

THE BINNACLE

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CARQUINEZ STRAITS

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CADETS CAVORT AT NEW ORLEANS MARDI GRAS

**"What Was That?
Mardi Gras?
Oh, My Aching Head"**

Yes and that was just about it as the student of California's floating college visited New Orleans and learned a very simple lesson in how to take in a parade and enjoy it. In fact how to take in five parades and enjoy it. And as has been said before, "Oh my aching head."

Mardi Gras, which is French for "fat Tuesday and to the devil with Wednesday," is a wild, frantic affair. In the language of the day it's an atomic, cyclonic celebration. It's a gaudy, colorful pageant in a style that Hollywood never dreamed of.

The celebration began immediately after Christmas and lasts until the day before Lent. There are between thirty or forty balls preceding the top of them all, the Rex Ball which features the King of the Mardi Gras. As Mardi Gras Day approaches, these balls become more important and co-incidentally more expensive. The Venus Ball which the Middies were able to attend while in New Orleans was the third most important and cost in the neighborhood of thirty-five thousand dollars to stage. The Rex Ball and any of the nearly important soiree's are strictly S.R.O., and by that I mean Standing Room Outside, unless you're the seventh son of a seventh son and are slightly financially shellacked.

As for Mardi Gras day it's a once in a lifetime spectacle. During the day five gigantic parades of about a hundred floats apiece criss-cross the streets of old New Orleans. The entire town joins in the festive celebration by getting in some gay costumes or at least being masked from sun-up until sun-down. All enter into the spirit of the whole affair and it's an all day party, need I repeat, "Oh my aching head."

Affairs get under way early in the morning and are really moving along in high gear by noon. Street celebrations are at their peak up until about six at night as over a million people line the streets, and an additional million people line the "fountains" adjacent to the lines of the parades. Between six and eight they tell me that most people go out and get a little something to eat—then it starts all over again. The festivities rise to a thundering crescendo and then as suddenly as if a giant conductor has dropped his baton, at midnight near silence prevails. Operation Mardi Gras has now ended.

Now the warm streets that were filled



Dick Nevins and Bob Kuykendall chat with Commander Flanner at the dance for the Cadets at the Carol Hotel.

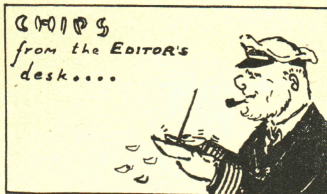


A smiling group of tinkers pose for the camera as all hands enjoyed southern hospitality.

with gay celebration people are quiet, the streets are damp as the parades of floats have given away to another procession. It is now the turn for the city's street cleaners

to have their hey day.

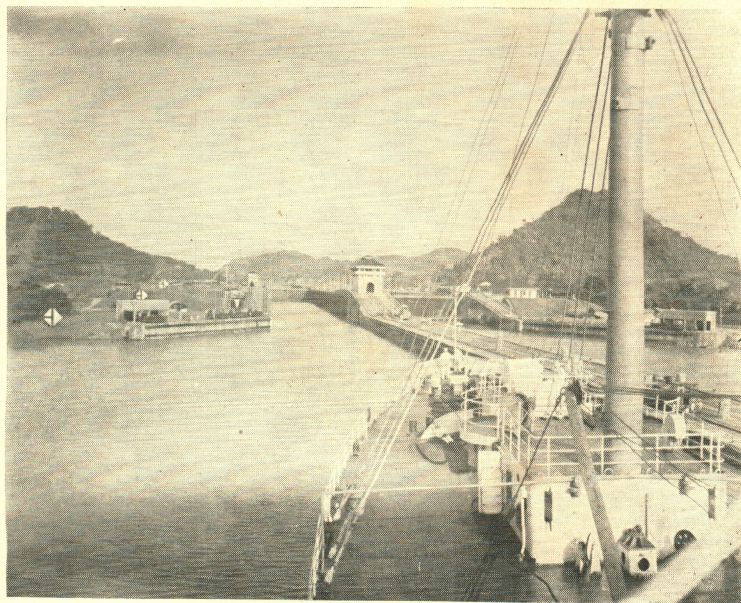
"Hail King Street Cleaner, final ruler over all. What? King Rex? Oh my aching head."



Like Scrooge of the Christmas Story, we stand in excellent position to contemplate "Christmas past, Christmas present, and Christmas yet to come." Behind us on this, the first cruise with the new training ship, stand Los Angeles, San Diego, Balboa and Panama, Vera Cruz and Mexico City; all now in the category of memorable liberties and scrapbook pictures. The present is made up of New Orleans and soon to be realized anticipations of Mardi Gras. The stockings hung for Christmas yet to come bulge with liberty time in Kingston, Jamaica, Colon and Cristobal, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and the remainder of the Golden State run. Behind us are a few gripes—we still don't know why we had to wear blues in the heat of the Panama sun—CMA's contribution to the lyrics of "Mad dogs and Englishmen venture out in the noonday sun." Ahead of us is Magdalena and the beauty treatment for the TS before she returns to California waters; before Magdalena the deck hands will be doing their darndest to scrape and chip away 2 years of Navy rust and paint up the superstructure in Maritime Commission colors. When we return Pacific side to home ports, the TS will be looking her best. But this is not in itself prima facie evidence of a successful cruise. The twofold purpose of cruise is training, available only at sea, and the equally important background of foreign liberty. We realize the necessity of spending time in California ports—this is, after all, the ship paid for by the taxes of every California citizen and each of them has every right to expect a "look-see" and feeling of pride over her.

At the same time we feel the compulsion of making suggestions that might enhance the "cruise yet to come." In the same amount of time in port, and with comparatively little added in the way of mileage, and satisfying the necessity of appearing in all the now scheduled ports of California, the Middies could be finishing this cruise with Havana and Trinidad, or Bermuda and San Salvador safely recorded with their Brownies. First and second classmen, to whom the Canal Zone is less than a year old, can point to only Vera Cruz and Kingston as additions to their odyssey. The effect of more comprehensive planning is evident immediately in the morale of the corps—the anticipation of "never-never lands" its a goal in itself to work for; turn-to would be undertaken in a totally different light if at the end of this week's work you stepped ashore and looked back on the harbor lights of Rio de Janeiro or Havana instead of San Diego or Stockton. It is in the spirit of wishing to make the "cruise yet to come" more successful that the Cadet Corps extends these suggestions; for is not the Cadet Corps itself the only true testing grounds for any academy policies?

MIDDIES TOUR EXPERIMENTAL STATION WHILE IN CANAL ZONE



Entering Pedro Miguel locks as the TS travels westward toward the Atlantic.

One of the highlights of the Middies' stay in the Canal Zone, was a visit to the Miraflores experimental station during a sight-seeing tour conducted by the Balboa USO and Red Cross last February 2nd. This little-known station is conducting studies designed to throw light on the proposed changes in the construction of the Panama Canal. The complete story is as follows:

The Panama Canal, although only some 50 miles long, requires eight or nine hours to transit. This is largely due to the fact that ships must go through the slow, careful operation of docking each time they enter one of the sets of locks, of which there are three. About an equal amount of time is consumed inside the locks themselves, what with the need to fill and empty. One of the proposed solutions to the situation is to go ahead and carry out the plan that De Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal, had in mind when the French began the original work in Panama—that is, build a sea-level canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific without benefit of locks.

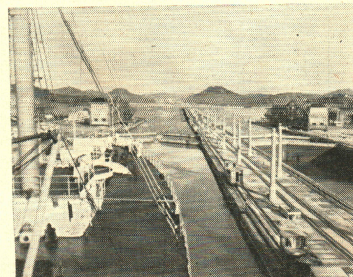
It might be mentioned at this point that the present locks are only 110 feet wide—a fact which places very material restrictions on the size of U. S. Naval vessels, all of which must be built on the presumption that they might some day have to transit the Canal.

In the opinion of this writer, this one fact has probably done more to arouse Congress to action than all the howls of the shipping world ever could. This view is supported by the fact that during the war a considerable amount of work was done towards building a second and larger set of locks—a proj-

ect that has since been abandoned pending further investigation.

The present Canal set-up has very definite advantages. Gatun Lake (second largest artificial lake in the world—surpassed only by Boulder Dam's Lake Mead) provides a large and important reserve of water for the domestic supply and power purposes of the Canal Zone. If the sea-level canal were put through this lake would disappear and the Zone would have to hunt elsewhere amongst the smaller lakes for their water supply. The writer does not have data at hand necessary to determine just how serious a complication this might be. It is known, however, that ships transiting the Canal welcome the opportunity to use the lake for fresh water wash down and a general cleansing of fire mains, sanitary system, and the barnacled bottom. A sea water canal might be too brackish to fulfill these needs.

The important difficulty presented by a



The gates open as the TS rises to the level of the lake.



Through Culebra Cut, the Cadets muster all hands.

sea-water canal, however, is the terrific difference in tidal ranges between the Balboa and Colon ends. The Pacific tidal range is slightly more than 20 feet while the Atlantic seldom exceeds 2 feet, and these at different times. Such tidal differences would produce currents that might easily be prohibitive to navigation and it was or the purpose of studying these tidal effects that the experimental model was built.

The experimental station represents an accurate scale model of the present Canal dredged to sea level. It is 1/100 the size of the actual canal and is thus about 1/2 mile long. An interesting effect of the scale chosen is that time on the model is speeded up 10 times, making the speed ratio 1/10.

The model includes the harbors at both ends and quite a bit of the nearby ocean areas. The water level in the model is made to rise and fall in conformity with the tides by means of lood gates which are in turn controlled by automatic floats which open and close circuits as the tide rises or falls. The entire affair smacks of Alexander Botts. Should the currents prove to be too big, it might prove necessary to construct a sort of tidal lock at the Pacific end. According to present schedule, a complete report on the experiment is due in Congress by the end of the year.

Queen Venus Invites Middies

Lush, lavish, spectacular in its formality—a Hollywood premiere-like thing done in the style of a society class remnant of Southern aristocracy. The formal balls, which begin with the celebration of 12th night and continue on through until Mardi Gras night, and the grand culmination of the Rex and Comus balls at midnight, are probably the most outstanding examples of formal dancing in the world. Although here in New Orleans they are quite sure that this celebration from 12th night to Ash Wednesday was born and raised in the fair southern city, a quick glimpse into history of even pre-Elizabethan age will show signs of the genesis of Mardi Gras. Shakespeare's play,

"Twelfth Night," was so named because it was to be performed as the first play of the "carnival season." In Elizabethan England 12th night marked the beginning of the play season and in general the time for clowns and buffoons to bring out their wares.

The Venus Ball to which we all received such generous invitations, was given on Sunday night at the Municipal Auditorium, staging-grounds for all the larger balls. We attended a short rehearsal that afternoon immediately after the parade where we arranged our seating plan and practiced a brief drill. The Ball itself began at 9 p. m. with the entrance of the queen's court, each Lady of the Court being attended by a Duke. This procession in itself, which consisted in the entrance of each couple separately and their parade about the floor with many stops for bows to friends and distinguished guests, took slightly over an hour. With the placement of the court, a fanfare from the orchestra announced the presence of the queen of the Venus Ball. As she entered the floor, the entire auditorium stood and remained standing until she was seated in her throne. The queen wore a heavily brocaded lace-like affair with a long and very regal-looking train done in ermine. Another fanfare announced the king; after he finished his rounds of the floor, he took the queen by the hand and the reigning couple of the Venus Ball swept the floor once more, took their places, and signalled for the festivities to begin. The captain was introduced next—the woman who had planned all the necessary details which went into the smooth and successful appearance of the Ball. A wave of her sceptre and the first of the "Jewels" appeared on the floor. The theme of the Venus Ball this year was Jewels, and each float in the parade represented a precious stone. The queen was diamond, the next float ruby; the next topaz, and so forth. On each float ten women of the lodge rode costumed in their own particular design and again at the Ball as each jewel was announced these ten appeared for a flourish on the floor. With the introduction of all 15 jewels, the captain whistled for the drill to commence. As the women ended their drill they were formed in a V facing outboard or toward the audience. Another signal from the captain and 50 Middies rose from their seats and to the "Ohs" and "Ahs" of the 4000 assembled guests took our places on the inside of the "V" facing inboard. The orchestra struck up a melody and we turned to our partners and inaugurated the dancing of the 1947 Venus Ball. It is the custom at Mardi Gras Balls for the hosts or hostesses as the case may be to give their partners little gifts at the end of the dance. As the dance was held by the Venus Lodge of the Woman's Carnival Organization they did the "calling-out" and presented the gifts. There are three classes of guests at a Mardi Gras Ball. The crew, mostly husbands of the women in the lodge, who act as ushers and callers, are dressed in white ties, white gloves, and tails. The call-outs, those men who have received a notice that they have been granted a dance, are seated on the lower floor in the so-called call-out section. The guests, all of whom

U. S. M. S. Refresher Courses Available

The United States Maritime Service has announced that 10 different refresher courses are being offered to deck and engine officers of the U. S. Merchant Marine. These courses will be given at the U. S. Maritime Service Training Station located at Sheepshead Bay, New York. This will enable ships' officers to improve their education and to keep abreast of the latest modern developments. Pay and subsistence will be available for all trainees and transportation will be paid to the Station. Licensed officers of the USMS will be recalled to active duty at the rank held. Those not previously in the USMS will be enrolled as Ensign, pending review of qualifications for higher rank which will be retroactive to date of enrollment if approved. Length of the courses is 30 days.

Qualifications for training are as follows:

1. Possession of valid license as Deck or Engine Officers.
2. At least 8 months sea service as Licensed Officer during 12 months preceding date of enrollment.
3. Eight months interval since previous training at a USMS Training Station.
4. Pass physical examination.
5. Statement certifying applicant's intention to continue shipping in deck or engine department for one year following completion of training.

Applicants should apply at the USMS Enrolling Office, 1000 Geary St., San Francisco, Calif.

Deck courses include Advanced Navigation, Advanced Seamanship and Cargo Stowage.

Engineering courses are in Thermodynamics, High Pressure Steam Turbines, Turbo-Electric Drive and Diesel Engines.

Courses for both deck and engine officers include Ships' Construction and Stability, Ships' Management, Practical Physics and Marine Industry and Regulations.

must receive personal written invitations sit in the several balconies and watch the proceedings. In some of the balls, exclusion is such a cult that a thorough investigation of each guest is made by the lodge before an invitation is allowed to go out. Both the call-outs and the guests wear black ties and tux. It is probably the only place in the world where one might find 4000 spectators all assembled in formal evening wear.

With the conclusion of the "call-out" dancing, the guests in the balconies are granted the privilege of coming down to the lower floor for a few general dances. By midnight the Venus Ball had slipped into the realm of pleasant memory and the even more pleasant realm of anticipation of Venus, 1948. For the more than generous, more than hospitable treatment we enjoyed as participants at the Venus Ball, the entire Midshipman corps would like to thank Mrs. K. Fred Nungesser and Mrs. Harold Holley for their wonderful efforts on our behalf and assure her that God-willing, Mardi Gras 1948 will find us guests of her city once more.

Balboa Visited By Middies

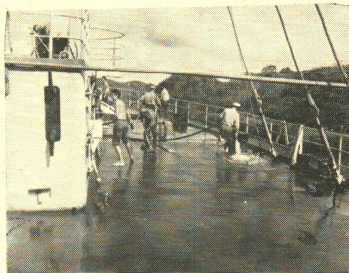
As the Golden Bear rounded the tip of Taboga Island at noon on the 31st of January, Panama City and Balboa, our first foreign port of call, swung into view. It was a cheering sight for the midshipmen after eleven days at sea, and it brought back memories of our visit during last year's cruise—Panama City with its many twisting streets of colorful shops and stores; trying to convince the Turkish and Hindu merchants that their prices were "demasiado" too much—Balboa with its well kept American streets and homes, the Y. M. C. A. swimming pool, and the much dreamed-of chocolate malt.

At 1400 the pilot climbed aboard, and we proceeded into Balboa harbor, the Pacific terminus of the canal. 1700 found us secured to a pier at the U. S. Navy Submarine Base, and the starboard liberty division crossing the gangway in their dress blues, Panama City bound. The Midshipman Corps spent the evening renewing acquaintances with Happyland, The Rialto, Kelley's, the Atlas Club, and various other night spots.

The following morning, John Q. Midshipman rolled over in his sack, grunted twice, and somehow managed to hit the deck preparatory to going on a Propeller Club sponsored tour of the area. At nine we climbed aboard two navy busses which took us first to the experimental model basin at Miraflores. The model project is one half mile in length, and represents the existing canal to a scale of one-one hundredth. Intricate mechanisms govern the rise and fall of water in the model, thus reproducing the tides and other phenomena which present the principal problems to canal engineers in the construction and operation of the proposed "sea level, lockless" canal which will augment the existing one.

We again piled aboard our busses and drove through Camp Clayton, the large U. S. Army establishment of the Zone. From Clayton we proceeded southward to the site of old Panama City—burned and laid in ruins in the early nineteenth century by Henry Morgan and his bucaniers. A few of the old adobe walls still remain, including the tower of the Old Cathedral, which stands like a sort of sentinel—protecting the scant remains of a civilization. From the ruins we returned to Panama City to see the famous "Church of the Golden Altar" before going our various ways. We found the altar in an insignificant whitewashed church in the native section of the city. The altar is some twenty-five feet in height, and sheathed in gold leaf one quarter of an inch thick. It is a very unusual and beautiful piece of artistry—a very impressive sight which perhaps highlighted our morning's expedition.

The few remaining liberty dollars were burning their respective holes in John Q.'s pockets by this time, and at the end of the tour he and his buddies split up into groups to get rid of the bothersome coinage. CMA



Fresh water wash-down in Gatun as Middies scrub away the salt.

T. S. UNDERGOES RUGGED FACIAL

Since departure from San Francisco just one month ago, the deck hands have been attending her lady, the TS, with wire brush and paint brush. The plan is to have the entire superstructure and all decks squared away and painted by Magdalena Bay. When arrival, scheduled for March 16th is made, all hands, deck and engineering, will be ready to go over the side with a white bucket in one hand and paint brush in the other. It will take fast and efficient work to get the 427-foot long hull painted in the 2 working days allowed by the schedule. Old alumnae who remember when they painted the TSGS in Magdalena in one day or half a day might also consider that the Golden State was a little better than half the size of the Golden Bear and never as dirty. The color plan, which follows Maritime Commission plans, contains 5 basic colors: Buff, White, Black, Red Striping, and Red Deck.

The stacks, foremast, and lower portion of the mainmast will be buff. All vertical surfaces of the midships house, the tabernacles, handrails, boat chocks and doors will be white. The anchor windlass forward and capstan aft, upper portion of mainmast, ladder runs, and all bitts and chocks will be black. Red striping will go to the usual fire stations, fire mains, and accessory fire equipment. Red deck will be applied to all weather and interior decks.

Late Flash—

To the N. B. Martins, a son, 15 January, Thomas Noel, 6 lbs. 5 ozs.

dollars were soaked up by places too numerous to mention here, but, at any rate, Panama City was the recipient of a good coat of paint.

An 0500 reveille, augmented by an efficient duty officer, barely succeeded in rousing out John Q. for dawn docking stations next morning. But at sunrise we were cast off from our pier and approaching the Miraflores Locks, the first on our way through the canal. Eighty-two drowsy midshipmen turned their gaze forward to future ports of call—Vera Cruz and Mexico City, and then New Orleans and the Mardi Gras.

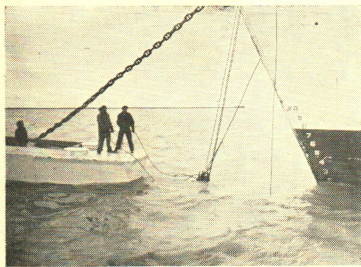
On the Road To Mexico City

Dear prospective tourist to Mexico:

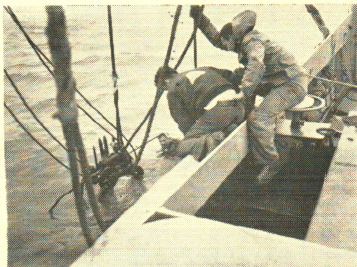
There are only two necessities to successful car travel in Mexico, gasoline and a louder horn. Forget those old American customs of brakes, oil, water and grease jobs—just remember, before, during, and after risk of collision has been determined blow your horn and step on the accelerator. With this in mind you may travel the highway from Vera Cruz to Mexico City with the Port liberty group. Soon after the ship was secured to the sea wall, the first liberty group made formation, passed inspection, and made it ashore in the Captain's gig. Arrangements were made with the local agent and by 7 p. m. Friday night half the corps was on its way to Mexico City. In Mexico City Chief Quintanna had made arrangements for the Cadets to stay at the beautiful Hotel Regis, one of the City's finest. Having spent all day Saturday, Saturday night, and Sunday in the City, few Cadets of the Starboard group could find a Mexican nickel in their jeans. No sooner had the Starboard party arrived back aboard than the 35 odd men in Port division were down the accommodation ladder and in the shore boats. At 11:30 we left the plaza in the middle of town expecting to arrive in the City by 7:30 that night. But this didn't take into account the uncanny way of the Mexican bus. We stopped for lunch at Jalapa, a small, rather typical Mexican community, with burros outnumbering the cars. After considerable language difficulty, we finally ordered beefsteak and fish. Then the long climb past Pueblo, and Parote towards the famed Pococotapetl began. At one time we were at 3,132 meters, about 9,500 feet up. We finally arrived in Mexico City at 9:30 p. m. Monday night, registered at the Regis, and walked over to Fonda Santa Anita, where Chief Quintanna eased us into a 20% discount—besides all of which, the food was very good. The popular order was filet mignon and French fries—all for 4 pesos, (80c American). After dinner it was pleasant to find that instead of being too late, night life was just beginning. There were CMA hats in the El Patio, Minuet, Reforma, Ciro's, and mostly in Waikiki—a short 2 blocks from the Hotel. The next day was shopping day—but not too successful—Mexico City is not the place to buy gifts. Few Middies had time to take tours to Chapultepec or the floating gardens, but had to be content to walk it to Sanborns and the Cathedral. We left that night for Vera Cruz and not with too many regrets for departure was scheduled an hour after we returned, and departure for Mardi Gras in New Orleans at that.

Bob Sonneman '40 is Mate on the Pres. McKinley (A. P. L.).

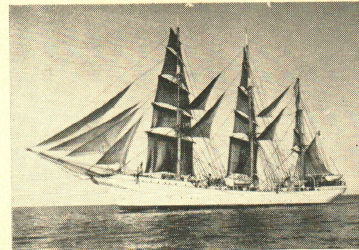
FLASH — To the Joe Devine's '43, a daughter, 11 February, 7 lbs.



Boatswain Newhall directing operations on the anchor raising.



The Bos'n in swimming as the pelican hook is made secure to the chain. The starboard hook was dropped in Vera Cruz on Friday and recovered on Monday.



morning and stayed with her until about 9 giving all hands a chance to break out their cameras and extra film. About 6 a. m. the Danish Cadets broke out all sail and a short while later we had a boat over the side with Mr. Tubbs well loaded with speed graphic, movie camera, and a 35 mm. candid. She presented quite a sight as the sun rose behind her and she stood, all sails set, silhouetted against the morning sky. With the boat back aboard and film running short we hauled back on the steamship line as she hauled out to sea seeking better winds.

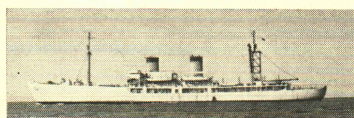
The Denmark, a 770-ton 180-foot long ship, carried Cadets from Denmark last September to the West Indies, and from there through the Canal to Seattle, then on down the coast to San Francisco, where the Danish Cadets paid the TS a visit as we lay alongside Pier 62 undergoing repairs. From San Francisco the Denmark headed on down the coast and through the Canal, scheduled to stop on the East Coast in Florida and on up to New London, Connecticut from which port she'll head back to Denmark to arrive in April. The training at the Academy is 7 years, including 1 year on sail (soon to be eliminated from the course) 3 years at the Academy, and a year at the Danish Naval Academy. Upon graduation, the Cadets are licensed as Mates or Engineers, there being only two grades of license in the Danish Merchant Marine, Mate and Master, Engineer and Chief Engineer. Thus a graduate of the 7-year Danish school is licensed up to a Chief Mate or Chief Engineer. When the war broke out, the training ship was caught in the United States and was taken over for the war period by the U. S. Maritime Commission and used as a training ship for merchant seamen. This is her first trip as a Danish training ship since the war, and quite possibly her last as it is planned tentatively to eliminate the 1-year on sail from the course and substitute a small steamship for the present sailing ship.

Seven in the Water

After 5 rough but uneventful days at sea, the TS finally rounded the last corner and hove in view of the Vera Cruz lighthouse. Another hour brought us through the sandbars and inside the outerbreakwater, from where we edged into place with our stern to the seawall and our bow rubbing elbows with the beach. At the right time the pilot gave the signal and the port anchor rumbled out of her chain locker through the hawse and dug into the bottom. Another signal and the starboard chain, some 7 shots long, eased out of her locker, over the wildcat, down the hawse and likewise into the water—and into the water indeed went the entire chain, right down to the last shackle, the one that's supposed to be in the chain locker made up to a pelican hook. It is the custom to indicate at intervals to the bridge how much chain is at the water's edge, or how much chain at the wildcat, e.g., "5 at the water's edge, Sir." As the last shackle flew out the hawse and all stood in a sort of paralyzed awed amazement, one anonymous voice was heard calling to the bridge the classic reply "7 in the water, Sir."

With our stern lines made fast and riding forward on the port anchor, we immediately began salvage operations with the generous assistance of men and equipment from the GS 15, a Navy Hydrographic Survey ship, built along almost the same lines as the TS. The GS 15 was oddly enough commanded by a man who was once skipper of the USS Mellenia during her Navy career. All the efforts of the Navy and CMA crew were of no avail as each time the chain was raised to within a few feet of the surface the weight of the chain straightened out the grapnel hooks and she fell back into the mud. With

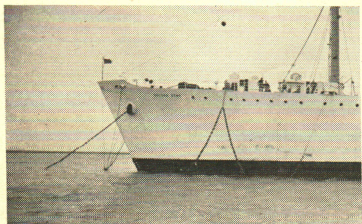
the help of a few engineers, Mr. Flanner, Chief Engineer, began construction of a home-made grapnel from a large shackle to which was welded 6 large pointed iron rods, in a sort of trident affair. At long last the chain was again fished and brought up to the surface, at which point preventers were passed around her and made up on deck. Then by use of a large wire pendant and gear from the 2-ton cargo equipment, large bights of the chain were brought up alongside of the ship and stopped off until finally the bitter end was found and brought up. With the last shackle firmly in hand the stoppers and preventers were cast off and the chain allowed to drop back into the mud. The wire to the last shackle was brought to the niggerhead and the chain heaved around until she was once more up to the cat, from which point the chain was brought in by the windlass in normal operation. The anchor chain in Navy ships is secured in such a manner that when a certain pressure is exerted, the pelican hook will release itself and allow the chain to cast itself loose. Apparently this pressure was heached—but as it turned out, no harm was done and the Middies were treated to some of the most practical instruction of their Academy stay.



THE GOLDEN BEAR

SAIL HO!

For the first time in many a year, even for some of the saltiest of the salty, a full rigged ship lay off on the horizon. The training ship of the Danish Merchant Marine Academy, the Denmark, completing her 6-month cruise of the Western Hemisphere, was contacted by radio as we caught up with her on the run from San Diego to Balboa. The Denmark had left San Francisco a few days previously and when we caught her, far down the Mexican coast, she was running on her diesel auxiliary in a dead calm. We picked her up about 3 a. m. on a Sunday



The chain brought up in bights alongside the ship. A lesson in practical instruction.



Record Wise

McLEMORE

Here we are, in the greatest jazz city in the world, the home of such greats as Spanier, Bunk Johnson, Baby Dodds, but not Mezz Mezeo. It is the Mardi Gras and the Premiere of the first real jazz picture, "New Orleans." Old timers such as Louis Armstrong and the man of the blues, Woody Herman, will be featured.

Another picture just released and well worth seeing is "The Fabulous Dorseys" featuring Tommy and Jimmy and their orchestras plus Jo Stafford, Cy Oliver, and Paul Whiteman.

The Mexican "Discoes Americanos," provided the visiting firemen from Vallejo with a few juicy collectors items — "the original Decca pressing of "One o'Clock Jump" by the Count, Herman's "Blue Flame," and Les Brown's "Sentimental Journey" backed up by "Twilight Time."

For the most part the Mexican bands play their native styles, but a few bands around Mexico City, (W.C.T.U. for "Tequilla Flat") are playing swing—American style. Especially notable was the "Hey-Bob-a-Be-Bop" by F. Martinez complete with a vocal.

Speaking of records, Erskine Hawkins has hit the jackpot with his platter of "I Got a Right to Cry." It features the Hawkins sax and a fine vocal by Laura Washington. Represses have been made of the three famous Dorsey albums: "Getting Sentimental," "Starmaker," and "Showboat," and they are soon to be released.

Shaws new album of Cole Porter on Musicraft, seems to have made a hit with the lovers of the sweet and sentimental. "Begin the Beguine" and "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," are two of the best between the cardboards. B. G. has released reprints of two of his oldest and best—"Let's Dance" and "Jumpin' at the Woodside."

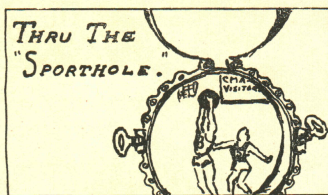
It seems that the super noisemaker himself, Stanley Kenton, has obtained a date at the Avodon and is now driving Hollywood crazy with his Artistry.

New Orleans will no doubt be a Mecca for record enthusiasts, and some of the boys plan on spending their checks??? for some of the fine Jazz for which the town is famous.

The best in Jazz literature seems to be a goodie by one Mezz Mezarow called "Really the Blues." The book, which is written in a very colorful manner, is really a trip through the back streets. Mezarow takes you on his trips to reformatories, jails, skid-rows, and speak-easies. The Mezz lived in the middle of the golden era of the Dixie land style and saw the best of that day and watched current favorites get their start. We hope that Mr. Mezzrow is really as good as his book tries to make him seem.

Cliff Widell '42 has recently joined the ranks of newlyweds. Congrats.

Matt Ramazanc '43 — now associated with the Santa Fe Railroad Co. of S. F.



After winding up a rather successful season at the base, and thus christening the new gym in the finest of style, the Middies took to the road and in the fashion of the local collegiate teams scheduled a barnstorming tour of the ports of the '47 cruise.

First stop on the Caribbean route was Long Beach, where Chief Quintana, Blue and Gold coach, lined up the Azusa Dons, a Mexican all-star team from the southland. The game was played in the Roosevelt High gym, way out on the east side of town, where they grow 'em big and rough. After well over a month between basketball games, it took the Middies a while to shake the sea-legs they'd picked up on the run down the coast and as was to be expected the first quarter started out all Azusa Dons. With the start of the second half the Sea-Wolves began bearing down and hitting the bucket with their old frequency. Final tally on the scoreboard showed the Cadets had come through on top by a 45 to 30 margin. Jack Welch, playing in the center spot, and whipping them in of a right hand pivot pushed 14 points through the hoop. High point honors went to the All-Stars with Casillias garnering 18 digits. With their showers over and the rah-rah over the win calmed down to a steady roar, the melon boys took advantage of an invitation to a bit of party-time at the Bama Club. The affair, put on by the Dons, included dinner, dancing, and fair lovelies for partners.

A quick trip down the coast a bit found the TS in San Diego and as the casaba men were still aboard the Chief scheduled a second game across the border—Tijuana way where the Diablo Rojos (Red Devils) to the paisanos) play their home games. Equipment was not at its best, and the Middies found themselves back on courts smacking slightly of the old tennis courts which used to serve the quintet. Different lighting and cement courts were part of the excuse we can offer, but our referee and number one morale booster, Mr. Tubbs, was not present and that gentleman, is why we lost to the Red Devils to the tune of 48-46. Once again the boys enjoyed party-time after the game—this basketball business is a good racket. The boys enjoyed their after dinner speeches at the Tijuana Tropics; once more local talent was provided in the way of female entertainment. The San Diego boys, notably CC Bob Alford, took no chances and brought their own San Diego gals. South again, this time some 12 days brought us back to our old tramping grounds on the Isthmus of Panama — though all arrangements had apparently gone through without a hitch, the Cadets found themselves with no opposition on the floor by game time. The tilt was scheduled for the Fort

January Social

The January Social was held on January 10, 1947 at the Richelieu Hotel and was attended by 35 persons. The main purpose of the meeting was for the annual nomination of officers. The new constitution will provide for establishment of Association and Chapter offices and nominations were taken for the Association and the Northern California Chapter offices. The nominations will not be complete until those from Southern California are received. Nominations are as follows:

ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

President.....	Art Cronin, '41
	Joe Shafer, '33
Secretary.....	Cy Hansen, '33
Treasurer.....	Chet Tubbs, '38
Northern California Chapter	
President.....	Art Cronin, '41
Secretary.....	Chas. Audet, '39
	Seth Hargrave, '42
Treasurer.....	Art Behm, '41
	Stan Grabowski, '39

All members were informed of the new proposed constitution and of voting procedures. Activities of the Southern California Chapter were also discussed. It was also agreed that Alumni Association support should be withdrawn from the Binnacle if publication does not become more reliable. Lt. Comdr. Noel Bird and Lt. Stan Grabowski, USN, were appointed to a committee to plan for the next social, which may be held on Treasure Island if possible. The business meeting adjourned after dinner and all hands were left to their individual pursuits, discussing the good old days, telling sea stories and current events, or sipping cokes and varied other soft drinks.

Those in attendance were: Mr. and Mrs. HughPennebaker, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Shallenberger, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Sattler, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Johannessen, Mr. and Mrs. Stan Grabowski, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Widell, Mr. and Mrs. Clem La Frenz, Al Saudratti and fiancée, Mr. and Mrs. Italo Canepa, Joe Watson, Leo Dempsey, Mike Quinn, Ralph Hoyt, Gene Yates, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Russom, C. J. Karasky, B. C. Corlett, Howard Hickman, H. P. Robb, Ed Rowe, Charlie Shields and John Mac Dermott.

George Melanson '33 and Ross O'Laughlin '39 are working for Red Stack.

Amador Road USO in Balboa. With the game officially off, the squad broke up into 2 quintets and scrimmaged in anticipation of a game in Mexico City. It was impossible to arrange a game in the City as there was no way to guarantee traveling costs to the team members. As this is being written we are approaching the delta of the Mississippi and New Orleans is but 107 miles that-a-way. If the chances break even or better, we'll have another casaba session to report in the next Binnacle.

LORAN TRAINING

Licensed deck officers of the U. S. Merchant Marine may now enroll for the new Loran course at 1000 Geary Street, San Francisco. The course is of 5 days duration and begins on Monday of each week. Plans are now being completed for a Radar course to be held soon.

The U. S. Maritime Service has installed complete new equipment for the Loran course. The Loran system, developed at the Mass. Institute of Technology, was one of the best kept secrets of the war. It refers to a navigational system which operates at extensive ranges with high accuracy.

Those desiring to enroll for the course must do so prior to the starting date of the class. No pay is involved for the course. Upon successful completion trainees will be issued a Certificate of Proficiency in Loran.

COUNCIL MEETS

IN NEW YORK

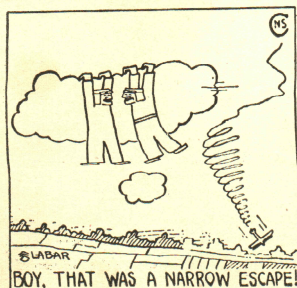
As reported in the last issue of the Binnacle the Council of Maritime Academy Alumni Associations met recently in New York to discuss the possibility of forming an organization uniting the Alumni Associations of the five State Schoolships and of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy. A tentative plan was drawn up for the organization and rules and regulations were roughly outlined. The proposals have been submitted to the various member associations and the Council expects to become an active organization in March of this year.

The aims and purposes of the Council are briefly as follows:

1. To stand organized for the mutual benefit of all Maritime academies and their alumni associations.
2. To promote a spirit of co-operation among the Alumni Associations.
3. To develop mutual understanding.
4. To encourage advancements in the seafaring profession, and to lend its efforts to enhance the prestige of the profession.

The plans will be discussed and enlarged upon at the February meeting of the Association and details will be published when final decisions have been made and the Council becomes a reality.

Joe Devine '43 is becoming an all-around athlete at S. F. J. C.



Alumni News

13 JANUARY—

Started the '47 cruise on the new T.S. Golden Bear. Quite a mess, and lots of work ahead for our 82 Cadets. Had nice weather, as always. We are a lucky ship for weather.

14 JANUARY—

Arrived Long Beach at 2000 — 12.2 knots. Quite a difference. We sure do gulp the fuel oil though. Chris Krog (Dec. '44) and R. Griffith ('45) both aboard this evening. Both working for Griffith Sr. in Long Beach.

15 JANUARY—

N. C. Elliott (June '43) aboard this morning, looks fine—is now in Newport working at a yacht yard. He lost his license because of a physical reaction to heat. Too bad Norm. Tobey ('46) and Hatcher ('46) aboard—didn't get to talk to them. Geldert ('42 Dec.) aboard. He is now a boiler inspector for SOCONY. Pretty nice, we think.

16 JANUARY—

We hear that Fred Schwimmer ('44) was aboard this morning, early. Sorry we didn't see you Fred, but we're glad you didn't turn us out too. Joe Shafer came aboard just before sailing time. The SoCal Chapter is planning quite a shindig when we call northbound — 29 March, Saturday, in Long Beach. It will be aboard the T. S. Golden Bear. Come aboard at 1400 (or earlier) and meet your shipmates and their better halves—at 1430 a boat race, CMA versus the salty grads. 1700 a buffet dinner and 1930 an Alumni meeting. Sounds swell from here. More on this from Joe when they are all set up.

Wilson ('39) came aboard at noon. He has a six-week vacation from his labors as skipper. He and some partners are developing a new valve—says it's for all liquids and gases, and he thinks they've got something. Sure hope so.

That's all for now.

18 JANUARY—

Joe Shreve ('39) and John Clague ('39) dropped in last night—both looking grand. Joe is still smoking his pipe. They are together in Real Estate and Insurance. John says that record baby of his (almost a year old now) is still growing.

Morgan tells us that Doc Norman was aboard in Long Beach the afternoon we went ashore. Sure am sorry to have missed him. Dick Heron ('38) called his home, and was told that he was at UCLA (night school). It doesn't seem like the same ship without him.

Doc Hooker dropped in to say hello.

The old timers will remember him—and may have read his book. He is now publishing a second, and is very optimistic about it all. Still with U. S. Public Health in Long Beach.

Guess that is it for now. We sail Manana.

31 JANUARY—

Balboa, and "Ears" Coker ('38)—Still with the USAMPS—looking fine and feeling fine—Says he spends his evenings model making (railroad that is Son). A quiet port, and a short stay. Our visitors are few and far between (quite a difference after last year here)—we are berthed on the west side at the NSD. 6 a. m. transit on Monday—schedule No. 1.

12 February—

Vera Cruz hasn't changed appreciably since our last visit ten years ago. A pair of U. S. flags in port, and a Norgski. We tried something new in a flying moor—paid out 8 shots on the port anchor, and there were only 7 on the anchor. 3 days to put it back in the locker—some fun.

15 February—

Up the Big Muddy to the home of Mardi Gras—great anticipations—no knowledge. J. G. Ellis and G. Pollard on the pier when we berthed. Gord is Mate on a Matson C-3 now on Charter, and here at Todds for overhaul. Looks grand. J. G. hasn't changed a bit since he waved good-by at Dago. He is now a temporary roomer — seems they are rather scarce, what with a million odd tourists in port.

New Orleans looks like the inside of a full can of sardines—more people that the Tournament of Roses. We get a break in the weather (for a change)—fine and warm. After almost two weeks of cold northerners in the Gulf it is really a pleasure.

We don't expect any more visitors here (unless Rod Eldon is still at Mobile), nor at Kingston either, our next stop—Deadline tomorrow—so again its adios. Hope this Cruise Edition gets to all hands, and that you all appreciate the effort and loss of liberty (voluntary) on the part of the staff. See you all soon back in God's country.

Late Mail News—

Carl Bower has gone U.S.N.—is now at General Line School in Newport, along with Bill Keefe—hopes to make Naval War College when he finishes this one. Sorry the Binnacles have missed you Carl.

R. H. Brannon sends dues from the General Gordon (APL)—H. E. Nay ('46) is a shipmate.

S. D. Scott sends in dues from 1273 20th St., San Pedro.

Ditto for D. E. Metz, P. O. Box 578, Madera, and A. G. Morrison, 153 Aliso St., Ventura.

Alumni News

Don't forget the big SOCAL Social on board the Golden Bear in Long Beach on 29 March. Joe Shafer will probably have notified you individually in the meantime. The present schedule call for 1400—Board and visit, 1430—Whaleboat race of the century—the Old Men of CMAAA vs. the boys of CMA. 1700—a buffet supper, and 1930—meeting. Sounds pretty fine from here.

The CMAAA—SOCAL has a new mailing address—P. O. Box 447 in Long Beach.

NOTES FROM THE BEACHCOMBER

Cliff Thomas '43—has retired from that irregular, confused life ashore and has returned to sea as 3rd Mate aboard the Pres. Madison for A. P. L.

Same goes for Jim Jensen '41 who is now Chief Mate aboard the Matson Transport Marine Phoenix.

Seth Hargrave '42 has also forsaken life ashore and has shipped out again. Ship unknown.

It's a girl for the Scotty Wells' '41 of San Carlos on Jan. 27. Scotty is still instructing at the San Mateo Cadet School.

Also a girl for the Gene Bricks' '43 of Berkeley last month. Gene weathered the ordeal O. K.

Capt. Italo Canepa '42 requests that his name be stricken from the eligible bachelor list as his hand has been won in marriage. We were beginning to fear that he'd be an old maid.

Art Morrison '43 just received his Chief Mate's license and is shipping for Matson. With him is Gordon Pollard '35, sailing Chief Mate.

Comdr. D. B. McMichael, USMS, '35 is now Executive Officer of the USMS Station at Sheepshead Bay.

Joe Watson '43 is now engaged in the insurance business.

Clem La Frenz '42—now married and domesticated has resumed his studies at U. C.

Dave (Meatnose) Metz '43—has been working at Yosemite but is contemplating shipping again.

Charlie Shields '33 is on terminal leave from the U. S. Navy and is residing in Oakland, Calif.

Gene Yates '39 is now operating the deck department of the Pacific Navigation School at 510 Battery St., S. F. Gene studies law evenings.

Carlton Severance '42 is now a resident engineer with the Columbia Casualty Co. of Sacramento.

"Panama" Walsh & Willis Hitchcock '42 intend to ship out soon. Walsh is a two-time father now. Quite a family man.

Cal Reed '43 and Jim Hodges '44 are now attending Montezuma College in So. Calif.

Howard Hickman '42 is enrolled at the USMS Upgrade School at Sheepshead Bay, studying Diesel Engineering. Just received his Chief's in Diesel.

Carlton Clendenny and "Stork" Carpenter '44 are sailing Jr. 3rd and 3rd Mate respectively aboard the Pan-American Victory for A. P. L.

THE BINNACLE WATCH

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SHIP OF THE MONTH

Take a C-2, add a few touches here and there by a naval architect, put in some passenger accommodations, and if you do it like the Atlantic Gulf and West Indies Steamship Lines did with George G. Sharp doing the designing, you'll have five of the most modern, sleek looking passenger vessels afloat today.

Built by Consolidated Steel Corporation at Wilmington, California, and named after famous American Clippers of the last century, the converted ships may well make history as did their prototypes.

Most notable innovation that has been employed on the liners is the deletion of the stack and using a hollow king post to serve the purpose. This promises to be the trend for ships of the future.

Like the majority of today's liners, a large portion of the cargo capacity is being set aside for refrigerated cargo. These vessels, when finished will have a 160,000 cubic foot capacity for iced cargo and a 300,000 cubic foot dry cargo capacity.

The power plant consists of two Foster-Wheeler steam generators giving steam at 450 psi and 740 degrees Fahrenheit to a G E turbine with double reduction gearing. The main plant generates 6000 shp. and it is estimated, will push the ship at a schedule speed of from 16 to 17 knots.

The latest navigational aids, combined with radio equipment operating in a 1,000 mile radius, CO-2 fire extinguishing equipment, and ample life boat, raft, and jackets place the vessels among the safety plus class.

With ships like these, run by officers of the American Merchant Marine, America's place in the shipping world is certain to be a top and secure one.

EDITOR, THE BINNACLE
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