathing voice, "You bet I'm going back to South Bay."

WELCOME BACK, PATTY MCCARTHY

After two weeks of convalescing in the Marine Hospital from what he says is some new kind of "itis," Patty is back in the paint locker under the fo'c's'le head. He was gone from the ship from June 14th 'till June 29th and his place was taken by his "stablemate" Pat Morris, who has been a familiar personage around the ship and Ferry Building. While Patty was gone the late First Class and present First Class gave him a box of cigars and a watch, respectively, to help occupy his time.

For the benefit of the new Third Class, Patty is all Irish, knows more stories than anybody you'll ever meet, and will be the one to show you which end of a paint brush to stick in the paint pot, and how to splice rope. He's the bosun and we're glad he's back.

ALUMNUS TORPEDOED

After his mutinous crew set him adrift over a century ago, Captain Bligh landed on an island in the South Pacific. A month ago, a CMA graduate, Second Mate Roger Swain, landed on that same island, the senior officer in a lifeboat holding twenty-three men.

His Liberty ship had been torpedoed six days before by a submarine that never showed more than a periscope. The gasoline they were carrying had caught fire, and when they had sailed but three miles from the ship, the bombs aboard exploded. A lifeboat closer than they, was lifted completely out of the water by the percussion.

Swain, as navigator, found in his boat charts of every ocean but the South Pacific. However, he knew a certain group of Islands were to the east and set out for them. A rough surf surrounded the Island which they reached, and upset the boat and the plans they had made to send out a party in search of aid.

Cocoanuts were plentiful, but the juice of some was sour and gave diarrhea to several members of the crew. Snails, found on reefs, were used for soup, and two baby pigs supplemented their rations.

The morning of the eleventh day in the Island, a New Zealand patrol plane flew over. In spite of their frantic efforts to attract attention it passed without seeing them. However, that afternoon another plane spotted them and the next day a patrol boat took them to a South Pacific base. Here they found that all of the crew had been saved.

Swain graduated from the Academy in July of 1942. The American President Lines are sending him out soon on a C-1. Meanwhile he is vacationing in his home town, Sacramento.

ALUMNI ATTENTION

Just for the sake of experiment suppose you take your Alumni Card from your Billfold. Is it rather frayed and dog-eared around the edges? If the answer is yes, there is no doubt a good reason. Now look at the date on the Card; you haven't forgotten to pay your dues lately have you? Why not keep a new card in your pocket, keep the C.M.A.A.A. Books up to date, keep the Binnacle circulating among Graduates and keep the percentage of active Alumni climbing?

ALUMNI NEWS

Bill Chapman, '40, now Chief Engineer of American President Lines liberty ship.

McCullum, July '42, as Third Assistant, and Thomas, June, '43, Jr. Third Mate on a new A. P. L. C-3.

Joe Devine and George Cowan, June '43, are already sailing as Second Mates.

Stan Stendahl, January, '42, is Chief Mate on a Liberty operated by Olson Line.

Lt. (j.g.) Leon Heller, '41, is Chief Engineer on one of Uncle Sam's newest destroyers.

"T. T." Thomas, July, '42, is sailing with Matson as First Assistant on a new Liberty.

Harlan Hall, July, '42, is Chief Mate for A. P. L. according to a letter received from his father.

Bill Williams, '39, is Chief Mate with American Hawaiian S. S. Burkdoll, June, '43 is Third Mate and Burford, June, '43, is Third Assistant of the same vessel.

Frank Guertin, July '42, returned to the coast recently after a year in the Caribbean with Texaco Oil Company. He picked up his Second Mates License and Gyro Ticket in anticipation of a Second's job on a new tanker.

"Speedy" Olfield, July, '42, torpedoed off S. Africa - all boats launched safely, landed 19 hours later, and (take it as you like) spent a pleasant month in one of the darkest corners of darkest Africa.

Ralph Newman, '41, whose home port has been New York for the past few months, is expected out here in the near future to sit for his Chief Mates Ticket. Ralph has been transporting supplies to Guadalcanal and has made several trips on the Mediterranean. He is now shipping as First Mate for the American Hawaiian S. S. Co.



ALUMNI ASSOCIATION GET-TOGETHER

On the evening of Friday, July 9th, traffic was halted, pedestrians imperiled, and general confusion reigned. . . . From the north, from the south, from the east and the west, lines of cars converged at one focal point. Onlookers stopped to wonder and stare. Suddenly a ray of light dawned upon the multitude and they voiced the common thought, "Of course, it's the second Friday in the month and the C.M.A.A.A. is having their get-together!"

The meeting this month was a social one in which the members and their wives or girl friends attended. It was held in the Officers Club in Burlingame and was declared a decided success by all who attended. Refreshments were in order throughout the evening, dancing was enjoyed by the more energetic (!), and a buffet supper was served. A highlight of the evening was a demonstration of the Highland Fling by Pederson, while Shafer - with Guertin's able (!) assistance - demonstrated the water-proof qualities of naval serge.

A side issue of the evening was the installation of the Alumni's new officers, in the persons of Ed. Miller for President, Howard Mollenkopf for Vice President, Jack Summerill for Secretary, and Chet Tubbs for Treasurer. All have pledged to do their utmost to further the Association.

While a good number of alumni attended this month's gathering (as attested by our opening paragraph!) it is regretted that still more did not attend. Although the large majority cannot always attend due to their work taking them away, there are others who work and live nearby who could easily have dropped by. Remember the old saw, "Together we stand . . ." and let's do our bit!

THE SECOND FRIDAY IN EVERY MONTH

LT. (j.g.) WILLIAM BELLAMY
NO LONGER A BACHELOR

Lt. (j.g.) William Bellamy, First Assistant Engineer of T. S. Golden State, is no longer a confirmed bachelor.

Probably most of you won't believe the headline, but it's true. The officers of the T. S. Golden State and many friends attended the wedding of Lt. (j.g.) W. B. Bellamy and Miss Georgia Heller at the St. Peters Church (San Francisco) on Tuesday, June 29, at 1930.

Lt. Jack Summerill, one of Lt. Bellamy's Classmates was the Best Man; while the Bride's sister, Mrs. Mildred Cornet was the Maid of Honor. A gay reception was given by the Bride's Aunt Mrs. B. Browning in San Francisco. The party gave Lt. (j.g.) and Mrs. W. B. Bellamy a grand sendoff on their honeymoon to Carmel.

Bill's statement for the press—"Ah! It's wonderful!"

SPRING STILL HERE

Congratulations are in order for Ensign Ronald Muirhead, (July, '42) and Miss Elsie Stebbings of San Francisco, who were married on July 6th. Muirhead says, "These Navy Auxiliary vessels move around so fast that one has to take advantage of his port time."

George Settler, January, '42, "found a rose in Ireland," Miss Margaret Chapman of Belfast. He met her while sailing for about a year out of English ports and they were married. He is sailing as Second Engineer with Matson Navigation Company and showed up recently on this coast to drop the good news.

AT THE HELM

Now, as ever, the future is foremost in our thoughts. With the arrival of another new class comes a volley of new faces and new personalities. Faces and personalities which will some day command ships. The prospect of being officers aboard merchant vessels lies in the future for all of us; for some, the immediate future; for others not so immediate, but certainly not the distant future.

The last issue of the Binnacle was dedicated to the graduating Class of June, 1943. At that time they, like us, looked forward to their becoming officers. Today these men are at sea, wearing the "half-inch braid" they strove so hard to attain. They are officers, no longer in a "qualified sense," but in fact. Soon we shall join them.

It seems appropriate at this time, with the arrival of forty-two new aspirants, to mention a word or two about our outlook toward our present and future positions.

We are scheduled to become "officers and gentlemen." The two are spoken of, so often, as one. Yet they are distinct in their separate meanings. One means to be firm, just, quick, and intelligent. The other to be considerate, polite and genteel. The two, together, are an accomplishment to be most ardently sought after - - sought through effort.

Let us discuss each of these qualities singly. First: to be an officer. An officer must be accomplished in so many things. He should not be allowed to give orders unless he knows how to take them. He should never command a subordinate to do something that he, himself, can not do. He must know every part of his ship, and know how to perform every duty. His own station is given to him because he is a leader. And what is a leader, but one who can do everything that the next fellow can **better** than the next fellow can. That is why it takes at least sixteen months to acquire sufficient theoretical and practical experience to cope with situations arising aboard ship. That is why the California Maritime Academy was instituted - - to teach men, to mould them into officers.

Now about this quality of being a gentleman. Somewhere, someone has defined a gentleman as "one who never hurts anyone." What more can be said than this? Being a gentleman does not mean being a namby-pamby, or knowing what spoon to use for what, but it means respecting the rights of our fellow man. We must respect his status as a human being, no matter what his race, creed, or color. In our Declaration of Independence it is stated that, "All men are created equal." Lincoln emphasized this phrase at Gettysburg. We have fought more than one war to defend that statement. We are fighting one now. A gentleman, then, is one who understands this statement and shows it by being considerate in his relationship with others.

Unless we realize what is required of us in becoming Officers and Gentlemen, and prepare ourselves now to become such, we shall never accomplish this aim.

The writer hopes that the reader (if, indeed, there is one left) will forgive this extemporaneous rambling on. However, I feel that these things deserved some mention, some place. Why not here?

—The Editor

WE WISH WE HAD

(Appearing below are various examples of the wishful thinking of the Cadet Corps. Some of them make worthy topics for debate and general discussion).

—The new cap device under discussion consisting of eagles, anchors, propellers, and helm.

—An obstacle course at the new base and a more strenuous physical program all around.

—Liberty!

—A mascot to take the place of Soogie, preferably a dog.

—A 'C' card and a couple of new tires.

—A good excuse to get out of 'turn to.'

—A blinker searchlight that would work.

AIR RAID ALARM (Continued from Page 1)

A week later Lt. Comdr. Severin came aboard in the afternoon to prepare the ship for an air raid. An alert had been sounded, but despite droves of planes heading out to sea, nothing further developed.

An amendment to the Emergency Station Bill has since been distributed covering any emergency undocking of the ship.

FLOTSAM (Continued from Column 2)

The Navy announced that officers will be permitted to wear their white shirts until their supply is exhausted. At present, these changes are optional to all officers. They will not become compulsory until 1944. This order will not affect us at the present time, but it would be well for those of us who will be graduating soon to keep it in mind.

FLOTSAM

By R. F. F.

The midshipmen welcomed the return last week of Lt. Chester Tubbs, navigator. Mr. Tubbs had his appendix removed at the Naval Hospital on Treasure Island. Dr. Martin assisted the operation. He had a normal recovery and now seems to be quite his old self again.

Ensign Harold L. Oldfield, Class of July, 1942, and son of "Barney" Oldfield, is now home recuperating after being torpedoed off South Africa. Oldfield praised the Red Cross and the work that they are doing in the countries where Americans are fighting. "In South Africa we learned that our American money wasn't any good," he said. "Down there an American casualty can't spend a cent for anything. That goes for clothing, cigarettes, food and entertainment. One feels he amounts to quite a lot when he lands in South Africa and is an American."

Rear Admiral Howard L. Vickery of the Maritime Commission announced recently that contracts have been given to several Southern California shipyards to build a new type Liberty ship capable of making a speed of 15 to 18 knots and having a specially built landing deck for helicopters. The new ships are comparable to the 10,000 ton C-1's. The deck, built on the stern and over the cargo hatch, is large enough to carry the helicopters and provide a landing place for them. The addition of helicopters to merchant ships will greatly aid in the protection of convoys by cutting down the submarine menace.

New designs for Merchant Marine service bars are being considered by the War Shipping Administration and are to be adopted in the near future. Medals being considered are the torpedoed seaman's bar, combat zone bars, and the Merchant Marine Purple Heart for injuries resulting from service. If these bars are approved and put into use, it will mean more recognition for officers and men of the Merchant Marine and the service they are performing.

Changes in Naval Uniform Regulations have been announced by the Navy Department under which, after October 1, 1943, officers will wear grey shirts with blue service uniforms. The gold stripes on service blues will also extend only from seam to seam on the outside of the sleeve. Also, due to the lack of gold braid, black chin straps are to be worn with all uniforms, and the wearing of scrambled eggs will be discontinued. However,

(Continued Column 1)

CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY
TRAINING SHIP "GOLDEN STATE"
FERRY BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO