

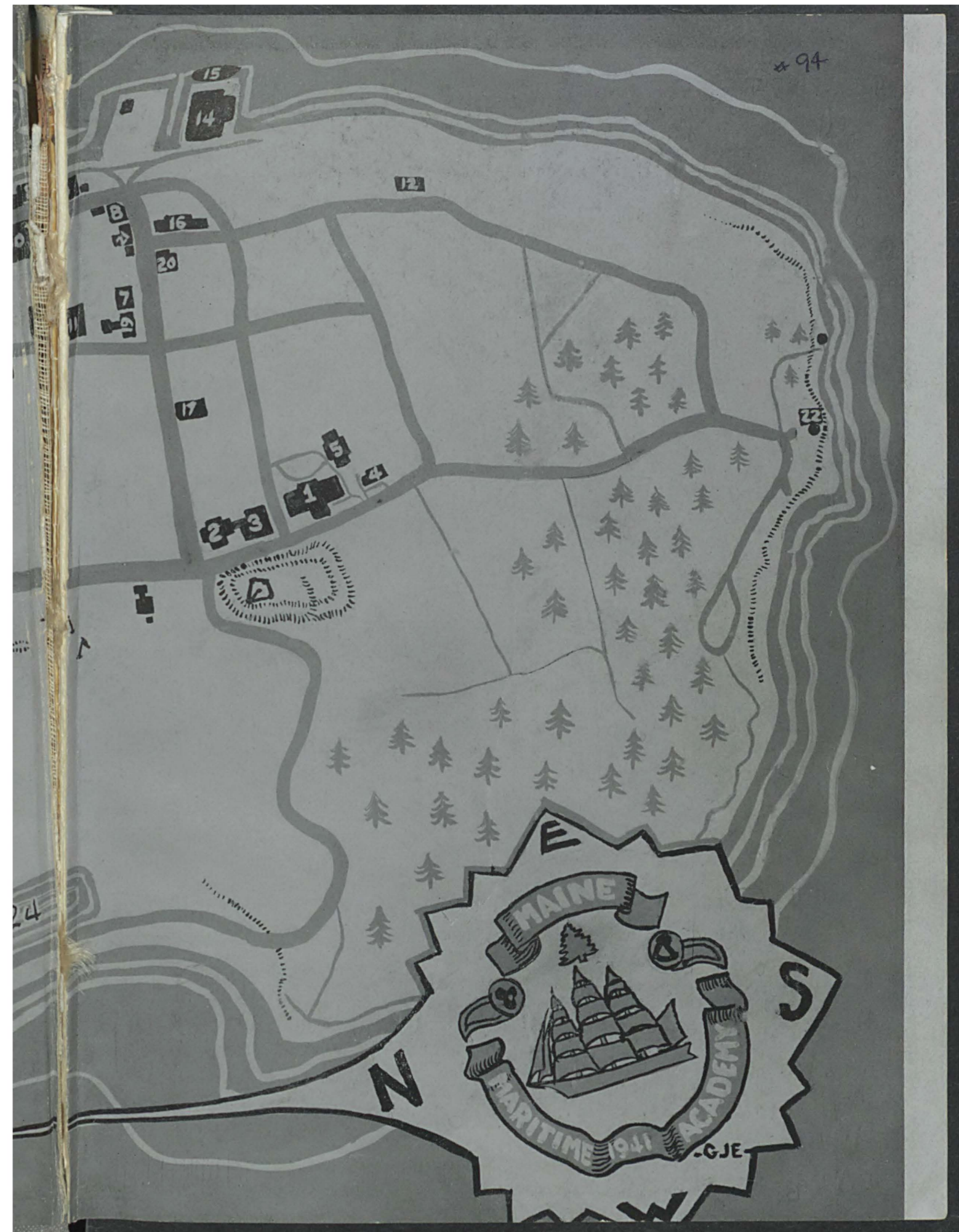
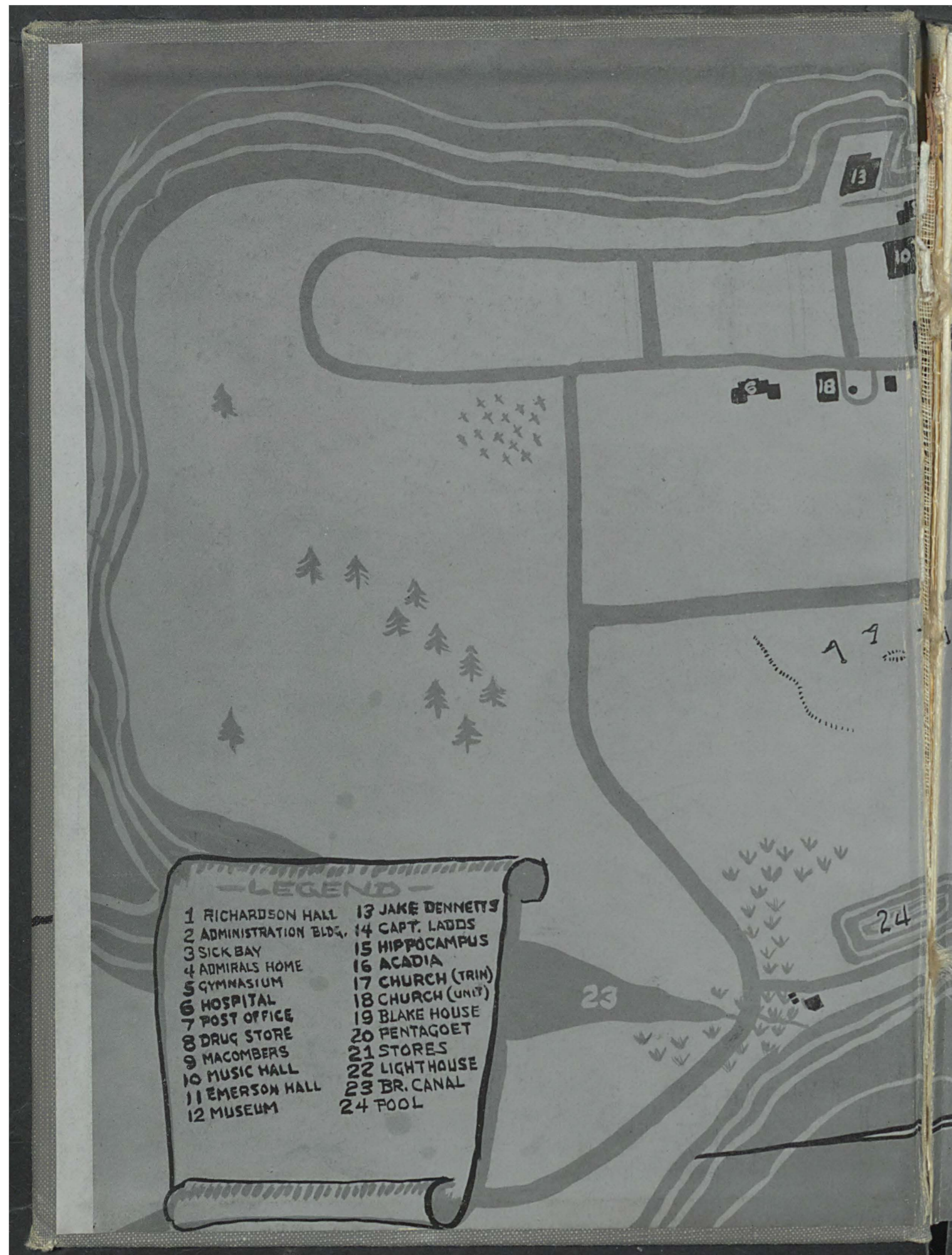
TRICK'S END



43

William H. Oram
Port Representative W. S. A.

1943-2



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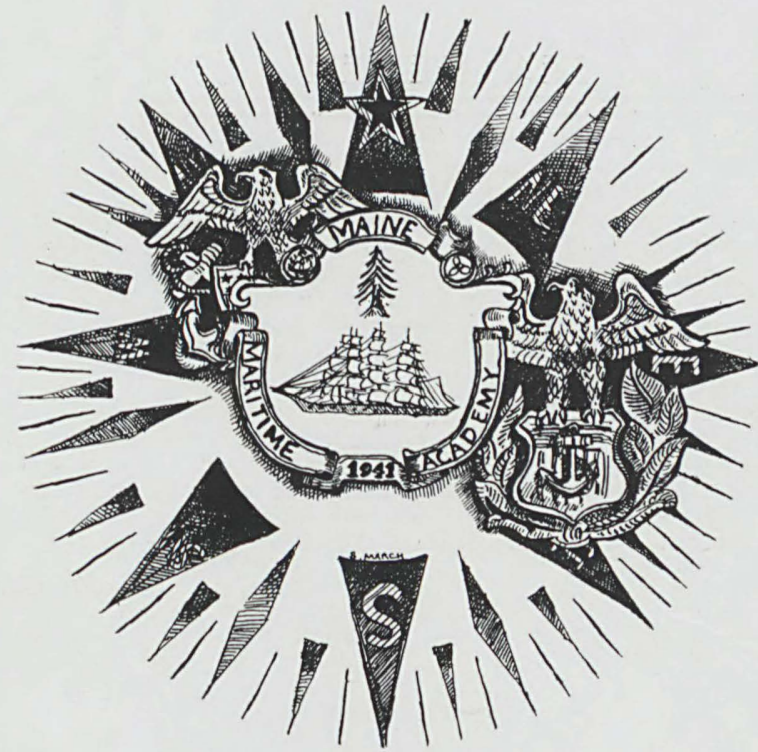
SHERMAN H. PERKINS

AMBROSE PETERSON

ONNIE SAARI

ARNOLD C. SANDERS

94 18 Aug 65 ?



SEA FEVER

*I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking
And a gray mist on the sea's face and a gray dawn breaking.*

*I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.*

*I must down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.*

—MASEFIELD

DEDICATION

LT. GROVER SMALL



LT. JAMES MURRAY

DEDICATION

At the end of every long road of study lies a goal. For us this goal is personified in these two officers. Lt. Murray and Lt. Small are symbols to us, deckmen and engineers, of what we are trying to attain. For their aid and ever-present interest in helping us take the first step towards our beckoning goal we have been and are now profoundly grateful.



GOVERNOR SUMNER SEWELL

RALPH LEAVITT PRESIDENT BOARD OF TRUSTEES

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

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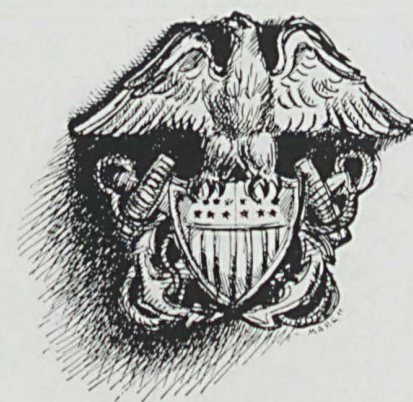


REAR ADMIRAL DOUGLAS E. DISMUKES, U.S.N. - SUPT.

Entered the Naval Service as Cadet, U. S. Naval Academy, in 1886, and graduated in 1890. Served through the various commissioned grades in the Navy until retirement for age in grade of Captain, U. S. N. Promoted to Rear Admiral upon retirement by Special Act of Congress. Citation "Conspicuous and distinguished service upon the occasion of the torpedoing by enemy submarine of the U. S. S. *Mt. Vernon* on September 5, 1918, off the Coast of France, whereby a valuable ship was saved to the Navy."

Decorations: World War U. S. Navy Distinguished Service Medal, Officer of the Legion of Honor French Government, Spanish War, Sampson Medal. Subsequent Medals: the Mexican, San Domingan and World War campaigns.

Appointed Superintendent of the Maine Maritime Academy by the Trustees with approval of the Governor and entered upon the duties of that office on the day the Academy was founded, October 9, 1941. Upon the outbreak of the war, he was ordered by the Navy Department to assume command of the Academy as Superintendent.





LT. COMMDR. WALTER J. OEHMKE, - EX. OFFICER

FACULTY - DEPARTMENT HEADS



HONORARY MEMBER

LT. CHARLES H. TUMEY

In the pursuance of our studies, we can point to no officer more mindful of our development into superior mates in the Merchant Marine and Ensigns in the Navy than Lt. Charles H. Tumey. It has fallen to him, through his manifest display of interest, to hold those famed midnight sessions on the bridge under a sea of stars and to conduct zealously those late-hour navigation classes at Castine, disregarding the personal physical discomfort of a 15-hour day. He has brought to the disposal of each midshipman the fire of his keen intellect and spread before his young mind a wealth of material.

But to pass the subject off in these few inadequate words would be to neglect a finer point. Perhaps in a less obvious way, and yet in the power of its silent, steadfast example probably a more forceful way, Lt. Tumey has brought an unusual dignity to the title of officer. We feel certain that he will instill the same dignity in our class as an honorary member.



LT. GROVER SMALL
Senior Watch Officer



LT. JAMES MURRY
Engineering



LT. STARR LAMPSON
Medical Officer



LT. JASPER CROUSE
Finance Officer

STAFF OFFICERS



LT. HERMANN MEIER
Shop — Math — Electricity



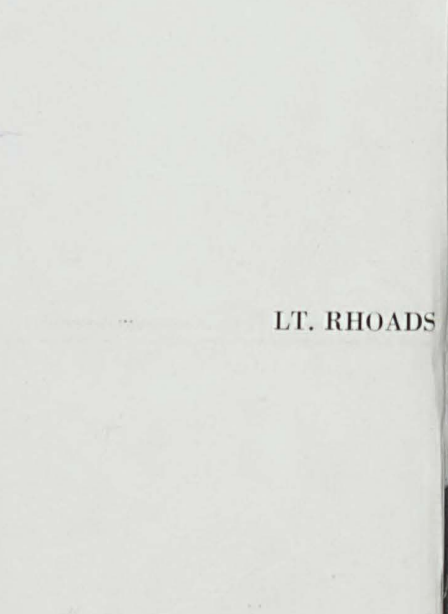
LT. PETERSON
Sea Law — Cargo



LT. HARMON
Math



LT. WALTER WINGER



LT. RHOADS



LT. SEYMORE ERDRIECH
Turbines — Boilers



LT. PARKER
Navigation



LT. WILLIAM ARNOLD
Rules — Regulations



LT. KILBY
Auxiliary Machinery





ADMIRAL'S HOUSE

SECOND GRADUATING CLASS



DAVID B. ALDEN
Portland, Me.
Verba non acta — words not action.



JO
G
W

JOHN B. ALDEN
Gorham, Me.
Without a thing to say, he passes
each day.



STEPHEN W. BAILEY
Hallowell, Me.
Big all-seeing eyes survey the world
and smile.

DAVID K. ANDERSON
Clark Summit, Penna.
From Scranton, Pa., he came to
Penobscot Bay.



ROBERT J. BARRY
South Brewer, Me.
His happy smile makes girls linger
awhile.



PHILLIP H. BARTRAM
Brookline, Mass.
To whatever he heard, he'd add a
few words.



HAROLD L. BABCOCK
Bangor, Me.
You never see me breaking the
rules.



RA
P
N

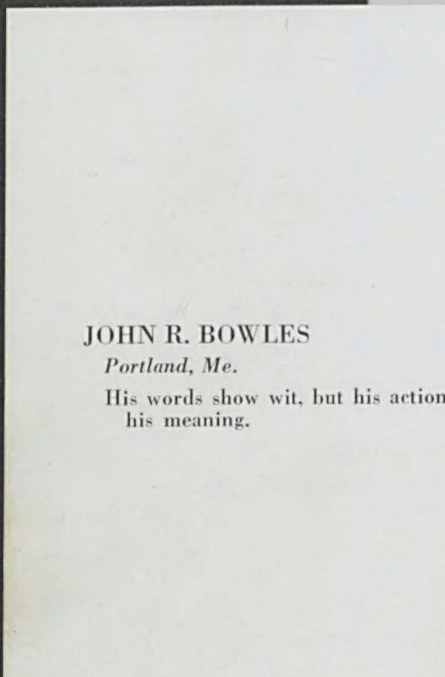
RALPH C. BAILEY
Portland, Me.
Nary a word does he say, through-
out the day.



ROLAND G. BERGERON
Lewiston, Me.
His sandpaper tone is distinctly his
own.



JOHN H. BLACK
Bangor, Me.
 Long we'll remember his fiery temper.



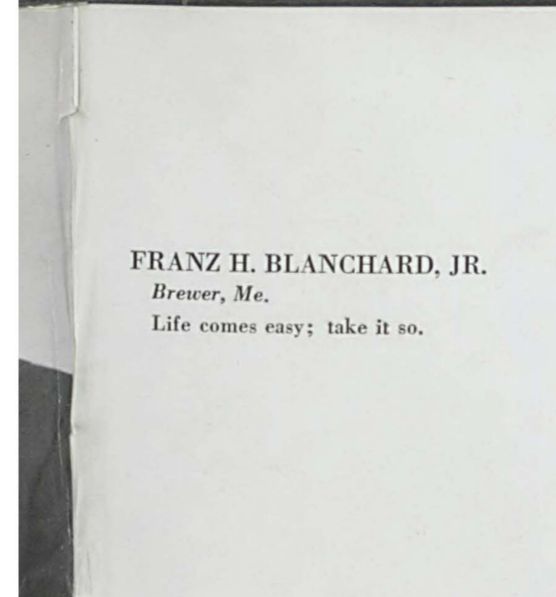
JOHN R. BOWLES
Portland, Me.
 His words show wit, but his actions his meaning.



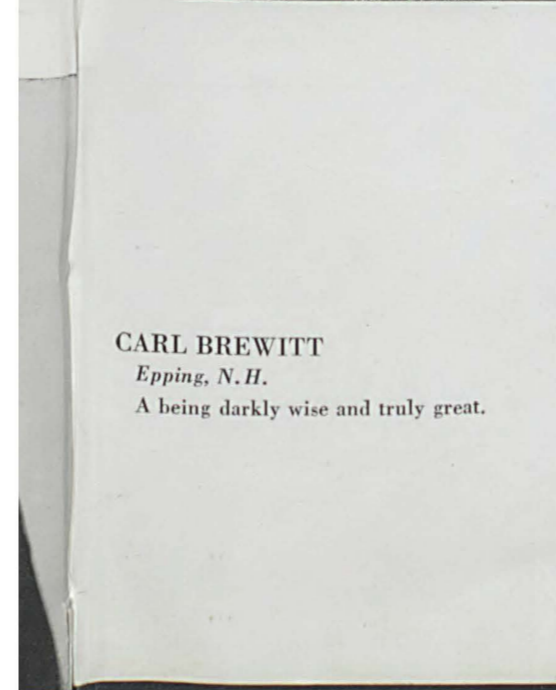
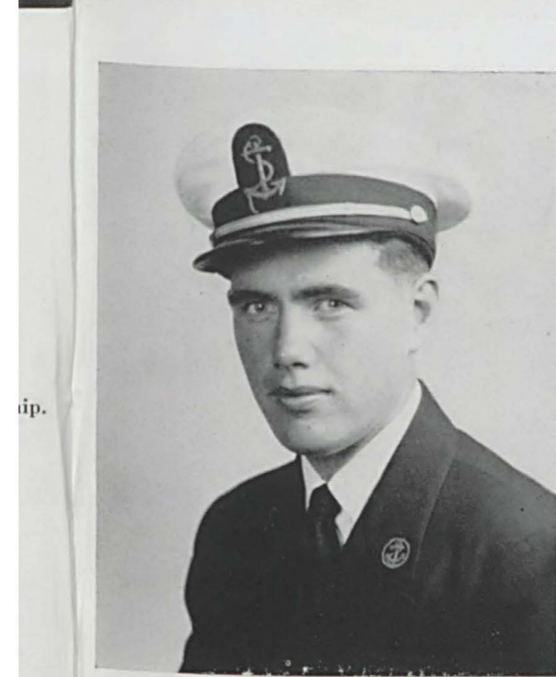
WILLIAM BRENNAN
Whitman, Mass.
 "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."



HAROLD F. BURR
Bangor, Me.
 The measured tact of leadership.



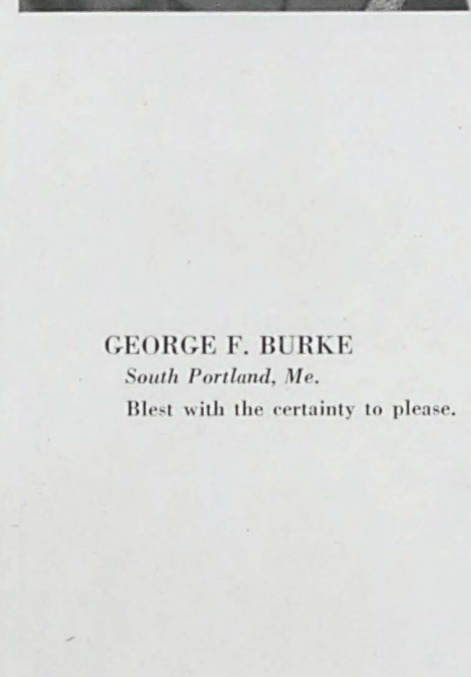
FRANZ H. BLANCHARD, JR.
Brewer, Me.
 Life comes easy; take it so.



CARL BREWITT
Epping, N.H.
 A being darkly wise and truly great.



PHILLIP T. BROWN, JR.
Cape Elizabeth, Me.
 A mate who loves the sea and all it stands for.



RICHARD M. BURSTON
Boston, Mass.
 The boy in the bosun's chair.





IVAN C. CALLAHAN

Biddeford, Me.

Physical strength with an agile mind, a powerful combination.



ARTHUR C. CARVER

Northport, Me.

The strong, steady hand of a Knowing Master . . .



JOHN F. CONLEY

Beverly, Mass.

My dearest darling Peg,—

CHRISTOPHER G. CHRISTAKOS

Bangor, Me.

The bounding ambition of little men.



JAMES J. COONEY

Portland, Me.

"The Mathematician."



ROBERT M. COSTELLO

Andover, Mass.

With malice towards none.



KILBORN B. COE, JR.

Marblehead, Mass.

Skipper of the bridge.



DONALD E. COLLINS

South Portland, Me.

A dreamer and his song.



CHARLES A. COX

Portland, Me.

Sly as a fox is this kid Cox.



JOSEPH M. CUDDY
Winterport, Me.
 He cries without tears.



JAM
 P
 TH

JAMES E. CURRIE
Portland, Me.
 The best of things come in small packages.



ARTHUR E. DAVIS, JR.
Portland, Me.
 A good boy — gone bad.

THOMAS E. CURRY, JR.
South Portland, Me.
 An expert at angles — sextant and otherwise.



WILLIAM H. DAVIS, JR.
Lynn, Mass.
 Most of his pay was spent in sick bay.



DARWIN A. DIBBLE
Seattle, Wash.
 West meets East and likes it.



THOMAS M. CURRY, JR.
East Greenwich, R.I.
 Get that sight!



PH
 N
 H

PHILLIP W. DALRYMPLE
Newton Center, Mass.
 His "Abie" name of tailor fame.



ROBERT U. DUPLISSA
Old Town, Me.
 Restless ambition — fortified by ability.



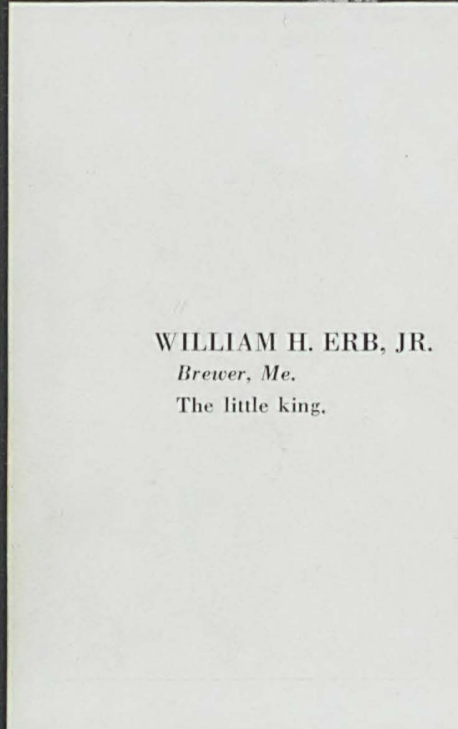
ARTHUR G. EATON, JR.
Bangor, Me.
So shines a good deed, in a naughty world.



GEORGE J. ELLIOTT, JR.
Portland, Me.
His artistic hand was always in demand.



EUGENE FALES, JR.
Thomaston, Me.
Small of stature, mighty of wisdom.



WILLIAM H. ERB, JR.
Brewer, Me.
The little king.



THOMAS H. FAHEY, JR.
Portland, Me.
"Joe Rossi" comes to Castine.



WALLACE FIELD
Old Town, Me.
The Canoe City's creditable contribution to the sea.



HOWARD B. FINLEY
Bangor, Me.
The only engineer with a "Bow-ditch."



FRANKLYN ESTES
Portland, Me.
The reticence of the wise.



DONALD L. EVANS
Kennebunk, Me.
Patience and endurance are his stand.





J. ALVIN FISHER

Camden, Me.

His soul's at sea, his heart's in
Camden.



JOE

PL

Tr

JOHN DEMARMON FLAGG

Pleasantville, N. Y.

Trigger is a friend of mine.



PAUL GENTHNER

Biddeford, Me.

RICHARD FLAHERTY

Portland, Me.

A wave in his hair was his only
care.



FREDERICK H. GEORGE

Wells River, Vt.

The blushing bridegroom.



HAROLD B. GLENCROSS

Bangor, Me.

Wiry and workmanlike.



ROBERT H. GOOGINS

Pine Point, Me.

Five months it will be before he
goes to sea.



JOHN FLINT

Rockland, Me.

Marlinspike seamanship and the
smack of salt air.



HAROLD

Port

I ha

HAROLD FOLEY

Portland, Me.

I hate people!





ARTHUR C. GORDON
Westbrook, Me.
Smiles lost in deviltry.



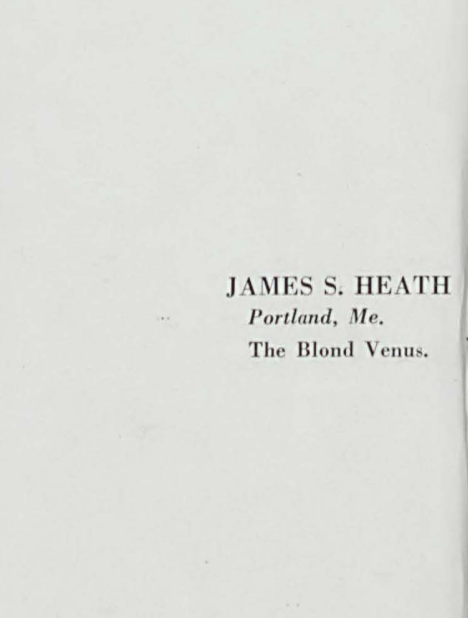
WILLIAM GRANT
Portland, Me.
A scholar and athlete.



HAROLD W. HEAL
Rockland, Me.
He cheers the world with song.



MILTON GROSS
Bangor, Me.
Let's coöperate, boys.



JAMES S. HEATH
Portland, Me.
The Blond Venus.



HANCE HEATHER
Portland, Me.
Another shipbuilder and a blimey
ole salt, too.



PAUL J. HENDRICK
Lafayette, R.I.
Ma was the mother of us all.



FRANK E. HALL
Bangor, Me.
The tall redhead from the queen
city becomes a promising young
officer.



JAMES W. HARDING
Rockland, Me.
The shipbuilder of Rockland makes
use of his product.

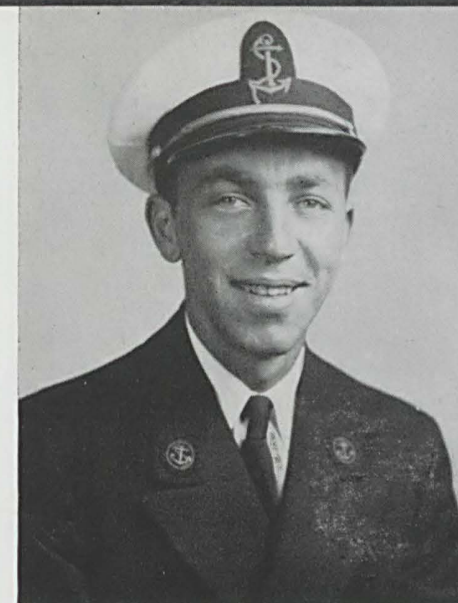




FRANK T. HIGGINS
Machias, Me.
 The temperament of youth, the intelligence of age.



ALVIN C. HUNTOON
Portland, Me.
 Still another redhead and as red as they come.



IRWIN JACKSON
Hewlett, L. I., N. Y.
 He doesn't look for trouble, somehow it manages to find him.

CARLTON HUTCHINS
Kittery Point, Me.
 From the southern corner of Maine comes this enterprising seaman.



GERALD E. JELLISON
Bangor, Me.
 For his leadership fame, "Stripes Jr." was his name.



FRANK W. JEWELL
Brewer, Me.
 To hear him speak is a rare treat.



ALEXANDER G. JONES
Lubec, Me.
 Down Easters know no obstacles.



GEORGE HUTCHINSON
Portland, Me.
 A junior officer, now watch him climb.



ROBERT M. HUTCHINSON
South Portland, Me.
 A scholar goes down to the sea in ships.





HORACE JOSE, JR.
South Portland, Me.
 To pull him from bed is like rais-
 ing the dead.



MERTON H. KILGORE
Gardiner, Me.
 His is the brazen daring born of
 confidence.



FRED LEONE
Portland, Me.
 Shipmates stand together.



GEORGE F. KIMBALL
Brookline, Mass.
 Lake Millinocket's skipper climbs
 into the rigging in this big game.

BENJAMIN W. LEWIS
Boothbay Harbor, Me.
 His thoughts are with the winds and
 the tides.



MERLE D. LEWIS
Bangor, Me.
 When work was to be done, he was
 the one.



CLAUDE W. LIBBY
Calais, Me.
 When a crowd is around he is quite
 a clown.



PAUL R. LEAHY
Brookline, Mass.
 Understanding attention to duty.



FRANK C. LEIGHTON
South Portland, Me.
 Many friends he's won with his glib
 tongue.





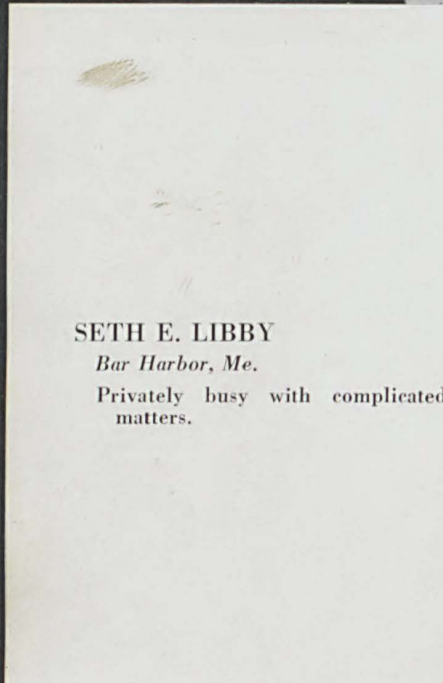
DONALD E. LIBBY
Newfield, Me.
 A sailor's job is never done.



RICHARD E. LIBBY
Vinalhaven, Me.
 The mere mention of his name sets
 his cheeks aflame.



THOMAS W. LYONS
Portland, Me.
 Ely Culbertson of the M. M. A.



SETH E. LIBBY
Bar Harbor, Me.
 Privately busy with complicated
 matters.



LEONARD D. MADDEN
Waban, Mass.
 Navy or Merchant, he is ready for
 either.



STANLEY H. MARCH
Nashua, N. H.
 On the pilot with vim his hair we
 did trim.



JOHN R. LOGAN
Bangor, Me.
 He fills the unforgiving minute with
 60 seconds' worth of distance run.



DAVID S. LOEB
Woodmere, N. Y.
 I may not be right, but I know I
 am not wrong.



MAURICE MAY
Portland, Me.
 Simplicity is the greatness of life.



FRANK J. McCARTHY
Portland, Me.
 Gripe you may, but obey you must.



BERNARD J. McDONOUGH
Portland, Me.
 I'll see you in November.



FRED J. MERRILL
 His only fear is when the dog catcher is near.

WILLIAM F. McPHEE, JR.
Bangor, Me.
 Practice is one key to the treasure of knowledge.



CHARLES J. MIGACY
Ludlow, Mass.
 Knowledge is power.



ALBERT T. MITCHELL
Bangor, Me.
 Night and day at the books he would plug away.



WILLIAM B. MELAUGH
Portland, Me.
 Out of bed with a smile.



CHARLES R. MERRILL
Madison, Me.
 Too much sleep and more to eat is for him a treat.



RICHARD G. MORSE
Bangor, Me.
 Check me out.



CHARLES E. NADEAU

Biddeford, Me.

For a two-cent bottle, your neck he would throttle.



DO

P

A

DONALD A. NEILSON

Portland, Me.

Another small package, but that's only physical.



SHERMAN H. PERKINS

Meriden, Conn.

Woodsmen make good seamen, he has proven.

GERARD L. NELSON

Bath, Me.

His graduating day is several months away.



AMBROSE A. PETERSON

Vinalhaven, Me.

A rum and ice cream.



ROBERT B. PETERSON

Portland, Me.

A smile and a bit of quick wit for all.



EDWARD T. NICHOLS

Brewer, Me.

Warmth within him creeps out thru smiling eyes.



BENT

South

He l

BENNETT NORTON

South Portland, Me.

He left his heart in Parkchester Sq.



THOMAS W. POOLE

Greenville, Me.

From Moosehead Lake to the oceans was just a step for this young man.



HERBERT E. PORTER, JR.
Bangor, Me.
He seldom missed the binnacle list.



GEO
Bar
List

GEORGE F. PRICE, JR.
Bangor, Me.
Listen to the words of a wise man.



GILBERT A. RIORDAN
Yonkers, N. Y.
The Bucksport Kid.

CHARLES F. PRUNIER
Old Orchard, Me.
As difficult to anger as time is to describe.



HARRY B. ROLLINS
Greenville Junction, Me.
Misfit clothes and corns on his toes.

oes.



ROBERT I. ROWE
Brewer, Me.
He sailed down the Penobscot to the open sea, pausing for awhile at Castine.



CARLTON C. QUINN
Mechanic Falls, Me.
Master of his fate, Captain of his soul.



DAVI
Bang
Phil
po

DAVID RAPAPORT
Bangor, Me.
Philosophic intelligence daily expounded.



MYRON D. RUST
Bath, Me.
A palm and needle, a spike and his hands are his tools.



ONNI SAARI
Harrisville, N. H.
The Flying Finn.



GE
P
L

GEORGE E. SANBORN
Portland, Me.
Duration plus six months at Cas-
tine.



PHILLIP N. SEARLES
Lubec, Me.
Another Down Easter and a bit of
the sea itself.

ARNOLD C. SANDERS
Evansville, Ind.
His summer tan made him a Harlem
man.



EUGENE SEMENTILLI
Bangor, Me.
Aim for the stars.

LLI



MILTON SETNOR
Bangor, Me.
Life is a game, he holds a winning
hand.



MILES R. SAWYER
Rockland, Me.
Deeds not words.



PAU
Stat
Fro
w

PAUL C. SCHROEDER, JR.
Staten Island, N. Y.
From him is seldom heard a spoken
word.



JOHN E. SHAW
Portland, Me.
He walks by night.



PAUL F. SHEA
Manchester, N. H.
 The watch on the dock.



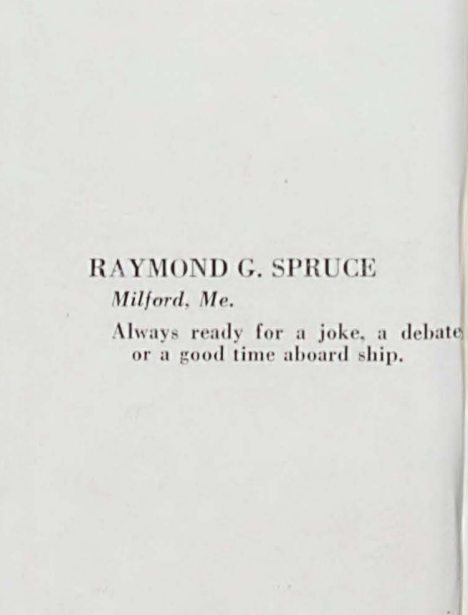
EDMOND H. SMITH
Westbrook, Me.
 To argue with Smith is anything but bliss.



JAMES D. SPRAGUE
Belfast, Me.
 His cross-country stories make us forget our worries.



KENNETH C. SMITH
Lubec, Me.
 From a fishing boat in Lubec comes a willing mate.



RAYMOND G. SPRUCE
Milford, Me.
 Always ready for a joke, a debate or a good time aboard ship.



CLIFFORD STOWERS
Andover, Mass.
 Determination and belief in strict discipline keep one on the upward path.



SEWELL SMITH
Machias, Me.
 He mixes reason with pleasure, wisdom with mirth.



RICHARD G. SPEAR, JR.
Rockland, Me.
 A trick at the tiller and all is well.



EVERETT STROUT
Portland, Me.
 His sheepish look resembles a blank book.



WARREN W. STROUT
Portland, Me.
 The sailor of Casco Bay takes to
 the seven seas.



GEORGE C. WADLEIGH
Portland, Me.
 A Navy man through and through.



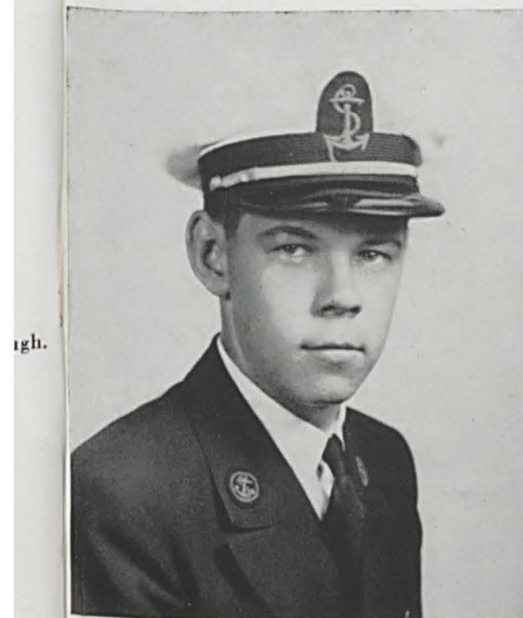
GEORGE M. SULLIVAN, JR.
Westbrook, Me.
 The snake charmer.



JOSEPH S. SUTTON
West Roxbury, Mass.
 Follow the road, march!



LORIMER J. TRAFTON
Gardiner, Me.
 Even of temperament, steady of
 purpose.



OSCAR W. STURDIVANT
Gorham, N. H.
 An excited interest for all that goes
 on.



NORMAN WEISBECKER
Edgewood, R. I.
 You don't rate it.



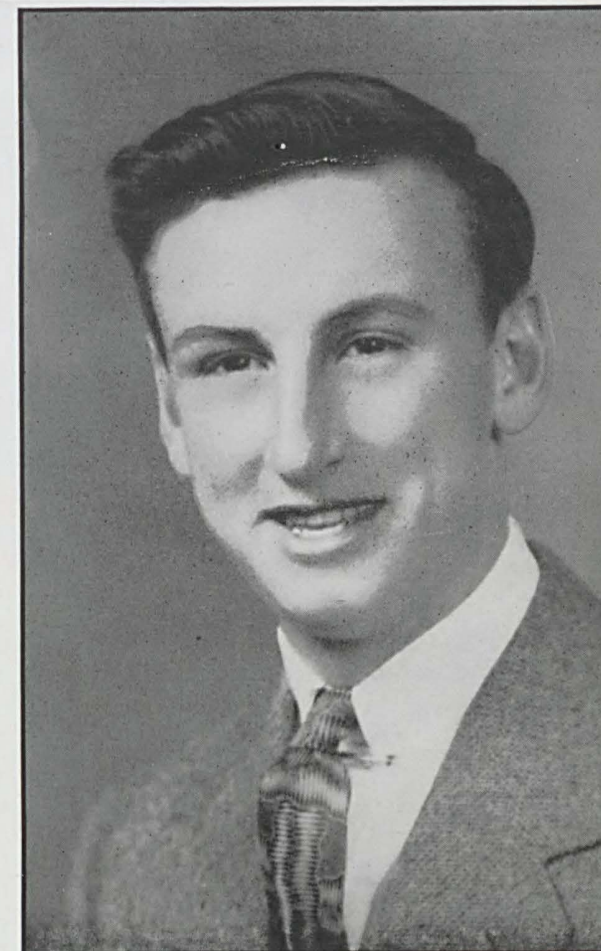
JAMES W. VOORHEES
Bath, Me.
 Not a care has he on land or sea.



ROBERT A. WHITEHEAD
Belfast, Me.
 His pastime, it's said, was to tor-
 ment "Red."



By Courtesy of Gannett Publishing Company, Inc.



ROLAND BOUCHER

In Memoriam

One word describes more eloquently than any other the place that Roland Boucher held and forever will hold in our hearts:—*SHIPMATE*. That one word sums up his courage, devotion and loyalty to all who knew him. We will always revere his memory.

HISTORY

The events of the past few months: North Africa, Sicily, the drive into Italy have demonstrated conclusively the tremendous importance of our Merchant Marine. Gigantic convoys — 800 ships for North Africa, upwards of 2000 for Sicily, an equal amount for Italy. These great masses of ships, carrying soldiers, sailors, guns, planes, ammunition, tanks, food and supplies of every conceivable description, braving desperate attacks by fleets of submarines and planes, are living monuments to the men who build and sail them. The American merchant marine has arisen to its task. The tide is slowly pivoting in our direction.

However, the war is far from won. Scarcely a dent has been made in the armor of Germany and Japan. It seems clear that the only way we can crack them both is by landing, in the heart of these two countries, a huge invasion force capable of smashing their armies. For though we may bomb their cities to ruins, they are not beaten while their armies stand intact.

The route to victory lies over water. A simple map will show us that. Shipping, dwarfing anything ever thought of before, will be needed. Faced with this unalterable fact, the United States, starting practically from scratch, is now assembling the greatest merchant fleet in the world and manning it with thousands of trained officers and men.

Now, why all this expansion of our merchant fleet? The answer to this is obvious; yet we still refuse to look it in the face. Up until shortly before the war, our merchant fleet was practically non-existent. We were as poorly prepared in this respect as our army and navy.

This lowly status of our merchant fleet was a direct outgrowth of our traditional desire for isolation. We had failed to realize that in a modern world we are utterly dependent on trade and contact with the outside world. We refused to admit that world events could have any effect on us whatsoever. The record of the past decade has shown us just how wrong we were. Until now, we have ignored the fact that a large foreign trade operated by a free, privately owned, and prosperous merchant marine is one of the cornerstones of a working democracy.



Let us hope that we do not again close our eyes to something so obvious.

Although the trend of our history has been in the opposite direction, we have not neglected the sea altogether. The history of our merchant marine has been an illustrious one.

In the revolution, converted merchant vessels helped us win our independence. Our first warships, speedy privateers, were converted merchantmen manned by our merchant seamen. Their aid has been overshadowed by the exploits of our naval commanders, but it was invaluable in disrupting the British supply lines.

After the revolution, the entire prosperity of our nation was based for a period of years on the famous, rich triangular trade. New England shippers were starting to undermine the mistress of the sea, England.

The Napoleonic wars put an end to this new commerce. Our overseas trade stifled, we turned inward, developing our manufacturing industries. At the end of these drawn-out wars, there was a great revival of shipping. This was the famous era of the clipper ships, in which New England skippers and ships set records which still stand today.

The Civil War halted this expansion. The era of iron and steel ships was at hand and we relinquished our place on the high seas to others. All eyes were turned inward where an unprecedented industrial advance was making us the richest country on earth.

This state of affairs continued until the outbreak of the first World War. Then, faced with a world-wide demand for products and not having the bottoms to carry them, the United

States was forced to embark on a great expansion of its merchant fleet. Our entry into the war hastened this program, until at its end we had the largest Navy and Merchant Marine afloat . . . then we scuttled them both!

With the world depending on us for aid and cooperation, we once more turned inward. Ostrich-like, we encouraged a false prosperity by means of a huge tariff and enormous loans to bankrupt nations — a prosperity which finally collapsed in the depression of 1929-33, the depression which has led to the rise of all the discontent which has caused this war.

Now, finally, we know where we stand. We realize that our future is inextricably entangled with that of the rest of the world. We are determined to build a real lasting prosperity, based on a solid foreign trade and free intercourse with our neighbors. Our aims, then, are twofold: first and all important — to win the war, then secondly — to prevent its repetition by building a secure world.

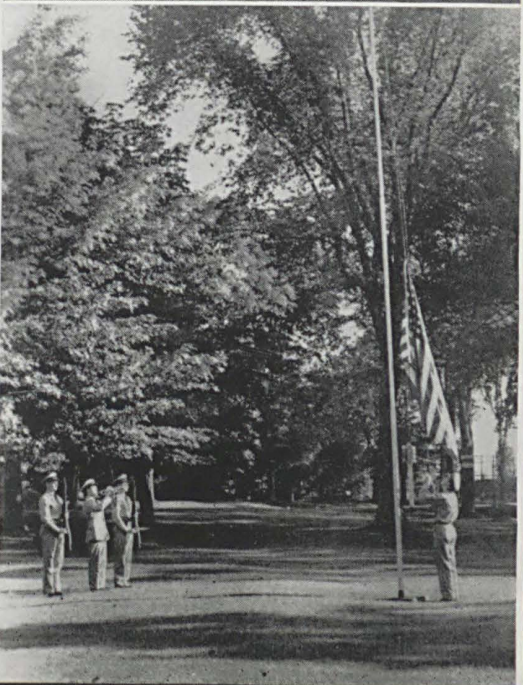
The place of Maine in the history of our merchant marine is a distinguished one. Maine has had a large share in the building of our wooden sailing ships, and, more than any other state, the eyes of Maine have been turned toward the sea, perhaps subconsciously knowing that someday it would hold its rightful place again.

Castine in its own right was once an important port. Ideally situated on a diamond-shaped point of land on one of the largest land-sheltered harbors in the United States, it commands the approach to the Penobscot River. Logically, it was one of the first settlements in the United States and was alternately controlled by many of the early colonizing powers. Castine figured prominently in the revolution and war of 1812, in which wars it was captured by the British and used as one of their chief strongholds.



Castine is fitted both by history and physical characteristics for the fifth and newest Maritime Academy. The Maine Maritime Academy, along with New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and California, is devoted to the accomplishment of the two aims mentioned above. More than any of the others is it devoted to these two purposes; for our Academy was literally forged in the heat of war.

The aims of the Academy tie in with our





broader purposes. Our first is the immediate one of supplying qualified third officers and engineers for the merchant marine with the broad and underlying view in mind, to equip the midshipmen for a career at sea.

A second and perhaps equally important purpose is to create a pool of men, so qualified that they are able to be called to active duty in the Navy as commissioned officers. To accomplish this, all the midshipmen are enrolled in the United States Naval Reserve.

The subjects embraced in the curriculum are attacked from both the theoretical and practical approaches. For the deck midshipmen, Navigation, the science of sailing a ship safely and economically receives chief emphasis. For the engineers, steam is the equivalent. While at the Academy, stress is placed on the theoretical background. The practical application is demonstrated while cruising. The subjects as taught at the Academy aim to arrive at a real understanding, as opposed to teaching merely by rote, with its consequent dependence on memory instead of intelligence.

To obtain this understanding of Navigation, a comprehensive course in Trigonometry, both plane and spherical, ranks next in importance. This course gives the student the proofs of the various navigational formulæ and processes.

Seamanship, stowage, signalling, sea law, first aid are other subjects covered by the deck force. For the engineers there are Diesel, electricity, machine shop, shop math and also first aid and naval science.

The course in Naval Science deserves special notice. This study equips the midshipmen to attain the rank of Ensign U. S. N. R. In this course, gunnery, naval customs, drills, and naval regulations are taken up in detail.

The entire course of study originally covered three years. However, the emergency has caused it to be shortened to 16 months. The phenomenal thing in this respect is that nothing of importance has been left out. To finish a three-year course in a year and four months, a tremendous amount of study has been necessary. Vacations and leaves have been either cut out altogether or sharply curtailed. The various courses themselves have been shortened and intensified without leaving out any of the essentials.

The history of the school itself reads almost like current affairs. Its very lack of ancient tradition and customs has helped us. We have been able to forge ahead, use new methods, and go our own way until today our Academy, both scholastically and militarily ranks second to none.

The Academy was founded upon passage of an enabling act by the State legislature. The passage of this act we owe to the endeavors of Mr. Ralph Leavitt, who is today President of the Board of Trustees of the Academy.

With the bill passed, Castine was selected as the site for the Academy. Rear Admiral Douglas E. Dismukes was chosen as superintendent. That

this was a wise choice has been proved innumerable times. Admiral Dismukes has given lavishly of his time, energy and experience to the building of the Academy, both materially and spiritually.

Following the Admiral's appointment, other officers were detailed to the Academy as instructors. The first class arrived twenty-eight strong and were quartered at a former hotel, the Pentagoet.

With the outbreak of war on December 7, 1941, things started to change. The course was cut from three years to sixteen months. Academic subjects were cut out and more emphasis was given to Naval Science. The Eastern State Normal School Buildings were taken over and preparations were made to admit a class of 200 in July — our class. In days to come our class will be long remembered by all those connected with it. Two hundred strong at first, our number has dwindled to one hundred and forty. Those that are left can in all truth point to themselves as the ones that have built the Academy. For, after all, the second class of the Maine Maritime Academy as the first *large* class was an experiment that turned out admirably.



First under their senior's direction and then under their own ratings they labored to redecorate and beautify the Academy buildings and grounds. At times hard to manage, our class has retained its individuality. However, whenever the occasion arose for action, we always came through with flying colors.

The first few days of the summer of 1942 were bewildering and discouraging ones, but we quickly adapted ourselves to new ways of life. Hardest of all was learning how to take orders. In a very short time, however, things were running smoothly and we were all set for our first cruise.

After the cruise we settled down at the Academy for six months of uninterrupted study. Then, theoretically proficient, we set out for our second cruise, where we received thorough, practical experience in all phases of our work.

Now back at the Academy with only weeks to go until graduation, our long-sought-after goal is just ahead. Each member of our class, with the confidence bred of thorough training, is ready to go out and do his job

FIRST CRUISE

This is the log of our first cruise. Late on the night of Tuesday, September 1, 1942, some one hundred and ninety midshipmen, the first and second classes of the Maine Maritime Academy, arrived at Pier Sixty-one, New York City, to board the M. S. T. S. *Alleghany*. We had a long, tiresome train ride that day, and after we stowed



all our gear aboard, each one of us climbed wearily into the nearest bunk, some going below to stretch out on the deck of number five hold.

The next morning we had our first muster on the boat deck and during this time watched the ship pull away slowly from the pier down the North River, around the bend of Manhattan Island, up the East River to Fort Schuyler, which was to be our home address for the following three months.

We soon organized, stood regular watches, attended class, did our ship's work and mess duty. It was on this good ship that we stood our first quartermaster watches on the bridge, our fireman and water tender watches in the engine and fire rooms. We had some really practical seamanship classes, wherein our work took on an entirely new meaning. As engineers we

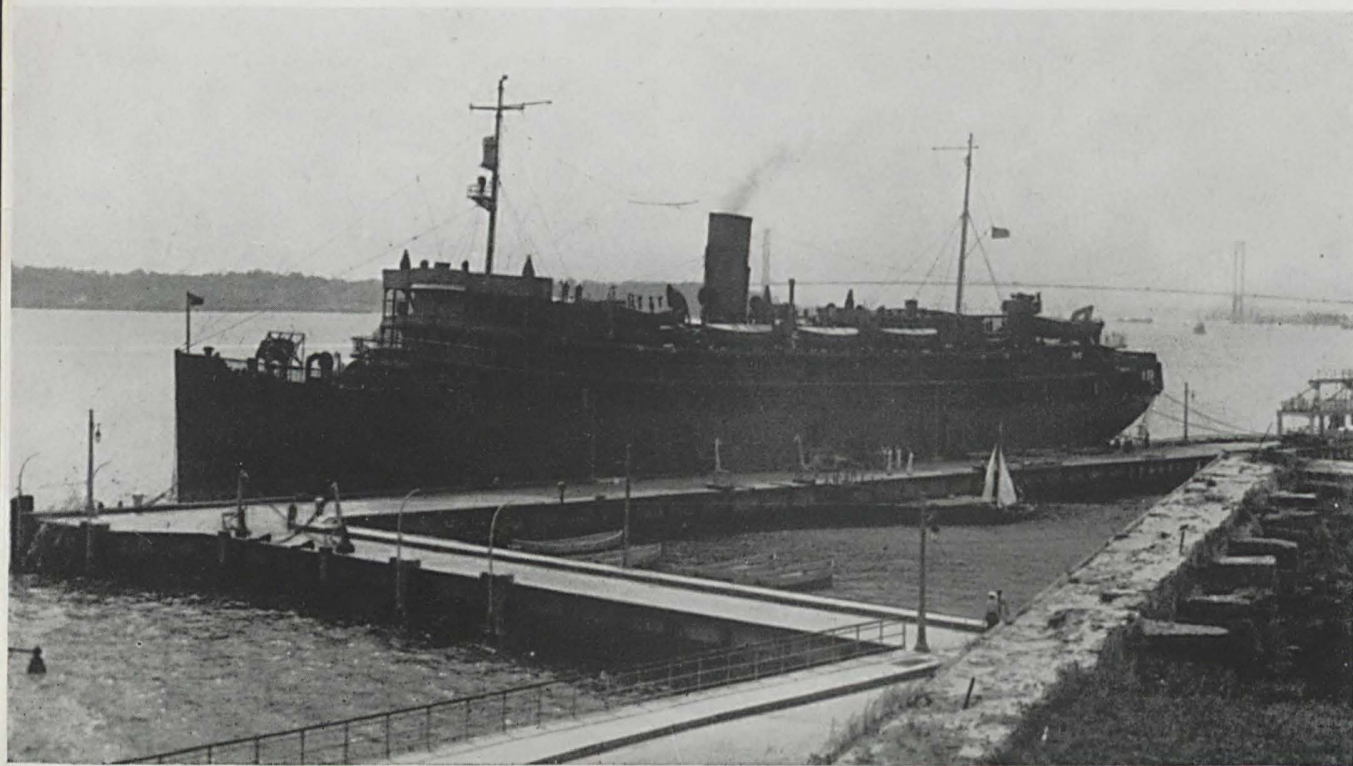
studied the "little blue books" and then put that information into use by tearing down and then putting back together again all the machinery of the engine room. Our machine shop was a wonderful aid to training, too.

Ship's work was ship's work no matter how we looked at it, but it was during that time that we picked up angles, ideas and knacks of doing our job that would carry on for years. It was here that we first chipped paint in large quantities, painted, holystoned, cleaned boilers, bilges and condensers to such an extent that we thought that we were masters of the art.

Mess duty here was the easiest on record. And, speaking of mess, I could go for a plate of Pangello's spaghetti right now with plenty of meat sauce and grated cheese, or another Thanksgiving Day dinner as we enjoyed late in November, but no rowing afterwards, please.



By the time we were ready to go back to Castine, we had our own Castine officers. We had become competent watch standers and had increased our understanding of our future positions to the nth degree. After having spent our liberties in New York, we thought that we knew the big city well. We had completed an important period of our training successfully and were ready for whatever lay ahead.



THE STACK

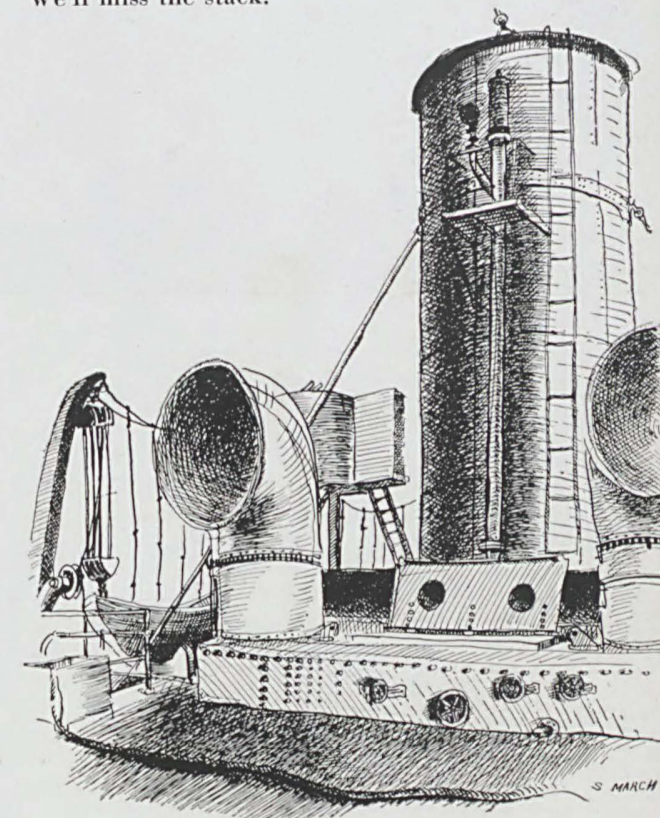
The stack to us is a symbol. A symbol of long hours of arduous work. Of chipping, of scraping, of red leading and painting. But, more than that, the stack with its long plume of smoke trailing far behind symbolizes "Anchors Aweigh," goodbyes, new ports — Adventure ahead!

The stack is an integral part of most modern ships. Its function is to carry off the products of combustion created by the burning fuel oil. As such it is a source of much distress to the fastidious deck officer, for the Engineer living away from the sun has little regard for cleanliness above decks. The result — a poor mixture, inferior combustion and the decks laden with soot.

The stack is a comparatively modern addition to ships when viewed along the long avenue of history. The first stack, actually not a real stack by the above definition, was the one used in the galley, affectionately called "Charlie Noble." Stacks really appeared with the advent of steam boats about 1800, and soon became a very decorative part of all vessels. About the turn of the 19th century, stacks were quite the mode, with the large liners (of that day) having as many as four or five stacks where one would suffice. Even today, the Giants — the "Queen Mary" and the "Normandie" carry more stacks than necessary. They give the impression of great size and help awe the timid first voyager. He soon finds out, however, that these "false" stacks are used for a variety of purposes, namely: Dog Kennels, game rooms, and solariums.

However, the hey day of the stack is destined to be over. In this fast-changing world, Motor ships will soon replace the others. Some of these are already on the High Seas, and, stackless, they are indeed a strange sight.

We'll miss the stack.



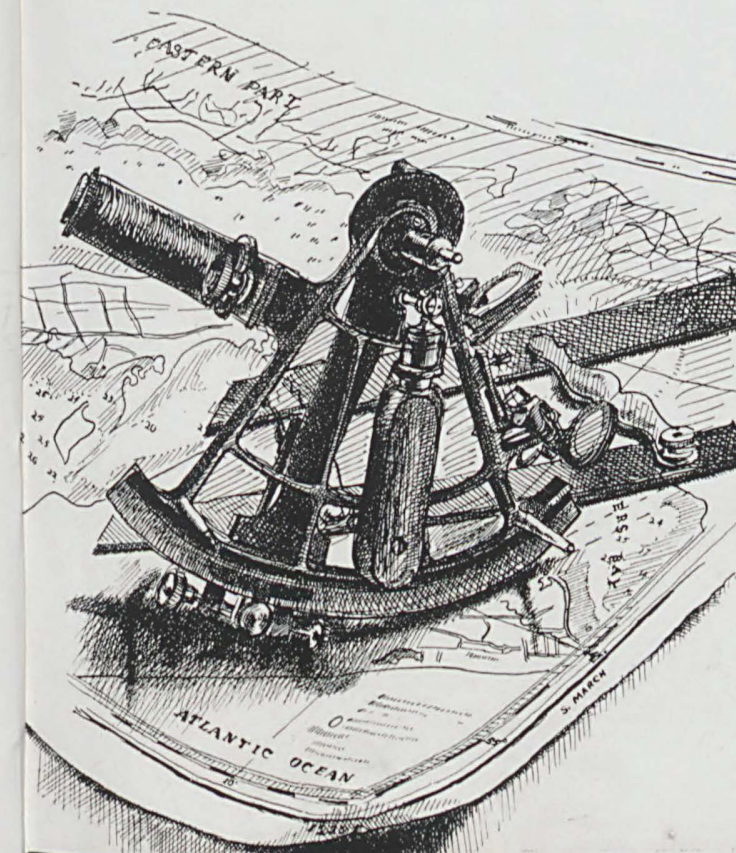
THE SEXTANT

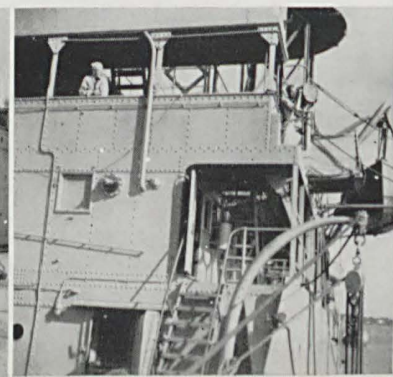
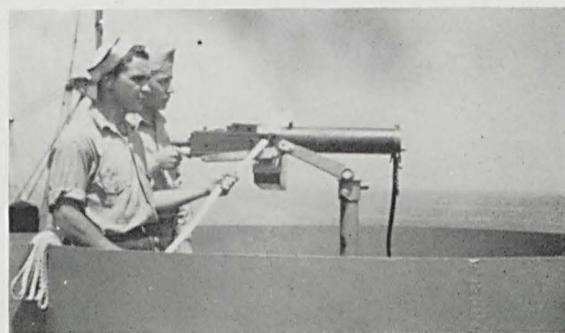
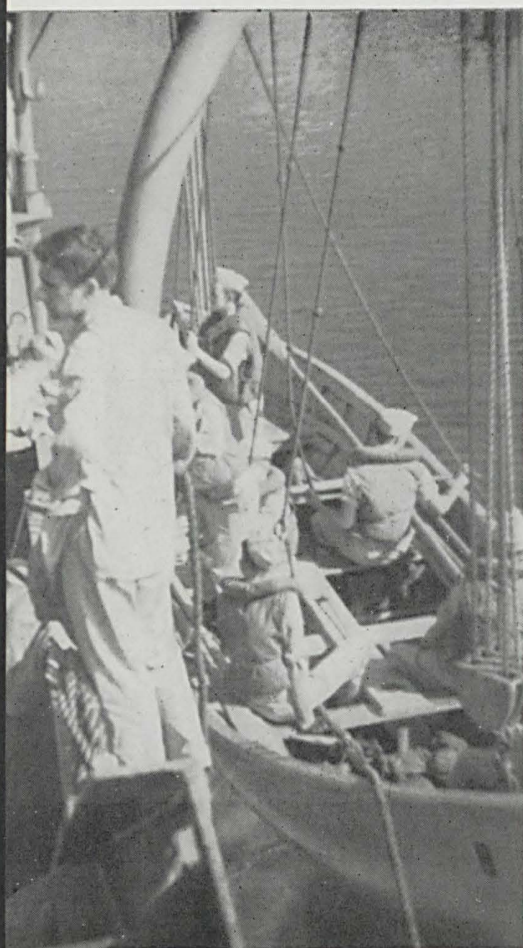
The sextant is one of the most important instruments used in navigation; for it is the means of enabling the navigator to solve the all-important problem of "where am I?"

The theory underlying the sextant is that it measures angles. In navigation it is usually used to measure the altitude of heavenly bodies above the horizon, although it has other and varied uses.

The evolution of the sextant marches right along with world history. The Astrolabe as used by the early Greek and Arab astronomers was the first rude sextant. Throughout the centuries, the development continued until in 1730 Thomas Godfrey and John Hardley, working separately, constructed the first instrument that bears resemblance to our modern sextant. Nathaniel Bowditch in the early 19th century put the finishing touches on the sextant and with a few improvements it remains the instrument we use today.

Right now sextants are virtually priceless, what with the great expansion of our shipping, naval and merchantile. Sextants 50 years old and over have been called into service to help do their share for Victory.





SECOND CRUISE

SAILING, sailing over Long Island Sound — Well, men, here we are at the end of our last cruise with the M. M. A. The Good ship M. S. T. S. *American Pilot* has carried us many a mile these last three months up and down the sound. It has given us the good training and practical experience to make us the old salts that we are. And an enjoyable three months it was, too! We have passed through one of the most im-

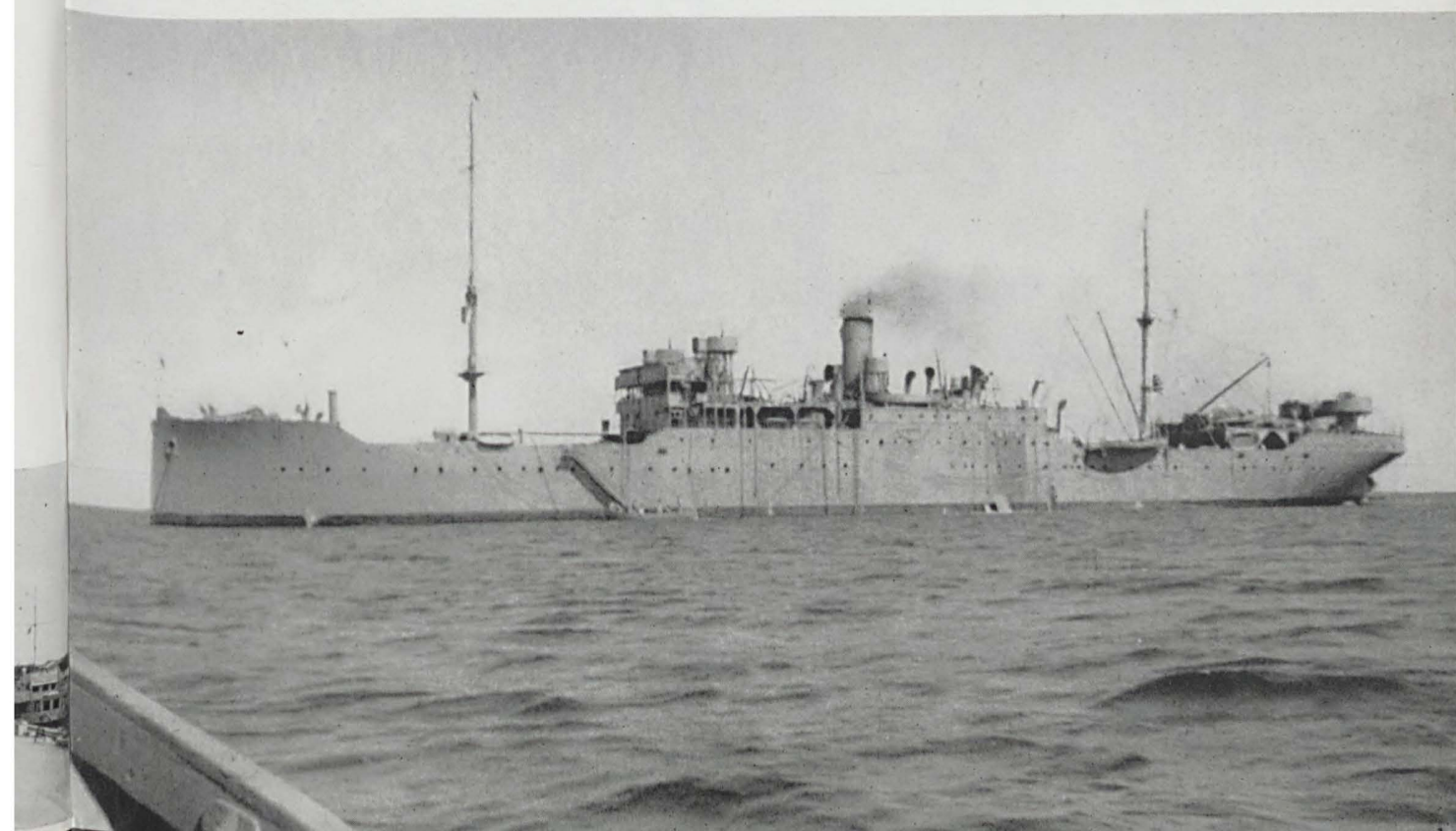


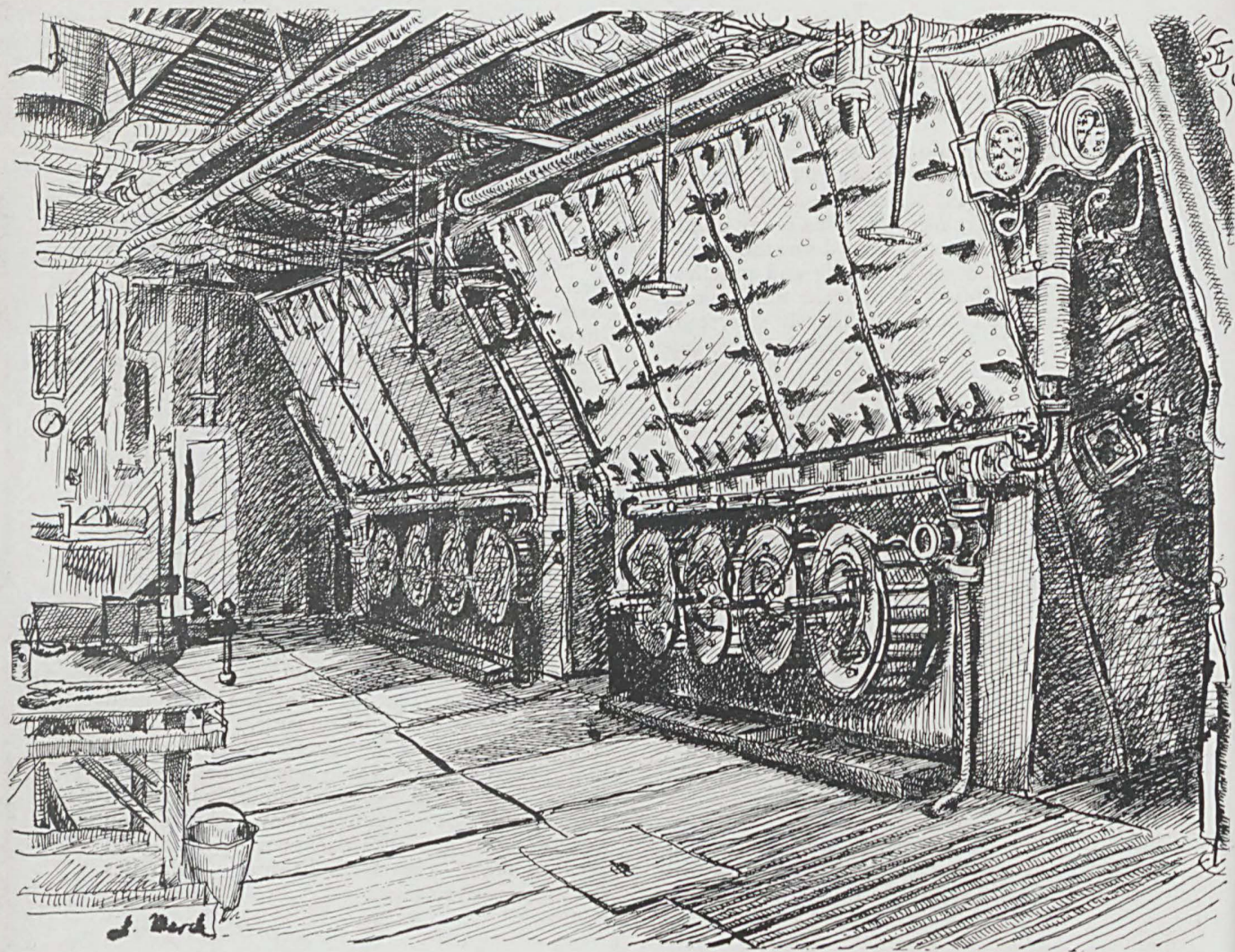
portant periods in our training. A lot of fun and good times were had on the side that will be remembered in the future.

Just what will we captains and chief engineers remember as we rest in our staterooms and cabins in years to come? Perhaps we will remember the Admiral's inspections — boat races — Post Cruise Dance — gunnery drill — Mid-Cruise Exams — American Pilot Night. It might have been one of the more common events like our O. D. or Cadet Engineer watches — swimming parties — standing in line for mess or mess itself — going ashore in the running boat — the receipt of mail — Saturday Inspections — classes in No. 2 hold — evening sailing parties — field day (ugh) — week-end liberties — abandon ship and fire drills — sleeping on deck at night — bringing stores aboard and taking coke bottles off.

I for one will remember certain little scenes — mustering the watch — movies on the after well deck — the bow lookout, as low down and forward as possible — the liberty party leaving the ship — clothes drying in the fidley — shooting the sun — the midnight watch gathered around the food box — the jib and mains'l filled in a good breeze — the skipper on the bridge, energetic and patient, not missing a thing that went on about him.

We will remember some of the most used expressions and announcements. "Hear this now, hear this now — you can stay, Mac, but that stuff has got to go — anchor detail stand by the foc's'l head — all underclassmen report to the boat deck — anchors away — but I'm on mess — what good are deckmen — what good are engineers — up from behind — who has the mail — chow down —."





Personal thoughts — gosh, but it's hot today — I'll need a clean pair of pants for inspection — what a week-end — well, look where we are tonight, Smithtown Bay — better do a little studying tonight.

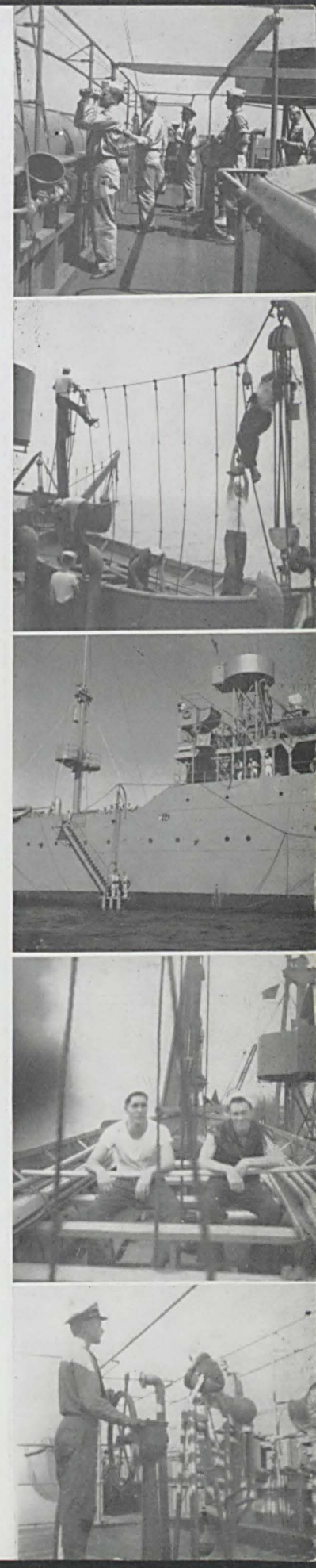
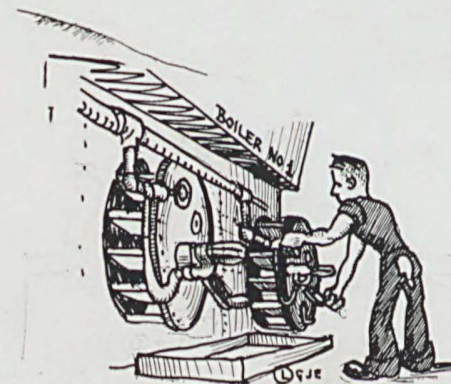
In all respects it has been the best training period any of us have ever had. We owe a lot to Captain Moore and Commander Keating and

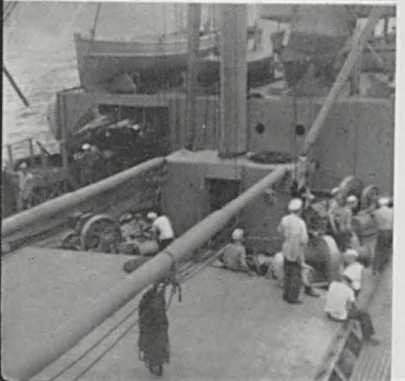
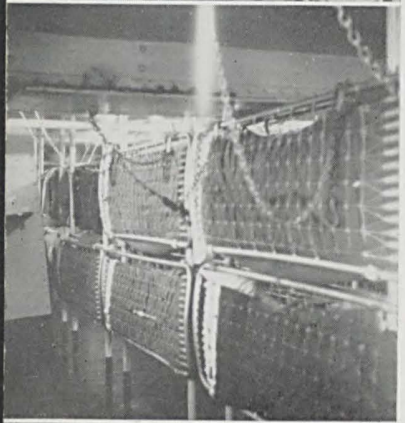
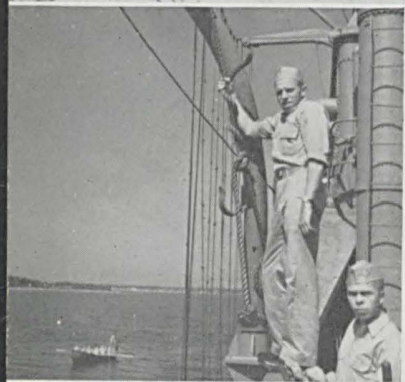
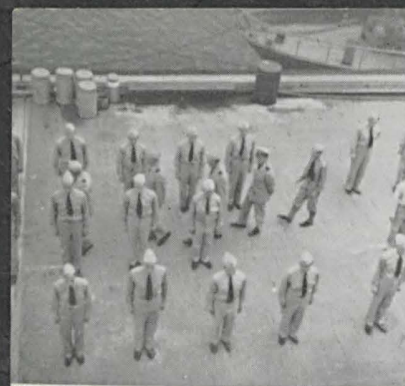
the rest of the ship's officers and crew for their aid in preparing ourselves for our future positions. Our own officers were right in showing us what to do and how to do it. And, last but not least, there were the N. Y. S. M. A.'s offering some competition in work details and pepping up some of the long evenings aboard ship. Three cheers for all hands.



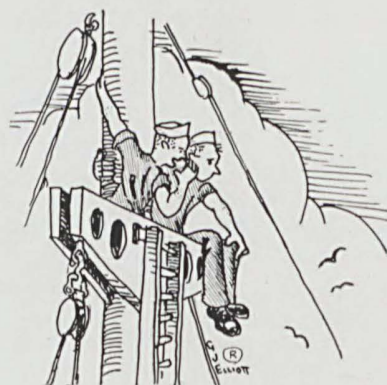
Inspection: For us this was the climax. Inspection meant work, hard work; but after inspection there was liberty. Inspection may be defined as something that everybody tries to get out of. Various means are used for this. Sick slips, mail detail, relief for watches. Some intrepid souls even resorted to fainting while inspection was in progress. He was at once assisted to the Sick Bay by several of his anxious shipmates. Yes, we'll remember inspections, the long ranks of men all wilting in the hot New York summer sun.

The Bridge: The bridge is to a ship what the brains are to a human. It is the nerve center. Everything is controlled from here. On the bridge is located the helm which steers the ships, the telegraph through which orders are transmitted to the engine room, the compass, fathometer, direction finder, sextants and all the other instruments which we thought we'd never understand.



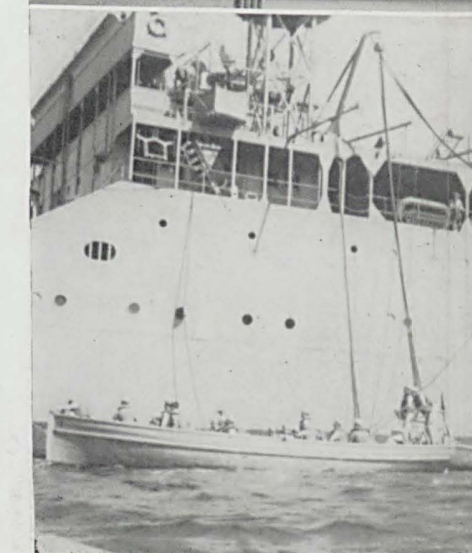
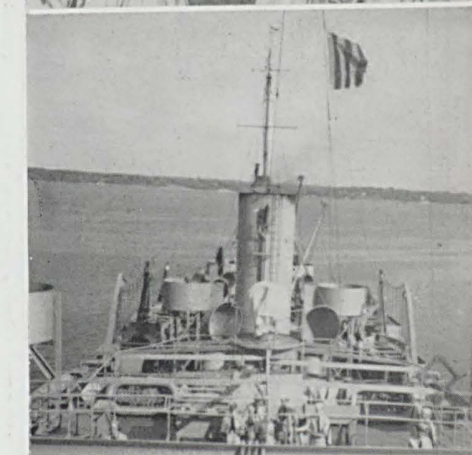
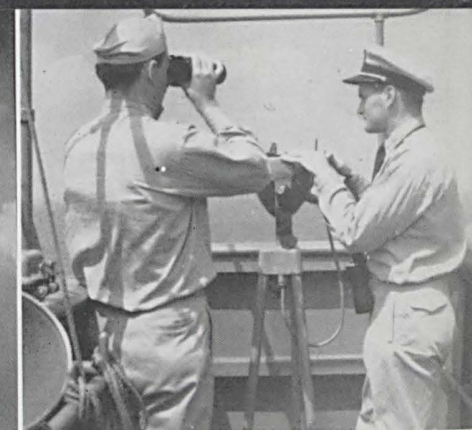


Characters on Board Ship: The Pilot had more than its share of characters. The members of the ship's crew hailed from all parts of the country. Earle — straight from Harlem, the boogie-woogie expert and singer de luxe. Maxwell — the two-gun Texan, the terror of the unwary who tried to snatch an extra ice cream. Frey — our favorite chef, irrepressible critic of all. Mahoney — the mad Irishman, friend of the underclass. Chips — gruff and tough, hater of cadets and trainer of embryo carpenters. And the Bosun scourge of the wicked lazy, always with a new job to do and a caustic word for all.

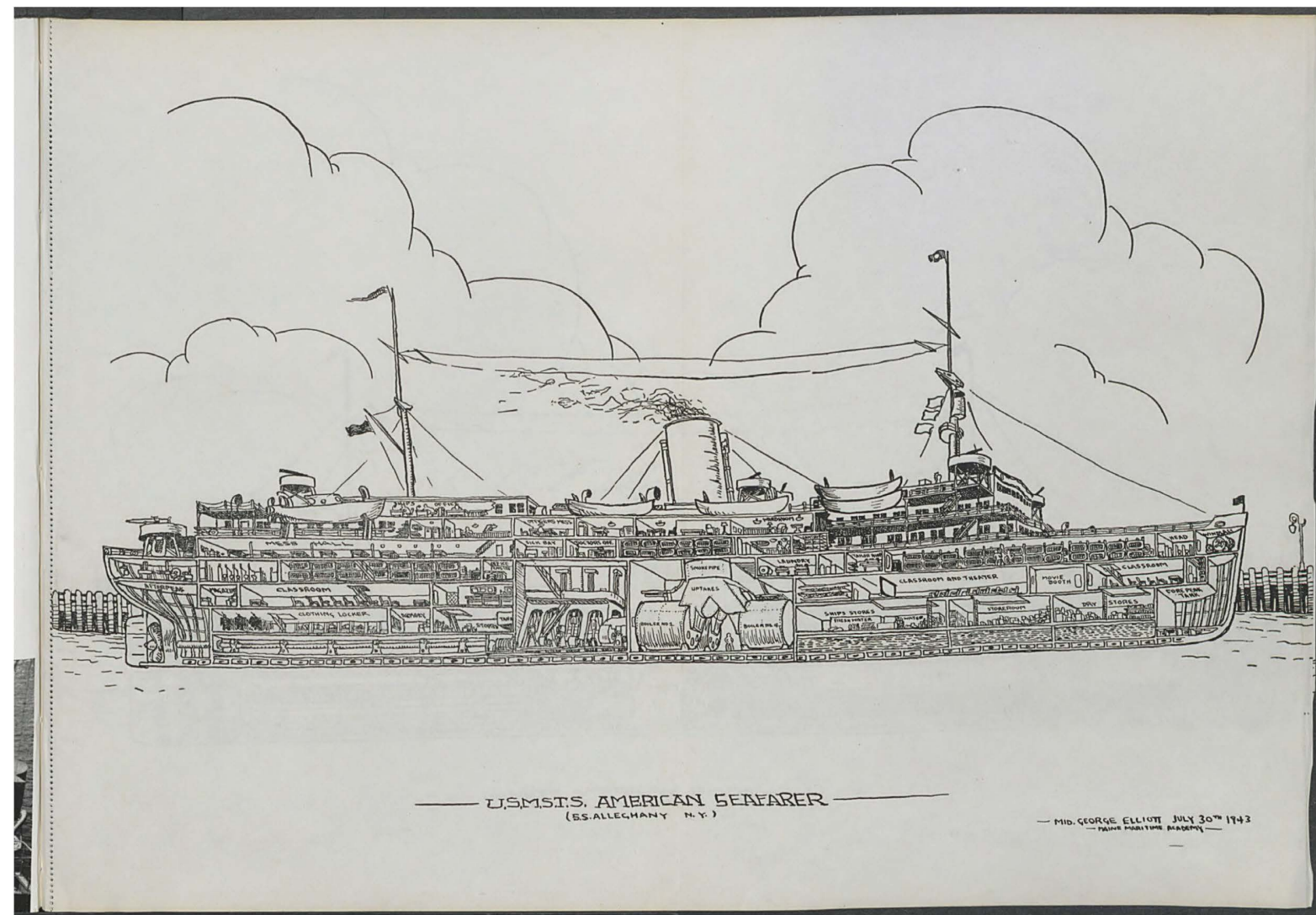
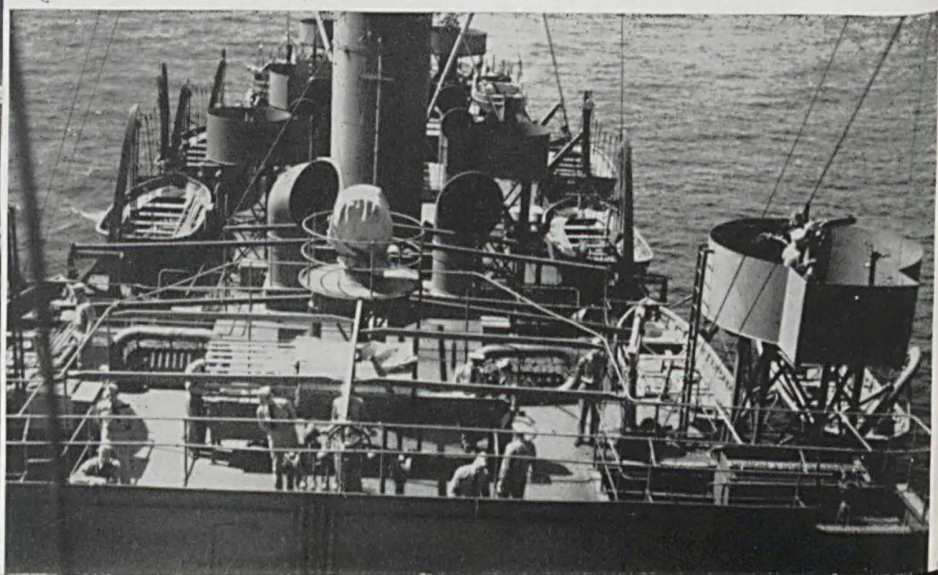
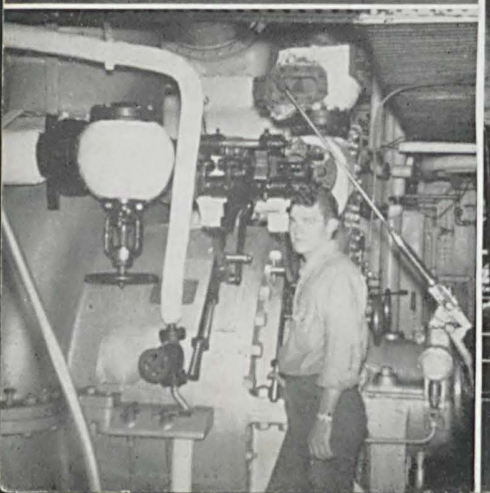
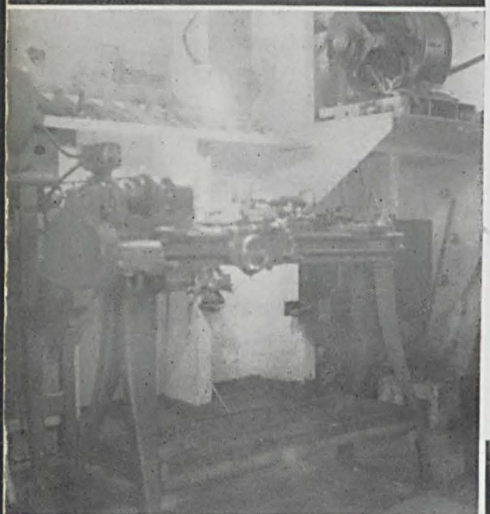
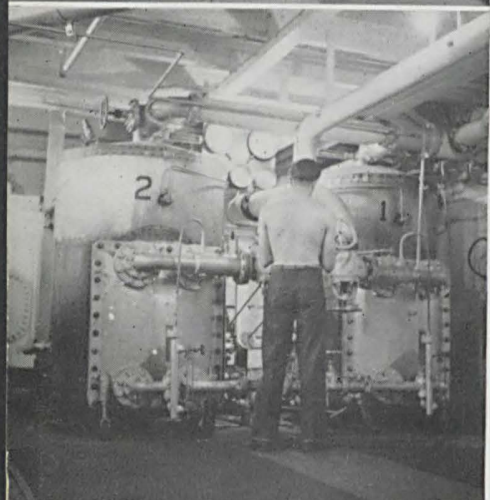
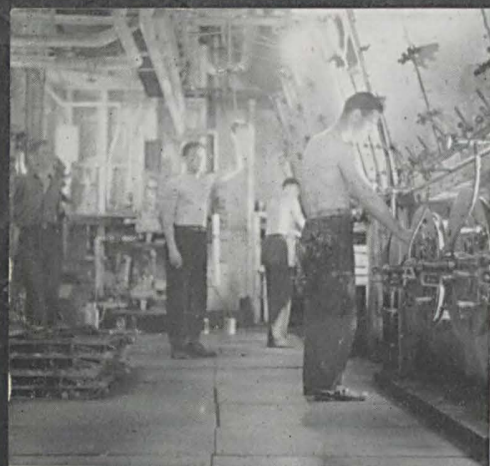


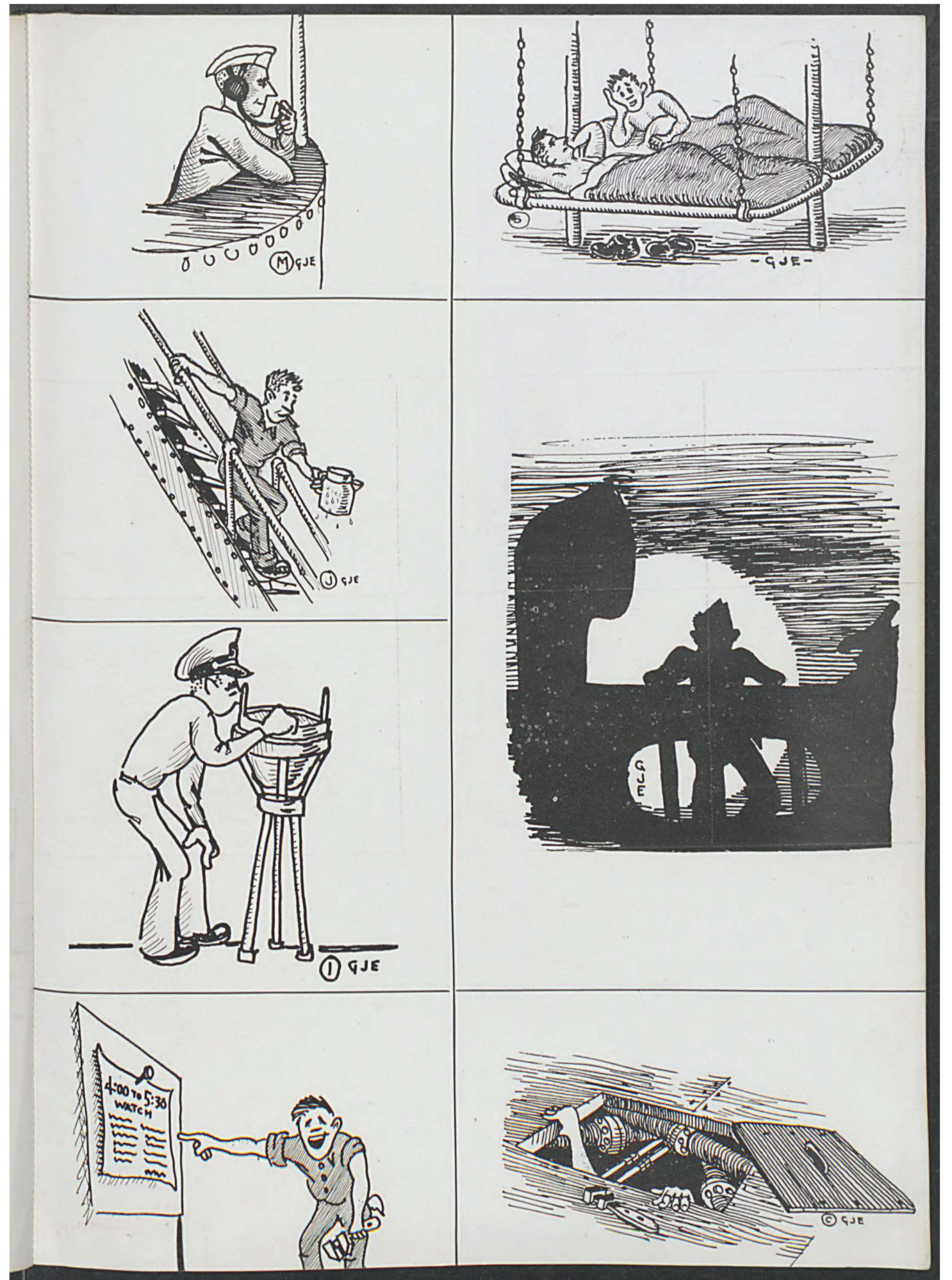
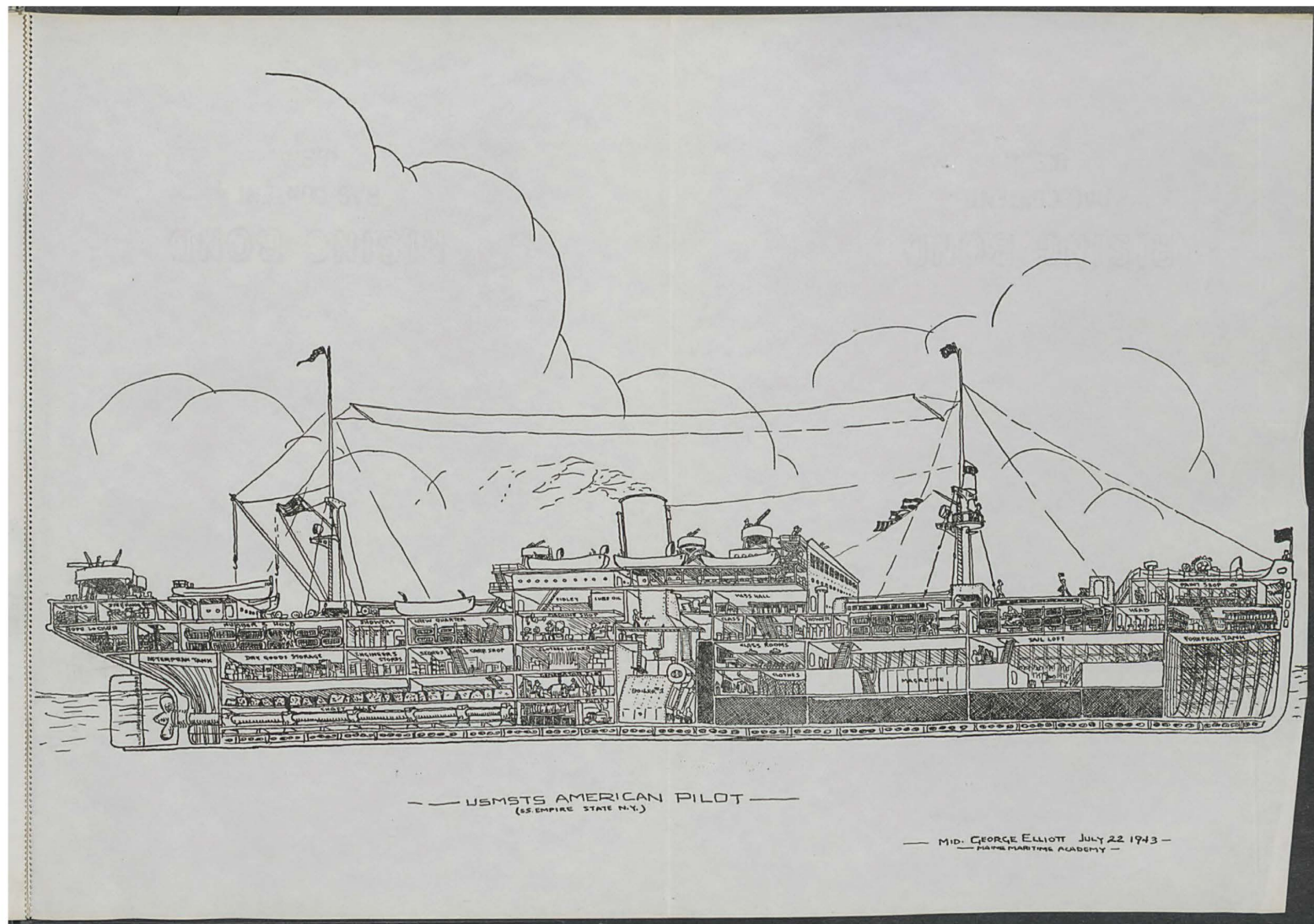
The Goldbrick Club: This organization had a large membership at all times. In order to become a full-time member one had to avoid work at all times. Every Field Day the members of this club would meet in either number one hold or maybe number two. The Outboard sides of the running boats were favorite spots. The brave souls, however, congregated on the poop deck, where they could enjoy the sun. This group felt the Commander's wrath more than once.

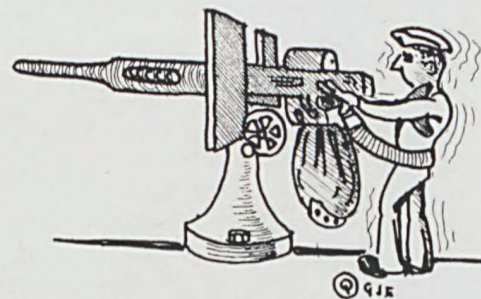
The Mess Deck: After three-thirty P. M., the mess deck became: a game room, a study hall, a public forum and a boxing ring all at once. Any type of card game could always be found in progress. Excited debates ranged as to Navy or Merchant, when the war would be over, Blondes or Brunettes, is she faithful? Savage boxing bouts went on at any old time. But through it all, scattered throughout, could be found the studious, engrossed in their Bowditch's or Steam, oblivious of all.



JULY 1942

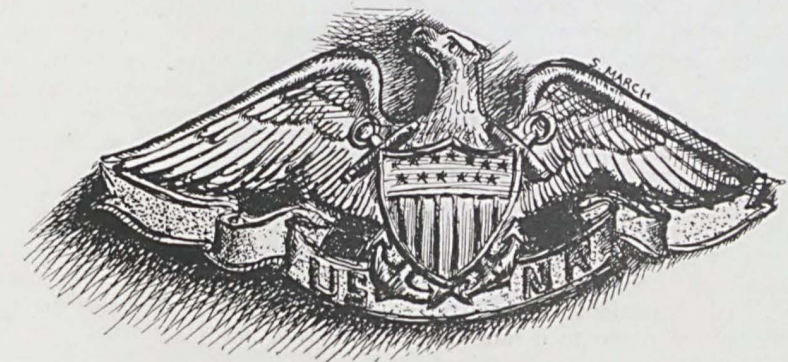






THIRD CLASS

MEMBERS OF THIRD CLASS



Alles, Richard
 Archambeau, John
 Barton, Robert
 Beem, Edgar
 Bergeron, Robert
 Bouchard, John
 Boulanger, Charles
 Brannan, Hawley
 Brennan, Robert
 Brunelle, Robert
 Casso, Anthony
 Chase, William
 Christy, John
 Condon, Harrison
 Conley, John
 Conti, Frederick
 Daley, Leonard
 Damon, Earl
 Doucett, William
 Dow, Ferdinand
 Duff, Joseph
 Duplissa, David
 Eames, Edward
 Ellingwood, Herbert
 Emerson, Joseph
 Fedorovich, Walter
 Fides, Forrest
 Foss, Robert
 Foster, Edgar
 Frisbie, Alexander
 Fulford, Charles
 Gamber, Alfred
 Geiger, Howard
 Gentry, Charles
 Gilchrist, Robert
 Gray, Douglas
 Griffin, David
 Grondin, Joseph
 Hancock, John
 Harivel, Lynwood

Harvey, William
 Hewitt, Elwood
 Higgins, Leander
 Higgins, William
 Hill, John
 Holmes, Fred
 Howe, Guy
 Howe, Raymond
 Huntoon, Richard
 Ingraham, Maynard
 Irish, George
 Jacaruso, Robert
 Jones, Everett
 Jones, Richard
 Kenney, Richard
 Keough, Raymond
 Klyne, Henry
 Labbe, Gerard
 Lamb, Joseph
 Lange, Roland
 Langlois, Everett
 Leadbetter, Reeve
 Leclair, Richard
 Libby, Douglas
 Lord, Jack
 Lothrop, Roger
 Lyden, Cheever
 MacDonald, Richard
 MacMillan, Richard
 Mathes, William
 Mattoon, Junius
 McCann, Carl
 McCarthy, Frederick
 McKay, Thomas
 McLaughlin, Archie
 McReel, Raymond
 Michelson, Richard
 Millett, Thomas
 Mitchell, George
 Moody, Richard

Moore, Thomas
 Mulholland, Eugene
 Newcomb, David
 Norton, Maynard
 O'Donnell, Joseph
 Ouellette, Raynard
 Palmer, Horace
 Parady, Leon
 Petterson, Joseph
 Pierce, Raymond
 Pinkerton, William
 Potter, Edwin
 Powers, Charles
 Quayle, John
 Ramsdell, Robert
 Reardon, Kenneth
 Records, Loring
 Regal, Donald
 Reinertsen, Roy
 Rich, Allen
 Rockwell II, Francis
 Sarno, James
 Sewall, Mark
 Sherwin, Bruce
 Small, Loring
 Spear, Willis
 Stevens, Robert
 Strickland, Robert
 Stuart, Rodman
 Thomas, Robert
 Trinward, John
 Turner, William
 Walker, Lincoln
 West, Charles
 Whelan, James
 White, Richard
 Whitehead, Kenneth
 Wiggin, James
 Williams, Ivor
 Worrey, Parker

THIRD CLASS

*Build me straight, O worthy master,
staunch and strong a goodly vessel,
that shall laugh at all disaster
to sail on and on forever.*

With a thought and an ideal taken from these few lines, we the underclass became an active part of the Maine Maritime Academy on the fourth day of May, nineteen hundred and forty-three.

One hundred and twenty strong, we moved into the gymnasium and the attic addition of Richardson Hall. With traditional formalities out of the way, we settled down to a new and peculiar atmosphere that seemed to dominate over our surroundings. However, it did not take us long to adapt ourselves to this new life, and in a few days we became accustomed to the routine that goes with life in the service.

Being the underclass, it was inevitable that we were to be treated as such.

The first month passed swiftly and uneventfully even though it seemed we were always on the go. At the end of this time we received our first leave, and it was a conspicuously self-conscious yet beamingly proud group of young men who left the Academy dressed in the uniform of our country, to openly display their participation in the war.

Returning to the Academy with added vigor, we took up the task of securing the Academy for the summer months prior to leaving for our cruise out of New York. In one short week this was done.

The day designated to shove off for New York, we arose "before the bugler", boarded our awaiting transportation and in sixteen hours arrived at our new home for the coming three months, the U. S. M. S. T. S. *American Pilot*.

The *Pilot* indeed set up a new mode of living for the underclassmen. With deck and bulkhead, fore and aft, hatch and companionway and the proverbial salty sayings of the ship at sea, we groped around into seemingly endless expressions and terms. However, in a few short days we too became "salty."

The deck hands turned to their painting and lines, while the engineers went below to master the science of steam with its engines and pumps.

The three months passed swiftly, broken up by our week-end leaves in the city of New York. But, this is another story in itself.

Being together for four months, the midshipmen of the underclass uncovered prominent and the more conspicuous members of their class. No matter what the case or circumstances where a group is concerned, a note of humor must prevail in order to be successful. Carl McCann, Wendell Holmes and Al Beam took care of the wild humor, with Robert Foss settling down with a Will Rogers style of humor that was very entertaining.

Joe McDonald and Earl Damon with their trumpets and Reeve Leadbetter with his piano took care of the musical end of the entertainment. The fine singing voice of Joe Duff also seemed to dominate in this field.

The athletic abilities of Dave Duplissa are not to be denied, as he seemed to marvel in them all.

Other names commonly heard around the Academy were those of: White, Congdon, Conley, Grondin, Whalin, Alles, Geiger, Huntoon, Gamber. These are just a few of the many many names that make up our class, shipmates one and all.

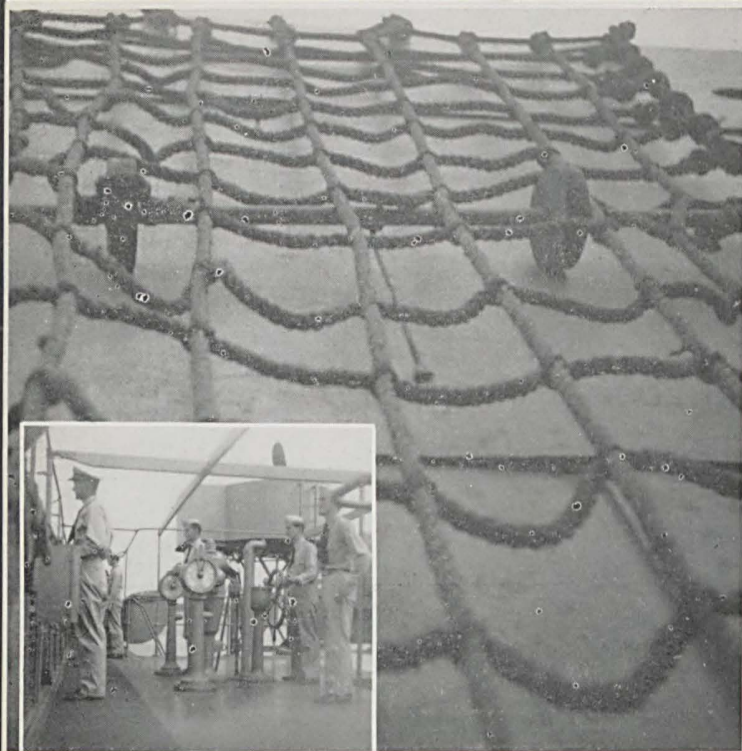
We the underclass:

Less than four months ago we were part of the civilian life of our country. We enjoyed and took advantages of the privileges and rights of a citizen. These things were made possible because our forefathers took up arms to preserve them. Now we are called upon to show that the present generation appreciates and is thankful for the opportunities of a free country.

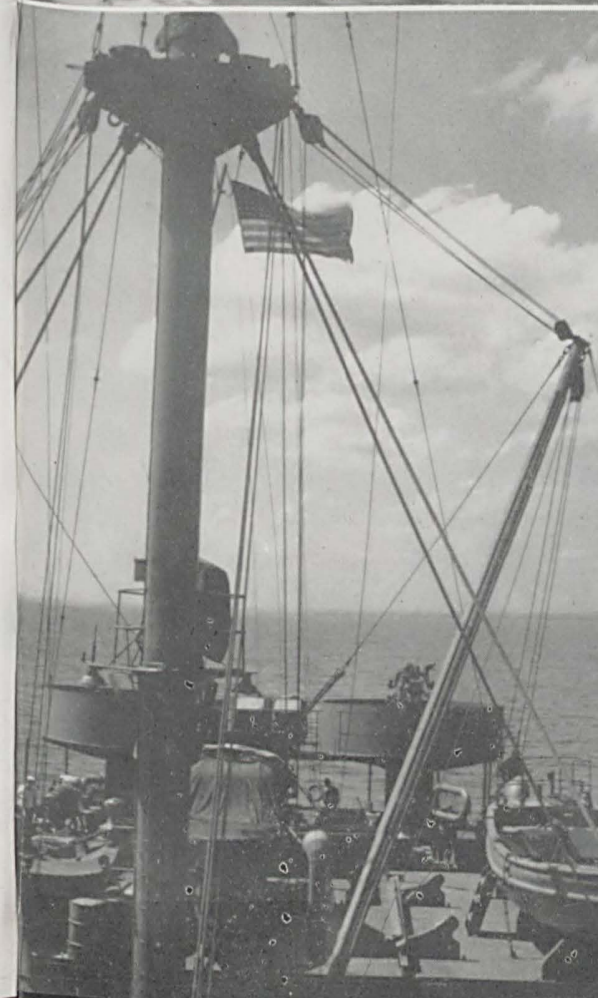
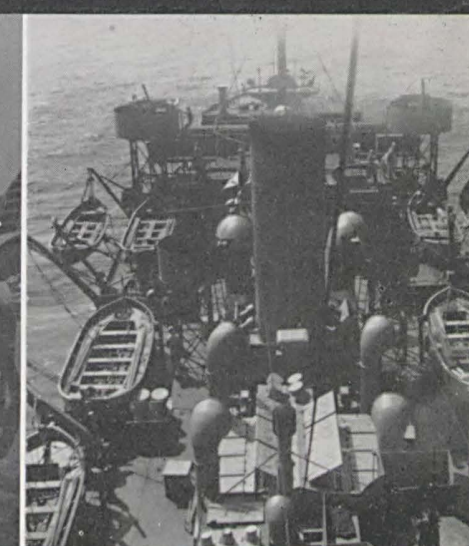
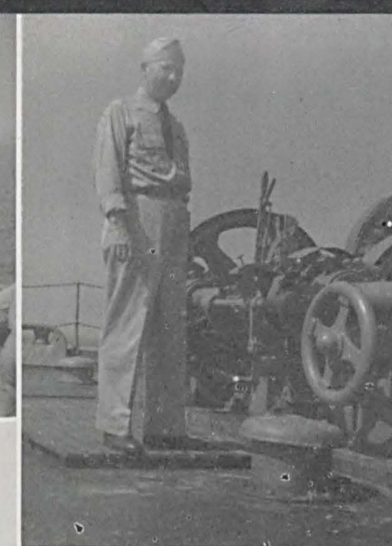
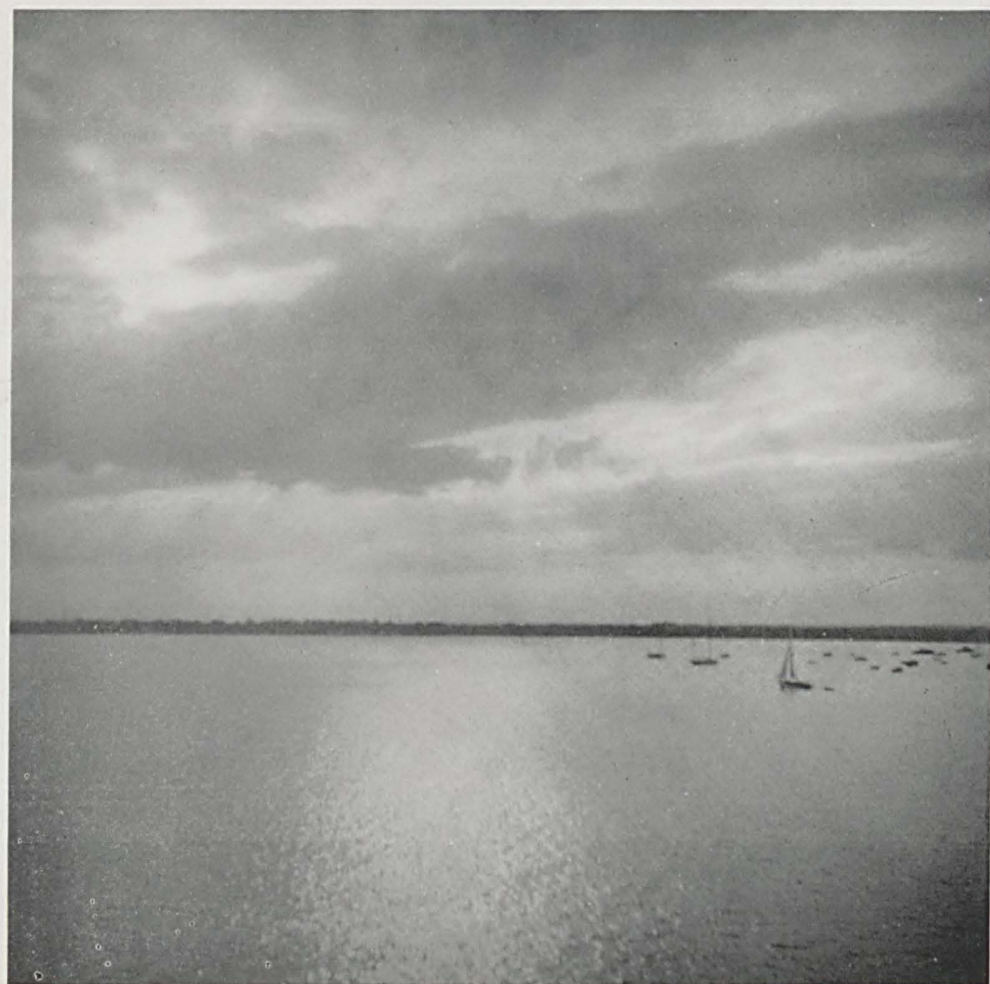
Our brothers, friends and relatives are proving on the battlefields today that the spirit of the American youth can conquer, fight, destroy and live forever.

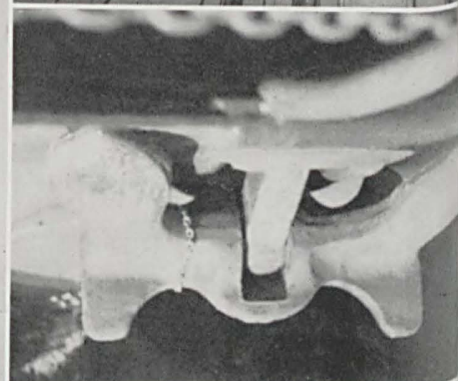
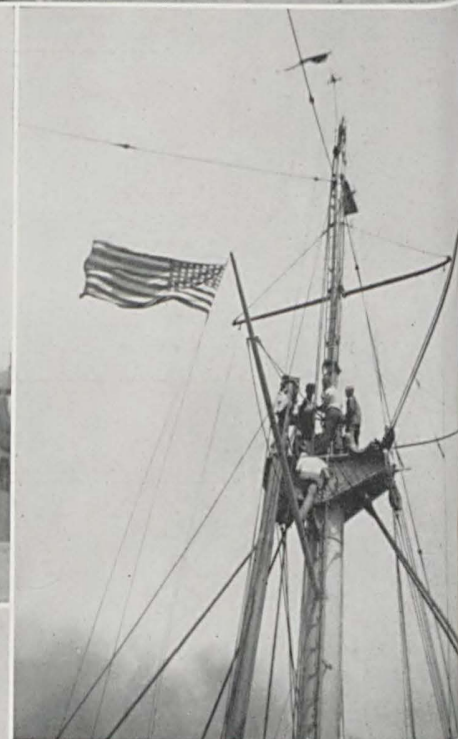
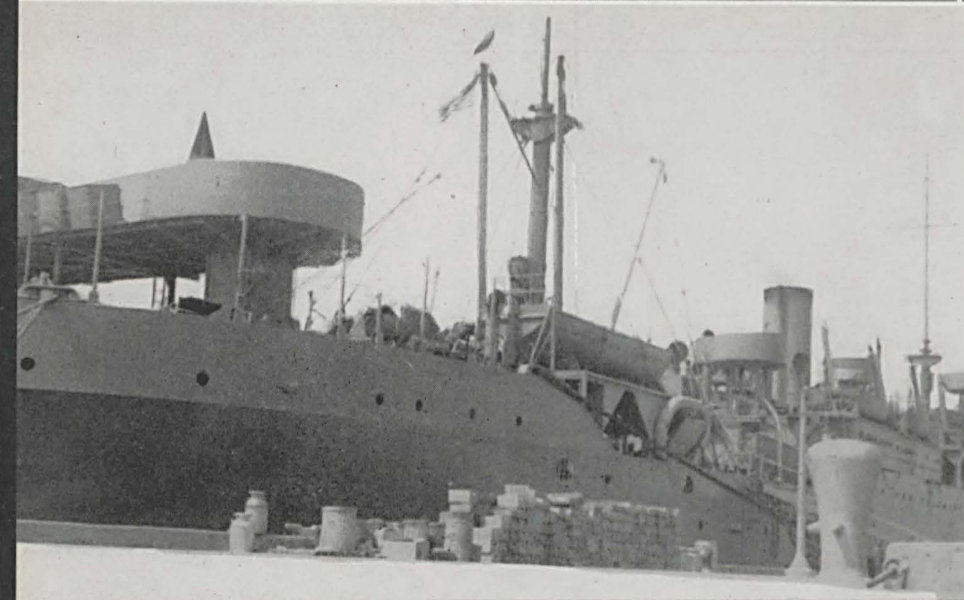
We at the Academy are not fighting on a bloody battlefield, but we have a job to do, and our aim is to do this job quickly and efficiently. With confidence and our youthful initiative we look forward to the future that lies ahead for us.





FAMILIAR SCENES





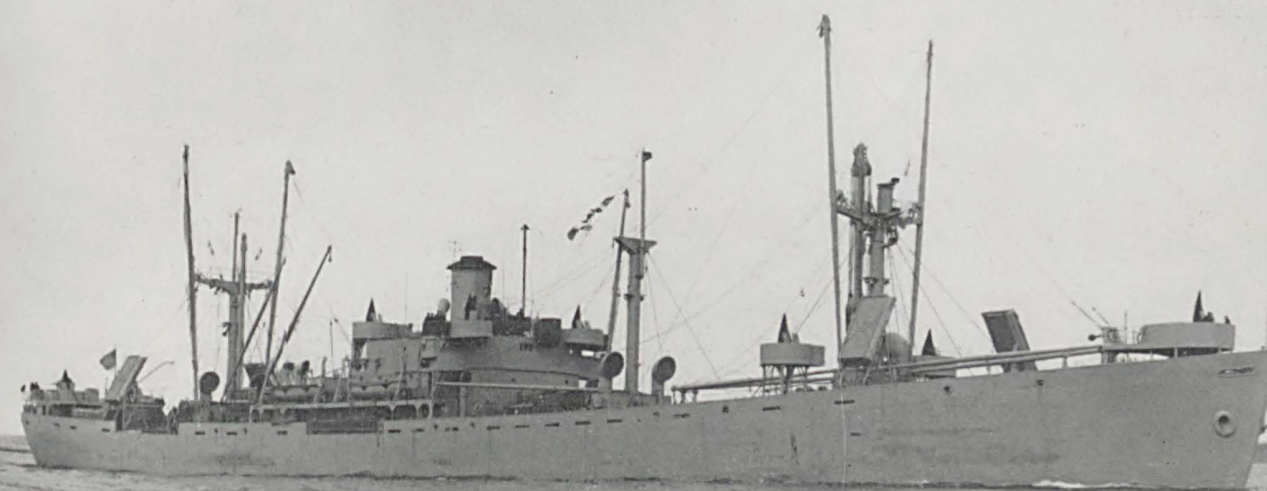
MERCHANT MARINE HISTORY

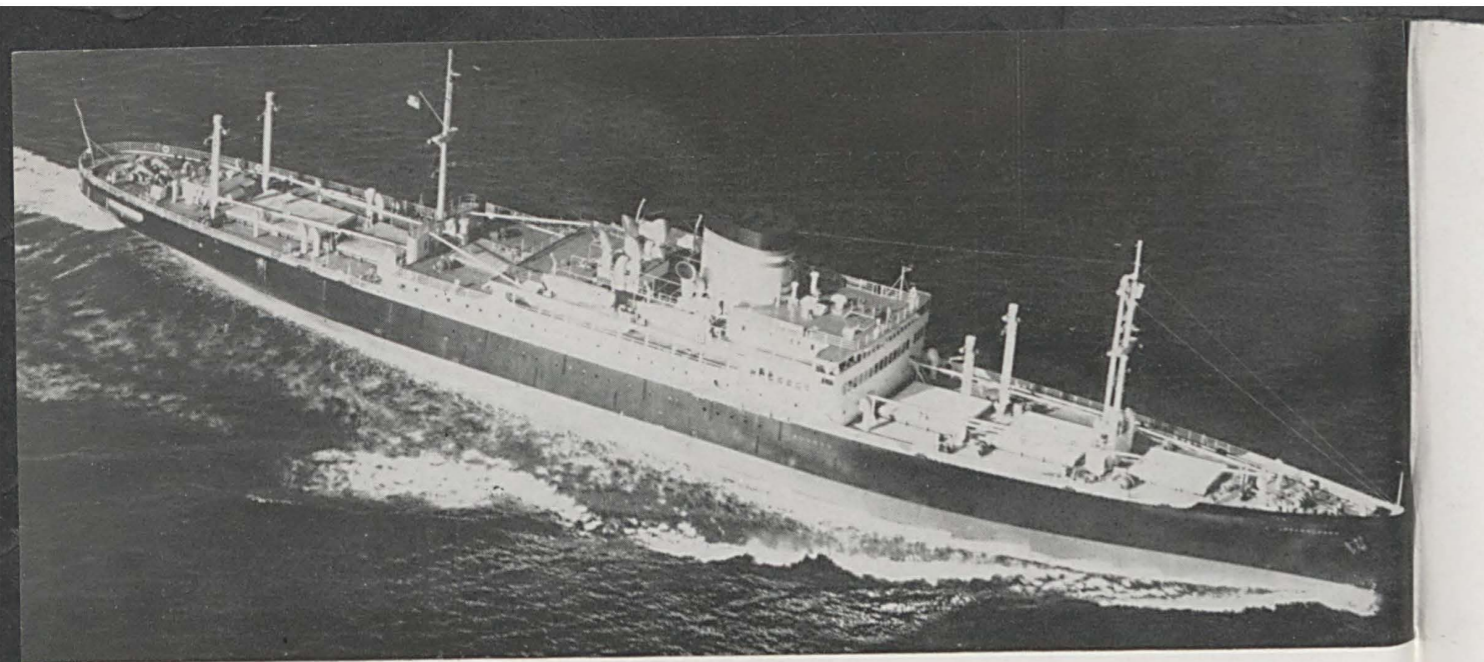
It is with a certain reticence that we turn over in our minds the words "tomorrow's merchant marine." Like "tomorrow's world," the words carry with them a more hopeful than sure meaning. Any illusions we may have of keeping in working commission the vast fleet of today's sleek merchantmen seem strangely troubled by the course of past history. Illusions like these have been prevalent before, notably during and at the conclusion of the last world war. But for reasons which only recently we have felt and known, the last war's merchantmen were allowed to rot and rust into virtual uselessness, and the dreams of a great American merchant marine were frustrated by an about face in political thinking. So that we can attempt to appreciate what seemingly happened, it becomes necessary to pass momentarily over a decade we have since chosen to dismiss as unworthy of a great nation, namely our return to "normalcy." "Normalcy" presumably meant a return to the plush eras of prewar America, a return to a frame of mind when we could forget most of the world and concentrate on our own fortune. That this return to "normalcy" was an entirely natural reaction for a young nation and that superficially at least and for a time it was immensely successful hardly justifies it in the light of time. Unfortunately, most of the world neither attempted to return to normalcy or even thought it vaguely possible. Some of the countries returned to an underground and cushioned rearmament program, and this in-

cluded thousands of tons of shipping to engage in productive trade and careful studied patrol of strategic waters. We didn't seem to believe that concentrating on our own fortune entailed much active and competitive concentration on the entire world and its riches. We were by nature a great and expanding nation, and our first big game with internationalism frightened us back to within our borders, choking a chance to be worldly great.

This past ugly history bears such direct relationship to us as the war generation and as sea-going men that it falls unremittingly to us, if only for our own well-being, our problem. Perhaps it is so naturally a responsibility of ours that we pass it off too lightly or even fail to consider it at all. Perhaps in its closeness is lost its significance. Indeed, very few of us bother our heads about tomorrow's merchant marine, for this to us is a plush era, and we are spoiled beyond clear thinking by the hundreds of Liberty ships sliding down the ways, the ship's agents snatching at our academy graduates, and the handsome bonuses of every able-bodied seaman who delivers the goods at Murmansk and Dakar. Our minds are unfairly distorted by the accelerated pace of wartime shipping, and although we know full well that it cannot last forever, there are some things we simply refuse to imagine.

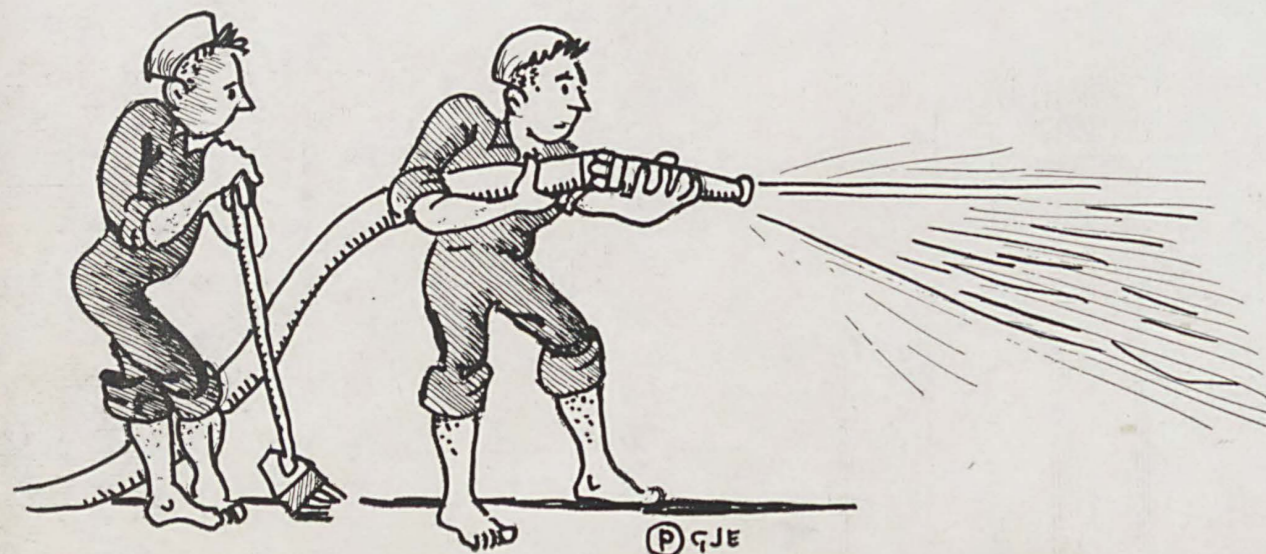
Essentially, of course, the merchant marine is a tough, grinding existence, suited only for the hardest of men who know how to buck the





nature of mountainous seas and endure the strange landless existence of the ship's wandering life. In some ways, it will not satisfy the needs of certain men, but basically it is a job and a full-time one. It is merely in the perpetuation of this job that the problem of tomorrow's merchant marine is dropped at our feet. It can be ignored as it was before — this is the easiest way to handle it. Or we can see to it that this giant fleet we have assembled and put into active service against the enemy continues to sail the seas after its immediate usefulness is gone. The "how" of this problem is lost in the fact that we cannot properly foresee the outcome of this war and therefore the part we

are to play as a mercantile nation. The "how not," however, we have behind us and step by step we can trace the mistakes and misconceptions which led us into the bleak and bitter decade just past. We know how not to abandon a bleeding world after having a part in the infliction of its wounds. We know how not to abandon a priceless fleet when it might have bound us closer to the world of which we are unavoidably a part and brought us, through an exchange of trade, a more stable prosperity. Finally, we know how not to grasp at the narrow security of our own borders when our part in international politics has twice been shown great enough to drag us into conflict.



THE ENGINEERS

In July, 1942, approximately sixty-one newly appointed midshipmen tackled the task of learning marine engineering in sixteen months. To them, the time seemed more than adequate, but to Lt. James Murray and his assistants, Lt. (j. g.) William Arnold and Lt. Herman Meier, every day counted. The task of forming a curriculum capable of developing these raw recruits into third assistant engineers was not an easy hurdle to jump.

To simplify matters, the course was divided into six subjects—reciprocating engines, boilers, auxiliary machinery, practical mathematics, electricity, and rules and regulations. The first few weeks of classes were, in many respects, a proving ground. Officers, who were more accustomed to doing than telling, familiarized themselves with the class room atmosphere. Students, with books as their tools, set out to learn the theory and mechanics of the plants they would some day operate. The initial step had been taken, but for the officers, a welcome breathing spell came in September, when the stage was shifted to the training ship "Alleghany." Down in the more familiar surroundings of the engine room, the instructors found the task of indoctrinating the future engineers, a much easier one. After three months of standing watches, operating and dismantling pumps, firing and cleaning boilers, and witnessing emergencies, the students, with the picture of an engine room firmly fixed in their minds, were ready to return to the classroom. The instructing staff, which had acquired an additional member, Lt. (j. g.)

Seymour Erdrick, was also more confident in embarking on the second phase of training.

The summer months were spent down on Long Island Sound, where the upperclassmen found themselves with more responsibility than they had ever had before. In the engine room they rotated the duties of cadet engineer, fireman, water tender, oiler, electrician, etc., with the underclassmen as their assistants. They handled the throttle, operated the boilers, and cut the plant in and out regularly. A daily watch-standing routine of four hours on and eight hours off was set up. This was alternated at two-week intervals with practical repair work throughout the ship and machine shop practice. There is no doubting the fact that this phase of the training gave the midshipmen their closest contact with the work and duties for which they were preparing.

With their six months of ship duty completed, the now seasoned students returned to Castine for the final steps. During the two short remaining months, they reviewed and studied possible license questions. At the same time they were gaining new knowledge, for they all grew to learn that an engineer's days of learning are never ended. Eager to see what the future held for them, they nervously passed through the academy finals and sat for their licenses. Then, on October 30, 1943, they reached their ultimate goal as they accepted their third assistants' license and ensigns' commission in the U. S. N. R.

Ahead of these newly commissioned officers lay innumerable opportunities. For them the



foundation of a life's work had been laid, and, with their aid, another cornerstone was firmly embedded. Since that day in July, 1942, the engineering department had taken many advancing strides, and was now fully prepared to carry on its training program, and to continue on its trail of development.



Upon returning to Castine, three courses were added to the program, Diesel engines, turbines, and machine shop work. One afternoon a week was spent in the basement of the administration building, operating lathes and doing practical work. As the winter months rolled by, the engineering department continued to take firm and

steady steps forward. In the classroom, new texts were acquired and a system of monthly exams was set up. In the machine shop, a simplex pump, a one-cylinder engine, and numerous valves and fittings were acquired. To the eye, these additions were slight, but to Mr. Murry, who was constantly striving to garner useful equipment, they were a stepping-stone to the future.

By June, the class, which now numbered only forty-one, was ready to put their months of study to practical application on the training ship "American Pilot." They were upperclassmen now, the eight seniors had graduated to their positions in the Navy and Merchant Marine, and in their place were fifty-five "freshmen." To aid the growing department, Lt. Kilby was added to the staff as auxiliary machinery instructor.



THE DECKMEN

The deck department of the Maine Maritime Academy, consisting of four deck sections, D1, D2, D3 and D4, have industriously spent the time between July, 1942, and October, 1943, intensively studying all those subjects which go towards the making of a master mariner — navigation, seamanship, cargo, mathematics, rules and regulations, communications, naval science, ship construction, first aid, and elementary engineering are all necessary to attain this goal.

These subjects were at first a mystery and seemed far beyond our grasp, but under the capable and untiring efforts of our instructors, we have become familiar with the intricacies of a mariner's life.

Navigation, supplemented by mathematics, is the principal deck subject. For it is by means of a thorough knowledge of this art that the ships of our Merchant Marine safely and economically ply the oceans of the world.

No man is a sailor until he has finally mastered the practices of common seamanship — a study which ranks next to navigation in importance at this academy.

Naval Science, to those of us who upon graduation intend to accept commissions in the Navy and go on active duty as Ensigns, U. S.

N. R., is of importance, for in this course Naval customs, gunnery, drills and Naval Regulations are studied in detail.

The subjects embraced by this course can be more appreciated for their importance when one considers that our curriculum has been shortened from three years to sixteen months.

Our academic studies are not entirely dependent on theory alone for six months of our course is spent on practical work aboard ship. It is during these months that we learn to apply the theories taught in the classroom. It is during this time that we are first indoctrinated to the new environments of a mariner's life. The dramatic clamor of the General Alarm calling us to abandon ship, collisions and fire stations, and General Quarters is never to be forgotten. Nor will be the many evenings spent in sailing, swimming, attending the movies, or just "shoot-in' the breeze" with our fellow shipmates.

Now as the time for our graduation approaches and with this graduation the taking on of the responsibilities of an officer in our Merchant Marine or Navy, we can look forward to the future with confidence that comes from the knowledge that we have received here at the Maine Maritime Academy the finest education obtainable to start us on our new careers.

SPORTS

With a 32-month course cut down to half its size, proper time and attention could not be given to Athletics; however, the Academy has always been represented by a varsity baseball team in the spring and a basketball team in the winter. Besides these, an intermural program has been set up which allows every member of the Academy to take place in one of the many sports offered, crew, tennis, golf, sailing, and soft ball.

The basketball season opened about the first of the year, and lasted for about two months,



with the team managing to play one game a week. The team opened the season in Castine at the Academy gymnasium with a semipro team from Bucksport, before a large local gathering, including the Superintendent, the Executive officer and the entire corps of middies. Much to the enjoyment of the crowd, the boys in the blue and gold carried off a decisive victory which launched the season well. This was followed by four or five home games as well as trips to Ellsworth, Bangor, Bucksport, and Orono to the University of Maine.

The highlight of the season was the game at the University of Maine, where the team was given a banquet and the entire Midshipman corps was given a dance in their honor following the game. The only letdown in this program

was that the middies were turned back by a strong freshman team on the spacious Maine floor. The varsity team was made up from the following men, Richard Morse, Bill McPhee, Barney McDonough, Bud Conley, Arnie Saunders, Bill Grant, Milt Gross, Frank Hall, Bill Melaugh and Don Collins.

The baseball season consisted of a few games played on the old diamond situated inside of picturesque Fort George in Castine. The season was continued down in New York during the first cruise, when the boys from Maine proved that they could stand up the city slickers from the New York State Academy by defeating them in a late rally. This game of rivalry was continued a year later on the second cruise, when the New York cadets took a one-run decision from our own men. We expect that this will be a rivalry that will continue in years to come.

Crew, which is without a doubt a terrific man-building sport, has been stressed both on the cruises and in Penobscot Bay at Castine. While on the ship, crew races were practically a daily event and were finally built up to a large final race consisting of three boats, Maine engineers, Maine deckmen and the New York State cadets. The course laid out was approximately a mile, and was situated in Smithtown Bay, L. I. All three boats stuck fairly close together until the last three hundred yards, when the Maine Deck crew turned on the power to take an easy victory by two boat lengths. They were followed in by the Maine Engineers, who nosed out the New York crew. Crew has proved, as it will at any seafaring academy, to be one of the best liked and enjoyed sports.

Sailing proved to be more of a pastime for the midshipmen than a sport, as there was very little time during the day for such activities. However, the men always took advantage of the nightly breezes to go for a sail and enjoy the thrill of handling a small boat under sail. The days of sailing ships is definitely in the past, but it is still the true desire of any sea-going man to know the operations of such a vessel.

The site of the Academy makes it perfect for any man who is interested in pursuing the arts of golf or tennis, due to the fact that the Castine Country Club is situated directly off the main campus of the school. The Club has opened its gates to the members of the Academy, and on any pleasant day, midshipmen can be found making the rounds of the links or engaged in a friendly game of tennis.



ACTIVITIES

Our social life at Castine really began on our short afternoon and evening liberties, when at such places as Dennet's wharf, Macomber's and the Village Drug Store we had a fine chance to get acquainted with the townspeople as well as our own shipmates. Jake Dennet's good ship *Tramp* afforded many pleasant afternoons cruising along the shores of Brooksville and Cape Rosier and around the picturesque islands of the Bagaduce.

The Community Sings to which the entire corps of midshipmen were invited to take part in were helpful in getting better acquainted with the people in the village.

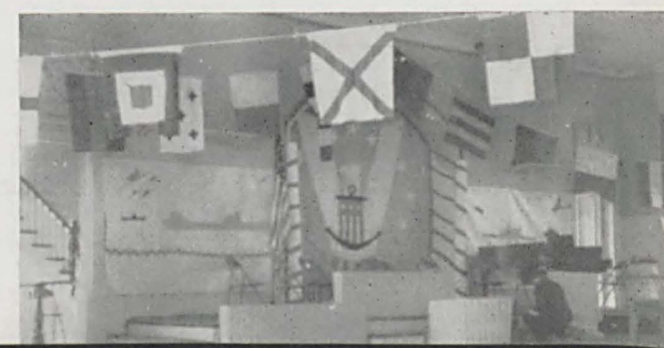
One of the persons who made the Community Sings possible, and whom we often met Sunday morning at the church on the commons was Mrs. Ames. It was at her home that on several occasions many of the midshipmen enjoyed her warm hospitality. On these occasions the number of midshipmen was always balanced by an equal number of young townspeople. Although we always enjoyed the entertainments provided by the townspeople, by the movies on Friday and Saturday nights, the midshipmen were not lacking in ability themselves and could always find enough talent around to put on their own entertainment. This fact was well confirmed when Dave Rapaport presented a stage production of "Cadet Capers." This was so well enjoyed by the officers and midshipmen that Admiral Dismukes requested a repeat performance at Emerson Hall.

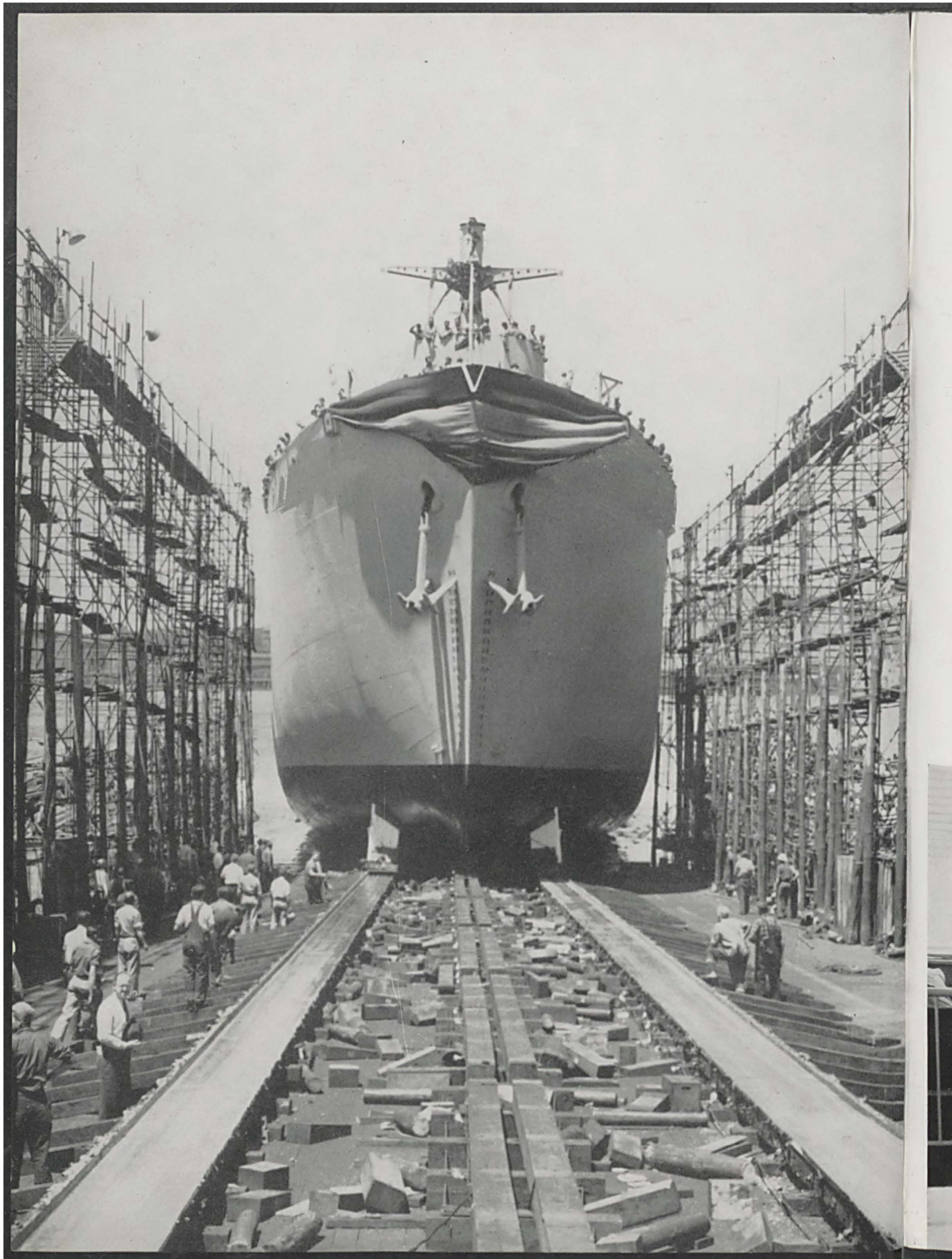
Along the line of entertainment we might mention the Bridge sponsored by the Lions Club and held in the Gym for the purpose of obtaining funds for the community hospital. At this affair, the midshipmen were the hosts to the townspeople and the members of the Lions Club. This was the evening when the ship's navigator, Lt. Tumey, captured the first prize. Our executive officer also captured a prize. The card party was a success both socially and financially.

By far the most outstanding social event of the year was the graduation dance of May 1st held at the Academy. This dance gave the midshipmen a chance to invite their friends to see the Academy and the beauties of Castine. The Officers, their wives and the townspeople were



very generous and hospitable in opening their homes to the fair guests of the midshipmen. Through the efforts of the Officers, townspeople and midshipmen, the limited facilities for entertainment were forgotten, and we are now able to look back upon the many good times we had during our stay in Castine, and to enjoy in retrospect those times which we considered not quite so good.





SICK BAY

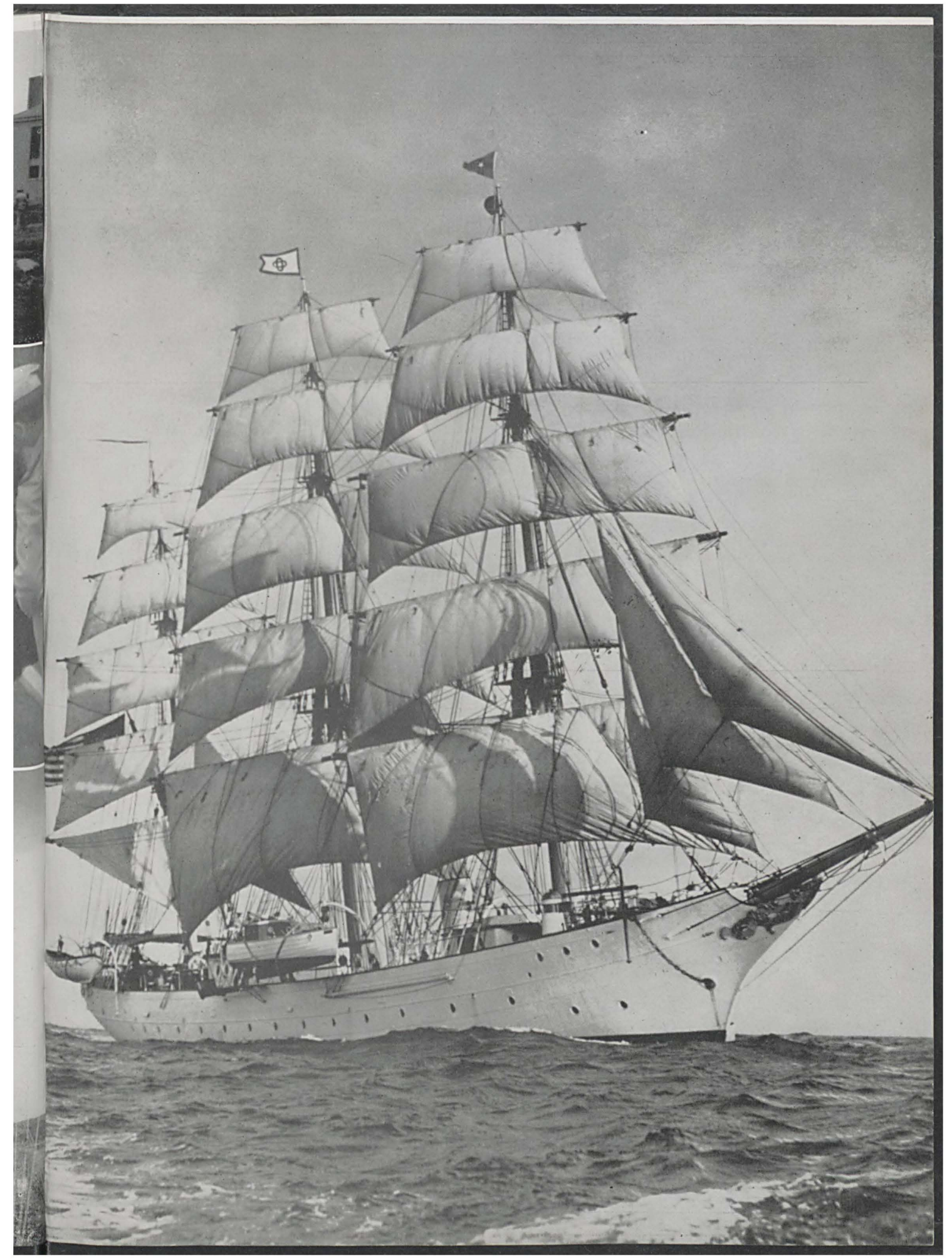
Remember our early days at the Academy when the Sick Bay was but a few cots in the lower part of the Administration Building? Those were times before we had learned to appreciate the value of a light duty slip or permission to turn in early. The facilities of the early establishment were adequate but by no means elaborate.

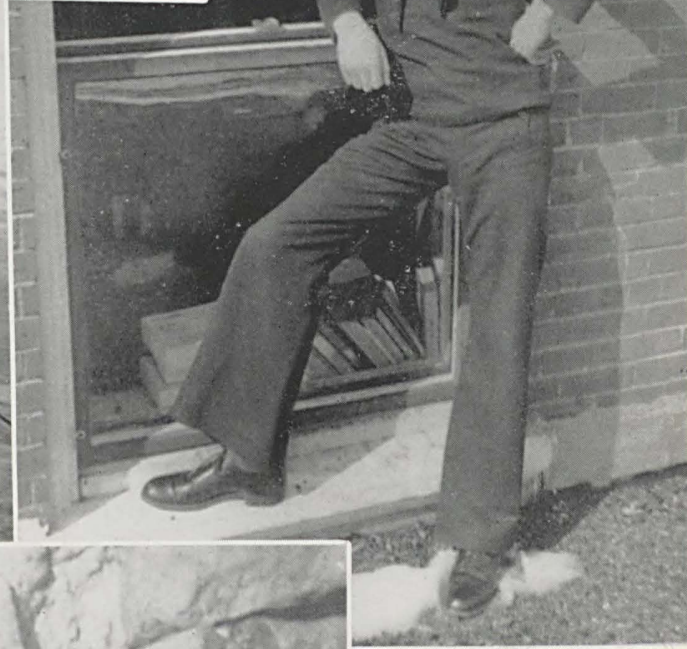
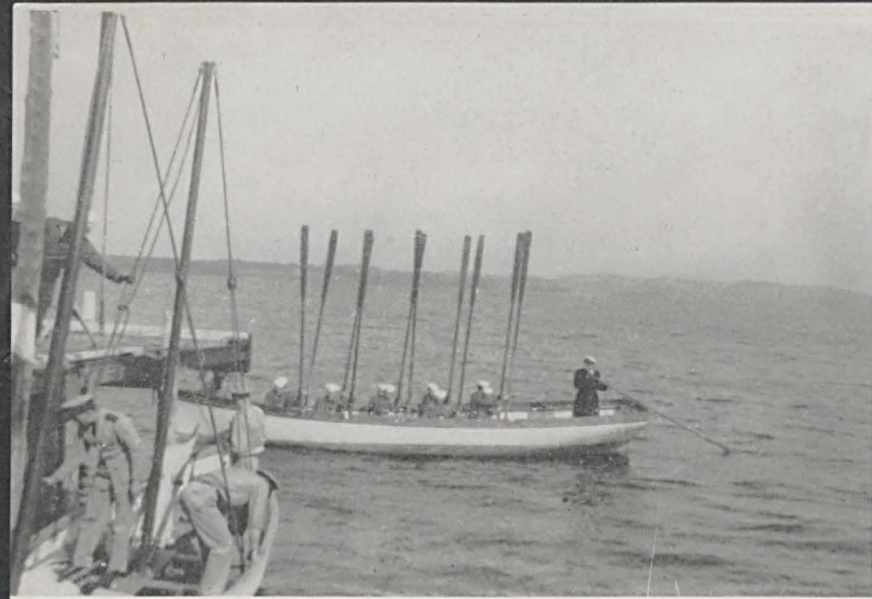
By the time we had returned from our first cruise, last December, the main deck of the Administration Building annex had been renovated and transformed into a Sick Bay capable of treating any emergency or illness that might arise.

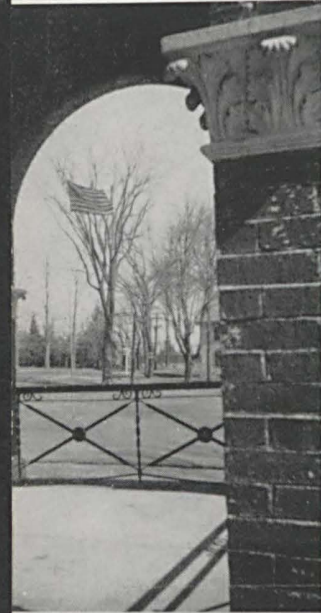
A permanent Medical Department has been stationed at the Academy. At the present time it consists of Lt. R. Starr Lampson (MC), U. S. N. R., C. P. M. Arnold Richardson, U. S. N., and P. M. C. James W. Healy, U. S. N. R.

The Sick Bay is a small hospital in itself, as it consists of a ward office, laboratory, galley, dispensary, lavatory, and waiting room. It is appointed in a most complete manner and goes far beyond the point of merely "serving the purpose."









OUR DAY

Four bells echo throughout the silent hallways of our good ship — the U. S. S. *Richardson Hall*. The maddening blare of the bugle drowns out the bell's refraining peal as it sounds out reveille. The O. D.'s voice is barely audible above the tumult of slamming doors and the shuffling footsteps of those rousing out. Hit the deck, muster, wash, dress, shave, clean quarters, scrubdown. All messmen report to the galley. Time marches on, and the deserted companionways turn bedlams upon the summons to chow.



Following morning mess — a light smoking lamp, and events of the day are discussed over a cigarette. Officer's call and then muster. "Batallion, company, platoon — fall in. Attention to muster. All present or accounted for, sir." Next calisthenics or a morning run. At 0830 we midshipmen can be found scattered throughout the classrooms delving into the study of the arts and mysteries of the sea. The deckmen struggle with their navigation, math, seamanship, while steam, diesel engineering and electricity are enough to puzzle the black gang. Classes disperse at 1150, at which time most of the corps can be found lingering around the mail box searching violently for mail and packages. Noon mess is at 1215, and usually another

discussion and cigarette follow. We muster at 1300 and after all are again present or accounted for march to class for the afternoon. Knock-off time at 1530. Then the activities begin. Some days Batallion drill heads the bill, but more often we are to be found at sport. Tennis, baseball, basketball, volleyball all help speed by our few minutes of leisure. The bugle beckons us to come to mess at 1700. Short liberties are granted after mess. At this time many can be found at the village drugstore or crowding in front of the counter at Mac's. On week-ends those not on leave throng the village theatre for a few hours of rare entertainment, and even sub-zero weather has not prevented some of us from enjoying the ancient and historic landmarks of Castine.

All hands report to study hall. Once again solitude falls upon the Campus. At length the end of our day draws near. Tattoo calls us to our quarters. Lights out. The bugle sounds soft and clear as taps is blown. Four bells. Only the automatic footsteps of the wandering sentry are to be heard when the Cadet O. D. reports "All secure for the night, sir."



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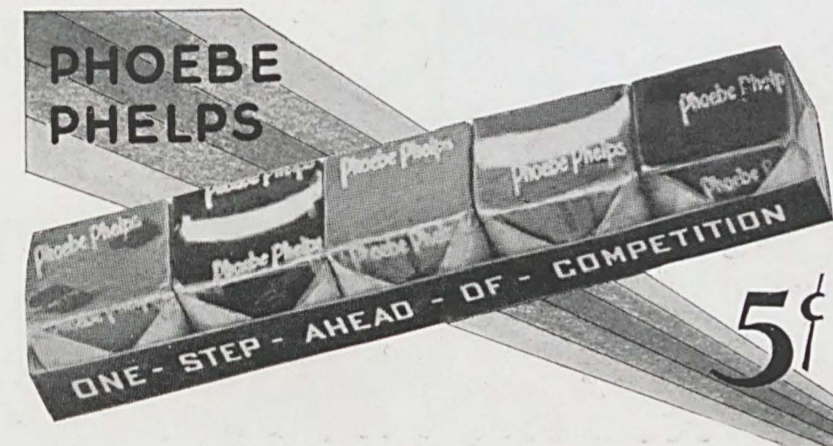
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- ★ DAILY KENNEBEC JOURNAL
AUGUSTA
- ★ WATERVILLE MORNING SENTINEL

