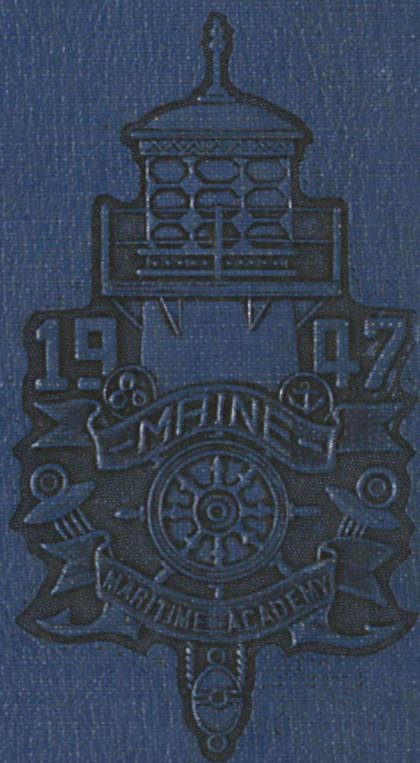
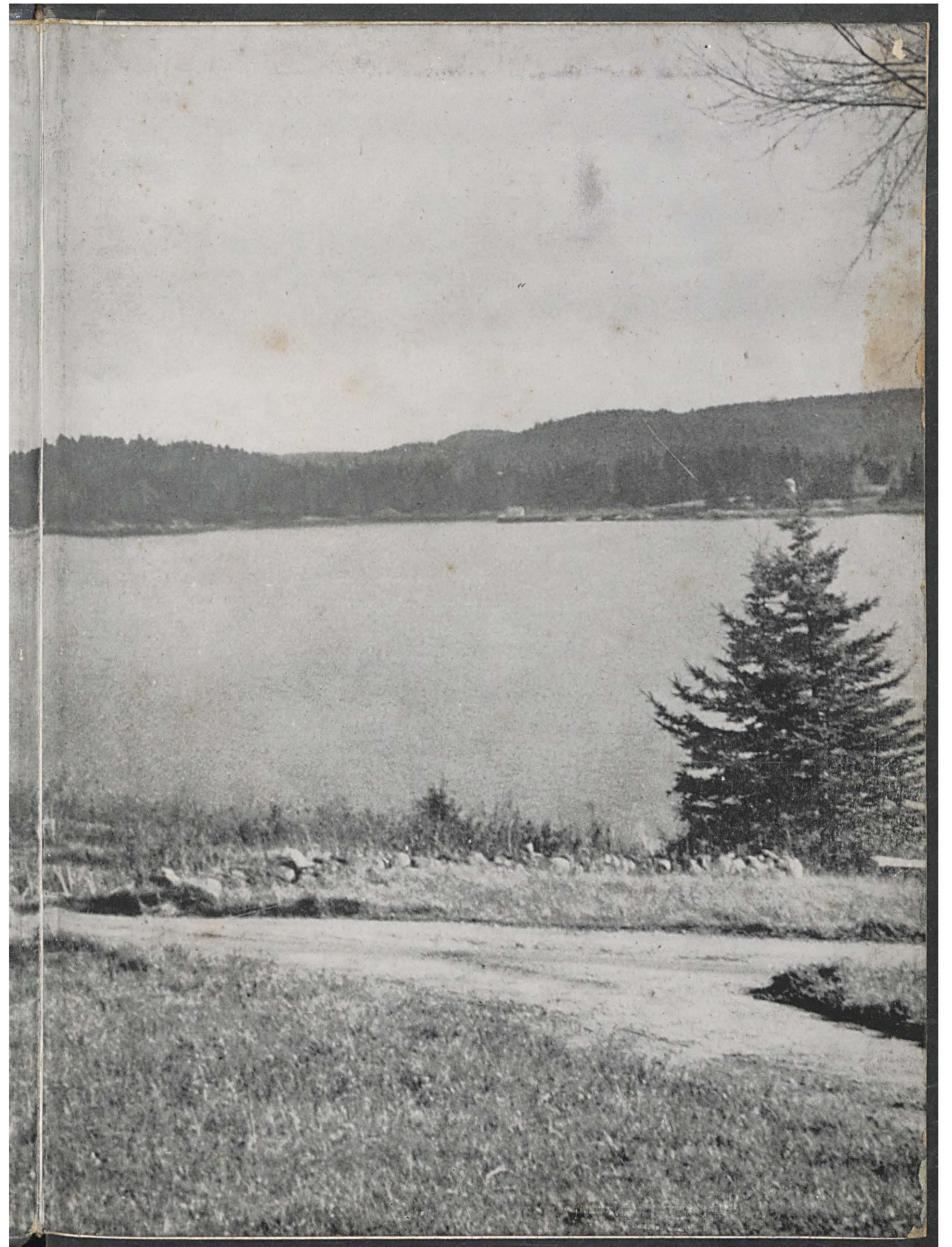
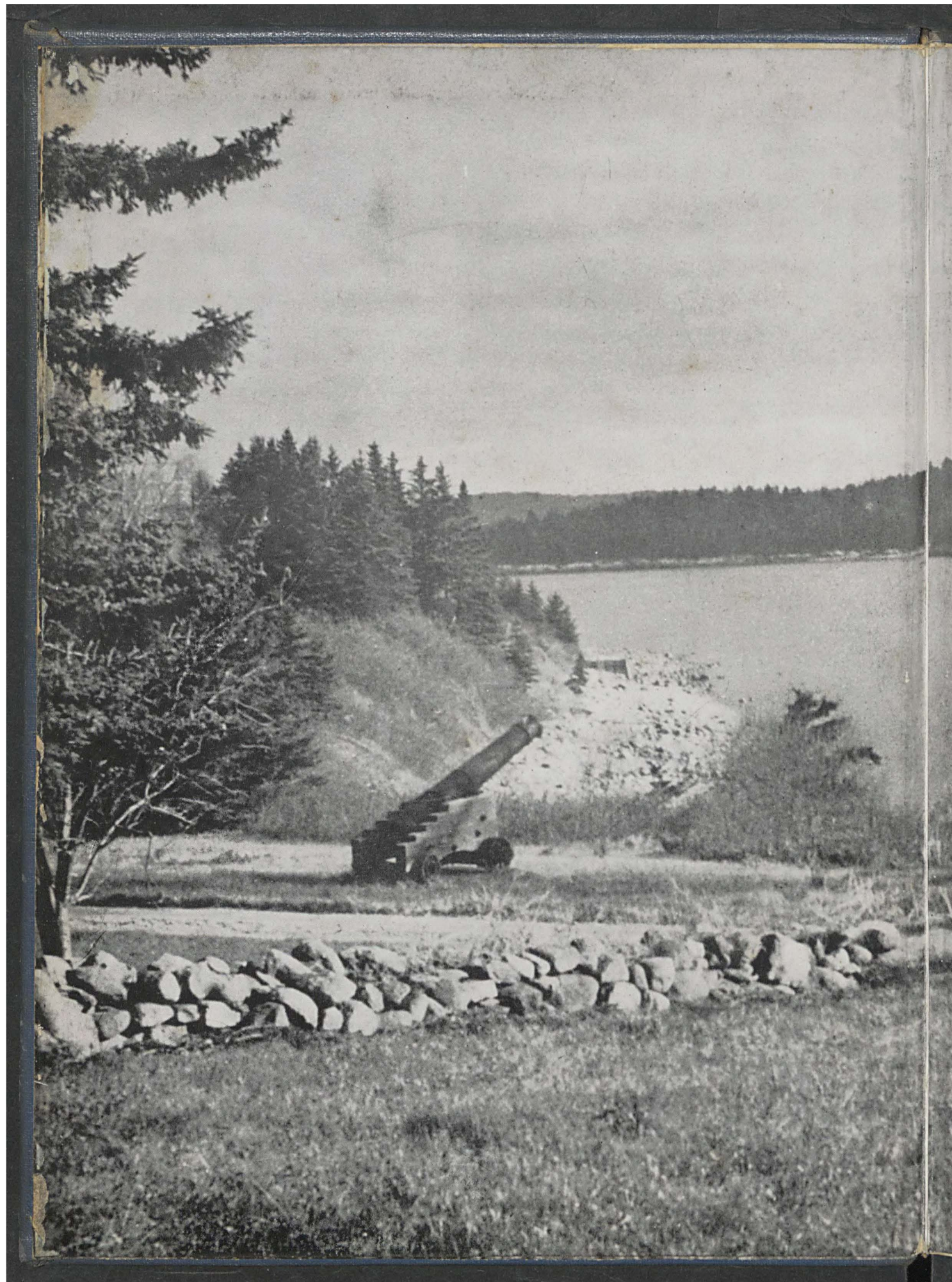


TRICK'S

END











**STANLEY D. VEHS�AGE**

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*Assistant Editor*

**EDWARD J. MOTZENBECKER**

*Advertising Editor*

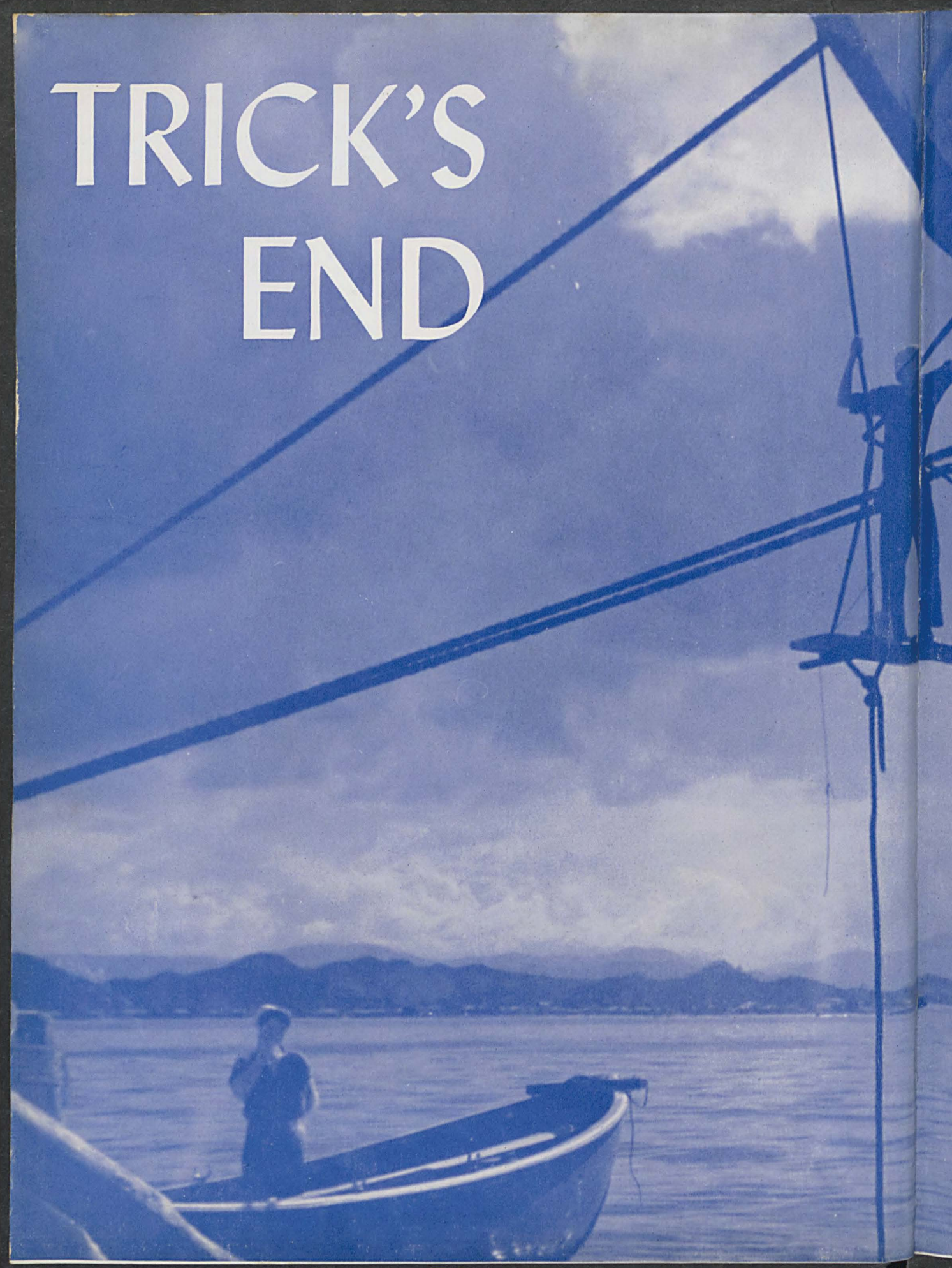


MAINE MARITIME ACADEMY  
CASTINE - MAINE

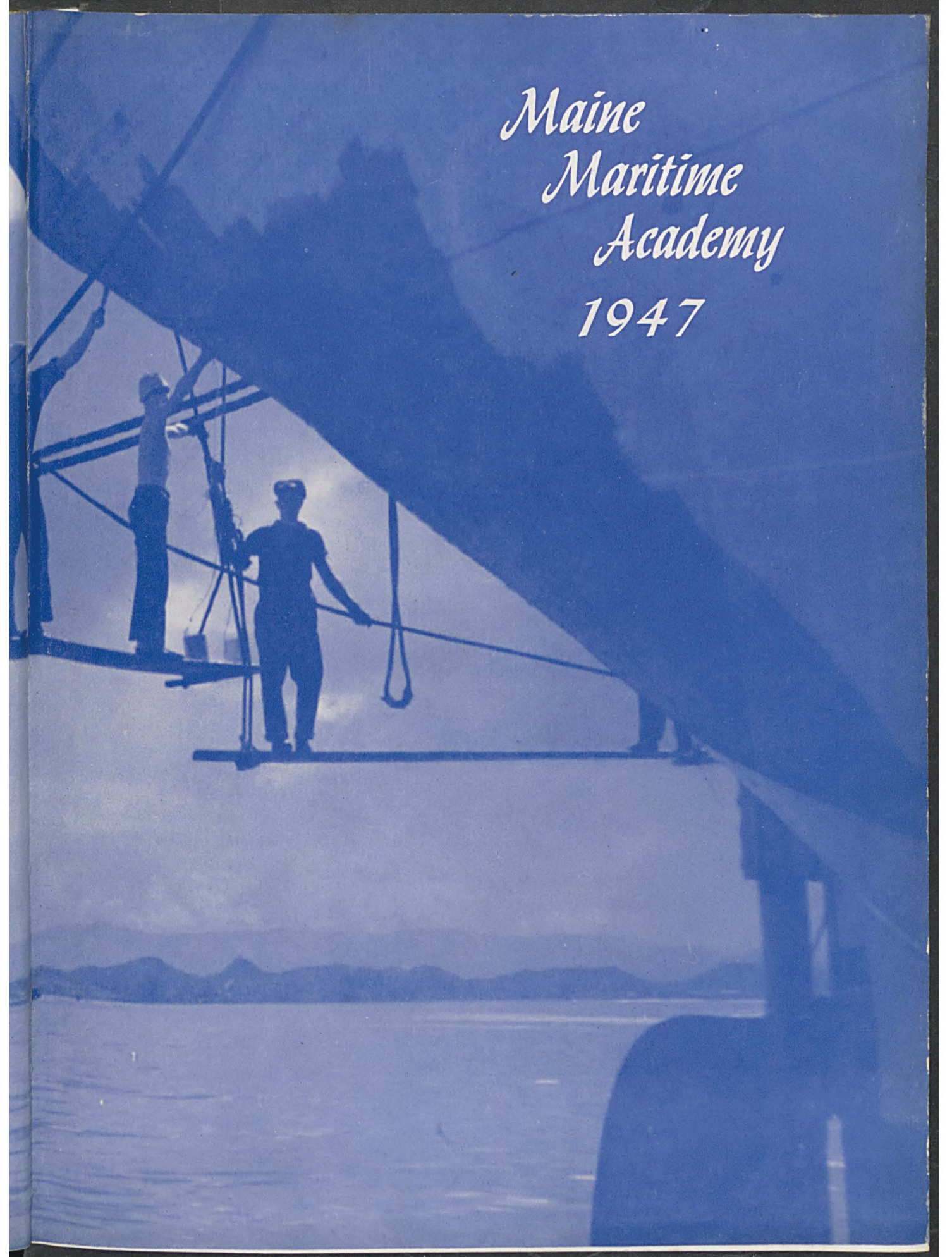
1947



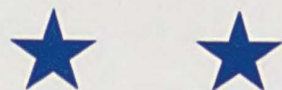
# TRICK'S END



*Maine  
Maritime  
Academy  
1947*







## 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



UNITED STATES MARITIME COMMISSION

WASHINGTON

OFFICE OF THE CHAIRMAN

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

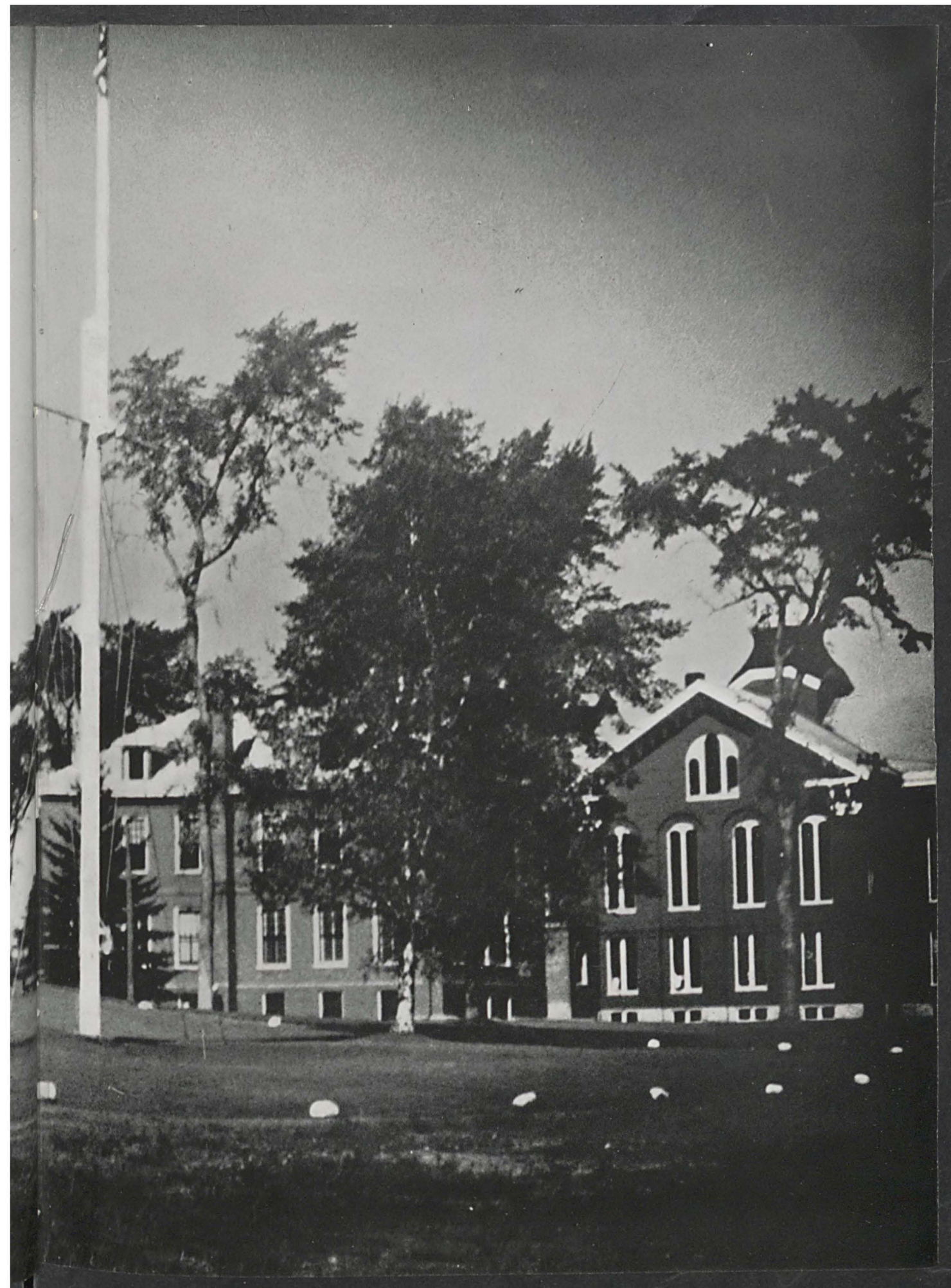


**W. W. Smith**

***Chairman***

**United States Maritime Commission**









**Lt. Commander  
FRANCIS J. FORD**

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 wit charmed 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.



DEDICATION



TRICK'S END

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

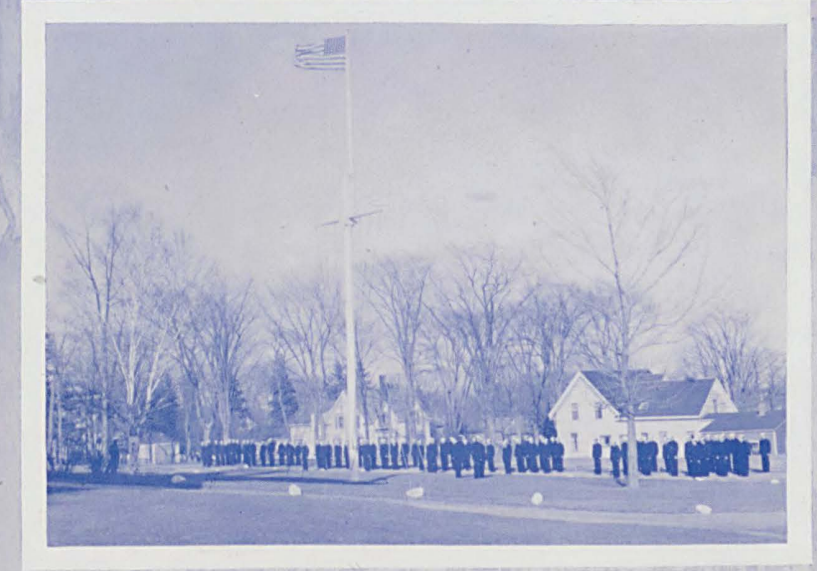
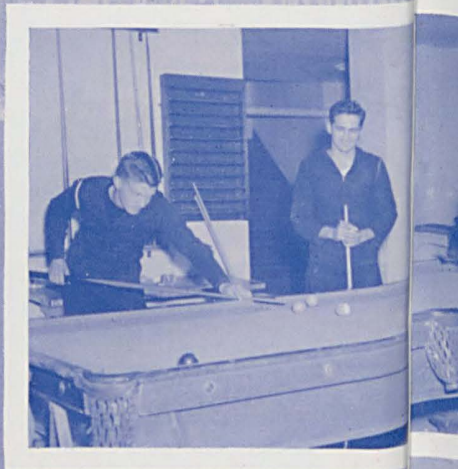
Coming to us from a tour of duty in Panama, Commander Fairley, with his jovial sense of humor and keen understanding of human nature, soon became one of the most popular officers at the Academy. His wide and varied experiences, his knowledge and love of the sea, his scholarship—all contribute to both 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.



**Commander  
ARTHUR S. FAIRLEY**









## ADMINISTRATION







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**U.S.N.**  
*Superintendent*



**Commander W. C. P. Bellinger**  
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*Executive Officer*





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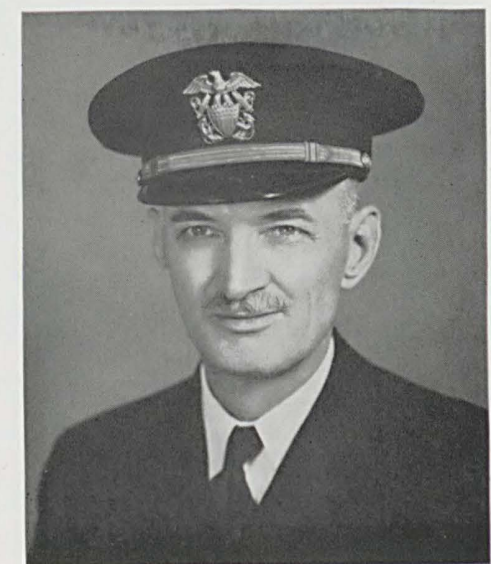
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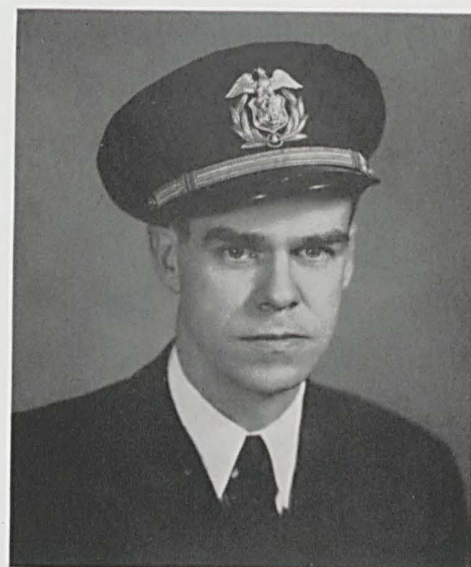


**HARRY LUTTERMAN**  
Lieutenant  
USMS  
*Chief Commissary Steward*

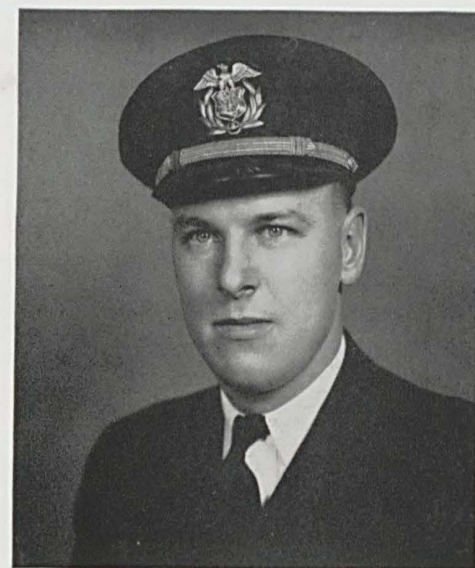




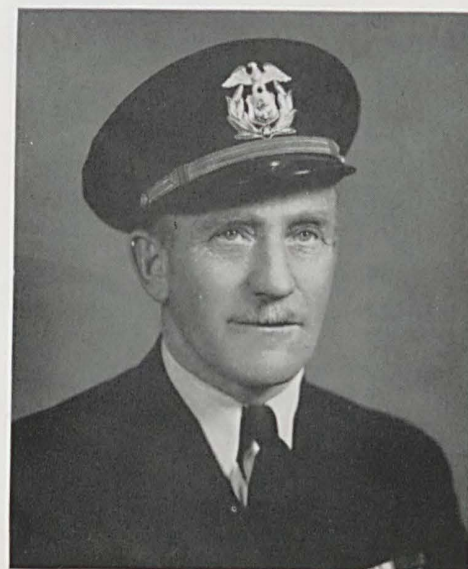
**JOHN LITTLE**  
Lieutenant  
USMS  
*Seamanship*



**WILLIAM PITT**  
Lieutenant  
USMS  
*Engineering*



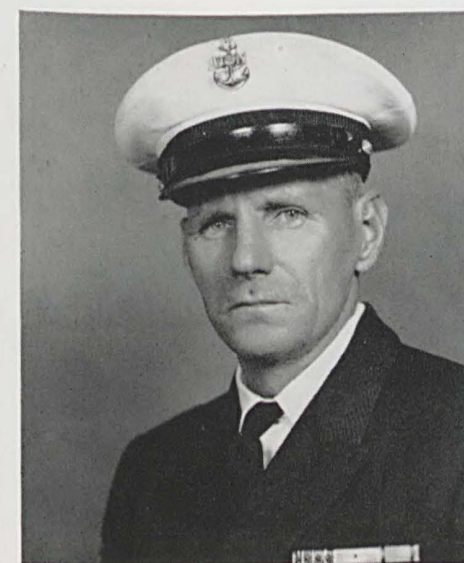
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Chief Warrant Officer  
USMS  
*Seamanship*



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Lieutenant  
USMS  
*English*



**HAROLD E. MacLAUCHLAN**  
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**JOHN ZIOLKIEWIEZ**  
Master-at-Arms

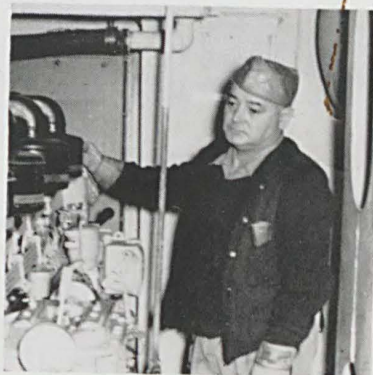


**MERRILL E. COMBS**  
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**JOSEPH ASTRAB**  
Chief Petty Officer  
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*Naval Science*





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Chief Warrant Officer  
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*Electrician*



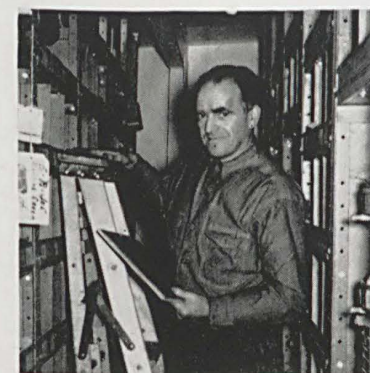
PAUL MORRISON  
*Chief Warrant Officer, Electrician*



JOHN HARRISON  
*Chief Pharmacist's Mate*

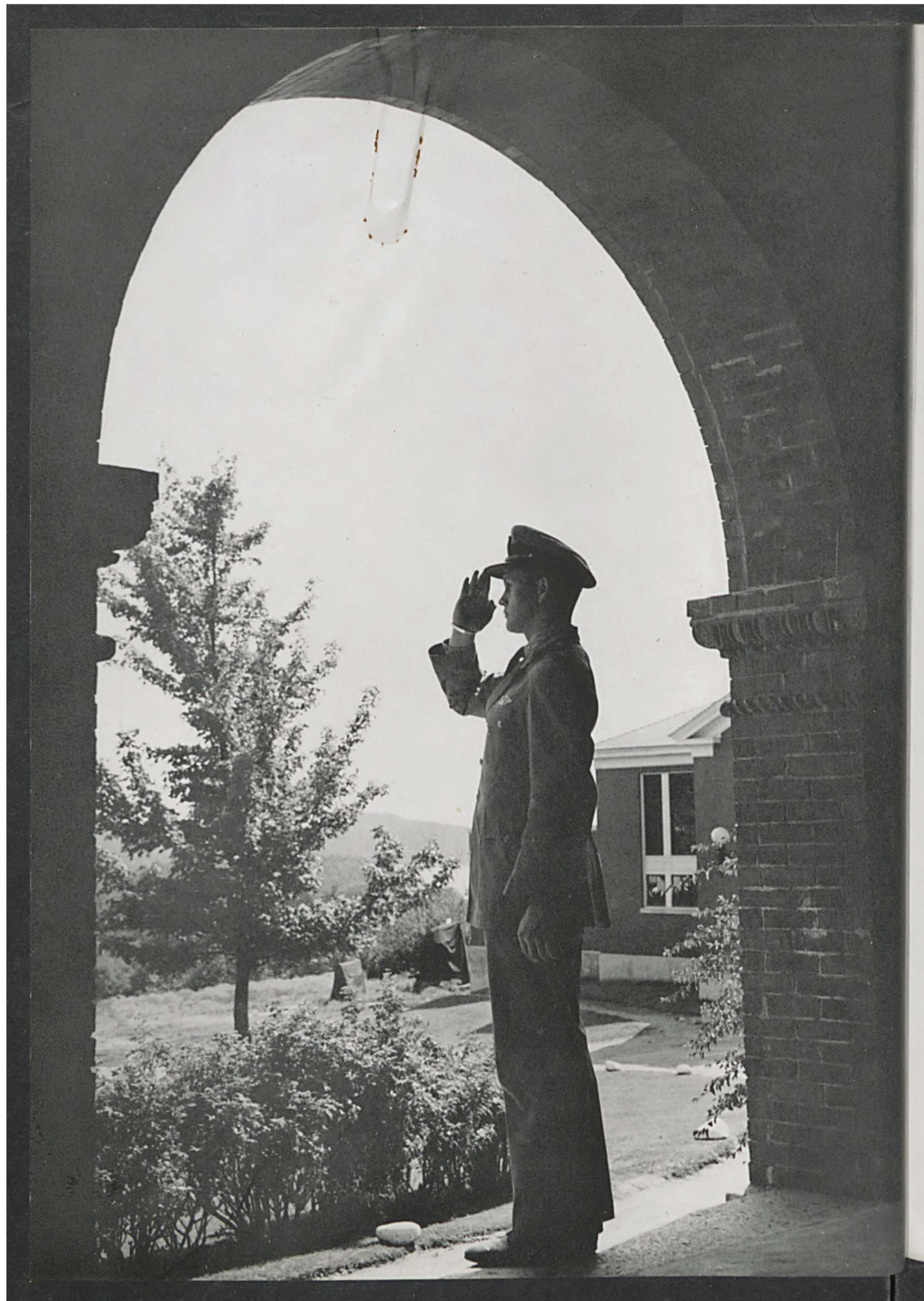


RICHARD BROMFIELD  
*Yeoman*



NEAL MacLAUGHLIN  
*Store Keeper*

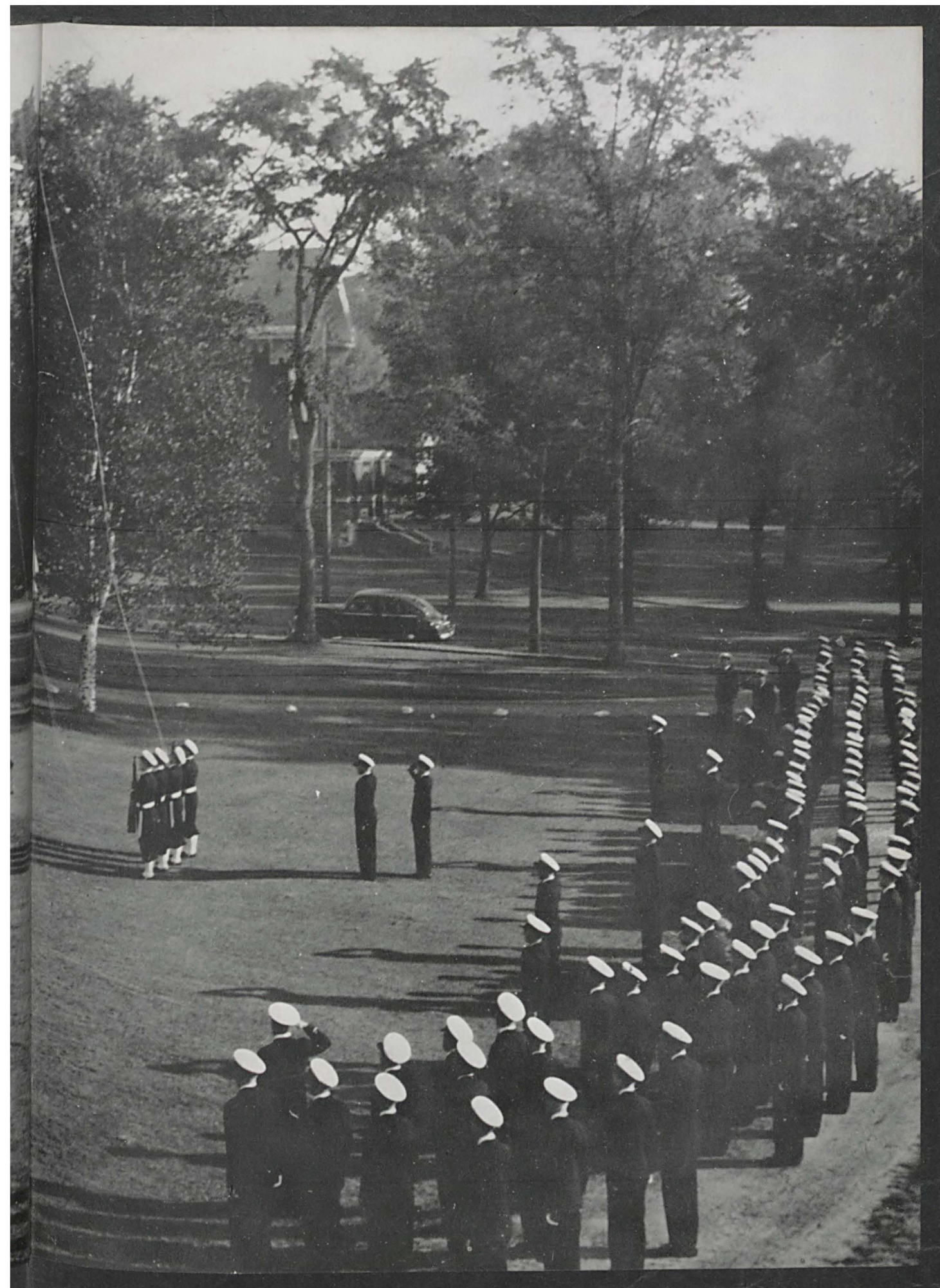




## BATTALION

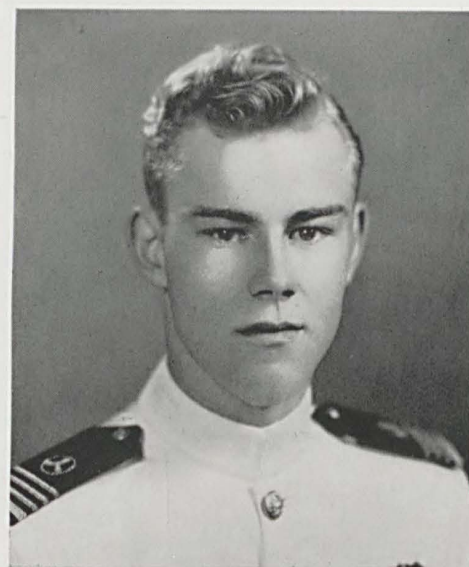








**BATTALION COMMANDER**



BERT L. CHESTERTON

**BATTALION ADJUTANT**



G. I. SMITH



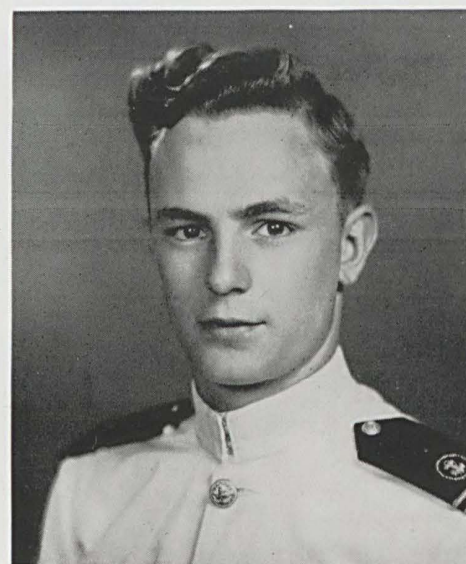
**COMPANY**



FRANK J. HEARN  
*Company Commander*







# 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; Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club, Treasurer—first year, Kadet Kapers.

# 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.



# 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 sou-wester. At dances he was always "Rocking the House" with a cute looking gal—jitter-bugging to a "Two O'clock Jump."

D-3 Section Leader; Sailboat Coxswain; Propeller Club; Varsity Basketball, Football; Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Golf.



# FRANK LEAVITT ALLEN

Sanford

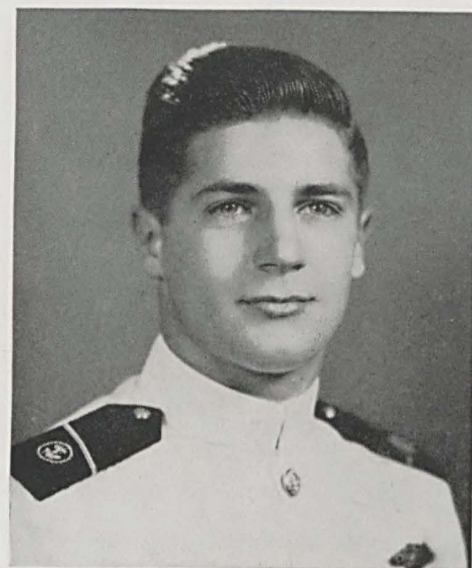
Maine

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.







# 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 under-class 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.*

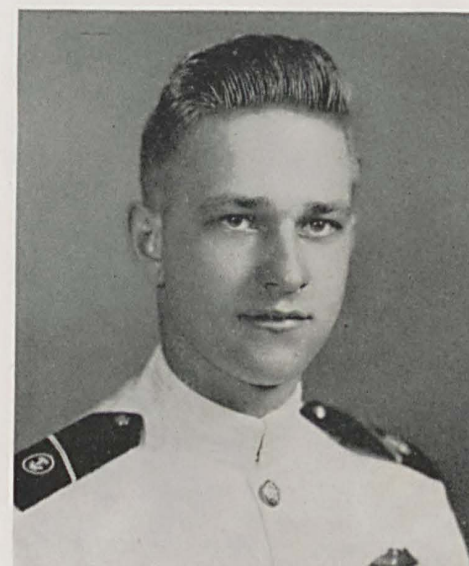
# JOHN J. BILLINGS

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. One of our best practical men, he was valuable to have around when working on any problem of Seamanship. Buffy was quiet, easy-going and helpful especially when he could show someone a trick of knot-tying or splicing.

*Propeller Club.*



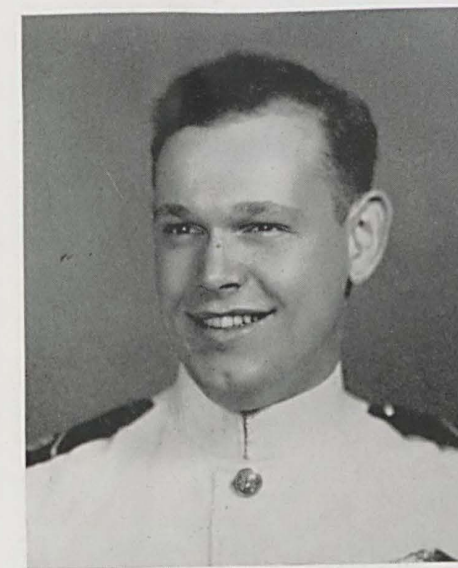
# JOSEPH F. BRITTON

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.*



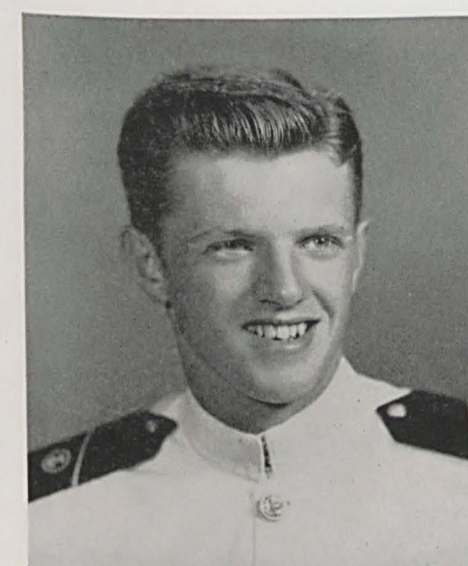
# JOHN H. BROPHY

Fairfield

Maine

"Broph" was a quiet lad, who always knew what 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.*







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.*

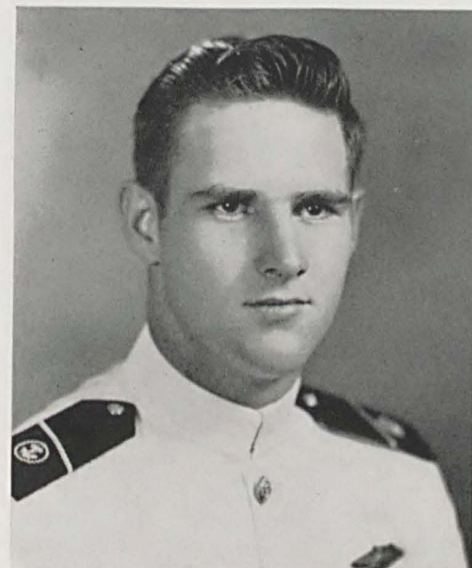
PAUL M. BURR

*Bangor*

*Maine*

Paul, one of the mainstays of D-1, could always be found clowning on stage or off, with his famous face expressions. Porky 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.*



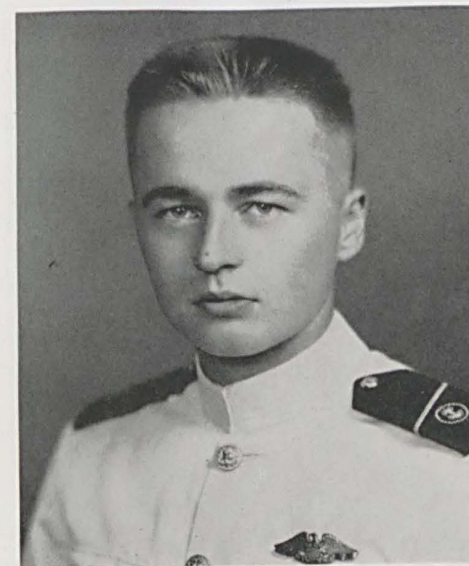
EDGAR S. CATLIN

*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.*







THOMAS PAUL CONLON

*Jamaica Plain*

*Massachusetts*

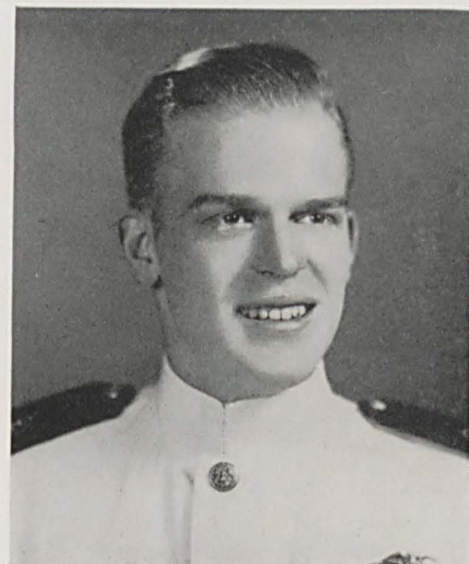
The Academy's bit o' Ireland, o' Boston, and Harvard, all in one, Tom lived up to tradition as a story teller. In any corner Tom could be found passing off a "Conlon Masterpiece" in an innocent disarming voice on an unsuspecting victim. Witty and intelligent on any subject, he was also the top man in ranks.

*Propeller Club, Yearbook writer.*

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 Carribbean ports for suspiciously long periods of time to return with a handful of letters. But Ozzie did a good job with the Band, even if the Flagg Twins weren't there. An excellent sax player, he was a whiz when it came to Navigation.

*Band Master; Intra-mural Baseball, Football; Band, Orchestra.*



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*

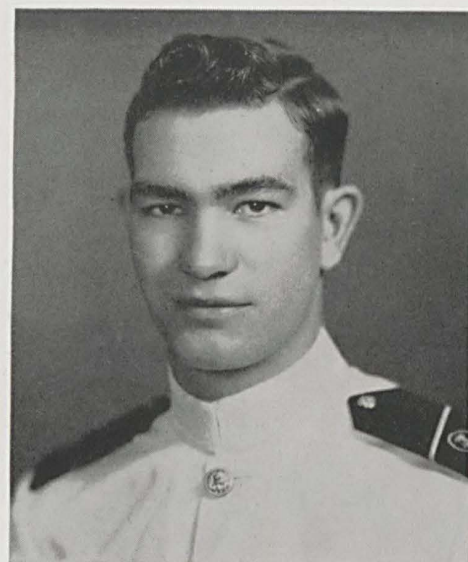
*Massachusetts*

"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.

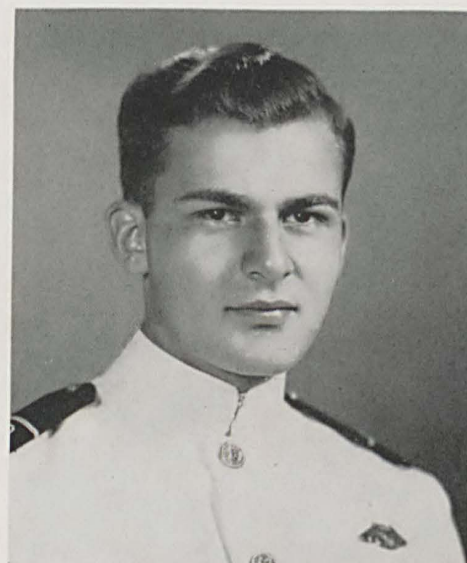
J. EUGENE HAMILTON

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; Band; Propeller Club; Kadet Kapers.



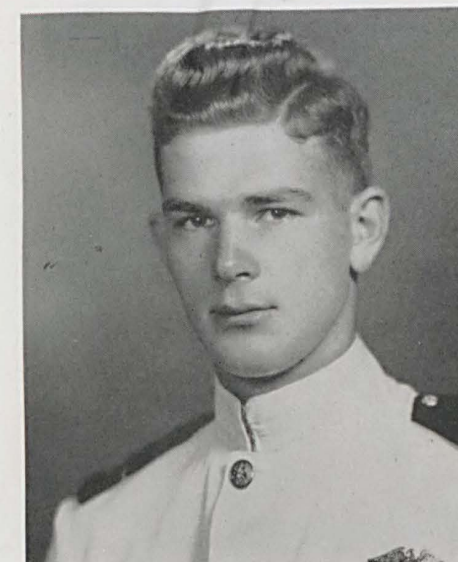
HARRY ELMONT HENDERSON

Augusta

Maine

Wide interests, a good nature and a glib tongue made "Punchy," the beef and brawn 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.



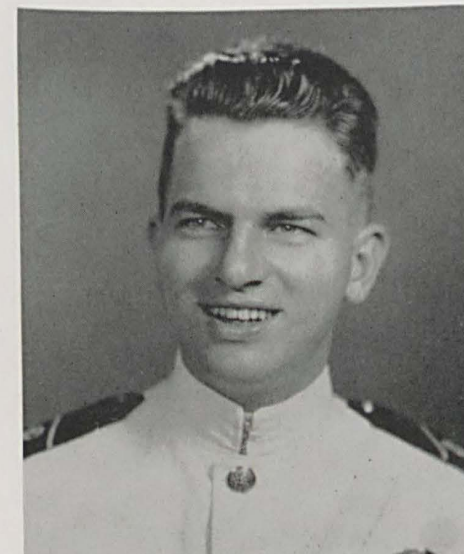
ARNOLD TRUE HOCKING

St. George

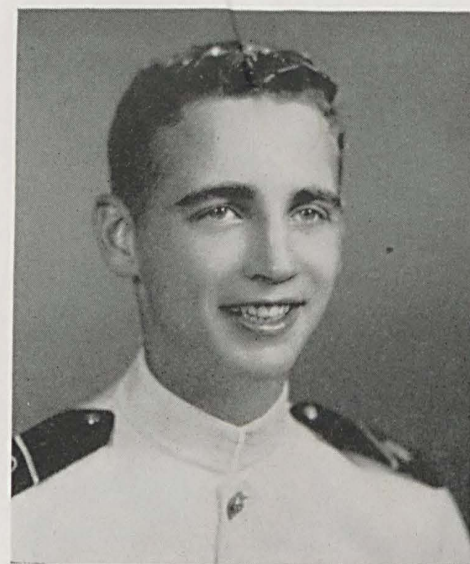
Maine

"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 whirled most happily over a problem in Seamanship. "Ambition? I want to fly."

Intra-mural Baseball, Assistant Master at Arms, Propeller Club.







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, *Trick's End*, *Maine Mast*; Manager, Varsity Basketball, Baseball; Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club; Kadet Kapers, Canteen.

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.



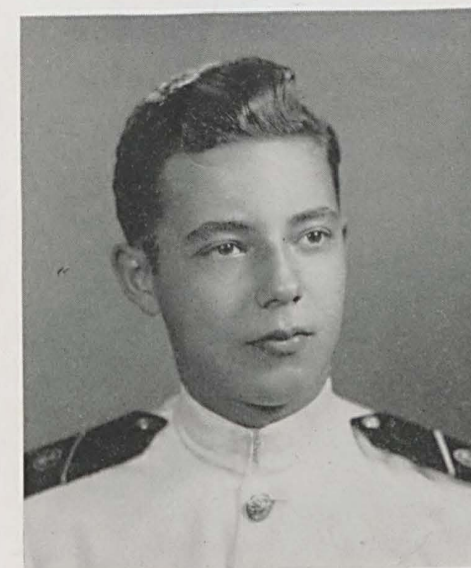
ALVIN HARRIS MILLER

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 Loiston.

Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Band, Propeller Club, Sailboat Coxswain.







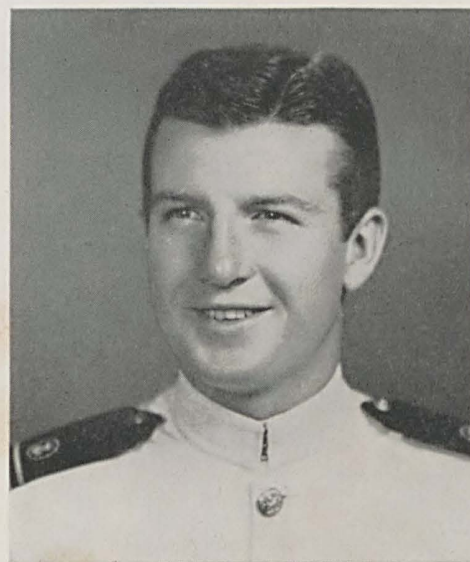
# B COMPANY



JOHN W. EDEN  
Company Commander







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.*

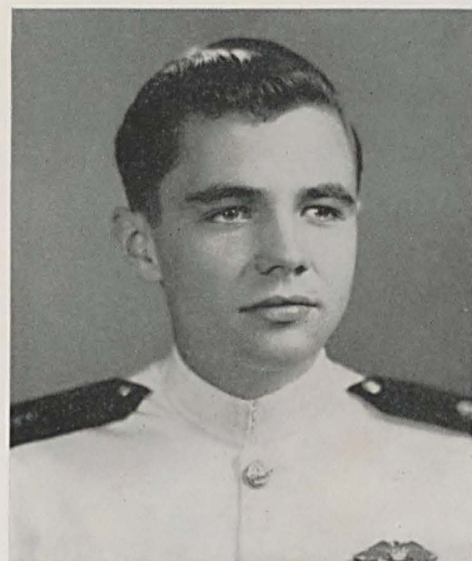
CORWIN V. MUDGE

*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.*



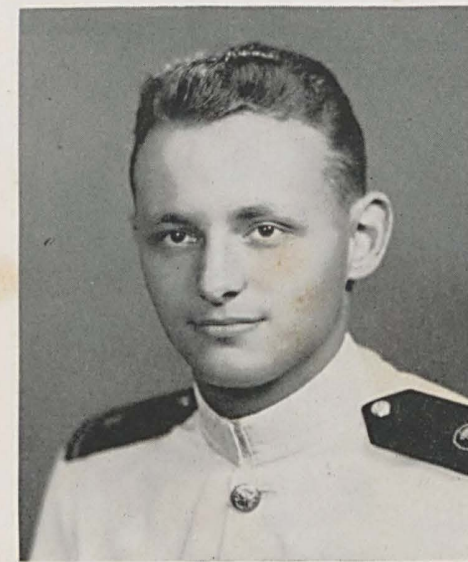
BRADLEY T. SHAW

*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.*



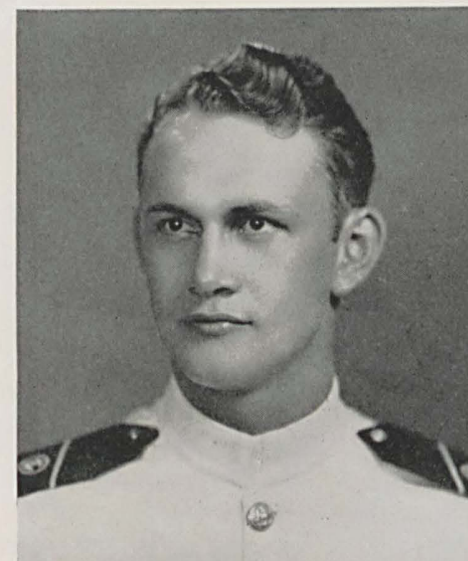
GEORGE E. CARPENTER, JR.

*Newport News*

*Virginia*

The only rebel to invade the land of the "damnyankees," George with his easy-going 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 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.*

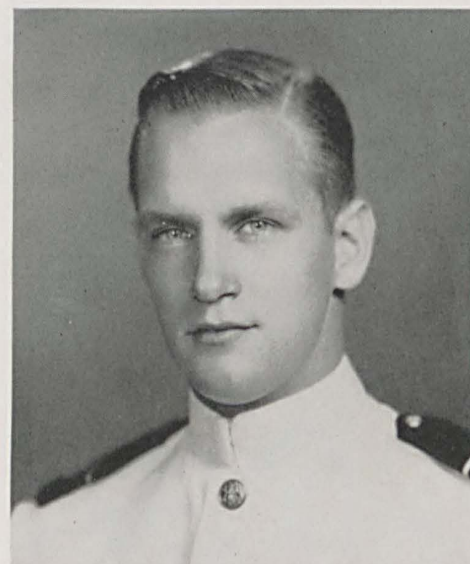
JOHN JOSEPH KELLY

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, Sailboat Coxswain, Kadet Kapers, Gunner's Mate.*



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.*



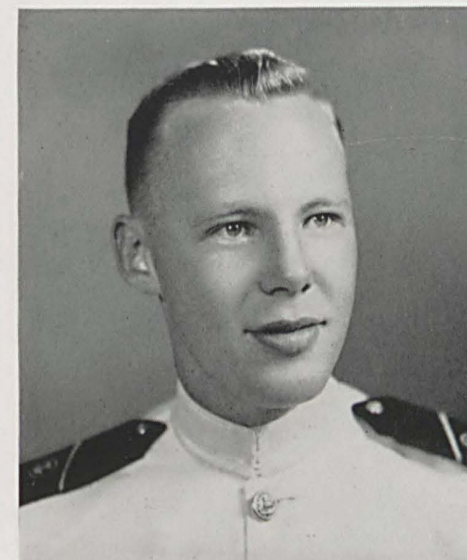
ARTHUR R. MAASBYLL

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.*







# JOHN EDMOND MERAS

Exeter

New Hampshire

With his scholarly inclinations and achievements, with the tranquillity 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.*

# LEROY S. MERRILL, JR.

Augusta

Maine

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, Cadet Boatswain.*



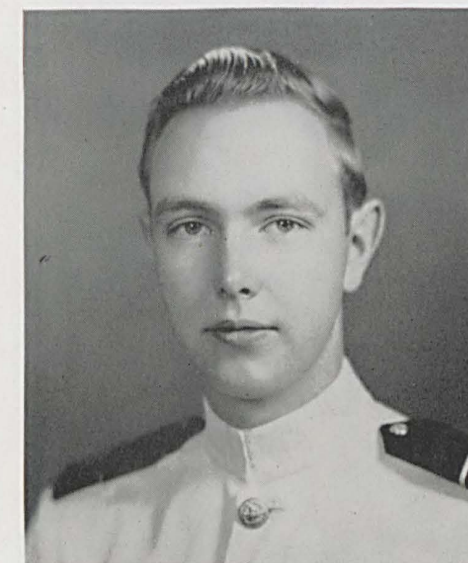
# RICHARD WOODBURY MERRILL

Augusta

Maine

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, Kadet Kapers.*



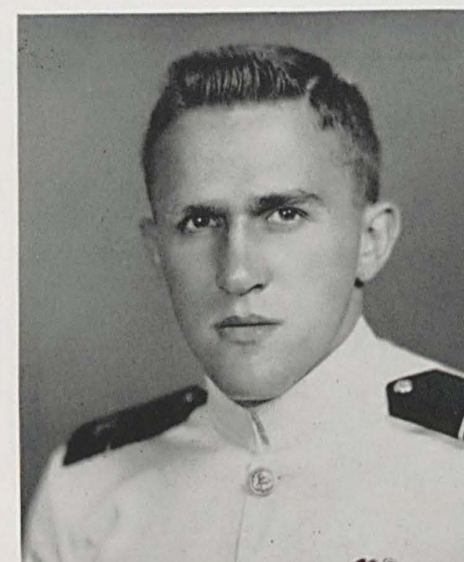
# DONALD E. MOORS

Old Town

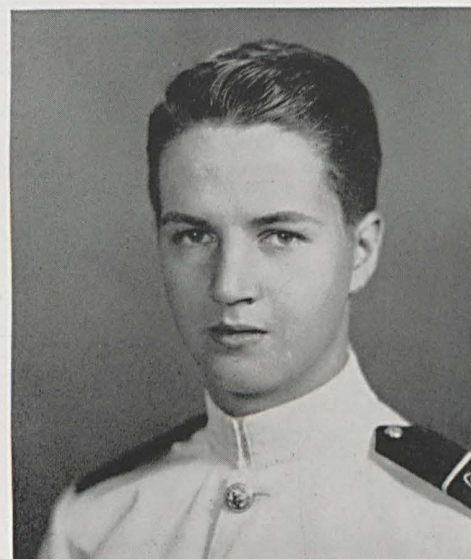
Maine

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.*







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.*

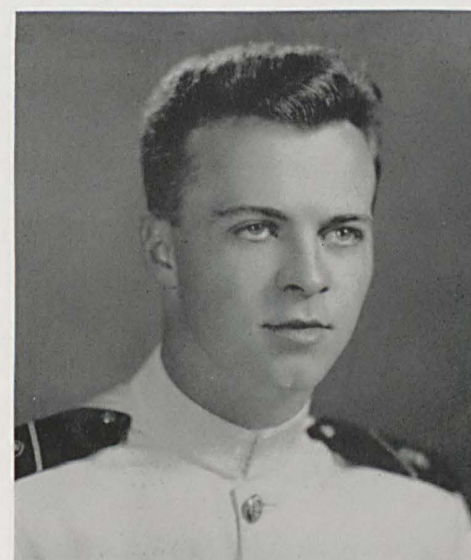
MARTIN NEEDHAM

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.*



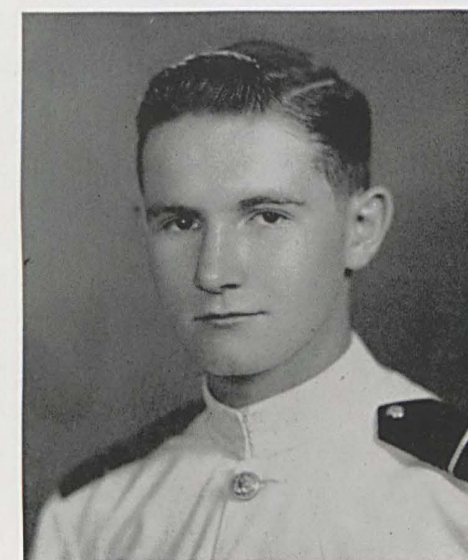
ROBERT PEARSON

Corinna

Maine

Bob, hailing from the deep Maine woods (Corrinna), 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.*



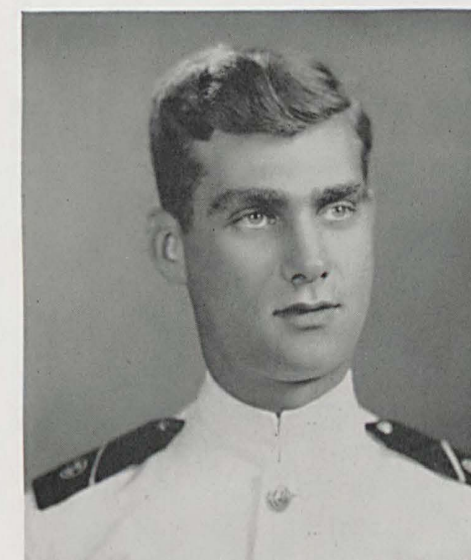
RALPH C. PLUMMER

Harrington

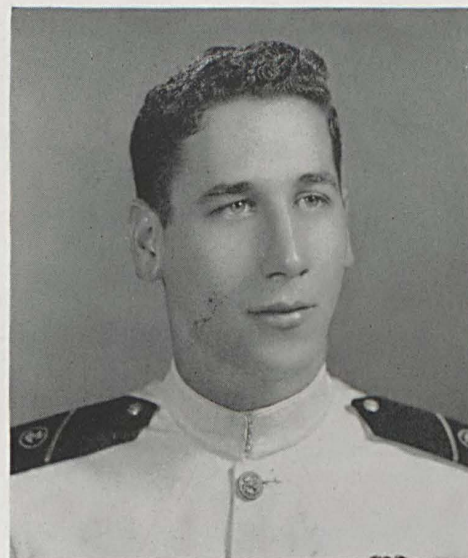
Maine

"Bud" Plummer's interest in Seamanship 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, Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club.*







# ROSALVIN 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.

# 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 classmen." He was talented enough never to have to open a book.

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



# 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 Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club.



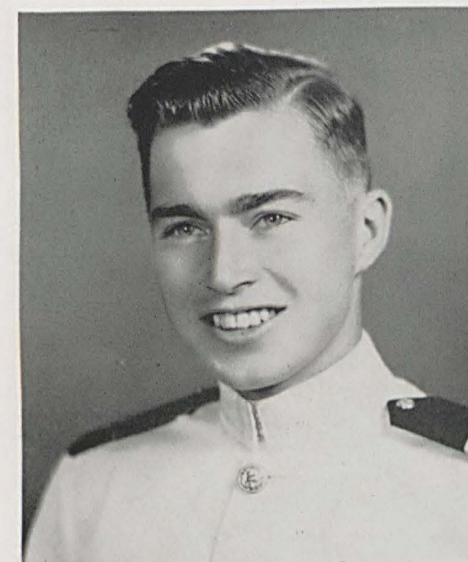
# PETER A. RUSSELL

Damariscotta

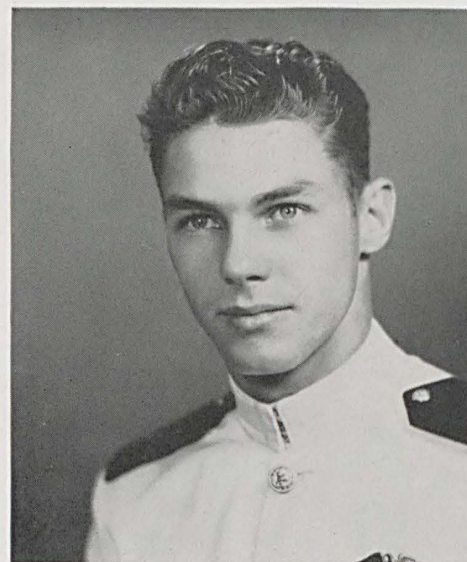
Maine

His very famous and very contagious "Russell" laugh sparked many bull 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 rivalled 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.

*Band, Former Editor of Trick's End, Propeller Club.*



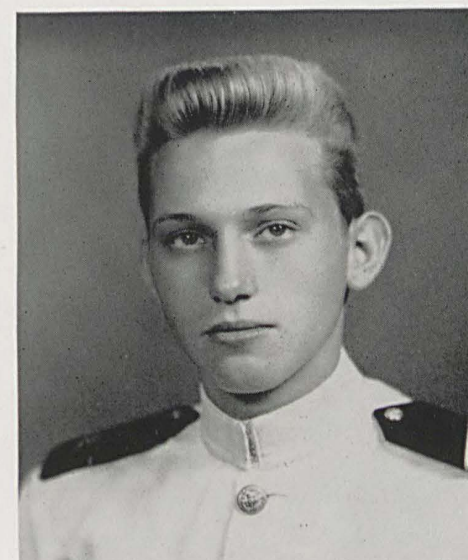
JOHN THEODORE SKOLFIELD, JR.

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.*







# 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.*

# 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 Spence'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.*



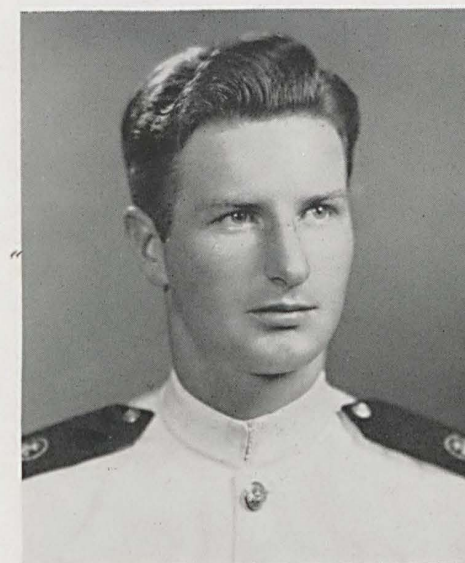
# RONALD A. WALLACE

*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.*







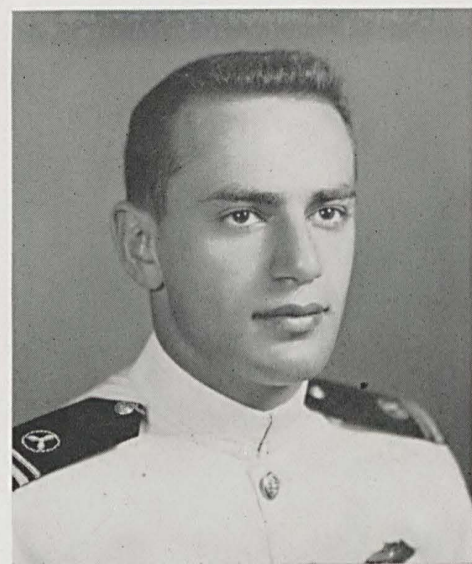
# C COMPANY



AZIO J. FERRINI  
Company Commander







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.

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

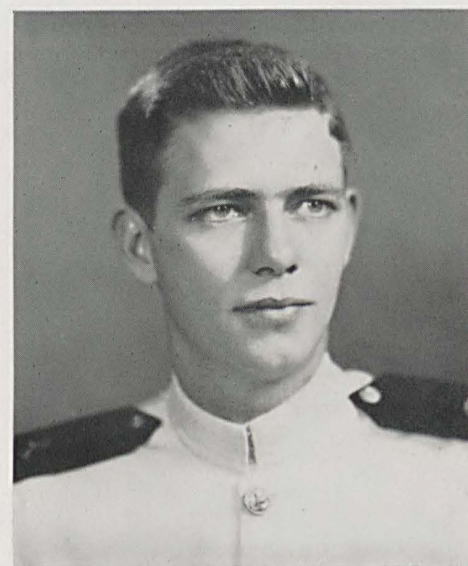
JAMES G. CYR

Presque Isle

Maine

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.

*Band, Orchestra, Section Leader E-1, Propeller Club, Kadet Kapers.*



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.

*Section Leader E-3, Propeller Club.*



LUDGI BERNIER

Exeter

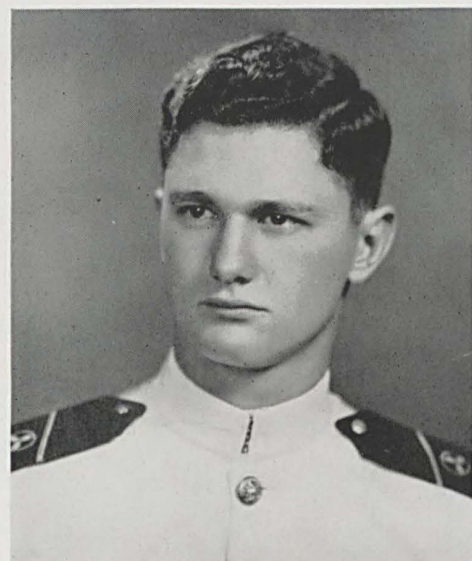
New Hampshire

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.*







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.*

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.*



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.*



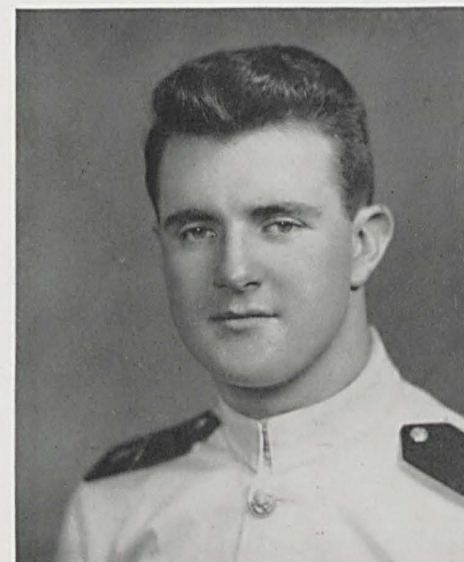
RICHARD EDWARD BRENNAN

Whitman

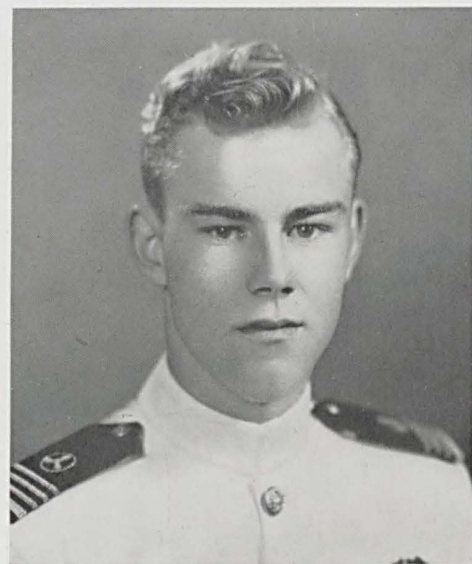
Massachusetts

"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.*







# BERT LOOKE CHESTERTON

Jonesport

Maine

Bert, "indispensable man to the Commander," was the bumper between the Midshipman body and the officers. The indescribable twang of his Down-East accent and the echo of his shoe taps in the early morning stillness will never be forgotten. His trim personal appearance, efficiency and natural ability in his field helped him succeed as Battalion Commander.

*Battalion Commander, Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Band, Propeller Club Secretary (First Year), Kadet Kapers.*

# 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.*



# GORDON H. FALT

Northeast Harbor

Maine

No place on earth can touch Northeast Harbor any season of the year according to "Gordie." His high speed, motorized weekends in the afore-mentioned place were enjoyed by many of E-1's members. An excellent student in math, he was also adept at handling a tiller. Famous for his bugle calls, women, and resemblance to Bing Crosby, Gordon will have no trouble plotting his future course.

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



# ROBERT P. GREGOIRE

Sanford

Maine

As E-1's triple personality, "Greg" keeps the boys amused with variations of Jimmy Durante, Hugh Herbert, and Loofa. A tall, lean figure and a broad grin were assets to A deck, and that fast underhand peg showed all hands some fine baseball. Serving also as a B. T. O. and pool shark, Greg is famous for his Windsors. A welcome addition to any bull session, he will never lack friends.

*Varsity Baseball; Intra-mural Football, Baseball; 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.*

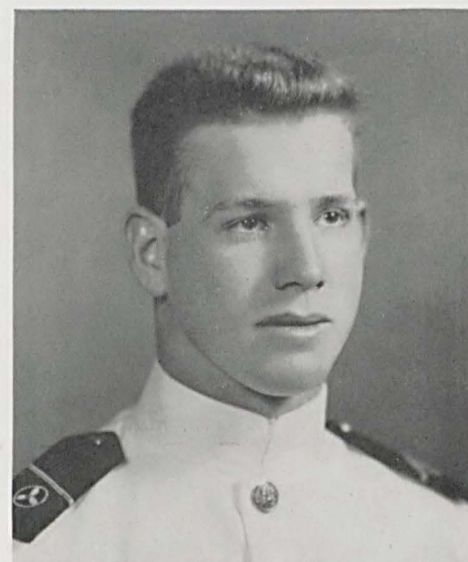
# KENNETH ALLEN GROVER

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 Football; Propeller Club; Chief Engineer, Pentagoet.*



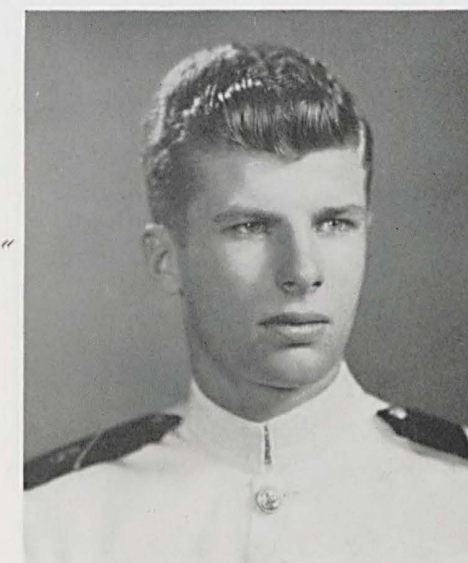
# WILLIAM HALL

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

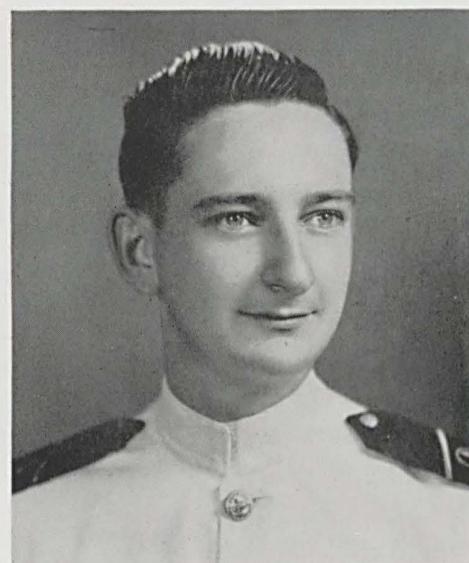
Maine

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.*







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.

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

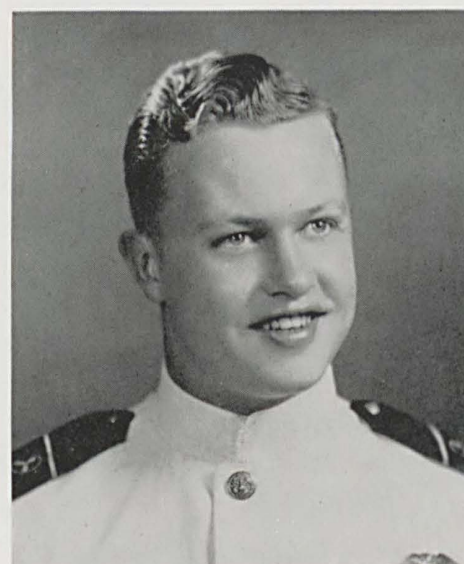
JACK HATTESON

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.*



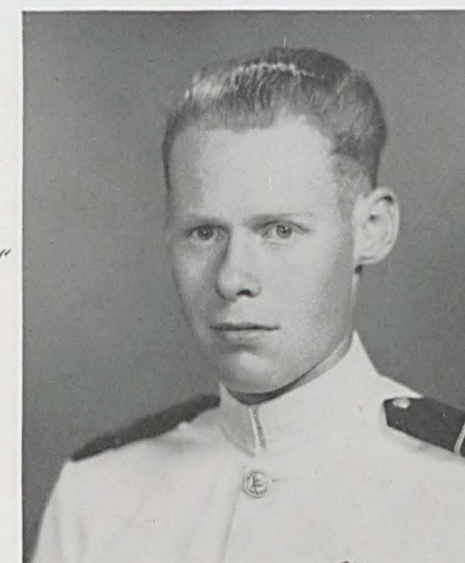
DAVID CARY HAYWARD

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.

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



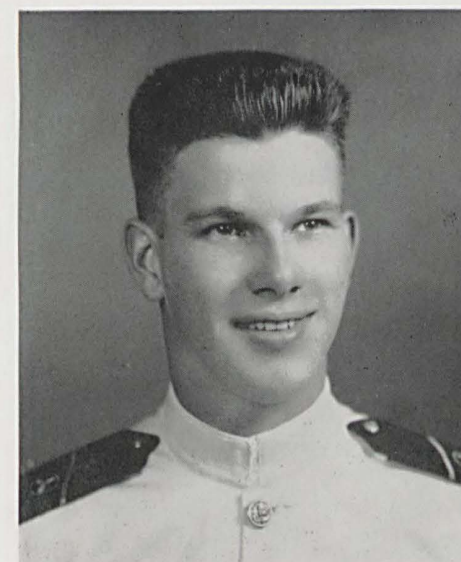
HARVARD HODGKINS

Hancock Point

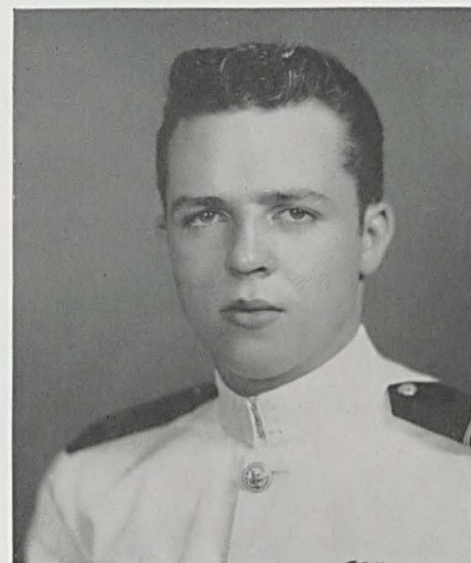
Maine

Hodgie comes from that good deer-jacking country just a stone's throw from Castine. When he wasn't starting 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 basketbal because he was one of our crack athletes on the court. Chosen profession: Spy Smashing.

*Varsity Basketball; Intra-mural Basketball, Baseball, Football; Propeller Club, Maine Mast Typist.*







# 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.*

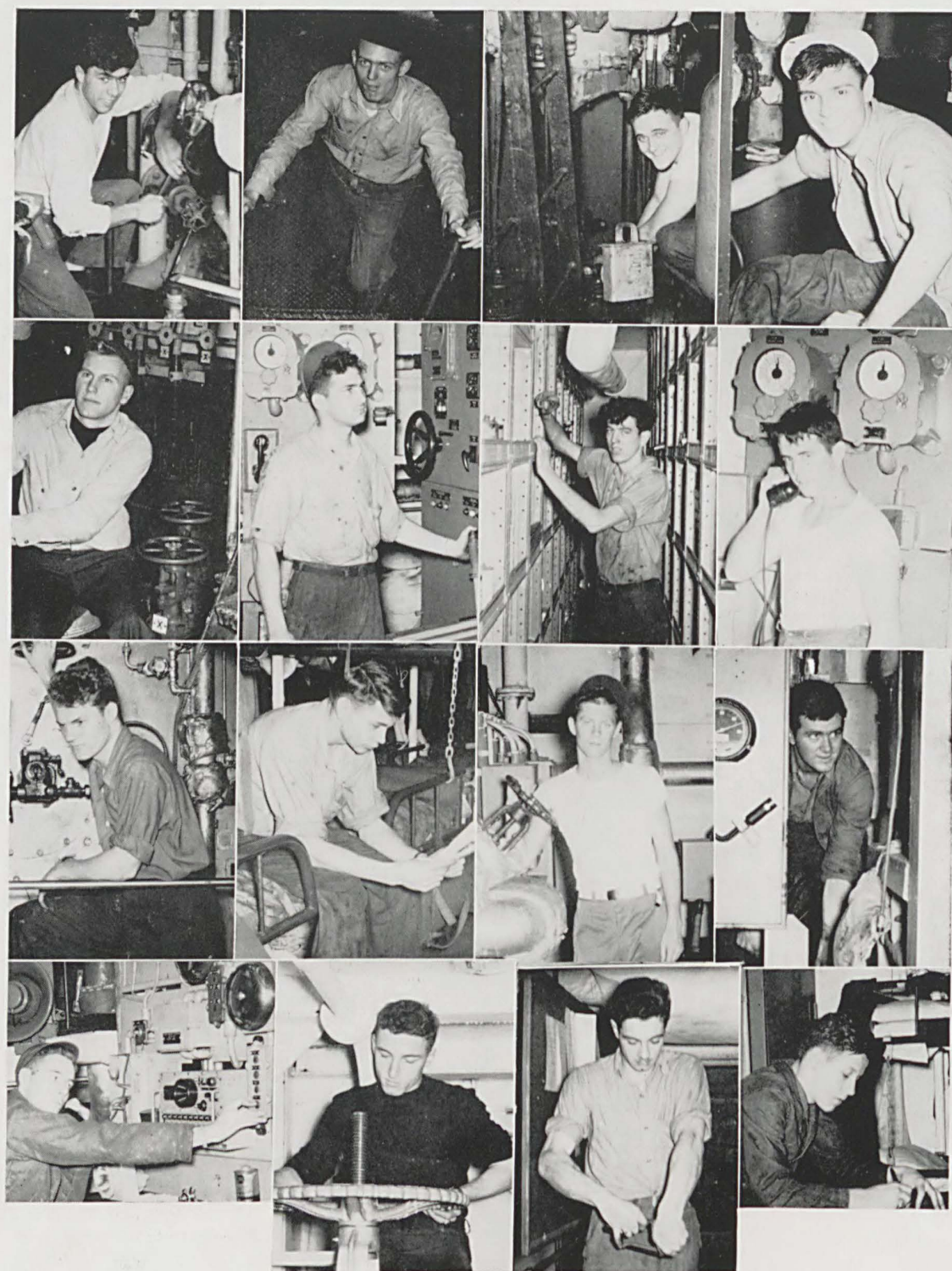
# STANLEY D. VEHSLAGE

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 Penobscot Bay, "at the helm" of a sailboat.

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







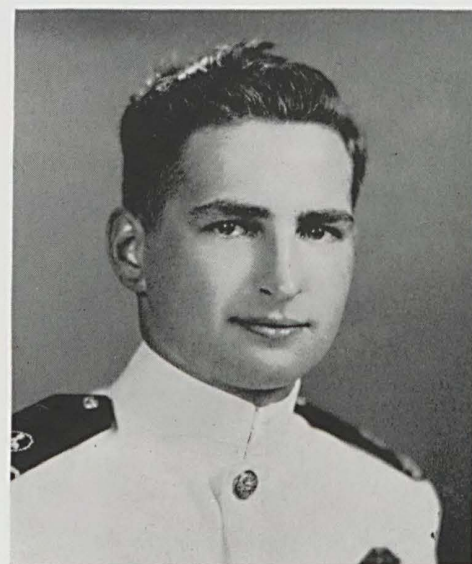
# D COMPANY



DALE W. LINDSEY  
Company Commander







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.*

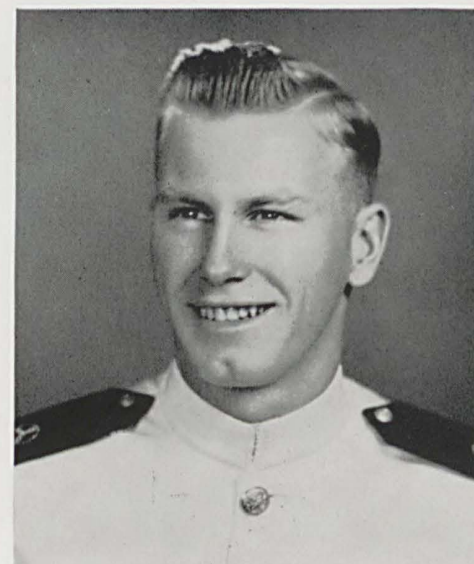
CARL SIGVARD OLSEN

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.*



ROBERT EATON CANAVAN

Waterville

Maine

"Spanky," the football varsity's powerhouse linesman 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."

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



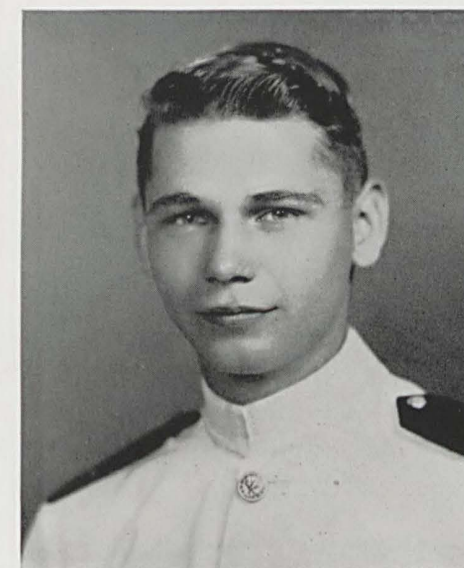
RALPH KRAUSE

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.*







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.*

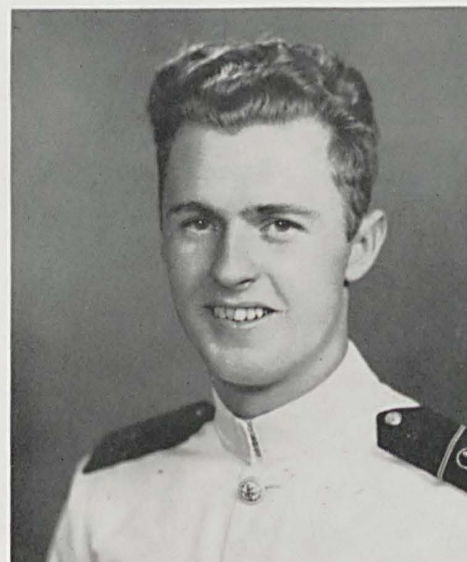
GILBERT MARRINER

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'll always remember him as that tall, lanky, curly-haired guy with the cheerful smile.

*Propeller Club.*



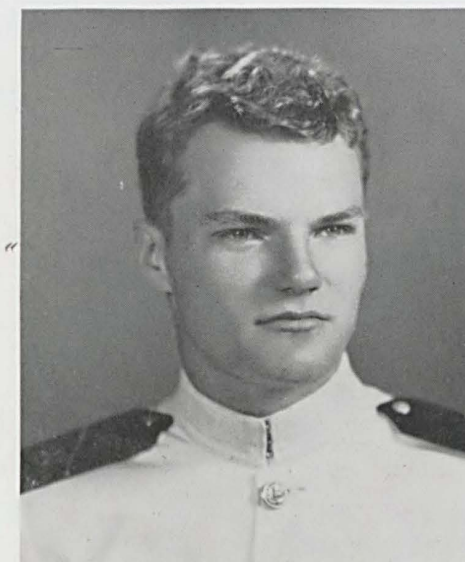
JEREMIAH JUDE McCARTHY

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.*



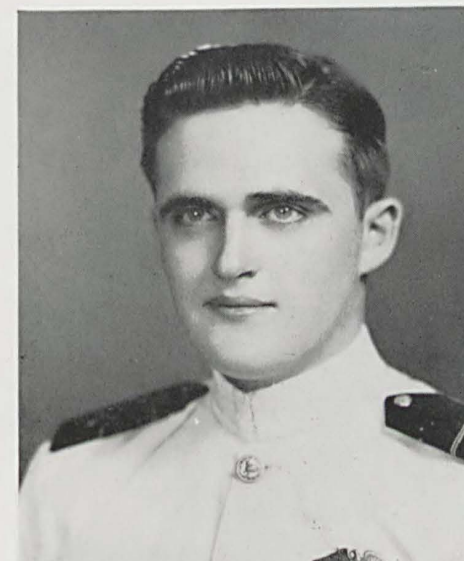
DOUGLAS WILLIAM McKAY

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.*







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.

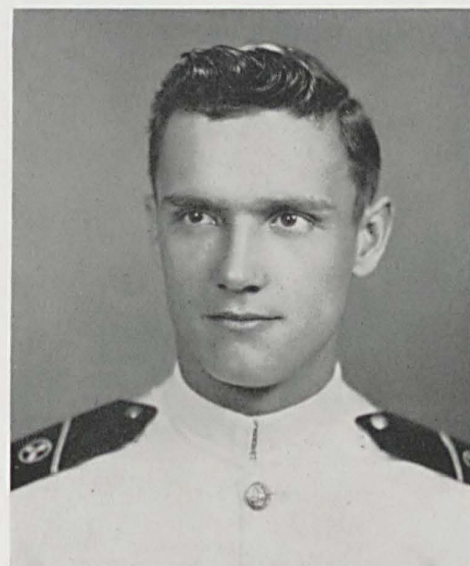
H. SAMUEL McMINN

Bangor

Maine

Sam, Lincoln's tall dark and handsome representative, was E-2's tennis specialist, their "fightingist" man on the court. Sam's scowl (it made the boldest underclassmen uneasy) was followed by "Hey mug! Tell me a story and make it a good one, or else!" But in spite of such "fear-inspiring" qualities, he invariably had an excellent sense of humor.

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



ERNEST 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, teathed 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 on the cruise hiding behind that brush he called a mustache.

*Propeller Club, Sailboat Coxswain, Chief Engineer—Petagoet, Ship's Machine Shop Supervisor.*

# 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.*



# 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.*



# 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.*







# JAMES W. WRENNE

Franklin

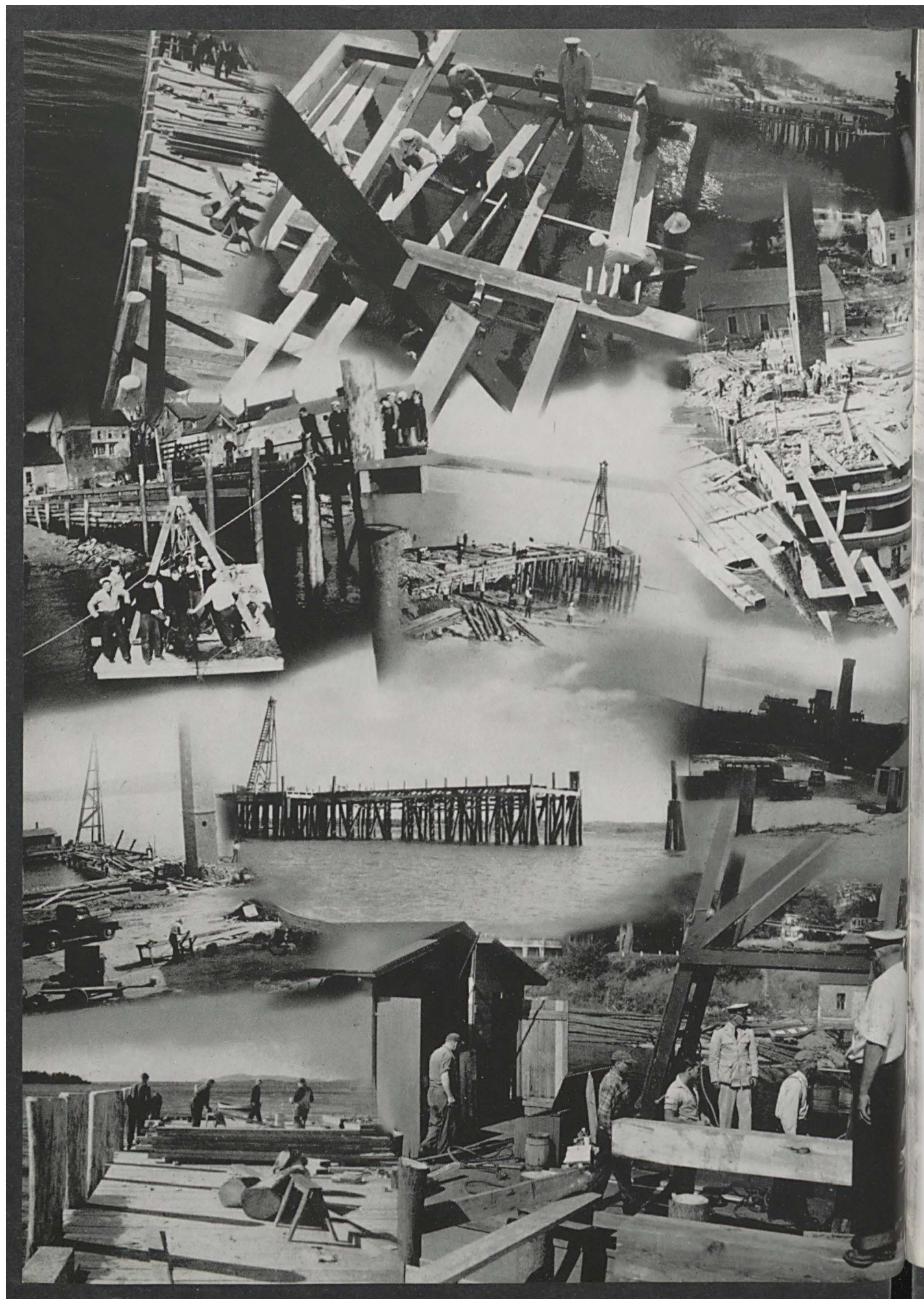
Massachusetts

"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 intra-mural sports.

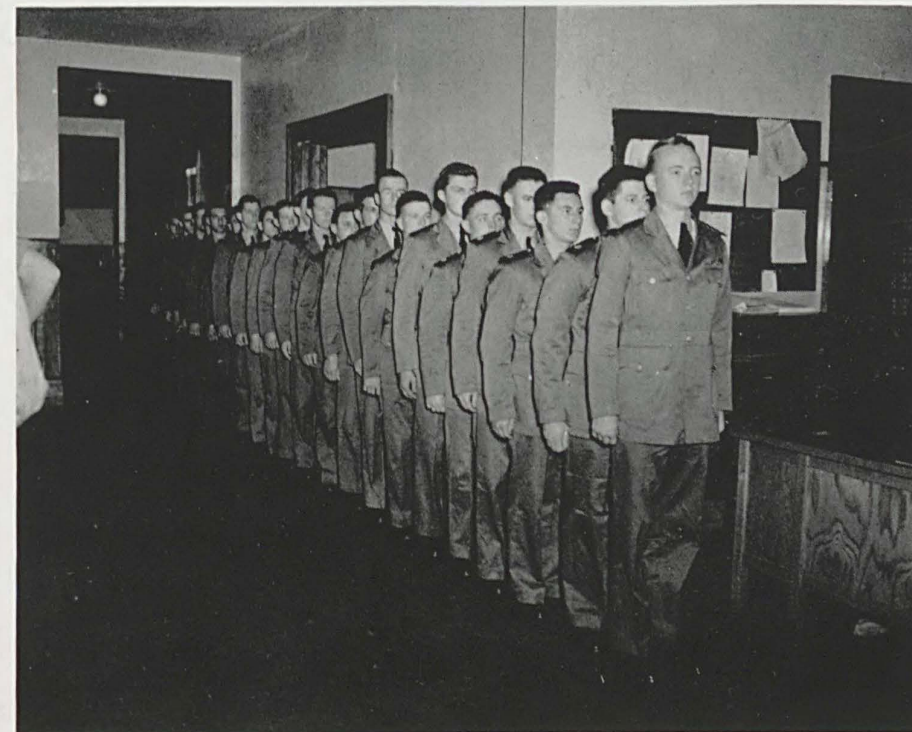
*Intra-mural Baseball, Basketball, Football; Propeller Club.*







## UNDERCLASSMEN





KERMIT P. ALLEN  
Sedgwick, Maine



CLIFFORD R. CAMERON  
289 Broadway  
Rockland, Maine

PHILIP A. BLACK  
Perkins Street  
Castine, Maine



JOHN F. CAMPBELL  
65 Oak Street  
Lewiston, Maine

WALTER BORKOWSKI  
Old Town  
Maine



WILLIAM C. CARL  
42 Main Street  
Skowhegan, Maine

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



ALAN D. CEDERSTROM  
Boothbay Harbor  
Maine

JAMES G. BURNEY  
89 Lyndale Street  
Springfield, Mass.



GEORGE A. CHAMBERLAIN  
162 1/2 College Avenue  
Waterville, Maine

RAYMOND B. COLE  
Brook Road  
Cumberland Center, Maine



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

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



RICHARD H. ELIAS  
Readfield, Maine

PHILIP J. COUSINS  
16 Reservoir Street  
Caribou, Maine



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

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



DURWARD A. EMERY  
Newport  
Maine

FREDERICK N. DOW  
19 Central Street  
Winthrop, Maine



DAVID G. FARRAND  
215 Talbot Avenue  
Rockland, Maine



**RICHARD A. FOLEY**  
52 Richardson Street  
Bath, Maine



**WARREN C. HAMM**  
98 Congress Street  
St. Albans, Vermont



**JOSEPH FRECHETTE**  
Worthley Road  
Manchester, New Hampshire



**DAVID V. HARDING**  
24 State Street  
Winthrop, Maine



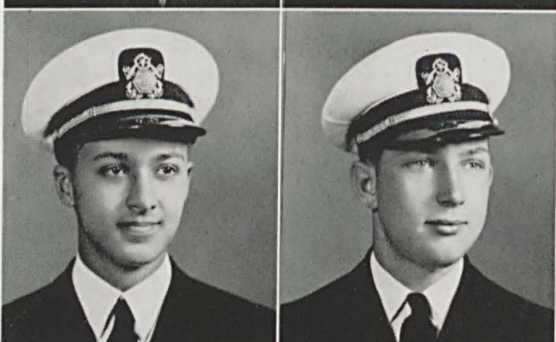
**CARROLL W. FREEMAN, JR.**  
121 Gill Street  
Auburn, Maine



**EDMUND HICKEY**  
21 Union Street  
Biddeford, Maine



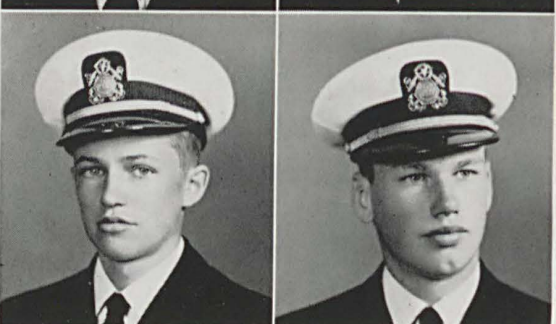
**EBEN W. FREEMAN, II**  
1824 Congress Street  
Portland, Maine



**JACK A. HOWALT**  
1530 Mayfair Road  
Jacksonville, Florida



**PAUL A. GREGWARE**  
1 Mitchell Street  
South Portland, Maine



**CLAYTON IRVINE**  
21 Academy Street  
Auburn, Maine

**ROBERT J. TOBIN**  
6 High Street  
Winthrop, Maine



**WILLIAM LEAVITT**  
382 Westbrook Street  
Portland, Maine



**RICHARD JONES**  
Hampden, Maine



**MAURICE J. M. LETENDRE**  
97 Pennacook Street  
Manchester, New Hampshire



**CHARLES A. KILBY**  
Mitchell Road  
Cape Elizabeth, Maine



**HERBERT C. McALISTER**  
42 Sawyer Street  
Portland, Maine



**THORNTON R. LANDERS**  
570 Washington Street  
Whitman, Massachusetts



**JAMES F. McGINN**  
25 Fifth Street  
Bangor, Maine



**FRANCOIS LAVIGUEUR**  
63 Cumberland Street  
Brunswick, Maine



**JAMES A. MacDOUGAL**  
504 River Road  
Manchester, New Hampshire



DONALD A. MacVANE  
Long Island, Maine



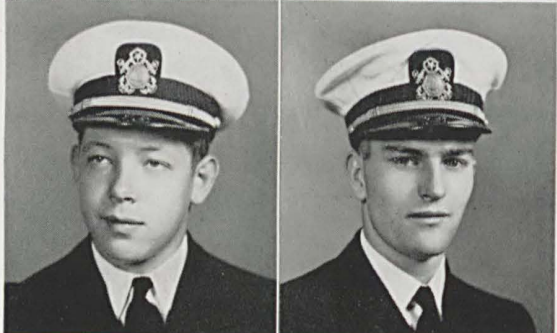
FRANK H. MAHAN  
24 Gamage Avenue  
Auburn, Maine



GURDON R. MANSFIELD, JR.  
Rochester, New Hampshire



FRANK R. MATZER  
Route 8, Box 603  
Jacksonville, Florida



RODERICK J. MERRILL  
Springfield, Maine



WILLIAM D. MURRAY, JR.  
36 Green Mt. Drive  
Presque Isle, Maine

CHESTER E. NORRIS, JR.  
Chushing Street  
Winterport, Maine

JAMES M. O'DONNELL  
29 Hempstead Avenue  
North Smithfield, R. I.

KENNETH F. OLSEN  
142 Coyle Street  
Portland, Maine

ROBERT L. PECK  
Box 157  
York Beach, Maine

CALVIN R. PELLEY  
Yarmouth, Maine

RAYMOND J. POULIOT  
1335 Stafford Road  
Fall River, Mass.

CHARLES PRUE  
Barrington, Rhode Island

CHARLES RAYNER  
Barrington, Rhode Island

PHILIP O. RILEY  
7 Howard Street  
Springvale, Maine

WILLARD L. ROBINSON  
Manchester, Connecticut

RICHARD P. R. SIROIS  
12 West Street  
Pittsfield, Maine

SHERWIN J. SLEEPER  
27 Foulton Street  
Rockland, Maine

ROBERT L. THOMPSON  
Lee, Maine

BARTLETT VAN NOTE, JR.  
102 College Avenue  
Waterville, Maine





ROBERT W. WAUGH  
12 William Street  
Andover, Massachusetts



CARL H. WHEELER  
25 Overlook Place  
Glen Ridge, New Jersey



E. LYDEN WATKINS, II  
17 Coyle Street  
Portland, Maine



EARL W. WIGHT  
Hulls Cove, Maine

KENNETH WEBBER  
Two Lights Road  
Cape Elizabeth, Maine



JULIAN ZUKE  
163 Prospect Street  
Biddeford, Maine



DANCE AT MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY



ANGLO AMERICAN CLUB—CUBA



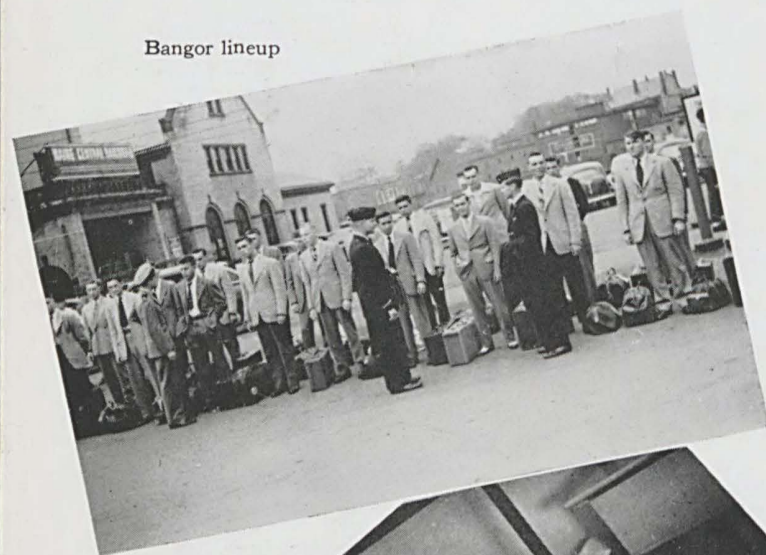


## CLASS HISTORY





Bangor lineup



Upperclass  
Inspection



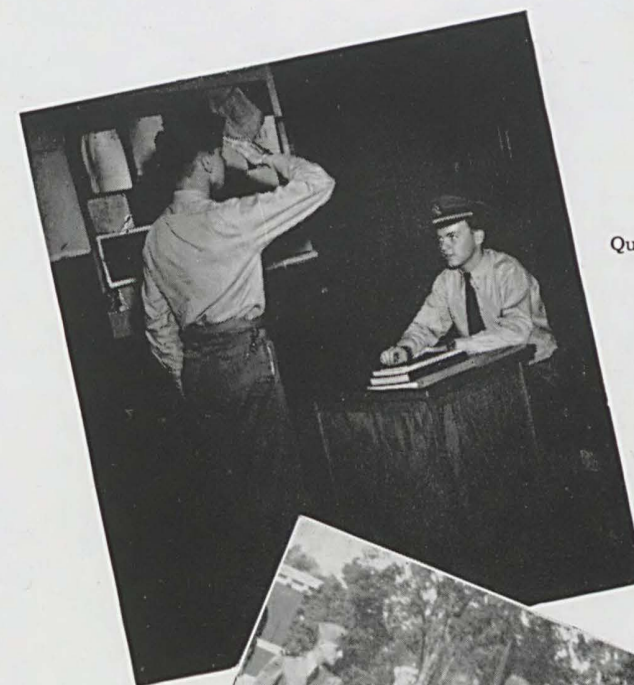
Fickle finger

## 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 re-making 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 tooth brush 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.



Quarterdeck



Drilling

Upperclass Lounge



## "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 also 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.



Chow time

Morning inspection

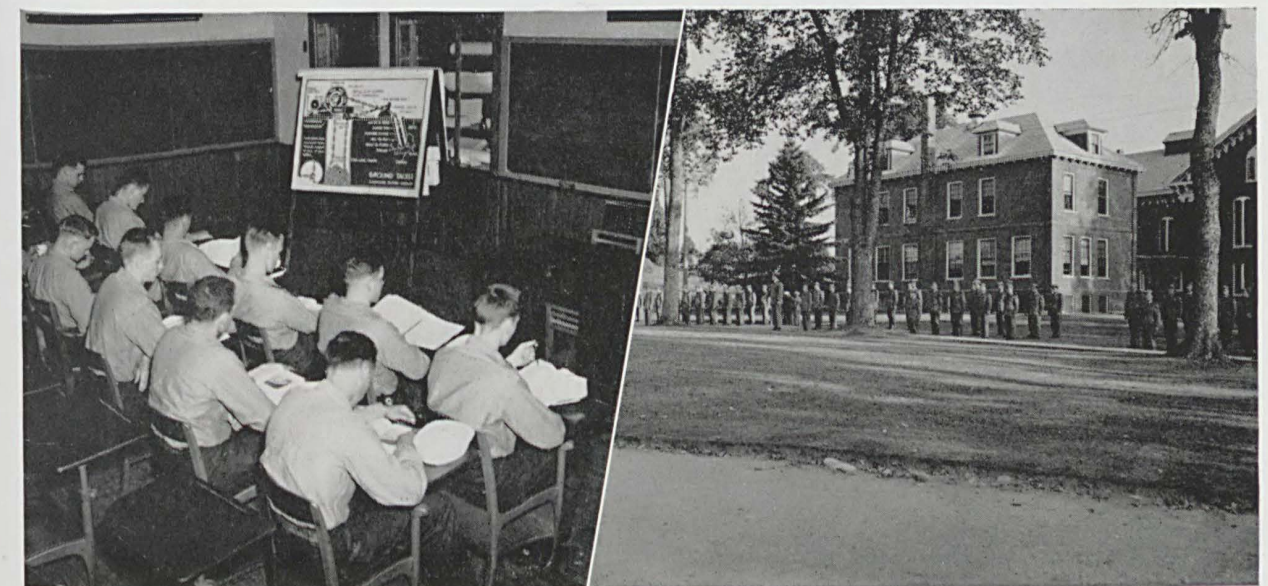
## GENTLEMEN"

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.

Drill began for us under the untiring eye of Chief Ski who whipped us into shape with his threats and humor. Marching in the comparative security of the Fort or on the Dices Head Road, in our Upperclass year, tended towards less drill and longer and frequenter "pauses for rest," but Chief Ski's, Astrab's, Lieut. Comm. Mitchell's and Lt. Erb's methods succeeded so well that we graduated into the Battalion Review Formations of Saturday Morning.

Thus through the trials of watches, classes (and restrictions) and drill we battled our way to the coveted cruise and commission.



Engineering instruction

Morning reports





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 "Muster 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 sougee in efforts to keep the Academy clean. "Truck Driver to the Quarter-deck" 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,



Hit the Deck



Fourteen-letter Man

## ODE TO THE

## CHIPPING HAMMER

we were holystoning the decks of the Sub-chaser, 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 Bosn's Mates: E-1 and E-2 rivalled each other for the title of Master Goldbricks.

Meanwhile the *Pentagoet* 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 intro-



Operation overhead

duced 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.*



Old Swimmin' Hole



Gaston!



## GIVE ME LIBERTY

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 hardy mariners to its shores.

Candy? Under the counter



Shake it up!



R.K.O. Palace

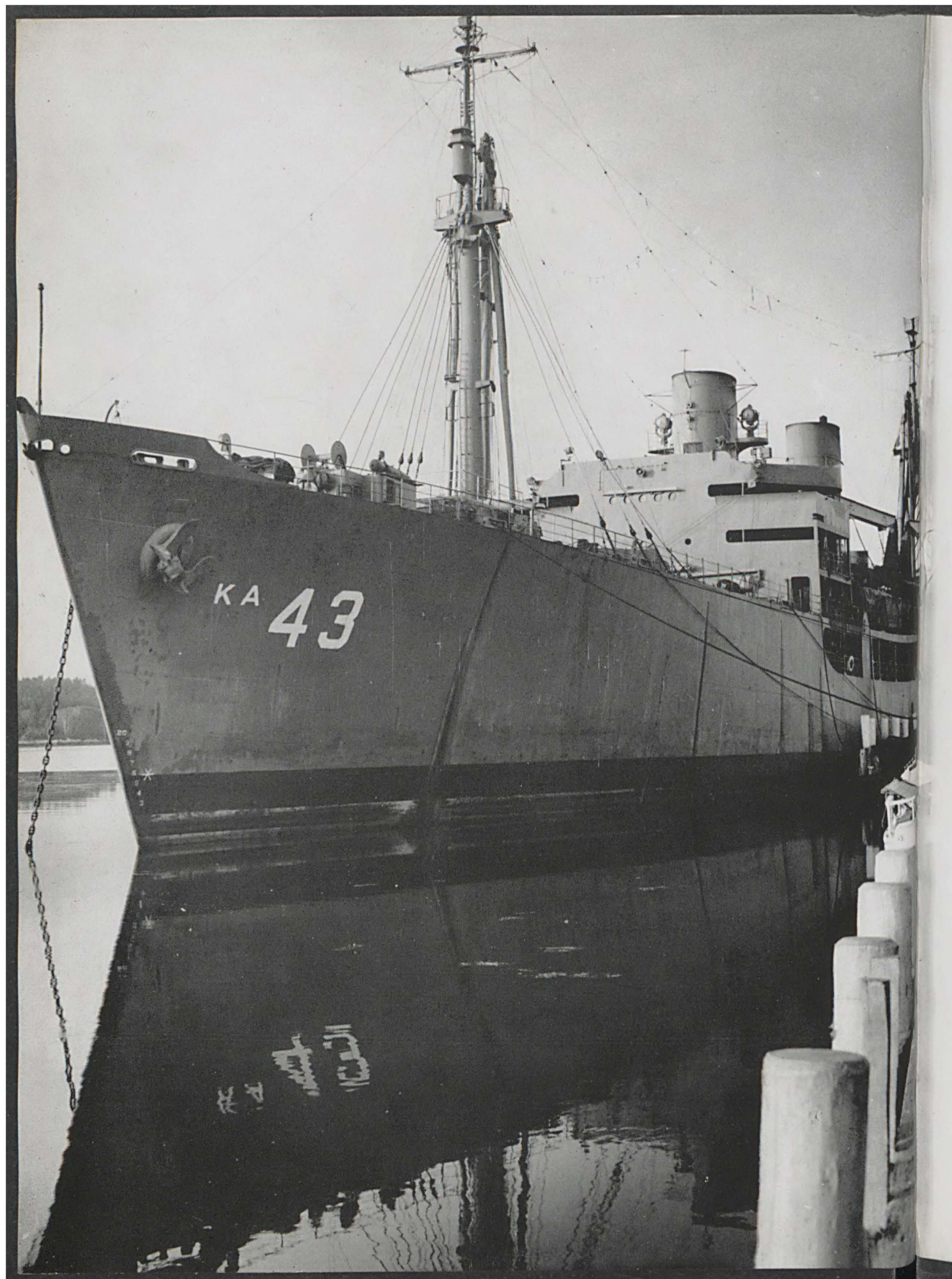


He carries other products too

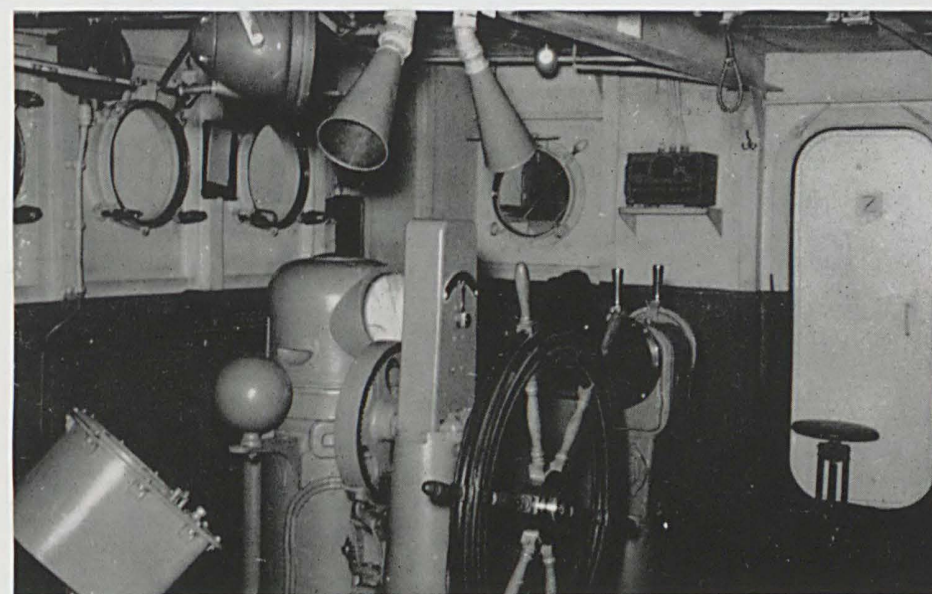
With the arrival of the summer population, the more wolfish cadets came into stride. The M. M. A. whistles were perfected on the luckless ones who braved the passage by the Academy. Midnight rendezvous were arranged by the more enterprising Middies, who tempted restriction to meeting their dates.

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









LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP

Yankee States

(Name)

(Identification number)

(DELETE ONE)  
AT / PASSAGE FROM

Boston, Mass.

TO Rio de Janeiro

(Day) (Date)

ZONE DESCRIPTION

U. S. N.

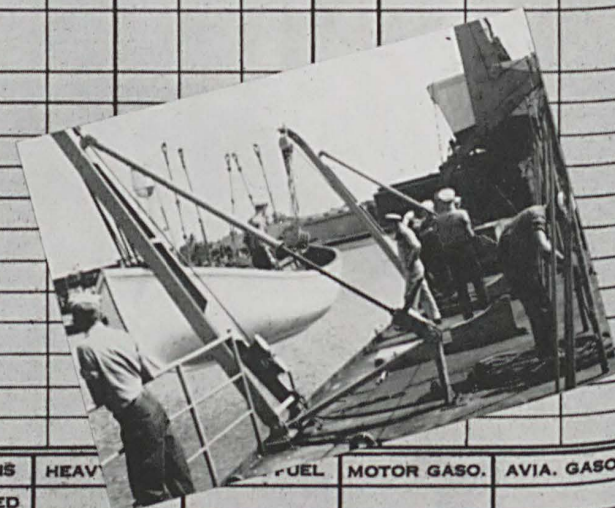
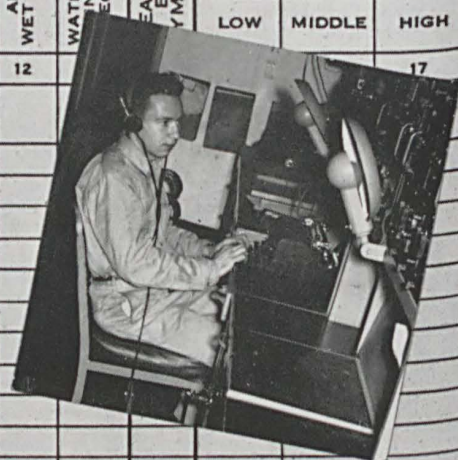
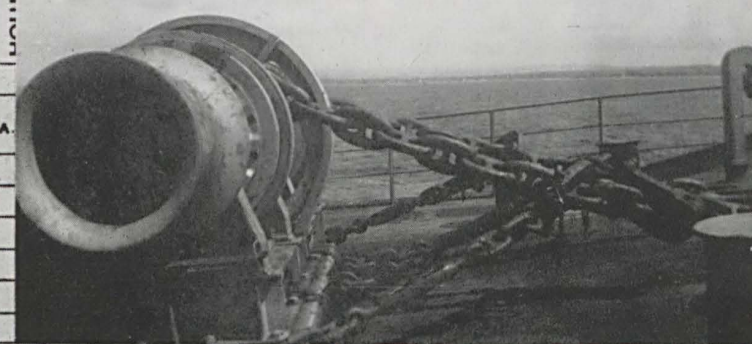
BY REVS.	BY LOG	COURSE (P. C.)	WIND (TRUE)	BAROMETER (CORRECTED)	TEMPERATURE			WEATHER SYMBOLS	CLOUDS		
					AIR, DRY BULB	AIR, WET BULB	WATER		FORM	LOW	MIDDLE
					11	12					17

POSITION	ALLONS	HEAVY	FUEL	MOTOR GASO.	AVIA. GASO.	SH
HOLD	CEIVED					
CURRI	ENDED					
TIN	AND					
SET	ER					
DRIFT	STILLED					
GYRO COM	CEIVED					
ERROR	ENDED					
STANDARD	AND					
COMPASS	BEFORE					
S. H.	RD					
ERROR						
VARIATION						
DEVIATION						

DRAFT AFTER E	FORWARD	AFT	MAGAZINE TEM	MAXIMUM	MINIMUM



ES SHIP

Yankee States

(Day)

(Date)

4 January

(Month)

11

## REMARKS

1200-1600

At 1300 first line ashore. At 1311 made fast with following lines; four 8" manila, two 1 1/2" wires. Moored port side to Commonwealth Pier, Boston.

At 1400 liberty party ashore

H. T. Hocking, Quartermaster

Harry J. 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 new anchor and cases of the famous powdered eggs.

A few days later at Buzzard's Bay we berthed. The Massachusetts Maritime Academy cadets - and with their arrival began the Battle for the Lockers. Lockers bulged and overflowed with clothes and the books we were to see so very much of on our cruise. And with a fairwell parting of spring lines we set out for Panama.

0000-0400

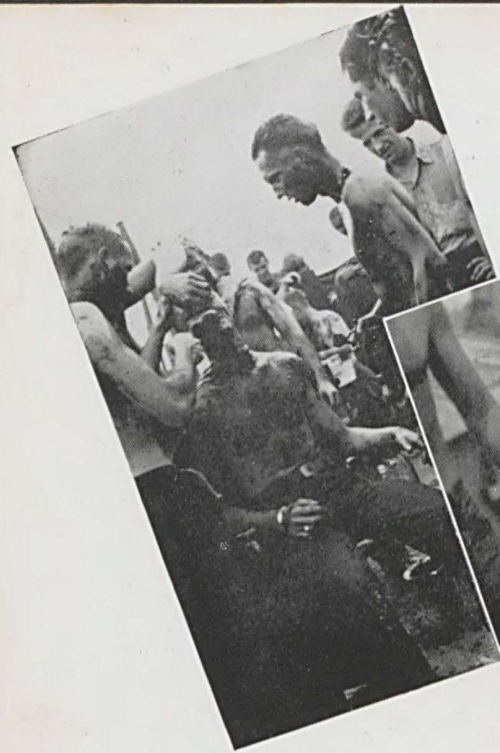
Steaming on course 194°(T) 194°(PGC), 188°(PSC) At 0020 ship rolling easily. Cadet Engineer Bert Chesterton requested permission to blow tubes. At 0031 tubes blown. At 0049 ceased blowing tubes.

John J. Shaffell Jr. P.M.  
John W. Widen C.O.D.

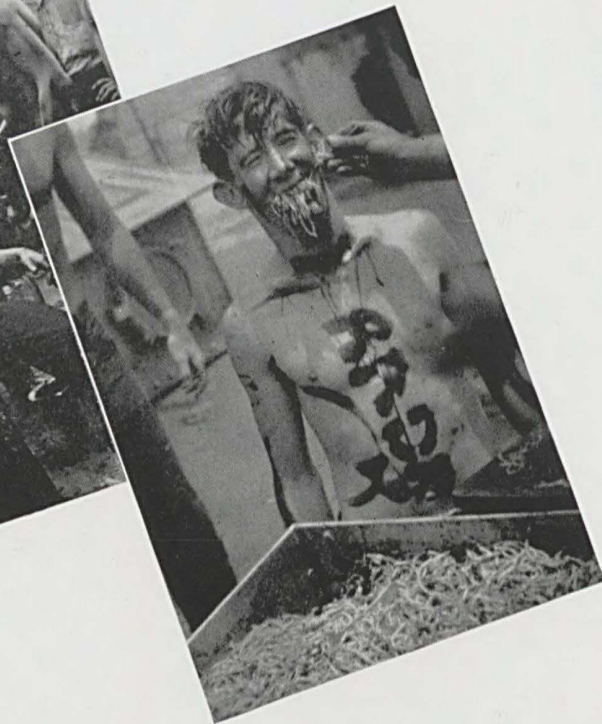
And with the Captain's words at 0300 "Ship's riding just like a baby" the long night began. The moans and groans of seamen and shipmen rose from the holds. The figures began to crawl and weave and totter towards the ship's rail - last night's dinner had tasted so good. Rising to a crescendo with the moans and groans came the soft thuds of cadets rolling out of sacks, the thumps of books bouncing off of heads, the crashes of dishes and pans gently whizzing from one side of the ship to the other. The mess deck tables and benches gave up the struggle about 0200 and began crashing into bulkheads and generally joining in the fun and uproar.



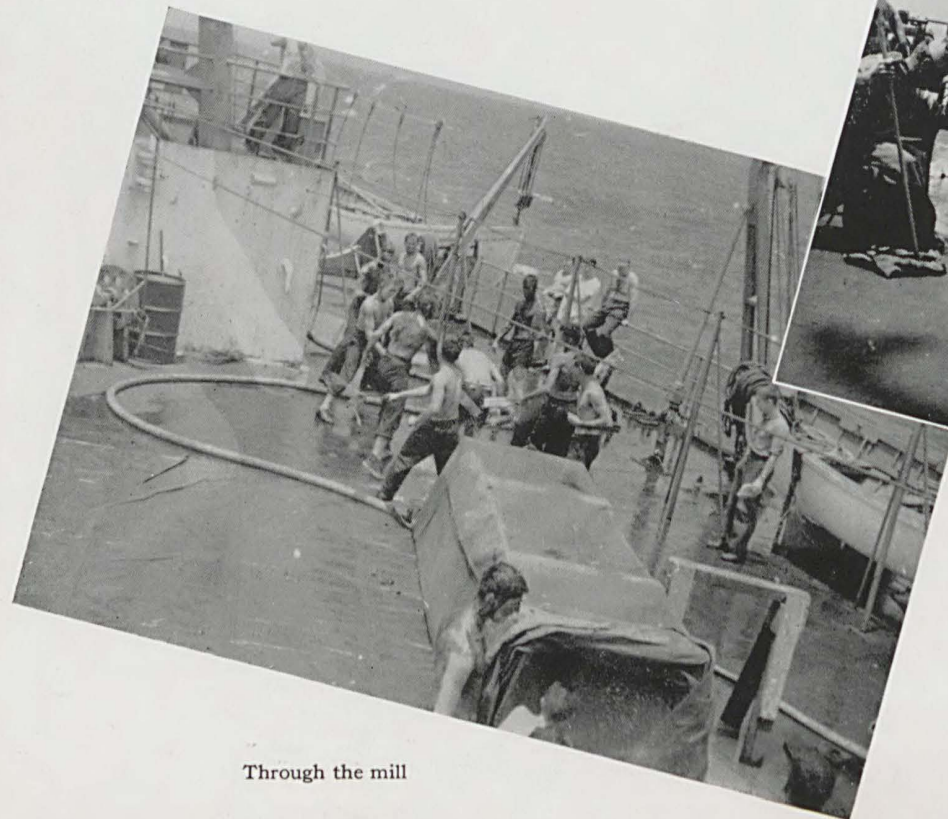
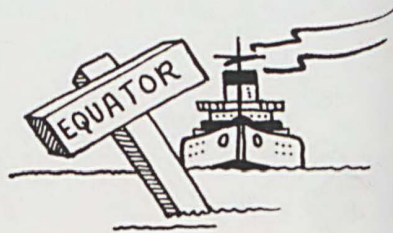
# CROSSING THE LINE



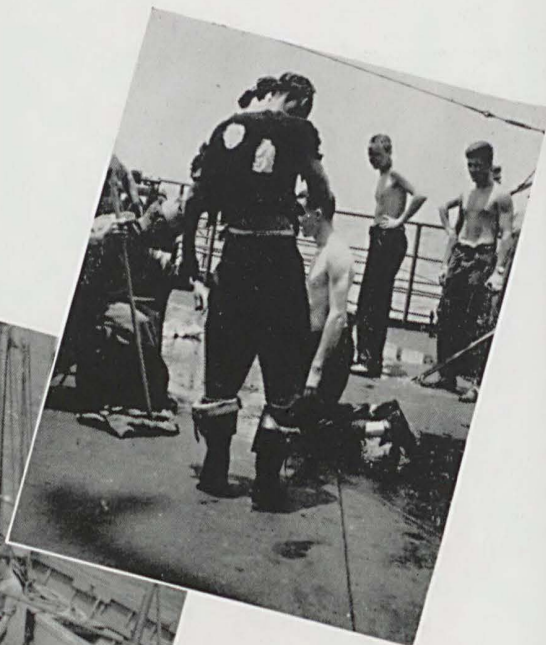
Um! Good



Chow down!



Through the mill



"Before the throne"

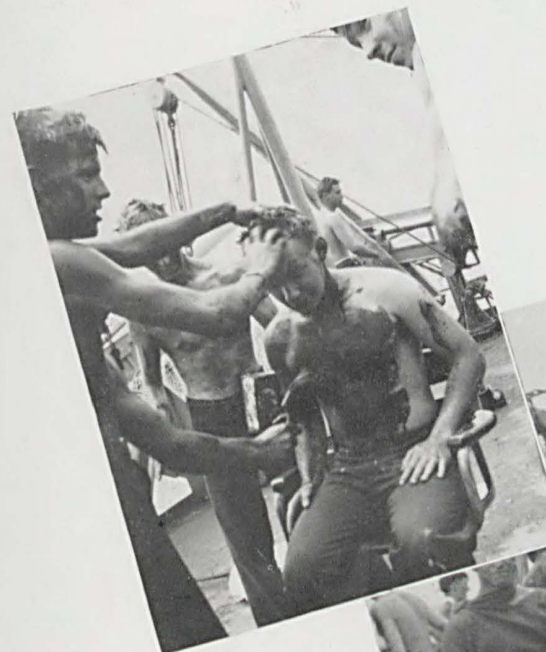
# ORDER OF THE DEEP



"What's your excuse?"



"Vinigar Joe"



"Graphite and grease"



"Neptunus Rex and Assistants"







LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP

Yankee States

(Identification number)

(DELETE ONE)

AT / PASSAGE FROM

Panama, C.Z. TO Rio de Janeiro

(Day) (Date)

ZONE DESCRIPTION

U.S.

HOUR	"ALL SHAFT" AVERAGE REVOLUTIONS	BY REVS.		BY LOG		COURSE (P. C.)	WIND (TRUE)		BAROMETER (CORRECTED)		TEMPERATURE				WEATHER BY SYMBOLS	CLOUD		
		NAUTICAL MILES	TENTHS	NAUTICAL MILES	TENTHS		GYRO MAG (Indicate which)	DIRECTION MOVING FROM (in degrees)	FORCE (Knots)	HEIGHT IN INCHES	READING AT. THER.	AIR, DRY BULB	AIR, WET BULB	WATER MAIN INJECTION		FORM		
						LOW									MIDDLE	HIGH		
A.M.	1																	
	2																	
	3																	
	4																	
	5																	
	6																	
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	8																	
	9																	
	10																	
	11																	
	12																	
P.M.	13																	
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	24																	

## POSITION

HOUR	LATITUDE	LONGITUDE
0600		
1200		
2000		

## CURRENT

TIME	SPEED	DIRECTION

## GYRO COMPASS

ERROR	STANDARD DEVIATION

## STANDARD DEVIATION

COMPASS	S. H.	ERROR	VARIATION	DEVIATION

SUBMERGED RUN DATA—SUBMARINES

ES SHIP

Yankee States

5 February 1947

(Day) (Date) (Month)

## REMARKS

The first landfall, sighted February 4, 1947, was San Salvador (Watling's Island) - then came the deep blue Caribbean and the beginning of the Eternal Sun Tan. The ship hurried on past the low Bahama reefs and coral islets of peculiar name - Cat Island, Rum Cay - to the next important landfall - Crooked Island - and then through the famous (9 mile) Crooked Island Passage of the Bahamas.

The permanent navigators were suffering through their first watches, with hundreds of midshipmen and officers rushing by with sextants to take sights of a rather dubious star or sun disappearing behind a cloud. Then the "Struggle of the Chartroom" with a dozen officers clamoring at a desk 2 yards long, to see our position on the chart - Nor descript individuals charging in "What's our dead reckoning position or what's the chronometer rate?" as an officer nudged the P.W. in the stomach and gently murmured "Figure out sunset, R.A. of 5 stars on the meridian and a line of position before you get off watch in 15 minutes."

And so lived the permanent navigator - "Furrowed brow, screams of 'stand-by' and 'mark', the scratch of hundreds of pencils working out the ship's position." Their glimpses of land were fleetingly obtained between calculations on the gyrations of the Sun, Moon, Venus, Saturn and a dozen unpronounceably named stars in their diurnal march across the heavens.

In the purplish undertones of the clouds, the mountains of Cuba and Haiti began passing in review. A departure was taken from Navassa Rock for Cristobal, Panama.

0000 - 0400

Steaming as before on course 225°(T) 225°(P.C.) 221°(P.S.C.) At 0221 Isla Grande Light abeam bearing 235°(T) distance 21 miles. At 0250 Cadet Engineer Canavan reported engines shut down to switch to single motor. At 0255 standard speed resumed.

C.S. Catlin Quartermaster  
M.D. Needham C.O.D.



LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP

Yankee States

(Identification number)

(DELETE ONE)

AT / PASSAGE FROM

Recife, Brazil

(Name)

TO Rio de Janeiro

(Day)

(Date)

ZONE DESCRIPTION

U. S. N.

HOUR	BY REVS.	BY LOG	COURSE (P. C.)	WIND (TRUE)		BAROMETER (CORRECTED)		TEMPERATURE		CLOUDS	
				FROM (in degrees)	FORCE (Knots)	HEIGHT IN INCHES	READING AT. THER.	AIR, BULB	WATER, BULB	SEA, BULB	CEILING
1					8	9				17	
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24											

ES SHIP

Yankee States

5 February

(Day)

(Date)

(Month)

19

## REMARKS

0400-0800

Steaming as before. At 0610 various courses and speeds in channel. At 0705 Pilot R.W. Rubelli aboard. 0707 Doctor aboard. At 0735 ship proceeding into berth Pier 4 Able Coco Solo, Panama.

T.P. Conlon, Quartermaster

J.E. Meias, C.O.D.

8 February 1947

Alligator pocket books, Chronographs, Cuba Libras, the Florida Night Club, USO hostesses and Cash Street with its various attractions. - This was Cristobal.

It began with an unusual welcome. We were distracted to hear, as the ship glided into her berth, a U.S.O. sound truck blaring forth American swing records under the somewhat shaky hands of two perspiring Negroes 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 '26 vintage buses and departed for Cristobal and the evils of civilization. Panama City with its monuments and early Spanish ruins lured the more educationally minded. A comfortable dinner at the George Washington Hotel, souvenir hunting and a visit to the Florida (and the night club lodged with M.M.A. cadets for the command performance of Beauty and the Beast) were activities usually in order.

Towards 2300 loot-laden midshipmen staggered back to the ship weighted under Chronographs (the poor man's Chronometer), alligator pocket books, wallets and assorted jewelry. The watches, a maze of push buttons and dials, modestly boasting the time, sweep seconds, stop watch mechanism and dials for calculating speeds of falling and moving bodies, appealed to that remarkable midshipman sense of thrift - Overnight - "The Chronometer Craze".

The U.S.O. hostesses swarmed aboard ship one evening to entertain and attend a dance held on the boat deck. Per usual, the long eared variety of cadet predominated and kept themselves and the girls well occupied.

Leaving Cristobal, we pulled in our belts and prepared for that long run over the Equator to Recife.



LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP

(DELETE ONE)  
AT / PASSAGE FROMYankee States  
Recife, Brazil TO Rio de Janeiro

(Identification number)

(Day) (Date)

ZONE DESCRIPTION

U. S.

HOUR	"ALL SHAFT" AVERAGE REVOLUTIONS	BY REVS.		BY LOG	COURSE (P. C.)	WIND (TRUE)	BAROMETER (CORRECTED)	TEMPERATURE				WEATHER BY SYMBOLS	CLOUD		
		NAUTICAL MILES	TENTHS					GYRO MAG	DRY BULB	WET BULB	WATER MAIN INJECTION		LOW	MIDDLE	HIGH
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23															
24															

POSITION

HOUR

0800

1200

2000

CURRENT

TIME FROM

TO

SET

DRIFT

GYRO COMPASS IN USE

ERROR

STANDARD MAGNETIC COMPASS

COMPASS NO.

S. H.

ERROR

VARIATION

DEVIATION

ON HAND

WAT

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EMERGED RUN DATA SHEET

ES SHIP

Yankee States

24 February 19

(Day)

(Date)

(Month)

## REMARKS

0800-1200

Steaming as before on course 120°(T) 120°(PGC) 111°(PSC)  
 LATITUDE 00°00' 0800 His Royal Highness King Neptune with his  
 court and Davy Jones logged aboard from the Deep with strange apparatus  
 A.R. Maasbyll, Quartermaster  
 R.W. Wallace C.O.D.

The fateful day had arrived. Dripping salt from his beard,  
 Neptune prepared for his first Shellback victims.

The Royal Initiation - salt water, water and more salt water;  
 soft grease, hard grease and black grease. And - oh yes - the vinegar.  
 The Royal Court, Royal Baby's Billy, Royal Barber's Clippers,  
 Royal Chef and the worms (Or was it spaghetti?), Royal Doctor  
 and his hypo.

The ship was straining as we neared 00°00' latitude; then we  
 felt the bump, we were over and had begun to sail downhill.  
 (Overheard on the bridge "Land God, man, didn't you all feel  
 the bump. That must have been the E-equator.")

Happily transformed from howly pollywogs into mighty  
 Shellbacks, we could begin to feel the salt running through  
 our veins. The next few days while we were recovering from  
 the Ordeal, land was sighted. Cape Calcanhar, Brazil was in  
 sight early one morning, then Olinda light and the ship was  
 standing off Recife awaiting the pilot.

0800-1200

Steaming as before. At 0758 steering course 340°(T)  
 340°(PGC), 351°(PSC) At 0811 pilot Julie Mochado aboard. At  
 0819 abeam breakwater. At 0829-10 proceeding astern both  
 engines. (Heard loud crunch, more crunches, frantic  
 whistling 0830-30 crunches stopped) 0831 Full ahead both  
 engines. Tug Wander kalk understern. At 0858 all lines ashore.  
 Dock No. 12 Recife, Brazil. At 0911 pilot ashore. Engines  
 secured.

S.E. Lapentier Jr., Quartermaster  
 F.J. Mann C.O.D.



LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP

Yankee States

(Name)

(Identification number)

(DELETE ONE)

AT / PASSAGE FROM

Recife, Brazil

TO

Rio de Janeiro

(Day)

(Date)

ZONE DESCRIPTION \_\_\_\_\_

U. S. N.

HOUR	"ALL SHAFT" AVERAGE REVOLUTIONS	BY REVS.		BY LOG	COURSE (P. C.)	WIND (TRUE)	BAROMETER (CORRECTED)	TEMPERATURE				CLOUDS
		NAUTICAL MILES	TENTHS					READING AT. THER.	AIR, DRY BULB	AIR, WET BULB	WATER MAIN INTAKE	
	1	2	3					10	11	12	13	
A.M.												
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POSITION		GALL.		L. MOTOR GASO.		AVIA. GASO.		SHIP	
HOUR		RECEIVED	EXPENDED	ON HAND		ON HAND			
0800									
1200									
2000									
CURRENT		WATER		DRAFT BEFORE		DRAFT AFTER ENT.		MAGAZINE TEMPERA	
TIME FROM	TO	DISTILLED	RECEIVED	ON HAND	FORWARD	FORWARD	FORWARD	MAXIMUM	MINIMUM
SET									
DRIFT									
GYRO COMP									
ERROR									
STANDARD									
COMPASS									
S. H.									
ERROR									
VARIATION									
DEVIATION									



S SHIP

Yankee States

(Day)

(Date)

27 February, 19

(Month)

## REMARKS

It was quite a spectacular entrance into Recife harbor. The tug, a little super confident, had cut too close to our stern and paid the penalty. A barrage of Brazilian oaths rose from her decks, until a quick-thinking sailor cut through our houses, as bitter, with an evil looking knife.

Hundreds of people jammed the public square at the water's edge. Men, girls, loafers, curiosity seekers, would-be salesmen, their black and brown faces a confused mass, waxed and shouted. Within 10 minutes of our arrival, pineapples, bananas and weird pinkish fruit were flying towards the ship in exchange for coins tossed by the cadets.

With smiles and significant gestures rapidly growing "friendships" were being formed with attractive señoritas on the dock. So numerous and absorbing were the "friendships" that it took the long arm of the law to drag us away from the rail.

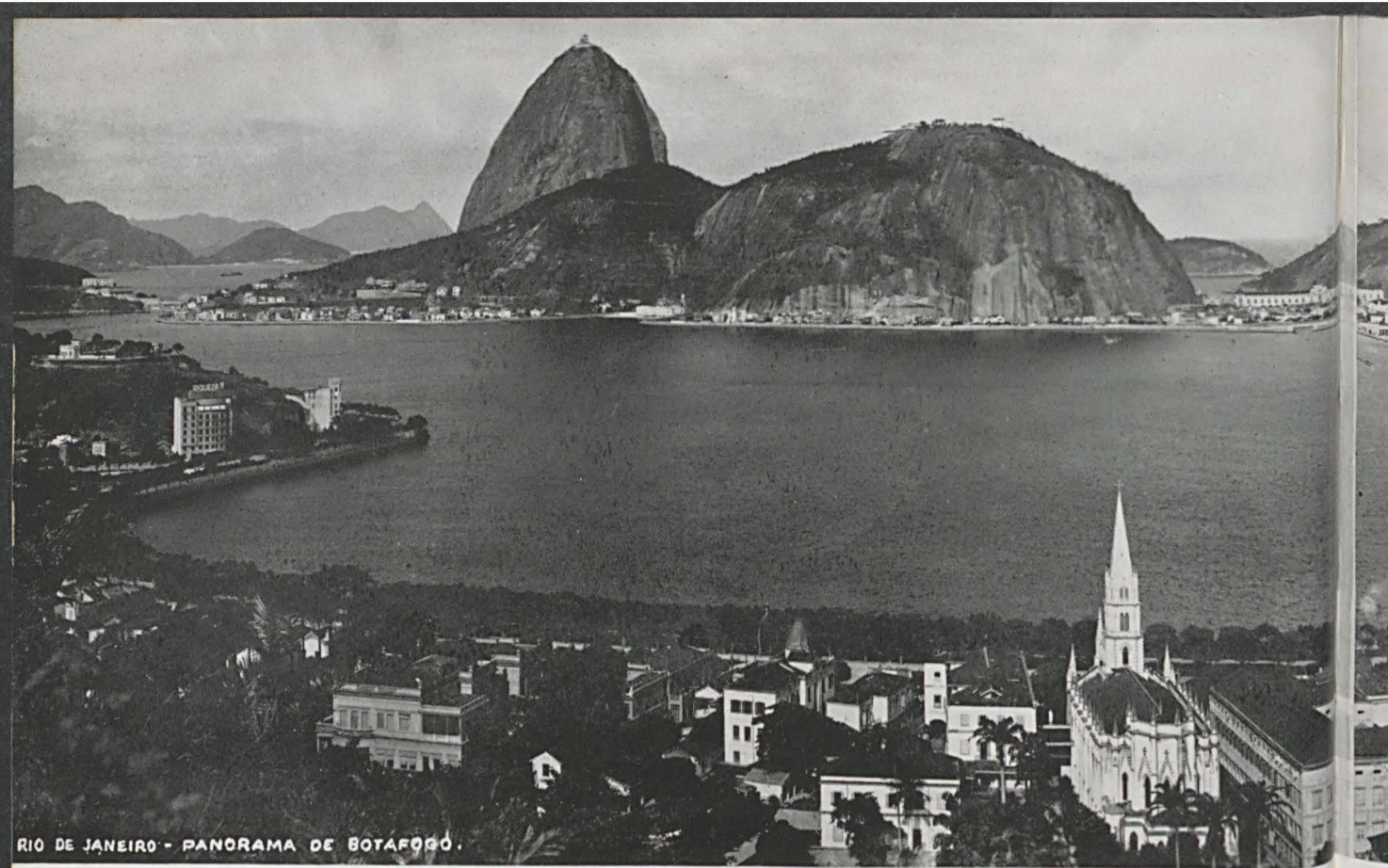
Recife was an interesting jumble of Chanel perfume (those refill jobs) vendors and Swiss watch salesmen (Everyone's brother managed to produce watches for sale). Of course there were the boys with the personal, I gotta bargain-for-ya, drag-you-to-the-far-corner-for-a-private-sale, "genuine" diamond selling technique. Some of us managed to take a rapid "tourista" of the city on those trolleys that never bother to stop to let off passengers - and we became rapidly lost in the confusion of the various islands and dozens of bridges. But we always managed to return to the Grand Hotel for a last beer, leaving in time to appreciate the fascinating "scenery" on the way back to the ship.

Aside from the tragic death of Massachusetts Maritime cadet John Egan, a boy liked by all, our memories of Recife were pleasant. We recall those colorful fishing schooners and catamarans, how that elusive Brazilian dollar, "The Cruzeiro" was spent in our first South American city - and especially the limpid brown eyes and - of the girl who always managed to be under the port hole at 2 A.M.



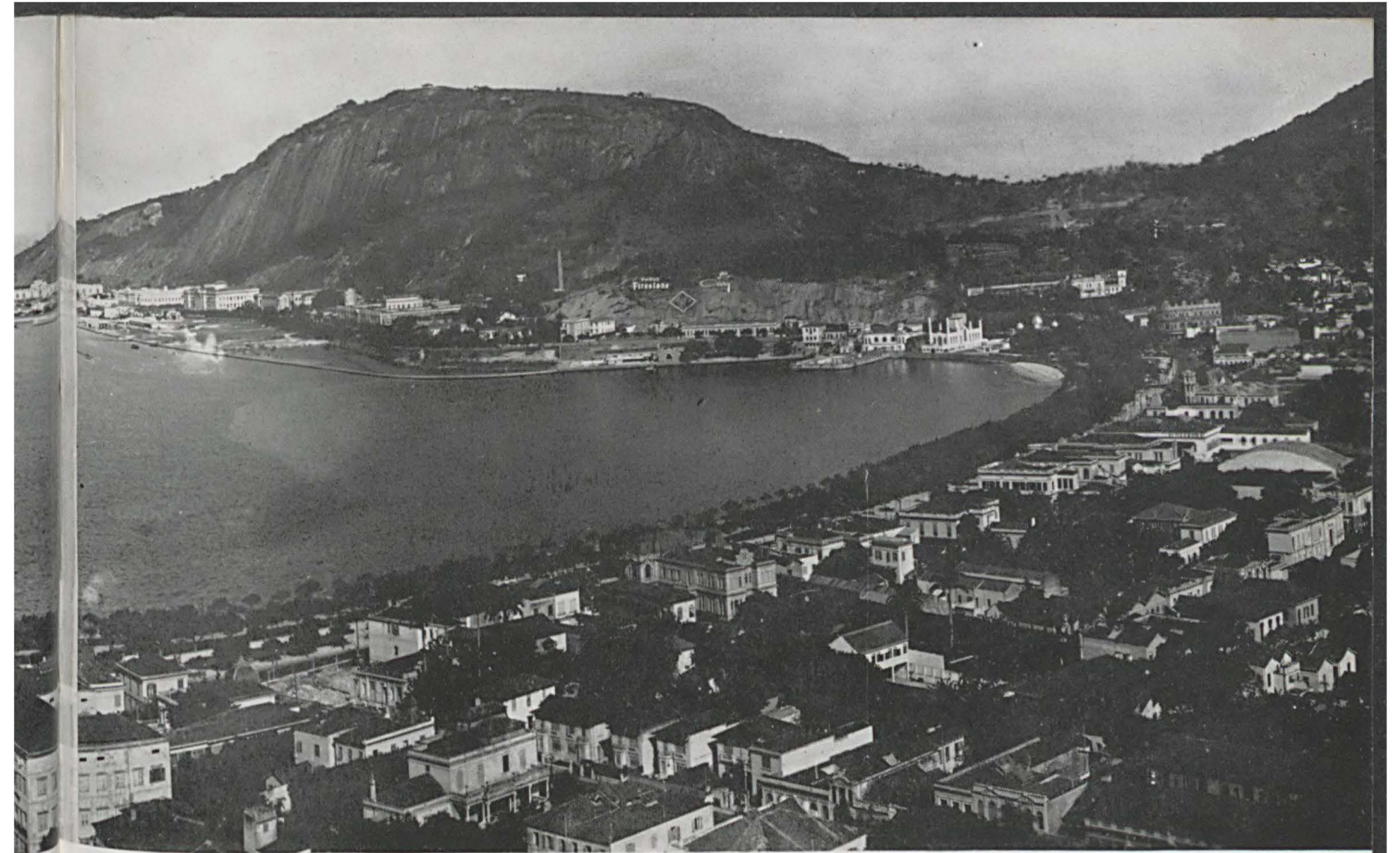
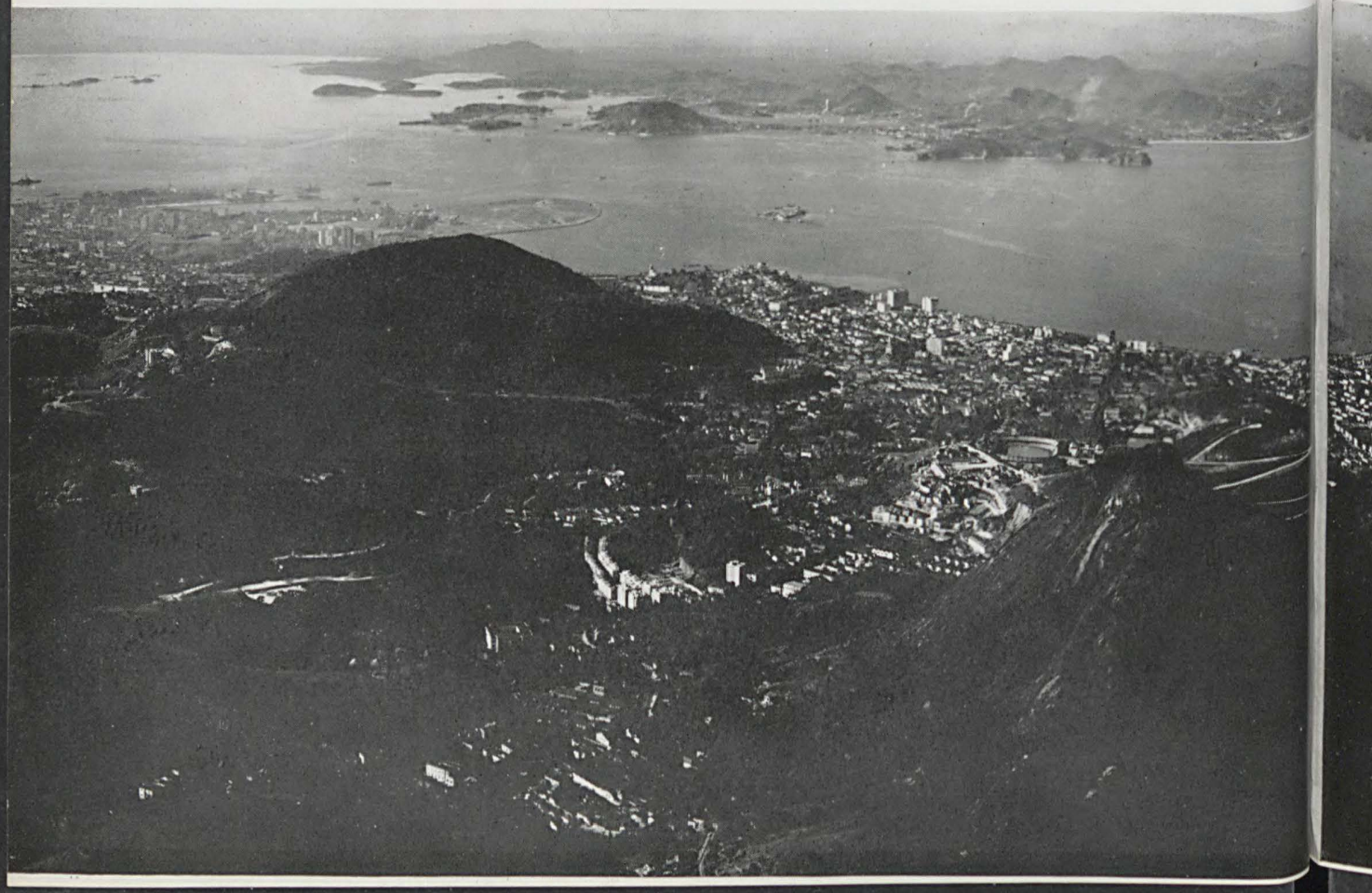




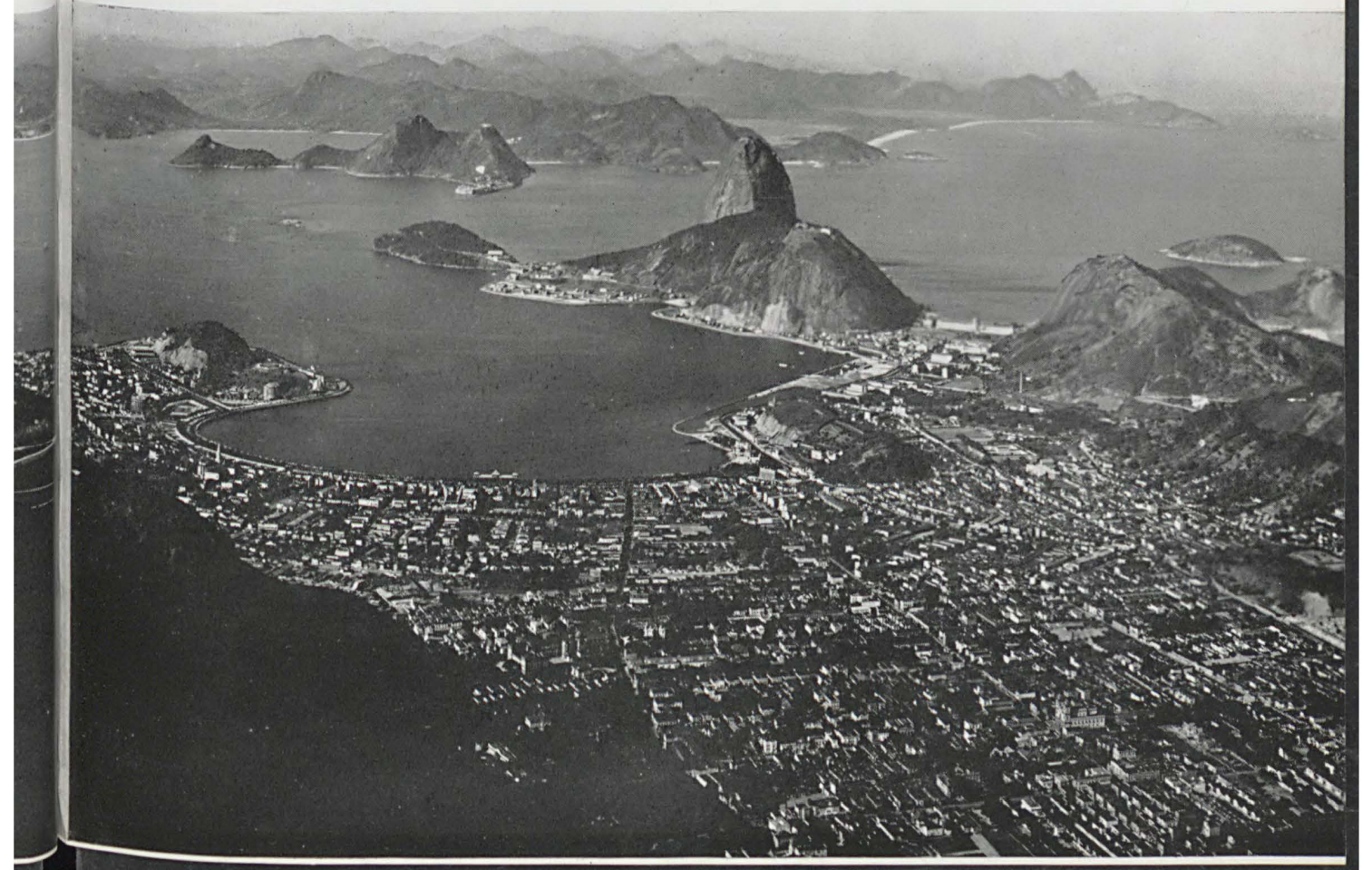


RIO DE JANEIRO - PANORAMA DE BOTAFOGO.

**RIO DE**



**E JANEIRO**





LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP

Yankee States

(Name)

(Identification number)

(DELETE ONE)

AT / PASSAGE FROM

Anchor down

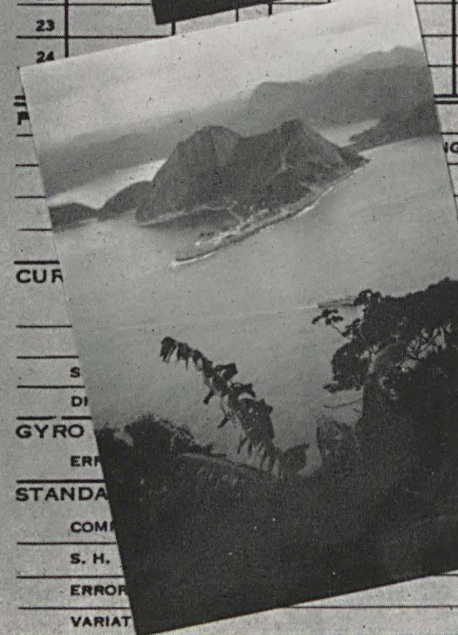
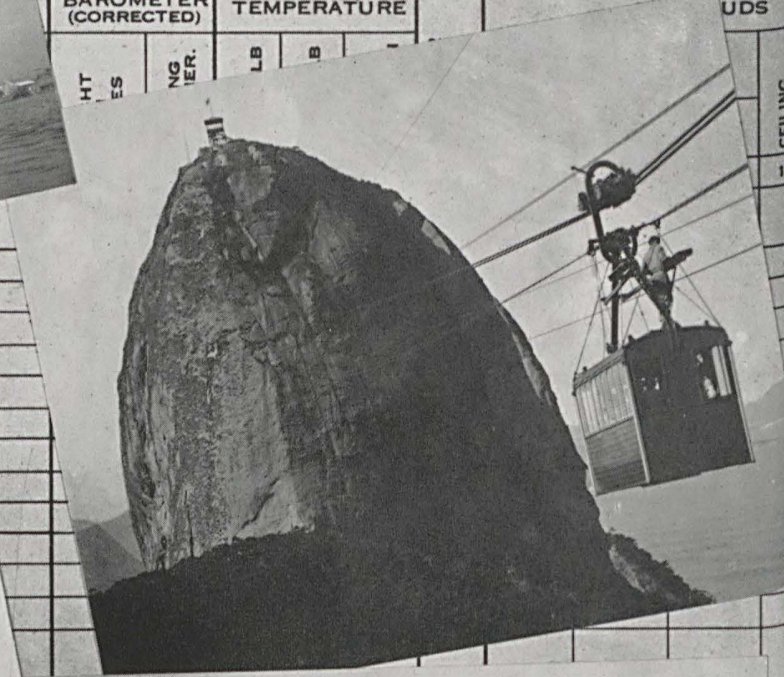
TO Rio de Janeiro

(Day) (Date)

ZONE DESCRIPTION

U. S. N.

T. INS	BY REVS	PV	BAROMETER (CORRECTED)		TEMPERATURE		UDS	CEILING
			HT	ES	NG	IER.		
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The American Ambassador and  
Mrs. Pawley  
request the pleasure of your company  
on Saturday, March 8th  
for a dance at 9:00 o'clock

388, Rua São Clemente

H. J. P.

ES SHIP Yankee States

8 March

(Day)

(Date)

(Month)

## REMARKS

Porpoises swarmed towards the ship and leaping and frolic in the foam and spray of the bow wave escorted us into Guanabara Bay to Rio de Janeiro.

The long white beach (Praia de Copacabana) gleamed against the mountains and clifflike buildings on our port hand, and in the background loomed Sugar Loaf (Pão de Açúcar) and Corcovado. Soon in the Bay, we could appreciate the breath-taking sweep of the mountains and beaches that make Rio, the most beautiful harbor in the world.

By 1300 our boats were over the side and were awaiting the first liberty party. Deposited ashore after a short run from the ship through evil-smelling waters, we were off to explore the wonders of Rio. The Brazilians made money the day the cadets came ashore to cash government checks. It was so easy to spend when it came in so many sizes at 20 cruzeiros to the dollar.

So, wallets stuffed with the multicolored lettuce, M.M.A. set out for a cable-car ride up Sugar Loaf or a cog-wheel trolley ride up Corcovado, or a visit to Copacabana, its swimming, sidewalk cafe's and girls (It was here we learned a smile is worth a thousand words). The shutter bugs and roller coaster addicts took the rides to the mountain tops; the swimmers and general sightseers to the beaches; the wealthy paid a quick visit to the Jockey Club to invest in the races.

In the city, the usual souvenirs were attracting the cadets; butterfly wing trays, alligator goods, hardwood odds and ends, precious and semi-precious stones were mostly purchased at Hugo's unless Tiger Lil managed to spirit the boys onto a bargain hunting tour of her own.

The American Ambassador's program of entertainment for the cadets began the evening of arrival with a lavish dance and buffet banquet given in our honor. A Latin American orchestra playing Sambas exclusively, provided music for the cadets who were with girls, while the waiters, keeping a heavy schedule between the wine cellars and the ballroom pleasantly occupied the steps (In fact the Scotch and Soda was so good one cadet succeeded in crawling to the door in the tiger skin rug before he was noticed). Ambitious midshipmen with an eye to avoid overcrowding the dance floor, withdrew onto the terrace to continue their activities under a tropical moon and



LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP

Yankee States  
(Name)

(Identification number)

(DELETE ONE)

AT / PASSAGE FROM

Anchor down

TO

Rio de Janeiro

(Day)

(Date)

ZONE DESCRIPTION

HOUR	"ALL SHAFT" AVERAGE REVOLUTIONS	BY REVS.		BY LOG	COURSE (P. C.)	WIND (TRUE)	BAROMETER (CORRECTED)		TEMPERATURE				WATER MAIN INJECTION	ATHER BY BOL	CLOUDS	
		NAUTICAL MILES	TENTHS				HEIGHT IN INCHES	READING AT THER.	AIR DRY BULB	AIR WET BULB					FORM	HIGH
	1	2			GYRO	Z		10	11							17

VARIATION  
DEVIATIONMAXIMUM  
MINIMUM

SHIP

Yankee States

13 March, 19

(Day)

(Date)

(Month)

## REMARKS

the soft light of the Statue of Christ majestically shining on top of Corcovado. The ambassador arranged for a visit, through the Brazilian Merchant Marine who provided a launch complete with music and buffet luncheon to the island of Brocois, a beautiful estate used for official parties. With Corcovado, Sugar Loaf, Copacabana behind us and the wonderful memories of Rio with us, the ship left for San Juan.

Taking Her Out - Bridge

0800-1200

Moored as before. Draft fwd 11', aft 14'. At 0805 Pilot Antonio Carneiro aboard. At 0811 cast off from mooring buoy. Various courses and speeds proceeding to sea. Course 354°(T), 354°(PGC), 010°(PSC).

D. W. Curtis Quartermaster

F. L. Allen C.O.D.D.

Taking Her out - Engine Room

"Open the main and auxiliary steam line cross connections, Spooner; we've got to get her lit off before sailing time tomorrow."

"McMinn, line up the fuel oil heaters and recirculate the oil."

"Harivel, you're such a hard-working young man, you can prepare the burners - and put the tips in this time."

"Now we need a good fireman, one who's had a lot of experience, one who seems to live for the hours that he spends toying with valves, as the fires blaze on. Who'll it be? Ferrini? Ferrini? Yes, he has; one day he stood within 10 feet of the boiler while the fireman got a drink."

Prepare the boiler for lighting off. McHenry, McLaughlin, give him a hand. 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 Cyr? Well, what the hell are you waiting for; get those forced draft blowers going."

"Hooper, do you think you can start the main circulator? Try it. You can leave it idling, we'll need it soon."

"Murphy, Brennan and Hartnett, line up the make-up feed and condensate systems."

"Hall! Hall! Boy, how many times do I gotta tell ya, there just ain't no Stephenson Link on that turbine. Run below and see if you can find Hooper. Wake him gently."

"Pressures at 100, you say. Let's go now. The rest of you men







LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP

*Yankee States*

(Name)

(Identification no.)

(DELETE ONE)

AT / PASSAGE FROM

*San Juan, P.R.*

TO *Castine, Maine*

(Day)

(Date)

ZONE DESCRIPTION

HOUR	"ALL SHAFT" AVERAGE REVOLUTIONS	BY REVS.		BY LOG		COURSE (P. C.)	WIND (TRUE)	BARO (INCHES)	TEMPERATURE				FORM			CLOUDS
		NAUTICAL MILES	TENTHS	NAUTICAL MILES	TENTHS				GYRO	WET BULB	WATER MAIN INJECTION	WEATHER SYMBOLS	LOW	MIDDLE	HIGH	
	1	2	3							12	13	14	15	16	17	
A.M. 1																
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POSITION

HOUR	LATITUDE	LONGITUDE
0800		
1200		
2000		

CURRENT

TIME FROM	(HOUR)	(DAY)
TO		

SET

DRIFT

GYRO COMPASS IN USE

ERROR

STANDARD MAGNETIC COMPASS

COMPASS NO.

S. H.

ERROR

VARIATION

DEVIATION

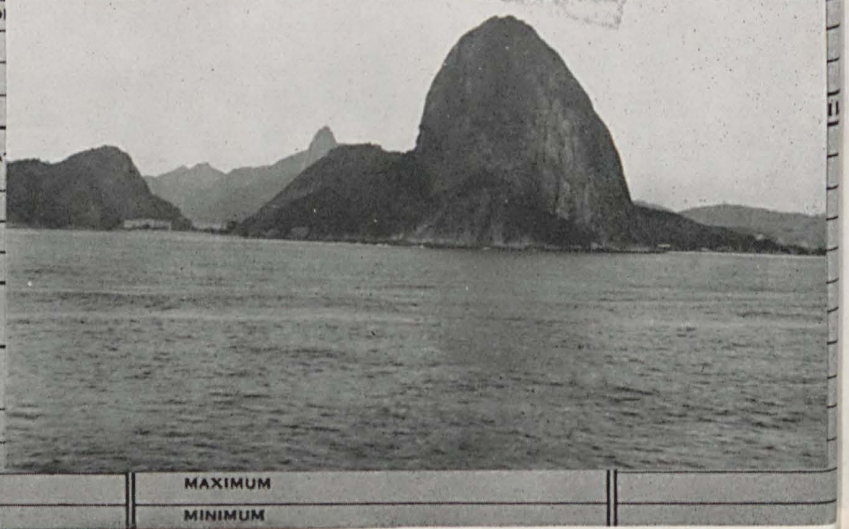
GALLONS

HEAVY FUEL

DISTANCE

R GASO.

AVIA. GASO.



ES SHIP *Yankee States*

*26 March*

(Day)

(Date)

(Month)

REMARKS

0400-0800

Steaming as before on course 350° (T) 350° (PGC) 371° (PSC) At 0650 Port San Juan Lighthouse bearing 341° (T) distance 8 miles. Standard speed both engines 8 knots At 0749 pilot aboard. At 0805 abeam lighthouse At 0821 first line ashore Porto Rico Line dock

*Peter A. Russell Quartermaster.*

*Harold A. Armes C.O.D.*

San Juan repeated our memories of last year. The Escambron Beach Club, Candada Beach Hotel, the Riviera and, of course, the New Paradise were popular with the cadets. Sugar, we learned, was a scarce item in the States, so day after day 25, 60 and 100 lb. bags piled high on the Quarterdeck as cadets staggered aboard under loads. All hopes were on Portland as we left San Juan, but we delayed to return appendicitis 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 1947

0800-1200

At 0805 Course and Speed changed according to channel ..... At 0910 moored starboard side to Grand Trunk Terminal No. 2 Portland, Maine (At 0915 gangway ashore and visitors aboard.)

*G. Robbins, Quartermaster*

*James B. Genners C.O.D.*

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

1200-1600

Moored port side to Maine Maritime Academy dock with the following lines; one 1½" bow wire, one 8" bow manila, one 8" manila breast, one 1¾" wire and one 10" manila spring, two 1¾" stern wires. Receiving power and water from the dock. Overcast. Wind NNE. Force 4.

*L. J. Merrill Quartermaster*

*Harry E. Henderson C.O.D.*

Thus ended the 1947 Maine Maritime Academy training cruise. The cadets, still tan from the tropics rushed their baggage and assorted loot ashore and in a few days the long-awaited moment arrived and they were home, with their families and girls describing their "adventures" to eager ears.



PAGE \_\_\_\_\_

CONFIDENTIAL

LOG OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP *Yankee States*  
(Name)

(Identification number)

(DELETE ONE)  
AT / PASSAGE FROM *Buzzard's Bay* TO *Castine, Maine*

(Day) (Date)

ZONE DESCRIPTION \_\_\_\_\_

U. \_\_\_\_\_

HOUR	"ALL SHAFT" AVERAGE REVOLUTIONS	BY REVS.		BY LOG		COURSE (P. C.)	WIND (TRUE)	BAROMETER (CORRECTED)	TEMPERATURE	CLOUD	FORM
		NAUTICAL MILES	TENTHS	NAUTICAL MILES	TENTHS						LOW
	1	2	3	4	5						14
A.M.											15
1											16
2											17
3											
4											
5											
6											
7											
8											
9											
10											
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12											
P.M.											
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18											
19											
20											
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22											
23											
24											

POSITION

HOUR	LATITUDE	LONGITUDE
0800		
1200		
2000		

CURRENT

TIME FROM	(HOUR)	(DATE)
TO		
SET		
DRIFT		

GYRO COMPASS IN USE

ERROR

STANDARD MAGNETIC COMPASS

COMPASS NO.

S. H.

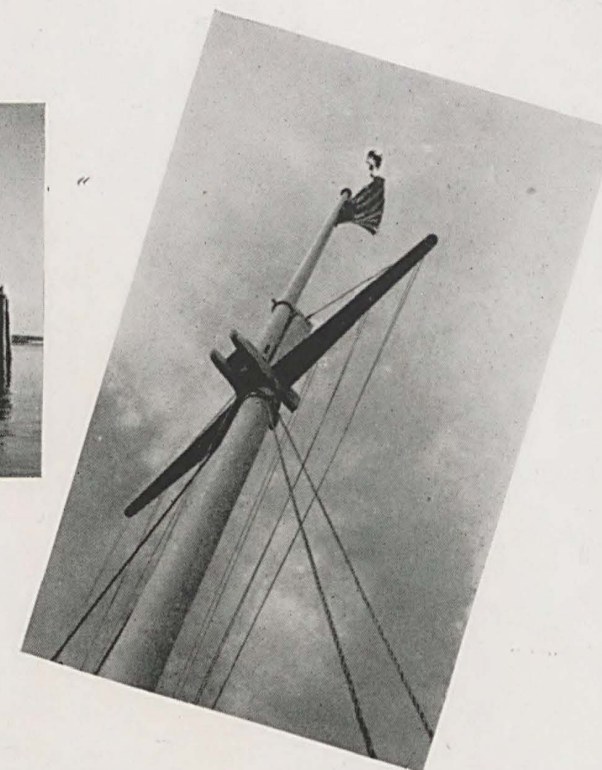
ERROR

VARIATION

DEVIATION

MAXIMUM

MINIMUM







## ACTIVITIES







# TRICK'S

STANLEY D. VEHSLAGE  
*Editor-in-Chief*

EDWARD J. MOTZENBECKER  
*Advertising Manager*



# END

JOHN A. MERAS  
*Assistant Editor*



LLOYD H. HOLMES  
*Photography Editor*







## KADETS

J. DUTTON

H. HENDERSON

B. CHESTERTON

G. FALT

R. LINNEL

K. GROVER

E. LEONARD

O. ELLIS

R. CROSBY

J. CYR

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.

## THE BAND

J. GLENCROSS

G. CHAMBERLAIN

W. HAMM

R. LANDERS

R. CROSBY

D. EMERY

H. HENDERSON

K. GROVER

O. ELLIS

W. MURRAY

R. JOBIN

G. FALT

F. DAY

C. PELLEY

R. ELIAS

R. MATZER

R. SIROIS

A. DUBOIS

E. HAMILTON

E. LEONARD

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.





## MAINE MAST



EDITOR TIM CATLIN

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.



Left to right:

- J. MERAS
- C. CYR
- E. CATLIN
- A. MAASBYLL
- L. HOLMES
- K. WEBBER
- A. ROSENTHAL

## THE RING



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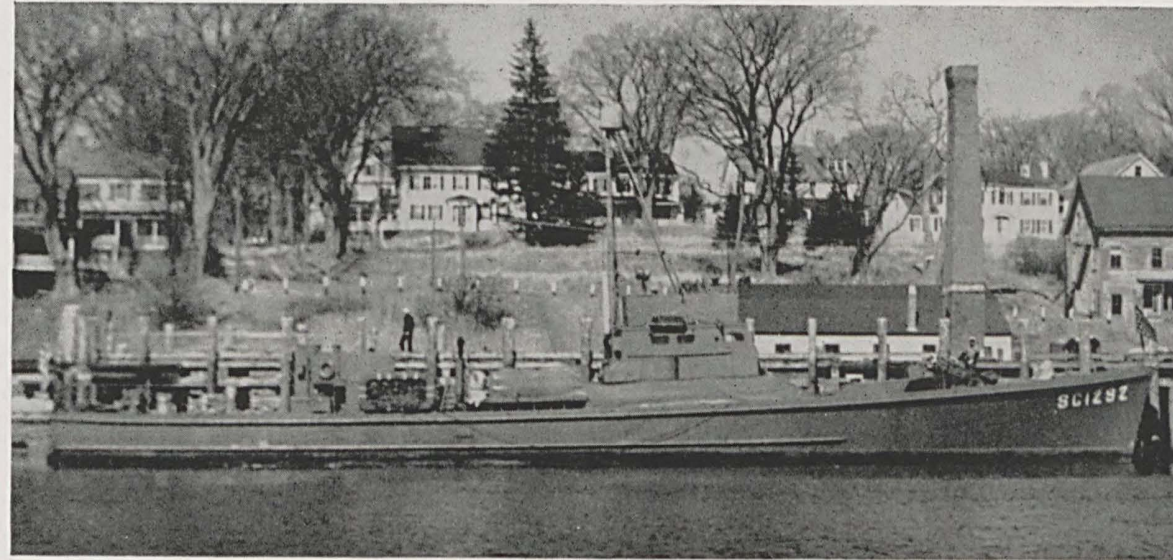
The Chairman of the Ring Committee has a hard job. His are the procurement and the finance of the Ring, that is the symbol of our two years' good companionships, good, hard work and good times.



THE MARK OF 47



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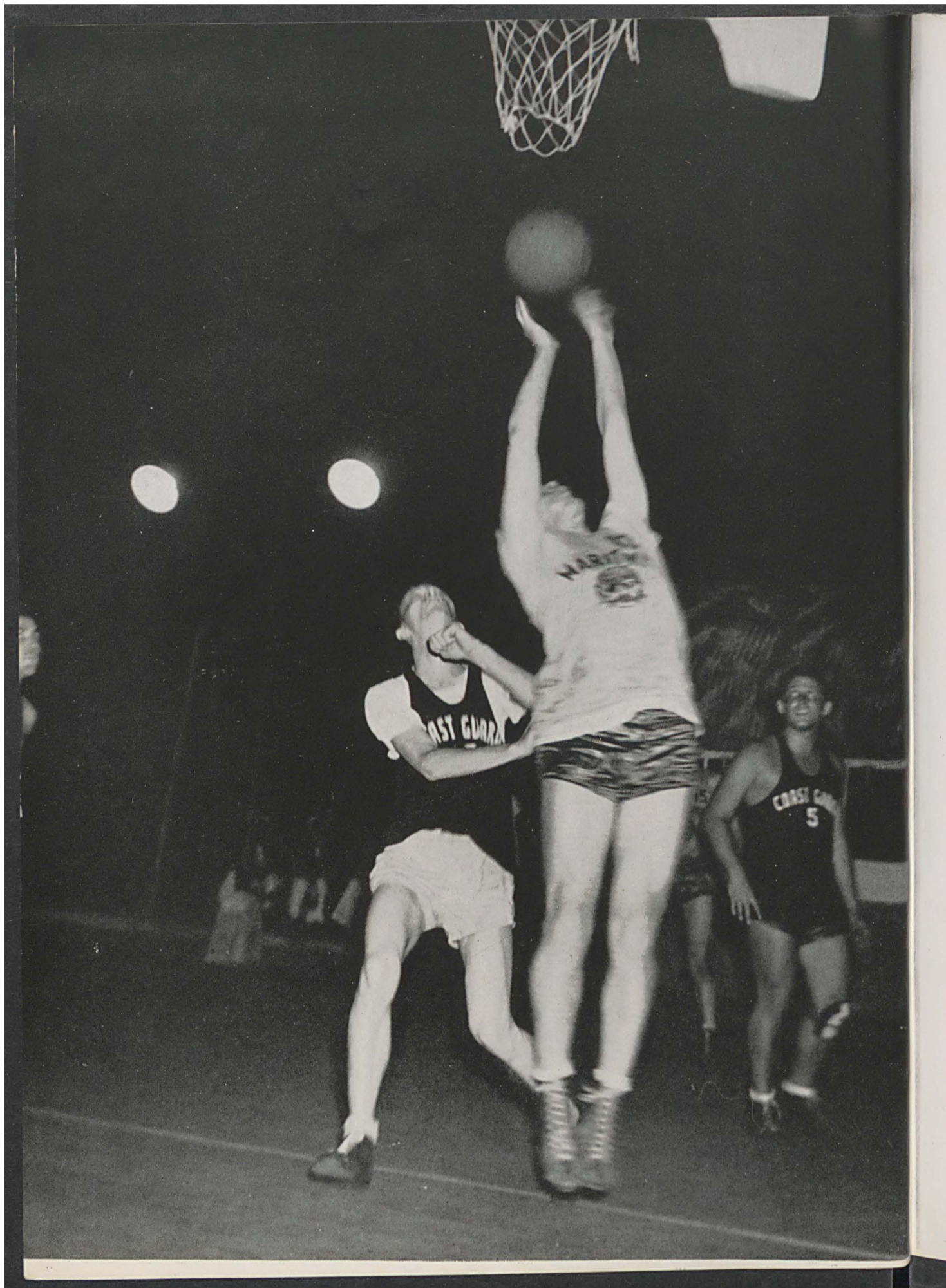
R. POULIOT—*Vice President*

H. ARMES—*Treasurer*

## PROPELLER CLUB OFFICERS







## ATHLETICS

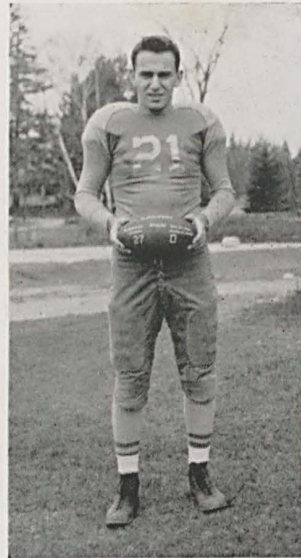




## FOOTBALL

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.



Capt. Ferrini and  
Victory Ball

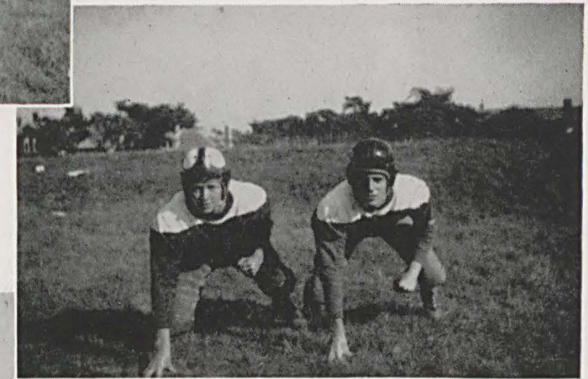
Coach Hctor ironed out the rough points of the Thornton game and then sent his gridsters to take their second victory of 25-0 over Higgins Classical Institute. In the opening half "Bloody" Emery and Harry Henderson held the line against a deep Higgin's push. After the scoreless first half the Blue and Gold came to life as



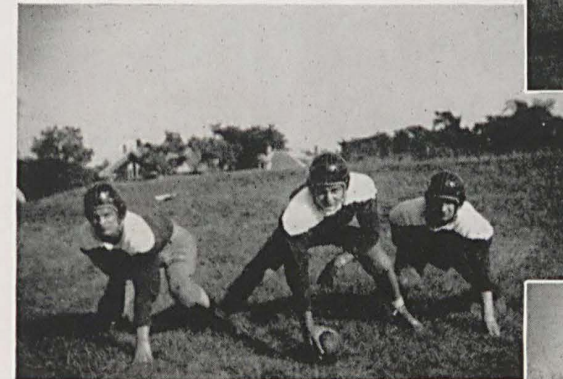
WEARERS OF THE "M"



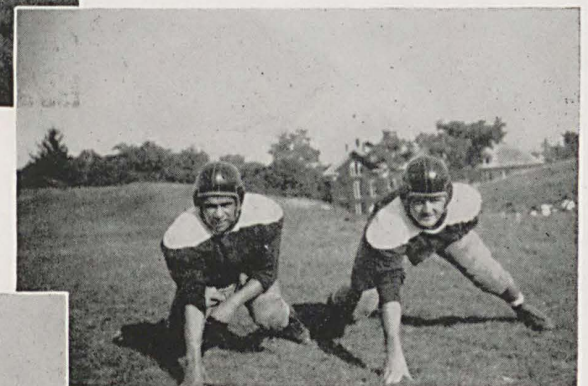
FERRINI GROVER



WALSH LANDERS



EMERY HAMILTON WIGHT



McLAUGHLIN BRENNAN



GRONDIN BURR WEBBER





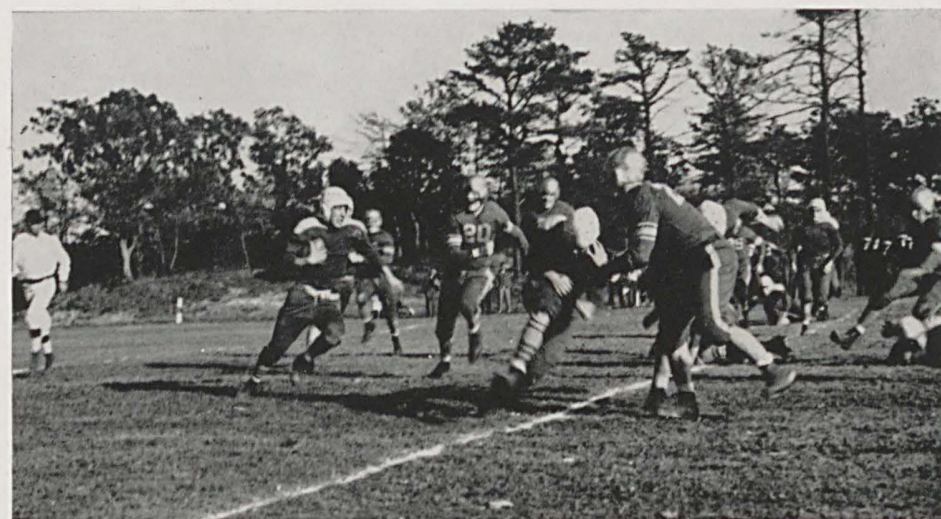
FORT GEORGE PRACTICE

# SCORES

	<i>M.M.A. Opponents</i>	
Thornton Academy	12	7
Higgins Classical Institute	25	0
Maine Central Institute	3	2
Mass. Maritime Academy	0	21
U. of M. Freshmen	27	0
Phillips Exeter Academy	6	13

quarterback, Jack Eden, went over for the first touchdown. Halfback Fred Grondin snatched a pass from Eden to score the second touchdown. John Brophy carried the ball for the third touchdown and on a long drive Burr plunged over to score the last six-pointer.

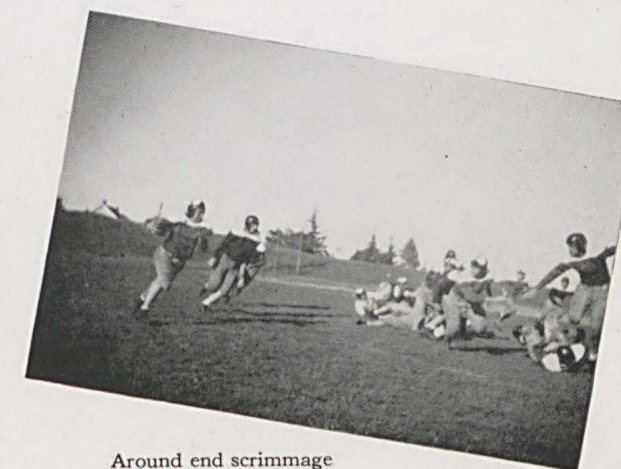
The third game, against M. C. I., was the most thrilling game that the Middies played this season. The two ball clubs fought an evenly matched contest the entire game with victory or defeat hanging in the balance for either team. In the second period a bad pass from center resulted in a safety for M.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



MAINE AROUND END AT MASS.



We gain against Thornton



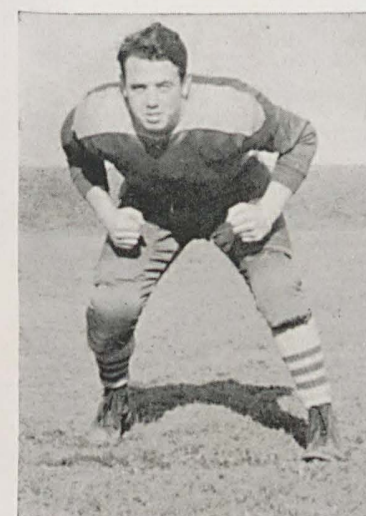
Around end scrimmage

back Eden fell on the ball to prevent a touchdown. 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 Hyan-nis. 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

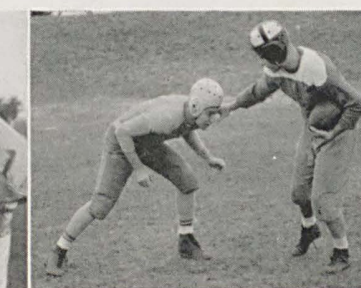
Spanky



Board of Strategy



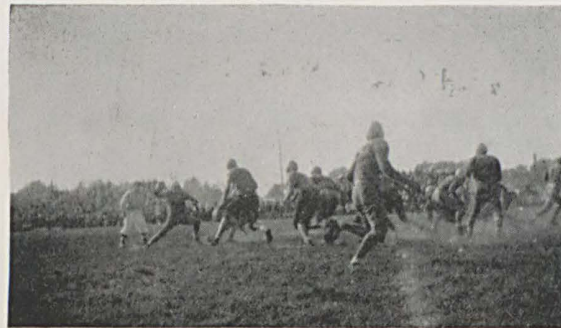
FERRINI vs. BURR





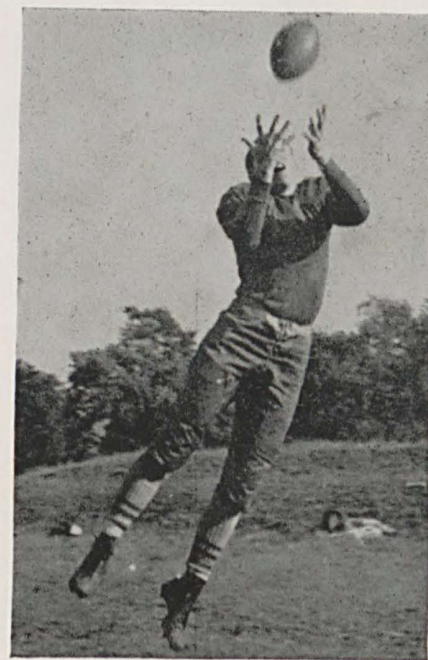
Brunswick opened with the Middies determined to make a comeback after the Massachusetts game. Playing heads-up ball all the way the Blue and Gold proved to be no match for the U. of M. Frosh. In the first quarter the Middies outplayed their opponents and in the second quarter started rolling up the score. 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.

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



Thornton again!

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.



Pass practice



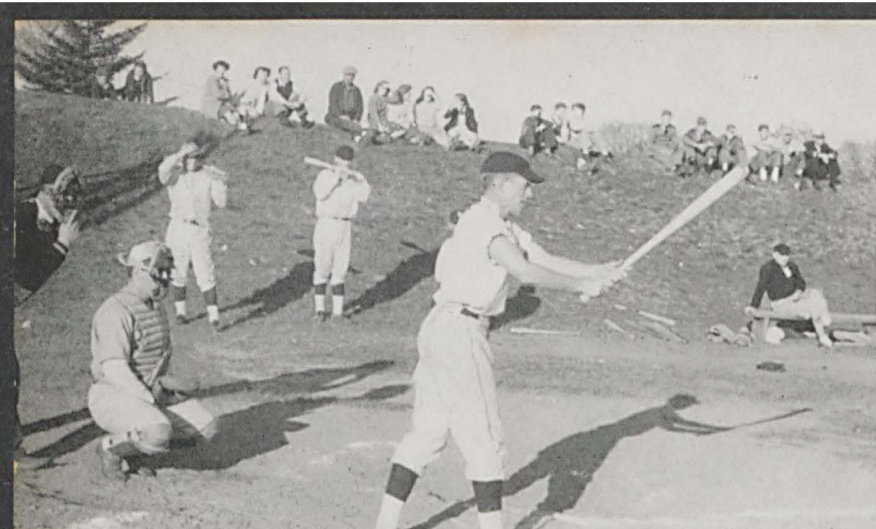
HARMON BURR HOCTOR

## BASKETBALL



Front Row: Allen, Borkowski, Robbins, Moors, Zuck,  
Burr  
Lt. Hoctor, Chamberlain, Hodgkins,  
McLaughlin, Brophy, Sirois



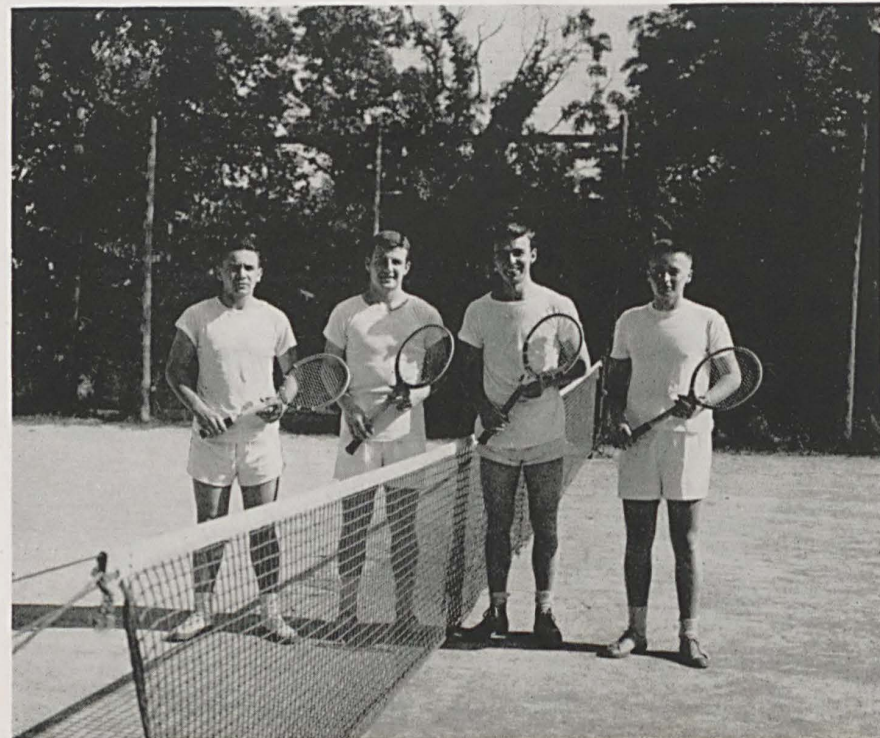


# BASEBALL



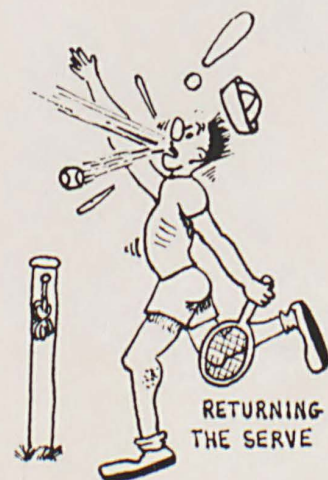


# TENNIS



"HANDLING THE RACKETS"

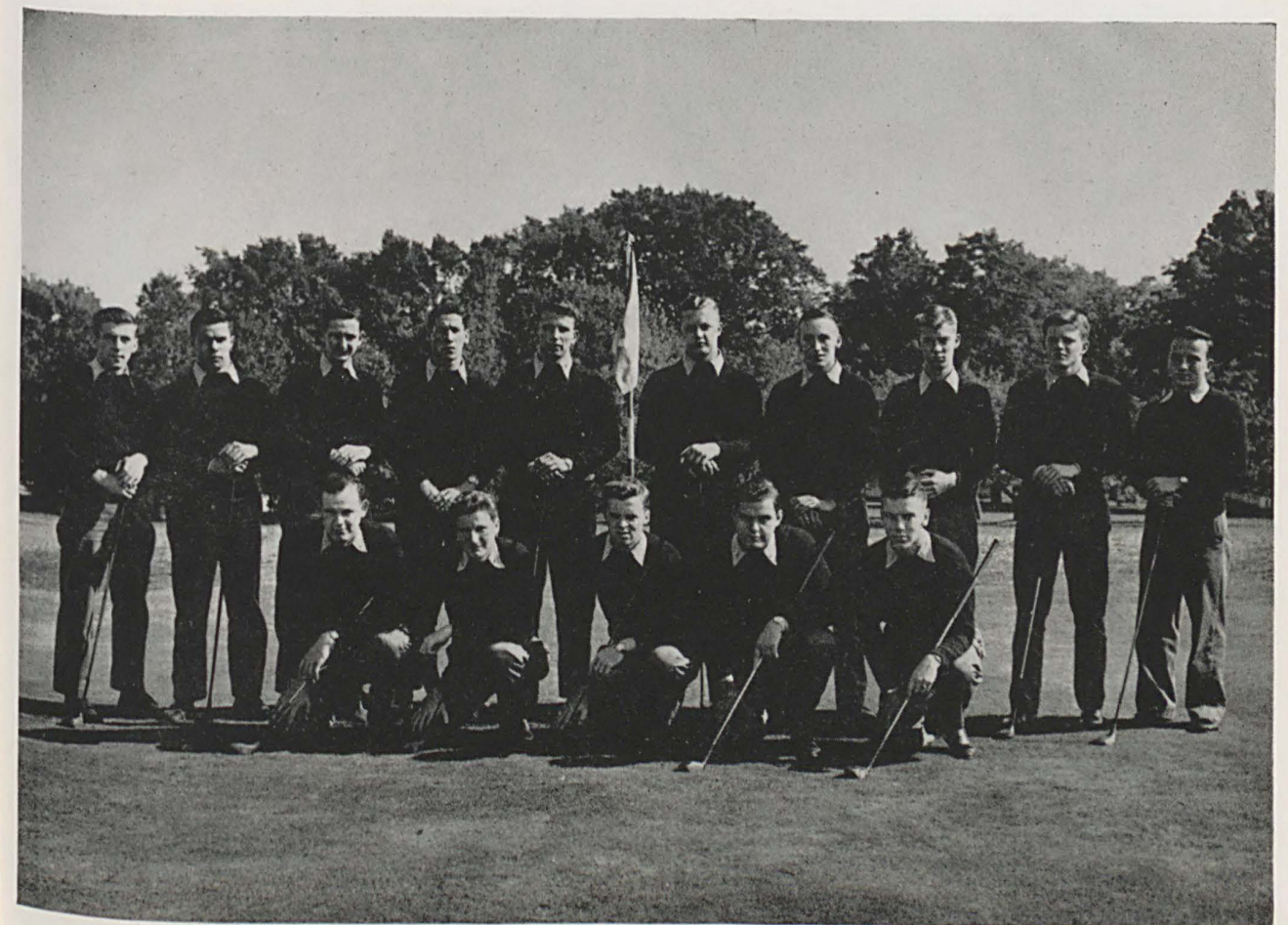
L. WARSHAVER  
J. EDEN  
R. GREGOIRE  
E. CATLIN



# GOLF



"HIT AND HUNT"



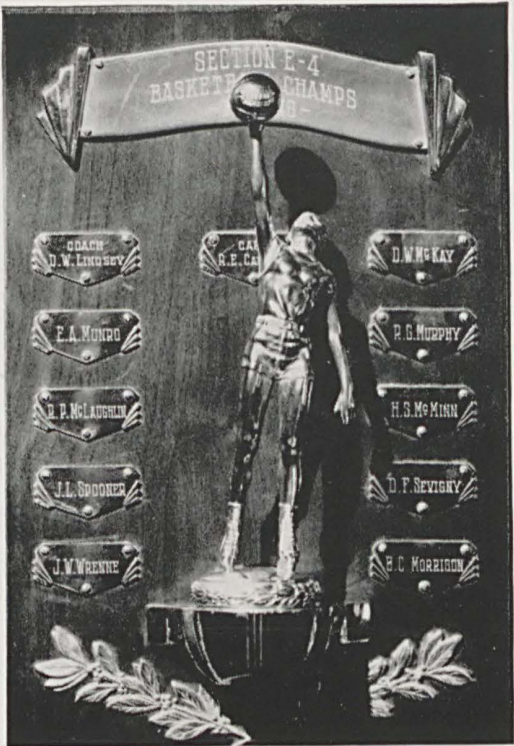
Standing: F. Grondin, R. McLaughlin, D. Hartnett, R. Robbins, S. Vehslage, J. Hatteson,  
G. Falt, C. Cyr, J. Brophy, W. Falvey

Kneeling: J. Britton, R. Wallace, M. Needham, R. Huot, R. Schonland



# INTRAMURAL CHAMPIONS

BASEBALL  
FOOTBALL 1945-1946  
BASKETBALL



Coach—D. LINDSEY      J. WRENNE      E. MUNRO  
 Captain—R. CANAVAN      C. OLSEN      D. McKAY  
                                  J. SAWYER      S. McMINN  
                                  J. SPOONER      R. McLAUGHLIN  
 Not Present—F. SEVIGNY, R. MURPHY

Coach “Eck” Allen addresses  
 football banquet at Penob-  
 scot Hotel



BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS, 1947  
 UNDERCLASS SECTION E-4



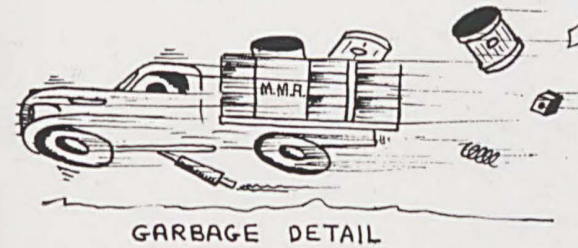
YIPE! HOW  
DID SHE GET  
ABOARD?

I LISTED HER  
AS SHIP'S STORES  
— 115 POUNDS OF  
LOOSE SUGAR!



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
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support of the many advertisers  
whose help made this book  
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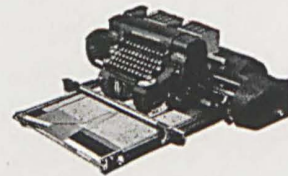
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You men at the Academy are now acquiring the "know how" which, together with your sea service, will fit you for the skilled seamanship that will enable you to handle your ship in all weathers.

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 received 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 while 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 negotiates corridors 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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*F. L. Theobald*

Manager Marine Department

FCTheobald:dl



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