

HAWSE PIPE

1939

THE HAWSEPIPE

1939

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Staff

Editor

A. J. ERICKSON

Associate Editors

H. C. DUPUIS

J. E. SHREVE

Business Manager

J. M. HENDY

Contributors

J. L. BOYCE

D. M. ROBERTS

E. A. YATES

W. F. AVERILL

W. J. PECK

G. S. TWITCHELL

D. R. RIDGLEY

R. R. SNYDER

D. D. McELROY

C. W. AUDET

D. M. HAAS

J. M. CLAWSON

N. V. BIRD

Photographer

G. C. GOETZ

Advisors

GEORGE BARKLEY

E. L. ROBBERSON

Dedication

THE CADET CORPS WISHES TO SHOW ITS SINCERE GRATITUDE
TO THE MANY ORGANIZATIONS AND INDIVIDUALS WHO HAVE
HELPED THE CALIFORNIA NAUTICAL SCHOOL.

TO THESE FRIENDS, THE CADET CORPS DEDICATES THE

1939 HAWSEPIPE



Captain N. E. NICHOLS, U. S. N., Retired

Message from the Superintendent Commander

Admiral Nelson, the great British naval hero, is reported to have said: "The personnel is to material, as three is to one." It is undoubtedly true that a good ship poorly manned can never be so satisfactory as a poor ship well manned. And so the United States Maritime Commission with such a consideration in mind has, while providing for hundreds of new and modern ships for an adequate American Merchant Marine, concerned itself with providing a thoroughly trained personnel of American Citizens. The Commission looks to state nautical schools as the most important source for new licensed officers.

It is my hope that when the Class of 1939 goes out into the service of the American Merchant Marine each member will justify the confidence now shown by the Maritime Commission in the product of this school. To the class will go the sincere good wishes of those left behind.

N. E. NICHOLS

Introduction

The California Nautical School was created by an act of the California State Legislature, confirming to Federal Legislation which provides for such a school. The school is supported by both the State and Federal governments. The Navy Department contributes an annual sum toward the support of the school, with the state appropriating the balance necessary for operation. The Federal Government provides the Training Ship "California State" and the educational equipment. The school is under the control of a board of governors appointed by the Governor of the state of California. Of these governors, four are men with commercial shipping background and the fifth being the State Superintendent of Education.

The base of operations is located a few miles north of San Francisco on a reservation including about fifty acres. The base is equipped with shops, laboratories, and classrooms; it also has facilities for swimming and sailing. The school is near Tiburon in Marin County, which is about an hours ride from the metropolitan cities of the bay region.

The qualifications for entrance as a cadet in the California Nautical School are as follows: A male citizen of good repute, not under seventeen nor over twenty-three years of age, and the ability to pass a physical examination comparable to that of the United States Navy. A competitive examination is held annually throughout the state and by this method the cadet corp is selected.

The course of instruction requires three years; each year is divided into a shore term of approximately five months and a cruise term of five months and the remainder of the year is taken up in the annual overhaul at Mare Island Navy Yard and short leave periods.

The school year begins around the 1st of October of each year; at which time the Training Ship moves from its base at California City to the Navy Yard for a period of six weeks.

After overhaul, the ship is provisioned and made ready for cruising. The purpose of the cruise is to put the classroom knowledge into actual practice. Cadets of the two departments serve in their branches, either in the engine room or on the deck. On the cadet's first cruise, he is given duty in both the engineering and in the deck departments. After the completion of the first cruise, the individuals then decide which department they wish to go into. At the same time, this dual instruction gives him a better knowledge of ship management.

After their final cruise, the First Class cadets take their respective examinations before the Steamboat Inspectors. Graduates are licensed as either third assistant engineers or third mates on any ocean-going vessel of unlimited tonnage.

School Term

AT the termination of the cruise of 1938 many of the cadets, taking advantage of their 20 days leave, proceeded to fulfill the well known phrase of "See America First", and do a little traveling on their own. A cadet's round trip ticket to anywhere is the well known thumb on the right hand. Using this small but effective asset several of the cadets made an extensive tour across the continent, enlightening many citizens, of other states, as to the existence of the California Nautical School. Although the Cadets wear smart uniforms, and may be classed as the best dressed hitch-hikers on the road, they unfortunately seldom possess much money and, therefore, resort to this form of traveling.

Upon returning from their, all too short, days of freedom, they reluctantly faced the school term, with its unending round of bugle calls and inspections. This was to continue throughout the long hot summer, if a summer in California City can be called hot, with only a few outstanding interruptions. The first began with a heroic effort to prepare the ship for welcoming a certain noteworthy visitor and also to participate in the Harbor Day celebration in San Francisco.

The day before this event was to occur, the "California State" steamed across the bay to San Francisco, preceded by the boats with a crew to handle the mooring lines; we tied the ship up at one of the State docks. Culminating the events of the next few days was an inspection of the training ship by Governor Merriam of California and entourage, with whom, we hope, the ship made a favorable impression. The ship later moved to an anchorage off the Marina, where an inter-divisional boat race was held, and where the marine parade could be better viewed.

School was resumed upon returning to the base with very little to relieve the monotony, except the coming and going of the First Classmen, who were at that time taking their license examinations for third mate and third assistant engineer. The various steamship companies were at this time frequently visited, in pursuit of information concerning the prospects of securing a job.

After several months of diligent packing, in unusually new sea bags, the Class of 1938 walked down the gangway for the last time, as cadets of the California Nautical School. A very impressive graduation ceremony was held in the auditorium of the Pacific Gas and Electric Co. in San Francisco, at which time the diplomas and licenses were presented. Several awards were presented to outstanding cadets, including

a sextant to Chester Tubbs and a gold plated plaque presented, as a perpetual trophy, to Keshaw Taylor, the graduating Cadet Commander. As a gesture of good fellowship, the remainder of the cadet corps ended the ceremony by singing Auld Lang Syne, under the leadership of Cadet Eugene Adolph Yates.

The remaining cadets returned to normal routine, anticipating with pleasure, the end of the summer session and the annual welcoming of the new class.

On the day of their arrival, the school station wagon met them in Tiburon, giving them a first and lasting impression of the school and the long two and a half miles, which they would have to walk so often in the next three years. A bewildered collection of future cadets clambered up the gangway, to be immediately taken in hand and issued unusually large, but neat, uniform clothes into which they would soon grow under the regulated life to follow. An informal meeting, to which the third classmen were "cordially invited", was held, to acquaint them with the obligations corresponding to their status in the school as a "SWAB". Another break in the monotony of the school term was our second visit to San Francisco; this time to play the part of host at a luncheon aboard the "California State" for the members of the Propeller Club of California. This trip also provided an opportunity for the first class deck men to take the examination, given by the Sperry Gyroscope Company, for license as a gyro compass operator. A month of diligent study on this subject was justly awarded by the passing of all hands. The first class engineers had the opportunity of visiting the electric power plant for San Francisco, Station A.

The school term of 1938 was terminated soon after the return of the ship to the base and preparations were started for the overhaul of the ship at Mare Island Navy Yard. Drydocking and several alterations to deck equipment were accomplished, most of the work being done by yard workman. The cadets were at this time well occupied during the day time with one of the most extensive chipping and painting jobs the ship has ever known.

A highlight, and welcome break in the monotonous routine of chipping and painting, was a dance, given for the cadets by a group of Vallejo's younger female set, under the sponsorship of Mrs. William Aguilar. Many pleasant acquaintances were made, resulting for many of the cadets in an altogether new outlook on this period of our school.

The Cruise

A pre-cruise leave was at this time granted; after which time the ship returned to the base for the painting touches and loading stores. Loading stores is a bitter remembrance in the minds of most of the cadets but a change of opinion occurred this year by the expedient use of the ship's cargo gear. Besides providing excellent cargo handling experience, it was found much faster and resulted in a decided decrease of damage to the stores, which was almost nil.

The last sling load was brought aboard; the hatches were battened down; the boats griped in and the Training ship "California State" was ready for sea.

On the 17th of January, 1939 the "California State" was ready to leave San Francisco for three and a half months. The time set for sailing was eleven o'clock, but long before that time a crowd of parents and friends had gathered to give the ship a big send off. Each succeeding year, the sailing of the California State seems to be attended by a larger crowd than the year before.

With the usual amount of tears from the loved ones, the California State left the dock, and on time, with people still yelling out advice. The ship turned about and headed for the Golden Gate after saluting Tiburon with the usual three blasts of the whistle. As we passed under the Golden Gate Bridge, friends of the Cadets were lined up giving a last farewell after racing madly from the base to the bridge. Many of us had rather sad looks, thinking of those we left behind, while others were thinking of the first port.

Soon after leaving San Francisco a few of the cadets were not able to cooperate with the sea, consequently ended up leaning on the rail hours at a time. Some of the easiest victims were those from Los Angeles and did a very good job feeding the fish, who were rather hungry. It has been almost a year since the School Ship, with her latest addition to the cadet corps, has been to sea.

Some of the cadets started sun bathing this early in the cruise so as to be sure to have that tropical tan which would be expected upon their return. The second class deckmen were seen in all corners of the ship studiously concentrating upon the "Rules of the Road"; while many others were to be found just "slinging the bull."

As for the ship—she had taken on a very unusual turn of speed which could not be accounted for. With hope that it would continue, the engine was slowed down to 45 R.P.M. A speed just fast enough to keep the oilers from going to sleep, and gives the quartermaster something to write in his log.

The passing of Santa Catalina Island was a sight for sore eyes for those from Southern California. The Island appeared about four o'clock

in the afternoon and by dusk it was just abeam of us. The twinkling lights of Avalon and the few remaining rays of sunlight was a sight to cause the first cases of Channel fever. The cadets were all in favor of making a few days stop there but their suggestions were met with thumbs down from those who thought only of San Diego as the place.

With the thoughts of all the wonderful times spent at Santa Catalina Island in the minds of many, the beautiful spot drifted from our view and into shadows of the night. The California State carried on through the night at a lazy speed taking full benefit of a current that was taking us closer to San Diego.

After spending three slothful days at sea, Point Loma finally appeared on the horizon; keeping the California State's unbroken tradition—never getting into port ahead of schedule.

San Diego, California

THE morning of the 20th of January saw the California State slipping past Point Loma and into the San Diego harbor, under the skillful hand of the local pilot. This was the first port in which the third class had entered on the ship and considered by many to be the first Mexican port of the cruise. A larger number of parents, friends, and people, just interested were on the dock to welcome the ship and cadets to the second ranking home port of the Training Ship, depending on where one lived. San Pedro and San Diego are deadly rivals on this score with Santa Barbara running very close behind. A notable person on hand was the well known grad, "Dixie" Howell, standing head and shoulders above the crowd and greeting everyone on deck. As soon as the gangway was ashore, the ship beseged by these fond friends and also the ice cream man, who always was heartily welcomed aboard.

The Chamber of Commerce, as usual, generously provided entertainment for the Cadet Corps. Instead of a dance, as had been given in the past, a luncheon was given. The Hammer Club, the Optomists Club, and the Executives Club, each invited a group of cadets to attend one of their luncheons. The cadets had the opportunity to meet and talk with well known business men of the city. Mr. Barkley attended the Executives Club, where he spoke briefly on the California Nautical School and the American Merchant Marine. Cadet E. A. Yates spoke at the Optomists Club and Cadet L. T. White spoke at the Hammer Club concerning life at C. N. S.

The cadets who lived in San Diego, spent their time ashore visiting relatives, friends, and mostly the "gal" friend. Their actions followed the cadets formula at home.

San Diego, as familiar to most cadets as their home town, offered many and varied interests. Some, very few, spent a few hours in the park, exploring the old exposition grounds and the zoo. Others preferred to visit good eating and drinking establishments. Cadets in large numbers, visited the surrounding territory,; Coronado and La Jolla received many and some traveled as far north as Los Angeles. Almost without exception, the traveling was done by means of the cadet's versatile thumb, many times spoken of in this book.

In the evenings, the cadets rapidly filled the night clubs and the hotel dancing rooms. It was also the last time to see a good show for sometime, so the theaters also took the cadets' money.

San Diego was the last city in which we would be able to buy popular recordings; so the Cadet Service Committee spent a very enjoyable afternoon listening to records and buying the ones wanted by the cadet corps.

On the 24th of January, the ship and its personnel were ready to depart from San Diego and head for the foreign port of La Union, El Salvador, eleven days away. After farewells and goodbyes to friends and San Diego in general, the California State sailed out of the peaceful harbor into the quiet Pacific and set her course for Central America.

La Union, El Salvador

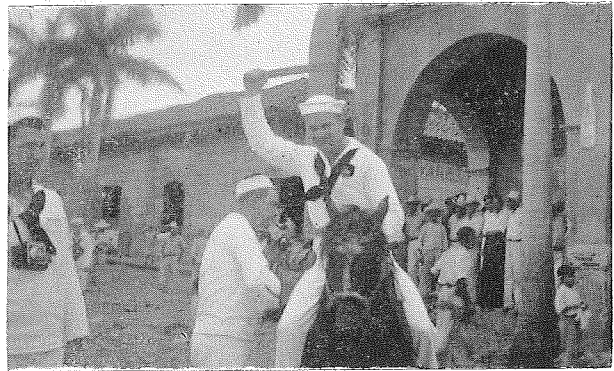
With the usual high spirit that is so prevalent among the cadet corps on days when the "Cal. State" is due in port, we arose at reveille on February 4 to find the ship entering the Gulf of Fonseca. The ship arrived at her anchorage about mid-morning, and the shore boats were in the water soon after the anchor hit the bottom.

Shortly after the hook dug in, the mail was brought aboard by a local postal official, who was immediately surrounded by numerous cadets trying desperately to recall a little of that high school Spanish, to ply him with questions relative to the exchange rates and price of everything from cerveza to horses.

Soon the liberty boat carried the cadets, rating liberty, ashore in undress whites and neckerchiefs; a most appropriate dress for hot, dusty, little ports such as this. About fifteen minutes after the liberty party arrived ashore, every horse in sight seemed to have a cadet aboard. Diminutive animals that they were, it wouldn't

have been surprising to see some of the cadets returning from their little jaunts carrying the horse. It was surprising however that these horses stood up under the strain and seemed just as willing to do the same for the port watch the next day.

The town of La Union is a very small place with buildings of an adobe nature, no paved streets, nor cars to run on the rock hewn ones. There is however a small railroad used principally for transporting coffee from the mountain plantations down to the sea. Like all the towns in Spanish speaking countries, this one has it's plaza in the center of the town where the populace gathers in the evenings. There they stroll around it's walks or sit on the bordering benches, enjoying the comfortable coolness after the heat of the day. Probably included in some of the conversations taking place around the Plaza was something about those crazy Americans that had taken over the town for a day.



The second day in La Union found the port watch ready for liberty. This party had to be put ashore a mile and a half from town because of very low tide at the La Union pier. This however was a good break for the cadets as they saw some very interesting scenery and native life on this little hike that they would have missed otherwise. Arriving in town, the horse situation was again taken in hand by the cadets. The rest went on a short sightseeing tour of the town, stopping at the Post Office to get rid of all the letters that we had promised to write, or more usually that one postcard we did happen to get written.

The vultures sat on the roofs of the so called buildings just waiting for some poor unfortunate pedestrian, preferably an American, to keel over from the heat. Every one sat around, just to spite the birds of prey. To be truthful—it seemed like our stay in La Union was just two days out of our lives, never to return or to be forgotten. Although after it was all over, we were glad to have been able to see how the Salvadoreans live; and to be thankful we're Americans — just leaving for an American port, the Canal Zone!

Panama, Canal Zone

The lights of Panama came into view about twelve-thirty, one dark night, ending the vigil we'd been keeping ever since we entered the Gulf of Panama. There is a canal-regulation against taking ships in after sunset, so we were forced to anchor just off the harbor entrance, along with several merchant ships, until sunrise.

Early the next morning we took on a pilot, weighed anchor, and slipped on in to our dock. It might be in order to mention here that our pilot directed us through one of the neatest landings this ship's ever made. This is an art that the first class cadets were soon to appreciate in full. (During our stay in the Perlas Islands each Deck Cadet of the first class was required to attempt a docking of the ship alongside some **very** flexible bouys).

No sooner was the gangway in place than a blurred form was observed streaking over the gangway. Some say it was "Panama" Russon, homeward - bound, while others claim it was "Soogie", our mascot, who prides himself on always being the **first** over the gangway.

Balboa is comprised mostly of Government stores and residences, so most of the liberty time was spent in Panama city, the noisy, colorful native section, just "over the hill."

The first lesson in bickering came almost as soon as we were off the dock. Obstinate taxi drivers could not see our point in trying to ride to Panama for five cents. After a final adjustment of rates they gave us a ride that would put gray hair on a billiard ball, and we were more than glad to pay the well earned nickel and be able to breath freely once more. Other lessons in this famous art were to continue throughout the stay in Panama, where it is practiced as a general business policy. After several libertys the cadets began to compare their bargains, and to establish the prices for which to hold out, in dealings with the keen Hindu store proprietors. When art is mentioned in this connection, we feel it is justly classified, as no less than a hundred generations must have been necessary to develop it to what it is now.

At the bazaars it is a game of give and take — the dealers take you and you give them your hard earned, or should I say — saved money. Bicker, bicker, walk out and get pulled back by the dealer who'll usually do business at any price. Cut his price in half, subtract the remaining half, and you still get taken.

Some of the other educational features offered by Panama were a visit to the ruins of the old city of Panama and also to the more modern Miraflores locks. The cadets were given the unusual privilege of viewing the intricate controls of the locks in operation. The latter proved to be of great interest to all hands; sorry to say, the ruins failed to inspire anyone to climb through them.

By far the most Cadet-littered spots in Panama were the large open air restaurants called the Gardens. These are the newest, and by far the most modern additions to the old city of Panama, where the beer is good and the atmosphere pleasant. Of the three largest gardens in town the Balboa was best liked by the cadets and by most Americans living there. Although the other two, the Atlas and Rancho, were equally attractive, they seemed to be patronized almost completely by Panamanians.

The visit on the return trip was very similar to the first, except that most of the bargaining was done during the first, and the actual buying on the second visit. Very little grief was shown as the ship plowed out of the harbor of Panama on the long trip home.

Callao, Peru

We had our first glimpse of Callao by the hazy light of an early morning sun, on the 24th of February. At first, it did not appear to be much of a place; only three or four warships, a couple of freighters, and several old square rigged vessels were anchored in the harbor. The constant flow of shipping through this port soon brought to us the realization that Callao was one of the busiest of West Coast shipping centers.

We drifted up to our anchorage, exchanging courtesies with a French Naval Training Ship and a Peruvian supply ship, and dropped "45" in the water. The liberty party got away in record time by simply shifting the clocks ahead one hour, as daylight saving time was being used here.

The shore boat pulled up to the Muelle de Guerra, a specially built landing for the navy shore boats, and the first liberty party was ashore in Callao. Money was soon exchanged by the very generous exchange artists, who were only to glad to give the cadets less than the current rate.

As soon as everybody had some money changed, they climbed into a streetcar and went to Lima, eight miles away, and spent the day there. The ride in the streetcar is a ride that will never be forgotten, The cars were American built and cruised at a speed from 50 to 70 miles per hour.

The cadets felt quite at home in this large city. The city reminded many of their trip to Mexico City because Lima is so very much like Mexico City, with all its plazas, statues, and cathedrals.

Historic sights consisted of several cathedrals; one of which supposedly contained the dried up corpse of Pizarro, and was seen by all. This soon lost the interest of the cadets, who then spent the rest of the day in shopping or just tried to keep cool. The favorite pastime was to find a streetcar or bus, preferably one with a long Spanish name on the front, and ride to the end of the line and back, no matter where it happened to be. It was discovered that the official

looking State of California Identification cards, that the cadets have, could be advantageously used in riding the cars and buses free.

A popular place among the cadets was the local Coney Island, a bathing beach about ten miles from Lima. The crowds returning from the beach on a Sunday afternoon were so large that transportation facilities were unable to accommodate them. Many of the people would walk back along the carline several miles in order to get a seat on the car returning to the city. It is a little wonder that so many people were attracted to this beach; as a beautiful view of the large horseshoe shaped bay may be had from the tops of the cliffs surrounding it. The excellent surf, caused by the south easterly trades, was also very inviting to the boys of the school, who have surfed at the best of California beaches and Waikiki.

Those fellows who went sailing around Callao harbor will probably remember their visit on board the sailing ships anchored there, and the remarkable feat accomplished by them in consuming a boatload of food in the course of the afternoon. The sailing ships, comprising of two, three and one, four masted barks, were the remainder of a once proud guano fleet. Irrespective of their cargo, these ships were clean and well kept up, considering the small crew that they carried. Several interesting friendships were made between the mascot of the California State and the mascots of these ships. Whereas ours is a dog, a pig is carried on each of the others; so the mutual attraction must have been their common plight of all living on ships.

A thorough inspection below decks and on deck having been made, the temptation to climb the rigging was soon realized and everybody went aloft. It was a very pleasing sight to look down on a ship without a funnel and know that she had no engineers on board. Several cameras were taken up and a number of candid shots were snapped of cadets climbing up and patting the "truck" and going out on the loftiest "yards". When the boat recall was hoisted on the Cal. State, it was with some reluctance that we left the sailing ships.

An official visit by the Peruvian Admiral and the Commander of the French Training Ship was made during our stay. The ceremony of manning the rail was also performed, to pay respect to the President of Peru as he passed on his way to the Jeanne de Arc, the French ship.

After spending four enjoyable days in Callao, we were glad to be on our way once again. The Navy routine, which was so predominant, was tiring, so being able to be at ease once again was a relief.

Valparaiso, Chile

After leaving Peru, with its colorful historic background, we sailed for Chile. Upon arriving we found an altogether different atmosphere, unlike that of Peru. The Chileans were a proud patriotic people and proved to be more friendly

and entertaining than any others we previously came in contact with. Due to having arrived during a drought period, we found the water contaminated and were "forced" to drink beer, to the chagrin of the cadets.

Valparaiso is built in the shape of an amphitheatre. The houses, which have flat roofs and are chimneyless, look down upon the thriving harbor, where ships from all over the world come and go. The harbor is well protected by a breakwater, to which our ship was moored. Valparaiso is a very cosmopolitan city; in almost all the streets can be heard English, Spanish, French, German, and Italian spoken. As the rate of exchange was \$32 to \$1 and as most prices were in accordance, the cadet almost felt rich for a change.



LEAVING VALPARAISO

The place most frequented was the Casino at Vina del Mar. This is the aristocratic suburb of Valparaiso and is the summer resort for many Chilean cities. The Casino is built close to the sea shore and surrounded by beautiful gardens providing a magnificent view of Valparaiso, Vina, and the Pacific Ocean.

Those cadets having the gambling fever were given a chance to try their luck, as the Casino contained a large gambling salon with eighteen different tables. Roulette is the most popular game. The Casino is known as the Monte Carlo of South America. It also contains a large dining salon, a grill (where the best food is served), reading rooms, and a cabaret where dancing is held every evening. Much to the cadets delight, it was the gathering place for many of the beautiful Senoritas, with whom acquaintances and friendships were soon made by those "Beau Brummels" of the cadet corps.

Although the afternoon between one and three is siesta time for the Chileans, not so for us. Many took to bicycle riding, a few of the braver to motor cycling; many were seen swimming even though the water was cold, and some others were seen cruising along the canal in motor boats.

High on the hill overlooking the bay stands the Escuela Naval where Chilean Naval Officers are trained.

The highlight of the cruise occurred in "Valpo," when the day for the long planned 48 hour liberty arrived. The majority of cadets boarded the train for Santiago. The train ride proved a very interesting one, passing through many small towns. Whenever the train stopped the passengers were accosted by peddlers selling fruit and other eatables, that were raised in the surrounding countryside. Quite in contrast to the green fertile valleys, where well bred livestock grazed, and small truck farms predominated, rose the barren heights of the Andes, void of any vegetation. However these barren mountains contain Chile's main source of wealth. They contain vast deposits of Copper and many mines could be seen as the train progressed closer to Santiago.

Arriving in Santiago, we found ourselves in an altogether different atmosphere than we had when enjoying the peaceful country side. Here people were hurrying from place to place; we were attacked by an avalanche of shoe shine boys, beggars, peddlers, taxi drivers, and hotel advertisers, as we made our way from the station to the hotel. It seemed proper in Chile to use the horn instead of the foot brake, which only added to the noise and confusion of our recent arrival in this thriving metropolis.

However, in spite of all this, there seemed to be a kind of spontaneous international intimacy which made all of the cadets feel quite at home. As far as the scenery goes, we say but little, because of our limited time and our desire to eat, sleep, and have a good time without having to think of the ship. Second only to Rio de Janeiro, Santiago is famed for the most thrilling natural setting of any city in the Western World. It has wide streets, the most prominent, the Avenida De Los Delicias, extends for almost three straight miles, dividing the city into almost equal halves. Strung along this broad boulevard are facades of clubs, public buildings, and homes of the wealthy. In the center runs a section of flower beds, grass plots, palm trees and statues of Chile's national heroes. The city is surrounded by the icy heights of the Andes; and rising 400 feet out of the heart of the city is Santa Lucia. At the far end of the city rises Cerro San Cristobal, another mass of rock twice as high as Santa Lucia and surmounted by a heroic statue of the Virgin. From either of these points an impressive and picturesque view of the city was presented along with aching feet for those who would rather walk than pay taxi fare.

Most of you have heard of the "Sailor on Horseback". It may seem strange but there are many horse lovers among us who never pass up an opportunity to ride. The small town of La Union, in El Salvador, was well stocked with equally small, but sturdy, horses which were able to bear up under a days hard riding. We were not so fortunate in the other ports and were not able to get even burros, until one fine morning in Santiago. A group of five cadets stood in front of the Hotel Crillon with very little to do, with a

sudden inspiration, they decided to form the C.N.S. Cavalry and go horseback riding. Compared to the nags in La Union, the horses they were finally able to rent seemed like Man O' Wars. A short ride from the stables took them out of town and on a long, straight dirt road; excellent for racing, leading up into the foothills of the Andes. After a few minutes of easy riding three of the horse were urged into a run, which soon developed into a race. They stopped about a mile down the road, and to their amazement did not see the other two; until a few minutes later a large cloud of dust was seen coming down the road. Emerging from this cloud were the heads of two horses racing neck and neck with the blur of two cadets hanging on. The two, "Count" Grabowski and "Slop Chute" Smith, finally brought the horses to a halt, after five or ten minutes of heaving and hauling on the reins while attempting to hold on at the same time. The cavalry soon rejoined and rode on peacefully for a few minutes, at least until the horses were enough rested for another mad race.

The hot Chilean sun was beginning to tell on both the horses and riders so their attention was diverted to getting something cool to drink. By chance a small store was stumbled upon and provided the necessary refreshments. A delicious, cold watermelon eaten under a grape arbor with luscious bunches of Chilean grapes, provided a setting that is often read about but seldom experienced. The race back to the stable with everyone still in one piece, completed an afternoon which was voted enjoyably spent by all.

Once more we boarded the train and headed back to Valparaiso and the great white yacht with plenty of talk stored up to help pass away the days 'till arrival at the next port. Chile seemed to have a hold upon most of the cadets as was evident by the number of friends who were on board to bid them goodbye. No less was the hold that held the ship, as she was a good half hour clearing one of the anchors that had become fouled with a Chilean Navy Tanker moored nearby. When the ship finally sailed, it was for Panama, and not the scheduled Guayaquil, as a number of cases of bubonic plague were known to exist in this port.

Manzanillo, Mexico

After a pleasant, but rather warm "hop" from Balboa, C.Z., the training ship approached the harbor of Manzanillo early Saturday morning, April 8. It was not until the ship had passed the outer harbor and rounded a point that the town could be seen. From the harbor, where we were anchored, the city appeared as most Mexican seaports, and therefore was observed with skepticism.

Upon going ashore, the cadets were surprised and pleasantly, for instead of a disreputable Mexican village, a clean tropical town was found. Practically everyone was favorably impressed by the cleanliness of the town and especially the appearance of the natives.

Inasmuch as the uniform was undress whites, and the cadets felt at ease, it was not long before they were enjoying themselves. As usual, some were soon refreshing themselves, some shopping, and others just wandering about. Bicycles were used for transportation and amusement, but motor "bikes" proved to be the more popular in the way of getting about. These helped towards the hilarity of the afternoon and evening.



Most of those ashore were satisfied with the interior of the town, but a few insisted on getting about more. "Beach-boy" Maehle lived up to his reputation of finding a beach as soon as possible, and led a group to the outskirts, and even over mountains in search of a surf. After a three mile ride on bicycles, the group found a beach and had a refreshing swim. The group returned to the town greatly fatigued but happy.

Liberty expired at 2100, and by all appearances cadets took advantage of the opportunity to catch up on a little shopping, and having a last good time before heading for home. Being the last foreign port of the cruise and the last one for the First Classman to be together in, the cadets made good use of their time.

The following day, Easter Sunday, the starboard watch had liberty until 1600. Being Easter, the town offered little in the way of excitement for the cadets; so almost all hands spent the day riding motor "bikes".

Upon return of the liberty party, no time was lost in getting underway. After rather a hasty departure, the ships' navigator set the California State on the course for Long Beach, California.

Long Beach, California

Time crawled on! And almost before we knew it the evenings were getting cold, the hills — green, and the sea a most beautiful blue; correct! ! the land of our dreams — America! It seemed like half of our lives had crawled by since we hurried away from San Diego last January to foreign waters. Now it seemed funny to be able to read sign posters, speak to anyone on the street, and drink water without fear. This can be found in only one place in the world and that's our own homeland, and Long Beach was the first port to reintroduce us to these small, but significant, pleasures of life.

The California State steamed into the Long Beach Harbor with high hopes and every reason to anticipate a most enjoyable stay, on the 15th of April. We stopped to pick up the pilot and then, much to our general amazement, set a course up the harbor to San Pedro. Those of us, not in the know, were considerably baffled when, with no preliminaries at all, the orders came to drop anchor.

As it turned out, we merely anchored long enough for the custom officials to give the ship a quick once-over, and we weighed anchor and steamed back to Long Beach. We docked at Pier A, got the gangway over, and proceeded with the customary greetings of parents and friends, who had been waiting the better part of the afternoon for our arrival.

On the second day of our visit, a reception was held on board the training ship, to which were invited executives of the various steamship companys, government officials, and numerous interested persons. A buffet style luncheon was served to several hundred-odd guests, after which the visitors were favored with addresses from the guests of honor, of which were Ex-Governor Frank Merriam and Captain Vossler of the U. S. S. Northhampton. Captain Nichols also addressed the group, as did Mr. Robert Fouke, Chairman of the Board of Governors. Captain Henderson, also of the Board, acted as the Master of Ceremonies. Motion pictures of the previous cruises were shown in the ships classroom with Mr. Miller commentating.

The same evening, the pictures were again shown for the benefit of the parents of the Southern California Cadets. The starboard watch will long remember the day; eh, cadets.

Several cadets were invited to attend one of the Long Beach Kawainis Club Luncheons. A good time was had by the cadets. The following day, the Los Angeles Kawainis Club held their luncheon at the Biltmore Hotel, at which time four cadets were invited. They had the privilege of hearing Admiral W. V. Pratt, U.S.N. Ret., address the group on the subject of Foreign Affairs.

The ship was visited daily by many visitors and young boys, who, someday, wished to come to the California Nautical School. A rough estimate of all the people who visited the ship was about five thousand people.

Friday, April 21st, the schoolship was again ready to leave and head north, much to the disappointment of parents and friends, to the next port of call, Santa Barbara. Promptly at eight-thirty, the lines were cast off and we pulled away from the dock. With the usual salutes to naval vessels anchored in the harbor, we were out of the breakwater and into the open sea within fifteen minutes. The thought of Santa Barbara brings back a memory of at least one good time, so the cadets were ready to visit the city once again.

Santa Barbara, California

At dawn we left Long Beach, and in terms quite unusual to cadets of C. N. S.; at dusk the order was passed to "Stand-by Docking Stations." Dead ahead the Santa Barbara Harbor stood and soon the California State nosed her way into the channel and dropped the hook. Before much could be said regarding liberty, the liberty party began to form on the darkened fore'd well deck and were thinking only of shore leave.

Our stay in Santa Barbara was quite interesting. With many amusement facilities offered, it also offers a historical background, namely the Mission, after which the city of Santa Barbara was named. Several of the Cadets went completely through the mission, which, of course, was very interesting. Santa Barbara has a new heated swimming pool which was very acceptable to all of us, after swimming in southern waters, this northern California sea temperature of 56 penetrated our sensitive skins.

Many of the fellows were quite readily taken in by several of the Santa Barbara State College gals. From all reports, these young ladies took fine care of our wandering tars!

A very unusual liberty was given, for the first time, in this port; liberty was granted until eight o'clock in the morning instead of the usual midnight liberty. Naturally this found many of the cadets running home to Los Angeles; it seems that that city has a great attraction for the boys.

Monday afternoon found us preparing for sea. All hands turned to with great ego, 'cause for a part of us it would be the last time we would ever prepare the California State for its homeward leap. The rest of the cadet corps were just glad to get back to our much loved port of San Francisco. So at the stroke of three bells, we weighed anchor and the Training Ship nosed into the briny deep and "San Francisco", at "full ahead", was in our log.

California City

Once again we are at our "Journey's End" and the Training Ship "California State" is berthed along side her dock at the base, California City. She has carried us over some 12,190 miles, and the engine has turned close to five and a half million revolutions, wouldn't you be tired? She is, but tomorrow she'd do it all over again if necessary. Of course like you or I, this ship of ours must eat, even though she doesn't care for sleep. Her main diet is fuel oil and water. In the course of three and a half months her thirst required 325,000 gallons of fresh water, and to keep her contented we fed her 6,857 barrels of fuel oil.

Throughout the cruise we had very little trouble with the engines. A few minor things went wrong, which helped more than hindered us, at least as far as experience goes. Our longest trip was from Valparaiso to Balboa, which took us ten days and eighteen hours.

This cruise has kept us closer to our books than the previous ones, due to the fact that the first class graduates just six weeks after our arrival at the base, and they just couldn't disappoint the Steam Boat Inspectors. By divisions we passed our weeks at study under the strict glances of our officers; only to find at the end, that we still had plenty of the "Three Rs" to learn.

Now that the cruise is over the ship gets her long awaited rest, the 2nd and 3rd class theirs, and the 1st class get the laurels they think they much deserve!

ROCKS

He's tattered and he's torn
And he's looking quite forlorn.
"Old Captain Thompson" on the beach.

His ship's on the rocks
And there's holes in his socks.
"Old Captain Thompson" on the beach.

He was steaming through the fog
Full ahead was in his log.
"Old Captain Thompson" on the beach.

He struck her by the light
About twelve o'clock at night.
"Old Captain Thompson" on the beach.

And now he's drinking hard
From the seas forever barred.
"Old Captain Thompson" on the beach.

He was cultured and refined
Wore a coat when he dined.
"Old Captain Thompson" on the beach.

He was as fine as they come
But now a drunken bum.
"Old Captain Thompson" on the beach.

The Neptune Party

Off the West Coast of South America, in approximately Latitude 0000 and Longitude 84 West, there is a little island, La Plata by name, which will be long remembered, nor soon forgotten, by a large percentage of the ships company.

For this island lies in the Royal Domain of His Majesty Neptunus Rex and it is his pleasure to inspect the crew of such ships as dare to ap-

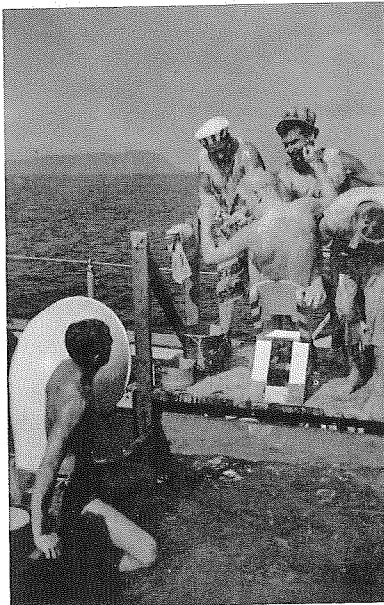


proach these waters with as lowly, scurvy, mangy a crew as we carried south with us.

And so it happened that as the Island gradually came abeam, His Royal Majesty clambered over the bow and His faithful sidekick, John Silver demanded, in an unnecessarily loud voice, that — "All pollywogs, jellyfish, eels, scum, and scut and all other low, crawling, unworthy things of the deep, and all land lubbers, fairweather sailors, Lotharios, and impressarios be brought before His Majesty's Court, and be judged as being worthy or not of becoming one of His Subjects and being allowed to remain within the Royal Domain"

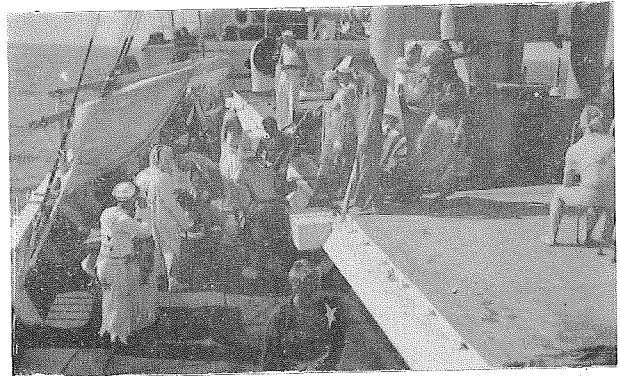
The jolly Roger broke from the fore-truck and the victims were arranged before the Royal Court.

Here the case was tried before His Majesty, King Neptunus Rex; Her Majesty, Queen Amphritite; His Royal Impertinence, The Heir Apparent, Baby Blahnipple; The Prosecuting At-



torney, I Never Lose; The Defense Attorney, I Never Win; and the Royal Scribe, Davy Jones. John Silver, Mephistopheles, the Royal Hula Dancer, The Royal Sea Dog, and the Royal Orchestra were also among those present to say nothing of Her Royal Scurviness, the Sea Hag and her faithful consort of Royal Goons.

If found acceptable to His Majesty, the



pollywog was granted leave to visit the Royal Grounds after first being privileged to kiss the feet of the Heir Apparent. After being "Mugged" by the Deep Sea Newsreel Co., the erstwhile pollywogs were urged to seek the medication of the Royal Surgeon whose prescriptions work wonders with people who hold disparaging thoughts toward the Royal Realm.

After this, a shave and shampoo at the Royal Barber-shop completed the ritual, each and every pollywog emerging from the tank a full fledged Shellback.

The custom of initiating persons crossing the Equator for the first time is a very old one and is strictly observed on the California State. The Training Ship has crossed the "Line" four times and no less than three hundred and fifty persons have been initiated in the "Solemn Mysteries of the Deep" and granted a certificate as a Shellback and a worthy Subject of the Realm.

C. N. S. Avocation Number One

California Nautical School avocation number one is, without any dispute, that strictly American idiosyncrasy, "hitchhiking". At first glance that probably strikes the casual observer as a rather sweeping statement, not to mention the strangeness of it to a bunch of seafaring young men. Hitchhiking has reached this glorified, even hallowed state, in a most logical manner, however. Allowances being the limited but necessary evils that they are, and uniforms having the appeal that they have, Mr. Cadet would be a dull boy, indeed, if he didn't soon see the wisdom of that old 'penny saved, penny earned' deal, and soon devise some means of doing a little penny saving. As a matter of fact to some it has become such an integral part of their lives that they half turn and raise their arm every time they hear an automobile; and to take a street car or such conventional means of transportation is next to blasphemy. Just to bring home the enormity of these savings among the cadet corp, the dress uniform is often rated by the number of times it has payed for itself. I dare say the average first classman's uniform has a rating of at least five. At thirty five dollars apiece, "think of the money we save".

It is only natural that where one is in so close proximity to the motoring public any number of experiences both pleasant and unpleasant must be experienced. Over a period of time all of the cadets have much the same experiences. While they are an old story to all of the cadets, and to most of their more intimate friends, who have probably heard them time and time again, they might be of interest to any friends of the cadet corp.

One of the most unpleasant and most common goes something as follows: Jack is on his way home from the school base to somewhere in Southern California. He left the base at about one p. m. and has been keeping ahead of the bus schedule as far as Fresno. At Fresno, he was far enough ahead to relax long enough to snatch a cup of coffee, a hamburger and enough wormth to hold him until the next ride comes along. At about eight in the evening he walks up to the nearest advantageous position, (chosen subconsciously through long experience), and dropping his bag out of sight, lights up a cigarette. In about twenty minutes the temperature has dropped at least twenty percent. At nine o'clock the gas station he is standing in front of closes up, leaving him his choice of walking back to the last light or ahead to the next, since both are hull down on the horizon he decides that south being his course he might as well walk in that direction. Needless to mention, the thermometer is still dropping, and in addition a nasty little wind has joined him.

By the time he has reached the next light his feet, which had long ago deserted him for the land where frozen feet go, have returned to make things more miserable for him, the top button on his coat has fallen off, and he has just discovered the loss of one glove. Just to make things hard, the light has turned out to be one of those peculiar affairs, found on all highways outside towns. They hang in the middle of the highway at the intersection of some small side road, and while they are visible at a great distance they throw almost no light.

It is now nine thirty, at least that is what his watch says although it must be at least midnight, and Jack is in a coma, alternately wishing he were back in his bunk on board, and dreaming of a big new Cadillac equipped with radio and heater. By now he is convinced that hitchhiking is a futile means of travel, and has vowed never to try it again. He is occasionally awakened from his reverie by a heavy rumble in the distance and just has time to clamp his cap to his head as a gasoline truck roars past followed by a vacuum that almost pulls him along with it.

During such an ordeal, time is interminable. Fifteen minutes can stretch into hours, the slightest draft is from arctic regions, and the slightest motion exposes another portion of the body to the cold.

By ten o'clock all is lost. The last cigarette is gone, the cars have all lost their brakes, and life has lost it's meaning. "Hope springs eternal" is no idle prattle and when a pair of piercing headlights, approaching with great celerity, arouse our hero, he is spurred to one final heroic effort. When with undiminished speed, a big Buick sedan rushes by, ironically displaying a U. S. C. tag. Jack, in despair, picks up his bag and starts for town, only to be arrested by violent honking far down the road. With speed that would interest any track coach, he races a quarter of a mile to the Buick and grinning like a pickaninny settles himself to the luxury he has long been dreaming of.

When he arrives home, in answer to his mother's anxious questions he is apt to reply, "Gee, mom, I had a swell trip down this time, radio, heater, pleasant company, . . . hitchhiking is sure a snap these days."



"Things" of Interest

On this cruise the California State Art Commission was started. The purpose of this organization, was to bring to the cadet corps better entertainment in the way of classical music. Concerts were given each Sunday, when the ship was at sea. A series of Sunday Evening Concerts were given from San Diego to Valparaiso and a series of Popular Concerts were given from Valparaiso to San Francisco.

These concerts were received with great enthusiasm and were attended by the majority of the first class and a good percentage of the other two classes.

A great deal of thanks should be given to Cadet E. A. Yates, and Cadet J. M. Clawson for the idea and realization. These two put on some very enjoyable hours of entertainment for the cadet corps; after spending many hours of their time preparing the program.

This cruise saw the first attempt, in several years, at "sea going" ping-pong aboard the California State. The idea had been considered before, but due to lack of suitable space, the idea was dropped. This year, due more or less to an accident, the cadets were blessed with a collapsible table. In calm weather, playing was easy; but when the ship started to "take a few" the players found it rather difficult to keep their state of equilibrium.

The camera fiend to end camera fiends, a Scotchman named McNabb (sometimes the nationality is confusingly Semitic, especially when one tries to do business with him), came through with a new industry, new to California Nautical School. With the aid of another "River Man", "Red" Fox, and a conniving Swab, by the name of Fontaine, this Scot managed to get a monopoly on the photographic service for the cadets. The prices, for such service, will remain longer in the memories of the cadets than will the service; no matter how good the latter may have been.

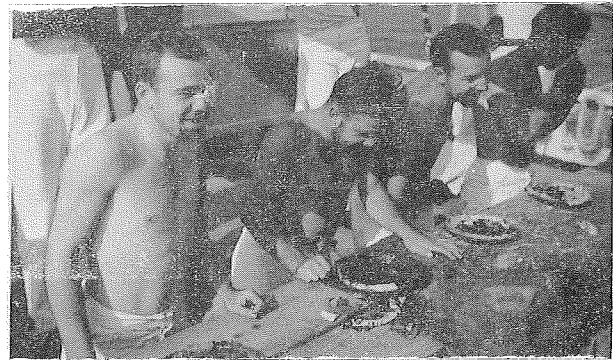
First among his more notable prints, was a photostatic copy of a certain cartoon of peculiar interest to all cadets: said print was indeed a gold mine.

On the way to Balboa, C. Z., "Red" Frey came down with an appendicitis attack. When we arrived in Balboa, he was taken immediately ashore to the Gorgas Hospital and had his appendix removed. Without Frey, the basketball team suffered by losing two games in Balboa.

On the way back to Balboa, from Valparaiso, "Joe" Nagle came down with appendicitis also. He must have heard something good about the Gorgas Hospital, because as soon as the California State docked in Balboa the second time, "Joe" was taken ashore to the hospital. Two days after the removal of his appendix we sailed from the Canal Zone with "Joe" safely in the ship's sickbay.

The good word was passed; we could let our beards grow while the ship was at sea from "Valpo" to Balboa. For eight days, we let it hang from our chins. A few were capable of raising a good beard and a few specialized in raising "cookie dusters" and some didn't raise any at all, even though they tried hard.

A contest was held to judge the best beards. Gallant had the longest and best all around beard; Smullen had the blondest, but there was something phoney in that decision; Maehle had the reddest, just beating out Bartel by a whisker; Averill had the least, but won only because Davis shaved; Kilburn had the "rattiest" beard, and Kettenhofen had the darkest and blackest.



The winners, of each particular class of the contest, had a blackberry pie eating contest. After a terrific bit of eating, Kettenhofen won the contest. He was awarded a box of bicarbonate of soda.

C. W. Audet performed the honors as Master of Ceremonies.

This happened on the train on the way back from Santiago to Valparaiso. In the foremost car on the train, Dr. Benson, the ships doctor, Mr. R. C. Dwyer, the Chief Engineer, and several others were sitting, trying to recover from a few days of sightseeing. Soon the doctor fell asleep. The others took a walk about the train and talked to cadets and others. The train stopped at one of its usual stations. After a few minutes stay the train continued on its way to "Valpo". Mr. Dwyer decided to go back and see the doctor. When he arrived at the supposed car, where the doctor was, well, the car wasn't there. After inquiring about, he made the sad discovery that the car had been detached and attached to another train and was at that moment, on its way to the Andes. Mr. Dwyer was heartbroken; in the car with the doctor was his new hat.

About two days latter the doctor arrived back at the ship in "Valpo" with the Chief's hat.

He must have had quite a time there in the Andes. He met a Cook's Tour there, and had to wire the ship several times for money to get back to Valpo.



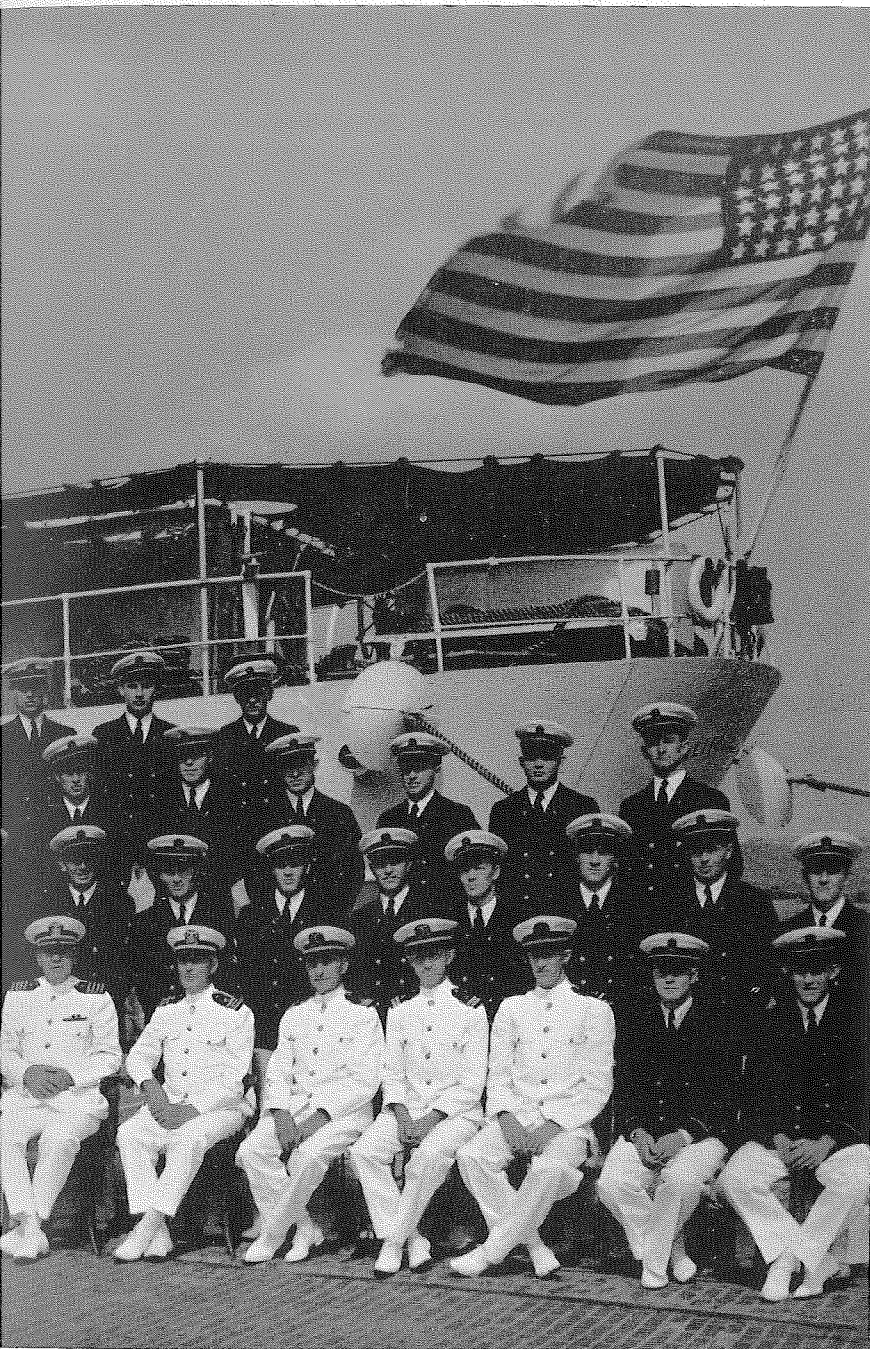
The Class of 1939

FIRST ROW:

Left to right: J. M. BOYER, H. C. DUPUIS, MR. E. L. ROBBERSON, MR. E. C. MILLER, MR. B. M. DODSON, MR. R. M. SHEAF, DR. R. G. BENSON, MR. GEORGE BARKLEY, CAPTAIN N. E. NICHOLS, MR. J. M. CADWELL, MR. DAVID WARWICK, MR. J. G. ELLIS, MR. C. G. HANSEN, L. L. BUWALDA, L. T. WHITE.

SECOND ROW:

Left to right: W. A. SMITH, R. B. SIMPSON, W. W. FELL, C. K. HOLZER, R. N. HARGIS, G. R. KILBURN, N. W. BIRD, W. D. SYPE, R. M. MAEHLE, S. J. DRUMMOND, D. R. McMURTRY, D. McNABB, R. E. O'LAUGHLIN, V. E. JULIANEL, F. W. WILEY, G. A. NAGLE, N. B. YOUNG, F. L. MARTIN.



With Ship's Officers

THIRD ROW:

Left to right: E. A. YATES, P. JENSEN, C. W. AUDET, G. S. TWITCHELL, H. L. LEICHEL, W. J. WILLIAMS, C. A. KRAUCHI, W. F. AVERILL, J. M. HENDY, H. M. WILSON, D. D. McELROY, J. L. BOYCE, A. H. BLODGETT.

TOP ROW:

Left to right: K. W. CLARK, J. M. CLAWSON, D. A. DANCY, A. R. SIMS, S. W. GRABOWSKI, A. J. ERICKSON.
Absent are: CHIEF ENGINEER R. C. DWYER, H. A. FREY, T. S. FOSTIAK.

"The" Day

This incident occurred at sea, somewhere between San Francisco and San Francisco, on any Friday afternoon during any one of the California State's Cruises; it couldn't happen on any other ship — we hope.

The Kernal ("Nut") of this story is the Mate of the Berth Deck, and the meat of the whole matter is that the poor fellow is misunderstood.

The time: That portion of the mess-week when the mess-men are ready to drop from fatigue, and nearly unconscious from sheer agonizing boredom.

Visions of the Captain and his satellites rigorously inspecting every cockroachful nook and cranny had been ruining the sleep of this harassed M.O.B.D.; so that now, with the inspection less than twenty-four hours away, he was in no gentle mood.

The two factions stood opposite each other and glared, the Mate, with his most fierce and determined look, first broke the silence:

"For your information . . . the Captain of this tub is going to make an inspection, tomorrow, and I don't believe he'd hand out any orchids for the way it looks now. That's where you come in. This messdeck is going to be clean . . . If you all have to stay here 'till midnight. Get it?"

Big Silence

O. K. then . . . you two birds clean up the pantry. You go get some sand and a few pieces of canvas . . . The rest of you get soogy and start scrubbing down these tables. Alright get going.

(Hours drag by, and the messdeck has lightened up by two shades. The brass has been shined, the bulkheads scrubbed, 'till the metal's begun to show through the paint, the decks have been swabbed to an even dullness, and the mess-man are moving more by instinct than volition of their own.

The M.O.B.D. speaks again:

O. K. . . . , you guys can knock off now, but first . . . there's about a dozen cases of canned stores down in the lower hold that have to be brought up.

(The cases are brought up, one at a time, via the trembling shoulders of the staggering messmen).

M. O. B. D. Again: "That's fine. (Magnanimously) I might say that the deck looks pretty fair. . . (amazingly enough, he doesn't get any cheers from this statement). Well, that's all for this afternoon. You'll have to turn to for supper in ten minutes. And, by the way . . . I understand that the Captain's inspection has been cancelled.

We mercifully ring down the curtain on the pitiful sight of six broken messmen, weaving down the deck in hopeless dejection, with only the feeble glimmer of hope, "that next year we'll be second-classmen, and life will again be 'worth living'."

Have you ever stopped to wonder what might be going on in the gray cells of a swab's "Medulla Oblongata"? I didn't use the word "mind" because for the first two or three weeks of our acquaintance with each succeeding class, it seems that most of them were "corking off" somewhere when the brains were being handed out.

At any rate

For the first few days in his environment, the swab is "slightly" confused. This confusion serves a need, for during this period there must be a revolution in the third classman's scale of values. The idea is forced into his "minds" that God lives in the Wardroom and that all upperclassmen are his disciples.

The swabs self-reliance and imagination must be thoroughly squelched if he is to lead a "happy life" as a member of our society.

All of these concepts of life and others too numerous to mention are forced upon his non-too-pliant soul.

The result: a cadet "strain-hardened", "cold worked" to the point where his response to an order is comparable to that of cast iron to bending, i. e. ——— immediate and transitional.

You Might Call It A Dream

The "California State" had been pushing her way through the "Heavy Seas" off the Chilean coast under a blistering hot March sun.

The large deep toned bell on the foremast had just rung out with five heavy strokes in the deepened twilight, when a very tired cadet, by the name of 'Crosshead' McNutt, had just pulled the last of his blankets about his head and was deep in the arms of Morpheus.

Cadet McNutt woke with a start at the sound of reveille, and, with a very drowsy head and aching back, stepped out of his bunk. Much to his surprise, he was not in the old familiar berth deck, but by himself in a small stateroom high above the water.

In order to satisfy his curiosity, he stepped out of his door and gazed at the for'd well deck. There his eyes met a churning mass of cadets all trying to clean paint work, which, to begin with, was immaculate enough to warrant praise from a Dutch housewife. One of the cadets was heard to remark, "I don't know if this is correct but I'll look in my book." Another group of cadets, slowly painting on the port side, were quickly brought to life by, "you're on report; we'll have no shirking on duty here."

After gazing in wonderment for a while, McNutt ate a hurried, but vaguely familiar, breakfast. Shortly afterwards, much to the discomfort of his ears, came a loud but decidedly off key, blast of a bugle that was to notify the cadets that the morning turn-to was about to commence. As he stood-by to watch the formation, two cadets were seen coming out of the engine room, very hurriedly, after standing the morning four to eight watch. One of the cadets made the following remark to the other as they were rushing, "We had better hurry so we won't be late for our morning turn-to at nine o'clock". The other cadet gave a slow shrug of his shoulder in the affirmative and slowly meandered off to breakfast. Back on the afterwell deck, a group of cadets were preparing to secure one of the large spacious life boats. With a very appropriately placed "that's well" from the cadet in charge, the remainder of the group fell to their task with minimum diligence but maximum vigilance.

McNutt's curiosity by this time, being whetted to a knife-edge sharpness, decided to make a complete tour of inspection about the ship. He entered the port side of the mess deck where his sense of vision met the first assistant laundryman hastily talking to a cadet off watch. But as usual the small rotund assistant seemed to be making a noise similar to the renting blast of a safety valve at the limit of its power to remain on its seat. As "Crosshead" traversed

farther along the deck he approached the pantry where the cadet messmen were handling the food in such a manner as to give him the impression of trying to sound the depths of the containers with their thumbs. Up toward the forward end of the deck, he came upon a group of cadets in one of the instruction groups. A majority of the would be students were in such a dazed and sleepy condition, that a heavy roll of the ship would put them in such a heap on the deck that the results and casualties would be unpredictable.

All day long "Crosshead" strolled about the ship and was completely amazed at the sights that his eyes fell upon. He continued his tour well into the afternoon, and when his perplexed mind was at its upmost, the entire ship, including himself, was overtaken by violent vibrations. Shaking his head in a dazed condition, and expecting to find himself in a disastrous shipwreck, he opened his eyes to peer directly at the Mate of the Berth Deck, who had him by the shoulder, and was shaking him as a cat would a rat. He heard the M. O. B. D. loudly yell, "Come on Crosshead, it's first call."

WHAT PRICE EDUCATION

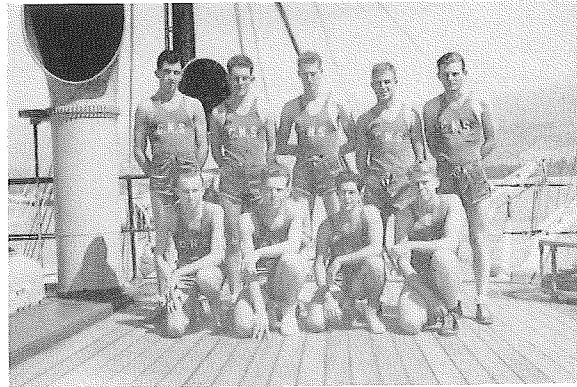
Once in a civilian life I was happy and gay,
But now I'm at sea and don't feel that way.
I gave up my suits and my fancy ties,
For buttons and braid to catch the girls eyes.
The uniform is now stowed safely below,
But my girl at home is doing, I don't know.

I've worked through the night and into the day,
I've worked 'till I'm fairly wasted away.
The day starts at dawn with a bugle call.
The night was so short, it wasn't at all,
Broken by four hours of watch in the middle.
But the bridge deck says, "Six hours sleep?"
"You should feel fit as a fiddle!"

I speak my mind and fear the result.
Two years we have worked, and quite steady.
We have not stolen or lied, nor joined a cult,
In spite of the fact accusations are always quite
ready.
Don't misunderstand and think I complain,
It's just the monotony of it that gives me a pain.

This meter is bad, and the rhyming is worse,
But I hope you find the significance ripe.
Personally I feel a temptation—yes, to curse,
Which is the reason I write in this tripe.
I know that most of us feel this way,
So I'll "knock off" now, and "stand by" till
graduation day.

Sports



Haas, D. M.
White, L. T.
Frey, H. A.

Julianel, V. E.
Erickson, A. J.
Averill, W. F.

Krauchi, C. A.
Schulman, D.
Dupuis, H. C.

Basket Ball

On a rocky hillside at California City may be found a small plot of ground, the basketball court, covered with weeds most of the year, but nevertheless, represents many hard hours of diligent digging on the parts of a number of industrious cadets. Much praise must be given to these cadets, not because the job which they accomplished was so tremendous, but for the spirit they possessed in doing the complete project in their spare time, simply for the recreational facilities it offered during any certain time of the year, but in short seasons throughout the year. This unusual system is due to the movement of the ship to Mare Island Navy Yard and on the cruise.

A number of practice sessions, on the home court, were held prior to the ship's leaving for Mare Island. The season was officially opened with a game with the U. S. S. Melville. The cadets made a grand opening with their new blue and gold suits, but even with the new suits, the cadets couldn't win. The Melville was a little too good for the cadets, but won only by a few points. A number of other spirited games were played during the overhaul period, including the U. S. S. Chester, the Marines, and others.

Very little was known about the games or teams that were to be played on the cruise; but a port seldom goes by without some team asking for a game. Not the least of these, was the famous La Union all star team, boasting two Olympic basketball players and others equally talented. The game was announced to the populace by a town crier, who substituted for a mobile loudspeaking system or a steam calliope. To further advertise the game, a parade, in which the teams and the Salvadorean Army Band participated, was held.

Unprecedented at the C. N. S. basketball games, was the surprise awaiting the cadets upon reaching the court. A large crowd milled around the high board walls, surrounding the court, attempting to get into the game. One by one the cadets walked up to the gate, only to be told that they had to have a thirty centavo ticket to gain admittance. The game was played on a concrete floor with only three lights to see by. The game proved to be well worth the cost of the tickets and any discomfort suffered in getting them. Rival roving sections, led by Gilchrist and Racouillet, supplemented by mad yelling in Spanish from the spectators and the Army Band made the evening complete.

A picked team from a squadron of Canadian destroyers, docked in Balboa, C. Z. was the next opponent for the ship's squad. Fine spirit prevailed throughout the game. The hard fought contest was decided in favor of the Canadians after the closing whistle had blown. A foul, committed a second before the end of the game, gave them the opportunity to make one point; the point was made good, thus upsetting the tie score and ending the game with the cadets trailing by one point.

The return of the ship to Balboa, provided an opportunity for a game with a local team. An invitation to play a team, composed of the sons of the army personnel from Fort Clayton, was gladly accepted; as it would probably be the final game of the cruise and the last to be played by the first classmen of the team. Two station wagons were despatched to pick up the team and were taken to the fort, which guards the Miraflores Locks of the Panama Canal. The lack of Frey and Julianel, two of the teams best, who were on the sick list, was very noticeable in

the final score; the cadets were on the low end. The game was unusual in the decided lack of cadet specators, due to the distance and location of the gym. This was somewhat compensated for by a section of soldiers, who took it upon themselves to root for both teams. An after game snack, provided by the other team plus the use of a station wagon to take the boys back to the ship, completed the evening.

BASEBALL

Baseball did not materialize as a major sport on this cruise, as it has done in past years, only one game being played. This one took place at the famous La Union on the one level spot in town. The ship's team consisted of men from the liberty watch only and proved to be able opponents for the sport minded Salvadorean boys. Although their baseball team did not boast any ex-Olympic players, as did the basketball team, they were nevertheless well trained and had played together many times before, unlike our boys.

Whether a civic or official function, the Army band was always on the spot, and this game was no exception. They seemed to like to play almost as much as the towns population, which of course turned out for the game, liked to hear them.



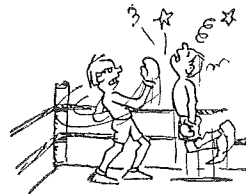
The first inning started off with banging of balls all over the field, with a result that it ended with a seven to one score. Both teams tightened down after the first inning and gave their pitchers full support, to such an extent, that no more runs were made during the rest of the game. Final score, 7 to 1. The team responsible for this well played game is as follows:

Boyer, J. M., Catcher
 Snyder, R. R., Pitcher
 Thompson, F. V., 1st Base
 Welch, F. J., 2nd Base
 Chapman, W., 3rd Base
 Gallant, A. E., Center Field
 Clawson, J. A., Right Field
 Haas, D. M., Left Field
 Schulman, D., Shortstop

"SWAB" SMOKER

Shortly after the arrival of the new class of the California Nautical School, the second classman gathered them together for the usual first swab smoker.

A few of the Swabs were paired off and put into the ring to show their skill with the gloves.



The fights were filled with a great deal of blood flowing and KO's, which were enjoyed greatly by upperclassmen. During the intermission various 'Swabs' entertained with skits, causing many howl, moans and jeers from the upperclass.

In order to have it a real smoker, free cigarettes were passed out to the upperclass only, and "Roll-your -own" were given to the swabs.

The referees for the evening were H. M. "Silent" Wilson and J. E. "Spike" Wilson.

Shortly after the "California State" put to sea, the swabs presented the annual cruise smoker. The evenings entertainment opened with a musical selection by the trombone master, "Swab" Donaldson, accompanied by California Nautical Schools ivory tickler, "Swab" Heller.

The main event of the evening was the presentation of the current Broadway hit "The Shootin' of 'Dangerous' Dan McGrew".

The set was that resembling a bar room, during the good old days of the Yukon gold rush. The actors were dressed for the occasion, thus making the set complete. "Swab" Clayton gave a very good interpretation of a soused bar tender. "Swab" Feuille, as the kid, make a good appearance, with one foot in a bucket. "Swab" Bartel, with his flaming red hair, did an excellent bit of acting, playing the lead as "Killer" Dan McGrew. The part of the heroine, played by lovable, sweet faced lad named Doell, was indeed a rare bit of acting.

The great drama climaxed with the dramatic scene in which Dan McGrew was fatally shot and died in the arms of the heroine, little Nel.

A few boxing matches completed the evenings entertainment. The main bout was between "Swab" Morrison and that speedy full-back "Swab" Freeman. Morrison proved to be the better man with the gloves as he won by a technical knockout, but only after Freeman had put up a good battle.

In the minds of the hard to please upperclassmen, the remainder of the fights were very boring due to the fighters lack of skill and enthusiasm.

Although free cigarettes were passed out during the evening, they failed to smooth over the feelings of the bloodthirsty cadets who were greatly disappointed in the boxing matches.

ROWING TEAM

Eight years ago, on the first cruise of the California State to South America, a rowing race between the Peruvian Navy and the cadets took place in the harbor in Callao. The results were not very satisfying as to which crew was the better, as the Peruvians fouled a bouy on a turn and the victory was granted to the Training Ship.

Anticipating a similar race this year and wishing to settle once and for all, which team was the better, the cadets started early in the cruise to train. Each morning in port, a boat would be taken out for a good stiff pull, under the guidance of "Captain Bill" Williams. A Canadian destroyer squadron in Balboa, seeing the boys working out each morning, dropped a boat over the side and proceeded to get their crew in shape. Competition soon developed and a race, to be pulled in their boats, was arranged. The Canadians proved to be a little too strong at the finish; and we ended the race one length behind, after pulling the longest mile on record, so it seemed.

As the time in Balboa was then limited, the crew was allowed to rest the remaining few days, so as to be in good shape for Callao. The ship finally steamed into Callao after eight days at sea, only to find that the Peruvian Navy was on maneuvers and the long expected contest could not take place.

ROWING CREW

Boyer, J. M., No. 1 oar
 Maehle, R. M., No. 2 oar
 Hendy, J. M., No. 3 oar
 Jensen, P., No. 4 oar
 Dupuis, H. C., Stroke
 Williams, W. J., Coxswain

—Reserves—

Foot, F. V.
 Haas, D. M.

SAILORS DELIGHT

"Aye, a trim little thing she was, as shapey as anything I've seen. She slipped through the water as though pursued by some devil with lust in his eyes. White? No, mahogany colored. The water fairly glistened on her smooth skin, and I could see the softly rounded body, as she sped along, kicking up a curl of foam. Gosh she came toward the beach where I was standing wishin' she were mine; then suddenly went about, as if frightened by my daring thoughts. Her name, you ask? Why sure, Leilani, the sweetest little ketch in the South Seas, and on her maiden voyage too."

BACK AFT

Oh! we know the gang back aft
 And we know them very well,
 And we're proud to call them shipmates,
 Because we think they're pretty swell.

First comes Soapy and Suds,
 A sort of screwy pair.
 They cut the bottoms out of our pants
 And haven't got a care.

And then there's Griff, the galley boy.
 He always wears a grin
 And has a stubble of whiskers
 Pertruding from his chin.

And then comes good old "Chips"
 With his handy bag of nails.
 He keeps the ship from falling apart
 And stops her groans and wails.

And then there's Charlie and Tex,
 Cook and assistant cook.
 Their pancakes taste like leather
 And have a peculiar look.

And then there's good old George;
 He feeds the hungry gang.
 His job is a tough one,
 You should hear the dishes bang.

Then comes Fred, the steward,
 Who has a cute mustache.
 He's busy writing menus
 Which always consist of hash.

And then there's Butch, the butcher.
 And his rubbery steaks and chops.
 More power to you Butch;
 When we cut our meat it hops.

And then there's Walt, Bill, and Babe,
 The merry messmen three,
 Who serve the mighty midship gang
 Their hash, canned cow, and tea.

And then we have three fellows
 Commonly known as "sparks".
 When one gets in the radio shack,
 On his seat, he calmly parks.

And then there's good old "Pooky"
 Who bakes our pie and bread.
 And they're pretty darn good tasting,
 But they're heavier than a ton of lead.

And then there's a new addition
 We picked up on the trip.
 We hope to get acquainted
 And welcome him to the ship.

Well I guess that just about covers
 The gang back in the crew.
 And as we said before
 We're proud to sail with you.

You Want To Know?

"Yes sir, it's a strange thing, life is; lots of people have written lots about it and not one of them knows much more than when he started. Me? I don't try to think about it too much, just keep plugging and let it take care of itself".

My companion looked at me, "Yeah, but how about the rest of the guys," he said, "don't you ever wonder what's happened to them?" "Sure," I replied, "but I don't run across them much anymore. Last one I saw was McMurtry. He's holed up in the islands; just wanders from one to the other, signs checks for some sugar outfit, and listens to the Kanaka music."

"Now today I run into you, running a photography place in Balboa, though why you ever picked on this——".

"Well I'll tell you——", McNabb started to reply, when we were interrupted by the entrance of a customer, the tinkling bell on the door announcing him. "Hello Duke!", he said, and as I turned to look at him he greeted me with, "Well I'll be hung out and dried if it isn't Audet what are you doing here?"

"Same thing you are Dancy, I guess, the pot got a ten hour lay over before we go through the canal and I came up to pick up some snaps I left on the other trip, but what are you doing? I haven't seen you for a year, are you still with Isthmian?"

"Yeah", Dan deigned to reply, "and so are Bird, Sims, and Hal Wilson. Hal's first assistant on my ship."

"I'll be darned, I said, "have you seen any of the rest of the 39'ers?"

"None except Wiley", said Dan, "he's secretary of the school now, you know."

"No I didn't," I interrupted, "last I heard he was secretary of the alumni association. When did he get the new job?"

"Oh just awhile ago, but he gave me the low down on what the boys are doing?"

"Well lets have it", said Duke, hanging out his 'CLOSED' sign and drawing up three chairs. "Wait 'till I get a muster list and we can check them off."

"Have you still got one of those?" I asked.

"Yes", answered our host, "It's one I typed out myself though. I had one of the mimeographed ones tacked up on the wall, and I used to check the fellows off when they came in."

"Did they all come in?"

"No, they didn't, but maybe Dan can tell us why!"

"Well," began Dan, "you know that everyone started out to sea except Hendy who went back to his Carpentaria lemons, and I suppose Blodgett is still picking cherries; since Audet

made a false start in that yacht race, he's been working for Luckenback, or have you?"

"Well I'm chief of all quartermaster's," I ventured.

He ignored my remark, "Anyway, excepting myself, Audet, the rest of the Isthmian bunch, and one or two others scattered around the sea somewhere, they're all back ashore. Clawson, check 'em" he interrupted, "is editor of the Exeter Weekly Herald, also printer, reporter, type setter, janitor, and president of the local Rotary Club."

Sype is entertaining at a San Francisco nite spot; Martin manufactures superchargers for diesel trucks; and Boyce is running cattle in Arizona, Averill is his top hand and Holzer does the cooking." We gasped at that. "Adolph Erickson is in the selling racket, everything from ten karat gold rings to dull literature he edits himself."

Dan took a breath, glanced at the muster sheet and continued, "Kent Clark runs a harmonica band on the Columbia Network called 'The Carmel Choristers' they're sponsored jointly by Jensen's Tonsorial Shoppes and the Smith-Young General Supply Co."

"Leichel is one of the exceptions, of course, he's skipper of the Annie Hendy, crack tug of the Yates Boat Works of Belvedere. Dupuis is general manager of the outfit."

"Hargis married that rich widow and retired as soon as she had said, "I do".

"Buwalda is Port Engineer for the "Los Angeles - San Francisco Navigation Co.", and Maehle commodores the American President Fleet, when he isn't busy riding waves at the cove."

"Krauchi will surprise you the most", he said, "He's skipper of the schoolship!" After letting that one sink in, Dan went on.

"Nagle is president of the San Diego Association for the Rehabilitation of Neurotics, whatever that is; McElroy is an engineer with Matson, and the latest reports on Kilburn are that he was doing research work for some outfit in South America."

"Boyer is still on a tanker somewhere, and Twitchell and Simpson were supposed to be on the same ship. Frey raises chickens in Petaluma, and Drummond is in some ding of a business in San Francisco, but his main point of interest is being skipper of a sea scout unit."

"What about Grabowski?" Duke and I queried almost simultaneously.

"Have you ever seen one of these "Flash Gordon" serials?" asked Dan. We both nodded negatively.

Well, Flash Gordon is none other than our old friend", Dan stated.

"I suppose O'Laughlin is singing somewhere," I put in.

"Yes, he's on the Jello program, and Julianel has taken Jack Benny's place. Captain 'Bill' Williams runs the chain of "Fish Grottos", probably known as "Oyster Bill's", all decorated in nautical style."

"I guess that's about all," said Duke, "Wait there's White and Fostiak," I hastily added.

"Oh yes," Dan responded. "Whites pretty busy running a trucking business, and Fostiak just keeps hitch-hiking around in his old uniform.

He hasn't changed much physically and I guess people never question his authenticity, he concluded.

So saying, he arose and glanced at his watch. "My gosh, I've got two minutes to get to the ship!" he explained, "So long".

"He never was very punctual," I commented as I left.

"You ain't just saying that, stranger," responded Duke, "Come in Again!"

THE CHINA CLIPPER

The night is dark and sultry
The clouds hang black and low.
The breeze is just a whisper
As it rustles to and fro.

The schooner is dipping gently
To the rolling south sea swell,
And the sails flap uneasily
As if to break the spell.

The man behind the wheel
Is bathed in the binacle's glow.
While singing from the cabin
Echos softly from below.

Suddenly he utters a startled curse
And wipes his sweaty eyes,
For he sees a vessels running lights
Up in the cloudy skies.

He gazes in stunned amazement
At such a startling sight.
Then the sound of heavy motors
Blots the stillness of the night.

Slowly he lights a cigarette,
A sheepish grin on his face,
While the mighty China Clipper,
'Frisco bound does race.

THE KID

He was just a crazy kid
Along in his latter teens
When he started to go to sea
And thrived on pork and beans.

And now he can't quit the racket
But he couldn't tell you why.
I guess the sea has got him
Like it's gotten you and I.

He'd mumble and he'd grumble,
He sure did hate the ship;
But he'd always sign on again
And make another trip.

And the kids still a-signing
Himself away to the sea;
But this time he is sailing
As Chief Mate under me.

SOOGIE

I've soogied in a hail storm
I've soogied in the rain,
I've soogied down to "Valpo"
And soogied home again.

I've soogied up to Panama,
Beneath the blazing sun,
And when we got to Panama
The soogie had just begun.

I've soogied up to Mexico
And thence to U. S. A.
And when we get to Tiburon
It'll be soogie every day.

Editors Note: "Soogie" is the term applied to the soapy solution used in cleaning paint-work.

THE TANKER SAILOR

Steaming up from Estero
With a load of heavy oil,
The green seas breaking o'er her,
Madly swirl and boil.

Sluggish as a coal barge,
And just about as fast,
Comes a lonely tanker
Wallowing slowly past.

Oh! here's to the tanker sailor,
God rest his weary soul.
Your life is a tough one
As back and forth you roll.

And when you've finally dropped your hook
Inside those Pearly gates,
We hope there'll be no tankers there,
Skippers or Chief Mates.



The Life of a Cadet!

LIBERTY INSPECTION

"Hurry it up, Joe. You'll never make it."

"Yeh Yeh . . . I'll be along. Jus got to put m'coat on. I haven't missed one of these formations in years."

Joe scrams up the ladder, and dashes down the deck as "assembly" is blown. Sneaking into the rear rank, he assumes his "innocent" look and:

(Jees it's "Ol' Jelly Bean" inspecting. Jus one bad break after another.)

As the inspecting officer comes slowly along the ranks, Joe watches him with a sinking heart for the fellow's really out for blood.

He checks this fellow for non-reg. socks; he warns that one about the length of his hair. By the time the officer's worked his way up to Joe, he's almost worked himself into a lather.

He heaves-to just abeam and, with a demonical gleam in his eye:

"Er, Edwards."

"Yessir." (Uups, I might'v known.)

"Edwards, your shoes look as if they haven't been polished in the last six months. **And**, I hope you didn't expect to get ashore with your uniform looking like **that**. Report to me when you've cleaned up."

He moves as tho to pass on, stares at Joe's chin and:

"You didn't shave either, did you Edwards? You've come to inspection before in poor condition, but this tops the list. I've a mind not to let you have liberty."

"Joe hurriedly puts on his "injured" look, and

"I'm sorry sir, but my skin's so tender I can't shave any closer."

Skeptically, "Ump! Well, you'll have to fix those shoes and brush off, before you can leave. Report back to me when you think you're ready."

Formation is dismissed, and Joe drags himself back down to the berth-deck. He hauls out a smoke, and sits down on a locker-top to think things over.

"Yeh, he got me. And for what . . . I ask you. If I don't look as good as the rest of those bums I'll meet you on the quarter-deck."

"I wan' t' tell you, there ought to be somethin' done about guys like that. Yeh, an the State **pays** him **good money** for that sort of thing. By gees, if I had anything to say about . . . uups, there's the boat. Oh Chris, and I haven't brushed up yet. Wish me luck boys."

Joe sprints for the gangway. He skids to a halt in front of the busy inspecting officer, who by this time has cooled off a bit, and:

"Permission to go ashore, Sir?"

The officer quickly casts his eye over him:

"You look much better now, Edwards. Try to look as well when you come to inspection next time."

DICKERING

Then there was the time the boys went into Lima, for the express purpose of picking up some silver gadgets to take home as souvenirs, silver being comparatively cheap in Peru.

The day was warm, and before the boys had walked very far, there throats were dry and demanding of some kind of lubrication, which the cadets "reluctantly" provided at the first decent bar they came across.

They took on a fairly heavy cargo in the Pub, and so were feeling quite jovial, as they entered the tiny silver shop.

The proprietor, a stocky, Jewish looking fellow, capered to greet them, and Joe, as usual, was spokesman:

"Buenos Dias, Senor . . . Huh . . . er, Yes . . . Heh, Heh, good afternoon . . . hardly expected you to speak English, sort of took me by surprise, heh, heh . . . We're just looking around on the chance that we might find some silver work worth taking back to the States . . . Yes, bracelets, necklaces, or most anything . . ."

The afternoon passed swiftly, as the beautiful necklaces and jewel studded bracelets passed from the counter to Joe, through the other boys, and back to the counter.

Perhaps the dealer was fidgetting, perhaps growing a bit reluctant about digging out his prizes; at any rate Joe sensed that the time was ripe for the kill. There was one bracelet in particular that pleased him; the one ornament that would look just right on Jane's wrist.

Carefully deleting any note of enthusiasm from his voice:

"How much do you want for this one . . . Six dollars? . . . Peruvian dollars you mean? . . . **NO?** . . . Chris, man . . . you wouldn't take advantage of a poor, ignorant seaman, now would you? . . . Now look here, I can't pay tourist prices, y'know; lets be reasonable about this thing. I'll give you four dollars, no more. No go? . . . O.K., Boys . . . Guess we've seen enough . . . Eh, five . . . Nope, my price is four . . . But just to show you that Americans aren't tight . . . four-fifty . . . O. K. . . All right, wrap'er up."

ONE RUINED DAY

"Well, y' know, it sounds kind of funny when the 'folks' ask you what you've seen, and you can't answer them truthfully for fear they wouldn't understand. That's the only reason you'd ever drag me out to a place like that."

The above sentiment was expressed during one of those arguments about "whether we should go see the ruins, or have a good time, this afternoon."

Once, at the conclusion of such a discussion, four cadets set out to see the Inca Ruins, just outside Lima, Peru.

They must procure some sort of transportation, so we observe them dickering with a taxi-driver:

"O. K., boys, let me handle this . . . I'll bring this baby down to **our** price."

"Senor . . . Do you speak English . . . No? . . . Whoa, his Spanish is too fast for me . . . What'd he say, Ted? . . . Oh, he's got a friend who **can** speak English, eh . . . That's fine . . . Bring 'im on . . . Just my meat, boys . . . If I can talk to 'em, I can "reason" with 'em."

The young driver trots off, to return in a very few minutes with a billious looking individual, who, by his accent, must have picked up his English in Brooklyn.

Joe, still acting as speaker, greets him very diplomatically with:

"Good afternoon, Sir . . . We'd like to rent an automobile for a few hours, this afternoon, to make a trip out to the Inca Ruins . . . How much do you think that would cost?"

"One dollar and a half. . . For all of us, you mean? . . . Per each? . . . Jeess, man, we only want to rent the car, not buy it . . . That's way too much . . . But I' tell you' . . . We'll give you fifty cents apiece . . . No? . . . O. K., I guess we can find a better bargain than this with someone else . . . Com' on boys. . . Hello? One dollar . . . Too much, but since you've come down we'll come up, and make it seventy-five . . . O. K.? . . . Fine; let's see the car . . ."

The "car" is a delapidated touring model, of rather ancient vintage; soon, however, they are bouncing along the country road of Peru in search of adventure.

The road angled out toward the sea and the terrain changed from the carefully cultivated farms around Lima, to sandy desert. The sun nearing the zenith, burned down with great vigor, and our cadets, abandoning their dignity, stripped to a more suitable degree of dress.

At last the driver turns off the main highway, and they wind their way toward a rather prominent hill, that looks as though quite an extensive mining program had once been started on its slopes.

The auto' jerks up a last hill and dies horribly in a short spasm, gasping and quivering. Our

"young gentlemen" disembark and behold, "the sight for which we have traveled ten-thousand miles."

"Whew, is it hot! . . . 'Wonder what there's supposed to be around here . . . nothin' but bones, 'far as I can see . . ."

The spot was indeed desolate. The only things "Ruinous", were the many bones, scattered about; but they might have belonged to anything, from Injuns to squirrels, so far as our heros were concerned.

"There's a trail windin' up that hill . . . suppose we follow it . . . there **must** be **sumthin'** aroun' here."

None could think of a good reason for not following this suggestion, SOOOOooooooo they toiled up the weary slope in dust that ran over the tops of their shoes, and whirled up into the air to assail their nostrils.

They, at long last, gained the top; just more ruins, bones. A cooling breeze stirred their flagging spirits, and the funny side of the whole affair began to appear to them as they wearily retraced their steps back down to the waiting car.

"Well, we've seen it . . .," said Joe, leaning back in relaxed enjoyment of the cooling breeze caused by the auto's movement.

"But from now on I'm goin' to stick strictly to quotations from the Encyclopedia, for my travel stories."

THREE CRUISES

I've had my share of mess

And soogied with the rest,
And made the cruise to Australia
Which, by the way, was best.

I've been a second classman
And thought I was pretty good
And chased the little Swabs around
At every chance I could.

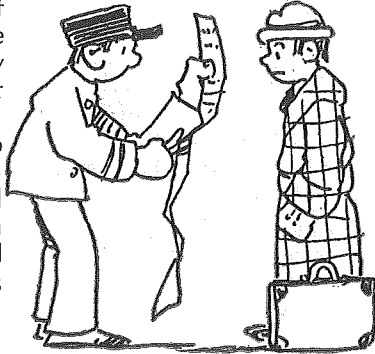
But now I have my second stripe
And found that I've matured.
In one more month I'll graduate
With the knowledge that I've secured.

Sometimes I wonder if its worth it,
The secluded life I've spent,
And if it wasn't for one more month,
I'm sure that I would repent.



Boy, I'm a Cadet

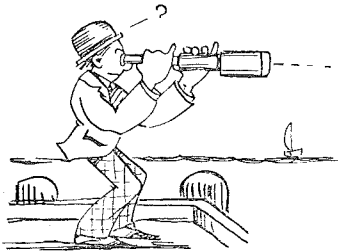
Boy! I just received an appointment to the California Nautical School; just wait until I show the letter to the folks down at the General Store. Won't all the young fellows around Cornville be jealous of me when they see this. I guess Sally won't like it, but I can't help that. I want to go to sea on a big passenger liner and walk around in my uniform and have all the girls look at me.



Well, mother, I guess I have everything packed. I only have another hour before the train is due. Will you tell pa to get the car out? Goodby mother, I'll write soon and tell you all about the school.

There's Cy out there flagging the train so I had better be going.

My arrival in San Francisco was nearly tragic. I was looking at big buildings when I started across the main street, so I didn't notice where I was walking and a big traffic jam resulted. I was rescued by an officer of the



law who put me on a street car with directions on how to get a ferry. As I crossed the bay I was amazed at the big ships that were going in and out of the harbor.

I got on a bus that took me to Tiburon and was told that I had to walk three miles to the ship. I liked Tiburon because it reminded me of Cornville; only thing different was, that the streets were paved, in this quiet little town. I stopped in a little store called "Hooper's" and had an ice cream soda; this is a nice place to spend a Saturday nite sipping a milk shake, or something.

I started to walk the three miles to the school; it was a nice walk, reminded me of walking home from high school. After walking a mile or so, my new black shoes started to hurt my feet. I had to sit down for a while and let them cool off.

After walking two miles I finally saw the big white ship, as I turned a bend in the road. Smoke was coming out of the chimney so I started to run, because I thought the ship was going to leave; I made it alright. I arrived breathless,

but was able to walk up the steps. There was an important looking fellow at the desk so I went up to him and said, "Hello". He just looked me up and down and then asked me my name. I answered, "Hammerslog". He looked in a book and then looked at me as though I was crazy. He asked me if I was one of the new cadets and I answered, "Yes". He asked me for my letter telling me of my appointment. I showed it to him, after spending five minutes trying to find it. He looked at it and then in disgusted voice asked me why I hadn't told him that my last name was Roe and that Hammer-slog was my first name. Then he jumped on me for not using "Sir" when I spoke to him. He spoke to another fellow and said that my bunk was number B17. This second cadet took me down some steep steps and I just about broke my neck, and dropped all my bags. He showed me a bunk and said it was mine and then lifted up a door and told me 'that' was a locker to put all my stuff in. I was putting my new clothes in the locker when I heard someone yelling out my name. I went up to him and he told me that Mr. Barkley wanted to see me. I didn't know who Mr. Barkley was, but I went anyway. He took my tuition money; and I then thought how hard I had worked for some of it and how my three uncles and two spinster aunts had also helped get the money.

I went back to work putting away my clothes when someone was again calling my name. I felt rather important having my name called out so that everyone could hear it; so I answered in a loud voice, "Here". Everybody around looked at me with a disgusting manner. The fellow who called my name came up and said that I was wanted in the classroom. I didn't know where that was so I just started wandering. I saw an opening in a wall so I walked in. It wasn't the classroom. This certainly is a big ship; I was lost and didn't know where to go. There was a man standing in the room so I asked him if that was the classroom. He gave me a queer look and said, "Hell no". He was very nice to me though and showed me where the classroom was.

I was met at the bottom of the steps by a rather chunky fellow. He asked me what my name was. I told him. He showed me a pile of clothes and said that they were mine. He kept calling me, "lad" just like old "Tex" did, down on the farm. I had to count the clothes and sign a slip.

I had to take the clothes down to my lockers and put my name on them. They gave me a stencil that had my name on and by putting ink on it, my name, H. P. Roe appeared. Somebody told me that the "Rules and Regulations" showed where the clothes were to be marked, and also to

be careful not to spill any ink on the deck or locker tops. I was getting along fairly well when a fellow in work clothes came up to me and asked me if I had bought any toilet paper as yet. I said, "No". He said that he could get me some very cheap and would sell it to me at half price. I told him that I had brought along my "Montgomery and Ward Catalogue" so I wouldn't do any business with him now, but might be able to, some time in the future.

I went back to my stenciling, and then found out that I had marked all my white hats on the outside instead of the inside, so my name was showing on the front. My next big worry was how I was to mark my mattress, my sheets, my blankets, and the pillow. Another fellow, who looked as though he knew something, told me to mark them on both ends and all sides.

A bugle was blown and just about scared me out of my wits, and then the big bed room was filled, like magic. The bells that were constantly ringing were annoying. All these other fellows around make it more difficult than ever to stencil my clothes. I was getting in everyone's way and was always on somebody's locker top and then having to move my clothes.

After about an hour of this constant moving and being in someone's way I was finally finished. I heard another bugle blow and wondered what it meant. A fellow came around blowing a little tin whistle and kept yelling "Clear the berth deck". I supposed he wanted us to get out of there, so I left and went up and looked at the water. Somebody come over and told me to get out of my civilian clothes and get into a uniform of the day. I didn't know what that meant but I went down in the big bed room again and opened my locker. I had a hard time opening my lock, because I had forgotten the combination. I noticed everyone was wearing the same kind blue uniform that was given to me so I tried to find it. I finally found it at the bottom of the locker. As I was putting on these clothes, the

bugle blew again. I was beginning to wonder if it blew all the time. There went that darn bell again. I heard the clattering of feet over my head and it sounded as though something was happening. There was no-one around and I thought that I might be missing something. Just as I came up at the top of those steps again I heard someone saying, "Roe absent, Sir". I yelled out, "I'm here". I was again given a dirty look as the commanding cadet said, "March your men to mess". I walked into the room where everyone was sitting down to eat. I sat down at a vacant place but a fellow next to me told me to get the heck out of there and to sit at the outboard end of the table. I didn't know what that meant so I started to walk around. The fellow with the little tin whistle showed me a place to eat.

On my left was a sad looking fellow who looked as though he had come from a small town like I did. I started to talk to him and he told me he was from Hollywood. I became very interested and asked if he had seen any of the movie stars. Just as I was getting along beautifully, the fellow on my right told me to "Shut up". Then he started to fire questions at me. The questions were like, "What is a water hammer", and "why does the wildcat roar". I didn't know any of the answers.

After dinner, all of the new cadets were told to be in the classroom at 1800. I went down there and "they" asked me a lot more questions and then they told me the "law" of the school and how I should do everything. They also told me who was the boss.

Finally they let me go so I went back to the big bed room to go to bed. All the lights were out. I had a hard time finding my night gown in the dark, and also had to make my bed. I didn't know how so I just lay down on top of my mattress, completely exhausted; even more tired than if I had worked all day with the old team of horses.

Three Long Years

On September 29, 1936 we walked aboard the Training Ship to start our sea-going career. That first day of stenciling gear; getting bunks, and making them (how we longed for mother); dismissing civilian clothing, lest we go on report; learning proper respect for the disciples of the Bridge Deck — first classmen — lest we forget! Our first watch, what a night mare! Imagine being hauled out of one's bunk at mid-night to stand the "grave-yard" watch, but that's just routine at C. N. S.

Noon Saturday of our first liberty day, did we envy those upper classmen with their shiny gold braid (and seats of pants), but soon we would be much looked at by those of the fairer sex too, we thought or hoped! It's a long walk, that two and a half miles from the shore base to Tiburon; at least, the first four or five hundred times, it seems like quite a stroll for a warm September afternoon (or any other afternoon). It didn't take us long to learn that Ma Hooper's place was the first stopping place for leg-weary cadets to stop in, and talk over their troubles while sopping up a bottle of beer—also the last!

Soon the ship, and ship's company, of which we were now definitely a part, cast off the shore-lines, and steamed, under "forced-draft", for Mare Island Navy Yard. We'd heard great tales about free shows, cheap beer.... and beautiful Vallejo debutantes. The shows were fine, the beer refreshing, but it seems the upperclassmen had claims on all the deb's of Vallejo and vicinity. Oh Yes! I must mention the boilers. All ships have them you know. Yes! And they are very dirty: and it seems definitely necessary that swabs (our name at California Nautical Schools) climb inside and clean all, yes every last grain, of carbon from the sides of the combustion chamber and furnace. Quite a dirty job, but being a necessary evil, we were only too glad to do it, if it helped us exceed our breath taking pace of ten knots.

It seemed that half of our life had passed us by, and all our friends forgotten us, but in reality only six, so very slow, weeks had passed till we again hauled the lines aboard (by this time this hauling eight inch hausers around like string was getting very monotonous — and it kept up for the following five months, in every port), and, mid cheers, tears, and jeers the California State again pulled away from its dock at the shore base—this time for the open sea, and "romance". Its funny how that rolling motion makes one veer, yes almost makes one loose his er, well shall we say lunch, —or shan't we? (It's all up to you, if your reading this on a ship or even in the bath tub though, I'd suggest you skip it!) After eleven days of cleaning up mess benches, washing dishes, standing foc'sle watches, wheel watches, oilers' watches, firemens'

watches (you can see by this time that a ship needs as much attention as a woman, if you want to get anywhere with her, and we all were planning very much on getting to Tahiti) we sighted a sandy group of islands, only three days, via "California State", from Tahiti, the island of beautiful women, champagne, bicycles, and fresh fruits. It was a beautiful day when we saw Papetee from a ground view, although it did seem that all the trees were swaying, and that the old ground it'self was not anchored quite as securely as it should of been. Champagne was the drink of the day, while ice cream was the only sensible food anyone partook of. Bicycles were everywhere, and everywhere a bicycle was there was a cadet; so by simple deduction you can see that the cadets were everywhere. Only too soon, though, the steam pressure rose, every one crossed their fingers, and the whistle blew; it was quite a relief to know it worked so every one un-crossed their fingers, and it immediately stopped—we shoved off for New Zealand anyway; don't tell the "Steam-boat Inspectors" this, or they might not let us graduate.

After another considerable voyage at sea the Training Ship nosed her way into the beautiful Auckland Harbor. For fourteen rainy days we traveled here and yon in the vicinity of this quaint semi-English town. For most of us it was our first Christmas away from our homefireside's but with thanks to our "Bridge Deck" and the Auckland Chamber of Commerce (or what ever they call it) we had a lovely Christmas party aboard. Dates were arranged from the various social circles around the town and most of the cadets were very well pleased with their companions for the day and following days— it seems. The writer diligently meated twenty-seven (27) chickens for sandwiches, and was in no mood for Christmas parties, or Christmas cheer, (correct, he was one of the "doomed messmen").

It wasn't long after 'till we were bounding around on the Tasman sea; bounding is no word for it, lets say bouncing — 'cause that's actually what we were doing. Soon, though, all hands forgot their sea sickness and we tied up along the dock of Port Melbourne. Dances were given quite often for the cadets, and "gal" friends were quite numerous—in fact too numerous for a couple of the boys, who had quite a time avoiding "international entanglements".

Sydney, the land every young fellow dreams of, and the place to which all cadets hope to some time return. The "gals" are marvelous, the beer is potent, and, all in all, every one had a rip-roaring time and really hated to heave those before-mentioned eight inch hausers aboard and shove off for Samoa.

In Fiji and Samoa, the only thing to do was drink beer, and buy souvenirs—mostly drink beer. The surrounding country was beautiful, but too thickly jungleized to penetrate, so most of us had to be content with sitting in the community pub.

After a delightful stay in Honolulu, we steamed to the coast of California, entering San Francisco Bay, and tied up to the dock at our shore base. It wasn't long until all the northern cadets had undergone the "Five S's" (shine, shave, shampoo, and shower) and were on their way to enjoy a wonderful twenty day leave at home.

Those twenty days passed with awful slowness to those of us who were aboard, but the day the other boys returned and we shot questions at them between packing our gears, etc—they seemed to think it was altogether too short a leave. The bugle blew (as it usually does at the most inconvenient times) when your author was in the midst of untying a knot in his shoe—but by some unknown quality a cadet soon acquires every man was in the liberty-formation within five minutes.

It's plenty cold along the old inland-highway in the middle of the night, and that's precisely where the most of us were, on our homeward journeys — somewhere between Bakersfield and "home". In the wee hours of the next morning the most of us were dragging our weary bones into the kitchen (always the first place to hit when one gets home—regardless of the hour).

Our foremost thought after bidding the folks hello, and hastily telling them of our cruise, was to immediately get over to the "little girlfriends" house — quite naturally. After investigating matters we found that many of the little gals who had promised to burn a candle in the window for us, had actually been burning it at both ends, and we were left "out in the cold". (I wish some true O. A. O. would write us, in care of the editor, and tell us what Joe College has got that we haven't — My, I seem to be getting off the subject, better leave this for the lonely hearts club)! Anyway leave is always a part of the year no one forgets, in fact these memories keep one going the remainder of the year. Upon returning to the Ship much time is spent in comparing your leave period with that of your shipmates. This being completed—or uncompleted—the poor cadet is immediately shoved into the classroom, his brain stuffed full of notes, his week-liberty full of restrictions for the exam. he bilged (flunked to land-lubbers), and he is, in general, a mental and physical wreck for the rest of the summer. School term passes very rapidly, though, and before we know it another leave has come, and gone, another overhaul period is over, and the fond farewells of the parents, sweethearts, and friends trail after us as we again roll out of the "Gate" This time our itinerary was to carry us down the South American coast to Peru, via Mexico and Honolulu. As usual most of the cadets hated to leave Honolulu, but when the time comes —

the California State pulls out regardless of the circumstances. We spent a week at "Lahaina Roads" for maneuvers. These maneuvers consist of the Deck Cadets practicing docking the ship, while, below, the Engineering Cadets 'maneuver' the engine. (To one of professional standing some pretty amusing sights are seen during the few days of maneuvers—in the most cases it is the cadets first try at this). After this week at maneuvers we rolled back into Honolulu for an unforgettable week of swimming sunning, and dancing. Remember the trip around the island? Quite some trip, just ask any first classman about it.

We all had to face an eighteen day crossing from the Islands to Acapulco, Mexico, but the Bridge Deck graciously let us grow beards, which helped some, in so much as it promoted a little excitement. CRASH! BANG! and the California State comes to a full stop not many days out of Honolulu. The main engine broke down and all the engineers worked like the devil to repair it, so that we could proceed on to the coast of Mexico. We arrived in Acapulco on schedule, and the first bunch of cadets climbed aboard the busses for Mexico City, D. F., the next morning.

Upon returning we found that it would be impossible to go on down to Peru, and that we'd have to return to San Diego. I must add here that the eighteen hour trip to Mexico City was not what would be called a joy ride. The roads (?) were terrible, mostly river beds, and the beer worse. Soon though the whole party was "in the spirit of things", and we did finally get to the beautiful city. All hands enjoyed a lovely five days up there—and really got into the swing of the Mexican way of living; which, by the way, is quite irregular compared with our standards. After ten days of Acapulco, we headed our bow north towards San Diego, and the base.

All along the coast of California we had our usual good times, but even so all hands were glad to get back to our little home in Marvelous Marin County. The day we got back another leave started; the day leave stopped, another school term started—another six months of cramming, studying, being restricted, and we finally ended up our school term with two big events. Namely the post school term dance, and the graduation of the first class. The dance was a huge success, as any of the cadets will tell you. The graduation brought some sadness, some joy. It seemed strange being first classmen, no one over us to boss us around. Quite a relief after the last two years; but in another way we missed those familiar faces we'd seen about all day and worked with, gone ashore with — we did miss them, but all hated to admit it!

After six weeks of Navy Yard routine, we again left those familiar faces on the dock and steamed off again, to find "romance", and foreign shores; and, incidently, to practice our professions for the last time before sitting for our exams. Throughout this little book you'll be reading epics on the ports we hit, so there's no use of my going into detail on them—

Ship's Company

N. E. NICHOLS

Captain U. S. Navy, Ret., Superintendent-Commander

GEORGE BARKLEY
Executive Officer

R. C. DWYER
Chief Engineer

R. M. SHEAF
Watch Officer

B. M. DODSON
Watch Officer

E. C. MILLER
Watch Officer

J. G. ELLIS
Watch Officer

C. G. HANSEN
Watch Officer

DAVID WARWICK
Watch Officer

R. E. BENSON
Surgeon

J. M. CADWELL
Commissary Officer

E. L. ROBBERSON
Communication Officer

CREW

FRED ROSS
FRED KIMREY
C. H. GRAVES
C. L. HEYROTH
SAM PARRISH
GEORGE OSBORN
W. E. GRIFFIN
WILLIAM WIITA
O. C. PIKE
WALTER WIITA
C. P. POLACCHI
EUGENE HARNWELL
G. C. GOETZ
E. J. BROWN

Steward
Butcher
First Cook
Second Cook
Baker
Pantryman
Wardroom Messman
Wardroom Messman
Galleyman
Crews Messman
Cabin Messman
Carpenter
Laundryman
Assistant Laundryman

RADIO OPERATORS

VERL BUCK
W. G. ELLIS
BYRON PHILLIPS

First Operator
Second Operator
Third Operator

CADET CORPS

H. C. DUPUIS
Cadet Commander

L. L. BUWALDA
Division Officer

J. M. BOYER
Division Officer

L. T. WHITE
Division Officer

FIRST CLASS ENGINEERS

AVERILL, W. F.
BLODGETT, A. H.
*BOYCE, J. L. Jr.
CLARK, K. W.
ERICKSON, A. J.
FELL, W. W.
FOSTIAK, T. S.
*FREY, H. A.
JULIANEL, V. E.
*MARTIN, F. L.
McELROY, D. D.
*NAGLE, G. A.
*SIMPSON, R. E.
SIMS, A. R.
*SMITH, W. A.
*TWITCHELL, G. S.
*WILEY, F. L.
WILSON, H. M.

Rabbit
Stud
Jess
Choo-Choo
Swede
Bottle
Pontiac
Turkey
Juicy
Frack
Mac
Joe
Bob
Health First
Slop-Chute
George
Mouse
Harrel

Dixon
Rio Linda
San Diego
Carmel
Palo Alto
San Diego
Hayward
Petaluma
San Francisco
Santa Rosa
Los Angeles
San Diego
Monterey Park
Los Angeles
Salinas
Hollywood
San Diego
Cerez

NOTE: * Denotes Petty Officer

DECK

*AUDET, C. W.
 BIRD, N. W.
 *CLAWSON, J. M.
 *DANCY, D. A.
 *DRUMMOND, S. J.
 *GRABOWSKI, S. W.
 HARGIS, R. N.
 HENDY, J. M.
 HOLZER, C. K.
 *JENSEN, P.
 KILBURN, G. R.
 KRAUCHI, C. A.
 *LEICHEL, H. L.
 *MAEHLE, R. M.
 *McMURTRY, D. R.
 *McNABB, D.
 O'LAUGHLIN, R. E.
 SYPE, W. D.
 *WILLIAMS, W. J.
 YATES, E. A.
 YOUNG, N. B.

C. Q. of C. Q's.
 Boid
 Jim
 Nautical Dan
 Prince
 Count
 Killer
 Joe-Puss
 Chuck
 Jenny
 Kaybee
 Krauch
 Hoimen
 R. M.
 Doug
 Gabby
 Black Boy
 Simon
 Captain Bill
 Maestro
 Grandma

Hollywood
 Oakland
 Exeter
 Altadena
 Riverside
 San Francisco
 Sacramento
 Carpenteria
 Santa Monica
 Torrance
 Santa Ana
 Huntington Park
 Santa Barbara
 Manhattan Beach
 San Francisco
 Stockton
 San Pedro
 South Pasadena
 Pasadena
 Belvedere
 Long Beach

NOTE: * Denotes Petty Officer

SECOND CLASS
ENGINEERS

CHAPMAN, W.
 GALLANT, A. E.
 GILCHREST, F.
 GREER, R. H.
 HASS, D. M.
 HALL, J. R.
 MILLER, C. H.
 NEWTON, J. H.
 PECK, W. J.
 PUCKETT, R. C.
 SHREVE, J. E.
 SMULLEN, S.
 SNYDER, R. R.
 TRANTUM, W. E.

Greek
 Al
 Freddie
 Bob
 Don
 Hall
 Dope
 Nasty
 Pecker
 Puck
 Joe
 Tripod
 Ross
 B. A.

Carmel
 Los Angeles
 Salinas
 Los Angeles
 San Francisco
 Inglewood
 Los Angeles
 Newport, Rhode Island
 Pacific Palisades
 Kentfield
 San Diego
 Sonora
 Los Angeles
 Whittier

DECK

ABBOT, R. H.
 CLAGUE, J.
 DAVIS, L. E.
 FOOT, F. W.
 FOX, W. M.
 GENDREAU, E. A.
 MEEKER, R.
 RACOUILLAT, R. W.
 SONNEMAN, R. H.
 SCHULMAN, D.
 THOMPSON, F. W.
 URBANI, V. M.
 WELCH, F. J.
 WILKIE, R. B.
 WILSON, J. E.

Moe
 Johnny
 Jeep
 Franck
 Red
 Mac
 Meek
 Ray
 Rabbi
 Dave
 Val
 Vern
 Lover
 Bryce
 Spike

Los Angeles
 Carmel
 Coronado
 San Pedro
 Lodi
 Mare Island
 Hollywood
 San Anselmo
 Carlsbad
 Canoga
 Palo Alto
 San Jose
 San Mateo
 Los Angeles
 Los Angeles

THIRD CLASS (Swabs)

DECK

ANDERSON, J. P.	Andy	Berkeley
BARTEL, J. E.	Carrot Top	Sacramento
BRAZELTON, D. K.	Brazi	Redding
CALOU, R. P.	Callao	Oakland
CARTER, J. I.	Cahter	Oceanside
CAVINS, R.	Fatty	Taft
CLAYTON, R.	Stuff	Los Angeles
CLEBORNE, J. A.		Orinda via Berkeley
DIETRICH, I. C.		Dixon
DONALDSON, R. E.	Whity	Taft
FLOOD, H. A.	Know-it-All	Los Angeles
FREDERICK, J. W.	Skip	San Diego
FOUTAINE, V.	Kike	Dixon
FREEMAN, F. W.	Frankie-the-fullback	Beverly Hills
GWARTNEY, Z. A.	Dutch	Los Angeles
HAERTEL, P.		Hollywood
HAMMOND, J. R.	Ham	Sacramento
JENSEN, J.		Hayward
JOHNSTON, M. L.	Cream	Carmel
KETTENHOFEN, E.	Kett	Los Angeles
MAIN, N.	Nat	Santa Barbara
MILLS, W. E.	Kanaka Boy	Honolulu, T. H.
MORRISON, R.	Dick	Tujunga
MURRAY, R. A.		San Francisco
NEWMAN, R. W.		Riverside
OWENS, R. W.		San Mateo
PETERSON, F. J.	Pete	Pasadena
PRADA, G. W.		Berkeley
RIDGELY, R. D.	Doug	San Diego
ROBERTS, D. K.	Dale	San Francisco
SCHOENLEBER, B.	Schleiberman	Pasadena
SHAFFER, K. C.		Oxnard
WELDON, W.	Willie	Tehachapi

ENGINEERS

BLAKE, W. G.	A. H.	San Francisco
CLARK, G.		San Diego
CRONIN, J. A.	Standard	Napa
DOEL, H. A.	Harry	Santa Barbara
ELDEN, R.		Los Angeles
ERICKSON, L. H.	Eric	Los Angeles
FEUILLE, F. 11	Fuel Oil	San Pedro
GROSS, L. M.	Worthless	Los Angeles
HELLER, L.	Useless	Los Angeles
KUBEL, H.	Cue Ball	Sacramento
LOCKE, M. P.	Scotty	Riverside
O'DONNELL, G. J.	Boiler Maker	Vallejo
PECK, R. L.		Fair Oaks
ROSS, B.	Beah	San Francisco
RICE, R. L.	Roughneck	Shafter
RUTHERFORD, O.	Ossy	Tujunga
RUSSON, W. L.	Panama	Pedro Miguel, C. Z.
SCHWAB, J. H.	Joe	San Francisco
SINGMAN, I.	Ernie	Los Angeles
WARREN, R. L.		Whittier
WELLS, E. J.	Rattle Snake	Brawley
WIMER, R. E.	Wima	Willow Brook

- *Memos* -