FOREWORD

This I give you—the Academy is only as good as its Faculty and its Students and until every one works together, first 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 officer strives for, "A Happy Ship."

May the best of luck be with you always.

J. W. McCOLL, Jr.
Rear Admiral, USN
Superintendent
To the Midshipmen of the Maine Military Academy:

Young men who have chosen the sea as a career should understand that the United States Merchant Marine faces an important test in the immediate future. The next few years will tell whether our Merchant Marine, once the backbone of our naval power and the pride of America, will sail forward on a steady course of service to commerce and country, or stand becalmed in the doldrums of public indifference.

In the recent war the Merchant Marine proved itself to be an indispensable arm of our fighting machine. The peace that victory in that war has given us places upon the United States a new responsibility as a member of the family of nations. In the future our international relations will be more important than ever before. The Merchant Marine is an instrument of international relations. Other nations will know us largely by the goods the Merchant Marine will carry abroad. They will recognize us as Americans by the flag that merchant ships will carry into every port.

To become a strong force in international relations, in national security and in the economic structure of America, the Merchant Marine needs good ships and good men to sail them. More than that, it needs public understanding and support so the American people will sail American and ship American. As you believe in the Merchant Marine, you should help others to understand its mission and thus to believe in it.

W. W. Smith
Chairman
United States Maritime Commission
Lieutenant Commander Francis Ford, U.S.N.R.

Coming to us from long and hazardous service in the Pacific theatre of war, Commander Ford brought with him discipline and determination that we all admired, respected and strove to attain. With a sincere desire to improve the individual, the Academy and the Maritime Service, Commander Ford was always ready to point out our mistakes and to help us correct them. As Head of the Department of Naval Science, he indoctrinated us in the qualities of an officer and, by his own military bearing and officer qualities, set up a goal for us. His example inspired us. His sincerity won us.

Commander Ford, we, the Sixth Class of the Maine Maritime Academy, are proud of our association with you; we are grateful for your efforts in our behalf. Through this, the 1947 edition of Trick's End, we salute you.

Commander Arthur S. Fairley, U.S.N.R.

Coming to us from a tour of duty in Panama, Commander Fairley, with his jovial sense of humor and keen understanding of human nature, soon became one of the most popular officers at the Academy. His wide and varied experiences, his knowledge and love of the sea, his scholarship— all contribute to both his classes and to the friendly "Bull Sessions" of which he is frequently a central figure. Our problems are his problems. His friendly smile encourages us. His knowledge assures us. His genius at explanation never fails us. His scholarship and his personality win us. In the classroom or on the bridge, he is master.

Commander Fairley, we, the students of the Sixth Class of the Maine Maritime Academy, are proud that you have been, and are, a part of our school. For your friendly help, your understanding way, we are grateful. Through this the 1947 Trick's End, we salute you.
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Joseph W. McColl, Jr.
U.S.N.
Superintendent

Commander W. C. P. Bellinger
U.S.N.
Executive Officer
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Chief Pharmacist's Mate

RICHARD BROMFIELD
Yeoman

NEAL MacLAUGHLIN
Store Keeper
BATTALION COMMANDER

BERT L. CHESTERTON

BATTALION ADJUTANT

G. I. SMITH

COMPANY

FRANK J. HEARN
Company Commander
JOHN MASON DUTTON
Sanford Maine

"Honest John's" genius for keeping the D-1 boys out of trouble and out of unnecessary work details and his repertoire of famous excuses for missing men made "Dut" a popular section leader. John seemed most at home pounding out a Boogie Woogie on the piano or leading the Orchestra through a rousing version of "The Philbrick House." In spite of his extra-curricular activities and duties as Section Leader, he always managed to keep his scholastic standing well above average.

Section Leader D-1, Orchestra Leader, Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers.

FRANK JOSEPH HEARN
Bangor Maine

Frank, or more accurately, "Striker" Hearn was famous for his active participation in such societies as the Propeller Club and the B.S.A. (Honorary member). Although "I never worked" Hearn was unusually skilled in the fine art of avoiding work details, his subtle sense of humor, pleasant personality and qualities of leadership made him an excellent company commander.

Varsity Football; Intramural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club, Treasurer —first year, Kadet Kapers.

WENDELL E. WEBBER
Rockland Maine

D-1 didn't need a Bowditch when Wendy (his father is in the Coast Guard) Webber, the High-powered Section Leader of D-3 was around. Summers saw salt-streaked, foam-flecked Wendy lashed to the helm of the "Winlock" or "Coyote" sailing into the teeth of a Penobscot Bay souwester. At dances he was always "Rocking the House" with a cute looking gal—jitterbugging to a "Two O'clock Jump."

D-3 Section Leader; Sailing Coxswain; Propeller Club; Varsity Basketball, Football; Intramural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Golf.

FRANK LEAVITT ALLEN
Sanford Maine

The tomes of philosophy and chemistry lining Frank Allen's book shelves equip him admirably for his discussions on conditions of the universe. Despite more than occasional griping, Frank is an excellent student and a graduate member of the Late Study Club. We picture him twenty years hence, swathed in a smock gazing into test tubes—a successful scientist.

Propeller Club.
JOHN J. BILLINGS
Stonington, Maine

Coming from good Maine lobstering country, from a family of boat builders, Buffy Billings was happiest plunging into a smoky sou’wester in a sailboat.

Propeller Club.

HAROLD ADDISON ARMES
Bath, Maine

Harry, the peculiarly optimistic midshipman of D-1, was favored by a boundless energy that always kept him on the go. Endowed with a remarkable capacity for consuming food, probably the factor that gave him his energy, Harry holds the record as the man who led the chow line most consistently in our underclass year. His good physique gave him not only notable endurance in basketball but gave him more than an even chance with the ladies.

Intra-mural Basketball, Propeller Club.

JOSEPH F. BRITTON
Rochester, New Hampshire

Joe Britton, surrounded by pipe racks and puffing on his Meerschaum while casually surveying the world from his sack, was always ready for a discussion whether the subject was his trials and troubles at the Academy or the problems of the world. One of Joe’s particularly pleasing qualities was his eagerness to give a helping hand to anyone in distress.

Intra-mural Football; Propeller Club; Kadet Kapers; Associate Writer, Maine Mast; Golf.

JOHN H. BROPHY
Fairfield, Maine

“Broph” was a quiet lad, who always knew the story was. His cool-headedness made him a whiz at any card game and an outstanding athlete. He was in his stride in the Caribbean ports, returning with some of the best liberty tales we’ve heard. “Broph” is a member of the Dark Town Poker Club.

Varsity Baseball, Football; Intra-mural Baseball, Basketball, Football; Propeller Club.
PAUL M. BURR  
Bangor  Maine

Paul, one of the mainstays of D-1, could always be found clowning on stage or off, with his famous face expressions. Pooky will be remembered for bull sessions on sports and women, but his outstanding virtues were his leadership ability and his keen all-round sportsmanship.

Varsity Basketball, Baseball, Football; Intramural Baseball, Football; Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers.

HERMAN BROWN  
Sudbury  Massachusetts

Herman was the product of the pseudo-intellectual Room 7 environment—Conlon's college culture and Allen's philosophy-chemistry-passions. His interests ranged from debating—he was a bit dogmatic, but he never lost his head—to seamanship. He included paint spraying of the Yankee States in the latter.

Propeller Club.

EDGAR S. CATLIN  
Brunswick  Maine

"Tim," from the home of the Bowdoin pines, stayed up the long winter nights straining his eyes over the Cribbage board (record 54 games) with Buffy Billings and Jr. Birdman Erswell. "Give me liberty or give me death." Catlin broke a record of "A steak in every port" on last year's cruise. Tim shouldered the responsibility of the Maine Mast editorship, with considerable skill.

Intra-mural Baseball, Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers, Maine Mast Editor.

DOUGLAS WELLMAN CURTIS  
Rockland  Maine

"Doug" Curtis was at home as soon as he began to bat the breeze on politics with "Now the way I look at it..." "Rummy" worried considerably about studies; but he worked until he mastered them; he worried about Falvey; but worrying about "Shamus" did no good. "Doug's" quietness and slow sure method of work never gave him trouble in making friends.

Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers.
OSBORNE N. ELLIS
Waterville Maine
Ozzie, Band Master and Postman, was, at times, the most envied cadet in the Academy. Come hell or high water, restrictions or breakdowns, Ozzie was ashore before the Captain or the Pilot to collect mail, disappearing in the Caribbean ports for suspiciously long periods of time to return with a handful of letters. Witty and intelligent on any subject, he was also the top man in ranks.
Band Master; Intra-mural Baseball, Football, Band, Orchestra.

THOMAS PAUL CONLON
Jamaica Plain Massachusetts
The Academy’s bit o’ Ireland, o’ Boston, and Harvard, all in one, Tom lived up to tradition as a story teller. In any corner Tom could be found passing off a “Conlon Masterpiece” in an innocent disarming voice on an unsuspecting victim. Witty and intelligent on any subject, he was also the top man in ranks.
Propeller Club, Yearbook writer.

GEORGE ASHLEY ERSWELL, JR.
Brunswick Maine
We’re still waiting for Jr. Birdman Erswell’s flying machine to come bouncing down onto the Castine golf course. When not flying, sleeping, or pouring his wit into a bull session, Erswell is instructing a class in the art of studying in a horizontal position. A great advocate of long liberty week-ends (Thursday to Tuesday), George with coupe and passengers (Death Riders Club) broke records to Brunswick.
Intra-mural Baseball, Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers, Swimming Instructor.

WALTER S. FALVEY
Boston Massachusetts
“Shamus O’Falvey,” one of Boston’s own, was missed by all when he left the Academy, perhaps because he was such a good-natured target for so many jokes.
“Hydrant” was a great sack lover; many were the times that his and Catlin’s snores shook B-deck.
Propeller Club.
JAMES R. GLENCROSS
Bangor Maine

"Duke" Glencross, the "bowlegged, six shootin' cowboy of D-1," earned his reputation singing cowboy songs and listening to Zeke Henry and his Bar-J Boys. One of D-1's "Originals," Jim was a member of the "Terrible Trio" that was so successful in Kadet Kapers. His reputation for talent in his cowboy imitation was matched easily by his natural ability as a seaman. Coxswain Glencross' expert handling of the Gadget made him famous.

Varsity Baseball; Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Kadet Kapers, Propeller Club.

J. EUGENE HAMILTON
Pittsfield Maine

"Hammy", though quiet, was held in high regard by his fellow Cadets. Gene proved his worth on our football team, in one game playing end against his Alma Mater, M.C.I. They say he took up drumming (in the Band) to keep in shape for football.

Varsity Football; Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Kadet Kapers.

HARRY ELMONT HENDERSON
Augusta Maine

Wide interests, a good nature and a glib tongue made "Punchy," the beef and brown boy of D-1, a valuable addition to any bull session. One way conversations were frequently started by Harry's "My brother is quite a guy." A man with lots of spirit and a good build, "Punchy" was one of the best centers on our varsity football team.

Varsity Football; Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Band, Orchestra, Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers.

ARNOLD TRUE HOCKING
St. George Maine

"A. T.," the mess-deck slave, the boy who was always there when Wallace wasn't, did a first-class job as Assistant Master at Arms. For that matter, he could be relied on to do anything well. His mental wheels whirred most happily over a problem in Seamanship. "Ambition? I want to fly."

Intra-mural Baseball, Assistant Master at Arms, Propeller Club.
G. RAYMOND HUOT
Edgewood         Rhode Island

The singing voice heard everywhere, in the shower room, in the hallways, on deck and occasionally in beer parlors, belonged to D-1’s accomplished man of the world, Ray Huot. In the pauses between singing and joining the boys in a good time, “Hoot” might be comparing the life of never-to-be-forgotten Cranston, Rhode Island, with certain towns in Maine. Though a party man, Ray was a very reliable student.

Intra-mural Football, Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers, Maine Mast Record Reviews, Golf.

LLOYD H. HOLMES
Portland         Maine

“Lightnin,” the “married man of D-1” was also the Section’s wit; unconsciously—or more probably consciously—his actions and remarks were humorous. Remember the question in a certain Cargo class, “Have you ever found a snake in a cargo of bananas?” He was unusually active; his photography played a large role in the make-up of Tricks End and the Maine Mast.

Photography Editor, Tricks End, Maine Mast; Manager, Varsity Basketball, Baseball; Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club; Kadet Kapers, Cantren.

ALVIN HARRIS MILLER
Lewiston         Maine

The perpetually sun-tanned Al, when wearing his famed dark glasses, bore a close resemblance to a refugee from Hollywood or from a Florida winter resort. Although a man with a John J. Anthony-eager to give advice-personality, he was always easy to work with and was a well-liked and popular D-1 figure. Al comes from Lewiston.

Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Band, Propeller Club, Sailboat Coxswain.
JOHN W. EDEN
Company Commander
CORWIN V. MUDGE
Cape Elizabeth, Maine
What was left of our pay after the monthly raid by the finance office disappeared into the Mudge wallet when Jerry took up collections as chairman of the Class Ring Committee. In addition to Class Ring and D-2 Section Leader responsibilities, C. V. kept the boys puffing through his gym classes (Always wondered if he could untwist from one of his more extreme contortions). At ease with officers as well as Cadets, interested in learning, and a good worker, Jerry made his presence felt at the Academy.
Intra-mural Baseball, Sailboat Coxswain, Propeller Club, Ring Chairman, Assistant Gym Instructor.

JOHN W. EDEN
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan
John, with his contagious bursts of enthusiasm, his love for sports, for having bull sessions or good times with the rest of the gang, made a perfect Joe College. Michigan and Yale were two favorite enthusiasms. His outstanding qualities of leadership, in particular his sense of fairness and honor, and his remarkable personality helped him turn out a fine job as B Company Commander and President of the Propeller Club.
Varsity Baseball, Football; Band, President of the Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers, Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football.

BRADLEY T. SHAW
Portland, Maine
"B. T." Shaw, endowed with a marvelously booming and occasionally failing voice providing a contrast to his relatively slight figure, was the efficient section leader of the Underclass D-4. Brad was ambitious and always succeeded in making an impression in anything in which he was involved.
D-4 Section Leader, Propeller Club, Sailboat Coxswain, Golf.

GEORGE E. CARPENTER, JR.
Newport News, Virginia
The only rebel to invade the land of the "damnyankees," George with his easygoing personality and his wit highlighted by a smooth Southern drawl, became immediately popular. His enthusiasm for Virginia, its mint juleps and its girls led some to suspect that he was secretly employed by the State Chamber of Commerce. George's ability as a drillmaster brought D-4 fame as the honor underclass drill section.
Intra-mural Baseball, Football; Kadet Kapers, Propeller Club.
JOHN JOSEPH KELLY
Yonkers New York

The Kelly smile, known the world over and famous for getting its owner out of difficult situations, had the ability to soothe the wrath of enraged officers and midshipmen. Happy-go-lucky Kell, a Jack-of-all-trades, managed to know everybody and do everything. He was a Master Mariner (Small Sailing Craft and Rowboats), a Master Carpenter, a Master Barber and a Master at squeezing out of tough situations. Never forget Gloria or the Yonkers when John is around.

Intra-mural Baseball, Football; Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers, Gunner's Mate.

JOHN B. COCHRAN
Washington District of Columbia

Liberty, food and a few minor necessities of life were all that could separate John from his beloved sack. A quick change artist when it came to his cars, he'd disappear from Castine one weekend in a red Chevrolet and return in a green two-tone Plymouth. John was a great hunter; it is said that when he was on liberty in Bar Harbor, fresh venison graced his table months after the close of the hunting season.

Propeller Club, Maine Mast.

ELMER E. LEONARD
Camden Maine

Elmer was the man who was indispensable to Chief Ski, and who, through no fault of his own, blasted us out of sweet slumber with reveille. Elmer and his trumpet survived though, more than once, concrete mixtures and rags were prepared to stuff the deadly horn and postpone reveille. One of our best practical men, Elmer could always be found "instructing" the mugs on a phase of deck seamanship, or officiating as a Cadet Boatswain.

Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Band, Orchestra, Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers, Bugler, Assistant Band Master.

ARTHUR R. MAASBYLL
Westbrook Maine

We always wondered what there was about Westbrook 'til Art, one of MMA's Don Juans, showed us pictures of its girls. Though he well earned his nickname "The Haunt" from the wise cracks, puns and witticisms that rolled off his tongue so easily, he was one of D-2's most conscientious students, always a faithful worker and high in his studies.

Varsity Baseball, Propeller Club, Maine Mast Head Typist, Golf.
D-2's lover extraordinary of the sack, Doc usually had to be torn from the arms of Morpheus at reveille. Neither dripping buckets of cold water, nor even Chief Ski's not too gentle hand succeeded in arousing Doc if he wanted to sleep. An excellent worker, at times a bit too efficient for underclassmen, he earned well his Cadet Bos'nship.

Propeller Club, Sailboat Coxswain, Literary Editor of 1947 Trick's End, Associate Editor of Maine Mast.

With his scholarly inclinations and achievements, with the tranquility of thought and action of an English professor, John "4.0" Meras is truly a son of Phillips Exeter and Harvard. His talent and imagination proved valuable to the 1947 Trick's End staff. Quiet and unassuming, serious and thoughtful, John should find his sea experiences a source of inspiration for his literary talents.

Propeller Club, Sailboat Coxswain, Literary Editor of 1947 Trick's End, Associate Editor of Maine Mast.

The Academy's most elaborate and successful "Cozy" operator, Dick always managed to be where the work party was not mustering, usually enjoying the luxuries of his sack. An excellent student, interested in everything from magic to radio, he was our best Navigator and a leading student.

Band, Orchestra, Propeller Club, Cadet Kapers.

The mail truck never left Castine without one of Don's letters to Mary—practically the only girl who managed to hold her man through two cruises and years at M. M. A. When not writing the letter or studying, Don could usually be found playing ball. Moors shared, with Porky Burr, honors as the deckman's best all-round athlete.

Varsity Basketball, Baseball, Football; Intramural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club.
MARTIN NEEDHAM

Old Town Maine

Leaving a trail of exploded El Stinko cigarettes, pepper gum and pepper toothpicks, the remains of occasional practical joke sprees, Marty made an unforgettable impression on the Academy. Always well-liked in spite of, or perhaps because of, such idiosyncrasies, he was, in addition, an accomplished pianist and a good student. But the memory of Needham that remains with us is the generous, Super-Dramatic, have-you-heard-the-latest-rumor, always-ready-for-a-laugh Needham.

Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers, Golf.

EDWARD J. MOTZENBECKER

Newark New Jersey

"Motzy," lord almighty of the Coke Machine, earned at one time in mug circles the reputation of being the most talked of upperclassman. With a name that suited his bearing, he was recognized by his smart military carriage when marching in ranks and his somewhat Prussian mannerisms. Motzy did a fine job as Advertising Manager of Trick's End, bringing in the ads that gave the book its start.

Intra-mural Baseball, Propeller Club, Associate Editor and Advertising Editor of Trick's End, Coke Machine, Ship's Soda Fountain, Golf.

ROBERT PEARSON

Corinna Maine

Bob, hailing from the deep Maine woods (Corinna), loves his hunting, fishing, trapping, and boating. Unusually energetic and dependable, he was not only a good student, but a perfect companion on liberty. Bob's exuberance on liberty resulted in a much discussed broken arm and a suspiciously blackened eye. For a short period, he was temporary Section Leader of D-4.

Intra-mural Baseball, Propeller Club.

RALPH C. PLUMMER

Harrington Maine

"Bud" Plummer's interest in Seaman's kept him busy on our cruises, during which he observed and participated as Cadet Bos'n and directed "mugs" on work details. Also famous for his enthusiasm for liberty, Bud is best remembered by the Epicurean phrase, "Wine, Women, and Song."

Cadet Gunner's Mate, Intramural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club.
ALFRED ROSENTHAL
New York New York

An ex-N.Y.U. track star, Al, when he reached the Academy, decided to take life easy. Al was forever devising means of securing a little more sack drill and for getting work done with a minimum of personal effort—"more mugs, fewer upper classmates." He was talented enough never to have to open a book.

Intra-mural Basketball, Propeller Club, Maine Mast Writer.

ROSSALVIN ROBBINS
Bar Harbor Maine

"Rabbit" Robbins was one of the Academy's all-around athletes. The cadets still recall Rabbit as the war-time basketball star of Bowdoin. Though he spent a good part of his time talking sports and playing football, baseball and basketball, he was, in his serious moments, an excellent Math student (his tussles with Lt. Gregory were famous).

Varsity Basketball, Football; Intra-mural Baseball, Football; Propeller Club, Assistant Canteen Operator.

LAWRENCE ROULSTONE
Newton Massachusetts

"Bippy" of Newton High comes from a long line of Old Salts. His sea captain forbears from Searsport were never forgotten when Bipp was around, but his enthusiasm was genuine and he'll be one of our best third mates. When not expanding on the beauties and virtues of Searsport, he played a good game of football, finishing the season as one of the valuable varsity guards.

Varsity Football; Intra-mural Baseball, Football; Propeller Club.

PETER A. RUSSELL
Damariscotta Maine

His very famous and very contagious "Russell" laugh sparked many ball sessions and "after taps" discussions. The Russell chuckle and the Schneider voice were the trade marks of Room 228. Pete, our Dixieland jazz specialist, was forever luring victims into his quarters to share his appreciation of a Bunk Johnson trumpet or a Pee Wee Russell clarinet. "Bustle" Russell was universally popular.

Intra-mural Baseball, Football; Kadet Kapers; Propeller Club.
HARRY M. SANDS
Jackman Maine

“Sandy,” from the most remote, Northwestern corner of Maine, was one of the best liked fellows in our class. Always easy to live with, “Muscles” was a good man to have on your side. His traveling time to Jackman rivaled that of the Boston and New York boys, so he was fortunate to have “the girl” living in Portland. He proved his worth in practical matters as a Bos’n working on deck during the reconversion and the cruise.

Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball; Propeller Club, Varsity Baseball.

MARTIN SCHNEIDER
Bangor Maine

Micky’s gift for pantomime and burlesque not only gave him a lead in Kadet Kapers as one of the “Terrible Trio,” but also made him an unforgettable figure. He could always be identified by his cocked hat and militaristic gait at quarters and by his inimitable voice and humor echoing through B-deck corridors. One of his more self-satisfying accomplishments at the Academy was, according to his own testimony, his Twenty Thousand Hours of Sack Duty.

Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers.

RICHARD SCHONLAND
Portland Maine

Dick impressed all with his interest in extra-curricular activities. He did a fine job in the Band and Orchestra, and in the capacity of Editor in Chief organized most of the 1947 Trick’s End before he resigned from the Academy. Dick’s military bearing and precise manner immediately identified him.

Intra-mural Basketball, Football; Propeller Club.

JOHN THEODORE SKOLFIELD, JR.
Gardiner Maine

John, the wheel of D-2, had more escapades ashore and afloat than any other Midshipman. Always the first man on the spot if anything interesting was brewing, he could, despite this occasional rashness, be very much on the ball when he wanted to. To see how aptly the nickname applies, watch the Wheel in operation with the gentler sex.

Intra-mural Basketball, Football; Propeller Club, Swimming Instructor.
EARLE F. SPENCER
Winchester Massachusetts

Earle was never happier than when taking off on a Harley-Davidson motorcycle on a five-mile straightaway, or when coming down "one of them Vermont hills on skis." The girls also played a prominent part in Spencer's life, especially when he could look forward to those moonlit summer nights at Kennebunkport. The fact that he was a "Brain" made it possible for Earle to keep his ranks high without much effort.

Intra-mural Baseball, Football; Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers, Swimming Instructor.

GRANVILLE ISAAC SMITH
Gardiner Maine

G. I. was born with his sea-legs and a genius for salty dialect. His rich vocabulary of sea terms always sprinkled through his conversation and invariably confused underclassmen. His eagerness and enthusiasm to learn and to work were his trade marks. The latter qualities helped make him an excellent Battalion Adjutant.

Battalion Adjutant, Band, Propeller Club, Sailboat Coxswain.

RONALD A. WALLACE
Portland Maine

Word has it that Wallace's reign as Master at Arms at the Academy was so successful that he has been begged by the officials of the Waldorf Astoria to serve, upon graduation, as Head Waiter of their hotel. Red's quiet efficiency at M. M. A., as well as his famous red hair, cannot be overlooked, but on liberty he was a different man. Portland vibrated when Wally was in town.

Intra-mural Football, Baseball, Basketball; Propeller Club, Golf.

LEONARD WARSHAVER
Boston Massachusetts

Although looked on with more apprehension than admiration by the luckless underclassmen who vanished from his work details, we all felt we'd lost a good man when Lenny left in the middle of his upper-class year. An excellent student, he was particularly capable in navigation, and following in Chuck's footsteps he'd break into a Warshaver smile and ask, "Well, boys, what's your right ascension at this moment?" Lenny was also a sports enthusiast.

Intra-mural Football, Baseball; Propeller Club.
The tall man with the short hair is "Bumbo of E-1." As Section Leader and peacemaker when the details were assigned, Jim did a fine job. The Band missed his talent when his "Slush pump" disappeared at the beginning of the upperclass year. "Bumbo" will always be remembered for his humor, leadership and good fellowship.

**AZIO J. FERRINI**

*Portsmouth, New Hampshire*

Azio, star tackle on the football team was one of the boys from the Granite State. Any underclassman within miles of Azio could soon expect to be summoned for a work detail. He not only lived up to the upperclass traditions, and was an outstanding Company Commander, but was a first class engineer.

**Azio, star tackle on the football team was one of the boys from the Granite State. Any underclassman within miles of Azio could soon expect to be summoned for a work detail. He not only lived up to the upperclass traditions, and was an outstanding Company Commander, but was a first class engineer.**

Varsity Football; Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club.

**KENNETH A. McHENRY**

*North Anson, Maine*

"Meow" McHenry, the successful Section Leader of E-3 and oddly enough Honorary Member of the W. C. T. U., hails from a clearing deep in the Maine woods, appropriately named North Anson. All his memories and interests focused on some perfumed letters; plans for the future include marriage to the writer of the letters.

**E-1's diminutive Andy Gump was the resourceful leader of the Quebec expedition, an excursion famous for the '36 Plymouth flivver. Always one of the boys and full of fun, he was given a rousing send-off, when he resigned, with just the type of going-away party he, and every one else most appreciated. P.S.—No wonder Mr. Ballantine is so prosperous.**

**Propeller Club.**
RENE BRIAND
Epping, New Hampshire

Rene, owner and driver of the fated "Buick Bus" disappeared in a cloud of dust for New Hampshire before the Liberty Party had dissolved. The only time he managed to stay awake (he had an unholy dread of 0000-0400 watches and of staying awake when unnecessary) and then only after consuming gallons of black coffee was on the Midnight Ride from home back to the Academy.
Propeller Club.

JOHN K. BISSLAND
Thompsonville, Connecticut

Liberty week ends, Bizzie could be seen painting the town of Augusta red. With his beautiful wavy hair (Wildroot and Vitalis are slit­ting each other's throats to get Bizzy for an ad), he never had trouble with the girls. During the cruise, he left us for the North woods.
Propeller Club.

WALLACE W. BRIDGE
Hazardville, Connecticut

Wally Bridge (after graduation he will appear in the movies as the Thin Man) earned his fame cracking mid-morning puns. His wit took effect very slowly; delayed action Wally claimed distinction when it came to his engineering subjects, and kept his marks high.
Propeller Club.

RICHARD EDWARD BRENNAN
Whitman, Massachusetts

"Mike" might make his fortune as a sea lawyer, with his love of arguments, his training at M. M. A. and his skill at getting what he's after. Nor did he have to be an end on the football team to have a way with the fairer sex. Mike will always be remembered for his Dumb Irish Act.
Varsity Basketball, Football; Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Band, Propeller Club.
CHARLES W. CYR

Augusta Maine

That noise—roaring some derogatory remark from Room 48—probably belongs to Charlie. The "Duke of Augusta" and representative from "Sand Hill" always was ready with a snappy comeback. Those experiences on the cruise made good listening when the boys began to shoot the breeze. His trusty eye and glove made an unbeatable combination in left field for E-1. Success lies in the path of the little man from Augusta—no matter which way he turns.

Intra-mural Baseball, Football, Basketball; Propeller Club, Maine Mast Feature Editor.
KENNETH ALLEN GROVER
Augusta Maine

"Man Mountain" was a powerful and decisive factor on the football team. Along with his gridiron duties he held down the position of Chief Engineer on the Pentagoet. Easy-going and likeable, Ken never was one for skipping work details and his ranks were a credit also. From here it looks like Polly rates all the attention and its a toss-up to see whether the farm or the sea will win.

Varsity Football; Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club.

FREDERICK GRONDIN
Biddeford Maine

"Grogan," first string halfback of the football team, had his big day when our Varsity beat Thornton Academy. Good-natured and easy-going, he usually spent his off duty hours (and occasionally work hours) snoozing peacefully, Room 47, upper right sack. His ambition is to follow in his brother's footsteps.

Varsity Football; Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club.

WILLIAM HALL
Yarmouth Maine

"Willie" came from the only town on the Maine seaboard that goes in and out with the tide. He always managed to be in a playful mood, particularly, when it involved his weaknesses—a fondness for blue-eyed blondes and for liquid refreshment. He gained eminence at the Academy when he became the only man who located a Stevenson Link on a turbine.

Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club.

ROBERT WINFIELD HARIVEL
Portland Maine

Bobby "the pass word is Bacardi" Harivel devoted a good part of his free time to huge water fights and huge bull sessions. After the sights seen on the Bernier caravan to Canada, Bob started to make plans to retire in Quebec. A very friendly fellow with a good brain, he'll make a good engineering officer.

Intra-mural Baseball, Football; Propeller Club.
JACK HATTESON
Rockland Maine

He was the big, blond member of the Hayward, Hodgkins, Hatteson trio. The boys are still trying to find out where he got that Packard club coupe he used to whizz through Rockland. Good-natured, cheerful, Jack hated the Maine winters, finally deciding, when he left the Academy, on a future in sunny Florida.

Intramural Football, Golf, Propeller Club.

HARVARD HODGKINS
Hancock Point Maine

Hodgie comes from that good deer-jacking country just a stone’s throw from Castine. When he wasn’t staring a Battle Royal with classroom erasers, he was day-dreaming about a certain girl named Joyce. The eraser throwing must have kept him in practice for basketball because he was one of our crack athletes on the court. Chosen profession: Spy Smashing.

Varsity Basketball; Intramural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club, Maine Mast Typist.

DAVID PATRICK HARTNETT
Portsmouth New Hampshire

His original laugh may be heard from one end of A deck to the other on many occasions. When not combing his hair, Dave, known to his section as “Double Bottom,” is usually participating in a bull session. A well-liked man with the ability to laugh off the many puns thrown at him, D. P. will make a fine engineer and one with a girl in every port.

Intramural Basketball, Football, Baseball; Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers, Golf.

DAVID CARY HAYWARD
Wellesley Hills Massachusetts

The old “Fox-Tail” from Boston was the source of many good laughs for the whole battalion. His excursions into the dark corners of Cuba are legend. He had many a close call. It has been questioned by those who rode in the maroon racer, whether “Red” had his eyes open or closed when behind the wheel. With Harvard in the future, we see very little standing in the way.

Intramural Baseball, Football, Basketball; Propeller Club, Varsity Basketball.

{70}
STANLEY D. VEHSLAGE
A devout member of the Black Gang, Stan proved so good a student in his engineering subjects that “Vehslage” soon became “Fuselage.” His artistic talent proved valuable to the 1947 Trick’s End. He holds the school record for the longest and fastest unscheduled liberty. Stan was one of the few engineers that spent the summer tossing around in Penobacot Bay, “at the helm” of a sailboat.

Trick’s End Editor, Intra-Mural Baseball, Football; Maine Mast, Coxswain, Golf.

RICHARD S. HOOPER
Portland, Maine

“Hoopsie,” the fellow who didn’t take heed to the nine o’clock curfew in Galveston, showed extraordinary ability at dodgin’ work details, one of the more finely developed upperclass arts. Most of the time on the cruise he was located in a lifeboat with a life jacket on. The big question in Dick’s mind always seemed to be “Which is more important—the chow line or the sack?” Cheerful and at times quiet, he was very popular.

Intra-mural Baseball, Propeller Club.
COMPANY

DALE W. LINDSEY
Company Commander
CARL SIGVARD OLSEN
Saint George  Maine

Norway's gift to the U. S., the linguist of M. M. A., E-2 Section Leader, and shoe shine specialist, Ole was a striking figure with his shock of blond hair and blue eyes. For morning quarters, he had a famous plea “Well, somebody has to come out to muster! Aw, please, fellows—huh?” Extremely conscientious, he did a good job with the section.

Section Leader E-2  Intra-mural Baseball, Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers.

DALE WELLESLEY LINDSEY
Rockland  Maine

Dale was the rather quiet-spoken, very capable “D” Company Commander. Luckless underclassmen who refused to bend to his perfection-seeking were soon wilted, spurred on by the cry “Wait ‘til the cruise.” Favorite quotation at quarters, “Okay, let’s muster youse guys!” Dale was one of the unforgettable “Rockland Boys.”

Intra-mural Basketball, Football; Band, Propeller Club.

ROBERT EATON CANAVAN
Waterville  Maine

“Spanky,” the football varsity’s powerhouse lineman in the left guard position, earned his reputation, not only as E-1 Section Leader, but as King of the pool balls. He could be located after taps pacing back and forth with a book in hand studying in his favorite study hall—A-deck head. And he says to me, “Get the thing a’ma jiggers and put them in the wha’cha’ma’ call it.”

Intra-mural Baseball, Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club.

RALPH KRAUSE
Washington  District of Columbia

Ralph, the Cadet from the politicians’ town, Washington, D. C., was, quite properly, always figuring the angles. Because of his rather extended leave of absence from the Academy, he managed, much to his sorrow, to claim one of the longest on post residences of any Cadet. A bit reserved, he was a hard worker and managed to ward academic failures from his door successfully.

Intra-mural Baseball, Football; Propeller Club.
GILBERT MARRINER
Rockland Maine

Gil, the car jockey of his section, provided with his Ford, the only source of transportation for the Rockland boys. With Gil behind the wheel and the home town in sight across the Bay, "the boys" were taking their lives in their hands. We were all accustomed to see Dick buried under the Big Drum, staggering and drumming his way through morning quarters.

Propeller Club.

RICHARD L. LINNELL
Portland Maine

His quiet, friendly manner helped make Dick popular; conscientious and unassuming, he always managed to bring in high marks in all his subjects. We were all accustomed to see Dick buried under the Big Drum, staggering and drumming his way through morning quarters.

Band, Orchestra, Propeller Club.

DOUGLAS WILLIAM MCKAY
Old Town Maine

"Doug" was the big fellow with the mild voice whose roaring laughter overflowed A-deck. He seemed to wander around in a daze most of the cruise. (It couldn't have been a lovely little bundle up Old Town way could it, Doug?) We remember Doug particularly as being friendly, quiet and reserved.

Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Band, Orchestra.

JEREMIAH JUDE MCCARTHY
Portland Maine

Jerry, always a popular and helpful E-2 figure, might have been one of our best varsity football players but for his purple heart decoration carried when he broke his leg on the practice field early in the season. The contribution of his wit and writing ability to the Maine Mast and Yearbook were very much appreciated. The friendly, optimistic qualities of his character fixed Jerry in our memories.

Varsity Football; Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club, Maine Mast writer, Yearbook writer.
H. SAMUEL McMinn
Bangor Maine

Sam, Lincoln's tall dark and handsome representative, was E-2's tennis specialist, their "fightingist" man on the court. And on the Varsity team, he was our pride and joy when he scores M. M. A.'s first touchdown. Noted as the Great Worker, he was an excellent supervisor when the room was being "soogied, kiyied and swabbed" for inspection.

Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club.

ROBERT P. McLAUGHLIN
Augusta Maine

Copper, the lad with the tiny feet (size 13, isn't it?) started making tracks on the Cony football team and continued at the Academy. And on the Varsity team, he was our pride and joy when he scores M. M. A.'s first touchdown. Noted as the Great Worker, he was an excellent supervisor when the room was being "soogied, kiyied and swabbed" for inspection.

Varsity Basketball, Football; Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball; Propeller Club.

ERNST MUNRO
Rockland Maine

Frankie copied the style of our orchestra's swoon-croon star vocalist, Cracker Munro. He made his most popular debut at the Oak Grove Dance and from then on his singing and fame skyrocketed. The ever smiling pint-sized lad from Rockland was the stellar forward of E-2's basketball team.

Intra-mural Baseball, Basketball, Football; Band, Orchestra, Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers.

ROBERT MURPHY
Cape Elizabeth Maine

Bob, wearer of the perpetual grin, was always trying to break records. His love for his sack became a consuming interest until he began trying to add an hour to his sleeping record of the day before. In the moment when he wasn't washing his hands (an unending procedure with Murph), he was willing to help out a fellow in need. Favorite expression, "Oh, what a weekend that was!"

Intra-mural Baseball, Football, Basketball; Propeller Club.
JOSEPH A. SAWYER
Camden Maine

Joe Sawyer, teethed on wrenches instead of a rattle, was our born engineer. It wasn’t a girl he rushed out on liberty for, it was that marine plant he’d installed in his work shop. Joe had a right to be proud of his scale size steam engine he built. We wondered what he was afraid of in the middle of a card game, raising bids. Overheard from Spooner “Wonder what happened to the ‘refreshments’ we left under our cabin?”

Propeller Club, Sailboat Coxswain, Chief Engineer—Petigoe, Ship’s Machine Shop Supervisor.

JOHN L. SPOONER
Auburn Maine

“Gravel Mouth” Spooner not only piloted E-2’s baseball team to the championship, but managed to claim the title of Mathematician of the class. John could always be found in the middle of a card game, raising bids. Overheard from Spooner “Wonder what happened to the ‘refreshments’ we left under our cabin?”

Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club.

FRANK F. SEVIGNY
Biddeford Maine

Frankie, the cadet that used to stroll up and down A-deck garbed in a sheet, impersonating Mahatma Ghandi, couldn’t bear standing aside as manager of the football team watching the massacre of his buddies, so he donned a uniform and got massacred with them. His weakness—a sparkling pair of brown eyes.

Varsity Baseball, Basketball, Football; Intra-mural Baseball, Basketball, Football; Propeller Club.

CHARLES TOLFORD
Portland Maine

We’ll never forget the day Lieutenant Commander Ford asked Charlie his name. “Tall-ford, Sir,” he answered. “Well, I’m a short-ford myself, so watch your step!” Mr. Ford cracked. When aboard ship, Charlie was usually hidden behind his welder’s mask or sporting his specially forged welder’s insignia. Two of his enthusiasms—the fair sex, bull sessions.

Intra-mural Football, Propeller Club.
"Dillinger" Wrenne, the live wire of E-2, always managed to be in the middle of everything—except studies. He was known to his section as E-2's own, private Public Address System. A good athlete, Jim was one of the valuable men in intramural sports.

Intra-mural Baseball, Basketball, Football;
Propeller Club.
UNDERCLASSMEN
KEHMJT P. ALLEN
Sedgwick, Maine

CLIFFORD E. CAMERON
282 Broadway
Rockland, Maine

RAYMOND B. COLE
Brook Road
Cumberland Center, Maine

ALDEGE N. J. DUBOIS
497 Hanover Street
Manchester, N. H.

PHILIP A. BLACK
Perkins Street
Castine, Maine

JOHN F. CAMPBELL
63 Oak Street
Lewiston, Maine

ERNEST C. COLLAR, JR.
Court Street
Castine, Maine

RICHARD H. ELIAS
Roadfield, Maine

WALTER BORKOWSKI
Old Town
Maine

WILLIAM C. CARL
42 Main Street
Skowhegan, Maine

PHILIP J. COUSINS
16 Reservoir Street
Caribou, Maine

FREDERICK K. DAY, JR.
28 Pleasant Street
Skowhegan, Maine

GEORGE BROOKS
4 Middle Street
West Barrington, R. I.

ALAN D. CEDERSTROM
Boothbay Harbor
Maine

RICHARD D. CROSBY
16 Washington Avenue
Old Orchard Beach, Maine

DURWARD A. EMERY
Newport
Maine

JAMES G. BURNLEY
89 Lysdale Street
Springfield, Mass.

GEORGE A. CHAMBERLAIN
1627 College Avenue
Waterville, Maine

FREDERICK N. DOW
19 Central Street
Witboro, Maine

DAVID G. FARRAND
215 Talbot Avenue
Rockland, Maine
The Meek

The final applications, the physical examination, the Naval Reserve Oath and then—all too quickly—a somewhat fearful civilian Midshipman waiting in Bangor on a hot July day for the “Yellow Streak” to spirit him from civilization into the Castine wilderness. Within a few days we were all leveled down to the quarter inch crew haircuts and “P.O.W. garb”—dungarees and white hats—of the lowly mug. Our first hours were spent frantically remaking sacks, measuring sheet seams and margins with calipers and rulers, flecking microscopic dust particles from obscure closet corners and radiator backings to pacify Upperclassmen. Until the cruise their imaginations were overworked perfecting such work details as the toothbrush ki-y-ing of washrooms—for the mugs. A minor uprising against the Exalted Ones raised our station in cadet society, but the Coke details and nutting sessions continued more or less until graduation. Now, at last, we enjoy chuckling over those days.

The Exalted

At last, with graduation and the disappearance of the new Ensigns in clouds of dust and in high-powered cars from the Castine scene, we became the formerly esteemed Upperclassmen. It was now our turn to be looked on with the proper respect; we became Sirs and Misters, assumed a new Simon Legree personality, cracked the whip over work details and sent the boys of the “Super” Class to the timeless task of polishing the ship’s bell. We began to feel more confident of ourselves, of our knowledge of Engineering and Seamanship (we even knew how to paint and holystone) from experience on board the Subchaser and the Training Ship. And so, gradually after two years of the Maine Maritime brand of “Blood, Sweat, and Tears” graduation crept closer and finally became a reality.
OFFICERS AND

Those J.O.D. watches, a 12-4 with nothing but the creaking of the building and perhaps a thumbworn copy of Superman Comics furtively passed from watch to watch to keep awake. Those famous C.O.D.'s when Commander Ford was Officer of the Deck piping the quaking pajama-clad Cadets from their sacks at 2200 with a "Muster All Hands," our saltiest officer just as he retired to his quarters in Richardson Hall cautioning the C.O.D. "And be sure to wake me up if the weather sets in thick" (The author was famous for warning Cadets about those "fore and aft creases.")

Then there were the Engineering Watches—the men whose coal shoveling efforts could never keep the boys warm enough, or if it was too warm, cool enough. And it was always the underclassman's job to keep the cellar clean of the coal dust that constantly swirled through and piled itself into conspicuous mounds.

The Ship-Reconversion Period in Bath was important in our Upperclass Year, providing a diversion for that long Fall Term, but making our work harder. It was the class work that occupied the Midshipman mind from weekend to weekend. When, as Spring rolled around, the Cadet mind became occupied with the lighter thoughts, the pesky question, "Did I or didn't I make the restriction list?" prodded him back to his studies.

GENTLEMEN

The Deckmen relearned the Reisenberg definitions for the sixth time, began muttering "Every vessel shall, in a fog, mist, falling snow, or heavy rainstorms" in their girl's ear by mistake and began looking for the lost Right Ascension as they began confusedly to prepare for Mate's Exams.

The Engineers began to delve into the perplexing mechanisms of the turbine, diesel and the faithful old recipe. At first it all seemed like one big question mark, especially when electricity and thermodynamics were tossed in for good measure, but gradually our competent instructors began to impress us with the clear step by step logic that makes up Engineering.
Ode to the

Long road to work

Underclass maintenance brings back memories of moving those little "muscle builders"—the half-ton boulders into a foundation for the wharf, of digging bottomless ditches to complete the construction of the Machine Shop. The "Master for Milk Detail" meant, sometimes, in addition to moving milk from trucks to Harry's storerooms, bouncing sides of beef

down the steps to the cellar (But remember the ice cream?). Field Day gained immortality as the months rolled by and our aching hands wore out tons of rags, swabs and scouge in efforts to keep the Academy clean. "Truck Driver to the Quarterdeck" was piped and off roared the Navy truck manned by a crew of engineers on a "Mission to Penobscot" with the morning garbage (or How to avoid Quarters).

Maintenance usually meant to Upperclassmen, further acquaintance with the Ma Robinson's milk shakes or the Greasy Spoon's hamburgs. And quite often officers made tours of inspection of "the dives" and rounded up the culprits who'd strayed away from the Machine Shop or Waterfront Crew. When we weren't consuming hot dogs and frappes, we were holystoning the decks of the Subchaser, cleaning up and conditioning the K. A. as she was prepared for reconversion.

The Engineers applied for membership in local 216, Ditch Diggers Union as they dug trenches for pipe lines, but unions never could beat that 9c an hour. Sweat and curses helped them drag the backbreaking lathes into the Machine Shop: D-1 remained the section that never was there: D-2 earned fame for its Bos'n's Mates: E-1 and E-2 rivalled each other for the title of Master Goldbricks.

Meanwhile the Pentagon was faithfully chugging in and out of Castine, with Chuck Tumey, Captain and Joe Sawyer, Chief Engineer. Most of our practical Navigation and Seamanship was learned about the "Gadget" but she also introduced us to the art of the chipping hammer, the paint scraper and the brush, experience that was to prove so valuable in Bath and on the Cruise of the Yankee States.

In final memory of our working days, the poem (Courtesy of Lt. Little):

Six days thou shalt labor
And do all that thou art able
And on the seventh holystone the decks
And chip and paint the cable.

Chipping Hammer

Operation overhead

Old Swimmin' Hole

{102}

Hit the Deck

{103}

Fourteen-letter Man

Gaston!
Castine was the liberty town, for the first year on duty weekends, and for the headlong daily rush to Ma Robinson’s to stock up on the deadly coffin nails, sodas, floats and frappes and those “under the counter” candy bars. “The Greasy Spoon” under the direction of Ma McLeod and “the girls” shared honors for soda fountain popularity, particularly, with its proximity to the deck and engine work details, sweating and laboring on the Yankee States and in the Machine Shop.

For the more nautically minded, Castine Harbor, Penobscot Bay and even, we recall, points beyond, beckoned. The Coyote and Windlock, the Academy Sailboats, took up the spare time of a dozen or more Midshipmen. Jaunts to Belfast and Rockland in search of “what goes with pretzels” were at least attempted, with the more attractive population of Harborside, luring many hardly mariners to its shores.

With the arrival of the summer population, the more wolfish cadets came into stride. The M. M. A. whistles were perfected on the luckless ones who braved the passage by the Academy. Midnight rendezvous were arranged by the more enterprising Middies, who tempted restriction to meeting their dates.

So Ma Robinson, The Greasy Spoon, the Sailboats and the Summer Population managed to deplete the $61.60 a month that was halved so willingly with “Smiling Jack the Palm Outstretched Fernald” every pay day. But, all the distractions helped to make our two years more pleasant, and to tear our minds away from the studying and inevitable griping.
CRUISE
0400 - 0500
Moored as before. At 0400 lighted fires under both boilers. At 0540 cut in both boilers on main steam line. Overhead.

Robert Pearson
Naval Officer C.O.O.

2800 - 1200
Steaming on course 244° (T), 248° (PSC), 260° (PSC). At 1447 altered course Island Light Boston Harbor. At 1140 Pilot aboard. Course changed according to channel.

T.M. McCarty Jr., C.O.O.
LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP

Yankee States

Boston, Mass. to Rio de Janeiro

ZONE DESCRIPTION

BY REV. BY LOG COURSE WIND BAROMETER TEMPERATURE CLOUDS
1 8 3
2 7 5
3 6 3
4 5 1
5 4 4
6 3 6
7 2 8
8 1 3
9 0 6
10 9 9
11 8 2
12 7 5
13 6 3
14 5 1
15 4 4
16 3 6
17 2 8
18 1 3
19 0 6
20 9 9
21 8 2
22 7 5
23 6 3
24 5 1

REMARKS

4 January

1200 - 1600

At 1300, first line ashore. At 1311, made fast with following lines: four 8" main, two 13" secondary. Moored port side at Commonwealth Pier, Boston. At 1400, liberty party ashore. H.T. Weeks, Quartermaster. Harry B. Sands, C.O.D.

The liberty party was quickly lost in the wilds of Boston, some in the depths of Scollay Square, for what they thought would be their last American beer, for 3 months. Meanwhile, the duty section was taking aboard the two anchor cables of the famous powdered egg supertanker. A few days later, at Buzzard's Bay, we packed the Massachusetts Maritime Academy cadets - and with them arrived began the Battle for the Locker. Lockers lined up and overlaid with clothes and the books we were to see so very much of on our cruise. And with a farewell party and a sprigging line we set out for Panama.

S. steaming on course 194°(T) 196°(PSC). 188°(PSC). At 0200, ship rolling nicely. Cadet Engineer. Bent Chesterton requested permission to blow tubes. At 0031, tubes blown. At 0041, ceased blowing tubes.

And, with the Captain's words at 0300, "Ships, you're just like a baby..." the long night began. The men and women of Yankee States, ship's crew, rowed from the hatches. The figure-hoists were tied and were set to work. Towards the ship's rail - last night's dinner had started at 0200. Rising to a crescendo with the moon and the sound of the soft thunder of cadets rolling out of the decks, the thumps of the bottle's bouncing, the crack of the dices and the noise of the voices from one side of the ship to the other. The mess deck tables and benches gave the adjutant about 0300 and began creating into bulkheads and generally joining in the fun and uproar.
CROSSING THE LINE

Um! Good "Vinegar Joe"

Chow down! "What's your excuse?"

Before the throne" "Graphite and grease"

Through the mill "Neptunus Rex and Assistants"
ZONE DESCRIPTION

1303 - 1600
Moved as before post side to Army Pier No. 1, Norfolk, Virginia.
At 1301 after board liberty party ashore. Overcast.

Alfred Royaltal C.O.
J. J. Kelly C.O.

The liberty party staggered ashore for the 5th day. Half the
crews attended the "Belter's Edge" at the "Theatre, Norfolk.
The other half explored West Main Street.

17 January 1947
0800 - 1200
Moved as before post side to Army Pier No. 1, Norfolk, Virginia.
At 8.44 Shipyard workers aboard. Overcast.

Catherine H. Ellis C.O.
Lloyd H. Holmes Quartermaster

1200 - 1600
Moved as before post side to Army Pier No. 1, Norfolk, Virginia.
At 13.00 post liberty party ashore. Overcast.

J. E. Hamilton Instructant
J. E. Hamilton C.O.

The liberty party staggered ashore for the 13th day. Half the
crews attended "The Young Widow" at the "Theatre, Norfolk.
The other half explored Cock Main Street.

31 January 1947
1800 - 1600
At 13.21 pilot aboard. At 14.04 ship standing joint Hampton
Roads, Virginia. Changing course and speed due to channel. At 14.57
Course 137° (C), 18.4°F (P & C), 17.6°F (P & C).

J. H. Newton Quartermaster
C. Raymond Head C.O.

At last after the Damn Yankees had squandered a
small fortune for beer, movie tickets and taxi fare in the
land of the Damn Rebels, the ship was underway for Boston.
## ZONE DESCRIPTION

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### BAROMETER

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### REMARKS

The first landfall, October 4, 1942, was San Salvador (Wethering’s Island) - then came the deep blue Caribbean and the beginning of the St. Lawrence. The ship hurried on past the low Bahama reefs and coral atolls; familiar scene - Cat Island, Rum Cay, to the next, important landfall - Crooked Island - and then through the famous (storms) Crooked Island Passage of the Bahama.

The present navigators were suffering through their first watch, with hundreds of midshipmen and officers, reading by their watch lights, to take sights of a rather dubious star, seen disappearing behind a cloud. Then the “Struggle of the Chartroom” with a dozen officers clamoring at a desk, a yard long, to see our position on the chart. Not descriptive individuals changing, as “What’s our dead reckoning position or what’s the chronometer rate?” an officer nudged the P. H. in the stomach, and gently murmured, “Figure out yourself, 18.37. 22 stars in the meridian and a line of position before you get off watch in 15 minutes.”

And so lived the permanent navigator - “Furrowed brow, seeming of a stand by and mark,” the scratch of a hundred of pencils, working out the ship’s position. Then glimpses of land were fleetingly obtained between calculations on the figures of the Sun, Moon, Venus, Saturn, and a dozen unpromisingly named stars in their diurnal march across the heavens.

In the pithed, untoward, the encroaching encroachment, the mountains of Cuba and Haiti began passing in review. A departure was taken from Nassau Rock for Cristobal, Panama.

**0000 - 0800**

Steaming as before, on course 325°(T) 225°(PMS) 211°(PSM)
At 0250 C.O. ordered engines to be shut down to switch to single motor. At 0255 standard speed resumed.

C.S. Callin, Gunner's Mate
M. D. Needham, C.O.S.
CONFIDENTIAL

ZONE DESCRIPTION

BAROMETER (CORRECTED)

ES Ship

Yankee States

REMARKS

0400-0800

Steaming as before. At 0610 various sources and speeds in channel. At 0615 Pilot R.W. Rutledge aboard. At 0702 P.O. aboard. At 0725 ship proceeding into berth. Pia a Alle, Coca-Cola, Panama.

J.E. Weller, C.O.

8 February 1947

Alligator pocket books, Chronographs, Cuba Libre, the Florida Night Club, U.S.O. Headquarters, and Cash Street with its various attractions. This was Cristobal.

It began with an unusual welcome. We were delighted to hear the ship glided into the harbor, a U.S.O. sound truckattering forth American swing records under the somewhat shady branches of two flourishing pines. And to see two very attractive señoritas, launching enchanting smiles in our direction.

Some of the liberty party began consuming P.X. ice cream by the gallon, others rushed for the "25 cent vintage" stands and departed for Cristobal and the cities of civilization. Panama City with its monuments and early Spanish ruins was the more educational visit. A comfortable dinner at the George Washington Hotel, souvenir hunting, and a visit to the Florida (and the night club, edged with M.M. tickets for the command performance of Beauty and the Beast) were activities usually in order.

Towards 2300, foot-laden midshipmen staggered back to the ship, weighted under Chronographs (the percent man's chronometer), aligator pocket books, wallets, and assorted jewelry. The watches, a majesty, push-button and drills, modestly blazoning the time, sweep seconds, stop watch mechanism and dials for calculating speed, falling and moving bodies, appealed to that remarkable midshipman sense of thrift. Overnight - "The Chronometer Case".

The U.S.O. hostesses screamed aboard ship the evening to entertain and attract a dance held on the Great Deck. Personal, the long and varied variety of cadet predominated and kept themselves and the girls well occupied.

Leaving Cristobal, we pulled in our bags and prepared for that long run over the Equator to Recife.
Yankee States
Recife, Brazil to Rio de Janeiro

ZONE DESCRIPTION

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Rand God, man, didn't you all feel

the tump. That must have been the E-tupped.

Happily transferred from levey potty pores into mighty
Ship was now ready to feel the salt running through
Ears. The next few days until we were recovering
from the ordeal, land was sighted. Cape Caracter, Brazil was
right early one morning. Then Chinda light and the ship was
standing off Recife awaiting the pilot.

0800-1200

Steaming as before. At 0755, steering course 340°(T); 350°(P60), 351°(P50), 0755: pilot Julie Morahao aboard, at
0819, abeam breakwater, at 0829-10 proceeded astern both
engines (Head, back break, more enthusiasm, frantic
wheedling, 0830-35, en-marche stopped). 0831. Full ahead both
engines. The Waverly kelp underastern. At 0855, all lines aboard.
Deck No.13 Recife, Brazil. At 0911 pilot aboard. Engine
secured.

P. L. Legrando, Captain
F. J. Harris, C.D.
It was quite a spectacular entrance into Recife, Brazil. The tugboat's horn was blaring, and the crowd was cheering. The ship was docked, and the crew was unloading supplies.

Remarks:

This was an interesting port stop. The people were friendly, and the food was excellent. We visited the local market and bought some fresh fruits and vegetables.

It was a great opportunity to observe the local culture and customs. We were invited to a local dance performance, which was a highlight of our stay.

There were also some minor issues with the ship's systems, but the crew handled them efficiently. Overall, it was a pleasant experience.
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### Remarks

We were off to Rio at last.

The days of the chipping hammer and paint brush were behind us. Our efforts were now to keep the ship clean and paint the ship's structures and housings. At night, we might picture the ship's dappled yellow hull against the blue sky. But the chipping hammer rang out and the brushy paint - but perhaps not guided by the magnetic lines.

"Secure all ports on the starboard side. Rain squalls approaching." And the ship was silent. The rain squalls with accompanying brisk winds, first making themselves known by splashed raindrops, then sweeping through the ship's holds. The awning of the sunroof around the peaceful sleepers, and as the key in the semi-dark, between complete silence and awedness. If the light and squalls of the world around him were weakly contemplated during the port. A fresh breath of squall, finally reducing the return to a soggy mess, brought the ship back to life and with a loud crack (always loud enough to cause the officers who survived the change to flinch). The port was closed.

7 March, 1902

Steam as before on course 245°(T) 244°(PCG) 25°(PSC)

1710萊 Deck: 38 fathoms, Bottom: 40 fathoms, and shallows
1920 Light of Cape Farewell. At 1940, three large passageways, gray in color, sighted on port bow, leading to various other passageways which survived the change.
Log of the United States Ship
Yankee States

Anchor down to Rio de Janeiro

Mean Sea Level

BAROMETER (CORRECTED)

TEMPERATURE

DATE

TIME

PAGE

CONFIDENTIAL

REMARKS

Purpose secured towards the ship and landing and policies in the form and spray of the boat were escorted into Guanabara Bay to Rio de Janeiro.

The long white break (Praia de Copacabana) cleared of pumice, the mountains and cliff-side building on our port hand, and in the background topped sugar loaves (Rio de Janeiro) and Conrado. Soon in the Bay, we could appreciate the breathtaking sweep of the mountain and twelve that make Rio the most beautiful harbor in the world.

By 1300 our boats were over the side and we were awaiting the first landed party. Departs ashore after a short run from the ship through calm and gently water, we got to explore the wonder that the Brazilians made money the big boats came ashore to each government check. It was so easy to spend. When it came so many signs at 20 cruisers to the dollar.

So, several steps with the multicolored letters, a little set-out for a cable car ride up Sugar Loaf for a boat ride, Goblet ride up Conrado, or a walk to Copacabana. Its swimming, side walks cafés and girls (It was here we learned a smile is worth a thousand words).

The shuttle buses and trolley coaches and dos, took the sides to the mountain peaks, the swimmers and general sightseers to the beaches; the wealthy paid a grand visit to the Jockey Club owned in the races.

In the city, the usual souvenirs were alluring, the culture, History, song, songs, alligator, birds, hardwood, clothes and ends, precious stones were mostly purchased at Hugo's unless.

Tiger Club managed to sport the boys onto a long game hunting tour of honor.

The American ambassador's program of entertainment for the cadet began the evening carnival with a Latin dance and buffet banquet given in our honor! A Latin American or sheet music-playing band, exclusively provided music for the cadet who wrote with girls while the music, keeping a heavy schedule between the music and the theatre, pleasantly occupied the shore. (In fact the Scott and Sox was so good one cadet succeeded in scoring the door in the tiger skin rug before he was noticed). Ambitious bandmumps with an eye to avoid disturbing the dance floor, withdrew onto the terrace to continue their activities under a tropical moon and...
The soft light of the Statue of Christ majestically shining on top of Corcovado. The embassade arranged for a visit through the Brazilian Merchant Marine, who provided a launch complete with music and buffet lunches, to the island of Bresoi, a beautiful estate used for official parties.

With Corcovado, Sugar Loaf, Copacabana behind us and the wonderful memory of Rio with us, the ship left for San Juan.

Taking Her Out - Bridge

0850 - 1030


F. L. Allen, C. O. O.

Taking Her out - Engine Room

"Open the main and auxiliary steam lines and connect steam. "Wanted to get her list before sailing time tomorrow."

Mr. Allen, line up the fuel oil heater and circulate the oil.

Harriet, your diesel is hard working young man, you can prepare the boiler, and put the tops in this time.

Now we need a good fireman, one who has had a lot of experience, one who seems to live for the house, that he spends his days with, as the fire blaze on. What is it? "Ferzimir! Fercimir! Yes, he has, many days he stood within 10 feet of the boiler while the firemen got a drink. Prepare the boiler for lighting off. Mr. Henry, Melton, give him a brand, light off when your oil is up to temperature, bring her pressure up by the usual method and let me know when she's up to 100.

He might need a little air, don't you think young? Well, what the hell are you waiting for, get those forced draft blowers going."

"Hopfer, do you think you can start the main circulator?"

"I'll get, you can leave it all if I need it soon."

"Murphy, Brennan and Harrell, line up the make-up feed and condenser system."

"Hello! Hello! Boy, how many times do I gotta tell you, those firemen, didn't me at the time. They just went at their own pace."

"If you can find Hopfer, wake him gently."

"Pressure at 100, you say? let's go now. The rest of you men..."
### REMARKS

Follow me. We haven't too much time left, so let's hurry by doing things correctly the first time.

- Screw down the fuel pumps.
- With a sure, steady hand, raise the main air-valve.
- Munroe, Lindsey, and I cold-jack the main air-valve and take the line up.
- Start the diesel oil system.
- Check the level in the auxiliary condenser, then light up the auxiliary air injectors. Better recirculate the condensate for a while.
- "In well, bring that main circulator up to speed."
- Check and prepare the ship's service generator and turbo for lighting off. Let's see, McShane and you, Telford, take care of that.
- McKay, Osen and Wann, light the ship's service, and then put her on the line.
- "She goes, Brian and Hayward, turn the main air injectors and light them and the main turblere off."
- "Do everything running smoothly. Vacuum looks beautiful for a change."
- "Right off the 100 K.W. generator; uptake line on the line, Brian."
- "Open all the steam to the turbines."
- "Tell the bridge, Capt. McNally, reporting after engine room hit off, requesting permission to test engines."
- "Go, give it a quick start ahead and then return and stop."
- "Good enough."

We may as well have smoke now and relax for a few minutes. There she is - stand by - slow ahead - we're underway.

St. Thomas and its blue green hills fade into the dark to starboard, while Cabo, Cabieras, Vieques and Puerto Rico silhouetted themselves against the pink and gold of sunset on our port hand. It's been a long day as far as the sightseeing of land is concerned. Towards 0200 St. Croix came into sight, and by noon we'd passed its brown and green almost barren topography and its emerald reefs, white beaches and foaming surf.
### Zone Description

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#### Remarks

0400-0800

Steering for before on course 350° (CT 350° (PSO) 371° (PSS)) at 0450. 
Port San Juan Lighthouse bearing 341° (CT) distance 8 miles. Standard speed
both engines 8 knots. At 0745 pilot aboard. At 0805 anchor lighthouse.

0800-1200

Steering for before on course 350° (CT 350° (PSO) 371° (PSS)) at 0450. 
Port San Juan Lighthouse bearing 341° (CT) distance 8 miles. Standard speed
both engines 8 knots. At 0745 pilot aboard. At 0805 anchor lighthouse.

Peter J Russell
Harold A Armstrong

San Juan repeated our memories of last year. The Excursion
Beach Club, Canobie Beach Hotel, the Florida, and of course, the
New York were popular with the students. Sugar, we learned, was
a scarce item in the States. A day after the day of the decoy, the
pilot high on the Quill deck as ladette staggering aboard under cuando.

All ships were on Portland as we left San Juan, but we delayed to
return appendicis victim Wagg to a Coast Guard Hospital. Boat
It was smooth sailing to Portland. One rainy morning we
glided into the harbor, our whistle blowing a prolonged and joyful welcome
5 April 1937

0800-1200

At 0805 Course and Speed changed according to channel

0900-1200

Manned starboard side to Grand Trunk Terminal No. 2
Portland, Maine. At 0915 gangway ashore and visitors aboard.

James G. Loomis

Two days later, we were on the last leg of the cruise - to Castine

1200-1600

Manned port side to Maine Maritime Academy dock with the
following lines: one 1 ½ " bow wire, one 8 " bow manila, one 8 " manila,

1 ½ " stern wire, one 1 ½ " stern wire

Receiving power and water from the dock. Overcast, Wind 10 N.E.

Harry C. Mortimer

Thus ended the 1937 Maine Maritime Academy training cruise.
### LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP **Yankere States**

**From** Buggards Bay **To** Converse, Maine

#### ZONE DESCRIPTION

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#### CONFIDENTIAL

*Note: The page contains sensitive information such as log entries, navigational data, and ship's position details.*
ACTIVITIES
The Kadets, ably led by that piano virtuoso, Johnny Dutton, furnished us with some smooth dance music at our various "Hops." The Maritime Day Dance was the climax of the season and the long hours of practice showed their effect.

Our marching tactics were paced by our military band under the able direction of Band Master, Ozzie Ellis. Parades in Bangor, Rockland and every weekend in Castine were familiar sights; while the pipe "Muster the Band on the Fantail" brings back fond memories of the cruise.
The Maine Mast has always helped to bind the Academy together, better the morale and at the same time keep the alumni in contact with their school and activities of the undergraduates. Tim Catlin and his staff turned out a number of good issues with this purpose in mind.

The Chairman of the Ring Committee has a hard job. His are the procurement and the finance of the Ring, that is the symbol of our two years' good companionships, good, hard work and good times.
FOOTBALL

The Middies of Maine Maritime Academy's 1946 football squad completed their first season with an outstanding record of accomplishment. Our team out-fought and out-scored some of the stronger teams of the State and lost only to out-of-state teams.

The Kadets opened the season with a win over Thornton Academy. The boys journeyed to Biddeford to bring back a 12-7 victory. Quarterback Jack Eden, connected with left end, "Copper" McLaughlin, in the end zone for the first score of the game. Freddy Grondin, an ex-Biddeford star, went over for the second touchdown. Thornton then powered over and converted, making the score 12-7. The two teams then settled down to a scoreless battle throughout the rest of the game. Thus the Middies returned with their first win of the season.

Coach Hoctor ironed out the rough points of the Thornton game and then sent his gridsters to take their second victory of 25-0 over Higgins Classical Institute. In the opening half "Bloody" Emery and Harry Henderson held the line against a deep Higgin's push. After the scoreless first half the Blue and Gold came to life as
quarterback, Jack Eden, went over for the first touchdown. Halfback Fred Grondin snatched a pass from Eden to score the second touchdown. Halfback Fred Grondin snatched a pass from Eden to score the second touchdown. Halfback Fred Grondin snatched a pass from Eden to score the second touchdown. Halfback Fred Grondin snatched a pass from Eden to score the second touchdown. Halfback Fred Grondin snatched a pass from Eden to score the second touchdown. Halfback Fred Grondin snatched a pass from Eden to score the second touchdown.

The third game, against M. C. I., was the most thrilling game that the Middies played this season. The two ball clubs fought an evenly matched contest the entire game with victory or defeat hanging in the balance for either team. In the second period a bad pass from center resulted in a safety for M. C. I. as quarter-

When the half ended the Preppers had a 2-0 lead. The third period was again evenly matched with the Middle line once again proving its worth. As the clock ran out late in the fourth quarter it seemed likely that the Blue and Gold would go down to its first defeat. Then the Middies put on a long drive that carried them to the M. C. I. twenty-yard line, with thirty seconds to play. The Middies quickly came out of the huddle and into place-kick formation. With Brophy holding, Eden kicked with the final whistle blowing as the ball sailed through the air and split the uprights. This Middie victory was one of the most thrilling to be seen in this territory for some time.

Then Maine Maritime Academy encountered their first defeat at the hands of Massachusetts Maritime Academy with a score of 21-0. In the second quarter Eden was tackled in the end zone, making the score 2-0 in favor of the boys of Hyannis. Handicapped by injuries received in the previous quarters of the game, the Maine Middies took the field minus their key players and Massachusetts quickly took advantage and pushed over for three touchdowns. When the game ended the score was 21-0 against the Maine Middies. The team played good ball, but were no match for the powerful Massachusetts Maritime team.

The fifth game of the season with the University of Maine Freshmen from
Brunswick opened with the Middies determined to make a comeback after the Massachusetts game. Playing heads-up ball all the way the Blue and Gold proved to be no match for the U. of M. Frosh.

In the first quarter the Middies outplayed their opponents and in the second quarter started rolling up the score. Fullback Paul Burr went over for the first touchdown and then Quarterback Jack Eden converted. Don Moors caught a lateral on the ten-yard line from "Copper" McLaughlin, who was one of the strong-points of the line throughout the season. The last touchdown was scored in the fourth on a twenty-yard pass from Eden, who converted three out of four extra points for the Middies, to Don Moors, who scored his second touchdown for the day. The team, spearheaded by second to none, acting captain, hard-charging "Spanky" Canavan took the U. of M. for a 27-0 victory.

Moors clearing him a path. The conversion was declared no good. Exeter scored a touchdown and an extra point in the second quarter. At the beginning of the second half Exeter scored again. Then the Middies reared up, but their passes were intercepted as the quarter ended. In the fourth period the Kadets played excellent ball, but the Preppers were determined not to let another touchdown by them. The game ended with a score of 13-6. Outstanding on the defensive play were Azio Ferrini and Paul Burr, who played excellent ball the entire season.

The Middies lost their last game of the season to Phillips Exeter of New Hampshire. In the first quarter the Middies made the break when right half, Freddy Grondin, intercepted an Exeter pass on his own twenty-five-yard line and ran for a seventy-five-yard touchdown, with Don

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You men at the Academy are now acquiring the "know how" which, together with your sea service, will fit you for the skilled seamanship that will enable you to handle your ship in all weather.

With some glaring exceptions, ships, particularly in the matter of safety measures and aids to navigation, have changed out of all recognition in the past dozen years. The improvements have been welcomed with open arms by the seaman, but they are recognized for what they are - "aids," not substitutes, for seamanship.

If ships have changed, the ocean has not. The same storms, hurricanes and fogs prevail as of yore. The North Atlantic, for instance, can buffet the largest liners afloat. It is at such times that sea experience, which is the essence of seamanship, comes into play.

To the Master and his deck officers it is the "feel" of their ship that prompts a certain course of action. What to do cannot be found in books as all vessels differ in some respect. Moreover, as any seaman knows, the "feel" will be influenced by the nature and method of distribution of her cargo.

Too often it is assumed that we of the deck department have a monopoly on seamanship, whereas in fact it must be exercised by all the ratings aboard if their duties are to be performed efficiently.

The engineer standing at the throttle when the ship is pitching into a head sea, watching the performance of the main engines as the stern of the ship lifts out of the water with racing propeller, is practicing seamanship. Oh yes, I'm aware we now have a device that greatly assists the engineer under such conditions, but nevertheless we on deck would not be at our ease if the engineer went to bed and let the device carry on, would we?

Nor can we exclude the catering department. Have you ever seen a thoroughly experienced ship's waiter manipulate a full tray holding a complete meal for room service as he negotiated corners leading to the staterooms, and anticipating the comings and goings of the deck beneath his feet, with uncanny skill? That gentleman is also practicing seamanship.

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Manager Marine Department

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