



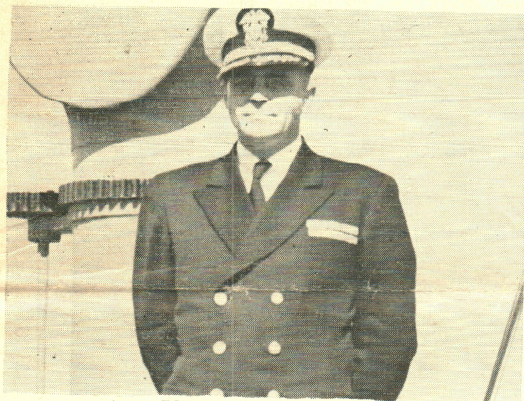
THE BINNACLE

Vol. 3, No. 5

CARQUINEZ STRAITS

May, 1945

NEW C. O. ABOARD T. S. G. S. GETS UNDERWAY



COMMANDER L. MARTIN

NEW COMMANDING OFFICER ARRIVES

On May 7th, 1945, Commander L. Martin arrived to take over command of the Training Ship Golden State.

The Midshipmen Corps heartily welcomed the new Captain aboard, as it meant that we would finally start the long-looked-forward-to cruise.

To give a brief summary of Captain Martin's background we have found out the following facts:

L. Martin was born 24 August, 1897. At the age of 18 he joined the Navy. He served on the U. S. S. Pennsylvania, fleet flagship of World War I, for four years. His Navy experience combined with his excellent record and letters of recommendation from his commanding officers set him in good stead for a position in the Maritime World. In 1920, having all the necessary qualifications for a Second Mate's license, he sailed aboard a combination passenger-cargo ship. "Going from a Naval vessel to a passenger vessel was a difficult job," Captain Martin says. "The freedom aboard a Navy ship is in sharp contrast to the polish and manners aboard a passenger ship; however, after being aboard a ship for four years with only men, it was rather nice to sail on a ship with female companions."

During his twenty years in the Merchant Marine, Captain Martin has seen service on all types of vessels. He spent two years on the passenger cargo ship and then decided to try tankers. After several trips, he changed to cargo vessels, spending the next ten years in the Atlantic, sailing from United States ports to European ports.

In 1937, he again felt the urge to go tanker and took command of the S. S. Huguenot. During the next few years Captain Martin stayed on tankers. He made several trips in the Pacific on the tankers Agwiworld and Kekoskee. It was on these ships that he sailed with Mr. Summerill, who was Second Mate at this time. (Editor's Note: The first class deckhands have heard many interesting stories of this cruise from Mr. Summerill).

In 1941, Captain Martin left his tanker for active duty with the Navy. December 7th, 1941, found Commander Martin in Pearl

Harbor aboard the U. S. S. Tangier, as navigating officer. From Pearl Harbor his ship went to New Caledonia, then to the New Hebrides. In 1943 he came back to the states and put into commission an LSD (Landing Ship Dock) at Moore Drydock. Captain Martin took part in eight invasions in fifteen months while in command of his LSD. The first was in the Marshalls, then the Bismark Islands, followed by New Guinea, the Marianas, Caroline Islands, Philippines and Okinawa, in the Ryukyus. His excellent record has not gone without notice. Captain Martin wears campaign ribbons for: the bronze star award, Victory medal for World War I, American Defense Medal with bronze star, Pacific Area with silver star and two bronze stars, American Theater, and the Philippine Liberation.

While in the Linguyan Gulf, in the Philippines, Captain Martin's LSD took aboard a 300-ton Jap cargo sub, which is now part of the war trophies of the Commander of the 7th Fleet.

The talk of Captain Martin's accomplishments won him due admiration from the Cadet Corps even before he came aboard the training ship, but by the time the watch had come off the bridge on the first day of cruise, he had won the praise and complete confidence of all hands. Captain Martin has instigated some new and helpful ideas in regards to the training of the cadets who are under his supervision while on watch on the bridge.

At present, Captain Martin's wife is living in Long Beach, but they soon hope to find a home in or near Vallejo.

We of The Binnacle staff, in behalf of the entire Midshipmen Corps, wish to extend to Captain Martin a hearty "Welcome Aboard Sir," and a hope that he will be with us on many future cruises.

FIRST WEEK OF CRUISE

By Carlton Clendenny

One week of cruise behind them and CMA's latest class of midshipmen already show signs of being true seamen, even though they have not yet passed through the Golden Gate and sailed upon the high seas. Thus from the time the after breast line was cast off at 1500 Tuesday, to the landing made at the base Friday morning the men of the schoolship had acquired the sea habit and were a big step closer to being of the calibre of seamen typical of CMA.

The speculation and rumors ever present on past and present cruises reached a new height as Captain Martin reported for duty aboard the Golden State Monday morning. This change of command was the spark that ignited the flood of rumors that still re-echo in the berth and mess decks. Everyone aboard felt confident that the big question mark of each cruise was soon to be answered. Others went so far as to speculate and predict the action to be taken during this cruise.

Resulting from this condition was the feeling by more than one person that as the last line was quickly hauled aboard and the base fell astern of us, it would be some time before we would once again step from the gang-plank onto the dock at Carquinez Straits. It was not until the ship's head nosed into Paradise Cove that these few knew that their hopes were to be shattered as they had been before.

What little hope if any remained was obliterated next morning as we headed up channel on the first leg of the Carquinez Straits-North Bay milk run. Much to the despair of the Cadet Corps it looked as though the same course taken in past years

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Editor-In-Chief

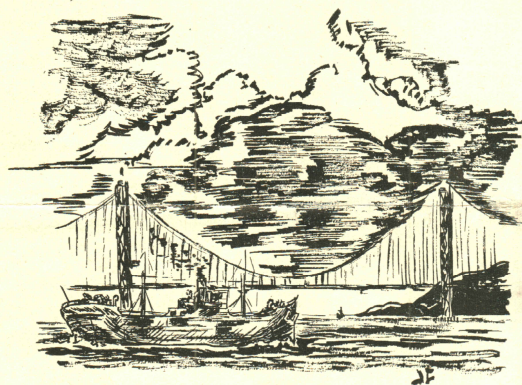
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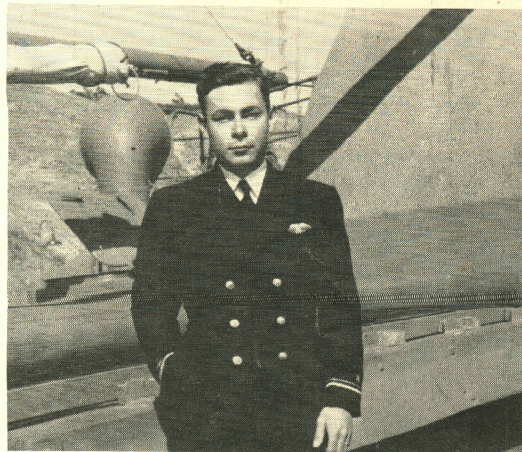
National Maritime Day was created to commemorate an historic date in ocean transportation. In 1933 the Congress designated May 22 for the annual observance, because on that day in 1819 the S. S. SAVANNAH, the first ship to use steam propulsion on an ocean voyage, left the United States for England.

To Captain Moses Rogers, of New London, Conn., is given the credit for fitting the first ocean vessel with auxiliary steam power. His ship was built in 1818 in New York as a sailing vessel. It was a sizeable craft for the time, more than 100 feet long, with a beam of 28 feet and drawing around 14 feet of water.

Captain Rogers had observed the success of river and coastal ocean steamers that followed in the wake of Robert Fulton's ventures with the *Claremont* on the Hudson River. With characteristic American ingenuity and daring he conceived the idea of using steam as an auxiliary to sails on a trans-ocean voyage, and canvassed the shipping industry for financial backing.

Finally Captain Rogers found support in Savannah, Ga. A shipping firm there was willing to put up the required money to prove that steam power was leasable for ocean crossings. Sailing his ship to the southern port, he watched as it was outfitted with steam boiler and engine on deck and steel paddle wheels that were collapsible and removable so they could be stowed on deck when the wind was right for sails.

The ship was gratefully named for Savannah and Captain Rogers departed for Liverpool, England. Some 29 days later the Liverpool citizenry, observing a ship coming into the harbor under a cloud of smoke, rushed to the rescue, prepared to take the seamen off their burning vessel. Their embarrassment at their mistake was exceeded only by their curiosity and wonderment concerning it.



JOSEPH S. PALMISANO

As he watched the banana boats plow slowly in and out of New Orleans harbor, even while he was still a small boy, Joe Palmisano developed a passionate longing to go to sea. Moving to California in 1937, he soon concentrated this interest in the sea into an effort to gain admission to the California Maritime Academy.

When he finally entered CMA in January, 1944, Palmisano had an outstanding record behind him. At Washington High, where he went to high school, he made grades of such nature as to earn him a life membership in the California Scholarship Federation. In addition, due to traits of leadership, scholarship, and citizenship, he was elected to the Ephebian Society of Los Angeles.

Joe's major hobby is hunting. In fact, much as he thinks he will enjoy life at sea, he would like to go ashore occasionally to participate in a hunting expedition.

The serious-minded fellow in the dark sun glasses, whose full name is Joseph Salvador Palmisano, has always flitted easily into things at the Academy. He has stood near the top of his class ever since he entered, and is now a Midshipman First Class Petty Officer. His conversation sometimes has a slightly sarcastic tinge to it, probably the result of his interest in oratory when he was in high school.

Upon graduation, this conscientious First Class deckhand will be satisfied with Liberty. He looks forward to this time, when he may fulfill his lifelong desires, with great anticipation: when he may travel from place to place, do some sitting on the side, and become rich in the only way he wishes to become rich, by experience. Typical of his nonchalant, man-of-the-world approach to life are these words which he has often said, "I'm willing to take whatever the future offers."

(Continued from Page 1, Column 2)

was to be repeated again. The one exception being the conning of the ship by the Midshipman Watch Officer.

With a new course laid and Treasure Island bearing on the port bow we knew at last we were bound for South Bay. Amid whistle blasts and criss-crossing vessels we forged our way through the maze of wartime shipping present in San Francisco harbor. Once abeam of Hunter's Point the ship was brought about and again navigated up the channel. When the hook came to rest in the channel bottom Thursday we found our position to be a few miles west of the base where we spent the night pitching with the swells kicked up in San Pablo Bay. Getting underway early the next morning we made the short run up the Carquinez Straits in rare time. With the running of the after spring line across to the dock, the Golden State came to rest at the base, thus bringing to an end the first week of cruising.

Life aboard ship was interrupted in the afternoons after knock off and secure had sounded by the alarms for fire, collision and abandon ship. The first attempts at these drills proved the need for more precision and rapidity, but order was maintained throughout. It will not be long before the entire ship's company displays the efficiency required of them during such drills.

ANNOUNCING . . . A SHORT STORY CONTEST FOR MERCHANT SEAMEN

April 15 to November 30, 1945.

Open to all active seamen in every branch of Maritime Service.

Sponsored by THE GOLDEN GATE CLUB of the United Seamen's Service, 439 Market Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.

The Golden Gate Club of the United Seamen's Service offers these awards:

First Prize	\$150.00 War Bond
Second Prize	\$100.00 War Bond
Third Prize	\$ 75.00 War Bond

For Short Stories which deal with life today at sea:

Argosy Magazine will publish the First Prize story and will pay the author \$250.00.

Final judges will be:

Albert Richard Wetjen, nationally-famous author and writer of sea stories.

C. S. Forester, author of the Captain Horatio Hornblower series of novels and sea stories.

Joseph Henry Jackson, Literary Editor of the San Francisco "Chronicle."

Captain Claude B. Mayo, USN (Ret.), Superintendent, California Maritime Academy and author.

Jacland Marmur, well-known writer of sea stories.

Second and Third Prize Stories, and Promising Runners-up, will be sponsored for publication with recommendation of the judges.

Read the Rules of the contest carefully, contact your nearest United Seamen's Service Club for an entry blank — and write a story. (There is an U.S.S.C. in San Francisco.)

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. To be eligible, the contestant must qualify as actively engaged in one of the branches of the maritime service of any of the United Nations. Students at maritime academies are included.
2. Authors who have had five short stories, or a novel, previously published are not eligible, nor are relatives of the judges, nor staff members of the United Seamen's Service.
3. Entries must be accompanied by the official entry blank available at United Seamen's Service Clubs in the United States.
4. Stories must be in English, typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of the paper only, and the author is advised to retain a carbon copy. They must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed-to-self return envelope and be mailed flat without folding.
5. Stories may not exceed 4,000 words in length and are limited in subject matter to the general category of Modern Stories of the Sea (within the limitations of wartime censorship security.)
6. No contestant may enter more than two stories and each must have an individual entry blank.
7. Entries must be post-marked not later than November 30, 1945 and be addressed to the Golden Gate Club Short Story Contest, United Seamen's Service, 439 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.
8. The United Seamen's Service will not be responsible for loss of, or damage to, manuscripts submitted, although every care will be taken to prevent accident.
9. The decision of the judges is final and no correspondence will be entered into about rejected entries.
10. The Golden Gate Club of the U.S.S. makes its awards gratuitously. All entries, and all rights to same, remain the property of the author. Submission of manuscripts for publication, with the sponsorship of the judges, will only be done by express consent of the author. The judges' sponsorship does not guarantee publication.
11. Manuscripts will be returned within thirty days after announcement of the prize winners.
12. Any entry which fails to comply with the above provisions of the contest will not be considered.

Statement of Admiral Land of War Shipping Administration, Washington, D. C., on the short story contest for merchant seamen sponsored by the Golden Gate Club of the United Seamen's Service at San Francisco:

"The Story of the American Merchant Marine can best be told by the seamen who are performing the job. It is they who can add the salty detail and the touches of color that give realism to sea stories. The fearless determination and incredible seamanship of the men sailing our merchant fleet are attributes of

CAPTAIN MAYO'S VISIT TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Superintendent left for Washington on April 2nd and returned to the Academy on the 28th. In the intervening 26 days, Captain Mayo talked with some of the most important men in the Navy Department—some of whom were his old classmates at the Naval Academy. To each of them he had a bill of goods to sell, namely, an interest in CMA.

Among those whom the Captain visited were the Secretary of the Navy, James B. Forrestal, Admirals King, Land, McCauley, Vickery, and Admirals Jacobs, Fletcher, Fitch, Buck, and Broshek. From each of them he received exclamations of approval of the work that is being done at the Academy and promises of aid in the form of surplus materiel.

The success of the Captain's visit may be summarized in his one statement delivered to the Cadet Corps upon his return; said Captain Mayo, "We will have the finest engineering department for Merchant Marine officers in the country." Proof of the truth of these words lies in this partial list of materiel which will be secured as it becomes available: a fully equipped library, new furniture and fixtures for the base and ships, models and training aids, compasses and sextants and other navigational gear. For the engineers a condensing plant, distilling plant, forge shop, foundry, woodworking shop, machine shop equipment, a destroyer boiler, pumps, welding outfit, heat treatment outfit, and in general, any other materiel surplus to the Navy Department and of use to the Academy. And aside from the evident value of the above materiel, the budget which the state allows us each year may now be spent for other things, as quite a bit of the budget had been earmarked for the very things which the Navy Department is giving us.

In addition to the above, a complement of ten new officers will report aboard as soon as they become available. We will then have a surplus of four officers above our allotted complement. The Captain hopes to have ten enlisted men, probably chiefs, assigned to the Academy later on.

All in all, future classes of CMA can look forward to an Academy which will truly be worthy of the new American Merchant Marine.



"Not so fast, Jerk, I don't think they're getting it all."

which every one of us can be proud, and their stories of the stupendous job they are performing should be illuminating.

"I believe that this contest may serve two excellent purposes. It could uncover latent literary talents by which our marine literature could be further enriched, and by so doing give us some first-hand accounts of the tremendous heroism and gallantry with which our men and ships are serving the Allied cause."

(Signed) E. S. LAND

THE MISADVENTURES OF SLOPSHUTE JERK

By T. E. Casey

A warm sunny day finds the pride of the Cadet Corps—fearless Slopshute Jerk spinning yarns of the sea with a Swabbie on each knee. Suddenly the serenity of the barracks is broken by the MOBD piping, "All hands move aboard the ship today between 1545 and 1615. Athletic formation at 1616."

"What's a ship, Mr. Jerk, sir?" inquire the Swabs in unison.

"I haven't time to explain now," answers Jerk, "just pack your socks and follow the mob."

As 132 Midshipmen labor feverishly to transport their gear to the ship in the thirty minutes allotted—Slopshute rests on the lawn in front of "A" Barracks, delighted with his ingenuity. Slopshute had known in advance of the moving time and had devised a plan whereby he could move his belongings with a minimum of effort. The clever Jerk had disguised his gear as rubbish (with little effort) and placed it in the barrack's G.I. cans. He realized that the cans would be dumped on the spill near the ship and it would be a simple matter to collect his gear and carry it the short distance across the dock. Next we find Jerk, moist-eyed, helping three Swabs separate his gear from a smouldering pile of rubbish on the spill. (There is only one flaw in Slopshute's plan, namely the gardener, who collects the G.I. cans, not only dumped the debris but started to burn the contents of the can before Slopshute could separate his priceless possessions.

Slopshute, becoming disgusted with the state of affairs, leaves his gear to the mercy of the flames and descends into lower No. 1 to investigate the possibility of attaining a new wardrobe from the choice selection offered by the Lucky Locker. By some queer quirk of fate, Slopshute stumbles on an old mattress where he spends the next three and one-half days. Jerk is roused out of his slumber by his old buddy Shorty Stackblack.

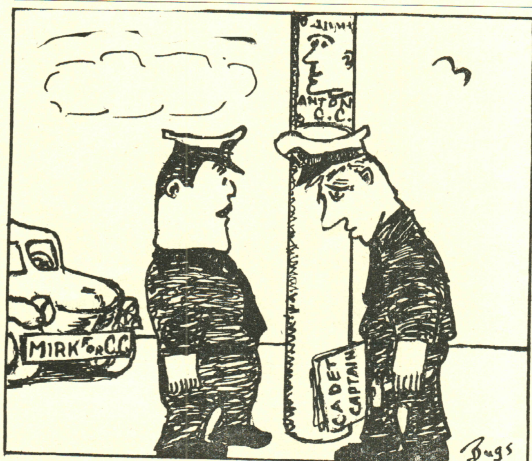
"Keeriminy, Slopshute, we've been looking all over for you. You're the watch QM and you've only five minutes to get to the bridge." Jerk tries to answer but such a complete rest had left him with a thick taste in his mouth. He "glubs" his gratitude and staggers toward the bridge.

A few minutes later Slopshute is standing on the starboard wing when the new captain comes on the bridge. The old man looks at our hero and turns to Mr. Tubbs and says, "Give this man a quarter and send him ashore, we're about to shove off."

"Oh, he belongs here," answers Mr. Tubbs. Slopshute licks Chester's hand gratefully. "Oh, come now," blushes the Navigator.

Jerk opens the bell-book and lays his head face down (he had walked all the way from Lower No. 1 to the Pilot House without once stopping to rest) for 4 winks. With three bells on the telegraph (one to unwind the sternline from the screw) the "Great Gray Ghost" automatically heads for Public Health Anchorage No. 17. As soon as the TSGS has reached midstream and had headed for San Pablo Bay, Captain Martin turns to the cadet Watch Officer and says, "Well, Mr. O'Kentershackle, what is our course to the next buoy?"

"Also," says Mr. Tubbs, "how deep is the channel here, what



Take it from old Baxter, Mirkovich, that isn't the way it's done here at CMA.

TWO YEARS HAVE PASSED SINCE . . .

By R. M. Williams

Thursday, May 7, when the 1943 spring cruise came to an end. This cruise was the shortest in the history of the Academy. During the last week of the cruise the first and second classes were discovering the practical side of seamanship while the third class was learning the ancient and exacting science of chipping and painting.

On Saturday, May 8, the second class held its traditional dinner-dance at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco.

The annual cruise to Stockton. While in Stockton the class schedule was suspended and one division was given liberty each night. Big events of the week were the dance on Saturday night, given in honor of the Midshipmen by the people of Stockton, and the open house on Sunday, sponsored and presided over by Captain Mayo.

Keith Kenny was chosen the new editor of The Binnacle.

Our former Executive Officer, Comdr. Bennet M. Dodson, has had another promotion, the change being from M. C. District Training Instructor in New York City to the Superintendent of the Cadet Basic School in Mississippi.

Through the efforts of Mr. Miller and the Alumni Association, a plaque, long advocated by The Binnacle and the Midshipmen Corps, bearing the names of those alumni who have given their lives for the cause of this nation, has finally been obtained. This plaque has been mounted in the ship's classroom.

The goodly people of Stockton loaded enough stores and provisions to keep them through a long siege and barricaded themselves behind locked doors as the Schoolship, bearing Slopshute Jerk, neared that illustrious port.

direction and how fast is the tide moving, how wide is the fairway south of number 1 harbor buoy in Buenos Aires, and . . . ?"

"Please," interrupts Captain Martin. "What's our course to the next buoy, Mr. O'Kentershackle?"

"I'll have to consult with the navigator, sir," says O'Kentershackle, and turns to the navigator. "What's the course to the next buoy, McOrthographic?"

"Jeepers," says Mac, "all the Cadet Navigator's charts were drawn by Sir Francis Drake in 1715 and that buoy wasn't listed then. However, you can get a fix by taking bearings on a teepee and a totem pole listed here as aids to navigation."

"Oh, thanks," says O'Kentershackle, "you work on that fix."

O'Kentershackle turns to Slopshute, "Come on, Jerk, you take a bearing of buoy No. 14 on the port repeater and I'll take one on the starboard repeater."

"202!" shouts Slopshute from the port wing.

"257!" shouts O'Kentershackle from the starboard wing.

"Just a minute," says Captain, " . . ."

"Oh," interrupts Mr. Tubbs, "you see, Captain, we have a Mark II Sears Roebuck Gyro and the mechanical error is considerable."

"Oh fine!" says Captain Martin. "Say McOrthographic, would you mind stepping out on the wing and pointing out that teepee and totem pole you were referring to?"

"BROAD ON THE BOW, SIR!!!" reports the look-out.

"Watch your language!" yells Slopshute from the port wing. "It says here in the August 16th, 1911, 'Notice to Mariners,'" exclaims the Cadet Navigator "that, 'Removal of aids to Navigation: 7 August, 1911—the Totem Pole situated in position Lat. 35° 07' Long. 122°-15' has been pilfered by a band of wandering date pickers from Tulsa and Teepee situated in Lat. 35°-02' Long. 122°-14' has also been removed (Chief Wampum-in-Wallet, who owned the totem pole, folded his teepee in a fit of pique after his totem pole had been stolen by the wandering date-pickers).

U. S. Light List 1905 pg. 311

U. S. Pacific Coast Pilot 501

H.O. Chart 357:354

USCGS Chart 411:508"

"Sail Ho!" shouted the look-out again.

"Where away," shouts Slopshute.

"That's the way," shouts the look-out, pointing over the port bow.

"Oh, hell!" says the Captain. "Will someone tell me where we are?"

Thus begins another cruise on the ye olde school shippe Golden State.

By the time the situation is brought under control on the bridge the "Great Gray Ghost" finds her anchorage off Tiburon and lets go her anchor from sheer force of habit, much to the amazement of Captain Martin. "Tell the ship to get underway at 0900 and cruise around South Bay." And the "old man" storms off the bridge just as Slopshute's relief arrives.

"How did it go? How's the old man? Have any trouble?" Slopshute "blubs" something and departs once more for his locker top.

SAILOR'S SALTY PHRASES

Sis is going with a sailor,
At first it didn't faze us;
But now the family's talk is full
Of sailors' salty phrases.

We found it rather hard at first
To follow all his speech,
Since talk is different on board ship
Than it is "on the beach."

For when the time to eat comes round,
He sings out "Chow" for food;
And always "stows it down the hatch,"
Which Grandma says is rude.

When talking during dinner,
He talks like other boys;
Except he calls the lettuce "grass,"
And celery just plain "noise."

His "salty" talk is slangy,
And hard to understand;
He calls the canned milk "iron cow,"
And sugar he calls "sand."

His many names for coffee
Are certainly a joke;
He calls it everything from "mud,"
To "jo" and plain "jamoke."

The spinach he calls "popeye,"
And Grandma always squirms
For when we have spaghetti;
He says, "Throw me the worms."

The chicken he calls "sea-gull,"
The ketchup is "red-lead,"
The waffles are "collision-mats,"
While "punk" is mother's bread.

Fried fish is "Pedro pork-chops,"
"Sea-dust" his name for salt;
When he calls the pepper "fly specks,"
Ma nearly called a halt.

He sat beside my father,
And needed elbow room;
He looked at Dad and said: "Say Mate,
Rig in your starboard boom."

We finally caught on, tho,
And now are doing fine;
We say "six-bells" for three o'clock
When we are telling time.

When Ma goes to the city,
Or runs down to the store;
And someone asks us where she is,
We say she's "gone ashore."

Sister calls a floor a "deck,"
To hear her talk is sport;
To her, a roof's an "overhead,"
A window is a "port."

Then, too, if someone gets "fouled-up,"
Or some new trouble comes;
And Dad starts to complain, Ma says:
"Now Pa, don't beat your gums."

Dad doesn't tie his tie now,
Instead he "bends it on,"
While Grandma says the kids "shoved off,"
In place of "they have gone."

Ma says Dad's suit is "shipshape,"
When the fit is real tip top.
But if it's not so neat she says,
"That 'lash-up' ain't so hot."

When Pappy goes to work just now,
We say he's "turning-to,"
Whilst Mother "swabs" and never scrubs,
As once she used to do.

The place sure has gone salty,
Which makes me lots of trouble;
For when Ma says, "Come here, 'Chop chop,'"
I go there "on the double."

I wish that "tar" would "weigh his anchor,"
And do what I oft' think;
"Point his bow" and "trim his jib,"
And go jump in the "drink."

I'm through "batting the breeze" and
"Singing the blues," I'm sure;
So for once, I'll just "cease firing,"
"Train-in" and "Secure."

SEA DUST

(Editor's Note: These jokes are begged, borrowed, or stolen from any and all sources.) * * * *

First Cow: Where are the other girls?

Second Cow: Oh, they're over in the field in a bull session.

Many a man has made a monkey of himself in reaching for the wrong limb.

Girls who keep slapping faces
Don't see lights and go to places.

You all know the co-ed, I trust.
If you haven't met her you must.
There was never a better
At wearing a sweater
She'll put up a good front or bust.

Get out of the end zone mother; the quarterback isn't making passes at you.

Open the wood-shed mother; father is coming home with a load.

Let's tear up the railroad tracks mother; father needs a new tie.

She's got what it takes, but she must have left it somewhere.

Rosa: I got you a blind date with a girl this weekend.

Robb: Great, just my type.

1st Swab (pointing at lonely character): What's the matter with him, B.O.?

2nd Swab: No, it's just the red soap he uses.

Bum on Market Street: Say, mister, could you spare a quarter?
Middie: Beat it bud; I'm working this side of the street.

Street Corner Barker: Young man, I have something here that will be very popular, make your life happier, and give you a host of friends.

Middie: Fine, I'll take a fifth.

"That's the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as the farmer crossed the yard.

A few things we like to hear girls say:

1. Sure I do.
2. No, Bob, it doesn't make any difference when we get home tonight.
3. Let's go Dutch.
4. My, but I'm cold Jim.
5. Why bother, there's no one home here.
6. No, Ed, I've never seen Lake Gregory.
7. I get high on one beer.
8. Chaperone? What chaperone?
9. Do you know the score?
10. No, I'm not.
11. Yes.

He: Do you believe in free love?
She: Have I ever sent you a bill?

Summerill: How long have you been working in this compartment?

Brandt: Ever since I saw you come down the ladder, Sir.

The trouble with being best man at the wedding is that you never get a chance to prove it.

KNOW YOUR OFFICERS



MR. JOHN M. CADWELL

You'd hardly expect to call a man with 2 and one-half stripes, "Tex," but that's the kind of man Mr. Cadwell is. He's friendly and informal and never too tired to lend a helping hand when someone has moved a decimal point too far or dropped a zero.

Naturally, he was born in Texas, Salado to be exact. Mr. Cadwell stayed in Salado through high school and then packed up his collars and moved off to Austin and the University of Texas. There he studied English, History, Latin, and allied subjects in preparation for Law School. But after a year of college life, the coins could no longer be heard jingling in his pocket and the lettuce had wilted somewhat badly and, as was the case with so many, it was necessary for him to set aside his thoughts of L.L.D. and join the Navy.

On his left breast he wears the campaign ribbons of the South American waters, including the Mexican, Haitian, and Dominican campaigns; also the Victory Medal of World War I. After serving a few hitches and seeing quite a bit of the world, Mr. Cadwell retired from the Navy in 1940.

Mr. Cadwell is an outdoor man of the first rate—and gets away for a fishing trip as often as his work in the office will permit—which, unfortunately, is very seldom. He was a member of his ship's track team during his Navy years, and maintains his interest in sports by keeping a close watch on his Santa Clara Bronco football team. His love for sports interrupted what might have been a promising music career.

His mother, being a music teacher, naturally started "Tex" practicing his piano lessons daily, but the lure of the sand-lot was too great. His love for music runs toward symphonies, especially Hayden and Debussy. Mr. Cadwell is also a Gershwin fan, being fond of "Porgy and Bess" and "Rhapsody in Blue"—and in a different tempo, Ravel's "Bolero" and "Ritual Fire Dance" by DeFalla. His hobbies include Crossword puzzles, Radio Quiz program, Poker, and above all CMA. As Mr. Cadwell said, "CMA is my hobby."

An example of wasted energy is telling a hair-raising story to a bald headed man.

* * * *

Nevins: "Have you forgotten that \$5.00 you owe me?"

McLachlan: "Not yet, give me time."

* * * *

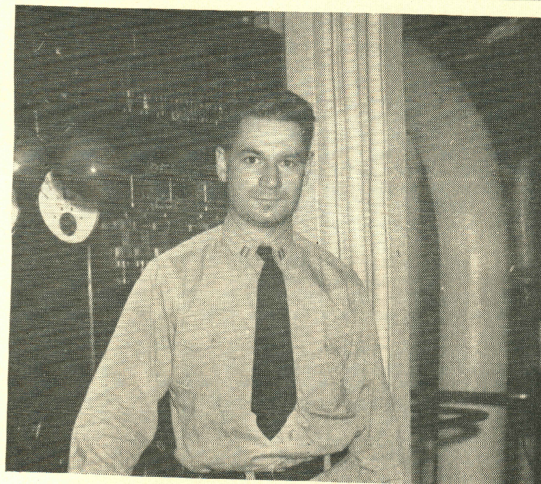
Teacher: "Give a use for cowhide."

Willie: "Well, it keeps the cow together."

* * * *

Employer: "What kept you from work yesterday — acute indigestion?"

Typist: "No, a cute engineer."



LT. THOMAS DUNLOP, JR.

When the call goes out for a "diesel man," you always know whom to turn to—just one cabin aft of the Wardroom, on the port side, is a box with a card bearing the name "Lt. Thomas Dunlop, Jr."

Mr. Dunlop is a man of the "Far East"—about as far east as The Bronx, New York, where he was born some 36 years ago. Feeling that he was in need of higher education, his parents moved to Elmhurst, Long Island, where he attended Newtown High School. Mr. Dunlop was a track man there, running the 100 and 220-yard dashes. The next move towards the two gold stripes came when he was admitted to Lafayette College. There he majored in Mechanical Engineering and after 4 years of Math, Chem, Physics, and allied subjects, received his Bachelor of Science in Engineering. Mr. Dunlop was a Kappa Sigma at Lafayette.

He is a rabid Yankee fan, as are all other New Yorkers, excepting the small handful who have heard of Brooklyn. A sports fan all the way around, Mr. Dunlop is a pro-football fan and a pretty fair swimmer, having been a member of his public school team.

Mr. Dunlop entered the Navy in 1942, shortly after Pearl Harbor, and after the usual indoctrination training went to a special Diesel Engineering School, run for the Navy by Penn State. The Navy next assigned him to the Sub-Chaser training center at Miami, Florida. More training in diesels, this time at the Fairbanks-Morse Diesel Engineering School in Wisconsin, where he learned what makes the Fairbanks-Morse tick. Mr. Dunlop was then sent to the Consolidated Steel Corp., in Orange, Texas, where he put a Destroyer-Escort in commission, and served as engineering officer.

Mr. Dunlop came to the Academy in September of 1944 and has been here continuously since. He makes his home in Martinez, where he lives with his wife and daughter. After the war, Mr. Dunlop will probably return to the industrial end of the Shell Oil Company from whom he is on a leave of absence.

1st M/S: "Gee, I feel terrible, it must have been the clams I et."

2nd M/S: "What's the matter, weren't they fresh?"

1st M/S: "I don't know."

2nd M/S: "Well, what did they look like when you opened them?"

1st M/S: "Gee whiz, are you supposed to open them too?"

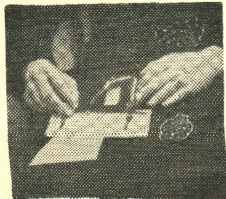
* * * *

Dr. Dwyer asks: "Why is it that night falls and never breaks while day breaks and it doesn't even fall?"

* * * *

He had stolen a kiss — "Don't you know any better than that," she demanded? "Sure I do—but they take more time."

ENGINE SERIES No. 21



'SEA - KNOWS'

BOILER WATER TREATMENT

Boiler feed water treatment has four essential objectives:

1. Prevention of Scale.
2. Protection against corrosion.
3. Protection against pitting.
4. Prevention of carryover

of boiler water solids with the steam.

These objectives are obtained by using several chemicals or compounds fed to the boiler with the feed water as found necessary by tests.

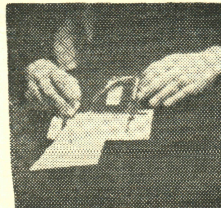
The prevention of Scale is accomplished with the use of a material which precipitates from the boiler water, the Scale forming impurities in the form of a non-adherent inorganic sludge.

The prevention of corrosion is accomplished by maintaining the boiler water in an alkaline condition. Soda Ash is usually used.

(Continued Series 22)

REPRINTED THROUGH THE SOLE COURTESY OF THE
AMERICAN-HAWAIIAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

ENGINE SERIES No. 22



'SEA - KNOWS'

BOILER WATER TREATMENT
(Continued)

The prevention of pitting is accomplished by removing dissolved oxygen from the feed water. . . . This is mainly a mechanical problem, usually a deaerating heater, etc., is used. Small amounts of dissolved oxygen can be removed by using such materials as sulphites.

Carryover is affected by many factors, such as boiler design, sudden load changes, water level, rolling of vessel, etc. These factors cannot be rectified by boiler feed treatment.

Other factors that affect Carryover are high solids or salt contamination of boiler water, the presence of oil in the boiler, etc. Chemicals can assist in preventing Carryover in these cases by preventing foam stabilization and Carryover of boiler water solids.

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AMERICAN-HAWAIIAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

DECK SERIES No. 21



'SEA - KNOWS'

PERSONAL GEAR

A man going to sea lives in a world by himself . . . hence great thought must be given to the duffle and gear necessary to be comfortable aboard a ship.

In cold weather a man must be warm; in hot weather he must be cool; in wet weather he must be dry; therefore, a seaman should plan his clothes bag accordingly, not forgetting a jack-knife, upon which your life can easily depend.

(Continued in Series 22)

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DECK SERIES No. 22



'SEA - KNOWS'

PERSONAL GEAR
(Continued)

While ships in certain trades carry slop chests, there is always the possibility that such articles that you may need or desire to have in your possession will not be contained in such slop chest.

This holds particularly true with regard to articles of clothing, where there is usually a limited variety and also range of sizes, due mainly to the bulk of such articles which precludes carrying an extensive assortment.

Therefore, all such factors should be carefully considered when you are scheduled to make a trip at sea.

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PERSONOGRAPHY No. 2

Across the bay from San Francisco lies peaceful, quiet Marin County. In the hills of Marin County lies Ross where on 3 November 1922, William M. Ratray made his entrance into California and the world.

Bill is a typical CMA boy, having been born near a sea-going town and living there for most of his life.

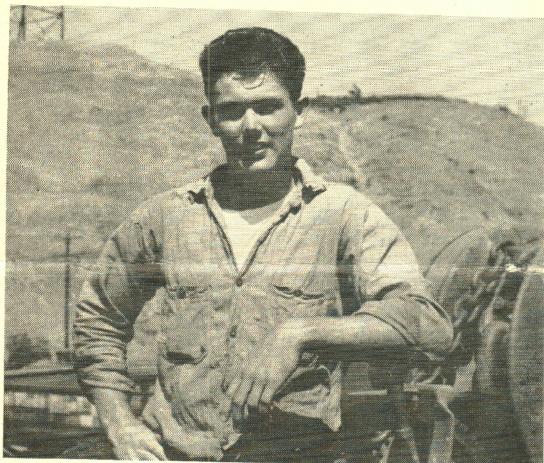
Before coming to CMA, Bill attended and graduated from Tamalpais High School, which, he claims (naturally) turns out some of the finest men in the country. Bill's favorite sport is tennis and judging by his appearance on the courts we want to warn all opponents that he is quite a player. Besides being one of the best tennis players in the school, he boasts of having more power than Coleman, (ask the swabs).

As for hobbies, he says that he doesn't have one, but if you have ever seen his 1937 Ford you would know that it must take more than gas to keep it running.

When liberty comes he heads for Ross, where he spends his weekends with a sweet young thing to which he is engaged.

After graduation Bill wants to go Merchant Marine for the duration of the war. He then intends to get married and get an engineering job ashore.

We hope very much that Bill gets the kind of ship that he wants and we wish him the best of luck in his plans for the future.

**PHILLIP J. RANSOM****PERSONOGRAPHY No. 4**

CMA is full of inhabitants of the fair city of Los Angeles. Among the many ardent supporters of this metropolis is Robert J. Peyton, known to all as "Bob" and jokingly sometimes as "Free." Bob was brought into the world way back on December 19, 1925 and is a graduate of Loyola High School.

Bob is extremely easy to get along with and his dislikes are few, the main one being North Bay. Like all of us he would like to venture beyond the limits of the Golden Gate. He is very much interested in photography and he is a prominent member of the CMA Camera Club. He also claims to like the outdoor life as he enjoys hiking very much.

Robert is an engineer and was selected as a second class petty officer for his first class year. He chose engineering because he has always been interested in machinery and he thinks the post-war advantages of engineering are very promising.

On liberty he can be found just about anywhere. He boasts having traveled to all parts of the state and having seen quite a few of the more important cities.

Bob is one of the boosters of Navy upon graduation and his ideal choice of ship would be a turbo-electric transport. As for his post-war interests he plans to stay at sea until he has seen a good portion of the world and then take up an engineering course in college. We sincerely wish him the best of luck for his future.

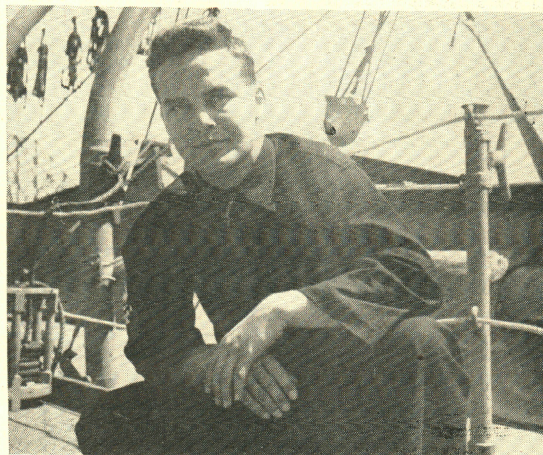
**WILLIAM M. RATRAY****PERSONOGRAPHY No. 3**

The suave-looking Midshipman with the devilish twinkle in his eye is known to most of his acquaintances as P. J. Ransom. Born and raised in the southland, he is a product of this region developed in the true Hollywood style. Even from the beginning his life was dramatic. It was just a little over nineteen years ago that his father paced anxiously up and down saying over and over again, "I hope it's a boy—or a girl." To describe the look on his father's face when he saw what his wife had actually given birth to, would hardly be fair to Ransom.

Phil has always had an unusually quick and penetrating mind and was quite outstanding in physics and mathematics at his old alma mater, Dorsey High in Los Angeles. To this you may add an unusually nimble wit, a marked aptitude for drawing of any kind, and a silken smooth way with women.

Here at the Academy he has from the beginning stood among the top four in his class scholastically. He is now Chief Petty Officer and Cadet Adjutant. He is, in addition, the originator of the famed CMA cartoon character "Sneedur," the man that never wins. Aboard ship he lives in a deep dark corner of the berth deck which the Midshipmen refer to as "Passion Alley." This, he rules with an iron hand, and keeps the poor Swabs quacking with excitement at his unpredictable sense of humor.

Philip J. (there are only a few diehards left who still believe that the "J" stands for jerk) Ransom has truly become an Academy institution and there will definitely be a hole that will be hard to fill when he leaves. Characteristically, he expresses a preference for a big ship that has girls aboard when he graduates. Of this we can be sure, Ransom's ship will, in all ways, be a fast ship.

**ROBERT J. PEYTON**

NOTES FROM THE MARITIME WORLD

Editor's Note: The articles used in this section are compiled from the Proceedings of The Merchant Marine Council, U. S. Coast Guard, and are printed through their courtesy.

REAL POST-WAR OPPORTUNITIES OPEN IN MERCHANT MARINE

By Captain Edward MacAuley, U.S.N. (Ret.)
(Deputy Administrator, War Shipping Administration Commissioner,
United States Maritime Commission)

There is an opportunity today for a career at sea such as there has never been before. Government, industry, and labor are united in their purpose to see that our merchant fleet will be maintained at a first power level.

This war has emphasized the function of our merchant ships as auxiliaries of the Navy; it has demonstrated that in a globe-embracing war, an army cannot fight without ships to carry its supplies for war.

We have learned, too, that industry without markets abroad is limited to narrow fields. American industry cannot retain its foreign markets without an adequate American Merchant Marine.

STRONG FLEET NEEDED

The past five years have proved that in time of war we cannot depend upon foreign-flag vessels. This is true whether we are ourselves a belligerent or a neutral while our neighbors are at war. During the life of the Neutrality Act, we were forced to depend upon American flag vessels. Our entrance into the war did not change the situation; it only increased our responsibilities and forced us to build our own ships to carry not only our men and supplies but those of our Allies as well.

When peace comes, foreign-flag vessels will carry American goods only when profitable and convenient. Foreign-flag routes are naturally set up to further the best interests of the nation concerned—not the interests of the United States. It is as essential for us to have in peacetime sufficient vessels to assure our peacetime needs as it is for us in wartime to have sufficient vessels to assure our wartime needs.

We need skilled, well-rounded officers, and by that I mean officers who know their profession both from a technical and international point of view. We need navigators, engineers, transportation experts, economists, foreign trade specialists, linguists, diplomats, industrial relations experts and efficiency experts. This does not mean all our officers will have all these qualities. But for our Merchant Marine to succeed, these qualities must be well represented in the service.

SEAMEN IMPORTANT

We need men on deck, in the engine room, and in the steward's department who know their jobs and do them well in the realization that America's success on the sea depends upon our ability to offer the best service afloat.

In the present wide-flung conflict, our merchant officers and crew have won higher acclaim than ever before. Brave men of peace have fought their ships through submarine packs and under death-laden skies in the Arctic, the Mediterranean, and the South Pacific. From numbing cold to stifling heat, through darkness and perpetual daylight, our merchant ships and crews have maintained the supply lines through all the fury of the enemy's attack.

PERSONNEL PRAISED

Top-rank military and naval officers have praised and commended our service. Public interest in the Merchant Marine is higher than ever before. The citations for the awards of the Merchant Marine Distinguished Service Medal are as thrilling as the top awards in any service and have wide public interest and approval. The Merchant Marine is beginning to come into its own.

What has the merchant service to offer a man desirous of following the sea as a career?

It offers a satisfying job where a man must measure up to high standards or go by the board. There is no room for the incompetent or the weakling. Seagoing is not an easy profession. It can be mastered only by the skilled and by the brave. The Merchant Marine probably more than any other profession, gives a man that sense of fulfillment which comes from a job well done. There is no middle ground between success and failure.

OPPORTUNITIES EXCELLENT

Service as a Merchant Marine licensed officer is the first step toward such responsible sea jobs as ship master or fleet commodore and, for those who look forward eventually to settling down ashore, toward such shore jobs as port captains, steamship company and marine insurance executives, marine surveyors, admiralty lawyers, and experts and inspectors for governmental licensing bureaus and insurance groups.

MINOR COLLISIONS

A review of the comparatively minor collision cases involving American merchant vessels between 1 July 1943, and 1 October 1944, shows a total of 1,146 instances. Minor collisions, for this purpose are defined as collisions not involving total loss or heavy damage to either vessel. Further, all collisions due to military operations, including proceeding in convoy, have been excluded in order to limit the study to cases revolving wholly about the judgment and seamanship of the personnel involved.

By the exclusion of all convoy collisions it follows that the great majority of the collisions studied occurred in port. Only 55 of the 1,146 took place between ships proceeding independently at sea. Eight hundred and seventy-five involved collisions between two vessels in harbors and in 684 of these at least one of the two vessels was at anchor, and therefore not maneuverable. There were 216 cases of vessels striking shore structures with such force as to require repairs.

In attempting to evaluate the causes of these casualties necessarily many elements must be considered. It is recognized that even omitting military operations does not permit the casualties to be considered upon a purely peacetime basis, as they occurred in many ports which were abnormally congested and frequently ships were under a time pressure to take up an anchorage or otherwise maneuver under unfavorable conditions.

Fifty-eight cases can be assigned to mechanical failures—steering gear, anchor windlass, or the like. These mechanical failures, however, in most instances, stem from lack of care, tests or other personnel shortcomings. Eighty-four vessels were in the hands of foreign pilots and for these the responsibility is assumed to be the pilots. Of the balance, some 370 collisions could only be ascribed to error on the part of the master or officer in control of the navigation, including 64 cases where the Rules of the Road were violated.

Ninety-seven collisions were ascribed to congested harbors, 499 to "wind, tides, etc.," and the balance to miscellaneous causes. Subject to the reservation already made that vessels have been obliged to enter or to anchor in overly congested harbors, as a war measure, the fact still remains that the element of personnel and judgment must be taken into account by him.

It is recognized that this country's tremendous wartime ship-building program has necessitated diluting our limited supply of experienced shipmasters and the utilization of many who have not had the opportunity to develop seasoned judgment. Considering all they have done well. But every accident requiring shipyard repairs takes the ship out of the war effort and throws that much more burden on the overworked repair yards. Every possible effort should be made to prevent this. No panacea is possible of suggestion but there are two thoughts of universal application: First, to take, in advance, every possible precaution that a collision will not occur, and, second, if in spite of best efforts it becomes inevitable handle the ship so as to minimize its effect.



"... And, lads, I cannot stress too highly the importance of physical fitness."

LETTERS FROM ALUMNI

LETTERS OF INTEREST TO FELLOW ALUMNI MEMBERS:

South Pacific Post

Editor:

I have just received and read the January issue of The Binnacle. Of unusual interest to me was the Alumni section. It seems good to again hear of many an old classmate.

Here is a little information to further your Alumni News Column: A few months back I read a series of articles on the old sailing ships in a Pacific Coast Yachting magazine. They were written by Harold Huycke. It seems the guy is some sort of an authority judging from his article. Last I heard from him he was on Third on a Liberty in the Pacific Area—the company I don't know.

I got my Master's license in April, 1944, while laying over in Pearl for engine repairs. Upon returning to the States I took the same ship, a T-2 out as Master. I got off her in December, 1944 after nearly two years as Chief Mate and Master. We had a short vacation and went back to work on the for Pacific Tankers, Inc. She is also a "Swan" type tanker. Sailing aboard her for me is George S. Karl as Second Engineer and is doing a good job at it too.

While on the for several trips was Bob Young, as Chief Engineer, who at the time was one of the youngest chiefs to sail on his license. We had previously been together on the Almost forgot that Martin, Jan. '42, was Second Assistant while Bob was Chief.

We sure think The Binnacle is a well-edited paper, nicely printed, and an asset to CMA.

G. O. ROBINSON, Captain

Gentlemen:

Since sneaking through the Gate after an ample sojourn "in the Pacific" of six months, I've been pretty busy bumping into wandering classmates, fellow alumni and perennial beachcombers. The greatest concentration of CMA graduates in existence is now found at the Upgrade School. Every day is old home week for the ever-growing number of schoolship men wandering about 1000 Geary these days.

The great majority of alumni are still congregating each morning at nine at school, but a few have departed — to once again endure the tortures of another examination — Dan Daily, Harold Banke, Dave Anderson, Al Sandretti, to name the latest. Remaining are Jim Ley, Ray Alisen, Hugh Foskett, Gene Cozzi, Bill Sales, Jack Harvev, Joe Woodard, Fran Goetz, Dean Marcucci, Allen McGowan, N. Marvin, Bob Kelly, Bruce Burford and probably many more I can't think of just now. Also seen about lately have been Ray Wright, Dec. '43, and Joe Watson, Dec. '43, (no kidding, Joe's still in!) Lambert, '38; Doc Greene, Dec. '43, (the old evergreen), Guy Harrison, Dec. '42, and Bill Elliott, Dec. '43, seen matching wits with the Inspector down on Sansome.

Probably the biggest social event of the year thus far for the June '44 class, was the marriage of Marjorie Louise Bone to Milton Hubert Foskett (otherwise known as "Fearless") on the sixteenth of February. The bride was almost deviated from her goal at the altar by some late arrivers who nearly joined the bridal party at a very inopportune moment. The intruders were later identified as "Jig Tare" McDonald, Nash Grundy, Dick Jenness and R. Myers. To make things more difficult for the remaining bachelors of the class, Dave (Cap'n) Anderson tied the knot a few days previous to a Central American belle. Congrats to both happy couples!

From what we can gather, Don Tedsen wasn't far behind George Zeluff in obtaining his Second Mate's license. Don left in early February with Lee Spieller and Ed Rowe after bewitching the Inspector with that Tedsen personality. Brilliant work, Don! Phil Boomer nabbed a C-1 shortly after Don's departure, and he was in turn followed by those inseparables, Jack McDonald and Dick Jenness, on another C-1. Bill Grundy stayed in long enough to put the magic ring on Miss Helen Meig's finger during the holidays.

And for the information of his many admirers, "Seymour" Isett has just arrived in to refute the rumor that his pate has lost more insulation. It's just a rumor, fellows, started by someone who said they changed the name of Ed's ship to the "Bald Eagle" after he doffed his hat in the Third Mate's room.

Fraternally, BOB MYERS

(This letter was dated March 12, 1945. Sorry to have delayed so long in reprinting.)

Gentlemen:

Bob Anderson, Glen Lafrenz, and I, (Theron Maland), Chief, First Assistant, and Second Assistant, respectfully, Class of July, '42, have been together for the last six months on a C-3. It was a real pleasure for us to sail together again and continue on with the bull sessions which started back at CMA. It felt thick and fast, believe me, fellows.

We ran across half the Alumni Association out around the P.I. area and other spots. Was planning to use our ship as a meeting place and form an Aux. Chapter of the Alumni Association, but we couldn't get together on who was to be President, Secretary, and Treasurer, so we abandoned the idea.

Among the fellows we ran across—Lt. Ernie (Goop) Singman, Chief Engineer on an APA. He sends his regard to all. Ensigns Ed Berryman and Ben Carlson, Assistant Engineering officers on an AK and C-2 and had been in the thick of it out there for many months. Lt. Blake, Chief Engineer, and former CMA man had Lt. (jg) Don Pederson for Assistant Engineering officer on a Navy P.A. Liberty. Incidentally, Ed. Miller will be there Executive Officer and was expected aboard any time when we pulled out. Take it from me Ed., they have good beer aboard. We hadn't had real beverages, except water, for months. So what could be better than helping them share their beer at Christmas time. Looking forward to seeing the three of you next trip.

Picked up supplies and a good shot from R. L. Smith who is Chief Mate on the If the anchor chain doesn't rust away he'll be out quite a spell this trip.

Lt. (jg) Muirhead is on the U.S.S. a Liberty. We held a blinker conversation with Bill Dorsey, via a signalman. He is Chief Mate on a C-2. Seth Hargrave blinked over also. Duncan Connell was seen on a Victory APA as Ensign, engineering officer. Saw Nat Main and Ed Oliver, Navigator and First Mate on here in Frisco. Olie and I met while paying our respects to the collector of internal revenue and I do mean pay. Shallenburger was aboard; believe he is Second Mate on a C-1. Lafrenz is going Chief on a C-2 and I am staying on as First with Anderson; so if any of you fellows happen to see the greyhound of the Pacific, breezing by or laying on the hook, make with the blinkers. For you mates who haven't kept up on the visual means of communications—don't be ashamed—have the signalman do it for you. We'll pick it upon on the stack periscopes and send smoke signals back. You'd be surprised what you can do with these Hagcan Control Boards. We can even send in code. Enough said for now—send us a line or two and let us know what ship you are on.

Fraternally, THERON C. MALAND

April 1, 1945

P.S. Buzz Geandrot is in the Army Mine Service and had another daughter added to his family. He is stationed in Boston. Lt. (jg) Woods is Chief on a large Destroyer. Bob Davidson is First Assistant on a C-3. When the **big six**—Anderson, Lafrenz, Maland, Davidson, Geandrot, Woods get together again and, if the Russians haven't taken over, we'll paint the town red. We hope it'll be soon.—T.C.M.

Howdy Boys:

April 23rd

And a salute to The Binnacle. Probably in all its history it's only had one more competent staff. It arrives, by the way, as regularly as a bill.

Oddly enough, I haven't run into any CMA boys at every port we touch. Oddly enough we haven't touched any port. Just palm trees sticking out of the water you can tether a ship to.

I did come close to sailing with Gopher and Polar Bear. They showed up on my last ship about the same time I left for this ship.

So enough of alumni news. All I can offer is the interesting note that one alumni in particular is dying for a cold beer.

Hey, Sweeny asked for a list of addresses of his classmates. Is this possible?

Say hello to the boys for me. Give my love to Scratch and pat Moe on the head.—Stork

J. G. Carpenter, Jr. 3rd Mate
c/o Waterman SS Co.
c/o PFO San Francisco

(Editor's Note: Ensign Carpenter was the editor of The Binnacle last term.)

ALUMNI NEWS

MAIL RETURNED FOR INCORRECT ADDRESS—may we have the correct ones?

NOEL B. MARTIN, July '42.
HOWARD D. HICKMAN, December '42.
GORDON FAKE, June '44.
WILLIAM L. SHAW, December '42.

Ensign Joe Wollskill, USMS, was a visitor at the Academy on 8 May, 1945 and certainly looking like the life on the sea is agreeing with him. He has gained weight—looks good on him too—in fact his commanding officer gave him the day off so that the other officers on board could get a square meal. During his trip he met R. Meeker, '40, who is sailing as First Mate on a Victory, however, has his Master's papers. Joe asked to be remembered to his classmates.

P. F. Franklin, December '42, is now Cargo Officer of the same ship as he has been sailing on and hopes to be around Southern California and its beaches early in the summer. Writes, "Bud Reilley and I got together for a few 'out here' a couple of weeks ago."

Thank you Mr. MacDermott for sending in the dues of your son, John Edward. Also for the nice comment: "Now he is once more in good standing in an Association which is a source of great pride."

J. D. Devine, June '43, writes he recently met Ralph Shallenberger in the Far Pacific. Shortly after that, by accident, he happened aboard a tanker and met George Karl, 2nd Assistant from the Class of December '42. His skipper was G. O. Robinson, July '42. He also states that during the course of the last six months he has met Lt. (jg) C. T. Thomas, a classmate, and Stan Stendahl, January '42. They both are APA's. I will quote the following from his letter: "Thanks for the Binnacles that I have received of late. No end to the enjoyment. Also if it is possible would you possibly publish an acknowledgment of my gratitude for the two cases of 'Coke' and 'Shalley' donated to us 'thirsty Ensigns.' Sounds refreshing to say the least."

Ray V. Alfson, June '44, writes he just heard that Paul Marinovich, June '44, received his Second Mate's papers in New York and is planning to ship from there and hopes to catch a ship going to England. Jim Ley, Bob Myers and Ray have received their Seconds in San Francisco. Roger Putnam, Harold Huycke, Hugh Foskett, (all June '44), and John Lush will all be taking their Seconds soon. Glad you are receiving and enjoying The Binnacle so much.

R. E. Reilley, December '42, offers his best wishes for the continued success of the Alumni and the column in The Binnacle as well as the rest of the School Paper. We too will be looking forward to seeing you soon at one of the C.M.A.A.A. meetings. So far no new news on the B.S. degree—still in the process of being compiled.

A. W. Johnson, December '44, is serving as Third Mate on a Victory, and Robert Griffith, of the same class, is serving as Jr. Third. While on a trip to India he saw Luke Aluevich in Calcutta and in Melbourne, and he is serving as Jr. Third Assistant on a C-1.

Wayne Harthorn said he recently communicated with Dick Page, Fred Joy, M. Klein, F. Schwimmer, J. McDonald and Dick Jenness at an Island in the West Pacific, where they were "waiting." Had a reunion, which I bet was a "honey" if circumstances permitted. Wayne is on a C-2 owned by Grace Lines. He sends his "Greetings to All."

R. H. Muirhead, July '42, comes forth with the following: "After a bad month for mail I received the February issue of The Binnacle. Our ship almost never moves but we made a short trip for awhile but now we are back in the same place where we have already spent so many months. The only information as to my position is Central Pacific and I am west of the International and have been for ages." Gosh, sounds real lonely, but reading The Binnacle should offer some satisfaction, huh?

Walter Geldert, December '42, recently returned to the East Coast as Chief Engineer—after signing off the ship he flew to San Francisco on an assignment to another company and to take over Chief's duties on a Victory, which is now in the South Pacific.

His former ship was a turbo-electric tanker. His return was the first in nine months after being in the South Pacific.

Bob Swanson, in addition to the letter written to The Binnacle, also sent us a newsy letter, which several of his shipmates have read on visiting the Academy and got quite a few chuckles from the contents. Such as Bob being a very sick boy and spending his time—oh well, need I say more. Also, during a general alarm, Bob reporting to the bridge with his gas mask instead of his life jacket. You can bet your fellow officers won't let you forget it, Bob. How about that "League of Nations" aboard, still confusing you—and the remark your Skipper made when reporting "Ve half discipline aboard," that doesn't, by any chance, remind you of the words of a former Commandant of Midshipmen.

Paul Mead has met quite a few of the "boys." Gates is Master for A.P.L., as well as McAllister, and also Paul, and Urbany, Moon and Swain are Chief Mates on C-3's. Bob Smith is in Portland as Mate for A.H., and soon will be on his way home to take that "Big Step." (More about that in the Nuptial Notes). Bob Davidson is in the Islands. Good luck and smooth sailing, Captain Mead.

H. L. Mollenkopf is a Chief Engineer for Union Oil Co., and is a Commander in the USMS.

Thank you very much, Lois Rutherford, for offering your extra copy of The Hawsepape, but one was mailed to us and forwarded on to Mrs. Weldon. I am sure she appreciated your offer. Mr. Rutherford has also stated that Osborne was married—we are sorry but are under the impression that the item has been printed in the paper. We will put the item in our Nuptial Notes if you will send us more information.

Lt. Comdr. J. A. Cronin, USMS, has very kindly offered one of his copies of The Hawsepape, 1941, to Mrs. Wm. Weldon. Thank you very much; however, a copy has been forwarded. John is now a Chief Engineer on a tanker for Union Oil Company—a geared turbine job.

We can welcome a new member to the Alumni Association—Howard L. Kubel, Lt. USNR, who is sailing on a salvage ship in the North Pacific.

The following letter was received from Mrs. June Weldon: "Deep in my heart is a wish that I could put into words exactly how I felt when I received the 1941 Yearbook. But I was never cut out to be a writer and therefore cannot do justice to all you wonderful people. All I can say is thank you, from the bottom of my heart not only for sending me the book, I wanted so much, but also for your true friendship, which you gave me when I needed it so much. May Bill's friends always be my friends."

Lloyd M. Weeks, January '42, said he saw Andy Rasmussen in Panama and is Chief Engineer on one of Pacific Tankers—10,000 h.p. jobs. Homer Karr, January '42, and Stan Brookover, December '42, are Chief and First on a T-2 for Union Oil. Lloyd is also on a T-2 for Union Oil as Chief Engineer.

Jim Towar and George Cowan just got back from a trip on a C-1, troop ship. George is signing off but Jim expects to make another trip as First Assistant.

Lt. (jg) L. D. Woods, USNR, is still on destroyers and has been Chief Engineer on the same one for a year and a half. Wedding bells are to ring long and loud on his next trip in, as he is engaged to a girl in Larchmont, New York, by the name of Katherine Reps. Smooth sailing and a quick trip home.

Milton Klein has really been seeing classmates and alumni fellows, as you can gather from the following: Recently seen at a Pacific Island Atoll, on a Victory, Paul R. Haertel, '41, Chief Mate; Fred Schwimmer and Milton, December '44, Third and Jr. Third; Larry Powell, December '43, 2nd Assistant. On another Victory, Ralph Newman, '41, Chief Mate; Fred Joy, '43, Second Mate; Dick Page, '44, Third Mate; Richard Walter, December '43, Second Assistant. Another Victory, Ben Schoenleber, '41, Chief Mate; Irwin Horn, '41, First Assistant. On another Victory, Jim Jahnsen, December '44, Jr. Third Mate. On a C-2 was Wayne Harthorn, June '44, Jr. Third Mate. On a Liberty, John Boyer, '39, as Master, and on a C-1, Jack McDonald and Richard Jenness, June '44, Third and Jr. Third, respectively.

NUPTIAL NOTES

PECK-RICHARDSON

A quintet in ice blue moire led the way down to the altar of the Ebenezer Lutheran Church recently for Miss Charlotte Ellen Richardson's vow and ring exchange with Lt. Leonard Stewart Peck, USMC. The bride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Richardson, wore an ivory satin frock edged with heavy lace and a finger-tip veil held in place by a coronet of orange blossoms.

Best man for the bridegroom was Lt. Lothar Petersen and the ushers were Lieutenants Dick Roche and Dave Anderson from the California Maritime Academy, and Richard Uhrhammer. Lt. Peck, son of the Bert Pecks of Vallejo, recently received his license for Chief Mate.

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KOFOID-MORSE

Mrs. Ann Morse announces the marriage of her daughter, Mary Mecartea to Captain Donald Nelson Kofoid on Tuesday, the 6th of March, 1945, at Glendale, California.

Captain Kofoid is now in the Pacific area on a Grace Lines ship. Mrs. Kofoid will reside with her mother in Berkeley while Don is on duty.

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SHAW-SCHERMERHORN

Dr. and Mrs. Lorenz John Schermerhorn announce the marriage of their daughter, Nancy Jane, to William Lucian Shaw, Lt. (jg) USNR, Thursday, April 26, 1945, at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

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HEINTZ-JACKSON

Mr. and Mrs. Abel Harrington Jackson announce the marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth Harrington, to Ens. Robert Page Heintz, USNR, Saturday, April 28, 1945, at South Pasadena, Calif.

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SMITH-NELSON

One of Vallejo's loveliest spring brides was Miss Barbara Nelson, who exchanged vows with Lt. Comdr. Robert L. Smith at a recent ceremony in the Vallejo Presbyterian Church. The attendants were Mrs. J. H. Williams, Mrs. F. L. Pitman, sister of the bride; George J. Eilers, cousin of the bridegroom, who was best man, and Frank L. Pitman.

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HARTHORN-McFADDEN

On January 8, 1945, Wayne Harthorn was married to Roberta McFadden of Fillmore, California. A honeymoon was spent at Palm Springs and they are now living in San Jose where Roberta is a Junior at San Jose State.

NOTES FROM E. JOHANNESSEN, '43

PAUL MEAD, January '42, sailing Master aboard a Liberty for A.P.L.

E. A. YATES, '39, also sailing Master aboard a Liberty for A.P.L.

WALTER FOX, '40, Master of a Liberty for Norton-Lilly.

C. ROBT. ANDERSON and T. C. MALAND, July '42, are Chief and First Assistant aboard an Isthmian C-3.

W. C. LAFREZ, July '42, rumored that he will sail as Chief Engineer aboard a new Victory.

JOE DOERR, June '43, Chief Mate for Grace Lines.

FRANCIS DAILY, June '43, Chief Mate for A.P.L.

STAN SCOTT and FENTON SHORT, June '43, sitting for Chief Mates in S. F.

B. A. RUTH, June '43, temporary Jr. First Mate aboard a Matson Passenger Liner.

ROGER SWAIN, July '42, just received his Master's.

JOE GATES, July '42, First Mate on a Matson C-1.

RALPH MOORE, June '43, just married on March 10th to Loraine White of San Rafael.

GENE COZZI, December '42, just received Second Mate's and also AL SANDRETTI.

R. B. PASQUINI, December '42, sailing Second Mate on a Victory for Luckenbach. Will be a papa in July. R. B. never did waste any time—just returned from India.

HAROLD BANKE, June '44, Second Mate on a new Victory for A.H.

CHARLIE JACKSON, December '43, Second Mate aboard a new Victory for A.H., and is now happily married.

WM. H. OFFERMAN, June '44, wants every one to know that he is still single and sailing Third Mate on a C-2 for Grace.

SCOTTY WELLS, May '41, First Assistant on a C-2 for Weyerhaeuser.

HALVAR O. LINDGREN, '33, sailing Master aboard a T-2 for Pacific Tankers.

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William R. Giessner has been out on a Pacific Tanker's 6,000 h.p. turbo-electric, since July, 1944. He has been acting Third Assistant Engineer the entire trip and doesn't expect to see the

Dear Naylor and Staff:

The February and March issues of The Binnacle were sent on to me by my good wife, and I enjoyed them, thoroughly.

You fellows are doing a great job in covering the news from all angles and have managed to get an interesting variety, especially in the March number. I noticed the safety cartoons, as an added feature, and think they are very good; ditto for "Know Your Officers."

I've run across quite a few of our graduates, already. R. L. Rhodes, January '42, has a division of Motor Torpedo Boats in the South Pacific. Jack Hughes, '35, is C.O. of an AK similar to this one; I spent several days in a good liberty port with him. Bill Bellamy, '38, and Gene Collax, '43, came over from their AKA for a short visit; they had been in some action not long ago. Bill is Engineering Officer and Gene is Boat Officer of the ship, along with certain important co-lateral duties. Also received a visit from Dan Dancy, '39, who is navigator of an AK similar to this one (by that statement, I mean they are Liberties engaged in same service and waters). Sooner or later, I'll undoubtedly run into many more of the fellows, since there are so many out here.

This is a very good ship, with fine officers and crew; I feel fortunate in the assignment. D. C. Peterson, '42, is Assistant Engineering Officer, and Bill Blake who was in the Academy about 1937-38 is E.O. They have one of the outstanding Liberty engine-rooms, from the standpoint of performance and condition.

Thanks for the plug in your February issue, fellows.

Don't stop the presses,
Ed Miller

States until sometime this summer. Here is hoping you have a speedy trip back.

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Bob Dasso, January '42, is sailing First Mate on a Matson ship.

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How are you doing as Second Mate on that Liberty, Walt Pease? Seems to us you just about have the run of the ship, so we are wishing you lots of luck.

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At the last Alumni meeting the following information was obtained: D. Beaumont, December '42, attending Upgrade School; Ralph Moore is 2nd Assistant for Lykes Steamship; John Clague, Lt. Comdr., USNR, is the commanding officer of a mine sweeper; D. Haas sailing as Master for a Matson ship; Wm. Fennick sailing as Master for Moore McCormick; D. Braly, sailing as Chief Mate and known as the Cirque Room Commando.

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