TRICK'S END
This I give you—the Academy is only as good as its Faculty and its Students and until every one works together, first for the Academy and then for each other, you have nothing but a group of buildings, a place to sleep, and work and study and eat. When the Superintendent, the Faculty and the Students realize what each has to contend with, the many difficult problems that each must work out, and all work together to solve these problems, then and only then, the Maine Maritime Academy becomes a living thing, a real place worthy of affection and a place in one’s heart and, in the years to come, a place of pleasant memories.

When you leave here to board your ship, you will find the above is true, work first for the ship and then for each other, being ever mindful of the difficulties of others and your ship will quickly become, what every good officer strives for, "A Happy Ship."

May the best of luck be with you always.

J. W. McColl, Jr.
Rear Admiral, USN
Superintendent
November 7, 1946

Chairman, Midshipmen Corps
Maine Maritime Academy
Cassine, Maine

Gentlemen:

I am happy to greet in TRICK'S END the men of Maine Maritime Academy who will shortly begin their careers in the United States Merchant Marine. Our Merchant Fleet has reached a notable point in its development. It has grown through the war not only larger in size but immeasurably greater in stature. We intend that the peacetime fleet shall be of such quality as to command the respect of the nation and the world. Our main source of strength will be the character of the men who sail our ships.

The training you are receiving is thorough and in the best traditions of American seamanship. I hope that all of you will live up to the highest standards of your chosen profession and do yourselves and the nation the honor of serving faithfully and well.

Sincerely yours,

E. S. Land
Chairman
To Lieutenant Commander Charles H. Tumey we respectfully and
affectionately dedicate this Trick's End. He has unravelled the maze of right
ascension, time sights, and intervals to noon for us, as he has for every class
before us. Living his subject was often mistaken for eccentricity, but Mr.
Tumey did not fail to infect future deck officers with his love of navigation.
Aberently picking up any pencil in sight, waving his arms to find declination
and celestial equator, the phrase "put yourself on report," had turned backwards
with sextant in hand and squinting skyward: by these things may we, and
countless others, remember him, as our preacher with Bonditch as our bible.
"86!Classes, inspections, and restrictions through the courtesy of the gold braid... "But, sir!"... A sleepy glimpse of two stripes and feet hastily hitting the deck... "The following men are on color guard"... To: Executive Officer, Subject: Special liberty... "86!"
Our life at the Academy revolved, quite naturally, about our training, our classes, and the general routine set up for us. Responsible for these departments was the Gold Braid in the role of Administration and guiding light. Our existence was governed by our officers who with experience and persevering patience steered us in the direction of graduation. We thank them.

REAR ADMIRAL JOSEPH W. McCOLL, JR. U.S.N. Superintendent

Admiral McColl assumed the superintendency just at the turn of our first academic term, and conned our ship throughout our last year. Coming to us from a long assignment at sea during the war years, he brought a spirit and determination which should help our Academy weather the many storms which time brings.
COMMANDER W. C. P. BELLINGER  
U.S.N. 
Executive Officer

Commander Bellinger joined us as Executive Officer just prior to our Senior Cruise. Although we have just come to know him, and he us, his ten years of active sea duty and his background of training have already made their mark at the academy and in shaping our careers.
Commander Clark was Executive Officer of the Academy for a short time, but in that period he gained the respect, admiration, and trust of the whole battalion. A scholarship man and a real officer in every sense of the word, he was competent, understanding, tactful. He knew the full meaning of the word “no,” but was completely fair in his every move. In all sincerity we wish him good sailing.

LT. COMDR. GROVER C. SMALL, USNR

Salt water runs through “Cap” Small’s veins and with his speech and actions he imparted something of the mariner to us. As head of the Seamanship Department when we first entered, he taught us our Ship Construction. Straightforward and frank as they come, the “Cap’s” took the reins as Executive Officer for several months. In charge of Ship Maintenance, he was responsible for our dock, a landmark in MMA history.

Lt. Comdr. Mitchell had his hands full. Aside from delving into the mysteries of breaches and horns, tactics and turning circles, his duties as Battalson officer kept him occupied. Mr. Mitchell when not on duty, was always good for a lecture session, but when he had the corn, was he the man not on the ball. As advisor of Trick’s End, his advice and discernment were invaluable to us.

LT. COMDR. ALLEN H. KILBY, USNR
Electricity, Auxiliaries

Intermingling book work with his own practical experience and a common-sense attitude toward engineering, Lt. Comdr. Kilby held classes never too deep to fathom. Being Engineering Officer made no difference to “A.K.” who was just as willing to have a joke played on him as he himself joked with the midshipmen. Yes, his teaching and his sense of humor will send us a long way.

LT. COMDR. DAVID A. MITCHELL, USNR
Naval Science, Communications
Lord of the financial domain, Mr. Crouse’s competence, willingness to work, and sincere interest in the Academy have increased as the school has grown. His thoroughness and eagerness to be of any possible assistance to all hands have marked him as invaluable to its internal functions. The twenty-five-month plan, though not appreciated by many a liberty-happy middle, kept us out of the red side of our commissary accounts.

LT. COMDR. M. FITZSIMONS, USNR
Naval Science

“Ah swish, ah just don’t understand you-all boys” was a patent trade mark and the butt of many a joke in a middle show. But all was taken in good fun, for between Naval Science classes and battalion drills, Mr. Fitzsimons indulged in some good-natured ribbing of his own. Maneuvering board, ordnance and gunnery, and naval orientation were dished out by “Fitz,” better known as “Southern Comfort.”

LT. COMDR. JASPAR F. CROUSE, USN
Finance Officer

The Academy lost one of its best officers and instructors when Mr. Murray left in the middle of our course. His exacting lectures, assignments, and exams were part of his policy of not only turning out engineers but turning out good engineers. And, judging from past results as well as our own experience with “Uncle Jim,” we feel that his policy has been invaluable to all.

LT. COMDR. JAMES MURRAY, USNR
Diesels, “Recips,” Turbines

It is difficult to pay tribute to “Hurryin’ Herm” in so few words; had any of us half his Engineering “know-how,” we would indeed be capable engineers. A love for work (whether it be in blues or dungarees) and a personality that everyone admired made possible our new and excellent machine shop. Losing Lt. Comdr. Meier (via the “point system”) meant losing part of MMA itself.

LT. COMDR. HERMAN MEIER, USNR
Boilers
Everybody's friend, and always ready with a joke was Harry Rodgers. Invaluable to the deckmen on the first cruise with his background as a master for so many years, he was the popular leader of "Rodgers Rangers" at the Academy where he reigned supreme on Ship Maintenance. Mr. Rodgers shipped out as master before our Caribbean cruise; there isn't a man who wouldn't want to ship under him as Third.

Mr. Olsen was responsible for us and WIMS and he kept busy at both. Those Communications classes were a cavalcade of H.O. 87, that blinker light, WIMS lectures and corrections, and semaphore sessions sprinkled over the campus. In his quiet way and with an easy sense of humor, Lt. Olsen gained the respect of every man under him.

Lt. Harry E. Rodgers, USNR
Seamanship, Cargo, Rules of the Road

Lt. Ralph Broades, USNR
Seamanship

Lt. Marvin E. Olsen, USNR
Communications

Lt. John Doctor, USNR
Registrar, Physical Education

Lt. Doctor spent his first months at the Academy as physical education instructor, a position in which he displayed a keen interest in the boys, to the tune of a more organized program. He was also the driving force, together with Comdr. Clark, in putting across our first smoker, the initial attempt at some periodic self-entertainment. He took over the post of registrar when we embarked for southern waters in December.
Mr. Ford kept his Naval Science classes and "A" company jumping. Squared hats and clean dories were the standing order of the day, and it was a hapless cadet who came to boat drill sans these qualifications. However, when off duty Mr. Ford dropped that well-known voice and boisterous manner, relaxed, and became another easy-to-get-along-with officer.

LT. HARRISON SMALL, USNR
Navigation

Many middies found that Mr. Small was not as easily gotten-around as they had estimated. He came to the Academy to handle the art of parallel rulers and charts for the under-classman and to eventually relieve Mr. Tumey as navigation instructor. Easefulness and sincerity is characteristic of him, and his friendly greetings every day as he hurries by are a trade mark, also.

LT. COMDR. FRANCIS FORD, USNR
Naval Science

The ideal Shipping Eo instructor, with a background of experience that afforded a wealth of material and knowledge, Mr. Normand never found a deaf ear in his classes. A genuine interest in his work, coupled with a fund of facts, opinions, and stories, revived a subject that would have been dull slogging otherwise. Every man sincerely regretted his short stay.

LT. (jg) WALTER HOLLAND, USNR
Seamanship, Cargo, Rules of the Road
Navigation instructor for the deckmen in our “mug” days, Mr. Parker’s inevitable pose with cigarette in one hand and Bowditch in the other is a reminder of those classes. His exacting exams and that poker-face visage were another reminder, but it wasn’t till we became upper-classmen that we found Lt. Parker to be not as unsmiling as we had thought.

Our smooth, suave “jg” certainly knew his diesels, and his interesting experiences in all parts of the world provided amusing discourse between (I) classes. In an easy-going manner Mr. Baranger (better known to the “appreciative” as “The Gull”) put across Bosch and M.A.N., Camecias and Fairbanks-Morse, justifying his partiality toward the internal combustion engine.

Lt. (g) Gregory came to the Academy several months ago and promptly made a mark for himself in the Math Department, instructing the deckmen in Horner’s method and the Mechanics Rule. Adept with a camera, he was the official photographer for Maine Maritime Academy. When it came to athletics, Mr. Gregory was always willing to lend a helping hand, whether offering his coaching or refereeing abilities.

Our sincere apologies to those instructors who do not appear on the preceding pages. One of the many individual problems of Trick’s End which arose from time to time was posed by the large officer personnel turnover we had in our period at the Academy. Much as we would have liked to include all those officers who prepared us in our various subjects, we had printing deadlines to meet, and engraving dates to follow. As a result, there are many instructors whom we were not able to have here. However, we may take this opportunity to offer our thanks to them for the assistance and the benefits of their experience that they have given us in our training here.
BRYANT CROWE
Yeoman 1.C.

JOHN ZIOLKIEWICZ
Chief Gunner's Mate

LLOYD WEINER
Pharmacist's Mate 2.C.

VERNON HASKELL
Boatswain's Mate

WILLIAM UELZE
Chief Machinist's Mate

JOSEPH ANTRAM
Chief Gunner's Mate

Norman, Gregory, Olsen, Crouse, Small, Clark, Tunsey, Rodgers, Ford, Meier, Kilby, Chief Ski
"Battalion, att-en-shun!"

"Muster the liberty party!"

"Breeze sessions... Two year history in three chapters: T-4, E-3, E-1... "Officers, front and center"... Kadet Kapers...

"All present and accounted for, sir"

"All hands, chow down."

LION
More than anything else, the Academy is personified by the battalion, the corps of midshipmen which we so inauspiciously augmented two years ago. To us, the battalion is not measured in terms of a body of men marching, drilling, passing in review. To us it is like looking into the small end of a telescope and seeing individuals, the men with whom we lived, ate, studied, and became friends, with whom we skylarked, learned, matured.
"Willie" spent his two years at MMA drifting along on his own private purple cloud, at peace with the world while he was quarterbacking the D-1 team or pitching for their softball squad. He dabbled in basketball, tennis, and golf with more than average success, and was a strong asset to his section.

Bill’s priceless sense of humor was concealed by a downcast expression, but would break through when you were most unaware, leaving you fascinated and more than a little bewildered. His pantomimes enlivened many a dull conversation, and his incomparable cartoons graced most of the blackboards of Donnukes Hall.

Dover- Foxcroft’s mighty man, Jimmy, has had his hands more than full piloting D-1 through the perils of the seniors at MMA. The accent of his “Redday, front!” at morning muster proclaimed him to be a true son of Maine. A lover of liberty if ever there was one, Jim won favor through his ability to get along and to get things done. On the basketball court he was fast and capable, and in other sports he proved to be a good man to have around. Sunday mornings Jim devoted to his beloved sack, recollecting in tranquility those better days and sights of ancient times when life began at 2240.

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The Bronx Admiral, born and raised amid skyscrapers, subways, and city streets of "the cultural center of the universe," Sheldon could not conceive the idea that civilization extended beyond Greater New York. As time went on, though, and liberties were spent away from home, "Rhubarb" found that the city of Bangor also possessed many of those cute little bunkas of culture for which New York is famous. A very brilliant fellow when it came to the more worldly matters such as chemistry and philosophy, Sheldon was always willing to devogue his bits of learning to any eager listener, provided he could enjoy the pungent aroma of his favorite pipe at the same time.

Maine Mast Assistant Editor
Propeller Club Secretary
A loyal member of Bowdoin's Dekes and heir to the Baxter Beaurecs, "Beaney" brought many of his Bowdoin habits with him when he came to MMA. While some of these habits did not conform with the daily academy routines, they tended to make Beaney a very interesting and enjoyable character. Studies came easy to him, and most of his spare time was spent in playing records, discussing baseball, or in pursuing the pursuits familiar to the hearts of all Dekes. As a roommate, his only fault was the abstract look that covered his face when sleep overtook him. With that warm, genial nature, and always friendly smile, Beaney was an all-round, likeable fellow.

The little man with the big smile and the indescribable mop of hair, Gub can best be described as a "yeg'lar fella." Every afternoon after his last class, he would dash to his room, grab his clubs, and then make tracks to the golf course. As the Academy's ace golfer, Gub really shot a mean eighteen holes. This, followed by an evening game of ping pong and a boogie woogie session on the ivories constituted his average day. What he lacked in size, he more than made up for in personality. One of the quietest, yet best-liked fellows in the class, Gub was everybody's friend, a classmate and a shipmate to be proud of.

A tall, quiet New Yorker, known to many as "the Lucky," Tony was the aristocrat of D-I society. As a member of the "Big Four Bridge Society" (better bridge for bigger stakes), this city boy usually made study halls profitable. Although he was rather quiet upon his arrival, he soon took us into his confidence and we learned about his Hotchkiss background, his numerous New York connections, and his complicated social life. At MMA his chief interests were tennis, baseball, and football by day; bridge, boogie woogie, and bull sessions by night.
After a year at Holy Cross, this curly-headed "lace curtain" Irishman left his native Boston, and headed for MMA in search of a Navy commission. A very serious-minded and loyal member of his clan with a thought for the future, George never failed to write his daily letter. One of his chief interests was sports, especially baseball. His good sportsmanship and will-to-win made him one of the academy's best athletes. With his loyalty and determination, this fighting Irishman will prove the best friend when the going gets the toughest.

Robert Donald Bickford

Northfield, Vermont

At last, here he is—the ideal roommate! Helpful, quiet, and owning a large collection of pin-ups, Clarkie was envied for his serene disposition and cheery companionship. He hails from Winterport, only a few nautical miles up the Penobscot, and his familiarity with salt water ways was evident when you saw him in action.

A big stick on D-1's softball team and a tower of strength at Indian wrestling, he was also business manager of the Maine Mast. His deep baritone voice will command respect on the bridge of any ship.

Norman Clark

Winterport, Maine

This perpetually grinning Vermonter's theory was that life was far too short and too much fun to waste sleeping. Bick was always on the move. An ardent follower of the boogie woogie artists, he was an authority on every band in the country. Although Bob was also a loyal member of the "Big Four Bridge Society" (better bridge for bigger stakes) he was not so fortunate as his colleagues. Financial problems occupied much of his time at the Academy. However, despite these monetary difficulties, Bick was always smiling; thinking of better days to come.

Trick's End, Sports Editor

Varsity Basketball Manager

Section Basketball

Maine Mast
As "A" Company Commander, it was Jim's job to keep us out of trouble, a tough assignment to say the least—but Jim did a good job of it. A staunch defender of the Emerald Isle and the Democratic Party, he always preferred a good argument to a book. However, Jim was not immune to studies, and now and then he reeled under the blows of the academic department. But despite this lack of cooperation on the part of the faculty, Jim was always cheerful and ready for the evening ball session, whether the subject be liberties in good old New York, or Maine's chances of entering the Union.

"A" Company Commander
Section Softball
Section Basketball
Section Football

"It's a bird! Not! It's a plane! Not! It's just 'Handsome Ray' Cowan dangling by his toes from the crow's nest." Ray will always be remembered for the great heights to which he climbed while at Maine Maritime. On the Pilot in his underclass days, Ray would trade any watch for the position he cherished so deeply, the crow's nest. He was one fellow who really earned those USNR wings the hard way. Ray was also one of the saltiest characters in our midst, and, being a former mate on the Rockland Sea Scout ship, his sentences usually began with a vigorous "In Rockland we..." Ray's life ambition is to be the skipper of a luxury liner, and judging by the talent he has already displayed, he will climb the ladder of success fast.

Glee Club
Swimming Instructor

James Edward Collins, Jr.
Bangor, Maine

Lewis, another of the Bangor clan, was a lone wolf—with the accent on the last syllable—when it came to liberty. Much of his life remained a dark secret, but at MMA he could often be found striking some staminalike pose at work on the Pentagoet. With plenty of pep and a restless nature, Lew was a mainstay in intramural sports and, when it came to jittering, a menace to any dance floor. If enthusiasm indicates a competent seaman, then Lew will make the grade. Whatevever he participated in he did whole-heartedly, and it is just this attribute which will help to put him ahead.

Section Softball
Section Basketball
Tennis

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Section Softball
Section Basketball
Tennis

Lewis Crowell
Bangor, Maine

Horatio Cushing Cowan, Jr.
Rockland, Maine
While not actually a thorn in the side of the midshipman body, Tom remained something of a martyr in midshipman's clothing. From his typewriter came communiques which were responsible for more misunderstandings, embarrassing situations, and assorted mild riots than any other senior.

Hailing from the mid-west, Tom had a head start when he arrived in Cantine, by virtue of five months' experience on Great Lakes ore boats. With notebooks that were a masterpiece, Tom achieved one of the highest standings among the deckmen. A third mate's license, marriage, and the University of Michigan are the three big things in Tom's life, and his sincerity, humor, and patience will bring him success with all of them.

Tom Newton Cummings
Detroit, Michigan
If Dave ever does anything else in his life, he will make a host of friends. Rather quiet and serious minded, this midshipman’s cheerful, easy-going nature helped him make many of these friends at MMA. Also, Dave had the distinction of being the only fellow who could balance an overseas cap on his right ear during inspection and get away with it. When not engaged in translating into English the works of Nathaniel Bowditch, or following the daily adventures of “Terry and the Pirates,” Dave could usually be found curled up in his sack at peace with the world.

As junior watch officer, Garth was a man to be reckoned with. For all those unbelievers in the power of Fisher, a couple of twelve to four watches soon removed all doubts. If judged by his six-foot-three-inch altitude and the equally tall tales he brought back from liberty, Fish might have been considered a BTO. When not engaged in “fixing” A Company’s watch list, he was forever cleaning his guns. By means of his favorite sports, hunting and wrestling, he did much to improve his amorous technique with the opposite sex. By means of this technique, he became known around the academy as a one-woman man—periodically. Garth’s main problem will be to find a ship to fit him, and some skipper will get a lot for his money.

Junior Watch Officer

Garth Campbell Fisher
South Weymouth, Massachusetts

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Garth Campbell Fisher
South Weymouth, Massachusetts

As junior watch officer, Garth was a man to be reckoned with. For all those unbelievers in the power of Fisher, a couple of twelve to four watches soon removed all doubts. If judged by his six-foot-three-inch altitude and the equality tall tales he brought back from liberty, Fish might have been considered a BTO. When not engaged in “fixing” A Company’s watch list, he was forever cleaning his guns. By means of his favorite sports, hunting and wrestling, he did much to improve his amorous technique with the opposite sex. By means of this technique, he became known around the academy as a one-woman man—periodically. Garth’s main problem will be to find a ship to fit him, and some skipper will get a lot for his money.

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Al's time at the Academy, when he wasn't out on special, was split between improving the band (popularly known as Frawley's Folly) and dreaming of his future drugstore. Quiet, steady, and conscientious though, Fitz and his trombone could be matched in artistry only by his proteges, the Flagg twins, on the cymbals. Notorious for the reckless abandon with which he conducted his affairs of the heart, Alfie became a confirmed man-about-Yonkers. Generally pensive, on various occasions he came out from behind the curtain of gloom and turned into the indispensable man at the party.

Band Master
Orchestra
"Kaydet Kaypers"
Section Softball

Section Basketball
Section Football
Golf

Reputedly the "tallest" man in D-1, Fitz made life as simple as possible by keeping out of the way, especially as an underclassman. Quiet, steady, and conscientious though, Fitz and his Ford grew to be the envy of Bay Staters when they saw him whee by, headed for home. His greatest accomplishment to date is having the minor earthquake caused by his habitually vibrating feet recorded by the Harvard seismograph. Greater successes are in store for him as third mate, however, if he can manage to escape the beckoning hand of marriage.

Section Softball
Section Football

Life can be beautiful, even at Castine — this was Gass's philosophy. Just a playboy at heart, he really seemed to enjoy his two-year sentence. Golf, tennis, sailing, swimming, and sun bathing were scheduled for the summer months, while hibernation was in order with the coming of winter. A very neat and fastidious dresser, Gas bought quite a collection of uniforms — his theory being that as long as he was burdened by such a heavy debt, the finance officer would never request his resignation. Famous for the quantities of food he consumed, Gas will undoubtedly prove a constant source of amazement for his crew, and a headache for the cooks.

Robert William Gascoigne
East Edgecomb, Maine

Alfred Cecil Frawley
Bangor, Maine

John Fitzgerald
With a flair for the unusual, John can well be remembered for his many and colorful variations of the midshipman’s uniform. Although not lazy, John was not overloaded with ambition when it came to manual labor. Slow, quiet, and dreamy-eyed, his anatomic assets brought him much attention, since he was double-jointed throughout and could easily become all wrapped up in himself. A connoisseur of hunting, fishing, and the more comely members of the fairer sex, when not engaged in pursuing these hobbies, John could usually be found in a state of relaxation reminiscing of days gone by.

**Game’s Mate Section Football**

*Section Softball Section Basketball Section Football*

**Swimming Instructor**

Robert Irwin Gort
Lawrence, New York

As chief custodian of the cole concession, the Little Bull controlled the drinking habits of the entire academy. Despite his size, J.T. was not one to have anything put over on him. When the bull roared, the walls shook, and hell hath no fury like the little bull’s scorn. His skill with a straight razor also made one think twice before crossing J.T.’s path. A lightin’ Irishman and a deadly enemy of all “Limy’s,” John’s greatest shock came when he learned that the company from which his father had been buying gasoline for the last fifteen years was British controlled.

**Swimming Instructor**

John Thomas Kelleher
Bangor, Maine

**Coxswain**

John Thomas Jenkins
Waban, Massachusetts

**Swimming Instructor**

Swimming Instructor

Swimming Instructor

Swimming Instructor
Mac is one of those rare combinations of student-athlete that can’t be topped. Completely devoted to his first love, basketball, Mac was well known for a herculean left handed hook shot. In summer, baseball claimed his attention, while his fine batting and fielding performances claimed the attention of a major league club. His effortless approach to studies—and consequent good grades—never ceased to amaze and mystify, and his talents in the composition of billets-doux proved to be of comparable success. An all-round guy, Mac will find that his horizons are distant and that his friends are without limit.

One of the loyal boys from Syracuse U., “Benny” appeared upon the scene with typewriter in hand, receipt books bulging from his pockets. An advertising manager of the yearbook he did a bang-up job. And pleasure could be combined with business, couldn’t it, Dick? Along with his abilities as a business, Dick possesses, if not talent, at least a tendency toward singing. A sax friend as well, he was a mainstay of both bands. His only worries at MMA involved answering the tremendous volume of mail he received. Reputed by common labor, Dick nevertheless accounted for the accomplishment of much in various activities requiring the executive touch.

Frank Joseph Maguire
South Orange, New Jersey

strained as she goes, boys!” “Balty” cut his eye teeth sailing boats along the rocky coast of Maine. It was a natural love of the sea that brought him to the Academy. As Section Leader of D-3, Mr. Southard had his hands full trying to keep his happy little family on the ball and out of trouble. However, Balty always managed to find time for his sailing, and during these spare moments he could usually be seen out in the bay putting one of the Academy’s sloops through its paces. A friendly fellow who was always willing to impart his knowledge to others, Balty will make a top-notch officer.

Allan Hunt Southard, Jr.
Lawton, Maine

G. Richard Roberts
Lawrence, New York

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G. Richard Roberts
Lawrence, New York
Richard "Never do today what you can do tomorrow" Sprague was Editor of the Maine Mast, Custodian of Bulletin Boards, and the first person to read Maine Call each week. Occasionally he studied for the class just past, but since academics were a snap for him, Dick could be found sharing his sack with a good book most of the time. Quiet, good-natured, peaceful, and a literary quite kid, he was a good roommate, his only fault being a misappropriated ability for cracking puns. Dick has an abundance of grey matter, though, and if sufficiently aroused, he will really go places.

Maine Mast, Editor

Richard Stanton Sprague
Bangor, Maine

The story of Little Leroy's life at Maine Maritime "relates to the development into manhood of a sensitive, trusting boy bent from every side with crushing difficulties." The most crushing of these crushing difficulties was mathematics, but by sheer hard work and determination, Leroy managed to cram his already crowded cranium with the required facts and figures. However, "Son" had his talents, and upon being elected president of the Propeller Club, he demonstrated a remarkable ability in leadership and public speaking. The object of much kidding, he was always a good sport, noted for his perpetual good nature and willingness to forgive.

Propeller Club, President

Boxing

Varsity Baseball Manager

Section Football

Listen for an off-key rendition of "I Love You Truly" or a laugh that sounds like a 20-mm gun, and you'll recognize Watson. This paliface comes from Orono, on the outskirts of Indian country, where dwells in a wigwam called Sutton Farms a certain favorite spot. With a policy of "Live and let live" Dick became one of the best-liked fellows in the class. Happy-go-lucky, yet responsible when the occasion demanded, he entered into sports for the sheer love of playing. Whether Dick goes down to the sea in ships or succumbs to the lure of college living, good wishes will follow after him.

Varsity Basketball

Section Softball

Richard Dexter Watson

Orono, Maine

Roy Wilson Sussman

Monmouth Beach, New Jersey

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Maine Mast, Editor

Richard Stanton Sprague
Bangor, Maine
Section D-1
Third Row: E. Bower, J. Jenkins, G. Fisher, J. Davis, A. Freckley

Section D-3
Not Present: J. Billings, P. Burr, J. Glenrose, L. Horst, W. Houston, G. Host
Fourth Row: F. Allen, J. Hamilton, J. Brown, D. Ellis, H. Henderson
Third Row: J. Dwyer, C. Blanck, E. Smith, E. Hodson
Front Row: H. Brown, D. Curtis, Chane, A. Miller, Peter Flagg, F. Ames, W. Felver, G. Draywell
Bruce Andrews Borden
New Bedford, Massachusetts

Bugler "par excellence" (he came a long way from the bedraggled notes at reveille as apprentice tootle on the Pilot), and hot trumpet man for Vinnie Gillis' ragtimers, Bruce could always be found ready for a contest or an intellectual tussle in a game of bridge. That is to say, when he didn't have trumpet or clarinet in hand. He was a pleased listener to any and all of Mr. Normandy's New Bedford tales. Brushing all worries aside, Bruce rarely, if ever, let the worldly things bother him. Who knows, maybe this was the reason he was among D-2's outstanding intelligentia?

Bugler
Band
Orchestra
Glee Club
Maine Meat
Section Softball
Section Basketball
Section Football

The resounding "861" that echoed through the halls long after the O.D. had gone his relentless way stemmed from one Bob Brickates. Always ready and willing to laugh at his own jokes, and some were surprisingly witty, we can remember Brick by his extraordinary ability to harp consistently on the same minor gripe for two or three consecutive days. He always startled us with his extensive knowledge and views of the current international and political scene, but no one will be surprised in future years to see Brick piloting his own little place at Old Orchard, and serving his favorite brew.

Robert Brickates
Saco, Maine

Section Basketball

Walter Irving Gay
Southbridge, Massachusetts

Though a rather quiet and unassuming fellow when he first entered MMA, "Duke" became an honorary member of the "Hot Sketch and Character Society" after entering the portals of Room 18. Those innumerable hours spent writing letters couldn't have all been to Mother judging by the fact that the Castine Post Office Department had to hire another pony just to handle Irv's correspondence. The best kind of roommate, and section-mate, too, he could always be depended on to lend a helping hand; Irv was a real friend.
Vince D. De Paul Gillis
Old Orchard, Maine

MMA's contribution to the Bobby sound's success was Vinnie Gillis. Studies never bothered Vin much, nor did he, then, and though sack drill was a favorite activity, the Voice could be found holding up his end of the baritone section in the band, "giving out" before the mike and the Academy orchestra he ably piloted, or just originating the peculiar noises in the back of the classrooms. When he wasn't occupied thusly, Vinnie found time for the varsity basketball team and D-2's football and softball clubs. If he can't whistle aboard ship, Vinnie can certainly sing, and sing he will!

Band
Orchestra, Leader
Varsity Basketball
Glee Club
"Kaydet Kapers"

William MacDonald Greenhalgh
Tiverton, Rhode Island

This red-headed lad will be well-remembered for his sexy leg-art and vocalizing in Kaydet Kapers. But more than that, Red distinguished himself as undoubtedly the only mug in the history of the Academy who could tell an upperclassman off with impunity. "Guilch" was continually cooking up some new deviltry for his buddy's amusement, from a snake-charmer act to a take-off on a certain "Lieutenant Commander," and it is not only us, but our upperclass and our mugs as well, who will remember Red with a chuckle and a grin as a "hot sketch."

Band
Glee Club
"Kaydet Kapers"

Richard Matthews Hollett, Jr.
Boothbay Harbor, Maine

The burden of his stripe and a half as "B" Company Commander never got the best of Dick's better-than-average marks. His conscientiousness here was rivaled only by his industry as a Carpenter, First Class. We have a sneaking suspicion, however, that if Dick's conscientiousness didn't stand in the way, most of his time would be spent in sack drill, relegated to second place, of course, by his first love, a slope and a good wind. When last seen, Dick was still trying to live down Dick Sr.'s six-week course in Navigation!
Andy was one of those enviable lads who almost daily had a corner on the mail market. Next to reading said correspondence, his first love must have been the perusal of every bit of naval statistical data within reach, for he was a veritable walking "Jane’s Fighting Ships." When not engaged thusly, he could be found horizontally engrossed in any other reading matter. Keeping up his end of the mail bargain monopolized quite a bit of time, but no matter what the occupation of the moment was, Andy was always ready to lend a helping hand to a section-mate in distress.

Maine Mast

The big boy with the deep voice was Charlie Hickson, but the lack of an Irish tenor didn’t deter him from breaking into a ballad filled with atmosphere of shamrocks and the Blarney Stone. There was the acquisition in his Senior Year of that well-known point of distinction, the inescapable "Five Dollars," pipe extraordinary. Always ready to appreciate a good joke, speak a friendly word for someone, or lend a sympathetic ear, this clean-cut lad ranked as tops with many more than all of O-2. He’ll do well at sea—likable and friendly, with an "A" for effort.

Band
Ship’s Store
"Kaydet Kapers"

"Pilot Nile"
Section Softball
Section Football

The pride of Westbrook never ceased to amaze us with his prowess as a Lady Killer and all around lover, because his buoyant, unaffected personality, with the tender gender as well as us males, was disarming. It may have been that famous violin. "Hutch" and his fiddle made a mark for themselves at MMA, in shows and impromptu jam sessions, on the classics, jive, or his own compositions. Of course, his secret may have been that he didn’t wear those infamous muster shirts out on liberty, but whatever it was, he was A-number one with them all, and that went double for all of us.

Junior Watch Officer
"Kaydet Kapers"
"Pilot Nile"

Pre-Cruise Show
Swimming Instructor
Glee Club, Leader

Robert Burns Hutchinson
Westbrook, Maine
The boy with the giant stride, ham-like hands, the flashing, "Ipana" smile, and the stargazing nature to match was big "Gus" Ingraham, representative of "Shaman Mills," which was even north of North. If you heard the course had been shortened, we were getting a raise in pay, or any such vicious rumor, you could trail the originator to room 18 L. R. A wit which caused more than one person to think twice about "Shaman Mills," and a ready willingness to help a friend are a few of the reasons why "the Great Gus" was one of the most popular fellows at the Academy.

Section Softball  Section Football

Lawrence Edmund Ingraham
Sherman Mills, Maine

Section Basketball

Section Softball  Section Basketball

Section Basketball

Thomas Francis Joyce
Portland, Maine

A minor Gallup Poll of MMA would undoubtedly have found "Kid Munjoy" just about the most popular fellow in the Battalion, an opinion easily attributed to his infectious smile and willingness to give one "the word." That rare complexion didn't proclaim shyness and quietness, because Tom always was at bat with a ready and appropriate quip. Besides ticking his section's responsibilities with an unbeat-able sense of humor, he was also a key man in D-2's athletic attempts, both on the diamond and basketball court. We'd like to see his skipper's face when he gives him "the word."

Swimming Instructor

Section Softball  Section Basketball

Swimming Instructor

Richard Stoddard Libby
Bar Harbor, Maine

Band  Orchestra  Swimming Instructor

You could tell the silhouette down the hall belonged to "Lib" by the horseshoe construction of his legs, but if one could only hear him, you would still be correct, for who else could speak at that rapid-fire speed? We could never decide which meant more to the youth with the pail blue eyes and the paler face, his sack or the chow line, but these two activities out-danced all others. We are forewarning the steward of Dick's ship that he'd better take on board about three times the usual amount of provisians, especially milk—Dick Libby is Third Mate this trip!
The soft-spoken lad "with the hair" was El-bridge MacFarland, better known (and for good reason) as "Mac." Mac was the kind of fellow one finds in every group—quiet, and always ready to do a favor, stand a watch, or offer rescue from slight pecuniary embarrassments. He surprised us all with his apparent way with the gentle sex and his brand of baseball at first base for D-2, and surpassed us all in the amount of mail received. With a background of the sea, Mac will find his chosen future one to his liking.

Section Softball
Section Basketball
Section Football

Malcolm Louis Mackenzie
Treichlers, Pennsylvania

Mac came to the Academy with the confident knowledge that whatever it was he could do it. He has kept that self assurance intact on the diamond, marching alongside "his boys;" D-4, sketching and painting, or working on Trick's End or the Maine Mast. He would never have kept up correspondence with his innumerable women, were it not for the fact that this lucky son of Andover was one of those peculiar persons who rack up the 4.0's and the 3.9's with no visible effort. Put all this together with his salty prowess, and we find a valuable man for any ship or any task.

Section Leader D-4
Trick's End, Associate Editor
Maine Mast, News Editor
Glee Club

No Academy show was complete without this lad; he seemed to take to a stage and a mike like a duck to water. Besides giving Bob Hope something to worry about, Jay put many a long hour and a longer weekend in on Trick's End as editor. In the same line, he was Feature Editor on the Maine Mast, knocking out his regular "Bigwater" column. All this had no apparent effect on his grades, however, which stood him in the first ten. A sense of humor and a personality that assured him friends will bring Jay to the top in any undertaking.

Trick's End, Editor
Maine Mast, Feature Editor
"Keydet Kapers", Director
"Pilot Nile"
Pre-Cruise Show

Elbridge Harold McFarland
Friendship, Maine

Jay Norman Maisel
Haylett, New York
Spontaneity personified is this muscle man from Hartford, Connecticut, MMA’s answer to Charles Atlas. Were it not for his barbells, Bill might have been judged by both officers and classmates as one of our less industrious personalities—and he was. It seemed as if his prime ambition was to get the maximum sack drill in the minimum time, but Bill’s conscientiousness made itself felt when he hit the books. Those facial expressions and actions were always good for a laugh. That sense of humor and spontaneous energy will put Bill at the top in any field he chooses.

Section Softball

This tall representative of the Middle West came to the Academy two years ago and spent every minute of them in a world of his own. The apparent semi-conscious state that Dave was perpetually in masked a sense of the humorous, however, and many were the surprised middles upon whom it suddenly dawned that Dutch, with straight countenance, had just come out with a formidable bit of wit. Quiet and expressionless in speech, a liberty found him startling alive and boisterous. If salt doesn’t get into Dave’s veins he will doubtlessly continue (in his preoccupied way) designing cars, but this time with a future.

Section Softball
Section Football

Judd traded three years of college life for a more regulated life when he came to MMA. He brought the activities side of the conglom- erate with him as manager of the varsity basketball and voluntarily assumed the responsi-

bility of all arrangements for that bit of tradi-
tion, the class ring. If he wasn’t busy as Chief Boatswain for the Pentagoet, Judd might have been found at the tiller of one of the sloops. But whatever the job, he did it well; he will be an asset to any skipper.

Varsity Basketball, Manager  Coxswain, Sailboats  Class Ring  "Kayak Kapers"  Coxswain, Pentagoet

Section Softball
Jumping to his feet in class with an explosive "But Jenny Christmas!" and an earnest argument or theory, Nick was a source of amusement for all his buddies. Those marks he pulled down were not indicative of empty thoughts, however. Sandwiched between innumerable sack drills were his efforts on the bass horn, in band and orchestra. With an easy sense of humor and a poker face, if necessary, to put that humor across, Nick is the kind of fellow who will have no trouble winning friends.

**Band**

Band

**Orchestra**

"Kaydet Kapers"

**Basketball Trainer**

It followed that if there was to be a show, Paul Peckham would be up there, and it also followed that if Paul Peckham were in it, so would "Begin the Beguine." Maybe it was the voice, maybe the wavy, blond hair, but in any case it put Paul in the Number One slot as far as the fairer sex were concerned; he came into his own that first summer as an upperclassman, and there was no questioning who took top honors with the visiting lovelies. Though no 4.0 man by far, there is no doubt that the "kid with connections" will go far.

"Kaydet Kapers"

"Pilot Nile"

Pre-Show Show

Club Club

This lad could tell the tallest stories to any unsuspecting victim, ranging from report to restriction, with the straightest face in the Academy. Whether this faculty was a help or a hindrance, the fact remained that Don had his share of hard luck with his love life. He always appreciated a good practical joke, if not on him. Spring found him on the varsity baseball club, and along with that, Don was a mainstay of the section's football and basketball teams. He will undoubtedly carve a place for himself in the future.

**Varsity Baseball**

Section Basketball

Section Football
Arriving in this world with a cheerful determination to set it on its heels, Pro has proceeded to do so with vigor. Though short in stature, "The Little King" has harnessed his brains, energy, and ability to put him out in front where he can't get stepped on. A 4.0 man and an efficient section leader, he was successful in his work, whether academic or practical, and in his everlasting efforts to keep his section "on the ball." One needs no crystal ball to know that Pro will follow through with that same determination and those same results in every chapter of his life.

Donald George Prohaska
Bloomsfield, Connecticut

Section Leader D-2
Gunner's Mate

John Walton Schmid
Cranston, Rhode Island

Four stripes, a salty gait, and ability to match announced one John Walton Schmid, better known to all as "Smitty." That stern countenance for a command always finally relaxed into a broad grin, for Walt, with a first rate sense of humor, was ever-ready to appreciate a good joke. Salty Waltie's prowess stemmed from a trophy-studded racing career, and he lost no time in demonstrating his prime love, sailing. It was industry, dependability, and the respect of his shipmates, plus being sincerely well-liked that earned him the unenvied responsibility of Batt Commander; all of those things will take Smitty a long way towards any goal.

Battalion Commander
Gunnaisn, Sailbait
Section Softball

Barclay Mosfot Shepard
Boothbay Harbor, Maine

BattalioH
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oxswa
in,
Sai lboa ts
ectio n Basketball
ectio n Football

Shep had more seatime than any of us when he came to the Academy, with a journey back and forth across the Big Pond as a child to his credit. Not slow to find fault with The System or a hapless instructor, he was the ideal buddy for "Gulch." As a standard participant in any bridge game, Shep nevertheless found time to keep his grades at par or better, and to thud out a hep note on the bass drum every morning at Colors. With the ability to absorb knowledge, he will mould success from any job he undertakes.

Band
Glee Club
The one liberty town as far as "Stemmy" was concerned was Rockland, a fact which he demonstrated clearly every other weekend. Though we missed him on "Liber," the intervals in between proved his status as one of the boys, always ready to laugh, argue in friendly fashion, or determinately hit the books, which accounted for many a good grade. His mornings during colors were spent contributing his "pah" to the assorted marches. A real sense of loyalty and humor and a steadfastness in purpose made "Stem" a real buddy; they will serve him in good stead when his ship stands out to sea.

Band
"Trick's End"
"Kaydet Kapers"
Glee Club

Assistant Mate of the Mess Deck (he himself preferred the title of Assistant Master-at-Arms), Bill had no trouble in keeping clear of a skirmish with Gold Braid. One of the cornerstones upholding his section's average, this 4.0 man with his quiet way and "stick-to-it-iveness" was consistent in his high grades in every subject. His leading accomplishment was complete notes on every subject in the books, but much to the chagrin of his roommates, he also had a taste for neat quarters, and was ready for even the Admiral's keen sense of the presence of dust.

That stately walk and the expressionless face were two of the characteristics that tabbed Al Webber. We can remember him as the one man who simultaneously took on every above-deck duty on the Pentagoet. His job on Fire Maintenance proved to be no simple task but it was done thoroughly and well. "Tis a pity First Aid and Ship's Hygiene wasn't a major subject, for Al would have been a 4.0 man. First to act in any medical mishap, if he makes as good a mate as he would a doctor, no skipper need worry.

Assistant Master-at-Arms
Glee Club
Librarian
From the beginning, this denizen of Room 18 demonstrated his inherent distaste for work, a quality soon discovered by alert Seniors, and with the usual results. However, C.F.'s ingenious turn of mind when details were concerned stood him in good stead, and more often than not, he came out even. As a senior, it was definitely Charlie's year, and he piled up the odds for evading an undesirable work, military drill, or boat drill period. Unquestionably one of our "servic" citizens, he was good-naturedly envied by us all, but we wondered more than once; was that camera for yearbook pictures always loaded?

Trick's End, Photographer Sick Bay Water Section Basketball Ship's Barber

Charles Francis Williams
Portland, Maine
Sheik, "Stretch," "Lube," or "Lennie"—everyone knew this genial and easy-going lad from Presque Isle, deep in the heart of the potato country. Sheik's motto was "wine, women, and song;" and, with those long legs of his, he was no slouch in basketball either. His ability to talk was amazing: he could do it for hours, except when it came time for him to talk for a grade in Naval Science, when he never could quite find the right words at the right moment. But, wherever "Lube" goes or whatever he does, his ready humor and winning personality will make him a most welcome shipmate.

There's an old saying that names are deceiving—in any case Tileston was certainly misnamed. A combination of blonde curls, blue eyes, and a smooth line gave "Hap" a reputation for being "The Ladies' Man." Whether on a football field or engaged in a quiet game of bridge, "Hap" could always make himself at ease. We all expect great things from "Hap," whether it be in the field of Maritime Service, love, or just plain leisure.

There's only one prime objective in "Ted's" life: getting that Navy star on his sleeve. Ted came to us fresh from the U.S.N.A.C. and he knew all the tricks of the trade, judging from his ability to dodge work details. Being Battalion Adjutant certainly had its troubles, too, as Ted spent many of his weekends down on the mess deck poring over those math books. He made up for it, though, on those frequent liberties spent at Portage Lake. All those midshipmen who heard Ted's daily "Ten-shun" feel he will certainly achieve his ambition.

Leonard Luby Aucoin
Presque Isle, Maine

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Battalion Adjutant
Section Softball
Section Football
An all around man is Normie Davis, one of Brunswick’s loyal sons. His sense of humor accounted for many a belly laugh and proved good reading in the Maine Mast, in his sport’s column. Writing did not come the hard way to Norm for he always stood at the top of the list in scholastics. An efficiency of the highest order and willingness to work made him the right choice for a Cadet Officer. When the laurels for jobs well done are given out, Normie will be at the head of the list.

Norman Davis
Brunswick, Maine

Bert was just never cut out to be an engineer, but he kept plugging. His hilarious laughter could at all times be heard from one end of “A” Deck to the other; at times we thought he was cracking from the strain. It must have been this excellent disposition and good nature that carried him through thick and thin. His only bad (?) feature seemed to be an overworked palate. And, from the pictures adorning his bulkhead, he shone with the weaker sex, also. Hence, every port Bert lands in should be extremely interesting—new foods and strange women.

“Kaydet Kapers”

Many’s the morning that Fred could be seen staggering down the stairs with that big tub of his. He was one of the boys who put in twenty-two months of faithful service with the Band. Studies came slightly hard to “The Crow,” and many’s the study night when he chanced from one room to another, striving to find the solution to some especially difficult engineering problem. It’s that kind of doggedness that makes good “Chiefs,” and his determination to make good will see him through all the way up the ladder.

Frederick Widmer Eaton, Jr.
Augusta, Maine

Burton Sill De Frees
Portland, Maine
Hats off to "Casy Jones," Chief Engineer of U.S.S. Pentagoet! Yes, this Vermont lad certainly earned a name for himself while at MMA. John's ambition, though, is to be a locomotive engineer, not a marine engineer, and many are the liberties he's spent "firing" for the B. and M. "Casy" was perhaps the most hated mug in our class, but he showed his ability to take it by becoming the best "dagone engineer" in the whole outfit. A man will be lucky sailing under John.

Cased Engineer, Pentagoet

Section Softball
Section Football
Section Basketball
Swimming Instructor

Scuttlebutt has it that "E.T." has signed a contract with the creator of Dick Tracy, to follow in the footsteps of the other characters. Tom is to be named "The Head." His ability to take a riding plus his knowledge of engineering will tend to make him one of the best "Thirds" produced in our class. "E.T." liking of liberty can be proved when he made dast fly in his Buick in his anxiety to reach Orr's Island by 1909. Yes, everyone liked the (Ballard) "oil magnate," and Tom will continue to do as well in the future, as both reaching the top and making friends.

Edward Thomas Hacker
Portland, Maine

Arthur John Gonya
Presque Isle, Maine

John Art Gay
Cawndish, Vermont
With curly locks and twinkling brown eyes, you'd never guess "George" was Irish— not much you wouldn't. "Russ" was star first baseman on the varsity; being both scrappy and speedy made up for his size. George's willingness to do anything for anyone made him a favorite with all (Ozone browns were delicious), and he was always the lone in the Horne-Bickford-Paul-Kelly combination. Russ' marks were above average—he said he took a postgraduate course at the State Prison in his home town of Thomaston before coming to MMA. A willingness to work and a swell personality will make "George" an ideal "Third."

"The Polack" was E-1's character, the pride of Bayonne, and ambassador to Stonington—all rolled into one really swell shipmate. Art's love for rifle calisthenics is known by all; he liked it almost as much as he liked math and electricity. Those winter liberties in Bayonne were super-deluxe, as were many of those spent up there in Stonington. Art was a typical B.T.O. and had that Jersey accent to match, thus making him the center of attraction in most of our bull sessions.

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NAME: Russell William Kelly
DEPARTMENT: Varsity Baseball
SECTION: Section Softball

NAME: Allen Smiley Horne
DEPARTMENT: Varsity Baseball
SECTION: Section Softball
To hear his full name one would think there is a pedigree somewhere, but "Joe's" just one of the boys who has two distinct loves: women and swimming. In the former case there is only one—those weren't weather reports in those daily letters. Lionel also could play a mean trombone, and the dance band certainly missed him when he took over C.C. Being C.C. had at least one drawback—less time spent sleeping, and have you ever tried to wake that guy up? "Grump" did. His persistence and determination will hurry him along that long road to success.

Company Commander, "C" Co.
Swimming Instructor

Joseph Lucien Lionel Metivier
Brunswick, Maine

"Ozzie," the strong man, hails from way up-country and certainly took a lot of ribbing on that account. What was it he paid for that super-deluxe hair cut in New York—$4.50? But that strength of his came in handy when all that gear was moved to the new machinist shop. With an excellent training in Math, plus an eagerness to learn all he can (judging from the innumerable questions he asked his instructors) makes "Ozzie" fine officer material.

Swimming Instructor

Hazen Edward Nelson
Stockholm, Maine

John Arthur MacDonald
Weymouth, Massachusetts
“Berger” was always the winner in the Horne-Bickford-Kelly-Paul combination—as far as he was concerned, cokes were free. Looks are deceiving; behind that sleepy-eyed face is a keen brain. Good marks with a minimum of studying bear out this statement. “Hey, got a butt?” was Bob’s theme song—he just never had any. When he did, they never lasted long. “Rabbit’s” easy-going nature and devil-may-care attitude made him an enjoyable shipmate, and will continue to do so.

Robert Thomas Paul
Rockland, Maine

This “Rebel” from down Virginia way was the book-cracker of our class, and the results ended in many 4.0’s. “Ross” is of the quiet, serious type, and dislikes women as well as other bad habits. (Any man who can do that must be good!) That deep, booming voice of his could be heard in Room 45 many a night in a heated dispute with “Ozzie” over the advantages of turbines against Diesels. Ross will do all right in any man’s league. He has but to follow the pattern he has made here of good work and good results.

This seemingly quiet and unassuming lad from Calais (by-Canada) had quite a talent: to tell a story, a wheezer, and keep a straight face. And he could certainly beat it out on that tenor sax of his. Many of Paul’s liberties were spent bettering American-Canadian relations; we always wondered how he could make that long trip every other weekend. Paul’s philosophy: being a good talker but a better listener—made him welcome on any occasion; and he was always good for a small loan.

Band
Orchestra

Paul Frederick Parton
Calais, Maine

Roscoe Prevette
Washington, D.C.

Section Softball

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Here's the Windy City's representative to MMA, and Bob is certainly an example of Chicago University's liberal education policy, as proved by his keen wit. Many's the time we tried to figure out what strange melody we were hearing when Bob played that cornet he sounded like "The Charge of The Light Brigade" in the distance. Bob could certainly draw out those cycles, boilers, and valves; but one night he himself was the object of someone's artistic talent.

"Rosie," our "Irish" boy from New York, certainly rates a big hand for arranging many of the swell dances held at the Academy. His sense of humor, bass voice, and frequent "yes" and "ahs" marked Elliott's directions in speaking, in thinking, and in actions resulting in efficiency and a job well-done. Rather than smoke, "Rosie" took up "yo-yoing." His ability to get himself into the most unorthodox positions always won him acclaim, but he always said he could study better when so situated, and judging from his excellent marks, perhaps many of us should have done so.

Orchestra

Our natural-born engineer from Stonington made up for his lack of book knowledge by being one of the best practical engineers in our class. Many's the time Monty fixed various automobiles suffering from a particularly strenuous weekend. Typical of Deer Islanders, Monty was always "in the pitcher" during most of our breeze sessions, and usually walked off with top honors. With a heart of gold and a swell disposition, Monty need never suffer from lack of friends in the future.

"Kaydet Kapers"

Band Section Softball

Montelle Leslie Small
Stonington, Maine

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Band Section Softball

Elliot Rosengarten
Lawrence, New York

Robert Holbrook Quincy
Downers Grove, Illinois
“Big Charlie from Calais”—that’s the boy who lived to eat and sleep, rather than vice versa. Charlie’s size made him a formidable tackle on his platoon’s football team, and a softball certainly traveled when (and if) he hit it. He was quite a ladies’ man also, as evidenced by the variety of femmes with whom he was frequently seen. His lively debates with his instructors were enjoyed by all, but more often than not, poor Charlie came out second best.

By self-appointment, “Woody” became the maintenance electrician at MMA, and a competent one at that. But when it came to figure out Ohm’s Law in Electricity, poor Bill barely made it. “Woody” had that gift of gab, to which his shipmates can well testify. If Bill’s sailing capabilities are any evidence to his future as an engineer, he’ll certainly do well.

“Hats off to a good cadet officer, an excellent engineer, and a swell shipmate! “D.O.” was always willing to help anyone anytime, and many of the fellows owe him a lot for their success. No one ever had to ask Dave to repeat anything he said because his booming voice was the nemesis and scourge of A-Deck. His inspiring leadership made Dave tops as a cadet officer; his engineering (Math included) knowledge and skill was uncanny; and his simple and direct manner earned him the respect of all hands.

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Section E-1

Not Present: L. Aucoin, J. Gay, A. Lutomski, E. RosengMten, D. White
Second Row: A. Gonyd, F. Edton, J. McDonald, R. Prevette, C. Stevens, W. Veazey
Front Row: M. Snell, R. Kelley, T. Brewer, J. Metivier, N. Davis, R. Quincy, P. Putton

Section E-3

Not Present: H. Hodgkins, J. Kedrney
Third Row: K. Grover, W. Bridge, E. Gregoire, J. Cyr, J. Bisland
Second Row: S. Vehslage, D. Hayward, R. Seymour, J. Hattiman, G. Feli, A. Ferrini, B. Charterton
Front Row: R. Brand, R. Hooper, F. Grondin, W. Hall, D. Harney, R. Harrell, C. Cyr, L. Bernier
"Abe," better known as the "Springvale Smoothie," was a wide-open target for the fem-
mes. Many a liberty was spent on the U. of M. campus insuring a firmly-established reputation.
His ability to sleep through chow and roar out with a word for everyone will always be admired.
That original "Left Face"—root of all the ribbing he took—will be remembered along with
the color of his complexion and the reassuring comments from "Fitz." Always a good jump
ahead of that little list, he was not only savvy in his studies, but smooth in a general way that
will get him where he wants to go.

Drum Major  "Kaydet Kapers"  Section Football

Good-naturedness was "Doll-face’s" characteristic disposition and the friendly ribbing
that he took from all quarters didn’t phase him a bit. He was one of those invaluable assets to
any group who never has a bad word for anyone and who was always in demand whenever a good
time was in the making, though it was a good man who could deter Joe from spending a liberty
in "New Hauburn." His escapades behind the boilers on the "Pilot," his jovial comments in
dry classes, and that inimitable voice will remain with us for a long time.

Dawn Major  "Kaydet Kapers"  Section Softball

His salty knowledge gleaned from fishing schooner days made him eligible to be a shining
light in the deck department, but Jack surprised us all by casting his lot with the Black Gang.
His shirts were always unbuttoned just far enough to disclose a physique which was the
envy of all males and the point of admiration for all of the other sex. An unearthly taste for
cowboy music, sub-zero weather, and back-breaking labor marked him in a class all his own.
Jack is the type who usually accomplishes whatever he sets out to do without benefit of a brass
band. His future record on that score will parallel his past.

Joseph Roger Bernard  Auburn, Maine

John Edwin Clayton  Wayland, Massachusetts
Randall William Ellis
Skewhegan, Maine

Industry and hard work personified "Chief" Ellis, and it was these two factors that accounted for his popularity as an underclassman with his latter fellow mugs on a work detail, and that put him at the head of E-4 as section leader. Veteran lover of wine, women, and a little song, he was one of those lucky muggs whose practical ability came to the rescue when theory held the whip. As good a ball player for E-2 on the diamond, gridiron and basketball court as he was cadet officer and a worker, "Chief" has cut the pattern in his two years at MMA for future success.

Section Leader E-4
Section Baseball
Band

Section Basketball
Section Football
Coxswain, Sailboat

Maine Maritime Academy was certainly gifted when Dexter, Maine sacrifice Dentz to us. The deep-voiced character and his confederates of E-2 were often to be found devising some new method to get out of a few simple details. His inclination to have a roving eye was often tempered by his One and Only, but it may have been the cause for his dubious efforts at the wheel of a car. "Honest Dunty" was renowned for the phrase: "Gimme a cigarette." There's no doubt, however, that his roving young charms will make him a fine engineer, well liked wherever he goes.

Varsity Basketball
Section Sophball
Band

Remarkable for his amazing co-ordination in transferring chow from tray to mouth, Fritz was always one of the last out of the messdeck. The lad with the rugged build didn’t let his fascination for foodstuff get the better of him, because holding down first string guard on the basketball team, as well as being a top backfield man in inter-section competition kept him in condition. One of Biddeford’s representatives to MMA, Fritz was always an easy man to get along with once you knew him, but if they had refrained from borrowing his typewriter, “A” deck would have been a more peaceful place.

Denton Edgar Flagg
Dexter, Maine

Francis Martin Greaney
Biddeford, Maine

Varsity Basketball
Section Sophball
Band

Varsity Basketball
Section Football

Varsity Basketball
Section School
One of Waterville's numerous contributions to the Academy was this young scholar. Bryant proved himself a master of the books, as well as a character in his own right; he was the first to break out with Hubba! Hubba! in the confines of Castine by the Sea. When it came to jokes, he was always there with the best from Joe Miller's Joke Book. "Hubba's" watch cap which he constantly wore day and night aboard the ship became a trade mark. Bryant's sincerity and earnestness of purpose will earn him friends and help him achieve his goal.

Bryant Leland Hopkins
Worlellle, Maine

Lawrence Donald Huller
New York, New York

Who wouldn't be able to tell by that distinctive walk that it was Larry Huller? This ardent admirer of pulchritude was kept busy with his correspondence to and from many women, and his tendency to read between the lines as far as his imagination would stretch stood him in good stead in his enjoyment of many a letter. Also a lover of argument, the sounds of a verbal battle easily drew "Lippy." A year at Georgia Tech, coupled with ability, resulted in top grades. Larry's self-confidence in all fields will push him a long way to the top, and a good sense of values will keep him there.

Section Softball
Section Football

This member of Maine Maritime Academy came to us straight from Waterville, Maine. An ardent sport enthusiast and a basketball star, he was a fervent member of the "I Want To Get Married Club." Norm could be seen every noon at the mail locker waiting for that "One a Day." Remarkable was this shipmate for pulling special liberties. Cool, calm and collected, his only worries were those Math marks and those political ideas. We know that Norm will reach the height of success for he believes that where there's a will there's a way, and he's proved that he can do anything once he's started.

Norman D. Jabar
Waterville, Maine
"I'm from Mexico, Sir." Yes, these were the first words that Joe spoke and they promptly brought him many friends. His willingness to help the less fortunate in the handling of guns came as a great help to his shipmates. A former member of the Mexico Light Cavalry, he often boasted of his newly-acquired "inner spring mattress." Constantly haunted by those Recreation Blues and lady troubles, his undaunted courage pulled him through many a close shave. We know Earl will go far in life, for he possesses qualities that will lead him down the road to success.

Section Softball
Section Football

Earl G. Kidder
Mexico, Maine

Adjusting himself to the regimentation of Navy life was easy, for Don is a firm believer in having a time and place for everything. He managed to find a niche in a well-regulated day for extensive sack drill, as well as his duties as a one-striper, top-notch performances on his section's football and softball teams, and occasional periods in which he nursed his car back to precious health. Quietest of the quiet, Don never raised his voice, except to some hapless young man, but it will be that same soft-spoken trait tempered with efficiency that will put him at the top of the heap.

Section Leader
Section Football
Section Basketball

Donald Johnston Owler
Wellersley Hills, Mass.

George had the heart of a true engineer; he was never happy unless he has a valve or a piece of machinery he didn't know anything about to play with. "Tanglefoot" would have been a perfect nickname; there wasn't a thing that didn't get in his way. The Fighting Frenchman's love for argument was exceeded only by his desperate need for complete relaxation via his sark. His greatest boast was of those days on the "Honey Wagon" which kept him off the watch list. One of the best friends one could find, George will not find it hard to win people to him.

Section Softball
Section Football

George Arthur Paradis
Bath, Maine
Everett L. Paulsen
Westbrook, Maine

This Engineer came to us as a greenhorn from that beautiful countryside in Westbrook. It didn't take Pinky long to catch on, however. A constant companion of Herb Peterson, they could never be found anywhere. This bright young farmer took to Engineering as much as he took to milking. A great hand at Mathematics, his room was the center of the less fortunate in that line. Add all this to a touch of blond, curly locks and you have a young man who will go far in life, for he has that "know-how."

Section Football Section Basketball

Gordon Eugene Robbins
Augusta, Maine

"East Winthrop was never like this," said Gordon when he first set foot in Castine. That short, stocky build seemed to equip him for the arduous life of an engineer, and that is what he chose. His practical ability was well-recognized, but some of those assignments taxed his patience. A quiet member of E-2 (there were so few) he had many a man wondering what he did on those New York liberties. But if the proverb "Actions speak louder than words" holds true, Robb will have no trouble in the future.

Section Softball

Richard Sandborn Rowe
Springvale, Maine

Quint and easy going, Dick was one of the best friends that one could want. Whether twirling drum sticks or steering wheels—he was a contented master at them both. His record driving from Brunswick to Castine in one hour and forty-five minutes has yet to be beaten. On the baseball diamond and basketball court Dick was a major factor in all of "Easy-2's" victories. His conscientiousness as an under-classman hit paydirt when he was appointed Company Commander. When that narrower gold braid is enlarged, Dick will follow through as well and with top results.

"D" Company Commander Section Football
Section Softball Band
Section Basketball Orchestra
No matter how you spell it or pronounce it, to us it’s still Slow-Bomb coming from Yonkers of which New York City is a suburb. Tommy’s “sea stories” were always good listen­ ing; he was well-known to exaggerate the adven­ tures and misadventures of his past liberties. He was always conscientious in all his doings, whether studying, working or sleeping, the last of which seemed to outdistance the others as a favorite activity. “They’re off and running in the third race at Narragansett” will certainly be long-remembered and we’re all confident that in engineering he’ll be up with the best of them.

Timmie’s “sea stories” were always good listen­ ing; he was well-known to exaggerate the adven­ tures and misadventures of his past liberties. He was always conscientious in all his doings, whether studying, working or sleeping, the last of which seemed to outdistance the others as a favorite activity. “They’re off and running in the third race at Narragansett” will certainly be long-remembered and we’re all confident that in engineering he’ll be up with the best of them.

Richard Henry Schlobohm
Yonkers, New York

Robert Francis Tully
Yonkers, N. Y.

"Baseball Bobby" was the Academy’s stellar representative on the diamond. Bob’s ability has not only been seen and appreciated by MMA but by the major league towns as well. Bob spent most of his time on the ship as an underclassman cleaning and counting the individual rivets in the bilges. He spent even more time down there than in his sack. He also cleaned up in the field of pleasing the fairer sex, so the gals tell us. "Tull" is really a right guy to have around and we all would consider it a privilege to play on his team in years to come.

Varsity Baseball
Varsity Basketball
Section Football

If Didi was not heard filling A-deck with the dubious tunes of all the latest hits or exercis­ ing his vocal cords to make it known that Vaccas around, it was a safe bet that he could be found within calling distance of the sheltering arms of sick bay. That dependable sense of humor, continually sharpened by his friendly Battle of the Accents with Paradis, was always present to lighten a dull moment. Ability on the basketball court made him first string varsity stuff, but it was his ability to make and keep a friend that served him well, and will continue to do so.
This lad’s industrious spirit was rewarded when he was made Chief Engineer of the Penaguet. Day after day in the late afternoons, Mike, a black gob of grease, could be seen dripping his way up to the dome from the dock. He was one of our star backfield men in the tough touch football series. With his determination and perseverance, Mike will go far. Anyone who ever met him, met a wonderful companion and friend who will never be forgotten.

“Kalea Kopays”  
Section Softball  
Chief Engineer, Pentaguet  
Section Basketball  
Varsity Baseball  
Section Football

Call it blind devotion if you like, but our boy Dave was always at bat for the things he believed in. To him there was only one future service; namely, the Navy; only one liberty town, Waterville; only one valid reason for staying abroad (just call him “Boot Camp Williams”). His trait of sticking by his guns and his love for an argument accounted for the surplus section spirit he had, enough to go around for everyone. It is that same spirit and enthusiasm for any adopted group, project, or ambition and that gift of horse-sense and gab that will put Dave at the top and keep him there.

Section Softball

A quiet, easy-going gent from Maine; that was “Horace”. His uncombed hair combined with his love of moccasins rather than the prescribed regulation footwear, and his attachment to his sack and sack drill characterized his nature—relaxed and content with life. Bill’s big frame and build to match seemed to absorb all these things and make them synonymous. And it was that same height, coupled with a substantial amount of ability that made him one of the Varsity normals, and a valuable member of E-2’s softball club. Put all these together, mix well, and the result is one of the most likeable men in the section.

William Lincoln Wright, III  
South Portland, Maine  
Varsity Basketball  
Section Softball  
Section Football
First trip on the "Yellow Hornet"
... "Yes, sir" ... Captain of the Head
... Bowditch and Dwyer ... Manual of
arms ... upperclassman's lounge ... the machine shop and the swimming pool ... chow cell and mail cell ... more Bowditch and Dwyer ... graduation, that ticket and commission.
From our uncertain and bewildered arrival at Richardson Hall twenty-two months ago, our days at Maine Maritime Academy flowed unceasingly by, filled with the things we came to know as our life here. Underclassman days, our classes, exams and their oft-accompanying restrictions, musters, upperclassmen, liberties, work details, and drills—all these things blend together to form a composite picture of this, our class history.

At the Academy and in offices of Naval Officer Procurement throughout New England, the seaboard states, the South, and the Mid-west in the spring and summer of 1944 were being sworn into the Merchant Marine Reserve, United States Naval Reserve young men from all walks of life, all backgrounds. "I, John Jones, do solemnly swear..." was the genesis of a midshipman, the beginning of twenty-two months of training intended to produce a qualified officer of the Merchant Marine or the U.S. Navy.

We came to the Academy as the class of '46, the fifth class to enter since its founding in wartime, not as a wartime measure, but as a permanent institution with a better merchant marine as its goal.

As we leave, we have this history of our class to help us look back upon the now-familiar faces, the events, the different way of life we have known for nearly two years. These pages are a cross-section of you, Midshipman, MMR, USNR.
When thoughts turn back to the two years we spent at Maine Maritime Academy, chances are greater by far that the majority of them will be concerned with the ten months in which we held the ignoble position of underclassmen, better known as "mugs." Perhaps a valid reason for that is that one always remembers the "harder" times rather than the soft spots, but an equally plausible explanation might be that, admittedly or not, our "mug" days provided us with many experiences, many good times, seemed to leave us with more to look back on with a remembering chuckle and a reminiscent grin.

To give us an inkling of what the future contained and to impress us with our lowly position in society, no effort was spared, and right from the beginning we discovered what the ill will or the displeasure of a Senior meant. Ours was the lot of the work detail, the business end of swab and kiyi, the boat drills, the bilges, "all underclassmen to the after "well deck," buckets and scople, the "yes, sirs," the coke details and lugging stores.

Looking back at those phrases and the pictures they recall, one would think we could borrow from Gilbert and Sullivan, and say "an underclassman's lot is not a happy one." But that would not be taking into consideration the laughs, the good times, the camaraderie; yes, and even the character-building stuff that formed the background and the body of our "mug" days.

And so, we seem to find that with all these trials, there remains paradoxically the lasting impression recalled by thoughts like these—that those ten months were the best we spent at MMA, indeed that they were some of the best we have ever spent.
And the Worm Turned

In June of 1945 the Worm turned. That momentous day, for which we had waited since our first day in the Academy, finally arrived, and as our “beloved upperclass,” newly-discovered to be human as their day of graduation approached, left the fold, we prepared to take on our new responsibilities—and privileges—as upperclassmen. The day of the swab, the boat drill, scullery, and “Yes, sir” had faded into the past, now it was the day of the supervisor, the coxswain, “Mister So-and-so,” and the upperclassmen’s lounge.

We had looked forward to the transition of Junior to Senior; there had been a lot of idle day-dreaming of when we would no longer be mugs. But all the new-found

Little did they know

Practice lesson in knots

Inspection (I) upperclass style

privileges and comparatively easier life was compensated for by the responsibilities we now had. We discovered that whereas we had heard of our misdeeds and of what we didn’t do at all from our upperclass, we had never brushed with the officers; now we found out that it was the upperclassmen who heard from the gold braid and who took the consequences.

This did not cause everything to lose its rosy hue, for we still had that freedom of movement and that lack of fear of the hardships of details and the rigors of field days. And more than that, being Seniors meant that we were that much closer to G-day and that half-inch stripe.
Rodgers’ Rangers and Meier’s

There were some that maintained that work details were the backbone of “this place,” that their troubled lives were one unending parade of picks and shovels, wheelbarrows and rakes, dirt piles, rock piles, and lumber piles. These persecuted youths were prone to slight exaggeration, but it was indeed true that work details were a part of our daily routine which could not be ignored.

The powers-that-be lost no time in presenting us, informally, of course, to that scourge of the weary midshipman, Work. Work, in organized (and supervised) form, was known as Work Details, and we soon acquiesced to its supremacy above all else, it seemed, except academic training.

When there was nothing to be done, and the routine called

Marauders Ride Again

for “Ship Maintenance” (a disarming label if ever there was one), the “make-work” policy was employed, and a job to be finished suddenly appeared. There was one instance when a group was carrying, via wheelbarrows, large rocks, furnace clinkers, and dirt from the incinerator area to the section back of the road on which the battalion stands at Colors. The ugly rumor was circulating viciously that only the day before a detail had moved aforementioned rocks, clinkers, and dirt from the place back of the road to the incinerator area.

Such was not the case too frequently, however, for the basis of most of our work was usually an improvement in the Academy. When we converted the tennis court to three badminton
courts, erected a new backstop to replace the antique affair that had more gaps than wire, and got the Fort “in condition” for football are instances worth honorable mention.

But the tasks that topped them all were the swimming pool campaign, the battle of the machine shop, and the unequaled concentration of forces to prepare the Academy for graduation. Ready ing the swimming pool for summer use was, as testified to by previous classes, a thoroughly odious job, but with the aid of a bulldozer, an overworked pump, muck-filled wheelbarrows, and willing midshipmen (mostly the bulldozer and the pump), we completed it. Though it was down at the bay, on the floats and on the preliminary work for the machine shop, that the adventurous band,

The ever-present paint brush

known to the boys romantically as “Rodgers’ Rangers,” came into existence, the swimming pool brought it into full glory.

The Rangers were the daring bunch who took the job of moving rocks on said water-borne means of transportation to fill in the initial portion of the dock. These rocks had previously been uncovered and collected in various work details which cleared off the beach, built a marine railway.

Getting the Academy set for Graduation was a triumph in the field in which we seemed to specialize above nearly all others. It was a monster, large-scale Field Day, as all the buildings had their faces lifted. Men turned to in the auditorium of Dismukes Hall to apply from precarious perches on high ladders new coats of paint,
and the project of tiling all the decks and every room in Richardson Hall was undertaken. Teams of “workers” sanded cemented, tiled, measured, and trimmed to sharpen up our quarters. Daily swabblings, waxings, buffings were the order of the day; windows were washed, cement scrubbed, brass polished. Field Day was every day for two weeks, and when the busy belabored midshipmen were through, the place shone for graduation and the entrance of the new class.

The construction of the machine shop was another highlight in the work detail-studded history of Maine Maritime Academy. It was this new effort that was the origin of that equally famous group, “Meier’s Marauders.” A hardy bunch, the Marauders were responsible for the conversion of a service garage to a new machine shop. This was quite an undertaking involving building a new foundation and moving the whole frame of the garage onto it. Six-foot ditches for the cement forms came first, with the shovels knee-deep in mud; piles of sand became barrows of cement as the mixer ground it out and the foundation ate it up. Marine engineers became civil and mechanical experts in the same line as calculations, figuring, construction formed the base for the new machine shop. New heights in engineering were reached when the garage was moved to its new site. Work did not end there, for a complete renovation followed—a new roof, shingling, painting. Machines, plumbing, electricity and tool room were installed. It was a banner day for the great god Work when this plan was hatched and executed.

Yes, there were some that maintained that work details were the backbone of “this place,” that their troubled lives were one unending parade of picks and shovels, wheelbarrows and rakes, dirt piles, rock piles, and lumber piles. And mister, were they right!
The primary function of the Academy is to produce qualified officers, and here figured in the realm of higher learning—sixteen months of theoretical training, of Bowditch and Dwyer, of Diesels and seamanship, of Cargo Stowage and Naval Science, of Rules and Regulations, of the salty bearing and the seaman's traditions. Discussions, lectures, movies, and memorizations were part and parcel of an over-all training program. With liberty hanging in the balance there were few lagging behind, and many were the nights spent burning the midnight oil prior to a next-day exam.

A short while after our arrival, we found ourselves either engineers or deckmen, with a long list of academic studies to be mastered before we could graduate as Ensigns in the Maritime Service and the U.S. Navy.

Main propulsion consisted of Diesels, the steam turbine, and the reciprocating engine; weighing one's advantages and disadvantages against the others made all three subjects run somewhat together. Thus, lectures, movies, and discussions brought out the importance of each, their operation, maintenance, and repair. In Diesels, Bosch, Buda, and Winton were picked apart and put back together; injectors and fuel pumps haunted our dreams, and constructional parts increased our vocabulary tenfold. Yes, the Diesel became an important function of our engineering life at MMA. Impulse? Reaction? Which was it? Is there a pressure drop? or a velocity drop? These and innumerable other questions were pondered upon, discussed, and finally answered in one of our most absorbing engineering subjects. Curtis, Parsons, Ratear: just names to the ordinary layman, but to the engineer they meant turbines, units of power and strength, and the ability to “talk—turbine!”

The “up 'n down jobs” rounded out our main propulsion classes. Here the granddaddy of 'em all received detailed and accurate study: indicator diagrams, angularity of the connecting rod, and lap and lead were but a few of the “musts” necessary to master before one could receive his license. A smattering of physics and chemistry, the utilization of tools, and the common reasoning of man (the latter so ably applied by Mr. Meier): all added up to Boilers. Feed water treatment, the
Diamond soot blower, and the qualities of fuel oil are all part of the "do-gadgets" and "thingamabobs" Dwyer so cleverly wrote of in his "eight little books." No matter where taught, the involved theories of electricity are difficult; ohm's law, parallel circuits, electromagnetism, and generator operation bore out this fact. "Croft's" was our bible, the machine shop was our laboratory—thus, theoretical and practical training were co-ordinated, bringing about a more complete understanding of the intricacies of electricity and its properties. Math—the mere mention of it caused many a prospective "Third" to shudder. From fractions to algebra, from geometry to trigonometry—all were part of the "passing parade," interrupted only with an occasional quiz (?) by "Dusty." The practical application, rather than theory, enabled even the "Mortimer Snerd" to grasp more easily what was being taught them. Hence, as the occasion arose, could the midshipman realize that his knowledge, like Topsy, "just growed."

Under this unassuming title of Auxiliary Machinery was taught everything that makes a vessel "tick." Pumps, condensers, and refrigeration all fell by the way under Mr. Kilby's tutelage. C.P.M., thermal efficiency, and latent heat became everyday by-words. Operation and maintenance were stressed, and both were amply applied on our training cruises.

We were introduced to "the science of taking a ship from one point to another on the earth's surface ..." by Lt. Parker, went ahead to take on the fundamentals—instuments, compass error, bearings, chart work. From there Mr. Tuney took over, and we were taught to look with disdain upon "gadgets," "moron" sextants, and "short cuts." "When you can build a machine that will do all that for you, young man, then I'll pass you in Navigation" echoed through our struggles with right ascensions, intervals to noon, and time sights.

Grannies gradually took recognizable shapes as assorted hitches and bends as we progressed under guiding hands in Marlinspike. That was only a part of our Seamanship course, however, for with Reisenberg and Knight as leading conspirators we found ourselves figuratively entangled in the meshes of
ground tackle, breaking stresses and safe working loads, ship's gear, breeches buoys, rigging.

The mysteries of the maneuvering board and the intricacies of tactics were unravelled in Naval Science as the months rolled along. Chief Ski stood by with hawk-like eye after a colorful demonstration on the disassembling of the 20 mm. and the Springfield. Imaginary GQ's were sounded on the 3" 50, and Mr. Fitzsimons and Mr. Mitchell doled out large portions of Ordnance and Gunnery, as we gradually discovered erosion, trajectory, bourrelets, and brisant explosives.

Cargo Stowage found us discovering how goods from railroad iron to cotton to explosives are stowed; it found us discovering where the responsibilities lay, why short-lancing and overcarriage resulted and the origin of all stresses and strains. We prepared imaginary holds for bulk grain, loaded tankers, guarded against "stealing small stowage."

Ship's Business, carrier history and organization, documentation, and Admiralty Law were all wrapped into one subject; Shipping Economics. Here both deckman and engineer found themselves surrounded by the innumerable forms and documents of shipping, by charter parties, ship's registers, shore organization, and all the mazes of even fundamental marine law. Ocean routes took on meaning as statistics were plied to us, and respondentia bonds and particular averages were added to our vocabularies.

Blinker light from the gym to Disks Hall, figures scattered across the campus with semaphore flags wig-wagging messages, lectures and tests, on convoy communications, WIMS 1, 2, 3 and the thorough study of H.O. 87 were the sum and substance of our Communications, classes, under Lt. Olsen twice every week.

The cause of more worried midshipmen going into deserted corners and muttering to themselves, while stealing guilty glances into that familiar pamphlet, was the Bugaboo, Rules of the Road. That this subject could never be omitted from the Trials and Tribulations of a Deckman was proved as we sweated over our verbatim articles with "prolonged blasts" and "all around the horizon" ringing in our ears, and with the delicate problems of putting "shall" and "not less than" in their proper places continually confronting us.
"That's Nice"

Drill, as tutored by C.G.M. Ski, is an art and a profession; weeks of it under a broiling sun testified to the "Chief's" philosophy. From those first weeks as boots to the final day, "Hup, two, three, four!" became a part of our daily life. For woe to the midshipman who could not stay in step, guide right, and carry his rifle properly—he stood out like "something" in a fog.

As newly-arrived midshipmen, we first were taught right faces, left faces, and about faces—all for the benefit of Colors in the morning. Indocerated in these basic movements, new and more difficult commands were tackled and mastered, each with increasing ease. Long hikes, to "The Head," around the swimming pool, and through the town, with rifles and leggings, sharpened each and every platoon, building up a friendly rivalry as to each section's merits.

As the weeks and then the months rolled by, the ability to interpret a command instantly and correctly was ours, and movements by platoons, companies, and the battalion were executed as if by one man. "The Fort" became our parade ground, and each afternoon hoarse, gutteral cries of "By the right flank," "To the rear," and "Left oblique," were sent echoing across the campus, each followed by a hoarser, more gutteral "Haarch!"

Part of our military drill training consisted of exercises—rifle calisthenics. Hence, after having "hupped-it" for an hour or more, Chief Ski would open our ranks and "commence" with the first exercise, compelling completion of all fifteen of them without a flaw. (After three or four cycles of this routine, the 9.67 pound Springfield dropped the decimal point.) So, just when everyone thought this would be the last cycle, some middle doping off would "up" when all others were "down." Hence we started all over again. Upon completion of another run through "butts manual," we all eagerly awaited the Chief's "That's nice!"

The phrase "That's nice!" has become a tradition and a legend at the Academy, for only by that could a midshipman tell what thoughts lay behind the solid, staid face of Chief Gunner's Mate Ziolkewicz. That comment we looked forward to after the execution of some difficult command; if the maneuver was badly done, he also commented, but it was generously spiced with the colorful vocabulary that comes only to drill chiefs with thirty years' service in the Navy. Chief "Ski" has been retired now, but his guidance, discipline, and moral influence shall always be with us.

We of the midshipman corps might say in recognition of his job well done: "That's nice!"
All present or accounted for, Sir

0750

Morning Colors

Pass in Review
We were all advocates of the proverb “All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,” and the various ways and means we found to supplement our daily routine with recreation proved this point. That after-chow smoke in the cadet lounge was complete with breeze sessions, radio or record-player on (when in working order), and some one banging out a boogie tune on the piano.

In this same department we had the rec hall, where gentlemen of leisure relaxed with a coke and a smoke, a game of cards or ping pong, and a boogie or bull session.

In line with open-air recreation was the Fort, scene of many a drill period and work detail. Here the pigskin was booted around and the crack of a hickory bat against a softball was heard when the boys got together after chow.

or on Sunday. New badminton courts next to the gym were the setting for activity also, where enterprising midshipmen were often after a sunburn as much as the birdie.

The bay came in for its shares of moments of relaxation; and afternoons of sun and salt spray were spent out past the head in the sail boats. With the coming of summer and warm weather, Jake Dennett’s was a popular place; sailors took a busman’s holiday and rented his dinghies for the day to row out to the islands for clamming, picnics, sunbathing, and swimming.

And then there was the king of all relaxation, recreation, and enjoyment, His Majesty, sack drill . . . the indescribable pleasure of surrendering oneself luxuriously to one’s sack . . . need more be said?

Sunday afternoon
Watch the birdie!
Acting as a balance between studies and work details, as well as giving us a fundamental foundation in responsibility, were our watches. Having no engines with which to tinker, engineering watches were stood for one purpose only—that of keeping the Academy’s complement warm. "Down in the cellars of old MMA" will long be remembered as an important part of our underclass days; those stokers were monsters, consuming coal, it seemed, almost as fast as it could be shoveled.

We also had the "Pentagoet," where engineer and deckman alike shared watches. Who can forget those long trips down the hill in the middle of the night and those longer trips back? Engineers almost became full-fledged deck hands, learning that bow and stern lines had to be taken up or slackened up every half hour due to the high tide, or else we might find the "Gadget" clinging to the side of the dock with three feet of space between her keel and the water.

The deck underclass watches had three requisites: leggings, duty belt, and a strong pair of legs, and all three were put to use standing four hours of orderly, messenger, or sentry. Many could swear that there were 120 minutes to the hour when they walked their sentry beat; but no matter how long the watch, it had its amusing side, too. There was more than one absent-minded sentry walking his rustic beat, who, on glancing downward found a black-and-white-striped animal of the feline type glaring balefully up at him and who, on seeing same, muttered to himself a hasty, "To the rear, march."

Being C.O.D. was another story. With the status of an upperclassman had come a bit of responsibility, evident in one instance in this watch, which gave us "the conn" of the whole Academy. We saw to it that Colors and Retreat were observed, that chow and cleaning stations and all the other routine activities were on time, that men were signed ashore and aboard on liberty; in short, as Cadet Officer of the Deck we were responsible for a smooth-running ship. In the same line, but of a lesser degree was the J.O.D., whose "theatre of operations" was Diamukes Hall. We were relieved of that watch a short time after our underclass had entered.

In a word, our watches were an integral part of our training. Whether unbeknown to us or aware of it, they inculcated in us a sense of duty, an appreciation and a sharpening of the four prerequisites for a good officer—forehandness, alertness, leadership, and common sense.
A vital part of our existence in Castine-by-the-sea was of our own making... entertainment to while away some of the duty weekends, or to end unofficially some part of our training and begin another. Many were the long hours put in by the boys who took it upon themselves to propose, plan, and push a weekend dance into existence. Midshipmen Rosen­
garten, Mackenzie, Ambler, Meddaugh and others were the lads responsible for putting life into an otherwise dull weekend aboard. Arrangements with Harry for dinner for the middies and their drags, with the buses to navigate the pioneer trails leading to Castine, with unique deco­ra­tions and lighting were the prime cause of more than one Bromo-Seltzer inhaled.

When one phase of our training was drawing to a close and we were on the verge of another, it seemed that entertainment was always in order. Our first introduction to what the boys produced was the pre-cruise show of our “mugg” days and we made our contributions. The traditional “American Pilot Nite” at the end of our first cruise followed, and it carried the standbys of every production—Maisel, Gillis, Hutchinson, Peckham, and Dana.

To provide escapist entertainment from the grind of exams and the tension of the coming Mates’ Exams, the class of ’46 put their heads together to produce a bang-up Kaydet Kapers, starring “Gertrude Neissen” Greenhalgh in a memorable performance which brought down the house.
Our first introduction to this familiar body of water was early, in fact, we became acquainted with it at a scene, five days after our arrival. In four newly acquired dinghies, we, familiarized ourselves with the coves, bays, and the well known "Strøkel," bawled out by an upperclassman in the stern sheets. To our dismay, boat drill did not cease with our indoctrination period, and we continued to explore the currents and the coves abound in the bay till the whitecaps and the cutter would break the calm. With the coming of winter, on the pastime side of the ledger, the bay also gave a good account of itself. For a sunny Saturday or Sunday, didn't pass that didn't find the Coyote and the Windick taking advantage of a spanking breeze and tacking out past the Head where the swells and whitecaps of open water would guarantee a good day's sailing for any man.

But this bay was not complete without "The Gadget." For this colorful little vessel was as much a part of our twenty-two months at the Maine Maritime Academy as reveille or chimes or morning Colors. Formerly the L-49, an Army tug, she made her appearance as a fine addition to our training shortly after our class had formed, and was commissioned the "Penguineer" in honor of the first hour of the Academy. She promptly was awarded the hard-earned names of the "Gadget" (courtesy of Lt. Collier, Tunev) and the "Penguineer." That she was invaluable was unquestionable. Mr. Tunev swore by her and by the experience in piloting, ship handling, compass work, and steering she gave the deckman. The engineers were continually learning the practical side whenever the Gadget was in the bay.

Our pastime.
broke down. And those times were not infrequent, for the good ship afforded as many laughs and as much trouble as she did training. There will be few who will forget some of her eventful excursions against the Belfast on Turtles Head and Castine docks, those cold nights on watch, when one needed more than a prayer to start that fire, perpetual water in the fuel, and so many other things, as we think of her, putting proudly out of the bay, stubby stack emitting a cloud of black smoke, queen of all she surveys.
Liberty Town

Castine . . . its quiet streets and modest size did not have the appearance of being a liberty town. Yet, there wasn't a middle who, on daily 1800 to 1930 liberty, didn't go downtown. Perhaps it was the urge for peace and quiet, perhaps simplicity. Or perhaps there was no other place to go.

The town had its personalities, with whom one could not fail to come in contact at some time during the day or evening. We had the Village Drug Store presided over by quick witted, business-minded Ma Robinson. Ma was known to us all for two things—that trusty box camera which has opened its shutters to every class the Academy has ever seen, and her ability to pull cigarettes and candy from out of the blue (or under the counter) when things were tough.

At Mac's the fellows gathered of an evening to indulge themselves in a pepsi and a whoopie pie or to shoot the breeze on what the Boston ball clubs were doing.

And there was that palace of gastronomic delight, The Sandwich Shoppe, better known to most as "The Greasy Spoon." Ma MacLeod was hostess to us all here, and she served us with a smile and a ceiling price (?). "The Spoon" was synonymous in all minds with the phrase "work details."

"Put it on my bill, Ma"

Of course, our liberty town would not be complete without its administrative heads, Mr. Ricker, who supplied select stationery, and Bob the Barber who ran his "clip joint" with a taciturnity strange to one of his profession.

There were other things of Castine—the historical signs, the movie palace, the hosts of summer people, that we will remember. And we will not be able to reminisce about a part of Castine without remembering all of it—our liberty town.
Situation Normal . . .

The pause that refreshes
The potato kings

His Majesty

9c an hour—oh, for a union!
There's a Ford in your future

The fickle finger of fate
"Well, sir . . ."
"Hello, honey"

Caught napping

..., and grab your socks!
"...on the port side of the forward well-deck" ... "Let go your anchor, Mr. Steinig" ... "On deck, attention to Colors" ... "Watch 2 head the chow line" ... "Anchor detail to the foc’sle head" ... Those wicked four-on-four-off watches on the Pilot ... "Oh, oh, oh, oh..."
Six months of our twenty-two were set aside for cruises to put a bona fide deck under us, and we learned more than books could teach us. Three months of cold weather and the Sound and three of warmer waters and more varied destinations put the finishing touches on the manufacture of old salts and ancient mariners.

Four o'clock on a dark, cold morning, the first day of December, 1944, found the body of midshipmen and their seabags full of paraphernalia assembled in the lee of the Bucksport depot. For two hours they waited and shivered in the chilly dawn, until the crack Castine Express (Very Limited) rolled into the yards. A baggage detail quickly loaded the piles of gear, and with a maximum of yawns and a minimum of velocity we shuttled away into the night towards Bangor, bound for New Rochelle, N. Y., and ultimately the USMSST American Pilot.

Our overland journey was tedious, punctuated only by several trips from one end of the train to the other for chow. It was late in New Rochelle when we transferred from train to bus for a short haul to Fort Schuyler.

Being tired at the time, our first impressions were shadowy, but a clear picture comes back of the dark steel hull of the Pilot looming out of the night at the end of the dock. There is something about the sight of a ship drawn up alongside a wharf at night, its deck lights altering the contours and making curious shadows, that transforms it from a thing of steel into an almost living shape.

Once inside the ship we were taken to the mess deck, and were introduced to the infamous Pilot food, which for three months we regarded as the Axis secret weapon. It didn't add to first impressions.

Friday to Wednesday, every other week
Slow ahead—we're under way
All underclassmen to the boat deck

Five seconds out of every minute

First impressions gave way to a wider perspective, however, as we fell into an organized routine. The first trip out from the Fort was spent in familiarization with the ship. In a few days we learned how to get about below decks, and all hands who were misplaced in the process were traced and returned to their proper holds.

Our schedule was so arranged that we arrived in Fort Schuyler on Fridays for four days of liberty in New York, and left the following Wednesday. Each trip was of ten days’ duration, therefore. We were always glad to reach City Island on Thursday nights, anchoring there under the lights of the tall radio towers, and making the short run into the dock the next morning.

Bose officiates at the canteen

The middle of December it was decided that the Pilot needed her hull scraped clean of barnacles. In the middle of one cold night the tug arrived and convoyed us down the East River. It was an exciting experience to slide along by the island of Manhattan under the several bridges linking it with Brooklyn. The famous Hell Gate and its dangerous tidal current were bypassed safely.

In the small hours of the morning we anchored in the stream South of the Battery, and waited for sunrise, when we proceeded to the drydock in Brooklyn.

We watched the ship go into drydock, and had a good chance to observe...
operations on the hull and anchor chain. Boldly we stood bow and stern lookouts while the ship was high and dry in the dock. Rumor has it that one of us reported the lights to the O.D. of firewagons tearing through the Brooklyn thoroughfares, but he was merely standing an efficient watch.

Thus we passed Christmas, 1944, and saw the New Year in, enjoying to the utmost our 36-hour leaves in and around New York. The upperclass deckmen attended classes at the Sperry Gyro School, leaving us with the conn of the ship. The engineers overhauled the engines, including lifting the casing on the reduction gear. Meanwhile the cold weather grew increasingly more intense. When we resumed our sea routine, after making the return trip up the East River by daylight, the cruise really settled into a schedule that was exhausting. Standing watches four on and four off, working on deck and in the engine room when not on watch, or hitting the books for theoretical knowledge, left us tired but toughened.

In rotation Southport, Milford, and Smithtown Bay found us anchoring each night before sunset. “Anchor detail to the forecastle” became a much-detested order. Even the anchor windlass, under constant use, sent out a plaintive squeaking sound that seemed to say “Connecticut, Connecticut, Connecticut. . . .”

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Who can forget the man overboard drills that usually followed coming to anchor? Or the abandon ship drills, and just plain rowing after evening chow? Or the ice-covered ladder up to the crow’s nest? The feverish “Eighty-six”es half heard and half responded to in a dark hold after a tiresome twelve to four?

Will you soon forget the night rations of coffee (that’s what they said it was) and bread and jam—and if you were intimate with Mr. Peacock, the sardine sandwiches?

“Boze” Kerr and his gravel voice, selling cokes and candy bars . . . the bilge parties . . . Need we say more? . . . The super paint job we did on our sleeping compartments, applying liberal amounts of white paint to the forecastle doors so that they looked like a Pennsylvania Railroad car. . . .
Stand by to abandon ship!

Behind the steam table

of paint to the bulkheads, our dungarees, and ourselves... The movies at Fort Schuyler, which NYSMA invited us to each weekend in port and the continual playing of "Don't Fence Me In" before the show... "Rum and Coca-Cola" in all the theatres in New York... The wonderful, fun-packed 36-hour liberties in that city... and the "New Regime," which came into renewed power near the end of the cruise. How clean the mess deck was after the regime established its policies! Somehow the days lengthened into weeks, and then months, and before we realized, winter had spent itself; March and warmer weather were at hand.

Captain Moore was on deck to bid us goodbye the morning of March 1. Our memories of the cruise would not be complete without mention of him, whose patience and thorough-going instruction set us a fine example of leadership.

A similar train ride "home"—to Castine ensued, and upon arrival there the topic of conversation turned to the post-cruise leave. Admiral Dismukes granted ten days, so we were off again to our own homes with many experiences to tell about.

The Lyle gun takes over

Down the cargo net

The swashbuckling crew of No. 4
Dear Folks,

Well, we’re off! We’ve two days out of Oakland now, and it sure feels good! Not that the old ship was going on us or anything, but I’ve been looking forward to this for quite awhile. Wish you could have been up at the Academy when the “Seaman” pulled in—It was a wonderful sight to see her. Then into the harbor, and here alongside the new dock. We had been waiting for two days for her, worried because of the hurricane she booked on the way up. It was a big day for M.R.A.

Our new ship is quite different from the old “IP,” not that it takes much to do that. This ship’s better for training purposes, each with section has its own compartment. The engineers have a complete machine shop and electrical shop, and the bridge is equipped with all the latest navigational apparatus. The food? Never had anything like it at home. This morning we had home-style breakfast and toast. Figured I had thousands in such a long time… I hope not have them often for there. You’ll have to make some for me when I get home.

Love,
Joe
December 6

We're four days out of Castine now, but this time it doesn't feel so good. We've hit three fifty-mile gales the past three nights, and of course it hasn't affected an old salt like me, but somehow I haven't felt as well as I might. This voyage will be very healthful for me because I've been spending a lot of time on deck lately, along with a lot of the other fellows, admiring the sea (from the lee rail).

This cruise is quite a departure from last year. It's an innovation not to anchor at four-thirty every afternoon; keeping under way at night is good training. Last year it was Stratford Shoals, Milford, Southport, and then to break the monotony Milford and Stratford Shoals.

December 18

Dear folks,

On our way again after a six-day visit to Jacksonville. There was a sightseeing trip to St. Augustine arranged, and the USO's and the Officers' Club saw a lot of us; so did the Rent-a-car places, which did a boom business with the boys who cruised around in snappy convertibles on sight-seeing tours of their own.

We're steaming along on a ship that looks like a camouflage job by an artist slightly under the "affluence of incohol." We started to change the Socony back to peace-time white, but the job is not complete, and we'll have to wait till we hit San Juan, Puerto Rico. That job of painting looks like it will be the thing on this cruise. MMA's old standby—the work detail.

Through snow and sleet and rain and sun—
The work detail! It must be done!

The days and nights are beautiful now that we have left "sunny" Florida. We're in South Atlantic waters now, and the ocean is unbelievably blue, and clear for fathoms down, like something you read about but have to see for yourself. One of the fellows is in sick bay with a severe case of eye strain. He spent all day looking down into the water, trying to spot mermaids. But I'll be all right. The temperature of the water is 82 degrees, ten degrees hotter than you are heating the house right now! We have daily escorts of cavorting porpoises and flying fish skimming over the water... I think they must have read the travel folders.
December 26

San Juan is quite a place! Picturesque is the only word... old fortresses of giant masonry from conquistador and buccaneer days, narrow cobble stone streets... and those buses that tear along—but at least you ride in ease and comfort... I haven’t found out yet whether they had square wooden wheels or triangular iron ones... native boys diving for coins in the clear, limpid waters of the harbor... “okay, okay!” I’m going to buy me a bathing suit and go into business—they make more money than the Bangor Bandit!

December 30

I’m getting this off in the last mail, because we’re shoving off this morning. It took two days from San Juan to St. Thomas, where it ordinarily should take six or seven hours. But we went around the other way, completely around Puerto Rico, skirting the coast, and getting a lot of good piloting in at the same time.

St. Thomas is quiet and beautiful... buses and persistent taxis driving on the left side... perfumes, silver jewelry, cigarettes... the dance at the Officer’s Club (anything will do in a pinch)... Bluebeard’s famous castle... the Rise of the Cookie Dusters (you could see them in the bright sunlight), with Mr. Kilby leading the parade. Next stop, the Canal Zone!
January 4

Dear Folks,

At the rate we're going, we should make a landfall early tomorrow, but I have it on reliable authority (an underclassman who knows) that we're ahead of schedule and will just head the other way for a while.

We ushered in the New Year with a show... Ozie Ellis with his sax and "I Wanna Go Back"... the imimitable Greenhalgh, with a camera and a pine tree this time.

Range three-five-double-o, scale four-five-o... Lt. Colerick playing "Japone Telephone" on the stern has been giving us sight-setting practice. Working out on the dummy 3'-50 leader I was voted most likely to succeed, so they gave me the job of hot shellman. I won it last year as an underclassman, and was Captain of the Head. In seamanship Mr. "Bluffy" Gray has had us topping booms. Those first attempts took so long you'd think we were getting double time or something—at nine cents an hour.

P.S. — You can forget about the flapjacks, Mom. I seem to have lost my taste for them, for some reason or other. Stewed figs too.

"I wanna go back . . . "

January 9

Dear folks,

The four days we have in Cristobal are nearly over, and it's been something worth remembering—for the trip through the Canal, if nothing else. Navy buses took us over to the Pacific side and we went through; an AK took the liberty section through on Tuesday, and on Wednesday it was an LST. We'll get the Pacific ribbon for that; The Big Ditch is quite an accomplishment. Mark my words, it will make a name for itself one of these days!

The USO here is a good one, complete with a swimming pool, but I think what we were interested in most there were milk shakes, banana splits, and steaks. So between the USO, the USS, which gave us a swell dance the night we came into port, and the Copacabana, a night club with a surprisingly good floor show, Cristobal has been a pretty good liberty town. Of course there was Cash Street, which isn't like Wall Street, though high finance is not uncommon there with everybody bargain-hunting.

"Commence third instruction period"
Santiago—what a place! This is the best port we’ve hit yet! Cuban hospitality plus . . . the Cuban Anglo-American Club, where we didn’t let our lack of Spanish hinder Pan-American relations, the Propeller Club, to say nothing of Bacardi Gardens . . . open house, a luncheon . . . they really went all out for us—and we really went all out for Bacardi.

We tried to leave as good an impression on Santiago as it left on us . . . Vista Alegre, a swell dance and two basketball games we took honors at . . . the orchestra broadcasting and playing at the Anglo-American . . . Lola’s and the Russians . . . “You want a guide, Joe?” and we found it was harder to get rid of them than a restriction, but at last we had our own cedrilles!

We pay tribute to Admiral Darlan
January 23

On our way to Galveston, in the land of boots, saddles, and one-armed bandits. It's much cooler than Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Canal Zone, but I'm not complaining. I just think of you struggling through snowbanks and ten below temperatures up north and then I go aft to the fantail to sunbathe some more! I'm trying to acquire a tan so when I come home I can fool everybody into thinking I look healthy.

Lyle gun demonstrations . . . spotting practice, and the Springfields, the .22 and the .45 revolvers . . . I could hardly count the number of times I fired the .45! We sure are getting some good training. Sea painter drills and handling the sweep oar . . . they thought I was trying to dent the side of the ship, but I must have had an oar that steered the wrong way. We've spent the last couple of days playing "Chase the Barrel." We put a barrel over the side and practiced "making landings" or coming alongside. Maneuvers like that are good training for the deckmen in ship handling and give the engineers some good throttle work.

P.S.—We hit Galveston in two more days, and if our pay checks don't come by then (it's only three weeks now) we'll be able to use that barrel—what the well-dressed midshipman will wear.
February 6

Dear Mom and Dad,

In two days we'll be seeing Jacksonville for the second time. One thing about this trip--it certainly has been a busy one. The traffic in these waters is very heavy, and we have seen more ships in the last few days than on all of the past cruises and the three months last year on the "Pilot" combined. With the result that the deckmen are being put through their paces on the blinker light. A day doesn't go by that you don't see one of the boys practicing up so he can send a snappy "UD".

Target practice on the 3"/50, the watch sections divided up into gun crews...all our spotting, sight-setting and leading drills coming into use. Some of the crews set up pretty good records. With the 20 mm. and .50 and .30 caliber machine guns we blasted away at some poor defenseless white cap. Theory is being backed up by actual experience now. Watches, setting pumps, packing valves, Rules of the Road in practice, amplitudes, star sights.

Some of the boys established pretty good beach-heads in Jacksonville the last time, and now it's expected that they will move in and mop up all resistance.

We're due for another pay check when we get in, and I know that since we're back in the states, they'll come on time. Am I kidding?

Love,

JOE
February 15

St. John's lightship on our stern, with Bermuda dead ahead. We got even better acquainted with Jacksonville the second time, had a dance and a typical Southern oyster roast given for us. The highlight of our four days there (excluding liberty, fresh milk, steaks, and liberty) were the pulling boat races, with the deckmen of watch two and four victorious, and the "bellhops" of the other sections also placing and showing.

Life has been going on as usual... work details (painting, for a change of pace), Messrs Tumey and Mitchell still catching their weekly quota of hapless and unenergetic midshipmen in their sacks (well, I got out once in Jacksonville anyway); movies every night—we had a good one last night, featuring eleven breaks, one fire, and two reels without sound; work details (holystoning—there must be an easier way); "Muster the band on the fantail"—No. 1 on the Hit Parade. And then of course, there are work details.

Beautiful Bermuda

February 20

Dear folks,

Arrived in Bermuda three days ago. It's a beautiful island, clean and colorful. White-roofed homes; calm blue-green crystal-clear water; hotels that are Bermuda personified; bicycles and hansoms as the only means of transportation—I went to hire a bike, but they didn't have any three-wheelers in. We saw the Bermuda Aquarium and the famous Caves, had a swell time at the USO dance, visited the historic Tom Moore's Tavern.

We're leaving here a day early to make certain we arrive in Portland on schedule. The captain anticipates head winds and when even the fish start to swim past us, it means we'll have needed the extra time. The thought of Portland and that dance at the Purpoodock sounds good, even with sub-zero weather ahead; it seems impossible that three months have gone by already. It must have been the absorbing interest in our training—paint that bow, lift that holystone!

On looking back, it has been a great three months. Each port we hit was a new experience in itself, and each trip brought us additional experience, also, whether we were aware of it or not. From here on in it will be books, exams (and restrictions), and then the next ship we board will be our own.

Love,
JOE
"Band, left face!" . . . make-up, deadlines, printer's ink . . . "Johnson Rag," the old standby . . . our student port of the Propeller Club, and bang-up receptions in every port . . . our ring.
Free time was utilized for our entertainment and our benefit as we injected spirit into our musters and parades with the band, enjoyment into our dances with our orchestra. We added our bit to the editorial world, and played our part as a Propeller Club Port. Activities provided the self-satisfaction of participation and well-rounded results of the "rugged training."

The first material step in identifying ourselves as the class of 1946 was receiving our ring. It came into existence with the Academy as one of those traditions that live through the years with the institution with which it is associated. The ring, in all its simplicity, represents twenty-two months of good times, good friends, new experiences, work, learning, and play—memories that will mellow as the years go on, take on added value. Our ring is as valuable as those memories.
Two weeks after the arrival of the new class in July, organization work on the Academy band was begun with Midshipman Al Frawley as Bandmaster and Midshipman Blaine Ambler as Drum Major. New recruits from the underclass swelled it to thirty-five pieces, and after a few weeks of practice and drilling in formations, the band joined the battalion at Colors every morning.

In the past year, the Maine Maritime Academy Band has participated on several occasions in various parades and programs. They were invited by both the cities of Belfast and Rockland to join in the celebration of the declaration of V-J Day. In each instance the middies led the entire formation and after both demonstrations, concerts were held. In Rockland five different bands combined, and Midshipman Frawley was accorded the honor of leading the 175-piece band in the playing of "Stars and Stripes Forever."

Band Master—Alfred Frawley
Drum Major—Blaine Ambler
Clarinet—D. Flagg, E. Rosengarten, R. Schonland, R. Merrill, J. Eden
Trumpet—B. Borden, R. Quincy, F. Eaton, W. Greenhalgh, E. Leonard, G. Falt
Drum—B. Shepard, J. Hickson, E. Munro, R. Linnell, G. Smith, J. Hamilton
Eb Alts—R. Stevens. Baritone—V. Gillie, D. McKay. Cymbals—D. Lindsey
Trombone—R. Libby, B. Hopkins, J. Cyr, R. Brennan
Bass—T. Nickerson, B. Chesterton
Alts Sax—H. Roberts, K. Grover, G. Marriner, O. Ellis
Tenor Sax—H. Henderson, P. Purton

Band Master Frawley
Marching to Colors
Drum Major Ambler
Rockland parade
Vinnie Gillis out in front, and officiating on the vocals as well, the Academy orchestra was enlarged to prepare for what has been a bigger year than ever. In the six months from 1945 graduation to the cruise they served rhythm on a silver platter for four dances at the Academy, a smoker, and a War Bond benefit in Castine. The Caribbean cruise was the first voyage on which the orchestra was taken, and it was a welcome addition. Several evenings were passed pleasantly when the boys gave out with both the sweet and the hot on the after deck, as the audience gathered around, perched on booms, hatches, railings, and awning frames. They were a major part of the New Year’s Eve show also, just as the orchestra has been for every Academy production.

In the Virgin Islands, they had the floor at the St. Thomas Officers’ Club, and in Santiago de Cuba the orchestra held forth at two dances, both for the middies. At the Cuban Anglo American Club and at Vista Alegre they made a good time and a successful affair possible, giving the señoritas a first-hand taste of American rhythms. It was in Santiago also that the orchestra broadcast over Cuban station CMKM. The program was transmitted to the States by short wave.

The past is substantial proof of as good a record to come, for the orchestra has played an essential and an enjoyable role in entertainment for the Academy, and it will continue to do so.
To the midshipmen cruising Caribbean waters, the Propeller Club represented a widespread organization of generous friends. By taking advantage of the tours, dances, and parties arranged by the club, liberty ceased being a matter of continually wandering aimlessly in strange places in search of entertainment.

A sailor in a foreign port is often the human equivalent of the proverbial chicken without a head. Native customs, the linguistic barrier, and other factors tend to limit his enjoyment. We were fortunate enough to have a "guiding light" in the form of the Propeller Club.

The midshipmen gratefully recollect the dances in Jacksonville, the elaborate tea dance at San Juan's Casa de Espana, the party held at the Anglo-American Club in Santiago de Cuba, and the many other social activities planned for them by the more-than-hospitable Propeller Club members in these ports.

Our knowledge of the organization of the Propeller Club had been, until recently, meager. We know it to be a world-wide group interested in the betterment of the merchant marine. Propeller Club meetings of our student port were held and current maritime issues were discussed, but our contact with the many other ports were still remote. This situation was cleared during the cruise when we were able to meet the members of the other "ports" personally, to talk to them, to sit in on their meetings and discuss future plans.

There is no adequate means, at present, to express our full appreciation of all that the Propeller Club has done for us. We can but hope that, in years to come, our work will be a worthy complement to the efforts of the Propeller Club.
The fifth class took over the actual publishing and management of the Maine Mast soon after the end, in March, 1945, of the winter cruise. Since each new staff member had been working at his job for some time, the transition was made smoothly.

Alterations for the betterment of the paper followed as the new editor took office. The major change was in the format of the paper. The four-column, nine-by-eleven inch page was expanded to a five-column, eleven-by-fifteen inch size. The alteration permitted better makeup and more pictures, cartoons, and news copy. Milton Caniff’s “Male Call” became a regular (and appreciated) feature.

Both the Camp Newspaper Service and the Ship’s Editorial Association were the source of mats of cartoons and pin-ups, which added much to the appearance and reader interest of the Maine Mast.

Through the efforts of Lt. Comdr. Crouse an addressing machine was acquired, which converted the task of addressing outgoing copies into a quick and simple job. Many letters and cards received from alumni attest to the Mast’s popularity among them at sea. It is hoped that in the future the paper may be printed at the Academy by our own staff.

Meanwhile, the monthly issues continue to roll off the presses in nearby Bangor, and are a credit to the staff of midshipmen who edit, compose, and distribute them.
Transforming impressions and associations into something more material is the task of a yearbook. And Trick’s End, like any healthy, normal member of its species, has attempted to do that same thing. After working on it for a year, we do not think that calling the production of a yearbook a “task” is exaggerating a point. We took seriously the responsibility of mirroring two years, and the ensuing problems—financial, editorial, photographic—were grappled with and finally overcome. Crises large and small loomed on the horizon as we went along, causing many a potential gray hair and furrowed editorial brow.

Working hand in glove with our printer, Mr. Paul Blanchard, whose experience was what carried a crew like ours, completely foreign to the job, over some of the rough spots, we evolved a theme, an approach, and gradually learned what went into the making of a yearbook. Art work was competently handled by Associate Editor “Mac” Mackenzie, whose ruler, layout sheets, and originality also played the leading roles in our make-up. Shutter-bugs Williams and Denault provided the pictorial viewpoint, with some welcome contributions from Mr. Gregory.
Advertising contracts were his specialty.

The eternal bugaboo of yearbooks, assets and liabilities was handled by Dick Roberts and “Tim” Schlobohm. Regardless of what amount of work is put into every department, an annual is made possible by only one group: the financial wizards. And here let us express our thanks to the advertisers, sponsors, and patrons who made the book a reality, as well as the midshipmen who helped put the dollar sign on the blue side of the ledger by soliciting advertisements. Lastly, we want to thank Lt. Comdr. Mitchell, who acted as our adviser and who helped the book off to an organized start.

THE EDITOR

Big Tim handled our finances

Star solicitors, Defense absent

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief
Jay Maisel

Associate Editor
Malcolm Mackenzie

Advertising Manager
Richard Roberts

Business Manager
Richard Schlobohm

Photographic Editors
Charles Williams
Elliot Denault

Sports Editor
Robert Bickford

Writers
Norman Davis
Richard Sprague
Thomas Cummings
George Paradis

Solicitors
Frank Maguire
Anthony Bernhard
Burton Defreese
“Batter up!” . . . Basketball
from Maine to Panama . . . Harry’s
steak dinners for intra-mural winners
. . . “Jump ball!” . . . Foursome on the
golf course . . . Summer softball . . .
Third down, six to go . . . “You’re on
him, two shot!” . . . “Play ball!”
The sports and recreation side of MMA was emphasized as the gym resounded with shouts of victorious spectators of victorious varsity clashes and heated intra-section games. In spring, summer and fall the Fort was host to ball and bat and pigskin in programs of intra-mural and varsity activity. Tennis rackets and golf clubs added to this resulted in one more contribution to life at the Academy.
Maine Maritime Academy
Basketball Team, 1945-46

The Maine Maritime Academy basketball team, after losing only one varsity man from last year's squad and acquiring the services of Don Moore, Paul Burr, and "Rabbit" Robbins from the underclass ranks, had a very successful 1945-46 season, winning 14 games against five setbacks.

This year's team, ably captained by "Moe" Maguire, played twelve games while on the Academy's cruise to the Caribbean, winning eight and losing four. This was an excellent record for a quintet whose pre-game warm-ups were the only practice the club could get before the start of a game against shore-based and well-practiced teams.

Lt. Hector coached the team to five victories against one defeat while playing at the Academy prior to the cruise. Lt. (jg) Gregory took over the coaching reins when the club was on its "road trip" on the cruise and turned out a smooth-running team.

The team started their season against the Dow Field quintet and annexed a 36-30 victory, without losing the lead once in the game. Their second game found the Middies playing a surprisingly strong Winter Harbor Naval Base. In one of the highest scoring games of the season, the Navy emerged with a 52-50 victory when O'Keefe scored a field goal with but thirty seconds left in the game. This was the Middies only setback while playing at home. They followed with a second victory over Dow Field, 42-38, and then the Middies revenged the loss at the hands of the Winter Harbor club by a 40-34 victory.

A game with Belfast and the Bucksport Seaboard teams rounded out the home season with 85-34 and 47-34 wins.

The first team, with Capt. Maguire and Moore at forwards, worked around Normie Jabar, their excellent pivot man at center. Bob Tully and Didi Vacca were the team's crack guards. Behind the starting five there were forwards Gillis, Robbins, Watson, and Sevigny, centers Schlobohm and Aucoin, and guards Burr and Gresy to provide able substitutions.

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The Middie quintet after a month of idleness took on two very powerful and highly rated clubs in Jacksonville, Fla., the Jacksonville NAS and University of Florida. The result was two defeats at the hands of these teams by 50-28 and 55-30 scores respectively.

At the second and third ports of call on the cruise the MMA teamed together and walked off the court with a 36-34 victory on Christmas Eve over the San Juan Coast Guard Station. Maguire, Jabar, and Vacca played brilliantly to come from behind in the second half to overcome a ten point lead, grabbing the lead and holding it. The Middies were guests at the Virgin Island Marine Base and a decisive 55-29 victory was scored by the Cadets.

In Panama another victory was added to the win column when the Cristo­bal High School Alumni were outclassed and outplayed to the tune of a 49-25 score. Two of the best-played, hardest­fought and most colorful games were in Santiago, Cuba. The MMA five took on the Vista Alegre quintet before a crowd of 1750 cheering fans. Maguire and Tully were the high scorers as the American representatives came from behind in the last minute of play to win 40-37. The next night a Cuban All-Star team took the floor in an attempt to halt the Middies. Moors starred in this game scoring 22 points in a decisive 50-39 win before a crowd that neared the two thousand mark.

In Galveston the first team beat Fort Crockett, 41-39. In the second game of the doubleheader the second squad led by Gillis, Watson, and Aucoin on the line, and Burr at guard, scored a 37-25 triumph.

At the close of the cruise the Jacksonville NAS annexed a second win over the Middies. Then at Bermuda the NOB defeated the Middies in a heartbreaking defeat, 52-48. However, the Middies left Bermuda with a victory over the champion.
service club on the island by trouncing the Marine Base, 50-40.

The team then playing again in the State of Maine took the Portland YMCA club in a 52-43 contest to round out the season with a remarkable record.

Credit must be given to this club whose athletic condition was poor due to lack of exercise while on board ship and who had little practice.

The team's high scorer was Capt. Maguire, a truly brilliant basketball player. Normie Jabar was closely behind Maguire as an excellent master of the ball and play-maker for both Maguire and Moors in the forward slots. Tully with his spectacular set shots and Vacca's wonderful play under the basket must receive as much credit as the high scoring forward line.

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Tully stops a Navy shot in Galveston

Jaber scores two against Portland

A wild shot in Portland

Pre-game huddle
The 1945 baseball season, being the first to find the Maine Maritime Academy entered in statewide competition, proved to be a successful one with the club finishing the season with a .500 record, this not taking into account the exhibition games played while on the cruise.

The first game at Belfast against the Belfast Coast Guard Station found Russ Kelley at first, George Carey at short stop, Don Poole, Moe Maguire, and Zeke Horne comprising the outfield, and Big Bob Tully behind the plate: the remainder of the positions were filled by freshmen. The season started off with a bang and eight runs against three for the opposition. The power for this game was provided by Maguire and Tully who amassed five hits between them for eight total bases. Traveling them to Brunswick, the big bats unleashed for thirteen runs and eight hits. Carey, Kelley and Poole batting one, two, three provided the greater part of the punch. Poole getting a triple with two men on. The following day the club was the guest of the Brunswick Naval Air Station. This game proved to be the only real pitching duel of the season, with Bunny Baxter turning in a sparking four-hit performance but losing on an error in the last inning, and allowing only two runs to cross the plate for the Flying Sailors.

Though a powerful Dow Field nine proved too much for us, our power at the plate was still evident, led by Moe Maguire with a mighty home run and two singles and George Carey with a triple and two singles.

A Bucksport Town Club was downed easily with a big first inning rally netting six tallies. Carey again figure in the slugging with two for three including a lead-off double in the first, with Russ Kelley following him to the plate and duplicating his feat.

At Quicky the Seabees based there were greeted from an all-out offensive to the tune of fifteen hits and nine runs with George Carey again leading the attack with four hits including a triple and a double, and Tully driving in three runs on three hits. Baxter, allowing only seven hits for the rout, was the winning pitcher.

A doubleheader played in two parks and two towns, Dexter and Dover, found the boys still with batting eyes piling up 25 runs for the afternoon.
With the first sign of Spring a group of hardy tee-men officially initiated the golf season at Maine Maritime Academy, and for every afternoon or evening following, Bob Gascoigne, “Gub” Benson, Bob Gort, “Dutch” Meddaugh, and Al Frawley as steady enthusiasts made the rounds.

**Summary**

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Starting off for a couple of rounds

**Golf**

"Gas puts it on the green"  
"Dutch" on No. 3 green  
"Danger — Blasting!"
One of the favorite diversions of many athletically-minded cadets was a fast game of tennis.

Having access to only two courts meant that at nearly any time in the afternoon you could find a group of spectators awaiting their turn. Spring and summer found the courts occupied continually and maintained in good shape for some hard-fought contests.
**Intra-Mural Sports**

**Basketball**

Intersection basketball was one of the most popular and successful of intra-mural sports here at the Academy. Nightly games, providing fans with thrills and spills, were fought in the gym, and over again in the “Rec Hall” over a bottle of Coke. E-4, undefeated in league competition, won the 1945-46 crown; and into their possession went the basketball plaque, annually awarded the winner. Stars of the season were: “Herc” Wright, with 132 points in seven games for E-2; Dick Watson, eagle-eye for D-1; “Zeke” Horne, flashy center for E-1; “Copper” McLaughlin, speedy forward for E-4’s champs; and “Lightning” Brophy, all-round star for D-3. With this brand of initiative, sportsmanship, and interest there’ll always be a crowd of fans awaiting that first whistle.

**Football**

You didn’t have to leave town to see a good football game, for any afternoon during the Fall one could find a couple of sections “battling it out” in Fort George, and those pigskin forays provided many an interesting and exciting afternoon. E-1 (then E-3) won the 1944 crown while D-1 snared the 1945 championship, thus entitling them to one of Harry’s steak dinners. During the 1945 season all games were fast and furious and close; D-1 edged E-2 for the crown by pulling the age-old sleeper play, allowing them to win 7-0.

With the prospect of a varsity football team in the making, intra-mural games should become keener, as the numerous schoolboy stars will be out to win a berth on the “big team.” And, is there a better way to impress a coach?

**Softball**

“Ste—rike three!” and Bill Adams had another strikeout. Yes, and D-1 had another champion team, this time in softball. And, in softball as in other intra-mural sports, competition was keen and spirited. Shut-outs, “one-run decisions,” double-plays, home runs all played their part in producing Class-A ball. Stars for the 1945 season were twirlers Adams, Carpenter, and Davis; sluggers Carey, Mackenzie, and C. Brevens; and fielders Whelan, Watson, and Gonya.

Coupled with varsity baseball, softball provided the nucleus of summer sports. And, under the supervision of the Intra-Mural Athletic Association, forthcoming seasons should produce a full, regular schedule and greater teams, keener competition, and more interest.
Parent's Page

Milton Maisel
Albert Roberts
Edgar Bernhard
William Schlobohm
Mrs. Gladys T. Krause
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Eddy
Mr. and Mrs. Napoleon Metivier
Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Cyr
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