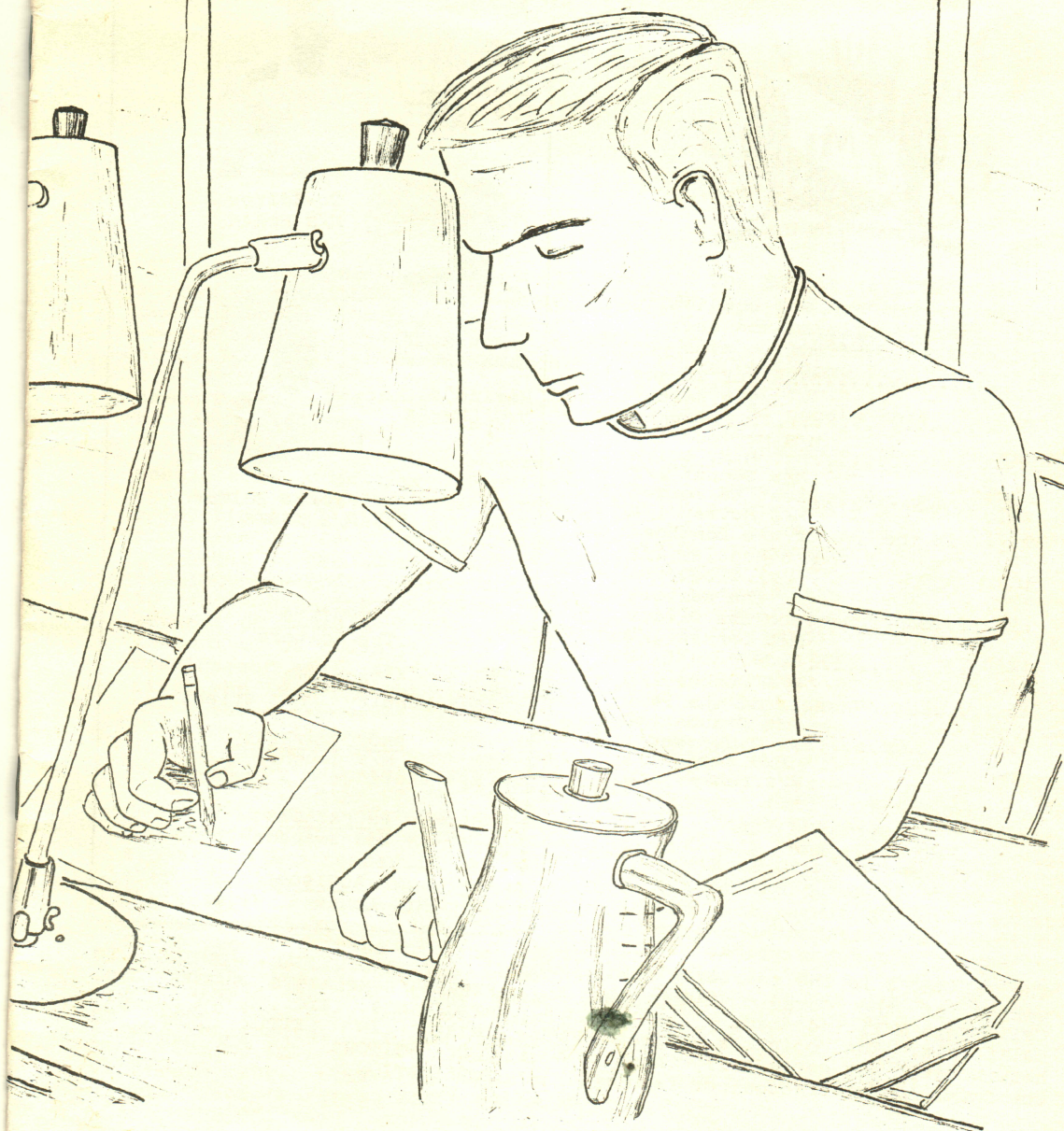


BINNACLE

CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY

SUMMER 63



COVER

Midshipman artist McNulty depicts a graduating midshipman preparing for his Coast Guard licensing examination.



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The BINNACLE is the quarterly publication of the Corps of Midshipmen, California Maritime Academy, Vallejo, California. The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Corps, Administration, or faculty.



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Co-Editor
M/S HOGAN



Marine Editor
M/S LUNKES



Sports Editor
M/S KERNS

TYPISTS The Editors

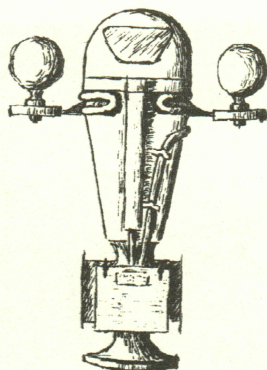
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ANY INDIVIDUAL WISHING TO EXPRESS COMPLAINTS, SUGGESTIONS, MISGIVINGS, ETC., MAY SUBMIT THESE, IN LETTER FORM, TO THE EDITORS FOR POSSIBLE PUBLICATION.



BINNACLE SPEAKS

Pistol in one hand, skinned rabbit in the other, the bare-chested youth moves slinkingly up the asphalt road towards his abode. No, this is not a snatch from Steinbeck. The youth, well, names don't matter; the abode can be identified as the Carquinez Hilton.

The Editor, after several sessions of objective thinking and also a number of hungry week ends, finds it difficult to rationalize the lack of provision for those of the Corps who on secured weekends cannot afford to travel home, due to the actual expense or time involved. Were the number of Midshipmen in this predicament small, say four or five, the Editor might overlook the situation; however, frequently this number exceeds a dozen, and during the last such leave period numbered approximately fifty.

If specifically requested, a token offering of food is supplied by the Steward's Dept. for stowage in the reefer. It is neither adequate in quantity nor rationed with the result that it lasts from 12-24 on a good day. Those who can afford to do so go ashore to dine at restaurants or buy groceries, but this cuts severely into many budgets. Those more resourceful follow other courses of action. Nevertheless, popcorn, rabbit stew, Ma Ogle's chili and 'burgers don't quite meet the demand.

The Editor appreciates that perhaps the Academy's food budget does not permit abundant allotments during such periods, but the fact that some food has been provided irregularly in the past seems to negate this rationalization.

Furthermore, among those who are regular inhabitants of these hallowed halls during these periods, certainly a first classman could be detailed to rationing the weekend's supplies from a locked laundry reefer.

Leaving the subject of cuisine, the Dean's recent directive regarding mandatory minimum GPA's provides a bone of contention. Dissatisfaction is found not in the promotion of higher standards, but the manner in which they are recorded and averaged. While the Editor fully appreciates that the A,B,C,...4,3,2, system is the most popular form in colleges today, he nevertheless feels that a strictly numerical grading system would be of more immediate benefit at the Academy. While space does not permit an actual example of the comparative values, it can be readily shown that numerical grades, albeit a far more tedious process, render exact scholastic performance records. An individual earning a 91 in a four unit course is not automatically 16 grade points behind his class-

Continued on page 17

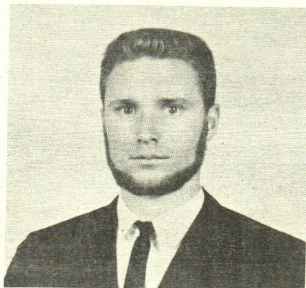


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In the Fall of 1962, Rick McCloud took a year's leave of absence from the Academy. This enabled him to accept an offer to crew aboard the Bounty, the ship replica used in the famous M.G.M. motion picture. At the request of the BINNACLE Staff, Midshipman McCloud has written this account of his experiences.

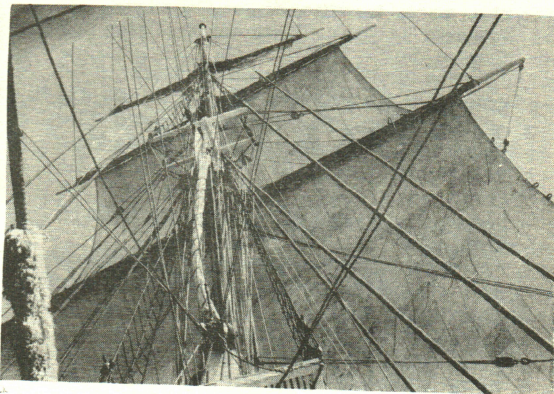
She certainly wasn't very big. Just 480 gross tons. 118 feet on deck, a thirty foot beam, a fourteen foot draft, the Bounty was no giant. But she existed, and that fact alone made her unique. She was virtually an 18th century sailing ship. Two years old, her masts and yards spread 10,000 square feet of canvas and were interwove with twelve miles of wire and rope. From the deck up Bounty was authentic.

Below, the past had been fore-saken to provide modern facilities, fore-castle excepted. About twenty-five feet long and little over a third as wide, the fore-castle contained bunks for twelve seamen. Stowage space was provided in small wooden lockers and on shelves above each bunk. Sea bags and chests were slid under the lower bunks. The galley was modern in every respect. To the cook, it was adequate. To the messboys, it was crowded; to over 15,000 cockroaches it was home. Much of its area was allotted to freezers. The food? Excellent. A choice of menu at every meal. Seconds too. The reefers were open to the crew 24 hours a day. Further aft was a large 'tween-

deck with the square of the hatch in the center. Below, the hold consumed a large amount of the lower portion of the ship. Line locker, sail locker, paint locker, rigging loft, boatswain's locker, carpenter shop, the hold served them as well. Courageous, but congested. To starboard of the square of the hatch the crew's mess and recreation room boasted a hi-fi and television set. Along with a modest library. From the 'tween-decks a passageway ran aft. It was lined on either side with small rooms. Comprising the officer's quarters, captain's cabin, laundry room, radio room, and pantry. A scuttle led to the engine room below. The after cabin, encompassed by windows, stretched across the stern. It was wardroom and chart room in one. And comfortably appointed to serve in both capacities. The ship carried no breadfruit plants.

I joined the Bounty in Boston, as I have described her, in the month of August, last year and began 13 weeks of interesting, educational, and generally enjoyable employment.

The skies remained overcast and rain occasionally fell during the first few days at sea. Winds were fresh, but continued northerly, precluding the use of square sail. The Bounty had scheduled arrival dates for her ports of call and so had to make the best speed possible. While



here her speed under power was less than that under sail, the captain could not afford to sail by the wind, oblivious of the course. Engines were employed with little compunction. The order "full and by" was occasionally given.

Twenty-five persons made up the ship's entire complement: the captain, three mates, three engineers, radio officer, purser, two messboys, and twelve seamen. Each watch, then, contained only a mate an engineer, and four seamen. Not enough.

By the end of the third day the wind had strengthened and backed to the northwest. We set all sail. The winds grew stronger and working the ship became difficult with our small watches — furling was saved for eight bells. When squalls became frequent during the second week, the mates shortened down at night. Three weeks after leaving Boston the *Bounty* entered the English Channel. In another day we docked at Calais, France.

The ship remained at Calais nearly two weeks. During this time entire hull and trim work were repainted, the rigging was set up and the local population was entertained. Paris, Versailles and a great deal of French countryside were duly invaded by twenty-five souls who generally agreed that France was a great place. Our meals suffered continually while the cook became an authority on French liquor. Then it was on to England.

The ship remained a week at London and hosted many thousands of visitors. The crew enjoyed the stay and turned tourist immediately upon stepping ashore. The cook continued his battle with sobriety. Finally it was homeward bound.

Port routine was recalled but not mourned as life settled into the familiar 4on-8off. The meals resumed their eminence. A brief stop at the Canary Islands, then south, into the Trade Winds, the-



retically. Trades they may have been, but they boxed the compass for us day after day. The crew was kept at the braces constantly. Both wind and crew, however, eventually settled down to a month of routine. Holystones greeted each new day. The rigging was set up and tarred down, all ratlines reseized, buntlines and gaskets replaced. Paint was generally assumed "to be going out of style." The canvas, most of it original, was now showing the symptoms of age. Men were kept busy each day with palm and needle. When the main topsail blew out in a squall it required the efforts of three watches before it could be sent aloft again. As the ship neared Cuba, the weather grew colder and the reception warmer. The blockade was full swing and we had a peculiar affinity for patrol



BINNACLE

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CMA's Engineer Henry M. of experience large at

BINNACLE

SUMMER 1963

planes..My draft status began to occupy my thoughts. The winds freshened as we started north, toward New York, close-hauled, the ship made excellent runs. All hands were occasionally called. The weather grew colder. Rain fell.

During the following weeks the Bounty called at New York, Baltimore, Washington, D.C., and Philadelphia. The visitors swarming aboard. The crew swarmed ashore.

As December presaged the end of the year, the Bounty sailed into New York again, for the last time. Past Manhattan and up the East River to Oyster Bay, she was docked, and her voyage was done.

In three days the crew sent down all the sails and yards, all the blocks and lines. Everything was stowed away. The ship upon which I was paid off bore strange resemblance to the ship I joined three months before. She had provided an unforgettable experience, and, I feel, a valuable one. I hope, someday, that the Bounty may sail again..I'd like to be aboard.



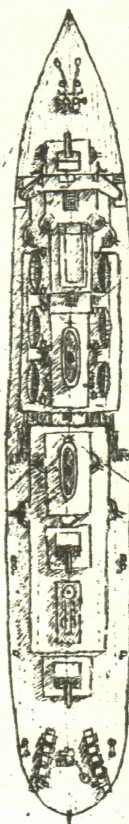
Henry M. Smith

CMA's newest addition to the Engineering Department is Mr. Henry M. Smith. His background of experience has encompassed two large and varied fields. Having



completed two years in the College of Engineering at the University of California, he became interested in and joined the wartime Cadet Corps program at Kings Point. Serving his eighteen months as a midshipman, he graduated in 1943 and promptly shipped. Shipping and upgrading his license as often as possible, Mr. Smith gained his Chief's license in 1945. Having sailed once as a Chief, he began working for Best Fertilizer of Oakland as a "research engineer." Again during the period of 1948-1949, he returned to shipping, this time as First Assistant. Perhaps deciding on a more stable occupation, he attended San Francisco State College and graduated in 1952 with an A.B. degree and credentials in teaching. During these years of schooling, he supported himself and family with night and relief engineering jobs on Santa Fe tugs. Teaching for two years, he soon became principal of a seventh and eighth grade school, while at the same time continuing his post-graduate work ending with a M.A. degree in education. A resident of San Rafael, he has a son eighteen years old, a freshman at the University of California, and a boy in the seventh grade.

The BINNACLE welcomes the new eighth division watch officer to the faculty, who will not only be taking over Mr. Dunn's courses but also chemistry, and wishes him the very best of success.



History has shown that in every human event there lied a ghost writer, a behind-the-scenes character, an unsung hero who usually received sparse recognition for contributions and efforts that others shied from undertaking. One of these such events is war, better described as more unhuman than human, in which the greater part of the cast received little or no recognition other than in tears and sorrows of their families, and loved ones who suddenly realized that "Jack won't be coming home anymore."

There were many Jacks in World War II, and they still live on in the hearts of their grandparents who remember babysitting "Little Jackie" when Mom and Dad went out to the movies, of their parents who remember waving good-by to them on their first day of school, of their widows who bore them the sons they never saw. But what about us? Have we forgotten all those Jacks, living in a world that would have been impossible without their efforts? We should never be so callous. Let the story of this "Jack" call our attention to what we owe them, lest we should forget.

"Unsung heroes" is an appropriate description of the men who sailed the merchant fleet during the Second World War. No one admired their uniforms as they walked down the streets of every seaport town--they wore none. Yet these men suffered hardships that many a soldier never dreamed in his nightmares. Ships torpedoed out from underneath them, death in burning oil slicks, drowning in flooded compartments, weeks spent in drifting lifeboats on scorched and empty seas and limbs lost to the ever-ready, ever-hungry sharks were everyday occurrences. Yet these men returned to the sea time and time again to take the next ship over and across to some supply-starved front. John (Jack) L. Rados was one of these men; he graduated from CMA in 1944. As Fourth Assistant Engineer aboard a victory ship that was among the first convoy of merchant ships to approach Iwo Jima after D-day he was killed upon arrival by a kamakazi that smashed into the boat deck where he stood. It had been April Fool's day, 1945.

His story has been told as have those of the countless other "Jacks" that sailed with him. Should they be remembered? With every breath of free air we breathe, because we owe them each and every breath.

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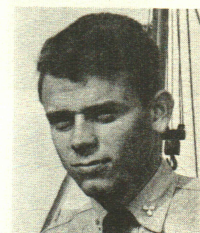
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SUMMER 1963
G.C. Hensley
Editor

IN THE LEE OF THE LONGBOAT



What do you think of the current issue concerning free trade with Red China?

Morley, Harry 1/D

I believe it would be good in that it would open up more trade routes for us in that region. As many of our neighbors presently sell American products to Red China, I see no reason why we should not eliminate this foreign middleman and profit directly. The only bad aspect would be that it would expose us to new attacks on our diplomatic policy, and would create a formidable lever for the Red Chinese to use in their efforts for U.S. recognition and a seat in the U.N.



Piazza, Bob 2/E

By admitting China into our trade we will only be supplementing her economy. It would also be an act of recognizing their government as legal, having many repercussions with Chiang Kai Chek. This trade could conceivably aid their war machine indirectly. Why should we support an ideology that is diametrically opposed to our ideals and creed?



Day, Howard 2/D

I don't think it should be recognized, even as an economic competitor. Our position in the Far East would be greatly jeopardized. I don't think by recognizing them it would aid our position in the disarmament talks or with their break with Russia. This action would also aid their fight for a U.N. seat.



Murphy, Paul 1/E

Free trade with Red China will undoubtedly mean that there will be more Chinese products appearing in the U.S. This means they will have to be shipped here, increasing traffic in our ports. This could have a noticeable effect on jobs and construction in our ports. This is rather dubious in that subsidization is required to keep the American Merchant Service above board even in relatively prosperous times. Increased trade will only mean more foreign registration if any to handle the load.



Editor

As the foregoing has shown, there remains some discontent as to accepting Red China into the sphere of U.S. trade. Most of the thinking seems to stress the political; however, the economical aspects could also be prohibitive if they followed Russia's policies of under selling us, specifically in Aluminum. Red China needs steel and big machinery to compete with us, but we cannot overlook their determination to succeed.



Hochmeyer



Athanson



Boehnke



Boyd



Brazinskas



Bretney



Brown



Caim



Cheramy



Cramer



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Delles



Donohoe



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Gill



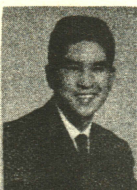
Gleason



Gray



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Juxta



Jones



Koch



Kirby



Krabenschmidt



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Lane



Main



Matheson



McHuliffe



McGee



Phelps



Phillips



Quinn



Richards



Smith



Stage



Stone



Swartz



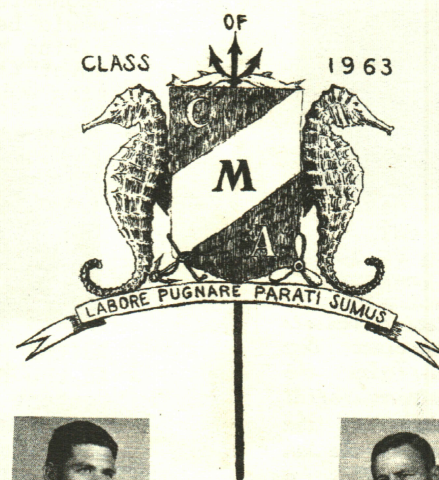
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Bretney



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Burrell



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Carr



Carter



Delices



Donahue



Durcan



Durand



Dustman



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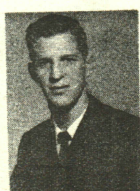
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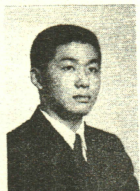
Loyd



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Ruff



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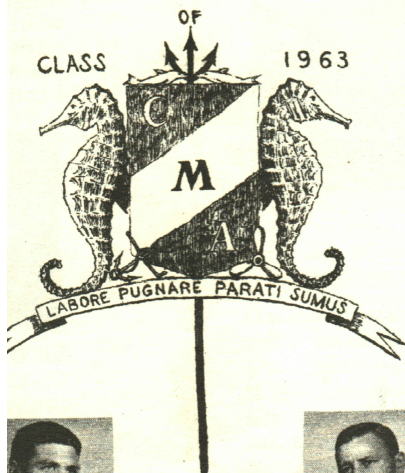
Whittier



Wilhite



Willis





The San Francisco Bar for many years posed a threat to shipmasters bringing their vessels in from sea. The State, recognizing this threat, enacted certain statutes in the mid-1800's which provided for a pilotage commission. This commission was charged with, among other duties, the appointment and regulation

of qualified pilots to assist vessels entering and leaving San Francisco Bay across the treacherous Bar. Today the Bar, and the pilotage commission still exist, but the men assisting in the safe navigation of vessels form the San Francisco Bar Pilots Association, a group with many interesting aspects to its operation.

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SAN FRANCISCO BAR PILOTS

Pathfinders of the Golden Gate

Passing Alcatraz Island, the Presidio, then steaming out through the Golden Gate, the outbound ship nears the San Francisco Pilot Vessel where she is approached by a small motorboat. The motorboat comes alongside and the Bar Pilot descends the ladder, the ship then proceeds on her way.

In a few minutes the motorboat, with the pilot aboard, returns to the Pilot Vessel, on station approximately 11 miles outside the Golden Gate.

Once aboard the Pilot Vessel, the arriving pilot may join several others for coffee while awaiting the arrival of an inbound ship. As an incoming ship approaches the Pilot Vessel, the motorboat transfers the pilot to the foot of the ship's Jacob's ladder, the means by which he boards the larger vessel. Having committed all navigational hazards and aids to memory, the pilot assists the ship's master in the safe passage over the San Francisco Bar and into the Bay.

The Association is comprised of 25 pilots, three of whom are Academy alumni: Captain G.E. Melanson (CMA '33), Captain R.O. O'Laughlin (CMA '39), and Captain J.D. Devine (CMA '43). The number of pilots has remained at 25, except during World War II, when seven additional pilots were needed to handle the influx of traffic.

Financially, the Association

operates as a cooperative. All facilities, including the Pilot Vessels California, Golden Gate, and Charline, are jointly owned by the pilots, each of whom purchases a \$15,000 share upon appointment. Revenues from pilotage fees, currently \$6.25 per draft foot, are used to pay such operating expenses as office personnel and crew wages and vessel costs. The remaining amount is divided equally among the pilots, who may earn approximately \$25,000 annually. This salary level is maintained at a level slightly above that of a seagoing master in order to attract quality men.

The largest number of pilots are those who, as shipmasters, have frequently called at San Francisco Bay and obtained their pilot endorsement. The second largest source of pilots is the Red Stack Tug fleet, for tugboat captains must also hold a Bay pilot's certificate.

There is a continual waiting list of pilot applicants, all of whom must wait for a vacancy to occur before being appointed to the Association. The compulsory retirement age for Bar Pilots is 70 years.

Since approximately 75% of the vessels entering San Francisco Bay require pilots (the only exceptions are U.S. Naval vessels and those enrolled vessels, the masters of which possess pilot endorsements), the Association constantly receives requests for

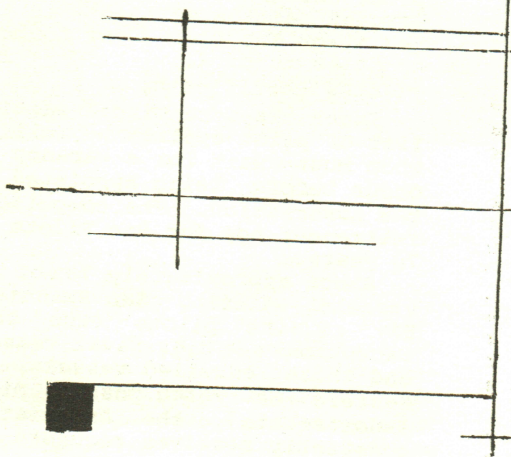
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pilotage service. Depending upon the ship traffic, a pilot may work as many as 55 hours in a week. Pilots currently work four months, during which they are on 24 hour call, with a vacation the fifth month.

By agreement, Bar Pilots work in an advisory capacity, although they do give the engine and wheel commands. They reserve the right to refuse to pilot a vessel, should extremely hazardous conditions, such as dense fog, exist. When this infrequent situation occurs, the vessel usually anchors until more favorable conditions prevail. Pilots will also refuse to pilot a vessel over the Bar if her draft exceeds 48 feet. This is due to the 50-foot depth of the dredged channel. In this case, the vessel must avoid the Bar and proceed through the unobstructed South Channel.

Aboard the pilot vessels, a crew consisting of a captain, several seamen, an engineer, and a cook and messboy. Like the pilots, the crewmen receive slightly higher wages than their seagoing counterparts. The seamen are obtained through the Sailors Union of the Pacific under a special non-rotation agreement since, due to the special nature of the work, a certain training period is required.



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model restored

Buenos Aires Maru, cargo-passenger vessel, 9,624 tons. Sunk by an unknown U.S. aircraft, position 2° 44' S, 149° 15' E." So reads the only known account of the fate of this luxurious vessel.

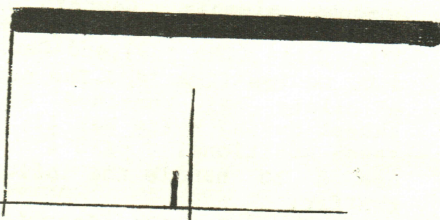
Her pre-war history is equally as vague, for it is only known that the 468-foot ship was built in a Japanese shipyard in 1928.

Unlike her prototype, the scale model of the "Maru" narrowly escaped an analogous fate when she was doomed to the depths of the Academy's corporation yard.

The model was acquired by the Academy during World War II. She was first displayed in the old Administration Building where a fire charred the hull, and the model was, then, crated and moved into storage. There she lay dormant until the Spring of 1962, when Midshipmen Vacin and Whittier embarked on their restoration project.

Approximately 400 man-hours of labor, many fathoms of small line, and the financial sponsorship of the Propeller Club contributed to the restoration of the model. She has recently emerged from the workshop, a true beauty with her sparkling brightwork and waxen hull.

The model of the Gropo Maru has been placed in the Midshipmen's Lounge for the enjoyment of the Corps.



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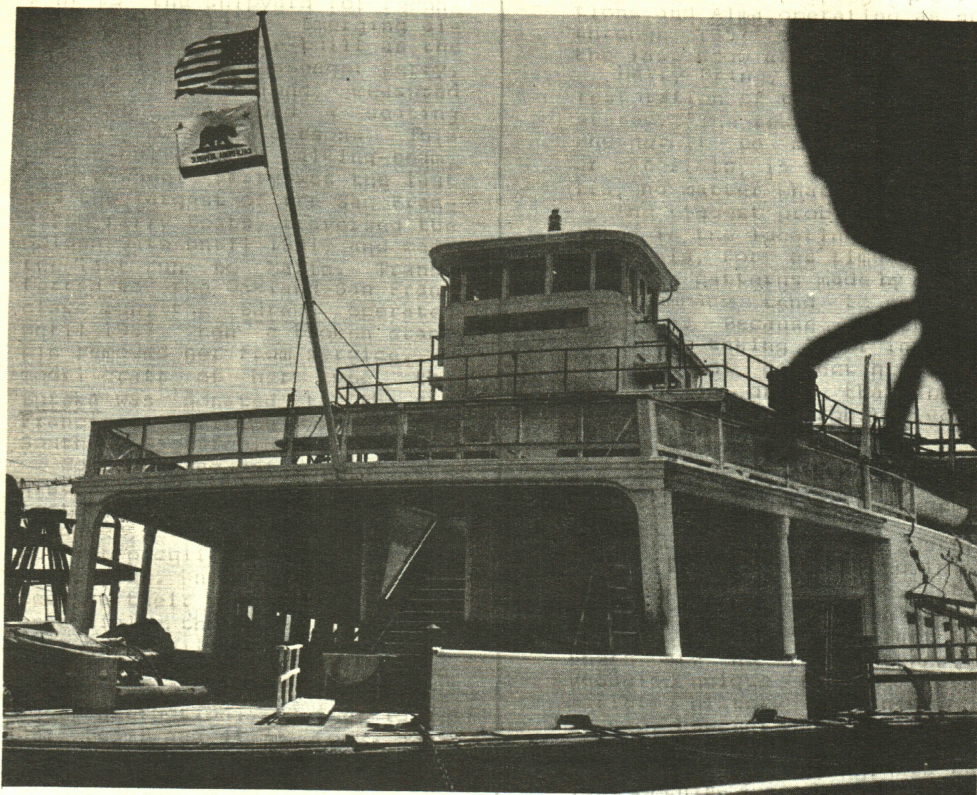
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Vessels of the Past

Around the San Francisco Bay area, in the forgotten backwaters, sloughs, and creeks, lie the rotting hulks of formerly glorious ships of the wind, forgotten in this era of steam, diesel, and the atom. At Martinez, the three-masted schooner Forester; at Sausalito, the brigantine Galilee; at Antioch and Alviso, the scow schooners Hermine Blum and Matilda, respectively, and countless other unnamed vessels of the era of sail lie forgotten

by civilization. Yet, the ships of the past which have contributed much to the history of California are not wholly forgotten. The State of California, through the Division of Beaches and Parks, with the San Francisco Maritime Museum as a consultant, is sponsoring the restoration of four different types of vessels, all of which contributed in a unique manner to the maritime history of California as part of the State Maritime Monument. This

"fleet" will be berthed at the foot of Hyde Street in San Francisco in early October of 1963. Built during the last great days of sail, the C.A. Thayer was a typical Pacific Coast lumber carrier. Spanning the gap between the two-masters of the Mendocino "dog-holes" built in the 1860's and 1870's and the four- or five-masters built for the tonnage crisis of World War I, the C.A. Thayer was big for a three-masted schooner being 156 feet long, having a 36 foot beam, measuring 453 tons, and containing a cargo capacity of 575,000 board feet of lumber. Built in 1895 by Hans. D. Bendixsen at Fairhaven, on the Humbolt Bay across the narrows from Eureka, for the E.K. Wood Lumber Company, the C.A. Thayer operated between Grays Harbor and California with occasional offshore trips to Guaymas and Honolulu. Twice, near-fatal disasters befell her. Driven aground in 1903, she was refloated from the Grays Harbor beach, and in 1912, after her seams opened up off Eureka, she was towed back to San Francisco only to be laid up in the Oakland Estuary. Purchased and re-fitted by Peter Nelson, the C.A. Thayer sailed for 13 years to the western Alaska salmon fisheries, and with the scarcity of bottoms brought on by World War I, she made winter lumber voyages to Australia and summer salmon voyages to Alaska with the square-rigged Alaska Packers Association fleet. From 1925 to 1932, the C.A. Thayer sailed as a codfisher; during the Great Depression, she was laid up; during World War II, she was used as a Navy ammunition barge, and for five years after the war, she made cod voyages to the Bering Sea. Finally, in 1950, she was laid up at Poulsho, Washington, as a "pirate ship." In 1956, the California State Legislature authorized her purchase for restoration, thus ending the varied and colorful career of the C.A.

Thayer fittingly.

A unique but long-vanished type of vessel in the Pacific Coast lumber trade, the Wapama was known as a steam schooner. The Wapama, 205 feet long, 40 feet in width, 14 feet in depth, 951 gross tons, and able to carry 1,050,000 board feet of lumber, was built in 1905 at St. Helens, Oregon, by the St. Helens Ship Building Company and towed to San Francisco where a triple expansion, 825 horsepower steam engine was installed by Moore and Scott of Oakland. A typical single-ended steam schooner, that is, with the engine room aft, the Wapama was slightly larger than the average steam schooner and had accommodations for thirty passengers. The basic purpose of the steam schooner was the transportation of lumber, and in doing so, they replaced sailing schooners like the C.A. Thayer. Approximately 225 wooden steam schooners were built on the Pacific Coast from 1884 to 1923. Steam schooners were generally manned by first generation North Europeans, and thus the steam schooner fleet became known as California's "Scandinavian Navy." The Wapama was owned and built for Charles R. McCormick's lumber business which was rapidly expanding. Sold in the early 1930's prior to World War II, the Wapama's registry was transferred to Seattle where she entered the Alaska trade as the Tongass. Although operating for a few years after the war, the Alaskan Transportation Company finally laid up the Tongass at Seattle where, in 1948, she was purchased by J. Mendelsohn and Sons who, in turn, sold her to the Division of Beaches and Parks in January, 1958, for restoration as Wapama. Thus, the Wapama will become the last vessel from the lost era of the steam schooner.

Built at Tiburon in 1891, as a combination passenger-ferry and railway car-float, the Eureka operated between Marin County and San Francisco until she was

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sent to the shipyard for reconstruction in 1920. Emerging almost completely re-built as the world's largest passenger ferry, she was 200 feet long, measured 2,420 tons, and had a seating capacity of 2,300 persons. This wooden-hulled, walking-beam, paddle-wheel ferry was the last and the largest of the San Francisco ferry boats, traversed the Golden Gate until 1941, and made the last run to Marin. Transferred to the Oakland-San Francisco run, the Eureka operated until 1957 when a broken crank pin removed her from service. A model craft of her type, the Eureka was donated to the San Francisco Maritime Museum by Southern Pacific in 1958.

Contributing uniquely to the history of American marine architecture was San Francisco's scow schooner, developed in the 1850's to meet peculiar needs of local navigation. Known as "hay scows" because their main cargo was essential in the horse-drawn era, they were built and repaired at Hunters Point. Alma, built in 1891 by Fred Seimer, was of average construction: 59 feet long; 22.6 beam; and 41.76 tons. However, Alma was unusual in that her flat bottom was planked athwartships rather than fore and aft. Flat bottoms gave the scows a light draft in which they carried twice their tonnage and allowed them to lie easily on the bottom during cargo operations. Scowmen, called "tule sailors," were looked down upon by their deep water counterparts, but they were envied for their comfortable profit-sharing pay scale. Comfort, however, did not imply ease as the two- or three-man crews were their own longshoremen and towed the scows themselves to escape tugboat expenses. With the advent of the internal combustion engine, the sailing scows began to disappear, and by the 1930's, trucks drove all but a few scows to the boneyards. The

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last refuge of the scows was in sand and shell pumping operations, and Alma, operating as such through 1957 out of Alviso, is the last scow afloat.

Harry Dring, supervising the restoration of the four vessels, states, "The restoration factor, whether it be money, manhours, or materials, is a multiplier of 1.6, no matter what you figure."

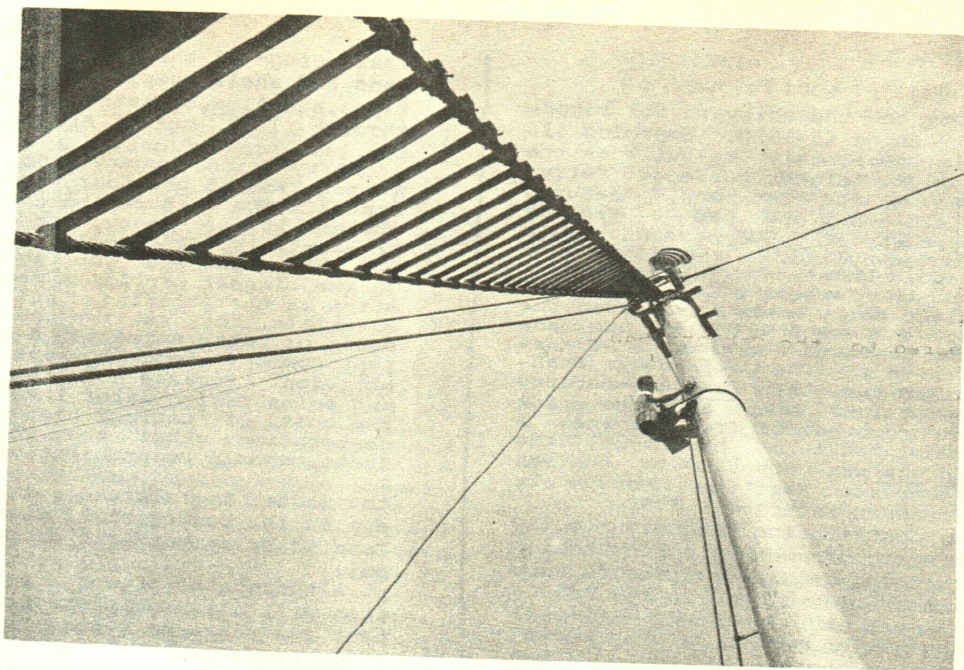
The biggest problem of restoration is the locating of suitable materials, for as time goes on, parts or patterns made by a bankrupt company tend to pass into oblivion. Because of the time and pains-taking labor involved, the cost of correct historical restoration, other than by the State, would be prohibitive, and

the State Legislature, with an eye on the budget, still does not tend to be sympathetic or generous.

Although the present restoration will not be completed, in the next few years, no future restoration projects have been planned; this is due to the fact that there are no large types of vessels unique to California maritime history remaining. It is sad, however, to note that many fine vessels, including the famous Bear of Oakland, have been lost to this cause through neglect or disinterest. Perhaps future generations will not be so forgetful of their maritime history as were we of ours!

(Continued from page 3)

mate with the 92. Nor is his instructor caught in the dilemma of raising his grade to give him an A. With competition high, at one extreme, and the struggle to maintain a minimum GPA on the other for some, it is the Editor's belief that this system might be worthy of some consideration.



Crewman working aboard the schooner C.A. Thayer

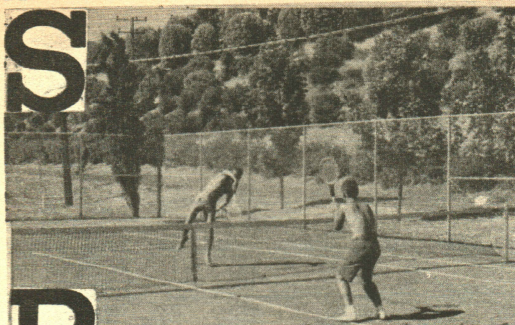
THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE U.S. MERCHANT MARINE DURING WORLD WAR TWO

From: S.E. Morison, History of U.S. Naval Operations in World War II, Vol. XII, pg. 75-76.

Whilst most of the converted AKE (liberty ship auxiliary ammunition ships) did very well, there were several instances of lack of cooperation, the most notorious of which happened to Captain Roland Smoot of DesRon 56, in Leyte Gulf, after the landings and before his squadron participated in the Battle Surigao Strait.--- the commanding officer of this ship put every obstacle he could think of in the way of replenishment operations.---He refused to work through the noon hour. Ships would arrive alongside on schedule and his hatches would still be battened down. He refused to handle lines. This would add from one to two hours to each day's operations. His disreputable crew would sit around and pass disparaging remarks to the already overworked and tired enlisted men. (One of their repeated remarks which Captain Smoot well remembered was "Suckers! Suckers! I get twenty bucks a day, whadda youse guys get?") The master "sat up on his bridge in his undershirt and cursed and yelled at our officers and men."

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Mr. James J. Vitti

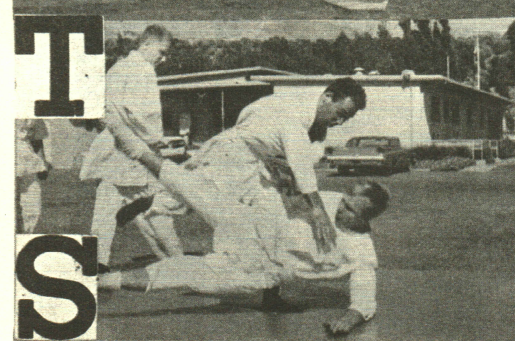
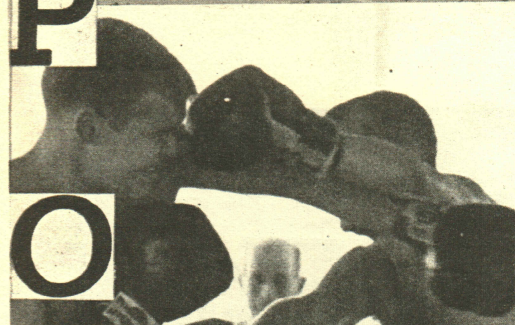
Replacing San Diego State bound Dr. W.D. Ross as Instructor of Physical Education is Mr. James Vitti.

Like Dr. Ross, Mr. Vitti attended the University of Oregon, where he received his B.S. and M.S. degrees in 1948 and 1950, respectively. Mr. Vitti has also done post-graduate work at San Francisco and Alameda State Colleges, as well as at U.C.L.A.

While an undergraduate student at Oregon, Mr. Vitti lettered in varsity basketball and baseball. While pursuing his Master's Degree, he served as Assistant Intramural Sports Director and as Assistant Instructor in major classes.

Mr. Vitti's previous assignments have included Narbonne High School, Los Angeles; Vanport Jr. College, Portland; Sacramento State College, where he was Assistant Professor of Athletics; and the University of California at Los Angeles, where he was an instructor of gymnastics and team sports.

Mr. Vitti is married and has two young children. He currently resides in San Jose.



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CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY
VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

