



TRICK'S END

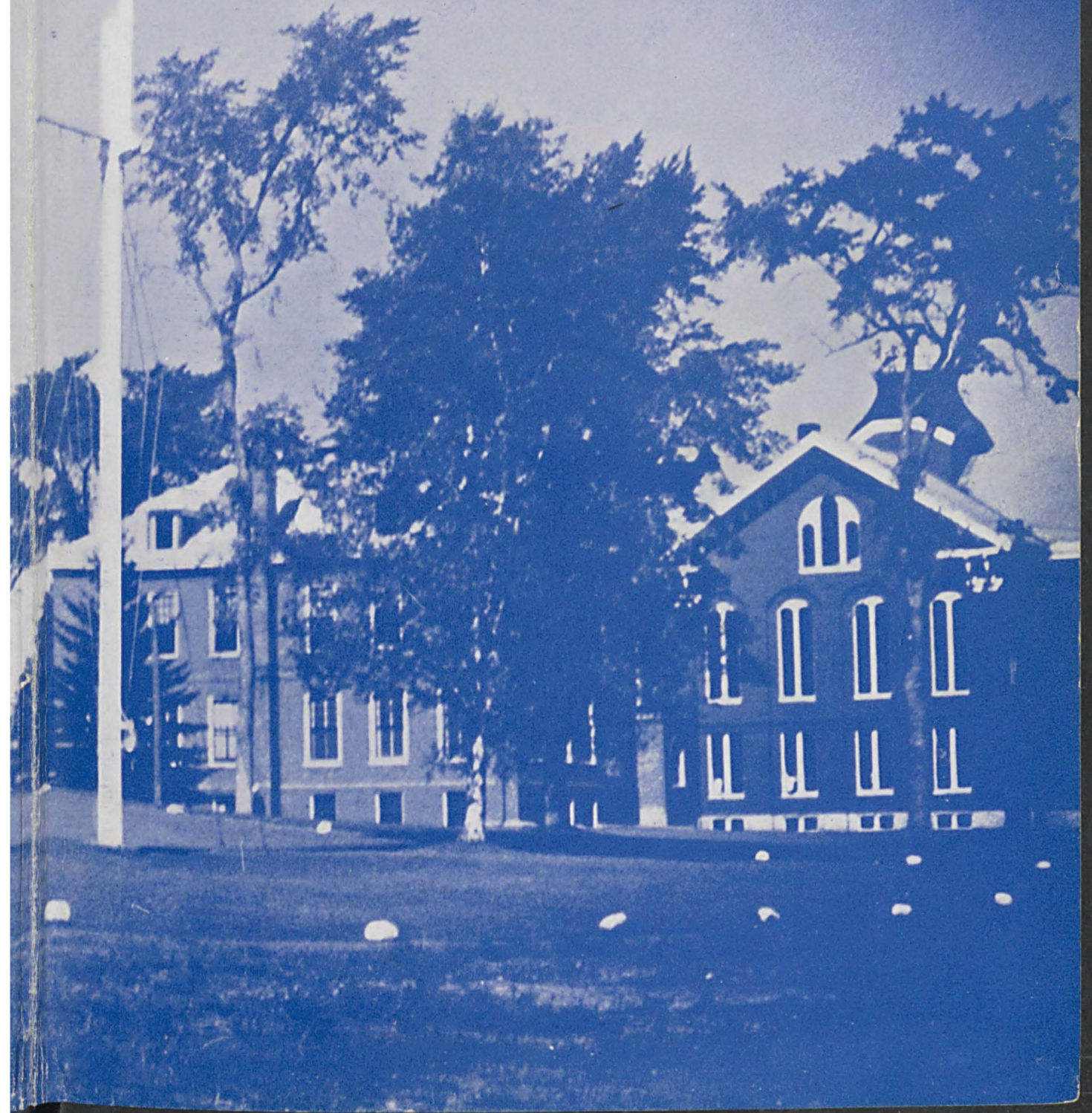
1946

MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
P.O. BOX 219
CASTINE, MAINE 04421



MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
P.O. BOX 219
CASTINE, MAINE 04421

*101



JAY NORMAN MAISEL

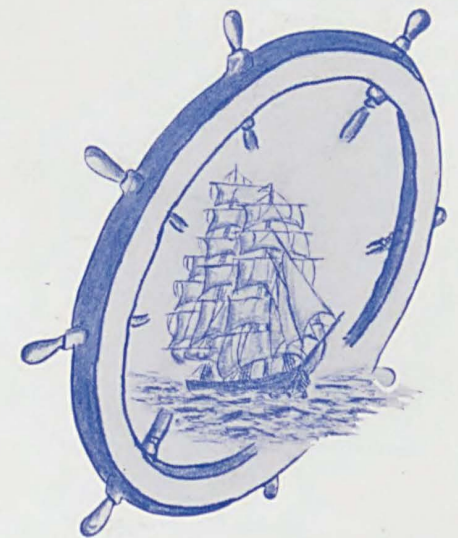
Editor in Chief

MALCOLM LEWIS MACKENZIE

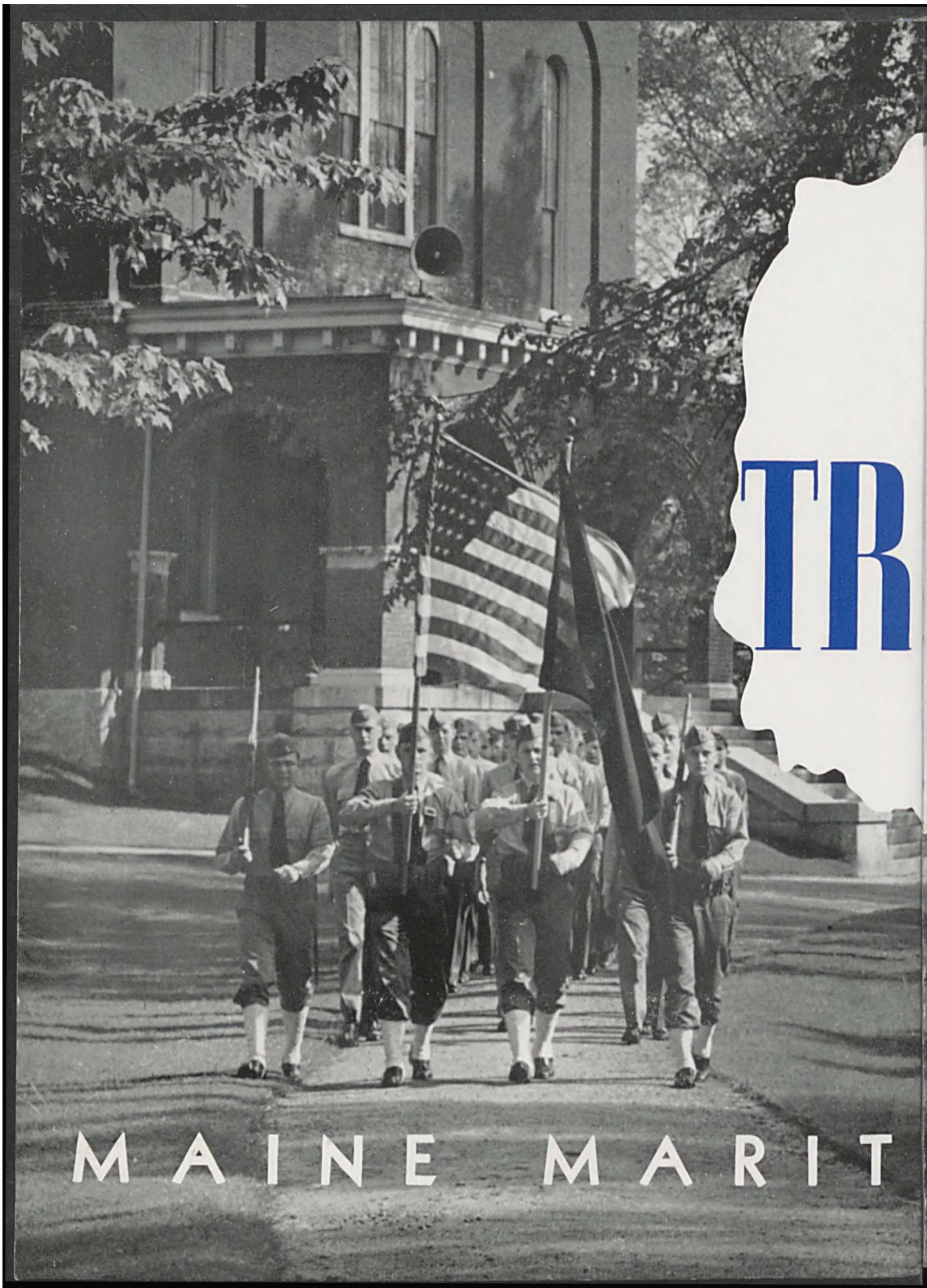
Associate Editor

HUNTLEY RICHARD ROBERTS

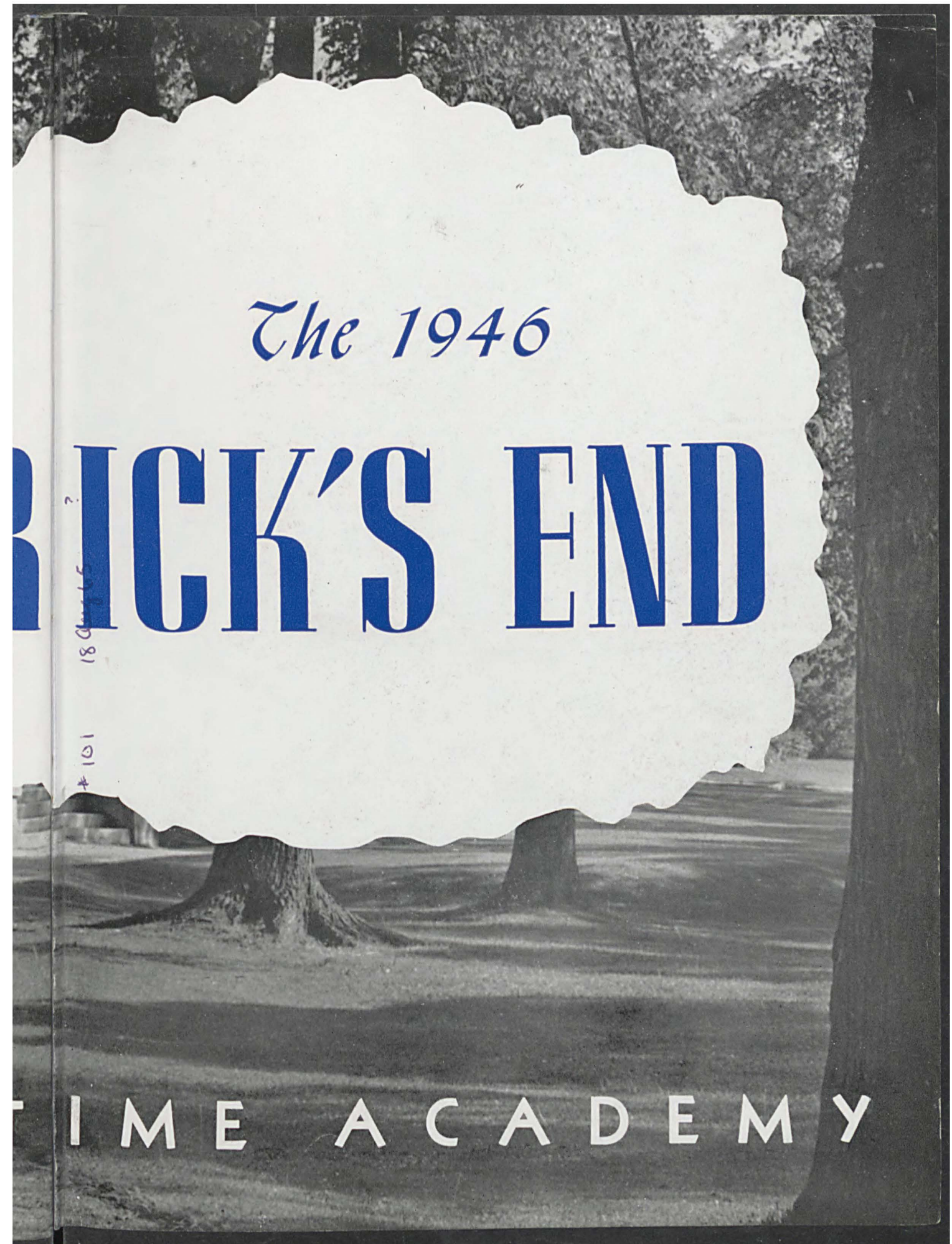
Advertising Manager



MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY
CASTINE - MAINE



MAINE MARIT



The 1946

TRICK'S END

TIME ACADEMY



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



UNITED STATES MARITIME COMMISSION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 11, 1945

Midshipman Corps
Maine Maritime Academy
Castine, Maine

Gentlemen:

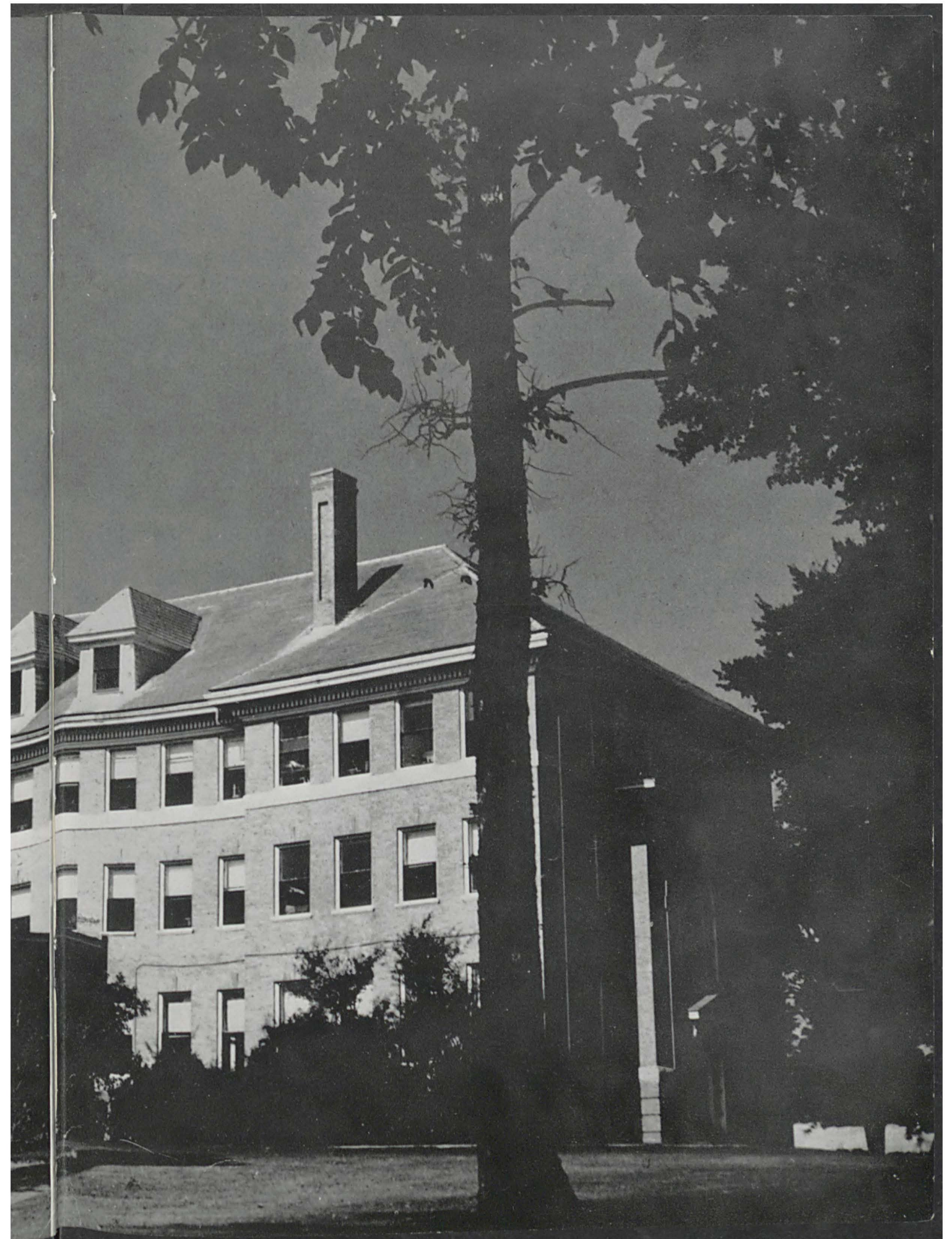
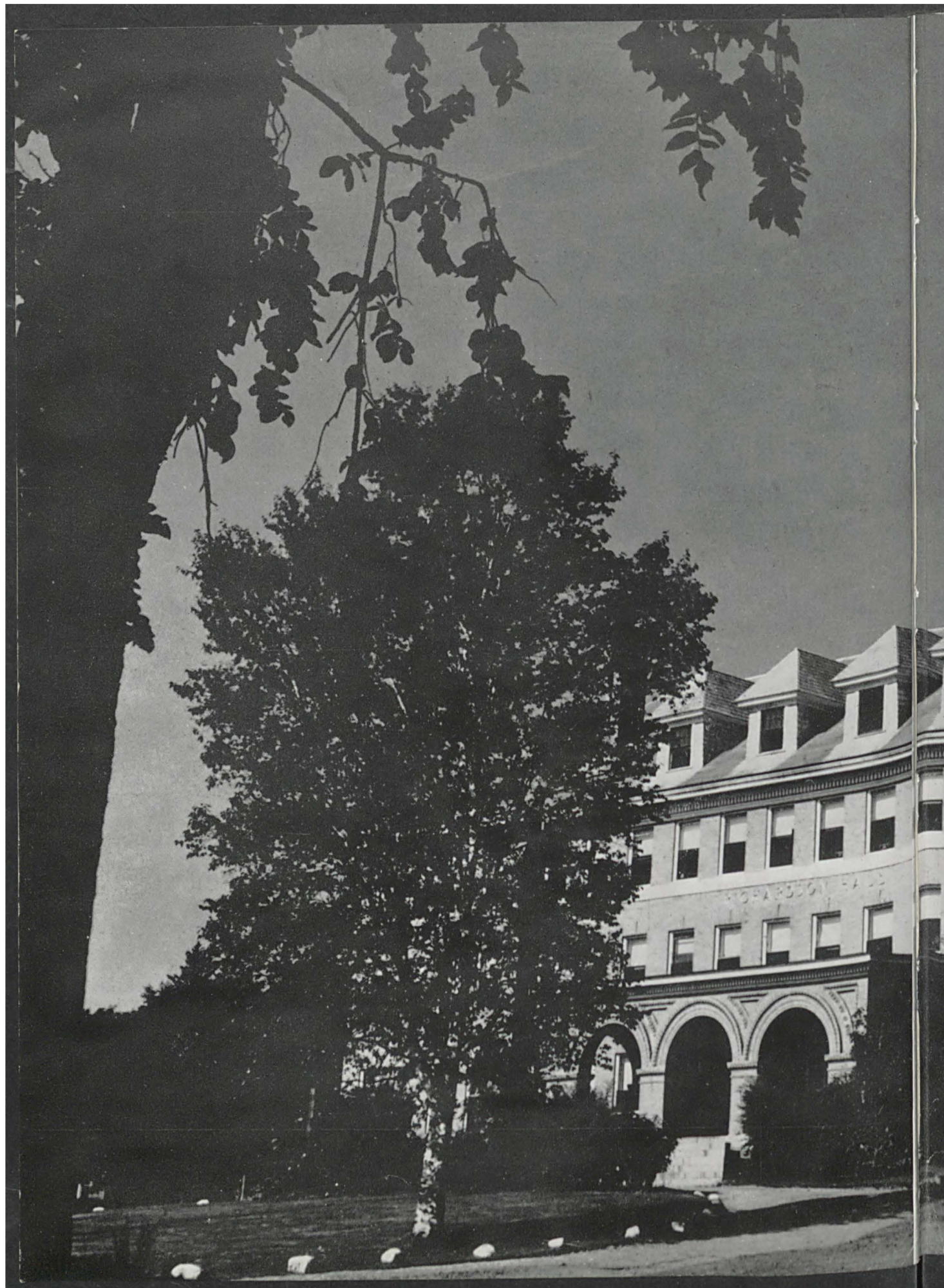
I am happy to greet in TRICK'S END the men of Maine Maritime Academy who will shortly begin their careers in the United States Merchant Marine.

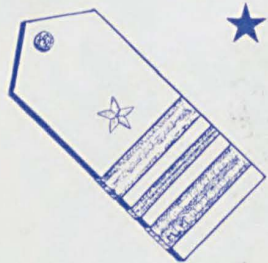
Our merchant fleet has reached a notable point in its development. It has come through the war not only larger in size but immeasurably greater in stature. We intend that the peacetime fleet shall be of such quality as to command the respect of the nation and the world. Our main source of strength will 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 know 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.

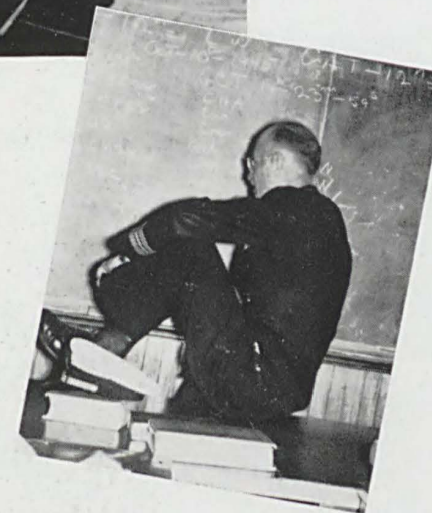
Sincerely yours,

E. S. Land
Chairman

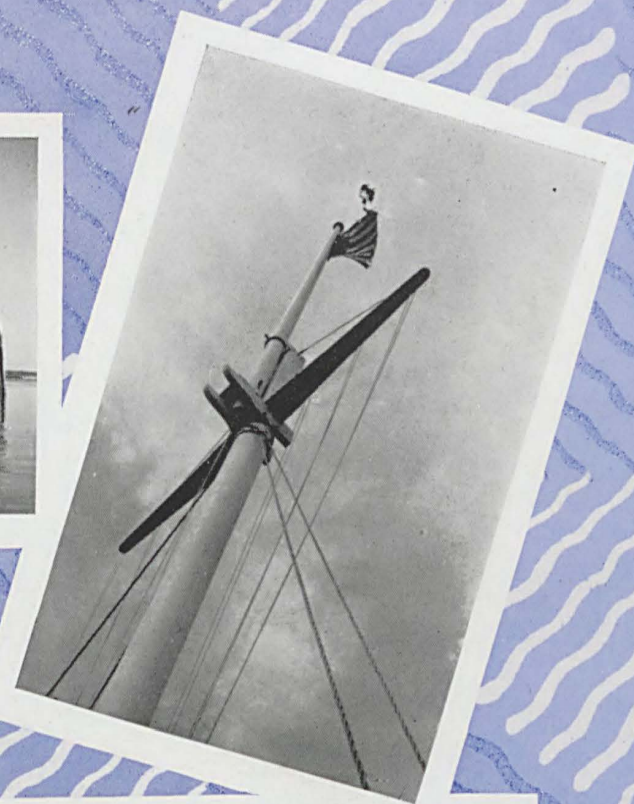


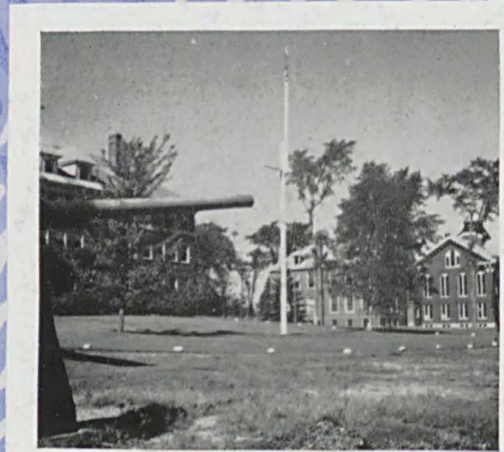
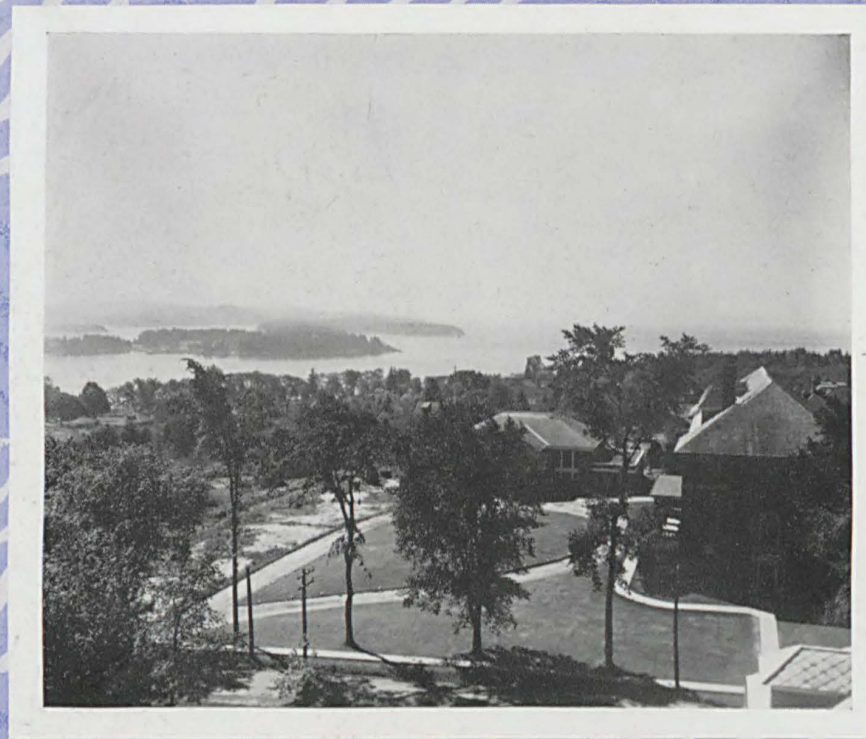


Lieutenant Commander
CHARLES H. TUMEY
U.S.N.R.



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. Absently picking up any pencil in sight, waving his arms to find declination and celestial equator, the phrase "put yourself on report," hat turned backwards with sextant in hand and squinting skyward: by these things may we, and countless others, remember him, as our preacher with Bowditch as our bible.

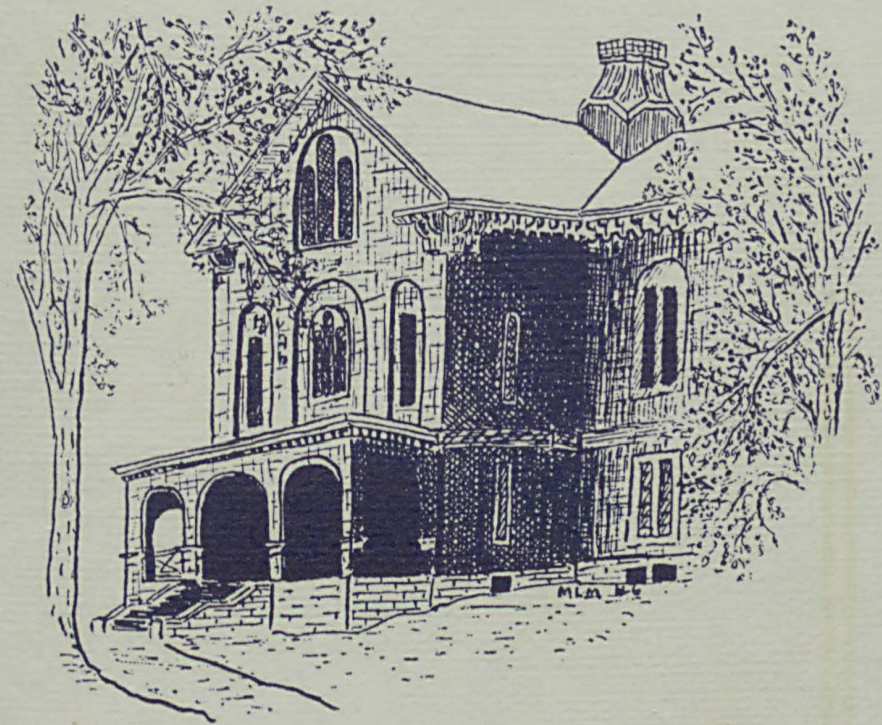


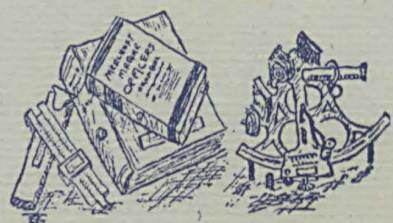




"86!" . . . Classes, inspections,
and restrictions through the courtesy of
the gold braid . . . "But, sir!" . . . A
sleepy glimpse of two stripes and feet
hurriedly hitting the deck . . . "The
following men are on color guard" . . .
To: Executive Officer, Subject: Special
liberty . . . "86!"

ADMINISTRATION





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.



RALPH A. LEAVITT
Chairman
BOARD OF TRUSTEES

First Vice President
CAPTAIN RICHARD QUICK

Second Vice President
RICHARD HALLET

Treasurer
EDWIN R. ANDREWS
RALPH K. BARTER NATHAN W. THOMPSON HARRY V. GIBSON
HERVEY R. EMERY CLIFFORD N. CARVER

Secretary for Board
JASPER F. CROUSE

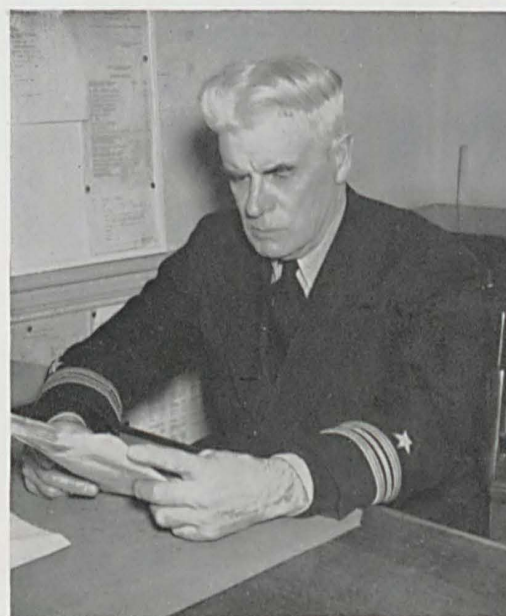


Commander Clark was Executive Officer of the Academy for a short time, but in that period he gained the respect, admiration, and trust of the whole battalion. A schoolship man and a real officer in every sense of the word, he was competent, understanding, tactful. He knew the full meaning of the word "no," but was completely fair in his every move. In all sincerity may we wish him good sailing.

COMMANDER JOHN P. CLARK, USNR

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. Straight-forward and frank as they come, the "Cap'n" 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 breeches and bores, tactics and turning circles, his duties as Battalion officer kept him occupied. Mr. Mitchell when not on duty, was always good for a breeze session, but when he had the conn, woe be to the man not on the ball. As adviser of *Trick's End*, his advice and discernment were invaluable to us.

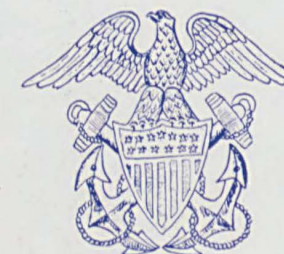


LT. COMDR. DAVID A. MITCHELL, USNR
Naval Science, Communications



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.



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-a-month plan, though not appreciated by many a liberty-happy middie, kept us out of the red side of our commissary accounts.



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



LT. COMDR. M. FITZSIMONS, USNR
Naval Science

"Ah sweah, ah just don't understan' you-all boys" was a patent trade mark and the butt of many a joke in a middie 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 doled out by "Fitz," better known as "Southern Comfort."



LT. COMDR. JAMES MURRAY, USNR
Diesels, "Recip," Turbines

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.

"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





LT. HARRY E. RODGERS, USNR
Seamanship, Cargo, Rules of the Road

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.



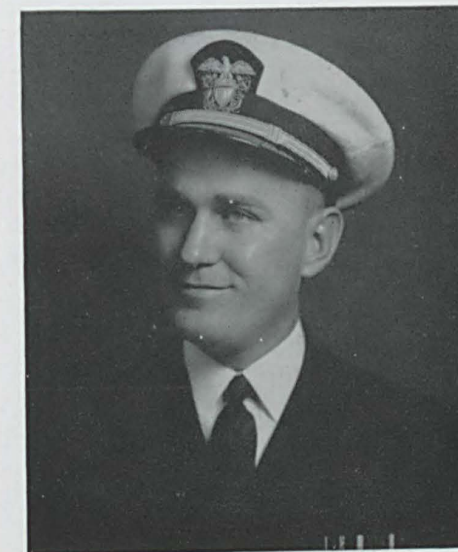
LT. RALPH RHOADES, USNR
Seamanship

We first met Mr. Rhoades as Seamanship instructor to the underclass deckmen. The registrar's office claimed him after our first cruise, however, and he took time off only to teach the engineers Math. On duty at the Academy practically since its inception, and a familiar name to every graduate of the school, we lost him to the ranks of the civilians just before the second cruise.



LT. MARVIN E. OLSEN, USNR
Communications

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. JOHN HECTOR, USNR
Registrar, Physical Education

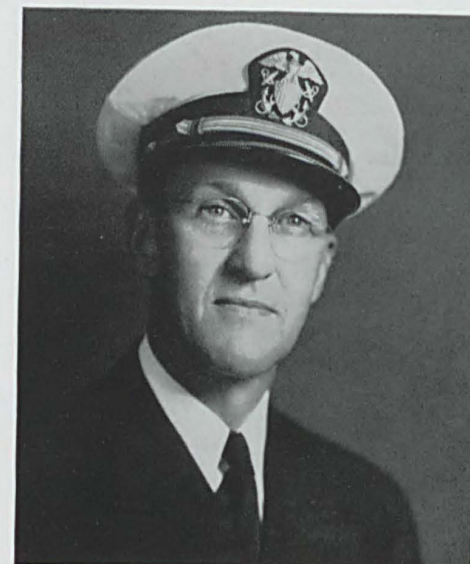
Lt. Hactor spent his first months at the Academy as physical education instructor, a position in which he displayed a keen interest in the boys, to the tune of a more organized program. He was also the driving force, together with Comdr. Clark, in putting across our first smoker, the initial attempt 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 dungarees 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.

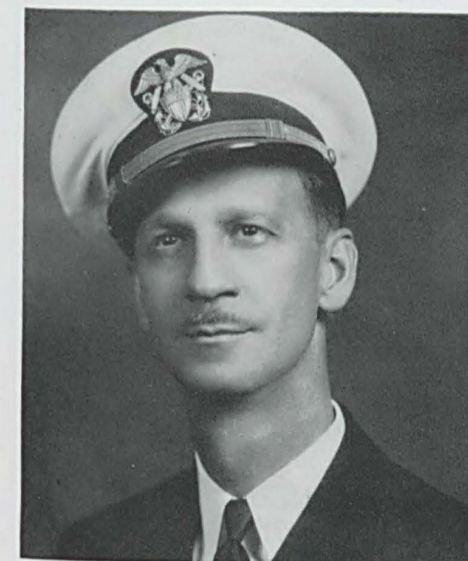


LT. HARRISON SMALL, USNR
Navigation



LT. COMDR. FRANCIS FORD, USNR
Naval Science

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 underclassman and to eventually relieve Mr. Tumey as navigation instructor. Earnestness and sincerity is characteristic of him, and his friendly greetings every day as he hurries by are a trade mark, also.

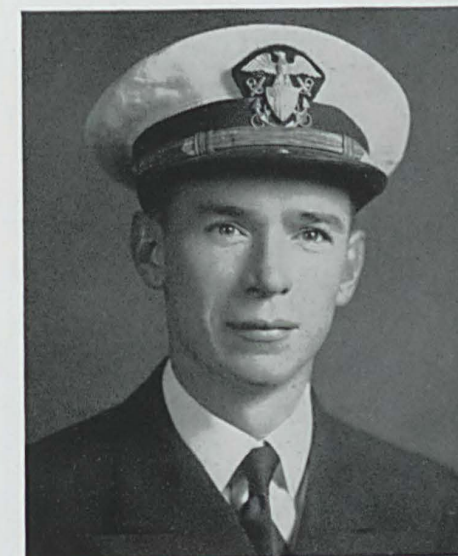


LT. (jg) GERALD NORMAND, USNR
Shipping Economics

The ideal Shipping Eco 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 sledding otherwise. Every man sincerely regretted his short stay.



Small and dynamic, with some definite ideas on getting the "stuff" over to the boys, Mr. Holland set his sights on our one big immediate goal, our ticket. While we had more Seamanship, Rules of the Road and Cargo plied to us in a shorter time than had been the practice, those classes spiced with that sense of humor, Pennsylvania accent, and "copy bugs," were our recompense.



LT. (jg) WALTER HOLLAND, USNR
Seamanship, Cargo, Rules of the Road





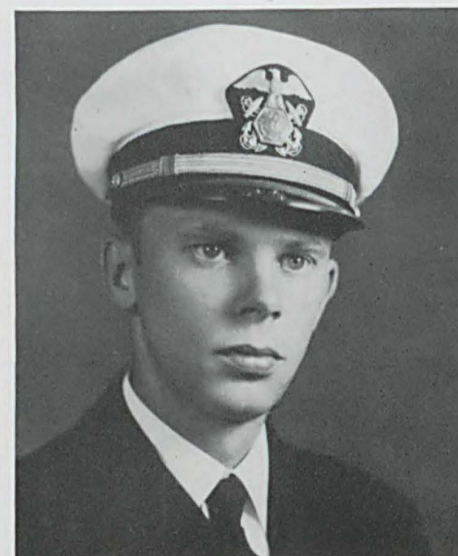
LT. RICHARD PARKER, USNR
Navigation

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 'til we became upper-classmen that we found Lt. Parker to be not as unsmiling as we had thought.



LT. (jg) WILLIAM BARAGER, USNR
Diesels, "Recip," Turbines

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

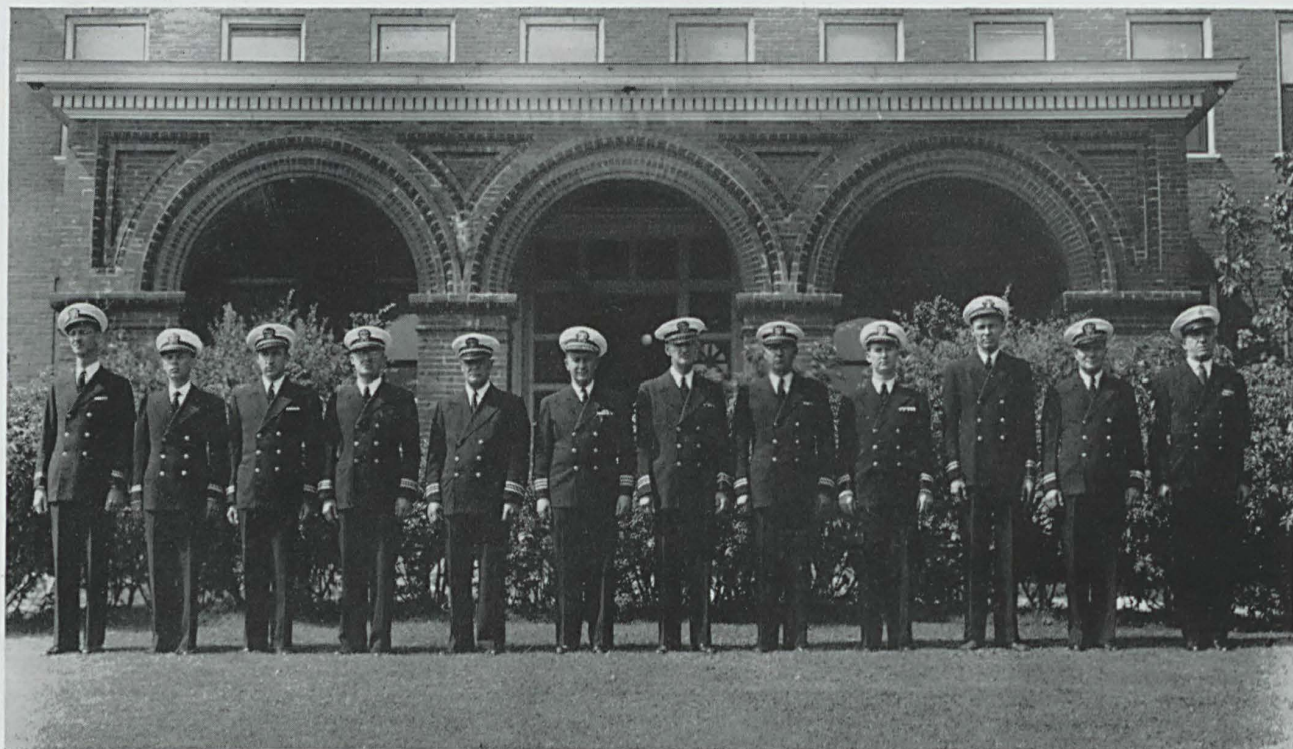


LT. (jg) GARDINER GREGORY
Mathematics

Lt. (jg) 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.



Norman, Gregory, Olsen, Crouse, Small, Clark, Tumey, Rodgers, Ford, Meier, Kilby, Chief Ski



BRYANT CROWE
Yeoman 1-C



JOHN ZIOLKIEWIEZ
Chief Gunner's Mate



LLOYD WEINER
Pharmacist's Mate 2-C

VERNON HASKELL
Boatswain's Mate



WILLIAM UELZE
Chief Machinist's Mate



JOSEPH ASTRAB
Chief Gunner's Mate

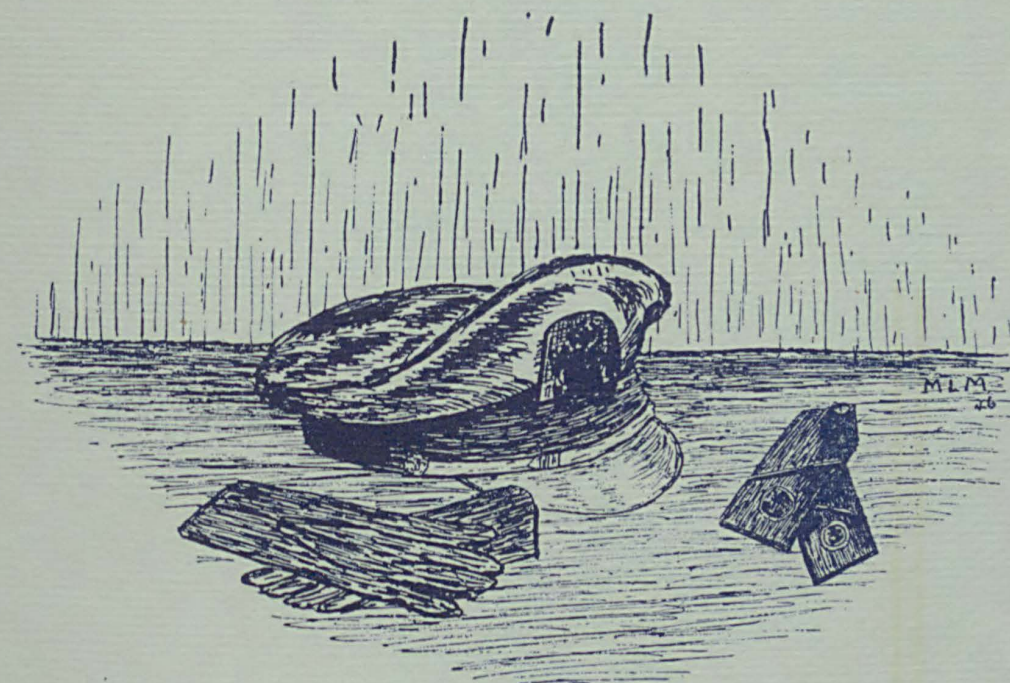


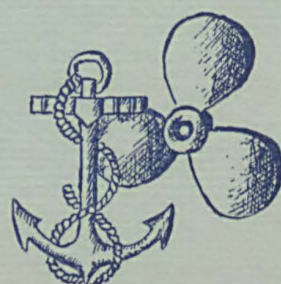


"Battalion, att-ten-shun!" . . .
"Muster the liberty party" . . . breeze
sessions . . . Two year history in three
chapters: T-4, E-3, E-1 . . . "Officers,
front and center" . . . Kadet Kapers . . .
"All present and accounted for, sir"
. . . "All hands, chow down."

B A T

T A L I O N





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.

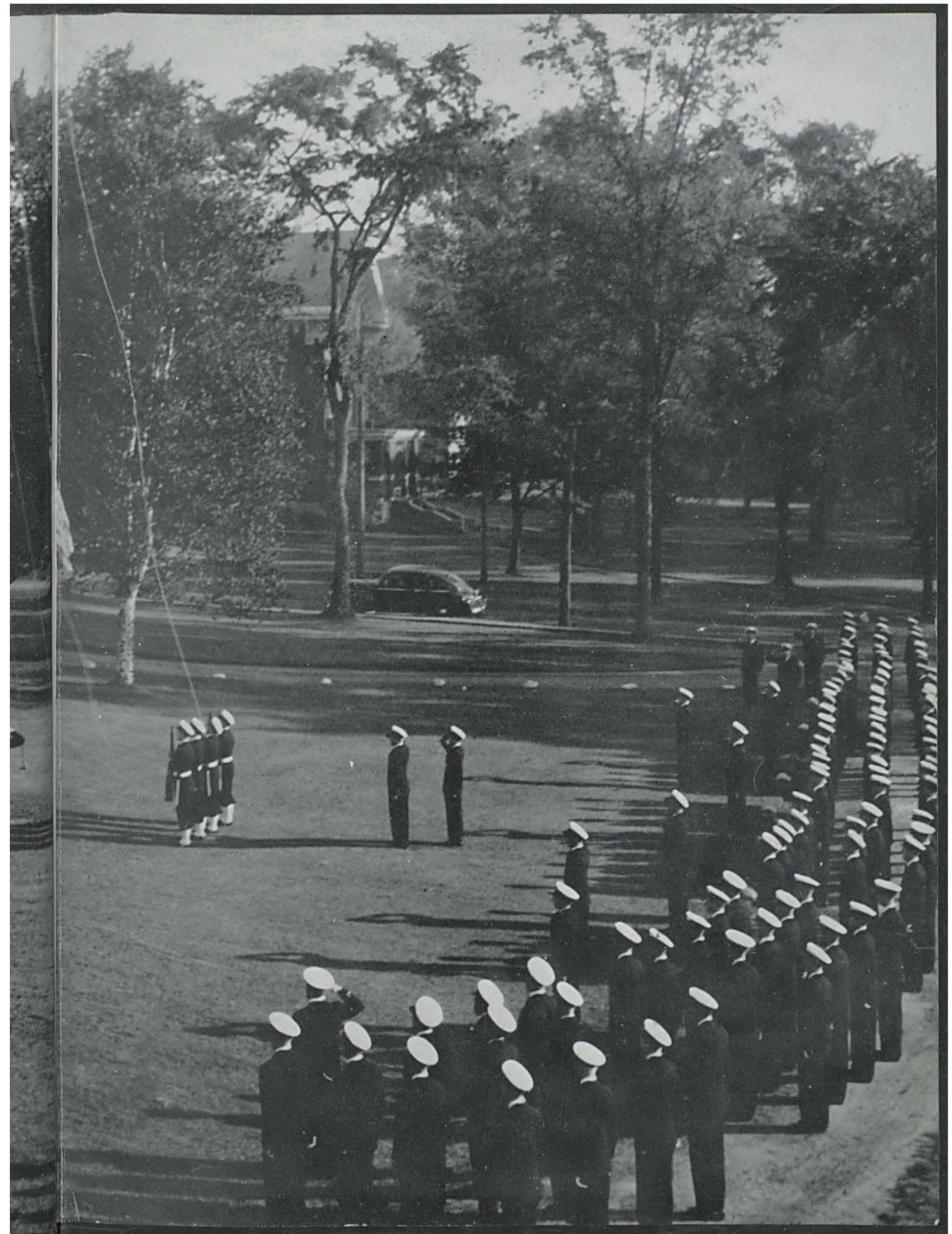
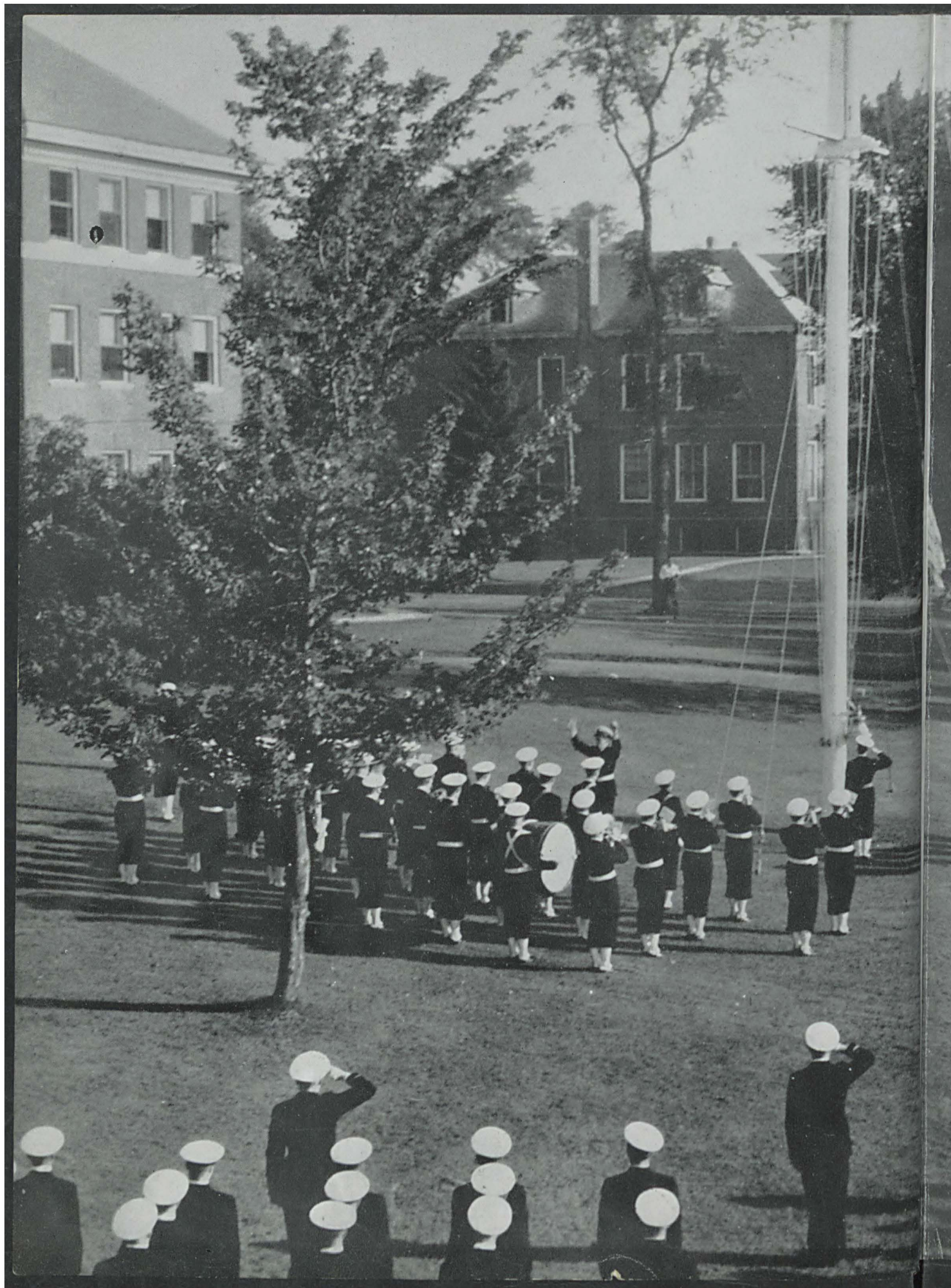


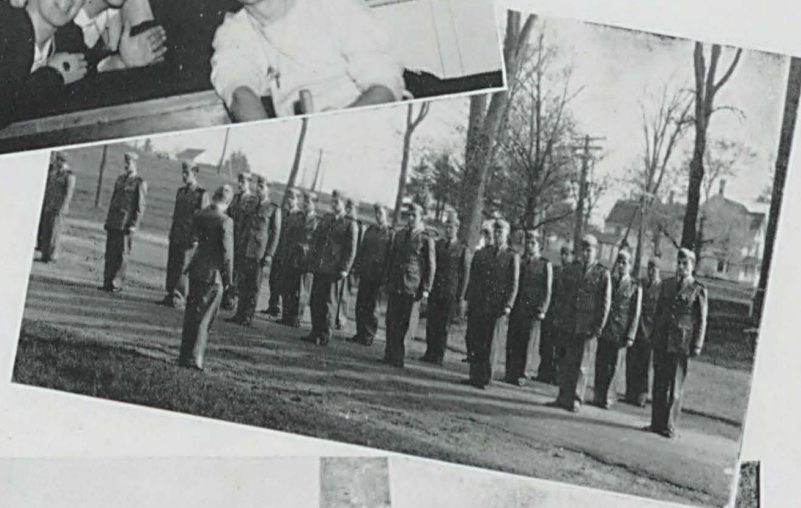
Battalion Commander
John Walton Schmid



Battalion Adjutant
Terrance Plummer Brewer

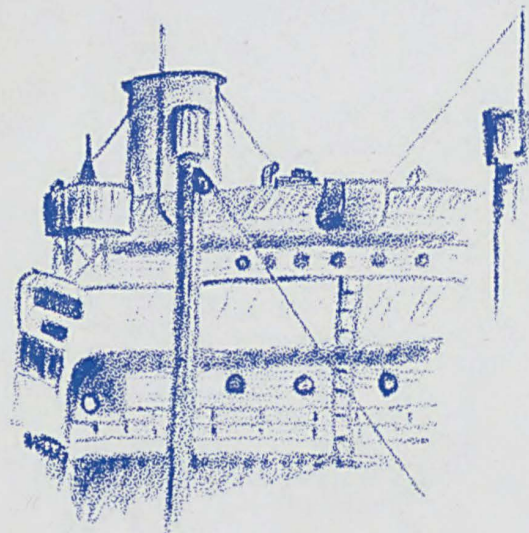






Company

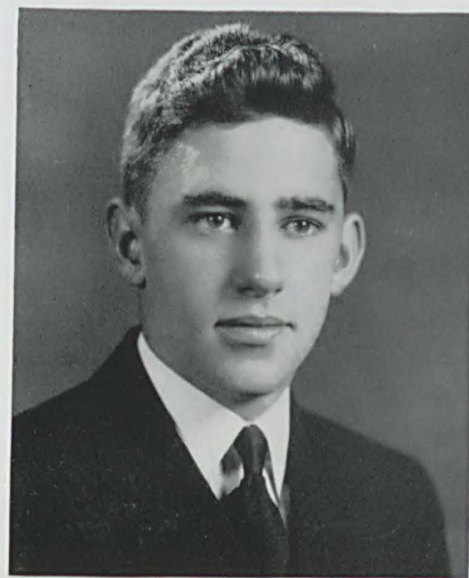




Dover-Foxcroft's mighty man, Jimmy, has had his hands more than full piloting D-1 through the perils of the seniors at MMA. The accent of his "Redday, front!" at morning muster proclaimed him to be a true son of Maine. A lover of liberty if ever there was one, Jim won favor through his ability to get 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 tranquillity those better days and nights of ancient times when life began at 2240.

Section Leader, D-1
Section Softball

Section Basketball
Section Football



Willard Lail Adams
Albany, New York

"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 Dismukes Hall.

Varsity Baseball
Section Football
Section Basketball

Section Softball
Tennis
Golf



The Bronx Admiral, born and raised amid the 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 hunks 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 devulge his bits of learning to any eager listener, provided he could enjoy the pungent aroma of his favorite pipe at the same time.

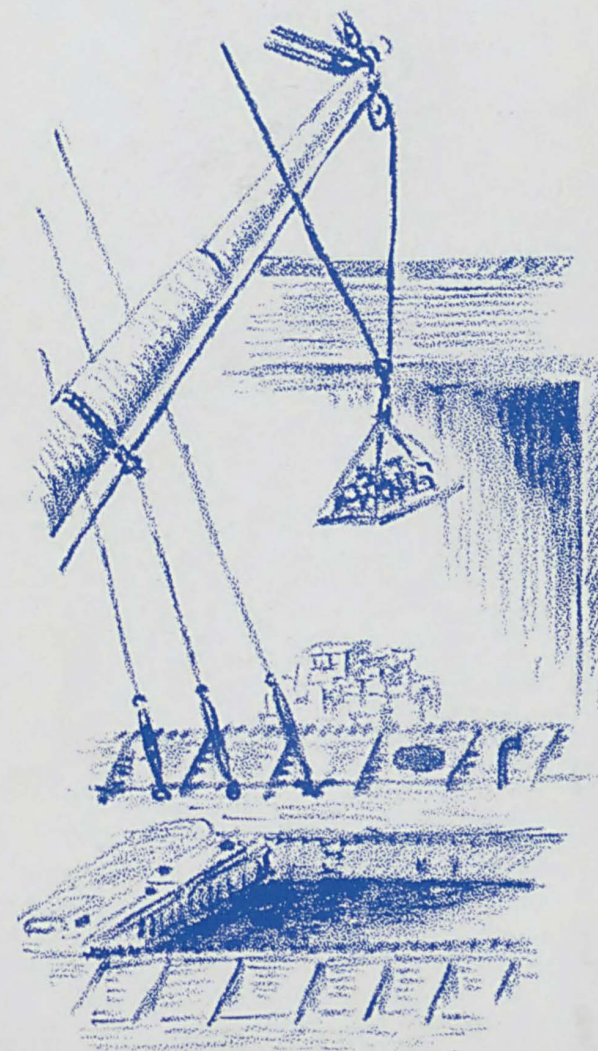
Maine Mast Assistant Editor
Propeller Club Secretary

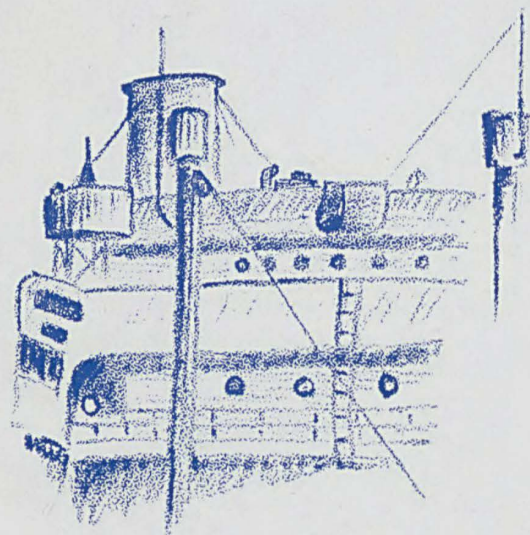


James D. Anderson
Dover-Foxcroft, Maine



Sheldon Asofsky
New York, New York

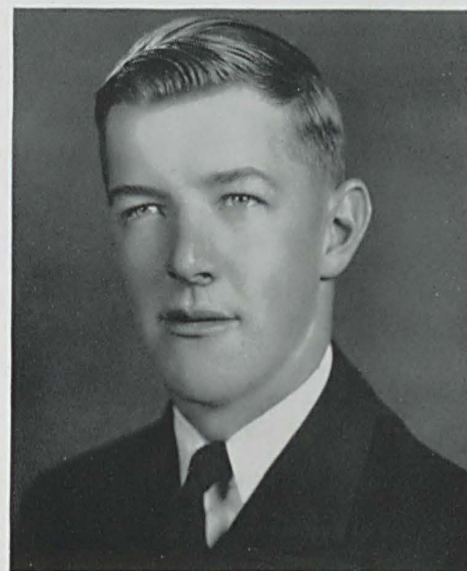




The little man with the big smile and the indescribable mop of hair, Gub can best be described as a "reg'lar fella'." Every afternoon after his last class, he would dash to his room, grab his clubs, and then make tracks to the golf course. As the Academy's ace golfer, Gub really shot a mean eighteen 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 ship-mate to be proud of.

Section Softball
Section Basketball
Section Football

Golf
Ping Pong

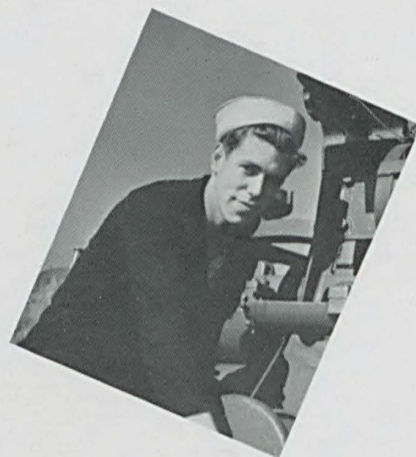


Hartley Cone Baxter, 2nd
Brunswick, Maine

A loyal member of Bowdoin's Dekes and heir to the Baxter Beaneries, "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 routine, 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.

Varsity Baseball
Maine Mast

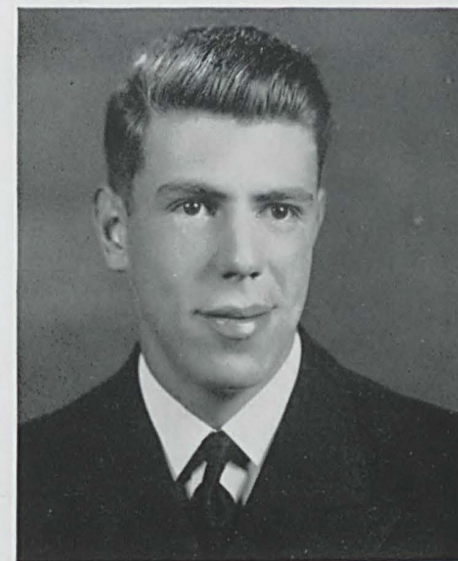
Section Softball



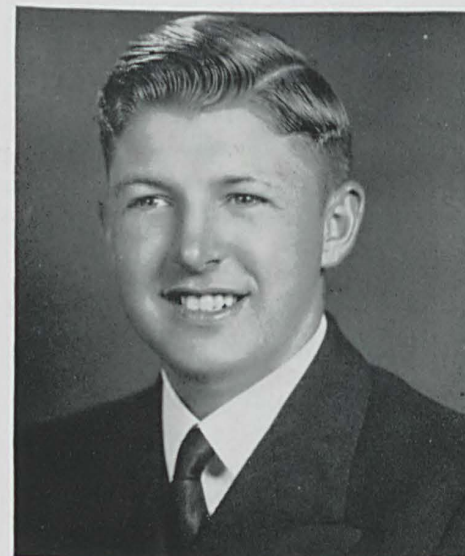
A tall, quiet New Yorker, known to many as "the Lurk," Tony was the aristocrat of D-1 society. As a member of the "Big Four Bridge Society" (better bridge for bigger stakes), this city boy usually made study halls profitable. Although he was rather quiet upon his arrival, he soon took us into his confidence 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.

Section Softball
Section Football
Section Basketball

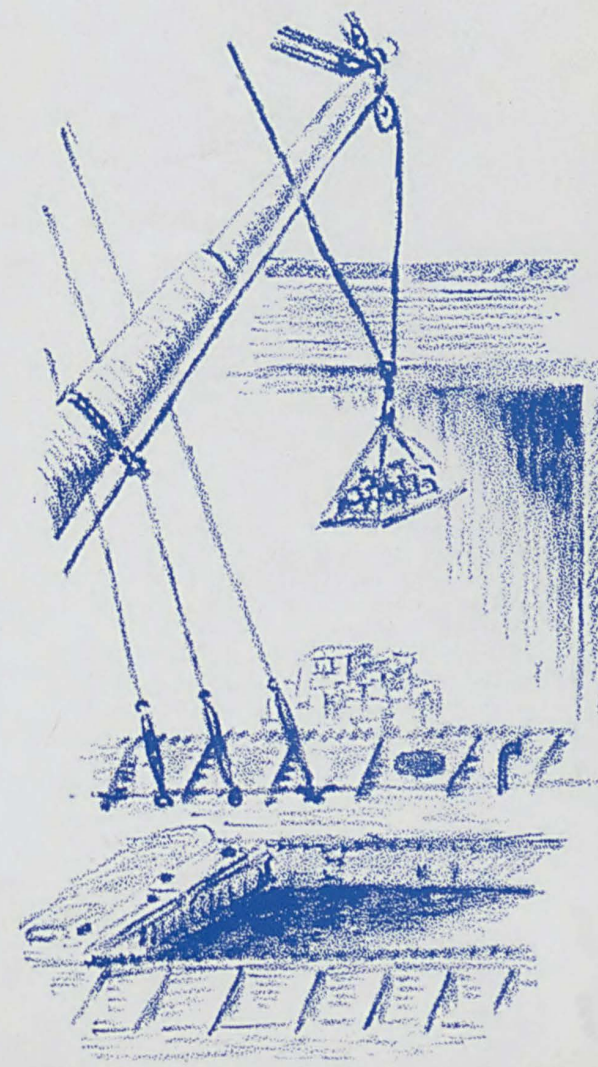
Tennis
Trick's End

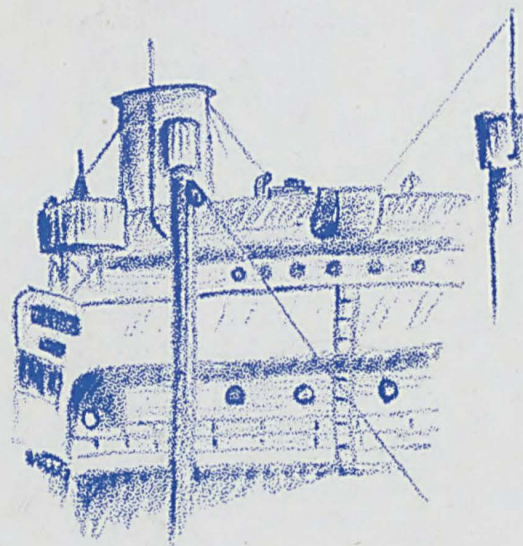


Anthony Brant Bernhard
New York, New York



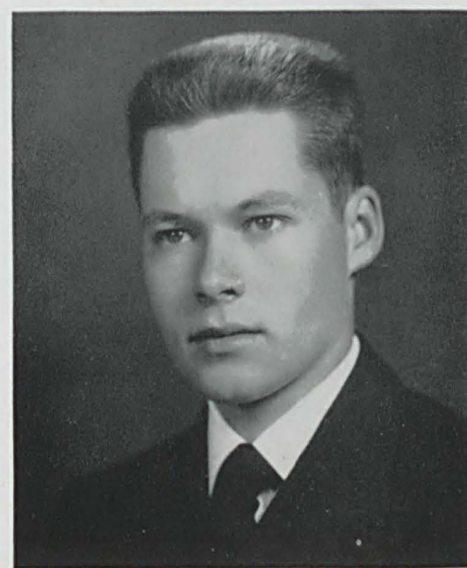
Cecil M. Benson, Jr.
Kennebunkport, Maine





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 fightin' Irishman will prove the best friend when the going gets the toughest.

Varsity Baseball, Captain Section Football
Section Basketball



Robert Donald Bickford
Northfield, Vermont

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.

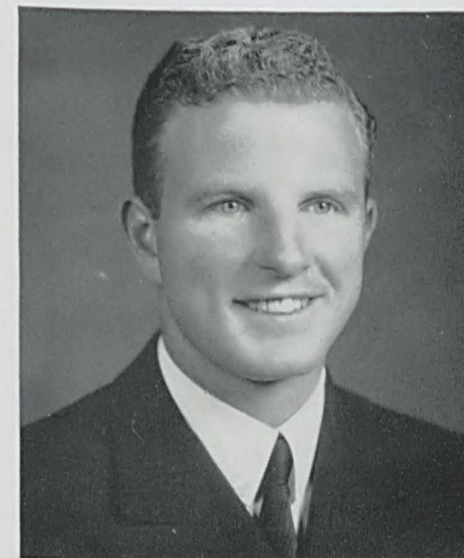
Trick's End, Sports Editor Section Basketball
Varsity Baseball Manager Section Football
Section Softball Maine Mast



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 bass voice will command respect on the bridge of any ship.

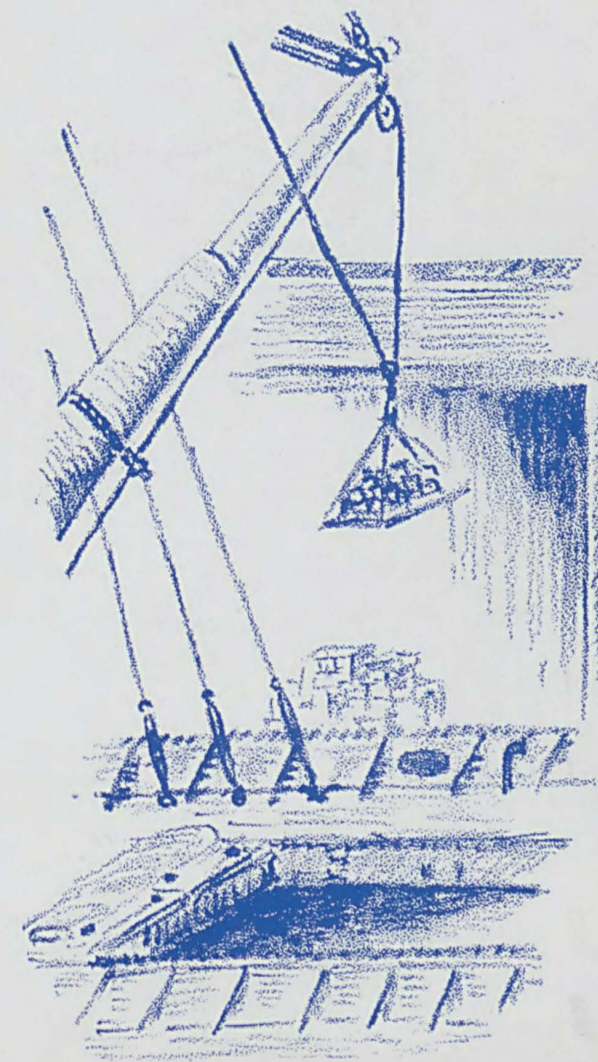
Maine Mast, Business Editor Section Softball

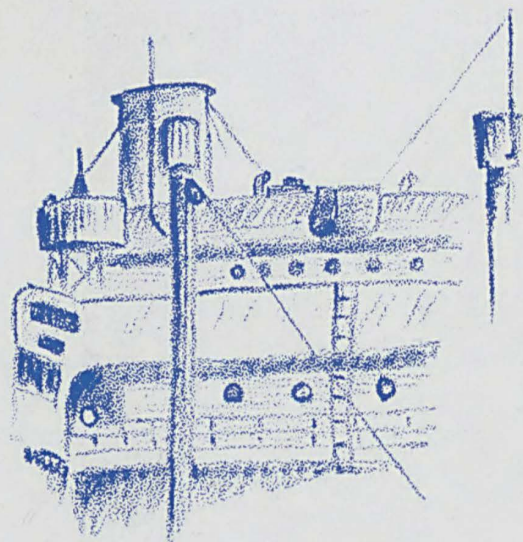


George Robert Carey
West Roxbury, Massachusetts



Norman Clark
Winterport, Maine

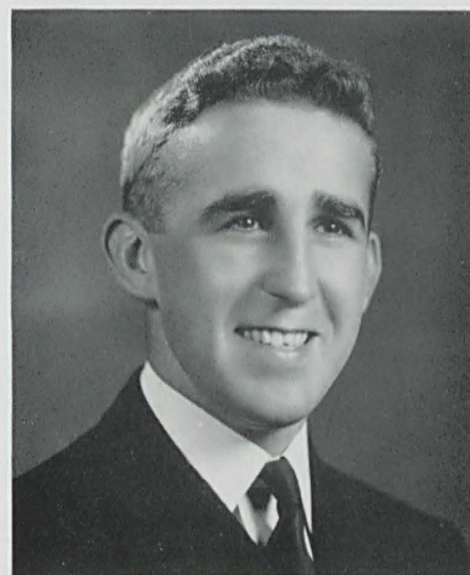




"It's a bird! No! It's a plane! No! It's just 'Handsome Ray' Cowan dangling by his toes from the crow's nest." Ray will always be remembered for the great heights to which he climbed while at Maine Maritime. On the Pilot in his underclass days, Ray would trade any watch for the position he cherished 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

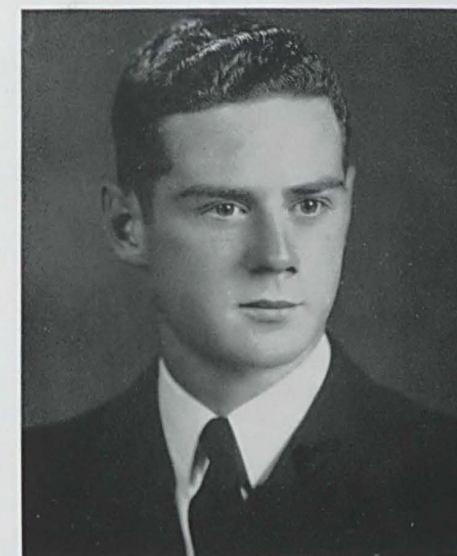
As "A" Company Commander, it was Jim's job to keep us out of trouble, a tough assignment to say the least—but Jim did a good job of it. A staunch defender of the Emerald Isle and the Democratic Party, he always preferred a good argument to a book. However, Jim was not immune to studies, and now and then he reeled under the blows of the academic department. But despite this lack of co-operation on the part of the faculty, Jim was always cheerful and ready for the evening bull 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

Lewie, 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 seamanlike 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 jitter-bugging, a menace to any dance floor. If enthusiasm indicates a competent seaman, then Lew will make the grade. Whatever he participated in he did whole-heartedly, and it is just this attribute which will help to put him ahead.

Section Softball
Section Basketball

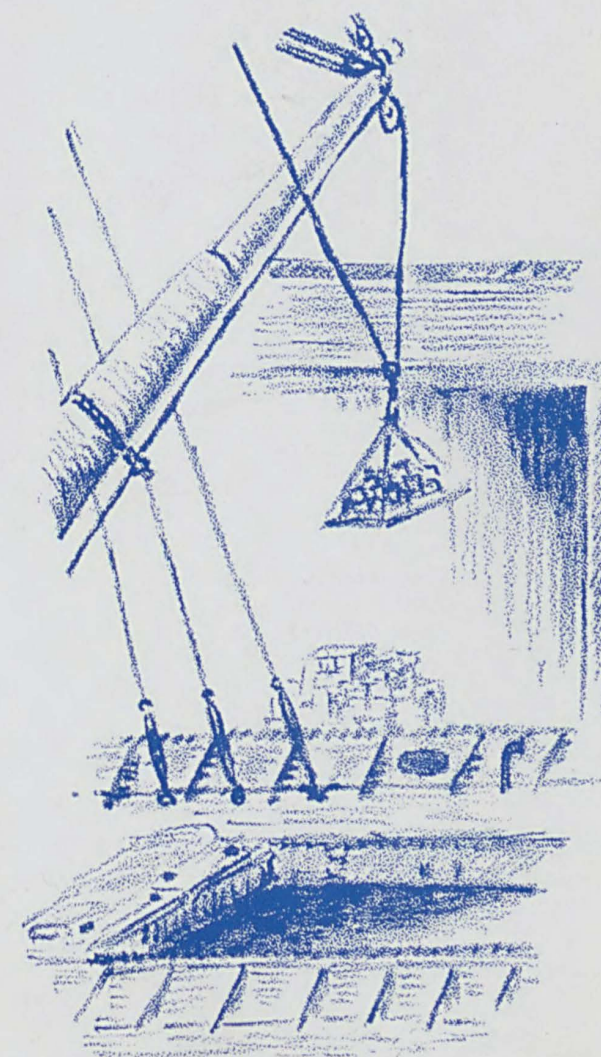
Section Football
Tennis

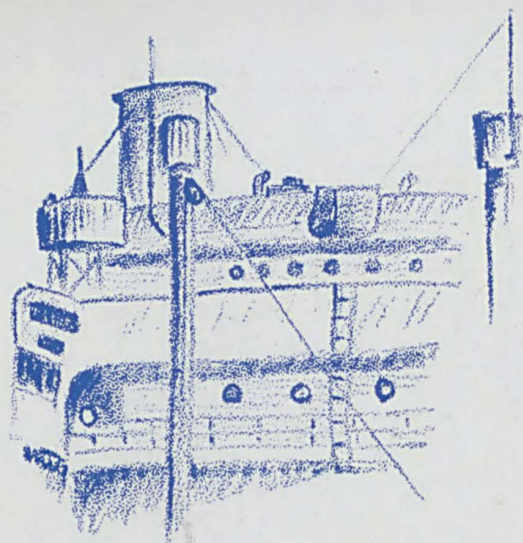


Lewis Crowell
Bangor, Maine



Horatio Cushing Cowan, Jr.
Rockland, Maine

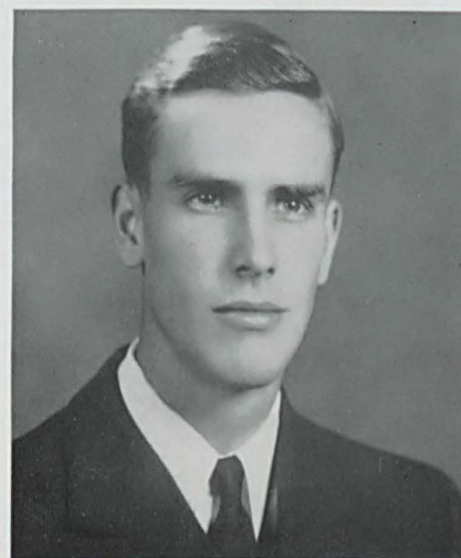




Jim, mate and lord almighty of the mess deck, exercised control of the gastronomic habits of the battalion and helped put over many successful suppers in connection with Academy dances. When he wasn't busy squaring away his domain he might have been found discussing the relative merits of co-eds at the University of Maine, or casually revealing the latest hot rumor. A veritable Bowditch, Jr. when it came to navigation, Jim seemed to hold the universe by the tail. Thomaston, Jim's home port, will have something besides state's prison to boast about when he puts out to sea.

Master-at-Arms

"Kaydet Kapers"



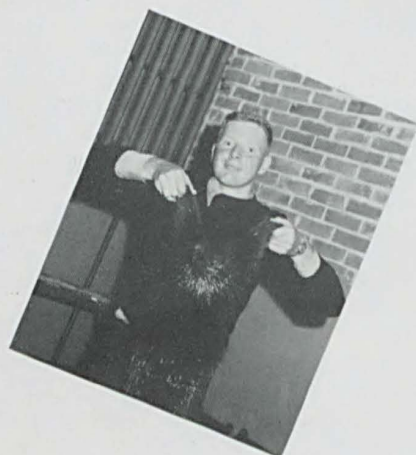
Thomas Newton Cummings
Detroit, Michigan

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 Castine, 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.

Tennis

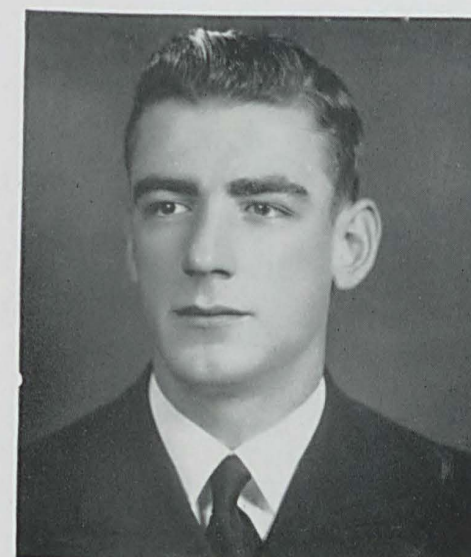
Trick's End



Pete, alias Eliot Warden Denault, Massachusetts' answer to the manpower shortage, was an unforgettable character. One of the friendliest and most generous fellows in our class, he was nevertheless a constant source of amusement and amazement. Pete achieved his greatest fame through his brisk used car business and intimate knowledge of the art of skunk hunting, but his most cherished possession was his camera. As a means of avoiding work and making money at the same time, this camera proved to be his most successful venture, used cars rating second place. Everyone wondered what effort being an upperclassman would have on Pete; now we wonder what effect Pete will have on his first crew.

Trick's End Photographer
Maine Mast Photographer

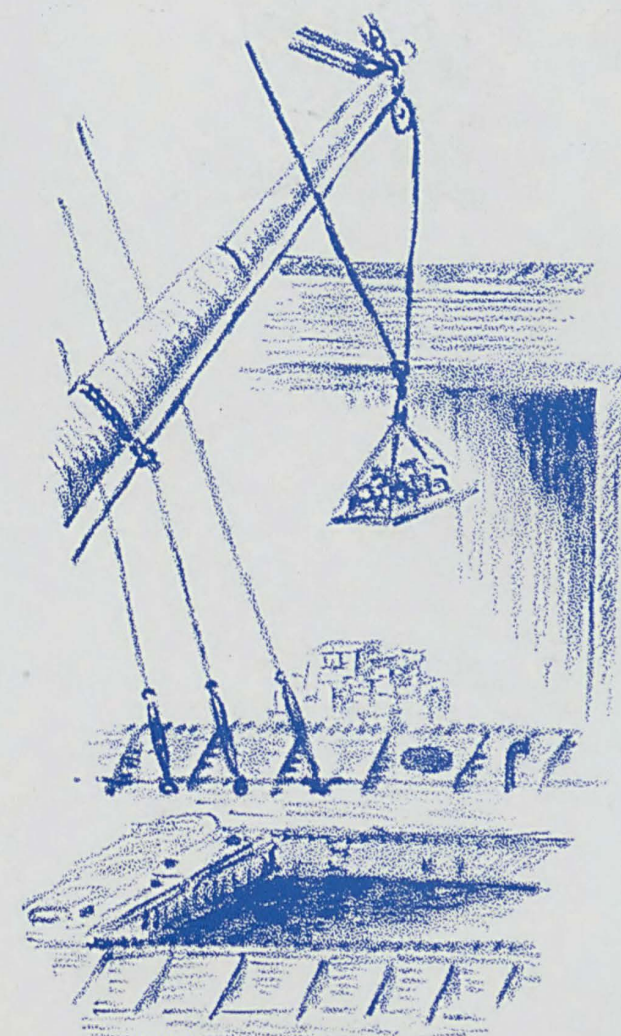
Tennis
Golf

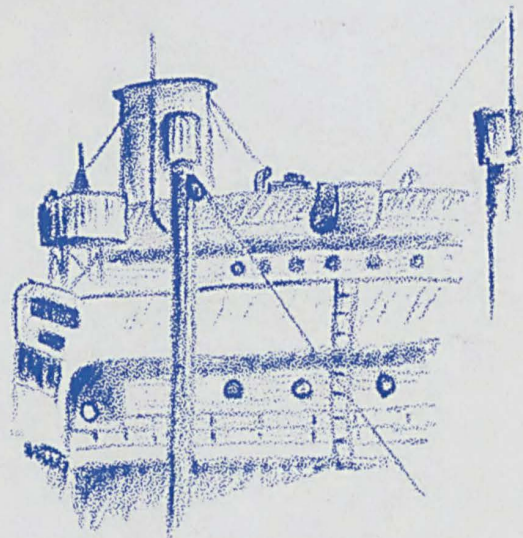


James Dana
Thomaston, Maine



Eliot Warden Denault
Boston, Massachusetts





If Dave never 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.

Tennis



When not engaged in a little constructive sack drill, he could usually be found in the mess hall stuffing his stomach. Quiet, humorous, and not studious by nature, Stan took life pretty much as it came and really seemed to enjoy it. Whether it was shame, modesty, or a family secret, he used to shut up like a clam whenever Bob, his brother, was mentioned. During his two years in our company, "Manly Stanley" attempted to develop his body by means of weights and exercises, being extremely careful at the same time not to strain himself. Net result: muscular soreness throughout, and an even sleeper Stanley Eddy.

Tennis

Boxing



David Reed Downs
Portland, Maine

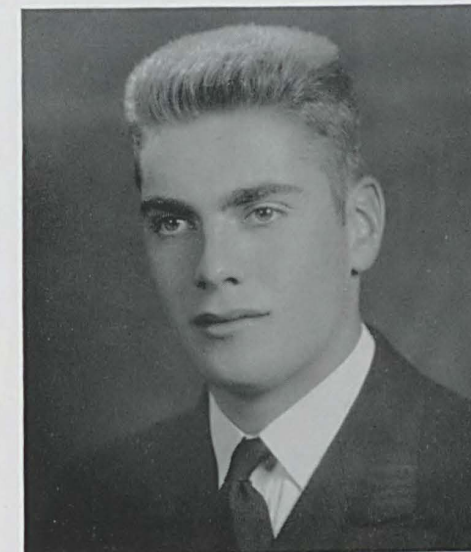
deceased

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.

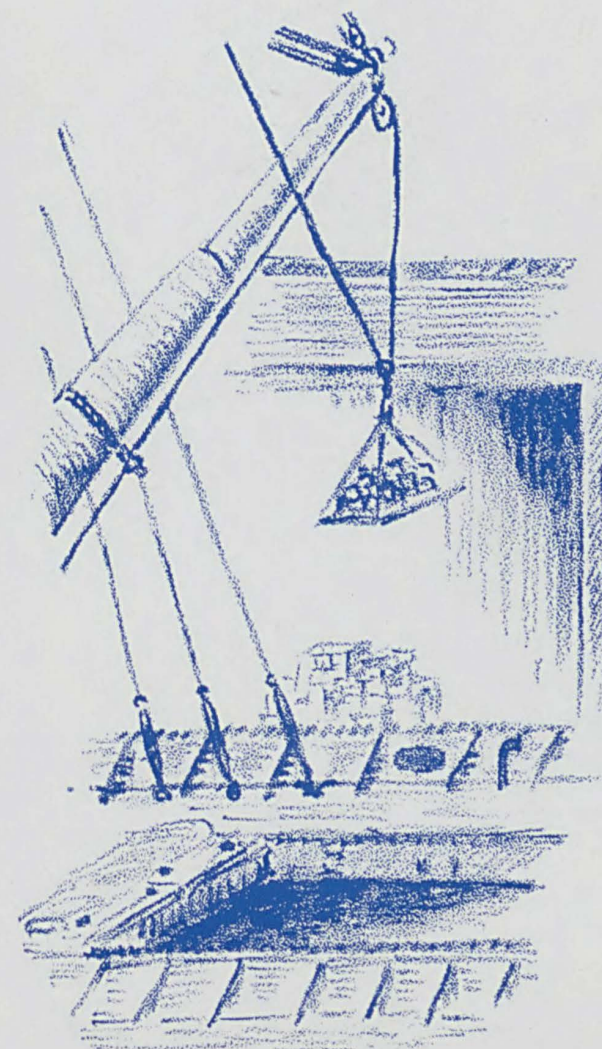
Junior Watch Officer

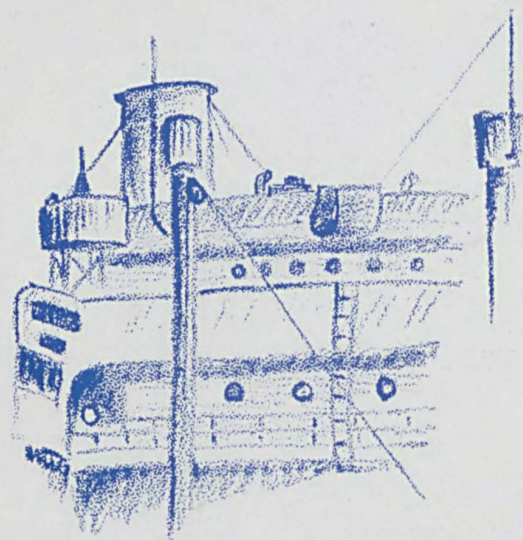


Stanley Hale Eddy
Bangor, Maine



Garth Campbell Fisher
South Weymouth, Massachusetts





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. One and inseparable, A.C. 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 Kapers"
Section Softball

Section Basketball
Section Football
Golf



John Fitzgerald

Reputedly the "coziest" 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 whiz 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.

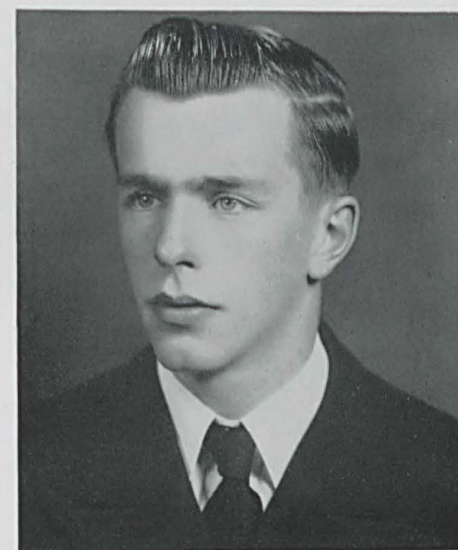
Section Softball
Section Basketball

Section Football

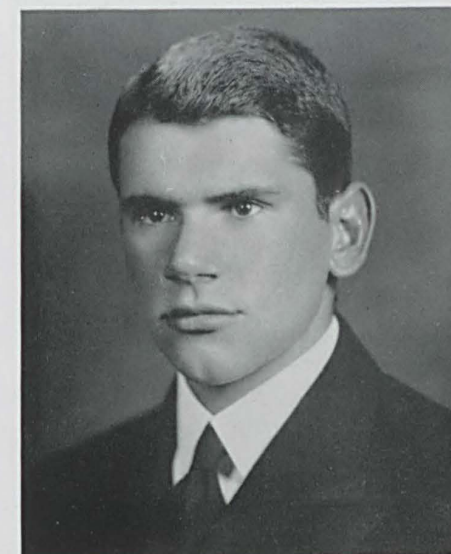
Life can be beautiful, even at Castine—this was Gas's philosophy. Just a playboy at heart, he really seemed to enjoy his two-year sentence. Golf, tennis, sailing, swimming, and sun bathing were scheduled for the summer months, while hibernation was in order with the coming of winter. A very neat and 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.

Section Football
Tennis

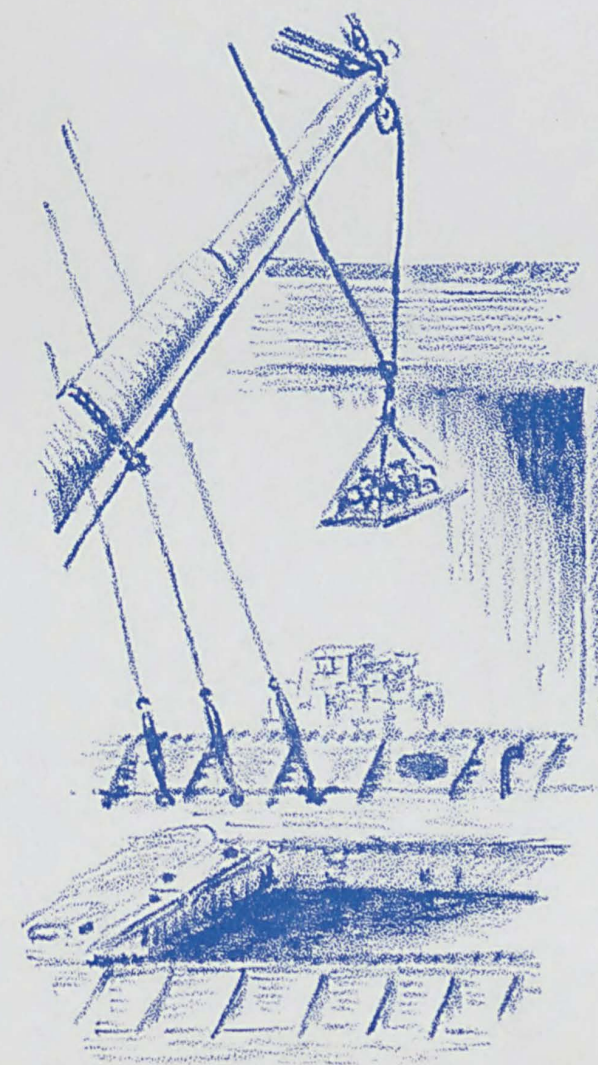
Golf
Ping Pong

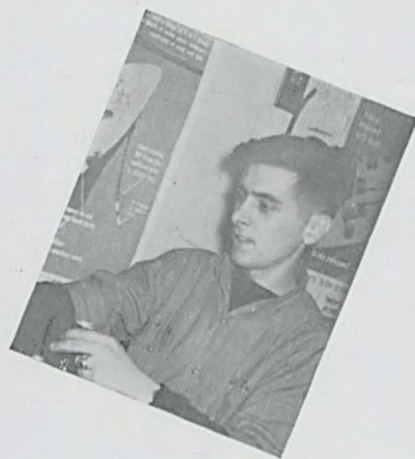
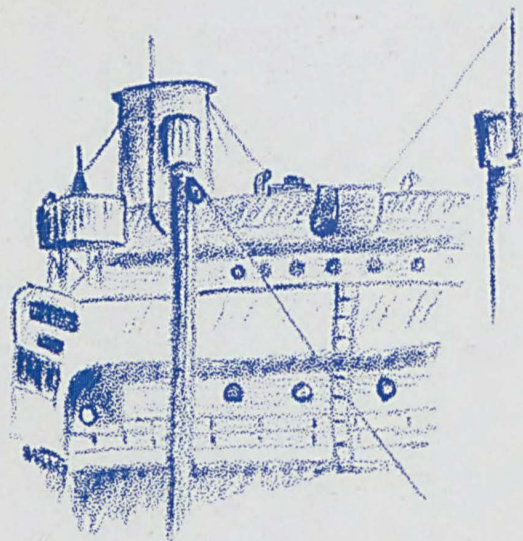


Alfred Cecil Frawley
Bangor, Maine



Robert William Gascoigne
East Edgecomb, Maine

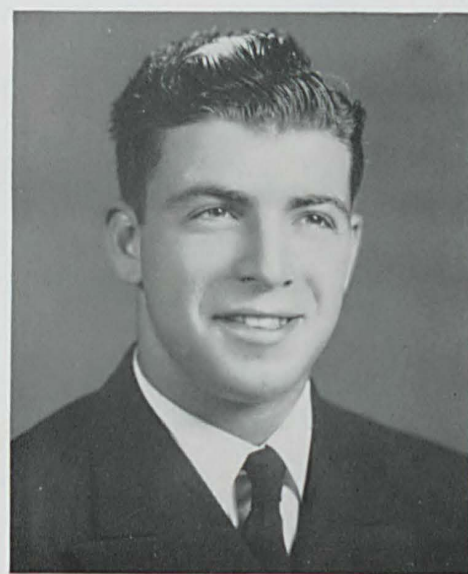




With a flare for the unusual, John can well be remembered for his many and colorful variations of the midshipman's uniform. Although not lazy, John was not overendowed with ambition when it came to manual labor. Slow, quiet, and dreamy eyed, his anatomic assets brought him much attention, since he was 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.

Gunner's Mate

Section Football



Robert Irwin Gort
Lawrence, New York

A typical New Yorker with a line for love and a love for arguments, Bobby remained horizontal as much as possible. In this position he argued best, read fastest, wrote his sweetest letters, slept longest, and studied least. Another fellow with a playboy personality, Bobby's motto was "Life, liberties, and the pursuit of things worthwhile." His colorful tales of adventure while in pursuit of those worthwhile things were sure to add a bit of spice to any gentlemanly gathering. Between liberties, Bob's serious attitude toward academic life earned him the nickname of "The Country Club Kid."

Section Softball
Section Basketball
Section Football

Tennis
Golf
Ping Pong

As chief custodian of the coke 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 fightin' Irishman and a deadly enemy of all "Limeys," 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.

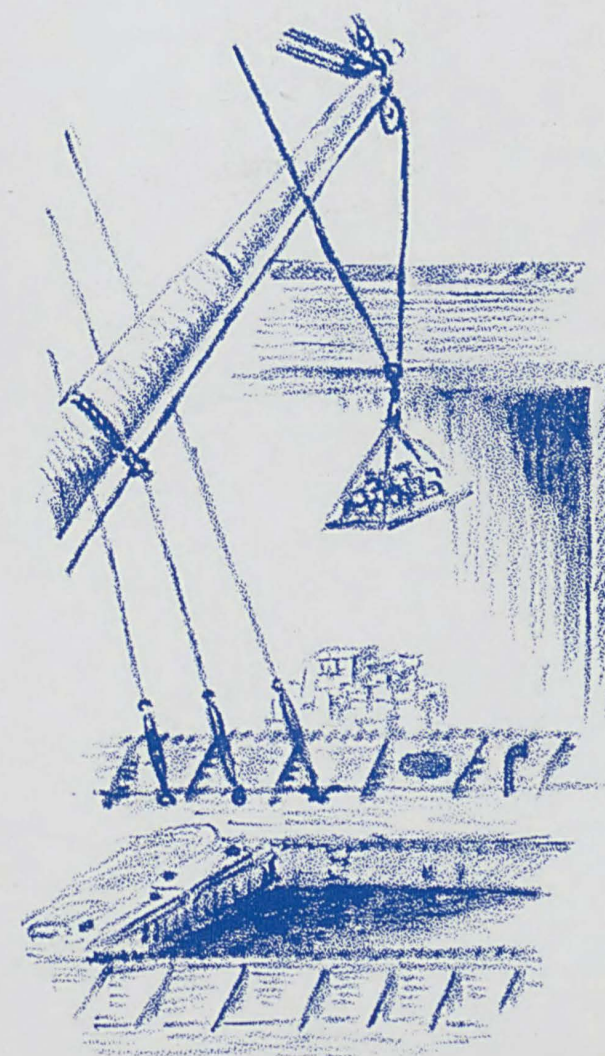
Swimming Instructor *Coxswain, Pentagoet*
Coke Machine

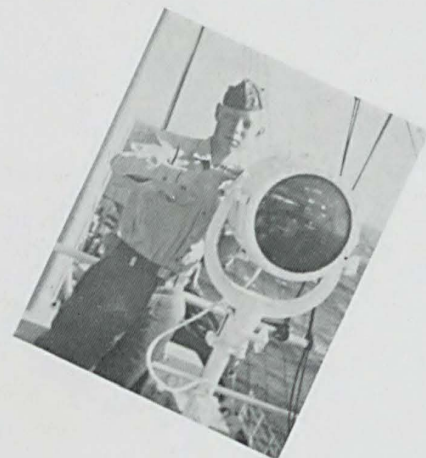
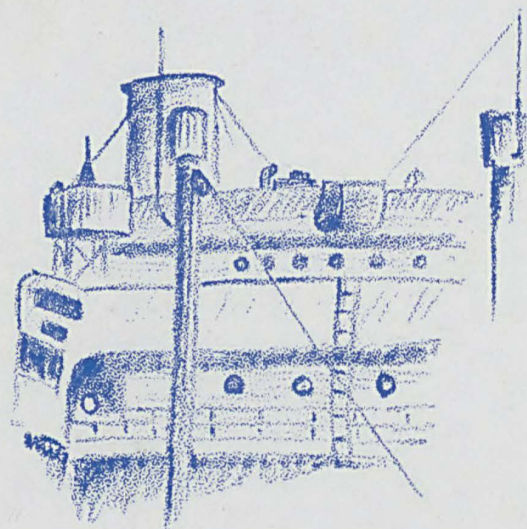


John Thomas Kelleher
Bangor, Maine



John Thomas Jenkins
Waban, Massachusetts





One of the loyal boys from Syracuse U., "Bennay" appeared upon the scene with type-writer in hand, receipt books bulging from his pockets. As advertising manager of the year-book 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 fiend as well, he was a mainstay of both bands. His only worries at MMA involved answering the tremendous volume of mail he received. Repulsed by common labor, Dick nevertheless accounted for the accomplishment of much in various activities requiring the executive touch.

*Trick's End,
Advertising Manager
Band*

*Section Softball
Section Football*



*Frank Joseph Maguire
South Orange, New Jersey*

Mac is one of those rare combinations of student-athlete that can't be topped. Completely devoted to his first love, basketball, Moe 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.

*Varsity Baseball
Varsity Basketball*

Section Football

"Steady as she goes, boys!" "Salty" cut his eye teeth sailing boats along the rock bound coasts 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, Salty 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, Salty will make a topnotch officer.

*Section Leader, D-3
"Kaydet Kapers"
Section Softball*

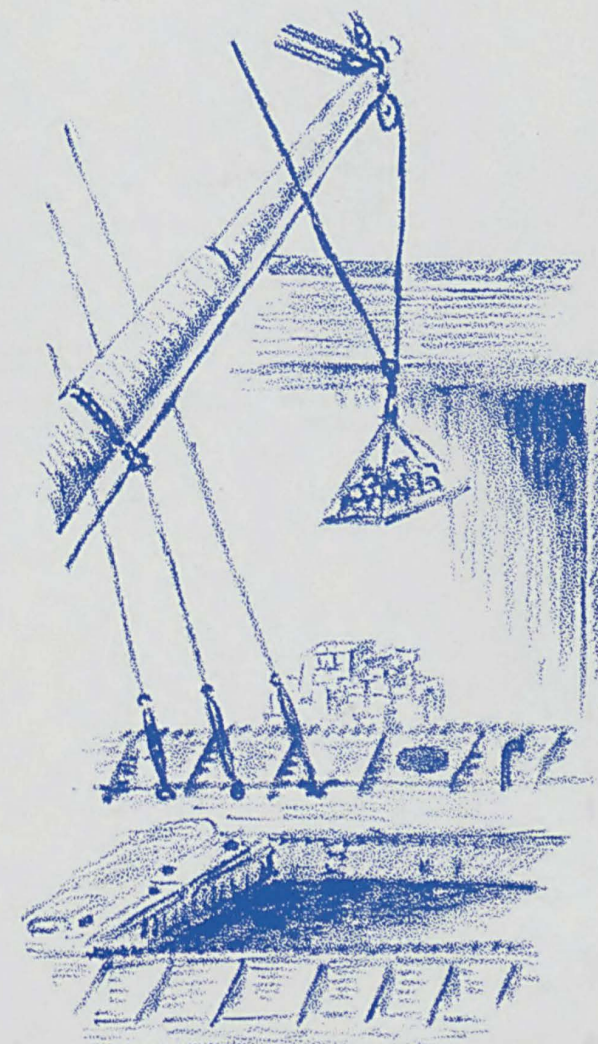
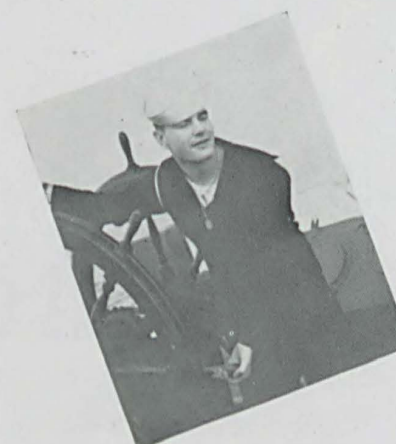
*Section Basketball
Section Football
Coxswain, Sailboat*

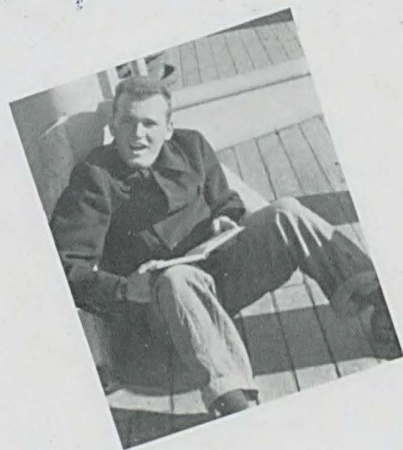
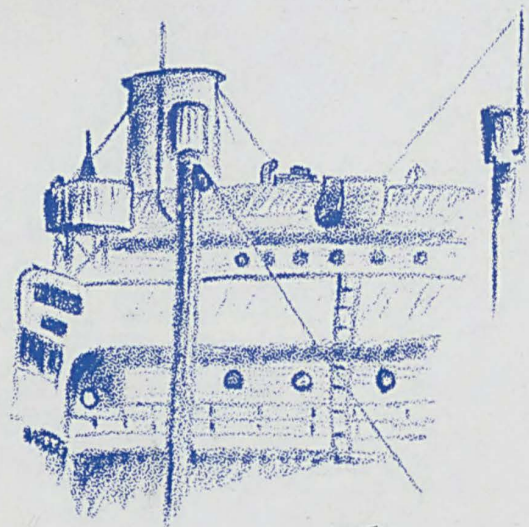


*Allan Hunt Southard, Jr.
Lewiston, Maine*



*G. Richard Roberts
Lawrence, New York*





The story of Little Leroy's life at Maine Maritime "relates to the development into manhood of a sensitive, trusting boy beset 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, "Sus" 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
Varsity Baseball Manager

Boxing
Section Football



Richard Stanton Sprague
Bangor, Maine

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 Male 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 quiz 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.

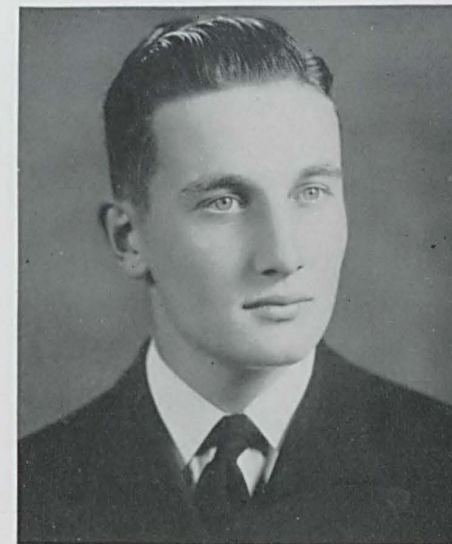
Maine Mast, Editor

Section Softball

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 paleface comes from Orono, on the outskirts of Indian country, where dwells in a wigwam called Sutton Farms a certain favorite squaw. 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

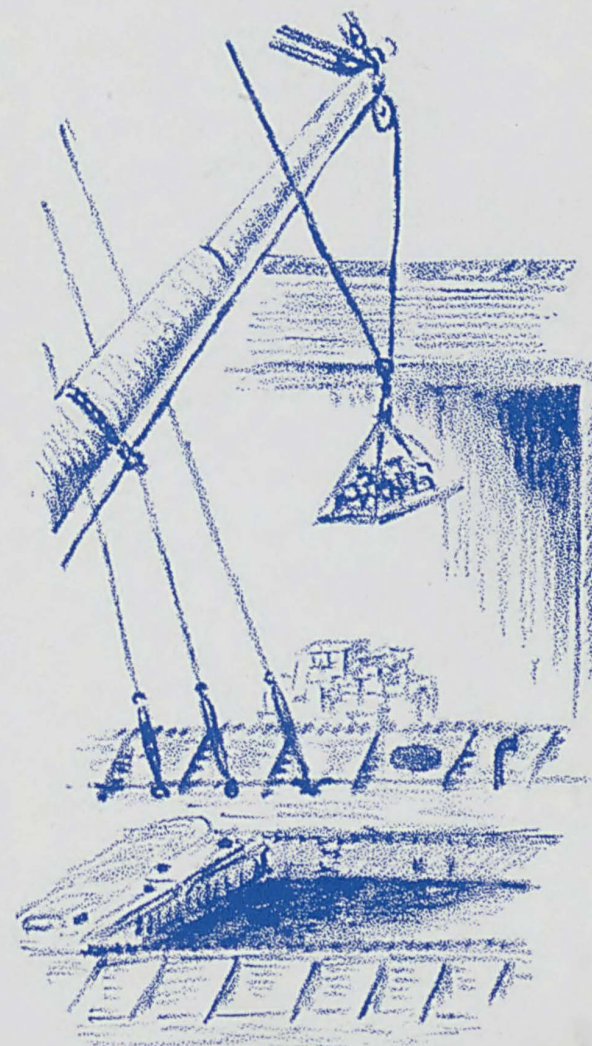
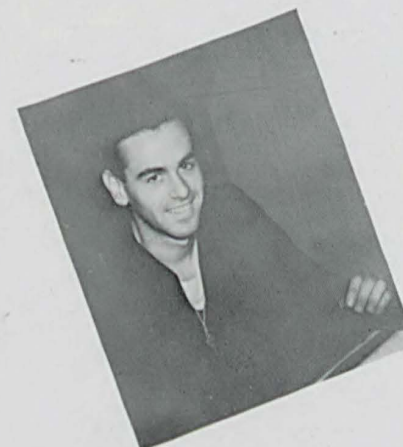
Section Football

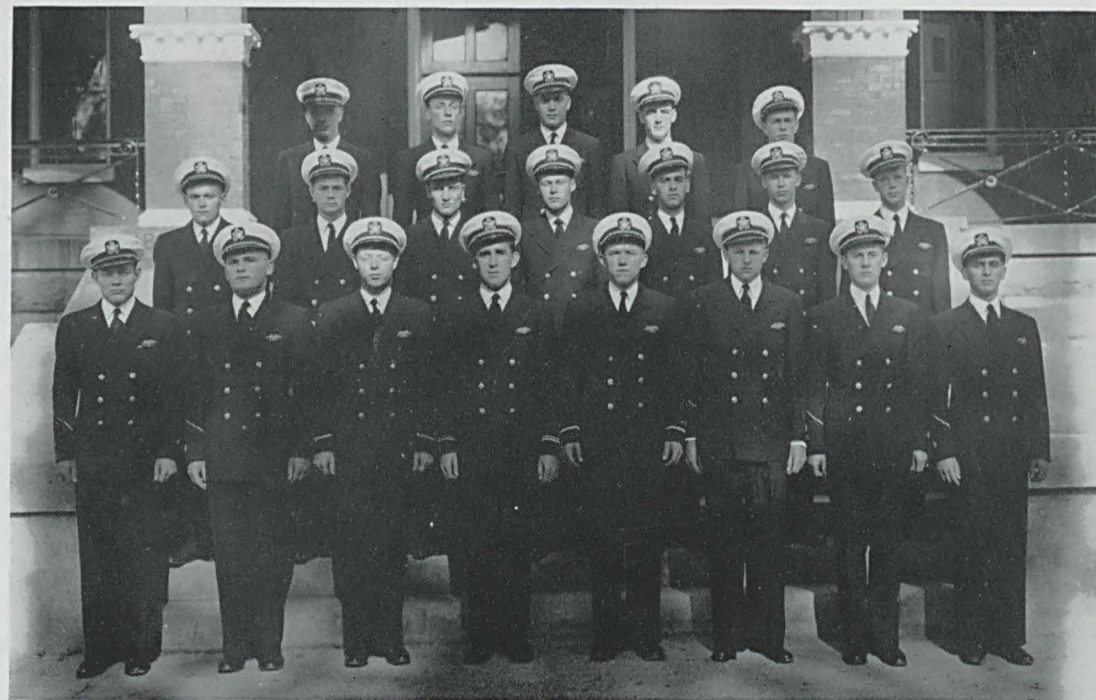


Richard Dexter Watson
Orono, Maine



Roy Wilson Sussman
Monmouth Beach, New Jersey





Section D-1

Not Present: S. Asofsky, W. Adams, H. Baxter, A. Benhard, G. Carey, T. Cummings, J. Fitzgerald, R. Gascoigne, R. Gort, F. Maguire, H. Roberts
 Third Row: E. Denault, J. Jenkins, G. Fisher, J. Dana, A. Frawley
 Second Row: D. Downs, L. Crowell, R. Watson, R. Bickford, R. Sprague, H. Cowan, S. Eddy
 Front Row: J. Norris, R. Sussman, A. Southard, J. Collins, J. Anderson, C. Benson, N. Clark, J. Kelleher



Section D-3

Not Present: J. Billings, P. Burr, J. Glencross, L. Holmes, W. Houston, G. Huot
 Fourth Row: F. Allen, J. Hamilton, J. Britton, O. Ellis, H. Henderson
 Third Row: J. Dutton, C. Blaisdell, T. Conlon, F. Hearn, E. Catlin, A. Hocking
 Second Row: Paul Flagg, J. Brophy, P. Blanchard, G. Carpenter, P. Calkins, H. Emmons, M. Allen
 Front Row: H. Brown, D. Curtis, Chase, A. Miller, Peter Flagg, F. Ames, W. Falvey, G. Erswell





DR

Company



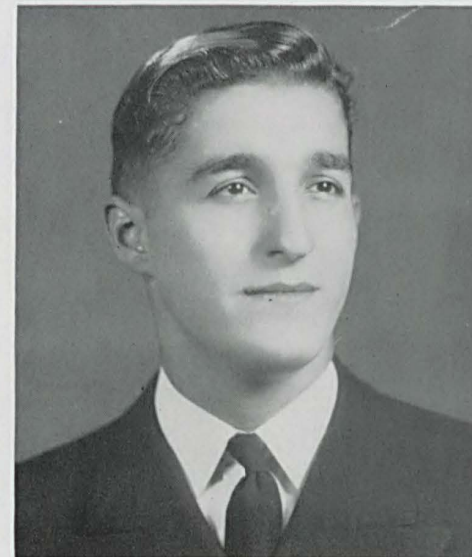
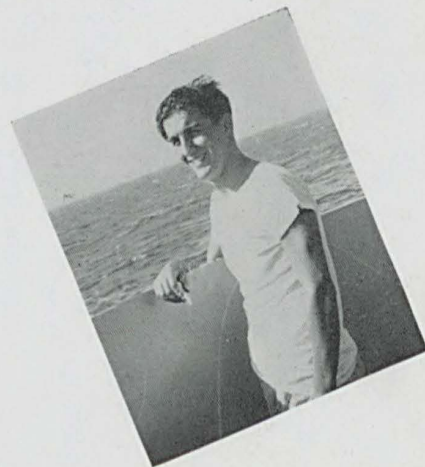


Bruce Andrews Borden
New Bedford, Massachusetts

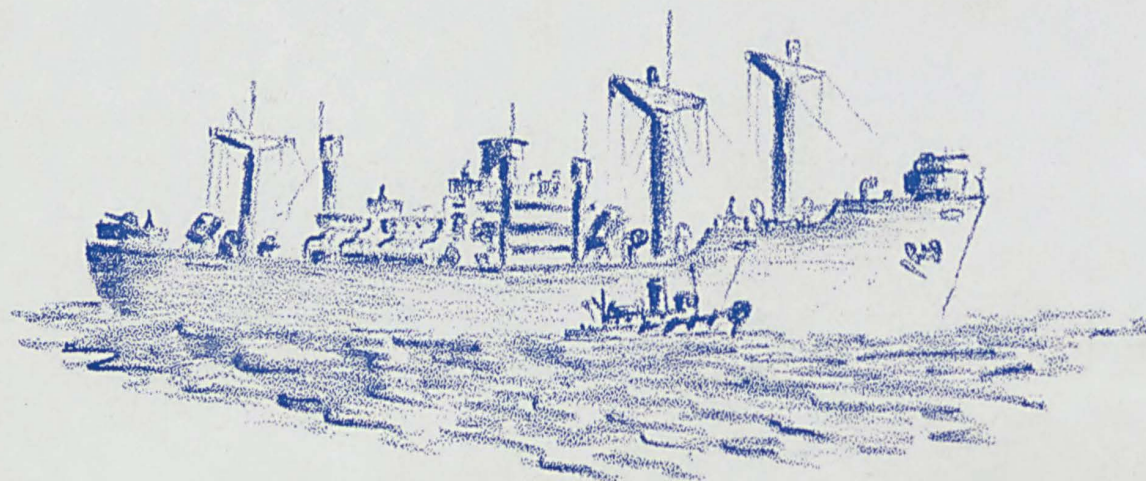
Bugler "par excellence" (he came a long way from the bedraggled notes at reveille as apprentice tootler on the Pilot), and hot trumpet man for Vinnie Gillis' ragtimers, Bruce could always be found ready for a contest on the courts or an intellectual tussle in a game of bridge. That is to say, when he didn't have trumpet or clarinet in hand. He was a pleased listener to any and all of Mr. Normand'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 intelligentsia?

Bugler
Band
Orchestra
Glee Club

Maine Mast
Section Softball
Section Basketball
Section Football



Robert Brickates
Saco, Maine



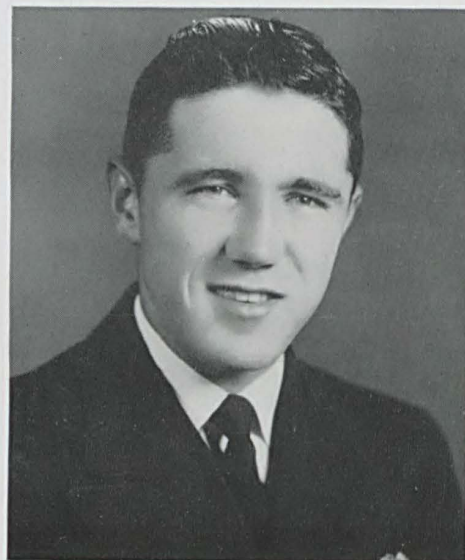
The resounding "86!" that echoed through the halls long after the O.D. had gone his relentless way stemmed from one Bob Brickates. Always ready and willing to laugh at his own jokes, and some were surprisingly witty, we can remember Brick by his extraordinary ability to hark consistently on the same 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.

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.



Vincent DePaul Gillis
Old Orchard, Maine

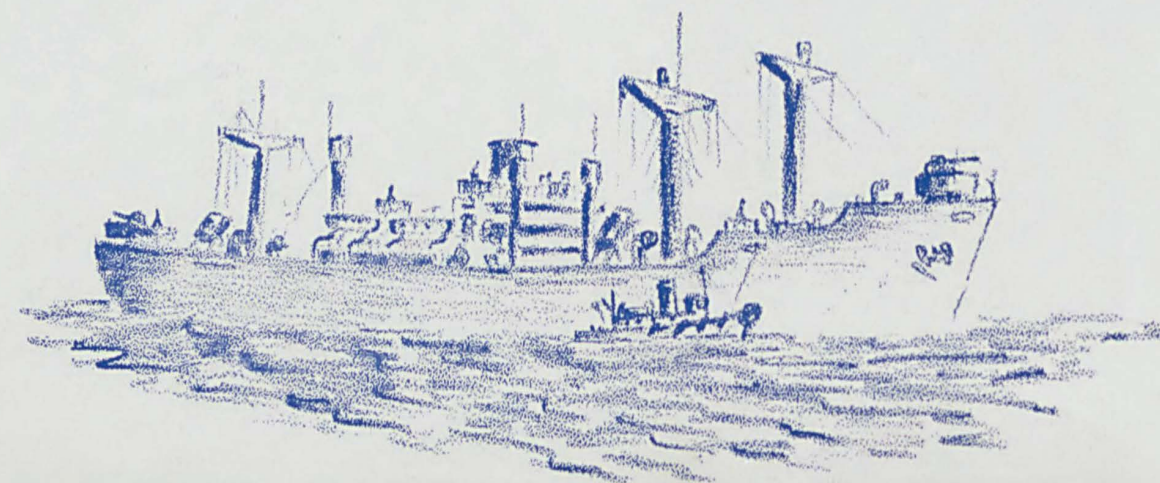
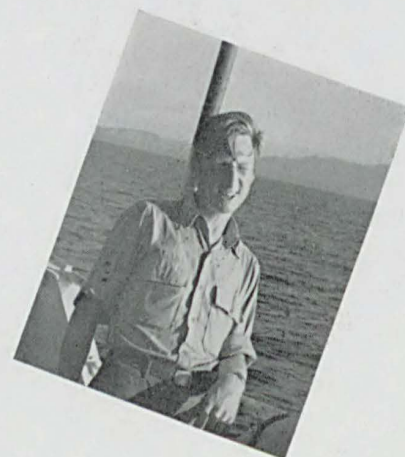
MMA's contribution to the bobby-soxers' swooners was Vinnie Gillis. Studies never bothered Vin much, nor he, them, and though sack drill was a favorite activity, the Voice could be found holding up his end of the baritone section in the band, "giving out" before the mike and the Academy orchestra he ably piloted, or just originating the peculiar noises in the back of the classroom. 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"

"Pilot Nite"
Pre-Cruise Show
Section Softball
Section Football



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. "Gulch" was continually cooking up some new deviltry for his buddies' amusement, from a snake-charmer act to a take-off on a certain "Loo-tenant Commandah," 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"

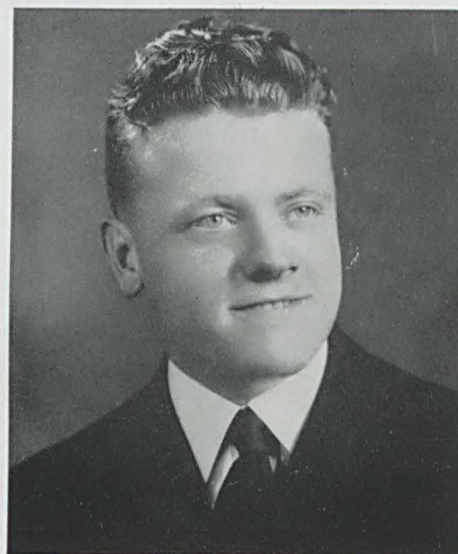


Richard Matthews Hallett, Jr.
Boothbay Harbor, Maine

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 sloop and a good wind. When last seen, Dick was still trying to live down Dick Sr.'s six-week course in Navigation!

Company Commander
Maine Mast
Coxswain Sailboats

Section Softball
Section Football
Section Basketball



Andrew MacDaniels Havey
Westbrook, Maine

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



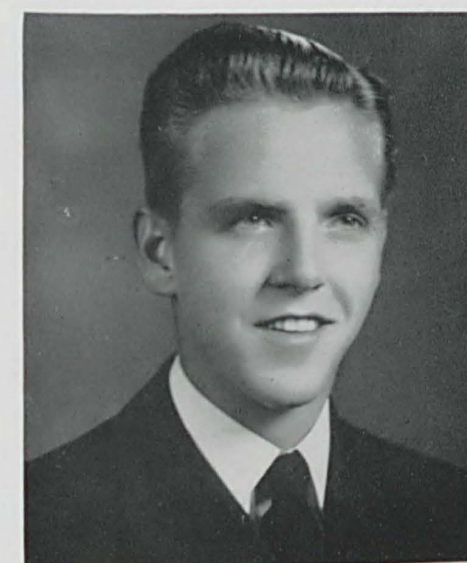
Joseph Charles Hickson
Bangor, Maine



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 D-2. He'll do well at sea—likeable and friendly, with an "A" for effort.

Band
Ship's Store
"Kaydet Kapers"

"Pilot Nite"
Section Softball
Section Football

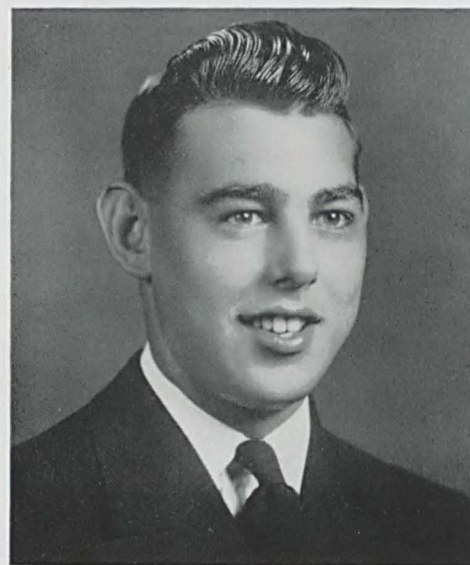


Robert Burns Hutchinson
Westbrook, Maine

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 Nite"

Pre-Cruise Show
Swimming Instructor
Glee Club, Leader



Lawrence Edmund Ingraham
Sherman Mills, Maine

The boy with the giant stride, ham-like hands, the flashing, "Ipana" smile, and the easy-going nature to match was big "Gus" Ingraham, representative of "Sharman 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 "Sharman 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 Basketball

Section Football



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 rosy complexion didn't proclaim shyness and quietness, because Tom always was at bat with a ready and appropriate equip. Besides tickling his section's risibilities with an unbeatable 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."

Section Softball
Section Basketball

Swimming Instructor

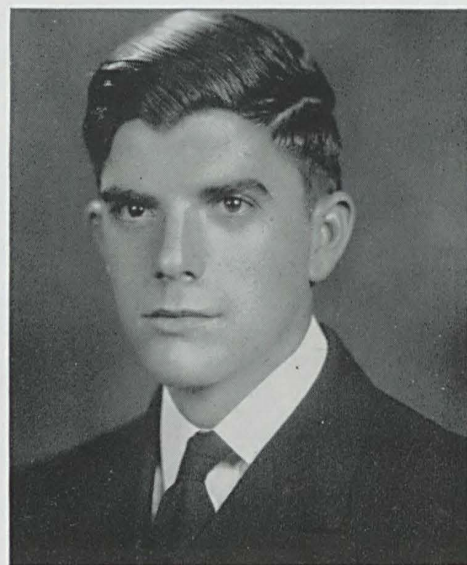


Richard Stoddard Libby
Bar Harbor, Maine

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 pale blue eyes and the paler face, his sack or the chow line, but these two activities out-distanced 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 provisions, especially milk—Dick Libby is Third Mate this trip!

Band
Orchestra

Swimming Instructor



Elbridge Harold McFarland
Friendship, Maine

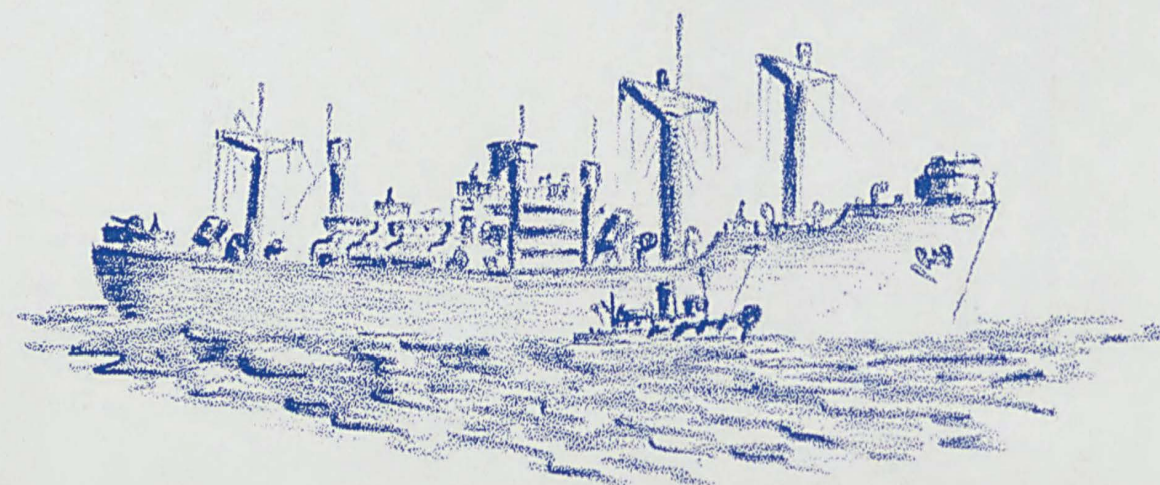
The soft-spoken lad "with the hair" was El-da-bridge MacFarland, better known (and for good reason) as "Mac." Mac was the kind of fellow one finds in every group—quiet, and always ready to do a favor, stand a watch, or offer rescue from slight pecuniary embarrassments. He surprised us all with his apparent way with the gentler sex and his brand of ball 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 Lewis 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

Section Softball
Section Basketball
Section Football



Jay Norman Maisel
Hewlett, New York

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 "Bilgewater" 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
"Kaydet Kapers", Director

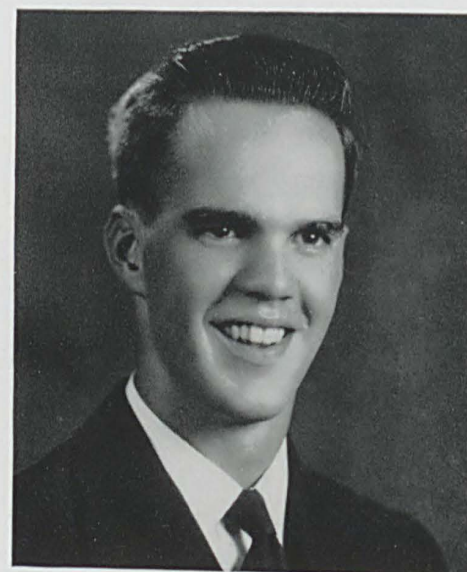
"Pilot Nite"
Section Baseball
Pre-Cruise Show



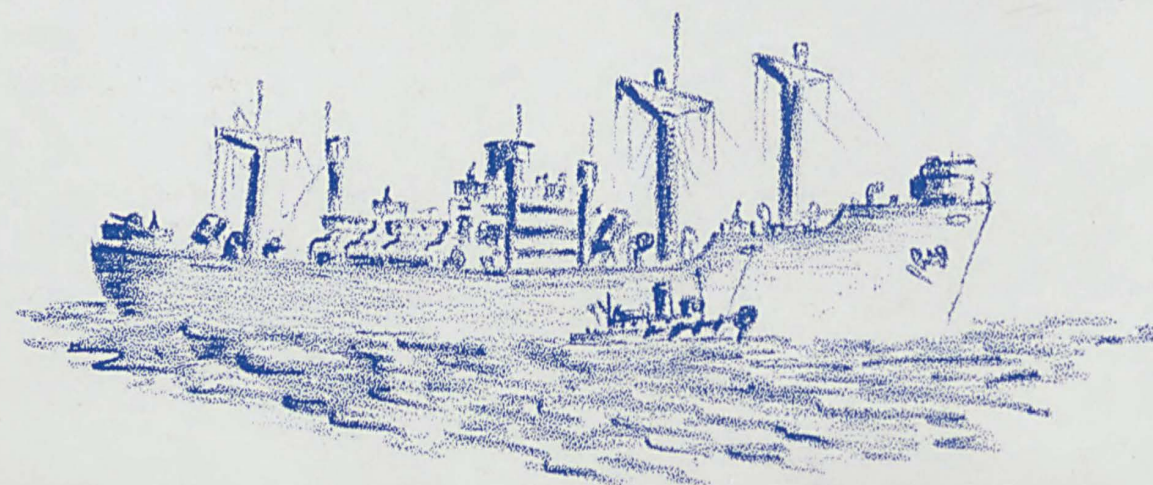
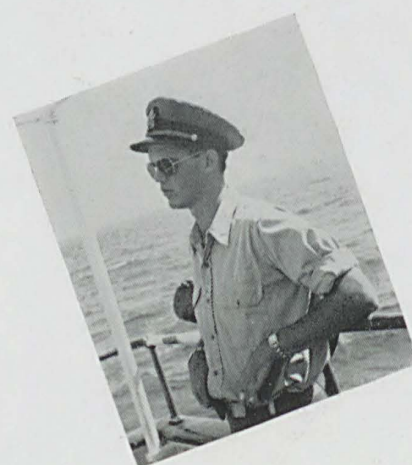
William Francis Martin, Jr.
Hartford, Connecticut

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



David Ray Meddaugh
Highland Park, Illinois



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 middies 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 Basketball

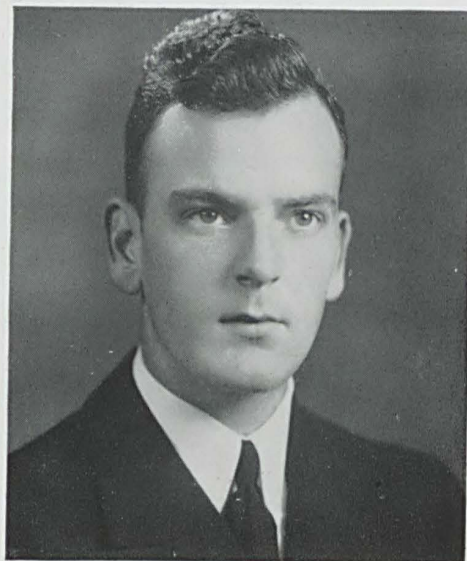
Section Football



Judson R. Merrill
Portland, Maine

Judd traded three years of college life for a more regulated life when he came to MMA. He brought the activities side of the college ledger with him as manager of the varsity basketballers; and voluntarily assumed the responsibility of all arrangements for that bit of tradition, 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 *"Kaydet Kapers"*
Coxswain, Pentagoet *Section Softball*

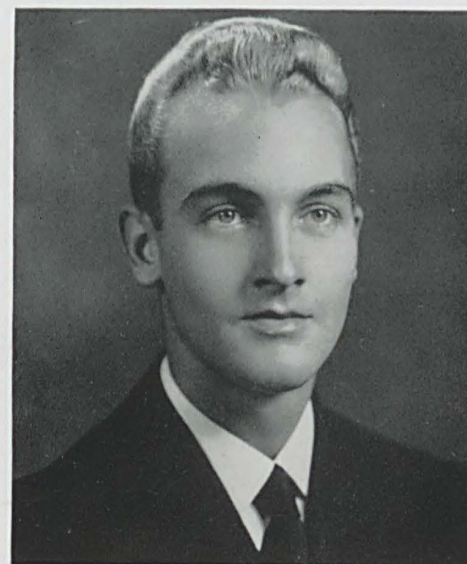
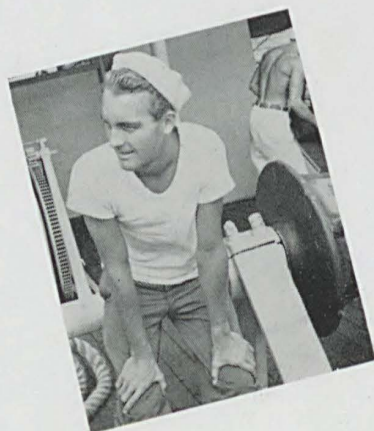


Thomas Freeman Nickerson
Orrington, Maine

Jumping to his feet in class with an explosive "But Jeeny 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.

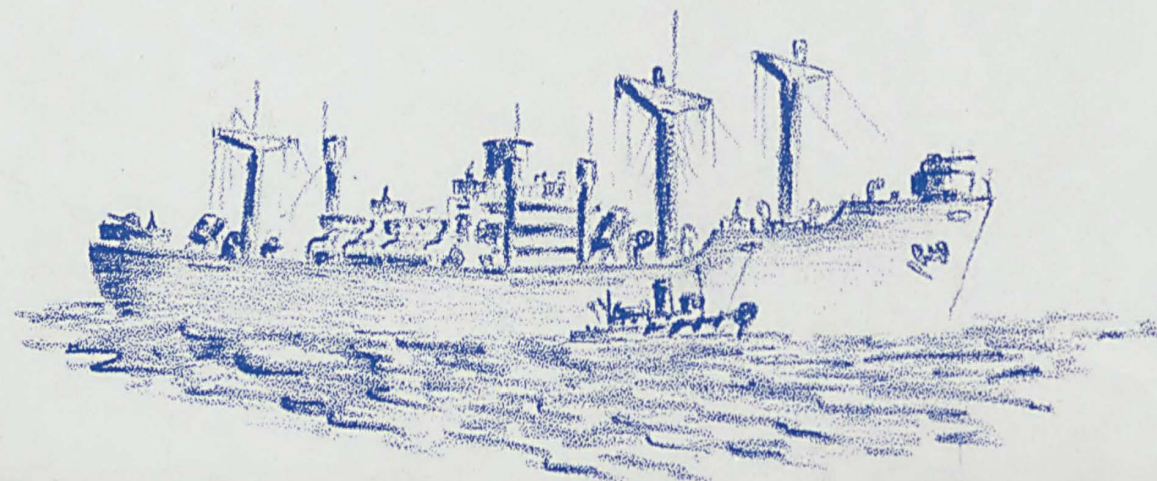
Band
Orchestra

"Kaydet Kapers"
Basketball Trainer



Paul Stuart Peckham
Portland, Maine

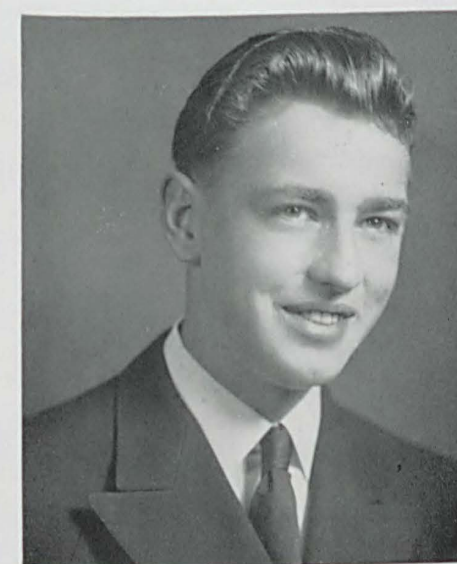
Deceased



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 Nite"

Pre-Cruise Show
Glee Club

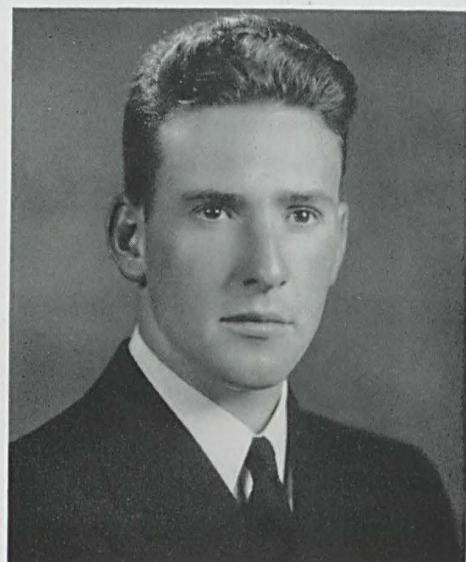


Donald Arnal Pooler
Augusta, Maine

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

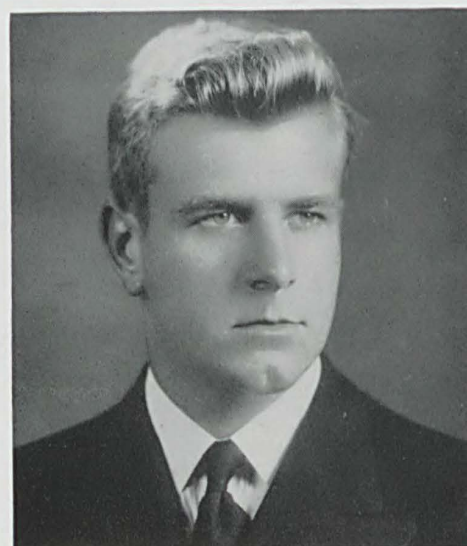


Donald George Prohaska
Bloomfield, Connecticut

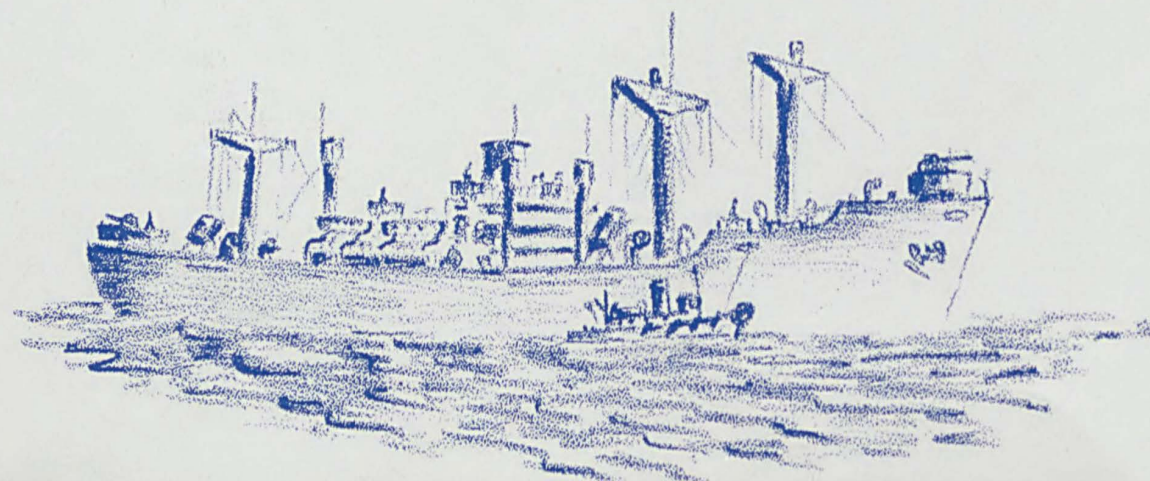
Arriving in this world with a cheerful determination to set it on its heels, Pro has proceeded to do so with vigor. Though short in stature, "The Little King" has harnessed his brains, energy, and ability to put him out in front where he can't get stepped on. A 4.0 man and an efficient section leader, 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.

Section Leader D-2
Gunner's Mate

Section Softball



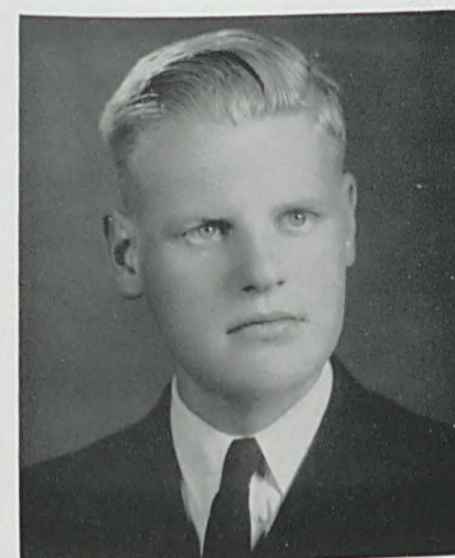
John Walton Schmid
Cranston, Rhode Island



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
Coxswain, Sailboats
Section Softball

Section Basketball
Section Football



Barclay Moffat Shepard
Boothbay Harbor, Maine

Shep had more seetime 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

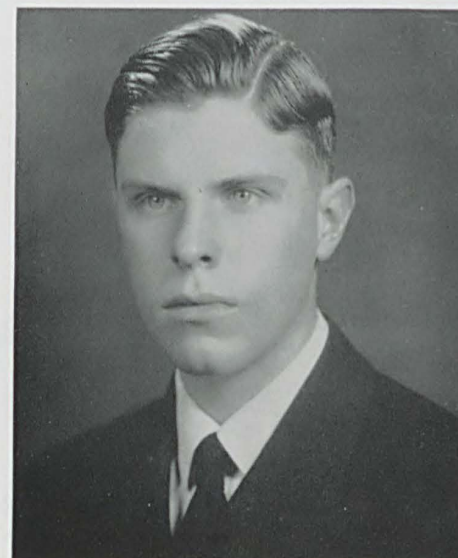


Richard Melvin Stevens
Rockland, Maine

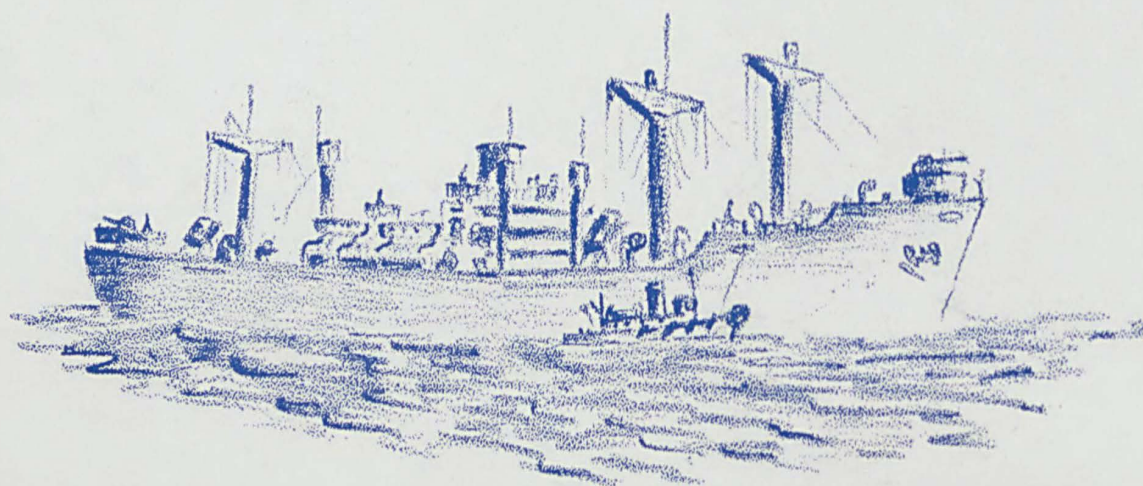
The one liberty town as far as "Stemmy" was concerned was Rockland, a fact which he demonstrated clearly every other weekend. Though we missed him on "Libero," the intervals in between proved his status as one of the boys, always ready to laugh, argue in friendly fashion, or determinedly hit the books, 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

Section Baseball
Section Basketball
Section Football



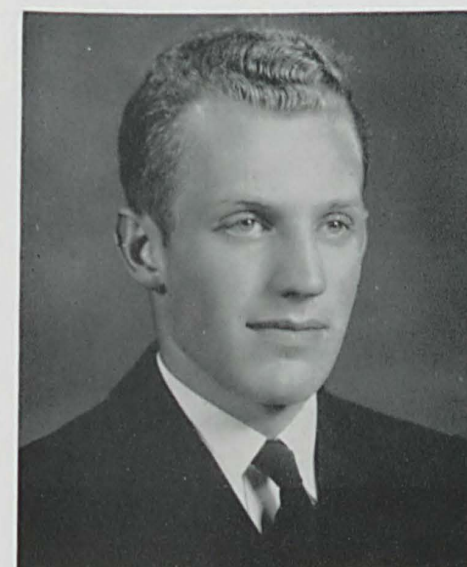
William Foss Thompson
Winchester, Massachusetts



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.

Assistant Master-at-Arms
Librarian

Glee Club



Albert Franklin Webber
Portland, Maine

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.

Fire Maintenance

Section Football

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 "savvier" 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
Section Basketball

Sick Bay Waiter
Ship's Barber



Charles Francis Williams
Portland, Maine



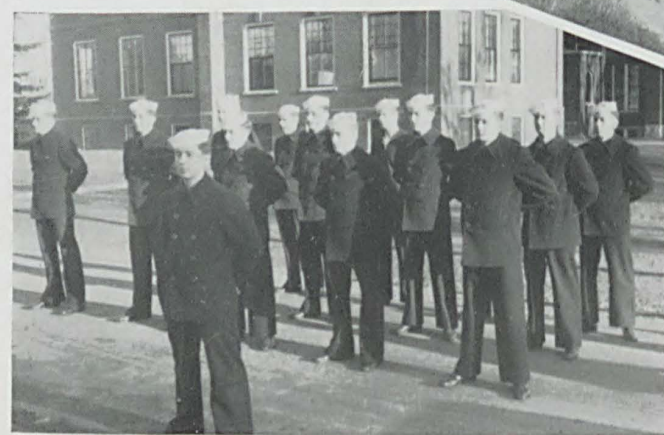
Section D-2

Not Present: J. Maisel, T. Nickerson
Fourth Row: L. Ingraham, R. Hutchinson, D. Meddaugh, J. Hickson, A. Webber
Third Row: R. Stevens, W. Gay, B. Borden, T. Joyce, D. Pooler, A. Simmons, R. Brickates
Second Row: E. MacFarland, W. Thompson, B. Shepard, R. Libby, P. Peckham, A. Havey, W. Greenhalgh
Front Row: J. Merrill, V. Gillis, D. Prohaska, M. Mackenzie, J. Schmid, R. Hallet, C. Williams, W. Martin

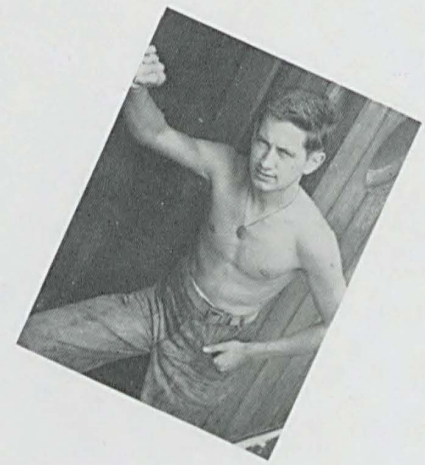
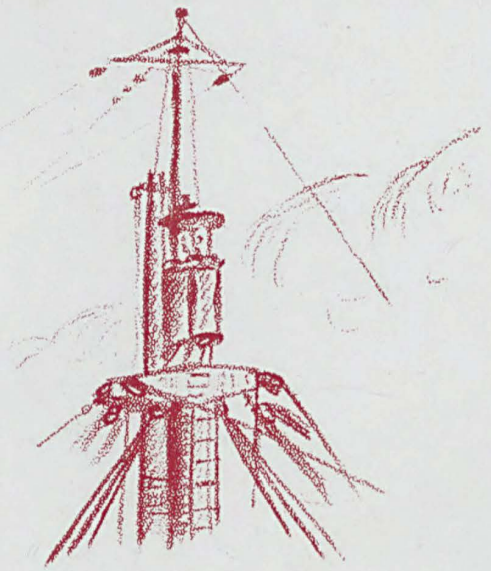


Section D-4

Not Present: C. Mudge, L. Roulstone, J. Trigg
Fourth Row: R. Robbins, J. Cochran, R. Plummer, L. Small, R. Wallace
Third Row: W. Webber, J. Kelly, A. Rosenthal, E. Spencer, J. Eden, M. Needham, R. Merrill
Second Row: A. Maasbyll, L. Warshaver, M. Schneider, G. Smith, R. Schonland, E. Shaw, J. Meras
Front Row: R. Merrill, R. Pearson, P. Russell, D. Moors, E. Leonard, J. Skolfield, H. Sands, E. Motzenbecker



Company



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.

Swimming Instructor Section Basketball
Section Softball Section Football



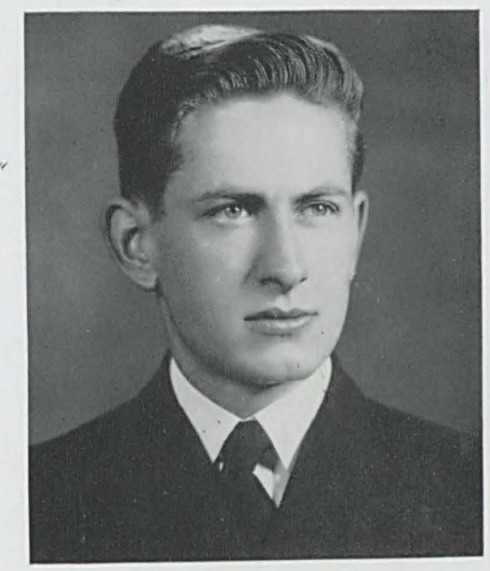
Leonard Luby Aucoin
Presque Isle, Maine

"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.

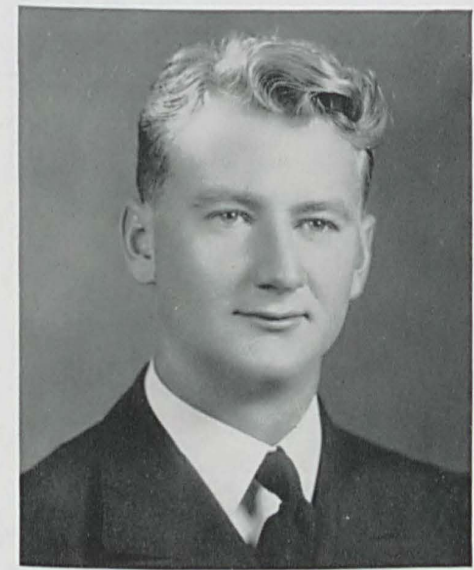
Section Softball Section Football
Varsity Basketball Truck

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.

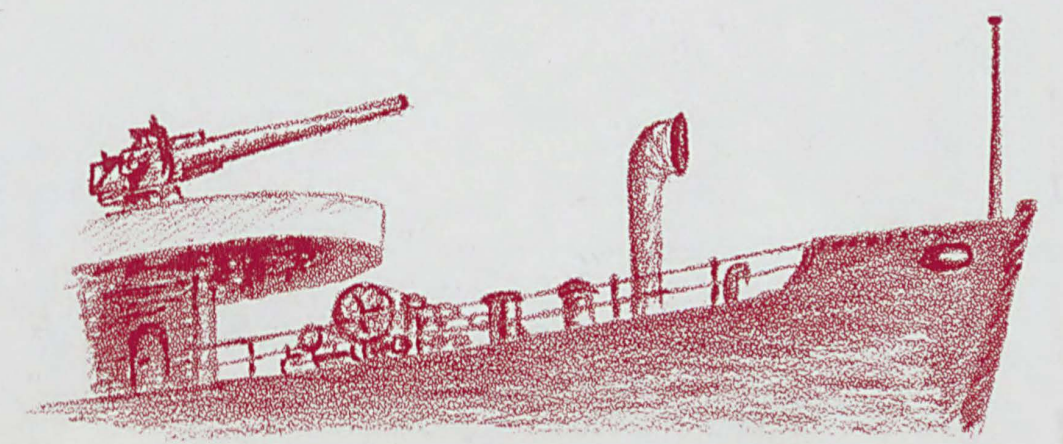
Battalion Adjutant Section Football
Section Softball

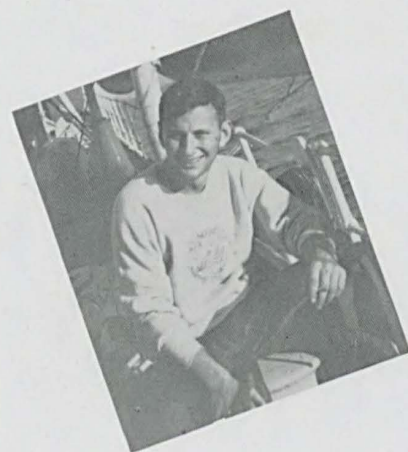
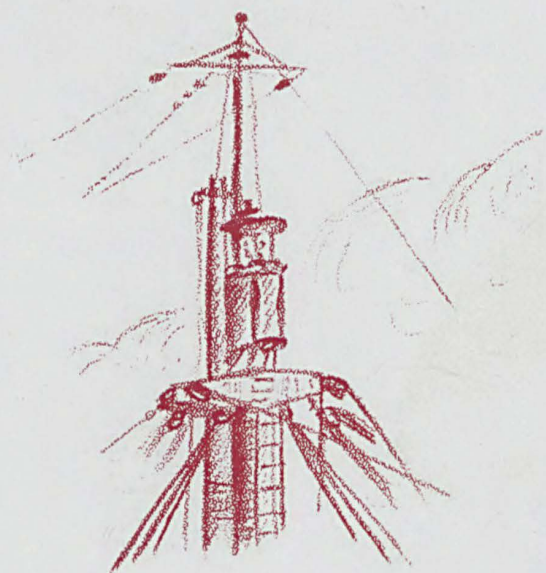


Terrance Plummer Brewer
Presque Isle, Maine



Tileston Bickford
Belfast, 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 bulkheads, he shone with the weaker sex, also. Hence, every port Bert lands in should be extremely interesting—new foods and strange women.

"Kaydet Kapers"



Norman Davis
Brunswick, Maine

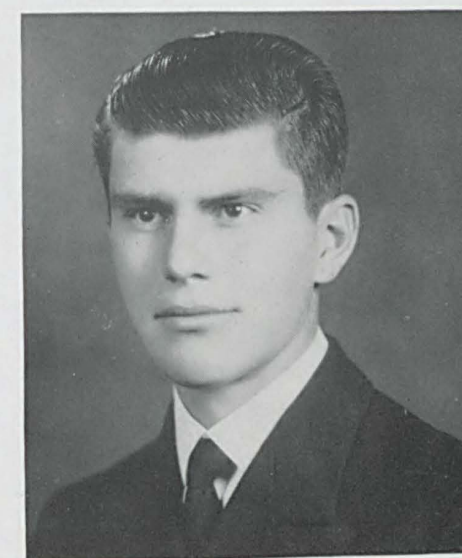
Section Leader E-3
Maine Mast, Sports Editor
Trick's End

Section Softball
Section Football
Section Basketball

Many's the morning that Fred could be seen staggering down the stairs with that big tuba 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 chased 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.

Band
Section Softball

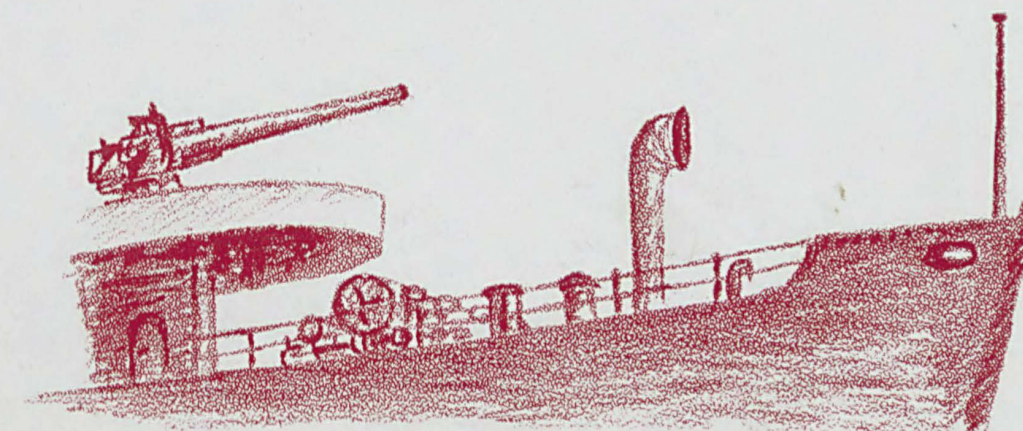
Section Football
Swimming Instructor

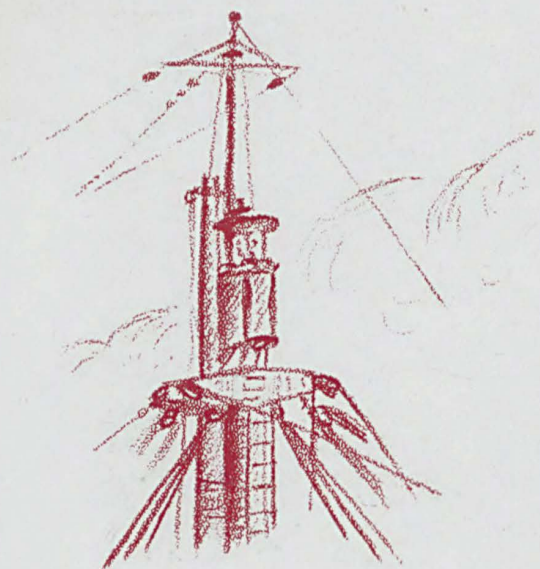


Frederick Widmer Eaton, Jr.
Augusta, Maine



Burton Sill De Frees
Portland, Maine





Jack's ability to flunk a math exam is extraordinary—he can do it every time. Extra-curricular activities were his specialty; he rated 4.0's in football, basketball, and on the dance floor. But "Jocko" was often afflicted with the "Restriction Blues;" on these occasions one stayed clear of his Irish temper. These outbursts were short-lived, however, and he could soon be seen re-enacting his "Commando" days of yesteryear. Jack's determination to make himself a good engineer has become the foundation of a promising career.

Section Softball
Section Basketball

Section Football
Swimming Instructor

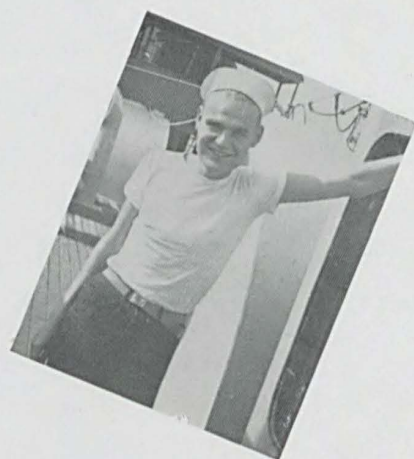


John Art Gay
Cavendish, Vermont

Hats off to "Casey 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. "Casey" was perhaps the most hazed mug in our class, but he showed his ability to take it by becoming the best "doggone engineer" in the whole outfit. A man will be lucky sailing under John.

Cadet Engineer, Pentagoet

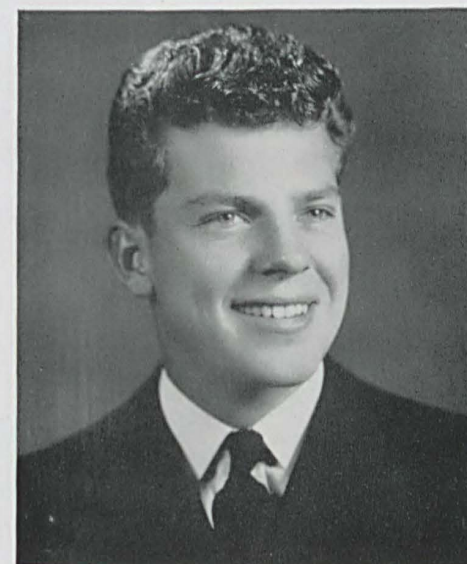
Section Football



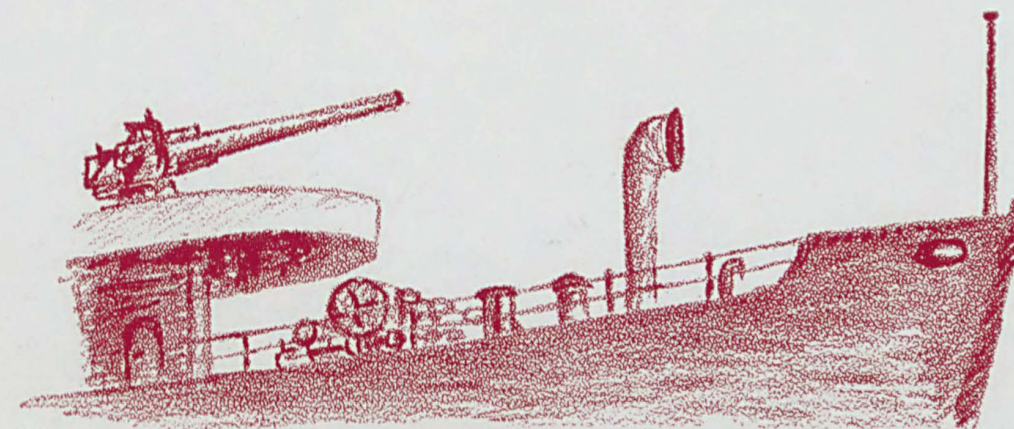
Scuttlebutt has it that "E.T." has signed a contract with the creator of Dick Tracy, to follow in the footsteps of the other characters. Tom is to be named "The Head." His ability to take a riding plus his knowledge of engineering will tend to make him one of the best "Thirds" produced in our class. "E.T.'s" liking of liberty can be proved when he made dust fly in his Buick in his anxiety to reach Orr's Island by 1900. Yes, everyone liked the (Ballard) "oil-magnate," and Tom will continue to do as well in the future, at both reaching the top and making friends.

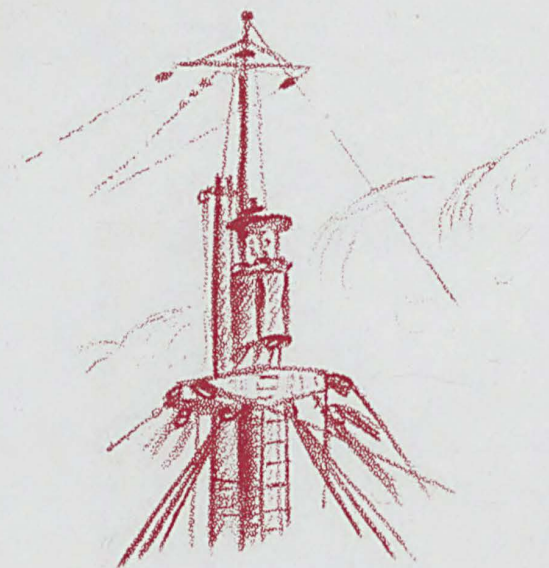


Edward Thomas Hacker
Portland, Maine



Arthur John Gonya
Presque Isle, Maine

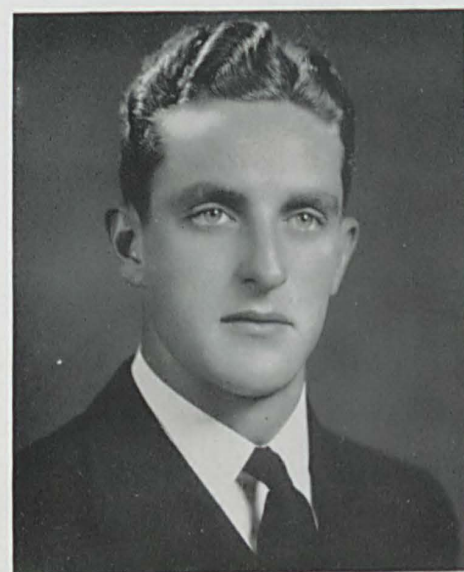




With curly locks and twinkling brown eyes, you'd never guess "George" was Irish—not much you wouldn't. "Russ" was star first baseman on the varsity; being both scrappy and speedy made up for his size. George's willingness to do anything for anyone made him a favorite with all (those brownies were delicious), and he was always the loser in the Horne-Bickford-Paul-Kelly combination. Russ' marks were above average—he said he took a post-graduate 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."

Varsity Baseball
Section Softball

Section Basketball
Section Football



Allen Smiley Horne
Belfast, Maine

Varsity Baseball
Section Softball

Section Basketball
Section Football

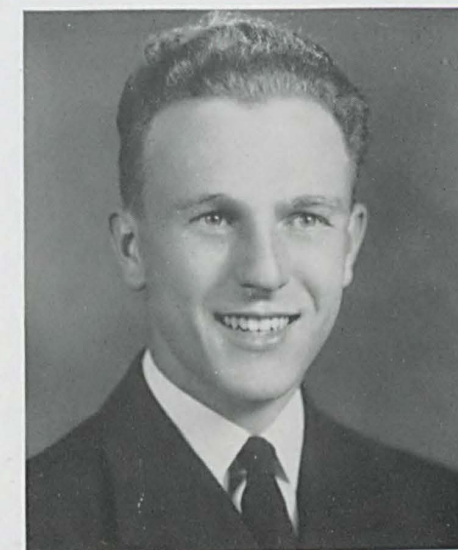
Ladies! This way to the "Rudolph Valentino" of MMA! The pride of Belfast certainly had a hard decision to make here: to study or not to study. With sports, dances, and women to detract him, "Zeke's" decision became a compromise. The only serious thing about him is his name, so what we write about him must likewise be of the light side—such as those many hours spent "batting the breeze" in Room 42. And the sooner Allen could get to Belfast on liberty, the better. With that laugh and ability to make an easy job out of a difficult one, life will be fruitful for him.



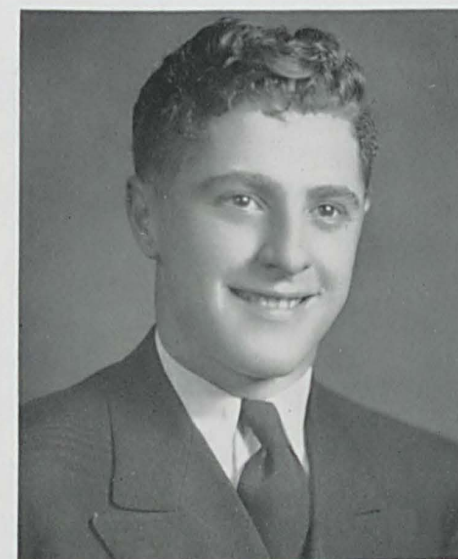
"The Polack" was E-1's character, the pride of Bayonne, and ambassador to Stonington—all rolled into one really swell shipmate. Art's love for rifle calisthenics is known by all; he liked it almost as much as he liked math and electricity. Those winter liberties in Bayonne were super-deluxe, as were many of those spent up thar' 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.

Mate of Scullery

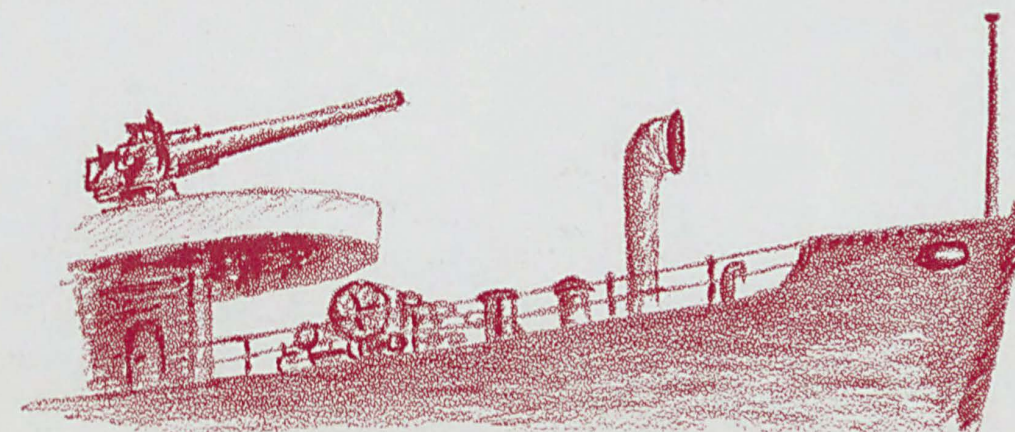
Section Softball

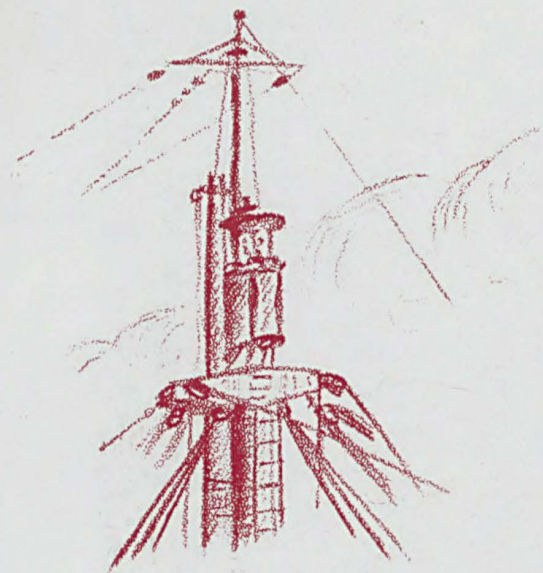


Arthur Raymond Lutomski
Bayonne, New Jersey



Russell William Kelly
Thomaston, Maine





This lad from Massachusetts always had a problem—to choose between Weymouth and Bucksport. Mac had amazing talent and ambitions as an underclassman, and he certainly kept both going during his upperclass days as well. To hear him yodel, you'd think he used to be on the radio; it must have been that so-o-o-o wonderful voice that got him all his women, plus the fact that he's an honorary member of the W.C.T.U. New lands or marriage should change that, "Mac"!

"Kaydet Kapers"
Section Softball

Section Football
Swimming Instructor



Joseph Lucien Lionel Metivier
Brunswick, Maine

Company Commander, "C" Co. Section Softball
Swimming Instructor Section Football

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? "Gramp" did. His persistence and determination will hurry him along that long road to success.



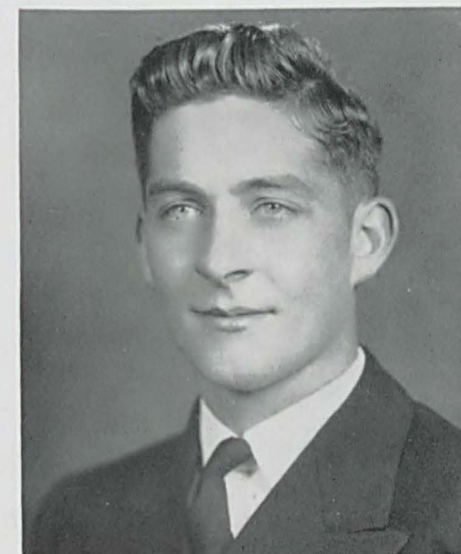
"Ozzie," the strong man, hails from way up-country and certainly took a lot of ribbing on that account. What was it he paid for that super-deluxe hair cut in New York—\$4.50? But that strength of his came in handy when all that gear was moved to the new machine shop. With an excellent training in Math,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

Section Softball

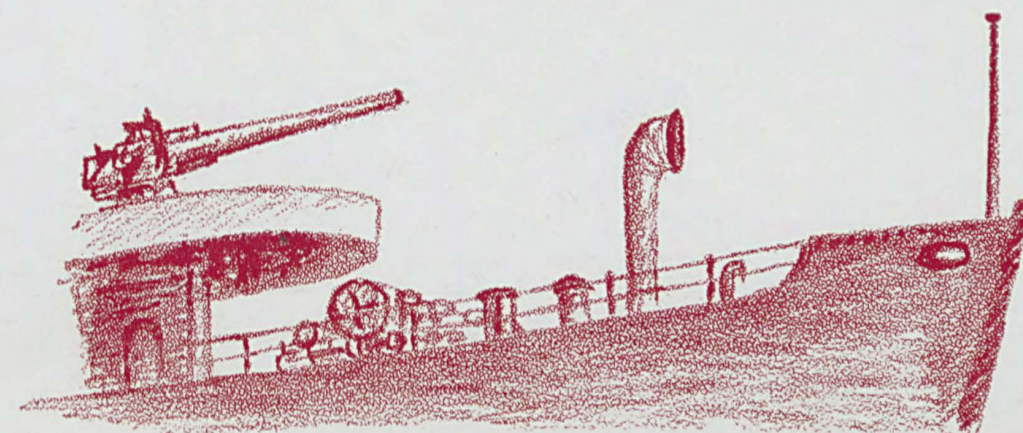
Section Football

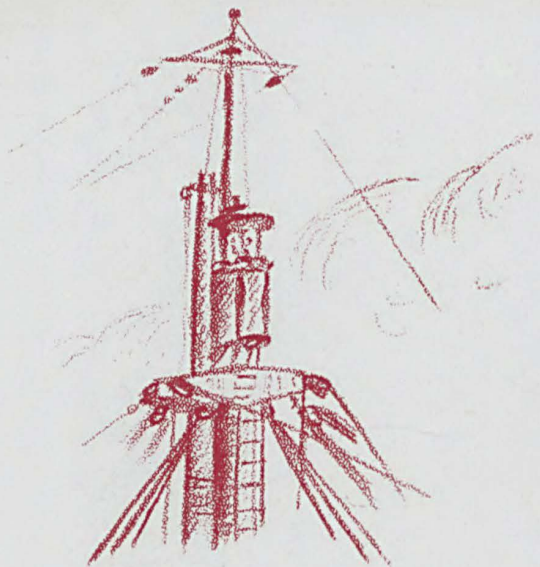


Hazen Edward Nelson
Stockholm, Maine



John Arthur MacDonald
Weymouth, Massachusetts





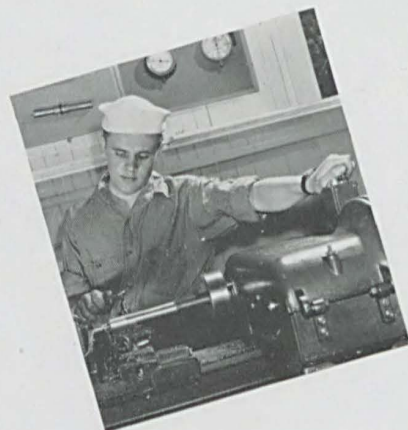
This "Rebel" from down Virginia way was the book-cracker of our class, and the results ended in many 4.0's. "Ross" is of the quiet, serious type, and dislikes women as well as other bad habits. (Any man who can do that must be good!) That deep, booming voice of his could be heard in Room 45 many a night 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.



Robert Thomas Paul
Rockland, Maine

"Berger" was always the winner in the Horne-Bickford-Kelly-Paul combination—as far as he was concerned, cokes were free. Looks are deceiving, for behind that sleepy-eyed face is a keen brain. Good ranks with a minimum of studying bears 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.

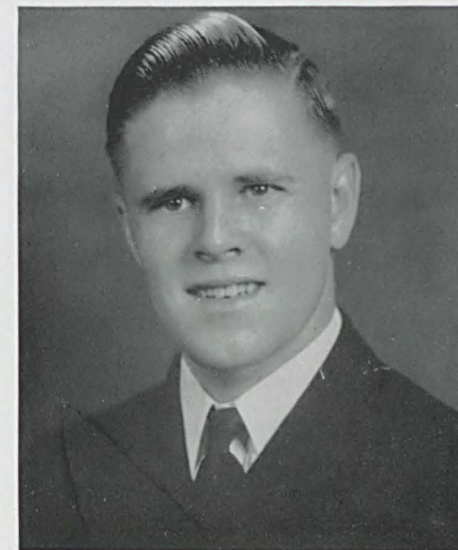
Section Softball



This seemingly quiet and unassuming lad from Calais (by-Canada) had quite a talent: to tell a story, a whopper, 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

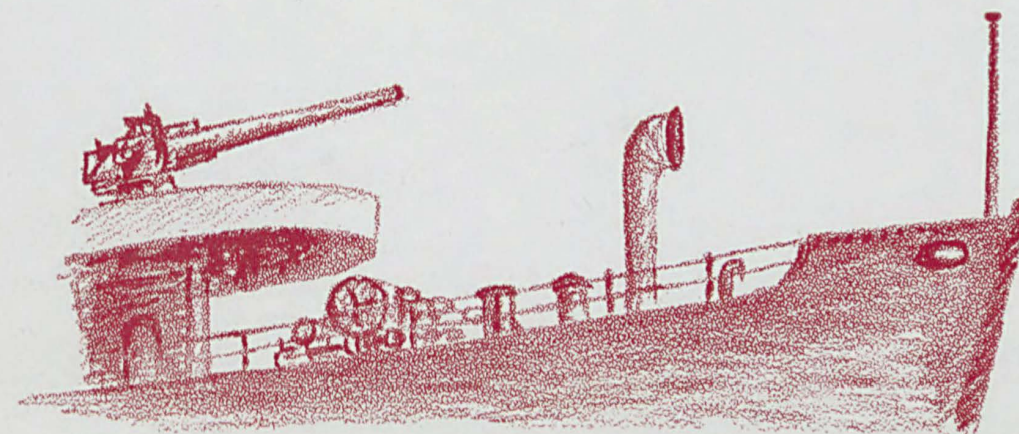
Orchestra

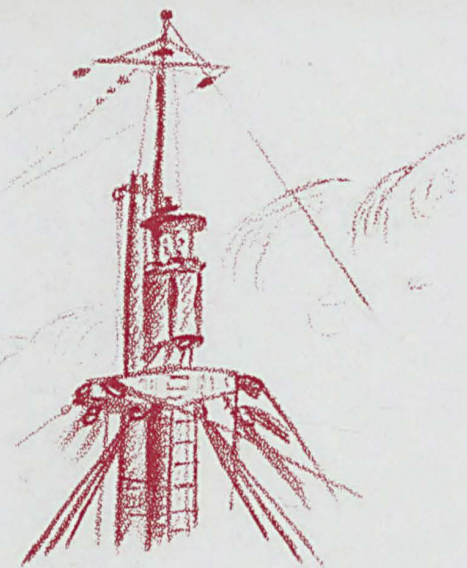


Paul Frederick Purton
Calais, Maine



Roscoe Prevet
Washington, D. C.





"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 "ers" and "ahs" marked Elliott; his directness in speaking, in thinking, and in actions resulted 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.

Band
Maine Mast

"Kaydet Kapers"



Robert Holbrook Quincy
Downers Grove, Illinois

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 of his—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.

Band
Orchestra

Section Softball



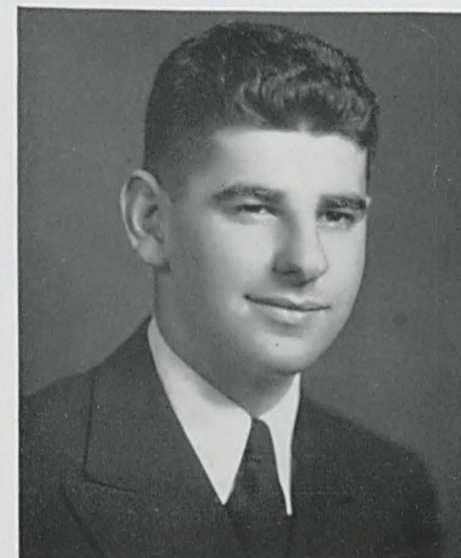
Our natural-born engineer from Stonington made up for his lack of book knowledge by being one of the best practical engineers in our class. Many's the time Monty fixed various automobiles suffering from a particularly strenuous weekend. Typical of Deer Islanders, Monty was always "in thar pitchin'" during 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.

Band
Section Softball

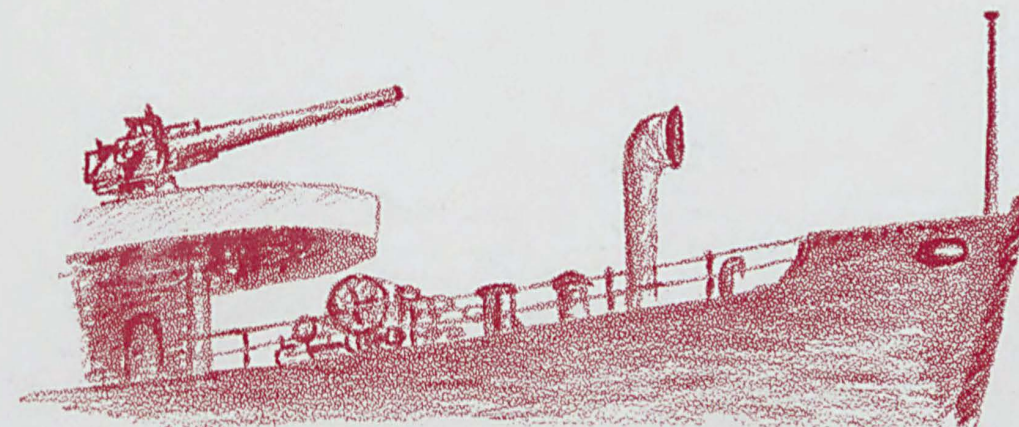
Section Football

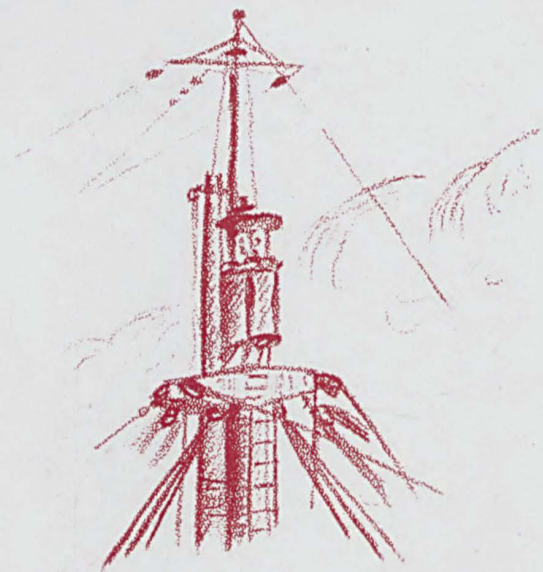


Montelle Leslie Small
Stonington, Maine



Elliot Rosengarten
Lawrence, New York





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.

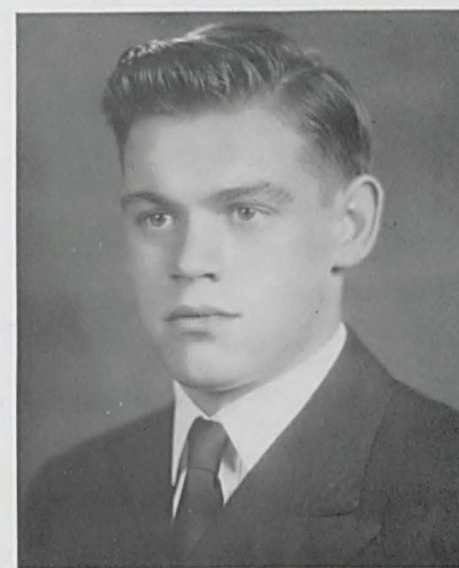
Maintenance Electrician Section Softball



"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 soft-ball 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.

Section Softball
Section Basketball

Section Football



Charles Richard Stevens
Calais, Maine

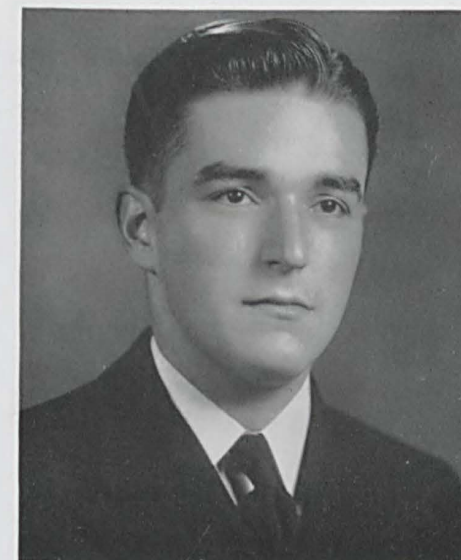
Hats off to a good cadet officer, an excellent engineer, and a swell shipmate! "D.O." was always willing to help anyone anytime, and many of the fellows owe him a lot for their success. No one ever had to ask Dave to repeat anything he said because his booming voice was the nemesis and scourge of A-Deck.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

Platoon Leader E-1
Section Softball

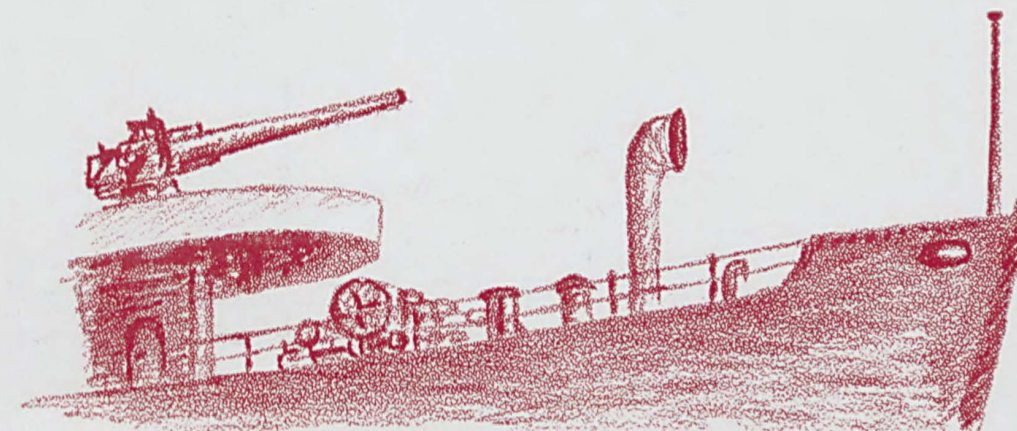
Section Football
Section Basketball



David Oliver White
Jonesport, Maine



William Henry Veazy
Dover, New Hampshire





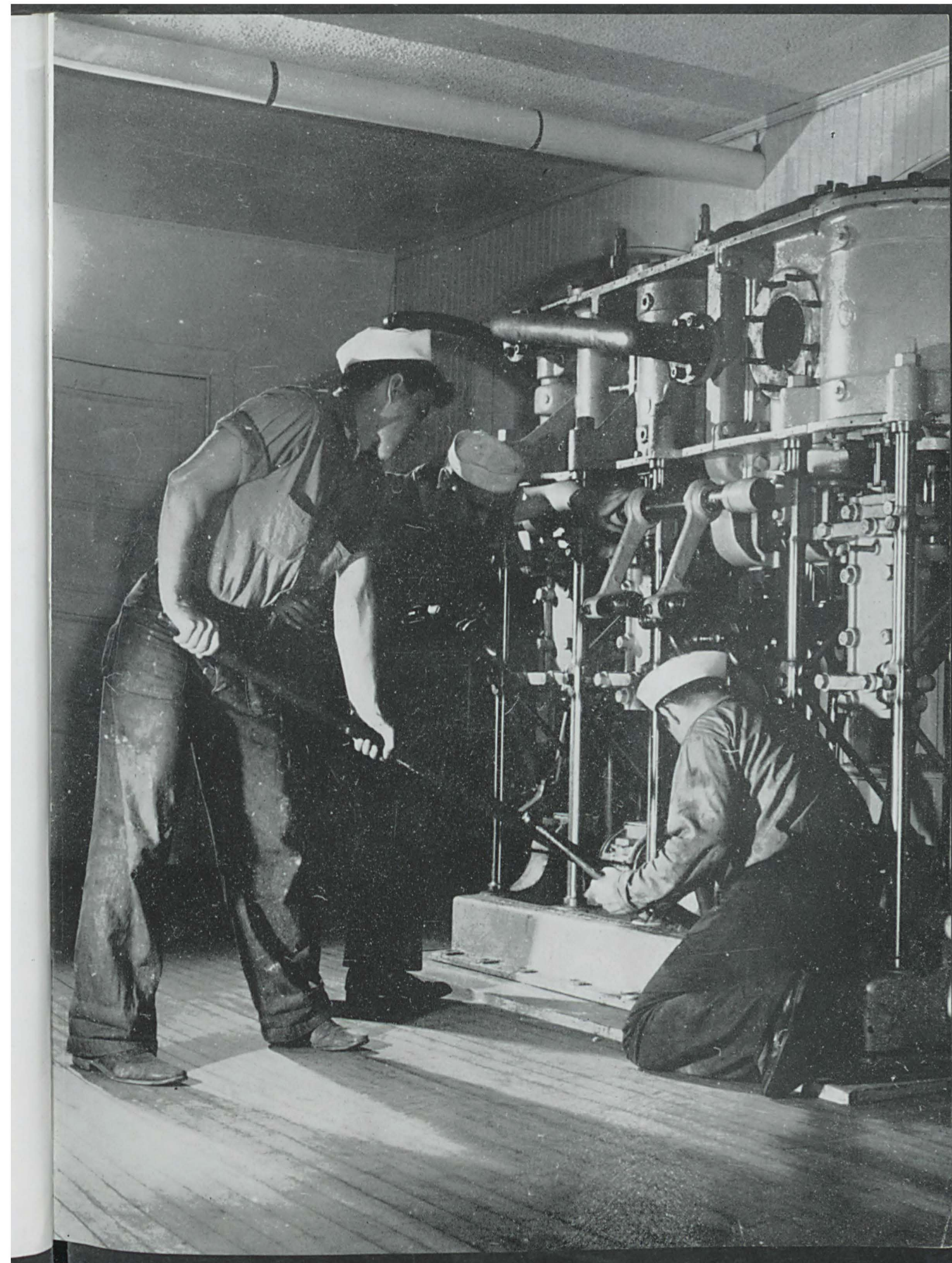
Section E-1

Not Present: L. Aucoin, J. Gay, A. Lutowski, E. Rosengarten, D. White
 Third Row: T. Bickford, A. Horne, R. Paul, E. Hacker, H. Nelson, B. DeFrees
 Second Row: A. Gonya, F. Eaton, J. MacDonald, R. Prevette, C. Stevens, W. Veazey
 Front Row: M. Small, R. Kelley, T. Brewer, J. Metivier, N. Davis, R. Quincy, P. Purton



Section E-3

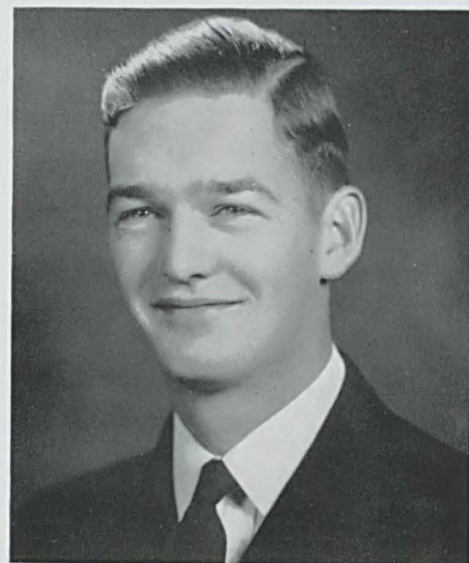
Not Present: H. Hodgkins, J. Kearney
 Third Row: K. Grover, W. Bridge, R. Gregoire, J. Cyr, J. Bissland
 Second Row: S. Vehslage, D. Hayward, R. Brennan, J. Hattesen, G. Falt, A. Ferrini, B. Chesterton
 Front Row: R. Briand, R. Hooper, F. Grondin, W. Hall, D. Hartnett, R. Harivel, C. Cyr, L. Bernier





Company



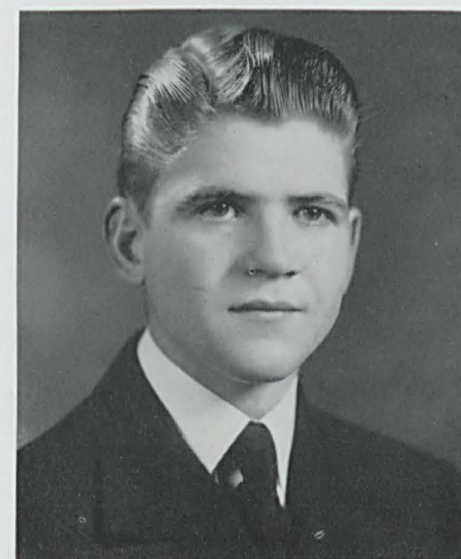
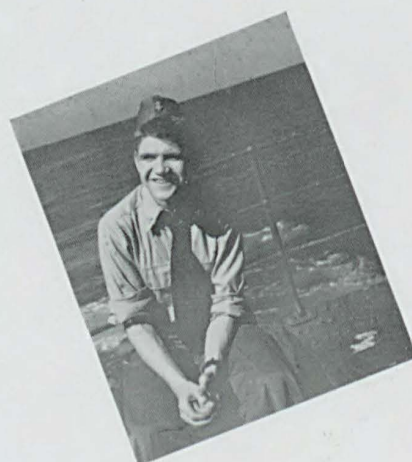


Arthur Blaine Ambler
Springvale, Maine

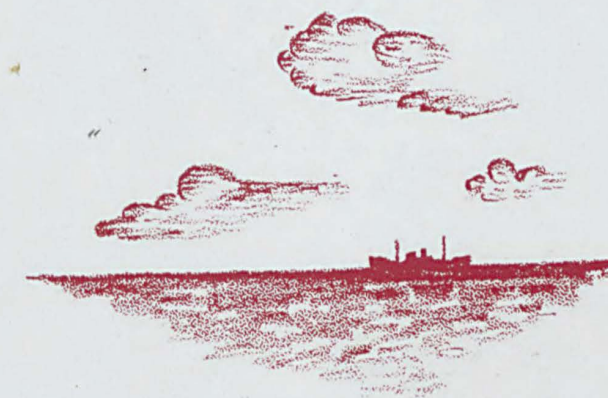
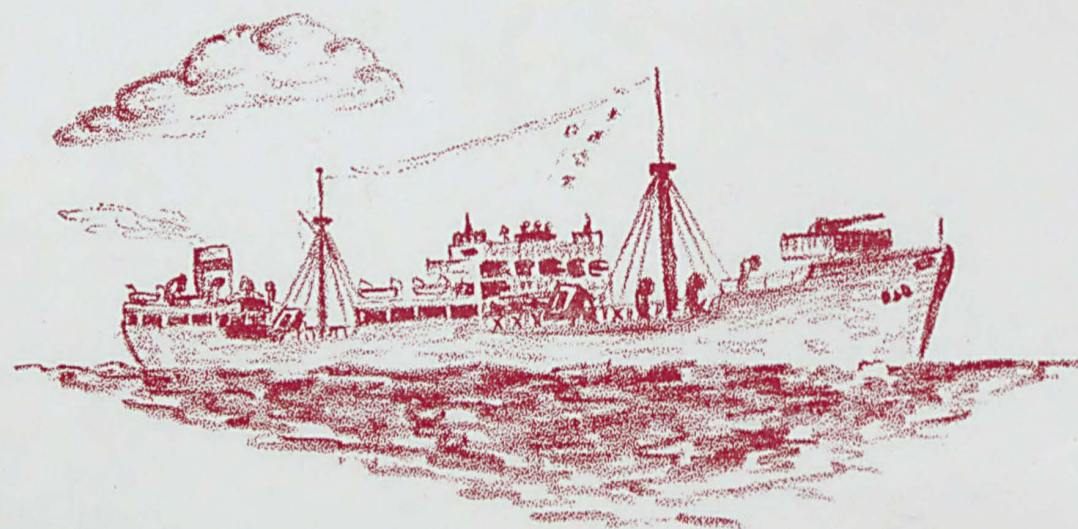
"Abie," better known as the "Springvale Smoothie," was a wide-open target for the femmes. Many a liberty was spent on the U. of M. campus insuring a firmly-established reputation. His ability to sleep through chow and rouse out with a word for everyone will always be admired. That original "Left Face"—root 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
Section Softball



Joseph Roger Bernard
Auburn, Maine



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.

Section Softball
Section Baseball

Section Football



John Edwin Clayton
Wayland, Massachusetts

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.

Varsity Baseball
"Kaydet Kapers"

Section Softball
Section Football



Randall William Ellis
Skowhegan, Maine

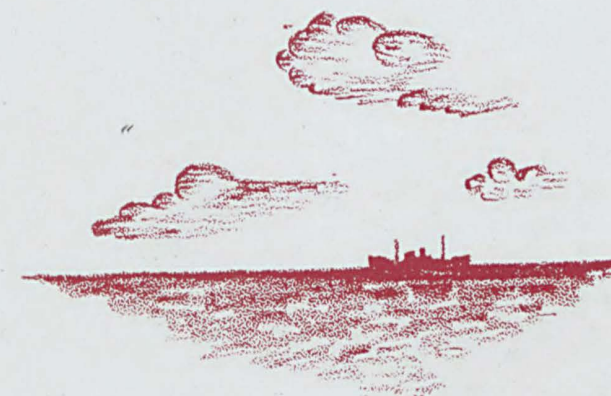
Industry and hard work personified "Chief" Ellis, and it was these two factors that accounted for his popularity as an underclassman with his lazier fellow mugs on a work detail, and that put him at the head of E-4 as section leader. Veteran lover of wine, women, and a little song, he was one of those lucky middies 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



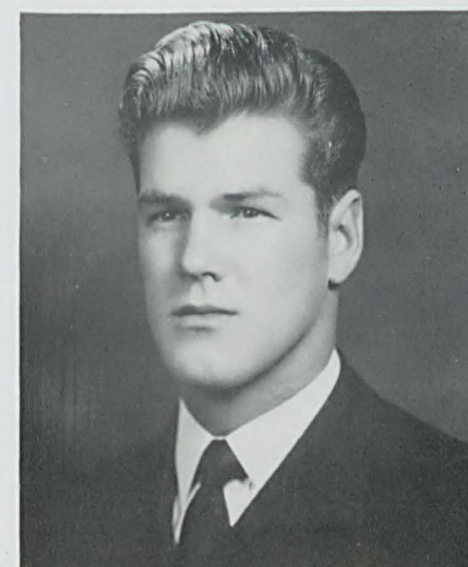
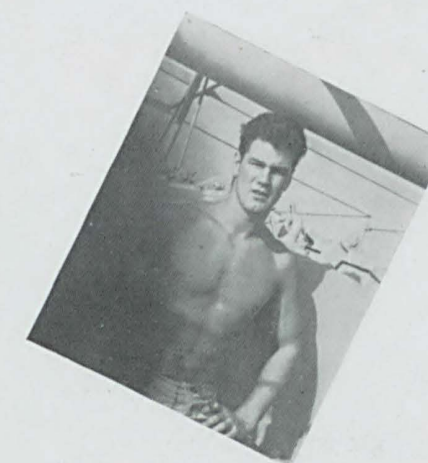
Denton Edgar Flagg
Dexter, Maine



Maine Maritime Academy was certainly gifted when Dexter, Maine sacrificed Denty to us. The deep-voiced character and his confreres 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 roaming 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. "Haunty Daunty" was reknowned for the phrase: "Gimme a cigarette." There's no doubt, however, that his endearing young charms will make him a fine engineer, well-liked wherever he goes.

Varsity Baseball
Section Softball
Band

Varsity Basketball
Section Football

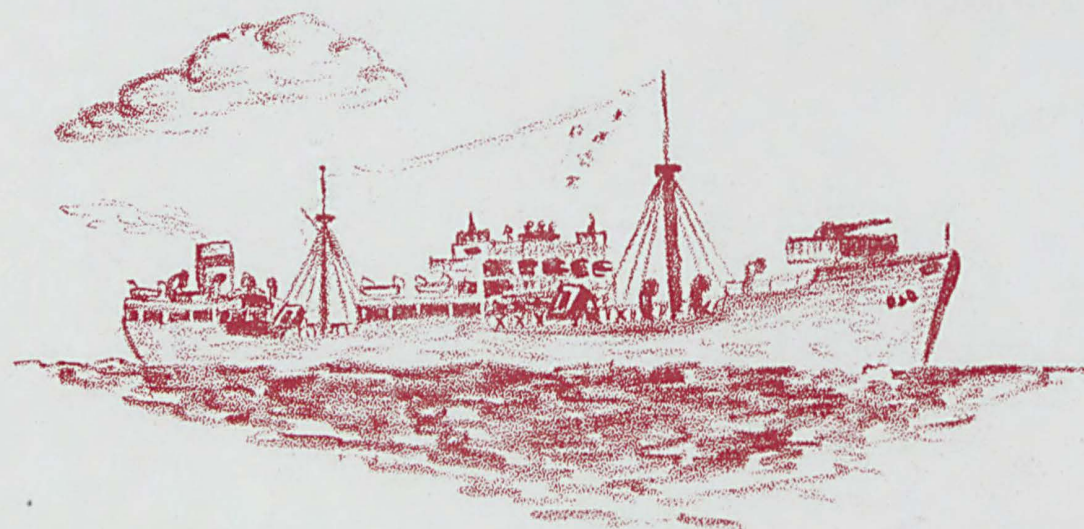


Francis Martin Greaney
Biddeford, Maine

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.

Varsity Basketball

Section Football





Bryant Leland Hopkins
Waterville, Maine

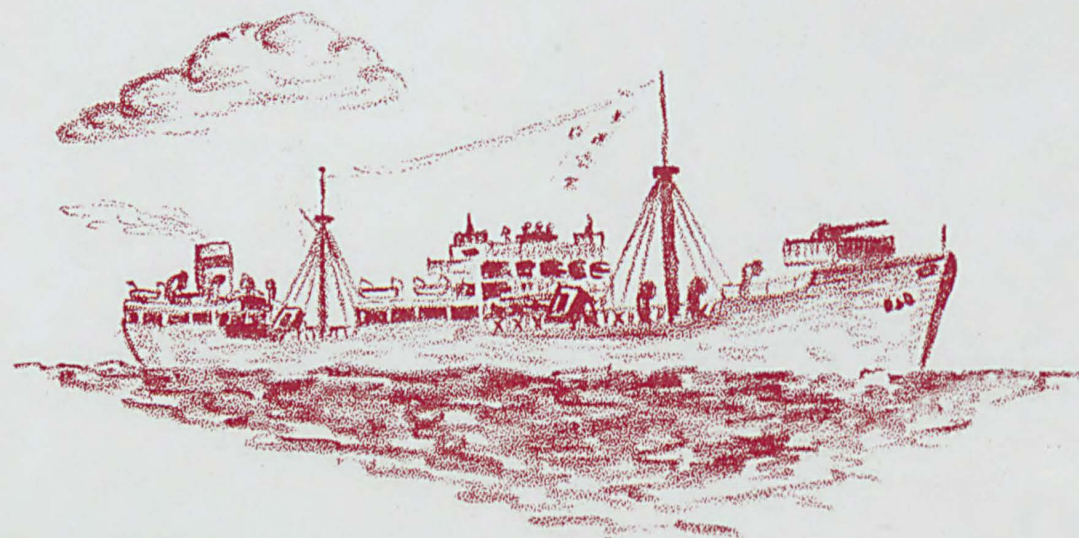
One of Waterville's numerous contributions to the Academy was this young scholar. Bryant proved himself a master of the books, as well as a character in his own right; he was the first to break out with Hubba! Hubba! in the confines of Castine-by-the-Sea. When it came to jokes, he was always there with 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.

Band

Truck



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

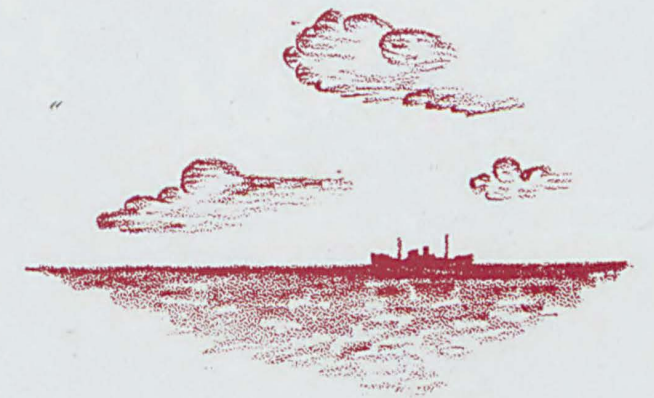


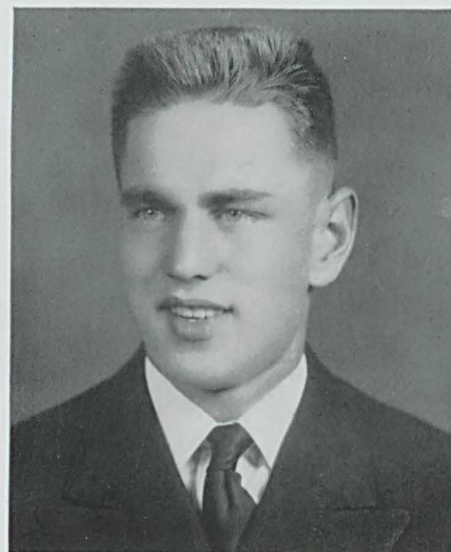
Norman D. Jabar
Waterville, Maine

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.

Varsity Basketball
Varsity Baseball

Section Softball
Section Basketball





Earl C. Kidder
Mexico, Maine



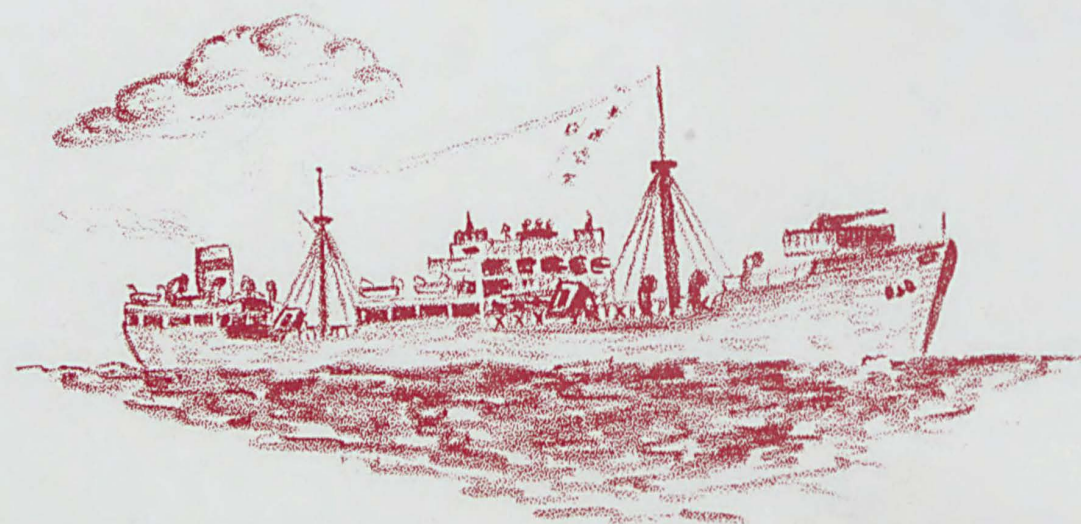
"I'm from Mexico, Sir." Yes, these were the first words that Joe spoke and they promptly brought him many friends. His willingness to help the less fortunate in the handling of guns came as a great help to his shipmates. A former member of the Mexico Light Cavalry, he often boasted of his newly-acquired "inner spring mattress." Constantly haunted by those Restriction 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



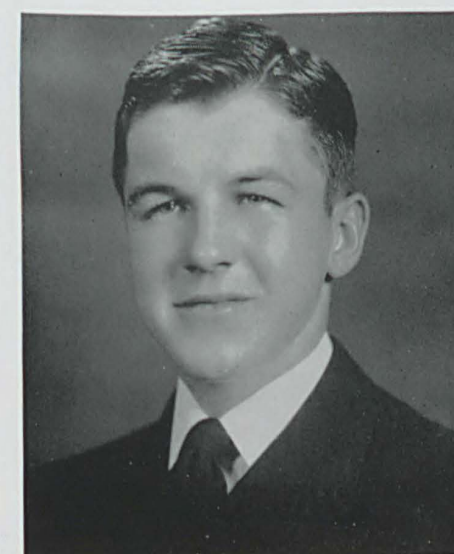
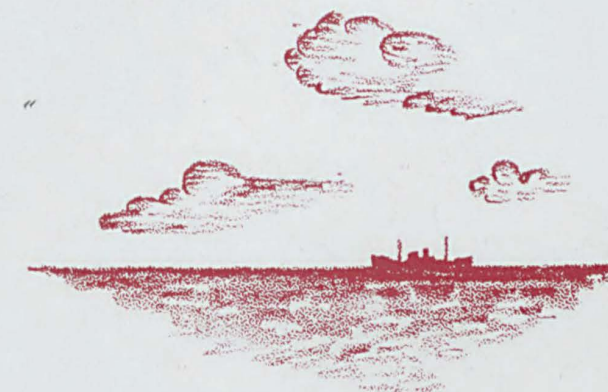
Donald Johnston Owler
Wellesley Hills, Mass.



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 precarious 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
Section Softball

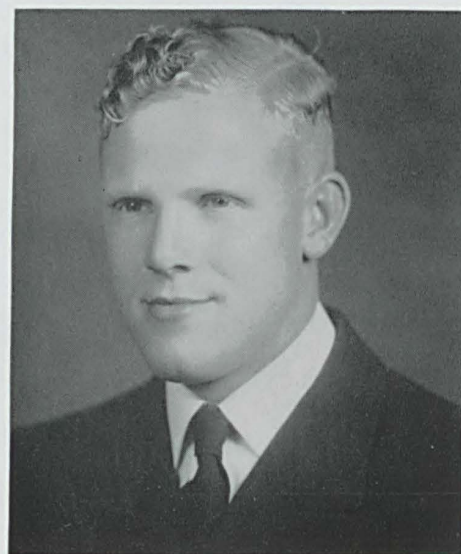


George Arthur Paradis
Biddeford, Maine

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 sack. 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.

Trick's End
Section Softball
Section Basketball

Section Football
Truck



Everett L. Paulsen
Westbrook, Maine

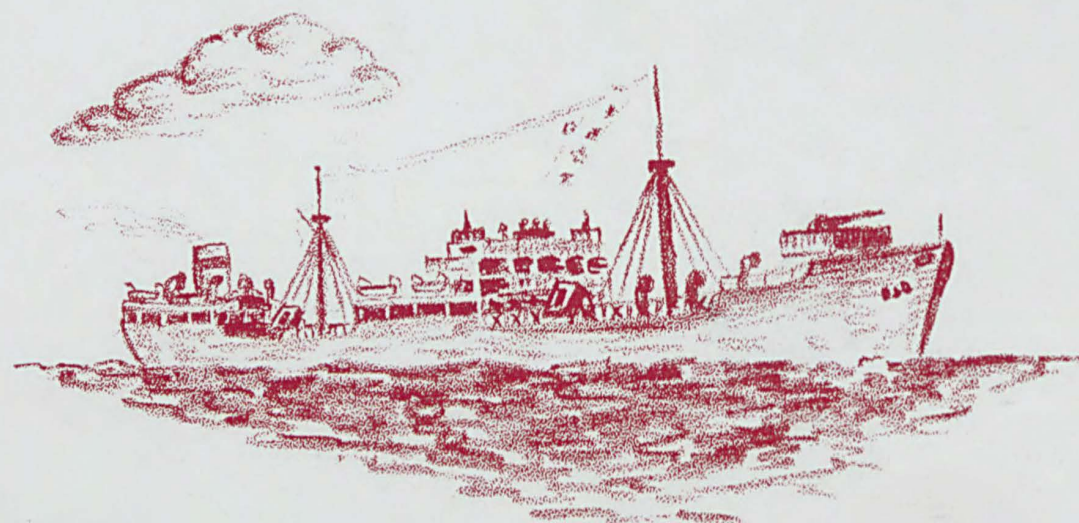
This Engineer came to us as a greenhorn from that beautiful countryside in Westbrook. It didn't take Pinky long to catch on, however. A constant companion of Herb Peterson, they could never be found anywhere. This bright young farmer took to Engineering as much as he took to co-eds. A great hand at Mathematics, 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

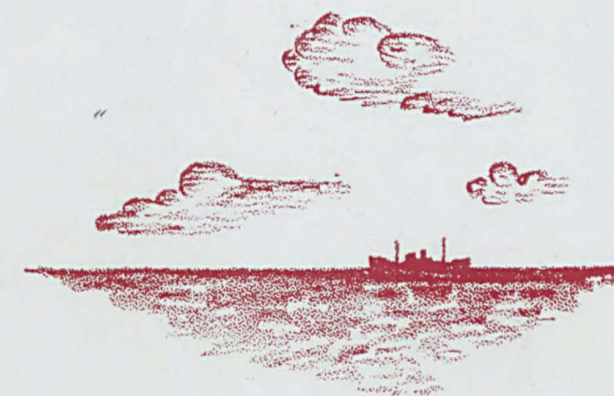


Gordon Eugene Robbins
Augusta, Maine



"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 tested his patience. A quiet member of E-2 (there were some!) 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

Quiet 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 underclassman 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 Softball
Section Basketball

Section Football
Band
Orchestra



Richard Henry Schlobohm
Yonkers, New York



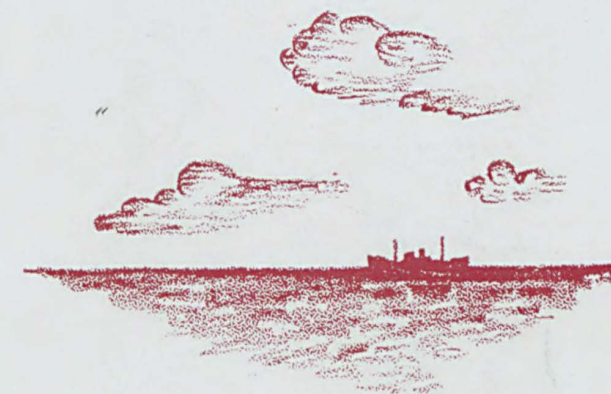
No matter how you spell it or pronounce it, to us it's still Slow-Bomb coming from Yonkers of which New York City is a suburb. Timmy's "sea stories" were always good listening; he was well-known to exaggerate the adventures and misadventures of his past liberties. He was always conscientious in all his 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.

Trick's End
Varsity Basketball

Section Softball
Section Football



Robert Francis Tully
Yonkers, N. Y.



"Baseball Bubby" 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 teams 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

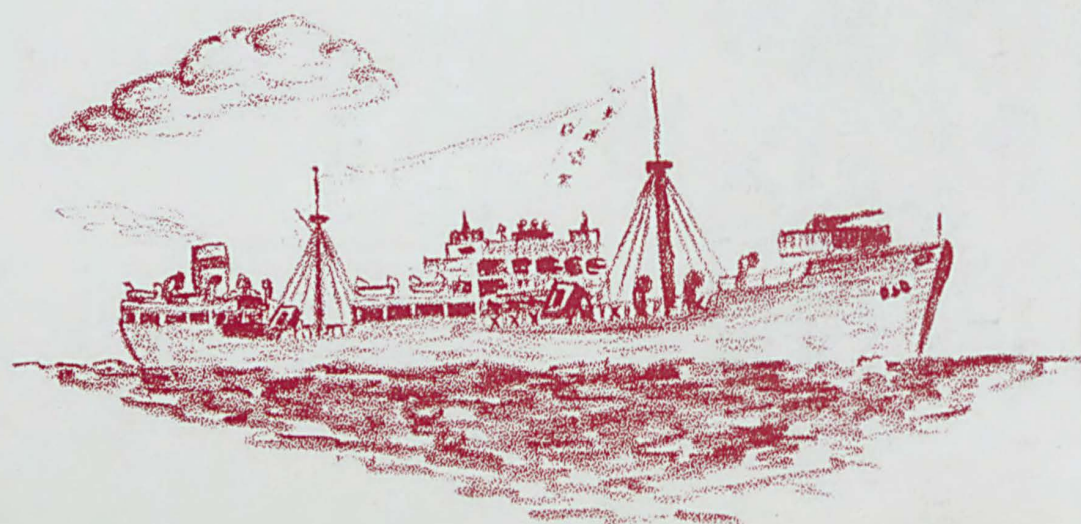


Diamante Dolorato Vacca
Portland, Maine

If DiDi was not heard filling A-deck with the dubious tunes of all the latest hits or exercising his vocal cords to make it known that Vacca was 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.

Varsity Basketball
Varsity Baseball
"Kaydet Kapers"

Section Softball
Section Football





John Maurice Whelan
Biddeford, Maine

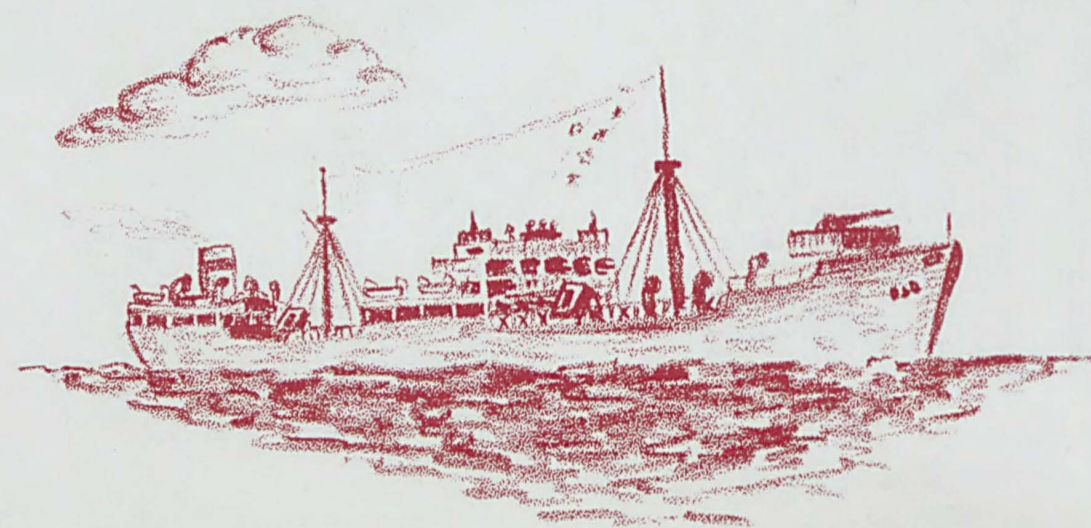
This lad's industrious spirit was rewarded when he was made Chief Engineer of the Pentagoet. Day after day in the late afternoon, Mike, a black gob of grease, could be seen dripping his way up to the dorm from the dock. He was one of our star backfield men in the tough touch football series. With his determination and perseverance, Mike will go far. Anyone who ever met him, met a wonderful companion and friend who will never be forgotten.

"Kadet Kapers"
Chief Engineer, Pentagoet
Varsity Baseball

Section Softball
Section Basketball
Section Football

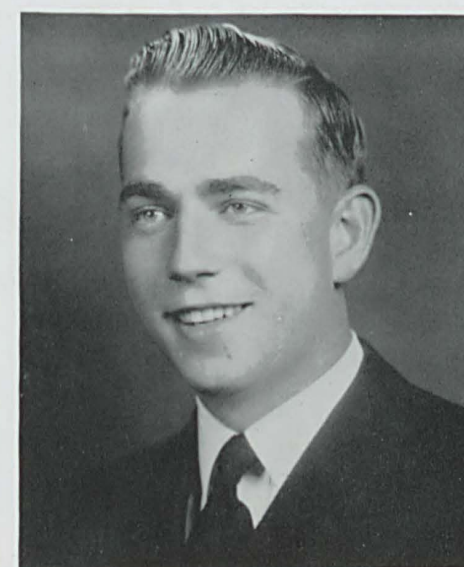


David Williams, Jr.
Waterville, Maine



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 aboard (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



William Lincoln Wright, III
South Portland, Maine

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 netmen, 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.

Varsity Basketball
Section Softball

Section Football



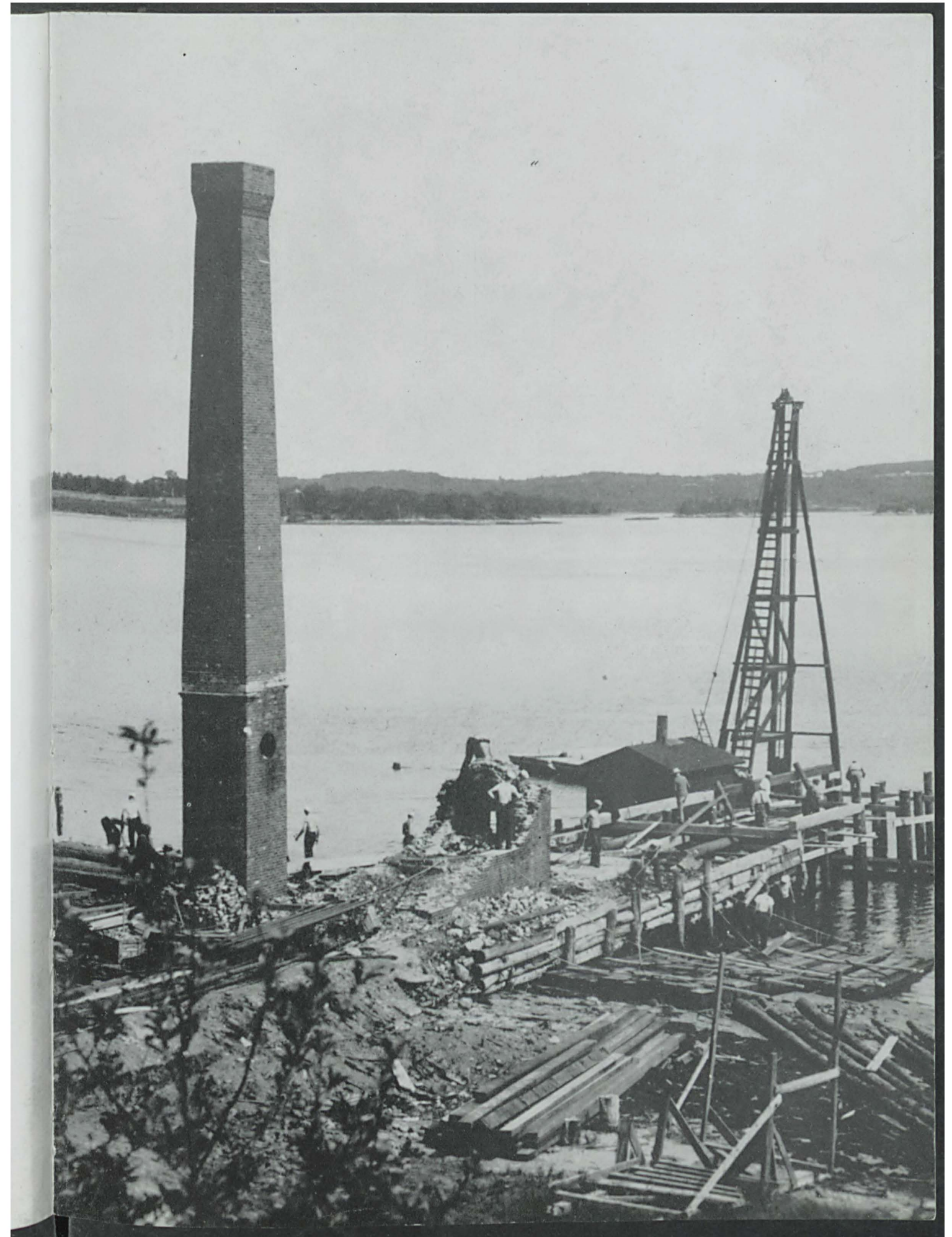
Section E-2

Not Present: F. Greaney, L. Huller, R. Tully, D. Vacca
 Third Row: W. Wright, H. Peterson, R. Schlobohm, A. Ambler
 Second Row: W. Stroud, E. Paulsen, D. Flagg, E. Kidder, N. Jabar, D. Williams, J. Paradis
 Front Row: J. Clayton, B. Hopkins, D. Owler, R. Rowe, R. Ellis, J. Bernard, J. Whelan, G. Robbins



Section E-41

Not Present: H. McMinn, C. Olsen
 Third Row: R. Linnell, R. Pouliot, G. Marriner, C. Tolford, R. Murphy, D. Seigny
 Second Row: W. Sprague, R. McLaughlin, K. McHenry, J. Sawyer, B. Morrison, J. McCarthy, J. Spooner
 Front Row: E. Munro, R. Krouse, D. Lindsey, D. McKay, R. Conavan, J. Wrenne

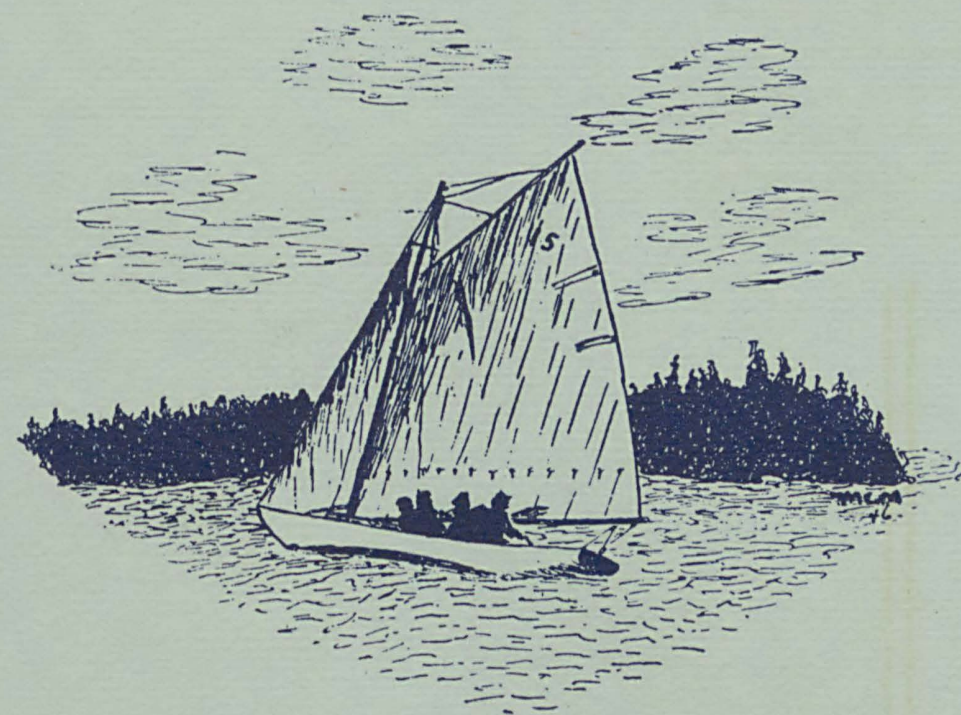




First trip on the "Yellow Hornet"
... "Yes, sir" ... Captain of the Head
... Bowditch and Dwyer ... Manual of
arms ... upperclassman's lounge ...
the machine shop and the swimming
pool ... chow call and mail call ... more
Bowditch and Dwyer ... graduation,
that ticket and commission.

CLASS

HISTORY





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.

Genesis



"to uphold and defend. . ."

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.

Lowest of



Coke detail

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,

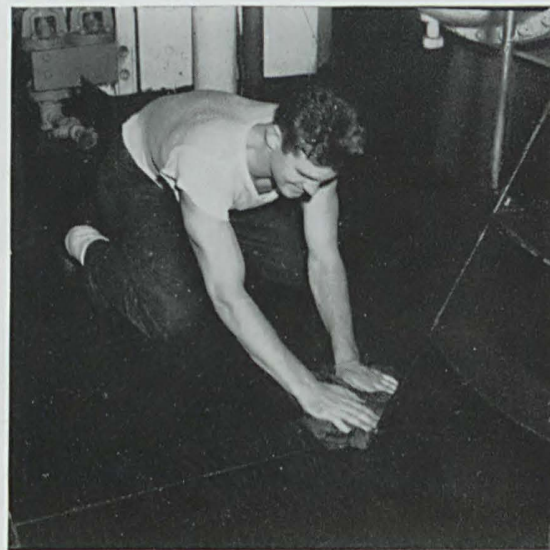
many good times, seemed to leave us with more to look back on with a remembering chuckle and a reminiscent grin.

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

They look harmless . . .



Deck plate special



the Low

of swab and kiwi, the boat drills, the bilges, "all underclassmen to the after 'well deck,' buckets and scogie, the nutting sessions," the squared hats and 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 comradeship; 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.

No personal favors



All the clean jobs



No upperclassmen in sight

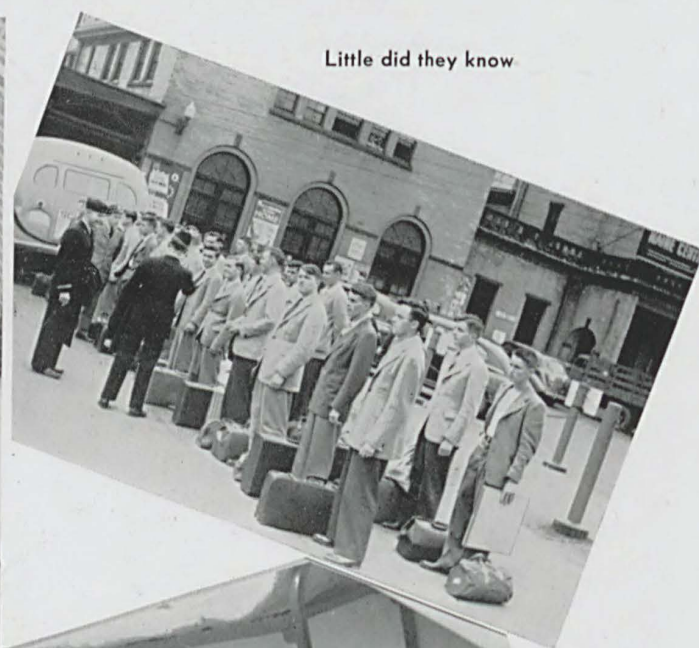
And the Worm Turned

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 upper-class," 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 upper-classmen'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



Practice lesson in knots

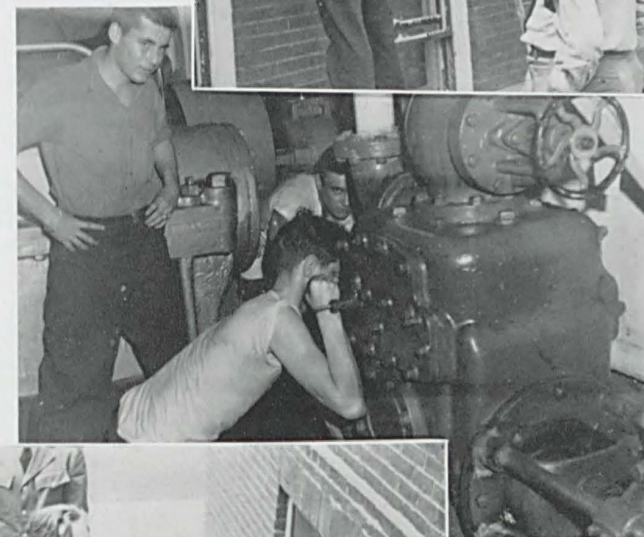


Little did they know



Inspection (!!) upperclass style

Fourteen-letter men



"The Revenge of Bilge Tully"

"Square it!"

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

"Bose" directs at the pool



Rodgers' Rangers on their landing barge



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

At least the bulldozer worked



Cummings practicing supervising



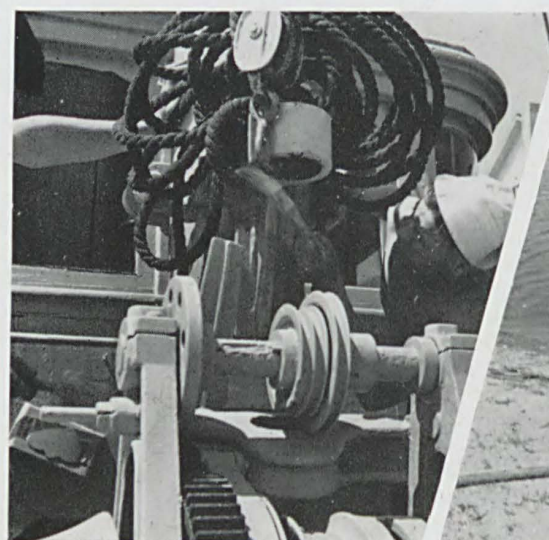


courts, erected a new backstop to replace the antique affair that had more gaps than wire, and got the Fort "in condition" for football are instances worth honorable mention.

But the tasks that topped them all were the swimming pool campaign, the battle of the machine shop, and the unequalled concentration of forces to prepare the Academy for graduation. Readyng 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 wheel-barrows, 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



Two "chiefs"



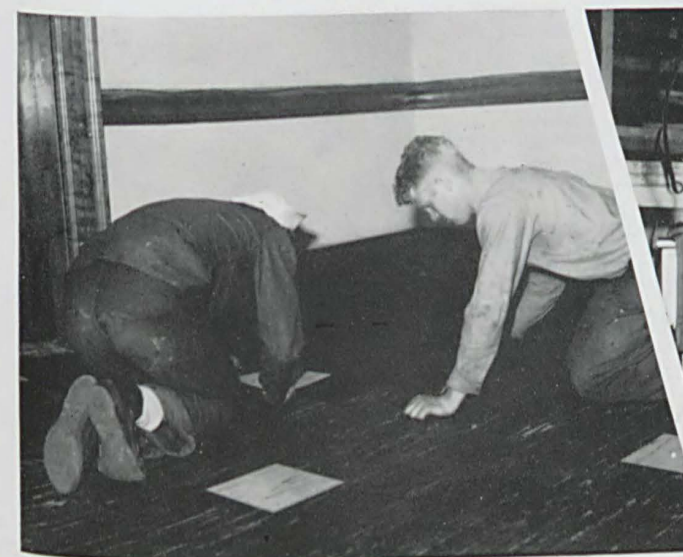
known to the boys romantically as "Rodgers' Rangers," came into existence, the swimming pool brought it into full glory.

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.

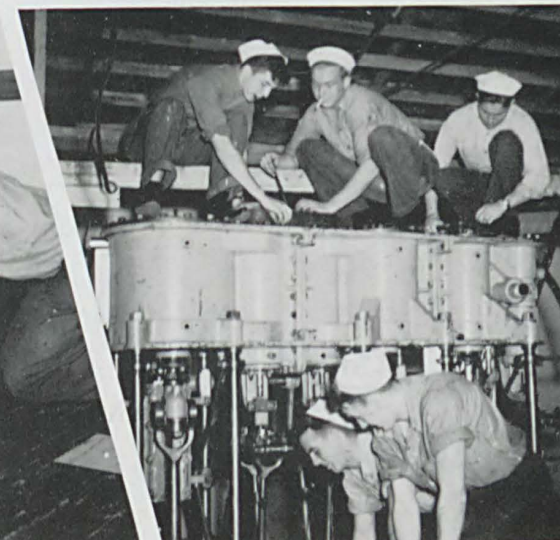
Getting the Academy set for Graduation was a triumph in the field in which we seemed to specialize above nearly all others. It was a monster, large-scale Field Day, as all the buildings had their faces lifted. Men turned to in the auditorium of Dismukes Hall to apply from precarious perches on high ladders new coats of paint,



"Your tile is my tile"



The new machine shop added new details





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 swabbings, 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

We don't believe it!



Could never fill that truck!



Didn't know they piled it that high

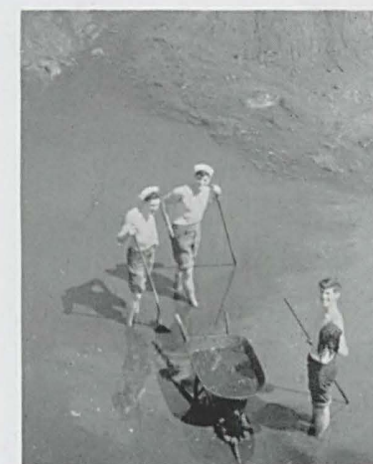


The Marauders doing deckmen's work, too.



onto it. Six-foot ditches for the cement forms came first, with the shovelers 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!

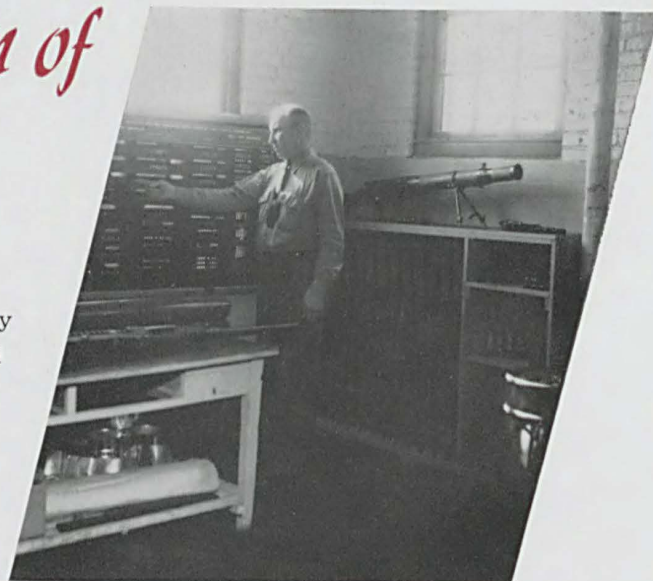


The Realm of

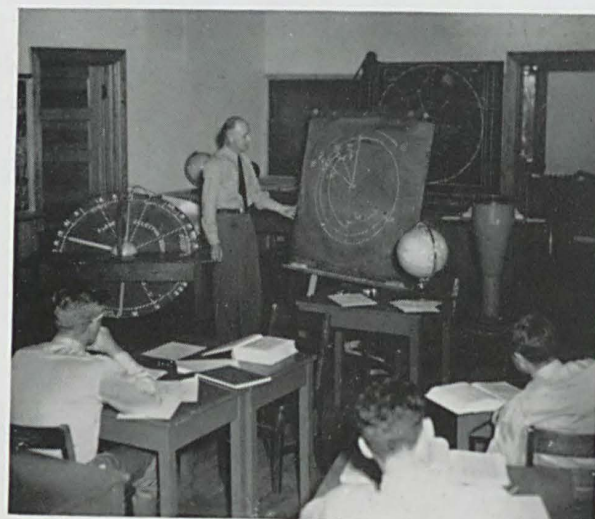
The primary function of the Academy is to produce qualified officers, and here figured in the realm of higher learning—sixteen months of theoretical training, of Bowditch and Dwyer, of Diesels and seamanship, of Cargo Stowage and Naval Science, of Rules and Regulations, of the salty bearing and the seaman's 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,



The powder charge is seated here

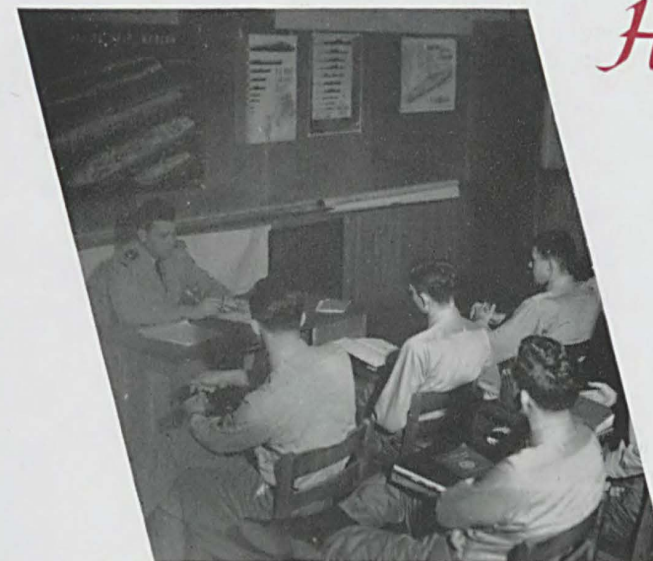


"Longitude west . . ."



Mr. Kilby on refrigeration

Higher Learning



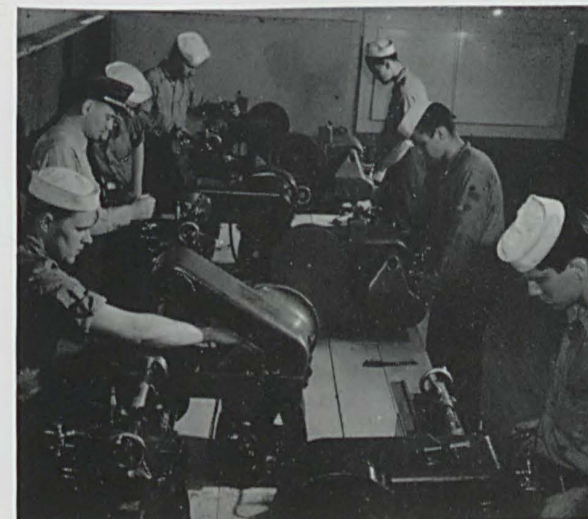
Orientation with a Southern accent

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, Rateau: 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



Where does the orange juice come out?



We prepared holds for cargo

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 grewed."

Under this unassuming title of Auxiliary Machinery was taught everything that makes a vessel



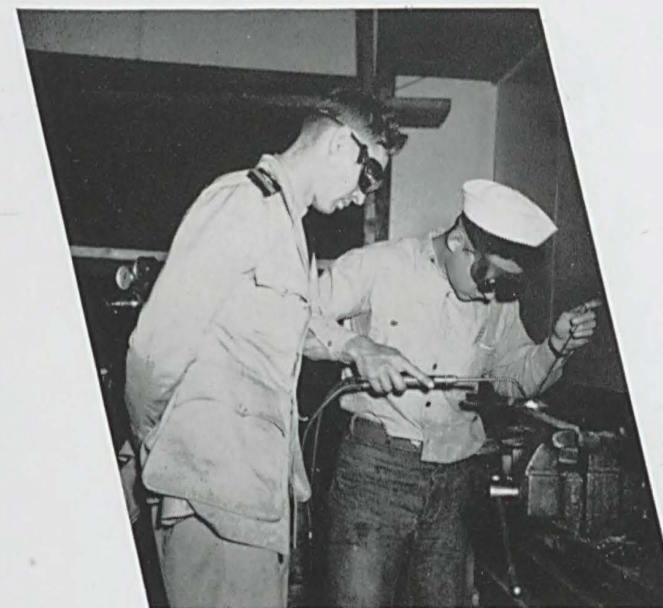
A little friendly advice



Bose watches a long splice



Ski on the 20 mm.



Welding done cheap

"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—instruments, compass

error, bearings, chart work. From there Mr. Tumey 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



Flag hoists were only part of Communications



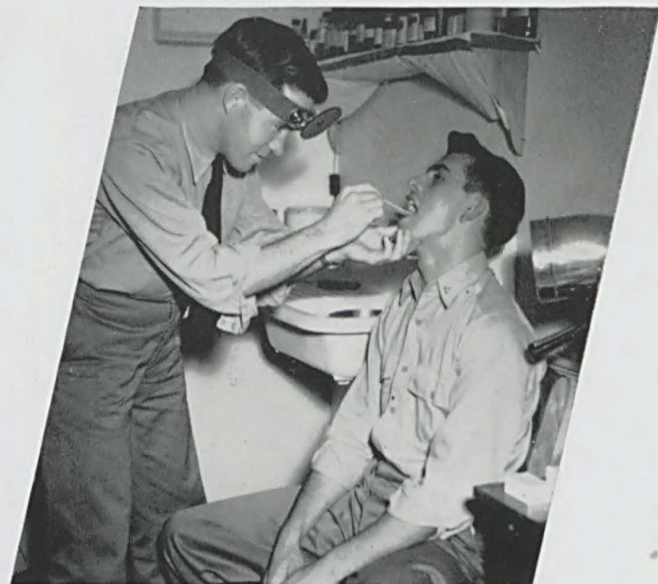
General Quarters!

ground tackle, breaking stresses and safe working leads, ship's gear, breeches buoys, rigging.

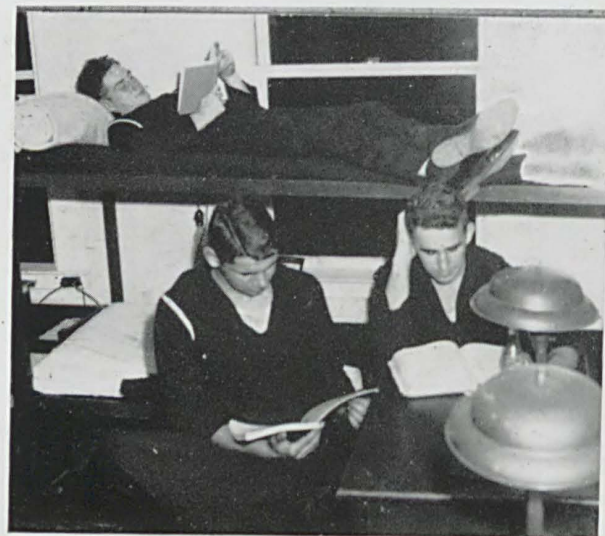
The mysteries of the maneuvering board and the intricacies of tactics were unravelled in Naval Science as the months rolled along. Chief Ski stood by with hawk-like eye after a colorful demonstration on the disassembling of the 20 mm. and the Springfield. Imaginary GQ's were sounded on the 3" 50, and 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-landing 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."

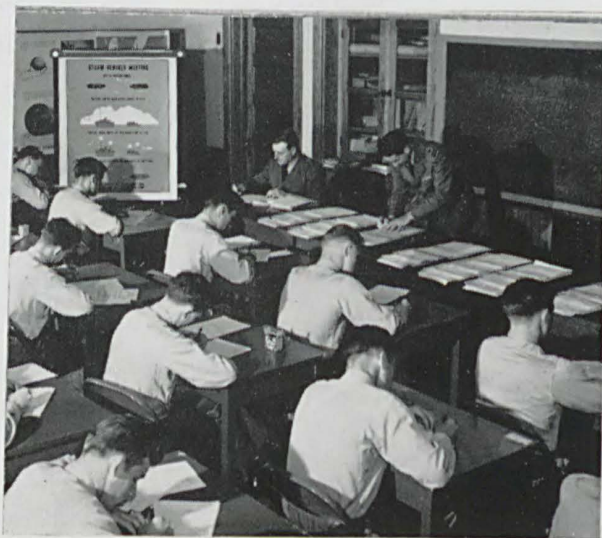
Ship's Business, carrier history and organization, documentation, and Admiralty Law were all wrapped into one subject; Shipping Economics. Here both deckman and engineer found themselves sur-



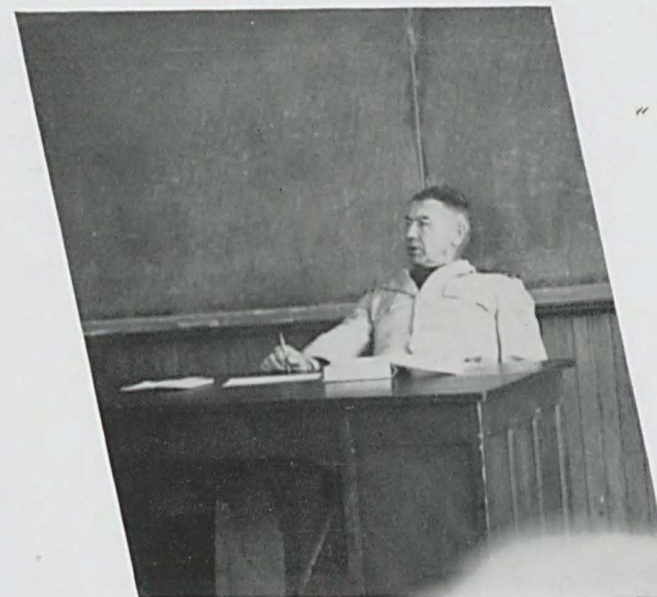
Practical side of Ship's Hygiene



The midnight oil burned brightly . . .



As our Mate's exams loomed closer . . .



"It's all in fun"

rounded 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 Dismukes Hall, figures scattered across the campus with semaphore flags 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.



And G-Day was in view



"Put that piece of paper in my hand"

"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. Indoctrinated 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, guttural cries of "By the right flank," "To the rear," and "Left oblique," were sent echoing across the campus, each followed by a hoarser, more guttural "'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



"— and fall in
in front of the gym"

The Springfield dropped
the decimal point



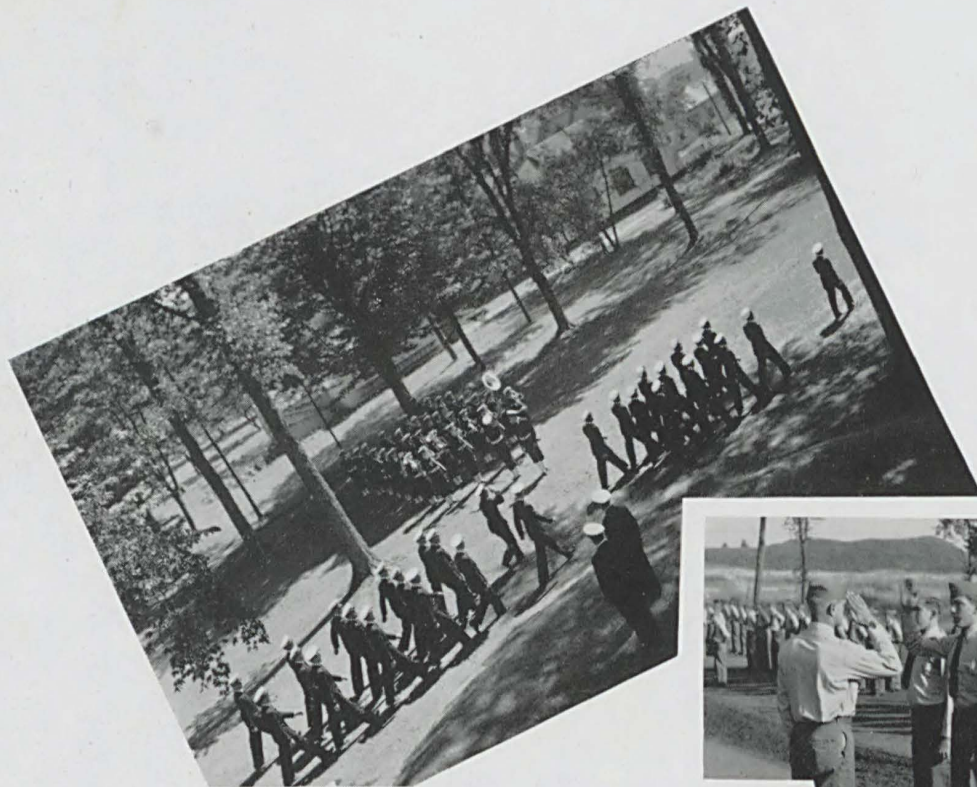
first exercise, compelling completion of all fifteen of them without a flaw. (After three or four cycles of this routine, the 9.67 pound Springfield dropped the decimal point.) So, just when everyone thought this would be the last cycle, some middie doping off would "up" when all others were "down." 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

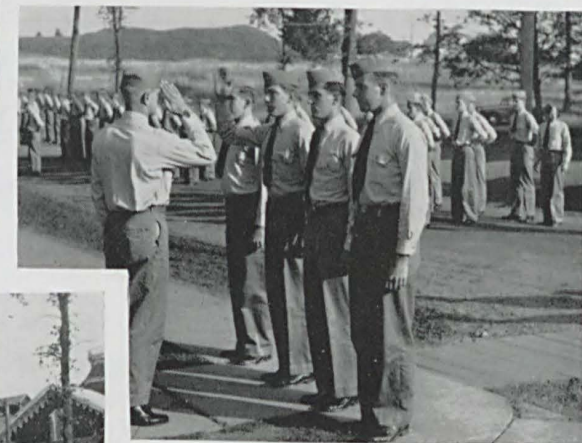
"Ski" has been retired now, but his guidance, discipline, and moral influence shall always be with us. We of the midshipman corps might say in recognition of his job well done: "That's nice!"



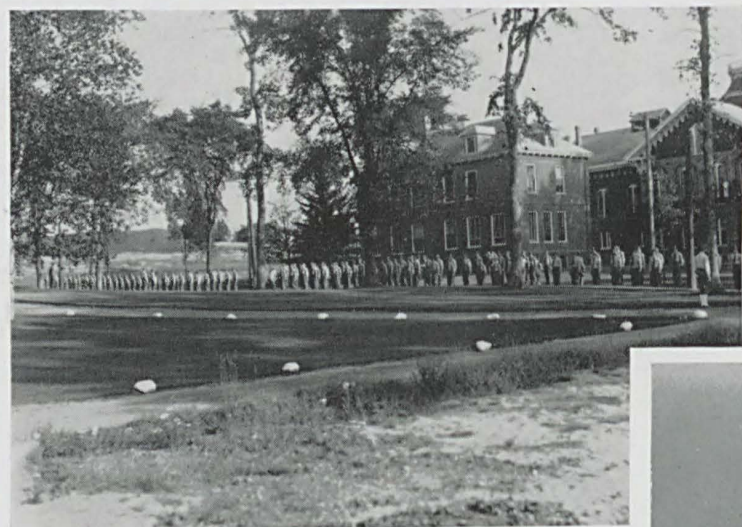
"You look like 'something'
in a fog!"



Pass in Review



"All present or accounted for, Sir"



0750

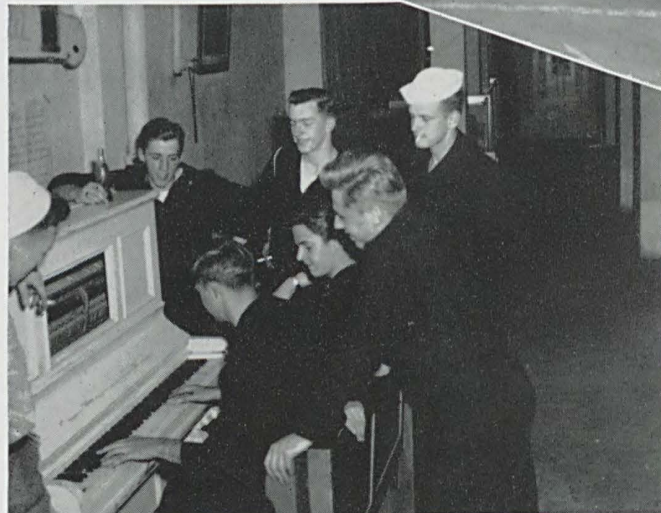
Morning Colors



Time



After chow



"Gub" beats it out
Some walked off the field

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

Out



Clayton cuts 'em

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?



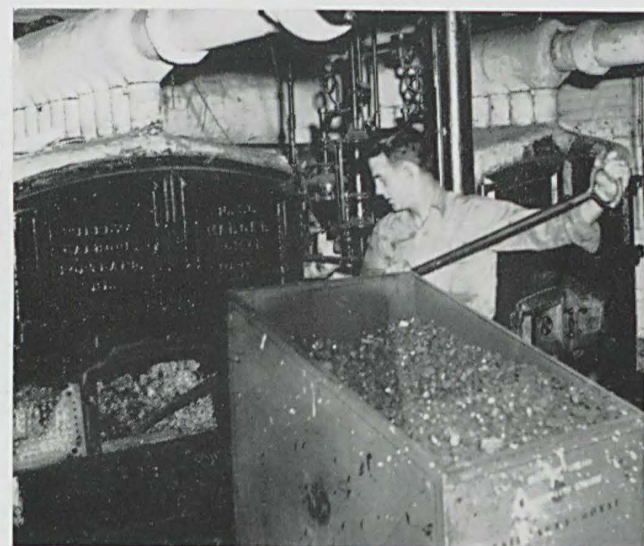
Sunday afternoon
Watch the birdie!

"Muster the Relieving Watch"



"The following men . . ."

Stoker, 1-c



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 slacked 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."

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."



Rain or shine



The Admiral's in

"Log me ashore"

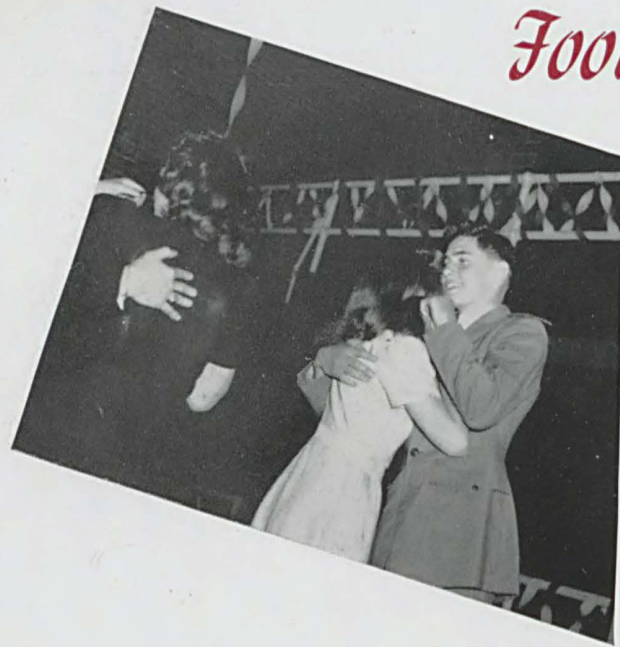


The engineers' big responsibility

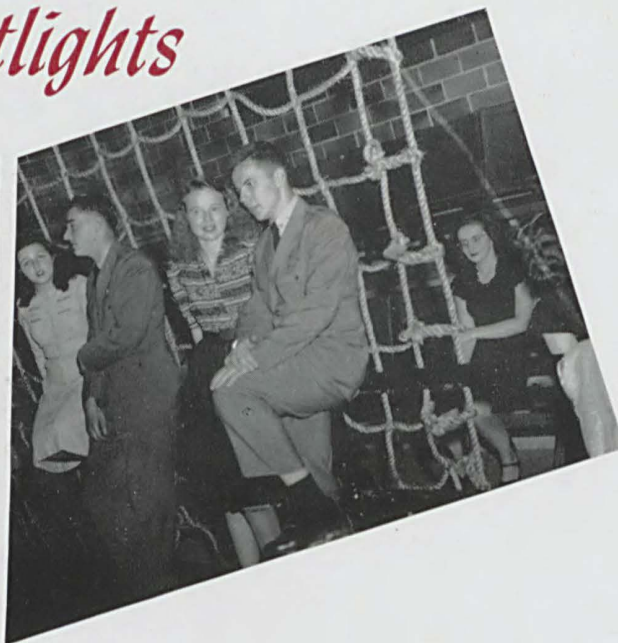
Being C.O.D. was another story. With the status of an upperclassman had come a bit of responsibility, evident in one instance in this watch, which gave us "the conn" of the whole Academy. We saw to it that Colors and Retreat were observed, that chow and cleaning stations and all the other routine activities 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 Dismukes 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—forehandedness, alertness, leadership, and common sense.

Footlights



Adams enjoys himself



A salty setting

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 Rosengarten, 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.

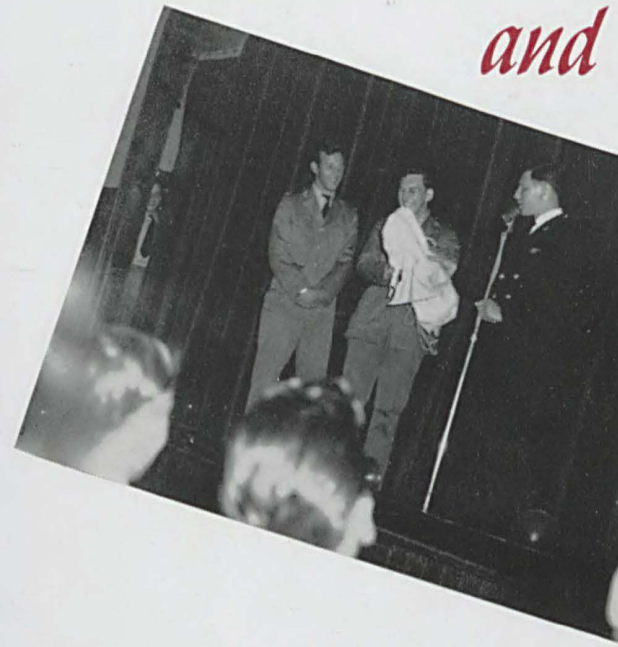


Hutchinson and Dana tune up for the pre-cruise show

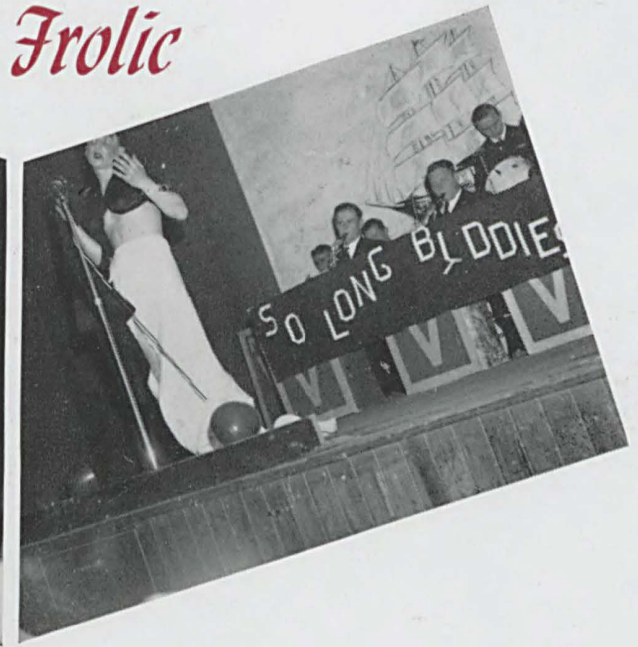


The orchestra in our mug days

and Frolic



Maisel presents tokens of our esteem



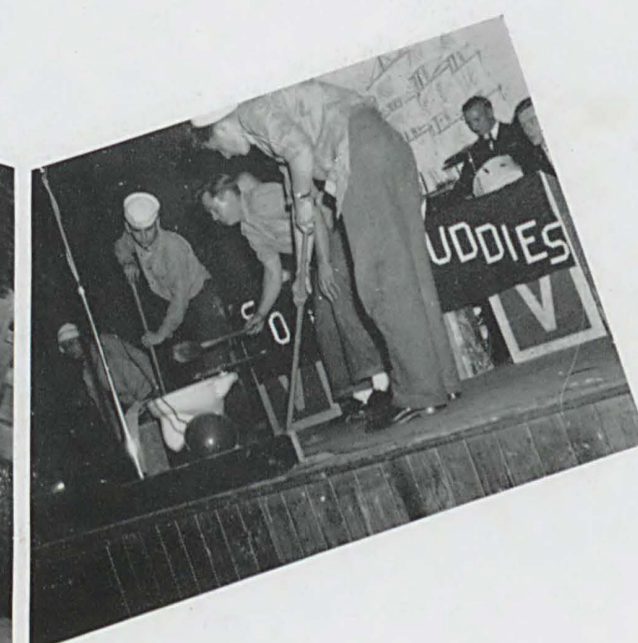
"I wanna get married"

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 "mug" 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.



The Kapers' only woman—and in distress



"We shine all the bowls . . ."

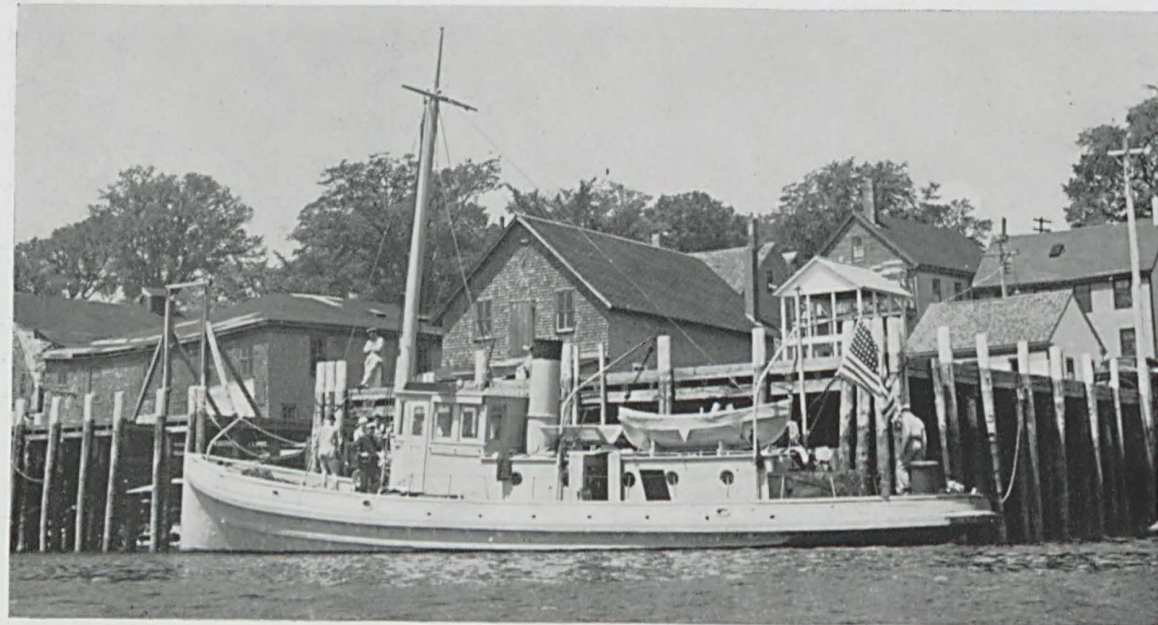
The Bay--Our Training



Our first introduction to this familiar body of water was early, in fact, we became acquainted with it a scant few days after our arrival. In our newly acquired dinghies we familiarized ourselves with ash oars, oversized blisters, and the well-known "Str-roke!" 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 abounding in the bay till the whaleboats and the cutter were hauled ashore 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 Windlock taking advantage of a spanking breeze and tacking out past the Head where the swells and white-caps of open water would guarantee a good day's sailing for any man.



and Our Pastime

But this story could not be complete without "The Gadget," for this colorful little vessel was as much a part of our twenty-two months at Maine Maritime Academy as reveille or classes or morning Colors. Formerly the L-49, an Army tug, she made her appearance as a new addition to our training shortly after our class had arrived, and was commissioned the "Pentagoet," in honor of the first home of the Academy; she promptly was awarded the lasting nicknames of the "Gadget," (courtesy of Lt. Comdr. Tumey) and the "Penguin."

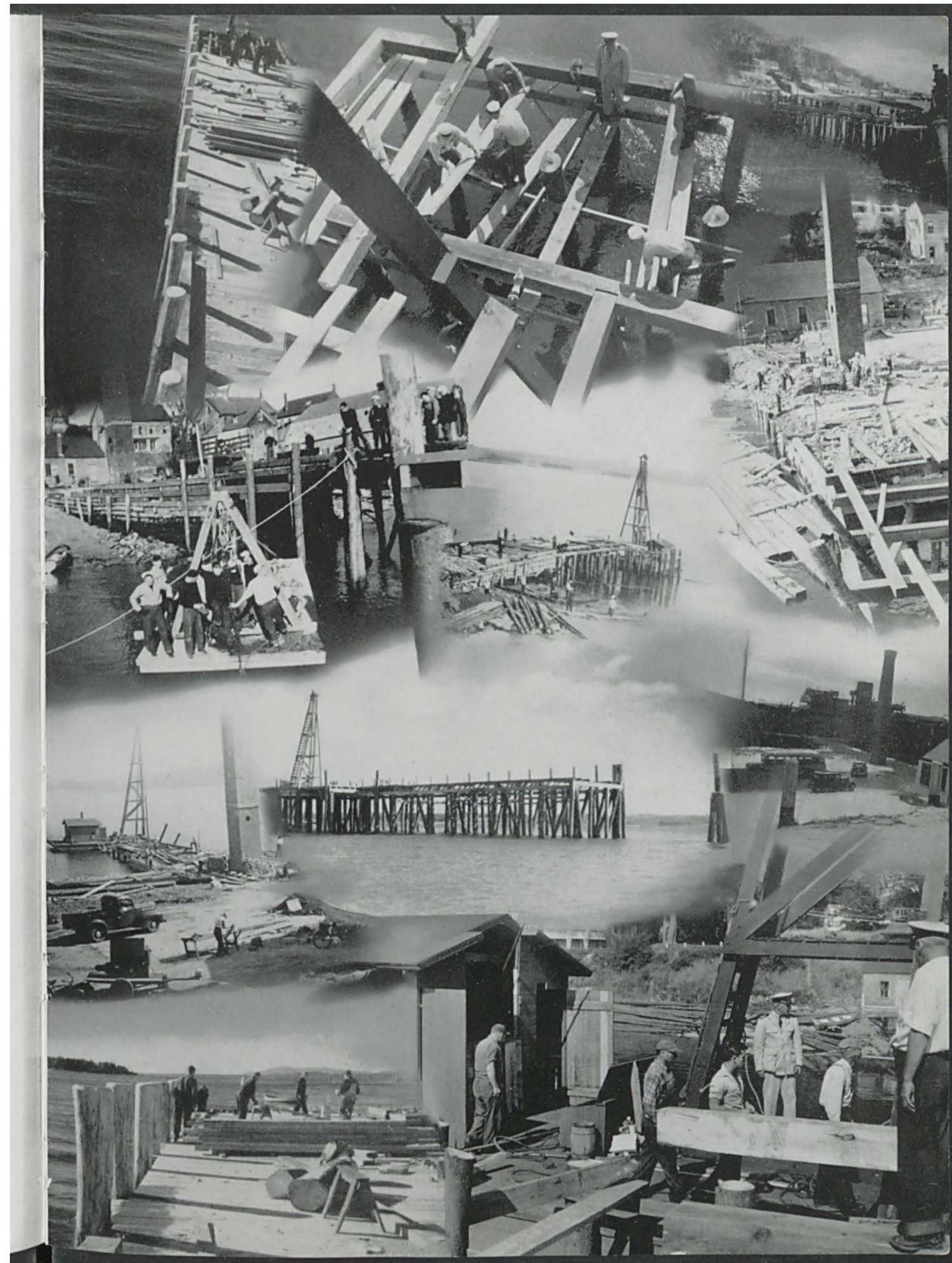
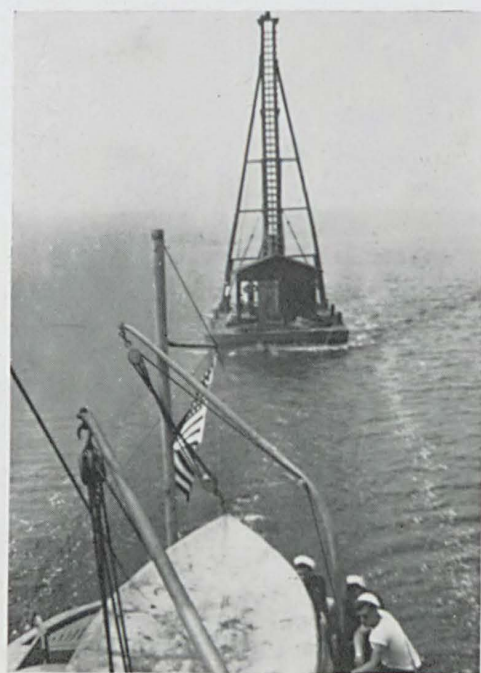
That she was invaluable was unquestionable. Mr. Tumey swore by her and by the experience in piloting, ship handling, compass work, and steering she gave the deckman. The engineers were continually learning the practical side whenever the Gadget





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."



Traffic jam on Main Street

"Put it on my bill, Ma"



On the prowl



Preview at Castine City Music Hall



Saturday night host

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.

Clip joint—four minute special



One more mile toward Florida

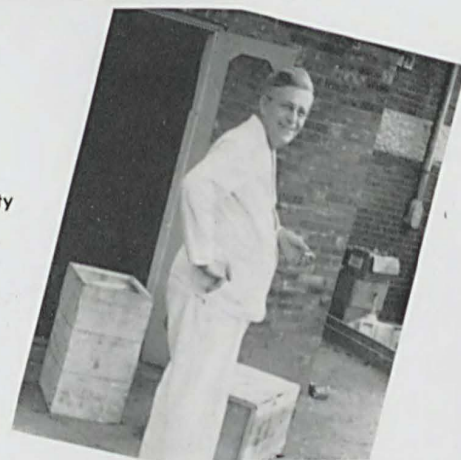
Situation Normal . . .



The pause that refreshes



The potato kings



His Majesty



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



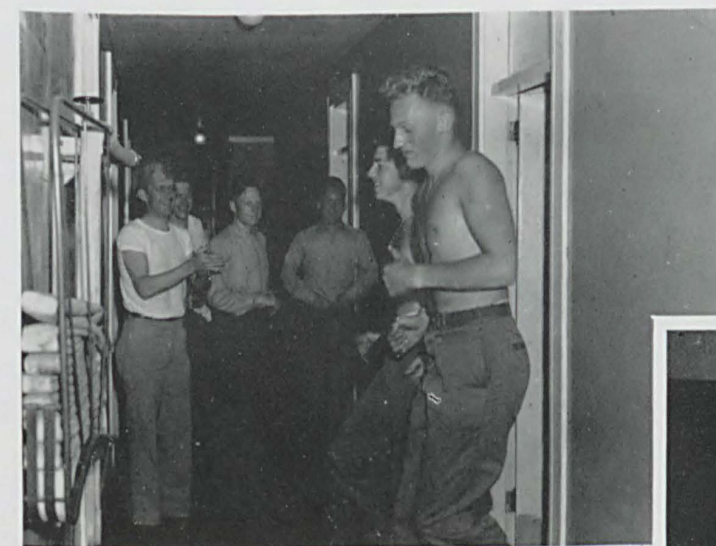
The fickle finger of fate



"Well, sir . . ."



"Hello, honey ."



Caught napping

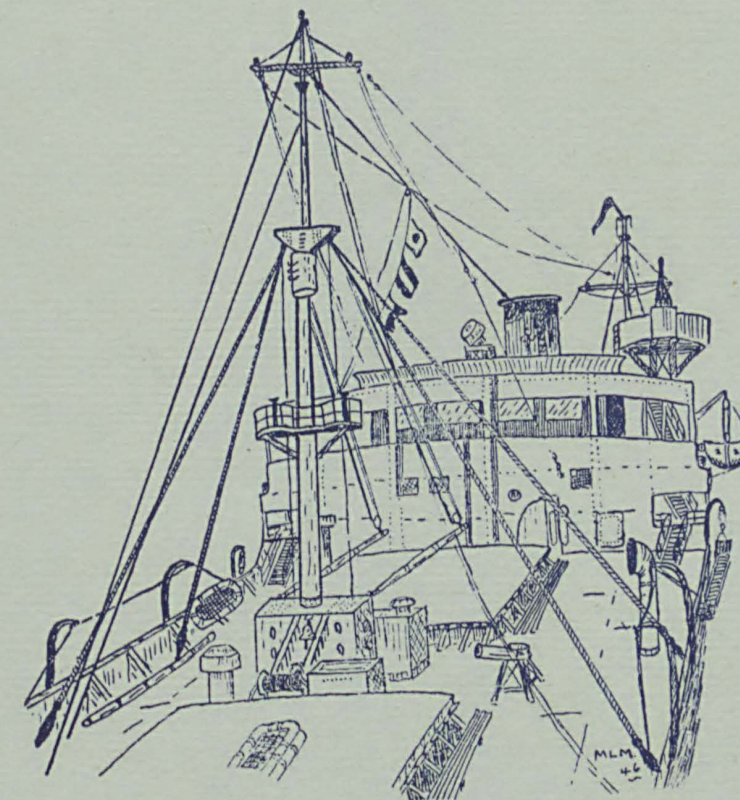


". . . and grab your socks!"

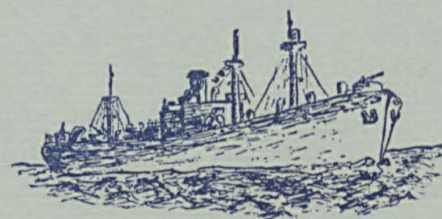


"... on the port side of the forward well-deck" . . . "Let go your anchor, Mr. Steinig" . . . "On deck, attention to Colors!" . . . "Watch 2 head the chow line" . . . "Anchor detail to the foc'sle head" . . . Those wicked four-on-four-off watches on the Pilot . . . "On, on, on, on . . ."

T H E

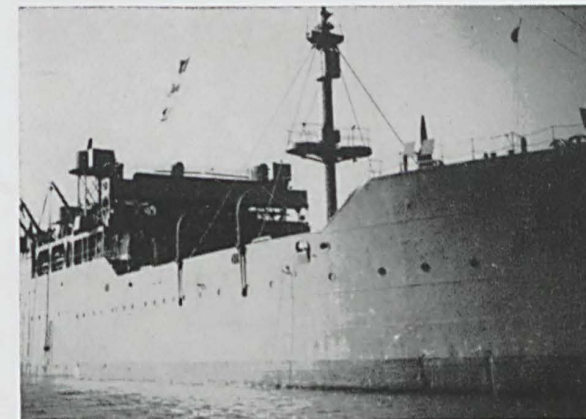


C R U I S E



Six months of our twenty-two were set aside for cruises to put a bonafide 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.

U.S.M.S. T.S. American Pilot



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 USM-STS 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

Bose officiates at the canteen



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.



The forward well deck



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.

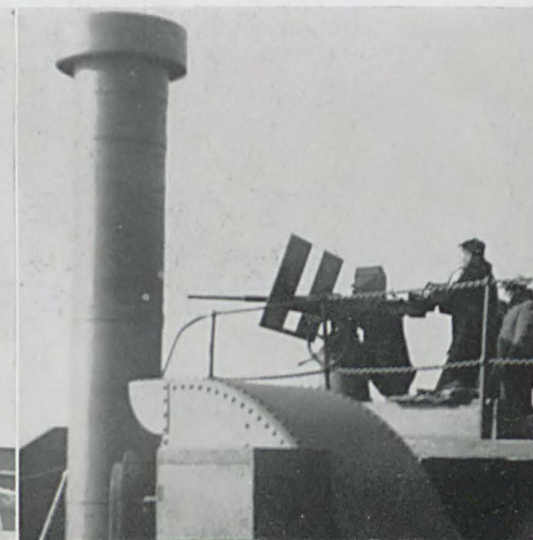
In the small hours of the morning we anchored in the stream South of the Battery, and waited for sunrise, when we proceeded to the drydock in Brooklyn.

We watched the ship go into drydock, and had a good chance to observe

The fender goes over the side



Gunnery practice



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.

Anchor detail to the forecastle

Dungarees were whiter than the sacks



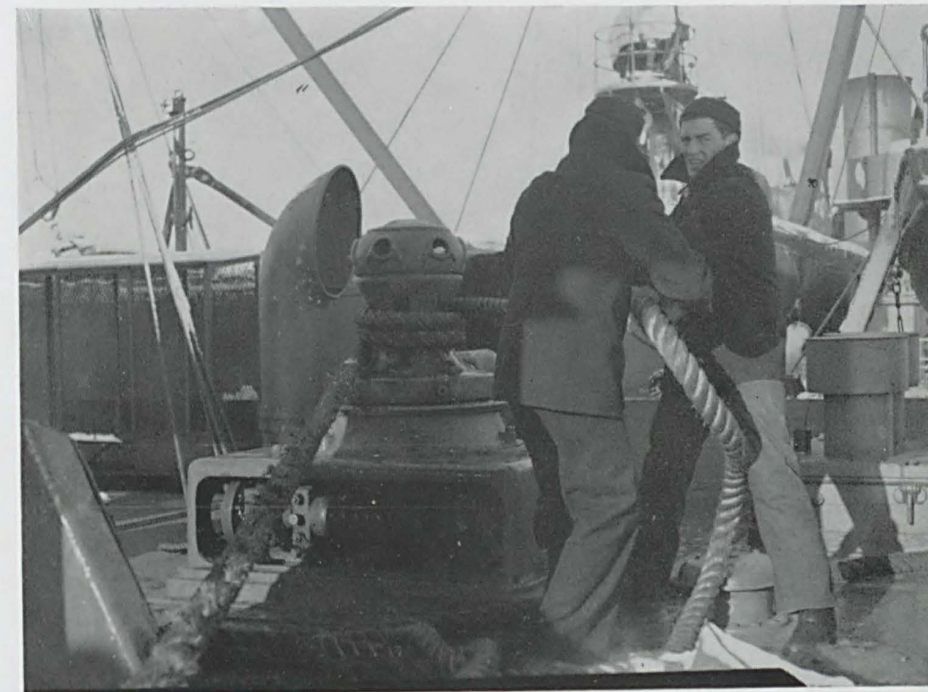
Company in the Sound



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.

Put another turn around



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. . . ."

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?

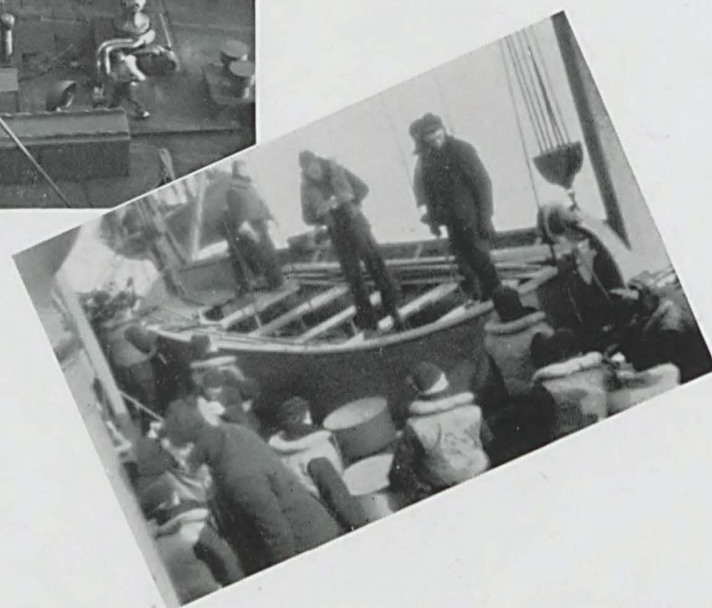
The feverish "Eighty-six"es half heard and half responded to in a dark hold after a tiresome twelve to four?

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?

"Bose" 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



The poop



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.



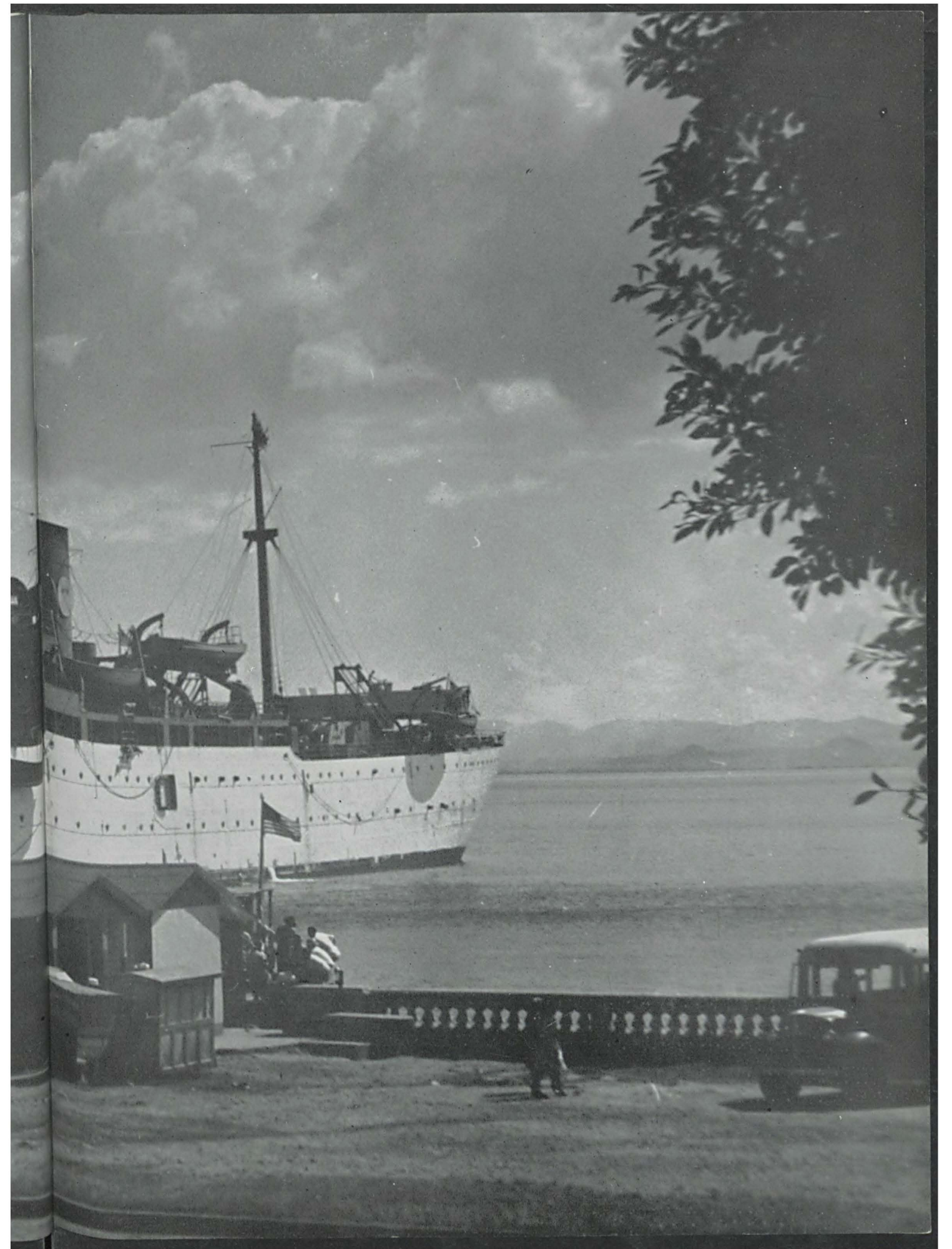
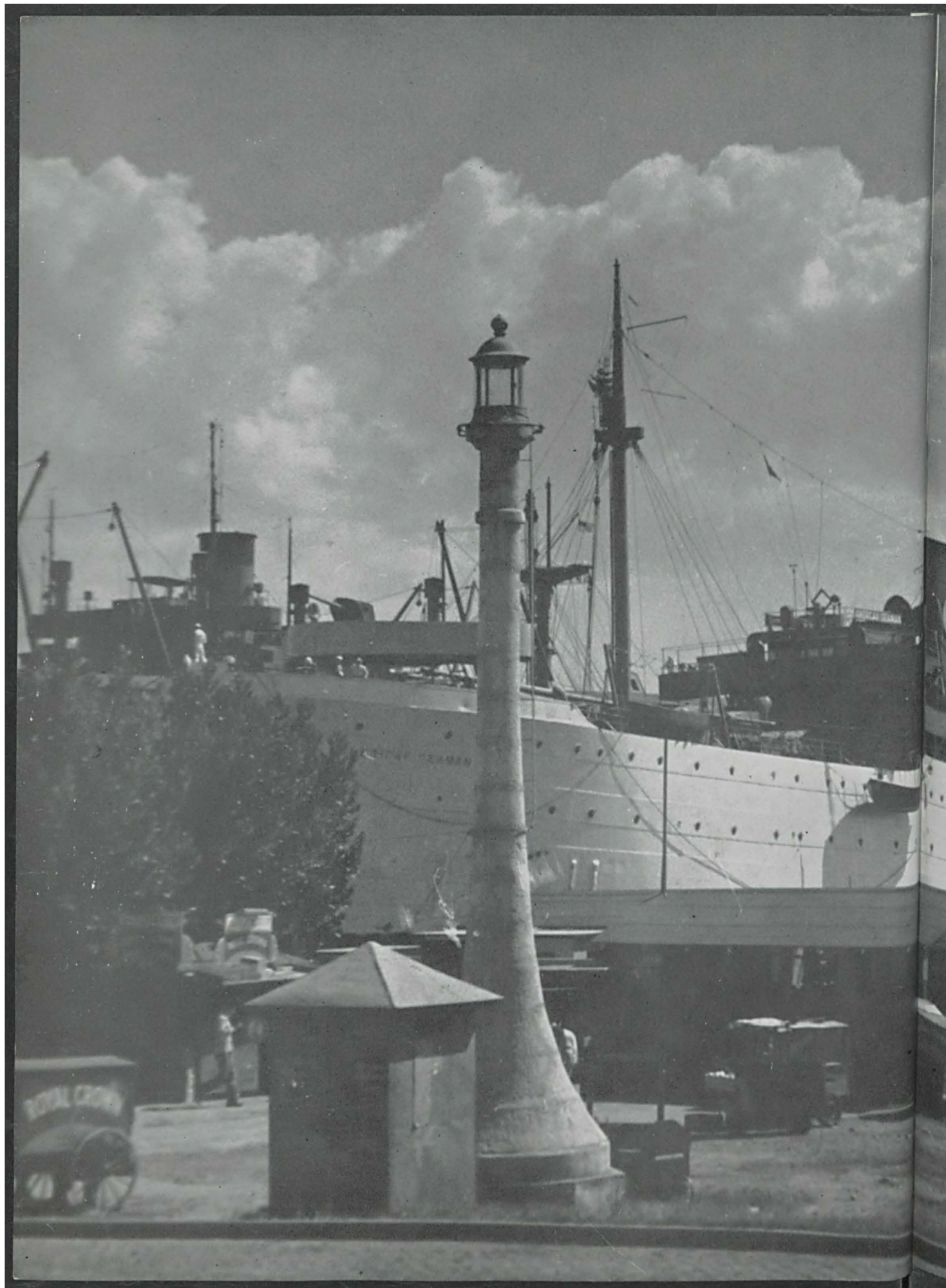
The swashbuckling crew of No. 4



Down the cargo net



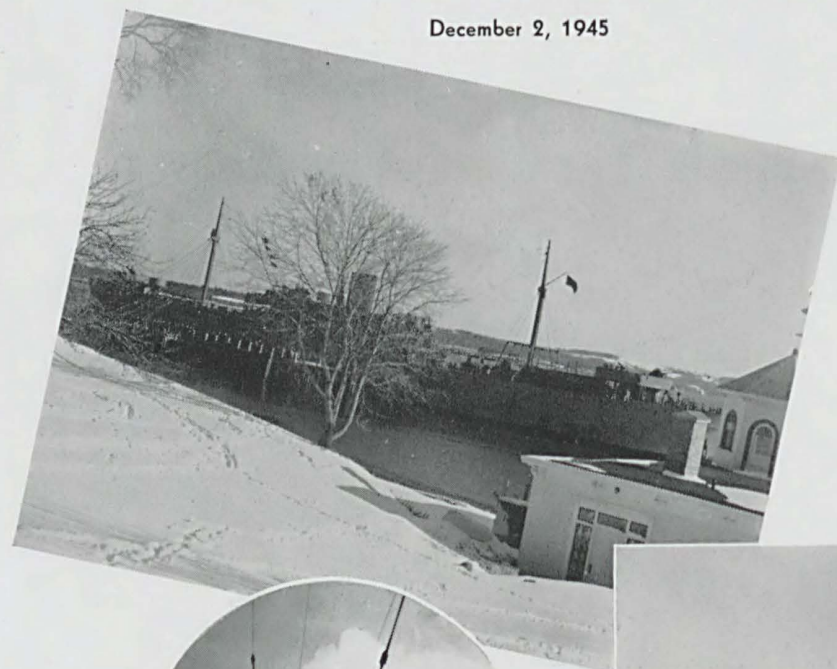
The Lyle gun takes over



U.S.M.S.T.S. American Seaman

The following pages are excerpts from the letters of one Joe K. Dett, Midshipman, MMR, USNR, written during our three months in South Atlantic and Caribbean waters. Perhaps they will serve as a brief chronicle of our Senior cruise and suffice to bring to mind our own personal recollections of life aboard the USMSTS American Seaman.

December 2, 1945



Port of Embarkation



December 4

Dear Folks,

Well, we're off! We're two days out of Castine now and it sure feels good! Not that the old place was wearing 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 welcome sight to see her steam into view, pass the head, and ease alongside the new dock. We had been waiting for two days for her, overdue because of that hurricane she braked on the way up. It was a big day for M.M.F.

Our new ship is quite different from the old 'AP'. Not that it takes much to do that. She's built better for training purposes; each watch 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 some swell flapjacks and stewed figs. I haven't had flapjacks in such a long time... I hope we have them often for chow. You'll have to make some for me when I get home!

Love,
Joe



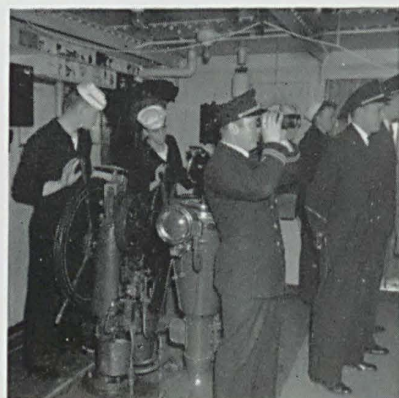


The lee rail wasn't always so peaceful

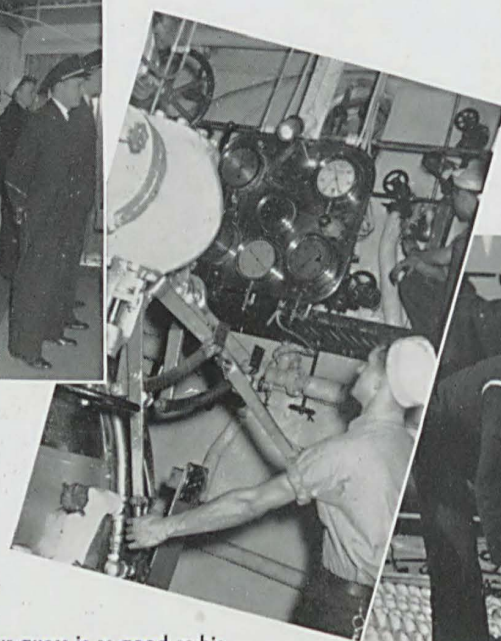
December 6

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.



Another four hours on



Your guess is as good as his

"Eyeing" a new hawser



Their chosen profession?



"Libero," dead ahead!

December 18

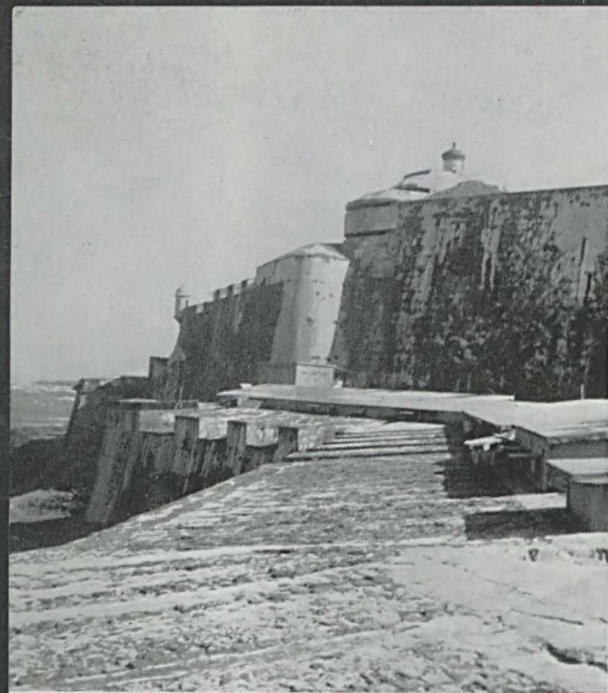
Dear folks,

On our way again after a six-day visit to Jacksonville. There was a sight-seeing 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 *Seaman* back to peacetime 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.



El Moro, guardian of San Juan

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!

It was our four days here that opened our eyes to the Propeller Club and made San Juan a great liberty town. The members took us on tours of the island, had us to dinner, gave us parties and dances in the elite country clubs and hotels of the city, made Christmas as nice as one could want it away from home . . . the officers' clubs, Escambron, Porto Rican Club, Hotel Normandie, Casa de España, the USO. Then of course there were upper-crust places like the Riviera. Yes, San Juan really showed us a great time, from every source.

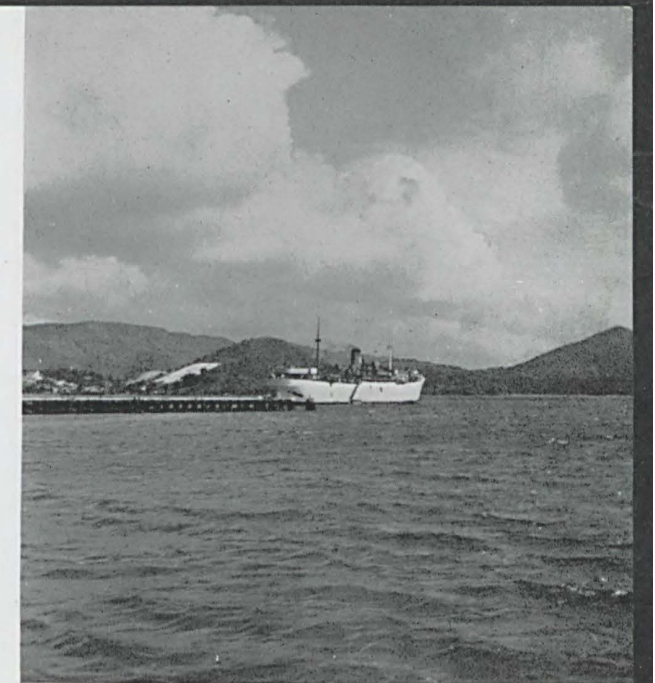
Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas



December 30

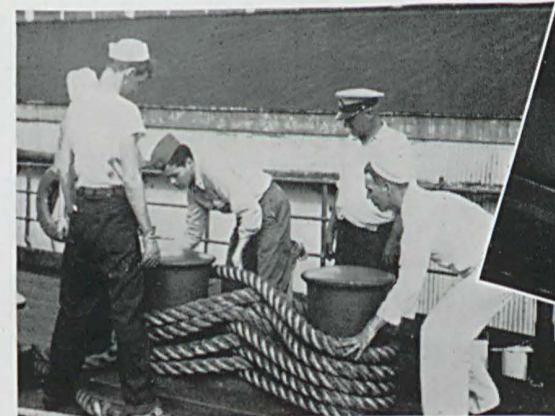
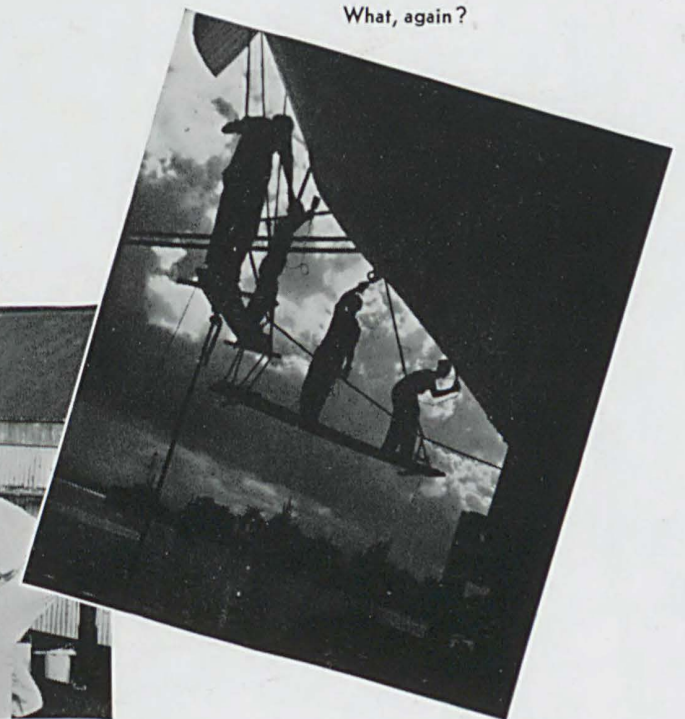
I'm getting this off in the last mail, because we're shoving off this morning. It took two days from San Juan to St. Thomas, where it ordinarily should take six or seven hours. But we went around the other way, completely around Puerto Rico, skirting the coast, and getting a lot of good piloting in at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



Anchored offshore

What, again?



Make 'er fast!



"She's on! Mark!"

January 4

Dear Folks,

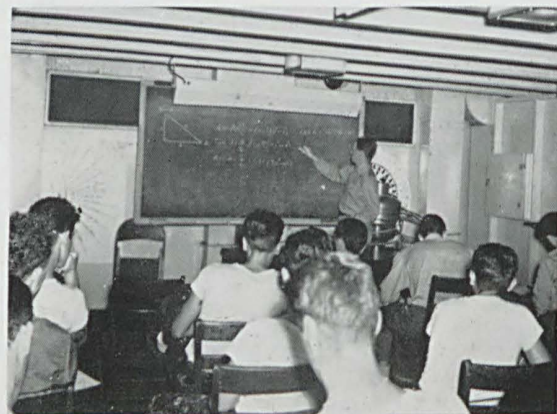
At the rate we're going, we should make a landfall early tomorrow, but I have it on reliable authority (an underclassman who knows) that we're ahead of schedule and will just head the other way for a while.

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

Range three-five-double-o, scale four-five-o . . . Lt. Colerick playing "Japonee 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.

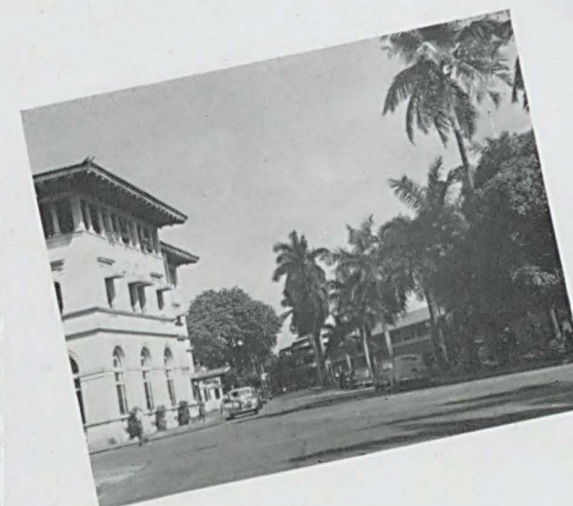
"I wanna go back . . ."



"Commence third instruction period"



Hey, on the dock!



Cristobal street scene

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!

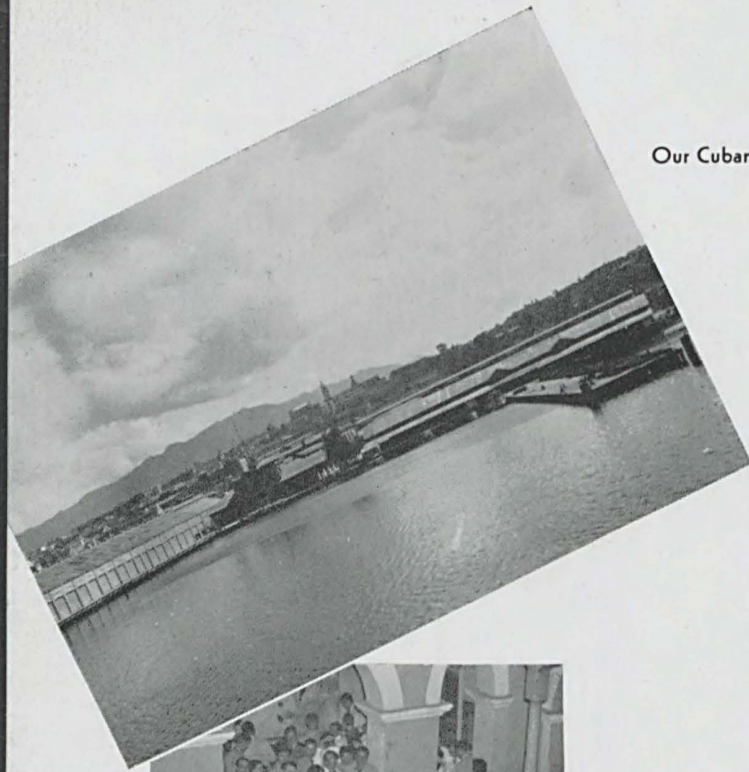
The USO here is a good one, complete with a swimming pool, but I think what we were interested in most there were milk shakes, banana splits, and steaks. So between the USO, the USS, which gave us a swell dance the night we came into port, and the Copacabana, a night club with a surprisingly good floor 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.

Looking toward Cash Street

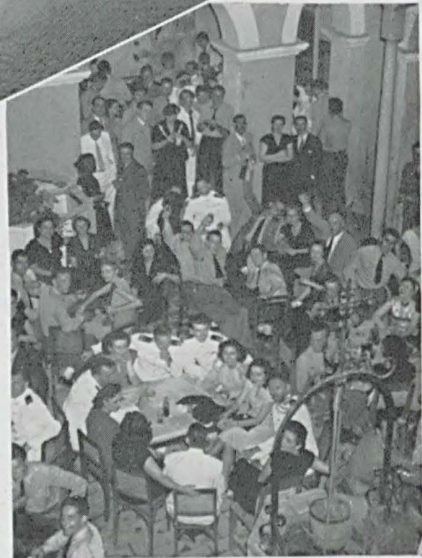


Like the travel folders





Our Cuban berth place



The Cuban Anglo-American

January 18

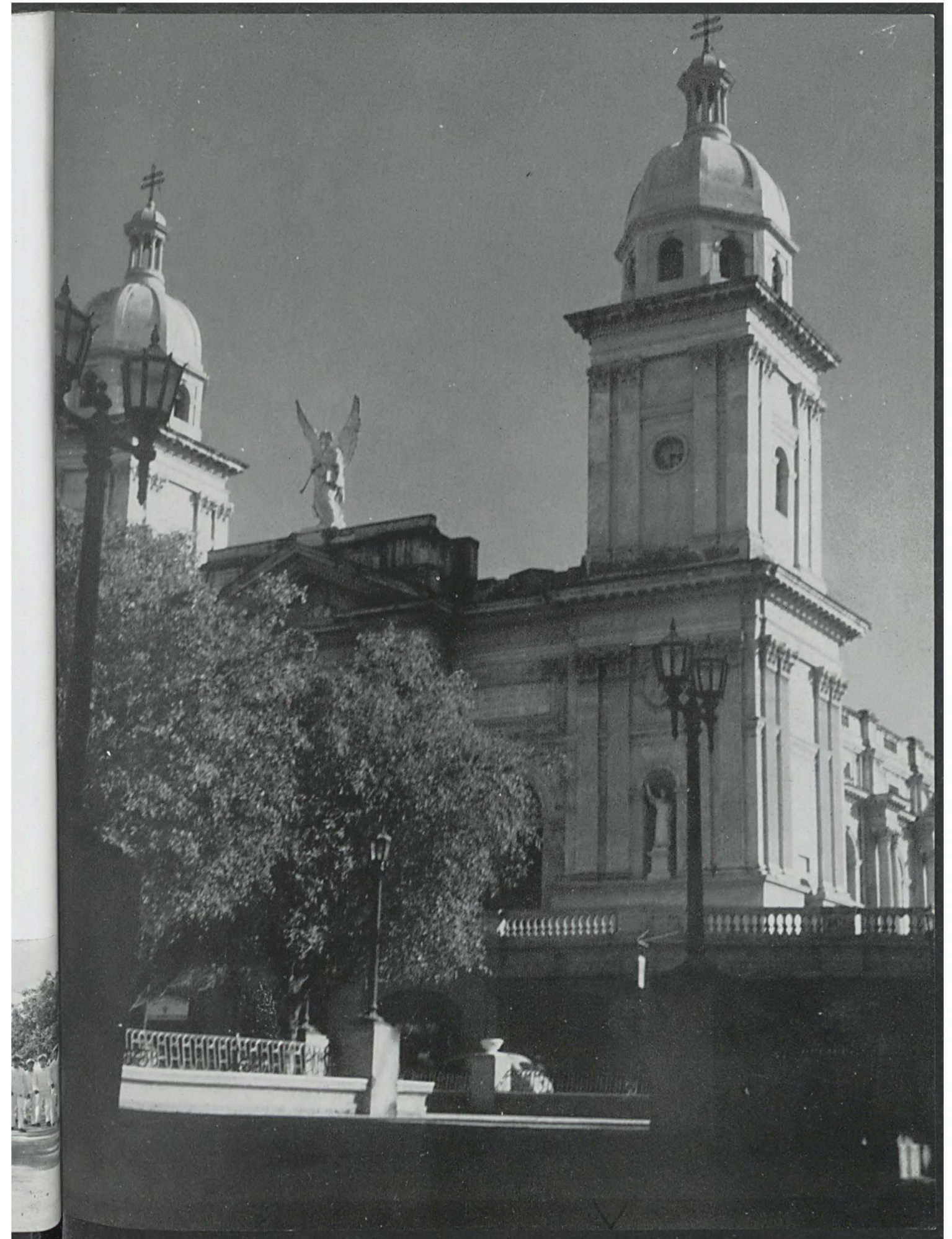
Santiago—what a place! This is the best port we've hit yet! Cuban hospitality plus . . . the Cuban Anglo-American Club, where we didn't let our lack of Spanish hinder Pan-American relations, the Propeller Club, to say nothing of Bacardi Gardens . . . open house, a luncheon . . . they really went all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

Caribbean fortress—Santiago

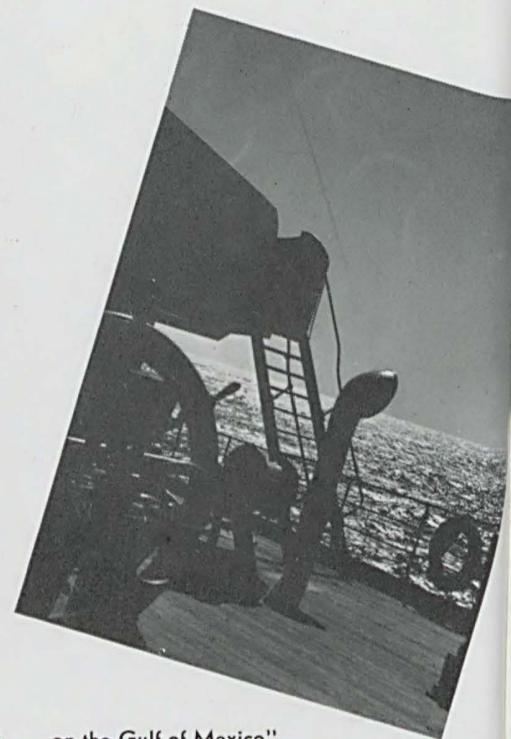


We pay tribute to Admiral Darlan

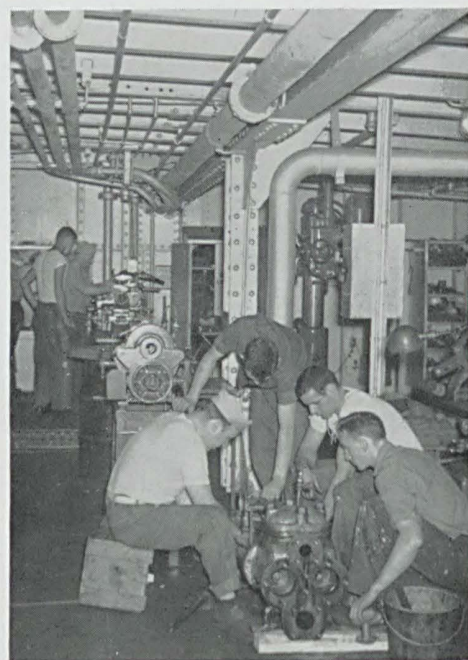




Galveston—a city of ships



"... on the Gulf of Mexico"

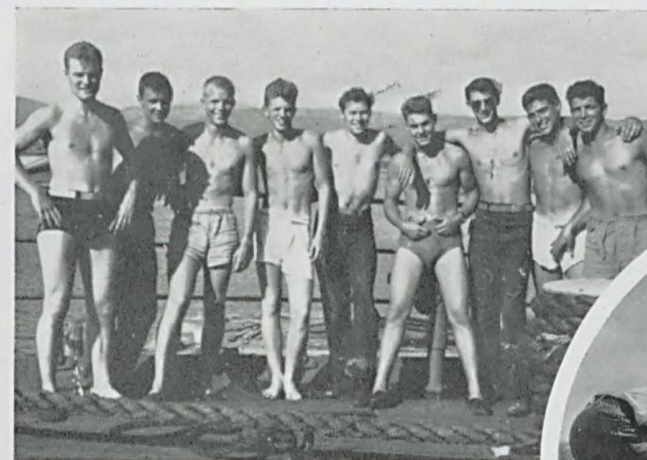


Without the books

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 han-



Ten below at home!

Tin-can gunnery



Invasion barge

dling 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?

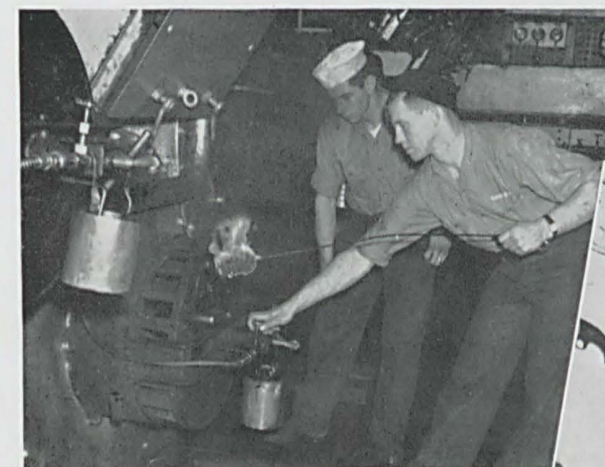
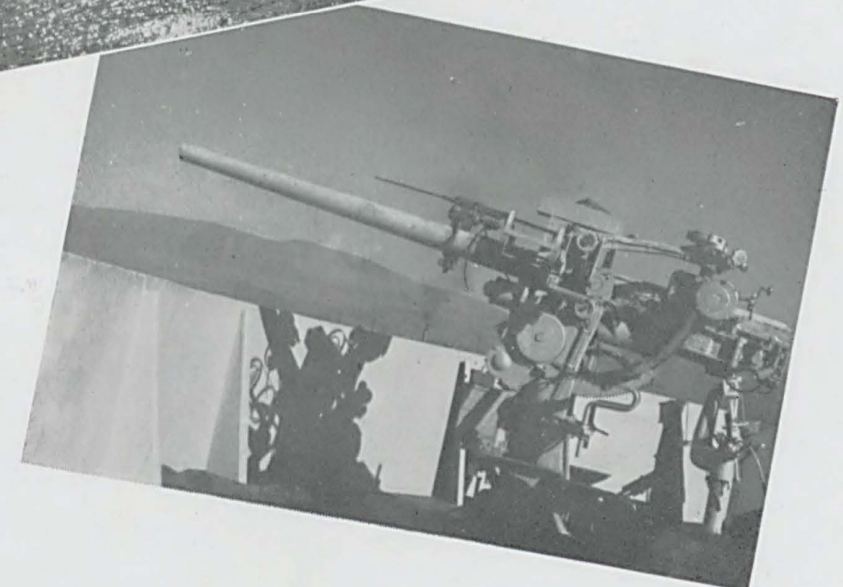
Love,

JOE



Jacksonville again

"Action in the South Atlantic"



Rare, medium, or well-done?



We blasted defenseless white caps



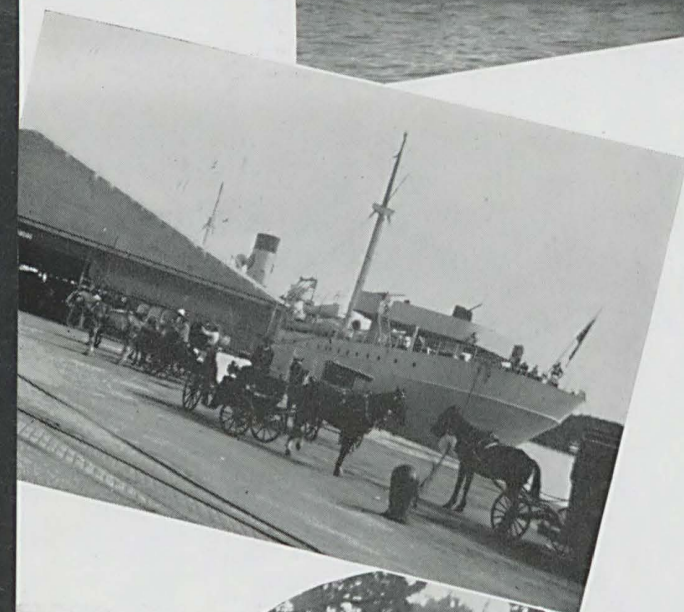
The deckmen cross first

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 hansom 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.

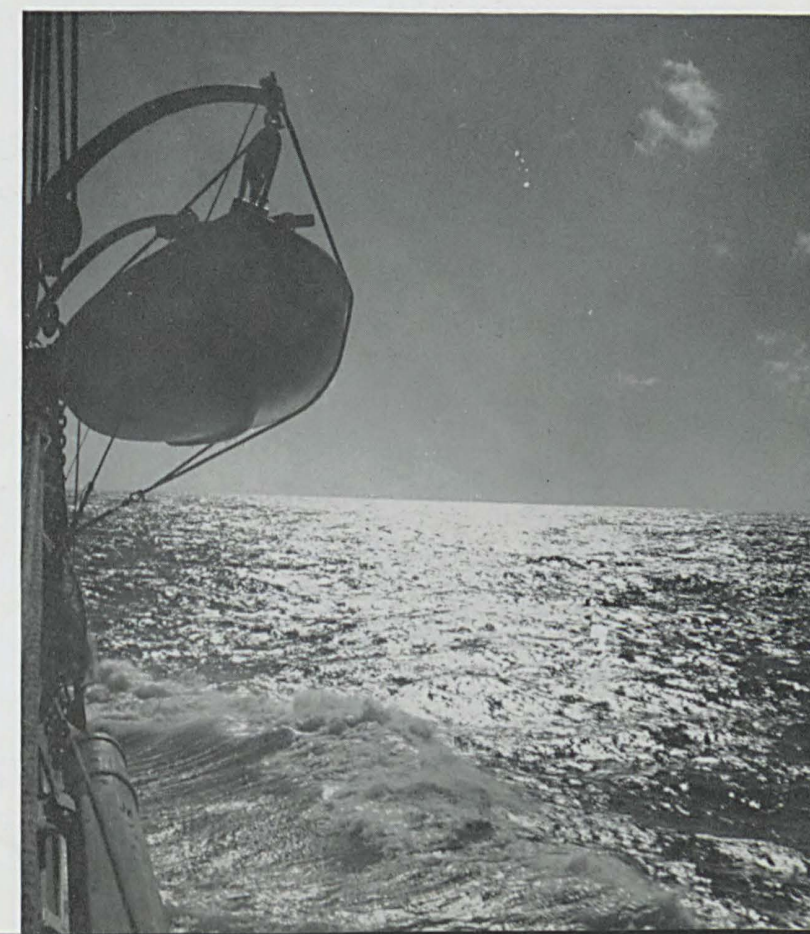
We're leaving here a day early to make certain we arrive in Portland on schedule. The captain anticipates head winds and when even the *fish* start to swim past us, it means we'll have needed the extra time. The thought of Portland and that dance at the Purpoodock sounds good, even with sub-zero weather 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

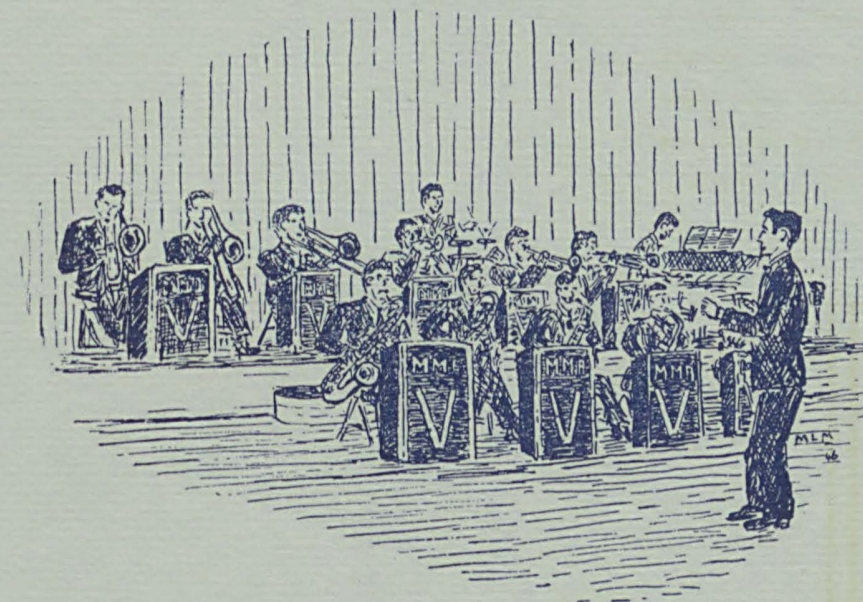
Homeward bound

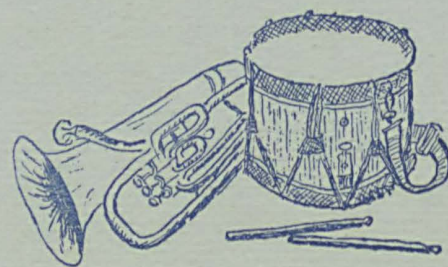




"Band, left face!" . . . make-up,
deadlines, printer's ink . . . "Johnson
Rag," the old standby . . . our student
port of the Propeller Club, and bang-up
receptions in every port . . . our ring.

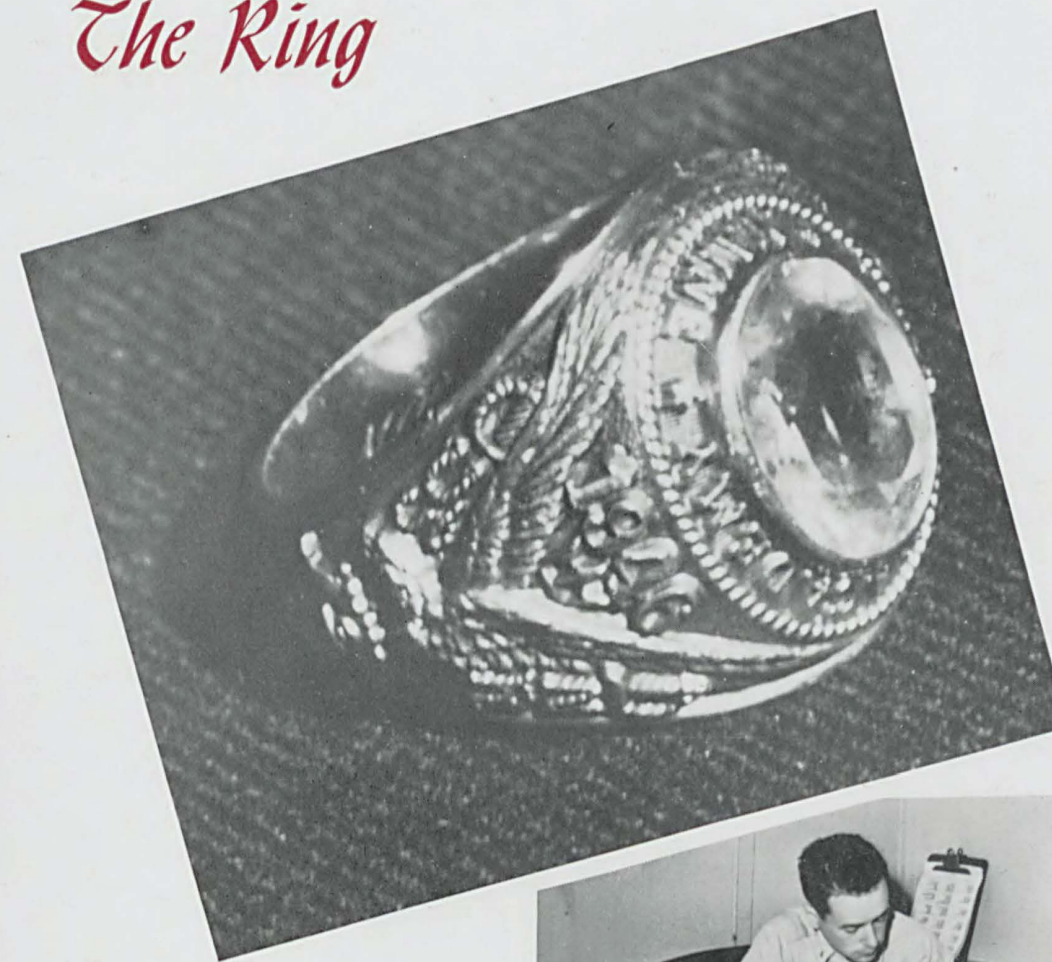
ACTIVITIES





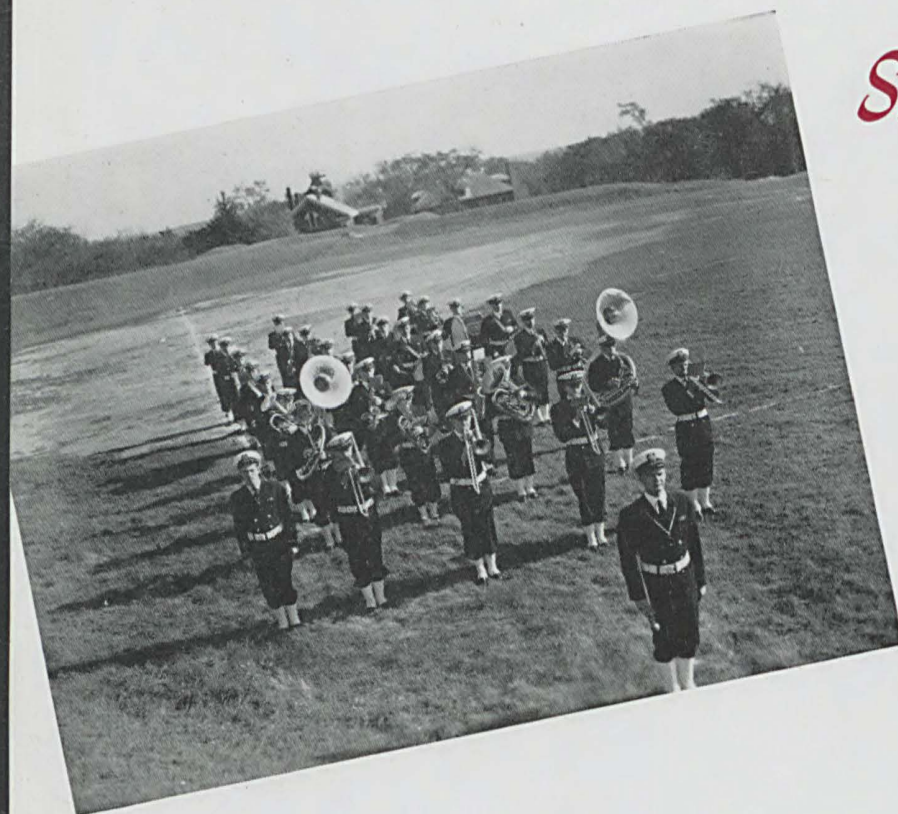
Free time was utilized for our entertainment and our benefit as we injected spirit into our musters and parades with the band, enjoyment into our dances with our orchestra. We added our bit to the editorial world, and played our part as a Propeller Club Port. Activities provided the self-satisfaction of participation and well-rounded results of the "rugged training."

The Ring



Judd Merrill our ring chairman—and committee

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.



Sharps and Flats

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 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."

Drum Major Ambler



Rockland parade



--March Tempo



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 Alto—R. Stevens. Baritone—V. Gillis, D. McKay. Cymbals—D. Lindsey

Trombone—R. Libby, B. Hopkins, J. Cyr, R. Brennan

Bass—T. Nickerson, B. Chesterton

Alto Sax—H. Roberts, K. Grover, G. Marriner, O. Ellis

Tenor Sax—H. Henderson, P. Purton

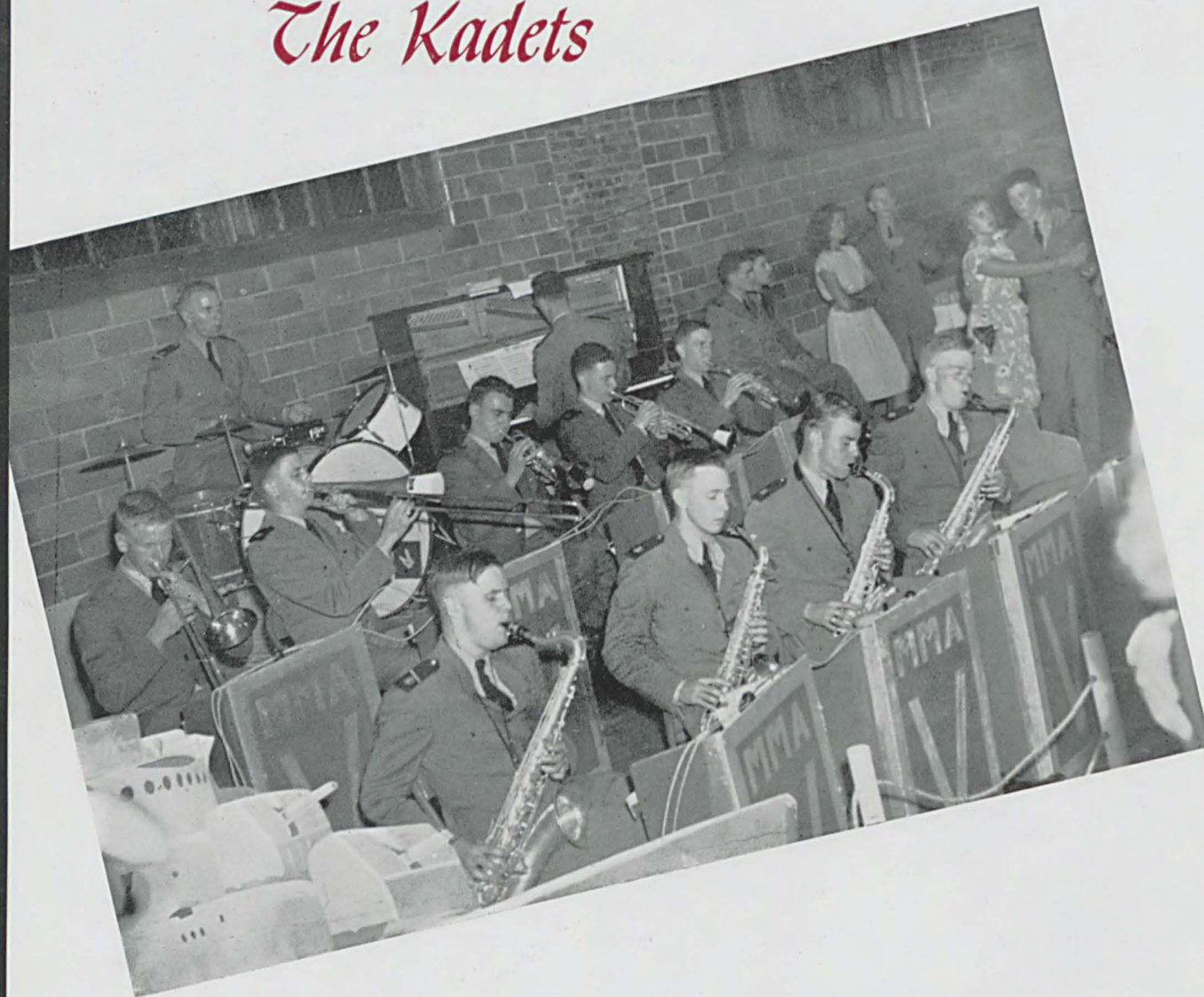
Marching to Colors



Bandmaster Frawley



The Kadets

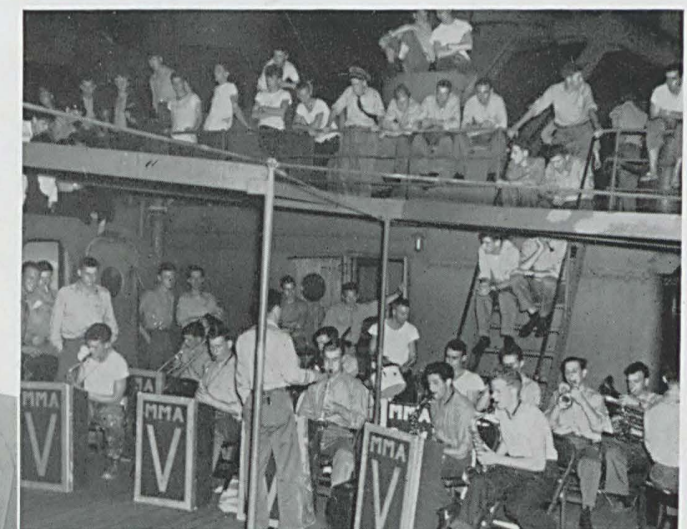


Leader and Vocalist, Vinnie Gillis

Alto Sax	Dick Merrill, Ken Grover, Bert Chesterton
Tenor Sax	Ozzie Ellis, Tex Purton, Harry Henderson
Trumpet	Bruce Borden, Bob Quincy, Elmer Leonard
Trombone	Al Frawley, Dick Libby, Jim Cyr
Bass	Tom Nickerson
Piano	John Dutton
Drums	Dick Rowe

The boys give out on the after-deck

Vinnie and his gang



With 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 senioritas 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.

Propeller



S. Asofsky, R. Sussman,
Chesterton, F. Hearn

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.

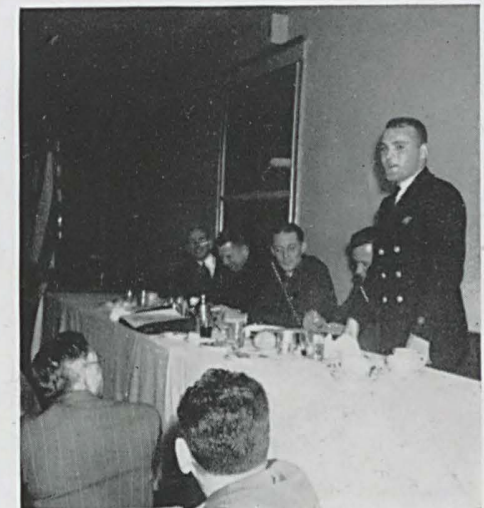
A sailor in a foreign port is often the human equivalent of the proverbial chicken without a head. Native customs, the linguistic barrier, and other factors tend to limit his enjoyment. We were fortunate enough to have a "guiding light" in the form of the Propeller Club.

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-



Lieutenant Mitchell
leads singing

Club



Sussman speaks
in Jacksonville

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 club took us on tours through the hills of Puerto Rico





EDITORIAL STAFF

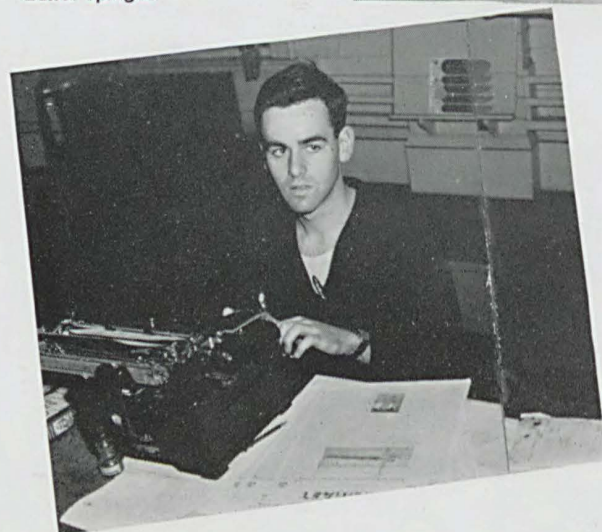
Second Row: N. Clark, N. Davis
M. Mackenzie, R. Bickford

Front Row: S. Asofsky, R. Sprague
J. Maisel



Editor Sprague

Associate members of the Maine Mast



Maine Mast

Midshipman Richard Sprague

Editor-in-Chief

Board of Editors

Midshipman Sheldon Asofsky

Assistant Editor and Makeup

Midshipman Malcolm Mackenzie

News Editor and Art

Midshipman Jay Maisel

Feature Editor and Writing

Midshipman Norman Davis

Sports Editor

Midshipman Robert Bickford

Alumni Editor

Midshipman Norman Clark

Business Editor and Head Typist

Associates

Writing: Midshipmen Baxter, Britton, McCarthy, Meras, Rosenthal, Trigg, Webber

Typing: Midshipmen Britton, Cyr, Hodgkins, Trigg, Lindsay

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.



Trick's End

The boys behind the book

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

Editor Maisel



Art and make-up



A Year's Job



Writing Staff: Paradis, Davis, Sprague, Cummings

Adviser Mitchell

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.

Originality with a 35 mm. camera



Everpresent Pete



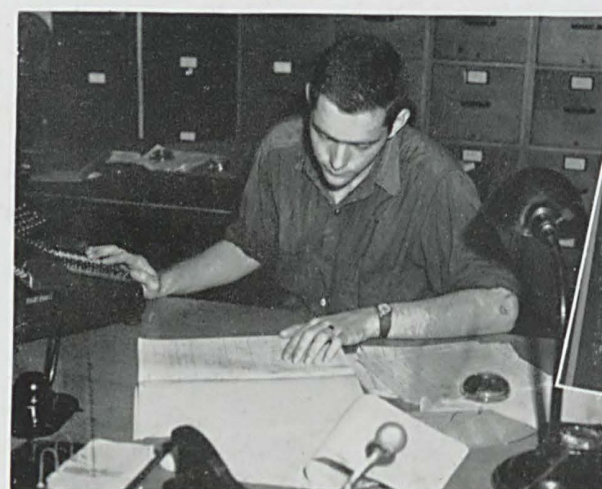
Advertising contracts
were his specialty



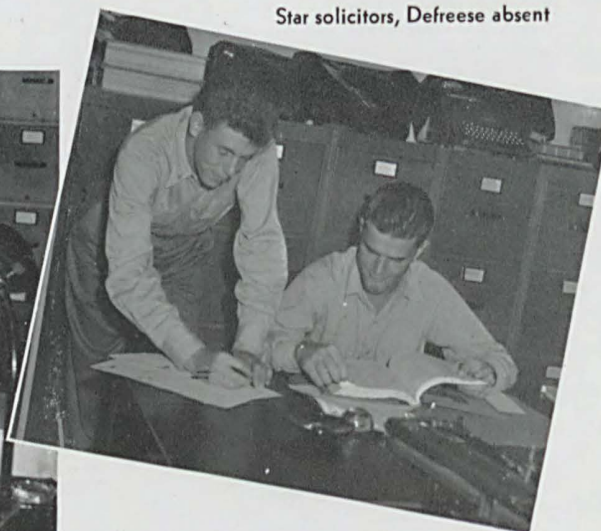
The eternal bugaboo of yearbooks, assets and liabilities was handled by Dick Roberts and "Tim" Schlobohm. Regardless of what amount of work is put into every department, an annual is made possible by only one group: the financial wizards. And here let us express our thanks to the advertisers, sponsors, 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, Defreese absent



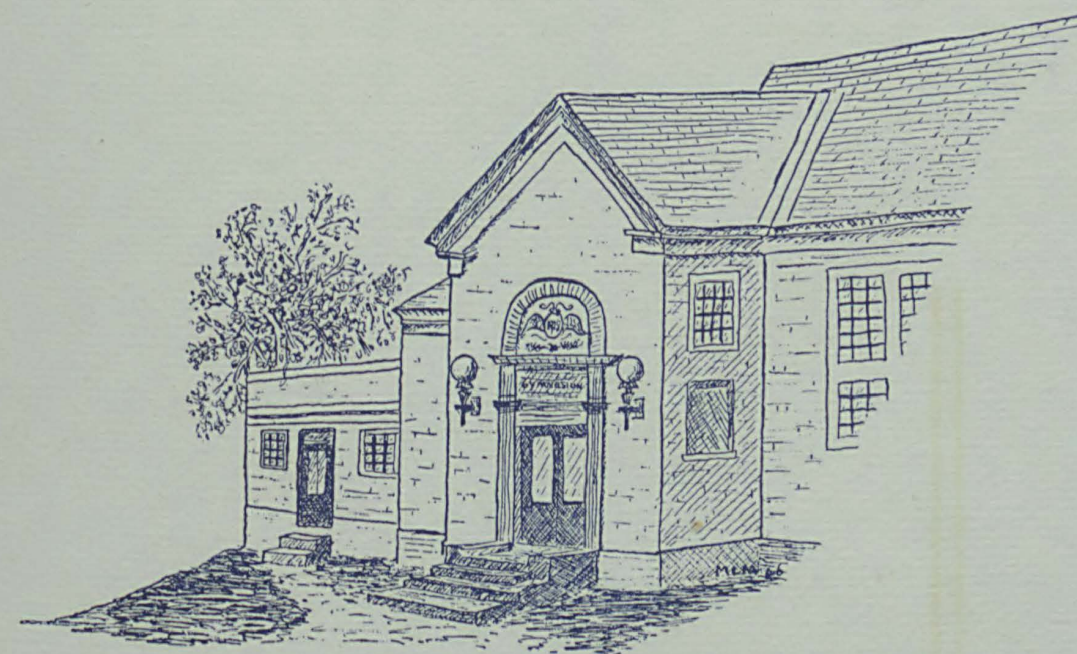
THE STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	Jay Maisel
<i>Associate Editor</i>	Malcolm Mackenzie
<i>Advertising Manager</i>	Richard Roberts
<i>Business Manager</i>	Richard Schlobohm
<i>Photographic Editors</i>	Charles Williams Eliot Denault
<i>Sports Editor</i>	Robert Bickford
<i>Writers</i>	Norman Davis Richard Sprague Thomas Cummings George Paradis
<i>Solicitors</i>	Frank Maguire Anthony Bernhard Burton Defreese

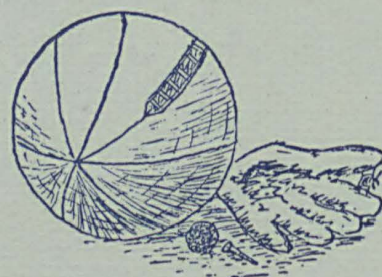


"Batter up!" . . . Basketball
from Maine to Panama . . . Harry's
steak dinners for intra-mural winners
. . . "Jump ball!" . . . Foursome on the
golf course . . . Summer softball . . .
Third down, six to go . . . "You're on
him, two shots!" . . . "Play ball!"

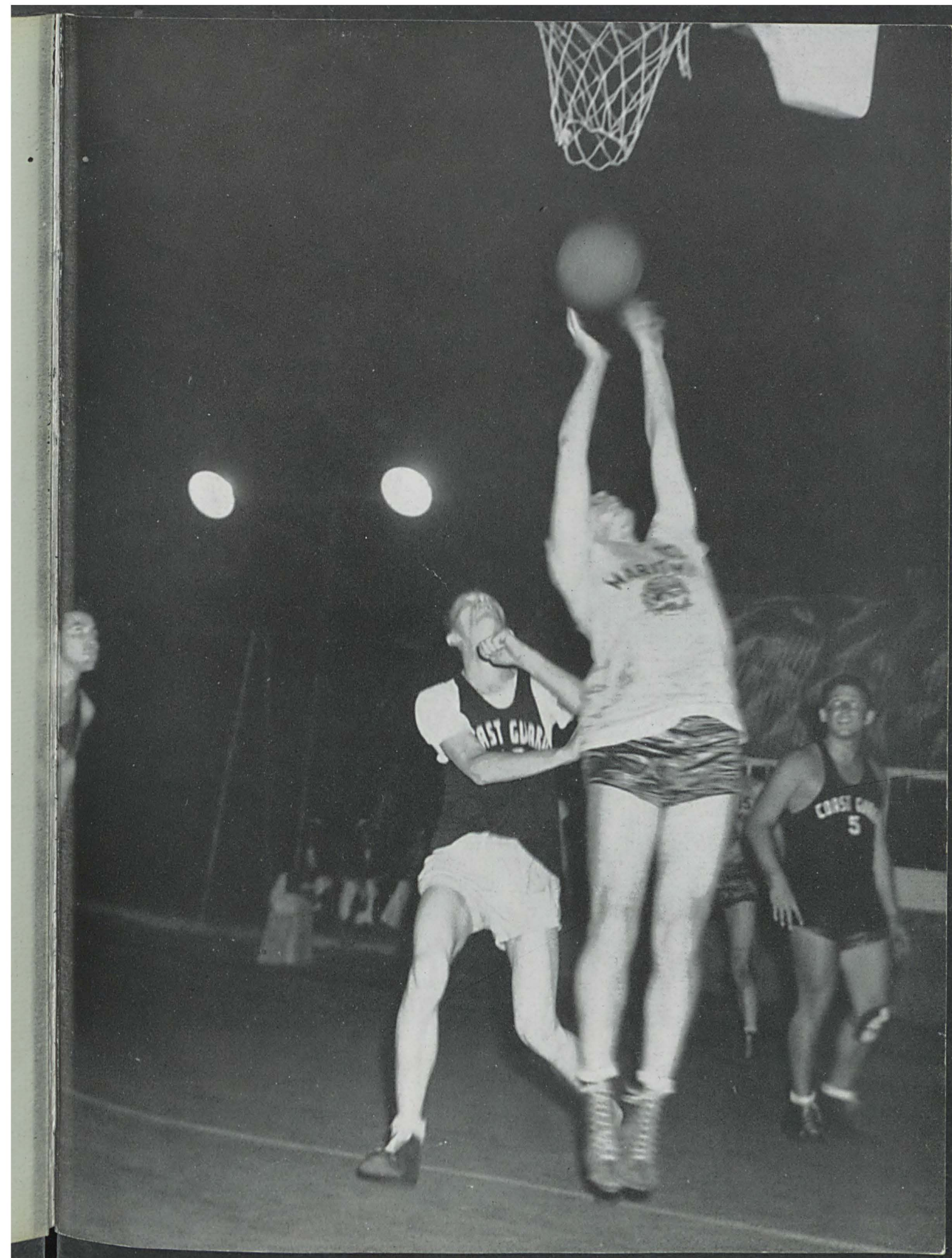
A T H



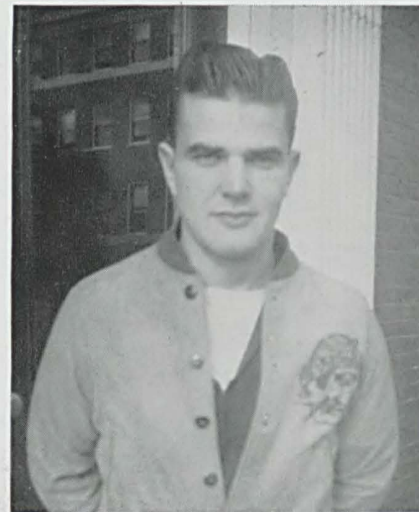
L E T I C S



The sports and recreation side of MMA was emphasized as the gym resounded with shouts of 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



Captain Moe Maguire

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. Huctor 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 first team, with Capt. Maguire and Moors 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 Seigny, centers Schlobohm and Aucoin, and guards Burr and Greany to provide able substitutions.

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 Middle 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 56-28 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, hardest-fought 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, 42-39. 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

Front Row: P. Burr, N. Jabar, R. Tully, F. Maguire, D. Vacca, D. Moors, R. Schlobohm
Second Row: Lt. Huctor, R. Robbins, R. McLaughlin, D. Seigny, F. Greany, L. Aucoin, M. Brennan, R. Watson,
V. Gillis, J. Anderson, J. Glencross
Managers: R. Schonland, J. Merrill



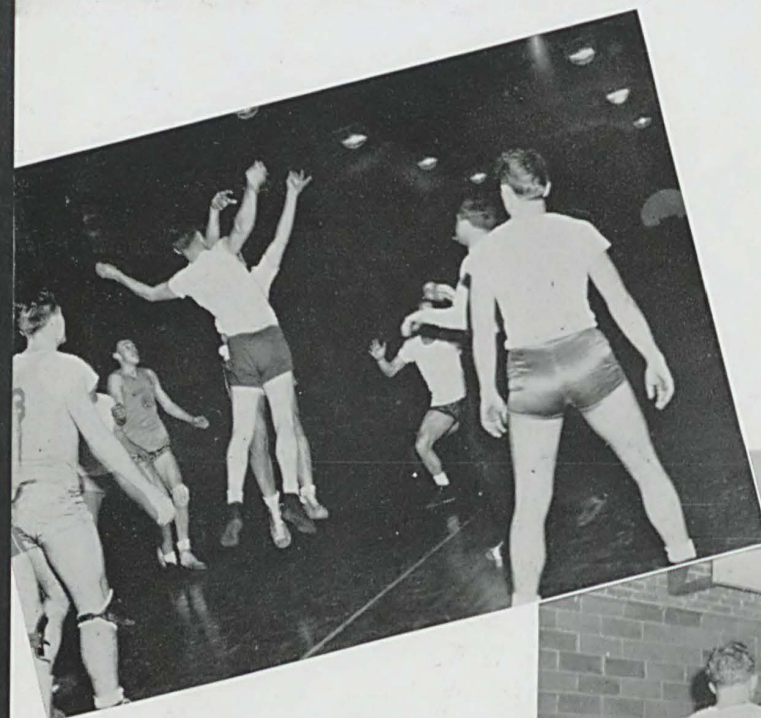
service club on the island by trouncing the Marine Base, 50-40.

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.

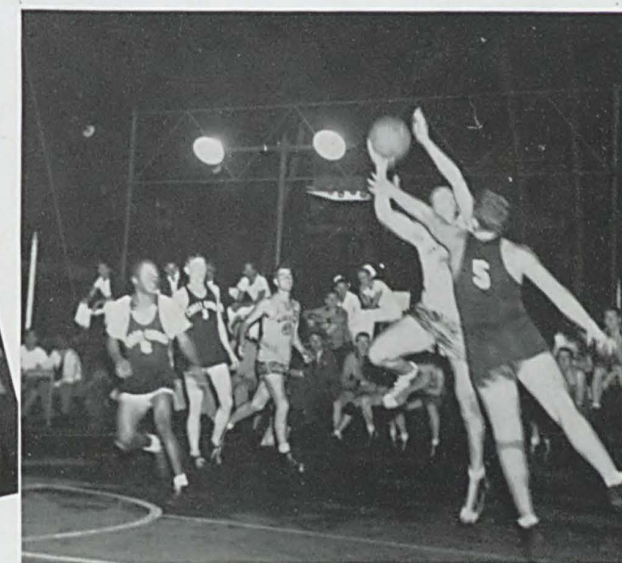
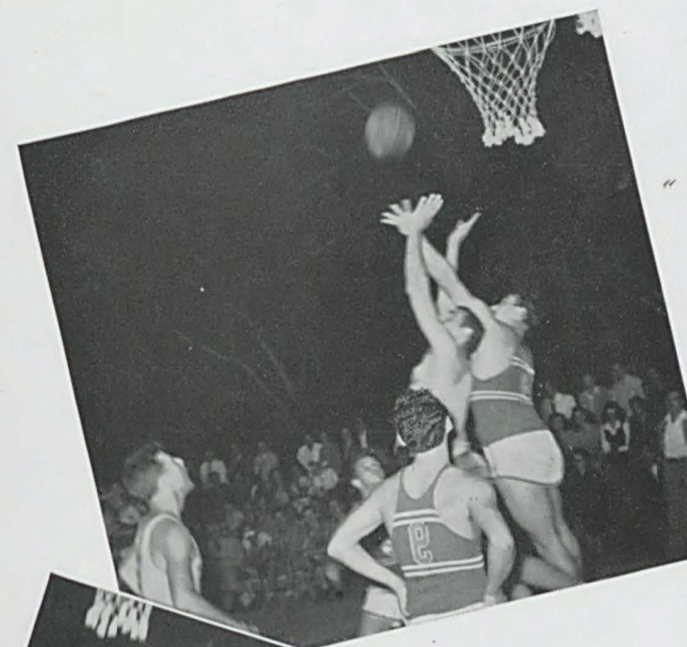
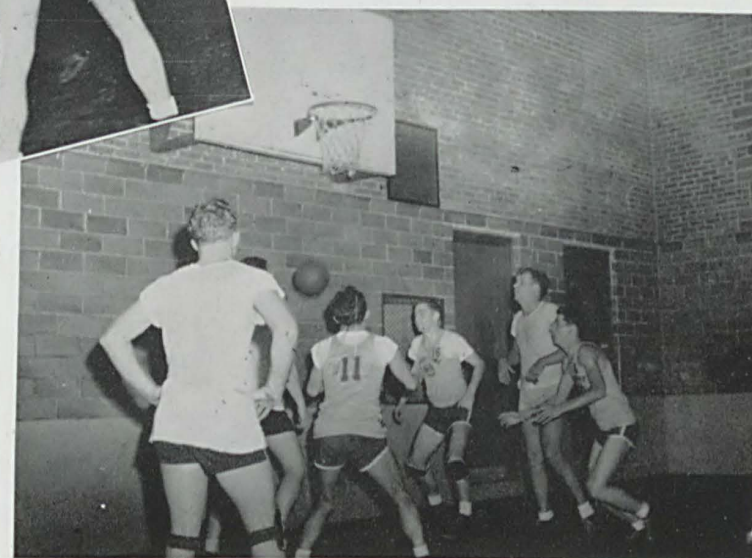
Credit must be given to this club whose athletic condition was poor due to lack of exercise while on board ship and who had little practice.

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.

Jump ball at Dow Field

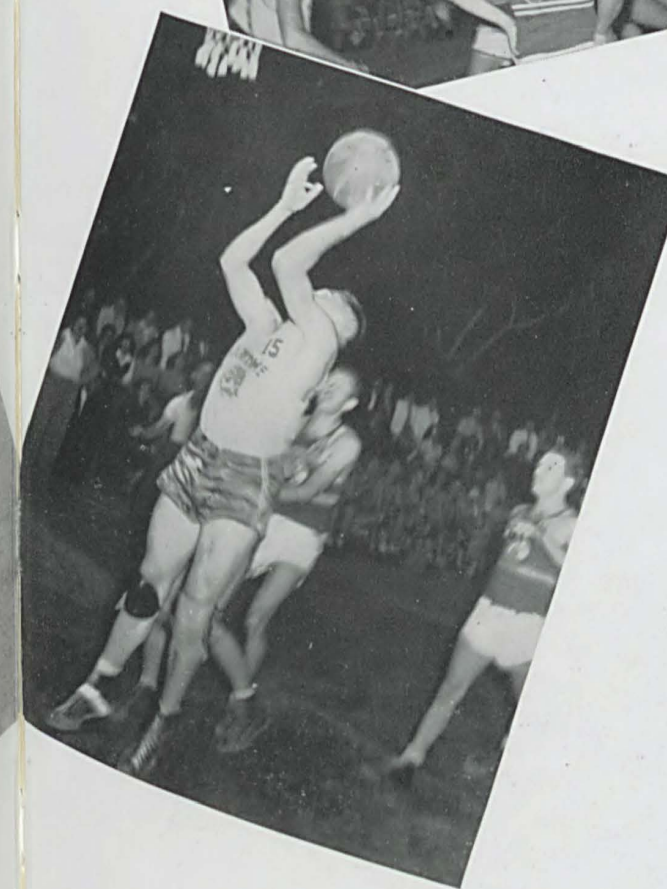


Rebound off the Winter Harbor backboard



Two points for MMA at San Juan

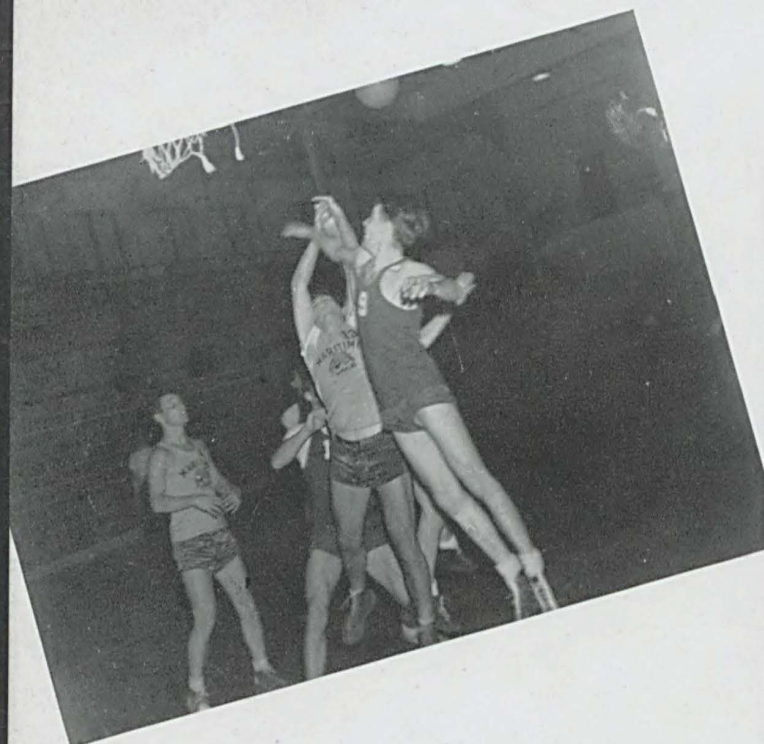
The Cubans block Vacca's pivot shot



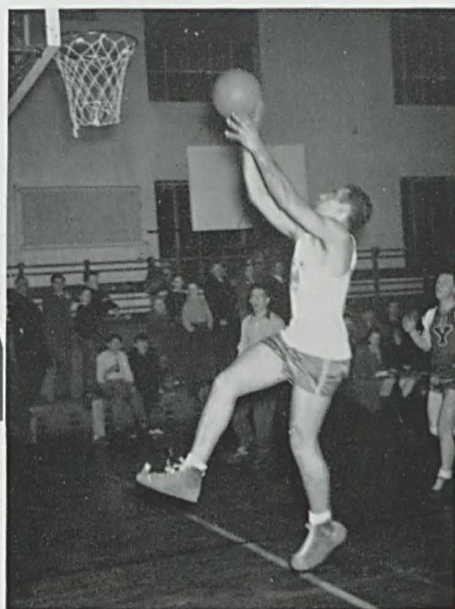
Layup by Moors—Vista Alegre

SUMMARY

	MMA	Opp.
Dow Field	36	30
Winter Harbor	50	52
Dow Field	42	28
Winter Harbor	40	34
Belfast	85	34
Bucksport Seaboard	47	34
Jacksonville NAS	28	56
University of Florida	30	55
San Juan Coast Guard	36	34
Virgin Islands Marine Base	55	29
Cristobal High School Alumni	49	25
Vista Alegre	40	37
Cuban All Stars	50	39
Fort Crockett	42	29
Galveston Naval Base	37	25
Jacksonville NAS	35	80
Bermuda NOB	48	52
Bermuda Marine Base	50	40
Portland YMCA	52	43



Tully stops a Navy shot in Galveston



Jabar scores two against Portland

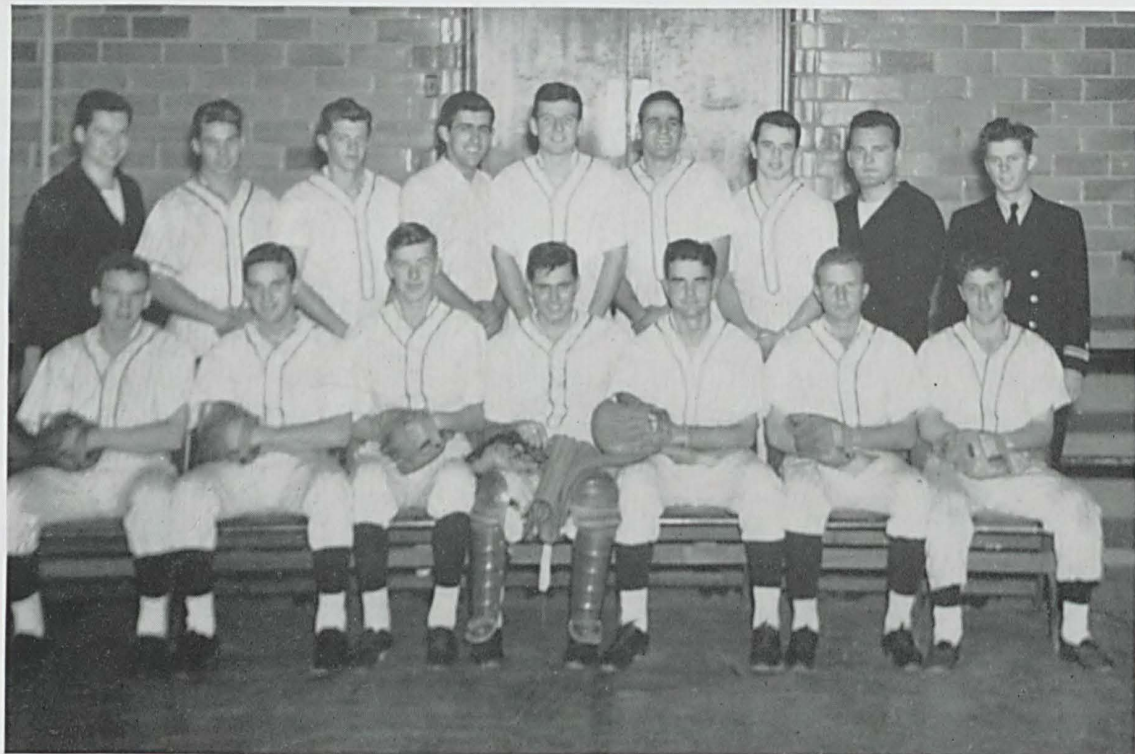


Pre-game huddle



A wild shot in Portland





Front Row: D. Flagg, A. Horne, H. Baxter, R. Tully, F. Maguire, G. Carey, D. Seigny
Second Row: R. Bickford, H. Sands, J. Brophy, D. Vacca, J. Eden, N. Jabar, J. Canavan, R. Sussman, Lt. (jg) Gregory

1945 Baseball Team

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 Pooler, Moe Maguire, and Zeke Horne comprising the outfield, and Big Bob Tully behind the plate; the remainder of the positions were filled by Seniors. The season was 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 massed five hits between them for eight total bases.

Traveling then to Bowdoin, the big bats unlimbered for thirteen runs and eight hits. Carey, Kelley and Pooler batting one, two, three provided the greater part of the punch, Pooler 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 Beanie Baxter turning in a

sparkling 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 homer 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 figured 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 Quoddy the Seabees based there were greeted by 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.

The first game with Dexter found Baxter ahead all the way and coasting to an easy victory, pitching a seven-hitter while his mates collected fourteen.

The game with the Dover Boys Club found Moe Maguire making his pitching debut, getting credit for the win, and aiding his own cause by getting three for three at the plate. Tully led by hitting a homer, a triple, a double and a single. These two games found the team being strengthened by the arrival of the new class, Canavan, Brophy, Johnny Jabar, Sands and Gregoire making the trip.

The first game to be played in the fort here at Castine was with the Winter Harbor Naval Base Club. Harry Sands pitched an excellent but losing game, striking out fourteen men. Maguire had a perfect day at the plate with four hits.

Again playing in the fort the boys lost to the same powerful Dow Field team that beat them earlier in the season. Zeke Horne was initiated as

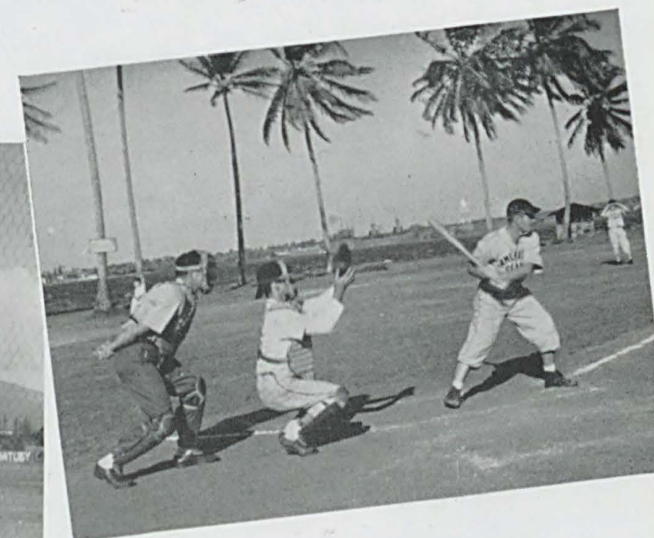
a pitcher and was touched for four round-trippers, the final out come being 13-4.

The last game of the season found Winter Harbor winning a close one in the last inning on the strength of a three-run rally, Canavan tossing them for this one.

Lt. Rhodes who organized the club was relieved in mid-season by Lt. (jg) Gregory who finished the remainder of the season as coach.

Although the team proved to be lacking in quantity of pitchers, if not in quality, the club hitting made up for it, with more than its share of .300 hitters. In fact, Big Moe Maguire broke the .500 mark, with Russ Kelley and George Carey following up with each going over .400. This power at the plate branded the club as a real menace to any opposing pitcher and stacked up a good record for the books in the 1945 season.

Carey gets set for the pitch

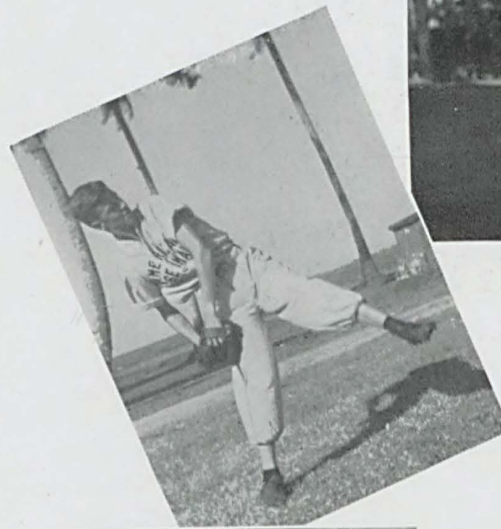


Exhibition game in Santiago

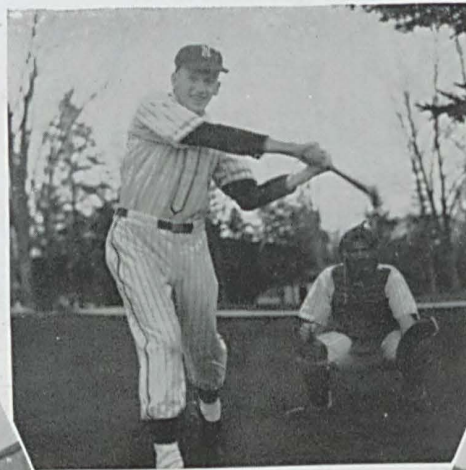


Practice at the fort





Flagg and Tully



Baxter



Maguire

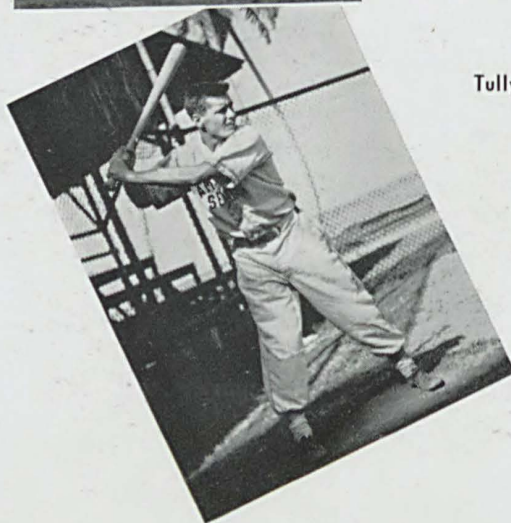


Carey

SUMMARY

	MMA	Opp.
Belfast Coast Guard	8	3
Bowdoin College	13	3
Brunswick NAS	1	2
Dow Field	5	15
Bucksport Town Club	6	1
Quoddy Seabees	9	6
Dexter Town Club	10	3
Dover Boys Club	15	5
Winter Harbor Naval Base	5	14
Dow Field	4	13
Winter Harbor Naval Base	7	8
Bates College	2	6

Tully



Starting off for a couple of rounds

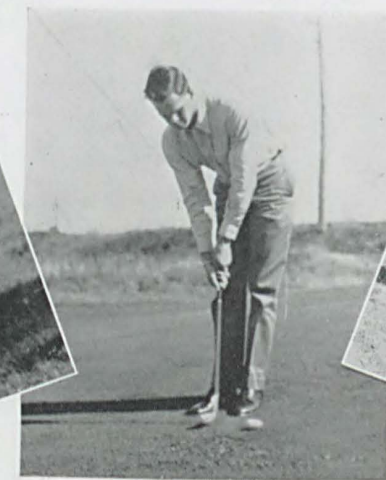
Golf

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.

"Gas puts it on the green"

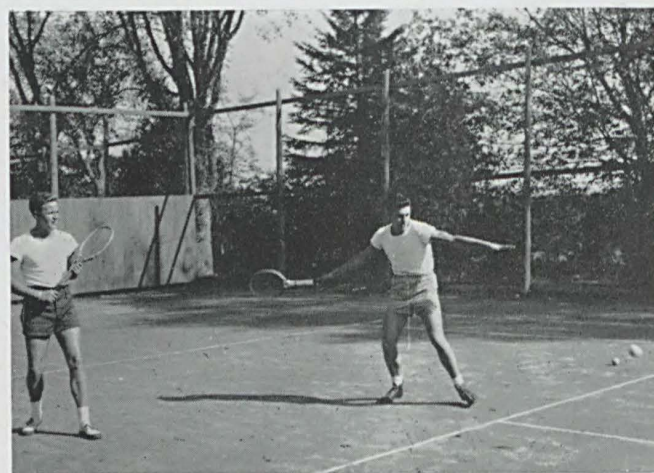


"Dutch" on No. 3 green



"Danger — Blasting!"





Eddy and Adams on the courts



Hallet takes one on his shoetops

Tennis

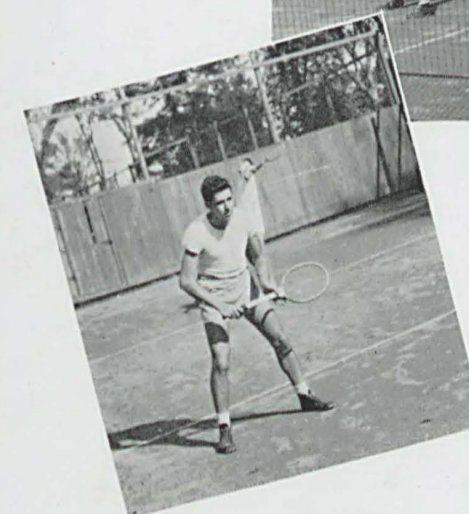
One of the favorite diversions of many athletically-minded cadets was a fast game of tennis.

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.

All classes and types of players were to be found, ranging from the novice to those who have risen to the more advanced stages of the game. Among those of more experience we had Tony Bernhard, Bob Gort, Lennie Warshaver, Blaine Ambler, Bob Gascoigne, Bruce Borden, Dick Hallet, and Stan Eddy. But however good or inexperienced these netmen were, tennis provided many an enjoyable afternoon for all.



Doubles by "Benone" and "Sam"



Adams waits for the serve



"The Torso" slams back a hot one

Intra-Mural Sports

BASKETBALL

Inter-section 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. Stevens; 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.



SOFTBALL

D-1

Heavy hitting and expert twirling brought D-1 the intra-mural pennant.

FOOTBALL

D-1

D-1 hit the jackpot again with the touch-football championship



BASKETBALL

E-4

A hard-fighting club, E-4 swept through the league taking 7 out of 7.

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
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Stevens
 Robert F. Clayton
 Mr. and Mrs. Laurence K. Paine
 Mrs. B. S. DeFrees
 Alphonse Bernier
 Mr. and Mrs. F. Donald Crowell
 Alcide Briand
 D. O. Quincy
 Mrs. Volena E. Brown
 Ernest G. Wrenne
 Cecil M. Benson
 Mr. and Mrs. Bordman B. Havey
 William D. Nickerson
 Irene E. Blanchard
 Mr. and Mrs. William Ambler
 Mr. and Mrs. John Gillis
 Dr. Hugh G. McKay
 Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Asofsky
 John Vacca
 Mr. and Mrs. Donald C. Pooler
 Mrs. Bertha Wallace
 E. F. Spencer
 Mrs. James E. Collins
 Mr. and Mrs. Sam Schneider
 Allen H. Southard, Sr.
 Mr. and Mrs. Harland S. Rowe
 Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Schmid
 Mr. and Mrs. George Paradis
 M. L. Davis
 Mrs. Mary L. Hallet
 Mrs. T. V. Stuart
 C. G. Eden
 Mrs. Margaret J. Tully
 G. E. Carpenter

Harry A. Sands
 Mr. and Mrs. Lorrin A. Shepard
 Mr. F. W. Eaton
 Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Kelly
 Mr. and Mrs. George C. Nelson
 Mrs. Ollie Prevette
 Sigvard Olsen
 Mrs. Albert J. Owler
 Mrs. T. E. Jenkins
 Mr. Albert Brewer
 Mr. S. C. Williams
 Mr. Frederick O. G. Horne
 Mr. John Baxter
 Mr. and Mrs. H. J. White and Bob
 Lawrence Allen
 Donald H. Merrill
 Captain M. E. Borden
 Dr. M. C. Webber
 Mr. A. G. Veazey
 Mr. S. F. Needham
 Mrs. Mildred E. Thompson
 J. W. Pouliot
 Frank Maguire
 Mr. J. Roulston
 Mr. Ray Ingraham
 Mrs. Sara C. Wright
 Mr. and Mrs. William F. Martin
 Bryant Hopkins
 Mr. and Mrs. Martin Joyce
 Mr. and Mrs. Edgar S. Catlin
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stevens
 Elwood C. Kidder
 Mary Bissland
 R. C. Meddaugh
 Homer E. Cyr
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Fisher
 Mr. Mason H. Dutton
 Mr. Leon S. Gay
 Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Mackenzie
 Jay L. Robbins
 Allen B. Chesterton
 Richard Bernhard

Advertisements



"Mission Completed . . ."

The Production of

Th e 1946

TRICK'S END



W A R R E N P R E S S

College Annual Publishers

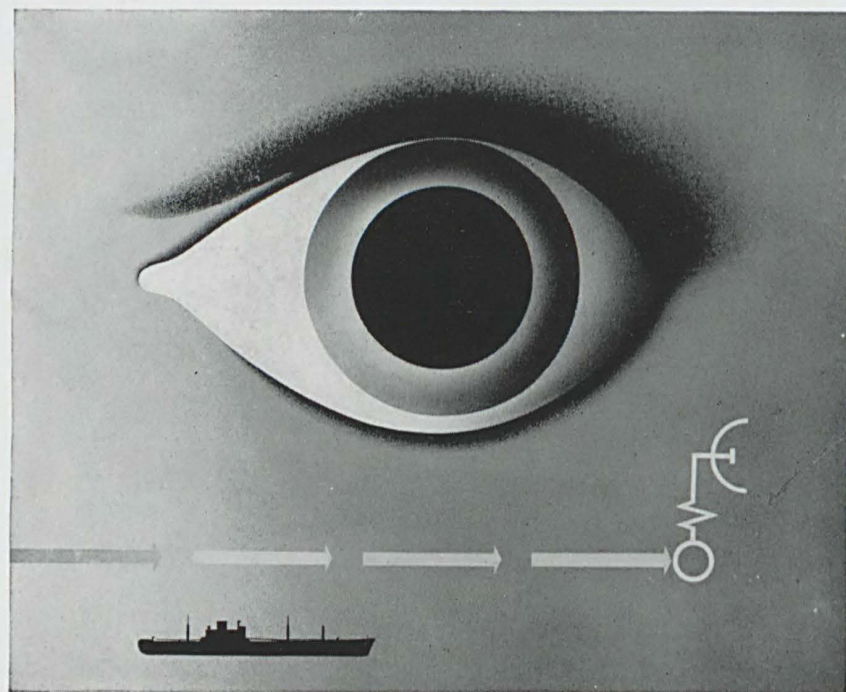
160 WARREN STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

*Complete
Photographic
Service*

to the

1946 Trick's End

*Sargent Studio
154 Boylston St.
Boston 16, Mass.*



Look ahead ^{to} with Radar by Sperry

• This year, Sperry Gyroscope Company introduces its new *Radar* equipment for marine use.

Sperry *Radar* has been conceived to function better in this fundamental service: *To enable ships to operate on schedule regardless of visibility...* through thick fog, heavy rain, dense smoke, darkness.

As an aid to navigation it picks up channel markers and buoys; assists in making landfalls with assurance; spots icebergs, floating derelicts and other hazards projecting above surface. It also permits vessels to enter harbors and proceed with

all due safety and caution through fog. Another important feature: Sperry *Radar* provides a Gyro-Compass-controlled image and can be operated by bridge personnel without extensive technical background.

In design and construction, Sperry *Radar* reflects this company's many years of experience in precision manufacture of marine equipment—as well as its outstanding achievements in the field of electronics. In simplicity and dependability, this new *Radar* exemplifies again Sperry's ability to build superior products for merchant ship service.

Sperry Radar Features:

- Designed to meet all Class A specifications of the U. S. Coast Guard.
- Maximum range 30 miles—minimum, 100 yards.
- 10-inch picture on a 12-inch screen.
- Images presented in true or relative relationship at option of operator.
- Gives accurate ranges read from indicator instead of estimated from scope.
- Backed by world-wide service.

SPERRY GYROSCOPE COMPANY, INC. GREAT NECK, N. Y.



Division of the Sperry Corporation

LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE • NEW ORLEANS
CLEVELAND • BROOKLYN • HONOLULU

GYROSCOPICS • ELECTRONICS • RADAR • AUTOMATIC COMPUTATION • SERVO-MECHANISMS



Official UNIFORMS and EQUIPMENT

FOR

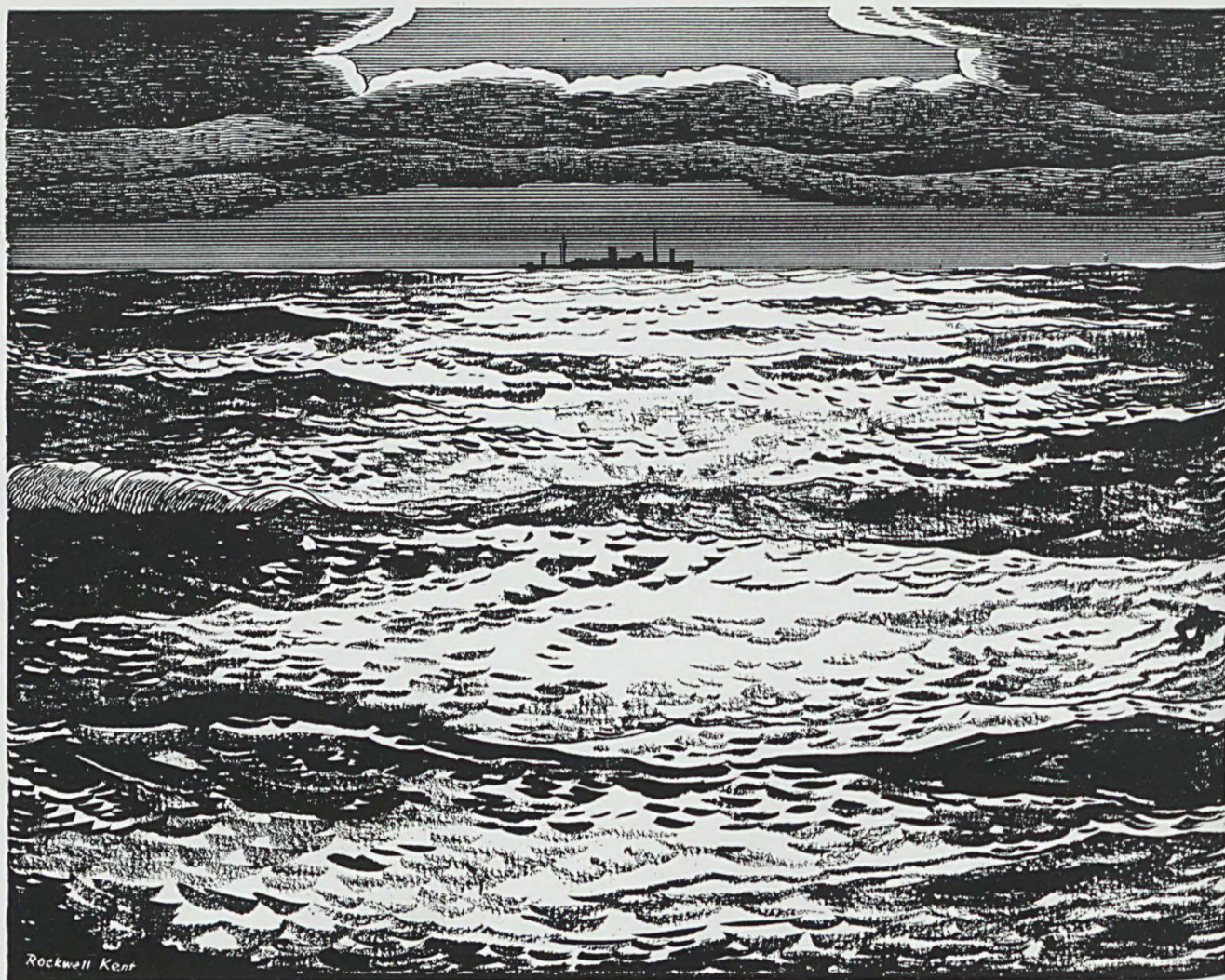
U. S. Navy

U. S. Coast Guard

U. S. Maritime Service

M. L. FRENCH & SON

110 EXCHANGE STREET
BANGOR, MAINE



"THE 49TH STATE," BY ROCKWELL KENT, FOR THE AMERICAN EXPORT LINES COLLECTION

THE 49TH STATE

The sea would be a strange State. Its mountains rise and fall; its rivers move; storms erase its plains in minutes.

But its borders would make it the richest State in the Union. They reach almost every country in the world.

And its value to America depends largely on how many freighters, tankers and other merchant vessels we put on it—to carry the things we want to sell or buy in other countries, to establish vital supply lines for our Army and Navy.

With a large enough, modern U. S.-flag merchant marine, we can reasonably aim at \$13,000,000,000 worth of

foreign trade each year. This should provide several million jobs in American industries, and close to another million in agriculture. Hundreds of thousands of other Americans would be needed to supply and build freighters, tankers, liners, and other vessels, and for shipboard and shore jobs with shipping companies.

War and the far-sighted Merchant Marine Act of 1936* have built us a merchant marine worthy of our place in the world. It will bring us our fair share of the wealth of the 49th State—if we guard and maintain it.

At American Export Lines, we have

explored this great State for years, learned how to trade with the countries that border it along the Mediterranean, the Black Sea and the Indian Ocean. Our cargoes and ports of call in peacetime depend on what America wants to buy or sell abroad.

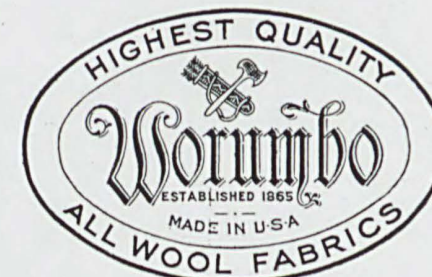
*FROM THE MERCHANT MARINE ACT OF 1936: "Necessary for the national defense and (our) foreign and domestic commerce," is a merchant fleet "constructed in the U. S., manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel . . . owned and operated under the U. S. flag by citizens."

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIPS!

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES



*Worumbo's Fabric Perfections
Look Better—Longer*





THE PROPELLER CLUB OF THE UNITED STATES

Extends hearty congratulations to the 1946 graduates of the Maine Maritime Academy, Castine, Maine.

Organized in 1927, the Propeller Club now has ninety-seven Ports located throughout the United States and including eleven foreign countries. Its primary objective is to promote, further, and support a strong American Merchant Marine for our domestic needs, and to carry a substantial portion of our exports and imports; also to serve as a naval auxiliary.

Graduates of the Maine Maritime Academy are invited to take up membership in the Propeller Club of the United States, 17 Battery Place, New York 4, New York.

Honorary President

Lt. Comdr. Arthur M. Tode, USNR, Rtd.

National President

Mr. John F. Gehan

National Secretary

Comdr. Harold J. Harding, USNR

National Treasurer

Mr. Joseph H. Godwin

THIS TIME . . . LET'S KEEP OUR MERCHANT MARINE

A. L. BURBANK & CO. LTD.

17 BATTERY PLACE

NEW YORK

Steamship Agents and Operators

Brokers For Sale, Purchase and Charter

SMITH & JOHNSON

Steamship Operators and Agents

60 BEAVER STREET

NEW YORK 4

General Agents for War Shipping Administration

OUR NATION'S FUTURE SAILS WITH THEM

★ Soon great U. S. Lines ships will again be in world service in peacetime trade. They will not only bring you the luxury of American-designed accommodations and efficient American travel service . . . they will contribute to the prosperity of the entire nation.

They will deliver abroad the products of our factories, and return essential materials for use here . . . on schedules keyed to American needs.

For fifty-two years the U. S. Lines house flag has flown over mighty fleets of American passenger and freight ships, including the great luxury liners *America*, *Washington*, *Manhattan*. During the war, more than one hundred ships were operated by U. S. Lines to all the fighting fronts around the world.

You can count on United States Lines ships to meet the high standards that have made America, today, the world's greatest maritime nation.



**United States
Lines**

ONE BROADWAY, NEW YORK
World-wide Shipping Organization



A BATH BUILT DESTROYER

Bath Iron Works Corporation

Shipbuilders and Engineers

Builders of

MERCHANT & NAVAL VESSELS up to 600 FEET IN LENGTH

BATH

MAINE

Compliments
of
Mr. Max Harris

BLACK DIAMOND LINES

Service to

ANTWERP
ROTTERDAM

◆

BLACK DIAMOND STEAMSHIP CORP.

39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

Digby 4-7040

Finchley

GENTLEMEN'S
CLOTHES AND HABERDASHERY

UNEQUALLED IN THE CHARACTER-
ISTICS PREFERRED BY DISCRIMI-
NATING PURCHASERS

NEW YORK
FIFTH AVE. AT 46TH STREET
CHICAGO
NINETEEN EAST JACKSON BOULEVARD
PALM BEACH :: PHIPPS PLAZA



Outfitters to Gentlemen

*Meeting, with style correctness and individuality, the preferences of
sportsmen and university men in gentlemen's clothes, furnishings and hats*

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT FORTY-SIXTH STREET • NEW YORK



Alcoa Steamship Company, INC

PIER "K" WEEHAWKEN, N. J.

TEL: LONGACRE 5-1441 • UNION 7-1500
CABLES: ALCOASHIP

F. C. THEOBALD
MANAGER MARINE DEPARTMENT

SHIPS ON THE HORIZON

Most of the men of this company entrusted with personnel, maintenance, repairs and general husbandry duties of our fleet have had wide sea experience and, while most of us were denied the worth-while initial training which you are getting as members of the Maritime Academy, our feelings upon joining our first ship were very similar to yours on that day. The same can be said of the officers of the ship to which you are appointed and we mention this that you may know their keen understanding of your thoughts, even though not expressed, as you report aboard.

You will judge and be judged. Our port staff will see in you our future Captain or Chief Engineer, the men upon whom will rest in no small degree the Company's reputation. The ship's officers will size you up, expressed in the saying that has come to us from sailing-ship days, "Does he pull his weight on the rope." If an affirmative answer is possible, no finer compliment can be paid by a seaman. Working, eating and sleeping in the narrow confines of a ship allows for a true picture to be quickly formed of you yourself, the men about you and your chosen occupation. The complement of a merchant vessel in peacetime allows for few extras. Every man is needed and the failure of one can only be at the expense of the whole.

We predict you will like the people who man the American Merchant Marine, officers and men alike. Almost at once you will realize the meaning of the word "shipmate." You will not be pampered; neither will you be abused. With a man's work before you, you will be treated as a man. It is our opinion that the training of your home, school and the Academy will stand you in good stead.

You are joining an honored profession; the record of its men in wartime being so vividly before us. That these men have accomplished so much is in itself an index to the character of the men who go to make it up.

Sincerely,

F. C. Theobald

Manager Marine Department

FCT:KA

EASTERN TRUST AND BANKING COMPANY

2 State Street, Bangor, Maine

Branches: OLDTOWN - MACHIAS

COMPLETE BANKING SERVICE

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

WILLIAM P. NEWMAN

President

HARRY A. LITTLEFIELD

Vice President and Treasurer

KARL R. PHILBRICK

Secretary and Trust Officer

LINWOOD M. COFFIN

Assistant Treasurer

Directors

WILLIAM P. NEWMAN

HARRY A. LITTLEFIELD

HAROLD M. PIERCE

STEPHEN WHEATLAND

CORNELIUS J. RUSSELL, SR.

RAYMOND W. DAVIS

GEORGE T. CARLISLE

THE MERRILL TRUST COMPANY

BANGOR, MAINE

Commercial Banking

Corporate and Personal
Trust Service

Business and Individual
Loans

Government Bonds

Savings Department

*Members Federal Reserve Banking System
and Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation*

OFFICERS

GEORGE D. EVERETT, President
HAROLD B. RUSS, Vice-President
OTTO H. NELSON, Vice-President
HAROLD H. COLBY, Vice-President
LIONEL L. COOK, Treasurer
ADELBERT E. BRIDGES, Secretary
JOHN P. VOSE, Trust Officer
RICHARD S. BRADFORD, Asst. Tr. Officer

DIRECTORS

ARTHUR S. CHALMERS	Bangor, Me.
CLARENCE H. CROSBY	Dexter, Me.
THOMAS N. CURRAN	Bangor, Me.
GEORGE D. EVERETT	Bangor, Me.
SAMUEL B. GRAY	Old Town, Me.
CURTIS M. HUTCHINS	Bangor, Me.
FRED E. MAXFIELD	Bangor, Me.
OTTO H. NELSON	Bangor, Me.
LOUIS OAKES	Greenville, Me.
HAROLD B. RUSS	Bangor, Me.
GARRETT D. SPEIRS	Bangor, Me.
FRANK A. THATCHER	Bangor, Me.
JOHN A. VICKERY	Bangor, Me.
RALPH WHITTIER	Bangor, Me.

Banking Offices at Bangor : Belfast : Bucksport : Calais : Dexter : Dover-Foxcroft
Eastport : Jonesport : Machias : Milo : Old Town : Orono : Searsport



The A. G. ROPES

Launched in Bath, Maine—1884

Sailed Half Way 'Round the World Under Jury Rig

In the summer of 1905, a typhoon in the China Sea bit the A. G. ROPES, breaking off her two after masts. The canny Captain David H. Rivers rejected a bid of \$15,000 for towing. He worked the near-derelect under foremast alone through the Kii Strait and was then in position to bargain for a tow into Kobe for \$2,500. From Kobe he successfully sailed his ship under jury rig into New York Harbor in five months . . . a remarkable achievement.



Speed was all important, even in those days. A fast vessel had the call on cargoes. The skipper of the A. G. ROPES therefore pushed her on her maiden voyage from New York to San Francisco in 103 days in order to establish her as a speedy carrier. In August, 1887, the A. G. ROPES arrived at Tacoma from China with 3,071 tons of tea, valued at \$1,500,000, a record cargo.

Chapman and Flint, the builders, did a fine job. She

measured 258x44x20 and cost \$125,000. The frames were white oak, planking southern pine, copper fastened. Quarters were in walnut, and the palatial saloon was trimmed with satinwood, rosewood and mahogany.

The deck machinery of the A. G. ROPES was consistent with the rest of her fine construction. Windlasses, Winches and Capstans, designed and built by Hyde, served her well until her end in 1913.

PROPELLERS 52" AND LARGER

Hyde Bronze resists salt water and is extremely tough. Hyde Wheels hold their pitch under severest service strains and will not fracture from any blow. Available from 52" in diameter and larger.



HYDE WINDLASS COMPANY, BATH, MAINE

HYDE
DECK MACHINERY

Compliments of

R. J. Peacock Canning Co.

Lubec, Maine

Sardines

Smoked Herring

SEARS CATALOG ORDER SERVICE

Speedy - Convenient - Saves You Money

Sears maintains . . . for your convenience . . . a Special Order Desk right here in our Store . . . with Special Personnel to assist you in your selection . . . here you can conveniently and quickly select from a greater assortment of merchandise than it would be possible for any one department store to carry in stock . . . Yes . . . Sears have it . . . Anything and everything at money saving prices.

Telephone 8271

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.

Post Office Square

Bangor, Maine

Compliments of
EAGLE CLOTHES
New York

{ 230 }

L. G. BALFOUR COMPANY

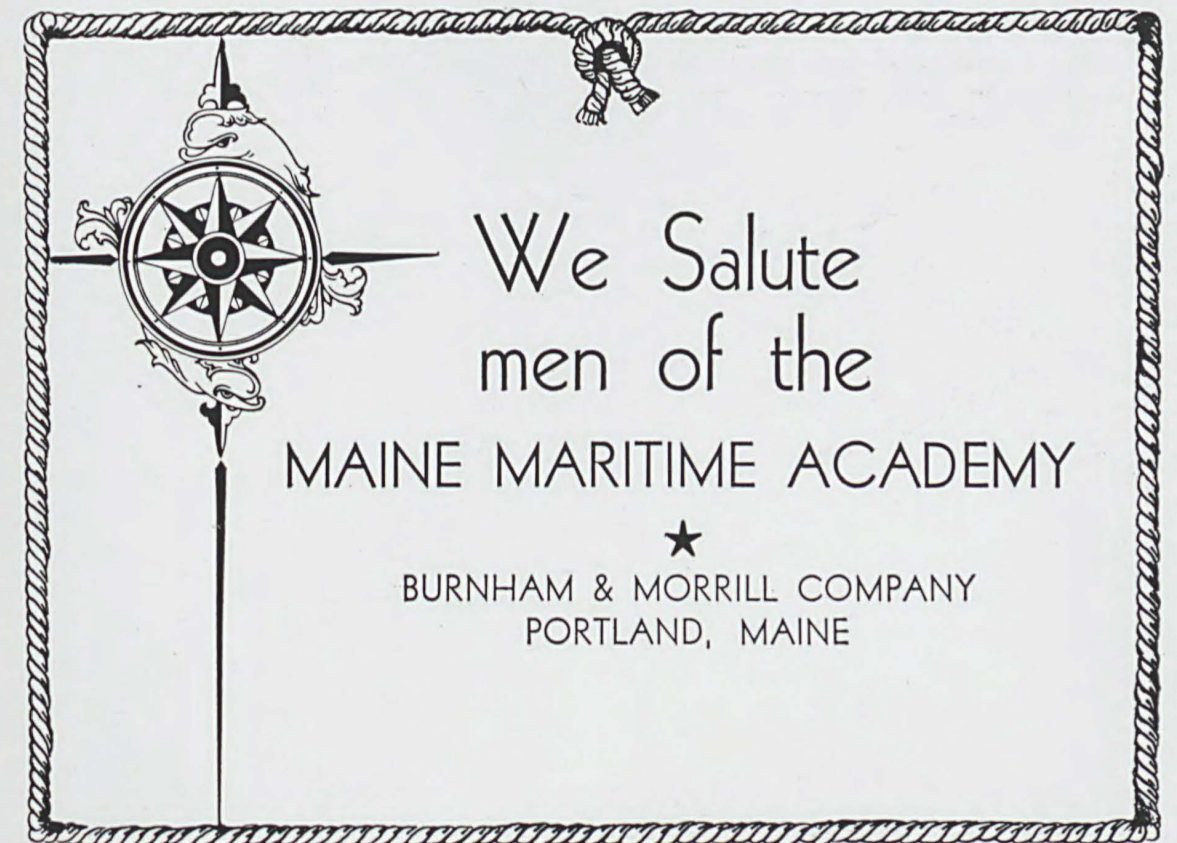
Attleboro

Massachusetts

KNOWN WHEREVER THERE ARE SCHOOLS AND
COLLEGES

JEWELERS TO THE CLASSES OF
1944, 1945 and 1946

Represented by — DONALD B. TUPPER
Cape Elizabeth 7,
Maine



{ 231 }

GUILFORD WOOLEN MILLS COMPANY

Guilford, Maine

Manufacturers of

The Finest Grades of

WOMEN'S ALL WOOL CLOAKINGS
WOMEN'S ALL WOOL SUITINGS
WOMEN'S ALL WOOL SPORTSWEAR

Retail Store
Guilford, Maine

Telephone
Guilford 4

SANGERVILLE WOOLEN COMPANY

Sangerville, Maine

Manufacturers of

MEN'S WEAR ALL WOOL MACKINAWS
MEN'S WEAR ALL WOOL SPORT SHIRTINGS

Retail Store
Guilford, Maine

BEST WISHES

to the

OFFICERS AND MEN

of

MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY

from

MR. AND MRS. DAVID ROSENGARTEN

Compliments of

NATIONAL BRONZE AND ALUMINUM FOUNDRY CO.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Compliments of

Ballard Oil and Equipment Co.
of Maine

135 MARGINAL WAY

PORTLAND 3, MAINE

TEL. 2-1991

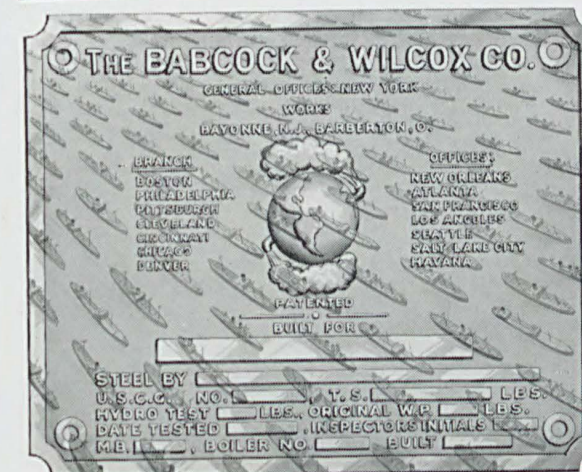
Distributors of

ESSO OIL BURNERS

HEATING OILS

YORK REFRIGERATION AND AIR CONDITIONING

AMMONIA AND FREON



BABCOCK & WILCOX

THE BABCOCK & WILCOX CO.
85 LIBERTY STREET
NEW YORK 6, N. Y.

The
INVISIBLE
NAMEPLATE
on thousands of ships

THE familiar B&W nameplate stands out in bold relief on boilers in thousands of the ships of America's mightiest merchant and Naval fleets. Thousands of other ships of these vital fleets carry boilers that also bear—though *invisibly*—the imprint of B&W pioneering leadership and progressive engineering in marine boilers.

Supplying large quantities of boilers to the Navy and Maritime Commission is only *one* way B&W helped to speed wartime shipbuilding. It also supplied twelve other boiler manufacturers with complete detailed working drawings and bills of materials so that they might also build B&W boilers and thus make B&W boilers and boiler parts duplicate and interchangeable, no matter by whom they are built.

We are proud of this co-operation with the Services, and also that B&W boilers have been so well thought of by the Services that they were adopted as standards to be followed by other manufacturers.

"Smooth Sailing"

TO THE CLASS OF '46

John P. Maguire & Co., Inc.

370 FOURTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

GAY BROTHERS COMPANY

CAVENDISH, VERMONT and LUDLOW, VERMONT

Manufacturers of

Women's Shetlands

Snow and Ski Cloths

Men's Overcoatings and Topcoatings

Woolen Blankets for Military and Civilian Use

Selling Agents:

Overcoatings, Herbert R. Leeds Co., 51 Madison Ave.,
New York

Shetlands, O'Donnell & Ellis, 450 Seventh Ave., New York

Snow Cloths, H. O. Wilson Co., 45 East 17th St., New York

Factors: Meinhard, Greeff & Co., 51 Madison Ave., New York

Compliments of

The Gotham Novelty Co.

1350 Broadway

New York 18, N. Y.

FOR NEWS

OF

MAINE

THE

NATION

THE

WORLD

—Read the—

Portland Press-Herald-Express and Sunday Telegram

Largest Combined Circulations in Maine

GANNET PUBLISHING CO., INC.

Publishers also of . . .

Kennebec Journal—Augusta

Waterville Sentinel—Waterville

{ 238 }

Compliments of

WATSON'S CLEANERS

ELLSWORTH, MAINE

Exclusive Tailor and Cleaner

for The

Maine Maritime Academy

BANGOR

HOUSE

Friendly Hospitality
Abundant Good Food

—PEACOCK ROOM—

(Cocktail Lounge)
Air Conditioned

Excellent Facilities for Social Functions
200 Rooms, European Plan from \$1.75

174 MAIN STREET
BANGOR

TEL. 7321

{ 239 }

FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS
HOLMES SERVICE
HAS BEEN A
QUALITY SERVICE



The Keynote to the overwhelming approval and widespread acceptance of Holmes Service has been our strict adherence to QUALITY. As a result Holmes has now become the permanent source of supply for many of Maine's leading contractors and industrials. Complete, fast efficient service, plus friendly co-operation on all procurement difficulties awaits you at Holmes Electric Supply.

HOLMES
ELECTRIC SUPPLY COMPANY

33-37 PLUM STREET Dial PORTLAND, MAINE
3-0229

Compliments of

FOOTMAN'S DAIRY

BREWER, MAINE

Compliments of

OWEN MOORE'S

505 CONGRESS STREET

PORTLAND, MAINE

Portland's Oldest Specialty Shop



We are on the threshold of a building era never visualized before and low cost electricity will command vital roles both in the development and future occupancy. So plan your property with adequate wiring for safety, convenience and new labor saving electrical equipment for years to come.

REDDY KILOWATT

The
BANGOR HYDRO ELECTRIC COMPANY

Main Offices, 33 State Street, Bangor

Compliments of the

**JOHN J. NISSEN
BAKING CORP.**

Bakers of

"Blue Ribbon Bread the Freshest Thing in Town"

Compliments of
"

Grant Knowles
FORMERLY SMILEY'S

509 CONGRESS ST.

PORTLAND, MAINE

Telephone 3-0071

HANNAFORD BROS. CO.

Wholesale Dealers

FRUIT - PRODUCE - GROCERIES

FROZEN FOODS

Portland, Maine

Compliments of

CARR BROS.

Commercial Street
Portland, Maine

Wholesale fruit and produce

Compliments of

STANDARD FRUIT and STEAMSHIP COMPANY

11 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHEN IN OR AROUND

GRAND CENTRAL

—it's the—

GAMECOCK CAFE

14 East 44th Street
New York City

Compliments of

WALL ROPE WORKS, INC.

48 SOUTH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Longest Rope Walk in the World

Compliments of

FAY & SCOTT

Manufacturers and Builders of

MACHINE TOOLS
and
SPECIAL MACHINERY

Established 1881

Dexter, Maine

Compliments of

R. B. DUNNING & CO.

54-68 Broad Street

Bangor, Maine

Compliments of

**BANGOR ROOFING &
SHEET METAL CO.**

Bangor, Maine

Compliments of

Dunham and Hanson

31-39 Mercantile Square

Bangor, Maine

Wholesale Hardware Dealers

Compliments of

GREGORY'S

*Men's Clothing
and Haberdashery*

Main Street
Rockland, Maine

Compliments of

HOTEL GRAYMORE
Portland

HOTEL EAGLE
Brunswick

PORTLAND, MAINE
S. WILLIAM RICHARD, *Mgr.*

Compliments of

Penobscot Hotel

Bangor, Maine

Compliments of

LYFORD-WOODWARD CO.
(Established 1859)

Furriers

10 State Street
Bangor, Maine

IN BANGOR

— it's —

BROUNTAS

for Good Food

Main Street
Bangor, Maine

BON VOYAGE

To our alumni who are

currently attending the Academy

Wassookeag School - Camp

Accredited Summer School—Established 1926

Lloyd Harvey Hatch, *Headmaster*

Dexter, Maine

Authorized Outfitters to
Navy Officers

BENOIT'S

*Maine's largest quality outfitters
to men and boys*

Monument Square
Portland

LORING

SHORT

HARMON

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Maine's Oldest and Largest Stationers

MONUMENT SQUARE
PORTLAND, MAINE

Compliments of

Merchants National Bank of Bangor

25 BROAD STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

AMERICAN
FOREIGN
STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamship Owners and Operators



80 Broad Street
New York, N. Y.

S. APPEL & COMP. INC.

Uniform Outfitters

Since 1856

18 Fulton Street
New York, N. Y.

*Uniform Equipment
Accessories and Insignia
for Navy, Coast Guard,
Merchant Marine and Yachting*

Compliments of

HOGAN BROS.

PORTLAND, MAINE

THE HARRIS COMPANY

Wholesalers and Retailers

*Complete Maritime and Industrial
Supplies*

Portland, Maine

N. H. BRAGG & SONS

Established 1854

*Steel and Bolts
Heavy Hardware
Sheet Metals
Machinists' Supplies
Automotive Equipment*

Bangor, Maine
Telephone 7311

Compliments of

Porteous, Mitchell and Braun COMPANY

Center of Maine Living

Portland, Maine

TORREY ROLLER BUSHING WORKS

Bath, Maine

Manufacturers of
Ships' Fittings Since 1863

BRYANT'S

Maine's Finer Store for

DIAMONDS - WATCHES AND SILVER

For the past Fifty-two Years

46 Maine Street
Bangor, Maine

To those who so willingly chose to sponsor
the publication of this yearbook, we are extremely
grateful. By your generosity and good will you have
helped us to record and preserve the memories of this
fifth graduating class.

The Advertising Staff

PATRON LIST

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., New York, N. Y.

KENWOOD MILLS, Albany, N. Y.

LITT & CHINITZ, New York, N. Y.

DAY'S INC., Portland, Maine

ATLANTIC SEA GRILL, Bangor, Maine

NEW ENGLAND ELECTRICAL NEWS INC., Boston, Mass.

NEW ENGLAND METAL CULVERT CO., Palmer, Mass.

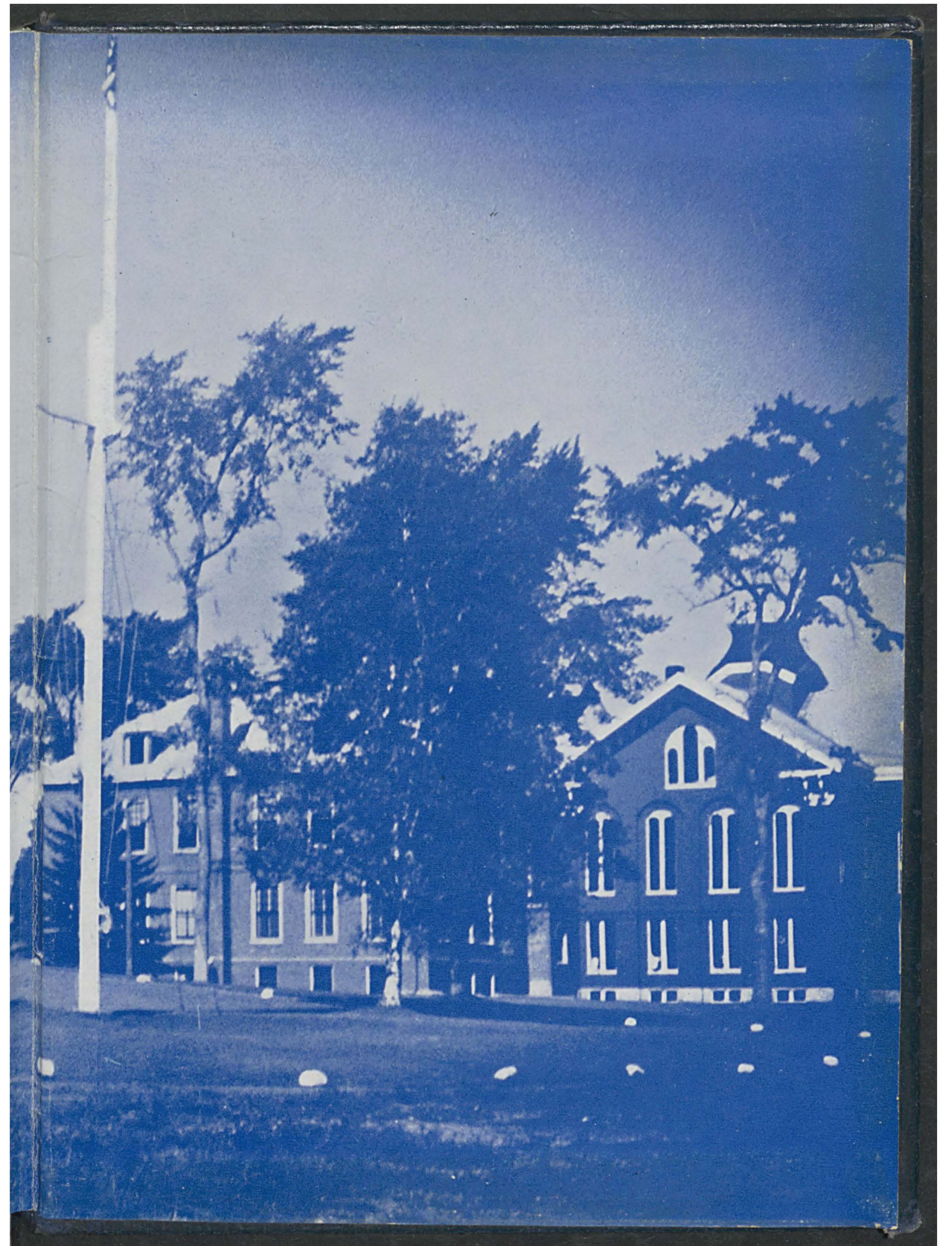
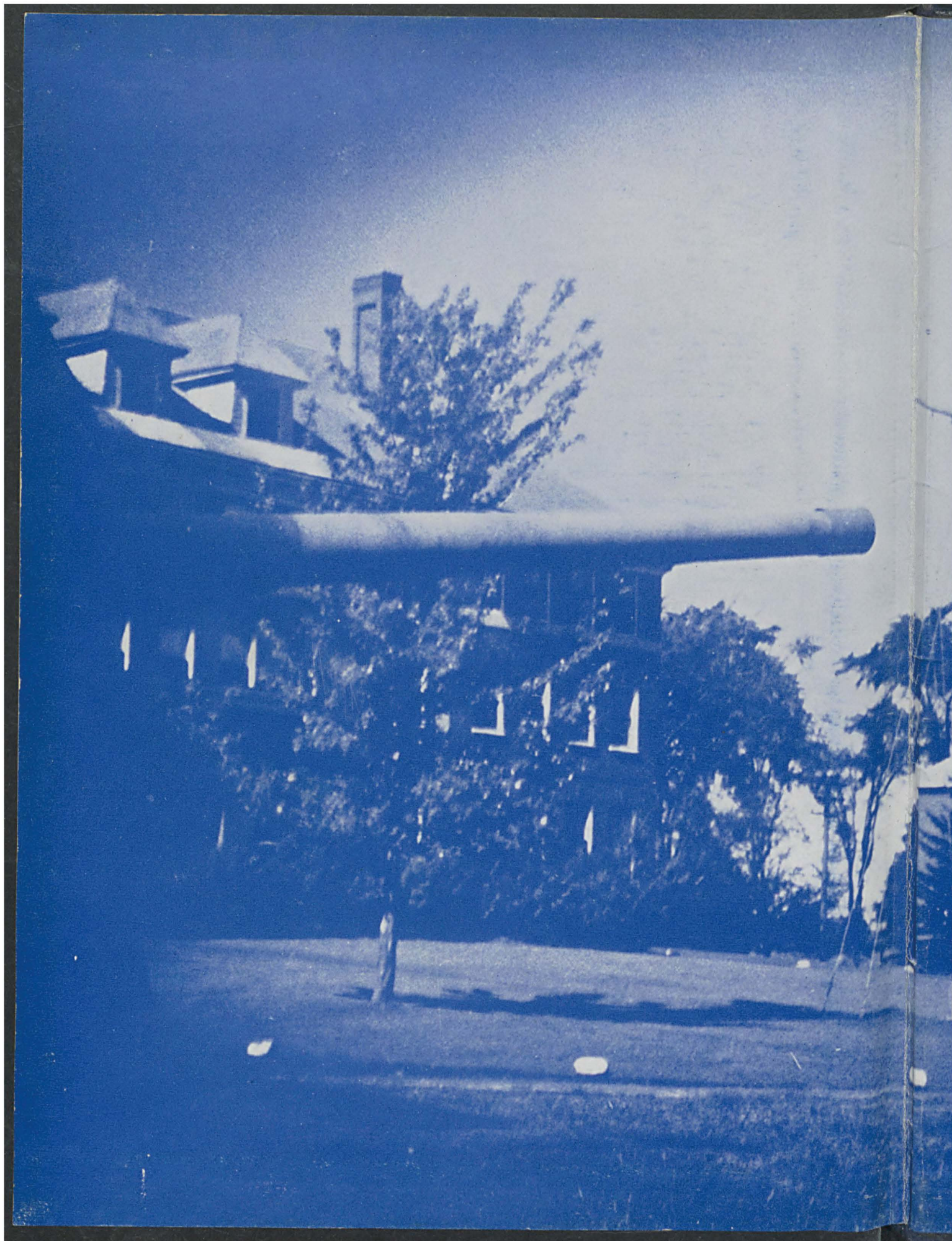
JORDAN'S READY-TO-EAT MEATS, Portland, Maine

ROGER-PAUL-JORDAN, Portland, Maine

CORAL GREETING CO., Hartford, Conn.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

A		J	
Alcoa Steamship Company	226	Jordan's Ready-To-Eat Meats	252
American Export Lines	218	K	
American Foreign Steamship Co.	249	Kenwood Mills	252
Appel & Company	249	L	
Atlantic Sea Grill	252	Litt & Chintz	252
B		Loring, Short & Harmon	248
Babcock & Wilcox Company	235	Lyford-Woodward Company	247
Balfour, L. G.	231	M	
Ballard Oil Company	235	Maguire, J. P.	236
Bangor House	239	Merchants National Bank	249
Bangor Hydro Electric Co.	242	Merrill Trust Company	227
Bangor Roofing Company	245	N	
Bath Iron Works	223	National Bronze Company	234
Benoit's	248	N. E. Electrical News	252
Black Diamond Steamship Co.	224	N. E. Metal Culvert Company	252
Bragg, N. H.	250	Nissen, J. J.	242
Brountas	247	O	
Bryant's	251	Owen Moore's	241
Burbank, A. L.	221	P	
Burnham & Morrill	231	Peacock, R. J.	229
C		Penobscot Hotel	247
Carr Brothers	243	Porteous, Mitchell & Braun	250
Coral Greeting Company	252	Propellor Club	220
D		R	
Day's, Inc.	252	Roger-Paul-Jordan	252
Dunham and Hanson	246	Rosengarten, David	233
Dunning, R. B.	245	Royal Manufacturing Company	252
E		S	
Eagle Clothes	230	Sangerville Woolen Company	232
Eastern Trust Company	227	Sargent Studios	215
F		Sears, Roebuck & Company	229
Fay & Scott	245	Smith & Johnson	221
Finchley	225	Sperry Gyroscope Company	216
Footman's Dairy	241	Standard Fruit & Steamship Co.	244
French, M. L.	217	T	
G		Torrey Roller Bushing Works	250
Gamecock Cafe	244	Tripler, F. R.	225
Gannet Publishing Company	238	U	
Gay Brothers Company	237	United States Lines	222
Gotham Novelty Company	237	W	
Grant-Knowles	243	Wall Rope Works	244
Graymore Hotel	246	Warren Press	214
Gregory's	246	Wassookeag School	248
Guilford Woolen Mills	232	Watson's Cleaners	239
H		Worumbo	219
Hannaford Brothers	243		
Harris Company	250		
Harris, M.	223		
Hogan Brothers	249		
Holmes Electrical Supply Co.	240		
Hyde Windlass Company	228		



1946