

The Binnacle

VOLUME II NUMBER 3

AUGUST 1941



MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE CALIFORNIA MARITIME ACADEMY

EDITORIAL

The custom in the past, in which one of the officers was asked to write an "editorial" for the BINNACLE, was discontinued in this issue in order that the following words might be written for the benefit of the new fourth class, with the thought that more gain might be derived from this editorial if it were written by a cadet.

On August 5, a new class entered C.M.A., the Class of '44. Because they are new men, entering a profession which introduces a vast field of customs and knowledge, which all but a very few of them are unacquainted with, it seems proper that a few timely suggestions might be made on how best to get along at the academy.

The life here will be strange to them. One reason: the compactness of the living quarters, which is so necessary on board ship where "there is a place for everything and everything in its place."

It will seem strange to them because of the peculiarity of the salty vocabulary, common on ship board for centuries past.

The many, many, articles of ship's gear, so essential to the efficient operation of a vessel, will undoubtedly arouse questions in their minds.

The disciplining of the new cadets, as "swabs" and as fourth

classmen will at time seem drastic and unbearable. It is difficult for a man to realize the importance of the principles which are impressed upon his mind; I mean, of course, principles of an organization which he has entered, a stranger to its system and doctrines. Through the passage of time at the academy, here as in any other institution, he will gradually awaken to the purposes of the rules of discipline and procedure which have been imposed upon him. It may take time, perhaps the entire three years of his stay here, but ultimately, such enlightenment will assist in making him a more useful and efficient individual; an asset to his family; an asset to his community; an asset to his employers; an asset to his country.

If every man does his part, as his "swab rules" dictates, it will make it that much easier for those who have had the responsibility vested in them, to accomplish the tasks assigned to them, which in turn, will assist in making the life aboard the California State "more enjoyable for all concerned."

You fourth classmen must keep this in mind because you came here for a specific purpose and should be willing to do everything that is expected of you to accomplish that purpose.

R.W.D.

BINNACLE WATCH

3

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THE THIRD CLASS DANCE

On Saturday night, July 12, the good ship California State played host to the guests of the third class, namely about twenty-five young ladies who were invited aboard for a dance that had been planned for almost a year.

The dance itself was held in the classroom which, through the efforts of the voluntary turn to committee, was decorated with flags and indirect lighting effects which were so indirect at times that the couple dancing next to you, to the host recordings in town, was hardly distinguishable.

Later on everybody adjourned to the messdeck to partake of a buffet supper. The congregation, in two trips, then stepped aboard a "speed" launch which was rented for the evening, and saw San Francisco, the bridges, Treasure Island, and other interesting spectacles, some of which were the cadets themselves.

The final dance session ended about midnight after which each went their respective ways much happier and more devoted to the third class motto: "Good Fellowship".

W.C.T.

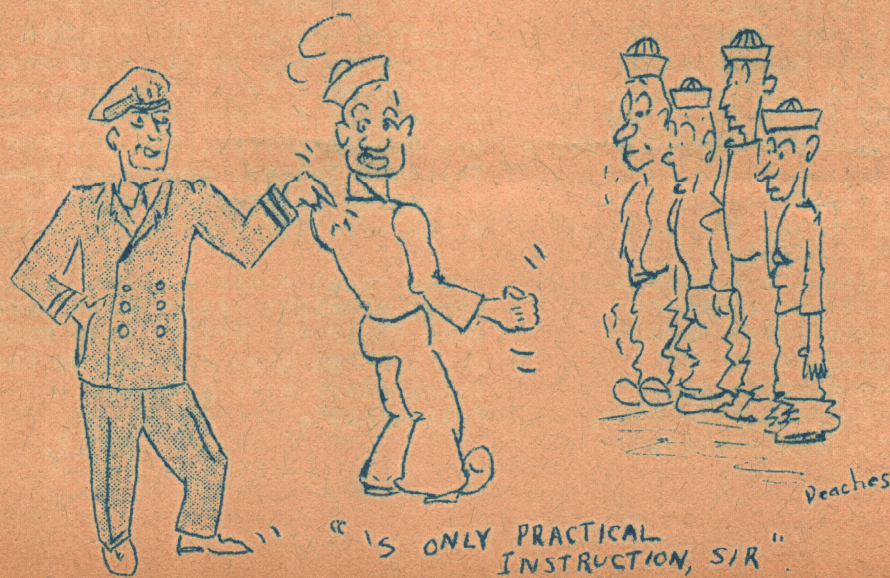
4 SUPERINTENDENT VISITS EASTERN SCHOOLS

During the latter part of June, Captain Mayo was sent East by the Board of Governors to visit the eastern nautical schools, the Maritime Commission and the Navy Department to get the support of the government behind the undertaking of building our new shore establishment, and to find out about the program and design of the other maritime academies.

The Massachusetts and Pennsylvania schoolships were out on cruises, but our superintendent spent many useful hours with the head of the New York Merchant Marine Academy. Large sums of money have been spent there on docks, cadet quarters and classrooms. They have playing fields, and will shortly have built an armory-gymnasium of adequate size. In addition to the training of their own cadet corps, three hundred U.S. Naval Reserve Ensigns and a large class of Maritime Commission cadets are also placed, or being placed, in training at that academy.

Commenting on the foresight of the New York Academy, and the effect of the National Emergency on us, Captain Mayo said, "This large establishment was ready and waiting for the national emergency, which has now arisen, and is contributing directly to our National Defense. Unfortunately this emergency was the cause of the loss of the old Tiburon base. It forced upon us the securing of lands and funds for another establishment. The land was obtained (and is now ours) and the California Legislature voted unanimously, except for one adverse vote, for the appropriation of \$1,250,000 for the building of a proper shore establishment for the California Maritime Academy. We had support and good wishes of both the Navy Department and of the Maritime Commission in this undertaking."

Governor Olson failed to sign the bill by the deadline on July 19, and our academy measure failed to become a law.



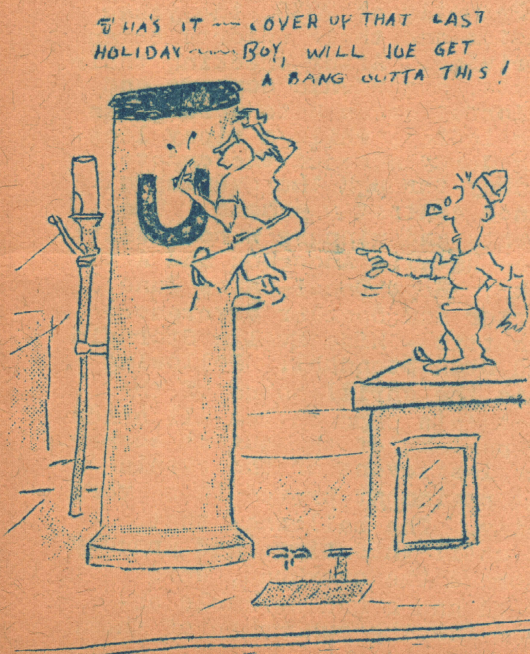
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It is well now to recall the school motto: which our cadets adopted last year; 'Labore, pugnare, paratus sumus.' (To work, to fight, we are ready)."
F.A.F.

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For the land lubber, the following interpretation is printed: One man was saying to the other two, "Quit quarreling amongst yourselves, and pass me the salad and the fish. I'm in a hurry to eat as I'm going on a mid-week holiday as soon as the signalman gets the O. K. from the Captain who is at the shore base."

Sea Puppy



CARQUINEZ INN

AT TOLL GATE OF

CARQUINEZ BRIDGE

CANDIES-SOFT DRINKS-GOOD FOOD

CARLSON & CARLSON

PROPS.

6 PROPELLOR CLUB NEWS

Friday night, August 7, the Cadet Corps was entertained with forty minutes of moving pictures. Lt. Commander Cronk, U.S.C.G., representing Captain Parker of the San Francisco area, gave a short talk on the history and activities of the Coast Guard. The pictures that followed completely covered the important work of this service. Thrilling rescues at sea and other dangerous operations were vividly portrayed.

We were very happy to have Captain Blackstone with us again and our thanks go to Lt-Commander Cronk for a very entertaining and educational evening.

J.L.Z.



BUT MAMMA! I CAN STENCIL
MY OWN GEAR!

peaches

FIRST CLASS BIRTHDAY PARTY

While the students of other educational institutions throughout the nation are enjoying their vacation for the summer, the first class staged a second anniversary party aboard the ship, commemorating their entrance into this nautical academy.

For weeks the committee made plans and toiled endlessly in order to make ready for that night. For the few afternoons preceding this affair, almost anyone visiting aboard could have plainly seen that the ship was humming with activity in order that all would be in readiness for the event. The classroom had been gaily decorated with national emblems of various countries, brightly colored balloons and soft hued lights. Everything from the birthday cake with its two candles, down to the glass-like polish on the deck was in readiness, awaiting the guests' arrival.

Promptly at 2030, the young ladies and their escorts began arriving. After checking their coats, a gardenia corsage and colorful straw hats were given the ladies, while a tipsy looking derby adorned the cadets. Midway through the evening a dance contest was held. The events and winners were: Waltz- Miss Natalia Anderson and Art Behm; Spot Dance- Miss June Carter and Spencer Seyverance; Schottish- Miss Evelyn Storheim and Stan Stendahl. Following this the shrill notes of the boats'n's pipe called all hands to partake of the buffet supper. The last event of the evening's entertainment proved to be very noisy. The balloons, that, up until this time, had proudly adorned the overhead, were freed and a mad scramble ensued for the ownership of them.

FIRST CLASS PARTY (CONT'D)

At 2359, the call "all guests ashore" was piped, thus checking off another successful event of the cadets' social calendar.

In addition to the members of the first class, attending the dance were Captain and Mrs. Mayo, Mr. and Mrs. Dodson, Mr. and Mrs. Enga, Mr. and Mrs. Tubbs, and Mr. Miller.

The first class wishes to extend their sincere appreciation to the dance committee, consisting of Stanley Standahl, Bob Welch, and Art Bohm, and to all the others concerned in making this the enjoyable affair that it was.

C.E.P.

* * *

ATTENTION! FOURTH CLASSMEN

The BINNACLE is your paper. We hope that you will take an active interest in this monthly publication of the Cadet Corps. You are cordially invited to contribute your talents, and remember that we are always glad to accept cartoons, news articles, stories, or whatever else you may think of.

For your convenience, there is the BINNACLE box in the classroom beside the magazine rack.

The Editor

JOE HARRIS
NAVAL UNIFORMS
CAPS AND EQUIPMENT

16 SACRAMENTO ST
SAN FRANCISCO

SAFETY VALVE

7

Dear Editor:

Speaking in all seriousness, the Pony Express was a wonderful idea. What a great improvement over the previous years of slow transportation and long, intermediate stopovers, because of poor connections. Here truly was a perfect economy of effort with a maximum of efficiency. Connections were to the minute and delay was minimized. Of course you will say, that went out with the horse. Well I'm here to say we ought to return to the Pony Express - or at least follow the example set by it.

If mail left the schoolship regularly and went directly to its destination by the old system of fast horses and rough riders, it would beat the modern(?) system now in force. Not that the locomotive isn't a great idea. Far be it from me to criticize Watt, (or whoever it was). And I'll have to admit that amazing advances have been made in aeronautics in recent years. So what?

When I said the Pony Express would be faster, I wa n't kidding. What good are modern efficient methods of transportation when it takes 24 hours for mail to get off the ship? Once a day! When mail is collected three or four times daily at a mailbox not half a mile from the ship.

Now here's the point. (At last, you say.) Since there are about 130 healthy cadets (not counting Fennick) aboard, why not detail one of them as mail orderly to take the mail before each collection. This would allow a minimum of time between writing and actual

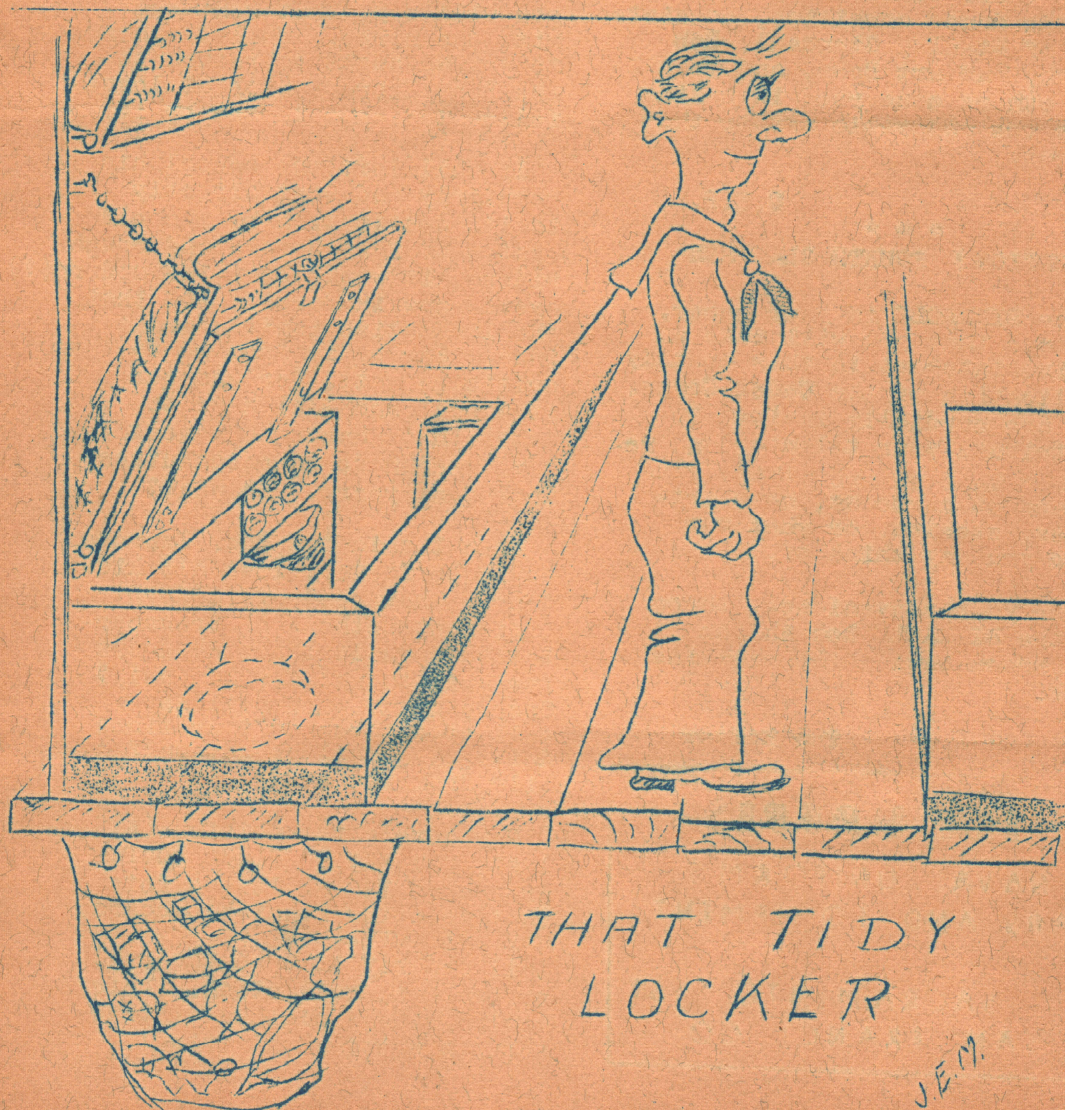
SAFETY VALVE (CONT'D)

movement towards the destination. Mail is a cadet's only connection to his home and friends. It seems to me that a plan of this sort, that would get the mail off the ship at regular intervals should be adopted immediately. Of, of course, we could return to the Pony Express.

N.B.H.

TINKERS WIN OVER DECKHANDS

As has been the custom on our recreation days, the group of rawhide enthusiasts trekked over to their rendezvous, Jackson Park. The main objective of this July 23 jaunt was to establish the superiority of this institution in that strenuous and manly game of softball. The teams competing for this honor were, The Flashlight-Monkey wrench



BASEBALL GAME (CONT'D)
Club (Tinkers) and the Great
Circle Sextant Nine (Deck Apes).

After a short warm-up the deckhands, by virtue of lady luck, won the toss-up and decided to take the field. Perhaps you have already heard that the mighty Tinker's club was victorious by an overwhelming score of 18 to 6. Any person with average intellectual assets could have foreseen the outcome of this or any contest staged by aforementioned parties. (The thoughts expressed in this article are based on facts, and not necessarily the opinions of the individual so writing it.)

Because of adverse weather conditions the usual throng of followers (one tennis girl and a few youngsters) couldn't witness the colossal performance turned in by the CMAites. Heading the list of star performers was "Itshibishoo" Karr, who really pitched some sizzlers right through the game. "Watch me clear the bags" Gates' errorless game in right field was super (he never got close to the ball) until he was shifted to centerfield and then his brilliant playing was unsurpassed. (Truly a ghastly, gruesome sight for the deckhands.) Mr. Tubbs and Mr. Shafer turned in some fancy fielding, but aside from this the precision and finesse displayed by the tinker aggregation overshadowed the topside artists.

L.M.W.

* * *

FISHING CLUB ACTIVITIES

This week end, if conditions are favorable, the Fishing Club will be out to remove all doubts that have lingered in

9
the minds(?) of many of the gentlemen of our Academy as to the exceptional ability of the club members. We are not boasting when we say that each member is considered an expert in the fine art of angling and could match fish for fish with any of the old masters such as Issac Walton.

For weeks, observers have kept a constant check on tidal conditions, weather, the actions of each and every school of fish that has ventured near Mission Rock, and of course the most successful baits and tackles employed. We now feel that the precise moment has arrived and that this time a successful trip will result.

As you all know, this year the fishing club has met with very many soul tearing obstacles. It has seemed, at times, that fate itself has turned its back upon us. But we have stood by the good old motto, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Thus, we are confident that our next report will not be "No large bass actually landed yet."

W.J.F.

* * *

HARBOR DAY RACE

As you all know, Harbor Day is the first time you can see the rowing crews for the following year. As in the past, C.M.A. entered two 8 oared whale boat crews.

The two boats were towed over to Aquatic Park, under the skillful coxwain "Navy Paul" Mead and engineer Fred Hultquist. The boat hook doesn't count---but--well it was "Gruesome" Gates.

ROWING RACE (CONT'D)

This event was almost the first on the program, and the crews awaited their coxwain's orders to "douse shirts" anxiously. This meant that the only preliminary for the race now was jockeying into position. The 1st class team drew the outside lane and when the bows of both boats were even, the command "Stand By" was given. A split second later a shot sounded and sixteen oars churned the green water into a frothing foam. By the time the strokes were being lengthened to the race pace, the third class had "snook" ahead by three feet. At the quarter both boats turned as one but the 1st class executed an "about face" turn and were back on the straightaway slightly ahead of their rivals. This final lap was a test of endurance. The stroke was "picked up"; the coxswains shouted praise to their crews; the crowd roared; and at last came the command, "sprint!" The third class boat was nosing ahead. Slowly they inched their lead into six feet and were declared the winners.

The race was over! C.H.A. was victorious again! But wait,

* * *

SLOPSHUTE JERK

Well there are 15 more days until Labor Day when we find Slopshute sitting dejectly on his locker top after the noon meal. He is dreaming about the good old days when he got summer vacations.

Crash! "Look out below!" Slopshute's bunk comes crashing down and just misses giving our hero a cracked cranium.

the water's cold--to the victor go. The spoils--One--Two--Three---Yes, the winning coxswain went through his part of the race waiting for that little drinkin party, not his idea, but a privilege granted him for winning oarsmen.

The only unfinished thing on the routine was to obtain the magnificent cup awarded for the annual event. This was secured and escorted back to the ship by the proud members of the third class.

The following participated in the race:

3rd class	
Port	Starboard
Robinson	Roche
Hargrave	Swain
Starratt	Guertin
Canepa	Luchsinger
	Dunn, Cox'n
1st class	
Port	Starboard
Stendahl	Nied
Freeman	Pyle
Young	Tower
Rocca	R.L. Smith
	Aker, Cox'n

* * * C.E.P.

"What ya trying to do, kill me?" Slopshute asks his bunk mate, Scuttlebutt Snezzel.

Scuttlebutt has a silly grin on his face when he answers, "I hollered didn't I?" "Yeah, but after you dropped the bunk," counters Slopshute, as he heads up the ladder after his sheets.

"Hey Soapy, I want my sheets,

SLOPSHUTE (CON'T)

give me a break will ya, and give me two without any holes this time?"

"Who do you think you are, the Queen of the Berth Deck?" answered the fugitive from the washing machine. I am saving those two for myself. He hands Slopshute two sheets which have seen better days and better laundries.

Slopshute returns to the Berth Deck and makes his bunk (Just one more week and little men will be doing it for him. No dear readers, these little men are not called dwarves, and we call them Swabs around here).

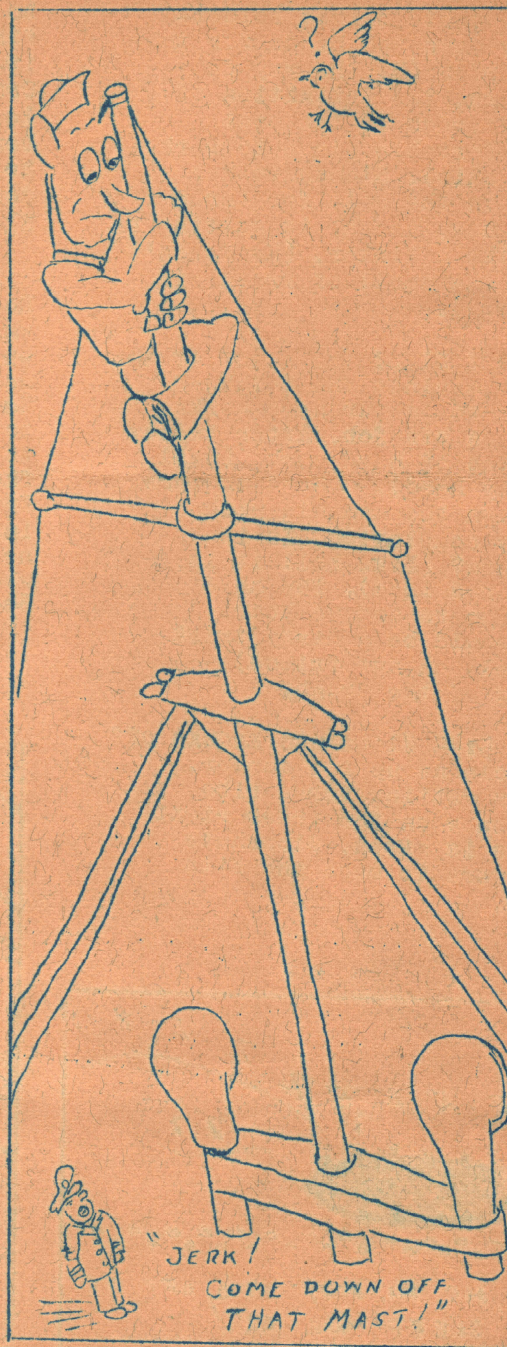
He finishes up his bunk with somebody else's laundry pins, and puts on his dungarees, forgets to lock his locker and goes up just as first call blows. There, sprawled on the deck is the sorriest looking group of human beings there is, the deck working detail at C.M.A., (if you think these guys look bad you ought to see the guys on watch) so Slopshute throws his depleted body into the mass of human derelicts.

Assembly blows and the boys put on the iron lungs and stand up. Jobs are distributed and Slopshute is still standing there.

Then Slopshute hears Mr. Miller say, "Who has been working in the cofferdam this week?"

Swish!!—"Jerk, come down off that mast", cries the Cadet Commander, "You are going in the cofferdam."

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12.

SLOPSHUTE (CON'T)

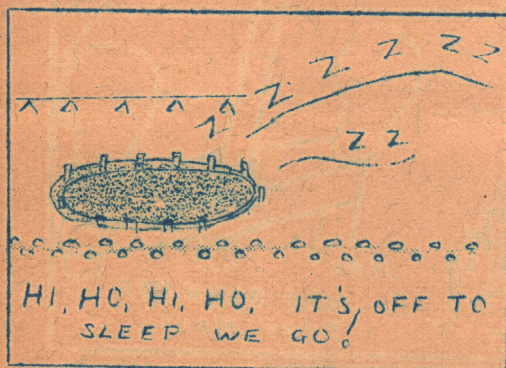
Slopshute climbs reluctantly down and heads for the cofferdam (By the way dear readers, the definition of a cofferdam is the most uncomfortable place to work on a ship). Slopshute has been in the hole for three days now, and he is getting to be like a tinker, (He doesn't like the smell of fresh air anymore).

Slap! Slap! the sound of the brush against the bulkhead is heard as our hero works away on his job. After twenty minutes of hard work (well, pretty hard), a head appears through the manhole with a rusty complexion. Is it sunburn? (Like hell it is, it's red lead). The head disappears and we hear (It would be a dirty trick to tell on our friend) sound of the brush.

At 5:45 Slopshute knocks off and cleans up for supper. After getting three ribs broken when the order right dress is given. Slopshute staggers to mess and sits down.

After supper there is to be a lecture; Slopshute finds himself a seat (well it was there a minute ago). Crash! "Why don't these guys learn to set these mess benches", murmurs Slopshute as he picks himself off the deck. After the lecture Slopshute climbs into his bunk.

Slopshute is dreaming of Rosie. He does not know whether to kiss her or not, when she kisses him. My gosh! Rosie needs a shave. He opens his eyes expecting to see her smiling face, only to find Soogie licking his face. The boys back from Friday night liberty are having some fun. Well anyway, he found out one thing; he would rather kiss Rosie than Soogie, any day.



SLOPSHUTE (CONT'D)

Slopshute staggers through the Saturday morning routine without too much trouble (it is not very hard to look awake).

He is now sitting on his locker top putting on his leggings. It only takes him five minutes to do this, but in that short time every cadet has walked up and down the aisle a dozen times or so. Now his body and uniform are evenly matched, he has bags under his eyes and in his pants.

He goes to the armory, draws his rifle and belt, and goes out on the dock and waits for formation.

Assembly blows, and Slopshute falls in. Inspection arms, is given and his belt sticks. He jerks and jerks but nothing happens. He is told to fall out and fix it. He works over his gun, but the belt just won't move. He gets disgusted and drops his rifle, and when he picks it up the belt is back in place.

He rushes to catch up with the platoon and when he is just a step behind them, the order, "To the rear, March", is heard and Crash!! Bang!! Slopshute has run into the platoon.

Slopshute staggers up after having the whole platoon walk over him. The rest of the drill is a nightmare to him because if his belt is not sticking, a bayonet is sticking him. Finally it is decided that the Army and Navy will be able to protect the country without the aid of the Cadet Corps., so the knock off.

Slopshute has cleaned his locker so there is no inspection (Slopshute could even see the bottom of his locker). Some day he is going to fool them and not clean his locker (like it is the rest of the week).

Liberty call blows and Slopshute is going home to cakes, cookies, and Soogie. Darn it!!! I mean Rosie.

W.J.D.

* * *

'1941 HANDY BILLY ON SALE

In keeping with a policy established two years ago the second edition of the pamphlet, HANDY has been published.

This booklet was originated to give constructive information to the entering cadet. In the second volume a further attempt has been made to give to the outsider an intimate glimpse of the history, activities, and objectives of the school. There are 48 pages in all and it will retail for TEN cents.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN
by Ima Hermit

Dear Ima,
Why is it that the best places in San Francisco require neckties?

F.A.N.

Dear F.A.N.,
Avalon story to tell about these best places. But it is more neck than tie.

Ima

Dear Ina,

My girl writes me that
a future cadet is taking her
out. What should I do?
R.H.S.

Dear R.H.S.

Wait until after August
fifth and (censored).
Ina

*

Dear Ina,

Why is it that every time
I go out with tall girls I
get a stiff neck?
L.H.W.

Dear L.H.W.,

There is nothing wrong with
you except that your feet and
head are to close together.
Ina.

Dear Ina,

I got a letter from my girl
yesterday saying that she
is going to get married. What
have I done?
T.C.M.

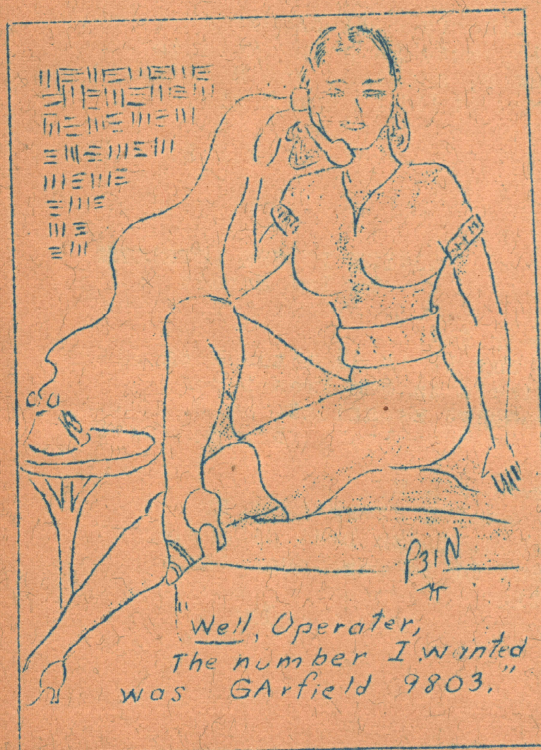
Dear T.C.M.

It's not what you've done,
it is just that old proverb,
"Absence makes the heart grow
fonder." (Of some other guy.)
Ina.

Dear Readers,

Again I am very happy to
be of assistance to you. If
you are having troubles
with the sweeter side of life,
let me help you straighten them
out.
Ina.

"DOC" TAKES A TRIP or HOW IN
THE H--- DO YOU GET THIS D---
PUNT ASHORE?



It was on the afternoon of 11 August that "Doc" Gates, the San Diego Peon, was ordered to bring the punt alongside the Cal State. Eager to prove to the officers and cadets that he was a seaman from 'way back, "Doc" puts on a solty swagger and goes to this first command.

"Doc orders lines cast off (he is alone, but he is trying to make it look good) and heads for the ship (by the great circle route through Milpitas). "Doc" tries sculling, but he is not so good at this. Soon the tide and wind have carried our second Columbus out into the bay. With three quarters of the crew of the U.S.S. Henderson and everybody on the S.S. Alvarado yelling advice, our hero becomes befuddled and asks for aid.

Meantime, aboard the T.S. Mr. Shafer has come on deck and has asked, "Who is that fourth class

"DOC'S" TRIP (CONT'D)

men out there?" When he is informed that it is J. Gates he raises his eyes to the heavens and gives thanks that "Doc" went deck (there are enough engineers driving him crazy as it is).

The gig is sent out with "Leif Erickson" Stendahl in command (his second command; he was on boat crew last week) to bring the wanderer alongside. In about ten minutes the punt is back with only one running light (Doc's face is really red by now).

Doc gives the excuse that he was going to San Diego by the Milpitas-Atherton canal, but we know that all he needed was another oar.

W. J. D.

* * *

- GRUESOME GOSSIP -

No! No! Nursey:

"Cannonball" Quinn again breaks into the news. At the last report, Mike was seen taking a carton of smokes to a cute young nurse at the Marine Hospital. Late that night poor Cannonball returned to the Cal. State with the smokes. We found that the little nurse did not smoke.

Swab Swoon.

The third class of our fine school was very glad to see the new class enter (in more ways than one). It seems that one of the new lads is from Ventura. We find, (to our utter amazement), that the Knob has been masquerading in that little town as a great big handsome officer. Wow!

Fireside Folly:

An inside tip is that "Foghorn" Feuille was a boy scout in his younger days. What a sight! There was young Freddie with a girl on each arm trying to light a fire. (The love-crazy pyro-maniac). After getting all the wood and paper ready for the lighting off process, the attraction of young womanhood was too much. Need more be said?

Foreign Facts:

The Cal State has a new club which is against all women (in any form). To be eligible for this great organization the cadet must have a written letter from his girl saying that she is going to marry or go steady with some other lucky fellow. This club is known as the Foreign Legion of C.M.A. At present the club has the following members: Roche, Salsbury, Moon, Welch, Zenor, Huldtquist, Cleary.

And what is this we hear about our Cadet Chief Engineer, Bob Young? It seems that he found a girl that was too good for the civilians of Frisco, so she decided that Bob was a much nicer fellow and went out with him. What have you got, Young?

Dougall, good natured third class engineer, has taken Crockett as his new home. What is it "Doogits", the spagetti'?

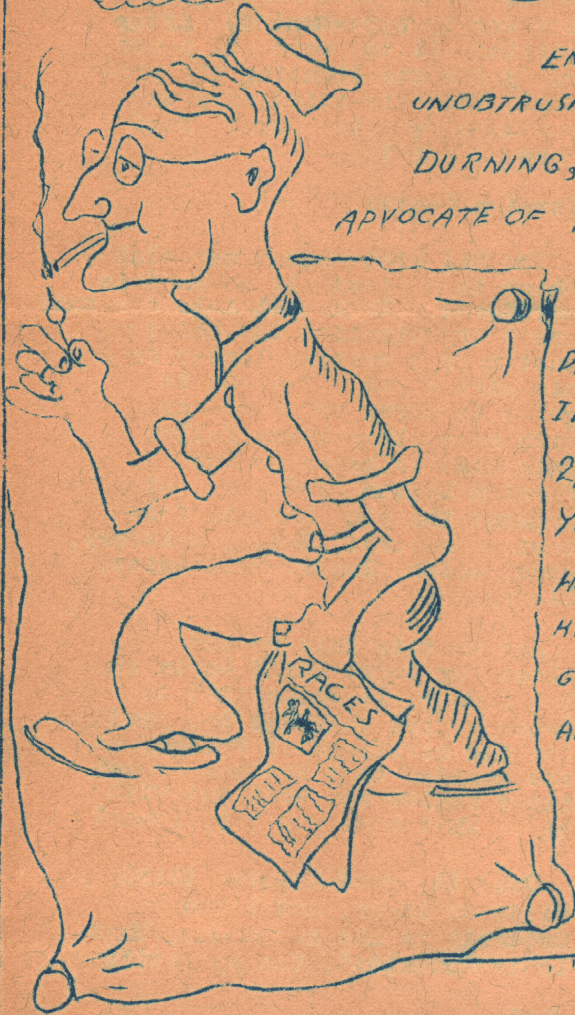
Why?

Why is Darlene still running from "Sea Puppy" Peterson? (This writer has documentary proof of this fact).

J. E. G.

CRANK CASE KIDS

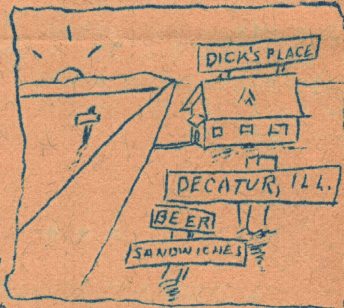
IT'S GONNA BE SMOKY SNYDER!



AMONG THE FIRST CLASS
ENGINEERS YOU WILL FIND QUIET,
UNOBTRUSIVE, **DIAMOND** DICK
DURNING, PONY EXPERT AND A GREAT
ADVOCATE OF THE TEN CENT CIGARETTE,

BORN IN
DECATUR,
ILL, SOME
21 ODD
YEARS AGO,

HE LAUNCHED
HIMSELF ON A MAD CAREER OF
GOLF AND MARINE ENGINEERING
AT THE TENDER AGE OF TWO.



AFTER BREAKING UP A COUPLE OF HUNDRED
BOOKIES AROUND AND ABOUT, HE ENTERED G.M.A.
WITH THE SOLEMN INTENTION OF BRINGING HIS
GOLF DOWN TO THE LOW 70's. HE'S GONNA DO IT TOO.

KEEP OFF DA LAWN, SEE!

Sam

LIBERTY TIP

Hey, fellows! You who are looking for a real, yet inexpensive, liberty night be interested in this little travelogue of three of your shipmates.

The vacationing spirit of summer has at last worned its way into old C.M.A. This was evidenced several weeks ago when three "salty" seamen (one year removed from the plow) began laying plans for, what was to them, the acme of liberties; a good ol' fashioned camping trip to the mountains. After several days of serious thinking, the little band decided that Lake Tahoe would be the most likely place to be free from the influence of women and routine.

The next problem facing them was acquiring the necessary equipment. Tom found an old tent kicking around his garage at home; Dick found some cooking utensils, and Harry located some blankets. With these in hand and neatly stowed in the back of Tom's car, the three began counting the days until they would be free to go forth into the outer world.

At last Saturday arrived, and our threesome got under way, at the sound of the last note of Liberty call. Out on the open road Tom whizzed his "crate" up to 45 miles per hour and crossed his fingers; the towns were fairly racing by. Soon they reached Sacramento, where they laid in a store of grub: canned beans, eggs, potatoes, bacon, and bread, the other incidentals having been acquired previously from a source too confidential to mention in this article; however, the night watch on duty the night before should consider the disappearance of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of coffee as merely a coincidence.

After leaving Sacramento behind, Tom's Ford attempted to dissipate its heat energy through a medium other than the wheels. It chose the cooling water as an outlet for this surplus heat; however, with a full head of steam the cadets pushed on until they reached their destination.

Within an hour's time after arrival, the trio had set up a camp and christened it "The Sierra Felt's 'le." A fire was built and soon supper was cooked in real mountain style. After a short tour, admiring the beauty of the scenery, (both walking and stationary), the cadets turned in for a real night's sleep.

Sunday morning's breakfast consisted of bacon, eggs, and a deep discussion as to whether the blankets used the night before kept the warmth in or merely filtered the cold air as it passed through. The afternoon was spent swimming and again admiring the scenery, but all too soon the clock reached the hour of departure and the cadets had to break camp and head back to 'Frisco Town. The return voyage was uneventful save for the laying of plans for another outing.

Tom, Dick, and Harry, found in settling the expenses for the trip that for the complete liberty the cost was only \$2.63 per man, and that nearly four-fifths of this was for gas. This may be helpful to you fellows planning a similar outing.

In short, let me recommend a jaunt to the hills as a swell liberty, well worth the money and time.

D.N.K.

SCRAPPY by Sevi

