

The Binnacle

VOLUME III NUMBER 2

MARCH 1942



THE CRUISE PERIOD BEGINS

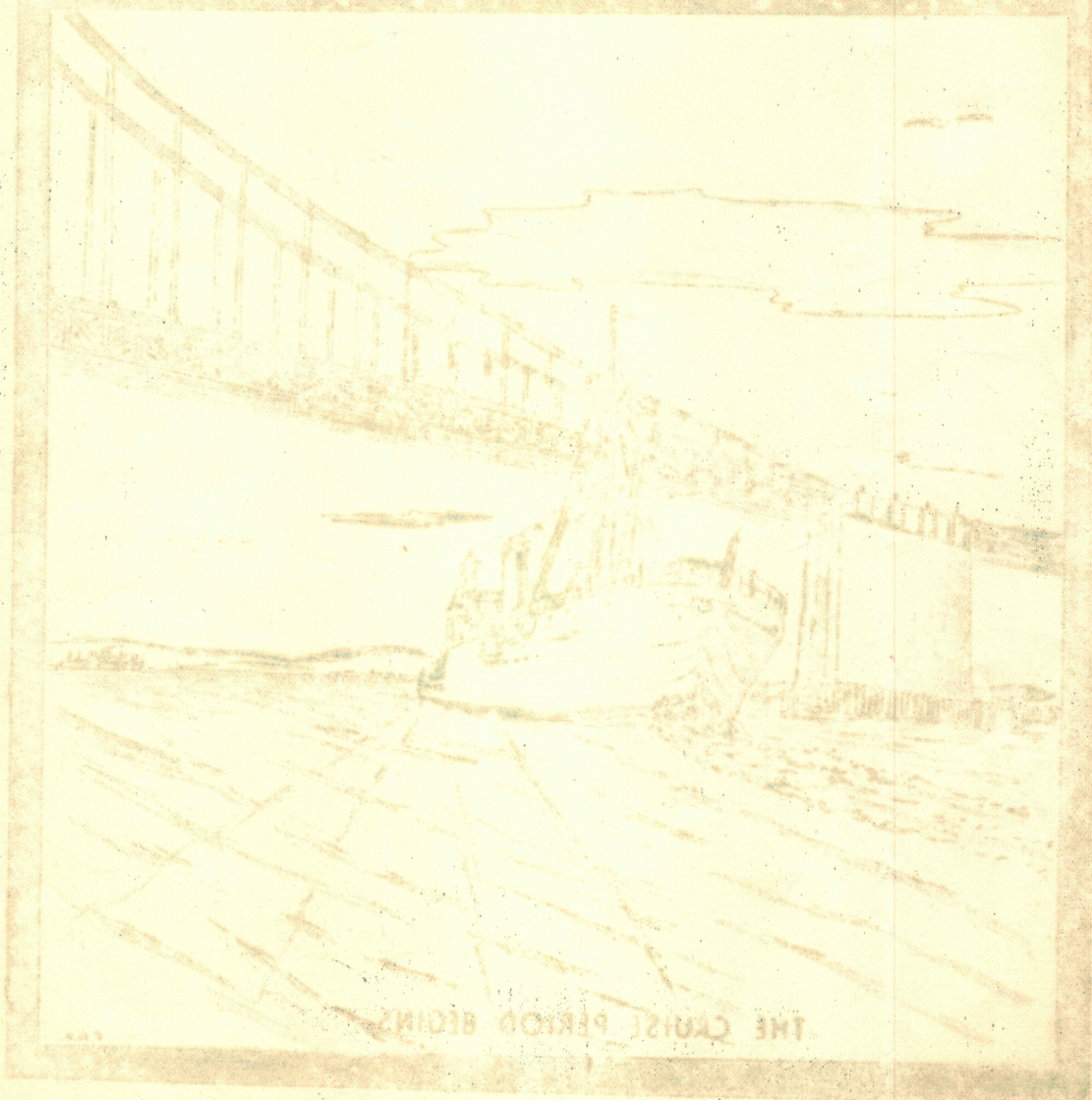
F.R.R.

MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY

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FORTUNES OF WAR

Today, as every active young American man enters some branch of the service, leaving his own world, so that it may be preserved, he asks himself; "After it's all over and I come home, will I have benefitted any, or will these be wasted years as far as my development is concerned? What does all this mess mean to me? I know we have a worthy cause, but I can't help wondering what's to become of my personal life."

These questions, which have as many answers as there are men to ask them, may be answered only by time itself. But, there are a few things which indicate that not all our individual fortunes will be on the red side of the ledger.

Life may be said to be the cording up of experience. And wisdom, the basis for happiness, is the result of that experience. A happy life can only be based on a solid foundation of mental maturity. By this is meant a practical knowledge of living, which doesn't necessarily indicate either intelligence or "book learning." A period spent in close proximity to so many people of wide-ly diversified views and backgrounds aids greatly in amassing a fund of practical wisdom. A person must learn to get along with others with a minimum of friction if he is to be happy. No man can emerge from two or three years of shoulder to shoulder living with many different kinds of men without learning a lot about getting along amiably with "the other

fellow."

Then, to approach the idea from another angle, life turns out to be a whole lot different than one's early conception of it. Many things which are learned in the first few years of life, some almost dogmatic in character, must be unlearned before a rounded and lastingly happy existence may be achieved. For one thing, a child is taught that immediate universal justice is a fact and not an ideal (witness the Santa Claus fable). Some people never realize that this is the case, until some undeserved catastrophe catches them at middle life. In the service, a man finds that a military machine built for smooth, efficient operation has little time to dole out credit on every deserving shoulder. Hardly a day goes by but what a man does something for which a superior is commended. Always, there are the men beside or behind the hero whose actions are as epic as his. The glory goes to him, leaving the others with only the crop of personal satisfaction. Individual merit does not always find recognition; it usually is taken for granted. Frequently, only when the job is poorly done is comment made -- the good job goes unnoticed. At first, things of this sort must, of necessity, be disillusioning. But, one must come to realize that in life, things which we feel to be unjust must be expected, accepted, and taken cheerfully. In this case, the service can teach in a few years what some people take a life-

FORTUNES OF WAR (CONT.)

time in learning.

Deprivations and impending death breed an appreciation of life which can nowhere else be found. Myriad little things in everyday life, which have always been taken for granted, will receive an importance which should rightfully be theirs. After it's over and the service man comes back to a peaceful America, he'll be glad to enjoy just being home.

So, when those questions are

asked about the war's personal meaning, these things which have occurred to me may make it easier for an answer to be found. And, when your fortunes of war are summed and tallied, even though black memories be there, you'll find yourself wiser in the wiles and ways of living, because of this period which will vastly enrich your experience.

N.B. Martin

THE BINNACLE WATCH

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OFFICER GOES TO HOSPITAL

On January 17, our Captain saddened the Cadet Corps with the announcement of the loss of our navigation officer, Mr. Engs, to the Academy. On the previous Thursday, Mr. Engs went to the Marine Hospital for an indefinite stay because of lung trouble. Investigation showed later that an abscessed lung was causing the trouble, and that medical treatment plus a desert stay would be necessary for an effective health recovery.

Mr. Engs has been with the Academy almost as long as any other officer here. Many are the graduates; now mates on the seas, who owe their ability to navigate their ship to "Lat". His beaming personality, his eagerness to work with cadets, and the practical pointers and tales he told us has solidly instilled into all our hearts, a genuine respect for him.

We know his spirit will "weather" his affliction and we want him to know that we're all pulling for him.

"A SPEEDY RECOVERY, LAT!"

F.A. Phillipow

—AND ALL I SAID WAS
THAT WE'RE REALLY
GOING ON A CRUISE



DANCE AT THE PALACE HOTEL

Saturday evening, February 7, 1942, the Cadet Corps of the California Maritime Academy held their first formal dance of the new term, at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. The Concert Room was the setting, and Homer Cockrill and his musicians supplied the music. Although a bit on the sweet side, jive was not entirely eliminated.

Punch was served during the intermissions. Stellar attraction of the evening, as usual, was Ed. Berryman's solo on the drums. Captain Mayo and the officers were present and the dance carried on until 0130, with everyone agreeing that it was an excellent evening.

The Cadets' only wishes were that such affairs could take place more often. Many thanks to the dance committee under John Hansen.

F.G. Doan

ALUMNI NEWS

SCHOOLSHIP ALUMNI OF
AMERICA ASSOCIATION

The evening of November 18, the annual dinner of the Schoolship Alumni of America was held in the Army and Navy Club, at the Fairmont Hotel. Cocktails were served at 6:30, followed by the dinner.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Robert M. Smith, Chairman, who introduced Mr. F.P. Foisie, President of the Waterfront Employers Association, as guest speaker. Mr. Foisie discussed the many problems facing the Merchant Marine and the Employers due to the then existing emergency.

During the evening, many old acquaintances were renewed and new ones made. A man from whatever schoolship he is a graduate of, has had more or less the same situation at one time or another, and when meeting another schoolship man a common subject, familiar to both, is immediately found. Perhaps one of the finest things that these meetings bring forth is the chance to meet old friends. In this meeting, four men, Captain D.B. Castle, Captain William Fisher, Captain Edward P. Bartlett, and Mr. Chas. E. Gerlach, all from the St. Marys, 1892, were able to go back to their schoolship days and bring up many things that made the evening well spent.

The honor of being the oldest graduate present, of a schoolship, went to Mr. F.B. Smith, St. Marys, 1884.

Many yarns and escapades of

of schoolship days were traded back and forth until the hour became late, and all went on their way, hoping to be able to attend the next meeting.

The following were present:

St. Marys

Francis B. Smith, '84
Capt. D.B. Castle, '92
Capt. William Fisher, '92
Capt. Chas. E. Gerlach, '92
Capt. Edw. P. Bartlett, '92
Capt. R.O. Demaress, '06

Saratoga

Joseph F. Pugh, '92
Capt. A.R. Hunter, '96
Capt. H. Blackstone, '04

Nantucket - Massachusetts

Arthur O'Leary, '19
Lt. Geo. Barkley USNR, '20
Capt. M.E. Crossman, '25

Annapolis - Pennsylvania

Robert M. Smith, '22

Ranger

Lt. Comdr. John Rylander, '16

Newport - New York

L.W. Spedick, '15

Golden State (California State)

C.J. Shields, '33
J.G. Ellis, '34
M.A. Thomas, '34
G.W. French, '38
W.M. Putnam, '38

F.P. Foisie, President Waterfront Employers Association.
B.M. Dodson, Exec. Officer,

ALUMNI NEWS (CONT)

T.S. Golden State

H.C. Richards, Maritime Commission, 1939

Evan T. Fugh, USNR

* * * *

GENERAL NOTES

In reporting anything taking place or affecting any alumni because of war action, it will be our policy to check and be sure of any news of the kind before we put it in the BINNACLE.

As far as we know, there have been no casualties to any alumni since the declaration of the war.

However, we do have some charter members in the Periscope Club. Only those alumni who have been forced to abandon their ships because of enemy action are eligible for membership.

Mike Locke, '41, and D.A. McMurtry, '39, were on the Lahaina when sunk Dec. 11, 1941. The following is a quotation from Mike:

"The lousy Japs sure raised ---- with my ship. We were sunk on December 11, 1941, about 1000 miles out of Honolulu en route to San Francisco, by shell fire from a sub's 4" gun. Those yellow sons of ---- are rotten shots, tho, boys -- fired 30 times at only 1000 yards in a flat calm and only managed to make 9 hits. We, 34 of us (the whole crew), sailed the 1000 miles in a 24 foot boat, to the island of Maui in 13 days and 11 nights. One half cup of water and one raw, ancient, cold storage egg per day. A week's vacation with pay now, and then back to

work. Best luck to you all."

Harry Littlefair, '38, was on the S.S. Ruth Alexander when sunk, but a recent visit to the Training Ship found him showing no ill effects.

Former Cadet Trenor was on the Manini when sunk, and was saved. He spent a while in San Francisco and is on the seas again.

* * * *

PERSONALS

Lorry Stapp, '34, is now with the Permanente Magnesium Co., and he and family have moved back to Los Gatos from Palo Alto.

Paul Meyer is so busy (we wonder as he is slim now) acting as a Chief Rigger and trial Captain at Todd Yards, Richmond.

"Juicy" Julianel, '39, has given up his Naval Inspector's job, and is once more on the rolling sea.

Charley Sauerbier, (Little Seaman) '34, is now with the United States Maritime Commission Cadet Training Section, in San Francisco.

Bob "Happy" Haurseann, '34, who is living in Staunton, Virginia, had Charlie Sauerbier as his guest over New Years.

Weston Fell, '39, is a Naval Inspector at Union Iron Works, San Francisco.

Ld. Miller, '34. In the last BINNACLE, Ld's name was accidentally omitted from the list. Ld. is still at the California

ALUMNI NEWS (CONT.)

Maritime Academy.

Perry Duncan, '36, George Lusser, '35, Stanley Smullen, '40, and Al Gallant, '40, have been in San Francisco recently. They are all in the Navy.

Jack Fitzsimmons, '33, is with Matson Line, and has been saying hello to friends around the Bay area lately.

R.L. "Knobby" Peck, '41, is now with Moore-McCormack Line as a Third Assistant Engineer. The writer had lunch with him while he was in San Francisco.

R.M. Sweeney, '38, was in town, and was seen by the papers that Cupid caught him.

We hear that L.P. Nichols, '35, and L.C. Nilan, '35, are in the Navy.

Former Cadet John H. Newton is on active duty in the Navy. His wife is living with relatives on the peninsula since arriving from Hawaii.

Louis Rossi, '38, and R. Walton, '38, were visitors on the Training Ship recently. Rossi is with Standard Oil, and Walton with American-Prident Line.

Fred Peuille, '42, is a fast worker -- graduating on the tenth of January, getting married, and a job, all in the period of two weeks.

R.M. Mahle, '39, was a visitor on the Golden State recently.

Ray Russel, '34, is a First Mate with Matson Line.

"Ozzie" Rutherford, '41, is

4th Asst. with Matson Line. He was a visitor on the Training Ship one evening.

David Schulman, '40, is with the Army Mine Planter Service.

Harry Doell, '41, is settled in Long Beach at 2745 Gale St.

Howard Kibel, '41, is at the Naval Academy -- he will receive a commission in six months.

W.L. Russon, '41, is a 3rd Asst. with Matson Line.

Irving Singman, '41, is with Richfield Oil Co.

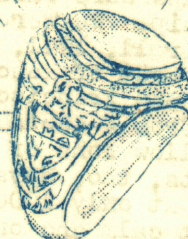
K.R. Morrison, '41, is in the Transport Service.

R.P. Calou, '41, is a 3rd Mate with Grace Lines.

J.G. O'Donnell, '41, is a 4th Asst. with Matson Line.

Nat Main, '41, is married and living in S.F. Nat is in the Transport Service.

J.W. Jensen, '41, is a 3rd Mate with Matson Line.



MINIATURE RINGS

NOW AVAILABLE
TO
GRADUATES

APPLY TO CADET R.H. MUIRHEAD

in preparing it for the new use.
 twenty dollars worth of new
 equipment was purchased a few
 weeks ago. It is hoped the
 students won't misuse or lose
 any of it, as replacements will
 not be available very soon.

L.F. Y. Kline



PFF

66

*NOTE: ANYONE WHO IS ACQUAINTED WITH THIS
 SCHOOLSHIP WILL KNOW WHY THIS CARTOON
 DOES NOT NEED A CARTON.

SPORTS

Athletic program gets under way at last. With the opening, this week, of the inter-scholastic basketball and volleyball tournaments, athletics at the Academy finally are to be realized by the Cadet Corps.

Planning by the newly elected Athletic Board, headed by hard working F.A. Phillipow, has given the Cadets the most sports possible for the space allotted them. Equipment for most of the following sports is already in place, and ready for use: Basketball, volleyball, tennis, pool, handball, badminton, pingpong, boxing, wrestling, and deck tennis.

Baseball, football, and pistol firing fans will also have a chance to participate in their favorite sports when transportation facilities are available, and they don't interfere with routine.

Tournaments between the various class teams will be held in most of the athletics at the Academy. This week, the basketball and volleyball schedules get under way.

The Athletic Board, which controls the athletic program, is made up of four First Classmen and two Second Class Cadets. One member of the Third Class will be appointed as soon as the new class is situated in the Academy.

Ralph Moon is the N.Y.A. man in charge of equipment. His duties consist of caring for and checking out the equipment -- much of which is new.

N.Y.A. and C.A.D. workers took the part of a wrecking crew when old fixture had to be torn down from the former waiting room. No time was wasted

in preparing it for its new use.

Forty dollars worth of new equipment was purchased a few weeks ago. It is hoped the cadets won't misuse or lose any of it, as replacements will not be available very soon.

P.F. Franklin

* * * *

NEW LIFEBOAT

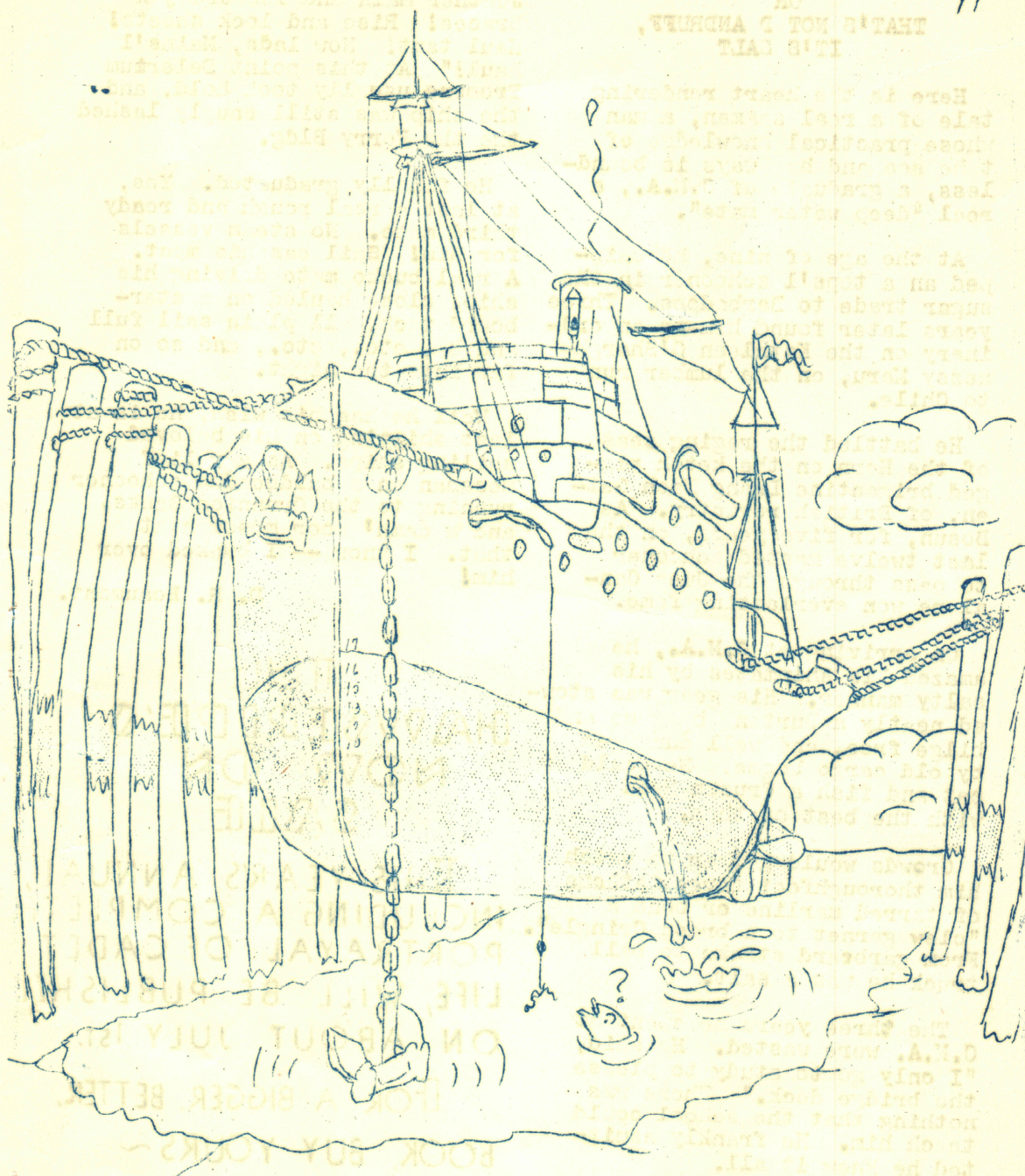
At last, the Academy has a boat suitable for recreation as well as practicable for a lifeboat. The new boat, built here in the bay area, by Geo. W. Knease Bros., has very nice lines, being of a modified Monomoy design. This is the type used by the U.S. Coast Guard, and has been found to be a very handy rig.

She is 24 feet long, with a beam of eight feet, and has a center board. The mainsail has an area of 126 square feet, while the jib carries 82 square feet. The rig is a very efficient design, being very close to 30 feet high.

This type of boat has finer lines than the regulation whale boat issued by the U.S. Navy, and is, therefore, much easier to pull than the old whaleboat.

I am sure all hands are anxiously awaiting the completion of the sailing rig so that we will at last have a boat that will put the Academy on equal footing in any competition we may enter.

S.E. Hargrave



IF THE TIDE EVER WENT OUT ON THE
GOLDEN STATE

THE SAGA OF A SEAMAN
OR
THAT'S NOT D ANDRUFF,
IT'S SALT

Here is the heart rendering tale of a real seaman, a man whose practical knowledge of the sea and her ways is boundless, a graduate of C.M.A., a real "deep water mate".

At the age of nine, he shipped on a tops'l schooner in the sugar trade to Barbadoes. Three years later found him as an ordinary on the Kathleen O'Shaghnessy Maru, on the lumber run to Chile.

He battled the raging seas of the Horn on the ketch rigged brigantine Drang Nach Osten, of British registry. As Bosun, for five years, on the last twelve masted schooner to pass through the Suez Canal he won everlasting fame.

On arriving at C.M.A., he amazed his shipmates by his salty manner. His gear was stowed neatly a burton, bunt up and bilge free, and well dunnaged by old cargo beams. He could eat and fish a Gruson Hein with the best of them.

Crowds would gather to watch him thoroughfoot three fathoms of tarred marline or bend a "clew garnet to a brass Cringle". From garboard strake to ball truck he was a salt.

The three years he spent at C.M.A. were wasted. He said, "I only go to study to please the bridge deck." There was nothing that the school could teach him. He frankly admitted he knew it all.

After a few quick ones, (he only imbibed for medicinal purposes); he would pull the "rat out of the scupper" of the old Golden State. "All hands on deck" would ring from the flying

bridge. "Spanker amidships! Weather main and lee cro'j'k braces! Rise and lock sheets! Haul taut! Now lads, Mains'l haul!" At this point Delerium Tremens usually took hold, and the ship was still snugly lashed to the Ferry Bldg.

He finally graduated. Yes, at last a real rough and ready third mate. No steam vessels for him! Sail was his meat. A real bucko mate driving his ship, close hauled on a star-board tack, all plain sail full and by, etc., etc., and so on far into the night.

Well he has his wish, he is at last shipping on his beloved sailing ships. As a relief messman on a baldheaded schooner running to the Grinnion Banks, and a damn' poor messman at that. I know -- I bumped over him!

D. R. Beaumont.

THE
HAWSEPOTTE'S
NOW ON
SALE

THIS YEAR'S ANNUAL,
INCLUDING A COMPLETE
PORTRAYAL OF CADET
LIFE, WILL BE PUBLISHED
ON ABOUT JULY 1ST.

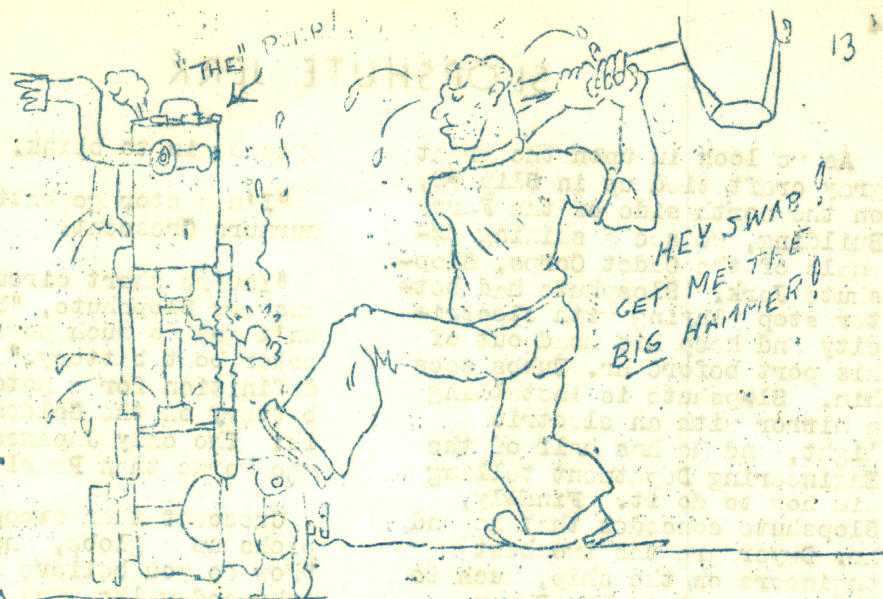
FOR A BIGGER, BETTER,
BOOK, BUY YOURS ~

NOW

SEE CADET STARRATT

TINKER
TINTYPES

POSED BY
EARL
MEDINA.



HEY SWAB!
GET ME THE
BIG HAMMER!



RENT THEY CARRY-
ING THIS SCUTTLING
DRILL A LITTLE
TOO FAR
CRAMPWORTHY?

"I CUT
THE HOLE
IN THE
BOTTOM
FOR
SCUTTLING
DRILL."

SLOPSHUTE JERK

As we look in upon the great gray craft tied up in Slip #2, on the north side of the Ferry Building, we see a shining example of the Cadet Corps, Slopshute Jerk. Slopshute had better stop playing with electricity and keep his head out of his port before Mr. Tubbs sees him. Slopshute is installing a mirror with an electric light, and he has half of the Engineering Department telling him how to do it. Finally, Slopshute concedes that he and Mr. Dwyer are the two best engineers on the ship, much to the amazement of Mr. Dwyer. Crescent Wrench, who is electrician, is telling Slopshute that you can't cross two wires and get away with it.

"Oh yeah," answers Ben Franklin II, and crosses the wires.

WHAM! BZZT! ZING! The berth deck is lit up like it has never been before (which is not saying much, because it is so dark that even the cockroaches carry flashlights).

"What the ~~h~~ happened?" shouts Slopshute, "call the MOBD and have him take muster. I want to find out how many cadets got electrocuted."

By this time, quite a number of cadets have gathered around to see what has happened. Someone says, "Look at Crescent. He looks like he's embalmed!"

Slopshute turns around and finds the look of a cadet who has just got a tender steak (you can see how rare it is) on the face of Crescent.

"What's the matter with you?" asks Slopshute as his friend's

eyes begin to blink.

"I'm a storage battery," murmurs Crescent.

"You're short circuited," answers Slopshute, "You haven't got as much power as a motor boat battery." (The definition for a motor boat battery on the Golden State is: The only Japanese sabotage worse than Pearl Harbor.)

Crescent then stoops over, picks up a globe, and it lights. "How do you believe me?" he asks, and walks away in a daze.



After about twenty minutes of mechanical effort, the job is finished, and Slopshute steps back to admire his work. His only comment after looking in the mirror for five minutes is, "Gee, I am good looking, after all."

Mess gear blows, and our hero goes in to take a shower. After five minutes of either getting broiled or frozen to death, Slopshute dries himself off and cleans up for mess. Slopshute makes formation, and the order "Right dress" is given. What's the use of even coming to formation? He is now farther away from the messdeck than he was at his bunk. Finally, he gets into the mess deck and goes to his seat. After a delicious meal (a new class is coming in; you might have guessed something is up!) he starts looking for Soogie. Slopshute has become Master of Hounds! Soogie is not on the ship or in the Ferry Building so our hero starts out to look for him. Finally, the mutt is found over on Clay Street with a satisfied look on his face. (The same look there is on a Cadet's face when he hears there is going to be a four day holiday.) At last, the mutt is fed and moored to the ship, and Slopshute goes up to study. This optional study is really swell. It gives one a chance to remember when he had a mind of his own.

Finally, our hero returns to the ship and goes to bed. Everything is quiet and Slopshute goes to sleep.

When reveille blows, the sound of the bugle cannot be heard in the forward berth deck, so Slopshute remains quiet. Suddenly, there is a shrill whistle, and Doc comes in shouting at the top of his lungs. "First call, get up you mugs!" The words "First Call" always have an effect on most cadets, but to Slopshute they mean nothing except when there is "to liberty" tacked on. Doc finally wakes Slopshute by shaking him. Slopshute gets out of bed

automatically, dresses, goes to exercise, goes to cleaning stations, eats, and then he wakes up?

Rumor has it that there is to be a Captain's inspection so Slopshute cleans his locker out. It sure is good to see the bottom again. Remember the good old days when you got to move every month? Slopshute got to see the bottom often then.

During the second cleaning stations all the cadets pray for rain and are rewarded (if they know it would last for three weeks I think they would have rather gone to inspection.)

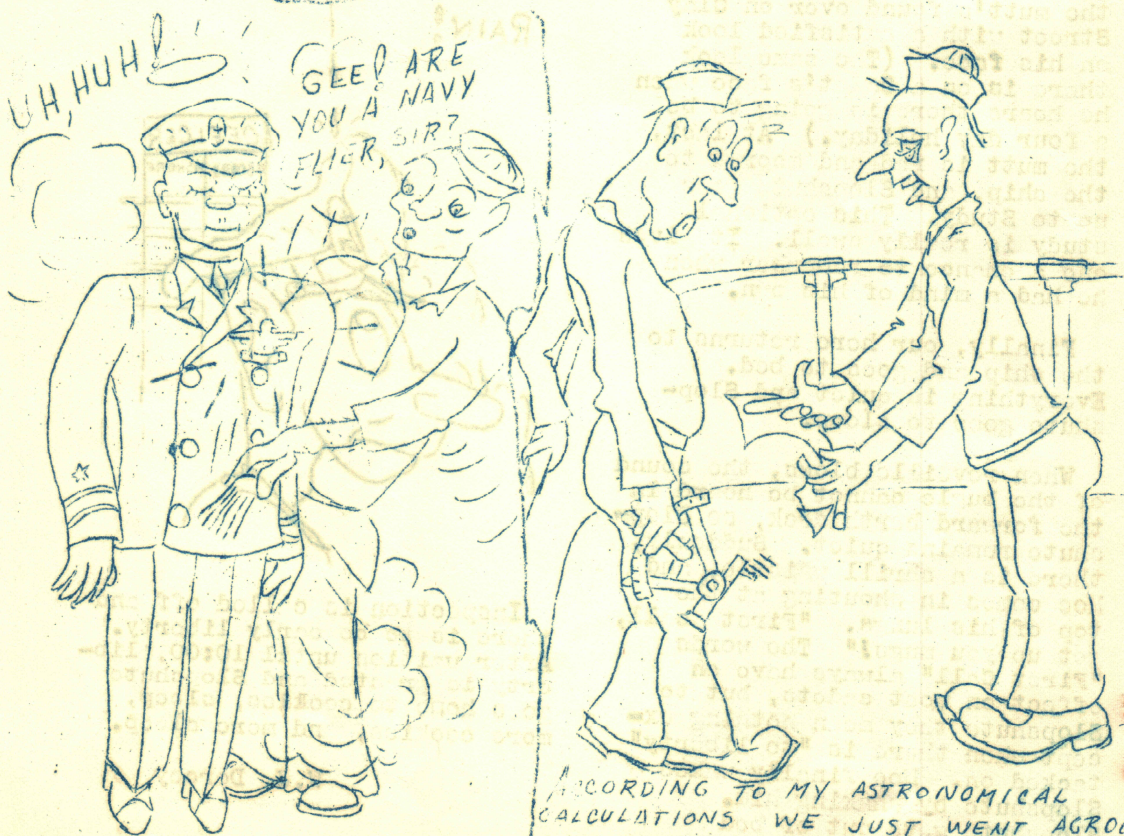
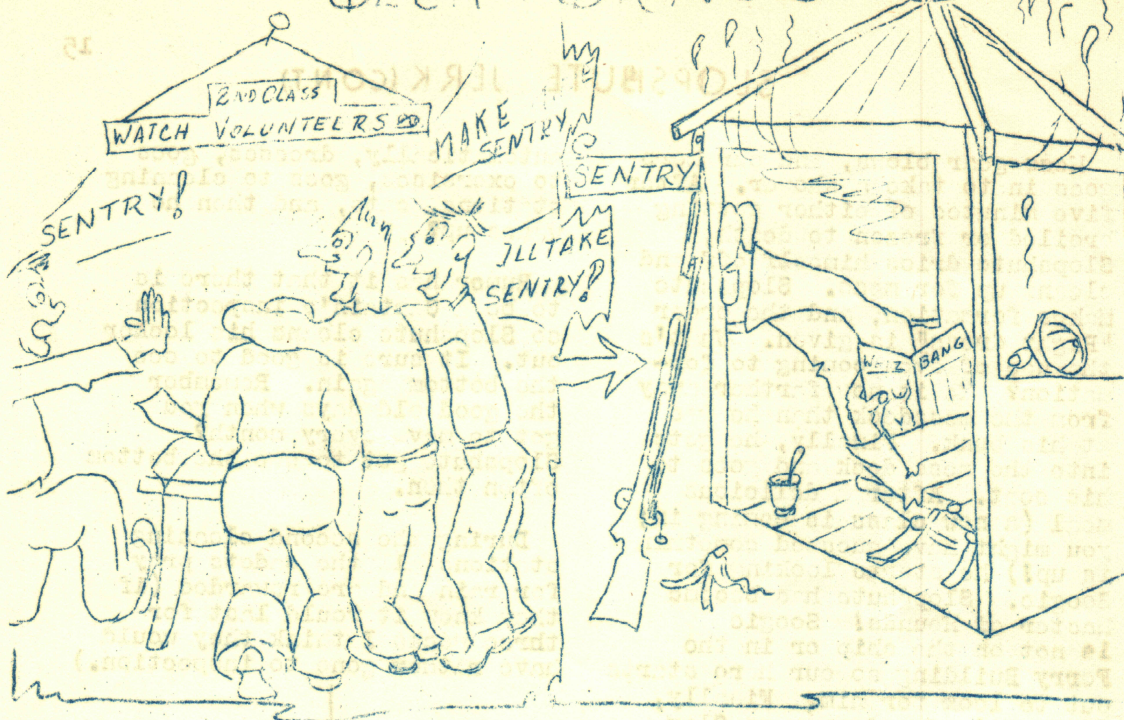
RAIN!



Inspection is called off and there is to be early liberty. After waition until 10:00, liberty is granted and Slopshute goes home to cookies, sleep, more cookies, and more sleep.

W. J. Dorecy

DECK DRIVE



ACCORDING TO MY ASTRONOMICAL
CALCULATIONS WE JUST WENT AGROU
AT CAMPSITE 13 - YOSEMITE PARK!

Ring Rumor?

What is this we hear about old H. Hall giving a girl miniature and now trying to take it back. That's the old fire, kid!

Greetings to Gregory, Goldert, and Dougall. Glad to see you back after your hectic journey south.

China town Chatter: It is true that a certain young fan dancer in the Lion's Den, in China town, thinks that young Waddell is the ship's mascot?

Cigarette Case: What second classmen had to continually smoke cigarettes to keep a certain young lad from sitting too near him on the chesterfield? (Gad, he must be nuts!)

Fire Folly: Who is that First Class Cadet who recently remarked that asphalt has a low kindling point?

Foolish Fennick: We hear that "Wild Bill" Fennick had three dates for our last dance. Two of them did not go. (Thank Heaven)

An open letter to the new "swabs".
Dear Fellas:

If you are planning to graduate from this Academy, and you desire a class ring, please order now from Muirhead so as to insure prompt delivery -- That is, before time you graduate.

Backward Bounce: It is rumored that "Chops" Cleary not only got himself a new girl, but also got her pin. A real man!

The Fishing Club today, more than ever, is an essential part of our training. Someday, it may be necessary for one of us to spend a few days on the open sea in a lifeboat, as has already been the case of one of our graduates. Here, the ability to fish may save the seaman from the horrors of starvation.

Even though all of us know the great importance of the Fishing Club, our activities have been greatly hampered and neglected. Many difficulties have arisen due to war conditions that have rendered it almost impossible to have an opportunity to outwit the finny denizens of the deep.

We have four "red hot" excuses for our routine statement of "No large fish actually landed". They are: (a) We are afraid to venture from our little ship due to the fact that a member of the Home Guard may mistake us for saboteurs and take a pot shot at us. (b) Even if we could go fishing, it is not fishing season. (c) Fish follow the Japanese Current, and since we are patriotic, we refuse to patronize the Japanese current. (d) Depth charges, mines, etc., have terrorized the fish populations.

However, in the near future we hope to put some of our theoretical knowledge of the fine art of angling into its practical phases. Our motto is still: To Cast, To Troll, We are Ready.

W.J. Fennick

MY DAY BY SOOGIE

Dear Readers:

Since I have been around the U.S. Golden State for 5 long years, I will tell you how an old timer like me spends his day at the California Maritime Academy.

0625. Help the bugler to blow reveille and wake the Cadets up. All they ever want to do is sleep. If they have half the energy that I have, they won't even hear reveille.

0635. Go out and see the Cadets do exercises.

0640. Go back to sleep.

0705. Move to the port side of the messdeck so I won't get trampled in the rush for the washrooms.

0730. Breakfast. Go back to sleep.

0805. First call to inspection. I go bark so the Cadets can't hear what the new orders are.

0820. Go over to the Ferry Bldg. and sleep through school with the Cadets.

1000. Recall. Time to get up and start my daily rounds. Somebody is bound to leave one of the doors open.

1005. In front of the Ferry Bldg. Free at last.

1015. Over on Clay Street. Everything OK over here, guess I will go into Bill's Cafe and get something to eat.

1030. Boy! Is this a swell steak. Good thing none of the Cadets see me with it -- they'd take it away from me.

1045. I'm full now. Guess I'll go to sleep.

1200. Lunch hour. Time to start bunning handouts. These guys are suckers for a hungry look.

1215. Guess I'll go down to the Hardware store and go to sleep.

1300. This is too noisy, guess I'll have to go over to Roxy's if I want any sleep.

1430. Time to get back over to Clat Street. Better stop at the Fire house and see what they are having for supper.

1615. Oh, Oh! Here comes the boy from the ship. Guess my liberty is up.

1630. Back at the ship. Nothing to do, so I'll go to sleep.

1631. Here comes Mrs. Mayo. Watch me scare Dittybox.

1635. Well, I guess I showed him!

1645. Boys are playing ball on the dock -- I'd better help them out.

1647. Puff, Puff.

1800. Time to eat, where is that guy with my food. If he doesn't show up pretty soon,

MY DAY (CONT)

EDITORS NOTES

I'll go across the street and
get.

1900. Study starts. Guess I'll
take a nap.

1901. Bzzzzzzzz (snore).

2030. Study's over. Now
I can get somebody to buy some
icecream.

2040. Well I'll lay on my
back and get potted for awhile.

2135. Tattoo. Time to go to
bed.

2145. Toss. Snore.

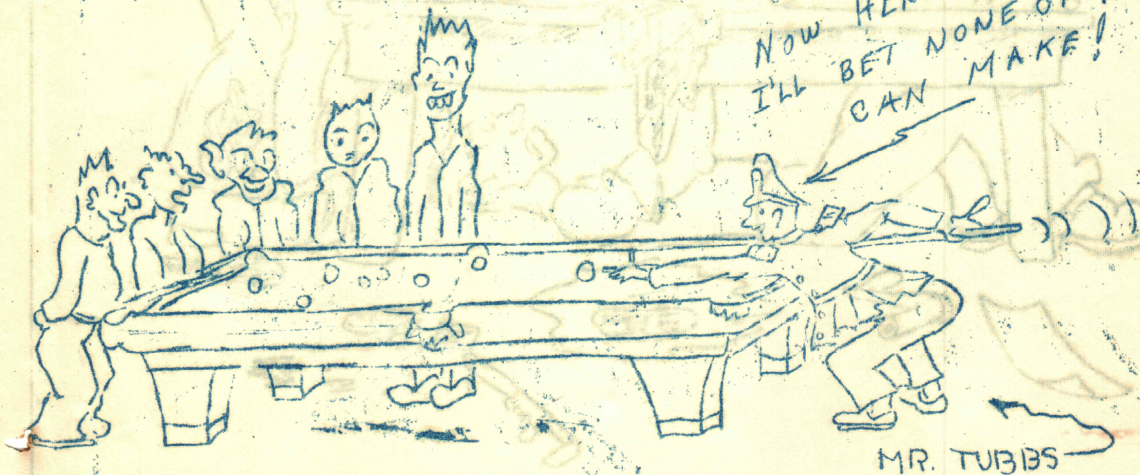
Well folks, you can see
what a hard life I lead; so if
you don't mind, I will drop
off and get some sleep.

We of the BINNACLE Staff
wish to take this opportunity
to apologize to our readers
for missing the February
issue. Such a thing will
not happen again, if it is with-
in our power to prevent it.
However, it must be understood
that the BINNACLE is strictly
a spare time enterprise on
the part of the Cadet Corps and
can not be allowed to in-
terfere with the established
routine of the ship. The in-
tensified study schedule, and
a leave period are directly
responsible for our lapse.

On March 17, the Golden State
will leave on a cruise around
the Bay Area. We are happy
to say that the BINNACLE, in
conformance to tradition, will
be published during this cruise.

The Editor.

RESTRICTED STUDY—WOW!



CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY
Training Ship GOLDEN STATE
Berkeley Building, San Francisco

Folks. This is a bit of propaganda
from the production staff. The
boys are searching for a
substitute for our muzzleload-
ing, spray lubricated, jack
hammer action, early Pleisto-
ene period mimeograph,
and would appreciate any
information concerning
the whereabouts of such
a machine.

