

HANSE PIPE



1949

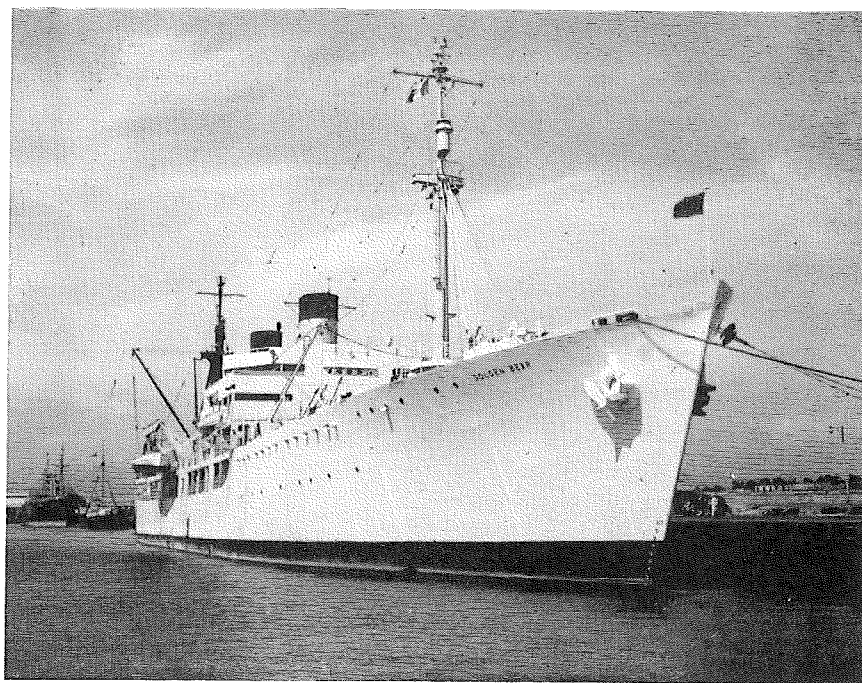
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Hawsepipe

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

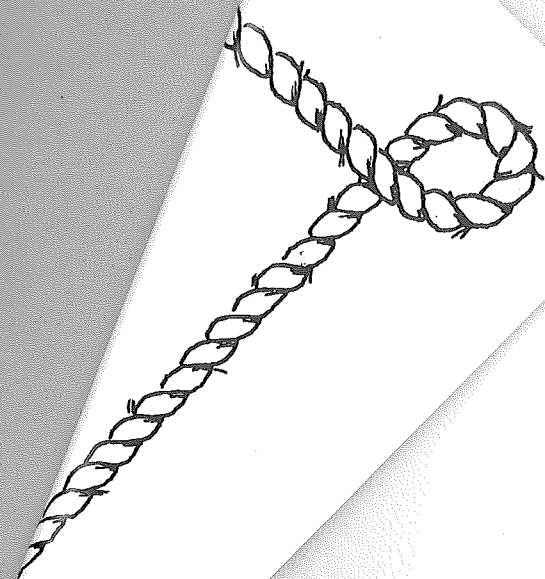
1929-1949

Record of the Corps of Midshipmen

CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

CMA ARCHIVE
02.70.01.17



California
this record to
meet with success

Foreword

After graduation each of us will go his own way in search of a happy and successful life. Even though we part, the bond formed by three years of living and working together can never be broken. Memories may fade, and recollections of the past may become dim, but it is hoped that this annual may serve to hold the bond that has been formed and keep fresh the memories of this fraternity throughout the years. It is for this purpose that we publish this record.



Administration



EARL WARREN
GOVERNOR

State of California

GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

SACRAMENTO

August 3, 1949

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS
OF THE CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY:

It is a pleasure to congratulate you on the successful completion of your course of study as midshipmen of the California Maritime Academy. In embarking upon a career of leadership in the American Merchant Marine, you will be taking part in the further enrichment of the traditions surrounding California's development as a maritime state.

As your duties carry you to distant ports, you will have the opportunity to serve as unofficial emissaries from our State and Nation to the people of the countries you visit. Your efforts along this line can be an important contribution to the continued peace of the world.

On behalf of the people of California, I wish you the best of luck in the new duties you are about to assume.

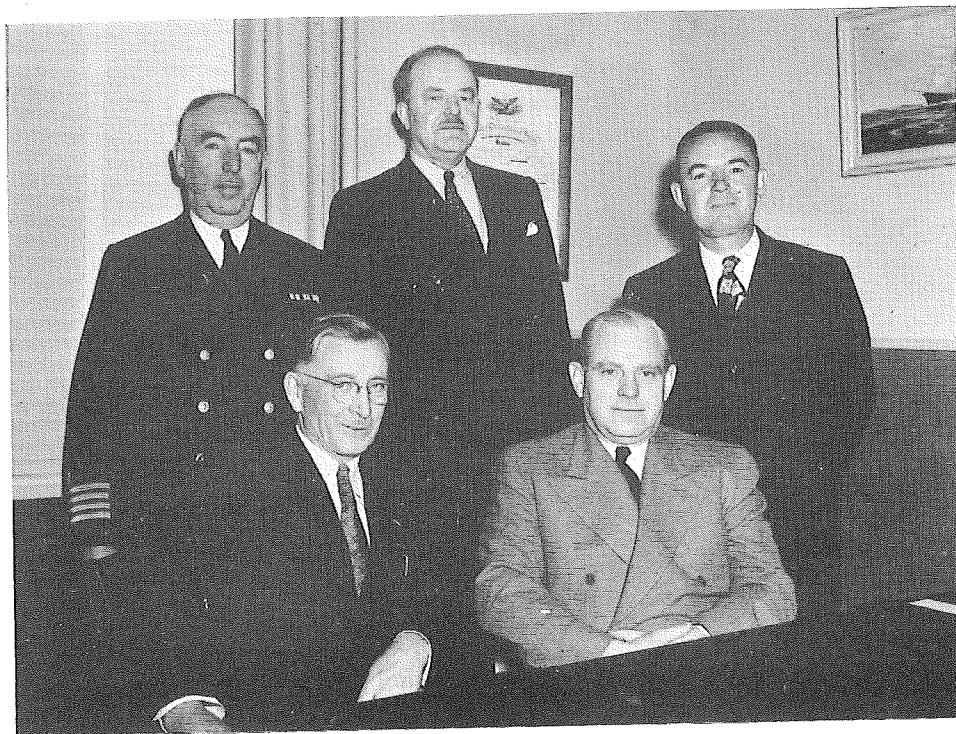
Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Earl Warren".

Governor



The HONORABLE EARL WARREN
Governor of the State of California



Sitting, left to right: Dr. Burkman, Mr. Sweeny. Standing: Captain Brenner, Captain Blackstone, Mr. Gibson.

Board of Governors

The California Maritime Academy, being a State institution, is part of the extensive educational program which has been and is still being accelerated to meet current and future needs. The California Maritime Academy is under the direction of a Board of Governors composed of five members. Four of these posts are filled by direct appointment of the Governor of California for periods of four years. The fifth member is the State Director of Education, who appoints a representative from the Department of Education to meet with the Board.

The members of the Board of Governors are civic minded citizens who allot special time to the administration of the Academy without pay. They are men who have interests in education and in the maritime field.

All policies pertaining to the functioning of the California Maritime Academy are formulated and approved by the Board of Governors, which meets at the request of the chairman of the Board. The members of the Board are always vigilant in the interests of the Academy, to insure that the high-calibre sea officers needed in present day shipping are properly indoctrinated for future service in the Merchant Marine and in the Naval Reserve.



To The Graduating Class of 1949

You have successfully completed three of the most valuable years of your lives receiving preparation which is officially recognized as well fitting you to commence the severe test of life at sea, either in the merchant service or in the defense of your Country. You have been a credit to the high purposes for which this Academy was founded.

In addition to your professional education, you have received many intangible benefits—travel and observation in many foreign countries, adjustments to high standards of group and self-discipline, a special appreciation of the deep significance of sound moral character—all of which should assist you greatly in life in any capacity. The value of these latter benefits will become more apparent and significant as you meet the fundamental American test of competitive excellence.

Your Country needs your character even more than it needs your professional skill, but your rewards will be higher if you neglect neither of these essentials to success.

You will have some stormy seas, some casualties, and I am sure, many successes. My most sincere wish is that your final port be a worthy ambition accomplished. Good luck and smooth sailing!

Russell M. Ihrig

RUSSELL M. IHRIG
Commodore USN (Ret.)
Superintendent



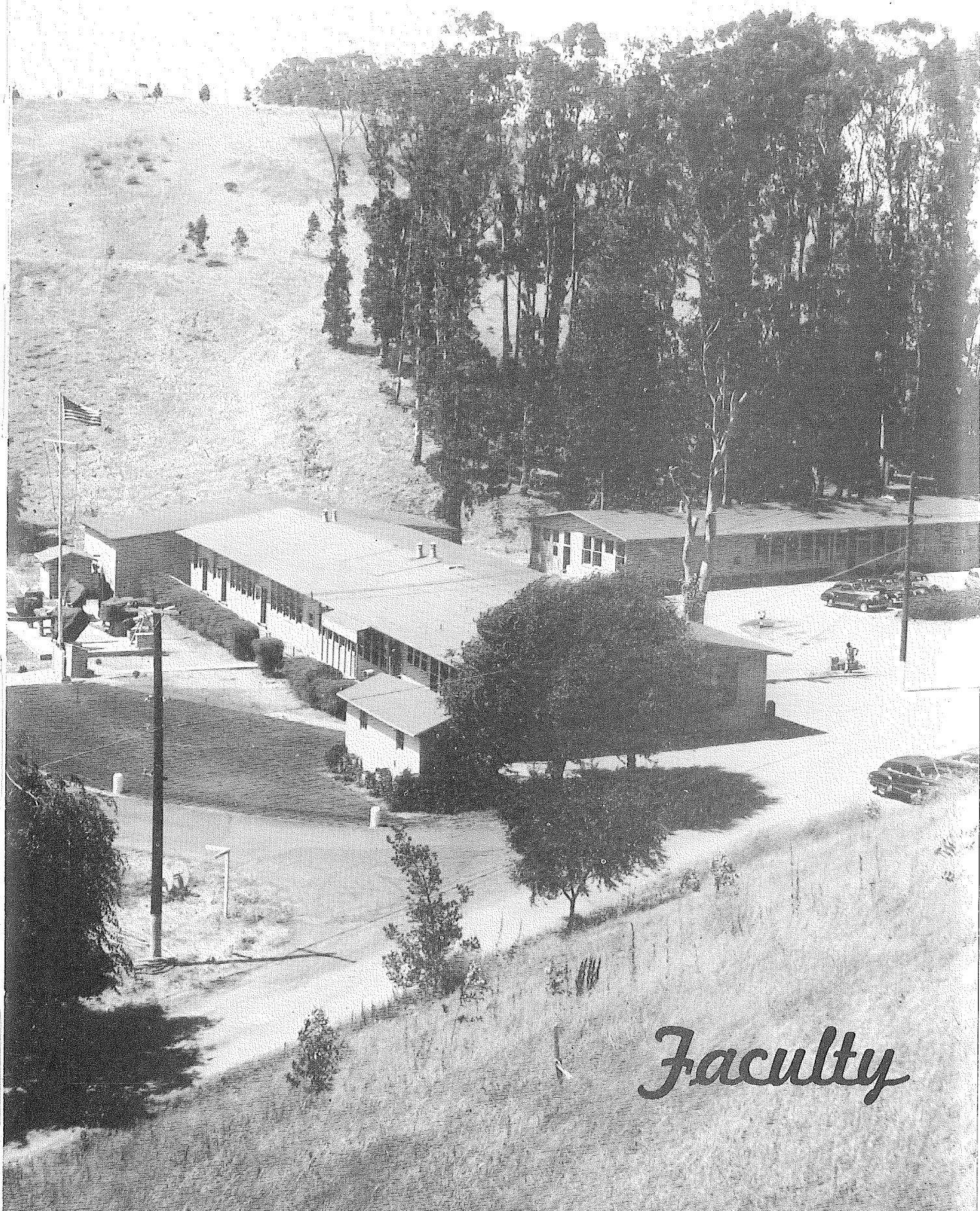
DR. RICHARD C. DWYER
Dean of Education



COMMANDER RICHARD D. HERON
Lt. Comdr., USNR
Commandant of Midshipmen



COMMANDER EDWARD E. KEELEY
Lt., USN., Ret.
Supply Officer



Faculty

Department of Seamanship and Navigation



CAPTAIN RALPH M. G. SWANY
Commander, USNR
Head, Department of Seamanship
and Navigation
Captain, T.S. Golden Bear
G.R.&R., Ship's Construction

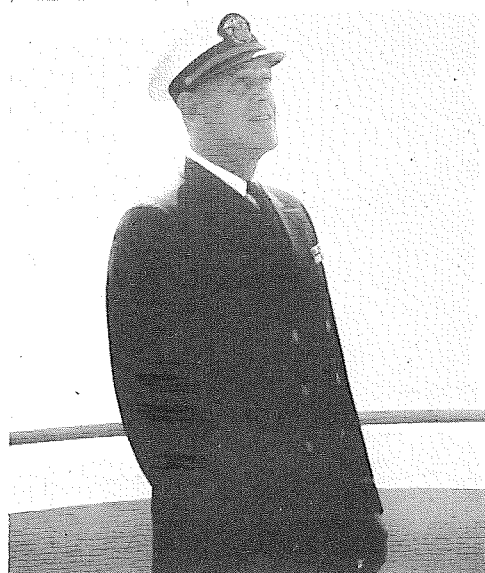
LT. COMDR. N. F. MAIN
First Lieutenant
Seamanship, Cargo





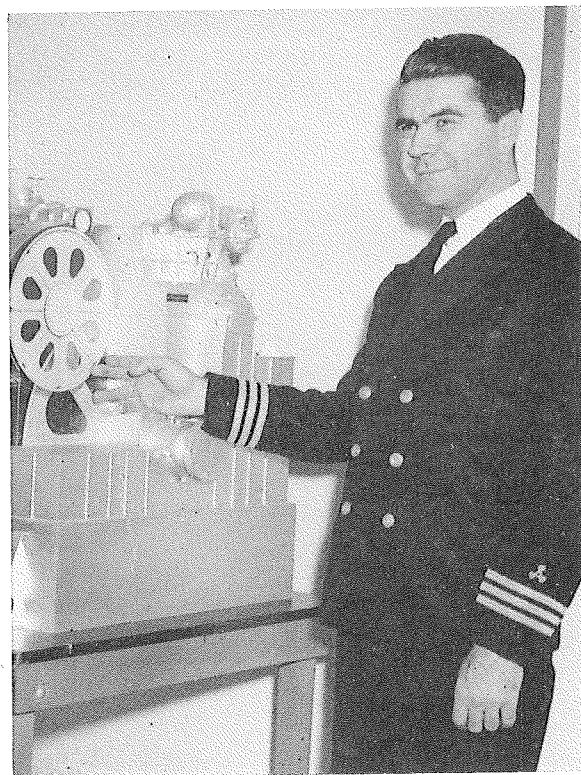
LT. COMDR. ROGER H. SWAIN
Navigator
Math, Navigation

LT. NOEL B. MARTIN
Deck Watch Officer
Athletic Officer
English, History, Spanish



JOHN M. RENNICK
Chief Warrant Boatswain
Ship's Boatswain
Practical Seamanship

Department of Marine and Electrical Engineering



COMMANDER FRANK FLANNER
Commander, USNR
Head, Department of Engineering
Chief Engineer, T.S. Golden Bear
Turbines, Auxiliary Machinery



LT. COMDR. WESTON AVERILL
First Assistant Engineer
Physics, Chemistry



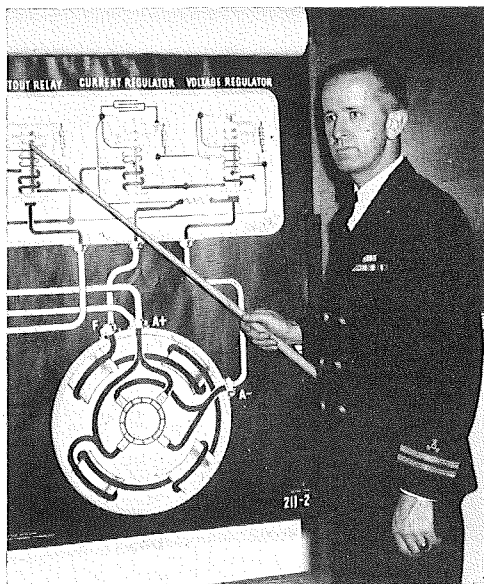
LT. CHARLES B. DUNHAM
Engineering Watch Officer
General Rules and Regulations
Math, Mechanical Drawing



LT. FRANK L. LaBOMBARD
Engineering Watch Officer
Auxiliary Machinery, Shop Theory



LT. WALTER C. LANGE
Ship's Electrical Officer
Diesels



LT. JOHN G. ELLIS
Engineering Watch Officer
Electricity, Thermodynamics
Basic Engineering

Department of Naval Science



LT. ELDEN D. ORANG, USN
Naval Science and Tactics



LT. ROSCOE M. VAN HORNE, USN
Naval Science and Tactics



GORDON A. RAMSEY
Chief Personnel Man, USN

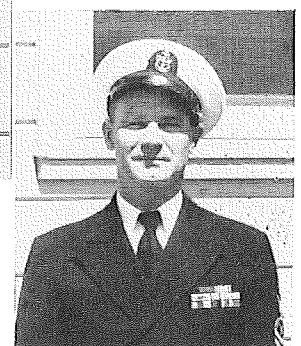


RODMAND W. BARKER
Chief Hospitalman, USN
First Aid

LT. DONALD SABLE, USN
Head, Department of Naval Science
Picture Unobtainable

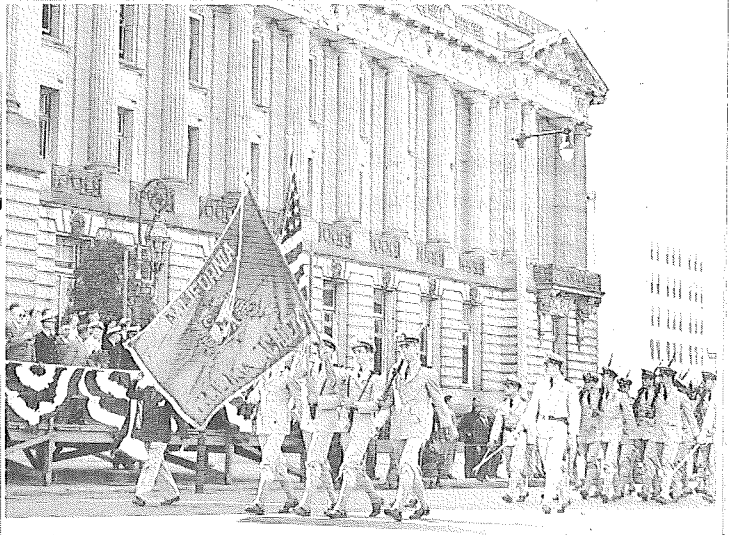
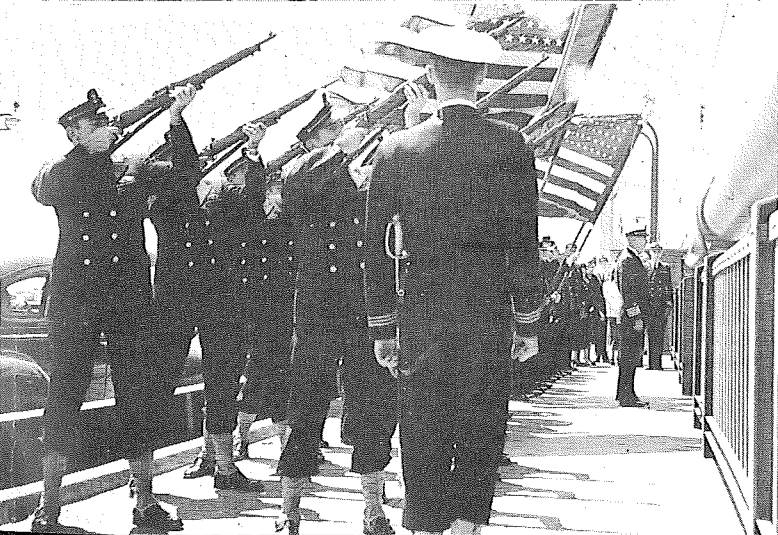
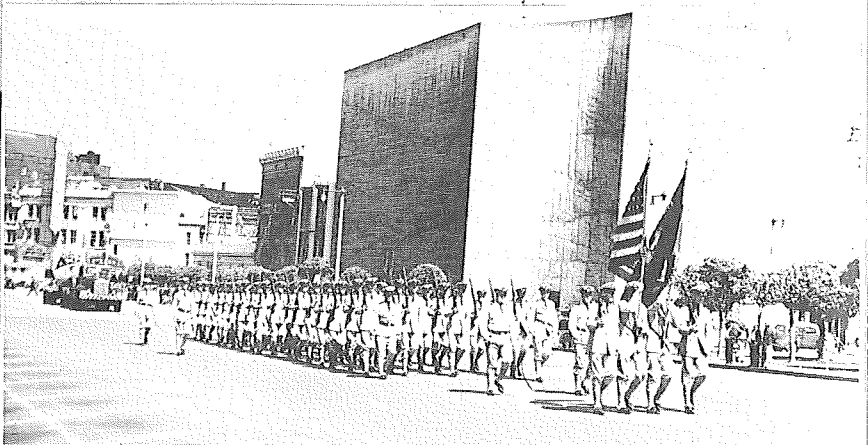
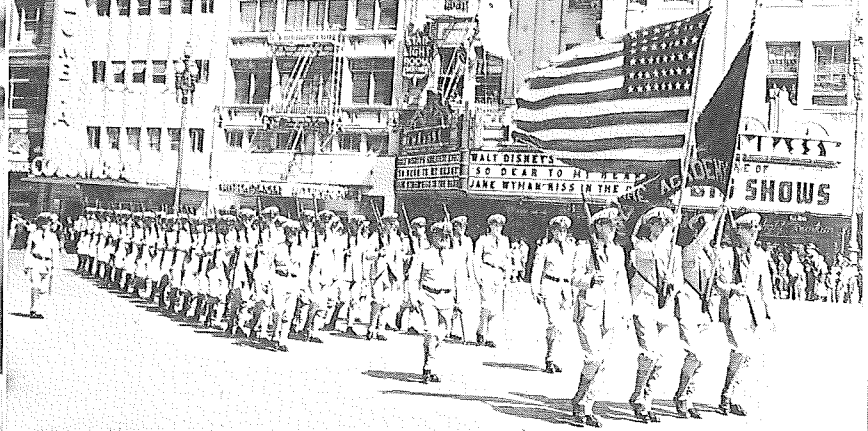
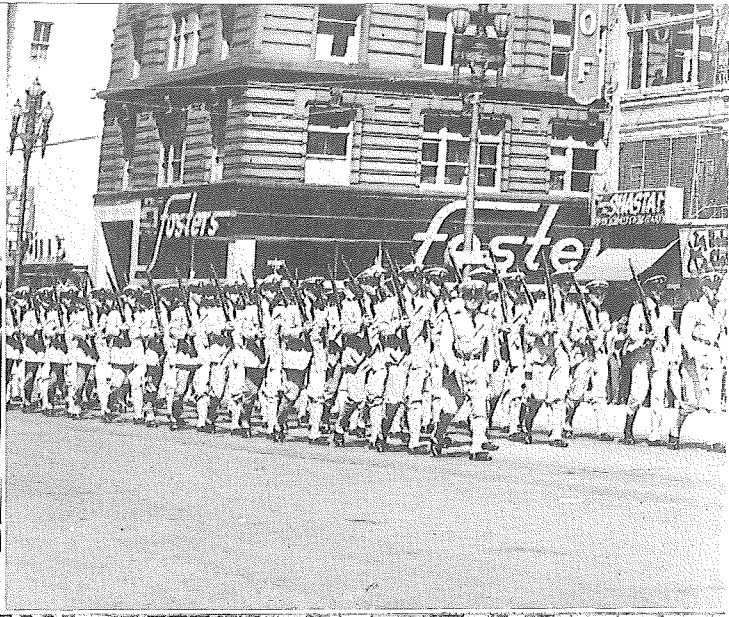
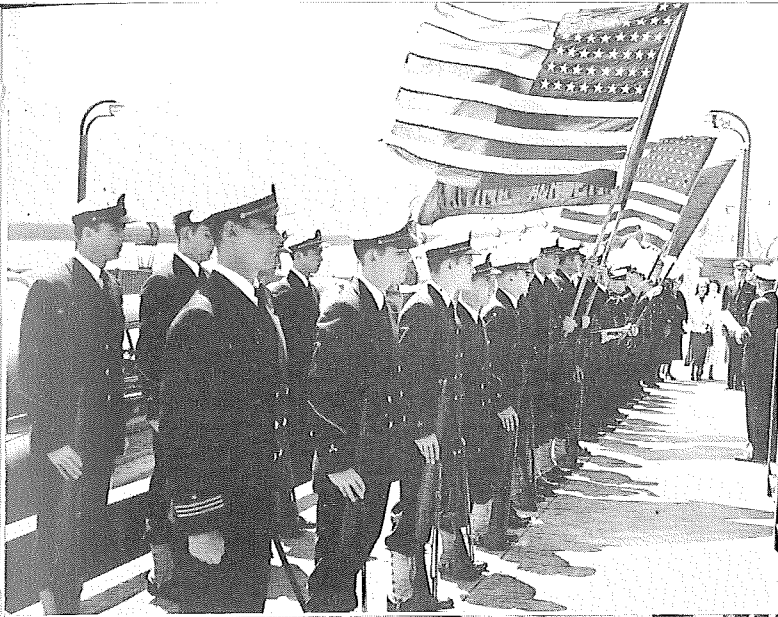


EDWARD M. BLAIR
Chief Fire Controlman, USN
Ordnance and Gunnery



GENE W. SCHOLAR
Chief Gunners Mate, USN
Ordnance and Gunnery

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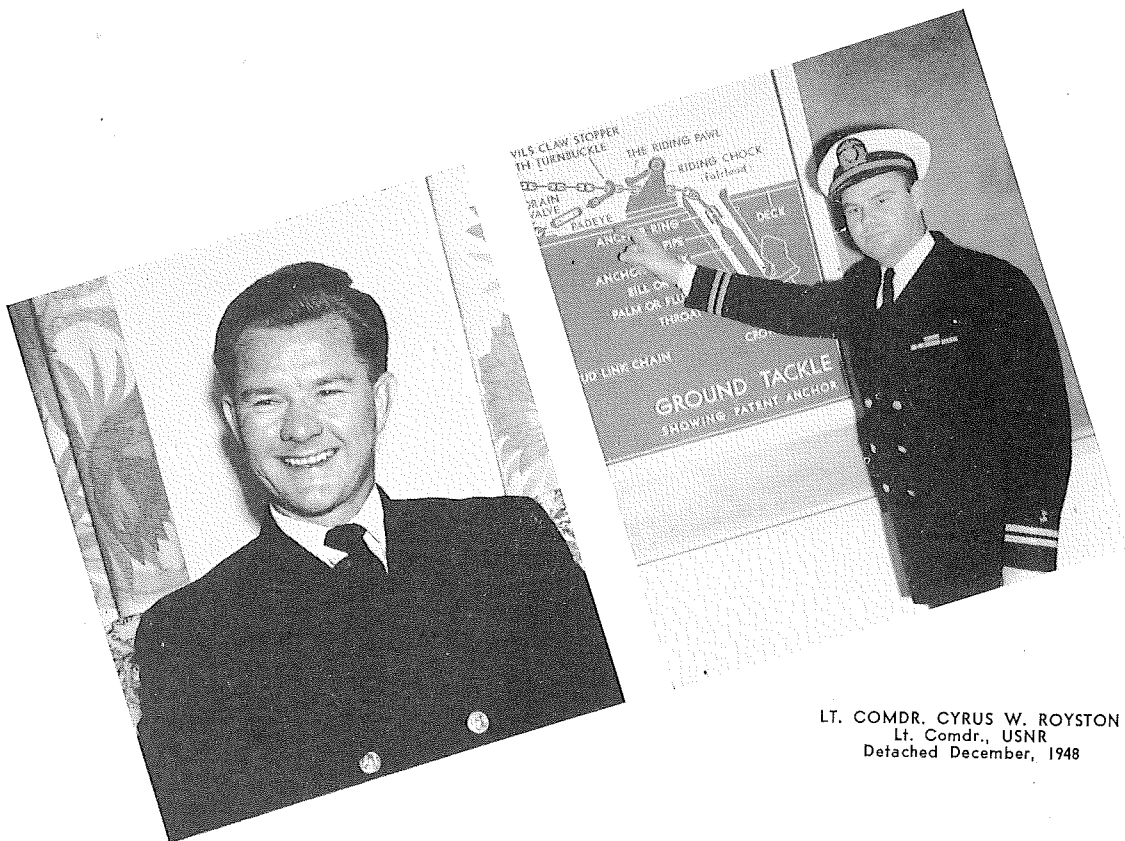




CLARENCE A. MORGAN
Chief Steward



EUGENE HARNWELL
Ship's Carpenter

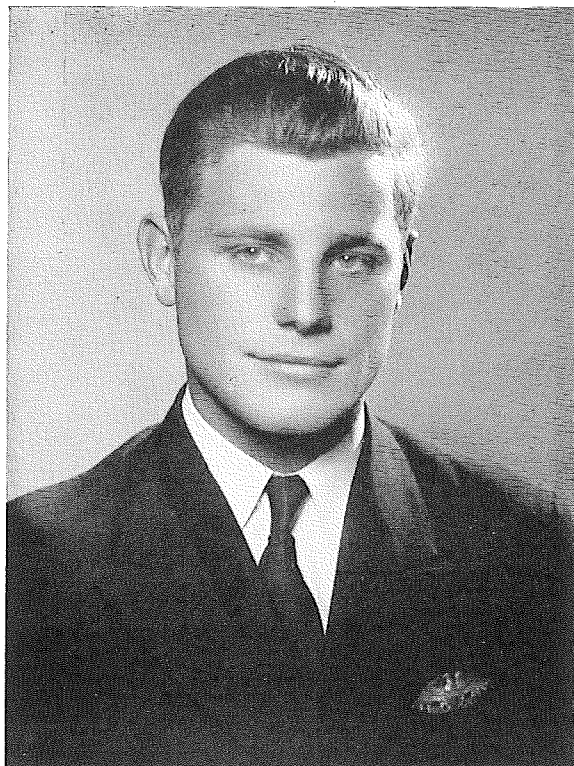


LT. JAMES D. LAMBERT
Detached September, 1948

LT. COMDR. CYRUS W. ROYSTON
Lt. Comdr., USNR
Detached December, 1948

W. ROYSTON
USNR
nber, 1948

Graduating Class



In every graduating class, you can be sure that the seaport town of San Pedro will be well represented, and this year is no exception. The third son of a merchant marine family, Elmer was born, raised, and schooled in San Pedro. Before entering the Academy, he was a member of the deck department aboard the T-2 tanker, "S. S. Grande Ronde." It was there that he gained the experience that has more than once put him out in front of his class.

His very capable leadership, combined with the actual knowledge of the job to be done, has often made him the victim of "if you want it done right, better have Banke do it."

During the past year, Elmer did an excellent job as Commander of "A" Company, keeping the company running smoothly and leading the spirit of competition.

Elmer has already made plans for his future in the Merchant Marine, and we're all sure that not only will he live up to the Academy's fine reputation, but he will be the type of officer that we are proud to have in the Class of '49.

Elmer A. Banke

SAN PEDRO

ACTIVITIES

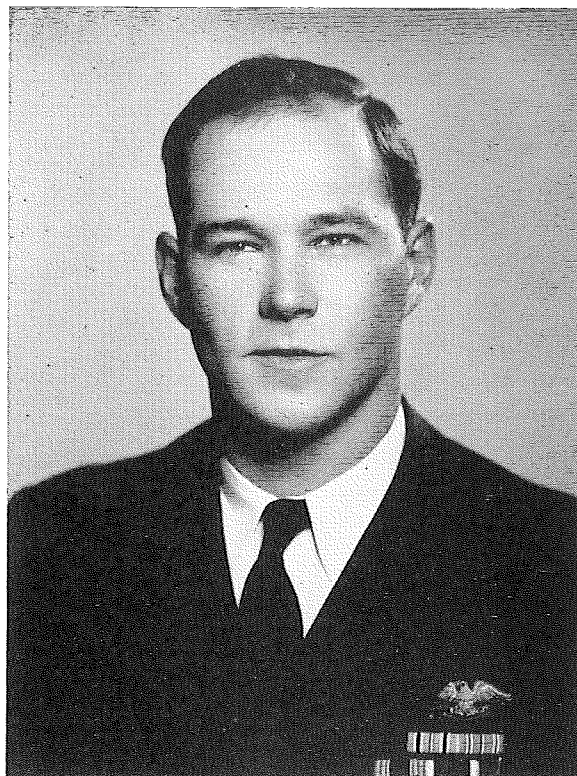
Propeller Club
Softball Team
"A" Company Commander
Athletic Council
Hawsepiper
Rowing Crew
Rifle Team



From the sunny clime of Carmel to the dismal fog of Pneumonia Gulch, came Norman Brown. Born in Oakland, his youth was spent moving around the bay area. Finally he settled down, graduated from Pacific Grove High School, and proceeded to bask in the warm sun. During the late world conflict, Norm served with the navy as an Electrician's Mate in the Pacific theater. Norm's naval service has made him the pride of the deck department, for many is the time that he has proven that the tinkers wrong.

During his first class year, Norm received the two stripes of Chief Petty Officer. He is also the President of the Propeller Club, Port of the California Maritime Academy. Norm's hobbies include photography and radio not to mention the weaker sex.

Norm is a staunch Navy man, and he has often brought much grief to his instructors by sticking to the Navy way of doing things. Upon graduation, Norm plans to go on active duty with the Navy, preferably in the Mediterranean area. We wish Norm the best of luck wherever the winds and tides of life may carry him.

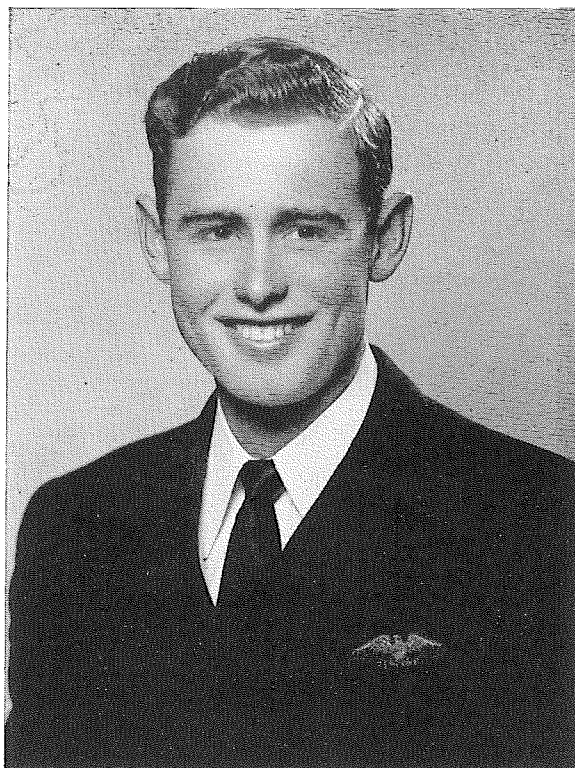


Norman J. Brown
CARMEL



ACTIVITIES

Chief Petty Officer, Staff
President, Propeller Club
Camera Club
Business Manager, Hawsepip
School Photographer
Class Vice-President, Second Class Year



La Jolla's contribution to the class of '49 is in the form of one Walter Brubaker. A carefree, easygoing young man, Walt has no troubles with the world except those pertaining to finance. Coming to CMA from the beaches of Southern California, Walt had very little trouble becoming accustomed to the ways of the sea.

During his first class year, he received the stripes of petty officer in "B" company. He also found time to take over the duties of treasurer of the Cadet Service Fund. His hobbies include swimming, liberty, and women. "Bru," together with "Big Jim" McClure has managed to make many good contacts with Vallejo representatives of the fairer sex.

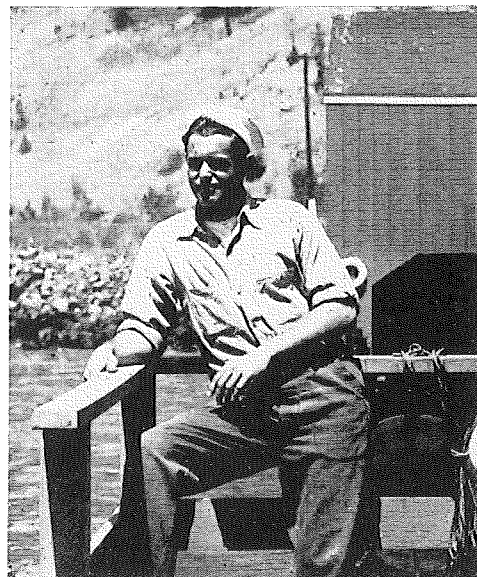
After graduation, Walt plans to ship out and see the world. Best of luck and smooth sailing to a great shipmate.

Walter Y. Brubaker

LA JOLLA

ACTIVITIES

Swimming Team
Sailing Team
First Class Petty Officer, "B" Company
Treasurer, Cadet Service Fund
First Class Secretary
Propeller Club

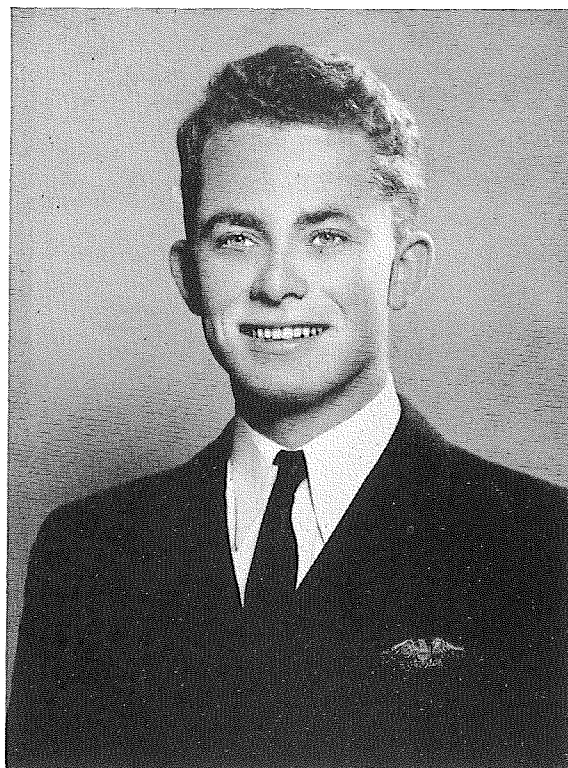


Straight from the campus of the University of California came Bob Craig, one of the best liked and most popular members of his class. After spending three semesters at Cal studying letters and science, Bob's urge for travel and adventure led him to CMA where he has distinguished himself in the deck department as one of the most sturdy and as steady a mariner ever to pass from the portals of the "College of the Sea."

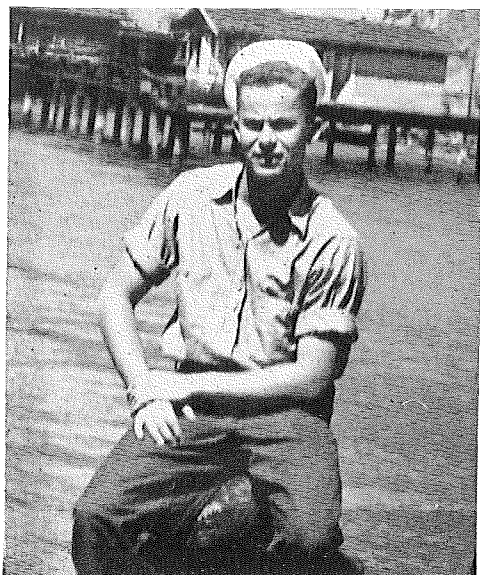
Possessing a quick wit and a shy smile, this lad's love for the sea has made him one of the most able men of his class.

Being the coxswain on CMA's first rate rowing team, Bob more than pulls his own weight.

After visiting the west coast of South America, Bob was so impressed with the scenic beauty and unusual customs of our neighbors to the south that he has hopes of getting a run to South America on his first ship after graduation. A "salt" in the finest tradition of the sea, Bob is sure to make a name for himself in his chosen profession.

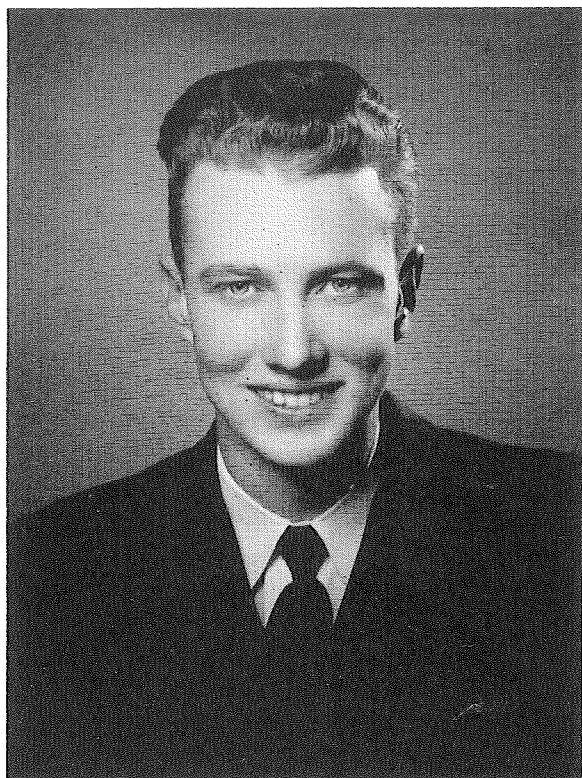


Robert G. Craig
SACRAMENTO



ACTIVITIES

Coxswain, Rowing Team
Propeller Club
Boxing
Athletic Council
Binnacle Staff



Elbert, better known to his classmates as "El," is the tallest and perhaps the quietest of his classmates. Entering the "College of the Sea" three long years ago, "El" showed great eagerness in gaining the knowledge of the ways of the sea. His easygoing attitude and reserved nature has remained with him since his "Swab" days. "El" is the scholar of his class, and he may be found devoting most of his spare time to his favorite subject, navigation. "El's" shyness toward the opposite sex has never ceased to be a source of wonder to his classmates.

The cruises were generous to "Big El" since his thriftiness while at the base practically enabled him to be the ship's banker in every port while on cruise. No one ever competed with "El's" claim to fame as the first to leave the ship in every port. He follows true to form at the base, since his journey home is but a short one. El is a resident of Oakland where he has lived for the past five years.

His past, present, and future rest in the hands of the Navy Department. Since his arrival at the Academy, "El" has been talking, living and sleeping Navy. We say so long and smooth sailing to "Big El," who leaves as he came, in a quiet sort of way.

Elbert J. Ellis
OAKLAND

ACTIVITIES

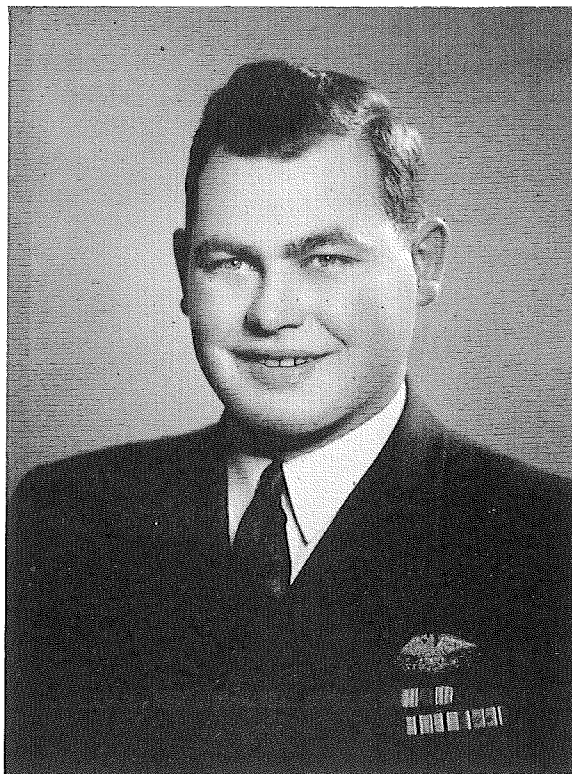
Second Class Petty Officer, "C" Company
Propeller Club



Henry came to CMA straight from duty with the U. S. Navy in the European theater. Hailing from Napa, Henry was graduated from the Napa High School where he starred as a lineman on the formidable "Indian" football team.

His willingness and ability to learn put Henry at the top of his class. Ferrero was one of the few names never seen on "Chet's" infamous restriction list. By virtue of his diligent efforts and outstanding ability, "Hank" received the coveted four stripes of Midshipman Commander during his first class year. He was also active in the Glee Club, Propeller Club, and Rifle Team.

Upon graduation, Henry plans to launch his ship upon the seas of matrimony, and then to enter into an extensive career at sea. We extend to Hank our best wishes for a happy and successful future.



Henry H. Ferrero

NAPA



ACTIVITIES

Hawsepipe, 1947, 1948
Glee Club
Rifle Team
Second Class Secretary
Propeller Club
First Class Vice-President
Cadet Commander



Mr. Gates, as he is known to the Swabs, or "Rocky" as he is known to his classmates, is a wandering native son. He was born at a very early age in San Francisco, but he lived in Missouri long enough to get Truman elected.

In his spare time, he is usually found tinkering, and inventing ways to eliminate static from electric razors. Besides his interest in electricity and engineering, George is quite active in the Camera Club, Propeller Club, Royal Order of Scorekeepers, Oil Spillers Association, and if that is not enough, he is a Cadet Petty Officer. His room is a warehouse for spare parts, tubes, wires, and other accumulated junk which makes life hazardous for any inspecting officer who ventures to open a locker door.

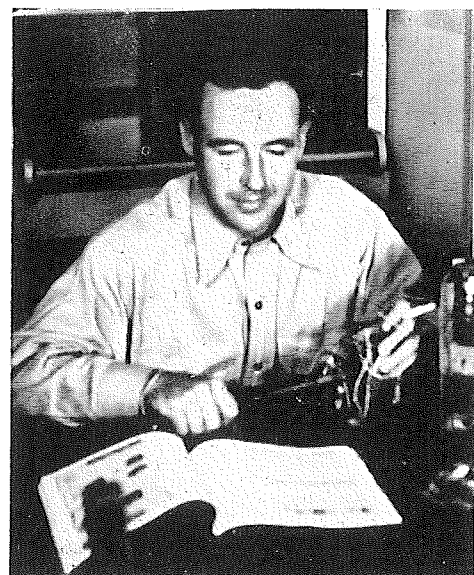
Upon graduation, George expects to go on active duty with the Navy after which he plans to go into the greatly expanding field of electrical engineering. The Midshipman Corps wishes George the very best of luck for a successful future.

George C. Gates

VALLEJO

ACTIVITIES

Propeller Club
 Camera Club
 2nd Class Petty Officer, "B" Company
 Basketball Scorekeeper
 Softball Scorekeeper
 Binnacle Staff
 Drum and Bugle Corps
 Second Asst. Engineer, After Engine Room

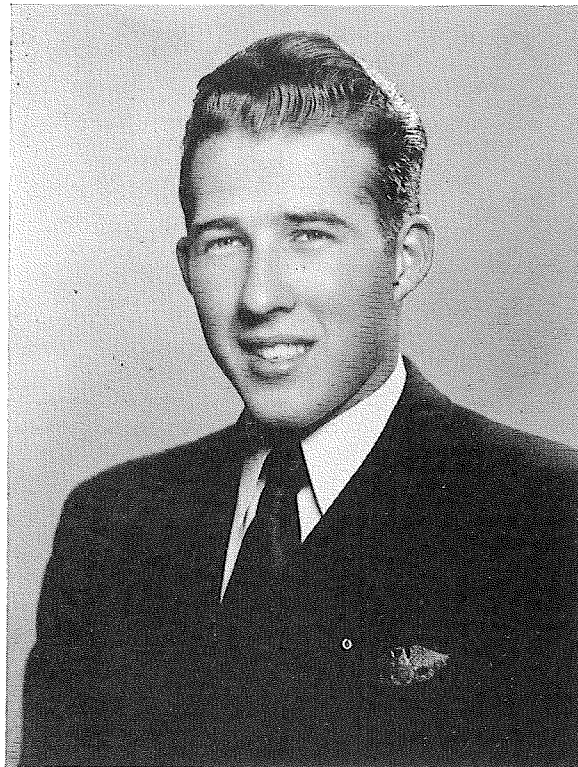


Dick, as he is known to most of his classmates, hails from the gas station on the way to Los Angeles, commonly known as Bakersfield. He is originally from Santa Barbara, where he first became interested in CMA through the medium of the Training Ship.

Dick completed his primary and secondary education in Santa Barbara schools. There he became interested in engineering through model airplane engines, and automobiles. Dick has been one of the few members of his class to own and be able to operate an automobile throughout his stay at the Academy. Since Dick has been at the "College of the Sea," he has been quite active in sports, and starred on the tennis team.

Through his outstanding ability, Carl became "B" Division Commander in his first class year. By virtue of his leadership, he has kept his company at or near the top of the inter-company competition.

Upon graduation, Dick plans to enter college and continue his studies of engineering. We wish him the best of luck and success in his new venture.



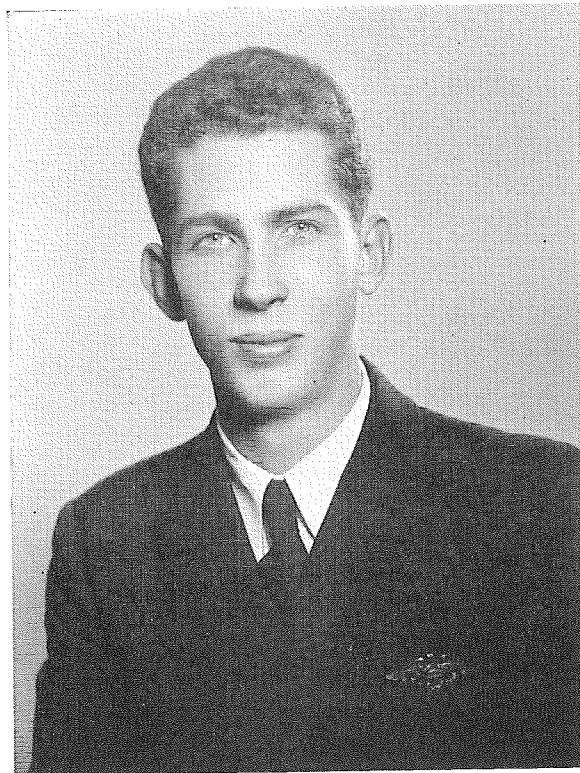
Carl R. Halbach

BAKERSFIELD



ACTIVITIES

Propeller Club
Rifle Team
"B" Company Commander
Tennis Team
First Asst. Engineer, Forward Engine Room



Originally from Vallejo but now residing in an obscure community in the hills of northern California, comes Al McLemore. We all remember the terrific parties we had at "Al's" home in Vallejo. We imagine that the neighbors remember us too. Maybe the parties are one reason that Al doesn't live there any more.

Always a record fan, Al has the largest collection of platters on the base. There are arguments about whether or not the sounds from his room are music, but after three years, everyone has become resigned to the noise.

Mac spent three years in "A" Company and received Petty Officers stripes during his first class year. He was also active on the staff of the Binnacle and acted as manager for the Softball team. During his first class year, he also took over the editor's job on the Hawsepape.

Al spent three years in the forward engine room. Cruel fate left it for him to find out "Wha Hoppens" when the lights go out at sea, but the speed, approximately two minutes, in which he got the plant operating proved his worth as a capable engineer.

Al plans to go on active duty with the Navy for a year and then out to the Merchant Marine. We extend to Al our best wishes for a happy and successful future.

Albert S. McLemore

PHILO

ACTIVITIES

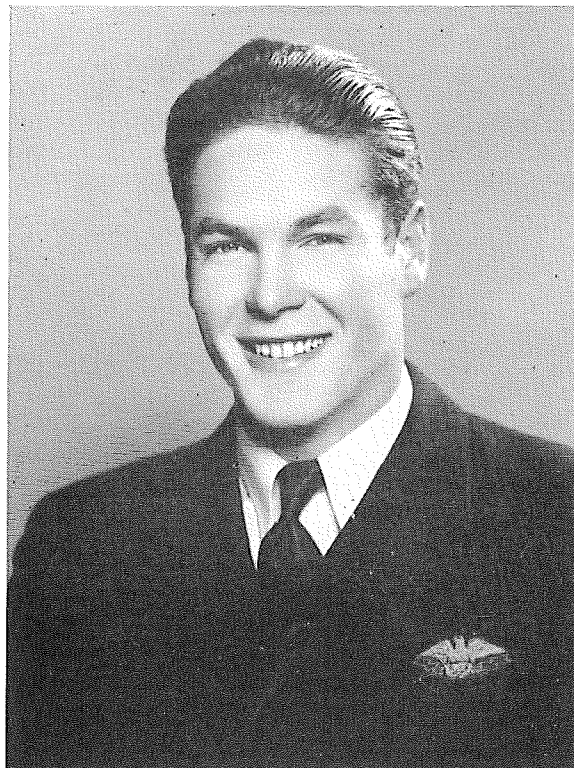
Editor, The Binnacle
Co-Editor, The Hawsepape
Manager, Softball "47," "48"
Manager, Basketball "48"
Petty Officer, "A" Company
Third Assistant Engineer, Forward Engine Room



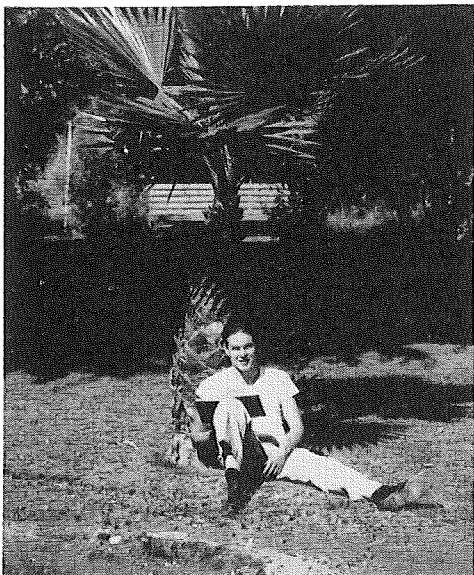
Walter J. ("Big Jim") McClure, the Athenian Track star, ran the measured mile from nearby Vallejo to continue his higher education. The lack of a coed student body stunned "Big Jim" for a while, but his unlimited supply of local addresses kept him and his shipmates well occupied.

His extracurricular activities kept his spirits high enough that he enjoyed using the various tools of the deck midshipman such as chipping hammers and scrapers. Besides being an outstanding basketball star, he set a pattern of physique for all Midshipmen to envy.

As a first classman, he enjoyed many honors, being a Petty Officer of "C" Company and Secretary of the newly formed chapter of the Propeller Club. It is with the greatest pride that CMA sends "Big Jim" to sea as Ensign, USNR. Best of luck and smooth sailing.



Walter J. McClure
VALLEJO



ACTIVITIES

Binnacle Staff
Varsity Basketball
Secretary, Propeller Club
Petty Officer, "C" Company



The sole contribution of the community of Menlo Park to the class of '49 is in the form of one "Big Al" Milani. His aptitude in the classroom plus his exceptional practical ability permanently placed Milani opposite the number "1" spot in class standing.

In his first class year, Al received three stripes signifying Cadet Sub-Commander, and he also took over the duties of Cadet Chief Engineer in the Forward Engine Room, which, through his efforts soon acquired a reputation for "Blood, Sweat and White Paint."

Al also has a reputation as the star athlete of the Cadet Corps. He starred in softball, boxing, rowing, swimming, and he would have been a star in basketball if he could only have forgotten his football tactics.

Al has always been ready to lend a hand to any committee, and he has been the driving force behind the Drum and Bugle Corps, the Athletic Council, the 1948 Ring Dance, and the First Class Lawn Party. His popularity among his classmates also resulted in his election to the presidency of the First Class.

After graduation, Al plans a limited sea career after which comes college and a degree in mechanical engineering. Best of luck and smooth sailing to a swell guy.

A. V. Milani

MENLO PARK

ACTIVITIES

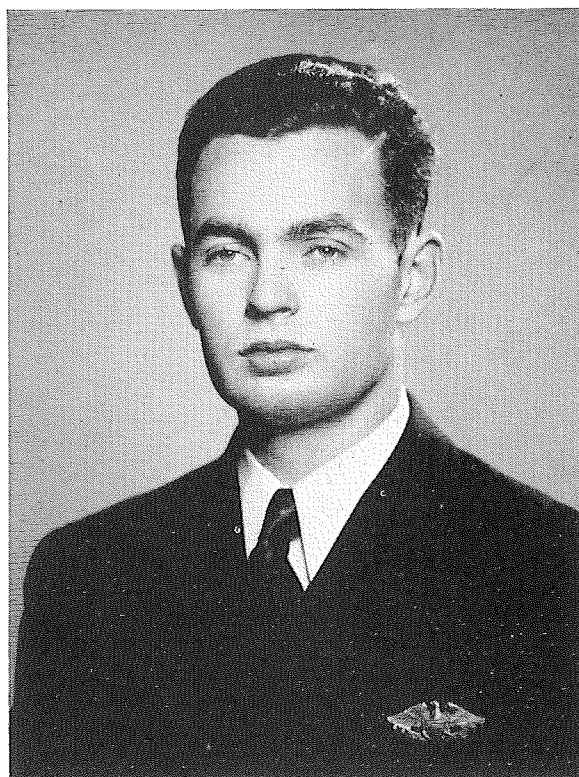
Camera Club
 Propeller Club
 Athletic Council Chairman
 Ring Dance Committee Chairman, 1948
 First Class Lawn Party Committee Chairman
 First Class President
 Cadet Sub-Commander
 Cadet Chief Engineer, Forward Engine Room
 Major, Drum and Bugle Corps
 Boxing
 Softball Team



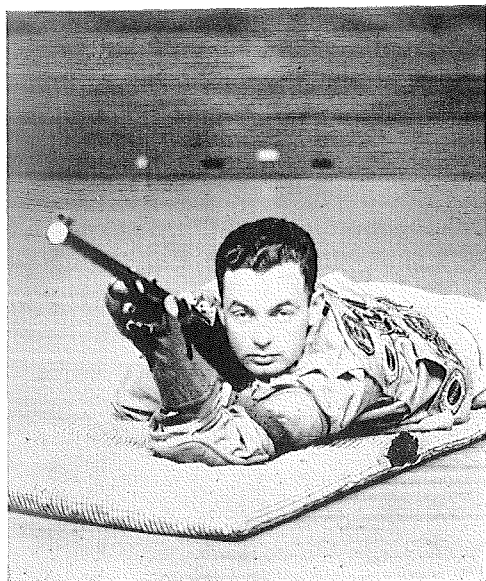
From the sunny beaches of Santa Monica to the eternal fog of Morrow Cove, came Jim Orton. He plunged into the dim and uncertain studies of engineering with so much gusto that he soon became one of the top engineers of his class. Jim is a quiet type whose deeds are measured by accomplishment instead of by words. During his stay at CMA, Jim entered into the Journalistic field, as may be evidenced by his impressive stack of report sheets.

On top of his engineering ability, Jim was also one of the top athletes of his class. He was the live wire behind the CMA rifle team, as well as being a member of the baseball, basketball, and tennis teams. He is also a member of the Propeller Club and is a Cadet Petty Officer.

Jim plans to ship out for a short time, and then to obtain a position in a shore power plant. Best of luck for a happy and successful future.

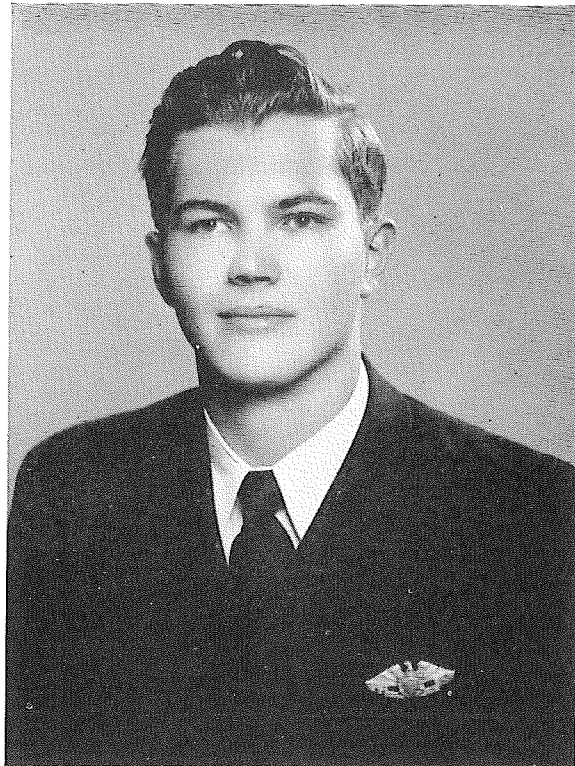


James B. Orton
SANTA MONICA



ACTIVITIES

First Class Petty Officer "A" Company
Propeller Club
Tennis Team
Basketball Team
Baseball Team
Rifle Team
Athletic Council
Sports Dance Refreshment Committee
Second Asst. Engineer, Forward Engine Room



The Long Beach area always does its part for CMA, and in the engineering section of our class it makes its yearly contribution in the form of Earl Richards.

Earl began his sea-going and engineering career long before entering the Academy. Being a native of Long Beach he was of course exposed to small boats at an early age, and anyone around the water in a large seaport must surely observe the comings and goings of many large ships engaged in the international trade. It is easy to see how one with this background would develop a yen for a life at sea. Before entering CMA, Earl was studying mechanical engineering at Long Beach City College, but the sea still had a strong hold on him. Coming to the Academy was the way of combining both.

During the past three years Earl has proven himself to be a happy-go-lucky person with a ready wit. His extracurricular activities are mostly tied with the Propeller Club.

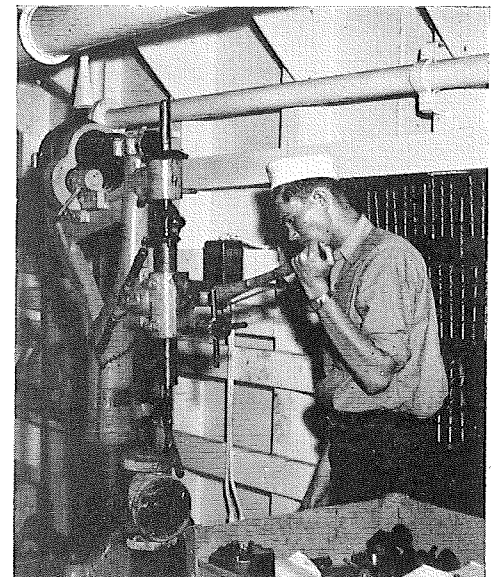
Earl is another member of the class of '49 who has applied for active duty in the Navy. Ashore or afloat, here is wishing you smooth sailing, Earl.

Earl W. Richards

LONG BEACH

ACTIVITIES

Propeller Club
Tennis Team
Glee Club
J. V. Basketball
Southern California Dance Committee
Third Asst. Engineer, After Engine Room



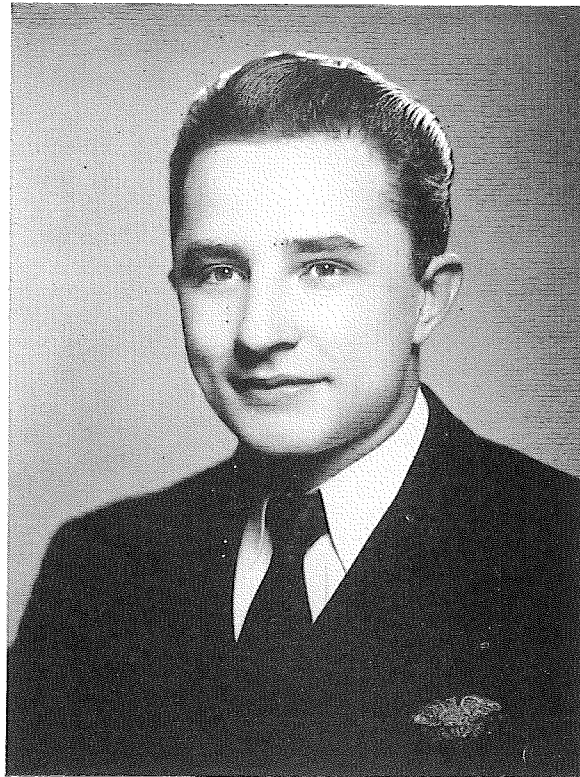
Mel came to us from Los Angeles via the United States Merchant Marine Cadet Corps. He completed a year at the Cadet School at San Mateo, and his third class year at sea serving on the "Linfield Victory," "Cape San Diego," and "Solon Turman." Not wanting to spend two more years away from his home state, he transferred to CMA.

We feel that the reason Mel transferred to our Academy was the way he was impressed by Mist'ers Swain '42, Main '41, and Kollash '46, having been shipmates with them on the Cape San Diego.

Mel has proved himself tough competition in the scholastic field having attained the number one spot for our Second Class year.

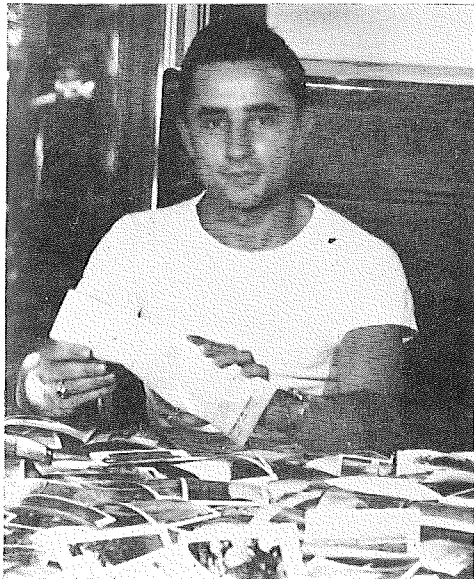
The design and installation of the Hagan board in the After Engine Room can be traced to Mel, although he gives most of the credit to Mr. Averill.

He has recently received word that he has been accepted for admission to U. S. C. and plans to enter this September. We wish you luck Mel, and hope you do as well in College as you've done here.



Melvin A. Richley

LOS ANGELES



ACTIVITIES

Secretary, Cadet Service Fund
Co-Editor, Hawsepape
Rifle Team
Tennis Team
Adjutant, Staff
Chairman, Class Ring Committee
Chairman, Southern California Dance
Committee
Binnacle Staff
First Asst. Engineer, After Engine Room



The regular Navy boy of our class hailing from deep in the heart of Texas, came to CMA directly from the USS O'Bannon, D.D. 450.

After finishing high school, Fred decided the U. S. Navy was for him. After boot camp, he was shipped out to the Pacific where he was assigned aboard a fighting ship. For four years Fred remained in the Navy and received many citations for his excellent work. Among these are: Presidential Unit Citation, Philippine Liberation, Asiatic Pacific, and American Area. His rate when discharged from the Navy was Machinist's Mate 2nd Class.

While in the Academy, Fred has been in charge of the boxing matches while on cruise. He was also President of the class during the second class year, "C" company commander, and was also Vice-President of the Propeller Club.

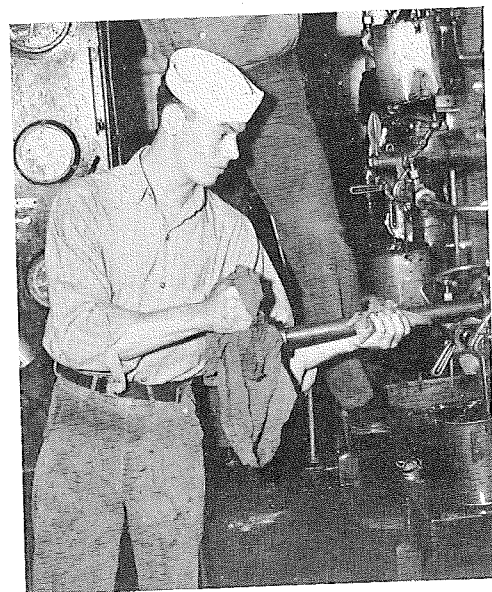
After graduation Fred plans to enter the Navy and make it his career. Another item is that he is planning on getting married soon after graduation to a Southern California beauty. Lots of luck, and smooth sailing.

Fred L. Uhrich

SAN FRANCISCO

ACTIVITIES

"C" Company Commander
Cadet Chief Engineer, After Engine Room
Boxing
Tennis Team
Sports Editor, Binnacle
Hawsepipe
Ring Dance Committee
Second Class President
Propeller Club, Vice-President



First Class History

Three long years ago, we entered the portals of CMA via a barber shop and got our first taste of a life at sea. For the first few days of our indoctrination period we weren't sure that the sea tasted quite as good as the pamphlets had led us to believe. Finally, after some of us had recovered the hair on our heads, (Brown never did) we began to see the brighter side of life. Soon, however, we discovered much to our distress, that the brighter side was to be obscured much of the time by the clouds of dust from our ever busy chipping hammers and wire brushes. Our class began to thin slightly as some of our classmates realized that the life of a sailor wasn't all sailing over the bounding main. The fifteen remaining members of our class banded together and took over the extra burden of work imposed upon us by our limited size.

Cruise finally arrived and the studies were relieved by watches. We became accustomed to the ship and began to feel that, after all, maybe we were a cog in the wheel

instead of the motive power. We came back to the "States" with the firm belief that we were widely traveled young men. We felt that the work and grief that we had sustained for eight months had finally begun to pay off. Soon we began to notice the first class buckling down to the books in preparation for thirds and we felt the strain begin to lift. Soon finals were over, leave was over, our second class stripes were firmly sewed to our sleeves and we found ourselves ready to face the coming year with confidence in our own abilities.



CLASS OFFICERS

Left to right: Hank Ferrero, Vice-President; Al Milani, President; Walter Brubaker, Secretary-Treasurer.

The third class arrived and we found ourselves, small in number, but great in spirit, faced with the problem of trying to act as shipmates and

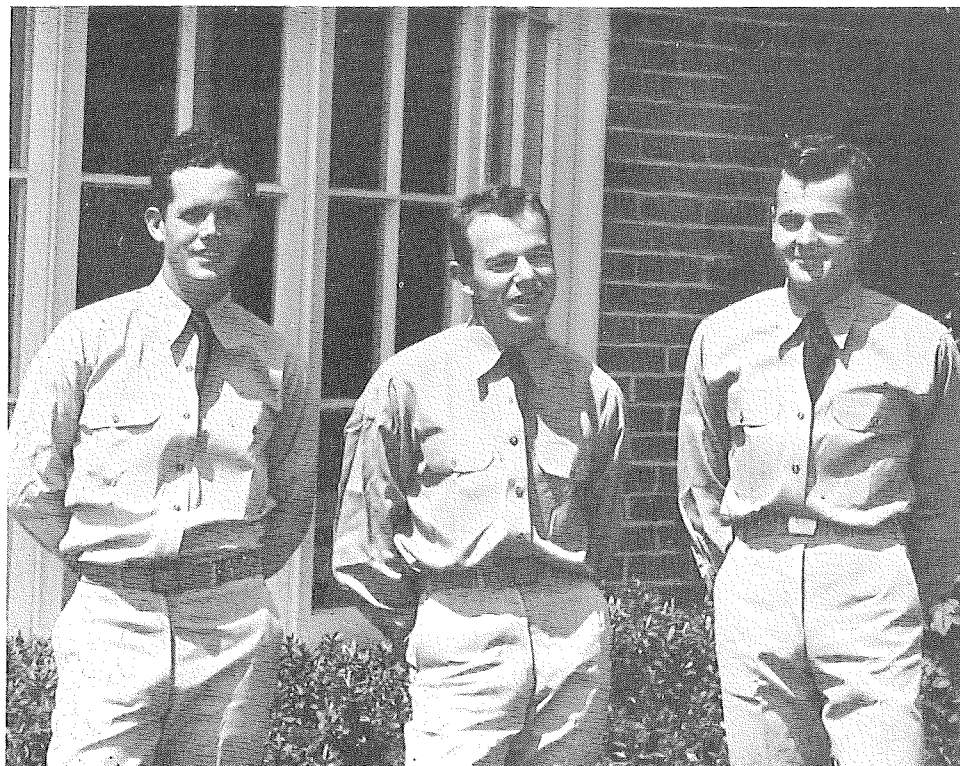
guardian angels for a class four times our size. Our efforts seemed rather futile at times and we finally gave up and let the third class go the way of all dust. Again the time rolled around for cruise and we began to see our names appearing on the watch lists as quartermasters instead of helmsman and lookout; and oilers and evaporator men instead of firemen and utility men (a formal term for wiper). We began to feel more security and also realized that the work of our third class year was not in vain. We had learned to take and obey orders and now we began to give them. We began to realize what complicated organization and planning goes into the successful and profitable operation of a ship. During the cruise period we saw many of the seemingly menial tasks lifted from our shoulders and tasks involving more knowledge and experience came our way. We looked back and realized how much knowledge of the sea we had accumulated in our one and one-half years at CMA. We also shuddered as we realized the great amount of study and

knowledge which we would have to accumulate before we were ready to go forth into the shipping world as licensed thirds. Cruise finally came to an end, our noses went back into the books, suntans faded, colds appeared, and heated classroom discussions were once more the order of the day. Midterms passed and we somehow came through unscathed. The third class was constantly reminded that they constituted the lowest form of human life, and they in turn constantly reminded us that even the lowest forms of human life sometimes wear shoes and that as far as they were concerned, we constituted the anatomy of the shoe commonly known as the heel. Our petty gripes and bleeds began to multiply as the time for finals grew near, and soon we found ourselves staying up with the first class cramming for the exams that were to determine our future in CMA. Certain of our class were observed to be working for the first time in eleven months and it was taken for granted that they were "working for their stripes." Finals finally rolled around and rolled us around also. We emerged unscathed from the terrible pounding that we had absorbed at the unmerciful hands of Dutton, Bowditch, Dwyer, and the other composers of texts designed to make the life of a Midshipman as precarious as possible. We removed the second class stripes which had been sewed on with such infinite care and patience, and placed on our sleeves the unmistakable, powerful symbol of the first classman. It was then that we first began to taste the fruits of victory complete with a molasses cocktail in our swords.

We greeted the incoming class with open arms full of chipping hammers and wire brushes and proceeded to indoctrinate the youngsters into the ways of CMA. We began to feel that the third class did not think as well of us as we thought of ourselves, but we looked back to our own third class days with a feeling of pity for the poor SWAB. Studies began to get harder and our heads seemed to run in parallel. Instead of dreaming of Sally and Jane, we began to dream of squeeler rings and star sights. Weekly quizzes and week-end restrictions began to become disgustingly prevalent. First class names began to appear with alarming regularity on weekly extra-duty lists. In all, we began to realize that being a first classman isn't all that it's cracked up to be. In fact, the first of our first class year was just one startling realization after another. The break in routine came about in the form of cruise and we wondered if we had learned enough in our two and a half years to act as competent watch officers. We surprised ourselves and our instructors by bring the ship back to the States in one piece and resplendently white in the bright California sunshine.

After cruise, bridge games came to a screeching halt and review study began to occupy our spare time. We began to feel sorry for the previous first class and wondered if they had to go through this torture. Now the time for thirds grows close and we close this journal of our three wonderful years at CMA, with the feeling that we should have done better, but if the opportunity presented itself, perhaps we would find that we had put forth our best already.

Underclassmen



CLASS OFFICERS
Left to right: J. J. Kelly, Vice-President; Peter Combs, Secretary-Treasurer; C. B. Lewis, President.

Second Class History

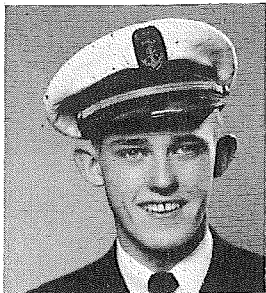
On September 17, 1947, a motley group of sixty-nine fair-haired lads realized that it takes three years to produce a polished officer and gentleman and a week-end liberty to produce a party. In exchange for our levis, sweaters and loafers, we received a set of "Swab Rules" in which the words "Do Not" were outstandingly prominent. The order of the day was the personalizing of ones clothes. Although this was not as debonaire as the "Kiss Me In The Dark" necktie, it served its purpose very well.

Our entire third class year was one of distinction (no relation to Calvert's). The "Swab Smoker" was such a huge success that none like it have since been produced. The class adhered to military discipline in such a short time that we were given such special privileges as meetings in the halls of the barracks, multi hours of extra duty, and working parties in our spare time.

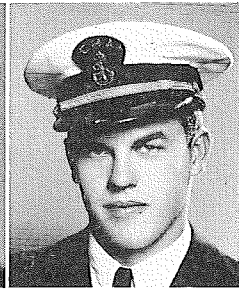
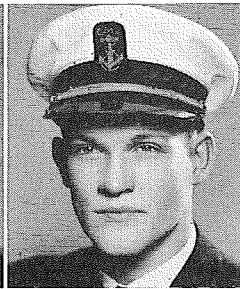
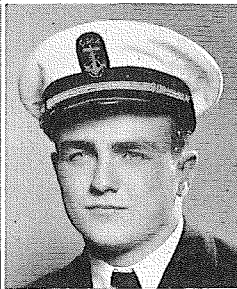
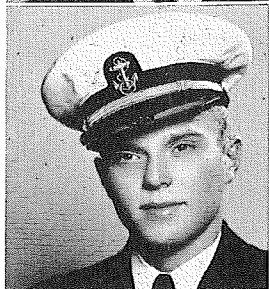
Finally cruise came around and together with tons of evaporated "Guernsey Gruell," we were loaded aboard the "Iron Cow" for an extended four months pleasure cruise to Europe. During this time, we became accustomed to the roll and pitch of our cork-like vessel and began to fancy ourselves as "salty tars." Visiting the ports of Europe didn't impress us as much as the varied impressions which we left with the inhabitants. Well-remembered are the names of "Picadilly," "Trocadero," "Fantasia," and "Salon de St. Louis."

(Continued on page 37)

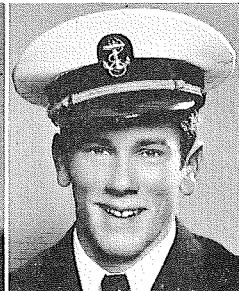
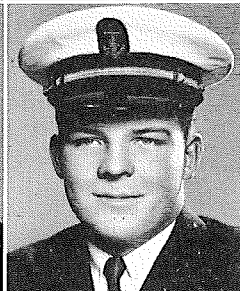
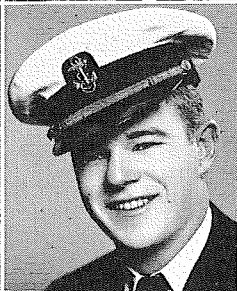
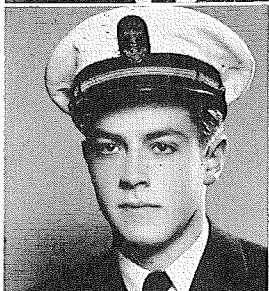
Second Class



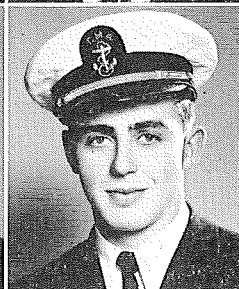
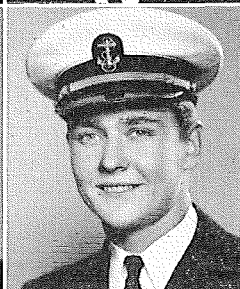
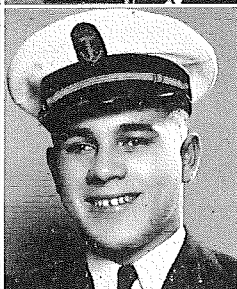
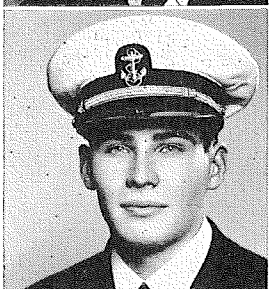
VAN ANDERSON



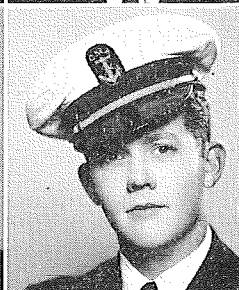
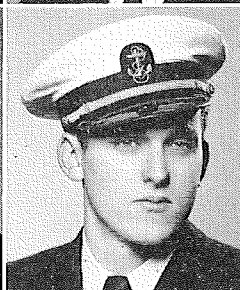
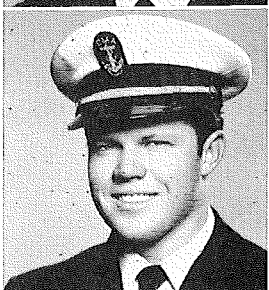
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JAMES CALDWELL
JIMMY COCHRAN
WALTER COCHRAN



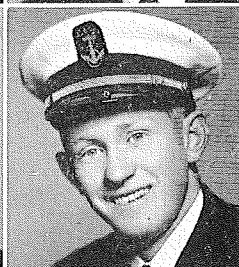
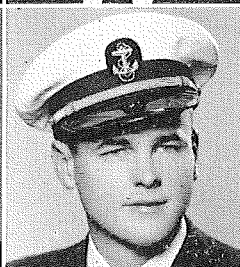
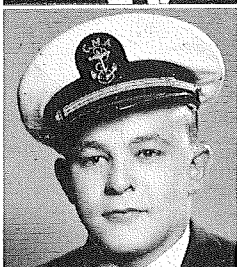
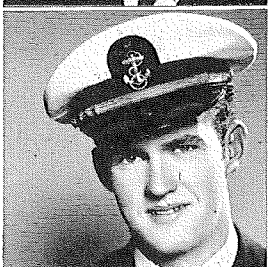
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PETER COMBS
CLIFFORD DAVID
THOMAS DOYLE



ROBERT DUNN
KENNETH FLUKE
JACK FRENCH
RICHARD HETT

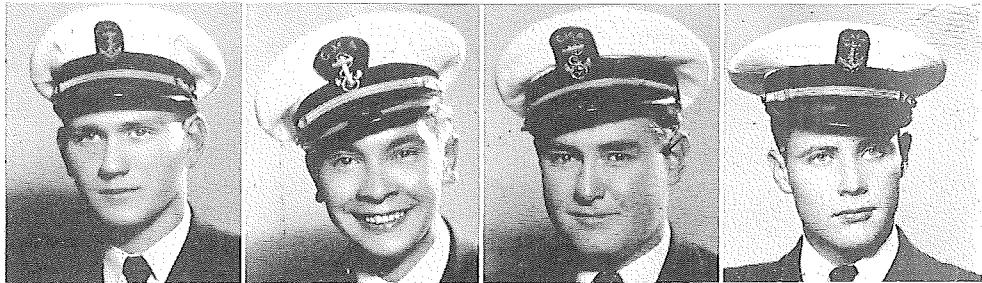


THOMAS HOHEISEL
ROBERT JACOBSON
TED JOHNSTON
JOHN KELLY

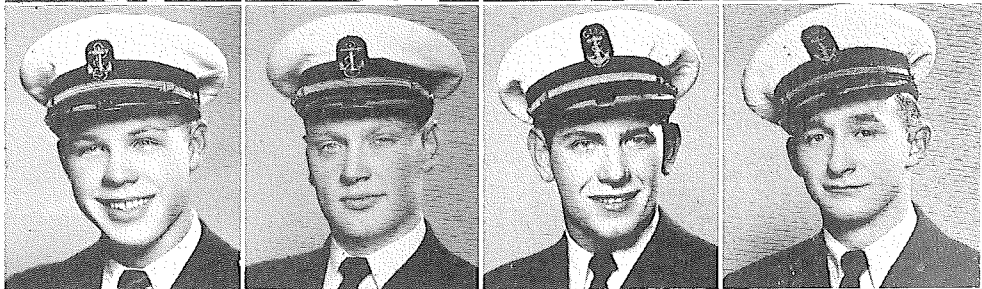


ROBERT KELLY
ROBERT KUBEL
CHARLES LEWIS
ERNEST LEWIS

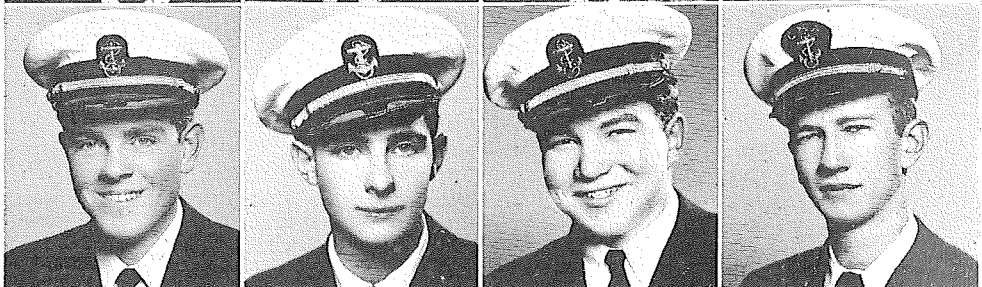
WILLIAM LOWRY
ISIDORO MAGGAY
JOHN MacDONALD
GEORGE MORRILL



DAVID MULLIGAN
DON NAY
JAMES NICHOLSON
ANTHONY PEARSON



WILLIAM PEARSON
STANLEY RACIK
HERBERT ROSEN
BOBBIE SHEL



EDWIN SMITH
JOHN STOLL
WILLIAM STRAIN
JOHN WARD



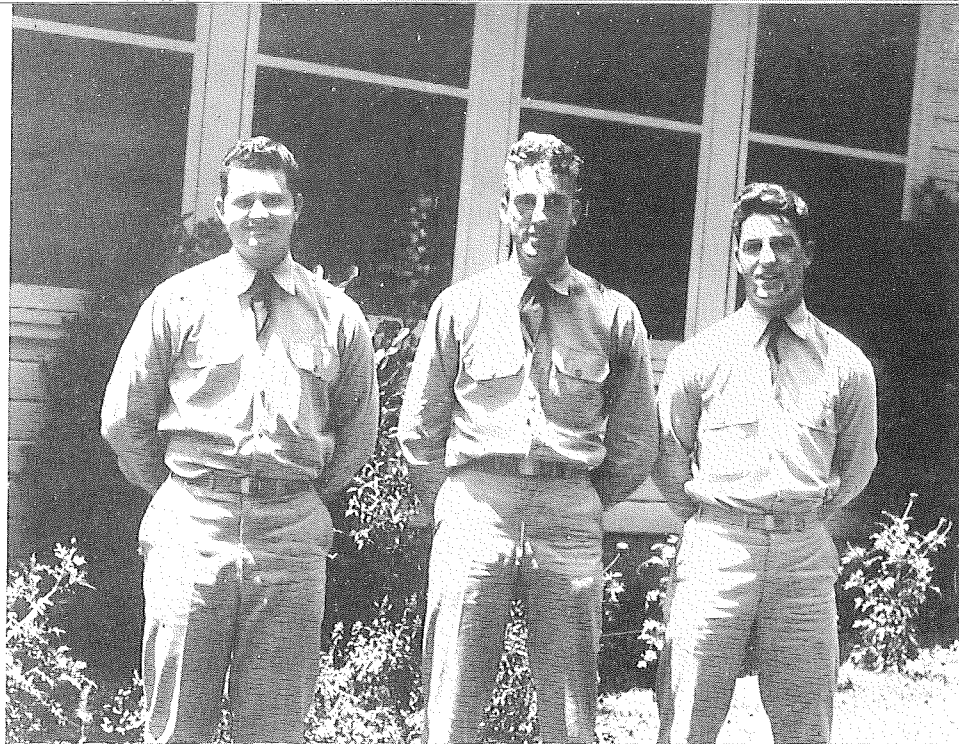
Second Class History

(Continued from page 35)

The termination of cruise came suddenly and finals were upon us. The new cadet officers were chosen and small talk centered around the question, "Who put the molasses in Uhrich's sword"? Second class responsibility fell upon our broad shoulders and power went to our heads. As most of our class was pin headed and stoop shouldered, we failed horribly.

Our second class cruise was a pleasant sojourn in the beautiful blue Pacific. We assumed some responsibility as the instructors began to realize that some of us had brains that we weren't sitting on. The Latin-Americans seemed to take us to heart and we got some wonderful opportunities to practice our conversational Spanish. The usual complement of pleasure seekers and treasure hunters soon found its way into the darkest corners and brightest spots of the cities. Some of the more adventurous souls even went so far as to explore the local "Bastiles."

The end of cruise came all too early and we came back to the "States" sporting tan backs and red noses. The sea stories are still being circulated; the memories of all the comical or tragic occurrences will stay with us forever. Our annual ring dance was a huge success and future events can be better foretold by the phrase coined by one of our classmates, "We're really going to roll."



CLASS OFFICERS

Left to right: Charles Marrs, President; Bob Henry, Secretary-Treasurer; John Mena, Vice-President.

Third Class History

On September 15, 1948, the future masters and chief engineers of the maritime world, or as our Naval Science instructor keeps pumping into us everyday, the future ensigns of the United States Navy, assembled at a place that to some would be home for but a day, and to others a home for the three years following.

The place, of course, was the California Maritime Academy, soon to be known to us as dear old C. M. A.

It was not long after we had arrived that the upperclassmen, the boys who had withstood the hardships for the year or two previous, made known to us the meaning of the word "swab." However, as time passed on, we understood more completely the full significance of its meaning.

After we had been here a few days, our "civvies" were put aside, and in their place came dungarees and white sailor hats. Soon we all had something in common—clothes. Soon we had something else all alike—no hair. Our curly locks had to give way to the $\frac{1}{4}$ inch crew cut.

As time went on, we were oriented to life at C. M. A. We understood well our positions here. We knew only too pitifully what an officer or upperclassman meant in telling us to "turn-to." It wasn't long until we were all in the swing of things.

Soon final examinations came along. Most of us breezed through them, for we had in the back of our minds the Christmas leave that followed and that meant going home.

On returning from Christmas leave we all moved aboard ship and prepared her for the shipyard and the annual training cruise which was to take us to Mexico and the west coast of South America. Cruise is the time of the year that most of us look forward to. We may not have all the luxuries of the Queen Mary, but we do have a lot of fun despite the fact that there is hard work. The good times always compensate for the bad. We all remember fondly Callao, Valparaiso, Balboa, Acapulco, and Mexico City. However, all good things come to an end and so did our cruise. But it gave rise to another good thing, our post-cruise leave.

When we came back from the leave we began our second and last semester as swabs. Though we have diminished in quantity since last fall, the quality is still present. We now, more than ever, look forward to our days as upperclassmen. Like all classes that have preceded us we feel well assured that our class has begun a new and better era for C. M. A.

Third Class

ROBERT BAILEY



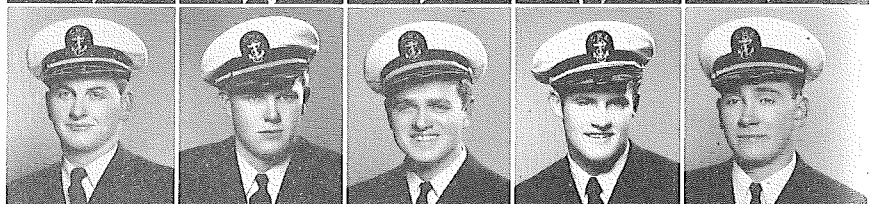
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EHRLING CARLSEN
JAMES COLCLOUGH
RICHARD COTTRELL
JAMES CRAIG



THEODORE D'AMICO
JEAN DEMPSTER
CLYDE DONALSON
FRANK FALSKEN
MATTHEW FRANICH



JOHN GALLAGHER
JOHN GARDNER
JAMES GLEN
WILLIAM HALE
DAVID HANF



PETER HEINTZ
ROBERT HENRY
JACK HOOD
ROBERT JENKINS
PHIL LAUDENSCHLAGER



DONALD LIPMAN
JOHN LUND, JR.
CHARLES MARRS
RODERICK MARSHALL
JOHN MENA



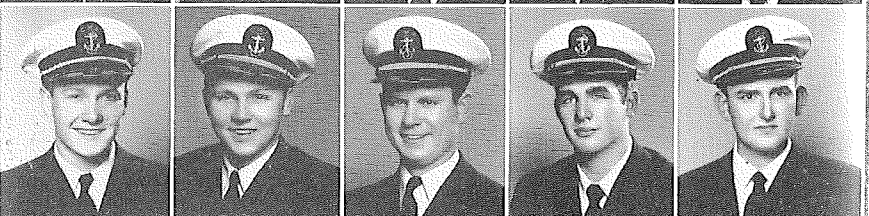
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LLOYD PARSONS
HENRY PERKINS
MALCOLM PIERSON
FRED RINGLE

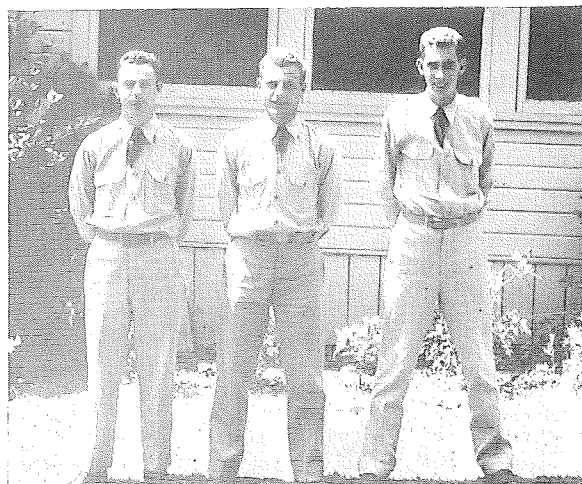


HUGH RODMAN
FRED RONSTADT
HERSCHEL SATTERFIELD
HAROLD SIMMONS
ALVIAN SMIRENSKY



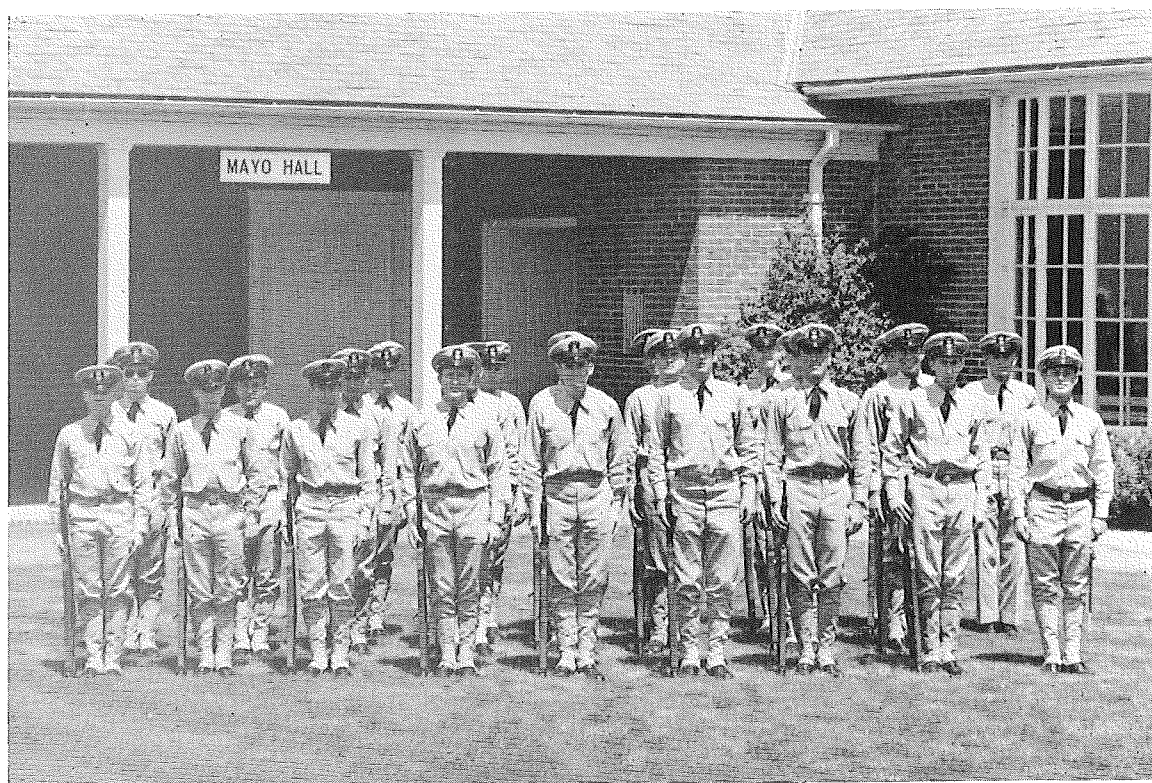
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WILLIAM STONEHOUSE
LYLE TAYLOR
ROBERT WIDENOR
DAVID WYAND





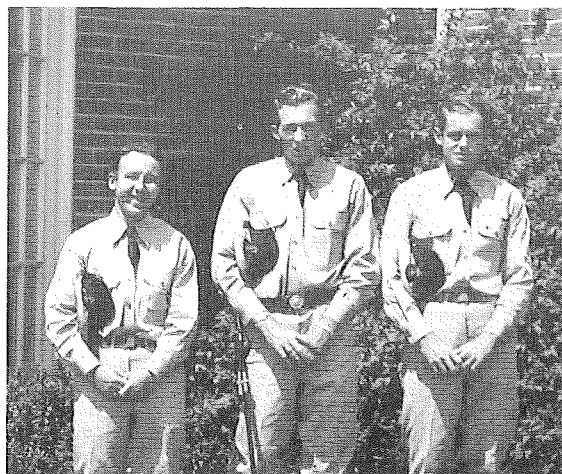
Left to right: James Orton, 1st class petty officer; Elmer Banke, Company Commander; Albert McLemore, 2nd class petty officer.

"A" Company

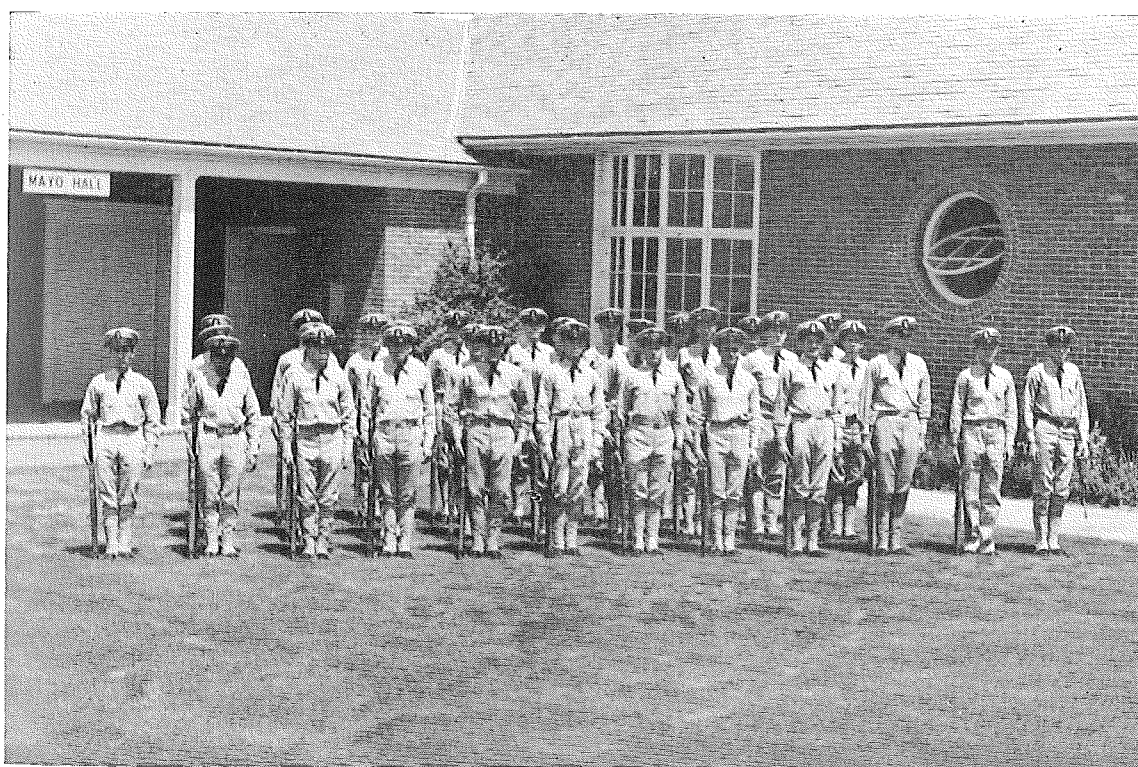


'A' COMPANY

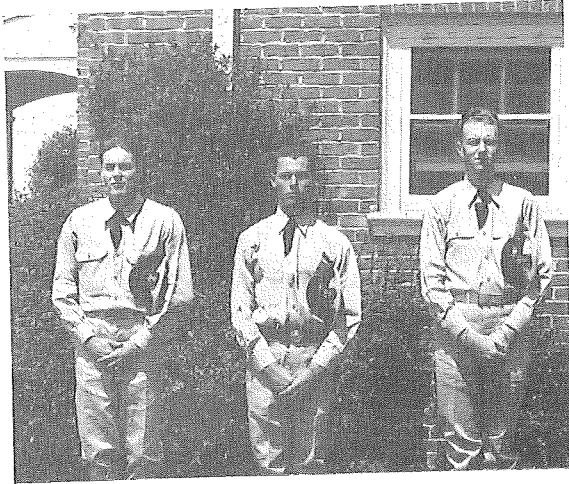
Left to right: George Gates, 2nd class petty officer; Dick Halbach, Company Commander; Walter Brubaker, 1st class petty officer.



"B" Company

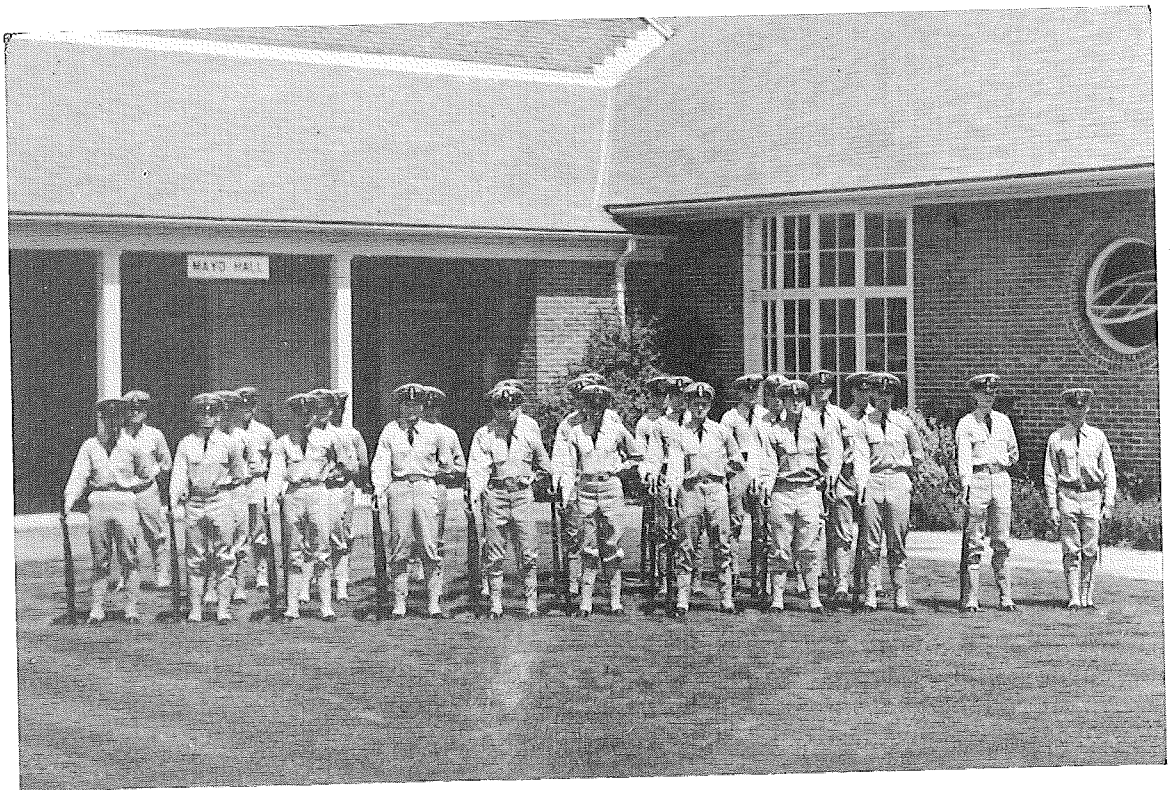


'B' COMPANY



Left to right: James McClure, 1st class petty officer; Fred Uhrich, Company Commander; Elbert Ellis, 2nd class petty officer.

"C" Company



'C' COMPANY

Athletics



Left to right: Pedro Heintz, Roy Pearson, Elmer Banke, Mr. N. B. Martin, Todd Hale, Phil Barnes, and Al Milani.

The Athletic Council is another recent addition to various organizations accredited to our progressive administration. The function of the council, under the advisorship of Mr. Martin, is to coordinate athletics. They see to it that the various teams are adequately outfitted with uniforms, that games are scheduled with neighboring school teams, and that a sufficient number and type of athletic activities are offered to the Midshipmen during their athletic periods. The problem of financing the uniforms for the different teams is a thorn in the council's side. The greater portion of this money is supplied by the Cadet Service Fund, but the wants of the teams are usually greater than this allotment. The deficit is met by the staging of dances by the Council. The Sport Dance last August is an example of this. Sufficient funds were raised to purchase not only playing uniforms for the basketball team, but also warmup suits.

The lack of neighboring teams on a par with our teams is a great obstacle in the fulfillment of a complete schedule for the various teams. Probably the most difficult and persistent headache presented is the supervising and coordinating of athletics. When a sport is not given sufficient subscription it must be dropped, and the remaining members transferred to a different sport or another one added to the already long list of activities. This list is comprised of basketball, swimming, tennis, crew, sailing, rifle team, gym team and the intercompany softball league.

We hope that the Council will continue to maintain the high spirit of athletic competition now in existence and be able to find schools and organizations with which games or meets may be scheduled. This outside competition is really the basic incentive for a team to strive to better itself, and only with this plan in mind can the ever present drudgery of practice be removed.



KNEELING, left to right: Jack Hood, Roy Pearson, Jimmy Cochran, Jim Craig. STANDING: Coach Ramsey, Bill Goodman, John Olsen, Christensen, Peter Heintz, Ernie Lewis, Childs, Coach Swain.

Varsity Basketball Team

Varsity basketball at C.M.A. this season was a so-so affair as the "Sea-Horses" were able to bring home the bacon ten times in nineteen tries. However the win and lose column does not tell the full story, as the "Hoop Artists" from Pneumonia Gulch played consistent heads-up ball against teams with much greater experience and reserves.

"Junior" Olsen, Redding's gift to the hardwood court, was a big factor in our team's success as he racked up a season's total of 299 points to be top scorer.

The season exploded as three Mare Island teams fell before the rampaging Sea-Horses, but Armstrong, Golden Gate College, and Red Top Dairy stymied the local lads and held them at bay. Lakeside Dairy felt the vengeance of C.M.A. as they toppled, to be followed by the Quentin Lions of San Quentin.

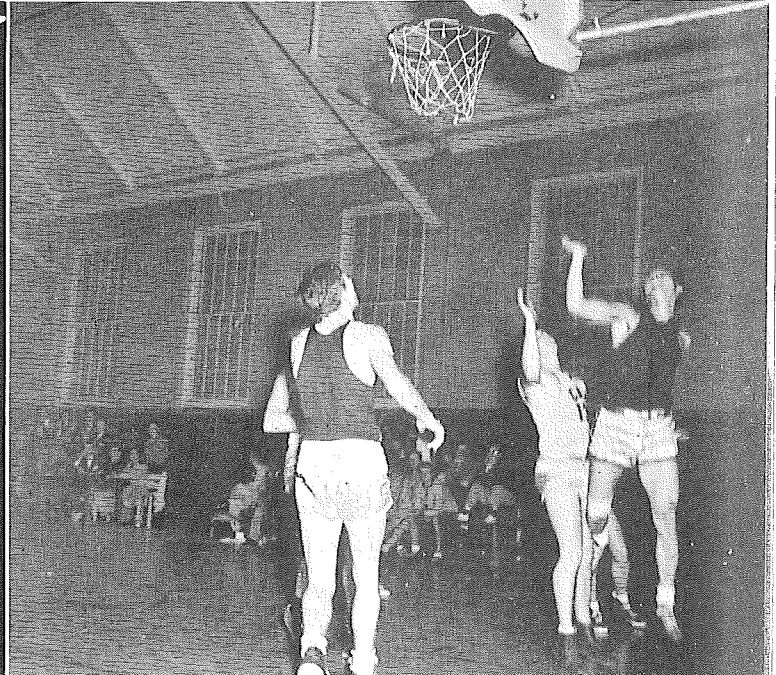
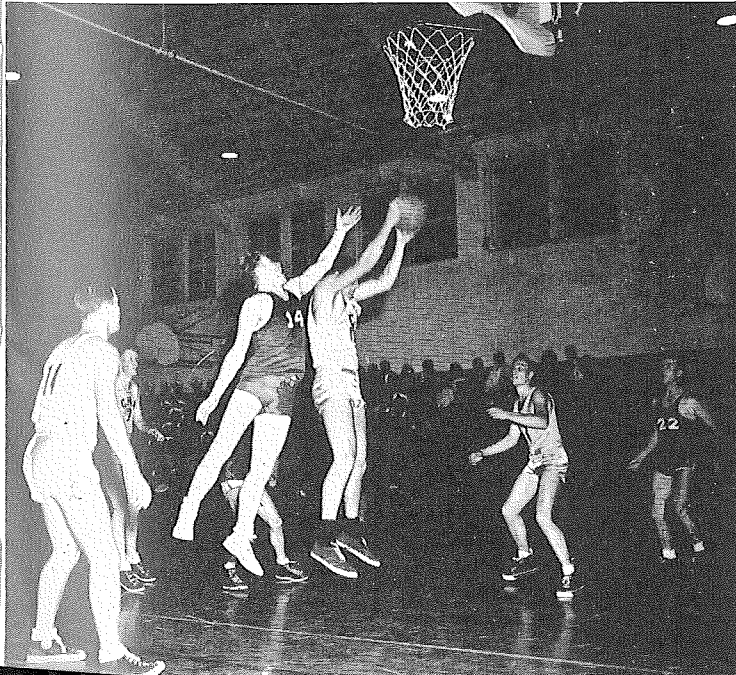
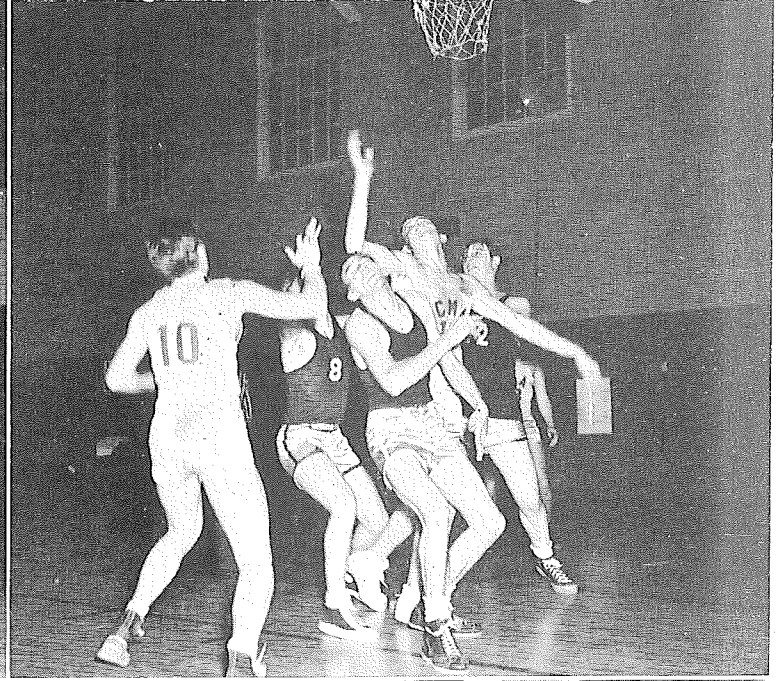
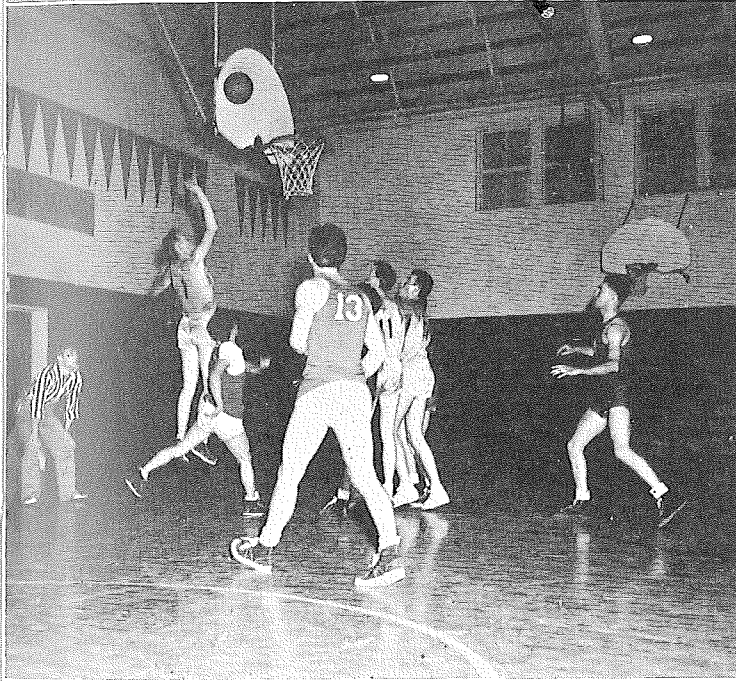
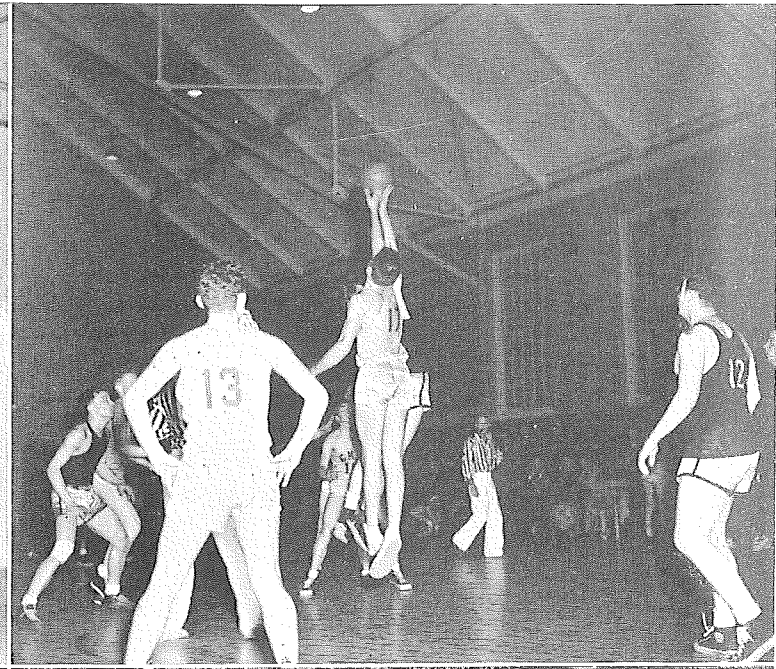
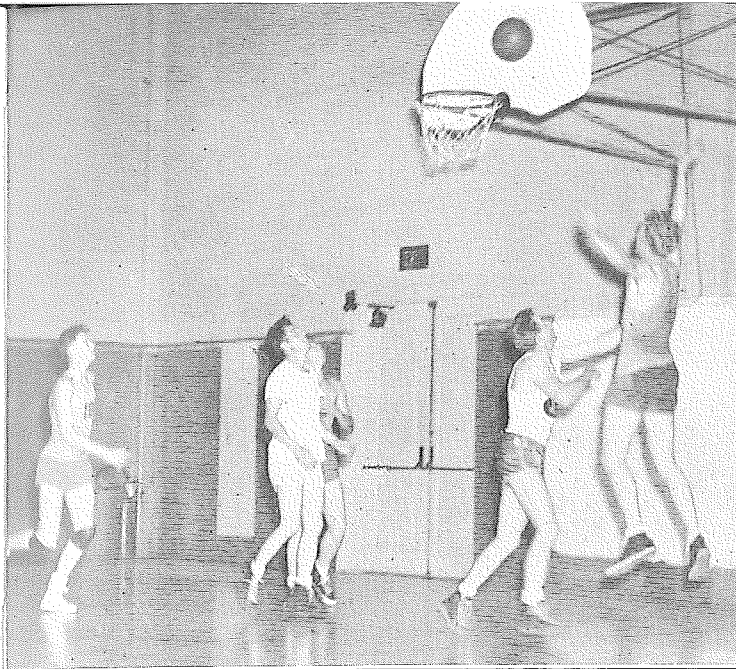
Vallejo J. C. stopped C.M.A.'s basket brigade by a disastrous score but the Sea-Horses gave a good account of themselves and played some fine ball against a far more experienced team.

By spotting the Faculty twenty points, the Varsity hoped to make an interesting game of this annual affair, but the Faculty came up with a sleeper complete with fore-and-aft cap, claw-hammer coat, and sextant. "Dead-Eye" Ihrig gave a practical demonstration of why the great circle route is the proper one to follow as he used his sextant, chronometer, log tables, tide tables, and miscellaneous tables to sink nine free throws out of ten. This coupled with the twenty point lead made the Varsity team work to gain a 90 to 85 win.

Napa J.C. and St. Mary's both got the better of the Sea-Horses, but only after some hard playing were they able to eke out a win.

The Alumni tried to repeat this performance, but were sadly disappointed as the Varsity turned on the heat to waltz home with a 65 to 43 victory.

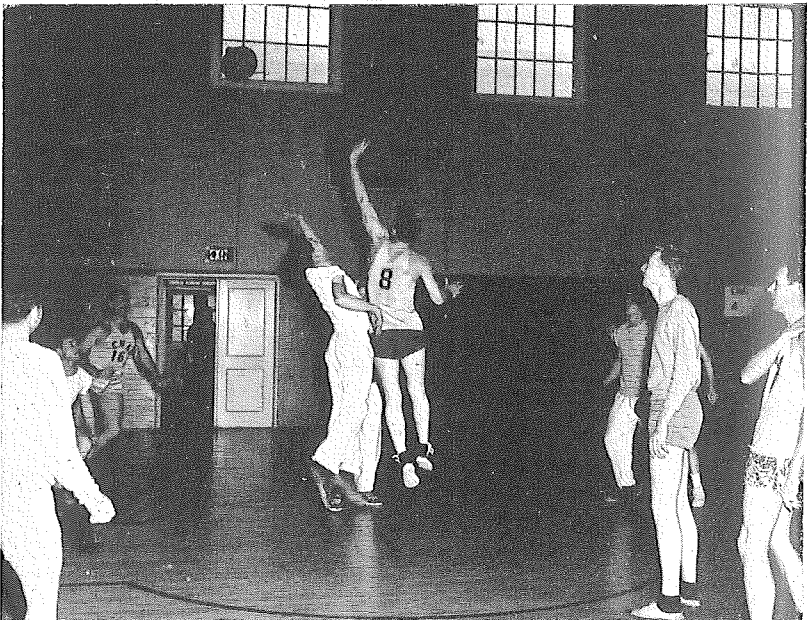
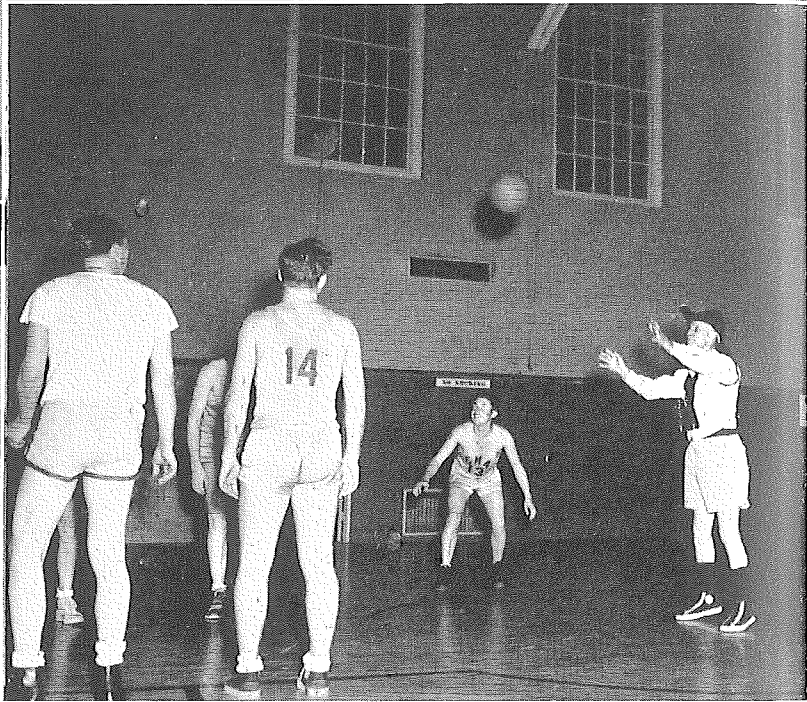
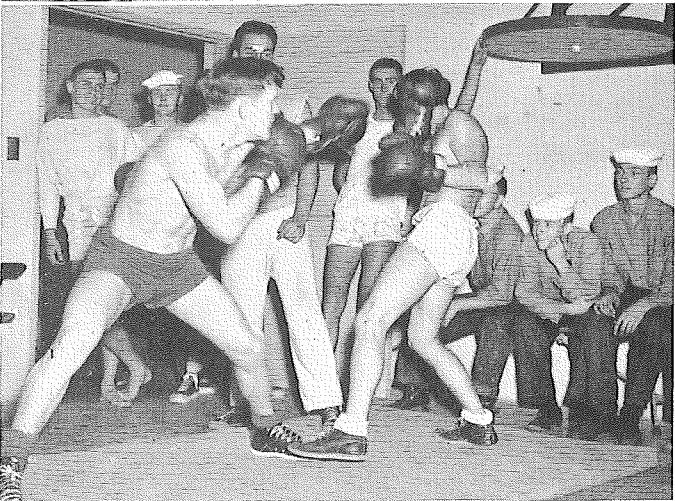
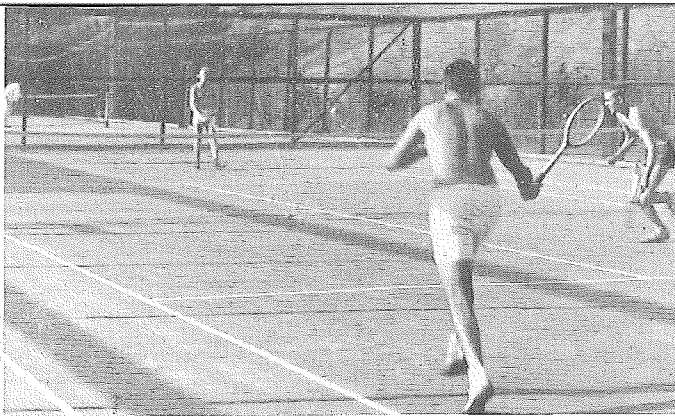
Some fine ball-handling was shown this season by Red Lewis, Jimmy Cochran, Bob Dunn, Little Roy Pearson, and Pete Heintz, and big things are expected of these boys next year.



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KNEELING, left to right: Jim Orton, Jim Craig, Jack Hood, Izzy Maggay, Stan Racik. STANDING: Bill Lowry, Jack French, Ted Johnston, Bob Widenor, "Moe" Pierson, and Rod Marshall.

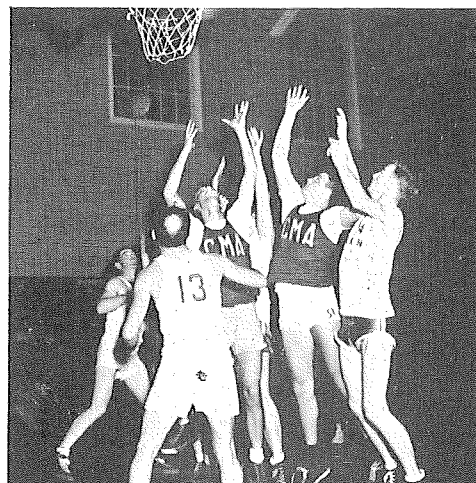
J V Basketball Team

Junior Varsity basketball came into being this year on October 5, 1948 when the C.M.A. J.V.'s lost their first game with "The Dolphins." The boys were a little shaky and didn't have much practice in working together as a team, but under the able leadership of Coach Swain and after gruelling workouts in the gym they finally broke the season with four wins and eight losses. The J.V.'s were up against such fine teams as the Dolphins, Shop 51, Mare Island, M.I. Naval Hospital, Vallejo High Reds, Golden Gate College, Chabot, Topley's Pharmacy, Vallejo J.C. J.V.'s, Crockett Club, Jensen's Dodgers and Sacramento College J.V.'s.

The most exciting games of the season were those with Chabot and Shop 51, the former score being 34-33 and the latter 26-25. Both of these games were hard and fast, and in each the Jr. Sea-Horses emerged victorious.

High scorer of the team was James McClure, who is graduating this year. We feel that the team fought hard this last year and will be better equipped to put forth a winning team in the coming year. The whole team wishes to bid farewell to Jim Orton and Jim McClure who will graduate this year and to express the hope that they play better ball with the shipping companies.

We also wish to thank Mr. Martin, our athletic director, and Mr. Swain, our coach, who gave us their guidance and help on their own time.



The "A Company Hurricanes"



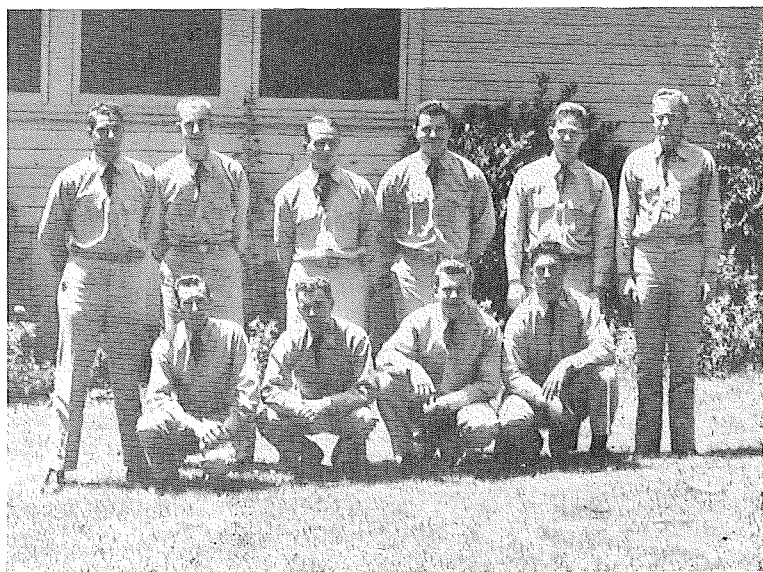
FRONT ROW, left to right: Barnes, Bailey, Captain Henry, Kubel, Orton, R. Kelly. BACK ROW: Stilleke, MacDonald, Smith, Banke, Ronstadt, Donalson, Pierson.

"A" Company put up a great scrap for the company softball competition, but the breaks weren't with them. Bob Kelly's pitching arm came in mighty handy in conjunction with Jim Orton's catching. Team Captain Bob Henry at 1st, Ed Smith at 2nd, "Rock" Kubel at short, and Bob Bailey at 3rd, made up the infield. Phil Barnes, "Mac" MacDonald, and Fred Ronstadt supplemented by "Elmo" Banke and "Moe" Pierson took care of the long ones.

Bob Henry led the league in hitting. As this issue goes to press, he has an average of .400.

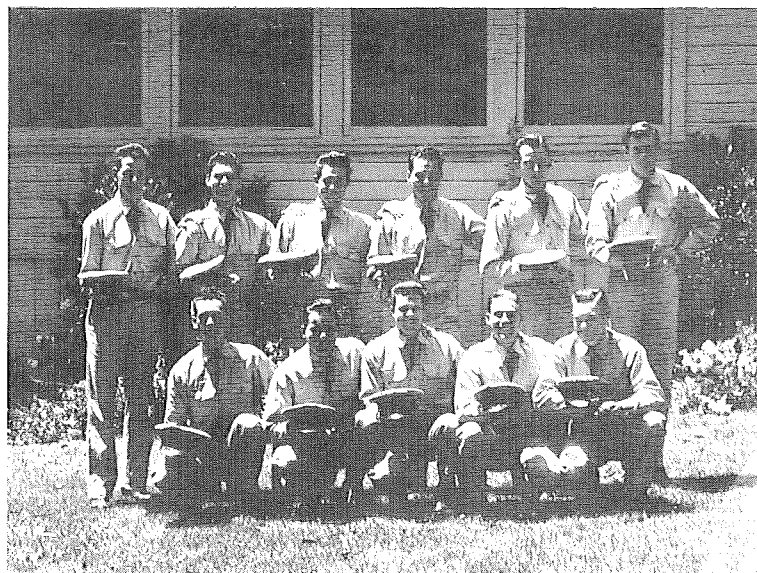
The "B Company Pirates"

Pearson's Pirates, composed of the members of 'B' Company are leading the inter-company competition as we go to press. Having an outstanding pitcher in the form of Jean Dempster, who has lost only two games in the nine that he has pitched, the team has improved rapidly after getting off to a shaky start. Behind the plate giving Jean that big target is John Mena, a good catcher on any team. Moving around the infield are Bill Lowry at 1st, Jack Hood on 2nd, and Roy Pearson at 3rd, while Ernie Lewis fills the gap at shortstop. Charlie Marrs, "Pedro" Heintz, John Lund, and Jim Caldwell gave able support in the outfield.



FRONT ROW, left to right: Captain Pearson, Hood, Dempster, Mena. BACK ROW: Heintz, Lund, Caldwell, Marrs, Lowry, E. Lewis.

The "C Company Nuggets"



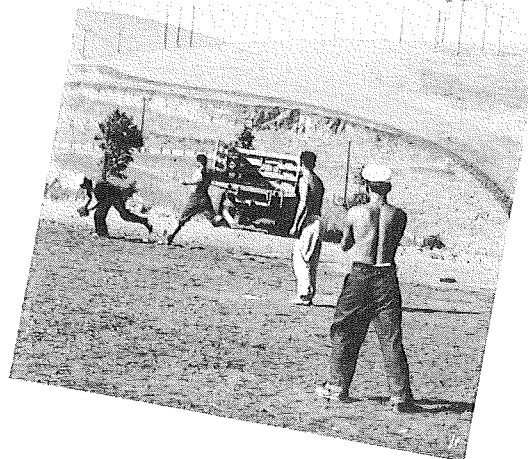
FRONT ROW, left to right: Parsons, Franich, Hoheisel, Dunn, J. Cochran. BACK ROW: Captain Nicholson, Marshall, Hale, Milani, Hett, Strain.

"C" Company took the place feared by all—last. They played heads up ball, but were usually overpowered by the Hurricanes' and Pirates' sluggers. Todd Hale manned the mound for the Nuggets with "Cocky" Cochran catching. Rod Marshall, Bob Dunn, Al Milani, and "Nick" Nicholson made up the infield, and were backed by Bill Strain, "Hogan" Hoheisel and Dick Hett in the outfield.

The scene of action for these games was the new field on the hill, behind the officers' homes. A new backstop was built and bleachers moved up from the old field. The present field is larger and in all respects better than the old one. It is planned that next year, while we are away on cruise, a lawn will be sown. This will give us one of the best ball parks in the Vallejo area.

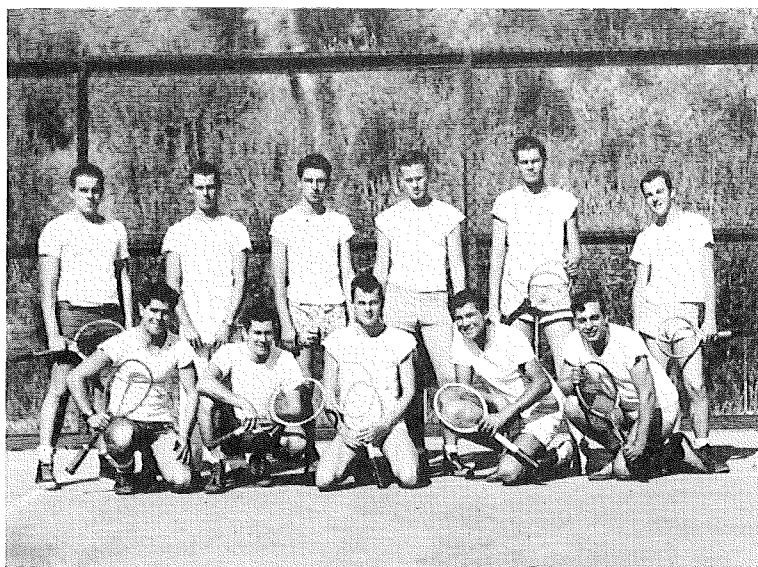


Orton safe at home.



A close one at second.

Tennis Team



STANDING, left to right: Franich, Uhrich, Ronstadt, Nay, Richards, Combs. KNEELING: Perkins, Doyle, Lewis, Rosen, Lipman.

Never before has such an aggregation of amateurs adorned the area allocated for the C. M. A. racqueteers. Putting forth their mightiest efforts they are shaping into a well rounded team in both the singles and doubles. Under the able coaching of Mr. N. B. Martin, many veterans of last year's team are back on the courts. Loren Cochrun, Brenner Lewis, and Herb Rosen are all old timers on the team, while the new comers are Fred Uhrich, Dick Halbach, Earl Richards, Pete Combs, Don Nay, "Rocky" Stonehouse, Fred Ronstadt, "Tad" Doyle, Matt Franich and Don Lipman.

Considering all the work the team has done knocking off the rough edges in their play, it is hoped that more attention will be donated to the tennis team

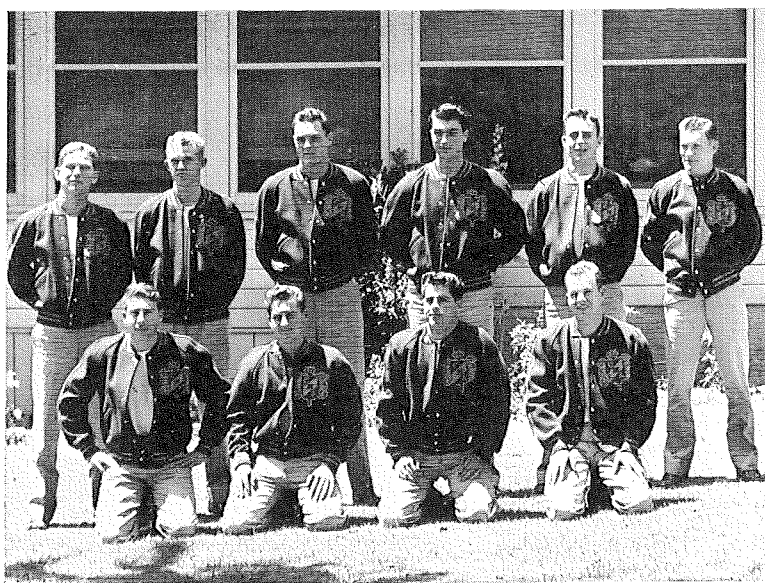
by the Administration in the future than has been in the past. The team is very anxious for matches with outside competition. They feel that this would create more interest in tennis and result in a far better team.

Swimming Team

The Swimming Team, as we go to press, is still in an embryo stage, but all hands are putting forth a mighty effort, and Mr. N. B. Martin plans to get up some meets with the high schools in the area.

Dave Wyand and Ross Perkins are working into fine distance freestylers, and Van Andersen and Dick Hett are looking like sprint men. "P. T." Combs is holding down the backstroke spot, with "Rod" Rodman filling in the breaststroke position, and John Gallagher has his thumb on the diving spot of the team.

The C. M. A. Aquamen hope that by cruise time, they will be a squad to reckon with, and the prospects look mighty good.



STANDING, left to right: Lowry, Andersen, Jenkins, Rodman, Hett, Cochran. KNEELING: Ringle, Gallagher, Perkins, Combs. Not shown: Wyand.

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Activities

Ring Dance



LEFT TO RIGHT: J. J. Kelly, C. B. Lewis, E. H. Smith, J. A. MacDonald, P. T. Combs.

On the night of July 1949, the fourth annual Ring Dance was in progress at San Francisco's beautiful Palace Hotel. The Ros Room was the honor place, the time, nine P.M. The music was under the direction of Hal Hay. "Sax" solos were furnished by Mr. Dunham, one of the best of which was "Marie." He also sang the very popular song made famous by Vaughn Monroe, "Riders in the Sky." The music was excellent and many requests for special tunes were answered by the band.

The dance floor was filled all evening as the attendance was beyond all expectations. Yes, there wasn't room for another couple in the ballroom even if one more had come. This was really the most successful dance of the year. The high point of the evening was the presentation of rings. Each midshipman's lady placed her escort's ring on his hand under the ring of flowers. This flower ring was an excellent duplication of an actual class ring. The couple then stepped out of the ring, kissed, and danced onto the floor. Roy Pearson enjoyed the ceremony to such an extent that he's anxiously awaiting his next ring dance. The surprise guest of the evening was James Arnett and his new blonde hair with matching mustache. He was sporting a white dinner jacket and beach tan. Other old timers who put in an appearance were "Studs" Freeman, Earl Bell, Roy Hurlbut, and Joe Arntz.

One would think the Midshipmen would be ready to retreat after such a gala event, but no, parties were the next thing on the schedule. Domino's was the scene of the largest of these parties. The Second Classmen and their ladies had had supper at Domino's earlier in the evening.



LEFT TO RIGHT: W. R. Cochran, J. T. French, H. P. Rosen, J. J. Cochran, J. W. Ward, R. E. Heft.

Sport Dance

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The Athletic Council was faced with the purchase of new basketball uniforms, and the amount was in excess of their Cadet Service Fund allotment. They found the solution to their problem with the staging of the Sport Dance in the little red barn, better known as the Gym, properly known as Mayo Hall. The walls were decorated with cartoons drawn by the Hawsepipe Artist, Van Andersen, and crepe paper was hung from the overhead. Hot dogs and cokes were sold at the stand built for this purpose.

The dance was a tremendous success. Music was furnished by George Gates at the Wurlitzer. The necessity for a "Music Censor" was realized early in the evening, with the result that records like Strip Polka were not played again.

The highlight of the evening was the presentation of wedding gifts to Mr. and Mrs. Weston Averill. The couple received an electric percolator, and Wes received a new red cap with attached dark glasses for shipboard wear, which is his distinctive mark at turn-to in the afternoon.

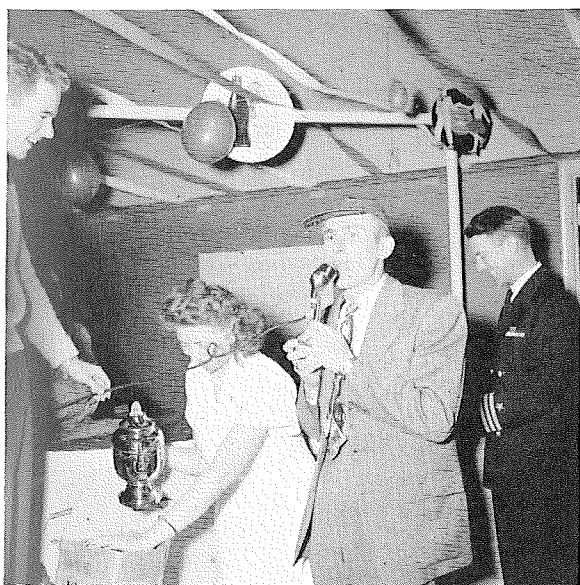
Many things have happened to the guests since this dance last August. Mr. Swain has married, Mr. and Mrs. Averill are anxiously awaiting the birth of their first child along with Mr. and Mrs. Dunham.

The incoming third class was invited, and many of them made an appearance. The dance gave them an opportunity to meet the men they would be attending school with and a look around the base. Little did these young lads realize that the jovial, carefree attitude of the soon-to-be upperclassmen was not the side they would be viewing that cold September morning when they would be officially dubbed "Swab."

The financial goal set for the dance was met, everyone had a wonderful time, and got home safely—how about that Elmer?



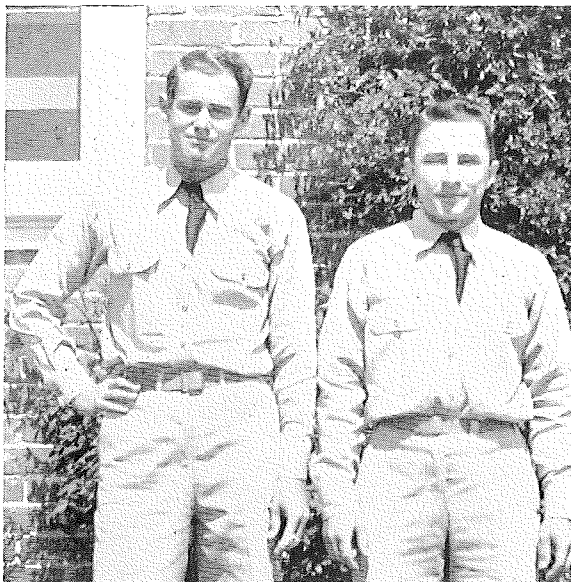
LEFT TO RIGHT: N. J. Brown, C. B. Lewis, F. L. Uhrich, W. J. McClure, J. A. MacDonald, P. T. Combs, F. C. Ringle.



Mr. and Mrs. Averill receiving wedding gifts from the Corps.



J. Cochran,



Cadet Service Fund

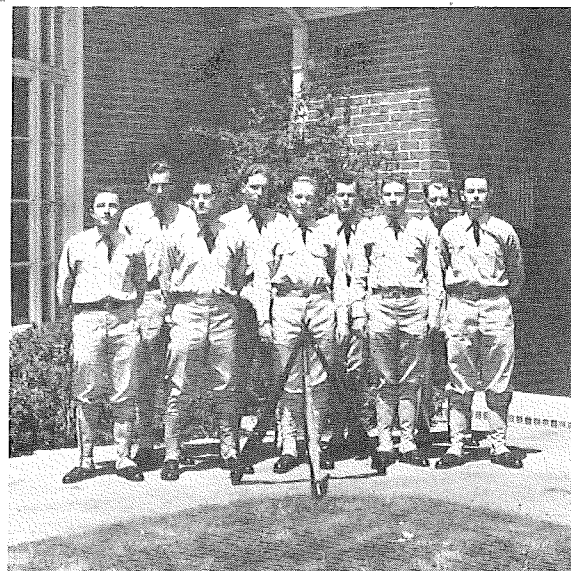
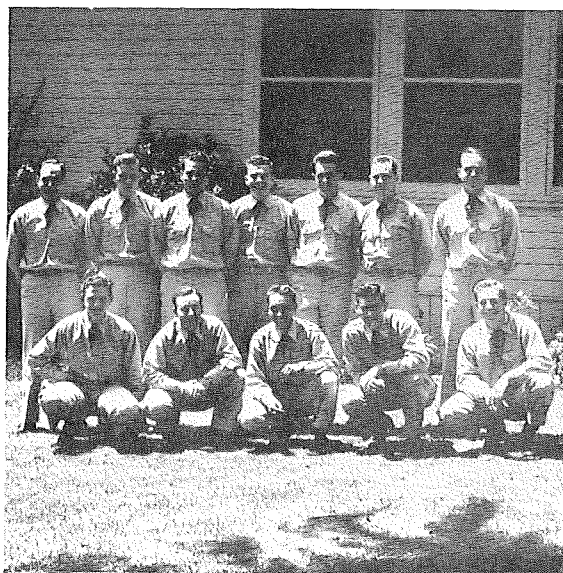
The hundred dollars each new midshipman deposits is placed in the Cadet Service Fund. Each year two First Classmen are elected to administer this money for athletic equipment, recreational facilities for the Midshipmen such as the new juke box, newspapers and magazines, and to subsidize school dances. However necessary, the duties of the administrators of the Cadet Service Fund are an endless headache and nearly thankless.

Treasurer Walter Brubaker and Secretary Mel Richley.

Rifle Team

The Rifle Team is the latest addition to the many clubs and teams at CMA. Off to a good start, excellent scores were recorded, but strong winds off the bay necessitated moving indoors. This caused a clash with the basketball team which was using the gym to work out. The team is now in a period of recess, but with the start of the new semester it is hoped that time can be found to practice indoors, and the original plan of meets with Bay area colleges and universities can be realized.

FRONT ROW, left to right: Richley, Hale, Ward, Ringle, Orton.
BACK ROW: Halbach, Satterfield, C. B. Lewis, and Coach Van Horne.



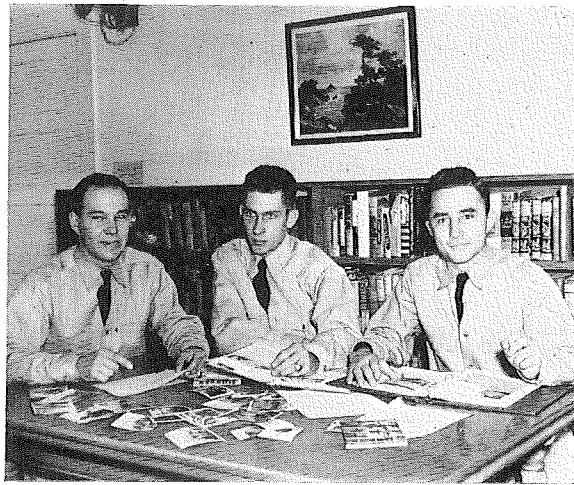
Camera Club

At present the chief function of the Camera Club is the supplying of pictures to this publication. However, the prime purpose in founding the Club was to enable its members to record the various events taking place in their Academy life. The Club provides association with others sharing the same interest, with a comparison of ideas and standardization of practices. The new dark room on the ship has all of the latest and best equipment for all types of work, and is a definite asset to the Club.

FRONT ROW, left to right: D'Amico, Gates, Maggay, Marshall, Club President L. F. Cochran. BACK ROW: N. J. Brown, Satterfield, Milani, Dempster, Smith, MacDonald, Caldwell.

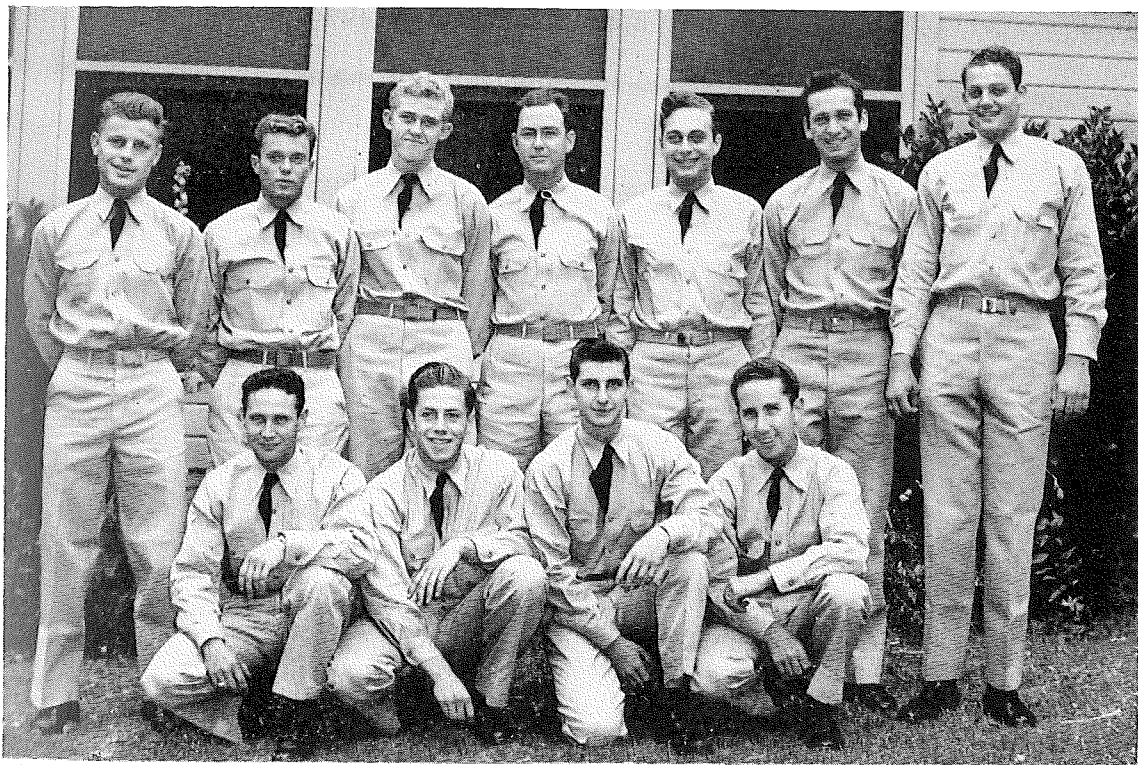
The Hawsepipe

The editor and the members of the staff of the HAWSEPIPE wish to take this space to express our appreciation and gratitude to the persons and organizations without whose help the publication of this book would never have been possible. To the Superintendent and to the Faculty for their assistance and advice; to Commander Heron, our Faculty Advisor, for his reserved council and expert censoring; to the Camera Club for their assistance in obtaining the excellent photographic material with which we have been able to work; to the Corps of Midshipmen for their cooperation; and finally to our advertisers without whose financial aid this publication would never have been possible. We also wish to express our gratitude to Mr. Robert Ozias and his staff of Lederer, Street and Zeus Co., without whose aid and patience, this book would have long ago been given up as a bad job.



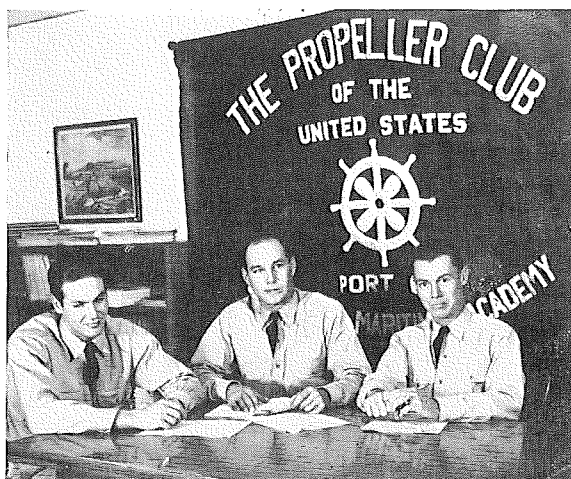
Left to right: Norman Brown, Business Manager; Al McLemore, Co-Editor; Mel Richley, Co-Editor.

We have enjoyed being able to do our bit in the publication of this record. Many of us will be rewarded for our efforts only by the comments upon its successful completion. When we consider the work we have put in on this book, and the enjoyment which it will bring in future years, we can't help but feel proud that we have been able to do our bit.



FRONT ROW, left to right: George Morrill, Business; Loren Cochrun, Photographer; Stan Racik, Writer; Jack Stoll, Business. BACK ROW: Elmer Banke, Business; Phil Barnes, Business; Van Anderson, Artist; John MacDonald, Typist; Don Lipman, Writer; Lloyd Parsons, Writer; Peter Heintz, Business.

Propeller Club



LEFT TO RIGHT: James McClure, Secretary-Treasurer; Norman Brown, President; Fred Uhrich, Vice President.

The Port of California Maritime Academy was originally chartered August 30, 1939, but through the war-time transitions, the club was discontinued. The Port was revived November 29, 1948, and is now actively participating in student Port activities. Through the past year this Club boasts of an active schedule that includes a movie program, sponsored tours and lectures, and a full participation in National Maritime Day. The primary aims of this club are to foster the interests of the American Merchant Marine and to acquaint the Cadet Corps with maritime matters.

The Propeller Club since its reorganization in December of 1948 can look back with some feeling of self satisfaction on its accomplishments of the past year.

The officers of this organization are chosen from the First Class at annual elections. The Club membership claims most of the first classmen and a substantial number from the second class, making a total of twenty-six midshipmen.

This extracurricular activity is fortunate in having Dr. Dwyer as Faculty Advisor. The Club conducts meetings with Dr. Dwyer in attendance semi-monthly in the wardroom.



KNEELING, left to right: Gates, Barnes, Orton, Moggay, A. R. Pearson, C. B. Lewis, Combs, Fluke. STANDING: Ferrero, Jacobson, Milani, Halbach, Banke, Brubaker, Dunn, Richards, French, Nay, Craig, Ellis, Rosen, Nicholson, Mulligan.

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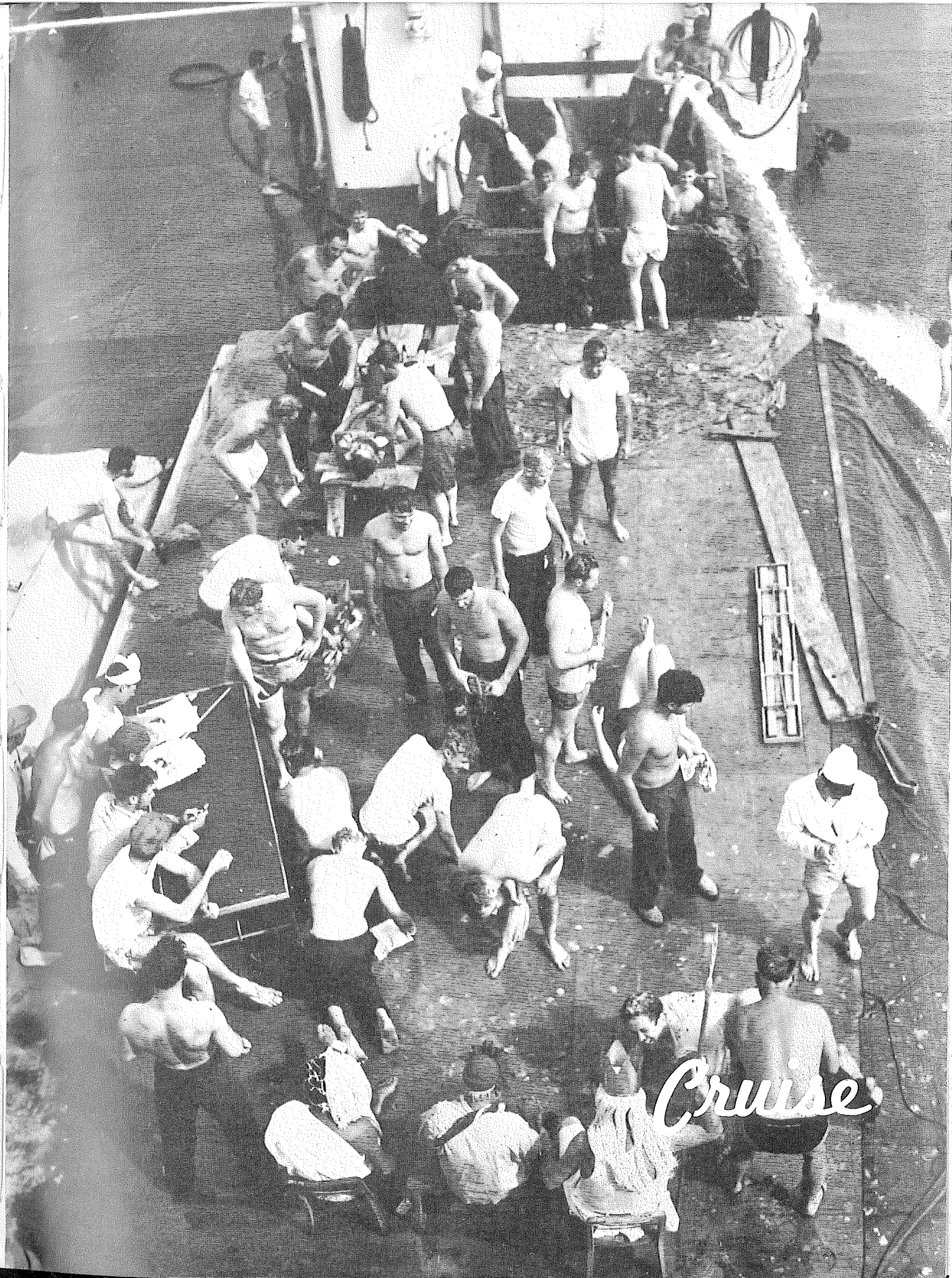
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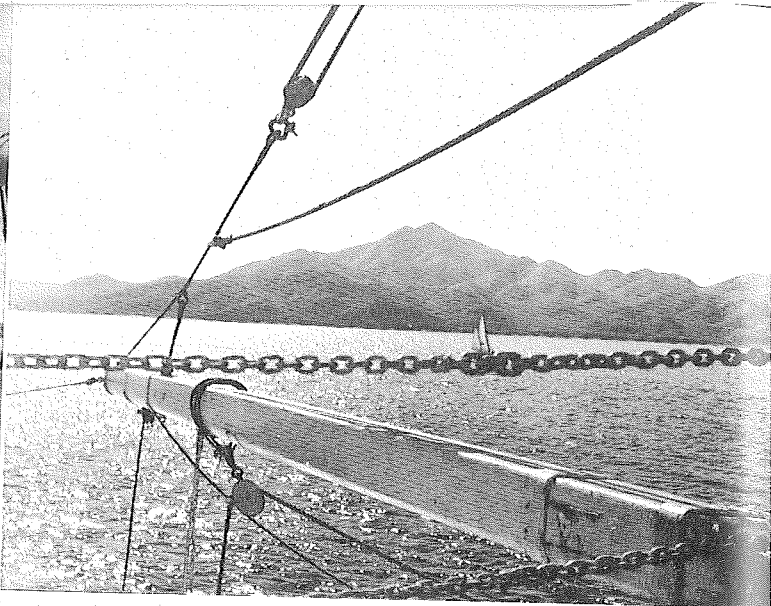
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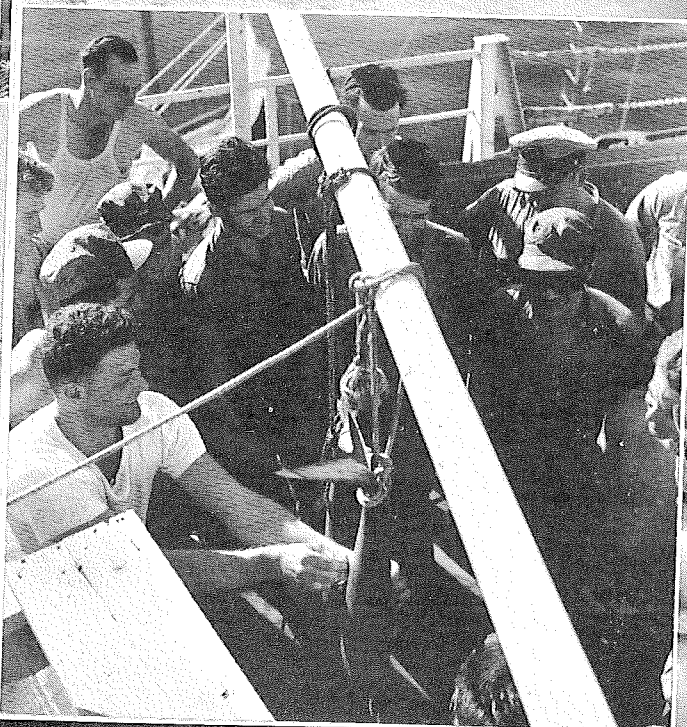


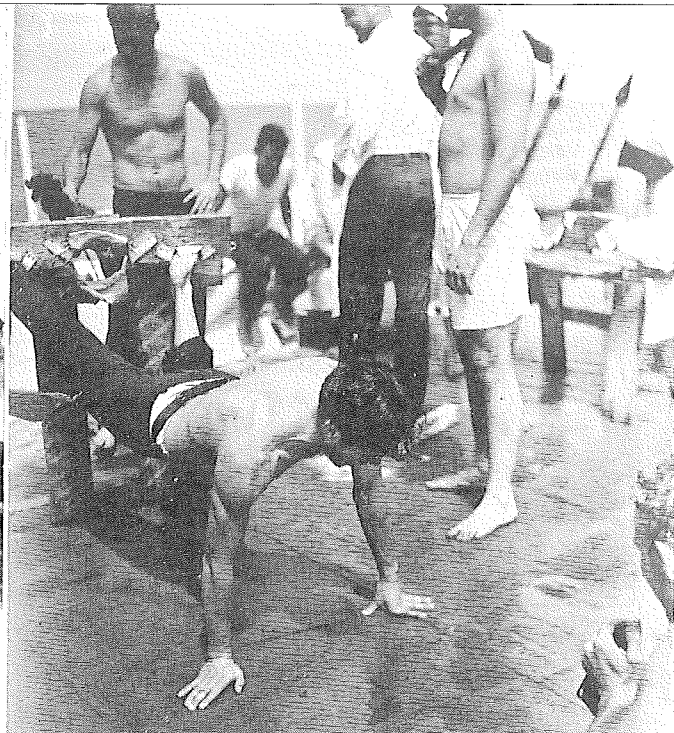
Magdalena Bay

Whenever an itinerary is planned for the Golden Bear, it is almost certain that Magdalena Bay will be included at least once. Sweltering in the Mexican sun, this sleepy little community has become a long standing tradition with the Mid'n of CMA, and appropriate names for the shark-infested waters, crab-lined beaches, and bare mountains will not be printed here. (Imagine the HAWSEPIPE being banned in Boston.)

The thriving metropolis of Magdalena is not exactly the garden spot of Mexico, but the individuals in the picture on the left deserve honorable mention as being the inventors of steam beer by the "warmed in the sun method." The long-necked fellows at the bottom of this story are looking at some damned thing. Since I was on watch at the time, I don't know for sure "Wha Hoppomed," but from the silly expressions on their faces, I don't suppose that it was too interesting. Oh! Henry just fired a signal pistol (Find it?).

At this time it may be well to mention such recreational facilities as sailing, fishing, eating, sleeping, etc.; but we won't. Finally the T.S. gets her facial, we get tanned where the paint wears thin, and happily we leave dear Magdalena for places too numerous to mention.



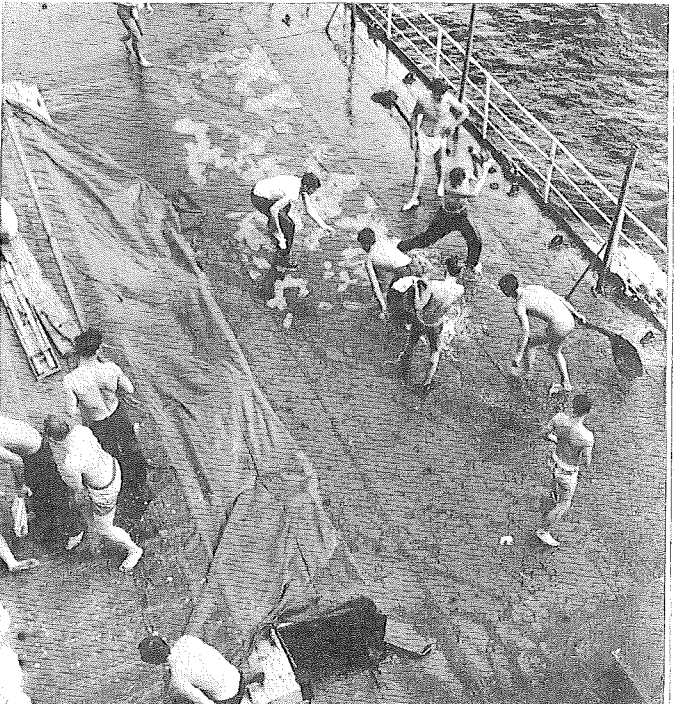
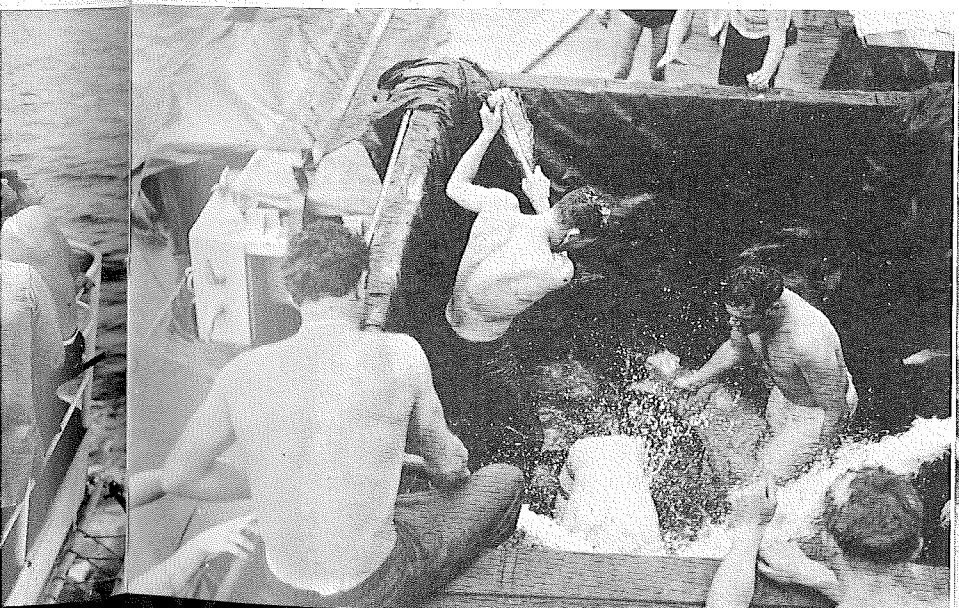
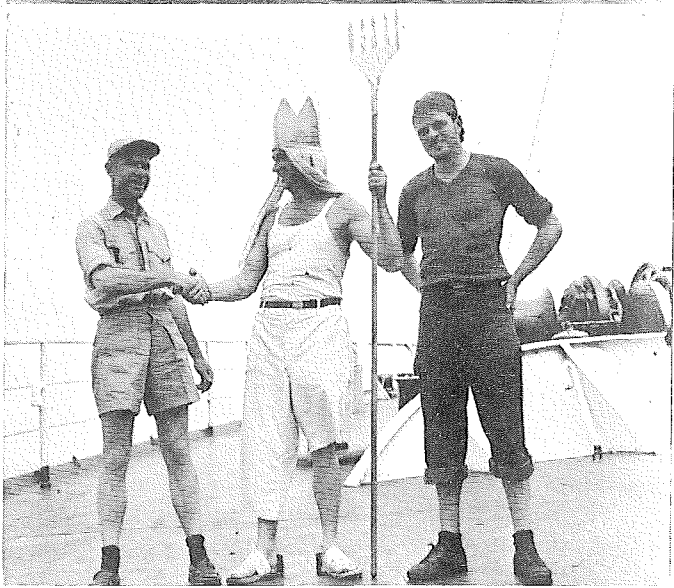


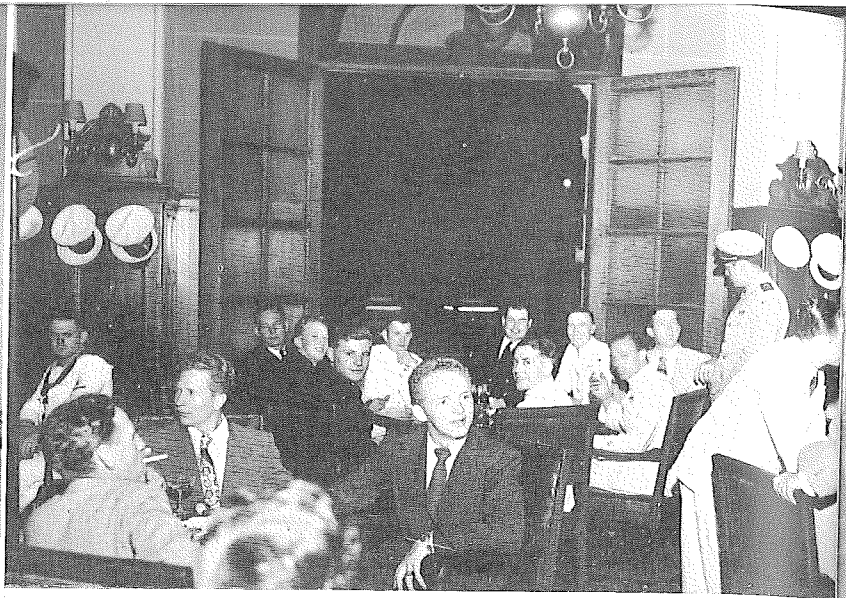
Equator Crossing

King Neptune and the Royal Party came aboard via the Royal Yacht and the time for the initiation of the squirming Pollywogs was at hand. The stage was set on number one hatch, and macabre shellbacks armed with salt water hoses, used grease, paddles, a small ice machine, and a grog of the sea gods made by a fiendish triple tailed mermaid and brewed with unmentionable contents.

The lowly Pollywogs approached, probably dreaming of the unclothed flappers usually embossed on "Shellback Certificates," and received their personal invitation to the party. Passing through the never ending line of "King Neptune," the "Royal Baby," "Davey Jones," the royal scribe; the "Royal Barber," the "Royal Surgeon," and paddle happy individuals with ample supplies of grease, seemed a never ending nightmare.

Emerging from the ruin of his former lowly self was an equally ruined young Shellback, usually more than willing to lend a helping hand to add to the discomfort of his uninitiated shipmates.



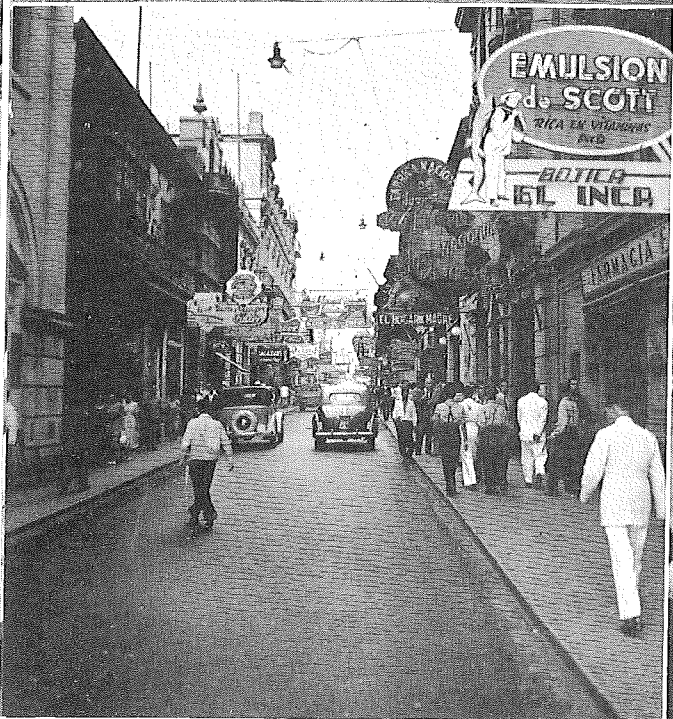


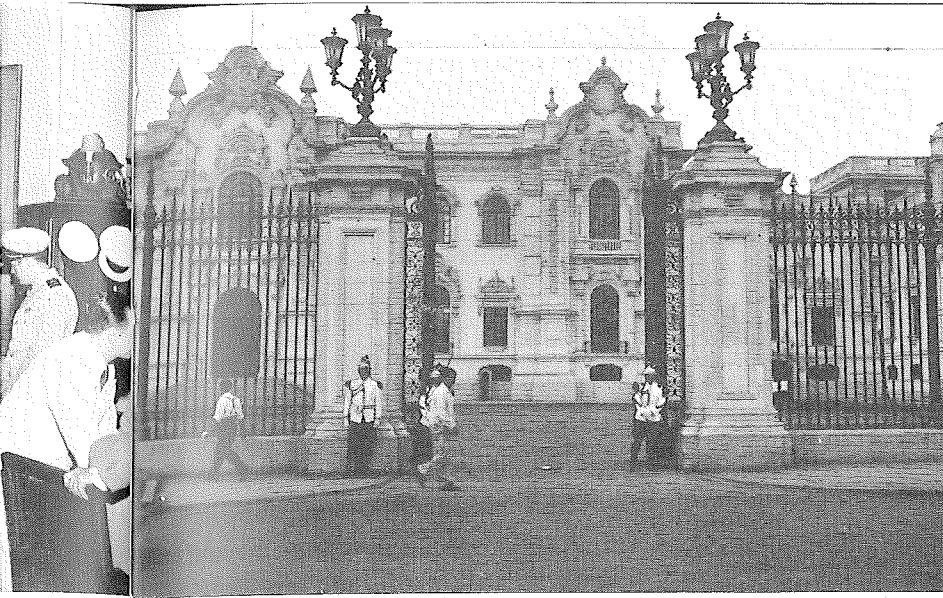
Lima and Callao

On March 5, 1949, the famous floating school of the California Maritime Academy steamed into the port of Callao, Peru, haven of the Llama and the exporter of fertilizer. The docks were spread with Llama rugs, Llama slippers, Llama blankets, and Llama llama. This display led us to believe that the Llama is a very productive animal.

Since Callao was the first civilization that we had seen in twenty-two days, the liberty hounds made haste to cover any and anything that the town had to offer, since Lima is but a short distance from Callao, most of us quickly located the means of transportation between the two cities. The main section of Lima centers around the Plaza San Martin, and the shopping district is spread out along fifteen blocks of Union street. The outlying districts are very beautiful and modern, especially the Mira Flores residential section. The people were very friendly and helped us as we attempted to master the Spanish language. The American Embassy in Lima gave us many helpful tips, and a great deal of information which helped to make our stay a more enjoyable one.

We found the hotels "Crillon" and "Bolivar" to be very restful for the tourist, and before long, the entire liberty





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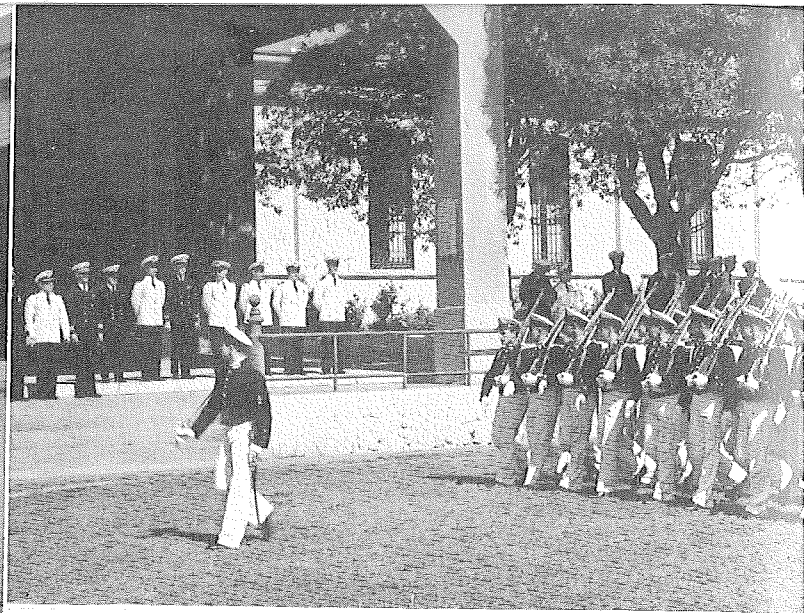
section could be found slumbering in the delightful atmosphere created by quiet, and a plentiful supply of Peru's favorite drink, "Pisco." Excursions of the city were left up to the individual, and the enterprising Midshipmen loaded their lockers with silver, saddles, rugs, and hand-carved knick-knacks.

Night life commenced at about 2030, and seemed to be centered about the "Embassy Club," the "Baccará," and the "Silver King." Needless to say, a fine time was enjoyed by all hands. The camera fans snapped pictures galore of everything that moved and didn't bite. They proved again that the shutter is a very valuable asset toward aiding one's memory.

Some of the more adventurous Midshipmen took the famous trip over the Andes, where high altitudes and dizzying precipices were the order of the day. The ancient Inca ruins were inspected and now and then some aspiring archeologist would deposit hunks of granite in the more than hazardous passageways to add to the danger of stubbed toes.

Goodbyes were finally said but most of them were short with promises of return, since most of us felt that the "land of the Llama" called for a return visit in the near future.





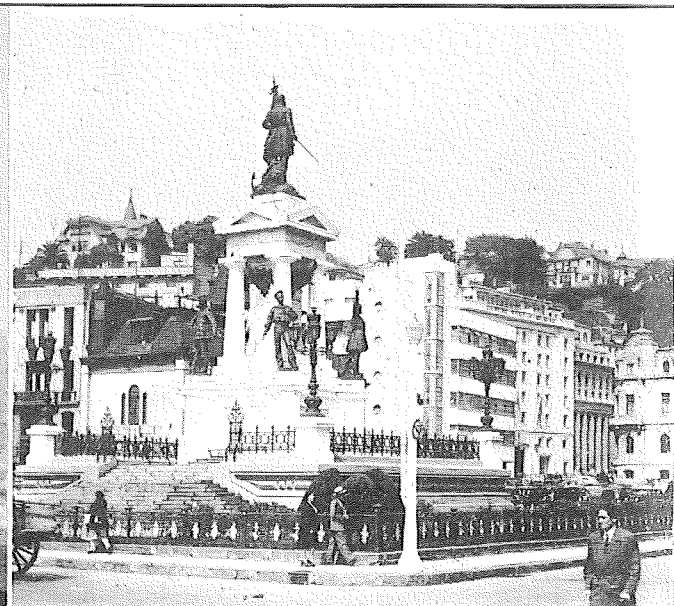
Valparaiso, Santiago, and Viña del Mar

In that city of wealth, beauty, and fashion;
Dear old Valpo, where I first saw the light,
And many the frolic I had there.
Is still fresh in my memory tonight.

And what frolics! Six days of liberty, three for each section, gave us a chance to see that fair city and take advantage of the wonderful hospitality of the residents. Some of us got no further than Valparaiso, but others went to Viña del Mar, a suburb of Valparaiso, and paid homage to the gaming tables of the government operated Casino Municipal, to which all the midshipmen were admitted free. Many were lucky, but others found their time better spent in the ballroom listening to the band play the "latest" American music. "Buttons and Bows" with a Spanish accent was quite unusual.

Valparaiso, the largest and most modern seaport on the west coast of South America, was surprisingly similar to San Francisco even to the climate and the cable cars.

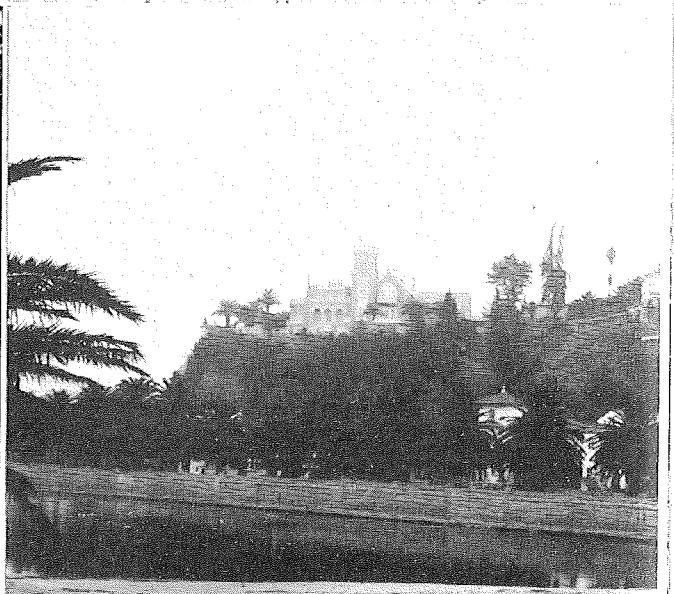
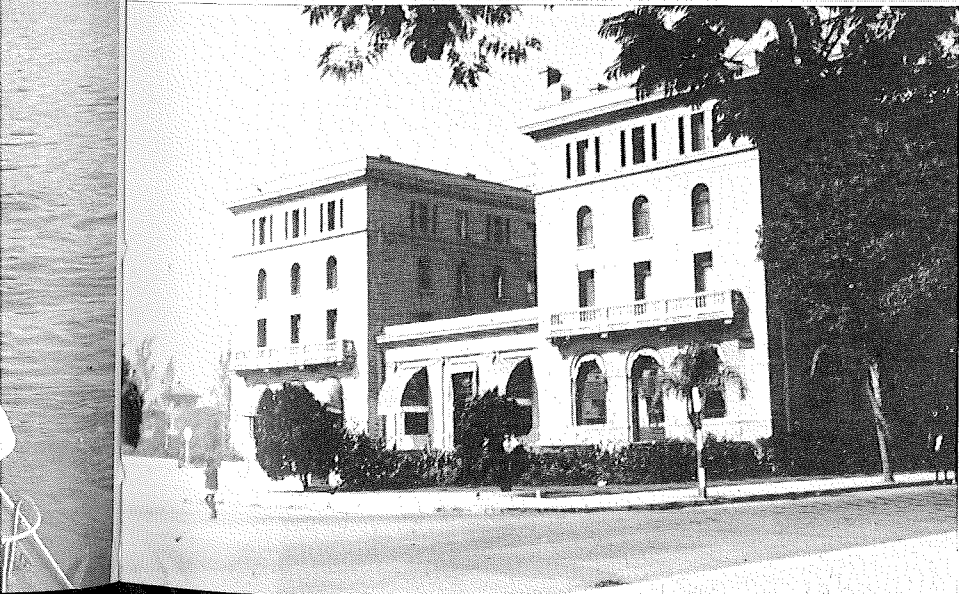
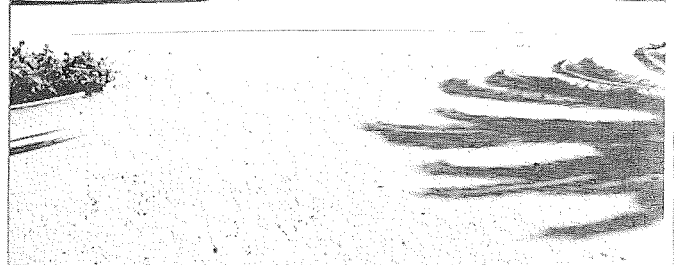




On one night of our stay, the American Consul graciously invited the officers and midshipmen to a dance at the Hotel O'Higgins, which turned out to be a gala affair. Also the American businessmen organized a trip to Santiago for all hands. The entire port liberty section visited the Chilean Naval and Maritime Academy one afternoon. Paramount among the attractions was the dress review that the Cadets held in our honor.

Many of the middies were to be found in the best homes in Viña, corrupting the beautiful English of the Chileans with slang expressions and expressions peculiar to the American tongue. Some of the aforementioned middies, true to the tradition of sailors, even left Chile with the hearts of the beautiful daughters of the citizenry, and the registered letter book in the office is fast filling up. Notable among these is Bob Craig, who can't wait to get back and make a personal reply to all those letters that have been coming.

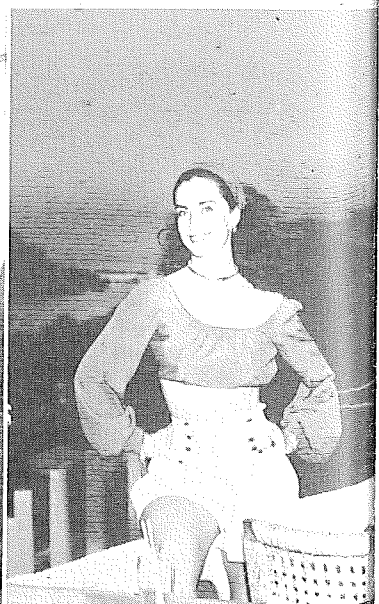
The people were more than kind to us in Valparaiso, and made us feel at home, for which some rather home-sick lads were very thankful, after being absent from the States for more than a month. We all will remember Valparaiso and its citizens and we know how many will find their way back and will find friends there.





Mexico City and Acapulco

It was 5:30 in the evening when a big green and yellow bus with blending contents pulled to a stop in front of the Waldorf Hotel in Mexico City. Some thirty-five or more Midshipmen then unfolded themselves to full-length view of the more modernistic aspects of Mexico City. The fugitive from the death defying act at the beach climbed down from his position behind the steering wheel and pointed a gnarled finger at the entrance to the hotel that was to be our home for the next four days. After registering and taking all the guff we felt like taking from twenty of the less adventurous "Middies" who had taken the plane from Acapulco, we retired to our suites. Most of the fellows who tried the delightful softness of the beds fell into a deep slumber, not to be awakened until seven when adventure seeking was more in order. It was a whirlwind affair from then on out; dinner at Longchamps with Paulette Goddard, (she was four tables away), Xochimilco with the tour of the floating garden and the banquet sponsored by the Mexican Navy, cocktails at the

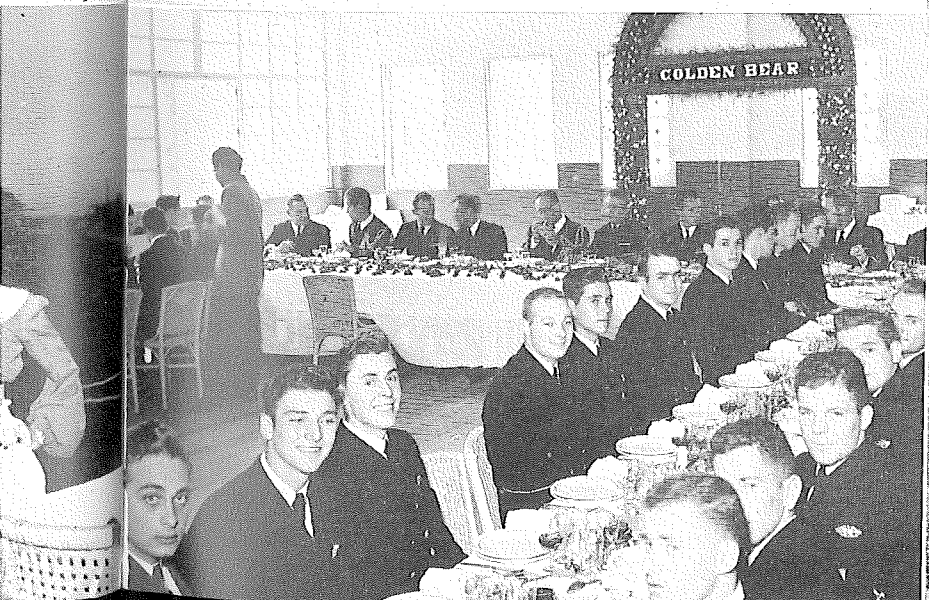
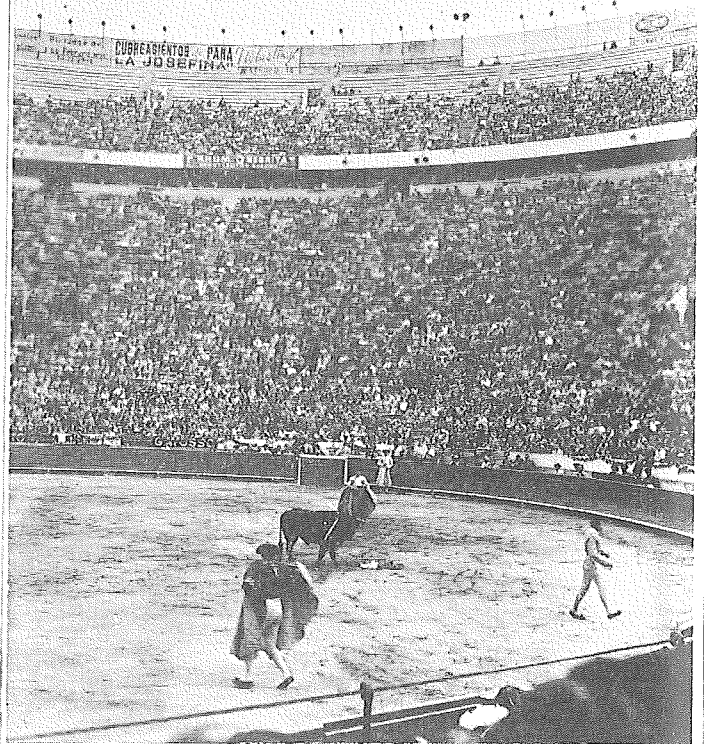


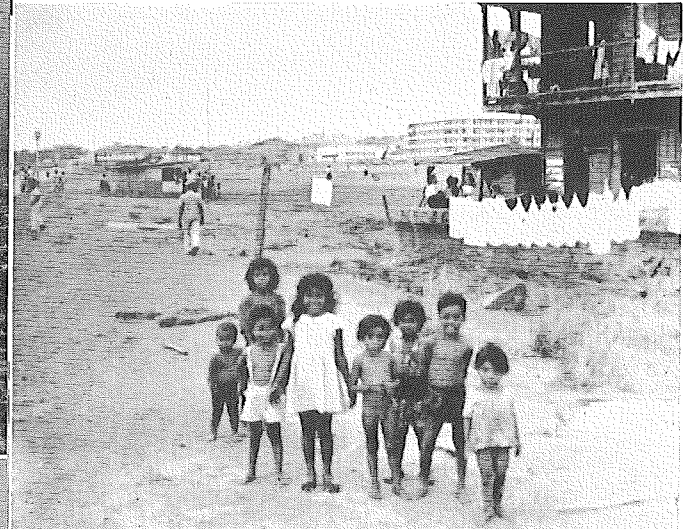


Clairidge, the Del Prado and Reforma hotels, and the nightclubs too numerous to mention. These things and many others made our visit to Mexico City a truly fine experience.

From a swell time to a great time in Acapulco, the city with a beach for morning, noon, and night, an abundance of pretty señoritas, a wealth of cool drinks and a natural beauty that burst out from its mothering country.

The giant village had much to offer in the way of swimming at its famous beaches and enjoying the water sports such as boating, water skiing and the like. At night the sounds of marimba bands could be heard coming from the hotels and the midshipmen were drawn to these points as a fly to fly paper. They found these to be as beautiful as the movies describe and expensive places to spend an evening, but then we only live once, and anyway, who could drink themselves to death on sixty-five dollars a month?





Panama

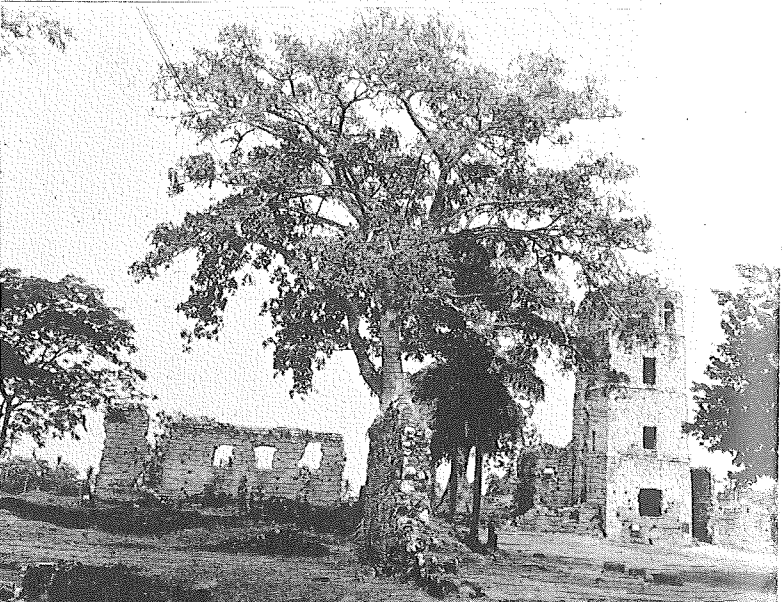
Panama, with its crowded streets, its quaint stores where the prices always start too high and never come low enough for anyone to make a bargain, never ceases to be a place of wonder for the traveling Midshipman.

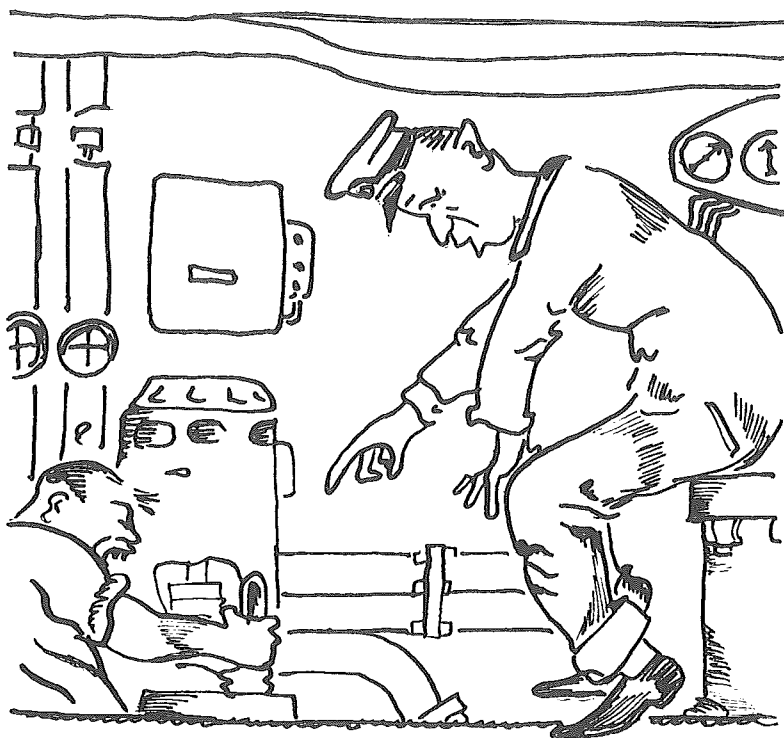
Gaping at the scenic beauty of the main street, we often wonder how so many bars can fit into such a small area. Panama rivals even Georgia Street. The men in the picture at the lower left, are having a wonderful time, as can plainly be seen. Is this because they are in Panama? No. It is because they have beer.

We now take a short walk into the slums of Panama City, (anywhere off the main drag), and in the picture at the left we meet the family of Joe Carnegreria (hope we spelled it right, Joe). What we ask Joe is a question which troubled us since arrival. Which one has the Toni?

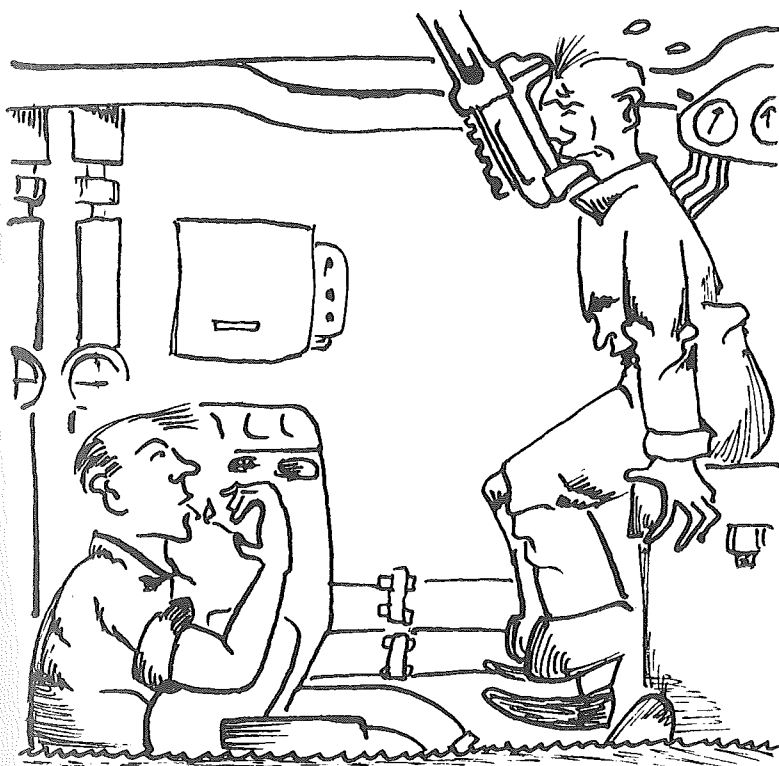
Aside from the canal, which nobody has bothered to mention, Panama has such modern conveniences as side walks, new cars, all-night cabarets, strip teasers, cold beer, and pretzels.

We now leave this land of beautiful churches, voluptuous blue moon girls, and alligator purses, and sail away, standing at the rail waving madly at the flies and other tropical bugs.



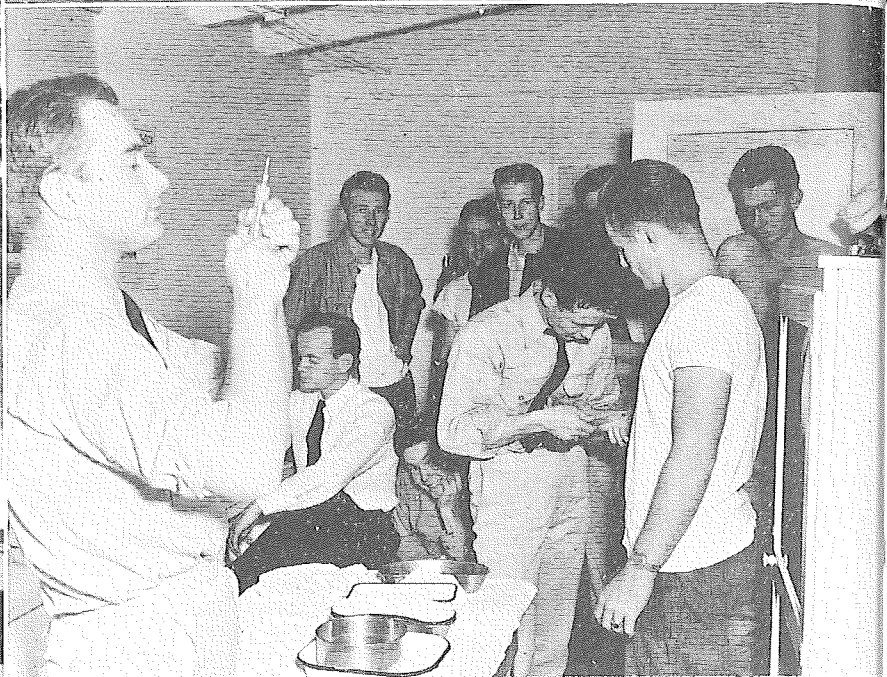
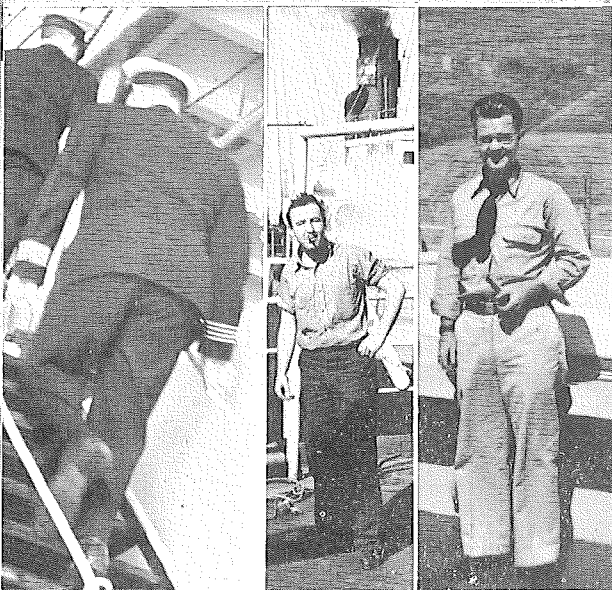


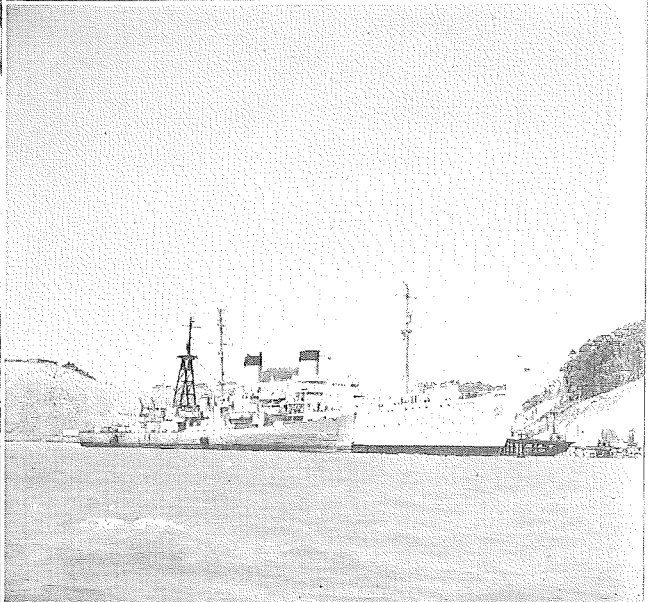
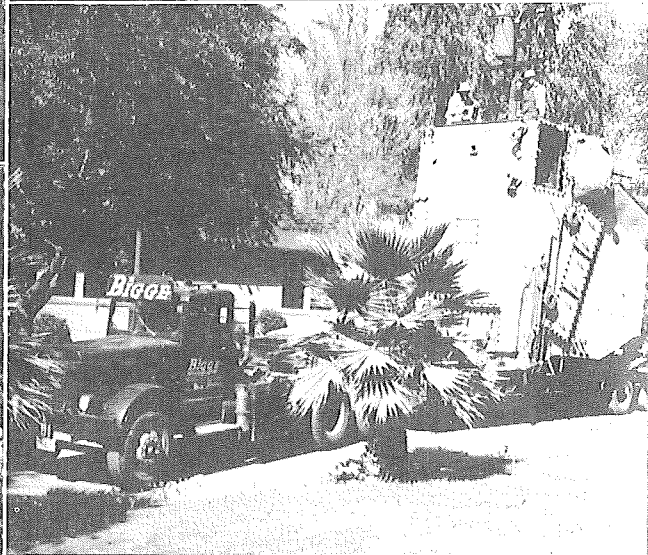
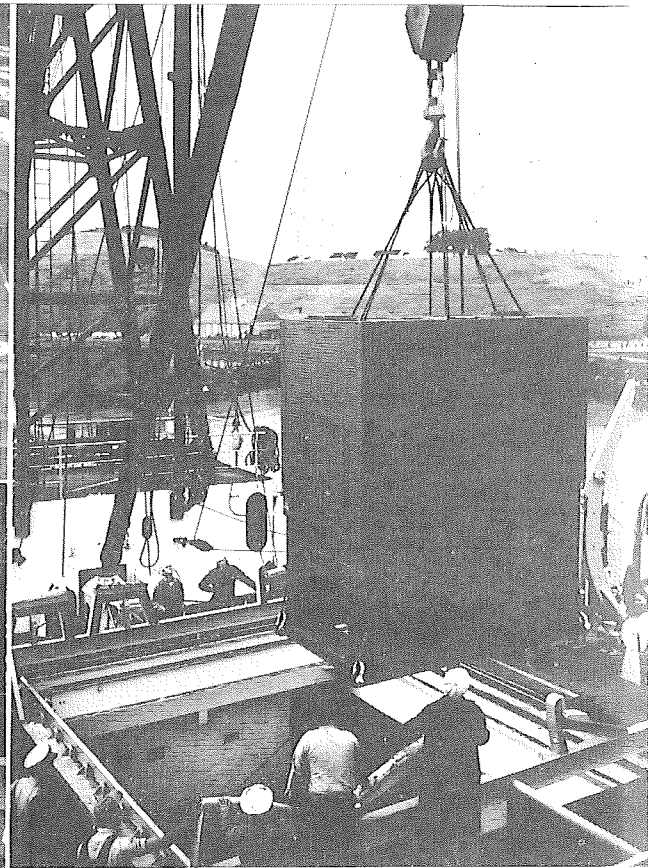
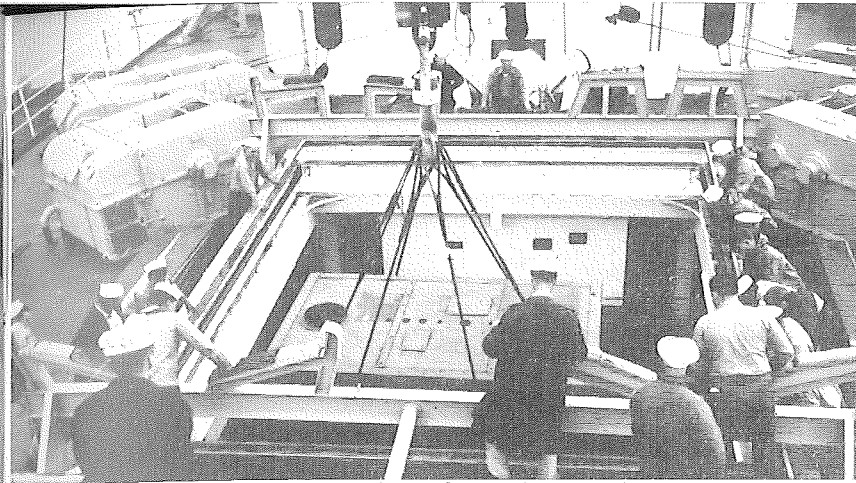
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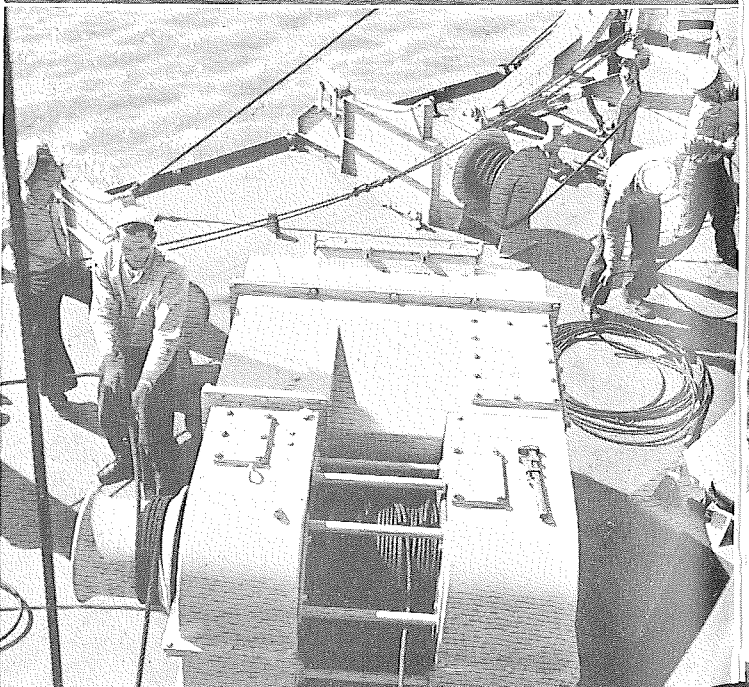
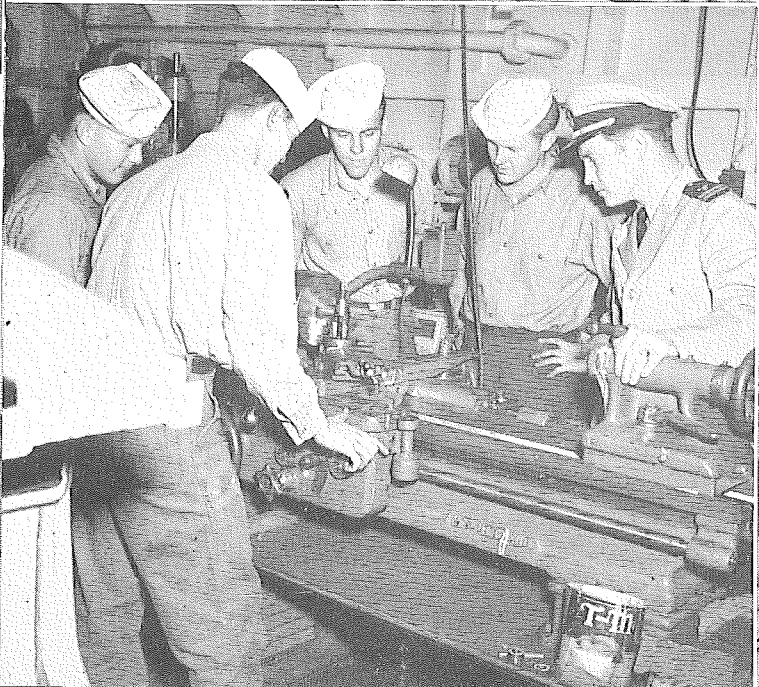
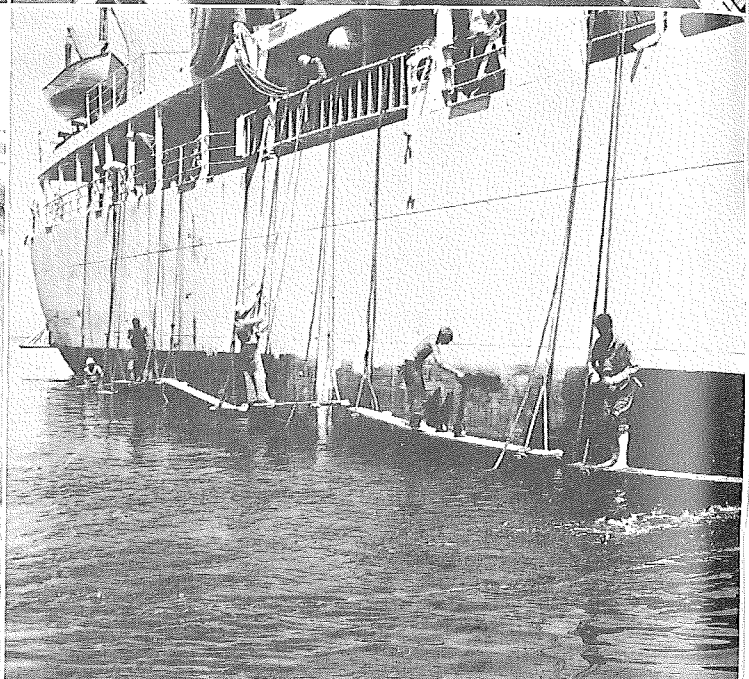
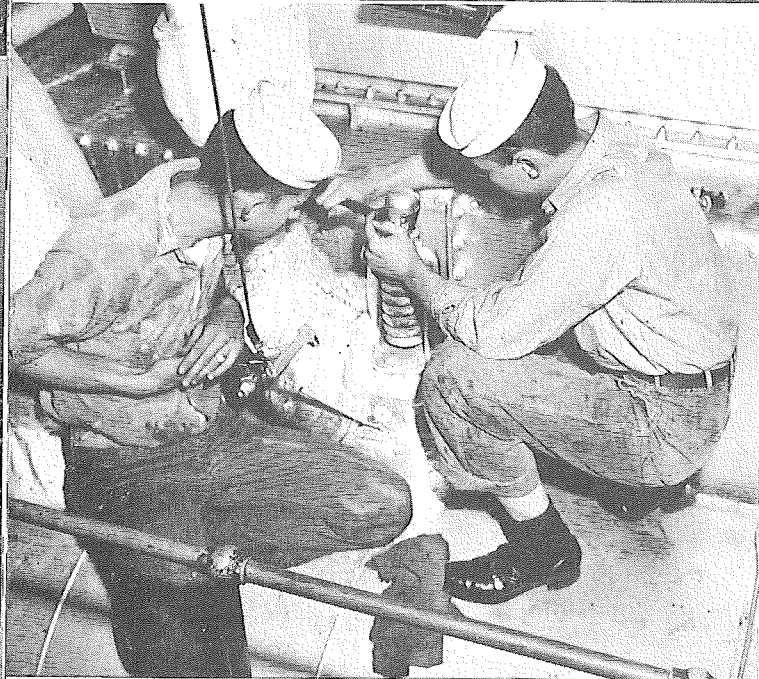
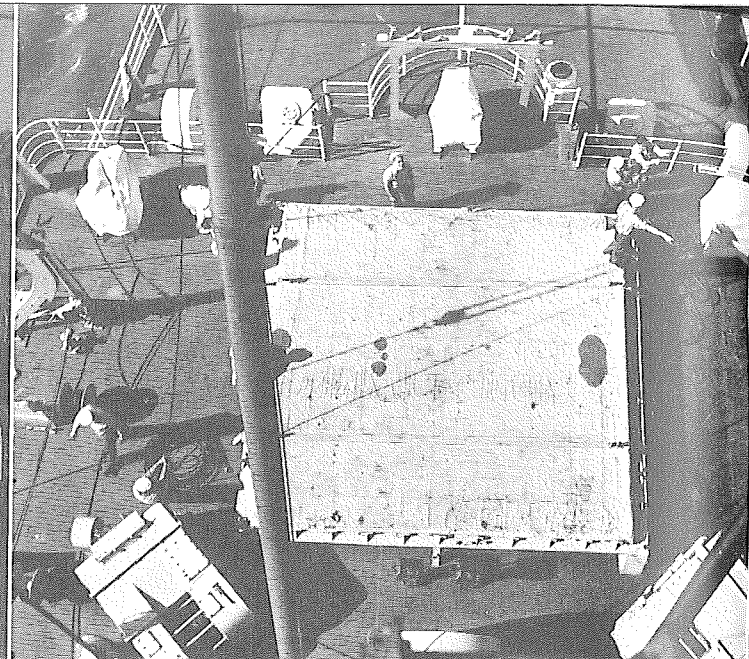
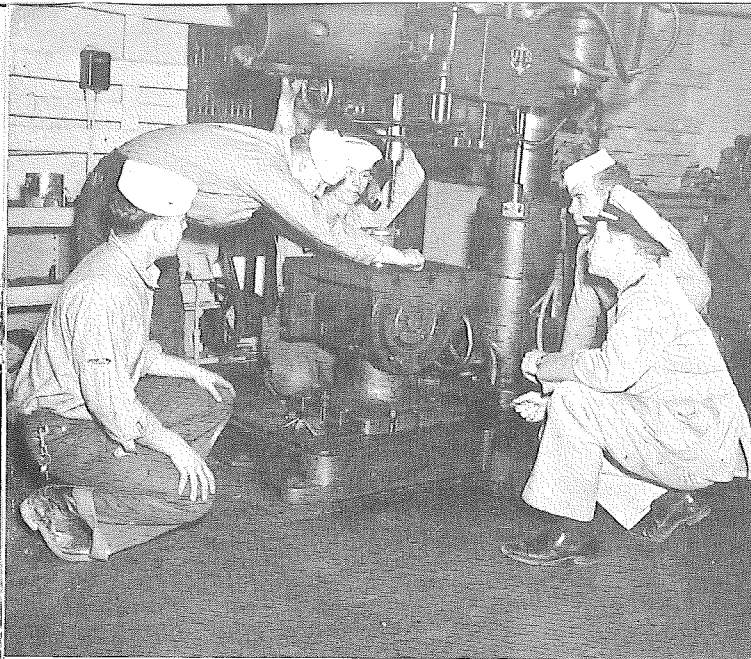


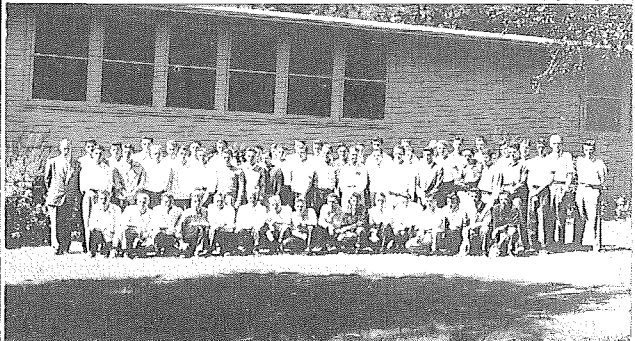
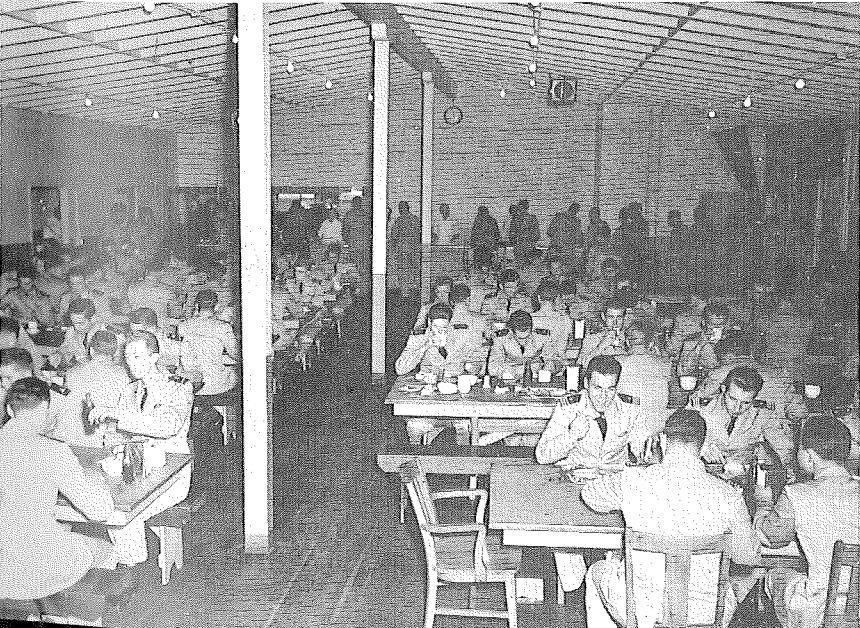
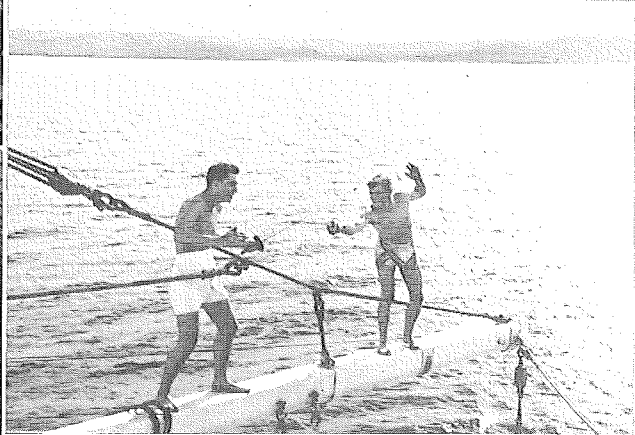
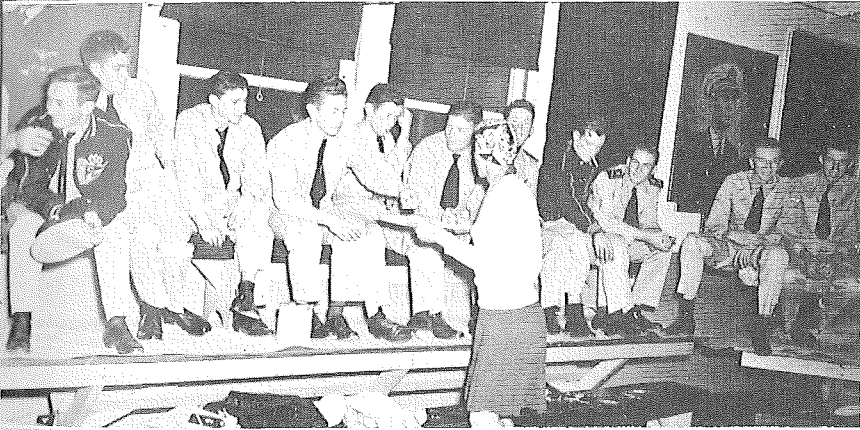
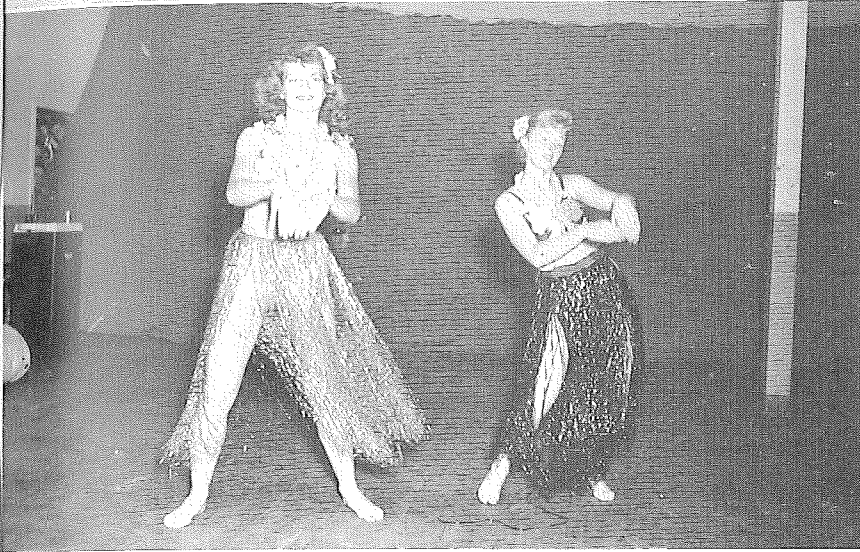
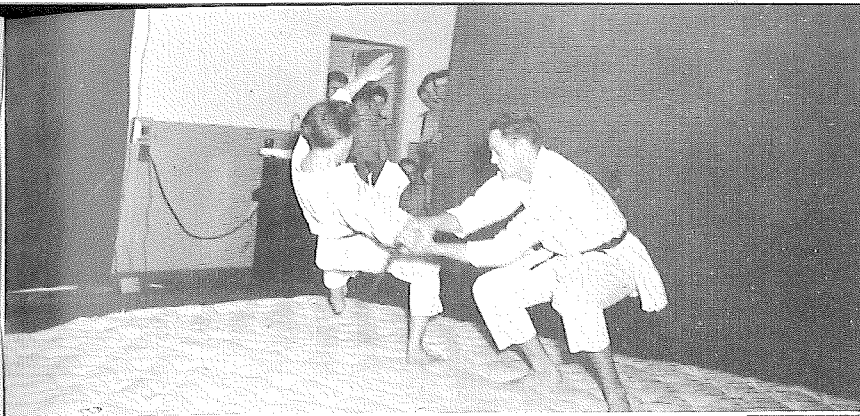
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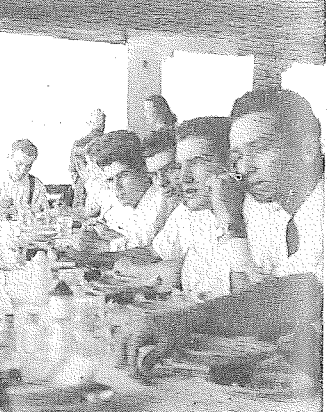
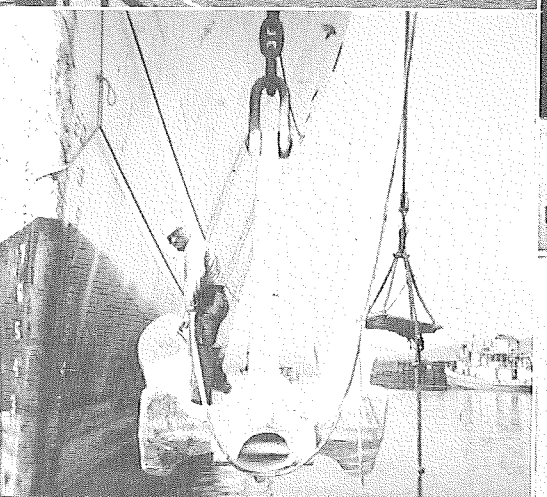
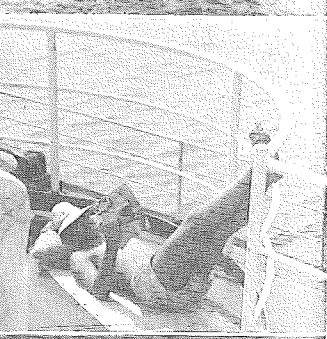
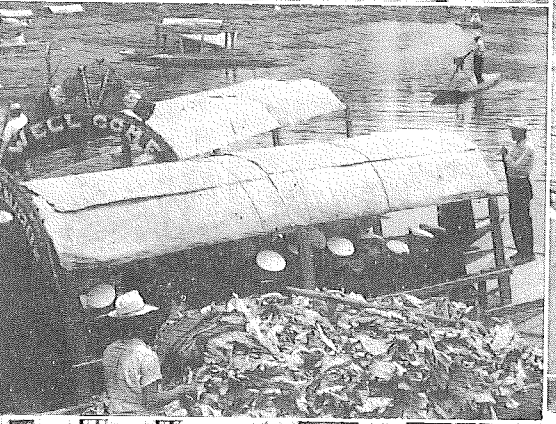
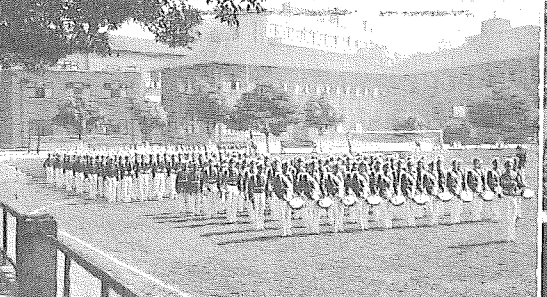
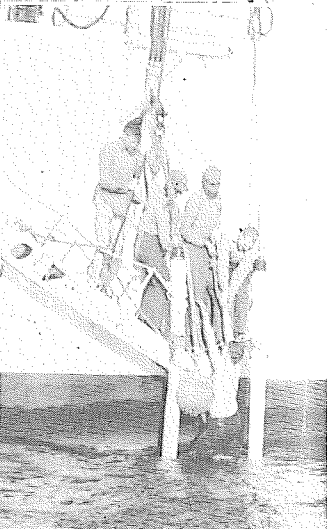
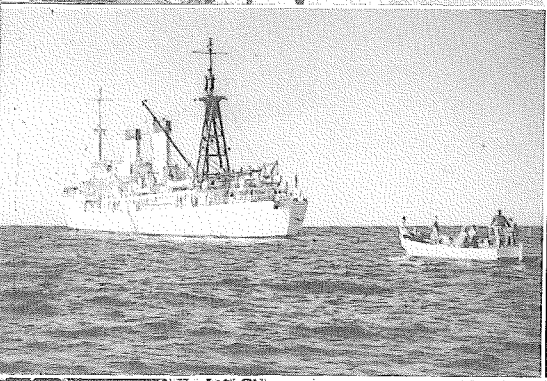
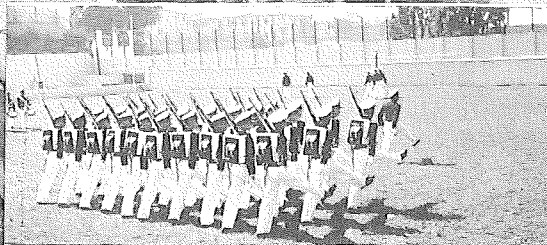
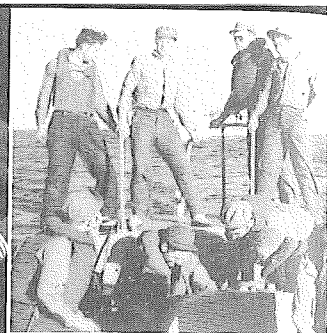
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Why we vote for California Maritime Academy

As this is written there lies before us a model of a three-masted, fully rigged ship, the vessel on which this scribe served his apprenticeship to the sea.

Inevitably there comes to mind a comparison between four years schooling in a windjammer and the training you receive at the California Maritime Academy.

Looking back there are no regrets, as perhaps the time spent in sailing ships left a bigger imprint on our life than any other comparable period.

Howbeit then, our vote is cast for the California Maritime Academy? Because when the Academy graduate marches up the gangway to his first ship he will be better fitted to cope with his chosen profession than we were.

In our day of training, windjammers were on their last legs; obviously our future did not rest there but on power driven vessels.

When we mounted the bridge of our first job in steam, we were in an environment totally different from what we knew. Of course, we were *seamen*. We knew how to goosewing a topsail, put a neat splice in a

piece of rope, how to wear and tack and even knew, in theory at least, how to club-haul a vessel off a lee shore, all of which was of considerable importance in the kingdom of sailing ships.

We were quite proud of these accomplishments, but inwardly we had to admit to ourselves they were of much less importance in our new domain where engineers shared the throne. This is not to say that we could not put to any use the results of our training in sail; we certainly could and did.

Our point is that your training in California Maritime Academy is such that you will be less strange to your environment than we were when you report on board.

Sensing that these words of mine might be read by some sail-trained men (it is surprising how many there are still around), we counsel they take no hasty action and before reaching for a belaying pin, request that they bear with us to the end. There is a good side to a direct apprenticeship and later we shall give full credit.

F. C. Theobald

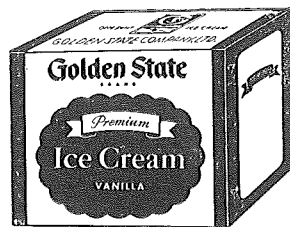
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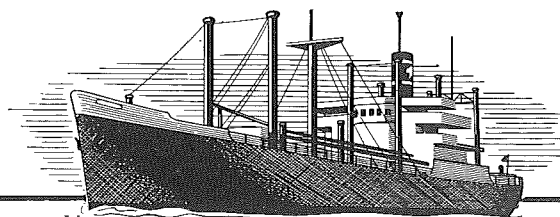
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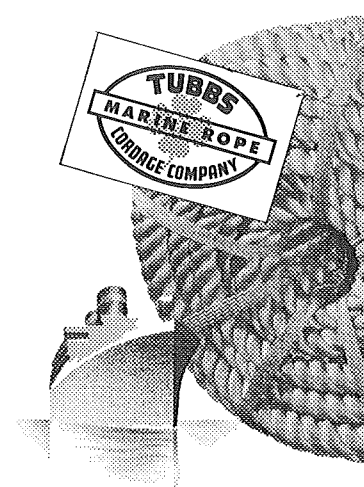
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