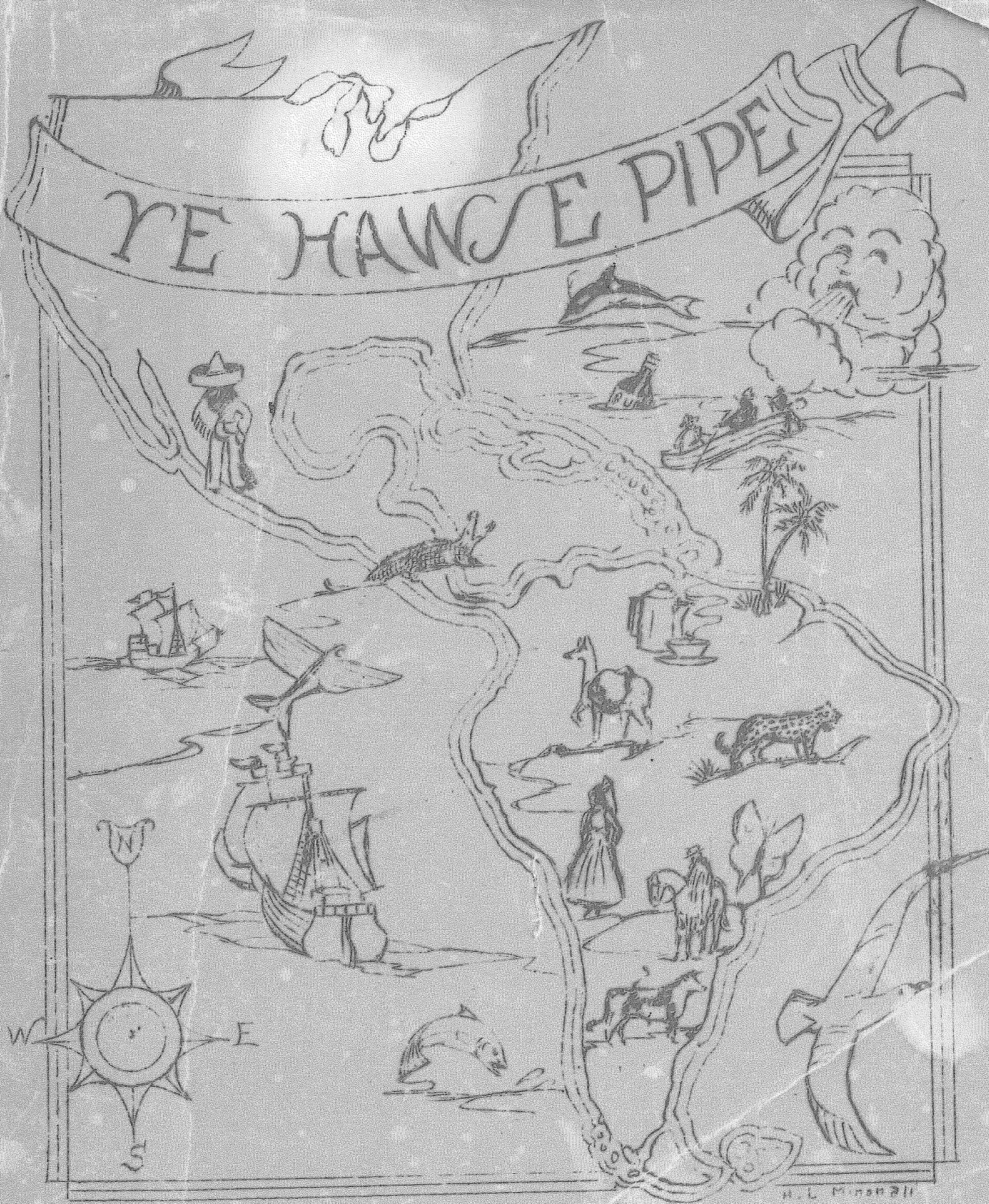
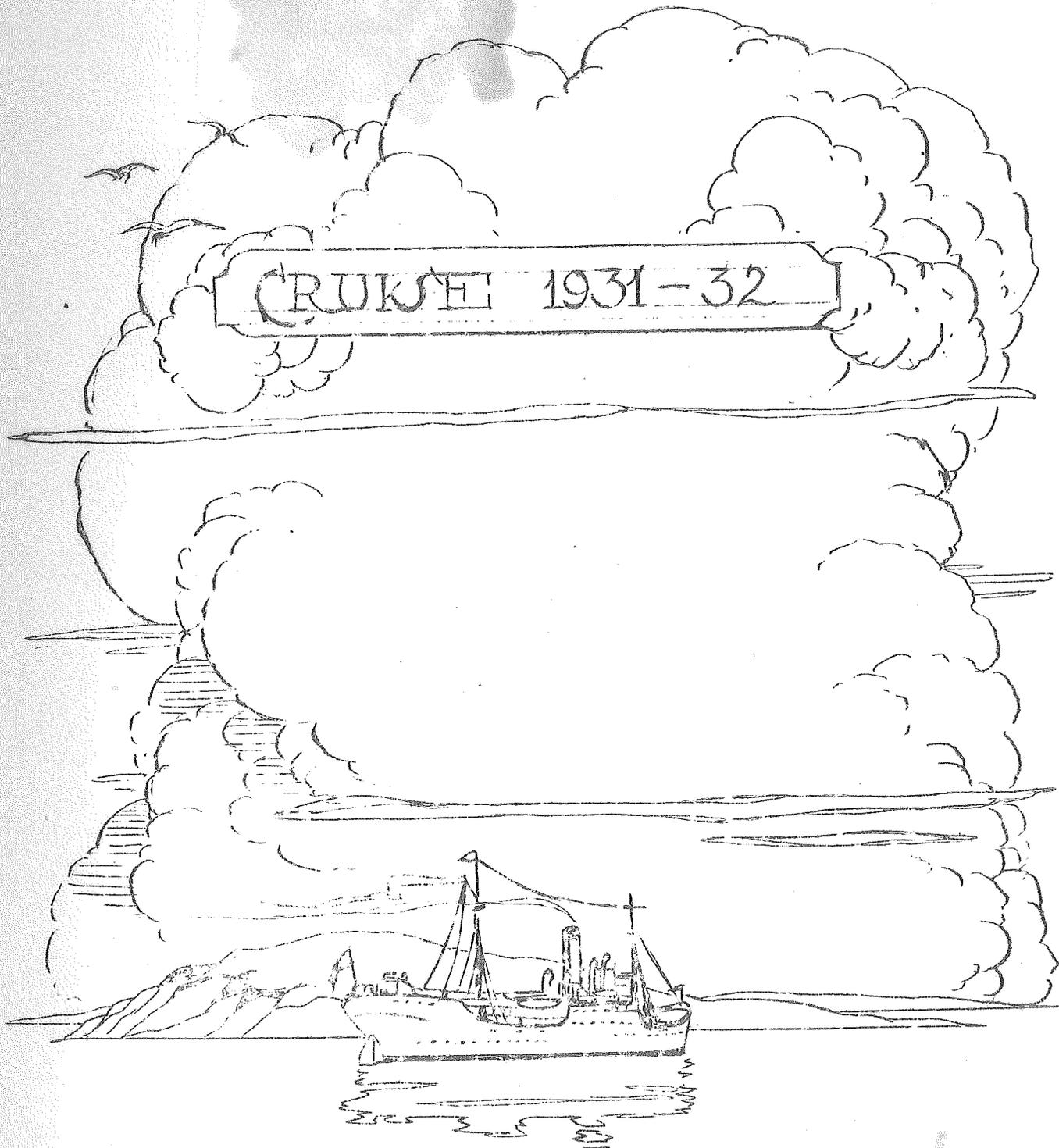


THE HAWAIIAN PIPE



CRUISE 1931-32



Crane

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THE NEPTUNE PARTY

A great many of us thought that Neptune's Courts were a part of the great line of hokey so freely indulged in by sea salts, but our minds were suddenly and forcibly put to rights on the matter.

For several days after leaving St. Elmo Bay there appeared in Coark's Daily Blat messages received by radio from Long John Silver. They were all to the effect that His Majesty, King Neptunus Rex was fully aware that our ship intended to cross the line into the Finny Kingdom and that aboard said ship there was a loud and loathsome mess of landlubbers who had never been tried as to their fitness to enter the Kingdom and become Shellbacks; therefore all loyal sub-

jects of His Majesty who had already been tried and admitted should mark well the actions of said scum. All remarks and activities derogatory to the Great Ruler or his Kingdom should be noted so that the culprit could be brought to trial to answer for his outrageous acts.

The loyal subjects did even more than that; they hailed out a couple of the outstanding "derogators" on the day before reaching the line and made them dress in pea-coats and leggins, shackled them up in leg-irons, and set them to pacing the deck and counting rivets - thousands of rivets. Another culprit was found in the form of the Second Officer, who donned his cold weather watch coat, tuck-

ed his telescope under his arm, and assumed lookout duty so that the Shellbacks aboard might know the moment any representatives of their ruler hailed the ship. We gradually became accustomed to his periodic cries from the fo'c'sle head such as "four bells, sir, and still I see no sight of Neptune or his party."

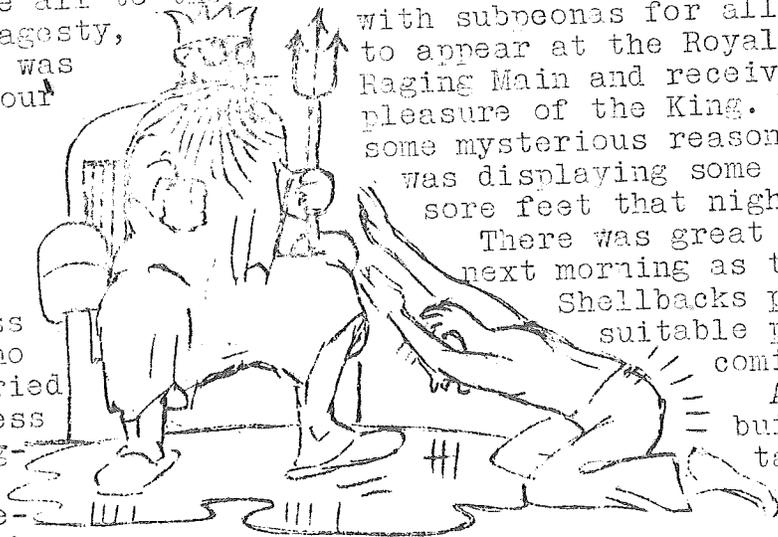
And then that evening the devil did break loose in the shape of a dozen Bears who had slipped aboard with subpoenas for all Pollywogs to appear at the Royal Court of the Raging Main and receive the DIS-pleasure of the King. Also, for some mysterious reason, the Doctor was displaying some reputedly sore feet that night.

There was great activity the next morning as the Loyal Shellbacks prepared a suitable place for the coming "Court".

A throne was built, a water tank was rigged up, and

a concoction made up primarily of red lead, fuel oil, linseed oil, refrigerator oil, grease, paregoric, and shaft alley drippings was prepared for administration to the external and internal flesh of the tender and innocuous landlubbers.

At noon formation on the eventful day, the 20th of January, Neptunus Rex and his court appeared on the scene in a blaze of glory via the bow and were welcomed in an officious and ceremonious manner by the Captain, as was appropriate to the occasion. The King informed our Captain that he was aware of the fact that there were certain individuals aboard who, as they belonged to the realm of landlubbers, were not as yet qualified to enter the Kingdom and that it was there-



fore imperative that an investigation be pursued.

The command was then given to salaam and assume an entirely respectful and humble attitude as was becoming of the occasion. Some of the more daring and presumptuous were so naive as to believe it only necessary to salaam in a perfunctory manner, but said infringers of the royal ordinances received, much to their discomfiture, a vigorous administration of the paddle by the bears.

The order was given to appear on deck at 1:00 o'clock in dungaree trousers only, and we patiently awaited our turn on the forward well deck while the burning equatorial sun beat on our bare backs and the long continued howls filtering through from the after part of the ship tortured our imagination and served to make us conjure up pictures of a chastising comparable to that practiced on heretics during the Inquisition.

Finally, to our dismay, our turn would arrive, and with a sinking heart we would trace our steps through the mess hall and arrive for trial.

As each of us appeared on the scene we were compelled to kneel and kiss the well greased foot of the Royal Baby Blahnipple while at the same time we received a vigorous electric shock from the brass plate on which we knealt. After this official, but none the less unique welcome we were speedily hustled to the awe inspiring presence of His Majesty, Neptunus Rex. The Prosecuting Attorney, who possessed on his hat the insignia "I Never Lose", then proceeded to show His Majesty the gravity of the great wrong each of us had committed such as "having no sox appeal", or "goop-took charge of what was left of the body and ducked it, soused it, stood on it for a while, and then tossed it out over the edge. The

tion "I Never Win", to secure clemency for us were always of no avail, for a sentence of "The Works" was always pronounced. We would first be stretched on the operating table for treatment by the Royal Doctor and would be administered, by means of a spoon, medicine that hinted very much of a mixture of cylinder oil, castor oil, red pepper, and bilge drippings in both odor and taste. In addition at this time we received a thorough coating of the fluid concocted by the Loyal Shellbacks that was reputed to have such a magical effect in changing an individual from an innocuous and asinine landlubber into a hardened Shellback.

After finishing the first phase of our transformation under the Royal Doctor we passed to the Royal Barber who was holding shop on top of the tank with a chair that was capable of being tipped backwards. The shaving soap had a rather unusual formula being primarily made up of oatmeal, flour, and water with other ingredients that no one was capable of distinguishing. The shave took place with a wooden razor and the shampoo with fuel oil after which the chair was allowed to tilt backwards expurgating us into the tank where more Bears



those hat was labeled with the cap-

...of being immersed in the tank
...fine until the most magnan-
...and illustrious Gregory was
...his turn when, to the in-
...distress of the Court, one of
...stays yielded to the unusually
...strain, with the result
...thereafter it was necessary to
...to the fire hose. Those of
...that had sufficient audacity to
...up early were unceremoniously
...back and put thru the mill
...again. The two most noteworthy
...incidents in this connection were
...those of Sheward and Angelo. After
...leaping up prematurely Sheward was
...climbing up the rigging with
...on but a camera and a coat
...of sunburn. Indignate at such an
...outrage, the Court quickly proceed-
...to force him to submit to un-
...usually vigorous application of the
...paddle and a repetition of the en-
...tire process of initiation with all
...fesses practically doubled. Angelo,
...after receiving "The Works" on
...three different occasions, desper-
...ately begged on his knees to be re-
...leased from the wrath of His Mag-
...esty. After our initiations were
...complete we had the satisfaction of
...steering out to our tormentors the
...same medicine that they had accorded
...us; the highlight of this being the
...application of the fire hose pro-
...cess to the Royal Chancellor. Mr.
...Cadwell, who, having filled the role
...of Prosecuting Attorney, was natur-
...ally expected to receive rough
...treatment from those possessed of a
...vindicative spirit, succeeded in
...forming his way out of the diffi-
...culty by pleading that he had all
...the subpoenas in his pocket. Trust
...a lawyer to quickly discover a sol-
...ution to any tangle.

After all was over but the shout-
...ing and we proceeded to take stock
...we discovered that the highly real-
...istic whiskers of His Majesty were
...merely rope yarn dipped in green

paint. We quickly proceeded to
ascertain to what extent anyone had
suffered any bodily damage and were
highly gratified to find that no
one had failed to speedily recover
from the wrath of His Majesty. As
a matter of fact, Jimmie, the mess-
boy, did swallow a dose, but it
turned out that his initiation was
more full than ours and therefore,
in a way, he was the object of
envy. The only noteworthy casualty
was that of Rex, our mascot, who
seemed somewhat under the weather
for two days. This would indicate
that even animals, at least those
that play the role of mascot, are
not exempt from the possibility of
exciting His Majesty's displeasure.
Perhaps the most entertaining and
picturesque feature of the Court
from our standpoint was the fact
that it contained a Hula dancer and
a princess, both of whom, on the
surface at least, were models of
feminine pulchritude. Their skirts
were of rope yarn, they possessed
blonde wigs, were beautifully pow-
dered up, and, while one would not
have recognized them as such, in
reality they were none less person-
ages than R. J. Lindgren and Waldo
Kell.

xxx

BOS'N GIVES BIRTH TO NINE POUND BOY

Everyone wondered when the Bos'n
started to pass out the cigars,
slap people on the back, and con-
duct himself in an unusually happy
manner. March 20 there came a new
male addition to the Hayes family,
Donald Edward, who weighed in at
nine pounds ten ounces. Congratu-
lations Bos'n.

xxx

VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO

This "great depression" may be depressing to a lot of people, but it developed into an "elevation" for the C.N.S. With the Chilean money exchange down to 16 pesos for 1 dollar, all hands immediately voted themselves into the taxicab class--Street cars are too plebian, doncherknow.

Our arrival on the 2nd of February was at a most opportune time. It was the summer season, and all the good looking women in the country were at the seashore to acquire a few sun rays.

The beaches became very popular with the cadets, and quite a few acquaintances were struck up. Another very popular place was the great Casino. The management was very kind in free admittance to the cadet corps, and everyone took the advantage. The Casino is a most interesting place with its gambling rooms, bars, cabarets, dining room, fine orchestra, sunken gardens, lighted pools and fountains; all in all a veritable heaven for moneyed gamblers (and cadets).

The Chileans were most hospitable. There were numbers of invitations to private parties and dinners, but the greatest point of attraction to us was the "promenade". For the benefit of unfortunates who have never had the opportunity to attend the promenade we might say that it is a very unique custom that would cause quite an uproar in our North American cities. Between the hours of 8 and 9 p.m. scores of beautiful dark-eyed senoritas promenade up and down a short block in the center of the city and all the fellows line the edge of the sidewalk. And believe me, the standing room is CROWDED.

The girls stroll up and down, the fellows look up and down, and then couples begin to stroll off to the theaters, ice cream parlors, and the dances.

It was also here in Valparaiso that one of the biggest breaks of the cruise came our way; an overnight liberty. Many of the fellows spent their time with friends in Valparaiso and Vina del Mar, but a good many went to Santiago, the Capitol. The trip may be made by automobile or train, the automobile giving the best view of rural Chilean life.

Santiago is a city of parks, and the great Alameda avenue is one of the worlds most famous streets, being 600 feet wide. Everyone who went to Santiago thoroughly enjoyed it for there was plenty of sightseeing, such as a most unusual and interesting market place, good places to dance, and best of all prices were, to us, ridiculously low. It was with real regret and determination to return again that the return to Valparaiso was made, and it was with even deeper regret that we sailed away on February 8th.

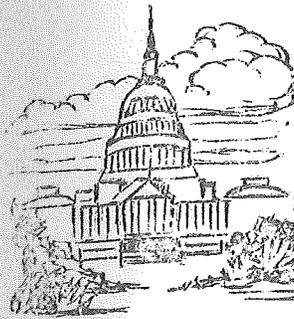
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MUGS DESIRE

According to "Butch" Adams, the Mugs greatest desire is to die one year before the upper classmen so that they may be upper classmen in H---- when we get there.

XXX

WASHINGTON, D.C.



It looked like an awfully long throw to us, but Washington was truly and exceptional man, so it is quite possible that he did throw a dollar across the Potomac. At any rate it was in a serious mood with thoughts of respect for one of our nation's greatest men that the cadet corps stood to quarters, the engine was stopped, taps played, and the bell tolled as we passed Mount Vernon on our way to the Capital of the United States.

For many of the cadets it was the first visit to Washington, and it was certainly a most excellent introduction.

We arrived on the morning of Sunday, April 6th at the Washington Navy Yard. There was no official program for that day, but in the morning of the next two days the following dignitaries visited the ship at the invitation of Captain Topp:

Com. H. J. Cone - Commissioner U.S. Shipping Board.
Com. R. K. Smith - ditto
Com. S. S. Sandberg - ditto
Com. Herbert H. Denton - ditto
Alma E. Crowley - Pres. Merchant Fleet Corp.

Congressmen from California:

Congressman Englebright
" Chas. F. Curry
" Henry E. Barbour
" Richard J. Welch
" Albert E. Carter
" Arthur M. Free
" Joe Crail
" Phil D. Swing
" Clarence F. Lee
" W. E. Evans

Congresswoman Florence Kahn

Hon. C. F. Adams - Sec. of Navy
Admiral Harry Butler, U.S.N.
Capt. H. R. Stark, U.S.N.
Capt. H. K. Cage, U.S.N.
Capt. John Downs, U.S.N.
Capt. F. D. Barrien, U.S.N.
G. Lynden Spencer, U.S.C.G.
Capt. Walter J. Peterson, Pacific American S.S. Association.
Dr. Wm. John Cooper, Commissioner of Education.
Dr. F. A. Carmelia, U. S. Public Health Service.
Dr. F. C. Smith, U.S. Public Health Service
Rep. Harold Knutson, M.C.
A. Lane Chrisher, Bureau of Foreign & Domestic Commerce.
Col. A. B. Barber, Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

On Monday morning, our second day in port, we had the thrill of our lives. Busses met us at the entrance to the Navy Yard and took us direct to the White House. We formed on the White House lawn and in a few minutes President Herbert Hoover, another Californian, joined us. The inevitable pictures were taken and then the President extended a welcome to Washington to us. "If there is anything you want or any place you want to see, and they won't let you in, come to me."

Tuesday was very amply filled by a trip to Congress. In the committee room of the Committee on Privileges and Elections we were received and addressed by the Senators from California, Shortridge and Johnson. We also met and had a few words from the famous Senator Hefflin of Alabama. From the committee room we proceeded to the Senate where we heard part of a debate on the Gold Standard and the Tariff. Our next stop that day was in the House of Representatives Office Building where Judge Davis, Commissioner of Merchant Marine, Fisheries, and Radio, told us of

Merchant Marine legislation and problems. The remainder of the afternoon was spent as guests of the Fox Theater.

On Sunday, the 10th, we had open house aboard the ship, and despite the rain and generally disagreeable weather we had well over 600 visitors aboard. Tuesday was our last day, and then we headed down the Potomac for New York.

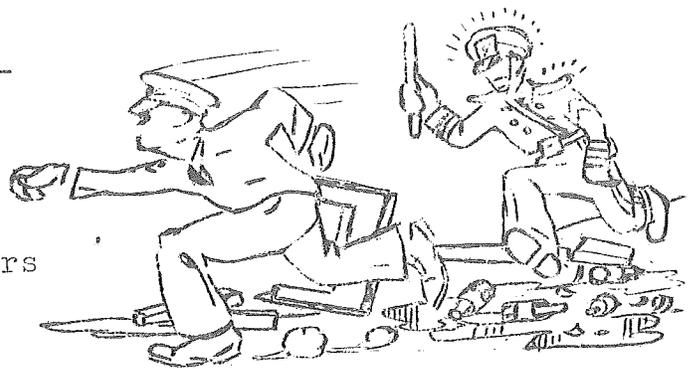
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THE McRASSEL LEMONADE STAND AFFAIR

The editor has been wondering if everyone has the true low down on the big International track meet in which Cadet R. J. McGowan represented the United States, and an unknown trackster of Montevideo upheld the national honor of Uruguay.

It seems that Mac was walking slowly down the street when suddenly his vision was blocked by a piece of silk; in fact, two pieces of silk. Absolutely, that pair of silk hose covered the most delicately beautiful limbs that Mac had seen in months. They simply overpowered him and as he stumbled awkwardly along the avenue, positively hypnotized by this so attractive spectacle, something got in his way. But was the doughty McGowan to be stopped? No sir, not for a moment. But as he plunged on, sweeping the unseen obstacle aside, a terrific crash smote upon his ears.

"What could that be?" thought Mac. The usual heavy flow of Spanish attempted to answer his question for him, but the kindly, though excited attempts of the native to explain to Mac the enormity of what he had done played no part in the shock that suddenly stiffened that magnificent McGowan frame that women rave so about. There at his feet, shattered beyond redemption, lay the total wreckage of what appeared to have



once been a LEMONADE STAND.

"Ye Gods, and other nautical expressions", expostulated Mac. "What now? The exchequer reports a total lack of funds, credit is no good in a case like this, and these cops are SO efficient. There's only one thing to do; not be here when the unknown cops are."

Whereupon the participants toed the line, got their start without the formality of a gun, and were away down the street in the greatest international competition. Great the stakes for which their laboring feet bore them down the asphalt as for one it was business with profit, while for the other it was the usual American cause, FREE-DOOM. The price of freedom this time was paid in a good measure of Uruguayan wind and U.S. shoeleather, but, true to American traditions, it wasn't long before the Uruguayan entry was left panting around a most welcome corner. Half an hour later the American entry felt that the race had gone far enough to convince in its results.

He must have been right in his conclusions, for he still retains his great birthright, Freedom, which was so jeopardized for a while.

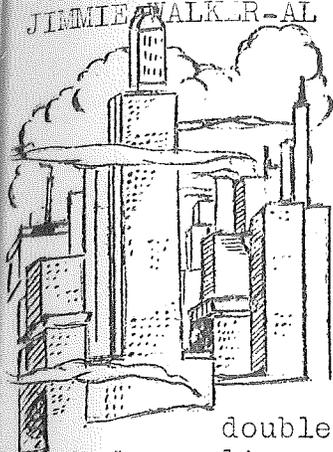
xxx

Ask Dallas to show you the bill.

xxx

"You say that Perry Duncan is going to open a lunch room in #1 hold?"

JIMMIE WALKER-AL SMITH-EMPIRE
STATE BUILDING



While in New York we were invited to visit Mayor Jimmie Walker at the City Hall. On the afternoon of the 29th of April we were met on the dock by two

double decked busses, and had a police escort on motorcycles to lead the procession. I guess maybe a few chests didn't expand as we boomed down Fifth and Park Avenues going through traffic like a dose of "Doc" Jones' salts.

Soon the busses pulled up at the City Hall, and as we piled out the strains of "California Here I Come" met our ears. The cadets of the New York Merchant Marine Academy were lined up on the steps and we formed up in the center. Mayor Walker came out and gave a very nice talk welcoming us to New York. After this, we again filled the busses and proceeded to the Empire State Building. The busses nonchalantly turned around in the middle of the block in front of the building. Boy, what a building. For a hundred and two stories it rises up majestically; the tallest structure in the world.

We went in and were swiftly taken up to the observation platform on the ninety-eighth floor, where a marvelous view of the city and surrounding territory was to be had. After a while we all congregated in one corner and there none other than Ex-Governor Al Smith greeted us while the cameras clicked away for California newsreels.

Some cadets took advantage of our invitation and went to the Chrysler Building.

It was an important day for us since we met what are probably the two most noted men of New York, Mayor Walker and Al Smith.

xxx

RIO DANCE

Cadet: Do you speak English?
Young lady at the Rio Country Club: Why yes, of course.

Oh boy, ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'? Can you imagine the sensations that overcame said cadet when he had come prepared to spend an evening struggling with the Portuguese tongue? This was a typical introduction to the dance given at the Rio de Janeiro Country Club by the American colony in honor of the Corps.

The cadets and officers will undoubtedly always remember what a wonderful time we had that night. The dozens of beautiful American and Brazilian girls, the fine orchestra, the brilliant moon that cast shadows in the large garden, the refreshments, and all the other ingredients that go to make up a super-successful dance were more than present. The wonderful hospitality and the friendliness made all of us feel perfectly at home. It was also an occasion for the forming of many friendships, many of which give promise of being lasting, according to Max Smith.

The whole Corps joins in declaring this dance to be one of the outstanding events of the cruise of 1931-32.

xxx

"Would you boys like to meet my sister at the ----- Cabaret?"

xxx

"Una Cerveza, pronto."

INLAND PASSAGE OF CHILE

It was with a good deal of reluctance that we sailed away from Valparaiso on the evening of February 8th. We knew that we were headed for Buenos Aires via the Inland Passage and the Straits of Magellan, but few if any of us realized for just what we were heading. The Chilean pilot we took aboard was to be with us all the way to Buenos Aires.

We were soon to satisfy our curiosities about the Inland Passage, for when we dropped anchor at the little farming village of Ancud on the evening of February 12th we had already viewed a gigantic mountain far inland that seemed an exact replica of the famous Fujiyama. Its peak was snow covered, and as the sun went down the mountains turned blue while the snow on the summit stood out pink. If there had been cherry trees in blossom ashore and a few rice fields we would have had a gorgeous view of Japan.

Ancud is located at the entrance to the passage, so when we upped anchor and sailed away next morning it was up the Chacao Narrows that we directed our course. The narrows are not very long, so it was still very early in the morning when we came out into the great body of salt water forming the passage. This waterway is a great deal like our mountain lakes at home. In fact, someone was overheard to mention that this trip was like going up into the Sierras; only that we were traveling by steamship instead of by auto.

About breakfast time we were somewhat puzzled to see that the ship was swinging out of the great open waterway and heading for a channel that ran in back of what appeared

to be a small island. It was only a detour that we were taking, but what a detour. In back of the little island was a little fishing and farming village. It was the most peaceful place imaginable. The houses were gray and weatherbeaten, the unimposing spire on the church bespoke the simplicity and faith of the people, the drawn up boats meant pleasant hours of sailing and long hours toiling with the nets, and the fertile farms and fields that surrounded the little town on all sides meant but one thing to us; --- big delicious home cooked meals. The surface of the little channel was so calm and glasslike that it seemed a sacrilege to disturb it with our great blunt bow.

A few hours later, back in the open water again, we saw another great mountain peak that was an immediate reminder of the Matterhorn. This mountain was so steep and jagged that not even the usual small pockets of snow could cling to it. These mountains on the mainland side are very interesting as they rise right up from the water, and thus gain the appearance of terrific height. The outward side of the passage is formed by what must be a smaller chain of mountains which now form a line of islands.

The shore side is too rugged and broken up to support much agriculture, but the islands make excellent farm lands. Every bit of land seems to be under cultivation too, for as far north and south as the eye could see the islands were checkerboarded with fields. The people are very friendly too, and whenever we passed a boatload of them they always waved in a friendly fashion.

Early in the second morning we were outside in the open sea to cross the Gulf of Penas, but by 1:30 that afternoon we were back inside

again. The passage was now very winding, going in and out through the islands that were so numerous and close together and in such confusion that it seemed almost impossible that our pilot could remember just where to turn and where to go ahead.

During the third day the mountains seemed to get lower and flattened out, but the appearance was wilder if anything. The vegetation was low and very dense, but the only noticeable wild life was a few birds. On this day we passed through the narrowest part of the entire passage, English Narrows. These narrows present what is seemingly an impassable barrier to large ships, but the well trained pilots in this service take ships through here frequently. The channel is very narrow and there is a small island right in the center. On one side it is very shallow, being full of moss and marine growth, but the other side is quite deep. It is necessary to make a very sharp turn around the island to keep from climbing up onto the rocks of the other side. All in all, these narrows present an excellent inspiration to find and remain close to a nice large rack of life preservers.

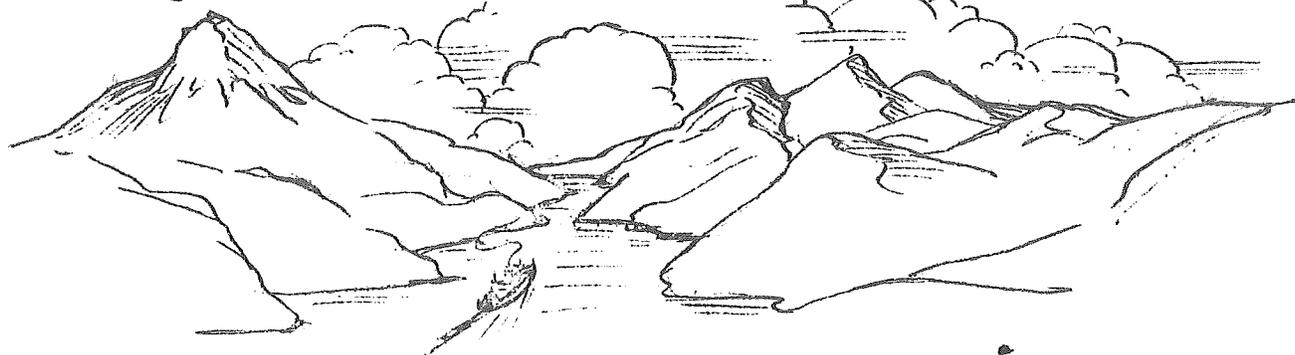
As the days passed and we went further south, the temperature fell and occasionally we could see glaciers coming down the mountainsides

in the distance. Small ice floes could even be seen along the sides of the channel at times. We also had the inspiration to caution in seamanship by seeing two different wrecks. One of them that was fairly recent was a small steamer that had run right up onto the side of the channel and was lying broadside about twenty feet from shore. The other was an old steel steamer that had chosen the wrong channel around a rock. It had been there for years and was old and rusted and broken in two. These channels are very remarkable for in places they are only two or three hundred feet wide but many hundred feet deep.

The greatest excitement of this trip was provided by some Patagonian Indians who came out in their home made canoes and begged for food, cigarettes, and clothes. The small children were really pathetic, for they were without clothes and a couple were horribly diseased. Rather a comic touch was provided though by the lack of material in several places in the seat of the father's pants. It was a marvel to all that they could stand the cold with so little protection.

It was almost with regret that we arrived in Punta Arenas on the 16th, having traveled over 1200 miles in navigating the Inland Passage and the Straits of Magellan.

xxx



LAS PERLAS ISLANDS

We left Panama at 11 p.m. January 17th for the Las Perlas Islands. In seven hours we dropped our hook at the beautiful little St. Elmo Bay. En route huge devil fish were observed as they leaped from the water, which was literally alive with fish. St. Elmo Bay is noted for its fishing possibilities, and aboard our ship are many ardent fishermen.

That evening the motor sailer was put over the side, and Mr. Crossman, Mr. Dwyer, Taylor, Masseur and Gregory embarked for one of the nearby islands which was inhabited. It was while sounding the shallow beach that "Every Inch a Sailor" lost his oar overboard.

On beaching the boat some of the natives gathered around. They spoke Spanish, and Mr. Dwyer and Taylor acted as spokesmen. Our party was trying to get information on the fishing, but the natives remained very silent until cigarettes were offered to them. While walking from the beach to the village many dugouts were noticed. In a few minutes they were at the village which was situated in a little clearing in the center of a veritable tropical paradise.

There are about sixty natives who live in small huts made of bamboo, cane and grass root. In the center of each hut is a pen in which are a few dirty, squealing pigs. Another house, which was set apart and larger than the others, contained even more pigs. This was known as the community house, and here meetings were held. Their prize possession was an old battered phonograph, which they were very proud of. They live on fish, coconuts, rice and bananas. Pearl diving is an important industry, and both Mr. Crossman and Mr. Dwyer bought some.

The next morning early, our anglers departed loaded with fishing tackle and ambition. All morning their lines were over vainly trying to snare a fish, but all to no avail. Those fish jumped all around the boat sneering at those hooks camouflaged with bait. They did get a few bites, but Mr. Jaeger was the only one who really caught anything.

It was a shame-faced party that came aboard about noon with but one Yellow Tail to show for their endeavors.

xxx

MANHATTEN ISLAND

A very interesting trip around Manhattan Island was enjoyed by the Cadet Corps during the afternoon of the fifteenth of April. The tug Riverside, owned and operated by the City of New York, was placed at our disposal.

All hands embarked at one p.m. and the tug proceeded up the Hudson River under the George Washington Memorial Bridge to Harlem Creek. We then proceeded down that creek, but not without many interruptions due to slow moving draw bridges. Many places as Baker Field, the Yankee Stadium, Harlem, the Bronx, and other well known points of interest were noted.

The part of the trip viewed with most enthusiasm was down the East River with Manhattan Island on our starboard side and Long Island on our port. Many docks and public buildings are located along here. Blackwells Island bridge from the island of that name was subject to much controversy. Some seemed to think it might be the Brooklyn Bridge. Everyone seemed to get straightened out as we passed under the the Queensboro, Williamsburg,

9.1

Manhattan and Brooklyn Bridges in rapid succession.

The bridge games, arguments, and rubber necking seemed to be thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The Corps may heartily thank the City of New York for their kindness during this trip and for subsequent courtesies.

xxx

SPERRY PLANT

While in New York the Cadet Corps was most fortunate in receiving an invitation to visit the Sperry Gyroscope Company's home plant.

The profession of the sea has always followed the simplest and most effective manner of doing a job, and the language used among seafarers has accordingly become also of the simple type, but the Sperry people have added enough two-bit words to our vocabulary to take another 2000 years of evolution to remove. They have at the same time though made what are probably the greatest contributions to navigation that have ever been made in a single period.

Their gyro compass is of course their most famous product, but they also put out numerous others, all of which we were accorded the privilege of seeing in the course of production. The gigantic searchlights for government air fields, the smaller lights for marine use, the course recorders, and the automatic helmsmen were all objects of much interest.

Perhaps the most interesting display was the model of a gyro stabilizer. The real effects of this device can never be really appreciated until a person has seen this model in action. We were told that the installation of this machine in the new Italian liner Conte de Savoia will reduce rolling to a max-

imum of 3°. This would be almost unbelievable if we had not seen proof of the contention in the model room.

Another favor awarded us by the Sperry people was a view and explanation of an entirely new model of gyro compass. They are the new Navy models to be used for fire control. This was what might be termed a premier showing, for these compasses have not as yet been installed in any ship.

This trip through the plant will no doubt prove of immense benefit to all of us when we go to the Sperry school in San Francisco, because having seen the machines in construction will make it easier to arrive at an understanding of the completed compass and equipment.

The thanks of the Cadet Corps to the Sperry Gyroscope Company.

xxx

SAN DIEGO

On March 12th we docked at our first California port, San Diego, after a twelve day run from Panama.

On the second of our three days in port a dance was given in our honor at the Municipal Pier Ballroom. The dance was arranged by Mr. Eugene Storm, vice-principal at Memorial Jr. High School and Skipper of the Sea Scouts, and Miss Mary McMullen, the Dean of Women at State College. Each sorority was asked to send at least eight girls to represent them. The music was furnished by Perk Carr's orchestra.

At first the dance progressed slowly, but after a Grand March and a Paul Jones things really got under way and everyone had a good time.

xxx

DANCES IN BUENOS AIRES



On the evening of February 25th there was a dance in our honor at the Seamen's Mission, which is in charge of Cannon Brady. Cannon Brady is Bishop of all the South American Missions. He

has preached at Westminster Abbey, and was a prominent figure during the World War. He had also arranged our trip thru the Anglo plant earlier in the day, and made arrangements for the girls and orchestra for the dance aboard ship. We are certainly grateful to him for his kindly efforts to give us a good time in Buenos Aires, which, as we all know, he did.

This was our first dance with girls who could really speak the language since leaving the states, although most of the boys had acquired quite a line in Spanish. There were some British Apprentices from some of the ships in port at the dance and we were cutting one another all evening due to the shortage of girls. Tea and cake were served, but many went to the corner for their refreshments.

The next night we had a dance in the classroom aboard the ship. As is customary for our dances, the bulkheads were colorfully decorated with code flags. At about nine o'clock the girls arrived and soon we were swaying to the tunes of the orchestra.

The cooks outdid themselves when they served cake, ice cream, sandwiches, tomatoes, olives, pineapple and fruit.

It was very warm, but that did not stop us from having a great time.



THE ASADA

Just before noon of our first day in

Montevideo the cadet corps and officers embarked in two launches and headed across the bay. We were going to an asada which was being given for us by Swift & Co.

In about an hour we found ourselves in a huge open space with trees on one side, a swimming beach before us, and a golf course on the other side. A savory smell greeted our nostrils. It came from half lambs roasting on spikes around a wood fire. Soon we were all seated at long tables eating huge pieces of that delicious meat.

There were salads, fresh fruit, and cold drinks. We must have gorged ourselves for at least an hour. It was like an old Roman Banguet. Finally when we could partake of no more food or drink, we left the tables.

A group of Vaqueros brought some horses down and some of the cadets rented these and had races on the beach. Others played golf and some who were too full of food for any sport lay down in the shade of a tree and slept.

All too soon it was time to leave. After a few helpings of watermelon we left, a tired but happy outfit. It was a great day and we all had a grand time.

LOS ANGELES

The U.S.S. California State arrived in the port of Los Angeles on Monday, May 16th.

While there we were taken on a tour to the studios. The tour included many of the smaller towns surrounding Los Angeles. We visited the residential district of Pasadena, the Burbank Airport and many other places of interest. It was a typical Southern California day with the sun shining brightly.

At about noon we arrived at the Universal Studios. We were shown around the different sets and told the pictures they were used for. We had our picture taken with the Notre Dame set for a background. We saw a typical fishing village of paper mache and plaster. Also we saw Tom Mix's Tony. After this we had lunch on the lot. Then we drove thru Beverly Hills and started back via Wilshire Boulevard.

The next day we were taken on an excursion around the harbor. We were told how the harbor has grown to be second only to New York. Most of the time was spent in arguing that traditional question, "Which is the best, Northern or Southern California?"

On our last day in port we were all guests of Mr. Hancock on his yacht Valero III.

xxx

SANTA BARBARA

After an overnight run from Los Angeles we arrived at Santa Barbara and what a welcome awaited us. A reception committee, headed by Mayor Nielson, came out to greet us and present the Captain with an enormous bouquet of flowers which he later promised to share with the cadets after he had enjoyed them for three or four days.

With the kind assistance of a local yacht, our shore party shoved NANT- 21,000 miles under our stern.

off at 11:15 and went off up town in luxurious big cars kindly donated for the occasion by citizens of this enterprising city. Our first stop was the County Court House. This is a most beautiful and novel building. Entirely unlike the conventional Court House, this one is entirely Spanish and Moorish. The sight of such a beautiful place to work almost made us change our minds to be County Supervisors instead of Captains of the Levi.

At 12:30 a most delicious luncheon was served at La Hacienda. The Mayor and his committee as well as several parents of cadets attended, and it was certainly a success. The food was exceptional, the speeches unusually short and to the point, the entertainment well appreciated, and greatest of all, every cadet was convinced that he was really welcome to Santa Barbara. And without any intention of abusing our welcome, we say that we'd like to come again.

At the end of the affair we were informed that free admittance would be granted us at any theater in the city, so off we went to visit friends and parents, see shows, and worry about getting back to the ship on time.

xxx

DISAPPOINTMENT

The ship was scheduled to make stops at Monterey and Eureka, but after leaving Santa Barbara such a poor weather was encountered that it was impossible to make Monterey on schedule, so we headed on. Four days later we were still headed for Eureka in the head on blow and it became apparent that we would be unable to have any stay there at all in order to leave in sufficient time to arrive at Tiburon on schedule. Accordingly, the ship was put about, and up went the homeward bound pen-



The night of our dance aboard the ship in Buenos Aires, February 26th, was also the night H.O. Lindgren, Dallas, and Barrett were invited to take part in the weekly boxing bouts held there.

Talk about your cosmopolitan places. Well, just imagine a dozen or more seamen from as many different countries congregated in one room. Due to this no talking is allowed during the bouts inasmuch as they want to keep all the fighting inside the ring.

No opponent could be found for Dallas, which left H.O. Lindgren and Barrett to uphold the honor of the California State, and believe you me, they did.

Lindgren's opponent was a former boxing instructor in the British Navy, and knew most of the tricks of the trade, but Hal fought hard and the bout was called a draw.

Barrett's opponent was a short, stocky German who was built like an ox and was from the huge liner Monte Pascual. In the first round Barrett landed a terrific right, and the German had to stop to spit teeth out. In spite of the rule of no talking, this brought a big cheer from one of our supporters. It was Barrett's fight all the way to the end, though the German protected himself pretty well and let Barrett do all the leading for the rest of the fight.

xxx

"The Honey Bear did the cutest thing on the boat deck this morning!"

xxx

The necessity of fuel oil and fresh water drew us to the interesting harbor of Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I. This was only a short stop as we arrived on March 26th and left the next day.

Trinidad is the island famed for its great asphalt lake, but time was so limited that we could not avail ourselves of the opportunity to see it. Our time there was quite profitably spent in "doing" the town and locating all the good places to eat. A few availed themselves of a chance to swim at the Country Club - after first purchasing a 13 day membership for 45 cents. A number also found amusement that night by attending the Queen's Park Hotel dance.

The biggest point of attraction was not, however, one of the many beautiful natural spots which surround the town. It was a grocery store. A great big full fledged grocery store with a large and varied assortment of jams, cookies, and candy. For some strange reason at least a half of the liberty party congregated there about an hour before boat time. Business was boomed for Canning & Co., Ltd. When the crowd finally collected at the boat landing it was a sight of the century. The fruit peddlers had also done a wholesale business and everyone was loaded down with baskets of oranges, bunches of bananas, coconuts, boxes, sacks and cans of cookies, jars of jam, and packages of candy. It all looked so funny that even the niggers loafing around the waterfront joined in the laughter, and plenty of pictures were snapped.

And so for Port of Spain, the land of bananas, cookies, and strawberry jam.

xxx

BOAT RACES



Going to sea certainly did not check our enthusiasm for boat racing. St. Elmo Bay was the scene of our first races. There was a race between the Upperclassmen and the P.O.'s and one between the Upperclassmen and Mugs.

The old dope sheet was sure knocked haywire when the Upperclassmen crew finished two lengths ahead of the P.O.'s. It was a thrilling race and the underdogs came out on top. The Upperclass crew was also victorious in the race against the Mugs. The crews of both winning boats were given two hours extra liberty in Montevideo as a reward. The crews were composed of the following men:

Upperclass	Vs.	Petty Officers
Isham		Hal Lindgren
Engs		Langran
Graham		Massee
Anderson		R.J. Lindgren
Ware		Dallas
Nielson	Cox'ns	Durham

Upperclass	Vs.	Mugs
J.J. Adams		W.T. Smith
Duncan		Pederson
Cunninghame		Meyer
Hopkins		Schlette
Hicker		Cantel
Strain	Cox'ns	Minshall

Our next race took place at Callao where we raced two crews of the Peruvian Navy; one from the Coronel Bolognesi, and one from the battleship Almirante Grau. The race was with 24 foot whaleboats over a one mile course. We were the first ones to round the buoy while close behind was the Coronel Bolognesi crew. The Almirante Grau crew was left far be-

hind. It was a thrilling finish, and both boats crossed the line at the same time. There had been an agreement made before the race to the effect that if any boat touched the buoy which marked one end of the course, that boat would be disqualified. Our crew gave that buoy a wide berth, whereas the officer in charge of the Coronel Bolognesi boat admitted that he had not only touched the buoy, but had gone right over it. So the race was ours, and we were yet to be defeated. The crew, which was coxswained by Mr. Crossman, was composed of Hal Lindgren, Louie Langran, Ned Massee, Bob Lindgren, and Wally Anderson. Their reward came in the form of a dinner given at the Casino in Valparaiso by the Captain. According to the the crew it was SOME spread.

At Rio we had more inter-class racing. Here the P.O.'s were avenged when they defeated the Upperclassmen. On the same day Mr. Cadwell and Doc Jones each coxswained a cutter crew of Mugs, and as neither the coxswains or crews had had any previous training, it was a comedy riot. The course was only a mile long, but both crews covered at least five as they zigzagged all over the bay. It was anybody's race until a few yards from the finish when Mr. Cadwell nosed out Doc Jones and won by a scant half length. Lastly there was a punt race with shovels for oars that had the spectators howling with laughter from start to finish. Jernegan cox'nd the Bank-Vanoni pair against the Swift-Gould combination which was cox'nd by Leydecker. These shovel artists finally finished and Jernegan's stalwarts had defeated Leydecker's huskies.

At New York came the sweetest victory oa all, for here we defeat-

ed a crew which we had been led to believe was invincible, that of the New York Merchant Marine Academy. The race was in our 30 foot cutters, each boat containing ten oarsmen and a coxswain. The course, which was a mile and seven tenths long, was from the Washington Memorial Bridge to the 132nd Street dock. We led them all the way and finished with an eight length lead. Our crew was cox'nd by "Bull" Durham and composed of H. O. Lindgren, Masseur, R. J. Lindgren, Dallas, Langran, Fitzsimmons, Ware, Barrett, Pederson, and Hochuli. These boys pulled a beautiful race and finished with a stroke of sixty per minute. They certainly deserve lots of credit.

xxx

THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL

One of the many interesting events of this cruise was our passage thru the Canal. At about nine o'clock the morning of April 29th we started into the channel. The land on both sides is heavily covered with tropical growth. At about ten o'clock we came up to the Gatun lock. We stopped our engine and made fast electric cars (mules) on both sides. The mules took us in tow and soon we were in the first of the Gatun locks of which there are three. We were lifted eighty-five feet, and then let go of our lines and passed into Gatun lake. In the lake we had to anchor several hours to make a repair on the intermediate pressure piston of the main engine. It might be mentioned here that our little engine has held up remarkably for 21,000 miles. It had been raining intermitantly all day, and we were glad to get going again. After crossing the lake we entered the Gaillard (Culebra) Cut, which is eight miles long. It was getting dark by the time we reached the Pedro Miguel lock where we were low-

ered thirty-one feet to a small lake which is fifty-four feet above sea level. In another mile we were at the last set of locks, the Miraflores, and soon we were lowered to sea level once more. About 8:30 we made fast to the dock very near the place we docked three and a half months ago. We were given two hours liberty that evening, our last in a foreign port. It was an interesting trip thru the Canal, and made one appreciate what a stupendous piece of work it was.

xxx

FIRST ANNIVERSARY BANQUET

March 5th, 1931 was the date the first fifteen cadets stepped off Sam McDonough's Lillian onto the California Nautical School grounds, and, on March 11th, the last of what is now the upper class entered. Most of us were green, unseasoned landlubbers.

March 5th, 1932 our Cadet Corps numbers 107 men. We now have two classes. That first class is not quite so green or unseasoned, and are now shellbacks. At this date we are 214 miles from Rio.

March 11th, 1932 is the date the first anniversary of our school is celebrated with a banquet by the upperclassmen.

The committee, composed of Dallas, Sterling, and Bright, made the arrangements, and the place chosen for the affair was the Bar Alpino. The dinner was excellent, and an atmosphere of gay comradery prevailed throughout the evening. There were toasts to the Ship and the School, to the Captain and the Officers.

As the traditions of the ship become actualities it is hoped that this date will be well remembered and celebrated.

xxx

Perhaps I should state a little of my ancestry before plunging into my thrilling life history. My forefathers were known as Phaseolus Valgaris, but since their indiscretion with other types of beans, my title has been lowered to a mere Vicia Faba. My forefathers are supposed to have first come from South America as several of them in a still well preserved condition were found in ancient Peruvian tombs.

I came from poor but honest parents who had spent all their lives on a large ranch just outside of Santa Ana, California. In my prime I was the largest of my brothers, actually almost crowding them out of our pod. I wasn't contented with home life; I wanted romance, big pay, travel. Little did I know that later I would be in the Navy.

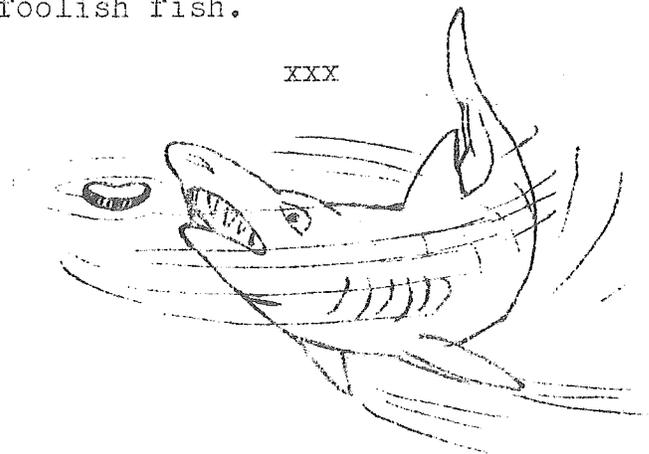
One day Mother died and our happy family was broken up by a large machine that thumped and rolled us around. I was shot into the air and fell back to the ground, the last traces of earth being blown away. I fell into a pile of other unfortunates like myself. A human with a shovel crowded us into a large sack with a red seal on it. We next had a long boring ride via the side door pullman to a San Francisco storehouse.

I was not happy among my friends, as I was ever looking for my brothers. In my wanderings I happened to find an opening in the sack and worked my way out unseen. I rolled along the floor and fell into a crack from which I could not get out. I tried to attract attention, but no one would give me aid. What was to become of me? Would I go on this way for ever? I was growing old and feeble; the rest of my comrades had long since left.

THE RECKONING, OR THE DEPRESSION PERIOD

Years later the depression came; economizing was everywhere. One day I was picked up and thrown into a sack containing small and puny beans, a typical product of Northern California. At first, because of my great size, I was very much out of place, but I soon became ruler. One day we were bought by the California Nautical School and thrown into a stuffy hold of their ship. After several months our sack was ruthlessly torn open and part of us taken out. Being the ruler, I believed in the policy of standing in back of my people, so I quickly worked my way to the bottom of the sack. Finally my turn came and I was dumped into a pot containing heavily salted water. The next day I was cooked with a thick sauce and named Angelo's Special. We were served to the cadets and I was dumped on the plate of a stern upperclassman who eyed us gloomily. His eyes brightened up when he saw me, but after a nibble he left me alone as I had hardening of the arteries. A few minutes later we were shot down a chute into the sea to be eaten by a desperately hungry but foolish fish.

xxx



OUR SCHOOL

We are the guys from the Nautical School
We only eat and fight
We go to school all thru the day
And then stand watch all night.

The studies here are plenty hard
And they pound them thru our skull
We simply have to get them too
Week ends here are dull

We like to work and hate to play
The coal pile here's just swell
We like to shovel it all day
Oh yes we do, like H---

The paint brush also gets much care
There is so much to do
To begin we do not know just where
Oh Bos'n, what'll we do?

Our ship? Ah, she is a beauty
With lines so fair and proud
The stack and bridge will easily clear
Two thousand feet of cloud

You ought to go below and see
The black gang down there sweat
The engines rock upon the beds
The bilges there are wet

The deck force fares no better tho
There's not much for them to do
But holystone all the decks
And paint a trick or two.

"Fitz"

PERSONALS OF INTEREST

We wonder how long Graham and Phelps will remember those Senoritas of Valpo?

Has everyone noticed the late influx of South American stamps on the cadets' mail?

Phelps, Davitt, Hicker, and Bright visited the American Embassy at Buenos Aires. Tsk, Tsk.

Cadet Duncan - What are you doing, sir?

Mr. Barkley - Shooting stars.

Cadet Duncan - (As falling star drops across the sky) Good shot, sir, you sure got that one.

Only four people have missed the shore boat. The funniest one ever was when Larsen, the paint locker king, stepped off into what he thought was the shore boat, but that boat was some ten feet distant when he stepped off, and down he went into the briny deep.

Davitt is the only cadet who has had power enough to stop the ship.

Schlette and Co. are said not to have paid for a single taxi ride in South America, but they sure met their Waterloo when they got hocked for seven smackers in Port of Spain!

Freddy Nielson and "Water Tight" Smith have changed burners in the fireroom without cutting the oil valves. Try it sometime.

"Smoky" Pete hides the masts eight hours a day.
Can we ever forget "Googan's" search for nail holes?

"Two can, three swab per watch" Craig holds the middle grate record.

"Ensign Jack Sterling" and Honey Bear picture in Washington sure kept the telephone hot with calls from tittering high school maids.

"Swede" Melanson received a radiogram in Washington stating that he was now the father of a new litter of Rubes.

How about the time Captain Larsen and Lieut. Commander Spurgeon wined and dined at Rio and then found they hadn't enough pesos to pay the bill, and Spurgeon left Larsen in hock, shackled with teaspoons, while he went to dig up the pesos.

Believe it or not, H. O. Lindgren ordered milk at South American bars.

Missing: One fore quarter of beef. We suspect the Honey Bear.

Have you all watched the Yeoman chase rainbows on the poop?

SHIPSHAPE

This sounds too good to be true, but the contributor asserts it to be part of a questionnaire turned in by a second-class seaman in the Navy in the hope of getting a first class rating. Here are some of his nautical definitions:

Capstan - The commanding officer.

Gaff - Small ship talk.

Scupper - A utensil used for drinking. Hence, a scupper coffee.

Hatch - A box where eggs are kept.

Halyards - A name for impishly inclined sailors.

Tiller - Officer in charge of the pay roll, sometimes called the paying tiller.

Tack - To handle a small boat diplomatically.

Sextant - One who officiates at funerals at sea.

xxx

HEARD AT THE PORTHOLE IN WASHINGTON

Elderly lady looking down into engine room: "My, but you have a fine laundry.

"Do you really get all these things on these menus?"

"Where are the airplanes?"

"How many stories before we hit the cellar?"

"Do they anchor the boat every night to let the boys sleep?"

"Yes Mam, that's where the barber gives us our shave every morning."

xxx

SOCIAL NOTES

The "I Slough a Meal" club will soon enjoy another meeting at the next port. The club is composed of most of the members of the Cadet Corps. The aim is to hold a meeting in every port so as to regain lost strength.

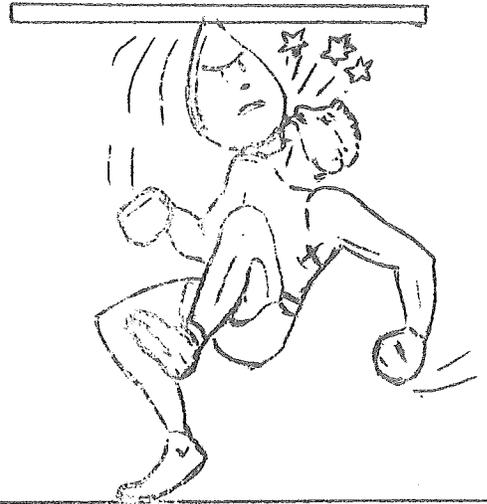
The far famed Etta Tinna Tunna fraternity has a new chapter now. As everything else has progressed at the C.N.S. so has this worthy and venerable organization. Their new chapter is called the "I Etta Pie".

Another entirely new club has also been formed, the Hot Bearing Boys. There are only four members now, but they expect many new applicants. The members are: "Elsie" Carpenter, "Handsome Don" Holcomb, "Every Inch a Sailor" Gregory, and Red McKown. The initiations are being taken care of by Mr. Crossman.

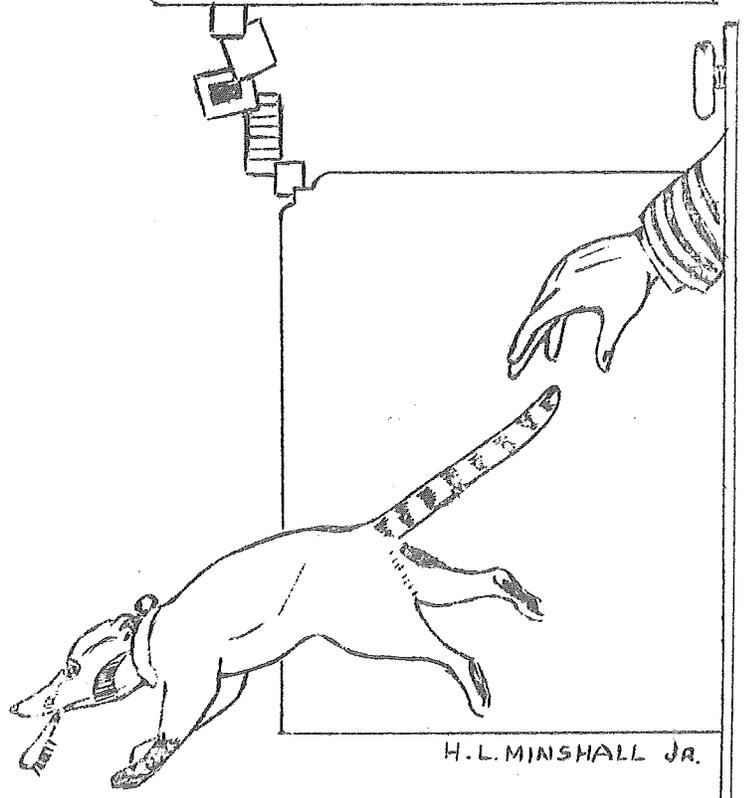
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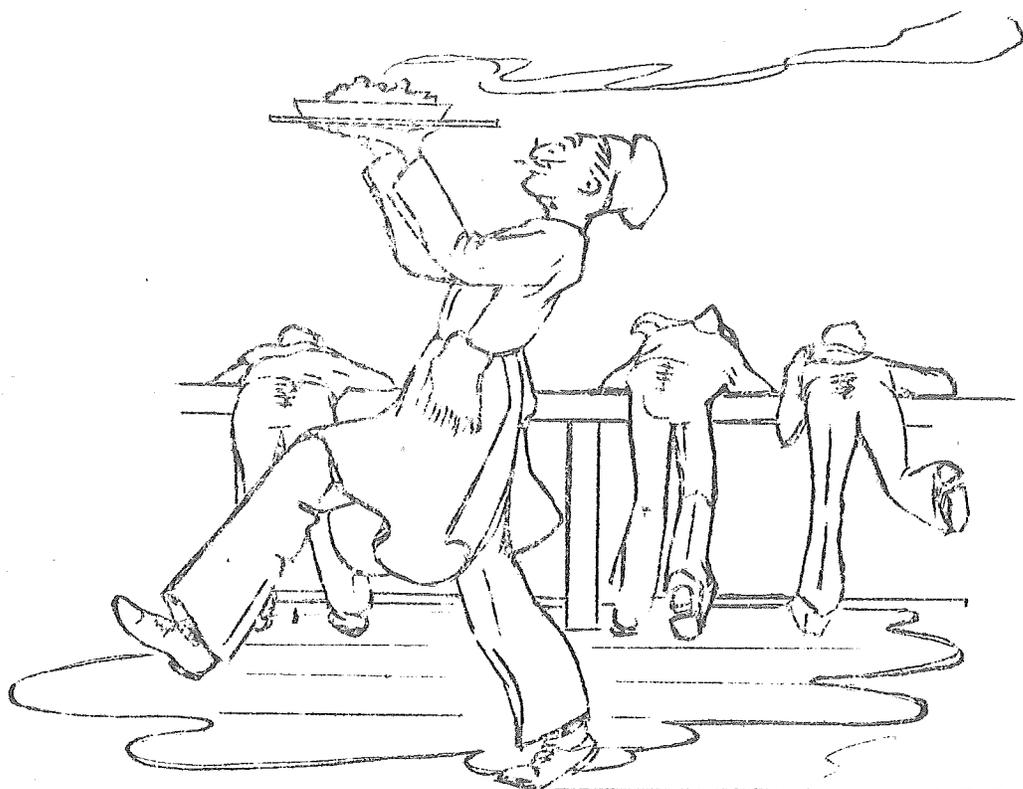


EXCLUSIVE PHOTO OF "REF" JERNEGAN IN HIS PATENTED POSE FOR CLINCHES.



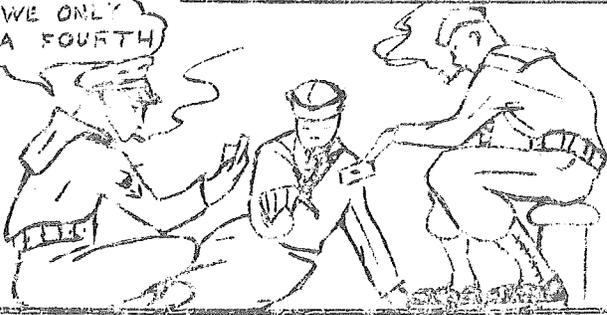
BELLIGERENT BAG BAEFLES BRAWNY BARRETT!



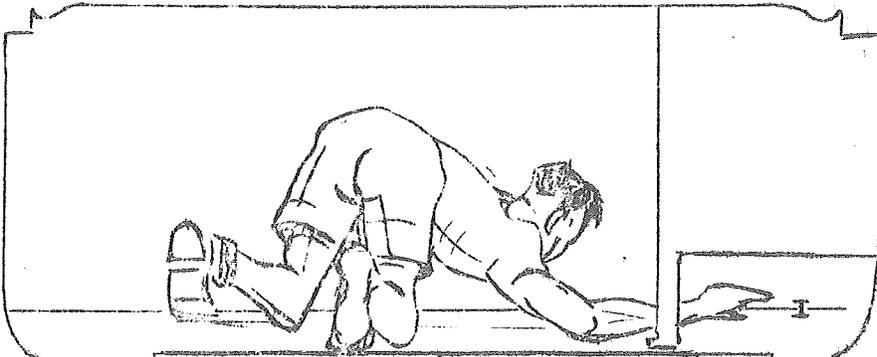
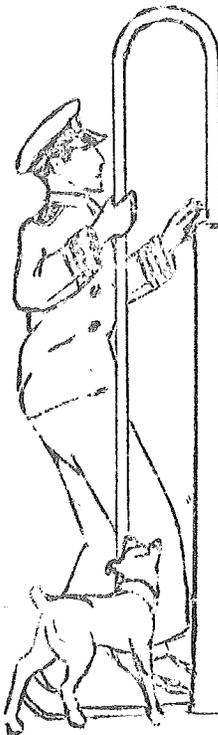


FIRST MESS AT SEA

IF WE ONLY HAD A FOURTH



THE NIGHT WATCH IN PORT!

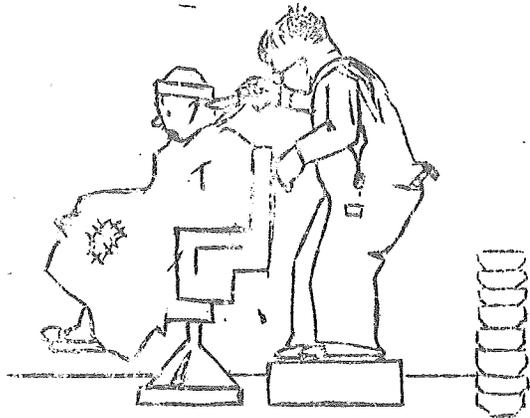


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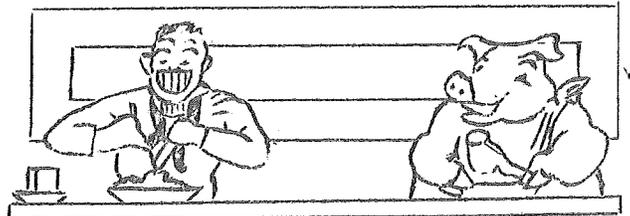
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