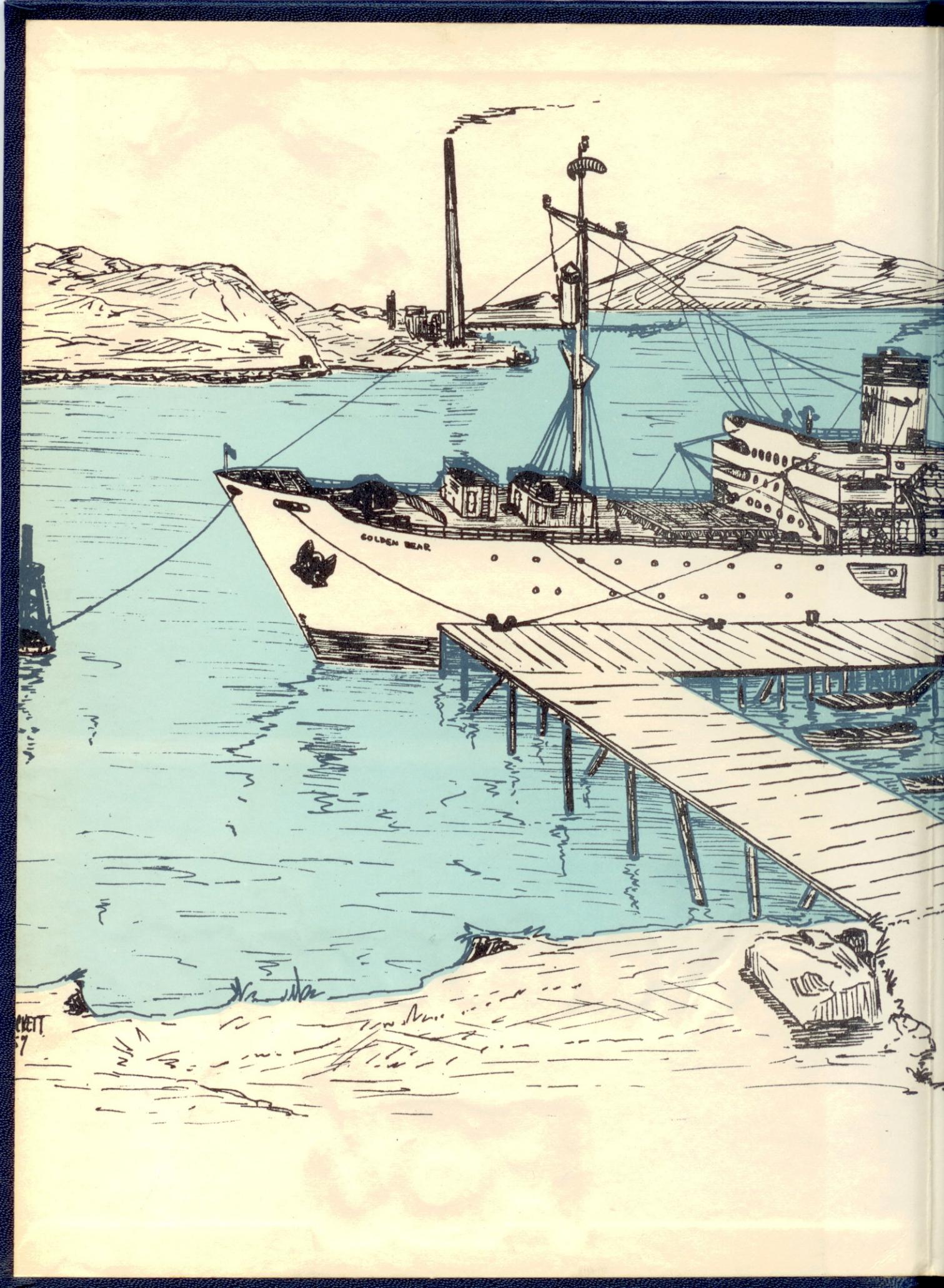
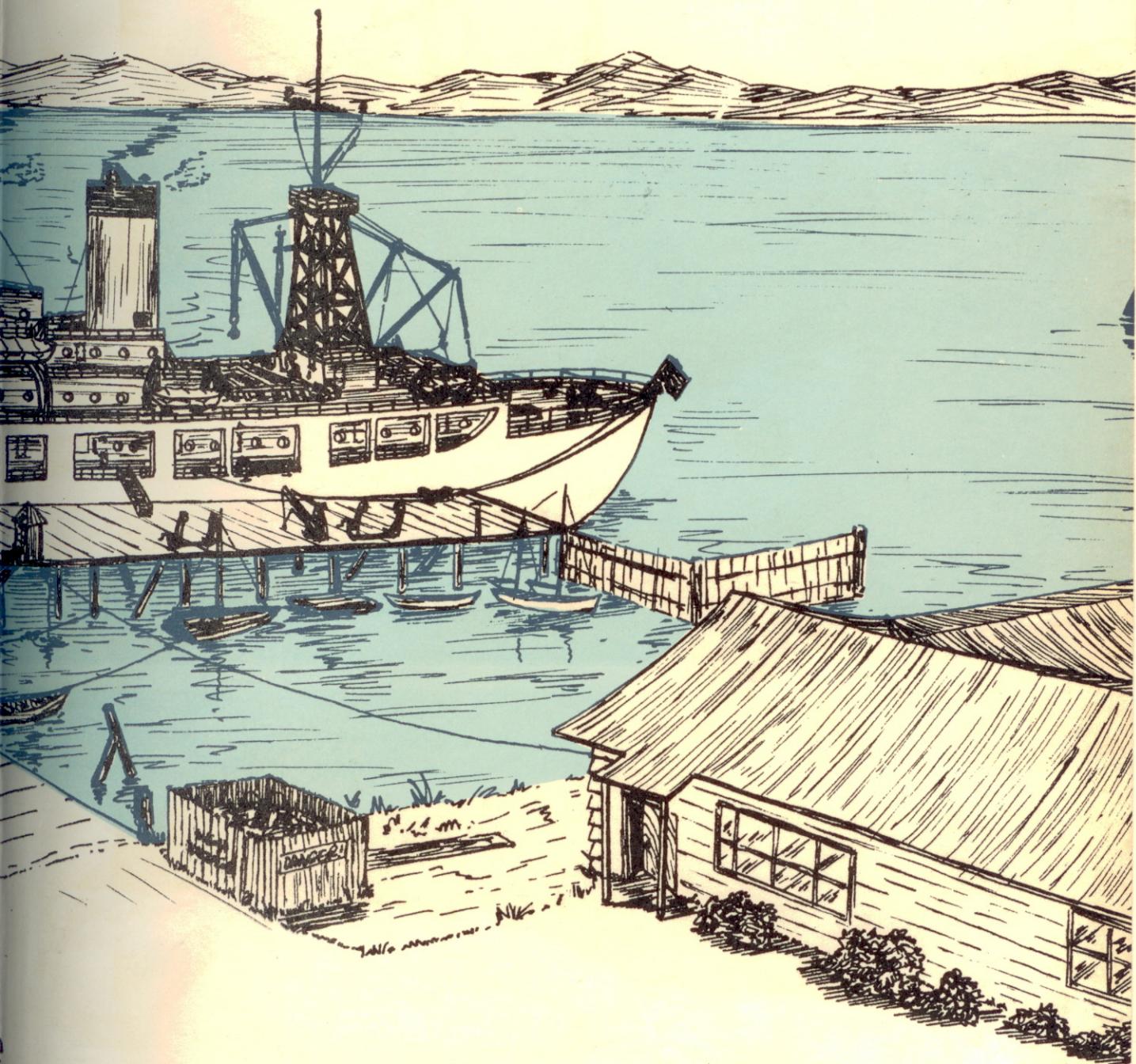


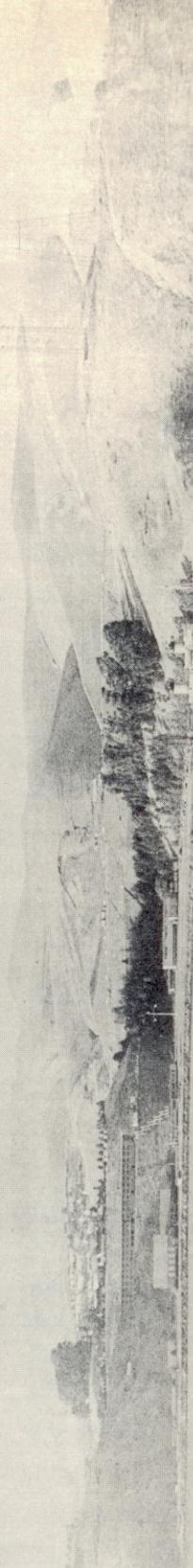


Hawseripe

1958







HAWSEPIPE

1958

CALIFORNIA
MARITIME
ACADEMY,

Vallejo,
California

Dedicated

to

The Memory of

WILLIAM P. ANDERSON . . .

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State of California
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE
SACRAMENTO

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE
CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY:

Men of the sea have always played a significant role in the development of California. The Great Seal of California itself bears a symbol of our State looking seaward, with several sailing vessels in a spacious harbor.

All of our citizens should take pride in the California Maritime Academy, its students and graduates. From this unique school modern pioneers have gone forth to expand and strengthen our Nation's oceanic frontiers. Acting upon their own initiative and upon the exceptional training afforded at the Academy, they today help to provide the sinew and power of our international trade, adding appreciably to American security and economic well-being.

As California continues its rapid growth and progress in the development of industry and commerce, it is essential that our products find their way to all possible markets. During your careers you will see increasing use of atomic power in our ships and you will participate in the pioneering of the nuclear age. The preparation you have received during your studies at the Academy provides a firm basis for future achievements.

We are proud of our California Maritime Academy, of the young men who study there, and of this year's graduates. On the basis of the many fine reports which I have heard of your ability and conduct, I extend my warm best wishes to the graduates for success, smooth sailings and safe returns in the years to come.

Cordially,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Goodwin J. Knight".

Governor

GJK:ct

Administration and Faculty



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SUPERINTENDENT'S MESSAGE . . .



My heartiest and sincerest congratulations to the members of the Class of 1958 upon their graduation! I feel that this class as a group has made a positive and enduring contribution to the improvement of the spirit of the Corps. An honest and earnest effort on the part of the majority has set a pattern for those who are left behind to follow. Good luck, good sailing, and much success in all your endeavors!

Henry E. Richter

H.E. RICHTER
Captain, USN (Ret.)
Superintendent



Science tells us that life is the survival of the fittest. The Class of 1958 is to be congratulated on having survived a rigorous three years of study and training and mastering the professional knowledge and operating skills required to earn the Bachelor of Science degree and license as a qualified merchant marine officer.

Ahead lies a lifetime career in American flag merchant vessels. As junior officers, your superiors will be evaluating your work as carefully as did your instructors. They will expect you to do your job competently because competence is a hallmark of California Maritime Academy graduates.

Attitude as well as know-how is important in achieving success. In his widely read book, "Three Minutes A Day", Father James Keller presents these thoughts:

Wanted!

- More to improve, fewer to disapprove.
- More "doers", fewer "talkers".
- More to say "it can be done," fewer to say "it can't be done."
- More to inspire others with confidence, fewer to throw "cold water" on anyone taking even one step in the right direction.
- More to get into the thick of things and "do something about it," fewer to sit on the sidelines merely finding fault.
- More to point out what's right, fewer to keep harping on what's wrong.
- More to "light a candle," fewer to "curse the darkness."

As you begin your career, remember that learning is a lifetime process and be interested in the future because that is where you are going to spend the rest of your life.

Good luck and good sailing!

Clyde L. Ogden
Dean



In extending my best wishes to the members of the 1958 Graduating Class I feel that we have a great deal in common even though I have not had the pleasure of becoming well acquainted with you individually in the short time I have been here. We are all starting out on a new way of life, yours at sea and mine academic.

While working on the Ship's Organization book I asked you to submit any beneficial suggestions you might have along that line. Some of these ideas were most helpful and I hope to reciprocate herewith.

First and foremost your ranking from now on will depend on what you do (not on your book knowledge or what you CAN do). This does not require any further exposition on my part for the fact that you have graduated and received your license shows what you can do.

In addition a great deal depends on "how you do it". This matter of "attitude" is important. "Attitude" is defined as position or bearing indicating a feeling or mood itself. "Attitude" is one of the reasons why so many American owned ships are under foreign flags. The seamen blame the owners and the owners blame the crews and the unions. First let me point out that I have nothing to say against unions. The length and detail of the union contracts suggest the number and grievousness of the abuses they have corrected. But most of those who benefit today from these contracts have never come in contact with those abuses and their attitude is that of a spoiled child in a big department store at Christmas; they think everything is created for their benefit. Their abuse of the very agreement that protects their jobs is losing them their jobs. Phoney overtime, chiseling and general irresponsibility force the shipowners, who are in open competition against the world, to hire and operate vessels that give the most for the money.

I have referred to this as a matter of attitude which I am convinced it is. This is an attitude deliberately planted by persons who have motives other than the good of the men at heart. One thing that persuades me as to the truth of this is that in personal dealings I have found even the worst chiselers to be honest. You as the representative of management can bring about a better attitude by your own. For instance, orders can be explained and decent consideration given to seamen as human beings. Thus the order prohibiting women on board is for insurance reasons and not a reflection on the morals of the persons concerned.

That's enough for now, for further details see Chapter I of the MMOH.

So long and smooth sailing.

A handwritten signature in cursive ink. The signature reads "Edward A. Taylor". The "E" and "A" are particularly large and stylized. The "T" in "Taylor" has a long, sweeping flourish extending to the right.

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FACULTY

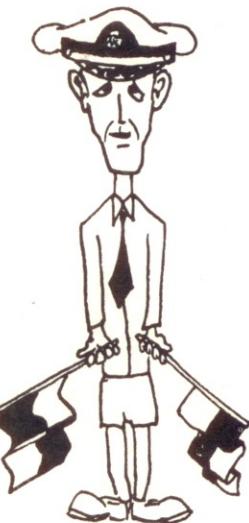
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 Ocean Unlimited.
 Chief Officer,
 Training Ship, Golden Bear.
 Commandant of Midshipmen.
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 C.M.A., 1935
 CDR. USNR (Ret.)
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 Horsepower Unlimited,
 Chief Engineer,
 Training Ship Golden Bear.
 Turbines, Reciprocating Engines,
 Thermodynamics



LCDR. Charles B. Dunham, B.S.
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 LT. USNR.
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 Steam Vessels, Horsepower Unlimited,
 Third Assistant Engineer
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 First Assistant Engineer,
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 Mathematics, Engineering Drawing

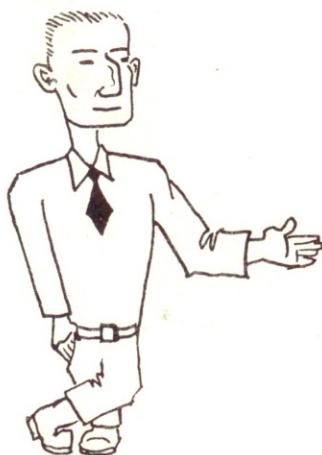




LCDR. Noel B. Martin, B.S., M.A.
BS. C.M.A. 1942,
MA San Francisco State College, 1957
LT. USNR
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Master, Steam and Motor Vessels,
Ocean Unlimited
First Officer
Training Ship Golden Bear
English, Meteorology, History

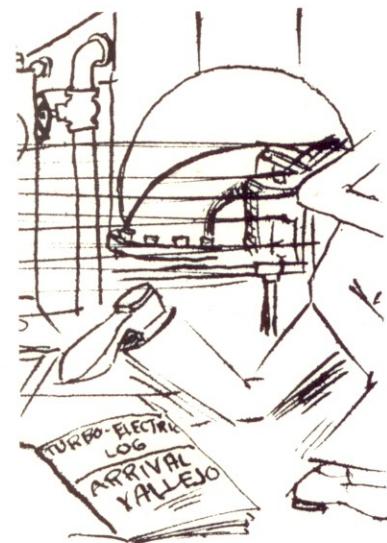


LCDR. Frideric A. Nied, B.S.
CMA, 1942
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Master, Steam and Motor Vessels,
Ocean Unlimited
Second Officer
Training Ship Golden Bear
Navigation



LT. Donald A. Pederson
C.M.A., 1934
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Ocean Unlimited.
Third Officer
Training Ship Golden Bear.
Seamanship, Cargo Handling.
Ships Business, General Rules
and Regulations.

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Horsepower Unlimited.
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Shop Theory, Marine Auxiliaries,
Engineering Materials



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C.M.A., 1942
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Federal License
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Steam Vessels,
Horsepower Unlimited.
Engineering Watch Officer,
Training Ship Golden Bear.
Diesels, Refrigeration,
Air Conditioning.



L.T. Donald Lipman, B.S.
C.M.A., 1951
L.T.(JG), USNR
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Engineering Watch Officer
Training Ship Golden Bear
Electricity, Mathematics.





L.T. Otto Bruhn, A.B.
University of California
Federal License
First Assistant Engineer,
Steam and Motor Vessels,
Horsepower Unlimited.
Engineering Watch Officer
Training Ship Golden Bear
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General Rules and Regulations,
Engineering Chemistry



L.T. Thomas J. Beland, A.B.
University of California
Federal License:
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Steam Vessels, Horsepower Unlimited.
Engineering Watch Officer,
Training Ship Golden Bear
Physics, Mathematics,
Hull Piping and Damage Control.



L.T. James L. Thwing, B.S., A.B.
University of Washington.
L.T. USNR
Physical Education and Athletics.



CCPTR. Richard St. Benno
Carpenter, Training Ship Golden Bear.



CBOSN. John M. Rennick
CBOSN. USN (Ret.)
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Boatswain, Training Ship Golden Bear.

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Training Ship Golden Bear



CMACH Charles A. Burke
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Chief Machinist,
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LT USN (Ret.) Business Manager



Charles Pritchett
Chief Pharmacist



Harry Ross, Jr.
Commissary Officer



John Cunningham
Assistant Commissary Officer

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Head, Department of Naval Science
Naval Leadership
Naval Justice
Naval History



LT. Ernest Tennes, USN
Naval History
Seamanship Orientation



LT (JG) Virgil P. Valentine, USNR
Naval History
Naval Communications
Maneuvering Board



Jerry Wion,
Yeoman, 1/C, USN
Administrative Duties



Wayne E. Stamper
Chief Gunner's Mate, USN
Naval Weapons

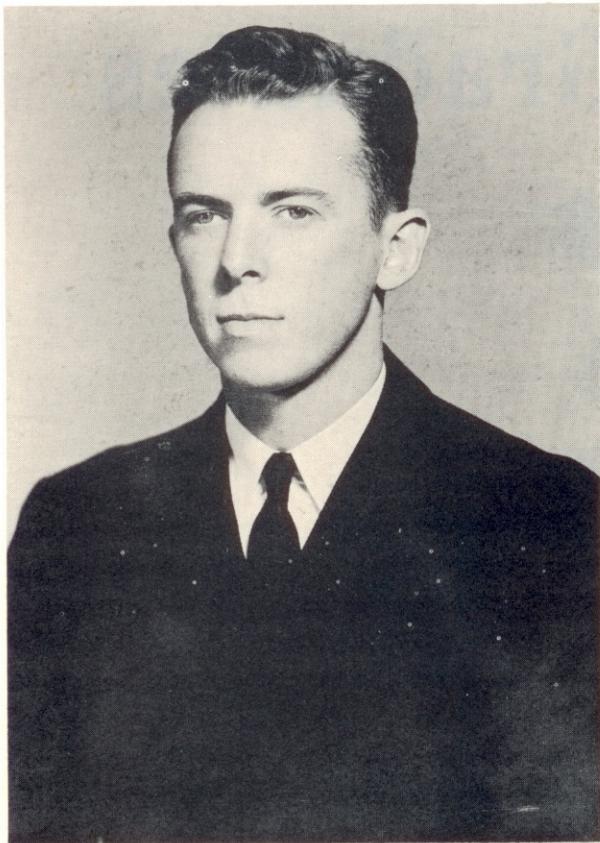


Lawrence J. Jeffries
Fire Control Technician, 1/C USN
Naval Weapons

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Graduates





JOHN J. ADAMSON
"J. J."

Vallejo, California
THIRD MATE



DONALD L. ALLISON
"Allie"
Long Beach, California
THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER
D COMPANY COMMANDER
BASKETBALL TEAM
SOFTBALL TEAM
SKI CLUB
ATHLETIC COUNCIL
Richter - Walsh Award



WILLIAM S. ARBUCKLE

"Arbucks"

Los Angeles, California

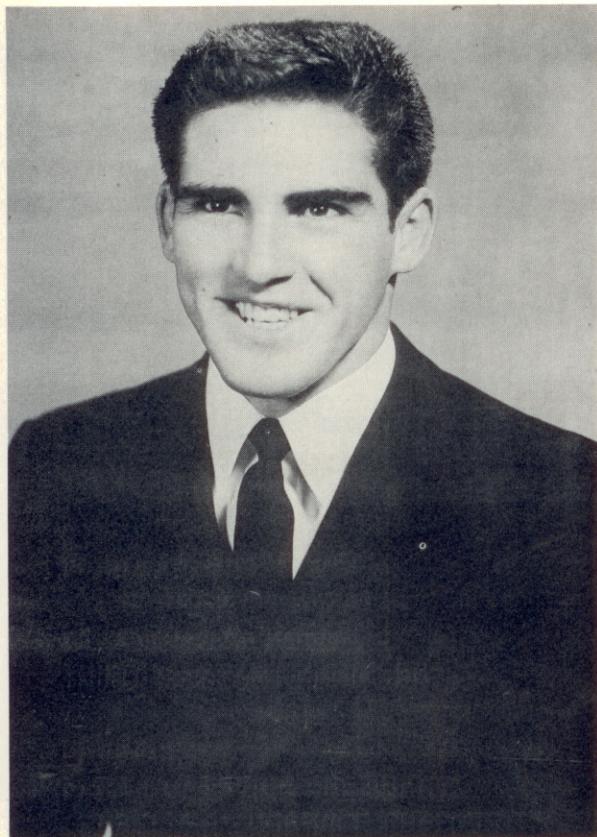
THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

ROWING

FIRST CLASS VICE PRESIDENT

PROPELLER CLUB VICE PRESIDENT

RING DANCE COMMITTEE



RICHARD P. AZEVEDO

"Azzie"

San Diego, California

THIRD MATE

NEWMAN CLUB

RING DANCE COMMITTEE

SOFTBALL

ROWING

FOOTBALL

BASKETBALL

SWIMMING





GEORGE L. BALDWIN

"Leroy"

La Jolla, California

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BASKETBALL

SOFTBALL

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COUNTRY CLUB



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"Sam"

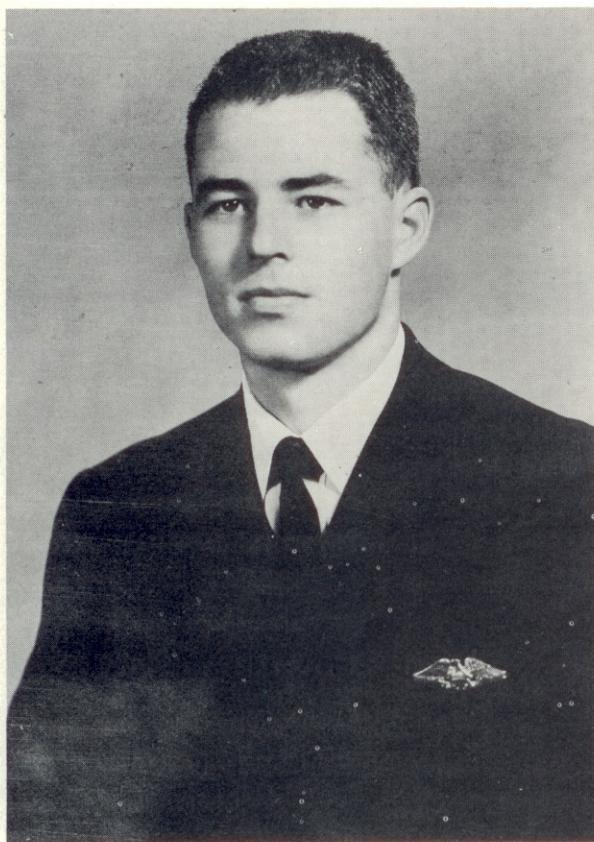
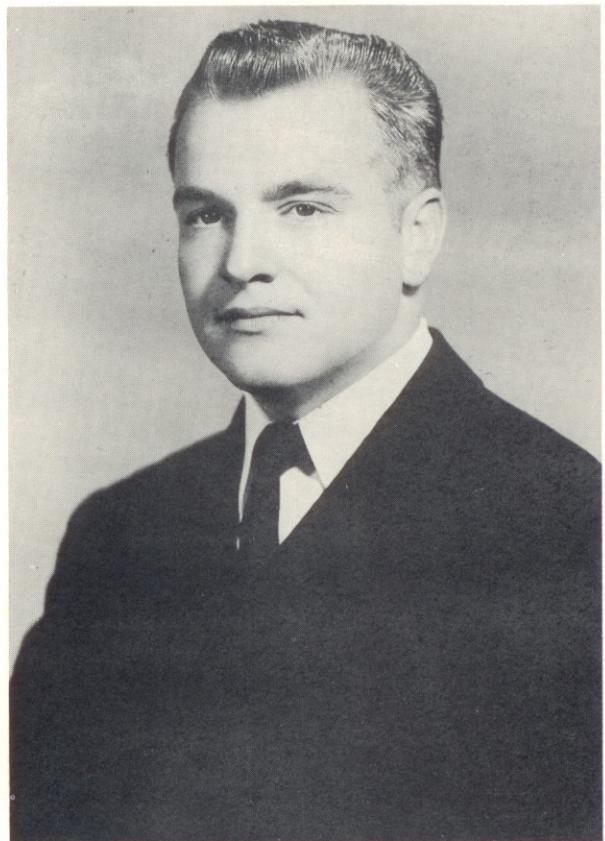
Corning, California

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HARRY C. BROWNSON, JR.
"Speed"

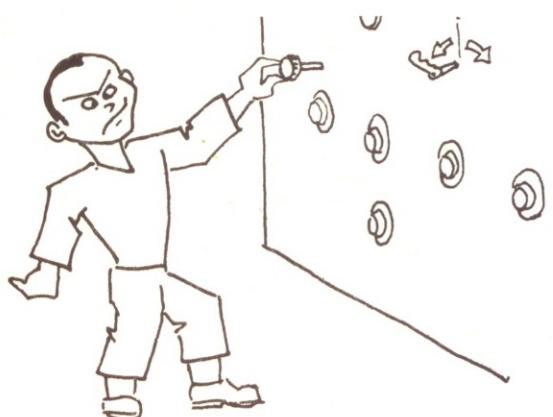
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A COMPANY COMMANDER
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SOFTBALL
SKI CLUB
RING DANCE COMMITTEE

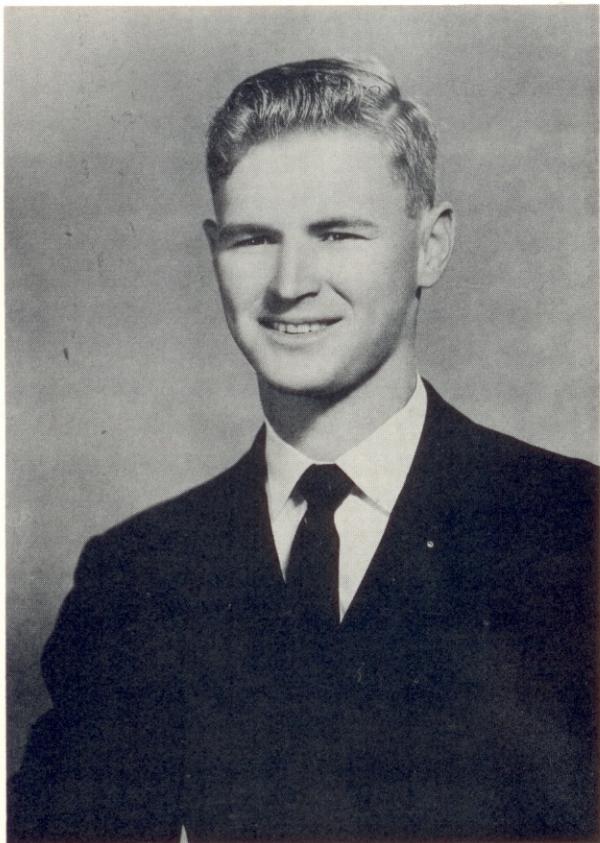


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"Tony"

Hollywood, California
THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER
HAWSEPIPE STAFF
SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPHER
CAMERA CLUB
SKI CLUB
BASKETBALL
INTRAMURAL SPORTS





JAMES L. DAFOE

"Daffy"

Mountain View, California

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A COMPANY SUB COMMANDER
PROPELLER CLUB
ROWING TEAM
COUNTRY CLUB
RING DANCE COMMITTEE



JOHN M. DAVIS

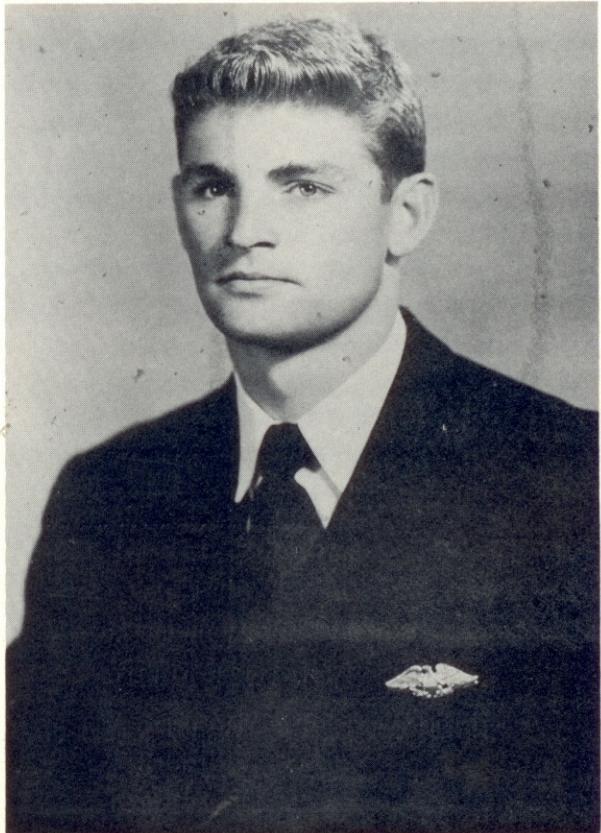
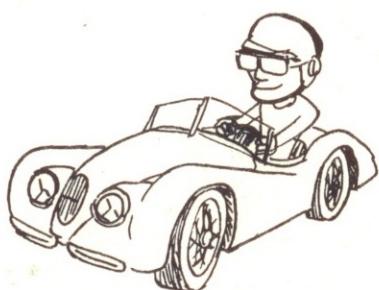
"Skinny"

Santa Monica, California

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WATER POLO



JOHN W. DEWS

"Bill"

Coronado, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

A COMPANY FIRST PETTY

OFFICER

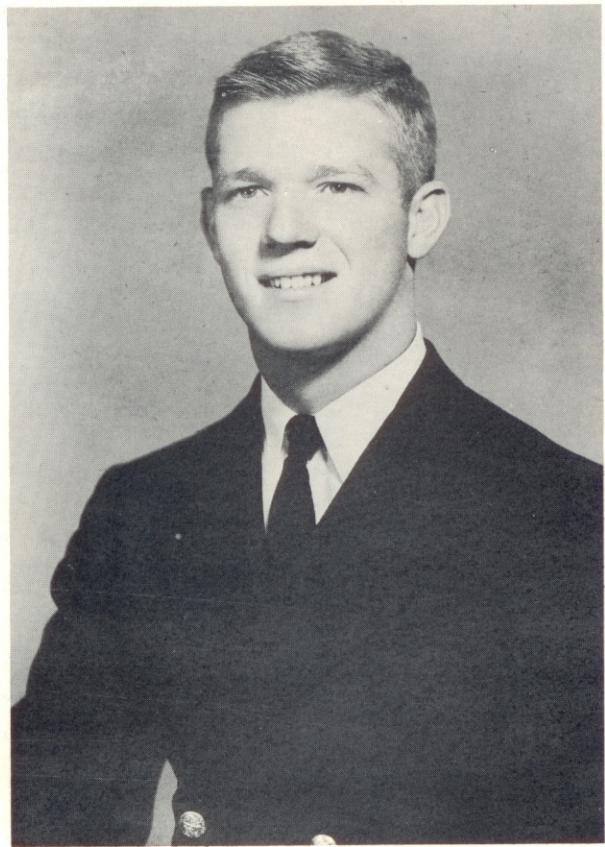
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"Dewey"

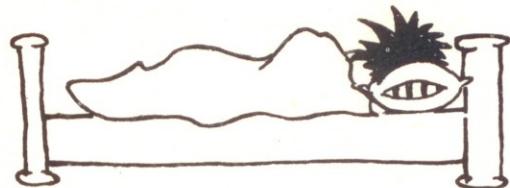
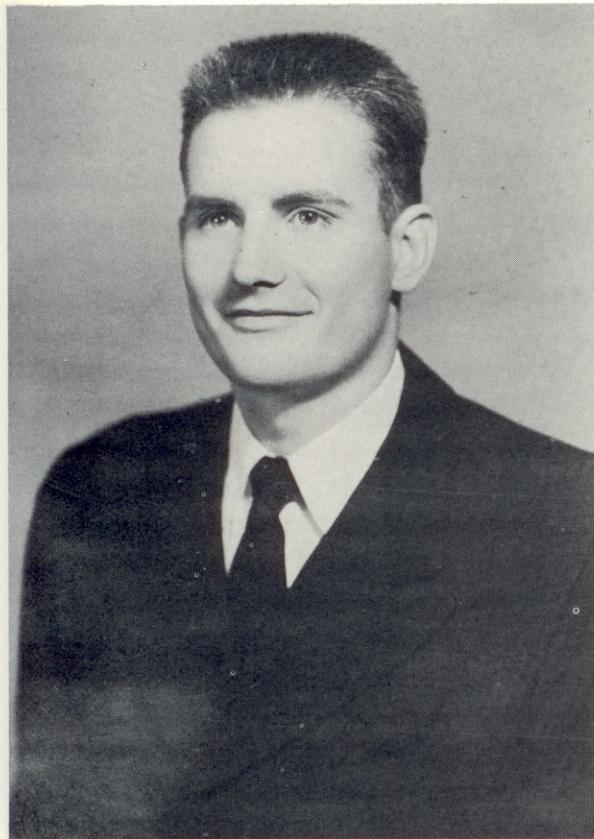
Livermore, California

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WATER POLO

GUN CLUB SECRETARY

GUN CLUB PRESIDENT





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"Pinky"

Vallejo, California

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B COMPANY PETTY OFFICER

PROPELLER CLUB

CANTERBURY CLUB

CANTEEN OPERATOR



GEORGE K. GANN

Pebble Beach, California

THIRD MATE

COXSWAIN, ROWING TEAM



JOHN C. GOSLING

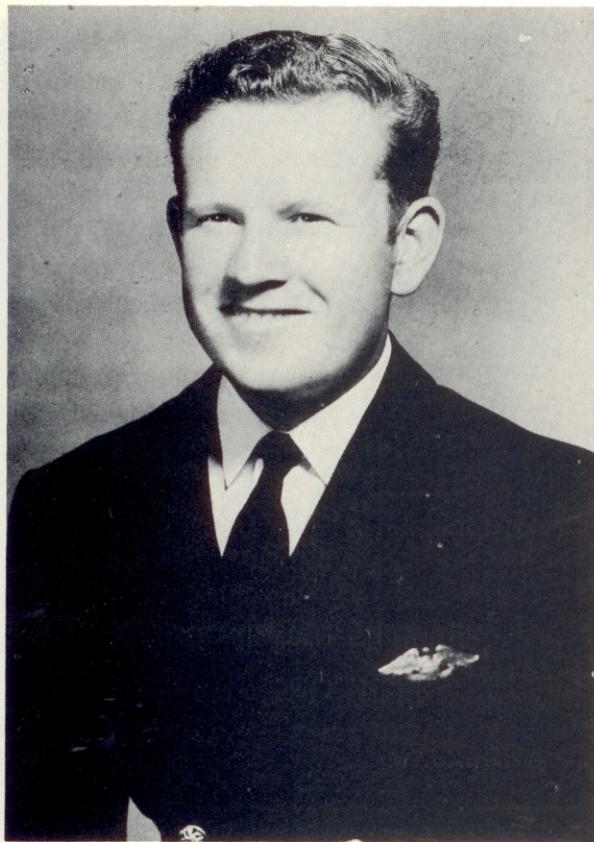
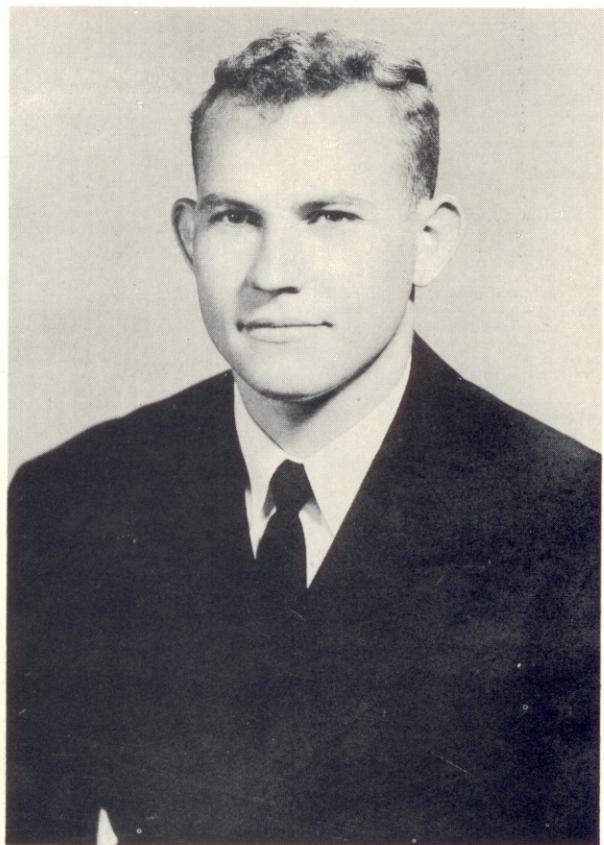
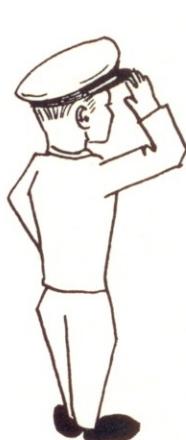
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WATER POLO

SOFTBALL



ROBERT A. HAWTHORNE

"Bob"

Pomona, California

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SKI CLUB

COUNTRY CLUB

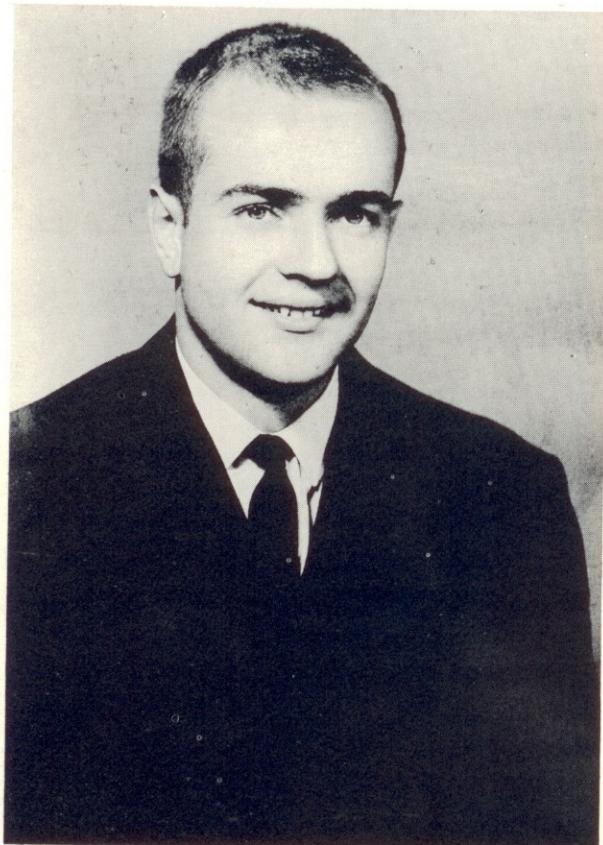
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"Segfried"

South San Gabriel, California
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Montebello, California

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ATHLETIC COUNCIL

COUNTRY CLUB

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ROWING TEAM



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"Bos'n"

Los Angeles, California

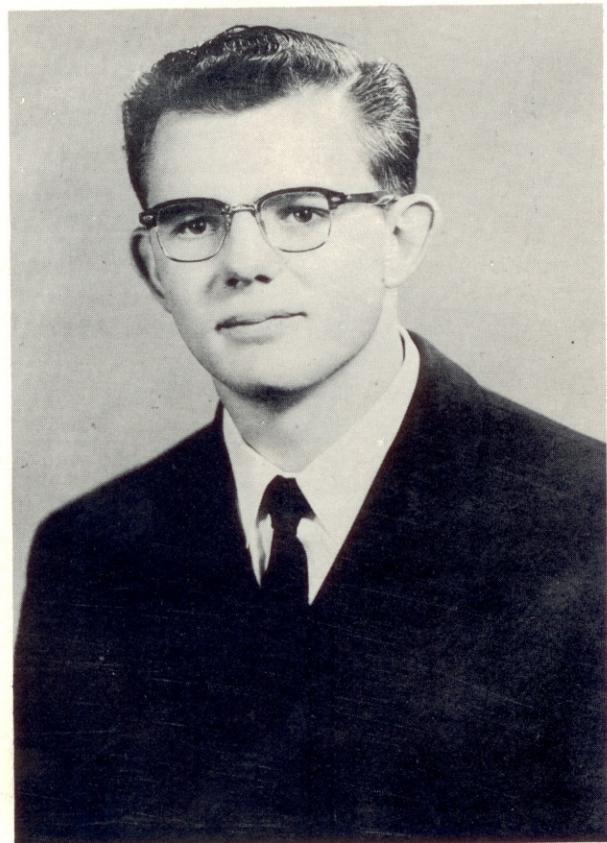
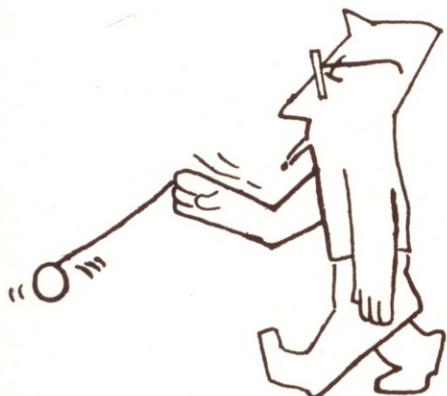
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FIRST CLASS SEC.-TREAS.

DANCE BAND

HAWSEPIPE STAFF

RING DANCE COMMITTEE



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"Butch"

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THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

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ROWING TEAM

COUNTRY CLUB

RING DANCE COMMITTEE

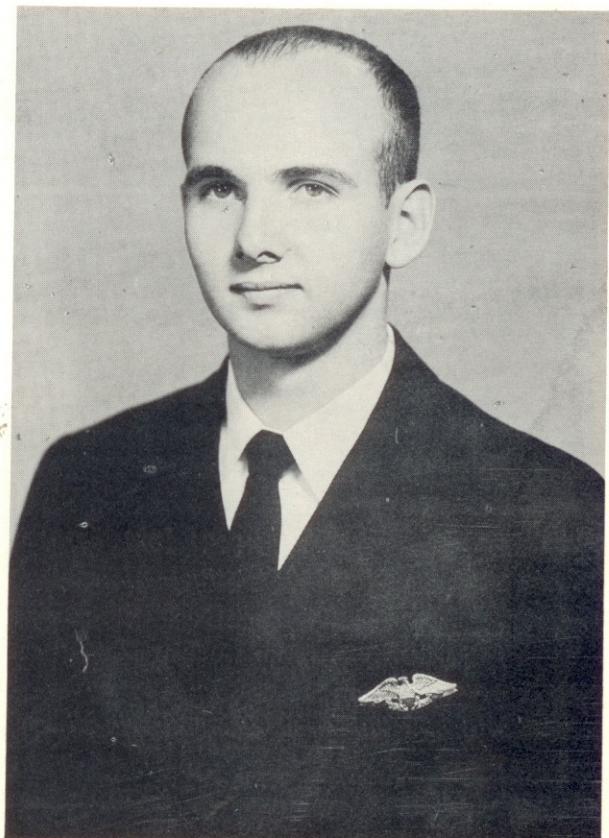




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"Frostie"
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B COMPANY COMMANDER
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CANTEEN OPERATOR
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INTRAMURAL SPORTS
RING DANCE COMMITTEE



LAWRENCE D. KILLOUGH
"Lorry"
Walnut Creek, California
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PROPELLER CLUB
RING DANCE COMMITTEE
CRUISE MOVIES
STATE AND COUNTY FAIRS



HARRY A. KRUM II

"Harry"

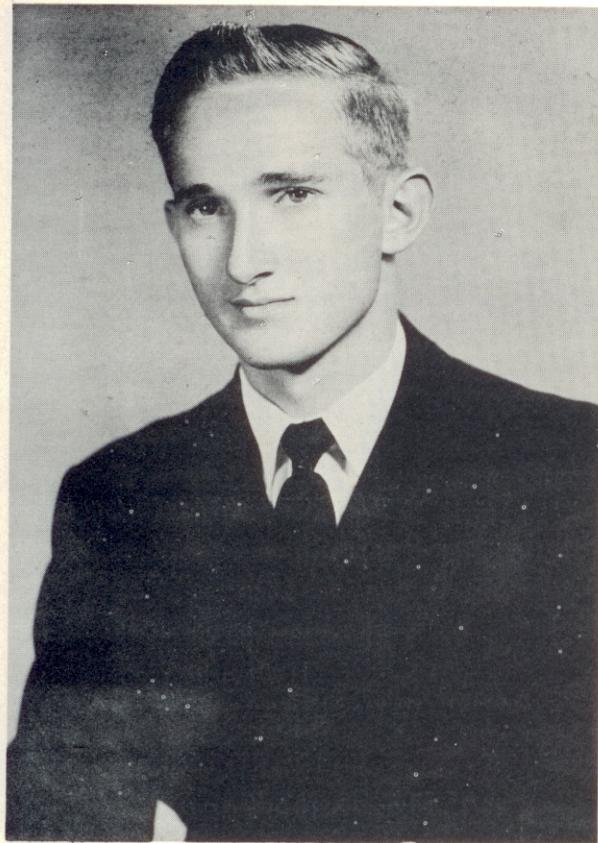
Oakland, California

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WATER POLO

COUNTRY CLUB

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"Luke"

Sausalito, California

THIRD MATE

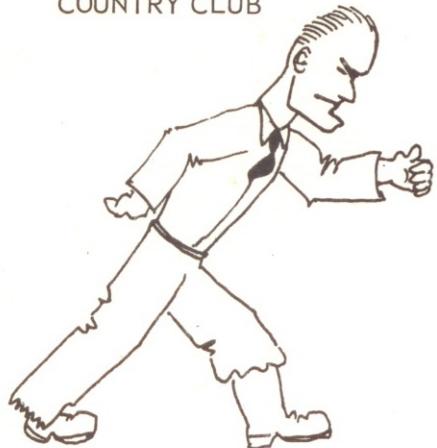
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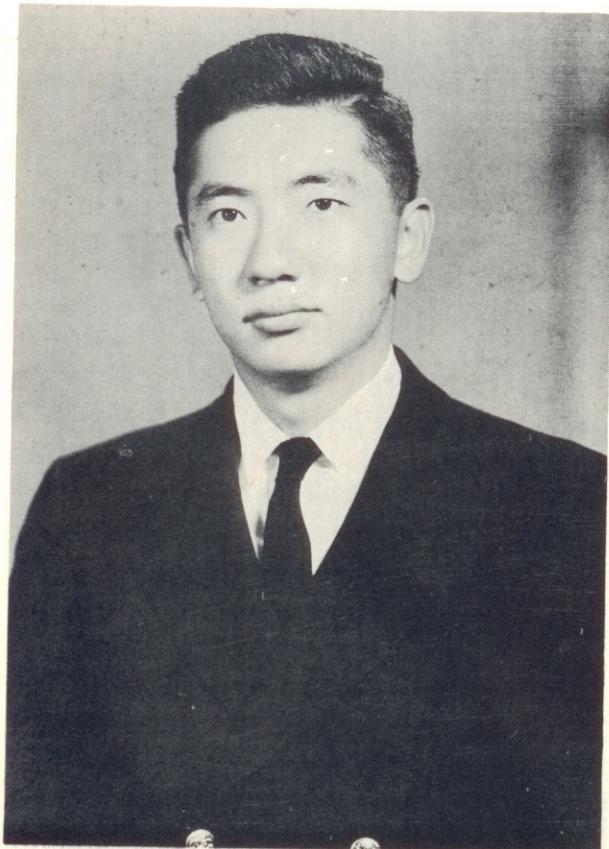
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SPANISH CLUB

BINNACLE EDITOR

COUNTRY CLUB





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"Charlie"

Republic of China

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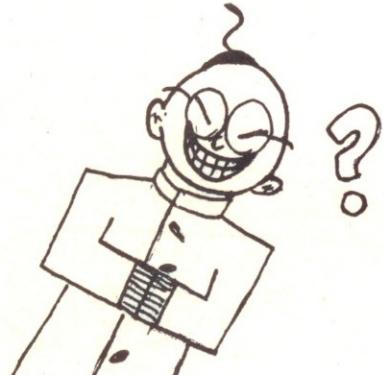
OFFICER

MEMBER, MIDSHIPMAN MAST

BASKETBALL TEAM

PROPELLER CLUB

KEEPER OF THE WATCH



BARNETT F. McLAUGHLIN

"Barney"

Napa, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

VARSITY SOFTBALL

PRESIDENT OF STUDENT

COUNCIL

BATTALION COMMANDER



WILLIAM G. McMILLIN

“Willie”

Napa, California

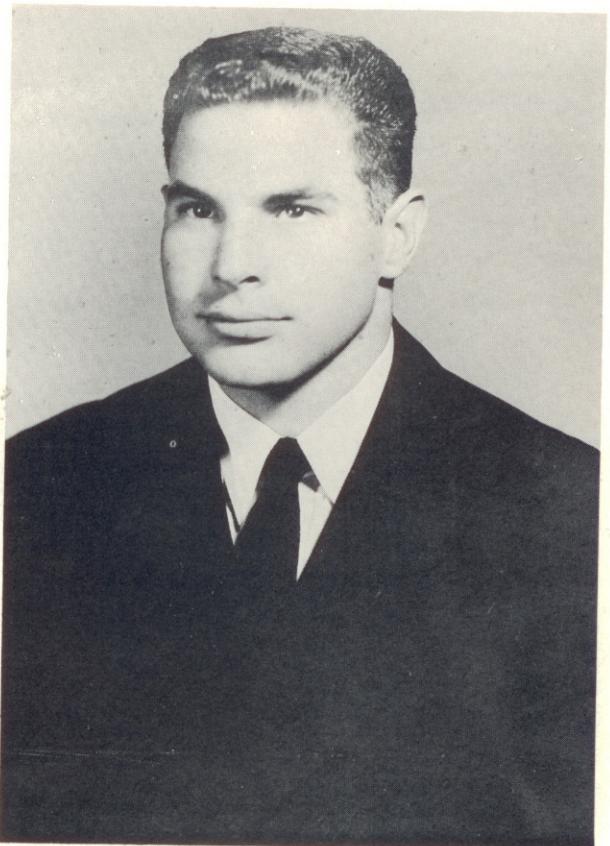
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C COMPANY COMMANDER

SOFTBALL

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“Al”

Venice, California

THIRD MATE

PROPELLER CLUB

SAILING CLUB

DANCE BAND

ROYAL DOCTOR,

EQUATOR CROSSING





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"Bill"

San Francisco, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

NEWMAN CLUB SEC.-TREAS.

PROPELLER CLUB SEC.-TREAS.



DAVID E. MONAHAN

"Dave"

San Diego, California

THIRD MATE

B COMPANY SUB-COMMANDER

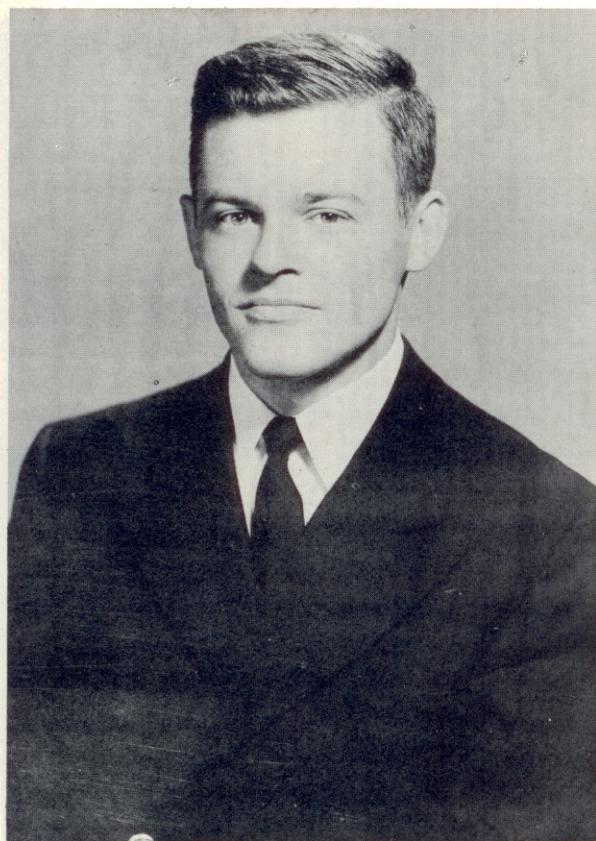
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RICHARD D. MORRIS
"Rick"

Long Beach, California
THIRD MATE

BATTALION ADJUTANT
SECOND CLASS PRESIDENT
PROPELLER CLUB PRESIDENT
NEWMAN CLUB
BASKETBALL
SOFTBALL
KEEPER OF MAIL
MAST RECORDER
INTRAMURAL SPORTS



ROBERT D. STEELE
"Steelie"

Rough and Ready, California
THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER
D COMPANY SUB-COMMANDER
FIRST CLASS PRESIDENT
GUN CLUB





STEPHEN A. STEPHENSON

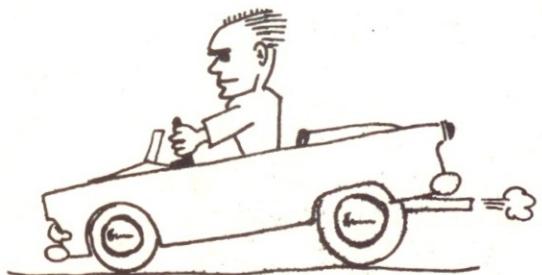
"Steve"

San Diego, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

SOFTBALL

BASKETBALL



HOWARD M. THUE

"Thoo"

Pomona, California

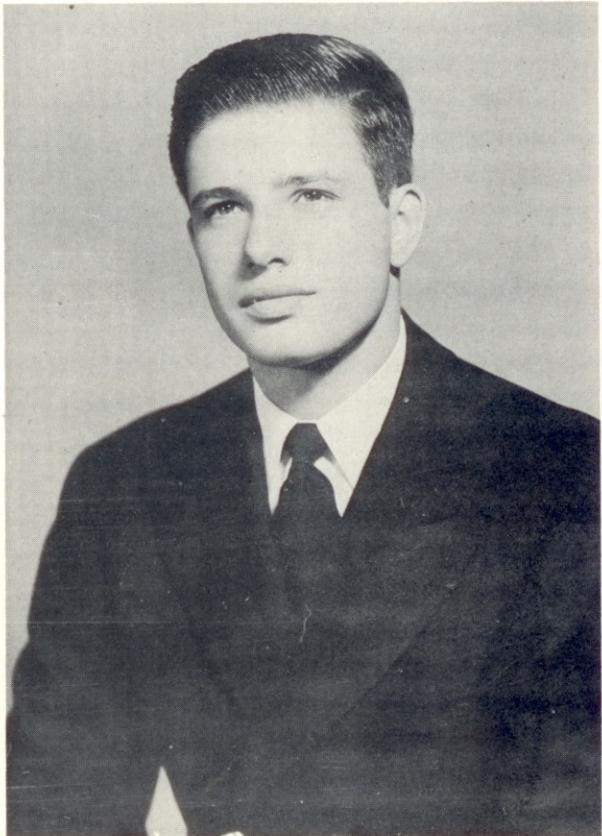
THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

E COMPANY SUB COMMANDER

HAWSEPIPE STAFF

GUN CLUB

TENNIS TEAM



EDWARD K. WIERSEMA

"Wembley"

San Diego, California

THIRD MATE

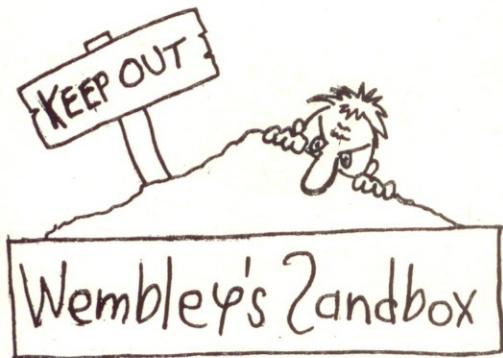
QUARTERMASTER

PROPELLER CLUB

COUNTRY CLUB PRESIDENT

RING DANCE FINANCE CHMN.

SOFTBALL TEAM



GEORGE E. WIGGS

"Wiggy"

Oakland, California

THIRD MATE

C COMPANY FIRST PETTY

OFFICER

PROPELLER CLUB

COUNTRY CLUB

SPANISH CLUB

LIBRARIAN





ROBERT T. WILSON

"Bob"

San Francisco, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

E COMPANY FIRST PETTY
OFFICER
NEWMAN CLUB CORRESPONDING SECRETARY



RAYMOND A. WOOD, II

"Woody"

"10 Knot"

La Crescenta, California

THIRD MATE

BATTALION SUB COMMANDER

MIDSHIPMAN NAVIGATOR

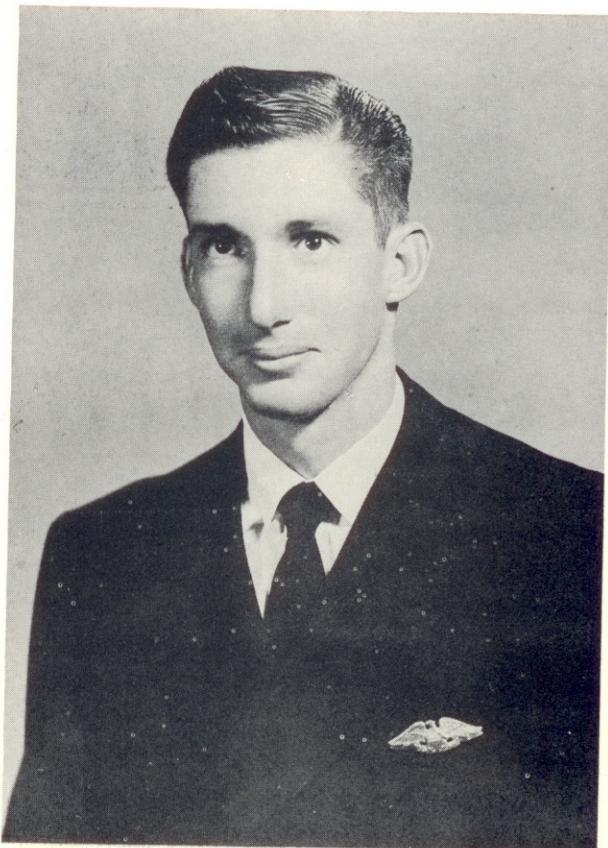
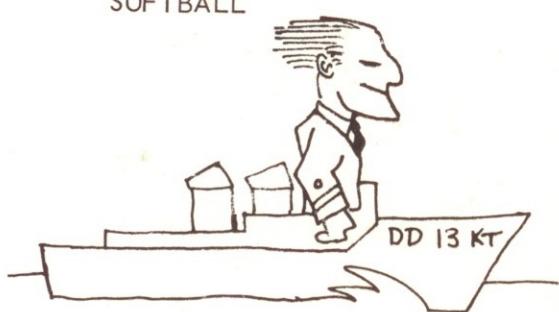
RING DANCE DECORATIONS

CHAIRMAN

PROPELLER CLUB

COLOR GUARD

SOFTBALL



NORMAN L. YBARRONDO

"Flea"

La Mesa, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

LIBRARIAN

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NEWMAN CLUB

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INTRAMURAL SPORTS



DONALD G. YOKUM

"Yoke"

Benicia, California

THIRD ASSISTANT ENGINEER

C COMPANY SUB COMMANDER

HAWSEPIPE EDITOR

THIRD CLASS SECRETARY

SEAHORSE EDITOR

CAMERA CLUB

INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL



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George L. Baldwin	1834 Vetyl Street	San Diego 9, California
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Harry C. Brownson	1044 LaLonde Lane	Napa, California
William A. Burton	333 N. Ridgewood Place	Los Angeles 4, California
James L. Dafoe	1465 Isabella Avenue	Mountain View, California
John L. Davis	527 Stassi Lane	Santa Monica, California
John W. Dews	436 D Avenue	Coronado, California
Robert H. Duncan	Arroya del Valle	Livermore, California
William S. Fleming	8 Daniels Avenue	Vallejo, California
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William J. Miranda	737 Rolph Street	San Francisco, California
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George E. Wiggs	1880 Jackson Street	Oakland 12, California
Robert T. Wilson	2638 17th Avenue	San Francisco, California
Raymond A. Wood, II	4629 Dyer Street	La Crescenta, California
Norman L. Ybarroondo, Jr.	4060 Bancroft Drive	La Mesa, California
Donald G. Yokum	Box 156	Benicia, California

HISTORY of '58

Remember - That chilly August morning, 1955, when we stood in line waiting to pay fees and sign forms, our last requirements for entering the military routine which was to be our lives for the next three years. We moved about the Academy, collecting books and clothing under the watchful and appraising eyes of the upper classmen, and we soon learned the meaning of "Swab Rules", "Sound off", and, above all, Discipline.

Remember - That first weekend liberty, when we went home to display our newly gained knowledge and our stylishly short haircuts.

Remember - Those first weeks of classes, when our heads were filled with such strange and seemingly incomprehensible terms as "air ejector", "isogonic lines", "dry pipe", "time diagram"; those first adventures into Bowditch and the engine room, when we tended to shake our heads sadly at the prospect of having to become intimately acquainted with them.

Remember - Our first shift to cruise routine; stores loading details which gave us an insight into the longshoreman's point of view; our emotions of eagerness tempered with a small amount of trepidation at the beginning of our first engine room or helm watch.

Remember - The seemingly endless days at sea, culminating in a middle-of-the-night rousing of nearly all hands as we docked at Rodman Naval Base, Canal Zone; the days of shopping, slumming, and shuffleboard; the perpetual stream of international shipping past the fantail of the BEAR. Turning northward from Panama, we soon found ourselves in beautiful Bahia de Acapulco. With its beautiful beaches, luxurious hotels, and friendly people, Acapulco soon endeared itself to us.

Remember - Docking in San Diego, where the natives spoke English, and relatives of Southern California midshipmen welcomed their long lost kin and kind home from the sea; hopping from San Diego to Long Beach to Santa Barbara, and finally the return to familiar scenes and sights at Morrow Cove.

Remember - How quickly the next trimester passed; a few weeks to settle into the grind, a trip via GOLDEN BEAR to San Francisco

for World Trade Week, two short months of studies, and we were second classmen. The added responsibility and freedom felt good; now we were the ones who patiently instructed the new third class in the ritual and routine of the Academy. We were more confident; perhaps even overconfident. Rude and sometimes disastrous encounters with celestial navigation and electrical engineering soon shook us out of our complacency, and shoved some of us into a struggle for survival. Most of us pulled through, and the end of the trimester left us with a much greater respect for the printed word and figure.

Remember - The return from Christmas leave, and the familiar sounds of the GOLDEN BEAR awakening from her dormancy in preparation for another cruise. Third classmen made minute adjustments on hand rail cooling systems and searched feverishly for obscure and mythical navigational equipment in response to tongue-in-cheek commands; an air of eager and nervously cheerful anticipation again pervaded our souls. And then we went to sea, settling back into the familiar monotonous routine of sleeping, eating, and working.

Remember - Acapulco and Panama revisited; the sights, sounds, and odors were no longer new, and we were well versed in the subject of wheeling and dealing for bargains in jewelry, transportation, and various other items of interest to us. The return leg of the trip, however, introduced us to the quaint little village of Manzanillo, heretofore virgin and untouched by the men of CMA and, seemingly, the rest of the world. Though liberty time was short, most of us got at least a fleeting glimpse of what we were told by older and infinitely wiser men was the REAL Mexico. The stark simplicity of the Plaza de Toros proved to be an item of interest rivaled only by the lure of the beaches nearby.

Remember - The return to our home port, interspersed with pleasant interludes at San Diego, Long Beach, and Santa Barbara, where the congenial coeds of Goleta entertained with parties for both liberty sections; it made a joyous and well received welcome home.

Remember - (Engineers only) Gyro School? We need only say that we deeply appreciate the efforts of Sperry Gyroscope Company and Mr. Bodian in training us in the theory and use of the gyro compass; it was, indeed, an enlightening experience.

Remember - The envy in our eyes as we watched the Class of '57 going through the routine of pre-thirds, physicals, Thirds'

exams, and, finally, graduation. Shipping was booming, jobs were plentiful, and we had the despondent feeling that we had been born a year too late. Nonetheless, we plunged fervently and enthusiastically into our final and most rewarding year at CMA, with the indomitable Napans plus various and sundry other Midshipmen Officers in the van.

Remember - The trials and tribulations of the maneuvering board, the multi-faceted nebulousness of maritime law, the apparent complexity of turbine blading, staging, and vector diagrams; all contributed toward making our first trimester as First Classmen an active one. This feeling of activity and change was augmented by the presence of a new Dean, a new Physical Ed instructor, and, in rapid succession, two new Masters for the GOLDEN BEAR.

Remember - Shipyards, with the attendant fun and games at the Kopy Kat, mingling with the members of the "Beat" generation in North Beach, and the generally lively life of the great, fascinating city which we had learned to know and love so well.

Remember - Our last, and our best, cruise; adventure in the mysterious, "grim" Galapagos, the warm friendliness of the people of Peru, old home week in Panama, and our dejected faces as we manned the starboard rail for a fleeting glimpse of Acapulco early one morning. Completing our usual game of hopscotch along the coast of Southern Calif-

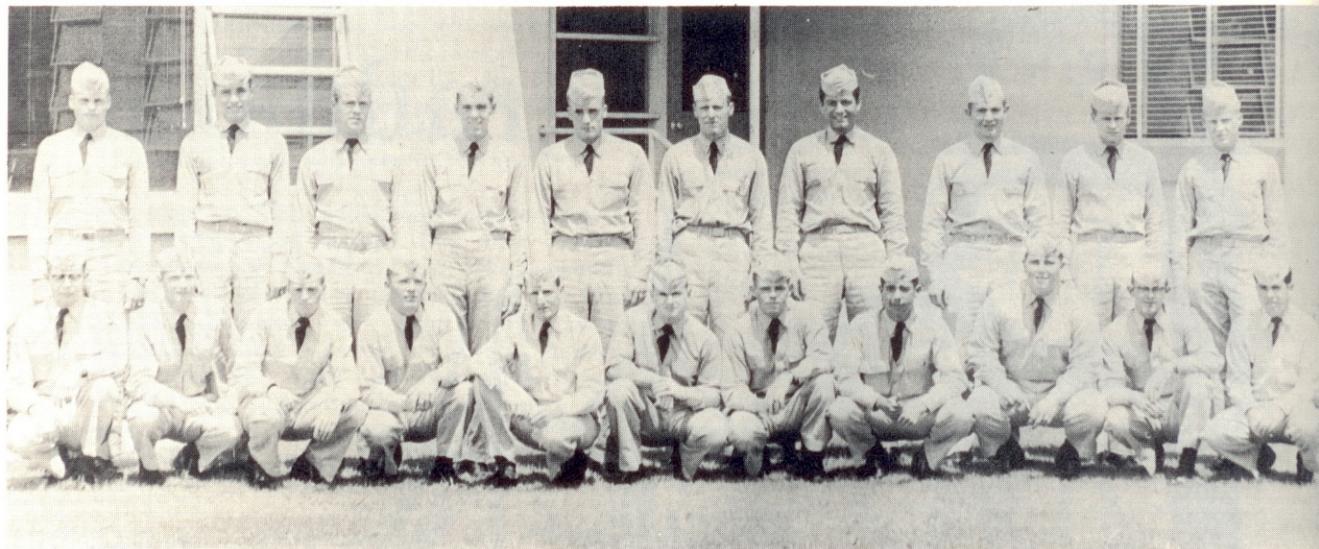
ornia, our shipload of shellbacks proceeded homeward; we stood our final watches pensively, knowing somehow that something we had been a part of was slowly, irretrievably, slipping away.

Remember - The worrying, scurrying, and general hassle of our final trimester; the mixed emotions of pre-Thirds' exams; the period of restless waiting in the interim between pre-Thirds' and our trek to Sansome Street.

Remember - Thirds' and Graduation; these two events shall remain imprinted upon our minds as the culmination of and the liberation from three years of effort, of joy, of despair, of enthusiasm, of thoughts, and of hope. We counted the months, the days, the hours until the time at which we would be finally freed from the toil and monotony of academic life; but we did not consider the fact that in doing so we were also counting the hours until the moment when we as a group would be ripped apart and literally scattered to the four winds, some never to meet again; when we would be thrust into a strange, cold, unfeeling world which would not be conquered at a single stroke by a piece of parchment representing three years of labor; when at last we would know the troubles and fears and responsibilities of men. The Moving Finger has written, and having written, moves on; but we shall remember . . .

Undergraduates





Front row: Crane, McLeod, Adler, Kring, Ellis, Horne, Bowler, Crusoe, Nyland, Lampman, Wightman
 Second row: Riordan, Riddle, Fuller, Lindquist, Swarthout, Wiseman, Moralis, Muncy, Mason, Sall.

SECOND CLASS DECK

It was not with Third Class eyes that we returned again. Surface and subsurface: they were not the same. No longer innocent, we could not claim that we did not know at last the life we were to lead. The catalogue descriptions, the bright uniforms, the white yacht from beyond the bridge; we could not now say we did not know.

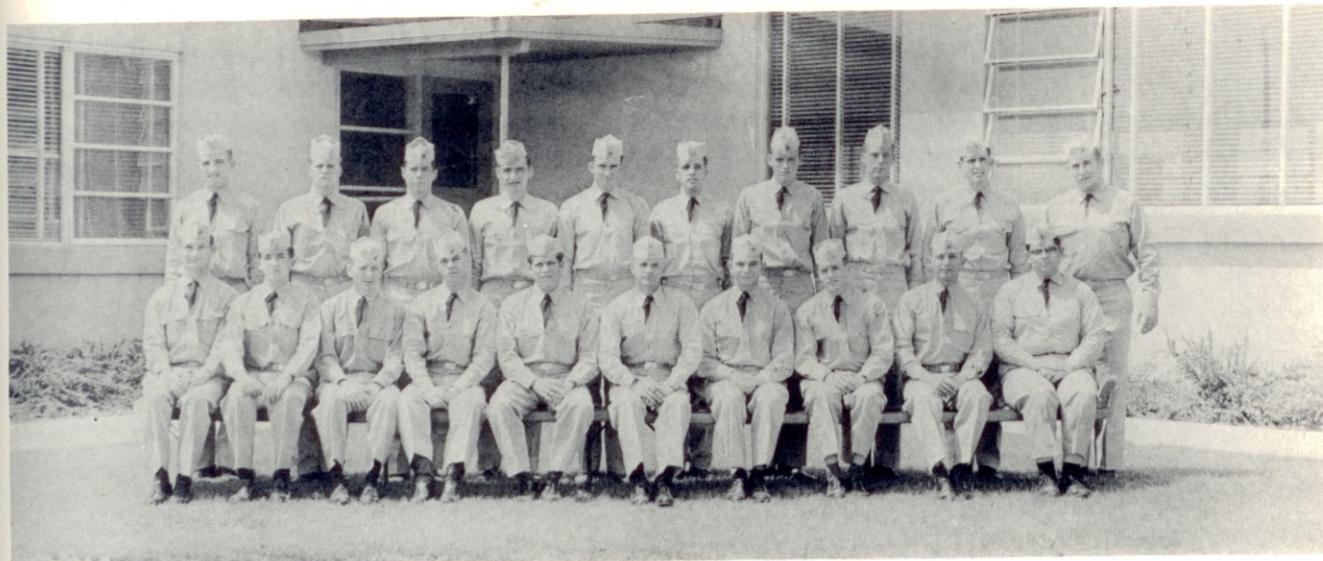
Fit, we had survived that first confused year and now returned to CMA expectant and waiting but not deceived. Change was our condition, flux our element. Nothing stood still. Forward Carquinez was being bridged again, and there to port the shore felt brick on brick as the dorms made prominent our plateau, and the Administration yearned for their wide-windored establishment and the destruction of the old timbers and the old frames. Nor was it but timber and brick that felt the change.

Captain Ralph Swany, the first CMA Skipper that we knew, retired and the genial Captain of the MONTERY moved aboard the

Golden Bear but somehow, somehow, felt the sea-call and, before he had given his first command, left us.

John W. Anderson, Master Mariner, succeeding Captain Russell, proved himself to be a dynamic, strong-willed force at CMA. Under him we sailed southward to the Galapagos and thence to Peru and home again, only to find that he, too, was gone and the GOLDEN BEAR orphaned again. Thrice within the year orphaned, and we waited for another change. Change was our motto; flux our element. Nor was it but the GOLDEN BEAR.

Shoreward the Dean retired (Captain Bonney) gave up his post to the Dean arrived (Dr. Clyde Ogden). The BINNACLE quoted the new Dean on 12 June as saying, "In the sense that I will not abandon a long used and successful practice until I am convinced that there is a superior practice or method available, I am a conservative . . ." but it was not long before the Turn-To Program felt his energetic probings



Front row: Maroney, Armstrong, Garton, Peterson, Meleski, Cox, Brossy, O'Connell, Kemmerer, Brown
 Second row: Tozier, Matson, Benedict, J. McDevitt, Warrendorf, Wittman, Kopp, Keen, Hegeman, Kovas

SECOND CLASS ENGINEERS

and progressive frame of mind. Our First Class year will yield these changes which we all, some with joy, some with reluctance, some with vast regret, await . . .

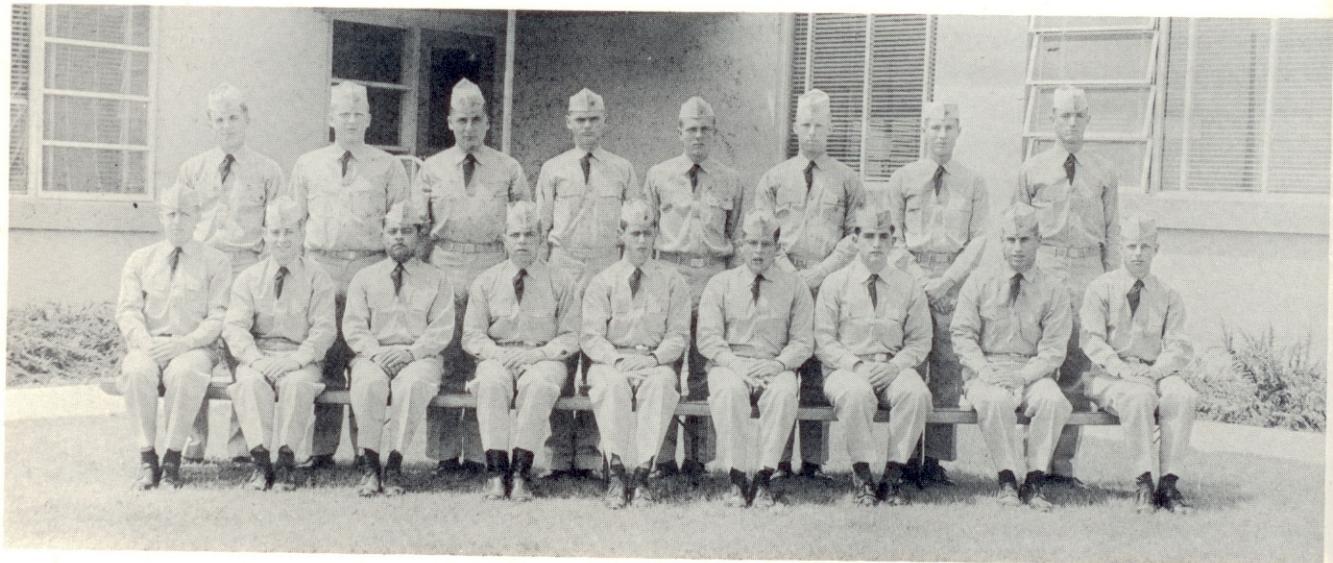
Cruise freed us from the land and gave at last to the Engineer a responsibility he had not previously known, a grateful reprieve from books and mock-ups and blackboards and lectures not always understood: a flight from the abstract to the real, from the dead turbine to the turning one. For the Deckie at last release from theory and at last the vital standing on the bridge and the bringing down of a real sun and a moving star. Ah, how remote, pedantic, unreal was the classroom plotting sheet. What was drudgery became joy and Navigator Nied even became somewhat a person there at sea and one felt a sympathy and an understanding of his work and mind outlook that was well nigh impossible back on shore.

Hegeman was our President. Minney, McLeod and Swarthout ruled the Sailing Club. Ed McDevitt worried over the Ring Dance and

Ellis' BINNACLE grew in circulation, causing here and there now anguish, now dismay, and sometimes even joy.

We saw the First Class sweating Thirds and in our mind's eye could see ourselves, in but another year, tread that Thirty Long Nautical Miles or so down under the Coast Guard's foreign flag. Ah, there was hope and dread, hell and fire, in our mind's eye.

What is our history? . . . Who can really say? Some would mutter, others cry it out, but we repeat again that just as we survived our Third Class Year, so we have survived another and hope to yet survive again. History is nothing but survivals. Those who go down are memories and are lost to us; those who remain write and live and dream our history: it is not morale or faith or hate or bitterness that count. Survival outdoes and at last surmounts them all and makes the whole experiment a good one and our lives at CMA in the end meaningful and well.



Front left to right:

Graham, McCloud, Hernandez, Hedrick, Young, Hooper, Pearce, Going, Smith

Second row: Gadsick, Hoyne, Vicinte, Perrin, Laudenslager, Mamath, Dale, Seaman

THIRD CLASS DECK

August 26th, 1957 - "Your third class year will move fast . . . Get out of it all you can." - So right they were. Here we are, a third of the way closer to our final "thirds". What have we gotten out of it you ask? Well, that's our story; our third class history.

Orientation week; the time when bewildered boys from 17 to 27 became bewildered Midshipmen. Guided by upperclassmen who so unselfishly gave advice for our welfare and general wellbeing, we were launched upon our first trimester filled with orientations of all sorts: Naval, Engineering, Seamanship, Math and English (Math and English?).

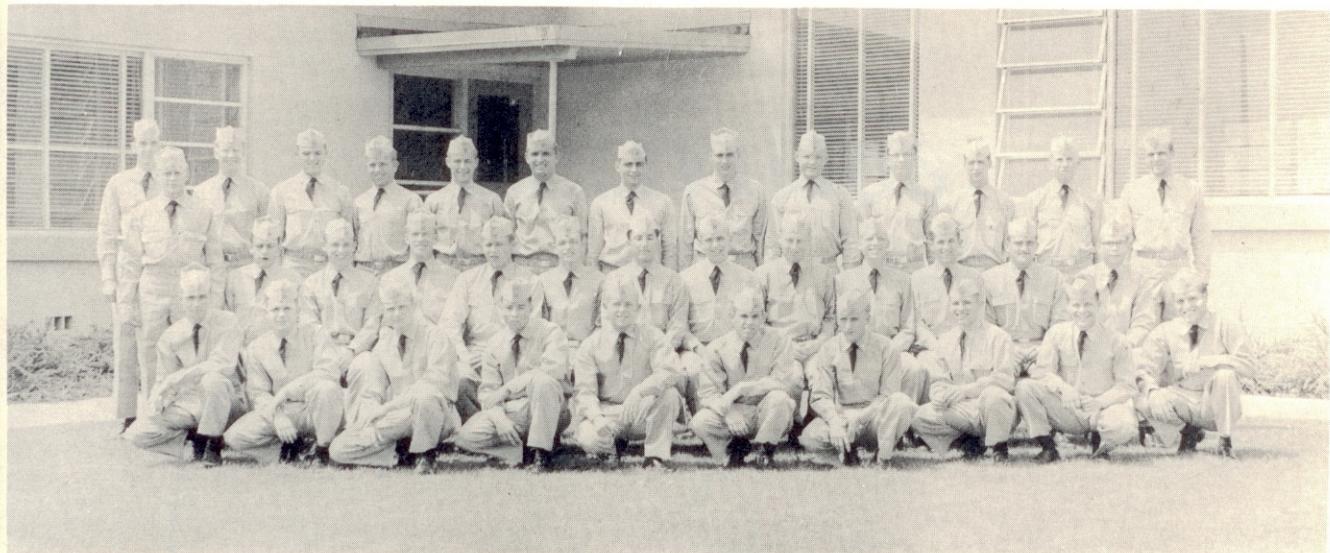
Came time to elect our officers. We chose from our ranks: Tony Chiaravalle, president; Ray Ferbrache, vice president; and Bob Ridder-vold, secretary. These three with the help of

the entire class produced the Christmas dance "Windows of Christmas" in early December. Our sponsors for this gala event were Mr. La-Bombard and his gracious wife. Many will remember it as the greatest yule affair that the Academy has ever had.

Finals, a brief vacation, and then cruise which commenced with the general attitude of the upperclassmen that we knew nothing. Funny thing, they were right.

During this time, Huge MacCleans "Such a deal" and numerous such expressions were coined as general comment when nothing else was appropriate.

Putting to sea for some of us was a first



Front left to right:

Page, O'Reilly, Walker, Royston, Bailey, Cameron, Axelberg, Cooley, Ferbrache, Estes
Second row: Russell, Hagler, Riddervold, Sorenson, Clune, Burrell, Lorenzana, Bonham,

Bledsoe, Burkhalter, Slade, Schweighofer, Bird

Third row: Orender, Schwarz, Laughton, Van Zant, Lancaster, Gautreau, Allgaier, Thorpe,
McIntire, Thurston, Schiefen, McLean, Satterla

THIRD CLASS ENGINEERS

time experience; for others like "Pappy" Allgaier and Lee Allison it was just another voyage, but to all it was one that will profit us in years to come.

We learned many things. Among them, how to take the rath of upperclassmen when we spilled a can of white paint on a freshly painted red deck or put burner tips in backwards to being able to master the art of sleeping sound and comfortable on a footlocker.

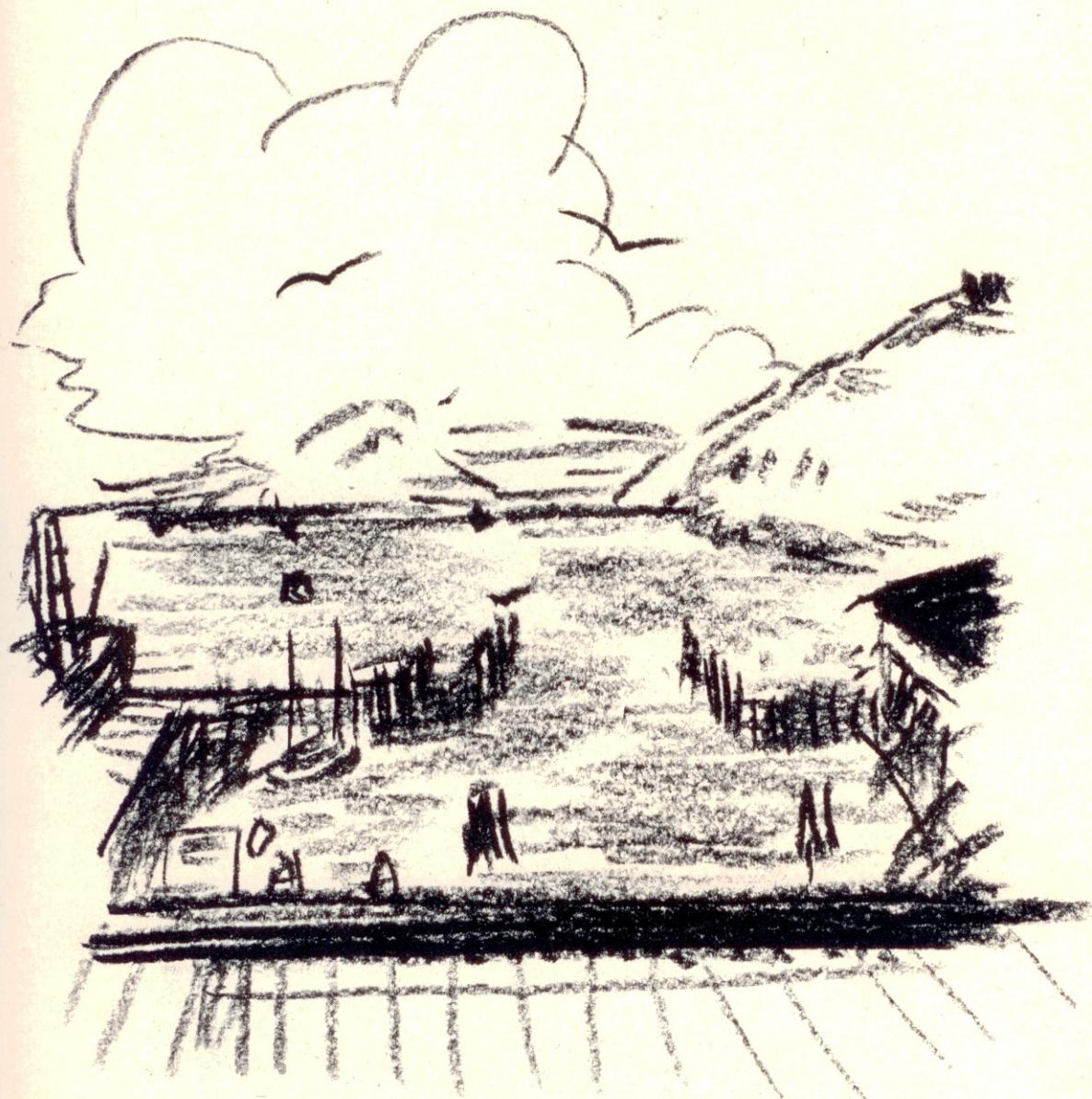
Cruise ended and the third trimester began. Our second class year was coming fast but all to slow.

New subjects now, Navigation, Marine Boilers, English and Math (English and Math?).

Some are doing good, some could improve, but we all are starting to realize that on us is dependent our own future. To that future we look ahead. Two more years and we are on our own.

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Activities



BASKETBALL



Front row: Schiefen, Lampman, Allison, Dale, Daugherty
Second row: Laughton, Thorpe, Riddle, Baldwin, Schwarz, Densmore

SOFTBALL



Front left to right: Garton, Meleski, Shortridge, Allison, Block,
Slade, Schiefen, Schweighofer
Second row: Johnston, Haden, Thurston, Schwarz, McLean,
Densmore, Payne, Fielder, Laughton

SWIMMING



Left to right: Estes, McIntire, Pearce, Minny, Cox, Mr. Thwing,
O'Reilly, Hegeman, Thorpe, Dale, Van Vlack

SAILING CLUB



First row: Hayes, Maroney, Crusoe, Brown, Van Vlack, Simmons
Second row: McLeod, Mamath, Ellis, Sall, Minney

PROPELLOR CLUB



Sitting left to right: Ellis, Miranda, Killough, Morris, Kemerrer, Maroney, Ferbrache, E. McDevitt, Kring, Crusoe, Bowler, Wittman, Lampman, Peterson, Muncy, Cox

Standing: Mao, Zetterburg, Gautreau, Fuller, Davis, Brownson, Wiersema, Arbuckle, Lindquist, Mellinger, Tozier, Hawthorne, Henry, Sall, Hege- man, Swarthout, Mellier

SKI and COUNTRY CLUBS



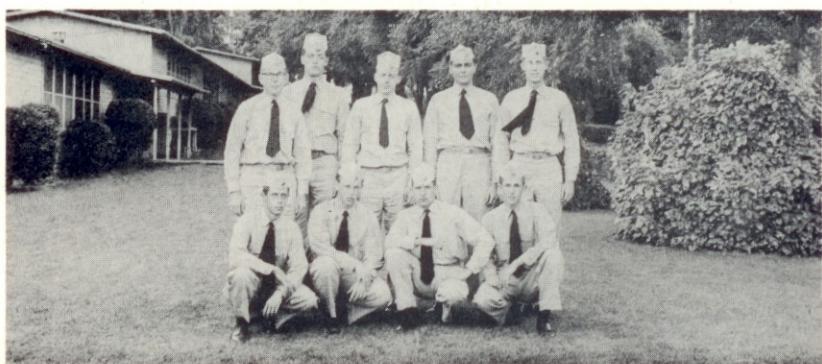
Baldwin, Allison, Dews, Hester, Henry, Hawthorne

CANTERBURY CLUB



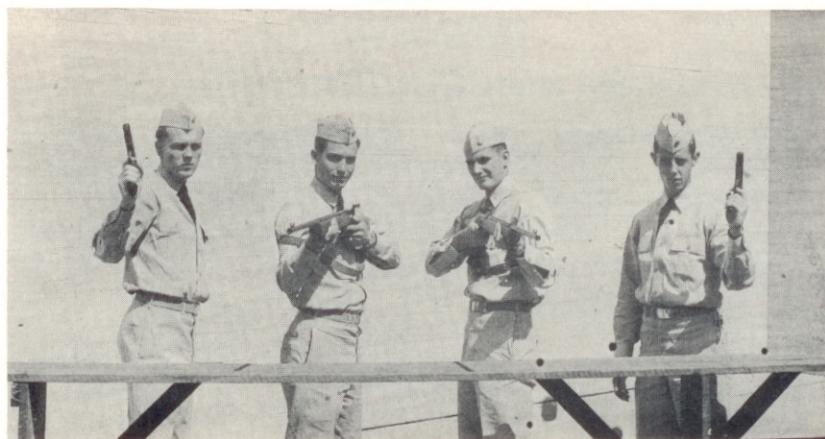
Left to right: Fleming, Laudenschlager, Wiseman, Tozier, Cox, Wyly.

BINNACLE STAFF



Front row: Young, Riddervold, Ellis, Slade
Back row: Bird, Payne, Graham, Allgaier, Dale

GUN CLUB



Left to right: Laudenslager, Wyly, Duncan, Young

HAWSEPIPE STAFF



Front row left to right: Thue, Wyly, E. McDevitt, Riddervold
Second row: Killough, Ellis, Wiseman, Yokum, Wittman, Bryan,
Gautreau, Hegeman. Not pictured (taking photo) - Burton.

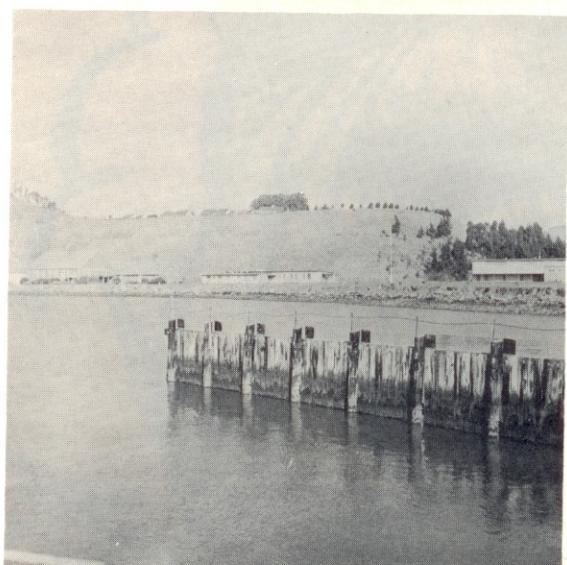
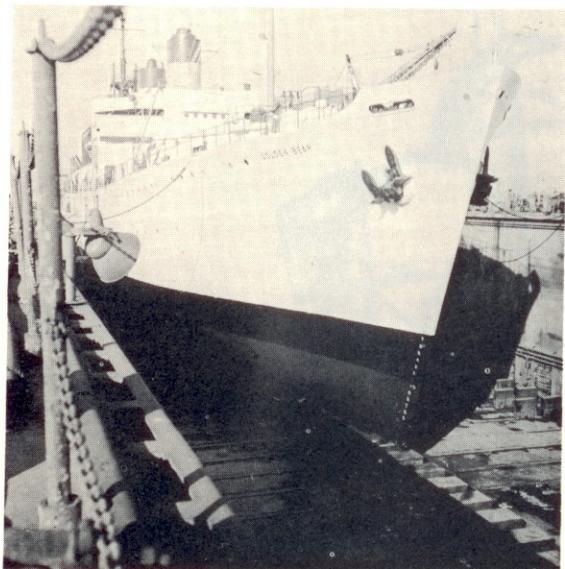
RING DANCE



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Cruise '58



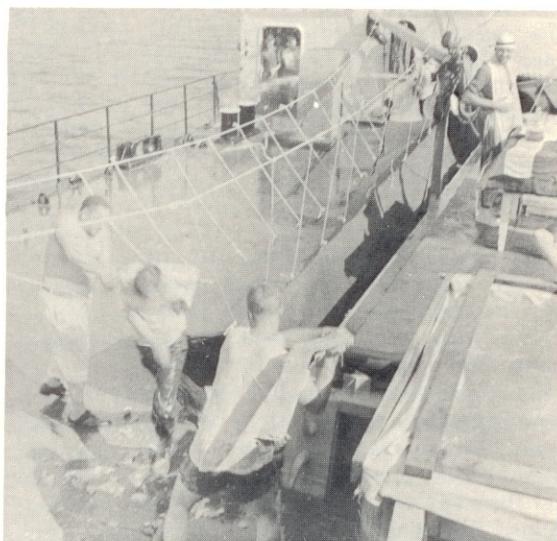
THE STATISTICIAN would find it easy to record our cruise. He could find the blue-backed bell book and the manila-coloured log, the engineers' reports, and the cryptic noon slips of Navigator Nied. He would, for example, find that on 8 January the rain commenced at 0652 and the quarterdeck penciled the notation that fog covered the dock and that at 1055 Captain John W. Anderson said "Starboard Engine Slow Ahead," and the Training Ship GOLDEN BEAR shook her hull after some 8 months of dock-sleep, and began her annual training voyage in a cold moist Fahrenheit of 42. Then, too, the statistician would record that the ship steamed some 8795 miles, touched four foreign points, and in the meantime burned into infinity one barrel of oil multiplied by the four digit figure 7274. But would this statistician really understand our cruise? Would he, for all his figures and his troubled facts, have found the essence of the California Maritime's odyssey that took us out of fog-locked Vallejo into the quiet green and sun-drenched rises of the Galapagos? We think he would have but the figures and would not really understand . . .

We left Vallejo on 8 January, fueled at Standard's Richmond dock, passed under the Bay Bridge at 2207 of that same first night and anchored there, three shots at the water's edge. The port anchor was heaved in the next morning at 0720 and the tug SEA ROVER helped us into Bethlehem Shipyard's Drydock No. 1. At 1010 the GOLDEN BEAR was out of her element, high and dry on the keel and bilge blocks, her hull ready for the inevitable blast, the final paint. .

On the 14th of January we left the drydock and moved over to Pier 64 where dock-workers came aboard to complete their work of installing new dead-lights in the berth decks. The Third Class enjoyed the freedom of Fire Fighting School and the 2nd Class listened to the Master Gyroscopist, Mr. Leo Bodian, as he lectured on Loran at Folsom Street . . . The Coast Guard

came and went. The ship was nearly ready. On the 24th our Machinist, William P. Anderson, known as "Andy" to most of us, suffered serious burns from live steam as he was working in a tank. It was the first tragedy of our cruise and one which none of us will forget. He died on 7 February, at which time the GOLDEN BEAR was plowing through a confused sea at 10.3 knots, five days, twelve hours and thirty minutes out of San Pedro, destined for the Galapagos. How often we would come down the port ladder and see the name plate WILLIAM P. ANDERSON, MACHINIST on his door, and suddenly it was gone and something good and friendly had disappeared . . .

WE HAD PLENTY of rain in San Francisco and we all welcomed the slow astern of both engines on the morning of 30 January, out of our pier and into the sunlight of Southampton Shoals where the RDF was calibrated and the ship swung for compass deviation (ah, that stubborn standard). We anchored that night with the Tower of Alcatraz bearing 316° and Yerba Buena



Light at 018° . The next day we passed under the Golden Gate at 0958, the incoming carrier HANCOCK to port, into the potato patch of sea, took departure off Channel Buoy No. 3, and headed for fueling at San Pedro . . .

We arrived at the San Pedro Breakwater at 1450 on the first day of February and it was here that Captain Anderson demonstrated his superior skill

as a pilot, maneuvering the tugless GOLDEN BEAR for some two hours while the dock force finally gathered itself and made ready, slowly, to take our lines. . .

At 2140 that night we left San Pedro with some six feet clear space to starboard as we passed the lighted bulb that marked the exit from the pier out into the channel, out into a star-studded night with some 2619 miles ahead of us until we would rise and see Tagus Bay's strange form before our sea-tired eyes . . .

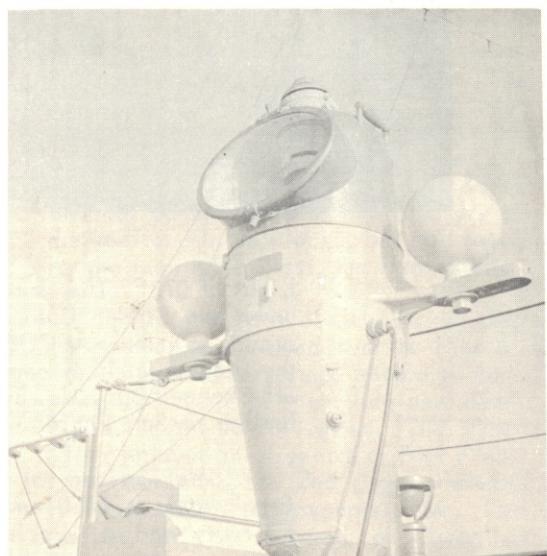
We were at sea at last (the watches set, the study groups begun) getting used to our unstable platform, the feeling of the sun as we approached its line of declination, and the rapid rise in temperature of the surrounding sea . . .

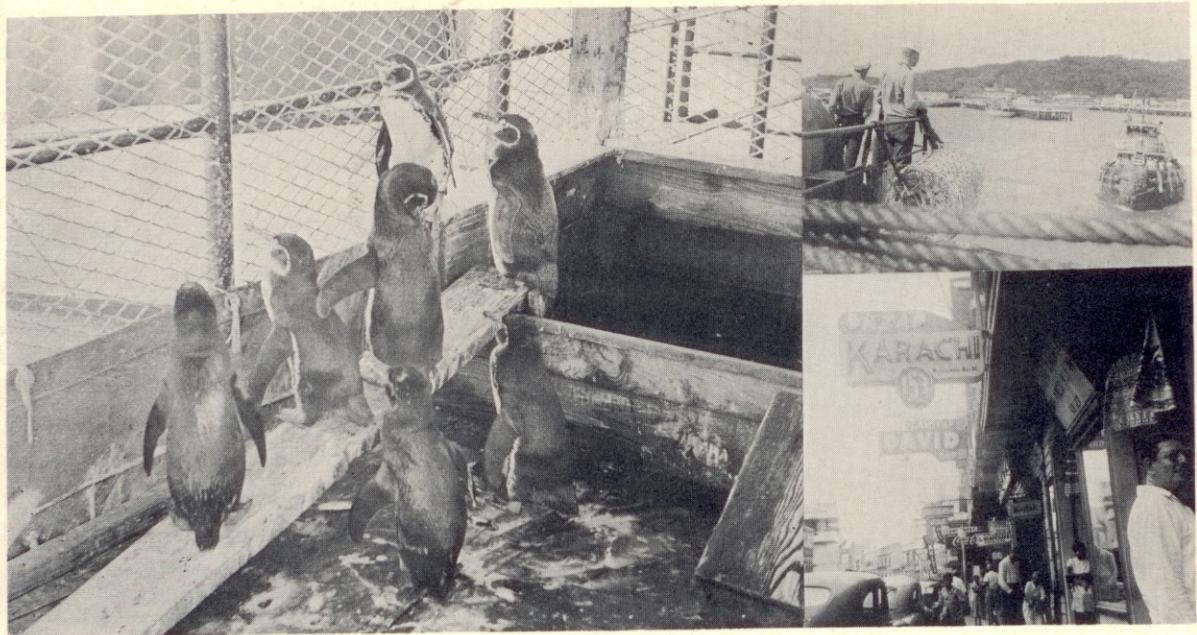
On the 12th of February, shellbacks at last met the Dreaded Line and its impending ceremony, and the pollywogs reluctantly, and with heavy soul, built a canvas covered pool with lumber and tools carried hesitantly to the weather deck. Architects devised a strange hinged chair above the water-plane. Plans for revolt were laid. They failed, hoses notwithstanding! The ceremonies were held and the polly-wog suffered his metamorphosis and emerged from the garbage scoop, the stocks, and the pool a new and fullfledged member of that grand society of men who have crossed the line . . .

We were to paint the ship at Tagus, but it rained. We would begin the task; inevitably the rain would come. Tagus Bay was our first look at the Galapagos. We were not the first ones there: the rocks were painted white with the memories of old Navy ships. Sharks were seen and black lava on the hills and green close growth that stood out against the geologic anti-clines. The Galapagos (meaning "turtles") failed to send out any turtle-force to greet us. In fact, hardly a one was seen. Dr. O'Conner will remember Tagus Bay. It was here that M/S Stephenson lost his appendix in a 45 minute operation aboard the GOLDEN BEAR. Sea-going surgeons at large who participated in the operation were Mr. Pritchett, CMA's faithful Medical Technician, and the intern, M/S Larry Burkhalter.

We left Tagus on the evening of 14 February, the GOLDEN BEAR plowing through the lake-like waters of Canal

Bolivar in a strange quiet equator mist, and rounded the radared tip of Isla Isabela on our way to Indefatigable and Academy Bay. At about 0120 we picked up shore lights blinkering S O S in the vicinity of Villamil, on the south east coast of Isla Isabela. The log tells the rest: "Master called . . . due to lack of safe landing craft no steps were made. Signal sent signifying intention to report to Academy Bay." It was not until later that we learned that Ecuador's penal





colony had revolted, overpowered their guards and raided the village of Villamil in an orgy of raping, drinking and robbing that ended with a primitive barbecue, a giant fiesta, and the capture of a Los Angeles yacht manned by Attorney William Hervey, his wife and six companions.

We went ashore for a few hours at Academy Bay and saw life in an area world famous for its associations with the great ("Origin of the Species") naturalist Charles Darwin. The Midshipmen lined up before a wooden shack and bought Isla Galapagos postage stamps to send back home, swam in unbelievably blue waters, chatted with homesick Ecuadorean sailors, observed exiles from Germany, and noted the strong contrast between the civilization of the Europeans and the sordid condition of the natives. The natives vegetated in the sun, wearing what was necessary, and letting the pressures of civilization abandon themselves to whomever would assume them; the Europeans from the hills, who produced coffee and bananas for export and knew where the elusive turtles were, came aboard and entered the ward-room stamped with the imprint of civilization in the Galapagos: their dress and manners were civilized and one would hardly know that they WERE exiles in the middle of the world. It was here too that Friar Aurelio Maria Guerrero Franciscano held Mass aboard the GOLDEN BEAR on a peaceful Sunday morning. (Or was it afternoon?)

It was at the Galapagos, too, that the GOLDEN BEAR became a Scientific Ship under that brave pair of co-explorers, Zoological Engineer Beland and Navigator Nied, who daily rose early, and with their hardy Midshipmen crew "steamed off" in Lifeboat No. 4 into the wilds of the fearful Galapagos to search for 14 inch penguins, wild fish and the dreaded four foot iguanas for the Steinhart Museum. It was these captures that led to such log book entries (by M/S Horne) as "... disposed of dead 'Needle Fish' found in aquarium with tail apparently bitten off," and such strange-sounding pipes over the inter-communication system as "Compartment cleaners, report to the Penguin Cage.."

Ten hundred and thirty six miles away Callao and Lima waited for our ship and we steamed there in a little over four days at a leisurely 9.61 knots. Signalling tests were given to the First Class, while the Second Class was given a reprieve by Executive Officer Heron until arrival in Balboa. Andy the Sail put the Midshipmen to work on the manropes, their needles smooth with the pungent sweet smell of beeswax, the main deck port side glistened with pigmented red and the clocks were set one hour ahead as we passed a meridian that also ran through places called Tampa, Columbus, and Detroit. We arrived at Callao at 0545 on the gray morning of 22 February, seeing our first bit of land like a turtle's hump, which soon stretch-



ed out full length, man-like, prone, face-upwards on the sea . . . It was the Island of San Lorenzo; then came the long breakwater and the 15 second light and the tall factory stacks (we thought of Selby) and green trees beneath which could be seen grey guns, which were, said the natives, "seldom, if ever used," and there to starboard we could see the red swath which was the River Rimac running fresh into the salty sea. We saw lights again, bicycles, ships, (the harbour was full of ships and small craft - one thought of the aeroplane scenes of

the flat sea cluttered with the ships of Dunkirk) autos, and even heard the low-whistled sound of some far off coal-burning freight on unseen tracks. It was our first real view of civilization since San Pedro, and it was a grand return . . .

Lima was beautiful; and it was ugly too. The Naval Academy had an horizon and a fine architectural line, sleek racing craft, a comfortable lounge and bar. Lima had the world's most beautiful women, statues of bold Pizarro and brave San Martin, fountains in the squares, terrific ice cream, the Hotel Bolivar, probably the world's worst slums, and sullen descendants of the Incas with long black braids and coloured blankets draped about their shoulders.

We bought nearly every Llama skin in Old Peru, lowered the ship's draft a few inches with native silver, and at last pushed off at 0803, 28 February, destination Balboa, Panama . . .

On the way up the 2nd Class endured Commander Heron, armed with his black flag case and reluctantly learned semaphore. The sea was a bit rough after the glassy obsidian calmness of the Galapagos. The study groups streamed the taffrail log, the berth deck hatches were open to the wind, the First Class practiced Williamson Turns, the drills came off on schedule, the forward weather deck was scraped and painted, and Commander Flanner and his left hand man Ybarroondo (serving HIS internship for Chief Engineer) turned the starboard classroom into a re-designed haven for engineers . . .

We arrived at Balboa on the 5th of March and settled comfortably into the routine of the Naval Base with its famous CPO Club steaks, cool drinks, swimming pool, and free cinema. Some of us went on a tour of Old Panama, climbed to the top of the Hilton Hotel, and suffered an 8 hour trip through the US's efficiently managed Panama Canal. We looked at duty free sextants. We longed, at last, for the city of San Diego. Finally on 10 March at 0000 we were roused out and in near darkness unmade our coiled lines and lay them on the deck under a 20-day-old moon nearly smothered in clots of cloud. The screws backed and we were off again into a world of night and flashing lights. At 0148 the Pilot pulled away in the U.S. MACKEREL and we steamed off on 142° proceeding out to sea and home some

2878 miles away. Northward we went, escaping the sun whose approach had once been so near that we had marvelously plotted its GP on our charts and with incredulous compasses swung full circles of equal radii in place of the usual segmented LOPs. Coming up the west coast of Mexico the weather worsened and heavy sprays came over the starboard side forcing us to head in, so that by 14 March we were within ten miles of land in the Gulf of Tehuantepec. Some of us were soon wishing that the Third Class Helmsman would fall asleep with his weight to starboard to bring the GOLDEN BEAR once again into Bahia de Acapulco; he never did; we sailed on...

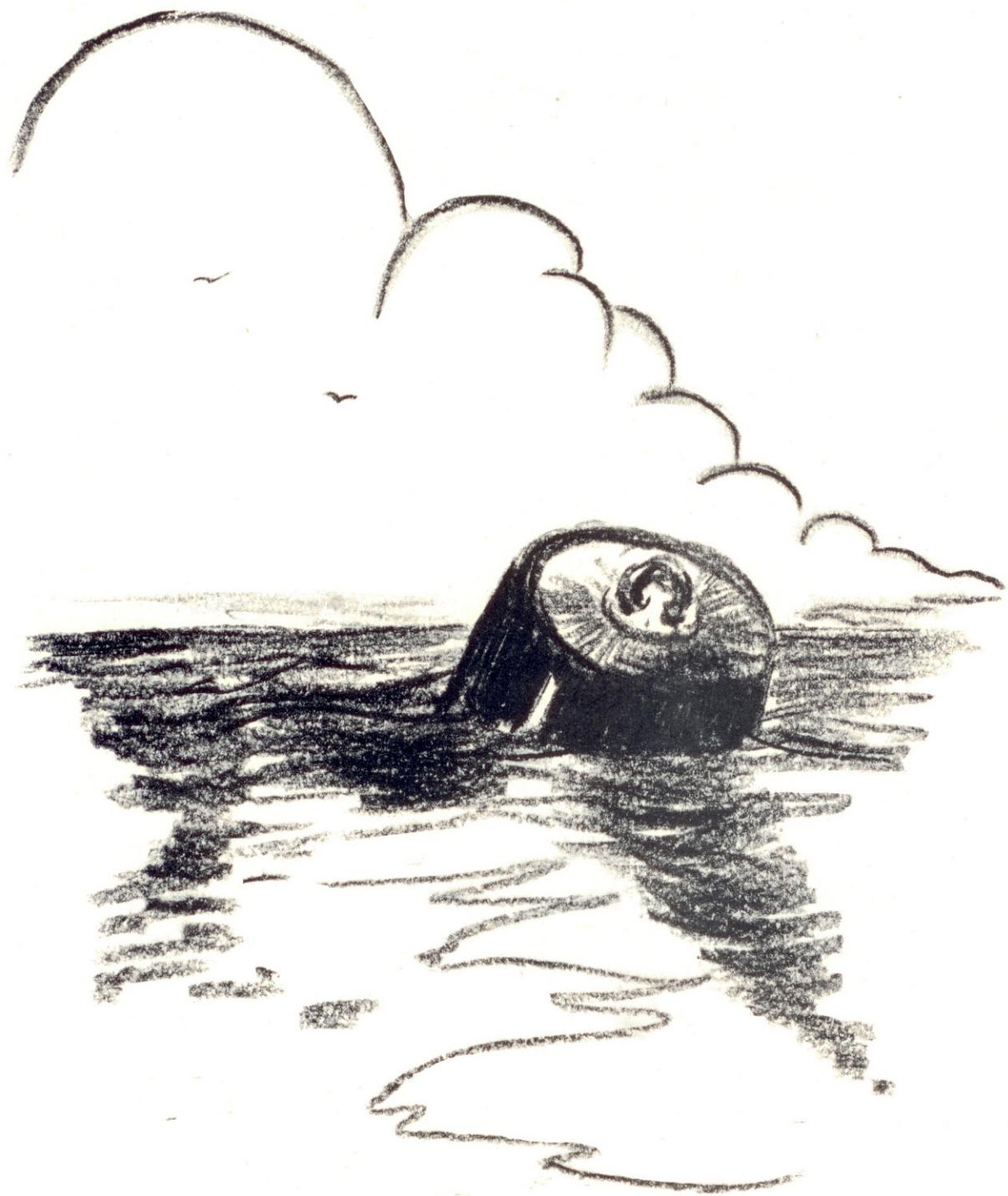
The rest is known to everyone - San Diego, Long Beach, Santa Barbara and a stormy rain-cursed and star-blighted voyage up the coast until we passed under the Golden Gate at 0410, 1 April 1958, and came to anchor within sight of our own Selby, and the new construction on the hill. We heaved anchor at 1131 that same morning and at 1245 the Engineers took heed of Captain Anderson's last command and in a driving rain finished with their engines

THIS, THEN, was our Cruise. It was a TRAINING CRUISE. It was a SHIP commanded by a new Captain, officered by CMA Mates and Engineers, and WORKED by Midshipmen whose knowledge, gained from long classroom hours and an applied practical afternoon instruction period, turned the shafts, whose hands painted its hull; whose skill fed its greedy furnaces, rotated its valves, sweated in its oil heat, felt its cold bridge, and captured its position with the swift sextant in a battle against the stars, putting Venus, Capella, Achernar and Sirius from their orbits and putting them on the plotting sheet and saying "Here, HERE is where we are!" Midshipman Navigators. Midshipman Engineers. The GOLDEN BEAR was our cruise and it is the GOLDEN BEAR that makes the California Maritime Academy the great school that it has a right to be The 1958 Cruise is over and our lines secured. But even now we yearn for Cruise again, and for the inevitable command "Stand By Your Engines", for the Golden Gate and for the movement to the open sea. . . .





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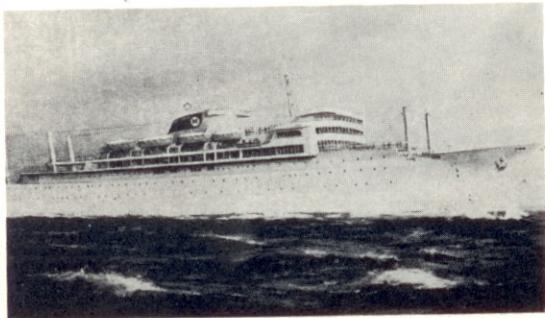
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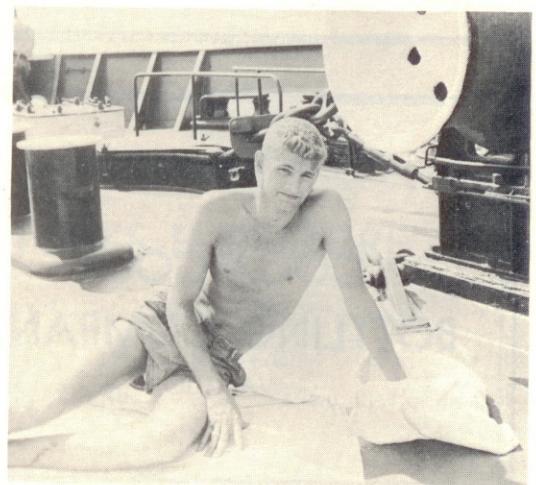
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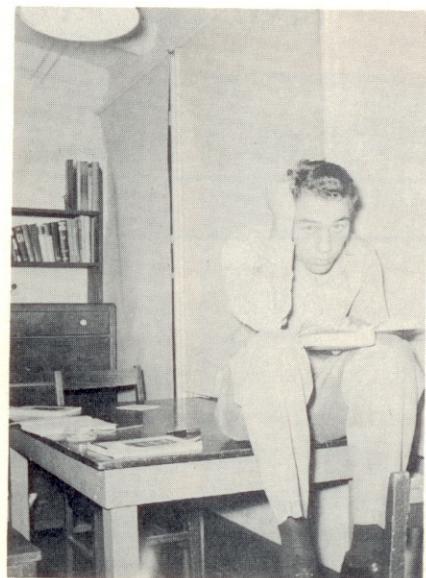
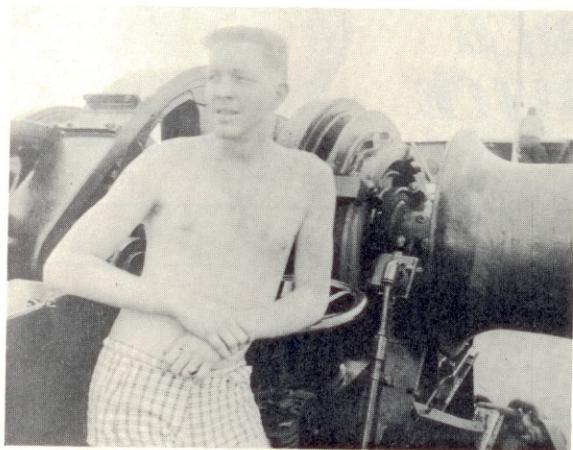
congratulate the men of the California Maritime Academy who graduate in this class of 1958—and wish them good sailing throughout their careers in the vital and traditional profession they have chosen.

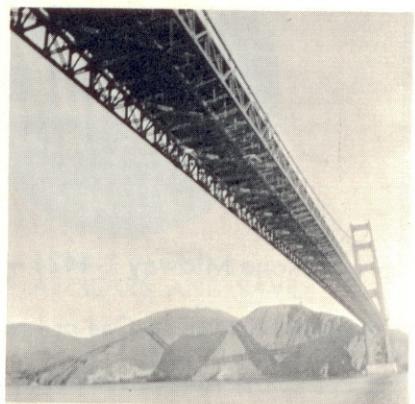
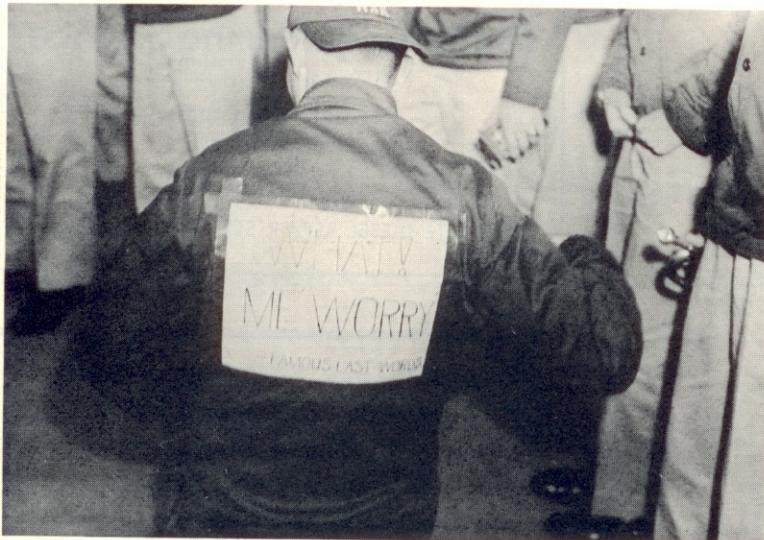
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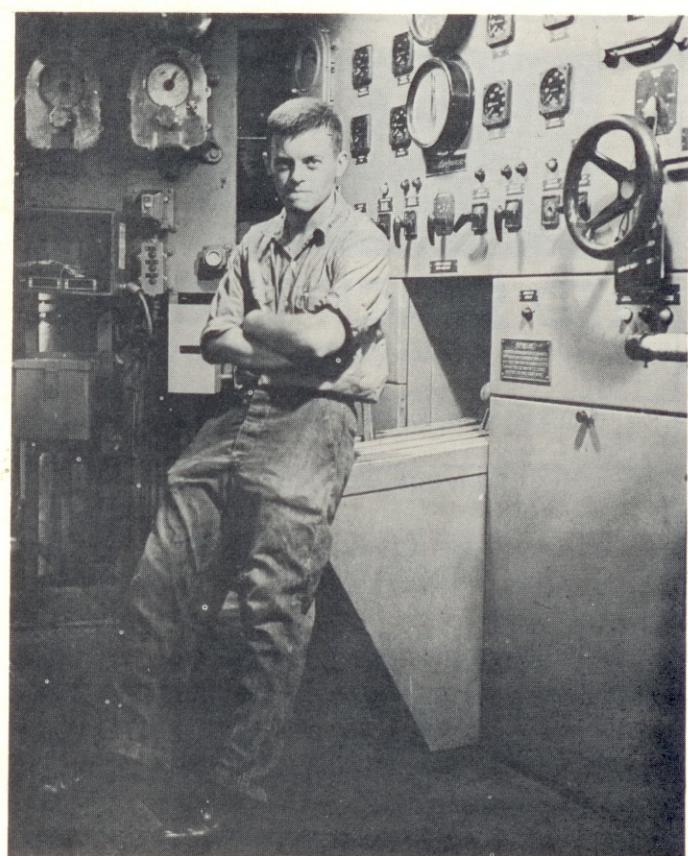
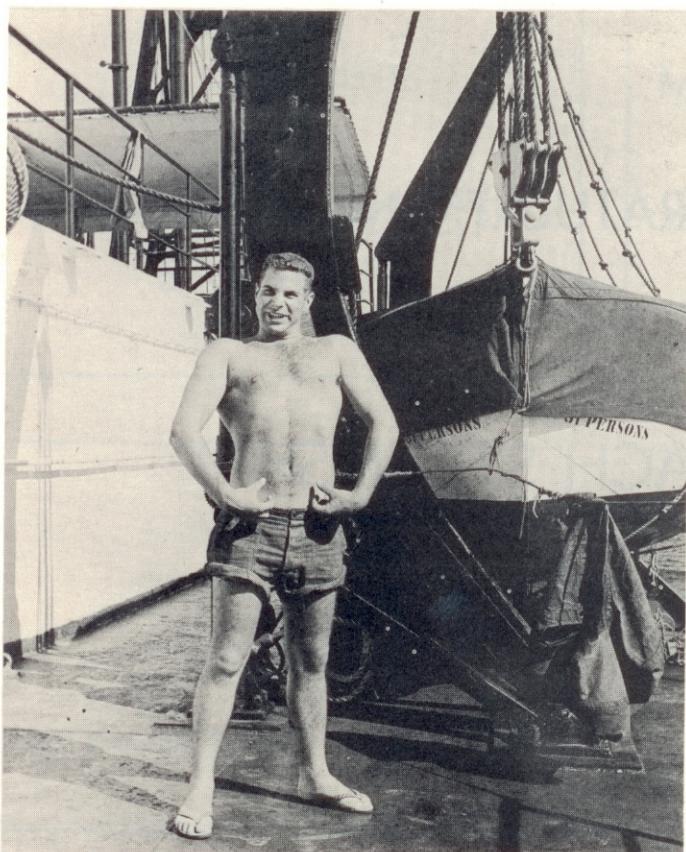
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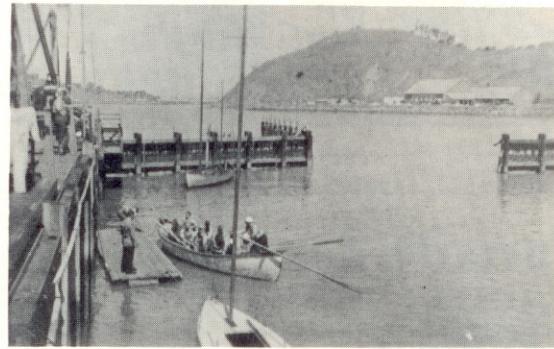


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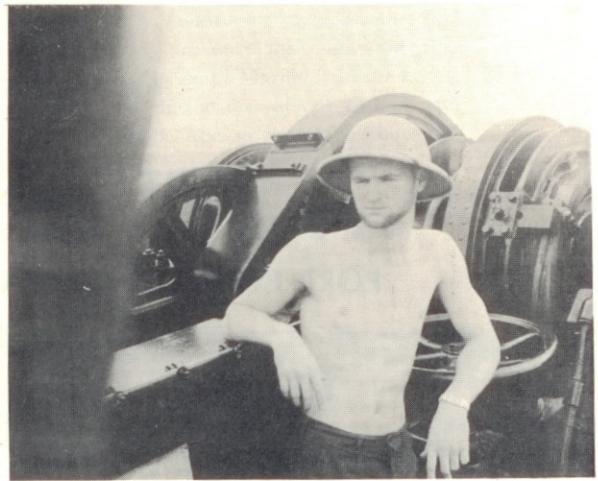
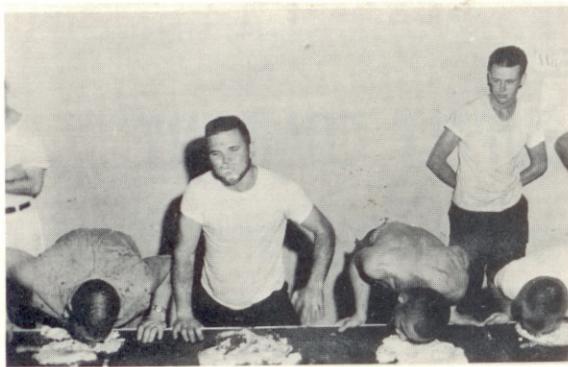
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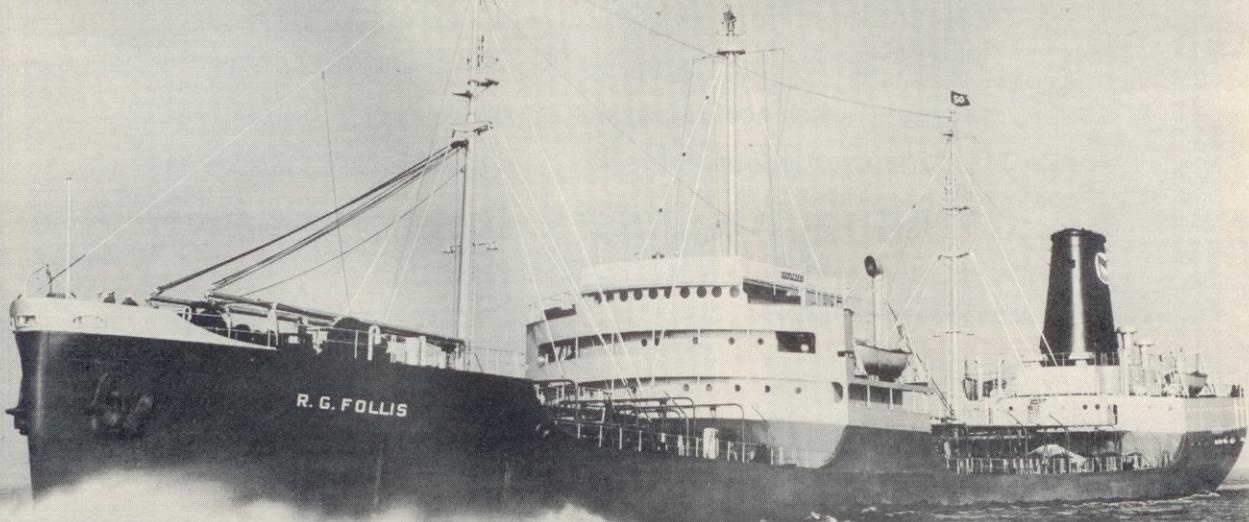
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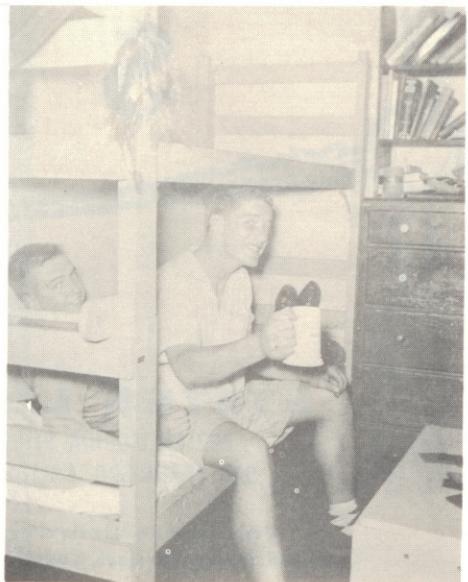
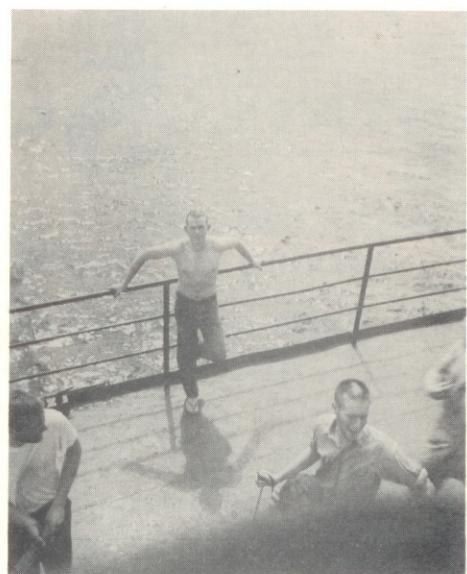
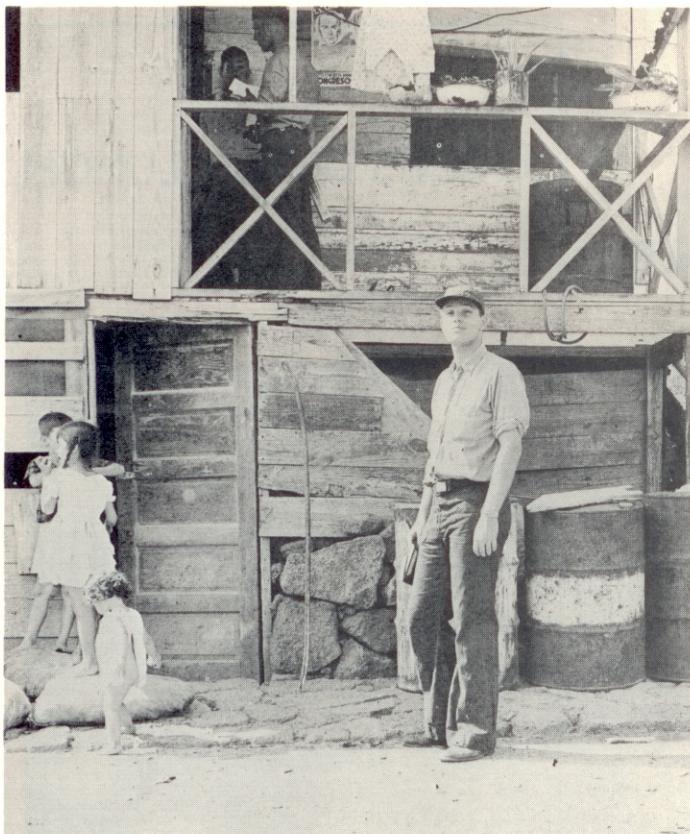
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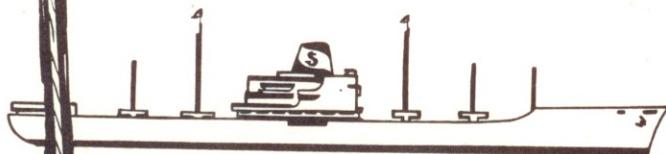
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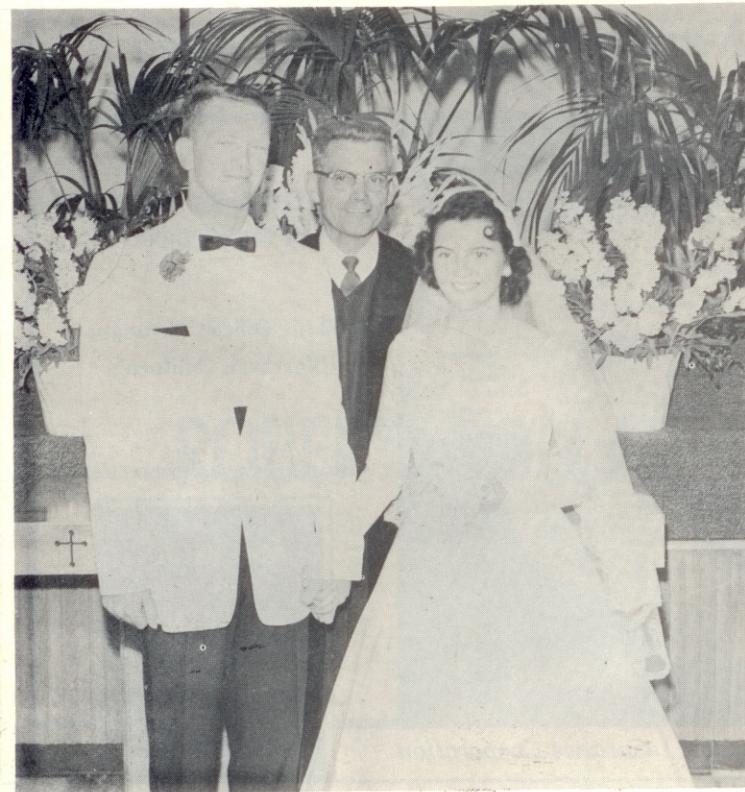
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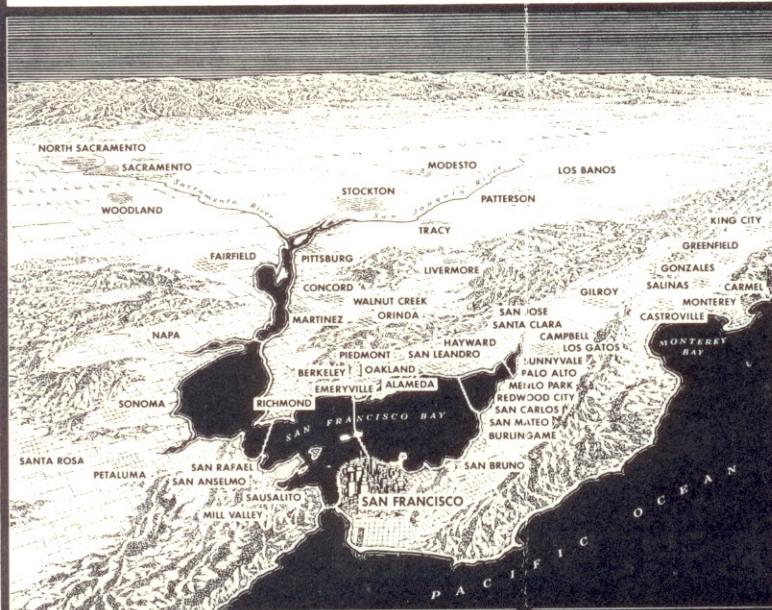
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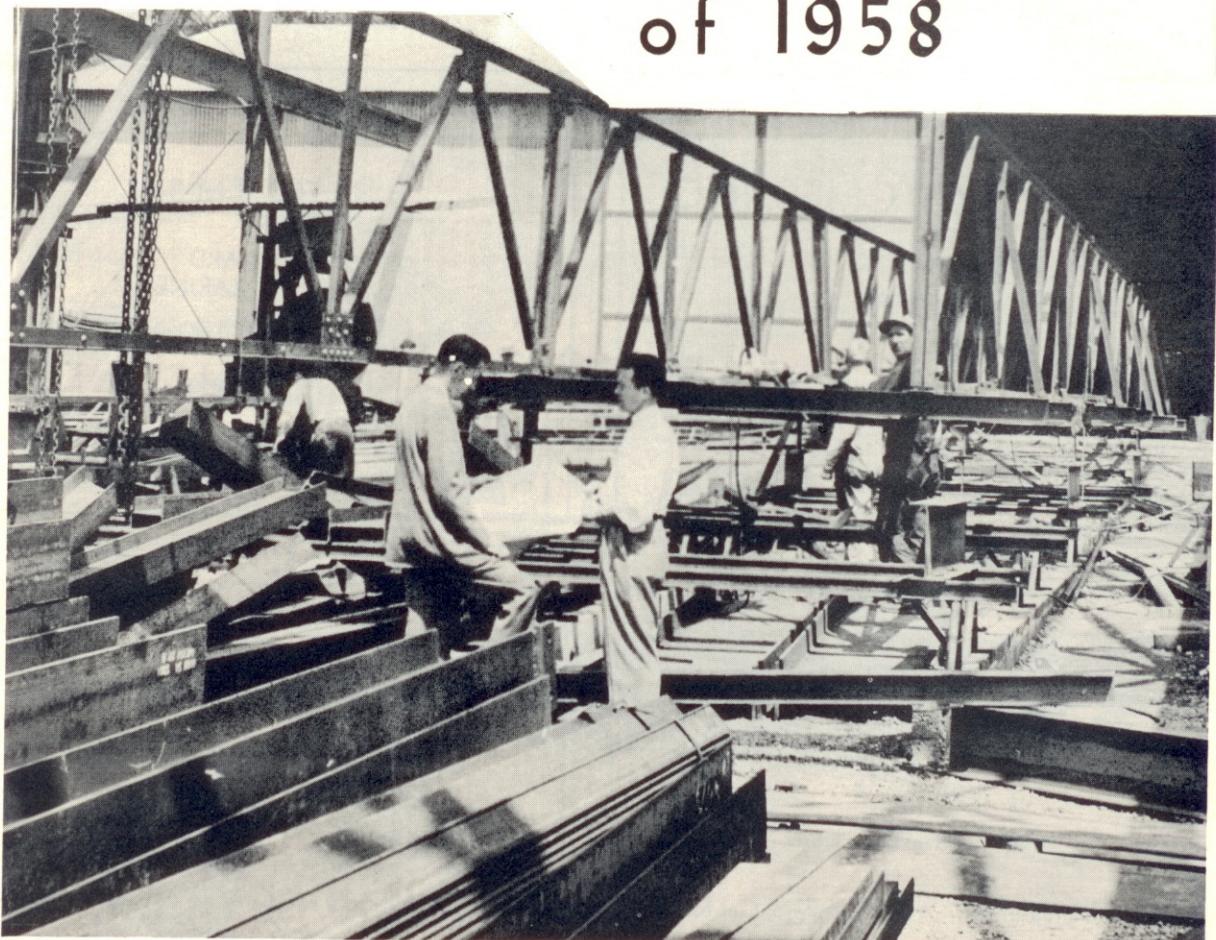
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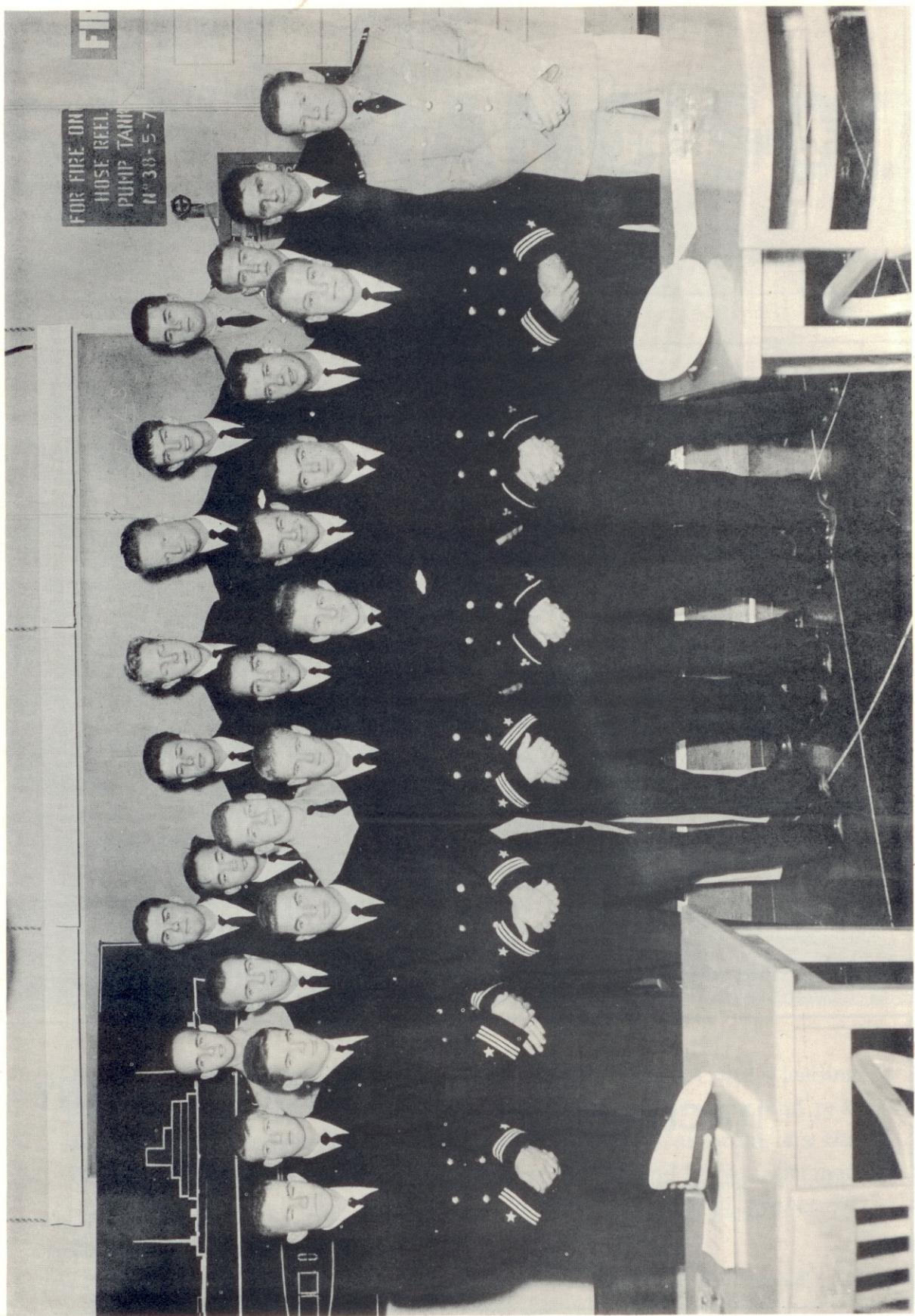
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